

Thursday
September 9th, 2028
10:01 hours (PST)

“How do I look?” Estella asked as she stepped out into the hallway and over to Pascal, who was leaning up against the wall outside the interrogation room.

Pascal took a moment, staring her up and down. Instead of the standard issue uniform supplied by SPD, she now wore a uniform that included pink, signifying she was in fact the new pink ranger.

“Pink is your color,” he mentioned.

“Right?” she took a second to admire the new colors. “The other uniforms were just so drab and plain. This... this I could get use to,” she looked over at Pascal. “The white suits you, I think,” she said.

“Thank you.”

“So, are our Xybrian scientists in there?” she asked.

He nodded. “They were brought in a few minutes ago, but they are not happy. They’re demanding to see representation from our homeworld. I don’t know how much information they are going to be willing to give us,” she told her.

“Is there water in there? I’m thirsty.”

“I believe so, but wouldn’t you just...” completely ignoring Pascal’s statement, Ella walked towards the interrogation room, opening the door and stepping inside.

She glanced around a bit. “These rooms are never like the ones you see in the movies, are they? I sort of imagined a wooden table with one spotlight shining down on you guys. Then me and my partner were going to come in here and play good cop/bad cop to pump you for information,” she stated, walking over to the table.

She took an empty cup, grabbing the pitcher of water from the table and pouring herself a glass, drinking it all down seemingly in one gulp. She poured herself another, then sat down across from them. Pascal cautiously entered the room as well, sitting down next to her.

“I refuse to answer any of your questions until we are given representation from our homeworld. We have signed the Interplanetary treaty and we expect to be treated as citizens,” one of them protested.

Ella nodded. "You're right, and they're on the way," she picked up a small pad from in front of her, going over it. "Glit and Drazal, huh? Those are certainly Xybrian names, aren't they? Your people just don't have last names, do you?" she inquired.

"No, we do not."

"Interesting. But what happens if there is more than one Glit? Or more than one Drazel? Like, what if you're at the mall and someone is like 'hey Drazel', but four people turn around and they're like 'who me?'. Doesn't that get confusing?"

"It doesn't get confusing. And frankly I have grown tired of being held here against our will. When will the transport ship be here to escort us back to Xybria?" Glit asked her.

Ella noted that Glit was the taller of the two, while Drazel had more of a muscular build, which was unusual for an Xybrian male.

"They're on their way," she finished her water, pouring herself another glass. "Have you guys had any of this water? I think it's from Fiji or something. It's soooo good," she mentioned, taking another sip.

"We have, and yes, it is quite good. But when will be allowed to leave?"

"I'm sorry, you can't leave until I get the information we need," Ella pointed out.

"And as we said, we will not answer any questions until we are given representation," Drazel insisted.

"This isn't working," Pascal sighed.

"Oh, it is. You see, I had Sodium thiopental put into the water. It's sort of a truth serum. We had a run in with the stuff a while back and you wouldn't believe some of the things we figured out about each other," she leaned back in her chair. "Now, what were the two of you doing in that warehouse when we found you?" she asked.

"We were working on a dimensional rift," Glit blurted out, quickly covering his mouth after realizing he had no control over what he said.

"I can't believe you drugged us. This is a gross violation of our rights, I demand to see a..." he was interrupted.

"I know, representation. Blah blah blah. My friend Pascal here is from Xybria, and I'm afraid he is all the representation you're going to get. Now, what did you intend to do with this

dimensional rift? As I recall, it was a nice size portal, almost big enough for a ship to pass through,” she brought up.

“Not just a ship, several,” Drazel informed her.

“I see. What sort of ships did you plan on bringing through?”

Glit stood up. “The Vorhsoth are coming, and when they do, they will reign down destruction on you and SPD,” he said, giving in to the fact that he would not be able to control his outbursts.

“Why are you working with Anurians on this?” Pascal asked.

“Working with them? They were working for us. Xybrians have a duty to lighten the burdens of all those they meet, and there is no bigger burden than the human race. They kill each other over land, over their sexual preferences, over nonsensical political or religious beliefs. Humans are a plague in this galaxy, and the only way to ease the burden of others is to eliminate the humans,” Glit told them.

“Humans may have been like that, but that was the past. That was before the Interplanetary treaties. They have changed, evolved,” he pointed out.

“You are blinded by your friendships with these... these verman. The human race is a blight on this quadrant, and the Vorhsoth will cleanse the Earth. They are bred for destruction, bred to kill,” he said.

“So what's the plan? Unleash the Vortsoth on the planet, have them destroy all humans, and then what? Let them run loose on Earth?” Ella asked.

“We will set them loose on your world, and when they have completed their task, open the rift and send them back. The Earth will be left with all its buildings intact, and the Xybrians will claim the spoils of our victory,” Drazel said.

