



# AMERICA'S GALACTIC FOREIGN LEGION

**BOOK 9**

## SCORPIONS



**WALTER KNIGHT**

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### SCORPIONS



The sneaky scorpions are at it again, and this time it's the Queen of the Scorpion Kingdom, under the guise of diplomacy, trying to draw all sentient exoskeleton civilizations into the galactic fray against humanity. The Queen has a special recipe – er ... plan – in mind for the last surviving matriarch of the Mantidae and her brood of thousands currently under humanity's protection at a secret location on planet New Colorado. All she has to do is find them.

Will the United States Galactic Federation Foreign Legion and the Butcher of New Colorado, Colonel Joey R. Czerinski, be able to deter this latest insidious threat? The Arthropodan Empire doesn't think so – but what do the spiders know? They're already in an uneasy standoff with the dreaded human pestilence and fear the scorpions' interference will only make things worse, considering the Butcher of New Colorado's paranoia and penchant for overreacting. And, they couldn't be more right.

A perennial foe steps in to lend aid to the Legion's cause. Amid the scandal of cross-species sex videos making the rounds on the galactic database, Czerinski finds himself getting into more and more trouble. The worm turns, and his sidekick Major Lopez ends up being promoted as his boss. But, with his usual serendipitous screw-ups, Czerinski somehow manages to survive unscathed ... well, almost. There's just this little problem of a green rash epidemic...

All bets are off as the laughs continue in this ninth installment of the seriously screwy military space saga gone wrong.

# **AMERICA'S GALACTIC FOREIGN LEGION**

## **Book 9: Scorpions**

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## ~AUTHOR ACKNOWLEDGEMENT~

I dedicate ***America's Galactic Foreign Legion*** – **Book 9: Scorpions** to the heroes of the four-hundred-forty-four-day seizure of the American Embassy in Iran, and the subsequent rescue attempt.

A special thanks goes out to Penumbra Publishing editor Patricia Morrison for her dedication and sacrifice to complete all thirteen books of my ***America's Galactic Foreign Legion*** series, repeatedly delaying her much needed vacation to warm climes filled with poolside umbrella drinks served by hunky cabana boys.

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# AMERICA'S GALACTIC FOREIGN LEGION

## BOOK 9

*SCORPIONS*



*by*

***Walter Knight***





## CHAPTER 1

Angry crowds of scorpions appeared in front of the American Embassy in the Scorpion Kingdom capital. They carried preprinted signs saying, 'Free The Lost Colony!' This was in reference to the million scorpions living on planet New Colorado under human rule. The United States Galactic Federation granted defeated survivors of a scorpion invasion fleet USGF citizenship, and they seemed to be prospering. However, His Majesty the King wanted his subjects back. The humans would not be allowed to steal his best and brightest citizens and soldiers so easily.

Nervous USGF marine guards looked on as demonstrators chanted in unison. Eerily, the scorpions seemed to move as one, chanting, rocking, even breathing in unison. All knew this was not going to end well.

USGF Ambassador James Yamashita busily burned documents in anticipation of being overrun by the scorpion mob. Fearing retaliation, he ordered the marine guards not to use deadly force if the gate and walls were breached. Marines were to fall back to the main embassy compound. From there, all staff would escape through a tunnel to the Arthropodan Embassy across the street.

A tunnel had been built long ago by paranoid USGF legionnaire Colonel Joey R. Czerinski. Ambassador Yamashita disliked Czerinski, but now privately thanked the legionnaire for his paranoia. The spiders offering sanctuary at the end of the tunnel were not the best of allies, but Yamashita had

## **America's Galactic Foreign Legion**

cultivated a good working relationship with the Arthropodan ambassador. Now, the spider ambassador gladly offered his protection should the crisis outside the American gates become untenable.

As if on cue, protesters en masse suddenly scaled the walls. Marine guards fired warning shots as scorpions cut the chains on the front gate. The mob poured inside. As planned, marines fell back to the main embassy office complex. A grenade was thrown, followed by automatic weapons fire and scorpion screams. The crowd, already frenzied by success, now became enraged by casualties. After smashing down the embassy doors, the scorpions found the 'nest of spies' abandoned. They vented their fury by tearing up office furniture and destroying property. Several small fires were started.

