

MACMILLAN READERS
PRE-INTERMEDIATE LEVEL

IAN FLEMING

Diamonds Are Forever

Retold by John Escott

 MACMILLAN

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PRE-INTERMEDIATE LEVEL

Founding Editor: John Milne

The Macmillan Readers provide a choice of enjoyable reading materials for learners of English. The series is published at six levels – Starter, Beginner, Elementary, Pre-intermediate, Intermediate and Upper.

Level Control

Information, structure and vocabulary are controlled to suit the students' ability at each level.

The number of words at each level:

Starter	about 300 basic words
Beginner	about 600 basic words
Elementary	about 1100 basic words
Pre-intermediate	about 1400 basic words
Intermediate	about 1600 basic words
Upper	about 2200 basic words

Vocabulary

Some difficult words and phrases in this book are important for understanding the story. Some of these words are explained in the story, some are shown in the pictures, and others are marked with a number like this: ... 3. Words with a number are explained in the *Glossary* at the end of the book.

Answer Keys

Answer Keys for the *Points for Understanding* and *Exercises* sections can be found at www.macmillanenglish.com/readers.

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A Note About The Author

Ian Lancaster Fleming was born on the 28th of May 1908 in Canterbury, England. He was a newspaper journalist and a writer. He created one of the most famous characters in twentieth-century fiction – James Bond.

Ian Fleming was educated at Eton – a famous school for boys. After he left Eton, he trained to be a soldier. He only stayed in this job for a short time. He then went to Europe to study languages at Munich and Geneva universities.

Fleming's first job was in journalism. From 1929 to 1933, he worked in Moscow for a news agency called *Reuters*. In this job, Fleming heard about Soviet spies who sold government secrets to other countries. Fleming sent reports about these spies to *Reuters* in London. He returned to London in 1933.

In the Second World War (1939–1945), Fleming was an officer at the headquarters¹ of the British Navy. Here, he learnt a lot about spying. After the war, Fleming worked for *The Sunday Times* newspaper.

Fleming decided to become a writer during the war. He wrote about spies and dangerous criminals. In 1952, he finished his first novel. In the same year, he married Anne Rothermere.

Fleming's first novel – *Casino Royale* – was about a handsome British secret agent called James Bond. Bond was a spy who loved women, fast cars, and good food and drink. He was well-paid because his job was very dangerous. James Bond had a 'licence to kill'. Sometimes he was told to kill his enemies.

Casino Royale was very successful and the adventures of James Bond, agent number 007, became very popular. When Fleming died on the 12th of August 1964, more than forty million copies of the James Bond books had been sold. The books are: *Casino Royale* (1953), *Live and Let Die* (1954), *Moonraker* (1955), *Diamonds Are Forever* (1956), *From Russia*

With Love (1957), *Doctor No* (1958), *Goldfinger* (1959), *For Your Eyes Only* (1960), *Thunderball* (1961), *The Spy Who Loved Me* (1962), *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* (1963), *You Only Live Twice* (1964), *The Man With the Golden Gun* (1965) and *Octopussy* and *The Living Daylights* (1966).

The first Ian Fleming book to be made into a film was *Dr No*. The film was first shown in 1962 and starred the actor Sean Connery. *Diamonds Are Forever* was made into a film in 1971. It was the seventh Bond film made, and was the last one to star Sean Connery. The Bond films continue to be huge international successes. Millions of people all over the world have seen and loved the films.

A Note About This Story

Diamonds Are Forever takes place in the 1950s. At this time, diamond smuggling² was just beginning to be a big problem in the West African country of Sierra Leone. Sierra Leone is on the Atlantic coast and borders the countries of Guinea and Liberia. Together with coffee and cocoa, diamonds are one of the country's main exports to other countries.

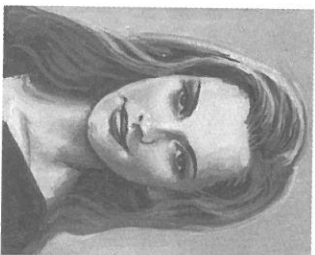
Ian Fleming was very interested in diamond smuggling, and he wrote a book about it called *The Diamond Smugglers*. *The Diamond Smugglers* tells a true story about diamond smuggling in Africa. This type of smuggling still happens today.

The Mafia (sometimes called Cosa Nostra) is a secret criminal organization. It began in Sicily in the 19th century. At that time millions of Sicilian and Italian people were leaving Italy and Sicily to go and live and work in the United States. The Mafia came with them. Today, 'the Mafia' usually means Italian organized crime. It is involved in many criminal activities, for example, drugs, gambling³ and computer crime.

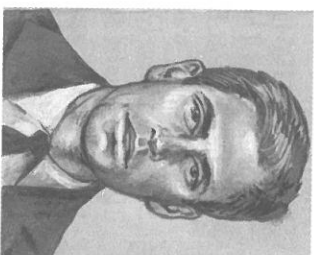
The People In This Story



James Bond



Tiffany Case



Felix Leiter



M



Shady Tree



Jack Spang



Tingaling Bell



Ernie Curoo



Wint (Winter)



Kidd (Kitteridge)



Seraffimo Spang

1

The Beginning of the Pipeline

The large bush stood in the moonlight at the meeting place of three African countries. The man from the diamond mines⁴ had waited under the bush for nearly two hours. Suddenly, he heard the noise of a helicopter. He looked up and saw it coming towards him from the east.

He waited.

When the helicopter was just above the ground, an arm came out. A torch⁵ switched on and off, dot-dash, the morse code⁶ for the letter A. The diamond smuggler flashed back 'B' and 'C', and the helicopter came down safely. After a few moments, its engine was silent. The pilot opened the door and climbed down to the ground. The other man walked across to him.

'You're late again,' he said.

'I had engine problems,' said the pilot. 'Well, if you've got it, let's have it.'

The man from the diamond mines reached into his shirt and took out a packet. He gave it to the pilot. The pilot dropped the packet into the pocket of his shirt.