Ella nodded. “Good plan, but you overlooked one thing,” she took another sip of water. “Wow, this water is really good,” she licked her lips. “This planet is protected by the Power Rangers,” she brought up.

Glit let out a chuckle. “You ridiculous child, your precious B-Squad has been destroyed. They were left for dead on Parnak Two. They're gone,” he said.

“Funny you would say that,” Pascal rested his arms on the table, interlocking his fingers, but made sure that his morpher was visible. “You can't keep a good ranger down,” he said.

“No matter, Earth will be cleansed. Humans will be made to serve us, and we will usher in a living paradise for Xybrians that will make even Elysium Fields pale in comparison,” Glit said with a snarl.

“Well guys, thank you for the information,” Ella stood up, grabbing her morpher from her waist and holding it out in front of them. “Drazel and Glit, you stand accused of conspiracy to eliminate the human race, violations of the Interplanetary treaty and just being overall jerk faces. How do you plead?” The judgment scanning began to beep, eventually settling on a big red X. “Oh look, it says guilty, who would have thought?”

Ella pressed a button, and there was a flash of light. When the light subsided, both Glit and Drazel had been confirmed in containment cards. Ella reached for her cup again, finishing the last of her water. “This is really good. Have you had some?” she asked, turning to Pascal.

Pascal couldn't help but crack a smile. “You're enjoying this, aren't you?”

“Oh yeah! Now, let's go stop the bad guys.”

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Lt. Commander Nik Martin and Lt. James arrived at the warehouse district, hoping to gather more information about these energy build ups. Each of them had a scanning device in hand as they hopped off their hover cycles, making their way through the area.

“Doesn't seem to be much activity in the area. Only low levels of thoron energy,” Asia pointed out, rechecking her device.

“No matter how low it is, we should check it out.”

“It could only be residual buildup from the last time Serenity and Ella were out here. It just doesn't seem like the levels are worth us being concerned about,” she said.

Nik stopped, turning to her. “You seem really nonchalant about this,” he brought up.

“I'm not, it's just that...” she took a moment to collect her thoughts. “We're all so worried about this Vorhsoth invasion, but if they are anything like Gary, there is nothing to worry about. Let them come,” she said.

“Gary is more than likely one in a million. Maybe his conditioning didn't take, or maybe he just decided not to be evil. Or maybe once he hits a certain level of maturity his instincts will kick in.

Either way, we don't need that kind of uncertainty out there. We need to find them and stop them," he explained.

"You're right, of course," she said as she resumed her search.

Before they knew it, they'd wandered off in different directions. Paying so much attention to her device that she didn't watch where she was going, eventually stumbling over something. Asia regained her composure and stood up, only to discover she'd tripped over a body.

She dropped down to check on whoever it was. At first glance, it was an Anurian, but badly injured. Asia attempted to check for a pulse, but realized she didn't know enough Anurian physiology to make that determination. Taking a visual inspection, he seemed to be horribly injured. There were lacerations across his chest, face and arms. His arm seemed to be broken completely, and there didn't seem to be any movement from his stomach. *If he isn't breathing, he isn't...* she sighed inwardly.

"Over here," she called out, getting Nik's attention.

Lt. Commander Martin hurried over to her. "What did you..." as he got closer, he saw the dead body. "Oh... I see. Energy signature or not, there is definitely something going on in this area. What could do that to an Anurian?" he asked.

It pained her to say it, but she knew it was the logical conclusion. "A Vorhsoth could," she admitted.

"I'm going to call this in, we're in over our heads out here if Anurian soldiers are being killed. When did they even get here? How are they in Terran space and we didn't know it?" he asked.

Asia reached for her communicator. "Asia to Lt. Commander Serenity," she said.

"Go ahead, Lieutenant," a voice answered.

Asia took a few steps away. "We've got a body out here. From the looks of it, he was a part of the Anurian elite guard. Those guys are highly trained, and something took him out effortlessly," she said.

"Is there any thoron energy in the area?"

"Only small traces. It could be from..." she was interrupted.

"Lieutenant, over here!" Nik called out.

Asia rushed to where Nik was standing. There had been a building obstructing her view, but as soon as she turned the corner, she saw it...

"There has to be dozens of them," he sighed, looking on in awe.

Using her ocular implant, Asia scanned it. "It's exactly one hundred and seven. Serenity, there is a pile of one hundred and seven dead Anurian soldiers in a pile in the warehouse district," Asia said coldly, plainly, devoid of any emotion.

There was a pause.

"Understood, Lieutenant. SPD will dispatch paramedics and EMTs to the scene, as well as a coroner to confirm cause of... of death," Serenity managed to say. It was obvious from the tone of her voice that she was shaken by the news.

"Aye, sir."

Nik reached out, grabbing Asia's hand in an attempt to comfort her. "Anything that could do this... we... we have to stop it," she sighed.

"We will."

