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Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [rm5248](#) on Tue, 21 Sep 2004 00:26:04 GMT

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They assembled at the entrance, and Valdez thanked Seemus, who smiled and moved off to the stairs leading up to his office. They trudged out of the underground bunker into daylight which was waning already. That was something he noticed lately. Daylight didn't seem as long now that the sky was starting to take on the greenish tint from Tiberium. It was almost as if the stuff was leeching sunlight as well.

A helo was waiting at the barracks for them, and they hopped in. Regulus' army was lying in wait until the team could bring down the radar facility. They needed to capture the GDI MCV, and wep factory intact for this mission to work. An alerted base commander would never allow the MCV to be captured for the very reasons they were trying to do so.

They used the trip to outfit themselves, and get into the fatigues of the enemy. A strange feeling for him and the others he was sure. He had only used this type weapon in training. He wanted more time with it, but that wasn't going to happen. The ride was longer than he expected. It took an hour, and the temperature was chillier than before. Winter would soon come to Bosnia.

The helo came down hard and fast. It used twilight to its advantage, as well as landing in a clearing. If GDI troops were in the area, they would have a hard time discerning who was doing the drop. He leaped out, and immediately formed his part of the perimeter. The helo lifted off as quickly as it had arrived, and as they all kneeled in a semi-circle, they waited for the natural sounds of the woods to return. That was the best gauge for determining if humans were nearby. The natural night sounds returned, and Valdez motioned for them to move towards the east. The trees were larger here than further south where he used to live. The contamination was evident in the small green glitters he saw in the moonlight. In a year, this place would be green, and devoid of trees, he knew.

20 minutes later, Sanchez picked up the first signs the base was near. A humvee rumbled by on a patrol. The spotlight wasn't even on, and the guards clearly didn't expect resistance. This

been set up to evacuate civilians from Tiberium contamination. After they had been moved north to colder areas, the base was left as a liaison for the nearby mutant facility. An uneasy truce existed for GDI with the forgotten. That was soon to change.

After the humvee passed, they approached the perimeter fence, and Sanchez cut his way through the links. They were behind the Wep factory, and no activity could be spotted in the darkness. Sanchez put the fence back together as best he could to prevent alerting the patrol, and they moved toward the radar dish

103 Vigo resumed point and the squad kept close. They didn't expect traps inside the perimeter. The only real danger was enemy troops, and if Vigo was spotted, he would need

backup instantly.

The layout of the base was a fairly simple one. The west side was where the Tib factory, and Wep factory were, which was where the team currently was. The barracks and power plants were deeper into the facility, and centrally located. The western and northern borders of the base were natural cliff barriers that prevented vehicular attack, and were thus undefended. The eastern end of the base more fortified. It had guard towers scanning the night, and RPG launchers stood on automatic standby, their mini radar assemblies turning in silence. A concrete wall barrier surrounded the facility on the southern and eastern edges where natural barriers didn't protect.

The terrain was a rugged one. Eastern reaches were divided by a large river with swift currents. Mountainous and hilly terrain was the order of business here, and a natural canyon in the far south eastern corner was the only method of reaching the centrally located Mutant base via land bridges. The satellite rip that Nod had got from GDI, showed widespread tiberian contamination, with the strange new blue crystals each combatant was desperately trying to find for its net worth in tripled stored energy. No one knew anything about it, except that it was cropping up in areas that were already well overgrown by the standard green tiberium vineferas. Dr. Ignatio Mobius had been on the wire talking about the new transmogrification of the species, and was as mystified as others. The only insight he had been able to provide was that terran plant life was being changed to actually create these new and highly volatile crystals.

The darkness was their friend, and they transited to the radar facility easily. It glowed in the lights that shown in the entrances, and on the dish itself. The team hid behind a row of parked MRLS's that needed repair. The burn marks seemed to indicate a lightning strike had hit them while in an Ion storm. Sergei surmised they had been transiting a Tiberium field when the storm must have started. Hover and air technology was virtually useless in an Ion storm, and they were grounded until it passed.

Vigo pulled out a silenced pistol, and took aim on the lights shining up the entrance. In a quick burst, three exterior lights had been eliminated. Darkness consumed the area. They could still see from the light from the towers, and the buildings behind them, but it was far reduced now.

They moved towards the facility, and as soon as they got to the door, they met a GDI officer exiting.

"Again? That's the third spike this week. I'm tired of this. I think I will have a talk with

As the officer strode away muttering something, Valdez walked up beside him and with a

He cycled the lock as he pushed past him, and Vigo rolled his eyes in resignation. Inside the facility was the ever-present hum of the giant rotating dish's gears working below their feet. They had heard this sound before, and Sergei flashed back to Sarejevo. They were a long ways from there now. Romania was colder, and less hospitable despite the lack of warfare Sarejevo had endured.

The hall they were in had unlit rooms behind doors on each side. The only one that remained lit was the duty officer's and he had just gone to complain the duty officer about fictional events. Just past the duty officer's desk, was a large room of machinery. Catwalks surrounded the pit that housed the dish's rotisserie. On the outer periphery of the catwalks were readouts, and computers of all kinds, as well as more offices. During the day, the place would be alive with people, but tonight, there was only a lazy officer in dereliction of his duty. They wired the shaft with shaped charges, painted it black to match the shaft and set the receiver to await the signal from Valdez.

Next up was the power plant. Right next door, it would be easy to get to. The men rushed out into the night again. In the distance was the Humvee on patrol still. It was no where near them, and passing under the RPG tower.

They were able to make it all the way to the central computer core before being questioned. The

Valdez then called in to the Nod forces waiting at the base periphery.

He wired the core, and put the engineer behind it to hide the body for five more precious minutes. After that, the Globalists would be far too busy protecting themselves to worry about anyone else.

Casually, they exited the way they came, and even had technicians wave as they walked through. The irony of it all was lost on their hidden urgency to leave.

Finally free of the plant, they made haste to the parked MLRS lot.

They climbed onto the craft as Parker started up the fans. This got the attention of the command post in the MCV, and the hummvee turned from its patrol to spotlight them.

As the light fell on them, Parker went to full power, and the craft turned towards the fence, moving behind the wep factory to avoid RPG's, and the humvee. He launched a barrage into the fence at the same time Valdez hit the remote once. The lights flickered, then dimmed in the base. He hit it again, and the charges on the shaft went off. No one outside would ever even know it in

the dark, but for a second the dish resisted its partially severed shaft. Then it leaned ever so slightly, and gained speed as it headed for the cliff wall at the back of the base.

The barrage Parker had launched had destroyed any semblance of a fence, and they picked up speed heading for the gap. Rocket bikes rushed into the base and the RPG never had a chance to try to target them. As it tried, Tick tanks and APC's rolled in. The tanks obliterated the RPG tower, and headed to finish whatever resistance was offered by the sleeping base. With no communications, and with complete surprise achieved, GDI knew only that a power failure had happened on the orbiting Philadelphia. The reality was far different as infantry rushed ahead of the engineers to capture the building before generators could be switched on, and self destruct sequences initiated. The team watched it play out from above on the cliff edge. Some of the teams were successful in capturing the buildings, other died in massive explosions generated by more astute GDI troops inside.

It was over in 20 minutes, and over the wire they heard: "Nest, Romeo 1. Mission

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