Power Rangers GPX Supercharged, Part 1

by DChan87

Summary

Sequel to "Power Rangers GPX": The GPX Power Rangers are enjoying the peace they won as they move to Madison, Wisconsin while their Red Ranger attends and plays hockey for the University of Wisconsin. Unfortunately, things are not going to go as smoothly as they hoped and a new enemy is going to test them.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Prologue

It is a tale that tells of three species. But only one race remembers it.

Long ago, this world was home to three species; the humans, the Zordonians and the Elves. The Zordonians and Elves were masters of the world. Their technology rivaled that which would come in centuries beyond. The humans, however, had not yet begun to record their own history.

But in those days, they lived in fear of the Zordonians and in awe of the Elves. But all three were of the same blood. Their differences were minor… and massive.

The Zordonians were cruel and uncaring about the world and their surroundings. They mercilessly enslaved human and Elf alike and tried to shape the world for their own selfish needs. The Elves, however, revered the world, treating it like a mother; they had come from Mother Earth and they would return to Mother Earth.

In the end, the Elves had enough of the cruelty of the Zordonians. Under the leadership of their hero Elrond, they joined forces with the humans and all across the globe, they chased the Zordonians into the depths of space. But the Zordonians vowed to return and reclaimed the world they knew was rightfully theirs.

But all was not well with this alliance. In the battle, Elrond was killed by friendly fire from humans. The Elves were furious, but they feared what the humans could become. So they hid themselves from the humans and did not come out for millennia.

The humans, with the Zordonians gone and the Elves in hiding, began to dominate the world. And in thousands of years' time, had become the dominate species, though not in the vein of the Zordonians. But as time passed, memory of the Zordonians and Elves passed out of human awareness.

But had it not been for one band of ancient Scandinavians encountering a band of Elves, they might have forgotten about them entirely.

For now, an uneasy peace between the Elves and the unknowing humans exists. But the Elves are not as kind to their enemies as one might think. For they may now see the Zordonians in the humans… and that bodes ill for all races on the Planet Earth.

Then one year, the Zordonians returned. The Elves prepared for war, to stop the Zordonians and reannounce their existence to the humans.

But it did not go as planned. The humans were also aware of the Zordonians, but only their threat. And they assembled five of their bravest young men and women to fight them off.

The Power Rangers, as they were called, saved the entire Earth, but drew the attention of the Elves. And the Elves prepared for war with the Power Rangers, who had already moved on.
Chapter Notes

Power Rangers GPX Supercharged, Episode 1: Madison

We're the best damn chance you got, let's go!

Start your engines, lift the green flag high
We're taking the lead, we're here to save the day
Stare our enemies down, our victory is nigh
There's a battle to fight, WE'RE NEVER GIVING UP!

Stand up, take your chance, we're here and will unite
We're ready, and we're gonna take them down
They can't beat us, we're united in our fight
We're invincible, and we're never gonna die!

STAND UP AND FIGHT!
We're the best damn chance you've got,
Power Rangers G-P-X, let's GO!
STAND UP AND FIGHT!
We'll win the race, take your best shot,
Power Rangers G-P-X, let's GO!

We're gonna save the day,
We're gonna save the day,
We're gonna save the day!
FUCK YOU RAGNAR!

When you ask Col. Alan Greene, United States Army, about the last 2 months, he'd say it was a more normal time for him. There wasn't a whole lot in his branch of the Pentagon. The people dealing with the war in Afghanistan probably had a few disagreements with him. He didn't disagree with them, though. Despite his other job, he served a year in Afghanistan and he came back with a feeling that he should not envy anyone shipped over there.

However, if you asked him about the past five months, that's a different story.

It has been a hectic, intense, nerve-wracking and whatever-term-you-can-think-of five months. It had been a five months that had changed the course of human history, and Col. Greene was on the front lines of the event. It was an event that almost resulted in the destruction of humanity in the short run.

His wife had been worried sick during that time. He in turn, was worried sick about his kids, who could barely sleep out of fear of what could happen. The 40-something West Point graduate had to call on his experience as both a leader and the father of his own kids to get them to get to sleep at night. He could probably tease his 14-year-old son about it.

But his kids were not the only ones who were worried. In the end, he had to wonder how anyone
could live without getting worried sick.

The African-American colonel sighed again, looking over photos of destruction caused by the Event. Event is capitalized because it's an event that would no doubt influence human history in the coming days, weeks, months and years. Already he'd seen the changes brought by the consequences of the Event.

It wasn't the way anyone wanted First Contact to go, but it's not like Earth had a choice in the matter. This was a battle that was forced upon Earth, not one Earth chose. Oh, Earth chose to fight it, but it was almost reluctant… although the people who fought on behalf of the Earth were more than willing to fight.

And yet, it was a duty he would not wish upon his worst enemies.

It was a duty that had so many risks, but the pay off was better than anyone would expect. The people in question had been trained for years to become what was needed to handle the Event. They had still been thrust into a situation that no one could expect and they embraced their roles. He had to be proud of them.

He saw them like his own adopted kids. It's a little clichéd, but it fit. Even if his superiors saw them as cannon fodder (since when is the Pentagon worried about cannon fodder?), he knew they could handle what was being thrown at them.

And in the end, the Power Rangers had thrown an extraterrestrial invasion back into the stars.

Yes, Power Rangers. When he was first attached to Project Ranger, the United Nations' top-secret project to subtly train kids from all over the world and turn them into super soldiers/superheroes, who too thought it was silly. Isn't that a children's show? Well, given that it was started around the time of the Korean War and only obtained the name after the debut of Power Rangers, he found out it was dead serious.


"Isn't it late, Colonel?"

Col. Greene checked his watch. "I see," he said. Nora will not be happy about it. "What is it, sergeant?"

"General Hammond wants a report on Project Ranger," said the sergeant. He handed the file to Col. Greene. Inside were pictures and reports on the seven youngsters who became Power Rangers.

"Can't do that, sergeant," said Col. Greene. "Their information is in the hands of the Strategic Worldwide Organization of Reconnaissance and Defense."

"Right, my apologies, Colonel," said the sergeant.

"That's okay," said Col. Greene. He wasn't a drill instructor. He could afford to be nice to his subordinates. "To be honest, I'm glad they're not being called on."

"Where are they?" asked the sergeant.

"Now, I know what you're up to," Col. Greene said with a laugh. "It's been over a month since the Battle of Orlando. They've slipped back into private life by now."

"I see," said the sergeant. "Are you—"
"I'll be leaving soon," said Col. Greene. "Just tell General Hammond they're in SWORD's hands, they'll be fine wherever they are."

"What if another threat arises?" asked the sergeant.

"The best part is, they're not just alien fighters," said Col. Greene. "If there's an internal threat, they'll deal with it. Hopefully, they won't have to morph again, wherever they are."

September 10, 2010

Madison, Wisconsin

On a warm, sunny September day, the University of Wisconsin-Madison was busy. The fall semester had started last week, so the students were still getting acclimated to the campus. The freshman and new transfers had a few troubles, but the ones who have been here for a while knew where their classes were. Located on both a typical and atypical American university campus, UW has a fantastic view of Lake Mendota, one of the two lakes in the Madison area.

A Big Ten Public Ivy university, UW is, well, special. They don't call Madison, the capital of the state of Wisconsin the "People's Republic of Madison" for no reason. It's sort of like a badge of honor for the college town located on south central Wisconsin. It's a large university, approx. 41,000 students on close to 1,000 acres (rounded up).

Sean O'Callahan stepped out of the Henry Sewell Social Science building. Real quickly, he checked the clock on his iPhone. "Just after noon," he said to himself. He adjusted the Chicago Blackhawks baseball cap on his head, signifying that he's not from Wisconsin, and dialed a number on his iPhone. He waited for a few moments before someone picked up. "Hey babe, how's it going? Yeah, just got out of class. No, I'll probably come back for lunch and then go to the rink, how does that sound? You want anything? Oh, Babcock ice cream? Yeah, sure, let me get some." He hung up, putting his iPhone back into his pocket.

"Yeah, make me walk all the way over there," he muttered to himself before he began his 8-minute trek to Babcock Hall. At first turning south onto N Charter St, he turned west onto Linden Dr, where he would walk the final .4 of a mile to Babcock Hall. Along the way, he noticed a few people wearing Packer and Brewers gear. He wasn't surprised. He's in enemy territory, after all. But even if he did wear Chicago gear, they'd be cheering for him in a few weeks.

At last he reached Babcock Hall, the home of UW's on-campus dairy store where they sell dairy products made on campus by cows raised on the campus farm. Once inside, he checked around looking for some stuff to buy. He found two things of ice cream, the Badger Blast and Union Utopia flavors, and milk. He muttered something about how his girlfriend was a little lazy to get her own milk.

Once outside, he ran down the steps and began hurrying back to his house. Carrying a backpack that held his laptop in it, however, kind of made things a little difficult, especially considering how close his place was to Camp Randall. But Babcock is pretty close to Camp Randall, so it wasn't really something he was concerned about.

He took of his had and wiped his brow. Medium length brown hair spilled over his head before he put the hat back on. The bill shielded his brown eyes, which were framed by a slender face. He had a bit of a fair complexion, but it wasn't going to burn easily, what with Slovak and German heritage to go along with his Irishness. His build, however, was a little different. It was athletic, but not
really muscular, but you'd be surprised to find out he weighs 175 lbs. Pretty good for a 21-year-old.

Sean started walking to the east, in a hurry to get to Dayton Street, just a bit south of where he was. It took a few minutes, which greatly annoyed him, but when he finally crossed the railroad tracks, he was within sight of his house. He crossed the street and ran up the stairs, opening the door and savoring how great the AC felt. "Yo, people!" he declared.

Three people, two males and one female, about his age, although one was older, who were sitting on the couch, turned around to look at him. One, a Hispanic girl, jumped off the couch, ran up to him and gave him a big hug. "Wow, nice to see you too," he said.

"Lo siento," she replied. "So what took you?"

"I got your ice cream," said Sean, "Badger Blast and Union Utopia."

"Not what I wanted, but thanks anyway," she said. "How was class?"

"I think one of my teachers is nice," he said as he walked into the kitchen, which was actually pretty nice for a place rented out by four college-age youngsters. "My counselor said I might be able to graduate in four semesters."

"That's nice," said the woman, Maria Aparicio of Caracas. Her black hair was tied up in a Tomboyish ponytail and her brown eyes watched him walk around the kitchen. Her physique was Wonder Woman-esque, a subtle but clearly defined musculature that emphasized her athleticism under light coffee-with-cream colored skin due to combined mestizo and Spanish ancestry (even though mestizos are of Spanish descent, it's actually because her grandfather is from Spain). "So what are we going to do?"

And yes, she is very good-looking.

"Well, since hockey practice starts in a month, we could go to the rink and get in some ice time," said Sean.

"I don't know how to skate," she said.

"I thought I promised to teach you before we left Orlando," said Sean. "Are you even trying?"

"Of course I am," she replied. "It's just…"

"Hard," he replied. He gave her a light kiss on her cheek, making her roll her eyes as she followed him walk into the TV room. "I don't have class this afternoon, so we're free. What are we watching, Kevin?"

"The Juraian ambassador is visiting the White House," Kevin O'Donnell said in his native Irish brogue. He was more of a muscular figure, but more in line with a lighter rugby player, if anything. Unlike Sean, his hair was cut very short, and had a dark blond appearance to it, along with brown eyes and fair skin. His face was very much like the Map of Ireland and a brain to match the wit of Oscar Wilde. "Yes, he comes in peace."

"Aliens," said Sean. Of course the Juraians look completely identical to humans not just on the outside, but it's rumored that the Juraian Emperor is a human and has two kids with the Juraian Empress. "Ever since Orlando, it seems like the galaxy has lined up to try and kiss our asses."

"Because they know the result if they try and start a battle with us," said Kevin.
"Exactly," said Sean. "By the way, is Hitomi still in school?"

"I believe so," said Aaron, the other person. Of African, as in from Africa, specifically Johannesburg, extraction, his build was also pretty muscular, but smaller that Kevin's build and only slightly bigger than Sean. He'd probably make a pretty good footballer (soccer player). His hair showed signs of what were once dreadlocks, now shaved off. His dark skin glistened in the light of the house. Mandla Aaron Ndebele is his full name.

"You know what the best part about living in a Post-First Contact world is?" said Sean, pointing at the screen. "They disproved the UFO nuts! Yesterday David Icke walked up to the Juraian ambassador, and I'm not kidding about this, he asked about reptilians, Illuminati, Annunaki and all that shit, and the Juraian ambassador said the equivalent of 'what the fuck' before going off on the guy, saying that Juraian know of every goddamn species in the galaxy, and there are none even remotely close to the bullshit Icke talks about or can shape-shift!"

"I've been waiting for that nutter to be taken down!" said Kevin. "My friend James likes him and now I get to laugh at him!"

"The best part is he had no idea who Icke was, and his answers we honest!" said Sean. "I heard the guy ask, 'who are you' as Icke walked up to him!"

"That's nice, can we please stop taking about him and giving the standard anti-conspiracy theory spiel?" asked Aaron.

"Yeah, sure. Oh, wait, where's AJ?" He whistled, or at least tried to, and called out "AJ!" A beagle ran down the stairs into the living room. "Good boy!" Sean said, getting down and petting the Beagle, rubbing its head vigorously before sitting back down on the couch where he sat down with the dog and started to eat. "Have you guys sent in your transfer applications yet?"

"Of course," said Kevin. He looked at the others. Maria nodded and so did Aaron.

"Good," said Sean. "I hope Hitomi applies."

"She will," said Maria.

"Oh, and I'm going to the football game tomorrow," said Sean. American football, by the way. "I can probably find a way to get you guys into the student section, although Hitomi's a no-go."

"Do you really think you can get us in?" asked Maria.

"Well, if that doesn't work, Bridge will probably want to try out her new position's influence," Sean said, referring to his sister Bridget Jackson nee O'Callahan. "She works for the athletic department, after all. She could get you guys some tickets."

"Sounds great," said Kevin.

After about an hour, Sean finished his lunch, got up went to the kitchen before he walked over to the couch and pulled Maria up.

"Let's get to the rink," he said.

"Okay," she said a little nervously. He ignored that and ran upstairs to get his stuff.

About 10 minutes later, he came back down, carrying a hockey bag and a pair of figure skates in his hands. This time he was wearing jeans. "Here're your skates," he said, handing them to Maria.
"Gracias," she said in a deadpan manner. He eagerly pulled her with him, not oblivious to her ambivalence to going on the ice. His car, which he'd kept at his mom's house in Lincoln Park, was a red Chevy Cobalt. He dumped his bag into the trunk and walked over to the driver's side door and started the car. "So how long will we be there?"

"Probably about an hour," said Sean. "We're going to Madison Ice Arena, I reserved some ice time there."

"Oh, in the strip mall hellhole part of town," she said, prompting Sean to laugh.

Sean laced up his skates while Maria was at the counter paying for their ice time. He checked his blades, making sure they were sharp enough. They were relatively new skates, though. Going to the ice rink is the only way someone can wear warm-weather clothes in summer, which is why he was wearing his old Chicago Steel junior hockey team jersey. "Maria, are you ready?" he asked.

"I'm coming!" she said. "It's not even a public skate time, though, how are we going to—"

"Some of the guys on the team are gonna be here!" said Sean.

"Oh great, more hockey players," she said.

"Come on, they're not that bad," he said as he stood up. He noticed she was wearing her skates and pulled her into the main rink and then out onto the ice.

In that moment, he showed just how better he was at skating then she was. He hit the ice and immediately burst down the rink, completing a pair of laps in about a minute before skating back over to her. "Ice is good!" he said. He grabbed her arm and then yanked her out onto the ice. "Come on, don't be afraid!" he said.

"I'm trying!" she replied. "I'm just not used to this!"

"Don't you know how to inline or roller skate?" he asked, simply out of innocence.

She paused and considered his question. "Yes," she replied.

"Then why the hell didn't you say so!?"

"Because you never asked!" she replied.

"Alright, so you've got the basics down," he said, "You should try pushing with the inside edge of your skate and use your toe on the ice. Try it!" She tried it and to his surprise, she was starting to get the hang of it. "That's good, that's good!" he said, "Try turning your toes out a little more and you don't need to—oops!"

She'd slipped on the ice and fell on her bottom. He skated back over to her and offered to pull her up, which she accepted. "I guess everyone's going to fall at some point," he said. "Here." He skated behind her and put his hands on her hips, which made her blush (even though they've gone a bit farther). "Alright, just push a little lighter."

She tried that for a little bit and pretty soon it looked like she had the hang of it. Sean let go of her waist and let her start to get acclimated to ice skating. Before long, she had the hang of it and was skating much better than when she started, although she did slip at the end. "Ay dios mio," she said. Sean skated up to her and came to complete stop.
"Well, you look good!" he said. He picked her up again and gave her a kiss on her forehead.

"Dude, Caley, when did you get soft?"

"MARTY!" Sean said, immediately breaking away from a confused Maria to go meet up with an Irish-looking guy with short dark hair, wearing a Wisconsin hoodie. "Dude, what's up?"

"Classes suck, man," said Marty. "So who's the bitch?"

"Excuse me!?" Maria shouted. "Say that again, I'll tear you limb—"

"Maria, take it easy!" said Sean. "Maria, this is Marty McAuliffe, he's been my best friend since we were kids and he was my teammate with the Steel. Marty, this is Maria Aparicio; my girlfriend."

"Fuck you, dude!" Marty said in his thick South Side of Chicago accent (Sean had an accent too, but it wasn't as thick as Marty's).

"Why?" asked Sean.

"Look at her!" he said. "She's hot!"

"Why thank you very much," she said, posing and making herself look extra gorgeous.

"Dude, is she Mexican?" asked Marty, causing her to get annoyed with him.

"Nah, dude, she's Venezuelan!"

"Oh, even better!" said Marty.

"What's this about Sean having a girlfriend?" asked another voice. Another person who seemed about as Irish as Sean, Marty and Kevin skated up. However, the way he pronounced 'about' made him stand out. It sounded… Canadian. "Sean, you have to tell me these things, you fucking rink rat!"

"Dammit, Jimmy, don't say that!" said Sean. "Oh, Maria, this is my cousin Seamus, but everyone calls him 'Jimmy'. He's from Toronto!"

"Nice to meet you!" said Jimmy.

"So, you play hockey too?" asked Maria.

"Of course!" said Jimmy. "We're all on the team this year!"

"Probably because Jimmy couldn't get into the NHL," Sean joked, "He didn't even get drafted into the CHL!"

"Shut up, Sean," said Jimmy. "I had to transfer here from Ryerson, now my graduation is gonna be delayed."

"Yeah, so's mine and probably Marty here," said Sean. "You guys bring your sticks?"

"What are we, idiots?" said Marty. "We've also got two new guys coming in, that Ukrainian dude for one."

"Oh, I didn't know we had a Ukrainian on the team this year," said Sean.
"Um, what about me?" asked Maria.

"Sorry, babe!" said Sean. "So where is this guy?"

"Well, he's kind of shy, eh," said Jimmy. "He's big, but he's a farm boy and he's not great with people. And no, he's never done that with a cow."

"Anyone else?" asked Sean.

"Yeah, a familiar face," said Marty. Right on cue, some other guy skated up and stopped at the spot everyone else was gathered. He had a dark-haired ponytail and his appearance caused some confusion for Maria. However, Sean put a hand on her shoulder and shook his head, silently telling her not to speak.

"Ritchie Metoxen," said Sean. "The Oneida Rocket, as he's called."

"Do you know who he is?" asked Maria.

"Yeah, I do," said Sean. "My team beat his team last year in the USHL Western Conference Finals. I think he's still pissed off at me."

"Wait, Oneida?" she asked again. "What does that mean?"

"It means that not only do I belong to the Oneida Nation of Wisconsin," he said, "I'm full-blooded Oneida."

"I'm sorry," she said, "I guess I just thought you were Mayan." Ritchie shrugged.

"Nice to meet you," said Ritchie. "What's your name?"

"Maria," she replied, "Maria Juanita Aparicio Rodriguez. I'm from Caracas."

"O'Callahan, I said it once before and I'll say it again: You're a goddamn FIB," he said to Sean.

"I appreciate the compliment," said Sean. "Marty, let's get to work. Practice starts in a few weeks and I'm itching for some ice time."

"You got it," Marty said, taking his bag and dumping a few pucks out. The guys kicked them around, spreading them out on the ice. Maria, who felt a little left out, skated over to the bench and sat down. However, Sean skated up to her.

"You know, I brought an extra stick, I could teach you to play," he said.

"No thanks," she said, "You can go and play with everyone else and—HEY!"

"Oh, no, I'm too smart for that!" he said. "You're gonna get mad at me because I'm spending too much time with everyone else and not you! I've been forced to watch my sister's movies, I know this shit. You're gonna learn to play hockey!"

"Don't yank me like that!" she said.

"Sorry," he replied. "Look, they brought a stick for you!"

"How nice," she said.

"Quit bein' sarcastic and just take the stick," he said. He handed it to her and showed her how to
"Hold it. "All you need is a flick of the wrist," he said. "There you go!"

"Thanks," she replied. "By the way, what's an 'Eff-Eye-Bee'?"

"Fucking Illinois Bastard," said Sean. "It's basically what these moldy cheeseheads call guys like me."

"And why did you come here?" she asked as if it was obvious he should have stayed away.

"Hey, I came to UW-Madsion for a reason," he replied. "And why are you being so negative? You've said nothing positive the entire time we've been here."

His words came out with diluted venom, but the tone didn't match his genuinely hurt expression. "I'm sorry," she said. "I just... I just don't like hockey."

"Please understand, this means a lot to me," said Sean. "And I get it, but these are my friends, cousin and some dude I have a sort of antagonistic relationship with. PLEASE stop being a B."

Maria lowered her eyelids, sighed and finally kissed his cheek. She smiled again and said, "I'm really sorry. You're right, I've been acting like a stuck-up bitch all day. It's your sport, go and have fun." His grin was as wide and toothy as a shonen lead's.

They dropped a puck and started playing. It was a light get-together, nothing really intense since nobody was wearing pads. Sean teamed up with Marty and Jimmy paired up with Ritchie. They passed the puck around, skating on one end of the ice while Maria worked on her skating. On occasion, Sean would check on her to make sure she was doing okay.

"That's great!" he said at one point. "You're getting much better!" It was an honest compliment, and she smiled in response, happy that her boyfriend was pleased with her.

Things got a little faster as time went on. Maria could eventually see that Ritchie had a grudge against Sean as he kept getting as physical as possible with him, even though neither of them were wearing pads, as mentioned earlier. She skated over to them, but staying out of the way so she wouldn't get hit by them. "I don't think he likes you," said Maria.

"Ya think?" Sean replied, checking out a bruise on his cheek where Ritchie had elbowed him.

"It's so barbaric," she said.

"It's hockey," he replied, not looking for any pity. "Me and Marty used to get into fights back with the Steel."

"I'm surprised you've got a bruise," she said. "I didn't think anyone could give us one."

"Yeah, after this summer, I'll have to get used to dealing with normal physicality," he said. He put away the mirror and picked up his stick to go and—

"Sean!" he looked behind to see Maria handing an ice pack to him, which he gladly took.

"Thanks," he said with a smile before she kissed him on the cheek. With a smile on his face, he skated back over to the guys.

"You big softie," said Marty.

"At least I have a girlfriend," he replied. "You're still a virgin." Everybody else laughed, much to Marty's embarrassment.
However, the teasing subsided and the guys went back to their impromptu hockey practice. They used some cones Jimmy brought with him as a goal, since the net wasn't set up. As such, the only shooting was only light wrist flicks instead of slapshots. Of course, that also had to do with their lack of pads (sorry to repeat myself).

Eventually a couple of hours passed and the guys began to wrap it up, putting the pucks and cones away in Marty's bag. Sean and Maria lingered for a little bit on the ice so Sean could see how well she was progressing. Sean smiled at her, telling her she was doing a lot better than she was earlier, but she still needed to practice either on ice or in roller skates.

They came off and Sean took his skates off and put his sneakers on, feeling how they felt like nothing compared to his skates. "It's always weird to feel your shoes after skating," he said.

"I know dude," said Marty. "So where were you this summer?"

"Oh, I went to Japan for about a month-and-a-half and then to Orlando for much of July," he replied.

"Dude, did you hear about the Power Rangers?" Marty asked, the first time they've been mentioned in almost ten pages.

"Yeah, dude, I thought it was fucked up," he said while getting some Gatorade from the snack bar. "I had no idea why they kept following us, right Maria?"

"I know," she said. "We were magnets to them or something?"

"Dude, how's that bruise, anyway?" Marty asked.

"Ah, it's fine," said Sean. "I've had worse, especially when Phaed—" Sean stopped himself right there and smacked his hand over his mouth. Maria had a mortified look on her face. "I, uh, I mean, I've been in worse and you know it!"

"Yeah, dude, like that time you—"

"I'm sorry I just realized I gotta go see ya!" he shouted, grabbing Maria by the wrist and dragging her to his car so fast Maria couldn't tell him to slow down. The next thing she knew they were seated in his car and he had his face in his hands. "Oh, fuck, I'm so, so sorry!" he said.

"How could you almost give us away?" she asked.

"He's my best friend!" Sean replied. "I just let my guard down, that's all!" Maria didn't say anything else as Sean turned the car keys. He pulled out of the parking lot and left before Marty could catch up.

:"-:-:-: PRGPX :-:-:-:

"So how did it go?" Kevin asked once the two got back.

"It went okay," said Maria, "But Sean nearly blew our cover."

"I know, I shouldn't have said anything!" said Sean.

"Why, what happened?" asked a girl with a Japanese accent. Our fifth main character, Hitomi Miyazawa, walked in. She was the youngest out of the group, only 18 years old. Her hair was black with brown highlights and tied in a ponytail and the general lightness of her complexion made her
look like a J-Pop singer. She was also a little smaller than Maria, and to top it all off… she wore a Japanese schoolgirl outfit.

"You know, you don't need that outfit here in the States," said Sean.

"But I'm used to it!" she said. Sean sighed. Apparently she was trying to make herself look like jailbait, although, "I had to wear this all the time back in Kyoto."

"Yeah, sure," said Sean.

"So what happened?" asked Aaron.

"Sean almost told his friend about Phaedos," said Maria. "He almost blew our cover!"

"I know, and I shouldn't have implied we were Power Rangers!" he said.

"You didn't," Aaron said with tranquil anger.

"I almost did," said Sean. "I don't think he suspects anything."

Yes, these five are the Power Rangers.

Trained since they were kids to become super-soldiers by the United Nations, they were recruited by them to fight off an alien invasion by the Zordonian Empire; a stellar empire founded by humanoids that not only resembled Sailor Moon villains, they were once from Earth, but left and tried to re-conquer Earth.

Since May, these five fought a war with the Zordonians starting in Tokyo and ending in late July with an intense and epic battle that saw the Zordonians kicked off the planet. Now all they want is peace.

Sean kept rubbing his face, aware that he almost ruined their peaceful ending. Kevin, Aaron and Hitomi glared at their leader, as Sean is the Red Ranger, in anger. "I can't believe you," said Kevin, the Blue Ranger.

"You are so irresponsible," said Aaron, the Green Ranger.

"I was scared!" said Hitomi, the Pink Ranger.

"At least he was able to prevent any more trouble!" said Maria, the Yellow Ranger.

"Look, it was an accident!" said Sean. "I let my guard down around my best friend and it's not gonna happen again!"

"It had better not," said Kevin. He walked off, unhappy with Sean.

"Yeah, go ahead and blame me," said Sean. "It's not like I'm the reason we're still alive, after all."

"I'm not blaming you," said Hitomi. "You should have been more careful, though."

"Glad to hear it," said Sean.

The former Rangers will not get the peace they deserve. They will, however, face incredible challenges and no matter what, despite the scare here, they will rise to the challenge.

This is Power Rangers GPX Supercharged.
Okay, so that begins Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!

I'll admit, it's not really indicative of what we're up for, but it's only a first chapter to give people a chance to meet the characters here. And I apologize for having no action just yet and not really setting them up as Power Rangers, but I wanted to be subtle about it.

Also, as a disclaimer, I did not attend the University of Wisconsin-Madison. However, I have visited the campus and I have a friend who went there whom I hope to ask for help. I would appreciate it if anyone currently attending UW or a person who graduated from there is willing to help make it more accurate.

So tell me what you think! The reviews are right down there! Tell me if you have any complaints in a gentle way, I'll try to answer them and if you have praise, GREAT!
Hostages

Chapter Notes

Sean VO: "Previously on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Col. Greene: "Tell General Hammond they're in SWORD's hands."

Sean: "We should go to the rink."

Maria: "Great, more hockey players!"

Marty: "How's that bruise?"

Sean: "I've had worse, especially when Phaed—"

(Sean stops himself from saying anything else and he and Maria leave)

Kevin: "I can't believe you."

Sean: "Yeah, go ahead and blame me."

See the end of the chapter for more notes

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Power Rangers GPX Supercharged episode 2: Hostages

:-:-:-: Pooow-wer Rang-gers, Grand Prix, G-P-X, GO! :-:-:-:

Tom Maelstrom, director of the Strategic Worldwide Organization of Reconnaissance and Defense, or SWORD, looked over several reports about the battles the Power Rangers fought in. The Samuel L. Jackson-as-Nick Fury-look-a-like breezed over a few but lingered on others. Some stories varied by each story. The Rangers usually came through, but there were a few moments where not only did the Rangers come close to losing, they lost—and badly.
In the end, he felt lucky Sean O'Callahan challenged the Zordonian Emperor Rashon to a duel. Had he not, the battle would have devolved into a full-blown war. There had already been a conflict between the Zordonian Swabots (their foot soldiers) and other militaries, but the number of Swabots made it easy for the militaries to chase them off. The Power Rangers did enough work.

After Sean warned that Earth was defended after the Battle of Orlando on July 28th, there had not been any hostile aliens come near Earth. Instead, the Juraians, who were incidental allies of the Earth (because they had been at war with the Zordonians themselves) took it upon themselves to approach Earth.

He took a sip of his coffee, reading a report on the day before the Battle of Orlando. The GPX Rangers were not the only ones to fight. A group of humans, taken off-planet when they were little, called Choushinsei Flashman routinely butted heads throughout July that came to a head on the 27th, when both teams had a massive falling-out.

"Knuckleheads," he said to himself. An agent, wearing a blue spy suit, walked up to him.

"No more reports of activity," he said. "We did pick up some strange energy in south-central Wisconsin near the Dells, but that's about it."

Maelstrom looked at him with his one good eye. Being a veteran spy, Maelstrom didn't think that was sufficient. "Look at it again," he said. "If that energy gets closer to Madison, then warn the Rangers. I know they won't like it, but they may have to do it."

"Yes, sir," said the agent. He walked off to go and tell this to other agents. Maelstrom got up and walked over to the viewing glass of the organization's jet-carrier. He bit the bottom of his lip, thinking about the situation. The Rangers fought too hard for this. They deserved peace.

But sometimes, peace must be maintained by force.

:-:-:-: PRGPX :-:-:-:

"How could you let the humans know about you?"

"My apologies, sir! I was only—"

"I want no excuses, lieutenant."

"But, I-I-I—"

"You have failed, Lieutenant."

"I-I-I truly apologize, but—URK!"

"I do not need for you. You have failed both in mine and God's eyes."

:-:-:-: Power Rangers GPX :-:-:-:

"Pack it up, pack it in, let me begin. I came to win, battle me? That's a sin!"

"Sean, you've been singing that song since Saturday!" Maria interrupted as the two walked past the Campus Mall on the far-east side of the UW campus.

"I know, but it was amazing!" Sean said while walking backward and expressing with his hands. "I heard about the Jump Around, but being a part of it was so awesome!" Those of you who know what I'm talking about, you can move on to the next paragraph. For those who don't, "Jump
"Around" is a tradition at Wisconsin Badger football games where the House of Pain song "Jump Around" is played between the third and fourth quarters and the entire student section, which makes up over 1,000 of them, jumps around and makes Camp Randall Stadium shake—literally.

Maria shook her head and followed him across the mall. Sean pointed to some food carts that dotted the part of State Street between the University Bookstore and Memorial Library. The State Capitol could be seen down State Street, offering a terrific view. "What do you want?" he asked.

"I don't know," she said, "How about… some Hibachi?"

"Sounds good," said Sean.

So Maria grabbed some chicken teriyaki from the Hibachi Hut cart and Sean got the same thing. The two sat down near a small bell tower. "So how did you like the class?" he asked.

"It was good," she said, "But it's not what I'm going to be studying."

"Why, what do you want to do?" he asked.

"I want to be a teacher," she replied.

"And yet you came to Japan looking for a media job," he said.

"My uncle was a television station manager," she said, with emphasis on was.

"Sure," he said.

"The lecture was boring," she said. Sean laughed. "But the slides were interesting."

"I thought Professor Harrison's pretty good so far," he said.

"I can't believe it's been over a month," she said. "Do you think we'll ever get to be Power Rangers again?"

"Don't jinx us!" said Sean. To change the subject, he said, "I wonder how Kevin and Aaron are doing?"

:-:-:-: Power Rangers GPX :-:-:-:

With his suggestion in mind, we go back to the Rangers' house where our two bored co-protagonists are engaged in a game of FIFA. Kevin, played as Manchester United while Aaron had to settle for FC Barcelona (accidentally predicting the match-up in the 2011 Champions League Final), since he could not find his beloved Kaizer Chiefs on the game (or maybe he just wasn't looking hard enough).

However, Aaron had Kevin on the ropes, leading 2-0 with two goals by one Leo Messi. Kevin, in desperation, began attacking the Barcelona net with an offensive fury that United should have tried in the real CL Final. Eventually, he got on the board thanks to a shot from Wayne Rooney and then had Nemanja Vidic score the equalizer just a minute later.

"DAMMIT!" Aaron shouted, almost throwing the PlayStation controller. As soon as they kicked off, though, Kevin went straight for the ball and then once he got possession, the net. He stuck his tongue out and unleashed a barrage of shots that made Aaron very nervous until the virtual match ended in a 2-2 draw. "You were lucky," said Aaron.

"Lucky, or better?" Kevin replied. Aaron shook his head, but then they heard some beeping. They
looked at each other. No, it couldn't be! Kevin jumped off the couch, almost stepping on a sleeping AJ, but luckily he missed him as he ran for the kitchen, opening a drawer and pulling out his AcceleMorpher. When he put it on he said "Hello?"

"*Is this the Blue Ranger?*" asked the SWORD agent on the other end.

"Of course," replied Kevin. "Red is out at the moment."

"I don't care, just listen up!" said the agent. "We recently detected a spike of energy coming from the Wisconsin Dells area. We're not entirely positive, but you five should be on the lookout."

Kevin sighed in relief. He didn't want to hear some other words. "Thank you very much," he said as he hung up his morpher. When he went back into the TV room, he looked at Aaron.

"Are you going to tell Sean?" asked Aaron.

"Of course," said Kevin. "And before you say anything else, yes, I would love to live in peace, and I am something of a pacifist, but I'm not naïve. If something comes for us, we'll have to deal with it, because we are the *only* ones who can handle it. We are supposed to be on guard all the time, even when we're enjoying our well-earned peace. And of course, this is beyond our control. It might be nothing, but we can't be too sure."

"And what if—"

"And not to spite him, either," said Kevin. He pulled out his phone and sent Sean a text message about the news he was told.

There was a knock on the door and Kevin walked over to open it. Standing in the door was a man, about a year older than Kevin (Kevin is 25). He had short light brown hair. He was also in good physical shape, but not a mass of muscle. He had light skin and brown eyes. He stepped inside and bent down to pet AJ. "Hello Rob," said Kevin.

"Hi, Kevin," said Rob, "Where is he?"

"Out," said Kevin. Rob is Sean's brother-in-law, his sister's husband. "So what have you been up to?"

"I just sent in my applications to the Madison and UW police departments," said Rob. "I think I have the right qualifications for it." In one continuity, Rob is already a police officer, so that's a given.

"You want to be a damn gatta?" said Aaron.

"What?" Rob asked, unfamiliar with Aaron's South African slang.

"I think that's a derogatory term for a police officer," Kevin guessed. "He's pretty well-off, though, so don't get worked up over it. So are you qualified? I'd think spending some time in the Marines would take time out of your—"

"I already a high school degree *and* I went to the Orlando police academy!" said Rob.

"You're shittin' me," said Kevin. "You went to the Orlando police academy… and you weren't hired by the force!?"

"It's called 'pre-service'!" said Rob. "Now can we discuss something else?"
"I just heard from SWORD," said Kevin. Rob sighed. He is also a Power Ranger, the Silver Ranger (although Sean was not happy about it). "They detected some energy in Wisconsin Dells."

"So what are we supposed to do?" asked Rob.

"We'll have to stay vigilant," said Kevin. "I know for sure your brother-in-law will say that."

:"--:: PRGPX :--:::

"We'll have to stay vigilant," Sean said as he looked at the text Kevin sent him. He could see a very unhappy Maria out of the corner of his left eye. She wasn't mad about their impromptu date being interrupted (although that's part of the reason), she was mad at the possibility of having to morph again.

"I thought we were done with this," she said.

"So did I," said Sean. "But either way, we should be prepared." He turned to her and his serious leader face reappeared. "We'll have a meeting tonight, Rob included."

Maria nodded, understanding the situation. When duty calls, you have to answer it.

:"--:: Power Rangers GPX :--:::

Later that evening, the six Rangers—Sean, Kevin, Aaron, Maria, Hitomi, and Rob—were gathered at the house the first five were renting out. Rob, naturally, lived with his wife and two daughters. "So can we make this quick? Bridge needs me to get some... you know, feminine products."

"We'll see," said Sean. "Alright, you guys know why we're here, right?"

"SWORD detected some energy about 52 miles north of us in Wisconsin Dells," said Kevin. "Follow-up reports have said that it's not any energy they're familiar with."

"Which means it's something we'll have to keep an eye on," said Sean.

"Anything else?" asked Aaron.

"That's all we know," said Sean. "It might be nothing, but we have to be on guard. If it's an enemy, they have to know we're onto them. I hate to say it but... get your morphers ready."

There were a sigh and a deflated feeling. They hadn't used those things in well over a month since Wednesday, July 27th. Kevin nodded and went into the kitchen. He came out carrying them with him. They were like gearboxes on cars that could be mounted on the wrist. There was a keyhole on the side where their AcceleKeys could be jammed into and turned to activate their suit. Kevin passed the morphers and keys out to everyone there.

"Keep 'em with you," said Sean. Kevin handed Rob's handheld morpher to him. "Just keep an eye out. Considering the pattern, they'll probably announce themselves loudly and then come after us with monsters. If this fight extends to hockey season, we'll have to figure something out."

"That's what I was afraid of," said Maria.

"But I have full confidence in you guys," Sean said with a smile. "We beat a galactic empire for cryin' out loud. We can beat whatever this new enemy throws at us!"

Sean's energy was infectious. The other Rangers looked at each other with smiles on their faces. There was nothing they couldn't handle.
The visitor traffic at the Wisconsin State Capitol is a little light today. The legislature is not in session, what with the state-wide primaries happening yesterday. None of the legislators were in town today. The only politician in the building was outgoing Governor Jim Doyle, who was convening a meeting of the State Building Commission. Said meeting was brought to order at about 1:17 PM.

As the governor was wrapping up the meeting around 3:00, someone walked into the building. Wearing a hoodie to cover his head, he walked past a few capitol security guards and state cops who only nodded their heads at him. He walked into the rotunda and stopped. Several tour groups and self-guided tours were upstairs. The lower house chambers were off to one side. The state Senate was off to another.

A tour guide, simply being polite, walked up to the man. He had a smile on his face, simply hoping to help him. "Can I help you, sir?" he asked.

The person looked at him from under his hoodie. "Where is the governor?" he asked.

"I'm sorry, but he's busy," said the tour guide. "Why don't I—" Suddenly, the person grabbed him. He lifted him in the air, causing screams to ring out in the rotunda. Other figures ran into the rotunda. They wore what looked like armor, but they had a sort of mechanical gait and movements to them. They rounded up the tourists.

"Now then, please tell me where the governor is."

"Th-th-th-the Governor's conference room!" the tour guide said.

"Thank you very much," said the assailant.

A snap could be heard, followed by gasps from the tourists.

At the moment, the Ranger house was pretty relaxed. Sean was studying for the moment, Kevin and Aaron were at it again with FIFA and Maria was doing some yoga. Hitomi was due back any minute. Sean was getting increasingly frustrated with the amount of studying he had to do. Being an Anthropology major is not easy. Hell, being an Anthro minor is difficult, as the author can attest.

It was when Sean got a text message from SWORD that things changed. Immediately he jumped up and ran to the TV, turning off the PlayStation to Aaron and Kevin's protests before changing it to a local TV station. "We have just received a demand from the hostage-takers. They will not let the Governor go unless the Power Rangers arrive within an hour. If the hour passes and the Rangers do not arrive, they will kill Governor Doyle."

"No," said Kevin. None of them were sure whether it was the refusal to go or disbelief that someone was challenging them.

"Do we have a choice?" said Sean. "As soon as Hitomi gets back, I'll call Rob and we'll get out of here."

A few minutes later, Hitomi arrived to see them in a bit of a hurry. "What's going on?" she asked.

"We have an emergency," said Maria.
"But… we…"

"We have an emergency," Maria reiterated. Sean took some bandanas & sunglasses and tossed them to everyone.

"We'll take my car," he said. Cue the groan from everyone else. "Do you have a problem with that?" he asked.

"No," Aaron lied.

"Look, it was the only car my mom was willing to buy that was new," said Sean. "Now let's GO!" Dressed in colored track jackets and wearing bandanas and sunglasses, they left the house.

Governor Doyle had no clue what was going on. These strange people had just rushed into his conference room while he was wrapping up a meeting and then grabbed him and pulled him into the rotunda. Someone wearing a hoodie circled him like a vulture. Armored men stood around them. "What do you want with me?" he asked.

"You'll see," the hoodie-wearing figure replied. He looked around again. "It's nothing personal. We just have something else on our minds."

"What do you mean?" Gov. Doyle asked again. The hooded assailant smiled again.

An armored figure walked up to the hooded assailant. He stopped and said in what sounded like a mechanical voice, "Someone has arrived." The hooded assailant looked at the armored figure before the figure led him outside.

The figure walked out to notice six figures standing in front of the cameras and police officer. They must have muscled their way through. He noticed they were wearing colored jackets but their faces were covered by bandanas and sunglasses. "Who are you?" asked the hooded figure.

"That's what we'd like to know!" said the one wearing the red jacket. "What'd you do with the Governor?"

"Who are you?" asked the hooded figure.

"You answer us first!" said the red-wearing one.

"This is infuriating," said the hooded figure. He snapped his fingers and suddenly, a group of six of the armored soldiers appeared, surrounding the group. "YOU are not who we are here for. We will not tolerate this. GET THEM!"

The mechanical soldiers rushed forward and attacked the group. However, because there was a small number of them, they were dealt with easily. The group knocked them down pretty quickly and then the red-wearing group member turned to the hooded figure.

"Leave now, human!"

"Too bad! We're here now! And you just picked the wrong fight!" He grinned, rolled up his sleeve and displayed the device on his wrist. "READY!?"

"READY!"

"GPX! START IT UP!" They jammed their AcceleKeys into the AcceleMorphers. One quick turn
and a flash of light engulfed them.

The hooded figure looked away, blinded by the light for a moment before looking back. After a moment of shock, he grew visibly angrier.

They wore colored spandex; Red, blue, green, yellow, pink and silver. Their torsos, sleeves, and boots were colored. Their pants were white (except for Silver) and a colored stripe ran down the pant leg. A series of broken stripes like on a road went down the sleeves, stopping at a black armband just below the elbow that resembled a tire. A black tire also circled the top of the boots, just below the knee.

A pair of straps like racing car seat straps were connected from the shoulder to the flat-topped pentagon-shaped belt buckle which connected to a black utility belt (it should be noted that Silver’s belt, arm, and boot bands are gold). Their helmets included sleek, black visors and were a combination of the Operation Overdrive and Turboranger helmets.

On the chest, their insignia was a gold, motion-font number over a wheel (1 for red, 2 for blue, 3 for green, 4 for yellow, 5 for pink and 6 for silver).

"GPX RED!" Sean shouted.

"GPX BLUE!" shouted Kevin.

"GPX GREEN!" said Aaron.

"GPX YELLOW!" shouted Maria.

"GPX PINK!" shouted Hitomi.

"GPX SILVER!" shouted Rob.

"POWER RANGERS! GPX!"

"Aaaand, I really hate that part," Sean said when the explosions died down. "And you know what? Fuck it!" Channeling his inner Steven Hyde, he cupped his hands to his mouthplate and cried, "HELLO WISCONSIN!

"Alright, you have three seconds to get the hell out of here!"

"GET OUT OF HERE! You are not who we are after!"

"Too bad!" Sean spat. "YOU leave, or we make you leave!"

The hooded figure laughed derisively. "I like you already! GET THEM!" The armored mooks drew some swords and charged the Rangers. The Rangers got into position and then charged the enemy, the two meeting in the middle.

Sean spun around and delivered a reverse roundhouse kick to one of the armored soldiers. It was a light kick for his strength, but enough to knock the armor down. He reacted to another armor running into him but he delivered a side kick to the armor. Then he blocked one and threw a punch at the armor. Then he punched an armor in the gut and finished it off with a reverse roundhouse kick.

Kevin was still getting re-acquainted with the suit as he wrestled an armored soldier to the ground. He got up and punched one in the gut and then tossed it into some other suits. He grabbed another
one and lightly (for him) kicked it in the gut to bring it to its knees. He kicked another suit of armor and gently brought it down. Then he kicked one in the head, knocking it back.

Aaron made a beeline for the doors, but he was stopped by several more suits running out of the Capitol. He started knocking them away. He spun and kicked one of the suits into another suit of armor and then he jumped and ran up the façade of the Capitol building. When he landed, he delivered another kick to the head of a suit of armor. He revved up and went back to fighting.

Maria jumped over some of the suits of armor, helping the bystanders and members of the media leave. Then an armored guy grabbed her and hauled her away from the street. She grabbed the armored guy and then threw it to the ground. She reacted to another suit of armor coming near her and she delivered a roundhouse kick to the suit of armor in reaction. She looked around to assess her situation.

Hitomi just jumped and flipped over the enemies, but to her surprise, they could jump, too! She found herself grounded and unable to use her favorite tactic. That didn't stop her though, she simply adapted, kicking and punching them away. She crouched down and swept some from their feet and then she got back up. She cross-blocked a punch and then tossed it to the side.

Rob too went straight for the doors of the State Capitol, but he found himself cut off by more of the armored guys. He blocked two of them and then spun around to deliver a roundhouse kick to them. The next thing happened purely by accident. An armored soldier grabbed him, but he retaliated by grabbing it and tossing it to the ground a little too hard. But then when he looked…

"HEY! These things are robots!" he said.

"Well, that makes it easier!" Sean shouted. Now he just smashed his way through the armored soldiers, noticing the circuitry. It looked almost steampunk-ish, but some parts looked right out of a *Star Trek* robot.

Now freed from having to worry about killing someone, the Rangers let loose. They started fighting the same way they fought the Swabots; hard, fast and intense. They made some pretty quick work of the armored mecha-mooks that were outside.

Sean and Maria had teamed up, both complimenting each other. Sean threw a right-legged reverse roundhouse kick that a suit of armor dodged, but Maria was right up there, sliding her dagger in between the plates of armor. When she pulled it out, she knocked it over to her boyfriend, who punched the robot's helmet. Sparks and circuitry flew from the enemy as it fell in a (figurative) million pieces.

Hitomi and Aaron also teamed up, with the two being the high-flying Rangers they liked to be. Hitomi jumped up and flipped, landing among some suits while Aaron jumped up and smashed a suit of armor in the helmet. Then Hitomi jumped off his shoulders and grabbed an armor robot, twisting and taking it down to the ground forcefully. At that moment, Aaron delivered a powerful side kick to finish the job.

Rob and Kevin teamed up to go straight for the doors of the Capitol. Kevin tackled a suit of armor, and then he dragged it away. Rob ran up a suit and kicked it in the head. He kicked another one to the side to give Kevin a path to the doors. Two more suits of armor stood in the way. Rob and Kevin linked hands at the wrist and then ran forward to clothesline both of the enemies.

It was at that moment, Sean went straight for the hoodie-wearing leader. The Hoodie was almost caught off guard by Sean's Dynamic Entry, but he dodged it. Sean recovered and threw a punch at Hoodie. Hoodie blocked the punch and kicked him in retaliation. Sean blocked the kick and
countered with an elbow to the face. Hoodie caught Sean's elbow and threw him backward.

It was at that moment that Aaron came to his aid with a Dynamic Entry of his own. This one hit Hoodie in the back. Hoodie looked backward and then got back up and blocked Aaron's next kick. When he threw Aaron, he flipped backward. This gave Sean an opportunity and he took advantage of it, throwing a punch at Hoodie. Hoodie blocked the punch and threw his own.

However, Aaron took advantage of Hoodie's distraction, sweeping him off his feet (literally). Hoodie gasped as he fell, then he noticed the sole of Aaron's boot coming down. Hoodie got out of the way and Aaron's boot cracked the sidewalk. Hoodie got up and beckoned the two to come at him. When they didn't, he was confused as to why.

Then, he felt two boots in his back. Maria and Hitomi started throwing punches and kicks at him, forcing him on his heels. He tried to fight back, but they were too good for him as a unit. Instead, Hoodie jumped backward and rubbed his mouth. Suddenly, Sean and Aaron leaped in to get him, but he ducked and they missed. However, they skidded to a stop and went back for him.

They had him surrounded. It was also then that he noticed Rob and Kevin were missing. "Where are the other two?" he asked.

"Wrong question!" Sean replied. He rushed forward and punched Hoodie. Then Aaron delivered a fantastically-executed Butterfly kick. Hoodie growled right as Maria grabbed him and pulled him up. Then Hitomi kicked him in the face. "Sorry about that," said Sean. "It's just that we're getting into the rhythm of being a Ranger."

Then Hoodie laughed. "Typical," he said. "You Rangers cannot solve anything without violence."

"Hey, you picked this fight," said Sean. "We were willing to talk."

"It's too late," said Hoodie. "God has willed for our battle—"

"Oh, shut up!" Sean shouted.

"God didn't will this battle!" said Maria, our resident Catholic.

"Not the god you are thinking of," said Hoodie.

Inside, Rob and Kevin were making quick work of the armored machines. They were dead-set on getting to the rotunda where Gov. Doyle was. It was pretty easy. It was almost as if the enemy— whoever they were—was expecting to make this easy. The two fought their way into the rotunda to find a very surprised, bewildered, confused and grateful Governor Doyle. "Where did you two come from?" he asked as if it was the only thing he could get out of his mouth.

"Outside," said Rob. "Blue, I'll take care of the hostages downstairs."

"Then I'll take care of the ones upstairs," he replied as he jumped up and began to free the hostages in the upper level of the rotunda.

Back outside, Hoodie was starting to display some very strange movements. He was jumping around like Bon, the Flash Blue Ranger was, but they were a little more… inhuman. He wasn't growling if that's what you're thinking. But he was jumping around and flipping like Legolas was.

"WHAT THE HELL!?" said Sean. Hoodie smirked at him from the tree branches. In response, Sean pulled out the Rangers' standard-issue sidearm, the Octane Blaster, which was a combination of a pistol and a fuel pump nozzle. He let off a couple of shots that caught Hoodie off guard. He
jumped out, but Maria jumped up and kicked him in the face. It takes a lot more than gymnastics to surprise a Power Ranger.

Hoodie slammed to the ground right as some of the hostages started to file out of the Capitol. Hoodie did not look happy one bit. "Game's over, Hoodie," said Sean. He picked Hoodie up by the hood and pulled him up. However, his hand slipped and he ripped his hood off of him and "What the FUCK!?"

Hoodie glared at him with his blue eyes. He could not tell, but the Rangers were all looking at him with wide-open eyes and mouths. However, their stillness alerted him to the situation. "What?" he asked. "You've never seen an elf before?"

Yes, a goddamn ELF. Fair skin, blond hair, pointy ears, all that shit. "What the fuck—this ain't Lord of the Rings!" said Sean. "Who are you?"

Hoodie smiled at him. "You'll soon find out," he said. At that moment, he disappeared, right before the Rangers could get to him. They all looked at each other, clearly unable to comprehend what they just saw.

:-:-:-: Power Rangers GPX :-:-:-:

"So you revealed yourself to them?"

"Not by choice."

"I see. Very well, then. The Power Rangers will be formally introduced to us soon enough."

:-:-:-: PRGPX :-:-:-:

Kevin VO: "Next time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Sean: "This doesn't make any sense!"

Maelstrom: "Elves!?"

Unnamed elf leader: "We shall reveal ourselves!"

Sean: "Who the hell are you?"

Unnamed elf leader: "We are your reckoning."

Kevin VO: "That's next time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Chapter End Notes

Kevin VO: "Next time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Sean: "This doesn't make any sense!"

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Kevin VO: "That's next time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

So how was that? Sorry if that felt rushed, but I needed to get to the action and I had stuff to do tonight. As for the elves, they're the enemy, which was inspired by Thor: The Dark World, but don't expect Thor or Malekith to show up. These elves sort of follow a Clarke's Third Law-level of technology, so don't expect magic to show up. And just because elves show up, don't expect other mystical creatures or even gods to show up (I have a solid, unbreakable policy of not bringing gods into stories and as such, they do not exist in my stories).

Tell me what you think right down there! Was this a good chapter or should I keep working to improve myself? Let me know!
Enter Ragnar

Chapter Notes

Aaron VO: "Previously on \textit{Power Rangers GPX Supercharged}!"

SWORD Agent: "We did pick up some strange energy in south central Wisconsin near the Dells."

Other SWORD Agent: "You guys should be on the look-out."

Sean: "We'll have to stay vigilant."

"Hoodie": "Please tell me where the governor is."

Sean: "Do we have a choice?"

"Hoodie": "Who are you?"

\begin{flushright}
\textit{The Rangers morph and fight the enemies. They are able to free the hostages and fight "Hoodie". Then, his hood is ripped off}
\end{flushright}

"Hoodie": "What? You've never seen an elf before?"

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

\textbf{Power Rangers GPX Supercharged, episode 3: Enter Ragnar}

\begin{flushleft}
\texttt{:--:-: Pooow-\textit{er} Rang-\textit{gers}, Grand Prix, G-P-X, GO! :-:-:-:}
\end{flushleft}

"This doesn't make any sense!" Sean declared as he watched the news report. "Who the fuck are these guys and why did they do this?"

"And they just said the governor wasn't even their target!" said Maria. "Why did they take him and all of the tourists hostage for no reason at all?"

"One of my COs said that's not very rare," said Rob. "Sometimes it's pretty illogical."

"That may have been illogical, but that's about it," said Kevin. "I doubt that particular CO was right."

"That's not what I meant," said Sean.

"Now that you mention it, we're all wondering that," said Kevin. "The Zordonians weren't like this at all."

"They seemed to be more interested in us than Governor Doyle," said Maria. "Perhaps he was just a diversion?"

"I think that's the best explanation for that," said Aaron. Kevin sat down on the couch, stroking his chin deep in thought.
"Elves," he said, "Elves."

"Pointy ears and all," said Sean.

"So where did they come from?" asked Hitomi.

"We'll have to find that out," said Sean. "For now we'll have to tell Maelstrom of this."

---: PRGPX :-:--:

Telling Maelstrom was easy. Maelstrom actually believing it was the hard part. You'd think that with knowledge of extraterrestrial life being open that elves of all things would be believable.

"Elves!? ELVES!?! You'd think wrong. "Where'd they come from, Santa's Village?"

"No evidence yet," said a SWORD agent.

Maelstrom facepalmed and rubbed his face in exasperation. The SWORD agent looked pretty nervous. Maelstrom couldn't blame him. It was a report that no one here saw coming. Several more of SWORD's field and analytical agents were just as befuddled and disbelieving as Maelstrom was.

Elves come out of fantasy books and fairy tales. Aliens are believable because of the massive size of the universe. It's pretty much a given that extraterrestrial life exists. On the other hand, we've mapped the entire planet from the deepest trench to Mount Everest. We know what's under the soil and there's no way that anything can live underground. So basically, it's how and why these elves can exist that's the problem.

"Give me a different story," said Maelstrom.

"We got the blood samples from the Rangers," said the agent. "We'll run our tests on them for everything. And I mean everything."

"Fair enough," said Maelstrom. "Everything?"

"Yellow requested an HIV test, sir," said the agent. "She just wants to be sure."

"She has nothing to worry about," said Maelstrom. "We have a new test that detects the virus a month after it's been passed on. Besides, she's tested negative each time."

"Wow," said the agent. "Oh, um, sorry, about the elves—"

"Sorry," said Maelstrom, "What do you have?"

"We're currently scanned the surface of the planet," said the agent. "We're trying to find something like a lost city or something, but we haven't been able to find anything just yet. We'll keep looking, sir. Also, the Juraian ambassador has said he wants to meet the Rangers. Should we give the Rangers anything else about the elves?"

"Just keep the Rangers on it," said Maelstrom.

---: Power Rangers GPX :-:--:

"Are we ready?"

"It has been a few days."
"It is decided, then. We shall reveal ourselves to humanity! They are ready, after all."

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It was an early morning on the UW campus. The sun rose over the campus, giving it an early-morning romantic glow. There was an early-morning chill that would make anyone confused it was still technically summer (although the fall will officially begin in about four days). The only people waking up at this hour are people who have to work in downtown Madison or as a newspaper deliveryman.

Oh, and the UW hockey team is out for a morning pre-season workout.

Sean shook his arms out as he took his lane at the track at the McPilmon Memorial Track/Soccer Complex on the far west side of campus near the University Hospital. A few other forwards got in their lanes next to him while they waited for the coach to blow his whistle. When he did that, they started shuffling their legs from side to side to move up and down the track and then they broke into a run for the next hundred meters.

Sean beat his teammates by about 2 lengths before jogging back to the team. Then the next four players did the same exercise.

In the stands were Maria, Kevin, Aaron and Hitomi (she would have to leave pretty soon for school). They were freezing their asses off although Kevin was considering having them work out with the team to stay warm. However, Maria only wanted to see how her boyfriend was doing. Still, it was a good chance to talk to Hitomi.

"How's school so far, chica?" she asked, sitting next to her friend.

"I like it!" she said. "I'm making lots of new friends. There's this girl named Gina. She's an anime fan too, so we talk a lot about anime. I think she likes me best because I tell her about upcoming anime first!"

"That's great!" said Maria. "And I'll bet the boys like you because of your uniform."

"Not really," she said, "Although they probably do. Gina said it's charming. And people keep asking me if I'm wearing it for fanservice. I'm not; this is what I wore in high school!" To be fair to Hitomi, her uniform is more utilitarian and the skirt goes down to her knees, unlike some bad examples.

"Any other friends?" asked Maria.

"A few," said Hitomi. "It's just sad I won't be seeing them after this December."

"Have you applied for the spring semester yet?" asked Maria.

"Of course!" Hitomi replied. "What about you?"

"I have," said Maria. "So has everyone else. I suspect we'll get in. If not, there's some community college any of us can go to. I probably should have enrolled at it beforehand."

"I'm glad," said Hitomi. She checked her cell phone, which she still carried with her from Japan. She even had the same goddamn carrier (although she had to unlock it on her own. Japanese cell phone companies didn't start unlocking their phones until 2011). "Oh! I should be going!" she said.

"Why?" asked Maria.
"It's seven o'clock!" she said. Maria didn't get a chance to object as Hitomi grabbed her bag and ran away from the facility.

"Honestly," said Maria, "What is up with that girl?"

"It seems like she's simply excited to have new friends," said Kevin. "I think we should find friends outside of our circle, as well. "It's always smart and healthy for an individual to have a good circle of friends. It looks like he's made some new ones."

"One of those is his cousin," said Maria.

"Wait, Jimmy's there? Why didn't he say so? I'll have to go and say hi when this is over," said Kevin.

"What about me?" asked Aaron.

"Quit bitching and start talking to people," said Maria.

"Dude, O.C.," Marty said while the team was taking a break from their workout. "The Power Rangers showed up!"

"I heard!" Sean said while stretching his legs out. "Why the fuck do they keep following me?"

"I know dude," said Marty. Sean was hoping his friend wouldn't bring up his little mouth fumble last Friday, so he decided to stay on the offensive and keep it out of Marty's mind.

"I was hoping they wouldn't follow me," he said. "But did you hear about anything else?"

"Yeah dude," said Marty. "Somebody said there was a fucking elf there!"

"An elf!?" said Ritchie, who'd just snuck up behind them. "Where'd they come from, the North Pole?"

"I heard they looked more like they came out of Lord of the Rings," said Sean.

"S. O'Callahan! Metoxen! Johnson! Shevchenko! You're up now!" Coach Grainger shouted. That was Sean's cue to do some more footwork training.

"Reminds me of rugby training," Kevin said while watching them work out. "If only I got in earlier." They watched them do their exercises intently. They looked like good ways to stay in shape in between battles.

The exercise eventually ended. Sean walked over to the stands and up the bank that led up to the stands. Maria got up first and came over to him. "We're gonna go and lift some weights for the next hour," he said.

"So when will you be back?" asked Maria.

"Probably around 8 or 9," he replied. "My first class is at 10 and my second and last one is at 11."

"So you'll be back for lunch, of course." She knew his schedule. She bent down and kissed him on the lips. "You taste like sweat!"

"I've been exercising," he replied. "I've gotta go. See ya!" he ran back down the stands and rejoined the team as they
"You know it's only going to get worse once the season starts," said Kevin. "Especially assuming those elves come back."

"I know," said Maria. "That's why I want him to make time for us."

Sean got back around to the house around 9:10, smelling like crap. "I know, I know," he said. "I'll go and take a shower real quick." He ran upstairs and into the bathroom. His shower was done in about ten minutes and he was downstairs making scrambled eggs pretty quickly. The others ate with him (save for Hitomi, who was at school).

It wasn't long before Sean was ready to go to class. He gave Maria a quick kiss on the lips and ran out the door to his bike. He just bought it. He hopped on and rode it to the Humanities Building (which, upon a recent visit reminded the author of Faner Hall, the confusing liberal arts building on the SIU campus. Faner is featured in GPX SIU).

He got back around 12:15, trudging his backpack around. The others, who were busy watching TV, turned around to see him drop his backpack on the floor before walking over and collapsing on a chair next to the couch. "My archaeology teacher assigned a fucking paper," he said. "Five pages long and two or more sources required! And he says it's a 'short' assignment!"

"Are you surprised?" asked Kevin.

"In a way, yeah," said Sean. "All of my teachers and professors are nice. But this particular teacher is a fucking asshole."

"I see," said Kevin.

"Guys, if you decide to become an archaeologist, don't expect any Indiana Jones-type stuff," said Sean. "It's interesting, but it's boring."

"That's too bad," said Maria. "So what are you going to do?"

"Have some lunch and then get over to the library," Sean said as he got up. "Sorry AJ, I'll get to you, too."

"Better take care of that dog," said Maria.

"I KNOW!" said Sean. "Just let me eat first!"

Maria smiled. She liked getting on his ass for no reason. It was just her little prerogative. She patted her lap and beckoned AJ to sit in it. She was starting to like that dog.

There wasn't much on the news today, at least what WGN was talking about (while WGN is a Chicago station, WGN America is the station's national designation). Perhaps they were simply not concerned with stuff going on in Madison, even though it is three hours away from Chicago. Of course, Milwaukee is much closer.

Sean saw AJ sitting on Maria's lap and immediately sighed. "I thought he was loyal to me," he said to himself. He sat down on the couch with a sandwich and a glass of Babcock milk and started to eat before he would go to the library to find his sources. "And the worst part, it's due on FUCKIN' MONDAY!!"

"Monday!?" Maria said. "… And that's bad, why?"
"I can complain, can't I?" Sean asked innocently.

"I had a ten-page paper due two days after it was assigned back at UCD," said Kevin. "No complaints!"

"Party-pooper," Sean muttered as he got relaxed.

After eating and walking AJ, Sean decided it was time to get to the library. He invited all three of the others with him. "Why don't you guys come with?" he asked. "You could check out the campus while I'm studying. Heck, you can get some exercise running up Bascom."

"That sounds good," said Kevin.

"I like it too," said Aaron.

"Don't ignore me!" said Maria. They all grabbed their stuff and followed Sean outside. Just in case, they stuffed their morphers in their bags and pockets. It's better to go prepared than unprepared. Even Hitomi brought her morpher and key with her to school.

"Vamos!" Sean said with some annoyance and anger. The others grabbed their athletic bags and followed him outside into the warm September afternoon.

After making it to the east side of campus, they all split up. Sean went to the library while the other three made their way to Bascom Hill. The historic center of campus, it provided a spectacular view of the city of Madison and the State Capitol at the top. Bascom Hall sat atop the hill, an old building. A statue of Abe Lincoln stood in front of the hall, his left foot showing signs of wear from people rubbing his shoe for good luck.

Maria, Aaron and Kevin ran up the hill. With its angle, they could feel their leg muscles burning from the run. They walked down the hill when they were done with each run and then they repeated the trip.

Meanwhile, Sean browsed the anthropology section in Memorial Library. The hard part was finding the right source that worked for this so-called "short" paper. "Honestly, who the fuck assigns these things two weeks into class?" he asked himself. Really, there's a few professors no matter what the subject who assign things pretty early into class.

Outside Memorial Library, Hoodie was back. Wearing a Packers hoodie he looked around the Library Mall. Several other hoodie-wearing figures also appeared on the small quad. They looked around. They blended into their surroundings so well the humans had no clue what was about to happen! They should be on notice after Wednesday.

However, Hoodie smiled; a psychotic smirk. "Do it."

The other hoodies spread out. They pulled out small staffs and pointed them at the students. They began to light up.

KA-BOOM!

They fired energy blasts from their staffs. Dirt flew in all directions and suddenly the Library and East Campus Malls were in a state of panic. They either ran into the library or the State Historical Society building. Even the University Club, Press House and other buildings were being flooded by fleeing students. Food carts were blowing up and State Street turned into a scene of panic.

The trio was just finishing up another run up Bascom Hill when they heard the explosions. They
turned around to see the smoke rising. Instantly, Ranger instincts kicked in and they ran down the hill instead of away.

Sean felt the explosion first as it nearly knocked him off his feet. "What the hell was that!?" he asked in his surprise. He noticed the commotion and ran over to the nearest window to see the chaos unfolding downstairs. Just like the others, Ranger instincts kicked in as he ran downstairs still carrying the books he found sufficient for his paper (he had to check them out first).

Once that was done, he hid in a spot where he knew he wasn't going to be seen or heard. Knowing everyone else saw that, he dialed up Rob's morpher with his morpher. "Rob! Come in!"

At his house, Rob was busy watching *Cops* when he heard his morpher talk. At first he thought he was crazy, but then he realized what was going on. "Sean, what is it?"

"Those hoodies from Wednesday are attacking again!" said Sean. "This time they're on the Library Mall! Get Hitomi out of school and get your ass over here!"

"How?" asked Rob. "How should I do that?"

"JUST MAKE SOMETHING UP!" Sean shouted, "A doctor or dentist appointment, anything!"

"Yeah, well they're not going to—what's this?" he noticed something printing off his business card printer. It looked like… "Is this an appointment card? Man, SWORD is prepared!"

"Say what?"

"Looks like we have an alibi!" said Rob. He quickly wrote out a name and time for Hitomi to use and put it away. "I'll be either ten to fifteen minutes!"

"ARE YOU F**KING KIDDING ME!?"

"I don't live that far from West High School!" said Rob. "I'm just saying it might be a bit before Hitomi—"

"I DON'T F**KING CARE ABOUT THE EXPLANATION!" Sean shouted. "JUST GET HER OVER HERE!"

Sean sighed and dialed up the other three. "Alright, listen up; don't rush into the fight, just wait a couple minutes. Rob's getting Hitomi right now and he'll probably be ten to fifteen minutes AND DON'T SAY ANYTHING ELSE!"

He looked back out of the library at the unfolding scene. The bad guys had taken control of Library Mall. Oh, wait, he's still got his backpack. He decided he was going to take a chance. He slipped through the library and exited on the north end of the building. "Get to the Union," he said into his communicator, "We'll leave our bags in some lockers."

He met them minutes later on the steps of Memorial Union. The bad guys were still patrolling the Library Mall, unaware of the four Power Rangers who had slipped past them. However by now, it appeared someone had arrived.

Their leader prowled the Mall, looking around. They'd thrown up some dirt but had not damaged much of the buildings. But he was aware that SWORD would pay for any damages and they'd be fixed quickly. His long blonde hair flowed down his back and his blue eyes scanned the area. He looked older than Hoodie did and of course, he had pointed ears. What made him different though, was that he was wearing a Prussian-esque military uniform (Seriously, what's with bad guys and
Prussian military uniforms?). Of course, he also looked a lot better than humans (typical elves and their stupid looks!).

"Where are they?" he asked.

"They haven't arrived," said Hoodie.

"I know they have not arrived yet, that is why I was asking," he replied.

"Oh, sorry. We're looking for them, sir."

"Much better," said the leader.

The Rangers crept out of the Memorial Union wearing their track jackets. However, the patches were covered up to prevent anyone from noticing. They hid behind the library. Sean checked his iPhone. "Ten minutes since Rob talked to me," he said. Right on cue, Rob's Mustang pulled up and he got out of the car (with Hitomi) and took his time to pay the parking meter.

"What's the situation?" he asked.

"That," Sean replied, pointing at the scene on the Mall. "Alright, get your masks on. We'll take 'em by surprise!"

The Rangers pulled on their ski masks. With nobody looking, they were in the clear. When they saw a chance, they ripped off their patches, exposing their chest insignia and slipped onto Library Mall.

There, they quietly took out the other hoodies and armored robots. They put the hoodies in sleeper holds and ripped the robots' heads off, sneaking up on the other hoodies when—

"YOU THERE!" Oh, damn!

Hoodie had turned around and noticed them trying to put a hoodie in a sleeper hold. Their leader turned around and noticed this. However, he did not look pleased.

"Who are you?" he asked. "You look like foolish humans who are getting—"

"That's them!" said Hoodie.

"The Power Rangers?" asked the leader.

"Of course!" said Hoodie.

"You caught us!" said Sean. "Very well, then." They took out their keys and displayed their morphers. "READY!?"

"READY!"

"GPX, START IT UP!" A flash of light engulfed the Mall and the GPX Rangers had morphed.

Gasps erupted from the students in the mall. The other hoodies recoiled in shock, but their leader calmed them down. "You were right, Floki," said their leader.

"Alright, now who are you!?" Sean shouted.

"We are you reckoning, Power Rangers!" said the leader. "But if you must know, I am Ragnar the
"Terrible, commander of the armies of Alfheim!"

Sean laughed. "You're 'The Terrible', huh!?" he asked. "What are you gonna do, make a leaf sprout out of my head!?"

"You mock me?" Ragnar replied.

"Uh, yeah!" Sean replied.

"Typical defensive posturing," said Ragnar. "You are frightened, so you hide it by mocking your opponent!"

"Nah, it's just fun!" said Sean. "Besides, you think we're afraid of you? BRING IT ELROND!" The Rangers got into a fighting stance.

"Are you going to resort to violence like the barbarians you are?" Ragnar asked again.

"Hey, you guys attacked us first!" said Sean. "Don't expect us to lie down unless you want to talk this over! We're definitely open to discussion!"

"Leave the Suitroops behind," said Ragnar. "Have your men attack."

"GET THEM!" said Floki.

The hooded elves took off their hoods and rushed forward. They attacked the Rangers first, thus necessitating the Rangers to fight back.

Sean blocked his opponent's sword and then grabbed his arm. He twisted it and threw the elf down. However, the elf got back up and threw a punch at Sean. Sean tried to block it, but it connected. However, Sean grabbed the elf and tossed him to the side. The elf recovered and ran straight for Sean, his Nasty Stick glowing. Sean punched him out and grabbed the stick. Immediately he snapped it in two.

Kevin dodged and blocked two punches from his elvish opponent. Then he spun around to deliver a reverse roundhouse kick with his left leg. The elf dodged it and bounded backwards. Kevin simply sighed, drew his Octane Blaster and shot the son of a bitch. Undaunted, the elf rushed him again. But this time, Kevin grabbed him at the waist and effortlessly tackled him to the ground.

Meanwhile, Aaron and Hoodie—er, Floki, were going at it. Floki jumped all around, but Aaron was right behind him with his parkour skills. Right when Floki thought he'd lost Aaron, he'd run up the side of the library, vaulted off and kicked Floki right in the face. Floki hit the ground hard, but he got back up and tried to punch Aaron. Aaron blocked the punch and countered with his own.

Maria kicked her enemy, and then flipped out of the way when he tried to kick her. He rushed forward, but she grabbed him and threw him into a crater. He got back up and threw another punch at her, but she dodged it and grabbed his fist. She elbowed him in the gut and then kneed him in the gut. He recovered, kicking her off her feet, but she got out of the way of his Nasty Stick.

Hitomi's gymnastics were also a problem for her nimble opponent. He was amazed when she jumped, flipped and then kicked him in the chest to knock him down. He tried to jump away, but she vaulted up and followed him, kicking him in the gut. When he fell down, he tried to throw a punch at her but she blocked it and kicked him in the shin. Then she roundhouse kicked him in the head.

Rob had the (mis)fortune of taking on the one elf who didn't jump around. Instead, the elf threw
his fist at Rob. Rob dodged it and got out of the way. He kicked the elf and then elbowed him in the gut. Then he pulled out his Silver Sword, converted it to a blaster and shot the elf. While the elf still stood, Rob took the opportunity to come in and kick the elf right in the gut, knocking his Nasty Stick away.

With his elf opponent out of the way, Sean made a bee line straight for Ragnar. The elf commander only had a second before he noticed the sole of Sean's boot in his field of vision.

And even then he dodged it! "That's interesting," said Sean. "Shall we go mano a mano?"

"I will not agree to any terms!" said Ragnar.

Sean shrugged. "Your funeral." He quickly kicked at Ragnar twice, first a roundhouse kick and then a reverse roundhouse kick. Ragnar stepped out of the way of both of them. Sean then threw his fist at Ragnar, but the elf commander dodged it. Then he circled around Sean and kicked him in the back, sending Sean sprawling on the concrete. Ragnar walked over to him but Sean kicked him in the gut in retaliation.

When Sean got up, Ragnar looked impressed. "You are an excellent fighter," said Ragnar, "But that's all you know."

"I said we could have talked," said Sean. "Try staying open to negotiations next time you pick a fight with someone!"

"You attacked my men," said Ragnar. He rushed at Sean and tried to punch him. However, Sean jumped out of the way and then blocked Ragnar's punch. He countered with a fist to Ragnar's face. The elf held his cheek in anger, a green-colored bruise forming on his cheek. "I will not lose," he said, "So long as God is with me!"

"Oh, great, a religious nut," said Sean.

Meanwhile, the other five Rangers had ganged up on Floki, who was beginning to realize he was outmatched… or was he? He quickly pulled out his Nasty Stick and fired an energy blast at the Rangers. They jumped out of the way before the shot blew up part of the sidewalk next to Langdon Street.

"Wow," said Rob. "Is that magic or something?" He didn't get an answer because Floki lunged at the Rangers, his Nasty Stick glowing evily. He thrust the stick at Kevin, but Kevin got out of the way. However, he took a swing at Aaron that sent sparks flying all around. He fired another shot at Rob and this time the blast hit its target, sending Rob flying backwards and crashing into the steps of the Memorial Union. "Ow," he said as he got up.

However, Maria and Hitomi got in close. Maria grabbed the stick, allowing Hitomi to kick Floki in the back. Maria, still holding on to the stick, ripped it out of Floki's hands. The elf gave her a nasty look before psychotically lunging at her.

That was when Kevin shot the elf twice with his Touring Rifle. Floki grunted and landed in the fountain in the middle of the plaza. He groaned as Aaron grabbed his hood and dragged him out of the fountain. However, he grabbed Aaron's boot and ripped his feet out from under him.

However, Rob had recovered and kicked Floki right in the chest. The elf groaned in pain before Rob picked him up and tossed him back into the fountain.

Sean had jumped onto the small stage on the south end of the Mall on State Street. Ragnar lunged
for him, but Sean jumped out of the way and kicked Ragnar in the back. "Now who the fuck are you!?”

"You are fools," said Ragnar. "Just because you defeated the Zordonians does not mean you have proven yourselves in combat. You have no clue what you are in for."

"All I see is someone trying to—oh, great!"

Ragnar had produced his own Nasty Stick and fired at Sean. Sean jumped out of the way just as the blast hit one of the food carts. "Oh, and I wanted to try that place!” he said. Suddenly, Ragnar grabbed him by the neck and lifted him in the air. Sean struggled, but Ragnar had a pretty tough grip.

"You think too highly of yourself, Red Ranger," he said. "Your defeat of the Zordonians has filled your head with delusions of grandeur."

"Why, are you aliens?" Sean choked out.

"No, we are of this Earth just like you humans," said Ragnar. "We have been waiting for our time."

"So what, are you using magic or something?" Sean asked.

"Only to primitive minds such as yours," said Ragnar.

"Oooh! Clarke's Third Law!” said Sean. "I saw something like that with the Zordonians but never like this! How does it work, does it use gems or something?” he asked with a kind of enthusiasm that would make The Doctor proud.

However, Ragnar just tossed him to the side and aimed his Nasty Stick at him. However, it was then that he saw Floki getting tossed around he got distracted. Not the one to waste an opportunity, Sean slammed into him like a hockey player, sending Ragnar to the ground.

"Honestly," said Sean, "Never pick a fight with—OW!” Ragnar had fired his Nasty Stick at Sean in what turned out to be the last word. Ragnar flung his arm out and with that he and Floki disappeared to the surprise of him and the other Rangers.

However, when they heard the cheers of the students, they knew they’d done what they were supposed to do.

--- PRGX ---

"Great," said Maelstrom. "At least we have some information on them."

"Should we start searching for them, sir?” asked an agent.

"I thought I already told you to do that!” said Maelstrom. "And find some damn agents in that city, Pink and Red are going to need excuses to get out of their schedules!"

"Yes, director Maelstrom!"

--- Power Rangers GPX ---

"Thank God you are safe, Ragnar,” said a feminine voice. "I was concerned for your safety, what with your incursion into human territory.

"My Queen, I apologize for worrying you," said Ragnar. "However, based on my excursion, it is
clear the humans, and especially the Power Rangers, are savages. You must avenge your brother and permit me to deal with them."

"If it is for my brother… Very well, then. I permit you to battle the Rangers. I leave you in God's hands now."

"Thank you, my Queen. Our battle is God's Will."

:-:-:-: PRGPX :-:-:-:

Chapter End Notes

Aaron VO: "Next time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Sean: (To Maria) "Why didn't you tell me about this?"

Maria: "I can explain."

Ragnar: "May God protect you in your battle against the Rangers."

Unnamed enemy: "Thank you, Commander Ragnar."

Sean: "WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU!?"

(Cut to shots of the Rangers fighting an MOTW)

Aaron VO: "That's next time, on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

So how was that? Was it any good? Did I make mistakes? I know the first part was pretty dialogue-heavy, but I think I recovered.

