

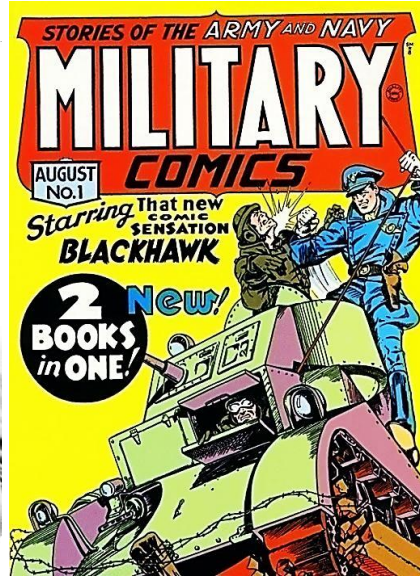
RONDOUT  COMICS

Kid Blackhawk0



Beginning Again...
For the Last Time!

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

Beginning Again...For the Last Time!

by Kevin Ahearn

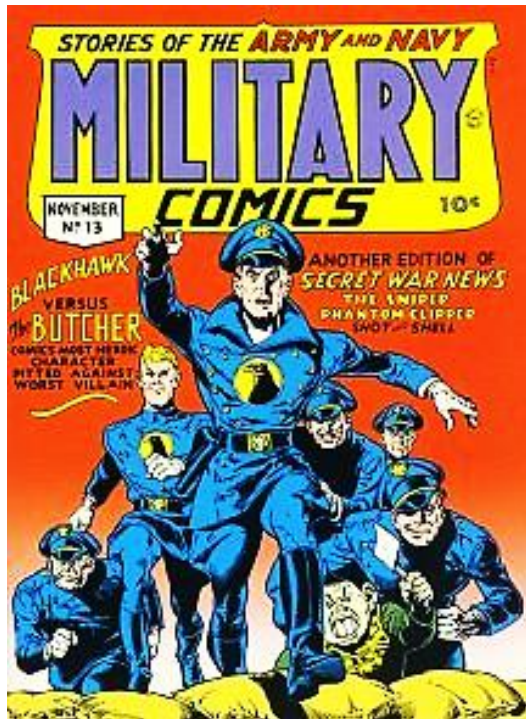
STARRING

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

PLUS AN ALL-STAR SUPPORTING CAST

Cover – **BLACKHAWK 1942**

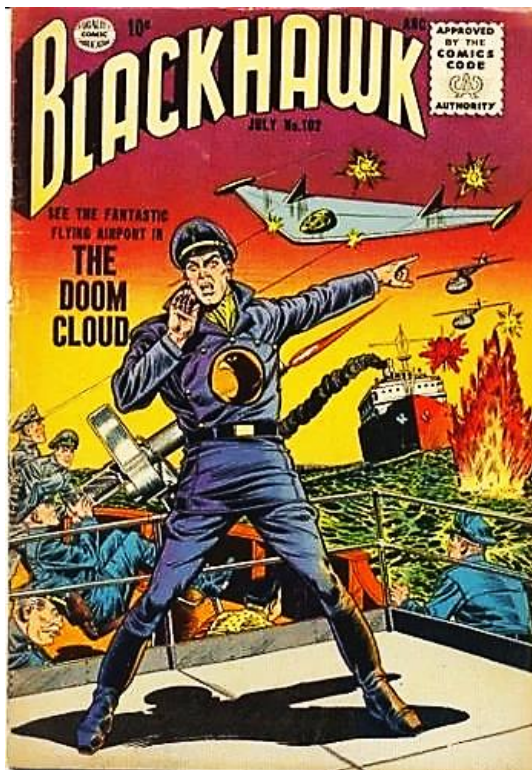
Blackhawk is a property of DC COMICS.



