
Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [exnyte](#) on Tue, 07 Dec 2004 06:25:43 GMT

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126 This is the final segment. You can download the full story in PDF format >here<.

Darkness.

Lonliness.

Cold.

A flash of light, and a vision unintelligible, and unrememberable.

Sound. A deep voice.

"Interface is online. Attach synaptic links here, here and here."

A sizzling sound, and then a female voice.
"I'm reading cerebral activity."

"Shut it down."

Silence again.

A scene appears. A white room, abandoned except for a lone scientist hunched over a desk of components, and a touchscreen PC. The picture is tinted blue, and a HUD readout is in the bottom right of the field of vision. It simply states: "Operational status: 30 %".

Where is this? When is this? A sense of uncertainty prompts an automatic diagnostic. The results display "Operational status: 30 %"

The scientist rasies his head, and notes his presence. He walks slowly over, and stands directly in the field of view. He then says simply:

"Soon. Be patient young one."

He then walks to the PC, and taps the screen.

Silence and darkness again.

Noise, and the deep voice again.

"Bring the full interface up now, except for the threat assesment and movement subroutines."

"Standby." The female voice says.

Again there is the room. This time the female is here. The uncertainty arises again, and a diagnostic states: "Operational Status 100%. Error line 601, 1052, 9875 and 15,640. Re-routing primaries.....Negative. Weapons systemoffline. Hydraulics.....offline."

Somehow he knows exactly what the error codes mean, and knows the diagnostic pathways that have just been denied use. A query is automatically generated to somewhere.

The response is a powerful mechanical voice in his mind.

"PHASE SEVEN IN PROGRESS. OPERATIONAL CONTROL DENIED. STANDBY...."

For some reason he is satisfied with the answer, and knows he is subject to the voice's authority.

The female speaks again. "All diagnostic subroutines functioning perfectly. Ummmm, sir? It tried to re-route control."

"Excellent. Regulus was right. This is an exemplary specimen. Shut down the cognitive relays, and test the hydraulics."

"Affirmative. Powering down."

Darkness.

Awareness, and light. A different room, darker and more people. No scientists, only armed men in red and black gear. He attempts to do a threat assesment and fails. Then the mechanical inner voice speaks:

INITIATING PRIMARY STARTUP.....

CEREBRAL INTERFACE ONLINE.....

HYDRAULICS ONLINE.....

ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE ONLINE.

He is flooded with awareness of many things. He now knows who these people are, their ranks, their alignment and has three dimensional awareness. Several diagnostics simultaneously display and he reports their results to the inner voice.

A different mechanical voice sounds. It comes from him.

CYBORG COMMANDO ONLINE.....

He is ordered onto the APC in front of him. He knows its capabilities, and that it can burrow through the earth. Men follow him into the craft. They are several feet shorter, and seem insignificant to him, yet he knows they are mission critical.

DOWNLOADING MISSION OBJECTIVES

1. SECURE GENERAL ANTON SLAVIK
2. ESCORT TO RENDEZVOUS
3. ELIMINATE ALL GDI AND CIVILIAN FORCES
4. PROTECT ELITE BLACK HAND COMMANDERS
5. SECURE LIEUTENANT OXANNA CHRISTOS
6. ESCORT TO RENDEZVOUS

He has maps, coordinates threat assessments of GDI current armor expectations at the facility.

The APC fires up, and from below him one of the passengers looks at him and says to Regulus: "He was a damned good soldier."

Regulus looks at the severely burned face of the Elite Black Hand member, and says: "He still is, Valdez. Ustinov is better than ever."

The other man scoffs a bit, and says "I still prefer the old fashioned commando."

The trip is long, and then the inner voice states:

STANDBY. ARRIVAL IMMINENT IN THREE, TWO, ONE.....

He is in motion, and moving out the APC now.

There is a Tiberium field ahead, and he stomps through it on the way to the GDI facility ahead.

Halfway through he stops, and looks down even though he isn't ordered to. A reflection greets him, and he sees himself.

A cyborg.

A memory tries to come to the front of his brain, but cannot. the Nod scientists cut that part of his brain away long ago.

Without emotion, and without feeling he returns to the task at hand.

General Slavik must be released. The GDI base must be destroyed.

The first threat appears and he fires. Green death launches from his right cybernetic implant, and the wolverine explodes and ammo starts to cook off.

GDI is unable to stop him.....

LE FIN
