

Feature

# Good Evening Mister Minister

by Guest Writer **Eric "Flanker56" Johnson**



*I am the hunter.* I am Starshigy Lietenant Alexsei Karmarov, or "Mayday" by nickname. I earned that "glorious" title when I first started flying, when in the simulators, I would always call Mayday when I was perfectly suited to engage aerial opposition to me. That was when I was a cadet a few years ago. However, now I am no longer scared of the aerial threat to me. However, that is not what I do. I am what the Americans call an 'attack puke'. I have not figured out, though sometimes I have felt nauseous when flying among the Cacaucus. Perhaps that is why that is so, because of the violent maneuvers a strike pilot must do to ensure he is alive. Whatever the case, here is what happened yesterday near Georgia.

Two days ago, information has been acquired about a Islamic Resistance Liberation Front defense minister is scheduled to be in the area. Where they did not know, but because the KGB is dead, does not mean that the old network it created is. Enter me. I was selected to perform a surgical strike using my Su-27KM2. It is an "updated" version of the Su-27K fighter that still flies on the Kuznetsov. However, unlike my brothers in the 279th KIAP, I do not fly off carriers. I have never been qualified to land on a carrier, nor wish to. If that happens, there is the autopilot, it can land for me in that manner. However, when the KM2 was redone, the capability of optically guided weapons was removed, in order for more improved avionics. I have flown the Su-33M, and enjoyed using the Kh-29TE weapon system. This aircraft however, has been modified to accept even American weaponry and fire them, though at degraded capabilities. Such is the world today. At one time my Father, Pavel Karmarov, flew Su-27s with the Moscow PVO, then the VVS when it was merged. He is General in Moscow still, but you would not realize I have such a powerful father. I was determined from birth to not let my father determine what I did in the Voyenno

Vozdushnye Sily, or Russian Air Force.

My skill determines my fate, and when I was assigned to the 279th KIAP, I was immediately entranced with the Su-27K.

**"My skill  
determines  
my fate..."**

It was what I wanted in an aircraft. It was maneuverable, and in simulation F-16s are no problem. You must explore an aircraft before you dislike, or like it. Some complained about the heaviness of such aircraft. Yet they wondered how I was able to fly it like it was like a Fulcrum. Yes, there are considerations with such an aircraft. It is not light, nor extremely maneuverable like the S-37, but it does its job, and it has attitude, even at rest. Attitude that it can do what it's expected of it, and deliver.

After being removed from the KIAP due to lack of carrier qualification, I did a short tour with the 115th Guards Regiment in Moscow. The MiG was never a plane I admired much. It was small, very little offensive capability. And the worst, short range. If you are planning to engage the enemy, you must have the stamina to do that. This aircraft was not that type. The other pilots studied aerial combat, I studied air to ground combat. Yes I was proficient in my ability to fly and fight the MiG in the air. But while the squadron wanted and tried to implement air to ground training, I was the only one enquiring about such training, and even went to Lipetsk on leave, to fly the Su-27SK in order to develop my skills as an 'attack puke' My Father yes, had some help (a lot I must say) in this project. He allowed me simulator time in order to "fly" tactics, and even fly some mock training missions whenever they would allow me. My old Squadron did not like my 'high' status, mocking me about eating mud. They were fools. If you do not take the time to explore the aspect of your fighter, you will be short handed. I even wished the MiG-29 would be allowed to use the various guided and unguided weaponry that the Russian state arsenal employed. I went for a year in my training. Then one day at a bar, a Russian VVS Colonel approached me. His name was Ivan Puskin. We chatted over vodka, and I let slip my love of the Su-27K. He cocked his head, and said:

*"I know of a unit that is developing a next generation version of the venerable aircraft, perhaps you can ask your father if he can recommend you."*

Drunk or not comrades, you instantly sober up, for a second, with the realization that this stranger knew about you. Paranoia is still a way of life in this "free" Russia that we live in. So I just nodded dumbly, and went home.