1942



1947



1956



1976





**GRUMMAN
F5F-1**

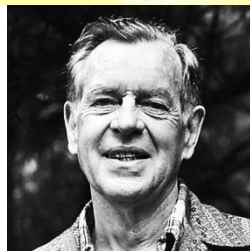
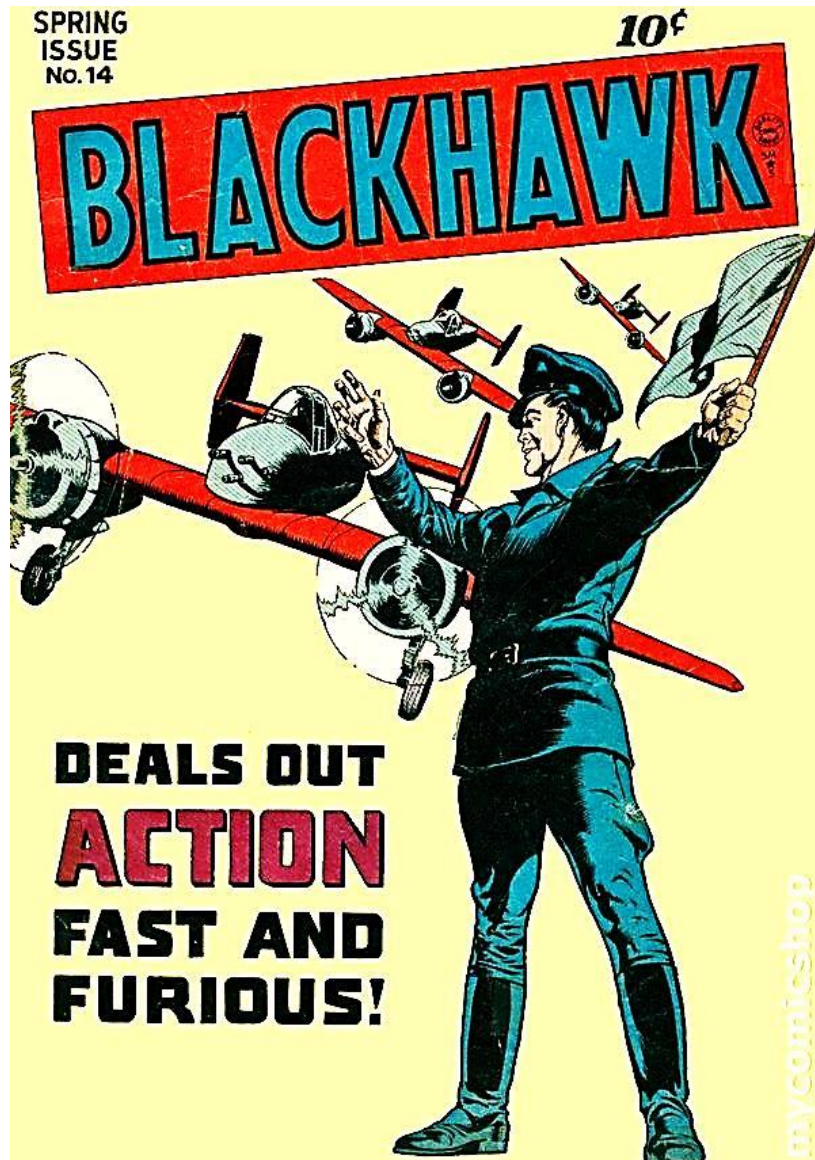
**MCDONNELL
DOUGLAS F-15**

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."

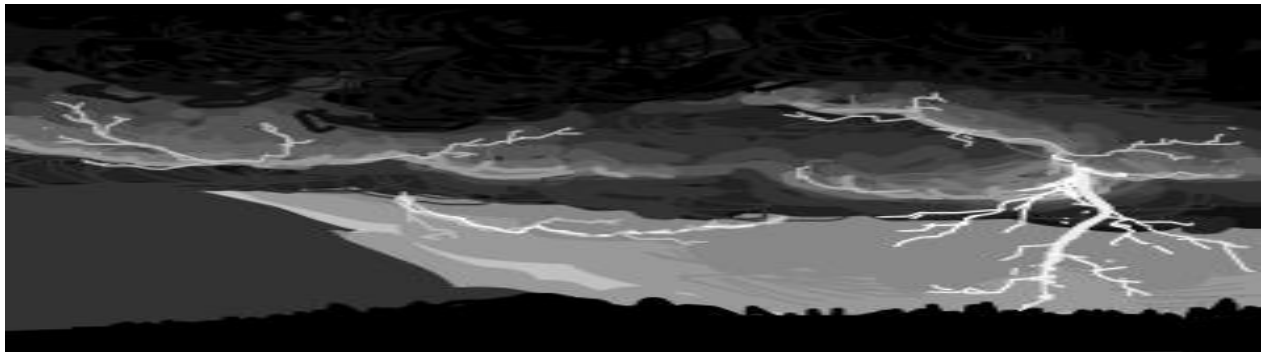


April 17, 1952

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.



