

## Title: Low Cost Super Hero

In a city where real heroes wore sponsored capes and smiled from billboard ads, Rafi fixed phones in a cramped kiosk between a pawnshop and a discount pharmacy. By day, his only powers were cheap tools, steady hands, and the ability to convince anxious customers that their cracked screens weren't the end of the world. At night, when the shutters rolled down and the mall went dark, he opened the drawer under the counter and stared at the homemade mask stitched from an old hoodie and a pair of safety goggles.

It had started as a joke—a “budget hero” costume he wore to a friend's party, complete with a hardware-store tool belt and reflective tape instead of armor. But on his way home that night, he saw how the rich heroes' patrol drones floated over the expensive neighborhoods and ignored the alleys where he actually lived. When a kid's backpack was snatched right in front of him and the drones just kept gliding by, Rafi realized nobody was coming to help people who couldn't afford protection subscriptions. Someone low-cost would have to do it.

Now, each evening, he upgraded his gear with whatever he could salvage from broken devices: a phone battery turned into a magnetized grappling line, an old speaker hacked into a makeshift alarm siren, a cracked tablet screen repurposed as a light shield. None of it looked impressive, and his mask fogged up whenever he ran, but his face never appeared on a billboard, which meant no one expected him. In a city obsessed with premium heroes, the cheapest one was invisible—and that was the only advantage he needed.