



Young Bond isn't afraid of
DANGER – or making ENEMIES.

This dossier takes you right into the heart of Young Bond's world and includes a never-seen-before EXCLUSIVE Young Bond story by Charlie Higson, *A Hard Man to Kill*.

Encounter daredevil escapes, deadly weapons and explore the real-life history featured in the series, while discovering how to survive the searing heat of the Mexican desert or an avalanche in the Alps.

Uncover more of James's life at Eton, from the Danger Society to the Hellebore Cup – plus photos and maps from all of his adrenalin-fuelled adventures.

No  collection is complete without this gripping top-secret dossier ...

***Before the name became a legend.
Before the boy became the man.
Meet Bond. James Bond.***

CHARLIE HIGSON



Compiled by A. Li
Illustrated by Kev Walker



IAN FLEMING PUBLICATIONS

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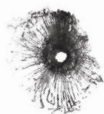
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CONTENTS

Introduction 1

A Hard Man to Kill 5

Meet Bond. James Bond. 69

Eton Life 87

Location: Scotland 119

The Villains 131

Location: Sardinia 169

The Cars 181

Location: London 195

The Girls 207

Location: Mexico 221

The Weapons 237

Location: Austria 259

The Future 271



INTRODUCTION

Confidential dossier information



'James Bond was born of a Scottish father, Andrew Bond of Glencoe, and a Swiss mother, Monique Delacroix, from the Canton de Vaud...'

So runs the obituary of Commander James Bond, CMG, RNVR, as printed in *The Times* in 1964. An obituary is a newspaper article that appears when a famous person dies, and which tells you all about them. Of course James Bond wasn't a real person and the obituary appears in *You Only Live Twice*, the eleventh book about Bond, written by his creator, Ian Fleming. In this book M thinks that Bond is dead and writes his obituary. It is the only time in Fleming's books that we find out anything about James's childhood, and it was my starting point when I set out to write about his early years. Fleming goes on to tell us that James's parents died in a climbing accident, and he was brought up by an aunt (Charmian) before being sent off to Eton from where he was expelled because of 'some alleged trouble with one of the boys' maids'.

From these few scraps of information (by the way – of course James Bond wasn't really dead. He had just gone missing. Bond will never die!), I set out to write five books about Bond at Eton. And what a time we have both had, Bond and I. Just sitting down to write the words 'The name's Bond, James Bond' for the first time sent a tingle down my spine. This wasn't a character *like* Bond, it wasn't his son or a nephew, it was really *him*, the greatest secret agent the world has ever known, and I was writing a story about him. This was quite an honour but also just a little bit scary. If I got it wrong I knew there would be many people out to get me: fanatical Bond nuts, angry children and sinister 00 assassins from MI6. I hope I got it right. So far, at least, I haven't been bumped off.

So what was it like sitting down to write my first James Bond book? In a word – exciting. As a writer you share all your heroes' adventures. So here I was having my own James Bond adventure. Of course he wasn't the adult James Bond. Not yet. I didn't want to write about a super-cool boy in a mini tuxedo with a Walther PPK in his shoulder holster sitting at the wheel of an Aston Martin DB5. That would have been ridiculous. No. It will be a few years before he becomes a secret agent. At the beginning of *SilverFin* James is a fairly ordinary schoolboy, slightly nervous about starting a new school. I wanted to show him growing up over the books and changing from that normal schoolboy into a tougher – and just a little bit sadder – young man, who has seen it all. I wanted to show James losing his innocence and gaining a hard protective shell, so that by the end of book five he would be ready for the adult world. And my hope

is that when you, the reader, finish *By Royal Command* you might have some idea why Bond is like he is as a grown-up. A fairly cold-blooded killer. Or should that just be cool?

When I started work on *SilverFin* I already knew how the last book in the series was going to end. Ian Fleming had already told me. It would end with ‘some trouble with a boys’ maid’ and James leaving Eton. I had no idea exactly how I was going to get there but I knew that was where I was heading. Those five books make a set – Bond’s Eton years. Of course, there are many more adventures still to come for Bond – there’s the rest of his schooldays at a place called Fettes, in Scotland, the outbreak of the Second World War and his initial training with MI6, then his wartime escapades, his earning of the 00 status, and, finally, his early days as a cold war secret agent before he appears in Ian Fleming’s original James Bond novel – *Casino Royale*.