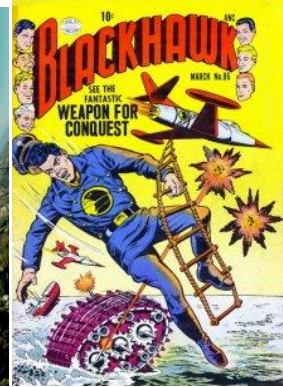
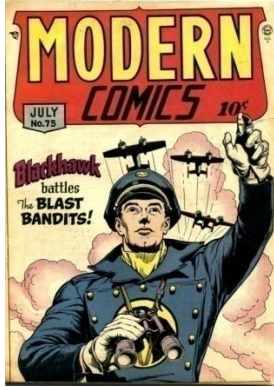
Clinging to the raft, twisting in the current. Tegwyn Falls less than a mile downstream coming fast. One hundred feet to the rocks. Got to do something, but I can't, nobody can. I'm never gonna be a teenager!

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?'*

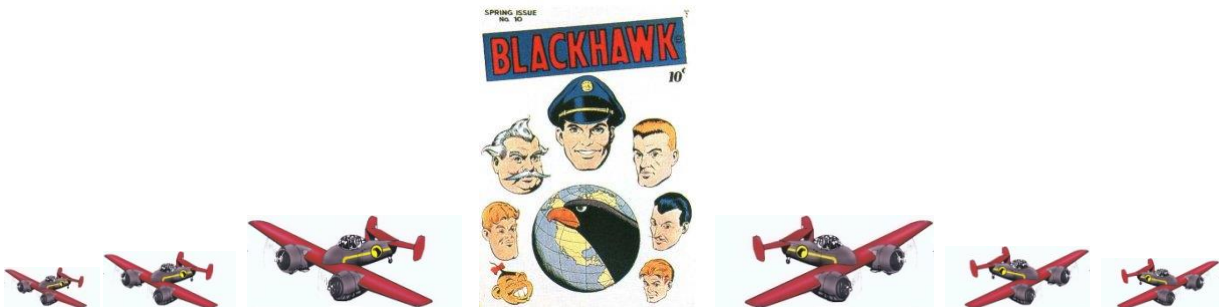
Two thousand, five hundred kilometers south of North Korea...



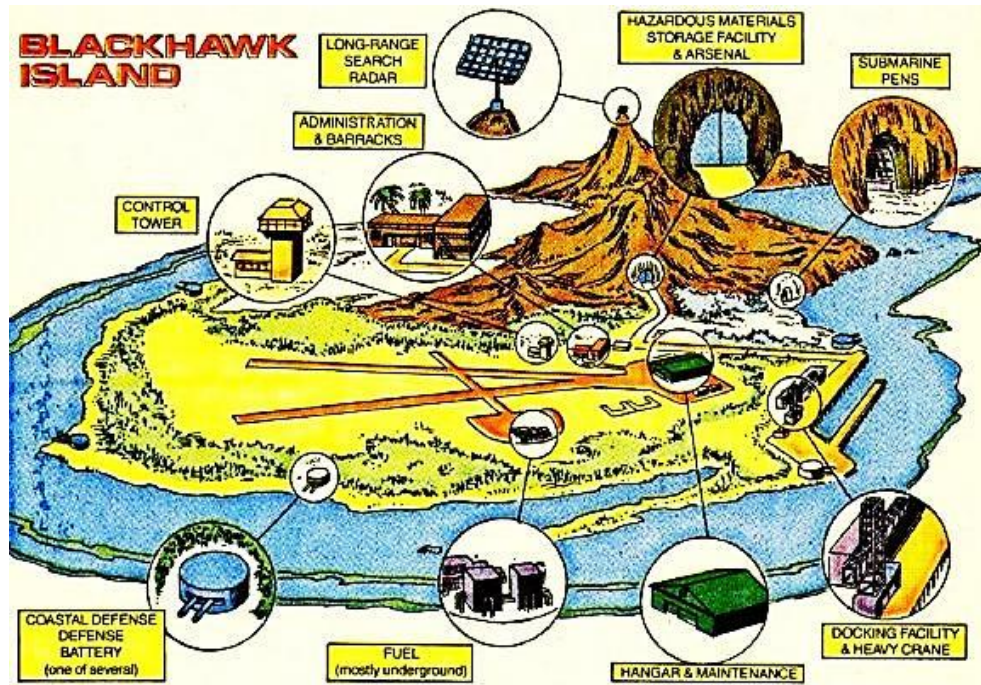
The idyllic island, well off the major shipping routes and of little strategic value, was first occupied by the Japanese after Pearl Harbor and a string of victories in 1942.