That was two years ago, and that memory faded as the jet sounds did here at Sochi-Adler. I am part of the 503rd Special Air Warfare Regiment. It is not a Regiment like the other ones, but it is what is termed 'composite' meaning we are attached to other units, much like the Army Operational Maneuver Group. We are task specific, and do not stay at a particular airfield. We train most of the time, and get more flight time than most experienced pilots in the VVS. Support does come from the unit we are attached to, as a modern fighter is very hard to maintain, and the Regiment is not as large to have organic assets necessary for modern combat. Which is why I am here at Sochi-Adler, providing surgical strike capabilities for the 586th GvIAP while they engage the Turkish, and IRLF forces in Georgia. Yes, there are Georgian Su-25s near Gudauta with the Canadians, but however, they are Close Air Support, and very limited, even though they can carry some manner of precision weapons.

One thing you will realize when standing in the hangar where are two aircraft is the color scheme. It is subdued,

and is very dirty through hard use. The canopy has been tinted, much like the F-16, which it was inspired from. Me and my wingman, are the "Wolves" of the Regiment, or "Dancers" We get the "Dancers" because we do not dance at the Bolshoi, but I saw some Japanese one time, and one of the persons with such symbol explained to me it meant "Persevering Dance." I have applied it on my aircraft, but Dimitri, my wingman, does not believe in such a thing, yet I persevere with such a symbol. We are not required to have the numbers on the aircraft, and never will. I do not like such a thing, and on a subdued aircraft, it is not appropriate. The gray Russian stars will tell people enough.

Sochi-Adler Airbase  
18:03 Local, 27 JUN 05

The day was quiet, except for the rumble of the jet fighters and various other aircraft at the airfield. It was starting to get dark, and it was stuffy in my flight suit, as I stood in front of the control tower, smoking a cigarette. I watched as two 586th GvIAP Fulcrums taxi by, the Ukrainian splinter camouflage bright even in the early evening. They were quite an experienced unit, if experience means surviving a campaign for a few weeks. The situation was not getting better, but it is a test of the skills of this unit. What is amazing they have a female in the unit. She has flown A-10, F-16 and does not come back embarrassing herself. Of course females in the Rodina's Air Force is not new, but there is a stigma around here as I have walked around. The male pilots constantly talk about how she is stuck up, a "frigid bitch". I do agree, but also comrades, it is a matter of having to constantly prove yourself amongst your peers you are capable. I should know.

A few minutes later, Dimitri appeared out of the door.

*"It is a nice night no?"* He said, cupping the cigarette, lighting it quickly, then stuffing the lighter in his flight suit. He smiled, then looked eastward, at the mountain range. *"Nice night for flying, you agree Comrade?"*

Taking a drag of mine, I nodded in silent assent. There was a lot on my mind tonight. I alone must perform a mission of great importance tonight, yet, I do not know what it is yet.

***"Either way, it will  
make my mission,  
whatever it is,  
much easier tonight."***

*"Do you know what is planned tonight Alex Emenivich?"* Dimitri asked, as if reading my mind.

*"I do not know Dimitiri Genedevich..."*

I thought as I looked at the MiGs ready on the runway. Ten seconds later they took off, the roar of the afterburner. I caught the weapons hanging on the wings. R-27s and R-60s. Another Combat Air Patrol for the night. Perhaps they will down some more Turkish F-16s, or Phantoms of the IRLF. Either way, it will make my mission, whatever it is, much easier tonight. I shook my head to myself, and silently headed inside.

The sound of a war echoed from the Ops room, as planners of all ranks planned and executed on behalf of the Rodina. I caught a couple Americans looking my way. Perhaps they were also CIA, which would not surprise me. I nonchalantly headed to the briefing room, awaiting Major Grachev, our commander who was the liaison to the

586th.

After a short wait, Major Grachev entered the room. I immediately snapped to attention, with Dimitri in tow. Dimitri moved to his chair, and Major Grachev nodded. I sat down, and adjusted my seat. Dimitri leaned in.

*"Comrade, after this we must hurry, that female pilot is going to the city, perhaps you can try and get with her nyet? It beats the prostitutes you normally hang out with."* A smile crossed his lips, and I let him know he was Number 1 with my middle finger as Grachev cleared his throat to get our attention.

