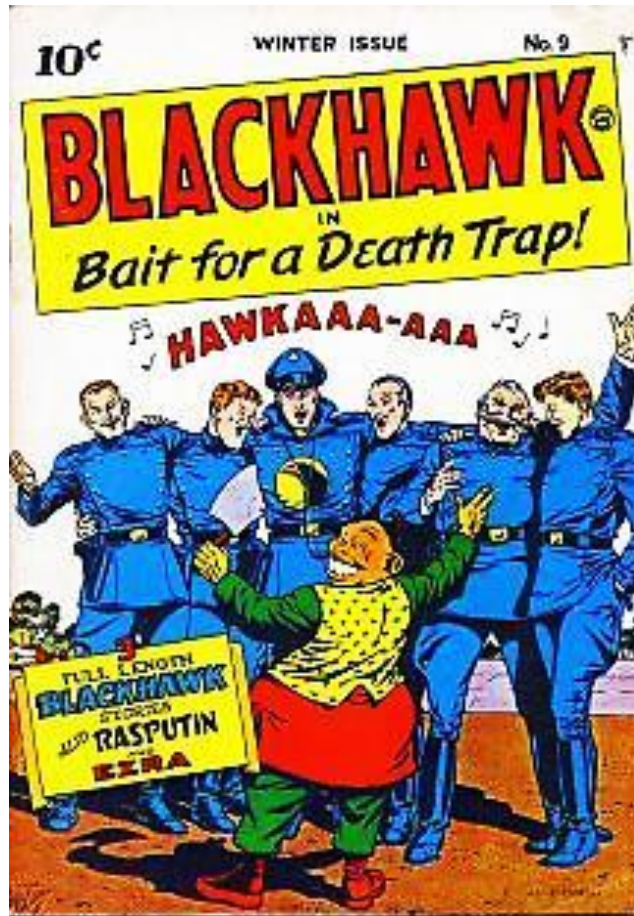


Kid Blackhawk7



Princess in Peril! (With the Whole World Watching)

by Kevin Ahearn



For 'Ned Scott Jr.'

'KID BLACKHAWK 7' is fiction.
 All references to actual persons, alive
 or dead, made for a good story.

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

PLUS AN ALL-STAR SUPPORTING CAST

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

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

Blackhawk is the property of DC Comics

• Cover: Taylor Swift by Mark Ashkenazi



The SONG OF THE Blackhawks

By RICHARD FRENCH

HAW-- KAH--- WE ARE THE BLACK HAWKS---

HAW-- KAH--- WE'RE ON THE WING OVER

LAND AND O-VER SEA WE WILL FIGHT TO MAKE MEN FREE AND TO

EV-RY NA-TION LIB-ER- TY WE'LL BRING-.....

HAW- KAH... FOL-LOW THE BLACK- HAWKS

HAW- KAH... SHAT-TER YOUR CHAINS SE- VEN

FEAR-LESS MEN ARE WE, GIVE US DEATH OR LIB-ER- TY, WE ARE THE

BLACK- HAWKS .. RE-MEM-BER OUR NAME _____

1



*"Where have all the good men gone
And where are all the Gods?
Where's the street-wise Hercules
To fight the rising odds?"*

*"Isn't there a white knight upon a fiery steed?
Late at night I toss and I turn
And I dream of what I need."*



August 9, 2004

My Journal:

I never set out to be rich. Not a millionaire, a multi-millionaire or a billionaire!

Not about the money. From the very start, I never wanted to buy and possess and control a company and people. I strove to change the ordinary and the expected, establish new standards, improve work and play, make life better.

Beginning with my own.

I had role models; Mom & Dad called it 'The Blackhawk Influence!'



'The peak of excellence plus luck' - Blackhawk hadn't saved my life twice for me to waste it!

Inspired, and full of confidence, I worked hard at what I loved most--Learning: mechanics and technology, tinkering, 'pushing the envelope', connectivity - radio/remote control and aerodynamics, miniaturization and pneumatics.

Always experimenting, what I had to test the hardest was...myself!

My high school extra-education began every morning before classes and continued after them.

I read all the latest books and magazines, assembled machine parts, and in the Johnson family garage, I crafted my breakthrough inventions.

I also sharpened my body, running and lifting weights for years to become...

Kid  Blackhawk



For a few short, magical moments, I was the 'Young Angel of Vengeance', a part of history...and almost got the whole team killed!

But I succeeded in finding out that I wasn't a fighting, flying, all-around hero. I just didn't have that kind of fire.

Being a Blackhawk enflamed my creative spirit and welded it with discipline -- to push myself beyond my limits - to do my best in my own way to show the world who I am!

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

Real Time

CenterCityChronicle.com **BIG OIL PAYS BIG BUCKS**



WHOSE JETS WILL THE TEAM BUY?



Her Majesty's Royal jet came to **Blackhawk Island**. Then back home via Australia, India, and Malta, all members of the British 'Commonwealth of Nations'. When **Blackhawk** and **Lady Blackhawk** landed in London, the Royal limousine was waiting.

On to Buckingham Palace...



'Bart... There's something wrong?'

'Into what?'

Silence as the Queen spoke:



'I smell a rat! The kinghood, this grand ceremony, we're being led into...'



*I knew him when we were teenagers!
Blackhawk! “Fighter for Liberty”! “Champion of
 Freedom”...the “Archangel of Vengeance”!*

*‘Don’t tell the King, but I swooned every time
 I saw him, and read every fabulous story of his
 legendary heroics!’*

Bart stood tall in his WW II 'classic blues' with gold buttons. It had been too long since he had been feted, and it took him back to the beginning when he returned home to find his family slaughtered by the Nazis.



Not the medals or the honors or the fame, the 'Old Bird' thought of those far braver, but not lucky enough to be here.



‘I hereby dub thee knight.’

After polite applause.



'Prime Minister and invited guests. Please withdraw that I may speak privately with the 'Archangel of Vengeance' and his Lady.'

The three were quickly alone.

*'It's been such a long time, **Blackhawk**. And yet, I remember your astonishing exploits as if they were yesterday.'*



*'Here you earned your wings, **Blackhawk** in England and throughout Europe. Our old and cold war enemies are long beaten and gone, but we have fierce new ones, and again, the 'Angels of vengeance' have taken up the sword. When our free peoples look to the sky and behold your heroic formation, we shake our fists and cry out "Show me **Blackhawk**"!*

'And the aircraft of your future...



'The Eurofighter! A two-seater for you and your co-pilot, five single-seaters for your squadron.'



'Plus full armaments, spare parts and a flight simulator... all for six hundred million dollars. A much better deal than you'll get from the Americans!'





High in the Hollywood Hills...



The gigantic structure was christened **USHER TWO** after Ray Bradbury's robotic reimagining of Edgar Allen Poe's haunting masterpiece.

No ghosts or demons, no vampires or zombies lived here, just one very rich, very old man contemplating his final farewell.



Born nearly a century ago, John Zacherley had invigorated *our* universe and pity the lovers of fantasy, science fiction and horror who never heard of him.