The embassy's foundation shook as marines set off explosives deep underground to block the tunnel behind them. Embassy staff reached safety, courtesy of the Arthropodan Empire. *How long would that last?* Yamashita wondered. The scorpions would surely figure out where they went. No matter. Rescue was coming.

\* \* \* \* \*

Legion mechanized infantry surrounded the Scorpion Kingdom Embassy in New Phoenix, Planet New Colorado. From atop an armored car turret, I spoke into a public address system. "This is Colonel Czerinski of the USGF Foreign Legion. Your embassy has been declared in forfeit. You are directed to immediately surrender yourselves and all property and documents. Failure to comply will be at your peril!"



\* \* \* \* \*

“We should surrender now,” suggested the scorpion military attaché officer, peering out an upstairs window at the Legion armor. “We will surely be repatriated for the hostages we hold from their embassy on our home world.”

“I do not have confirmation yet that their embassy has fallen,” commented the scorpion ambassador. “We will hold in place. The Legion will not dare attack us.”

“They are a very unpredictable species,” cautioned the military attaché officer. “It is not wise to provoke them for very long.”

“This embassy is the sovereign territory of the Scorpion Kingdom!” retorted the scorpion ambassador out the window. “Any violation of the sanctity of these premises will be considered an act of war!”

“Oh, that should scare them,” commented the military attaché officer. *This fool will get us all killed for sure*, he thought to himself in dismay.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Your diplomatic immunity status is revoked!” I yelled back on the loudspeaker. “If harm comes to you or any of your staff during forceful eviction, you will have only yourself to blame! I will hold you personally and criminally liable for any Legion casualties!”

“He is bluffing,” fumed the scorpion ambassador. “He would not dare incur the wrath of the Scorpion Kingdom.”

## **America's Galactic Foreign Legion**

"That is Colonel Czerinski," warned the military attaché officer. "He is the Butcher of New Colorado. Do not put him off too long. He has a reputation for being very unstable."

"I heard he just gets bad press," scoffed the scorpion commander. "I am afraid of no human."

"Look, he's waving at us," replied the military attaché officer, eagerly waving back. "We should negotiate. I do not want to be eaten."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Fire a warning shot through a top floor window," I ordered, still gesturing at the scorpions with a one-fingered salute.

"Yes sir, colonel," responded Sergeant Green, elevating the armored car cannon and sighting in.

"Wait!" insisted Major Lopez. "Through the window? What kind of a warning shot is that? Any attack will be a direct provocation of war."

"Whatever," I replied. "The scorpions attacked our embassy on their home world. This is payback. General Daly ordered me to take the scorpions into custody. It's not my fault they are resisting arrest."

"General Daly is suffering from radiation sickness from the last war," advised Major Lopez. "All his hair fell out, and a few teeth too. Maybe you are suffering from the same malady."

"Not me," I replied, checking my receding hairline. "Damn!"

"Our every move is being broadcast live on Channel Five World News Tonight, and on the database," added Major Lopez. "The galaxy must not witness us firing the first shot."

"Well?" asked Sergeant Green. "Do I shoot or

not?”

“You’re right,” I answered. “The Legion cannot be seen firing the first shot. Thank you for your sound advice, Major Lopez. That is why I keep you around.”

“I’m glad you are seeing reason.” Sighing, Major Lopez left to tell other legionnaires to stand down. Negotiations would resolve this standoff soon.

“Call in an air strike,” I ordered. “We will let the Air Force take the blame if something goes wrong.”

Sergeant Green called for an air strike. The USGF Strategic Space Weapons Platform *T. Roosevelt*, in orbit around New Colorado, dropped a two-thousand-pound load of cement on the scorpion embassy. The kinetic bomb was designed for pinpoint destruction of targets, minimal collateral damage and casualties, and required no environmental impact statement, being it was manufactured from ‘green’ eco-friendly materials. However, two thousand pounds of cement dropped from space causes a lot of damage, a lot more than I expected. It was like bringing Armageddon down on the scorpions. There were no survivors. The main building was a total loss. Later, I wrote in a memo to General Daly, ‘Maybe the Air Force used too big a bomb. Those bastards. I was just trying to get the scorpions’ attention with a warning shot.’



## CHAPTER 2

Ambassador James Yamashita was stunned to hear of the massacre at the scorpion embassy in New Phoenix. Once again that hotheaded fool Colonel Czerinski, the Butcher of New Colorado, was responsible. “What a screw-up!” he fumed. The fate of Yamashita and his staff was tied to the fate of the scorpion embassy on New Colorado. It was their last negotiating chip. Already a scorpion general was on the phone demanding all Americans surrender, to be interned until Colonel Czerinski was placed under arrest and extradited for a war crimes trial.

