

MACMILLAN READERS

INTERMEDIATE LEVEL

IAN FLEMING

Goldfinger

Retold by Anne Collins



MACMILLAN

INTERMEDIATE LEVEL

Founding Editor: John Milne

The Macmillan Readers provide a choice of enjoyable reading materials for learners of English. The series is published at six levels – Starter, Beginner, Elementary, Pre-intermediate, Intermediate and Upper.

Level control

Information, structure and vocabulary are controlled to suit the students' ability at each level.

The number of words at each level:

Starter	about 300 basic words
Beginner	about 600 basic words
Elementary	about 1100 basic words
Pre-intermediate	about 1400 basic words
Intermediate	about 1600 basic words
Upper	about 2200 basic words

Vocabulary

Some difficult words and phrases in this book are important for understanding the story. Some of these words are explained in the story and some are shown in the pictures. From Pre-intermediate level upwards, words are marked with a number like this: ...³. These words are explained in the Glossary at the end of the book.

Answer keys

Answer keys for the *Points for Understanding* and the *Exercises* sections can be found at www.macmillanenglish.com

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A Note About The Author

Ian Lancaster Fleming was born on the 28th of May 1908 in Canterbury, England. He was a newspaper journalist and a writer and he created one of the most famous characters in twentieth-century fiction – James Bond.

Ian Fleming was educated at Eton – a famous school for boys. He then trained to be a soldier at Sandhurst Military Academy, but he left after a short time and went to Europe. He studied languages at Munich and Geneva universities.

Fleming's first job was as a journalist in the Soviet Union. From 1929 to 1933, he worked in Moscow for the news agency, Reuters. While he was employed by this organization, he heard how Soviet spies sold government secrets to other countries. Fleming sent reports about these spies and their special investigations to Reuters in London. When he returned to London in 1933, he worked first as a banker and then as a broker – an agent who buys and sells goods for other people.

During the Second World War (1939–1945), Fleming was an officer in the British Navy. He worked in the Department of Naval Intelligence, at the headquarters of the British Navy. He became the assistant to the highest official who employed spies for Britain. Ian Fleming learnt a lot about spying and how to collect secret information – intelligence. He travelled to many countries and organized secret operations¹ against Britain's enemies. After the war, he worked for the *Sunday Times* newspaper.

Fleming decided to become a writer during the war. He wrote about spies and dangerous gangs of criminals. In 1952, he completed his first novel. In the same year, he married Anne Rothermere. Fleming was then almost 44 years old.

Fleming's first novel – *Casino Royale* – was about a handsome British secret agent called James Bond. Bond was a spy who loved danger, women, fast cars, gambling², and good food and drink. He was well-paid for the dangerous work he had to do. James Bond also had a 'Licence to Kill' which meant that sometimes he was told to kill his enemies.

Casino Royale was very successful and the adventures of James Bond, agent number 007, became very popular. By the time of Fleming's death on the 12th of August 1964, more than 40 million copies of the James Bond books had been sold. The books are: *Casino Royale* (1953), *Live and Let Die* (1954), *Moonraker* (1955), *Diamonds Are Forever* (1956), *From Russia With Love* (1957), *Doctor No* (1958), *Goldfinger* (1959), *For Your Eyes Only* (1960), *Thunderball* (1961), *The Spy Who Loved Me* (1962), *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* (1963), *You Only Live Twice* (1964), *The Man With the Golden Gun* (1965) and *Octopussy and The Living Daylights* (1966).

The story of *Dr No* was made into a film in 1962. The film starred the actor Sean Connery, and the Bond films continue to be huge international successes. Bond was a young man in Fleming's first story, but he is still a British secret agent in the twenty-first century. He never grows old! By 2003, five actors had starred as James Bond. Millions of people all over the world have seen and loved the films.

A Note About This Story

The story of *Goldfinger* takes place in the late 1950s. Since Fleming wrote the story, the names of some countries and their kinds of governments have changed.

In October 1917, there was a revolution in Russia and a communist government came into power. The communists believed that everyone in their country had to share everything – money, power and land. Russia joined together with the other countries which it controlled, to form the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics (the USSR), and Moscow became it's capital.

From 1928, Joseph Stalin was the leader of the Soviet Union. He had complete power over the Russian people for more than 25 years. In 1954, he gave an order for a special government department to be created. This department was a secret police force called the KGB. Officers of the KGB collected intelligence about enemies of the USSR. The KGB also made sure that the country and its people were safe. Sometimes members of the KGB would secretly investigate the people of the USSR. They made sure that no one broke the laws, or spoke out against them. SMERSH was part of the KGB. The letters S-M-E-R-S-H are from the Russian words 'Smyert Shpionam' which mean, 'Death to Spies'. People were so afraid of SMERSH that no one spoke its name.

