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Oh...Oh...7

by Jill Webb

Bond liked anonymity. He slipped out of his apartment and gave a quick, final brush to the shoulders of his immaculate, black, Tom Ford suit. He adjusted his gleaming white shirt cuffs, revealing his state of the art Omega watch, looked around the modest street, before getting into his heavily armed Aston Martin. He glanced at the parcel on the passenger seat and roared away. Bond loved the sound of the engine, which produced envious, quizzical looks from weary neighbours, home after tiring days at treadmill jobs.

He pulled up at the red lights of the busy junction, talking on the speaker phone to M, then listening with his lips pursed, which he knew accented his macho appearance. The beautiful woman in the lane beside him, stared, then stalled her car. Bond gave a half smile, brushed his hand over the ear piece in his right ear, revealing gold cufflinks with a micro camera. He pulled away in style, he would trace her later.

Bond had been summoned by M to meet in her office asap for his next assignment. He travelled light, knowing any required clothes would already be in his hotel room with the obligatory femme fatale waiting, wherever in the world he would find himself.

The traffic was heavy, so he used the powerful car to weave in and out, ignoring shaking fists, car horns and bus lanes.

He finally pulled up in his personal parking space marked 007, under the MI6 building, taking out the package from the passenger seat and took the lift up to M's office. Moneypenny melted as usual at those brilliant, ice blue eyes and he dropped his eyelids slightly to full effect at her before going through to meet M.

'Have you got them?' She asked. He nodded and gave her the package. 'I'm afraid it's not quite what you asked for,' Bond said looking her straight in the eyes. 'Oh..oo7?' M asked puzzled.

'No..no F&C, so KFC M.'