

JAMES BOND

Oh, there you are, 007. If I can just pry you away from this nubile young lady for a moment . . . always the philanderer . . . James, my apologies for interrupting your hard earned retirement on this secluded Mediterranean beach. Lord knows, you deserve it, dammit. But ever since your self-imposed isolation since Katrina's death three years ago, the Service has been in a pitiful state of affairs.

We need you back, 007, and badly, at that. For two reasons. One of our agents was in Cuba, recently, trying to infiltrate SPECTRE, when after a rather cryptic radio communication, he disappeared from all contact. Yes, I'm afraid it's your good friend Ian Python, with whom you worked on Operation Silicone Chip. As you will see, the identity of our man was betrayed to this evil conglomerate - by a woman with whom he had a romantic liason, I might add.

However, we have a more serious problem at hand. Your old nemesis Blofeld, #1 at SPECTRE, has evidently been stockpiling biological weapons with which to destroy the fabric of international government as we know it today. But, as you will no doubt soon observe, our agent 006 was able to obtain some classified information before we lost contact with him. Miss Money Penny just this morning brought in a videotape that was postmarked from Havana which I simply have not had time to review.

I want you to start there. Interrogate the locals, comb the area for clues, and penetrate this operation - whatever you can do to bring us closer to recovering these implements of destruction, and forcing SPECTRE to its knees. Of course, your license will be reinstated, as the Ministry is now satisfied with your stability. As usual, Q has devised some interesting toys to take with you. They'll be in that rather ordinary looking black briefcase, but they could pull you out of a serious jam. You can pick up your tickets and reservations from Miss Money Penny on your way to Cuba. Well, . . . there it is.

Oh, and 007, no fooling around - I don't think we have much time.

1. To avenge the death of your good friend Python,
And to save the world from this viral spawn,
Retrace the trail of this car chase,
To discover Spectre's hiding place,
For beneath the cliffs where Python died,
And where the reefs meet the rushing tide,
A SPECTRE man to a lab does dive,
This treacherous downward hike you must survive,
But you've done much worse chasing Greek spies,
With a brunette whose beauty was only for your eyes,
On the outcropping follow a trail of gravel,
And Blofeld's plot you'll start to unravel.

2. The lab was there, its existence proved
But the virus has already been moved,
The diver you encountered was SPECTRE's man,
He disclosed only a bit of the secret plan,
The struggle was brutal, but with your training,
You forced him to do some explaining,
The virus has now been perfected,
It's microscopic and can't be detected,
If they let it loose in the water supply,
Those who drink it will painfully die,
It's imperative that you track this disease,
Before all governments fall to their knees,
SPECTRE's master plan must be aborted,
To a glass warehouse it's been transported,
When in the U.S. the CIA aided,
Whenever a crisis escalated,
Luckily your old friend Felix,
Is still up to his old espionage tricks,
He's quite a few miles south so drive your best,
And find him where the wayward rest,
At the front stairs it's you he wants to meet,
But you may be watched so be discreet.

3. The man with the golden gun was here,
For Felix's life you now do fear,
You thought you'd shot Scaramanger dead,
With a single bullet to the head,
But while blowing up his plans for solar fusion,
You only killed his optical illusion,
He's now in Blofeld's employ,
To Sao Paolo you must convoy,
Felix there in a fortress they did **imprison**,
PV to Gaffey south you must envision,
For the golden shells contain more than lead,
In a certain order your next turn is read,

Then keep to the right to find the secret entry,
But beware as you sneak by a vigilant sentry,
Past his 817 post you'll find your objective,
Adjacent to an a-luring perspective.

4. You escaped the treachery of Dr. No,
But Blofeld still remains your foe,
That murderous bastard struck again,
Killing another very good friend,
But Felix found evidence for you to pursue,
In his dead hand he grasped a clue,
He'd been approached by Yeltsin's men,
Their fledgling democracy eager to defend,
He and Gorby had differences it's true,
But they could compromise on an important issue,

The right wing group that staged the coup,
Will stomp on their rights and the people subdue,
Gorbachev's health was fine before,
And Yeltsin fears that this means war,
They're beginning to suspect the virus,
Was planted by agents undesirous,
Felix had plans to meet the Russians,
To continue these vital discussions,
You must now go to this international place,
In order to save the human race,
You must now be ready for a long trip,
The world's fate rests with you, so do not slip,
Further south across the Harbor you go with haste,
Before populations are laid to waste,
And soon after you bridge this gap,
With this council member you must rap.

