



power rangers The  
movie!

MIGHTY MORPHIN  
POWER RANGERS  
sharkrangs  
THE MOVIE

Rachel spent her whole day watching dumbass LP's on youtube again, but it was her day off from the job she insisted was real. Rachel busted honest ass and smoked honest grass to enjoy her free time as she pleased.

However, her boyfriend Brodolfo was not pleased. He leaned against the doorframe of their opulent two room apartment, (One living room and one Unknowable Room) frowning and at risk of his pants browning. Rachel lay upside down on the couch, using a first-generation Roku stick on the brink of catastrophic failure to stream loud-ass idiot moron buffoons screaming about Hitler and weenises while playing Pikmin or Kingdom Hearts or some other godless enterprise.

Brodolfo's forehead took on the bemused sheen and crumpled countenance of an empty Frito's bag. "You know you're supposed to be filing your taxes right now," he shouted over the din as one of the hosts screamed about diarrhea noises.

The spoon in Rachel's mouth dropped and splashed into the giant steel mixing bowl she used to eat Cocoa Puffs for the past three hours. "I did my taxes this morning," she said and pointed one besocked toe towards the ping-pong table pulling double duty as their dining table and bed.

Brodolfo's neck creaked towards the amassed W2's, W9's, 9465's, etc. crammed into a Cocoa Puffs box wrapped tight with duct tape and butterfly patterned postage stamps as if they were holy seals holding back some ancient and malignant spirit.

The mockery against accurate financial documentation and the noble postal service of our great nation made Brodolfo want to screech and shout like a laboratory Capuchin monkey. "Rachel, you're gonna go to Cocoa Puffs jail and then Tax jail if

you don't get your life together. You've been like this ever since we served together in the Vietnam war, and I didn't lose eight friends and my pinky finger to see you waste your life away with wanton tax misfiling and watching memefest compilations on youtube. Heed my words!"

But his words became a vague and shapeless fart to Rachel's ears. "Fuh-huh," she mumbled, not listening. Never listening. Instead, the sugar-addled conglomeration of her brain cells zeroed in with borderline idolatrous awe on the youtube video which will be transcribed thusly:

BUFFOON

What if you had a talking  
cat and instead of saying  
anything cool it just said,  
*"Power Rangers the Movie?"*

DUNDERHEAD

I would let him watch it.

BUFFOON

No, he doesn't care. He  
doesn't communicate with  
human intentions, he just  
says *"Power Rangers the Movie."*

DUNDERHEAD

Uh, it'd be fine.

BUFFOON

But every time he wants  
to be fed or wants to go  
out the door he'd go  
*"Power Rangers the Movie."*

DUNDERHEAD

It'd probably be really scary  
the first time it happened. It  
probably would happen in  
the middle of the night.

DOLT

Yeah, but you'd just get annoyed by it.

BUFFOON

Yeah, it'd be the most  
annoying fucking thing ever.

DUNDERHEAD

Eventually, but the first time  
I'd be like, in bed and it'd  
wake me up and I wouldn't  
know who the fuck was saying that.

BUFFOON

People would come in and  
go “Oh that’s so funny,” but it’s really not.

This excerpt took up thirty-six seconds of Rachel’s day, but it was without a doubt the funniest thirty-six seconds of her entire fucking life. She hooted like an owl and hollered like the poor victims of depraved serial killer John Wayne Gacy as they were thrown into his foul basement. Cocoa Puffs shot out of her nose and rabbit pellets shot out some other place and ricocheted off the ceiling, making little ping-ping-plink noises.

“Christ, Rachel, it’s not that funny,” Brodolfo fumed. “Grown men should not make a farce of such sacred cinema . . .” His mind’s eye replayed the climactic scene where the Ninja FalconMegazord kicked Ivan Ooze square in his juicy prune sack and sent him flying into an asteroid. Brodolfo moaned at the memory.

Rachel tried talking but only sputtered a few lopsided syllables before exploding into gut-busting whoops. “*Power Rangers the Movie!*” she screamed over and over. “*Power Rangers the fucking Movie!*” She rolled to her side and spilled milk and soggy Cocoa puffs everywhere. “Imagine a fucking cat walking up to you and saying that shit, WOO!”

Brodolfo fell to his knees and covered his ears as Rachel’s shrill voice bounced and banged around the paper-thin apartment walls.

