

Power Rangers Dino Charge

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Nodroz Corp. presents Power Rangers Dino Charge. Scott Sterling is an average high school kid. One day a mechanical dinosaur appears to him and his world is never the same. Join, his friends, mysterious music teacher and an impossible pilot as they battle the forces of Discord.

** Kyoruger Adaptation*

** There is no relation to Saban's version of Dino Charge*

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Chapter 1 - It's Gonna Get Wild	2
Chapter 2 - A Snapping Combination	16

1 - It's Gonna Get Wild

They were making more racket than a rampaging elephant. They weren't trying to be sneaky, after all, the airfield was abandoned. It was the best place for impromptu, no holds barred paintball. There was talk of a match at the end of month and someone needed to check out the airfield beforehand and give the all clear. Scott Sterling and his best friend, Dylan Stilinsky, reigning paintball champs, were volunteered. They would have done it anyway. It was a good chance to get in some practice beforehand.

They loaded up their dirt bikes with their gear and set out. The old airfield had been abandoned so long nobody even remembered what it was called. It was just the old airfield to the teenagers of Clearwater. It was located out of the city in roughly the middle of nowhere. It was surrounded by forests, foothills and Clearwater Reservoir. Despite that, there were plenty of trails to the place as generations of Clearwater youths used it for their own nefarious purposes. Trails through the woods were also quicker than using the highway to get there.

Scott hadn't been there in several months. Which, now that he thought about it, was strange. Paintballing there was usually a summer-long endeavor with the local scene. True, for a month of that, he'd been traveling around Asia with his dad. Still, even Dylan remarked that no matches had been held there. It was Dylan's idea to hold the match there and check things out. He wondered if Dylan was doing his Dylan thing again, and piecing things together that other people didn't.

Scott's thoughts were disrupted as they neared the old airfield. His eyes widened and banked left on his bike and pulled up hard. Dylan did the same thing. They removed their helmets. "Why did we stop?" Dylan asked, frowning, looking around. The airfield was over the top of the ridge, but for some reason they'd stopped short.

Scott shook his head. "I don't know. Maybe this was a bad idea," he said.

Dylan's frown never let up. Scott glanced at his friend. Dylan was a somewhat pasty guy with intense brown eyes and short but messy brown hair. He wore a black hoody with yellow racing stripes down the arms against the chill of the mid-North Pacific fall air. He rubbed the back of his neck. "This is why nobody's been here all summer," he said quietly.

For some reason, the hair on Scott's neck raised as well. He turned his head and there was a guy standing at the top of the ridge, looking down at them. Sandy-haired, a little taller than average, slimmer than stocky, Oliver Queen-style stubble, and dressed like any other guy on the street. Mountain boots, well-worn jeans, a tee-shirt, and a red flannel jacket were his only nods to the weather. Nothing really stood out about him. But he made Scott feel like backing away a little despite the distance between the man the two teenagers.

"Private property, boys. This is as far as you go," he said casually, a faintly bemused smile on his face.

"But the airfield is abandoned," Scott said stupidly. He fought back a wince at his inane comeback.

The older man's smile widened slightly. "Abandoned didn't mean nobody owned it. I bought it. Sorry, boys. You'll have find another paintball battleground," he said and made shoo-ing motions at them.

"I think we should get going, Scott," Dylan said, backing up his bike with his feet. He put his helmet back on and strapped it under his chin.

Scott frowned and didn't back away. "Who would buy that decrepit old airfield?" he asked. "According to my mom, it's a death trap," he said.

The guy's grin turned genuine. "Yeah, moms are usually right about those things. You'd be surprised what a little money and a lot of hard work can accomplish. See ya 'round, boys," he said and gave a wave.

Scott and Dylan both jumped slightly and turned their heads when they heard what sounded like a branch snapping in the trees behind them. When they turned back, the mysterious guy was gone. More than a little creeped out, the boys finally turned back toward home.

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Scott Sterling was a sixteen-year-old sophomore at Fredrick C. Price High School in Clearwater, California. He had no idea who Frederick C. Price was or why he had a school named after him and he didn't much care. School was, for the most part, an unwelcome necessity. His grades were moderate. He wasn't popular but then that wasn't something he'd strived for. He had friends he could depend on being his friends no matter what and that's all he cared about.

Dylan was the best friend, but Tyler Hale was just as true. He could even boast that he'd once had a girlfriend. Though that hadn't lasted long and they'd settled into an amiable acquaintanceship since high school started, it was still romantic history. Plus, his ex was one of the most popular girls in school, so that was always a bonus. He didn't care about being popular but it was still a nice feeling to know that he'd once gotten a girl like that.

This year, he was enjoying school moderately more than usual and it was all because of his first period class. He'd chosen Music as an elective because it's sounded like a bird course and the music teacher had been old, half blind, half deaf and slept through most of the classes. She'd given A's just for being present. It had sounded like his dream class.

When school started, they found out that the old music teacher had retired and they'd hired someone new. That first day of class had been nerve-wracking for the people who signed up for the class for the easy A. Then Miss Hart appeared. Young and pretty, she wore a mixture of frumpy school-marm and scene fashions that even Lydia Bishop, resident fashion guru, couldn't find fault with.

Half the guys in class were enamored of her. Her black hair was short and edgy and her eyes were gold. She had a figure any teenage guy would drool over. That wasn't really the main reason Scott liked her class. Sure she was the hot teacher, but she also knew her stuff. She made it not boring. There was also something about Miss Hart that was just plain odd.

Dylan had noticed it at first, as usual, but once pointed out to him, Scott picked up on it too. She usually

wore heels, but she didn't make a sound when she walked. Occasionally, the idiots of the class like to try to haze the new teach by either trying to nail the back of her head with spitballs, or gum, or chalk, or wads of paper. Somehow, she manages to get out of the way just in the nick of time. It never seemed like she dodged. She just either dropped her chalk, or stepped aside to write something else, or just fractionally turned her head. She never acknowledged that anything happened. But Dylan was right, as Scott observed these things, he knew she was doing it on purpose.

On this particular day, Scott was still unsettled about his and Dylan's encounter over the weekend with the guy at the airfield. He wasn't paying attention to anything in particular. Class hadn't officially started yet and Miss Hart wasn't in the classroom. A football player and a lacrosse player who sat in the back were starting to argue. Jocks had always taken music to keep their GPAs at an acceptable level. It wasn't going to be quite so easy now and some of them were feeling the pressure already.

Dylan jostled his arm to get his attention. He blinked and looked around. The two, some new kid who'd transferred to the school just to be on lacrosse team, and a beefy guy named Mick, were already standing up. They'd be grabbing collars next.

Scott sighed and got to his feet. He slipped in between them just as they were reaching for each other and knocked their hands away. "If you don't want to be here, you got another week to drop. Just drop. Don't bother the rest of us," he said.

"But Scott, this guy--" Mick started, but Scott put a hand on his shoulder and sat him back down.

"He doesn't know the rules. He's new. Give him a break," Scott said patiently. Mick grumbled and slouched in his desk.

Scott glanced at the new kid, Liam something or other. He was glaring daggers. "Sort it out later. There's zero tolerance. You throw a punch, even if you miss, you're auto-suspended. You get hit and swing back, you're auto-suspended. Didn't you come here to play lacrosse?" he asked.

Liam's nostrils flared as he exhaled through his nose. He slowly sat down and looked away.

"Very good, Mr. Sterling. Take your seat now."

Scott and everyone else in class looked at the front of the room. Miss Hart was already at her desk. She motioned for him to take his seat. His ears turned red and he did so. She smiled at him and started her lesson.

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After school people lined up at the buses or milled toward awaiting vehicles. Dirt bikes weren't approved modes of transport, so Scott usually just walked home. Crystal Bishop and Lydia Channing flanked him suddenly. Crys was a cute girl with a wide face, sparky mossy-brown eyes, freckles and an infectious smile. Her dark hair was a longer than shoulder length and was dyed gold at the ends. Lydia was flawless redhead with a wide mouth and large brown-gray eyes. The red gold hues of her hair fell around her. "Yes?" he asked them.

"Good job this morning," Lydia said and threw her hair over her shoulder.

"Yeah, new guy is kind of a hothead. Doesn't know Mick is a dunce yet," Crys added with a smile.

Scott shrugged. "He'll learn. New kid's always do eventually," he said. He'd moved to Clearwater when he was 14 with his mom. It wasn't his first move. He was the perpetual new kid. Clearwater was actually the longest he'd been in one place. He wasn't looking forward to moving again. Luckily, his mom seemed just as disinclined as he was. She'd even started seeing someone.

"Are you coming to my party, Scott?" Lydia asked. Lydia's parties were the place to be. Her family owned a lake house and somehow she always managed to talk her mom into letting her use it for a bunch of teenagers to gather.

Scott shrugged. "I'll probably drop in," he said. That was a yes and Lydia knew it. She beamed at him and she and Crys walked toward her shiny pink champagne car. They gave him cheery waves as they got in. It was only because he was watching the parking lot that he noticed the guy in the uniform leaning against Miss Hart's shiny gold Kia Soul.

He recognized the uniform even before he absorbed the S.P.D. written all over it. The blue-gray color splashed with gun-metal silver was obvious. That was curious. Clearwater was a long way from New Tech City. Idly he wondered if there were any aliens going to school with them. That'd be kind of awesome.

Was Miss Hart an alien? Is that why the guy was leaning against her car. That would explain a lot. He grinned manically at that thought then mentally shook his head. He was pretty sure she wasn't an alien. He slipped closer, curiosity getting the better of him. Using the other staff cars as cover he crept closer.

The officer was in his late twenties, had short, fashionably neat hair, a movie-star face and nearly black eyes. He talked on a phone to someone. "Okay, babe. Take it easy. If mom is hovering, just let her hover. We're leaving on the next Terra Venture, she'll miss us and her grandson, and whatever you have roasting in the oven." He sighed and looked up at the sky while he listened to whatever response he was getting.

"No, I haven't talked to Rena yet. Apparently she keeps her phone off at school so I'm camped out by her Kia. Yes, I will tell her for the ten thousandth time to marry Taylor before we leave," he said. "Here she comes. Love you, babe," he said and hung up his phone. He slipped it into a holster near the badge he had on one hip.

Scott ducked back as Miss Hart approached the man. "Rex! What are you doing here?" she asked. He could hear sounds of a hug.

"I need yours and Taylor's help with something. He worked out of Clearwater for a while after he left Angel grove, right?" he asked.

