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Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [KIRBY098](#) on Mon, 12 Jul 2004 13:25:46 GMT

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It was half of an hour before he saw any movement at all, and that was only an errant animal running through the compound. He laughed when he saw paint balls splatter all around it, and hit it several times causing the animal to flip, and squeal in pain, as it changed direction, and scurried away.

Someone was exceedingly nervous, he thought while still chuckling to himself. He zoomed in on the area and noticed that he couldn't see as well as before. This was going to be a real challenge now that the sky was darkening. And if it started to rain, he was going to be real sorry he picked this rifle.

As if in answer to his thought, it started to rain as predicted. Looking around, he found a flat piece of sheetmetal that was used as an access panel for the giant ducts. He took it off, and bridged the gap between the two ducts. An impromptu shelter emerged from his efforts, and kept the majority of the rain off of him as he tried to settle back in. Sodium lights suddenly snapped on in the compound. They slowly warmed up, and grew in intensity as they got warmer. Rain spattered off the tops of the lights, and created a strange looking halo, as steam, bouncing rain drops sodium light combined to create them. Pretty, but not his focus right now.

Because of his daydreaming, he missed the opportunity to take Becker out. He ran from the left side of the main street, and dropped in the middle of the road, doing a roll, and coming to rest facing the opposite direction with his autorifle firing as it came up. He didn't see James anywhere, but the response was a flurry of paint aimed at Becker's chest. Becker dove out of the way, the area he was just in covered in running paint, mixed with water.

He kept trying to track becker. It was exceedingly difficult, as he zigged and zagged attempting to avoid the ever persistent James. He crashed through the door of an office complex, and Sergei lost him. He muttered a curse under his breath, and saw james zip across the road in pursuit.

He decided Becker would be first to go. Not only did he hate him, but he was too fast for Sergei to defeat in close combat. He ignored James for the time being. He could keep Becker off guard for him. The building Becker was in was a small square building, and he assumed that Becker would try to escape James via the back door. He zoomed on where he thought he would exit, and waited as the two battled inside the dark building. He clicked the safety off, and got into the prone stance, awaiting Becker's inevitable exit.

Rain danced off the end of his long barrel. It was protruding past the shelter, and the building by 4 inches and he hoped the water wouldn't cause issues with the trajectory of the paintball. He decided to aim a bit high to account for the driving rain and adjusted his scope quickly. He then focused, and settled his breathing into a rhythm. A tactic he had learned in civil defense corp. Serbians were very good at sniping. A tradition passed down from the wars of the 90's as Srebrenica, and Sarejevo had been turned into wastelands. The stalemate had turned into a nasty sniping war in the once proud capital. Every high rise, and open window had the potential to have snipers there, and many civilians had fallen to them.

Becker emerged by crashing through the back door. Sergei instinctively fired two shots in rapid succession. The first missed his right ear, the second hit him square in the forehead, and knocked Becker back in disbelief. He stood there, dazed beyond comprehension, looking for where the blow had come from, while trying in vain to erase the offending paint from his eyes as it ran down.

Realizing his situation, and knowing the cameras were watching, he slung the rifle, and locked his hands behind his head as he started the long walk the compound at the center of the base. James blasted through the door expecting to confront Becker in the alley. He rolled, and brought the weapon up to fire, and saw Becker in the submissive position, walking away. Disbelief crossed his face, and Sergei saw it in the scope. James looked up in the direction of the Hospital. A smile crossed Sergei's face as he pulled the trigger two more times. James knew it was too late, but tried to move. Both rounds struck him. One caught his neck, the other his upper arm, and he crashed into the water of the alley in disappointment. Sergei kept aim, as James lay in the water, and slowly pulled himself into an upright position. He slung the autorifle, and locked in his hands behind his head, which was moving back and forth in disbelief, and followed Becker who looked behind him, and smiled an evil grin.

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