

'This is a message from a good friend in London. It says, 'Peter Franks is held by the police. Find out if the job is in any danger, then kill the new carrier and send a report.'"

There was silence in the room. Mr Spang looked hard at Bond. 'Well, Mr Whoever-you-are,' he said at last. 'This looks like a good year for something horrible to happen to you.'

Bond tried to stay calm. He knew that they were going to hurt him – badly. But how? He reached down for his drink. Now he knew that the two Spangs were the beginning and the end of the diamond pipeline. He had completed his job. He knew the answers. Now, in some way, he must get the answers back to M.

'I took the job from Peter Franks,' he said. 'He decided that he didn't like it, and I needed money.'

'You're lying,' said Mr Spang. 'You're with the police, or you're some kind of private detective. I'm going to find out who you are, who you work for, and what you know.' He turned angrily to Tiffany Case. 'How did he trick you? Are you stupid?'

'No!' said Tiffany. 'ABC sent this man to me, and he seemed OK. Was I supposed to tell ABC to try again? And maybe this man is telling the truth.' Her angry eyes turned towards Bond, and he saw fear in them – fear for him.

'Well, we're going to find out,' said Mr Spang. 'Wint, get Kidd and the boots.'

The boots? Bond sat silently. He had to be strong now. He must tell them nothing. He had to think of Ernie Curo and Felix Leiter, and maybe Tiffany Case.

He heard the two men come up behind him.

'Take him out onto the station,' said Mr Spang.

'OK, Boss,' said Wint.

The two hooded men sat down. They put football boots down on the thick carpet next to them. Then they started to take off their shoes.

The Cannonball

'James!' said Tiffany Case. 'Wake up!'

After some moments, Bond's blackened eyes opened with difficulty. He looked up at her from the wooden floor. She shook his blood-covered arm, afraid that he might fall asleep again. He seemed to understand and slowly pulled himself up onto his hands and knees.

'Can you walk?' she asked.

'Wait,' he said. He could feel his feet and hands. He could move his head from side to side. He could see the moonlight. He could hear her. 'It should be all right,' he thought. But he just wanted to sleep. Or to die. Anything to stop the pain that was in him and all over him. Anything to kill the memory of those four boots kicking him.

'We're in the waiting room,' she whispered. 'We must get to the end of the station.'

She opened the door and Bond got up on his feet. With Tiffany's arm round him, he walked slowly out and to the end of the station.

And there was a railroad handcar.

Bond looked at it. 'Petrol?' he whispered.

Tiffany pointed to some petrol cans by the station wall. 'I've just filled it,' she whispered back. 'They use it to check the railway line. Get on it.' She smiled. 'Next stop, Rhyolite.'

'You're a great girl,' whispered Bond. 'But there'll be a lot of noise when we start that thing.' He turned and looked at the buildings behind him. 'I've got an idea. Have you got some matches or a cigarette lighter?'

She took a lighter out of her pocket and gave it to him.

'What's the idea?' she said. 'We need to get moving.'

Bond went across to the cans of petrol and started opening them. He threw petrol over the wooden walls. When several cans were empty, he went back to her. 'Start the handcar,' he whispered. He picked up an old newspaper from next to the railway track. Tiffany started the handcar engine.

Bond lit the newspaper with the lighter, then threw it towards the petrol cans. BOOM! Flames shot into the sky.

'James!' cried Tiffany.

Bond got onto the handcar as it started to move away.

Soon they were speeding along the track, and Bond felt the cool night air.

'Are you OK?' asked Tiffany. 'You look terrible.'

'Nothing's broken,' said Bond.

'I had to sit and listen to them kicking you,' she said. 'Spang stayed and listened and watched me. After they put ropes round you and threw you into the waiting room, everyone went to bed. I waited an hour before I came down to you.'

'You're going to be in trouble if they catch us,' said Bond.

'Don't worry about me,' she said. 'First we have to get this thing to Rhyolite. Then we'll have to find a car and get to California. I've got money. We need to get you to a doctor and buy you a new shirt. I've got your gun. I got it after Spang went to bed.' She opened her shirt and took it from her belt.