“Surely you cannot hold us responsible for the actions of a loose cannon like Colonel Czerinski so many light years away,” argued Ambassador Yamashita. “I cannot control what a local commander does way across the galaxy on New Colorado. Your demand is illegal. I will not surrender. I demand safe passage for myself and all embassy staff off this planet, which is my right under diplomatic status.”

“If Colonel Czerinski is not given over to us on a platter, you will stand trial and be eaten in his place,” warned the scorpion general. “Do I make myself clear? Your government will be held accountable for this atrocity. If you refuse to come out, I will come in and get you!”

“I have a nuke!” replied Yamashita, in desperation. “Colonel Czerinski left it here. Attack, and I will destroy your capital city and all in it!”

“Does the Arthropodan Ambassador know of this?” asked the scorpion general.

“It doesn’t matter!” said Yamashita. “I’ll kill everyone!”

“How dare you bring a nuclear weapon here and threaten terrorism,” accused the scorpion general. “You would kill yourself? For what?”

“Just back off!” warned Yamashita. “I mean it!”

“How do I know you really have a nuclear weapon?” asked the scorpion general. “You could be bluffing.”

“You don’t know me!” shouted Yamashita. “I don’t bluff!”

\* \* \* \* \*

The scorpion general turned to His Majesty the King for instructions. “What do we do if he really does have a nuclear device,” he asked.

“Surely Ambassador Yamashita is not suicidal,” replied the King. “What do we know of Yamashita?”

“Before this posting, he was the Director of Tourism on New Colorado,” advised the general, checking the human database for more information. “He belongs to the subspecies American Japanese. Japanese have a long history of fanatical violent suicide attacks in battle. They like to play with swords. It says here kamikazes riding bombs hurled themselves at enemy carriers. It appears these Japanese are even more dangerous than the American Italians.”

“More dangerous than the Mafia?” exclaimed the King. “Is Yamashita a kamikaze?”

“From his suicidal threat to use a nuclear bomb, that appears to be a very real possibility,” advised the general. “I believe Yamashita might be insane.”

“Yes, I too believe Yamashita is unstable,” agreed

## **America's Galactic Foreign Legion**

the King. "But surely he would not resort to irresponsible nuclear destruction of an entire city. That human is still a trained career diplomat."

"There is a notation on the database that the Japanese home islands suffer from high levels of radioactivity," cautioned the general, continuing to read. "Some islands have been uninhabitable for over two hundred years."

"Calm him down!" ordered the King. "How dare the Americans appoint a kamikaze to be our ambassador! Yamashita and his wife seemed so pleasant at tea, too."

The scorpion general picked up the phone again. "Ambassador Yamashita, are you still there? Is it true you are a kamikaze?"

"What kind of stupid question is that?" asked Yamashita. "I demand safe passage off this planet now, or else!"

"Calm down and be reasonable," continued the general. "How do we know you really have a nuclear bomb?"

"You will know soon enough when I set it off!" shouted Yamashita. "Quit stalling!"

"Please do not hurl yourself in a suicidal banzai charge at us," pleaded the scorpion general, trying to stay calm. "Think of the innocents around you. We can negotiate a reasonable solution to this."

\* \* \* \* \*

"What is this fool talking about with all that banzai and kamikaze stuff?" asked Yamashita, his hand palmed over the phone. "The fool is beginning to irritate me."

"He thinks you are some kind of samurai," his

wife Lulu said, laughing. “Maybe he has been watching old satellite TV war movies. I think it’s kind of cute, you big tough guy.”

“Samurai?” asked Yamashita. “I don’t even own a sword.”

“Play to his fears,” suggested Lulu. “You scared him by threatening to set off a nuke. If you convince him of your kamikaze tough-guy nature, maybe you can intimidate the scorpions long enough for us to be rescued. Talk like a samurai. Be macho, dear.”

“That’s a good idea,” replied Yamashita, picking up the phone again. “Yo Dog, listen up! Keep yo punk-ass troops no closer than five hundred yards from the Arthropodan Embassy, or I will shove this nuke up your honky ass!”

