



JOHN GARDNER

BROKEN CLAW

**He's half-Chinese,
half-Crow Indian,
all evil.**

**And now he's got
his hooks into
James Bond**



BROKENCLAW

The two were dressed in dark clothes, running suits most likely. Each wore a visored baseball cap and held baseball bats swinging easily in their hands. Bond automatically reached for his gun before he realised that he was unarmed. He had come on holiday and was quite unprepared for any kind of confrontation that called for more than the use of fists. There was no way he could take on this pair steadily approaching Porpoise, bats at the ready.

Porpoise threw one quick look over his shoulder, then called out to the men to stop, reaching for his weapon as he did so.

Bond saw one hand come up with a pistol, the other held some kind of wallet in front of his body as though it was a magic charm to stop evil. But the men kept coming.

He felt impotent, pushing his back against the wall, hoping the shadows would conceal him.

Then, as the pair of thugs came nearer, so others appeared silently from a doorway to Bond's right, moving swiftly with no sound, bearing down on Porpoise's back.

Bond wanted to cry out a warning, but his throat felt dry and constricted as he watched the inevitable which seemed to take place in horrific slow motion.

He saw Porpoise adopt a firing stance with legs apart and his pistol held in a two-handed grip, arms rigid in front of his body. In his mind, Bond imagined the finger already squeezing on the trigger, but before he could get off a shot, one of the men at his rear came within striking distance, raised his bat and swung with sickening force to the side of Porpoise's head.

Also by the same author:

James Bond Titles

Licence Renewed

For Special Services

Icebreaker

Role of Honour

No Deals, Mr Bond

Nobody Lives Forever

Scorpius

Win, Lose or Die

Licence to Kill, based on the film written by

Michael G. Wilson and Richard Maibaum

Other Thrillers

The Dancing Dodo

The Nostradamus Traitor

The Quiet Dogs

The Werewolf Trace

The Garden of Weapons

About the author

John Gardner was educated in Berkshire and at St John's College, Cambridge. He has had many fascinating occupations and was variously a Royal Marine Officer, a stage magician, theatre critic, reviewer and journalist.

John Gardner has written nine other James Bond books: *Licence Renewed*, *For Special Services*, *Icebreaker*, *Role of Honour*, *Nobody Lives Forever*, *No Deals for Mr Bond*, *Scorpius*, *Win, Lose or Die*, and the book of the film, *Licence to Kill*, based on the film written by Michael G. Wilson and Richard Maibaum.

Brokenclaw

John Gardner



CORONET BOOKS
Hodder and Stoughton

Copyright © Glidrose Publications
Ltd. 1990

First published in Great Britain in
1990 by Hodder and Stoughton Ltd.

Coronet edition 1991

*The characters and situations in this
book are entirely imaginary and bear
no relation to any real person or actual
happenings.*

The right of John Gardner to be
identified as the author of this work
has been asserted by him in accor-
dance with the Copyright, Designs
and Patents Act 1988.

This book is sold subject to the con-
dition that it shall not, by way of trade
or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired
out or otherwise circulated without
the publisher's prior consent in any
form of binding or cover other than
that in which it is published and with-
out a similar condition including this
condition being imposed on the sub-
sequent purchaser.

No part of this publication may be
reproduced or transmitted in any
form or by any means, electronic or
mechanical, including photocopying,
recording or any information storage
or retrieval system, without either
the prior permission in writing from
the publisher or a licence, permitting
restricted copying. In the United King-
dom such licences are issued by the
Copyright Licensing Agency, 90
Tottenham Court Road, London W1P
9HE.

British Library C.I.P.

Gardner, John, 1926-
Brokenclaw.

I. Title
823.914[F]

ISBN 0-340-54289-6

Printed and bound in Great Britain for
Hodder and Stoughton Paperbacks, a
division of Hodder and Stoughton
Ltd., Mill Road, Dunton Green,
Sevenoaks, Kent TN13 2YA (Editorial
Office: 47 Bedford Square, London
WC1B 3DP) by Clays Ltd., St Neots.

