Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.
Posted by KIRBY098 on Thu, 15 Jul 2004 13:03:34 GMT
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The station looked like a desk with touch pads for different functions. The flat screen monitor showed various areas of the facility, in a four window configuration. He couldn't make out the images from this distance though. He slowly scanned the room, and saw a cup of coffee sitting on the desk still giving off steam. Where was the outpost commander? It was then that he heard the flush of the toilet, and started to laugh in spite of the need for stealth.

The officer came from the left, and headed for the console. As he passed where Sergei was, his mic and Sergei's mic started a feedback loop. He popped the ear plug out quickly, knowing the game was up, and rolled into the open as the officer dug at his ear trying to remove the plug. Sergei fired twice, both hitting the heart area in typical textbook double-tap formation.

"Affirmative, sir. Remove the mic, and chuck it in the corner. The others will be wondering

A smile met his query, and Sergei moved to the console as the officer locked his hands behind his head, and headed for the elevator to report at the compound.

At that, the officer laughed, and hit the down button.

Sergei sat in the chair, placing the pistol on the desk. He brought up the status locator for the remaining three hostiles. As expected they were wearing locator beacons, and he pinpointed their positions accurately including the officer who was now heading out the MCV bay door. He looked at the coffee, and shrugged his shoulder. Why not?
He drank the coffee, and left the overhead display up, showing positions with red dots. Oddly they were closing on the Construction facility. The beeping in the background grew louder, and he turned to where it was coming from. He couldn't determine it's location, but he didn't like how things were shaping up with them closing on the building. He saw the "dead officer's blip pass by where one of the others was, and Sergei knew that he'd been found out. Suddenly the mic in the corner blared something at the same time his own did. He didn't hear the words, but knew what they were communicating. He found the comm. relay, and yanked the wires out of it. Now they would be effectively on their own, as he yanked the lip mic from his own uniform. The playing field was now level.

He afforded one last glance at the monitor before leaving. They were all closing from different areas. He was going to have to have to make a run for it, or fight it out in here. He shut down the power, and everything went black, except the single beep, and a red light. Suddenly realization dawned, and he hit the deck as the claymore exploded above him. He couldn't see, and turned on his light. Paint was everywhere. The command area must have been on a timer that

himself. No paint. He was still in this. Turning the power back off, he left the command deck, and

headed down the stairs to the back exit.