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Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [exnyte](#) on Tue, 07 Dec 2004 06:18:00 GMT

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Twenty minutes later, They had reassembled in the common room.

"We are finally in a standdown. A small mission the day after tomorrow, but until then you are free to do as you please after musters. Musters will be at 0700, 1200 and 1700. Dismissed!" Valdez said.

Standdown. Sergei wouldn't know what to do with himself. He supposed he could check out the temple and its architecture, but for now he found he wanted to sleep again. He turned towards his room, and after closing the door dropped everything where it was, and crashed onto the bed.

The dream returned again. This time it was a snowy day. As the cyborg stood in the field of green tiberium, he watched snow gently fall, and hiss as it hit the crystals. He found it odd they weren't being covered like the landscape around him. Again he moved forward without control of the scene being played out. Just as he remembered from before, the cannon fired, but this time he was firing at a control tower at the edge of a prison complex. It erupted, and disintegrated before the cannon, and then he saw a figure appear on the HUD. The words "Primary Target" appeared, and he fully expected to see green fire erupt once again. It didn't. He moved forward and stomped over the wall. Two titans loomed into view, firing on the escapee that had passed him. He turned, saw the APC arrive, and the escapee disappear, then resumed his attack.

Green fire lanced out and struck the Titan on the left, burning through half a leg. The other one returned fire, and the cyborg reeled from the 155 mm round's impact, but stood its ground, and fired back. The ball of green burned into the cabin of the titan, and it fell backwards with no pilot, or computer balancing to help it stand. The other tried to turn to bear, but the damaged leg wouldn't respond. The cyborg finished the mech off, and started destroying every building in sight. GDI alarms sounded, and from somewhere he heard "Withdraw, and await the APC." "AFFIRMATIVE." Was the cyborg's reply, and it stomped back out to the tib field. There it stood, and Sergei watched the HUD numbers climb for energy levels. Apparently the borg was Tiberian based.

He woke again just in time for muster.

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