'Things are getting difficult at the mines,' said the diamond smuggler. 'A man has come from London. His name's Sillitoe. The Diamond Corporation has sent him. Some of my men are afraid. One day one of them is going to talk.'

'Do you want me to tell this to ABC?' asked the pilot.

'Yes,' said the other man. 'They must know about Sillitoe.

Our mines are losing more than two million pounds a year because of smuggling. The Corporation wants the government to stop it. And that means "stop me".'

'What do you want?' asked the pilot. 'More money?'

'Yes,' answered the diamond smuggler. 'Twenty per cent more.'

'I'll pass the message on to Dakar,' said the pilot. 'If they're interested, they'll send it on to London. But don't push them too hard. Already three men have died in the last twelve months in "accidents". Two were stealing diamonds from the packets. The other man tried to run away.'

For a moment, the two men looked silently at each other in the moonlight. Then the pilot climbed up into the helicopter. 'I'll see you in a month,' he said.

The diamond smuggler watched the helicopter fly away to the east. With it went the diamonds, which would be sold for one hundred thousand pounds. His men had stolen them from the mines during the past month.

The diamond smuggler got on his motorcycle and rode off towards Sierra Leone. He rode fast towards the hills. Away from the great bush, where the pipeline⁷ for the richest diamond smuggling operation in the world began. And the end? Five thousand miles away, around the necks of rich women.

2

James Bond – Secret Agent⁸

Commander James Bond of the British Secret Service picked up the diamond from the desk and held it in front of the desk lamp. He was a tall, handsome man, with blue eyes and dark hair. He wore an expensive dark blue suit and a white shirt. Bond looked carefully at the diamond. It was a carat⁹, and its many colours shone brightly in the light. 'It's beautiful,' Bond said.



M, Head of the British Secret Service, moved his hand towards a pile of paper packets on the desk in front of him. He opened a packet and pushed it across to Bond.

'What you're looking at is the best – a "Fine Blue-white",' he said. For the next fifteen minutes, M showed Bond many different kinds of diamonds. Finally, he sat back in his chair. He looked worried. 'Ninety per cent of all diamond sales happen here in London,' he said. 'It's big business – fifty million pounds a year. But two million pounds worth of diamonds are being smuggled out of Africa every year. We think they're going to America. To American gangs of criminals¹⁰,

'Why don't the mining companies stop it?'

'They've tried, but they can't. And the Government thinks that the problem is too big for a lot of separate mining companies,' said M. 'There's a big packet of smuggled stones in London at the moment. They're waiting to go to America. Special Branch¹¹ know the name of the carrier who's going to take them there. They also know who's going to be watching him.'

'Why don't Special Branch or MI5¹² stop them?' asked Bond.

'Because that won't stop the smuggling,' replied M. 'The carriers never talk. And they probably know nothing important. They get the diamonds from a man here, then hand them to another man when they get to the other side. We need to follow the pipeline to America and see where it goes over there. And the FBI¹³ won't be much help to us. It's a very small part of their fight with the big gangs. Have you heard of "the House of Diamonds"?''

'Yes,' said Bond. 'The big American jewellers. They're on West 46th Street in New York and the Rue de Rivoli in Paris.'

'They've got a small place in London, too,' said M. 'In Hatton Garden. They were once very big buyers at the monthly sales of the Diamond Corporation. Now they're buying less and less. But they're selling more and more. So where are they getting their diamonds? Their main man in London is Rufus B. Saye.'

'What do we know about him?' asked Bond.

'Not much,' said M. 'He has lunch every day at the American Club in Piccadilly. Doesn't drink or smoke. Lives at the Savoy Hotel.'

'So, what do you want me to do?' asked Bond.

M looked at his watch. 'You have a meeting with Ronnie Vallance at Scotland Yard in an hour. He's going to put you into the pipeline in the place of the carrier.'

'And then?' said Bond.

'And then you're going to smuggle those diamonds into America,' said M. 'You're going to be facing the Mafia and their American gangs, James. And you'll be on your own.'

3

The House of Diamonds

At two o'clock, Bond was looking at two photographs in the office of Assistant Commissioner Vallance of Scotland Yard. They showed a dark-haired, handsome young man.

'He's Peter Franks,' said Vallance. 'You look a bit like him. Similar enough to fool someone who's only got his description. He stupidly talked about this job to a girl in a Soho club. The girl was secretly working for us. She immediately told us about it. Franks had been contacted by a friend of a friend and agreed to do a smuggling job to America for five thousand dollars. My girl asked him if he had the diamonds. He said no, but that his next job was to contact the "guard".'

'When?' asked Bond.

'Five o'clock tomorrow evening, in her room at the Trafalgar Palace Hotel. A girl called Case. She was going to tell him what to do and go to America with him.'

'Do these smugglers usually go in pairs?' asked Bond.

'Yes, the person carrying the diamonds is never fully trusted,' said Vallance. He got up from his desk and started to walk up and down the room. 'The diamonds certainly come from Africa. Probably from Sierra Leone, where our friend Sillitoe is investigating. Then the stones may get out through Liberia or French Guinea. Then into France. And because this packet has arrived in London, we think that London is part of the pipeline, too.'

Vallance stopped walking and turned to Bond. 'We know that this packet is on its way to America. But what happens there? We don't know. How was this five thousand dollars to be paid to Peter Franks? Who by? We need answers to these questions. You need to get past the man who pays you. You need to go further up the pipeline towards the big men.'

'OK,' said Bond.

'We're going to get Franks this evening,' said Vallance.

'Then you can make contact with Miss Case.'

'Does she know anything about Franks?'

'Only his description and his name,' said Vallance. 'She probably won't even know the man who contracted him. Everybody does just one job. It's safer that way if something goes wrong.'

'What do you know about the woman?' asked Bond.

