

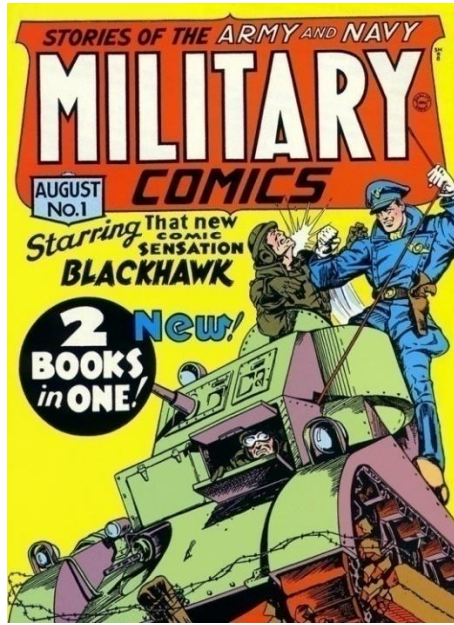
Kid 🐣 Blackhawk 1



COMING OF AGE!

by Kevin Ahearn

AUGUST 1941



For Dan Thompson

'KID BLACKHAWK1' is fiction.
All references to actual persons, alive
or dead, made for a good story.

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

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

STARRING

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

PLUS AN ALL-STAR SUPPORTING CAST

Cover – Marlon Brando/Wild One

Blackhawk is a property of DC COMICS.





**GRUMMAN
F5F-1**

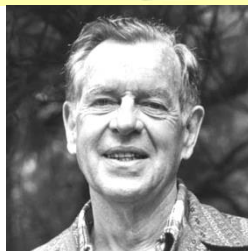
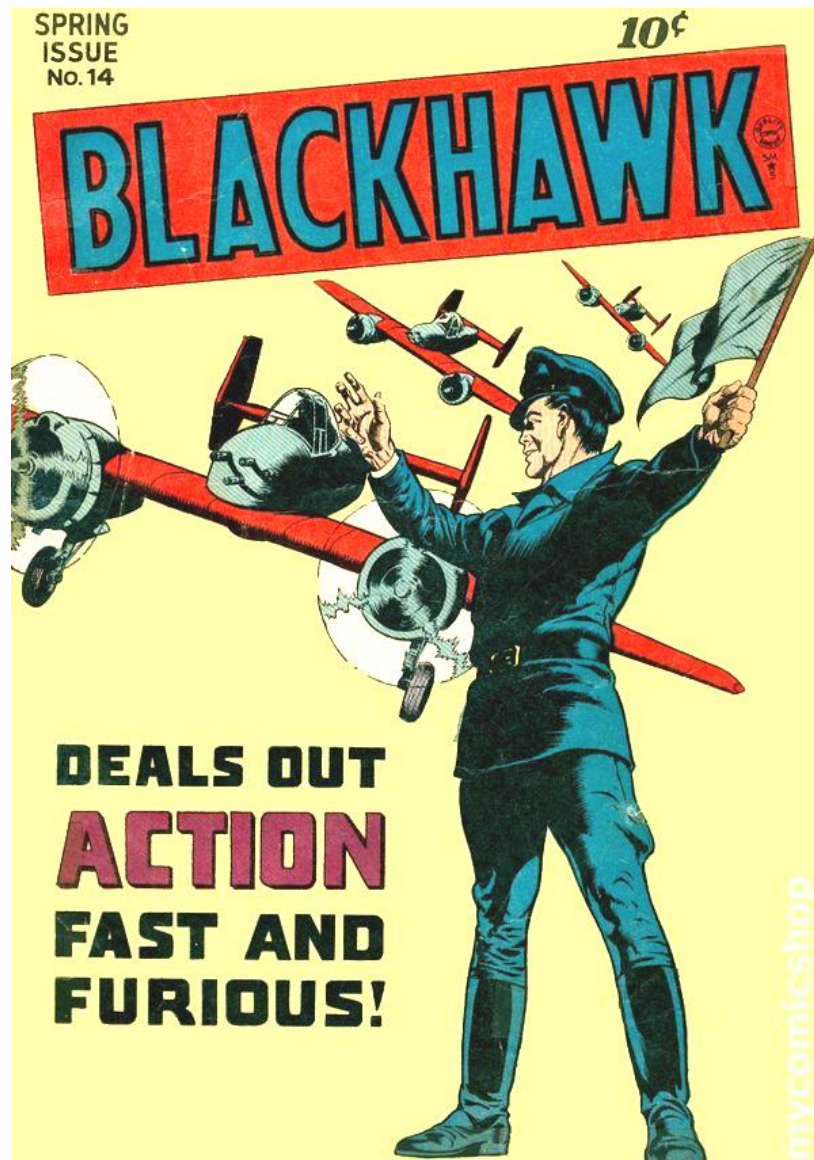
**MCDONNELL
DOUGLAS F-15**

1941

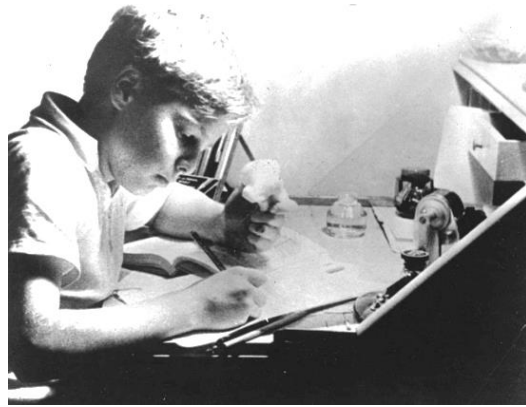
2016

Specifications		
Length	28 ft 8.5 in	63 ft 9.5 in
Wingspan	42 ft	42 ft 9.5 in
Height	11 ft 4 in	18 ft 6 in
Weight (max)	10,892 lb	56,000 lb
Speed (at sea level)	383 mph	936 mph
Service Ceiling	33,000 ft	60,000 ft
Range (Maximum)	1,170 miles	3,450 miles (with external fuel tanks)
Armament	two .30 cal machine guns and two .50 cal machine guns	One 20mm M61A1 Vulcan six-barrel cannon with 940 rounds; up to 10,705 kilograms (23,600 pounds) of ordinance can include: nuclear weapons, ASMs, AAMs, free-fall or guided bombs, cluster bombs, dispenser weapons, rocket launchers, napalm tanks, drop tanks and ECM pods, carried on nine external hardpoints.

1



"The big question is whether you are going to be able to say a hearty yes to your adventure."

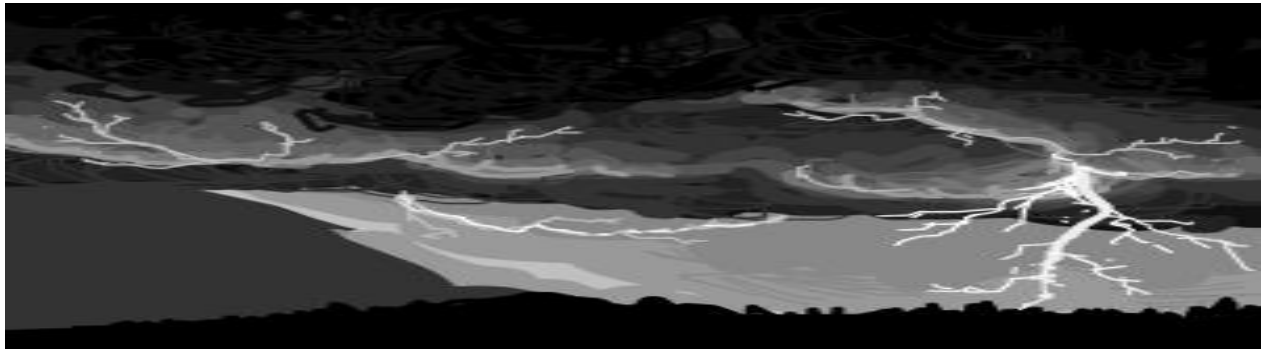


April 17, 1952

My Journal:

We both start off fresh today! My old book got swept away and lost forever, and so, nearly, was I.

The day began sunny and clear. I was out on the raft, not twenty feet from shore, when all of a sudden...



'It was like the beginning of the end of the world,' Mom said later.

Thick, dark clouds stormed in with a ferocious blast of wind. Thunder like a thousand drums, lightning quick and bright, and close!

I should have jumped in the river and swam to shore when I had the chance, but I was...afraid!

The water wouldn't wait. Flash flood! River's rising faster than a Sunday cake, pulled me and the raft away. Dirty water ripping, rain coming in sheets. Wind whipping like a hurricane.



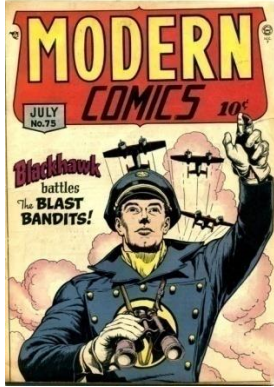
Clinging to the raft, twisting in the current. Tegwyn Falls less than a mile downstream coming fast. One hundred feet to the rocks. Got to do something, but I can't, nobody can. I'm never gonna be a teenager!

A howl of the wind? No, a helicopter. Pilot's gotta be crazy. Coming closer, pitching all over. A rope ladder, someone's...



"Grab hold, Kid!" comes a voice that has to be an angel's.

No, reaching out to rescue me is...



I'm dreaming, have to be. Blackhawk, the bravest hero in the Free World, risking his life...to save mine!

Fifty feet from the raging falls, he yanks me off the raft, then calls up. "Got him!"



We're going up together, pulled into the whirlybird. The whole team is aboard. I'm shaking hands with all-time Legends.



Like meeting Sergeant York, Audie Murphy, and the 'Four Horsemen' of Notre Dame!



My destiny has been carved in stone; I'm growing up to be a Blackhawk!



"HAWKA-A-A-A!"

'Junior' Johnson

August 2016



Pyongyang, largest city (3,000,000+) and capital of The People's Democratic Republic of Korea and the hometown of 'Bureau 39', the biggest, most powerful, most successful drug cartel on the planet.