Bond took it from her and pushed it into the top of his trousers. His shirt was covered in blood.

The miles went by. Every few minutes, Bond turned and looked behind them. They had been travelling nearly an hour when they heard a new sound.

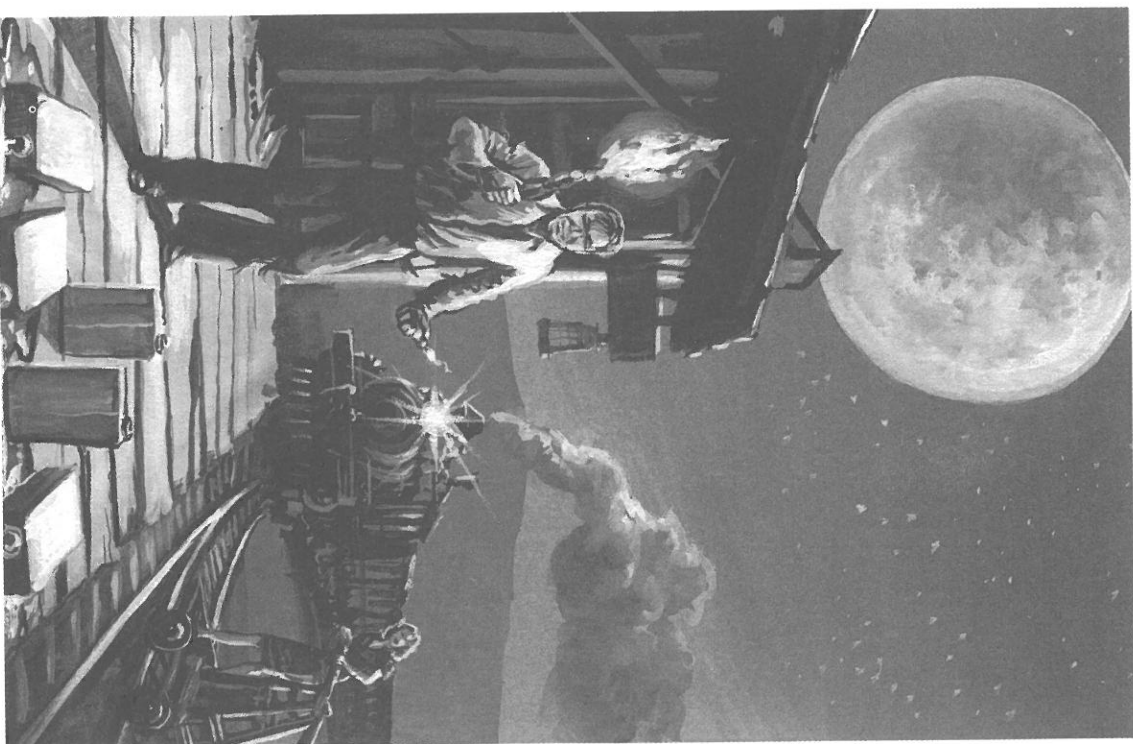
'It's *The Cannonball!*' said Tiffany.

They looked back along the railway line. Was that a small light far away?

'How far is it to Rhyolite?' asked Bond.

'About thirty miles.'

'How fast can this thing go?'



Bond lit the newspaper with the lighter, then threw it towards the petrol cans. BOOM! Flames shot into the sky.

'About thirty miles an hour.'

After fifteen minutes, Bond could see the lights on the front of the big engine.

'Are we OK for petrol?' he asked.

'Yes,' she said. 'I put in a whole can.'

Almost before she finished speaking, the little engine went 'Put. Put-put.'

'Oh, no!' said Tiffany.

And again. 'Put. Put-put.' Then 'Put-put ... hissss ...' and suddenly they were moving down the track in silence, the engine dead. Minutes later, the handcar stopped.

'No more petrol,' said Bond. He looked round. There was flat, open land for two miles on the left, and mountains half a mile away on the right.

'Come on, Tiffany,' he said. 'We've got to go.' He looked round – and saw her running down the track in front of the handcar. After a moment, she turned and ran back.

