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Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [KIRBY098](#) on Fri, 18 Jun 2004 16:51:04 GMT

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In an hour, General Anton Slavik Nod's greatest and brightest tactician will arrive in this facility to speak to you. Use this time to get patched up by the medics, and get outfitted by the supply representative that will arrive shortly. You have been chosen out of a very tight field of candidates to lead the brotherhood, and become part of the elite. I congratulate you. We will

The door opened, and as promised the medics, and the supply officers arrived. They immediately started treating, and outfitting the recruits. Regulus set a timer that appeared on the front screen, and it started counting backwards from 59:59.

With that he left. Sergei's wounds were superficial with the exception of the laser burn. The man with dried blood all over him was fine except a broken nose. Turns out the blood wasn't his, and Sergei didn't want to know how he came about getting it.

The third man was wounded in many places. It appeared he had taken a round in the upper thigh, and something had cut him badly across the face. While the wounds were being dressed, measurements were taken of their sizes, and uniforms selected from the inventory. The Black hand uniforms were Black BDU's, black jungle boots, and black berets all imprinted with the signature Black hand logo of a Black fist with the globe in it's grip.

He liked the uniform, and its simplistic approach. The emblems were also tear away, which denoted missions which didn't want official Nod recognition. They were shown the shower facilities in the next room, and he took them up on their offer. He then had the wound re-dressed, and got into his uniform. He liked the look. It fit him well. The barber was next, and they were all given high and tights. All in all, a very good match to his expectations that hadn't been fulfilled until now.

He went back into the other room and saw the timer. 14:33.

He helped the wounded man into his uniform, and laced his boots for him, as he couldn't really bend very well, and they all proceeded to the next room where Regulus had taken a seat in the newly cleaned room. He turned upon hearing sergei, and said: "Now that's more like it. All of you, sit up front. General Slavik will be on shortly. When he appears, rise, clench your right fist, and plant it on your left pectoral smartly. You will also speak only when spoken to, and

The door swept open, and in rushed an advanced guard. All blackhand men, and their gazes swept the room for threats to the precious prize they protected. Then in stepped general Anton

Slavik, The Serbian Wolf. The bane of GDI, protector of Kane and commander of the ultra secret and almighty Black Hand of Nod.

His gaze was fierce, and he walked to the front of the room, and stood at parade rest.