개폐식의 서랍 달린 큰 책상

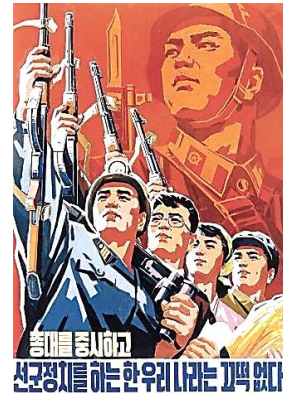


Crime came naturally to the Marxist-Lenin Communists: counterfeiting, kidnapping, and in the farming tradition, heroin production and distribution. There was no other way North Korea's 22,000,000 citizens could feed themselves and develop a modern defense force, especially nuclear weapons.



The Soviet Union collapsed, then massive floods ruined the country's poppy fields. Technology had severely compromised counterfeiting. Kidnappings were becoming much too messy.

Facing national bankruptcy and mass starvation, North Korea turned to Methamphetamine and meth labs sprung up from coast to coast. By the turn of the century, 'Bureau 39' was producing and pushing \$500M of meth from Japan to Australia.



But working from the Soviet model proved inefficient. 'Bureau 39' sought consolidation in a central location and found the perfect corporate headquarters, the magnificent hotel that never was long gone bust.



One hundred and five stories high, construction began on the Ryugyong Hotel ('Capital of Willows') in 1987, but stopped in 1992 lacking windows and interior fittings, thanks the fall of the USSR.

For more than ten years, the pyramid-like structure stood vacant, a gigantic empty shell, "a reminder of the totalitarian state's thwarted ambition".

'Bureau 39' would not be denied. By 2008, North Korea's meth production had topped \$800M. Time had come for the nation's number one moneymaker to command a corporate headquarters worthy of its achievements.



Four years and millions of dollars later, the former grand hotel gleamed over Pyongyang like a spearpoint, a loaded warhead aimed at the rest of the world.



Officially still named *Ryugyong*, even the 'Dear Leader' called his country's sole skyscraper 'Meth Tower'. Safe and secure, 'Bureau 39' flourished, far beyond the reach of international law enforcement.

Until tonight...



The big twin-engine jet came down from 10,000 feet and began circling just one hundred feet over the China Sea halfway between the Communist giant and its North Korean ally.

Not an airliner or a bomber, a Boeing KC-767 *tanker*.

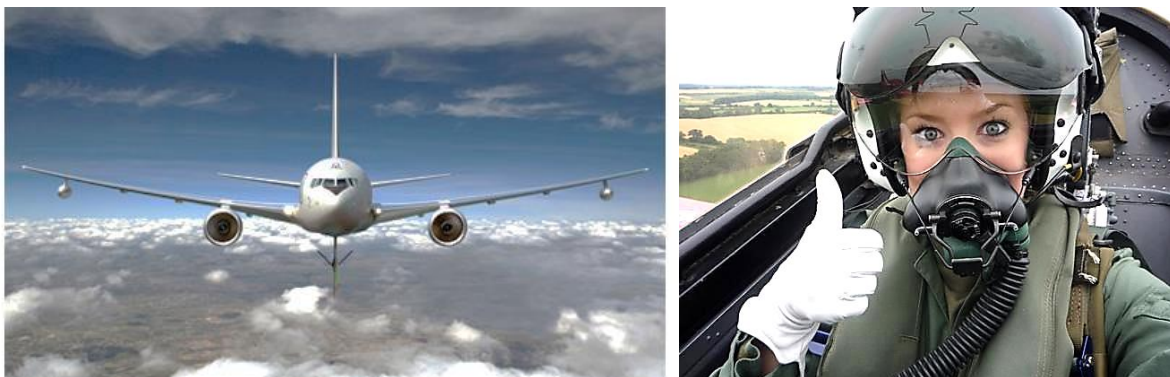
For more than a decade, the US Air Force had been seeking to upgrade its tanker fleet, based on the four-engine Boeing 707 which first flew in the 1950s. The plan was to replace the KC-135 with the new Boeing 767.

Foreign competition brought on corruption in Boeing and the Air Force which almost cancelled the program. Two years ago, a \$150M triple-boom prototype seemingly 'disappeared' after being *bought* from Boeing's inventory.



'Team away. Helo five minutes from enemy air space, twenty minutes from target.'

"You've been made," gritted the radio. "American recon-sat."



"As expected, but Chinese and Korean early warning are nowhere near our price range."

"Got our eyes on both," gritted the radio. "With a *little luck*, we'll be in and out before 'Bureau 39' figures out who hit them."



At the same time, yet a day earlier on the other side of the planet...



"Mr. President, we have a situation."

"Well, it can't be worse than this game!"

Within moments, before a checkerboard of screens in the White House underground bunker...



*'An incursion into North Korea! .
Three bogies with a supporting tanker!'*



*'A brand new Boeing, a pair of F-15s
and an upgraded Sikorsky UH-Sixty!*

*'All ours and we don't know where they
came from!'*



'A Sikorsky UH-Sixty?'

*'Yessir, Similar to the enhanced **Blackhawk** we used to hit Bin Laden. Stealthy, with ECM to 'spook' local radar.'*

*'An 'enhanced' **Blackhawk**? Who the hell are we dealing with?'*

'The F-Fifteens are flying concentric circles en route, keeping the helo in a protective bubble, . an Israeli tactic!'



'Could be a rescue mission, smash and grab'. The North Koreans may have kidnapped the wrong billionaire's daughter.'

'I've already scrambled jets from South Korea and Japan! We can be there to cut them off from their tanker!'



'American aircraft, Israeli gameplan! Who's trying to start a war?'

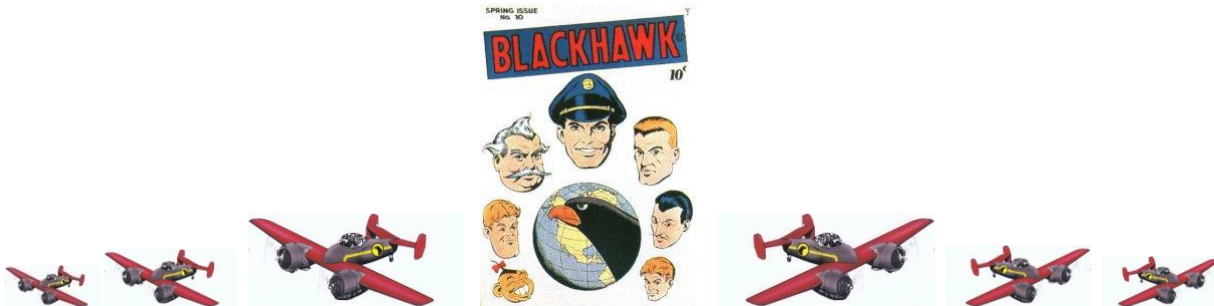
Two thousand, five hundred kilometers south of North Korea...



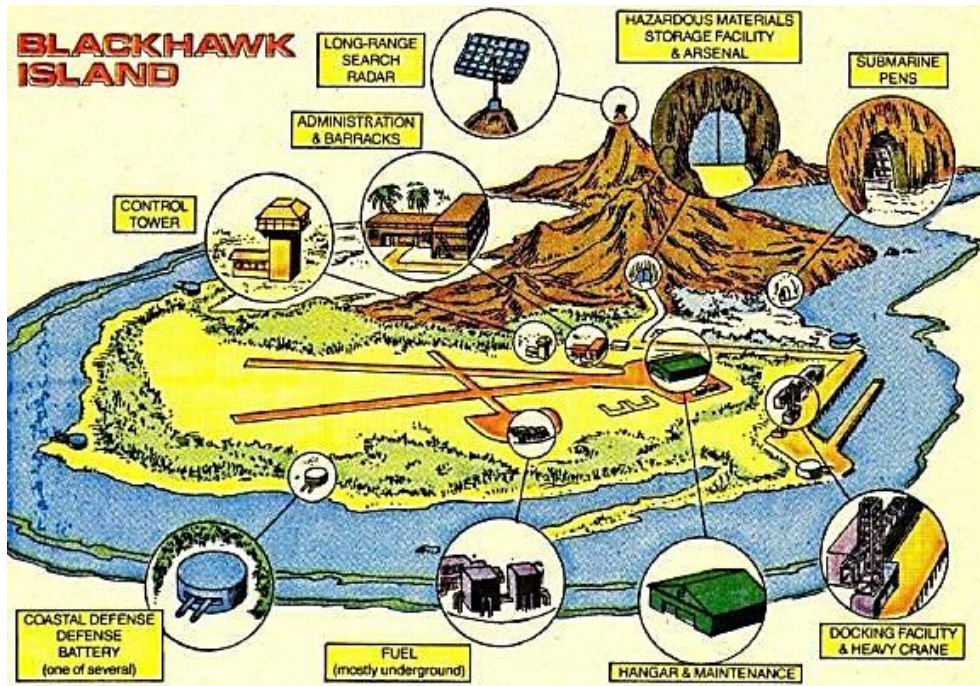
The idyllic island, well off the major shipping routes and of little strategic value, was first occupied by the Japanese after Pearl Harbor and a string of victories in 1942.



The fortunes of war soon reversed. In 1945, the island was taken over by...



A team of seven men, each from a different country attacked by the Axis.



'The Blackhawks are invincible as a unit!'

'The greatest threat to the Fatherland ever known!'

World War Two ended, but the **Blackhawks** never stopped fighting...



Taking on all comers...



The island was home until 1967. The team returned for a short time the next year, but would not come back again until 1976.

By early 1977, it was over. For nearly forty years **Blackhawk Island** had been deserted.

