RONDOUT COMICS

Kid Blackhawk5

OIL WAR!

Persian Piracy?

by Kevin Ahearn

For Herb Trimpe

'KID BLACKHAWK 5' is fiction.
All references to actual persons, alive
or dead, made for a good story.

"Junior" Johnson.....Marlon Brando
BLACKHAWK.....Robert Redford
Zinda Blake.....Meryl Streep
JJ III.....Tom Cruise

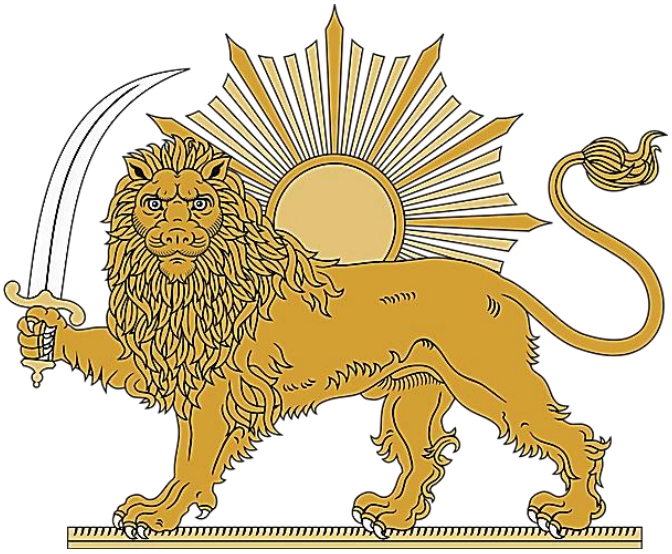
PLUS AN ALL-STAR SUPPORTING CAST

Blackhawk created by Chuck Cuidera, Bob Powell, and Will Eisner

Lady Blackhawk and "Junior" Johnson created by Jack Schiff and Dick Dillin

Blackhawk is the property of DC Comics

Cover: **IRANIAN F-14**



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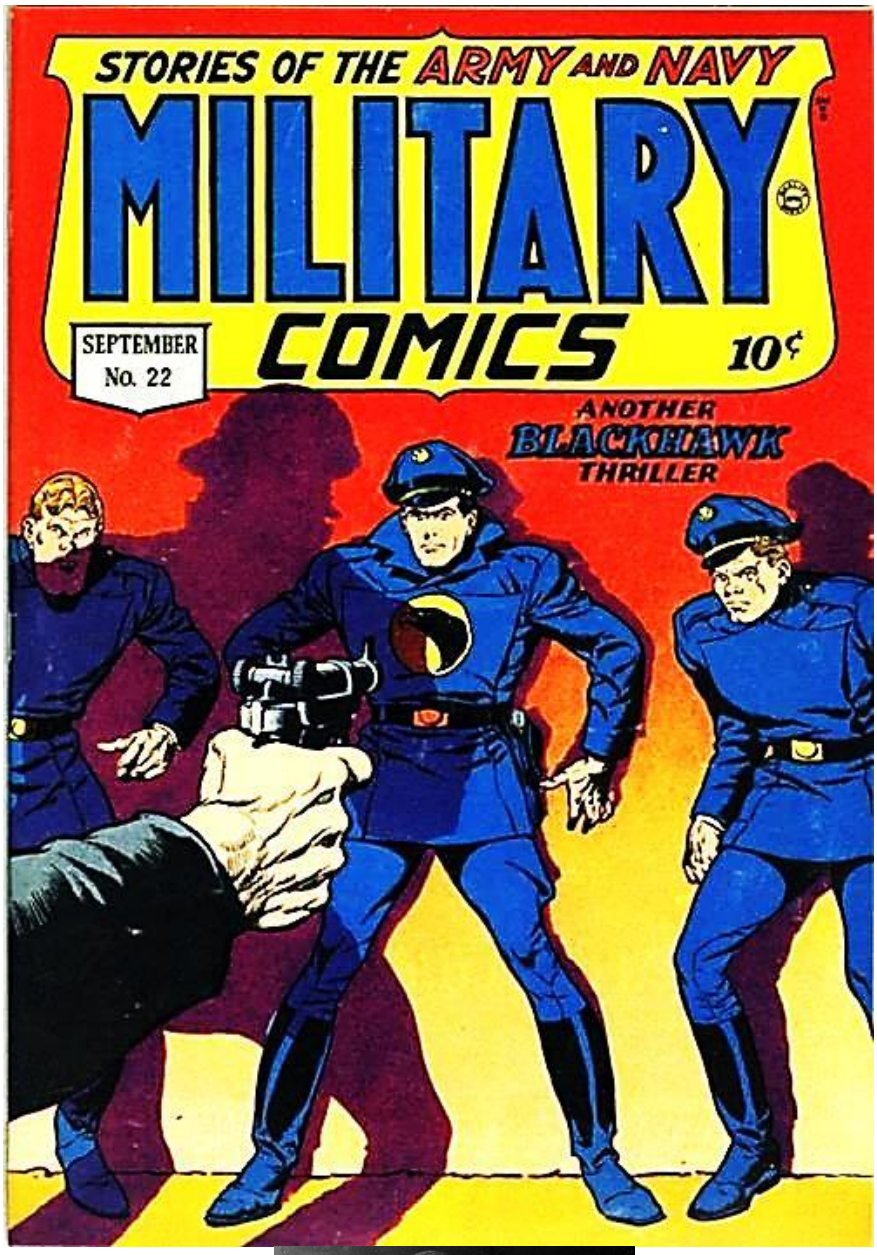


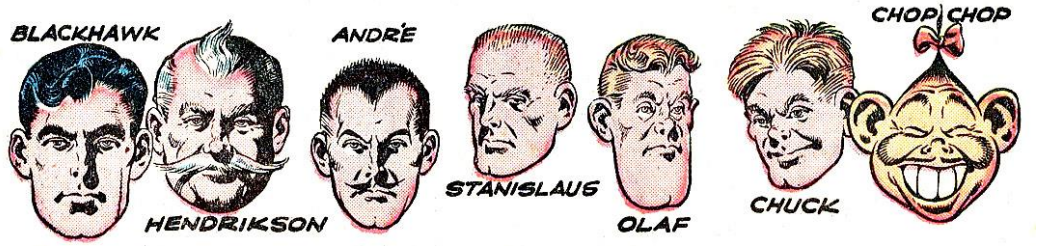
"Demoralize the enemy from within by surprise, terror, sabotage, assassination. This is the war of the future."

April 20, 1980

My Journal:

The Blackhawks have been gone for a thousand days and left a million memories.

War and crime, injustice and tyranny raged on without them. Gone was the idea of an independent team of legendary heroes braving death against formidable foes, often outnumbered and outgunned, blazing victoriously through two generations...



And when it was over, gone was the hope of the 'Angels of Vengeance'!

Today I missed them most.

Fifty-two Americans had been taken hostage in Iran. The president approved a rescue operation. 'Eagle Claw' ended in disaster when three of the eight helicopters sent to the first staging area broke down. Hydraulic problems, another got caught in a cloud of very fine sand, and the last had a cracked rotor blade.

The president aborted the mission before any contact with the hostage-takers. As the force prepared to leave, one of the helicopters crashed into the C-130 transport carrying soldiers and jet fuel. The resulting fire destroyed both aircraft and killed eight servicemen.

Too many 'chiefs' and not enough 'Indians'! If I run my businesses that way, I'd've been bankrupt before I could vote.

Had 'The Angels of Vengeance' still been flying, with a touch of 'Angel Technology' and a little Blackhawk luck,

could they have succeeded where Delta Force and all the 'Pentagon's Men' failed?

Fact is, kidnappers, terrorists, and fanatics everywhere, it they knew that their crimes were going to bring on 'The Angels of Vengeance', maybe they'd think twice before committing them.

Without the Blackhawks, we live in much more dangerous world.

My teenage son, "Junior the Second" (J2) is intelligent, ambitious, hardworking, creative and innovative, but has not a shred of Kid Blackhawk in him.

'The Junk-Heap Heroes', JJ2 calls them and then ridicules their fabled adventures.

Blackhawk-ing it!

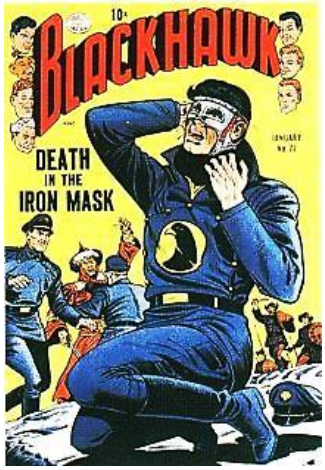
I was with the 'Angels of Vengeance', felt their mystique, believed in 'the peak of excellence plus luck'. My son doesn't understand, can't understand. As driven as his father with his mother's intuition, he's going to change my $5 billion corporation into our $10 billion conglomerate, but will he ever 'show me Blackhawk'?'

'Junior' Johnson

Real Time

Painstakingly restored, the ***Blackhawk Victory Museum*** housed a vast collection of unique trophies and souvenirs from more than a quarter century of incredible battles making the huge Homeric structure the 'Smithsonian of the South Pacific'.

From literature and legend....



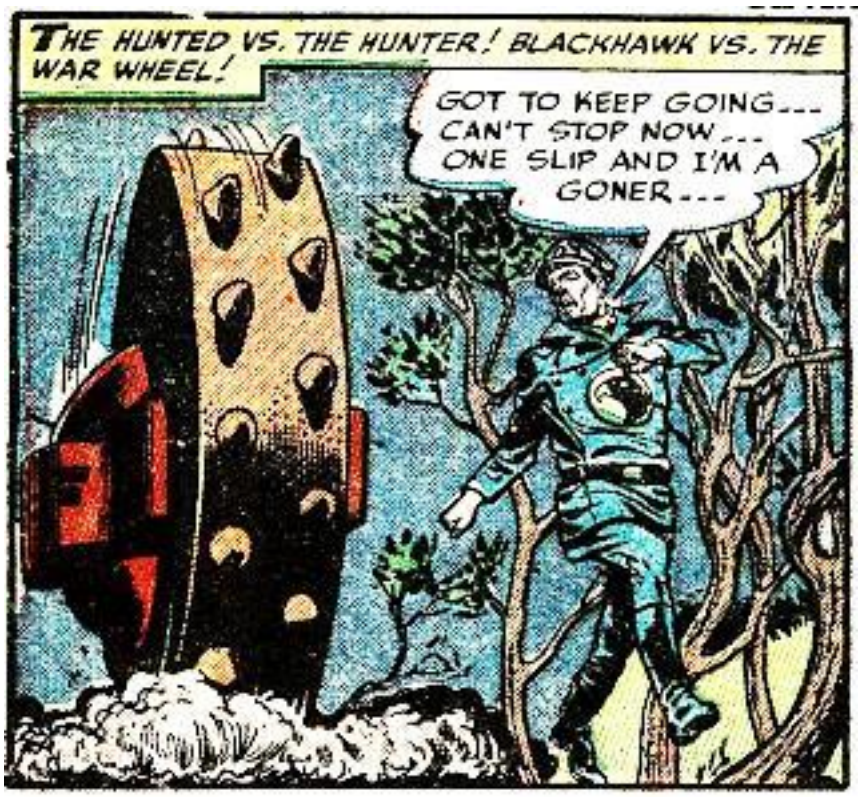
From lost civilizations and warrior cultures...

