

# James BOND

HAS RETURNED IN

NEVER KILL  
AN ENEMY

BY  
KEEGAN KIELDSEN

## About The Author

Keegan J. Kjeldsen lives in Austin, Texas, where he writes short stories as a past time. He's currently aspiring to become a teacher or college professor, but meanwhile works towards getting a degree at Southwest University. He's written for a number of sites requesting fan fiction for James Bond, where he mainly produces short stories and is working on a screenplay of his own.

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Based on Ian Fleming's  
**James Bond**  
**007**

**Never Kill an Enemy**

Keegan J. Kjeldsen

Bond wiped the sweat from his forehead once more, the simple motion becoming almost reflex, now having been stationed in Zaire for a little over a week. He swatted another bug from his neck, frowning, squinting as the sun went down...finally. The day had been long; this was the day when he could finally get out of here. The humidity and heat (though considerably drier in the southern highlands), was one of the most irritating things Bond had had to deal with in all of his years on the job.

Currently, Bond was a ways outside of the city he had been staying in, Kananga. Along the Congo, Bond lied in wait, in his stealth gear. The part of the Congo that he was on was in close proximity to Angola. If MI6 was correct, then a number of Angolan Guerrillas would be crossing over the border to Zaire tonight. Then, his target would come out into the open: Colonel Eric Putzkammer.

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Bond knew very well the history of WW2, even before M's briefing...although, her new information was rather disturbing. He had been called out of bed one morning at around two. His phone rang; it was the office. He had been asleep, with a lady. He was sorry to wake her, and told her that she could let herself out if he didn't return. He had enough time to take a shower, a few crunches and push-ups, and then made the drive down to MI6 HQ in London, where M had briefed him.

After some customary flirting with Moneypenny, Bond has entered M's office. Robinson and Tanner were already in the room when he arrived.

“You made excellent time, 007...considering the hour,” Tanner had said, “God man, don’t you sleep?”

“Only when necessary.” Bond said with a smile. Bond glanced over at M to see that she wasn’t smiling, although this didn’t surprise him. “I understand I have a new assignment, M.”

“Yes, 007. Some old business being taken care of...something of a debt repaid. It’s a very old assignment in fact...after the second world war.”

“I’m intrigued.” Bond responded, beginning to get into a more business-related mindset.

“Well then pay attention, 007,” M replied, sitting upright at her desk. “As the records say, Hitler had twelve top-echelon henchmen who stood trial at Nuremberg in Germany, accused of implementing the holocaust solution of purging the Jews. Martin Bormann, one of the accused, managed to escape to South America...and also escape his trial. The remaining eleven were sentenced however...and to hanging. Field Marshal Hermann Goering, however, committed suicide the night before the scheduled execution. And as the story goes, the other ten were, indeed, hanged.”

“Yes, yes, I remember, just not as vividly. So what seems to be the problem?”

“The problem, 007, is that the story doesn’t include that there were, in fact, thirteen of Hitler’s henchmen. And two escaped.”

“Two? Why wasn’t this information released to the public?”

“Because the second one who escaped was surprisingly young, only 16 years of age. He was a bit of a secret; Hitler wanted him to inherit his empire if he died...once the Nazis had taken over the world. He was an Aryan. Or perhaps I should say is.”

“Is? You mean he’s still alive?”

“Alive and well. And 74 years old. And as for your previous question...the reason why his existence was never reported...is because he escaped without the Allied powers even knowing of him. He went to South America first...but unlike the other Nazis; he continued to play a very active role in the Global Racist movement. He orchestrated several terrorist attacks in Argentina that were blamed on rebels and separatists... something that infuriated him. He wanted to be known and feared. It was a wish he got a few years ago. He extorted the Spanish government from Morocco, threatening to destroy a major city unless they paid him millions in diamonds. Unfortunately they had to pay up...to make a long story short.”

“And where is he now?”

