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Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [KIRBY098](#) on Wed, 16 Jun 2004 17:14:26 GMT

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A laser turret fired from his left. He instinctively dropped at the sound of the turret turning, so it did no damage to him. He belly crawled towards a toppled Titan with one leg blown clean off. The pilot's compartment had been jarred open on impact, and the pilot still rested behind the controls, his neck snapped by the impact of 70 tons of mech armor hitting the ground at 30 mph. His skeletal grin showing from behind the visored helmet he still wore. The laser fired again, and took a chunk out of the windshield as Sergei took refuge behind the half opened compartment.

How was he going to get out of this nightmare of a ghost town? The whole world seemed wrong, and Sergei was smack dab in the middle of the mess. He waited a bit, and the sun started to go down. This was not the position he desired to be in. Stuck with a dead guy, being fired upon by a laser with no functioning IFF transceiver, and alone in the dark, as a creepy orange plant ate everything in sight. He noticed a flashing light in the compartment and took a closer look. It was a button labeled "Ignition". A lot of good that would do he thought. Figuring he had nothing else to lose, and after watching the laser fry a creature that wandered into the area, he was motivated to at least try SOMETHING.

The generator took two or three tries, but it did fire up. Instantly the cabin lights came on, and about 1,000 warning lights started flashing. The EVA uplink tried to establish contact, but stated that the antenna array was out of alignment, and damaged. It promptly suggested moving to a repair facility.

No kidding. The cabin air fans started up, and he felt refreshing air flow over his face in the oppressive summer heat. The HUD display on the windscreen displayed targeting information for the offending laser, and tried to target, but couldn't bring the weapon to bear. He heard the hydraulic whine of the 175 mm howitzer try to come to bear upon instruction from the computer. Each laser blast set off alarms denoting that the Titan was taking "damage". He shifted his weight to reach over and shut the damn thing down, but hit a control with his knee. The giant mech moved its' stump, and the remaining leg in response. The mecha caught the ground, and shifted slightly to the left. The laser loomed into the targeting reticle.

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