"Yep. Get in, I'll drive you home. I gather you didn't bring a ride?" she asked.

"What gave it away?" came the droll answer. They laughed. Scott didn't get the joke.

"What kind of training?" the guy named Rex after a quiet moment.

"Don't know yet. Something though. Oh, but one of my students trains at Tai's over summer breaks," she said excitedly. Their voices moved away and he heard doors opening and closing but not what his response was. They drove off and Scott stood from his crouch. He winced at the pain in his leg.

"I thought you were doing better," Dylan said as he approached with a frown.

"It comes and goes," Scott said. Actually, the doctors said it was all in his head, but he didn't want to sound like a mental patient. Especially not to Dylan who'd had anxiety problems of his own. At least anxiety was a real thing.

"Why were you snooping?" Dylan asked.

Tyler came running up to them. He skidded to a halt and grabbed onto them both as he caught his breath. "Someone said there was an S.P.D. officer here," he said, gasping. He reached into his pocket and took out an inhaler and took a hit of it.

Dylan and Scott supported him. "Calm down. There was but he's gone now," Scott said.

"Do you think there's an alien in our school?" Tyler asked once his breathing was under control again. Though he seemed sturdy enough, Ty had chronic asthma. He has short dark hair and nearly colorless blue eyes behind sturdy silver frames.

"Nah. I wondered the same thing. I think he was Miss Hart's brother or something," Scott said with a shrug. Once he'd gotten a better look at the officer, he'd noted they shared a remarkable resemblance. Still, something about those last few remarks made him think they knew he was listening. He mentally shrugged it off. "Video games and home work at my house?" he asked.

"Homework first, then I will wreck you both at Halo," Tyler declared stoutly.

"In your dreams," Dylan came back at him. Scott grinned but didn't say anything as they left the school. Weird things were put on the backburner for now.

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By the weekend, Scott had almost forgotten about the weirdness. He prepared to go to Lydia's party. "You sure you don't want me to drive you?" his mom asked. In her mid-thirties, his mom was really pretty for a mom. Of Cuban descent, she had dark eyes and long, inky black eyes, both of which he'd inherited, but his complexion was much fairer than hers. His face also bore an unmistakable similarity to his blond haired, green-eyed father.

He finish gelling his hair up. Though he looked what his mom termed "scruffy" most of the time, he thought he cleaned up rather well. "That's okay. Don't be late for your date. Don't leave Vicky waiting. You don't see her hovering around the lake house mom'ing up her daughter's party," he said.

Luce Sterling laughed. "Okay," she said and checked her make-up in the mirror. "Do I look okay?" she asked nervously.

"You look like my mom. Don't make me say more than that," he said.

She rolled her eyes exaggeratedly. "Fine. But my widdle smooshy-wooshy wooks so han'shome," she said and pinched his cheeks.

"Augh, give my face back," he complained and pulled his face from her grasp. He stretched his jaw and rubbed his cheeks. "Go. It's the big six-month anniversary, right? Quite dawdling with me and get going," he said with a grin.

Luce kissed his cheek. "Okay. I'm off. Have fun, mijo. Be home by midnight or else," she said and left the small bathroom they shared and left the house, leaving her perfume wafting behind her. Going into his room, he found some men's body spray and spritzed himself so he didn't smell like mom perfume at the party.

He went downstairs, locked up the house. Their tiny house didn't have a garage. His mom usually parked in the front drive. He kept his dirt bike in a dinky little shed in the back. He made his way there now. But something felt off to him. He didn't know how to explain it. Shaking off the feeling he rolled the bike out of the shed and padlocked the door. He sighed when he realized his helmet was going to ruin his hair.

"You knew," he said, shaking his fist in the direction he guessed his mom was in. That's why she offered to drive. Grumbling, he put his helmet. She'd kill him if he got ticketed for not wearing a helmet. He hopped on, cranked up, and took off.

He let his mind clear as he drove toward the lake. That's when he realized that Lydia's lake house was on the same side of the lake as the airfield. Without thinking, he veered off course and headed deeper into the forest. Once again, when he got to the bottom of the ridge, he pulled to a sharp stop.

As he glared at what he coming to think of as an invisible barrier, he felt the earth beneath his feet shake. He swallowed hard. Pain radiated along his leg and he cried out. He hopped off his bike and grabbed at it. He felt over ungracefully, but he didn't care. The ground was shaking in a rhythmic way, as if giant footsteps were approaching. Fast. Something was coming toward him and he was in too much pain to move. He scrabbled for something to defend himself.

His hand closed over some small cylindrical object. Something spiny poked into his hand, momentarily distracting him from the pain in his leg. He looked at the object. It looked like a battery with a red spin sticking out of it. He clicked the spine and the battery glowed brightly. The pain in his leg faded away as he felt another presence near him. He got to his feet as a mechanical dinosaur popped out of the trees in front of him. "Holy--"

"Language, Mr. Sterling."

Scott spun and saw Miss Hart standing behind him, dressed all in black with navy-colored markings on her tunic-like top. She was looking at the dinosaur with a perplexed expression. The dinosaur, a red,

white and yellow tyrannosaurus rex, gave a roar. He turned around and ran off, disappearing into the forest again.

Rena tapped a smart watch on her wrist. "Positive contact. T-Rex is awake, but we have a slight problem and his name is Scott Sterling," she said.

"Easy fix." Scott turned his head. The blond man from the other day appeared, also clad in black and blew some sort of dust in his face. He dropped like a stone.

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Scott woke with a start. He blinked and looked around, not processing what he was seeing. He was in a large circular room. It was filled with computer equipment, and screens and doors, and counters, and chairs and other stuff his brain wasn't processing. In the middle of the room was a circular bank of consoles and screens. He was trying to piece together what had happened and was failing.

Voices finally reached him. Had he been able to hear until just now? He thought so. He saw Miss Hart, now with her tunic removed and she just wore black leather pants and a black turtleneck. She held up the little red battery he'd found. She was showing it to the S.P.D. guy from the other day. "Hey that's--"

"Yours? I know. I was just about to check it power level," she said. "I was just telling Rex how you found it," she said. Rex gave him a brief smile.

"I was wondering what the T-Rex said to you."

Scott looked up and saw the blond guy lounging on a cross-beam above him. "It didn't talk," he said dumbly.

The man gracefully dropped to the ground. "Then you weren't listening. It definitely said something," he said. He crossed his arms over his chest. He cocked his head and studied Scott.

"Are you sure? I know Billie said that they were capable of an artificial sentience, but to the level of communicating?" Rex asked the blond.

The guy tapped his ears. "The wind carries everything here. There was an attempt at communication," he said and crouched down in front of Scott. He finally realized he was laying on a surprisingly unsticky, pale leather gray couch. "We just have to get you to remember. You were scared and in pain at the time," he said, "but you heard it," he said.

"Yeah, well, maybe you shouldn't have blown knock-out dust in my face. Things are kind of muddled right now. Plus, all I heard was a roar. We're lucky my bladder remained steadfast and reliable," he stated.

"He reminds me of someone," Rex said to Rena.

"Any number of your stinky friends that eat sarcasm pancakes for breakfast," Rena said primly. Rex snorted.

Scott had time to be proud of the fact that he'd correctly guessed the two's relationship. Only siblings could go at it like that. Then the blond guy struck. Two fingers to various pressure points turned his body to liquid. Then he struck in the centers of power. The last was his inner-eye. The spot right between his eyes.

Everything went black and all sound was drowned out. No. Not all sound. He could hear something. A sound repeating itself. Like that episode of Dr. Who where the four beats would play over and over. It was eerily similar.

The world came flooding back and he gasped. "Something is coming. Be prepared. We will join you soon. You will be needed," he said quickly before the message was lost to his subconscious again. "What did you do to me?" he demanded, reaching out and gripping the leather tunic of blond man.

He just grinned. "I realigned your chakras and opened your third eye so you could get the message. It's a little jarring but we didn't have time for all the training and meditation it would take to do it naturally," he said.

Scott let go and nodded. "Oh," he said. He'd heard his dad spout similar stuff. "Who are you people anyway and where am I?" he asked and got to his feet.

"Well, I'm Rex Hart, S.P.D. I'm sure you already know Rena," he said, gesturing to Miss Hart. Scott nodded and turned his gaze to his blond tormentor.

"Taylor Hicks. As for where you are, well, that was why I blew knock-out dust in your face," he said and moved away to where Rex and Miss Hart, Rena, were doing things to his doohickey. He placed a hand on the small of her back, an intimate gesture, and leaned over to see. "Cammi, anything you can add?" he asked.

Scott hadn't noted a fourth person. He looked around quickly. The computer screens on the central bank lit up with an animated, somewhat 3D anime girl with big violet eyes, purple glasses, dark pigtails and a cute uniform with a short skirt. "It's the same as the others. Except it's fully energized." she announced in the voice of a teenage girl. "But it is definitely the missing Charge Cell for the TyraZord!" she announced with a playful wink in Scott's direction, as if she could see him.

Rena sighed. She glanced between her brother and...her boyfriend? Fiancé? Fiancé. Scott remembered the modest rock she wore on one hand and Rex's comments to whomever he was speaking to on the phone that day in the school parking lot. "Well, what now? There are still several Charge Cells still out there, plus the TyraZord is the only one we've been able to locate. You can't even find AnkyZord," she pointed out.

"Sora's still looking for PachyZord, too," Rex said and scratched his jaw. "Any other time, I would say, no worries, but," he gestured toward Scott, "something is about to happen. I'll help the best I can, but I still have a job until June, and a kid, and another on the way, and preparing for TVIII," he said. "I'll have to leave it to you two," he said and clapped him both on the shoulder. His grin was downright evil. Made Scott glad he was an only child.

Taylor glanced at Scott. "So, I'm Sensei this time, huh?" The smile that stretched his face gave Scott chills. He didn't know what the heck was going on, but he had feeling having that guy as a Sensei would not be fun. At all. Even worse than Dad.

"Well, I did agree to teach. This just isn't how I expected it," Rena said. Her smile was more reassuring. She broke away from the two men. "I already called your mother and told her you met me on the road and helped me change a tire. I said I'd either make sure you got to your party or home," she said. "Which do you prefer?" she asked.

"What about my--" before the words even left his mouth, Scott was catching the battery-thing-- Charge Cell? -- because Taylor Hicks had tossed it to him. "Thanks. I think I'll go home. I so do not feel like a party right now," he said. He needed time to sort things out. He had too many questions and they were all jumbled up. He needed to be alone in his room. "Wait! Does that mean--" dust was flying in his face even before he finished the question.