“We’ve finally located him. He’s in Zaire, the Democratic Republic of the Congo. The closest city to him is Kananga...very close to Angola. Our sources tell us that he is making some sort of deal with Angolan Guerrillas...though we aren’t sure exactly who. That’ll be your job: see who he’s dealing with...then eliminate your target.”

“And his name?” Bond asked, no longer smiling.

“Colonel Eric Putzkammer.” M said, looking into Bond’s eyes. “You’re booked on the next flight to Zaire, 007.”

Bond expected her to say more, but she didn’t. After a few seconds, he decided that he had all the information he needed. As he began to walk out the door, he caught Robinson’s voice.

“No slip-ups, 007. We’ve wanted Putzkammer ever since we found out about him.”

Bond had merely nodded. Now, Bond had wished he had gotten more information. There had been time for the traditional equipment briefing, however. 007’s last watch had been destroyed in the field, and the new equipment officer outfitted him.

“Now pay attention, 007...” the quartermaster began, pointing to a variety of equipment lying on the counter in the Q-branch laboratory. At this early hour, only Q and 007 were there, and the only lights were a few dimmed ones.

“Here’s your Walther P99, and a new sniper’s rifle of course, to help the job move along...a Swiss model. You’ll also be receiving a black jumpsuit and nightvision goggles in your luggage, among other things. I’ll arrange for some plastic explosive to be sent as well...it could be useful.” He removed the silver watch from the counter, holding it up.

“Standard watch. All of the usual refinements...and now with cyanide coated darts. Can be fired by pressing this button here.”

He pointed to an unobtrusive button on the side of the watch. Q slid the watch onto 007’s arm, and physically moved it for him, pointing it at a dummy on the side of the wall. He hit the button, and a dart launched out of the watch, striking the dummy in the diaphragm.

“Try to return it, 007, in pristine order...I don’t want you losing it in some jungle somewhere...”

“Don’t worry Q...I won’t do too much...darting around.”

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Since then, he had arrived by plane on the same day. It was a horrendous flight, with many plane changes and stops. 007 was exhausted by the time he arrived...though the set up was convenient. He had days before Putzkammer would come out into the open...he had plans to do deals with the guerrillas.

But, inevitably, the day had come. The sun had set, and Bond could already hear chirping of the various insects that inhabited this country. He snuck down to the river; the brush made good cover for a stealth operation. Bond slipped on his night vision goggles, his SiG-Sauer SG-

550 Sniper Rifle fully loaded. He glanced around, looking for anything unusual...but seeing nothing.

The SG-550 was an excellent model, one that Bond was glad Q had supplied him. He didn't have much of a preference for such a weapon as a sniper's rifle, so he was willing to experiment. He slipped off the goggles and took a look around using the SG-550 Scope. At first, nothing...then he caught a glimpse of something...down river...a lantern.

Bond pulled his head away from the scope. The light was clearly visible...and soon he saw two more lanterns came into view...then two more. Then he heard the telltale sound of a car engine...jeeps. They were just arriving on the Zaire side of the river. Soon, there was an entire campground on the Congo River.

He slipped the scope back over in front of his eye, gazing over at the other side. He hadn't noticed it before...they had been covered by camouflage. But it was undoubtedly there, another camp. There were tents and a few jeeps similar to those on the Zaire side of the river. A few of the men from Angola began stepping out of the tents...then he turned his attention to the river itself.

007 saw a duo of two rafts drifting across the Congo from Angola to Zaire. It was then that Bond recognized the Guerrillas that Putzkammer was meeting. They were ex-UNITA...a rebel fighting force. They had worked for the liberation of Angola from an oppressive regime, only to become one themselves. The death of UNITA leader Jonas Savimbi on February 22, 2002 had led to the crumble of the organization, and one whose soldiers were known as ruthless.

There were accounts of soldiers pillaging villages in Angola for sport. Women were often raped, people killed for fun, and property taken from the villagers. It was disgusting. The fact that Putzkammer, a terrorist and ex-Nazi would be meeting with these ruthless men did not surprise Bond.

He didn't enjoy killing...but in this case, he decided to make an exception.

