
Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [rm5248](#) on Mon, 02 Aug 2004 14:55:52 GMT

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The sun crept down past the horizon line, and twilight was all they had. He could see the beautiful orange, yellow and red patterns as the now gone sun's rays reflected off the clouds. The result was an eerie lighting in the midst of this swamp. It also had a particular beauty to it, and he enjoyed the breeze rolling through the cat tails. About halfway across, they came upon an old GDI APC. It had been holed by an antitank round, and burn marks scarred its surface wherever the fire had licked out of the ports.

An oddity in this beautiful place, and he found himself resenting the intrusion on his sense of peace. They came to solid ground at last, and left the swamp behind on their return route to the base. He noticed that they were running past the helipads and their associated defenses now. They were well protected against air and ground assault by a hodgepodge of SAMs and laser turrets, as well as a constantly circling patrol of Harpys.

One of them placed a spotlight on them, and ordered them to halt. After verification with Valdez, they continued on the patrol. This was a loud area, and technicians were constantly busy working on the aircraft. He was glad he didn't have to be here much longer. Valdez brought them back to barracks just in time to see the recruits that had survived the testing. There were only three of them. Two had fallen somewhere along the path to the Black Hand. The medics were patching them up, and Valdez had them fall in in front of him, facing the three of them.

"Ustinov! Step forward. These are the latest victims for my glorious training program. Sanchez, Vigo and Drubnov. Get them situated, and to the firing range with you in the morning. As usual, check in with me afterwards for some quality time with me. You girls need to follow every order given to you by Lieutenant Ustinov. Is that clear?
Dismissed!"
