

- HERGÉ -

THE ADVENTURES OF

TINTIN

RED RACKHAM'S *TREASURE*

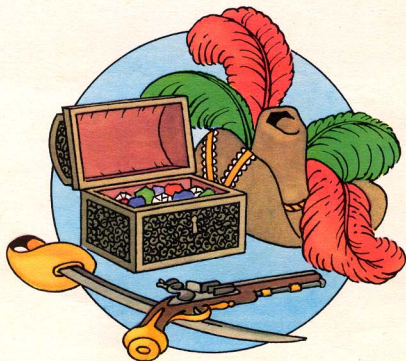


METHUEN

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

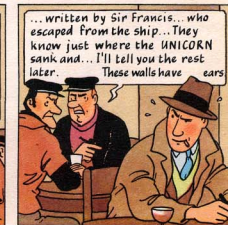
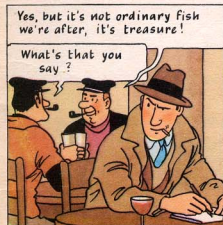
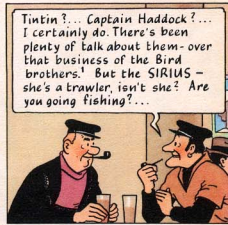
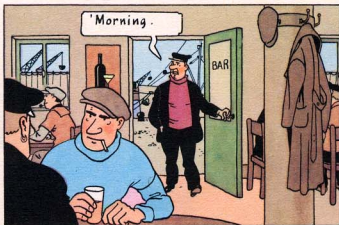
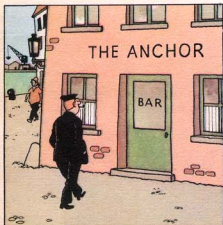
RED RACKHAM'S *TREASURE*



METHUEN CHILDREN'S BOOKS

LONDON

RED RACKHAM'S TREASURE



¹ See The Secret of the Unicorn

Next day...

Daily Reporter!
Daily Reporter!

Here.

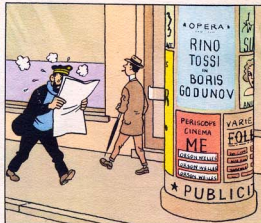
Thanks.

Daily Reporter!... Read all about it!

Thundering

typhoons!

Billions of blue blistering barnacles!...



TOSSI
IN
BORIS
GODUNOV

PERISCOPE
CINEMA
ME
PERSONNELLES
JORDAN WELLES
JORDAN WELLES
JORDAN WELLES

PUBLIC

READ THE
DAILY
REPORTER
FOR
NEWS WHICH
HITS YOU
AGENTS

They're all alike, these jour-
nalists!... I
Tintin will

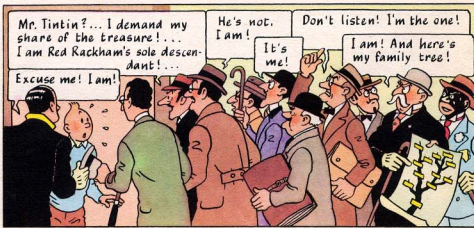
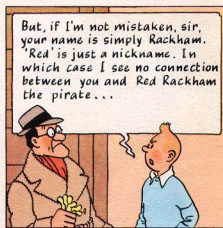
Journalists! they're always the
same! We could have done with-
out all this publicity...

Red Rackham's Treasure

THE forthcoming departure of the trawler *Sirius* is arousing speculation in sea-faring circles. Despite the close secrecy which is being maintained, our correspondent understands that the object of the voyage is nothing less than a search for treasure.

This treasure, once the hoard of the pirate Red Rackham, lies in the ship *Unicorn*, sunk at the end of the seventeenth century. Tintin, the famous reporter—whose sensational intervention in the Bird case made headline news—and his friend Captain Haddock, have discovered the exact resting-place of the *Unicorn*,





Leave this to me! We'll soon see if there's a real Rackham among that crew!

You're all descendants of Red Rackham are you?

Good! Well, I'm descended from Sir Francis Haddock, who killed Red Rackham in single combat... and blew up his ship... And there are times...

...when my ancestor's fighting blood begins to boil!

Avast, freshwater pirates!
What's going on up there?