'There's a side line in front,' she said. 'If you can move the points on the track we can push this thing down the side line. Then the train will miss us.'

Bond smiled. 'I've got a better idea. Come on. Start pushing!'

Once it started moving, the handcar moved down the track easily. They came to the points by the side line and Bond went on pushing until they were past them.

'What are you doing?' asked Tiffany.

Bond ran back to the points. 'We're going to send *The Cannonball* down the side line. Help me move the points switch.'

They both pulled hard on the switch. The pain in Bond's arms was terrible. But slowly the old metal moved for the first time in fifty years. Then it was done and Tiffany helped Bond back to the handcar.

Suddenly the night air was full of the noise of the great metal train as it rushed towards them. 'Get down and don't move!' shouted Bond. He pushed Tiffany down behind the handcar. Then he went across to the side of the railway line and took out his gun.

Crack! A bullet hit the ground next to him. Crack. Crack. Crack. Now he could hear the gun above the sound of the engine.

And then the big engine flew into the side line with a scream of metal. Bond saw Spang in the cab⁵³ of the engine. He was almost falling out, holding the side of the cab with one hand and driving the engine with the other.

Bond lifted his gun and fired four shots. He saw Spang's white face suddenly turn up to the sky. Then the great black-and-gold engine was past him and rushing towards the Spectre Mountains. Its lights cut through the darkness and a warning bell began to ring. But nothing could stop it now.

Bond put the gun into his trousers as Tiffany Case ran across to him. They watched the engine go behind a large rock. And suddenly there was a terrible crash and a great burst of fire. And then ... silence.

'And that's the end of one of the Spangs,' thought Bond.

'Let's get away from here,' said Tiffany.

It took them an hour and a half to walk the two miles to the main road. Tiffany half-carried Bond. When they reached the road he fell down, full of pain. The girl sat and held him against her. She cleaned his face with the corner of her shirt.

An hour later, a low, black car stopped next to them. A head came out of the driver's window. A friendly Texan voice said, 'Felix Leiter, Miss. What can I do for you on this beautiful morning?'

... and when I got into town I called my friend Ernie Cureo,' said Leiter. 'His wife told me that he was in hospital. So I went and saw Ernie and he told me the whole story. So I drove through the night to Spectreville and saw that the place was on fire. The gates were open so I went inside. The only person there was a man on his hands and knees, trying to get away. He had a broken leg, and his name was Frasso. I made Frasso tell me everything. Then I left him for the Fire Department to find when they arrived. Next I drove towards Rhyolite. I found a pretty girl in the middle of the road. And here we are. Now tell me your story.'

'So I'm not dreaming,' thought Bond. 'I am in the back of the Studebaker, and this is Tiffany's arm under my head. And that is Felix, and we are going down the road to a doctor, some food, a bath, a drink, and sleep.' He lay still and listened to their voices.

At the end of Tiffany's story, Leiter said, 'We'll be in Los Angeles by lunchtime. Before that, we could stop at Olancha and get James to a doctor. But we must get you and James out of the country as soon as possible. Once the rest of the Spangled Mob finds you, they'll kill you. We need to get you on a plane to New York tonight and on your way to England tomorrow.'

'But who is this man Bond?' said Tiffany 'Is he a private detective?'

'Ask him yourself,' Bond heard Leiter say carefully. 'Don't worry, he'll look after you.'

After that, Bond fell asleep. He woke up outside the house of Doctor Otis Fairplay in Olancha. The doctor cleaned Bond's cuts. Then he, Leiter and Tiffany got some breakfast before they drove away again.

On the Queen Elizabeth

The bar of the Beverley Hills Hotel in Los Angeles was dark and cool. There were new suitcases next to Bond and Tiffany. Bond wore his nice, new Hollywood clothes and sat drinking his martini. There was a telephone on the table next to the drinks. Felix Leiter finished talking to New York for the fourth time that evening.

