

- HERGÉ -

THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN
*
**KING OTTOKAR'S
SCEPTRE**



MAMMOTH

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

KING OTTOKAR'S SCEPTRE



Translated by Leslie Lonsdale-Cooper
and Michael Turner

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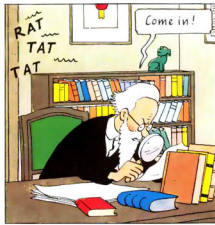
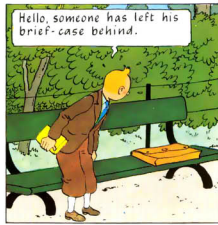
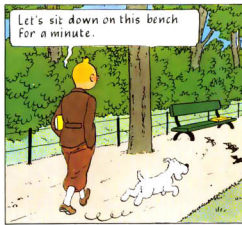
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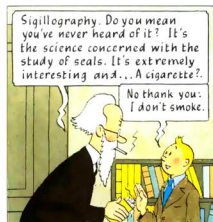
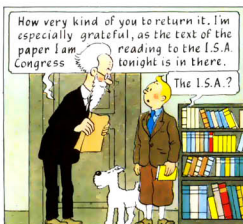
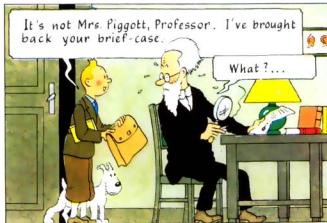
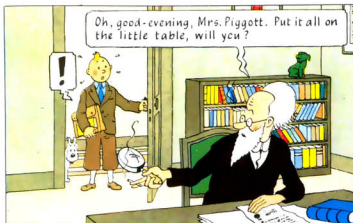
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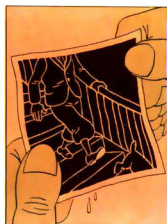
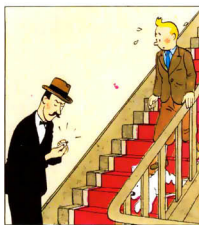
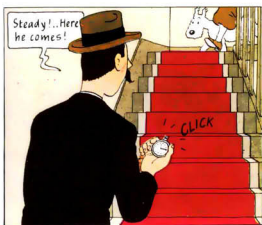
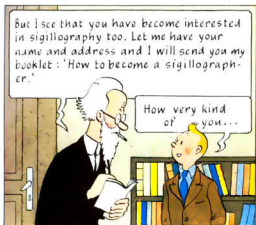
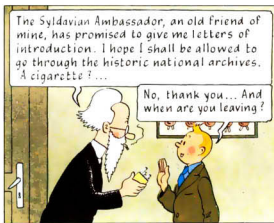
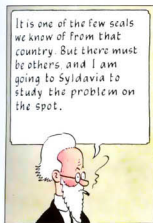
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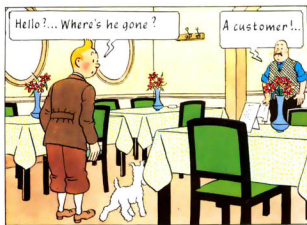
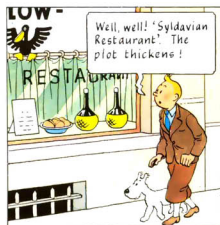
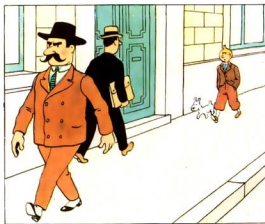
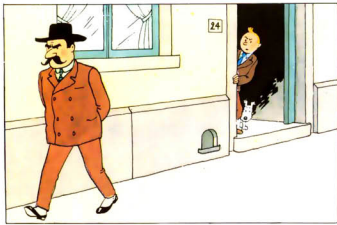
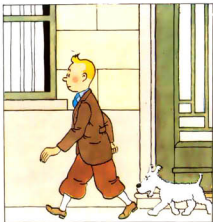
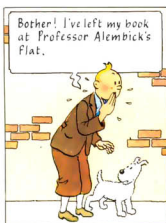
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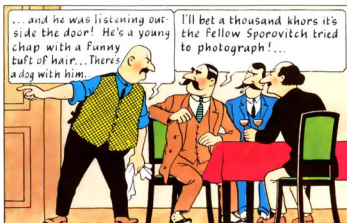
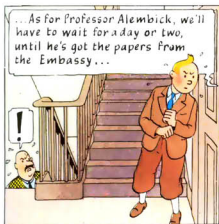
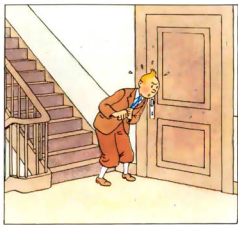
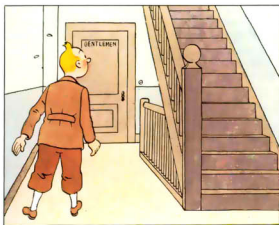
KING OTTOKAR'S SCEPTRE

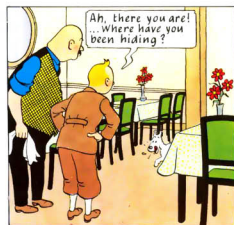
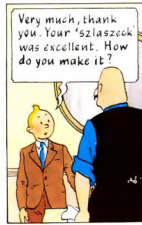
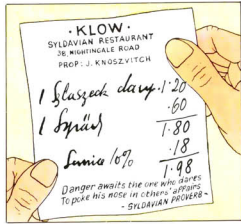
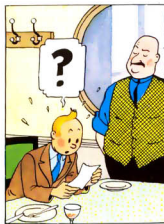
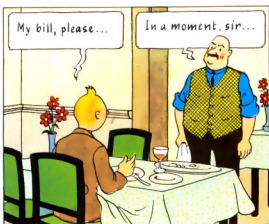


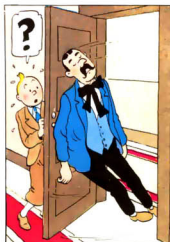
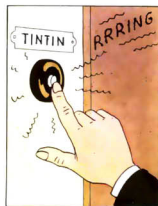
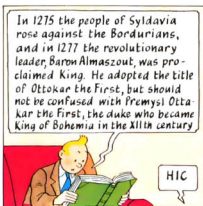
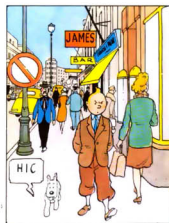
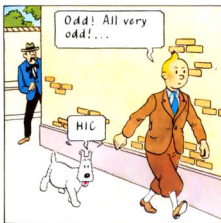