'Zach' cut his teeth in the 'Golden Age' of movies, comic books and pulp novels. An agent, a producer, a performer, but most of all, he was a visionary who ceaselessly championed the art and culture of make-up and 'special effects'.

What he learned from the masters, he mentored, with his own quirky touch, the young up-and-comers, and off they went imagining.



He pioneered the use of miniatures and stop-action photography before animatronics with an 'imagineer' became his obsession.



Zach started his own FX company and their creations grew with every breakthrough success.

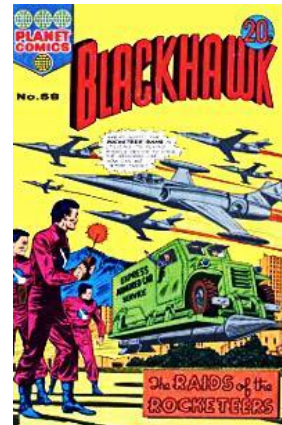


His productions grossed billions around the world, yet Zach chose the shadows over the limelight, prospering in anonymity. All was going so well.

'Technology giveth and technology taketh away.' Computer generated images (CGI) slew the expensive robotic beasts. Monsters and heroes gave way to mindless avatars attacking lifeless targets.



'There is no end to the evolution of storytelling'. But the future would be without John Zacherley. Hollywood had long given up on his intelligence, his experience, and his imagination. No one would dare trust the old man to put on a show. He was just about to give up and gently fade away when...



"There's hope for us all!" he exclaimed. "But I won't be coming back! Oh, no, I'll be *going out...BIG!*"

Zach set out with new found purpose, rehiring dozens of his former FX experts to 'update his toys' as if preparing to open **USHER TWO** as a museum.

A tabloid 'cover story' for his farewell extravaganza, aimed at the whole universe - *John Zacherley's LAST GUFFAW!*

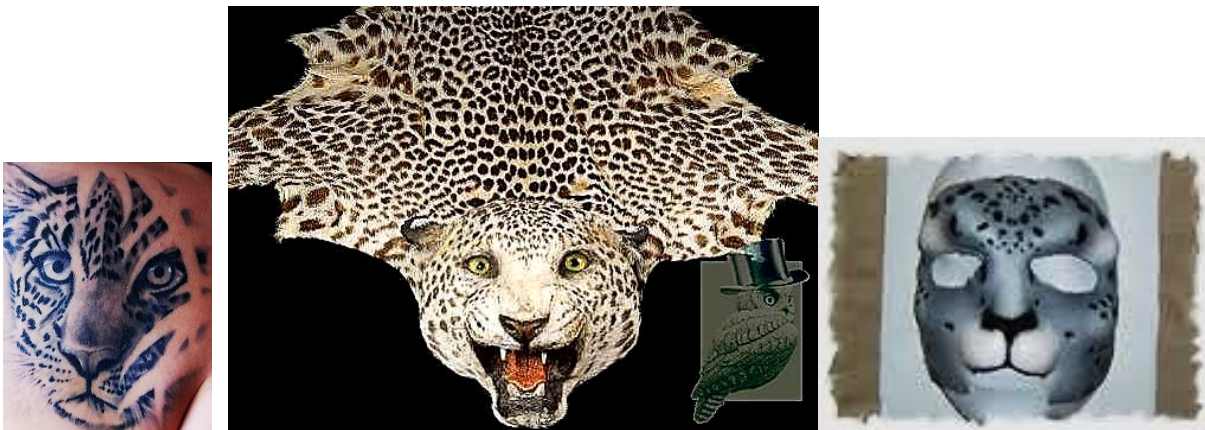


Preproduction complete, all was operational. The time had come to 'lock up' the world's Number One Superstar!



Choden (his Tibetan name meant 'devout and religious') was tirelessly striving to steal enough money to get the hell out of this frozen wasteland!

He'd been working a gimmick. Choden had a snow leopard tattoo, a snow leopard pelt and wore a snow leopard mask even though he had never seen one alive.



Secretive, elusive, cunning and in the high Himalayas, Number One on the 'endangered species' list, Choden played the cat for all it was worth.

His band was a dozen Taliban and Al-Qaeda deserters who bolted from the jihad when they ran out of helpless victims



Impatient, arrogant, undisciplined, and as desperate as he was, greed kept them following the Snow Leopard.
And it was about to pay off.



The holy men had been waiting not for the coming of God, but more like the Devil himself.

Nearly an hour ago, the sun had set, turning the snow gunmetal gray.



'Stay alert, eyes everywhere! We have a prize to exchange!'

Somebody's daughter, maybe six, her whimpering mixing with the wind.

With a wave of his arm, Choden halted his men. A second wave had them standing ready, their weapons leveled.

A giant of a man for these parts, Choden would be a small point guard in the NBA. He grabbed the child and his AK-47, and confronted the Buddhist monks.



*'I am as much a zealot as you are.
I return the people you treasure for the wealth
I worship. A sacred, blessed life.'*

With total immunity. Since the Chinese Communists took over Tibet a generation ago, religion hadn't had a prayer.



*'All that we have of moneyed value is here. We treasure
our peaceful way of life more than anything. If you take these
possessions, you must also take yourself away from here forever.'*





*'You're telling me what to do?
I only allow you spineless
sheep to remain alive to gather
more loot to save your cowardly flock.
Can't you make God pay any better?'*

*'Profit? I won't get ten liters of petrol
for this rubbish! Where's the gold?'*

Not enough!'

The Leopard cocked his machinegun...



*'Our beliefs have never been for sale!
We do not look upon ourselves
as profiteers and never will!'*

