

---

Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [rm5248](#) on Wed, 04 Aug 2004 13:51:06 GMT

[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

---

67-68

The morning came too soon, but not until he had the dream again. Its eerie recurring frequency was almost frightening to him. He pushed it out of his mind, and prepared for the day. Breakfast was a quick slice of toast, and some fruit, washed down by the prerequisite cup of coffee. The others were in there too, and chatting amongst themselves. He sat down alone, and realized the loneliness of command, yet again. Not that he really cared. There so much to think about, and prepare for.

He got up, and prepared to head outside after returning his tray to the galley. The others followed his lead upon seeing him get up. They tromped out together, and Sergei assumed position facing them. He did a quick head check, and satisfied they were all here and presentable stated:

"For you FNG's, we are starting off with weapons training this week. I can only assume you are all familiar with weapons anyways so catching up won't be an issue. If it will be though, see me in private. I will get you what you need to get up to speed. Let's go."

Together they fell into lockstep in a formation of two by two. Sergei rattled off cadence again, and they arrived quickly. Instructor Seemus was surprised to see so many Blackhand in one room, and seemed stunned in place. Sergei pulled him out into the hall, and gave him the dump, and asked him what he needed to support three more trainees.

"I will need to requisition some more rifles from the armory, and ammunition to use in them. I will also need to clear them for access to "special weapons".

"Alright, let's make this happen. Becker!"

"Sir?" He scowled.

"Take a man, and follow Seemus down to the ammo locker. I will wait for you here Seemus"

"Affirmative. Drubnov, come with me."

"Um, ok." Seemus stammered, uncomfortable in the presence of Becker's hugeness.

They walked off, and Sergei returned to the classroom.

"Where are you other two from?" He asked.

"Spanish Contingent." Vigo stated.

"South American, here." Sanchez replied.

"I'm a local, and Brother Parker here is from the U.S.. Becker is from Germany. Quite a range of humanity we have here."

The others finally returned, and they spent the afternoon disassembling, and reassembling various equipment. Chow time came and went, and then when they were all back in the room again Seemus said:

"And now for the good stuff."

68 An assistant rolled in a cart with a tarp covering something underneath. A second and third cart

was also rolled in, and an armed escort accompanied this hardware. They took up positions at the rear of the room. The assistant left, and Seemus whipped the tarp back on the first cart. It was a boxy looking object, and had a silver sheen to it. It was largely insignificant in and of itself, but the way Seemus treated it they all knew it was special somehow.

“Folks, this is GDI’s latest and greatest anti-tank weaponry. Labelled with the designation

This drew a response from the vets in the room, and Sergei himself was stunned by the revelation that the hated light from the sky had been harnessed as a portable item.

“We found this item at a laboratory in North America on a raid last week. Testing and analysis have confirmed its destructive capability. Using the same technology that makes the Ion Cannon in orbit so devastating, this unit is able to project a focused Ion Beam onto enemy armor, and strip the targets atoms of their Ions. This has the effect of causing instability at the atomic level, and the result is an explosive reaction of the base elements to each other as the atoms all become positive in nature, thus repelling each other. It is quite effective. Brotherhood reverse-engineering

“As near as we can tell, they are still in a development phase. They have been designed to be used with an advanced armor suit that we have also captured. It is doubtful that these will be manufactured on a wide enough scale to affect us much. It has a slow rate of fire, and no automatic targeting. It is in effect, a really big, unwieldy item that is difficult to use, and hard to

He replaced the tarp over the PIC, and whipped back the next one.

“This, gentlemen, is our answer to the PIC. Officially classified as Weapons Project 312, we