

# SUPERHERO

I'd met him many times; and yet I had never seen him. Nobody had seen him; that was why they called him 'The Stranger'.

*"Death is always present; lurking over your shoulder, waiting for you. We know it is there, and yet we cannot see it. You may fight it, you may delay it, but in the end it will always defeat you. It is the uninvited stranger of which we are all familiar."*

Those were the words he spoke to me at our first meeting; ever since then he had frustrated my efforts to keep the country safe from his diabolical schemes.

I took on a different mantle; 'The Anvil'.

Many wondered why a man such as myself would give himself such a nickname; they said that it had connotations of failure. They asked me; why name yourself after something which is constantly hammered?

Well, anvils suffer the beating of the hammer for years, but in the end it is always the hammer that breaks against the anvil.

I was born with the supernatural ability to move objects with my mind. I do not know how I acquired it, but I knew that it was my duty to use my strengths to protect the weak.

The Stranger too held unnatural powers; invisibility. I didn't know if he could control it, or if he could switch it on and off.

Just a few days ago, I'd apprehended a small time stickup man. In his desperate effort to gain leniency for his crime, he'd given the police information of a planned bank robbery. He'd told us about how The Stranger planned to slip past the security, disable the guards, and unlock the vault. Unfortunately for him, gold bullion is heavy, and he still needed the man power to actually move the load.

You'd have thought that telekinesis would make me a worthy adversary to almost anybody; however, it was almost impossible to move an object without seeing it. If I had no idea where The Stranger was, how was I supposed to catch him?

Tonight, I had a plan. I would allow the robbery to go ahead. When the van left the building, I'd stop it in its tracks, lock the doors, and use a heat signal to capture The Stranger red-handed.

I stood on the roof of a nearby building; the police had closed off a perimeter outwards of a mile from the bank. We'd let the van pass into our trap, and soon enough, it sped away from the bank at a cautious but deliberate speed.

Looking through the heat sensors, I could see five figures in the van. One of them must be The Stranger.

I floated down from the roof, holding out my hand to bring the van to a complete halt. Sealing the doors shut as the police closed in.

“Don’t let him slip passed you!” I said, “Take him alive.”

I watched as the police opened the van, but no struggle took place. As I approached, I saw a group of five mannequins which appeared to have been heated. The van itself was being driven remotely.

“What is this?” I muttered to myself.

Suddenly, my thoughts were interrupted by the sound of sirens ringing throughout the city, and the crackling of the police radio receivers.

“It was a distraction.” The voice said, “The real target was the Centre for Disease Control. He’s stolen enough mutated anthrax to wipe out an entire city.”

Q: What does ‘The Anvil’ symbolise?

A: Resilience. The anvil is hammered, but the hammer always breaks before the anvil.

Q: Why is this power such a threat to The Anvil?

A: If he cannot see The Stranger, he cannot move him or catch him.

Q: What does 'The Stranger' symbolise?

A: Death; we all know it's coming, but it is still a mystery to us