From alien worlds across the universe...

On a cool, clear morning, every man and boy and ***Lady Blackhawk*** wore a 'fifty-mission' cap and 'classic blues'. The women and girls went bareheaded, except for Nassima and her daughter Medina, wearing dark blue scarves.

The latest exhibit to be displayed in the foyer: from 'Meth Tower', the 'harpoon/zipline' device which took a bullet late.

Bart was beaming. The apparatus looked a coiled up futuristic firehose, yet, at this moment, it seemed bigger than the monstrous War Wheel, restored after the “Battle of Blackhawk Island”!



The final placement got a rousing ***'HAWK-A-A-A-A!'***

‘Grandfather Hawk,
Grandfather Hawk!’

‘Yes, young “Angel of Vengeance”.'

‘What now?’

Crude oil is the blood of sophisticated civilization. Since the 1976 Arab oil embargo, the United States has spent **$8 trillion** on protecting oil cargoes in the Persian Gulf. Yet only 10% of the oil passing through the straits is actually destined for the US.

The Strait of Hormuz is the 'aorta'; more than 20 million barrels of crude flowing through its waters every day.

Only 21 miles wide at its narrowest point, supertankers can only use one channel to come in and one channel to come out, each of them roughly two miles wide.

The supertanker *Monticello*, as long and as wide as a nuclear-powered aircraft carrier, was sailing 'out' of the Strait of Hormuz well within the mandated shipping channel on the first leg of its journey to Japan carrying 3000 tons of crude oil with a later street (and highway) value of nearly $100,000,000.

But there were those with other plans...

Skimming the waves, the sun at their tails came six MiG-29 *Fulcrums.* The formation had perfection about it, as if flown by a *team* rather than a squadron. Developed in the 1970s to counter the American F-15 and F-16, the Russian supersonic fighter-bomber has been exported to more than a dozen air forces.

The MiGs were modernized 29SMTs flush with air-to-surface armaments and anti-shipping munitions.

Each bore insignia not seen in nearly forty years.

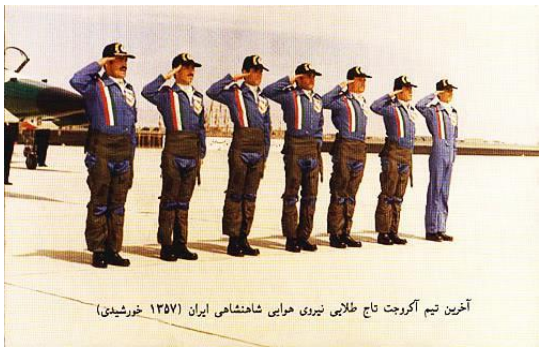
The **Golden Crown** had once been the national aerobatics display team and the pride of the Imperial Iranian Air Force.

Founded in 1958. The chosen team was rigorously trained in and flew a variety of jets as they performed all over Iran.

From his Peacock Throne, the Shah announced that his reforms would take Iran into the jet age while the *mullahs* wanted to remain "in the age of the donkeys."

Iran would soon become the most 'Westernized' nation in the Middle East, but most Iranians felt ruled by a godless tyrant.

In 1979, the *mullahs* triumphed in a Revolution that would restore strict religious rule to Iran. And be the end of the **Golden Crown**?



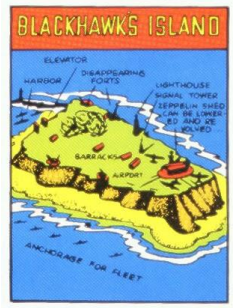
Never! Their sons and grandsons had returned...to save their beloved nation from religious fanatics!

'Finally, our time has come! We fight for our families. We strike for Iran!'

A highly disciplined unit, the six MiGs fired their missiles simultaneously.

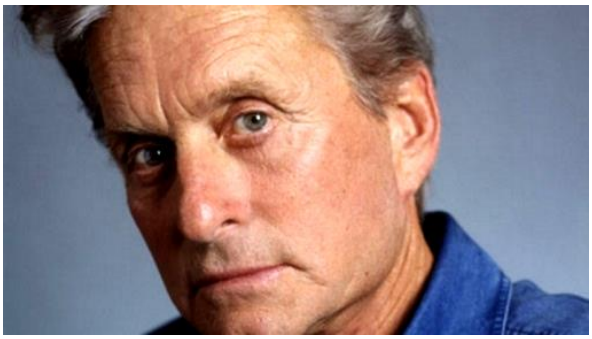
The *Monticello* took hits from bow to stern. The MiGs passed low, flew on, and seemingly disappeared.

"To the jets!"



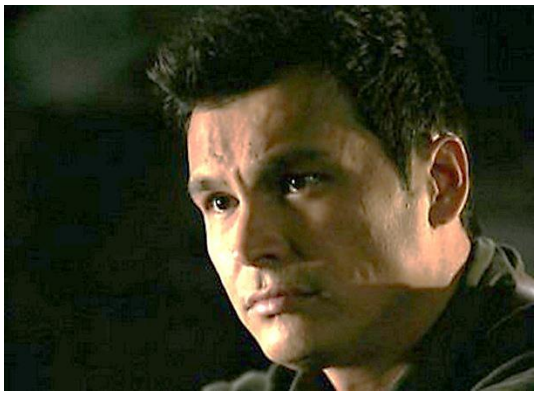
'The captain of the supertanker claims his ship was strafed by Iranian MiGs!'

'It cannot be! Why would the Iranians suddenly start a war?'



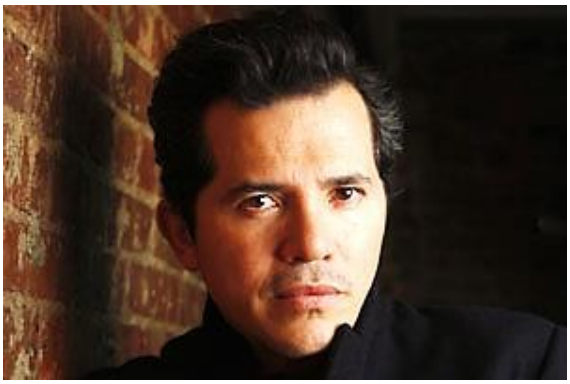
'How? The Americans and their allies maintain a tight radar net. Any squadron flying out of Iran would have been spotted immediately.'

'A new Gulf War? Religious zealots out to cripple the West?'



'With their own MiGs? An 'ISIS Air Force'?'

'Way beyond Third World terrorists! Perfected stealth technology or an invisible aircraft carrier!'

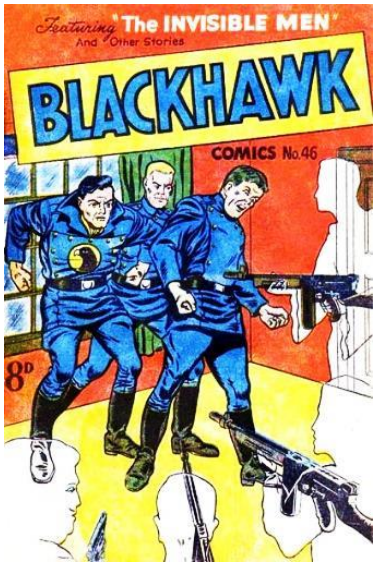


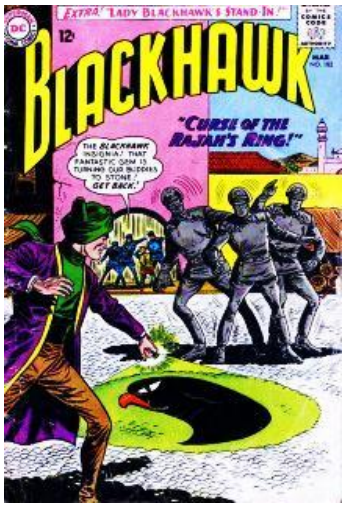
The Iraqis constructed hardened installations. Allied bombs destroyed them. Could the Iranians have taken concealment to a lower level and built an underground air base, perfectly camouflaged in the desert?'

'Not likely. The project would have taken months, even years, involving thousands of workers and heavy equipment!'

'Of course! Even if they kept it a secret from their own people, they could never have escaped detection from spy satellites!'

'Magic or technology...Why? The Iranian fundamentalists are desperate to sell their oil. What would they have to gain by strangling the Gulf?'





Their children were watching…

'Papa always looks taller in uniform! And older when he's on a mission!'

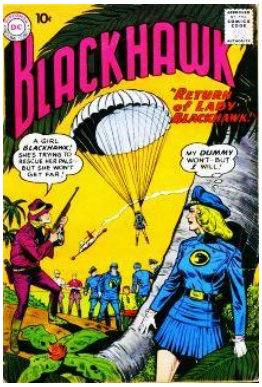
'Just wait till I'm old enough to go with him. I'm going to be an "Angel of Vengeance"!'

‘So will we all!’

From the front porch of their beach house.

‘The new 'Angels of Vengeance'! Up against an unknown enemy who can strike at will!"

‘Chips off this “Old Bird”! They know who they are and what they have to do.’



'Go to the foe' wherever and whoever he may be no matter the risk or the sacrifice!

‘Flying into a shooting gallery with the whole world watching! Targets for a renegade squadron that's broken all the rules!’

‘And they're going full bore!’

‘They've got the “Angel Fire” of our original team!’

*'Madness, Mister President!
That supertanker will burn for a week!'*

*'We just agreed to a nuclear treaty!
We had no idea!'*

'What's new about that? Five carrier groups in the Gulf--How could we have missed the MiGs?'

The 'Revolutionary Guard' has denied any part of the operation, calling it a "Capitalistic plot to destabilize the Persian Gulf and unite against the Islamic Republic of Iran"!'

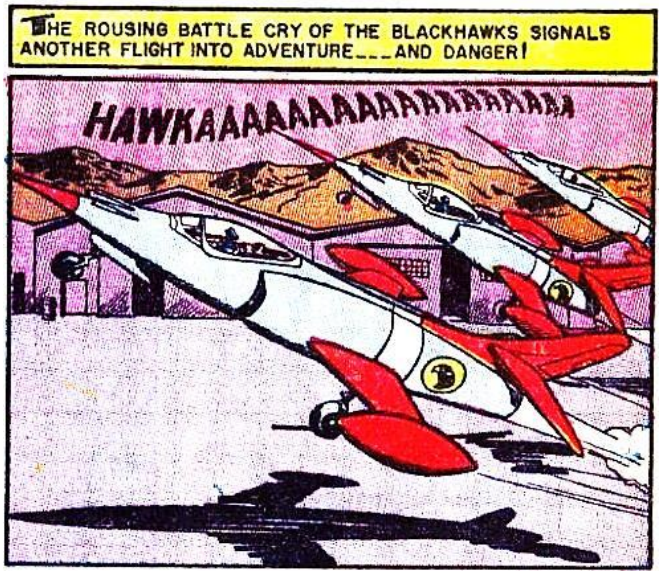
"They also denied the Holocaust, and have exported and supported terrorists worldwide, including **Hamas** *and* **al-Qaeda***!'*

'Iran has also made it clear that they want Israel blown off the map, but attacking oil tankers?'