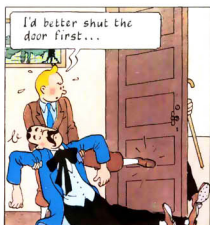
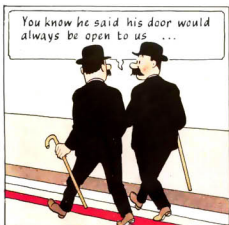
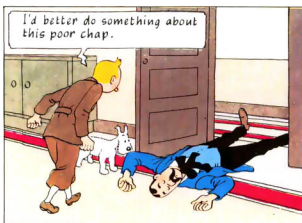
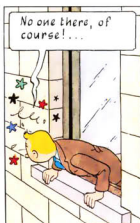
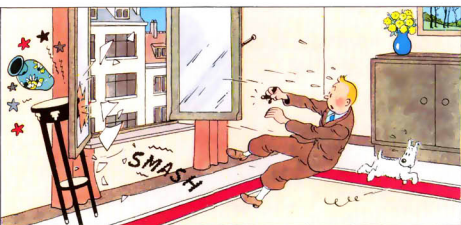
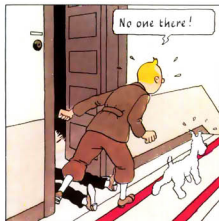


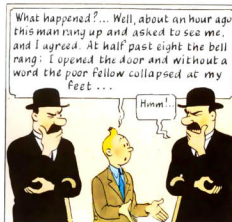


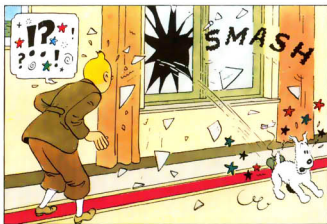


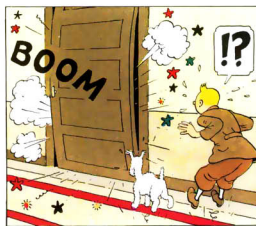
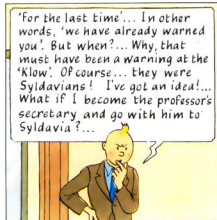
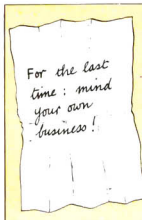


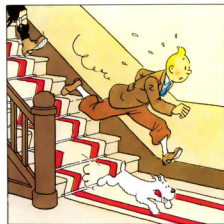
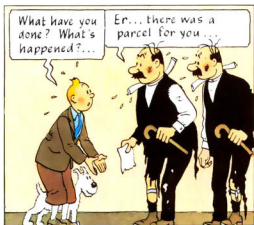


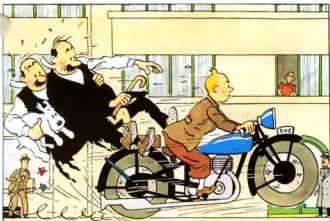
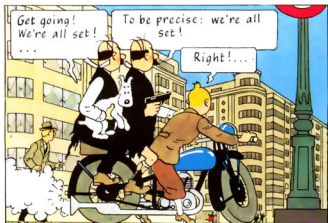
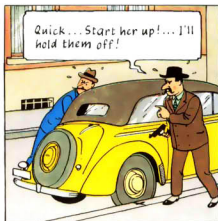
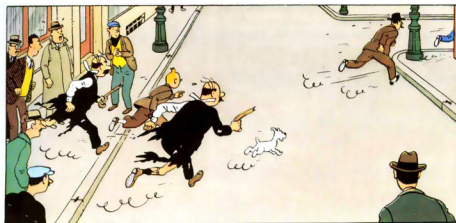


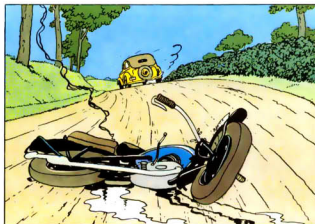
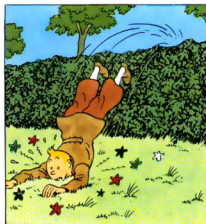
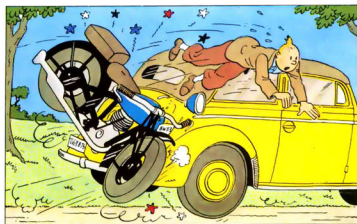
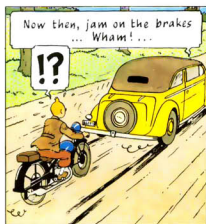
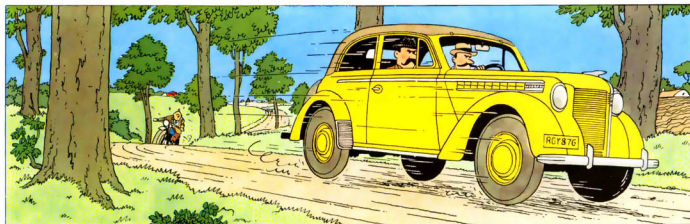
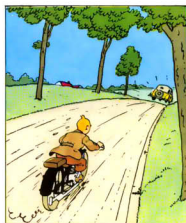


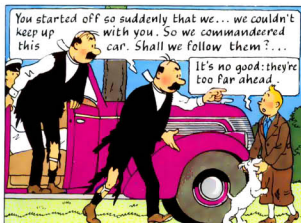


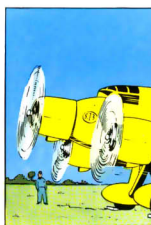
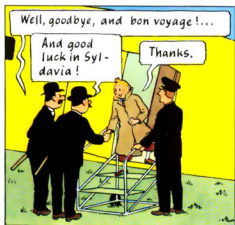
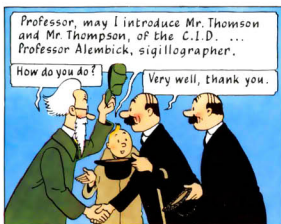
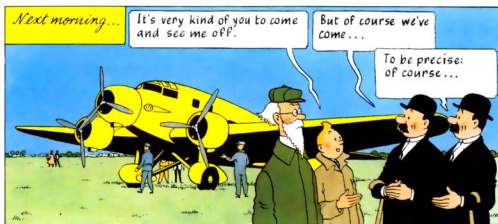
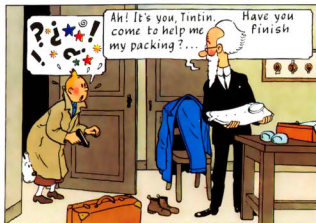


