Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.
Posted by rm5248 on Thu, 12 Aug 2004 21:39:25 GMT
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The men were already done with rations, and were ready for the order. To Becker's credit, he had observed the meeting taking place, and prepared for the order ahead of time. They followed Valdez to the underground barracks, and they swept the building for listening devices prior to re-establishing comms in the rear of the facility in Valdez's private quarters. After all the well designed buildings with all their current amenities, it was a wake up call for the cadre to live in this primitiveness. The entrance was nothing more than a concrete set of steps with sandbags on both sides. At the bottom of the stairs was the heavy wooden door, with nothing more than a mechanical latch. The mud from the base had poured down the steps into the barracks during the latest storm, and silt was deposited at the front door in a pile. Inside was a delta of silt as well, but it hadn't gone much further than the door. The concrete floor had allowed the water to travel though, and they would need to clean up the place. The beds were of bunk style, and were all neatly made in anticipation of use by someone prior to the storm. Showers and the washroom were outside, and to the left in a hootch contructed of plywood, and corrugated metal. He listened to it ping as rain started to fall. Apparently this was a nightly ritual this time of year.

They each claimed a bunk, and per Sergei's orders started cleanup. Only Vigo was excused to re-establish comms. In no time, the barracks was as good as it was going to get, and the men chatted as they worked. There was much talk about the battle, and this base. Even some concern over ammo being sufficient. They didn't know that Sergei had arranged for more of the experimental ammo, and for ancient MP-5's to be delivered. If they ran out, or these weapons failed them, the ever reliant MP-5's would take care of them. They were small, fully selectable for firing modes, and could be submerged.

Vigo walked out from the back, and said: "Sir, he needs you and the other lietenants to meet in the bunker."
"Got it, thanks. Becker, Parker. Come with me."
The three of them moved to the back and knocked on the door.

"Come in."
The door creaked open, and Valdez's quarters greeted them. It wasn't much different than the rest of the place, but it did have a personal sink.
"Alright men, sit down. Here's what we're looking at."

The three of them sat at the other three sides of this four sided table. A 3D electronic map overlay was displayed before them, with real time pictures displayed at the bottom. "This is Sarejevo

The map initially displayed the thriving metropolis that had been largely spared in the first conflict by GDI. Sergei knew many of the places by heart and memories rushed in. The second overlay showed a much different Sarejevo. He could see that many of the building were destroyed or damaged beyond use. Road blocks created by desperate GDI patrols were in virtually every street intersection, and were comprised of destroyed vehicles, brick and anything else of use to slow tanks for destruction.

"As you can see it's a deathtrap in there.In a minute I am going to call the guys in here, but before I do, I need to run something by you squad leaders. If we get caught, this mission has a low survivability factor, and you will be tortured if found alive. Standing Black Hand orders for officers is self destruction by cyanide, or a bullet to the head of anyone left behind. No one knows we even exist, and it needs to stay that way. If you can't hack this and are going to show weakness out there, I want you gone now. No questions, you go back to the rank and file with no

All three men looked at him with determined looks. None of them moved, or said anything. "Alright then. Call them in.

Parker went and got the men assembled, and brought them in the room.

"Alright kiddies, here it is. We are going to make GDI blind and deaf, and give our brothers a fighting chance to take this city. The highlighted building you see is the local GDI radar and communications facility. We have intel showing they are monitoring Nod locator beacons somehow, so every time we foray into the city, they hit us hard, and fast. The entire city is wired

A picture at the bottom showed a camera monitoring an intersection where burned out Nod tanks clogged the street.

Black Hand intel is working on nailing the one compromising the network, but until they do, we are going in the old fashioned way. There will be a voice link established using secure and encrypted burst transmissions through civilian channels. Our task is to infiltrate this hell-hole, and take this nest out. We do, and the Brotherhood can mop this up, and re-capture the holy temple of Nod for Kane.

We are going in by way of a technique brother Ustinov used against the assassins in training. The sewers. We are going to use cover of an Ion storm to prevent sat recon of the area by GDI, and it will interfere with the cameras as well. If the rains get heavy, or the tunnel is blocked, we will be following this uni-rail tram, which runs directly by the facility we are targeting. GDI patrols are in the area, and heavily armed, but they are tired and won't be expecting you. Ustinov is a local and will be guiding us through this maze. Vigo, you're on point. Sanchez you have rear guard.

None of them had any.

"Alright. Ion activity is expected within the next five hours. Strip of anything with IFF, or electronic, and bring the MP-5's Ustinov ordered. They may just save your butts out there. They are being delivered within the hour. After that, get some shut eye. I can't guarantee

They left the room as Valdez headed for the comm. link. Sergei went to the front door where the rain was starting to seep under the door, and climbed the stairs to await the ordinance delivery. Darkness and sodium lights were all he could see other than the obelisk's red glow as it maintained readiness.

Man, He was getting tired of rain.