**For
Ed & Mary Anna
With thanks**

Contents

| | | |
|----|------------------------------------|-----|
| 1 | Death in the Afternoon | 11 |
| 2 | The Mind is the Man | 15 |
| 3 | There's a Porpoise Close Behind Me | 25 |
| 4 | Lords and Lords Day | 38 |
| 5 | Trojan Horse | 51 |
| 6 | Wanda's Story | 64 |
| 7 | Talk of a Merry Dance | 78 |
| 8 | Abelard and Héloïse | 90 |
| 9 | Bedtime Stories | 105 |
| 10 | Flight of Deception | 122 |
| 11 | Welcome | 136 |
| 12 | Chinese Boxes | 147 |
| 13 | Black Magic | 160 |
| 14 | A Trip to the Bank | 170 |
| 15 | To Die Like a Gentleman | 182 |
| 16 | Awesome | 194 |
| 17 | New Days, New Ways, Love Stays | 205 |
| 18 | The Chelan Mountains | 216 |
| 19 | Challenge by Torture | 227 |
| 20 | O-Kee-Pa | 234 |

Death in the Afternoon

The elderly man wore jeans and a checked shirt. Comfortable Adidas trainers protected his feet and a battered Panama hat was tipped forward to shade his eyes from the afternoon sun. He stretched out in his deck chair, lowered the newspaper he had been reading and looked out at the view which he had come to love.

This, he considered, could well be an English country garden in mid-summer. The long, broad lawn was precisely cut, giving that pleasing *trompe l'œil* effect of broad, perfect stripes in two shades of green. The borders were slashed with crimson salvias, overshadowed by deep purple lupins and nodding hollyhocks. Some sixty yards away from where the man sat, the lawn ended, merging into a rose garden built with a series of trellised archways, giving the effect of a great corridor of colour. In the far distance there were trees, and through a gap you could clearly view the sea stippled with points of sunlight.

The man was only vaguely aware of the sound of a car drawing up outside the house behind him. This was the complete illusion, he thought. Anybody could be forgiven for imagining they were in a summer garden in Surrey or Kent. Only the date on his copy of the *Times Columnist* assured him it was September 25th and he was sitting only a few miles from the city of Victoria on Vancouver Island in British Columbia where, because of its mild climate

warmed by the Japanese current, vegetation blooms all the year round.

The main doorbell of the house pierced his pleasant reverie. The maid was away for the day, shopping in downtown Victoria, so he rose, dropping his newspaper, and ambled slowly into the house, grumbling to himself.

"Professor Allardyce?" There were two young men, dressed casually in slacks and linen jackets, standing at the front door, their car parked on the gravel sweep in front of the house.

The professor nodded, "What can I do for you?"

"SIS." The taller of the duo spoke, and they both lifted their hands to show the laminated cards that identified them as members of the Canadian Security & Intelligence Service.

The professor nodded again; he had reason to know these people, though he had never set eyes on this pair of agents before. "Well, what can I do for you?" he repeated.

"There're a couple of problems. The recent business about LORDS . . ."

Allardyce lifted his eyebrows and pursed his lips.

"Oh, it is okay, sir. We're both LORDS cleared," the other agent said quickly.

"I sincerely hope so," the professor frowned. "So what's happened now?"

"The chief would like to see you," said the taller of the two.

"At the local office," the other added. "He flew in this morning. Sends his compliments, and asks if you'd do him the honour."

There was a pause during which Professor Allardyce continued to frown and the two agents shuffled their feet, the taller of the pair undoing the one button on his linen jacket.

"You mind if I call your local office?" Allardyce began to turn away as he said it, clearly indicating that he was going to make the call whether they liked it or not.

"Not a good idea, Prof . . ." The taller agent stepped forward, spinning the elderly man around while the other

man secured his wrists. "You'd best just come along with us, right?"

The professor was a thin, somewhat gangling man but he lashed out with arms and legs so that it took both of the younger men considerable strength to subdue him. Allardyce tried to shout and the taller agent slammed his hand over their captive's mouth, at which the professor promptly bit him.

"Like trying to wrestle an anaconda," one grunted.

"A sackful of anacondas," replied the other.

But, gradually, they had their victim under control, dragging him, still kicking, to the car where the bigger agent pushed Allardyce into the rear, chopping the back of his neck viciously with the edge of his hand. The professor folded, slumping into a corner, while his captor climbed in, positioning himself in readiness should the prisoner regain consciousness. With the second man at the wheel the car turned out of the driveway and within a few minutes was on the road leading away from Victoria into wooded countryside.

