

---

Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [KIRBY098](#) on Thu, 15 Jul 2004 18:57:04 GMT

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

---

Paint balls started to fly around him. He heard, more than saw, them whizzing by. The ground between him and the bunker was regular pavement with no cover. The avenue from the ConYard to the bunker was a regular road bordered by the refinery on the right, and the ruins of the radar center. It opened up into the courtyard where the bunker was in the center of a large lake of water from the torrent falling down. The Blackhand elite behind him was getting his range, and Sergei zigged to the left, then right again, as the angry elite reloaded on the run.

He hit the quasi-lake at full tilt and nearly tripped from the switch in medium he was transiting. The water was knee deep, and sapped his strength as he pressed on. He was halfway across the clearing. The elite was closing, and now the paint started to splatter on the bunker as it missed him. He saw the other candidates watching while they stood at parade rest in the pouring rain, Valdez to their left. Some of the paint hit Becker, and he cursed as Sergei approached the instructor's position. With one last surge of strength he leaped toward Valdez like a runner stealing home. The BH elite fired every round in the chamber he had. Had Sergei remained running they would have struck him squarely in the back, but his parabolic curve was now bringing him earthward towards Valdez's feet. The rounds hit Valdez's poncho, as Sergei landed at the feet of the instructor, and gasped for air on the ground. James smirked at him with pride, as Sergei blacked out, his punished body collapsing in defeat.

---