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Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [KIRBY098](#) on Mon, 19 Jul 2004 13:05:07 GMT

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He woke, the rain still battering his face. Someone had flipped him onto his side. He laid still listening to his surroundings, trying to ascertain what to expect once he started to rise. He did a quick assessment of his body. And felt cold seeping into just about every joint. The pain of trying to flex his fingers was sharp, but the pain also told him that he wasn't in danger of exposure. James' voice sounded in his ears: "Curse him all you want Becker. He not only whooped us, he whooped them too. Did you hear them complaining when they got here about how he had

In the background he heard Valdez shout:

"If you two ladies can't stop gossiping over there, I can find something to occupy your

He mentally grinned as he pictured the scene in his mind. Whatever Valdez was doing, he guessed it was related to the team he had just neutralized. The cameras would have caught it all so it would impossible for them to refute or change any aspect of it.

He lay there for a few more minutes, enjoying the break not knowing what lie ahead. He hoped a return to the barracks and some food was in order. He willed his arms into motion and oh so slowly pushed himself up. He kneeled on one leg, and placed the other foot into the mud. He rose into the upright position, and raised his face to the sky. He let the rain clean the mud off for a second, and then looked directly at James and Becker. He could sense something different in Becker now, and knew he had gained the mental advantage in the future. James just smirked.

He put one foot in front of the other, and fell into formation beside the other two. Everything hurt him, but at least he was moving with no injuries. All his weapons had been taken he noticed. Just as well. He didn't need them anymore. Valdez noticed he had risen, and walked over and stood in front of Sergei at Parade rest. He got right in his face with a stern look on his brow, and

He took a small badge out, and took the frog off the back leaving just the pin. He smacked it into Sergei's chest, and he gasped in pain as it sunk into his flesh. Valdez took pleasure in the gasp of pain and said:

"Get them back to Barracks Lieutenant. I want them on the deck at 0500 tommorow morning.

He started back towards barracks, and the other two fell into line behind him. They fell into a rhythmic pace of boots slapping the ground, and his body finally warmed up. He could feel Becker's eyes burning into his back with seething hatred, but he did not rebel. The run back was easy, and as they passed the gate, he was glad to see the barracks loom into view. Rest, warmth, and food awaited.

All he said to the others was: "0500 tomorrow. Don't be late this time Becker." He grinned as Becker's ugly grimace walked by to his room at the end of the hall. James walked by him, and

said "Hey, let's grab chow and chat after a shower. Sound good?"

"Yeah, sounds fine. I'll give a knock when I get done."

James left him with a clap on the shoulder, and went to his room to clean up.

He cycled his own door, and after it closed He extricated the pin from his chest, stripped down, and got in the shower. He let the warm water run for a good long time before he finished and he felt warm again. The shower floor was covered in mud and blood from the pin wound, and he cleaned it out before moving on. He hung the wet BDU's to dry in the shower, put a med patch on his wound and got into fresh BDU's, and a fresh pair of boots. He was wondering what to do about the pin with no frog to hold it on. Someone had slipped cloth Squad leader insignia under his door to attach to the tear away strips on his BDU's. Problem solved.

The insignia was a substitute for the pin.He then went and got James who answered his knock swiftly. "Alright, let's go eat."

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