More explanation on the elves that I can divulge for now: These elves are a bit of a hybrid of the original Norse Alfar and Tolkien's elves, hence the Norse names. Also, to separate these elves from other elves, I'm taking a Clarke's Third Law approach here. That's tech they're using, not magic. Those Nasty Sticks were inspired by the staff Loki uses in The Avengers. Alfheim will also be explained later. I might as well have a little air of mystery about these guys!

So how did I do? Is my portrayal of elves pretty good? Did I make spelling, plot or grammar errors? Was this satisfactory?
Chapter Notes

Maria VO: "Last time on *Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!*"

Sean: "Who the fuck are these guys and why did they do this?"

Maelstrom: "Where'd they come from, Santa's Village?"

SWORD Agent: "We're currently scanning the surface of the planet."

Hitomi: "I'm making lots of new friends."

Sean: "You could check out the campus while I'm studying."

Ragnar: "I am Ragnar the Terrible!"

*(The Rangers fight Ragnar. He eventually leaves)*

Warning: The following chapter contains potentially uncomfortable and serious situations regarding relationships and a serious disease. The author apologizes in advance.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

*Power Rangers GPX Supercharged, episode 4: Communication Breakdown*

:-::-: Pooow-wer Rang-gers, Grand Prix, G-P-X, GO! :-:--:-:

"How the hell can you be traumatized by that yesterday?" A very irate Sean asked Maria. "It's the Jump Around! I'd expect you to face much more intense and frightening shit in a Brazilian soccer game, but really!? The Jump Around!?"

"Shut up!" Maria replied.

"And you, Ndebele!" Sean said as he turned to Aaron. "I've seen pictures of South African soccer fans. Those guys are passionate and yet there you were cowering yesterday!"

"Didn't Maria tell you to shut up?" asked Aaron.

"Honestly, what got into them?" Kevin asked, his arms folded and clearly looking very unimpressed at Maria and Aaron. Sean had snuck the two in (read: bargained heavily with the usher to let them in) to the student section at Camp Randall yesterday for the Badgers football game.

"It looked fun," said Hitomi.

"You weren't there, *chica,*" said Maria. "You weren't there."

"And I've been to Argentina; I saw matches at both La Bombanera and River Plate," said Kevin. "That jump fest yesterday was nothing compared to those!"
"You weren't there!" said Maria.

"Basically, all that happened was—"

"SHUT UP!" Maria and Aaron both cut Sean off right before he could say what happened.

Sean laughed and took a sip of Leinie's. It's probably one of only two Wisconsin beers that he actually likes (that M*ll*r crap is like sex in a canoe). Kevin shook his head and went upstairs while Hitomi did the same. Sean decided it was time to walk AJ, so he grabbed the dog's leash and attached it to AJ's safe collar while the dog seemed eager to go outside.

Aaron also decided to go upstairs, which left Maria basically on her own, sitting in front of the TV on a Sunday with nothing on but early-season NFL games that she had no intention of watching. American sports suck (at least according to her). She thought about watching either football or NASCAR, but she decided that the NFL is the lesser of two redneck evils and turned it on.

At some point while watching it, she got very bored and sleepy. She didn't care if she fell asleep or not, so she laid her head on the back of the couch and fell asleep. She dreamt about Miyazawa cake and Babcock ice cream combined. Oh, it was so good!

"Yellow!" She woke up with a start before realizing that her morpher was talking to her.

"This is Yellow," she said.

"We just got your blood test results back," said the agent on the other end.

"And?"

"You've tested negative for everything," said the agent on the other end. "Everything."

"Everything?"

"Yes, everything," said the agent.

"Including the… other test?"

"We ran the HIV test," said the agent. Maria sighed in relief. Even though she hadn't had any for over six months (prior to July) she only wanted to be sure. And SWORD's new one-month test—

"HIV?"

Maria's eyes opened widely. She turned around and saw Sean standing in the doorway. From the looks of things, he was frightened. "Sean," she said. "It's not what you think."

"Why didn't you tell me?" he asked.

"I can explainnn," said Maria. "I hadn't had done it in six months before then, but I only wanted to be positive."

"W-what do you mean?" asked Sean.

"Yellow tested negative for HIV, Red," the agent said, clearly uncaring about the situation. "We ran a regular and a new test. You have nothing to worry about."

Well, he didn't have HIV to worry about, it's more like, "You didn't tell me you were getting an HIV test," he said.
"What's going on?" Kevin asked as he came downstairs.

"Maria got an HIV test," said Sean.

"You're fine!" said Maria. "We used a condom correctly that time, we—"

"Well, this brings up other questions!" said Sean. "Who the hell have you been fooling around with to bring up the need for this?"

"Nobody!" said Maria. "I'm very particular about whom I do it with, and besides, we never once went out on our own during the past five months! The only time I went out was with Hitomi!"

"Uh-oh," said Kevin.

"What's wrong?" asked Aaron.

"Maria got an HIV test," said Kevin, "And now Sean's worried sick."

"I don't blame him," said Aaron. "That's why I'm still a virgin."

"Good choice," said Kevin. "I just hope their relationship doesn't overshadow everything else." Don't worry Kevin. This is only one of potentially 2 chapters focusing on Sean and Maria's relationship.

"Sean, in relationships, people need to trust each—"

"Oh yeah, say that after you just got an HIV test behind my back!" said Sean. "Who else did you sleep around with? Do you have anything else?"

"I had one thing once," she replied. "It required antibiotics, but it's gone. And no, I haven't been sleeping around with anyone because I'm a monogamous woman! Have you been sleeping around with anyone else?"

"Of course not!" said Sean.

"Sean, you are paranoid!" said Maria.

"And you weren't completely open with me!" said Sean, "Especially since we didn't use a condom the second time!"

Maria cringed. He had a point. However, instead of making things right, she said, "Again, you're being paranoid!"

"You know what, I don't want to hear it!" said Sean. Incensed, he stormed past her and went upstairs. Maria stood there, her face one of realization that she'd screwed things up. And now Sean was in no mood to discuss the matter. This was not how she wanted her first real fight with him to go.

:-:-:-: PRGPX :-:-:-:

If you thought Alfheim was a place of magic and mysticism, think again. Clarke's Third Law has already been invoked and the Kingdom of the Elves is purely a tech-based society.

However, the city of Alfheim definitely evokes Rivendell. It's not a small little hamlet thought, it's a pretty big city. Its location, however, if classified information. What can be said, however, is that
even though humans have mapped the Earth tenfold, they've never found it. It's not underground, 
though. It's above ground and is protected by a barrier that not only makes it invisible to humans, 
but completely shields it from outside attack.

And no, time does not flow differently here. That's impossible.

Ragnar the Terrible entered the throne room of Queen Eruvanda II. The Elf-Queen's throne stood 
at the end of a long carpet and was made to appear like a tree, invoking the history of the elves and 
their nature-loving ways. Ragnar knelt before his Queen and said, "My Queen, I have chosen a 
general to lead the campaign against the Power Rangers."

Queen Eruvanda II was, quite frankly, beautiful. She didn't look a day over the human age of 25. 
Her silver crown shone with an ethereal shine and her green eyes surveyed Ragnar. Tended to by 
two soldiers, her white gown flowed down the throne. Her blonde hair also shone with an ethereal 
glow.

Sorry about the Purple Prose, everyone.

She nodded. "I understand, Commander Ragnar," she said in an authoritative voice. "Who is it?"

"General Arquen," said Ragnar. In that moment, a man teleported into the throne room.

He looked younger than Ragnar and wore the same Imperial German/Prussian-inspired military 
officer's uniform. Long, curly blonde hair flowed on his head and his blue eyes looked down at the 
ground. "General Arquen," said Ragnar, "May God protect you in your battle against the Rangers."

"Thank you, Commander Ragnar," he said.

"General Arquen," said Queen Eruvanda, "Are you ready to handle the Power Rangers?"

"Of course I am," he said. "I will be careful. I understand their defeat of the Zordonians has made 
you nervous, My Queen."

"Yes," she said, clutching the arm of her throne. "I fear they may be a threat. Deal with them as 
you must!"

"At once, My Queen!" said General Arquen.

"I hope you know what you are doing, General Ragnar," she said.

"I hope so too," said Ragnar. "However, I have no doubt God wills our battle."

:-:-:-: Power Rangers GPX :-:-:-:

"I screwed up, didn't I?" Maria asked as she sat down with Bridget (Sean's sister) and Rob.

"Of course you did!" Bridget shouted back. She looked like an older female version of Sean, but 
there was enough difference to tell the two apart. She's 26, after all. "Now then, why do you think 
you screwed up?"

"I didn't tell him about the HIV test before hand," she started. "And I made it look like I was 
cheating on him."

"And you made it look like you were fooling around with other guys," said Rob. "That's not a very 
good decision. You don't do that, do you?"
"Of course not," Maria replied. "I had a girlfriend for several months. She was my last one before Sean."

"And why would you think you have… that?" asked Bridget.

"I just wanted to be sure," said Maria. "But Sean wouldn't listen to me."

"Oh, so he's at fault, too," said Rob. "Now, don't get me wrong, you're still at fault here. But he's being a little pig-headed. Although, given that you got an AIDS test behind his back and he got in at a pretty bad time, eeeehhh, I don't really blame him for getting scared."

"Well yeah, something like monsters, elves and aliens are easy to deal with," said Bridget, "AIDS, not so much."

"I didn't mean to do that," said Maria.

"We know you didn't," said Bridget. "I like you, Maria. I want you to be my sister-in-law. And I know you already had a girlfriend, but I think you may have gotten a little rusty when it comes to relationships."

"By the way, did you give my brother AIDS?" Bridget asked, her eyes getting narrow in tranquil fury. Yes, hot-bloodedness does run in their family. "Because if you did…"

"I DID NOT!" Maria said, panicking. "I just wanted to be sure."

"Just be glad you tested negative," said Rob, "Because if you didn't, then that would open up a whole other can of worms." Maria gulped out of fear.

"Fair enough," said Bridget. "In a way, this is the fault of both of you. You failed to tell Sean about the test and he got too emotional."

"So are you going to tell—"

"NO!" they both shouted in unison.

"This is something you and Sean have to take care of!" said Bridget. "Shouldn't you know that?"

"Oh, right," said Maria.

"You've gotta communicate these things," said Rob. "Bridge and I are happily married why?"

"Because you talk things out," said Maria. "And because you're honest with each other. Because by not being honest and failing to communicate with him, I made it seem that not only did I give him one of the worst diseases known to humanity, I made it look like I was cheating on him and/or slept around with other guys."

"Exactly!" said Bridget. "Now go out there and fix your relationship!"

"---: PRGPX: ---:'

"Now then, General Arquen, I hope you have a plan of attack ready for the Rangers," Commander Ragnar said as the two strolled along a terrace in Alfheim.

"Of course I do," said General Arquen. "You did tell them I needed a monster, correct?"

"I did," said Commander Ragnar. "Creating such a beast may be a sin, but I believe God will
forgive us for that. After all, God wills our battle."

"Of course," said General Arquen. "My plan is to attack this evening. I intend to simply see how
the enemy fights before I truly start my actual battle with them."

"I would prefer not to take a safe road," said Ragnar. "These Power Rangers are dangerous and
they must be dealt with to assure my—I apologize—our security."

"I understand," said General Arquen. "But I feel that I cannot rush into our battle. And I will gather
the energy needed."

"Thank you, General Arquen," said Ragnar. "Whatever you do, do not fail me. I already had to deal
with one underling who failed me when he tested his staff close to the enemy's city. Do not make
me send Floki with you."

"I would rather he not come," said General Arquen. He looked behind him at Floki. He was giving
Arquen a Kubrick-like stare and smiling with a little bit of psychosis. Where did Ragnar find this
fellow?

"The Power Rangers are our biggest threat," said Ragnar. "They must be dealt with, especially after
they defeated the Zordonians."

"Aren't we the ones who sent the Zordonians off the planet, along with the primitive humans?"
asked General Arquen.

"That is in the past," said Ragnar. "But do be careful. I feel the Power Rangers are savages."

Maria took a deep breath, remembering the times she and her ex-girlfriend got into fights. They
always made up… until they broke up, that is. So, not the best track record, really. She took a
breath and knocked on his door. "Who is it?" he asked.

"It's Maria," she said.

A pause. "Go away!

Maria took in a sharp breath. She had to restrain herself from getting angry. "I'm sorry for not
telling you," she said. "And no, I never did anything with anybody the entire time we were in
Tokyo and Orlando." Again, silence. "Please listen to me!" she said.

Just then, his door opened. She sighed, thinking he'd forgiven her, but… "Just got a call from
SWORD," said Sean. "They detected some energy downtown, we're going to investigate."

Maria sighed. Goddamn elves! "Yo, people!" Sean shouted again. "Looks like Santa's Little
Helpers are attacking near the Monona Terrace! LET'S GET MOVIN'!"

"Sean, if you would just let me talk," said Maria, "You don't have HIV!"

"That's not the best thing to say!" Kevin said as he pushed her out of the house towards Sean's car.

Sean didn't listen to Maria's pleas as he drove them towards downtown and Lake Monona. Even
though Maria does not have HIV (Word of God, here!), he still seemed pretty nervous.

They reached the Monona Terrace convention center and jumped out of the car, wearing their ski
masks. People were running away from two figures as explosions ripped. "ALRIGHT, WHO THE
FUCK ARE YOU!?” Sean shouted.

The two figures turned to them. One looked human and the other, well; it's this episode's Monster of the Week. It looked like an anthropomorphic wolverine (fitting for the mascot of the hated Michigan Wolverines to be the first MOTW). "What's with the wolverine?” asked Kevin.

"Who are you?” asked the man standing next to the wolverine.

"Allow us to introduce ourselves,” said Sean. "READY!?”

"READY!”

"GPX, START IT UP!” They jammed their keys into their morphers. A flash of light consumed them and they had morphed into the GPX Rangers.

"I need to remember that,” said the man. "My name is General Arquen. This is Blade. And he is the one who will be killing you.”

"FAT CHANCE!” said Sean. "When I'm done with him, I'll be—heY!” Arquen had teleported out of the way and onto the roof of the Terrace Hilton. "COME BACK HERE, LEGOLAS!” he shouted.

"Blade, get them!” said Arquen. Blade snarled at them and rushed forward. The Rangers jumped out of the way and onto the pedestrian bridge that led to the roof of Monona Terrace. Blade rushed forward again, but the Rangers jumped back onto the terrace.

Blade took a swipe at Sean. Sean grabbed the wolverine's arm and tried to wrestle him to the ground. However, Blade had an open arm and swiped at Sean. Sean tumbled away, but managed to get back on his feet. Now it was Kevin's turn. He kicked Blade once and then again, knocking the monster back. Then Kevin rushed back in and punched Blade in the snout. Blade snarled angrily and tried to take a bite out of Kevin's arm.

However, Aaron had rushed in and kicked Blade in the head. Blade swipe at Aaron, but Aaron jumped out of the way, vaulting off of the fountain in front of the foot bridge. Maria was next, jumping off Aaron's shoulders and thrusting her Haz Daggers into Blade's chest. However, he knocked her out of the way but she managed to recover and then went at him again. This time, she kicked and punched along with hacking and slashing with her daggers.

Hitomi somersaulted over Blade and landed on the top of one of the circular pillars near the edge of the convention center. Blade snarled and attacked Hitomi, but she jumped off the wide pillar, flipped over and when she landed, she kicked Blade into the pillar. Then Sean came back, swinging the GT Sword (which looked exactly like the Master Sword from Sean's favorite game The Legend of Zelda Twilight Princess, save for the red-black-and silver colorings on the handle).

Sean took a swipe at Blade and sparks flew from the wolverine. He snarled and turned around at Sean. Sean rushed forward. However, he wasn't thinking clearly. Blade again took a massive swipe at him the sent him skidding across the roof of the convention center. In a moment of frustration, he slammed his fist into one of the trees.

Kevin and Aaron had grabbed Blade's arms and were dragging him over to the edge of the building. They were about to toss him over, but he threw them off and whacked them both, sending them tumbling backwards, onto the brick. They got back up and threw a punch each at him, but he blocked them and whacked them both. Hitomi took advantage of the situation and leapt in, kicking
Blade in the head and then used it to vault backwards.

Blade almost fell off the edge of the building, but he managed to stay up. Snarling, he whacked Maria to the side. Then Sean thrust his blade at Blade (huh) but the wolverine grabbed it and tossed him aside. Sean circled the wolverine, waiting for a chance to strike. However, Blade got to him first, whacking him in the helmet, which accidentally knocked it off. Sean stumbled backwards in a daze.

Then all of a sudden, he felt his foot hit the edge of something. He looked backwards and he felt an alarming fear as he saw the Capital City Trail underneath him. He panicked and tried to recover, but it was almost no use. His boot slipped and he began to fall.

Just then, Maria rushed in and grabbed his arm before pulling him up and hugging him tightly. The couple knelt down while their friends kept fighting Blade. "What's wrong with you?" she asked.

"I don't know," he replied, getting his breath back. "I think it's—"

"What happened earlier," she finished. Sean looked at her with nervousness in his eyes. She removed her helmet and brought her forehead to his. "Listen to me," she said. "I'm sorry for scaring you. I only wanted to make sure I didn't have… that. You can get tested too. SWORD's test is 100% accurate after 30 days. And I'm sorry for making you think I've fooled around once or twice before. I haven't fooled around at all these past four months.

"The fact is I don't fool around with just anybody. I have very specific standards about who I do it with, so I am positive I have never gotten it. I'm a hopeless romantic. Doing it with the one you love is much more fulfilling than doing it with a stranger. Besides, I haven't done it in over 6 months. You're fine. You did kind of overreact, but I'm sorry. I'll try to be more honest, okay?"

Sean nodded. "Okay," he said. "And I'm sorry for not listening. But you have to tell me these things." Maria smiled and kissed him, pulling him in and—

"I HATE TO BREAK UP THE ROMANTIC MOMENT, BUT COULD YOU PLEASE HELP US!?" Kevin shouted as he strained to keep Blade from tearing Aaron apart.

The couple decided this was enough. Sean grabbed his helmet and his boot rings began to spin. "GT STRIKE!" he shouted as he sped past Blade, swinging his sword and throwing sparks all around. The wolverine snarled in pain but then Maria jumped up and thrust her daggers into Blade's back. However, he whacked her away and went in for the kill.

Suddenly, a streak of silver jumped in and slashed at Blade. The wolverine stumbled backwards, landing on his backside. "ABOUT TIME YOU GOT HERE!" Sean shouted.

"Sorry!" said Rob.

"Alright, ugly," Sean said, pointing his sword at Blade. "I said it to a Zordonian monster and I'll say it to you; MICHIGAN SUCKS! Now I'll show you how a BADGER FIGHTS!" The author apologizes to Michigan fans, but will not apologize for being a Michigan Wolverines hater. Badger fans, you're welcome.

Blade snarled as the Rangers gathered around him. He looked around at them. They had him surrounded. Just then, he felt a kick to the side. Kevin threw another kick that Blade blocked, but Kevin elbowed him in the gut. Then he grabbed Blade and dragged him over to Aaron. Aaron raised his fists up and slammed them into Blade's head.

Blade took a big swipe at them but they got out of the way. Then Hitomi and Maria grabbed his
arms and held him in place. Sean and Rob jumped in and started wailing on Blade, their sword strikes throwing sparks everywhere. After another awesome hit, Blade fell backwards.

However, he wasn't done yet. Blade got back up, snarled at the Rangers (too bad wolverines can't roar) and charged them. He wound up his paw and took massive swipes at the Rangers. They all fell to the side. Sean and Aaron almost fell over the roof, but they managed to grab on to the edge. Kevin and Hitomi were able to pull them both up and out of harm's way.

"This isn't going so well," said Sean. "Get your keys out! We're gonna Supercharge our weapons!" They did so, jamming them into their weapons.

Just then, Arquen jumped onto the roof and aimed his Nasty Stick at them. He fired at them. "SCATTER!" Sean shouted. They got out of the way right as a ball of energy whizzed right past them.

"What are you doing, Arquen?" asked Blade.

"They were vulnerable," Arquen replied. He noticed them getting ready to supercharge their weapons again. He fired another shot, which sent them scattering again. "Go! Get them!"

"RIGHT!" Blade rushed the Rangers like he's a bull (WOLVERINES CAN'T DO THAT!) and charged through them, knocking them down like bowling pins. At the same time, Arquen fired a couple more shots from his Nasty Stick.

Sean snarled angrily as he tried to get back up. Then he felt someone grab his left hand. Maria was looking at him and he knew she was giving him the support he needed. "KEVIN! ROB!" he said. "STOP THAT BASTARD IN HIS TRACKS!"

"GOT IT!" they both shouted. Blade charged them again and they held onto him. Eventually, they wrassled him to the ground. Kevin then let off a couple shots at Arquen, making the elf get out of the way.

"LET'S DO IT!" Sean shouted. They jammed their keys into their weapons and took aim at Blade. "FIRE!" Everyone except Sean shot Blade, leaving him teetering on the edge of the building. Then Sean raised his sword in the air. The blade began to glow red. "GT STRIKE!" He swung the sword and a sword beam flew at Blade. The attack hit and sent Blade careening over the edge of the building and into Lake Monona.

"Now then, Ragnar said they also had a new weapon," Arquen said to himself. He looked up to see some light shining down on the lake. Suddenly, Blade began to rise out of the lake. Arquen watched while the monster grew to a tremendous size. "Wow," he said.

"Oh, GODDAMMIT!" Sean shouted. "WE NEED THE GRAND PRIX ZORDS!"

He hasn't said that in a while! Suddenly, the zords materialized in the middle of Lake Mendota, heading right for Blade. Blade turned around, but suddenly, some cables were fired at him, keeping him in place. Another zord, a big jet, lifted Blade out of the water and carried him north.

"I did not know about that," said Sean. "LET'S GO!" The rings on their boots spun and they took off for the other side of the isthmus.

When they got there, they jumped up and landed in their zords. The silver, jet-like zord had dropped Blade on the north shore of Lake Mendota where there was enough open space to fight.

"GT Racer, online!" It was a large, red GT race car.
"Touring Racer, ready to go!" Kevin said when he dropped into his Zord's cockpit. It was a massive blue touring race car.

"Mountian Hauler, looking good!" Aaron said as he dropped in. The Mountain Hauler was a massive green pick-up truck.

"Haz Runner, roll out!" Maria cried. It was a large, yellow hazmat vehicle.

"Am Chaser, let's go!" Hitomi said. Hers was a large, white-with-pink-trimming ambulance.

"Silver Bullet, armed and ready!" Rob shouted. It was the jet fighter mentioned earlier. Silver Bullet transformation sequence, begin!" He placed his morpher in the instrument panel of the zord and pulled a lever. Then the Silver Bullet transformed into a humanoid robot.

"Get your AcceleKeys out!" said Sean. The other Rangers did so. "Initiate Grand Prix Megazord sequence, go!" He jammed the AcceleKey into the key slot. The other Rangers did so as well. They gave them a twist, lighting up the dashboards.

Mountain Hauler joined with Touring Racer. The touring car split in two and rolled up to the rear wheels of the Mountain Hauler. A pair of panels adjusted, revealing elbows. At the same time, a pair of fists popped out of the back. The Touring Racer then joined with the Mountain Hauler, forming arms. Then the grill on the Mountain Hauler lifted up and the front of the truck split and a pair of extensions popped out. The Hauler then rolled up the rears of the Am Chaser and Haz Runner and joined with them. The Haz Runner and Am Chaser formed legs. Then, the GT Racer rolled up the back of the Mountain Hauler and docked with it.

The large lights on the top of the Mountain Hauler rolled back and folded down. Now the Megazord was ready. It was then that several rockets fired, propelling the megazord upright. The cabs of the Am Chaser and Haz Runner stayed put, forming feet. The Haz Runner formed the left leg and the Am Chaser the right. The rear compartment of the GT Racer folded back, revealing a head. The eyes resembled goggles, and the face mask was solid. No mouth piece. A pair of wheel-like panels on the side completed it. Finally, the robot was upright. The Megazord let out some steam, ready to fight.

"Grand Prix Megazord, online!" The Rangers shouted in the cockpit, seated in Indy-car style pods.

Blade had gotten free of his restraints and snarled at the megazord. He rushed forward and gave the megazord a swipe. The megazord, completely unused in over a month, staggered backwards, but the Rangers managed to keep it stable. The Silver Bullet gave its fellow megazord some reinforcements though, punching Blade in the snout.

Snarling, Blade charged the Silver Bullet. It pulled out its blaster. Rob pulled the trigger and let off a volley of machine gun fire that sent sparks flying from Blade. Then the Grand Prix Megazord waltzed in, grabbing Blade and tossing him into Lake Mendota.

Blade got back up, soaking wet. He could at least take comfort in the potential damage done to the lakeshore caused by his (relatively small, compared to his size) waves. However, the Grand Prix Megazord punched him in the snout. Then the Silver Bullet kicked him in the shin. The two megazords had ganged up on the wolverine. They grabbed him and dragged him onto dry land, away from the farmland (that's not easy) and right on the shore of the lake.

Then, the Grand Prix Megazord produced its Grand Prix Megazord saber. "FIRE THE JETS!" said Sean. Some jets started to blast and they lifted the Megazord off the ground.
"SILVER BULLET MISSILES!" Rob shouted, pulling a trigger that launched a whole host of missiles that his Blade.

"Grand Prix Megazord Strike! Go!" The megazord launched forward and slashed at Blade. It bellowed as the megazord stopped and posed in victory. Blade snarled one last time and then fell into the lake, exploding. "Checkered Flag!"

:-:-:-: PRGPX :-:-:-:

"Alright, lads and lasses," said Rob. He had Sean and Maria sitting on the couch while the others stood around them. "What have we learned today?"

"Don't deal with your personal issues in the middle of a fight?" asked Sean.

"Close, but not quite," said Rob.

"Honestly, do we have to do this?" asked Maria. "Isn't this nailing the audience on the head?"

"Only under certain circumstance, but since you two acted like idiots, and this is only one time, I think they'll understand," said Rob. "Now then, what's the real lesson here, everyone!"

"Always be honest with your significant other!" Kevin said like a kid in school.

"When making life-changing decisions, always notify your significant other!" said Aaron.

"And don't act like morons!" said Hitomi.

"And now you know!" said Rob, "And knowing is half the battle!" G.I.-JOOOOOEEEEE! "Ugh, I hate that part of the show!"

"WE GET IT!" said Sean. "We acted like morons! And Maria, I'm sorry for getting angry, but I was nervous."

"And I'm sorry for not telling you sooner, scaring you and no, I don't have that," said Maria. Now getting a test for that is certainly serious, but since MARIA DOES NOT HAVE IT AND NEVER WILL, we can have a little fun. "I just wanted to be absolutely positive."

"Okay, now kiss and make up!" said Rob.

"Do we have to?" asked Sean.

"SHUT UP AND DO IT!"

Sean and Maria growled, then gave each other a kiss on the lips, which made Rob smile. "Those two are going to have a long, healthy life… hopefully," he said.

"By the way, I'm still going to tell people about the Jump Around," said Sean.

"Drop it."

:-:-:-: Power Rangers GPX :-:-:-:
Hitomi VO: "Next time, on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Coach Grainger: "Practice starts soon, so be ready!"

Kevin: "A full schedule, this will be fun."

Rob: "I got a call from the UW Police department!"

Ragnar: "Show no mercy."

MOTW: "I'M GONNA EAT YOU!"

(Shot of the Rangers getting strangled by the MOTW)

Hitomi VO: That's next time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!

End chapter

So how was that? Okay, just to make this clear; I'm actually trying to downplay Sean and Maria's romantic relationship, but I wanted to get a chapter focusing on them out of the way. You'll thank me later. Also, I'm sorry if I may have hit you on the head a little hard with the "Communicate with your loved one" Aesop, but I think with the little humor ending we can forgive that, right? And again, MARIA DOES NOT HAVE ANYTHING AND DID NOT GIVE ANYTHING TO SEAN. Also both of them are at fault here; Maria because she wasn't completely honest with Sean and Sean for overreacting a little bit.

And yes, I hate the "And Knowing Is Half the Battle" segments on so many shows, too. Oh, and the name of the episode? LED ZEPPELIN SHOUT OUT! \m/ Anyways, just be glad Maria's negative for that and there won't be very many consequences (although I've already alluded to them).

So how did I do? What did you like? Is there anything I should change? You guys can afford to give a little constructive criticism.
Visitors

Rob VO: "Last time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Sean (To Maria): "You didn't tell me you were getting an HIV test."

Maria: "I'm very particular about whom I do it with."

Eruvanda: "Are you ready to handle the Power Rangers?"

Arquen: "Of course I am."

Rob: "I don't really blame him for getting scared."

Arquen: "I intend to simply see how the enemy fights before I truly start my actual battle with them."

(The Rangers fight their enemy, a wolverine monster. Sean almost falls off the ledge of a building, Maria saves him)

Maria: "I'm sorry. I'll try to be more honest, okay?"

(The Rangers beat the wolverine. Then the megazord finishes the job)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Power Rangers GPX Supercharged, episode 5: Visitors

:::-:-:-: Poow-wer Rang-gers, Grand Prix, G-P-X, GO! :::-:-:-:

The Wisconsin Badgers hockey team was having an informal meeting this particular Monday. Coach Jack Grainger, age 45 of Winnipeg, Manitoba, was talking to the team. They sat in the auditorium at the McClain Athletic Facility. Grainger was going on about the schedule for the team. "Our first game is October 8th. We'll be playing in a tournament and playing Ryerson University. That Sunday we play the winner of the Holy Cross/Boston College game that same day. The tournament is the Milwaukee Classic at the Bradley Center. Our first home series will be the weekend of the football game against Ohio State, against Boston University."

Sean listened intently, taking notes. Given how things were going to change in the next couple of weeks, this was going to get in the way of Ranger duties… or at least the other way around. Being a student-athlete is not a cakewalk. You think being a college student is hard? Talk to these folks.

"Practice starts on October 2, so be ready!" said Coach Grainger. "We'll keep the informal exercises going until then. Alright, this meeting's dismissed!"

The team dispersed. Sean grabbed his backpack and flung it over his back. He grabbed his notebook and started to leave. "O.C.!” He turned around to see Marty behind him. "Where you going?"
"Back to my place," said Sean. "I'm tired. I just had a five-page archaeology paper due today."

"Oh, that sucks, dude," said Marty. "Hey, I was thinking about—"

"If you're going to lose your virginity, don't," said Sean. "I just had a scare that almost made me break up with my girlfriend until she told me I was fine and we agreed to talk things over."

"Dude, what?" asked Marty. "You had a scare?" Sean nodded. Marty sighed, recognizing just how big this could have been. "And you're—"

"Fine," said Sean. "She's been tested before; she only wanted to be absolutely positive."

"Oh," said Marty. He decided to change the subject. "You ready for the season, dude?"

"You know I am!" Jimmy said when he snuck up behind them.

"Well yeah, you're Canadian," said Marty. Jimmy tapped him on the back of the head. Sean laughed, happy to be with his friends.

"Why don't you guys come see my friends?" asked Sean. "Stay for a little bit, it'll be fine!"

"That sounds great!" said Jimmy. "I don't have anything planned for tonight, I guess I could go."

"What about Metoxen?" asked Marty. "Metoxen! You're invited to come see S.O.C.'s house!"

"I'm in," said Ritchie.

"You invited him?" asked Sean. "After the bruise he gave me?"

"Might as well patch up your differences," said Jimmy. "Now let's go!"

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"I did not know we were having visitors," Aaron said as Sean brought his teammates in.

"Yeah, spur-of-the-moment thing," said Sean. "Sorry about that."

"Oh, you fuckin' rink rat," Jimmy said when he came inside. "This is a nice house! How'd you get it?"

"A little extra money left over from my Miyazawa Foundation scholarship," said Sean.

"Dammit, O'Callahan!" said Ritchie.

"What's going on?" Maria asked as she came into the house. "What are they doing here?"

"I invited 'em," said Sean. "You guys already know Maria. This jagov right here is Aaron Ndebele, from Johannesburg."

"Nice to meet you," said Aaron. "And you're…"

"Jimmy O'Callahan."

"Marty McAuliffe."

"Ritchie Metoxen."
"Hockey players!" said Sean. The guys sat down on the couch as Kevin and Hitomi came downstairs.

"Who are they—Jimmy! I haven't seen you in years, laddie!" he said.

"Kevin, how are you?" said Jimmy. "We were just at a meeting for the team. We're gonna be pretty busy for the next several months."

"A full schedule," said Kevin. "This should be fun. "Now Marty I've heard of, who's he?"

"Let's wait until Hitomi introduces herself," said Sean.

"Konnichiwa, watashi wa Miyazawa Hitomi desu," she said with a bow, "Hajimemashite."

"What the fuck did she just say?" asked Jimmy.

"She just introduced herself," said Sean. "Alright, I might as well introduce these rink rats. This here is my cousin Jimmy O'Callahan. This jagov is Marty McAuliffe, my old buddy and this guy here is Ritchie Metoxen, who apparently holds a grudge against me. He's probably curse me, but even Indian curses don't work."

"He doesn't look Indian," said Hitomi.

"I agree," said Aaron. "He looks like Mari—"

"Wrong Indian, you idiots!" said Ritchie.

"Also known as Native Americans," said Sean.

"I am a full-blooded Indian and a member of the Oneida Nation of Wisconsin!" said Ritchie. "They're not from around here, are they O'Callahan?"

"Hitomi's from Japan and Ndebele's from South Africa."

"Did you have to bring up the curses thing?" asked Ritchie.

"I was joking," said Sean.

"Metoxen's just a little high-strung," said Jimmy. "Sometimes when he gets angry he has a pretty good reason, but for the most part, it's just because we tease him."

"Why don't you guys sit down? You look accusatory," said Sean.

Kevin shrugged. "Sounds good," he said. "I want to show off my gab."

"This actually looks pretty good," said Ritchie. "O'Callahan, you friends are nice and—who's this?"

"Him? That's AJ, my Beagle!" said Sean. AJ was up against the couch, his tail wagging and looking eager to meet them. "I got him from the Dane County Humane Society a few weeks ago. He's already trained and housebroken, so it was easy!

"We have to feed him and take him out for exercise, but other than that, he's relatively easy to take care of," said Maria. "And he's already gotten to like us!"

"I had a Beagle in Toronto!" said Jimmy. He petted AJ's head and the Beagle began to take a liking
to him. "We called him Carter. My dad said his favorite moment was Joe Carter's home run in '93, so he named the Beagle for that."

"Toronto?" asked Hitomi. "I've been there!"

"Oh, that's great!" said Jimmy. "I'm from there. You could have talked to me."

"Drop it," said Sean. "Sorry about him, he's a bit of a skirt chaser. I'll be the good host and get some drinks for everyone. "Anyone for beer or pop?"

"I'll have a Coke," said Ritchie.

"Coke too," said Hitomi.

"Alright, I'll get some beer for everyone else," said Sean. He got up and walked into the kitchen, leaving everyone else to talk. Maria followed him. She grabbed his attention when they were in the kitchen and Sean was grabbing a Leinie's Original for himself, a Bud Light for Maria, Aaron, Jimmy and Marty, tea for Kevin, and Coke for Ritchie and Hitomi. He turned around. "Yeah, babe?"

"Are you sure this was a good idea?" she asked. "I don't like admitting my mistakes, but, remember the last time I brought someone in?"

"That's my cousin, my friend and a guy I don't really like that much in there," said Sean. "This is kind of different. I know these guys. And seriously! The Zordonians are gone, stop beating yourself up over it, even if it WAS a big mistake. Besides, you made friends with her. I don't think a smart baddie's going to try that again." He gently kissed her forehead to let her know he wasn't angry.

Back in the living room, "Ritchie, have you been reading anything?" asked Kevin.

"Oh, yeah," said Ritchie, "Been reading some Steinbeck lately, The Grapes of Wrath."

"Oh, that's my favorite Steinbeck novel!" said Kevin.

"And I was thinking about reading Finnegan's Wake and—what's so funny?"

"Good luck!" said Kevin.

"What, no Irish blessing?" asked Ritchie.

"No, honestly, good luck!" said Kevin. Ritchie stared at Kevin blankly. Apparently, he was pretty unfamiliar with the novel's use of language. The author is having difficulty reading Dubliners; just imagine how difficult Finnegan's Wake is. James Joyce is difficult to read, people.

"I just read To Kill a Mockingbird," said Jimmy. "I keep thinking Scout's smarter and not as naïve as she lets on, especially when she talks to the lynch mob."

"ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT BOOKS WITHOUT ME!?!" Sean shouted from the kitchen.

"Yes, and you're not invited!" said Kevin.

"Fuck you!" said Sean. "But I'll interject anyway; anthropology and archaeology books; lots of 'em! And I don't have a choice in the matter! Haven't been able to read my Shakespeare in a while."

"That's what you get for choosing that major!" said Jimmy. "But I chose finance, so it's not like I
"Yeah, obviously," Sean said as he brought the beers and soft drinks for everyone else in. He handed everyone their beer and sat down in his chair with AJ in his lap. The sun had already set by now. It was a Monday evening and they were basically just having a good time tonight. Really, there were no major assignments just yet which gave him, Marty, Jimmy and Ritchie a chance to relax and visit with his friends.

… Until Hitomi, out of her naïve nature, even though she really is intelligent, asked Ritchie, "Have you seen Pocahontas?"

The full-blooded Oneida rolled his eyes and sat back in the couch. "Sorry about her," said Sean. "I told you not to say that!"

"I'm sorry," said Hitomi.

"It's okay, I'll answer her question. I hate it for two reasons," said Ritchie. "One, it's inaccurate, and two, it sucks!"

"Well, it is Disney," said Sean. "They're not exactly known for accuracy."

"Well, yeah," said Ritchie. "I went to Disney World with a friend of mine a couple years ago and we went on Pirates of the Caribbean. My friend, who's a bit of a history buff, talked about the movies and he said they got so much stuff wrong he couldn't watch! Oh, and Hercules was inaccurate too!"

"It's Disney," said Sean. "You're not exactly looking for accuracy, but it'd be nice if they were accurate!"

"At least The Lion King is just about animals," said Aaron. "Just imagine the 'shit storm' they'd be in if those characters were human."

"That's a whole other can o' worms that would fill up the entire chapter," said Sean.

"You're lucky!" said Kevin. "They made a live-action movie about Ireland once. I had to smash the DVD! But it did scare the bejesus out of me!"

"Yes, but there's probably worse out there," said Maria. "I watched Kingdom of Heaven once. I thought it was nice, but then someone told me about how bad it was!"

"I dunno, I thought it was okay," said Jimmy. "I think it was after a Lord of the Rings marathon, so maybe I was in some medieval mood."

"Must be," said Sean. They heard a knock on the door, much to Sean's surprise. "Who can that be?" he asked as he got up and walked over to the door. "Rob, what are you doing here?"

"I just want to make this quick," said Rob, "But I got a call from the UW Police department!"

"You did?" said Sean.

"Yeah, they called me in for an interview!"

"That's great!" said Sean. "Yeah, now both my brother-in-law and my sister are gonna be working for the university!"

"Is that Rob?" asked Jimmy. "I didn't know you were here!"
"Jimmy, what are you doing here?" asked Rob.

"This rink rat invited me to his house!" said Jimmy.

"Stop calling me that!" said Sean.

"What's rink rat?" asked Maria.

"It's a Great White North term for guys who spend too much time at the ice rink," said Jimmy.

"Hey, that fits!" said Maria. Sean growled while everyone else laughed at him.

"So are you gonna stick around?" asked Sean.

"No, I've gotta get back," said Rob. "Bridge asked me to get some milk, so I have to oblige. I wonder if Babcock Hall is still open?"

"You could try," said Sean. Rob shrugged and waved good-bye to everyone before leaving the house.

"Getting back on topic," said Ritchie, "The reason I hate Pocahontas is not only does it depict my people wrongly, but I'm a history major! That's a double-whammy of RAGE!" The conversation continued for much of the night until finally, Ritchie, Jimmy and Marty had to leave. As they left, the other Rangers were confused as to why Sean invited them over, so they decided to ask.

"So why did you invite them over?" asked Maria.

"I'm gonna be spending a lot of time with them, and since I was afraid you guys might be jealous of them, I decided to invite them," he said. "It only made sense to have you guys get to know them."

"I can understand that," said Kevin. "Now let's get to sleep!"

:-:-:-: Power Rangers GPX :-:-:-:

"I honestly hope the previous battle was indeed a test of the Power Rangers," Ragnar said, staring down at a nervous Arquen. The Elven general averted his eyes from his superior, unable to really defend himself even though he had a good reason for losing. The Rangers were good at what they did. He must have underestimated them in some way.

"It was," said General Arquen. "It is obvious they will not be defeated so easily."

Ragnar huffed. He walked down the stairs. Arquen did not look at his commander, only looking away. "Look at me, Arquen," he said. Arquen did not. "Look. At. Me." Arquen looked up at Ragnar. His face was filled with disapproval. "Blade was a good monster. And they defeated him, even with your help."

"I did my best," said Arquen.

"Your best is not good enough," said Ragnar. "Next time, show no mercy."

"Yes, Commander Ragnar," said Arquen.

:-:-:-: PRGPX :-:-:-:

The Ranger house was quiet again this Tuesday evening, save for Sean and Maria discussing their relationship (which was needed after the big mess in the previous chapter) in his room. Aaron was
watching TV while Kevin helped Hitomi out with her homework. Hitomi had a target date of graduating in December, which she's able to do since she only needs the one semester to graduate.

Aaron sighed in boredom. He still hated American TV. It's so boring! Hell, listening to Kevin discuss world history with Hitomi was more exciting than this. The presenter just kept going on and on about nothing. Why did he have to turn on "The Bachelor"? Seriously, who cares about this, none of these bimbos really care about him. They only care about getting on TV! These relationships, if you want to call them that, only last for six months before they break up.

But we digress.

Aaron began to drift off to sleep, but right before the Big Lipped Alligator Moment, he heard a familiar beeping coming from their morphers. "We've detected a large amount of energy coming from downtown," said the SWORD agent. "We suspect it's Evlis—I mean, Elvish."

"Did she just mispronounce 'Elvis'?' asked Kevin, "What will the Elvis fans think?"

"You heard the lady, people!" Sean said as he came down the stairs with Maria in tow, both grabbing black leather jackets and ski masks.

"Why don't we morph here?" asked Kevin. "We can take the Indys."

"That sounds like a better idea," said Sean. He called up Rob and said, "Rob, get your wannabe cop's ass downtown, we have an emergency. And morph before you leave the house! Okay guys, ready?"

"READY!"

"GPX, START IT UP!"

:-:-:-: Power Rangers GPX :-:-:-:

Downtown Madison was in a panic. As the sun set, a monster, resembling an anthropomorphic hybrid of a crocodile and a Komodo dragon, appeared out of nowhere. It looked around at the contemptuous mammals that were looking at it. Its eyes narrowed at one human that got close. The human backed away from it. It looked like things were going to calm down.

Just then the crocodile lunged at the human and devoured him whole! His muted screams were drowned out by the screams of the other humans as they started running away. The man kept kicking and screaming before his legs stopped moving and the screams stopped. The crocodile now finished the man off with a loud slurp.

It was then that sound of engines roaring could be heard. The croc's eye moved to the side to see five Indy Cars pulling up to the State Capitol where the croc was prowling. The croc stared them down as they approached the Capitol. They stopped and it stared them down.

An uneasy quiet settled over the scene. The Rangers did not move. They were confused as to why the croc didn't go after them. Perhaps because it was acting like a crocodile would; waiting to attack before catching its prey off guard. Of course, catching the Power Rangers off guard is another matter. It's not like he's going to pop up and drag them into the depths of the river and—

HERE HE GOES!

He lashed out, snapping his jaws at the Rangers. They jumped out of the way as his jaws clamped down on a car. Maria used another car as a springboard and kicked the reptile in the head. The
The lizard monster recovered and snarled at the Rangers.

That was when Kevin jumped up and grabbed the lizard. Sean then did the same, and the two wrestled the monster to the ground. "Crikey, ain't she a beaut?" Sean said, doing his best Steve Irwin (RIP) impression. "Look at these teeth right there! They can tear us to shreds!"

"And that's what I will do now!" said the monster.

"He speaks!" said Kevin.

"I'M GONNA EAT YOU!"

"Say 'GET IN MAH BELLAY!'" said Sean.

The lizard was in no mood for jokes. He threw the two off and got back up. "My name is Cruncher!" he said. "And I will EAT YOU!"

"Oh great!" said Sean. Cruncher snapped his jaws and charged the Rangers. Kevin grabbed Cruncher and held him in place. Then Aaron rushed up and gave a strong kick to Cruncher's gut. Kevin took the opportunity to wrassle the reptile to the ground. His body hit the ground with a loud crash and smash. The reptile groaned in agony right when Sean backflipped and elbowed him in the gut.

Cruncher grabbed Sean and tossed him over to the Capitol. Aaron rushed in, jumping off a car and kicking Cruncher in the head. But Cruncher grabbed him by the ankle and slammed him into a car. Then Maria kicked Cruncher in the head. Hitomi, who was off to the side, drew her arrow and released it. It hit its mark, sending sparks flying from Cruncher. The monster fell to the ground again.

Kevin tried to stomp on Cruncher, but he grabbed Kevin's belt and pulled him to his level. The reptile got back up and wrapped Kevin up in his tail. He ran over to the Capitol building and flung Kevin at the building. Kevin let out a pained grunt when that happened. "Are you okay?" a familiar voice asked, pulling him up. Silver had shown up late (again).

"I'm okay," said Kevin. "No major injuries." He was reading that off his HUD. He looked to see Sean, Aaron, Hitomi and Maria giving Cruncher fits.

They were jumping all over him. The reptile tried to jump, but Maria elbowed him in the head. Then Hitomi kicked him in the gut. Aaron then elbowed Cruncher in the back.

"Are you gonna let them have all the fun?" asked Rob. Kevin sighed and growled as he rushed back to get to the fight. Rob was right behind.

Aaron kicked at Cruncher. The lizard blocked the kick, but Aaron followed up by punching him in the snout. Then Sean grabbed his tail and yanked him off his feet. Cruncher got back up and tried to lunge at Sean, but he was met by the boots of Kevin and Rob, who pulled off another Dynamic Entry. Cruncher's head snapped back and he stumbled backwards before crashing into a car.

Cruncher was quick to get up. He snarled at them in anger. They surrounded him again to make sure he wasn't going anywhere.

That was when he swung his tail around. It was long enough that it whacked them all away. All six of them grunted in pain, crashing into car, buildings and sidewalks. Yeah, SWORD's gonna have a lot of insurance money to pay!
Sean groaned in annoyance and pain as he lifted himself out of a smashed car. Someone's easel was smashed inside and what looked like paint had splattered all over the seats. The car must belong to someone who either paints for a living or just likes to do it. Sean didn't really mean to smash into it. But he felt the person could feel a little better knowing he'll be compensated for the damaged car and even his supplies.

He grunted once he'd gotten out of the twisted, mangled wreck. He didn't even see Cruncher coming. The reptile grabbed him by the neck—he was getting real tired of this—and slammed him into the car. Sean struggled, kicking Cruncher in the gut several times, but the lizard smacked its lips hungrily. *Oh great, I'm gonna die by getting eaten!* He thought. *How the hell can anyone find this sexy?*

Just then, sparks flew from Cruncher. The lizard growled and looked behind him. Kevin was shooting at him from afar. That gave Sean a chance. He reached for his Octane blaster and shot Cruncher in the mouth. The lizard screamed in pain, holding his mouth in agony. Sean shot the lizard again. The lizard stumbled backwards before recovering. He tried to go after Sean, but pink and yellow-clad boots to his upper body prevented that.

Aaron punched the dazed lizard in the snout. It seemed to have helped it recover, because Cruncher swung around and whacked him with his tail. It didn't take a genius to recognize that they needed to keep his tail in place.

Kevin did the deed, lunging for and grabbing the lizard's tail. He kept on his feet, digging his heels into the pavement while holding Cruncher in place. Sean raised his blaster up again and shot Cruncher several times, sending sparks flying. The reptile could not move with Kevin (barely) hanging on to his tail.

Actually, he did find a way. He lifted his tail up and slammed it to the ground, causing Kevin to bounce off the pavement. The Blue Ranger grunted and landed on the green in front of the state Capitol. Aaron rushed into help, holding Cruncher off and—Cruncher started sniffing the air.

Cruncher growled and his pupils dilated. He turned around to see some unfortunate sap that had just gotten evacuated one of the buildings. Immediately he turned around and ran straight for the bystander. The Rangers tried to stop him, but he barreled right through him.

The bystander wisely started to run away, but Cruncher had gotten close enough that he whipped around and tripped the bystander up. He looked up in absolute terror at the snarling lizard. His massive jaws and teeth looked about ready to devour him. That's a horrible way to die! He tried to shuffle away, but Cruncher kept him down. It looked like it was the end for him.

Just then, something clad in red slammed into Cruncher. The lizard rolled away and slammed into a car, completely dazed. Sean looked down at the bystander and—*No way! METOXEN!*?

Ritchie was still looking up in shock at an equally shocked Sean. Luckily for both of them, he couldn't see Sean's face. "What the hell are you doing!?!" said Sean, "GET OUTTA HERE!"

"GLADLY!" Ritchie screamed. He got up and bolted away in a hurry.

Sean turned around and noticed Cruncher getting up and ready to chase after his teammate. Sean pulled out his blaster and shot Cruncher, getting the reptile's attention. Then Hitomi was next, kicking Cruncher in the head. The reptile was fully distracted with the real fight.

Now the Rangers started taking turns going at Cruncher. Rob went first, punching and kicking at the reptile. The reptile blocked a couple of strikes, but Rob managed to land a punch on Cruncher's
lower jaw. Then Hitomi jumped off his shoulders and kicked him in both jaws. She wrapped her legs around him and started punching and kicking him.

Aaron then went Dynamic Entry and kicked Cruncher in the back while Hitomi jumped off. Aaron grabbed Cruncher's tail and held him in place for Kevin to come in and deliver a massive MMA punch to Cruncher's jaw. He kept throwing punches at the reptile and waited until Cruncher was down.

Cruncher got back up and snarled at the Rangers. That was when our resident Battle Couple delivered a simultaneous kick to Cruncher's gut. Sean lifted Maria up and she delivered a mighty kick to Cruncher's jaw. Sean was next, punching him in the jaw.

Cruncher angrily grabbed at Sean and Maria by the neck and threw them to the pavement. Then he grabbed Aaron with his tail and lifted him up as well. He drove Sean and Maria into the pavement more and more and then slammed Aaron into a car. When Rob and Hitomi went to try and save them, he grabbed the two of them as well and started slamming them into the pavement.

"Did you think this was going to be easy?" Cruncher asked.

"It usually is!" Sean strained.

"It's only going to get worse," said Cruncher. "But right now, I think I'll—AH!"

Aaron had grabbed his axe and chopped off Cruncher's tail. The lizard screamed in pain and let go of Sean and Maria. Despite the famous reptilian ability to re-grow their tails, Cruncher cannot. Crocodiles and Komodo dragons cannot regenerate, after all.

Still, Cruncher is dangerous. He's got those teeth and claws, after all! He snarled at them in anger. Then he rushed forward. They pulled out their weapons and started shooting him. He was weakened by the loss of his tail—an individual weakness specific to him—and he fell backwards.

"Alright, now's the perfect time!" said Sean. "Get your keys out!" They did so.

"SUPERCHARGE!" They jammed their keys into their weapons. "Ready! Aim! FIRE!" They let off their shots—Rob didn't use Supercharge because he doesn't have that. The shots hit Cruncher, sending sparks flying. The lizard screamed in pain before falling over and exploding.

But what looked like a well-earned victory was subverted when a beam of light shot out from the sky and hit Cruncher's body. His body started to grow and looked like it was going to destroy the city.

That was when the Silver Bullet zord flew by and picked up Cruncher's body. Rob timed his jump perfectly and landed in the zord. "We need the Grand Prix Zords!" Sean shouted into his communicator. The Rangers made a break for the shout shore of Lake Mendota.

The zords had already surfaced on the lake and all that was needed was for the Rangers to jump in. Sean prepared to jump. "LET'S GO!" He and the GPX Rangers jumped into their zords.

"GT Racer!" He said.

"Touring Racer!" said Kevin.

"Mountain Hauler!" said Aaron.

"Haz Runner!" said Maria.
"Am Chaser!" said Hitomi.

"Silver Bullet, armed and ready!" Rob shouted. "Silver Bullet transformation sequence, begin!" He placed his morpher in the instrument panel of the zord and pulled a lever. Then the Silver Bullet transformed into a humanoid robot.

Sean pulled out his AcceleKey. "Ready?"

"Ready!" They jammed the keys into the dashboard, turning them and lighting them up.

"Grand Prix Megazord sequence, engage!" Rockets fired some wires and kept Cruncher restrained on the northern shore of Lake Mendota.

The Touring Racer split up and joined with the Mountain Hauler, forming arms. The front of the Mountain Hauler opened up, allowing it to combine with the Haz Runner and Am Chaser. Then, the tailgate of the Mountain Hauler opened and the GT Racer rolled up onto the truck bed to join with the Hauler. Rockets fired and the whole thing stood up. The head was unveiled with its black visor and mouth-less mouth plate.

"Grand Prix Megazord, online!" they said in the cockpit, inside their Indy Car pods.

Cruncher got free of his restraints and snarled at the two robots. He charged forward and slammed into them both. They almost fell backwards, but the Rangers kept them stable. Their feet shifted to a more powerful stance. The Rangers tried to push Cruncher back onto the land, but it was proving quite difficult.

Then the Silver bullet let go and punched Cruncher in the snout. The reptile shook his head out, only for him to see the Grand Prix Megazord's fist coming right at him. Unable to block, he absorbed the painful blow and fell backwards into the ground. The ground shook as he landed.

He got back up and punched the Grand Prix Megazord in his snout. Then he kicked the megazord. In a bit of a strange occurrence, his tail had grown back when he grew. Must be what was in the beam. He spun around and whacked the Silver Bullet with his tail. Then he grabbed the Megazord. However, the Megazord kept him in place and the Silver Bullet fired off a couple of shots that got Cruncher off of it.

"Time to finish this!" said Sean. "Grand Prix Megazord Saber!" The saber materialized in the megazord's hands. Cruncher stumbled to his feet and only noticed the saber when it was too late. "Fire the jets!" Some jets on the feet of the Haz Runner and Am Chaser fired and lifted the megazord off the ground.

"SILVER BULLET MISSILES!" Rob shouted, pulling a trigger that launched a whole host of missiles at Cruncher.

"Grand Prix Megazord Strike! Go!" The megazord launched forward and slashed at Cruncher. He snarled and growled as the megazord stopped and posed in victory. Cruncher bellowed one last time and then fell into the lake, exploding. "Checkered Flag!"

"So anyways, she told me she didn't like hockey players," Jimmy said as he and Marty left the Memorial Union. "Can't believe it."

"That's rough," said Marty. "I've never had that."
"Even though you're still a virgin," Jimmy joked. Marty sighed in annoyance as Jimmy tapped his arm in jest. "Is that Metoxen?" he asked.

"Looks like it," said Jimmy. "HEY! Metoxen!" Jimmy shouted, getting the man's attention. He turned around and indeed, it was Ritchie. "Metoxen, what's going on?" he asked.

"I dunno," he said. That was when they heard an explosion coming from across Lake Mendota. They looked and noticed a fireball rising above the lake and lighting up the night sky.

"Wow," said Jimmy. "That's the second time this week. I wonder what's going on?"

"I dunno," said Marty. "Maybe it's the Power Rangers."

"Probably," said Jimmy. "I'd just wish we could see them sometime."

Ritchie took in a sharp breath as he watched the fireball rise and dissipate. He felt a knot in the pit of his stomach. He'd just had a pretty harrowing experience and for some reason, he was not in the mood to talk about it. All he knew was that the Red Ranger sounded vaguely familiar.

:::--::: Power Rangers GPX :::::--:

Chapter End Notes

Sean VO: "Next time, on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Ritchie: "Something happened to me."

Sean (To Rob): "So how'd your interview go?"

Ragnar: "You are fortunate."

Ritchie: "Are you telling the truth?"

Sean: "What?"

Maria: "I hate spiders!"

(The Rangers fight a spider monster)

Ritchie: "Something's going on here."

Sean VO: "That's next time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

So how was that?

After the little mess of last chapter I've decided to move on and make the rest of them better. That starts by fleshing out Jimmy, Marty and Ritchie. Marty's already a character in SIU though, he's the Gold (Seventh) Ranger there. Marty's already a character in SIU though, he's the Gold (Seventh) Ranger there. I still haven't decided to bring in a seventh Ranger yet, but I will consider it. I also wanted to avoid the "You're not spending enough time with your teammates" bullshit by having Sean introduce his hockey teammates to the others.

And, hockey season will start in-universe soon, might as well get ready! That's when
things are really gonna go downhill.

So how did you like this? Was it better than the last one? Did I make any mistakes?
A Secret Identity Chaser

Chapter Notes

Kevin VO: "Previously on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Sean (To his teammates): "Why don't you guys come see my friends?"

Aaron: "I did not know we were having visitors."

Rob: "They [the University of Wisconsin police] called me in for an interview!"

Sean: "Since I was afraid you guys might be jealous of them, I decided to invite them."

Arquen: "I did my best."

Cruncher: "I WILL EAT YOU!"

(The Rangers fight Cruncher. He nearly kills Ritchie Metoxen, but Sean saves him and sends him away. The Rangers beat Cruncher)

Jimmy: "I wish we could see them [the Power Rangers] sometime".

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Power Rangers GPX Supercharged episode 6: A Secret Identity Chaser

:-):-:-: Pooow-wer Rang-gers, Grand Prix, G-P-X, GO! :-):-:-:

Once again, we start off with Sean and the Badger hockey team preparing for the upcoming season. This time, the guys are getting their video board headshots taken that will be displayed on the video board at the Kohl Center. Those photos you see of the players at college and pro sporting events have to be taken somewhere. That's what's going on here.

The player stood in front of a green screen and smiled for the camera. The player would be juxtaposed over a background at the arena. They're not in full pads, that's not going to be a while now; next week, in fact. So basically, preparations are kicking into high gear.

But it was also a chance for the players to finally get a chance to wear the jerseys they'll be wearing. It's a Reebok EDGE jersey (even though at this time in real life, the hockey team was still contracted to adidas, this is not real life), essentially the Detroit Red Wings road jersey (white torso, red sleeves with a white arm band around the elbow) with the Red Wings' logo removed and replaced by the word "WISCONSIN" going down diagonally from the right shoulder to the left hip, right about the red band across the waist.

"Oh man, I can't wait to wear this in action," Sean said as he played with the collar strings. He turned around, admiring the arched "O'CALLAHAN" over a red block 15. Just the look on his face showed how excited he was to begin his college hockey career.

Jimmy also admired his jersey. "Still can't believe I'm wearing a Wings sweater," he said.
"Neither can I, but who cares?" Sean said as he looked at his jersey. "Besides, it's the same jersey Mark Johnson wore!" Watch *Miracle* to get that reference.

"Where the fuck is Metoxen?" asked Marty.

"I think he went to the bathroom," said Jimmy. "I hope he doesn't miss this."

"Well it's not our turn yet," said Sean.

"Sean, did you see that explosion on Lake Mendota on Tuesday?" asked Jimmy.

"No, why?" asked Sean.

"I think it was the Power Rangers," said Jimmy. "I checked Google Maps, there's nothing over there to really explode, so the only thing I could think of was the Power Rangers.

"How big of an explosion was it?" asked Sean.

"Looked pretty big," said Marty. "Hey, the Rangers were fighting near the State Capitol! Wasn't Metoxen supposed to be there Tuesday night?"

"Yeah, I think he was," said Jimmy.

"How you guys know these things and I don't?" Sean muttered to himself. "Maybe we can ask him. Oh, here he comes. Metoxen!"

Ritchie was wiping his hands off, a clear sign he'd just gone to the restroom. He looked up at the others but he kept his head down out of nervousness. "Get your ass over here, cheesehead!" said Marty. Ritchie's eye twitched, but he walked over to them anyway, putting up his annoyed look.

"What?" he asked.

"We heard you were downtown on Tuesday," said Marty.

Ritchie paused, taking in a sharp breath. Sean, Jimmy and Marty looked at each other in confusion. "Yes, I was," said Ritchie. "I was visiting the Wisconsin Historical Museum helping someone out."

"What were you doing there, place closes at four," said Sean.

"I said I was helping someone!" he growled. "One of my history professors knows a guy who works there, so he had me go over there and help him with inventory that evening. Then, something happened to me!"

"You did?" asked Sean. "What happened?"

"Well, this… lizard thing attacked me, apparently I was the only person on the street at the time," said Ritchie. "I panicked and tried to get away, but the lizard didn't let me go!" Sean, Jimmy and Marty looked on in shock. This must have affected him and they could see it in his face. "But then, some guy wearing red came out of nowhere and punched the thing away. I looked again and it was… a Power Ranger!"

"A Power Ranger!?!" said Jimmy. "Oh, dammit, I wanted to see one!"

"What are you getting excited about?!" asked Ritchie.

"I dunno, I think he's kind of weird," said Sean. "Did he say anything to you?"
"Yeah, to get the hell out of there, and I wasn't about to act like an idiot and refuse!" said Ritchie. "I'm never getting involved in those again! And I probably shouldn't be carrying beef jerky, either."

"Yeah, carrying beef jerky during a monster attack is a no-no!" said Jimmy.

"Yeah, and now I know!" said Ritchie.

"And knowing is half the battle!" said Jimmy.

"G.I.-JOOOOOEEEEEE!" Marty sang.

"Will you two shut up!?" Ritchie shouted. "I almost got eaten, for crying out loud! And there's another thing." He turned his head towards Sean, who was already wondering why the hell he hasn't been called for his photo yet. "He sounded like you."

"So? There're probably a lot of people who sound like me," said Sean. "Hey Jimmy, remember that time in Dublin we found a guy who sounded exactly like me save for the accent?"

"Oh yeah, I remember that," Jimmy said, laughing and looking very nostalgic. "I think I had the most fun with my dad." Ritchie did not look pleased.

"I swear he sounded just like you!" said Ritchie.

"There's probably some guy here in Mad-Town who has a similar voice," said Sean. "Until you have some actual proof, don't come near me."

"Were you anywhere near there?" asked Ritchie.

"No, I was at my house studying!" said Sean. "I'm not a Power Ranger, if that's what you're asking!"

"Are you telling the truth?" asked Ritchie.

"Of course I am!" Sean shouted back. "All I was doing was studying!"

"O'Callahan! Metoxen! Shut the hell up!" said Coach Grainger. "McAuliffe, Metoxen, you two are up next!" Ritchie sighed, shrugged and walked into the next room to get his picture taken, with Marty following quickly behind.

"What was that about?" asked Jimmy.

"No idea," said Sean. He waited for Marty and Ritchie to get done with their pictures before he walked into the next room.

Ritchie didn't really get much of a chance to ask Sean about the event. Sean left the McClain Athletic Center before Ritchie could really ask him anything. The Oneida forward seethed while he watched Sean leave the Athletic Center. O'Callahan had not even answered his questions. He simply avoided him.

Ritchie threw up his hands in disgust and decided to leave.

--- PRGPX ---

When he got back to his house, Sean was not happy. "Dammit! Metoxen's starting to get suspicious!" he said as he came inside. His anger was dissipated when AJ came up to him. He couldn't help but give the dog the love he deserves.
"How'd he get suspicious?" asked Kevin.

"He said he recognized my voice," Sean said as he took his jersey off. "I tried to deflect him with that story about the time we met someone who sounded exactly like me."

"I do remember that," Kevin said with a laugh and a nostalgic look on his face.

"So what are you going to do about it?" asked Maria. "Oh, nice jersey."

"Thanks babe," Sean said as he kissed her. Kevin cleared his throat, annoyed at their PDA. "Sorry. I'm gonna keep telling him not to worry. Besides, it's a hell of a lot easier to do it when he can't see our faces!"

"I could talk to SWORD," said Kevin. "Perhaps they can figure something out."

"Yeah, they're so damn prepared this would be nothing," said Sean. "But I'll have to keep Metoxen off my trail. Good thing he's not with either the Daily Cardinal or the Badger Herald, otherwise we'd be in trouble."

"Thank god for that," Kevin muttered.

"I'm starting to think you're slipping," said Maria.

"Thank goodness for you, he only recognized my voice," said Sean. "But as long as he's not around when we're attacked, it'll be fine."

:-:-:-: Power Rangers GPX :-:-:-:

Sean brought Maria to class with him the next day. She was getting exceptionally bored staying at the house, so he decided to take her with him. She had to sit in the back during class though, but he was okay with that. It was the teacher's rules, after all. At the moment he was in no mood to piss off a teacher he liked. The one he hated is not teaching this class.

Once both his classes were over, he took her to the Memorial Union and Der Rathskeller, the on-campus beer hall. Yes, that's right: a German-style beer hall that serves alcohol on a college campus. It's Wisconsin, people! But that's where they got their food (and beer). Of course, in order for Maria to buy beer, she had to be either a student or a Union member.

Luckily for her, she got a guest pass for the day.

However, they did not eat inside. Instead, Sean took her out to the most romantic spot on campus, the Memorial Terrace. The terrace was dotted with colored chairs and tables. There was a light breeze coming off Lake Mendota and a view to match the majesty of the location. "Wow," she said, looking out over Lake Mendota. Sean smiled and led her to their table. "I hope I get in," she said.

"You will," he said, kissing her on the cheek.

"Ugh, do you have to use such PDA?" they heard.

"Oh, hey Metoxen," said Sean. "I didn't know you were off right now."

"My classes are in the morning," said Ritchie. He walked up to them and confronted Sean.

"What the hell is it, Metoxen?" asked Sean.
"Why are you being hostile?" asked the Oneida forward.

"Sorry," said Sean. "What do you need?"

"It's about the Red Ran—"

"WILL YOU DROP IT!?" Sean shouted. "I already said I'm not a Power Ranger!"

"Come on, O'Callahan!" Ritchie begged. "Just tell me who you think he is! I'll let you measure my cheekbones!"

Maria looked at Sean accusatorily. However, Sean pointed at his cheeks on his face, referring to how anthropologists measure cheekbones and skull shape/size. "I'll have to decline," said Sean. "I don't know anything about the guy. And no, I'm not a Powe—why are you carrying a flute?"

"Oh, uh, no reason," Ritchie said, trying to change the subject. However, Sean smiled and snickered with an evil cheekiness.

"IT'S A GIRL, ISN'T IT!?" he said, getting up and pointing at Ritchie. Ritchie blushed and tried to hide the flute.

"Sean, what are you talking about?" asked Maria.

"It's a courting flute," said Sean. "I'm not sure about the Oneida, but in some Native cultures like the Lakota, guys would play them for the girls they were interested in. If her parents like him, they let him stay and maybe love is a-brewin'. If not, they'd send him a message telling him to fuck off. Of course, he could simply be carrying that thing around because it belongs to someone else, flutes aren't used for courtship that much anymore, but I guess Metoxen felt like it. Who's the lucky yakukwé, Metoxen?"

"Um, she's Mohawk," Ritchie said, blushing like mad. Maria couldn't help but chuckle at him, but not in a mocking way.

"He's adorable," she said. "And he's kind of dorky, like you can be."

"Mohawk, eh?" Sean asked, "Another Iroquois?"

"Yeah, but, she's not from around here," said Ritchie.

"She's from New York, isn't she?" asked Sean.

"How do you know this?" asked Maria.

"I wrote a paper about the Iroquois Confederacy last semester at UIC," said Sean. "I know I'm not an expert, I'm just knowledgeable."

"She's not from New York," said Ritchie. "She is from the Rez, though."

"How does that work, the only thing I—" Sean stopped and started to think. He mouthed some words out in thought and then came to a realization. "She's Canadian?" Ritchie nodded. Sean shrugged, but that didn't really matter. "You gonna knock her dead?"

"I-I'll try," Ritchie said.

"Go get 'er!" said Maria. "By the way, you're not going to stalk her, are you?"
"OF COURSE NOT!" Ritchie shouted. He paused, blushed again and said, "She doesn't even have a house. She lives on-campus. I was going to play it for her personally."

Maria swooned (she's not falling for Ritchie, by the way). "Ay, muy MUY romantico!" she said while Sean looked at her with a face that subtly screamed "WTF". "Go get 'er!" Ritchie blushed, smiled and turned away. "Sean, why did you do that?" she asked.

"I had to get him off our asses somehow," said Sean. Maria thought for a moment and then 'Aah'ed' in realization.

--- PRGPX ---

General Arquen stood on top of Van Hise Hall, the high-rise that's home to most of the university's language departments. It didn't matter to Arquen, though. The humans looked tiny from his perch. They walked along their streets, never even bothering to look up at the building. They were so used to their situation they never thought for once about the changes that may come.

The clouds blocked the sun, which made Arquen look up at the sky for a moment. Then he walked over to the edge of the building and looked over the side. "You know what to do, correct?" he asked.

"Of course!" said the monster. Arquen watched the monster lower itself to the ground confident she could do the job she was assigned. While she didn't look like much, Arquen knew that Arachne would terrify the humans. And yet, he could not blame the queen's revulsion at Arachne. Even he had to admit Arachne, who is like a spider centaur, terrified anyone who looked at her. And since she had the same mental stability as Floki, she didn't seem to be sad at her station.

Hiding under corner of the roof overhang, she looked out at the people passing by. None of them looked like good victims. She licked her lips in anticipation. She smiled, baring her fangs. Now she saw some delicious-looking human males coming her way. Situating herself in the dent in the corner of the building, she crawled down to get to them.

As Ritchie walked past back to his dorm, he muttered about how he let that opportunity to get away. O'Callahan took advantage of his lovesickness to get him off his ass. He was going to get back at the FIB if it meant—"OOF!"

Ritchie felt his legs come together and he fell to the sidewalk. He tried to get up, but he couldn't separate his legs. He looked behind him and found out his legs were wrapped up in some… stuff. He looked around and noticed other guys were being brought down by the same stuff, too. He looked up and, "Oh my GODS!"

A monster, with the body and legs of a spider and the top half of a woman's body jumped off Van Hise Hall. His eyes widened in fear. He opened his mouth to scream, but something muffled his mouth. "Now, now," said the spider woman. She walked up and started to wrap him up in her webbing. "Ooh, I've never seen anyone like you, before! You'll be special!" Ritchie started to thrash about in the webbing. "Ooh, a fighter! Don't worry, I'll get to you!"

She let go of him and started to wrap the other men up in her webbing.

"So how'd your interview go?" Sean asked Rob on the phone. "So it went well, huh? You think they'll hire you? Yeah, I guess you'll have to wait. Don't worry. I think you'll get the job." Maria sighed in the meantime. She held her boyfriend's hands, making sure he wasn't walking into the street. She listened to him talking to Rob and—"HEY! What's you pull me like that for!?" She pointed at the events unfolding at Van Hise Hall. Sean looked and noticed the spider woman
wrapping up the guys. "Rob, I need you to get Hitomi out of school again and get her to Van Hise Hall. NOW." He hung up and called the other two on their morphers. "Get your asses to Van Hise Hall, we've got a situation."

"We have to morph now," said Maria.

"Looks like we have to," he replied. They ducked into a spot where no one could see them.

"Ready?"

"Ready!"

"GPX, START IT UP!"

Ritchie desperately tried to thrash about in the spider woman's webbing but as he was completely wrapped up save for the eyes and nose, it was very much impossible. And he was hanging from Van Hise Hall. The spider woman was still wrapping men up and apparently talking about nasty things she was going to do to them. He couldn't tell if she was going to eat them or worse.

That was when he noticed two flashes of red and yellow come out of nowhere and started to attack the spider woman. Sparks flew from her as the two streaks ran around her. When they stopped, Ritchie saw who it was. Two Power Rangers; Red and Yellow.

"What are you doing here?" Arachne asked, very unpleased with their presence.

"Doing our job?" asked Sean. The rings on their boots started to spin and they ran forward. Arachne readied herself for the two, but Sean jumped over her and ran over to the building. Arachne felt a boot to her face.

"I hate spiders!" she said. She jumped onto Arachne's back and put the spider woman in a sleeper hold. Arachne tried to throw her off. She began to twist the spider woman's neck. Then, Arachne threw herself forward. Maria almost crashed to the street, but she managed to recover and landed on her feet.

That was when two streaks of blue and green rushed in and kicked Arachne right in the torso. It was pretty good timing on their part, really. She joined up with Aaron and Kevin and the trio started going at Arachne. They had an advantage. Despite the ability for spiders to jump long distances, Arachne did not have the speed and agility needed to fight them.

She did, however, have strength.

As Aaron jumped up to kick her, she whacked him down and one of her spidery legs stepped on him. She whacked Kevin away and did the same with Maria. It was then she noticed Sean hanging on to one of her threads, trying to cut her victims down. He was successful, but he had to hang on to the guy's thread.

"Why you little—!" she scurried over to the building and started to climb. The guy whose webbing Sean was holding onto started trashing about in fear.

"HEY! Stop that!" Sean shouted. "Green, get over here!"

"On my way!" said Aaron. He ran over to the building and jumped off of Arachne. Sean dropped the guy in the webbing and Aaron managed to catch him. "Sorry about that, bruh," he said.

"Blue, Green, hold off the spider lady!" said Sean. "Yellow, cut these guys out of the webbing!"
Aaron handed the guy over to Maria. She laid the guy on the ground and cut the webbing as carefully as she could, freeing the victim. "Sorry," she said. "Now get out of here!" The victim didn't need any more pushing. He just took off.

Maria got back up and watched as Sean cut off another cocoon and grab onto the string. Then he dropped him for Maria to grab. She freed him and noticed something. "I think there's a pattern," she said.

"I think there's one too," he said.

Meanwhile, Kevin and Aaron were busy keeping Arachne in place. They had a hold of two of her legs, trying to keep the perverted spider from racing up the façade of the building and tearing Sean down. Thankfully, streaks of silver and pink attacked Arachne. Rob jumped on Arachne's back and put her in a choke hold while Hitomi raised her Am Staff up and jammed it into the abdomen of Arachne's spider body.

Arachne let out a horrible scream and in her rage, turned around to try and get at Hitomi. "YOU UGLY LITTLE BRAT!" she shouted.

"I'm not ugly!" Hitomi said with mock hurt. She dug the blade even deeper into the spider woman's abdomen, making her scream even more. Arachne grabbed Hitomi and threw her off, but Aaron caught her. Then Kevin rushed in, jumped up and punched Arachne in the face.

By now Sean had cut down four of the 5 men that Arachne had wrapped up. Maria cut off the other guy's webbing and waited for Sean to cut the other one down. He swung over to the next webbed cocoon and this time pulled out a grappling hook that he attached to the overhang and went straight to work. After swinging over to the last victim, he pulled out the grappling hook again and fastened himself to the overhang. Then he cut the guy down, grabbed his string and then dropped him for Maria. Once that was done, he jumped down and watched as Maria freed the person — Metoxen!? Oh, you gotta be kidding me, not again!

Ritchie coughed as he sat up and looked sheepishly at Sean and Maria. "Not again," he said.

"You need to stay away," Maria said in a fake (but well-done) American accent. "Get going!"

Ritchie didn't need anymore encouragement. He bolted from the scene, feeling guilty that he was trying to find out the identity of the superhero that just saved him.

Meanwhile, Rob was fighting Arachne, who was drooling over how good he must look underneath that helmet of his. "I can't wait to get that suit off of you and sink my teeth into you," she said, baring her fangs.

Rob elbowed Arachne in the gut. "I hate to hit women, but for you I'll make an exception," he said.

"Joke and laugh all you want," she said. "I am going to make you pay for taking my—AAH!"

"Aaah, SHADDAP!" Maria shouted, still pointing her blaster at Arachne. That earned a fist bump from Sean. Then the two rushed forward and kicked the spider woman in the torso.

Now filled with rage, Arachne lashed out at the Rangers. She scratched at Maria, but the Venezuelan woman jumped out of the way. This gave Rob an opportunity to escape. He elbowed Arachne in the gut and again and this time he escaped. Then he kicked her again just to rub it in.

Then Aaron jumped on her back and kicked her in the back of the head. She turned around and grabbed and tossed him into the pavement. Hitomi rushed in, swinging her Am Staff at Arachne.
The spider grabbed the staff, but Hitomi held on and then swung around to kick Arachne in the back of the abdomen, causing her to lose a bit of control over her web spinner.

Arachne turned around and snarled at Hitomi. That left her open to attack and Kevin shot the spider woman a couple of times. Then Sean rushed in and took a big swing with the GT Sword, sending sparks flying from her. Arachne then grabbed Sean and pulled her into her. "You must be so handsome," she said in a predatory manner. She gripped him tighter, making him thrash about. "I can't wait to bring you back home. We'll have so much fun—AH!" She felt the blade of a dagger cut her arm and she let go of Sean.

Maria started slashing at Arachne in an angry manner, her words punctuated by each hit. "Don't! Touch! My! BOYFRIEND!"

"I'm glad she's on our side!" said Kevin. He pulled Sean up and aimed his rifle at Arachne, letting off another couple of shots that hit Arachne.

"Alright, I've had enough of this gross creep," said Sean. "Superchar—SCATTER!" A blast from a Nasty Stick blew past them and an explosion sent pieces of asphalt into the air. Several more shots hit nearby.

Arachne looked up and saw Arquen shooting at them. She was not happy at first, but seeing the Rangers scattered gave her a new opportunity. She lashed out at the Rangers, knocking them all away with her strong arms. Then she reached for Sean and pulled him back into her. Arquen was not happy.

Meanwhile, Ritchie looked from behind the wall of the Medical Science Center. He pulled out his camera phone to try and get the picture of the Rangers' faces, but… what was the point? They'd just saved his life. It would be tantamount to treason if he did this. This was no way to thank the people who saved his life twice. Instead, he kept his eye on the action, silently cheering on the Rangers.

"Now then," she said. She opened her mouth, baring her fangs. Then she bit down and—"AAH!"

Instead of Sean screaming, she screamed, holding her mouth in pain. That made Sean sweep one of her legs out from under her and he ran away. He checked his neck where she bit and—no wound. Even the HUD was telling him that there was nothing. As Arachne thrashed about in pain, Sean saw an opportunity. "SUPERCHARGE!" he said.

"Got it!" said Kevin. The others grabbed their keys and jammied then into their weapons. Rob just pressed a button on his Silver Blaster.

"Alright! Wait until she's done!" said Sean. Arachne started to slow down, giving them the opportunity. "NOW!" They all let loose their attacks and sparks flew from Arachne. Then Sean raised his sword in the air. His blade began to fill with energy and then he swung his sword at Arachne. "GT STRIKE!"

The attack hit its mark and Arachne started to thrash about in agony. Then she fell to the side and exploded.

As he watched, Ritchie pumped his fists in excitement, quietly cheering for the Power Rangers. He watched as they left the scene, still morphed and going in different directions, thus making it impossible for him to follow them. However, he had someone to impress.

::: Power Rangers GPX ::::
General Arquen stood at attention as Commander Ragnar approached him. He gulped... hard. Ragnar stared him down, with ice in his eyes. He could feel himself sweating harder. Ragnar sniffed. He must have noticed Arquen's sweating. "Are you afraid, General Arquen?" he asked.