*"Comrades, I must wish you a good evening today, for we are about to test all the training we have done the past months."* He opened a laptop, no doubt found on the black market, and hooked it up to a projector, no doubt also from the same place. He typed in his password, and he brought up the program. As soon as he started, an American captain walked in, flight suit and all.

*"You must excuse me gentlemen, this is Captain Dave Westerson. He flies the A-10, and is going to be your rescuing party, should it be needed...."* He smiled evilly at Alexsei. The Lieutenant was an admirable person, but he liked giving him trouble. It kept him on his toes. *"Please sit down, and we will begin."*

Aleksei watched the man stride as if he owned the world. Americans. The fact he flies a plane slower than even The Rook, did not help his mood at all. While he felt that the Avenger cannon was nothing to laugh at, you do not fly in this area with slow aircraft. The American nodded nonchalantly, and sat down. To do that is asking to be shot down, perhaps he can rescue himself?

Major Grachev opened the slide show program, which displayed it in English. Thankfully Aleksei took English and got good grades! He switched to English.

*"Tonight, there is a meeting with a high-level defense minister of the IRLF, and the Turkish Government. What they are to discuss, I do not presume to know, but our intent is to stop it from happening."*

He punched some buttons, and a bearded man, with no turban was on the screen. Perhaps taken at a party, the man smiled brightly, and the gesture was of happiness.

*"This man, is Minister Abdul Sharrif. He is your target tonight."*

He stared at Aleksei for a second, then moved on.

*"For the most part, he has been liaising with the Turkish Government, and sources indicate this meeting is to formally link their forces with the Turks in order to unify their position in the region. The Georgian government has asked us to stop that meeting."*

***"If there was one thing  
that Major Grachev  
was famous for, was  
getting to the point."***

*Plain and simple comrade Lieutenant Aleksei Emenivich, you are to assassinate him with a 500 kilogram weapon."*

If there was one thing that Major Grachev was famous for, was getting to the point. And the fact he hated long briefings, that was for the big brass he felt.

*"The route is in your aircraft, but a desk clerk made it. Use your judgment Emenivich. There is a Kub site at Sukhumi, so if you have to divert to Guadata, then be aware. Two Hawk sites are currently active, one in the East of the Cacaucus, and one located at Sukhumi. There has not been much SAM/AAA activity, yet, and we have identified a single ZSU-23-4 near the site, perhaps to ward off evil spirits I do not know, but you must destroy it of course. It is marked in your targeting computer. Use whatever you like, but the target must be taken out. Additionally, near the site are two warehouses of ammunition for what Intel."*

He rolled his eyes at that one, the 586th wasn't really on the ball totally in this arena.

*"Says that it is for a planned offensive. Sources indicate it may be true, so these 586th hoodlums may be right."*

The American chuckled, he did not see such rivalry amongst an attached unit. Only within the unit, but that was a different manner.

Alexsei nodded. *"Why is Dimitri here."*

*"In case you fail."* Major Grachev said simply. Need he say more?

*"Da Comrade Major, I have no more questions."*

As if on cue, both he and Dimitri stood up and saluted, the Captain was off cue, but that was expected. The Captain managed a quick salute, and walked away.

*"Comrade Major, why was this American with us?"*

*"Because Lietenant."* He let a long breath out. *"He is CIA. A pilot yes, but it was confirmed ten minutes ago that he is a spy. The games do not cease even in the post-glasnost days nyet?"* With that, he walked off back to the Ops room, not before handing a note, Aleksei wondering what it might say this time, as he opened it and read it:

*"You have to liftoff after 2100 to ensure proper timing. Don't be late."* said Major Grachev.

And that was another thing about the guy. Notes. Take them if you wish to stay in the Regiment. You do not get told when to fly, you will get a note. That is all you need to know.

I was hungry, and my stomach let me know that. I had less than three hours to prepare for this strike. Though planning was more or less looking at a map, then comparing it with where the target was. Such is the life of a Special Pilot. Briefings don't take an hour over a flight path a blind grandmother could fly in ten minutes. Nor there was too much red tape to deal with. I knew I needed as much fuel as possible, as since it was probably going to be on the Georgian/Russian border, I wanted as much as I could get. To include my stomach. I pushed the door into the cafeteria with Dimitri in tow, and stood in line. Dimitri nudged me, and pointed like a schoolboy.

