

# Kid Blackhawk3



**ENTER THE DRAGONS!**



## For “Professor” Bryan Stroud

*'KID BLACKHAWK 2'* is fiction.  
All references to actual persons, alive  
or dead, made for a good story.

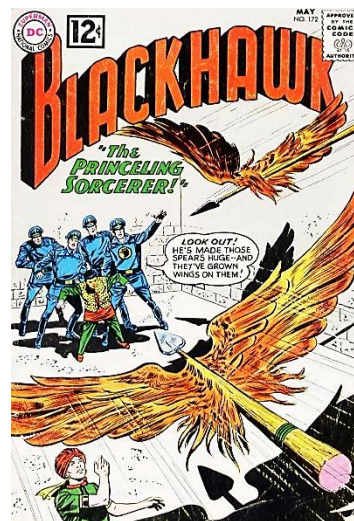
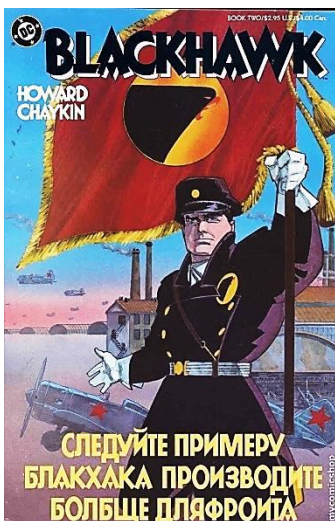
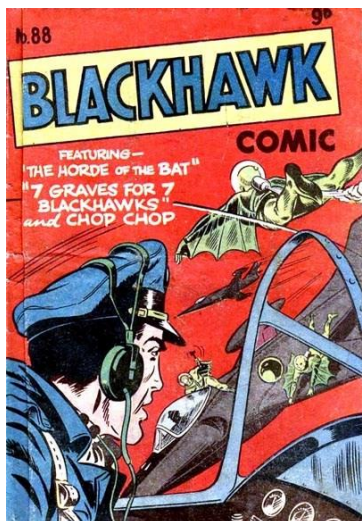
*Blackhawk* created by Chuck Cuidera, Bob Powell, and Will Eisner

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

“JUNIOR” JOHNSON.....MARLON BRANDO  
BLACKHAWK.....ROBERT REDFORD  
ZINDA BLAKE.....MERYL STREEP  
JJ III.....TOM CRUISE

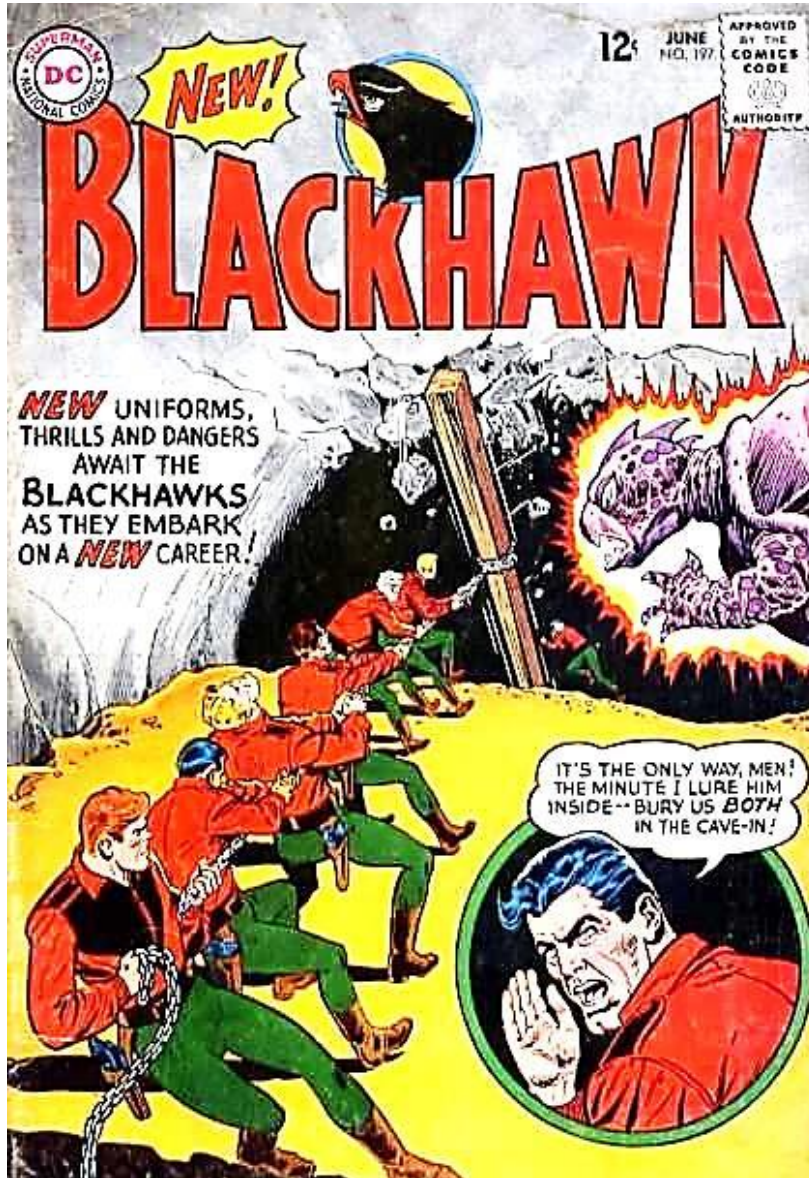
PLUS AN ALL-STAR SUPPORTING CAST

*Blackhawk* is a property of DC Comics





# 1



*"You have to have a dream to follow."*

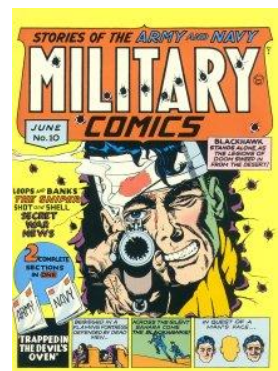


**June 21, 1964**

**My Journal:**

*I'm proud to be from Center City. Not as big as Los Angeles or as cultured as New York, not as historic as Boston or as flashy as Las Vegas, but the town the Blackhawks chose to safeguard though my teen years!*

*Blackhawk-Land never left the runway and shut down within a year. 'Brand name recognition' quickly eroded and never came back. The hottest group in the world was the Beatles who wrote played and sang new songs for our times.*



*The Blackhawks were 'Yesterday's Heroes' and a continuous reminder of the Last World War. The young were trying desperately to see the future.*



*The headline knocked me over!*

***Center City Chronicle***

***BLACKHAWKS GO RED & GREEN***



**NEW COLORS FOR NEW MISSIONS**

*The times are 'achangin' and the Blackhawks with them. I guess they realized that their classic blues were 'too militaristic' and they had to update their image, but these red and green outfits look like a Grand Ole Opry band. Even Chop-Chop had to wear one.*

*Gone were the independent 'Angels of Vengeance'. They abandoned Blackhawk Island and got real jobs, working for a US Government Agency, the Group for Extermination of Revenge, Greed and Evil otherwise known as...*



**G.E.O.R.G.E**

*Oh, 'Wobbly woes!' was this the quest of the world's greatest fighting team...to be working for GEORGE?*

*I should talk. 'Junior's Company' has pulled off a fantastic triple-play, landing huge federal contracts with the Air Force, the Army and the Navy! Three new factories and more than 10,000 employees, and we're all working for 'GEORGE'!*

*My young son, 'Junior the Second', isn't old enough yet to appreciate the spirit of the Blackhawks. And I'm having a tough time myself.*

## **NATIONAL LAMPOON**



### **THE AGENTS OF SILLINESS!**

The 'Magnificent 7', they're calling themselves now. Has to be a trick, a 'masquerade' to lure an infamous war criminal out of hiding or to trap an elusive criminal gang.

The mighty Blackhawks, the legendary team that once made me an 'honorary member', had time worn away their mystique?