'Fanatical mullahs run the country! Are they hoping for a miracle? We can wipe out their Navy and Air Force in twenty minutes. Where's the sense in all this?'

'We won't be alone in our response! The Saudis, the Israelis, the Chinese and the Russians will want in.'

'Let them wait in line… behind the "Angels of Vengeance"!'



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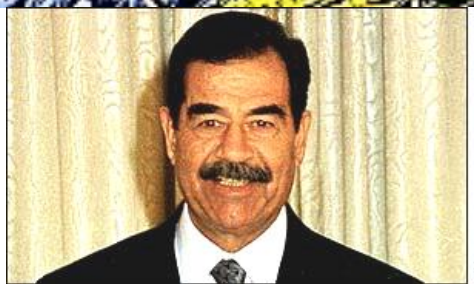
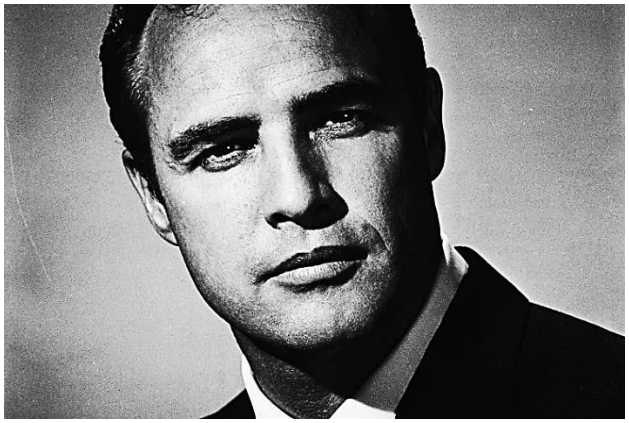


'Don't provoke a snake unless you have the intention and power to cut off its head.'



December 21, 1988

My Journal:

No one is safe from terrorism! Not even high in the air.

A Jumbo Jet bound for New York exploded in flight and crashed into a Scottish village, killing all 259 aboard and 11 on the ground.

A terrorist bomb! Miniaturization + connectivity! There's got to be a way to stop these mass murderers.

Not more guns and planes and tanks and ships...technology!

Junior's Corporation

Leading the way in security sensors, JJ2 has taken the company in a new direction. Innovation + cooperation: security is a team effort!

We've got a long way to go. Best way to stop terrorism is to kill its motivation, but there is so much we don't understand about history, about religion, about what people will kill themselves to attain.

Would 'The Angels of Vengeance' have found out? Was there a way to bring people together without senseless slaughter?

I wish the Blackhawks would have had the chance.

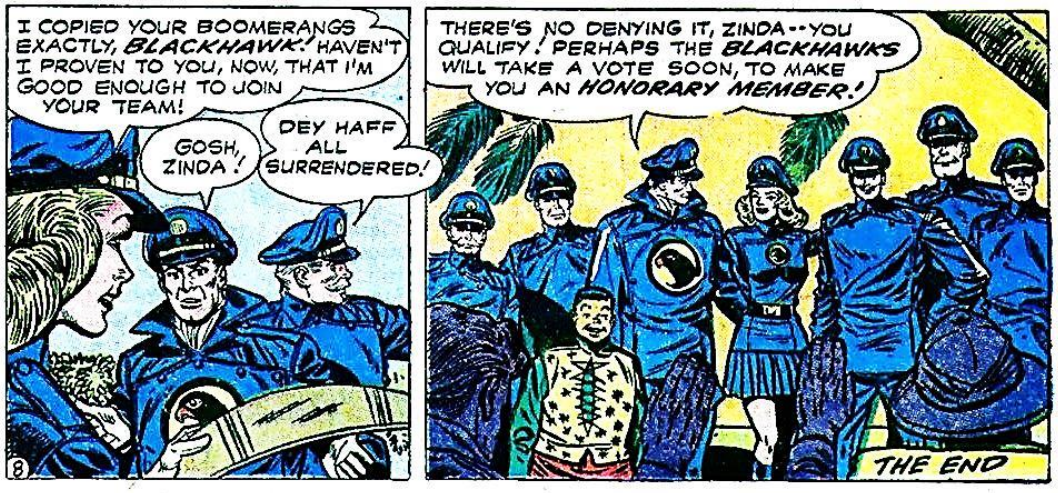
'Junior' Johnson

8 Months Ago

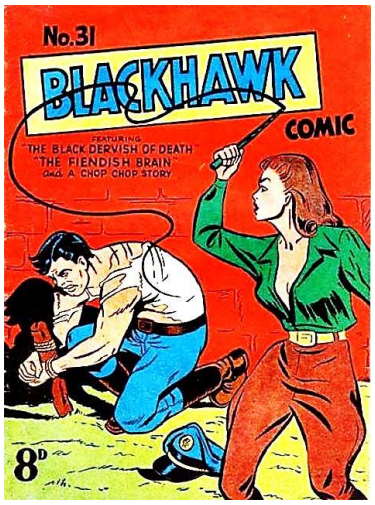
The six **Blackhawk** wives had much to discuss.

'What a life to lead – the most fantastic adventure. The kids are loving it!'

'We are challenged by tradition and history! To follow in the footsteps of **Lady Blackhawk***!*



'Their past encounters with determined women haven't worked out so well. One can only imagine the bloodcurdling babes our dear husbands will find themselves tangling with!'



‘Not nearly as challenging as the culture we're creating! We're off on our own world together. Couldn't you see us as a TV series?’

BLACKHAWK ISLAND

THE TEAM, THE WIVES, THE KIDS
'REALITY' WITH A VENGEANCE!

‘Thirty minutes a week! No “soap opera”.
More of a good old fashioned action/family drama with laughs.’

Community BLACKHAWK

On a Mission to Save the World!

‘And the children? Cartoons versus 'monsters' and 'space aliens'!’

KID BLACKHAWKS

Young 'Angels of Vengeance'

Zinda Blake had her own take…

'Imagine rivals from my *age! Crack pilots, grade-A jet mechanics, a dedicated technical support team, part-time teachers and full-time widows and mothers on a mission of ruthless revenge!'*

RETURN OF THE *TIGRESSES!*

Real Time

CenterCityChronicle.com
Going to the Gulf!

At war with Iran?

The fully loaded supertanker churned through the Strait of Hormuz...

Suddenly, seemingly out of nowhere...

Six F-14 Tomcats, supersonic, twinjet, two-seaters with variable-sweep wings First flown in 1970 and deployed in 1974 with the U.S. Navy. Beginning in 1976, the only other nation to fly the *Tomcat* : the Islamic Republic of Iran.

These were the **Persian Cats**, once the finest and fiercest squadron in the Imperial Iranian Air Force!

There were very few old, bold Iranian pilots. During the reign of 'The Last Shah' (1941-1976), American trade boomed in the Cold War, including the Navy's top fighter, the F-14 *Tomcat*.

Oil was a crude 'cover story': What the US needed even more were 'ears' on the Soviet Union and established 'listening posts' in Iran for 'exclusive coverage' of Russian missile testing.

By the time of the Iran revolution in 1976, spy satellites had made the 'listening posts' redundant. 'Westernized' by American training, the finest F-14 pilots of the Imperial Iranian Air Force were drubbed out. Many fled the country. A few vowed to return.

The **Persian Cats** broke after the Iran-Iraq War. To avenge Iran air victories, Saddam sent out 'death squads' to murder Iranian pilots. More than 180 were killed, many in front of the families or with them.

These dozen **Cats** left were the last.

The leader was an old man, one of the very first Iranians to fly the American Navy fighter-bomber. His Iranian colleagues were equally aged.

'We have returned, Loyal Soldiers of the Shah! Wait until our target fills your screen...'

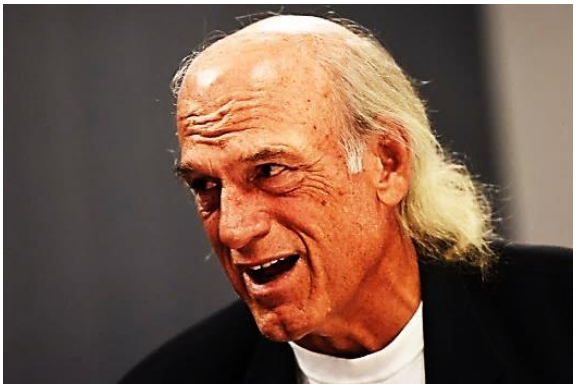
A dozen *Exocet* anti-ship missiles scored direct hits on the massive tanker, igniting its crude cargo, creating a gigantic torch in the Strait of Hormuz.

With one pass, the **Persian Cats** were gone.

‘American-made Tomcats*! Like the 'scrap metal' we sold Japan, that came back as bombs on Pearl Harbor!"*

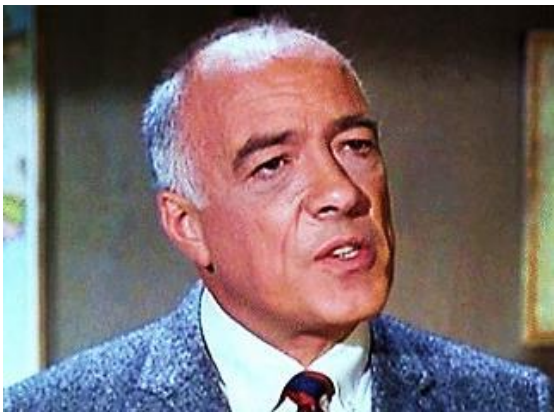
Not quite. The deal with the Shah saved the company and the F-14!’

‘Retaliate now, Mister President! A massive strike force awaiting your orders.’



‘This jihad *Iran started will end within hours! Their dream of Islamic revolution shattered forever.’*

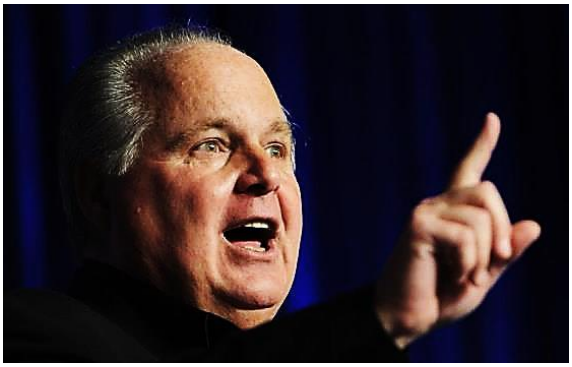
‘Hold your trigger-fingers! If Iran wants war, why haven't they mobilized their forces? You've read the traffic, seen the sat photos. They're sending rescue helicopter and fireboats to the disaster site, but their entire defense remains in stand-down.’



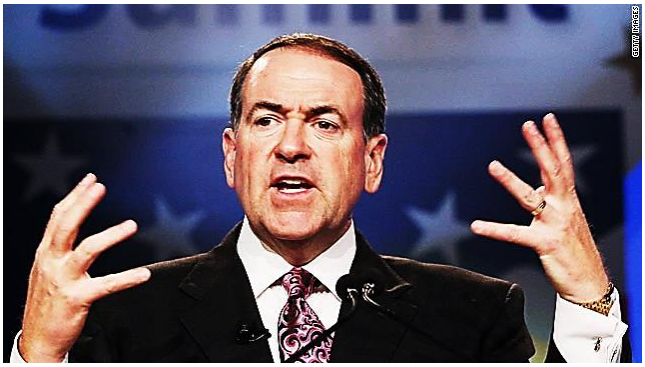
"A false-flag trick! Divert us from the obvious threat!"

