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Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [KIRBY098](#) on Thu, 13 May 2004 16:58:35 GMT

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Sergei sat in his chair at home watching the latest propaganda scroll across his screen. He was a simple man, who didn't care too much about politics or government. This was the only option at the moment, as state television was boring, and lacking in options. At least this Global Defense Initiative garbage was somewhat amusing.

His home was Sarejevo, capital of Bosnia part of the former Yugoslavia which had disintegrated under the repressed stresses of a multi-cultural meltdown in the 90's. All that was left was Serbia. Or at least the part that Nato allowed to exist, after the wars. Love of country ran high in his veins, but the country was no longer worth loving. He was a man with high ideals, and no one, and no where to believe in anymore.

While tending the field one day, placating his crushed ego with promises of being a better man, he heard the sound that would forever change his life. In a land of war, he knew the sound well.

A tank treaded vehicle.

He ran for cover, and hid in the barn. It was then that he saw the light tank with unusual markings. It was badly damaged, and fired a round behind it as it attempted to maneuver. The response was exploding dirt beside it, and a few more pock marks in it's already marred armor. He saw its pursuer. A GDI medium tank, that he had just watched on the television recruiting ad. This one was almost in as bad a shape as the light, but clearly had the advantage. Finally the Medium scored the fatal blow to the wounded light's right tread. The light could still fire, but not maneuver. Not a good position to be in.

He had no love of the GDI occupiers, but had only seen the other tank's emblem on television advertised as a terrorist organization. The 'terrorists' climbed out of the wounded light, and ran for cover of the barn.

"No!" he thought. Not here. Not now.

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