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Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [KIRBY098](#) on Fri, 14 May 2004 14:48:36 GMT

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Part 2:

Sergei watched as the troopers ran for the cover of the barn. It was going to be a tough run for the troopers. The ground was arid, and rocky. Not good for much besides small plots of vegetables, or grazing land, but even then it took yearly maintenance to keep it arable.

The GDI Medium finished the light with another AP round into the turret. She went up in a blaze reminiscent of a fireworks display he had watched as a child in Belgrade. Then in a sudden burst of fury and fire, the ammo cooked off, and blew his hair back, and knocked the two troopers down. Unsatisfied at merely destroying the offending tank, the medium then started firing rounds at the troopers. This confused Sergei. The recruitment ads had portrayed GDI as the savior of the world, not the merciless destroyer of hapless ground units injured in war. This angered him suddenly, and surprised him with the amount of fury it fueled him with.

The troopers got up, and ran with best speed to the barn using cover and splitting up to confuse the gunner of the medium. This impressed Sergei. He had not known men in his lifetime with such presence of mind in a crisis who could work so well together. One of the troopers distracted the medium with light arms fire, and the other attempted an RPG attack in the few seconds afforded him. The RPG sliced cleanly through the air, but the explosive-reactive armor, and the angle of impact did little more than leave a deep gouge in the side of the tank.

The tank shifted it's focus to the new threat. By this time, the trooper had moved anyways so it hardly mattered, but this re-deployment cost the tank the initiative. The troopers headed for the barn while the tank attempted to destroy what wasn't there.

As they approached the barn, they saw Sergei, and he realized he was exposed. Fully expecting to be gunned down by the 'terrorists' he surrendered to his fate, and raised his arms in defeat.

helmet. "We are in great need of somewhere to hide until the other liberators arrive in this

Sergei wondered at this statement. Liberators was not the term he was thinking. It was then that the tank had figured the ruse, and started lobbing AP rounds into the ancient barn. Splinters and hay were everywhere, and the troopers immediately dropped, and yanked him down with them. Not three seconds later an AP round tore through where he had been standing. Splinters peppered his back, and anger rose in him as he fought the helplessness rising in his gut.

and without thinking. He knew of a place in the back of the barn where his father stored grain liquor he made in what little free time he had between growing seasons, and harvest time. It was empty now, but definitely large enough to accommodate the three.

The troopers were close on his heels and seemed used to quick response without questioning. This also impressed him. These men were professional, and efficient. Seemingly without fear. Together they removed the piles of hay stacked on the long unused door to the cellar. The door reluctantly opened, and the three slipped into darkness as AP rounds continued to destroy the last Sergei's dilapidated barn.

One of the troopers hit a unit on his chest, and the room was illuminated in a dull green glow. A chemical light of sorts Sergei guessed. They assessed the room for a minute, and decided there was no way in or out, other than the way they just came in. They both aimed their autorifles at the entrance, and waited as the noise continued outside.

The senior man then whispered into a helmet radio talking to some other person unseen.

"Brothers, this is armor unit Sierra 4. A GDI Medium has pinned us down in sector 23E. Armor destroyed. Situation is critical. We are under fire inside a large structure and require assistance.

Sergei never heard the response. The barn crashed down above them, and Sergei knew little more than the dull green glow, and pain as the wall colapsed onto him.

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