5. You discover from your Russian source,
That the virus has been sent on a southerly course,
On Blofeld's trawler they'll load this cargo,
From the wooden docks of Monaco,
Ocean and 2nd will take you to this port,
And then Marinabound you should cavort,
To know upon which ship the virus they'll stow,
Listen to the idle banter of the casino,
Playing your high stakes game of Baccarat,
In your fluent French with others you'll chat,
And past a point that is schooner or later,
You'll learn the gangway and slip of this freighter.

6. Blofeld's firstmate was a voluptuous blonde,
Of her measurements you were quite fond,
You seduced her in a romantic tryst,
And she gave you SPECTRE's prospective hit list,
Because of this betrayal that you did spark,
Blofeld fed Fatima to a shark,
She had secreted the virus between her breasts,
Act soon before the shark digests,
You find the virus, but no time to gloat,
You still need to prepare an antidote,
But "an ounce of prevention" as it is said,
Will be easier than resurrecting the dead,
With the virus in Moscow, the next logical step,
Is to go after Wahington's most famous prep,
With Quayle next in line in the means of ascent,
You must keep this bug from the States' president,
You'll find him on a peaceful vacation,
With a world crisis looming he needs relaxation,
You know he likes hunting and fishing too,
On the water you'll rendezvous,
The park is so Central it won't seem relaxing,
But in your Astin, the drive's not taxing,

Years ago in old New Orleans,
You found out what "swamp thing" means,
You foiled the drug lord and dispatched that dictator,
By jumping on the backs of the alligators,
If you're lucky, the water will be tame,
So you won't have to do the same.

7. You've sent for an antidote and saved poor George,
To the Waterfront you should now forge,
For with SPECTRE's assassination failed,
Blofeld's plot is soon upscaled,
At his villa he's constructing a warhead,
That across the world his virus can spread,
On television he announces his plans,
The world as hostage must meet his demands,
At the pond his agents carelessly left you a light,
That lead to his mansion's many storied site,
A secret code will give you the location,
Of the missile's detonation,
To now derail the blackmail he plots,
In your blueprint connect the dots.

8. A beautiful brunette who works for the CIA,
Is among the guests he had that day,
On the Moonraker job she had such grace,
That you made love to her in space,
And Goldfinger was there in perfect form,
Doctored deaths seem to be the norm,
Undisguised, your face he does instantly spy,
And reminds you : " I expect you to die,"
By SPECTRE's men you are subdued,
Upon their plans you did intrude,
With chloroform they knocked you out,
And transported you on a southerly right,
Past your river your body does coast,
A few miles take you by a superior post,
At NB Blvd. your captors turn right,
Where your chamber of death will soon be in sight,
On a second story you wake up to find,
That 'tis your body they hope to grind,
For to the right of a place where drinks are dealt,
You glide along a conveyor belt,
For the location of this episode,
The brunette left you something in code.

9. That was too close, but you did escape,
With the help of a spy with curvy shape,

Instead of the torture you were to undergo,
You're saved by the remembrance of your libido,
But now your savior has become a pawn,
And you must find out where she has gone,
For Blofeld's deadly game of checkmate,
Means Holly will meet a painful fate,
It's not just skirts you should pursue,
For Blofeld's beginning to tighten the screw,
While he's on the loose, there's no guarantee,
That the world can escape his viral recipe,
So for civilization you must do what's best,
And point your Astin-Martin west,
Since this could be a trap, don't be cavalier,
Things aren't always as they appear,
Near the stern of a boat that's run aground,
You feel that Holly can be found.

LITTLE CLUES

1. Videotape - to cliffs at Flat Rock Point

2. In skindiver

You survey the lab like a peeping tom,
But the deadly virus you've come to palm,
They've isolated and cloned chemically,
From the mutated plankton of the sea,
This weapon of germ warfare they did secrete.
Back to land you swim your retreat,
But upon you a lab guard aims his deadly quill,
You dispatch him swiftly with your license to kill,
You may learn something with his last breath,
These words you elicit before his death:

" Ram . . . Raghu... April 15 . . .Barbara
. . . front stairs . . . lights... Ram!"