"No," Arquen lied.

It was clear that Ragnar did not believe him. Ragnar scoffed at Arquen. Arquen swallowed again. "Of course you are," said Ragnar. "After all, you have failed to defeat the Rangers in three total battles. You know I do not tolerate failure."

"Permission to speak freely, Commander?" Arquen asked.

Ragnar nodded. "Go ahead," he said. Arquen might as well give him his latest excuse.

"I feel we have underestimated the Power Rangers," said Arquen. Ragnar raised his eyebrow.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"After all, they did defeat the Zordonians," said Arquen. "And it is only been two monsters I have sent to defeat them. Also, our source has given us valuable information about them."

Now Ragnar was interested. "What information is that?" he asked.

"Their Red Ranger is attending the university and will be playing a human game called 'ice hockey'," said Arquen. "Our intelligence says that students who participate in such activities in human universities are incredibly busy. Perhaps once his schedule is filled up, we will be able to wear them down."

Ragnar paused for a moment. His mouth curled into a smile; an immoral smile. "I see what you are saying," he said. "The Red Ranger will be exhausted and thus more vulnerable. I apologize, Arquen. You haven't failed me at all. In fact, you have discovered a new strategy. I take back my threats. You are fortunate, Arquen." Arquen sighed in relief.

"Thank you, Commander Ragnar," said Arquen.

"You are welcome, Arquen," said Ragnar. "I apologize for being rash and hurried. A war of attrition is always the best option. Speaking of which, were you able to acquire the Red Ranger's name?"

"No," said Arquen. "The source did not divulge that information. I tried to get them to tell me, but they refused."

Ragnar scoffed. "You will have to get that information," he said.

"I intend to," said Arquen. "Whatever knowledge they have of the Power Rangers, I will extract it from them. You have my guarantee."

"Your guarantee to try is good enough," said Ragnar. "Remember, our battle with the Rangers is holy. God wills it."

The spider webbing didn't do anything to Ritchie's flute. Even if it was mainly a Lakota thing, he thought it was a good way to get this girl's attention. Said girl was sitting across from him at the Memorial Union Terrace, taking in his little impromptu concert. Of course, she wasn't the only one
being serenaded. His teammates—Sean O'Callahan included—were watching from a distance, out of his sight.

The yakukwé in question, Janet Redwater of the Six Nations Reserve in Ontario, listened to his music. He's actually pretty good, but since this is not a fanfilm, we can't really play it for you. But we can say that she's impressed with him. He may not be the best, but he only wanted to impress her.

When he finished, she applauded and smiled at him, making him blush like a dork. It was almost comical how he was acting in front of the full-blooded Mohawk tribeswoman, who was stunningly beautiful, especially to him. And that's all that matters. "That was great!" she said.

"Thanks," he said sheepishly.

"What's wrong Ritchie, are you nervous?" she asked.

"Yeah, kinda," he said. "So, shall we do this again some time?"

"Sure!" she said as she got up and slung her backpack over her shoulder. "You have my phone number, after all."

"Okay, thanks!" he said. That was when she leaned in and kissed him on the cheek, causing him to blush several more shades of red. She walked off, leaving him there with a big smiled on his face. "YES!" he cheered.

"Ay, dios mio!" he heard someone shouted. He froze as he looked over at Sean, Maria, Jimmy and Marty watching him. "Qué romantico!"

"Were you guys watching!?" he asked.

"Sorry, it was her idea," said Sean. Ritchie facepalmed, utterly embarrassed at what just happened.

"By the way O'Callahan, I'm sorry for earlier," he said.

"Eh, that's okay," said Sean.

"I'm not going to try and find out who the Red Ranger is," Ritchie said again. "After he saved my life, it'd be like stabbing him in the back."

"Damn decent of you," said Sean.

"Why, are you a Power Ranger, Sean?" asked Jimmy.

"Drop it," said Sean.

"But something's going on here," said Ritchie. The others looked at him in confusion. "For some reason, I felt like the more I was in that webbing, I was getting tired. And I wasn't even doing anything."

"That's weird," said Sean. He looked at Maria for a moment, wondering just what the hell Metoxen was talking about.

Chapter End Notes
Aaron VO: "Next time, on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Maria: "Hockey season starts next week."

Hitomi: "Gina, what do you mean?"

Gina: "Why'd you come here, Hitomi?"

Ritchie: "Are you a Power Ranger?"

Sean: "Say what?"

Ragnar: "Do not rush this. We will have our battle no matter what."

Aaron VO: "That's next time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Bit of a translation, first: "Yakukwé" is the Oneida word for "Woman". And that's your Oneida language lesson for the day.

So how was that?

The thing I want to do with Ritchie is avoid the shitty stereotypes surrounding Native Americans. He does not have magical powers—the Mystical Indian thing is also bullshit since it portrays Native Americans as "Others". Plus, there's no magic in this particular story, so that would pretty much break my rules. He's no stoic, either. He's just a guy going to college and as you can see, he's got a crush.

Speaking of which, the flute thing I've been trying to delve into. It's mostly Lakota, but with a sort of Native American Unity attitude nowadays, I think it's plausible that he'd play the flute for the girl he likes, just updated to a modern setting. For example, the dreamcatcher is actually an Ojibwe invention, but it only spread to the other nations in the 60s and 70s with the rise in Pan-Indian unity movement.

The sources I got regarding the courtship flute I tried to keep within the academic community, since there are the occasional websites who trot out bullshit about being "Native American" when they did not do the research. Those sources I had to avoid. But from what I did get, yes, some Native guys would play flutes outside their prospective girlfriend's dwelling to get their attention.

Anyways, here are my sources:


Duda, Kathryn M. "Courting on the Plains: 19th Century Lakota Style." Courting on
June 2013.

Whew! That's a lot of research just for one little passage!

So, what did you think? Was it good? Should I change anything?
Friendly Relations

Chapter Summary

Maria VO: "Last time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Ritchie: "He [the Red Ranger] sounded just like you."

Sean: "So?"

Kevin: "How'd he get suspicious?"

Sean: (Pointing at a flute Ritchie's holding) "IT'S A GIRL, ISN'T IT!"

Ritchie: "I was going to play it for her personally."

Arachne: (To a webbed-up Ritchie) "Don't worry, I'll get to you."

(The Rangers arrive and fight Arachne while rescuing her victims. Ritchie watches but doesn't do anything as the Rangers beat Arachne)

Ritchie: I'm not going to try and find out who the Red Ranger is. After he saved my life, it'd be like stabbing him in the back."

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Power Rangers GPX Supercharged, episode 7: Friendly Relations

:-:-:-: Pooow-er Rang-gers, Grand Prix, G-P-X, GO! :-:-:-:

Given that this story takes place in Wisconsin and our Red Ranger is from Chicago, it's only natural that we include a Bears-Packers game.

It's September 27, 2010. In the halls of Madison West High School, everyone is decked out in green and gold to support their other favorite football team, and that's not the one that plays here in Madison. The familiar oval "G" of the Packers could be seen everywhere, enough to make the occasional Bears fan sick to his or her stomach. Just the sight of all the green and gold is enough to make anyone sick.

But this is Wisconsin; this is the heart of Packer Country. Madison may be the capital of the State of Wisconsin, but it's not the capital of Packer Country. It would be the capital of Packer Country if the Capital wasn't Green Bay. Lambeau Field may be 2 and-a-half hours away by car, but you'd think you were in Green Bay just by the sight of the green and gold in here.

Tonight the Packers are playing in a big Monday Night Football game against… Da Bears. There was the occasional brave soul who walked into the heart of the lion's den wearing the blue and orange of the Chicago Bears. These noble warriors showed no fear as they dealt with the scorn and jeers of their Packer-supporting peers. They knew who their loyalties lie with. And you can probably tell whose loyalties the author lies with… and it's not the Packers.
Of course, this is pretty alien to our resident Japanese immigrant, Hitomi. She had barely any idea of what was going on today. Of course, she wasn't stupid or incredibly naïve. Sean was talking about this game all weekend, so she had a bit of an idea.

Still, she couldn't help but feel more like an outsider as she walked the halls of the school. She had no idea who these Rodgers and Cutler people were although she did hear Sean talking about a guy named Cutler every now and then. It's not that she's blindly naïve. It's just that Sean has consistently failed to tell her these things. She still doesn't know a whole lot about football… although that's because she's simply not interested in American football.

Still again, she felt like she was learning something just looking at everyone in their jerseys. It was a wide-eyed curiosity that's the real reason behind her questions that make her look naïve to someone who doesn't know her. And as she went into homeroom, she met up with a familiar friend.

An 18-year-old girl with dark hair and glasses looked up after Hitomi tapped her shoulder. She smiled, got up and hugged her. "Hitomi, how are you? How was your weekend?"

"It was okay," she said. "I don't have any anime news for you. Sorry, Gina."

"Oh, darn," said Gina. Hitomi sat down next to her and put her book bag next to the chair. Gina looked over at her and examined her old school uniform from Japan. It was not a sailor fuku, but a uniform with a black jacket, button-up Boise, plaid skirt and knee-high socks. Basically, the uniform for an elite private school, which she had attended prior to the whole Power Ranger adventure. Gina looked at her, a little confused. "Why do you keep wearing that?" she asked.

"Because I want to," said Hitomi. "What's wrong with that?"

"I'm sorry," said Gina. "We don't wear uniforms in school in America—"

"Well I want to wear it!" said Hitomi. Gina laughed at her friend's insistence. "And if anyone thinks I'm doing it to attract boys, they're full of it."

"I'm glad you have that attitude," said Gina. Now Gina's a smart girl, as you can probably tell by her speech patterns. "By the way, are you watching the game tonight?"

"I don't really follow that sport," said Hitomi. "But I do know someone who does."

"Oh, that's nice! Hey, why don't we find some other kids and we can go over to their house?"

"I can ask them," said Hitomi. "I'm not sure if I'll know what's going on, though. I didn't watch this game in Japan."

"So this will probably be the first football game you've watched," said Gina. Hitomi thought for a moment and then nodded. "Oh, well. I don't like football, either. But, if it's a chance to hang out, let's get some friends to come over to your friend's house?"

"Okay!" said Hitomi.

The rest of the day was spent rounding up some friends who were willing to come over to watch the game with her. They found about four other friends who had the time to come over and watch the game. Hitomi felt nice. They weren't really stereotypical anime geeks, although even athletic guys can certainly like anime. It was three boys and a girl who they were able to ask to come to visit Hitomi. They would meet at Sean's house for the game.
"So Hitomi, you don't actually live here?" Gina asked, the group walking up to Sean's house.

"No, she stays with us," said Bridget. "We're her Exchange family." Officially, Hitomi is listed as an exchange student.

So accompanying her are her four friends; Gina, Greg Schultz, a blonde football player, Ian Kohler, a dude with an unfortunate Bieber cut and a skater shirt, Pam Green, another girl with glasses and Pablo Jimenez, a Puerto Rican kid. All four of them were wearing Packer green and gold.

"So who is this guy, is he cool?" asked Greg.

"Yeah, he's pretty cool," said Hitomi, not discussing the crush she once had on Sean that she's thrown away since he's with Maria now.

"Sounds pretty crazy in there," said Ian. Indeed it did, and it sounded like there was some arguing between two people. It didn't sound like it was incredibly hostile, though. It was just elevated smack talk.

"Yeah, no duh," said Pam.

They walked up to the front porch and Rob knocked on the door while holding some bison burgers and bison brats—yes, it exists—in his other hand. "COMING!" someone called from the other door.

It was about a second before someone opened the door and—oh, dear. The number 54 plastered on a navy blue football jersey pretty much alerted them to everything that was wrong here. "Hi, I'm—oh, jeez. Hitomi, you didn't say they were Packer fans!"

"And you didn't say he was a Bears fan!" said Greg. Sean glowered at Greg while Rob and Bridget brought their kids inside.

"Whatever, come in, cheeseheads. You're Hitomi's friends, we might as well be polite," said Sean.

"Damn decent of you," Greg said as they came in.

"You do realize I can kick you out of my house, right?" asked Sean.

Inside, it was definitely ready for some football. There were chips, drinks, *hor d'oeuvres*, and another guy wearing a Bears jersey, but also a guy in a Packer jersey, too.

"Alright, let's make this quick," said Sean. "Please say your names for everyone here."

"Hi, I'm Gina Fox."

"What's up? I'm Greg Schultz."

"Ian Kohler."

"My name's Pablo Jimenez."

"And I'm Pam Green."

Everyone else introduced themselves—even Ritchie.
So with the awkwardness over, things settled down as game time approached. "Hitomi, are you gonna watch the game?" Sean asked while helping Rob and Maria prepare the bison on a stovetop grill.

"Probably," she said.

"Where'd you find them?" asked Gina.

"I was a 'supervisor' for them while they interned at our family's company," said Hitomi.

"So you kept these guys in check, huh?" she asked.

"They needed my supervision," said Hitomi. "Otherwise…"

"HAHAHAHA! I can already imagine it!"

"Of course! We run a tight ship at Miyazawa, we can't have them misbehaving!"

"Are you talking about us behind our backs?" asked Maria.

"No," Hitomi said with a coy smile. Maria didn't believe it and turned back to her discussion with Greg and Sean.

"Hitomi, why are you here?" asked Gina. Hitomi glanced at her friend.

"What?"

"Why are you here?" Gina repeated.

"To study," she said bluntly.

"No, really, why?" asked Gina. "Just a couple weeks after you appeared, so did these creatures and the Power Rangers."

"Coincidence," said Hitomi. Maria looked over at Hitomi. She could already see that Gina was getting into Hitomi's business. Judging by her lips, she was asking about the Power Rangers. The way it looked, she figured she may have to intervene at some point.

"Are you being completely honest with me?" asked Gina.

"Of course I am," said Hitomi. "I don't even know what you're talking about."

"But you were in Tokyo and Orlando when the Power Rangers were fighting those aliens!" said Gina. Maria had enough and walked over to intervene.

"Coincidence," she said bluntly. "My apologies, I'm Maria Aparicio and I've become Hitomi's best friend these past three months."

"Why are you butting in?" asked Gina.

"Gina, that's so rude!" said Hitomi.

"I'm sorry," said Gina. "It's just coincidence?"

"Honestly," said Maria. "And I'm sorry if I'm being too blunt, but since my boyfriend is playing for the hockey team and hockey season starts in a week, I'm already getting stressed out."
"Okay, I'm sorry for being harsh on Hitomi," said Gina. "But I was just—"

"Gina, I'm not even sure why you're asking this," said Hitomi. "What's the point?"

"You're right," said Gina. "I was just curious."

"Hey Maria, are you gonna watch the game or not?" asked Sean.

"Sorry, just wanted to talk to Gina!" she replied.

"Yeah, sure," said Sean. He turned to Greg, who was talking to the resident Green Bay native (in more ways than one), Ritchie. He was talking about some times he went to that cesspool known as Lambeau Field. And Greg was really into the conversation; apparently he'd never been to Lambeau Field.

"Hey Rob, has the game started yet?" he asked.

"Not yet, but they're getting close," said Rob. Sighing, Sean took a sip of his Goose Island wheat beer. There was no way in hell he was drinking a Wisconsin beer tonight. He had too much pride as a Chicagoan.

"Sean, have you ever been to Lambeau?" asked Greg.

"Once," said Sean. "I never want to go there again. It's a den of pure, unadulterated evil that must be wiped off the face of the Earth before any more damage can be caused by its pure and utter malice towards humankind. God, I hate that place."

"Oh come on, it's probably not that bad," said Greg.

"Forget about him, he's a goddamn FIB," said Ritchie. "Born and raised in Chicago."

"The place where resistance to the evils of Lambeau is based," said Sean. "FIGHT THE LAMBEAU POWER!" He raised his fist in the air as if he was a defiant protester. Rob and Marty also raised their fists in solidarity. "Lambeau Field must be cleansed of its evil. A holy man of any religion—even if they are all bullshit—must exorcise the evil spirits that lurk in that accursed place and once that is done, Lambeau will be sucked into the evil dimension where it belongs and the world will be safe once again!"

"All this over a football game," said Kevin. "Reminds me of home."

"A little hyperbolic, don't you think?" asked Ritchie.

"Eh, I was just playin' around," said Sean. "But yeah, I hate that place. I never want to go there again."

"Your friend is interesting," said Gina.

"That's one reason I love him," Maria said with a smile. "He does make me laugh."

"Whatever," said Ian. "Cuz the Pack are gonna run all over you guys tonight!"

"Keep talkin', Bieber," said Sean. "Cuz Da Bearssss are gonna with dis one fiver hunder'd to nuttin', am I right, Rob?"

"Da Bears!"
"DAAAAAA BEARSSS!"

"Man these guys are full of themselves!" said Ritchie. "Don't worry—uh, Ian, right? Sorry—because the Pack are gonna get the last laugh!"

In the end, it was the Bears fans that got the last laugh. The Bears ended up winning 20-17 thanks to 18 Packer penalties, 221 throwing yards by Jay Cutler and a field goal by Robbie Gould with 4 seconds left in the game. The Bears fans—Maria included. She had been assimilated—celebrated, singing "Bear Down, Chicago Bears" with a passionate volume.

From the perspective of the Packer fans, it was obnoxious.

"Bear Down, Chi-ca-go Bears
Make ev'ry play clear the way to vic-tor-y!
Bear Down, Chi-ca-go Bears
Put up a fight with a might so fear-less-ly!
We'll never forget the way you thrilled the naaay-shun
With your T-for-maaayy-shun!
Bear Down, Chi-ca-Bears
And let them know why you're wearing the crown!
You're the pride and joy of Il-li-nois,
Chi-ca-go Bears, Bear Down!"

"I HATE that song!" said Pablo.

"Tough luck, ya damn cheesehead!" said Marty.

"Well, that was fun," said Sean. "We should do this again some time."

"Hellz ya," said Marty. "I'll get back to my place dude." He gave Sean a bro-hug and left. Seeing it was time to go, Rob and Bridget gathered up the high school kids and led them out to their car.

"Your friends are nice Hitomi," said Gina.

"Except they're Bears fans," said Greg.

"Do you want to tell your parents why you had to walk home?" asked Bridget.

"Sorry, sorry," said Greg.

"That's better," said Bridget. "See? It's all about what buttons you push."

"Hitomi, I'm sorry about the Power Ranger thing," said Gina.

"It's okay!" said Hitomi.

"It's just that…" Gina stopped Hitomi and whispered in her ear. "It's just that two times the Power Rangers were in battles you left school."

"It's just coincidence," said Hitomi.

"Hitomi, what are you talking about?" asked Bridget, who by the way is perfectly aware of Hitomi's Ranger duties.
"Nothing!" she said. The sound you just heard was Bridget quietly laughing.

The pressure was growing on Arquen… or so you'd think. It was a war of attrition now. They would tire the Rangers out and then go for the kill. God works in mysterious ways, after all.

He looked over his battle plans. He really didn't have any intention to go after any particular sites or anything; just send out a monster, wreak havoc and the Rangers will defeat it… and is incredibly formulaic, repetitive and monotonous! He heard someone say that the definition of insanity is doing the same thing over and over again and expecting different results. How can anyone fight a battle like that?

… If they were trying to wear down their opponent, that's why.

So there is a method to this madness! Perhaps he might be overthinking this. All he needed to do was make it easy for the Rangers. Then, he'd go in for the kill.

However right now, there were no monsters ready for him to send out. Instead, he decided to summon Ragnar's flunky Floki to his office overlooking the Alfheim Citadel. The madman was nowhere to be seen, but he had a strange habit of turning up in strange places. Arquen kept poring over his plans for a moment and the looked up and—"FLOKI!"

He nearly fell out of his chair when he saw Floki hanging upside down like a bat and giggling like a madman. "Scared you, didn't I?" Floki asked, and then jumped off the ceiling.

"Do not do that again!" said Arquen.

"But it's fun!" said Floki. "Now why'd you call me in, huh?"

"I need you to attack the Rangers; no major destruction, just enough to keep them on edge."

"That's no fun!" said Floki.

"The Red Ranger's 'ice hockey' season starts next week," said Arquen. "In time, he will be exhausted from his activity and weakened. Then, we will be more aggressive."

"That's not very fun," said Floki.

"I wasn't asking for your opinion," said Arquen. "I am in charge of this campaign and Commander Ragnar has ordered that everyone—including you—obey my orders, understand? Now take some Suitroops with you and wreak havoc upon the human city. And that is an order!"

"Fine," said Floki.

"Respond to me correctly," said Arquen, "Or I will inform General Arquen you are disobeying a direct order from him."

Floki gulped. "Yes, sir!" he said.

"Good," said Arquen. "Now leave!"

As the sun was coming down, Hitomi and Gina walked along a sidewalk near the UW campus. The two were in heated discussion about whether Neon Genesis Evangelion is the masterpiece it's
reputed to be (in the author's opinion, it fails miserably on so many levels it's not even worth calling it a decent anime). Hitomi took the masses' side while Gina took the side of the author. "... And because of his refusal to actually accept that many of his problems are of his own doing and instead wallows in destructive self-pity and self-loathing, Shinji is more than capable of being one of the worst heroes or protagonists in all of anime!"

"But that's why he's a good character!" said Hitomi. "We've grown up with capable characters that have personal issues who act like they're nothing. Eventually, there's going to be a character whose issues are in the forefront, and Shinji is him."

"Except since then, there have been characters who have those issues, but they deal with them in a more constructive manner, like Edward Elric," said Gina.

"But Shinji is meant to deconstruct those heroes," said Hitomi. "He only pilots the Eva for everyone else's approval, not because he wants to. He's a very flawed and complex character, one who cannot be pinned down by that particular criticism."

"Even then, he tends to rub people the wrong way," said Gina. "A character that has those issues should have some likable tendencies. If Shinji perhaps showed more noticeable character development, e.g. coming out of his shell a little more and even asking for help, he'd become a better character."

"What are you girls talking about?" A voice asked from behind. They turned around to see Sean, Ritchie and Marty coming towards them. Just came back from a little get-together at the Memorial Union.

"Oh, hello Sean," said Hitomi. "We were just discussing Evangelion."

"Ugh, I hate that show," said Sean. "You know, Shinji could have been less of a whiny bitch and more likable if he recognized the stakes behind his situation. He didn't have to like it! I would have taken the same approach if I was a Power Ranger."

"Why, are you a Power Ranger?" Ritchie asked with a trollface.

"Drop it Metoxen," Sean muttered.

"He has a point," said Gina. "I don't know if that's good enough for you, though."

"Except it doesn't fit within the deconstruction that is Evangelion," said Hitomi. "If anything Sean, you sound more like Asuka."

"Except I don't have debilitating mommy issues and an incredible ego," said Sean.

"O'Callahan, are you a Power Ranger?" Ritchie asked again.

"I said drop it!" Sean growled.

"I think it'd be pretty cool if he was a Power Ranger," said Marty. Sean growled and groaned, thinking that perhaps he should just keep his mouth shut.

The conversation ended when they heard a "BANG" coming from campus. "Fuck this, I'm outta here!" Ritchie shouted, unwilling to be a victim again. Marty called after him and also ran away.

"I think I should be going, too!" Gina said, also taking off. Sean shrugged and ran towards the source of the explosion with Hitomi not too far behind.
"Everyone, get your ass out here!" he said into his communicator. "Looks like it's Bascom Hill!"

The sense of urgency picked up immediately. The two bolted for the hill while people bolted away. 'Tis the nature of Power Ranger battles.

Being faster, Sean broke away from Hitomi and raced up the slope. With no one around, he jammed the key into his morpher. Hitomi could see the red flash of light at the base of the hill and also morphed.

As Sean ran up the hill, he encountered a Suitroop for the first time in weeks and immediately punched it right in the face. He leapt over the falling Suitroop and then kicked the next one in the solar plexus (if they had one). Summoning his GT Sword and grabbing his Grand Prix Saber, Sean blocked a Nasty Stick and then drove the blade of the GT Sword into his attacker. To finish it off he spun around and took out the host of Suitroops. Then he delivered a powerful reverse roundhouse kick.

He watched Hitomi fly over him and then start to tear into the Suitroops. Her actions were fast and gymnastic, making the Suitroops look like morons. She landed on her hands and started to twirl like a top, kicking the Suitroops that were gathering around. She got back on her feet and then flipped over backwards when a Suitroop rushed in. When she landed, she blocked and punched the Suitroop.

Floki had noticed the two by now and smirked. From his perch atop Abe's head, he could see them making quick work of the Suitroops. Instead of panicking, he reached for his Nasty Stick and pointed it at the Rangers. The gem in the Nasty Stick began to light up. A shot of blue energy flew out of the stick, heading right for Sean.

He could hear the energy coming. He turned around and flipped out of the way. The blast of energy flew past and then landed into the green near the base of the hill, sending debris flying. Students and staff members who'd been walking by suddenly ducked and ran for cover, unwilling to be victims of a Power Ranger battle.

After seeing the cloud of smoke rise up, Sean looked back at the Honest Abe statue. It seemed like Hitomi had the idea first because a flash of pink sped right past him up the hill towards Floki.

An arrow flew past Floki's face. He could hear the sound of the arrow cutting through the air and it made him jump off Abe's statue. A couple more arrows flew past Floki and he aimed his Nasty Stick at Hitomi. Another blast sent the dirt and grass flying, but it missed Hitomi and she jumped in the air. It's seriously much cooler than most Kalishsplosions.

Propelled by the shockwaves, Hitomi stuck her leg out and kicked Floki right in the chest, which sent him tumbling backwards and colliding with the base of Honest Abe's statue.

Just down the hill, Sean continued his battle with the Suitroops. The only time he fought them was that time near the State Capitol, so this was like fighting the Swabots for the first time. They were, however, faster and better fighters than the Swabots. He blocked the Nasty Sticks from the Suitroops. He thrust his GT Sword to counter and stabbed an opposing Suitroop. Then he turned his GP Saber back into an Octane Blaster and started shooting.

But he did not notice the Suitroops coming up behind him. As he was shooting, her turned around and noticed the blue glow of a Nasty Stick pointed right at him. His eyes widened in realization.

However, in that split second, he noticed the Nasty Stick being smacked out of the Suitroop's hand and over towards South Hall. Then an arm punched the Suitroop in the head, prompting him to sigh.
in relief. "What the hell took you so long, Kevin?"

"I had to get here!" he replied. Then they heard the sound of Aaron smashing several Suitroops. "Rob can't come, he's busy."

"Damn!" said Sean. "Alright, let's—" he was cut off when a Suitroop rushed in. "GET TO WORK!"

In his dazed state Floki was unaware of another pair of boots that were standing over him. "For an elf, you sure are a bad fighter," said the person. Floki recovered and looked up at Maria, who was standing over him and giving Hitomi a triumphant fist bump. Floki recovered quickly and jumped back up. Maria and Hitomi grabbed their Octane Blasters and converted them into their Grand Prix Sabers.

Furiously, but not desperately, Floki went after the girls. His Nasty Stick clashed with their sabers. They had an opening, so they kicked him right in the gut. Again his back collided with the base of Abe's statue. Out of frustration, he grabbed a ball from his jacket.

"What is that?" asked Maria.

Floki didn't answer. He simply tossed the ball over her and Hitomi at the guys, who were still engaged with the Suitroops. The ball landed in one of the craters that had been made by the guys.

Suddenly, more Suitroops teleported onto the slope. They were sleeker than the usual Suitroops, though. They even carried Nasty Sticks. While the Rangers were distracted, Floki snapped his fingers. "Activate!" Red lights in the visors turned on. They looked up, making the guys flinch ever-so-slightly. "Get them!"

Immediately it became clear these Suitroops were fast. This made it much more difficult. The Suitroops sped past the guys and sparks erupted from the guys' suits. They got back up and immediately started to fight back.

Sean started to tear through the upgraded Suitroops, twirling with his swords. He jumped off a wall and stuck his blade through a Suitroop, then pointed his blaster at the Suitroop and pulled the trigger. When he pulled his blade out, he got into a small sword fight with another Suitroop. Sean danced around the advanced robot, his feet flying over the sidewalk and grass, his swords clashing with the Nasty Stick.

At the same time, Kevin had been put to work against the Suitroops. He smashed the helmet of one that came near him and kicked another one. He blocked a punch and then got into a scrum with the same Suitroop. He threw a punch that the Suitroops blocked. The Suitroop punched back, but Kevin spun around and delivered a powerful reverse roundhouse kick that brought the Suitroop down.

Across the quad, Aaron was jumping off of North Hall, confusing the hell out of the Suitroops. The upgraded Suitroops, on the other hand, well… one jumped up in the air and kicked at Aaron. Aaron, however, blocked the kick right as it was getting to him and he kept his foot extended to kick the Suitroop in the chest. When he landed, he kicked a Suitroop in the head, just to make sure it was the same one.

On the other side of the quad, Aaron was putting his acrobatic Parkour skills to good use. Jumping around the trees and North Hall, he made the surprisingly acrobatic Suitroops look like morons. He flipped out of the tree that he was in and landed feet-first into a Suitroop. He kicked at a Suitroop. The Suitroop blocked the attack, but he punched the Suitroop right in the head to finish it off.
When he finished off his troop of Suitroops, he ran back over to Sean and Kevin, who'd teamed up to take down more of the Suitroops. As he rushed in, he kicked a waiting Suitroop over to Kevin, who punched the Suitroop's head clear off. Kevin did the same for Sean but instead, the Red Ranger cut his Suitroop opponent's head off. "Top of the hill, let's go!" said Sean. However, several Suitroops got in their way, preventing them from climbing the slope.

At the top, Hitomi and Maria were still locked in battle with the speedy Floki. One second Floki would be in one spot, then the next he'd be in another. Maria and Hitomi flailed about, trying to stop him. His giggling only added to their irritation. Hitomi kicked at a random spot, but Floki appeared only a second later after she'd retracted her foot. Maria grabbed for his tongue to try and get him to stop sticking it out at them, but before she could react, he was right behind her and kicked her to the ground.

"Heehehe!" he giggled. Just then, a couple of blaster shots flew past him. Distracted, he looked over at Kevin pointing his blaster at him. He raised his Nasty Stick up to shoot, but in that split second, Maria and Hitomi had already landed blows on him that knocked him to the grass. Maria saluted Kevin in thanks for his help. No time for pride, here.

Being an Elf, Floki got back up pretty quickly and started to run circles—literally—around Maria and Hitomi. Sparks erupted from their suits and they groaned in pain while he ran around. Unable to tell where he was, Hitomi kicked at a spot in the air that thanks to excellent timing, landed on Floki.

The nutty elf growled at Hitomi. Suddenly, his eyes widened in fear. Maria and Hitomi looked behind them to see the blast of a Nasty Stick coming right at them. Instinctively, they jumped out of the way, right as it hit Floki, sending him flying.

"What the hell!?" Sean finished twisting the neck of a Suitroop to see a blue-colored explosion coming from the top of Bascom Hill. Then, the Suitroops suddenly disappeared. Recognizing what just happened, the guys sprinted up to the top of the hill, where Maria and Hitomi were pointing off to the south where the direction of the blast came from.

"What just happened?" asked Aaron.

"I'm not sure!" said Sean.

They followed the girls to a spot in the vicinity of South & Birge Halls and the Law School building, where the blast came from. However, there was nobody around. There was, however, "Over here!" said Hitomi. She pointed to something underneath the trees. Sean picked it up and looked it over.

"One of the enemy's sticks," said Sean. "I'm not sure if SWORD can look over it, though." It was broken in two and the blue gem was smashed.

"How did it get over here?" asked Maria.

"I think it must have come from the battle site," said Sean. "Kevin, didn't you kick a stick to the south?"

"I believe I did," said Kevin.

"Someone must have gotten a hold of it and decided to use it," said Sean. "He must have been a hell of a shot, though!"

"How could anyone besides an elf use it?" asked Maria.
"That button on the shaft doesn't look like it's for sheathing," said Sean. "Apparently, even sufficiently advanced technology is simple to use!"

"We should send it to SWORD, anyway," said Aaron. "We can get something from them."

"Good idea," said Sean. "Nothing wrong with being sure, after all."

They had no idea they were being watched.

:-:-:-: PRGPX :-:-:-:

Chapter End Notes

Hitomi VO: "Next time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Maria: "First hockey practice of the year."

Maelstrom: "This should be fun."

Ragnar: "Is your plan in place?"

Aaron: "So are you—"

Sean: "Busy with a bunch of shit?"

Doctor: "I have some bad news."

Hitomi VO: "That's next time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

So how was that?

I hope this is satisfying, especially since it shows some character development on Hitomi's behalf. I ran into the problem of potentially turning her into a two-dimensional character and emphasizing her naïvite too much. Really, she's an intelligent young woman.

Also, I tried to improve my prose, which may or may not have contributed to the delays. Also, just to make this clear, I am a Bears fan.

Anyways, tell me what you think! Is the prose good? Is there room for improvement? Come on, everyone! I know you want to review, so go ahead! There's no repercussion in doing so! Let's get some first-time reviewers in here! The button's right down there!
Rink and Roof Rats

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Arquen: "The Red Ranger's 'ice hockey' season starts next week. In time, he will be exhausted from his activity and weakened. Then, we will be more aggressive."

Gina: "It's just that two times the Power Rangers were in battles you left school."

(The Rangers fight Floki on the slope of Bascom Hill. Floki is literally running circles around Maria and Hitomi when a blast from a Nasty Stick hits him and forces him to retreat.)

Sean: (Examining a Nasty Stick that was left behind) "Apparently, even sufficiently advanced technology is simple to use!"

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Power Rangers GPX Supercharged, episode 8: Rink and Roof Rats

:-:--:-: We're the best chance for humanity, Power Rangers G-P-X, let's go! :-:--:-:

Random House Kernerman Webster's College Dictionary defines the term "rink rat" as Canadian slang for "a young person who is fond of hockey, esp. one who performs unpaid, part-time tasks at a hockey rink."

In a way, that's the way to describe most people who play organized hockey in the NCAA. However, that's a bit of a stretch, since when the dictionary says "unpaid, part-time" tasks, they don't mean a full-time college hockey player, just someone who does chores or odd-jobs like cleaning the ice in exchange for free ice time.

In a way, Sean does fit the term for a rink rat. When he was a kid, he'd spend much of his Saturdays playing by himself on the ice while performing a few odd-jobs for a local rink. It was bad enough that his moms—yes, you read that correctly, moms as in, lesbians—made him stop and signed him up for a real team.

The Badger hockey team is obviously a real team and a culmination of Sean's efforts to become the best hockey player he could be. And it was only a few days before he'd get his chance to step out onto the ice for the Badgers, albeit in Milwaukee.
However, right now, the Badgers were holding a practice. Sean was one of the forwards for the team, so he was working with several lines. However, there wasn't a set line on the team yet, since they were just working out the kinks. Still, he preferred to work with Jimmy on the left wing and Ritchie on the right with Sean as the center.

He'd been working out so much that he skated over to the bench where he grabbed the water bottle labeled "S. O'Callahan". He squirted some sports drink into his mouth. It hit his parched throat and it felt so good going down. With a sigh, he placed it back on the bench and skated over center ice to continue working with his linemates.

Sean skated around the ice with Jimmy at center and Ritchie at right wing. The trio passed the puck around for a while, weaving around the ice. Their work continued until Coach Grainger checked his watch and blew his whistle, ending the practice. "Alright, everyone gather 'round!"

The players gathered around Coach Grainger as he spoke. "Alright, good work today boys. We've got a bit of a short week, but I think we'll be ready for this weekend. Alright, you're dismissed, hit the showers!"

The players skated off the ice. Sean followed suit, picking up some of the pucks and handing them to the equipment manager as he soon skated off.

Several minutes later, he walked out of the Bob Johnson Hockey Facility with his bag slung over his Badger hoodie. Fall was in full swing by now, as it was the first full week of October. Wisconsin Falls were always interesting, and he'd occasionally come up to Wisconsin with his family to see the sights.

"Hey, great practice Sean," Jimmy said as he walked up to him.

"Thanks," said Sean. "So I still haven't gotten why Grainger named you captain."

"Why, did you want to be?" asked Jimmy. "I was here last year while you were putzing around with the UIC club team, for cryin' out loud."

"I know, I know!" said Sean. "I'll take the 'A', though."

"Yeah, at least Grainger likes you enough to make you assistant," said Jimmy, "And to have the captain and the assistant on the same line?"

"Grainger must really like me," said Sean. "You need a ride back?"

"No, I'm fine," said Jimmy. "See you later, okay?"

"Okay," said Sean. "I think I'll be fine at winger, though."

"That's good to hear," Jimmy said as he walked away.

A scoff escaped Sean's lips, but not a hostile one. He decided it was time to leave so he opened his car door and got inside.

One 30-minute car ride later he arrived back at his house. As soon as he stepped out of the car he could feel the burn in his legs that he always got after a tough hockey practice. This time, however, it's not as bad as it usually is. It was just a practice, after all. Still, he should have soaked in ice cold water before he left.

Maria, meanwhile, was having some fun with the karaoke, which made his face droop as soon as
he came in. She was singing "Cielito Lindo", or "That Mariachi Song you've Heard but Because You Suck at Spanish and Thus at Life, You Don't Know the Words", which goes like this, since you've probably heard the song but the lyrics escape you:

"Ay, ay, ay, ay,
Canta y no llores,
Porque cantando se alegran,
cielito lindo, los corazo—

"Sean, what are you doing? I like being hugged from the back, but not right now."

"No way," he said, only tightening his grip. "I just got away from a bunch o' smelly hockey players, you smell too nice to resist, babe."

"I'm flattered," she said sarcastically. "The first hockey practice of the year was on Saturday and you're already sick of it?"

"Not really," he said. "I just haven't smelled that in months."

"Unfortunately for me, I'll have to smell it," she said. "Now please let go."

"But I don't wanna let go!" he whined, "And why were you singing a Mexican song?"

"Because I like it," she said. "And in case you forgot, mi abuela es de México. Now let go of me." She didn't wait for his response. She grabbed his arms and tore him off of her.

"Ah, you're no fun anymore," said Sean. Frustrated, he picked up his hockey bag and walked over to the staircase. In a distracted moment, he stepped on the step wrong and slipped. His reflexes kicked in and he grabbed the banister, letting out a sigh of relief.

"What happened?" she asked.

"Almost slipped," he said. "I'm okay, though." Maria shrugged and Sean walked back up the stairs to his room. She started to feel bad for him, but only a little bit. She sighed, deciding on a whim to go upstairs and knock on his door. "Yes?" He asked before she grabbed him and laid her lips on his. He returned it with gusto before she broke the kiss.

"By the way, ask me or wait until I'm in the mood to hug me from behind," she said. "By the way, Maelstrom called. He wants an update."

"Damn," said Sean. "Why does Maelstrom want an update now?"

"Why don't you find out?" she asked before noticing he'd already pulled out his laptop and started to bring up Maelstrom on Skype.

Within five minutes Tom Maelstrom, the director of the Rangers' employer, the Strategic Worldwide Organization of Reconnaissance and Defense, appeared in his Samuel L. Jackson-look-a-like glory. "What took you?" he asked.

"Hockey practice," said Sean.

"Oh yes, hockey season's started," said Maelstrom. "This should be fun."

"Now that I've given you an update on our activities," said Sean, "Can you please give us some updates on your side of the screen?"
"Fair enough," said Maelstrom. "Regarding that Elvish weapon you sent us, we found out one way it works."

"How?" asked Maria.

"That button on the shaft," he said. "Other than that, the gem that appears to power it has no known origin on Earth. Not only that, we're still trying to figure out the circuitry. It seems we've stumbled upon a real life example of Clarke's Third Law in action."

"Damn!" said Sean. "Yeah, go ahead and make our job harder, we don't mind."

"Sarcasm won't get you anywhere," said Maelstrom. "We also can't find the location it came from."

"So SWORD can analyze alien tech but elf tech is impossible? Earth's protectors, ladies and gentlemen," Maria said as if to defy Maelstrom's warning.

"We're done here," said Maelstrom. The screen went blank much to Sean and Maria's annoyance.

"Think we went a little overboard?" said Sean.

"But it was fun!" said Maria.

 Elves live longer than humans. The average Elf life span can be from 100 to 175 years. Their recorded history dates back centuries before the rise of the Sumerians. Their conflict against the Zordonians is in that little gap between the last ice age and the first major human civilizations. An Elf can wait a long time for things to get done. In other words, they are a patient bunch and they have good reason to be.

Even Ragnar the Terrible, who has been established as somewhat impatient, can be patient, so long as the job is getting done. Arquen had reason to be confident and relieved, even if his fight with the Rangers was not unfolding as he wished it would be. Indeed, Ragnar was unaware that aside from his plans to tire the Rangers out, he had no real strategy. This is not a battle with a regular army; it's more of a part-time battle.

His plans were scattered over his desk in disarray. Several plans were crossed out, as if they were complete and utter failures before they could get off the page. A few more were balled up and tossed about.

**Knock knock knock!**

Arquen nearly fell out of his chair, his boots sliding off the desk and sending more ideas scattered across the floor. "Come in!" he called out.

The door opened and Arquen's eyes widened. He jumped out of his chair and stood at attention, saluting Commander Ragnar. "Commander Ragnar! What a surprise!" he said.

Ragnar nodded whilst examining Arquen's plans. "Is your plan in place yet?"

Arquen would have asked if it was a rhetorical question, but he answered, "No, Commander."

"You need to find a plan and soon, Arquen," said Ragnar. He tossed some papers Arquen's way, which made the Elven general scrambling to pick them up. "We are nowhere near defeating the
Rangers. And just recently, Floki lost one of his energy staffs."

"Yes, well, the humans are not likely to discover how it works," said Arquen, "Or where it came from."

"That is true," said Ragnar. "Those foul humans wouldn't know technology if it was staring them in their face. Those disease-ridden flesh bags—"

"Commander?" Arquen interrupted. "My apologies. Perhaps once his 'ice hockey' season begins we can be fore aggressive with the Red Ranger."

"You already proposed that plan," said Ragnar. "I need a new one."

"Yes, Commander," said Arquen.

"This battle with the Rangers must be won," said Ragnar. "God wills it."

"I understand," said Arquen.

"And if you do not succeed soon, I will have Floki and her join you." Arquen took in a sharp breath.

"I have a small, simple plan for now," he said.

:-:-:-: Power Rangers GPX :-:-:-:

"You look like a lion," Aaron said in his distinctive accent while looking at Sean, who was spread out on the couch, on his stomach. AJ (forget about him?) was curled up at his feet on the other side of the couch.

"Is that good?" asked Sean.

"Not really," said Aaron. "You know why I'm not afraid of lions?"

"Whyzat?" asked Sean.

"Because they are lazy," said Aaron. "And you look like a lion."

"Ha, ha, very funny," said Sean. "You won't say that if you found out what I was doing."

"Like what?" asked Aaron.

"Well, let's see here; I have to get up early in the morning, then I have to haul ass to class—huh, that rhymed—then I have to get to hockey practice all the way on the other side of town and then I have to come back and do some homework. Not only that, I'll be spending the weekend in Milwaukee with the team. You, on the other hand, are the lion."

"So are you—"

"Busy with a buncha shit? Oh, yeah," he said. "I need my rest. And if I look like a lion, ROAR!"

AJ's head perked up for a moment and then lay back down on the couch. "Some hunter he is, eh?"

"When did you start using 'eh'?" asked Aaron.

"Probably cuz I've been spending more time with Jimmy, eh?" said Sean. Sean laughed in a troll-like manner. Aaron didn't find it very amusing, though.
"Aaron, let him rest," said Kevin. "We'll be—Hm?" He looked at the TV and noticed the signal was starting to fade in and out. "What's going on?"

"I dunno," said Sean. "Looks like someone might be trying to hijack the signal."

Beep, beep, bee-bee-beep, beep-beep! Whatever it was, it must have been important. "Go ahead," said Sean.

"We've traced the signal. It's coming from somewhere downtown, not the transmitter tower."

"Downtown?" said Sean. "Then why—"

"They must be using some sophisticated technology, like that weapon you sent."

"Must be trying to hack the signal," said Sean. "Call the girls, let's get going!"

"Roger!"

There was no use for a monster in this situation. A monster simply draws attention. Only a few engineers were here on this building in downtown Madison. They didn't bother to find the name. Their duty was to perform their duty and leave as soon as possible. Ragnar and Arquen would take care of the rest. They'd set up some equipment on the rooftop. They were searching for frequencies. "Are you finished yet?"

"Soon," said the subordinate. "We will have this set up for Commander Ragnar."

"Just be on your guard," said their leader. "The Rangers might find out—" In the corner of his eye, he wished he had not just said that. But he was correct. He could see streaks of colors running down the lighted streets of Madison, nudging people out of their way. "Prepare your energy staffs," he said. "They've come!"

"Colonel Tiris, have you any updates?" Arquen asked from afar.

"The Rangers have arrived," said Colonel Tiris. "What are your orders?"

He could hear Arquen groan in the background. He had no intention of alerting the citizens of Madison to their activities. But the Rangers had already arrived, and would without a doubt, attack their operation. It was a no-win situation. "Orders, sir? Oh, no!" He found himself face-to-face with his worst nightmare; the Red Ranger, who was standing tall on the edge of the roof.

Fear swept through the Elves. The Red Ranger's black visor, with an almost inhuman appearance, glowered at them. They moved back, hoping to get away from him. His fingers flexed, itching to get their hands on any one of them. They'd never seen him before in real life. Just being in the presence of a Power Ranger was frightening in of itself.

"Hi, there," Sean said. He didn't even bother to take the stairs. He'd jumped the entire height of the building. Of course, the building, the Best Western Plus Inn, wasn't that tall to begin with. Soon, the other Rangers had jumped up onto the roof. "Watcha doin'?"

"Tiris, what is it?" Arquen said. Now Tiris could hear him.

"It's the Power Rangers!" he said.

In a panic, one of the subordinates fired his energy staff. The Rangers jumped out of the way and
landed on the roof again, looking to attack the Elves. "You know, I was hoping we could settle this peacefully, but—sorry!" He punched at Tiris while the Rangers got to work.

Of course, with Arquen hearing everything on the other side, he sprung into action as well. It was then that a platoon of Suitroops had teleported onto the roof. Cue the groans from the Rangers and sighs from the Elves. The Suitroops stopped and then sprung into action. They pushed the Rangers away from the equipment, allowing the Elves to continue their work. "What are you doing, Tiris? Get out of there, now!"

"We must complete the mission!" said Tiris. "We are almost ready!"

Sean blocked the punch from a Suitroop. He strained the push it away, and then punched it right in the chest. Another one reached from behind and grabbed his shoulders and tried to pull him away. He fought against the Suitroop's attempts, kicking at its feet and then finally kicking his heel into its shin. When he was freed he delivered a powerful side kick to its head.

Kevin thought about tossing a Suitroop over the side, but on second thought, it was not a good idea. Instead, he broke its mechanical spine on his knee and then smashed its head. He turned around to see one rushing at him with its sword and he spun around, delivering a powerful reverse roundhouse kick that completely and totally destroyed its head.

Parkour and freerunning are meant for rooftops; at least that's how Aaron thought of it. Jumping around the roof, he kept the Suitroops at bay and kept going for the equipment the Elves were setting up. Still, the Suitroops would gang up on him and drag him away. Out of frustration, he kicked one in the shin and then tossed it in front to stomp on its chest.

Maria wrestled with a Suitroop while trying to stay away from the edge of the roof. She pushed it towards the center, and then pushed it away. She delivered a roundhouse kick to the Suitroop, which knocked it down. Another one grabbed it from behind, but she grabbed its arm. She twisted around and tossed it to the roof. It smashed into several pieces.

Hitomi's leg blocked the Suitroop's sword, spun around and knocked the Suitroop back. It was caught by its fellow Suitroops, who threw it back at her. It lunged and she jumped over it, kicking it to the roof. Another Suitroop rushed her. And while she was still in the middle of the kick, she wound up and delivered a powerful (for her size) kick to its chest.

Rob—what, did you think I forgot him?—grasped the necks of the two Suitroops that rushed him. He smashed their heads together and when a third one came near him, he punched the Suitroop in the chest. As his fist plowed through the Suitroop, he noticed the Elves were still setting up their equipment. He could hear the leader shouting, but he couldn't understand.

"Arquen, we are almost ready!" said Tiris. "I will not retreat!"

"THAT IS AN ORDER!" Arquen shouted on the other end.

"Just a little longer," said Tiris. He looked behind him. His eyes widened and pupils dilated once he saw the carnage unfolding.

The Rangers were getting closer. They'd made quick work of the Suitroops by now. "Requesting back-up!" he said.

"TELEPORT AWAY!" Arquen called. "NOW!"

"Yes, sir!" he shouted. Immediately he pulled out a teleportation device. It was small, but it could make the entire contingent teleport away to Alfheim.
The HUD in Rob's helmet began to beep. He looked over at the leader of the Elf contingent and saw the device in their hands. He summoned the Silver Blaster out of reflex and took aim. A quick pull of the trigger and he shot the device out of the Elf's hands.

"NO!" Tiris screamed while the remains of the teleportation device spilled out. In a panic, he grabbed the contents to keep it out of the hands of the humans. "Arquen, we cannot teleport away. The humans shot the teleporter."

He could hear Arquen growling on the other end. This was not how he wanted things to go. "I will send a commander Suitroop. Stand by."

In the meantime, "Hold off the Rangers! Concentrate your fire on them!"

"What the hell are they talking about?" said Sean. He ducked under the blast of a Nasty Stick in the meantime. He also noticed their leader was still tinkering with the equipment. Whatever it was, it was not good. He pulled out his Octane Blaster and took aim.

But that window of opportunity closed as quickly as it opened. One of the Elves noticed Sean was about to pull the trigger. Holding his energy staff up like a rifle, he let off a blast at Sean. His HUD beeped in alarm and he had to bend over backwards, nearly falling off the edge of the roof. "Oh geez, that's bad," said Sean.

As Rob finished off his Suitroop, his HUD started to beep as well. INCOMING ENEMIES, it read. Several new, sleeker Suitroops materialized on the rooftop. Another one, the leader, made several threatening gestures.

In that fraction of a second, he was reminded of his tours in Iraq and Afghanistan with the Marines. An image of Taliban and Iraqi insurgents flashed in his mind. But he had to forget about it... for now. "SEA—I mean, RED!"

Sean turned around to see the newly-arrived enemies. "Ah, fuck," he said. "HEY! Silver, Blue, Pink, take out those newcomers! Yellow and Green, you're with me!"

"GOT IT!"

The battle plan was put into action. Sean, Aaron and Maria went straight for the Elves with the equipment. As the Elves did not have a chance to escape yet, they also sprung into action. Their energy staffs connected with the Rangers' weapons. Smaller blasts erupted from the Elves' energy staffs which made the Rangers jump backwards to avoid them.

A grunt from Aaron was enough to alert the Elves to their success. They unleashed a barrage of smaller blasts from their energy staffs. While several of them hit the Suitroops, it was enough to keep the Rangers back.

The others had to duck when the blasts came by. However, the new Suitroops rushed them to keep them at bay. Kevin and Rob stopped them in their tracks, holding them as best they could. Then Hitomi jumped on their shoulders and flipped over the upgraded Suitroops. When she landed, she kicked the leader Suitroop where the solar plexus would be.

With a mighty roar, Kevin and Rob gathered up their energy and pushed the Suitroops back. Now that they didn't have anything to storm, the Suitroops turned to the Rangers. Immediately, Kevin and Rob started fighting them off as best they could. Things got a little hairy when Rob threw a kick at a Suitroop that almost hit Kevin.

However instead of flipping his shit and making the situation potentially worse, Kevin said,
"Please be careful, you almost hit me, Rob!"

"Sorry, Kevin!" said Rob.

At the same time, Hitomi had the lead Suitroop evenly matched. She threw kicks and punches at the Suitroop, making it go backwards. It stopped when it almost reached the edge of the roof. It first energy blasts from its eyes at Hitomi, but she flipped and cart-wheeled out of the way as explosions erupted around her.

Her fellow Rangers caught her and on her request, tossed her back to the lead Suitroop. She extended her foot and knocked it to the ground as Kevin and Rob were right behind.

"We need some covering fire!" said Sean.

"Understood," said Aaron. He changed his GP Saber back into the blaster and let off several shots at the Elves. They redirected their fire at him. Now it was their chance.

"Yellow, GO!" said Sean.

Maria didn't need anymore orders. She grabbed her Octane Blaster and then rushed forward. As the crossfire raged, she jumped around the Elves, knocking them to the side as she ran for the equipment.

"STOP HER!" Tiris shouted.

But it was too late.

She aimed her blaster at the equipment and pulled the trigger. A symphony and cacophony of sparks erupted and the equipment burst into flames. The Elves had to hurry to put out the flames—and so did Maria!

Once the fire was out, the Elves turned on Maria. It was expected from her, though. She jumped back immediately while Sean and Aaron moved in to help.

Rob blocked, punched, and kicked at the lead Suitroop. Hitomi rushed up and jumped on Rob's shoulders to deliver a kick to the Suitroop's head. Kevin shot the Suitroop a couple times, which made it turn towards him. However Rob shot the Suitroop. All three surrounded the Suitroop.

"We need to end this," said Kevin. "Supercharge!" They jammed their AcceleKeys into their weapons. Rob and Kevin took aim and fired a volley at the Suitroop. Hitomi raised her Am Staff and then stormed the Suitroop, thrusting it at the Suitroop.

However, it grabbed her staff and pushed the blade away. The Supercharge dissipated in that moment. Hitomi groaned and swung the staff at it. However, it blocked the attack as well and then punched her—hard. This did not sit well with Rob. He aimed his Blaster and shot the Suitroop.

With the Suitroop throwing sparks all around, Hitomi had her opportunity. She jammed the AcceleKey back into the Am Staff and thrust it at the Suitroop. The Suitroop tried to grab the staff, but Kevin and Rob grabbed its arms and immobilized it. A simple gesture of thanks was enough before Hitomi thrust her Staff into the Suitroop.

Now there was no way for it to escape. It shuddered as is circuitry fried and slumped over.

Sean, meanwhile, was struggling with Tiris. The Elven colonel had him in a headlock. Elves may not look like much, but they are very strong and Sean had his hands full. Maria and Aaron were
still fighting off the Elves in the distance. In an act of desperation, Sean stomped on Tiris's feet.

The Elf shouted an obscenity and threw a punch at Sean. Sean dodged the punch, but something was wrong. He and Tiris fell over the edge of the roof. For the others, time seemed to slow down in that moment. They were helpless to do anything to help their comrades in that moment, but their fears were dashed.

Sean managed to grab onto the edge of the building with one hand, while Tiris was able to hold on more easily. He kicked at Sean, which made Sean pushed at his face. "Yellow, Green, help me out here!" Aaron and Maria rushed over to help, but the Elves got in the way. Meanwhile, Hitomi, Kevin and Rob also ran to the rescue.

As Tiris climbed up, he hit the butt of his staff on Sean's hand; HARD. Sean shouted in pain and ended up losing his grip as Maria rushed to save him.

But Sean did not tumble helplessly. Instead, he grabbed at the façade of the building. Small little dents where his fingers dug in where left as he fell. Eventually, he managed to grab onto a window sill and came face-to-face with a very surprised businessman. "HEY! Help me!" he said.

"Let's get down there!" Kevin shouted, directing the others towards the stairwell. With a window of opportunity, Arquen teleported the Elves away.

The businessman got up from his chair and tried to reach Sean, but he slipped before he could get there. But now it wasn't too much of a problem. He could survive this fall and his suit would cushion him. He simply let himself fall the next 20 feet.

But even with the strength of the suit, something went wrong. Every now and then, there are accidents that just happen. You can make all the preparations you can, they will happen.

Sean's left foot hit the sidewalk first. But that accident I mentioned happened. His foot did not hit the ground right and his ankle rolled in his suit. A shooting pain erupted from his ankle. And while he could take a broken rib with ease, the pain made his eyes widen as he tried to right himself. The pain was so much that he fell to the ground holding his ankle and screaming in agony.

The Rangers had gotten back downstairs and saw their leader rolling on the ground and holding his left ankle. "Get him up!" said Kevin.

"AAAH!"

"Keep him off his left foot!" said Kevin. Aaron and Rob picked him up and braced him by the shoulders.

:-:--:: Power Rangers GPX :-:--::

SWORD is not very big, only about a couple thousand members. So to make the paranoid types feel better, they're not "Everywhere". They are, however, strategically placed. And no, they're not spying on you, unlike the NSA.

There is a doctor in Madison who not only works with the University of Wisconsin and SWORD. He's a hell of a doctor. And he's the doctor who's examining Sean's left ankle right now. As he examined it, Sean winced every now and then. At times his eyes and fists would clench. "Stay still," said the doctor. "Where's your X-ray?"

"I dunno," said Sean.
"That was a rhetorical question," said the doctor. "Okay, here they come." A nurse walked in, handing the developed X-rays to him and he took a look. "Okay, no fractures. And your MRI results should be here soon.

"Speaking of which, you already examined me, why are you doing it again?" asked Sean.

"Just wanted to be sure," said the doctor. "I think the MRI might be a formality, anyway."

"Great," said Sean.

When the doctor got the MRI results, he nodded his head, but didn't look very happy, either. "Come on, let's tell your friends." He led Sean into the waiting room with cane in hand. The others were sitting in the doctor's office. They were the only ones there. "I have some bad news," said the doctor. "Sean has a sprained ankle."

The Rangers groaned. "It doesn't look very severe, but I wouldn't recommend working on it. Stay off it for a week and given how fast you lot have been able to heal, I'd say it might be a week-and-a-half."

"But the first hockey series of the year is this weekend!" said Sean.

"You're not playing," said the doctor. "And no Ranger duties for you, either."

"Fuck!" said Sean.

"Just go easy on that ankle. You know what RICE is, don't you?"

"Rest, Ice, Compression, Elevation," said Sean.

"And try some exercises," said the doctor. "You might be able to play by the home opener series against Boston University, but I wouldn't keep my hopes up."

"So… Sean can't fight?" asked Hitomi, "W-what's going to happen now?"

"This is perfect," Kevin said sarcastically. "But it gets our preparations going much soon than we thought."

"Preparations for what?" asked the doctor.

"Sean's absence," said Kevin.

:-:-:-: PRGPX :-:-:-:

Chapter End Notes

Sean VO: "Next time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Sean: "I HATE being injured!"

Kevin: "Someone will have to give orders."

Aaron: "What happens next?"
Ragnar: "The Red Ranger is injured?"

Jimmy: "I heard about Sean."

Arquen: "Attack!"

Sean VO: "That's next time on *Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!*"

End chapter
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

Kevin VO: "Last time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Jimmy: "Great practice, Sean."

Maelstrom: "It seems we've stumbled upon a real life example of Clarke's Third Law in action."

Ragnar: "You need to find a plan and soon, Arquen."

Arquen: "Once his 'ice hockey' season begins we can be more aggressive with the Red Ranger."

Sean: "I need my rest."

Tiris: "The Rangers have arrived."

(Sean ends up falling off the roof of the building they're fighting on. He lands wrong and injures his ankle)

Doctor: "Sean has a sprained off it for a week and given how fast you lot have been able to heal, I'd say it might be a week-and-a-half."

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Power Rangers GPX Supercharged episode 9: The Best-Laid Plans Go Awry

There's a saying that goes, "The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft agley an' lea'e us nowt but grief an' pain for promis'd joy!" For those who don't know, it was written by Scottish poet Robert Burns. Even though the language is in Scots, it's discernible enough to be recognized, especially the beginning part about the best-laid plans. This is where the saying and the title for Of Mice and Men come from.

The plan was this: Sean had come to the University of Wisconsin to play for the Badger hockey team. It's a well-respected hockey program, brought to prominence in the 1970s thanks to "Badger" Bob Johnson. The long-time coach was rivals with Minnesota Golden Gophers coach Herb Brooks (better known for being the head coach of the Miracle on Ice team). Sean was to play the first series of the year in a tournament in Milwaukee.

Unfortunately, the best-laid plans of mice and men often go astray and leave us with nothing but grief and pain for promised joy.

"I HATE being injured!" He growled as he hobbled along N Charter Street past Mark Ingraham Hall while Maria and Kevin looked on. He winced while his sprained left ankle hit the pavement on the slope, assisted by a shillelagh. It was Friday. Two days earlier he'd sprained his ankle after falling off a building, although he'd managed to prevent worse injuries. Unfortunately, a nigh-invincible suit can't protect you if you land awkwardly and roll your ankle.
Even worse, tonight is the first hockey game of the year, the previously-mentioned tournament game in Milwaukee against Toronto's Ryerson University. Because of his injury, he can't play.

So to put it lightly, he is in a very bad mood, although he's trying to take it rather well.

"So what's the cover story?" asked Kevin.

"Fell down the stairs and landed wrong," said Sean. "That shit happens."

"And it's true," said Maria, "At least statistically." And the author can also attest, having suffered a sprained ankle in high school after slipping down the stairs and landing wrong.

As Sean said, and as immortalized by Forrest Gump, shit happens.

And while Maria gingerly helped her boyfriend along, Kevin walked along making sure no one could hear them… or so they thought. His mind was awash in thoughts about what would happen should the Elves attack again. He was certain they would. But they had no set schedule. Zordonian attacks were daily, save for the exceptions when they did not. Even if Tolkein made his Elves methodical, there seemed to be no rhyme or reason with real-life Elves.

Perhaps that's what made them so dangerous.

They got back to the house they shared and Sean collapsed on the couch, wincing and half-groaning, half-sighing. "Geez," he said. He'd already taken off his shoe and sock to show a foot heavily bandaged up to compress it and keep it immobile. "I need some ice," he said.

"Hold on," Kevin said, walking into the kitchen. He returned with an ice bag and unceremoniously tossed it to Sean.

"Thanks," Sean said sarcastically. AJ jumped on the couch and started sniffing Sean's ankle, as if he was curious as to what it was. Sean simply nudged AJ, telling him not to sniff him there.

"We need to talk, Maria," said Kevin.

"About what?" asked Maria.

"About the next battle," said Kevin. "Like it or not, someone has to lead in his absence."

"Let's wait until Aaron comes down," said Maria.

"NDEBELE!" Sean shouted. That took care of things.

Aaron came downstairs right on cue, although he didn't look too pleased about it, what with a scowl and his arms crossed. Sean also did not look pleased, as he simply pointed to Maria and Kevin. "What are we doing?" he asked.

"Someone will have to give orders," said Kevin.

"If I had a vote, I'd choose Kevin and Rob," said Sean.

"We're not voting," said Kevin.

"Just giving my two cents!"

"Actually, I think you two do have a good team thing going," said Maria. Or at least because you're supposed to be second-in-command and Rob is supposed to have actual combat leadership
"Yes, because Irish Defense Forces is useless," said Kevin.

"I know you're being sarcastic," said Maria.

"Of course," said Kevin. "But I have a better option: we should wait until we really assign a leader. Sean took control because he seized the opportunity and he's done a good job."

"Yes, but you're a good leader anyway," said Maria. "So you should give it a try."

"Well, I suppose I could," said Kevin. For a moment, the house was silent, save for the sounds of the NHL Network program Sean was watching.

The silence was too long and awkward so Maria spoke up. "You're in charge for now, Kevin. Aaron and I automatically out-vote you."

"But I already said we're not voting," said Kevin.

"We out-voted you there, too," said Aaron.

"Sean, what's your opinion?" asked Kevin.

"I thought I wasn't a part of this conversation!" said Sean. "But in that case, just accept and go with it, you're not gonna change their minds!"

"What about Hitomi?" asked Kevin. "She's not—was that a text message?"

"Yep," said Sean. "It reads, 'I think Kevin should be leader'. Looks like you're in charge. Why, are you scared?"

"To be honest, I am plankin' it a little," said Kevin.

"What does that mean?" asked Maria.

"Don't ask," Sean replied.

"I can't win, can I?" asked Kevin.

"Didn't you say you were eager for this?" asked Maria.

"Not exactly," said Kevin. Either way, the conversation was over.

"Too bad," Maria said before walking away and sitting on the couch, causing Sean to 'oof'. Kevin looked at Aaron, who only shrugged and walked away, which left Kevin to ponder just what the hell he was thinking right now. Either way, it didn't look like he had much of a choice, and he spent the next half hour pacing the living room while rubbing his temples.

While this chapter should be focusing on Sean and his anger at not being able to play hockey and be a Power Ranger, Kevin had a much harder time with his own situation. Indeed, Sean had complained for several hours before Maria directed a "Por qué no te callas" that would make King Juan Carlos I proud. As expected, Sean had no response, just a complaint about how he was being treated.

In essence, Sean had accepted his rotten position and could only wait until his injury healed enough. Yes, that still sucks.
They heard the doorbell ring and Maria volunteered to answer it. When she opened it, Jimmy was standing in the doorway, dressed nicely as if he was going somewhere. "I heard about Sean," he said. "Is he okay?"

"He's fine, just nursing a sprained ankle and a bruised ego," said Maria.

"I'll take that as a yes," said Jimmy. "Sorry about that injury."

"The doctor said he should be able to play in the first series of the year," said Maria.

"Well that's good," said Jimmy. "Sean, get better soon, okay?"

"Fuck off!" he replied.

"Well, he's still the same old Sean, eh?" said Jimmy. "I'll see you guys on Monday."

"I still can't believe Canadians actually use 'eh'," Maria said. "I rarely heard it when I was in Toronto."

"Yeah, that's how we got our name," said Jimmy, deciding to play along, "Alright, I'll see you on Monday, rink rat!"

"Later!" said Sean.

>::>:::: PRGPX ::>::::

General Arquen stood outside the Queen's chambers, waiting for her to appear. He had been told to come by, for she had a reason to have an audience with him. But he had been waiting for 15 minutes now and the Queen had not so much as told him she would be taking her time. He began to ponder if the Queen truly did have a reason to speak to him.

In the time he had been there, he vigorously studied the layout and designs outside of her chambers. Such intricate patterns, with twisted knots carved into the wood were the signature of the Elves. The humans could imitate the patterns, but they could not completely duplicate them. Such aesthetics were the envy of all species. But even the aesthetics were beginning to wear him down.

"My Queen," he said, gently rapping on the door to her chambers. "It is I, General Arquen." He could hear a low sound behind the threshold. But what it was, he could not discern. He leant his ear to the door to listen and—was she weeping? Perhaps now was not a suitable time to meet with her. "Tell the Queen, I decided to leave her be," he said to the guard.

"Understood," said the guard. Arquen nodded and departed. The Queen was not easily infuriated, so she would understand if Arquen departed before meeting her.

As he prepared to depart the palace, he spied Commander Ragnar waiting for him at the foot of the grand staircase that led to the second floor. "Commander Ragnar! What brings you here?"

"Have you any new intelligence?" asked Commander Ragnar.

"Yes," said General Arquen. "One of our agents tells us that the Red Ranger suffered an ankle injury."

Ragnar crossed his arms and showed a look of interest. "The Red Ranger is injured?" he inquired.

"How?"

"Tiris said he was hanging off the roof as he was teleporting away," Arquen replied. "It is not hard
to assume that he fell and injured himself."

"This changes things, even if it is temporarily," said Ragnar. "What are your plans?"

"My plans were to hijack a human television program," said Arquen, "But that is not a viable plan for now. Perhaps there is a plan of attack."

"Then let us find one," Ragnar coaxed as he wrapped his arm around Arquen in a brotherly fashion. "What say you of this plan…"

The doors to Queen Eruvanda's chamber opened, and a meek voice called out, "Arquen? General Arquen?" Her head appeared out of the chambers and scanned the hallway, searching for the general. He was nowhere to be seen. "Have you by chance seen Arquen?"

"He was here, my Queen," said the guard, "But he left. He wished to leave you be."

"I see," she said. "I understand." A single tear dropped down her cheek whilst she returned to her chambers alone.

The author apologizes for the purple prose in the previous passage. It's just an experiment the author is trying with regards to the Elves. Now then, let's continue.

It was a typically chilly Madison Saturday afternoon in October. Well, it was just a bit past 12, since the game started at 11:00, right as ESPN College GameDay was ending. The ever-loveable Lee Corso picked Alabama to beat South Carolina by donning the head Alabama's costumed elephant mascot. Sean of course, missed it since he was in the stands at Camp Randall. And right now, he was looking to blow off a lot of steam.

Because he'd get depressed if he watched the Badgers hockey games, Sean was forbidden from watching them. It was for his own good, really. Now watching a Badgers football game on the other hand, that was a different story. Indeed, he went to see his fellow student-athletes take on the scum from Minnesota. Gopher scum is Gopher scum, no matter which sport.

"COME ON, GET HIS ASS!" Sean shouted from the middle of the stands at Camp Randall, probably the only time we'll show him actually at the Badger game, because the next chapter is supposed to show his first actual hockey game.

Maria, who was right next to him, recoiled at the savagery in his eyes. Really, she should be used to how intense he can get. Or perhaps she's trying to shield herself from enjoying a game of American football. Even if he did huddle into his hockey jersey and tried to stay off his ankle, he still looked like a nutjob. "Are you okay?"

"Oh, I'm fine," he said with clear sarcasm in his voice.

"You're not," she said. "You're in pain and you're in a bad mood."

"No, I'm perfectly fine!" he said, his sarcasm starting to seep through.

"Okay, I'll stop," she said. She paused for a moment and then said in a low voice, "Do you think we're being hard on Kevin?"

"What?" Sean asked, as he couldn't hear her over the sound of cheering thousands. Frustrated and not willing to take a chance, she pulled out her cell phone and re-typed the question in her text
But then he typed out, "MAYBE A LITTLE," as he recognized the point she was trying to make. She shrugged, looking back at the field and her boyfriend firing off insults at the Gopher players. It almost reminded her of going to Flamengo matches and hurling insulting songs at Corinthians and Santos players with just as much vitriol.

"Wow, you hate them, don't you?"

"I've hated 'em for years," said Sean. "When you like college hockey like I do, there's always that one team that everyone despises; those guys. Okay, not the guys on the field, but they play for the same university. Ugh, arrogant bastards. Yeah, Minnesotians are nice, but on the ice, they're arrogant and savage."

"So much vitriol," she said, "Reminds me of Brazil."

"By the way, what the hell kind of nickname is 'Golden Gopher'?" he continued, "Most of the mascots in the Big Ten—wildcats, badgers, wolverines, lions, hawks and even SPARTANS—can eat gophers!"

"Oh, I see," said Maria. "Was that intended to be a real criticism?"

Sean shrugged. "Not really. I just wanted to say that. It's smack talk, y'know?"

Maria rolled her eyes, now preferring to worry more about Kevin's leadership skills rather than Sean's grudge against the University of Minnesota.

PRPGX

The plan was set. Now all that was necessary was to start it. The plan was simple; they would capture a high-ranking Wisconsin politician; Attorney General J.B. Van Hollen to lure out the Rangers. Then, they would, well, in the interest of secrecy that requires this to be a surprise.

The first problem: This is election season, during the infamous 2010 elections that in real life, saw several Tea Party politicians swept into power, which, to say the least, have caused massive controversy with their policies. Attorney General Van Hollen is currently on the campaign trail hoping to win re-election.

But these Elves have shown they are not to be deterred.

As AG Van Hollen was finishing up work in the Wisconsin DOJ, his secretary buzzed him, saying, "Mr. Van Hollen, you have someone here to see you."

"Now?" he said, "Do they have an appointment?"

"Let me check… No, they do not."

"Please ask them to come back," said AG Van Hollen.

"Right away," she said.

The lack of noise on the other end of the door made him assume the visitors had left. Then he heard sounds, like a struggle coming from outside. A bad feeling began to well up in the pit of his stomach, urging him to make his escape. He didn't have time to grab his papers. He got up from his
desk and walked over to his door, waiting for the sounds to stop.

Once they did, he very gingerly opened the door to see what was going on. But to his surprise, he was confronted by two men he'd never seen before. One of them had a very psychotic, predatory smile on his face. "Hello, my name is Floki," he said. "And I'll be your kidnapper today!"

Thump… thump… thump… thump… thump… went the monotonous sounds while Sean lightly tossed a puck up in the air that bounced off the ceiling. A bored expression was on his face while he tossed and caught the puck. It was 3:30 on a Monday afternoon, and he had no one to hang out with, because, you know.

However, his puck tossing was clearly getting on Kevin's nerves. Each time the puck hit the ceiling, Kevin sighed through the nose in subtle annoyance. Thump… thump… thump… thump… thump… SNAP!

"Will you STOP THAT BLOODY BOUNCING!?!" Kevin shouted, holding both parts of his snapped pencil and apparently letting his love of British Telly seep into his language.

"Dude, sorry," said Sean, "It's just that—"

"I damn well know you're bored, but I'm trying to study, since I expect to be accepted into the university and—ARE YOU LISTENING!?"

"No," said Sean. He grabbed the remote control and turned up the volume on the TV, making Kevin see he had a good reason for not listening.

"Madison police say that the men who have taken Attorney General Van Hollen hostage have issued no demands—wait, we're just getting something… they want the Power Rangers to come!"

"Might as well give them what they want!" said Kevin. "MARIA! AARON! LET'S GO!"

"So much for the apprehension!" said Sean, a mischievous and knowing smile crossing his lips.

"Save it Sean," said Kevin. "Let's go, NOW!"

"Coming!" said Maria. She stopped for a moment and gave Sean a quick kiss while Aaron pushed her away, saying something about PDA and having to be moving. "Just stay here, okay?"

"Do I have a choice?" Sean asked, but was probably only half-heard once the others shut the door on him. Now alone, the only sound in the house was the noise coming from the TV and AJ's barking.

It wasn't long before the Rangers arrived, although from the looks of things, with all the media and cops surrounding the building—in a pretty familiar location—it didn't look easy to get in. "Isn't this the—"

"Best Western?" Rob asked, interrupting Hitomi, "I think it is."

"And how are we going to get in?" asked Maria.

"This looks like Die Hard," said Rob.
"Well unlike *Die Hard*, we might be able to get in," said Kevin. "We'll have to go in through the roof."

"Again?" said Aaron.

"Again," said Kevin. "We'll try to sneak in, but with the heavy police presence, it will not be easy. Now then, let's get started. READY!?"

"READY!"

"GPX, START IT UP!"

One of the officers posted on the perimeter could hear some people shouting in the distance. But it was so faint he didn't bother to look. It was probably just someone making trouble. That question was answered when several brightly-colored blurs sped past him and in the tailwind he had to keep his hat on while he tried to figure out what just happened. It didn't take long for him to really figure out what it was.

"The Power Rangers have arrived," he said into his radio.

Okay first off, there's two things about this. First, the good part. By now, the cops know better than to get in the Rangers' way, since A) they're much better equipped to handle situations like this and B) they already saved the world once.

Unfortunately, the bad part is that the Elves were listening into the police scanner. "Position more Suitroops at the front entrance and on the roof!" said the lead Elf. "Do not let them—"

"Let them come," said Floki.

"What?"

"That wasn't part of the plan. Besides, let's have some fun." A sadistic and psychotic smile spread across his lips. He turned to Attorney General Van Hollen, who was handcuffed to his office chair and desk.

Once on the roof, the Rangers put their gameplan into action. Rob and Kevin, both military veterans, directed the team to take up their positions on each side of the door. "They're probably waiting for us on the other side of the door," said Rob. He tried to open the door, but it was locked. "Kevin?"

"Done," said Kevin. He summoned his Touring Rifle and pointed the rifle barrel at the lock and pulled the trigger. He could hear the shrapnel on the other end of the door causing some damage. "I just hope they don't know we're here," he said. "I think we're failing a hostage situation."

"They don't know," Rob said, guessing wrongly. "Alright, go!" Maria kicked in the door while Kevin went in first, raising his rifle barrel up.

"We're clear!" he said.

"Alright, go!" Rob said, pushing the others inside the building to the protests of Maria, Hitomi and Aaron.

"Alright, I learned this in the Marines, so pay attention," said Rob. "We're likely going to run into rooms where there will be Suitroops waiting inside. We'll have to clear them without harming the hostages."
"Get to the point!" said Maria.

"Just follow our lead," said Kevin.

With Kevin and Rob in the lead, the Rangers gingerly walked down the hallway, watching out for Elves or Suitroops. After making sure the floor was clear, they exited through the stairwell and down to the next floor where they hoped they could keep up the surprise.

… Or not.

The blast from an energy staff burst into the stairwell and all hell broke loose. Rob and Kevin took up positions on each side of the doorway while Maria, Aaron and Hitomi just burst through and beat the snot out of the Suitroops. "What did you expect?" asked Kevin. "They're civvies."

Rob sighed and ducked out from the doorway and noticed that both Suitroops were reduced to scrap metal. "I was hoping we could do this efficiently," he said.

"Lo siento," said Maria.

"Gomen nasai," said Hitomi.

"I really need to learn Japanese," said Rob.

"Okay, so they probably know we're here," said Kevin, "But we should still—" he heard someone shouting in Elvish and reflexively shot the Elf who managed to escape before the shot hit the wall. "They definitely know we're here," he said. "Let's go!"

"He's doing a good job," said Maria.

"So far," Aaron replied. Maria answered by punching his arm, which in her defense, he completely deserved.

"The Power Rangers are in the building!" the same Elf who Kevin shot just minutes earlier declared once he entered the Attorney General's office. It caught the attention of Floki and his subordinate, and even the hologram of General Arquen.

"The Power Rangers?" he asked for simple clarification.

"Yes, General Arquen!" said the Elf.

"Then what are you waiting for!?" Arquen bellowed, "ATTACK!"

"At once!" said the Elf.

"So what now?" asked the subordinate Elf.

"Send in the Suitroops," said Arquen.

"But there are—"

"Not here," said Arquen. Floki's smile widened and he pressed a button on his glove.

:-:--:: Power Rangers GPX :-:--::

AJ's tail was wagging hard and he bounced around while Sean teased him with a tennis ball in his backyard. "You want the ball? You want the ball? GO GET IT!" He tossed the ball and AJ took off
in pursuit, almost running over the tennis ball but he picked it up in his mouth and brought it back over to Sean. "Good boy!" he said, rubbing the Beagle's head.

Suddenly, the dog started growling, but it seemed like for no reason. "Hey, take it easy, boy!" Sean said. But then he realized something was wrong. If a Beagle is growling at something… it's bad.

In as much of a hurry as he could be while on a bad ankle, he ran into the house and ran over to a window in the front room and looked outside. "Oh, DAMN!"

Suitroops were outside. And they didn't look like they were looking for sugar.

Now this presented a very obvious problem for Sean. He is not allowed to morph or fight, lest he aggravate his ankle. Not only that, if he does, he could blow his cover! Even worse, he had no way to deal with the Suitroops. Sure, he could fight them, but he'd risk blowing his cover. Even worse is if they forced their way into his house. So essentially, he's between the proverbial rock and a hard place.

The best thing he could do was call the cops. Unless there was a SWORD agent living on this street (WHICH WOULD BE VERY HELPFUL) he had no other choice. One quick dial of 911 later; "Hello, police? Yeah, there're some weird looking guys outside my house. Um, (ADDRESS CENSORED). Fifteen minutes? Damn."

He hung up and looked out the window again. The cops had better show up soon, otherwise…

The slashed wreckage of a Suitroop fell to the floor while Maria pulled her Haz Dagger out of the Suitroop while Kevin looked on. "Of course that won't draw attention to us," he said. A spark proved his point.

"This room's clear!" Rob said while getting some civilians out of the room he was talking about. "Get to the roof!"