'It's working! Our intel has me ready to believe the Iranians!’

'Then who the hell are we fighting?
Islamic terrorists or Arab anarchists?'



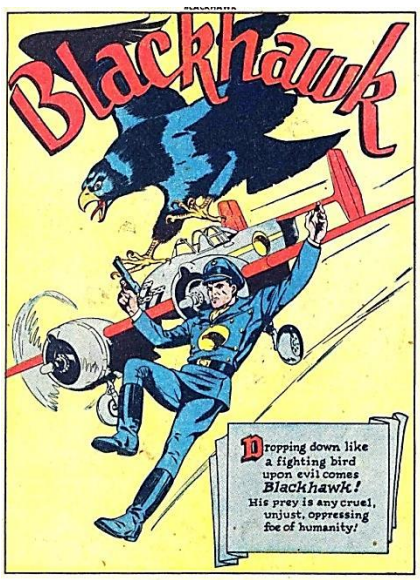
'Price of gas just hit six dollars a gallon.
We don't retaliate and it'll be ten bucks
by Prime Time!'



'National Security decided by the
price at the pump?'

'Not yet! The United States is not *firing the first shots*
against the Iranians...The Arabs, the Jews, the Japanese and the
Russians will either jump or get sucked in, and we'll have a catastrophe!

'If there's a big mistake about to be made, let it not be mine!'



On the way...

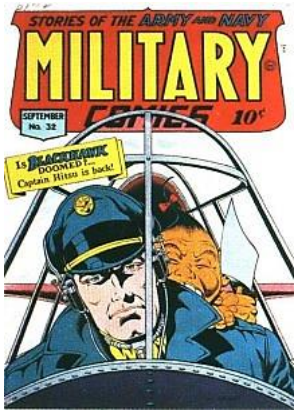
'Belly up to the bar, **Blackhawks***.*
Drinks courtesy of the Queen herself."

'Thank Her Majesty for us.'

"You're en route to a short war, Mate!
A second tanker hit and sunk, the Iranians
have gone out of their minds! Starting a war they're
totally unprepared to fight. It'll be over before you get there!"

JJ III and Wong flew an F-15SE two-seater which carried a larger fuel tank, extra technology and if necessary, a heavier bomb load. After the first three **Blackhawk** jets topped out, the second trio hooked up.

‘Not to worry. We'll fuel you up for the trip back.
But maybe you could make a wee detour.
We've got a national event coming up...



‘Maybe you could drop by. You know, a 'fly-over', do a few barrel-rolls."

‘Wouldn't miss it for the world!’

Eighteen Iranian flyers in Operation *Atlantis*. Six from the **Golden Crown**, piloting the MiG-29s, twelve from the **Persian Cats** in F-14s. Accommodations were hardly 'Imperial'. Spartan living quarters, the finest Iranian mechanics and support crew, the best aircraft, and most of all, a hidden runway from which to accomplish their sacred mission.

'Where's the war we came to start? How many more ships must we set ablaze before the Americans unleash their 'shock and awe'?'

That was the plan. Attack the 'blood'. Make the 'civilized world' believe the religious fanatics had gone off their holy rockers!

War would be imminent. Iran would be hit hard, the nation's defense forces shattered and its *mulah* regime toppled. Iran would be wounded, but free, to live by the rules of Man!

'Allah is *great! But gasoline, not God, will decide! Our fates are in the tank.'*

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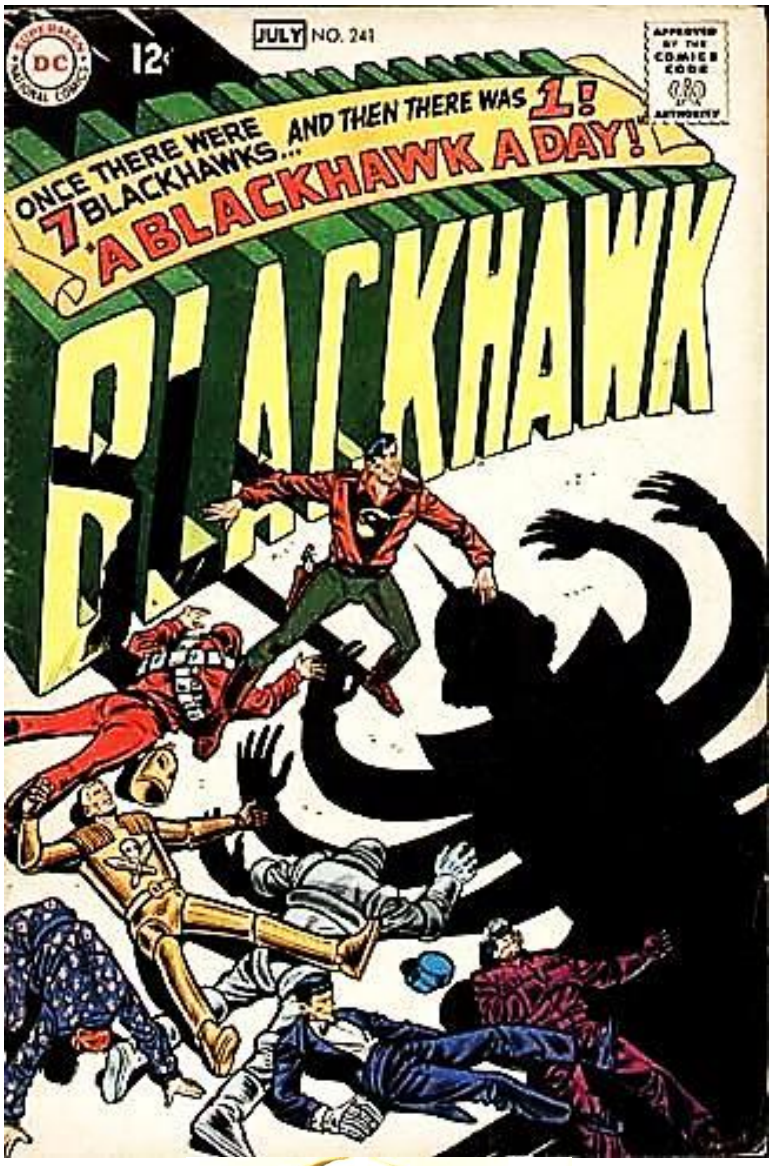
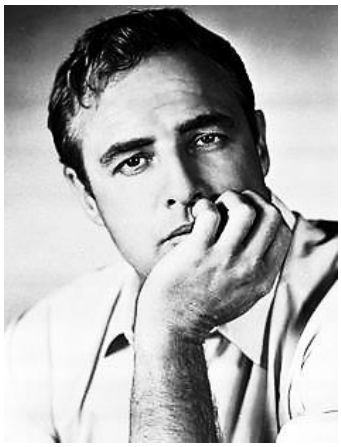


'Control the Persian Gulf and you control the world.'



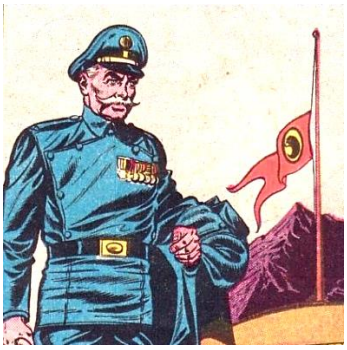
February 26, 1993

My Journal:

New York City was attacked today! A bomb planted in the basement garage of the World Trade Center killed six and injured more than a thousand. The terrorist plan: to topple one of the giant towers which would smash into the second one, completely destroying the World Trade Center!

Method to their madness - not to just kill innocent Americans, but to bring down symbols of American dominance!

My family and I are part of that 'dominance'. Hard work, long hours, confidence, and a little Blackhawk luck has made me a multi-billionaire, yet the idea that I am 'superior' to anyone is not the way I feel or how I live my life.



If only the Blackhawks had planned long-term. In the mid-fifties, after 15 years as a team, they should have recruited new blood. Not replacements--successors! Selection would not be 'trial and error' but via election!

Who will be the next
New Blackhawk?

Every couple of years or so, a chosen Free World nation would nominate three or four of its citizens to become a

Blackhawk. Piloting and martial arts skills would not be enough. Does the candidate have that 'Angel-Fire' burning inside him?

The 'campaigns' would have made great television!

Instead the 'Angels of Vengeance' believed they would fly forever. How many Blackhawks might there have been who never were?

'Junior' Johnson

Real Time

In the fabled history of the People's Republic of China, the People's Liberation Army Air Force (PLAAF) had earned barely a footnote.

During WW II, the most famous fighter squadron in China was the 'Flying Tigers'...*Americans!*

In the hard days of the 'Long March' long ago, the Chinese had few planes, fewer pilots, and no power. The PLAAF wasn't officially established with the government in 1949.

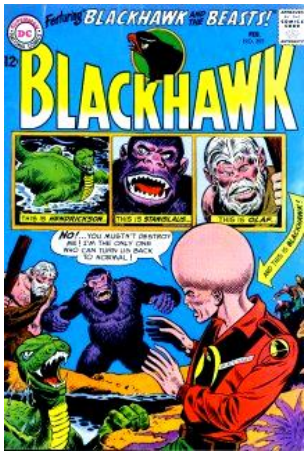
During the Korean War, Chinese pilots flew Soviet MiGs...

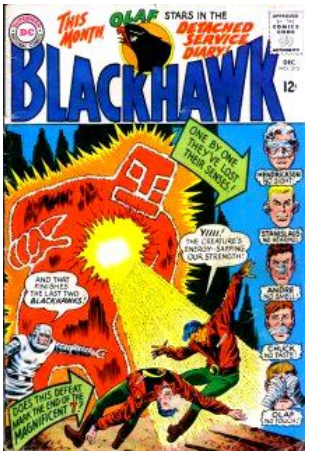
Not until the 1960s did the Chinese produce their own fighter aircraft.

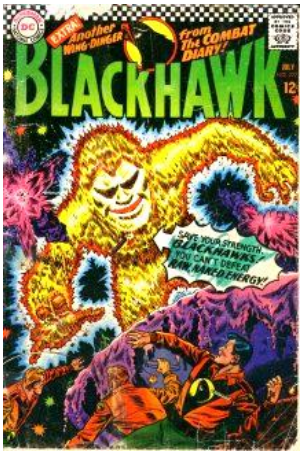
The Sino-Soviet split gutted Chinese industry. Recovery began with the Vietnam War, but plagued with technical shortcomings and lack of funds, not until the late 1980s could the nation claim that it possessed a viable air defense.

China's huge economic growth in the 21st Century had financed a superpower-class air defense command, led by the renown Pajin *Dragons*.

This Persian Gulf crisis fell on the veteran shoulders of General Xu Ming, an officer in the People's Liberation Army (PLA) Vice chairman of the Central Military Commission of the Communist Party of China, and the commander of the People's Liberation Army Air Force who vaguely remembered the silly Western propaganda of his youth.







