



# Goldfinger

Ian Fleming



PENGUIN CLASSICS



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## PART ONE

### Chapter 1. A Meeting in Miami

James Bond, British Secret Intelligence agent, number 007, was sitting in the international transit lounge at Miami Airport. He was drinking bourbon whisky. Bond had arrived in Miami earlier that day after completing a dangerous mission in Mexico. Now it was evening, and he was waiting to catch the next plane to New York. Suddenly, an announcement came from the airport's loudspeaker system:

*'Transamerica Airlines regrets to announce that there is a delay on Flight TR618 to New York. This is because there is a technical problem on the aircraft. The new departure time will be at 8 a.m. Please will all passengers for Flight TR618 go to the Transamerica ticket counter. Arrangements will be made for them to stay in a hotel tonight. Thank you.'*

Bond finished his whisky. What should he do? Should he try and get a seat on another flight? Or should he stay the night in Miami? He looked out of the window. It was getting late. Beneath the dark purple evening sky, tiny lights were sparkling on the airport's runways.

Bond heard footsteps approaching. They stopped at his side. He glanced up and saw a well-dressed, middle-aged man who looked a little embarrassed.

'Excuse me, but are you Mr. Bond ... Mr. — er — James Bond?'



*'Excuse me, but are you Mr Bond ... Mr - er - James Bond?'*

'Yes.'

'Well, I'm surprised to meet you here!' The man held out his hand and Bond stood up slowly and shook it. 'My name is Junius Du Pont,' said the middle-aged man, smiling. 'You probably don't remember me, but we've met before. May I sit down?' Bond looked more closely at Mr. Du Pont. The man was about fifty years old, with a smooth, pink face. He was dressed in an expensive suit — the kind of suit that American millionaires wear. Yes, Bond had met him before. But where and when?

'We met in France, in 1951, in the Casino at Royale les Eaux,' said Mr. Du Pont. 'You were playing in an important game of cards. My wife and I were sitting next to you.'

Of course! Bond had been playing cards against a famous French gambler, and he'd beaten him and won a huge amount of money.

'Yes, of course I remember,' he said, smiling.

'I'm pleased that we've met here by chance. We must have a drink together,' said Mr. Du Pont. 'What will you have?'

'Bourbon with ice, please.'

Mr. Du Pont called a waitress and ordered drinks. 'I was sure that I recognized you,' he continued. 'I was flying on the Transamerica flight to New York tonight too. When they announced the delay, I saw the look of disappointment on your face. I went to the ticket counter and checked the names on the passenger list. And there was your name - James Bond.'

The waitress brought the drinks. Suddenly, Mr. Du Pont leant forward in his seat and looked around the room. Although the tables

near them were empty, he talked quietly so that only Bond could hear.

'Mr. Bond, after that card game, I heard some things about you. I heard that you weren't only an excellent card player, but that you were also a kind of - er - private investigator. Er - a secret agent.'

Bond looked at Mr. Du Pont and spoke carefully. 'Well, I did a little of that kind of work after the war,' he said. His cool, grey-blue eyes did not show his feelings. 'But now I work for a company called Universal Export.'

Universal Export was not a real company. But Bond couldn't tell people the truth. So he pretended that he was employed by Universal. In fact, he worked for the British government. He was a member of the British Secret Intelligence Service.

James Bond was one of the best secret agents in the SIS. Only the very best agents had worknames which began with double-O. A secret agent whose workname began with two zeros was always sent on the most difficult and dangerous missions. And sometimes he was ordered to kill enemies of his country. He also had permission to kill people who attacked him. James Bond — agent 007 — had a license to kill.

Bond glanced at his watch. Mr. Du Pont looked quickly at his own watch too.

'Seven o'clock already!' he said. 'Listen, Mr. Bond, I have a problem and I'd like your advice. I own a hotel here in Miami and I'd like to invite you to stay there tonight. You can have the best suite in the hotel. What do you say?'

Bond didn't have anything to do in Miami until he caught a plane to New York. 'What kind of rich man's problem does Mr. Du Pont have?' he asked himself. 'Does he have trouble with women, or gangsters? Or is he being blackmailed? Whatever it is, it might be interesting.' So Bond decided to accept the invitation.

'All right, Mr. Du Pont. I'll stay in your hotel and I'll help you,' he said.

'Thank you, Mr. Bond. But first, let's go and have dinner. Do you like crabs?'

'Very much,' said Bond.

'Well, I'll take you to a restaurant called "Bill's on the Beach" which has wonderful crabs. I often eat there.'

The two men went downstairs to the front of the airport. Mr. Du Pont's car, a shiny Chrysler Imperial, was waiting outside. Immediately, his driver ran forward and opened the doors. Bond stepped inside the luxurious car.

'Bill's on the Beach' was a very expensive restaurant and it was clear that Mr. Du Pont was a regular customer. The manager immediately welcomed Mr. Du Pont and took him and Bond to a table which was in the best position. Bond drank a vodka martini - his favorite cocktail - while Mr. Du Pont ordered crabs cooked in butter, and bottles of pink champagne. When the food came, it was one of the most delicious meals that Bond had ever eaten.

'Have you ever played the card game, canasta, Mr. Bond?' asked Mr. Du Pont, as they sat drinking coffee.

'Yes, it's a good game. I like it.'

'I like it too. I've been playing canasta for many years and I'm a very experienced player. But this week, I've lost \$25,000 playing canasta. What do you think about that?'

'Well,' said Bond, 'if you've been playing with the same man, he's been cheating you.'

'That's what I think too,' said Mr. Du Pont. 'But I've watched him carefully and I can't find out how he's cheating. There aren't any special marks on the cards. He never tries to look at the cards in my hand. But he just keeps winning and winning.'

Bond was interested in everything about cards and gambling. 'Twenty-five thousand dollars is a lot of money,' he said. 'Haven't you won at all?'

'No. As soon as a game starts going well for me, the man puts down exactly the right cards and beats me. It's as if he knows which cards I have in my hand.'

'Are there any mirrors in the room where you play?' asked Bond. 'Perhaps he can see your cards reflected in a mirror?'

'No, he can't see a reflection of my cards in a mirror,' replied Mr. Du Pont. 'We never play in a room, we always play outside. He says that he wants to stay in the sun and get a suntan. So he only wants to play cards in the mornings and afternoons. We never play in the evenings.'

'What's this man's name?' asked Bond.

'Goldfinger.'

'What's his first name?'



'Auric. That means "golden", doesn't it?' said Junius Du Pont. 'He certainly looks golden. He's got hair as red as fire.'

'What's his nationality?'

'British,' Du Pont replied. 'He's not married, he's forty-two, and he works as a broker. I found out this information by looking at Goldfinger's passport. I own the Floridiana Hotel, where he's staying. So I asked our hotel detective to show the passport to me.'

'What does Goldfinger buy and sell?'

'I asked him,' replied Du Pont, 'but he just said, "Oh, anything". He doesn't like answering questions.'

'Has he got a lot of money?'

'He's extremely rich! He's one of the richest millionaires in the world. I asked my bank to investigate him. He keeps all his money in the form of gold bars and moves them around to different countries.'

Junius Du Pont stared at Bond for a few moments. 'I've never forgotten meeting you in the Casino at Royale les Eaux,' he said. 'I remember how you took risks as you gambled. And I remember that you stayed so cool as you played. You never looked nervous or worried. Mr. Bond, I'll pay you \$10,000 to stay in my hotel. I want you to find out how this man, Goldfinger, is cheating me.'

'That's a very good offer,' said Bond. He thought for a few minutes. 'But I have to fly to New York tomorrow night. If you play your usual card games tomorrow morning and tomorrow afternoon, I should have enough time to find out the answer. Is that OK?'

'That's fine,' said Mr. Du Pont.

## **Chapter 2. Mr. Goldfinger**

Next morning, Bond woke early. He got out of bed and walked over to the huge window of his luxurious suite in the Floridiana Hotel. He pulled back the curtains and stepped out onto the balcony and into the bright sunshine.

Twelve floors below Bond was the Cabana Club, which was also part of the hotel. This building had a flat roof where guests could lie in the sun and sunbathe. There were chairs and tables and brightly-colored umbrellas on the roof. At the far end of the roof, there was a huge swimming pool with sparkling water. Hotel staff wearing white jackets were busy getting everything ready for the day. Around the hotel there was a garden full of beautiful plants and trees. A lawn of green grass led down to a beach of golden sand, and beyond this was the bright blue sea. The hotel was in the best position on the coast of Florida.

'Mr. Du Pont's hotel must have some extremely rich guests,' thought Bond and he smiled.

He went back into the bedroom, picked up the phone, and ordered a delicious and expensive breakfast. By the time that he'd shaved, had taken a cold shower and got dressed, it was eight o'clock.

Bond ate his breakfast slowly and thought about Mr. Du Pont and Mr. Goldfinger. Bond was sure that Goldfinger was cheating Mr. Du Pont. But Goldfinger was already a very rich man. He didn't need to make money by cheating people at card games. So he probably cheated people in bigger ways too. Bond was very interested in the activities of big criminals. He very much wanted to meet Goldfin-

ger. Bond had asked Du Pont to get him a passkey to Goldfinger's suite. Bond wanted to look inside the suite when Goldfinger wasn't there. He wanted to find out how Goldfinger was cheating Du Pont.

At ten o'clock, Bond and Mr. Du Pont met in the garden of the hotel and Du Pont handed Bond a passkey. Then they walked over to the Cabana Club and climbed up the steps to the roof. Bond was going to pretend that he was a friend of Mr. Du Pont's. Mr. Du Pont was going to introduce Bond to Goldfinger. He was going to say that Bond had come to Miami from New York on business.

Bond got a surprise when he first saw Goldfinger. At the far corner of the roof, a man was lying on a sunbed. He was wearing a very small, yellow satin swimsuit and sunglasses. His skin was burned a red-brown colour by the sun.

'Hi, there!' Mr. Du Pont called out loudly.

Goldfinger didn't move.

'He can't hear much - he's deaf,' Du Pont explained to Bond. They walked up to Goldfinger's sunbed. 'Hi, there!' said Mr. Du Pont again.

Goldfinger sat up and took off his sunglasses.

'I'd like you to meet Mr. Bond - James Bond,' said Du Pont. 'He's a friend of mine from New York. He's here on business.'

'Pleased to meet you, Mr. Bomb.' Goldfinger held out his hand and Bond shook it. Goldfinger's hand was hard and dry. He opened his eyes wide and stared at Bond for a moment. The millionaire's eyes were a strange, pale blue colour.

'Mr. Bond doesn't play cards. But he would like to watch us play,' said Junius Du Pont. 'Do you want to play a game?'

'I'll go and change my clothes,' Goldfinger said. 'I was going to play golf this afternoon, but I'd like to play cards instead. Do you play golf, Mr. Bomb?'

'Sometimes, when I'm in Britain,' replied Bond.

'I've recently joined the Royal St Marks Golf Club at Sandwich,' said Goldfinger. 'One of my businesses is near Sandwich. Do you know the golf course there?'

'Yes, I've played at Royal St Marks,' said Bond.

'We must have a game there one day,' said Goldfinger. Then he turned and spoke to Mr. Du Pont. 'I'll be back in a few minutes,' he said and he walked slowly towards the steps.

Mr. Du Pont asked the hotel staff to bring a table for cards while Bond thought about Goldfinger.

Auric Goldfinger was an extraordinary-looking man. When he'd stood up, Bond had seen that Goldfinger's sunburned body was very thick and short. His head was huge and round, like a football. His hair was bright flame-red, and he had pale yellow eyelashes around his pale blue eyes.

When Goldfinger returned, he was wearing a dark blue suit and a white shirt. Bond noticed a skin-coloured hearing aid in his left ear. Du Pont and Goldfinger sat down at the card table. Du Pont sat with his back to the hotel and Goldfinger sat opposite him. Bond took a seat close to Du Pont and began to watch carefully.

The men cut and dealt the cards for the first round and began to play. Soon Goldfinger started winning. He seemed to have very good luck. He always knew which cards to play and how to beat Du Pont's cards. Bond became more and more sure that Goldfinger was cheating, but he couldn't see how.

'How long are you staying in Miami, Mr. Bomb?' asked Goldfinger.

Bond smiled politely. 'My name is Bond - B-O-N-D. I have to go back to New York tonight.'

'How sad,' said Goldfinger, looking down at his cards. He won that round, and the next and the next, and then he won the whole game. So Mr. Du Pont had lost \$1500. Goldfinger began to deal the cards for a new game.

'Don't you ever sit in a different seat?' asked Bond.

'Unfortunately, Mr. Bond, that's not possible,' said Goldfinger. 'I have an illness called agoraphobia - a fear of open spaces. I can't look at open places, it makes me ill. So I have to sit and face the hotel.'

'Oh, I'm so sorry,' said Bond. 'How did your agoraphobia start?'

'I've no idea,' said Goldfinger, picking up his cards.

Bond stood up. 'I think that I'll go and have a look at the swimming-pool,' he said.

'OK, James,' said Du Pont. 'I'll see you at lunch.'

Bond walked over to the pool, then looked back at the two men playing cards. So Goldfinger liked to face the hotel. Or was the truth that he liked Junius Du Pont to have his back to the hotel? And why?

