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Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [rm5248](#) on Wed, 11 Aug 2004 01:51:36 GMT

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73-75

The next 5 weeks would be a blur of Physical training for him. They were trained long and hard on how to work together well, and use the weapons they were given to accomplish each mission. A particular emphasis was placed on intellectual processes, and he was pleased to see that the men under his command were all supremely intelligent, and he found he wasn't the only one with the ability to recall things explicitly.

They finished basic, and moved on to their respective divisions for their specialized training. He found himself well suited for intelligence work, and was frequently finished with the online lessons through Cabal's interface before required to be. They taught him foreign languages, and how to manipulate IT resources. He was also trained in the basic programming languages, and could recite chemical composition formulas on demand. There was also an emphasis on geography, political science and analytical skills as well as a psychological profiling class. Without the photographic memory, he wouldn't have been able to keep up, and it was difficult even then. Both he and Sanchez had to rely on each other after the evening physical training with the squad.

After weeks of intense training, and worry, the head of the Intel division came in the training room to address them.

"Gentlemen, sit down. At ease. Before you leave here, I wanted to talk a bit with you. As I am sure you have gleaned, your unit is unique. Typically the three divisions only share information, and don't usually go out together on missions. You are the first in an elite cadre of soldiers incorporating all the refined skills the Brotherhood has. You will be receiving special weapons, and augmentation to further amplify your uniqueness. After you leave here, our relationship will change greatly. We will be at YOUR service, not the other way around. Valdez will be in charge, and your communiqué with the rest of the Brotherhood. The others are receiving the same speeches in their divisions as well.

It has been an honor to teach men of your caliber. You are a rarity, and GDI will not be prepared

He stood, and they did as well.

With that, he turned and walked away.

Sergei and Sanchez seemed rooted in place. They looked at each other, and started packing everything they thought they might need. Together they moved with a quick but sad pace towards the exit, and afforded one look back where they saw the commander looking from a window in the tower above. Some of the others were coming diagonally from across the parade grounds, seemingly released at the same time

and their future.

74 After twenty minutes of waiting, they were all finally assembled, and Valdez ordered them into the truck with no explanation. Sergei was last into the truck. It rumbled off towards the North, and

the front. Valdez came over the speaker.

"Listen up. This is real now. We are heading for the most embattled area on this planet, and you had better pay attention. Forward base Zulu is approximately 15 miles north of here, and right in the middle of it all. They have been under constant attack for 2 days now, and have only just now repelled the latest attack. We will be using them as a forward staging base for our first

He watched the scenery as the truck bounced along the road. Burned out tanks were familiar sights. He saw an impromptu graveyard of sorts with a bulldozer burying the mass graves, and another was pushing burned vehicles off the road, and onto lift trucks. The brotherhood was apparently low on metals if they were scavenging them. They stopped finally after a punishing set of potholes.

leapt from the truck, and he assessed the situation quickly. There was an outcrop of rock to the right, and he ordered the men under it. He then spared a glance skyward as he ran for the outcrop. An Orca Bomber squad was inbound, being chased by seven Harpies who were attempting to fight off the Orca fighter escort at the same time. He ordered his men into a firing line under what cover they could get around the outcropping, and ordered them to focus on the fighters. The Harpies could smoke the Bombers if given the chance to get away from the fighters.

"Focus on the lead Orca Fighter, and then hit them as they come to you. Focus on the fans on

The bombers were already past, and on their way to Zulu. His squad opened up on the lead fighter, and tracers lanced into the turbofans from their new laser rifles. Becker's heavy laser did the most damage though, and utterly vaporized what still existed of the superstructure holding the fan remnants. It separated from the Orca's body, and the aircraft spiraled in 360 degree spins as the other turbo fan remained at full power. It plummeted into the ground, narrowly missing the truck, and spreading its hydraulic guts, and pilot over the arid ground.

The squad didn't get to see the carnage though. Immediately upon seeing the fans disintegrate they focused on the next one in line. It was a bit difficult this time, as the Orca was maneuvering to get a bead on a Harpy doing a strafing run on the bombers.

The harpies dropped to the deck, and went after the bombers at full tilt. The Orcas attempted to follow.

Red laser fire leaped from the outcrop, and the Orcas tried in vain to avoid it. His men knew how to lead the targets well, and their attempts to avoid their deaths, only quickened them. He also saw the tracers from Valdez's forward position hitting their targets as well. They were decimating the globalists.

As the Orcas fell from the sky, the harpy commander came onto the circuit:

“Good work Ghost one. We’ll take the bombers out. Firebase Zulu will be most thankful

In the distance he could see the harpies rise, and give full pursuit, their rocket pods already unleashing their fury against the offending bombers.

Valdez came from his hiding place in front of the truck. “Good work Ustinov. Once the crash

They found nothing but wreckage, and got back into the truck. The squad was quiet as they pondered their first victory together, and finished out their trek to Zulu.

75 As they traveled he ordered a weapons check, and ammo status. Their new weapons were not common in the brotherhood, and ammo would be an issue to keep track of. Powerful and light, they still required power cells that could only be obtained from one place.

Weapons Research Division.

About halfway through their journey now, Sergei was looking forward to getting there. As night approached, they saw more flashes of light on their left and right, and in front of them they could see hell being unleashed on the city of Sarejevo. Twilight was not the best time to be in a war zone. They had night vision, but with the flashes of light from explosions rocking the countryside, he knew they might be more of a detriment when the visors washed out with too much light exposure. This would effectively blind them at critical moments despite their filter's attempts to damp it.

In the failing light of day, he took time to appreciate the skyline. It was the most beautiful orange-red-yellow combination he could remember in recent memory. He knew he wouldn't be able to appreciate it much in the days to come. They were now passing rear guard units, and support personnel vehicles. Everything the war effort needed to continue passed through them on their way to men doing the dying. Artillery was arranged intermittently, and SAM sites were visible to his trained eye. A lesser soldier wouldn't have seen them in their concealment, but he had been trained to see, and identify them. A makeshift hospital and cyborg processing facility were located near each other as well. In his training he had learned the horrifying fact that the dead, and dying were intermingled with cyborg technology to create the army of bio-machines the brotherhood depended on for it's shock troops. He consoled himself to know that they were already, or going to die, but he couldn't help but wonder of the soul of the men used as stock.

An incinerator was operating nearby as well, burning the excess body parts, and rubbish from the base as fuel for the power plant for the hospital. Nothing went to waste in the brotherhood.

The landscape ahead was devoid of trees, and with all the rain of late, was a no man's land of craters, and mud resembling the first world war's trenches. Ahead lay the base, and it's heavily punished defenses. As they passed the security checkpoints they could see engineers trying desperately to repair the structures hit in the latest raids. He could only see one working obelisk, and three SAMs were visible as still scanning for targets. There was no effort made to hide them here. If that bombing raid had got through today, this base would probably be facing a counterattack to finish it off. The Harpies were parked on what remained of their pads, and support buildings. One was clearly smoking, and strip personnel were trying to put the offending

fire out.

As they entered the base the pallor of smoke laid thick over it, and the smoldering rubble added to it. They approached a low lying, non-descript building covered in sandbags, and were ordered out of the truck which had stopped abruptly after narrowly avoiding a pothole from a bomb. The driver returned on the route back to the primary base, and Sergei hoped he would make it back. He had been a good driver.

"Wait here ladies. I am going to check in with BH command." Valdez said. "Have them set up a radio post so I can contact Regulus on our channels." And he turned and walked into the bunker.

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