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Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [KIRBY098](#) on Fri, 23 Jul 2004 15:29:09 GMT

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The morning started off with basic weapons familiarization via an overhead projection. All three of them knew most of them, but Sergei was lacking in Brotherhood technology and had to pay special attention. Lunch time came, and they took 30 minutes at the cafeteria inside the building, and met back in the room. Autorifles were awaiting them on their desks.

"I want to have you tear these rifles down, and lay out the pieces in front of you. I am going to

He did the best he could. Some of the components were strange to him, but a rifle is a rifle. He did manage to get it apart, but getting back together was going to be interesting.

It turned out he wasn't going to have to worry about it too much. The instructors' lesson focused on how to replace missing/broken parts with common items like paper clips, pens and things of that nature. He walked them through it, and when they were done, the rifles stood reassembled with their original components.

He led them down to the range through the polished halls. They passed the experimental

there. Tiberium seemed to be the exotic chemical of choice. The range officer greeted them with a gruff voice.

"Afternoon, Seemus. Gentlemen, follow me. The rules are as follows:

1. Ammunition is provided by me. 2 clips only.
2. Keep the rifles downrange at all times when loaded.
3. Open the breach, and show me that the weapon is indeed empty prior to leaving the line.

He pointed out their spots, had them assume prone position, and dispensed clips.

They did so, and awaited the order to fire.

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