What was the number of Goldfinger's suite in the hotel? Bond took out the passkey which Du Pont had given him. The number on it was 200. Bond's suite was number 1200 and it was on the top floor. So Goldfinger's suite would be ten floors directly below Bond's. Room 200 was on the second floor, about twenty yards above the card table.

Bond looked up at the balcony of Goldfinger's suite. It was empty. An open door led to the room inside. Bond stared at the doorway.

Suddenly Bond had an idea about how Goldfinger was cheating Du Pont. Yes, that must be it! Clever Mr. Goldfinger!

While they ate their lunch, Du Pont told Bond that he'd lost another \$10,000 to Goldfinger.

'Tell me something,' said Bond. 'Does Goldfinger have a secretary?'

'Yes,' replied Du Pont. 'But I've never seen her. I think that she stays in his suite all the time.'

'I think that I know how Goldfinger is cheating you,' said Bond slowly. 'But I have to be sure. Tell him that I won't be watching the game this afternoon. Tell him that I got bored and that I went into town.'

Bond went up to his suite on the top floor. He opened his suitcase and took out an M3 Leica camera with a powerful flash. Then he took out his gun, a .32 Walther PPK.

At 3.15, Bond went out onto his balcony and looked down. Far below, he could see Goldfinger and Du Pont playing cards on the roof of the Cabana Club.

Bond went down to the second floor and stood outside the door of Goldfinger's suite. There was nobody watching him. So he took out the passkey, opened the door very quietly, and stepped inside the suite.

Bond heard a low and attractive voice - the voice of an English girl. 'He's just picked up a four and a five,' she was saying. 'Now he's getting rid of the four. He's holding a king, a nine and a seven in his hand.'

Bond walked silently towards the sound of the voice.

A girl was sitting on a table just inside the open door of the balcony. It was very hot in the suite and she was wearing only black silk underwear. She was swinging her legs backwards and forwards and painting nailpolish on her fingernails. Just in front of her eyes, there was a pair of very powerful binoculars on a tripod. Below the binoculars, there were wires leading to a microphone. As Bond watched, the girl switched the microphone off.

So that was how Goldfinger was cheating Du Pont! The girl could see Du Pont's cards through the binoculars. Then she spoke into the microphone and told Goldfinger what the cards were. Her voice came through to Goldfinger on his hearing aid. In this way, Goldfinger knew exactly which cards Du Pont was holding. It was a very clever trick.

Bond stepped very softly onto a chair behind the girl and looked through his camera. Yes, he could take a good picture from here. The photograph would show the girl's head, the binoculars, the microphone, and the two men playing at the card table far below. He pressed the button on the camera and there was a powerful flash

of light. The girl turned round in surprise and fear, and screamed when she saw Bond.

'Good afternoon,' said Bond,

'Who are you? What do you want?'

'Don't worry. I've got a photo of everything. I know how Goldfinger has been cheating. And my name is Bond – James Bond.'

The girl was very beautiful, with pale blonde hair and dark blue eyes. Her skin was suntanned a light golden-brown colour.

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

'I'm not going to do anything to you. But I might have some fun with Mr. Goldfinger. Move over and let me have a look.'

Bond took the girl's place and looked through the binoculars. The game was going on normally. Goldfinger's expression hadn't changed. His face wasn't showing that anything was wrong.

'Why does Goldfinger take risks, cheating people like this?' asked Bond. 'He doesn't need the money.'

'He doesn't care if people find out that he's a cheat,' said the girl. 'He just gives them gold. He knows that everybody wants gold, so he always takes a million dollars' worth of gold with him wherever he goes.'

'Are you Goldfinger's girlfriend?' Bond asked.

'No, I am not!' the girl said quickly.

'His secretary?'



'No, a companion. I travel with him. He pays me well.' Bond looked down through the binoculars again. He saw that Du Pont was beginning to win.

Goldfinger was sitting calmly. He was waiting for the girl's voice to come through his hearing aid again. He put his hand up to his hearing aid and pushed it more firmly into his ear. Bond watched Goldfinger's big face carefully. Then he switched on the microphone and spoke softly into it.

'Now listen to me, Goldfinger. This is James Bond speaking. I know that you've been cheating. I've taken a photo which shows everything — the blonde, the binoculars, the microphone, and you and your hearing aid. But I won't send it to the FBI and Scotland Yard if you do exactly what I say. Nod your head if you understand.'

Goldfinger moved his big head slowly up and down.

'Put your cards down on the table,' said Bond. 'Now take out your cheque book and write a cheque for \$50,000. That's \$35,000 for Mr. Du Pont, \$10,000 for me, and an extra \$5000 for wasting so much of Mr. Du Pont's valuable time.'

Goldfinger took his cheque book out of his pocket and started to write a cheque.

'Good,' said Bond. 'Now listen to these instructions. Book a ticket for me on a train to New York tonight. The ticket must be for a private compartment. I want a bottle of the best champagne to be ready in the compartment, and lots of caviar sandwiches.'

'Now,' said Bond. 'Give the cheque to Mr. Du Pont and say, "I apologize. I've been cheating you." '

Bond watched Goldfinger drop the cheque in front of Mr. Du Pont and speak to him.

'What's your name?' Bond asked the girl.

'Jill Masterton.'

Goldfinger had stood up and was turning away from the card table. 'Stop!' said Bond sharply. 'I haven't finished with you yet, Goldfinger. There's one more thing. I'll be taking Miss Masterton with me to New York. Make sure that she's at the train. That's all!'

### **Chapter 3. The Richest Man in Britain**

It was a week later and Bond was back in the headquarters of the British Secret Intelligence Service in London. He was thinking about Jill Masterton.

It had been a wonderful trip in the train to New York. Bond and the girl had eaten the sandwiches and drunk the champagne. Then they had made love in the narrow bed of their private compartment.

Bond had asked Jill about Goldfinger. He'd wanted to know if Goldfinger had been angry after the card game. Jill told Bond how Goldfinger had behaved. Goldfinger hadn't shown his feelings at all. In fact, the millionaire had given Jill a message for Bond. He'd said that he would be returning to Britain in a week's time and he wanted to play a game of golf with Bond at the Royal St Marks Golf Club.

When they arrived in New York, Jill had told Bond that she was returning to Goldfinger. Bond had tried to stop her. He was worried that Goldfinger might hurt her.

But Jill wasn't frightened of Goldfinger. And she didn't want to lose her job. Goldfinger paid her well.

Bond had given Jill the \$10,000 that he'd got as his payment from Mr. Du Pont. Then he'd kissed her once, hard on the lips, and had walked away. They hadn't been in love with each other, but they had had a wonderful time together.

A red phone on the desk in front of Bond rang. This was the phone that Bond's boss, M, used to call him. Bond picked it up.

'Come up to my office, 007,' M's voice said. 'Yes, sir.' Bond went up to the top floor of the building. He knocked on the door of M's office and went in. M was sitting at his desk, reading some papers.

'Sit down, 007,' M said. 'Last night, I had dinner with the Governor of the Bank of England. He told me that the Bank has a serious problem with gold smuggling. The people at the Bank are sure that someone is taking large amounts of gold out of Britain illegally. Do you know anything about gold?'

'Not much, sir.'

'Do you know who are the richest men in this country?'

'Well,' said Bond, 'there are some very rich businessmen. Some bankers are very rich too, and so are some members of the Royal Family.'

'Yes,' said M. 'But there's one man who is richer than anybody else. He's called Goldfinger - Auric Goldfinger.'

Bond started to laugh. 'What's so funny?'

'Sorry, sir. But I met him last week.' Bond replied. And he told M the whole story of his meeting with Goldfinger.

'Well, 007,' said M when Bond had finished speaking, 'the people at the Bank of England suspect that Goldfinger is a gold smuggler, and they want to catch him.'

He stopped speaking for a few seconds, then continued. 'I've arranged for you to meet a man called Colonel Smithers at four o'clock this afternoon. He's the head of the Bank of England's research department. He'll tell you more about the Bank's problem with Goldfinger. 'Colonel Smithers was a quiet, serious-looking man who wore glasses. But when he started to talk about gold, he became very interesting. He lived, thought and dreamt about gold. He told Bond about the history of gold and its value. He said that each country has its own supply of gold. He also told Bond that there is yellow gold, red gold and white gold.'

'My job, Mr. Bond, is to check if gold is being smuggled out of Britain. When I find out that someone is smuggling, I inform the CID Gold Squad. We try to get the gold back and arrest the smugglers. But gold attracts the biggest, cleverest criminals and it's difficult to catch them.'

'Can you give me an example of how gold is smuggled?' asked Bond.

'Yes. Imagine that you have a small bar of gold in your pocket. In this country, the price of gold bullion is controlled by the Bank of England. It's illegal to sell gold for a higher price. But if you smuggle your gold bar out of Britain to a country like India and sell it there, you can get a lot more money for it.'

'Why is gold worth more in India?' asked Bond.

'India needs gold to make jewellery,' replied Colonel Smithers. 'It doesn't have enough gold of its own.'

'So what is the Bank of England's particular problem?' said Bond.

'Our problem is a man called Auric Goldfinger,' said Colonel Smithers. 'He came to Britain from Riga, in the Soviet Union, in 1937. He was a jeweller and a goldsmith. He bought lots of small jewellers' shops here in Britain and gave them his name, "Goldfinger". Then he started selling cheap jewellery and buying old gold.'

'Goldfinger became very rich,' the colonel went on. 'After the war, he bought a house at Reculver, near the River Thames, and built a small factory there. He employed German and Korean workers in this factory. Then he bought a large cargo ship and an old Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost car. He also has a factory in Switzerland.'

'Every year, Goldfinger made one trip to India in his cargo ship and a few trips in his car to Switzerland,' said Colonel Smithers. 'But one year, there was a terrible storm and his ship was wrecked. The ship was destroyed on some rocks. The company which collected the pieces of the wrecked ship found a strange kind of powder inside parts of the ship. When scientists examined the powder, they found out that it was gold.'

'We were sure that Goldfinger had been smuggling gold out of Britain to India in his ship,' Colonel Smithers continued. 'But we couldn't prove anything. Goldfinger does everything legally. He has plenty of money in his bank account and he always pays his taxes to the Government.'

'I've been investigating Mr. Goldfinger for five years and I've discovered that he's the richest man in Britain. All his wealth is in the

form of gold bars. He has twenty million pounds' worth of gold bars in the vaults of banks in Zurich, Nassau, Panama and New York.

'I went to Nassau and examined some of his gold bars in the bank there,' said the colonel. 'And I discovered something very interesting. Goldfinger's gold bars have no official marks on them. The bars were not produced by the Royal Mint.'

'So where have the bars come from?' asked Bond.

'Goldfinger has produced his gold bars himself,' Colonel Smithers replied. 'He has melted down 50 old gold from his shops, smuggled it out of Britain, and made it into new gold bars. Each of his bars has the mark of a tiny letter "Z" on the metal.'

'But the gold in his bars doesn't belong to Goldfinger,' said Colonel Smithers. 'It belongs to the Bank of England. And Britain needs that gold back as soon as possible. We need your help, Mr. Bond. We want you to catch Goldfinger.'

M had told Bond to report back to him at six o'clock. After Bond had told his boss about his meeting with Colonel Smithers, M thought for a few minutes.

'Do you have any ideas about how we can get close to Goldfinger?' he asked.

'Well, I got a message that he'd like to play golf with me,' replied Bond. 'I could talk to him during the game. I could make up a story. I could pretend that I'm bored working for Universal Export. Perhaps he'll offer me a job.'

'All right,' said M. 'Now listen, 007. There's something else that Colonel Smithers didn't tell you. I also know what Goldfinger's own

gold bars look like. I saw a bar today. It was found in the office of one of SMERSH's agents in Tangiers. The bar had Goldfinger's letter "Z" on it.

'The Secret Intelligence Service has found nineteen of these gold bars,' M went on. 'Each bar had been kept by a SMERSH agent. I think that SMERSH trained Goldfinger as a spy before he left the Soviet Union, and now he works for them. I believe that he's a banker for SMERSH - he looks after their money and increases their wealth. If I'm correct, then Goldfinger is one of SMERSH's best men.'

## **PART TWO: COINCIDENCE 1**

### **Chapter 4. Trip to Sandwich**

Bond decided to drive to Sandwich and play a game of golf with Goldfinger.

Goldfinger had told Bond that he was a member of the Royal St Marks Golf Club. Bond had often played on this course in the south-east of England when he was a teenager. So he knew it well.

Bond drove from London to Sandwich in a grey Aston Martin DB3. This car belonged to his employers, the SIS, and it was very fast and powerful. The car also had some special features. There was a gun hidden in a secret compartment under the driver's seat, and a radio that could pick up signals from a transmitting device<sup>51</sup> called the Homer.

Bond was a fast driver and easily passed most of the other cars on the road. As he drove, he thought about M's last words. Bond thought that M was probably right about Goldfinger. The headquarters of SMERSH were in Moscow but it had many centres around the world. The organization needed a clever banker who was working outside the Soviet Union. Goldfinger was a perfect choice for SMERSH.