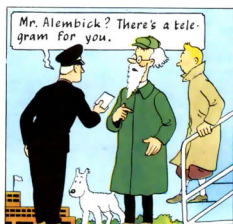
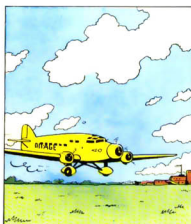
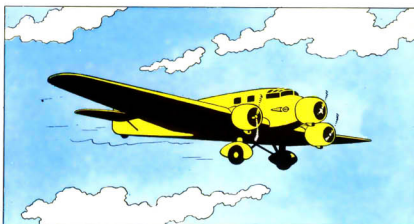
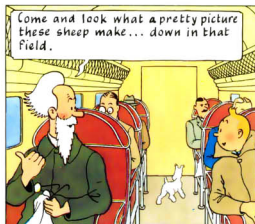
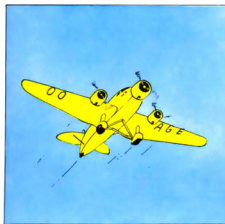
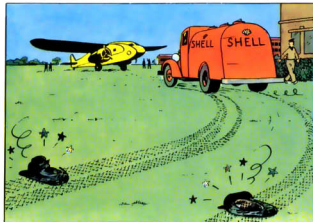
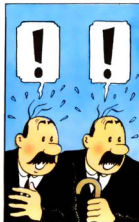


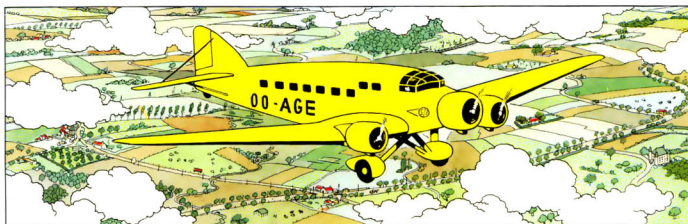
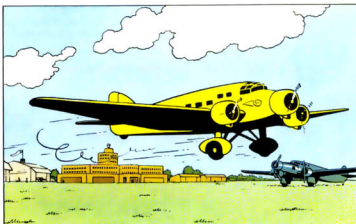












SYLDAVIA

THE KINGDOM OF THE BLACK PELICAN

AMONG the many enchanting places which deservedly attract foreign visitors with a love for picturesque ceremony and colourful folklore, there is one small country which, although relatively unknown, surpasses many others in interest. Isolated until modern times because of its inaccessible position, this country is now served by a regular air-line network, which brings it within the reach of all who love unspoiled beauty, the proverbial hospitality of a peasant people, and the charm of medieval customs which still survive despite the march of progress.

This is Syl Davia.

Syl Davia is a small country in Eastern Europe, comprising two great valleys: those of the river Vladir, and its tributary, the Moltus. The rivers meet at Klow, the capital (122,000 inhabitants). These valleys are flanked by wide plateaux covered with forests, and are surrounded by high, snow-capped mountains. In the fertile Syl Davian plains are corn-lands and cattle pastures. The subsoil is rich in minerals of all kinds.

Numerous thermal and sulphur springs gush from the earth, the chief centres being at Klow (cardiac diseases) and Kragoniedin (rheumatic complaints).

The total population is estimated to be 642,000 inhabitants.

Syl Davia exports wheat, mineral-water from Klow, firewood, horses and violinists.

HISTORY OF SYL DAVIA

Until the Vth century, Syl Davia was inhabited by nomadic tribes of unknown origin.

Overrun by the Slavs in the Vth century, the country was conquered in the Xth century by the Turks, who drove the Slavs into the mountains and occupied the plains.

In 1127, Hveghi, leader of a Slav tribe, swooped down from the mountains at the head of a band of partisans and fell upon isolated Turkish villages, putting all who resisted him to the sword. Thus he rapidly became master of a large part of Syl Davian territory.

A great battle took place in the valley of the Moltus near Zileheroum, the Turkish capital of Syl Davia, between the Turkish army and Hveghi's irregulars.

Enfeebled by long inactivity and badly led by incompetent officers, the Turkish army put up little resistance and fled in disorder.

Having vanquished the Turks, Hveghi was elected king, and given the name Muskar, that is, The Brave (Musk: 'brave' and Kar: 'king').

The capital, Zileheroum, was renamed Klow, that is, Freetown, (Kloho: 'to free', and Ow: 'town').



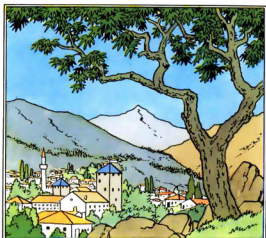
Guard at the Royal Treasure House, Klow



A typical fisherman from Dbrinourk
(south coast of Syl Davia)



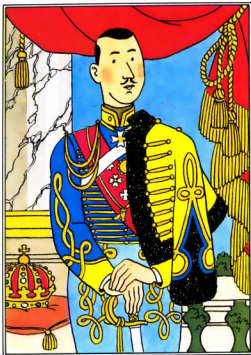
◀ Syl Davian peasant
on her way to market



A view of Niedzdrow,
in the Vladir valley ▶



THE BATTLE OF ZILEHEROUM
After a XVth century miniature



H.M. King Muskar XII, the present ruler of Syldavia in the uniform of Colonel of the Guards

Muskar was a wise king who lived at peace with his neighbours, and the country prospered. He died in 1168, mourned by all his subjects.

His eldest son succeeded to the throne with the title of Muskar II. Unlike his father, Muskar II lacked authority and was unable to keep order in his kingdom. A period of anarchy replaced one of peaceful prosperity.

In the neighbouring state of Borduria the people observed Syldavia's decline, and their king profited by this opportunity to invade the country. Borduria annexed Syldavia in 1195.

For almost a century Syldavia groaned under the foreign yoke. In 1275 Baron Almazsout repeated the exploits of Hveghi by coming down from the hills and routing the Bordurians in less than six months.

He was proclaimed King in 1277, taking the name of Ottokar. He was, however, much less powerful than Muskar.

The barons who had helped him in the campaign against the Bordurians forced him to grant them a charter, based on the English Magna Carta signed by King John (Lackland). This marked the beginning of the feudal system in Syldavia.

Ottokar I of Syldavia should not be confused with the Ottokars (Přemysls) who were Dukes, and later Kings, of Bohemia.

This period was noteworthy for the rise in power of the nobles, who fortified their castles and maintained bands of armed mercenaries, strong enough to oppose the King's forces.

But the true founder of the kingdom of Syldavia was Ottokar IV, who ascended the throne in 1370.

From the time of his accession he initiated widespread reforms. He raised a powerful army and subdued the arrogant nobles, confiscating their wealth.

He fostered the advancement of the arts, of letters, commerce and agriculture.

He united the whole nation and gave it that security, both at home and abroad, so necessary for the renewal of prosperity.

It was he who pronounced those famous words: 'Eih bennek, eih blavek', which have become the motto of Syldavia.

The origin of this saying is as follows:

One day Baron Staszrvich, son of one of the dispossessed nobles whose lands had been forfeited to the crown, came before the sovereign and recklessly claimed the throne of Syldavia.

The King listened in silence, but when the presumptuous baron's speech ended with a demand that he deliver up his sceptre, the King rose and cried fiercely: 'Come and get it!'

Mad with rage, the young baron drew his sword, and before the retainers could intervene, fell upon the King.