'Age twenty-seven. She was born in San Francisco. She's not married. She's been over here twelve times in the last three years. Maybe more often, using a different name. She always stays at the Trafalgar Palace. The hotel detective says that she doesn't go out much. She never stays more than two weeks. You'll need to have a good story about why you're doing this job.'

Bond thought for a moment. 'What about this House of Diamonds?'

'I checked on Saye,' said Vallance. 'American. Age forty-five. Diamond merchant¹⁴. He goes to Paris a lot - once a month for the last three years. He's probably got a girl there. Go and have a look at the place and at him.'

He picked up one of the phones on his desk. 'Send up Dankwaerts,' he said into it. 'And Lobiniere. Then get me the House of Diamonds on the telephone.'

Vallance walked across to the window and looked out. After a moment, there was a knock at the door. A small man came in. He had a pale face and he was wearing glasses.

'Good afternoon, Sergeant,' said Vallance. 'This is Commander Bond of the Ministry of Defence¹⁵. I want you to take him to the House of Diamonds in Harron Garden. He'll be "Sergeant James". You'll see Mr Saye, the top man there. You'll say that you think the diamonds from that Ascot robbery are on their way to Argentina through America. You'll ask Saye if he's heard anything about them from his New York office. Any questions?'

'No, Sir,' said Sergeant Dankwaerts.

A moment later, another man came into the room. He was carrying a small case.

'Good afternoon, Sergeant Lobiniere,' said Vallance. 'Come and look at my friend.'

The sergeant stood close to Bond and looked very carefully at his face for a minute. 'Who is he going to be, Sir?' he asked Vallance.

'Sergeant James, one of Sergeant Dankwaerts' men. Only for three hours. All right?'

Lobiniere took Bond to a chair by the window and opened his case. For the next ten minutes, he worked on Bond's face and hair. Bond listened to Vallance speak to the House of Diamonds on the telephone.

'Two of my men will be calling at 3.30 pm,' Vallance was saying. 'They'll need no more than ten minutes of Mr Saye's time. Yes. Thank you. Goodbye.'

Lobiniere held up a pocket mirror in front of Bond. Bond looked into it. And he saw someone who certainly didn't look like James Bond.

The waiting room at the House of Diamonds was quiet, except for the sound of a wall clock. There was a thick red carpet on the floor. In the centre was a round table and six armchairs. Bond guessed that they had cost at least a thousand pounds.

Bond and Sergeant Dankwaerts sat in armchairs and waited silently. Dankwaerts was reading a copy of the *Diamond News*. Suddenly, the door opened and a big, dark man stepped in and looked quickly at each of them.

'My name is Saye,' he said in a cold voice. 'What do you want?'

Dankwaerts walked round Saye and closed the door behind him. 'I'm Sergeant Dankwaerts of the Special Branch of Scotland Yard,' he said, calmly. 'This is Sergeant James. We're looking for information on the theft¹⁶ of some diamonds. You may be able to help us.'

While Dankwaerts told his story, Bond looked carefully at Mr Saye. He was a large man with a square face and short, black hair. His lips were a thin, straight line. He wore a black suit, white shirt and a thin, black tie. Bond decided that Saye was a hard, cold-hearted man.

'... and these are the stones we're interested in.' Dankwaerts was finishing his story. 'Have any of them come through your company here or in New York?'

'No, they haven't,' said Saye. He turned and opened the door behind him. 'Now, good afternoon, gentlemen.' And he walked out of the room.

Some minutes later, Dankwaerts was driving towards Bond's flat near the King's Road. 'Did you get what you wanted, Sir?' he asked Bond.

'I'm not sure exactly *what* I wanted,' said Bond. 'But I was glad to have a look at Rufus B. Saye. He doesn't look like a diamond merchant.'

'He's not a diamond merchant, Sir,' said Dankwaerts, smiling. 'I read out a list of missing stones. I mentioned a Yellow Premier and two Cape Unions.'

'Yes?'

'There are no diamonds with those names. And Saye didn't know that.'

Tiffany Case

Bond knocked on the door of room 350 of the Trafalgar Palace Hotel.

'Come in,' said a woman's voice.

He walked into the small living room and shut the door behind him.

'Lock it,' said the voice. It came from the bedroom.

Bond locked the door and walked across to the middle of the room, past the bedroom door.

'Sit down,' said the voice.

Bond smiled and sat in an armchair next to a desk. He could just see her through the open door. She was getting dressed.

After a few minutes, Tiffany Case came out of the bedroom. She was very beautiful, with blonde hair and blue eyes. She was dressed in a black suit and a green shirt. She wore an expensive gold watch on her arm, and a large diamond ring on the third finger of her right hand.

'So you're Peter Franks,' she said. 'I'm Tiffany Case. Why did you decide to do this job? They told me that you were a burglar.'

'I am,' said Bond. 'Something went wrong on a job. There was an argument and a person died.'

'And now you want to leave the country,' she said.

'That's right. And I need the money.'

'Where are you going to carry the stones?' she asked. 'Do you have any ideas?'

'I thought perhaps the handles¹⁷ of a suitcase would be a good place,' said Bond. 'Yes?'

'No, because the customs¹⁸ men think the same thing,' she said. 'Do you play golf?'



After a few minutes, Tiffany Case came out of the bedroom. She was very beautiful, with blonde hair and blue eyes.

'Yes,' said Bond.
'Which golf balls do you use?' She took a piece of paper and a pen from the desk.

'They're called Dunlop 65's,' said Bond.

'OK. Have you got a passport?' she asked.

'I have,' said Bond. 'But it uses my real name, James Bond.'
She looked at him for a moment, then said, 'It's not important. Now listen. You're going over to America to see a man called Michael Tree. His friends call him "Shady" Tree. Now this is your story. He's an American friend of yours, and you met him in Europe. OK?'

'OK,' said Bond.

