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Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [rm5248](#) on Thu, 07 Oct 2004 00:12:30 GMT

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On the western end of the Mutant base by the raging river the team was attempting to make it home in one piece. Something had broken on the underside of the vehicle, and while it still operated as it should something was starting to protest with a grinding noise.

They did, and he ordered a rear guard set up to prevent the mutants from sneaking up while they tried to effect repairs on the beach. Becker dressed his wound as best he could. It was already cauterized from the burning laser beam, so there wasn't really much to do except spread anti-bacterial cream into the wound, and wait for base. A two inch deep wound scoured his upper right thigh. It was fortunate that his physique was large, and his thighs as well. A lesser man would be crippled for life.

Valdez and Ustinov looked the craft over, and saw the problem immediately. The laser had burned through the cabin, into the top of the differential sending power to the middle set of wheels. It had partially breached the pumpkin, and the molten metal had been ingested into the spider gears inside. It would only be a matter of time before powdered metal ruined the differential, and if that didn't do it, the water and silt would, once it got in when they crossed.

Becker turned and scowled as the other men laughed.

"Get back in ladies. Ustinov, Plug the hole in this pig so it doesn't sink when we cross. Get

Another laugh, and as the ramp closed, Parker backed up for a running start.

gained speed, the noise getting louder with the additional stress.

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