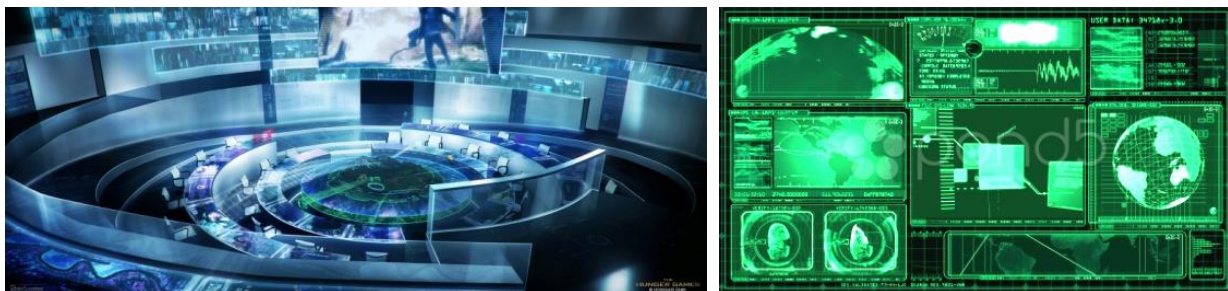
Three years ago, a massive renovation began.

For a theme park or a luxury hotel complex?



For right now!

Fifty feet underground in the island CommCenter...





'Helo and escort over enemy air space at fifty feet, ten minutes from target. American sat tracking. North Korean Air Force, not yet mobilized. SAM sites covered.'



'So far, so lucky. US Air Force in the sky ChiComs trying to hack into American sat. Still negative!'



'Americans on afterburners, but fighting a forty knot headwind. Could be a photo finish to the tanker!'



'Ordnance on helo and escort hot and programmed. Will calibrate at IP. Packed plenty of flares!'



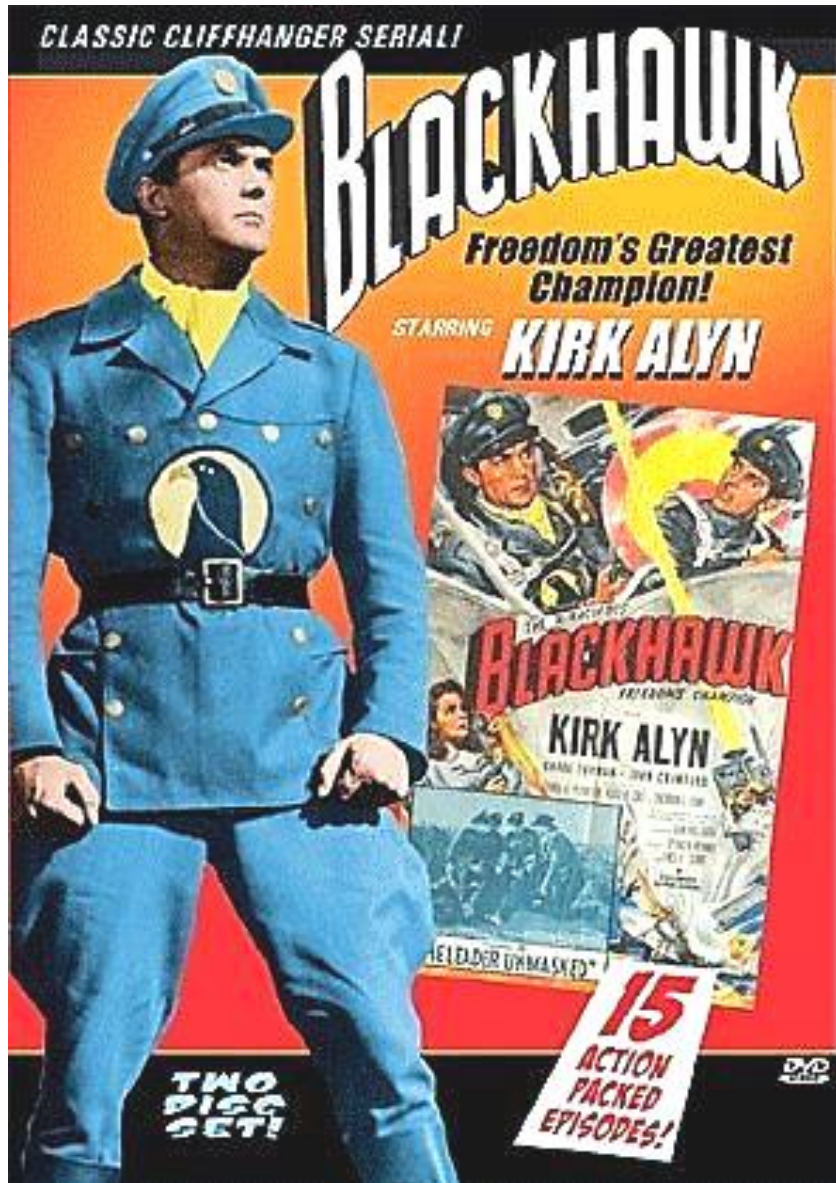
Their leader was one feisty old lady!



*'All right, ladies, hell is about to break loose!
Hold together. Be the team half the world will
admire and the other half fear, but all respect!
Here, now and forever...'*

'Show me **Blackhawk!**'

2



"The greatest fighting team of World War Two or any other war."



June 25, 1952

My Journal:

For fifteen minutes, once a week, I can be with the Blackhawks!

Not the real team, the 'Hollywood' version, a movie serial, each episode with a cliffhanger ending. I had to come back!

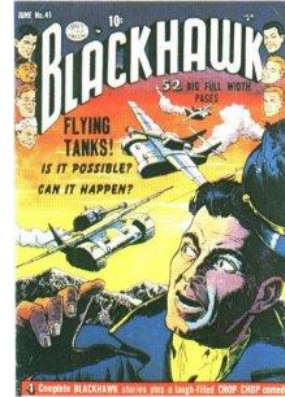
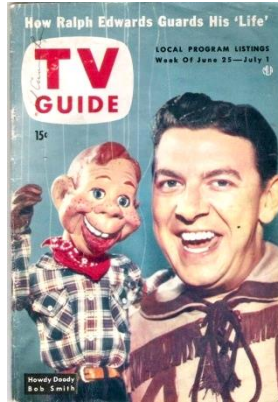
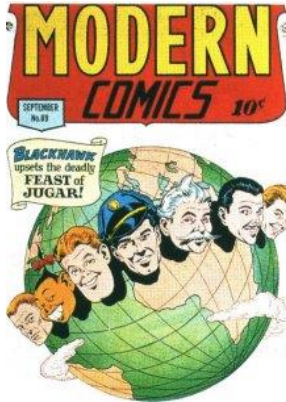
I had listened to 'Blackhawk Adventures' on the radio and they were pretty good. I could tell each team member by his accent, and could imagine them talking to me.

Hollywood 'Americanized' the Blackhawks. Everybody spoke 'American'. No secret island base, but a local barracks. No belt radios, no jets, the old propeller planes didn't even have the famed insignia. Hardly any flying, mostly driving.



And no Commies. The team was up against 'foreign spies', but nobody mentioned Russia.

But I could see the Blackhawks. In black and white on the big screen!'



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

'The greatest threat to Commie television ever known!'

One of these days, I'm gonna be wearing a Blackhawk uniform, complete with belt radio and 'fifty-mission' cap, even if I have to make it myself!

"HAWKA-A-A-A!"
'Junior' Johnson

Real Time





A 'new moon' night, not a cloud in the sky, but few stars twinkled in the aura of Meth Tower. Eight powerful ground spotlights ringed the 105-story pyramid which gleamed in the blackness like a giant fang, forever pumping its venom into the world.

Colonel Chul was in charge, his custom-tailored uniform bedecked with medals, rewards for economic achievements. Tonight, a billion-dollar deal struck, a new decoration would have to be minted.

개폐식의 서랍 달린 큰 책상



Chul's father, the late distant cousin of North Korea's ruler, established 'Bureau 39' in 1974. Its first Najin headquarters was a six-story, rectangular concrete building ringed by barbed wire fences and machinegun towers.

Defense guaranteed, Chul thought *offense*. Beyond protection, *expansion*. Marijuana, cocaine, and heroin had to be patiently grown, often at the mercy of the weather. Methamphetamine, glorious meth, was man-made. Mass produced and globally distributed, the drug would remake men...and women.

Colonel Chul waited at the base of Meth Tower. His personal bodyguards, a dozen elite commandos of the 89th Special Battalion stood stiffly, their bayonets shining in the night.



Surrounded by running bodyguards, the Soviet-built limousine had arrived from the airport exactly on time.



*'The People's Democratic Republic of North Korea welcomes Madam Nakajima, exotic emissary of the honorable **Yakuza**.. This overdue expansion of our organizations will create a global marketing and distribution enterprise without rival.'*

*'The **Yakuza** is honored by Colonel Chul, always the aggressive entrepreneur. We look forward to an even better understanding.'*

*'Your headquarters is most impressive. But the **Yakuza** has learned that wealth and power are meaningless without security.'*

'Saburo is mine.'



'Madam Nakajima humbles me with her trust.'

'Bureau 39' had pumped up North Korean methamphetamine production in the late '90s, partly to make up for a drought-induced slump in the opium crop, but also to satisfy demand from Japan. In the New Millennium, meth street value had hit \$3 billion. In the last decade, Japan had seized almost 1,500 kilos of methamphetamines originating in North Korea, a pittance of the total and a bitter pill to swallow.

Leaving the escort behind, the three got into the glass and steel elevator. Nakajima felt like she was going into outer space, but there was no odor of rocket fuel.



*'The honor is mine, madam.
Our product is unmatched,
our supply inexhaustible.'*

*'Ah, the sweet ether
fragrance of meth!'*

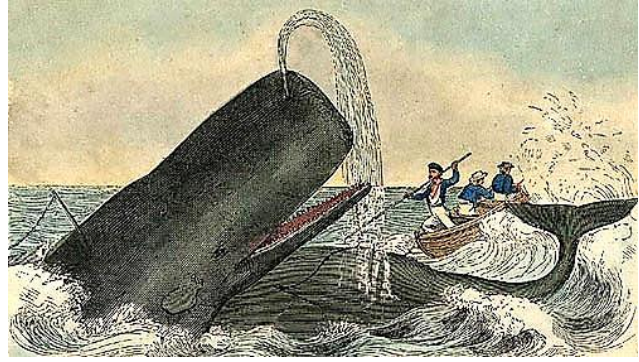
*'My people work very hard,
'Bureau 39' has built up such a surplus
that I had to 'furlough' the night shift.
Meth Tower is exclusively ours tonight.'*

Not quite...



