

CHAPTER ONE: THE SECRET AGENT

ROYALE-
LES-EAUX,
FRANCE.



THE
CASINO
ROYALE.



*The scent and smoke
and sweat of a casino
are nauseating at
three in the morning.*

*Then the soul-erosion
produced by high gambling--
a compost of greed and fear
and nervous tension--becomes
unbearable and the senses
awaken and revolt from it.*



*James Bond suddenly
knew that he was tired.
He always knew when his
body or his mind had had
enough and he always
acted on that knowledge.*





This helped him to avoid staleness and the sensual bluntness that breeds mistakes.



With another part of his mind, he had a vision of tomorrow's regular morning meeting of the casino committee...



"Le Chiffre. He's up two million today, playing his usual game--BACCARAT CHEMIN DE FER."

"Miss Fairchild. Up a million in an hour. She executed three 'bancos' of Monsieur Le Chiffre. Plays with coolness."

HUNDRED-MILLE PLAQUES



"The Englishman. Mister Bond."

"He increased his winnings to three million over two days, playing a progressive system on red at table five."

"He plays in maximums. He has luck."



"His nerves seem good."

Bond was not personally concerned with robbing the casino, but only interested.

CAISSE

Good evening, Monsieur Bond.

SAFELY BEHIND THE COUNTER

HUNDRED-THOUSAND AND TEN-THOUSAND FRANCS NOTES.

PLAQUES.

COLT .45 CALIBER PISTOL.

It would take ten good men to rob the casino, and they would have to kill one or two employees. Anyway, you probably couldn't find ten non-squeal killers in France, or in any other country, for that matter.

Merci.

Any hint of trouble, and the man will activate the foot-switch, which will lock the doors to bar entry or exit.

Bond made up his mind that Le Chiffre would in no circumstance try to rob the casino and he put the contingency out of his mind.

He could feel his eyes filling their sockets. The front of his face, his nose and antrum, were congested. He breathed the sweet night air deeply and focused his senses and wits.

He wanted to know if anyone had searched his room since he had left it before dinner.



Monsieur Bond--your key. And you have a cable from Jamaica...



This meant that ten million francs was on the way to him. It was the reply to a request Bond had sent that afternoon through Paris to his headquarters in London asking for more funds.

Paris had spoken to London where Clements, the head of Bond's department, had spoken to M, who had smiled wryly and told 'The Broker' to fix it with the Treasury.

BRITISH SECRET SERVICE HQ



M. HEAD OF THE SECRET SERVICE IN THE BRITISH DEFENCE MINISTRIES. APPROVED THE OPERATION--RELUCTANTLY.



FAWCETT. RELAYING MESSAGES FROM LONDON TO BOND VIA JAMAICA.



COVER: HEAD OF THE PICTURE DESK OF THE GLEANER NEWSPAPER IN KINGSTON.



He knew that this was probably a fallacy, that probably there was another member of the Service at Royale-les-Eaux who was reporting independently.

Bond was used to oblique control and rather liked it. He felt it feather-bedded him a little, allowed him to give or take an hour or two in his communications with M.

S. HEAD OF THE SOVIET SECTION. CONCEIVED OF THE OPERATION.



CLEMENTS. HEAD OF OO SECTION

JAMES BOND. THE BLUNT INSTRUMENT.



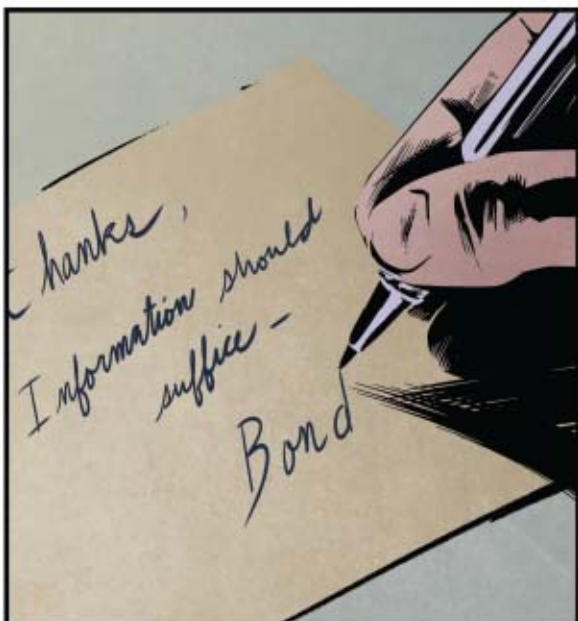
COVER: RICH CLIENT OF MESSRS CAFFERY, THE PRINCIPAL IMPORT AND EXPORT FIRM OF JAMAICA.



But it did give the illusion that he wasn't only 150 miles across the Channel from that deadly office building near Regent's Park, being watched and judged by those few cold brains that made the whole show work.



TEAR OFF TELEGRAM BEFORE COMPOSING RESPONSE. LEAVE NO CARBON COPY.



He regretted the hubris of his reply to M. As a gambler, he knew it was a mistake to rely on too small a capital.

CONCIERGE COULD BRIBE COPY OF CABLE FROM POST OFFICE, IF HE ISN'T ALREADY STEAMING OPEN THE ENVELOPES. THREAT? NOT IMMEDIATE.



THE LIFT TOO CONFINED TOO DANGEROUS.

STAIRS SAFER.

Anyway, M probably wouldn't let him have any more.



WALKING ON THE BALLS OF HIS FEET. QUIET.



Bond knew exactly where the light switch was...



HIS OWN HAIR,
WEDGED INTO THE
DESK DRAWER.
UNDISTURBED.

*These minute
burglar alarms
did not make
him feel foolish.*



TALCUM POWDER
SMEARED ON PORCELAIN
WARDROBE HANDLE.
IMMACULATE.

*He was a secret agent,
and still alive thanks to
his exact attention to the
detail of his profession.*

*Routine precautions were to
him no more unreasonable
than they would be to a
deep-sea diver or a test
pilot, or to any man earning
danger-money.*

ONE COLD
SHOWER LATER.
REFRESHED.

*Satisfied that his room had
not been searched while he was
at the casino, Bond sat down
and entered some figures.
Then he sat motionless, gazing
out of the window across the
dark sea.*

CIGARETTE
NO. 70 TODAY.

THREE MILLION FRANCS IN
WINNINGS OVER TWO DAYS.
PLUS LONDON'S TEN-MILLION
STAKE, PLUS THE FURTHER
TEN. TOTAL WORKING
CAPITAL—TWENTY-THREE
MILLION FRANCS.



38 POLICE POSITIVE
SIX ROUNDS
SAWN BARREL.