His subordinate arrived as ordered.

‘Colonel Ziang, you encountered the **Blackhawks**, *had the opportunity to shoot them down. Yet, they still live. Why?’*

"Your judgment has proven wise. What more should I know?’

‘I was thinking of my country, general. Would slaughtering the 'Angels of Vengeance' help China? I did not think mine was the time.’

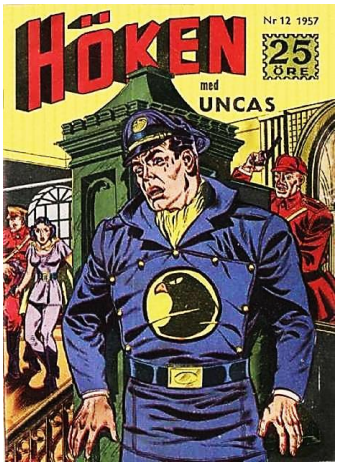
‘Whosoever fires first on the **Blackhawks**, *must for sure, kill them all!’*

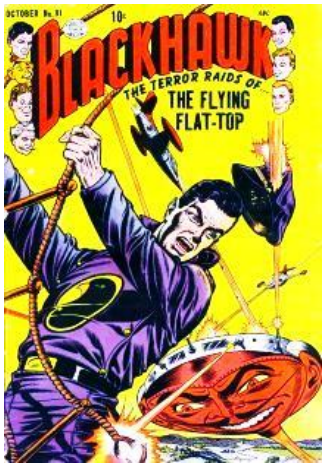
‘The **Blackhawks** *will soon be the 'Red Zone', Mister President! The Navy can put up a wall of fighters to keep them out!’*

‘Not a good idea. They’ve already blown away the North Koreans and backed off the Chinese!’

‘They've got no authority! A billionaire's 'uber-squadron'. We can't legitimize the 'Angels of Vengeance'!’

'Iran is not a country at war! Is America? Do we want to be?’





‘The **Blackhawks** *are invincible as a unit!’*

‘The greatest threat to America’s enemies ever known!’

'The Chinese have responded! As have the Japanese, the Saudis, Israel, Latin America, Great Britain, most of Europe and parts of Africa...

'And they've all said the same thing.

'Show me ***Blackhawk***!'

Six Months Ago

The **Blackhawk** children got together in the **V*ictory Museum*.** They treasured these times, when they could be the smartest people in the room.

'We are the only kids in history to be where we are now! And I want to show the whole world!'

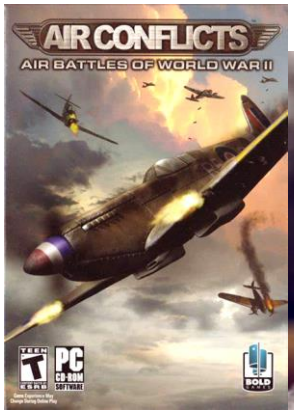
'As a team, we've got to have a quest!'

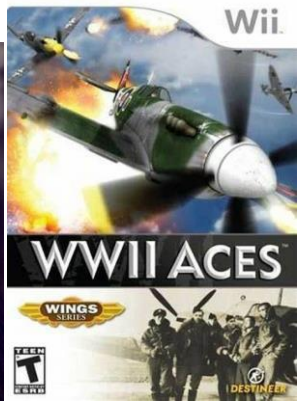
'A **Kid Blackhawk** *quest!'*

'A website! Give everybody an online tour of the **Victory Museum***.'*

'Not to just see, but things to do*!'*

'Kids would come not to look, but to play*!'*





'Games! *We've got dozens of stories of the 'Angels of Vengeance' versus their wartime foes!'*

'Kid Blackhawk *is invincible as a unit!'*

'The greatest threat to boring websites ever known!'

'Just for starters! Their most fantastic adventures are even cooler!'

'But kids have to have more interesting, more important stuff to do. Science – an environment/ecological study!'

'Sounds too much like school!'

'With a purpose! Every kid in the world is living on her or his private island. We could be an escape!'

BLACKHAWK ISLAND

Workout!

Starring...

KID BLACKHAWKS

Young 'Angels of FITNESS'

‘Every session we could have one of our fathers 'guest star”!’

‘How about starting a ***Blackhawk*** *dance troupe?’*

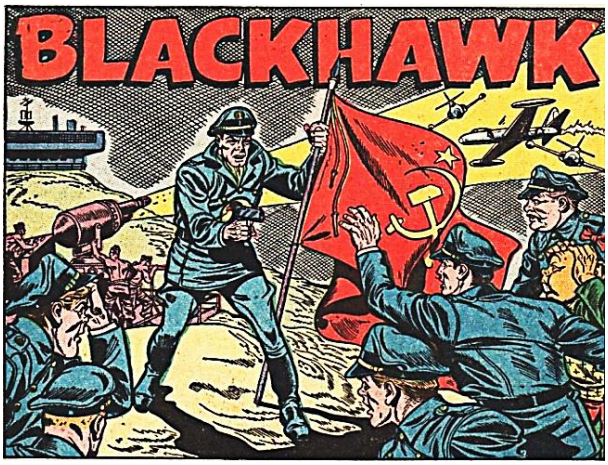
‘**Blackhawk** *Hip Hop?’*

Real Time

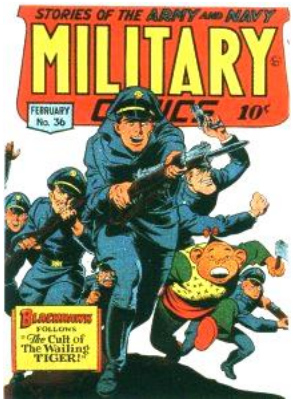
‘Colonel Alexander Kabakov, commander of the **Kremlin Knights**, *Russia’s finest fighter squadron. I have a new mission for you and your men!’*

‘Mister President, your loyal pilots await your command!’

‘Colonel, Russia’s old arch-enemy has returned!’



‘I want you to understand. The “Angels of Vengeance” are not some fly-by-night vigilante squadron, but infinitely more dangerous...an ideal!’



‘The **Blackhawks** *are invincible as a unit!’*

The greatest threat to Soviet power ever known!’

‘The Russian Air Force must show off its champions! I am tripling your flying hours and giving you unlimited technical support!

‘One day, Colonel, and I hope it’s very soon, I’ll order you to shoot down the **Blackhawks***!’*

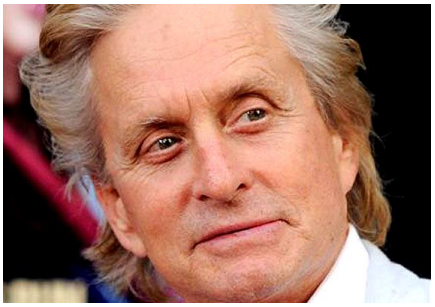
‘Mister President, my blood belongs to the Motherland!’

On the way…

The F-15SE had a superb 'automatic pilot' making for an 'unworldliness', sleeping alone at 1000+ MPH.

A voice from afar brought all down to earth.

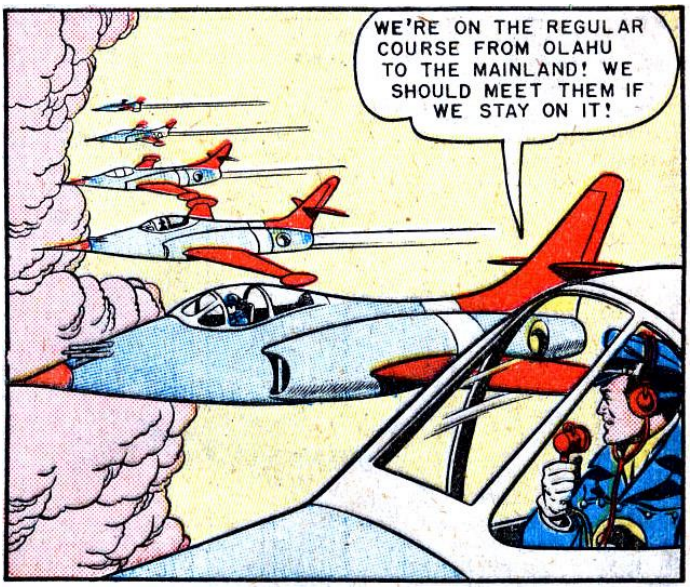
'The Americans are holding back! They can 'shock and awe' Iran any time they want to. Besides, why put Americans in harm's way when they've got the **Blackhawks** *to fight for them?'*



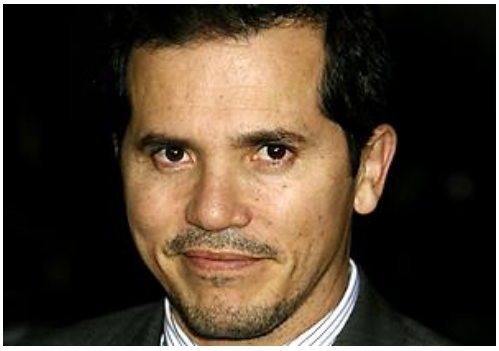
'A cautious President exploiting us well. The rest of the region will join in step. We "Angels of Vengeance" have been given our own private war!"

'And what is it we're fighting for, the price of gas?

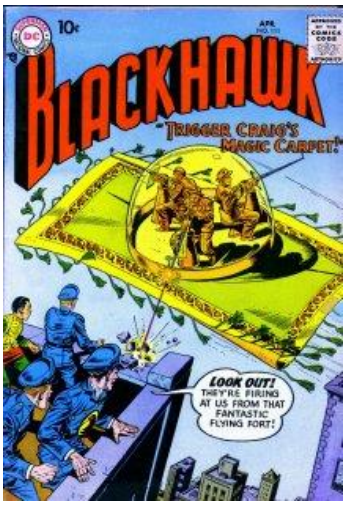
'It's up to nine bucks a gallon!'

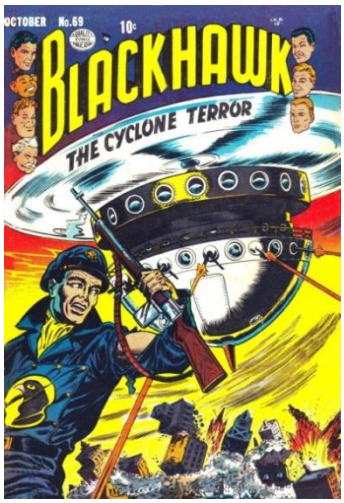


'Why would Iran start a war? And how? From where, a 'stealth aircraft carrier'? What magic is this?'



'We'll be fighting a whole country that denies it's fighting anybody!' Or some secret war machine*?'*



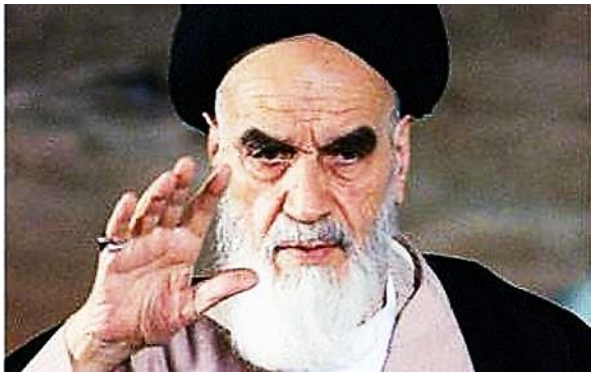


Operation *Atlantis* was entering an unexpected phase.

