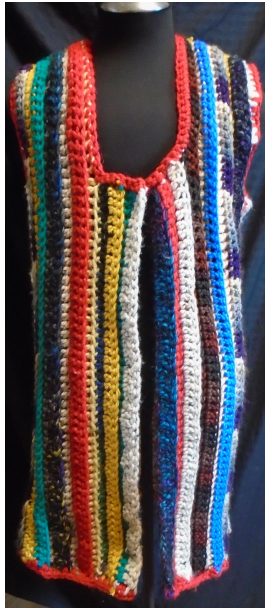


Razzle Dazzle

by Angie



Vincent rummaged through boxes of costumes. Rather than dress as he did every day for Halloween above, he wanted to be someone else.

He sighed and stood up, discouraged, then noticed a very long, very colourful crocheted vest on a mannequin. With black clothing and a mask, no one would notice anything but the vest. Perfect.

Father entered, and regarded his son, astonished. "A razzle dazzle incarnation!"

"Although I am not a battleship, that is the idea," Vincent admitted. "Distraction."

"Well then, *carpe noctem**, Vincent."

"*Audentes fortuna iuvat***", Father," Vincent replied heading out the door to where Catherine was waiting.

END

* seize the night

**fortune favors the bold

