

James Bond wielded the knife with obvious skill. He approached, blade barely glinting in the light, and pounced, the knife coming down to join the awaiting fork. "I usually eat fruit," he said simply, "but today I'm in the mood for a good English breakfast." And with that, he began his meal. Okay, so it's not stopping Ernst Stavro Blofeld from triggering World War III, or preventing Auric Goldfinger from turning the gold in Fort Knox radioactive, but it was MY experience with agent 007. For a guy who grew up on the Bong films (I'm reluctant to admit that I can clearly remember seeing Thunderball during its original theatrical run), having breakfast with Pierce Brosnan, the new James Bond, on the set of the latest 007 epic is pretty heady stuff. So I sit with Pierce for about 30 minutes, barely concealing my excitement as I hit him with what I want to be

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