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Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [KIRBY098](#) on Wed, 19 May 2004 12:47:30 GMT

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They dropped him off in the cordoned area for the civilians. As they parted the higher ranking man clasped his shoulder, and said: "Brother, thank you for your help today. It will be a great honor

He turned, and walked away without so much as a glance back. Sergei had resolved himself to whatever laid ahead back at his homestead, but couldn't help but feel so very alone, despite the surrounding cacophony of humanity in revolt around him.

The group was brought at gunpoint to a holding area in the open. It wasn't much, except a four walled concrete box, and a giant screen in front. Sergei could hear the loudspeaker talking about something, but it was difficult to make out what it was until they were actually in the compound. They were individually searched, and walked through a metal detector. Some went willingly, others were sedated on the spot. Sergei went willingly. He was surprised by the lack of abuse they were experiencing, especially considering that some of the prisoners were GDI grunts of varying ranks. He had not noticed them before because they had been stripped of insignia, and were wearing only T-shirts, and their BDU pants, but the boots were definitely military issue, and the BDU's were the customary gold of the Global Defense Initiative. The other striking thing about them, was their bearing. Despite being prisoners, they were still taking orders from a shorter man who appeared to be a man of higher rank. They had been resisting until one of them tried to take an auto-rifle, and had been beaten back for it. The commander intervened, and apparently ordered them to settle down, and help their comrade into the compound.

Intrigued, Sergei made a note to myself mentally to speak with this man, but at the moment, his turn to be searched had come up. It took them about 3 seconds to find the pistol he had been given back at the house. He had forgotten about it until now, and tried to explain how it had gotten there. The troopers didn't care though, and he was forcibly restrained with the customary plastic cinch ties and sent inside the compound under escort. They were taking him to a desk that had been set up inside, with a rather large man wearing a beret sitting behind it. He scowled as they approached, and told Sergei to take a seat, waving the troopers away once they presented him with the now unloaded pistol with it's breach open.

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