StrikeMan vs Crusher



A Live AI by Genoch story

Crusher Comes to Town



Crusher did not play nice.

He stomped down the street, and the ground shook with every step. His huge grey fists slammed into walls. Chunks of stone flew through the air like they were toys. He let out a roar that made car alarms scream and windows crack.

This was not play — this was war.

Up on the roof, StrikeMan crouched low and watched.

He did not rush in. He did not shout. He just watched Crusher play out his rage, block by block, blow by blow. StrikeMan knew that if he wanted to win, he had a part to play — and he could not play it too soon.

He pressed his silver gauntlets flat against the rooftop and felt every shock wave hum through the stone. He let Crusher have his fun. He let the big man play.

His time was coming.

Watch and Wait



StrikeMan did not move.

He told himself to wait. Just wait. He pressed his silver gauntlets to the roof and felt each shock hum up through the stone. Crusher raised one huge fist, then pulled it way back before he swung. Way, way back.

There it was.

Every single time, Crusher pulled back first. StrikeMan clocked it on punch one. He clocked it on punch two. He made himself wait, and he clocked it on punch three.

Wait, he told himself. Not yet. Wait.

He knew that if he jumped in too soon, he would blow the whole plan. A smart hero does not play the first card he draws. He waits until the right card is in his hand.

Crusher smashed a wall. Dust filled the air. StrikeMan still did not move.

Wait.

One more punch. One more pull-back. Then he would know enough. Then he could strike.

Send It Back



StrikeMan leaped off the roof.

He hit the wall and pressed both silver gauntlets flat against the brick. He could feel the shake of Crusher's next stomp run right up into his hands. He pulled it in. He let it build. He was going to make Crusher feel his own power come back at him.

The wave was ready. StrikeMan pushed both hands hard into the wall to make it go. A huge pulse shot out through the brick, through the street, through the ground under Crusher's big grey boots.

It was enough to make Crusher stumble.

"What was that?" Crusher roared.

StrikeMan did not wait. He hit the ground and pressed down again to make one last wave — bigger than all the rest. He put every bit of power he had into it.

That was the one. That was enough to make Crusher go down hard.

Crusher hit the street with a boom and went still.

StrikeMan stood over him and let out a long slow breath. He had done it.

A Hero's Best Tip



The little girl in the yellow raincoat ran up fast. Her sketchbook was pressed tight to her chest.

"How did you win?" she asked. Her wide eyes did not blink.

StrikeMan looked down at her. "The hardest part was learning to shake one feeling," he said. "You know that feeling — when you want to rush in and do something right now?"

She nodded.

"You have to shake it," he said. "Shake it off and wait. If I had run at Crusher too soon, he would have crushed me." He let out a small laugh. "I had to shake that urge every single time it came. Every time it showed up, I had to shake it loose and wait some more."

The girl chewed her lip. "That sounds really hard."

"It is," said StrikeMan. "But a good hero can shake fear and still stand still. That is the tip. Wait for the right moment — then make it count."

She opened her sketchbook and began to draw.