*'I make this look good!'*

*Or was it me? For the first time I was seeing my heroes as a group of middle-aged men in red and green costumes...*

*I wasn't 'Kid Blackhawk' anymore.*

'Junior' Johnson

Real Time





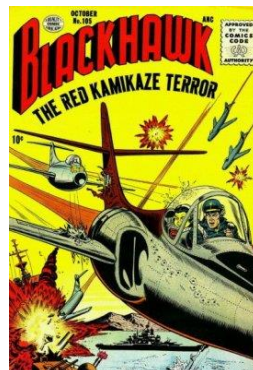


*'The "Angels of Vengeance" have invaded our republic!  
Why are these insufferable terrorists still alive?'*



*'They've attacked Meth Tower,  
but damage has been limited!'*

*'Two of Asia's finest fighter  
squadrons are closing on them!'*

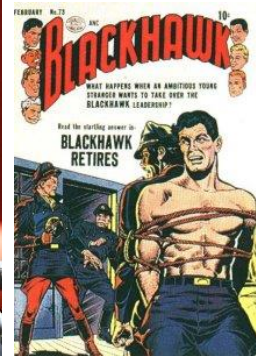




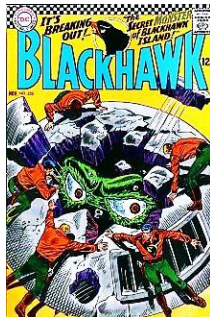
*'The **Blackhawks** are invincible as a unit!'*



*'The greatest threat to the "Triangle Offense" ever known!'*



*'Killing these impertinent meddlers will not be enough! They're to be captured for prolonged torture and public execution!'*



*'Mister President, we recognize these new **Blackhawks**! They might have been heroes once, but as the "Magnificent Seven", they turned into a collection of embarrassing media creatures!'*





*'That was fifty years ago, after the Nazis had been beaten and the Communists were threatening World War Three. We ordered the **Blackhawks** to fight high-tech menaces and fantastic underground conspiracies. **GEORGE** could not have accomplished its missions without them!'*



*'This is now! The North Koreans and the Chinese are closing in. Who are these **Blackhawks**?'*



*'If the "Angels of Vengeance" are for real, America has got to cover their sixes. But the moment they become a gang of impersonators '**Blackhawk-ing it**', we get our aircraft the hell out of there and leave this latest 'Magnificent Seven' in the wind!'*







At 20,000 feet, Captain Ri Ling of the North Korean Air Force found himself and his six MiG-29s on the verge of destiny. Three 'bogies' on his radar screen--a helicopter and two escorting F-15s.

Confident, but cautious, he knew there were graveyards full of MiG pilots cocksure they were going to shoot down a **Blackhawk**.



*'Careful, my impatient **Snakes**. Our enemy will forgive no mistakes. A palace wall awaits the mural of our heroic deed.'*

The best medium-range air to air missile in the North Korean Air Force was the Russian R-77 AA-12 with an active radar finder and a maximum range of 90-100 kilometers. The AA-12's guidance was inertial which required mid-course updates from the launch aircraft, followed by a terminal active radar phase from an acquisition range of about 20 kilometers.

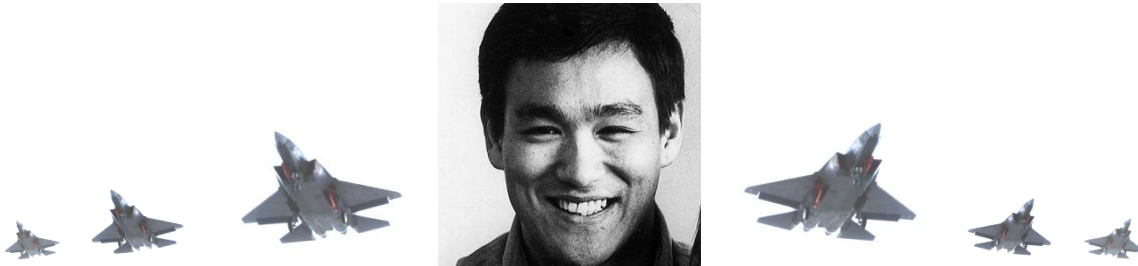
Splitting his **Snakes** would be foolhardy. He'd go after the slow moving helicopter, notch the easy kill.

Ri Ling didn't trust the R-77 AA-12s at range. He'd have to get closer, closer...

And if the **Blackhawks** saw him first?



There was a certain comfort flying in the dark, a false security which gave some pilots added confidence. Colonel Ziang knew better: there'd be no sneaking up on the **Blackhawks**.



*"Grandsons of the Long March," we have come for a fight...to triumph over the 'Angels of Vengeance', the sworn enemies of Communism!*

Shooting down the tanker would be a public execution, and if the Americans had taken the **Blackhawks'** side...

To wait and do nothing was not the code of the Jinan **Dragons**.



*'To the nation of our brothers, between the North Korean Air Force and their refueling station, we'll have the **Blackhawk** assault force in our sights!'*

Damn the lay of the sky! The **Blackhawks** were hopelessly trapped. Yet so was he, by 'New Order' politics! In the right place at the wrong time.

**22 Months Ago**



**Sinaloa Cartel**, the most dominant, most ruthless cocaine cartel in Latin America, achieved Absolute Power, by spending Absolute Money to buy the police, the local, the state, even the national government.

Despite the billion-dollar international anti-drug program, cocaine production had climbed every year in the New Millennium and its purity increased which lowered the price and in turn, increased demand.



Ten million American dollars for one-day's safe passage; the *Norte de Valle* Cartel paid out gladly for *el dia de blanco y negro*—the day the white powder put Absolute Power in the deep black.

The convoy of six heavy trucks wound its way down the mountain road. Each carried 20 tons of pure cocaine refined from plant to powder in hidden labs high in the Andes--\$25 billion in street product.

Delivery was as good as in the bag. A truckload of mercenaries armed with automatic weapons and shoulder-mounted Stinger surface-to-air missiles led the way. A second truck equally formidable brought up the rear. Overhead a trio of helicopter gunships-- two US-donated Vietnam era *Hueys* on low-level patrol with an *Apache* attack chopper providing top cover.





The road had been blocked off all the way into the city where the trucks would be unloaded and their cargo cut into kilos for distribution to major buyers in Europe, Asia and the United States. The expected afternoon rain hadn't come; the heavy clouds were no longer threatening.

But a man-made lightning strike was imminent.



A lone plane dove out of the clouds--a Douglas *Skyraider*, a single-seat Vietnam veteran, fully armed and equipped with Kevlar armor protection.

A fiery streak shot across the sky -- an MAA-1 *Piranha*, a supersonic, heat-seeking missile honed in on the *Apache's* engine. Its laser detonated warhead blew apart \$25M in 'American foreign aid'.



The attacker was the scourge of the cartels--an unholy black plane with the famed emblem on its fuselage, its pilot bold and unbuyable.



“*El Halcon Negro!*” shouted the merc commander in the lead truck.

Camilo Barriga had been a fighter pilot, flying *Kfir* jets with the Colombian Air Force. He quit to fight his country's deadliest enemies from his own 'secret' base.

But against the **Sinaloa Cartel**, was *El Halcon Negro* trying to kill too many birds with too few stones?



The black *Skyraider* sliced between the low-flying *Hueys* and lined up on the drug trucks, machineguns blazing. The lead truck careened off the highway in flames as bullets ripped up and down the others.

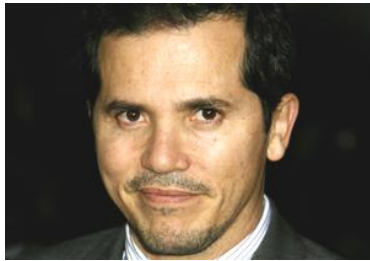


"Matalo!" yelled a truck driver. "Matalo!"

***El Halcon Negro***'s first pass halted the convoy. The two remaining *Huey* gunships gave chase. The helicopter crews had dollars dancing before their eyes; the price on ***El Halcon Negro*** had risen to \$5 million!

Dodging twin volleys of machinegun fire, the black plane climbed straight up, leaving the *Hueys* behind, but not their air-to-air missiles; four *Piranhas* zoomed after it.

The moment of truth. ***El Halcon Negro*** flipped his plane over, diving down again, gunning the turboprop engine as the four missiles honed in on him.



*'Game of the flame - beat the heat-seekers!'*

He dropped four napalm canisters barely 100 feet in front of the trucks, clearing the convoy by less than ten meters as groundfire struck his underside.

The carnage below was instantaneous, the surging, intense heat pulling the missiles into blaze, spreading the inferno through the line of trucks.

Billions burning beneath them, the pair of *Hueys* bore in on ***El Halcon Negro***.



The black plane had been hit, its engine smoking. Closing hard, the gunship pilots had that \$5 million already spent. ***El Halcon Negro*** flipped again, flying straight at the closest pursuer, the four 20 mm cannon firing a lethal burst.



The first *Huey* took a full cluster of hits in the cockpit, glass shattering and both crewmen doubling over. The gunship wavered and quickly lost altitude, spiraling into the rain forest.

***El Halcon Negro***'s guns were empty and his hardpoints bare—his fabled plane a stricken duck. The last gunship was taking no chances. Five million bucks would do dead men no good—they fled while the getting was good.