I sometimes wonder what Ian Fleming would have made of my books. I don’t for one moment think this was the childhood he imagined for his hero. I expect he thought James would have had a pretty normal life before the war broke out. But you lot wouldn’t have wanted to read about James doing his homework and playing football and getting a cold and being bored in lessons . . . No. What we want from James Bond is a world of high adventure, so I hope Ian Fleming will forgive me and I do hope he would have liked my stories. I know one thing – he would have been very happy to know just how popular his creation was after all these years. As I said before, Bond will never die and I’m looking forward to all his future adventures.

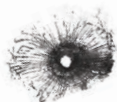
So what's this new book all about? Well . . . over the course of writing the five Eton stories I've had to find out everything I could about Bond and his world – not just his home life and his school life, but the cars, the guns, the gadgets, the places he visits and the people he meets, as well as what was going on in the world in the 1930s. This dossier is a way of sharing some of that research with those readers who are interested in finding out a bit more about Young Bond's world. The world I have been allowed to play in. But there's more to it than that . . . I couldn't leave Bond behind, and I hope to write many more stories about him in the future, but in the meantime I've written a new one, and filled in a gap – what happened to James on his way back from Mexico after his adventures in *Hurricane Gold* . . . ?

To cut a long story short . . . he meets an old friend and makes a new enemy.

All the best,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Charlie' followed by a stylized flourish.

Charlie









The horse dangled in the air, its legs splayed and waving frantically, its eyes showing white with fear. It whinnied, the sound cutting through all the noises of the dockside. In a few seconds it was twenty, thirty, forty feet in the air as the cargo derrick hoisted it up the side of the ship. The unfortunate beast looked as if it had been grabbed by some giant's hand. Then the crane turned and swung sideways over the deck where it began to slowly lower the horse into the hold until it was out of sight.

Before long the next one would be hoisted up. The girl was already leading it forward to where the stevedores stood waiting. She patted its nose and talked to it. Wouldn't make any difference. Soon the thing would be screaming in terror.

Emil Lefebvre grinned. It was a comical scene. He'd never much liked horses and seeing one in distress amused him. The only thing that would make the spectacle more fun would be if the leather harness broke and one of the big stupid brutes fell to the quayside. He could picture it. The legs galloping in the air, the teeth bared, gasps from the crowd, the girl tearing her hair out, then . . . PAF!

That would be something to see. The horse lying there like a great squashed insect and the girl in tears. Emil chuckled and turned away from the window. Maury and Argente had at last finished their work. The customs inspector had told them all he knew and was now trussed up and gagged. He wouldn't be any more trouble. Emil sighed and mopped his face with a perfumed handkerchief. Why was nothing simple? If the stupid man hadn't been so damned curious, poking around among the packing crates, Emil would be

settled on the *Colombie*, sipping a cocktail and casting an appreciative eye over any young ladies who might be on board.

It was a muggy, overcast day. The breeze was from the south, inland, from over the jungles of the interior, so the air in the harbour was thick and damp. He wiped his neck with the handkerchief. Was there no way to stay dry in this godforsaken country?

The customs inspector, a jumped-up peasant with greasy hair, gave a little cry as Maury manhandled him into a chair. They would have to get the poor fellow hidden out of the way somewhere and hope nobody noticed he was missing.

Emil crouched down so that their eyes were on a level. The man's face was raw, puffy and out of shape where Maury and Argente had worked him over. Emil tutted.

'You know, you are looking like you need a holiday, *mon brave*,' he said, smiling. 'A nice long cruise perhaps. The sea air would do you good.'

The man muttered something but the gag muffled his words.

Emil straightened, his knees cracking. He brushed his trousers. They were a pale blue linen and silk mix, shot through with a silver thread that made them shimmer and shine. They were part of a suit, cut specially for him by a tailor in Cuba. He had not dressed for business this morning. If his suit was ruined it would spoil his whole day.

He caught Maury's eye and nodded. Maury drew his knife from the pouch on his belt. Emil was soon bored. He turned to the window again. Another horse was being loaded on to the *Colombie*, its frightened cries masking any sounds the customs officer made. Emil glanced down. There were spots of blood on his burgundy loafers. He swore. They were Italian-made. He bent down to wipe them clean with his handkerchief. Thank God the blood hadn't got on to his clothes. It was nearly impossible keeping smart in this line of work.

And this country. So dirty.

He sighed. He would be very glad to get away from Venezuela.