He put down the phone. 'My friends at the office have got you tickets for the *Queen Elizabeth* and a passport for you, Tiffany. The ship leaves from New York for England tomorrow night at eight o'clock. They'll meet you at La Guardia airport in the morning. They went to get the rest of your things from the Astor, James.'

'Thanks, Felix,' said Bond.

'There's a report in the newspaper about the Spectreville fire,' Leiter went on. 'Nothing about Spang. My friends tell me that the police aren't looking for you, but the gangsters are. They'll pay ten thousand dollars to the person who kills you. Get on the ship and stay in your cabins²⁴ for two or three days. Now, I've got to get back to Las Vegas tonight.'

Leiter drove them to the airport.

'You've got a good friend there,' Tiffany told Bond, when they were watching him drive away.

On the plane, Bond sat in his seat and thought about the beautiful Tiffany sitting next to him. He knew that he was very near to being in love with her. But what about her? Would she ever be able to trust, and perhaps love, a man again?

He thought, too, about the diamond smuggling pipeline. One part of it was finished. But Seraffino was only the end of the pipeline. Jack Spang and the mystery-man ABC were

the real bosses. Did Jack Spang and ABC know about his and Tiffany's escape?

So now they had to find Jack Spang, and then ABC. The Secret Service could only find the man at the beginning of the pipeline in Africa through ABC. He planned to send a report to M when they were on the *Queen Elizabeth*. Vallance's men could then do the rest. There would not be much for Bond to do in London, only write reports.

At about four o'clock on Sunday afternoon, Bond and Tiffany went to their cabins on the *Queen Elizabeth*. A man watched them go onto the ship. He then walked quickly to a telephone.

Three hours later, two American businessmen got out of a black car and walked onto the ship. One was a young man with white hair. The name on his small case was B. Kitteridge. The other man was big and fat. He looked sick. The name on his suitcase was W. Winter. Below the name were the words 'My blood group is F'.

Three days later, Bond met Tiffany in the ship's Veranda Grill for dinner. The weather was fine and the sea was calm.

'Now tell me, James,' said Tiffany. 'What do you do and who do you work for?'

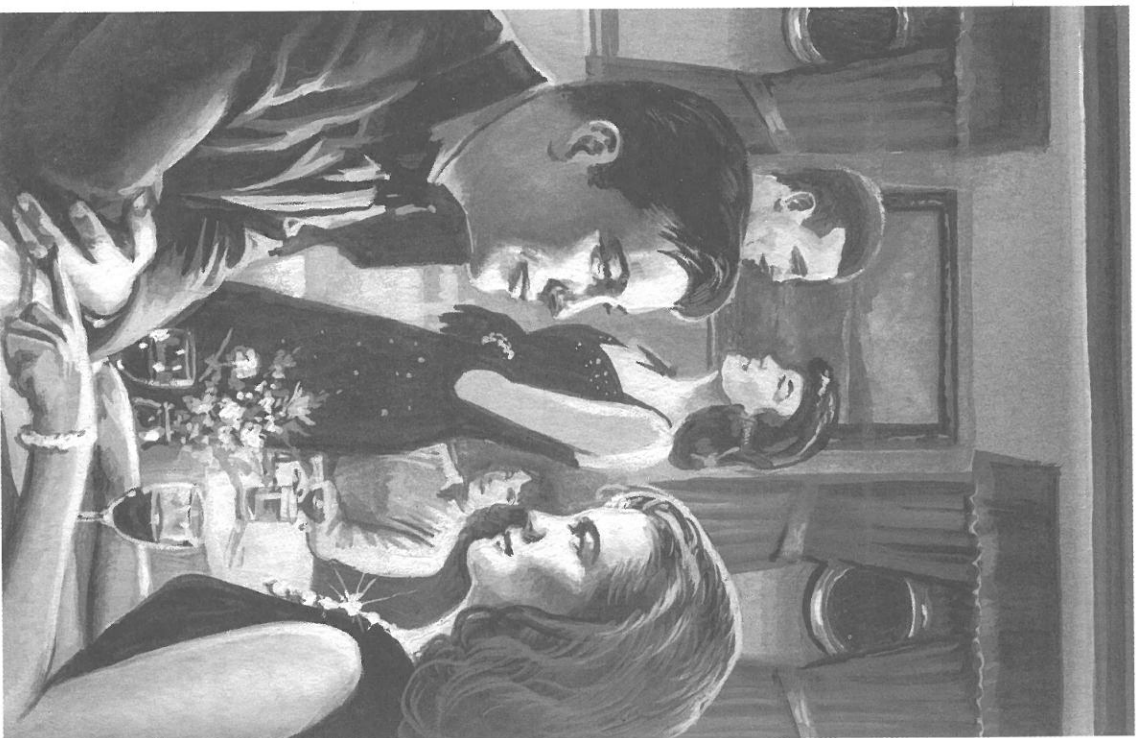
'I work for the Government,' said Bond. 'They want to stop the diamond smuggling.'