*'Thar she blows! The "Moby Dick"
of drug labs!'*

"Ordnance locked in?" asked the Commcenter.



'Confirmed and counting down. The lights go down, out comes the 'harpoon!'



'Mister President, Notice that the aircraft are not using external gas tanks. Hence the tanker.'

'Greater maneuverability?'

'Yes, sir, and a heavier payload.'





'JDAMS! They're on a bomb run!'



'A sneak attack on the Kumsusan Palace of the Sun...the North Korean White House!'



'The helicopter carrying a 'revolutionary government'? Terrorists? Fanatics? Mercenaries? Regime change from the air!'



'A phantom air force on a mystery mission. If the North Koreans don't nail these guys, we certainly will!'



Two Years Ago



*'Everybody wants to be famous, to live forever in a universe of stars!
And I'm the man that'll make it happen!*

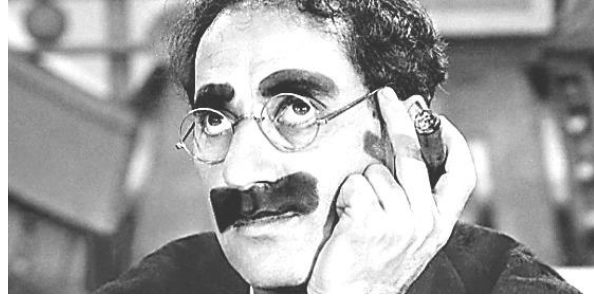
*"My Fame Plan - Name + Image + Catchphrase!
Capture the Market's 30-second attention span.
'Minimum risk up front, Maximum exploitation until the flash in the pan has been run into the ground and the stink sinks in. Then hold your nose, turn your back, and move on.'*

*"The **Comeback** is never enough! But to push forward and out, to be Big, big, BIG!*

*"Anybody out there remember the **Blackhawks**?"*



*"Gone, forgotten, not worth a joke for nearly two generations!
Just watch me -- The old, bold birds will soon be flying higher than ever!"*



*'The **Blackhawks** are famous for being famously forgotten!'*

'The greatest threat to name brand stability ever known!'



A long, long flight from Hollywood to Poland, then a winding drive to the isolated manor deep in Augustów Primeval Forest.

He wouldn't have to knock on the door; his future clients were sitting quietly on the porch, not a worry in the world. This was gonna be so easy!

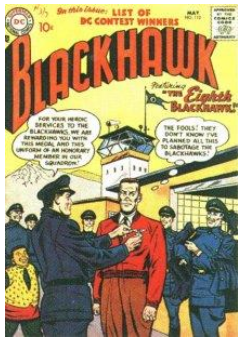


*'Sir, Madam, Jeff Schmitt's the name!
A great honor to meet you, and it's my privilege
to make you both very happy.'*



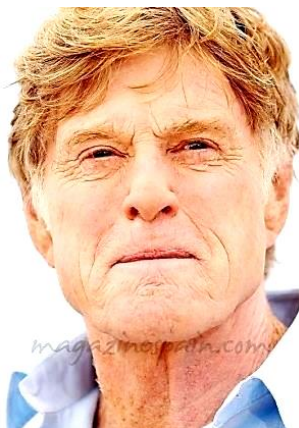
'I'm Bart.'

'And I'm Zinda, and we're already happy!'



'But not Hollywood happy! How'd you two like to move to Beverly Hills? Buy a mansion. Drive around in a limousine. Let's face it. The world owes you!'

'Look at you, pushing ninety and living like Ma and Pa Kettle.'



'Spill it, Mr. Schmitt! What've you got?'

With that, the super-agent snapped open his custom bag and pulled out...



'Made in China and India. Packaged in the Philippines. They'll be accessorized with a whole arsenal of weapons.'

'We'll do complete sets of your every era, from World War Two flying heroes and Commie bashers through your crimefighting and superhero days. Plus...'



'Die-cast models! Your original plane, your World War Two Skyrocket and the team's first jet.'

'T-shirts, a video game, an animated TV show plus a 'tribute' series!'



'Wait for it...the star of the show!'



*'Kiss Barbie good-bye when this babe hits the shelves!
Every little girl in the world's going to want to be
just like **Lady Blackhawk.**'*



Zinda Blake

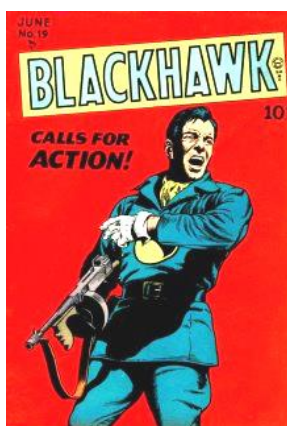


First 🐣 Lady of Vengeance!

*'Back to the bottom of the comic book stack, Wonder Women!
"Show me Lady Blackhawk!'*



'Say the word, sign the contract and they'll be millions of these err, 'collector's items' on the shelves around the globe. A two-million dollar advance each plus complete medical coverage.'



*'And...I will make the **Blackhawks** live forever which is more than I can say for the two of you!'*

Mr. Schmitt didn't say any more in the house. Within seconds he was on his butt on the front lawn with his action figures and his toupee strewn around him.



“Ungrateful has-beens! Just wait till Alzheimer's sets in and you don't know each other's name and where the bathroom is! Turn me down? You're halfway there already!”



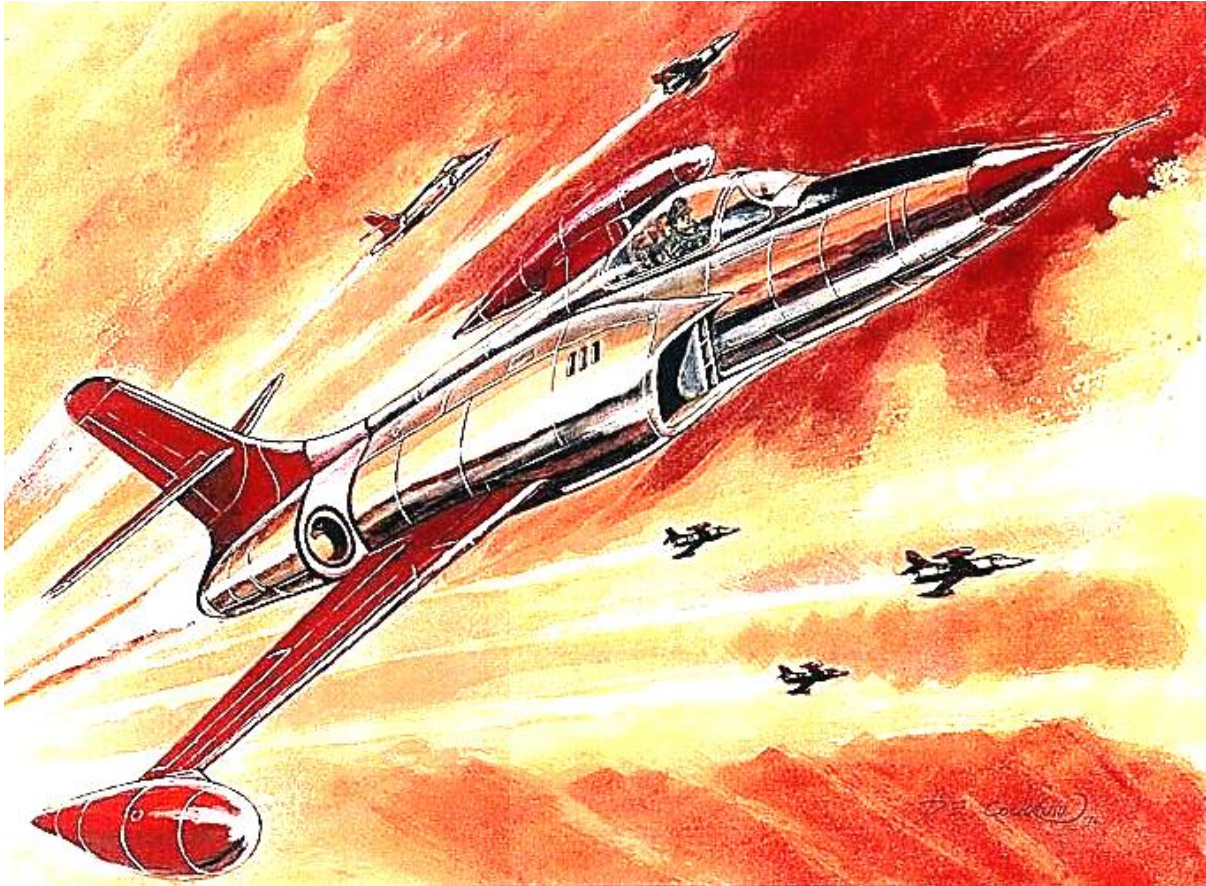
‘Had I been ten years younger, I'd've crippled him.’

*‘Show me **Blackhawk!**’*



*‘Geez, shudda stuck to bees! Sure hope **Superman** takes me back!’*

3



*"Seven fearless men are we,
Give us death or liberty,
We are the **Blackhawks**,
Remember our names..."*



"And no forget Chop-Chop!"

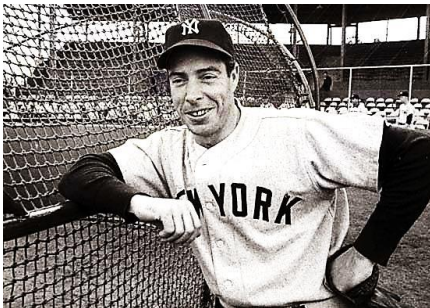


November 4, 1956

My Journal:

Never ever have I been as proud of the Blackhawks as I am today!

We live on a divided planet, the Free World versus the Communist dictatorships enslaving billions. After World War II, The Blackhawks kept fighting, flying anywhere in the world, especially Eastern Europe, Asia and the Middle East, to risk their lives, and inspiring others to beat back Communist aggression.