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



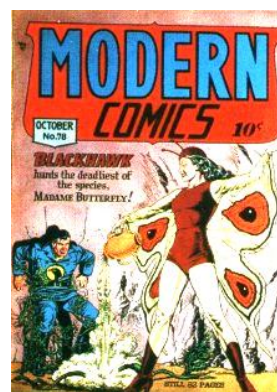
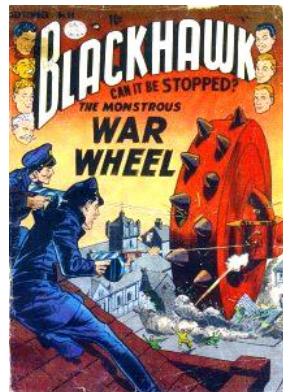
A team of seven men, each from a different country attacked by the Axis.



'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.

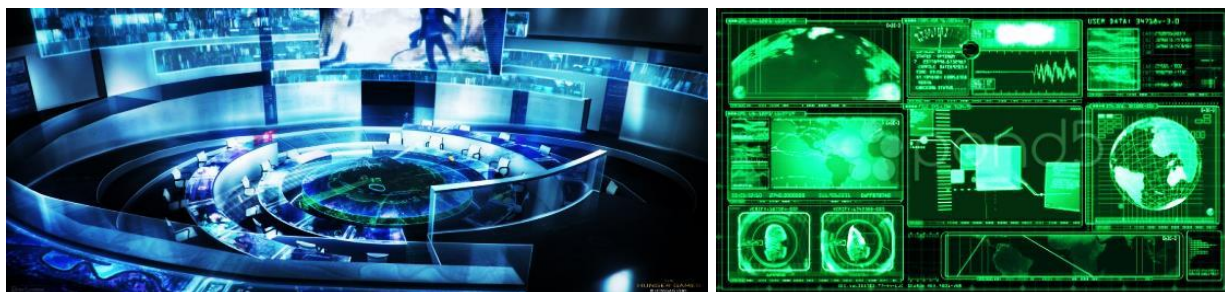
Three years ago, a massive renovation began.

For a theme park or a luxury hotel complex?



For right now!

Fifty feet underground in the island CommCenter...





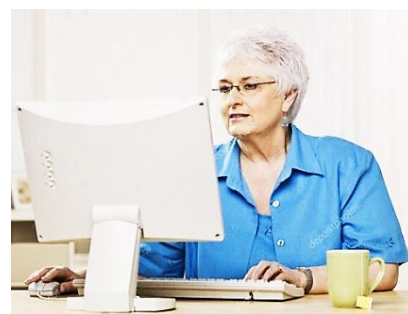
'Helo and escort over enemy air space at fifty feet, ten minutes from target. American sat tracking. North Korean Air Force, not yet mobilized. SAM sites covered.'



'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!