“You can’t call him a honky,” said Lulu. “He’s a scorpion. I think maybe you should get one of our marines to coach you on how to talk like a samurai.”

“Nonsense,” argued Yamashita, now pumped. “I have samurai blood running through my veins! I’m one bad dude!”

“But, dear, the marines really are samurai,” advised Lulu. “They invented trash talk, and can back it up.”

“Do you hear me mother-fucker!” shouted Yamashita into the phone. “I’ll shove that nuke up your asshole!”

\* \* \* \* \*

“What did he say?” asked the King. “Is he calming down?”

“I do not think so,” replied the scorpion general. “Yamashita sounds very agitated, and even more unstable. He just made suggestive sexual comments

## America's Galactic Foreign Legion

about my mother, and threatened to shove the nuclear bomb up my excrement hole.”

“And the humans call us perverts,” commented the King. “I agree with your assessment. He’s gone nuts. Evacuate the capital and the palace. You alone will stay and continue negotiations. Try to establish a rapport with Yamashita and calm him down until we can develop a strategy to disarm that nuclear bomb. Offer him drugs.”

“You are leaving the capital, Your Majesty?” asked the scorpion general.

“Oh hell, yes,” said the King. “You’re damn straight I’m getting out of town. Only a fool would stay here with that crazy Yamashita holding his finger on a nuclear button. But don’t worry. I’ll be watching your every move on video. I’ll be with you one-hundred percent of the way.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“How could you destroy the Scorpion Kingdom Embassy?” asked General Daly. “The press is calling it another massacre by the Butcher of New Colorado!”

“Sir, I did not know the *T. Roosevelt* would drop such a big bomb,” I explained. “I thought the *T. Roosevelt* was just going to drop a load of cement. Besides, the scorpions burned our embassy to the ground. I call what I did payback.”

“Big bombs are all that the *T. Roosevelt* drops,” advised General Daly. “It’s what they do! That’s why it’s called a strategic weapons platform. It uses strategic weapons. Now, without hostages, how are we going to get our embassy people back?”

“Negotiate?” I suggested.

“You blew up our only negotiating position,”



fumed General Daly. "Someone has to go to the scorpion home world and start negotiations all over again. How about I send you?"

"I volunteer Major Lopez," I suggested. "He's a real people person, and expendable."

"We're not negotiating with people!" said General Daly. "But okay, I'll send him. We will have a war on our hands if something isn't done real soon!"

"I doubt it," I replied. "The scorpions have limited objectives. They only provoke us just enough to see how far we can be pushed."

"I have reports of scorpion commandos landing near Scorpion City and burrowing in," said General Daly. "If that's true, they will be a real bugger to get rid of."

"For quite some time the Scorpion Kingdom has been demanding that we free the scorpion colony," I commented. "The colony is mostly autonomous anyway. Why don't we pull out and grant them independence?"

"We cannot let the Kingdom use the colony as a base for more adventurism," explained General Daly. "The Legion's First Division will occupy Scorpion City and hold it. I am putting you in charge of the advance team. America will not give up the scorpion colony. The scorpions there have become Americanized, and we promised not to abandon them to the Kingdom."



### CHAPTER 3

Scorpion National Guard units met me on a hill overlooking Scorpion City. The National Guard commander, Major Desert-Sting, greeted me with a crisp clawed salute. “The Kingdom has landed Special Forces infantry all throughout these hills,” reported Major Desert-Sting. “They hope to give aid to scorpion insurgents.”

“I halfway expected you to have joined the insurgency by now,” I commented. “Surely you do not want to be ruled by humanity.”

“There is no scorpion insurgency yet,” replied Desert-Sting. “And even if there was such an insurgency, I could not join.”

“Because you swore an oath of allegiance when you were granted citizenship?” I asked.

“No,” answered Desert-Sting. “Because I am addicted to Starbucks coffee. You humans are insidious in how you get your hooks into us.”

“That’s one of my addictions too,” I said. “I’m serious. You have my back if the Scorpion Kingdom invades? If you plot to rise up in rebellion, I will leave now. What with radiation levels being so high, I don’t want to stay here anyway.”

“Too bad for humanity,” said Desert-Sting. “Your inferior soft bodies cannot take the heat.”

“You scorpions are like cockroaches. The radiation doesn’t affect you bugs so much.”

“Whatever. I will not go back to being ruled by a king,” stated Desert-Sting. “Democracy suits me just fine, especially since we scorpions have you humans

out-voted.”