'For the future of Iran, we volunteered for a fight to the death, against the Americans, the Saudis, and hopefully, the Israelis, but never did I dream, 'The Angels of Vengeance'!'

'Let them come! If I'm to die in the sky, let it be said only a **Blackhawk** *could have shot me down!'*

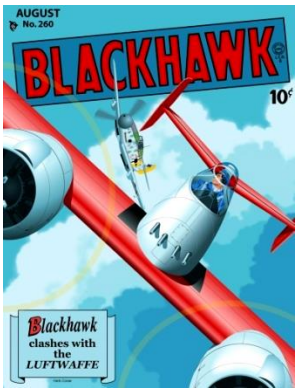
'The **Blackhawks** *are invincible as a unit!'*

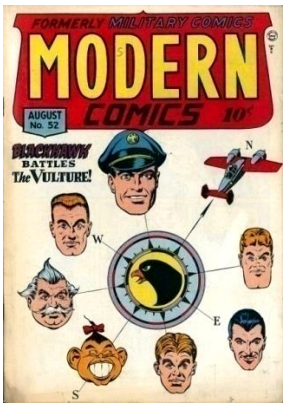


'The greatest threat to religious fanatics ever known!'

'With all due respect, but you old timers have been reading too many kiddie books. The **Blackhawks** *my generation knew were bumbling old men who mercifully gave up and retired!'*

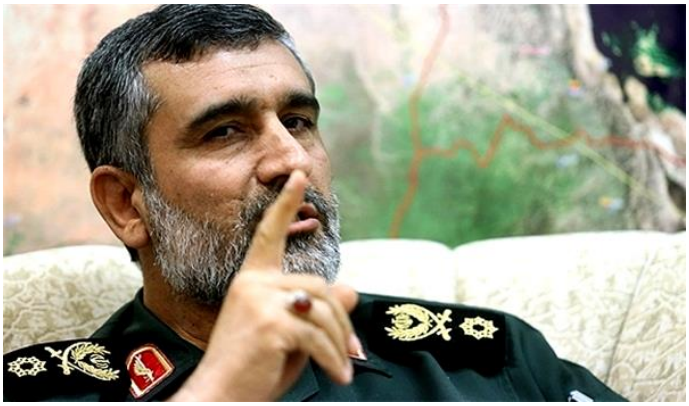
'My younger friend and patriot, you were born too late to understand! Through World War Two and beyond, their 'mystique of invincibility'. The **Blackhawks** *were an airborne dynasty for twenty years!"*





'Fill a briefing room with US SEALS, British SAS, Israeli commandos and Russian Spetnaz, plus the finest fighter pilots in the world. And a **Blackhawk***, any* **Blackhawk,** *walks in...*

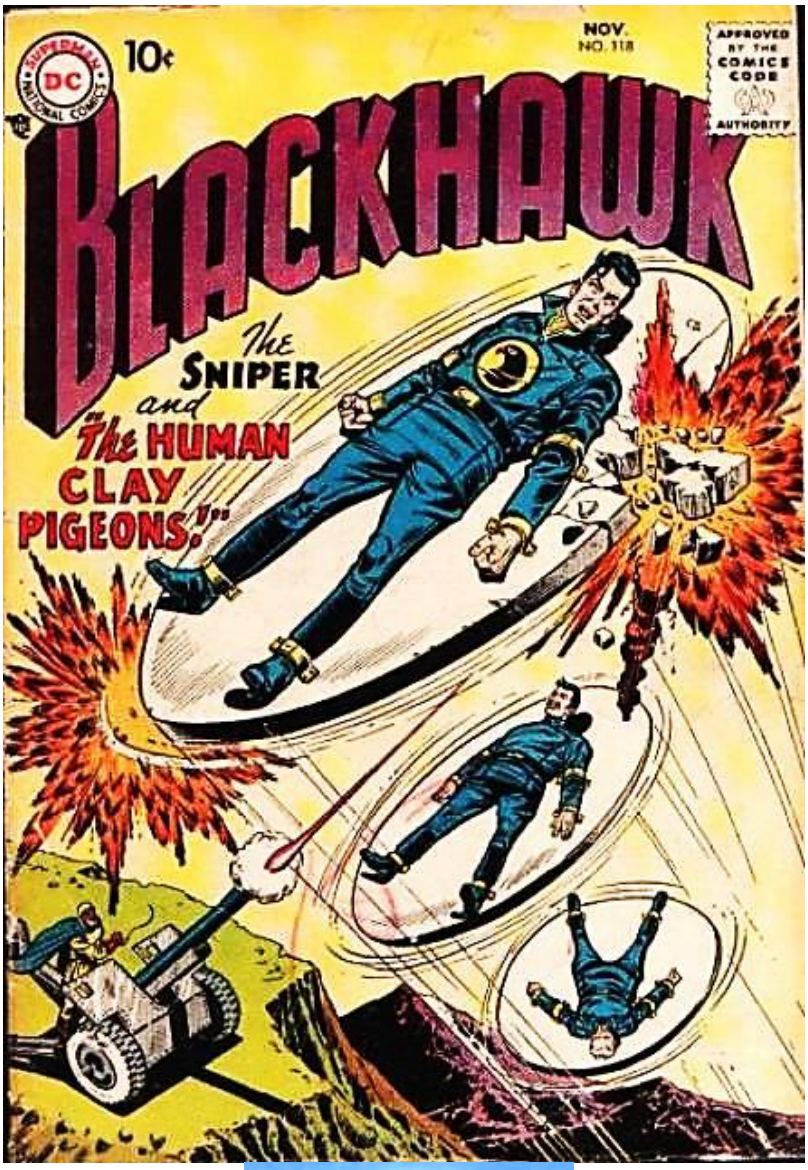
"…*Everybody* stands up."

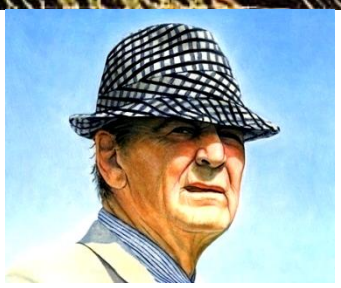


'Not me! Not the **Golden Crown***! Our MiGs are fueled and armed. Our legend is at hand.*

We fly to The Angels of Vengeance!"'

4





"In life, you'll have your back up against the wall many times. You might as well get used to it."

June 11, 1994

My Journal:

A horrible cancer has consumed a country!

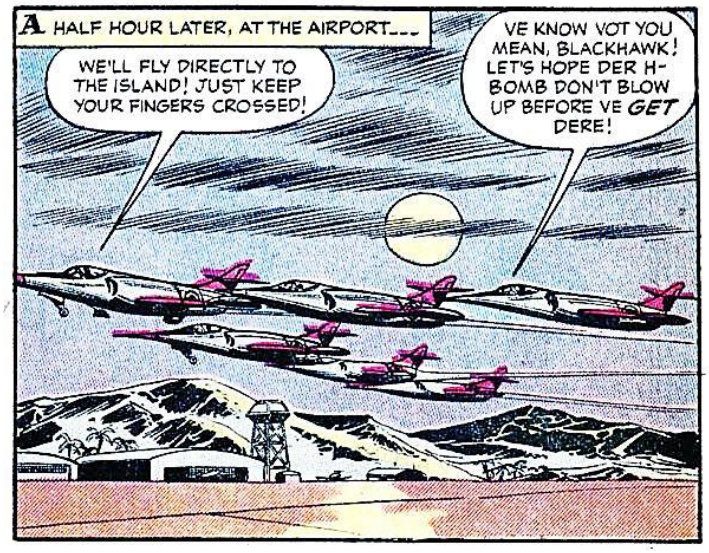
On April 6, 1994, an airplane carrying the Habyarimana and Burundian president was shot down, killing all on board.
****

Mass executions began the next day. Soldiers, police and militia quickly killed key Tutsi and moderate Hutu leaders. One tribe pitted against another. Hutus slaughtered Tutsis with machetes, clubs, blunt objects and other weapons to rape, maim, kill, steal and destroy.

Tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands dead...genocide!

But since the people were from the wrong country on the wrong continent and the wrong color, without precious resources the rest of the world could exploit, too few did too little.

Had 'The Angels of Vengeance' still been flying...



Seven brave men jumping into their jets and zooming into the African apocalypse might not have stopped the insanity, but the Blackhawks would have done something, anything, even sacrifice themselves to save innocent lives.

But there were no Blackhawks!

'Junior' Johnson

Real Time

‘The time is now, Mister President! At your command, we'll wipe out Iran's air defenses and every aircraft in its arsenal!’

‘Augmented by bomber strikes! We can obliterate their ground and naval forces. Minimum casualties, maximum results.’

‘Act now, Mister President and you'll be the hero of every American driver."

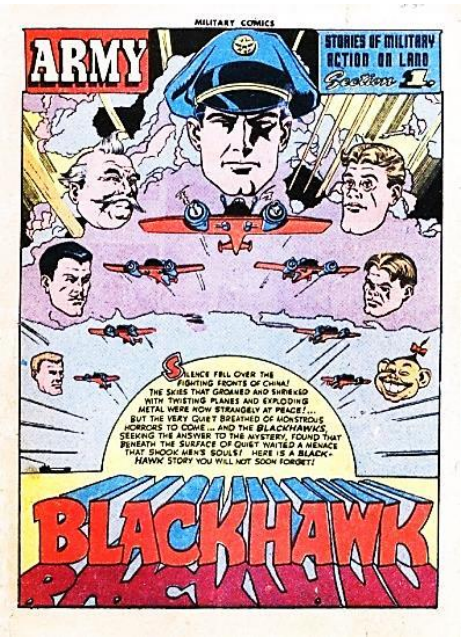
‘The Iranians started this...’

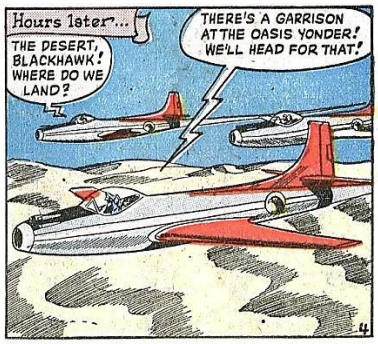
‘Iranian-marked jets! We still don't know who's flying them!’

'The United States will not act until it has *to act!*
'The **Blackhawks** *are back, longing for their glory days!*
*They want to be 'legitimized', lionized ...*trusted*.*
An international fighting team eager to take off at a
moment's notice, to fly anywhere in the world to set things straight!'

'The **Blackhawks** *are*
invincible as a unit!'

The greatest threat to
outlaw air raids ever known!'





‘Put half the Pentagon out of work.
Spend the savings on education!’

‘Satellite imagery will be a.blurry Nintendo,
with patches of audio.’

‘Leak it to the media across the board!
Let these seven 'Angels' of Vengeance'
show the whole world **Blackhawk**...*or die trying!’*

‘What in the world is going on?
None of this makes any sense!’