'The Blackhawks are invincible as a unit!'



'The greatest threat to "Anti-Americanism" ever known.'

Finally, one nation under the Soviet heel had had enough. The people of Hungary revolted against their Commie masters!

Courageous students took to the streets of Budapest. Revolution was in the air. 'Down with the Soviet puppets!' And so were the Blackhawks!



The people of Hungary wanted out of the Communists' Warsaw Pact and neutrality for their country.

The Russians reacted with brute force, sending in tanks and troops to slaughter the protestors.

This had to be the moment! The beginning of the end of the Cold War and the fall of Communism. Inspired by the Hungarians, the rest of the Soviet Bloc would revolt against dictatorship!

Crashing through the 'Iron Curtain', on came the Blackhawks, shooting down a dozen MiGs, then destroying a convoy of Red Army tanks and troop trucks.



'Imperialistic warmongers! The greatest challenge to the Red Cause ever known!'



'A nuclear tinderbox. One spark, regardless of intention, could bring about the end of the world!'

Low on fuel and out of ammo, when the Blackhawks flew back to West Germany, expecting the all the Free World to join them, only to be grounded by the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

Never again would the Blackhawks strike the Communists in Europe or in Asia. The team's new mission would be crimefighting, especially in the United States.

I was disappointed and yet, overjoyed. I was sure to see the Blackhawks again.



At an Army surplus store, I bought a pair of Air Force uniforms and a 'fifty-mission' cap cheap, and began making my own team uniform. Then turned my Harley Sportster into a souped-up Hawk-Cycle. Soon, very soon, I'm going to be known as 'Kid Blackhawk!'

**"HAWKA-A-A-A!"
'Junior' Johnson**

Real Time



The 'penthouse' at Meth Tower, the top floor of the spire, was infinitely more sophisticated and luxurious than the nearby palace of the North Korean 'Dear Leader'.

Completely circular with a 360-degree view of Pyongyang, few city lights glimmered beyond the massive spotlights shining on Meth Tower. Yet the capital was a safe city, constantly patrolled by the Army. And no stray cats or dogs. All had been captured and eaten by the desperate residents.



Plush red carpet and ornate furnishings were simply for show. The brain of 'Bureau 39' was the *Tianhe-2*, the world's fastest supercomputer, developed by the National University of Defense Technology in China's Changsha city and capable of sustained computing of 33.86 petaflops per second, equivalent to more than 338 million normal PCs.

The *Tianhe-2*, its tall dark technology units, lights blinking as if the supercomputer were alive, surrounded the cylindrical pillar at the center of the penthouse.

Madam Nakajima understood where she was: at the absolute pinnacle of a desperate nation ripe for exploitation. The **Yakuza** smuggling operation was vast, but lacked a constant source of product. Meth Tower would feed the pipeline from Japan to Australia. The **Yakuza** would own the Pacific market!



And soon enough, the '*First Emissary*', not this pompous Korean factory manager, would be running Meth Tower.



'Would you care to celebrate our partnership? Our quality is superb, our packaging impeccable, the effects sublime.'

For nearly twenty years North Korean meth had been the scourge of Asia. Production required ephedrine, a chemical also used in allergy drugs. In 1998, Thai police stopped an Indian shipment of 2.5 tons of ephedrine, suspicious that North Korea would need so much cough medicine. After six months of negotiations peppered with bribes, the shipment was allowed to proceed, alleviating a “hay fever crisis” and assuring meth production for a generation.

개폐식의 서랍 달린 큰 책상



Despite repeated busts of diplomatic “mules” and regular seizures of heroin and methamphetamines, the North Korean drug empire had continued to expand. No nation would risk interfering. Unlike the Latin American cartels and the Russian mafia, 'Bureau 39' was backed with H-bombs.



"No, my dear Colonel. It is you who must sample our generosity."

'Saburo!'

The giant immediately placed the heavy suitcase in the middle of the table and popped it open.





'Ah! My "inauguration fee"! Benjamin Franklin has such a negotiable smile.'



'One million. Unlike your American money, ours is genuine!'

Counterfeiting had been a Bureau 39 specialty. Using presses from Eastern Europe, they printed out crisp \$100 bills, then shipped them out through courier or passed them to pay part of their import bills. Until the US Mint took preventive measures: a 3-D blue security ribbon, ink that changes color from copper to green, and gold "100s" on the front and back.

'Electronic transactions may be more efficient, but nothing beats the real deal,'

"Shall we begin with one hundred kilos per week? Delivery is guaranteed. May I suggest that you concentrate on recruiting long-term habitual customers."

'You mean children, don't you? "Our reports of your sales' acumen do not do you justice."



'I invest in youth. Hook a pretty girl barely in her teens and her body is ours forever.'

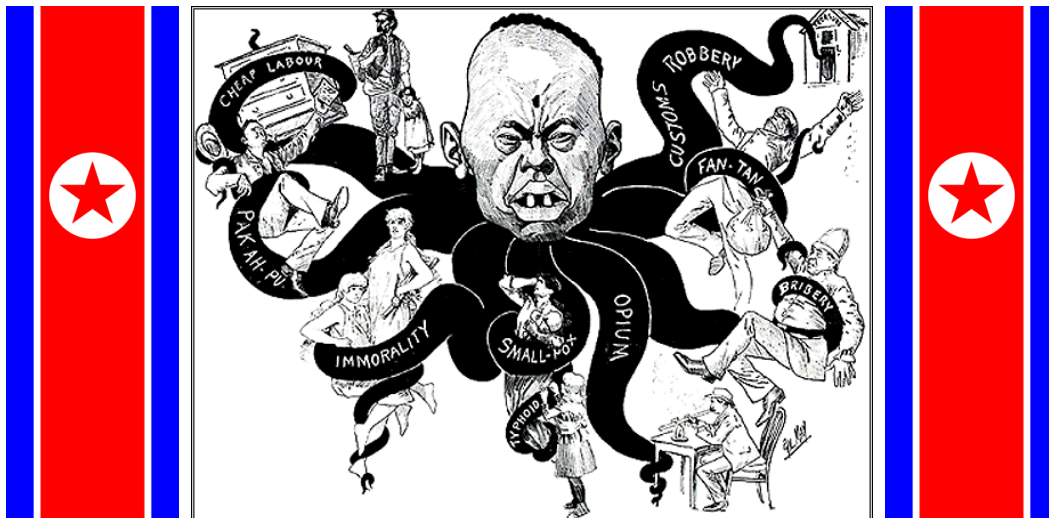


*'Colonel Chul, the **Yakuza** is not a 'schoolyard' organization. We do not measure product by the kilo, but in tons. Can Bureau Thirty-Nine deliver one thousand tons of pure meth?'*

'One thousand tons! I'll bring back the night shift, double it. The Pyongyang Hotel originally had more than three thousand rooms. I'll turn every one into a meth lab!'

*'I expected you would .The **Yakuza** will not be satisfied to simply supply the market, but to dominate it. And to do so, we must first flood all of Asia with cheap pure high-grade meth!'*

'Hook the entire region, then up the price! A magnificent strategy! I expect payment promptly and in full. Overhead is no problem!'





On the outskirts of the North Korean capital...

The F-15SE *Silent Eagle* was a stealthy upgrade of the twin-engine, all-weather tactical fighter, coated with radar-absorbent material. For this mission the single-seater also required underbelly improvements.



'Flight to team. At Initial Point, preparing to go to altitude. Will no longer be able to evade radar.'

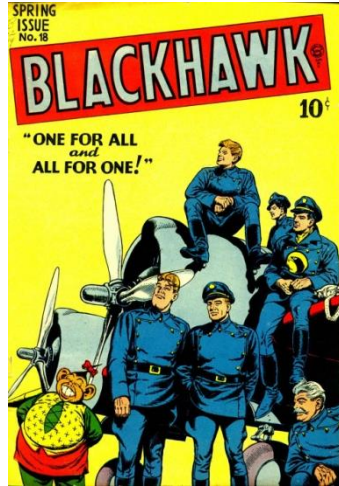
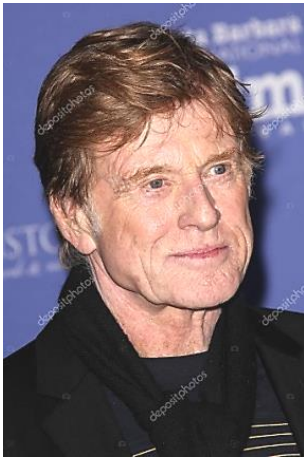
"Copy, Jacob. A hot time in Pyongyang tonight!"

Two Years Ago



The house in the Augustów Primeval Forest revealed not a hint of the history of the couple who lived there. Behind a large, antique desk, the old man kept in touch with the world online, continuing to believe he was still a part of it, that he still mattered.

Until...



'Mister Bart Hawk, you not going to let that full-of-bull salesman sell you on misery?'

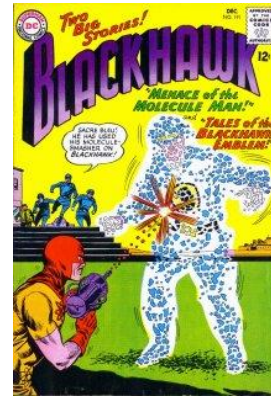
*'Will the legendary **Blackhawk** waste away feeling sorry for himself?'*



*'I am not a toy, not a doll, not a damn cartoon or comic book! We're not going to be remembered, are we? It's as if the **Blackhawks** never existed.'*

*'Get a hold of yourself, "Old Bird"! **Blackhawk** has always been more than you, me, the team and the jets!'*

*'**Blackhawk** is a spirit, a mystique, a hope that if we could learn to work together, this crazy world could somehow be made free!'*



'Don't let the "angel-fire" burn out!'



'The Blackhawk story is not over. I'm beginning to believe I can't believe myself anymore!'

There came the roar of that motorcycle. Zinda brought a young man into the house.



*'Blackhawk, may I introduce...'
"Junior" Johnson the Third!'*

'At your service!'



'Great howling jets!