*"Look! There is that female, they call her 'Sacha' or something like that."*

I glared at him, shook my head, then glanced at the woman. She was fit and trim, even in a baggy flight suit, and to my disgust, a MiG-29 patch on her shoulder. Leave that plane for the dogs, it was not a true fighter, just a toy. I picked up some lettuce, and a couple hamburgers. I found ketchup to be very good with hamburgers, and if the opportunity presents itself when you are with Americans, I would suggest you taste it as well. Dimitri took pretty much the same, a piece of chocolate cake added to his tray. I took a couple glasses, setting them on my tray,

sliding it down to the cashier, and paid for the meal. Happily I walked towards an empty table.

I set the tray down, taking the two glasses in my hand, walking towards the beverage dispenser. Taking some tea, I walked back nonchalantly, as if people were staring at me. I noticed some of the American pilots sat away from us, and the more I thought about it, we all separated to our own groups. Me and Dimitri, the 586th, and the Americans, and the few field grades in here grabbing a meal. Such openness these days eh? Dimitri sat down, a large smile on his face.

*"Look Comrade, real meat! I have never eaten it in so long, perhaps it's from the Americans?"*

He was really acting childish, but that was his way of dealing with the nervousness I felt too. But I was more serious as I planned out the route, weapons loadout, and where to go, how, why, and these hamburgers do taste good with ketchup!

***"Out of the  
corner of my eye,  
I noticed this 'Sacha'  
stand up...."***

Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed this 'Sacha' stand up, and I would be accused of staring, but was caught by someone else. He stared back. Like a male wolf protecting the sheep. He wanted it, but not anybody else. I nonchalantly looked away. Right into Dimitri's smiling face.

*"Do be careful Alexsei Emenivich, you may get into trouble."*

As if on cue, one of the MiG pilots walked over and leaned towards me, resting his palm on my left shoulder.

*"I would think you would have respect for a woman."*

Vasily, he read on the name board. Ahh, her wingman. I shrugged his palm off. I looked at him.

*"And I would think you were a real pilot comrade, perhaps when you grow up and fly a real plane, you may speak to me."*

I moved my patch into his view, the wolf's head with a silhouette of an Su-33 on it. On the bottom portion read 'Su-33 Driver' with the 503rd in red in the middle of the patch.

*"You must realize we are Wolves comrade, and I will eat your rabbit of a plane for a snack. If you do not mind, I must eat."*

Turning away, I felt the jerk leave. I rolled my eyes with Dimitri laughing, his meal finished. I looked at mine. Only one hamburger left to go. I will keep it, I must get ready.

*"I am leaving now, this place is not healthy for the lung, too much rabbit in the air."*

Dimitri shrugged, and followed, chuckling to himself.

After disposing of the tray, I wrapped the hamburger in some napkins, and walked to the UAZ-469 parked outside. I hopped in the drivers seat, and Dimitri followed, lit cigarette in hand. I chuckled as I turned the engine, and drove to the hangar.

The drive was short, and I took the time to park the vehicle. Outside of my hangar were a couple vigilant guards, their Kalishnikovs at the ready. Supposedly some were former Spetsnaz. I would think if you were to leave that profession, you would think of something better to do. Dimitri waved good-bye, heading to his hangar.

After the guard checked my ID, I was let in. The smell of jet fuel, oil and other assorted smells assaulted me once I entered it. The lights were on, and casting a light on my plane. The wings were down, the pylons empty. I saw somebody crawling on the right forward side, and I walked over. It was Sergeant Gennedy Pomovin with one of his soldiers loading the GSh-301 cannon. They were almost finished, and Gennedy smiled despite the hard labor of loading 30mm rounds. Finished, he closed and secured the access cover to the weapons system, and smiled. With a mumble, he sent off the assistant, who took care in coming down the ladder. I motioned to Gennedy. He nodded, and himself took his time in coming down.

*"Gennedy, so glad to see you."* I said, he nodded and motioned to the small office. I followed behind. Gennedy is from St. Petersburg, and he is my aircraft crew chief. I trust in him to maintain and load my aircraft. I trust no one else. We sat down, and he opened a small bottle of vodka, poured a couple shots. I took one, downing it, the harsh liquid stripping the skin off my throat. He did the same.

