
Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [exnyte](#) on Tue, 07 Dec 2004 06:20:30 GMT

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The days passed for the men slowly. Combat proven warriors seldom take well to inactivity, and it was no different for these men. He found the scientists strange, and was uncomfortable with the way they looked at him. Always as if they were surveying what they were. He had made the mistake of trying to venture to the lower levels. He found that despite their security clearances entry was still forbidden to them.

The third day of R&R he was laying in his room reading up on the current global situation when the Battle Alarm went off inside the temple. he leaped up, and ran to the command station where Drubnov had pulled duty this shift.

"What's going on?"

"Incoming Bombers. Coming in on Vector 197. It looks like a good sized strike. Nod HQ has scrambled the helos, but it looks like there are too many to handle."

Valdez appeared half dressed and demanded a sitrep.

"Sir, 32 incoming Orca type bombers on an intercept with the temple. Nod HQ has scrambled Harpies, and the defense grid is on full alert. We have orders to defend the Temple, but nothing specific at this time."

"Patch me in to the Commander."

Regulus' image appeared and a hive of activity buzzed around him.

"Sir. What are our orders?" Valdez asked.

"I want your men on the temple roof with Stingers. If any get through the defensive net, you are the last line."

"Understood. Heading up now sir."

The image cut out, and Valdez started bellowing orders to gear up, and "Move your worthless carcasses".

Sergei took the stinger, and his heavy laser, and got the men together.

"Let's move. I want you in a 360 degree spread. protect your quadrants. Don't miss."

They ran through the glass doors, and into the nearest maintenance elevator. They rode it all the way up, as in the background Cabal's disembodied voice stated in flat mechanical tones that all personnel were manned and ready.

"BOMBERS INBOUND. ETA FIVE MINUTES. ENGINEERS TO DEFENSIVE RING POSITIONS

ALPHA, CHARLIE, TANGO AND WHISKEY."

The doors opened onto the roof of the temple, and as strange as it was for him to do it, they ran across the glass arches towards positions along the roof covering the full perimeter. He spoke into his lip mike:

"Report!"

Each man reported manned and ready and then Cabal's ever present voice announced:
"BOMBER ETA 3 MINUTES. HARPY ONE REPORTS CONTACT."

In the distance he could see the explosions of the ensuing air battle as Orca fighter escorts kept the harpies off the bombers somewhat unsuccessfully. They steadily advanced, coming in low and fast. the defensive perimeter initiated its firing, and tracers and SAM missiles lanced toward the offending aircraft.

He saw the telltale signs of an impending Ion strike forming above one of the SAM banks. Static discharges increased and the blue death rained down on the site. The bombers saw it, and headed for the hole in the ring.

The men raised their launchers, and waited as aircraft were swatted from the sky mercilessly.