The King stepped swiftly aside, and as his adversary passed him, carried forward by the impetus of his charge, Ottokar

struck him a blow on the head with the sceptre, laying him low and at the same time crying in Syldavian: 'Eih bennek, eih blavek', which can be said to mean: 'If you gather thistles, expect prickles'. And turning to his astonished court he said: 'Honi soit qui mal y pense!'

Then, gazing intently at his sceptre, he addressed it in the following words: 'O Sceptre, thou hast saved my life. Be henceforward the true symbol of Syldavian Kingship. Woe to the king who loses thee, for I declare that such a man shall be unworthy to rule thereafter.'

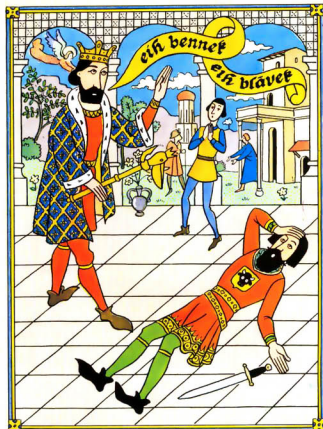
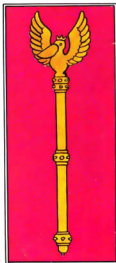
And from that time, every year on St. Vladimir's Day each successor of Ottokar IV has made a great ceremonial tour of his capital.

He bears in his hand the historic sceptre, without which he would lose the right to rule; as he passes, the people sing the famous anthem:

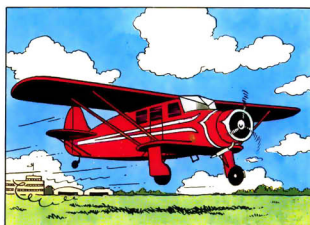
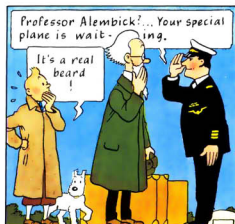
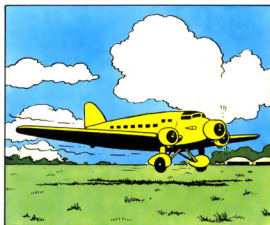
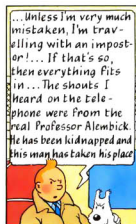
Syldavians unite!
Praise our King's might:
The Sceptre his right!

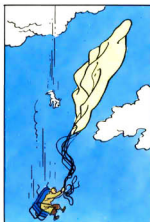
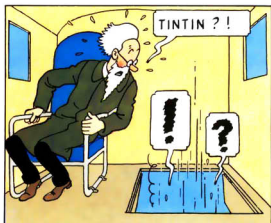
Right: The sceptre of Ottokar IV

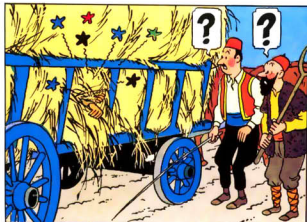
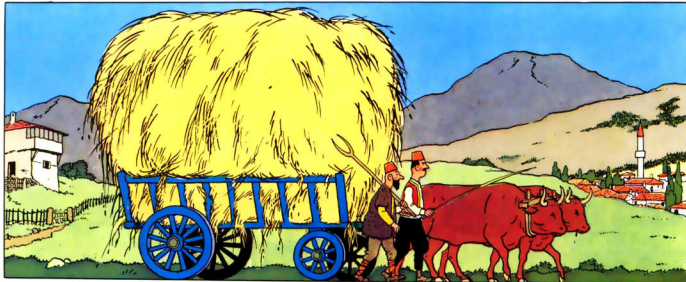
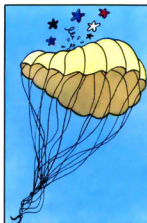
Below: An illuminated page from 'The Memorable Deeds of Ottokar IV', a XIVth century manuscript



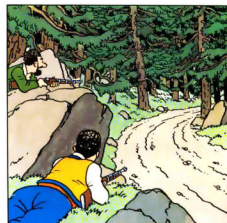
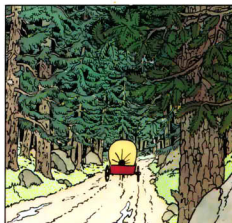
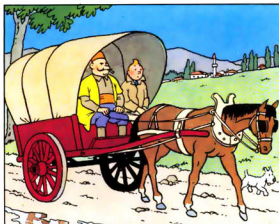
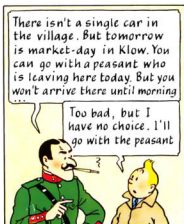
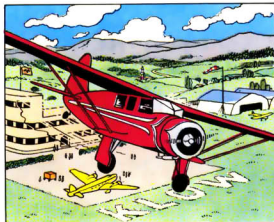
Dir Ottokar
Dus pollez
ez koniksz
dan tronn ezt pho
ma Greilla czar-
da on estear alpu
ezommez pakkeli
o lagzada koniksz
itd o alpu kloppz-
staszrvichcz erom
szubel o. Dazsbiek
tallka opp o carro.



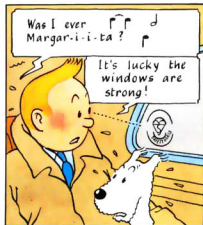










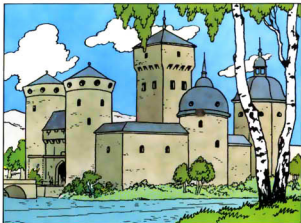


Next day...

This document bearing the royal signature will admit you to the Treasure Chamber. Lieutenant Kromir will escort you there...



The regalia is housed in the keep of Kropow Castle. A special guard is mounted over it.



In the name of the King!

Professor, please come with me.

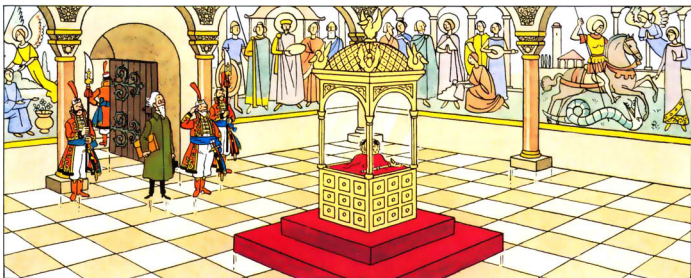


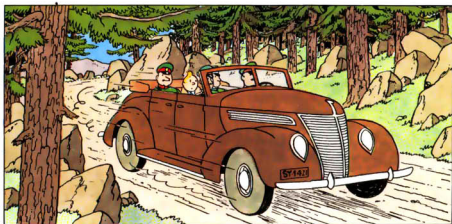
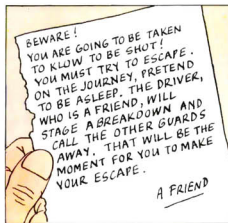
The regalia seems well guarded!