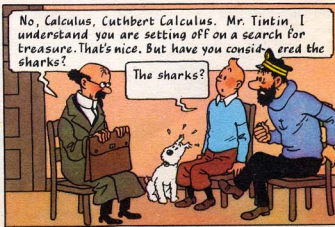
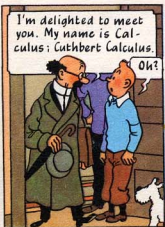
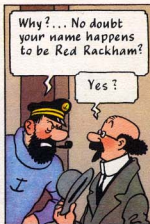
What a stampede!

Like a lot of wild elephants!

A real herd of elephants!

To be precise: a real herd of elephants!

And there are your records, fancy-dress freebooters!



No, young man, I'm talking about the sharks. I expect you intend to do some diving. In which case, beware of sharks!

But...

Don't you agree?... But I've invented a machine for under-water exploration, and it's shark-proof. If you'll come to my house with me, I'll show it to you.

I'm very sorry but...

No, it's not far. Less than ten minutes...

I'm afraid I'm very busy and I...

Why of course. Certainly these gentlemen may come too.

It's no good. There's no time!
NO TIME!

Good, that's settled. We'll go at once.

I'm so glad you agreed to come!

Please don't mention it.

No, Calculus, Cuthbert Calculus.

You see, here we are. One more floor...

It's in here...

Yes, that's a new device for putting bubbles in soda-water...

And that's a clothes-brushing machine.

Not a bad gadget, eh?

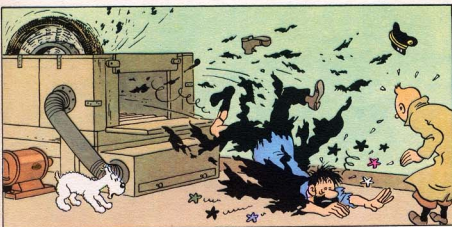
No, a clothes-brushing machine.
It's one of my latest inventions.

RRRR
OUCH



OOH

The clothes are sucked into
the middle of the machine,
where they have a stiff
brushing for
minute. Then
out, as good as
new...



Billions of bilious blue blis-
tering barnacles!!



Let me go! I'll tell him what I think of his
practical joke!



You're going to buy
me a new outfit,
do you hear?

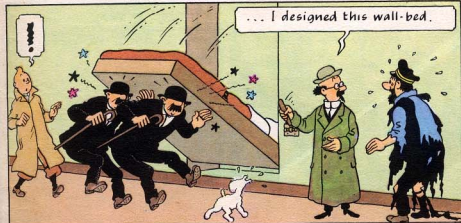
That?... Yes, it's
for brushing
clothes.



But this is even more
ingenious. Because
I have so little room
and my bed gets in
the way...

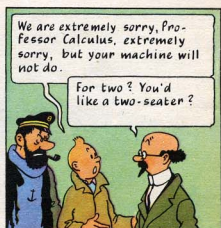
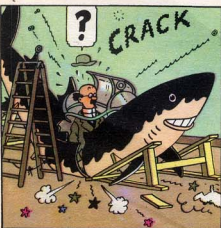
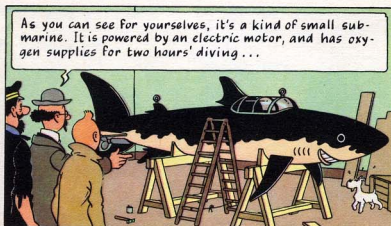
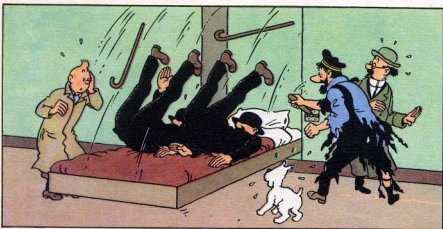


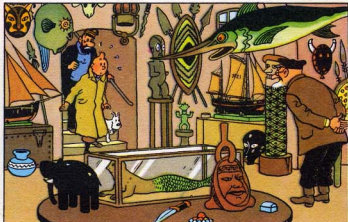
... I designed this wall-bed.



You Bashi-bazouk! Look
what you've done now!









It's horrible!... What's happened to me? ...



Nothing, Captain! It's just that you were looking in a concave mirror! And here's a convex one!

Thank goodness!



But here's another mirror... I'll just reassure myself!

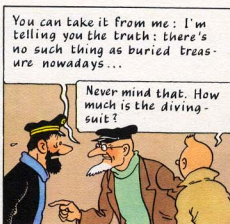


Oh!



