

The Justifiers #1 - "And Justice for All"

Written by Steven Bland

A large group of terrorists from the Muraad Dagaal (Fierce Fighters) burst into John F. Kennedy International Airport in Queens, New York, possessing superhuman strength and durability. The terrorists all had sun-weathered skin and wore tactical gear, like vests and cargo pants as well as balaclavas. Armed with AK-47s, RPGs, and homemade explosives, the terrorists targeted the baggage claim area.

"GET DOWN, AND STAY QUIET," one of the Muraad Dagaal ordered the terrified people, who fearfully obeyed them.

"WE ARE THE MURAAD DAGAAL," a second terrorist exclaimed..

The Port Authority of New York and New Jersey soon arrived, as did agents for the Transportation Security Administration.

"You're under arrest," one of the Port Authority agents told Siad. "Drop your weapons and surrender! *Now!*"

"Your threats mean nothing. We do not fear you," a third terrorist said defiantly.

"We will *never surrender* to foreign infidels," he added as he and the other terrorists advanced toward the agents of both the Port Authority and the Transportation Security Administration.

"TAKE THEM DOWN," exclaimed one of the agents for the Port Authority. All of the agents for both the Port Authority and the Transportation Security Administration fired their guns at the terrorists, who were immune to the ammunition.

Steven

Bland

The Justifiers #1 - "And Justice for All"

"Our bullets have no effect on them," one of the TSA agents said.

"But *we* can have an effect on your guns," a fourth Muraad Dagaal member said as he and his terrorist brothers each seized the guns from the agents and crushed them with their bare hands.

Nearby, and out of the way, a television news reporter and her crew were covering the attack.

"This is May Nielsen for KPIX news. A terrorist group calling themselves the Muraad Dagaal has burst into JFK International Airport, armed with dangerous weapons and targeting people in building's baggage claim," the news reporter said. "Agents from both the Port Authority and the Transportation Security Administration fired upon them, only to learn that not only were the terrorists impervious to their ammunition, they all possessed superhuman strength, as well."

The television news footage reached everywhere, especially the island headquarters of the new superhero team, the Justifiers. As Aron Hightower, Patriot Prime, the Deliverer, and Beehive were watching the news, Njord entered, having just gotten out of the indoor swimming pool.

"Ahh! *Most* refreshing," Njord said. "A swim was just what I needed to revive my strength."

The news footage continued to show the Muraad Dagaal terrorists threatening the patrons at the airport.

"Is there no one who can stop these superhuman terrorists?" May Nielsen asked her audience.

Suddenly, one of the Muraad Dagaal seized her microphone.

Steven

Bland

The Justifiers #1 - "And Justice for All"

"This is not a story for your masters," he told Nielsen. "We take back the voice of the people! Your cameras lie, but our actions speak the truth!"

As the terrorist crushed Nielsen's microphone with his bare hands, the other Muraad Dagaal members seized and destroyed the cameras and other equipment from the news crew.

"We are currently experiencing technical difficulties," the station said over the television.

"Let's get to JFK International," the Deliverer told his teammates.

"Hold it," Aron said before presenting four miniature devices. "I want each of you to take one of these earpiece communicators and place it in your ear. These will keep you in touch with each other no matter where you are."

The Deliverer, Patriot Prime, Beehive, and Njord each did what Aron requested.

"Now, I want to show you something," Aron said.

"Aron, we *need* to get to JFK International ASAP," Patriot Prime said.

"I'm aware of that," Aron said. "The thing I want to show you will get you to the airport in time. Just follow me."

The four superheroes followed Aron to a hangar within the headquarter, where the billionaire showed them a sophisticated high-tech jet.

Steven

Bland

The Justifiers #1 - "And Justice for All"

"This used to be my private jet," Aron explained. "But I had it modified because I felt it would be better used as a source of transportation for my new team of superheroes. I call it the Justice Jet."

"Get in," Aron told the superheroes as he invited all of them to go inside the jet..

"Thank you, Aron," the Deliverer said. "But I'll fly to the airport in my own manner."

"Suit yourself," Aron said. Njord entered the Justice Jet, followed by Beehive.

Aron stopped Patriot Prime before he could enter the vehicle.

"Hold it, Patriot Prime," Aron said. "There's one more thing I need to give you."

Aron handed a special gun to the patriotic superhero.

"This gun fires tracking darts," Aron explained. "In case one or more of the terrorists were to escape."

"Thank you," Patriot Prime said as he accepted the gun, before boarding the high-tech jet.

"Goodbye, and good luck," Aron told them.

After the three superheroes strapped themselves in, Patriot Prime pressed the ignition button and the Justice Jet took off. The Deliverer soon followed them.