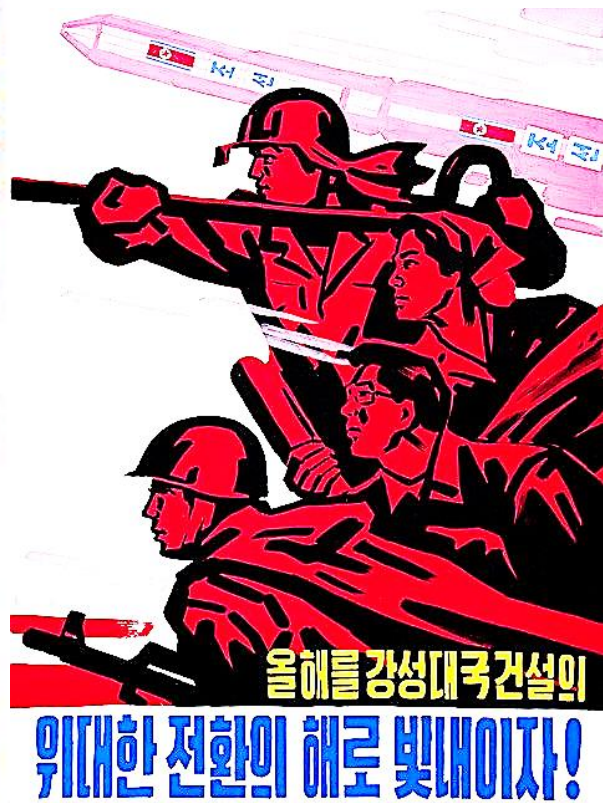
*'All right, ladies, hell is about to break loose!
Hold together. Be the team half the world will
admire and the other half fear, but all respect!
Here, now and forever...'*

'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!

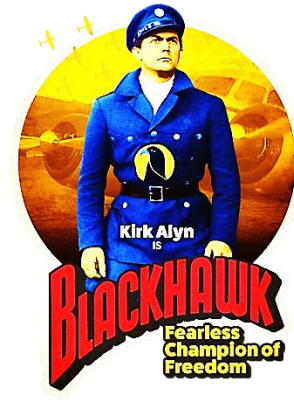
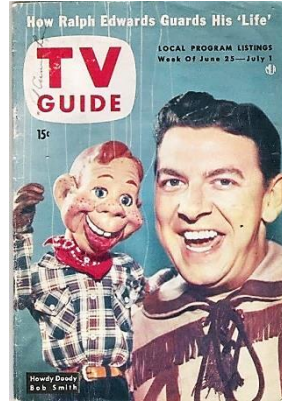
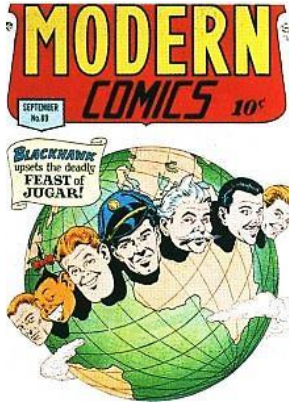
I had listened to 'Blackhawk Adventures' on the radio and they were pretty good. I could tell each team member by his accent, and could imagine them talking to me.

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!'



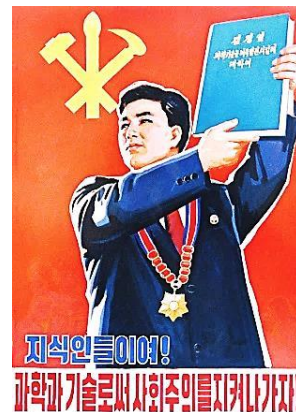
'The Blackhawks are invincible as a unit!'

'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!'*

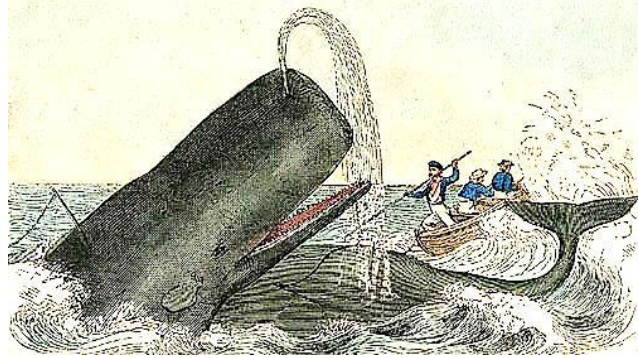
*'My people work very hard,
'Bureau 39' has built up such a surplus
that I had to 'furlough' the night shift.
Meth Tower is exclusively ours tonight.'*

Not quite...

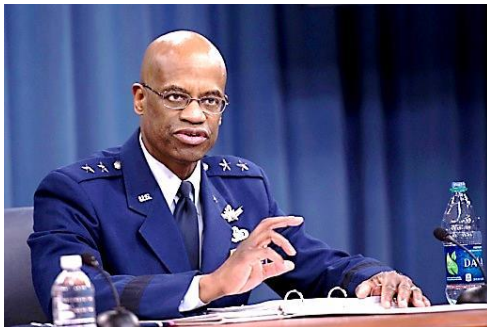


*'Thar she blows! The "Moby Dick"
of drug labs!'*

"Ordnance locked in?" asked the Commcenter.



