

Captain Black's Glorious moment

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this was an English assignment...>_> we had to choose a character from the book, Catch-22, and place him/her in an event that happened in the war in Iraq. it was quite fun. (you'll really have to know the characters to understand what's going on)

Provided by Fanart Central.

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1 - READ

The passed two years in this seemingly endless war have felt like an eternity. The last day or two have felt significantly longer, for they have been spent searching for the most powerful man in Iraq, its dictator Saddam Hussein. The U.S. 4th Infantry Division, with its 600 enlisted soldiers, was lead by none other than Captain Black. Of course, there was a catch to being the leader of this division (no, it's not Catch-22 if that's what any of you were thinking). Captain Black had laid down his own terms.

" Alright, men!" began Major General Rushford. Today is your first day of the mission to search and capture Saddam Hussein. All of you shall be lead by Captain BI- "

"I refuse, " Captain Black interrupted, not even gazing a look at the major general.

" What did you just say to me, Black? "

" You heard me. I'm not going to lead this bunch of immature brats! " Captain Black asserted himself.

Rushford marched over to the captain and stood in front of him, their faces only an inch apart. The major general was so infuriated by Captain Black's back talk that one could almost feel the flames of fury emitting from his head.

" Listen, Black, " retorted Major General Rushford, beginning to spit on the captain, you *will* lead these men to capture that madman, and you *will* bring him back, dead or alive. Do I make myself clear?! "

"Yes, sir, " Captain Black reassured slyly, "but only on one condition. "

"What are you thinking of? "

" I become a squadron commander."

"No way! There is no way IN HELL I'm going to abide by- "

" Then I'm not doing the job." Captain Black began to walk away.

" Ok, fine," sighed Major General Rushford. "You'll become a squadron commander, but ONLY if you capture Hussein. Got it? "

" Yeah, yeah," Captain Black called back as he walked away, raising his hand slightly to signal his affirmation, wearing smirk of pride on his face as he walked out the doors of the base."

"And that's how Captain Black became leader of the 4th Infantry Division. Of course, he became overly frustrated because there had been no leads about Hussein or any of his men for a few days. The captain was beginning to believe he wasn't going to become a squadron commander (though the thought of actually becoming one was the only real idea that kept him on the pursuit). Along with these thoughts

nagging him, there was Snowden, one of the more mysterious of the enlisted men; he was always complaining about being cold, even though they were in a hot, humid, desert-like environment.

"I'm cold," Snowden said behind his chattering teeth.

" Just shut up and keep your thoughts to yourself, kid," Captain Black shot back.

Shortly, one of the soldiers spotted a moving target in the distance.

"Come here, you bastard!" Captain Black lunged himself onto the man and rattled him to the ground.

"I'm no Bastard. I'm Iraqi," the man stammered, thinking bastard was a nationality. Under his breath, you could faintly hear Captain Black mutter, " You dumbass."

" Are you associated with Saddam Hussein? " the captain questioned.

"N-no," stuttered the captured man, bewildered.

" Not connected, ya say? Well, how about NOW?!" Captain Black held the sharp end of his knife against the man's throat. " Well? Are ya?!"

"Yes!" the man squealed in the tone of a sobbing young girl, "he's hiding. Somewhere."

" Well, duh! Obviously, he's hiding somewhere since he hasn't shown his face plainly, shouting, 'Look here! I'm Saddam Hussein. I'm the president of Iraq and I want to negotiate.' So where is he? Huh? Answer me! "

"He-he's," the man began.

"Yes? "

" He-he s," the man responded again.

"ANSWER ME, BOY!!! Give me a straight answer before I make you eat your liver!" Captain Black exploded, pushing his blade a little deeper into the captured man's now pale neck. Blood began to trickle a little over the knife and down towards the man s clavicle.

"S-Sp-Spider hole.... Wolverine 1... Wolverine 2... Tikret," the man said in a small breath.

"And that's all I need to know. So, why didn't you just tell me that in the *first* place?!" Captain Black spat back. He started to walk away, and gave his men permission to kill the man, even though he was their only lead to where Saddam Hussein was hiding. Captain Black didn't have the man killed because he didn't want others to find Hussein before he did; he had him killed because the man was a nuisance to him.

"I'm cold," Snowden retorted again.

"Shut the hell up, Snowden," the captain muttered under his breath, hoping they'll find the hideout soon, so he wouldn't have to deal with Snowden's complaining any longer.

After roughly eight and a half hours of dragging their feet through the sand and dirt, the men finally came across the areas known as codenames *Wolverine 1* and *Wolverine 2*, a small site south of Hussein's hometown, Tikret. The 4th Infantry Division split up to search the area for Saddam Hussein, or at least clues to his current whereabouts. After two more long hours of searching, no traces of the dictator were found. Captain Black placed his face in the palm of his hand and began to shake his head. His thoughts of grandeur were starting to shatter.

" I'm cold", Snowden said for the third time.

"Listen, you!" Captain Black grabbed little Snowden by his shirt collar, Just shut your damn pie hole before I shut it for you! If you don't, I'll make you eat your liver! "

" But I'm- "

"EAT YOUR LIVER! " Captain Black was now shaking Snowden vigorously. Snowden's spine was now completely frozen and his muscles became limp in the captain's hands. Captain Black dropped him to the ground. Snowden had fainted.

Surprisingly, this argument with Snowden sparked a light bulb above the captain's head. There was one hint the man he killed earlier mentioned, but that the captain left out, the spider hole .

Captain Black marched his men further north, and sure enough, they came across what appeared to be a run-down shack of some sort. It had a broken, beaten-looking brick wall around it and a rug that looked strategically placed . One of the men lifted the rug, revealing a small, narrow hole leading to an underground living quarter. He noticed two or three people scurrying around down there, but couldn't quite make out who they were.

"Whoever you are down there, come out with your hands up!" Captain Black hollered. There was no answer back.

"Did you hear me?! If you can understand me, get your dirty little asses out here or we'll bring you out with force. I'm giving you one last chance."

There was still no answer or sign of anyone below wanting to come out willingly.

"Get the grenade," he ordered one of the troops, who quickly did as he was told, not wanting to upset Captain Black anymore than he already was.

"EAT YOUR LIIIIIVVEEEER!!!!" Captain Black cried as he raised the grenade overhead. As he was about to drop the grenade into the room below, two shriveled hands rose out of the hole as though accepting defeat. Captain Black held his grip on the grenade as he saw an elderly man rise out of the ground. His hair and shaggy beard were unkempt and his clothes and skin looked as though he bathed in dirt. But the look in his eyes was unmistakably those of a run-down dictator on the move. It was Saddam Hussein.

"I am Saddam Hussein. I am the president of Iraq and I want to negotiate," he said in English. (BBC news)

Saddam Hussein was led back to the base in handcuffs. Two other men were also found in the hole, relieved of any weapons currently in their possession, and then taken away with their leader. After nineteen long hours, the search was finally over.

"Major General Rushford, mission complete," Captain Black radioed back to the base, "the target has been captured and is on his way for further examination and interrogation."

" Good work, Black," Major General Rushford replied back, "good work ."

"Now about that promotion. "

"We'll see," Black, chuckled the major general, "we'll see."

News quickly spread about the capturing of Saddam Hussein, the former leader of Iraq. Joyous cheers roared through the area. Everywhere in Iraq, there were jubilant people. Fireworks were set off in the sky to celebrate this memorable moment.

"He's gone from power. He won't be coming back." (Blair, LA Times)