Meanwhile, Hitomi and Aaron were busy with a pair of Suitroops. Both Suitroops had them pinned against the wall, separated and unable to gain up on the Suitroops. While they were pinned, they were still able to fight the Suitroops. It was just difficult to do in such a tight space.

Hitomi lunged forward, shoving the blade of her Am Staff at the Suitroop. The blade pierced its armor and she drove it into the wall, right near Aaron, almost crushing him into the wall. She began to twist the blade to drive it deeper into the wall. Sparks started to fly, which got Maria's attention.

"Pink, we don't want to start a fire," she said. "Blue, do you know where the Attorney General is?"

"The next floor down," said Kevin. "Listen up! We have to keep moving. Otherwise, they'll keep coming and we won't be able to rescue the Attorney General."

"Right away!" said Rob.

Aaron finished his Suitroop and followed the others into the stairwell down to the next floor. Just like the last time, Rob and Kevin stood on opposite sides of the door frame and waited to open the door. This time, Rob went in first, his Marine training kicking in with Kevin right behind. Maria, Aaron and Hitomi followed suit. "Why do I keep getting worried that Rob's going to turn Platoon?" she asked.
"Clear," said Rob. "Now where is—ah. Here it is." He pointed to a board that showed the location of the Attorney General's office.

"That was easy," said Aaron.

"Let's go!" said Rob.

"HOLD IT!" A voice shouted, forcing them to stop.

Several Elves appeared from around the corner, pointing their energy staffs at them. "They may be set low," said the Elf, "But they are still powerful enough to kill you."

"Damn, we're at a disadvantage," said Rob. In a hallway like that, it was nearly impossible to dodge the enemy's blasts. It even seemed impossible to prevent any property damage… But who cares? You gotta do what you have to do and if some walls lose their paint, it won't matter so long as you take down the enemy.

"Maria, Aaron, go!" said Kevin. Maria and Aaron broke away from the group and launched themselves at the Elves foot-first. The lead Elf only had a second to react before Maria's foot hit his face and then took out the Elves around him.

Aaron was right behind and punched the Elves out, making it much easier than he thought it would be.

Rob and Kevin were right behind, busting through and breaking for the AG's office. "Yellow, Green, Pink, stay behind!" said Kevin.

"What?" Maria asked, almost offended. One of the Elves tried to sneak up behind her, but she kicked him in the head to stop him.

Some more Elves got in the way of Kevin and Rob, but the two kicked them out of the way. By now they were near the Attorney General's office. They could hear Maria, Aaron and Hitomi coming closer. It was only natural they would disobey orders. Some Elves got in Rob and Kevin's way, but they kicked them into the door and it bust open.

Suddenly, the Elves started shooting at them with rifles. And yet it was the same weaponry. The two got out of the way, but Rob grabbed a flashbang grenade from his belt and tossed it into the room. The resulting explosion temporarily disoriented the Elves and the two burst in. Rob took the front, and Kevin went to the side. Then Maria, Aaron and Hitomi came in and broke down the door of the waiting room.

"Don't take your time," said Kevin. "I need some nice, hot tea after this." Then he heard his communicator beeping. "Yes?"

"We got a problem!" said Sean. "A buncha Suitroops are outside the house and they're looking up and down the street. I called the cops, but they haven't gotten here yet and these bastards look like they're getting closer!"

Kevin could feel his blood freeze. "Dammit," he said.

"What is it?" asked Rob.

"This was a distraction," said Kevin. "They're looking for Red."

"I should've known!" said Rob.
"Hey, what—AH!" an Elf shouted and grunted as Maria and Kevin punched them out. Hitomi broke through and found the Attorney General's office. Maria and Aaron came next and broke down the door. The trio rushed in, fanning out and got ready to take out Floki—who did not look like he was expecting them—and his flunky.

"Nice to see you again!" Maria shouted as she threw a right hook at Floki's face.

"Konnichiwa, Attorney General-sama," Hitomi said when she came over and freed the Attorney General.

Floki growled and instantly teleported away… but not before flashing his distinct psychotic smile.

"What was that?" asked Maria.

"YELLOW! GREEN! PINK!" Kevin shouted as he and Rob rushed into the AG's office. "WE HAVE A PROBLEM!"

"What is it?" asked Maria.

"IT'S RED!"

Sean's breathing was heavy. He clenched his fist even harder, almost as if he would draw blood from his palm. The SWAT team had shown up… but the Suitroops had made quick work of them. Now they looked about ready to start searching people's houses. Where the hell are the others?

Sean couldn't wait. He grabbed his dog and limped to the staircase where he put AJ down and put up a baby gate before ducking behind the couch and waiting for the Suitroops to come in. He didn't have a concealed carry permit at all. Even though he was against it and saw it as a failure, he could see why some people supported it. *Come on guys, where the fuck are you?*

Suddenly, he could hear footsteps. He froze and felt a chill run up his spine. His heart began to beat faster. He took a deep, sharp breath in fear of what could happen next. If it meant saving himself, he'd fight back; sprained ankle and secret identity be damned.

Just then, he heard several thumps and knocks outside. Okayyy… what was that? He peeked out from behind the couch and noticed a silhouette knocking the Suitroop down. He smiled. Oh yeah, he knew who it was.

The figure jumped away and the Suitroop fell to the ground. Sean got out and hobbled over to the window to see the Suitroops in wreckage. He pumped his fist in knowledge of who it was.

Speaking of which, several minutes later the others walked into the house to see him still on the couch. Once they closed the door, "So how'd it go?"

"I need some bloody tea," said Kevin.

"I take it you were hard on him?" asked Sean.

"Not really," said Maria.

"They obeyed his orders, but just barely," said Rob.

"You wanted to go Marine, didn't you?" asked Sean.
"... Yes," said Rob.

"WHERE'S THE FUCKING TEA!?!" Kevin shouted.

"Maybe you guys should have done what he said," said Sean.

::: PRGX ::: 

Chapter End Notes

Aaron VO: "Next time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Bridget: "Have you guys ever been to a hockey game?"

Jimmy: "Are you ready, Sean?"

Sean: (Sarcastically) "No, I'm not."

PA announcer: "From Naperville, Illinois, Sean O'CALLAHAN!"

Rob: "ATTABOY, SEAN!"

Aaron VO: "That's next time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

End chapter

So how was that?

Yes, there had to be a time where the other Rangers have to fight without Sean. This was a good time for them to practice. I do think Kevin did okay, but he and Rob are military. Maria, Aaron and Hitomi are not. So a few military exercises wouldn't do much for them. And Kevin will get better. This was just his first time.

The next chapter will be a breather of sorts. It'll be Sean's first hockey game of the year and I'll dedicate pretty much the entire chapter to that. After words, I won't focus on Sean's games, but I'll try and make things get better. I hope you'll like it!

So give me a review! The button's right down there!
The Good Old Hockey Game

Chapter Notes

Maria VO: "Last time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Sean: "I need some ice."

Maria: "You're in charge for now, Kevin."

Ragnar: "What say you of this plan…"

Floki: "Hello, my name is Floki, and I'll be your kidnapper today!"

Rob: "This looks like Die Hard."

(The Rangers bust into the building where the Wisconsin Attorney General is. They fight their way through the halls. Meanwhile, Sean, notices some Suitroops outside the house)

Sean: "Hello, police?"

(The Rangers rescue the Wisconsin AG but they find out about the Suitroops near the house. As Sean is about ready to fight, the Suitroops are taken out and the Rangers, now unmorphed, return)

Kevin: "I need some bloody tea."

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Power Rangers GPX Supercharged, episode 10: The Good Old Hockey Game

:-:--:-: We're the best chance for humanity, Pow-er Rang-gers G-P-X, let's go! :-:--:-:

Legendary coach "Badger" Bob Johnson is the man who said "It's a great day for hockey". Indeed it is. In fact, every day is a great day for hockey, but this is a good day itself. It's the weekend the Badger football team beat the #1 Ohio State Buckeyes and the students stormed the field at Camp Randall Stadium. The previous night, the Badger hockey team opened their home season with a 2-2 draw against the Boston University Terriers. Tonight, a Sunday, is the second and final game in the Badgers' series with the Terriers.

A chilly October night in Madison, Wisconsin is a great night for hockey. Bundled up against the weather, Maria, Aaron, Hitomi and Kevin stood outside the Kohl Center, the home of the Badger hockey team waiting for a special someone. No, it's not Sean. He's gonna be on the ice tonight. It's his sister.

"HEY! Everyone!" she called out once she came close with Rob right behind. A three-year-old girl, her daughter Allie, ran up to Maria.

"AUNTIE MAWIA!" she shouted as Maria picked her up and held her in the air.
"Hola, chica!" she said.

"How are you guys?" asked Rob.

"So have you guys ever been to a hockey game?" asked Bridget.

They all paused, and the answer became obvious pretty quickly. "I guess not," said Rob. "Don't worry. We'll try to make things easy for you. Come on, let's go inside!"

Inside the arena, they sat in the lower bowl near center ice, facing the benches. It was cold; so cold, none of the others—except for Maria—were caught off guard. Really, they should have remembered the last time they went to an ice rink. But since they were bundled up, it wasn't so bad. It was just that they were caught off guard.

There was a distinct smell of ice in the air mixed with hot dogs, popcorn and nachos. The seating bowl wasn't fully filled up yet, but that would soon change. Rumor has it the arena was sold out. The Grateful Red student section was already starting to fill up and the Badger pep band was getting set up for their night.

They had a good view of the ice and the motion "W" at the center. The words "WISCONSIN BADGERS" were written on the boards in front of the benches. "I wonder how Sean's doing?" asked Maria.

Speaking of him, he was getting ready down in the Badgers locker room. He'd just got done playing some soccer with the guys to get ready for the game and he was getting dressed now. The other guys were also getting dressed, and a feeling of confidence was in the air and on their minds. After the last game, they felt like they had a good chance.

As he strapped his shin pads on, he noticed someone coming close. He looked up and noticed Jimmy standing over him. "How are you feeling?" he asked, "Are you ready?"

"No, I'm not," Sean replied, "I'm dead nervous. I've never played a big game in my life." All that was with obvious deadpan sarcasm.

"Okay, okay," said Jimmy. "I'm just glad you were cleared to play yesterday. How's the ankle?"

"Still a hurts a little," said Sean. "But the swelling is gone and I should be fine tonight."

"That's what I wanted to hear," said Jimmy. Sean laughed and pulled on his socks before grabbing some clear tape and wrapping it up near the knee and near the ankle. He winced just a little bit, but the discomfort went away quickly.

Next up was his chest and shoulder pads, followed by his skates. He had a specific way of getting dressed that he hasn't changed in years. Now that his skates were on, all that was left was to put on his Reebok EDGE jers—I mean, sweater.

As he pulled it on, he could feel the rich history behind it. These colors have been worn by the likes of Mark Johnson, Chris Chelios and Adam Burish. Even though the Badger hockey uniform is essentially the Detroit Red Wings away jersey—white jerseys with red arms and white stripes on the elbows, a red stripe at the waist; red pants with a white stripe going down the side of the leg and white socks with a red stripe on them.

What differed was the Badgers wore red helmets and the word "WISCONSIN" was on the front, going down from the right shoulder to the left hip as well as the laces at the collar. Sean's number was 15. His name, "S. O'CALLAHAN", was arched over his number. An "A" for alternate captain
was sewn onto his left shoulder.

With his jersey on, he grabbed his helmet and donned it while waiting for the others. They were also just about ready and he followed them out to the tunnel, grabbing his right-handed stick along the way. No, the game was not about to start. They're coming out for warm-ups.

Maria was coming back from getting snacks for everyone when she noticed someone else sitting with them. Well, two people. When she got closer, she noticed that one of the women looked like Sean and Bridget. There could only be one conclusion that could be drawn from this observation.

"Klaudia? Klaudia O'Callahan?" she asked.

The woman looked over at her and smile. "Oh, Maria, I didn't know you were here," she said.

"I didn't know you were coming," said Maria. She also noticed that Klaudia's lesbian partner, Julie Carver, was also with her.

"And miss my son's first college hockey game?" she asked. "What kind of mother would I be?"

"She has a point," said Aaron. Maria sat down next to him and gave him his food. A quick glance at him showed that he looked a little bit uncomfortable being in the presence of a lesbian couple. But at second look, he looked like he was having a good time talking to them.

That was when they heard the horn sound and they saw the Badger men's hockey team emerge from the dressing room tunnel and out onto the ice for warm-ups. A loud roar filled the arena while the Badger hockey team, dressed in full gear, came out onto the ice and began their warm-ups.

It became clear that Klaudia and Julie were rather giddy, even moreso than Bridget. Allie, dressed up like a cheerleader, was waving her arms and a pom-pom on a stick, shouting with her three-year-old voice. "She's already having fun," said Rob.

Down on the ice, Sean glanced up in the stands. He couldn't see everyone else, but he did see all the fans who'd come to see him. Well, they'd come to see everyone else, but seeing all these people here in this building... it just sent chills up his spine and he could feel an incredible burst of excitement. Man, he couldn't wait to actually take the ice for the starting line-ups.

"So what happens now?" asked Hitomi.

"About 20 minutes of warm-ups, then the teams leave the ice, then come back and then we have the starting line-ups and the national anthem. Then the game starts."

"That totally isn't redundant," said Hitomi.

"I think she's learning sarcasm," Maria eagerly whispered to Aaron and Kevin.

"Can we skip ahead?" asked Hitomi.

Well, since Hitomi asked, we might as well, and for the benefit of the audience, as well.

We pick up the action as Sean is waiting for the cue to hit the ice. He could see the arena, its lights dimmed and epic music playing to pump the crowd up. He rubbed his hair—he wasn't wearing his helmet and neither were the other guys. He could hear his heart pounding—thump-thump, thump-thump, thump-thump. Coach Grainger was talking about their play for the night; fast, possession-driven hockey and getting the puck to the net.
He licked his lips in anticipation; this was the fifth time he'd done it in sixty seconds.

Out in the stands, his friends and family watched with eagerness. Klaudia could barely contain her excitement watching the intro montage that she was hugging Aaron hard enough to squeeze the life out of him. Aaron wanted to tell her to let go, but she couldn't help but keep his mouth shut out of fear he'd upset her. Luckily, Julie told her to take easy.

"I'm sorry, I just—" she choked up hard. Bridget patted her mother on the back and whispered something in her ear, something which helped her calm down.

"Alright boys, let's get out there!" said Coach Grainger. The guys stood up and followed their goalie, Ken Grissom of Milwaukee out of the locker room. Now adrenaline started to kick in. Sean began to smile ear-to-ear as he walked out of the locker room behind Metoxen. Then he took that big step out onto the ice and for the first time in over a year, he felt the surge he loved about playing big-time hockey.

As the Badgers stepped onto the ice the crowd roared in excitement. With the band playing the fight song "On Wisconsin" the Badgers skated around their end of the ice to get their legs loose before the starting line-ups. Some boos were heard and Sean looked to see the Boston University Terriers coming onto the ice. Just guess their mascot! He smirked and concentrated back on his end of the ice.

"GO BACK TO BOSTON!" Rob shouted in the stands. To be fair, this is in 2010, three years before the bombings. So no offense meant.

"So that's where they got their name," said Maria. Again, sarcasm.

"Well, their rival Boston College is actually based in Chestnut Hill, Mass," said Rob. "These guys I just found out are within walking distance of Fenway Park."

"You're joking!" said Maria.

"I'm not," said Rob.

The Badgers skated to the blue line and stopped, lining up with the Terriers all the way on the other red line on the other end of the ice. The PA announcer was announcing the Boston line-up, with the student section adding their own soundtrack. Each time a Terrier player was introduced, they chanted "SIEVE! SIEVE! SIEVE!" It's one of the great chants in college hockey.

Then the lights dimmed and Metallica's "Enter Sandman" started playing. The electricity in the building was reaching a fever pitch. "And now, the staring line-up for your Wisconsin BADGERS!"

The crowd roared in response.

"In goal, a senior from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, wearing number one, Ken Grissom!" Grissom skated up to the blue line. Each badger announced afterwards did the same. "In defense, a junior from Chicago, Illinois, wearing the number 10, Marty MCAULLIFE! On defense, a sophomore from Donetsk, Ukraine, wearing number 6, Dimitri SHEVCHENKO! At center, a junior from Toronto, Ontario, wearing number 7, the captain, Jimmy O'CALLAHAN! At left wing, a junior from Naperville, Illinois, wearing number 15, Sean O'CALLAHAN!" Sean smiled and skated up to the blue line. In the stands, friends and family were going nuts. "And at right wing, a junior from Green Bay, Wisconsin, wearing number 20, Ritchie, METOXEN!"

After the national anthem, the Badgers huddled up at their net. Jimmy gave some more words of encouragement. It's Boston University, they're one of the great powers in college hockey and
currently ranked #5 in NCAA Division 1 hockey, of course it's easy! "Alright, Badgers on three, ONE, TWO, THREE!"

"BADGERS!"

Sean has been shown to be a hockey nut. And yet we have never seen him actually play hockey. Well, that changes right here.

The guys skated off to their positions. Sean adjusted his helmet and facemask. Yes, they do wear them. It felt nice and snug. He skated up to his position on the left wing next to his Boston Terrier opponent. The Terriers' uniform is... hard to describe. To make it easier to describe, it's red with white stripes and the front of the jersey has "BOSTON" arched over the number.

Jimmy skated up to center where the ref was waiting. He lowered his stick to the ice and waited for the ref to drop the puck. When the ref dropped it, Jimmy won the draw and the game was on!

The Badgers controlled early, Shevchenko passed up to Ritchie on the right win. Now Sean referred to Ritchie in an earlier chapter as the "Oneida Rocket". It's not some joke.

Quite simply, Ritchie is the fastest guy on the ice and he showed it as soon as he got the puck. He crossed the Terriers' blue line toward the student section first. The Terriers could barely catch him and he was in front of their goalie in a split second. He put the puck on goal, KNOCKED AWAY BY THE GOALIE!

Sean, on the left wing, went straight for the puck in the corner, followed by the Terrier defender. In that instant, he remembered just what it's like to be hit in a hockey game. The guy slammed into him and he felt himself stuffed against the glass. But he wasn't hurt, it was a clean hit and he got the puck out from the corner over to Marty, who took the puck back towards the blue line but passed to Shevchenko before crossing the blue line.

Now free from the guy who hit him, Sean could get back into position. The Badgers started passing the puck around, looking for an opening at the goal, but the Terriers deflected the puck and it crossed the blue line. One of the Terrier forwards picked it up and raced for the other end of the ice. However, Marty knocked the puck away while Shevchenko raced after it and picked it up, turning back towards the Terriers' end of the ice.

He passed over to Jimmy, who led Sean and Ritchie back into the Terriers' end of the ice. Jimmy crossed first, followed by Sean and Ritchie. He passed over to Sean. He saw an opportunity. He fired a one-time wrister at the goalie—DEFLECTED wide of the net! A collective groan swept through the crowd.

One of the Terrier defenders picked up the puck and held it behind the net. He was stalling for time so the Terriers could make the change. Coach Grainger did the same and called for a line change. Sean skated off the ice and back to the bench, still thinking of that chance.

"Um, what just happened?" asked Hitomi, "Did Sean just skate off the ice?"

"Yeah, that's typical in hockey," said Rob. "It's a physically demanding game, so they have to give those players some time to rest. There're four lines of three forwards and three lines of two defensemen. They each take shifts on the ice."

"Oh, I see," said Hitomi.

The game began to settle down for the next several minutes. Neither team really got a chance at the goal, since their respective defenses made the necessary adjustments to stop their respective
offences. Even when Sean came on the second time the Terriers stuffed him. Sean's style is reflective of his size. He's fast, agile, a sharpshooter and small, much like Patrick Kane. However, even with the speedy Ritchie on the right, he ran up against a Terrier defense that stuffed him and removed the puck each time.

He growled in agitation the next time he went back to the bench after his third shift. It was still scoreless, with about 12 minutes to go in the first period.

Unfortunately, things were about to go south.

One of the third line players—the best guy on that line, to be exact—stuck his stick out in front of a Terrier player somewhere in the neutral zone between the blue lines. The Terrier player tripped up and fell to the ice right in front of the referee. Because the Badgers got the puck, the ref blew his whistle.

"Number 31, Wisconsin, two minutes for tripping."

"Oh, fuuuck!" Sean groaned.

"Oh, no," said Rob.

"Why, what happened?" asked Hitomi.

"It's a tripping penalty," said Rob. "Now he has to go to the penalty box and serve two minutes while the Terriers have the power play."

"… I have no idea what you just said," said Aaron.

"Short story is the Terriers are going to be playing with five players while the Badgers have to play with four for the next two minutes," said Rob. "It's kind of like a red card in soccer, except this is temporary."

"I see," said Aaron. "Kind of."

"Come on guys, let's kill this thing!" Sean called out from the bench. The ref dropped the puck in the neutral zone and the Terriers controlled from the face-off. They swarmed the Badger net hard and fast, peppering Grissom in the net.

It didn't take long. About :54 into the power play, a the puck got loose in front of Grissom. He was on his stomach and watched as a Terrier player wristed the puck into the net.

Sean slammed the wall on the bench with his fist while the Terrier players hugged out on the ice. The fans were deflated from that goal and it didn't look good. The others in the stands were just as disappointed.

The rest of the first period was uneventful and the Badgers sulked off to the locker room with a wounded pride. Sean threw his gloves in the glove cart, feeling the air after wearing those sweat-soaked gloves, in disgust.

However, Coach Grainger is a good coach. And he knew what to say. "Look, it's just one goal and one period," he said. "Just keep playing your game, we'll get to them." Of course Coach Grainger also wants to win, so he devised a more aggressive strategy for the second period.

Before we go on, the author would like to apologize for the seemingly rushed and jumpy pace of this chapter. But because hockey is such an intense game and I only have one chapter to really
show Sean as a hockey player, I have to jump around so the rest of the story won't suffer. With that out of the way, let's continue.

The Badgers came out of the locker room for the second period with their confidence still high. Sean was out on the ice for the opening face-off the period and had a shot on goal in the first five minutes, but Boston's defense was tough. But Sean is a smart player. He could see there were weaknesses in the Boston defense.

The next time he was on the ice he decided to give it a try. He got the puck from Jimmy in the neutral zone and burst up the ice. Instead of powering through the Terrier defense, he tried going around them and had a clear shot on goal that was blocked by the goalie.

"I think the Badgers are starting to figure out the defense," said Rob.

Indeed, it wasn't long before the Badgers struck back. It started about 7:34 into the second period. Sean's line came back out on the ice just sixty seconds after a successful penalty kill. But the Terriers came into the Badger end of the ice, right in front of the student section with the puck flying towards the net. They stormed the crease like bumblebees, peppering Grissom with shots.

Then, one of the Terrier forwards sent a pass to the far side, but Sean got in the way and knocked the puck away. Now he was on the breakaway! He burst up the ice towards the Terriers offensive zone, but he noticed Ritchie was ahead of him. He passed over to Ritchie before he crossed the blue line and the Oneida Rocket blasted off.

He burst towards the goalie and with his left-handed shot, wrested the puck on goal, HE SCORES!

The crowd erupted and the horn blew while Ritchie glided over to the corner where he was mobbed by his teammates. Even someone unfamiliar with hockey knew what this was, and the Rangers unfamiliar with hockey were going just as nuts as everyone else.

When the fight song was over and the band played a drum fill, the fans started waving their hands like a lasso and then started chanting "SIEVE!... SIEVE!... SIEVE!... SIEVE! SIEVE! SIEVE! SIEVE!" while pointing at the Terrier goalie.

"Wait, why are they chanting sieve?" asked Aaron. "I don't get it."

"A sieve is a mesh that is used for straining," said Rob. "In hockey, it's used to describe a goalie who lets in too many goals, because he's like a sieve."

So now the Badgers had life and they began to pressure the Terriers pretty quickly. The Terrier goalie was getting peppered with shots left and right now until the Terriers cleared the puck out and were able to get their players off the ice for a change.

The game settled down again but kept up a fast pace. The puck kept bouncing around on the ice, which made it difficult to control. That's why they bring the zambonis out after each period.

The puck slid down the ice after the Badgers cleared it all the way past both blue lines and the red line and was picked up by a Terrier player. The referee whistled the play for an icing. "What just happened?" asked Hitomi.

"It's called an icing," said Rob.

"Like cake?" asked Hitomi.

"No, icing is when a player shoots a puck past both center ice and the opponent's goal line," he
said. "Now the play comes back into the Badger offensive zone."

Unfortunately for Sean he was still on the ice for the icing so he had to stay on. He was getting tired from all the activity and needed to get to the bench. He looked up at the scoreboard and saw there was 4:57 left in the period. The referee dropped the puck in between Jimmy and the Boston center. The Terrier center won the draw and the Terriers got into an offensive formation.

The Badgers got aggressive with their defending... perhaps too aggressive. Sean raced for a Terrier defender and tried to get the puck away, but he missed! The Terrier fired a shot on goal and Grissom, whose vision was blocked by a Terrier big man, could not stop it.

Again, the arena was deflated at the Boston goal. Rob slammed his hand on his armrest in frustration while the others looked on in silence at the celebrating Terriers. Things did not look good right now and the Badgers had their work cut out for them in order to beat the Terriers.

The period ended five minutes later and the Badgers went back into the locker room, still dejected and feeling a lack of confidence after that second Boston goal.

Sean groaned and tossed his gloves in the bin again and collapsed in his locker. He had to get his shoulder pads off and get some fluids. As soon as he grabbed the Gatorade he poured it down his esophagus, which felt like he was getting his life back.

"Okay, so we dropped the ball a little bit there," Coach Grainger said while addressing his players and writing on the whiteboard. "But we played great that whole period, don't get too worked up. We have them right where we want them."

Back in the stands, Klaudia, who'd been ignored for so long, decided to get to know her son's friends better. She asked them about the Miyazawa internship they all served a part of, even though it wasn't mentioned in the earlier chapters. In the author's defense, I did not consider that possibility until recently.

They told her it was a nice experience, but they felt a little lost in Tokyo and scared in Orlando; the former because of the massive language barrier and the latter because of the Zordonian invasion. But it was a good experience and one that would be perfect on a resume.

When the Badgers came out onto the ice, there was a sense of urgency and confidence amongst the players and fans. Sean could feel it as he skated around, even giving Bucky Badger a high-five while skating around.

He skated up to the center line and looked over at his Boston Terrier opponent. He looked back at Jimmy while he placed his stick on the ice. The ref dropped the puck and the game was back under way. The Boston center won the draw which forced the Badgers into a defensive formation. The Terriers passed the puck around and looked for an open lane.

But the Badgers kept up their defense and kept them away from Grissom. There was a moment where Grissom had to knock the puck away, which got to Ritchie. The Oneida Rocket took off down the ice towards the Boston goalie and the student section. But he didn't have a shot and he passed to Sean on the left side. He fired a wrister, DEFLECTED!

The fans groaned again while the Terriers picked up the puck behind the net. Sean darted for the back of the net and lifted his stick to deflect the puck from the Terriers' player, but the Terriers kept the puck. Sean and Marty went straight for the puck, a throwback to their days with the Steel.

It was a good, proper check as both led with the hip and hit the guy into the boards. The crowd
roared at the hit and the Badgers picked up the puck, and Shevchenko fired a shot that was
deflected but picked up by the Terriers behind the net. Sean skated off the ice with the rest of his
line.

Again, the game settled down, but the Badgers kept up the pressure on the Terriers. Several
minutes passed before the Terriers had another chance. With Sean, Jimmy and Ritchie off the ice,
the Terriers broke through the Badger defense on the breakaway. It looked like it was going to be
an easy goal, but Grissom deflected the puck away.

Then the Terriers got the puck back and started peppering the goal. They got to the net and tried to
stuff it past Grissom, but he made several stops and with the crowd on its feet, sent the puck back
into the Terrier offensive zone while the Badgers made their change.

Then, two shifts later, Grissom made another stop. Then he passed to a forward on the left wing
and he took it up the ice. He stopped and started passing the puck around. The Badgers started
peppering the Boston goalie and got close to the net. Then, the puck got loose and number 35, a
freshman from Sheboygan, got the puck and stuffed it in the goal!

The crowd roared along with the horn as the fourth line forward celebrated in front of the student
section. Now it was tied 2-2 with 12 minutes remaining. One "SIEVE" chant later the Badgers won
the face-off and things got heated up again.

While fighting is illegal in then NCAA and could result in getting kicked out, some foolish Terrier
got on Sean's nerves while he was going for the puck. Sean shoved the Terrier and he got the nerve
to stare down the much smaller Sean. But Sean did not stand down. He's faced worse, why the hell
would he be afraid of a damn hockey player?

"What? What?" Sean taunted. The Terrier was pulled away from Sean. The crowd was now in the
game, cheering Sean's refusal to back down and take the abuse from the Terriers. Sean skated away
with a smirk on his face and a full head of confidence for the next ten minutes.

"Yeah, that's right; don't fuck with my little brother!" Bridget taunted from the stands. Something
about this game turns nice people into hot-blooded nutjobs. Perhaps it's the intensity that gets to
people.

But now the Badgers had complete control of the game. They played tough defense, and peppered
the Terrier goalie hard. But the Terriers were good; they're pretty highly ranked, after all.

But they managed to make the game settle down for a bit. Even the times when the Badgers did
get the puck to the net, they'd make a big defensive stand and turn the puck away.

But then things changed.

Sean came onto the ice for his shift with about 6 minutes to go. The Terriers were holding the puck
behind the net and then came out and went straight for the goal. The Badgers compressed their
defense and looked to stop the Terriers. Sean went after a Terrier forward. He stopped, throwing
ice spray and went for a poke check with his stick that knocked the puck away, but the Terriers
kept possession.

The Badgers kept up the defense and deflected a shot. Now they had possession! Jimmy skated up
the ice and passed to Ritchie. Now he broke for the net as well, looking for a shot. But he noticed
he didn't have one. He looked to his left and saw Sean skating with him. He timed his pass right
and sent it to Sean.
Sean saw his shot and once the timed it, he sent a one-time wrister at the goalie. He was afraid it wasn't enough; that the goalie would stop the shot with ease. But then he saw the black rubber disk sail past the goalie and HE SCORES!

The crowd roared and Sean skated over to the corner with his hands in the air, right in front of the Grateful Red. The guys skated over to him and mobbed him. He could barely hear anything, since it was muffled.

"ATTABOY, SEAN!" Rob shouted.

"THAT'S MY BOY!" Klaudia shouted.

"YAY, UNCA SEAN!" screamed Allie.

"UP THE BADGERS!" Kevin shouted.

Sean pumped his fist again while he skated off the ice. Now the Badgers had a 3-2 lead with 4:17 remaining. While he gave his teammates fist-bumps he looked out at the crowd and smiled. THIS is the life. Oh yeah, Power Ranger work is important, but this? It doesn't get any better.

He sat down on the bench and watched the guys out on the ice. The "SIEVE" chants had died down and the play had restarted. The Badgers played tight defense and aggressive offense when they needed to. The Terriers had some good chances, but it wasn't enough.

With thirty seconds left, Sean was back on the ice with Jimmy and Ritchie. They stopped the Terriers offense and then managed to get the puck out of their offensive zone. For the next thirty seconds they passed the puck around until time ran out and the horn sounded for a Badger victory!

With a fist pump, Sean skated with his teammates, giving Grissom a headbutt and the guys a high-five before skating off the ice.

"That was fun!" said Hitomi. "I think I like this game now!"

"So are we leaving?" asked Aaron.

"No," said Klaudia. "We're going to wait for Sean. He should be coming out of the locker room soon."

When Sean emerged from the locker room wearing a nice suit and carrying his hockey bag, he was surprised to see everyone waiting for him. "Wow," he said. He was even more surprised when Maria glomped him. "Okay, you guys are happy."

"What? A goal and an assist in a big win?" Rob asked sarcastically. "No, we're mad."

"Okay, okay," said Sean. "Still, thanks for being here, everyone, and mom."

"I wasn't going to miss this for the world," she said, giving him a bigger hug than Maria gave him. "So, what shall we do next?"

"Let's go out for some late-night dinner," said Bridget. "After we get this girl to bed."

"But I'm not sweepy," Allie said while rubbing her eyes.

"She's a bad liar," said Kevin. "I'm in."

"Same here," said Maria.
"Me too," said Sean.

"Then it's settled," said Klaudia. "Let's go!"

:-:-:-: Power Rangers GPX :-:-:-:

Chapter End Notes

Hitomi VO: "Next time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Ragnar: "Why have none of your plans succeeded?"

Arquen: "I apologize."

Kevin: "We've been fighting for so long."

Sean: "Hockey season is tough."

Ragnar: "Good evening humanity."

Hitomi VO: "That's next time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

So how was that? I wanted to get some hockey stuff out of the way. And again, I apologize for the rushed and jumpy pacing, but I hope you can understand. This was a breather episode before things start to get rough. So hang on tight! I apologize for the lack of Ranger action, but I might as well show Sean playing hockey!
Deadline News

Chapter Notes

Rob VO: "Last time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Sean: (Sarcastically) "I've never played a big game in my life."

Maria: (To Sean's mom) "I didn't know you were coming.

Klaudia (Sean's mum): "What kind of mother would I be?"

(The game begins with Sean on the ice. He plays well, but the opponent scores first. Then the Badgers score and it looks like things are going well, but then the opponent scores again)

(Then the Badgers tie the game and then Metoxen and Sean break away. Ritchie passes to Sean who scores)

Klaudia: "THAT'S MY BOY!"

Sean: "Thanks for being here everyone, and mom."

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Power Rangers GPX Supercharged, episode 11: Deadline News

:-:--: We're the best chance, for humanity, Pow-er Rang-gers G-P-X, let's GO! :-:--:

Commander Ragnar circled Arquen like a vulture. The younger general swallowed hard and his eyes shifted while he nervously bit his lip. He did not look at Commander Ragnar. His eyes were averted each time Ragnar looked at him. He could feel his heart pounding in his chest; HARD. He was sweating heavily and his under arms were soaked. "Look at me, Arquen," said Ragnar. Arquen looked away. "LOOK. AT. ME."

Arquen looked at Ragnar. The commander was glaring at him. He could see the anger in Ragnar's eyes. It was a disapproving anger and one that struck fear into everyone he looked with. Then Ragnar walked away. He examined some papers, his eyes darting over their lettering quickly. Arquen could not tell if Ragnar was reading too fast to digest the information or if he was digesting the information correctly.

"General Arquen," he said. His voice was authoritative enough that Arquen sat up straight in his seat on reflex and his heart skipped a harrowing beat. "Why have none of your plans succeeded?"

Arquen swallowed again. "I apologize, Commander Ragnar."

"I do not want your apologies or excuses, General Arquen," said Ragnar. "We have been battling the Power Rangers for nearly months and we have not had a victory. Neither I, nor God, are pleased."

"My apologies!" Arquen shuddered.
"I do not want your apologies!" Ragnar reiterated. "Your failures are becoming a problem for us. If we are to carry out God's will, we must be diligent! That is why I have co-assigned her."

Arquen let out a sigh that betrayed his dismay and disapproval. "Do you have a problem, Arquen?"

"No, Commander," said Arquen.

"Splendid," said Commander Ragnar. He turned to a soldier in the room. The soldier stiffened in his fear and nervousness when Commander Ragnar's eyes met his. "Bring her in."

"Y-yes, Commander!" said the soldier. He rushed out of the room in a hurry. Silence fell over the room; so silent Arquen could swear that he could hear his blood coursing through his veins and arteries. He could most certainly hear his heart beating and it was disconcerting to say the least.

"Have you spoken to the Queen lately?" asked Ragnar.

"No," said Arquen. "I have not had the ability to converse with her lately."

"Such a shame," said Ragnar. "Those humans killed her brother. I feel that it is only right that we kill them for her sake."

"I suppose," said Arquen.

"And God, our only God, wills it as well," said Ragnar. "Do you wish to anger God?"

"No," said Arquen.

"Here she comes now," said Ragnar. The doors opened and a woman, who appeared to be 30 human years, stepped inside the room. She walked the short distance to Ragnar's desk, stopped, and saluted.

"General Túrelie reporting," she said. She looked at Arquen and said, "Hello General Arquen. Fancy seeing you here."

"It is a pleasure to see you," he said, hiding his disgust.

She smiled at him, her smile framed by a thin face and her blue eyes gave Arquen a look that he could not pin down. Blonde hair flowed into a ponytail that was thrown over her right shoulder. Her frame was petite, but she was quarter of a head shorter than Arquen. "I must say you have held out quite well against the Rangers."

"I have enough experience dealing with them," he replied.

"Commander Ragnar, have you announced yourself to the world?" she asked.

"That was a plan of ours," said Ragnar.

"Which we can still carry out," said Arquen. "We will change it and make it much more simple."

"And I have a way to make it more… effective," she said. "Commander Ragnar, if you would allow, I would like to send some soldiers on an expedition."

"Allowed," said Ragnar. "Now then, how would we simplify your plan, Arquen?"

>::>: PRGPX ::>: ::>
In the three weeks that followed the game against Boston University, the Rangers continued their work while Sean had his season. To their relief, the Elves never attacked on days when he was on the road with the hockey team. Of course, "relief" might not be the word I should be using because the Elves still attacked. That's not something to be relieved about.

They did attack on one Friday where the hockey team had a home game. It was an attempt to destroy the observatory and it was just three hours before Sean had to get to the Kohl Center and play. Yeah, not the best timing.

The Washburn Observatory was still closed off to the public as Sean walked past it one November evening. Police tape surrounded it and some contractors were looking it over, checking out the blast marks and damaged caused to the old observatory. Ken Grissom, the goalie introduced in the previous chapter, whistled in amazement. "Wow. Look at that."

"I know," said Sean.

"Jesus Christ, how long has this been going on for?" Grissom asked again.

"I dunno," said Sean. "I'm just tired of all these Power Ranger fights." That was true in more than one way, but he was so used to pretending he didn't know anything his voice betrayed his actual fatigue. In fact, in the dim light, you couldn't see the subtle dark circles under his eyes.

"O'Callahan, are you okay?" asked Grissom.

"Yeah, I'm fine," Sean said, trying to hide his fatigue.

"You sure?" asked the Milwaukee native goalie. "You've been coming to practice yawning a lot and you interrupted class because you were asleep."

"I'm getting used to having a full schedule of hockey again," said Sean. "UIC club hockey was pretty easy-going. You should have seen how bad it was when I was with the Steel."

"Oh yeah, junior hockey," said Grissom. "I remember when I was with the [Dubuque] Fighting Saints. Main, I went two nights without sleep and my billet family forced me to get to sleep!"

"Damn," said Sean. "Alright, here's where I head to my place. I'll see you tomorrow, alright?"

"Alright," said Grissom. "I'll see you tomorrow." The two shook hands and Sean walked in the direction of his house.

A few minutes later he heaved up the stairs and opened the door to be greeted by a lovely sight—his dog, AJ and Maria doing yoga. Maria was doing yoga, not the dog. However, Sean was so tired he just walked past her and flopped down on the couch without even taking off his jacket. Well he did, but that was after he dropped to the couch. She wasn't happy about it, but she could see the fatigue in his eyes.

Indeed looking at Kevin, she could see him rubbing his face and sipping his third cup of tea in the past six hours. The only reason she wasn't as tired, or at least she suspected, was because of her yoga and meditation. "So how was your visit?" she asked.

"Nice," said Sean. "Grissom was getting nosy."

"Well, we've been fighting for so long," said Kevin, "Perhaps your fatigue is really showing."

"Ya think?" Sean asked, sitting up. "I'm starting to look like Alice Cooper for fuck's sake!"
"Then why don't you leave the team?" asked Maria.

"Because I don't want to and I'm having fun," said Sean. "Didn't you see The Daily Cardinal interview? They said I'm one of the best wingers in recent years." Too bad you'll never see it.

"Yes, but you're tired," she said, gently stroking his face. Her expression was one of genuine concern for her boyfriend. She feared that he might go insane from all the work he was doing. "Perhaps if you tried to find some balance."

"I could do that," said Sean. "I'll talk to my advisor. But hockey season's tough."

"I know that," she said, "And I can see it."

"You do?" he asked sarcastically. She smacked him on the head for that, which he wasn't so happy about.

"We should try a meditation regimen," she said. "Twenty minutes a day to start. And I don't want to hear any complaints!" Sean groaned in annoyance and Kevin sighed, rubbing his face.

"Thunderin' Jaysus," he said, his Irish brogue getting a little thicker. Maria silently scolded Sean and walked away to go back to her yoga practice.

:-:-:-: Power Rangers GPX :-:-:-:

"Hitomi, wake up!" Hitomi’s other friend Pam Green whispered to her while she slept in the middle of her English class at Madison West. Pam checked the front of the room to see if the teacher was looking. And since the teacher, who was in her early thirties, was not looking, there was some breathing room.

Hitomi stirred gently and looked up at the teacher, who was writing on the chalkboard something about one of Hemingway's short stories, the title of which completely escaped her. She should have read Hemingway when she had the chance. Instead, she focused on the likes of Naoko Takeuchi.

And speaking of sailors, yes, she was still wearing her uniform from her elite private high school!

"What?" she asked.

Pam was not in the mood to talk verbally. Instead, she gestured to the board and since she's fluent in ASL, she signed "PAY ATTENTION" to Hitomi and pointed again. Hitomi only needed to look at the teacher once to see what Pam was talking about and she quickly and hastily looked back and then to her notebook as if she was still paying attention and taking notes.

"Hitomi, what's wrong with you?" was the question that was on everyone's minds but came out of Gina's mouth first when they were all sitting at the lunch table. "Why were you sleeping in class?"

"I'm tired," said Hitomi. "I didn't know American graduation was so hard."

"Oh yeah, that," said Greg.

"And I'm getting ready to go to the University next semester," Hitomi said with both fatigue and sadness that she won't be seeing her friends everyday anymore.

She was looking for some way to get on the offensive when she noticed something odd about Gina. She never really thought about it at first since it was just a part of her friend that she just
glossed over it. But she noticed Gina had a shorter haircut than usually today and she was wearing a kerchief that covered her ears. Well, since Hitomi wanted to go on the offensive and her fatigue made her a little more open to these kinds of questions, she asked, "Gina is there something wrong with your ears?"

Her question, while innocent, seemed to hit a nerve with Gina. The girl instinctively went to her ears and then said, "No, I just wanted to wear this today."

"It looks nice," Hitomi said. It was a genuine compliment and a way to deflect any questions.

"Thank you, Hitomi!" said Gina. "Wait, Greg, you follow the Badger hockey team. Doesn't Hitomi's friend play for them?"

"He does!" said Hitomi. "Number 15!"

"Oh, man, I saw that Minnesota game!" said Greg. "They came back from 3 goals down in the third period!"

As the conversation switched to the Badger hockey team, Hitomi was surprised at just how fast she was able to derail the conversation. However, she began to suspect that it was really Gina who derailed the conversation. After a while, Hitomi didn't really seem to care that much about the conversation. By now it was just Greg talking about hockey and even though Rob was trying to get her to learn, she still didn't know enough about the game.

In fact, she'd stopped paying attention so much she didn't recognize that the others were talking to her. "Hitomi!" Gina said, shaking her out of her reverie and back into the real world. "We were thinking about going on campus after school," said Gina.

"Oh, I'd love to!" said Hitomi. "When are we going?"

"Right after school lets out," said Gina.

"I like it," said Hitomi.

Pyongyang

Im Yong-Soo rushed for the main building of Kim Il-Sung University in a bit of a hurry. He needed to get to class. He could not afford to miss his early-morning class. If he was going to help the glory that is the Democratic People's Republic of Korea, he had to study quite vigorously. He didn't even say hello to his fellow students along his route.

The campus trees were bare in the North Korean fall; a sight he always felt was beautiful. Americans, Japanese and South Koreans might be confused as to the state of Pyongyang, but he saw nothing wrong. Korea was a beautiful country, a subject anyone could write a poem about that could match or even better the supposedly great Western poets.

Checking his watch, he started to run a little more quickly. The glory of the State did not wait for —"OOF!" He felt a blow to his back and fell to the ground in a surprised daze that made his vision spin. As he tried to regain his bearings, he felt someone pull him up and he found himself starting into the face of someone who, for the life of him, had to have been an American—white skin and everything, but something seemed off about them.

"Wh-who are you?" he asked. "What are you doing here, American?"
The assailant threw her head back and laughed. "My, my, you are naïve," she said. How could she be speaking Korean!? "Where are my manners? My name's General Túrelie. No, I am not an American. I'm not even human!"

"Then what are you!?"

"I am an Elf! And you are my hostage!"

:-:-:-: Power Rangers GPX :-:-:-:

"Alright cheeseheads, get the hell out of my car," said Sean. Unimpressed with Sean's hospitality, Hitomi's crew jumped out of the backseat of his car and flipped him off in thanks. Hitomi was rolling her eyes as well.

"Fuck you, FIB," said Greg.

"Whatever," said Sean. Sean looked over at Hitomi and well, he couldn't really say no to that face of hers. "Alright, sorry I called you cheeseheads and I demanded you get out of my car."

"Much better," said Hitomi.

"Look, let's just get back to Rob's house," said Sean. Hitomi got back in the Cobalt and closed the door. As he was sick of listening to crap only meant for high schoolers, AKA modern pop music, he changed the station to something that sounded interesting. He turned to NPR. Well, it's informative and anything's better than the likes of Katy Perry, Lady Gaga, Ke$ha, Taylor Swift and Bieber.

But a listen to NPR had something different.

"... The four kidnappings have the same pattern: they are all young adults under the age of 24, in university and witness describe the attacks as coming out of nowhere and the assailants seemingly teleport into the area."

"What do you think?" asked Hitomi.

"Sounds suspicious," said Sean. "But I'm not worrying right now."

But something in Hitomi's gut told her something was not right. It wasn't any psychic ability—that doesn't exist in this universe, anyway. It was just a bad feeling that perhaps Sean was simply wrong. It wouldn't be the end of the world, but it was probably important that he be at least a little bit worried.

After dropping Hitomi off at Rob's house, he drove back to his place. Along the way he remembered that Maria had demanded they start their meditation regimen today. And she even came up with a time, about 4:30 or 5 to start. If Sean was late, he'd have hell to pay. But really, he didn't care. He'll meditate on his own damn time and no fucking regimen is going to make him do it.

However, the very pissed-off expression on his girlfriend's face that greeted him made him change his views a little bit. Oh yes, she would make him do it. And to his relief, she was in no mood to lecture him. Instead, a simple Death Glare that penetrated into the very heart of his being was enough to make him talk. "Practice ran a little late and I had to pick up Hitomi's friends," he said.

"Well that's nice," she said. She followed him over to the couch, where he flopped on his back like the lazy bum he was. However, the dark circles under his eyes were still there, so she decided that
she would not push him about it… for now.

"We are ready, Commander Ragnar," said General Arquen. They had the human news presenters tied up and gagged to the side. Several Suitroops were positioned at the cameras, holding the floor director hostage. Suitroops were even in the control room holding the engineers and operators hostage. Arquen and Türelie stood to the side of the newsdesk.

Ragnar himself walked into the studio, giving it a close examination. Things were going well and he nodded his head in approval. "Excellent," he said. He seated himself in the anchor's chair and looked at the camera. "Are we ready?"

"We should be able to broadcast to the entire world," said Arquen.

"Perfect," said Ragnar.

The Suitroop prodded the floor director. "O-one minute," he said. Ragnar looked at the camera and waited for the time to speak. "Ten, nine, eight, seven," He stopped counting out loud and counted with his hands and once he was ready, he pointed to Ragnar.

"Good evening, humanity," he said.

In that instant, Ragnar's broadcast took over every channel and every broadcast around the world. His image appeared on TV screens in every single country, much to the confusion of everyone watching who was awake. Television and radio broadcasters tried desperately to take him off the air, but it was of no use.

At the same time in Madison, the GPX Rangers were alerted.

As soon as he heard Ragnar talking, Sean bolted upright on the couch. "I would like to discuss our grievances with you, humanity," said Ragnar. "No, your eyes do not deceive you. I am an Elf; a species you once considered a myth. I can assure you we are very real."

At that moment, the Rangers got an update from SWORD. "Where is he?" Sean asked.

"We've traced the signal to within Madison," said the SWORD agent. "He's at 5727 Tokay Boulevard."

"Got it!" said Sean. "Let's move, people!" The Rangers bolted out of the house and morphed once outside. They summoned their IndyCar-like Indys and took off towards the west side of town. Rob and Hitomi followed about a minute later. As they sped through the city, the SWORD agent called them up again.

"You want to listen to this guy?" he asked. "He's talking bullshit, but it might be entertaining."

"Go ahead," said Sean.

"… We have been defending ourselves against humanity for the past several weeks," said Ragnar. "And yet you still attack us. We feel that we have no choice to attack humanity. Unlike the foolish Zordonians, who felt they were entitled to our planet, we act in the best interests of Elvish society. For that reason, God almighty, the one and only, has requested that I fight this battle."
"Oh great, a religious extremist," said Sean.

"When you ask us why we have not appeared in the 10,000 years since you last saw us, I reply with this: We have wished not to interact with you. Your savagery frightened us and we felt it was best that we not approach you for fear for our well-being. We have seen over the course of those 10,000 years that we were correct.

"Human society is decadent and hypocritical. You claim to love one another and yet you put racists in high levels of power and kill each other. You pollute our Earth and claim to love it. We Elves will not stand for this any longer. That is why we have chosen to defend ourselves against human aggression."

"Gee, that's original," said Maria.

"You have started wars for simple and petty reasons. You starve your fellow man and pretend that there is nothing wrong with it; that it is his fault he is starving. You slaughter entire civilizations in the name of 'progress' and wonder why they retaliate."

"Great, why is he making me agree with him?" said Sean.

"Typical terrorist rhetoric," said Maelstrom. "He reminds me of a certain someone."

"… Of course, now you humans are starting to put your differences aside now that you have successfully turned back a threat by a common enemy, the Zordonians. I commend you, humanity. But I do not have my hopes up. Instead, I worry that you will turn on us. Indeed, our ambassadors have already been attacked by your 'champions'; the Power Rangers."

"Okay, now I know he's talking shit!" said Sean.

"It must say something about your species when your so-called 'heroes' are lifted from a children's television program. This is simply the wish of a young boy stuck in perpetual childhood and unable to mature emotionally…"

"How much longer?" asked Kevin.

"A couple more minutes!" said Sean. "We're almost there!"

"… Your obsession with heroes has no place in this world. You truly are a misguided species. On top of that, your 'heroes' only barely defeated the Zordonians, only taking advantage of galactic combat rites to send their emperor off of our planet. You were lucky. We will prove to you and your fellow humans that you are nothing but paper tigers."

"Then why haven't you beaten us?" asked Sean. "Alright, we're here!"

They pulled up to the studios for WKOW, Madison's ABC affiliate. They were immediately met by a platoon of Suitroops that blocked their way inside. "Ah, jeez," said Sean. "Looks like we're going to have to fight our way in! LET'S GO!"

In the studio, Arquen raised his hand up to his ear, and then he said something in Elvish to Ragnar. "It seems as though the Power Rangers have come," he said. "According to my second-in-command, they are outside the studios where we are right now trying to fight their way in. Typical. Can you humans do nothing without resorting to violence?"

"Hey, you picked a fight with us," Sean said while tearing a Suitrop's arm off. The Rangers were making the fight quick, tearing through the Suitroops like they were tissue paper. Maria and
Hitomi had each grabbed a Suitroop and threw them out of the way. Kevin had restrained a Suitroop and Rob was going to town on it. Sean and Aaron were kicking and punching their Suitroop enemies.

Soon, they'd fought their way through the Suitroop blockade. They blasted the door open, only to find themselves face-to-face with more Suitroops. "Damn," said Aaron.

"No time to curse our luck," said Sean. "LET'S GO!"

On Sean's command, they rushed forward to fight the Suitroops. They met the enemy and a full-blown brawl broke out with Rob throwing the first punch that sent a Suitroop flying backwards.

Sean ducked under a Suitroop that was throwing a punch and countered with a right hook to its face. Maria backed him up, throwing a jump kick to the next Suitroop. Aaron had already ran up the walls of the lobby and leapt into the like it was a moshpit. Then Kevin ran in and delivered a powerful punch to a Suitroop. Rob then threw a kick to a Suitroop that Hitomi finished off with her own kick.

"Alright, let's split up! They should be in the studio," said Sean. "Aaron, Kevin, take the control room. Hitomi, Rob, try and find some hostages. Maria, you're with me."

"Got it!" they said. They broke up and began to search the station for their queries.

"Let's go!" said Sean.

"Right behind you!" said Maria. She took off with him to try and find the main studio.

"So they are inside?" Ragnar asked. A Suitroop nodded. "Hold them off. We still have a message to send." He turned to the camera and said in English, "It seems our time is almost over. However, we have more to say. As God is on our side, he will have to qualms with our next action. Bring them in."

Some Suitroops brought in some prisoners, including the North Korean university student introduced earlier. "I would like you to meet someone," said Ragnar. "This man here is Stefan Kiske of Dortmund, Germany. The other is Khalid Morsi of Riyadh, Saudi Arabia. The third is Im Yong-Soo of Pyongyang, North Korea and the fourth is Jean Fletcher of Perth, Australia. They look like your ordinary people, correct? So why would I bring them here to Madison, Wisconsin?

"The answer is simple: These four are trainees of a top-secret program known as Project Ranger."

"WHAT!?" Sean asked in absolute shock outside the studio.

"Project Ranger was a top-secret program by the United Nations after they learned of the imminent invasion that would become the Zordonian attack. In a panic, they approved this project and in order to make it work, subtly trained thousands of children for over ten years.

"Now I know you are assuming these children were only to be used in the case of an emergency. However, as there are thousands of them, we fear they may be used to become an army that will be used against us."

"THAT'S BULLSHIT!" Sean shouted while ripping a Suitroop to shreds.

"To show how much we mean business in defeating the Rangers, we will kill one at a time. If the Power Rangers do not arrive in five minutes, we will kill one. And then we will kill another."
Arquen and Túrelie glanced at each other. Arquen mouthed something at her and she shrugged.

"Bring over Mr. Kiske," said Ragnar. A Suitroop grabbed the brown-haired German and dragged him in front of the news desk.

"LET'S GO!" said Sean. He and Maria started fighting harder to get to the studio. However, they were blocked by more and more Suitroops who were more than determined to stop them. Sean threw a kick at the Suitroop that blocked his way. Maria punched another. Then Maria tried to jump over the Suitroops, but she was knocked out of the air by a Suitroop.

Rob had successfully informed Hitomi about how to clear a room and they were able to clear the break room of Suitroops. Several station employees were bound in the break room and they freed them. "Are you okay?" asked Rob. One of the employees nodded. "Good. The police should be here, now get going!" They didn't bother to doubt Rob and they bolted rather quickly.

As for Kevin and Aaron, they were right outside the control room, but several Suitroops were positioned outside. Kevin groaned, but Aaron rushed to take them out. Kevin did not bother to wait and started fight as well. He reached for the door, but the Suitroops grabbed him and dragged him away from the door as he tried to resist and get to the door.

"I really hate to do this," said Ragnar, "But in order to send a message to you Power Rangers, I feel I must." A Suitroop had his staff pointed at poor Stefan's head. Stefan's breath was labored and his heart was pounding.

I don't want to die, I don't want to die! He thought, translated into English.

"Where are you, Power Rangers?"

"RAGNAR!" a muffled voice screamed from behind the door. He banged on the door to open it. But it was locked. Then, they heard the sound of a blaster.

"Do it," said Ragnar.

Sean and Maria burst in and saw a flash of blue light. In a stunned state of mind, they watched as Stefan collapsed to the ground. "Ay dios mio," Maria could only say in a choked whisper.

"You BASTARD!" Sean screamed. Ragnar looked at Sean and teleported away right as the Suitroops whacked the other Project Ranger candidates in the head.

The Suitroops in the control room turned to see Aaron and Kevin burst in. "This show is over!" said Kevin. He pulled out his blaster and with a pair of precision shots, took out the Suitroops while Aaron freed the engineers. They immediately terminated the broadcast. At the same time, the worldwide broadcast ended, as it was really being controlled from Alfheim.

But the damaged had been done.

With the news anchors and other staff out of the studio, Sean and Mad removed their helmets to examine the damage. There were three scrapped Suitroops, three knocked out Project Ranger candidates and one dead German.

"Wake up!" Maria said gently to one of the candidates, who was apparently the Saudi. He stirred and looked around to see Maria smiling. "He's still alive," she said to Sean.

"Good," said Sean.

SWORD agents entered the studio and placed blankets over the shoulders of the three living
candidates. "What just happened?" asked Jean.

"Sorry," said Sean. He looked at Stefan's body, as it was being covered up by the SWORD investigators. "I'm really sorry this happened."

"Who are you?" she asked again.

"I'm Sean and this is Maria," he said. "We're Project Ranger candidates, too."

"Okay," she said. She looked at Yong-Soo and Khalid.

"We'll keep you guys safe here in Madison," said Sean, "Until you can go home."

"I want to go home," said Jean. "I just want this nightmare to end!"

"So do I," said Sean.

:-:-:-: PRGPX :-:-:-:

Chapter End Notes

Sean VO: "Next time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Maelstrom: "We think there may be Project Ranger candidates on campus."

Sean: "Um, hi Jean."

Maria: "We need to talk."

Kevin: "What did you do?"

Eruvanda: "Arquen?"

Arquen: "For you, my Queen."

Maria: "How do you feel about me, Sean?"

Sean VO: "That's next time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Wow. That was… dark.

So, I hope I'm turning Ragnar into a despicable villain. I'm going to go deeper into Project Ranger itself in the coming chapters. And there might be a new cast member.

So how did I do? Is Ragnar despicable? Were you utterly shocked at what just happened? Let me know!
Kevin: "Last time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Túrelie: "General Túrelie reporting."

Ken Grissom: "O'Callahan, are you okay?"

Gina: "Hitomi, what's wrong with you?"

Hitomi: "Gina, is there something wrong with your ears?"

Túrelie: "You are my hostage!"

Ragnar: "I would like to discuss our grievances with you, humanity."

(The Rangers try to disrupt Ragnar's broadcast, but they are too late to save a German Project Ranger trainee)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"So because of that incident last week, I had to be dragged in front of the Armed Services Committee again," said Col. Greene. "Senator Evergreen let loose on me asking for any information at all on the Project Ranger trainees, but I had to tell him that divulging that information to the public would only make things worse."

"So what else did he say?" Sean asked as he spoke to Col. Greene on Skype with the other Rangers trying to get a good glimpse of the Colonel.

"He kept asking the same question over and over again," said Col. Greene. "Still don't like those Tea Party folks at all. Still don't like those Tea Party folks at all. Unfortunately, Ragnar did have a point about you being a kids' show and I suspect it's going to cause some more anti-Ranger sentiment in the coming days and weeks."

"Dammit," Sean said with a groan. "I don't want to be saddled with the kids' superhero label."

"And we just had to get over anti-Ranger sentiment in Orlando," said Kevin. Although that was because of the deranged rantings of Fox News host Ben Dreck who accused the Rangers of being part of a government take-over—which is obviously bullshit—not because of the kids' superhero label.

"So what about the other Project Ranger trainees?" asked Maria.

"SWORD will keep an eye on them," said Col. Greene. "There might even be one or two on campus, so try to find them before the Elves do. And speaking of which, what happened to the other three?"
"The North Korean and the Saudi have gone home," said Sean, "The Australian girl, Jean, its still here, although that's because she hasn't been able to get a flight back to Perth yet."

"Where is she now?"

"She's sleeping," said Maria. "We offered to make her a Ranger, but she refused."

"For completely understandable reasons," said Kevin.

"Well, I can see why," said Col. Greene. "I don't have anything else to say except I'll try and keep you guys anonymous on this end. You try to find anymore Project trainees on campus."

"You think the Elves are gonna come after us?" asked Sean. "They found those guys, you think they have our address?"

"If they do, get ready to fight," said Col. Greene. "For now, assume they don't, but be ready if they do. I gotta go. My wife wants us to plan our Bahamas trip." The Skype screen went blank.

"Great, more bad news," said Sean, "Just what we needed."

"Can't we go one fight without being universally hated?" asked Kevin.

"The Japanese liked us," said Maria.

"… Besides that."

"Well, thankfully, the good Colonel gave me time to get ready for class," said Sean. "I have a fucking exam—Open book, but I have to cite my sources. I HATE anthropology exams!" His anti-exam tirade continued as he marched upstairs to get ready while his fellow Rangers could only sigh and shake their heads at their leader's anger.

About ten minutes later, Sean was bundled up and checking his Facebook page real quick before leaving. On his profile pic was him dressed as the Tenth Doctor and Maria dressed as Donna Noble at the State Street Halloween party. He'd risked ridicule by his teammates, who were unaware that he even liked that show, but his Tenth Doctor mannerisms impressed them. To be fair, they (or at least Jimmy and Marty) expected him to go as Link, a Hanson Brother or a Power Ranger, the latter of which he could have done, but decided not to since it was too cheap, easy and obvious. The second one he couldn't do because he doesn't have a Charleston Chiefs sweater.

Grabbing and slinging his backpack over his shoulder, he closed his laptop and picked it up to get moving to class. As he stepped out, he noticed Jean had woken up and looked as if she was a zombie. "Um, hi Jean," said Sean. "Could you mind moving out of the way, please?"

"Matt," she said in a forelorn voice.

"My name's not Matt," he said. However, he didn't get to say anything else because to his utter shock, she grabbed his face and pulled him in, kissing him deeply. To make matters worse, Maria peeked out from her room and saw the two, but because she couldn't see the utterly shocked look on his face and from her angle he looked like he was kissing back, she went back in her room with a disgusted look on her face.

"Hey!" Sean said when he broke the kiss (which only lasted about 5 seconds). "Sorry, but I don't know what you're doing and oh, SHIT! I gotta get going!" He departed quickly, not even bothering to tell Maria about what just happened. Strike one.
He returned a couple of hours later. He sighed once he got back into the house, relieved to be in the warm house after slogging through the cold weather outside. He was on his phone and at first did not notice Maria. "Yeah, so what happened then?" he asked to the person on the phone. "You're serious? Damn. What? Yeah, I have a girlfriend. Of course she's hot!" Strike two. "I gotta go, my girlfriend's on the couch. Bye!" He hung up and obliviously walked over to her and kissed her cheek. "One of the football players," he said.

"You're making friends," she said.

"Yeah, he's—hey, are you okay?"

"Of course, I'm perfectly fine," she said.

"You know, my sister talks like that when she's hiding her anger," said Sean. "What's so upsetting?"

"What do you think of me?" she asked.

"What?"

"What do you think of me?" Her voice was more firm.

"I think you're amazing," said Sean. "You're a beautiful, tough woman who won't take shit from anyone."

"That's nice to hear," she said. "Then why were you kissing Jean?"

"WHAT!?"

"Don't deny it!" she shouted, getting up and in his face. "I saw you two making out this morning! And then you just up and left!"

"I had to get to class!" said Sean.

"You could have apologized!"

"I wasn't thinking about that!" said Sean.

"Gee, I didn't know!" she said.

"Will you stop with the sarcasm and listen to me!?"

"I am listening! What's your reason for kissing her?"

"She kissed me!" Sean replied.

"Liar," she said.

"Are you kidding me!?" he shouted. "What is it with you, why are you acting like this? Are you PMS—" SMACK!

Maria glared at him, her hand stinging just as much as his left cheek was. Her teeth were clenched in anger, and her face truly invoked the phrase 'Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned'. "Don't say another word," she said. "You grew up with three women, you should know better than that."

"I'm sorry," said Sean. "But you didn't have to hit me so hard."
"One more question," she said. "Do you love me? Or am I some trophy girlfriend that you can carry around and brag about to everyone else?"

Sean laughed as if it should have been obvious. But when he opened his mouth, nothing came out. "I..." he tried to say something, but he couldn't. Now, he's told his mom and his sister that he loves them. The problem is, he has a really hard time saying it. It's not because of some deep-seeded emotional issue or some other reasons; he simply has a hard time saying it period. Unfortunately, it came up at a very bad time. Strike three.

"FUCK YOU!" she screamed and stormed off, shoving a very shocked Kevin out of the way.

"What did you do?" asked Kevin. He knew Sean pissed her off. It's how he did it and the tone of voice made it more accusatory.

"I-I-I, Jean kissed me this morning and now Maria's mad at me," said Sean.

"And you made the situation worse," said Kevin.

"Yes, I did," said Sean. "Oh, fuck, MARIAC!" he chased after her and ran upstairs while Kevin just watched.

"Why, of all times to they have to fight, why now?" Kevin asked. In the author's defense, we might as well get this out of the way before shit really hits the fan.

But still, the couple everyone wanted to get together was going through a very rough patch. And Kevin knew exactly who started it.

So while Sean was busy trying his best to explain himself to his angry girlfriend, Kevin pounded on the door of the guest room, where Jean was sleeping. "JEAN!" he shouted. "EXPLAIN YOURSELF NOW!"

"Is this your hormones or something?" Sean asked. Kevin cringed. Sean was not helping himself.

"JEAN!" he called out. "Come out, NOW!"

But she did not come out. Instead, she was hiding under her covers, quietly asking herself, "My god, what have I done?" with tears running down her eyes. It's safe to say that her already fragile mental state was not getting any better.

On the subject of already fragile mental states, we change our focus to the Elves. As of this moment, General Arquen had had arrived at Her Majesty's office and chambers, as she had requested his presence yet again. On this occasion, he would not leave, as it was simply unnecessary for him to do so. Upon arriving at the Queen's chambers, he rapped a few times on the wood. "Who is it?"

"It is I, General Arquen," he said.

There was a momentary pause from behind the door. He could hear footsteps coming from behind the doors of her chambers. And when they stopped, he saw them opening as the Queen revealed her head to the General. "Arquen?"

"Y-yes, My Queen," he said with a bow, utterly flustered that his Queen would use such casual language. "You wanted to see me?"
"Yes," she replied. "Please, come in." At her request, he nodded and stepped inside her chambers.

His Queen's chambers were massive, large enough to fit the tree that formed part of her bed at the very end of the chamber. It was so overwhelmingly white that he was nearly blinded by its brightness, although it had a more simple air about it than one might expect from a Queen. The door was open to the balcony, letting in a gentle breeze from the outside.

Tapestries and paintings lined the walls. They were not records of famous Alfheim victories, only simple scenes of everyday life; the farmer, baker, butcher and the candlestick maker. Images of young lovers were spread upon the walls and one, the largest, was the one he recognized: the Queen and her brother Erik, he dressed in the uniform of the Alfheim military.

"My Queen," he said as she moved with grace to the bed. "What do you need?"

"I… only wanted company," she said. She was certainly not dressed for a formal occasion. Her gown was of light silk, held up by spaghetti straps (as humans call them) and he could see that she had forgone footwear.

"I see," he said. "If you want to hear, our battle with the Rangers—"

"I have my doubts," she said. "What?"

"I have my doubts about this," she said again. Moved by his Queen's frankness, Arquen moved forward and placed his hand on her shoulder. Both were young, appearing to be in their mid-20s by human age, they were in their 40s. "About our battle with the Rangers."

"Why?"

"I cannot explain," she replied. "I was unaware of the actions Ragnar took last week. Now I wonder if it is for the best."

"My Queen!" Arquen interrupted. "My apologies. I do not see why you must doubt our mission. It is God's will, after all. And I will do my best to carry it out, for you my Queen."

"What if Ragnar is wrong?" she asked.

Arquen was still, unable to explain to his Queen, who appeared so despondent, what would happen if Ragnar was wrong. She gazed upon him again and he had no answer. "I must take my leave," he said. He turned to depart, but as he did, he heard the Queen shout,

"ARQUEN!"

The general stopped and pivoted to behold his Queen reaching out for him, her expression one of agony, loneliness, fear and possibly other emotions. He did not see her as his Queen, but a woman; a lonely, terrified woman who needed a companion—desperately. "My queen," he said.

"You may refer to me as Eruvanda," she said. She gazed upon him again, "My apologies, but…" her visage was one of hurt. Now, for the first time, Arquen could see just how much her brother's murder had affected her. Out of decency, he took her in his arms and held her close to him. She gasped before settling down in his hold. He, on the contrary, was wondering what he was doing.

And yet, that part of him that held these forbidden feelings was winning his internal battle for his mind. In the end, his willingness to help his Queen won out and he softly spoke, "Eruvanda,
And yet, he failed to see Ragnar peeping in on them both. And Ragnar had a terrible smile on his face and an awful plan in his mind. He turned to Túrelie and said, "First, is your monster ready?"

"Of course, commander," she said.

"Second, I know how we can keep those two in line."

:"-:-:-: Power Rangers GPX :-:-:-:

"YOU ARE AN IDIOT!" Sean cringed while his sister shouted at him.

"Or at least acting like one!" said Rob.

"Bad unca Sean!" said Allie. Great, even the three-year-old is against him!

"Okay, so maybe Maria should have listened to you," Finally! "But you did no favors to yourself by insulting her—and that should be obvious!"

Sean groaned, slamming his head on their kitchen table while Allie smacked him on the back of the head, this case, she which would usually get her mother angry with her, but in this case, she was going to get away with it. "I'm sorry!"

"Why are you apologizing to us?" asked Rob.

"I don't know!" Sean wailed. "But, I didn't kiss that girl! Oh my god, I KNOW I made the situation worse, I just need to know how to FIX IT!"

"First step is to apologize," said Rob. "Then, you go from there."

"But I tried to call her and apologize. She wouldn't answer!"

"Ouch," said Rob. "Okay, so frustration is setting in. Believe me, I know the feeling."

"And what are you insinuating?" asked Bridget.

"Nothing, dear," said Rob.

"Henpecked!" Sean sneezed mockingly.

"Bless you," said Rob.

"Can we quit making jokes?" Bridget asked. "Sean, you have to get Maria alone and then tell her you're sorry, and then explain things and tell her you love her."

"Will that work?" asked Sean.

"It worked on her," said Rob.

"That's true," said Bridget. "Now, she got mad at you because she thinks you're taking her for granted and you're using her like a trophy girlfriend. You have to tell her you love her."

"But don't actions speak louder than words?"

"Words work too!"
"But will it work?"

"It worked on me!"

"I'm not sure if what worked on you is going to work on Maria," said Sean.

"She's a hopeless romantic," said Bridget. "She'll listen."

"Yeah, you make it sound so ea—Hold on." He morpher started beeping. In case you've forgotten or are just tuning in, Bridget is aware that Sean is a Power Ranger because of some unforeseen circumstances this past July. "What is it?" he asked.

"Monster attack near UW Hospital," said the SWORD agent on the other end.

"Dammmit!" said Sean.

"Well, it'll make it easier for you to talk to her!" said Bridget, trying to find a silver lining here.

"Yeah, real funny, Bridge," said Sean. "Rob, you ready?"

"I'm a Marine, I'm always ready! OO-RAH!"

"Great! ALLONS-Y!"

Almost immediately, the UW Hospital began its evacuation procedure, Power Rangers or no, out of the possibility that the enemy could get inside the hospital. At the moment, there was no sign of Suitroops, except for one strange-looking monster, that upon first inspection, did not seem to resemble any known animal.

Indeed, there was something about this new monster, from the antlers on its head, to its almost weasel-like face, ape-like body and lion-like tail, appeared to be more of a hodge-podge of different animals.

It appeared that the monster had not abilities, aside from its ability to frighten. Still, that's a powerful ability, and given how Elvish monsters have been shown to be very dangerous, it's best not to let them touch anyone.

Luckily, it didn't take long before the first three Rangers to arrive showed up, the Blue, Green and Yellow Rangers. By now, Kevin was more than determined to keep the Rangers in line after the debacle almost a month ago when Sean was injured. "Alright, spread out and surround him," said Kevin. "We're keeping him outside."

"Right!" they said. So far, so good. They followed Kevin's orders and surrounded the monster. It looked around, confused as to what was going on, and attacked Aaron first.

The fight was on.

Aaron blocked the monster's swipe and kicked back. The monster doubled over and then Aaron spun around and reverse roundhouse kicked the monster away. Kevin was next, grabbing it and throwing it to the ground. The monster rolled back up and tried to whack Maria with its tail, but she grabbed it and kicked it in the rear end. Then she got pretty violent, whacking the monster so many times Kevin had to pull her off of it. "LET ME GO!"

"You are too angry!" said Kevin.
"WE'RE HEE-EERE!" he heard behind him. He looked to see Sean, Rob and Hitomi running their way.

"HE'S GETTING AWAY!" said Aaron. They looked to see the monster running away from them.

"GET HIM!" Kevin shouted. They took off in hot pursuit, spreading out and trying to keep him away from the entrances. Indeed, the fact that patients and staff were still being evacuated only raised the urgency level. The monster had to stay away from the entrances.

Kevin grabbed the monster and Rob rushed to back him up. The two started to push the monster away from the entrances. Hitomi rushed over to them and summoned her Am Bow, letting an arrow loose that knocked the monster back and allowed Aaron to fly in and kick it in the head.

The monster fell over, sprawled on the ground and Sean rushed over to it and picked it up. "What the hell are you doing here?" he asked.

"Commander Ragnar ordered me," it said without a hint of remorse. "He thought I'd have som— OH!" He didn't finish his sentence. Sean simply punched him in the jaw and he was sprawling on the ground again. The other Rangers rushed to attack the monster, but Sean grabbed Maria and tried to talk to her.

"We need to talk," he said. Maria would have none of it, though, as she ripped her arm out of his grip and rushed after the monster.

"You want them to deal with their problems NOW!?" Kevin shouted while trying to keep the monster in place.

"If not now, when?" asked Rob. He kneed the monster in the gut and elbowed it in the back. That left him up to Sean, who kneed it in the face. The monster got back up, still holding his face, but managed to block Sean's punch and countered with a right side kick to Sean's gut.

Hitomi was in pretty quickly, and she kicked the monster in the chest. He knocked her to the side and then whacked Maria as she tried to fight the monster. In her frustration, she pounded the pavement right as Sean walked up to try and console her. But she would have none of it.

She just pushed him off in disgust. Sean was also starting to get frustrated, as his attempts to talk to his girlfriend were failing miserably.

When Maria got back to fighting the monster, Rob caught its arm before it could whack her again. "I think you should listen to Sean," he said while kicking the monster several times in the gut. "He's really sorry, you know."

"Fuck him!" she said. This, sadly, gave the monster a bad idea.

"Yeah, don't listen to him!" said the monster. "Why do you need the Red Ranger, anyway, he's not worth it!"

"You stay out of this domestic dispute!" said Kevin. He pulled out his blaster and shot the monster point-blank as punishment.

The monster staggered backwards, trying to stay on its feet before Sean rushed in and socked the monster dead on the jaw, which made it stagger backwards again. When it recovered, he blocked Sean's kick and then, in a move that stunned Sean, threw him over him and into a car, smashing it almost to pieces. "Ow," he said.
"RED!" said Rob. The monster punched him in the helmet, and he fell to the pavement.

Hitomi rushed forward, kicking the monster. He caught her leg, but she put her other leg on his chest and she flipped backwards off of him, and then rushed forward again and punched him in the face. Maria came afterwards, but her punch was so off she missed… BADLY.

"What is wrong with you?" asked Aaron while holding the monster at bay.

"SHUT UP!" she replied.

"There is something wrong with you," said Aaron.

"She and Sean are having a bad fight," said Rob. "We're trying to get them to make up."

"Good luck with that," said Hitomi.

"When did she become sarcastic?" asked Aaron.

"From spending too much time with us," said Kevin.

"Maria, please listen!" Sean said with a combination of apology, desperation, frustration and irritation.

"Fuck. OFF!" she said.

"I didn't kiss that girl!" he said. "I'm sorry and I love you!"

"Saying it won't make a difference!" she said. She pushed him off, rushing back to the monster.

The monster noticed this and began to taunt Maria. Since she'd already broken the number 1 rule of being a martial artist (do not get angry), she was susceptible to his taunts. She chased him over to the buildings and when he jumped, she followed him onto one of the buildings.

There, the two engaged in hand-to-hand combat, with the monster taunting her about her relationship with Sean. "Why are you still talking to him?" he asked. "What has he done for you? NOTHING!" She began to slow down her punches. She threw one that missed the monster and he elbowed her in the back.

Then, he held her out over the ledge of the building. "You don't deserve each other," he said. "Let's see if he really cares about you. I doubt it! Good-bye!" it was then Maria realized she'd been tricked. She tried to fight back, but the monster let her go and she began to fall off the roof.

So this is it, she thought. It was a vaguely peaceful acceptance of her death. She watched the building go by slowly, not in a dramatic fashion, but in acceptance of what was to come. Everyone... I'm so sorry. Grandfather, I'm coming. She closed her eyes and waited for the inevitable.

But then, she felt herself being caught. She opened her eyes and—"Sean?"

"Maria, I'm really sorry," he said. He'd jumped and caught her and now he was just about to land while the others were busy taking care of the monster. When he landed, he set her down, but he kept her near him. "Maria, I am so sorry I insulted you. I shouldn't have done that. Yes, I do love you. I won't say how much, just that I do. And I'm terrible at saying these things, and the fact that I'm able to say it right here with such ease should tell you that I'm being honest here."

"Idiota!" she said with her voice breaking.
"Jean kissed me," he continued. "I wasn't happy about it at all."

"Then you should have told me sooner," she said.

"I had to get to class," said Sean.

"YOU TWO GET YOUR ARSES OVER HERE NOW!" Kevin screamed.

"SHUT UP, KEVIN!" Maria shouted back. Kevin was so flabbergasted that he didn't see the monster's punch that knocked him down. "To be fair, he has a point. Let's wait until after this fight to talk but until then, I love you too."

"YES!" Sean shouted. He grabbed her hand and pulled her up. "Now then, ALLONS-Y!"

But before he could go, Maria grabbed his wrist. He stopped, turned around and she gripped his hand gently and lovingly, perhaps affirming their love and all that shit. He nodded and the two charged forward with their hands still linked and POWER OF LOVE CLOTHESSLINED the monster.

"What took you two?" said Kevin.

"At least we're here!" said Sean. The monster had gotten up and thrown a punch at Sean, but Maria blocked it and shoved him away, which allowed Hitomi to kick it in the face. The monster recovered to throw a punch at Kevin, which Kevin blocked and kicked as a counterattack.

"We need to finish him off," said Kevin. "He can't be allowed to get anywhere near the entrance."

"I gotcha," said Kevin. "ALRIGHT, LET'S FINISH HIM!"

"RIGHT!" they said in unison. They pulled out their weapons and their AcceleKeys. They jammed the keys into their weapons and pointed their Octane Blasters at the monster. But before Sean could give the order, Maria took his hand in hers, and gave it a squeeze.

"Just give the order!" said Kevin.

"Hey, I'm the one giving orders here! FIRE!"

They pulled their triggers and shot the monster, their blasts hitting their marks and the monster began to erupt in sparks before falling to the ground before exploding. There was a pause for a moment as they waited for that beam of light, but nothing happened. "Is that supposed to happen?" asked Aaron.

"What the hell is going on?" asked Sean.

:-:-:-: Power Rangers GPX :-:-:-: 

The person whose duty it is to order the use of the enlarging beam is Arquen. It's not a vital duty that would require a court-martial should he not give the order, but it is important. However, he was not available. The question upon everyone's lips was, why?

To put it simply, he was in bed.

… With the Queen.

