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Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [KIRBY098](#) on Tue, 18 May 2004 12:22:13 GMT

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He wasn't ready for what he saw. The chopper floor was slick with blood from the wounds of the three men already in the chopper. A medic could be seen attempting to hold things together, but he was failing. And then there was the mutant. There wasn't anything wrong with him, other than the crystals growing out of scalp, and the ropes binding him. The skin had puckered, and seemed to retract instinctively from the alien objects. His expression was feral in nature, and he was clearly hoping to get at least one hand free so he could kill everyone on board. Then he saw Sergei climb aboard, and looked at him as if Sergei had done something that was unbelievable. He had heard of mutants, but never seen one live.

The Meteor strike had been widely televised, as had it's concurrent destruction. The impact had hit the Tiber river dead center, and the resulting steam, vaporized rock, and earthquakes from the impact had decimated the area. What was left of the city was on fire, and most of Italy had been suffering quake aftershocks for months. And then there was the toxicity of the stuff itself. The initial response teams had been heavily contaminated, and hospitalized with strange symptoms. The city was a total loss. With the spreading contamination, and ensuing chaos, the whole country seemed to be falling apart until NATO removed the meteor itself. By that time it was really too late though. Somehow the stuff was traveling, and popping up all over southern Europe. Even in Belgrade and Sarejevo, there were reported instances. Widespread contamination was reported by those unwise, or too poor to leave their homes. Then had come the stories about strange animals, and humans with deformities. After capturing the former Yugoslav territories, GDI had announced help for those who wanted it in regards to the contamination, but few had stepped forward, and those who did, weren't usually heard from again.

Sergei snapped back to reality as the chopper veered sharply to starboard and almost dumped him out. Two of the troopers caught him, and warned him to hold on to the cargo netting. They flew south for 15 minutes, and then Sergei saw something he would grow accustomed to in the time had left on what was left of this planet.

The amassed armies of the Brotherhood of Nod.

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