Real Time



The Founding Fathers and Mothers of Communist China earned their place in national history on the Long March of 1934-1936 when 86,000 troops in the Jiangxi-Fujian border base—including 30 women—broke through enemy lines at their weakest points and fled westward.



Constantly attacked by Nationalist forces, but according to Chinese legend, the great Mao Zedong took command and escaped in a circling retreat to the west and north, which reportedly traversed some 12,500 kilometers over 370 days.



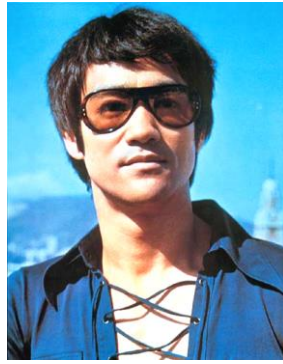
Chairman Mao called The Long March a 'manifesto' proclaiming to the world that 'the Red Army is an army of heroes', announcing to more than 200 million people in eleven provinces that Communism was their true road to liberation.



The People's Liberation Army Air Force is the largest military air force in the world--6,000 military aircraft and over 300,000 active personnel. The Long March lived on in the 19th Fighter Division of the Jinan Military Region where every *Dragon* was a 'Grandson of the Long March'.



"The Finest Fighter Squadron in the World!" claimed the Chinese proudly, but Colonel Ziang, the Dragons' commander, set his own sights on the situation.



*'The finest fighter squadron in the world that never fired a shot in combat!
Yet I remain ever-confident in the Grandsons of the Long March!'*



祖国領空不容侵犯

chinaeposters.net



**粉碎帝國主義的戰爭陰謀，
為建設我們和平幸福的生活而奮勇前進！**



伟大的中国人民解放军万岁！

chinaeposters.net



'The day will come when finally it will be our honor to defend Communism!'

And then it was!



'Mister President, the F-Fifteens are going to altitude. Bells and whistles across North Korea!'



'A suicide mission, has to be! Whatever its goals, the 'enhanced' Blackhawk & Friends can't get away!'

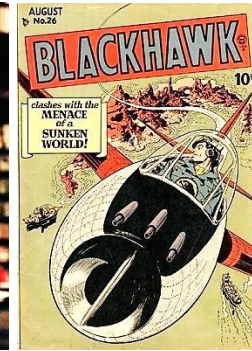
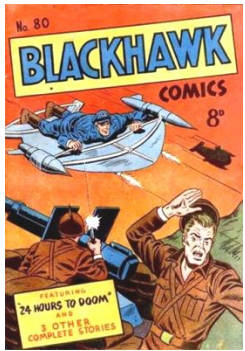




'If the North Koreans don't shoot them down, the Chinese will meet them at the tanker.'



'Fanatics! A "live execution" on U-Tube 'round the world!'



'The Blackhawks are invincible as a unit!'

'The greatest threat to comic book trivia ever known!'



'Who?'



'Not us! The Russians or Chinese would've flown their own aircraft. A big ticket OP. The Saudis? Japanese? An international team?'



*"My God! The mission is right in front of us and we refused to see it. No 'invasion' or 'assassination'
. 'Enhanced' **Blackhawk** & friends are after Meth Tower!*

'This is a drug raid!'

4



*"These **Blackhawks** are our 'Angels of Vengeance!'"*



April 10, 1958

My Journal:

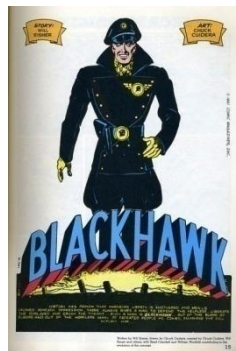
I'm on my way to being 'Kid Blackhawk', 'Young Angel of Vengeance!'

My team jacket with a small hawk emblem over my heart looks really swell. Originally, the Blackhawks wore black to blend into the night and be intimidating, but they wound up resembling the Nazi SS and after the Allies took a couple of mistaken shots at them, they switched to blue leather. And, just recently, no more gold buttons.

My 'fifty-mission cap' makes me feel ten years older. Instead of cropped riding pants, I wear jeans, but the high boots--Delivering newspapers is hard work and they cost me a month's pay!



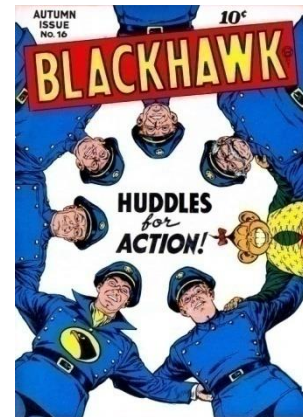
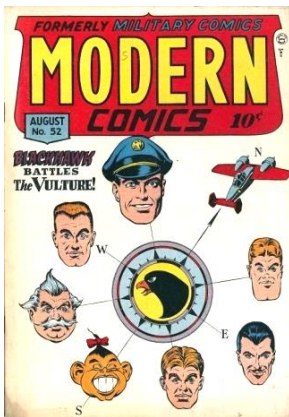
'The **Blackhawks** are invincible as a unit!'



'The greatest threat to forked-tongue crooks ever known!'

Not a 'real' Blackhawk uniform, but far ahead of those goofy Halloween costumes.

I don't have an airplane, and I'm still too young to drive a car, but when I got straight As in school, Mom and Dad got me a used motorcycle. Riding around Center City in uniform made me feel important. No Nazis or Commies in town, but if anybody tries to commit a crime, 'Kid Blackhawk' will stop them cold!



But I'm not big or strong or fast and stink at sports. None of the girls like me very much. Curiosity gets me through the day--I love investigating, imagining, tinkering, putting things together to create something new. My uniform is just appearances. Being Blackhawk meant courage and determination to make things right!

What fascinated me most was Blackhawk technology--especially remote control via radio. Their jets were the fastest and sleekest in the sky, but what put them way ahead---each could be controlled from miles away via the Blackhawk belt radio.



If I could somehow make a 'Kid' version of that...



I built a model of the XF5F-1 Skyrocket, not to fly in circles at the end of a string - I wanted remote control via radio!

Tinkering with a bunch of transistors and Lever mechanisms, I got my controller to work, but it was too big for the plane to carry. Miniaturization was the key.

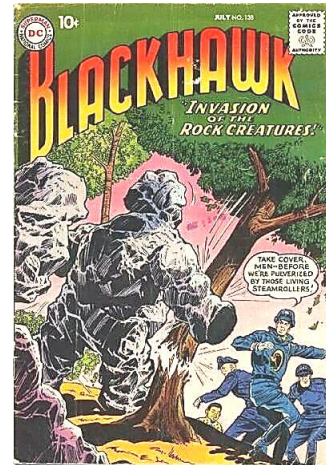
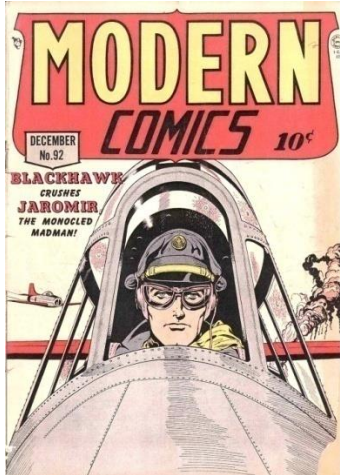
Back to the drawing board, I handmade a crude mechanism for testing. Not on my Blackhawk model, but a simple single-engine flyer I termed a 'drone'. Best of all, I can easily detach the wings and carry it on the back of my Harley and fly it anywhere.

I painted the fenders and gastank of my motorcycle 'Blackhawk blue', and painted the emblem on one side of the gastank. But it wouldn't be the 'Hawk-Cycle' until it was armed!

The Blackhawks don't use guns and neither would I. Instead I mounted twin narrow tubes on the handlebars. My 'guns' would be 'fired' by CO2 cartridges. I load a 16-penny nail into each tube. When I pulled the trigger, the CO2 cartridge would 'fire', sending the nail shooting out like a dart.

A 'compression hammer', I called it.

My favorite innovation was my 'Blackhawk belt radio'. Heavier than a real one, I could listen in on the team, and the police, from miles away!



Best thing about being a newspaper boy: getting to read the headlines hot!

***Center City Chronicle
BLACKHAWKS TO WAGE WAR AGAINST CRIME***



TO MAKE HEADQUARTERS HERE

Great howling jets! And "Kid Blackhawk's" got them!

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

Real Time



Twenty thousand feet over the South China Sea...



*'Warhorse to Control.
Got the unidentified tanker on target. Orders...?'*

The *Fighting Falcon* had been part of America's defense for more than thirty-five years. The aircraft had a perfect combat record; none had ever been shot down by an enemy fighter.

Armed with AIM-120 Advanced Medium Range Air to Air Missiles and an M61 Vulcan cannon, the fighter had been nicknamed *Viper* for good reason.



*"Do not fire unless fired upon. Tanker refuses to respond.
Go subsonic, get close and confirm ID via infra-red."*



'We don't know who this is yet?'

*"Neither do the Chinese and the North Koreans.
Both are coming to find out. Watch your six."*



The Korean People's Army Air Force is a unified branch of more than 100,000 die-hard Communists dedicated to the defense of their country, but in the eyes of the world, the KPAF was a 'paper tiger' - aging Soviet-made MiG-29s flown by poorly trained pilots who rarely got enough to eat.

Captain Ri Ling, commander of the *Snakes Squadron*, had pushed his men to constant readiness by getting them extra food rations. All they needed was an opportunity to show they had earned their keep.



Suddenly, the **Cobras** got their chance!



*'The capital of our country is under attack!
Let us show the world that North Korea owns its own sky!'*

Not until fueled and armed; cuts and sanctions had forced the KPAF to run a 'Potemkin' operation.

The War Clock was ticking and the **Cobras** had yet to get into the air.



April 16, 1958

My Journal:

I am a lucky boy because, at an early age, I found out who I am, and if I stick to my Blackhawk spirit, I can become my own hero!



'The Blackhawks are invincible as a unit!'



'The greatest threat to cultural stagnation ever known!'

There was trouble and crime in Center City!

'The medical building has been robbed...the radium supply stolen!' came over clear as day on my special shortwave radio.