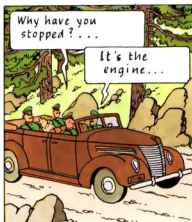
It is! The man who is clever enough to steal it hasn't been born!

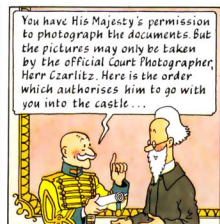
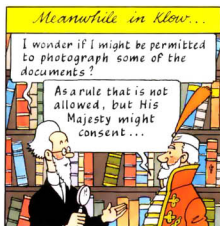


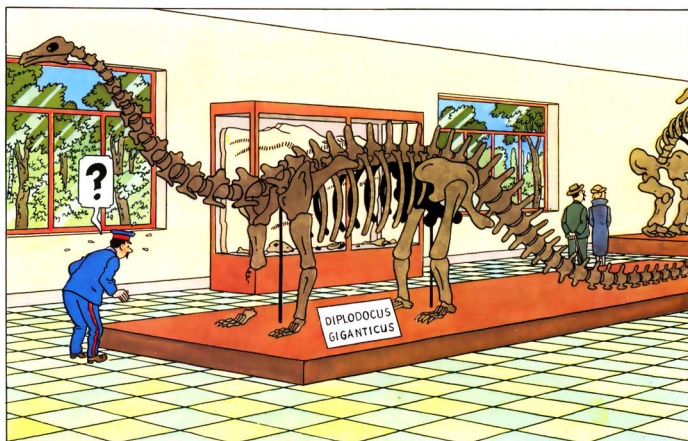
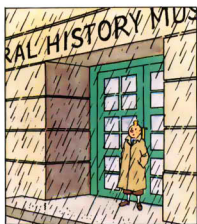
There is His Majesty's regalia, Professor!...

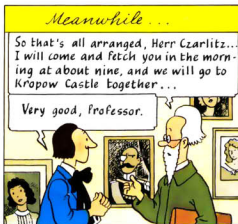
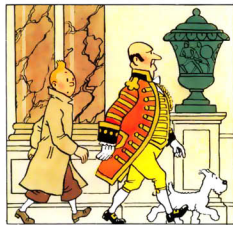
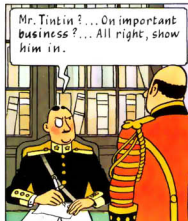
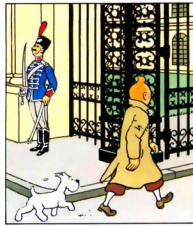
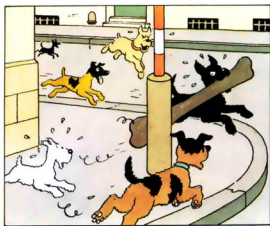


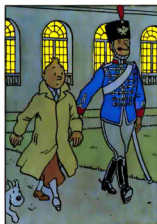
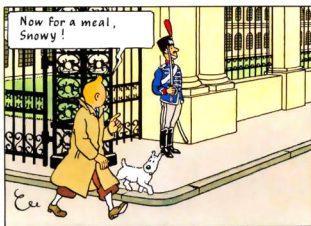
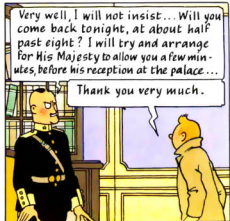


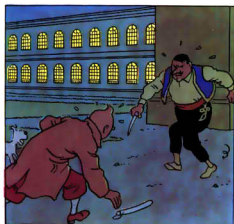
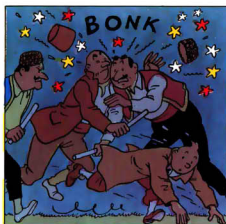


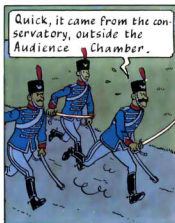
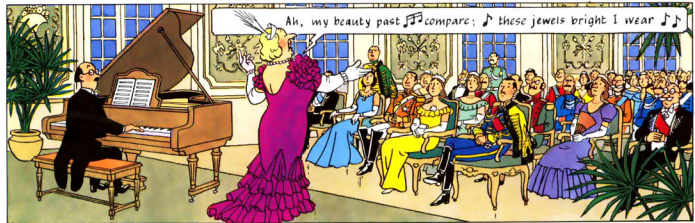










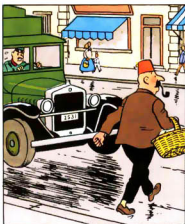


Next morning...

More time wasted!...
And I'm sure the
conspirators won't
be wasting theirs!
...

CLINK
CLINK
CLINK

You are being trans-
ferred to the State
Prison to await trial.
Come with us. The police
van is outside...

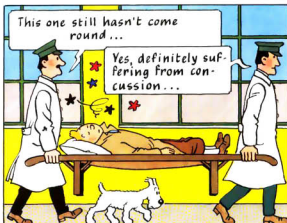


Hello, this is
St. Vladimir's
Hospital... An
accident?...
.... Casualties?
[In Moltus Street?
... All right, I'll
send an ambulance

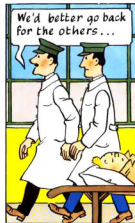


This one still hasn't come
round ...

Yes, definitely suf-
fering from con-
cussion...



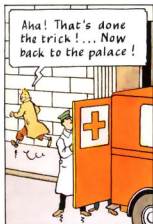
We'd better go back
for the others...



A very useful
thing, concussion
... Come on,
Snowy! Now
or never...



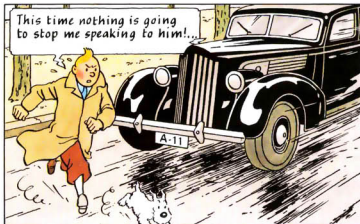
Aha! That's done
the trick!... Now
back to the palace!

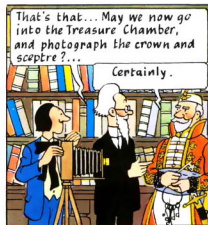
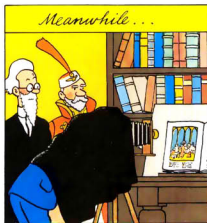
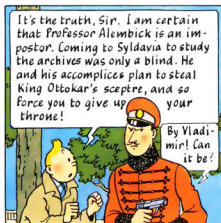
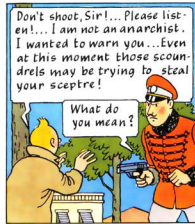
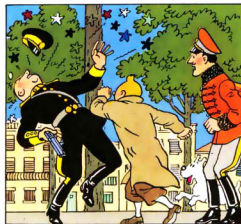
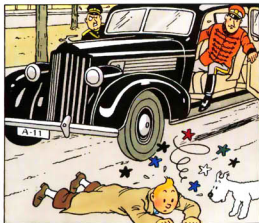


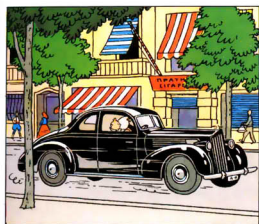
I must see the
King at all costs.