'You're a sort of secret agent.'

'Just a government worker,' said Bond.

'OK,' said Tiffany. They were silent for some minutes, then she suddenly put a hand on his hand. 'Listen, you Bond person. I love being here with you.'

'And I love being with you, Tiffany,' said Bond. He paused, then went on, 'Felix told me a little about you. About the attack ...'



They were silent for some minutes, then she suddenly put a hand on his hand. 'Listen, you Bond person. I love being here with you.'

'Oh,' she said. 'Did he?' She began to shake a little.

'Don't think about it,' said Bond. 'This is today, here and now. Not yesterday or a long time ago. Tell me about your work as a dealer at the casino.'

She became calmer, and they talked about blackjack. 'Now tell me about you,' she said. 'What sort of a woman do you like?'

'Somebody who can make good Sauce Béarnaise,' said Bond, smiling. He looked closely at her. 'And she's got to have gold hair and blue eyes. And she must know how to play cards. The usual things.'

She laughed. 'And would you marry this person?'

'I'm almost married already. To a man. His name's M.'

Later Bond took her back to her cabin, then went to his cabin and had a shower.

Soon after, there was a knock on the door. A waiter came in carrying a small tray.

'What's that?' asked Bond.

'It has just come up from the kitchen,' said the man. He went out and closed the door.

Bond looked at the tray. On it was a bottle of champagne, a plate with four small pieces of steak, and a small bowl of sauce. Next to this was a note. It said:

Miss T. Case made this Sauce Béarnaise without my help.

The Chef

Bond smiled and filled a glass with champagne. He put a lot of the sauce on a piece of steak. He ate it, then he went to the telephone.

'Tiffany?'

He heard a little laugh at the other end. Then he said, 'Well, you can certainly make wonderful Sauce Béarnaise ...'

He put the phone down carefully.

Dead Men Can't Speak

It was eleven o'clock the next evening. There were only a few people left in the Veranda Grill. It was quiet, with only the soft sound of the sea outside. Bond and Tiffany had finished their dinner. They were holding hands and looking silently into each other's eyes. After a time, they got up and walked to the smoking room. They found a small table in a corner and ordered coffee.

Bond suddenly saw that two men were looking at him. They were sitting at a table across the room, and they looked away quickly. One man had white hair, and the other was big and fat. Bond looked carefully at the fat man. Had he seen this man before? He turned back to Tiffany.

'Those two men across the room seem interested in us,' he said.

She looked past his shoulder. 'They're not looking at us now. The fat man's sucking his thumb. The white-haired man just looks stupid.'

'Sucking his thumb?' said Bond. He was trying to remember something.

'Forget it, James,' said Tiffany. 'Let's go.'

They finished their coffee and went down the stairs to the deck below. Bond put his arm round her, and Tiffany put her head on his shoulder. They walked in silence until they were inside Bond's cabin. Then Bond put his arms around her and said softly, 'My darling ...'

Bond woke up to the sound of the telephone. The last thing he remembered was the door closing after Tiffany had left sometime during the night.

The telephone bell rang again.

Bond picked the telephone up. A voice said, 'There is a message for you, Sir. Shall I send it down to you?'

'Yes, thanks,' said Bond. He looked at his watch. Three o'clock in the morning. He climbed out of bed and went into the shower. Afterwards he pulled on a shirt and trousers. There was a knock on the door. Bond opened it and took the message from the man outside.