The convoy was burning from end to end. *El dia de blanco y negro* had turned all black—cocaine burnt to a charcoal crisp. But if ***El Halcon Negro*** couldn't get his own fire under control, he'd never fly again.



*'La suerte del Halcon Negro!  
Necesito en todo!'*

An hour from his home field, Camilo dropped under radar and skimmed the trees. This time he knew he had gone too far. Payback would be brutal. He had sent his family away, but for how long would his wife and children be safe?

Night began to fall as ***El Halcon Negro*** neared his 'secret' landing strip, a stretch of long-deserted farmland. His aircraft had a zero/zero ejection seat. The clamshell canopy, hinged at the front and rear would fly off at the push of a button.

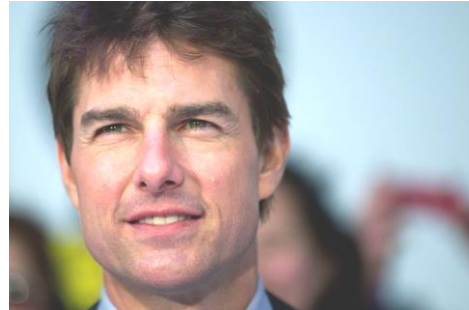
Camilo hadn't come this far to bail out, but how much farther could he go? He lined up his approach. There'd be no second chance. When the landing gear came down, the engine burst into full flame, the plane bounced once, twice, before rolling to a stop.





**El Halcon Negro** jumped out and ran, diving to the ground as the aircraft exploded. Moments later, Camilo got up and dusted himself off. **El Halcon Negro** was done, but he had survived.

When the man stepped out of the shadows, he wasn't so sure.



*'How did you find me?'*

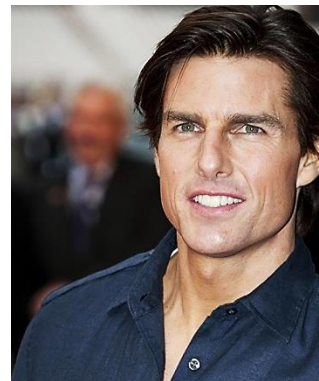
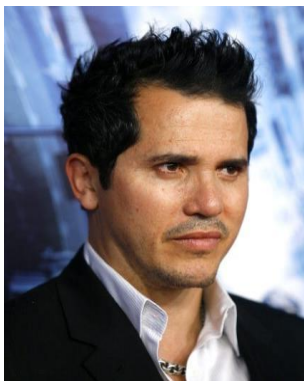
*'A beautifully adorned aircraft .A shame.'*

*'After the hero of my grandfather's.'  
'Get this over with!*

*'Mine as well.'  
'We've just started. I've come to fly  
you and your family out of the country, to an  
island in the South Pacific.'*

*'On whose orders? One of those  
international security firms cashing  
in on the terrorist threat?'*

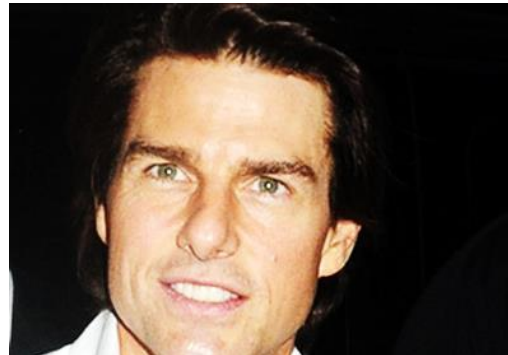
*'No, strictly independent on our own  
exclusive mission. You, your wife,  
and your children will be living  
in a beautiful home on a private beach.'*



*'And what do you expect  
from me?'*

*'Por favor, Senor Barriga,  
ensena me **El Halcon Negro!**'*

## Real Time



*'Thank you, Jay-Jay Three, for eliminating Chul and his Korean network. This desperate dictatorship will do anything for hard cash. Under **Yakuza** leadership meth production will increase tenfold!'*

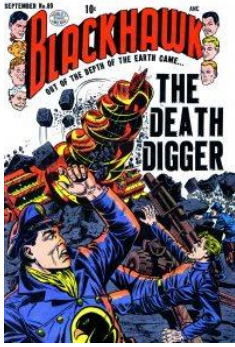
*'A dead dream!  
Come with me, Nakajima,  
Meth Tower is doomed!'*

*'**Blackhawk** bluff! There will be no **Blackhawks**! Your teammates will abandon you or be shot dead by the North Korean MiGs. I've cut the head off the raptor!'*

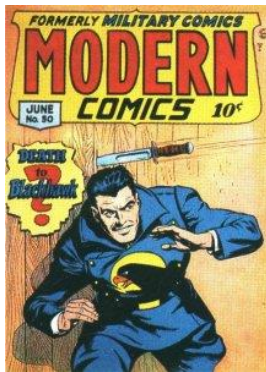
*'Drop the knife. Get on the zipline!'*

*'Don't play me!  
If you expect me to believe...'*





*'A Blackhawk fights to end the fight! Not a contest, not to prove anything. Drop your enemy with your best shot right away. Hesitation kills!'*



Nakajima lunged left. With all he had, JJ III slugged her in the jaw with a right cross. Down she went. JJ III grabbed her before she hit the carpet, jerked the zipline trapeze.



*'Wong! Yank us out of here!'*

*'No go! Servo took a shell!'*

*'Pop the 'poon!'*

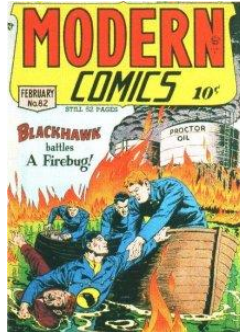
A single switch on the cockpit panel released the hooks at the base of the 'harpoon', then Wong gently pulled the helicopter away.

Bullets from below flew by them.



Camilo, Darius, and Ahmed pulled on the cable hand over hand.

They got the unconscious Nakajima in first, then JJ...