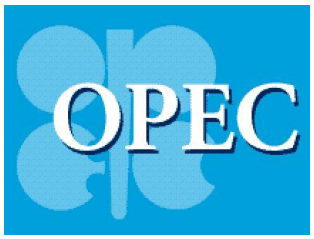
‘Iran has walked away from its weapons, soldiers and pilots abandoning their fighter planes and tanks. They're not surrendering, but showing that their country wants no war.’

‘As if you could scare the religious zealots with bombers and aircraft carriers! Want to really terrify them? “Equal rights for women”!’

‘Amen to that, sister! Who can possibly win in this mess? Not Iran, not the West. Russia? China?"

‘No nation would risk war sponsoring a terrorist operation.’

‘Wait one minute. These attacks have accomplished only one thing, skyrocketed the price of gas! So who reaps the benefits?’

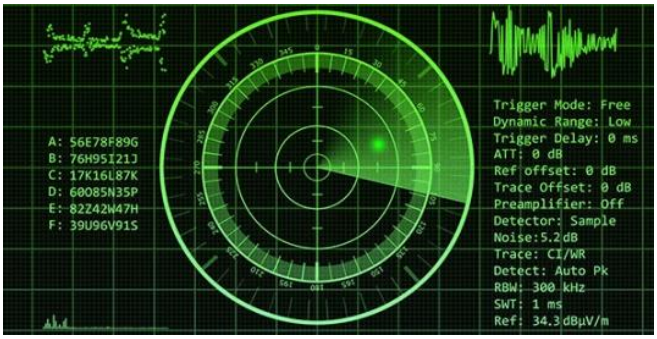


‘Big oil! Half a billion to mount, but if they could clog up the Strait of Hormuz for a week or so, tens of billions in profit!’

'Follow the money! Could be a splinter group, funneling dollars away for a contingency operation!’

‘Must go back a couple of years! Can we track it?’

Suddenly...



‘Mom, look! Closing in on our fathers!’

As the ***Blackhawks*** neared their destination…

‘The Emir of Qatar offered us a runway and all the aviation fuel we can burn. Plus some extra ammunition, missiles, and flares!’

‘All we need now is the enemy! ‘Backed by 'Big Oil'? How are we gonna prove that?’

With the runway in sight...

‘Leave that to the Island!
As soon as we fuel up, we're going flying.
I want whoever's behind this to see our colors!’

‘Somebody already has!
Bogies on my screen!’

Fifty feet above the waves of the Persian Gulf, six MiG-29s flew on radio silence. Their radars had been turned off to escape detection.

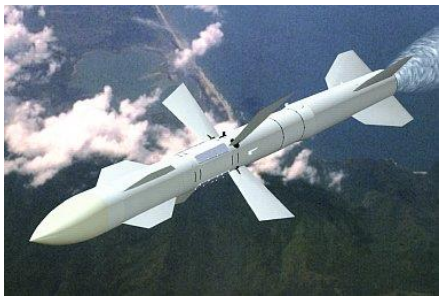
Sixty years before, there would have been no **Golden Crown** if not for the United States Air Force. The new pilots flew F-84G *Thunder Jets*, the first jet fighter of the Imperial Iranian Air Force.

Inspired to become a great acrobatic team, they earned their wings at the USAF Jet Pilot Training School in West Germany.

In 1958, after countless training hours, the Imperial Iranian Air Force **Golden Crown** *AcroJet Team* took to the skies.

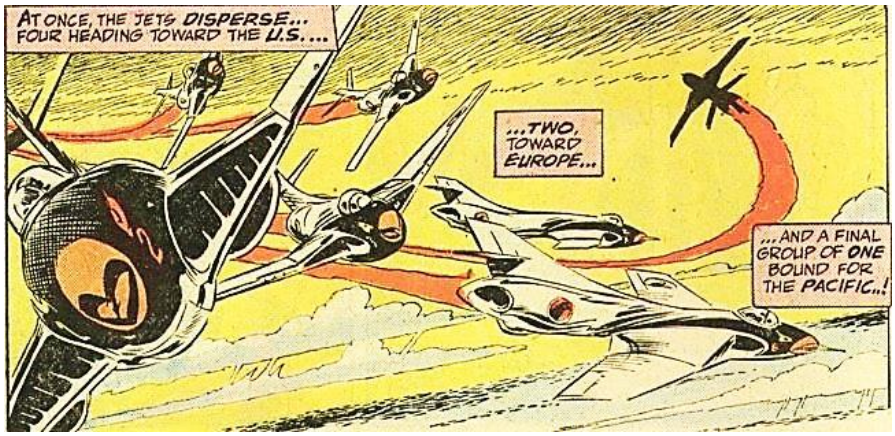
Until the 1979 revolution when the new religious leaders dissolved the Imperial Iranian Air Force and disbanded their proud *Acrojet Team.*

The **Golden Crown** leader broke radio silence.



'Prime your radar! Program targets. Fire at will!'

The *Vympel R-27* is a medium-to-long-range air-to-air missile developed by the Soviet Union. The six MiGs let loose a salvo!



'Break! Drop flares!'

The team split apart like an airburst as flares ejected from their aircraft decoyed the heat-seeking missiles.

Not all escaped...

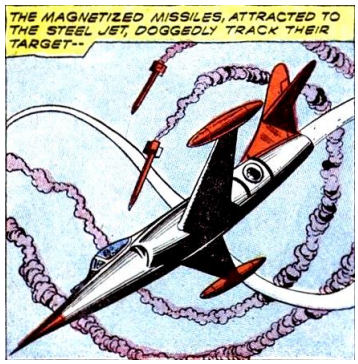
'I'm hit!'

In the Columbian Presidential Palace, all eyes were on the TV screen.

*'Oh, no! We finally see our **Blackhawk** and he gets shot down!'*

'Down, but not out! Camilo will fly and fight again and make this country proud. Next best thing to winning the World Cup!'

A second ***Blackhawk*** suffered a similar fate.



'I'm okay! I'm okay!'

As the MiGs regrouped, the four remaining ***Blackhawk*** jets paired off.

KENYA WILDLIFE SERVICE

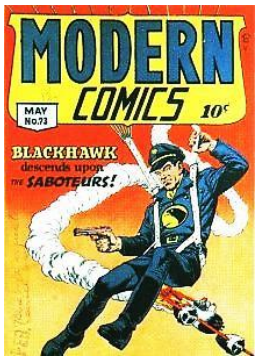
The Kenyan Airwing Unit covered fifty-nine game parks and was on permanent standby to fly into action anywhere, either for routine monitoring and field trips or security operations and emergency evacuations.

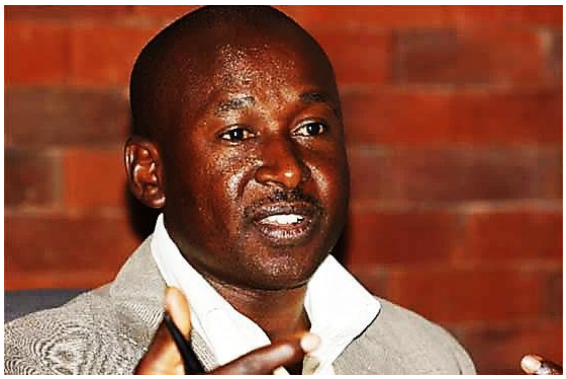
A tight, hardened team, they spent little time watching television.

Today was different.

*'Go **Darius the Hawk**, go!'*

But then...





'Iranian fools! Darius is the ideal of every black man in the world and they just made him very angry!'

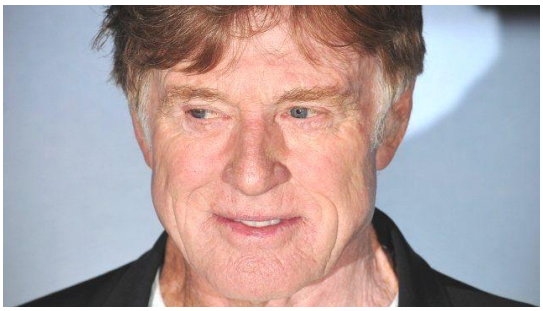
'Papa!'

'Oh, no!'

*'**Kid Blackhawks**, report to your fathers' console at once! You have work to do.'*

'But my Dad...'

'And mine!'



'You don't worry about a **Blackhawk***!*
A **Blackhawk** *always comes through!'*

'Each of you has an oil company's finances to examine!
"Angel tech" will get you through the firewalls. You've all
worked hard on your reading skills, math and science.

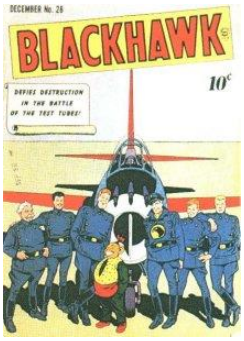
'Use your deductive reasoning. Target money companies can't account for!'

'Kid Blackhawk *is*
invincible as a unit!'

'The greatest threat to
child apathy ever known!'

'Are we hacking? Is this legal?'

'Could we be convicted of war crimes?'



'We are working to stop a war from beginning,
young "Angels of Vengeance"!
Show me **Blackhawk***!'*

'Moazeb bash, sons and family of the ***Golden Crown****!*
Honor and glory await us all!'

Each MiG-29 pilot wore a Helmet-Mounted Sight (HMS), mounted to his helmet. Connect the HMS, adjust the symbology, center in the 'monocle' and GO.

'Iran and the world are watching!
We shall win back our country's freedom!'

The *Fulcrum* was designed for Soviet tactical aviation; the ground controller was in charge. Innovative tactics and autonomous operations were not part of the program.

The **Golden Crown** wrote their own battle plan. Surprise - full firepower! The cockpit 'switchology' made the pilot work hard. Endless training got it right.

But the system was far from perfect.

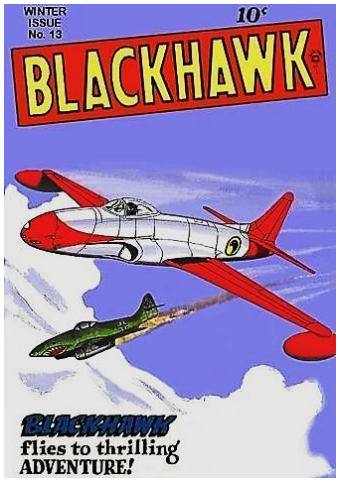
The AIM-120 Advanced Medium-Range Air-to-Air Missile--beyond-visual-range air-to-air capable of all-weather day-and-night operations--fire-and-forget with active guidance.

‘Scratch one! Jive and juke--discipline!’ *‘No shoot n' skoot. The Iranians are all in!’*

‘Allah is great! My first kill!’

‘No longer a virgin, 'Hawk Prince'!
Become a merciless harlot!’

There was music playing within each ***Blackhawk***, from Lakota tom-toms and African drums to Salsa, rap and rock 'n roll. Dance, dance, dance!



‘A strike! But no ejection.
There would have been time!’

“'Big Oil” is taking no chances
We're fighting a Kamikaze *squadron!’*

5

"He who is not courageous enough to take risks will accomplish nothing in life."

May 18, 1997

My Journal:

Long overdue and much deserved, I took my beautiful wife on a trip around the world. She'd put up with my workaholic ways without complaint, backed me with every chance and I took. Her presence by my side assured me thru thick and thin, and it's time we took in all the wonders!