'You'll stay at the Astor Hotel in New York.' She walked to the desk and opened a drawer. She took out a small packet and gave it to Bond. 'There's about five hundred pounds in there,' she said. 'Get a room here in London at the Ritz Hotel. Buy a good, used suitcase and pack your golfing holiday clothes. Get your golf clubs, then buy a ticket for the Thursday evening Monarch flight to New York. A car will come for you at 6.30 on Thursday evening. The driver will give you the golf balls.'

'All right,' said Bond.

'Don't think you can trick us and take the diamonds. The driver will stay with you until your bags go on the plane. And I'll be at London Airport.'

'What happens in New York?' asked Bond.

'Another driver will meet you and tell you what to do next. If anything goes wrong at customs, you know nothing.'

'Could we meet in New York?' said Bond, smiling. He liked this girl, and she could help him to get further up the pipeline.

She looked at him, then looked away. 'Well, I suppose we could have dinner Friday night, if the job goes OK. Meet me at eight o'clock at the Twenty-one Club on 52nd Street. Now I've

got things to do.' She walked towards the door. Bond followed her. 'You'll be all right,' she said. 'Just stay away from me on the plane.'

She opened the door and Bond walked out of the room. 'See you at the Twenty-one Club,' he said. She closed the door behind him and waited to hear his footsteps¹⁹ go away.

Twenty minutes later, Tiffany Case walked into Charing Cross Railway Station. She went to one of the telephone boxes and dialled a number. After the usual two rings, she heard the click of the automatic recorder taking the call. For twenty seconds she heard nothing. Then the voice of her boss, who she did not know, said, 'Speak.'

She spoke quickly: 'Case to ABC. The carrier's real name is James Bond. He'll use that name on his passport. He plays golf and will carry golf clubs. I suggest we use golf balls. He uses Dunlop 65's. I'll call again later this evening.' She put down the phone.

In a rented room somewhere in London, the recorder stopped. A door opened and closed. Footsteps went softly down some stairs and out into an unknown street and away.

5

*A Bad Traveller*²⁰

It was six o'clock on Thursday evening. Bond was packing his suitcase in his bedroom at the Ritz. His tickets and passport went into a smaller case which had been prepared for him by Special Branch. There was a narrow, secret space at the back of the case. This held a silencer²¹ for his gun and thirty rounds of .25 ammunition²².

The telephone rang. It was the girl at the hotel desk. She said, 'A man from Universal Export has a letter for you, Mr Bond.'

A few minutes later, Bond opened the door to a man from headquarters. He gave a large envelope to Bond. 'I have to wait and take this back after you read the note inside, Sir,' he said.

Bond sat at the writing desk and began to read. The note was from M.

WASHINGTON REPORTS THAT RUFUS B. SAYE IS JACK SPANG, A POSSIBLE GANGSTER²³. HE IS TWIN BROTHER TO SERAFFIMO SPANG. TOGETHER THEY CONTROL THE 'SPANGLIED MOB', A GROUP WORKING IN AMERICA. THE SPANG BROTHERS BOUGHT THE HOUSE OF DIAMONDS FIVE YEARS AGO. THEY ALSO OWN THE TIARA HOTEL IN LAS VEGAS. THIS HOTEL IS THE HEADQUARTERS OF SERAFFIMO SPANG.

WASHINGTON ALSO REPORTS THAT SPANGLIED MOB BUY AND SELL DRUGS. THIS BUSINESS IS LOOKED AFTER BY MICHAEL (SHADY) TREE, A CRIMINAL KNOWN TO THE POLICE. THE GANG HAS OTHER HEADQUARTERS IN MIAMI, DETROIT AND CHICAGO.

THE SPANGLIED MOB IS ONE OF THE BIGGEST GANGS IN THE UNITED STATES. IF YOUR JOB TAKES YOU INTO A DANGEROUS MEETING WITH THE GANG, REPORT AT ONCE TO HEADQUARTERS. WE WILL THEN GIVE THE JOB TO THE FBI. THIS IS AN ORDER.

Bond finished reading, then put the note into one of the Ritz envelopes. He gave it to the man from headquarters. After the man had left, Bond walked across to the window and looked out across Green Park.

Give the job to the FBI? M would hate to ask the FBI to finish a job. A 'dangerous meeting' would be something for Bond to decide about. He remembered some of his enemies from the past. He was sure that these gangsters could not be as dangerous as them. Or could they? He remembered the hard, cold eyes of Rufus B. Saye. Well, he would have a look at the brother – Seraffimo.

Bond looked at his watch. 6.25 pm. He put his right hand under his coat and took out the .25 Beretta automatic gun. He checked the gun carefully, then put it back in the holster²⁴ under his coat.

The telephone rang. 'Your car's here, Sir,' the voice told him.

The large, black car was standing outside the Ritz Hotel. The driver put Bond's two cases and golf clubs in the back of the car. He told Bond to sit in the front passenger seat. As they drove through Piccadilly, he looked at his driver. The man's eyes were hidden behind black sunglasses and he was cold and professional.

After a time, the car stopped at the side of the road. The driver reached under his seat and took out a box of new golf balls. He got out of the car and opened the back door. He opened the pocket on Bond's golf bag. Carefully, he put the six new golf balls into the pocket with the old ones already there. Then he climbed back into the front seat and they drove on.

At London Airport, Bond's bags went through customs without problems. Tiffany Case came into the departure lounge²⁵ a few minutes after Bond.

There were about forty other passengers, but there was nobody that Bond recognized except Tiffany Case. He looked round. Were two of the passengers watching him? They looked like American businessmen. One of them was a young man with white hair. The other was fat and had a pale face. Bond

heard them ask for double brandies at the bar. The fat man took some pills from his pocket and put one into his mouth. Then he drank some brandy. He had a small case with some writing printed on it. It said, 'Mr W. Winter – My blood group²⁶ is F'.

'A bad traveller,' thought Bond.

He slept through most of the flight.

6

Shady Tree

Bond and his bags went through customs easily at New York's Idlewild Airport. A porter²⁷ took his suitcase and golf clubs and followed him through the airport. Bond was near the exit doors when he heard his name.

