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Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [KIRBY098](#) on Fri, 09 Jul 2004 18:06:36 GMT

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"Alright Ladies, now that we have finished this morning's brisk walk we will be doing a little combat simulation. The winning candidate will get the dubious honor of standing at parade rest while I cycle the hell out of the rest of you for being lazy."

"You will get your choice of one of three weapons. A pulse rifle, a shotgun, or a sniper rifle. All three weapons are modified versions of their real counterparts, and will fire paint rounds. A hit anywhere is a kill, and the losing candidate will report back here for some special attention from one of my assistants while the other two finish under my oh so watchful eye. Rules are you don't go out of the yellow boundary line. If you do, you get some quality time removing my boot from where the sun doesn't shine. Each of you will be taken to a drop off zone, and given the pick of weapon. Let's see who gets bragging rights today girls." He finished with the sarcastic tone, and an evil grin.

They were picked up by buggies, and dropped off at a replica GDI base. There were paint splatters from previous battles, and cameras at every intersection for watching the action. Some, he noticed had been hit by paint either intentionally or unintentionally.

He chose the sniper rifle. He had no intention of getting into a close range melee.

"When you are done, report to the command bunker in the middle of the town. If you get hit, raise your weapon above your head, and get there."

"Understood." Was all he said.

He trotted off into the cover of a barracks, and planned his next move.

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