He decided to get it done quickly. He looked back into the scope, scanning Putzkammer's camp for any sign of the bastard...and then he came into view...it had to be him. He was an old man; he had jet white hair, though he was bald on the top of his head. He had a mustache, but it was shaggy, as was his chin...giving him the look of an insane man. He had a hunch, and from the look of him arthritis...though Bond couldn't help but notice that this man would have been a prime physical specimen in his glory days.

Bond decided that it had to be done now. He slid the scope onto the SiG-Sauer, looking around to get his bearings. His Walther P99 was in its holster...he could defend himself if caught. He began to scan the Zaire side of the two camps. The men on his side were mostly Africans, though he noticed a small faction of white men...Aryans. They must be the Colonel's personal guard, he thought, still fiercely searching the site from afar...searching for any sign of the ex-Nazi madman.

Finally, a group of four Aryans stepped forward, all armed with automatic weapons...and following shortly behind them...in uniform, the bastard...was Eric Putzkammer. He still had the swastika armband...he had learned nothing from the changing times. This was it...the man was as good as dead for Bond.

He aimed at the old man's head...the man who had executed the ethnic cleansing of millions of people in Germany...destroyed buildings and embassies full of innocents in Argentina and Central America...and was now doing some sort of wicked deal with ex-UNITA Guerrillas. Bond had seen enough. He wrapped his finger around the trigger, ready to squeeze...then...

"Não mova." It was a voice that came from behind Bond. He suddenly felt cold metal on the back of his neck. He was caught.

“A gota o revólver, então põe as suas mãos para cima.” It was Portuguese...the national language of Angola; Putzkammer had Angolans working for him as well. Bond set the Swiss rifle on the ground, then raised his hands. He cursed inwardly...he had the bloody murderer in his sights...The man behind him prodded him towards the camp, and then called out to his comrades.

“Um espião! Um espião! Venha rápido! Apontava em Sr.Putzkammer!” A few other men jogged over to the spot where Bond was. They seized him, locking their arms around his. The same man who had captured Bond came around to face him. He slid his hand into Bond’s holster, removing the Walther. He laughed...the man had disgusting yellow teeth and muddled facial hair. He made a motion with his gun...the man began to drag Bond forcibly towards the camp.

The men were now unloading boxes and jabbering back and forth in Portuguese and German, depending on who they were. Bond caught a glimpse of the contents of the boxes as they struggled to hold onto Bond while they escorted him, who made it far from easy for the men. Inside of Colonel’s boxes were diamonds...the millions he had extorted from Spain...he was finally using them.

They brought him before the Colonel, who looked tired and bitter, though pleased with his men. He stood, surrounded by his elite Aryan guard. Bond caught a glint of sadistic glee in the man’s eye as the guards heaved him onto the ground before him. Regaining his senses, Bond climbed to his feet. A guard walked up to him and frisked him more thoroughly, removing his night vision goggles, and knife in his ankle holster, and the plastic explosive in the pouch at his side, though missing something key...his watch. The Colonel had a slight smirk as he looked at Bond, a now disarmed man. Bond glanced over his shoulder, and saw a few of the guards looking over his Sniper rifle smiling as they inspected it. The guard who captured Bond brought it before Putzkammer.

“É um modelo amável. Posso mantê-lo, senhor?” he said, as Bond translated it in his head, his Portuguese a bit fuzzy...he was asking the Colonel to keep Bond’s rifle. Bond frowned, frustrated, as Putzkammer nodded. The guard smiled, and meanwhile set the Walther down on top of one of the unopened crates. The Colonel turned to Bond.

“Fala Portuguese?”

“Sim, embora preferiria falar em inglês.”

Putzkammer chuckled. He took Bond’s Walter P99 and examined it...then...unexpectedly...he brought it down hard across Bond’s face.

“What makes you think that you can come here...in the middle of a deal...and try to kill me?” he asked, almost calmly. Bond let his eyes wander over to his left, where the Angolans were speaking with a few of the Aryans. They were negotiating prices.

