
Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [exnyte](#) on Tue, 07 Dec 2004 06:21:13 GMT

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125

Sergei noticed one thing that was unusual about this whole scene. Everything seemed to slow down. He was impressed by the precision flying despite heavy antiaircraft fire, and the absolute deadly precision with which CABAL was dropping bombers from the sky despite losing the SAM sites to the east to Ion cannon fire.

The bombers were now well within the defensive ring, and started climbing to get enough elevation to clear the Temple. Their steep ascent caught the Harpies off guard, and Sergei's men prepared to fire.

"Now! Kill them all!" Valdez screamed into their ears.

Almost simultaneously, seven stingers leapt from their tubes. The men didn't wait to see how the rockets tracked. They immediately reloaded, and fired again at different targets. The rockets streaked to their marks and seven Orcas either blew up outright or were damaged enough to lose altitude. The second volley took out four more before the bombers were over their goal. By now, only eight of the original group were still flying. The damaged ones that couldn't make enough altitude due to damaged fans crashed into the side of the temple causing almost as much damage as a bombing run would have.

"Take cover!"

Time now seemed even slower to Sergei. A concussion wave hit him, and threw him against the nearest steel support. Glass flew everywhere, and the temple shuddered as Orca pieces burst through the temple's reinforced glass, and shredded on the steel support beams.

He looked down, and saw he had absorbed much of the glass that had flown toward him. He was bleeding heavily, but looked to the sky to determine how successful they had been in deterring the Orcas.

He knew the answer immediately. They were in the process of releasing their deadly High explosive payloads directly onto the Temple. He saw bombs rain down slowly as he sat slumped against the support. From across the Temple's ruined upper dome, he could see a defiant Drubnov firing his heavy laser into the lead Orca. Its pilot cabin disintegrated, and the craft nosed down.

Drubnov, and most of his team disappeared in fire as the first bombs hit. He couldn't breathe now, and as shock waves hit, and the bombs moved toward him. There was something broken about his body and he laid still.

He looked toward the red and orange hued sky trying to find some small measure of peace before the end and saw the sun's rays as it set behind the mountain. Behind him, the temple shook and shattered under the bombs that pierced it.

He didn't look back. It was too late for that, and he focused on the setting sun. It was a fitting tribute, and he shed a tear as the glass and beam gave way under him.

Slowly his broken body fell through space, and through it all he finally knew peace as the day's last rays warmed his face. He would never feel the impact as he hit the temple floor. His broken body would die just before, but he had time for one last thought:

He thought of his father, and that oh so long ago trip they had taken together. He saw the warmth in his face, and love in his eyes in a similar sunset from that day. He was going home to see dad, and he was happier than he had been for a long time.....