Professor Robert Allardyce was no fool. At the age of seventy-one he had experienced much, both in his special field of maritime electronics, and in life itself. During World War II he had distinguished himself in the United States Navy, had two ships sunk under him and had been awarded the Navy Cross. He had ended the war in the submarine service, and for a short time during training, before getting his coveted "Dolphins", Commander Bob Allardyce had been a member of the Navy boxing team.

The chop to his neck had plunged the professor into semi-consciousness, but, by the time the car was out on the main road, he was aware of what was happening. His neck ached from the blow and he figured that it would be stiff and sore if, and when, he tried to move. He remained lying against the nearside door, inert, but with all his senses gradually coming into play again. Far better to feign unconsciousness now and take advantage of the situation later.

They drove for fifteen minutes or so and Allardyce had

time to brace himself for a move as the vehicle slowed to a stop.

"They're not here yet," one of the agents said.

"We're ten minutes ahead of time. Don't get out. Stay where you are."

"He okay?"

"The prof? Out like a light. He'll stay in dreamland for another half-hour or so."

As he prepared to move, Allardyce noted that both men spoke more like native Californians than local Canadians. Then he sprang, arching his body, grabbing for the door handle, lashing out with his feet which connected with the body of the man who had hit him. Then he was out of the car and running, hardly realising that he was among trees and undergrowth.

Behind him, there was a shout which sounded like, "No! No! No!" He did not hear the two shots; just a sudden blinding pain between his shoulder blades and a punch, like some huge fist, which seemed to go right through his body, then a great white light and oblivion.

The Mind is the Man

Eventually, the autopsy on Robert Allardyce would give cause of death as deep trauma resulting from the spinal chord and left lung being penetrated by two .45 bullets. At the moment those bullets hit the unfortunate professor, James Bond was sitting only some five miles away, in the opulent Palm Court lounge of the Empress Hotel on Victoria's pleasant waterfront.

People who knew Bond well would have noticed that his manner, and expression, were ones of disapproval, his eyes hard and restless, his face frozen into the look of someone who has just been served spoiled fish. In fact Bond was irritated by the way this old and famous hotel served what it called an English Tea. During his four days in Victoria, Bond had avoided taking tea at the hotel, but today he had played two rounds of golf with indifferent partners at the Victoria Golf Club and returned earlier than usual. Tea seemed to be in order and he was shown to a small table right by a massive potted plant.

The first thing that annoyed him was a card on which was printed a highly inaccurate history of what it called The English Tea Ritual. This claimed that, at some time in the late nineteenth century, tea had become a "serious" meal called High Tea. Happily, Bond reflected that while he could still recall the delights of Nursery Tea, he had never been in a position to eat High Tea, but here he was being asked to believe that the fare set before him was High Tea

– an indifferent brew of tea itself, strawberries and cream, finger sandwiches, tasteless *petits fours* and some abomination called a “honey crumpet”. Crumpets, to Bond, were delicious items which should be served piping hot and dripping with butter, not jam, marmalade or this sweet confection of honey.

He left the meal barely tasted, signed the bill and strolled away past the main restaurant, heading for the foyer. He would take a walk, he thought, along the harbour front which, for some reason, reminded him of Switzerland. Certainly the mountains were far away – in Washington State – but the calm anchorage with its pleasure boats, seaplanes and the juxtaposition of ancient and modern buildings all had a feel of the order one found on the Swiss lakes.

For a moment he stood just outside the main door. It had been a glorious day and the sun was now low and beginning to colour the western sky. A sleek, dark blue Rolls-Royce stood in the turning circle, about thirty yards from the entrance, and a young man, nervous, his head and eyes in constant motion, talked with a uniformed chauffeur at the car’s door.

“Excuse me, sir.” One of the grey-uniformed doormen was at Bond’s elbow, gently moving him to one side as though someone of great importance was about to leave the hotel. At the same moment, Bond was aware of two men, reeking of “security”, shouldering their way past the doorman and moving to what appeared to be preassigned places near the Rolls. One wore the obligatory earpiece of a bullet-catcher, as professional bodyguards are known the world over, the other sported a long open raincoat of the type favoured by US Secret Service men to hide the Uzi or H & K MP5A2 submachine-guns.

Three more men passed through the door and it was obvious which of them was being protected. Bond did a double take as the striking figure moved towards the Rolls, turning slightly as the nervous young man with the chauffeur came forward to greet him.

So arresting was this man that Bond almost missed the next series of events. The man was well over six feet tall,