“You sure this will work?” The sergeant stared at the Wookie with mixed feelings. This wasn’t the stupidest plan he had ever heard but it certainly wasn’t the best. “We can simply walk in, use forces, maybe sneak…” He sighed as he was shot a glance by his Aedile and shrugged moving back to his men to check the equipment was secured properly.

Each man wore a drop pack and rebreather system. The Aediles plan was simple, fly over the crashed ship and drop the team. Simple in that eight foot wookies were not generally dropped like this but nothing was persuading the Wookie away from his plan.

“Thirty seconds till target, opening hatch.” Came the voice over the comm. The door at the back of the shuttle slid down, wind ripped through them and the Aediles fur plastered to his flesh as he moved to the edge and simply stared down.

“Ten seconds to target, lights on.” A red light illuminated in the back of the shuttle. The team lined up and waited. Then it hit green and they jumped. Each man threw himself out of the back of the shuttle and plummeted some twenty thousand feet down. Drop packs kicked in as they all neared the target, no incoming fire was registered and somehow they all made it to the ship's hull without too much effort. Then the Wookie hit.

The hull thudded with the impact. The pack hadn’t quite done enough work to compensate for the increased mass and Tarryyhn had had to use his Telekinesis to slow his descent. He had survived with no more than a few bruises.

“I’d do that again.” He muttered in Shyriiwook and the sergeant simply sighed. They moved along the hull until they reached one of the viewports. A brief charge later and they were inside. No one contested them but they began to feel as if they should go home, jack it in as there was no point.

Tarryyhn growled and they kept moving. The feeling grew worse and with Tarryyhn’s connection to the force they wound their way around a last bulkhead and then realised why they had yet to face anyone.

Bodies lay strew on the floor. Wounded serviceman were slumped where they had fallen and med droids did their best to flit between each of the casualties as they could but there just wasn’t enough to handle it. The team approached and as one of the wounded patients attempted to raise an alarm he was shot. Tarryyhn winced at this but knew there was no other way. Running feet echoed down the corridor and a couple of trandoshans reared their scaly heads and were quickly put down by the commandos.

Tarryyhn pointed to the door and the team moved forward, secondary charges were placed and the door melted inwardly. An elderly Kaleesh sat, his leg in a cast and the strain on his face evident. As the commandos moved in he reached for an alarm and all across the ship things went to chaos. Tarryyhn moved in and cracked the Kaleesh round the face knocking him out. The team moved back, the Wookie carrying the target and as they reached the doors blaster fire intensified. The two guards that had been left lay dead and down the far end of the corridor the enemy forces were piling up. Tarryyhn scanned the environment then pointed.

“You’re kidding me right?” The sergeant retorted. “Right, right no joking. Fine if this doesn't work we’re dead anyway.”

They moved and another of the team fell before they reached more cover. The sergeant turned and smacked his hand against the button of the console he stood by and a door slid open. They piled into the now exposed escape pod, the Wookie barely fitting, and closed the door behind them. Blaster bolts echoed off the outside and then heavy fists but before anything else could be done the escape pod was launched. Like a Mortar it shot up, over the enemy emplacements and soon came down some kilometres from the ship. The landing was bumpy but the internal dampers saved them, just.

As they disembarked they view the oncoming forces and simply turned tail and ran, radioing for extraction. The ship arrived five minutes later and they were gone. Target secure.