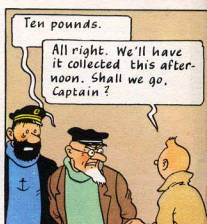
Seven years of bad luck!

And ten shillings for the mirror!



You can take it from me: I'm telling you the truth: there's no such thing as buried treasure nowadays...

Never mind that. How much is the diving-suit?

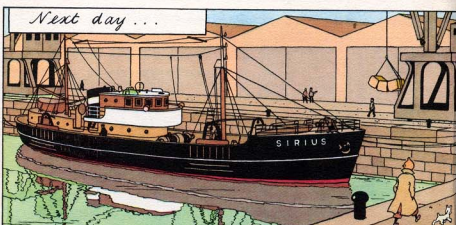


Ten pounds.

All right. We'll have it collected this afternoon. Shall we go, Captain?



Remember what I said, my lad. You won't find any treasure!



Next day...

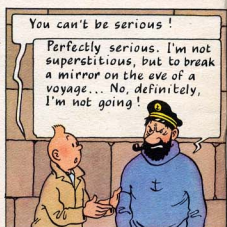


Good morning, Captain. All well?

No, bad!



Yes, bad. Very bad... I'm ill... Flu, I expect... And I've been thinking... I... well... briefly, to put it in a nutshell, I'm not going!



You can't be serious!

Perfectly serious. I'm not superstitious, but to break a mirror on the eve of a voyage... No, definitely, I'm not going!

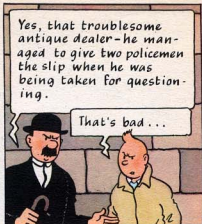


Hello!



Bad news, my friends. We've just heard that Max Bird has escaped!

What did I tell you?...
A good start, isn't it?



Yes, that troublesome antique dealer—he managed to give two policemen the slip when he was being taken for questioning.

That's bad...



There's a letter for you, Captain.



For me?...What's this about?



Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles!



Is it bad news, Captain?

Read for yourself!
It's ghastly!

DOCTOR A. LEECH

Dear Captain,
I have considered your case, and conclude that your illness is due to poor liver condition.
You must therefore undergo the following treatment:
DIET - STRICTLY FORBIDDEN:
All alcoholic beverages (wine, beer, cider, spirits, cocktails,



Good-day, gentlemen! I hope I'm not intruding?



No? Well, I'm happy to tell you my machine is ready now. When may I come aboard?



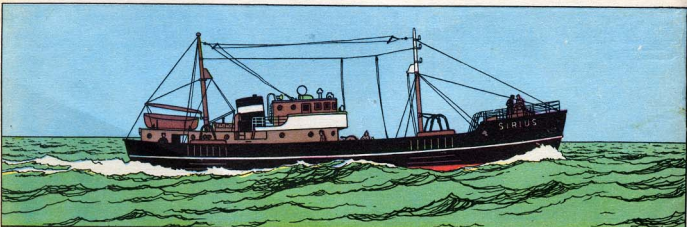
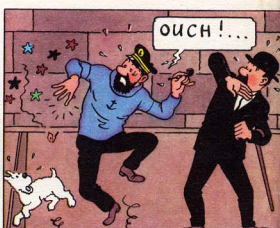
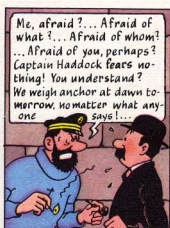
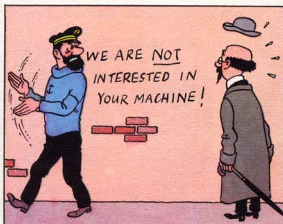
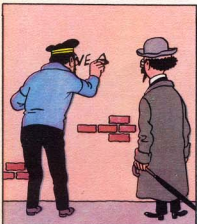
You can't come aboard! We aren't interested in your machine!

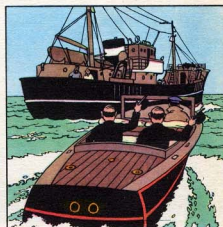
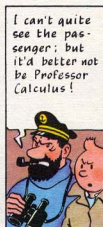
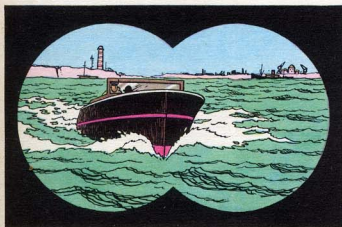
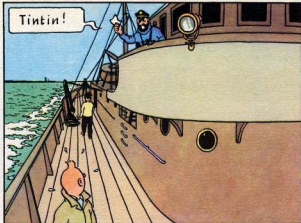
Tomorrow?



