

"You have to sleep," I say.

"No sleeping for us," says Phoenix.

I'm starting to like Phoenix a lot. For all his naivety, there's something infectious about him. He's forever cheerful and positive and energetic. I ask him if he's addicted to crime-fighting and he says, "Yeah, I guess you could put it in the addiction category. It's the highlight of my day. Addictions are normally detrimental to health. This is detrimental to my health."

He puts his positive spirit down to a stable home life: "Me and my girlfriend have been together since I was sixteen. I make my own money. To be a successful superhero, you've got to have your life in line."

This will be our final night patrolling together. Phoenix is still embarrassed about our essentially crime-free washout patrol of the other night and is hoping to show me something more dramatic. They're a small team tonight—Pitch Black and Ghost are his only companions.

We begin at 1:00 a.m. in Pioneer Square. The bars are closing and drunk kids are piling onto the streets, but there's still a frustrating absence of crime. Phoenix notices a girl sobbing in an alleyway.

"Are you okay?" he asks her, bounding over.

"We're good," her friend says, quite sharply.

But then, from somewhere up the street, we hear a shout: "I'm going to fuck you, bitch."

"Let's go!" yells Phoenix. He, Ghost, Pitch Black, and I start to run frantically toward the mystery commotion.

"It's the YouTube guy!" a nearby teenager shouts delightedly. "Can I get a picture of you?"

Phoenix screeches to a halt.

"I'll be right with you guys!" he calls to us. He poses for the girl.

"Phoenix!" I sigh.

By the time Phoenix has had his picture taken, the potential criminal and victim are nowhere to be seen.

By 3:00 a.m. we are giving up hope. Phoenix is reduced to suggesting we rent a hotel room, phone some prostitutes, and ask them on their arrival if they need help escaping the web of prostitution.