Major Wagglehorn: Snapshot: <https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/14167/snapshots/456/840>

**ORBIT, 34 ABY, *ISN TARKIN***

 Major Corm Wagglehorn’s knees turned to jelly as the deck under his feet rocked from the most recent torpedo run by Collective fighters. The major fell to the solid metal plated deck as secondary explosions shook the Vindicator-class Star Destroyer. Acrid smoke filled the air in the hangar bay as tears sprang to Wagglehorn’s eyes. He quickly blinked them away and attempted to take stock of the situation. As the last man to board his landing craft, he was caught in the mayhem when the initial torpedo run by Collective fighters scored a direct hit in the general vicinity of the *Tarkin*.

 A quick glance around the bay found nearly others in a similar predicament. While two of his squads were likely safe in his own landing craft, the two remaining landing craft in the bay were in different states of chaos. The last explosion shook the magnetic tether for two of the craft loose and sent them sprawling across the bay like toys. The crushed stormtrooper armor and red smeared deck stood as a solemn reminder to the reality of the situation.

Alarm klaxons blared throughout the ship, though the noise seemed muffled and subdued to Wagglehorn’s shell shocked ears. As he attempted to situate himself against the exterior of his landing craft, an atmospheric assault lander, he slumped to his rear, back against the craft as yet another explosion sent shockwaves through the stricken *Tarkin*. The ship seemed to groan with an almost organic cry of terror and pain.

One of Wagglehorn’s sergeants was trying in vain to administer breathing support to a downed trooper across the bay. Two other troopers were frantically trying to pull surviving stormtroopers out of the wreckage of one of the overturned landing craft. A pilot, uniform torn and tattered, curled up in the fetal position on the deck near the sealed emergency doors.

The major glanced outside the void shielding into space. Lines of angry light darted across the vacuum. Green and red lines danced and arced to and from the hulking grey masses of the warships in orbit. A TIE Fighter came screaming towards the hanger bay, in a death spiral and collided into the hull plating directly to the side of the hanger bay entrance, sending another shockwave through the beleaguered ship. The few short minutes that occurred since the first blast knocked Wagglehorn to the floor seemed like an eternity.

The commlink on Wagglehorn’s lapel crackled to life, startling him from his disturbing revelry.

A fuzzy feminine voice stated, “KRENNIC 6, this is Base Ops, how do you read, over” Wagglehorn’s military discipline kicked in and he responded.

“Loud and clear, base ops. Go for KRENNIC 6”.

“KRENNIC 6, Icebreaker. I say again, Icebreaker. Base ops out”

With that, the commlink went silent. Wagglehorn stood up in shock. How could the mission still be a go? His platoon strength was cut by at least 66%. He took a step forward and immediately tripped again. Glancing down at the cause, he stifled his gag reflex as he realized he’d tripped over a severed arm from the overturned landing craft. He steeled himself as he slammed the hatch button to enter his sole remaining landing craft.

Icebreaker, the code name for Major Wagglehorn’s commando raid, had come down from HQ. He needed to get his team off this ship and on mission. Wagglehorn immediately began to call out orders, rallying as many of the surviving troopers to the remaining landing craft as he could.

Strong hands pulled Wagglehorn into the cabin of the small ship. Sergeant Yujo immediately slammed the hatch door closed, offering a small semblance of safety within the small confines of the craft. 19 stormtroopers looked up at their commanding officer for orders. The lights were dimmed, and Wagglehorn could only see the glint of the subdued red interior lighting glinting off of the faceplates of the team’s helmets.

He stood up and addressed his remaining team, “Let’s get moving, warriors. Icebreaker is a go – we are leaving!”. As the *Tarkin* continued to take hit after hit, a lone assault landing craft broke free from the gravity shield and began to streak towards planet side. Icebreaker was a go.