

007

James Bond (need) a drink. The fight in the carpark with the dwarf (make) him thirsty. He walked quickly along 46th Street in search of an air-conditioned bar where he could get out of the heat and think.

He (walk) for only a few minutes, when it suddenly (occur) to him that he (follow) There was no evidence for it



except for a slight itchy feeling on the top of his head. But he had faith in his sixth sense. It (never / fail) him. He (stop) in front of the shop window he (pass) and (look) casually back along the street. He (examine) the Swiss watches in the window and then (turn) and walked on.

After a few yards he turned into a shop doorway where a man (look) at Japanese cameras. As he did so, something grabbed his right arm and a voice snarled, 'All right, Limey*. Take it easy unless you want lead for lunch.', He (feel) something press into his back just above his kidneys. Bond (try) to swing his arm to hit whoever it was that (hold) him, but a strong hand (catch) his fist**. An amused voice (say) "No good, James. The angels have got you."

He turned his head to find himself looking into the grinning hawk-like*** face of Felix Leiter. A face he (last / see) covered in bandages in a hospital bed in Cairo nine months earlier. The face of the American secret agent with whom he (share) so many adventures.

* limey - an old-fashioned American slang expression for an British person.

** fist - the shape of your hand when you hold your fingers and thumb tightly together when you want to hit someone.

*** hawk-like - like a hawk, a kind of hunting bird.