'Kid Blackhawk' zoomed into action!



The thieves beat the Blackhawks to the airport. I got there just in time. The crooks had stolen a plane and were rolling down the runway...right at the Blackhawks!

I jumped off my Hawk-Cycle, assembled my drone in a flash, and then guided it by radio into the engine of the getaway plane, and stopped it cold.



*'Kid Blackhawk at your service! I vowed to become a **Blackhawk** when I was old enough to help you!'*

'You don't want me to join the team because you don't think I have the ability. Well, I'll show you!'



*'You've got all the courage and ingenuity a **Blackhawk** needs. Maybe in a few years...'*

'Now wait a sec...!'

The next day's hot headline...

Center City Chronicle



YOUNG BLACKHAWK SAVES FAMED TEAM!

I never saw Dad so proud of me. There were tears in Mom's eyes as I put on my 'fifty-mission' cap, then revved up my 'Hawk-Cycle' -- 'Kid Blackhawk' was going to school!

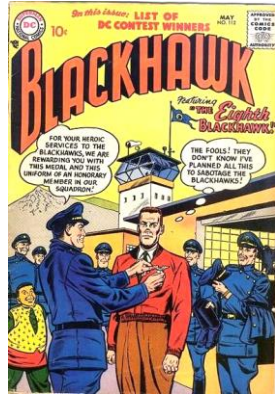


What a reception I got! Kids who never noticed me coming up and shaking my hand. Girls were looking at me, not just once, but twice, even the ones taller than me!

I could've gotten carried away, but Blackhawk isn't about fancy clothes or futuristic technology. Not a man or group of men, but what is within each, a burning kindred spirit!

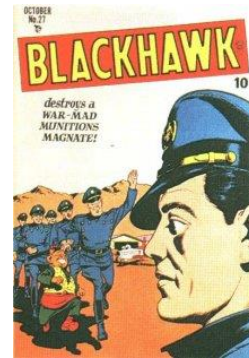
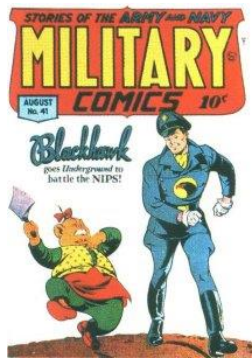
In the 'Ladder of Life', being Blackhawk is to climb to a personal peak, pushing up your dreams, never giving up on grabbing that highest rung.

'Emergency!' blared the police radio 'The diamond mart is being robbed!'



'Young Angel of Vengeance' on his Hawk-Cycle sped to the crime scene! The Blackhawks had beat me too it, but not in time to catch the crooks driving away.

Two shots from my 'compression hammer' flattened their tires.



'Still not convinced? Then I'll keep playing the young 'Angel of Vengeance' until you accept me!'

That night Blackhawk radio belt messages guided me to the thieves' hide-out, the backlot of an abandoned science fiction studio!

When the Blackhawks showed up, they found me. I was with the team!

The crooks discovered us, and began shooting. The Blackhawks had to jump through a high window to escape, but I was too small.

Bullets were flying! Blackhawk grabbed me and we went through the smashed window together. Again he saved my life!

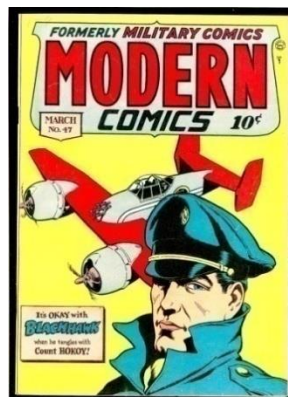


We made our way to a big, 'hollow moon' prop. Inside it was dark, beyond crooks with machineguns looked to kill us. I couldn't help it, I was scared. I began to cry like the little boy I was!

My childish fear betrayed the Blackhawks. The team tore through the big moon, the armed crooks just behind us.

"Wits over weapons'. Blackhawk hooked up a steel mesh to a sci-fi prop battery and shocked the crooks. Then rounded them up.

That's when I knew what I had to do: I tossed aside my 'fifty-mission' cap and took off my 'Kid Blackhawk' jacket!



'I'm sorry. I've got a Mom and Dad I want to grow up with.'

*'Young Angel of Vengeance!
You're curious, creative and determined,
And smart enough to know that **Blackhawk**
is not just a bunch of guys flying around
shooting down and beating up bad guys.
Blackhawk is...the peak of excellence plus luck!'*



*'There is **Blackhawk** in you, kid.
And you'll go high and far because you
believed in yourself, and worked damn hard,
you showed us "Junior" Johnson!'*

I could not have dreamt for better!

"HAWKA-A-A-A!"
'Junior' Johnson

Real Time



The MH-60 payloaded 16 laser guided Hellfire missiles, and 19 laser-guided folding-fin aerial rockets with anti-personnel fletcher rounds plus a .50 caliber machinegun.

Many special forces' MH-60s were equipped with Fast Rope Insertion Extraction System (FRIES), allowing troops to slide down ropes. For 'Meth Tower', enhancement included a 'Harpoon' IES, a *horizontal* insertion system.

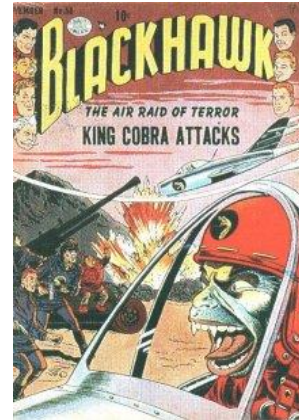
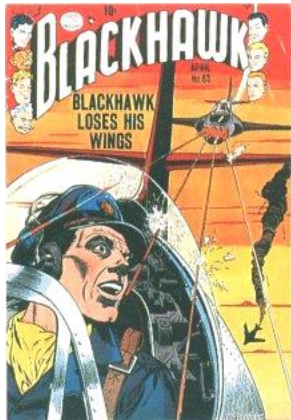
Thirty-five missiles for the searchlights and anti-aircraft emplacements around Meth Tower.



*'Captain Ahab would have worshipped laser sights!
'Next stop. The great meth whale!'*



Two Years Ago



'You're 'Junior' Johnson's grandson?'



'Jay-Jay Three!'



'Who?'

'Before we met. A terrific teenager, bright, inventive, way ahead of his time.'

'He loved **Blackhawk** more than anything in the world. And you broke his heart!'



'Because I didn't make him a **Blackhawk**? I saved his life twice! We encouraged him to patent his 'drone' and 'nailgun'.'

'Tell me what I don't know...Cuba!'



'I did what I had to do.'

'The **Blackhawks** copped out!'

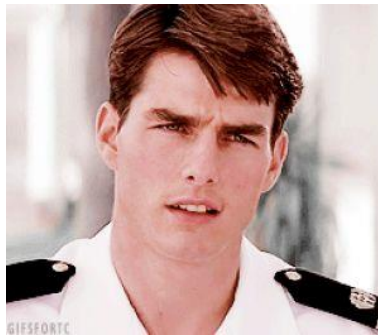
'You don't understand, Kid. Ike and **NATO** cut us off from the Soviet Union, Eastern Europe and China. We had to adjust...'

'By becoming crime-fighters?'

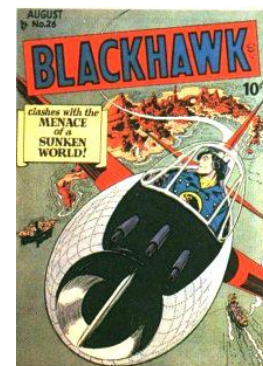
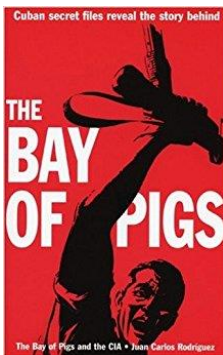
'We fought hard!'



'Against costumed crackpots? You abandoned your "Champions of Freedom" mission!'



*'April, nineteen sixty-one. Fourteen hundred Cuban rebels went back to overthrow a Communist dictator! Where were the **Blackhawks**? With one pass, the "World's Greatest Fighting Team" would have blown away Castro's forces and won a great victory for freedom and humanity!'*



'But the famous anti-Communist freedom-fighters did absolutely nothing!'

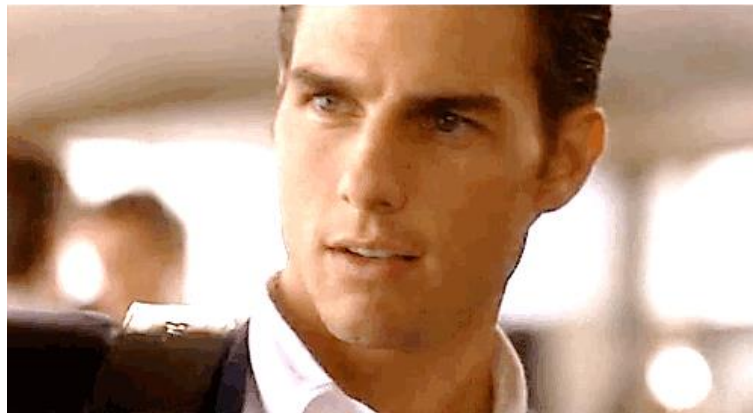


'I-I was ordered to stay out by a war hero.'

"What? JFK hated Castro more than anyone."



'The President was worried about Berlin. If the Communists couldn't have their island in the Americas, then the Democracies couldn't have their island in East Germany. Defeat Communism in Cuba, and the Reds would have to overrun West Berlin. Political tit-for-tat.'



'And you gave in? The leader of the "Greatest threat to the Red cause ever known" threw in the towel?'



