

Produktinformation



Tsunami

Art-Nr.: 729.0 / GTIN: neu / Marke: [Farmer, Bob](#)

YOUR SEARCH FOR KING CON ENDS HERE

I remember a morning in 1935 in the classiest hotel in the wildest city on earth. It was a morning I thought I'd never see. But when the Shanghai sunshine and the heat came pushing through the bullet holes in the mosquito netting, I knew I was alive. And the gambler had worked.

Once again, *Tsunami* had saved my life and bankrolled a few more months of cigarette girls with long legs, champagne and broken promises.

The Six Monkeys wasn't the best nightclub in Shanghai, but it was where the Chinese jade merchants went to connect with the western high rollers. And besides, it was part of the hotel. I wouldn't have to risk the streets.

Last night I'd gone there, looking for action. The Greek salons at the far end of the bar were packed, but I had the place to myself. There was just an echo in the noise and smoke. Cole Porter's "Anything Goes" dripped off his fingers and as he segued into "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes", I copped a gin and tonic from a tray full of booze. The waiter never noticed, just glided into the crowd and stopped at her table.

She was twenty, maybe older. Elegant but dangerous, like the hostess of the last party before the apocalypse. In a few years the world would be at war, but I didn't know that then. And I didn't know her.

She had seen me steal the drink and we exchanged a toast. Suddenly, I was at her table, but before I could say anything the waiter moved and I found myself face to face with the man who'd given me the sabre scar on my cheek.

Von Katzner.

Even now the name has power. He was a bad loser and violent, but she was with him. Was it a set up? I never found out. Von Katzner had come to gamble - with me.

His gods were with him that night. I began to lose heavily. Von Katzner liked that. Maybe he was cheating, maybe she was helping him. I couldn't tell, there was only ice in her eyes.

It came down to one last shot, all or nothing. There was more money on the table than anyone had ever seen before, if I didn't win this one I'd be tapped out. And it was a long way back to Stateside.

It was my call.

Tsunami My secret weapon. It had taken years to develop. It was my last chance. I'd use it. Fanning the cards in Von Katzner's direction, I said, "Think of a card, any card . . ."

Well, you know the rest of the story. The winnings made the stock swindles and the shipping line possible. And, I owe it all to *Tsunami*.

TSUNAMI - it came through when I needed it, and I needed it badly that night in the classiest hotel in the wildest city on earth.

TSUNAMI is \$1 US. postpaid in the U.S. and Canada, \$3 US. postpaid anywhere else. Payment accepted by cheque, money order, Visa and Master Card (include your number and expiry date). If TSUNAMI does not meet your expectations, you may obtain a refund by returning it within 10 days of receipt.

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Nur noch ein Exemplar vorhanden!

Effect: This manuscript explains several variations of one incredible prediction effect. Every variation produces the same result, but along the way there is gambling, mentalism, and more than a few hustles.