3. In casings

L E A V E N W O R T H

4. While SPECTRE plots its mass infection,
Distributed in perfume vials to escape detection,
Three quarters of Felix' cell with water was filled,
And into it a school of hungry piranhas was spilled,
The dungeon's room number was eight o eight,
You soon arrive, but minutes too late.
Here at Leavenworth it's your clue's second part,
With your cluesheet you should not yet start.

- 4.5 In hand at dungeon at Angel's gate

Sorry if this note seems rather terse,
But my pain is getting much worse,
Blofeld's fish got here first,
Among them my body's been disbursed,
SPECTRE left me for dead, but I must tell you,
That Blofeld's behind the Kremlin coup,
With a right wing group in power,
East-West relations will quickly sour,
Trade is at the center of this new world feud,
With SPECTRE the far right did collude,
But Yeltsin won't go complacently,
He still wants to see democracy,
His men can still give you information,
Regarding this virus' new location,
You must meet them at the Ocean,
To save world leaders from Blofeld's potion,
That last time you met with a Russian spy,
In bed, she had beauty and a gleam in her eye,
But these men won't tempt you to make a blunder.
You'll recognize which flag they're under.

Δα, τοβαριω - & Γοοδ Λυγκ!!

5. Under Soviet flag at World Trade Center

Après l'oiseau rouille,
C'est au coin qu'il faut foiulle,
Le virus est pret de la tete d'un marteau,
Qui pend au quai ou commence l'eau,
Quatre est le numero de la passerelle,
A cote est la bohémienne belle,

Le Norland la est aussi docke,
Mais de Blofeld il ne faut pas se moquer.

6. In shark near "Hammerhead" boat at Marina

Follow your homeland's abbey to the 405,
If you're to keep the President alive,
The virus has been spread in a pond near a fort,
Where Bush enjoys his fishing sport,
Deadly exposure he'll suffer if he gets wet,
So head south to where Midas' sun does set,
There south you'll go and a few miles later,
You'll head to Edwards from your right on Slater,
You'll find an entrance drive where you'll take a left,
And soon with parking you must be deft,
Of Bush's fishing hole you must avail,
By following the line for a nature trail,
Walk past where rangers administrate,
And hike by a teepee that does foliate,
To the place where Bush casts his bait,
By the water you save his fate.

7. In alligator at Central Park

Matches to the Hilton with numbers:

1-14-3-45-32-9-30-4-2-11-25-46-5-21-39-38-8-36-49-33
7-50-0-6-61-15-12-60-29-53-75-48-82-40-77-28-37-59-69
10-85-58-44-21

8. Behind seahorse at Waterfront Hilton

Dear James, as always, your reputation precedes,
For 'twas you in orbit who fulfilled my needs,
With that gravitational thrust of which I'm fond,
A message to you I must correspond,
You shouldn't be canned after all these years,
Particularly near where people drink beers,

I fear of you menudo they'll make,
Hear this message for old times' sake!

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Holly Goodhead

9. At Cannery on row of cans to right of bar on second floor

With a magnetic clip you stopped the power,
That conveyed you to your final hour,
Without your genius you would've seen your feet,
Become someone else's hamburger meat,
Holly, too, was chased to the pier,
With Goldfinger at her heels you fear,
She holds the secret to this missile's new place,
It is set to go off soon, so keep up the pace,
At McFadden Place she'll give you a hand,
Right near a quaint village fishing stand.

10. In barbie doll at stern of boat at fishing village

I was closer to Blofeld, but SPECTRE was near,
So now my body is one gold smear,
I'm dying, suffocated by gold leaf,
But don't give in to needless grief,
For I can give you information,
To get a line on Blofeld's location,
It's even more important than before,
That you crush this conspirator,
He's taken the viruses and combined them all,
In a warhead that he did install,
The world will cave in to his demand,
Lest people be smitten in every land,
To capture him and destroy his hope,
Run to the second southern telescope,
To get a tab on his destination,
With a quarter view this assignation,
If his penthouse headquarters you are to find,
Make sure your scope is twice aligned,
When at his hideout, don't be shy,
There you'll kill this master spy,
And avenge his murdering spree,
That will finally set me free,
Then find the weapon before it's fired,

In the silo where it is mired.