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Scott woke in his bed the next morning. Physically he felt better than he had in a long time, but mentally he was worn out. He'd been returned to his bed. Someone had kindly removed his shoes, but otherwise left him as is. When he'd come to, he'd checked and sure enough his bike was back in the shed and the padlock was shut tight. He'd returned to his room to sort things out, but he almost immediately fell into a natural sleep.

He rolled out of his bed and went to the bathroom. He listened for sounds of his mom. She was usually doing housework on Saturdays, but he didn't hear anything. He fished his phone from his pants pocket and checked his messages. There were a ton from Dylan and Tyler, wondering where he was, a few from Lydia and Crys as well. Finally, he found one from his mom saying she wouldn't be back that night and for him to behave himself as if she were there. "Ugh, gross, Mom," he muttered, but he was actually kind of happy for her.

He texted Tyler and Dylan back and made plans to meet at Jungle Karma Pizza for "breakfast". He didn't know how much he should say about Miss Hart and the secret lair. As he dressed, he concocted his story. Dylan would know if he was lying, so he was trying to say as much possible without saying anything substantial.

He was still concocting his story as he walked down the street. Jungle Karma Pizza was a local popular place for teenagers to gather or go on dates. It wasn't too far from his house and he could use the extra time to think that walking brought him. He became aware of something niggling inside his head. He slapped his hand over his forehead. Was his third eye still receiving signals from that dinosaur?

He was. A chill ran up his spine. There was danger. He turned his head. There was a chill in the air. He looked up and saw something shoot over his head. It was freeze beam. It hit some building in the distance, covering them with a thick layer of ice.

He could also see TyraZord fighting, and not winning, a weird paisley and seaweed monster that was part Loch Ness and part Alien queen.

Before he knew what possessed him, he started running.

He skid to a stop when he abruptly came upon a group of paisley clad kelp monsters that surrounded a big tough looking ice monster. "Oh, crap," he said. No wonder people had been running the other way. They were afraid and he could barely perceive a sorrowful blue aura wafting off of them.

"What are you looking at, boy?" the monster asked. "Think you can take us on by yourself?" he asked cockily.

"Well, I hadn't actually planned to do any 'taking on'," he said, using his fingers for air quotes. "But if you insist," he said. He ran forward and jumped, planting both feet into one of the seaweed monsters. He landed on his back but he was already rolling back to his feet. He kicked out and took another off its feet.

"Scott! Stand still for a second!" a cutesy voice said from somewhere in the general vicinity of his wrist. When he glanced at it, where his watch had been moments ago was now a cutting edge smart watch. Inside the watch was the animated face of Cammi the computer. He felt a weight on his leg and he looked down. A holster had appeared, strapped to his waist and his thigh. In the holster was a yellow gun. He pulled it out and began firing before he could marvel for too long because his pause had given the kelpies enough time to converge on him.

He swung out, jumping and kicking and firing his weapon until there were no more kelpies.

"My Xides! Why you little pain! I am the great Issage! You will regret this!" The creature brought up scoop-like claws to his face and launched an icy attack at him. At the last moment, the T-Rex stepped in front of him, catching the blast instead.

For a moment their eyes locked. He could see intelligence there. "You saved me. Thanks," he said. "But, I think I can handle this. You picked me for a reason, right?" He grinned when he seemed to get an affirmation. He rested his gun on shoulder. "Hey, computer chick. What is this thing and how does it work?" he asked.

"I'm glad you asked!"

TyraZord arched up and roared, the ice shattering.

The creature called Issage stumbled back. "What?!"

Scott stood, pulling the Charge Cell from his pocket. He pressed the spine it lit up. He inserted it into the fire-arm and clamped it closed. "Dino Charger!" He spun the cylinder it lit up and he began to faintly glow. "TyraZord Power Up! Fire!" He fired at the monsters and the ghost image of the TyraZord's exploded from the barrel, hit some poor Xides, looped back and engulfed him in power.

A red morph suit formed. There were white boots and gloves. A belt with a battery pack appeared around his waist. A sash across his chest were yellow dinosaur fangs sandwiched between silver and black stripes. A silver dinosaur head formed on his left shoulder and a large crest with a Tyrannosaurus Rex head drawn on it formed under it. Finally, his helmet was red, resembling a T-Rex, yellow teeth framed the front in the style of an open mouth with small silver mouthpiece that was almost like a

tongue.

He took stock of himself. "Oh, man. This is so cool!" he said. He opened his belt and pulled out one of three Charge Cells resting within. He clicked the spine. "TyraZord! Mega Power Up!" He threw it at the Zord. TyraZord opened his mouth and the Cell turned super-sized and fit into his mouth.

His eyes glowed brightly and a crest atop his head stood up. "All right! Let's go!" Dino Ranger Red said. TyraZord strode forward and Red ran toward the monsters. While TyraZord fought with the weird giant thing, Red turned all his attention back to the Xides and the monster still on the ground.

He punched and kicked his way through the paisleys. At one point he flipped upside down and kicked out, leaving an expanding energy trail that whipped in a circle. He landed and produced a yellow bladed, single edged sword. He jumped, landing on TyraZord's head. The Zord had been thrashing around, taking out smaller Xides, and keeping the giant Xenoxide at bay.

He'd lost track of the boss creature while he'd been making his way through Xides. "I'll take out the big one for you," he said to the Zord and ran along its length. The Zord flicked his tail just as Red jumped. Using his altitude and momentum, he used the sword to produce a slash to took it out once and for all.

He landed near Issage and slashed him, taking him by surprise before flipping back. He slung the sword across his shoulders. "Okay, monster. Why don't you fill me on what's going on here? I'm a little new to this," he said.

Issage laughed. "If you knew, could you even stop us? The great Discord Army?" he laughed again. "By yourself, even?"

"By myself, huh? Well, I may be new to this, but there is one thing I know. A Power Ranger is never alone," he said. He held his sword at the ready. "Time for the next round," he said, only to scrunch back when someone began shooting around him, hitting the monsters.

He turned and sure enough, four other Power Rangers were approaching him with weapons in hand.

Dino Ranger Black had a Parasaurolophus emblem and coordinating open mouthed dinosaur helmet. He spun his DinoVolver on his finger and put it close to his mouthpiece as if blowing on the barrel. Dino Ranger Blue had a stegosaurus emblem. Dino Ranger Green was skirted with a Velociraptor emblem. Dino Ranger Pink was also skirted, her emblem a triceratops. They walked toward him. He jogged over to them.

"We can make friends later on," he said.

"Unless we already are," Black pointed out.

"That's quite a possibility," Pink agreed.

"Whatever," Blue said.

"Don't we have work to do?" Green pointed out.

"What's going on! Where did you come from all of a sudden?" Issage demanded, striding in front of the pack.

Red whirled back toward the monsters. Blue and Black flanked him on one side. Pink and Green flanked him on the other. "All right. I'll play along. Why not," he said and struck a pose. "With the fanged power of TyraZord; Dino Ranger Red!"

"With the striking power of ParasaZord; Dino Ranger Black!"

"With the horned power of TriceraZord; Dino Ranger Pink!"

"With the slashing power of RiptoZord; Dino Ranger Green!"

"With the armored power of StegoZord; Dino Ranger Blue!"

"We are Power Rangers and we are Dino Charged!" they finished as one.

"Oh, my gosh. Tai would kill them if he saw them doing that." perhaps only Red heard the voice of Miss Hart. So, they were around. He thought so.

"No one's afraid of you!" Issage said. "Get them!" He ordered the Xides. They rushed forward.

"Come on, guys. It's time to get wild!" Red said. The five of them rushed forward.

Black drew his DinoVolver and began firing. He jumped, and wrapped an arm around one of them and tossed him into several others. He bounced off an old truck and flipped backward, firing as he went. He landed and turned back. "Time to finish this," he said. He pulled a Charge Cell from his belt. He opened the mouth of the DinoVolver and inserted it. He closed it up. "ParasaZord!" He spun the cylinder. "Vanquish Charge!" He jumped and fired. Several ghost images of a black and gold Zord's head exploded into the Xides.

Blue inserted a Charge into his DinoVolver, then he collapsed his Dinotana down into a piece that he stuck on the front of it. "Combine. Vanish Charge!" He pumped the front part of the weapon and fired a blue blast at some Xides. They came at him, but he fought them off. He turned. "Once more for good measure! Vanquish Charge!" He fired again and they went up in a fiery blue blaze.

Green was fast and agile. She held a Dinotana. She spun, slicing through a series of Xides gracefully. They came at her, she ducked and shrugged them off, slashing where she needed to. She pulled a Charge from her belt and inserted it into the mouth of Dinotana. She pumped the handle and jumped. "Slashing Charge!" she spun and green energy trailed behind her blade as she slashed. The energy exploded, no Xide was safe.

Pink combined her Dinotana and DinoVolver and fired like gangster with a tommy gun in a mob movie. She'd never actually learned any martial arts, but years of ballet kept her in good stead. She spun around on one foot, kicking out with the other as Xides came at her. She jumped and kicked through the air. She landed in a crouch and fired at a Xide coming at her.

She bounced up and kicked again, going high, then kicking out. She landed and removed the front of the gun. She pulled a Charge from her belt and put it in. "TriceraZord," she spun the cylinder, "Vanquish Charge!" She shot them with a massive beam of pink energy, causing a chain reaction of explosions.

Red jumped at Issage and the two went down in a tumble. They regained their feet, but Red didn't let up on his barrage. Flying kicked to the chest, and punches barely blocked. He jumped back for distance then ran forward again, jumping again and taking Issage down. He rolled to his feet as TyraZord came to join him. A wild idea suddenly struck him. "Let's see how you do with this one!" He pulled a Charge from his belt and put it in his DinoVolver. He spun the cylinder.

"Like I'll let you defeat me!" Issage scoffed and prepared an ice blast.

"Open up, Tyro!" Red called. TyraZord roared and Red jumped, landing in his mouth. The ice blast hit just as the Zord closed its mouth. The ice broke when TyraZord opened his mouth. Energy charging behind him, he spit Red out. Red came flying at the monster, "TyraZord! Vanquish Charge!" he fired.

His shot hit the monster and he rolled out of the way as TyraZord's shot clamped down on him. He sparked wildly before exploding.