*'We have no gold!
Please, we've given you...'*



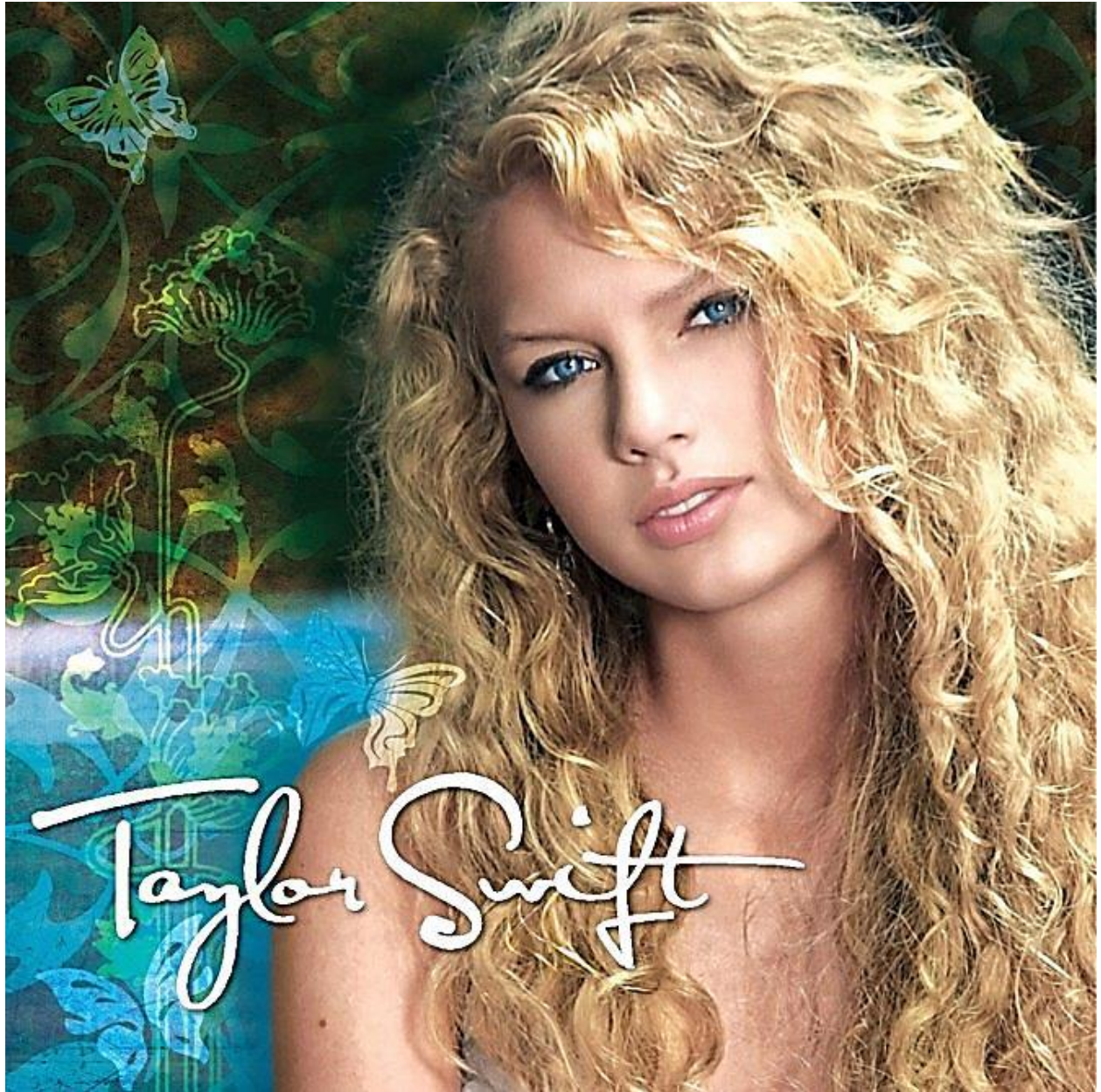
Whack! a snowball slammed into his face.



*'Who attacks the Leopard...with snow?
This insult will cost lives!'*



'HAWKA-A-A-A!'



2



*'Give me some men who are stouthearted men,
Who will fight for the right they adore!
Shoulder to shoulder
And bolder and bolder
They grow as they go to the fore
Then there's nothing in the world
Can halt or mar a plan
When, stout-hearted men,
Can stick together man to man.'*



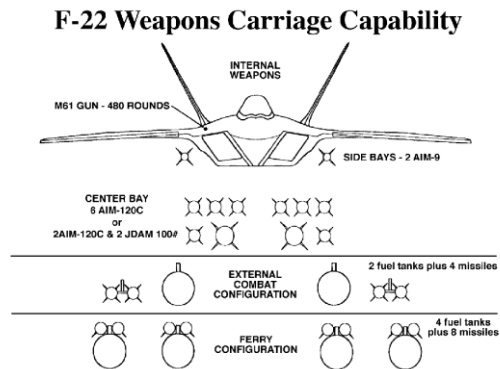
January 9, 2005

My Journal:

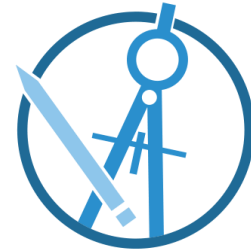
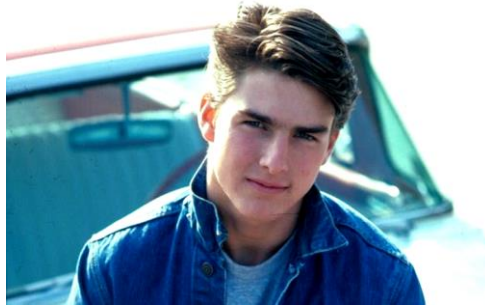
'The peak of excellence, plus luck' and I've got both!

Junior's ⚙️ Company grew to become Junior's ⚙️ Corporation!

Give my son JJ2 the credit. His tech team beat out the high-flying aerospace industry going away. The big jump came when we won the combat/stealth systems contracts for the F-22, the US Air Force's 'fifth generation' air supremacy fighter!



After two years in college and at the top of his class, my grandson suddenly dropped out.



'I can learn more in our company's Research & Development. That's the real classroom!'

Twenty years old and preparing for an international life. He got his pilot's license and he's flying the company plane!



And what did my grandson think of the F-22?



"More than four hundred million apiece!" said the kid. "Four hundred million dollars! A comic book price. Nobody can afford to fly it."



"Yet another new generation," I told him. "God bless the American taxpayer."

'Junior' Johnson

Real Time

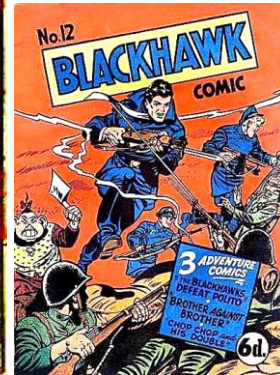


The F-16 *Fighting Falcon* is the most successful fighter program in the Western World, with over 6,000 produced. Not one had ever been shot down in a dogfight.

The finest combat pilots in the US Air Force flew the *Fighting Falcon*.



This was a *pilots only* meeting. The six around the briefing table understood that their renown reputation, and the very symbol of 'America's Ambassadors in Blue' faced a threat against which they had no defense.



'We know that **Blackhawk** and **Lady Blackhawk** met privately with the Queen, but not a word of what was said.'

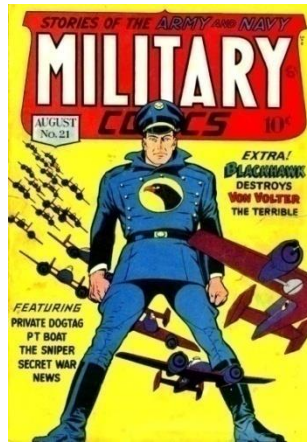
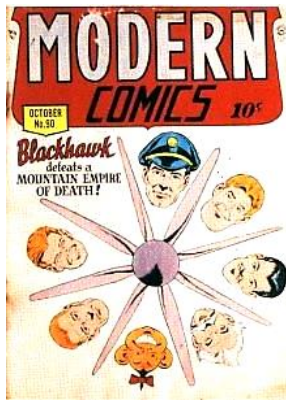
"The European Defense Industry is that desperate, using the queen, the bloody Queen to sell their *Eurofighter* to the "Archangel of Vengeance"!"



'Not a chance! The **Blackhawks** have been flying American planes since Nineteen Forty-One. For them to break ranks...like Michael Jordan suddenly rockin' Adidas. Not gonna happen!'

'But we all wish they had! Because if they choose the F-16 as their new aircraft, They'll get the latest and greatest Falcons right off the factory floor.'