Bond had booked a room in a hotel in Ramsgate - a small town near Sandwich. A few miles from Ramsgate, he passed a signpost to Reculver, where Goldfinger's house and factory were. Bond saw a tall factory chimney behind some trees, and then he passed a gate with a sign which said: THANET ALLOYS - No entry except on business. Bond reached the hotel at twelve o'clock. He went to his



room and unpacked his bags, then he had a drink in the bar. Later, he drove to the Royal St Marks golf course at Sandwich.

A man called Alfred Blacking worked for the Royal St Marks Golf Club. Bond had known Alfred Blacking for many years. Alfred's job was to teach people to play golf. He also sold and repaired golf equipment in the shop at the Club. When members of the Club had no one else to play with, they could book a game of golf with Alfred.

When Bond arrived, Alfred was repairing a broken golf club in the workshop area of the shop. He was surprised and pleased to see Bond.

'Hello, Mr. Bond. It must be more than fifteen years since you played golf at St Marks. Are you going to play today?'

'Yes. I'm looking for someone to play golf with, Alfred. Have you got time for a game this afternoon?'

'I'm sorry, sir,' replied Alfred, 'but a member of the Club -Mr. Goldfinger - has already booked a game with me.'

'Goldfinger?' said Bond, pretending to be surprised. 'I met a man called Goldfinger the other day, in America.'

'Oh,' said Alfred. 'Well, if you know him, would you like to have a game with him this afternoon instead of me?'

'All right,' said Bond. 'But perhaps he won't want to play with me.'

'We'll find out now,' said Alfred, looking through the window. 'There's his car.'

Bond saw a very unusual car coming towards the shop. It was a beautiful old Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost. It was bright yellow except

for the roof, which was black. The sun shone on the silver metal of the radiator at the front of the car. The two great headlights on the radiator looked like two huge eyes, staring at Bond.

Goldfinger was sitting in the driver's seat. Beside him was a shorter man dressed in a tight black suit, with a bowler hat placed firmly on his head. The two men stared straight in front of them, as if they were looking directly into Alfred's shop. Bond stepped backwards into the workshop area. A few minutes later, he heard Goldfinger come into the shop.

'Good afternoon,' said Goldfinger to Alfred. 'I saw a car outside. Is someone looking for a partner to play a game?'

'The car belongs to Mr. Bond,' replied Alfred. 'He's been a member here for many years.'

'Bond?' said Goldfinger. 'I met someone called Bond the other day. What's his first name?'

'James, sir. He's in the workshop now.'

Bond heard Goldfinger come to the door of the workshop. He pretended to be busy cleaning his golf club.

'I think that we've met before,' said Goldfinger.

Bond looked up with a surprised expression on his face.

'Oh, it's Gold, Goldman ... er ... Goldfinger. What are you doing here?'

'I told you that I played here. Didn't Miss Masterton give you my message? I told her that I wanted to play a game of golf with you. I was going to play with Blacking this afternoon, but now I'll play with you instead.'

Bond pretended that he wasn't very interested.

'But I haven't got anyone to be my caddie,' he said.

'Blacking, can you find a caddie for Mr. Bond?' Goldfinger asked Alfred.

'Yes, sir.'

'Then it's all arranged,' said Goldfinger.

'Well, OK,' said Bond in a disinterested voice. 'But it's boring playing just for fun. I like playing for money.'

'AH right,' said Goldfinger. 'I have a suggestion. You took \$10,000 from me in Miami. If you win this game, I'll give you another \$10,000. If you lose, you must give me my \$10,000 back. "I agree,' said Bond. He looked cool and calm, but inside he felt very excited. This game was going to be a perfect opportunity to learn more about Auric Goldfinger. 'I'll go and change my clothes,' he said.

Bond went to his car to get his bag. The man with the bowler hat was polishing Goldfinger's Rolls-Royce with a cloth. He stopped polishing the car and watched Bond suspiciously. The man had a square face and dark fierce eyes.

'He must be one of Goldfinger's Korean staff,' thought Bond.

Bond took off his shoes and his jacket and put on a pair of special golf shoes and an old, comfortable jacket. Then he went back into the shop. Alfred had found a caddie for him - a man called Hawker. Bond remembered Hawker. He'd first met the caddie at St Marks when Bond was a teenager.

'Good afternoon, Hawker,' said Bond.

'Good afternoon, sir,' replied Hawker, smiling.

Goldfinger approached with his caddie - a man called Foulks. Foulks was carrying Goldfinger's new golf clubs in an expensive, black leather bag.

Goldfinger took out a club and a new golf ball. The name of the ball was printed on it in clear black letters and numbers.

'I always use the same kind of ball,' he said. 'A Dunlop 65, Number 1. What ball do you play with?'

'A Penfold Hearts,' replied Bond.

Goldfinger and his caddie walked out on to the course and Goldfinger placed his ball on the first tee. He made one or two practice swings with the club, then he hit the ball. It was an excellent shot which went about 200 yards down the fairway towards the first hole.

Now it was Bond's turn. He placed his ball on the tee and swung his club. But he hit the ball too hard. It went past Goldfinger's ball and landed in the long grass on the edge of a rough. Bond's second shot was even worse. He hit the ball into a bunker of sand. But Goldfinger was playing well. When he hit his ball again, it rolled easily along the ground to the first hole.

'I've got to do better than this,' said Bond to Hawker.

'Don't worry, sir,' replied Hawker. 'It's still early in the game.'

But Bond was worried. He knew that it was never too early to start losing. And he mustn't lose this game against Goldfinger. He had to win!

## Chapter 5. Playing to Win

The golf course at Royal St Marks is very difficult. There are many areas of long, rough grass and bunkers full of sand.

At the third hole of the course, Goldfinger hit his ball into the rough. The ball stopped beside a large tuft of grass. It was going to be very difficult for him to hit the ball because the tuft was in the way. Goldfinger looked at the ball for a moment. Then he stepped heavily on the tuft and made it flat. Now it was easy to hit the ball towards the hole.

Bond frowned angrily. He'd seen how Goldfinger had flattened the tuft of grass. Goldfinger had cheated! But Bond also knew that he couldn't accuse Goldfinger of cheating. Goldfinger would deny it and then he would accuse Bond of telling lies.

As they approached the fifth hole, Bond was preparing for a difficult shot. He swung his club high in the air and thought about hitting the ball well. But suddenly Goldfinger made a sharp noise, and Bond swung his club in the wrong way. He hit the ball badly. He turned towards Goldfinger. His eyes were cold with anger.

'I'm sorry,' said Goldfinger carelessly. 'I dropped my club.'

'Don't do it again,' said Bond. He handed his own club to Hawker, and walked to the next hole without speaking.

'What company do you work for?' asked Goldfinger suddenly.

Bond tried to control his anger. He had to remember why he was playing golf with Goldfinger. Bond's mission was to find out more about Goldfinger.

'Universal Export,' he replied.

'And where are their headquarters?' asked Goldfinger.

'London. Regent's Park.'

'What do they export?'

'Oh, all kinds of machines, as well as military weapons,' said Bond.

'But the work isn't very interesting. I'm thinking about leaving the job.'

'Oh, really?' said Goldfinger.

Bond waited for more questions. But Goldfinger didn't say anything more. At the sixth hole, Goldfinger cheated again. He made a bad shot and his ball went into a bunker. It landed in a deep, soft part of the sand. But then, Goldfinger didn't walk down into the bunker, he jumped down and the sand beside the ball became flat. He'd made the ground level. So when he hit the ball again, it came out of the bunker easily.

Bond was too far away to see what Goldfinger had done, but Bond's caddie, Hawker, had seen how Goldfinger had cheated and he was angry. Bond was losing the game because Goldfinger wasn't playing fairly. So Hawker made a decision. He would help Bond to win the game.

Goldfinger and Bond were walking towards the tenth hole. 'What happened to that nice girl, Miss Masterton?' asked Bond.

Goldfinger stared straight in front of him. For a few minutes he didn't speak. Then he said carelessly, 'She left my employment.'

'Oh, really? Where did she go?'

'I don't know,' said Goldfinger, walking away.

They continued playing. Goldfinger was still winning but Bond played some excellent shots. At last, there were only two more holes to play - the seventeenth and the eighteenth - before the end of the game.

At the seventeenth hole, Goldfinger hit his ball into deep rough grass and lost it. Goldfinger and Foulks started searching for the ball. Bond and Hawker searched too.

Suddenly Bond trod on something. He bent down and looked in the long grass. Under his foot was a golf ball - a Dunlop 65.

'Here you are!' he called to Goldfinger. Then he looked at the ball again. 'Oh. You play with a Number 1, don't you?'

'Yes,' called Goldfinger.

'Well, this is a Number 7.' Bond picked up the ball and showed it to Goldfinger.

'That isn't my ball,' said Goldfinger.

The ball was almost new - the words and numbers on it were clear. Bond put it in his pocket and went on searching for Goldfinger's ball.

Suddenly, Foulks called out, 'Here you are, sir! I've found your ball. A Number 1 Dunlop.'

Bond and Goldfinger walked over to where Foulks was standing and pointing down at a ball. Bond looked at it closely. Yes, it was an almost new, Dunlop Number 1. But it was lying in a very good position. Goldfinger could easily hit the ball into the hole from this position.

How had the ball got there?

Bond walked away, thinking carefully. He watched as Coldfinger hit the ball out of the rough. It was one of his best shots in the game. Bond smiled at Hawker and said, 'Goldfinger was very lucky to find his ball in that rough.'

'It wasn't his own ball, sir,' replied Hawker calmly.

'What do you mean?' asked Bond.

'I saw him give money to Foulks, sir,' said Hawker. 'Foulks had a new ball in his pocket. He dropped the ball down the leg of his trousers. Then he pretended that he'd found Goldfinger's lost ball'

'How can you be sure about that, Hawker?' said Bond.

Hawker smiled.

'Because I put your bag of golf clubs on top of his lost ball,' he said. Bond looked surprised and shocked. 'I'm sorry, sir,' Hawker went on. 'But I saw how he was cheating you. I had to do something to stop him.'

Bond laughed.

'Thank you, Hawker,' he said. 'I know that Goldfinger has been cheating. But there's only one way that I can win now. I shall have to cheat too. And I'll have to cheat better than him! But how?'

Suddenly Bond had an idea. The Dunlop Number 7 golf ball which he'd picked up was in his pocket.

'Here,' said Bond quietly to Hawker. 'Take this.' He put the Dunlop Number 7 into Hawker's hand. 'After Goldfinger and I have hit our balls into the seventeenth hole, pick them up. Then give Goldfinger this Number 7 Dunlop, instead of his Number 1 Dunlop. He mustn't see that you have changed the balls. The two balls look almost ex-



actly the same. And the shape of the numbers 1 and 7 are similar. Goldfinger will start playing with a ball that isn't his own. That means he'll be breaking the rules of the game.'

'That's a very clever trick, sir!' said Hawker.

At the seventeenth hole, Hawker did as Bond asked. He changed Goldfinger's Dunlop Number 1 ball for the Dunlop Humber 7 ball. Then he gave the Dunlop Number 7 to Goldfinger.

Goldfinger was very pleased. He thought that he was winning. There was only the last hole to play - the eighteenth. Goldfinger placed his ball on the tee and Bond watched him nervously. Surely Goldfinger would see that he was playing with a different ball! But Goldfinger didn't notice that anything was wrong. He swung his club and hit the ball well. It landed in a good position on the fairway.

'Good shot!' said Bond in a pleased voice. Now he would win the game because Goldfinger had hit the wrong ball. Goldfinger had cheated Bond, but Bond had tricked him. And Goldfinger didn't know!

Goldfinger hit his ball easily into the eighteenth hole. Bond didn't try to win. He hit his ball badly so that it went past the hole. He had to make more shots than Goldfinger, so that he was the loser. He picked up his own ball and Goldfinger's ball out of the hole. Goldfinger's face was shining with triumph. He thought that he'd beaten Bond.

'It's clear that I'm a better player than you,' he said.

'Yes, you are very good,' said Bond, glancing at the two golf balls in his hand. 'Wait a moment!' he said in a surprised voice. 'You play with a Dunlop Number 1, don't you?'

'Yes, of course. Why?'

'I'm sorry, but you've been playing with the wrong ball,' said Bond. 'This is a Dunlop Number 7, not a Number 1.' He handed the ball to Goldfinger and Goldfinger stared at it. His face went pale as he looked from the ball to Bond, and then back to the ball.

'I'm sorry. That means you've lost the game,' said Bond softly.

'But - but —' began Goldfinger angrily.

Bond stood and waited, saying nothing. 'It was your caddie who gave me this ball at the seventeenth hole,' said Goldfinger. 'He gave me the wrong ball'

'I'm sure that's not true,' said Bond. 'Hawker, you didn't give Mr. Goldfinger the wrong ball by mistake, did you?'

'No, sir,' said Hawker. 'But perhaps the mistake happened when Mr. Goldfinger lost his ball in the long grass. Perhaps he picked up a Dunlop Number 7 instead of a Number 1.'

'That's impossible!' said Goldfinger angrily. 'You saw that my caddie found a Number 1, not a Number 7.'

'I'm afraid that I didn't look closely,' replied Bond. 'Thanks for the game. We must play again one day.' And he started to walk away.

Goldfinger followed Bond slowly, his eyes staring coldly at Bond's back.