Red stood as TyraZord ejected his now depleted Charge. It shrank and Red caught it. He ejected the one from his DinoVolver as well. "Thanks, buddy," he said.

The others came running up to him. "That was amazing," Pink said.

"This is the most amazing thing ever. My friends will not believe this," Black declared.

"You can't tell people," Green said, appalled.

"Seriously, dude?" Blue said.

"Not even one person?" Black asked.

He got hit on the back of the helmet by a woman in black. A mask hid her features but Red knew who it was. "Are you kidding me, Stilinsky? Even though I'm sure the person you're so eager to tell is right there," she pointed at Red, "there are rules in this game," she said flatly. She tapped her wrist. "They're tagged, Cammi," she said and before any of the others could ask questions, they arrived at the place Red was becoming to hate.

"Power Down. We have to energize the Charge Cells," Miss Hart ordered.

Their morphs went dormant and their Charges appeared at a terminal Scott had vaguely noticed last time he was here. He looked in surprise at his new team mates. Dylan was the Black Ranger. Liam Whatshisname was the Blue Ranger. Ah, he really should learn the guy's name if they were going to be a team. Crys was the Green Ranger and Lydia was the Pink Ranger.

"So, are you guys finally going to tell me what this place is?" he asked, crossing his arms over his chest,

looking at the other adult in the room. The others glanced up in surprise when they saw which way Scott was looking.

Taylor hopped down as Rena removed her hood. "Well, I guess now it's DinoOps," he said.

"Ohh! I like that!" Cammi said as her screens lit up.

"And, now, new kids, prepare yourselves. This is where your training begins," Taylor said with the same grin that gnawed a hole in the middle of his stomach.

--W--

Somewhere in the North Pacific Ocean

The Frozen Castle, the body of a giant space creature was frozen. Now shaped somewhat like a giant carrot with tendrils of hair sticking out of the water, deep within him were five creatures. A horned guy with a silver, crowned head wearing a long robe was known as Lord Chaos.

An armored feline water in big-cat furs, with a red face and golden mane was Goldo, the Knight of Anger. A silvery and blue knight with a sorrowful expression was Argo, the Knight of Sorrow. Bright, bubbly, pink and full of hearts was Toona, the Knight of Happiness. Round, mostly green and patch-work with a cute face was Cobi, Page of Joy.

From their fleshy chamber, they were able to see that the emissary they had sent to the humans to gather one of the three emotions they needed to awaken the creature in which they dwelled. Full of irritation, Goldo slashed his sword, golden arcs of electricity crackling the air. "How did that happen?"

Argo, tears slipping down his face, "How sad! We were never so careless before!" said.

"Don't be such a sad Sam. Turn that frown upside down and keep smiling," Toona said in a lilting, musical voice.

"What do we do now, Lord Chaos?" Cobi asked in a cute, little boy type of voice. Though his sleeves covered whatever hands he had, he seemed to be bouncing the tips of his fingers together.

Chaos whipped toward them, robes fluttering with the action. "Same thing we always do. Send emissaries to gather the emotions of the humans," he said, gesturing to four gauges topped with the three masks that were mirrored on three points of his face. A joyful, happy mask, a sad, sorrowful mask, and an irritated angry mask. He skewered each of them with a fierce look. He turned calmly and walked away.

--W-END 01-W--

2 - A Snapping Combination

In a strange facility known only to five teenagers as DinoOps, they stared at their music teacher, Miss Rena Hart, and a blond guy they didn't know. They'd just become the Earth's newest Power Rangers. They fought and won their first battle against an unknown enemy. To say they were confused was an understatement.

Dylan Stilinsky had been running late to meet his friends at Jungle Karma Pizza. He was looking for a second clean sock when his computer came on by itself and the face of an anime girl with pigtails and purple glasses told him that because he'd found a weird battery looking thing on a hike two summers ago, he was going to be a Power Ranger. She gave him a dinosaur gun, quickly explained how to use it and when he blinked, he was in the middle of a group of paisley clad seaweed monsters. It was either Morph or run away.

Crystal Bishop and Lydia Channing had been together. Crystal found the little green cylinder in Angel Grove the year before. She found out Lydia had had a pink one for almost five years. They didn't know what to do with them, but they never wanted to actually part with them. They eventually ended up carrying them around with them. They were in the process of cleaning up the lake house, listening to music when their speakers had been over taken by a cute, cheerful voice and made into Power Rangers.

Liam Connors was a transplant from Turtle Cove. He randomly found his blue cylinder while swimming outside Chamberlain Prep, where he'd gone to school, and was not supposed be. It'd been at the bottom of a rock pool. Since finding it, he'd carried it around with him like a lucky charm. He'd been asleep when the attack happened. The computer girl had awakened him forcefully with every screen in his room began blaring an alarm. He'd come up swinging and hadn't been in a good mood since.

Scott Sterling was the only one who wasn't completely confused. He'd visited DinoOps before.

Now, this blond guy they didn't know said they were going to start training. "Who are you people?" Liam asked. "What gives you the right to train me?"

The man raised a brow, but it was Miss Hart who answered. "We're still trying to piece everything together. Five years ago, there was an event that shook everything," she said. They nodded. They were aware of it. It was all the news would talk about for weeks. "Unfortunately, even though that said event protected the planet, it has left ripples," she bit her lip.

"One of those ripples was that the quake caused an accident in a research lab not far away from Clearwater. It was out in the middle of nowhere and unauthorized, so people who should have known about it didn't know. Then, a few months ago, my brother found something. Cammi," she gestured at a circular bank of computers where the anime girl was chilling out on several screens.

She disappeared and an image of a device similar to their battery/cylinders appeared. It was cyan and seemed to correspond to a different dinosaur than any of the ones the teens had. "He took it to the

proper authority. She finally found the origin. That's when he came to find me," she smiled and looked at Scott.

He nodded. "I knew it. You both knew I was there," he grumbled.

"You make too much noise, kid," said the man.

Dylan was absorbing things quietly. "So, assuming you'll tell us later why he came to you, you found the lab and they were developing Morphing Technology and Zords. This isn't that lab, though, is it?"

"No, this place originally had a different purpose, but it was close by so some crazy mad scientist modified it to contain the Morph Tech," she said. "We didn't understand the significance of timing until Scott came along.

We now believe that it is the Zords who choose the Ranger and you guys were chosen," she declared with a smile.

Liam shook his head. "I still don't get it. Who is this guy? Why you? Why Scott? What was that monster thing?" he demanded.

"My name is Taylor Hicks and this is my place," the man said, spreading his arms out to encompass the facility. "Rex came to Rena because they're both former Power Rangers. He is former, right? I mean, didn't he get promoted out?" he asked Rena. When it came to Rex Hart, there was honestly no telling.

"As far as I know," she said with a shrug. All eyes were suddenly on her. "What? A girl can't Power Ranger, teach, and pursue a music career all at the same time?" she asked them.

"Sounds perfectly reasonable to me," Lydia assured her with a smile.

"Which one?" Crys asked. "I mean which team, which Ranger?"

"Rena was the Gold Samurai Ranger. She had a hand in making the universe shake," Cammi piped up, her visage reappearing on the screen again.

"As for the enemy, that's actually an easier answer. Since that event, things have awakened. Among them was an enemy that until now did things differently. Either attacking smaller communities or taking advantage of a larger threat's wreckage. They first began making a foray in 2012 after the ocean boiled." Cammi's screens would show CCTV stills of monsters as they skulked about, not drawing attention to themselves, doing who knew what.

"We don't know much about them. Our sources don't have much information other than these seaweed things are skin cells from a giant creature that destroys planets. A creature known only as Discord. When they came to Earth or how they got here aren't important. They could have been here hundreds or thousands of years. That doesn't matter.

It's up to you to stop them," Rena said.

"That's really..." Lydia blew out a breath.

"Yeah," Crys said.

"Why us?" Dylan asked. He scraped a hand through his hair when the skin of his scalp began to feel tight.

Rena shook her head. "Ask the Zords. They picked you," she said. "Well, when you find them that is. When the facility blew up, they scattered and hid," she added.

"How do we do that?" Crys asked.

"It's not pretty," Scott warned her. Taylor grinned at his comment. She gave them both a curious expression.

"If these Zords picked us, why do you keep talking about training? I don't need training. I have a black belt," Liam said.

"Hmm. I don't," Taylor said thoughtfully. "But I still doubt you can touch me," he said.

Liam snorted. He didn't understand what this Taylor guy was even doing there besides the fact he owned the place. Now he's saying how he didn't even have a black belt.

"Taylor," Rena said unsurely.

"No. It's a valid point. I don't have a black belt. I'm not going to force anyone to train under me who doesn't need it," he said. He looked Liam dead in the face. "If you can land a blow anywhere on my body, I'll admit your superiority. That goes for any of you," he said, looking at each of them.

Lydia put up her hands. "I have ballet slippers and pom-poms, no belts," she said. She sat down on a couch and primly crossed her legs at the ankles. She smoothed out her skirt. Crys chuckled and sat down beside her as well.

"Hey, I got no belts either," Scott said. He leaned against the wall. He never had any formal training, but his dad had taught him a lot. Dylan shrugged and leaned beside Scott. He only knew the things he'd learned second-hand from Scott. He wanted to see what exactly they were missing and Liam wasn't picking up on at all.

Rena rolled her eyes and sighed. She leaned against the wall. She waved her hand, giving him permission to do whatever he thought was necessary.

Liam looked around at everyone then back at Hicks. The man had the audacity to fold his hands behind his back. "Begin whenever you want," he said.

Liam attempted to look relaxed. Then he struck, punching out from his waist, fast as snake. There was no chance of not hitting his target. His fist whizzed by Taylor's head. He tried again, not only punching, but kicking, and jumping and ducking. Every time the man seemed to either be just out of reach, or

turned in just the right moment. Liam was panting, but that guy was just standing there without expression. He finally relaxed his stance. "I don't understand," he said finally. "I trained at the best dojo in Turtle Cove," he said.

"Oh! AJ trained you! I thought I recognized some Scott karate," Rena declared. "Little bit of Pai Zhuq thrown in, of course," she said with an amused smile.

Liam was still frowning when he glanced at her. How did she know Sensei Austin? What the heck was Pai Zhuq? She shrugged. He turned his head toward Hicks. "You said you don't have a black belt," he accused.

"The school I went to didn't do belts," Taylor said. "If you want to get technical, I am a Wind Master but I still have a long way to go myself. Never assume just because you have a belt of the nth degree that you're the best you could be. You can always improve," he said. "Still going to object to training under me?" he asked.