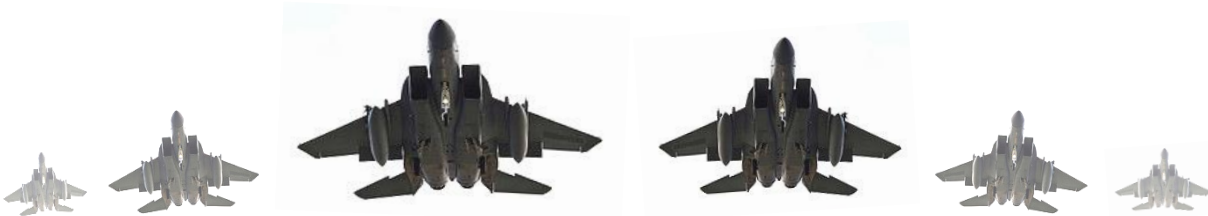
'Then they'll take them back to their island, soup'em with "Angel Technology" and make us look like a gaggle of cropdusters!'



The Blackhawks are invincible as a unit!



'The greatest threat to aviation apathy ever known!'



*'The day we dread may be inevitable. We'll fly a great show, and our loyal fans will tell us over and over...
"You're good, you're real good, but you're not the 'Angels of Vengeance"!'*



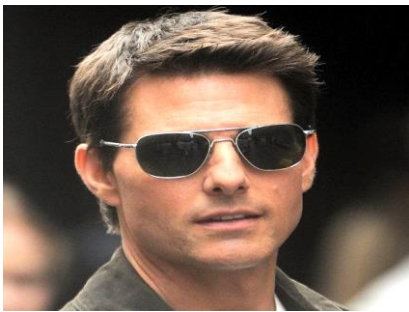
Because of the crisis in the Persian Gulf, the **Blackhawks** were a week late getting to Tibet.



'LZ confirmed. Gentlemen, fasten your seatbelts.'



'I've been buckled up ever since we crossed into Chinese air space, but not a blip on the radar.'



'The Chinese know better. They won't even acknowledge our "mission of mercy" exists.'



'Don't go warming up your snow-mobiles just yet. This could be a bumpy landing.'

The Snow Leopard had seen the plane and assumed...

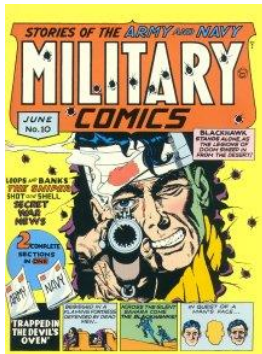


A Y-20 *Kunpeng*, a Chinese transport named for a huge mythical monster.

Which gave him three options: Run away, attack and seize the aircraft and crew, accomplish the mission at hand and move on.

The Snow Leopard running away was unthinkable. This motley band could barely take candy from a baby, and he couldn't have the Red Army after him. Let's just get this 'hostage exchange' over with and get out of here!

Then the snowball hit him square in his mask.

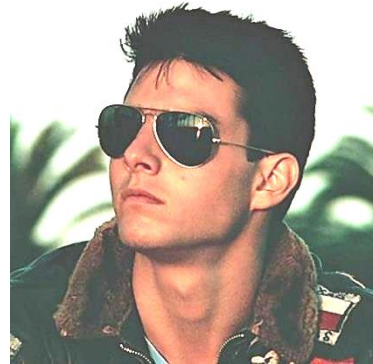


'Who? No, it can't be!'

Seven roaring snowmobiles surged out of the night, each crashed hard into a stunned bandit. Bursts of machinegun fire sprayed futilely.

Darius took out two and was about to drop a third, but Camilo beat him to it. Ahmed, Wong, Kin-Yon and Jacob, fists and feet flying, made short work of the ill-prepared group sending showers about in twinkling flakes like stars in the night..

But the Snow Leopard was not going down easily.



“Archangel of Vengeance! Surely you’ve got more important things to do!”

*‘Got a call from home!
We don’t like kidnapers and pedophiles!’*

*‘This rabble you can have.
I’ll recruit a new bunch fast enough!’*

Choden jumped on his snowmobile and zoomed away before **Blackhawk** could grab him. Another bandit had the same idea.



'I'll drive, thank you.'

Down the side of the mountain, the chase was on, **Blackhawk** closing---fifty yards forty, thirty, twenty...

...

Swirling wind coupled with a new moon would have made following anyone impossible, but the desperate Leopard kept his headlight on.

And his machinegun loaded.



'It can't be! There's no sense in it!'

Ratatatatat! He fired a quick burst into the dark wind

*'That's the last time you'll try to kill anyone!
You're going to be on ice for the rest of your life!'*

Two men, one vehicle, its headlight revealing the edge of a cliff...



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“How wise is the God of those holy fools! I, the Snow Leopard, will be the immortal who took the 'Archangel of Vengeance' to his doom!”



Blackhawk grabbed him around the neck.

*‘I’m not going with you.
You’re coming with me!’*

With a daring lunge, **Blackhawk** yanked the Leopard off the careening snowmobile a split second before the machine roared over the cliff.



And the Snow Leopard followed? **Blackhawk** got him!



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'Why? I steal an illiterate peasant girl and the "Angels of Vengeance" come all this way to rescue her...Nobody else would. Why?'



'Because nobody else would!'

Not much later, back at the temple. The bandits had been tied up and isolated. The Chinese Army would be alerted.



"Archangel of Vengeance", we thank you for bringing us life without death. To have denied anyone else his humanity would have diminished our own."

"Karmic timing". Your 'lateness' was quite punctual.'

'The Communists are not fools. You have eliminated what they would maintain never existed. To challenge the 'Angels of Vengeance' might make them "lose face"!'



We were supposed to deliver humanitarian aid last week , but an unexpected crisis...'

'The Chinese government may not agree.'

'No cameras, no coverage, no comment. Only we will know that we were ever here.'

After the C-17 was unloaded...



'Over land, over sea, we fight for liberty.'



The **Sign of Four** were *not* kidnapers, but *procurers*: for a fee, they would 'seek and obtain' almost anyone (No presidents, premiers or prime ministers. Not the Pope, and please, no porn stars!), deliver the 'target' to the client, and then disappear.

After this caper, they'd have to be gone forever.



1

*'Zacherley's **USHER TWO** is no house, it's a fortress! Fully automated, with a digital defense system that'd hold off an army.'*

2

'My kind of client. We make the grab, then he takes over the party!'

The Four came from different continents. Their specialized van had fewer miles than they did. The Four had 'procured' for drug lords, tinhorn dictators and irate husbands and wives. This time around, they'd be 'going Hollywood'.

3

'We go in clean. He'll have us scanned down to our shoelaces.'

4

'Money won't be enough. We pull this off, I want an "Oscar"!'

The gate slid open. The client was waiting.



'Welcome. My compliments on your make-up. I will not be committing a crime, but putting on a show. And I need no less than a royal star.'



*'There is a magical bloodline, one might say.
Every generation is blessed with an American Princess,
the most innocent, most influential Girl of Her Time...
the ultimate 'damsel in distress'!*



'I want you to bring me her!'