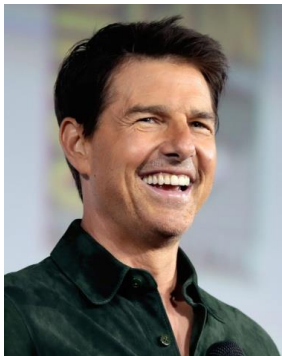


*'Well done, Wong!'*

*'Bring on "Moby Dick"!'*

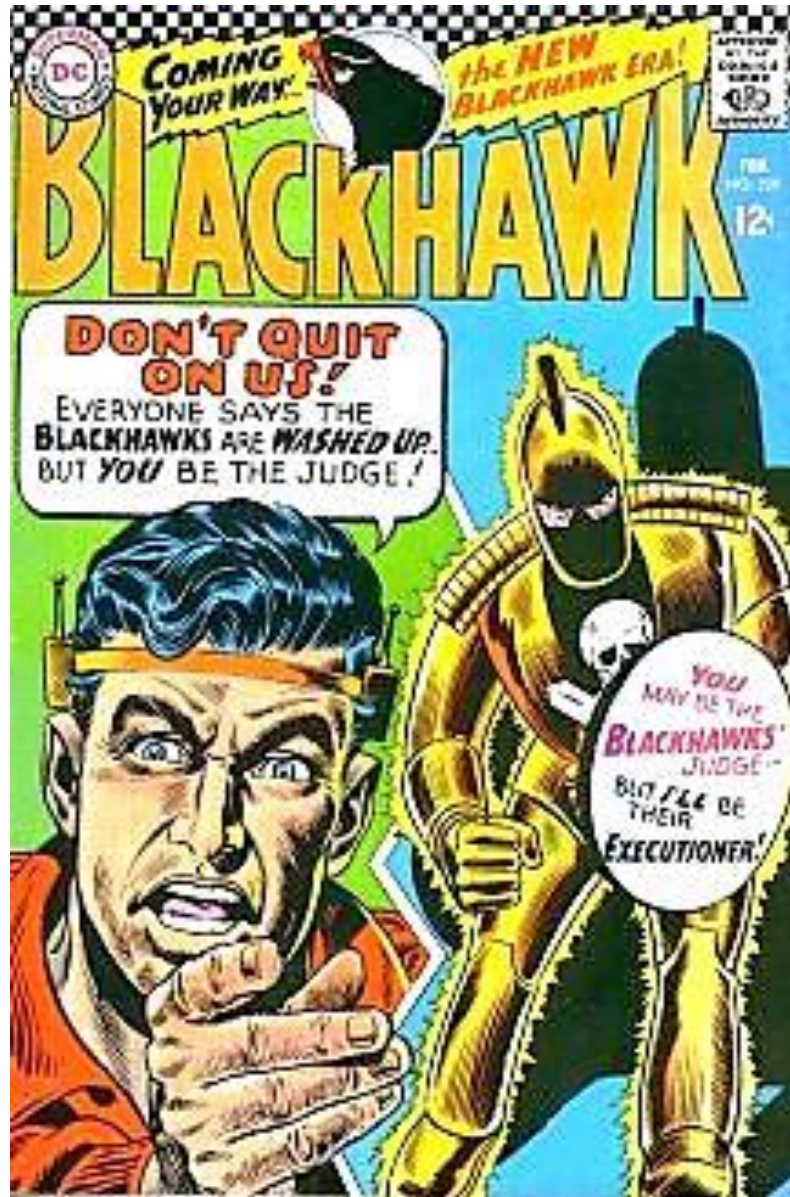


*'All aboard!'*



*'Thank you, **Blackhawks**. Now I know how my grandfather must have felt!'*

# 2



*"You either bend with the breeze or you break."*

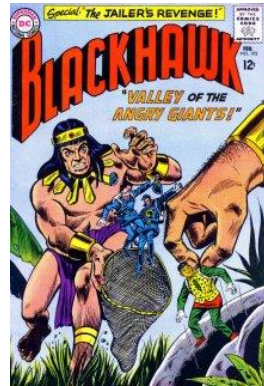
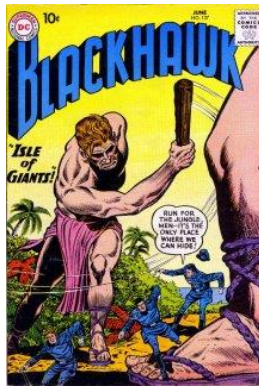




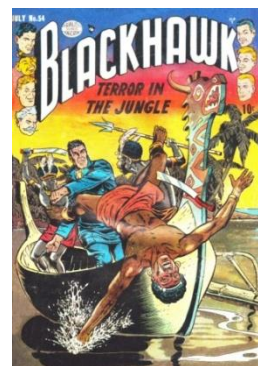
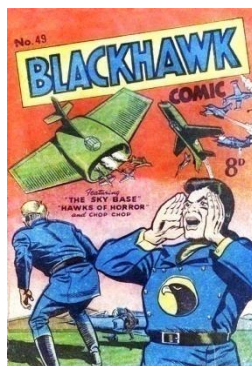
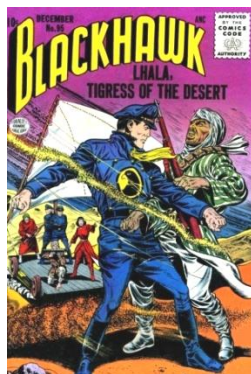
February 12, 1967

My Journal:

*I cannot believe my eyes or my ears! Blackhawk reduced to begging!*



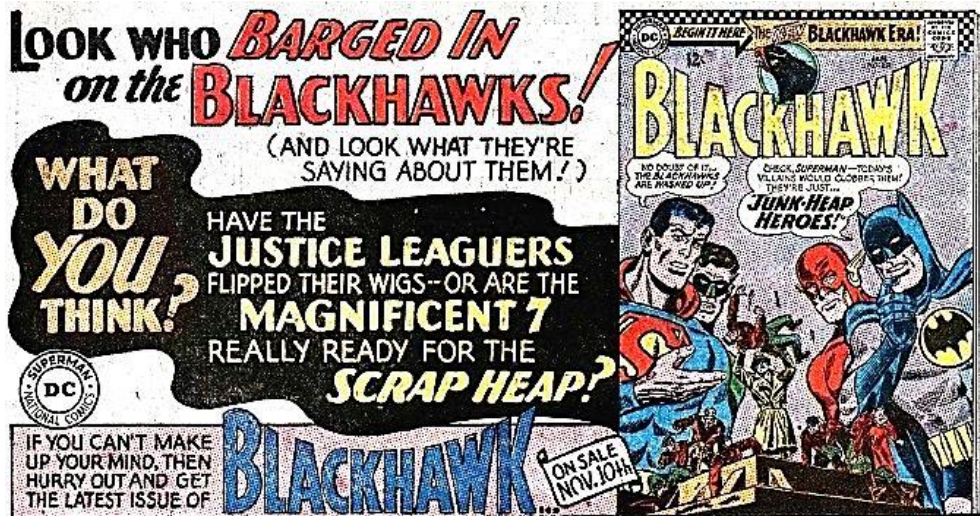
*The 'Angels of Vengeance' won their fame fighting the Nazi Wehrmacht and the Nippon Empire! When peace finally came, all were war weary except the villains, the Communists and the Blackhawks!*





*Forever fighting the fight for freedom's sake! Down the halls of power of nations, big and small, through the jungles and rain forests of Africa and Latin America, across deserts in the Middle East and over mountains in Asia and on and under the seven seas to triumph again and again versus the most deadly menaces the world has ever known!*

*Only to face...*



*My 5-year old, 'Junior the Second', thinks he understands.*



*'Great teams have had losing seasons and are still great, right?'*

*Compared to the 'Angels of Vengeance'? Nobody, no way, no how is any team in the same league with the Blackhawks who ruled the skies against all comers for 25 consecutive years!*

*The greatest dynasty in history had no choice: change or...*

*Oblivion at hand, they sold out to...*



**G.E.O.R.G.E.**

*God bless Washington for making me a billionaire with factories and workshops from coast to coast and internationally, employing thousands conceiving, inventing, creating products all the world wants to buy.*

## **Junior's Company**

*I've cut back on Pentagon contracts. War may be a growth industry, but I don't want to rely on people killing each other to make a profit.*

*'He who commands from afar, controls very near' is the mantra of my continuing drone research and experiments.  
'Miniaturization' + 'Connectivity' + Speed = PRODUCT.*

*The computer has sped up everything. Get proud and fat, slow down, and in a Blackhawk heartbeat, get left behind. My combination of companies is aiming at the future, mastering current technology to produce tomorrow's breakthroughs.*



*And I owe it all to Blackhawk, not just for saving my life, but for giving me my unfailing Blackhawk spirit that propelled me to success.*

*What now?*

## ***Center City Chronicle***

### ***MAKE WAY FOR 'NEW BLACKHAWK ERA'***



### ***FAMED TEAM 'EMBRACING CHANGE'***

*The Blackhawks will never give up, never lay down, and never retire. To be Blackhawk is to go on fighting, to go on being Blackhawk. That's all they've ever been, everything they've ever had.*



*For the first time, I've come to fear for the team. The 'New Blackhawk Era'? Desperation is in the air!*

**'Junior' Johnson**



Real Time

Over International Waters...



*'Americans to the left of me,  
Americans to the right. How  
lucky can a girl get?'*



*"Ladies of Vengeance" legends come  
to life! You picked a helluva time and  
altitude for a coming out!'*



*'Hold your flying horses, heroes!  
But we would appreciate an  
escort home!'*



*"Roger Wilco!  
Show me **Blackhawk!**"*



The last time the Prime Minister was summoned to meet with the Queen alone in the Throne Room was in late 1941; Elizabeth II wanted to hear the news from Winston Churchill himself.



*"The Kingdom will be saved, My Queen.  
Hitler has declared war on the United States!  
And the **Blackhawks** fight like demons!"*

This time around, 1941 had an echo of its own.



*'The bloody **Blackhawks**, Your Majesty!  
Without warning, they attacked Meth Tower and  
launched half the fighter jets in Asia!'*

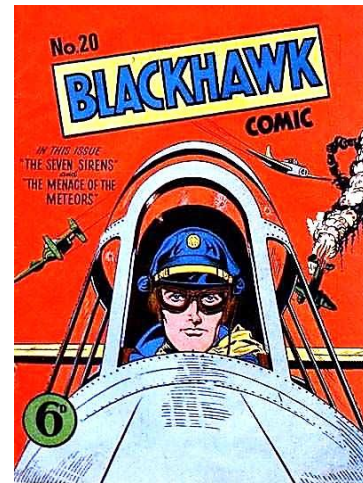




*'The **Blackhawks** are invincible as a unit!'*



*'The greatest threat to unsolved mysteries ever known!'*



*'Long live the "Angels of Vengeance"! They couldn't have chosen a better time! That North Korean nut thinks he can terrorize the world...Not on the **Blackhawks'** watch!'*



*'You have a history with **Blackhawk**, Your Majesty?'*



*'Prime Minister, together we made history!'*







*'Through the ravages of the Nazi blitz...*



*'The rise and fall and rebirth of Communism!'*



*'After forty years, I have not wavered one minute!  
Convey to Parliament and to the Kingdom far and wide,  
the Royal Degree on the "Angels of Vengeance"...*

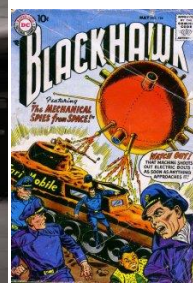
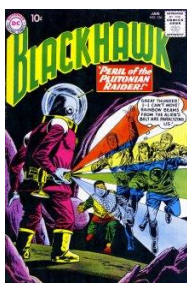
*'Show me **Blackhawk!**'*



From afar, the three-by-five mile stretch of sand, rock and rain forest appeared idyllic and peaceful. Closer examination revealed...