'Mr Bond? I have a car for you.'

Bond turned to see a tall man with a narrow face and mean-looking eyes. They walked outside into the hot early-morning sun. Bond saw something square in the man's trouser pocket. It was about the size and shape of a small gun.

The car was a black Oldsmobile Sedan. Bond climbed into the front seat. He did not wait to be told where to sit. The porter put his suitcase and golf bag in the back.

They drove through the traffic to Manhattan. The car stopped in West 46th Street – the diamond district of New York. They were outside a smart-looking shop with the name 'House of Diamonds' above the door. Bond took his small case and reached for the golf clubs.

'I'll take those,' said the driver. 'You take the suitcase.'

Bond followed the driver to a small door at the side of the shop. Inside was a man in a porter's room.

'Can we leave the bags with you?' the driver asked him. 'Sure,' said the man. 'They'll be OK here.'

The driver waited for Bond to get into the lift. The driver carried the golf bag over his shoulder and they went up to the fourth floor in silence. The driver knocked on a door opposite the lift and opened it. Bond followed him inside. A man with bright red hair and a big, moon-shaped face was sitting at a desk. He stood up as they came in. He was a hunchback²⁸.

He walked slowly round Bond, then stood in front of him and looked up into his face. Bond looked calmly back at the hunchback, seeing the big ears, the half-open mouth, and the short, strong arms.

The hunchback's voice was sharp and high. 'London tells me that you have killed a man, Mr Bond. I believe them. Would you like to do more work for us?'

'Perhaps,' answered Bond. 'How much do you pay?'

The hunchback laughed, then turned to the driver. 'Rocky, get those balls out of the bag and cut them open.' He quickly shook his arm and a knife appeared from the arm of his coat and dropped into his hand. 'A throwing knife,' thought Bond, 'and he's fast.' The hunchback sat down behind his desk again.

Rocky took the knife and put the six new golf balls on the desk. He cut one of them open and put it on the desk. The hunchback took out three uncut diamonds. The driver went on with his work until Bond had counted eighteen stones on the desk. If the stones were good quality, they could be sold for about one hundred thousand pounds after cutting.

'OK, Rocky,' said the hunchback. 'Take the golf clubs and this man's bags to the Astor Hotel. He's staying there. Send them up to his room.'

After the driver had left, Bond sat in a chair opposite the hunchback. He lit a cigarette.

'Now, if you are happy, I'd like my five thousand dollars,' Bond said.

The hunchback slowly moved the diamonds in front of him into a circle. He looked up at Bond. 'You will be paid,' he said. 'And you may get more than five thousand dollars. But you'll get the money yourself, because it's safer. It is very dangerous for a man to suddenly have a lot of money. He talks about it and spends it without being careful. Then the police catch him and ask him where it all came from. He hasn't got an answer. Right?'

'OK,' said Bond. 'How do I get the five thousand dollars?'

'I'll tell you a story,' said the hunchback. 'Today you met your friend Mr Tree. That's me. You knew me in England in 1945, just after the war. OK?'

'OK,' said Bond.

'I owed you money for a card game that we had at the Savoy Hotel in London. Right? When we met today, I paid you. So now you have one thousand dollars. Here's the money.' The hunchback took ten one hundred-dollar notes from his pocket and pushed them across the desk.

Bond put them in his coat pocket.

'You decide to go and see some horse racing in Saratoga,' continued the hunchback. 'You put a bet²⁹ on a horse and win another four thousand dollars. Now you have five thousand dollars. Now if anybody asks, "Where did it come from?" you have answers.'

'Maybe the horse will lose the race,' said Bond.

'It won't.' The hunchback smiled.

'Good,' said Bond. 'I'd like to stay away from England for a while. Do you need any extra help?'

The hunchback looked silently at Bond.

'Maybe,' he said after a few moments. 'Phone me after the race. This is my number. Write it down. Wisconsin 73697. And write this down, too. Fourth race on Tuesday – the Perpetuities Stakes. Put your bet on Shy Smile to win. He's a big horse with a white face and white feet.'

Felix Leiter

Bond went down in the lift and out into the street. He walked towards Times Square.

After a few minutes, Bond became sure that someone was following him. He looked back. But there was nobody suddenly moving into a shop. Nobody quickly putting up a newspaper to hide their face.

Bond turned right into the Avenue of Americas and stopped inside the entrance of the first shop he saw.

Suddenly, he felt something hard holding his right arm and a voice said,

'Relax, Mr Bond. Don't move, or you'll have bullets³⁰ for lunch.'

He felt something hard push into his side.

Had he heard this voice before? He looked down to see a metal hook³¹ holding his right arm. Moving fast, Bond tried to hit the man behind him. But the man caught his arm and stopped him. Then came a laugh and a voice said, 'Sorry, James. You're caught.'

Bond turned to see the smiling face of Felix Leiter.

'You were in front of me!' said Bond. He smiled back at the American secret agent. The last time Bond had seen him, Felix had been lying on a bed, in a pool of blood, in a Florida hotel.

'What are you doing here?' said Bond. 'Come on, you can buy me lunch and tell me.'

'OK,' said Leiter. He put his metal hook into the right-hand pocket of his coat and took Bond's arm with his left hand. 'Let's go to Sardi's. It's across the street.'

They went upstairs in the famous actors' and writers'



Suddenly, he felt something hard holding his right arm.

restaurant. Leiter walked slowly and with some difficulty. Bond saw that his right arm and left leg were false, and there were small marks above his right eye.

The waiter came and Leiter ordered a dry martini for Bond. Bond smiled – Leiter had remembered his favourite drink.

Leiter's smile was warm, but his eyes were watching Bond carefully. 'Tell me, what's your business with Shady Tree?'

Bond drank his martini and lit a cigarette. 'You tell me something first, Felix,' he said. 'Are you still working for the CIA³²?'

