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Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [rm5248](#) on Mon, 27 Sep 2004 18:20:31 GMT

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The APC hit the river at about 10 miles an hour. As it nosed down into the river, it temporarily submerged, and water washed over the view ports. More than one man seemed tense as the behemoth seemed to keep going down. Finally it started its ascent, and breached the river surface. The water was swift, and Parker cursed more than once as the 8 ton monster tried to traverse the powerful current. The vehicles low posture in the water allowed the swift water to keep flowing over the vehicles view ports and caused Parker even greater difficulty in seeing where to come ashore. The engine whined as was spooled up to counter the current.

He was pointing to a small inlet where the current was causing a whirlpool. He maneuvered the craft toward it, and was swept downriver 20 feet. The craft smashed into a rock, and lurched to the right.

revolution it could give and unpinned the craft from its watery trap. It hesitated, and then slowly fought the current headed for the inlet's relative safety. Once it reached the inlet, the whirlpool created by the current meeting the rocks at its mouth grabbed ahold of them. It started spinning them around, and Parker cursed again.

Valdez spoke again: "Let it take us around once, then once the beach comes into view, gun this tub with all she's got and use the pool's own momentum. We only get one shot at

If they failed, the whirlpool would eventually pin them on the river bottom, where they would remain to die a slow death.

Against his better judgement, Parker did as told, and let the beast get sucked into the pool's movement. The craft picked up momentum, and when they were halfway through the pool's

the end of the comment, but they were all thinking the same thing, and finished his comment mentally.

Parker's piloting worked, and the vehicle escaped the grip of death. The motor was still at full power as they sling shotted out of the inlet, and hit the rocky beach full tilt. The vehicle lurched onto land, and bounced over the boulders throwing occupants around they cabin. Parker stopped the vehicle, and idled the engine. He then turned, and said to the occupants in a mocking voice: "This is the captain speaking. We apologize for any turbulence. Please place your trays in

Valdez snorted a sarchastic laugh looking over the men trying to pick themselves off the floor, and

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