“Orders...” Bond responded...clutching the side of his face...trying to get a hold of himself. He was in Eric Putzkammer’s territory now...who could know what he would chose to do to Bond. The Colonel grinned...handing the Walther to a nearby henchman.

“I have orders, as well. And I’d follow mine to my grave. What of you?”

“Anything for Queen and Country,” Bond mused, almost sarcastically.

“Ah...British. How...pathetic. A broken world power...not unlike Germany. Once the magnificent master race...now a fallen empire.”

“I disagree. Germany has learned to live in peace...they are no longer obsessed with the dead dream of a ‘master’ race.”

Putzkammer’s controlling smile faded into a grimace. He slammed Bond’s own Walther against Bond’s head once more, from the other side. He was knocked to the ground, the dirt scattering. He rolled over onto his back...the familiar dizzy feeling from being hit in the head washed over him as he stared into the starry sky. But this temporary moment of

contemplation was snatched from him as a few of the Aryans swooped down, grasping him and thrusting him upward, to his feet. He shook the guards off...deciding to try and prolong his fate.

“And your orders? I thought you worked for yourself...now that your empire is broken, that is.” Bond was trying to provoke him...make him lose his cool.

“My orders? I’ve had them for quite awhile now...I’ve had them since before my foster-father died. He told me...that should the worst happen...I would carry out his dream.”

“Your foster-father. Adolph Hitler.”

“Exactly. You seem to know very much about me...Mr...?”

“Bond, James Bond.”

“Well...Mr. Bond...this is very special deal tonight. I’m buying from the Angolans something they acquired from Lydia. Plenty of arms; guns, missiles...even some uranium and fluorine. But that’s not all these diamonds will buy me. The Angolans have kidnapped a few nuclear technicians for me...they were working on Enriched Uranium in Tehran, Iran. Through their pipeline of slavery, these guerrillas have managed to ship these scientists here. They’re being sold to me. With the fluorine, and these scientists, we can enrich the Uranium.”

“You must be joking. I suppose you have plans for the Uranium as well?”

“Oh please, Mr. Bond. Do you think I’d buy these weapons without special plans for them? My men,” he motioned around to his entire cohort of Aryans, all around him, “are loyal to their graves. They will carry out my plan. I am to get revenge for my foster-father. The Uranium will be used to destroy Jerusalem, Mr. Bond. But again that’s only some of it. I’m buying enough to destroy Tel Aviv and Nazareth as well. The rest of the filthy scoundrels will be slaughtered by my task forces.”

“You’re sick, Putzkammer. You wish to destroy Israel?”

“Not destroy...I’m going to destroy its major cities, then begin attacking their borders...if I die, it matters not. I’ve arranged for a few terrorist groups in the middle east who loathe the Israelis to finish up my job once we’re done. The Palestinians have wanted this for years...they just aren’t organized enough...besides...I’ve been appropriating funds for years.

“Why are you telling me this...”

“Amusement. And to make you realize the price of your failure before you die. Speaking of which...Hans!”

One of the Aryans came to the Colonel’s side. He was tall, and would have been rather handsome if not for the disfiguring scar across his face...from above his left eyebrow all the way down to the right side of his chin. His gray-blue eyes betrayed no emotion in his face. He was well-built and looked as though he had been enhanced by some sort of drug...probably a new steroid.

Colonel Putzkammer turned away from Bond, his receding white hair facing agent 007. He made a tired motion with his hand. The man named Hans lunged forward, seizing Bond and yanking him towards him. He grabbed a machete from on top of one of the crates. He pulled Bond close to him...he could feel Hans breathing.

“I’ll start with some of the less important areas,” he spat...a smile creasing his face. “Then I’ll start cutting up some of the more...painful places.” Hans pushed Bond in the direction opposite the Congo, towards the jungle. A few of the Angolan guards escorted the duo, Hans, prodding him along, until they reached the edge of the camp.

“I’m sure you understand. I don’t want our business partners to be...frightened off by what I do to you.”

“Well I’m sure they would understand...there aren’t too many things more frightening than that scar on your face...but...”