It was from the Chief of Staff in London. It said:

SECRET CHECK OF SAYE'S OFFICE FOUND MESSAGE TO 'ABC' FROM 'Q.E.' SIGNED BY WINTER. WINTER KNOWS THAT YOU ARE ON QUEEN ELIZABETH. REPLY ADDRESSED TO WINTER ORDERS HIM TO KILL TIFFANY CASE. WE BELIEVE SAYE IS ABC. SAYE FLEW TO PARIS YESTERDAY AND IS NOW REPORTED TO BE IN DAKAR. WE THINK THAT MAN AT SIERRA LEONE IS BEGINNING OF PIPELINE. HE IS BEING WATCHED. YOU WILL FLY TO SIERRA LEONE TOMORROW NIGHT.

Bond sat quite still in his chair. So somebody from the Spangled Gang was on the ship. Who? Where? He quickly picked up the telephone and phoned Tiffany. He heard it ring once, twice, three times. Bond dropped the phone and ran to her cabin.

It was empty.

Bond tried to think. Would the man question her before he killed her? Would he try to find out what she knew about Bond? Would he take her to his cabin? But which cabin?

Bond ran to his cabin and found the Passenger List. Winter! Cabin A49. Suddenly, he remembered everything. Winter. Wint and Kidd. The two men in hoods! The two men on the plane from London!

Bond got his gun and pushed it into the top of his trousers. A49 was below his cabin.

'That helps,' he thought. He opened one of the two round windows in his cabin and looked down. How far down was A49? More than two metres. The sea was calm, and there was no wind.

'It's a hot night,' Bond thought. 'Will one of their windows be open?'

He took the sheets from his bed and began to tie them together. He tied one end of the 'rope' round part of the window. Then he threw the tied sheets down the side of the ship.

'Don't look up and don't look down,' he told himself. 'Don't even think about it.' His mouth was dry and he could feel his heart beating fast.

Some minutes later, he felt the metal window of A49 beneath his feet. It was open! His foot told him that the curtains inside the window were closed. He climbed on down.

There were voices inside the room. Suddenly, a girl's voice cried, 'No!' There was a moment's silence, then the sound of a slap. It was as loud as a gun firing a shot.

Bond pushed himself through the curtains and into the cabin. He crashed to the floor, rolled over, and came up with his gun in his hand. It pointed at a place between two men.

'Who sent for you?' said the fat man, calmly. He was sitting in a chair opposite Tiffany. She was sitting on another chair. She was naked except for a pair of pants. She looked at Bond, and her eyes were wild and frightened. The white-haired man was sitting on the bed. He smiled at Bond.

'Tiffany,' said Bond. 'Go into the bathroom and close the door. Then get into the bath and lie down.'

She moved quickly to the bathroom and shut the door behind her. 'Now she's safe from bullets,' Bond thought. 'And she won't see what I have to do.'

'Forty-eight sixty-five eighty-six.' The fat man said the words fast. Were the words an American football signal? The

fat man suddenly threw himself onto the floor. The white-haired man started to roll off the bed and away from Bond.

Bond fired his gun. A hole opened up just below the man's white hair. His body fell.

The fat man on the floor had his gun half-out of his trousers.

'Drop it and get up!' ordered Bond.

The fat man dropped the gun and stood up. He looked into Bond's eyes. He was afraid.

'Sit down,' said Bond.

The fat man turned and walked back towards his chair. He sat down. Suddenly, his right hand reached down the side of his leg and came up with a throwing knife.

Crack! The bullet from Bond's gun and the knife went past each other in the air.

The eyes of the two men showed sudden pain. But the fat man's eyes closed a moment later. He fell backwards with his hand on the hole in his chest. Bond's eyes looked down at the blood on the front of his shirt. The handle of the knife was hanging down from his shirt.

He turned and looked out of the open window. Very slowly, his body started to relax. After a moment or two he pulled the knife from his shirt and threw it out of the window into the darkness.