Liam blew out a big breath. He bowed formally. "Sensei," he conceded.

"Good. Now that that wrinkle has been ironed out," Taylor struck. Scott had the extreme pleasure of watching someone else get the third eye treatment. When Liam went liquid, Taylor lowered him to the floor and waited for him to come back around.

"What did you do to me?" Liam asked as he rubbed at his forehead.

"He realigned your chakras and opened your third eye so you can pick up dinosaur signals. You get used it," Scott answered.

Liam put a finger in his ear and wiggled it. "Is that what that is? Sounds kind of like a heartbeat," he said, but aside from that first initial burst of activity, the sound subsided to his subconscious. He got the feeling though that something was waking up.

Lydia raised her hand and jumped up. "Me next. I want to hear my Zord, too," she said.

"You probably want to sit back down though," Scott said.

"Oh, okay then," Lydia said and sat back down. When Taylor approached her, she found out why. "Ooh," she said.

Crys nodded to give permission for her turn next. She winced and braced herself. Which was what Taylor didn't want. That was why he usually relaxed the muscles first. Finally, he eyed Dylan. Dylan eyed him back.

Taylor turned toward Rena. "Anything we've missed?" he asked. Dylan blinked in confusion.

"I think it's my turn," Cammi said from her screen. "Everyone, look at me," she prompted and cleared her throat. Or simulated clearing her throat. Obediently the teenagers looked at her, arguably the most incredible thing in a room full of incredible things. "Hi! I'm Cammi. Computer-generated, Artificial,

Multi-purpose, Mechanized Intelligence, but I really just prefer Cammi. I want you guys to plug your phones into the ports around the central control bank," she instructed.

Several ports around the circular control banks in the room opened up with plug-ins for whichever types of phones they had. The five of them plugged their phones in. They disappeared into the recesses of the computer banks.

Lydia gasped. "That was a brand new phone," she said.

"Don't worry," Cammi said with a reassuring smile. "You'll get it back. Ah, here we go," she said. Suddenly, little machines, they assumed they were machines, no larger and perhaps smaller than grains of sand spilled onto each terminal. The machines covered each terminal and began to change design slightly. They now reflected their colors and dinosaurs, the key boards glowed with coordinating light. Six circular ports appeared along one side. Several usb ports appeared along another, along with headphone jacks and other ports any other computer would have.

The last thing that happened was the building of the new phones and smart watches. Each of the phones was state of art though no particular brand was associated with the design. The skins were dusky metallic, in muted coordinated colors. The smart watches were designed for each teen individually, except Scott, who already had one. It looked a lot like his usual sport watch, with a heavy red and white braided band and squared face, but was now obviously a smart watch.

The watch for Lydia had slim gold links for a band, the bevel encrusted with pink jewels, it's circular static face reminiscent of mother-of-pearl but was very much a screen. The watch for Dylan's had a thick black and gray camo nylon band and a square screen with a real time reflection of the night sky with a small compass in one corner. Crys's was functional, pebbled green silicon with a squared face surrounded by green enamel bordered in white. Liam's was silver linked and round, the bevel resembling a popular brand for men, the face also reflected that brand.

Their old phones reappeared while they were putting on the watches. "The phones and watches act in conjunction but also independently. Anything you can do with one, you can do with the other. Each have a normal mode and a Dino mode. To access the Dino mode, from your start screen, draw the symbols you see on this screen," Cammi's face disappeared and a computer generated animation demonstrating the proper procedure. It was basically a number system. Scott drew a "1" with the line under it. Dylan drew a "2". Liam drew a "3". Crys drew an open-topped "4". Lydia drew a "5".

"Among apps included is communication. Each of you is listed, as is DinoOps, Rena and Taylor respectively, and me! I will update you when new contacts are added. The bright yellow circle with the dinosaur face is to contact everyone at once. Please use the communication app only for emergencies. Normal mode still has enhanced plans connected to them. Other apps are summoners. DinoCharger is the little gun icon. Sword icon for Dinotana. Battery icon for Charge Cells. When you open it you'll note that there are many of them. You can learn about them in the information app, or right here at your terminals." Cammi reappeared on the screens and gestured to the terminals below her. Until then, she'd been showing animated instructions.

"Any questions?"

"Loads, but I think we got it for now," Scott said. He had to admit, this phone was a lot better than his old one. In normal mode, the apps were easy to navigate and he had about a ton more memory. All his contacts were listed, but he seemed to have a lot more music than he had before and all of it to his taste. The others were marveling at them at them as well.

"How much does all this cost?" Dylan asked.

"Free phone plans are provided to people who protect the world by Nodroz Corp. Despite what blue and red commercials tell you, it's actually the best network in the country, world, solar system, galaxy!" Cammi's voice squeaked with excitement. She blushed and cleared her throat again.

"What's the app with the little swirly thing?" Crys asked and opened it up. The first icon was a little house that said "home" under it. The second one was the same bright green dino icon that represented DinoOps. Another was a Cammi icon (a pair of purple glasses) with the words "as needed" under them. Another was a microphone that said "input".

"Teleport app. Please don't use the teleport app for personal reasons," Cammi told them sternly.

"I will try to plan out a training regimen that accommodates all your schedules and particular strengths. For, now you guys deserve a break and time to process everything," Rena said. And with that, they were blinked out of DinoOps.

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Frozen Fortress

Cluttered around the main hall of the Fortress was a bunch of junk. "I've stolen things from humans in order to make a more modern monster," Cobi said in his childlike voice. Chaos and the other Knights of Discord ignored him for the most part.

Chaos swept toward the collection towers topped with the emotion masks. "Each of you, stand before a tower and formulate a plan. An Emissary will be chosen. Not only must we gather the emotions of these humans, but we now face a threat to our plans," he reminded them. "A threat that must also be eliminated." He fisted a hand as he thought about their defeat at the hands of Power Rangers.

Goldo, Argo, and Rozza each hurried to their respective tower. They touched a bulbous part at the bottom of them. The towers glowed for a moment. "Eeriss will decide which of you will get to carry out your plans," Chaos said.

Darkness swept around them and centered on the Tower of Sorrow. The mask's eyes glowed. "The chosen emotion is sorrow." From its mouth a monster was spewed forth. Made up of iron and wiring, it looked like a mixture of a homeless man and a junkyard car crusher.

"Junker Joe, at your service, boss," the monster announced triumphantly.

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Lydia lay across her bed, playing with her new phone. She was doing the required research on her new circumstances. The information provided by Cammi was in-depth and informative. She made a mental note to ask why there wasn't any or redacted information on some of information on past Power Rangers or even whole teams. The team that caused the universe to shake, which Miss Hart admitted to being a part of, only had some basic information about the members and technical information. Nothing that gave you a real idea how things happened or why like some of the other information.

There was also very little information about the team from S.P.D. but she supposed since that was an active, law enforcement facility, it made sense. Everything was classified. She slowly became aware of the beating in the back of her mind becoming more cognizant. She gasped and jumped up. She turned put the phone to sleep and slipped it into her pocket.

She grabbed a jacket and some shoes and hurried out of the house.

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Liam was in his backyard, running drills by himself. The activity actually helped him clear his mind, as it was an automatic thing. He didn't know how he felt this whole situation. Things had been strange lately. Last year, his old school ended their lacrosse program out of nowhere, which was how he ended up in Clearwater. FCP High had the second best lacrosse program in the region.

Unfortunately, since coming here, he hadn't been able to find his place. He kept clashing with people over the smallest things. He wasn't even officially on the team yet since there hadn't been try-outs, but everyone knew he was a shoe-in. Other players and hopefuls didn't like that. The football jocks didn't usually like the lacrosse jocks. And there wasn't a dojo to be seen in the whole city. Well, if there was he hadn't found it yet.

So, he trained alone, practiced alone, and tried to keep to himself to avoid ticking off even more people. Maybe things would get a little better now, if he could temper his temper a bit. He hadn't meant to sound like a conceited horse's rear at DinoOps, it's just what happened when he opened his mouth. He'd come off as a complete dill-weed to his new team mates. Not to mention Miss Hart and his new sensei.

What had he been thinking, challenging that guy? He actually really did know better than that. He could tell just by the way he carried himself that he wasn't going to be on the same level as some dumb high school kid. "Yes, I know I'm kind of an idiot," he muttered. He stopped mid-run, tripped over his cleats, and went down face first. He blinked. Did someone just talk to him?

He shuffled to his gear and took a slug of water and listened harder. He grinned. He ran into the house. He packed some water and snacks into a bag. He didn't know how long this was going to take, but he was kind of excited. He changed out of his cleats into a pair of all-terrain sneakers. He stuffed a hoodie into his bag just in case the weather turned cool.

He strapped his phone to his upper arm, started his running playlist and stuck his earbuds in his ear. He left his house and began jogging away from the city.

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Rena popped into DinoOps by way of a chute that started somewhere above them. She walked over to where Taylor sat in front of a bank of computer screens. Though Cammi occupied the one in front of him, the others were being filled with information on each of their Rangers. "Ever wonder how these things happen? I mean, what metaphysical being decided that Taylor Hicks and Rena Hart need to watch over the newest crop of Power Rangers?" she asked idly.

Taylor snickered. "You'll hurt yourself trying to find the meaning of life. What do you think?" he asked, gesturing toward the information on the computers. Rena studied each one. "Ooh, I like what you picked out for Lydia. The emphasis on kicks and jumps will serve her well, and nicely balanced with strengthening her upper body and arms as well. Why does her nano-frame instructor look like Trini in a blond wig?" she asked.

Cammi pouted. "Is it that bad? I thought using a composite of Kat and Trini would be best given that her training regimen is heavily based on their unique strong points as well," she said.

"Give her Karone's hair. She'll be perfect," Rena said assuringly. Cammi brightened and began redesigning the image on the screen.

Rena looked at the screen with Crys's information. "So Kane was her primary instructor at the Studio?"

"That's right. Her movements are similar to his, so I designed a regimen based on his. I also got permission to use him for a nano-frame," Taylor said. Kane Watanabe was his best friend and Taylor probably knew his fighting and teaching style best of anyone, except for maybe Kane's boss.

"Going to continue Scott karate with Liam?" she asked, raising a brow.

"Mostly, but I'm going to mix it up with Kung Fu and Krav Maga. He needs to be less rigid and mixing up his training will loosen him up a bit more," he explained.