Hans had a surge of anger and lashed out with a kick to Bond's chest. He was wearing steel-toed boots. Bond was easily knocked over. Hans placed the boot on top of Bond, pinning him to the ground as he brought the machete down, placing it gently on Bond's arm, about to begin slowly slicing into Bond's flesh.

Bond deftly reached across the arm that was about to be sliced at...the one with the watch on it. He angled his wrist to point to Hans' neck...he stabbed with his finger for the button. He finally hit it...the dart shot out of the watch, striking Hans above the Adam's apple. Hans coughed, a bit stunned from the force of the object that had lodged itself into his neck. He began to foam at the mouth...shaking...and losing his balance. He collapsed beside the Bond.

The two Angolan guards panicked. They were about to fire at Bond, when he scrambled to his feet, grasping the machete in Hans' dead hand. He leaped forward, slashing at one man's shooting hand. He cried out at his arm was sliced cleanly off. The other aimed at Bond, and was about to fire, when Bond hit him with one of this poisoned-darts. He yelled out as it lodged into his finger, the one about to pull the trigger. He clutched his hand...and began into convulsions.

Bond turned to the other man whose arm was chopped off. He dealt a swift kick to the man's stomach, winding him. As the guard dropped the gun, Bond reached down for it, grabbing it. Instead of firing, which would get the attention of the two camps, he jammed the butt of the gun into the man's temple, knocking him out. He fell limply to the ground as he comrade's convulsions ended.

Bond stepped over the man, walking back to the camp.

"Takes my breath away..." he quipped. He snuck behind a few boxes. He peered out onto the campsite. Putzkammer was speaking with the guerrilla leader. Beside him were his usual Aryan friends and a few

mercenaries...Bond quickly recognized the man who had captured him and taken his rifle and Walther.

He quickly glanced around for a nearby guard. He spotted one, patrolling next to a jeep. Bond made a dash from the behind the boxes over the unsuspecting guard. When the man's head was turned, he jammed the machine-gun up against his back.

“Bem, amigo. Venha este meio, sobre pelas caixas. Nenhum movimentos repentinos.” He motioned for the guard to move over the boxes. The guard nodded profusely, not wanting to be killed. He hurried over the boxes, and came to a halt, standing stiffly there, awaiting his next command.

“Bom...chama-o sobre.” Bond had told him to call the guard over, the one who had raided Bond's weaponry and brought him to the Colonel. The guard nodded slowly. Bond noted sweat beading on his forehead. He yelled out to his compatriot, who turned, and yelled back in Portuguese. The guard walked over, Bond hidden in the shadows. He waited...then struck out when the guard approached him, slamming the gun into his forehead. The other guard decided to use this opportunity to kill Bond. He lunged at him with a punch, but Bond landed a knee in the man's groin, who doubled over, clutching himself. Bond knocked him unconscious.

The guard had Bond's SiG-Sauer SG-550 slung over his back. Bond removed it from the unconscious man, along with his goggles and knife. He turned and glanced back over to where the Colonel was...they were closing the deal. The Angolans were about to ship the diamonds back over to Angola...the arms were already on this side of the river...they were about to load them into the trucks.

Putzkammer shook the Angolan leader's hand. The Angolan turned to give the order to his men to load the diamonds onto the rafts. Bond quickly raised his Sauer Rifle to meet his eye with the scope. He found

the Angolan's head very quickly. This time, he would not allow himself to fail. No time to take in the situation...he squeezed the trigger.

The bullet shot out of the barrel, driving itself into the back of the Angolan's neck. He toppled over onto the ground. The Colonel spun around to notice Bond, aiming from behind the boxes at the edge of the camp. Bond could hear the man's curse loudly from the other side of the camp. He reached for the gun in his holster. He removed it, rather quickly for such an old man, and fired three times at Bond.

