



The Amazing Adventures of Phoenix Jones

FROM GQ

I AM RUSHING THROUGH THE NIGHT to the emergency room to meet a real-life superhero called Phoenix Jones, who has fought one crime too many and is currently peeing a lot of blood. Phoenix has become famous these past months for his acts of anonymous heroism. He dresses in a superhero outfit of his invention and chases car thieves and breaks up bar fights and changes the tires of stranded strangers. I've flown to Seattle to join him on patrol. I only landed a few minutes ago, at midnight, and in the arrivals lounge I phoned his friend and adviser Peter Tangen, who told me the news.

"Hospital?" I said. "Is he okay?"

"I don't know," said Peter. He sounded worried. "The thing you have to remember about Phoenix," he added, "is that he's not impervious to pain."

"Okay," I said.

"I think you should get a taxi straight from the airport to the ER," he said.

So here I am, hurtling through the night, still with all my luggage. At 1:00 a.m. I arrive at the ER and am led into Phoenix's room. And there he is: lying in bed wearing a hospital smock, strapped to an IV, tubes going in and out of him. Still, he looks in good shape—muscular, black. Most disconcertingly, he's wearing an impeccably hand-crafted full-face black and gold rubber superhero mask.