"You don't have much up for Dylan and Scott," she said, crossing her arms.

Taylor sighed and leaned back in his seat. "I know. I'm debating. Scott's been teaching Dylan. Dylan will learn quickly whatever he's taught. The thing is, someone's been teaching Scott Wind-jutsu among several other things. It's messy and sloppy but somehow effective," he said.

"So you don't know whether or not you should take him on as a Wind student," Rena concluded.

Taylor nodded. Rena wrapped her arms around his shoulders and rested her chin on top of his head. "First of all, let Dylan do his own thing. Like you said, he'll learn it quickly. Do you know, he's been systematically testing me since about third day of school? He's impressive," she said. "Focus on hand to hand rather than grappling and wrestling. Teach him how to get distance. He's almost like Sin when handling that DinoVolver, but we can't let him depend solely on that," she said.

Taylor nodded. He tapped her hands and she unwound them so he could type something into the computer.

"As for Scott, go with the Wind-jutsu. Temper it with Capoeira, like with Lydia. We'll figure out the rest as

we find out what all he knows already," she said. He nodded but didn't respond verbally.

Suddenly and alarm sounded in the chamber. "Scott pushed the panic button. Zeroing in on his location now and contacting the others," Cammi announced.

Taylor looked up. Rena patted him on the shoulder. "I'll go. Stay and finish up," she said. She grabbed her shirt and pulled, revealing her black tunic. She put her hood up and tapped the teleport app on her watch.

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Scott checked his watch for the time. He was heading toward JKP for a quick meet-up with Dylan and Tyler. He hadn't had a chance to talk to Dylan alone. They wouldn't be able to talk in front of Tyler either, but neither one wanted to exclude him from just grabbing some munchies on a Sunday afternoon.

He was so caught up in his thoughts, he only just missed barreling over Tyler. He jerked up short before he even realized he almost hit another person. "Oh. Sorry," he said, shaking his head. He rubbed the back of his neck.

"No problemo, amigo," Tyler said and grinned.

Scott snickered. "Any sign of Dylan yet?" he asked as they shuffled toward the pizza place.

"He could be late. Last I heard he had a killer game of Shooter going," Tyler said.

"Then he'll definitely be late," Scott agreed.

The two boys continued on their way, chatting casually.

No one noticed when Junker Joe appeared with Xides at first. "Crush and go!" He waved an arm that looked a little like a square, metal tennis racquet. A large energy fist crushed a building. Xides came together to form the giant Xenoxides.

Tyler and Scott swung around. Tyler's eyes went wide behind his glasses. People were running away, emitting that same blue aura as before. "We gotta get going," Scott said. He pressed a button the side of his watch, each of them had a similar button, alerting Cammi and DinoOps of a monster incursion.

In the crowd of people, Scott allowed himself to be separated from Tyler as he double back. He felt a little bad about it, but he didn't have a choice. He summoned his DinoVolver as he ran. He drew it and fired on the Xides. He simply bashed one over the head with the gun and kicked another in the face.

"That's enough damage for one day," he warned. He pulled a fully energized Charge from his pocket. He'd taken to carrying one around with him everywhere. He pressed the spine it lit up. He inserted it into the fire-arm and clamped it closed. "Dino Charger!" He spun the cylinder it lit up and he began to faintly glow. "TyraZord Power Up! Fire!" He fired at the monsters and the ghost image of the TyraZord's head exploded from the barrel, hit some poor Xides, looped back and engulfed him in power.

He ran forward, now holding a Dinotana rather than his DinoVolver. He'd wanted to try it out before. He ran forward and jumped. He braced himself on the shoulders of a Xide and bet back, slashing with the 'tana. He drove the hilt into the face of his reluctant host and jumped back, landed in a crouch. He stood. He pulled a Charge from his belt and put in the mouth of the dino head near the hilt and gave it a pump.

Red energy crackled around the blade and he waved his sword in a circle. "Charged Slash!" He slashed with the blade and a crescent of powerful red energy hit the Xides. He ran past them as they arced with electricity and exploded. He attacked the monster, kicking and slashing with the 'tana. He held down one scoop like hand and jump, spin kicking him in the head and bouncing back. A depleted beep let him know that that Charge in the Dinotana was out of energy.

He ejected it and sighed. "Out of juice. Change of tactic time," he said. He sent away the blade and drew the DinoVolver. He pulled another Charge from his belt. He opened the 'Volver and inserted the Charge. "Maybe this will finish you off!" He pointed the gun at the monster. "Vanquish Charge!" He fired a blast of red energy at the hunk of junk monster.

Something got in the way. A sad-face silver and blue suit of armor deflected the attack and knocked it aside. "Master!" Junker Joe said appreciatively.

"Owowowee! That hurt," Argo sobbed and shook out his arm.

"Crap," Red said and ejected the Charge. "Another one out of juice," he complained. "What's this? Another monster?" he wondered, looking at Argo.

Argo sniffed. "Who's a monster?" he demanded. "I am The Knight of Sadness of the great Discord Army, Sir Argo Sorrowful Silvertears the III," he announced. "My heart knows such pain, that you can't imagine. But I will gladly give you a taste of it!" he said and ran toward the Red Ranger.

"Okay, Sir Silver Sadsack. Gotcha," Red said and ran toward him. The two of them shared a round of hand to hand combat that ended with Argo kicking Red's feet out of from under him. He managed to roll out of the way and to his feet before he could get stomped. Argo produced an axe and slashed Red across the chest with it. He attempted again, but Red managed to catch it between his hands.

"Give it back," Argo demanded.

"Nope. You're gonna try and hit me with it again," Red denied.

"That's the idea," Argo said. They struggled for a long moment, but Argo was atrociously strong. He managed to get the axe back and did indeed slash the Ranger several times before he could get away. He kicked the Ranger in the chest. He went flying backward, bounced off a chain-link fence and came back. Argo slashed again and Red went flying into the ground.

"Okay, Sir Silver Sadsack is strong," he said. He really needed back up. Where was everyone?

"Ha-ha. I'll take it from here, master," Junker Joe and strutted toward Red.

Dino Green jumped from a building and slashed him with the Dinotana. He bashed against Argo from

the blow. Red rolled into a sitting position. Green stood near him.

"Sorry, I'm so late. My mom went into super doomsday prepper mode as soon as she found out about the attacks. Getting away was not easy," she said.

"We'll get the hang of it eventually," Red declared.

Argo and Junker Joe had righted themselves and were starting toward them. Gunshots firing made them stumble back as Dino Black joined them. "Let's all just blame our moms," he agreed.

Red bounced to his feet. "It isn't like Lydia to be late to a party. Guess it's just the three of us," he said.

"Rest for a few more minutes. Let's try the Dino Arms," Black told Red then Green.

"Sounds like a plan," Green agreed. They each pulled a Charge out of their belts and placed it in their DinoVolvers. "Dino Arms!" They ran the cylinder of the 'Volvers down their right arms. Spikey silver armor formed along the length and weapons appeared in their hands.

Green charged forth with the bladed weapon and her Dinotana. She got in between the monster and his master. She kicked Argo out of the way. She blocked his swinging axe with her weapon and stabbed him in the chest with it.

Argo staggered back, smoking slightly.

"Here I come!" she said and jumped.

"Oh, no," Argo moaned.

"Raptor Slasher!" nearly vertical mid-air, she spun, slashing first with the sword and then with her weapon.

Black saw that Green was doing okay and aimed his DinoVolver and gun-like weapon at the giant Xenoxides. "Parasa Shooter!" He began firing at them.

"Who needs rest?" Red wondered. He pulled his final Charge from his belt and inserted it in his DinoVolver. He rolled the cylinder down his right arm and spiky armor formed. A t-rex head formed over his hand. "Nice," he said as the head opened and closed a mouth full of sharp teeth.

"Tyra Gnasher!" He ran toward Junker Joe, jumped and kicked that junker in the face. He used the kick to bounce up, and came down with the weapon bashing the monster with as much force as he could muster. He hit several times before Junker Joe was able to dodge. The weapon snapped several times as the monster dodged. Finally using an upper-cut movement, the Gnasher grabbed hold. He picked up the monster and tossed him. He landed with a smashing crash.

Giant Xenoxides tried to shoot Black with twin beams of green energy. He jumped back. "Ha! Missed me!" he gloated. He looked up when he heard something coming toward them. A huge pink triceratops was galloping through the streets with the Pink Ranger riding on its head. Yellow drills made up its

forehead horns. "Yee-haw!" she whooped. She jumped off and came to a skidding stop beside Black.

"Sorry, I'm late," she declared. "Go, Dru!" she shouted at the TriceraZord.

"Dru?" Black asked.

"Short for Druscilla," she said. He just nodded as if that explained everything.

The StegoZord charged forward and jumped, twisting mid-air as the tail began to whirl like a giant drill bit. It plunged into the Xenoxides and exploded them.

Red's concentration was still on the monster. Suddenly the eyes of the Gnasher lit up and he took a stance. It was a move his dad had taught him a long time ago. "TyraZord Rock-Crusher Punch!" He punched forward and a powerful burst of energy shaped like the TyraZord's head zoomed toward the monster and seemed to snap onto him. The energy of the attack sent him flying and smoking wildly.

He rolled to his feet. "Curse you, Ranger!" he spat. Their fight had brought them just outside of Jungle Karma Pizza, where the owner had set up a plastic T-Rex statue to celebrate the new Power Rangers. Junker Joe took an immediate dislike to it. "What is that?" he snapped and crushed it, sending it up in flames. He disappeared, along with Argo to regroup.

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The Rangers regrouped in DinoOps after the battle. Scott sent Tyler a text asking if he was okay, apologizing for getting separated, and saying that they'd meet up again a little later. "Where is Liam?" he asked. The Blue hadn't shown up for the fight at all. At least the other three had excuses. Truthfully, he didn't know Liam very well and hoped he had a good one, too.

"He's on a dinosaur hunt. He was too far away to help," Cammi answered.

Scott nodded. That was a good excuse. "Speaking of dinosaur hunts, nice going, Lydia," he said with a grin.

Lydia beamed. "Thanks!" she said.

"Did you really name your Zord Druscilla?" Crys asked.

"Sure. She felt like a Druscilla. What do you call TyraZord, Scott?" she asked.

"Gabe," Scott answered. He ignored the strange looks Dylan and Crys were giving him. They'd get it eventually.