## **Chapter 6. Dinner with Mr. Goldfinger**

Bond went back to his hotel room and had a shower. While he was drying himself, a member of the hotel staff knocked at the door.

'There's a phone message from Mr. Goldfinger, sir,' he said. 'He would like to invite you to dinner at his house tonight. He lives at The Grange, in Reculver. Can you arrive at six'thirty?'

'Please tell Mr. Goldfinger that I'll be delighted to have dinner with him,' replied Bond. He felt very pleased. He'd beaten Goldfinger twice and now Goldfinger was interested in him. Goldfinger wanted to find out more about Bond. He wanted to find a way to fight him and win.

Just after six o'clock, Bond drove to Reculver. He turned off the main road and followed the path leading up to Goldfinger's house. The Grange was a dark and ugly house. To the right of it there were tall trees, and a tall factory chimney was behind them.

Bond rang the front door bell. The same Korean who had come to Royal St Marks with Goldfinger that afternoon opened the door. He was still wearing his bowler hat.

He led Bond into a large gloomy living room. A small fire was burning in the fireplace. Two armchairs were in front of the fire and there was a tray of drinks on a table between them. There were stairs leading from the living room to the floor above. All the decorations and furniture in the room were dark and ugly.

The Korean pointed silently to the drinks tray, then went out through a door at one side of the room.

Bond heard a phone ringing somewhere in the house. Then there was the sound of a voice and footsteps coming down a passage. A door under the wooden staircase opened and Goldfinger appeared. He was wearing a purple dinner jacket.

'It was very kind of you to come, Mr. Bond,' he said. 'But I'm afraid that I have to leave you for a short time. I've just had a phone call. One of my Korean staff is in trouble with the police. I have to go and talk to them and find out what the problem is. My servant will drive me there. Please have a drink. I won't be more than half an hour.'

'That's fine,' said Bond.

'This room is very dark,' said Goldfinger. 'I'll put the lights on.' He turned on a switch and suddenly lights shone all round the room. Now it was as bright as a film studio.

A few minutes later, Bond heard the sound of a car going away down the drive. He looked round the hall. Why had Goldfinger left him alone? Was it a trap? Bond looked at his watch. Five minutes had passed since Goldfinger had left. Bond decided to take a risk. Even if Goldfinger had prepared a trap, this was a good opportunity to look round the house while Goldfinger was away. The factory would be a good place to start.

Bond opened the door that Goldfinger's servant had gone through and found himself in a passage. He walked along the passage and out through a door at the end. He was now standing in a courtyard. The long wall of the factory was on the other side of the courtyard. Bond crossed the courtyard and looked through a window into the factory.

Inside Goldfinger's factory there were two blast furnaces for melting metal. The whole building was lit with very bright lights. Under the powerful lights, Bond saw four Koreans working on Goldfinger's Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost. They had taken the door off the right side of the car and they were fitting a new panel of metal into it. 'Nothing interesting there,' thought Bond. He went back to the living room and looked at his watch. He had ten minutes before Goldfinger returned! He decided to check the rooms upstairs. Bond climbed the stairs and walked along the passage. He opened doors and looked inside the rooms. But none of them had furniture in them.

Suddenly, a large, ginger-red cat appeared. It rubbed its body against Bond's trouser legs and followed him.

Bond opened a door at the end of the passage and found that he was in Goldfinger's bedroom. All the lights in the room were on. Bond looked around quickly but he couldn't see anything unusual. The room was comfortable, with large cupboards and a small shelf of books beside the bed.

Bond glanced at his watch again. There were only five minutes before Goldfinger came back! It was time to go. He took a last look round the room and moved to the door. Suddenly he stopped and listened carefully. There was a soft sound coming from one of the cupboards. It was the sound of a machine with an electric motor.

Bond carefully opened the cupboard door. The noise of the motor was coming from behind some coats. He pushed them out of the way and saw three separate strips of film. They were moving down

from three slots near the top of the cupboard and falling into a deep container.

So this was the trap! Three cine-cameras had been filming Bond from the time that Goldfinger had left the house. The cameras must be hidden somewhere in the living room, the courtyard outside the factory, and Goldfinger's bedroom. When Goldfinger had switched on the lights, he'd also switched on the cameras.

Now Goldfinger would know that Bond had been looking round his house. What could Bond do? He heard a soft cry from beside the bedroom door. The cat! It had followed him into the room.

Suddenly Bond had an idea. He'd thought of a way to destroy the film. And Goldfinger would think that the cat had done it.

Bond picked up the cat. Holding the animal in his arms, he leant over the container and began to pick up the long strips of film. The bright light coming through the open cupboard door exposed the film - it destroyed the pictures on it. Now Goldfinger would have no pictures of Bond searching the house.

When Bond was sure that all the film was exposed, he put the strips back into the container. Then he dropped the cat down on top of the strips of film. The cat couldn't get out of the deep container. It lay down on top of the strips and went to sleep. 'Goldfinger will think that the cat pushed open the door of the cupboard,' Bond said to himself. 'Then it wanted to play with the moving strips of film, so it jumped into the container. He'll believe that the bright light in the room exposed the film.'

Bond ran back along the passage and down the stairs to the living room. He poured himself a drink, picked up a magazine, and sat

down in one of the chairs. He didn't hear the sound of a car coming back, but suddenly the front door opened. Goldfinger had entered the room.

'Hello,' Bond said, turning round. 'Is everything OK?'

'Oh, yes,' said Goldfinger. 'It was a misunderstanding. I talked to the police and they let my servant go. You had to wait here alone. I'm sorry about that. I hope that you weren't bored. I'll just go upstairs and wash. Then we'll have dinner.'

Goldfinger walked up the stairs and along the passage. There was silence. Bond had another drink and read more of the magazine. Then he heard Goldfinger coming back down the stairs. He looked up. Goldfinger was standing in front of him with the ginger cat in his arms.

'Goldfinger found the cat in the cupboard!' Bond said to himself. 'He must have seen the exposed film too.'

Goldfinger rang a bell beside the fireplace.

'Do you like cats?' he asked Bond.

'They're OK,' Bond replied.

The door opened and Goldfinger's Korean servant came into the room. He was wearing his bowler hat and a pair of shiny black gloves.

'This is Oddjob,' said Goldfinger, turning to Bond. 'I call him Oddjob because he does all kinds of work for me. He can't speak. Oddjob, show Mr. Bond your hands.'

Oddjob pulled off his gloves and held out his hands. They were huge and strong, and all the fingers were the same length. Oddjob

turned his hands over and Bond saw that the servant had no fingernails. Down the edge of each hand there was a hard line of thick, shiny skin.

Goldfinger pointed to the thick wooden banister that went up beside the stairs. He nodded to Oddjob and the Korean servant walked over to the banister. He lifted his right hand high above his head and brought it down across the banister. The edge of his hand struck the banister like an axe. The powerful blow broke the banister and pieces of wood fell down onto the floor.

'His feet are as powerful as his hands,' said Goldfinger. 'Oddjob, the mantelpiece.' He pointed to the heavy shelf of wood above the fireplace. It was about six inches higher than the top of Oddjob's bowler hat.

Goldfinger nodded and Oddjob leapt high in the air. His right foot struck the mantelpiece and Bond heard a terrible noise as the mantelpiece broke.

Bond stared at Oddjob in astonishment. He'd never met anyone like him before. Oddjob was tremendously strong. He was like a machine.

'Good, Oddjob,' said Goldfinger. 'Here.' He threw the cat to Oddjob, who caught it quickly. 'I'm tired of this animal. You may have it for dinner.' Oddjob smiled a cruel smile.

Bond felt disgusted but he was careful not to show his feelings. Goldfinger suspected that Bond, not the cat, had found the film and destroyed it. Goldfinger was giving Bond a warning by showing Oddjob's strength and cruelty. And Bond understood this.



'Why does he always wear that bowler hat?' asked Bond calmly, looking at the servant.

'Oddjob!' called Goldfinger as the servant was leaving the room. 'The hat!' He pointed at a wooden panel on the wall near the fireplace.

Oddjob was holding the cat under his left arm. He lifted his right hand, took the hat off his head and threw it at the panel. There was a ringing sound. The edge of the bowler hat stuck deep in the panel.

Goldfinger smiled at Bond.

'Oddjob's hat is made of a light but strong metal,' he said. 'It's a very useful weapon. That blow would have smashed a man's head or cut his neck.'

'Yes, indeed,' said Bond politely. Oddjob pulled his hat out of the panel and went out. 'Time for dinner,' said Goldfinger. He led the way through into a dining room. In the centre of the room, a round table was prepared for a meal. The table had lighted candles, silver cutlery and sparkling glasses on it. Bond and Goldfinger were served an excellent dinner by Goldfinger's Korean staff.

'Your Rolls-Royce is a beautiful car,' said Bond. 'Was it made in about 1925?'

'Yes,' said Goldfinger. 'I've had to make some changes to it. For example, I had to increase the power of the brakes. The body of the car is armour-plated so it's very heavy.'

'What happens when you take the car to Europe?' asked Bond. 'Isn't it too heavy for a plane?'

'I book a whole plane for myself,' replied Goldfinger. 'I book with the Silver City company. Their planes fly from Ferryfield Airport. I go to Europe twice a year on golfing holidays, so they know me well. In fact, I'm going to Europe tomorrow.'

They talked about money and Bond's work at Universal Export. Bond told Goldfinger that he wanted to leave the company. Bond was still hoping that Goldfinger would offer him a job. But Goldfinger didn't seem very interested.

After dinner, Goldfinger got up from the table and went towards the front door. Bond followed and held out his hand. 'Well, many thanks for the excellent dinner,' he said. 'Perhaps we'll meet again one day.'

Goldfinger looked closely at Bond and shook his hand slowly. 'I'm sure that we will meet again,' he said.

All the way back to his hotel, Bond thought about what Goldfinger had said. What did he mean? Was he going to make contact with Bond again?

Bond decided that he would follow Goldfinger to Europe. But he would have to be careful — very careful.

## **Chapter 7. The Chase Begins**

A nine o'clock the next morning, Bond phoned the headquarters of the Secret Intelligence Service in London.

'Goldfinger is leaving Britain today,' he told them. 'He's going to Europe. He's flying from Ferryfield Airport, but I don't know when. He's taking his Rolls-Royce. I want to follow him and put a Homer transmitting device in his car.'

A few minutes later, the SIS called Bond. They said that Goldfinger was booked on a flight to Le Touquet in France. The flight was leaving at midday.

Bond paid his hotel bill and left Ramsgate. He drove to Ferryfield Airport and got there at about eleven o'clock. The SIS had already phoned the Customs officers at the airport. They had asked the Customs officers to help Bond. Bond parked his car where Goldfinger would not see it, and waited.

At quarter to twelve, Goldfinger and Oddjob arrived in the Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost. They got onto the plane and the Customs officers took Goldfinger's car into the Customs area. There was only one other car there - a small, pale grey Triumph sports car. Bond took the Homer transmitting device out of his pocket and fixed it into the compartment of Goldfinger's car where tools are kept. Then the Customs officers drove the Rolls-Royce onto the plane.

Bond's Aston Martin had a special receiver which would pick up signals from the Homer. It could pick up signals from a distance of up to 100 miles. Bond would be able to follow Goldfinger without Goldfinger seeing him.

Bond took the 2 p.m. flight to Le Touquet. As soon as he left the airport at Le Touquet, he switched on the receiver in his car. It picked up the signal from the Homer in Goldfinger's car and started to make a low humming sound. Bond followed the sound made by the Homer. Goldfinger was moving through France in a southeasterly direction.

Goldfinger drove all afternoon and Bond followed. As it became dark, they reached the old town of Orleans. Suddenly Bond saw

another car in front of his car. It was a small, pale grey Triumph sports car. Bond passed it and saw Goldfinger's car ahead. He slowed down. He didn't want Goldfinger to know that he was being followed.

That night, Goldfinger stayed at a very expensive hotel, while Bond stayed in a small hotel near the railway station.

At six o'clock the next morning, Bond was ready and waiting in his car outside Goldfinger's hotel. At half-past eight, Goldfinger and Oddjob came out of the hotel and got into the Rolls-Royce. They drove off and Bond followed.

Bond was enjoying himself. He was driving along by the River Loire. It was early summer and the French countryside was very beautiful.

Suddenly, a small Triumph sports car drove past. It was the same car that he'd passed the evening before, in Orleans. He could see the driver - a pretty girl wearing a pink scarf over her dark hair.

Bond looked at the girl with interest. He loved pretty girls, and it was a perfect day for romance. He wished that he could drive after her and catch up with her. But this was no time for love. He was on a mission. His job was to follow Goldfinger.

Then Bond realized that he'd seen that Triumph before. It had been at Ferryfield Airport, and also in Orleans. Was this a coincidence? Or was the girl following Goldfinger too? Bond would have to get rid of her. The job of following Goldfinger was already difficult. And Bond didn't want this girl to make things more difficult.

Bond drove on, following the strong clear signal from the Homer. Suddenly, as he drove over the top of a hill, Bond saw that the

Rolls-Royce had stopped by the side of the road. The car was about half a mile ahead of him. Bond stopped too and took a small pair of binoculars out of a compartment in the Aston Martin. He saw Goldfinger sitting beside a small bridge that crossed a river. He was eating a sandwich.