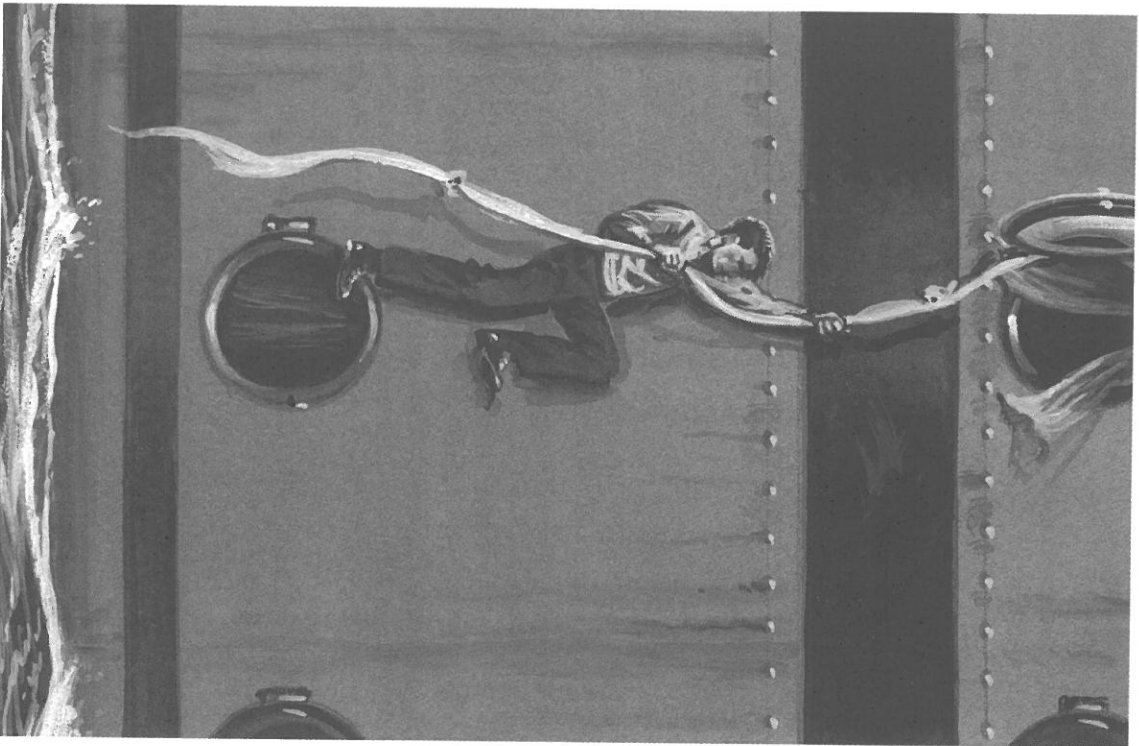
He walked across to the bathroom. 'Tiffany, it's me,' he said, and opened the door.

She was lying face down in the bath with her hands over her ears. He helped her out of the bath and stood with his arms round her.

'You're hurt,' she said.

She took off his shirt and washed the cut on his chest with soap and water. Bond collected her clothes from the cabin and brought them back to the bathroom.

'Get dressed,' he said. 'Then clean everything that you've



'Don't look up and don't look down,' he told himself.

'Don't even think about it.'

touched. We don't want to leave any fingerprints⁵⁵.'

He went back into the cabin. For the next half hour, he did everything very carefully. He held the gun over the hole in the fat man's shirt, and fired a second bullet through the hole. Now there were smoke marks around the hole. Next he put the gun in the fat man's right hand. 'You shot yourself,' he told the dead man.

He went across to the white-haired man and picked him up. He carried him to the window and pushed him through it.

He looked back at the fat man. 'You and your friend had a fight,' he said. 'You shot yourself after you threw your friend out of the window. That's the story. I hope the police like it when we get to Southampton.'

He cleaned his fingerprints off everything that he had touched, pulled the sheets off one of the beds, then went to get Tiffany. He had to get her back to his cabin without anyone seeing them. And then – sleep, with her body close to his and his arms round her forever.