*"So Comrade Lietenant, what can I do for you today?"*

Straight to the point, I admire people who are like that.

*"I have to be in the air in two and a half hours. I require two anti-radiation missiles, four guided weapons, laser seeking preferably, as well as self defence missiles."*

Gennedy thought for a second.

*"I can get you two Kh-31ps, four Kh-29Ls, as well as two R-27REs, and four R-73s, how much distance?"*

*"Georgian/Russian border."*

He thought for a minute. *"Ninety percent fuel, oh wait! come sir!"*

He jumped up quickly, then motioned to six large boxes. You then wonder why I do not talk to the operations officers. They do not fly, they plan.

*"The General has brought these for us."*

He walked over happily. *"He managed to trade four R-77s to the Americans for these."*

He opened a crate, and if I was hallucinating, I could not believe they were AIM-120s. I looked at him, and he winked back.

*"Two of these, two R-73s, and two R-27REs"*

Gennedy smiled. He knew I would take them.

*"Yes sir, plane will be ready in two hours. If not, I will give my bottle of vodka for it."*



He's been late a couple of times, but that was due to other circumstances. And I never got his bottle yet. Perhaps tonight?

*"I would like to help, I have to plan the route, then I will have nothing to do. Besides it is my plane."*

Gennedy snorted at that, and I laughed. For all intents and purposes in his world, it was his plane. Shaking my head, I went to plan.

***"I wanted  
to have a chance  
at a SAM, and the Kub  
would be a nice kill."***

After an hour doing some calculations, I sighed, and stepped outside to the cool evening air. The sun was beginning to set, and it did look beautiful outside. This mission was no problem. There were Turkish aircraft in the south to worry about, but that is not a concern when you are going to fly a terrain following flight to the target area. I chuckled. This would be too easy. I would have enough fuel for the return trip to Sochi-Adler, but Guadara I chose as my ending location. I wanted to have a chance at a SAM, and the Kub would be a nice kill. Which brought another chuckle to his lips. They were scared of the Kub. It was lethal yes, but they didn't know how to deal with such a simple item. When you have Kh-31ps, nothing is difficult. I noticed Dimitri by his hangar, his flight suit removed and his undershirt stained with sweat. He helps out too I saw. I waved, and fished out my pack of cigarettes, lighting and inhaling the smoke. We never speak to each other when we are preparing. We will speak to each other enough during and after the mission, so we keep to ourselves. We need our 'personal space' as everybody else. I myself finished my cigarette, then headed back inside, helping to load my aircraft.

Finished, with a half hour to go, I did the customary walkaround in my unzipped flight suit I walked around, admiring the Sukhoi OKB in it's design. I wiggled each weapon to ensure that they were properly hanging and secure. I checked all firing connections and noticed Gennedy, pouring a glass, a smile on his face. He won this time. I then moved to the rear of the aircraft, looking for anything that would prevent my flight. I sighed. The time was coming, and the butterflies came flying in my stomach again. I went through the checklist as I made sure that nothing could stop me. I was sweaty, perhaps... nah, stay focused Alexsei. I hurried to the washroom, and wiped myself down as best as possible. I still had ten minutes until I was to turn the engines, but that in itself is not a lot of time. Finished, I set a cigarette down on my small desk. I do this to ensure that if I do not get killed on a mission, I will kill myself with this cigarette.

Finished with my ritual, I hurriedly checked my Makarov, ensuring it chambered a round, and verified by sliding the slide back. Satisfied, I hurriedly zipped up the flight suit as I walked fast to the awaiting ladder for my aircraft. Climbing in, I braced myself, then slowly entered it. It was just cleaned, the cleaning solution still a light smell in it's confined space. I decided to just leave the canopy open until I have to fly. Therefore I will not smell like it when I am finished. Gennedy was there, and I handed him my helmet, careful not to damage the Helmet Sighting System installed on it. Strapping myself in, I did the preflight checks, radio checks. Everything was good. I nodded and Gennedy stepped down, the ladder floating away. After Gennedy's verbal confirmation I slowly spooled up the engines. While this may be an advanced aircraft, the ALF-31s were not. They are due to be replaced soon, hopefully by the end of the week they say. The characteristic whine emanated throughout the hangar, and when the warning light went away, I folded the wings, carrier fashion. The aircraft does look impressive, even with the wings folded. I slid on the helmet, and verified the connection to the aircraft. It was green.