Goldfinger finished eating and got up. Bond saw him place something carefully on the ground, close to the stone wall of the bridge. Then Goldfinger got back into the Rolls-Royce and drove off. Bond drove quickly down to the bridge and searched the ground beside it.

Next to the stone wall of the bridge, hidden under some grass, there was something hard and heavy. Bond pulled a gold bar out of the grass. Had Goldfinger put the bar there for one of the SMERSH agents to collect? Well, Bond would make sure that they wouldn't find it. He carried the bar back to the Aston Martin and put it in the secret compartment under the passenger seat.

Bond drove off quickly and caught up with the Rolls-Royce before it reached the next town, Macon. The road divided at Macon. The right turning led to Lyons in France. The left turning led to Geneva in Switzerland. Which way was Goldfinger going?

The Rolls-Royce took the left turning. Goldfinger was Suddenly, Bond looked in his driving mirror and saw the little grey Triumph immediately behind him. He'd been so busy following the Rolls-Royce that he'd forgotten the girl. Bond was angry. Now he must make sure that she couldn't follow any further. This was a perfect opportunity to get her car off the road. Bond pressed down hard on his brakes and his car stopped at once. The Triumph crashed

straight into the back of the Aston Martin. Bond's car wasn't damaged but the radiator of the Triumph was badly smashed.

The girl got out of her car. She was extremely angry.

'You stupid idiot! Why did you do that?' she shouted. 'I can't drive my car now.'

'I'm terribly sorry,' said Bond politely. 'I'll pay for the damage. And I'll pay for your hotel this evening. I'm sure that your car can be repaired by tomorrow morning.'

'No,' said the girl in a cool, angry voice. 'I can't stay here in Macon. I've got an important meeting in Geneva. I have to get there this evening. Will you take me in your car, please?'

Bond looked at the girl. She was very beautiful, with dark blue eyes and black hair. Why was she chasing Goldfinger?

'All right,' he said. 'I'll be happy to take you to Geneva. Go and get your things.'

The girl went to her car and took out a small suitcase and a bag of golf clubs.

'What's your name?' Bond asked. 'And which hotel are you staying at?'

'The Hotel des Bergues. And my name is Soames - Miss Tilly Soames.'

A few minutes later, they were on their way to Geneva. Bond could still hear the signal from the Homer, but the low humming sound wasn't loud.

'The Rolls-Royce must be about fifty miles ahead,' he thought. The Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost was standing in the middle of the court-

yard. As Bond watched, the door of the house opened and Goldfinger came out with four men. To Bond's surprise, they began to take parts off the car. They took the doors off the car and they removed the armour-plating from inside the door panels.

Suddenly, Oddjob appeared in the doorway of the house. He made a sign to Goldfinger and Goldfinger went inside. It was time for Bond to leave. He looked around for the last time, then went back quietly through the trees to his car.

Bond took the gold bar that he'd found under the bridge to the British SIS agent in Geneva. He asked the agent to send the bar to M in London.

'Do you know anything about Enterprises Auric at Coppet?' Bond asked the agent.

'Enterprises Auric makes metal furniture,' replied the agent. 'It's very good quality. The company makes seats for the planes of a big Indian airline — Mecca Airlines.'

Suddenly Bond understood everything about Goldfinger's business. The smuggling operation had been like a puzzle with a piece missing. But now Bond had got the missing piece of information. Now he knew how the gold was being smuggled out of Britain and sold in India. Goldfinger was using his Rolls-Royce to smuggle it.

Goldfinger had bought the Rolls-Royce because it was special. It had been made with heavy armour-plating in its doors.

Bond remembered what he'd seen at Reculver. He'd seen the metal plates being fixed on the car at Goldfinger's factory. Then he'd seen the armour-plating taken off again, at Goldfinger's factory at Cop-

pet. But the armour-plating on the Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost wasn't ordinary metal. It was gold -white gold!

He glanced at the girl in the passenger seat. 'How long are you going to stay in Geneva, 7' he asked.

'I don't know. I'm playing in the Swiss Open Golf Championship for Women.'

Bond was sure that the girl wasn't telling him all of the truth. And she didn't talk very much to him for the rest of the journey.

They drove over the mountains and crossed the border from France into Switzerland. When they reached Geneva, Bond stopped at the Hotel des Bergues. He gave the girl some money and he apologized again for the damage to her car.

She got out of the Aston Martin, thanked him coldly and walked into the hotel.

Now Bond had to catch up with Goldfinger again. The sound from the Homer had got much louder. He drove fast through Geneva and saw the yellow Rolls-Royce just before they arrived at a small village called Coppet. The car was turning in through big iron gates in a high wall. A sign on the wall said: ENTERPRISES AURIC.

Bond drove past the gates and took the next turning off the road. A narrow lane led up into some woods. Bond stopped the Aston Martin and turned off the engine. He took the binoculars, got out of the car, and walked silently through the trees. When he came to a very large tree, he hid behind it and looked through his binoculars. From this position, Bond could see down to the buildings of Enterprises Auric.



Below him, there was a large courtyard. Around the sides of the courtyard there was an old house and some workshops. At the corner of one of the workshops, there was a tall thin chimney with a square piece of metal on the top. The piece of metal was turning round and round. It looked like a kind of radar scanner. Goldfinger drove his car to Switzerland twice a year. Before he left Britain, his workmen at his factory in Reculver took the armour-plating out of the car's doors. They replaced the ordinary metal panels with panels of white gold. The white gold was the same colour as the armour-plating. So Customs officials at the airport never suspected that the car's doors were really made of white gold.

Then Goldfinger drove the Rolls-Royce to his factory in Switzerland. At his factory at Coppet, workmen removed the white gold panels from Goldfinger's car and replaced them with ordinary armour-plating again. The panels of white gold were melted in the blast furnaces at Coppet and made into seats for Mecca Airlines' planes. Then the Mecca planes were flown to India. In India, the seats were taken out of the planes and replaced with ordinary metal seats. In this way, the gold was smuggled into India where it was sold. Goldfinger was making a lot of money for SMERSH. It was a very clever operation!

## **Chapter 8. Death by Gold**

After he left the SIS agent in Geneva, Bond drove to the Hotel des Bergues and booked a room. He asked the receptionist if Miss Tilly Soames was in her room. But the receptionist said that no one of that name was staying at the hotel.

Bond wasn't surprised. He'd suspected that the girl hadn't told him her real name.

Bond had a shower, dressed, and put on a pair of shoes with a small knife hidden in one of the heels. Then he drove to a small restaurant by Lake Geneva for dinner. While he ate, he thought about Goldfinger's smuggling operation.

Bond decided to go back to Goldfinger's factory at Coppet and look for some white gold dust. He would send some of the dust to the headquarters of the SIS in London. The dust would prove that Goldfinger was smuggling gold out of Britain. Then the Secret Service would inform the police and Goldfinger would be arrested.

A little after eight o'clock, Bond paid his restaurant bill and got into the Aston Martin. He drove to the narrow lane in the woods above Goldfinger's factory. Then he got out of the car and walked quietly through the trees. The moon was shining brightly and there was no wind. After walking for a few minutes, Bond saw the outline of the factory buildings below him. He could just hear the thump-thump-thump sound of a powerful engine.

Bond stepped slowly and quietly through the trees, moving small branches carefully out of his way. When he came to the large tree,

he stopped in surprise. A body was lying on the ground in front of him.

The body moved a little. By the light of the moon, Bond saw something made of shiny metal. He also saw that the person had black hair, a black sweater and narrow black trousers.

It was the girl, Tilly. She was watching the factory buildings and she was holding a rifle. Bond breathed slowly. He studied the distance between him and the girl. Tilly hadn't heard him approach. Suddenly he leapt onto her back and pressed his left hand over her mouth. At the same time, he grabbed the rifle with his right hand and threw it onto the ground a few feet away. Then he held her hands behind her back.

The girl tried to fight Bond, but he was stronger and heavier than she was. She couldn't push Bond off her back, so she tried to bite his hand. Bond put his mouth close to her ear and whispered quickly.

'Tilly! Lie quietly! This is me, Bond. I'm a friend. Will you lie quietly and listen?'

At last, the girl nodded her head. Bond slid off her and lay beside her. But he still held her hands behind her back.

'Were you following Goldfinger?' he asked.

'Yes. I was going to kill him,' the girl whispered fiercely. Then her whole body began to shake and she started to cry softly.

Bond let go of Tilly's hands and touched her hair gently. He looked down through the trees at the factory buildings. Something was different there. It was the radar scanner on top of the tall chimney.

The scanner wasn't turning round any more. It had stopped moving and it was pointing in their direction.

'Don't cry,' Bond whispered. 'I'm chasing Goldfinger too. I've been sent by my organization in London. They want him. What did he do to you?'

'He killed my sister,' replied Tilly. 'You knew her – Jill Masterton'.

'What happened?' asked Bond. He was shocked.

'Jill called me from a hospital in Miami. She was dying. I went to her at once. She told me what Goldfinger had done to her. She died the same night.'

'What had he done?' asked Bond.

'Goldfinger was angry because Jill went to New York with you. When she returned to Miami he gave an order for Jill to be killed. He ordered his Korean servant to paint all of her body with paint - gold paint. If you cover someone completely in paint, your skin can't breathe and you die. Jill told me about you. She liked you.'

Bond closed his eyes. He remembered how beautiful Jill had been, and the wonderful time that they had spent together. He felt sad and very angry. He'd asked Goldfinger about Jill two days before. Goldfinger had replied, 'She left my employment.' But Jill hadn't left her job with Goldfinger. She'd been murdered by him.

Suddenly there was a sharp noise by Bond's head. A metal arrow flew through the air and struck the large tree in front of Bond. Immediately, Bond turned his head. He saw the dark figure of a man standing ten yards away. The person was wearing a bowler hat. It

was Oddjob. He was getting ready to fire a second arrow from a long metal bow.

'Don't move,' whispered Bond to the girl. 'Hello, Oddjob,' he said more loudly. He stood up in front of Tilly, trying to protect her with his own body.

Oddjob held the bow so that the arrow was pointing at Bond's stomach. Then Oddjob quickly moved his head sideways and downwards towards the house. He didn't speak.

'You want us to go down there/' said Bond. 'All right.' Bond knew that he couldn't win in a fight against Oddjob. Oddjob was like a fighting machine. They would have to do what Oddjob wanted.

'Come on,' Bond said to the girl, and he led her away from the rifle on the ground so that Oddjob wouldn't see it.

They walked slowly down the hill with Oddjob just behind them. Bond talked softly to the girl.

'We'll tell Goldfinger that you're my girlfriend,' he said quietly. 'We'll say that I brought you here. Don't try to do anything.' He nodded his head back towards Oddjob. 'This man is a killer.'

Then Bond noticed something. The radar scanner on the tall chimney had started turning round again. The machine must have detected their movements when they were in the woods.

So Goldfinger had known that there were strangers near his factory and he'd sent Oddjob to get them! Bond, Tilly and Oddjob reached the courtyard of the house. The back door opened and two of Goldfinger's Korean servants ran out, carrying long sticks.

They searched Bond and Tilly for weapons, but they didn't find any. Then Oddjob pushed Bond and the girl through the door and along a passage. The Korean servant stopped and knocked on a door leading off the passage.

'Yes?' said a voice inside the room.

Oddjob opened the door and pushed Bond and Tilly through the doorway.

Goldfinger sat at a big desk covered with papers. He was wearing a purple velvet jacket over a white silk shirt. He looked at Bond with his cruel, pale eyes. He didn't look at the girl.

'Goldfinger,' said Bond in an angry voice. 'What's the problem? This is my girlfriend, Miss Soames. Oddjob almost killed us in the woods. If you don't answer me and apologize, Goldfinger, I'll call the police.'

Goldfinger continued to stare at Bond. At last he spoke.

'Mr. Bond,' he said. 'The gangsters in Chicago say this: "If you meet someone for the first time, it's by chance. The second time you meet them, it's by coincidence. But if you meet them for a third time, it's time for enemy action." We met in Miami, Sandwich, and now here. I'm going to get the truth out of you, Mr. Bond. Oddjob, take them into the factory.'

Bond leapt across the desk and attacked Goldfinger. The top of Bond's head crashed into Goldfinger's body and knocked him off his chair. The two men fell to the floor together and Bond's fingers went around Goldfinger's throat. Then something heavy hit Bond's head, and he slid off Goldfinger's body onto the floor and lay still. He was unconscious.

## PART THREE: ENEMY ACTION

### Chapter 9. Project Grand Slam

When Bond became conscious again and opened his eyes, a powerful bright light was shining above him. He tried to move but he couldn't. He was lying on a metal table and his hands and feet were tied to it.

'Now we can begin,' he heard Goldfinger's voice say.

Bond turned his head to the left and saw Goldfinger sitting in a chair. There was a control panel on a small table beside him. Tilly was sitting on the other side of the table. Her hands and feet were tied to a chair. There was a shocked expression on her pale, beautiful face.

Bond turned his head to the right. Oddjob was standing a few feet away. The Korean was wearing his bowler hat but he'd taken off his jacket and shirt. The light shone on the powerful muscles of his arms and chest.

