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Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [rm5248](#) on Tue, 03 Aug 2004 13:16:03 GMT

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Entry 66

“Alright, let’s go. I’ll take Drubnov, Parker take Vigo and Becker take Sanchez. Get them situated, and get them chow and show them how to use Cabal. Everyone be here 0600 on

Sergei led Drubnov to his room. He made sure he was across from him in case there were any issues he needed to address. He gave him 30 minutes to get situated, and was pleased to see the Brotherhood had medics arrive and the uniforms were already provided for. 30 minutes later he

Drubnov replied in a heavily Russian accented voice in the affirmative. It was part of the reason Sergei had picked him. Serbians shared slavik ancestry with Russians and felt closely tied to them. Sergei was curious as to where he hailed from, and inquired in Russian “Where are you

“I didn’t even know there were still useful subs in the old russian navy. Why were you

“There are old diesels, and nuke boats out there. They can no longer go to sea, but their reactors are still hot, and they still have low order nuke torpedoes. I was in charge of a

They spent the next hour discussing Sergei’s past, and Drubnov’s role in the brotherhood before applying to the Black Hand. He had been a tank driver, and involved in the first Tiberian War, and the retreat from Sarejevo after the Brotherhood’s defeat at the hands of GDI’s General Sheppard. He was a part of the current battles surrounding it’s attempted re-capture, and confirmed Sergei’s suspicion that GDI was putting up a better fight than the Brotherhood had expected.

“They are using a combination of old tank technology and their new Titan walkers to hit us every time we enter the city. Combined with their air superiority, they are repelling everything we

They finished and Sergei bid him goodnight. He took some time to leaf through the books provided by the intel folks, and checked the battlegrid message board. One message from Centurion awaited.

He smiled in spite of himself, and changed for bed after a quick shower. Hot water was a wonderful thing, and he was appreciating it so much more since the training started. He took time to note his blisters from running, and also noticed that the inside of his thighs were raw from rubbing together while running. He was going to have to wear silk shorts under his clothes to prevent it.

As he laid down, he thought about his new command and hoped he was man enough to lead them as he drifted off to sleep.

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