'Junior the Second' would run the business. And do it well, because I've been training ever since he could crawl. Walking, JJ2 quickly wanted to run. So I put my whole company on his back. Didn't need a whip to make him go.

Around and around we went, never happier. All pleasure, no business. The last leg was a cruise home across the Atlantic.

I had always wanted to see Lady Liberty as a World War Two hero would have, returning home in triumph.

Not me, not really. But I tried to be, I tried so hard! What a speck on the earth I am.

My dear wife gripped my hand tightly as we sailed into New York Harbor.

"It's never been the money, 'Junior'", she said. "Not the cars or the houses, but your tireless quest to make this world a better place.

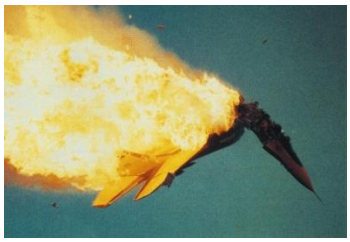
"Yes, my loving husband. Within you still burns that daring teenager. You'll always be Kid Blackhawk to me!"

"Hawk-A-A-A!"
'Junior' Johnson

Real Time

'Acrobats of the air! We welcomed the
***Blackhawks** to our lands.*
Now make them swim in our waters!'

The Russian-built MiG-29 was strong, fast, and trustworthy, but couldn't outturn the F-15, crucial in a 'dogfight'.



'Mazel tov! *Chalk up one more for the "Hebrew Hawk"!'*

'Ba kamale meil.
One less, "Your Majesty"!'

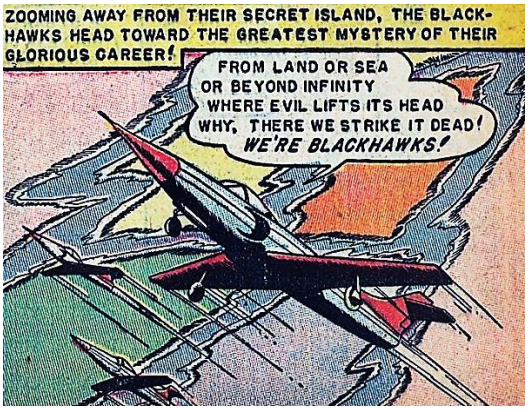
The latest F-15 helmet through the use of head-tracking technology and a display projected onto the helmet's visor, allowed the pilot to aim sensors and weapons wherever he was looking, significantly improved ergonomics and reliability.

At 25,000 feet, Kin-Yon's aim was effortlessly true.

‘Hoka hey!’

But less than a minute later...

Among so many other things, there was no Community Center on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation for the people to gather. The Wounded Knee Elementary School set up the widescreen TV in the gymnasium.



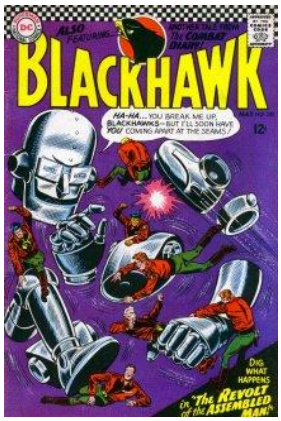
An airborne contest packed the house.

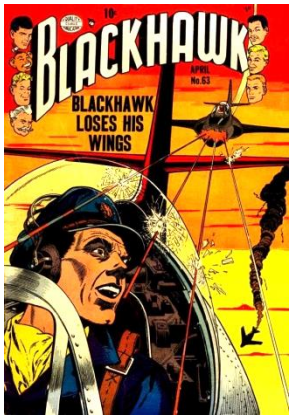
And when Kin-Yon scored a 'kill', the whole room erupted, a show of Lakota pride not felt since Jim Thorpe starred in the National Football League.

But when their ***Blackhawk*** got hit.

'Don't hang your head, anybody!
Kin-Yon will rise to fly again.
Sapa Ceta *is still a warrior, still a Lakota, still ours!'*

"Sapa Ceta!"





'Shaken and stirred, but still in one piece.'

'**Blackhawk** luck, right, Mommy?'

'**Lady Blackhawk**! We think we found the "bubbling barrel."'

'Who? Where?'

‘Greece! Over the last two years, six of the biggest oil companies funneled nearly a billion dollars into..."

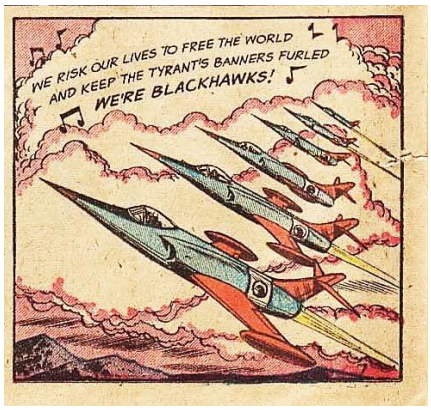
‘Global Risk Group, major financer and long-suspected money launderer for the illegal arms trade, drug cartels and diamond smugglers.’

GRG

‘Good work, **Kid Blackhawks**! But just for starters. Take this **GRG** apart!’

'Three down, three to go! We are halfway there, Iranian brothers.'

Once upon a time, their Acrojet team had been the pride of Iran and for nearly ten years, shared the skies with the mighty 'Angels of Vengeance'.

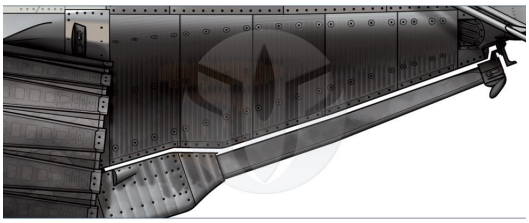


But by 1968, the ***Blackhawks*** had faded away, seemingly gone forever. The same fate fell upon the **Golden Crown**. Both teams had returned from the vapor trail of history, but only one would have a future.

Two ***Blackhawk*** missiles found their marks.

The **Golden Crown** commander found himself alone, the last of the last. He would not fall as his fellows had, instead, like a 'religious fanatic', he'd be going to Paradise with rest of the suicide bombers!

'The MiGs had been outfitted with arrestor hooks!'



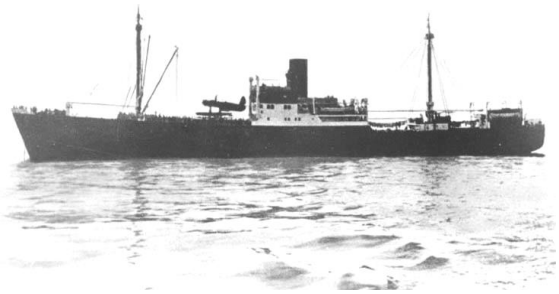
'Arrestor hooks! For...carrier landings!
I think I know what we're up against!'

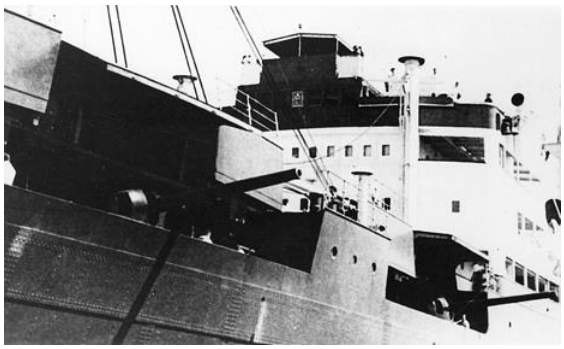
*'The **Blackhawks** are invincible as a unit!'*

'The greatest threat to dirty players ever known!'

'During World War Two, Nazis submarines weren't alone sinking allied ships. "The U-boats got help from Raiders

-- Gunships disguised as unarmed freighters!'



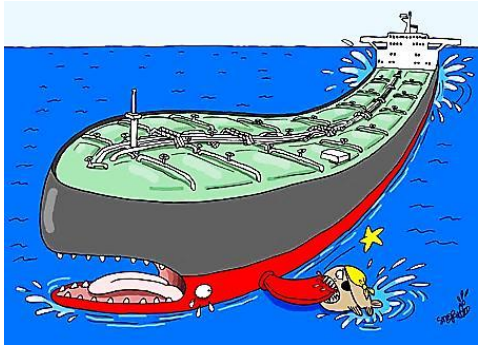


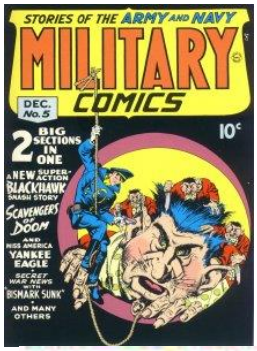
'GRG invested years and millions to turn an innocent supertanker into a covert aircraft carrier!'

‘Hacking into American and Russian recon sats.
We'll zero in on every supertanker, then confirm origin and licenses.’

It didn't take long.

*‘Everybody's kosher. Except...*Atlantis*!’*





‘Big Oil's Phantom Raider!

The “Archangel of Vengeance” strikes back!’

The “Angels” were running out of gas.

‘Have to land or swim.’

‘I, too.’

‘I'll cover your top!’

‘Just what that last MiG expected! He's coming hard, a power dive!’

The last flight of the last jewel in the **Golden Crown** aimed at the infidels!

'Foreign invaders on holy land! Slaying the grounded "Angels of Vengeance", I die for the future of Iran!'

JJ III went to afterburners. With a little luck...

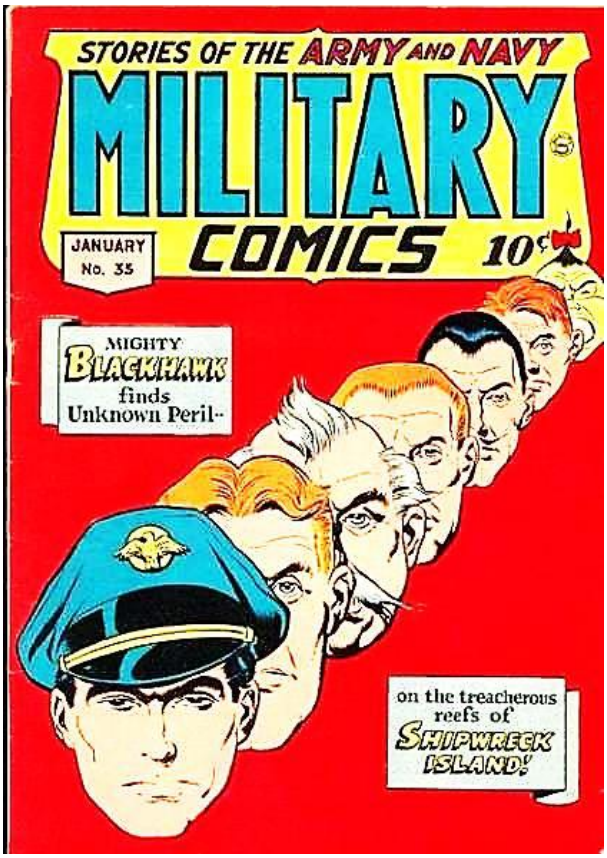
Locked on...

'Show me ***Blackhawk***!'

The Qatar Emiri Air Force retrieved Camilo, Darius and Kin-Yon.

JJ III landed.

The seven came together.



'What now?'