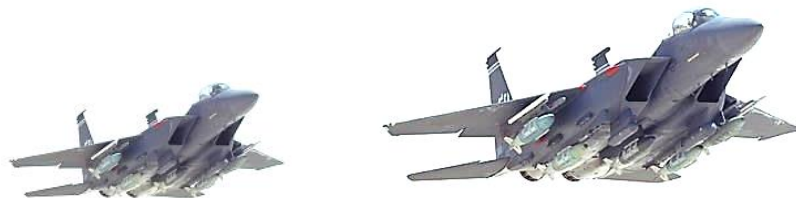
'Confirmed and counting down. The lights go down, out comes the 'harpoon!'



'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!*

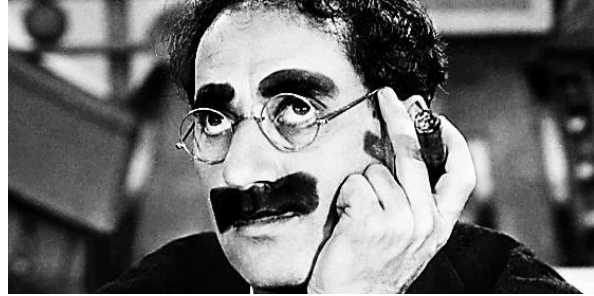
*"My Fame Plan - Name + Image + Catchphrase!
Capture the Market's 30-second attention span.
'Minimum risk up front, Maximum exploitation until the flash in the pan has been run into the ground and the stink sinks in. Then hold your nose, turn your back, and move on.'*

"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!



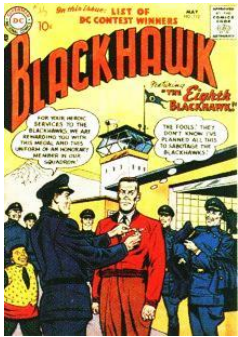
'Sir, Madam, Jeff Schmitt's the name! A great honor to meet you, and it's my privilege to make you both very happy.'



'I'm Bart.'

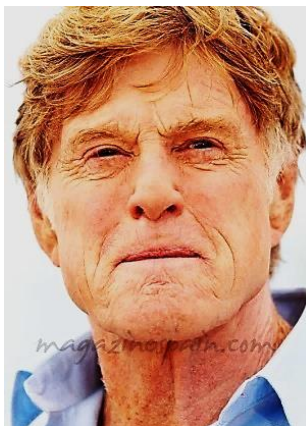


'And I'm Zinda, and we're already happy!'



'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.'

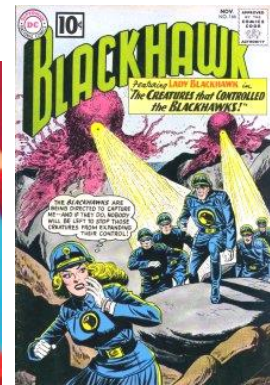
'T-shirts, a video game, an animated TV show plus a 'tribute' series!'



'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

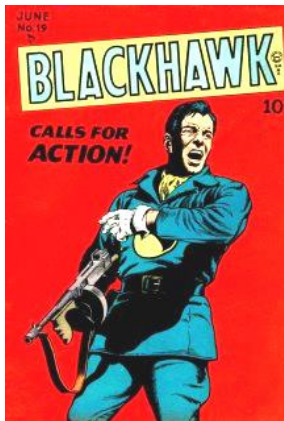


First ☯ Lady of Vengeance!



*'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!'*

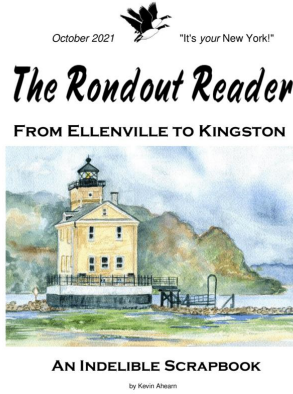
(TO BE CONTINUED)

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"To make you imagine."



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"To make you imagine."