“Rachel stop laughing, you’re going to have another aneurysm!” Brodolfo begged. “Cats aren’t funny! Power Rangers aren’t funny!”

“Funni.”

She hammered the rewind button and the Roku stick played the bit again. And again and-

Brodolfo felt the neurons inside his skull unwinding and dribbling out his ears. Rachel was growing too powerful; the unrelenting shrieks and giggles knocked their Norman Rockwell prints off the wall and split cracks in the floor's wood paneling. He needed to stop this, if only he could reach the remote or slam his head through the tv screen and bring this nightmare to end—

But then Rachel stopped. “Man, I wish I was a cat, or a Power Rangers Movie. Or something—oh God I think I hurt myself there.”

Rachel's face went marshmallow pale. She covered her mouth, expecting to throw up worse than the last time she ate at Arby's. “Fuck I think I need to throw *Power Rangers the Movie*.”

“It's rude to throw movies,” Brodolfo opined.

Rachel remembered Brodolfo was in the room and said “I think my stomach just rearranged itself to look like a donut Power Rangers the Movie.”

Brodolfo noticed that Rachel's face bristled with whiskers. “Rachel, you have whiskers, stop it.”

“*Power Rangers the Movie*,” she said before grabbing the steel bowl, burying her face deep within, and violently returning all the Cocoa Puffs

“*Power . . . Rangers the Movie*,” she heaved after finishing. Her head emerged from the bowl, covered in sludge and tanned fur.

“Ay dios mio,” Brodolfo said. (Brodolfo is of hispanic origin, his family having a long history of eating *juevos rancheros* and not fighting bulls.)

“*Power Rangers the Movie?*” Rachel asked as a tail uncoiled from her sweatpants. It began doing unseemly things like swishing and twirling, reminding Brodolfo unpleasantly of the serpent that tempted Eve all those years ago. He felt compelled to smite it. (Brodolfo’s family also had a long history of not smiting serpents.)

“Rachel,” he screamed, “Hold still, you grew a tail, let me get a butcher knife and I’ll—”

“*Power Rangers,*” Rachel meowed and pulled her shirt down. Furry quesadilla tits bobbed in full view. “*The Movie.*” She seemed pleased.

“Wait a second I get it now,” Brodolfo said. “You’re having an allergic reaction to the cocoa puffs and taxes, and now your body hair is going full ape mode! Dammit we shouldn’t have used up your Epipen while fighting off that rogue pitbull at Red Lobster.”

“*Power Rangers the Movie.*”

“The allergic reaction must’ve made your tongue swollen so everything you say sounds like *Power Rangers the Movie*. Unless you want to watch it, in that case we can—”

“*Power Rangers the Movie,*” She purred and pulled her pants down. More fur, more vaginas. Brodolfo suppressed a gag as the smell of jalapeno anchovies filled the room and his boner filled his pants.

Rachel sauntered near. Two ears in the shapes of acute triangles flipped atop her head and realization hit

Brodolfo like an 18-wheeler slamming into a two-year-old child.

“Hoh shit, you’re a cat!” Brodolfo mashed his hands against his cheeks and screamed. “Fuck, Rachel, what have you done?” Yellow globules of sweat fell from his forehead. He couldn’t fool the apartment manager with Monopoly money again. “Shit, shit, shit—”

Rachel slinked up against Brodolfo’s sweating shirt and put a clawed finger against his wriggling gummy worm lips. “*Power Rangers the Movie.*”

Clearly Rachel’s obsession with mentally aberrant youtubers led to its only possible end, turning into a revolting cat-woman cat. The ancient Egyptians believed that cats were cringe, and deserved to be roundhouse kicked off the back of a bus. Simply looking upon a cat was considered Reddit as fuck. Truly this was the kind of karmic punishment that Zeus and Anubis could high-five over and then proceed to suck each other off because the Gods’ ways are mysterious and beyond the tiny-brained contemplation of mortals.

Rachel’s paw gripped against Brodolfo’s balls like a scoop of ice cream that just hit the floor. Sharp claws dug through the denim pricked his hairy jellybeans.

“Yeowza!” he said. Brodolfo, for his part in allowing Rachel’s deteriorating moral behavior to continue, was now condemned to have sex with the horrifying cat. This all made sense!