Soon, the Deliverer and the Justice Jet were outside of their headquarters and flying off.

"I think I'm noticing some escalation here," Patriot Prime told his teammates through his earpiece communicator.

"What do you mean?" The Deliverer asked.

Steven

Bland

The Justifiers #1 - "And Justice for All"

"A scientist named Kay Garrett created a super-soldier serum called Serum Alpha a few months ago," Patriot Prime explained. "Serum Alpha was made to augment the subject's strength, durability, reflexes and senses to enhanced levels."

"My good friend, U.S. Army Lieutenant Colonel John Nguyen, was the first test subject. The test was successful and Serum Alpha was mass produced and given to each and every member of the Air Force, the Army, the Marines, and the Navy. They, like John, all had their strength, durability, reflexes, and senses augmented to enhanced levels as well."

"But, where does the 'escalation' part come in," Beehive asked.

"When terror groups learned that Serum Alpha turned every member of the Armed Forces into a super-soldier, they decided that they needed to create their own answer to Serum Alpha," Patriot Prime explained. "And so they did. The members of those groups created a highly advanced serum that could augment a subject's strength and durability to *superhuman* levels. It was given to and taken by every single one of those terrorists."

"Worry not, my friend," Njord said. "We shall fell these 'terrorists' in battle!"

In minutes, the Deliverer and the Justice Jet arrived and landed at John F. Kennedy International Airport. Emerging from their vehicle, Patriot Prime, Njord and Beehive quickly joined the Deliverer and headed for the entrance to the baggage claim.

Upon entering the building, the four superheroes looked at the endangered people..

"It's okay, folks," the Deliverer told the terrified people. "We're here to save you."

Steven

Bland

The Justifiers #1 - "And Justice for All"

"They don't want to be saved by a powerful few," one Muraad Dagaal member said. "We want the people to emancipate themselves! Your 'heroism' is just another form of control, a lord/peasant dynamic that traps the mind!"

"You claim you want these people to 'emancipate themselves'," Patriot Prime told the terrorist. "Yet you use violent methods to try and accomplish your goals."

"Yes, our methods are violent," the terrorist admitted. "But the state's violence is accepted, is it not?"

"Our actions are designed to tear down the very structures that keep humanity in chains, to show the world that this 'civilization' is nothing more than a cage," the terrorist continued. "We are not fighting for power, but the absence of it. We are fighting for *true liberty*."

"You speak of a 'greater good', but I see only a coward's path, paved with the bones of the innocent," Njord said. "You hide behind the mask of anarchy, claiming to tear down a broken world for some distant ideal. But where is the honor in striking at the weak and the unsuspecting, here in this hall of travelers?"

"You *dare* call us *cowards*!?" the terrorist asked.

"Aye," Njord answered. "True strength is not found in mindless destruction, but in the courage to protect one's kin, one's community! The Norse gods themselves at Ragnarok, knew their fate but chose to fight with courage and dignity, to stand against the chaos, not embrace it. They did not rage against the order, but fought to uphold their way of life."

Steven

Bland

The Justifiers #1 - "And Justice for All"

"Chaos is a necessary, purifying fire for a new, liberated society," the terrorist said. "True meaning comes from radical self-determination, even through violence, to achieve a stateless utopia."

"You seek to burn all systems, to reduce everything to nothing, believing that is liberation," Njord said. "That is not the way of a true warrior, that is the way of the void. You and your men are slaves to your own despair. My honor is my master, a harder master than any law. It demands I act with purpose, not reckless abandon."

"The 'greater good' is a state tool," the terrorist countered. "Our destruction creates the only meaningful path to authentic liberty."

"We will not let you turn this place into your Valhalla of nihilism," Njord said. "The lives here have value. Their stories are yet unwritten. My fellow warriors and I stand here to ensure they *can* write them. Your 'freedom' is a lie; it offers no structure, no future, only ruin."

"Your 'greater good' is a sickness of the soul," Njord added. "Prepare yourselves, for you face those who choose lives of honorable struggle over deaths of meaningless destruction,"

"That's telling 'em, Njord," Beehive said.

"Enough talk! We will *destroy* you," the terrorist said as he and his terrorist brothers drew their AK-47s.

"You're more than welcome to try," Patriot Prime said as he positioned his shield in front of himself.

Steven

Bland

The Justifiers #1 - "And Justice for All"

"Beehive, you and Njord get behind me and Patriot Prime," the Deliverer quietly told them.

They complied.

The Muraad Dagaal fired their AK-47s at the heroes, but the bullets bounced off the Deliverer's body and deflected off Patriot Prime's shield, which absorbed the impacts of each of the shells.

