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Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [KIRBY098](#) on Thu, 22 Jul 2004 15:13:39 GMT

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The range came into view after 5 minutes of running. The left side was the low and squat enclosed firing range itself, and the right was a two story brick building with few windows. Valdez brought them to the right side, and entered the lobby area where a central staircase led upwards. Across the entryway was a simple sign denoting the building's function in Brotherhood society.

There were only a few people about, and they paid almost no attention to the BH team. This seemed to be commonplace for them. Valdez took the stairs two at a time, and stopped at the top, looking right, then left. He chose right, and led them down a highly polished corridor to a door

Inside was almost the equivalent of a school room. Each desk was larger than a school desk, and had tools on each one, but all faced forward toward the instruction bench.

"Sit down, there, there and there. You get off easy the rest of this week ladies. Ustinov is in charge. When instruction is over at the end of week, you belong to me again. You ladies had best be here by 0600 each day, and after training concludes each day, fall in back at barracks for a little night time instruction with your beloved instructor. Ustinov, contact me when they are ready

Valdez returned it, and whisked out of the room.

Sergei took his seat next to becker. There wasn't much for them to do until the instructor arrived, so they perused the tools on the desk. Basic breakdown tooling for rifle repair and maintenance. All well oiled, and in their respective holders. The door opened, and in walked a non-descript man in a tech uniform and glasses.

"Good Morning Black Hand, we are honored to have your presence here at research facility

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