With great courage, Brodolfo held his horny cat girlfriend around her waist and said, “We’ll bang, okay?” He hoped that the ancient and wrathful gods would witness



their sweaty, carnal atonement and undo this awful, annoying punishment.

Brodolfo hauled ass with an Ed, Edd, & Eddy run into the bathroom and grabbed the promotional The Nut Job condom he won at a Cinemark back in 2014. He ripped open the foil, but only pale-green dust fell out and the condom's ghost escaped into Heaven.

Not a single weenie-wrapper was left in the place. He groaned, willing to fuck a cat, but still hesitant about sticking his twizzler in her girl hole due to his crippling cat allergies.

Rachel slinked into the doorway and tweaked one of her half-dozen nipples like she was trying to catch the Astros game on the radio. Her eyes and muzzle were framed in a brown splotch in a sea of white fur, like someone beamed her with a bag of melted caramels. It dawned on Brodolfo that she looked like a Siamese cat and could break into musical numbers at any second now.

“Rachel I can't tell if this is racist or not.”

“*Power Rangers the Movie!*” she explained thoroughly.

“Ah, that makes sense. “

His conscience assuaged, Brodolfo picked up Rachel over his shoulder and power bombed her onto the ping pong table. She spread her furry legs wide—wider than a human could ever stretch, her legs looked like a reverse bear trap. Almond eyes lit with the fire of a man burning down a house with his sleeping family to commit insurance fraud so he can run off with his mistress. Her tail writhed like a furred worm creeping across the sidewalk after a heavy rain. Brodolfo didn't know if he wanted to squash it with his boot or fuck himself in the ass with it.

Rachel's hair was still greasy and tangled. She still smelled like old ramen packs. The steamy breath moving between her pointy and crooked teeth still smelled like rancid milk and Slim Jims. But—

*But.*

Now she was a cat. Burdolfo couldn't remember the last time he felt so horny. (For the record, the last time he popped a mega-boner of this magnitude was when he watched Space Jam for the first time and Wayne Knight was inflated to giant, spherical form and farted his way all throughout the Toon Squad's arena.)

"Rachel I've been waiting for this moment ever since you've turned into a cat. Alexa," he said to Alexa, "play my Sexy Jams mix."

"Playing Sexy Jams," Alexa pleeped.

*"EVERY TIME I CLOSE MY EYES WAKE UP FEELIN SO HORNY"* "The speakers blared.

Brodolfo's 3-inch cock, crooked with Peyronie's disease, boinged out of his boxers.

*"Power Rangers the Movie,"* Rachel mrowled.

His dick slid into Rachel with all the grace of a crazy straw falling into a golf hole.

For an agonizing two minutes and twenty-six seconds, Brodolfo and Rachel had weird gross cat sex. Rachel clawed roman numerals into Brodolfo's back and inflicted no small amount of hearing damage with her yowling and caterwauling.

Meanwhile Brodolfo kept laughing hysterically with every thrust and swivel. Once again, Brodolfo cursed the brain

damage that made him hallucinate Half Life SFX noises every time he had sex or took a shit.

Brodolfo's powerful duffel-bag shaped hips slammed into Rachel's choco-taco one final time and thick ropes of Elmer's glue canvased her squelching insides, despite them not being married and thus in violation of God's decree. (1 Thessalonians 4:3)

"*POWER RANGERS THE MOVIE!*" she climaxed orgasmically in a spurting of girl slime and pet dander.

"Yeah," Brodolfo said, wincing through his beet-red face as Rachel's sandpaper tongue lapped his delicate Hershey's Kisses nipples. "*Power Rangers the Movie.*"

From beyond the apartment walls Brodolfo heard the Karenesque whine of police sirens. Even now, they sped towards their apartment because Alexa's snitch-ass called the dispatcher's line after hearing the record-scratch screeching of shameless cat-fucking which was still illegal in 4/6ths of the upper 48 despite Biden's best efforts to introduce policies to shift it to 1/6<sup>th</sup>.

"Alexa," Brodolfo said. "Play 'Gonna go to Jail' mix."

"Playing 'Gonna Go to Jail' mix."

"*HEY-HO! LET'S GO!*"

But Brodolfo closed his eyes and kissed his mid 6/10 cat gf, content for the moment. He was pregnant now.

# THE END

This Story Is Dedicated To The Brave Applebees  
Workers Of America