007 dived behind the crates, the bullets ricocheting away. He darted behind one of the jeeps, still at the edge of the camp. He thought he was dead for sure...until he heard machine-gun fire. Perfect! The guerrillas thought Putzkammer had betrayed them. He gazed out from behind the jeep he was hiding behind. The guerrillas were firing on the Aryans and mercenaries the Colonel had hired. Happily, the men were returning fire. A small battle had begun.

The next task would be to stop those weapons and Uranium from reaching Israel...and stop the diamonds from falling into the wrong hands...he'd have to blow the entire place to hell. The Uranium wasn't enriched yet...it wouldn't go nuclear if he detonated...he had to get to his plastic explosive; it was still sitting on a few crates along with his Walther!

"Don't move, Mr. Bond" it was the Colonel's voice. He had a gun to Bond's head. Allowing this to happen to him twice in one night was unforgivable in Bond's mind...Putzkammer kicked at the back of his knee, causing Bond's legs to buckle beneath him. He stumbles, but regained his balance.

"Forward...you trash." He prodded Bond back into the camp, the two men narrowly missing the line of fire as machine guns blazed beside them. He pushed and shoved Bond forward, weaving through the maze of jeeps and boxes, until they finally reached Colonel's jeep. Bond's

Walther and plastic explosive were on the crates...right where the Colonel had left them.

“I’ve had enough of you. You die now.” He pushed Bond to his knees. He was going to execute him on the spot.

“But...your men...the Angolans will kill them and take the chemicals.” Bond began to see the psychotic nature of the man. He would prefer to see Bond suffer than to ensure his own victory. He valued sadistic pleasures over logic. There was more yelling and gunfire, as chaos erupted around the two men.

Bond slid his hand down to the ankle holster...where his knife was...more easily accessible when he was on his knees...The Colonel still stood behind him...ready to fire. Bond took action, flailing his arm out to strike away the weapon at the last moment. The frail man’s reflexes were nothing compared to Bond’s. He gripped his knife and spun around stabbing the ex-Nazi murderer in the heart.

The pathetic old man gasped as the cold metal entered his body...his eyes wandered up to Bond’s.

“Bastard...”

“Touché.”

Bond ducked behind a group of boxes, catching his breath for a moment. Agent 007 inhaled deeply...bullets flew through the sky. The numbers hadn’t thinned out much...there were dead men lying about the place, but mostly the opposing sides were shooting from opposite sides of the river. Bond felt around on top of the crates, grabbing his Walther and the explosive.

He carefully squeezed the explosive out...just behind the boxes. He removed the timer from inside the pouch and placed the detonator inside the gray matter. He set the timer for five minutes...enough time to get out of this God-forsaken place. He slid the Walther back into the holster. He rolled out from behind the boxes, stumbling to his feet.

He carefully dashed out of the miniature war. He reached the edge of the camp in no time, hacking his way through the bushes with his newly bloody knife. He ran up into the hills, hiking up to higher ground. The trip didn't take long, Bond judged that he was about a safe distance away, and shorter than he had expected. He checked his watch. He had a minute or two before the bloody place would be destroyed. Meanwhile, the two forces battled each other to their graves, unaware of their unavoidable doom.

Wiping the sweat from his face, agent 007 stared down at the Congo as it erupted into fire and smoke, the jeeps, tents, boxes and every aspect of the camp...the men included, being incinerated. It wasn't something that he enjoyed...but he did find a sense of closure as the body of the sick, demented Colonel was decimated. He turned, and looked over the other side of the hill. He could see some of the lights of the city shimmering in the distance.

It was a long hike back to Kananga...

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"Yes, sir. Undoubtedly terminated."

"Excellent, 007. And the arms deal was thwarted?"

"The whole deal blew up."

Bill Tanner was interested to hear what had happened as Bond sent his report in front Kananga the following day. He hadn't gotten much rest, admittedly, but Bond wished to get business out of the way so he could enjoy the rest of his stay in Africa. Tanner was jotting all of the vital information down and reporting it to M at they spoke. They were about to say their goodbyes and hang up.

"Well...goodbye, Bond. See you in London. I'm just glad that that debt is repaid."

“Indeed. A debt repaid.”

James Bond will return...