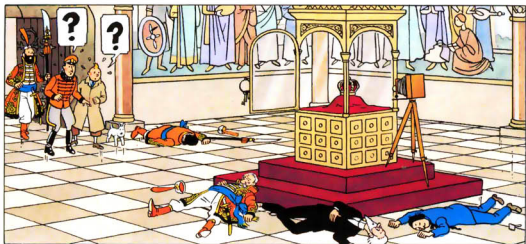
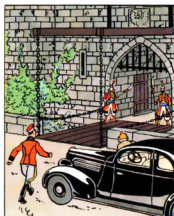
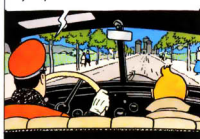
This time nothing is going
to stop me speaking to him!...







We're nearly there... Those are the towers of Kropow Castle... the sceptre is in the keep, that square tower in the centre... I only hope we're not too late!...



Next morning

So, Lord Chamberlain, the sceptre has not been recovered yet?...

Alas no, Sir... But I have secured the services of two detectives of international repute... expect them any minute now...

THUD

Ah, I think I know who they are.

What's going on?... Go and see.

?

Er... We are the detectives who... Hm... We... we slipped... and

Yes... and we fell down...

Sire, may I present Mr. Thomson and Mr. Thompson, certified detectives...

Welcome to Syldavia, gentlemen

Majesty, your sire is very good... Good Majesty... no, I mean... To be precise... it's a majesty, Your Pleasure...

We thank you for answering our call so promptly, and for placing your experience at the service of the Crown... This is Mr. Tintin, who will give you all the details of this business...

Tintin! Well I never!

This is the position... Someone has stolen the King's sceptre!... When His Majesty and I entered the Treasure Chamber we found the Governor of the Castle, two of his men, the photographer Czarlitz, and Professor Alembick, whom you know. All of them were in a coma, and none of the five came to until this morning...

Have they been questioned?...

Yes, and their statements agree on all points. Herr Czarlitz decided to use a flash-bulb. After the flash the room filled with thick smoke. They began to choke, and then passed out...

Good. But... hm... did anyone think of searching these people?...

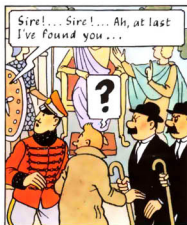
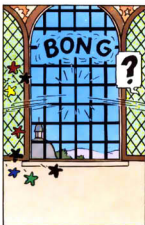
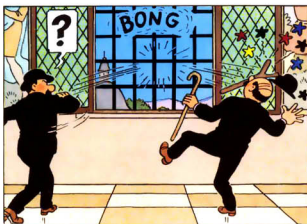
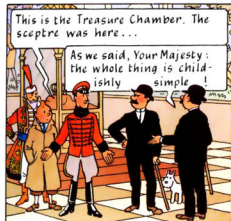
Of course! Even the guards' halberds were taken to pieces, and the camera tripod, to make sure the sceptre wasn't hidden there. They tapped every inch of the room looking for a secret passage, but found nothing! The only door through which the thief could escape was guarded by two sentries, who saw no one leave...

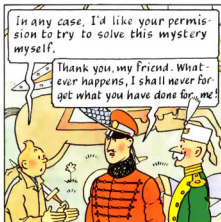
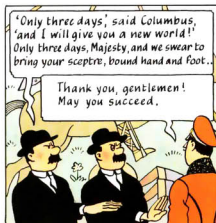
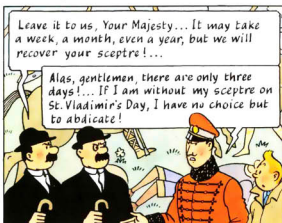
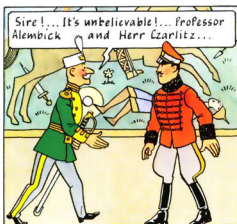
Your Majesty, this is all childishly simple!... With your permission we will go to Kropow Castle and demonstrate how your sceptre was stolen...

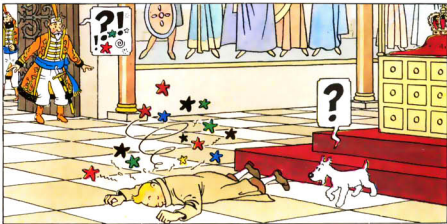
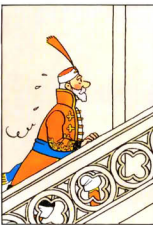
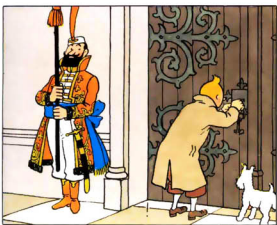
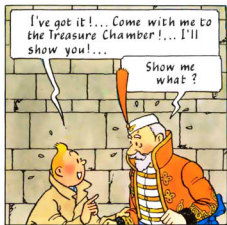
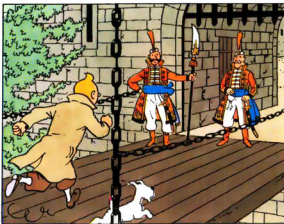
Very well, we'll go!...

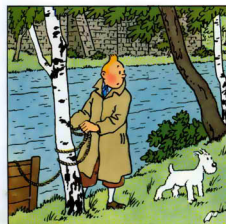
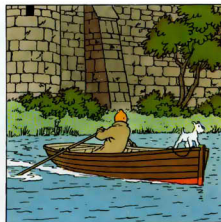
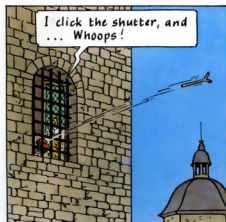
Goodness, they're smarter than I thought!

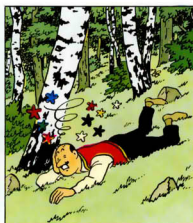
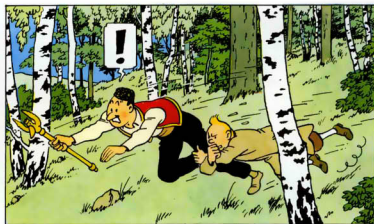
Be careful: the marble is very slippery...

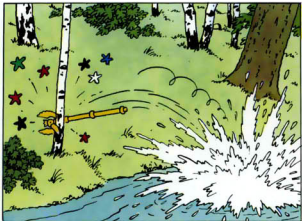
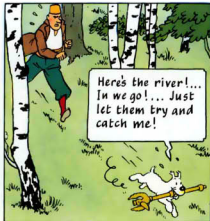














How did you know I was here?