Indeed, this fact was racing through his mind as he laid there with the covers raised up to his bare chest, holding the Queen, whose head was laid on his shoulder and also covered up, in his arm. His
grip was tight, but the Queen, who was already in a deep and peaceful slumber, did not notice. And yet, Arquen could not sleep. What have I done? What in God’s name have I done?

His regret was so palpable, that the Queen began to feel his grip and awoke to see his conflicted facial expression. "Arquen, what is it?" she asked quietly.

"This is wrong," he said. "I am so sorry, but this is—" She cut him off, silencing him with her finger. He looked at her, his eyes begging for answers.

"Do not worry," she said. He opened his mouth to object, but she placed her finger on his lips again. "You're not the first military officer to bed a Queen." Her contraction surprised him even more. "I am simply glad to have you here with me. Thank you, Arquen."

"You are welcome, Eruvanda," he said.

:"---: PRGPX :---:"...

"… Okay, I'm gonna say this again: I am sorry for making it seem as if I was being unfaithful, for not clarifying things ahead of time, and for insulting you as a person and as woman. I hope that you will forgive me and we can move on from this incident. You are not a trophy girlfriend, I am not taking you for granted and I will not dump you at the first sign of a new girl. Yes, I do love you, and that's after hours of thinking and realizing that feeling. Now then, do you forgive me?"

As Sean held her hands and stared with such honesty and frankness at Maria while an air of tension filled the space around them. Everyone else watched with equal amounts of tension, even the dog! "How can I trust you really didn't kiss her?" The sound of collective groans and even AJ's whimpers told Maria that was the absolutely wrong thing to say.

"What will it take to get you to believe me?" Sean asked in frustration.

"JEAN!" Kevin shouted again. On cue, the Australian woman nervously came down the stairs and into the living room, a shameful look upon her face. Kevin pointed at Maria, and Jean shuddered as soon as she saw Maria's angry look.

"Oh, hello," she said.

"Jean? Did Sean kiss you?" asked Kevin.

"No," said Jean, "I kissed him." Maria's mouth fell open and her hand flew to her face. "I'm a mess. I was in such bad shape that when I saw Sean, I thought he looked like my ex-boyfriend Matt and, well, I realized what I'd done rather quickly."

Kevin and Sean looked over at Maria, with an 'I told you so' expression on their faces. "Ay dios mio," she said. "Sean, I am SO sorry for jumping to the wrong conclusions, and yes, I do accept your apology, and I do forgive you!" She wrapped her arms around his neck, which instead of making him feel better, actually surprised him.

"Well that was easy!" said Sean.

"I heard that," she said. "Are you absolutely sure?"

"Of course I am!" said Jean. "I came down to as you for forgiveness, Maria. I'm traumatized, and I need help but I am truly sorry for what I've done. If anything, I need forgiveness just as much as—why are you hugging me?"
"Of course I forgive you!" said Maria. "I'm Catholic, I'm a forgiving woman! And yes, I do want to be your friend!"

"HOORAY!"

"RUFF!"

"Oh, shut up!" Maria shouted. "Still Sean, you need to be more open and honest with me. Didn't you tell me that after our little… scare?"

"Oh yeah, I forgot about that," said Sean. "And now I know."

Rob chimed in, "And knowing is half the battle!" G.I. JOOOOEE!

"HEY! STOP THAT!" said Sean. "Okay, so is this whole mess over?"

"Not quite," said Maria. "We still need to work on this relationship. But for now," she wrapped her arms around his neck and gave him a big wet kiss, which he returned with aplomb.

"Get a room, you two!" said Aaron. The happy couple responded with a middle finger from each of them. Their mouths quickly turned into dorky smiles, and they broke apart, bursting into equally-dorky laughter and even dorkier toothy grins on their lips.

"Well," she said, "That was good."

"Yep," said Sean.

"By the way, Sean, you mentioned a football player earlier today," said Maria. "What's his name?"

"His name's JJ Watt," said Sean. "He sucks though, he's not gonna do shit in the NFL."

"Well, I guess not everyone is that good," said Maria. "But let's wait until tonight, then we can be rid of those idiots."

"Nice," Sean said with a laugh. He couldn't wait for bed time.

"Well, thank God that's over," said Kevin. "Now we can get back to the plot."

Well, they did go to his room later, but to Maria's dismay, he went straight for his laptop, opened it up and started writing. Wide-eyed and opened mouthed, she watched him ignore her.

"What are you doing?" she asked while falling on Sean's bed.

"Writing my essay," he replied.

"Are you done yet?"

"No, I have to do a 7-page essay and I've got 4 pages done right now," he started, "One top of that, it's due tomorrow, first thing in the morning!"

"So we're not fucking tonight?" she asked.

"Understatement of the year," he replied.

She tousled some of his flow, just for Yuks. Of course, his groans made her stop. She was just as
disappointed that it didn't work that it made him more stressed than he already was. It probably didn't help that she didn't have a big assignment due any time soon. She wanted to help, but she wasn't sure how to do it. But an idea popped in her mind that she was happy to try. He was so fixated on his laptop screen he didn't notice her getting up and behind his chair. She circled arm around her shoulders and put her chin on his left shoulder. She could see him looking at her curiously. "What are you doing?" he asked.

"Helping you out," she giggled. Sean was not impressed with this explanation.

"Helping me out? How—MMPH!"

His widened eyes told everything. She'd pressed her mouth onto his rather firmly and kept his head in place. Moving her lips ever-so-gently, she made him close those eyes and he replicated her moves, allowing her to stick her wet tongue in his mouth.

But before he knew it, she slowly pulled away, bringing him with her. He had a moment where he barely opened his eyes, but he came to and saw her smiling at him. "What was that for?" he asked.

"Kissing is good stress relief," she said, "And besides, I was bored."

He frowned while she flopped back on his bed. But when he turned back to his laptop, he felt a lot better now. He was also going to finish this as fast as he could, so they could do what they came to his room for.

:-:-:-: PRGPX :-:-:-:

Chapter End Notes

Aaron VO: "Next time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Ragnar: "How is the Queen, Arquen?"

Arquen: "What?"

Aaron: "How many are on campus?"

Greg: "What's wrong, Gina?"

Aaron: "How many are on campus?"

Eruvanada: "It is authorized."

Aaron VO: "That's next time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

End chapter

So what'd you think?

Okay, just a little clarification. I said I was only going to have two chapters dedicated to Sean and Maria working out the kinks in their relationship and since this is the second one, this is the last one. I have no intention of turning their relationship into a Romantic Plot Tumor. It's both their faults, so they're going to try and work on things.
As for Eruvanda and Arquen, I'm going to bring the same philosophy. They won't overtake the plot, or at least I'll try not to.

So tell me what you think!
Hail Alfheim

Chapter Notes

Maria VO: "Last time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Col. Greene: "I had to be dragged in front of the Armed Services Committee again."

Sean: "Great, more bad news."

Maria: "I saw you two making out!"

Eruvanda: "I was unaware of the actions Ragnar took last week."

Ragnar: "I know how we can keep those two in line."

Bridget: "You have to tell her you love her."

Sean: "Maria, I am so sorry."

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Power Rangers GPX Supercharged 13: Hail Alfheim

:-:-:-: We're the best chance, for humanity, Power Rangers G-P-X, let's go! :-:-:-:

"Presenting her Royal Majesty, the High Queen of the Elves, Eruvanda II!"

Queen Eruvanda straightened her posture, adjusted her crown and stepped into the massive throne room. The lines of Elvish nobles, politicians and military officials bowed before her while she strode the length of the room in a slow, proud, and dignified manner that masked the insecurities, pain and anxiety she had shown to Arquen. But she was Queen. She could not show these features for fear of losing her throne.

Arquen himself watched her diligently from beside the throne, looking out from under the cap of his peaked cap. He had fallen for her so much he wished that she could show everyone her true self, that she was a vulnerable young woman. And yet, he knew that as Queen, she could not show any weakness to anyone. She was to lead the Elves through the coming conflict with the humans, no weakness was allowed.

She took her seat on her throne, taking a long look at the men on each side of the throne room. The gray of the men's uniforms clashed with the white and brown of the throne room. They all dressed in the Prussian military uniforms, a must-have for any antagonistic force, topped by the peaked caps like what Arquen and General Türelie wore.

Commander Ragnar, followed by another military officer, stepped forward to greet the Queen. They both kneeled in front of her, a sign of respect to the woman. "You may stand Commander Ragnar and Field Marshal Ingvar," said Queen Eruvanda. The two men stood and removed their caps. "What news have you of the battle with the Power Rangers."

"Our operations are proceeding as expected," said Commander Ragnar. "We expect this conflict to
last for some time, so I ask for patience."

"I understand," said Eruvanda. At times she felt like it was all she could say. "Any other news?"

"It appears as if the Power Rangers are tiring," said Field Marshal Ingvar. "The Red Ranger's busy schedule has worn him down significantly."

"Then why have we not beaten them yet?" a voice called out from the crowd. Every head in the throne room turned his way, towards a colonel standing close to the queen, on the edge of the carpet leading up to the throne room. "My men have been traumatized by the Power Rangers. They are unstoppable, unyielding and they have turned back each attack! How can the Queen keep this operation going?"

"YOU DO NOT QUESTION THE QUEEN!" Field Marshal Ingvar shouted loud enough to make Eruvanda cringe. "Guards, take him away!"

"WHAT!?" The colonel shouted while fighting off the guards.

"No, let him speak," said Ragnar. Ingvar glanced at Ragnar, but knowing he outranked him, he could do nothing. And yet, Ragnar smiled at Ingvar, as if to reassure the Field Marshal.

"Do what Commander Ragnar says," said Field Marshal Ingvar. The guards released the colonel and he stepped forward, kneeled and addressed the Queen.

"My Queen, my men are the ones being sent to the front lines against the Power Rangers," said the colonel. "They are frightened. The Power Rangers' mercilessness has them in a state where they would rather face the firing squad for insubordination!" Gasps filled the room, but none came from Ragnar and Ingvar.

"Colonel Tiris," said Ragnar, "Ask yourself why did they join the military?"

"To protect Alfheim," said Colonel Tiris.

"Then why are they questioning their mission?" asked Ragnar. "Do they not care about their families? Do they not fear what would happen should the humans ever attack? The Power Rangers are toothless dogs, why are they afraid of them?"

"Commander Ragnar, you have only faced the Rangers once and you were able to hold them at bay," said Colonel Tiris.

"Then why did you not?" asked Ragnar. "I would expect better of you, Tiris. You represent Alfheim and our glorious military, why are you questioning it? And you would say this in front of the Queen, who has the Divine Right to rule and protect us?" Tiris had no response, his head hung in shame for fear of making eye contact with Commander Ragnar and Queen Eruvanda. But Arquen had empathy for Tiris, seeing as how the colonel had seen the Rangers up close and personal.

"I assure you, my comrades," said Ragnar, "Our conflict will take time. We know they defeated the Zordonians, and that is why we will not commit the same mistakes they made. It will be long, but it will be a success! In the end, we will defeat the Power Rangers and we will annihilate the humans!"

"Defeat the humans!" an Elf shouted back. In their multitudes the officials shouted "defeat the humans".
"Of course!" said Ragnar, "This is God's Will and who are we to question Him? For the glory of Alfheim, long live the Queen!"

"Long live the Queen!"

"HAIL ALFHEIM!"

"HAIL ALFHEIM!" came the reply from the men in the throne room. Eruvanda did not take part in their chanting, even as they praised her name as if it was holy. To her right, she saw that Arquen was not chanting, either. For what reason, she was unsure, but she assumed it was because he was more concerned with performing his duty as General in the army.

With the gathering over, Arquen departed the throne room to begin planning his next move against the Power Rangers, which he hoped to have done by the end of the day. It involved attacking the University campus—a monotonous, repetitive and pointless exercise, really. There had to be better ways to deal with these Power Rangers, but their persistence was annoying.

"General Arquen," a voice called out to him, which made him stop and stiffen in his tracks. That voice could only have belonged to Commander Ragnar. Only he had the voice to stop a man dead in his footsteps. He felt Commander Ragnar place his arm on his shoulder and directing him away from his office. "Let us take a walk and converse, shall we?" he asked.

Unable to object, Arquen gulped loudly and nodded his head. Commander Ragnar led Arquen along the hallway outside the palace and out into the midday sun of Alfheim. Arquen could see the posters of soldiers fighting for their lives, locked in vicious battle with the Power Rangers, asking that the citizenry support them and others telling the citizenry that supporting the military is patriotic duty. "How is the Queen, Arquen?"

"What?" Arquen asked, his face drained of color and a chill running up his spine.

"I simply asked if she was well," said Ragnar. "You seem awfully close to her. I would assume that you would perform your duty exceptionally well for her sake."

"Y-yes, Commander Ragnar," said Arquen.

"After all, you are not having an affair with her, are you?" he asked, his tone becoming more subtly darker. Arquen shook his head vigorously. "Good man. If you were, I would hate for it to become public. But since you are not and you truly do hold the Queen in high regard, I would expect that you perform your duty. Is that clear, Arquen?"

Is he blackmailing him? "Y-yes, Commander," he said. "I have a plan for the coming days!"

"Excellent," said Ragnar. He patted Arquen on the shoulder and turned away, departing for the military headquarters. Arquen was left standing there, wondering just what he was going to do now.

As promised in an earlier chapter, Hitomi, Greg, Gina and their crew went by themselves to a Badger hockey game to see Sean play. Since we don't have the time, we will only show part of the game and the part that's actually relevant to the plot itself.

The Badgers were playing the North Dakota Fighting Sioux (who, as of the writing of this chapter, no longer have that nickname due to the NCAA's rules regarding Native American mascots and nicknames) in the first game of their two-game series. Because the important part takes place
around this time, it's the second period, about 10 minutes in and the Badgers and Sioux are tied at 1. In an added bonus, this was sort of a birthday party for Gina, as she turns 18 tomorrow.

The crew was seated behind one of the goals of the Kohl Center and they were having a BLAST. "COME ON, HIT THE BASTARD!" Greg shouted. In this period, the Badgers are attacking the end of the ice the crew is sitting in on the opposite end from the student section.

"SHOOT IT!" shouted Hitomi. As she looked, she could see Sean skating off so the next shift could take its place.

"So Sean and his girlfriend had some trouble?" asked Greg.

"Yes," said Hitomi, "But they're okay now."

"Well that's good," said Greg. He looked for a moment at Gina and then turned back. Even though for much of the game she'd been going just as nuts as everyone else, she looked like she was miles away, not even paying attention to the game. "Hey, Gina?" he asked.

Hitomi shook Gina's shoulder and she turned her head—covered by a Bucky Badger beanie—towards Greg.

"What's wrong, Gina?" he asked.

"Nothing," Gina said with a fake laugh. Hitomi could see that wasn't the case, though.

"Gina," she said, putting her hand on her best friend's shoulder to ease her troubles. She smiled at her, a reassuring smile meant to tell Gina that it was okay for her to talk.

"Well, I'm kind of nervous about that Ragnar guy," said Gina. "I mean, he wants to kill us, right?"

"I'm sure the Power Rangers can handle it," Hitomi said with a reassuring smile. It was an indirect way of telling Gina that she was not going to let anything happen.

"Power Rangers," Greg said with a scoff. "Honestly, who needs them? I watched that show when I was ten. These guys are just a bad imitation."

"Hey!" said Hitomi. "Don't say that!"

"Say what?"

"Say that the Power Rangers are useless," said Hitomi.

"Come on Hitomi, you heard that Ragnar guy!" said Greg. "Yeah, they beat those aliens, but they got fucking lucky!"

"Shut up, Greg!" said another friend.

"They're the ones who are keeping you safe!" Hitomi said while pointing her finger at Greg, which whole rude in the U.S., is even ruder in Japan. And she pointed it right at Greg's nose just to emphasize it.

"Hey, um, Sean's back on the ice!" said Greg.

As soon as he hit the ice, Sean darted for the goal, taking up a spot to the right of the goalie. The Badgers passed it around the left side of the goal. Ritchie held the puck and fired a shot at the goalie, but it was deflected. Shevchenko managed to save the puck and passed over to Sean. The
goalie was out of the goal crease and to the left of the goal. Sean had an open net. He had a split-second chance and he was going to take it.

When it came to him, he lifted his stick and fired a one-time half-wrister, half-slap shot on goal, HE SCORES!

The crowd rose to their feet, the crew included, as Sean raised his arms in the air in victory. His teammates mobbed him and then skated off the ice while the band played "On Wisconsin".

One "SIEVE" chant later, the announcer bellowed, "Badger goal, at 17:36 in the second period, with an assist by Dimitri Shevchenko, goal for number 15, Sean O'CALLAHAAAAN!"

"I KNOW HIM! I KNOW HIM!" Hitomi shouted with pride at Sean's name.

The Badgers ended up winning the game 3-1. After the game, the crew waited outside the Kohl Center, waiting for Sean to show up. Eventually he did, and he seemed surprised. "I didn't know you were coming," he said.

"This was their idea," Hitomi said happily. Sean shrugged, though, and asked,

"So you guys want some autographs?"

"Sure!" they all said. They handed a few items to Sean, who took out a pen and signed for them, even the ones he didn't know.

"Hey, how about them Packers?" Greg asked.

"You want my autograph or not?" he asked.

"Sorry," said Greg. Sean finished signing the merchandise and handed it to the others. But Hitomi whispered something in his ear and he reluctantly signed another item.

"I can't stay," said Sean, "I'm going out with some of the guys, so I have to get going. I'll probably see you guys at the football game tomorrow, though. See ya!"

"Bye, see ya!" they called as he walked away in the direction of State Street.

Gina felt someone tapping on her shoulder, and saw it was Hitomi. The Japanese girl handed something to her, that same reassuring smile on her face. There was considerable apprehension on Gina's part, but in the end, she took Hitomi's gift, looked at it and smiled. "Thanks, Hitomi," she said.

The autograph read, "Happy birthday Gina, from the other birthday boy, Sean O'Callahan."

It's Saturday in Madison; gameday and the city is awash in red. The Badgers are the top draw in this city, no question about it. The streets are a massive party and tailgating scene with people flooding the streets and parking lots cooking brats, Polish sausage, burgers, hot dogs, burgers and even chicken, creating a wafting smell that covered much of the area surrounding Camp Randall Stadium.

However, there are four people who are more interested in the football where you actually use your foot. You can probably guess who they are.

So while Sean is hanging out with his buddies this morning on Langdon Street, everyone else was
searching the tube looking for some EPL matches or whatever they could find. They settled on 
Manchester United vs Aston Villa, but that's only because Kevin is one of those rarities: an honest-
to-goodness, legitimate, through-thick-and-thin, life-long, loyal, true red Manchester United fan,
who likes them not because they're popular, but because he honestly does.

It helps that his family has supported the club for almost 50 years and his uncle and cousin played
for the club.

"What?" he asked, sipping his tea and giving an indignant look at everyone else who was giving
him strange looks.

"I was unaware you existed," said Jean.

"I could say the same of Collingwood supporters," said Kevin.

"A true United fan is hard to come by," said Maria. "We're just curious."

"This is coming from someone who started supporting Flamengo as soon as she moved to Brazil
and she'd never cared about them," said Kevin. Maria growled at Kevin, while Aaron sat there,
smugly smiling as Kevin knew that Aaron really was a life-long Kaizer Chiefs supporter.

The tense atmosphere (if you could call it that) was interrupted upon hearing Sean's Skype ring,
which was coming from his laptop that was discarded on the floor which AJ seemed to be guarding
rather well. Maria picked it up and brought it over to the couch and clicked on Skype.

"Where the hell is Red?" asked Maelstrom.

"He went out," said Kevin. "Football game."

"I need to get to one," said Maelstrom. "We've found some Project Ranger trainees and it looks like
there are a few over there in Madison."

"How many are on campus?" asked Aaron.

"We've found ten," said Maelstrom.

"Ten?"

"Yes, ten," said Maelstrom, "And we can't divulge their names. The Elves might be listening in, so
you'll have to find them yourselves."

"You're no help," said Jean.

"Deal with it," he said before cutting off the call.

::: Power Rangers GPX ::: 

The knocking on Queen Eruvanda's door interrupted her work and she looked up from her desk.
"Come in," she said. The massive doors opened and Commander Ragnar stepped inside. "Ragnar,
"she acknowledged in a neutral vocal tone. "I was not expecting you."

"My apologies for disturbing you," said Ragnar. "What are you writing?"

"My concerns regarding the operation against the Power Rangers," said Eruvanda. Ragnar raised
his eyebrow for a millisecond but kept the smile on his face. "I feel that it has become repetitive
and unnecessary."
"Is that so?" asked Ragnar, "I suppose I will need you to re-approve our campaign."

"What are you saying, Ragnar?" she asked, "I only expressed concerns."

"But you need not be concerned," Ragnar assured, but Eruvanda could hear something else on his voice. "Our battle is the Will of God."

"But, how—"

"Also, should you not be concerned with avenging your dear brother?" Eruvanda glanced up at the painting of her and Erik for a moment. Ragnar smiled, placing his hands on her shoulder. "What kind of sister are you?"

"I—"

"And also, what about Arquen?" he asked, getting more aggressive, "I understand you two have taken a liking to each other."

"What are you talking about?" she asked.

"It is just a rumor," said Ragnar, "But it would be a shame if it became... public." Eruvanda froze, her eyes widening subtly. "You could be forced to give up the throne and it would be given to your cousin, Eärello?"

Now Eruvanda felt her blood chill in her body while the same chill ran up her spine. Ragnar smile again. He knew he'd struck something. No, Eruvanda thought. But he's too cruel...

"Is the campaign approved?" Ragnar asked.

"It is approved," Eruvanda replied out of fear.

"I knew you would see things my way," said Ragnar. He let go of her shoulders and walked out the door where Türelie and Arquen waiting. "Launch the attack."

By now the game was just about over and many fans who were not going to catch the Wisconsin Band's Fifth Quarter postgame show had left Camp Randall Stadium and were starting to mill about on campus or leave. That meant that there was a considerable number of people on campus who were vulnerable to attack.

As soon as Ragnar gave the order, Suitroops teleported onto campus, focusing on the south side of campus, particularly around Union South, the Wisconsin Institute of Discover and the Genetics-Biotechnology Center Building. The people leaving Camp Randall for the east side of campus got the shock of their lives once they came face-to-face with the Suitroops. And when they started shooting well, forgive me Elmore Leonard (RIP), but all hell really did break loose.

The chaos that ensued could be heard over much of campus, even at Camp Randall. While the Badgers were finishing the job against the Indiana Hoosiers, Sean heard the explosions. Ranger instincts kicked in and he moved to leave. "Sean, where the hell are you going?" asked Jimmy.

"Something came up, I gotta go," Sean replied before slipping from the stadium. Another 'BANG' caught the crowd's attention again.

The others did not hear the explosions, but they did get the message from SWORD and they were
out of the house in an instant. Jean stayed behind, keeping AJ company.

"WHY HAVE I NOT DONE THIS YET!?" Túrelie shouted with sadistic glee, shooting her energy staff her all directions. Arquen, being the sane one, shook his head in embarrassment at her actions. Then, they could hear a faint shouting, turning to their right to see a certain Red Ranger morphing—with no one around—and going DYNAMIC ENTRY on Túrelie, except he missed.

"That was quick," said Arquen. "But no matter. There's only one here! Surround and DESTROY HIM!"

"Oh, great!" Sean groaned as the Suitroops surrounded him. His head whipped from side to side, seeing the Suitroops surrounding him.

The battle wasn't completely one-sided, though. Flashed of blue, green, yellow and pink pounded the Suitroops that were surrounding him as they quickly joined up with him. However the Suitroops re-group and surrounded them again. "Great," said Kevin. "Hey, where's Rob?"

"He's not here!" said Hitomi. "He and everyone else went to… what's it called Baraboo?"

"The circus museum? Oh, great," said Sean. "Oh well, it's just the five of us again. It'll be just like old times, amirite?"

"Sounds fun," said Maria.

"What are you waiting for!?!" Arquen shouted, "GET THEM!"

The Suitroops raised their energy staffs at the Rangers and started shooting. The Rangers jumped out of the chaos and went straight for the enemies.

The first Suitroop that made the mistake of trying to fight Sean got its face smashed in by his fist. Without even removing his fist from the Suitroop's face, he threw a kick at another Suitroop. Since he still didn't let go, he ripped the Suitroop's head off and hurled it at another Suitroop. When a Suitroop thrust its staff at him, he blocked it, countered and then reverse roundhouse kicked the Suitroop in the head.

Kevin blocked a Suitroop's punch, countered with a punch to the chest and finished it off by driving his knee into its gut. Then he threw a side kick at a Suitroop that had snuck up behind him. He turned and ducked while two Suitroops rushed past him, then blocked the kick of a Suitroop a couple times before kicking it in the face. Then he threw another punch, one with incredible power that sent a Suitroop flying backwards.

Aaron kicked at a Suitroop, then threw a reverse roundhouse kick. He got down on his hands and began to spin like a top, throwing kicks at the Suitroops who kept coming in. When he got back up, he threw a punch at the Suitroops that had rushed into crowd him. They succeeded in swarming him and he found his job much more difficult. However, he linked arms with a Suitroop and freed himself by kicking at them.

The Suitroop looked about as surprised as it could get when Maria wrapped her arm around its arm and then brought her elbow down on its own. The resulting blow snapped its arm off and she used it to club the Suitroop in the head. She turned around and kicked at a Suitroop, then again before delivering a whirlwind of a kick that brought down the Suitroops in an instant before lunging for another Suitroop.

Hitomi threw a one-two punch combination that the Suitroop blocked easily. However, she kneed the Suitroop in the gut, then elbowed it in the back. Her HUD alerted her to some energy it had
detected from her 7 and she threw a kick to the Suitroop that fired its energy staff into the air. She watched it come down and judged the trajectory correctly enough that she jumped out of the way right before it destroyed the Suitroops.

That was when she noticed Sean and Arquen were locked in combat.

It started when Sean finished off the last of the Swabots he was facing. As they were watching, General Túrelie was not just bored, but angry at being unable to fight the Rangers. She demanded to go at them, but Arquen held her back for fear that she would go on the rampage. That was when he noticed the Red Ranger defeat his final Suitroop. "Let me have him," Túrelie hissed, a look of eager blood lust upon her face.

Yet Arquen stayed calm and drew his own sword before taking off to fight the Red Ranger. Sean was alerted by his HUD a split second before the Elven General's sword passed by his line of sight. Out of reflex, he reached for his Octane Blaster and fired in Arquen's direction, but the general easily dodged it, much to Sean's surprise. He had a split second to change it into a saber, which he did.

He blocked Arquen's sword and then threw it off. He thrust the blade of the sword in Arquen's direction, which the Elven general blocked. Now with enough time, he pressed on his belt buckle and the GT Sword materialized in the air, which Sean grabbed and went on the offensive against Arquen.

Right as Sean was attacked by Arquen, Túrelie got impatient and went straight for the first Ranger she saw. That Ranger happened to be Maria. She was not aware that Sean and Maria were in a relationship, though. But Maria was alerted to the incoming Túrelie and she moved out of the way and Túrelie kept going,

Right into Kevin.

The Blue Ranger had a good chance and he wound up his fist and threw a punch that knocked Túrelie out of the air and crashing into several Suitroops. Túrelie growled, a primal expression on her face as she launched herself at Kevin again, thrusting her sword at him. But he threw a kick that knocked it out and then he followed it up with another kick to knock her out of the fray with the Suitroops. Just for the hell of it, Maria followed suit.

Unfortunately, Aaron and Hitomi were left out, but they made do with their situation, teaming up to take down the Suitroops like a figure skating duo. Hitomi jumped up and Aaron vaulted her into the air where she spun and kicked the Suitroops like crazy. When she landed, she fought off a few more, then ran up to Aaron.

He picked her up and they linked arms, spinning to kick the Suitroops about. Hitomi let go and flew into the crowd of Suitroops to bowl them over. Then Aaron rushed forward to throw several punches and kicks at the Suitroops, which in the end, brought them all down. Aaron and Hitomi did a little secret handshake/fist-bump in triumph.

Arquen grunted when Sean kicked his sword out of his hands. To even the odds, Sean dropped his. Then Sean lunged forward and threw a punch at Arquen. Arquen dodged and kneed Sean in the gut—HARD. Sean doubled over, and grunted when he felt the blow of Arquen's elbow. Arquen placed his boot on Sean's head and pushed him down. "You've lost," said Arquen.

"Nope!" said Sean. He jumped back up and threw a kick at Arquen. Arquen retaliated by throwing a punch that knocked Sean's helmet off and then punched Sean a couple times in the face. Sean responded punching Arquen's left cheek and then a reverse roundhouse kick that struck the right
cheek. Arquen could feel the blow each time. Sean took advantage of the opportunity to get his helmet back.

Kevin also lost his helmet, but he kept his face hidden as best he could, keeping Túrelie from looking. Maria helped, grabbing the general and dragging her away from the Irish Blue Ranger. But Túrelie got free and when she got a look at Kevin, she stopped. Kevin found the opportunity to grab his helmet and put it back on. "Why did you have to put that back on?" she asked. "You look so lovely!"

"Oh, no," said Kevin. He could tell she was lust-struck. Túrelie batted Maria out of the way and lunged for Kevin. However, he grabbed her fist and punched her back.

"I thought you human men absconded from hitting females!" said Túrelie.

"For you, I'll make an exception!" said Kevin.

"Kevin, let a lady hit her," said Maria. She wound up her fist and punched Túrelie in the left cheek.

Sean and Arquen's battle was still raging, but Arquen had gained the upper hand. His fists flew at Sean, who did his best to dodge the punches and kicks. Sean tried to counter, but the Elven general blocked and parried each of them. Arquen then countered with a punch to Sean's solar plexus. He felt the blow, grunting and falling to the ground. "It seems I am the better—OW!"

Aaron and Hitomi had snuck up behind him and kicked him in the back. "Well, I got teammates, that helps," said Sean. He kicked Arquen in the head and went for the kill. But Arquen kicked him in the gut again. Sean doubled over while Aaron and Hitomi backed him up, keeping Arquen away from him until he managed to recover and go straight for the Elven general.

Kevin had thrown a kick at Túrelie, which the other Elven general caught and flipped Kevin onto his back. Maria backed Kevin up, throwing a punch at Túrelie and a kick. When Túrelie ran for her sword, Maria was right up there, and kicked the sword out of the reach of Túrelie. Túrelie angrily punched Maria, but Maria blocked the punch and countered with her own that hit.

Kevin managed to recover and rushed over to Túrelie. He wrapped his arms around her and dragged her to the ground like he was playing rugby. He and Maria tried to stomp on Túrelie, but the general caught their boots and threw them back onto the pavement. But they got up and delivered a simultaneous kick to Túrelie.

Now that it was a three-on-one, Arquen was at a severe disadvantage. And when he saw the wreckage of the Suitroops and the coming authorities, now was the time to escape. "Túrelie!" he shouted, "We must go! NOW!"

"NOW!?" Túrelie shouted. Arquen pointed at the police and National Guard. Now they were the ones who were surrounded. Just to be sure, Arquen kicked Sean in the gut and ran over to Túrelie, grabbed her hand and they disappeared before the Rangers could do anything else.

:-:-:-: Power Rangers GPX :-:-:-:

"Arquen, what happened to you?" Eruvanda asked, holding her hand to her mouth. Arquen was bruised pretty badly, and so was Túrelie. Arquen smiled faintly, content that even she had to suffer like him.

"I fought the Red Ranger," said Arquen. "He was better than I thought… and so were his friends."

"You have been fighting them for a month," said Túrelie.
"But never face-to-face," said Arquen. "Indeed, I could not tell for sure, but they were certainly persistent."

"So what will you—"

"I will continue to fight them," said Arquen, "For you, my Queen." He nodded his head, but now it was Túrelie who was smiling.

_I knew they'd fall back in line._

:-:-:-: PRGPX :-:-:-:

"So how'd you get those bruises, O'Callahan?" Grissom asked, later that night at the Kollege Klub after the second game against North Dakota.

"Got into a fight," said Sean. "Some asshole punched me after I left the football game."

"That sucks," said Marty. "I'll bet he was wearing some IU shit."

"Dude, IU may be the shithole of, and worst school in the Big Ten, but even they're above jumping someone," said Sean. "I think he was a Michigan fan."

"Nice," said Marty. "But didn't the Power Rangers show up after you left?"

"I went straight home," said Sean. "Something came up."

"Ah, well," said Marty. "It doesn't matter. Happy birthday, dude!"

:-:-:-: Power Rangers GPX :-:-:-:

Chapter End Notes

Hitomi VO: "Next time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

SWORD agent: "You should receive a new morpher soon."

Túrelie: "We found another Ranger."

Maria: "So who is it?"

Ritchie: "O'Callahan, what do you want?"

Sean: "I know who it is."

Hitomi VO: "That's next time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Okay, so how was that?

This one, I felt was vital because it solidifies Elvish society. It's incredibly militaristic, xenophobic and nationalist, kind of like a certain 20th Century society. If you can name them, let me know in the review. I'll give you a hint. It's not who you're thinking. Second hint: "BANZAI!"
So leave a review!
The Gold Ranger

Chapter Notes

Rob VO: "Last time, on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Ragnar: "We expect this conflict to last for some time."

Tiris: "The Power Rangers’ mercilessness has them in a state where they would rather face the firing squad for insubordination!"

Ragnar: (To Arquen) "After all, you are not having an affair with her [the Queen], are you?"

Gina: "I'm kind of nervous about that Ragnar guy."

Maelstrom: "We've found ten [Project Ranger trainees]"

Ragnar: (To the Queen, regarding her affair with Arquen) "It would be a shame if it became… public. You could be forced to give up the throne and it would be given to your cousin, Eärello?"

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Power Rangers GPX Supercharged, episode 14: The Gold Ranger

:-:-:-: We're the best chance, for humanity, Pow-er Rang-gers G-P-X, let's go! :-:-:-:

"You know, I was not aware Wisconsinites sound so Canadian," said Jean.

"Yeah, the first time you come to 'Scansin, you might be confused," said Sean. His fingers flew over the keyboard on his laptop, with words popping up every second. He was writing a paper for one of his anthropology classes, a ten-page paper on regional accents, hence why Jean mentioned it.

Sean was talking about how accents are a big part in the culture and popular portrayal of a given region, like his theory that Wisconsinites have a sort of folksy, down-home image because of their accent while Chicagoans, as shown by Bill Swerski's Superfans, have sort of a tough, blue-collar image. The New York and Boston accents were also mentioned.

"So, how would a Chicago accent sound?" she asked.

"You're talking to someone who speaks with one," said Sean. "But if you must know," He cleared his throat and said in a Superfans-esque accent, "Alright, Bill, I'm gonna watch da Bearsss game wit' ya, but first I need ta find my grachki. I'm gonna go out to da grach so dat I can get a cuppa two-t'ree beersss."

"What did he just say?" asked Maria.

"I don't know," said Jean. "The only thing I understood was 'cuppa'."
"I just said that I was gonna watch a Bears game with someone, but I had to go out to the garage to get some beer," Sean said without even looking up from the screen. But then, the sound of his Skype ring threw him off his groove. "Ah, dammit!" he said. He opened the application, noticing a SWORD agent looking out from the screen. "What is it?" he asked.

"It's just an update," said the agent. "You should receive a new morpher soon."

"A, as in a singular morpher?" asked Maria.

"Correct," said the agent. "Since we found those Project Ranger trainees, we need to get them in the suit and fast."

"Great, a seventh Ranger," said Sean.

"Do we really need one?" asked Maria.

"It won't be me!" said Jean.

"We know!"

"The morpher will arrive today," said the agent. "Find a trainee soon. We think the Elves might—"

"Be listening in?" Sean asked.

"Exactly." said the agent. "Be careful." He cut the transmission off before Sean could say anything else.

"Okay, we already have enough Rangers," said Sean. "Why do we need a new one?" Right on cue, his iPhone started ringing. His caller ID said it was Rob. "Hey Rob."

"That's Officer Rob Jackson to you!"

"Ooohh, that's great!" Sean said with his sarcasm detectable and a fake smile on his face.

"Yep! You're talking to the Madison PD's newest officer!"

"Well, congratulations!" Sean said with his teeth and fist clenched, trying to keep his sarcastic displeasure from being detected.

"Hey, thanks!" said Rob. "I'll be sworn in this week and it looks like I'll be patrolling the area around UW. See ya!" Rob hung up pretty quickly. He must have been calling just about everyone he knew to tell the news.

"What was that?" asked Maria.

"Rob is a cop now," said Sean, "Just like his Carbondale self."

"Oh, so it looks like we'll need that morpher after all," said Maria.

"Bingo," said Sean.

Arquen's pen glided over the paper as he wrote the report detailing the battle he and Túrelie fought against the Power Rangers on what humans refer to as "Saturday". He detailed how he and Túrelie fought the Rangers to a standstill, but noted how persistent they appeared to be. He admitted that
he was not aware of how persistent the Rangers were, but he could see how his men's stories had validity.

He stopped to rest his wrist, which felt like it was about to fall off. He placed his pencil down so that he could rub his forehead. This was stressful. He began to think of Queen Eruvanda and seeing her again. But he knew that their affair was forbidden. The situation would explode should it become public. Perhaps the "forbidden love" stories were trying to tell him something.

And yet, he felt himself drawn to her. He found out about her love for sweet treats, and she about his fascination with hunting. They found it rather easy to connect, whereas the "forbidden love" stories were more adrenaline-soaked affairs and nothing else.

With the light fading, he continued his work. His pen hit the paper and he re-focused on his work. His writing began to include recommendations for the next phase of the plan against the Rangers. That was when he heard a knock on his door. "Come in," he said.

The door opened and Túrelie and Floki walked in. Arquen began to wonder just why the madman Floki was accompanying her, but considering how like minds tend to think alike, perhaps their shared madness makes them quite compatible. Even though he was already looking up, Túrelie slammed her palm down on the table, sending several papers flying. "No, do not interrupt my work, it is not very important," said Arquen.

"Too bad," said Túrelie. "But I have news for you."

"What is it?" asked Arquen.

"We found another Ranger."

"What?"

"My apologies, 'would-be Ranger',' she said. "We're planning to kill him."

"Who is he?" asked Arquen.

"That is none of your concern," said Túrelie. "But we can say he is in the same city as the other Rangers."

"Then the Rangers will be looking for him," said Arquen. "What is his name?"

"We're not telling," said Floki.

Arquen sighed and rubbed his face. Why must he be the sane one out of these fools? "So you have found a Project Ranger trainee, but you will not divulge his name. It's brilliant."

"Why thank you!" said Túrelie.

"I was being sarcastic," said Arquen. "Now please depart, I have a report due regarding our battle with the Power Rangers. You are distracting me."

"You're no fun," said Floki.

"I am not supposed to be 'fun','" said Arquen. "If anything, I may have to keep you two in line. I do not understand why Ragnar keeps you two around."

"Be careful there Arquen," said Túrelie. "You know how bad rumors can get." Her threat struck a nerve. Arquen's fist clenched subtly and he let out a sigh through his nose. Ragnar had him by the
"You want to know what we're going to do?" asked Floki.

"What are you going to do?" Arquen replied.

"We're gonna kill him!" he said. "Commander Ragnar already approved our mission!"

"How wonderful," said Arquen. "Now be gone, I must finish my work."

"You're no fun!" said Floki.

"I am not supposed—I already said that. Now be gone!" he waved, away, and Túrelie and Floki departed his office, still making mocking faces at them. The general sighed. "Why must I be surrounded by insane fools?" he asked to himself.

With the darkness now fully enveloping Alfheim, Arquen finished his report. He folded it up and departed his office to send it to the military, who would then send it to Ragnar and Queen Eruvanda. Speaking of which, he got the same burst of adrenaline that the men in the "forbidden love" stories got when he thought of Eruvanda. Because it was so late, he had a window of opportunity to spend his night with Queen Eruvanda.

:-:-:-: Power Rangers GPX :-:-:-:

"Alright, so we have our new morpher." Sean paced around the living room in front of the couch and TV. The others sat on the couch or stood next to it. Hitomi had the box containing the new morpher in her lap while Kevin had the right idea to take notes. "SWORD says there are ten Project Ranger trainees on this campus, not including us."

"So we have to find just one," said Aaron.

"And unfortunately, SWORD was not kind enough to tell us who," Sean continued. "They said it was so the Elves might be listening in, but I doubt it. Man, I hate puzzles."

"So who is it?" asked Maria.

"That's what we're trying to find out, babe!" Sean said through clenched teeth. Maria rolled her eyes but kicked herself mentally for making a joke at an inopportune time.

"It's not me," said Jean.

"WE KNOW!"

"Well, I just wanted to tell you I'm going back to Melbourne soon," she said. "I'm not doing anything here, am I?"

"I thought she was from Perth," said Kevin.

"I go to the University of Victoria," said Jean.

"So she's an out-of-stater like me," said Sean. "Anyways, we need to ask around. Anyone who's taken 10 or more years of any kind of martial arts is already a suspect. I know that's casting a wide net, but that's the first thing we found out about ourselves. The second thing is the extra training we received—shooting, teamwork, et cetera, et cetera. Now, we'll have to figure out some way to make this work."
"How?" asked Aaron.

"That's the hard part," said Sean. "I went to camp during the summers when I was a kid. I hated it, but that's where I learned how to shoot and they turned me into a civvies soldier."

"Same here," said Maria.

"Same," said Kevin.

"So, we find anyone who went to summer camp that was vaguely militaristic," said Sean. "Still can't believe they were able to be so subtle about it."

"Aren't a lot of camps like that in America?" asked Hitomi.

"I remember an 'As Told By Ginger' show where one character went to some civvies boot camp," said Sean.

"You liked that show?" asked Maria.

"I was at a friend's house," said Sean. "So we know that shit exists. Now how to ask…" He thought for a moment, trying to see how he could ask.

"I have an idea," said Aaron.

"Spill it," said Sean.

Aaron stood up and turned to Hitomi. She stood up as well and the two did an improvised scene. "So have you seen 'Enter the Dragon'?"

"Why yes, I have," said Hitomi. "In fact, I also took martial arts."

"Oh really?" Aaron asked. "What kind of martial arts?"

"Oh, I took karate for ten years," she said. "I kind of prefer it to guns."

"Why?" asked Aaron.

"Well, I also know how to shoot," she said. "I learned it in summer camp."

"That was impressive," said Maria. "Did you two rehearse that?"

"No, we were just discussing it," said Aaron. "It helps that I took improv classes."

"I didn't know you took improv," said Sean. Then his iPhone started to ring. "Yeah? Oh, Jimmy, what's up? Not much, just hanging out. Wait, now?" Then Sean got an idea. "Yeah, sounds great, why don't I bring my girlfriend with? Alright, I'll see you there. Bye. I know what you're thinking. Here's what we're gonna do. I'm gonna go to the Nitty Gritty with Maria to see some of my hockey teammates and I'm going to use the suggestion Aaron and Hitomi came up with."

"That works," said Kevin.

Several minutes later Sean and Maria left the house to go to the Nitty Gritty.

"Alright, so you know the script, right?" Sean asked when he parked his Cobalt outside the so-called birthday bar.
"Of course," said Maria. "We talk about 'Enter the Dragon' and lead into martial arts."

"Bingo," said Sean. However, he was stopped when she held out her hand. "What?"

"I know you're going to drink in there," she said, "And since I'm still underage, I'll be the designated driver." Sean muttered under his breath as he handed the keys to her.

"You're 21," Sean muttered under his breath.

Once inside, they found the guys sitting at a table near the back. Sean told the waitress he was with them and she led them to the back. "O.C.!

"Oh, you brought your girlfriend."

"Yep," said Sean. "Alright, let's take a seat."

So Sean ordered a Leinie's while Maria stuck with some pop. The conversation began pretty quickly, mainly with the guys talking about their games against North Dakota this past weekend. Sean and Maria waited to start their conversation, but it was interrupted when a loudspeaker wished Sean a happy birthday and several waiters came over and did a birthday song for Sean.

"We'll make it more fun if you take off the Bears hat!" said one of the waiters. Of course, he was naturally embarrassed, but he got a free beer and a memento mug (with balloons tied to it!) out of it. It should be noted that The Nitty Gritty refers to itself as Madison's "Official Birthday Place". Sean should have seen this coming a mile away.

"Come on, Sean, it was the only thing we could think of," said Jimmy. Sean was trying to hide his face with his Bears cap.

"Jeez," said Sean. "My idea of a birthday celebration is watching 'Slap Shot'." Now was the time. "Speaking of which, I saw 'Enter the Dragon' recently."

"Oh, you did?" asked Jimmy.

"Yeah, it was pretty good," said Sean. "I mean, I took karate for ten years, so that helps he appreciate it."

"Ten years of karate?" asked Jimmy. Sean nodded.

"I also took martial arts classes," said Maria.

"Really, what did you do?" asked Marty.

"Brazilian Jiu-Jitsu," said Maria.

"Oh, man, I took karate for ten years, too," said Jimmy. "Rumor has it Metoxen took karate too."

"He did?" Sean asked. "Let's ask. Hey Metoxen!"

"O'Callahan, what do you want?" the Native American asked.

"I hear you took karate!" said Sean.

"Yes, I did," said Ritchie.

"For how long?"
"Ten years, now shut the hell up!" Ritchie gulped down his Coke, apparently unwilling to talk to Sean.

"Oh come on, Mr. Oneida Rocket!" Sean called out again. "How far did you get?"

"Black belt," said Ritchie.

"Oh, that's nice," said Sean. "Same here."

"O'Callahan, what are you trying to get at?" Ritchie asked.

"I just wanted to talk to you!" said Sean. "We're linemates for goodness sake!"

"Come on Metoxen, be nice!" said Jimmy. "Captain's orders!"

"You know, I hear Shevchenko studied Judo!" said Grissom.

"He did?" asked Maria. She nodded to Sean. He wrote down another note on his iPhone.

When they left, Sean stumbled, trying to keep his birthday mug upright as well as he body. "So who do we have?" he asked.

"Metoxen, Jimmy, Shevchenko and Peterson," she replied. "Peterson might not be that suspicious, though."

"Ah well," said Sean. He tried to open his door, but Maria jangled his keys to get his attention. "Damn."

::: PRGPX :::

The next morning, Sean left the Sewell Social Sciences Building to go to lunch at Der Rathskellar. Instantly, he shivered and shoved his hands in his jacket pocket—while fingering the new morpher he had in it—it was so damn cold out. But then he pulled out his iPhone and dialed up Kevin's phone number. He ducked to the side of the building and waited for Kevin to pick it up. "So who do you think it is?" he asked.

"I'm not entirely sure," said Kevin. "But we did just get something from SWORD. They intercepted some Elvish communications and they're working on translating it."

"Yeah, sure," said Sean. "I can't be too sure, but I think I know who it is."

"Know who?" asked Kevin. "You're not making sense."

"Sorry," said Sean. "I was thinking about recruiting Jimmy."

"Only because he's familiar," said Kevin.

"Whatever," said Sean. "I'll be back later. I'm just heading to Memorial Union for lunch. I should be back around 1 or 2."

"Fair enough," said Kevin.

So Sean began his short trek to Der Rathskellar, but stayed on the phone with Kevin. He wanted to make sure SWORD could translate that communiqué they intercepted, but it seemed like it was taking a while. Then, as Sean passed by Bascom Hall, Kevin made an interesting comment. "Your bruises are looking better."
"You think so?" asked Sean.

"Of course," said Kevin. "Although, I have to wonder how Rob never gave you a bruise."

"Well that's because—" Sean stopped. So, Rob hadn't given him a bruise… But Metoxen did! "I think I have an idea. I gotta go."

"What?" Sean hung up before he could answer Kevin. Immediately he ducked into a part of the hall's façade where no one could see or hear him and called up SWORD on his morpher.

"What is it?" the agent on the other end asked.

"Can you look up Ritchie, or Richard, Metoxen in the Project Ranger database?" he asked.

"Hold on, I'll check," the agent said. Sean waited for several excruciating moments, looking around to see if there was anyone listening. "Found him."

"Found him?" Sean asked. He laughed just a bit. So Metoxen was training by Project Ranger?

"All ten years, even went to summer camps where he excelled as an axe-thrower," said the agent.

"Okay," said Sean. Well, that was one suspect confirmed, now—

That was when he heard the explosion.

Ritchie was just finishing up his lunch at Der Rathskellar. He picked up his bag and jogged out of the building onto the Library Mall. It was pretty busy out today. It's a Tuesday, one of the busier days of the week. He shivered in the cold air while a tiny amount of snow fell about him. It wasn't enough to cover the ground, though. He was on his way to the Humanites Building to go to his next class.

But when he was halfway across the Library Mall, he felt a blow to his back. Immediately, he fell down and his face hit the concrete. People around him started to scream and run away from whatever was happening. He tried to get up but he felt a boot to his head. "Hello, there," said a woman's voice. "You must be Richard Metoxen, am I right?"

Ritchie looked up and saw a woman dressed in some military uniform accompanied by a guy who looked, well, nuts. "Oh no, not again," he said to himself. "What do you want with me?"

"We want you to DIE!" the nutty guy shouted. "Right, Túrelie?"

"Of course, Floki!" Túrelie replied. She pointed a Nasty Stick in his face. But then Ritchie grabbed it and pushed it away, the resulting explosion threw dirt all over the place.

In the chaos, Ritchie got up and punched Túrelie right in the face. Then Floki tried to get him, but he kicked the psycho in the chest. Several of the robots tried to get him, but he threw a reverse roundhouse kick that knocked them all down. But they kept coming at him. He dropped his bag, put up his dukes and started fighting the robots. Unsurprisingly, he was very good.

But there were a lot of these robots. One tried to stab him with its stick, but he grabbed it and punched the robot in the face. "OW!" he shouted, remembering that punching metal is probably not the best idea. But the robot was not done. Instead, Ritchie kicked it in the head to decapitate it. He took the stick away and whacked another robot with it. A robot took it away, but Ritchie was not about to give up.
Meanwhile, Sean had crossed the footbridge onto the Humanities Building when he saw the Suitroops fighting whomever. A SWORD agent went up to him and offered to take his backpack. Sean looked hard to try and see who it was and then, "Oh, shit, Metoxen!" Immediately he ran down the staircase into the Library Mall.

The robots had swarmed and subdued Ritchie, but he was still fighting. He was thrashing about, hitting and kicking the robots. "Hold still!" Túrelie said while pointing her nasty stick at him. "This will only take a second!" The gem started to glow an evil blue and Ritchie's eyes began to widen in fear.

"METOXEEEENNN!" The shout distracted Túrelie and Ritchie kicked the nasty stick out of her hand and began to fight back. When he looked, he was utterly shocked.

"OCallahan?"

"Metoxen! CATCH!" Sean shouted as he threw a thingie at him. Ritchie leapt as high as he could and caught the thing. There was a note that read 'Shout GPX, Start it up'. Ritchie looked up and —"GPX, Start it up!" Sean jammed his key into the morpher and transformed into the Red Ranger.

Ritchie was livid. "You-you—YOU WERE THE RED RANGER THE WHOLE TIME!"

"MORPH, DAMN YOU!" Sean shouted whilst fighting the Suitroops.

Ritchie took the device and opened it up. "NO! STOP HIM!" Túrelie shouted.

"GPX, Start it up!" Ritchie pressed the button on the handheld device and a golden light flashed for an instant. When he looked down all he could say was, "HOLY SHIT!"

His suit was like Rob's—a gold torso, boots and black pants. However, there was a jet theme to his and the straps on his chest were more like the harness in a jet fighter. There were even small wings on his gloves. Still, the same number-over-wheel insignia was there. He also had the same belt Sean and the others did, just painted gold. "Oh, you gotta be kidding me!" he said.

"DON'T JUST STAND THERE!" Sean shouted, "FIGHT!"

Well, Ritchie didn't need any more motivation. When Floki ran up to him, Ritchie jumped out of the way and kicked the psycho in the back. Floki growled at him, got up and flung himself at the Gold Ranger. He threw a punch at Ritchie, which the Oneida Rocket blocked easily. Then Ritchie countered with a right hook that knocked Floki back. The Elf got back up and started jumping around, but Ritchie went after him, jumped and kicked him into the fountain.

Meanwhile, Sean reverse roundhouse kicked a Suitroop. Then he ducked, blocked a punch and countered with a left hook. He side kicked another Suitroop and then ran straight for Túrelie. A Suitroop got in his way, but Sean clotheslined the Suitroop. Another Suitroop grabbed him from behind, but Sean threw it forward onto the concrete. Then he punched the first Suitroop who came near him.

Floki had gotten it together and was throwing punches like crazy at Ritchie. But Ritchie blocked them all and countered with a knee to Floki's gut. The Elf doubled over and Ritchie elbowed him in the back. The Elf felt the blow on the back and on his chest when he hit the concrete. But he rolled out of the way as Ritchie brought his foot down. Ritchie then threw a roundhouse kick at Floki, knocking him to the side. That was when he noticed Sean fighting Túrelie.

Sean blasted through the last Suitroop and raised his fist at Túrelie. He threw his punch but missed. Túrelie had dodged it. Then he felt the blow of her foot in his gut and he fell to the ground doubled
over. She then kicked him again and he rolled over to kick her back. He hit her in the gut and when she stumbled back, he got back up and threw a roundhouse kick at her. She blocked it and flipped Sean on his back. He groaned and rolled out of the way of her foot.

Ritchie though, had to deal with his own problems. Floki was weak, but erratic. He kept jumping around whenever Ritchie tried to hit him, but it was no use. His manic giggling irritated Ritchie to no end while the Oneida Rocket did his best to take him down. But then Floki jumped in the way of Ritchie's reverse roundhouse kick, which sent the manic Elf flying back towards the fountain. Now he had an opening.

Tūrelie had Sean by the neck and was squeezing hard. Her expression showed the sadistic pleasure she took while trying to squeeze the breath out of the Red Ranger. Sean tried hard to escape, but she lifted him up and gave another squeeze. "This is so much fun," she said. "No one can—OW!" A flash of Gold crashed into her and she dropped Sean on the ground.

The Red Ranger caught his breath while his HUD told him there was no damage to his windpipe. Once he'd recovered he got up and went to help Ritchie fight Tūrelie.

Well, Ritchie's a rookie, so yes, he was having difficulty with Tūrelie. She had him by the shoulders and was trying to push him to the ground. But she got impatient and kneed him right in the gut. When he back off, she kicked him in the head and then punched him there, too. He wound up his fist and threw a punch at her, but she caught it and punched him again.

That was when Sean's fist connected with Tūrelie's cheek. Ritchie's mouth was gaped open in amazement at Sean's strength. The Elven general tried to retaliate and met Sean's fist instead. Sean glanced over at Ritchie and although they couldn't see each other's faces, there was a moment of understanding between them.

In the distance, Sean could see blue, green and yellow coming his way. He made the first move, throwing a punch at Tūrelie and letting Ritchie follow up with a kick. Tūrelie dodged both of them, but a follow-up kick from Ritchie knocked her to the side.

She got up, but caught a glimpse of the other Rangers. She tried to make a break over to the unconscious Floki. Maria intercepted her though, throwing her fast at her, followed by a kick from Aaron and a tackle by Kevin. Tūrelie screamed in anger and shoved Kevin off of her. The Rangers surrounded her and prepared to strike. "GET HER!" Sean shouted.

Tūrelie moved towards the fountain, but Kevin kicked her in the sternum. Kevin threw a couple more kicks and punches at her which she blocked until Kevin landed one on her. She turned around and felt the kick from Aaron. When he threw another one, she grabbed his leg and flipped him onto his back and tried to stomp on him. Maria took advantage of the opening and kicked her hard in the back. She landed him Ritchie's arms but he was not going to hold her like a lover. Instead, he lifted her up and tossed her to Sean, who kicked her all the way to the fountain.

But now she'd reached her target and moved towards him. Once she reached Floki, she teleported away before the Rangers could stop her.

"What the hell took you?" asked Sean.

"We were on our way!" said Maria "We—who the hell is he?"

"Our new Gold Ranger," said Sean. He pressed the button on the side of his helmet and the others followed suit.
"Oh, great," said Ritchie. He also pressed his button on the side of his helmet, keeping his yes off the others all the while.

"Metoxen!" Maria shouted.

"I thought you were going to give the morpher to Jimmy!" said Kevin.

"What?" Ritchie asked.

"He was being attacked by Suitroops, I didn't have any other choice!" Sean exclaimed in response.

"I'm sorry, but what the hell is going on?" Ritchie inquired.

"Why Metoxen?" asked Kevin.

"Because he's a Project Ranger trainee, too," said Sean.

"How did you come to the conclusion Metoxen is a Project Ranger trainee?" asked Maria.

"I didn't come to the conclusion, I had the idea!" Sean replied. "I called up SWORD and they confirmed it."

"HEY!" Ritchie bellowed. The others turned towards him while he continued. "I'm sorry, but I'm completely lost! WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON!?"

Sean sighed and grabbed Ritchie's shoulder. "It's a long story," he said.

:-:-:-: Power Rangers GPX :-:-:-:

Arquen could not help but be entertained by Túrelie's tirade cursing the Rangers. He did his best to stop himself from laughing, but she was too amusing! Even Floki was ranting and raving like the madman he was at how horrible the Rangers were. "THOSE DAMN FOOLS ARE GOING TO REGRET EVER HITTING ME!" she shouted. "I AM GOING TO TEAR THEM APART SO BADLY THEY WILL WISH THEY'D NEVER BEEN BORN!"

"I'm sure they have never heard that before," said Arquen.

"THIS IS NO TIME FOR SARCASM, ARQUEN!" she screamed, slamming her hands on his desk. Her expression was certainly honest, but…

"Yes, I apologize," Arquen said whilst attempting to suppress a laugh.

"STOP LAUGHING!" she screamed. However, Arquen could not hold it in and burst out laughing at her.

"I am—HAHAHA—so—HAHAHA—sorry!" he said through his laughter. Túrelie growled and turned away to storm off. Floki stuck his tongue out at Arquen and stormed off as well.

So Arquen sat back and could not help but feel more relaxed after that outburst by the two of them. Still, the revelation of this new Power Ranger concerned him. There was a moment where attacking SWORD directly crossed his mind, but he recognized that SWORD would likely be able to fight off any attack they threw at them. Either way, Ragnar will not be pleased.

He stood up and walked over to the window to look outside. The terrain and city sprawled out in front of him in all directions and he could even see a human settlement out of the reach of the shield. The Rangers were on his mind though.
As these thoughts began to swirl, a doubt about the mission flashed for a second, but he suppressed the idea. They had an opportunity to finish the Rangers off. But now, they had a new member.

They'd regained the advantage.

:-:--:-- PRGPX :-:--:--

Chapter End Notes

Ritchie VO: "Next time, on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Sean: "We'll talk at my place."

Ritchie: "So what's the story?"

Ragnar: "Damn Rangers!"

Aaron: "I don't like you."

Ritchie: "Sorry about that."

Hitomi: "Gina's worried."

Ritchie VO: "That's next time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

So how was that?

Okay, first off, if anyone thinks this was pulled out of my ass, it wasn't. I'd been planning to make Ritchie a Ranger from the beginning. That bruise he gave Sean in chapter 1 is meant to be foreshadowing and a Chekhov's Gun at the same time. I'll admit that setting Ritchie up as a Ranger probably could have been executed better, but I couldn't find a place to put it. Sorry.

So drop me a review, please! The button is right down there!
The New Guy

Chapter Notes

Sean VO: "Last time, on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

SWORD agent: "Since we found those Project Ranger trainees, we need to get them in the suit and fast."

Arquen: "So you have found a Project Ranger trainee."

Floki: "We're gonna kill him!"

Sean: "We need to ask around."

Jimmy: "Metoxen took karate too."

Sean: "Look up Ritchie, or Richard, Metoxen in the Project Ranger database."

Floki: "We want you to DIE!"

Ritchie: "GPX, start it up!"

Sean: "It's a long story."

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Power Rangers GPX Supercharged, episode 15: The New Guy

:-:-:-: We're the best chance for humanity, Pow-er Rang-gers G-P-X, let's go! :-:-:-:

Coach Granger blew his whistle to end the Badger hockey practice for the day. "Alright, let's clean this stuff up and hit the showers!" he said. The players started to clean up the pucks and cones that were scattered about the ice. It was easy work, and it helped build team spirit and a sense of responsibility. Ritchie skated around the ice finding pucks here and there, picking them up and putting them in a bag.

After hauling them off, he walked into the locker room, tearing his practice sweater off and sitting down at his locker to get his pads off. He'd been sweating pretty hard in this practice and he could feel his heart rate beating faster. Maybe it was because he was really determined to perform well today.

But really it was because he became a fucking Power Ranger today!

While he certainly performed well, he was lying to himself about the reasons for his increased heart rate. Power Rangers are superheroes for kids and that guy named Ragnar called into question why humans were depending on them. He'd heard his dad, a few other people and even guys on the news saying bad things about the Power Rangers. He never watched the show—he knew about it, he just didn't watch it.'

"Metoxen," a voice broke him out of his thoughts and chilled his blood. He looked up at Sean
O’Callahan, who’d turned out to be Red Ranger. Although he’d denied it at first, he was lying. A superhero, a person who saved the world, was on his team! And it was frightening! "We need to talk."

"I don't think we can talk here," said Ritchie.

"Of course," said Sean. "We'll talk at my place."

"But I got a ride with McAuliffe."

"That's okay," said Sean. "I'll tell him you came back with me. And I'll tell your roommate you went out with your hockey friends."

This was going by way too fast. Even the author jumped too soon! Before he knew it, Ritchie was in the passenger seat of Sean's Cobalt on their way back to Sean's house. Sean was still calm, headbanging to some Judas Priest he was playing on his iPhone connected to the car stereo. I say lightly because he's only bobbing his head. Ritchie, on the other hand, was stiff as a board the whole ride back.

"Come on, relax!" said Sean.

"I can't!" said Ritchie.

"Well too bad, because we're here!" Already!?

Ritchie's heart began pounding, and he could feel a knot in his throat. This was worse than the first time he danced in a pow-wow. He screwed up so bad that he's never danced in a pow-wow since. Sean opened the door and let Ritchie step inside first. The others were all milling about, including that Japanese girl and O'Callahan's brother-in-law? And was that the Australian chick? What the hell was he doing there? "So he's the new guy, huh?" asked Rob.

"Bingo," said Sean. "We had an emergency and I gave him the morpher because of it." He gestured to Ritchie to take a seat on the couch. Again, his nerves started to act up, but then Sean's dog AJ jumped up on the couch, sniffing at him. Ritchie felt a little at ease with the Beagle near him.

"Where'd you get him?" he asked.

"Dane County Humane Society," said Sean. "He's three years old and he's already trained, so that was a plus. He's also not as needy as most Beagles, so that's another plus."

"Shall we get started?" asked Maria.

"Sure," said Sean. "But first, Kevin, why don't you make some tea for him?"

"Gladly," said Kevin. He walked into the kitchen. He was still within earshot, so there was no major problem.

"So what's the story?" asked Ritchie.

"Let's start from the beginning." Sean told Ritchie about Project Ranger, the top-secret UN project that not only trained kids at a certain age for ten years, but developed their weapons. He also talked about their adventures in Japan and Orlando, and what little they knew about the Elves.

"… So, I was trained too," Ritchie said, coming to the logical conclusion.
"Bingo," said Sean. He took out Ritchie's files and handed them to him. "Now you're a Ranger, Metoxen. You're not like the Marines, or the Navy SEALs, or Delta Force, or the Army Rangers or whatever. You're beyond them."

"But isn't this a kids show?"

"Oh my god, NO FUCKING SHIT, SHERLOCK!" Sean shouted, causing Ritchie to jump back. "You think we don't deal with that every fucking day we go out there in our silly-looking tights to save the fucking world!? We're the real-life counterparts of a twenty-fucking-minute TOY COMMERCIAL!"

"But I thought you liked that show!"

"I DO!" Sean screamed again. "Just because I like a show doesn't mean I can't see how stupid it can be!"

"That doesn't mean we can't embrace the silliness every now and then," Aaron laughed.

"Yeah, that's true," Sean laughed. "That's kinda why I like the show, anyways. But whatever! You are a Power Ranger, Metoxen. No matter what, you don't quit, you don't surrender, and most importantly, you do not fucking lose."

"Is that a survival mantra or something?"

"It's far more than that," said Hitomi. "It's a motto, boast and fact all rolled into one."

Ritchie thought about it for a moment until he figured it out. "Oh, I get it."

"Good," said Sean. "Now that we've got everything covered, you'll be the second Indian to be a Ranger."

"He doesn't look like he's from India," said Jean.

"WRONG INDIAN!" Sean and Ritchie shouted in unison.

"Ah well, don't mind her. She's leaving tomorrow, she's got nothing to do, anyway," said Sean.

"Now I can understand why 'Native American' makes sense," said Ritchie. "But you know, I think I'm starting to like this new job."

"Yeah, and now we have a fresh new Ranger," said Sean.

"And he happens to be full-blooded Indian," said Rob.

"One who's actually half-Oneida," said Ritchie.

"Ah, who cares?" said Sean. "You're a Ranger, that's all that matters... One who happens to be of the Oneida."

"Just don't tell me anything I already know like I'm an idiot," said Ritchie.

"Point taken," said Sean.

Ragnar was FURIOUS. He was breathing through his nose heavily enough to inhale the dust on the
carpet. He was grabbing his head so hard that Arquen thought he was about to crush his own skull. A furious Commander Ragnar was never one to be around, but he had the luck of not being the one Ragnar is furious at.

Indeed, he stood calm and collected at attention while Túrelie quaked in utter terror. He'd never seen the woman like this before. Up until now she'd been in charge of her situation, even if she was utterly obsessed with killing and chaos. At least Arquen could feel some satisfaction seeing her in such a pitiful state after she's been insulting him for so long.

"Those… damn RANGERS!" Ragnar shouted. He could hear Túrelie sigh in relief for a moment. "Those disgusting bags of flesh!" he crumpled up the report he was reading and tossed it aside. "Do not assume you are entirely blameless, Túrelie! How can you call yourself a General of Alfheim if you cannot beat such poor excuses for an inferior species in combat?"

"In Túrelie's defense," Arquen interrupted, "I have found the Rangers to be stronger than you assume and very persistent."

"Duly noted," said Ragnar.

"And I assume she was not expecting the enemy to have a new transformation device," he continued.

"That is correct!" Túrelie added. "We had no intelligence about the Gold Ranger morpher!"

"I have noticed that," said Ragnar. "I suppose in the long run, this changes nothing. Our plan is still proceeding, after all."

Plan? What 'plan'? Ragnar had never mentioned anything about a 'plan' in the meetings with Arquen and other officers. Was he trying to hide something? The only thing Arquen could think it could be was the strategy of dealing with the Rangers. "What 'plan', Commander Ragnar?" he asked.

"Our plan to defeat the Rangers," said Ragnar. Figures. "Still, we can kill him now. He is green, unprepared and inexperienced. There is a window of opportunity to kill him first."

"Yes, Commander Ragnar!" said Túrelie. "I will not fail you this time!"

"That is better," said Ragnar. "You two are dismissed."

The two saluted and left Ragnar's office.

:-:-:-: PRGPX :-:-:-:

Today Aaron was scheduled to go to class with Sean. He was almost late when he lost track of time watching Springboks highlights on YouTube until Sean knocked on his door. Who in their right mind has classes at 9:00 in the morning on a Wednesday? Sean should have scheduled his day better.

It was a fast and hurried trip to the Humanities Building, and Sean was complaining about how he was going to be late and everything. Sometimes Aaron had to wonder if Sean even liked him. But then again, Aaron made so many snide comments to Sean and behind his back, and the bad experience with Daisuke that perhaps Sean just didn't like Green Rangers anymore.

Some snow was falling, which was a little surprising for the week before the week of Thanksgiving. That made little sense, but whatever. Sean just shrugged though, since this looked
pretty. It also boded well for when December rolled along. Aaron had little interest, though. "Alright, this is an archaeology class focusing on sites in North America," said Sean. "We're supposed to be finally discussing Cahokia today."

"Cahokia?" asked Aaron.

"Yeah, a site down in Southern Illinois near St. Louis," said Sean. "One of the largest cities in the entire world at its peak and all that's left are a bunch of mounds." He quickly descended the steps and into the very confusing Humanities Building.

The room was like a miniature movie theater; about five or six rows of ten seats facing the chalkboard. Sean sat down in the middle of the second row and Aaron sat next to him. The professor looked at him and said, "Another one, O'Callahan?"

"Yeah, but he'll be enrolled next semester," said Sean. The author apologizes for not clearing that up, but yes. The other Rangers have gotten into UW now. The professor shrugged and went back to writing on the chalkboard.

"Alright, good morning everyone, I know you all want to go outside, so let's just get this over with," he said. "So we're going to discuss Cahokia today…"

At the end of class, Sean walked out in a hurry. "Jeez, did you have to fall asleep?" he asked with anger in his voice.

"I didn't know archaeology was like that!" said Aaron.

"You didn't have to embarrass me!" Sean hissed. "Just be glad that's the professor's only warning!"

Aaron looked away from Sean. It was at this time Ritchie stepped out of his lecture hall and ran into Sean and Aaron. "O'Callahan," he said. "And… En-da-belly?"

"En-da-bay-lay!" Aaron replied. "It is an Afri—"

"Relax, even I have trouble pronouncing names," said Sean. He looked at Aaron, who was glaring at Ritchie. "Hoo boy," said Sean. "Um, I should be going, I have class at the Social Science building," he said. "Ndebele, the professor won't let anyone else in, so get to know Metoxen, why don't you?"

"Fine," said Aaron.

"You don't like me, do you?" asked Ritchie.

"No, I don't like you," said Aaron.

"That's too bad," said Ritchie. "I guess it's because I'm the new guy, huh?"

"Yes," said Aaron. Ritchie groaned, unhappy about it.

"Jeez," he said. He sighed and turned towards the library. Aaron, as if out of instinct, followed him. "I'm getting something to eat, and I'm not paying for you. I don't have that much money."

"You will soon," said Aaron. That was reflex. Ritchie turned around, his eyebrow raised.

"So we get paid?" he asked. Aaron didn't answer, but Ritchie already knew it. "Just as long as it doesn't go over my scholarship by $2,000."
"What are you talking about?" A female voice asked. Ritchie stopped and blushed. He turned towards a certain Yakukwé. "Oh, uh, h-hi Janet," he said with a blush.

"Who's she?" Aaron asked, descending down the steps as well.

"My name's Janet Redwater," she replied. Aaron took one look at Ritchie and knew he had it bad for her. "And you are…"

"Mandla Aaron Ndebele," he said. "But call me Aaron."

"Right," she said. "Where'd you find him?"

"Oh, uh, he's one of O'Callahan's friends," said Ritchie. "He got dumped on me."

"I heard that."

"I don't think he likes you," said Janet. "I have to get to class, could you please move out of the way?"

"Oh, sorry," said Ritchie. She moved past him, up the stairs and onto the concourse.

"You like her, don't you?" asked Aaron.

"Yeah," Ritchie said. Then he whipped his head around, seeing Aaron averting his eyes. "Fuck you."

"What?" asked Aaron. Ritchie smacked Aaron in the back of the head and walked away.

"Now I know why O'Callahan doesn't like you."

:-:-:-: Power Rangers GPX :-:-:-: 

Túrelie had regained her composure by now. Her fear had subsided and she was getting control of her sanity back. She had a new plan now. Her Suitroops were ready to go, and she had a new monster ready to attack. "The Rangers will not defeat me this time," she growled to her monster. "Do you understand the plan?"

"Of course!" he said. "Distract the old Rangers, kill the new one!"

A smile crossed Túrelie's lips once she heard those words. "Excellent. Prepare to move out!" She was going to do her duty this time.

:-:-:-: PRGPX :-:-:-: 

In the meantime, Ritchie had gone to class and because he was bored, Aaron followed him. It became a bit awkward when his teacher kicked Aaron out when he realized he hadn't notified the teacher ahead of time. So Aaron quietly stormed out of the classroom and made his way to Memorial Union where he assumed Sean had gone to Der Rathskellar.

In reality, Sean had gone to Elizabeth Waters Hall on the lakefront, and texted Aaron before Aaron got any closer to Memorial Union. At the same time Ritchie had gone to Chadbourne Hall on Bascom Hill. So basically, they were split up.

… Which played right into Túrelie's hands.

As soon as Sean and Aaron left the cafeteria at Elizabeth Waters, they found themselves
surrounded by Suitroops. At the same time, Ritchie left Chadbourne and found himself face-to-face with a much more calm, but determined Túrelie. In both cases, the other students surrounding the Rangers were genre-savvy enough to RUN.

In front of Waters Hall, a white monster stepped forward. It was hard to tell what it was, because it was like an anthropomorphic sheep… a big one. It was like a combination between a sheep and a sasquatch. A "Sheepsquatch" if you will. Well, with no one around Sean and Aaron nodded to each other and produced their morphers. "GPX, start it up!"

"Elizabeth Waters Hall, on the lakefront, now GET OVER HERE!" Sean called into his morpher.

Ritchie could hear it coming from his morpher, but could not do much being confronted by Túrelie. He had no choice. "GPX, start it up!" he shouted before transforming into the Gold Ranger. Much like how he saw the other Rangers press on their belt buckles, he did the same thing and an axe appeared in front of him. "Figures," he said to himself.

Túrelie saluted him and then lunged and thrust her blade at him. Ritchie blocked her attack and parried it while she kept coming at him. "GOLD! WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU!?" Sean's voice crackled over the in-helmet communicator.

"Um, I'm kind of busy," he said, "Sorry about that."

"WHAT!?" Sean's exclamation was loud enough to disrupt Aaron's skirmish with the Suitroops. With Aaron distracted, a Suitroop whacked him in the back and he fell to the ground. "Oh, dammit!"

Sean had to react quickly as a Suitroop rushed up to him. He grabbed the Suitroop and tossed it onto Observatory Drive as a car drove by and struck the Suitroop. Sean groaned, actually feeling sorry for the Suitroop before one latched onto his neck and made him try to throw it off his neck and then stomped on the Suitroop's chest to completely smash it. He elbowed another one and then kicked at one.

Aaron got kicked in the stomach, but he punched the Suitroop that kicked him and grabbed its head and shoved it into another Suitroop. A Suitroop jumped over the bushes and Aaron kicked it onto the wheelchair accessible ramp. He ducked when a Suitroop tried to punch him and elbowed the Suitroop in the gut when it tried to grab him. He took the Suitroop and tossed it to the other side of the road.

Kevin had arrived in time and went right after the Sheepsquatch. He tackled the monster, sending it tumbling over the west-side bushes onto the grass. It tried to punch him, but he blocked the punch and kicked at it. Sheepsquatch then lowered its head and rammed into Kevin, sending him into the façade of the residence hall. The Sheepsquatch did it again, and Kevin let out an anguished cry of pain.

Maria went straight for the Suitroops attacking her boyfriend, only to be hampered by them. Still, she let loose a cyclone of a reverse roundhouse kick. The kick knocked them all down, sending them into the street. She ducked under a Suitroop's sword and elbowed it in the gut and kneed it to finish the job. Then she took the Suitroop and tossed it aside, where she ran over to Sean.

"Where's Metoxen?" she asked.

"He's been caught up in his own fight," said Sean. "It must have been their strategy. Split us up and take care of us separately. Divide and conquer."
"Damn," Maria cursed under her breath. "I hope he's doing okay."

For the moment, he wasn't. When she's stable, committed and well, sane, Túrelie is a force to be reckoned with. With shouts and roars, she slashed and stabbed at Ritchie. Sparks flew from the Gold Ranger's suit and he found himself flying through the air onto N Park Street.

He tried to get up while in a daze. His HUD started flashing to his right alerting him to a car coming. He got up and jumped out of the way, right as Túrelie kicked him right in the back and he landed on the sidewalk outside the Humanities Building. "I was expecting more from you," she scoffed. "You are a green Ranger, no pun intended."

Ritchie kicked her in the shin, and she kicked him back. "I am almost disappointed, you were so easy to beat."

Easy? Bad idea. He may be green, but there was already a fire burning within Ritchie. Already being around those veteran Rangers had started to affect him. He quickly stood up and swung his axe at Túrelie. "Hey, I may be new, but I think I kinda like being a Power Ranger!" he said. Then he swung his axe again, connecting with Túrelie's blade and forcing her back towards Chadbourne Hall. The Elven general was surprised by now, and she could barely defend as Ritchie went after her.

His axe strikes were hard and precise, and she found herself going backwards, unable to defend against his aggressive attacks. He knocked her blade away and then took a big cut, knocking her to the sidewalk.

She growled and got back up, a look of pure rage on her face. She lunged at him, only for a streak of silver to come out of nowhere and cut her down. Underneath his visor, Ritchie looked on in surprise until he knew who it was. "Aren't you O'Cal—"

"Save it," said Rob. "We need to get to Waters Hall." He turned to Túrelie and pointed the Silver Saber at her.

She growled until she caught a glimpse of blue coming out of her peripheral vision and jumped out of the way right as the blast sped by. "Now's our chance, GO!" Rob pushed Ritchie and the two made a break for Bascom Hill, leaving a stunned Túrelie behind.

Well, if Rob was here then Hitomi wasn't too far behind. She leaped over the head of the Sheepsquatch and kicked him in the head, knocking it onto the hill on the south side of Observatory Drive. Once again, the Original Five were reunited as they surrounded the Sheepsquatch. It got back up, lowered its head and charged at the Rangers. It rammed into Kevin and Hitomi, sending them both sprawling on the sidewalk and grass before turning around and ramming head first into Sean. Sean's back hit one of the trees and snapped it (the tree) in two like a twig.

"Okay, I think Mr. Ram just pissed me off," he said, climbing out of the ground.

"At least Maria's defending your honor," Kevin said whilst pulling him up.
Indeed, Maria had the Sheepsquatch by the horns—literally! Her boot tires spun, while smoke billowed from her feet. She had no idea she could do that! Then she stepped out of the way and Sheepsquatch barreled into one of the trees. "Ole!" she said, posing like a Matadora.

"I don't think the University will be happy with us," said Kevin.

"They're already unhappy with us," said Sean.

The Sheepsquatch got up. NOW it was angry. It wound up its big hand and threw a massive swipe that sent the Rangers and sparks flying. It bent its head down and rammed into all five of them one at a time. The same thing happened, with the Rangers stunned and dazed enough that they were unable to get up.

"I think I'm done with you," said the Sheepsquatch. "Imagine the glory I'll receive when I retu— AH!" A shower of sparks from behind caught the Rangers' attention.

"Oh, SHUT UP!" Rob shouted as he and Ritchie ran towards the Sheepsquatch. As it stood up, Rob took a big cut with his Silver Saber while Ritchie swung his axe down and knocked the Sheepsquatch down.

"I thought you joined the Force, Rob!" said Sean.

"I start next week!" said Rob.

For the first time, all seven Rangers were together. They surrounded the Sheepsquatch and attacked. Sean threw a kick at the Sheepsquatch that teed it up for Kevin. Kevin then threw a massive punch to move the Sheepsquatch over to Aaron. Aaron grabbed the Sheepsquatch and shoved it to the ground, where it was picked up by Maria. She kneed the Sheepsquatch in the face and then Hitomi jumped up, grabbed the Sheepsquatch by the neck and slammed it to the ground. Rob ran in and punched it over to Ritchie, who kicked it into the street.