Forever?

He looked at the dead eyes of the body on the floor. They seemed to speak to him, saying, 'Nothing is forever. Only death is forever.'

19

The End of the Pipeline

It was hot under the large bush at the meeting place of three African countries. The smuggler listened. The helicopter was coming!

The smuggler walked out into the moonlight to get the packet of diamonds from his motorcycle.

A mile away, an army truck was behind a low bush. Three men stood next to it – two soldiers and Bond. Near them was a large gun, pointing at the sky. They could hear the noise of the helicopter.

'Get ready,' said Bond. 'Is the loudspeaker switched on?'

'Yes, Sir,' said one of the soldiers.

Bond looked up into the sky. He thought about Tiffany, safe at his home in London. He wanted this job to be finished so that he could go back and see her again.

The smuggler from the mines was also looking up. The helicopter came down and flew above his head. An arm came out and a torch flashed the code for 'A'. The man on the ground flashed back 'B' and 'C'. Then the helicopter landed.

The pilot started to climb out. He was wearing a flying helmet.

'That's unusual,' thought the smuggler. 'And he looks taller than the usual pilot.'

'Have you got the stuff?' asked the pilot. It was an American voice.

'Yes,' said the man from the mines. 'Where's the usual pilot?'

'He won't be coming again. I am ABC. I am closing the pipeline.'

'Oh,' said the smuggler, nervously. He gave the pilot the packet.

Suddenly, the pilot took a gun from his coat and shot the smuggler three times. The smuggler's eyes opened wide with shock. Then he fell to the ground and lay still.

'Don't move or we shoot!' The voice from the loudspeaker came across the open ground.

The pilot ran towards the helicopter and climbed in. The door crashed shut behind him. Moments later the helicopter began to move up into the sky.

Bond shouted, 'Now!' He was sitting on the seat behind the gun.

The two soldiers turned the gun towards the sky and Bond shot at the helicopter.

Bang – bang – bang, bang – bang – bang – bang!
Red fire filled the sky, and then there was a much louder BANG!

The helicopter began to come down crazily to the ground. Inside it, Jack Spang – who was also Rufus B. Saye of the House of Diamonds, and also the Big Boss, ABC – came down with it.

Before the sound of the crash died, flames shot up into the sky.

Bond lit a cigarette and sat watching the orange flames from the helicopter.

'That's the end of the diamond pipeline,' he said softly. 'The end of the Spangled Mob. But not the end of the diamonds that are in the centre of the fire. Diamonds don't die. Diamonds are forever.'

And Bond suddenly remembered the eyes of the dead Wint. They had been wrong. Death is forever. But so are diamonds.

He jumped down from the truck and started to walk towards the fire. All these thoughts about death and diamonds were too serious. For Bond it was just the end of another adventure. He thought about the beautiful woman waiting for him in London. And he smiled.

Points for Understanding

- 1 How often did the smuggler meet the helicopter pilot?
- 2 Why did the smuggler want more money?
- 3 The pilot gave the smuggler some advice. What was it?

2

- 1 There were some paper packers on M's desk. What was inside them?
- 2 Why was M worried about the diamond smuggling?
- 3 M gave Bond a job. What was it?

3

- 1 Do you agree that Peter Franks was stupid? Explain your answer.
- 2 Who was the 'guard'? Why did the smuggler have one?
- 3 Vallance wants Bond to find the answers to questions. And he wants Bond to find
Some of these phrases describe Franks, some Miss Case and some Rufus B. Saye. Born in San Francisco, dark-haired and handsome, aged forty-five, stays at the Trafalgar Palace, works in Hatton Garden, a diamond smuggler, aged twenty-seven, goes to Paris a lot. Match the phrases to the right person.
- 5 Sergeant Dankwaerts told Bond that Saye was not a diamond merchant. How did he know that?

4

- 1 Bond gave Tiffany Case two reasons why he wanted to smuggle diamonds. What were they?
- 2 Did the girl believe him?
- 3 Tiffany asked Bond if he played golf. What was her plan?
- 4 Tiffany told another person about this plan. Who was it?