When we went back to the castle they told us you had crossed the river...

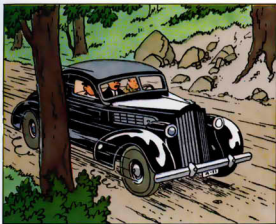


There's the King... They told him, too. He went round by the bridge while we crossed in a boat...



Well, what has happened?...

Those gangsters have got away in a car, with the sceptre! ... If you will lend us your car, Sir, we three will try and catch them...



They haven't got much of a start on us... We'll soon catch them up.



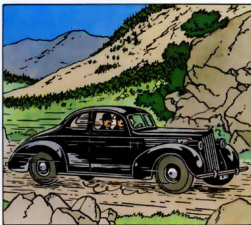
We're almost out of petrol... We'll have to stop at the first pump we come to...



Ah! There's one...



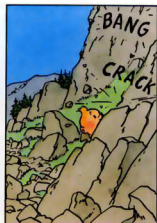
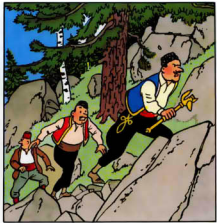
Five gallons!... And make it snappy!...

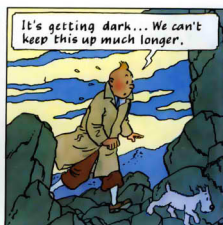
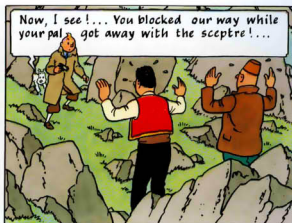


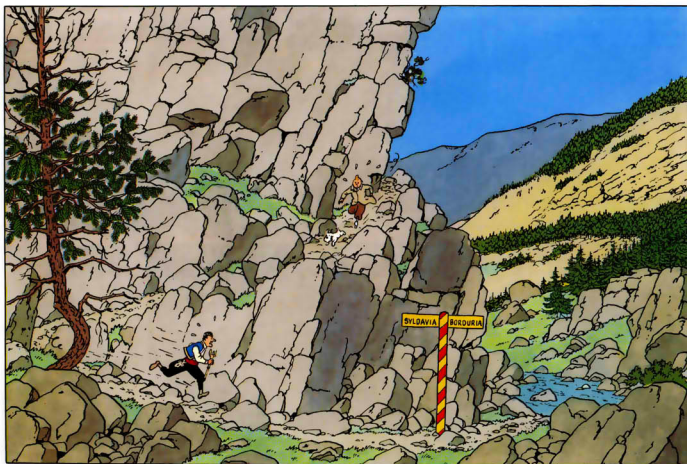
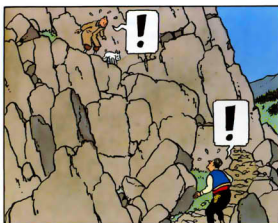
Another twenty miles to the frontier... Good!... In half an hour we shall be clear of Syldavia, and the sceptre will be safe!

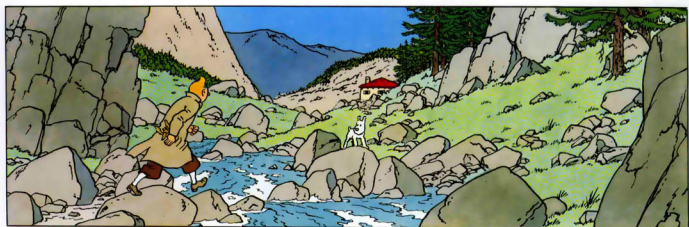
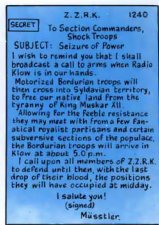
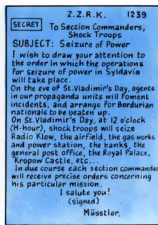


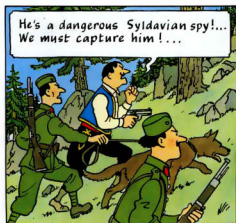
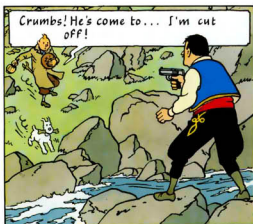
The King's car!... They're after us!











Next day...

That's two nights in the open... I'm tired out!... If I don't find the way soon I'll never get back in time!



A Bordurian Fighter!



He's lowered his under-carriage...Where's he landing?



If I could grab one of those planes I'd be in Klow in less than an hour...

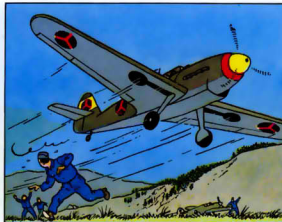


Everything O.K.?

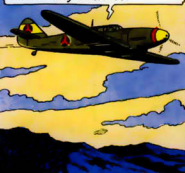
Yes, nothing unusual...just reconnaissance along the frontier..



You know, I've been tipped off that Mustler will give his broadcast at midday tomorrow...And an hour later our squadron will land at Klow.



It's getting dark... That's annoying. I shan't be there before nightfall...

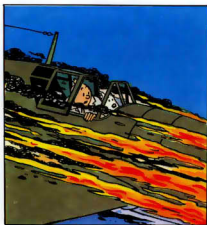
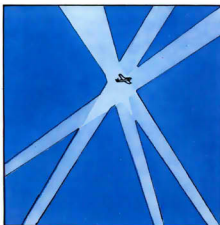


Hello? Ack-Ack H.Q.?...This is Listening post 34... A Bordurian aircraft has crossed the frontier, heading for Klow...What shall we do?



You have your orders, Lieutenant. Shoot it down!...







Ah, a signpost!... That's a stroke of luck!



Sixteen miles: that's five hours' walk!...

A mere trifle!



A farm!... Stables!... If only I could borrow a horse...

That's a splendid idea!

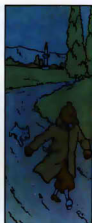


Aha, here's a horse!... Whoa there!... Good, here's a saddle too... Whoa now! Gently does it...



On the whole I think we'd better go on foot.

Why not? ... A little walk will do us good.



That night...

Things are grave, Sir!... the people are suspicious: there are rumours that the sceptre is missing. Furthermore...



...Bordurian shops were looted again yesterday. These incidents are of course the work of agitators in the pay of a foreign power, but we are faced with a dangerous situation. And if Your Majesty appears before the crowds without the sceptre, I fear...

Rest assured, Prime Minister, there will be no bloodshed. I will abdicate.



No, Sir, you will not abdicate...

TINTIN!

?