RED
TAYLOR SWIFT

3



*"Did you ever know that you're my hero
And everything I would like to be?
I can fly higher than an eagle
For you are the wind beneath my wings."*



March 4, 2006

My Journal:

How old I'm getting! My grandson is 21! What a life JJ III is having--running R&D, flying his jet all over the world, has been with a number of beautiful young women, but still he's looking for his path in life.

We talk a lot when he's in Center City. The conversation always comes around to...

"Grandpa, you've told me so much about the Blackhawks," he said one night after a wonderful dinner. "From a Legendary team freedom fighters admired and feared around the world, then international crimefighters to costumed 'superheroes'...to a bunch of burnt-out mercenaries..."

"What the hell happened to the 'Angels of Vengeance'?"



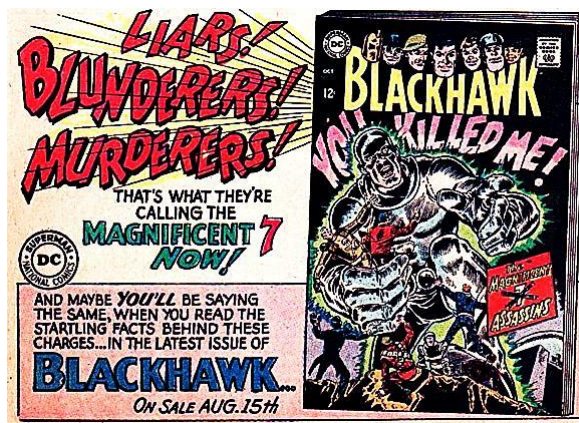
"What happens to every last one of us," I said, as I was living proof. "They got old. But what beat the Blackhawks wasn't age, but time, which always kept moving ahead of them."

"The second greatest team of my life had a similar story..."



"The 'Bronx Bombers' dominated baseball into the 1960s and then, they all got old together and sadly, sank to the basement. And it would be years and years until the Yanks got new great players and again win the World Series.

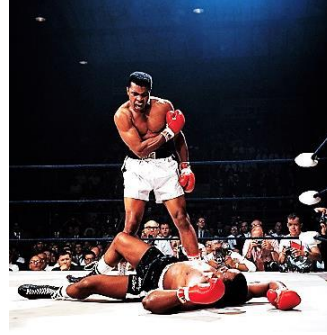
"For the Blackhawks, retiring old teammates and breaking in younger ones was never even considered.



"Over thirty-six years, they changed their uniforms, their jets, their headquarters, even took on different identities to catch up, but the 'Angels of vengeance' refused to change themselves."

"In the end," asked my grandson. "Did you lose respect for them?"

"No, I couldn't," I said. "They had given me, they'd given the Free World so much. Let's remember the immortal moments of heroes rather than...Father Time remaining undefeated."

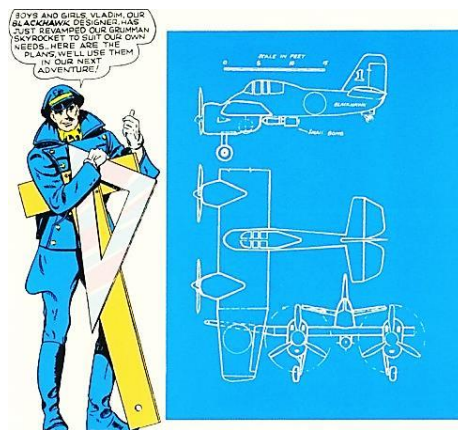


"HAWKA-A-A-A!"
'Junior' Johnson

Real Time



A team-only meeting with **Blackhawk** and **Lady Blackhawk**...



'Gentlemen, submitted for your approval...'



'The US is building more than two thousand of them and selling more to their allies. It's the plane of the New Millennium.'

'How quickly can we learn how to fly it? We could be on the ground for a year or more.'



'A vital point! But there's something more you can't put a price on. Does the aircraft intimidate? Does it look so mean and hungry that no one would dare challenge us?'

There came a pregnant pause.



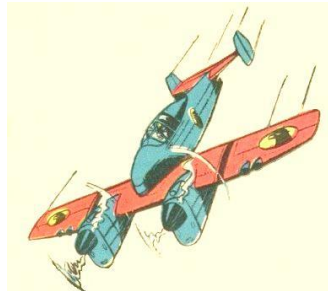
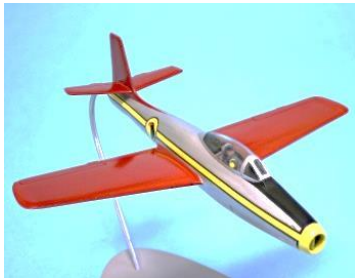
'All right! Out with it!'



'Who me?'



"Old Bird", you are **Blackhawk**! Your fighting spirit founded the 'Angels of Vengeance'. I have only one question and only you can answer it.'



'Does the F-35 show you **Blackhawk**?'



'Nikki' - 'The most feared, despised, and uncompromising journalist in Hollywood' (NY Times) because she worked harder, longer, tougher and smarter from tabloid reporter to major power broker.

Her latest coup:



'Nikki, it's only a half hour drive to meet the Princess. You had to rent a helicopter?'



Web and radio hacks take limos. Little screen gofers take limos! BIG TV People...helicopters! You think for a minute I'd let America's Princess catch me stepping out of a car?'



Nikki and her cameraman hustled aboard, but as the limo drove away...



'Well, are we going to sit here all day or maybe go someplace?'

1

'We are. You're not.'



'What the f---?'

3 worked her magic.

2

*'Tie'em and gag them.
Dump'em next to the helo crew.'*



'How do I look?'

4

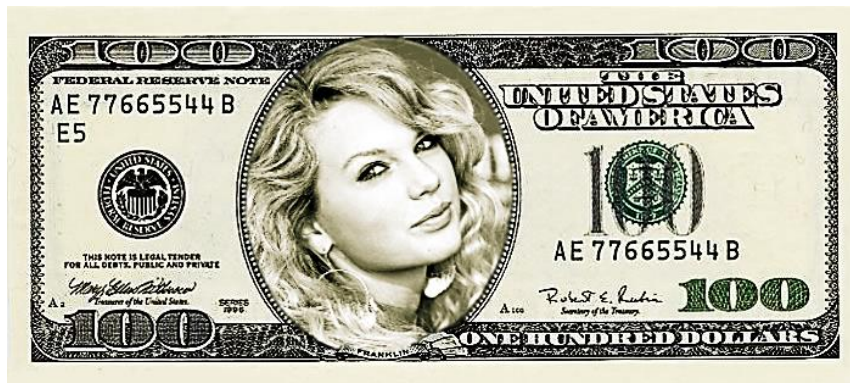
'Like Bette Midler.'



At poolside of her luxurious rented villa, the Princess relaxed. She didn't have a worry in the world. Her latest album topped three charts, her website had millions of followers, and her clothing and perfume lines were booming.



A star while still in high school, she figured she had made more money than six family generations put together. So much that anything and everything was free, except her; she was going to be a billionaire before she turned thirty.



To think what she could do! Around the world millions of children were starving and...



'Princess, the network helicopter.'

A perfect landing. "Nikki" came out looking like a movie star. Then she pulled a gun.