'No,' said Leiter. 'When I lost my gun hand, they could only give me desk work. So I work for Pinkerton's Detective Agency now. I'm a private detective. I investigate drugs and "fixed" horse races – races where they know who's going to win. And I organize men to watch the racehorses in their stables at night. What about you? Are you still with the same people?'

'That's right,' said Bond.

'On a job for them now?'

'Yes.'

'In secret?'

'Yes.'

Leiter looked unhappy. 'If it's about the Spangled Gang, you're crazy to be working alone. This is dangerous, but maybe we can help each other. I'll tell you why I was near Shady Tree's offices.'

'I think I know,' said Bond. 'You're interested in someone with a white face and four white feet. He's called Shy Smile.'

'That's right,' said Leiter. 'He's racing at Saratoga on Tuesday.'

'I'm going to bet one thousand dollars on him, and he's going to win,' said Bond. 'It's my pay for another job. I brought a big packet of uncut diamonds in by plane this morning, for Mr Spang and his friends. Why are you interested in the horse?'

'Because the horse that looks like Shy Smile is really a fast horse called Pickapepper. The real Shy Smile was a slow horse and didn't win races. They shot him.'

'Don't tell me,' said Bond. 'Pickapepper's also got a white face and four white feet.'

'Right,' said Leiter. 'And they've done a good job with any other small differences. They started planning this more than a year ago. They're going to make a lot of money. It's a very big race.'

'What are you going to do about it?' asked Bond.

'I don't know. I need to think about it,' said Leiter. 'Let's drive to Saratoga together on Sunday. We can both stay at a quiet place I know – the Sagamore Morel – and meet in the evenings.'

'Good idea,' said Bond. 'Now let's order some lunch and I'll tell you my story.'

He finished the story when they were drinking coffee. 'And we think that the Spangs are smuggling the diamonds, and that the House of Diamonds is selling them.'

'I don't know much about Jack Spang,' said Leiter. 'But I've heard about Tiffany Case. Her mother owned a cheap hotel in San Francisco. One day she decided not to pay money to the local gangsters. Some nights later, they arrived and broke doors, furniture and everything else in the place. Then they attacked Tiffany. It was bad. She was only sixteen years old.'

'That's terrible,' said Bond, angrily.

'Next day, she ran away. She had several jobs – dancer, waitress – until she was about twenty. Then she moved to Florida and started drinking too much alcohol. One day a boy fell into the sea and Tiffany jumped in and saved him. Her name was in the newspapers. Some rich woman gave her somewhere to live and helped her to stop drinking. She took Tiffany around the world, but Tiffany left her when they got

to San Francisco. She went to live with her mother for a short time, then moved down to Reno. She met Seraffimo there and he gave her a job at the Tiara Casino in Las Vegas. She's been there for the last year or two. She goes to Europe in between, I suppose.'

'I like her,' said Bond. He looked at his watch. 'I need some sleep. I'm staying at the Astor Hotel. Where shall we meet on Sunday morning?'

'Outside the Plaza Hotel, at nine o'clock,' said Leiter. 'You've got a dangerous job, James. Be careful. All American gangsters are bad, but these Spangled boys are some of the worst.'

8

A Warning³³ from Tiffany

The waiter at the Twenty-one Club brought the martinis, with pieces of lemon peel, as Bond had ordered. Tiffany put a cigarette in her mouth and Bond lit it for her. For a moment, their eyes met, and Bond could read a message. 'I like you,' her eyes seemed to say. 'But be kind. I don't want to be hurt any more.'

Another waiter came to their table with caviar and champagne.

'I'm going to Las Vegas tomorrow,' said Tiffany. 'I'm taking the train to Chicago, then to Los Angeles. What about you?'

'I'm going up to Saratoga,' said Bond. 'To bet on a horse and make some money.'

'I suppose it's a "fixed" race,' said Tiffany. 'There was no smile in her eyes now. 'You seem to be popular with Shady. He wants you to work with the Mob.'

Bond hated lying to this girl, but it was necessary. 'Good,'

he said. 'But who is "the Mob"?' He lit a cigarette and felt her watching him closely.

After a moment, she said, 'It's called the Spangled Mob. Two brothers called Spang. I work for one of them in Las Vegas. Nobody seems to know where the other one is. Some say that he's in Europe. And then there's somebody called ABC. When I'm working with diamonds, all the orders come from him. The brother I work for is Seraffimo Spang. He's more interested in gambling and racehorses. Then there's Shady. He looks after the drug business and other things. There are other men - gangsters. They're tough. You'll meet them.' Then she added, unkindly, 'I'm sure you'll like them.'

'It's just another job,' said Bond, angrily. 'I've got to earn some money.'

'There are lots of other ways,' she said. 'Just think very carefully before you work for our little gang.'

'This diamond game looks easy,' said Bond. 'Why don't we just go on doing it together? Two or three jobs a year will give us good money.'

'These people aren't fools,' said Tiffany. She was angry with him. 'I've never had the same carrier twice, and I'm not the only guard. Also, I think that they had someone watching us on the plane. They check and double check everything they do. I've never even seen ABC. I just phone a number in London to get my orders. You have no idea, do you?'

Some time later, they went out into the hot night and got a taxi.

'I'm staying at the Astor, too,' said Tiffany.

Bond said nothing. He looked out of the taxi window. He wanted to say to her, 'Come with me. I like you. Don't be frightened.' But Bond couldn't. He had a job to do.

At the Astor Hotel, they took the lift to the fifth floor. Bond followed her to the door of her room. She turned, angrily, and started to say, 'Listen, you Bond person ...' But she stopped and

looked into his eyes. He saw that she was crying. Suddenly, she put her arms round him and her face next to his.

'Look after yourself, James,' she said. 'I don't want to lose you.' She kissed him long and hard on the lips. Then she turned quickly and went into her room and shut the door behind her.