“How do the rest of you scorpions feel?” I asked.

“Some favor complete independence,” advised Desert-Sting. “But no one wants a return to Royal rule. We left our home world in the first place because of persecution, high taxes, and over-population. Now we have constitutional rights and a home on the range. There is no going back to the bad old days.”

“What are your estimates of how many Kingdom soldiers landed?”

“Not many,” replied Desert-Sting. “We by far outnumber them. But they can still cause problems agitating and using guerrilla tactics.”

“Anything else I should know?”

“The radiation is making the buffalo sick,” added Desert-Sting. “I fear Smokey the Bear will be very unhappy. Can you get a vet to examine them?”

“Maybe we can herd the buffalo away from hot spots,” I suggested.

“Like a cattle drive?” asked Desert-Sting. “I like that idea! When can we start?”

“I will email you some old John Wayne movies off the database for training purposes,” I promised. “Do you think you have true grit?”

“I already own a horse, a pickup truck, and a big wide-brimmed white hat. That makes me a true cowboy!”

“I think you might be right.”

\* \* \* \* \*

A scorpion Special Forces lieutenant and three scouts entered Scorpion City to make contact with the insurgency. Disguised as transient laborers, they stopped at Pizza Hut for lunch.

## **America's Galactic Foreign Legion**

"What tastes good?" asked the lieutenant.

"I recommend the pepperoni pizza," suggested a young scorpion cashier clerk. "The pepperoni is made from locally raised buffalo."

"I'll take four extra large pepperoni pizzas," said the lieutenant. "Does the human Legion mistreat you here in occupied territory?"

"Huh?" asked the clerk. "I haven't seen any legionnaires lately. They usually eat lunch at McDonald's or Taco Bell. The pizzas will be fifty dollars."

"I have no currency," said the lieutenant. "Will you take small gold nuggets?"

"Don't you at least have a credit card?" asked the clerk, rejecting the small pouch of gold. "How do I know if that's even real? What are you guys? Miners?"

"Yes," answered the lieutenant. "We have been prospecting in the hills for a long time."

The scorpion manager, listening to the discussion, came over to assist. "Sure, we'll take your gold as payment, sir."

"I expect change, just like at McDonald's," insisted the lieutenant. "I may be from out of town, but I am not a rube."

"What do I look like?" asked the manager. "A money exchanger? This is a pizza parlor, and a damn good one. We make pizza even better than the humans do. The Italians have nothing on my pizza."

"Do not try to cheat me," warned the lieutenant.

"I'll tell you what," said the manager, taking the pouch. "How about I throw in two pitchers of beer and call it even?"

"That's better," said the lieutenant, accepting the beer. "I was asking your young employee about the Legion. Is anyone fighting back against the intolerable

human rule?”

“We do not allow fighting at Pizza Hut,” answered the manager. “This is a family restaurant.”

“I see,” said the lieutenant. He returned to his table. “They’re all a bunch of traitors.”

“Be patient,” advised a scorpion sergeant, lowering his voice. “This is only our first day in town. We will find the insurgency soon enough.”

As they ate, a scorpion construction foreman entered Pizza Hut and loudly made an announcement. “Anyone looking for employment, follow me to the bombed-out Walmart. I am looking for experienced construction workers. We pay cash at the end of each shift!”

“We are going,” ordered the lieutenant, getting up to leave. “We need the currency, and this will help us establish contacts in the community.”

\* \* \* \* \*

The lieutenant and the scouts soon found themselves clearing debris and doing grunt work. The lieutenant quickly started conversations with other workers. “Why isn’t anyone fighting the Legion?” he asked. “Don’t you feel oppressed by the humans?”

“What humans?” asked an ironworker. “Radiation levels are so high, all the humans left.”

“The humans have not left!” replied the lieutenant, pointing to a nearby hill. “I can see Legion armored cars lording over us as I speak.”

“Them?” asked the ironworker. “Ha! They are afraid to come out of their vehicles because of the radiation. Soon they will leave too.”

“I got a speeding ticket last week from the sheriff,” interjected a young scorpion. “I’m feeling real

## **America's Galactic Foreign Legion**

oppressed. I'm with you. That ticket cost me a hundred-twenty dollars!"