"I think it's time we ended this!" said Sean. "Get your keys out! Supercharge!"

The Rangers got their keys out, except for Ritchie. He just looked around until Rob pressed a button on his axe, turning it into a blaster. "Ooh, me likey," he said as he pointed it at the Sheepsquatch.

"Alright, ready! Aim! FIRE!" On Sean's command, the Rangers shot the Sheepsquatch and it burst into a shower of sparks and fell to the ground in an impressive explosion.

But what looked like a well-earned victory was subverted when a beam of light shot out from the sky and hit Sheepsquatch's body. His body started to grow and it threatened to smash much of the campus under foot.

That was when the Silver Bullet zord flew by and picked up Cruncher's body. Rob timed his jump perfectly and landed in the zord. "We need the Grand Prix Zords!" Sean shouted into his communicator. The Rangers made a break for the shore of Lake Mendota.

The zords had already surfaced on the lake and all that was needed was for the Rangers to jump in. "LET'S GO!" He and the GPX Rangers jumped into their zords.

"GT Racer!" He said.

"Touring Racer!" said Kevin.
"Mountain Hauler!" said Aaron.

"Haz Runner!" said Maria.

"Am Chaser!" said Hitomi.

"Silver Bullet, armed and ready!" Rob shouted. "Silver Bullet transformation sequence, begin!" He placed his morpher in the instrument panel of the zord and pulled a lever. Then the Silver Bullet transformed into a humanoid robot.

Ritchie had jumped into his own Zord, aptly called the Golden Jet. "Whoever came up with this has to be a Hawks fan," he said as if it was a bad thing. "Um, how do I fly this thing?"

"Auto-pilot is on, Gold," said a SWORD agent.

Sean pulled out his AcceleKey. "Ready?"

"Ready!" They jammed the keys into the dashboard, turning them and lighting them up.

"Grand Prix Megazord sequence, engage!" Rockets fired some wires and kept Cruncher restrained on the northern shore of Lake Mendota.

The Touring Racer split up and joined with the Mountain Hauler, forming arms. The front of the Mountain Hauler opened up, allowing it to combine with the Haz Runner and Am Chaser. Then, the tailgate of the Mountain Hauler opened and the GT Racer rolled up onto the truck bed to join with the Hauler. Rockets fired and the whole thing stood up. The head was unveiled with its black visor and mouth-less mouth plate.

After some fiddling around, Ritchie pulled a lever and the Golden Jet broke apart. Part of it combined with the Megazord's boots and the part of the fuselage that includes the nose and wings combined with the back and chest of the Megazord.

"Golden Grand Prix Megazord, online!" they said in the cockpit, inside their Indy Car pods.

"Wow, this is... Damn," said Ritchie.

"Alright, let's see what this puppy can do," said Sean.

Sheepsquatch freed itself from its restraints and looked up at the two zords that confronted it. It didn't let their abilities deter it and lowered its head to charge the zords. Its head collided with the Silver Bullet and the Bullet stumbled backwards, almost splashing into the lake.

The Golden Megazord maneuvered itself and grabbed Sheepsquatch. Sheepsquatch tore itself out of the Megazord's grip and punched the giant robot. But that left it up to the Silver Bullet and Rob's zord punched the Sheepsquatch hard.

The Golden Megazord threw a punch which the Sheepsquatch blocked. Then it shoved the megazord back onto the farm land and got ready to charge. But the Golden Megazord righted itself and punched the Sheepsquatch in the snout.

"Time to end this!" said Sean. "Grand Prix Megazord Saber!" The saber materialized in the Megazord's hands. Now this time, the jets on the megazord were much more powerful as it lifted itself off the ground.

"SILVER BULLET MISSILES!" Rob shouted as the Silver Bullet fired its attack at the
Sheepsquatch. Then the Golden Megazord took flight—AS IN ACTUALLY FLYING—towards the Sheepsquatch, ready to finish it off.

"GOLDEN GRAND PRIX MEGAZORD STRIKE! GO!" The Megazord wound up, took a big cut and landed gently in the waters of Lake Mendota. Sparks erupted from the Sheepsquatch until it fell to the ground in an impressive explosion.

Well that wasn't so bad!" Sean said when they got back to campus. "Metoxen's better than we thought!"

"So I'm a natural?" asked Ritchie.

"Eh, not quite," said Maria. "You need to work on a few things. Besides, you're still a newbie."

"Oh great, now I'm gonna be teased, aren't I?" asked Ritchie. Everyone else concurred, and Ritchie turned to a grinning Sean. "I still hate you, you know that?"

"Why?" asked Hitomi.

"Because this FIB is gonna be giving me orders now!" said Ritchie.

"Oh Metoxen, that hurt," Sean said sarcastically. "I would have thought you'd have gotten over losing by now."

"Just because we're teammates on the ice doesn't mean I have to like you," said Ritchie. "Hey, why's the Japanese girl worried?"

"Because Gina's worried," said Hitomi. "Gina's my friend. She was home sick today and she's been getting worse ever since Ragnar announced himself."

"I hope she's okay," said Sean. "You don't think—"

"Naaah!"

"Ah, well," said Sean. "Alright, let's split up, Metoxen and I still have practice."

You failed me again, Túrelie," said Ragnar. He circled the woman, with half the room covered in shadows. "And you tell me you did not?"

"I have my reason, Commander," she replied.

"The Silver Ranger appeared and was able to assist the Gold Ranger's escape," said Ragnar. "How can you tell me that you did not fail?"

"Because she made a discovery," said a new, feminine voice.

"Is that correct, Túrelie?" asked Ragnar.

"Yes, Commander," said Túrelie. "There is an Elf in that city."

The room fell silent. Ragnar could not comprehend her words. "How do you know this?"
"I was attacked by an energy staff," she said. "No human knows how to use it. Only someone familiar with them can."

"See? She's telling the truth," said the voice, now accompanied by a figure shrouded in actual shadow.

"This discovery changes things," said Ragnar. "Who was it?"

"That I am unsure of," said Túrelie. "But, I have every intention of finding them."

Ragnar paused, scratching his chin and turning to the shadowy figure. "You seem pleased at this."

"Of course," said the figure. They took a step into the lighted part of the room. "And as the saying goes, 'the plot thickens'," said the Zordonian general Tirna.

:-:-:-: Power Rangers GPX :-:-:-:

Chapter End Notes

Kevin VO: "Next time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Sean: "Who was that?"

Ritchie: "It came from over there!"

Sean: "Get them!"

Kevin: "Thunderin' Jaysus."

Maria: "No way!"

Rob: "Officer Rob Jackson, Madison Police Department."

Kevin VO: "That's next time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Okay, so how was that? Sorry if the fight scene was a little rushed, I wanted at least one chapter where Ritchie gets to use his Zord. I'm also going to write of Jean, since she hasn't done jack besides cause a rift between Sean and Maria. And yes, I was planning to include Tirna at some point, I suppose now was the best time. Also, there will be quite a few surprises and spoilers in the next chapter, that's why I didn't go into too much detail in the "next episode" preview.

So Ritchie's going to fit in just fine for the most part, but he's still gonna be teased and have a few difficulties dealing with these veteran Rangers. And yes, the Golden Jet is a shout-out to Bobby Hull. I am a shameless Blackhawks fan.

And yes, I apologize to the fandom for insulting "Power Rangers", but I do have a few good points. Still, its utter ridiculousness is a big part of its charm and appeal. Still, for every Adam West "Batman" you need a "Dark Knight" every now and then. The toy commercial thing though, probably varies from moment to moment. Besides, I wouldn't be writing this piece of shit if I hated "Power Rangers", now would I?
Oh, and the sheepsquatch? I was watching some shitty paranormal show called "Monsters and Mysteries in America" and that thing came up. I could not stop laughing and I thought to myself, "I have to have this in 'GPX'!"

So drop me a review! The review button is right down there!
Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

Aaron VO: "Last time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Sean: "We need to talk."

Rob: "So he's the new guy, huh?"

Ritchie: "I think I'm starting to like this new job."

Ragnar: "This changes nothing. Our plan is still proceeding, after all."

Aaron: "I don't like you."

Ritchie: "It's because I'm the new guy, huh?"

Túrelie: "There is an Elf in that city."

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Power Rangers GPX Supercharged, episode 16: Revelation

:-:-:-: We're the best chance for humanity, Pow-er Rang-ers G-P-X, let's go! :-:-:-:

POP! POP! POP! That wasn't gunfire. That was several streetlight bulbs bursting after a wave of energy knocked them all out. The street in Madison was now pitch-black while a ghoulish monster—armed with the device that knocked out the lights—darted in and out of the buildings. Six figures, the Power Rangers, gathered together to try and find the ghoulish monster.

"Great," said Sean. "And the week of Thanksgiving break, too!"

"AKA Genocide of Native Americans Day," said Ritchie.

"There's a time and place for that and it's not here and now," said Sean.

"Ah well," said Ritchie.

"Night vision and scan!" said Sean. The Rangers pressed on their helmets, activating night vision and the helmet's scanning ability. Plus, that also meant to simply look.

There was no movement they could see. However, they were able to detect waves of energy pulsing from the device that cracked the streetlights on most of the surrounding area. The University would likely not have to foot the bill for the broken streetlights, since they're on the intersection of Langdon and N Frances Streets.

"Where are you?" asked Maria. This was tense for the Rangers. While the Elves are not a magical species, their technology makes it possible for their monsters to turn "invisible", at least to the naked eye. And the Rangers are just finding that out right now.

Suddenly, a blue flash illuminated the night sky. It appeared to hit something and the Rangers
looked up to see what it was. Sure enough, there was the monster, bat wings and all, with the device still in his hands.

"There he is!" Sean shouted. "Let's get 'im!"

The six Rangers—Rob is out on patrol—pulled out their blasters (although Ritchie had to summon his axe and convert it to a blaster) and pointed them at the monster. "Volley fire… GO!" They let off a volley of blaster fire that struck the monster and the device, making the humanoid bat-thingy that kinda looked like Orlock appear in the air. The monster plummeted and hit the ground with a "THUD".

But it wasn't done. Indeed, it was made of harder stuff and got up rather quickly. Sean pressed his belt buckle and held out his hand, while the GT Sword materialized. He brandished the sword (essentially the Master Sword from *The Legend of Zelda Twilight Princess* repainted) and prepared to strike. "GT STRIKE!" he launched forward with the blade glowing red and took a big cut.

Except he missed!

The monster took flight right before he hit the target and he stumbled to the ground. Armed with her Am Bow, Hitomi took aim and let off an arrow at the monster. It just barely missed again and the monster re-activated the device. More electrical problems ensued, and a transformer even short-circuited.

"Fuck," said Kevin.

The pitch-black silence fell again. That is, until they could hear squeaking. "Echolocation," said Aaron.

"I think he just blew his cover," said Ritchie.

"No, he didn't," said Sean. "He's trying to find us."

They all huddled together, keeping silent. Lot of good that'll do them, but it's worth a try. They scanned the skies, looking for anything. The infrared mode of their HUD wasn't working either. Elvish technology is certainly impressive.

Then, Hitomi's HUD started beeping "WARNING" and pointing to the east. She turned to her right and saw the monster bearing down on them. "GET DOWN!" she shouted. The others looked and saw the monster swoop down and grab Kevin by the claws.

"Let me go!" Kevin shouted while thrashing about in the monster's grip and cursing in Gaelic.

"Kevin, hold on!" Sean shouted. "Someone SHOOT THAT THING!" Several volleys of blaster and arrow fire followed.

"WATCH WHERE YOU'RE AIMING!" Kevin screamed. More blasts and arrows followed until one clipped the wing of the monster. "Nice sho—OH, SHITE!" Kevin forgot for a moment that he was about to fall and he hit the ground rolling. "Whose shot was that?"

"Wasn't ours, who was that?" said Sean. "He's getting up!" The Rangers surrounded the monster and did not even wait for orders. Hell, Sean went after it first, thrusting the blade of the GT Sword in the monster's face. The monster got out of the way, but Sean managed to hit it on the backswing.

Ritchie rushed in, swinging the Gold Axe at the monster and just barely missed because the monster flapped its wings and took off. However, Hitomi released an arrow at the monster and it
plummeted again. This time, Ritchie rushed in on time and took a big whack at the monster. The monster countered, grabbing Ritchie's axe and trying to rip it out of the Oneida Rocket's hands.

However, Aaron, the other one armed with an axe, rushed in and whacked the monster. Ritchie was rather surprised, given that Aaron was pretty hostile to him last week. But, you don't question help in the heat of battle, or at least it doesn't come up. Ritchie simply whacked at the monster.

It flapped its wings again and took flight to escape. Again, the Rangers shot the monster and another blast of blue energy zoomed past. "Where the hell is that coming from?" Sean asked.

"It came from over there!" Ritchie said, pointing at a darkened street corner. However, the matter was not pressed any further as the monster clawed at Sean, causing him to flip backwards and land where Maria could stab the monster. She did just that, and it screeched angrily. Ritchie grabbed its big ears and dragged it away from Maria, which made her rip the dagger out of its body. She kicked it in the face to retaliate.

"Let's finish this thing off," said Sean. "This has gone on long enough! Get your keys out, SUPERCHARGE!"

They all took their keys—save for Ritchie—and jammed them into their weapons. Ritchie took a moment while he looked for the switch on his axe before Hitomi kindly flipped it. "Thanks," he said, then pointing the axe-blaster-thingie at the monster.

"Ready!" Sean shouted, "Aim! FIRE!" They released their attacks, hitting the monster and sparks flew. Sean turned his AcceleKey in the pommel and raised the sword above his head. It glowed with a red light and Sean swung his sword as another blue blast zoomed past and it struck the monster.

The monster erupted in a shower of sparks and fell to the ground and exploded. The device it was holding dropped as well, but it looked like it was in good condition.

"Power down!" That hadn't been said in a while. The Rangers de-powered, leaving Ritchie still feeling the effects of the suit.

"WOW," he said. "How did you guys get used to that?"

"We keep using it," said Maria. Kevin picked up the device and looked at it.

"Thunderin' Jaysus, I don't know how this works," he said.

"None of us does," said Sean.

"Um, is this going to take long?" asked Ritchie.

"Probably," said Sean. "Why, you got a date?"

"Well, kinda," he said. "I was gonna meet with Janet."

"The girl he played his flute for?" asked Kevin.

"I think he wants her to play his flute," said Maria. Sean and Kevin snickered and Ritchie was thankful that no one could see him blush.

"So, can we call each other by our names now?" he asked to change the subject.

"We're in the middle of a residential neighborhood Gold, not yet," said Sean. "This is why you're
"still the newbie."

"Great," said Ritchie.

"That axe fumble is also why," said Hitomi.

"When did she get snarky?" asked Ritchie.

"We need to get this to SWORD," said Kevin. "They'll be able to figure out what it is. In the mean
time, I need some tea."

"I think you're addicted," said Sean. "Let's get back to the house and—oh right, the energy blastsies.
Okay, it's pitch-black, not something you'd expect in Madison, but try to find them."

"I don't expect us to—HEY!" Kevin shouted as someone ripped the device out of his hands. "They
took the device!"

"GET THEM!" Sean shouted. "Spread out, we can catch them!" The Rangers spread out to pursue
the thief.

The thief's footsteps were quiet, much to their surprise. But the sight of a shadow against a working
streetlight was enough and the Rangers bore down on the thief. They were simply faster and Kevin
and Ritchie grabbed the thief's arms, shoving them to the ground. "Apologies," Kevin said as he
grabbed the device away.

"Blue, her ears—" Ritchie said.

"Let me go!" the person replied. However Kevin was already tempted and felt the person's ears.
"And don't touch me!"

"Thunderin' Jaysus," he said for the second time. The others caught up and Sean was not too far
behind. "Red, she's an Elf!"

"An Elf?" Sean asked. "Well, this makes things interesting. Tie her up and let's get her back to
base."

:--:--:-- PRGPX :--:--:--

"Okay, we're sorry for being kinda rough," said Sean, "But we had to keep you restrained and
blindfolded while we brought you in for questioning. First off, any Elvish device that their
monsters drop are the property of the Strategic Worldwide Organization for Reconnaissance and
Defense.

"Second, we just needed to ask a few questions. First, what were you doing watching us? If that
was you who shot that monster, thanks for the help, but we still need some answers."

"I'm not answering anything," said the elf. "This is kidnapping!"

"We're SWORD agents, it's not kidnapping," said Sean. "Now what were you doing?"

"I was trying to help!" said the elf.

"If you want to help us, stay out of our way," said Hitomi.

"I'm not trying to—wait, who was that?"
"Who cares, answer our question!" said Sean.

"... Hitomi?" Everyone else looked at each other with confused stares. Hitomi, however,

"That voice," said Hitomi, "Is that—" she took the blindfold off the elf girl's head. When she saw, "GINA!?"

"OH MY GOD!" Sean said, grabbing his hair and walking around in circles. Basically, the looks on the entire team's face—save for Ritchie—was utter shock. Gina, Hitomi's friend as seen in previous chapters, looked around sheepishly, already realizing that her friend is a Power Ranger. Yes, you may guess the implications.

"Now way!" said Maria. She grabbed Gina's ears once more to check. "They're real."

"Don't touch me!" said Gina.

"Who the hell is she?" asked Ritchie.

"Pink's best friend in school," said Sean. "Man, I didn't know there were elves here! Are you a spy!?"

"No!" Gina replied.

"Now I know why she never showed her ears," said Hitomi.

"Wait, if she's here, wouldn't that mean there are more elves in Madison?" asked Aaron.

"No, there aren't!" she said.

"Still, we need to find out why she was 'helping' us," said Sean. "You said you were nervous about Ragnar, is that why you helped us?"

Gina looked away, only to find a tea cup in front of her. "Um, thank you," she said as she took the tea. "Yes," she said. "He scares me."

"He's scaring everyone," said Maria. "Come on! Just tell us if there are any elves in this city."

"No," Gina insisted. However, Sean was already thinking of a solution.

"You know, I'll be she knows how to work that device if she likes it so much," said Sean.

"I don't, my dad does!" she said. "He's a former elf general—what are you looking at?"

"You," Sean said with a smile, "Because you just told us what we needed to hear."

:--:--: Power Rangers GPX :--:--:

"Remember Sean, I'll only do this once," Rob said as he met Sean and the others on Gina's street. She was flanked by Aaron and Kevin, while the others were also there as back-up. Rob, in full MPD uniform, kept Gina close while Hitomi tied her bandana on her head.

"We're really sorry," she said. "We just want to know a few things."

"I can't believe you were lying to me," said Gina.

"I can't either," Hitomi replied. This made Gina close her eyes and mentally kick herself for saying
that. That ended when Rob nudged her up to the stairs of her house. The others hid from the view of the front door as Rob walked up, holding the device. Rob pressed the doorbell and waited for the door to open.

It opened and a man who looked sort of professorial answered, and his shock was apparent immediately. "Officer Rob Jackson, Madison Police Department," Rob said, holding up his badge. "It seems your daughter was intent on playing hero tonight."

"Why, what happened?" asked the man.

"Well, she got involved in a Power Ranger fight and tried to take this," said Rob. "We're not sure what it is, but we'll have to take it in for evidence."

"Oh, I see," said the man.

"Come on Rob, trick him!" Sean whispered aggressively.

"We're probably going to have to take her back to the station for questioning," said Rob. "And by the way, I know you're an elf."

"How did you know?" asked the man, a frightened look on his face.

"You just told me," said Rob. "Alright, it's your turn!"

"Thank you, officer," said Sean. He and the Rangers walked up the stairs and Sean took out his SWORD badge. "Strategic Worldwide Organization for Reconnaissance and Defense. And—" He pulled up his jacket sleeve and displayed the morpher on his wrist. "We're the Power Rangers. We need to ask you some questions."

Gina's father's eyes widened considerably. He turned around, but the Rangers could see that his ears were round, not pointed. A woman also was in the background, her eyes just as wide. "What's going on?" she asked.

"I-I-it's nothing," Gina's father said.

"We're the Power Rangers," said Sean. "Can we please come in?"

"The Power Rangers!?" the woman, presumably Gina's mother nearly shouted.

"Ma'am, just let them in, we don't want any trouble," said Rob. *I'm already in enough trouble as it is.*

"Yes, please, come in," said Gina's father. Six of the Rangers walked in, but Rob nodded and left to go back on duty.

"So then," said Sean, "You daughter has been trying to 'help' us but tried to steal this device and unfortunately, we had to restrain her. We're sorry for the inconvenience, but this is important. And since you've already confessed to being elves, we might as well get this over with."

"Don't you play for the Badger hockey team?" asked Gina's father. "And is that Hitomi?"

"Yes and yes, but we have more important things to worry about," said Sean, sitting down. "Now answer the question. What's your story?"

Her father and mother glanced at each other, nodded and sat down. "I knew someone would discover us one day," said her father. "I just didn't think it would be this sudden. My name is
Rusco, which means 'Fox', hence Gina's last name. I was an officer in the Alfheim army for nearly 10 years. It was around that time a general named Ragnar became famous.

"He was a force on the battlefield. Well, wargame battlefield. The army has not been in action for close to a thousand years. It wasn't long before he was promoted to being the commander-in-chief of the Alfheim army. And while I accept that Elvish society is far from perfect, things began to get worse.

"It became clear that Ragnar had other intentions. Many of the people he surrounded himself with were psychotic or bloodthirsty. Ragnar himself is far from psychotic, but his company raised suspicions with me. He began talking about humans and how much of a threat they were. This was during the 1980s, during the Cold War. Elves were concerned that humans could launch nuclear weapons at any time and obliterate not just themselves but us."

"And Ragnar took advantage of that thinking," Sean concluded.

"Correct," said Rusco. "Rather quickly, I noticed things beginning to change. Prior to this, elves were rather peaceful, if xenophobic. That began to turn for the worse as Ragnar's rhetoric blamed humans for our problems. While he certainly has good points about human society, he became much more extreme.

"Prior to this, we saw the monarch as a good, kind-hearted ruler who always put the well-being of Alfheim ahead of themselves. We preferred to be left alone and we respected the military because of old stories about how they fought off the Zordonians thousands of years ago and prevented humanity from discovering us.

"The military began to gain more power once he became commander-in-chief. Soon, questioning the military and the queen became so taboo I could have sworn it was illegal. Then the marches came, which I soon recognized from human footage. Then came propaganda, everything you could have imagined. And the thing is, it was rather subtle to most elves.

"I think we get the point," said Ritchie. "He became a dictator. Sounds like Imperial Japan."

"Yes, well, you could say that," said Rusco. "Soon we felt we had to leave."

"At the time, I was pregnant with Gina," said her mother. "My name is Calista, but my real name is Rovain, by the way. It happened when Rusco made a simple comment to Ragnar, mentioning how things looked so different in such a short amount of time. Ragnar subtly threatened Rusco into silence. That is how he operates in Alfheim, he manipulates people." Well, that's been shown.

"But instead, it frightened Rusco and he decided we needed to leave," Rovain continued. "So we had our ears modified and left Alfheim. We found some elves who lived outside of Alfheim and they gave us new identities and we set out, eventually coming here to Madison. And then we had Gina."

"So if you two had your ears modified," Sean said, "… How come Gina still has pointed ears?"

"Several reasons," said Rusco, "First, we could not afford the body modification surgery, and even if we did, we were afraid we would be discovered. Second, well, we love our daughter."

"So you put your daughter at risk for a pretty simple reason," said Aaron. "That's very persuasive."

"Yeah, I'd think she'd be found out the moment she stepped into kindergarten," said Sean.

"We had several cover stories for that," said Rusco. "For an elf that has been raised outside of
Elvish society, it is rather easy to be human. All we did was lie about her ears, telling them they were birth defects."

"Dad!" Gina whined. "You never told me that!"

"I'm sorry sweetie," said Rusco. "But after a while, she began to be teased about them, so out of concern, we took her out and started homeschooling her until her junior year of high school when she demanded to go to human school."

"So what do you do, Rusco?" asked Maria.

"I work at the University," he said. "Rovain works at the state capitol. She was there the day Floki attacked."

"Floki?" asked Sean.

"One of Ragnar's henchmen," said Rusco. "He is the one you first met."

"Oh, him," said Sean, "The hoodie guy."

"That was when things began to turn for the worse," said Rusco. "Gina had already been hiding her ears, but we've seen her demeanor get worse."

"Which Hitomi noticed," said Maria.

"We're glad she has a friend like you," Rovain smiled. "I can see you two care about each other."

"Yeah, that's all fine and dandy, but we also need to know what this thing is," Sean said, holding up the device.

"That is what you humans call a cloaking device. I would assume you knew enough science fiction to know what it is," said Rusco. The Rangers groaned at their own stupidity.

"So then why did it knock out those streetlights?" asked Ritchie.

"That is a side effect," said Rusco.

"Well then, if you could please help us and SWORD out," said Sean. "They'll probably pay you a good deal to take apart your species' tech and help us out."

"I am not an engineer," said Rusco. Again, groans.

"I think this is a good time to find out more about the elves," Kevin whispered in Sean's ears. Sean nodded and turned to Rusco and Rovain.

"Ragnar said something about how you elves have been watching humans for centuries or something like that," he continued, "What did he mean?"

"Elves, humans and Zordonians all evolved from a common ancestor," said Rusco. "At some point, the species split off into different evolutionary lines. Several millennia ago, in that gap between the last ice age and the rise of the Sumerians, the Zordonians were the power on Earth."

"We're talking about elves, not the Zordonians," said Sean.

"We'll get to that," said Rusco. "We need to cover this backstory. The reason why the Zordonians were so set on 'reclaiming' Earth is because of the elves. The elves saw the Zordonians as tyrants."
Indeed, the Zordonians subjugated the Earth far worse than humans do now."

"Gee, that's reassuring," said Kevin.

"So the elves and humans joined together and forced the Zordonians off the planet," said Rusco. 
"Then the humans betrayed the elves and we had to hide in our cities. Or at least that's how elves see history."

"And there's no reference to it in human mythology," said Sean.

"It's possible it inspired what would become the Atlantis myth," said Rusco. "We've hid in our elf-cities ever since. We've become incredibly xenophobic towards humans. Looking back, we should never have done that."

"No shit Sherlock," said Maria.

"When Tolkein wrote about the elves, he wasn't too far off," said Rovain, "But he'd never met an elf in his life. His writings were based off of the Norse Alfar."

"So... does that mean that elves met Germanic peoples?" asked Sean.

"It was an accident," said Gina.

"An accident that helped give rise to one of the most over-used elements in modern fantasy," said Kevin.

Rusco and Rovain sighed, apparently sick of the Rangers' sarcastic comments. "You do realize Alfheim has enough firepower to wipe out humanity in under an hour?" asked Rusco.

"We just beat an empire than could have obliterated the entire planet in the fraction of a second," said Sean. "You think we're scared?"

"You should be!" Rovain shouted, standing up and hovering over the Rangers. "Ragnar is a monster in my view, but he is right, you six got lucky against the Zordonians!"

"Um, I wasn't there," said Ritchie.

"And we don't give a fucking rat's ass!" Sean shouted again. "We fought worse! We've been beaten nearly half to death, faced down Godzilla, beaten a robot that knew our moves, and sent a galactic empire running with their fucking tail between their legs! You think we're afraid of Ragnar? Even if we got lucky, we'll still beat Ragnar! If he comes here, we'll kill him personally!"

"But you don't understand," Rovain started.

"And you don't either!" Sean shouted, standing up from his seat. "We're the Power Rangers! We don't quit, we don't surrender, and most importantly, we do not fucking lose! Bring it the fuck on! We'll beat Ragnar and send his ass running back to Alfheim!"

"And you will have the army of Alheim bearing down on you!" said Rusco.

"We already do!" Maria laughed with exasperation on her tone. "Who do you think has been wanting to kill us?"

"Why do they want to kill us what I want to know," said Ritchie.

"Because you already painted the targets on your back," said Rusco. "When you declared that
Earth was defended, you turned yourselves into walking targets. Anyone who wanted to subjugate humanity now had a champion to defeat, and that's you."

"Oh, damn," said Aaron.

"I thought it was something about religion because Ragnar was talking about how he's on a mission from Gahd." He'd imitated Elwood Blues so many times that it became habit for Sean to say it in an exaggerated Chicago accent.

"I forgot to mention that," said Rusco. "He's a religious extremist, although I can probably assume you already knew that. I must tell you though, that while elves are xenophobic and bent on killing humans, we're better than this."

"Sure," said Sean. "But we kinda need proof of what you're saying."

"Suit yourself," said Rusco. He stood up and beckoned the Rangers to follow him. They did and he walked them upstairs and to the attic. He unlocked it and let them in.

The room was filled with what were clearly propaganda posters. It was like World War II all over again. Images of elves killing humans and sexy elf women were plastered all over the place. They couldn't read the text, but from wring for something. The elves must have been preparing for something. Or at least, Ragnar was trying to get support for his anti-Ranger campaign.

Rusco stood to the side while the Rangers looked over this propaganda art gallery. He gave several ideas of what they meant. Apparently, while elves are immune to the worst of human diseases, there are quite a few that can be passed along through, well, you know. Others were like "loose lips sink ships" in their tone.

There were other pictures, too; real ones. They could see just how much the elves changed from what could be considered peaceful, if xenophobic, to militaristic. It was like looking at Imperial Japan. Well, that was implied at first, but now it's out in the open.

"So I take it this started some time around World War II," said Ritchie.

"I believe so," said Rusco. "My father told me that when the bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, elves suddenly realized just how far humans had come. When word of the Holocaust reached us, there was considerable fear in the people, now that they knew humans could kill each other in such an industrial fashion."

"So I guess there is no innocent side here," said Sean. "Is there any art that could be considered elf-y around here?"

"Yes," said Rusco. "Although elves have the opinion that humans have never created anything 'beautiful'. In a way, it's more because elves love beautiful things and their aesthetics has reflected this for years."

"This looks more Soviet than elf-y," said Sean.

"I apologize for doubting you earlier," Rusco continued, "But I need to—"

"Hey, look at this sword," said Sean. He pressed on his morpher and the GT Sword materialized in his hand. He lifted the sword up to the poster for comparison. "Looks like my sword."

"Really?" asked Kevin. "Why do you say that?"
"Looks like the Master Sword," said Sean. Rusco's head jerked back slightly in surprise. "Eh, must be coincidence."

"I was about to say something," said Rusco, "I just wanted you to know what you were up against. I have faith that you can defeat Ragnar."

"Faith shmaith," said Sean. "Oh wait, that's faith in us," he said again. "Then we'll accept your faith. We need all the supporters we can get."

"Please don't tell anyone about this," said Gina.

"We won't," Hitomi said with a warm smile. "I promise you. And when I make a promise, I keep it!"

Gina was still for a moment. Tears began to well up in her eyes at the sight of Hitomi's reassuring smile. She couldn't hold it in. She began to bawl and enveloped Hitomi in a big hug, which the Japanese girl gladly returned.

"Ay, que lindo!" Maria fawned while Sean gave her a look of embarrassment and disdain combined.

"This is giving me a cavity," said Aaron.

"Well, I won't be having frybread on Thursday," said Ritchie.

"Okay, we gotta get outta here," said Sean. "Mr. Rusco—"

"I go by Russell Fox in the human world," said Rusco.

"Well, Mr. Fox," said Sean, "It was nice meeting you, and we'll keep your secret. You just gotta keep ours. And the only people we'll tell will be from SWORD and we'll make sure the only time they come to see you are when they need your help, usually some advisory role."

"I appreciate that," said Rusco. "I'd like to meet you again some time. I know Hitomi will."

"Alright people, let's get moving," said Sean. There were a few more goodbyes as the Rangers left the house. Hitomi and Gina had a hard time saying good bye, and Maria had to gently pull her away from her now best friend. But as the Rangers left while discussing their Thanksgiving plans, Rusco watched them with a stern expression, one that Rovain could see.

"You told them everything?" she asked.

"No," he said. "I couldn't." There were no more words between them.

…Túrelie is screaming and ranting in my office, and I understand she was attempting to be dramatic, but I am watching her, unable to stop myself from laughing!" Arquen told his story with Queen Eruvanda unable to stop herself from laughing. "Then she started to scream at me and I was unable to restrain myself from laughing." Eruvanda's laughter was melodic to his ears.

"And then what happened?" she asked.

"She and Floki stormed out of my office so quickly I could have sworn they teleported out."

"Well, that was entertaining," she said, smiling. Arquen smiled as well. He was happy to see her
smile. She was too serious and depressed so many times he saw her he wanted to see her smile. "I enjoy it when I spend time with you, Arquen," she said again. She laid her head on his shoulder and whispered something to him.

In the moment, Arquen sighed and began to wonder if this mission against the Power Rangers really was worth it. But it was shoved to the side and he began to think more about ways to defeat them.

:-:--:--: Power Rangers GPX :-:--:--:

Chapter End Notes

Maria VO: "Next time on 'Power Rangers GPX Supercharged'!"

Arquen: "What is this?"

Sean: "Don't you just love snow?"

Red Flash: "I was 'in the neighborhood'."

Wolf monster: "You are not aware of what is coming."

Ragnar: "Humans have never made anything."

Eruvanda: "Arquen?"

Maria: "That's next time on 'Power Rangers GPX Supercharged'!"

So how was that?

First off, I KNOW it's dialogue-heavy, but this was one of the more important chapters I've been planning. If you were not surprised Gina is an elf, I apologize, but that reveal is off-set by the information and expospeak that was needed. I had to flesh out the elves again and while I would prefer to show rather than tell, we needed to find out more about the elves, their culture and how Ragnar changed things. This won't be the end-all-be-all of my exploration of the elves, just one little bit of info. There's gonna be a part 2, after all!

Also, we're getting closer to the end of Part 1!

So drop me a review!
Ticking Time Bomb

Chapter Notes

Hitomi VO: "Last time on 'Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!'"

Sean: "Some SHOOT THAT THING!"

(A blue blast of energy flies past the monster they're fighting).

Kevin: "They took the device!"

Kevin: "She's an elf!"

Hitomi: "Gina?"

Rusco: "I knew someone would discover us someday."

Rovain: "You told them everything?"  

Rusco: "No."

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Power Rangers GPX Supercharged, episode 17: Ticking Time Bomb

:-:-:-: We're the best chance, for humanity, Pow-er Rang-gers G-P-X, let's go! :-:-:-:

It began when a number of elf spies brought in some materials to Arquen's office. He was writing a report about another skirmish with the Power Rangers when he looked up and saw them setting a few items up. He stopped and watched them, curious as to what they were doing. "What is this?" he asked.

"Human music," one of the spies replied. Arquen stifled a laugh in his throat for a moment before composing himself.

"Human music?" he asked. "I have no time for such inferior music. Why would you bring it to my attention?"

"We intercepted it," said the spy. "Do you want to listen?"

"Very well," said Arquen. "Set it up for me." The spies began to set up the music player on Arquen's desk. Arquen leaned back in his chair as he watched and then leaned forward again. One of the spies handed a piece of human technology with two rather large pieces on the side. The general deduced rather quickly these were what humans referred to as "headphones" and put them around his neck.

One of the spies pulled out a plastic container. There was a human man on the cover, and Arquen tried to get a closer look. "What is it?" he asked.

"It is referred to as '9th Symphony' by Ludwig van Beethoven," said one of the spies. Arquen sighed and leaned back again. Surely, this could not match elvish music. Elvish music is beautiful,
harmonious and melodic. If the human 'heaven' existed, elvish music would be playing.

The symphony started out aggressive, much to Arquen's displeasure. Surely this could not match the beauty of Elvish music! But he did find it to be good background music whilst he did his work. Perhaps human music was good for something, after all.

But he was not enthused, and skipped to the final movement out of boredom. The intensity continued until he came across a part of the movement that caught his attention. He listened in while the music swelled into a triumphant sound. He could feel his spine freezing and goosebumps on his skin. Is that what humans are capable of?

"General?" asked one of the spies. Arquen took off the headset and handed it to him. Unlike Arquen, he did not appear to be impressed at all. "It's human music, nothing to be concerned with."

"I suppose you are right," said Arquen. But he took the headset back and continued to listen. There were some lyrics that caught his attention, but he could not discern them. As it went on, he found himself becoming more interested in them.

"General Arquen?" asked the spy. "Are you really interested in that?"

"Shh!" Arquen silenced him with a finger. By now it was plain that he was engrossed in the music. There was no possible way humans could make music this wonderful! "This is impossible," he said, his mind trying to deny human music. But instead, he found himself engrossed in the music.

Then, after the triumphant passage, it went silent. "I knew it," he said. "Typical human music."

"Let me listen," said the spy. He handed the headphones to the spy, only took a second to rip them off with disgust and hand them back to Arquen. He continued his work, listening to his music.

But once again, it captured him and he found himself unable to stop listening to it as it became more intense and powerful, soon building to a powerful crescendo.

"Freude, schöner Götterfunken,  
Tochter aus Elysium,  
Wir betreten feuertrunken,  
Himmlische, dein Heiligtum.  
Deine Zauber binden wieder,  
Was die Mode streng geteilt,  
Alle Menschen werden Brüder,  
Wo dein sanfter Flügel weilt!"

Suddenly, he felt his spine chill, his eyes widen and he felt… something in his chest. He could not describe it so accurately, but… He rewound the music and began listening again.

As he listened, tears began to overflow in his eyes. The spy was staring at him, but he paid no notice. He could not describe the feelings of wonder and amazement as he listened to this one passage over and over again. Finally, he came to a simple conclusion:

"It is beautiful!"

"What?" the spy asked.

"I was not aware humans were capable of such beautiful works!" he said. "It is so triumphant… hopeful… my God, I must tell Ragnar!" He tore off the headphones and dashed out of his office, leaving the confused spy alone.
"Stupid weather," Maria muttered, shivering into her jacket, which made her look twice as big as her already slender body size, obviously unflattering. Her nose was almost frozen over, and she could feel some mucus starting to trickle out of her nose, forcing her to sniff it back in. Her knees were shaking, almost knocking together in the cold and her shoes, well, they were not fit for winters in Madison.

"Ah, don't you just love snow?" Sean, on the other hand, looked like he was right at home. Technically he was, since he's a Midwestern boy. It's just that he's from Chicago, not a Sconnie. "You know, I can't tell if you're over or underdressed," he teased.

"Fuck you," she said.

"Thank you very much," he replied. Bascom Hill was white with the snow that was steadily falling. Snowmen dotted the hill while sledgers went down, shouting in joy, recapturing a still-fresh childhood that will never die thanks to these little moments.

Maria had never gone sledding before. She's from South America, and there's no snow down there, after all (or at least in Caracas and Rio). The first time she saw snow in Wisconsin she could not help but be awed and filled with girlish glee at the sight of this white, wet stuff.

It didn't take long for her opinion to do a complete 180. She hated snow now, it's overrated!

For Sean, on the other hand, snow was vital to the season. In fact, he's a bit of a Climate Change activist because he wants to keep his snow. A winter wasn't winter until it snowed. As a hockey player, being out in the cold air while skating on the public skating rink was a big part of his childhood in Chicagoland. "We should go sledding," he said. She scoffed. "Come on, it's just snow!"

"I hate it too," said Aaron. Sean groaned, rolled his eyes and kept them in front of him.

"Ah, you guys are new, so you don't understand the beauty of a Midwestern winter," said Sean.

"It's only mid-December," said Maria. "You'll be complaining once February comes. I know. I checked your Facebook page."

"Ah, you're no fun," said Sean. "Oh, I think I see a certain familiar face—oh, Crosby!? HEY JIMMY! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU WEARING THAT BASTARD'S CANADA SWEATER FOR!?!"

Jimmy looked up from his snowman, smiled, stuck his tongue on and flipped Sean off. "Oh well, at least we won the World Cup," he said. Then he sang, "Sid-ney Cros-by's a pus-sy!"

"Hey, fuck you, hoser!" Jimmy replied. "You're still bitter, eh?"

"You're goddamn right I am!" Sean shouted back. "At least have the decency of wearing a Toews sweater if you're gonna wear that!"

"You're Jimmy aren't you?" Aaron shouted.

"Didn't you just hear us?" Sean asked. By now, Jimmy had walked over to them just to say 'Hi'.

"Yeah, I'm Jimmy," he said. "By the way Sean, are you okay? You keep coming to practice with bags under your eyes and you yawn a lot. I know you do well in games, but I just want to be sure."
"Yeah, I'm fine," said Sean. "It's probably because A) I haven't played actual competitive hockey in over a year and B), Thanksgiving."

"Oh, Thanksgiving," said Maria. "I was silently begging your great aunt to stop harassing your mom."

"It was a nice Thanksgiving ruined by that," Sean said, pinching his nose.

"I thought we were going to drink all the beer," said Jimmy, "Until Rob locked it all up. I just hope Christmas won't be as bad."

"And I still have to get my tree and do my shopping!" Sean moaned, collapsing rear end-first into the snow.

"Okay, so I can see why you're coming in tired," said Jimmy. He too collapsed on the snow and lay on his back. The other two stood, not wanting to get their clothes wet. "And by the way, who's the fucking hoser who scheduled finals week for Christmas Eve week? Fucking administration."

"Your finals are in late December!?" Maria bellowed.

"At least we don't have any games that week," said Sean. Speaking of which, he scored a hat trick in a win against MmmEEEEEchigan on Black Friday, but was held scoreless in a loss against Meeechigan State, both of them at the Kohl Center. Sean even made a scathing remark about how the Michigan fans were all from Illinois, a point which filled him with shame. By the way, it's true. There are WAY too many Meeechigan fans in the Chicago area.

Anyway, Sean lifted himself up from the snow and wrapped his arm around Maria while trying to decide what to do next. He had no classes for the rest of the afternoon and practice wasn't until around 3:00 today. "Let's get something from those food carts, babe," he said.

"Hey, don't forget me!" said Jimmy. "I hear they opened up a Beaver Tail's!"

Aaron turned around and gave Jimmy a look of 'WTF'. "You eat beaver tails!?"

"How long were you even in Toronto?" Jimmy asked.

"Let's just get some Hibachi," said Sean. "That cart's my favorite."

So it was decided. They set off to the Hibachi cart on State Street, with an excellent view of the State Capitol, dead east on, well, State Street. They came across Ritchie as he was leaving the Humanities Building, so it was decided he'd get some Hibachi, too. They even came across Janet Redwater, who struck up an instant friendship with Jimmy when she found out he was a fellow Canadian. However, the figure skates attached to her bag made Sean realize something.

"Dude, she's a figure skater!" he whispered when they'd broken away from the two Canadians.

"So?" Ritchie asked.

"It's some kinda cliché that hockey players and figure skaters start dating," said Sean. "Didn't you see Ice Castles?"

"Why, have you?"

"No, but that's not the point! And another thing, I thought figure skaters hated us!"

"Can we focus!?" Maria whisper-shouted. "Am I the only one who knows that at some point that
Ragnar *hombre* is going to launch a full-scale attack on Madison? We've had two major battles already, the one where we beat Phaedos and where we defeated the Zordonians. I know something like that is going to happen!"

"But we can't predict it," said Sean. "We'll just have to face it head-on if it ever comes."

"HEY! What the hell are you four talking about over there!?!" Jimmy shouted. "And Metoxen, you haven't said hi to your girlfriend yet!"

"She's not my girlfriend!" Ritchie shouted, but with a blush and enough nervousness on his voice that anyone could tell that he was lying.

"At least not yet anyway," said Maria.

"Hello, Janet," he said with a nod. "So what are you doing?"

"Just getting to know Jimmy," she said. "So how are you?"

"Feeling like a jet-hawk thingie," said Jimmy. "I don't know what that means. I just came up with it."

"Whatever," said Sean.

"But basically, I feel great," Jimmy said again. But he could see Sean scowling at him, so he decided to tone it down a bit.

Suddenly, the sound of an explosion was heard from the west. The Library Mall was filled with commotion as everyone looked to see what was going on. University and Madison police immediately began to herd people off campus. In the midst of this commotion, Sean, Maria, Aaron and Ritchie slipped away to go and confront whatever it was that was causing the mess.

It was on Bascom Hill that a large white anthropomorphic wolf and a platoon of Suitroops materialized. The crowd immediately dispersed in a panic while energy staff blasts flew around. There was a small light that shone in the distance before four very familiar figures, clad in red, green, yellow and gold rushed up the hill and confronted the wolf monster.

"Another wolf monster?" Sean asked. "Didn't we face two already?"

"GET THEM!" The wolf monster shouted. And, Sean does not get an answer as the Suitroops ran down the hill towards them.

The first Suitroop had Sean's right elbow smash its face in hard. He waited for two more to rush to him, held out his arms like wings and clotheslined the both of them. Then he kicked one in the back and elbowed another in the same spot. He kicked another one in the chest and then grabbed it and threw it down hill while ducking under another one. He tossed that one down the hill, too.

Aaron also ran up the hill and jumped over some Suitroops. Then he felt a Suitroop punch him in the gut. He got back up in an instant to block a punch. He countered with a punch to the Suitroop's head, only to be grabbed from behind by another Suitroop. He grabbed the Suitroop's arms and ducked underneath them, grabbing it and sweeping it off its feet and then kicked the other Suitroop.

Maria threw a left hook to the neck of a Suitroop. It was not very effective, but Maria adjusted her battle plan and kicked the Suitroop in the head. She leaped out of the fray when a Suitroop punched the ground in front of her, then she darted for the melee again, punching and kicking at
the Suitroops. As a Suitroop threw a roundhouse kick, she met it with her own, which was strong enough to knock it down.

Ritchie, still the newbie, went straight for the monster, only to be stopped mid-stride by the Suitroops. He was forced on his back, but got up rather quickly. He got his head in the proverbial game and kicked a Suitroop in the chest, then ducked and elbows another one in the gut. He blocked a punch and countered with his own. He grabbed a Suitroop's collar and swept it off its feet (literally).

The website of the Wisconsin Alumni Association mentions that the change in elevation at Bascom Hill, from the base at the Park Street sidewalk up to the peak at the base of the Abraham Lincoln statue is 86 feet. The hill itself is 850 feet long, which results in an approximately 10 percent slope, or 5.8 degrees. So basically, it's steep enough.

The wolf monster stood at the top of the hill and waited for Sean to run up the slope only to grab him by the shoulder and nudge him gently enough. Sean lost his footing and tumbled down the slope. He bowled into a crowd of Suitroops before coming to a stop on one of the sidewalks crisscrossing the quad. If you heard Sean's growl just now, you'd think he was a dog.

"Down boy, bad dog!" said Maria. "So what's the plan?"

"Well unfortunately, he has the high ground, but—" He paused and thought for a moment, then came up with an idea. "We hit him from the side. Okay, Metoxen, Ndebele, you guys take him from the side, got it?"

"Got it!"

"And please don't try to backstab each other!" he said. They ignored him though, and ran up the sides of the quad for the wolf monster. They reached the top of the hill on both sides of the monster. Now it had nowhere to go. Aaron went first, throwing a punch at the monster. It got out of the way, but Ritchie, despite being a small winger, delivered a hard hit on the monster that knocked it down.

Now Sean and Maria were just about at the top of the hill as Ritchie delivered another impressive check, leading with the hip that knocked the wolf monster onto the steps of Bascom Hall.

Sean summoned his GT Sword and launched off the stone semi-circle bench behind and around the Abe statue and thrust the blade in the wolf's face. "Elrond!?" it shouted.

"Wait, what?" Sean asked, confused by the wolf monster's sudden question.

"Is that the—" The wolf monster stopped, realizing that Sean was distracted and whacked him away to the side. Maria was not too far behind him though, as she brought her dagger down at the monster, but barely missed. The monster ran over to Ritchie and Aaron and collided with them, sending them tumbling down the slope.

Sean got up, groaning both in a daze and in annoyance. The sudden pain of the wolf monster gripping his neck jerked him out of his daze. He could barely breathe, but he struggled to get out of the monster's grip, anyway. The job became harder once the wolf monster lifted him off the ground, though, but he kicked and thrashed as best he could. "How dare you," the wolf monster growled, "Soil the memory of Elrond with that foul excuse for a blade!"

"What the—ACK!—hell are you—" he tried to say something, anything, but the wolf was so full of rage and his grip so tight his vision began to blur.
The next thing he knew, he fell to the ground and struggled to regain his breath, coughing and wheezing before he could see what had happened. Kevin had arrived on time, but he'd brought a familiar face—er, helmet—with him. "Are you alright?" asked Red Flash.

"What the hell are you doing here?" Sean asked.

"I was, as you Earthlings say, 'in the neighborhood'." The Earth-born alien Ranger extended his hand for Sean to take, which he gladly did. Red Flash, the leader of the Choushinsei Flashman, looked Sean over, something he had not done since July in Orlando. "Shall we?" he asked.

"Gladly," said Sean. The two Red Rangers raised their swords and made a move to attack the wolf monster. The two ran up to the monster. "GT STRIKE!"

"Fire Thunder!" Their respective attacks sent the wolf monster flying to the north towards Muir woods, away from Bascom Hall.

"Who's he?" asked Ritchie.

"Friend of ours," said Sean. "LET'S MOVE!" The Rangers gave chase and confronted the wolf monster in the middle of Observatory Drive. They surrounded him and attacked.

Kevin went first, throwing a kick at the wolf monster. The monster blocked it and grabbed Kevin's leg and tossed him aside like a weight. Then Maria jumped on its back and tried to slit its throat, only for him to bite her suit. While the bite was not going to pierce the skin by any means, it was definitely painful as it forced her to let go. Sean caught her and Aaron used his shoulders as a springboard to kick the wolf monster in the snout.

Then Ritchie threw a punch and a reverse roundhouse kick, showing he'd gotten used to this job by now. The wolf blocked the punch, but could not block the kick. Then Red Flash rushed in, swinging his sword, which was caught by the wolf monster. Red Flash struggled to get away, but Sean rushed in and took a big cut of the wolf monster.

It growled in anger, stumbling away in the direction of Muir Woods. The others semi-circled it and looked about ready to pounce. "Typical humans," said the wolf. "Have you no shame in attacking the elves?"

"You know, we're willing to co-exist with the elves," said Sean. He lowered his sword to show he was serious. "Let's talk and maybe we can have peace."

"After everything that has happened?" asked the wolf. "Never."

Sean sighed. "Suit yourself." He picked up his sword and took a swing at the wolf, hitting it right in the chest. The wolf angrily charged at the sextet only for them to step out of the way. Ritchie took a chance with the wolf's back turned and punched the wolf right in the snout. "Nice move," Sean chuckled.

"Thanks," said Ritchie.

Wolf-man rolled on the pavement and got back up to see the Rangers surrounding him. His eyes fixed on Sean, with his sword raised for the kill. "How dare you," he growled. "Soil the memory of Elrond with your filthy human hands."

"You already said that!" said Sean.

"Who the fuck is Elrond?" Ritchie sighed. "Hugo Weaving's character?"
"His name is not to be spoken by hu—" Maria punched the wolf-man right in the snout, punishing him for talking too long.

Kevin grabbed the wolf, putting him in a headlock and slammed it to the pavement. The wolf scrambled away towards the Green Roof, a porch which is attached to the School of Education building.

The Rangers fanned out with Ritchie and Red Flash going ahead and cut off wolf-man's escape route. They kicked the wolf-man right back to the others, who each took a shot at the wolf monster and made sparks fly from him. They stopped and turned. Red Flash ran up to rejoin Sean. The two Red Rangers shook hands and kicked the wolf monster off the roof, then jumped off with the others following.

They landed in a pattern so as to cut off the monster's escape route. They circled him, a favorite tactic when dealing with a smaller force. The monster tried to make a break for Helen White Hall, the Water Science & Engineering Lab and by extension, Lake Mendota, but Kevin flew in and tackled the monster to the ground. Then Aaron grabbed his head and dragged him away from the lake.

Of course, the monster took Aaron's hand and bit down and got up while the South African cursed in anger. Then the monster took his elbow and whacked Aaron in the back. But Sean and Maria grabbed the monster and dragged him away. The monster got free though, grabbing the couple and tossing them forward.

But Ritchie and Red Flash grabbed the monster and let Kevin take a couple swings at it. The monster then whacked the two. But Red Flash took a big swing with his own sword at the monster and sparks flew from it.

"It's time to end this," said Sean. "Get your keys out." They did just that, and pulled out their weapons.

"This is not over," said the wolf monster.

"It is for you!" said Sean. They all, except for Ritchie and Red Flash, jammed their keys into their weapons.

"No, you are not aware of what is coming," he said. "The time of the humans is over! Your battle is a ticking time bomb and when it explodes, you will all die! YOUR TIME IS COMING, RANGERS! It will not be soon, but it will come!"

"Aaahhh, SHADDAP!" Sean snapped. "NOW!"

"Fire Thunder!" Red Flash called, as he used his attack. The others shot the wolf monster at the same time and he erupted in a shower of sparks. Then Sean raised his sword above his head.

"GT STRIKE!" With a swing of his sword, he finished the job. But the wolf monster laughed as he erupted in sparks.

"God's judgment is coming!" he shouted. "It is God's will, YOU WILL ALL DIE!" That was all he said, but he laughed as he fell to the ground before exploding.

"Are we awesome, or are we FUCKIN' awesome?" Sean hollered as they walked away, un-morphed from the fight.

"We're fuckin' awesome!" Ritchie concurred.
"Sean, keep your ego in check," Maria interrupted. "Remember the last time you got arrogant?"

"Oh, right," said Sean, "Fuckin' Rich Boy. So Red Flash, what's the story, how come you decided to visit?"

"I was, 'in the neighborhood',' said the blonde-haired Jon. "I also wanted to tell you about the rest of the galaxy."

"What is it?" asked Kevin.

"They are concerned over this conflict with the elves," said Jon. "They fear it may become a full-blown war."

"Then why have they only been attacking us?" asked Aaron.

"That I cannot answer," said Jon. He turned to Ritchie. Apparently he'd never seen a Native American up close before, or at least that's what Ritchie thought. Jon then continued. "Perhaps that wolf monster's warning is worth listening to. Do not take it lightly."

"I've already taken it seriously," said Kevin. He glanced over at Sean. His expression was serious. It was obvious that experience had taught him to heed the wolf's warning. But just what was coming was a whole other matter.

The snow fell gently, creating a serenity that belied the severity and tension of the moment.

Arquen was out of breath by the time he reached Ragnar's office doors. He straightened himself and his uniform out and knocked on the door. "Come in," said Ragnar. Arquen opened the door and walked in, saluting to his commander-in-chief. "Hello Arquen," said Ragnar. "What news have you?"

"I have made a discovery," Arquen replied, "Of great importance."

"Yes, what is it?" Ragnar asked.

"Some of our spies brought in human music," he said. Ragnar paused in his work to look up at Arquen. "I played it and… I cannot describe, but it sounded wonderful, magnificent and… beautiful."

An awkward, frightening silence fell over the two of them. Arquen could see Ragnar looking up at Arquen. His eyes bore into his very being and Arquen tried to keep his composure as best he could.

"Arquen, that is demented," Ragnar said. "Are you positive you were listening to a human music piece?"

"Of course," said Arquen. "I cannot explain, but, I found it triumphant, hopeful and… beautiful."

"Beautiful?" Ragnar spat, looking up from his table. "Human music beautiful? That is demented."

"Commander, I do not understand why you will not consider this," said Arquen. "The humans are not as lost as we suspected."

Ragnar looked up and Arquen recoiled at his expression of calm rage. "Humans have never made anything, of any kind, that can be considered 'beautiful' or 'great, Arquen," he said through clenched teeth. "Get that into your mind, or else you will have no place in this army."
"But Commander," Arquen continued, "You are not listening—"

"GET OUT!" Ragnar bellowed. Arquen recoiled and hastily exited the office.

He would have left, but he had a feeling in the pit of his stomach, which he could not understand at first. But it made him stay near the door. He opened it gently to peer in.

Ragnar was talking to two people, one with long hair tied up in a ponytail and another with short blond hair. He'd never seen them before, but for a moment, he assumed they were elves. But upon closer inspection, he could see they had rounded ears. But how? Unless they had modified their ears, he had no other explanation. He cupped his ears, hoping to listen.

"… Two Zordonian generals in my office."

Arquen could not believe his ears. He quietly closed the doors of Ragnar's office and stepped away. How is this possible? How could Ragnar be talking to Zordonians? The very species that attempted to subjugate Earth in the distant and recent past? Had he not criticized the Zordonians for being 'entitled' to our planet? Had he not forgotten the hate the elves had towards the Zordonians? What was the meaning of this?

He glanced about, wishing that no one heard him before walking away while trying to keep his composure. Something had to be done about this. He was sweating and his heart was racing faster than when he had his mandatory bomb-diffusion training.

He thought about who he could tell. None of them were ideal. Túrelie? No, she was loyal to Ragnar, she would have him executed! Ingvar? No, he is loyal to Ragnar. Tiris? The two were friends, but Arquen doubted Tiris could do anything, given he is only a colonel.

But there was one person he could trust. And she happened to be the one who could put an end to all of this.

Arquen knocked on Queen Eruvanda's door in haste. "Enter," she said in her low, dignified voice. Arquen did so, and he could see the surprise on her face. "Arquen!" she said, her voice going up a higher register, her real voice. "I was not expecting you."

"Forgive me," he replied. "But I have urgent news."

"What?" she asked, standing up and walking over to him.

"First, I must tell you. I have heard human music," he confessed. "It was a piece by a human named Ludwig van Beethoven. It was beautiful."

"Human music?" she asked. "What else?"

"I saw Ragnar, with two generals," he said. "They were not elves. I was not sure, but then I heard him talking to them and… they were Zordonian!"

The only sound heard was her pen hitting the floor. She covered her mouth with both hands but he could see her wide-eyed stare. "My God," she whispered. "But… how…"

"Eruvanda, something must be done," he said, gripping her shoulders. "This campaign against the Rangers and humans, I fear may be misguided."

She did not need anymore persuasion. "Duly noted," she said with her dignified voice. "I will order all attacks against the humans to cease until further notice. And Arquen," her voice went back to
her normal higher register, "Will you play that human music for me?"

"Yes, my Queen," he said. He wrapped his arms around her and held her close. But he was afraid for what may come. "Whatever happens, know this: I will ensure your safety, My Queen… and love."

"Thank you Arquen," she responded. But even she could not help but admit that she was scared as well.

:-:--:-- Power Rangers GPX :-:--:--

Chapter End Notes

Ritchie VO: "Next time on 'Power Rangers GPX Supercharged'!"

Sean: "I hate Christmas shopping."

Maria: "Why haven't we been attacked?"

Ritchie: "I'm fine!"

Ragnar: "What is the meaning of this?"

Eruvanda: "Seize him!"

Sean: "What… the… fuck?"

Ritchie VO: "That's next time, on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

So how was that? It's a little light on Ranger action yes, but we're getting ready for the Part 1 finale.

Oh, and yes, I do think Beethoven's Ninth should be played at invading alien hordes to show just what humans are capable of.

So tell me what you think! Are you excited for what's coming up?
Sean VO: "Last time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Spy: "Human music."

Arquen: "It is beautiful!"

Maria: "Am I the only one who knows that at some point that Ragnar hombre is going to launch a full-scale attack on Madison?"

Red Flash: "Shall we?"

Wolf: "YOUR TIME IS COMING, RANGERS!"

Ragnar: "Human music beautiful? That is demented."

Eruvanda: "I will order all attacks against the humans to cease until further notice."

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Power Rangers GPX Supercharged, episode 18: One Week More

:-:-:-: We're the best chance for humanity, Pow-wer Rang-gers G-P-X, let's go! :-:-:-:

"Sleigh bells ring, are you listening? 
In the lane, snow is glistenin' 
A beautiful sight, 
We're happy tonight, 
Walkin' in a winter—"

"—Three studded belts, 
Two pairs of spandex pants, 
And a tattoo of Ozzy!"

"Did you have to change the song?" Maria asked, leaning forward in the back seat of Sean's Cobalt and tapping him on the head. The gesture was naturally not appreciated, since Sean is driving.

"Could you please not do that, babe?" he asked angrily. In the passenger's seat, Ritchie sighed and rolled his eyes and looked back out the window. Then he heard a little voice call out,

"Pwease stop being mean," Allie called out from her little car seat. "It's Chwistmas!"

"Heck of a kid you got there," said Ritchie.

"She's my niece," Sean corrected. Of course, Sean knew that Ritchie was probably teasing him about taking his almost four-year-old niece to what's called the "Holiday Fantasy in Lights" at Olin Park on the western shore of Lake Monona, just south of the Monona Bay.
Oh, and Aaron came with them. "Have you done your Christmas shopping yet?" Aaron asked, just so he could start a conversation.

"Pfft! I HATE Christmas shopping," Sean scoffed as a reply. "I hate having to go and deal with the crowds only to discover the object I'm trying to buy is already gone. And on top of that, none of you told me what you wanted!"

"Then why don't you stop feeding the capitalist beast?" Maria inquired with jest.

"I want a pony!" said Allie.

"You're not getting one, at least from me," said Sean. "Maybe Auntie Maria will spoil you."

"If you're exceptionally good, maybe Santa will give you one," said Maria. "Is there anything else you want?"

"A dwess!"

"That I could probably find," Sean said to himself.

The car pulled up to Olin Park and waited while the line of cars moved gently. Sean lay back in his seat just a little bit. Everyone else, except for the excited Allie, relaxed. Well, that makes two of them, as Ritchie clearly had a thought in his head, but wasn't sure whether to say it or not. "What is it, Metoxen?" asked Sean.

"Well…" Ritchie started, then hesitated to try and find the right words and the right way to say them. "What about the, um, e-l-v-e-s?"

"The elves?" Sean asked. "Why?"

"Well, it's about…"

"Why haven't we been attacked in over a week?" Maria finished. "We'll just take it as it comes."

Ritchie just about had a fit, hilariously thrashing about in his seat and pointing to Allie. "Wait, you—why'd you say that!?"

"She knows!" Sean replied. "She was there with us in Orlando, right Allie?"

"Unca Sean's a Powa Wanga!"

"Oh, you gotta be kidding me," said Ritchie. He sat back in disgust. He looked out at the line of cars waiting to see this light show; Christmas lights were all made up in shapes and figures, mainly from famous or stereotypical Christmas scenes. Chances are, there are similar lights shows where you live, or at least in the United States, as far as the author is concerned.

Sean gently drove past several spectacular light displays, all depicting comical Christmas scenes, like people skating on a pond, castles, Santa playing golf, Christmas trees, etc, etc. The car turned a corner and there was a big Ronald McDonald House display against the skyline of Madison in the distance, then Sean passed under a "tunnel" of lights. Just past the tunnel were light mock-ups of the State Capitol and the convention center.

Calm, easy-going season music played on the radio, even though Sean was tempted to put on Trans-Siberian Orchestra. Maria's glare in the overhead rearview stopped that. The lights reflected off the snow, only making it a bit more romantic—in both meanings of the term. There was one
display that Ritchie had to admit was his favorite: three winged bison (get it?) pulling Santa's sleigh.

Sadly it came to an end, and Sean left a donation, but there was another option. "So, you want to go again?" he asked.

"YEAH!" Allie cried out.

"Sure, why not?" said Ritchie. "But don't we—"

"Nah, her parents want the night to themselves and they said she can stay up late," Sean replied. "Just be glad Metoxen and I don't have any games until the 30th, too. Besides, it's free!"

"Unca Witchie, you siwwy," said Allie. Ritchie sighed, but could not help but laugh at his teammate's niece.

After one more drive-through, Sean pulled out of Olin Park and decided to go downtown. "So Metoxen, how're things doing with you?" he asked to make conversation.

"My roommate's threatening to kick me out," Ritchie replied.

"Why?" asked Aaron.

"I dunno, I must be pissing him off," said Ritchie. "I think he wants his other friend to move in with him.

"I hope he doesn't get kicked out!" Aaron said.

"Why, Ndebele?" Sean asked.

"I don't want to see him on the street," said Aaron.

"Well Kevin's talking about moving in with some friends from Ireland, but we'll see," said Sean. "Although we could still host Metoxen."

"NO!" Aaron shouted. That prompted Sean to pull over and stop. Aaron backed down when he saw the look on Sean's and everyone else's faces.

"What the hell is wrong with you, Ndebele?" he asked. "You're not willing to help a fellow Ranger should he be in trouble?"

"No, it's just—" Aaron paused. The eyes of the others bore into his very being like spiritual drills.

"You know, you've been acting like a jerk this past semester," said Maria. "The sarcasm is one thing, this is another."

"You a jehk!" Allie said.

"I'm not a jerk, I'm just—I don't know."

Sean rolled his eyes, sighed and shifted back into drive so he could get back on the road. It was a silent ten more minutes before they reached downtown Madison.

After dealing with the hassle of parking, they got out to take a walk around the capital plaza. Sean carried Allie on his shoulders as they walked around the Capitol, all of them unaware of any events that would come to pass here on this very spot in the coming future. For now though, it was a
Friday evening on December 17. Christmas was just 8 days away, Finals had already started—although Sean and Ritchie's first finals were not until Monday—and the lack of elvish attacks allowed them to actually relax.

Sean had sat Allie down on a bench near State Street so they could all rest. But Maria stood and on Allie's request, sang Venezuelan and Brazilian Christmas carols. And of course, a few English ones. She's actually pretty good, but since it's not very important to the plot as of right now, it won't be touched on further.

However, it ended when she was singing "Do You Hear What I Hear", but accidentally sang a couple bars from "Do You Hear the People Sing". Maria's eyes widened and she clapped both her hands over her mouth to cease her anthem. All the others were looking at her, eyes wide with surprise. The only one clapping? Allie. Of course, then she found out they actually kinda liked "Les Mis".

"Alright, let's not talk about this right now," Sean interrupted while standing up. "It's a Friday, we've got a full night ahead of us, let's just have some fun!"

"Agreed!" Aaron replied.

"As long as alcohol isn't involved, but hell ya!" Ritchie concurred.

"So what are you going to do?" asked Maria.

"I dunno, may—Hold on." He took out his iPhone, noticed it was Kevin on the caller ID and answered. "Hello? Oh, that sounds good. And her? Okay, then. Alright, we'll meet you there. Kevin, Hitomi and Janet are coming downtown and we're gonna meet with them at the Nitty Gritty. Is it someone's birthday or something? Wait—oh, fuck, I forgot."

"What?" asked Ritchie.

"Kevin's birthday," said Sean. "Oh well, might as well face him with honesty that I didn't get him anything."

"Then let's get one now!" said Ritchie. "We just need a card and something cheap. He likes to read, doesn't he? How about, you know?"

"Les Mis?" Maria asked. "Let's find it!"

"Very well then," said Sean, "Allons-Y!" So in the soft glow of the winter night, they set out to find a bookstore that carried "Les Mis"—the book—and wasn't packed to the brim with holiday shoppers. Yeah, that's easy. They split up to try and search.

It took them an hour.

When Aaron called up to tell them he'd found a copy near campus, they all let out a sigh of relief. So they all signed a card and rushed back to the Cobalt, which already had a parking ticket on the windshield. Sean cursed the Madison PD and ripped the damn ticket off the windshield. "Alright, let's get moving," said Sean. "Kevin's gonna be pissed."

"Not in front of the three-year-old!" Maria admonished him and knocked him on the back of the head. Ritchie laughed, but that was the only sound everyone in the car made during the duration of the ride.

The Nitty Gritty was hopping, as it usually is on a Friday night, and the quintet made their way to a
large table near the bar. To Sean's joy, the Hawks game was on, and he took off his jacket to display his red Patrick Kane jersey. But there was still the 800-pound gorilla in the room, and he turned to Kevin, who had his head in his hand and giving them all a look. "What is the excuse?" he asked.

"Happy birthday, Kevin!" Sean said, handing him the copy of *Les Misérables*. Kevin played around with it and then looked up at the five of them.

"You forgot, didn't you?"

Various denials and protests erupted from the quartet, but the look in Kevin's eyes made them all hang their heads in shame and they all succumbed to it.

"Well, I can forgive you, since I don't have a copy of this book," said Kevin. "Now sit down!" They all did, and naturally, Sean sat next to Maria with a view of the TV, and Ritchie sat next to Janet.

"Hello Ritchie," she said. "How are you?"

"I'm fine!" Ritchie replied, trying to best to hide, but could not mask the feelings of frustration from being unable to find the book and sitting next to Janet. "Okay, not really, I had a horrible final today."

"What happened?" she asked.

"My professor really stuck it to us," Ritchie continued. "We had to write a five-page essay about one particular topic and even though we could quote our sources, it had to be form specific books. And because our professor went on and on about the test, we only had maybe an hour just to finish it."

"Hm, so did I," said Janet. "Maria, right?" Maria nodded. "This is the worst part about American universities, got it?"

"What, the finals?" she asked. "Oh, I went to university in Brazil. Those are bad."

"I doubt it," said Janet. "You're just trying to one-up me, aren't you?"

"Of course," said Maria.

"I like you."

"I like you too."

"I think they've gained up on us," Ritchie whispered to Sean. "I think we're screwed."

"We're already screwed," said Sean.

"And by the way, Daisuke is coming here to see us for Christmas!" Hitomi cheerfully declared, but only made Sean bang his head on the table.

"Now we're royally screwed!"

"I take it he doesn't like the man," said Janet.

"Nope," said Kevin.

The night was long, especially for Allie, but everyone had a good time. Sean's transgression was
forgotten, Kevin forgave him and Ritchie finally got to have a nice conversation with Janet. Kevin gave his ice cream sundae to Allie. Sean heard some hockey stories from Janet whilst munching on a cheeseburger and Maria tried to get Aaron to talk.

It is these kinds of moments that when compared to many of the violent, horrific, and borderline traumatic events they've faced as Power Rangers, it makes it all worthwhile. It is the moment to spend with friends and family, laughing at a clever joke and tearing up at a heartfelt story. While this story has noted that being a Power Ranger is not all it's cracked up to be, there is no better reason than to be a Power Ranger than to preserve these small moments.

While the events of the coming weeks and months may make these small moments seem almost atom-sized, they can hang on to them. And tonight, in a packed bar in a cold December night in Wisconsin, just a week before Christmas, before the rest of Finals Week, this moment shall forever be preserved.

When they left the restaurant, Sean was carrying a dead-tired Allie in his arms. Janet, who hadn't met her yet, was curious as to whom she was. "O'Callahan, is she your..."

"She's my niece," he said.

"Oh, she's so cute!" Janet instantly lit up. "Is she your sister's?"

"Yep," he replied. "Allie, wake up."

He shook the little girl gently and she woke up. "Why don't you say hi to Janet?"

"Hiii~" she said tiredly before falling back to sleep.

"We need to get her home," said Sean. "We'll probably see you next week.

"Sounds good," Janet said as she walked away.

Sean put Allie in the back of his car, and sat in the passenger's seat so Ritchie could be the designated driver. As they drove to Rob and Bridget's house, they recreated a scene from "Wayne's World", singing along to "Bohemian Rhapsody."

After that was over, they drove back to the house and went to bed, unaware of the events that were about to unfold.

*One week more...*

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_Breathe in... breathe out. Breathe in... breathe out. Breathe in... breathe out._ Arquen stood outside Her Majesty's throne room, looking at himself. Everything was perfect; his uniform, his boots, his medals, his hat, his hair, his face, the only thing not perfect was his fear. Ragnar had requested an audience with Queen Eruvanda over the cessation of the campaign against the Power Rangers. It had already been over a week.

He'd expected Ragnar to object almost immediately. Well, he did, but that wasn't it. He could only wonder what Ragnar had in store for him. But whatever it was, he will face it! He placed his cap on his head and turned to the door. The guard opened the door and he stepped inside to make his way to the Queen's side. "Presenting, General Arquen!"

She sat there in all her regal finery, a stoic expression on her features. She watched him silently as
he made his way down the carpet until he stopped next to her throne and stood to the side. He looked over at her and she looked at him. He could not believe the smile she gave him before turning back to the door.

They swung open violently and Ragnar stormed inside. Arquen's breath hitched for a moment, but he kept his composure. Then Ragnar reached the throne, kneeled but stood up before the queen. "What is the meaning of this?" he demanded.

"General Ragnar," she spoke in her regal voice, "We have ceased the campaign against the Power Rangers for these reasons: You have failed to adequately inform us and the general public of the meaning behind the campaign. Second, you have thrown our men and Suitroops into a prolonged battle against an opponent seemingly undeterred by threats. Third, we believe that by cooperating with the humans we might better this world. And finally, we have received reports that people involved with the campaign are criminals."

Ragnar stood there, but shrugged at the queen. "I know not what you are saying," he said. "I have already informed the general public of our campaign and our progress. I have also said that this will indeed be a prolonged battle, and I requested patience. And why must we cooperate with the humans? They will only betray us. And what criminals? Are you implying that I am a criminal myself?"

"That is for the courts to decide," she said.

"Is that so?" asked Ragnar. Arquen did not like his expression. Even if they had enough evidence, he would surely find a way out of serving time. What was he planning? "I wonder what caused this change in attitude?"

"Thoughts," she said. "I have discussed this with a number of officers, including General Arquen."

"General Arquen was listening to human music," said Ragnar.

"And so have I," she replied. "I found it to be triumphantly beautiful. Is that wrong?"

"My Queen, I thought so highly of you," said Ragnar.

"Is that a threat?" she inquired. "If you are threatening the Queen, I shall have you removed."

"I was not," he replied. "And what evidence do you have against me for criminal behavior?"

"You killed a human on their television broadcast," she said. "That is a war crime. We do not tolerate war crimes. And second, Arquen has informed me that he witnessed you conversing with two Zordonian generals." Two guards entered the room.

Ragnar stood still. "All you have is one witness," said Ragnar. Damn. He had them there. "And to accuse me of consorting with Zordonians? You must not think I have our best interests in mind. And what of you, Your Majesty? Would you not be disgracing your brother's memory by forgiving the humans?"

"The actions of one or two humans do not condemn an entire species," she said. "I am willing to forgive... unlike you."

"I will not tolerate this," said Ragnar. "I should inform the public of your affair with General Arquen!"

"That is a threat," she said.
"Of course it is," he replied. "And if you do not re-approve our campaign, I may have to use certain measures."

"And I will not tolerate this," she said, standing up. "Ragnar, I will not be threatened or pushed around any longer! I am Queen of the Elves, not some scared little schoolgirl! You may be commander of the military but I have the power to have you removed from your position! Guards! Ragnar the Terrible is ready to commit treason. Seize him!"

But they did not. Arquen looked around, and so did Eruvanda. "What is the meaning of this?" she asked.

"Ah, Eruvanda," Ragnar said, shaking his head and evil smile upon his lips. Eruvanda's blood and spine chilled. "You are so naïve. Whilst you were busy cavorting with Arquen, I made my move. The guards will no longer obey you should you try to remove me. And to be quite honest, I have no need for you."

"What?"

"Guards, the Queen has committed high treason against the Elven people and government, and must be removed," he said, chilling the Queen's blood. "As commander of the military, I am ordering a state of emergency, and order you to arrest the Queen!"

The guards lowered their staffs, pointed them at Eruvanda and marched on her. Terrified, she reached for the pistol she thought was hidden in the throne. Emphasis on thought.

But then a blast of blue energy came from nowhere, then two more. Her head whipped around in the chaos until she saw Arquen come and take her hand. "Come with me!"

She did not object.

"Arquen, you traitor!" Ragnar bellowed. "GET THEM!"

Before the dust had settled, Arquen pulled her out of the throne and they made a break for the exit. "That was completely unnecessary!" she said.

"No, it was!" he replied.

They darted out of the throne room. They head Ragnar's voice calling for their execution. Blast of energy flew all about them, but Arquen had the head start. He knew where he was going.

But he stopped and hid behind a pillar whilst the guards ran past. Eruvanda sighed, but she gasped once she saw him take a knife, put his hair in a ponytail and cut it off. "What are you doing?"

"We are leaving," he said.

"But I am not afraid to—"

"Yes, I can see that, but it is better if you remain alive," Arquen interrupted whilst gripping her shoulders, "And I cannot bear to live my life without you."

"What will we do?"

"Escape," he said. "We must find a defector!"

"But how?" she asked. He stopped.
"That I do not know. But come, to the teleportation room!"

He did not take her hand this time, but they ran as fast as they could. But when they saw Colonel Tiris shouting to have them killed, they ran even faster. They took a long way to get there, trying as best they could to throw their pursuers off their trail. The queen tore off part of her dress and tossed it to another hall in a bid to throw them off.

Their hearts beat fast and their breath was short, but they were driven by the adrenaline coursing through their arteries. They were soaked with sweat, but they finally reached their destination. Arquen moved towards the control panel and frantically began searching for any elf they could detect beyond the shield. But alas, it was a fruitless search.

"I apologize, Eruvanda," he said with a shame-filled voice. But she laid her soft and gentle hands on his shoulder. "I suppose if we are to die, we must do it with dignity."

"Is that so?"

They whipped behind, but Arquen stopped. "Tiris?"

"I understand you are trying to escape," he said. "Ragnar will have you hanged for treason."

"I know," said Arquen. "Now leave, or I will have to kill you."

"That will not be necessary," said Tiris. Arquen and Eruvanda looked at each other while Tiris walked over to the control panel. "Where do you need to go? Ah, I know. A city where there are elves hiding. I know of one."

"It is Madison, is it not?" Arquen asked.

"Indeed," said Tiris.

"Colonel Tiris, what are you—"

"I apologize for not informing you, your Majesty," he said, turning around, "But I do not want to see my men put in harm's way again. If there is any way you can stop this from the outside, I will be eternally grateful."

Eruvanda nodded. "I am the one who should be grateful to you, Tiris," she said.

"And I am also doing this for a friend and commander," he said, turning around to smile at Arquen. "I found a good place. It is in the vicinity of several of our attacks against the Power Rangers." He walked over to the wall and took out a device. "This device is a recent invention. But it should detect an elf within a mile."

"I wish we knew about this earlier," Arquen said. He took Tiris's hand and shook it before embracing the colonel whole-heartedly. "I will miss this place."

"I will miss you too," said Tiris. He broke off the embrace and took Eruvanda's hand to kiss it. "Be careful, my Queen."

"You too, Tiris," she said. Arquen took her hand and guided her to the teleporter. Tiris finished his calculations but before he sent them away, he took a moment to remove his boots and jacket. "What are you doing?" she asked.

"I understand it is cold in Madison this time of year," he said. "I do not want you to freeze to
death."

"Thank you," she replied, putting the boots and jacket on.

"I will make it seem as if you attacked me," Tiris continued. "Now then, I bid you both a fond farewell. Long live the Queen!" He pressed the button and the two disappeared in a blue light. When they left, Tiris took his fist and struck his face, ripped up his uniform and pretended to be injured.

That was when Ragnar arrived. "Where have they gone, Tiris?"

"I tried to stop them," Tiris replied, "But they overpowered me. They took my jacket and boots!"

"Where are they going?" asked Ragnar.

"I know not," said Tiris.

Ragnar growled, but kept his composure. "No matter. I will go and meet with our new generals." He whipped around and walked away.

Tiris's heart had been beating so fast he feared it would have jumped out of his chest. But now, he had little to worry about. It was all up to Arquen and Eruvanda now.

Ragnar closed the door of his office. The two Zordonians sat at his desk, looking out at the scene beyond the window. "You let them escape," said Tirna. "How unfortunate."

"Indeed," said Ragnar. "I suspect Tiris was lying to me. I'll get the information out of him eventually. I just will not do it so grand, brash and over-the-top, like you."

"I'm hurt," the blond Zordonian said in false hurt. "You should go after them."

