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Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [Crimson](#) on Mon, 30 Aug 2004 16:24:47 GMT

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Valdez ordered the team to stand down from mutant searches, finish c-4 disarming and meet inside the temple. Sergei and the others followed their ill-tempered leader back to the inner hall in silence. Once they arrived in the hall, Sanchez reported that all c-4 had been disarmed, and that no activity had been detected within the temple. Valdez ordered them to sweep the lower levels in two man teams, and report back in 45 Minutes on the upper level. He sent Sergei with Drubnov down the right side furthest away, and the others to their various ramps downward.

They trotted toward the ramp, and entered the semi darkness. Items were half packaged, and scattered around the ramp, and they ignored them for the most part. Many of them were ancient artifacts seemingly from Nod's ancient involvement in conflicts throughout history. The next level down was a sub-hall of sorts. It appeared to be some sort of meditation room where one could contemplate the finer things. It had been stripped, and not much remained except the gash where the temple had been split. Off to their left, they noticed the other teams also entering the sub level, and proceeding beyond. They did likewise, and took the next ramp down.

Now they were somewhere unique. A sort of propaganda room of sorts, as well as a museum of past events. It had also been stripped of anything useful to GDI's understanding of Nod, except for the one mummy in repose in the center of the room. Labeled under the glass was the

This stunned Sergei, and he realized how far back the brotherhood really went. Another urn

Incredulous, he could barely ponder that these remains might carry the DNA of two of history's & mightiest.

Next they came to the labs that used to house the Brotherhood's experiments in DNA research, and Tiberium. It had of course been stripped of everything and only wires now protruded from empty terminal boxes, and data storage units. The Tiberium storage tanks still stood full tiberium sludge. The room was all white and still gleamed despite disuse.

It was the same wherever they went, and they finally returned to the surface level. The other teams were there as well, and Valdez ordered them to fall in out in the courtyard to await turnover of the temple to Brotherhood forces, and reassignment. As they did so, the first advanced party of Blackhand arrived via helo, and started to file from the passenger compartment as the helo spooled down. They met Valdez where he stood, and they exchanged salutes as Valdez made report to a dour looking man with a grim expression. The others fell in line, as they were trained to do in the presence of senior BH staff. They couldn't hear the exchange, nor did Sergei want to. He didn't enjoy being in the presence of upper level staff. He was a warrior, and nothing more.

Rapidly, helos descended on the place, dispersing regular troops, and support staff. They immediately secured the area by setting up anti-aircraft, and defensive laser turrets and awaited the arrival of the ground troops not far behind them. Nod Harpy class Apaches circled the area on patrol, and scoured the desert he assumed looking for the mutants. The brotherhood had arrived back home once again.

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