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Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [rm5248](#) on Fri, 13 Aug 2004 16:36:17 GMT

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He listened to it patter down, and decided to try to find simple pleasure in it. It may be the last time he got to listen to it. The corrugated iron sheltering him was a resonant drum that amplified the noise, and he started to drift in his thoughts. He remembered a distant memory of his father and him on a drive into town one rainy day. The old truck's roof had a similar effect, and the day had been a nice reprieve from hard farm work. He remembered enjoying the time with his father to chat about his mother's passing and things in between.

Reality came back into focus, when a truck's headlamps flashed into his eyes as it pulled up. Four troopers, and their supervisor started bringing the supplies into the barracks. The officer in rain gear came up to him, and asked to see Valdez. Sergei brought him into the rear, and was surprised to see it was the range officer.

"Alright Captain, everything you requested is here. The MP-5's were hard to come by, but we found an Italian Carabinieri detachment with some in their inventory. We liberated them as quickly as we could. Anything else?"

"Nothing except luck, thank you brother." Valdez replied.

"Good luck." And he left, motioning to the others to leave with him.

The men broke out the extra ammo, and loaded their vests with it. They also broke down the MP-5's and cleaned them to Black Hand standards. Ammunition was inspected and suspect rounds discarded. They then re-loaded the clips, black taping two clips together 180 degrees opposite so the reload process would be a simple flip of the wrist. Once the process was complete, Sergei ordered them to hit their racks, and lights out. He made a report to Valdez, and headed to his own rack. It wasn't hard to get to sleep strangely enough.

He was awakened by Valdez. "Get up, and get ready, ladies. We leave at 0300."

The lights flickered on, and the men leapt out their racks, and started dressing.

"Full blackout gear. I want nothing reflective on you, and if it's metal, or makes noise, tape it. Weapons check in 30 minutes. Move!"

They didn't need to be told these things, but it was good to have them said anyways. It focused them on the immediate need, and not the uncertainty of their mission.

Quickly the men were ready ahead of their deadline, and were checking themselves prior to inspection.

"Weapons check." Valdez announced.

He went up the line of men checking their vests, ammo, knives, c-4 and rifles. Satisfied, he said: "We will be delivered by an APC via the underground network. We have one line in that isn't destroyed, and will bring us close to the pump house for the city for our sewer insertion. Vigo, you need to be damn alert out there. The patrols are stepped up when Ion storms degrade their systems. Expect tripwires. Becker, you're gonna have the link to command back here at base. Protect this with your life. The APC is outside. Let's go."

They filed into the red-lit ominous opening of the new burrowing APC, and strapped into the harnesses provided. The driver of the vehicle closed the hatch, and spoke to them.

"Gentlemen, this gets to be a bumpy ride so hang on. We burrow down, then sideways into the tunnels, and then take the rails, but once we get where we're going we will have to burrow into the concrete sewer drain. Expect noise, and vibration. Use these earplugs to prevent going deaf. Other than that, enjoy the ride. The stewardess will be around in about five minutes."

The men laughed, and the pilot disappeared into the cab. The turbines fired up, and after a brief warmup, the craft tilted toward the earth, and the turbines started to scream as they spooled up. The whole room shook, and they were glad for the harnesses.

Then just as they thought the noise couldn't get any worse, the vehicle started burrowing into the hard packed earth, and they began their descent. The noise was unbearable now, and they all broke out their earplugs, and jammed them into their ears. Well, this was certainly different, he thought.

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