During the Second World War, France, Britain, the United States and the Soviet Union fought together – they were allies. When the fighting in Europe ended in May 1945, these countries looked after the nation of Germany. But it was not long before the Soviet Union was arguing with the other three countries. Soon, nations around the world who

believed that democracy was the right kind of government became friends with the United States and western Europe. And nations who believed in communism became allies with the Soviet Union.

In August 1945, the United States dropped an atomic bomb³ on Japan and the Second World War came to an end. After the Second World War, the US and the USSR both began to build huge numbers of powerful weapons, including atomic bombs. For 40 years each country watched the other. They did not fight each other, but each side looked for ways to make life difficult for their enemies. This period – 1945 to 1989 – was called the Cold War.

During the Cold War, many countries had secret intelligence services that sent men and women into their enemies' countries. These spies tried to find out their enemies' secrets. They also tried to find out who their enemies' own spies were. And sometimes they tried to kill them.

In 1991, the communists lost power in the USSR. In a few years, the governments in all the regions of the country had changed, and the Soviet Union broke up. By the end of 1993, the independent republics of Armenia, Azerbaijan, Belarus, Georgia, Kazakhstan, Kyrgyzstan, Moldova, Russia, Tajikistan, Turkmenistan, Ukraine and Uzbekistan were all members of the CIS. (The Commonwealth of Independent States.) Russia's neighbours around the Baltic Sea – Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia – were independent countries.

Ian Fleming's James Bond stories are set during the Cold War. It was a dangerous time and many people were frightened that the next war might be an atomic war. So they loved to read Ian Fleming's exciting adventures about a spy who fought powerful enemies and liked fast cars, beautiful women and good food.

The People in This Story



James Bond



Junius Du Pont



Auric Goldfinger



M



Jill Masterton



Tilly Masterton



Oddjob



Helmut Springer



Jed Midnight



Billy Ring



Mr Solo



Pussy Galore

PART ONE: CHANCE

'Mr Bond,' said Auric Goldfinger. 'The gangsters⁴ in Chicago say this: "If you meet someone for the first time, it's by chance⁵. The second time you meet them, it's by coincidence⁶. But if you meet them for a third time, it's time for enemy action⁷.'"

A Meeting in Miami

James Bond, British Secret Intelligence agent, number 007, was sitting in the international transit lounge⁸ at Miami Airport. He was drinking bourbon whisky. Bond had arrived in Miami earlier that day after completing a dangerous mission⁹ in Mexico. Now it was evening, and he was waiting to catch the next plane to New York. Suddenly, an announcement came from the airport's loudspeaker system:

'Transamerica Airlines regrets to announce that there is a delay on Flight TR618 to New York. This is because there is a technical problem on the aircraft. The new departure time will be at 8 a.m. Please will all passengers for Flight TR618 go to the Transamerica ticket counter. Arrangements will be made for them to stay in a hotel tonight. Thank you.'

Bond finished his whisky. What should he do? Should he try and get a seat on another flight? Or should he stay the night in Miami? He looked out of the window. It was getting late. Beneath the dark purple evening sky, tiny lights were sparkling¹⁰ on the airport's runways.

Bond heard footsteps approaching. They stopped at his side. He glanced¹¹ up and saw a well-dressed, middle-aged man who looked a little embarrassed.

'Excuse me, but are you Mr Bond . . . Mr – er – James Bond?'

'Yes.'

'Well, I'm surprised to meet you here!' The man held out his hand and Bond stood up slowly and shook it. 'My name is Junius Du Pont,' said the middle-aged man, smiling. 'You probably don't remember me, but we've met before. May I sit down?'



'Excuse me, but are you Mr Bond ... Mr - er - James Bond?'

Bond looked more closely at Mr Du Pont. The man was about fifty years old, with a smooth, pink face. He was dressed in an expensive suit – the kind of suit that American millionaires wear. Yes, Bond had met him before. But where and when?

‘We met in France, in 1951, in the Casino at Royale les Eaux,’ said Mr Du Pont. ‘You were playing in an important game of cards¹². My wife and I were sitting next to you.’

Of course! Bond had been playing cards against a famous French gambler, and he’d beaten him and won a huge amount of money.

‘Yes, of course I remember,’ he said, smiling.

‘I’m pleased that we’ve met here by chance. We must have a drink together,’ said Mr Du Pont. ‘What will you have?’

‘Bourbon with ice, please.’

Mr Du Pont called a waitress and ordered drinks. ‘I was sure that I recognized you,’ he continued. ‘I was flying on the Transamerica flight to New York tonight too. When they announced the delay, I saw the look of disappointment on your face. I went to the ticket counter and checked the names on the passenger list. And there was your name – James Bond.’

The waitress brought the drinks. Suddenly, Mr Du Pont leant forward in his seat and looked around the room. Although the tables near them were empty, he talked quietly so that only Bond could hear.

‘Mr Bond, after that card game, I heard some things about you. I heard that you weren’t only an excellent card player, but that you were also a kind of – er – private investigator. Er – a secret agent.’

Bond looked at Mr Du Pont and spoke carefully.