Dylan shook his head. He looked at Taylor and Miss Rena. "Here's a question," he said. "Why are these Discord guys suddenly concentrating here in Clearwater? From what information we have on them, they've spread out their activities up and down the west coast and even up through Canada and Alaska. They never hit the same place twice," he said.

"That's a question without an answer," Rena answered.

"That's something we're going to have to figure out," Taylor said.

"Figuring things out is Dylan's specialty," Scott said and clapped his friend on the shoulder. Dylan made a face and wiggled out from under the hand.

Taylor got to his feet. "Since I have you all here while we wait for the monster to return, I'd like to introduce you to your training regimens," he said.

Suddenly, piles of sand began forming on the ground. These piles of sand began taking on human shape. Crys gasped when one of them turned into her sensei. "What is that?" she asked.

"My nano-frames will be your instructors. They're programmed with the techniques that build on each of your strengths and minimizes your weaknesses," Cammi explained, trying to sound serious and professional.

"This is amazing," Lydia said and circled the nano-frame in pink that was obviously meant to be her instructor. She poked it and it felt real.

"Even though they each have individual characteristics, they're all me. So, even though this one," the nano-frame of the stocky Asian guy in green raised his hand, "looks like Kane, he's not," she said.

"That's kind of weird," Crys declared.

"If it bothers you, I can redesign the nano-frame, but this one is built using Kane as a model so his movements and reactions will be more natural," Taylor explained. "Though, I have to admit, it's kind of creepy," he said, looking at the expressionless nano-frame.

"I don't think I've ever seen Kane that still," Rena agreed.

"How do you know, Sensei?" Crys asked Taylor curiously.

"He's Taylor's BFF," Rena answered before Taylor had a chance to answer. He shot her grimacing scowl at the description. She just smiled at him sweetly.

"C'mon, now, Miss H. Guys don't call each other BFF," Scott said.

"I think she's aware," Dylan said. "So back to the nano-frames," he said. "They teach different things, right?" he asked.

"Right. I chose the regimens. If you don't mind, I decided to take you in a different direction than Scott. I know he's been teaching you, but your strengths lay in different areas," Taylor said.

Dylan nodded. "I can live with it," he agreed.

Scott shrugged. "Fine by me. So you won't be teaching us personally?" he asked.

"Not really. But I'll be overseeing your training, and you'll all undergo basic sword training with Rena," he said. She waved at them. "However, Scott, I think you and I will probably have some one on one time," he said ominously.

"Why?" Scott asked.

"Where'd you learn that rock crusher technique?" Taylor asked.

"My dad taught me. One of the first things I mastered," Scott answered. "Why?" he asked again.

"It's a Wind-jutsu technique used when sparring against an Earth Ninja. They have a tendency to throw rocks at you. One of the first things I mastered as well," Taylor answered. "Anyway. The nano-frames are always available. They'll take you to training rooms. I'd like for you all to put in at least ten hours a week," he said.

No one argued with them, but he could tell they weren't pleased. "We'll figure it out around school and extracurriculars. Don't worry, guys," Rena said.

"Can we go now, though? We kind of left Tyler hanging in the breeze. Keeping this from him is bad enough but we ain't gotta turn into d-bags because of it," Scott said.

"Sure," Taylor agreed.

Dylan and Scott left DinoOps but Lydia and Crys chose to stay and start their training.

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Though Jungle Karma Pizza was nearly deserted, the few customers who were there seemed to be in high spirits. Scott and Dylan were finally able to meet up with Tyler, who was both terrified and excited by the events of late. He was telling Dylan about his almost close encounter with Xides when a nearby table exploded in raucous laughter. They tried to ignore them at first.

"Anyway," Tyler said after finishing a bite of his pizza slice, "I got separated from Scott, right? But, weirdly enough I didn't need to use my inhaler after running around like a lunatic. I tried to go back to find him, but I guess the crowd pushed him another way. Instead I saw the Red Ranger fighting those monster things. It was pretty rad," he said. He tried to take another bite of his pizza when someone from the next table slid his chair back and rammed into Tyler's. The pizza smushed into his nose.

The table interrupted in laughter again. "Sorry, dude," the perpetrator said off-handedly as he got up to do whatever he was doing.

Scott waved the napkin canister in Tyler's direction. Dylan was glaring at the next table.

"It's not a big deal," Tyler mumbled as he wiped his face off.

Scott folded a clean napkin into a paper football. "So, the Red Ranger, huh? From what I've heard, he's kinda a BAMF," he said without even so much as a smile. He working on making the football as hard

and tight and compact as possible.

"No, I heard that was the Black Ranger and the Red Ranger was kind of wuss by comparison," Dylan said. He took the football once Scott was finished with it. He lined up his shot and thumped it.

Tyler automatically picked up his empty plate and the football ricocheted off of it. "Someone made me get out of the way before anyone else show up. I don't have any framework for comparison," he explained, as the three of them watched the football, arch upward, bounce off the light hanging above their table, bounce to the next one at just the right angle to shoot it downward like a miniature missile, just in time to hit the rude guy who knocked into Tyler right between the eyes as he was coming back with a fresh soda.

"My bad, dude," Dylan said in the same tone of voice that was obviously as insincere as the other's had been.

The guys at the other table got to their feet. Jungle Karma's main waitress stomped over with a pizza order and clattered it on their table. "Sit down and eat, quiet down or get out," she said. With glares of promised retribution they did sit down.

The warm skinned girl with somewhat blond hair turned dark eyes on the trio. "As for you three, can you at least not make things worse?" she demanded.

"We were playing football," Scott said, showing her the goal he made with his fingers. "Dylan is terrible at it," he said.

"Yeah, I mean, it's not like he intentionally made a shot like that, timed to get that guy right between the eyes at that exact moment," Tyler stated.

"That would be impossible," Dylan agreed. She made a sour face and walked away. Shelley Cornell's parents opened Jungle Karma Pizza in late spring, so she hadn't gone to school with them very long and no one knew her very well. One thing everyone could agree on; she was not cut out for customer service.

"Maybe we should pay up and get going," Scott said.

"We'll leave Shelley a generous tip," Tyler stated and pulled some money out of his wallet. He put several ones on the table as they went to the register to settle up. They were getting glares from the other table. They ignored it and left.

"Hey, Scott. You gonna go out for lacrosse this year?" Tyler asked tentatively as they walked down the street a way.

Scott stuffed his hands in the pockets of his jeans. "I don't know. I haven't thought about it," he said. "I'll see you guys later. Mom wants me to get some chores done today," he said.

"Adios," Tyler said.

"See ya," Dylan added.

They were both quiet as they watched Scott go. Dylan shook his head. "Guess I shouldn't have brought it up," Tyler said.

Dylan shrugged. "Don't sweat it," he said. "I got a few things I gotta do for my mom, too. Later," he said.

"Later!"

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Later that evening, Scott and Lydia were coming out of a grocery store carrying bags of food. Lydia thought they should do something special for their moms for their anniversary, so she thought up making them a nice dinner. Scott's culinary talents consisted of scrambled eggs and grilled cheese sandwiches.

"We can fix that. Besides, do you know how much a girl is going to melt over a guy that can cook for her? I bet Taylor knows how to cook," she said as she headed toward her car. It was a tiny little coup that, even as not tall as he was, Scott always worried he wouldn't fit into, yet he always miraculously seemed to. She clicked a button on her fob and the trunk popped open.

"Well, why don't you ask him and see? Me, I think grilled cheese can be romantic on its own," he declared as they stowed their sacks in her trunk.

"Remind me again why Crys dumped you?" Lydia said drily.

"Crys loves my grilled cheese," Scott said without answering her question. He didn't need to. He glanced up when he heard footsteps coming toward them.

Liam Connors, still in his running clothes, stopped beside Lydia's car and caught his breath. "I heard about earlier. My bad," he said between breaths.

Lydia patted him on the back. "Nothing you have to suffocate yourself to say. We get it, don't we, Scott?" she said and shot him a glance over her shoulder.

Scott nodded. "Yeah, no worries. I managed to carry the fight," he said, puffing his chest out a bit.

"Yeah, after me and Dru came along," Lydia said. "Did you have any luck?" she asked.

Scott fished a bottle of water out of the bags in the trunk and handed it over to the other guy. Liam took a thankful gulp and finally managed to speak coherently. "Yep. Found Cheech and he'll be ready when we need him," he said and managed a smile. He finally noticed what was going on around him. "Oh, are you guys, er...?" he made vague hand gestures to finish his question.

Lydia laughed. "Me and Scott? No, no. That's not happening. We're cooking dinner for our moms," she answered.

"You don't have to laugh quite so much," Scott stated. He closed her trunk. "If they get married will your

mom buy me a car?" he asked.

"I wouldn't count on it. She'd probably just make me share," Lydia said. Scott made a face at the thought of driving around in her champagne pink ride. "Liam, you look beat, can we give you a lift home? You don't live too far from me," she said.

Liam waved her gesture aside. "Thanks, but I don't want to stink up your car," he said, pulling at his sweat-drenched shirt. "I just wanted to apologize before going and taking a long shower," he said.

"Afterwards, you might wanna head to DinoOps, Sensei has special training programs worked out for everyone," Scott said.

"I also want to apologize if I've come off as jerk to anyone so far," Liam said in a quick burst.

Lydia smiled. "You've been okay. Maybe just apologize to Taylor."

"Right. I really need to do that," Liam agreed. He knew that. He'd had a lot of time to think on his cross-country trek into the wilderness to find his StegoZord, whom he affectionately called Cheech.

A little girl of about eight was running past them, but tripped on a crack in the parking lot. She was about to go flying through the air Liam stepped forward and caught her around the middle and set her on her feet.

She broke into a big grin. "Thanks," she said cheerfully.

"Carly," Shelley rushed up in an exasperated huff. She grabbed the girl's hand. "Don't go running off alone. It's dangerous these days," she said. She stalked off without acknowledging or greeting the other teens.

Liam stood. "Well, I'll let you guys go do whatever you were going to do," he said. He gave them a wave and started to jog off.

"Later," Scott called.

"Bye," Lydia added.

A shrill scream paused them all. Cars were exploding as Junker Joe was making his way around the plaza the super market was located in. A horde of Xides filed out behind him, harassing people along the way. People were running for cover.

"Well, this is just great. You better not make us late for making dinner!" Lydia said. She ran into the crowd of Xides without fear. She jumped and felt herself get really light for a second, before getting really heavy when she kicked out, sending a Xide crashing into a bunch of others. "That was strange," she said. But she didn't have a chance to dwell on it.

