

---

Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [KIRBY098](#) on Fri, 09 Jul 2004 13:06:47 GMT

[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

---

The running continued, despite his wishes to the contrary. He needed to find a way to cope, and focused on the problem at hand. The burning in his lungs. He tried different breathing methods, some better than others, and settled on timing his breathing to coincide with his stride.

Two short breaths in, two short breaths out. It seemed to quench his lungs desire for air, and he found that he was fairing much better now. Jim seemed to be doing better now as well. He started to focus on the scenery to distract his mind until this hell march was over. They were apparently near the ocean. He could smell it in the air, and the horizon was opening up as well. He found he was happy about it, and thought back to his vacations with his father many years ago. Their Yugo had been old and barely ran that day, but they arrived in the morning as the sun came up. Sergei could remember seeing the sunrise for the first time ever over the ocean. Breathtaking was the only word for it.

They had spent the day and played in the water, and he had always wanted to go back, but hadn't ever made it. Apparently today he would.

He snapped back to reality as they approached the rocky coastline. Nod cargo ships unloaded cargo to supply the war effort, and the shore was a hive of activity. Not a day at the beach he had imagined. They ran past a cargo ship whose bow opened up like a mouth. The cavernous opening was empty now, save the crew who was preparing to seal the bow, and head out. It was the same all along this mile long drop off zone. Some were still in the process of unloading MCV's, and their escorts. Others were apparent troop carriers, or helo carriers. It was an impressive logistical display to say the least.

The unloaded vehicles and troops formed columns and moved swiftly offshore. All seemed headed north to the embattled capital of Sarejevo. Judging by this deployment, Nod still hadn't taken the capital.

They turned with the column moving north, and he watched their movements. A disciplined and determined army. He didn't figure GDI would be able to hold out much longer. The troopers noted their passage with only a slight turn of their heads. They then turned off to the right, and headed back home via a broken down road with destroyed homes along it.

They had apparently been destroyed long ago, prior to this conflict. The crumbling ruins were overrun by Tiberium deposits scattered throughout this coastal township. He found himself wondering at the people who had lived here. He could imagine children playing in the abandoned playground, now nothing more than rusted metal, and old plastic swaying in the breeze from the ocean. They ran past a statue of a long forgotten warrior from some unknown conflict long ago. It was leaning, and the rider and horse were being decayed by the salt air, and pigeons. Such a sad state for a once proud statue.

Leaving the town behind they came to untended fields, overgrown in years of disuse. These fields lasted for awhile until the defensive structures of the base loomed into view over the horizon. He looked back over his shoulder, and saw laser turrets cleverly concealed and camouflaged. Had he been a GDI patrol he would be dead now. They passed the main gate, and came back to where they had started. It had apparently been awhile. The sun was higher now, and the heat of the day

baked them as they fell into a ragged line of men heaving for air, and trying to stand at attention.

The instructor headed for the chow hall himself, and they followed.

---