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Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [KIRBY098](#) on Wed, 26 May 2004 19:37:42 GMT

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He got up, and rested on one knee, trying to get his breath. He had hurt something, that was for sure, and the sharp pain he was experiencing when breathing, led him to believe it may be a cracked rib. The battle had moved from the southern part of the base, to the northern, and it was a little calmer in his area with the exception of the storm raging around him.

There didn't appear to be one single undamaged structure in view. And even if there had been, he doubted that it would have been safe anyways. What should he do? Where should he go? He looked around, and saw a Buggy that had flipped over onto its side. He went over and looked at it, and decided it was in pretty good shape except for the driver. He climbed up onto the high side of it, and rocked until the thing landed with a bang on all four wheels. He sucked in his breath in pain as he jumped off before it landed. That had to be a rib. He pulled what was left of the driver out, and pushed the ignition switch.

The engine roared to life, and he eased into the blood soaked seat to try to figure the controls out. He eased onto the road, driving slowly out of fear of being discovered, and unfamiliarity with the controls. He rumbled by the remains of the Holding area. The dead prisoners were still there after being hosed down by the wolverine, but a lightning strike had thrown them around, and set them on fire. The smell was horrible, and he couldn't help but notice the GDI prisoners had been among the victims. Ironic they had been killed by their own...

The barracks was a smoking ruin. He stopped the buggy, and peered into the ruptured walls. Eerie red lighting illuminated the interior, and was flickering as its supply was shorting out. He saw a locker, with a uniform hanging in an awkward position at about 30 degrees. He stepped through the crack, and decided to change into the uniform. He had his filthy shirt from the farm still on, and after all the bleeding he, and the former pilot of the buggy had done on his clothes, he figured the brotherhood could spare this one. He chose not to wear the helmet. It was confining, and he didn't know how to use its automation anyway. He took the auto-rifle as well. No way was he going out there without one now.

He stepped back through the crack, and noticed the storm had abated. Now that the lightning had left the area, the rains came hard, and furious turning the base into a mud pit. He got into the Buggy, and rumbled south, away from the battle.

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