‘Well, I did a little of that kind of work after the war,’ he said. His cool, grey-blue eyes did not show his feelings. ‘But

now I work for a company called Universal Export.'

Universal Export was not a real company. But Bond couldn't tell people the truth. So he pretended that he was employed by Universal. In fact, he worked for the British government. He was a member of the British Secret Intelligence Service.

James Bond was one of the best secret agents in the SIS. Only the very best agents had worknames which began with double-O. A secret agent whose workname began with two zeros was always sent on the most difficult and dangerous missions. And sometimes he was ordered to kill enemies of his country. He also had permission to kill people who attacked him. James Bond – agent 007 – had a licence to kill.

Bond glanced at his watch. Mr Du Pont looked quickly at his own watch too.

'Seven o'clock already!' he said. 'Listen, Mr Bond, I have a problem and I'd like your advice. I own a hotel here in Miami and I'd like to invite you to stay there tonight. You can have the best suite¹³ in the hotel. What do you say?'

Bond didn't have anything to do in Miami until he caught a plane to New York. 'What kind of rich man's problem does Mr Du Pont have?' he asked himself. 'Does he have trouble with women, or gangsters? Or is he being blackmailed¹⁴? Whatever it is, it might be interesting.' So Bond decided to accept the invitation.

'All right, Mr Du Pont. I'll stay in your hotel and I'll help you,' he said.

'Thank you, Mr Bond. But first, let's go and have dinner. Do you like crabs¹⁵?'

'Very much,' said Bond.

'Well, I'll take you to a restaurant called "Bill's on the Beach" which has wonderful crabs. I often eat there.'

The two men went downstairs to the front of the airport. Mr Du Pont's car, a shiny Chrysler Imperial, was waiting

outside. Immediately, his driver ran forward and opened the doors. Bond stepped inside the luxurious¹⁶ car.

'Bill's on the Beach' was a very expensive restaurant and it was clear that Mr Du Pont was a regular customer. The manager immediately welcomed Mr Du Pont and took him and Bond to a table which was in the best position. Bond drank a vodka martini – his favourite cocktail¹⁷ – while Mr Du Pont ordered crabs cooked in butter, and bottles of pink champagne. When the food came, it was one of the most delicious meals that Bond had ever eaten.

'Have you ever played the card game, canasta, Mr Bond?' asked Mr Du Pont, as they sat drinking coffee.

'Yes, it's a good game. I like it.'

'I like it too. I've been playing canasta for many years and I'm a very experienced player. But this week, I've lost \$25,000 playing canasta. What do you think about that?'

'Well,' said Bond, 'if you've been playing with the same man, he's been cheating¹⁸ you.'

'That's what I think too,' said Mr Du Pont. 'But I've watched him carefully and I can't find out *how* he's cheating. There aren't any special marks on the cards. He never tries to look at the cards in my hand. But he just keeps winning and winning.'

Bond was interested in everything about cards and gambling. 'Twenty-five thousand dollars is a lot of money,' he said. 'Haven't you won at all?'

'No. As soon as a game starts going well for me, the man puts down¹⁹ exactly the right cards and beats me. It's as if he knows which cards I have in my hand.'

'Are there any mirrors in the room where you play?' asked Bond. 'Perhaps he can see your cards reflected²⁰ in a mirror?'

'No, he can't see a reflection of my cards in a mirror,' replied Mr Du Pont. 'We never play in a room, we always play outside. He says that he wants to stay in the sun and get

a suntan. So he only wants to play cards in the mornings and afternoons. We never play in the evenings.'

'What's this man's name?' asked Bond.

'Goldfinger.'

'What's his first name?'

'Auric. That means "golden", doesn't it?' said Junius Du Pont. 'He certainly looks golden. He's got hair as red as fire.'

'What's his nationality?'

'British,' Du Pont replied. 'He's not married, he's forty-two, and he works as a broker. I found out this information by looking at Goldfinger's passport. I own the Floridiana Hotel, where he's staying. So I asked our hotel detective to show the passport to me.'

'What does Goldfinger buy and sell?'

'I asked him,' replied Du Pont, 'but he just said, "Oh, anything". He doesn't like answering questions.'

'Has he got a lot of money?'

'He's extremely rich! He's one of the richest millionaires in the world. I asked my bank to investigate him. He keeps all his money in the form of gold bars²¹ and moves them around to different countries.'

Junius Du Pont stared at Bond for a few moments. 'I've never forgotten meeting you in the Casino at Royale les Eaux,' he said. 'I remember how you took risks²² as you gambled. And I remember that you stayed so cool as you played. You never looked nervous or worried. Mr Bond, I'll pay you \$10,000 to stay in my hotel. I want you to find out how this man, Goldfinger, is cheating me.'

'That's a very good offer,' said Bond. He thought for a few minutes. 'But I have to fly to New York tomorrow night. If you play your usual card games tomorrow morning and tomorrow afternoon, I should have enough time to find out the answer. Is that OK?'

'That's fine,' said Mr Du Pont.