"Shelley!" Near the entrance of the store, the young girl was being shuffled around by people trying to get out of the way of the approaching alien threat. Shelley wasn't easily seen. Scott and Liam made their

way over to her. Scott made it first, but Junker Joe had been on his way as well.

Carly screamed and Scott knelt and threw his arms around her. He felt something strange, like pins and needles all over his back. But the blow he anticipated never came. He glanced back, past the spikes that were protruding out of his back, and saw that Liam was holding off the monster's attack with a bank of quarter machines he'd seemingly pulled out of the ground in front of the store.

"Well, this is weird," he declared.

"Yep," Liam agreed, grunting under the effort of holding back the attack. He pushed against the monster and then crashed the machines against him, sending him flying backwards.

Scott glanced at the wide eyed little girl. He'd finally spotted Shelley. "Shelley's over there. Maybe don't mention this, to her?" he asked hopefully.

Carly nodded and ran off to Shelley.

The monster regained his feet as Lydia joined the two boys. Scott had managed to get rid of his bone spikes. "How dare you interfere! Why aren't you sad and afraid?" he demanded.

"Someone like you would never understand the strength of friendship," Lydia told him. "These two guys, they're my friends and they have my back, and I got theirs. There's no reason to be afraid of you," she stated.

Liam was slightly taken aback to be called Lydia's friend, but he nodded. "Right," he said.

Scott chuckled and clapped Liam on the shoulder. "And as much as we'll do for each other, we'll do for everyone else. That's just how we do," he added. "You guys ready for this?" he asked.

The other two spread out. "Ready," they agreed. They used their watches and summoned their DinoVolvers. They drew, pulled Charges out of their pockets, and slid them into the DinoVolvers. "Dino Chargers!" They spun the cylinders.

"TyraZord! Power Up!"

"TriceraZord! Power Up!"

"StegoZord! Power Up!"

"Fire!"

They fired the Volvers and ghost images of the Zord's head shot out, circled back and enveloped them, forming their power suits and helmets.

Junker Joe startled. "Eh! That's no good," he declared upon seeing the Red, Pink, and Blue Rangers where three annoying teenagers had been. "Xides!" he commanded.

The Red Ranger summoned his Dinotana and converted it to fit to the front of his DinoVolver. "Dino Blaster!" Red began firing on the Xides. He ducked low and shot a few more, sweeping another few, before shooting again. He jumped, gaining an altitude he didn't expect when it felt as if his bones became lighter. He fired again.

Pink and Blue Inserted Charges into their DinoVolvers. They ran the cylinders down their right arms. "Dino Arms!" Spikey armor formed for both of them, as well as weapons over their hands.

"Tricera Lance!" A Lance had formed over Pink's hand and she ran and jumped through a trail of Xides, using her newfound ability to control her density to advantage.

"Stego Shield!" A shield formed over Blue's hand. He attacked Junker Joe, crashing the shield into the alien. "This is for being a pain," he declared. Joe attempted to block, and sparks flew as he struck out again. He tucked in close and spun behind the alien. He ducked and hooked the shield around the groin-ish area. He put on a burst of strength and jerked up, making the monster spin-flip into the ground. Hard.

"How crushing," Junker Joe complained.

Pink and Red joined him. "Nice job," Red declared. "Gimme a Charge," he said suddenly.

"Huh?" Blue pilled a Charge from his belt.

"Trust me," Red said and inserted the charge into his DinoVolver. He clicked it closed and pointed as the alien started getting to his feet. "StegoTyra Vanquish Charge!" He fired. Blue and red energy bursts shot out of the weapon and crashed into the monster. The Rangers turned away from the resulting explosion.

"Wow," Pink said.

"That was brave," Blue commented.

"Eh. Thought it worth a shot," Red said.

Finally appearing, Green and Black Ranger ran toward them. "Did we miss all the fun again?" Black asked.

"We so need to work on our excuses," Green sighed.

Argo rushed over to Junker Joe. "Are you okay, Joe?" he asked mournfully.

Cobi and Rozza materialized and skipped over to Argo and the monster.

The Rangers noticed them. "More aliens?" Black.

Rozza touched the corners of her mouth. "Buck up and put on a smile. It'll all be okay," she assured Argo cheerfully.

"Yeah! I'll even help you out," Cobi chirped and pulled a watering can from the pocket that made up the front of his body. He poured some of whatever was in the can onto Junker Joe.

"What are you doing?" Argo demanded when the monster began to glow a putrid green.

"It's a gift from his majestic highness!" Rozza said.

"With this, he'll grow big," Cobi assured him.

"CRUUUUUUSH!" Junker Joe bellowed as he grew to enormous proportions.

"Crap. They actually made them grow. I was hoping that wouldn't happen," Blue said.

"I think it's an inevitable fact that eventually they always get big," Black said.

Junker Joe created a giant energy echo of his crushing arm over a portion of the city.

"Oh, no you don't," Red said and pulled a Charge out of his belt and clicked it. "Gabe!" he called. Digitizing from somewhere, TyraZord appeared and Red threw the Charge Cell at him. It grew larger and clicked into a slot inside the Zord's mouth. "TyraZord Dino Charged!"

He jumped up and landed on the now running Zord's shoulder. Gabe roared and jumped, kicking into the giant monster. He spun backward and landed on a building nearby.

"Hey you guys! Great news! Dru and Cheech can combine with Gabe," Cammi informed them cheerfully.

"Great! Druscilla!" Pink called, pulling a Charge from her belt, clicking the spine and tossing it. It grew bigger just as the pink TriceraZord digitized into existence. It clicked into her mouth. "TriceraZord Dino Charged!"

"Cheech!" Blue called. He pulled a Charge from his belt, clicking the spine and tossing it. The blue StegoZord with gold plates digitized. The embiggened Charge Cell clicked into place in his mouth. "StegoZord Dino Charged!" He jumped and began spinning, his plates glowing blue and crashed into the giant alien.

Red jumped down from TyraZord and landed by the others. Pink and Blue stepped forward to join him. "Snapping Megazord!"

The three Zords combined to form a Megazord with a shield in a one hand and a drill-lance as the other arm. The body of the TyraZord made up the shoulder and chest area, with TyraZord's head on one shoulder. Red, Blue, and Pink were teleported to a colorful cockpit inside the Megazord.

"Well, that's interesting," A black clad Taylor said from behind Black and Green as they gaped up. the Megazord. They turned, startled at his voice.

"You two were very late," Rena said from beside him. They nodded dumbly.

The three Knights of Discord were confused. "How did that..." Argo wailed.

"Are they allowed to do that?" Rozza harrumphed.

"Cool," Cobi declared.

Inside the cockpit of the Snapping Megazord, the three Rangers marveled. "This is so awesome," Blue said.

"Yep," Red said. He put his DinoVolver in a slot in the console beside him. Pink and Blue followed suit. "Now let's get this done," he said.

"Right," they agreed.

Junker Joe began firing energy at them, but they pushed through it. Using the StegoShield and TriceraLance, they lashed out. The monster sparked a little but came back with a more powerful energy attack. The Megazord bounced back with surprising agility.

"All right, guys. Time to end this," Red said. He pulled out another Charge from his belt. The other two held one up as well. They clicked the spines and inserted them into the consoles. Energy from the three Cells began to charge the one in Tyra's mouth. "Snapping Combination Vanquish Charge!"

The TyraZord's mouth opened, and electricity crackled. The Megazord turned and fired a ghost image of the TyraZord's head at the monster. It crashed into Junker Joe and exploded. "Crush you!"

The three Rangers teleported back to the ground. They powered down and joined their friends, who also powered down.

"Good going," Rena said.

"We'd love to do the debrief thing, but we seriously need to go," Scott told them.

Lydia gasped. "Yes, sorry Miss H, Taylor," she said. She grabbed Scott's arm and began pulling him toward her car. The parking lot was worse for wear but her car was still okay.

"Ditto, except, I'm about to fall out," Liam said.

"I can see that, sweetie. Go home and sleep," Rena assured him.

"But you two," Taylor said, gesturing toward Crys and Dylan who were trying to ease away, "aren't going anywhere," he said.

"So...head stands are just a Sensei Kane thing, right?" Crys asked hopefully.

"Don't give him any ideas," Dylan hissed.

"I didn't need the suggestions," Taylor said. "Come on," he said.

"It won't be so bad," Rena said. Dylan and Crys didn't believe her as the foursome teleported away.

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When Lydia and Scott made it to DinoOps later on, they did indeed find Dylan and Crys standing upside down. Scott tilted his head. "You're looking a little red in the face, there, buddy," he told Dylan.

"Not funny," Dylan grunted. His arms were trembling. "Isn't it break time yet?" he asked.

"Sure," Taylor said from his usual perch.

Scott helped Dylan regain his feet, and Crys dismounted a little more gracefully. "How did the dinner go?" she asked.

Dylan leaned on Scott dizzily. "No. Don't say yet. I may have to barf first," he said heavily.

Liam appeared, looking a little more rested than he had before. "Wow. What did I miss?" he asked.

"Nothing yet," Lydia said with a wide smile.

Rena slid into DinoOps through a chute. "You didn't make them head stand this whole time, did you?" she demanded of her fiancée, looking up at him.

"Twenty-minute intervals," Taylor answered and hopped down.

"Where does that chute come from?" Liam asked, pointing at it.

"Our house," Rena answered.

"Did you guys have something you wanted to share?" Taylor asked Lydia and Scott.

Scott nodded. "Yeah. I guess. I mean, I wasn't thinking we were announcing it or anything," he said.

"Why not? We're all family now, right?" Lydia said.

Liam pointed to himself questioningly. Scott snickered. He slapped Liam on the shoulder. "Yep. You, too. Okay then. You're about to burst, Lydia. Do tell," he said.

Lydia grinned again. "They're getting married!" she said.

"Who?" Liam asked, confused now.

"Our moms," Scott answered.

"Cool. So you two are going to be brother and sister now?" he asked, gesturing to the two.

"If no one else saw that coming, I really am special," Dylan said dryly. Crys gave Lydia a hug and Rena congratulated them. Taylor smiled slightly but was distracted by his phone ringing. He moved away from the group to answer.

Even with aliens trying to conquer Earth, life moved on. People found their soul mates in unexpected places and made plans for the future. It was the Power Rangers duty to safeguard this future. Not only for themselves but their loved ones as well.

---\End 02\---