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Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [KIRBY098](#) on Mon, 19 Jul 2004 16:42:07 GMT

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“Details, dammit. And don’t skip anything. The last I knew you had tagged us both, and while I was following that meathead Becker back, helos start flying into the skirmish zone. Then we get to the bunker, and fall in, and await our happy fate only to be ignored by Valdez for 20 minutes. Then he sticks his ugly head out, tells us to cycle for 30 minutes and goes back into the bunker. Three hours later you show up being chased by BH Elite with a paint gun. I swear that if

Sergei told him the details of the day’s events over their meal. He lowered his voice when Becker showed up and sat down across the room to sulk and stare daggers into Sergei. “So that’s why they were all excited after you passed out. I wondered what was going on, and who those people were that kept showing up with their hands above their heads. After they all linked up, Valdez checked your breathing, took the weapons and some other items, and then rolled you onto your side. Then they all went to bunker to chat about it. That commander

“My guess is he’ll be focusing on command and control to see how we work together. It

Sergei laughed, and Becker raised his head to see what they were laughing at. Sergei excused himself, and headed back to his room. He saw Becker move to where he had been sitting to interrogate James and he chuckled.

When he got back, Cabal notified him that he had a message waiting for him on the battle simulator intranet. From who he wondered? He logged on, and identified himself.

C’mom, not tonight he mentally sighed. I’m too tired for this.

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