# A Very Raxian Christmas

By: Commander Rax Von-Klug

As the wind kicked up again, sending a chill down Rax’s spin he thought to himself, this is the last place I want to be spending Christmas Eve. Chiding himself for the slip in concentration, Rax adjusted himself slightly and peered down the scope one more time.

“Alpha leader, target approaching hot zone. Looks like 3 vehicles, intel says target should be in second vehicle.”

“Copy that, we’re in position awaiting on your signal.”

Inhaling deeply and holding it, Rax gently squeezed the trigger on the BlasTech DLT-20A Pulse Cannon he had appropriated from 3rd Squads armory. The high-powered blaster bolt streaked out, hitting the driver of the trailing hovercar just below the brim of his helmet.

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“That’s the signal, time to earn our pay” Lieutenant Willers said. Tapping the trooper next him on the helmet, Willers turned to the members of Alpha team lying prone in the drainage ditch next to him gesturing for them to commence the attack.

With a loud whoosh, the trooper who was crouched next to the Lieutenant depressed the trigger of his RPS-6 launcher and a rocket streaked out towards the lead hovercar.

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When the lead hovercar suddenly exploded, the drive of the second hovercar slammed on the brakes and swerved to miss the wreckage that was the lead hovercar.

Grabbing one of the hand holds welded to interior wall of the cargo compartment, Greus Haller slammed his fist against the sliding partition separating the compartment from the cab. “What is going on out there?” Haller demanded once the partition was opened. “Thhhhe lead hovercar just exploded sir” the shaken driver stammered.

“Contact the other escort and get us movin- “Haller started to tell the driver, but before he could finish the driver slumped forward onto the dashboard, smoke rising from the side of his head.

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Climbing down from his perch, Commander Rax walked briskly over to the stopped hover cargo van. When he reached the rear of the vehicle, he spotted Lieutenant Willers. “Report Lieutenant.”

“Sir, we have secured the cargo and one prisoner. With no casualties.”

“Excellent, it would appear we have just saved Christmas for a lot of little boys and girls Lieutenant.” Rax responded, turning towards the open cargo hold and grinning. Inside the hold was full of brand new Tickle Me Rancor toys.