

Mind
telling us what
happened this time,
Mr. Bond?





"Hold still, Mr.
Bond. Hold still and
think of England."

"I think I've taken just
about enough orders
for one night, Dr. Vird."





"Ah, one of those sneaky assignments?"



"The intel pointed at an assassination attempt, and we received it almost exactly five minutes before midnight, so there was no time for a...complex plan. or any plan, really."



"I got in as fast as I could--aiming to identify the assassin and fix the issue."



"And did you?"

"I'd be getting ahead of myself. I had to scan people first. Find the likeliest killer-to-be."



"How does one go about that?"

"Frankly, in this kind of a situation, with dire time constraints and not much intel to go by..."



"...mostly observation and intuition."

Hey, you--hunk meatmountain. Don't stand around like that. Get the glasses refilled and distribute all of them before I say snap or it's strike one.



SNAP.











So I waited.

I bet this ends with at least one speedboat exploding. And possibly also a helicopter.



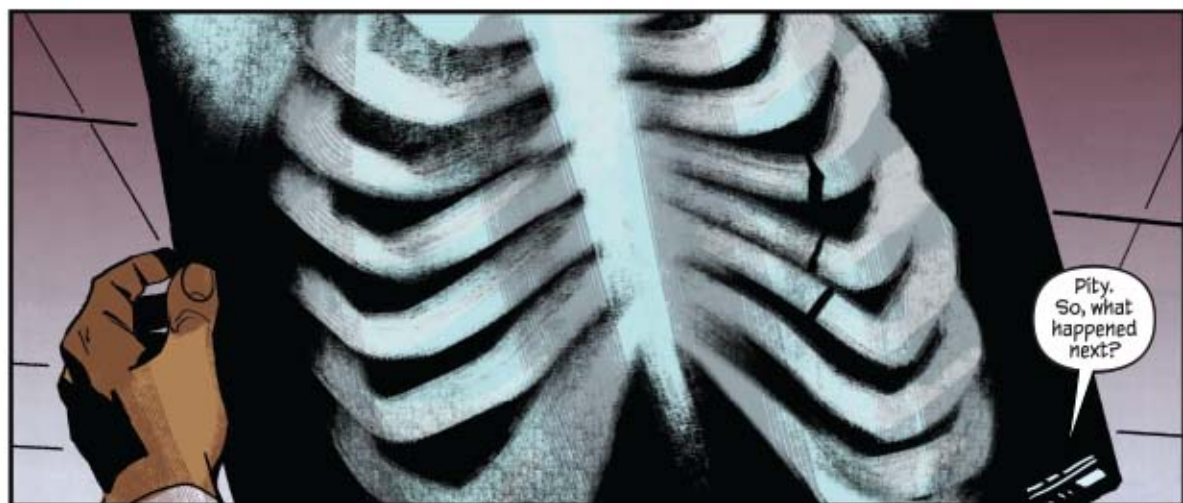
What is your security clearance again?

Just lie to me when you need to.

I couldn't. You're too much fun. I'll simply omit facts.

Tomato. Tomahito. I count three broken ribs. Did you know there used to be this rock singer who--

It's an urban legend. He told me.



Pity. So, what happened next?

