

---

Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [KIRBY098](#) on Fri, 14 May 2004 18:15:01 GMT

[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

---

Part 3:

He picked stones off his body as he lay on the floor of the old root cellar. He could still hear the rumble of the tank circling its defeated foe, but there was no further firing.

He knew better than to speak in times like these. Being a child of war, he had hid in places like this from NATO warplanes looking for Serb targets during the ethnic cleansing. Unfortunately for NATO, they had run out of targets long before they had to put troops on the ground.

It was then that the senior man spoke. Not to them, but to whoever was on the other end of the communication.

"Yes sir. I understand."

Both seemed to have got the message, but didn't share with him. Together they tried to move the hatch. A beam had fallen across it, and they were having difficulty. He knew that whatever was happening, his best bet was to aid them, and stay with them until their help arrived. To approach the GDI beast out there was certain death.

"May I?"

"By all means brother."

Together all three of them heaved the hatch open. The sunlight was bright, and his eyes unused to the brightness. The troopers had no such disability. Their goggles auto-adjusted to compensate, and they immediately saw the tank by Sergei's house.

"We are to create a distraction so our brothers can eliminate the threat."

"That would be suicide. Can't we just wait and let them take care of this?"

"The Brotherhood's heavy resources are tied up further south in the capital. We must distract them enough so the bikes can be effective."

"Bikes? You can't take on a tank that big with bikes. You couldn't do it with a tank!"

"Never underestimate the power of surprise, and stealth brother. Brother Slavik knows far more than I about tactical matters, and has been very effective in the name of Kane in this campaign with them."

Before he could speak, the lesser ranking man handed him a pistol, and the two leaped up and started firing, running in opposite directions. The tank immediately started firing on the one on the right, and hit a battered Yugo behind him. Then he heard a distinct bee-like noise. It must be the bikes. He saw the dust trails coming from the opposite direction the tank was firing in. There were five of them, nothing but red and black streaks from his point of view, and they were coming fast. As the tank bracketed the man he'd been targeting, the five bikes almost simultaneously fired two rockets apiece. Their contrails streaked true, and straight, and impacted on or around the Medium. While not crippling the turret, the bikers knew the tank's weakness. Maneuverability.

In one fell swoop, the whole left side of the tank was enveloped in flame, and the tread disintegrated. The tank fired back, and a plume of dirt erupted in front of the lead bike. The bike flipped and spiraled through the air, as the other four slalomed around it, and fired another salvo,

this one staggered. This time the tank was at an extreme disadvantage. Its backside was now to the bikes and the armor there was weaker. As each concurrent salvo struck home, the armor was blasted over and over, and the final salvo punctured the Medium decisively. The tank erupted into a supernova of energy, and the bikes ceased their firing.

They stopped in a clearing forming a circle, and facing outward as if protecting something. It was then that he heard the heavy whump whump of helo blades. The helo landed quickly and the troopers motioned him to follow him to the helo. He quickly looked around. Everything he had was in flames, and he was injured from the splintered barn door and retaining wall falling in. He had nothing left except his empty shell of an existence, and these men had helped him.

He ran for the chopper.

---