No not tomorrow! Never!

Today?... Good.
I'll go and fetch it at once.





Yes, you are in danger. Max Bird, the antique dealer, was seen last night skulking near the SIRIUS. He may try to take his revenge.

Just let him try!
He'll find out...

Maybe, maybe. But anyway, now we are aboard you will be able to feel that you are perfectly safe.

To be precise: perfectly safe.

We shall see... Meanwhile we must find you a berth. Let's see... We've a couple of spare bunks for'ard. Will that do?

Yes, thanks!

Captain!... Captain!

Captain, I can't stand it!

What?

This thieving Snowy - he's stolen a whole box of biscuits!

No?...

Snowy?...

Yes, Snowy! I saw him just now near the galley!

Snowy!... Where is the wretched animal?

Snowy?...
SNOWY?...

I can't see him, the scoundrel! But don't worry, I'll see that it doesn't happen again...

Good.

Er... our cabin is for'ard, isn't it?

Yes, for'ard.

We'll change at once, and mix discreetly with the ship's company...

Good idea!

We must behave like old sea-dogs ...



For a start, we'd better learn to chew tobacco. All old sea-dogs chew a quid. Here, have one of these ...

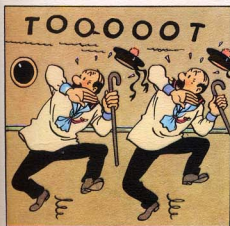


What do we do, Captain? We're bearing down on that Fishing Fleet...

Give a blast on the siren; that'll warn them.



TOOOOOT



Goodness!... My tobacco!...

Mine... mine too ... I swallowed it!...



Next day ...



This has got to stop!... Yes, it's got to stop!



Yes, Captain. Yesterday it was a box of biscuits! This morning a whole chicken has disappeared!

The wretched dog!



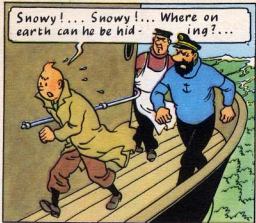
Snowy!... Snowy!... Where's he hiding?... Snowy!



Snowy!... Snowy!...

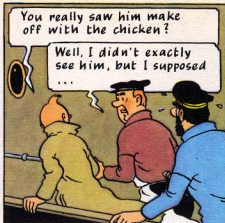


Snowy!... Snowy!... Where on earth can he be hiding?...

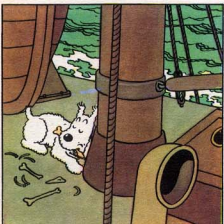
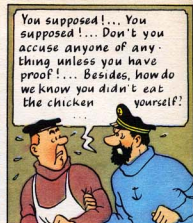


You really saw him make off with the chicken?

Well, I didn't exactly see him, but I supposed ...



You supposed!... You supposed!... Don't you accuse anyone of anything unless you have proof!... Besides, how do we know you didn't eat the chicken yourself?



That evening...

Good night. You might just keep an eye on Snowy.

Don't worry. I'll watch him. Good night, Captain...



THIEF!
SAME TO YOU



Crumbs! That's the two detectives...



What's going on here?...



It's him, Tintin!... He's stolen my pillow!

That's not true! It's him-he's taken one of my blankets!



Aren't you ashamed, at your age? Quarrelling over such trifles! Now, that's all over, isn't it?



Now let's go to bed!



Billions of blistering barnacles!



What's the matter, Captain?

The matter?. Blistering barnacles, my bottle of whisky has vanished!

Vanished? Someone must be worried about your health and is keeping you to your diet...

You can laugh! ... But if I catch the crook, he's in for a rough time!

We'll investigate it in the morning. Now let's go to bed. I'm dead tired. Good night!

You go to sleep if you like, I know what I'm going to do

Thundering typhoons!

OLD SCOTCH WHISKY

NO ENTRY

THUMP
~THUMP
THUMP

Tintin, Tintin, come quickly!... There's not a moment to lose!...