*'Our survival was at stake. The **Blackhawks** were broke! We had to sell our World War Two medals to buy jet fuel.'*

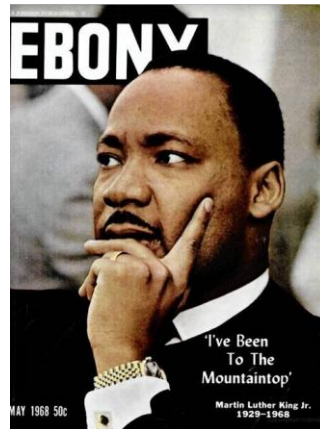
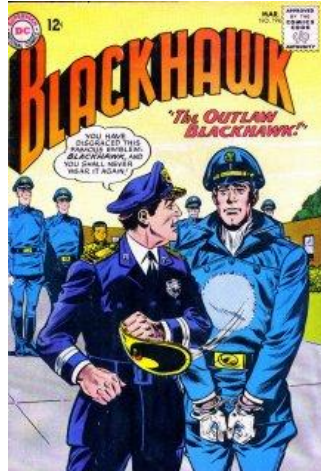
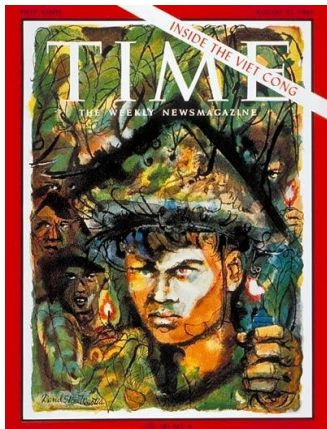


*'During the Cold War, funding the **Blackhawks** was the best defense investment the Allies could make, but after Hungary, the money dried up. The Bay of Pigs would have been our last hurrah, being **Blackhawk** was all we ever had!'*

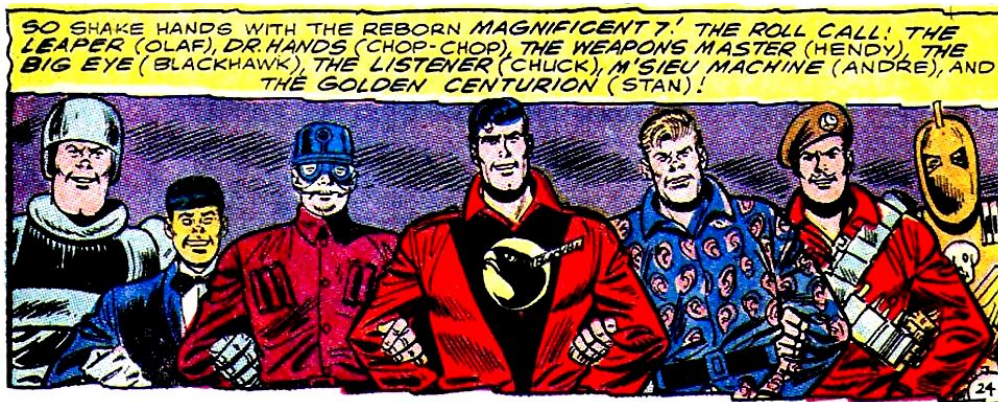


'Kennedy offered me a deal. Twenty million up front, then ten million every year. Plus new planes whenever we needed them. Must've lost more than a hundred over the years. We kept flying, courtesy of American taxpayers.'

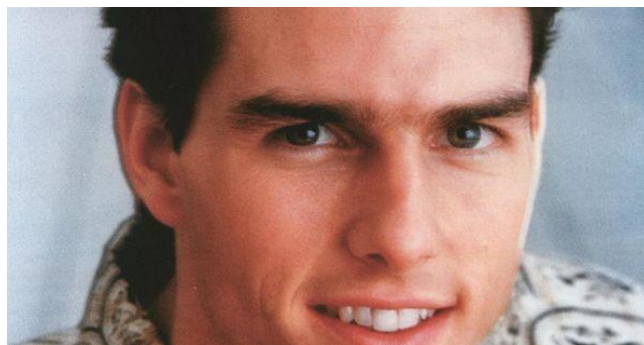
'But we had to know our place!'



*'The **Blackhawks** got paid to stay out of Vietnam and the Civil Rights Movement.'*



*'We kept coming up with new missions, reinventing ourselves over and over. And **'Kid Blackhawk'** was heartbroken? How the hell do you think we felt?'*



*"Old Bird", Dear Lady. I'm not here to talk about old times, but to start a new **Blackhawk** team!"*

Real Time



"Meth, glorious Meth, the wonder weapon of the new war against capitalist imperialism!"



'Together we will rearrange the world's priorities.'

'Meth will become a necessity we control. Without tanks and ships and guns, we will rot the souls of our competitors.'

개폐식의 서랍 달린 큰 책상



Two types of Methamphetamine: 'dextro' and 'levo'. 'Dextro' is the stronger psycho-stimulant, but 'levo' has a longer half-life with weaker effects. North Korea produces pure dextro and a racemic mixture in powder and crystal form. The freebase form of meth is an oily liquid. All induce stereotypy and psychosis.

Methamphetamine hydrochloride has been approved by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration for the treatment of attention deficit hyperactivity disorder and obesity.

In low dosages, meth can increase alertness, concentration, and energy in fatigued individuals. In higher doses--mania with accompanying euphoria, feelings of self-esteem and increased libido with a high potential for abuse and addiction, activating the psychological reward system by triggering a cascading release of dopamine in the brain--Amphetamine/Stimulant psychosis.

Chronic abuse may lead to post-withdrawal syndrome which can persist beyond the withdrawal period for months, and sometimes up to a year.

Meth has killed thousands and will kill thousands more, the deadliest plague since AIDS.



'And without fear, Madam, I am a wanted man on four continents, convicted in absentia on two, yet here I am completely safe. No drug enforcement agency can touch me. No law can reach me.'

'How convenient. The laws North Korea holds in contempt are the very same that protect us!'

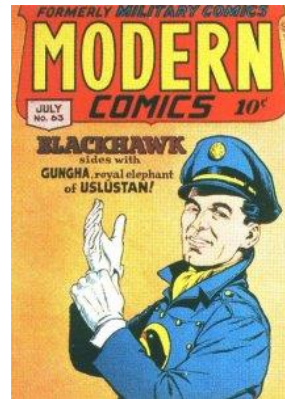
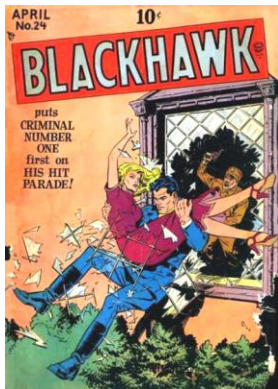
"The weakness of a frightened world! Not to take full advantage would be..."

The next moment, all eight spotlights blew up and went out.



'Alert! Alert!'

Crashing through the panoramic window...a harpoon! Shot from a hovering helicopter! And stuck deep into the pillar in the center of the room.



"HAWK-A-A-A-A!" yelled a man in blue, holding tight to a small trapeze, as he rode the 'harpoon' cable. With a practiced approach, he landed square in the middle of the table.

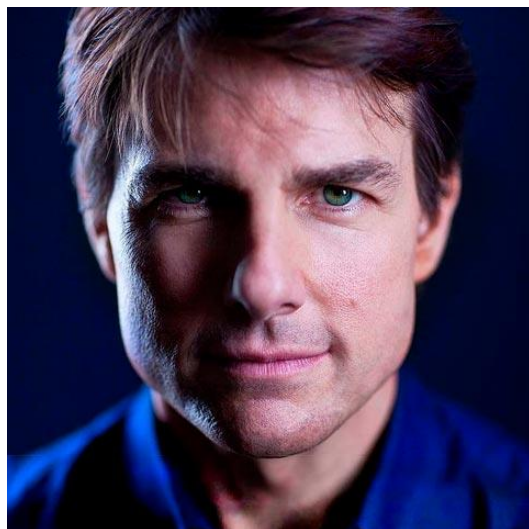
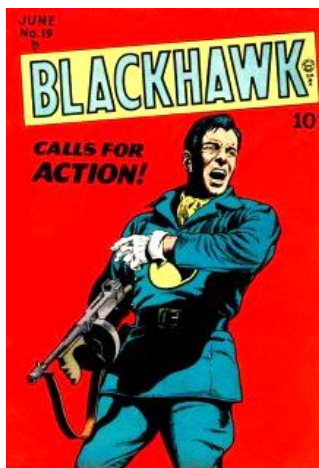
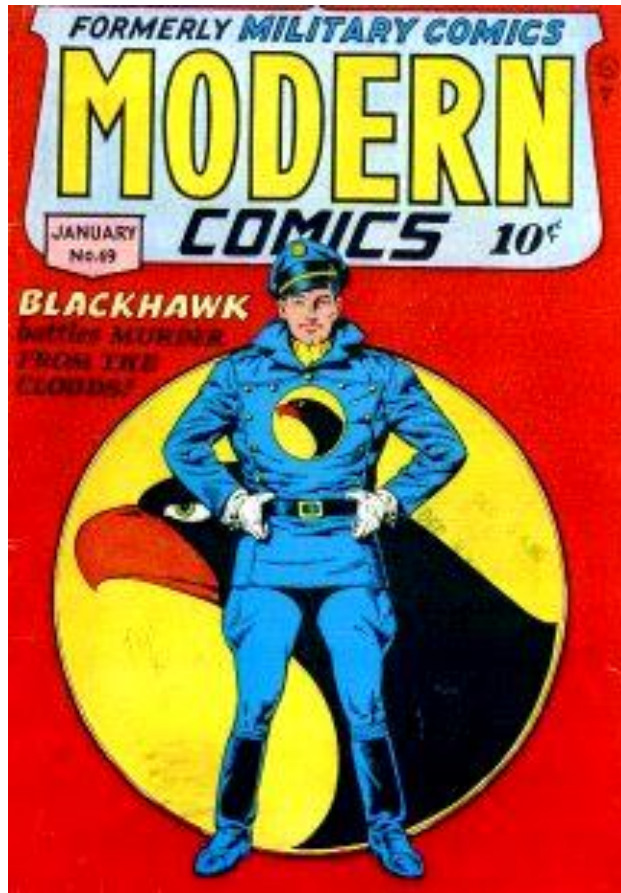


*'Who dares...?
No! It cannot be!'*



*'That uniform, that insignia!
By the Shinto gods, it's **Blackhawk**,*

"The Archangel of Vengeance"!



'At your service!'