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Garr had been staring at the hold scene of the Anurian Citadel for over an hour, waiting for his communication to be answered. Attempting to contact anyone in the citadel was a painstaking chore, but Garr realized the gravity of the situation. The Citadel, however, did not, as his call was answered but he was immediately placed on hold while trying to reach anyone on the council.

Garr couldn't understand why this was so difficult for his father; whatever was going on with the Vorhsoth wasn't going to be an isolated incident. If Earth was unable to fight off their wave of attack, SPD would fall, and from there the Vorhsoth would branch out into the galaxy. Sooner or later Anuria would be a target, so it was in everyone's best interest to share information and work together.

Finally, the screen blinked on, and Garr was face to face with an Anurian female officer. "This Shar. Identify you," she snarled.

"Me Garr. From SPD. Garr speak with Kull now."

“Kull busy man. Kull warrior. Kull leader. Kull not have time to take Garr call,” she said.

“Garr is son of Kull. Must speak with Kull.”

She shook her head. “Kull have no son. Kull abnegate Garr. Garr is meat lover,” she shot back.

“Meat start war. Meat invade Earth, then invade Anuria. Garr speak to Kull now!”

“Garr lie.”

“No. Garr is true. Garr is warrior. Anuria in danger. Speak to Kull now!” he repeated.

He could see the look on her face go from almost humorous to serious. She appeared visibly concerned. “Garr is true?”

Garr placed his hand over his chest. “Garr is true. Inform Kull. War is coming. Kull must fight. Anuria must fight! Anurians warriors,” he said.

“Anurians strong!” she agreed.

“Anurians survive!”

“Shar get Kull for Garr.”

Garr nodded. “Requital,” he said, nodding at her.

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Nathaniel Carson sat in main engineering of the Astro Omega Ship, reviewing the ship's systems again. He seemed visibly puzzled as Serenity walked over to him, putting her hands on his shoulders and leaning down to see what he was working on. But first, she could help but notice how the addition of the blue in his uniform seemed to suit him.

“Blue is your color, I think,” she said.

He glanced back, smiling as she ran her fingers through his hair. “And the red does something for you. Its official now; you're the leader,” he said.

“Thanks, chief,” she stared at the monitors for a moment. “I have no idea what any of this means,” she admitted.

"Its..." he paused. "Remember a while ago when we were having problems with the transwarp drive?" he asked.

She nodded. "We couldn't get it to go past transwarp four, but you removed a thing, we went out and got you part and you fixed it. Easy breezy," she said.

"I fixed it, but now..." he pointed to the screen. "This line of code is back. It's a trojan infecting our systems, and if it goes unchecked it could potential rewrite our propulsion system," he told her.

"I have every faith in you, chief. You'll get it working," she assured him.

"It's almost as if it's triggered by..." he stopped, turning to another monitor and pulling up a list of information. "The transwarp drive has to generate a transwarp field around the ship to allow it to travel, but this line of code is obscured by thoron energy," he said, amazed he hadn't put it together sooner.

"I have no idea what any of this means," Serenity repeated dryly.

"It means this code, if I'm reading it correctly, isn't suppose to be removed, its supposed to be *applied* to the drive. If I can solve this thing, we could use the transwarp drive to set temporal coordinates," he said.

"You mean like, time travel?"

"*Exactly* like time travel. If you think of time as a time and a place, you end up with a date and time something happened. I can get you to Silver Hills at transwarp, but it would be *temporal*. We can travel to Silver Hills in the present, but if these codes can be applied to the drive precisely, we could..."

"... we could set the drives for Silver Hills on Monday, July 31st, 2028 in Silver Hills, not *just* Silver Hills," she nodded. "Okay, now I'm getting it."

Nathaniel paused. "Why that date in particular?"

"It's my birthday."

He chuckled. "It's weird, my girlfriend is like 3 months old," he said with a smile.

"No weirder than my boyfriend being 5," she mentioned.

"Fine, so we're both weird."

“Will this line of code be a problem if we need to jump to transwarp in a pinch?” Serenity asked, going back to business.

He shook his head. “I can isolate it for now, stop it from doing anything, but I estimate it will be back with a vengeance in a few weeks. For now, I can give you transwarp 9. Maybe 9.5, but that's the max,” he said.

She leaned down, kissing him on the cheek. “I have every confidence in you that you’ll get this working when we need it the most,” she said.

“The drives are kinda my thing.”

“I know they are, chief. Get back to work. We’ll grab something to eat later, and Ella has been pushing me to watch some show in the common area. We’ll check it out,” she said.

Nathaniel rolled his eyes. “Are you talking about Helicopter Zombies?” he asked.

“I think that is it.”

He sighed. “We’ll watch it, but judging by its title, how good could it be?”

“That isn’t the point. The point is, we’ll be there. It’ll be a date,” Serenity said, turning and walking away.

Nathaniel perked up in his seat, straightening his uniform and smiling. “I have a date,” he said proudly. “With a girl!”