The terrorists were stunned as the Deliverer used his laser vision to quickly melt all of their AK-47s.

The Deliverer and Patriot Prime, who had his shield positioned to act as a battering ram, charged toward their opponents, knocking them out.

Another wave of the Muraad Dagaal arrived to try and tackle the Justifiers.

"You think you stop us?" they said. "We are but a wave!"

"And like a wave, when it becomes too steep and unstable in the ocean, you will most assuredly crash," Njord said as he overpowered his opponents in true berserker fashion.

Yet another wave of the Muraad Dagaal arrived to challenge the heroes.

"More come," they said. "The Green Flag will fly over this infidel city!"

"And my insect-sized clones and I will fly toward and around all of you," Beehive said as she shrank and replicated until she and all of her clones were approximately one-half inch in height and sprouting functional insect wings.

"What is this? It is magic," said one of the terrorists.

Steven

Bland

The Justifiers #1 - "And Justice for All"

"Shoot her," said another one of the terrorists. "Shoot the little insects!"

"Yeah. Good luck with that," Beehive said as she and all of her clones each flew into an ear of the terrorists and stung their eardrums, causing them intense pain and rendering them unconscious.

"NYAAARRRGHHH," they screamed in unison.

"It's over," the Deliverer told his teammates. "Now, we need to find their leader, their base and cut off their funding and supply lines!"

The Deliverer saw one of the terrorists slowly regaining consciousness and quickly rushed at superhuman speed to grab him.

"This one's starting to regain consciousness," the Deliverer told his teammates. "I'll take him to our headquarters to interrogate him. Then, once we've gotten the information, Aron can turn him over to the FBI."

"We'll meet you there," Patriot Prime said.

As the Deliverer flew off with his captive, Patriot Prime, Beehive, and Njord headed for the Justice Jet. Once inside, they strapped themselves in. Soon, the Justice Jet took off

In minutes, the Deliverer arrived at the Justifiers's high-tech headquarters in New York Harbor with his captive. The Justice Jet was right behind them.

The Justifiers #1 - "And Justice for All"

Inside the laboratory of the headquarters, the terrorist captive regained consciousness and found himself in titanium-steel restraints, as well as face-to-face with the Deliverer. Behind the hero, were his teammates, Patriot Prime, Beehive, and Njord. Aron Hightower was also in the room at the computer console.

"Nice to see you coming around," the Deliverer said. "Who is your leader? And where can we find his location?"

"I refuse to tell you anything," the captive terrorist answered.

The Deliverer got angry and his eyes started glowing red.

"I'll ask you again," he said. "WHO IS YOUR LEADER? AND WHERE CAN WE FIND HIS LOCATION?"

"Our leader is Omar Siad," the frightened terrorist answered. "Our base is Haddaf Cove, which is off Puntland. The coordinates are 11 degrees and 50 minutes North latitude, 51 degrees and 17 minutes East longitude."

"Thank you," The Deliverer said as his eyes returned to normal.

Then, the Deliverer turned toward Aron.

"Aron, would you be kind enough to turn our guest over to the FBI?" The superhero asked.

"Consider it done," Aron answered as with a smile.

"Let's get to Haddaf Cove, pronto," Patriot Prime said.

Steven

Bland

The Justifiers #1 - "And Justice for All"

"I will survey the Somali coastline for any Muraad Dagaal strongholds," the Deliverer said.

"I will join you," Njord said.

"Do you want me to take you?" The Deliverer asked.

"Nay," Njord answered. "I shall get there in my own fashion."

"We'll also need to make a surgical strike," Patriot Prime said. "But it's only just me and Beehive."

"I can shrink and replicate myself into tiny insect-sized clones, remember?" Beehive told the patriotic superhero.

"But you and your clones might not be powerful enough," Patriot Prime said.

"Right after Beehive joined, I took the liberty of developing tiny drones that can be adapted to help her by delivering small tools, tech, weapons, such as nanite-powered concussion blasters powered by ambient energy, or even carrying them, leveraging current insect-sized drone tech for surveillance, carrying tiny items or even grabbing onto larger objects, though power and payload are limits," Aron explained. "They're in a compartment inside the Justice Jet."

"Then, let's go," Patriot Prime said as he and Beehive headed for the Justice Jet.

After leaving their high-tech headquarters, the Deliverer flew off at incredible speed while Njord dove into the waters of New York Harbor.

Steven

Bland

The Justifiers #1 - "And Justice for All"

Using the power of his trident, Njord opened up a dimensional portal directly in the harbor's waters. The Viking entered through the portal he created and was instantly transported into the waters near Haddaf Cove. He looked up and saw that the Deliverer had arrived as well.

