

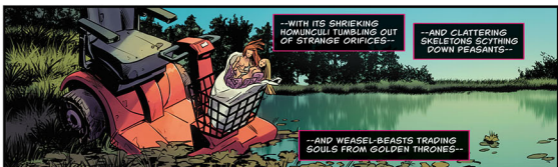


FLORIDA  
OF COURSE.



IF YOU THINK OF AMERICA AS AN  
EARLY RENAISSANCE PAINTING  
OF A CHAOTIC HELLSCAPE--

(AND YOU SHOULD)



--WITH ITS SHRIeking  
MOMINGLI TUMBLING OUT  
OF STRANGE ORIFICES--

--AND CLATTERING  
SKELETONS SCYTHING  
DOWN PEASANTS--

--AND WEASEL-BEASTS TRADING  
SOULS FROM GOLDEN THRONES--



--THEN FLORIDA IS  
THE WEIRDEST OF  
THE GROTESQUES.

A GRAND GUIGNOL  
CAROUSEL ON A STAGE  
OF MANGLED FLESH,  
GAWPING AND GAPING  
AS THE FLAMES  
FLICKER HIGHER.

WELCOME TO THE  
SUNSHINE STATE.



THE CAPITAL OF  
THIS DAMNATION.

Museum of  
AMERICAN  
Heritage and Culture



THE VENUE IS A LITTLE TOURIST TIME-SINK IN KEY WEST. "THE MUSEUM OF AMERICAN HERITAGE AND CULTURE."

AN ALARMING NAME, BUT AN EASY MARK. YOU CAN GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO CLONE AN ACCESS CARD JUST BY WEARING THE RIGHT HAT.



SECURITY ISN'T STATE-OF-THE-ART. THIS PLACE IS MOSTLY CONFEDERATE MEMORABILIA, AND WHO'S GOING TO STEAL THAT? OTHER.

BEING THE WORST MEANS NEVER FEARING THE WORST.



THE NEXT STEP IS TO HIDE IN PLAIN SIGHT. THIS IS WHERE THOSE CORE EXERCISES COME IN.

IT'S NOT THE FIRST TIME I'VE SPENT A NIGHT IN A DARK ROOM FULL OF SAILORS.



USUALLY THEY'RE MORE TALKATIVE.

"I DON'T NORMALLY DO THIS SORT OF THING." "MY GIRLFRIEND WON'T TRY IT." "... I MUST BE REALLY DRUNK."



THE CLEANING CREW FINISHES BY TEN.

THE SECURITY GUARD MAKES A SWEEP AT ELEVEN.

AT MIDNIGHT, WHEN THE COAST IS CLEAR...

I GO TO WORK.

I AM THE BLACK FLAMINGO, GENTLEMAN THIEF.

(NB: GENDER IS A CONSTRUCT AND ALL PROPERTY IS THEFT.)

I ROB FROM THE RICH BECAUSE THE POOR HAVE NOTHING WORTH TAKING.

I STEAL MAGIC ARTIFACTS FROM IDIOTS AND DILETTANTES, AND I PUT THEM WHERE THEY BELONG.

AND I LOOK GOOD DOING IT.

ON MIGHT AT



THE MASK IS NOT JUST A STATEMENT PIECE, THE REFLECTORS STOP ANY CAMERAS RECORDING MY BEAUTIFUL FACE.



NOT THAT ANYONE IS WATCHING.

AT THIS MOMENT, THE GUARD IS BEING CATFISHED BY LNLYGAL4SUGAR. HE HAS OTHER CONCERNS ON HIS TINY MIND.



SO, NO AUDIENCE FOR ME, WHICH IS ALMOST A SHAME.

I LIKE TO BE LOOKED AT, IT'S A TERRIBLE INSTINCT FOR A THIEF.

THE BASEMENT, HORROR OF HORRORS, HAS NO CAMERAS AT ALL. THERE ARE SOME THINGS THESE VERY FINE PEOPLE DON'T WANT ON FILM.

NOT YET, ANYWAY.

THEY'RE NOT GOING TO SHOW YOU THE WHOLE FLAG UNTIL YOU LIKE THE FEEL OF THE FABRIC.