We're going to blow up!... There's a bomb in the hold!...

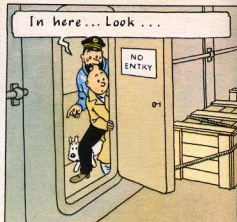
I went down to the hold to open a case of whisky. And instead of whisky found a bomb there! ...



Here we are... Careful!



In here... Look...



Careful!... Don't go near it!

I must. We've got to get to the bottom of this...



Well?...



Steel plates!



Steel plates?...



You're right, by thunder!... Then it's not a bomb after all?...

Definitely not. Look, we'll open another case...



Blistering barnacles! More steel plates!



And in this one...

More steel plates!



Steaming blood! There's not a drop of whisky aboard! If I catch the monster who played this trick on us, he'll be in for a rough time!...



Come on, Captain. We'll try and solve this mystery in the morning...



Next day...

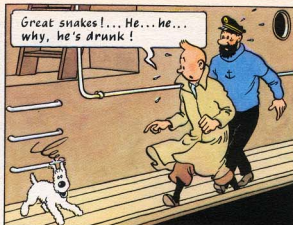


Anyway, we can't accuse Snowy any more. Some biscuits, even a chicken perhaps. But not a bottle of whisky!





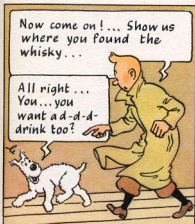
OH!



Great snakes!... He... he... why, he's drunk!



Snowy, what have you done? Pooh! Your breath smells of whisky!



Now come on!... Show us where you found the whisky...

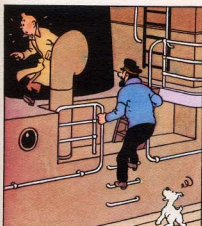
All right... You... you want a d-d-drink too?



Look!



See, the bottle must have smashed up there. Let's investigate.



There!



Blistering barnacles! If I ever catch him!



Sh!... Listen...

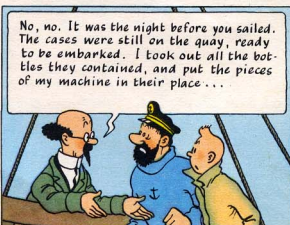
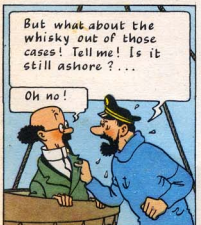
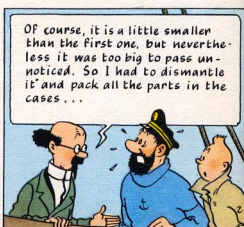
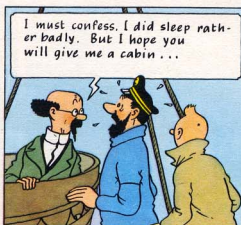


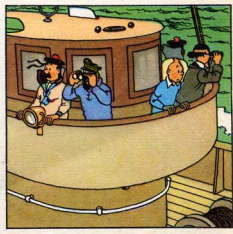
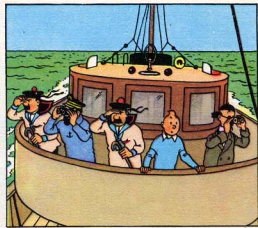
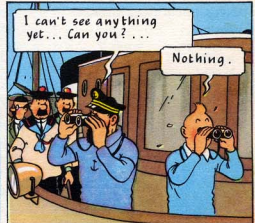
Someone is asleep in this life-boat!

Impossible: the lashings are secure... At least...



Blistering barnacles! The lashings are free this side! There's someone in this lifeboat!

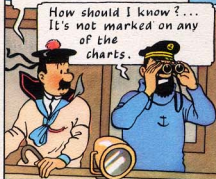




Still no sign... It's very strange...

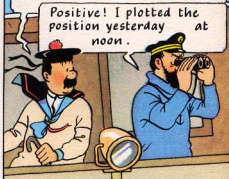


What's the name of the island?



How should I know?... It's not marked on any of the charts.

Oh?... But you are sure we're near it?



Positive! I plotted the position yesterday at noon.

Yes, I see. But... er... supposing you made a mistake in your calculations...



Oh, so I made a mistake in my calculations, did I?... All right: they're on my table. Go and check them!... Yes, you! Now! Go on! Check them!



