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Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [rm5248](#) on Thu, 14 Oct 2004 21:00:28 GMT

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The Orca transport had been stolen prior to this operation, and Nod used it only for special occasions. GDI was especially jealous of their technological edge with airpower, and if Nod was found to have captured it, they would surely hunt it down. The goliath of the air was able to carry anything in the GDI arsenal, and take a fair amount of punishment before crashing. It's greatest weakness was Ion activity. Once the excited atmospheric particles started interacting the polarity of the electrical systems would erroneously reverse, or arc to ion clusters in the atmosphere, and rupture their casings, and destroy components in their path. No degree of insulation could stop it for high energy vehicles, and both GDI and Nod were unable to fly in the Ion weather. GDI had the added disadvantage of having their hovercraft fail as well due to the electrical distribution to the fans. They used so much power, and were prone to the same thing.

As they entered the large superstructure of the craft, Sergei noticed the use of aluminum. He found that odd considering the heavy lift capabilities. He found the answer in the girder structure. Each and every girder was carefully counter balanced against its opposite number, and the craft's hunched back sported a spine that suspended the whole thing from it. He noticed hinged joints at some girder intersections to allow the craft to flex under heavy stress as well. That would explain its ability to take such punishment, and still stay flyable. Becker said something about watching one these limp into a free fire zone with a Titan under-slung. The craft had been badly beat up, yet was still flying, and he had watched it fly off with most of its innards dragging under it. He had been impressed, and stated such.

They entered the fairly spacious passenger cabin just above the command deck, and settled in after securing weapons in provided lockers. Above them, were panes of armored glass with a tinted effect. It gave the cabin the appearance of a purple hue, as the Tiberian Sun blazed bright and high above them.

Down on the command deck, Regulus had buckled into the command chair, and given the order to go.

"Air command, this is Romeo one, we are a go. Have escorts standing by. We are departing

"Affirmative Romeo one. Escorts inbound. GDI patrols are non-existent in this theatre. We will alert General Vega of your arrival, and to check IFF transponders prior to lock on as you

Regulus then looked over at the flight deck officer and said, "Palma, best speed. Alert me

The amount of power being expended was enormous. The craft silently lifted off the ground as Orca fighters with Nod pilots zipped overhead to assume a patrol as they achieved height. Any

GDI patrols would consider them one big happy family, and leave them be hopefully. If not, the second of hesitation in identifying them as hostile would cost them their lives. Slowly they left the ground. Then the aircraft moved toward Spain as one unit. Outside, the noise was horrendous as the combined VTOL fans of 7 aircraft blasted the landscape.

stated flatly, then returned to his station.

The pitch changed, and they were now moving forward at best speed to Palma. Maybee he would get some beach time, Sergei thought, and drifted to a half sleep.

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