'Only one question, Princess. Wanna grow up?'

Then the sleeping gas.

2

'Target acquired.'

1

'The zone will be down for a half hour.'



'No, you can't! The whole world will come after you.'



'Not us. You!'

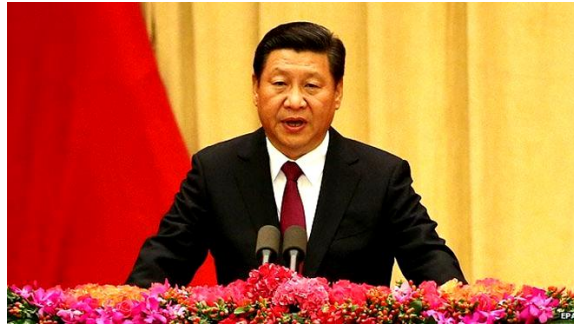


'You're the "bait"!'



Ruling over 1.357 billion people, the President of China is the most powerful man in the world. (China has more *NBA fans* than the US has Americans.)

He was not a **Blackhawk** fan.

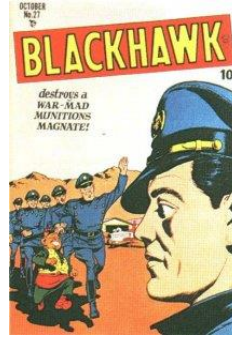
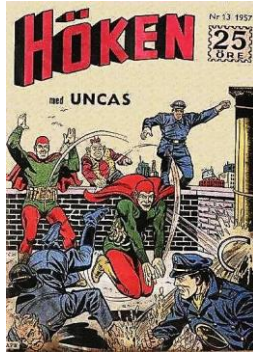
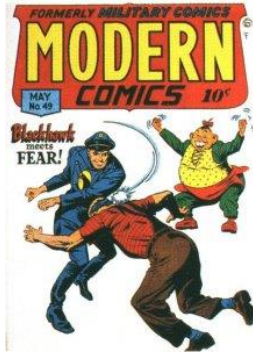


*'Colonel Ziang, commander of the Pajin **Dragons**, you allowed the **Blackhawks**, an historic enemy of Communism, to cross unchallenged into Chinese air space!*

'How could this have happened?'

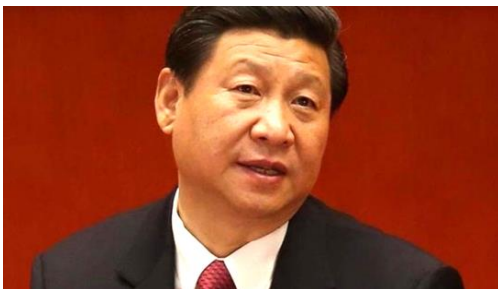


*'The **Blackhawks** were flying disaster relief supplies to Tibet, still recovering from an earthquake. Would you have the Janin **Dragons** shoot down an unarmed transport on a "mission of mercy"?'*



'The Blackhawks are invincible as a unit!'

'The greatest threat to Chinese cliches ever known!'



'Your strategy, comrade?'

'Exercised patience and restraint, to play the long game. The "Angels of Vengeance" are infinitely more than a diverse team of idealistic fighter pilots--an international symbol of air sepremac, a once renown aerial dynasty determined once again to rule the skies!'

'Can they be stopped?'

*'They must be! While the **Blackhawks** are choosing their new fighter plane, we are upgrading the stealth and combat capabilities of our J-31 fighter.'*



*'When the "Angels of Vengeance" take to the air again, they will face the enhanced Janin **Dragons**! Not only will we destroy the **Blackhawks** and rule the skies...*

'China will dominate the trillion-dollar fighter plane market!'



The flight lasted less than five minutes. The Four landed in a Little League field where they had a second van waiting.

Then the ride to **USHER TWO**...



They brought in the Princess bound and gagged.



'Ah, the show will go on!'



The animatronic eyes of **USHER TWO** followed the Princess as she was taken to her 'royal apartment', a deluxe suite, but the frontal wall was barred like a jailcell.

2

'Deposit confirmed.'

1

"Thank you,"

4

'We're outa here!'



'Break a leg!'

And with that, they were in the wind. For months, the local police, FBI, and Interpol searched for their trail, but not even Holmes himself could have found a Sign of The Four.



'Do not be afraid of my creatures, Dear Princess. None will hurt you.'



She hadn't been tightly bound. Her hands and mouth were quickly free.



'Crazy old man! You'll never get away with this!'



'Never my intention, my dear! You're about to go 'streaming' before the whole world. Are you going to whine and moan, whimper and cry like a wannabe bimbo?'



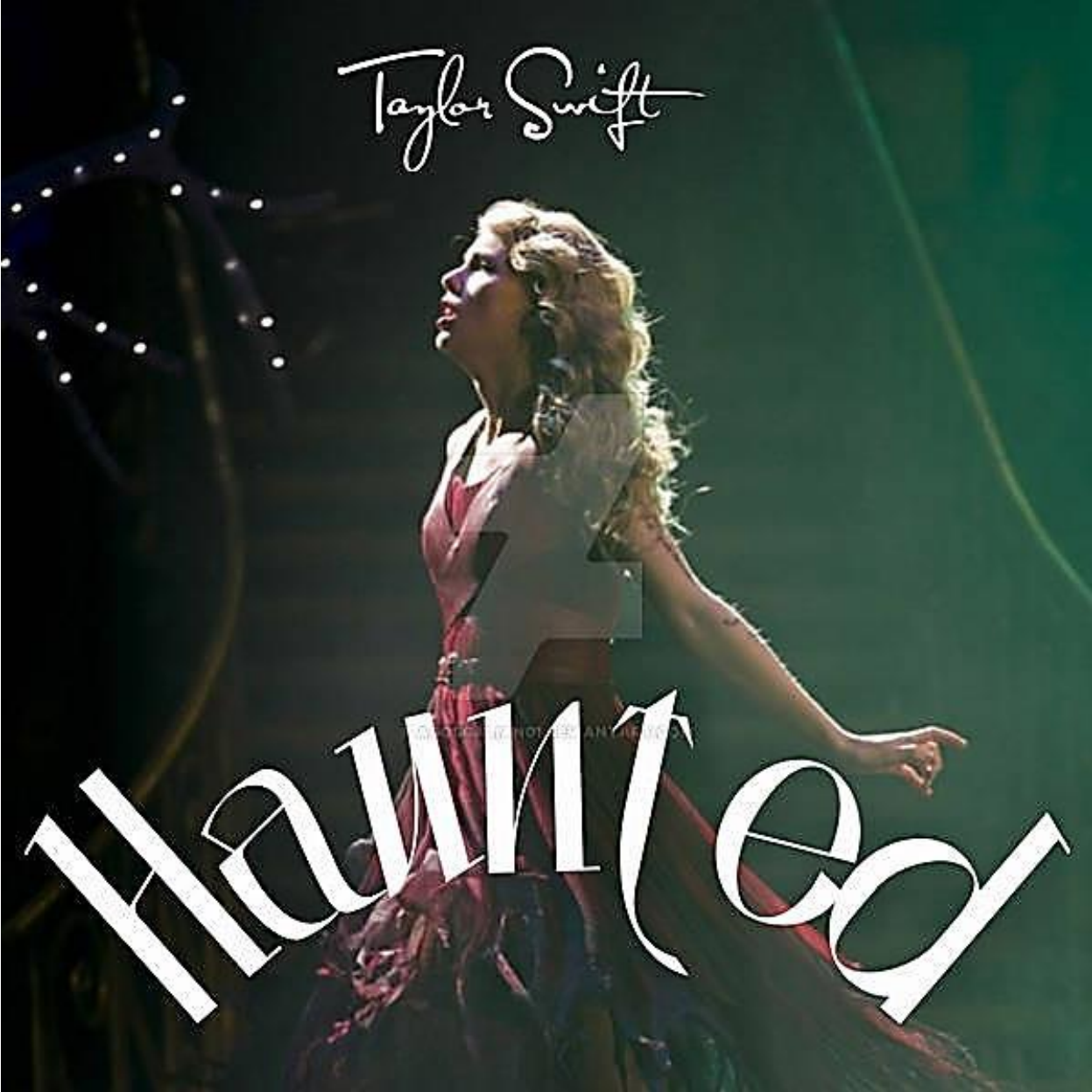
This lunatic had a point -- the Princess thought not of herself but of her fans, all the signings, the handmade t-shirts and banners and scrapbooks, the meet-and-greets and concerts; she'd never let them down and never would.