When the engines were at 65%, Gennedy saluted, and I saluted back. Shortly after I started rolling to the apron at the pre-designated holding position.

*"Tower, this is 011, request permission to taxi."*

*"Permission granted 011."*

It's like a field trip, asking your father to go. It was necessary however, given the amount of air traffic that has been going on for awhile. I angled the aircraft. Ten minutes later, I was in my holding pattern. I parked myself as best as possible, then I remembered the hamburger. Why not? I was suddenly hungry, perhaps my stomach churning at the possibility of death. The radio was screaming of Turkish F-16s, and to scramble the aircraft. The Canadians? Yes, they were quite unmistakable. I managed to park quite well, and waited, munching quickly on my hamburger. I thought of the F-16 while I waited. Perhaps Sacha could give them flying lessons? I nearly choked at that thought. Then our pilots might have to sweat! Finished, I wiped some ketchup on my sleeve, momentarily forgetting I had the napkins still. I do not possess a 'crush' on that woman. She is attractive yes, but right now it is professional. Too many emotions, and you will get killed. I stay focused on the mission.

*"011, you are clear to taxi to runway 24."*

I nodded more for myself than the air controller as I advanced the throttle, and began taxiing. I leave the canopy open because I like the sound of the engines as they propel me along the ground.



Then I heard the sounds of combat on the radio. The F-18s were engaging the F-16s, and shouts of SAMs as well were heard. Looks like I planned my route right. I need to get out of here as soon as possible. So I take the first access runway, turning off the radio. I will get reprimanded for this, but I do need to get out of here as soon as possible.



I make it to the runway, and then point the aircraft eastward. So then I unfolded the wings, closed the canopy. Turning on the radio, I request takeoff clearance. The controller, perhaps shocked, gives me clearance regardless. Satisfied, I drop the flaps all the way, as well as add some up trim to my configuration. This will do fine, the length will. Then I held the brakes as I advanced the throttle. You need to do this when taking off nearly a quarter of the runway, or you will ruin your aircraft, as well as your career. Then again, I have taken off from the Kuznetsov, this is plenty of space. I let the brakes go, and like the Wolf that is painted on the tail, it leapt forward, gobbling up the runway like a demon let loose. Once past 280km/h I pulled the nose up, and after a few seconds, was airborne. As soon as I cleared the runway, I retracted the gear, and raised the flaps. Constant attention must be exercised or you will crash. I also noticed that the F-16 had detected me. While I am configured for short to long range aerial combat, I do not want to engage fighters, given my fuel load. I would give them a 'mission kill', and Major Grachev would not be pleased. Nor would I. So I monitored for a lock tone, or a vector track from Magic 20, the AWACS that is safe to the north of us. None came, and I managed to find some terrain in order to conceal myself.

Comrades, I will not bore you with the flight to the target. I will mention though, that the Cacaucus is quite beautiful, especially up close.



However, I will talk about the engagement, since that is what counts nyet?



I was flying along, getting nauseous at the maneuvers I had to do. When the target marker appeared on my MFD, I knew it was time to go offensive. With my Kh-31ps leading the way, I listened and looked for any SAM/AAA in the area. Intelligence is one thing, but some people in the Air Force lack it. Which is why you carry anti-radiation weapons on most engagements. If you think, there probably is. If there is not, it is good you had them no?

I came around a turn in the valley, and there was the target marker, just past Zemo-Alzhara. I was going to use the Kh-29L against the ZSU-23-4, but I need to be precise, especially in this terrain. I noticed that the terrain was blocking it, so I went to the right and got more altitude, then turned towards the threat.





Thumbing the selector, I locked the Kh-31p, the status light still green. The missile leapt off the rail with such speed that I knew I could make a Kh-29L pass on the main target. The other two targets flashed past me, and the Shilka was dead, the ball of flame clearly visible. I hope they saw it coming.