9

A Fast Horse

On Saturday, Bond stayed in his hotel room for most of the day and wrote a report to send to London. The diamond pipeline began somewhere near Jack Spang, also known as Rufus B. Saye. It ended with Seraffimo Spang. The stones came to Shady Tree. Then they went into the House of Diamonds for cutting and selling. Someone known as ABC seemed to be the Big Boss. He was probably in London. Bond would try to get further up the pipeline, using Tiffany Case. He wrote the report in code.

At nine o'clock on Sunday morning, a black Studebaker car stopped outside the Plaza Hotel. Bond was waiting there with his suitcase. He threw it onto the back seat and climbed in next to Leiter.

'It's about two hundred miles,' said Leiter as they drove out of the city. There was a straight, empty road in front of them. Leiter pushed his right foot down to the floor. Suddenly, Bond was thrown back into his seat. He looked at the speedometer — eighty, ninety, ninety-five miles an hour.

'Not bad for a Studebaker,' said Bond.
Leiter looked at Bond and smiled. 'This isn't a normal Studebaker.'

At 12.30 they found a place to stop for lunch. Leiter told Bond about Saratoga.

'It's a spa town³⁴,' he said. 'For eleven months of the year, it's very quiet. People sometimes come to go in the waters or to have mudbaths, but that's all. Then for one month — August — it goes crazy. It's probably the best race meeting in America, and the place is full of rich people. A lot of the racehorse owners are gangsters, like the Spangs. Sometimes they "fix" a race. The Spangs hope to get fifty thousand dollars from the Shy Smile race.'

They finished their lunch and drove on. Bond slept for a short time. When he opened his eyes, they were entering Saratoga.

There seemed to be horses everywhere. Crossing the streets, walking along the sides of the roads, coming out of lorries. Horse trainers and jockeys³⁵ talked on street corners.

Leiter left Bond at the Sagamore Motel, just outside town. They agreed to meet only at night or 'by accident' at the races.

'We'll visit the racetrack³⁶ early tomorrow if Shy Smile is there,' Leiter told Bond. 'I'll know about this and a lot more after an evening at The Tether. It's an all-night restaurant and bar. Most of the criminals of the racing world go there.'

At the motel Bond paid thirty dollars for three days, and got a key to room 49. He had a shower, dressed, then walked down the road. There was a restaurant on the corner, and he ate a chicken dinner. Afterwards he bought a Saratogian newspaper. He saw that T. Bell would be riding Shy Smile in The Perpetuities Race.

Soon after ten o'clock, Felix Leiter knocked softly on the door of Bond's room and came in. Bond was lying on the bed. Leiter sat down in an armchair and took out a cigarette.

'We get up at five o'clock tomorrow morning,' said Leiter. 'They'll be timing Shy Smile at 5.30 am. I want to see who's

there. The owner of the horse is Pissaro. He's one of the directors of the Tiara Casino in Las Vegas. The jockey is "Tingaling" Bell. He's a good rider, but he's not always honest when he's paid well. I want to speak to Tingaling. The trainer is another gangster, "Rosy" Budd.'

'What are you going to do?' asked Bond.

'I've got a few ideas,' said Leiter. 'I'll wake you at five o'clock.' Bond woke early and the two men drove to the racetrack. They walked through the trees to the white fence³⁷ round the track. The early-morning air was wonderfully cool and the sun was beginning to come out.

Three men came through the trees. One of them was leading a large horse. The animal had a white face and white feet.

'Don't look too interested in them,' warned Leiter. 'Turn round and watch the line of other horses coming up the track. I'll watch our friends.'

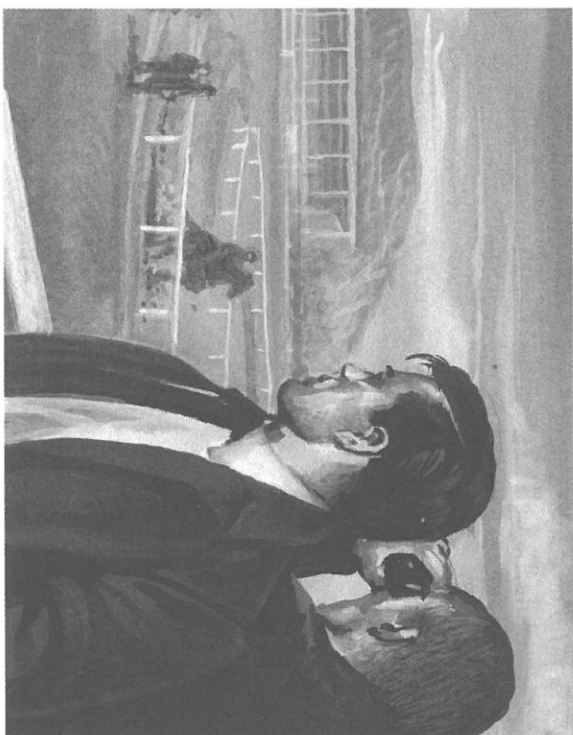
Bond turned and looked away.

'A man is leading out Shy Smile,' said Leiter. 'And there's Budd and Pissaro. It's a nice-looking horse. The man is getting on him now. The gangsters have got their watches out. They've seen us, but don't worry. When the horse starts moving, they won't be interested in us. OK, you can turn round now, James. Shy Smile is on the other side of the track. They're watching him through their binoculars³⁸.'

Bond saw the two men with binoculars. They had watches in their hands.

'He's started!' Leiter said.

Faraway, Bond could see a brown horse moving fast round the top of the track. They watched him turn and come towards them. Horse and rider came quickly round the corner in front of Bond and Leiter, and on towards the watching men. Then the horse was past them, and Bond's eyes moved to the two men. He saw them look at their watches to check the time that the horse had taken.



Leiter touched Bond on the arm and they walked back to their car.

'He ran well,' said Leiter. 'Faster than the real Shy Smile could run. If he moves like that, he'll win. Let's get some breakfast, James, then I'm going to see Tingaling Bell.'