Tell me, Captain, was that a fish jumping out of the water just now?

No, it was a grand piano!



Ah, I didn't think it could have been a fish...



A few minutes later...

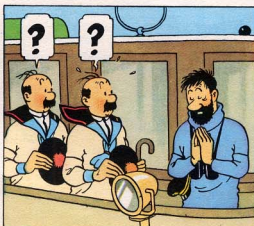
You must forgive me, Captain, but there really is a little mistake in your calculations. Look, this is where we are, exactly...



You are right... I have made a mistake. Gentlemen, please take off your hats...



Why must we take off our hats, Captain?... Sh!...



Now...

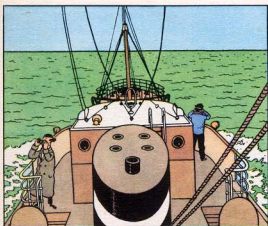
But Captain, tell us what you mean...



I mean, gentlemen, that according to your calculations we are now standing inside Westminster Abbey!



Thousands of thundering typhoons! Where's that miserable island got to?



I'm beginning to think Sir Francis Haddock was pulling our legs.

I'm beginning to think so too!



We'll soon see! It's almost noon. We'll take a sight. I'll go and fetch my sextant.



That's it... Let's go in, and I'll work it out...



The figures given in the parchments were latitude $20^{\circ}37'42''$ North, longitude $70^{\circ}52'15''$ West. Here's our position now; the same latitude, longitude $71^{\circ}2'29''$ West.



So we've already passed the right point, and yet we saw nothing... I simply can't understand it!



Captain, I think I've got it!



What do you mean?

Well, the meridian from which you calculated the degrees of longitude was of course the Greenwich meridian...



You don't suppose I used one in Timbuctoo!

No, wait. Supposing Sir Francis Haddock used a French chart—he easily could have done. Then zero would be on the Paris meridian—and that lies more than two degrees east of Greenwich!



Blistering barnacles, that's an idea! You may be right! Perhaps we are too far to the west. We'll go back on our tracks...



Coxswain
at the wheel!
... Helm
hard a-port!
... Midships!
... Steer
due east.



Captain, what is hap-
pening?... We seem
to be turning back.

Yes, Professor Cal-
culus, we're turn-
ing back.



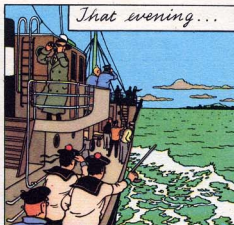
Oh, that's all right
then... I was afraid
we were turning
back.



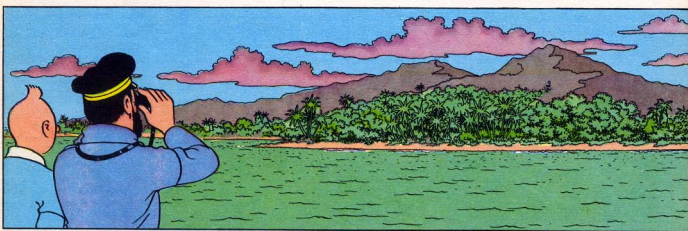
How easy it is to be mistaken.
I'd have sworn we'd
turned back.



That evening...

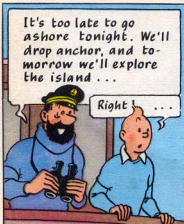


There it is at last! Our
treasure island!

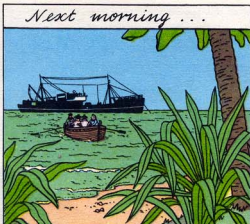


It's too late to go
ashore tonight. We'll
drop anchor, and to-
morrow we'll explore
the island...

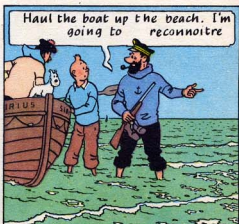
Right! ...

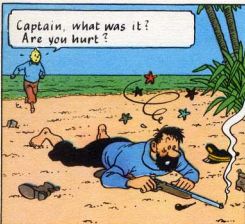


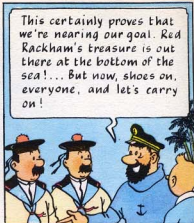
Next morning...