Later, the Justice Jet arrived at the Muraad Dagaal's island base at Haddaf Cove.

"You ready, Beehive?" Patriot Prime asked his teammate who immediately shrank and replicated herself into tiny insect-sized clones.

"As I'll ever be," Beehive answered.

Patriot Prime opened the compartment containing the tiny drones Aron provided them. As soon as the drones were activated, the patriotic superhero opened the jet's hatch. Beehive, and all of her insect-sized clones, and the drones left the Justice Jet and entered through the base's small openings.

"Good luck," Patriot Prime told her.

Once they were inside the base, Beehive, all of her clones, and the tiny drones immediately started gathering intelligence and relaying it to military leaders and law enforcement.

Patriot Prime watched his teammate through a closed-circuit television inside the Justice Jet.

"You're doing great," the patriotic superhero said. "If there's anyone inside who tries to stop you, I'll have your back."

Steven

Bland

The Justifiers #1 - "And Justice for All"

Meanwhile, the Deliverer, flying at high-speed, and Njord, using the hydrokinetic power of his trident to propel himself underwater, both surveyed the coastline for anarchist strongholds. Inside the strongholds were more members of Muraad Dagaal and they soon detected the Deliverer in the sky and Njord underwater.

"Interlopers," one of the terrorist members inside said.

"We must kill them immediately," another one of the terrorists inside added.

Soon, both the Deliverer and Njord were under attack by the anarchist fortresses which deployed anti-aircraft guns, rocket-propelled grenade launchers, AK-47 assault rifles, G3A3 rifles, heavy machine guns, PKM pattern machine guns, SVD designated marksman rifles and many other weapons.

"Looks like we were spotted, Njord," the Deliverer told his teammate.

"Aye," Njord said. "They will attempt to thwart us, but we will prevail."

All of the fortresses' offensive weapons opened fire on the two superheroes, but they were ready.

The Deliverer used his superhumanly fast reflexes and laser vision to vaporize as much of the bullets from all of the guns, rifles, and assault rifles, as well as many grenades as he possibly could.

"I can't keep this up forever," the Deliverer admitted as he continued fighting on.

"Be of stout heart, my friend," Njord said. "I will aid you."

Using the power of his trident, Njord caused a powerful underwater shockwave to destabilize the anarchist fortresses.

Steven

Bland

The Justifiers #1 - "And Justice for All"

Back at the island base, Beehive finished her job.

"That's that," Beehive said to Patriot Prime over her communicator. "The military and law enforcement now have the information they need to put the Muraad Dagaal out of business for good."

Suddenly, Omar Siad, the leader of the Muraad Dagaal, entered the room. Siad wore a differently colored tactical vest, durable cargo pants, layered belts, sturdy boots, and a colorful turban. His outfit was olive green with some elements of traditional white.

"WHAT IS HAPPENING?" Siad exclaimed.

"Uh oh," Beehive said softly.

"Beehive," Patriot Prime called out over the superheroine's earpiece communicator. "Are you in trouble?"

"Yeah," Beehive responded.

"Hang on. I'm coming in," Patriot Prime said as he leaped out of the Justice Jet and headed for the door to the base to charge in.

Beehive valiantly dodged Siad and used her nanite-powered concussion blasters against her normal-sized opponent.

I'm sure these concussion blasts will do little more than annoy him, she thought as she continued to dodge and attack. But I have to hold out until Patriot Prime can get in here.

Patriot Prime soon burst in.

Steven

Bland

The Justifiers #1 - "And Justice for All"

Wielding his shield as a melee weapon, the patriotic superhero overpowered the terrorist leader, rendering him unconscious.

"It's over, Siad," Patriot Prime told the terrorist leader. "We're shutting down your terrorist organization for good!"

Willing herself to grow, Beehive and her clones merged together until they were normal size.

"Great work, Beehive," Patriot Prime told her.

"Thanks," the superheroine responded.

"You okay?" The patriotic superhero asked.

"I am, now that you're here," Beehive said.

Soon, all four of the Justifiers each received messages through their earpiece communicators from their benefactor, Aron Hightower.

"Well done, Justifiers," Aron said. "The threat of the Muraad Dagaal has been ended once and for all. And their leader, Omar Siad will soon be going through an international tribunal."

"Now, it's time for all of you to head for home," he continued.

Steven

Bland

The Justifiers #1 - "And Justice for All"

The Deliverer flew off at incredible speed while Njord used his trident to open a dimensional portal to New York Harbor using the Somali waters as a medium. Patriot Prime and Beehive returned to the Justice Jet and took off.

THE END

- 16 -



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