After breakfast, Bond spent some time at the racetrack. Later he had lunch, then he watched and put bets on the afternoon races. It was a beautiful day, and by the end of the afternoon he had won fifteen dollars.

He walked back to the motel and had a shower. Then he found a restaurant and had dinner. Afterwards he walked over to the sales ring and watched racehorses bought and sold. After a time, Bond heard a small noise from the seat behind him. It was Leiter. He sat forward and spoke quietly in Bond's ear.

'It's done,' he said. 'It's cost three thousand dollars, but Tingaling will do it. See you in the morning, James.'

Bond didn't look round but went on watching the sales. After a while, he walked slowly back to the motel. He thought about Shy Smile, who wasn't the real Shy Smile. And about Tingaling Bell, who was being paid to lose the race. 'He's playing a very dangerous game,' thought Bond.

10 The Race

Bond sat high up in the grandstand³⁹ and watched Shy Smile's owner through binoculars. Pissaro was at a table in the grandstand restaurant, not far below Bond. Rosy Budd sat opposite him. There was half an hour to wait before The Perpetuities Race started. Shy Smile was horse number ten. He was the bottom horse in the betting. The two favourites to win were Come Again and Pray Action.

Bond put down his binoculars and remembered what Letter had told him earlier that day. Letter had gone to see Bell and had told him that he was a private detective.

'I know about Shy Smile, who is really Pickapepper,' Letter had said to Bell. 'If you win, I'll tell everyone what really happened. You'll never ride a racehorse again, Tingaling. Or ... you can win the race but be disqualified⁴⁰. Knock into the horse nearest to you and stop him winning. Do that and I'll give you one thousand dollars now and another two thousand after the race.'

A frightened Bell had agreed. But he wanted the two thousand dollars to be given to him at the Acme Mud and Sulphur Baths. He went there every evening after the races, at six o'clock.

Bond had the two thousand dollars in his pocket. If Shy

Smile got disqualified and lost the race, he would go to the Acme Baths at six o'clock and meet Bell.

When it was time, the horses came down to the starting place. First came number one, Come Again. A big black horse. Then came Pray Action, a fast-looking grey horse. The big, brown horse with a white face and white feet was behind all the other horses. A nervous-looking Tingaling Bell sat on his back.

The horses came to the starting gate, and Bond watched the race through binoculars. A bell sounded, and they moved quickly away ...

Shy Smile, number ten, was close to the fence ...

Horse number five was just in front ...

Come Again and Pray Action came along next to him ...

Shy Smile was behind them ...

Round the corner, and now Come Again was at the front

...

And Shy Smile was fourth ...

Down the long straight part of the racecourse, and Shy Smile and Pray Action rushed past number five ...

Shy Smile was almost next to the front horse ...

Now Pray Action and Shy Smile were side by side ...

Together ...

Moving quickly away from the others ...

Coming to the last corner ...

Racing towards the finish ...

There was a camera filming the race. Bond stopped breathing. 'Now! Now!' he thought. 'Do it now!'

Pray Action was nearest the white fence ...

Tingaling Bell moved Shy Smile nearer to him ...

Tingaling looked away so that he could not see the grey

horse next to him ...

Suddenly, Shy Smile's head hit Pray Action's head.

He pushed Pray Action towards the fence ...

...

Pray Action's jockey stood up, and had to slow his horse down. Angry shouts came from the crowd ...

Now Shy Smile was in front! Going faster ... faster ...

Moments later, Tingaling Bell took him past the finishing post.

He had won!

Or had he?

'Very clever riding, Tingaling!' thought Bond.

Some minutes after the end of the race, a voice came over the loudspeaker¹¹, 'Attention please. Number ten, Shy Smile, has been disqualified. Number three, Pray Action, is the winner!' Bond smiled and walked towards the bar.

11

Mud Baths

The small red bus had the words 'Acme Mud and Sulphur Baths' on its side. It went down a short hill towards a group of dirty, grey buildings. A tall, yellow chimney stood up from the centre. Black smoke came from the chimney.

The bus stopped by the baths. There was a seat near the entrance, under some dead-looking trees. Bond sat there for a few minutes, trying to prepare himself. He was not happy. He did not like the look of the place, and he did not like what was going to happen to him inside.

But after a few more moments, he went inside. The bad smell of sulphur was strong. A woman sat behind a desk, reading a paperback book. She looked up. 'Yes?'

'I'd like a bath,' said Bond.

'Mud or Sulphur?' asked the woman.

'Mud,' said Bond. He paid for a ticket.

At the back of the room were two doors. One said MUD, the other SULPHUR. Bond went through the MUD door. He found himself in a long room with a window in the roof and changing rooms along the walls. It was hot and steamy in the room. Two men sat at a table playing cards. They were naked¹² except for towels around their waists. They looked up at Bond.

'Ticket?' one of the men asked.

Bond gave him his ticket and the man gave him a key for one of the changing rooms. He pointed at the door at the end of the room. 'The baths are through there,' the man said.

There was nothing in the changing room except a thin towel. Bond took off his clothes and put the towel round his waist. He pushed the money into his coat pocket. Then he walked out and locked the changing room door behind him.

He went through the door at the end of the room. A large black man with no hair met him on the other side.

'Follow me,' said the black man.

The room was square and grey, and there were long tables against the walls. On each table was a heavy wooden box like a coffin¹³. It had a wooden top that covered most of the box. Men's hot, wet faces showed above the sides of most 'coffins'.

Bond followed the black man to a wooden seat next to two shower rooms. Bond sat on the seat and the man went across to an empty coffin. He put a sheet into it. Next he went to the middle of the room and got two buckets. They were filled with hot brown mud. He poured mud into the empty coffin until the bottom was full.

He left it to cool and went to a bath full of ice. From this he took several wet towels, then walked round the room. At each coffin, he stopped to put a cold towel around the head of the red-faced man inside. When he had finished, he walked across to the empty coffin.

'OK,' he said to Bond.

The man took Bond's towel and key. Bond climbed into the