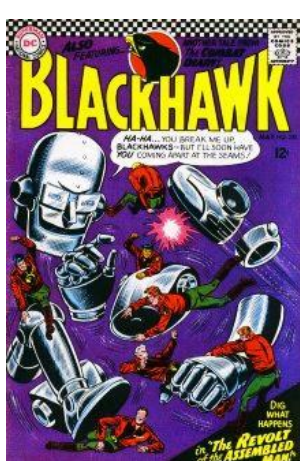


In the CommCenter...



When installed nearly eighteen months ago the *Titan* supercomputer was Number One in the world, using 18,688 CPUs paired with an equal number of GPUs to perform at a theoretical peak of 27 petaFLOPS; in the LINPACK benchmark used to rank supercomputers' speed, it performed at 17.59 petaFLOPS.

Enhanced with 'Angel technology', *Titan's* speed nearly doubled and its decryption and penetrating prowess trebled.





The *Tianhe-2* in Meth Tower never had a chance.



*'Titan's on steroids! Draining that Chinese knock-off quicker than a popped piñata!'*



*'Americans holding sky around us! No demands over international waters, but that could change in a hurry!'*



*'Dragons coming on!'  
Fifteen minutes to intercept!'*



*'North Korean Cobras finally airborne zeroing in on us!'*



*'This is the moment – game time or Blackhawk Time!'*



## 21 Months Ago



Located in the center of the United States, the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation is an impoverished Third World nation at the heart of the planet's sole superpower!



Unemployment on the Pine Ridge Reservation is more than 80%. A century ago, the first Oglalas to land jobs off the reservation were hired by William Cody to be 'stars' in his 'Wild West Show'. 'Buffalo Bill' introduced his former foes *not* as 'wild Indians' or 'fierce redskins', but as *Americans*.

Lack of education, poor college graduation rates, high poverty, low opportunity, little wealth, poor health and short life spans--light years from the American Dream.

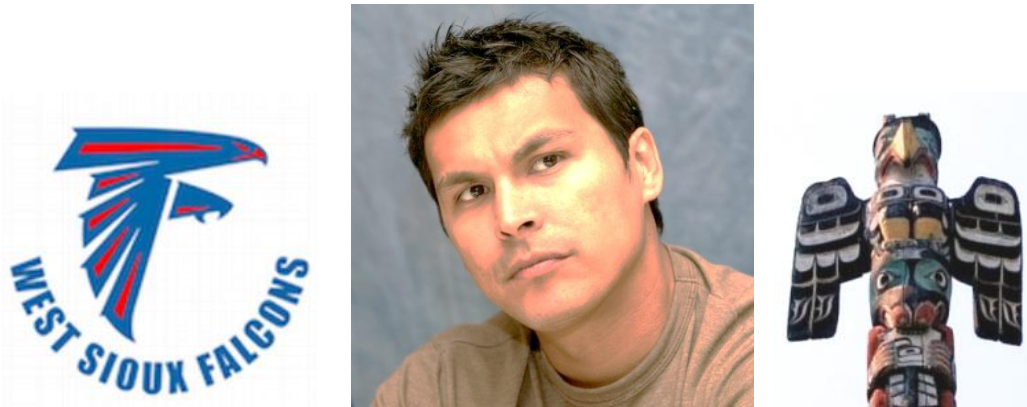
But hope endures.



His childhood name was *Sapa Ceta*, Born in a tarpaper shack, when his unwed mother went into labor, a jet black hawk appeared and for eighteen hours perched like a winged overseer in a nearby tree. And when the newborn let out a cry of life...

The jet black hawk had vanished into the wind.

Kin-Yon grew up smart and straight. An all-state football player in high school, colleges across the nation offered him luxuries of another world.



*'I want to fly. To be a special warrior with a purpose.'*

The young Lakota chose the Air Force Academy. He married his high school sweetheart, and fathered two children as he trained in F-15s.



*'A born hunter-killer!'*



*'Sapa Ceta's got spirit, as if he's flying for destiny!'*

Picked over a hundred applicants, Kin-Yon would soon join the USAF **Thunderbirds**, the finest flying team in the world.

Or so it was thought.

JJ III pulled up in front of the ramshackle house early in the afternoon.

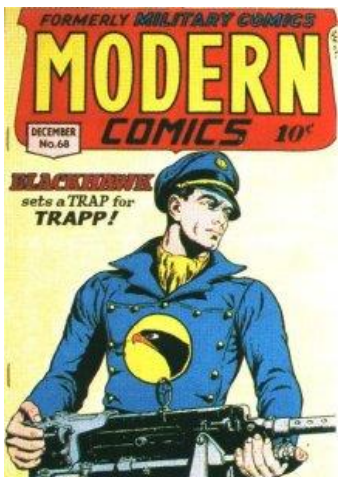


*' Captain Kin-Yon, may I speak to you, your wife and family?'*



*'Not to sell me insurance or a health plan!'*

*'The Air Force has taken care of everything.'*



*'Not quite. There's someone who wants to meet you.'*

JJ III flipped open his laptop.





*'Hello, Captain Kin-Yon. You're a remarkable pilot and a fine father. The **Thunderbirds** are a crack outfit at entertaining people. Is that what you want?*

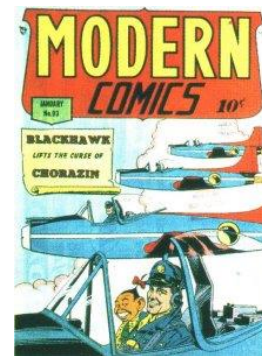
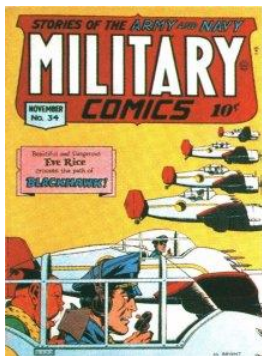
*'You were born to be a **Blackhawk**, Sapa Ceta!*

*Do you and your family want to change the world?*



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

*'The greatest threat to stupid stereotypes ever known!'*

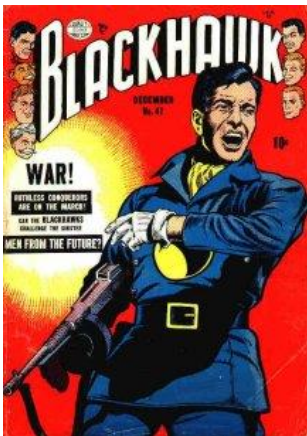




*'The "Angels of Vengeance" are real? I thought they were just legend!'*



*'Blackhawk Island! A reservation in the middle of the ocean!'*



*'The **Blackhawk** "community" has no reservations. Color, creed, and country have no precedence. We will be united in our mission to bring peace to this crazy world!'*



*'You're trying to steal us from the **Thunderbirds**!'*

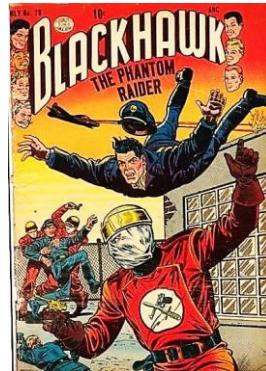
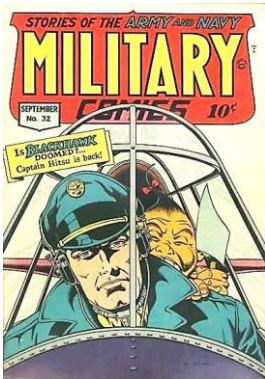