'If this's gonna be a show, how about I open with a song?'



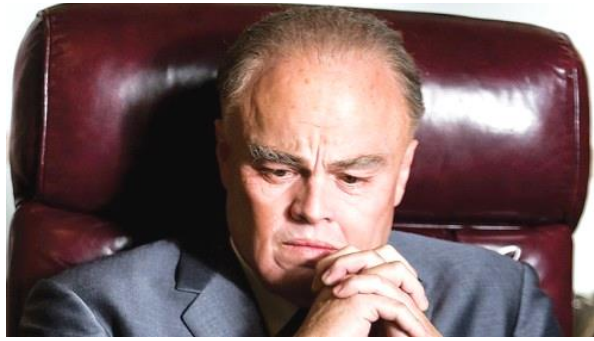
'How exciting, My Dear! Make it a classic!'



4



*'Help me if you can, I'm feelin' down.
And I do appreciate you bein' 'round.
Help me get my feet back on the ground.
Won't you please, please help me, help me,
Help me, Help meeeee-oooo!'*



January 21, 2008

My Journal:

The American Dream is under attack!



We've built an enormous defense and gone to war to protect National Security!



Barbaric Third World despots and merciless religious zealots! That level of heartlessness couldn't possibly exist in the United States. Or so we Loyal, Law-abiding, naive American idealists believed!



In the financial system we trusted. And the banks and hedge funds betrayed us! Like the corrupt Biblical moneychangers, they should be driven from the marketplace with a whip!

Will the American Government mete out justice?



Oh, if only the "Angels of Vengeance" were still in business!

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

Real Time



The news hit **Blackhawk Island** like a thunderbolt!



*'The Princess has been kidnapped!
Everybody's lookin' and nobody's
got anything!'*



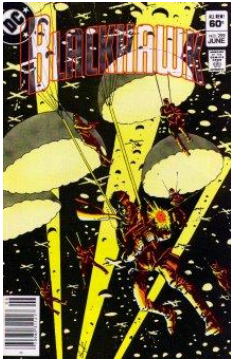
*'We've hacked into LAPD, the State Police
and the FBI. The **Kid Blackhawks** will find
her!'*



*'You've got this all figured out,
haven't you? What's next?'*



*'While we run the search, you load the
helicopter on the transport. By the
time you get to Hollywood, we'll have
confirmed a target and laid out
the drop zone!'*

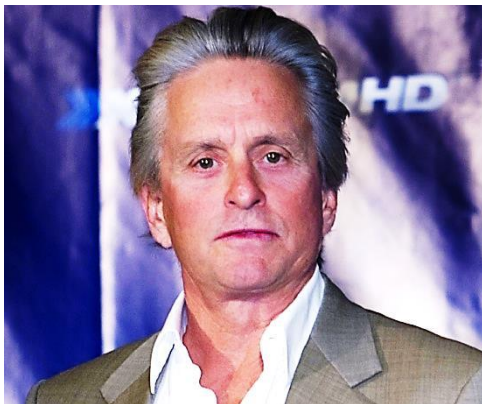


'Lock and load. Chute in, guns blazing!'



"Young Angels of Vengeance", we admire your resourcefulness, your strategic planning, but most of all, your team spirit, but there's one detail you missed.'

'What?'



'Political baggage! Since the 'Meth Tower' mission, the President of the United States has forbidden us from entering American air space.'

'So what! You flew deep into China without any permission to rescue a young Tibetan girl.'



'That was much different!'



'This...is the Princess, the most important girl in the whole world! Since when does the word of some president ever stopped the "Angels of Vengeance"?''



*'Yeah! Show us **Blackhawk!**'*



Based at Pensacola, Florida, the finest naval acrobatic group was first formed in 1946.



F6F-5 HELLCAT 'BLUE ANGELS'

The team first took to jets in 1956 and have flown the best fighters in the Navy's arsenal.



Over seventy years, the *Blues* have flown hundreds of thousands of miles, thrilling millions in scores of countries.

Suddenly they faced a game-changing challenge.

Sixteen officers made up the team, led by the 'Boss', a command pilot with 3,000 hours.



*'Boys, if the **Blackhawks** choose our F-18 as their new jet, we'll become a second-rate Hornet squadron.'*



'Of course, they'll pick our plane! It's the most versatile aircraft in the sky. They have to like the tailhooks, giving them access to every carrier in the fleet!'



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



'The greatest threat to bad piloting ever known!'



'Twin engines and maneuverability give the Hornet the edge in a dogfight!'



*"The **Blackhawks** have flown single-engines! This could be about economics. The F-22 is super-expensive and the F-35's close to a hundred mil per copy!'*



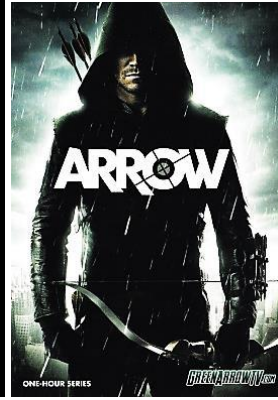
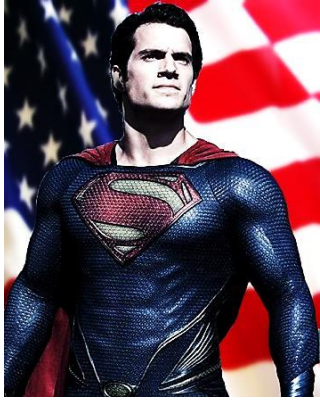
*'Back in the day, the **Blackhawks** got free replacements, courtesy of the US government! Now they've got to buy their own. Our F-18 is the last best choice!'*



'I can see it now. The audience watches us at an air show, wishing we were the "Angels of Vengeance"!'