"Remember, I am in command," said Ragnar. "You are simply 'advisors'. Or should I say, mercenaries? Do not order me or I will have you outing and you will be dealt with. Do you understand, Phaedos?"

"Perfectly clear," he replied. "I just can't wait to get my hands on those damn Power Rangers again. When will we go after them?"

"Soon," Ragnar replied. "It will not matter in the long run. In the end, I will carry out God's will and judgment against the humans." In one week, Ragnar will make his first major move against humanity.

One week more.

:-:-:-: Power Rangers GPX :-:-:-:

It was night time and a light snowfall was coming down in Madison when Arquen and Eruvanda teleported onto Library Mall as it is known to humans. Immediately Eruvanda understood why Tiris gave her the boots and jacket. She shivered. Had she been prepared, she would have dressed for the occasion. Strange how these things come out of nowhere.

He pulled her close to him to try and keep her warm. She smiled and moved closer to him in response. It was quiet, for a city that was said to be a wacky place to be at night. Perhaps the students were actually studying for once. Arquen pulled the device out and turned it on. It was rather simple to use and they found a target rather quickly. It was in the vicinity of the stadium
known as "Camp Randall", which Arquen fought near once. "Come," he said, gently nudging her. They walked the streets in fear. Truly, they were out of place. Eruvanda could just imagine someone looking out, seeing them and calling the local authorities. Now she knew how dangerous it might be. She had grown up amongst royalty, never seeing the outside until she was in her twenties and became queen. But even then, the people on the outside were still elves and all dressed accordingly.

It is a humbling experience being in an environment like this for the first time. You're constantly looking over your shoulder at people you might consider to be different. In turn, everyone else will consider you different. It is worse when the contrast is plain as day, like the one black individual walking down the street in Tokyo amidst the most homogenous country on Earth. In a way, you might discover what it is like to be different.

Even with the jacket and boots on, Eruvanda was still cold. She shivered hard, but kept on going. Arquen could even see she was suffering. But he could do very little about it. Still, he kept going for her sake. She had to live, after all. A little cold was nothing compared to gunshots and energy fire.

It was hard to find the place, though. They had to walk through unfamiliar streets and alleys. It was almost certain they would be caught until they reached a street that had the house where the elf was. The red dot on the screen was flashing brightly. It pointed to one nondescript abode—well, all of them were nondescript—painted a light red and blue with a little bit of green in it.

Their hearts beat heavily in their chest as they walked up the steps towards the front door. They could hear music playing inside. Human music. It sounded nothing like the Beethoven symphony, though. Arquen knocked on the door a couple times, then again and kept on doing it.

"ALL RIGHT!" a young man bellowed from the other side of the door. He could hear him muttering something, but the noise was muffled. They could hear the door unlocking and then it opened. "Jeez, I have a fucking final tomorrow—"

A young man, not much older than 22 stared out at them with his eyes widened in a mixture of shock, surprise and other emotions Arquen could not discern. "What… the… fuck? Who the fuck are you and why are you dressed like that?"

"Are you Sean O'Callahan?" Arquen asked with surprise.

"How do you know that?"

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Kevin VO: "Next time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Sean: "Queen?"

Eruvanda: "We had to leave."
Herald: "Presenting the new King of the Elves!"

New king: "GET THEM!"

Ragnar: "It will be done."

Maria: "Ay, no.

Kevin VO: "That's next time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

So how was that? Yes, I know it's not the finale, but we're almost there! But remember, there will be a Part 2, so don't get too worked up. I just need to set things up and we'll have the big badass battle sequence I know you're waiting for.

I also wanted to give the Rangers a chance to be civilians for once before shit hits the fan, hence the absence of Ranger action. And it's not filler! You'll see why eventually.

So drop me a review! The button's right down there!
Unexpected Guests

Chapter Notes

Aaron VO: "Last time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Allie: "It's Chwistmas!"

Ritchie: "What about the, um, e-l-v-e-s?"

Sean: "What the hell is wrong with you, Ndebele?"

Aaron: "I don't know!"

Eruvanda: "We have ceased the campaign against the Power Rangers."

Ragnar: "I have no need for you."

(Arquen and Eruvanda escape, and teleport to Madison, making their way to Sean's house)

Arquen: "Sean O'Callahan?"

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Power Rangers GPX Supercharged, episode 19: Unexpected Guests

:-:-:-: We're the best damn chance you've got, Pow-er Rang-gers G-P-X, let's go! :-:-:-:

Alfheim awoke to chaos.

Military vehicles and personnel unexpectedly rolled through the streets. Citizens waking up to this watched in shock. Soldiers and Suitroops ran into and out of buildings, coming out either empty-handed or dragging someone in handcuffs with them. They came and went like clockwork, leaving grieving and confused families… assuming they didn't take the rest of their families.

Not even the Cabinet was left alone. The Foreign Minister, the Defense Minister and the Finance Minister were all seen being dragged out of their homes by Suitroops and soldiers, their families in tow.

Looking for answers, thousands of elves gathered in Celeborn Square, named for one of the great states-elves considered the father of the modern Elven government. Elrond may have united the the many Elven kingdoms, and thus is considered the father of the Elven nation, but it was Celeborn who laid the foundation for the inner-workings of modern Elven government, the one who came up with the idea of a Parliament, and theorized and put into practice many of the government's duties, all of this under King Fingon.

Now Rangar stood in front of his statue, its stone eyes cast downward at him almost in disapproval. Perhaps because he would know what Ragnar was doing, and would have vehemently disapproved. Like Ragnar cared. After all, the government structure Celeborn helped create helped make this moment possible.
"Yesterday, Queen Eruvanda II of the House of Oberon," he started, "Declared me an enemy of the elven people. However, our soldiers bravely resisted, and chased the Queen from the Palace, and certainly into human hands. Now, it is without a doubt that the Queen intended to betray us to the humans, and whatever comes next, we must face it head-on!

"As of this moment, I have declared a state of emergency. My personnel have searched for politicians loyal to the Queen, and will arrest them. Please remain calm and stay in your homes. Our military has things under control and we will soon have order. As of this moment, I reluctantly declare that I will assume control of the government until the emergency is over.

"Every hour, every day, think of our Elven State and the Elven People! We serve a greater cause, to restore our species and state to its rightful place as the dominant species of our fair earth, and to do so, we must stand up to the humans, who sully our beautiful world with their violent savagery and disregard for our planet's health!"

Ragnar raised his hand and continued speaking. "This is a joyous occasion," he began. "Let us not dwell on the Queen's betrayal of elf-kind. Instead, let us forge ahead and defend our home against the encroaching humans! Follow me and I shall be the leader who will triumph over the humans! We will make elf-kind great again!" The elves roared in approval. Ragnar smiled. Just as planned.

The Suitroops and soldiers that had marched through the city earlier now marched in front of Ragnar in lock-step formation, turning their heads towards him as they walked past. The continuous parade drew cheers from the crowd. "AYA ALFHEIM!" they cheered. Ragnar did not respond, only watching with a stone-faced expression, but underneath, he was satisfied. Things were going as he had planned, and he was finally ready to truly lead elf-kind to victory.

He turned away and made his way over to the two figures in the shadows. "We know where they went now. Türelie is planning an attack on the city the Rangers are living in right now. But, perhaps there can be a 'scouting' mission just to see, what do you think?"

"I like it," said Phaedos. "I want to get my hands on those spandex-wearing bastards."

"But how are we going to walk about freely?" Tirna asked. Ragnar pulled out a pair of ear extensions and handed them to the two Zordonians.

"Wear these and disguise yourselves in the Elvish uniform," Ragnar replied. "But remember, you are taking orders from me. If you do, I will deal with you, and so will the elves. And perhaps Rashon would be happy to hear you escaped your crystal prison, Phaedos."

Phaedos growled and squeezed the fake ears he was holding. "Fine," he said. "But I want to show the Rangers I'm still alive."

"I can arrange that," said Ragnar.

The crowd outside continued chanting and cheering for Ragnar. They all had the same wide-eyed, spell-bound expression. But amidst the cheering, thundering masses, there was one young elf, not much older than the Rangers themselves, watching all of this agog and aghast. "These people are insane," he said to himself.

:::-: PRGPX :::-:

"Are you Sean O'Callahan?" Arquen asked with surprise.

Sean's eyes darted between the two elves. His confusion and surprise was obvious upon his face. Where did these two come from? And how did they know who he was? He recognized the guy
wearing the uniform, but he couldn't quite put a name to it. But why the hell were they here? Something happened, and he needed to find out. "How do you know that?" he asked.

"University of Wisconsin hockey website," Arquen replied. "And because I recognize you!"

"Recognize? What are you talking about? Look, it's a Sunday evening and I got a final tomorrow, so I can't really—"

"You are the Red Ranger!"

"How did you know that?"

"You just admitted it," said Eruvanda.

"Oh, FUCK!" Sean replied. "Who the fuck are you anyway, and why should I let you in? It's freezing!"

"My name is General Arquen, and we have faced each other in battle before. In fact, I recognize your face."

"And you just answered your own question!" said Eruvanda. "We have detected an elf in this house and we need to find them!"

"Did someone say elf?" A teenage girl sat up and Eruvanda could see the pointed ears.

"That is her!" she said, pointing at the girl. "Excuse me, please." She politely pushed Sean aside and ran over to the couch to meet with the elf girl.

"Wait, what?" Sean asked. "Oh, you gotta be kidding me."

"Um, hello," Gina said with nervousness and an unsure process of thought. "Who are you?"

"Oh, my apologies. I am Eruvanda II, Queen of the Elves."

"Queen!?" Gina nearly shouted. But she hastily curtsied before her Queen. "I-it's nice to meet you, my name's Gina Fox."

"Hello Gina," said Eruvanda. "It is a pleasure to meet you."

"QUEEN!??" Sean shouted. Arquen could have sworn he woke up the city. "WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON!? AND WHO SAID YOU COME IN!?"

"My sincerest apologies," Arquen replied as he closed the door, "But I do not wish to draw attention to us. Are you alright?"

"Are you kidding me? It's 11:00 on a Sunday evening, I've got a final exam tomorrow at nine in the fucking morning, I still have to study, and Christmas is less than a week away and I still haven't finished my fucking Christmas shopping, and then two elves, one of whom tried to kill me and the Queen of the Elves has burst into my house with all of this on top, OF COURSE I'M ALRIGHT!"

"No you are not," said Arquen. "I truly, sincerely apologize. It was rude of us to intrude on your home and you may throw us out if you like. But first, it is a pleasure to meet you. My name is General Arquen. And she is Eruvanda II, the now-deposed Queen of the Elves."

"Deposed?" asked Sean.
"Have you met a Queen before?" Eruvanda asked Gina with a smile.

"No," she replied. "We don't have royalty in this realm."

"If I may continue," Arquen interrupted, "All I ask is if you please give us food and shelter for the time being. We will not impose."

Sean sighed and rubbed his face. He looked up and saw the others all looking at him. He must have been loud. "They already know we're the Power Rangers, guys!" he said to them, not going over how they tricked him into confessing. "But I don't know. How can I trust you after everything that's happened?"

"Ragnar tried to kill us," said Eruvanda.

"What?" Kevin asked.

"We had ceased the campaign against you and he demanded to know why," Eruvanda continued. "I tried to have him arrested, but... he must have taken complete control of the military. We had to escape."

"Sean," Kevin said, walking up behind the Red Ranger. Sean looked at Kevin as well, and then went back to the two elves who had barged into his house.

"Doesn't sound out of character, at least what Rusco told us," he said.

"Rusco?" Arquen asked.

"He's my dad," said Gina.

"And he was my commanding officer when I graduated from the Military Academy," said Arquen. "I heard he was dead."

"Probably faked it so he could escape," said Gina.

"Makes sense," said Arquen. "But in case you do not believe me, I apologize. But there is something you must know. We have reason to believe that two Zordonian generals are working with him."

Silence. Arquen looked around at the stunned faces, their mouths all agape, save for Hitomi's covered mouth. Eruvanda glanced at Arquen, as if to admonish him for his revelation. Sean reached for a chair and sat down to catch his breath. Maria walked over to him and put her hands on his shoulders to calm him down. "You're shitting us," he said.

"I am not," said Arquen. "I saw them myself and I heard it from Ragnar himself. I know you do not wish it to be true, but it is."

"But how can I trust you?" Sean asked. "You've only been trying to kill us for the past three months! You're the ones who attacked us!"

"What?" Eruvanda asked, stood up and walked over to him, "How dare you make these accusations!"

"They're not accusations," said Sean. "Back in September, Ragnar's psycho buddy Loki or—"

"Floki?"
"Yeah, that's him!" Sean said. "He and some Suits took over the State Capitol, took the Governor hostage and challenged us. Then, when we morphed and gave them a chance to talk, they attacked us! If you think you're defending yourselves, you're lying either to us or to yourselves!"

"He did?" Eruvanda asked, kneeling down and looking up at Sean. "I was not aware. I should have known Ragnar was lying to me."

"Is she okay?" Sean asked Arquen while pointing at Eruvanda.

"She has issues," said Arquen. "But I love her anyway."

"Ay, que romantico!"

"Kawaaaiiiii~!"

"Look, I don't know!" Sean interrupted. "I mean, I don't hate either of you personally, it's just—"

"You do not trust us," said Eruvanda.

"Exactly!" said Sean. "What if this is Ragnar's attempt at tricking us to find out where we live?"

"Are you alright?" asked Arquen.

"This is the downside of being Power Rangers," said Kevin. "I fear we've become paranoid and unable to trust. It's partly our fault and partly yours. But I think we should vote on whether to let you stay, at least for tonight. All in favor?" Kevin raised his hand, as did Gina, Hitomi and Maria. Sean and Aaron did not. "Well then, 4 against 2, you are welcome to stay."

"I still don't—AJ, what are you doing?" AJ had snuck up and started sniffing Eruvanda. The Queen backed away, but she felt silly when she heard Sean snickering at her.

"What manner of creature is he?" Eruvanda asked.

"He's a dog!" Sean replied with a laugh. "A hound!"

"A hound? That's a hound?"

"Exactly!" said Sean. "He's a Beagle, a real great dog! Now that he likes you, I think I can kinda-sorta trust you. So right now, we have to get to bed, I need to take my exam at nine."

"Yes, I forgot," said Arquen. "We will sleep down here."

"No, sleep in our rooms!" said Maria. "Eruvanda, you sleep in my room, Arquen will sleep in Sean's."

"Great," Sean groaned. "Just don't keep me awake!"

::-:-: Power Rangers GPX :-:-:-

"So, let me get this straight," Kevin said, "Arquen's defection is the result of hearing 'Ode to Joy'?"

"Yes," said Eruvanda. "I have heard it too. I was not aware that humans made such beautiful works."
"Well, I suppose old Luddy would be proud to hear that his music made two elves defect," said Kevin.

Sean was out, taking another final exam on campus. The others had to stick around since, well, they're not the ones enrolled at UW, but will be eventually. Arquen and Eruvanda were still trying to plead their cases for staying in the Ranger house until they could find a better place to hide them. While the conversation was jovial, there was a feeling of nervousness amongst all of them. They felt it was inevitable that Ragnar would come after them.

The door opened and Sean and Ritchie stepped inside. "Final's over," said Sean. Ritchie walked in and got a good look at Eruvanda and Arquen and then turned to Sean.

"So what are you going to do with them?" he asked.

"I dunno," Sean replied. "But we should be on the lookout. Those elves might be coming after us, and them."

"We can't keep them separated," said Kevin. "It seems as if the Queen is suffering from Separation Anxiety."

"You're not a psychologist, how do you know that?" asked Sean.

"SWORD therapist on the phone," said Maria.

"Maria, why can't you and Hitomi talk to her?" Sean asked. "You can learn more about them."

Read: get more information. "Arquen, change your clothes and wear a hood, we need to talk outside."

"Very well then," Arquen said as he walked upstairs. Eruvanda reached for him, but Maria sat down next to her.

She smiled at the queen and said, "Hola, I'm Maria. It's nice to meet you."

"H-hello," said Eruvanda. "What do you want?"

"What do you want?" Maria replied, "We have hot chocolate, tea—"

"Hot chocolate? What is it?"

"It's a hot drink made with chocolate us humans like to drink around this time," said Maria. "Why don't I get some for you?" She got up and went into the kitchen. Eruvanda was eager to try this treat so she waited patiently for Maria, even ignoring Arquen, who now looked more human in dress and wore one of Sean's beanies. Sean put AJ's leash on and urged Ritchie to come with him.

"Taking AJ out for a walk!" Sean said, "We'll be back soon!"

"Okay!" Maria replied. She walked out of the kitchen holding two mugs of hot chocolate in each hand. "Here you go."

"Thank you," Eruvanda replied. The hot chocolate let off some steam and some marshmallows were floating in the drink. She looked over to Maria blowing on the hot chocolate and taking a ginger sip. Eruvanda gently blew on the drink and took a gulp, but there was a burning sensation on her tongue. "Hot!" she cried.

"It's called 'hot chocolate' for a reason!" Maria laughed. "Why don't you just let it cool of a little
"It is alright," said Eruvanda. She blew on it again and took another sip. It tasted so sweet and wonderful! How could she never have learned of such a confection in Alfheim? The milky substance was like a silk coating as she swallowed it and she could feel it warming her up. "It is delicious."

"I'm glad you like it!" said Maria, "Now tell me what it's like in Alfheim."

Outside, Arquen shivered into his jacket while Sean walked AJ, who was wearing a doggie jacket and boots. Ritchie was on the phone with someone, talking about how there was no way in hell he'd ever wear war paint under any circumstance. Sean was planning to go to Union South and then turn back around. But the elephant in the room had to be addressed, and Arquen turned to Sean. "What are you planning?" he asked.

"You can't stay in my house forever," Sean replied. "I know it sounds mean, but it's the truth. We'll be sure to find a good place for you."

"I understand and I already knew," said Arquen. "I wonder if Rusco would be able to take me in?"

"He might," said Ritchie. "But right now, he's out of town and his wife might be too busy with Christmas preparations to take you in."

"So I am stuck there," Arquen said, hanging his head. "I should have known."

There was a figure in a hoodie coming towards them. The figure stopped when he noticed them. "I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't see you coming." AJ moved ahead a little bit and started sniffing the person. They in turn, backed away a little.

"That's okay, I'm—AJ, what's wrong?" AJ was growling at the person and started barking and lunged for the figure. Sean pulled on AJ's leash to get him away from the figure. "Hey! Take it easy boy!"

"What is wrong?" asked Arquen.

"I don't know, Beagles are usually friendly dogs, they usually fall in love with someone in an inst—" he looked up at the figure. If AJ didn't like him, than that means—"On my signal, turn around and run."

Arquen and Ritchie nodded, and slowly began to back away. But the figure turned his head up and Arquen immediately recognized him. "Floki."

"Hello, Arquen."

"That's it! RUN!" Sean immediately picked AJ up and the trio ran as fast as they could for Sean's house. Floki gave chase, lunging at the trio, but Ritchie kicked him hard in the gut to stop his progress. "Thanks, Metoxen!"

"You're welcome!" They kept running until they reached Sean's house. They burst in on Maria and Eruvanda drinking hot chocolate and watching a Rankin-Bass Christmas special, laughing about something.

"They know you're here!" Sean shouted.

"NO!"
"It is true," Arquen said, grabbing Eruvanda's shoulders, "We came across Floki. They must have tracked us here."

"What are we going to do now?" asked Maria.

"We're gonna have to fight!" said Sean. "We can't do anything while Rusco's out of town, so we'll have to defend this place!"

Floki struggled to get up, but he did and called up Ragnar. "They're here," he said in a creepy singsong.

::::: PRGPX :::::

"Excellent," Ragnar replied on the other end. "We have visual confirmation of Aruquen in that blighted city."

"Then let us GET THEM!" Ingvar shouted.

Ragnar laughed and contacted Phaedos. "Your turn."

::::: Power Rangers GPX :::::

"I hate being the mouse in the corner," Sean groaned while he looked out the window. "I would love to curse you for dropping in, but I'm not a bad guy, so there."

"You have every reason to curse and be angry at me," Arquen replied. "I was not thinking ahead."

"Shoulda, coulda, woulda," said Kevin. "Let's just focus on dealing with them now."

"Agreed," said Arquen. "But if you need my help, I am willing and able."

"Much appreciated," said Sean. But then his morpher began to beep. "Yeah?"

"Suitroops and a life form have materialized outside of Union South," said the SWORD agent. "The life form looks… familiar."

"Don't worry about it," said Sean. "Alright people, we got an attack at Union South! Arquen, Eruvanda, get upstairs and hide. If you need it, Rob left us a rifle with a silencer in my bedroom. Only use it if it's absolutely necessary. Alright, are we ready? Al-lons-Y!" The Rangers, Hitomi included, followed out the door while Arquen and Eruvanda dashed upstairs to hide.

With no one looking, they morphed along the way. They made their way to W Dayton Street where a platoon of Suitroops and a new officer were waiting. The Suitroops did not move to attack them, though. What the hell was going on? The Rangers looked at each other to back to the figure in the uniform and pointed ears. "Alright, who are you and what do you want?" Sean shouted.

"It's been a long time," said the figure. They all looked at each other. Then the figure removed the pointed—what the fuck!? He turned around to face them.

You could not see it, but the expressions of the faces of Sean, Kevin, Maria and Hitomi were of utter horror. "No," Kevin whispered. "It can't be."

"Ay no," said Maria.

"It's impossible!" said Hitomi.
"No, no, it's not possible," Sean whispered, "It can't be!"

"PHAEDOS!?"

"You remembered me," Phaedos, the Jadeite clone, replied, "I cannot help but feel touched. I, of course, remember you."

"Who the fuck is he?" Ritchie asked.

"He's the guy who almost killed us in Japan," said Sean. "And he's Zordonian, WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING HERE!?"

"Isn't it obvious?" the Zordonian asked as he punched his open palm, "REVENGE! And yes, I know what you're thinking, 'how is he still alive, I thought he was incased in a crystal prison', well, Rashon never said I was dead."

"But, but, I sent the Zordonians away!" Sean stuttered.

"You sent the Empire away," Phaedos replied, "I am not working on behalf of the Empire, just myself. Oh, and I am helping Ragnar. Now, without any further interruptions, Suitroops! GET THEM!"

The Suitroops activated and charged forward. Now the Rangers had no alternative but to fight.

Filled with anger and hatred, Sean tore through the Suitroops like a Norse berserker. His fists flew everywhere, but hit their marks with precision and accuracy. His fury was now contained, he could wait to get his hands on Phaedos and finish the job he should have finished in Japan. But first, a Suitroop grabbed him from behind and tried to strangle him, but he threw it to the ground and stomped on it.

Kevin, though, had a more calm and tranquil fury. Sure, he wanted to kill Phaedos too, but he was not as self-destructive about it. He had to fight the Suitroops first, after all. Something had to be done to stop them before anyone was killed. He kicked and punched at a Suitroop, then grabbed it and threw it to the ground. Then he punched a Suitroop in the chest and roundhouse kicked it.

Having never fought Phaedos, Aaron was not filled with rage like Sean and Kevin were. Instead, he just did his job, but there was something heavy on his mind. His punches and kicks were weak and it took more than the usual to bring them down. The Suitroop reached out, grabbed him and tossed him to the ground and tried to stab him. But he threw it off and kicked its head off.

As for Maria, her rage made her tear the Suitroops apart in an attempt to get to Phaedos. She beat, tore, battered and mauled the Suitroops mercilessly. But she stopped, prayed and made the Sign of the Cross as atonement for her wrath but a Suitroop kicked her from behind and she remembered that she's in the middle of a melee. She punched the Suitroop and finished it off by tearing its head off.

Hitomi flipped and bounced off a mailbox to evade the Suitroops. Then she kicked one of them into a pile of Suitroops. She wanted to kill Phaedos, and her anger was growing. Remember that anger she showed when Pola-Killer got tortured? Yeah, that. Just one look at the man who nearly killed her made her lunge at the Suitroops and tear them apart and then she made a break for Phaedos.

The other Ranger who never faced Phaedos, Ritchie, was tangled with some Suitroops but he saw Hitomi breaking for Phaedos. Where the hell did that come from? He thought to himself. He was broken out of his thoughts when a Suitroop punched him in the stomach. He recovered and kicked the Suitroop away. He grabbed another one and tossed it aside, running towards Phaedos while
"PINK!" he shouted as he tried to catch up to Hitomi. She was screaming with rage and threw her fist at Phaedos, but the Zordonian stepped out of the way.

"I take it you're happy too," said Phaedos. "Never let your emo—" Punch! Ritchie's fist connected with the Zordonian general and sent him sprawling on the pavement. Phaedos sat up and got a good look at Ritchie. "Oh, the new guy!" Phaedos said, "Who recruited you, anyway? You fight like a cow!"

Ritchie growled at Phaedos and summoned his axe. Now he could see why they all hated this bastard. But, a flash of red came out of his peripheral.

"I'm gonna do what I should have done a long time ago, you son of a bitch/bastard/motherfucker!" Sean shouted, summoning his GT Sword. "DIE!" The glimmering blade of the GT Sword was thrust in the direction of Phaedos, but the Zordonian stepped aside and kicked Sean in the ribs, near the rib that the Zordonian broke six months ago.

"RED!" Ritchie cried as he ran over to Sean as he held his rib.

"You like that, Red?" Phaedos asked, "Or should I say, Sean?"

"Fuck you!" Sean growled. "GET HIM!"

A pink boot struck Phaedos in the chest. Hitomi then grabbed Phaedos by the neck and shoved him to the pavement. Phaedos jumped back up, but Maria punched him right in the face and Kevin tackled him hard. Sean got back up and positioned his sword so he could stab Phaedos right then and there. But the Zordonian had other ideas and knocked Sean off his feet.

It was then he caught sight of Aaron. He knew that Daisuke was not the Green Ranger anymore. But he did know that Aaron had been acting up lately. Another weak Green Ranger? Perfect. He made his way over to Aaron and punched at the South African. "HEY!" Sean shouted, "LEAVE HIM ALONE!" But another grouping of Suitroops stood between them and Phaedos.

"Hello there," Phaedos said right before kicking Aaron in the gut and elbowing him in the back. He stepped on the Green Ranger's back and pushed. "Down in just one hit? You're pathetic. And I heard you managed to save your comrades pretty easily. Let me guess, you're going through a crisis of confidence, aren't you?"

"Shut up!" Aaron shouted.

"Nah, this is too much fun!" Phaedos replied, pushing harder on his back. "Just give it up, you're nothing. The last guy was weak-willed, but he was a much better fighter than you. You're just a lost soul amongst a group who doesn't care about you."

Phaedos's speech was broken short when several blaster shots whizzed past.

"GET YOUR HANDS OFF HIM!" Ritchie shouted, rushing to help him.

"And here, the new guy!" Phaedos continued, "What's your story?"

"I said get your hands off him!" Ritchie replied, swinging his fists at the Zordonian mercenary. A well-placed punch struck Phaedos on the cheek and he fell backwards as Ritchie pointed his Gold Axe, now converted into a blaster, in his face. "I'm heard about you, Phaedos. I'm not taking any of your shit."
"Gold Ranger," Phaedos taunted, "I heard you Indians are cowards, who among other things, won't eat beef."

"WRONG INDIAN!" Ritchie kicked Phaedos in the chest right as Sean tried to curb-stomp him. Phaedos got out of the way and Sean's boot made a crack in the pavement. "Now I really see why you hate that guy!"

"Don't listen to anything he says," said Sean. Behind him were the other Rangers and the wreckage of the remaining Suitroops. "You'd better run, Phaedos, you asshole, unless you want revenge. In that case, DO IT NOW! We're right here, aren't we?"

"I heard there is a saying on your planet, 'revenge is a dish that is best served cold'," Phaedos replied. "I'm in no hurry. But if you're willing, THEN I ACCEPT YOUR OFFER!"

Phaedos lunged at Sean. Sean blocked the punch, but Phaedos landed a punch on Sean's helmet. Then Kevin rushed in and grabbed Phaedos from behind, but Phaedos broke it and elbowed Kevin in the gut. Aaron threw his own punch, but Phaedos grabbed it and punched Aaron back. He grabbed both Maria and Hitomi and threw them to the ground. But Ritchie was still up and Phaedos was not familiar with the Gold Ranger's fighting style up close.

Ritchie threw several punches at Phaedos and dodged a couple from him. Of course, Ritchie had never faced Phaedos either, so both were fighting cold. But it was evenly-matched and Ritchie kept Phaedos occupied long enough for the other Rangers to get back on their feet. "GET HIM, METOXEN!" Kevin shouted.

Ritchie grabbed Phaedos's arm and then the other one, pulling them both behind the Zordonian's back. Sean found the opportunity and rushed over to Phaedos and punched him right in the face. But Phaedos displayed his characteristic smirk at Sean. "Is that the best you can do?" he taunted.

"Nope!" Maria replied as she punched him right in the gut. The others, save for Aaron, took their chance to take their shots at Phaedos. But he got free and punched Ritchie in the gut before getting far enough away from them.

"I missed this!" said Phaedos. He lunged at the Rangers and tore through them again, and trying to Sean, but suddenly a Madison PD squad car pulled up at the intersection, cutting him off. A police officer got out and pointed his gun at Phaedos. He hadn't seen the man in real life, but he knew this was Rob Jackson, the Silver Ranger. "Get out of my way!"

He lunged for Rob, but Pop! Pop! Pop! Rob let off three shots at Phaedos, which gave Sean enough time to jump on top of the car and tackle Phaedos to the ground. He could feel his breath knocked out of him for a moment before Sean rolled off of him. The Rangers and officer had him surrounded. It was time to leave.

"I bid you farewell for now, Rangers," he said.

"GET 'IM!" Sean shouted. The Rangers ran to stop him, but he teleported away before they could get to him.

"You did not kill the Power Rangers," Ragnar said once Phaedos returned.

"I didn't need to," he replied as he walked past. "I just wanted to show them I'm still alive."

"Besides Ragnar, I just heard back from Túrelie," said Tirna, "She said she has an attack panned
and ready to go. She just needs your approval."

"Then I will examine it," said Ragnar. "Has she given a target date for the attack?"

"December 23rd," said Tirna.

"We will have to take Suitroops," said Ragnar. "I will go and discuss it with her now."

When the Rangers returned, Arquen and Eruvanda could see how downtrodden the Rangers were. But what had happened remained a mystery until Sean looked up at them and said, "You were right. Ragnar's working with Zordonians."

"So… what will happen now?" asked Arquen.

"You can stay," said Sean. Arquen and Eruvanda sighed in relief, but even then, they could see that Sean still did not trust them. It was a natural reaction, after all and neither of them blamed him. "It was Phaedos, a general who nearly killed myself, Kevin, Maria and Hitomi."

"I was not aware," said Arquen. He watched Sean walk over to the couch and turned the TV on to a showing of The Magnificent Seven.

"O'Callahan," Ritchie said, putting his hand on one of his shoulders, "You scared me."

"What?"

"When we fought Phaedos," he continued, "I didn't know how much you hated him and how angry he made the four of you. You kinda scared me."

Sean looked up at the Gold Ranger and stayed silent. He sighed quietly and looked away. Maria came over to him and the two exchanged a glance for a moment. "You would be filled with rage if you went through the same thing," he said. "I can honestly say he's the only one who's made us look vulnerable."

Just that admission was enough. Arquen and Eruvanda could see just who the Power Rangers were. Yes, they were fierce warriors, but at the same time, they were just people; ordinary people who had insecurities and vulnerabilities.

"They're gonna come after us now," said Sean. "And we'd better be ready." But now they could see the fierce determination and fire in his eyes. And it made them hopeful for the coming future. Perhaps now things might be different.

Maria: "Next time, on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!!"

Ragnar: "Is everything ready?"

Sean: "Allons-Y!"
Ragnar: "GET THEM!"

Eruvanda: "NO!"

Arquen: "They're just people!"

Maria VO: "That's next time, on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Just to be clear, don't expect the Zordonian Empire to be the bad guys again. Tirna and Phaedos are not working on behalf of the Empire, and if Rashon found out, he'd go down to Earth himself and drag their asses back to Zordon so he could put them on trial.

So tell me what you think!
All-Out Attack

Chapter Notes

Hitomi VO: "Last time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Sean: "WHO SAID YOU COME IN!?"

Arquen: "All I ask is if you please give us food and shelter for the time being."

Sean: "You've only been trying to kill us!"

Eruvanda: "I should have known Ragnar was lying to me."

Floki: "Hello, Arquen."

Phaedos: "I of course, remember you."

Sean: "You were right."

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Power Rangers GPX Supercharged episode 20: All-Out Attack

:-:-:-: We're the best chance for hu-man-i-ty, Pow-wer Rang-gers G-P-X, let's go! :-:-:-:

In the early morning hours of December 23, 2010, there were flashes of blue light that materialized in the vicinity of the city limits of Madison. Before any authorities could get to it, there was another blue flash. SWORD agents sent to investigate found no evidence that anyone was there. It was strange, so strange that Director Tom Maelstrom was left speechless, even as he relayed the information to the Pentagon.

The agents searched and searched, but there was nothing they could find. It was not a decision he wanted to make, but Maelstrom had to call the search off.

Meanwhile, Sean was busy brushing his teeth at about 7, with Arquen watching outside the bathroom. There was a question on his mind, but it was stuck on the tip of his tongue. The nature of the question could either be rude or simple curiosity depending on the mood of the person being asked.

Now Arquen knew that Sean still had trouble trusting him. To be fair, candidness around a guest is not entirely expected, at least among the elves. But Arquen understood they were reluctant to really say anything. "You think I am a spy, don't you?" he asked.

Sean stopped. He looked at Arquen for a moment and put the floss down. "Yes," he replied before turning away from the sink and walking out of the bathroom.

"I do not blame you," said Arquen. "But all I ask is for some trust."

"I do trust you," said Sean, "Just not as much as you think."

"How can I get you to trust me?" Arquen asked.
"Show that I can trust you," said Sean. "Start by telling me what you know about Ragnar's little schemes."

"I wish I did," said Arquen. "All he ever told me was that defeating you was of upmost importance."

"What kind of commander keeps his plans from his generals?" asked Sean.

"I planned most of the campaigns and battles," said Arquen. "In essence, I was in command of the campaign against you."

"Figures," said Sean. "We got a call from our employers that they detected signs of energy similar to the kind of energy they detect from your teleportation. You know anything about this?"

Arquen thought and shook his head. "No, I do not."

"Damn," Sean whispered. He was distracted by laughter from Maria and Eruvanda. "Those two must be getting along."

"Do you have any more exams today?" Arquen asked.

"I had the fortune and misfortune of having all four of them on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday," said Sean. "And I'm still not done with Christmas shopping."

"I keep hearing this holiday is magical and wonderful and a time for peace, and yet all I see are stressed-out humans," said Arquen.

"Yeah, the holiday's a little overrated," said Sean. "But it's when you get those presents that it makes it all worthwhile."

"If you say so," Arquen said. "But, I must thank you for letting me stay with you. I know I have done horrible things under Ragnar, and I know you can throw me out at any time, but I graciously accept your selfless charity."

"Um, you're welcome?" Sean replied, confused as to where this was coming from.

"I… don't deserve any of this," Arquen continued. "I feel as though my hands are too filthy to be a good, decent elf. And after all the kindness you have shown me... I don't know what to do."

"A simple 'thanks' is fine for now," said Sean.

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The throne room had been emptied for all practical purposes. Some of the soldiers had smashed the throne with cameras rolling, throwing insults at the Queen, calling her the people's enemy, and declaring Ragnar the true leader of elfkind. Of course, it was all a show that Ragnar had orchestrated/choreographed to make it look like it was a spontaneous protest by disgruntled soldiers who were angry with the Queen's betrayal, and not doing enough to address the "human question".

And now Ragnar stood in the throne room, in front of the destroyed throne and cameras, flanked by his subordinates. "This is a supposed time for celebration for humans," he announced to the cameras, "But not for us. While they celebrate the birth of their false god, they slander our kind, reducing us to toymaking punchline of a bad joke. Well, no more! We are not their cuddly toymakers! Now it is time for us to assert our superiority over them, and show them our might! We
will teach them the Will of God! They will bow to us!"

His subordinates applauded when he paused. "We also have reason to believe that the Power Rangers are aiding and abetting the traitorous former Queen. Such is an act of war. We will be sure that this offensive transgression does not go unpunished! AIYA ALFHEIM!"

"AIYA ALFHEIM! AIYA ALFHEIM! AIYA ALFHEIM!" his subordinates chanted as he saluted the cameras and walked off out of the throne room.

When he left the throne room was met by Field Marshall Ingvar, General Túrelie, Phaeos and Tirna (who were wearing their elf-ear extensions). "Is everything ready?" he asked.

"The energy spikes are in place and our Suitroops have been programmed with the operation information," said Ingvar. "We are more than ready."

"Good," said Ragnar, "Perhaps this will convince those two to surrender. Now then, launch the attack when ready!"

"At once, Commander!" said Ingvar.

::: Power Rangers GPX :::

It began around 3 in the afternoon. Capitol Square was rather busy, despite the State Assembly being out of session. It was filled with second-to-last-minute holiday shoppers, already stressed out with only two days remaining until Christmas. Some of them mingled on the lawn of the State Capitol, taking pictures with the building. Some members of the media set up their cameras for tracking and establishment shots of the building for future use in their respective newspapers or TV stations.

But despite the busy time, it was peaceful, for lack of a better term. That was about to end.

An explosion ripped through one of the buildings across from the State Capitol. Immediately, screams and panic erupted from the people. Several more explosions erupted in the vicinity of the State Capitol and people began to run for their lives. Chaos ensued as more explosions erupted.

A large force of robots materialized into Capitol Square. A small number of them walked inside while the rest moved to secure the square. They were met with resistance however, when several Madison PD squad cars moved in and penned them inside the square. The officers pulled out their pistols and started shooting, hoping to hold them off before the National Guard or the real cavalry showed up.

But there were so many Suitroops it was hard for the police to keep them in. And besides, their armor was mostly resistant to bullets, so the pistol fire just bounced off. In retaliation, energy staff blasts began to fly about at the police. Several squad cars blew up, taking the officers with them. In the midst of the chaos, the Suitroops began to round bystanders up.

But one police officer cursed his inability to really do much. However, he had an ace up his sleeve. In the middle of the firefight, Rob ducked into his car and dialed up his brother-in-law. "Sean, you hear this?" he asked, "Get your friends over here now, please!"

"Hold on, what's going on?" Sean asked. He was upstairs, away from the TV and unaware of what was going on.

"Just get to the TV!" Rob shouted on his communicator. Sean got up and ran downstairs, turned on the TV and put on WMTV to see a scene of chaos unfolding on the Capitol Square.
"Dammit," Sean whispered to himself. "HEY! PEOPLE! We have an emergency on Capitol Square! Looks like Santa's Little Helpers are going full-bore!"

The others came into the TV room, Eruvanda and Arquen included. It only took one second for they got their jackets and face coverings on and to get going. "Metoxen, get your ass to Capitol Square ASAP," Sean said into his morpher.

"What should we do?" Eruvanda asked.

"Just stay here, lock the door, and we'll take care of it!" said Sean. "Alright people, ALLONS-Y!" They dashed out of the house and towards Capitol Square.

"GPX, Start it up!" they shouted as soon as they were sure nobody was looking. Now morphed, they kicked things into high gear and rushed for the square.

Meanwhile, the Suitroops were gaining the upper hand in the firefight with the Madison PD. It was so bad that Rob got permission from the PD to grab an M14 rifle that he had in the trunk of his squad car and start shooting. He was certainly tempted to morph and hold them off right now, but he could not think of a way to do it without raised suspicion from his fellow officers.

He cursed his luck at having to be on duty when this hit the fan. He ducked when an energy blast flew in his direction and he let off a couple shots at the Suitroop that fired it.

The Capitol Square was an utter mess. The wreckage of Suitroops that the police were lucky to stop littered the square. But there were also bodies strewn about and Madisonites were being rounded up by the Suitroops. It didn't look good at all.

It had been ten minutes since Rob called Sean when flashes of red, blue, green, yellow, pink and gold zipped east down State Street. A police officer that had cut off State Street ducked when the six jumped over him, ignoring his shouts. The flash of red grabbed a Suitroop by the neck and threw it to the ground. The Madison PD and citizens cheered, now that the cavalry had come. The Suitroops stopped and turned their attention towards the Power Rangers and attacked.

Sean went straight for the State Capitol, but several Suitroops got in the way. No matter. He wound up his fist and delivered a right hook that made the Suitroop's face concave. Then he spun and reverse roundhouse kicked one that had come from behind. He jumped and flipped over a couple that rushed him, pulled out his Octane Blaster and let some shots fly. They all hit the targets and sparks flew. But he ducked underneath one and lifted it up so it could crash into a pile of Suitroops on the edge of the square.

Kevin stopped and waited for the Suitroops to come to him. When one did, he threw a roundhouse kick with his left leg and a side kick with his right. He ducked to dodge as Suitroop's energy staff, then grabbed it and threw a right hook at the Suitroop. Several Suitroops pointed their energy staffs at him but he took the Suitroop and threw it at the others. Their blasts were deflected by the Suitroop. Then he bent down and crashed into another Suitroop, which caused a bowling-pin effect around him.

Aaron charged full-bore into the Suitroops. He jumped, and roundhouse kicked as many Suitroops as he could, then rolled on the ground underneath them to kick them in the back. He grabbed a Suitroop by the shoulders and threw it off of him into the crowd of Suitroops. Then he wound up his right arm, charged the Suitroops and delivered a powerful punch that sent several Suitroop parts flying about. When a sole Suitroop came forward, he simply kicked at it to beat it.
Maria climbed into one of the trees and then leaped into the horde of Suitroops like a *luchador*. She bowled the Suitroops over, then tumbled onto her feet, grabbed a Suitroop from behind and tossed it to the ground. She spun and kicked a Suitroop right in the head, knocking it off. She punched at one, it blocked and countered with a left straight. She dodged it, then elbowed it in the head to knock it down. When that was done, she ran and clotheslined as many Suitroops as she possibly could.

It was then Hitomi jumped on Maria's shoulders and grabbed onto the branch of one of the trees. She did some uneven bars-type swinging, and then launched herself from the tree and kicked a Suitroop into a crowd of them. She got back up and kicked at a Suitroop that tried to use its Energy Staff. That happened to knock the staff out of its hand. And then she spun and delivered a powerful reverse roundhouse kick that sent the Suitroop flying into the snow-covered grass surrounding the Capitol.

Ritchie ran up, screaming at the Suitroops and jumping into them. He tumbled out of them, then jumped and delivered a split-legged double kick to two Suitroops, spun when he landed, flipped over another one and kicked that one into the Suitroops he just avoided. Another Suitroop ran up to him, but he caught the Suitroop's fist and countered with a fist to the face. He grabbed one, lifted it above his head and with a mighty roar, tossed the Suitroop into the ground, giving off a mighty war whoop in his excitement.

"YEAAAAA!" Rob and the other Madison PD officers cheered and shouted as the Rangers wiped the floor with the Suitroops. More gunfire erupted from the PD, pinning the Suitroops down.

"Yes, yes, yes, YES!" Arquen and Eruvanda let their excitement explode as the Rangers made work of the Suitroops. But then, they could see the TV signal go out for a moment. They could not put their finger on it, but something was about to go wrong.

Sean had finished ripped the arm off a Suitroop when he noticed his in-helmet radio going in and out. Once it came back he went back to fighting, thought.

His HUD started going crazy, though. There were new figures entering the fray. He looked and saw more Suitroops materializing into the Square, with several more figures among them. He could tell who three of them were, but it was the other two who were new. He could recognize Phaedos, Ragnar and Türelie, but the other two were a mystery.

In his distraction, he did not notice some Suitroops rush in behind him, grab him and tossed him to the ground. He struggled to get free, but the Suitroops had him pinned to the ground. They were shoving his helmet in the snow and dirt and he could see whenever he looked to everyone else, they were in the same situation.

Some of the figures who materialized into the square advanced on the Rangers. One of the figures walked right up to Sean. He was not an elf that he could recognize. He took Sean's chin in his hand and then stood up.

That was when he felt the man's heel stomp into his spine.

Even though his HUD told him there was no injury, it was the most painful thing he'd experienced and he screamed so loud it echoed in the canyon of buildings.

"No!" Rob shouted.

"NOOO!" Eruvanda screamed in utter agonized terror, waking poor AJ up. Arquen rushed out of the living room and upstairs to look for something.
Tirna had grabbed Ritchie, Phaedos took Aaron by the collar, Tirna grabbed Maria and Hitomi and some Suitroops and Floki were left to deal with Kevin. The other elf that had come for Sean grabbed him by the straps on his torso. "My name is Field Marshall Ingvar," he said. "Where are the traitors Eruvanda and Arquen?"

"Go fuck yourself!" Sean spat. Ingvar tried to smack him, but Sean caught his hand and threw it back, then freed himself and kicked the Elvish officer in the gut.

The other Rangers freed themselves as well, determined to stop the elves right here and now.

More gunfire erupted from the Madison PD, who were now joined by the Wisconsin Army National Guard. They'd even brought in a tank! But that bit of firepower advantage was neutralized by a blast from an energy staff that destroyed the tank's gun.

Sean grabbed Ingvar and punched him in the face. Kevin took the Suitroops & Floki and spun them around and tossed them aside. Aaron punched Phaedos in the jaw. Hitomi and Maria punched and kicked Tirna and Ritchie punched Túrelie in the jaw.

"REGROUP, NOW!" Sean shouted as he let go of Ingvar. The Rangers tried to get back to each other, only to be held back by Suitroops. Sean and Maria were closest to each other and they reached for their beloved's hand. They grasped and grasped, but the Suitroops hauled them away from each other. In desperation, Sean pressed his belt buckle to summon the GT Sword. He took some swings at the Suitroops, taking them out.

He turned to Ingvar, whose shock on his face distracted him enough for Sean to launch himself at him. But the blast of an energy blast knocked him down.

It was the same for the other Rangers, though. The elves had turned the tides against them and they found it almost impossible to stop them. Floki and the Suitroops were laying waste to Kevin, whacking him with their energy staffs. His struggles were not enough, and Floki pointed its staff into his chest and shot him point blank.

Aaron was being held down by Phaedos, who was, naturally, taunting him. "You're worse than the last Green Ranger," he said. "Who in their right minds would bring you in? You're just a bland, no-name fool brought in to fill someone else's shoes." Aaron lashed out, but Phaedos pulled him up and punched him hard.

Tirna pulled Maria and Hitomi and banged their heads together. In the NFL, this would cause a severe concussion, but not with Power Rangers. Still, the general stomped on both of them one at a time and kicked them both in the head. The general's sadistic smile graced Tirna's lips as Tirna backhanded them both.

But the one left standing was Ritchie. He had Túrelie's uniform in his hands and he had the upper-hand… for now. Túrelie kneed him in the gut and then elbowed him in the back. She had been waiting a long time for this. She picked him up and did it again before backhanding him away.

Rob watched helplessly, unable to think of any way to slip away and morph. He turned his head from the carnage, unable to watch at all. The gunfire from the Madison PD and Wisconsin National Guard had fallen silent as they could only watch their greatest weapon fall at the hands of the elves.

Eruvanda was in tears and despair, sobbing horribly. AJ pawed at her to try and comfort her. She hugged the dog and cried. It was the most helpless she could feel as of right now. If there was any way, she would be down there right now, putting an end to all of this.
Túrelie finished her sword strikes on Ritchie. Sparks erupted from the Gold Ranger's suit and he was sent flying backwards. He was joined by the other Rangers, who were tossed on a pile by the elves and Zordonians. "Get up." Ragnar commanded. "NOW."

The Rangers groaned and moaned in pain, and struggled to stand up. Sean and Maria braced each other, and the others did the same for each other.

"This is your last warning," Ragnar said. The Suitroops raised their energy staffs at them. "Tell us where Eruvanda and Arquen are now and we will spare your lives."

"Fat chance," Sean replied. "You know the drill. We don't quit."

"We don't surrender," said Maria.

"And most,"

"Importantly,"

"Of all," Kevin, Hitomi and Aaron said,

"We don't lose," said Ritchie.

"Too bad," said Ragnar. "Fire!"

Blasts erupted from the Suitroops' energy staffs. The blasts hit the Rangers and the surrounding area, blowing up trees, snow, dirt, sidewalks and pavement. The barrage ended with the Rangers' suits sparkling and them moaning and groaning in agony. They collapsed to the ground and explosion erupted.

When the fire and smoke cleared, the Rangers were lying on the ground, still in their suits but they were not moving. An unearthly silence fell over the police officers and Guardsmen. How could this happen? How could the best fighters representing the human race lose? There was no question that did not go through their minds.

The entire city of Madison, one of the craziest places not just in the Midwest, but the entire United States, was silent. Their protectors, the controversial Power Rangers, had fallen.

Rob put his rifle down, tore off his walkie-talkie and walked away. To hell with the Madison PD, he was going to do something now! But he was just one person. How could he put a stop to this right now? He let out an agonized scream and fell to his knees. He did not notice the AP photographer snapping photos nearby.

Eruvanda was a tear-filled wreck. Her regret over approving the operation had filled her mind now, and she could not contain the tears that flowed down her face. Was there no hope? Was there nothing anyone could do? There was a thought that passed through her mind. If they were here for her, then the best answer was to get out of the house and surrender herself so as to save the rest of the city.

Just then, Arquen ran down into the living room, holding the very device they used to find Gina. A mad look was on his face, and Eruvanda worried for her lover. "Arquen, what are you doing?"

"Paying my debt," he replied. He pressed a button on the device and disappeared in a flash of blue.

"Get the Red Ranger!" Ingvar commanded. Several Suitroops advanced on the unconscious Sean. They pressed a button on the side of his helmet, which made it retract into a compact device on his
ear, and dragged his still form over to Ragnar and unceremoniously dumped him in front of the commander.

"Is he alive?" Tirna asked.

"Finish him," said Ragnar. Several Suitroops picked Sean up by the arms and Ragnar took an energy staff and pointed it at his forehead, where a small stream of blood was flowing from. The gem began to glow blue and—

Suddenly, a flash of blue appeared in the square. A figure began grabbing the Rangers and teleporting away. There was only one answer. "Arquen!" Ingvar shouted, "GET HIM!" The Suitroops dropped Sean and ran for Arquen.

Arquen noticed them right as he teleported away with Maria. Once he got back to Capitol Square, he took an energy staff and whacked both of them with it before teleporting away with Ritchie. Now all but Sean had gotten away, but where was Silver?

He took the energy staff and fired miniscule blasts at Ragnar and company. They all got out of the way, and Arquen was able to pick Sean up.

He was just about to teleport away when an energy staff blast knocked the device out of his hand. Oh, no.

A hail of gunfire erupted and Arquen moved away out of the crossfire. But he stumbled in a crater and dropped Sean. When Sean groaned silently, Arquen smiled, thankful the Red Ranger was still alive.

But the Suitroops were still coming. But then a flash of silver appeared and knocked some of the Suitroops down. Arquen paused, but the voice of the person changed that. "Go, NOW!" he said. "I'll hold them off."

"Thank you," said Arquen. He picked Sean up, flung him over his back and took off.

Meanwhile, Rob stared down the Suitroops and summoned the Silver Saber. If someone was going to make a stand right here and now, it was going to be him. "Get out of the way," said Ingvar.

"Fat chance," said Rob. "I'm a Marine. You know what our motto is? SEMPER FI, ALWAYS FAITHFUL! OO-RAH, MOTHERFUCKER!"

"GET HIM!" Ingvar shouted. The Suitroops ran forward and Rob, with the help of the Madison PD and Wisconsin National Guard, fought the Suitroops. A blast from an energy staff further impeded them.

The streets of Madison are a little wonky. On the isthmus, the streets run on a diagonal, southwest-northeast and southeast-northwest direction, except for State, Hamilton and King Streets, all of which radiate from the west, north, east and south of the Capitol building. Once off the isthmus and near the university, it becomes a more standard east-west, north-south direction. But the west side of town, which is more suburban and filled with strip malls, is iffy.

While this is the state of the streets of Madison, a different situation is playing out. Much like Jean Valjean's struggle to carry Marius through the sewers of Paris in *Les Misérables*, Arquen not only carried the weight of Sean on his back, but his past deeds, as well... aside from a few major differences and other peoples' interpretation of the passages.
With Sean slung limp on his back, Arquen ran through the streets, trying to remember just where Sean lived. In the times Sean actually bothered to take him out, he did not really show much of the streets. But he tried to remember as best he could. Right now, he was running west on State Street.

There was an unearthly quiet in the streets. The attack must have made everyone else stay indoors for fear of being caught up. His feelings of guilt grew and grew as he could see citizens peering out of their windows only to recoil at his elf-ears. He squeezed his eyes closed and kept going.

The next thing he knew, he slipped and fell face-first into the sidewalk, dropping Sean. He got up and looked over the Red Ranger. He was still unconscious. He quickly checked to make sure he was still alive. He sighed when he saw that he was. But for all Arquen knew, he was just barely hanging in. "Red Ranger," he said, "My mistake, Sean. I am so, so sorry for everything that has happened. I am sorry that my people had to ruin your life for the sake of our arrogance. I am sorry that I have tried to kill you and I am sorry for what has happened today.

"But if I can, I might as well redeem myself!" With his elf and inner strength, he picked Sean up and continued running.

In the distance, he could see the University getting closer and closer. There did not seem to be any Suitroops around the area. Why was that? Why had they only attacked the Capitol? Perhaps it was because they wanted him. He was their target. The Power Rangers were a mere obstacle. He cursed himself again for that.

He stopped when he saw the gleam of a Suitroop. He ducked into an alley in between two buildings and waited. The Suitroop walked by. It scanned the area with its heat-seeking eyes. Arquen backed further and further into the alley. Behind him, there was a wall. He was trapped like the proverbial rat. Then his elf-ears caught something sneaking up behind him and looking to grab Sean.

He whipped around and grabbed the man with a shaggy beard and threw him against the wall. "What do think you are doing?" he asked.

"Is that the Red Ranger?" the man asked. "I can make a fortune if I—Ah!"

"Don't you dare," Arquen growled and made the most intimidating expression he could. The man, whom he assumed was a beggar, obeyed his commanding request. "I need help. That robot out there is looking for me. Could you please assist me?"

"What's in it for me?" the beggar asked.

"What is your name?"

"Thenardier," he replied. Arquen sighed through his nose and thought for a moment. What could he do with this beggar?

"Well, Thenardier," he started, "If you help me, this young man here may save this entire city, and you will still be alive. Do a good deed, and perhaps you could be rewarded when this city is saved. How does that sound?"

The beggar thought for a moment. Arquen could see a gleam in the man's desperate eyes as he freed himself from Arquen's grip and walked into the street. "Hey, you! Robot! You looking for that Red Ranger guy? I know where he is!" The beggar led the Suitroop in the opposite direction and Arquen sighed before checking his surroundings and continuing on.

He took a couple detours. He suspected they thought he was only taking State Street at the
moment, so he had a chance.

He got closer to the University campus and ran up the steps of the so-called "Humanities" building. But he stopped and ran back down to run towards the crosswalk near Chadbourne Hall. He'd heard the University was alive around this time of day, especially during Finals week. Perhaps Sean was lying? No, it must have been because of the attack.

Now he could feel more guilt in his chest. These were students! Sean and his friends were students, how could he do such a thing? They didn't deserve this hell, this war. But he could do nothing. He was just one elf.

Once he crossed the street, he dropped to his knees to rest. Sure, he still had his elf-strength and endurance, but the weight of his sins, guilt and deeds weight just as heavily on his mind as Sean did on his shoulders. He looked to the sky in silent prayer. With Sean in his lap, he prayed that he could find a way to carry on.

But then he felt something whack him in the back. He fell forward and watched in horror as Sean's limp form rolled away. He crawled back over to him and lifted him up and then looked to see Ragnar standing over him.

"First you escape with the Traitor Eruvanda," Ragnar said, "And then you aide and assist the enemy? You have dug your own grave, Arquen."

"I do not have time for this, Ragnar!" Arquen replied. "I must get him to a doctor!"

"So you work to ensure our defeat?" Ragnar snapped, "I should kill you right here and now!"

"It's called mercy, Ragnar!" Arquen replied. "Look at him! He's an ordinary person! If he had the ears, he would be an elf. Is he so different?"

"Have you lost your mind?" Ragnar asked, "How can you justify this-this defense of the humans?"

"The actions of a few do not condemn an entire species, Ragnar," Arquen replied. "If we can work with them, then perhaps we can have peace."

"Peace? There will be no peace," Ragnar spat, "So long as humans still exist."

"They're just people, Ragnar!" Aruquen shouted. "Now leave, I do not have time for this!"

"People! Disgusting." Ragnar spat. He pulled out his energy staff and pointed it at Arquen and Sean.

"Please let me get him to a doctor!" Arquen pleaded, "What if I surrendered myself and Eruvanda? But right now, I must get him to a doctor. Look down, Ragnar! He is standing in his grave!"

"I may consider it," said Ragnar, "But I would rather kill him right now." He pointed his staff at Arquen again.

The sound of a police siren came up from behind and Arquen heard the sound of tires screeching. "Hey! You! Get away from them!" the voice called. Ragnar moved to attack, but Pop! Pop! Pop! The gunfire startled Ragnar and out of instinct, he teleported away.

Arquen looked to see a Madison police officer holstering his gun and walking over to Sean. "Move!" he said as he checked Sean over. He touched Sean's bloody forehead and looked over the rest of Sean's still-morphed body. He sighed in relief while Arquen watched. "He's still alive. Oh,
"Who are you?" asked Arquen.

The officer turned to him and said, "I'm Rob Jackson, also known as the Silver Ranger." He showed his morpher to Arquen as proof. "I'm also his brother-in-law. My wife would kill me if her brother was killed."

"You are? He told me about you," said Arquen.

"Aren't you an elf?" Rob asked, "Why aren't you back at the Capitol?"

"I believe they came for me," said Arquen. "But I thought you—"

"I only said I'd hold them off," said Rob. He picked Sean up and carried him over to his squad car and put Sean in the back. "Get in the front. There's a doctor with our organization waiting at his house who'll look him over."

Arquen breathed a sigh of relief. He was going to be okay. He nodded and stepped inside Rob's squad car. Rob activated the sirens and drove off to Sean's house.

But in the long run, there was only one thing that happened: The Power Rangers had failed. They lost. But just like pride comes before a fall, failure and loss must come before triumph and victory.

*One day more...*

:-:-:-: Power Rangers GPX :-:-:-:

Chapter End Notes

Rob VO: "Next time, on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Rob: "Is he okay?"

Bridget: "So now what?"

Rob: "What's the plan?"

Arquen: "I do not know what to do."

Ragnar: "Arquen and Eruvanda must surrender."

Eruvanda: "I am ready."

Rob VO: "That's next time, on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

So how was that?

Hoo boy, that got bad in a hurry. Jeez, I didn't think I could make the elves completely outclass the Power Rangers, but it looks like I did. This is pretty much the Wham Episode of the GPX saga (sorry, TV Tropes speak), at least as far as my opinion goes.
Real quick, King Eärello is, at least in my view, supposed to be similar to King Joffrey from Game of Thrones, or at least he's going to be the major influence on him. Basically, he's complete opposite of Eruvanda's more kind, benevolent, but misguided ruler. Basically, the kind of guy you wouldn't want running a marathon, much less a species.

Also, I know it's not a complete re-write, but I do think of Arquen's run through the streets of Madison as sort of a shout-out to the famous sewer passage of Les Misérables. I was on a *Les Mis* kick when I wrote it.

So tell me what you think!
The Night Before

Chapter Notes

Ritchie VO: "Last time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Arquen: "How can I get you to trust me?"

Sean: "Show that I can trust you."

Eärello: "Kill them all!"

(The elves attack Madison. The Rangers go to stop them and do rather well until Ragnar and company show up. Then things go south rather quickly)

Rob: "NO!"

Eruvanda: "Arquen, what are you doing?"

Arquen: "Paying my debt."

Ingvar: "How can you justify this defense of the humans?"

Arquen: "He is standing in his grave!"

Rob: "He's still alive."

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Power Rangers GPX Supercharged, episode 21: The Night Before

:-:-:-: We're the best chance, for humanity, Pow-er Rang-gers G-P-X, let's go! :-:-:-:

When they arrived, Rob carried Sean inside. A woman around Rob's age tearfully opened the door and took Sean from him. "SEAN!" she screamed in agonized fear. The other Rangers were still lying about while a doctor looked them over. They set Sean on the floor and the SWORD doctor pulled out a wire and connected it to the suit and a laptop.

"He's alive, Bridge," said Rob. The woman let out a sigh or relief, but looked at everyone else.

They were all strewn about on the floor, moaning and groaning in pain. Their bodies were covered in blue and green spots on their skin from the vicious beating they took. The doctors looked over them with delicate care. One wrong move and things could be worse. Still, they did not look any closer to death than he thought. A little girl looked them over as well.

"They're okay," said the lead doctor, "No major injuries and given how fast they're able to heal, they should be fine in a couple of hours."

"That's a relief," Bridget sighed, but then she turned her attention to Sean, "But what about my brother?"

"Is he okay?" Rob asked.
"So far, so good," said the doctor.

A feminine gasp and cry caught their attention. Maria had gotten up and crawled over to Sean. Tears had welled up in her eyes and she was begging him to wake up. But the doctor nudged her out of the way so he could re-activate Sean's helmet. Once that was done he kept looking. "Best medical diagnosis software on the planet," said the doctor. "We'll be bringing it to civilian use in a couple years. Ah-ha! He's alright, just a few bruises, a gash on his forehead and minor case of whiplash. It's nothing serious, although he'll need stitches for that gash."

Everyone sighed in relief as the doctor deactivated Sean's suit. "How could they survive such a beating?" asked Eruvanda.

"It's those suits," said the doctor. "They're built to withstand anything. They can get hit by a cruise ship and walk away with minor injuries. Nurse? Could you please bring the alcohol?"

The nurse brought over some alcohol, swabs, and some stitches. The doctor put some alcohol on the swab and patted Sean's wound.

"OW!" Sean shouted as he shot up. "What the hell was that for!? That's pure concentrated alcohol, isn't it? You have any idea how much that stings!?"

"But... he was..."

"What, are you surprised?" Rob asked while Arquen struggled to find words.

"You take it easy!" said the doctor, "Lie down again and we'll get through with this. I'd rather be in a hospital right about now."

"Do what you can," said Rob. He turned to Arquen and held his hand out for Arquen to shake. "Thanks for helping them."

"You are most welcome," said Arquen. He turned to Bridget hoping to say something to her, ... Only for her to punch him on the cheek. Then Eruvanda walked up to him and slapped him on the other. Rob's laughter only punctuated his humiliation. "You bastard!" Bridget shouted, "Do you have any idea what you and your crew have done now?"

"How could you run off and risk your life like that?" Eruvanda scolded, "We were supposed to be hiding!"

"Wow, that's gotta hurt," Rob laughed.

"I suppose I deserved both of those," said Arquen. "But I could not just sit there and watch them die, I had to act! And I carried Sean from the Capitol to the campus!"

"Wait, you did?" Sean asked while the doctor dabbed more alcohol on his wound. "So... you saved my life?"

"I saved all of you," said Arquen.

"Why?" asked Maria.

"All of you have shown me nothing but kindness and hospitality despite your mistrust of me," he said, "I had to repay your kindness."

"Well, thanks a lot!" said Sean. "Now—OW! How many times do I have to tell you to take it
"But how are you feeling?" Arquen asked. "It is incredible you could be like that after taking such a beating."

"Well, aside from being in pain all over my body, my neck feels like I can barely lift it and I've got a splitting headache, I feel like I can get back out there and kick some ass!" said Sean.

"Not today!" said the doctor.

"Exactly," said Kevin. "I have a fracture in one of my ribs."

"I have a minor concussion," said Maria.

"And so do I," said Hitomi.

"My collarbone is damaged," said Ritchie.

"And I have a back injury," said Aaron.

"So now what?" asked Bridget.

"They are to rest," said Eruvanda. "And I know you are looking at me, Bridget. You do not like me, do you?"

"No, I don't," she said. "It's because of your people that my brother is getting his forehead stitched up and we're at risk of losing our city! What do you have to say for yourself?"

"I wish I knew how to stop it," said Eruvanda. "And yet, I cannot do anything. I am the Queen, but they now see me as a traitor."

"Wait… QUEEN!? You're the Queen!?" Bridget's brain momentarily short-circuited and was forced to reboot. "But-but-but-what are you—SEAN!?

"She came to us," he said. "Says she got deposed and now that those elves were asking for her, I have no reason to doubt her."

"Oh, dear!" Bridget was close to fainting and Rob held her up and handed her over to Kevin. "I still hate you!"

"You have permission to do so," said Eruvanda.

"So what's the plan?" Rob asked.

"Well, this kind of reminds me of Orlando," said Sean, "So we can take our time."

"Reminds me of Japan as well," said Maria.

"Please don't remind me," said Sean. "I guess one thing we can do is send some SWORD agent over there dressed as Santa and we could jump them while they're distracted. I mean, what better way to distract an elf than by having their cruel employer Santa Claus show up?"

"So their strategy is to annoy Ragnar," Arquen muttered to himself, "Just brilliant." Oh believe me, there's more Santa jokes to come.
Ragnar circled the massive tree in the rotunda of the Wisconsin State Capitol. This behemoth was blasphemous. How could humans make such a garish decoration from a mighty tree? Perhaps it simply proved how dull their lives must be if they could make something like this. Just looking at the blasphemous tree made him sick to his stomach. He turned away and walked over to Field Marshal Ingvar, who was processing the new prisoners.

Around them, humans were being marched into the building and penned into rooms by soldiers and Suitroops. A situation fit for such an inferior species. He could almost laugh at their despondent looks and hung heads. They deserved this fate. Condemned by God, there was no other way for them to die than to be slaughtered like cattle.

One teenage girl looked at him with a hate-filled glare. There was something about her that Ragnar could not quite put his finger on, but he ignored. The footfalls approaching from behind alerted him to a new presence. "Commander," said Túrelie, "The bomb is here."

"Excellent," said Ragnar.

"And the human media is outside. Shall I inform them of your announcement?"

"Do it," said Ragnar. Túrelie bowed and walked outside. Ragnar followed a minute later and walked out to a pool of cameras and microphones, guarded by Suitroops.

"You humans may know who I am, but I might as well remind you," he started, "My name is Ragnar. I am the commander of the military of Alfheim. To you humans, Christmas is supposedly a time of peace, yet I see nothing but typical human hypocrisy from this supposed 'holiday'. That is why we have attacked this city, Madison, Wisconsin. But we also have other reasons.

"Just days ago, our former queen, Eruvanda, betrayed us and escaped Alfheim, aided by the general known as Arquen. We know they are hiding here in this miserable, pitiful and blasphemous city. Our demand is that Arquen and Eruvanda must surrender by noon tomorrow, or else we will detonate a bomb. This bomb is far more powerful than any weapon you humans have ever created, and will not only destroy this city, but will render the land uninhabitable for years.

"And before you attempt to bomb this city yourselves, do yourselves a favor and refrain from doing so. The city is covered by a force field similar to the one that protects our glorious Alfheim from attack. Nothing can get in or out. It is your move now, Arquen and Eruvanda. Surrender by noon tomorrow. That is all."

:-:-:-: Power Rangers GPX :-:-:-: 

"Fucking bastard!" Bridge spat in disgust.

"So that's why weren't getting any air support," said Kevin.

"This changes things," said Sean. "Better order some pizzas if there're any places open. We're gonna have to plan this out."

"Without me," Aaron said, walking past. Everyone else froze for a moment as he walked past, holding his back.

"HEY! Where the hell are you going!?" Sean shouted, following closely. He stopped Aaron in the hallway. "What the hell is going on, Ndebele?"

"It's my back," said Aaron.
"The hell it is," Sean replied. "What's going on? Did Phaedos get to you? I warned you not to listen to him."

"He was right," said Aaron.

"What?" Sean said with a laugh. "You're gonna listen to him?"

"I'm a nobody, I don't belong in this team," Aaron continued. "What am I? I don't even know myself, I feel like I'm just a small cog in some machine, or—I don't know!"

"You've been bitching and complaining for weeks now!" Sean replied. "Try expressing yourself in a more constructive manner, isn't that what our therapists told us?"

"You know nothing of me," said Aaron.

"Probably because you bitch and complain a lot," said Sean.

"Stop saying that!" said Aaron. "You know what? Fuck you! I don't want to be a Power Ranger anymore! I'm nothing! If I'm the weak link, then I'll just remove myself from the chain!"

"Don't say that!" Sean replied. "You're gonna quit? Go ahead and tell that to the people who are going to be enslaved if we lose that you decided to quit out of your own goddamn selfishness and —" Aaron cut him off with a fist to the face. This time, instead of blowing his top though, Sean remained calm. "You done? If you are, hand over your morpher. We'll find someone else to take your place."

"Fair enough," Aaron replied as he tore his morpher off and shoving it and the AcceleKey in Sean's hands and walked away.

"Green's quit," he said into his morpher, and everyone else. "We need a replacement, fast."

"So what do we do now?" asked Kevin.

"Start planning," said Sean. "Let's find a pizza place that's still open and order something. Hitomi, are you okay?"

"I was just worried about Gina," she said.

:-::--: PRGPX :-::--:

Gina was one of those unfortunate to be captured by Ragnar's attack force. She, Pam, Ian, Greg and Pablo were locked up one of the conference rooms. Suitroops patrolled the perimeter, while elvish soldiers guarded the entrance. Fear and despair were in the air among the captured humans. They already had been told that the Power Rangers failed to save them. There were rumors going around that the elves were going to kill them when they were done.

Greg glared at the Suitroops and elvish soldiers. He was the only one among his friends to be defiant. Everyone else was just as despaired as the entire room. "Fuck this!" he said. "I'm gonna tackle these damn robots."

"What?" Ian asked

"You heard me!" Greg repeated. "Let's take these bastards down right here and—AH!"

"Greg!" A Suitroop had overheard Greg's complaining and decided to put him in his place. The group of friends grabbed him and pulled him away from the Suitroop. It, in turn, turned away to go
"Maybe you should have been more quiet about it," said Ian.

"Fucking elves," said Greg. "FUCK YOU, YOU FUCKING ELVES!"

"Greg, stop!" Gina replied. "Don't get us into anymore trouble!"

"Go back to Middle-Earth, or the North Pole, or wherever you came from!" Greg shouted again. The others put their hands over his mouth and pulled him down to the floor. Already there was some commotion among the other prisoners.

"Greg, this is not helping!" said Pam.

"Well, what am I supposed to do?" Greg asked, "Just sit here until they gas us?"

"But what if the Power Rangers come back?" Gina asked.

"Are you kidding me? Those fucking cowards lost and ran! I don't trust them!"

"Shut the hell up, Greg," said Gina.

"Am I the only one being realistic here?" Greg replied, "If the Power Rangers lose badly, what makes me think they can beat these damn elves?"

"They beat back an entire empire!" Gina replied, "One that could have annihilated all of us!"

"And they got lucky!" Greg replied.

"Fuck you, Greg!" said Gina.

::: Power Rangers GPX :::

Daisuke was staying downtown and he had a front-row seat to the action. He watched helplessly while his old team fell like they did. Had he still been among them, he would have fought hard and powerfully. But they didn't need him. They had a new Green Ranger. But from what he heard, the new Green Ranger was turning out to be a more confused, less rebellious version of him.

Daisuke could emphasize with him in some way. But he was concerned for Hitomi should this man leave the team. He took a deep breath and walked over to the window to get a look at Capitol Square and the Suitroops patrolling down below. What was going on with his sister?

One question was answered when he heard some chatter on the SWORD radio. "Any luck finding a new Green?"

"Negative."

"A new Green Ranger," he said to himself. Was this the Gods telling him to take a new chance? Even though he fought in Orlando, he still felt the guilt of what happened in Japan. Perhaps this was his opportunity to redeem himself. But should he? He already had his chance and he turned away. He was selfish, he cost the team dearly.

But that was 6 months ago. And while the old Daisuke would stay in this hotel room, the new Daisuke was not going to let this opportunity pass. "Toji-san," he said, calling up his bodyguard, "Get the car ready. I know where I am going. Find Sean O'Callahan's address."
"Tomorrow we expect Arquen and Eruvanda to surrender!" Ragnar paced up and down the second floor rotunda in the Capitol Building, talking to his officers and soldiers. "But, we also know that the Power Rangers, despite their severe beating earlier today, they will come back for more.

"Show… no… mercy!" he emphasized. "The Power Rangers are paper tigers, and we will show them to be such! How sad this species has to depend on such 'heroes' to fight their battles. But, if we do fail, do not be afraid to retreat. One good thing the humans have said is 'live to fight another day'.

"So ready yourselves for tomorrow. I have full confidence you will represent the glory of Alfheim in battle! Make the ground and snow run red with their inferior blood! I know you will proudly represent the glory of the elves! HAIL ALFHEIM!"

"HAIL ALFHEIM! HAIL ALFHEIM! HEIL ALFHEIM!"

"You are dismissed!" The elvish soldiers dispersed, off to get some rest and food. Colonel Tiris went with them. That left Ragnar and his top commanders alone in the rotunda.

"That takes me back," said Phaedos. "I'm glad you didn't have to hear my warnings."

"I still doubt they will come after the beating earlier," said Ragnar, "But we might as well be prepared."

"Good thinking," said Tirna.

"Commander, do you believe Arquen will challenge you?" asked Ingvar.

"If he does, he is a fool," said Ragnar, "And if I do fall in battle, do not, under any circumstance, accept any terms that will end this conflict." He looked over at Phaedos and Tirna, an implicit condemnation of their Emperor. "But I will remain in here directing the battle."

"So we get to have all the fun?" asked Phaedos. "Even better."

"I can't wait to get my hands on them," said a hair-twirling Tirna.

"And we have a trump card up our sleeves, should things go wrong," said Ragnar. "Túrelie, have you set the bomb?"

"Of course," she replied.

"Perfect," said Ragnar. "What say you, Phaedos and Tirna?"

"I can't wait!" said Phaedos.

"If we don't kill them, then perhaps we can enslave them," said Tirna.

"Do what you wish," said Ragnar. "I do not care."

Col. Greene hasn't appeared in some time, so here he is. The problem is he has to deal with Senator Jim Evergreen, the persistent Tea Party critic of Project Ranger. "Senator, no, it's fine!" said Col. Greene, "I already talked to the Wisconsin delegation in both the House and Senate. I can assure you things will be alright. Yes, the Power Rangers can handle it! Then please stop doubting them
and just put your faith—oh, right, God, sure. Look, I don't have time for this, alright? I have to make another call.” He hung up on the Senator.

"I hate that guy," he said to himself while making another call. As the phone rang on the other end, he cursed the situation. Will this ever end? Sadly, it doesn't look that way. "Maelstrom!" he said when the SWORD director answered, "What's the situation?"

"We can't get any other forces in," said Maelstrom. "That Ragnar guy's making us all look stupid!"

"I know," said Col. Greene. "How many agents do you have in there right now?"

"About 25," said Maelstrom, "And they're mainly support. We do have a guy who looks like Santa Claus, if that's what you're asking."

"No," Col. Greene sighed. "What about the Rangers?"

"They're hurt, but they're okay," said Maelstrom. "They're planning a counter-attack right now. FutureTech Industries offered to help, but we declined."

"Excellent," said Col. Greene. "Keep me posted, alright?"

"Will do," said Maelstrom. "Oh, and, Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas," said Col. Greene.

:: PRGPX ::

Sean's room was dark and quiet. The only light came from the street lights reflecting off the snow, creating an orange glow. Sean was not in his room. He was downstairs, helping to plan the Rangers' counterattack tomorrow. The current occupants of Sean's room were a certain elf Queen and her General lover, sitting on the edge of Sean's bed.

Arquen sighed, unable to think of anything to say. Neither was Eruvanda though, so that was not too awkward. The thing they wanted to say was both on their minds, though. Finally, Arquen found the courage to say what he wanted to. "I do not know what to do," he said.

She glanced up at him and gave him a good, long look. "What do you think we should do?"

"I do not know," said Arquen. "All I feel right now is guilt over what is happening."

"I feel guilt as well," said Eruvanda. "I should not have let myself by tricked, deceived and manipulated by Ragnar. Perhaps it was best if we surrendered ourselves."

"Is that the best choice?"

"If it is for a greater cause," said Eruvanda. "I do not know what will happen next, but perhaps if we did surrender, we could not only save the city, but redeem ourselves. In fact, we should have stayed in Alfheim and faced trial."

"Are you positive?" asked Arquen.

"Yes," said Eruvanda.

"Then we will leave them tomorrow," said Arquen. "They must not know our plans."

"ARQUEN! ERUVANDA! There's pizza down here if you want any!" Sean called out. A shadow
near the door moved hastily away, unnoticed by Arquen and Eruvanda.

"I have never tried 'pizza' before," said Eruvanda. "Let us taste it."

As it turns out, there was a pizza place open even with the isthmus occupied. But thanks to some unsolicited information from the pizza guy, it turns out the Suitroops only occupied the part of the isthmus that surrounded the State Capitol building. Kevin was able to calculate a radius of .2 miles based on the pizza guy's observations.

Sean, Kevin, Maria, Hitomi and Ritchie were huddled around the coffee table, looking over maps of the isthmus. The bitch was the bomb and the hostages inside the Capitol. Make one wrong move and the elves could detonate the bomb and/or kill the hostages, or launch a larger attack. Sean leaned on the GT Sword, its blade digging into the carpet while he sharpened it.

Empty bottles of Budweiser, Harp, Corona and O'Doul's non-alcoholic littered the coffee table along with the maps. A couple pizza boxes were stacked on top of each other. The highest one was half-gone by now. Maria glanced up from the maps and got a look at Ritchie. He didn't look very comfortable. "Metoxen," she said. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine," he said. Maria tilted her head and gave him another glance that changed his mind. "Okay! I'm a little scared."

"Do you want out?" asked Sean. "If you do, now's the time."

"Fuck no, you damn FIB," said Ritchie. "I wasn't so sure, but now, I'm having way too much fun to stop. And besides, these bastards attacked my home state! It's personal now!"

"Now that's what I'm talking about," said Sean. "Oh, Arquen, Lizzie, come on down! We've still got some pizza here and some beer in the fridge!"

"Lizzie?" asked Eruvanda.

"Yeah, found out 'Eruvanda' means 'Elizabeth', at least in Tolkien's Elvish," said Sean.

"You can thank me for that," said Kevin.

"Thank you," said Eruvanda.

"By the way, we have a bit of a proposition for you," said Maria.

"We respectfully decline," said Arquen.

"But you didn't hear our request," said Hitomi.

"It is fine," said Arquen.

"Oh, well!" Sean said with a shrug. "Oh, damn, I forgot, we still need a Green Ranger. Our plans involve seven Rangers, and we're missing one."

"Where is Robert?" asked Arquen.

"Went back on duty, but he said he's going to waste his sick day tomorrow," said Sean. Ding-dong! "You two cover up your ears, I'll answer this," Sean said as he got up from his seat and walked over to the front door. When he answered—"Oh, you gotta be kidding me."

"What?" asked Daisuke, "Are you unhappy to see me?"
"Nii-san!" Hitomi cheerfully shouted, running up to Daisuke and giving him a big hug. "What are you doing here?"