Bond lifted his head and looked round the room. They were in one of the factory rooms. Then he looked down at the table where he was lying. It had a long, narrow slot down the centre, and at the end, he saw the sharp teeth of a large circular saw.

'Mr. Bond,' said Goldfinger. 'I know that you and this girl are my enemies. I've given the girl drugs to make her talk. She has told me that she came here to kill me. Perhaps you came here to kill me too. Now tell me the truth. Talk!'

Goldfinger pressed a button on the control panel and a high, whistling sound came from the circular saw. The sharp blade was spin-

ning round as the saw began to move forward very slowly towards Bond. The blade would continue along the narrow slot in the centre of the table and up between Bond's legs. It was going to kill him slowly by cutting his body into two pieces.

'Now, Mr. Bond,' said Goldfinger. 'Tell me everything that you know about my business, and you'll die quickly. The girl will die quickly also. If you talk, I'll give each of you a drug and there will be no pain. If you don't talk, you'll die slowly and in great pain, and the girl will watch. Then I'll give her to Oddjob. So what do you want to do?'

'Don't be a fool, Goldfinger,' said Bond. 'I told my employers at Universal Export where I was going and why. Universal is very powerful and they'll send the police here to find us.'

'I'm afraid that you don't understand, Mr. Bond,' said Goldfinger, smiling. 'If the police come here, none of my staff will talk to them. Now tell me the truth. Who are you? Who sent you here? What do you know? The saw is now moving towards your body at about one inch every minute.'

Bond was silent.

'Oddjob,' Goldfinger said to his servant, 'Mr. Bond needs some help to make him talk. Persuade him to talk.'

The servant stepped towards the table. The high whistling sound of the saw was getting louder as it got nearer to Bond's body. Then Oddjob's powerful fingers began to press and strike Bond's body again and again and again. The pain was terrible.

Bond wanted to die - die quickly. After many minutes, Oddjob stopped hitting him.



'Goldfinger,' said Bond slowly, in a weak voice. 'I'll make a bargain with you. The girl and I will work for you. OK?'

'And I must wait for you to kill me one day?' said Goldfinger. 'No, thank you, Mr. Bond.'

Bond decided that it was time to stop talking. He could feel the movement of the spinning saw between his legs. He closed his eyes and tried to scream, but he couldn't. Then he tried to stop breathing.

'Die!' he told himself angrily. 'Die!'

Bond dreamt that he was flying through darkness.

'I must have died and I'm on my way to heaven,' he thought. Then he heard a voice say:

'This is your captain speaking. We will be landing soon. Please fasten your seatbelts. Thank you.'

If Bond was on a plane, where was it going? He couldn't understand what had happened. He tried to think but he was extremely tired. He couldn't move. Then he fell unconscious again.

When he woke up, he was lying on a bed in a bright, white room. It looked like the health department of an airport. Tilly was lying next to him on another bed.

A door opened and two men entered the room. The first man was a doctor. He was dressed in a white coat and he was carrying a medical bag. The other man was ... Goldfinger! The two men stopped between Bond and Tilly's beds.

'Doctor, they're looking much better,' said Goldfinger, in a gentle voice. 'They're both members of my staff and they've been working

too hard. They've both had nervous breakdowns. Their minds and their bodies are exhausted. They've been very ill. So I'm taking them to the best private hospital in America.'

'Doctor,' said Bond, 'there's nothing wrong with me or this girl. Neither of us has ever worked for Goldfinger. He tied us up, tortured<sup>76</sup> us and gave us drugs. Please believe me.' Bond's voice was slow and weak. He couldn't lift his head from the bed. The doctor looked worried and turned to Goldfinger. Goldfinger shook his head slowly.

'I'm very sad to see a man so sick in his mind,' he said. 'You'll be all right, James,' he said kindly, smiling at Bond.

'Don't worry. We'll look after you. The doctor will give you a drug to help you to sleep.'

Goldfinger turned towards the doctor and spoke gently, 'Please help him, doctor.'

'Yes, of course,' said the doctor and he took a needle on a syringe out of his bag. A moment later, Bond felt the sharp needle go into his arm. He opened his mouth and tried to scream. Then he fell unconscious again.

The next time that Bond woke up, he was lying on a bed in a grey room with no windows. He was feeling very hungry and thirsty. When had he last eaten any food? Two - three days ago? Bond sat up slowly. He was dressed in his underwear but where were the rest of his clothes? He put his feet down on the floor and tried to stand.

The only furniture in the room was a bed, a table and a chair. Bond's clothes were lying under the bed. His shoes were there too.

Bond checked inside the heel of one of them. Good! The knife was still hidden in its secret compartment.

There were two doors in the room. One was locked and the other led into a bathroom. Bond went into the bathroom and saw a third door. He opened it and saw Tilly Masterton lying on a bed in another room. She was sleeping peacefully.

Bond went into the bathroom. He shaved and had a shower. Then he went back into his room and put on his clothes and shoes. Suddenly, the locked door opened and Oddjob came in.

'Oddjob, I'm hungry,' said Bond at once. 'Bring me something to eat. And tell Goldfinger that I want to talk to him.'

Oddjob looked at Bond angrily. Then he left the room and locked the door. A few minutes later, another Korean servant arrived with a tray of food. Bond ate hungrily. It was an excellent meal. The door opened again and Goldfinger came in. He was holding a small gun and it was pointed at Bond.

'Mr. Bond, don't try to attack me,' said Goldfinger. 'If you do, I'll shoot you. I was going to kill you in Switzerland. But you said something that saved your life. You wanted to make a bargain with me. You said that you and Miss Masterton would work for me, if I let you live. By coincidence, I'm just about to start a big project and I need more staff. So I didn't kill you. I drugged both of you and I collected your things from the Hotel des Bergues. Then I brought you here to New York.'

'What work do you want us to do?' asked Bond.

'Mr. Bond, I love gold,' said Goldfinger, his eyes shining with pleasure. 'I love the colour, the smell and the feel of gold. I own about

twenty million pounds' worth of gold. It's all here in New York. And I'll do anything to get more gold. Now I'm about to start the biggest project of my life. It's a robbery - a huge robbery. The project will need a lot of preparation and paperwork. You and Miss Master-ton will work for me. You'll be my secretaries. When the project is finished, I will pay you both with gold.'

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

'I am going to steal fifteen billion dollars' worth of gold bullion. That's approximately half the supply of gold in the world. Our project, Mr. Bond, will be to rob the Bullion Depository at Fort Knox.'

'Fort Knox!' said Bond. 'But that's impossible. It has more guards than any other place in the United States. How can two men and a girl rob it?'

'I'll have help from one hundred other people - men and women from the six most powerful gangs in America. I've invited the six bosses of these gangsters to a meeting here at half-past two this afternoon. I'll answer all your questions then.'

Goldfinger went out and shut the door. Bond walked through into Tilly's room. Tilly had woken up and was putting her shoes on. She didn't look very pleased to see Bond. He told her about Goldfinger's plan to rob Fort Knox, and that Goldfinger wanted them to be his secretaries. Then he knocked on the door for Oddjob and ordered some breakfast for Tilly. When Oddjob came back with the food, he was carrying a typewriter, some paper and a page of instructions. The instructions were to Bond from Goldfinger.

Prepare ten copies of this agenda.

AGENDA for a meeting with

HELMUT M. SPRINGER: The Purple Gang, Detroit

JED MIDMGHT: The Shadow Syndicate, Miami and Havana

BILLY RING: The Machine, Chicago

JACK STRAP: The Spangled Mob, Las Vegas

MR. SOLO: Unione Siciliano

Miss PUSSY GALORE: The Cement Mixers, Harlem and New York City

Chairman of the meeting: MR. GOLD

Mr. Gold's secretaries: J.BOND AND TILLY MASTERTON

for a project to be called GRAND SLAM.

Bond sat down at the typewriter and made ten copies of the agenda. He finished typing them by two o'clock and at twenty-past two, Oddjob came to fetch Bond and Tilly. They followed him along a passage and into the meeting room.

Goldfinger sat with his back to the window. A large round table was in front of him. There were nine comfortable chairs round the table, and in front of six of the chairs were pens, notepads and small white parcels. On one of the walls of the room there was a large blackboard. Below this, there was a long table with bottles of champagne and dishes of caviar on it. Goldfinger told Tilly to sit in the chair on his left, and he told Bond to sit in the chair on his right. Bond handed him the copies of the agenda.

'Miss Masterton, you will take notes at this meeting,' ordered Goldfinger. 'Mr. Bond, you will watch the people at the meeting very carefully. If you think that any of these people won't work with me, you must mark a cross against his or her name on the agenda.'

'Who is Miss Pussy Galore?' asked Bond.

'She's the only woman who runs a gang in America. She's the leader of a gang of women. I shall need some women for my project.'

A bell rang softly under the table. The door at the end of the room opened and five men came in. They walked to the table and sat down silently.

## **Chapter 10. The Meeting of the Gangsters**

Goldfinger spoke quietly. 'Welcome, gentlemen,' he said. 'My name is Mr. Gold. In each of the parcels on the table in front of you, you will find a gold bar. Each bar is worth \$15,000. Please accept these as gifts from me. While we are waiting for Miss Pussy Galore, let me introduce you to my secretaries, Mr. Bond and Miss Masterton. Mr. Bond, on your right is Mr. Jed Midnight.'

Mr. Midnight was a heavy man with a red face and large, intelligent eyes. He was wearing a light blue suit, a white silk shirt with pictures of green palm trees on it, and a large gold watch.

'Next to Mr. Midnight is Mr. Billy Ring from Chicago,' said Goldfinger.

Billy Ring was about forty years old and had a face that was both ugly and evil. Someone had cut off his lower lip so that his mouth always had a wide, horrible smile.

'Beside Mr. Ring is Mr. Helmut Springer from Detroit,' Goldfinger said.

Helmut Springer's eyes were like cold pieces of pale blue glass. He didn't seem very interested in Bond.

Goldfinger turned towards a big strong man with dark hair and a big nose. 'Welcome, Mr. Solo of the Unione Siciliano,' he said, nodding at the fourth gang leader. Bond looked with interest at Mr. Solo - the head of the Mafia in America. Mr. Solo was wearing large glasses and cleaning his fingernails with a knife.

'And Mr. Jack Strap from Las Vegas,' said Goldfinger, looking at the fifth man.

Jack Strap was about fifty years old and had frightening, cruel eyes. He was wearing a suit of shiny material and he was smoking a large cigar.

The door opened and a tall slim woman in a black suit came in. This was Miss Pussy Galore. Bond liked the look of her. She was about thirty and was very good-looking, with pale skin and short dark hair. Her beautiful eyes were a very unusual dark violet colour. She walked slowly down the room to the table and sat down beside Mr. Strap.

'Good afternoon, Miss Galore,' said Goldfinger. 'The agenda is in front of you, together with a fifteen-thousand-dollar gold bar.'

Miss Galore opened her parcel.

'Is this real gold?' she asked suspiciously. She had a low, attractive voice.

'It's real,' replied Goldfinger. 'And now,' he continued, 'I'll tell you why I've invited you all here this afternoon. I've made a great amount of money - about sixty million dollars — in the last twenty

years. I've made this money in many different ways. Some projects have been legal, many have been illegal. But none of my projects have failed. You are the best criminals in America. I want you to work with me on the most valuable project I've ever organized — Project Grand Slam. For one week's work, you will each get one billion dollars.'

Everybody round the table was silent.

'That's a lot of money,' said Jed Midnight at last. 'How much will you get?'

'Five billion dollars,' replied Goldfinger.

'Eleven billion dollars in total,' said Helmut Springer. 'There are only three depositories in the United States where such large amounts of money are kept. Are we going to rob one of these depositories? And if so, which one?'

'Fort Knox in Kentucky,' replied Goldfinger.

'That's impossible!' said Jed Midnight.

'No,' said Goldfinger. 'Fort Knox is just like a huge bank. It's bigger and it has better protection than other banks. But it's not impossible to break into it. You just need a good plan.'

'But there are a lot of troops guarding Fort Knox,' said Billy Ring. 'And these soldiers have a large number of weapons. How can we get past them?'

'You're right, Mr. Ring,' said Goldfinger. 'About 60,000 people live in Fort Knox, including approximately 20,000 armed troops. Now listen to my plan.'



Goldfinger walked to the blackboard and pulled down a map of Fort Knox that was fixed above it. He pointed to the left hand corner of the map — to the Bullion Depository.

'As you see,' he said, pointing to the map, 'this is wherethe bullion is kept. There is a railway line running through Fort Knox. The track comes from Louisville, 35 miles to the north. Near the Bullion Depository, there are some railway sidings. The bullion from the capital - Washington - is sent to Fort Knox. Sometimes the gold goes by rail, and sometimes it is taken by trucks along this main road - the Dixie Highway. Any questions?'

There were none. Goldfinger turned back to the blackboard and pulled down a second map. This was a plan of the Gold Vault.

'Inside this vault,' said Goldfinger, 'about fifteen billion dollars' worth of gold bars are kept. Now I'll tell you how we can break into the vault and steal them.' Everybody was silent, listening.

'Each of you will have to arrange how you are going to get your share of the gold away from Fort Knox,' continued Goldfinger. 'Each of you will have to use your own trucks and drivers. I'll be taking my share away by train.'