In his palatial Hollywood office, the CEO of the World's greatest entertainment empire skimmed the latest returns on their comic book franchises-



--pure gold in the conglomerate's pocket. Millions had generated billions!

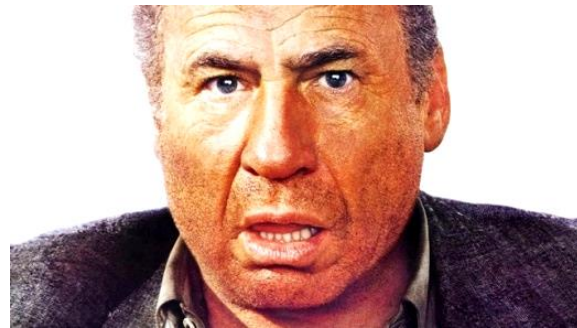
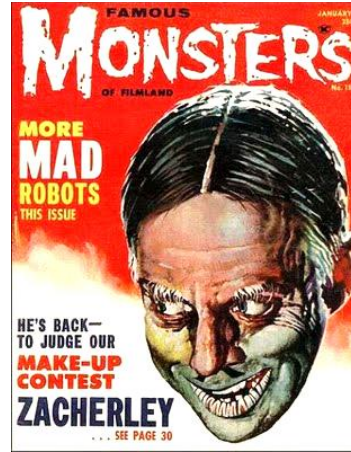
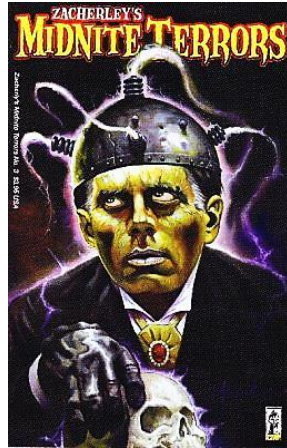


And waiting in the wings, in development for *decades*, a troupe of gestating characters ripening for a \$200M comeback blockbuster!



'Sir, John Zacherley insists on talking to you...personally! He won't stop calling.'

'John Zacherley? I thought he was dead. I'll give him thirty seconds.'



'I have the Princess!'

'What! You're mad. Then again, you always have been!'

'Do you want to play a part in saving her life?'

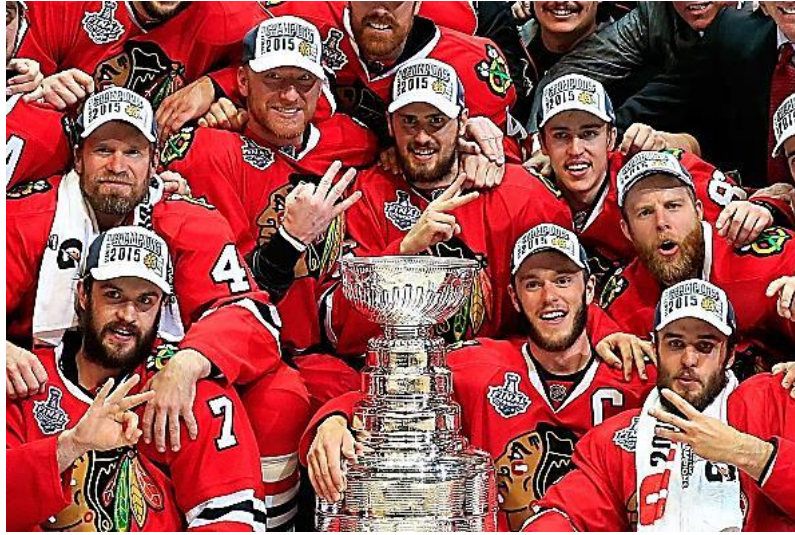
'What do you want? Money? Or are you making some "statement"?''

'You think you know what heroism is! You've 'branded' and 'costumed' courage and bravery without...reality!'

'So what? Nobody buys reality! We're stuck with it!'



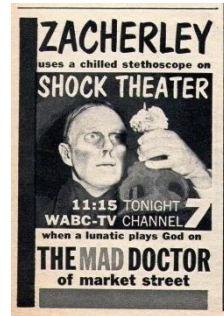
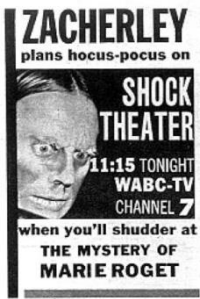
*'Stick this! What I want is a team of real men to enter **USHER TWO** and rescue the Princess! Champions, authentic heroes...the **Blackhawks!**'*



'Who?'



*'What is the method of your madness, old man?
What will you trade me for?'*



*'Preparations are going smoothly.
Your brave rescuers will soon be here!'*



*'The police? SWAT? The National
Guard? SEAL Team six?'*

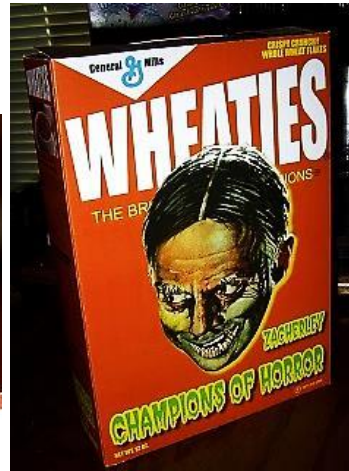
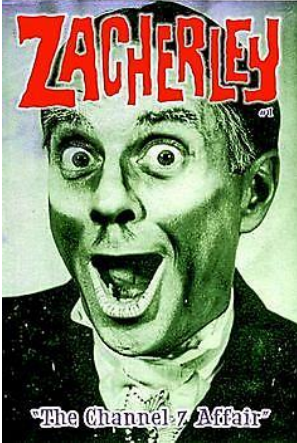
'No, no, My Dear. Not heroic enough!'

'Then who?'

'Blackhawk!'



'Are you kidding me?'



'The Princess is being held hostage! Law enforcement has completely surrounded the fenced in estate of John Zacherley!'



'Will they storm the place?'



'No! Crowd control--the Princess's fans, thousands of "Swifties" with more on the way!'



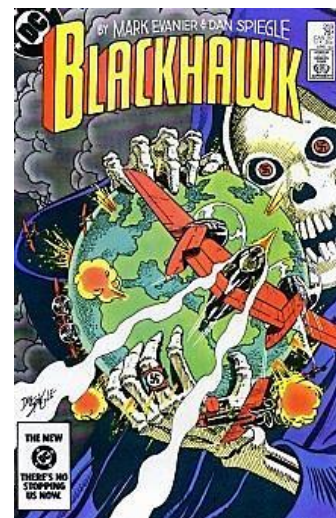
'This administration does not negotiate with terrorists!'



'John Zacherley is an ancient icon, probably suffering from dementia. What does he want?'



'The Blackhawks!'



The Blackhawks are invincible as a unit!



'The greatest threat to Hollywood phonies ever known!'



*'Mr. President, you barred the **Blackhawks** from American air space, but if you don't help save the Princess, your legacy is mud!'*



'Get me the 'Archangel of Vengeance'...now!'

CenterCityChronicle.com
COMING TO AMERICA!



'GOING HOLLYWOOD'?



T.S.

1989