Selecting the Kh-29L, I activated the seeker, and the Spetznaz were there, the dot visible. I told them quickly to get better on target, and they did. I pulled the trigger, and the missile flew off the rail.

*"Good Evening Mister Minister"* I said to the plane as the missile homed in.



When a building is struck by 500 kilograms of explosive, it becomes quite an impressive sight. I flew past, ensuring it's destruction, then I turned around, the two munitions buildings next.



I came around and let the computer select the target order. It did not matter, as it will only require one pass. I came around the bend, ensuring I had a clear shot, and I fired at both targets, with each missile off the rail between 10 seconds. At least that is what I thought. I realized I had only fired one missile! I had not pulled the trigger hard enough on the first target, so therefore I had a chance to redeem myself.





Cursing myself, I let the aircraft go forward, then I turned around in the valley off to the right.



You must use afterburner in order to pull off this maneuver, and yet you must also keep the nose up or you will crash! I immediately selected the seeker, and it did not lase properly. Not much time to worry, just re-acquire... Yes, there we go! I pulled the trigger, and followed the missile in.



Hit! Now I must leave. They might send aircraft after me, and I must not be caught. I have been quite proficient with this missile system, so you must not think I cannot do my job. However, I am not perfect.

I will not mention the flight back to Guadata, it was uneventful. But as I flew to Guadata, I realized in my attack phase, I only faced one threat. There were no other AAA systems to engage me, nor those infernal hand held Iglas that is common in this area. Perhaps I will not be so lucky next time. But then again, I have a feeling that I will still survive. However I will mention my approach to the airfield. It was another incident I would like to recount. When I was clearing the mountain range, just south of Guadata my aircraft was being locked up. The KUB gunners were looking for a piece of meat, but I am not a morsel they can swallow.



Continuing on, I found a break in the mountains, as previously a minute before I was covered by mountains. Then the bastard fired on me! I had selected my weapons systems just in case. I must be careful near the center of the action. I did not hesitate too much, only to decide if I was going to fire my last Kh-31p. As you can see, I had no compunction. The filthy chekists!



I wheeled my aircraft down to break radar lock. You must perform such a maneuver in order to survive. I may be experienced, but I do not waste my time with such systems bent on my destruction. I hunt, not them.



I was thinking I had hit the KUB there, but instead I had only destroyed the HAWK. What a waste. Still it is necessary in the reduction of enemy surface-to-air missile systems. Flying the skies does become friendlier nyet? Seeing a true ILS approach would probably get me shot down, I instead bled off speed with the airbrake, and put the throttle to idle. The Su-27K is one aircraft that I feel confident in, and this aircraft does not have a problem in slowing down. Sometimes. With the constant lock on, I was only waiting for the missile launch tone.



Then I would really have to fly to Sochi-Adler! I guided the aircraft, calling the tower. Those fools! they think I will go up to two thousand meters! The IFF system was operative, or they would have shot me down already. Dropping the flaps, then the landing gear, I did a 'Visual Flight Rules' approach to the runway, and as graceful as the aircraft shape, I landed perfectly. As soon as the nosewheel touched the pavement, I applied the brakes evenly, so as not to collapse it. If there is one thing, the jolt is less due to it's heaviness. The aircraft slowed to a stop, and the controller has the nerve to tell me to move! I swore at him as I did comply. I taxied to the nearest hangar. Once I shut down, the ground crew swarming over the aircraft. I told the chief fueller that I was only here to refuel, then head back to Sochi-Adler, and could I use the phone?

I called Major Grachev immediately, his voice concerned. *"Leitenant, are you all right?"*

*"Yes Comrade Major, the delivery to the special personnel has been made."*

We did this just in case of situations like this, like spies or conspirators. It was confirmation, the gun camera would verify it. I made sure no one would take that here.

*"I am refueling, and will be at your house within the hour."*

*"Good Leitenant, make sure you bring the videos."*

I smiled. Of course I will, I *am* the hunter.

## System Specs

- AMD Athlon XP 2.08GHz
- GeForce 4 MX integrated GPU
- 512MB DDR DRAM
- Windows XP
- Microsoft Sidewinder Precision 2