

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 FRANC 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.

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



CLEMENTS. HEAD OF OO SECTION

JAMES BOND. THE BLUNT INSTRUMENT.

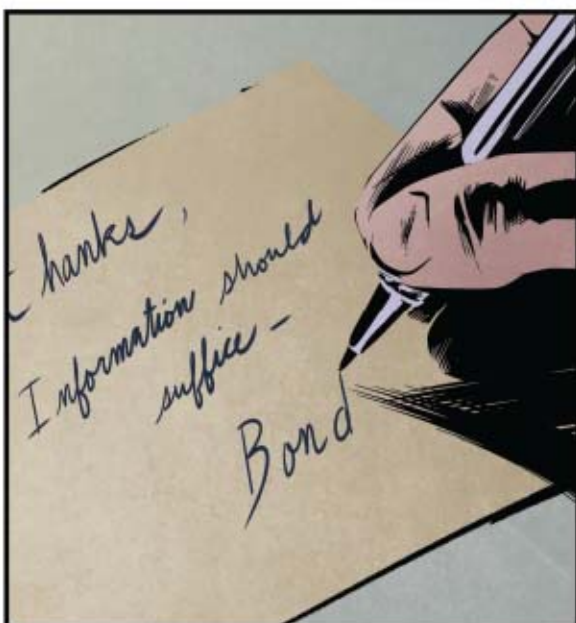
COVER: RICH CLIENT OF MESSRS CAFFERY, THE PRINCIPAL IMPORT AND EXPORT FIRM OF JAMAICA.



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.



Thanks,
Information should
suffice -
Bond



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...