The lieutenant resisted the urge to hit the young scorpion. He looked around for converts, but found no one. Eying two spiders working off by themselves, he asked, "Who are the spiders? I see no one talks to them. Is that because you are angry at the spiders for bombing your homes?"

"They're plumbers," explained the ironworker. "We do not associate with plumbers. They think their shit don't stink."

"Hey you!" called out a big scorpion by the fence at the edge of the construction site. "Come here! I want to talk to you!"

The lieutenant put down his shovel and joined the scorpion at the fence. "Yes, friend?"

"You and your buddies are new," commented the big scorpion. "So, I will do you all a favor and give you fair warning. You scabs better clear out before you get hurt."

"Are you with the resistance?" asked the Lieutenant, excited. "Finally! You are fighting the oppression!"

"You damn right I'm resisting and fighting oppression," said the big scorpion. "I'm resisting you scabs and fighting the oppression of low wages and Walmart. I'm the business agent for the local Teamsters Union. Don't you realize the harm you scabs are causing?"

"It was not our intent to interfere in a local labor dispute," advised the lieutenant, disappointed. "Where else can we find work?"

"Major Lopez of the Legion hires teamsters to pick fruit at his huge hacienda west of here," replied the teamster. "He has yet to convert completely to

robotics.”

“You work for the Legion!” accused the lieutenant. “Traitor! I will not do it!”

“Traitor?” asked the teamster. “Are you nuts? You are the scabs! I have busloads of workers coming to teach you scabs a lesson today. You had better clear out before it is too late.”

“You do not tell me what to do!” warned the lieutenant.

“We need to reconsider,” advised the scorpion sergeant, pulling the lieutenant aside. “We have to keep a low profile. If we can infiltrate Major Lopez’s hacienda, it will be easier to strike a blow at the heart of the Legion.”

“Perhaps you are right,” replied the lieutenant. “We need to move on anyway. There is no insurgency among these traitors. If we cannot find the insurgency, we will recruit and arm our own insurgency.”

\* \* \* \* \*

A Legion shuttle took the Special Forces scouts and other waiting fruit pickers from Scorpion City to Major Lopez’s hacienda. Major Lopez met them as they unloaded. “My foreman will teach you how to pick my fruit without breaking branches and causing bruises. Do not mix apples and oranges – it’s against the law!”

“Why?” the scorpion lieutenant asked a worker standing next to him. “Is he afraid of contamination? Is it the radiation?”

“Shut up, fool,” replied the worker. “You are an idiot.”

Enraged, the lieutenant struck the worker with

## America's Galactic Foreign Legion

his claw, knocking him down. The worker quickly got up, brandishing a knife. His stinger was poised for a lethal fight.

"You two!" shouted Major Lopez. "That will be enough! Make more trouble, and I will shoot both of you!"

"I apologize, brother," said the lieutenant. "See! The Legion oppresses us both."

"You are still a fool," replied the worker, dusting himself off. "Stay away from me."

The lieutenant turned to confront Major Lopez. *This legionnaire does not look so hard to kill*, he thought to himself. *I will make an example of this Major Lopez.* "You plan to replace us all with robotics?" asked the lieutenant. "Then where will we find jobs?"

"You can work radiation clean-up, for all I care," said Major Lopez. "That would be just deserts, since you scorpions caused the last war. What do you know of robotics?"

"I am a university-trained engineer," boasted the lieutenant. "What is it to you?"

"I am having trouble assembling my robotic kits," replied Major Lopez. "The so-called easy-to-read, do-it-yourself instructions are in Japanese. Can you assist? I will pay you double what you get for field work."

"Certainly," said the lieutenant, motioning for the others to come along. They followed Major Lopez to a large warehouse full of robotic parts scattered everywhere. "What a mess you have created!"

"Tell me about it," Major Lopez said with a heavy sigh. "Can you and your friends help me with this?"

The scorpion sergeant leaned against a large robotic vacuum orange-picker. It fell with a violent



crash, nearly missing Major Lopez. “Sorry,” said the sergeant, innocently. “Someone did not secure that piece of equipment.”

“Be more careful!” shouted Major Lopez. “These robots are expensive! I have to leave. I’ll be back next week. I expect these machines to be up and running, or you will not get paid!”

“The master leaves us alone?” asked the sergeant. “See? We only needed to be patient, and the enemy invites us into his nest. It will be easy to plunge a dagger through the legionnaire’s heart when the time is right.”

