

naming him has failed: "You're not a superhero until you take the mask off. Think about it. Batman wasn't Batman until he was also Bruce Wayne. Phoenix Jones isn't Phoenix Jones until he's also the other man."

"Benjamin Fodor," I say. "Benjamin Fodor."

"You can't stay masked forever," he says. "I wanted to, sure. But now I can talk to kids in hospitals. I can check into any school in America. I can do a lot of stuff I couldn't do before. There are so many opportunities I never thought would open up. I can go in my Super Suit and meet the president of the United States if I want to. I can take my mask off and take photos with him."

"That might not be as easy as you think," one of Phoenix's friends murmurs in the background.

"They tried to take me out but they gave me a bigger voice," says Phoenix. "Everyone who thought I was crazy now sees I'm a man. I'm a man with a history of activism and no criminal record. I'm in great shape. Now everyone's going, 'Wait! He's a professional mixed martial arts trainer! Wait! He's CPR certified and trained! Wait! He's the main manager of an autistic home!' They turned me from a weird rubbered-out freak into an American Superhero. I think they thought they'd find someone who lives in his basement and doesn't have many friends and is sort of socially awkward, and instead they got a guy living . . ." Phoenix pauses. ". . . the American Dream."

Phoenix Jones. Unmasked but undimmed. As I write this the Seattle police are yet to decide whether to press charges.