"I understand you need a new Green Ranger," he said.

"How the hell did you know?" asked Sean.

"I have a radio where I listen to SWORD chatter," he replied. "I am here to volunteer my services, but only for one day."

"Wait, wait, wait!" Sean said in rapid-fire succession, "You actually want to help?"

"After the last time, yes," said Daisuke. "I am doing this out of the greater good, not for my own personal gain."

"Damn, I didn't know you had it in you, Rich Boy!" said Sean.

"Hey O'Callahan, who the hell is he?" asked Ritchie.

"Our old Green Ranger back in Japan," said Sean. "He left because he was an asshole."

"Oh, I've heard of you!" said Ritchie, "Daisuke 'Rich Boy' Miyazawa!"

"Yes, that is me," Daisuke said with an annoyed tone. "And you are Richard Metoxen?"

"Yep!" he said, "New Gold Ranger!"

"And I heard you were full-blood Indian?" Daisuke asked, "You do not look like you are from India."

"Wrong Indian!"

"I was only teasing you," said Daisuke. Ritchie muttered some curses under his breath, mentioning how he knew why O'Callahan didn't like him now.

"Oh wait, that reminds me," said Maria, "Metoxen, what about Janet?"

"Oh, fuck! I need to see if she's okay!" Ritchie said as he pulled out his phone and tried to call the Mohawk girl. "Janet, are you there? Yeah, it's Ritchie, are you—oh, no. Are you alright? Oh, not hurt, Okay, that's good. Listen, just stay calm, alright? I'm—" He looked to see Sean making several gestures telling him to refrain from digging himself deeper. "Oh, jeez, I'm so sorry. I wish there was something I could do. Bye."

"She's been captured," said Eruvanda.

"And I take it Gina has too," said Sean. "Dammit."

"What, who are they?" Daisuke asked, pointing at Arquen and Eruvanda. "Why are two elves here?"

"They're defectors," said Sean. "Oh, and she's the Queen."

"Queen? Oh, my apologies." Daisuke turned to them and bowed deeply. "Konnichiwa. Ore wa Miyazawa Daisuke desu."

"H-hello," Eruvanda said with a bow as well.
"I thought you'd be more formal than that," said Hitomi.

"She is wearing human clothing," said Daisuke. "But like I said, I hereby volunteer my services for tomorrow."

"You're welcome to do it," said Sean. "But ask Ndebele first. He's been feeling a little bad lately."

"Very well, then," Daisuke said as he walked past them upstairs. "Which one?"

"Final one down the hall," said Sean.

Daisuke knocked on the door, waiting for Aaron to answer. "Come in," Daisuke opened the door and entered to see Aaron sitting on his bed with his laptop in his lap while rubbing his back. "Miyazawa," he said.

"I understand you have decided to quit," said Daisuke. "Why?"

"My back hurts," he said.

"And?"

Aaron looked up at Daisuke. He knew something else was wrong and could see right through Aaron. "I don't fit in."

"A shame," said Daisuke. "I would have expected better from you. Either way, I want to ask if you could grant permission for me to take on the role of Green Ranger for tomorrow."

"Go ahead," said Aaron. Daisuke nodded and started to walk out, but lingered for a moment.

"I understand how you are feeling," said Daisuke. "But there are better ways to take out your frustration than this. You just need to look inside yourself and discover what you want to be." With that, he left the room.

:-:-:-: Power Rangers GPX :-:-:-:

There was a light but steady snowfall that night, at least as far as Arquen could tell as he looked out the window. The room itself was dark, the only light being the soft glow of the lights on Sean's Christmas tree in the corner. Eruvanda was asleep on the couch with AJ sitting on her lap. Everyone else was upstairs getting their rest before what they thought would be a major battle.

But Arquen still had feelings of guilt. He did not want them to get involved in this. Elf matters should be settled by elves. After everything that happened, the humans should stay out of this. But even then, he doubted whether or not they'd actually listen to him.

"Can't sleep?" A soft, masculine voice interrupted his thoughts. Sean was standing in the archway, dressed in a t-shirt and Chicago Blackhawks pajama bottoms. "When I was a kid, I'd lose sleep in the days before Christmas," he said as he walked over to him. "I guess it was excitement over what I was going to get. This one year, my dad helped build an ice rink in the backyard of my moms' house and they put a tarp over it so I wouldn't notice."

"Maria's favorite Christmas present was a bike she got when she was 8 that she kept until she was
17. Hitomi told me her favorite was a Sailor Moon—the character—costume that when she was
told she couldn't wear to school, she cried and cried but she managed to find a place to wear it.
Kevin said that the year he got his first flute and a copy of *The Hobbit* is his favorite. Ndebele
keeps talking about the year he got a soccer ball and a Kaizer Chiefs shirt. Metoxen said his
favorite was the year he got a hockey stick, skates and a damn Packer jersey. I guess two out of
three ain't bad."

"I must atone for what I've done," said Arquen.

"Atone with who?" asked Sean.

"God."

Sean scoffed and turned to Arquen. "Forget God. If you're going to atone with anyone, atone with
yourself and your friends."

"How?" asked Arquen.

"Forgive yourself for what you've done and then strive to become a better person," said Sean. "Me,
I've done things I'm not too proud of, but I've apologized to people I've hurt and asked for their
forgiveness, and then moved on."

"You do not believe in a god," Arquen concluded, "Then how can you—"

"Like I said, the people you've harmed need to forgive you," said Sean. "I've already forgiven you.
Although to be fair, you didn't really do much to us, so I don't know what you're getting all worked
up about."

"I admit it might appear complicated," said Arquen. "But there are things I must do."

"Then what are you prepared to do?" asked Sean.

"Whatever it takes," Arquen replied. Sean remained silent. His gaze bore through Arquen's very
being and it made the elf rather uncomfortable. "What?"

"What are you planning?" asked Sean.

"I would rather not discuss it," said Arquen. Sean sighed and shook his head before looking back
out the window.

"I'm gonna get some sleep," he said. He turned around and walked out of the living room and back
upstairs.

"Arquen?" He turned around to see Eruvanda sitting up on the couch.

"You should be getting some sleep," he said.

"I heard everything," she replied. "They must not follow us. Please write a message to them
requesting they do not follow us."

"I will," said Arquen. "And I am ready for tomorrow."

"I am ready as well," said Eruvanda, "It is an odd feeling knowing you are living your final hours."

"I am glad to be spending them with you," he replied, kissing her lips.
Upstairs, Sean gazed out his window. He knew what was coming tomorrow. While the war may continue, it was certain this fight might be the best one he'd ever fought.

Aaron lay in his bed. His mind was a torrent of thoughts; regrets the most prominent among them. Daisuke sat on the floor of Aaron's room, gazing at the morpher in his hands. This was to be his chance at redemption, even for one day.

Ragnar looked over his battle plans one last time. Tomorrow was the best opportunity he had to get the Power Rangers as well as Aruqen and Eruvanda out of the way.

Tirna and Phaedos sharpened their swords, eager to deal with the Power Rangers tomorrow. They would have their revenge for their defeat.

Col. Green lay awake in his bed, his wife already asleep.

Tomorrow was going to be interesting.

Chapter End Notes

Sean VO: "Next time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Ragnar: "Are you ready to surrender?"

Arquen: "Let us have peace!"

Ragnar: "GET THEM!"

Gina: "LET'S GET 'EM!"

Eruvanda: "Shoot me!"

Sean: "SUPERCHARGE!"

Sean VO: "That's next time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

So how was that? Are you excited for the Part 1 finale?

Okay, so yes, Daisuke is back, I thought it was a good idea, mainly because I'm getting frustrated with Aaron's character as of right now. I thought him taking some time to think would be a good idea. Also, go ahead and chalk up Arquen and Eruvanda's decision primarily as typical Elvish arrogance.

And yes, I'm sorry I didn't get to show Sean doing the St. Crispin's Day Speech, but we'll see how things go in the next one, first.

And yes, the chapter title is a Les Mis shout-out as well, taking the name from the first act closer "One Day More". Like I said, I was on a Les Mis kick.

So go ahead and drop me a review! The button's right down there!
The Magnificent Seven

Chapter Notes

Kevin VO: "Last time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Doctor: "They're okay."

Arquen: "I saved all of you."

Sean: "I feel like I can get back out there and kick some ass!"

Ragnar: "It is your move now, Arquen and Eruvanda."

Aaron: "I don't want to be a Power Ranger anymore!"

Ragnar: "Show… no… mercy!"

Arquen: "We will leave them tomorrow."

Daisuke: "I am here to volunteer my services."

Sean: (To Arquen) "What are you prepared to do?"

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Power Rangers GPX Supercharged, episode 22: The Magnificent Seven

:-:-:-: We're the best chance for humanity, Pow-er Range-ers G-P-X, let's go! :-:-:-:

It was a gray Christmas Eve morning. A light snowfall was coming down, dusting the already-plowed streets with more snow. The Ranger house was quiet, save for the two elven houseguests who'd woken up early today so they could leave before the Rangers caught on. They intended to surrender to end further bloodshed and to redeem themselves for their role in the battle with the Power Rangers.

Arquen felt guilty for attempting to kill the Power Rangers and other actions he'd done over the past several months. Eruvanda felt guilty for approving the whole campaign and letting Commander Ragnar play her like a fiddle so he could have his war. They held each other's gaze for a moment. It was a silent assurance that they were there for each other and a game of chicken, too. But they were not going to stop this.

They left a note on the coffee table and took each other's hands as they walked out the door.

At the Capitol, word had gotten to Ragnar that Arquen and Eruvanda were on their way to the State Capitol in order to surrender themselves. Immediately the activity at the State Capitol picked up and the elven soldiers and Suitroops rushed into position for the coming treasonous pair. The only ones not excited were Phaedos and Tirna, who desperately wanted to kill the Power Rangers.

Ragnar stepped out of the Capitol building into the bitter cold of this Friday morning. The pair had
been taken somewhere near the University campus. It would only be a matter of time before they arrived.

A scout on top of the Capitol spotted them coming east down State Street. Ragnar smiled to himself. "Checkmate, Eruvanda," he said to himself. The soldier led Arquen and Eruvanda onto the Capitol Square while Ragnar walked confidently down the steps on the west side of the Capitol with a smile on his face.

Both of them had their heads down, but looked very defiant either way. Ah, defiance in the face of death, such a noble way to go. "Are you ready to surrender?" he asked to taunt them.

"We already did," said Eruvanda. "Ragnar, you can do what you like with us, but please recall your soldiers, Suitroops and leave this city."

"I will consider it," said Ragnar, "But you are in no position to give me orders. Perhaps if you said the magic words."

"Please."

"Much better," said Ragnar. He turned and walked away while two Suitroops walked forward to apprehend them. "Do you have any last words?" he asked.

A crowd had formed behind the police barricades, which in turn, were guarded by Suitroops. Several figures with jacket hoods over their heads moved into position in the crowd to watch what was going to happen. None of them were noticed by the Suitroops. One of them tapped on something on their wrist for a moment before they looked up.

"Yes," said Arquen, "I regret everything I have done to make these humans suffer. Look at them. Do they look harmful to you?"

"This again?" asked Ragnar. "Do not make me laugh. What of you, Eruvanda?"

"I regret even giving you permission for this operation," said Eruvanda. "The defeat of the Zordonians should have given us a chance for peace."

"Peace? Are you still spouting that nonsense?" Ragnar replied. "I said do not make me laugh. Down on your knees!"

Arquen and Eruvanda did what he asked and kneeled in front of the Suitroops. Those same Suitroops walked behind them and pointed their energy staffs at them. "One last question," said Ragnar, "Did you bring the Power Rangers with you?"

"No," said Eruvanda. "This is our mission. If it means we can have peace, then we are willing to sacrifice ourselves for the greater good."

"Stop saying you want peace!" Ragnar replied, "The humans do not deserve it!"

"Let us have peace!" Arquen shouted back. A Suitroop whacked him in the back for his insolence.

"On my signal, start singing," the lead figure said into the device on their wrist. Ragnar started speaking again into a bullhorn, which the figure strained to hear.

"Pay attention, humans!" Ragnar shouted into the bullhorn. "This is what happens when anyone attempts to challenge us, even members of our own species! This 'peace' they talk about will never happen so long as you exist! For that reason, we will make examples of these
"NO!" Arquen shouted.

"Did you honestly expect me to be honest with you?" Ragnar asked. "Suitroops! Prepare to kill them on my order!"

"Now!" the figure said into his wrist. Immediately, he and the other six figures began to sing into the crowd. "You'd better watch out, you'd better not cry. You'd better not pout I'm telling you why."

"Santa Claus is coming to town," the bystanders started to sing along and pretty soon began to spread. "He's making a list, checking it twice. Gonna find out who's naughty and nice. Santa Claus is coming to town."

The singing grew louder, and now Ragnar, Ingvar, Túrelie, Phaedos and Tirna spun their heads around at the crowd defiantly singing. "What is this?" asked Ragnar. "What sort of foolishness is this?"

"It is a human song," said Ingvar.

The song had spread and now the crowd was singing full-voiced at the enemy elves. "He sees you when you're sleeping. He knows when you're awake. He knows if you've been bad or good, So be good for goodness sake!

"Oh, you'd better watch out, You'd better not cry! You'd better not pout, I'm telling you why:

"Santa Claus is coming to town!"

A man dressed as Santa Claus emerged from the crowd to the cheers of the bystanders. Chants of "Santa! Santa! Santa!" erupted from the crowd. The elves all looked at each other in confusion while the man simply strolled up to them, ignoring the Suitroops and laid his sack on the ground in front of them.

"What is this?" asked Ragnar.

"Ho, ho, ho! Don't you know who I am?" the man asked, "I'm Santa Claus! And why aren't you elves back at the North Pole? What's with this genocide business?"

"Move in," the leader figure said into his wrist device.

"Get lost, old man," said Ingvar.

"Why, that's not very nice," said the Santa. "All of you have some explaining to do once we get back. I'm taking a detour for goodness sake. I need to get back to work! Come back to the North Pole!"

"Enough of these games!" Ragnar spat. A pair of elvish soldiers grabbed the Santa and dragged him away. "What is the meaning of this, you two?" he asked to Arquen and Eruvanda.
"We know not what you mean!" said Eruvanda.

"Liars!" Ragnar replied, kicking Arquen in the gut. "You two, deal with the 'Santa' later, kill Arquen and Eruvanda NOW!"

The figures heard this and covered their faces quickly, then began pushing through the crowd. The Suitroops pointed their energy staffs at the back of Arquen and Eruvanda's head. The couple held each other's hands tightly and began praying for God to keep their souls. The staff gems began to light up. This was the end. It was a good life, but it had to end at some point. Perhaps now they could be martyrs for peace.

Suddenly, one of the figures climbed onto the police barricade and launched himself from it. He ran up to the Suitroops, jumped and kicked one in the head, then did the same to another. The other six figures grabbed the guard Suitroops and ripped their heads off before storming the Capitol Square and joining up with the lead one.

The cheers of the crowd drowned out Ragnar's confused shouting as the seven of them stood tall and defiant in front of Arquen and Eruvanda. The couple held each other and looked at each other with confusion on their features. But then, they realized just what had happened when one of them spoke. "Did you have to do this?" the person asked.

"Red Ranger?" Arquen asked.

"I see you recognized me," he said as he turned around, pulled the mask down and gave them a smile.

"But, how—"

"We knew you were going to duck out on us," said Ritchie. "Ndebele overheard you talking about surrendering. Maybe you should have said in Elvish."

"Typical elvish arrogance," said Sean. "But who cares? It's time to tell these bastards to GET THE HELL OUT OF OUR CITY!"

"But, how did you—"

"To be honest, we weren't positive, but when we got the note, our suspicions were confirmed and we double-timed it over here," said Maria.

"It's called a car," said Ritchie. Arquen was surprised when he saw the Gold Ranger's face.

"Are you wearing face paint?" he asked.

"Yes, but that's not important!" said Ritchie. He turned back towards the stunned Ragnar.

"What is going on!?" he shouted.

"What, did you think we were going to be defeated that easily?" Kevin taunted. "At least one of you should know better!

"No speeches!" Ragnar replied. "This is not possible!"

"Of course it is!" said Sean. "We're Power Rangers!"

"We don't quit!" said Kevin.
"We—"

"Don't—"

"Surrender!" Daisuke, Hitomi and Maria continued,

"And most importantly—"

"Of all," Rob and Ritchie added,

"WE DON'T LOSE!"

Ragnar growled in anger. He let them give a speech. "You want us to make a speech about friendship and how we don't leave any allies behind?" Sean taunted.

"NO!"

"Okay, then," said Sean. He pulled his jacket sleeve up and displayed his morpher. "Then let's get this over with. YOU GUYS READY!?"

"READY!"

"GPX, START IT UP!"

The Rangers morphed and the crowd cheered enthusiastically. It was loud enough to be heard inside the Capitol Building. Gina ran up to the window and her grin broke wide as she was unable to contain her excitement. "IT'S THE POWER RANGERS!" she shouted. "IN YOUR FACE, GREG!"

"Wait, what?" Greg said in disbelief.

Yes, the Power Rangers had come. Now comes the time for the silly posing.

Sean: "GPX RED!"

Kevin: "GPX BLUE!"

Daisuke: "GPX GREEN!"

Maria: "GPX YELLOW!"

Hitomi: "GPX PINK!"

Rob: "GPX SILVER!"

Ritchie: "GPX GOLD!"

"Do the impossible, see the invisible!" Sean quoted Gurren Lagann.

"POWER RANGERS! GPX!" The explosions behind them scared Arquen and Eruvanda. "WHO THE FUCK DO YOU THINK WE ARE!?"

The only one angrier than Ragnar was Phaedos and for good reason. But Ragnar remembered he still had the upper hand, so he turned to Túrelië. "Activate the bomb timer," he said.

"Yes, Commander," she said as she went back inside. Once inside, she pressed on the number pad on the bomb. "It is ready," she said. "It will detonate in 30 minutes."
"Too long, but good enough," said Ragnar. "Listen, Power Rangers!" he said, "We have set the bomb to detonate in 30 minutes! I challenge you to disarm it!"

"Ah, FUCK!" Sean shouted.

"Red Ranger," said Arquen, "I can disarm the bomb. I undertook mandatory bomb disarming training every year."

"Ragnar must have been pretty short-sighted," said Sean. "Alrighty, then. Lizzie, think you can help?"

"I do not know how to disarm a bomb," she replied. "But I can help free the hostages."

"Good enough," said Sean. "We'll hold these clowns off so you can get inside." They nodded. "ALRIGHT, RAGNAR! BRING IT!"

"GET THEM!" Ragnar shouted. The Suitroops swarmed forward to attack the Rangers.

"Good luck, you magnificent seven," said Eruvanda.

Just like before, they held each others' hands and walked forward confidently until they broke the grasped, summoned their weapons and engaged the Suitroops.

"AAAAALLLLOOONNNNSSSS-YYYY!" Sean wound up his fist and threw a hard punch at the Suitroops hard enough to smash the Suitroop's head and send parts flying into the others. He grabbed a Suitroop, tossed it into the Suitroops and then kicked the Suitroops hard. He wound up his right arm and with a mighty roar, delivered a powerful one-two-three punch combo that sent Suitroops flying. Then he wound up his leg and delivered a powerful roundhouse kick that knocked one of the Suitroops into the driveway.

Kevin leaped into the air, and then grabbed a Suitroop when he came down, rolled and slammed the Suitroop into the pavement. He got up and tackled another one and stuffed its face into the snow and dirt. He picked a Suitroop up, lifted it over his head and tossed it into one of the trees. Then he grabbed a pair of Suitroops, spun and with a mighty roar of his own, hurled them far and wide. He kicked a Suitroop that had snuck on him and he ripped its head off as punishment. As a coup de grace, he kicked a Suitroop in the chin.

The Suitroops rushed towards Daisuke, who felt a tinge of familiarity with his situation. Oh, how he missed this! He rushed forward and kicked the first Suitroop he faced. Then he spun and reverse roundhouse kicked another one. He grabbed a Suitroop's arm and jerked it down into his knee. He then grabbed another Suitroop and punched it right in the face. He found some space and crouched down, spun and swept the Suitroops to the ground. He finished it off with a swift roundhouse kick that knocked one head clear off.

Maria jumped and split kicked a pair of Suitroops that got in her way. She landed and rolled on the ground, and kicked a Suitroop. The ring on her boot began to spin, grinding on the Suitroop and a follow-up reverse roundhouse kick sent it flying. She threw a one-two punch combo that took down some more Suitroops. Then she held her arms out, ran forward and clotheslined the next two Suitroops that dared to try and stop her. She wound up her fist and delivered a powerful left hook to a Suitroop's head.

"Come and get me!" Hitomi taunted. The Suitroops followed her as she ran towards the street. Then, she jumped up and grabbed onto the nearest traffic light started swinging from it. She let go and landed among the Suitroops, knocking them down. Then she blocked several Suitroop punches
and countered with a knee to the Suitroop’s gut and elbowed it in the back. She punched a Suitroop, kicked it and then knocked its head off. The Suitroops rushed forward, but her small frame was enough to evade them all.

Rob roared, jumped on top of the Capitol steps and leaped backwards. He kicked to block a Suitroop kick and then reverse roundhouse kicked the Suitroop in retaliation. He revved up his arm, and then threw a powerful punch that sent a Suitroop flying backwards, knocking the others down. Then he ran forward, jumped and landed on all of them. When he got off, he jumped out of the way of several energy blasts. He waited until a Suitroop rushed forward and then kicked the Suitroop hard enough to smash it to pieces.

Ritchie caught a Suitroop's arm and tossed it to the ground. Then he kicked at one of the Suitroops that came forward. He took a swipe, and then kicked at a Suitroop twice to knock it away. He put another Suitroop in a headlock to slam it hard to the ground. He picked up another one by the collar and said, "Don't fuck with Wisconsin!" before tossing it into a tree. He let out a loud war whoop and then rushed the Suitroops, holding his arms out, grabbed a couple, spun them around and let go to toss them aside like ragdolls.

Sean had gotten onto one of the sidewalks leading up to the steps and grabbed onto the Suitroops to hold them back. His boot wheels started to spin and he pushed them out of the way. The other Rangers followed suit and now there was a clear path. "GET GOING!" he shouted to Arquen and Eruvanda.

They immediately ran for the entrance of the State Capitol. Energy blasts whizzed above and around their heads, but they reached the steps safely. Arquen tried to open it, but found it was locked. He grabbed an energy staff, pointed it at the door and fired. He and Eruvanda stepped inside.

Okay, that part was done and the Santa was safe… he had beaten up the Suitroops. The Rangers turned around to see Phaedos, Tirna, Túrelie and Ingvar in front of a horde of Suitroops. But, "Oh, crap," said Ritchie. "Where the hell is Ragnar?"

"We've got our own shit to worry about," said Sean. He pressed his belt buckle to summon the GT Sword.

"Is that the Sword of Elrond?" asked Ingvar. "Human blasphemy! Suitroops! SLAUGHTER THEM!" The Suitroops stormed forward.

"YIPPIE-KI-YAY, MOTHERFUCKERS!" Sean shouted. The Rangers summoned their personal weapons and charged to meet the Suitroops.

Gina'd had enough and ran for the exit. But she stopped at the entrance. There was an invisible wall preventing escape. Dammit! But, there had to be something she could do. She looked around and noticed a Suitroop getting distracted by the action outside. Now's her chance!

She ran up to it and tackled it. It dropped the energy staff and she picked it up and shot the Suitroop. Immediately everyone else started to murmur about. A young woman of First Nations extraction stood up among them. "Greg, I need to tell you something," said Gina. "Elves might be bad, but they're not all genocidal monsters."

"Wait, what?"

Before Greg could get another word out, Gina pulled her head band off, turned her head and revealed her pointed ears. Gasps spread through the hostages. Eyes moved from the captors and
back to the captive. "I am not going to sit by and let these monsters sully the name of the elves!" she declared before pointing an energy staff at a Suitroop and blasting it. "Let's get out of here! LET'S GET 'EM!"

More exhilarated at the blown-up Suitroop than an elf in their midst, the hostages cheered and assaulted the Suitroops. They took them down with ease. The one who took down the last one happened to be the First Nations woman who immediately ran up to Gina. "Excuse me, elf, but thank you for helping. What's your name?"

"Gina, Gina Fox," she replied. "What about you?"

"Janet Redwater," she said. "Now that I think about it, I might have seen you around before, but who am I to make accusations?"

Downstairs, Arquen had disarmed an elven soldier and threw him up against a wall. "Where is the bomb?" he demanded. The soldier glanced over to the rotunda. A gold—colored sphere with blue gems dotting the surface was visible. "Perfect. Now where are the hostages?"

"In conference rooms and offices throughout the building," he said. Eruvanda nodded and ran off to go and free them. Arquen dropped the soldier and strolled over to the bomb. He began to skip and then run when he realized he had no one in between him and the bomb.

Then he felt a hard blow on the back of the head, hard enough to knock him down and stun him, but not hard enough to knock him out, break his skull or anything else that could happen. "Such a shame," a familiar voice said. "I had high hopes for you when you left the Academy. You were smart, resourceful, passionate, cunning, everything I wanted in a general. But then you had to discover human culture, fall in love and just be a general waste of space."

"You say that like it is a bad thing," said Arquen. He laughed. Living among the Power Rangers must have really affected him.

"It is," Ragnar replied, pulling him up by his collar. "Now in case you are getting silly ideas about killing or challenging me to bring about peace, you are mistaken. I am not needed. This war will continue until God's will is carried out."

"What is God's will?" asked Arquen.

"You are too nosy," Ragnar said, tossing Arquen aside and crashing into the wall. "I have no need for you right now, so I can kill you."

Arquen looked around and saw an energy staff just lying around. He grabbed it and when Ragnar swung his staff, he blocked the staff with the new one. "Get out of my way, Ragnar," he said. "If I am to redeem myself, I may as well do it by saving these humans!"

"You are demented," said Ragnar.

Thanks to Arquen distracting Ragnar, Eruvanda had made her way to the Governor's Conference Room where Gina and Janet were (unbeknownst to her) being held captive. The two soldiers guarding the door pointed their rifles at her. She stopped and put her hands up. "You do know who I am, correct?" she said.

"We know," said the guard on the right. "We have been ordered to kill you on sight."

Then why have they not done so? "Then shoot me," she said. The two guards looked at each other and pointed their weapons at her. She held her arms out as if to taunt them. "Well? What are you
waiting for? I am right here! SHOOT ME!"

"What is she doing?" Gina asked herself, putting her hands up against the force field. "Is she suicidal or something?"

The guards kept their weapons pointed at Eruvanda, but the moral dilemma was evident on their expressions. "I left you behind, I am wearing human clothes and I am helping the humans, am I not? SHOOT ME!" They hesitated. "If you cannot shoot me, then free these captives."

The guards pointed their weapons at Eruvanda again. Gina could see their hands shaking and trembling. Could they really shoot their queen?

That question was answered as soon as both soldiers dropped their weapons. Gina could see a small bit of disappointment in her face, but Eruvanda walked up to the soldiers and put her hands on their shuddering shoulders. "Free them," she said.

Gina almost fell forward and that could only mean one thing: they were free! The now-freed hostages poured out of the conference room and went outside. "What were you thinking!?" she shouted when she ran up to Eruvanda. "Are you suicidal or something?"

"I wanted to help!" said Eruvanda. Gina could see that she was lying.

"Don't be so suicidal!" she said, grabbing her arms. "If you need someone to be loyal to you, then I pledge whatever allegiance I can!"

"That is not it, young one," said Eruvanda.

"Gina, we need to get going, now!" Janet said, coming up behind her.

"But I want to help the Queen!" Gina replied.

"Wait, QUEEN!?" She was loud enough that everyone who had still not left heard her. Murmurs spread right as Greg, Pablo, Ian and Pam ran up behind Janet. "If you're the Queen, then what are you doing here in Madison?"

"It is a long tale," said Eruvanda, "But right now, I need to free the rest of the captives."

"I'm in!" said Gina.

"So am I!"

"Me too!"

"Count me in!" said Pablo, Ian and Pam. Greg was silent. Janet could already tell he hated the elves too much.

"Get out of here, kid," she said, pushing him away. "If you're not doing anything, then get out of here!"

"Don't push me!" said Greg.

"Then what are you going to do?" Janet asked. "If I remember correctly, you were bitching about the Power Rangers last night. And yet, I saw them fighting out there, risking their lives to save you. You don't have to like them, but put your situation in perspective. Are you prepared to do something, anything, to help? If you're going to complain, then do something. If not, get out."
Greg looked over at Gina and the Queen. A muffled explosion could be heard outside. "Alright, I'll help."

"Perfect!" said Gina. "Let's go!"

The people streaming out of the building were noticed by Ragnar. He had Arquen pinned to the ground when he saw them leaving. As he got up, Arquen took advantage and tackled his former commander. They just barely missed the bomb, but Arquen's hand grazed by a switch on it.

Back outside, Sean and Maria were being the awesome Battle Couple they were when they noticed people streaming out of the Capitol. "NOW we're talking!" said Sean. With a laugh, he cut a Suitroop's head off while Maria thrust her dagger into another Suitroop's chest. When she withdrew it, Sean thrust the blade of his sword at the Suitroop, running it right through. The he kicked a Suitroop at his girlfriend and she punched it right in the face and knocked its head clear off of its shoulders.

Daisuke's katana clashed with a Suitroop's energy staff. Their weapons ground against each other until Hitomi thrust the blade of the Am Staff into the Suitroop's back. Then Daisuke threw the Suitroop's energy staff off and cut its head off. Daisuke kept swinging and slashing at the enemy while Hitomi finished them off. She took the blunt end of the naginata-like weapon and whacked a Suitroop in the back of the head. Then she thrust the blade of the weapon into a Suitroop while Daisuke finished it off.

Ritchie kicked a Suitroop in the head while Kevin took aim and shot the Suitroop. Then he took the butt of the Touring Rifle and whacked the Suitroop in the head. Ritchie finished it off by embedding head of his axe into the Suitroop's back. A Suitroop snuck up behind Ritchie, but Kevin took aim and shot the Suitroop. Then Ritchie returned the favor, swinging his axe at a Suitroop and chopping off its arm. Kevin grabbed a Suitroop, lifted up and slammed it into the ground, and Ritchie chopped it.

Sadly, Rob was the odd man out in this fight. His Silver Saber was locked with an energy staff locked with an energy staff. He struggled to break free. To do so, he kicked the Suitroop in the shin and then took a couple of swings of the Silver Saber that sent sparks flying. He converted it into a blaster and shot several Suitroops one at a time. A Suitroop dodged the blasts and rushed for the Marine, but he grabbed the Suitroop and threw it to the pavement to finish off the Suitroops.

Then, he felt a gust of wind going past him. He looked to see one of the elves going straight for Sean and punched him right in the helmet.

"SEAN!" Maria shouted. The elf grabbed her by the shoulder straps, but she defiantly grabbed his arm.

"Get out of my way, human," said Ingvar. He reached for Sean, but Sean kicked his hand, making him let go of Maria.

"Don't touch my girlfriend, asshole!" said Sean.

"You want to face him?" asked Maria.

"Hey, I'm Red Ranger, it's my job to face the commanders," he replied.

She shrugged and turned to Tirna. "Then I'll go and help Hitomi," she said. "Good luck, honey."

"Sure thing, babe," said Sean. She blew him a kiss and ran off to help Hitomi.
Ingvar lunged, thrusting his sword at Sean. Sean dodged the sword and elbowed Ingvar in the gut. The Elven field marshal staggered backwards, but kicked Sean in the chest. Ingvar's and Sean's swords clashed with a loud clang. They started pushing at each other, trying to break the stalemate. Sean eventually broke it and took a couple slashes at Ingvar. Sparks flew from the Elf and Sean kicked him in the gut. But then Ingvar grabbed Sean's throat and then threw him to the ground, put his boot on his chest and started pushing.

Maria ran over to Hitomi, who was fighting Tirna. Maria wound up her fist and punched the Zordonian general in the face. The general growled and lunged at Maria, but Hitomi tackled the general hard. She got up and stomped at the general's face, but Tirna rolled out of the way as the boot dug into the dirt. Tirna got back up and grabbed Hitomi by the throat, then pushed her into Maria. The two struggled to get back up, but Tirna started shoving them both into the snow with an evil smile on the general's face.

Daisuke had made a silent resolution not to believe anything Phaedos said. So when Phaedos started taunting him, Daisuke immediately lunged at Phaedos and their swords clashed. Phaedos spat on Daisuke, but Daisuke hooked his leg around that of Phaedos and ripped him off his feet. He lifted his katana and swung down, but Phaedos rolled out of the way and did the same to him. "Oh, I'm going to enjoy this," said Phaedos. He raised his leg and stomped down, but Daisuke rolled out of the way.

As Túrelie had been trying to kill him for some time, she darted straight for Ritchie. He didn't see her coming and felt the blow of her fist hard on his jaw. She grabbed one of his straps and tossed him into one of the trees. It was painful, but not debilitating, and Ritchie got up and blocked Túrelie's next punch. Her expression was filled with rage, but not the psychotic, wild anger of the past, but it was more focused on Ritchie. Ritchie struggled to get free, but Túrelie had a vice grip on his neck and shoving him into the tree.

More Suitroops showed up and surrounded Kevin and Rob. Sure, Marines once said that being surrounded simplified their problem, but there's a hell of a lot of Suitroops. Energy staffs started to glow and blasts of energy flew in all directions. Rob and Kevin jumped out of the way, but the odd blast connected, and sparks flew from both of them. The Suitroops then stopped and ran for the two, but they got back up and started fighting back as best they could. Sadly, the numbers were not on their side.

Arquen's vision was getting a little blurry. He looked in a reflective surface, but how could there be no bruising anywhere near his eyes. Then he felt Ragnar grab his hair and drag him away from the surface and tossed him into the wall. He yelled in pain and fell to the ground, his back in utter agony. Okay, this is not looking good. "I apologize for this," said Ragnar, "But your treason leaves me no choice." He picked Arquen up by the hair and kneed him right in the gut, almost making Arquen throw up.

Ingvar wound up his fist and threw a punch so hard that Sean's helmet was knocked off. Tirna's sword struck both Maria and Hitomi, and sent them both flying with sparks flying. Phaedos delivered a powerful kick that knocked Daisuke down. Túrelie raised both fists in the air and pounded Ritchie into the snow. Rob and Kevin fell to the ground, their suits smoldering and Ranar grabbed Arquen by the throat and squeezed.

Sean struggled to reach his GT Sword but right as he got to it Ingvar's boot stomped on his wrist. Sean struggled to get free, but the Elven field marshal only pressed harder. "You lost yesterday. What made you think you could win today?" he taunted. "You won't have anyone to save you this time, human. Look around you. It only took mere moments and you've fallen again. Pathetic. What do you think you are, some cowboy?"
"Yippee-ki-yay, motherfucker!"

"Is that all?" Ingvar taunted. "You have nothing! You've lost, Red Ranger. You were lucky against the Zordonians. Did you honestly think you could defeat us? Do not make me laugh."

Sean's left arm was still free and he defiantly grabbed Ingvar's leg, but Ingvar kicked him hard in the chest. "Ah, ah, ah," he said. "I can certainly say you are persistent. It will be such a shame when—AH!" Something tackled Ingvar from behind and Sean took the opportunity to grab his GT Sword.

"What the hell took you, Ndebele!"

"At least I'm here!" said Aaron. "I got a ride from someone."

"Who?"

"Him." Sean nearly dropped the sword. Ingvar's jaw, however, did.

"Rusco!?" he said. "I thought you were dead!"

Rusco did not answer, but he strode up to Ingvar and grabbed the Elven field marshal. "Where's my daughter?"

"Inside, like the rest of them," said Ingvar. "Better hurry, that bomb is about to explode!"

"Get your ass inside, we'll take care of these clowns!" said Sean. He pushed Aaron and Rusco in the direction of the State Capitol. Now he had him. "So, where were we?" he said.

Ingvar grabbed Sean's leg and ripped him off his feet again. Sean kicked Ingvar in the gut and stood up, putting his helmet back on. "Last time we won, we 'tapped into the suits'. FUCK THAT! We're gonna win, RIGHT HERE, and RIGHT NOW, WITH OUR OWN BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS!"

"We'll see," said Ingvar. He ran forward, but was met with Sean's fist. It sent him flying backwards, and he crashed into one of the trees.

"COME ON, GET UP! WE'RE NOT OUT OF THIS YET!" Sean shouted.

Sean may not have tapped into the suit, but he tapped into the Rangers' emotions. Maria and Hitomi got back up and threw a powerful punch at Tirna that sent the Zordonian general flying. Daisuke blocked Phaedos's sword and then swept the Zordonian from his feet. Ritchie blocked Türelie's punch and countered with a punch of his own. Rob and Kevin then got back up and sun, taking out several Suitroops.

"So you are willing to fight," said Ingvar, "How laughable. I almost expected some silly dialogue to come out of your mouth."

"What? Do you actually expect me to spout some cheesy speech about friendship and all that, and how we're here to save the day, etc, etc, etc?" Sean asked. "This isn't the TV show. This is real-fucking-life!"

Ingvar roared and ran forward. Sean took a big swing at Ingvar and struck the Elven general to send sparks flying. Then he spun and delivered a powerful reverse roundhouse kick to Ingvar's cheek. He walked over to Ingvar, his sword pointed at the Elven general and well, he could not resist saying, "Hello. My name is Sean O'Callahan. You pissed me off. PREPARE TO DIE!"
Inside, Rusco and Aaron had subdued an elf soldier and Rusco threw the elf up against a wall. "Where are the prisoners?" he asked.

"I don't know!" the soldier replied, "They keep escaping! I haven't seen any of them!"

"Wait, does that mean—" Rusco's momentary distraction gave the elf soldier a chance to escape, but Aaron grabbed the soldier and threw him to the floor. He winced and grabbed his back afterwards. "Where is the force field control panel?" asked Rusco.

"Second floor of the rotunda!" said the elf soldier. Aaron immediately let go of the soldier and ran off to find it.

Rusco then marched into the rotunda. He noticed the bomb and while he did say he was not an engineer, he did know how to disarm it. He was interrupted when Ragnar crossed into his field of vision, locked in combat with a vaguely familiar face. Rusco waited until they were out of the way before running over to the bomb and started working on it.

Aaron ran up the steps to the second floor, taking down Suitroops and elf soldiers while staying out of the way of freed captives. An elf officer ran up to him, but Aaron clotheslined him. He picked up the dazed elf and threw him against the wall. "How do I deactivate the force field?" he asked.

"I won't tell you anything!" said the elf.

"TELL ME!" Aaron bellowed.

"I will not tell you that the force field can be deactivated by pressing the red button," said the elf. Aaron threw him against the wall again. "I will not say anything!"

"Then—" Aaron stopped. Wait, he just told him what he needed to hear! He punched the elf in the stomach and ran off while the officer watched.

Arquen still fought with Ragnar. Ragnar shoved the former general to the floor and was about to punch him when he noticed someone fiddling with some bomb wires. The person looked at them as if to taunt him and then went back to his work. "Impossible," said Ragnar. "I thought you were dead, Rusco!" Ragnar's momentary distraction was enough for Arquen to punch him in the face. Then Arquen kicked Ragnar in the chest before looking at Rusco.

"Rusco?"

"He's behind you!" Rusco warned. Arquen spun and kicked Ragnar hard. But then Ragnar found a figure making his way over to the force field control panel.

Aaron fought the Suitroops and soldiers, knocking them out of his way as he made his way over to the control panel. Sure enough, there was a red button there. One more Suitroop stood between him and the panel. He rushed over and punched the Suitroop in the face, then spun and kicked it hard enough to damage it. But he held onto his back again before making his way to the panel.

"Can't say I'm useless," he said, pressing the red button. The panel lit up in Elvish script, which he could not read. But, since it wasn't exploding, he knew—"AH!"

Something kicked him in the back. Immediately he felt an incredible amount of pain and he fell to the ground. He tried to get up, but the pain was so severe. Whoever kicked him had aggravated his injury. "I commend you for your courage," said the voice he recognized as Ragnar, "But I need this to be taken care of." Ragnar pressed the red button again and Aaron groaned.
Just then, a blue blast of energy whizzed by, nearly knocking Ragnar off his feet. Then Arquen jumped into the rotunda, grabbed Ragnar and threw him off the balcony. "Hey! Are you okay?" A female voice asked. Aaron looked up and saw three familiar faces. "Haven't I seen you hang out with O'Callahan and Ritchie?" asked Janet.

"The red button," said Aaron. Janet, Gina and Eruvanda looked at the control panel. Janet stood up and ran over to the control panel and pressed the red button. Eruvanda ran up to the console to read the Elvish script.

"The force field is deactivating," said Eruvanda.

Outside, Sean and Ingvar's blades were locked. Suddenly, Sean's electronics short-circuited for a split second. He kicked Ingvar and looked up at the sky. His HUD showed the force field dissipating. "HE DID IT!" He cheered. "Fuck yeah, Ndebele!"

"NO!" Ingvar shouted. He got up and charged Sean, but Sean took a couple swings at Ingvar, which all connected. Ingvar stumbled backwards and Sean ran forward and took some more swings at Ingvar. Then he roundhouse kicked Ingvar, and punched him hard enough that Ingvar was sent flying into the snow.

Tirna angrily threw a punch at Maria, but she blocked it. "Take this, Zoisite!" Hitomi shouted, as she kicked Tirna right in the face. Then Maria jumped, twirled in the air and her foot connected with the Tirna's back. Then Hitomi wound up her arm and punched Tirna in the stomach, and Maria kicked the Zordonian hard.

"Come on Green, we both know you're better than this," Phaedos taunted, "Why are you taking orders from him?"

"I will not fall for your lies and manipulations again, Phaedos," said Daisuke. Phaedos roared, falling into Daisuke's trap. Daisuke waited, and then took a big cut with his katana, slashing at him all the while. Sparks flew from Phaedos, and then Daisuke delivered the coup de grace, a hard punch to the face.

Ritchie's axe was still tangled with Túrelie's sword. Then he kicked her and took a couple hacks with his axe, sending sparks flying. Túrelie ran up to stab him, but he got out of the way and elbowed her in the stomach. Then he drove his axe downwards, and it sent Túrelie face-first into the snow.

The Suitroops fell as Kevin and Rob shot and cut them up. Kevin shot one Suitroop at a time, while Rob's Siver Saber shredded the Suitroops. Kevin pointed the Touring Rifle at a Suitroop. Rob ducked and Kevin shot the Suitroop. With only two left, the older Rangers took their guns and shot them both.

"Come on get 'im, whatever-your-name-is!" Janet cheered. Arquen threw a punch at Ragnar, and his fist connected hard. Ragnar stumbled back into the wall, dazed and confused. Then Arquen kicked him in the chest and Ragnar fell forward while the spectators cheered. Arquen stood, breathing heavily, amazed at when just happened.

"Arquen!" Eruvanda called out, "The bomb!"

Oh, dammit! Arquen rushed over to the bomb. Five minutes left? How is this possible? "I hope you remembered you training!" said Rusco.

"I see you remembered," said Ragnar, "My duty is done." With that, he teleported away.
"YOU COWARD!" Gina shouted.

"Gina! Control yourself!" said Rusco.

Outside, the Rangers gathered around as the elven and Zordonian leaders seethed with anger. "You damn Rangers!" said Ingvar. "You'll never win!"

"Look around you!" said Sean, "You lost!" Suitrop wreckage was strewn about all over the snow. Broken energy staffs littered the ground too. As for the elves and Zordonians, well, they've seen better days. "Alright people, let's send these people running! SUPERCHARGE!"

The Rangers took their keys and jammed them into their weapons and blasters, save for Sean, Ritchie and Rob. "FIRE!" They let their attacks fly. They hit the Zordonians and elves. Explosions erupted, and the elves and Zordonians fell, save for Ingvar.

"You have not seen the last of us!" said Ingvar, "The day will come when you will fall, mark my words."

"You know, I've noticed my sword looks like it belongs to this guy named Elrond," said Sean, "Whoever he was, he must be important. So I guess you could say it's ironic that a human is using a weapon designed to look like an Elven weapon to beat an elf. But that's not important. Right now, I'm feeling pretty merciful. That's why I'm gonna let you go." Ingvar sighed in relief.

But Sean jammed his AcceleKey into his sword and gave it a turn. "I'm gonna give you to the count of ten to get lousy, ugly, genocidal, four flushing carcass OUT OF THIS CITY!"

"You are bluffing!" said Ingvar.

"Does it look or sound like I'm bluffing?" Sean growled, "1... 2..." Ingvar angrily ran at Sean. "GT STRIKE!" Sean rushed forward and with a mighty swing, slashed at Ingvar. Sparks flew from the elf, but he landed a blow on Sean, which caused his helmet to fall off. "Ah, not again," he said as he knelt down. But the damage was done. "Merry Christmas, you filthy animal."

Sparks erupted from Ingvar and he screamed in pain. "And a happy new year." Sean stood up and posed in victory, while Ingvar fell to the ground. A massive fireball erupted behind Sean.

Then he and the other Rangers turned to the remaining elves and Zordonians. "You wanna do this again?" Hitomi taunted.

"Ingvar, Túrelie, Phaedos, Tirna, retreat now! The bomb is set to explode in four minutes!" Ragnar ordered through their earpieces. Remembering this, Ingvar laughed.

"You think you've won?" he taunted. "You've lost! So long, Rangers!" With that, he and the others teleported away.

"What the fuck was he—" An expression of horrified realization appeared on Sean's face. "Oh, fuck, THE BOMB!" He grabbed his helmet and the other Rangers followed him inside.

Arquen desperately fumbled with the wires while Rusco tried to use the panel. "No!" He groaned.

"Keep looking, Arquen," said Rusco. He put in another number. Again, it didn't work. "Dammit! This is what I get for leaving."

"Come on dad, hurry!" Gina shouted.
"Talk to me, people!" Sean said as he and the Rangers walked inside, "What the hell is going on!?!"

"We have less than four minutes!" Rusco replied without looking up.

"And evacuation is impossible," said Arquen.

"Oh, dammit!" Maria groaned. "What can we do?"

"Help!" said Rusco.

"I don't know how to diffuse a bomb!" said Hitomi.

"If only they learned," said Arquen.

The Rangers started looking around the bomb to try and find something to stop the bomb. Sean noticed a switch, but it was far too obvious to use. This isn't *Goldfinger!* But then again, "What about this switch?"

"What?" Rusco asked.

"A switch?" asked Arquen.

"Right here!" Sean replied. He removed his helmet and pointed at it. "I know it's anti-climactic, but try it!"

"I suppose I could try it," said Rusco. He reached for the switch and flipped it, then looked over at the screen. The sigh that escaped his lips told them it all they needed to know. "It's been deactivated."

The rotunda echoed with the cheering of the Rangers and everyone else. The Rangers threw their helmets off, Maria jumped in Sean's arms and he twirled him around, Gina and Janet hugged each other and jumped for joy. Eruvanda leaped down and tried to embrace Arquen, but as he was still working, Rusco held her off. Speaking of Arquen, he silently cursed everyone for being so loud.

"Could you please be quiet? I want to concentrate so I can finish this!" he said. They didn't listen. He muttered in Elvish, but found the wire he was looking for and snipped it. "It's fully deactivated now," he said.

"That's our man—er, Elf!" Sean said, rubbing his shoulders. Then Eruvanda tackled him to the floor and peppered him with kisses. "Dude, I am SO buying you a drink tonight!" said Sean.

"Hey, um, guys?" Janet called out from the rotunda balcony, "What about this Ndebele guy?"

"Oh, shit!" Sean breathed as he went to run upstairs. Only problem is, he forgot to put his helmet back on. The other Rangers and elves followed up the stairs and they ran over to the still in-pain Aaron. "Ndebele, you okay?" Sean asked.

"My back," Aaron groaned. "It hurts."

"Hey take it easy man, you did great!" Rob said, patting him on the shoulder.

"You went in unmorphed, you kicked ass and played an important role," said Maria. "Be proud of yourself!"

"Ragnar kicked me in the back," Aaron continued. "How did we do?"
"We sent 'em running with their tails between their legs," said Kevin.

"Wait a minute, O'Callahan, O'Donnell? Ritchie?" He looked right up at the very stunned Janet and forgot that he was supposed to keep his identity a secret. "Wait, how—what the fuck!? And are you wearing face paint and feathers? What the fuck is going on? You guys are the Power Rangers!?!"

"Ah, shit," said Sean. Yes, it came out of nowhere, but Bridge learned essentially the same way. He turned to Janet and said, "Please don't tell anyone, okay? Superhero stuff, you know."

"Guys," said Aaron, "I failed to deactivate the force field. Janet did."

"Ah, who cares?" said Sean. "You did your best, anyway." Aaron smiled, but winced at his pain. "Oh, thanks for the help, Janet. Look, the EMTs are gonna be here soon, okay? You're gonna be fine." Aaron laughed, but winced again.

Sean looked up, seeing Hitomi talking to her friends and trying to explain what was going on. Rusco stood off to the side, shaking his head and must have said something about the mess everyone caused. Arquen and Eruvanda were half in their own little world and half in the real one.

"Well, looks like this is the Christmas I'll remember most," he said. Sure, things might go to hell in the coming weeks, but for now, it's time to PARTY! "Are we fuckin' awesome or ARE WE MOTHERFUCKIN' AWESOME!?!"

"WE'RE MOTHERFUCKIN' AWESOME!" the others called in response.

"Well done," said Eruvanda, "Well done you magnificent seven."

Chapter End Notes

Daisuke VO: "Next time, on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Sean: "LET'S PARTY!"

Doctor: "It's about Aaron."

Arquen: "Actually, I would prefer…"

Ragnar: "How humiliating."

Phaedos: "I hate losing."

Hitomi: "Merry Christmas, everyone!"

Daisuke VO: "That is next time, on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

So how was that, huh!? Nothing like a Goldfinger shout-out if you ask me!

Other than that, that was a hell of a finale, if you ask me! The Rangers kicked ass, Eruvanda helped free the hostages, as did Gina, Janet had a role, Arquen faced down his past, and Rusco showed he's a Papa Wolf. How could you not like it? Okay, I guess some things could have been better, but there was already a lot of stuff in there,
and I kinda had a bit of a word limit. But still, WAS THAT AWESOME OR WHAT!?

Next chapter will deal with some still-hanging plot threads whilst setting up Part 2. There's still a lot of action to get through.

So drop me a review, and don't be afraid to be detailed with them! There was a whole lot of stuff to get through, after all!
Have A Mighty Morphin' Christmas

Chapter Notes

Maria VO: "Last time, on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Ragnar: "Do you have any last words?"

Sean: "Did you have to do this?"

Eruvanda: "Good luck, you magnificent seven."

(The Rangers fight the Suitroops. Arqueun and Eruvanda get inside. Arquen starts fighting Ragnar while Eruvanda helps save some captives)

Gina: "I am not going to sit by and let these monsters sully the name of the elves!"

(Meanwhile, the Rangers fight the elven commanders and start getting beat. However, Aaron shows up.)

Aaron: "I got a ride from someone."

Sean: (To Ingvar) "Hello. My name is Sean O'Callahan. You pissed me off. PREPARE TO DIE!"

(Rusco and Aaron enter the State Capitol and get to work. Aaron goes for the console that controls the force field, but Ragnar kicks him in the back.)

Ragnar: "I commend you for your courage."

Sean: (To Ingvar) ""Merry Christmas, you filthy animal."

(The elves leave, but the Rangers remember the bomb inside. Eventually, they find a switch on the bomb that deactivates it. But their victory does not come without cost, as Aaron appears to be injured badly)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Power Rangers GPX Supercharged, episode 23: Have a Mighty Morphin' Christmas

:-::-:-: We're the best chance for humanity, Pow-er Rang-ers G-P-X, let's go! :-::-:-:

Ragnar's office was silent. You would be excused for assuming you were deaf right about now. All six figures in the office stood around Ragnar's desk with their heads hung and expressions of shame on their faces. They knew they had their chance, but their victory slipped through their fingers. There was a new thought that was filling their minds, especially among the elves.

They had indeed underestimated the Power Rangers.

Yes, they had underestimated them. Yes, they knew what they were a stubborn lot. Yes, they knew (even first hand) that they were not light-weights. And yes, they knew they could win.
But honestly, they could not see this particular loss coming.

The utter defeat and humiliation the Power Rangers had endured the previous day made them arrogant. It had been shown time and again that if the Rangers ever took a beating like that they would come back and win. They managed to utterly decimate the Suitroops they had brought with them. Their allies helped them when they needed them and Rusco turned out to be alive.

How could they not see this coming?

Ragnar lifted his head out of his hands and sighed. "How humiliating," he said.

"I hate losing," said Phaedos.

"What happens now?" asked Túrelie.

"We regroup, of course," said Ragnar. "Our plan is still in motion. But I want another attack against them no later than next week."

"Understood," said Ingvar. Then, his hand flew to his ear. "What? How? NOW? Some students at the University have begun to rebel against the police."

"What?" asked Ragnar. "A rebellion? How is that possible?"

"This is not good," said Tirna. It was about to get worse.

"And I have just heard from the Suitroop factory," said Ingvar. "It appears we exhausted the remainder of them for this year. It will take a month until production can catch up." Ragnar sighed and put his face in his hands again. First a defeat, then a rebellion and now production issues? It seemed as if fate hated him now.

The sun was setting outside and there was another light snowfall, creating a romantic wintry glow in the night sky. Of course, the proceedings on the inside of the house were not as romantic. There's some alcohol being served and it's not just in the beer.

"Have a holly-jolly Christmas
It's the best time of the year
I don't know if there'll be snow
But have a cup of cheer"

The Burl Ives classic sounded through the speakers attached to Bridget's iPod. It mixed with the chatter, clinking glass, sizzling meat and a barking dog. The Rangers and friends were having a party at the Ranger house, a much-needed party after the tough several months that have been punctuated by a truly decisive victory against the Elves.

"Everywere we goo-OOOH!"

Every-where we goo-OOOH!"

"People wanna kno-ow!"

"People wanna kno-ow!"
"Whooo we aaare!"

"Whooo we aaare!"

"Sooo we tell them!"

"Sooo we tell them!"

"We're Pow-er Rang-gers!"

"We're Pow-er Rang-gers!"

"Mighty Power Rangers!"

"Mighty Power Rangers!"

"LET'S PARTY!" Sean cheered, chugging a bottle of Budweiser that surprisingly did not dribble on his Clark Griswold Blackhawks sweater (a perfect sweater for the occasion!).

Everyone who had a role in the battle earlier was there: Gina, Ian, Pam, Greg, Rusco, Janet, as well as Bridget, Rob and their daughters. Arquen and Eruvanda stood off to the side, dressed like characters from the movie *Elf*. What? That joke was too obvious and scintillating to pass up. Arquen did not look happy. In fact he looked downright humiliated. Eruvanda, however, had smile on her face.

As soon as Rusco heard about the events in Madison, he left Milwaukee as soon as he could. Unfortunately, he got in very late and could only get there when the fight had begun. Well, you know the saying better late than never.

Unfortunately, one name was missing: Aaron. The EMTs arrived and took him to University Hospital. He was still undergoing tests that they though would have been completed by 1 in the afternoon. It is in the late afternoon right now, by the way.

There were two bowls on a table filled with eggnog. One was labeled "spiked", the other "not spiked". You can probably guess what that means. The only ones actually consuming alcohol were Sean, Rob, Kevin, Maria, Rusco, Eruvanda, Daisuke and Arquen. Everyone else did not.

"Allie, what happens when some dummy thinks he can beat the Power Rangers?" Sean asked.

"They wose!" Allie replied.

"Oh my god, she's adorable!" Gina laughed, rubbing the toddler's hair. "I wish I had a niece."

"Maybe you will someday," said Rusco, "When you get married."

"Hey, Janet!" Ritchie said, wrapping his arm around the Mohawk woman. "Hey, I'm sorry for not telling you I'm a Power Ranger, but you know, superhero business and all."

"Yeah, I know," said Janet. "By the way, even if you looked stupid with that facepaint, I have to admit, you looked pretty badass fighting." Ritchie pumped his fist, giving a goofy smile while Sean and Maria gave him a thumbs-up. "By the way, Janet, will you please go out with me?"

"Since you asked politely, yes, I will go out with you," she said. Ritchie nearly fainted out of sheer joy.

"About time he asked her," said Maria.
"Hey Janet, why'd you bring the frybread… stuff?" asked Rob.

"I wanted to," she replied. "Have you ever had Indian tacos?"

Rob thought for a moment. "Can't say I have."

"Then let me show you," said Janet. She led Rob into the kitchen to make some Indian tacos.

"Had Indian tacos at my last pow-wow," said Ritchie, "You will not be disappointed."

"I'll take your word for it," said Sean.

"Hey Sean, what about that Santa guy who showed up earlier?" asked Bridget.

"He's a retired SWORD agent!" said Sean. "He's a mall Santa now and he agreed to help us distract Ragnar so we could rescue those two."

Speaking of which, "Sean," said Arquen, "We asked that you not save us. Why did you do it?"

"You're asking this now?" Sean asked. "Whatever. We saved you in large part because you saved us."

"Really?" asked Eruvanda.

"He risked his life to get our beaten bodies out of harm's way yesterday," said Kevin. "Are we honestly going to let that go unpaid?"

"What?"

"I'm sorry, I meant we had to pay you back for helping us," said Kevin. "And, I might add, this is typical Elven arrogance!"

"What?" asked Eruvanda.

"Let me explain," said Kevin, "In literature and popular culture, Elves are typically seen as arrogant, uncaring about the affairs of other species. While you may not see it, your note said that we must not get involved in the affairs of Elves. The problem is we already are! The Elves have attacked us, targeted us, and tried to kill us. If you wanted us to stay out of your affairs, you never should have attacked us in the first place. And besides, we're stubborn bastards and bitches. We were never going to listen in the first place."

"True that," said Sean.

"And besides, we like you!" said Hitomi.

"You… like us?" asked Arquen. The Rangers nodded, so did Gina. Everyone else, well, did not, although that's because they didn't know about them. "After everything we did? Did we even redeem ourselves?"

"Let's see here," said Maria, "You diffused a bomb, freed some hostages, saved our lives, tried to stop the campaign, and even if it was arrogant, you unselfishly tried to get the fighting to stop. I'd say you redeemed yourselves." Everyone else voiced their agreements.

"What are you guys talking about?" Janet called from the kitchen.

"The Elves are angsting!" said Ritchie.
"Oh, okay! Quit whining!"

"We failed, didn't we?" asked Arquen.

"Kinda," said Ritchie.

"Spend more time with humans," Bridget said, putting her arm over Eruvanda's shoulders. "You'll learn a few things."

"I did not know that until now," said Eruvanda.

"And knowing is half the battle!" G.I. JOOOOOOOEEE!

"What did they say?" asked Arquen.

"Did you just reference G.I. Joe without me!?" Rob called out.

"Sorry, Rob!" said Sean.

"Hey Sean! Where the hell are the lettuce, tomatoes and cheese?" Rob called.

"Now? In their drawers in the fridge!" Sean replied. "Look you two, we saved your asses, you redeemed yourselves through your actions, now LIVE, dammit!"

The elves looked at him silently and then at each other. Arquen shrugged, apparently getting Sean's message. Then Sean's phone began to ring and he picked it up. The caller ID said it was from University Hospital. "Hello? Oh, the doctor. Okay, hold on, I'll put you on speaker." Sean pressed a button and held it out so everyone could hear. "Alright, what's it about?" he asked.

"It's about Aaron," said the doctor. "He's got bad back injury that forced us to operate. He just got out of the surgery and is waking up from anesthesia."

"So what's the story?" asked Sean.

"Well, he can move his legs, so he's not paralyzed." A collective sigh escaped everyone's lips. "But it looks like he won't be a Ranger again. It looks like he'll have to go through months of rehab and physical therapy. Of course, that's just an estimate. I know how fast you lot can heal, so we'll see what happens. But until then, you just lost another Green Ranger."

"We can't keep a consistent one, can we?" asked Maria.

"Not necessarily," said Daisuke.

"Lemme guess, you're open to the position," said Sean.

"Do you accept my offer?"

"Well, you're here, aren't you?" asked Sean. "Fuck it, as long as you don't go back to your old self, we're fine. But if you do, remember, there's maybe nine more people on this campus who can easily replace you."

"Understood," said Daisuke.

"Speaking of which, we forgot about those other Project Ranger trainees," said Sean.

"What are you guys talking about?" asked Greg.
"Okay, we're fine with you knowing our identity, but I think we've said too much," said Sean. "And by the way, Gina, now that you've revealed there's Elves living among humans, I assume you know what you've done."

"Oh, dear," said Gina. "I don't want to know."

"Gina, we don't care you're an Elf!" said Pam. "We kinda like it!" She elbowed Greg in the chest to make him nod. Gina began to tear up, and Hitomi and friends gave her a big group hug. D'aaaawww!

"But what's going to happen next?" asked Greg. Moment killer. "What if someone goes Joe McCarthy on the Elves?"

"I am willing to prevent that," said Rusco. "If Elves living among humans need a spokesperson, I am more than willing to be that person."

"What about you two?" Kevin asked Arquen and Eruvanda.

"Actually, I would prefer to lay low," said Arquen.

"I could be a spokesperson, but only for my own cause," said Eruvanda. "Also, I need to prepare for my return. It may take some time, but I hope you Rangers will be patient and tolerant of us."

"What are you talking about?" asked Maria, "We thought you were going to live with Rusco."

"We already talked about that," said Rusco, "I'm not crazy about having extra visitors in my house while I'm trying to feed and house a teenager as well."

"Daaa-ad!"

"Well, we are moving to a new house closer to campus," said Maria. "It's suppose it's possible. Let's vote on it now! All in favor?" She, Kevin, Daisuke and Hitomi raised their hands. Sean did not.

"Add one more hand," said Ritchie. "My roommate's kicking me out."

"Oh, geez," said Sean. "I didn't even get a chance! And what about Hitomi?"

"She's probably going to live in the dorms next semester," said Bridget. "If not, she's staying with us."

"I can't win, can I?" asked Sean.

"Hitomi, it's so sad you're graduating!" said Pam. "I'm gonna miss you so much!"

"But we can still hang out together!" said Hitomi, "You'll be the cool kids because you have a friend in college!"

"Hey yeah, that's true!" said Greg. "And she's a Power Ranger!"

"Don't tell anyone," said Sean. "Otherwise," he made a throat-slashing gesture that made Maria smack him upside the head. "Alright, enough of this shit. Nobody better burn down my tree so I have to go out, cut down a new one only to find a squirrel inside, chase it all through the house, then have some guy come by with a late Jelly-of-the-Month club coupon that makes me throw a temper tantrum and then my idiot cousin goes out and kidnaps my boss and we get the cops come over here and my Santa set gets blown up by a stogie tossed into a gas leak."
"Did he just—"

"Reference *Christmas Vacation*? Yes, he did," Bridget said after interrupting Maria.

"Did you have to do that?" asked Ritchie.

"It was a good opportunity," said Sean. Come on, it's a Christmas episode! Do you honestly expect the author to pass up this chance for a few laughs? "Actually, you know what we should watch tonight? *DIE HARD!*" Fuck you, it's *DIE HARD!"

"NO."

"Ah, you're no fun, Bridge!"

"I'm not supposed to be," said Bridget.

"*A Christmas Story* is on!"

"Twenty-four hours!"

"Actually, I like that movie," said Kevin.

"How many of these movies are there?" asked Arquen.

"Too many," said Sean.

"*Joyeux Noel!*" Bridget insisted. "We've had enough violence today! We need reminders of what this time is supposed to be about!"

"What about redemption? Those two already learned how to redeem themselves without dying!"

"Enough of that!"

"Hey, we have some Indian tacos, but not enough, so we'll have some bison burgers, too!" Rob called out.

"Sounds like a plan," said Sean.

Forget ham and turkey! Never have that stuff for Christmas again! So today, a new Christmas tradition started with the Rangers—Indian tacos and Bison burgers with four elves, some high schoolers and Power Rangers. Heck of a party.

So Ritchie, with Sean's pushing, asked Janet what she was majoring in. Turns out she was majoring in biology. Gina was hoping to major in some social studies-related field. Rob got to know Arquen, asking him about life in the Alfheim military. Arquen was a little apprehensive about it until Rob told him he's a US Marine, so the two military guys got along rather well, and then Kevin entered the conversation.

Allie sat on Sean's lap while he helped her eat her Indian tacos while he ate his bison burger. Greg and Ritchie talked the Packers while Pam, Ian, Pablo, Gina and Hitomi discussed anime. Bridget had a rather pleasant conversation with Eruvanda and everyone else talked amongst themselves.

"You know, I kinda like Indian tacos," said Sean. "We should do this every Christmas."

"Agreed," said Rob. "I think we have a new tradition, thanks to you, Janet."

"You're welcome," said Janet.
"Hopefully things will be okay by next week so we can have our hockey game," said Sean. "I know the football team won't have any troubles, since they're playing in the Rose Bowl."

"What is this 'Rose Bowl'?' asked Arquen. "Is it a tradition?"

"It's a Big Ten tradition," said Sean.

"I have never seen a 'hockey' game before," said Eruvanda, "I want to see it."

"Hey Maria, I know a way I can get you into the student section," Janet whispered.

"I'm listening," said Maria.

The high schoolers had to leave early, so they did. It was a heart-felt good-bye for Hitomi and Gina, although you'll likely see them hanging out again in Part 2. Greg taunted Sean about the Packers, who immediately kicked him out into the snow. Yeah, he's not welcome anymore.

"Gina, I'm so glad I met you," Hitomi said, giving Gina a big hug.

"I am too," said Gina. "Don't be a stranger, okay?"

"I won't," said Hitomi.

"HEY! Let me back in!" Greg shouted from the snow.

"You're leaving anyway!" Sean shouted back.

"Bye, everyone!" Hitomi called out. They all waved good-bye and along with Rusco, left for their homes.

"So now what?" asked Ritchie.

"Sean, why don't you read 'The Night Before Christmas'?" asked Bridget.

"Isn't that Rob's job?" asked Sean.

"Hey, you just saved Madison," said Bridget, "READ IT."

"Okay!" he said. "Hey Kevin! Turn the TV off, we're gonna read some poetry!"

"They're talking about the attack on CNN," said Kevin. "The Mayor of Madison is talking about us."

"What's he saying?" asked Sean.

"The Power Rangers are true heroes," said the mayor, "We saw it in Orlando, and we saw it here. When we get back, the first order of business for the Wisconsin State Assembly should be to declare that day to be Power Rangers Day in Wisconsin."

"I like it already!" said Sean.

"Just don't let it get to your head," said Bridget.

So on Bridget's encouragement, Sean took Allie into his lap and started reading the famous poem. Allie began to drift off in his lap, while everyone else listened intently. The elves listened with care, hoping to learn about this holiday fare. His recital was rather calm and deliberate, so much for
Okay, that one attempt at rhyming didn't work well.

"With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name!

"'Now Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! On, Cupid! on, on Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!'"

"This 'Saint Nicholas', who was he?" asked Arquen.

"A Turkish saint who inspired the Santa Claus story," said Maria.

"He was popular among the Dutch, and since they were among the first settlers of the New York state region, it's only natural he use that name," said Rob.

"And just to be clear, Rudolph wasn't created until the thirties," said Bridge.

"Hey!" Sean said, covering Allie's ears. "Not in front of her." Anyway, he continued.

"…Down the chimney St Nicholas came with a bound.

"He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.
A bundle of Toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler, just opening his pack.

"His eyes-how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow.

"The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly!

"He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself!
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread."

"He was an elf?" Arquen asked. "He does not sound like one."

"It's a 200-year-old poem!" Sean said. "Does it matter? Now let me continue, she's getting bored!"
He continued with the recital.

"He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk.
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose!

"He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, 'ere he drove out of sight,

'Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

"Oh, that was nice!" said Bridget. "How about the Grinch next?"

"We already had a Grinch come to town earlier today," said Sean. "We don't need that one."

"Who is this Grinch?" asked Eruvanda.

"An ill-tempered green bloke who tries to steal Christmas," said Kevin, "Much like what Ragnar did."

"That's stretching it a bit, but I guess so," said Janet. "And I'm surprised the elves don't seem to have a holiday like this, at least from what you two have said."

"We used to have one," said Arquen. Used to. "I remember celebrating it as a child, but we stopped celebrating it. It seems as if celebration of this winter festival ended when Ragnar came to power."

"The bastard," said Sean.

"Watch your language in front of my daughter!" said Bridget. Oh, I forgot to mention, she's holding the now nearly year-old Cassie in her lap right now.

"Ah, well, this is what happens when you worship a violent god who demands blood, just like the guy whose son we're supposedly celebrating."

"A-HEM!"

"What!?" Sean said, looking at his girlfriend. "It's true!"

"Sean, give it a rest for now," said Rob.

"And yet you are an atheist and you celebrate this holiday," said Maria.

"Who says I can't? I just don't celebrate the fake birth of a fake god part."

"Guys, STOP!" Ritchie said. Janet got in between the two just to be sure.

"Stop fighting!" said Allie. Well, now Sean is contractually obligated to oblige his niece's wishes.

"Okay, if you say so," said Sean. "And speaking of which, shouldn't you be getting to sleep, little miss?"

"I'm not sweepy," said Allie.

"But Santa's coming," said Maria. "You don't want him to pass over your house, do you?"

"No," said Allie. "Where AJ?"

"He's right over there," Sean pointed over to AJ, who was sleeping and had plush reindeer antlers on. "Come on, Allie, don't you want to get your presents faster?" He looked over at the packages
under his tree as well.

"Yes," she said. She was rubbing her eyes, and now her mother could see that she needed to get to bed.

"Okay, if you want to get rid of us that badly, just say so," she said.

"Oh come on Bridge, I don't want to get rid of you!" said Sean.

"Sure," said Bridget. "Just for that, I may have to have her stay here just to get back at you."

"Oh, come on."

"Hey, you volunteered," said Bridget.

"WHAT!? I didn't volunteer! And the present I bought for her is at your house!"

"Mommy!"

"Oh, alright, I'm sorry sweetie," said Bridget. "I should ask her. Allie, sweetie, do you want to stay up or do you want to get to bed?"

"I wanna go ta bed," said Allie. Sean checked the time on his iPhone, just to be sure.

"It is 8 o' clock," said Sean. "Isn't that when she usually goes to bed?"

"Yes, it is," said Bridget. "Come on kiddo, we're going home. We don't want Santa to pass us over, do we?"

"No," said Allie. Bridget, Rob and Hitomi stood up and moved to leave. They said their good-byes to the Rangers and then they turned to Arquen and Eruvanda.

"Look, I'm sorry I got mad at you yesterday," said Bridget, "But I had a good reason to be. But, I want to say thanks for helping my brother and husband earlier today."

"You are most welcome," said Eruvanda.

"Bye, Aunt Wizzie!" said Allie. Eruvanda looked at the little girl with confusion until Bridget spoke.

"Sorry, she does that with everyone she likes," she said.

"Oh, then it was a pleasure to meet you, young one," Eruvanda said with a smile.

"Merry Christmas, everyone!" Hitomi said as she waved good-bye and left with Rob and Bridget. Daisuke also stood up to leave.

"I must say, it was an honor and a pleasure to fight alongside you again," he said. "And it will be an honor and pleasure to continue to fight alongside you."

"No problem," said Sean. He extended his hand. Daisuke looked for a moment, then gripped Sean's hand tightly and left as Toji-san waited at the door. "Alright, Yippie-ki—yay, motherfuckers, time for DIE HARD!" Fuck yeah, it's DIE HARD!

"I love that movie!" said Janet.
"What is this *Die Hard*?" asked Arquen.

"Only the most awesome action-slash-Christmas movie OF ALL FUCKING TIME!" said Ritchie.

Later…

"That was… bloody," Arquen said, his Eruvanda's eyes wide with shock while the Rangers and Janet were giddy with excitement.

"Was that awesome or what?" asked Sean.

"I shall take your word for it," said Arquen.

"Alright, it's ten o'clock, I need to leave," said Janet. "By the way, I'll try to get you guys into the student section at the next game, okay?"

"I like her already," said Kevin.

"Oh, Janet, just one more thing, before I forget!" Ritchie ran over to Sean's tree and picked up a package, then handed it to Janet.

"Oh, thank you Ritchie," she said. She opened the present and well, she didn't look very impressed. "A dreamcatcher? Um okay, that is very original and not stereotypical."

"But I made it myself, for you," said Ritchie.

"Oh, my god, oh jeez, I'm so sorry!" Janet said, realizing her faux pas. "I mean, thank you so much, Ritchie, it's—is that a mistletoe?"

"Maria, what the hell are you doing?" Sean asked. "Put the mistletoe down."

"Just kiss already!" said Maria.

Janet sighed, unhappy with Maria's interference. "Okay, if you insist." She grabbed Ritchie and pulled him into a big kiss, which when it ended, made Ritchie faint, but a big goofy grin was still on his lips.

"You look like a dork, Metoxen," said Sean.

"Strange how this plant makes humans behave so… romantically," said Arquen. Then he looked up. "Oh, dear."

"Maria, please stop," said Sean.

"You're supposed to kiss under the mistletoe, you stupid elves!" said Maria.

"Is that so?" asked Arquen. "In that case—" He grabbed Eruvanda, pulled her close to him and kissed her deeply, which she eagerly returned.

"Get a fucking room, you two," said Janet.

"Maria, put the mistletoe down—oh, fuck." She'd already move over to her boyfriend and hung it over him. "Fuck it." He grabbed her, and kissed her hard, while taking the mistletoe out of her hand and handed it to Kevin. "Alright, that's enough," he said. "Let's get to bed. Goodnight, people."

"Goodnight," they all said. Janet left, Ritchie went up to Aaron's room and Kevin and Maria went
up to their rooms. Sean was last, but he lingered for a moment.

"By the way, I want to say, thanks for the help today," he said to Arquen and Eruvanda.

"You are most welcome," said Arquen,

"And thank you for saving us and your hospitality," said Eruvanda.

"Just remember, there's some ground rules if you want to live with us that you'll have to follow," said Sean. "Got that?"

"Understood," said Arquen. Sean smiled, turned away and walked upstairs to bed.

:-:-:-: Power Rangers GPX :-:-:-:

"AUNTIE WIZZIE! UNCA AHQUEN! IT'S CHWISTMAS!"

A shrill, child's voice awoke Arquen and Eruvanda with a start the next morning. Allie was hanging on the back of the couch, her face all aglow befitting a little kid on Christmas morning. Hitomi picked Allie up off the back of the couch though, and leaned over to them.

"Merry Christmas, you two!" she said eagerly. "Everyone! Come downstairs!"

"Hitomi?" Kevin asked as he came downstairs for Christmas. He was followed by Ritchie and Maria, and then Sean, who was holding his head and covering his face.

"Jeez, not so loud!" he said with a groan.

"UNCA SEAN! IT'S CHWISTMAS!" Allie cheered again.

"Ah, jeez!"

"What is wrong with him?" asked Arquen.

"He's hungover," said Maria. "I told you not to drink all that beer and eggnog!"

"Please be quiet," Sean replied. "Hitomi, did Rob like his 'Major Award'?"

"Well, I think so," she said. She thought about the look on Bridget's face when Rob opened Sean's present to him—the leg lamp from *A Christmas Story*. "I'm not sure about Bridget, though."

"Ah, who cares?" said Sean. "Alright, let's open these things and then turn on the TV, the Bulls are on today!"

"But we have to visit Aaron, too," said Maria.

"Yeah, we do," said Sean. "Alright. Kevin, you open the first one and then we'll just devolve into chaos from there."

So Kevin took his present first, which was from Maria and opened it. It was a Republic of Ireland soccer/football shirt, and he loved it immediately. Then the wrapping started to tear off the wrapping paper and make a bigger mess than the party the night before.

Sean had gotten Ritchie a Bears jersey with his last name on it, and Ritchie returned the favor with a Packers jersey. Kevin had gotten Maria some fine Venezuelan coffee. Hitomi gave Allie a Sailor Moon doll. Sean of course, got Maria a new Blackhawks jersey with her name on it. This might not
seem romantic, but for a hockey nut like Sean, this is far better way of showing someone you love them than buying a stupid diamond.

Maria instantly loved it and showered her boyfriend with kisses.

He also got Allie her own Hawks jersey for toddlers and her first hockey stick.

By the way, Sean made Arquen come with him during Christmas shopping and forced the elf to pick out a present for whomever he could think of, including Eruvanda. Of course, Sean made him decide on something that made sense, given how Arquen is proverbial fish out of water.

So he got her a necklace. Her eyes lit up and she kissed him once she received the gift.

Kevin, even the book lover, got them copies of *The Hobbit, The Lord of the Rings* and *The Silmarillion*, for obvious reasons.

As the festivities continued, Arquen stood and walked over to the window. A blanket of snow covered the ground on this Christmas day. A new day had dawned. Humanity's future, once at stake, was now looking brighter, thanks to these young humans. Perhaps when it was all over the Power Rangers could teach the elves a thing or two about humans.

He smiled to himself. Now, he could look forward. The future of planet Earth was coming, and it was being delivered by the Power Rangers. There was hope for—

"Wait, this one's for Sean!" said Maria.

"Alright, one more—what the—WHO THE FUCK BOUGHT ME CUBS SHIT!?"

:-:-:-: PRGPX :-:-:-:

*End of 'Power Rangers GPX Supercharged, Part 1'*

**Chapter End Notes**

itomi VO: "Next time, on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

Sean: "It's been a while."

Ragnar: "They have slipped."

Jimmy: "What the hell?"

Daisuke: "What is wrong?"

Maria: "I don't know, but it's not good."

Ragnar: "My endgame is coming."

Hitomi VO: "That's next time on Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!"

So how was that!? I think, personally, this is the best arc in the GPX saga—great character development,
better writing, a mystery, better villains, better supporting characters, and hopefully it's going to get even better in Part 2!

Okay, just a couple notes on this chapter: Originally, Aaron was going to be paralyzed, but I realized that kind of news would be an automatic downer, so instead he'll be going through therapy and rehab in Part 2. Also, I had to close some plot threads, but keep them open just a tiny bit so I could potentially expand on them. I already have a basic outline for Part 2, and it involves the other Project Ranger trainees, but other than that, I won't say anything else.

Also, the reason I ended this chapter that way was because I didn't want the final paragraphs to be nothing but schlock and sentimental shit, and since we'll occasionally get shitty stuff for Christmas, it was only natural.

So, in case you get a little disappointed with this ending, don't worry! I have some bonus content on the way! First, or second, depending on what happens, I'll post a bonus chapter with the first hockey game after the Battle of Madison, and if I can't get that up, a sort of parody chapter with a musical number set a Les Mis song. I thought it was a good idea.

So how was this chapter? Did I give you enough closure while getting you ready for part 2? Is this particular arc the best one out of all so far? Let me know in the comments!

End Notes

Okay, so that begins Power Rangers GPX Supercharged!

I'll admit, it's not really indicative of what we're up for, but it's only a first chapter to give people a chance to meet the characters here. And I apologize for having no action just yet and not really setting them up as Power Rangers, but I wanted to be subtle about it.

Also, as a disclaimer, I did not attend the University of Wisconsin-Madison. However, I have visited the campus and I have a friend who went there whom I hope to ask for help. I would appreciate it if anyone currently attending UW or a person who graduated from there is willing to help make it more accurate.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!