*'What makes you think you can get away with it?'*

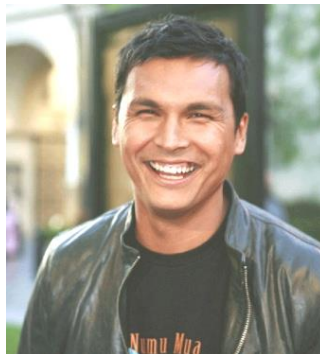


*'Please understand, that over years, the **Blackhawks** saved lives, hundreds, maybe thousands. And those men and women went on, and some became leaders on the world stage. And they had sons and daughters and grandchildren, presidents and premiers, kings and queens, CEOs and celebrities, who owed their very existence to **Blackhawk**.*

*'I'm just one of them!'*



*'A Native American finally a **Thunderbird**! Kin-Yon, you're more than worthy of the honor!'*



*'An "entertainer", a "show pilot"?  
Not this Lakota warrior!  
Show me **Blackhawk**!'*





*'You, who call yourself "Archangel of Vengeance"!  
You will surrender immediately and splash your  
armaments or be blown out of my sky!'*



*'Good evening, commander! The **Blackhawks**  
never surrender, but perhaps there are  
negotiations to be had aloft.'*



*'North Korean stooge! You  
would dare threaten a **Yakuza**  
High Emissary?'*

*'Fire at will, Commander!  
Let the **Blackhawks'** bodies  
be fished from the sea and  
displayed for the world to pity!'*



*'My first and final offer!  
You will surrender yourselves  
and your escort, turn around  
and land at Pyongyang airport...  
and your lives will be spared...'*



*'Captain Ri, you are a brave man! With  
moments left to live, you have the courage to  
deliver an ultimatum to...'*



*'Don't play me , **Blackhawk!**  
No more stalling... I will execute you here and now!*

*'You have ten seconds...'*

*'Nine, eight, seven...'*



# 3



*'Don't worry about the horse being blind,  
just load the wagon.'*

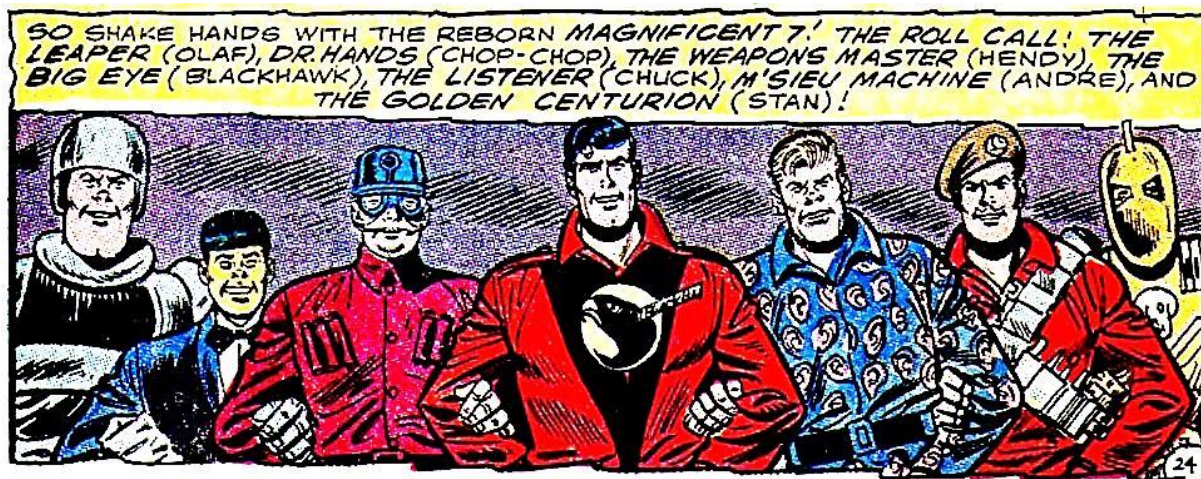




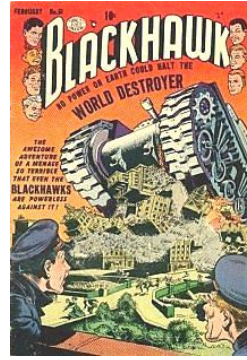
March 11, 1967

**My Journal:**

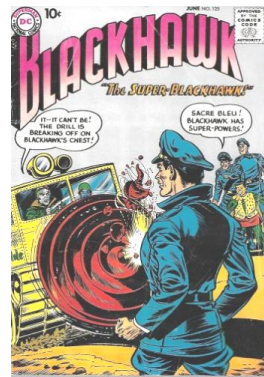
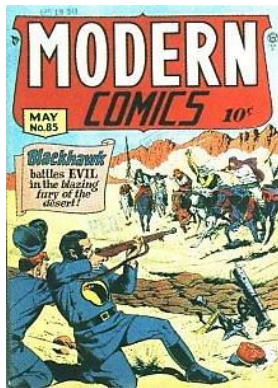
*Great howling jets, are those costumed characters the "Angels of Vengeance"? Blue pajamas dotted with ears! Gold suit of armor? They Look Like Comic-Con rejects! After more than a quarter of a century on the world stage, is this their final act?*



*Blackhawk is the man, the leader, the attitude... the hero of my life, and his own. What could have happened to bring on this madness?*



*No more Nazis to fight! Gone are the Cold War Commies!  
 No enemy left to hit the silk for? The Homeric Leader and  
 his Argo-Like crew, against insurmountable odds, victorious  
 again and again, had they nowhere else to go?*



*'We must always be ready! All the people who  
 love democracy must be alert to stamp out all  
 dictators who would take away our freedom.'*

*Oh, how they tried and tried - new uniforms, different  
 missions, anything to be able to keep being Blackhawk!*

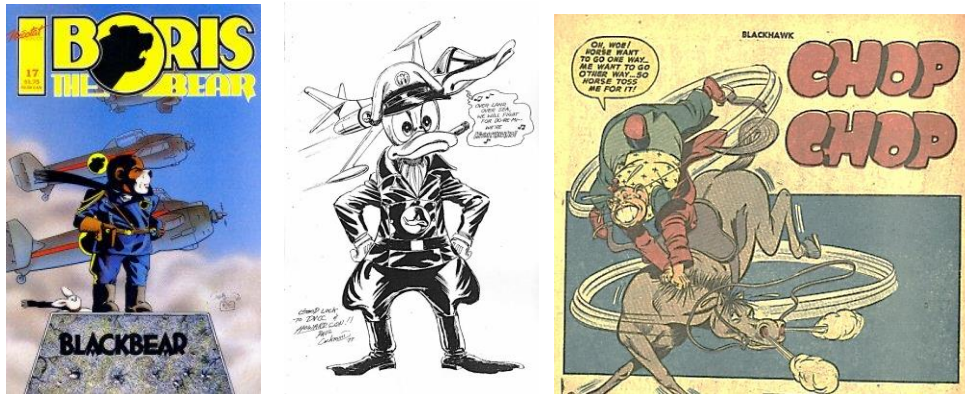
*Only one way: to submit to..*



**G.E.O.R.G.E.**



The Blackhawks had enjoyed parody, especially when it was funny.



G.E.O.R.G.E. has taken the team to the Lowest Level of all!



Oh, for the glory days of yesteryear!

'Junior' Johnson

Real Time





*'The **Blackhawks** are back! The **Blackhawks** are back!  
After forty years, are they the "Angels of Vengeance"  
or the "Junk-Heap Heroes"?'*



*'Oh, boy, what a story! As if a time warp has opened, spilling out the heroes of the golden age!'*

*'But is it the right time? Without warning, these new **Blackhawks** could push North Korea to war!'*



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

*'The greatest threat to grim reality ever known!'*



*'All the world has taken notice! Red Alert in the White House and the Kremlin!'*

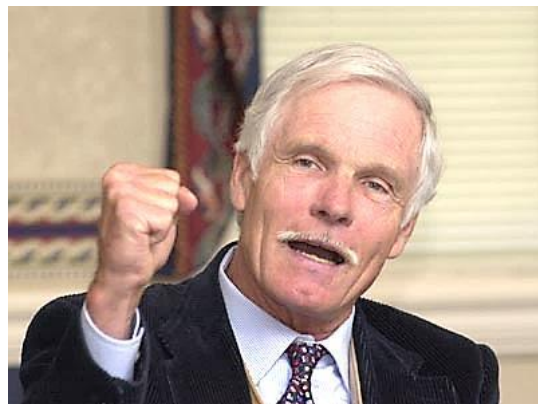
*'We've suddenly entered yet another "New Era"! How will we react to "Angels of Vengeance" news?'*



*'Exciting, colorful stories of the legendary team will be our focus!'*

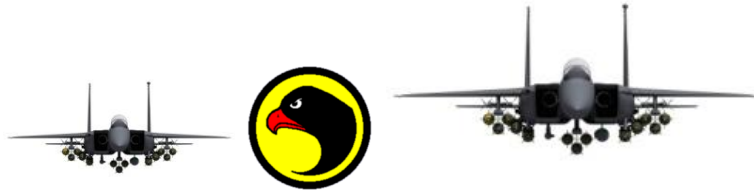


*'However, we will report without bias or political agenda. In other words...'*



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





At 30,000 feet...