'Now,' Goldfinger went on, 'how do we get into Fort Knox? My plan is to put a drug in the town's water supply. This will make everyone in the area — soldiers and civilians -fall asleep for three days. While they are asleep, we'll steal the gold from the vault.'

'But how do we put the drug in the water supply?' asked Jed Midnight.

'Two of my staff have been invited to visit Fort Knox. They'll meet the Chief Engineer who controls the water supply,' Goldfinger re-

plied. 'My staff are pretending to be engineers from a Japanese company which is planning to use the same water system in Tokyo. My men will take the drug to the meeting. When the engineer isn't looking, they'll put it into Fort Knox's water supply.'

'That's very clever,' said Mr. Jack Strap, looking at Goldfinger and smiling. 'How do we get into the town?'

'We'll travel on a special train from New York,' replied Goldfinger. 'There will be about one hundred of us. We'll be dressed as workers in an emergency team which has come to help the people of the town. The ladies in Miss Pussy Galore's gang will be dressed as nurses.'

'When the train reaches Louisville, 35 miles from the Depository,' Goldfinger went on, 'my assistant and I will enter the train driver's compartment. We'll get rid of the train driver and I'll drive the train through Fort Knox to the sidings near the Bullion Depository. By this time, your trucks should be arriving too. Bodies of the sleeping people will be everywhere, but we'll take no notice of them. We'll place the trucks round the vault and go inside.'

'But how do we get inside the vault?' asked Mr. Solo. 'The door to the Gold Vault is extremely strong and it weighs 20 tons.'

Goldfinger bent down and took a large heavy box from beneath the table. He carried it carefully and placed it on the table in front of the gangsters.

'There is only one weapon that is powerful enough to open the Gold Vault,' he said. 'I got this from a military base in Germany. It's an atomic bomb.'

The faces of all the people round the table went pale with fear. Bond was shocked too. Goldfinger was a master criminal who didn't care about the lives of anyone.

'Don't worry,' said Goldfinger. 'The bomb is safe at the moment. It won't explode here. It's not activated yet.'

'What about - er - fallout, when the bomb explodes at the vault?' asked Billy Ring nervously.

'There will be very little fallout,' said Goldfinger carelessly. 'After the bomb explodes, we will give protection suits to the men who enter the building. These suits will protect them from any fallout.'

'What about the sleeping people?' asked Mr. Solo. 'We'll move as many people as possible to a safe place before the bomb explodes,' said Goldfinger.

Bond didn't believe that Goldfinger would move the sleeping people. Bond suspected that the drug in the water supply would kill the people, not make them fall asleep. Goldfinger was only interested in stealing the gold. He wasn't interested in saving people's lives.

'Now if there are no more questions,' said Goldfinger, 'I want to know if you'll work with me on this project. Mr. Midnight? Yes? Or no?'

'Mr. Gold,' said Jed Midnight, 'you're the greatest criminal that I've ever met. I'll be delighted to work with you.'

'Thank you, Mr. Midnight. And you, Mr. Ring?'

'A billion dollars is a lot of money,' said Billy Ring. 'Yes, my gang and I will work with you.'

'Good,' said Goldfinger. 'Mr. Solo?'

'Yes,' replied Mr. Solo. 'I'm with you.'

Goldfinger looked at Jack Strap. 'Are you with us, Mr. Strap?' he asked.

'Yes, me and my men will work with you,' replied the gangster from Las Vegas.

'Thank you,' said Goldfinger. 'And you, Miss Galore?' 'Yes,' said Pussy Galore. 'My girls and I need the money.

We'll work with you.'

'Excellent,' said Goldfinger. 'And what about you, Mr. Springer?'

Mr. Springer stood up slowly and looked round the table.

'Mr. Gold,' he said, 'I'm afraid that the Purple Gang of Detroit won't work on this project. Good afternoon, gentlemen and madam.'

As Springer turned and walked towards the door, Bond saw Goldfinger's hand move under the table. He pressed the bell. Bond guessed that Goldfinger was signalling to Oddjob.

'How about a drink?' said Mr. Midnight.

Everybody got up and walked over to the table where the drink and food were prepared. Bond poured champagne into glasses for himself, Pussy Galore and Tilly Masterton.

'Goldfinger has been very clever in this meeting,' thought Bond. 'He's persuaded almost all of the gang leaders to join his project.'

Suddenly, the door opened and one of Goldfinger's Korean staff walked in. He went up to Goldfinger and whispered something to him. Goldfinger looked serious.

'Gentlemen and madam,' he said sadly. 'I have received some terrible news. Mr. Helmut Springer has had an accident. He fell down the stairs as he was leaving the building. He died at once.'

Everybody in the room stared at Goldfinger.

Goldfinger had signalled to Oddjob because the boss of the Purple Gang would not work on Project Grand Slam. Goldfinger had given Oddjob a secret order to kill Mr. Springer. Bond was sure of this. Goldfinger was a murderer and he would kill anyone who didn't agree with him. And soon he was going to murder 60,000 people in Fort Knox too.

After the gang leaders left, Bond spoke to Goldfinger.

'Goldfinger, you'll never succeed with this crazy plan. You'll never be able to get the gold out of Fort Knox. So 60,000 people will die for nothing.'

'Mr. Bond,' said Goldfinger, 'I have planned everything very carefully. I need these gang leaders and their people for the robbery, but I don't care what happens to them after that. A Soviet ship will be waiting for me. I'll take my gold to the ship by train. I'll take the gold out of America to the Soviet Union.'

'So Goldfinger is planning a huge robbery with these gang leaders,' thought Bond. 'But the gangsters don't realize that he's working for an enemy like SMERSH. They think that he's just an ordinary criminal like themselves.'

Perhaps some of the gangsters would be caught or killed. Bond and Tilly would probably die too. But Goldfinger would not care. Goldfinger's Korean and German staff would sail to the USSR in the ship with their boss.

It was a terrible, perfect plan. And there was only one man who could stop Goldfinger. That man was Agent 007 -James Bond. But how could Bond stop him?

## **Chapter 11. The Richest Man in the World**

The next day, Goldfinger gave Bond and Tilly a lot of work to do. They had to prepare maps, timetables and lists. As they worked, Oddjob guarded them carefully.

At the end of the day, Bond received a note from Goldfinger. It said:

*At 11 a.m. tomorrow, the five gang leaders and myself will take a plane trip. We're going to fly over Fort Knox to study the positions of the buildings and roads. The plane will be flown by my pilots. You will come with us. Miss Masterton will stay here. G.*

Bond sat and thought. Finally, he took a sheet of paper and typed out the details of the robbery of Fort Knox. He rolled the paper into a tiny cylinder. Then he took another sheet of paper and typed this message:

*URGENT. THERE WILL BE A REWARD OF \$5000 FOR THE PERSON WHO DELIVERS THIS MESSAGE TO FELIX LEITER AT PINKERTON'S DETECTIVE AGENCY, 154 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.*

Bond rolled the message around the cylinder of paper and wrote \$5000 REWARD, in red ink, on the outside. Then he wrapped sticky tape around the message on the cylinder. He stuck the paper cylinder to his leg with more sticky tape.

The next day, Bond went in the plane with Goldfinger, Oddjob, and the five gang leaders. They flew over Fort Knox to study the plan of the town. As the plane was flying back to New York, Bond went into the toilet. He knew that this was his only opportunity to try and stop Goldfinger.

Bond knew that after the plane landed, cleaners would come and clean the toilet. So he took the paper cylinder off his leg and stuck it under the seat of the toilet. The words \$5000 REWARD were very clear, and a cleaner would see it immediately.

Oddjob was waiting outside the toilet. When Bond came out, Oddjob pushed past him and looked suspiciously around inside the small room. But he didn't lift the toilet seat. He came out again and shut the door.

When Bond walked past her, Pussy Galore looked at him thoughtfully.

During the next three days, Bond felt very nervous. He kept thinking again and again about the message under the toilet seat. Had anyone found it? Would they believe the message? Or perhaps the plane hadn't been cleaned yet.

Bond thought about what would happen if the message was delivered to Felix Leiter. Felix would fly to Washington and contact the FBI and the Army. Perhaps he would even talk to the President of

the United States. They would stop Goldfinger's plans. But nothing happened.

Then, in the afternoon of the day before the robbery, Bond received another note from Goldfinger. It said:

*The first part of Project Grand Slam has been successful.  
Get on the train at midnight. Bring copies of all the  
maps, timetables and lists. G.*

That evening, Goldfinger, Bond, Tilly and the gangsters met at Pennsylvania Station. Ring, Midnight, Strap, Solo and their men were dressed as medical workers. Pussy Galore and her girls were dressed as nurses. Goldfinger, Tilly and Bond were dressed as doctors.

The Superintendent of the station approached Goldfinger.

'Dr Gold?' he said. 'I'm afraid that there's bad news from Fort Knox. All trains are being stopped at Louisville. But don't worry. We'll get you and your Emergency Team there. What's happened to the people at Fort Knox? What illness do they have?'

'We don't know yet. That's what we have to find out,' said Goldfinger in a gentle voice. 'But we believe that it's very dangerous.'

'Well, good luck, Doctor,' said the Superintendent. 'Everyone is very proud of you and your Emergency Team.'

'Thank you, Superintendent,' said Goldfinger. He moved away and gave orders for the gangs to board the train. Bond was put in a train compartment with Tilly. They were guarded by Goldfinger's Korean and German staff.



As Pussy Galore walked through the compartment where Bond and Tilly were sitting, she stopped by Bond's seat for a few seconds. Her dark violet eyes stared into his grey-blue eyes.

'Mr. Bond,' she whispered. 'If anything goes wrong with this plan, I'm sure that you'll know why.' Then she walked on.

It was a long and difficult journey. Some of the employees of the railway were still on the train. So the gangsters couldn't drink whisky, or smoke cigarettes, or start fights. They had to behave well and pretend to be medical staff until they reached Fort Knox.

Bond thought again and again about the drug in the water ply. Had the people of Fort Knox drunk the water? Were 60 000 people already dead? Or had Felix Leiter got Bond's message?

Bond knew what he must do. He must get close to Goldfinger and kill him.

At six o'clock the next morning, the train reached Louisville. Goldfinger said that there were not enough protection suits for everyone. So all the railway's employees left the train, except for the driver.

A few minutes later, Bond felt the train almost stop, then start again. He knew that Goldfinger had killed the driver. Goldfinger was now driving the train himself.

Then Mr. Strap came hurrying through Bond's compartment. 'We arrive in ten minutes!' he ordered. 'Put on your protective equipment!'

Bond went to the toilet and closed the door. He removed the small knife from the heel of his shoe and pushed it into the belt of his trousers.

Ten minutes later, the train began passing houses on the edge of Fort Knox. Bodies were lying everywhere on the ground. No one was moving. The people didn't look as if they were asleep. They looked as if they were dead.

'Those poor people,' said Mr. Billy Ring, and laughed. The train continued on slowly and Bond saw more and more bodies of men, women and children. He looked carefully to see if any of them were moving, but they weren't. There was no sound at all.

At last, the train stopped at the sidings near the Bullion Depository. All the leaders of the gangs and their people were wearing their protective equipment. The doors of the train opened and different groups of men and women got down on to the platform<sup>85</sup>. One group of men - the Assault Group - was carrying the atomic bomb. The five gang leaders were in the Command Group with Goldfinger, Oddjob, Bond and Tilly. Goldfinger ordered them to climb onto the roof of the first train carriage. From this position, they could watch the Assault Group running towards the Bullion Depository.

'They've gone through the gates,' said Mr. Jack Strap excitedly. Bond looked and saw an extraordinary sight. In the middle of a large field was the huge building of the Gold Vault.

Hundreds of bodies were lying on the ground around the vault. The soldiers were still holding their weapons.

Everything was very quiet. Trucks belonging to each gang were waiting on the roads at the edge of the field. Bond looked at the bodies on the ground. Were any of the soldiers alive? None of them moved.

The Assault Group was moving towards the main door of the vault. Goldfinger looked at Bond, his pale blue eyes were shining with triumph.

'I was right and you were wrong, Mr. Bond. Soon I will be the richest man in the world. And then we will say goodbye. Thank you for the help which you and Miss Masterton have given me.'

Bond knew that he and Tilly were not important to Goldfinger any more. Very soon, Goldfinger was going to give an order and Bond and Tilly would be killed. But Bond had decided that, whatever happened to him, he would kill Goldfinger first.

Suddenly, Bond saw something moving high in the sky above them. It was a helicopter and it was flying fast towards the Depository. Then everything happened at once.

The 'dead' soldiers suddenly jumped up from the ground and pointed their weapons at the Assault Group. Now troops were guarding the door of the vault again!

A loud voice came from a loudspeaker in the helicopter. It gave the order, 'Stand where you are! Drop your weapons!' But then the shooting started.

Bond grabbed Tilly's hand and jumped down from the roof of the train carriage onto the platform. He heard Goldfinger shouting to Oddjob.

'Get Bond and the girl! Kill them!'

Oddjob started running down the platform.

'Run, Tilly! Run!' shouted Bond. He began pulling Tilly along the platform. But she let go of his hand and tried to climb into one of the carriages of the train. Bond stopped, took the knife out of his trouser belt, and turned towards Oddjob.