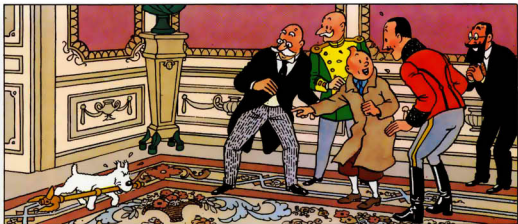


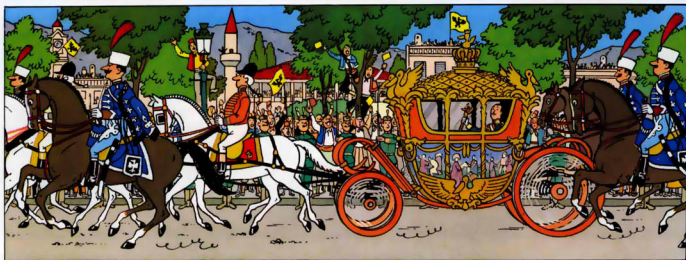
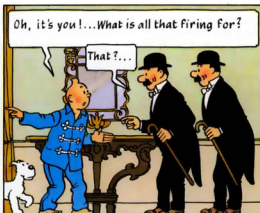
Your Majesty, I have your sceptre with me now!

Saved!

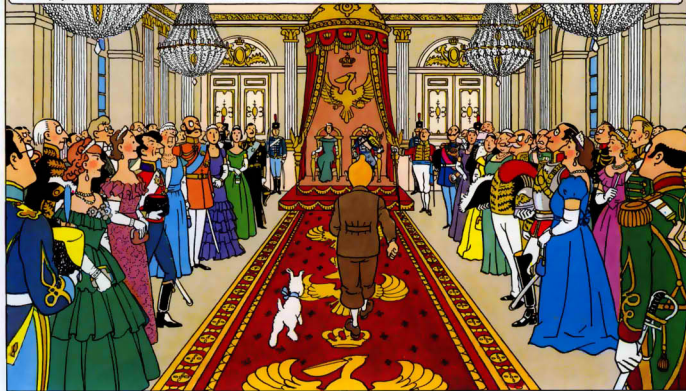


Here it is!... I... Great snakes! I've lost it on the way!





And now the King is once more in his palace. Time and again the delirious crowds have called His Majesty back on to the balcony to receive their tumultuous acclaim. But now he is seated here in the Throne Room, where an investiture is taking place...





My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen. Never in our long history has the Order of the Golden Pelican been conferred upon a foreigner. But today with the full agreement of Our ministers, We bestow this high distinction upon Mr. Tintin, to express Our gratitude for the great services he has rendered to Our country...



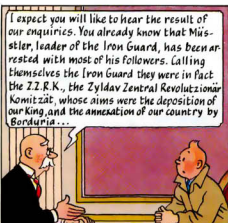
Tintin, Knight of the Order of the Golden Pelican...



Hurrah!... Hurrah!...



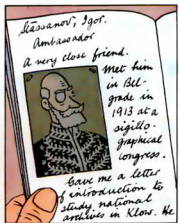
Some days later...



I expect you will like to hear the result of our enquiries. You already know that Müssler, leader of the Iron Guard, has been arrested with most of his followers. Calling themselves the Iron Guard they were in fact the Z.Z.R.K., the Zylдав Zentral Revoluzionär Komitatz, whose aims were the deposition of our King, and the annexation of our country by Borduria...



Professor Alembick was also arrested at Müssler's home where he hid after the theft of the sceptre. This little book was found on him...



A very close friend. met him in Belgrade in 1913 at a sigillo-graphical congress. gave me a letter of introduction to study national archives in Klaw. He



Klawanovitch Syldavian Secret Agent. keeps an eye on Syldavian organisations abroad. Pretends to be an artist. Always to suspect the work of him!



I know him. He's the man who collapsed in my room! But look! That's me!...



Tintin. Reporter. Brought back my briefcase. Showed him my collection of seals. Mentioned my visit to the world. Said I needed a secretary. Promised to send him a book on



It's incredible!... But what was this note book for ???

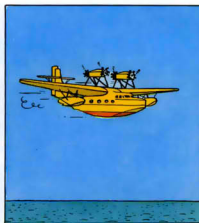
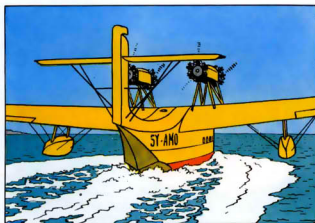
So that they would know everyone who went to see the real Professor Alembick... Here is another photograph found at Müssler's house which is the key to the puzzle...



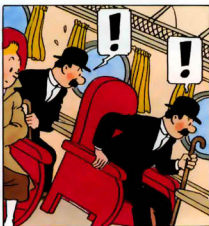
Meanwhile, at Bordurian military headquarters...

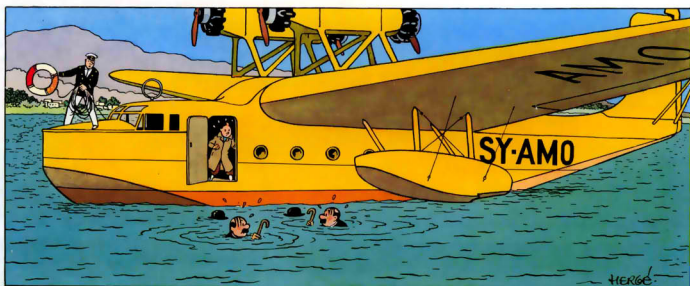
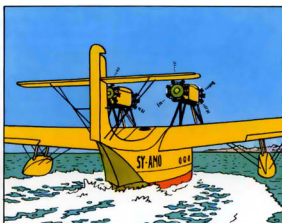


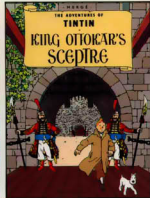
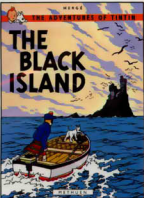
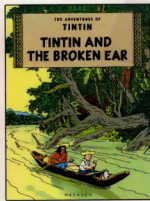
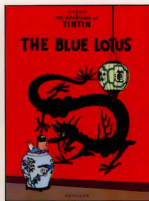
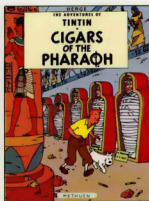
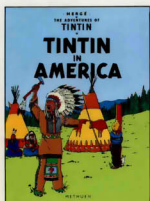
Next day...



Some hours later...



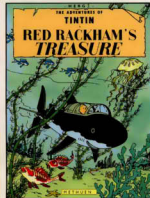
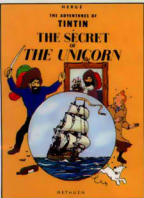
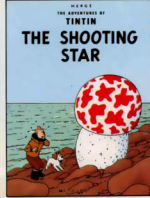
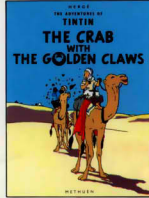




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