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## Headhunter by Bob Farmer

**They were going to cut my throat.**

I could see it in their eyes. Savage eyes. A thousand years of primordial violence was on fire in their skulls and the paleolithic phosphorescence shone out from those eyes and danced the dance of death down here on the jungle floor. Down here in the lush dangerous geography of central Borneo in the year of our Lord, 1937.

Headhunters. The sunlight, filtering green as it drifted down through the layers of tropical vegetation, touched the piles of bleached and shrunken heads, recoiled, then sent fingers of light to probe every lethal dimension of the thin, razor-sharp, bamboo knife that pressed against the flesh at the base of my throat.

They were going to cut that throat.

**"You savvy card magic?"** I said in the tribal patois I'd picked up in three months of trying to track down the legendary City of Gold.

The blade began to slice into my skin. A thousandth of an inch separated me from infinity. Calculating skin thickness and blood flow, the mathematics of mortality told me my time here on this earth was about to end. Unless-

Yes, I'd made a mistake. Used the wrong idiom. They thought I'd said, "You look fat in that dress," and it had angered them to a blood lust only death could satisfy.

"No! No! Card magic! Do you savvy card magic!?" I screamed.

Well, you know the rest of the story. How they crowned me King, led me to the City of Gold and under my direction recanted their primitive ways, put down their spears, stopped worshiping the boiled thigh of a common chicken and became chartered accountants. **They did savvy card magic.**

**I knew I had them when that first card vanished from my hands and appeared on the ground. And then it happened again. And again. No matter how closely they watched, it happened.** They dropped their knives. **And when the mind - shattering climax came - a devastating transformation of cards**

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**into other cards** - they fell to their knees and began to chant "Bwana god, Bwana god," over and over, until I felt the way Alexander the Great must have felt when the known universe lay at his feet.

Now you can feel that way too - and subvert primitive peoples ignorant of our modern ways-and become a King - and have the known universe groveling at your feet.

All you need is **Headhunter**.

**It comes with everything you'll need:** the cards (two sets), the secrets, some tribal patois and even a fabulous presentation for use in more modern societies where the natives need a taste of evil power before they crown you King.

- Only 8 cards used.
- Nothing added or taken away.
- No extra cards.
- Just fabulous visual magic from start to finish.

**Headhunter.** Here's your chance to rule the world. Don't let somebody else beat you to it.