



FINALLY.



Gentlemen.
My apologies
for keeping
you waiting. I
flew in as soon
I could.



I believe you already know the Defence Secretary, Simon Wallis.

This is M, Head of Secret Intelligence Service.

Miss Hunt. Let me be the first to offer you my condolences for your father.

Thank you.



Let's just get on with the inspection, shall we? The Prime Minister's halfway up my arse about this whole CHOPPER CRASH farrago and the NSC's making noises about a bloody public INQUIRY.

Our thoughts and prayers are with the families of the air crew who lost their lives, of course--

Right, absolutely, all of that. Point is, we need to make clear it was a ROYAL NAVY aircraft. Keep HUNT ENGINEERING'S name out of the story before it drags our BLOODY SHARE price down.



OUR share price, Minister?

THE share price. You know what I mean, Christ.

...actually, can I ask, Miles, what are you even doing here? I'd've thought this was a job for FIVE, not Six.





MINISTER. With respect. I am responsible for M's personal security, and you will maintain field protocol by referring to him only by his designated CODE-NAME.

Is that clear, or should I repeat myself?



...Bloody hell. You've got a sharp one here, Miles. I'd keep an eye on her if I were you.



To answer your question, Minister, the warhead is still unaccounted for. You should have received a classified briefing document on KRAKEN--

Skimmed it. I always thought these anti-capitalists were supposed to be placard-waving, dog-on-a-string types...

You any closer to bagging the bugger?



Would that were the case. Unfortunately, we've lost contact with our man in the field.

...Miss Hunt?

Is everything all right?



James...

ZINJIBAR YEMEN

My name
is Karim
Malfakhar.

But when I
first started out
in this business,
they called me
al-Fanac...

"The Fox."

A flattering
name for a smuggler, no?
I took it to be for
my sly *panache*, my
skill at evasion...

But no. It was
because the fox
has BIG EARS.
And I knows how
to LISTEN.

My friends
took this for
wisdom. As I
say, we were
young.



But now I am not so young. The fox has turned gray. And across the years, I hear many things. Many things...

And I have learned that my ears, they are not to be trusted.



Now, I trust only what I see with my EYES.



"Beware your enemy once, but your friend a thousand times. For a friend knows what hurts you."



Uncuff Mr Bond and offer him some tea.

If he rises from his chair, shoot him in the head.