

---

Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [KIRBY098](#) on Tue, 18 May 2004 19:54:35 GMT

[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

---

For the second time that day he felt real fear of the unknown. He had never seen such a magnificent, and yet horrible display of firepower. Armor ringed a large base surrounded by anti-aircraft batteries. In the rear was an artillery brigade with anti-armor escorts in buggies, and on bikes. He saw flame tanks burning the surrounding brush on the plain. Apparently in an effort to deny snipers, and any other units the opportunity to sneak up on the base, or its protective units. The smoke from the defoliation was choking, and smelled vaguely like Petrol.

But what impressed him the most was what appeared to be robots of sorts. They were in perfect formation, and there must have been 5,000 of them all glinting in the sun, apparently awaiting the order to march. He couldn't make out details, but he was puzzled by one thing. They were located as much as possible around the Tiberium that was consuming this world. "Why would

Before he could ponder much more, the helo made a rough landing and the medical teams arrived. At least that's what he thought they would be, but he thought better of it when one of them said:

"Get these three and the mutant to the cyborg center, stat. I want them worked on before the tissue is irreversibly damaged beyond use".

The troopers moved him from the helo pad, towards a building in the shape of a hand holding a globe, as the helo lifted off once again, destination unknown.

As they approached the building, he saw that he wasn't the only civilian there. There was a group of around 50 of them, and they were all being herded into the building.

The answer was silence, and a tighter grip on his upper arms.

---