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Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [KIRBY098](#) on Thu, 15 Jul 2004 18:38:02 GMT

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He decided that rather than fight it out with three superior trained warriors, he'd make a run for the bunker. While they wasted their time looking for him here, he would be long gone, and "safe" at the bunker. He slipped out the back door, and came around the northerly side of the ConYard. The sodium light in the yard highlighted the briefest glimmer of something there, but it was gone before he could look closer. They were here already. He wasn't sure where the bunker was, but he had an idea based on where the command officer's blip had been on the screen.

The time for subtlety was over now. He waited until the lights came on in the upper room above him, and zoomed in with the rifle. He had a shot at one them, and took it in a snap decision. This time he fired four rounds and then bolted before he had time to look to see if they had hit anything. They would take too long trying to find him to chase him to the bunker now.

As he ran, he didn't see the paint balls' trajectories. They did indeed make it through the broken window, and entered the command deck. The victim took a round in the back of his knee. He jumped instinctively back, and exposed his compatriot across the room who was just entering. Two of the balls hit the wall, the fourth and last hit him in the cheek. The last of them saw him bolt from the scene, and gave pursuit as the two others cursed, and prepared for the trudge back to the bunker. Sergei didn't know it yet, but he had just reduced a crack Nod hit squad to a one man rush to the bunker. He ran as hard as he could, and afforded a look over his shoulder. The angry Nod assassin was in hot pursuit. He was not going to lose to this rookie. Sergei gave all he had left, and ran. His muscles ached so badly after the run, and the hours in the rain and cold. His lead was all he had.

He spied the defeated officer arriving at a low squat building, and entering. That must be it. He ran all the harder, pistol in hand.

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