Oddjob stopped running, pulled off his bowler hat and threw it at Tilly. It struck her on the neck. Without a sound, she fell backwards onto the platform in front of him.

Oddjob leapt towards Bond, and tried to kick him. But Tilly was in his way and he missed Bond. Bond swung his knife at Oddjob but the Korean knocked it out of his hand.

Oddjob leapt at Bond again. His feet struck Bond's shoulder and Bond fell to the ground. The powerful kick had sent a terrible pain through Bond's body. For a few seconds, Bond closed his eyes and waited for Oddjob's next kick. But nothing happened. Suddenly, Bond heard the sound of three long, loud blasts from the train's horn and he looked up. To his surprise, he saw Oddjob running away from him. He was running along the platform, towards the train. The train had begun to move. Oddjob caught up with it, jumped up into a carriage, and disappeared inside.

Bond stood up, holding his painful shoulder. Suddenly, he heard a shout behind him. He turned and saw Felix Leiter running towards him. The FBI agent was wearing a military uniform. Bond walked along the platform. He was very happy to see his good friend again.

'So you got my message about Goldfinger's plan,' said

Bond. 'Yes,' said Felix, smiling. 'We arrested the members of Goldfinger's staff who were going to put the drug in the water supply. But we wanted to trap Goldfinger too. We had found out about his plan. But we didn't want him to suspect anything. So we pretended that everyone in Fort Knox had drunk the water and died.'

'But Goldfinger has escaped,' said Bond. 'He's driving the train. Oddjob and the gang leaders are with him.'

'One of our planes is above the train now,' replied Felix. 'It'll follow the train. We'll catch Goldfinger.'

'Thank you for saving my life,' said Bond. 'But I'm afraid that it's too late to save Tilly Masterton.'

He walked with Felix to where Tilly was lying on the ground.

The girl's neck was broken and she was dead.

Bond stood and looked down at her. He felt sad as he remembered the proud, pretty girl in her Triumph sports car.

## **Chapter 12. Goldfinger's Last Flight**

Two days later, Felix Leiter was driving Bond to Idlewild Airport in New York. M had told Bond to return to the Secret Service's headquarters, so Bond was catching the next plane to London.

'What's happened to Goldfinger?' asked Bond. 'We don't know,' said Felix. 'My men caught up with the train but there was no one on it. Goldfinger and Oddjob had got off somewhere. So had the gang leaders. We don't know where they went. 'Bond wasn't happy about the way that the mission had ended. The robbery of Fort Knox had been stopped. But Bond hadn't caught Goldfinger and he

hadn't got the Bank of England's gold back. The five gang leaders had also escaped. Two English girls - Jill and Tilly Masterton - had been murdered, and Goldfinger was still free.

When they got to Idlewild, Bond said goodbye to Felix and went inside the airport. He had some time before his flight departed, so he planned to have a drink and do some shopping.

Suddenly he heard an announcement from the loudspeaker system:

*'Will Mr. James Bond, a passenger on BOAC Flight number 510 to London, please come to the BOAC ticket counter.'*

Bond walked across to the ticket counter.

'Please can I see your health certificate?' said the official behind the desk. Bond took out his certificate from his passport and handed it to the official.

'I'm very sorry, sir,' said the man, 'but your flight is going via Gander in Canada. Your plane has to land there to get fuel. We've been told that there's a case of typhoid<sup>87</sup> at Gander. The authorities have given an order. All passengers travelling via Gander must have protection from typhoid. You must have an injection.'

Bond hated injections. He looked around the area near the BOAC departure gate. It was empty. This was strange.

'Where are the other passengers?' he asked.

'They're having their injections now,' said the official, pointing behind the desk. 'Please follow me, sir. It will only take a minute.'

'All right.' Bond stepped behind the ticket counter and followed the man through a door into an office. A doctor was waiting there. He was dressed in a white coat and he was holding a needle and syringe.

'Please take off your jacket and pull up the sleeve of your shirt,' he said to Bond. A minute later, Bond felt the sharp needle go into his arm as the doctor gave him the injection.

'Thanks,' Bond said. He pulled down his sleeve and tried to pick up his jacket. But he couldn't reach it. His hand went down, down towards the floor and his body followed. Down, down, down . . .

When Bond woke up, he was in a plane with lots of empty seats. All the lights were on inside the plane. Outside, the sky was dark.

Bond looked down at his arms. His hands were tied to his seat. What had happened?

Bond glanced to his right and got a terrible shock. Oddjob was sitting there, and he was dressed in a BOAC airline uniform!

When Oddjob saw that Bond was awake, he rang a bell. A minute later, Pussy Galore appeared. She was also wearing a BOAC airline uniform.

'Hi, Handsome,' she said.

'What's going on?' asked Bond in astonishment.

'Don't get excited,' she said, smiling. She walked slowly past him and disappeared into the cockpit<sup>88</sup>. A few minutes later, Goldfinger came out of the cockpit and walked towards Bond. He was wearing a BOAC airline pilot's uniform.

'Well, Mr. Bond,' he said, 'I made a big mistake about you. I should have killed you and the girl when I had the opportunity. And now I have a lot of questions to ask you.'

'I'll answer your questions, Goldfinger,' said Bond. 'But first, untie my hands and bring me some bourbon whisky.'

'All right,' said Goldfinger. 'Oddjob, untie Mr. Bond's hands. Ring the bell to call Miss Galore, then get into the seat in front of Mr. Bond. You must not let him get past you to the cockpit of the plane. A few minutes later, Pussy Galore brought Bond a glass of whisky. Goldfinger sat in the seat opposite Bond and waited for him to speak.

Bond picked up his glass. Suddenly he saw a small piece of paper stuck to the bottom of the glass. Quickly, he drank all the whisky and read the words through the bottom of the glass:

*I want to work with you. Love, P.*

'Now, then, Goldfinger,' said Bond, turning to look at the red-haired master criminal. 'What happened? And where are we going?'

'I left the train at a siding where three of my trucks were waiting,' said Goldfinger. 'One truck was carrying all my gold bullion which I had taken out of the bank in New York. I shot all the gang leaders, except Miss Galore,' Goldfinger continued. 'Then I called Moscow and spoke to my friends in SMERSH. I believe that you know them. I told them what had happened. They recognized your name, Mr. Bond. They told me that you are Agent 007 - a member of the British Secret Service. Then I understood everything very clearly.'



'My friends want to ask you many questions,' Goldfinger went on. 'So I decided to bring you to the Soviet Union. My German employees are pilots. They tied up the BOAC staff at Idlewild Airport and we changed clothes with them. It was easy to trick you and give you an injection. Then we stole the BOAC plane, loaded all the gold bullion into it, and took off. Now we're on our way to Moscow.' Goldfinger smiled but his eyes were cold and cruel.

'Mr. Bond, we have made a bargain,' he said sharply. 'Now you must tell me everything. Who ordered you to follow me? And how were you able to destroy my plans?'

Bond told Goldfinger some of the truth. But he didn't tell him everything.

'So you see, Goldfinger, you only just escaped,' he said at last. 'If Tilly Masterton hadn't gone to Geneva, my mission would have succeeded. The police would have caught you and you would be in prison now.'

Goldfinger went back into the cockpit and the plane flew on over the dark land.

Pussy Galore brought Bond a plate of sandwiches. He was hungry and ate them quickly. She'd put a white napkin under the sandwiches. Inside the napkin, Bond found a pen. Pussy was working with him!

Most of the lights inside the plane had now been turned off. Bond sat and thought as fast as he could.

'Goldfinger must not escape again,' he said to himself. 'The plane mustn't reach Moscow. It must make an emergency landing. But

how can I make Goldfinger land the plane? Perhaps I can start a fire.'

Then suddenly, Bond had a plan. It was a mad, frightening, terrible idea. He didn't know if the plan would work, but it was his only chance.

He wrote a message on the white napkin. When Pussy Galore walked past his seat, he dropped the napkin onto the floor. Pussy picked it up and read the message:

*I've thought of a plan. Go and sit down. Fasten your seatbelt. Love, J.*

'Good luck, Handsome,' said Pussy softly, and she kissed him. Then she walked to her seat near the cockpit.

Oddjob was sitting in the seat in front of Bond. Bond could see the Korean's face reflected in the window next to the seat. Oddjob wasn't asleep. He was staring straight ahead and his powerful hands were on his knees.

Bond was waiting for Oddjob to become tired and sleep. But Oddjob didn't move.

One hour passed, then two. Bond pretended to fall asleep himself. He made a soft noise through his nose. Then at last, Oddjob turned his head and moved in his seat so that he was more comfortable.

This was the opportunity that Bond had been waiting for. Quietly, he took the small knife out from the heel of his shoe. Then very, very slowly, he moved his hand towards the window next to Oddjob. Holding his seatbelt tightly with one hand and the knife in the

other, Bond pointed the knife at the centre of the window. Suddenly, he struck the centre of the window with the knife.

Immediately, there was a bang and a loud whistling noise. The air in the plane began to rush out through the hole in the window. Suddenly, Oddjob's body was pulled violently towards the hole. The air was rushing out of the broken window with a terrible force, and it was taking Oddjob's body with it.

There was a crash as Oddjob's head went through the window and his shoulders hit the window frame. Then Oddjob's whole body was pulled slowly out of the plane. His chest went through, then his stomach and his legs. Bond held on to his seatbelt with all his strength.

The huge plane went into a steep dive and began to fall. Bond heard the scream of the engines as the plane went down, faster and faster. Plates, glasses, papers and pillows disappeared out through the broken window. Now there wasn't enough oxygen inside the plane and Bond couldn't breathe. In a few seconds, he became unconscious.

Bond woke up when someone kicked him hard. He cried out in pain and he tasted blood in his mouth. The person's foot struck Bond's chest and then his stomach.

Bond opened his eyes. All the lights were on in the plane and it was very cold. Goldfinger was standing over Bond. His face was angry and cruel. He was pointing a small gun at Bond. 'As soon as the plane hits the water,' Bond told the five men in the cockpit, 'I'll open the doors so that you can get out. But if you try to leave the cockpit before then, I'll shoot you.'

Bond stepped backwards out of the cockpit and closed the door. He went to Pussy Galore and told her what was going to happen. They both put on life-jackets and he told her to kneel down on the floor, with her head on the seat. Then Bond got down on his knees too and held her body tightly against his own.

The plane crashed into the sea at about a hundred miles an hour. As it hit the water, it broke in two pieces.

Bond and Pussy were thrown out of the plane and into the ice-cold sea. The weight of the heavy gold bullion on board the plane quickly pulled it down to the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean.

Pussy and Bond were the only people to escape from the plane. They floated in the cold water until men from the weathership came to rescue them. The five German men in the cockpit were carrying bags of gold and the weight of the bullion pulled them down to the bottom of the ocean.

Bond and Pussy were given a wonderful welcome on the weather-ship. But before they were taken to their cabins to rest, Bond had answered a lot of questions. He'd also spoken to M on the ship's radio. After he'd spoken to his boss, Bond had walked slowly to his cabin. He'd taken a hot shower and put on dry clothes. Now he was feeling very tired. He was lying on the bed in his cabin, drinking whisky.

Suddenly the door opened and Pussy came in. She was wearing only a large, grey, woollen jersey.

She no longer looked like a tough gangster, she looked like a young girl. Bond looked at her pale, beautiful face and her violet eyes, and smiled.

Bond grabbed Goldfinger's foot and pulled it violently to one side. Goldfinger screamed in pain and fell to the floor. Bond leapt onto Goldfinger and closed his fingers around Goldfinger's throat. At the same time, Goldfinger closed his own fingers around Bond's throat.

Bond pressed his hands together as hard as he could. He felt the terrible strength of Goldfinger's hands around his own neck. Who would die first, Goldfinger or him?

Goldfinger's large face was becoming red and a terrible noise was coming out of his mouth. At last, his hands around Bond's throat became weaker. Then he made a final, terrible noise and lay still. He'd stopped breathing. He was dead.

Bond stood up slowly. Goldfinger's small gun was lying on the floor. Bond picked it up and walked towards the cockpit. Pussy Galore was fastened in her seat by her seatbelt, but she was unconscious. Bond got down onto his knees beside her. He blew air into Pussy's mouth until she was conscious and breathing normally again. Then he opened the door of the cockpit. Inside the cockpit, there were five men. They were all members of Goldfinger's German staff. Bond pointed the gun at the frightened men.

'Goldfinger is dead,' said Bond loudly. 'If anyone moves or disobeys an order, I'll kill him. Pilot, what's our position?'

The pilot told Bond that they were flying over the Atlantic Ocean, towards the coast of Canada. But he also said that they didn't have enough fuel to reach an airport in Canada. Bond knew that they were all in terrible danger. The plane would have to land in the sea. He sent out a call on the radio. The message said that the plane would be making an emergency landing into the sea.

The men on a weathership in the Atlantic heard his call. They told him that they would fire flares. When the pilot saw the flares he could guide the plane down to the position of the weathership. 'You need some TLC,' he said. 'What's TLC?' 'Tender Loving Care.' 'I'd like that,' said Pussy.

She pushed Bond's black hair off his face and looked into his grey-blue eyes. 'When is it going to start?'

'Now,' said Bond, and kissed her hard on the mouth.