*'Pack of Bogies, Jake! The Snakes have painted the helicopter.'  
Six of them circling...'*

*'Confirm targets. We'll split the clock. I've got the three from twelve-to-six. You take the seven-to-twelve trio.'*



The F-15s were armed with AIM-120 Advanced Medium-Range Air-to-Air Missiles (AMRAAMs), the hottest killer in the air.

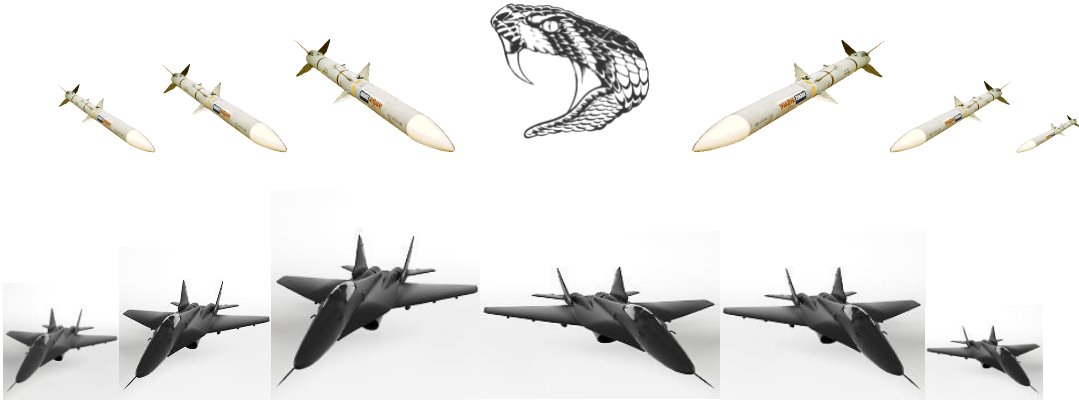


*"A Blackhawk missile never misses"!*



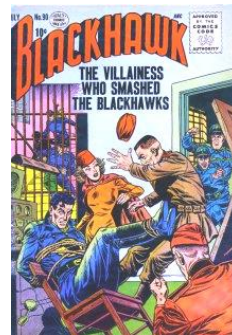
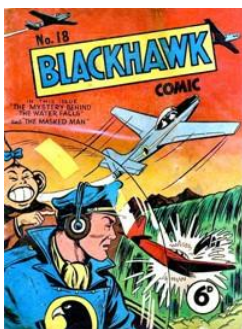
*'Fire!'*





*'Our Air Force has the helicopter  
In their sights!'*

*'The **Blackhawks**' return will  
be shortlived!'*



*'The greatest day in the history of North Korea!  
What the Soviets and the Chinese and my father failed  
to do, I have accomplished!'*

*'I am the leader who destroyed the **Blackhawks**!'*

But at that moment...



20 Months Ago



Kenya's most valuable resource is being murdered for money; the severed horn of a black rhino can fetch five years' salary of the average African.

A good night for profitable hunting. The poachers were part of an organized international network and well equipped.



The helicopter came on, hugging the Tanzanian Serengeti Plain, sneaking into Kenya fifty miles east of Lake Victoria. No drones in this area tonight and the Ranger patrols were too few and far between,

Poaching required research and patience, and luck. Less than twenty minutes in, they found their targets: a black rhino mother and child. Fish in a barrel.

Standard operating procedure: align targets on first pass, kill on the second, land, expertly cut off horns, disappear. \$20,000 per kilogram.

On the second pass, the gunner sighted in. Hit the mother first. A professional 'double-tap'.

Suddenly a hail of bullets zoomed by, not twenty feet in front of the helo, tracers lighting the night.







*'This is Darius, You will land and throw away your weapons.'*



*'"The Hawk"!'*



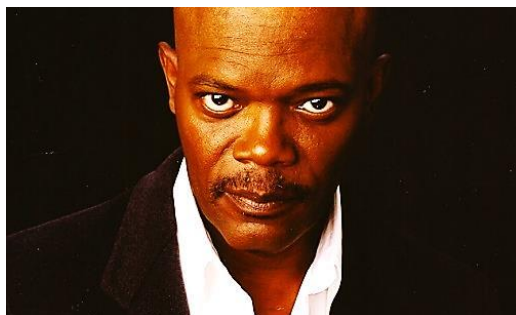
*'Can we lose him?'*

*'He who tries to lose the "Hawk" loses only his life!'*

As the helicopter landed, the 'Hawk' flew by in his P-51, doing a victory roll. He'd linger over the landing site until the Rangers came.

The helicopter would be impounded and then sold. A good day for the rhinos.

Not for the organization that would harvest their horns. The chief laid down the law of the jungle.



*'Eliminating the "Hawk" is not enough, Darius must be beaten at his own game.'*

*'There is a specialist we can employ.'*

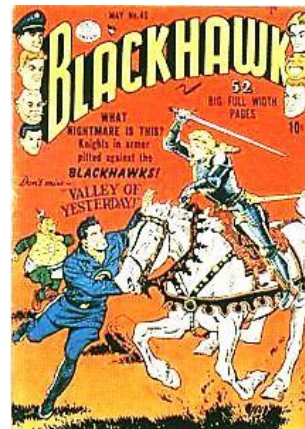
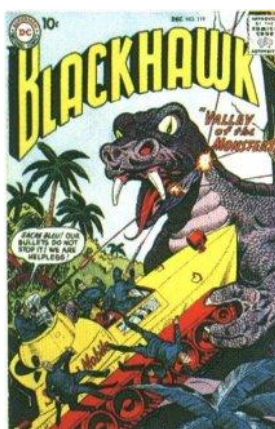
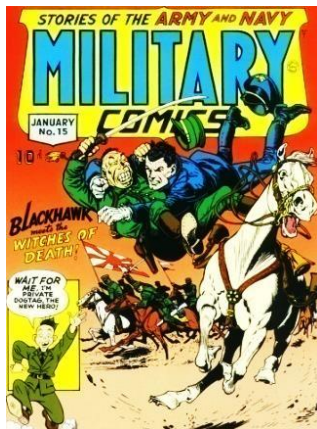


*'The Blackhawks have returned! Ghosts of the Cold War would haunt Russia again!'*



*'With a vengeance! They shot down those MiGs like flies!'*

*'The West will play them up as an heroic soap opera!'*







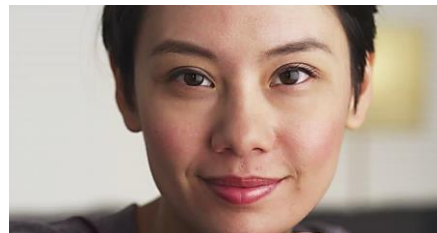
*'The **Blackhawks** are invincible as a unit!'*

*'The greatest threat to political intrigue ever known!'*



*'The presence of the "Angels of Vengeance" in the 21<sup>st</sup> Century is intolerable! Steps must be taken for their swift and complete elimination!'*

While a long way away...



*'Scratch six for openers!'*

*'Computer has decrypted and compressed **Bureau Thirty-Nine's** data banks! Translations complete!'*





*'The Ladies of Vengeance are invincible as a unit!'*

*'The greatest threat to macho BS ever known!'*

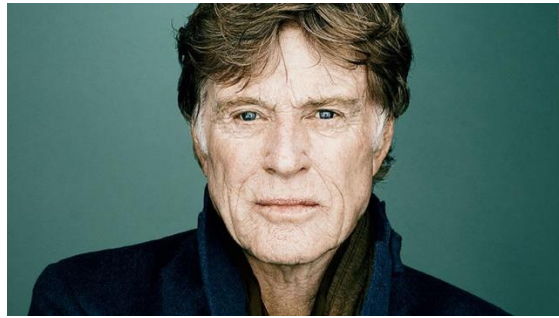


*'Send it out in twenty languages! Beginning with Chinese.'*

*'Janin Dragons nearing the tanker! Americans jockeying... for defense or offense?'*

*Second wave of North Koreans airborne!'*

*'Fighters rockin' around the clock!'*



*'Show me Blackhawk, kids! Show me Blackhawk!'*



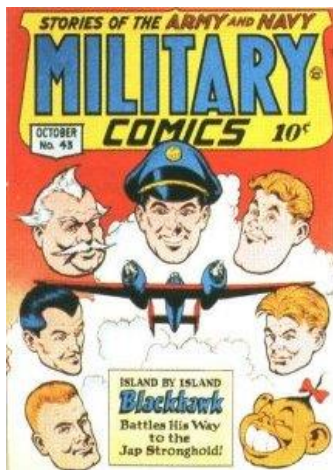


*'The pride of my air force blown  
apart like cheap toys!  
'The **Blackhawks** will pay dearly!'*

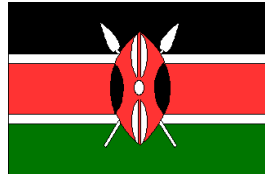


*'It's going to get worse,  
Great Leader, much worse!'*

*'The "Angels of Vengeance"  
have JDAMS!'*



## 20 Months Ago



Darius Kinyanya grew up in the small village in the Chyulu Hills, and never stopped growing. At 12, he was already six feet tall and two hundred pounds. By the time he graduated from the village school, he stood more than two meters tall powered by sheer muscle.



Darius had no passion for basketball and quit the game very early. He excelled at weightlifting and always would, but wrestling was his specialty. Size, strength, endurance, *speed*, Darius had it all, plus a diehard work ethic. Barely 21, Darius 'the Hawk' won the heavyweight wrestling championship of Africa.



In the Kenyan Wildlife Rangers. Darius finally married his childhood sweetheart. They were raising a daughter when 'the Hawk' struck it big.





Five years ago, the Rangers got a lead on the hidden headquarters of the continent's most vicious poacher! Lieutenant Darius Kinyanya led his team on a raid that netted tons of ivory tusks, dozens of rhino horns and the 'Scavenger's' pride and joy: his beautiful North American P-51 *Mustang*.



The 'spoils' of Police work plus the pull of National Champions--Darius got the plane and the Kenyan Airwing taught him how to fly it.

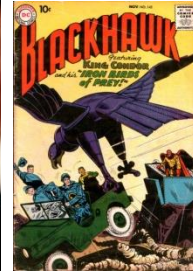


Faster than any helicopter, The 'Hawk' patrolled the Kenyan night skies, racking up dozens of arrests and protecting the lives of Africa's people and their wildlife.

'The Hawk' had stopped filing flightplans. No chance any poacher would get advance warning. He'd fly a thousand miles tonight if things were as dull as he hoped they'd be.

At 1,000 feet, Kenya was a black carpet, horizon to horizon. In prime rhino territory, he dropped to treetop level. Taking no chances, he'd had twin 'decoy flare dispensers' installed; a 'stinger' missile launched by a poacher would blow him out of the sky.

Suddenly, a flash of tracer bullets shot by his *Mustang's* nose.



*'Darius, 'the Hawk'! Prepare to fight for your life and your legacy. So degrees King Condor!'*

## Real Time



*'The **Blackhawks** have drawn first blood. They're at war with North Korea! And if we back them, so are we!'*

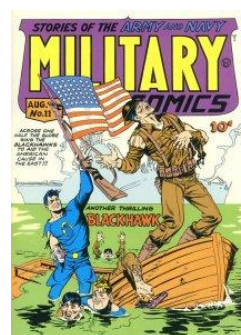


*'We have to be extra-careful! The Free World is glued to their mission! The whole region could blow up any minute!'*



'And the US will be blamed! The "Angels of Vengeance" are flying our planes shooting our missiles!'

'We know who started this "comeback", but how high did **Kid Blackhawk's** influence fly?'



*'Mr. President, gentleman, before the media declares a **Blackhawk** "conspiracy", I plead guilty before you.'*

*'If not for the "Angels of Vengeance, I wouldn't be here!'*



*'My father flew B-Twenty-Nine bombers in the Korean war. The **Superfortress** had nuked Hiroshima and Nagasaki to end World War Two.'*





*"We thought we were invulnerable, untouchable..."  
Dad used to tell me, 'But the Soviet MiG-Fifteen was too fast.  
Our defensive turrets couldn't keep up with jets.*

*'There we were at 20,000, boxed in by four flights of MiGs.*



*"We were doomed, son! The Commies had us cold when from out of the sun they came, 'The Angels of Vengeance', flying those sleek Lockheed F-Nineties."*





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



*'The greatest threat to Soviet fighters ever known!'*



*"The **Blackhawks!** Supreme aces all, they tore into the MiGs, shot half of them down before the other half ran."*



*'Mister President The North Koreans are scrambling a new wave of MiGs!'*



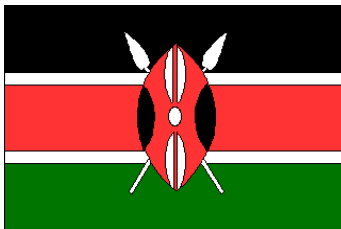
*'The Chinese have come between the tanker and the assault force! Our planes are stuck in the middle!'*

*'Mister President, America's reaction to this daring endeavor must be unanimous...'*



**‘Show me Blackhawk!’**

**20 Months Ago**



No one remembered his birth name except his banker, his lawyer and his ex-wife. He started flying young with the Kenyan Air Force, but he longed to *fight* in the air, one-on-one, man-to-man to prove forever who the better warrior was!

Not seeing combat in uniform, he quit the Air Force and began selling his skills to terrorists, dictators, and organized crime. He came with his own airplane, a *Supermarine Spitfire*, rescued from a scrapyard and painstakingly restored, including eight Browning machineguns imbedded in the wings.

When the Organization wanted someone eliminated 'in the bush', *guaranteed*, they paid top dollar for 'King Condor'.





He'd had more than a dozen 'royal kills' over the years. Heavily protected targets in deep jungle or a convoy on the plains. 'King Condor's' *Spitfire* would come diving out of the clouds, strafe the victim and his family or bodyguards, then disappear leaving no witnesses.

Technology had brought the 'Condor' to the end of his reign and he knew it. Technology had all but shot him down. Smart phone cameras, enhanced radar, advanced anti-aircraft weapons---he was an anachronism waiting to be convicted



*'One more 'job' and I'll retire forever! Give me "Darius the Hawk"!*

'The King' had the edge. At night, the gleaming aluminum *Mustang* gave off a fatal *glint*, not unlike a sniper's scope...then sneak up from behind, blast away and disappear into the dark.

*'Long fly King Condor!'*



P-51B-5-NA 43-6634 flown by Capt. Nick 'Cowboy' Nguyen, 334 F3 April 1944



At 5,000 feet over Amboseli National Park at the foot of Mount Kilimanjaro, Darius had been tracking fresh intel: *'Hunt' on for tonight. Poachers are ex-military mercs, fully armed, extremely dangerous.*

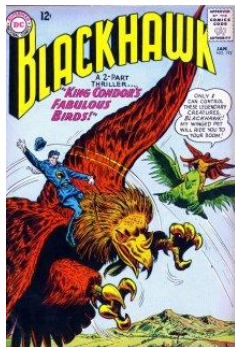
Not a hint from below, when out of the dark, a volley of tracer bullets!



*'I could have murdered you without warning, Darius, but I prefer to fight and beat you!'*

*'Your Majesty, you just rang the opening bell!'*

Darius pulled back on his stick and floored the *Mustang*, sending the plane into a fast climb. He'd seen intel on 'King Condor', wild tales of crazy flying and uncanny shooting.



Darius had one chance: if he could see the Condor...He kept 'jucking' the stick. Where was he? His night-vision goggles were useless. Not even 'the Hawk' could find a fighter plane in the dark.



*'Amateur in the dark! The blackness is my better friend!  
'Your shiny aluminum, Darius!  
Give me one glint in the moonlight!'*

*'It's time you saw the light,  
Your Majesty!  
'How's this for illumination?'*

Suddenly, the sky caught fire.



*'Decoy flares! He sees me!'*



His full store of flares exposed the Condor for a definitive moment. He gunned the P-51 and zoomed in...A ten-second burst of fifty-caliber machinegun bullets slammed into the vintage *Spitfire*.



*'Long fly King Condor!'*

There was a young man waiting for Darius when he landed.



*"I'd like to speak to you and your family.'*

*'Not exactly.'*



*'A job offer from Kenya Airways?'*

*'I'm listening.'*



Darius' home was modest, coming to life with the dawn.

They sat down in the small living room. His wife Tomora was anxious. Their little daughter, thrilled.



*'Over land, over sea,  
we fight for liberty!'*



*'I know my history!  
You, the "Angels of Vengeance"??'*



***'Not yet!'***