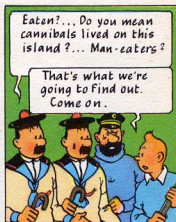
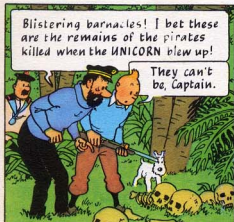


Haul the boat up the beach. I'm
going to reconnoitre









My word ! It's meant to be
Sir Francis Haddock!



Look at that mouth! His voice
must have made an enormous
impression on the natives. I
can just imagine their faces the
first time they heard
him shout:
"Ration my
rum!"



RRRRATION MY
RRRUM !



What's the matter,
Captain ?



Who shouted
like that ?



What ? ... Wasn't
it you ?



No, it wasn't me! Thun-
dering typhoons!



Yes, it's Sir Francis
Haddock.

RRRRATION MY
RRRUM !



It came from over there.



Not a soul !



This island is h-h-haunted,
Captain. Let's hurry back t-t-to
the sh-sh-ship.

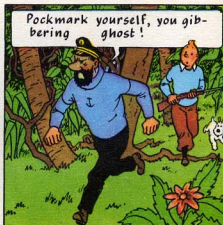


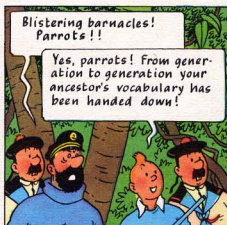
To b-b-be precise: I-let's
hurry back t-t-to the
sh-sh-ship.

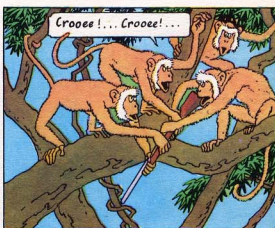
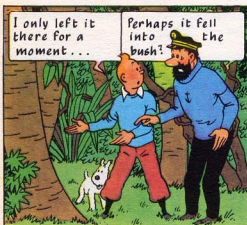
Pithecanthropus!...
Pockmark!...

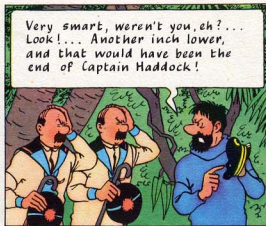
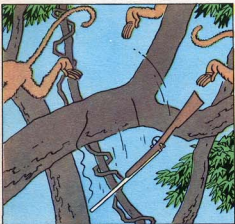
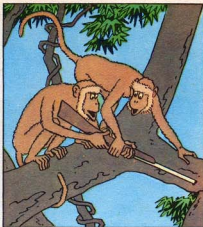
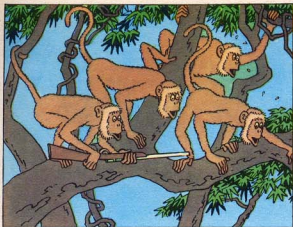


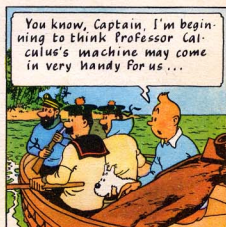
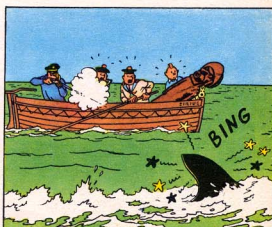
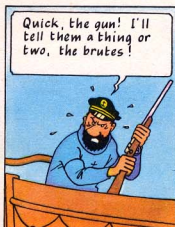
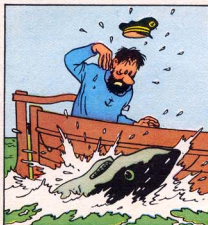
Pockmark yourself, you gib-
bering
ghost!



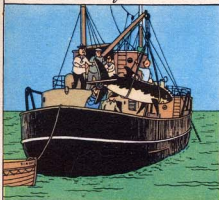




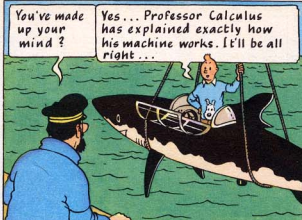




Next day ...



You've made up your mind?



Yes... Professor Calculus has explained exactly how his machine works. It'll be all right...

Stop! ... Just a minute!...



I forgot to tell you. When you locate the wreck, press the little red button on the left of the instrument panel. That releases a small canister attached underneath the machine. It is full of a substance that gives off thick smoke when it comes into contact with water. That will show us where the wreck lies.

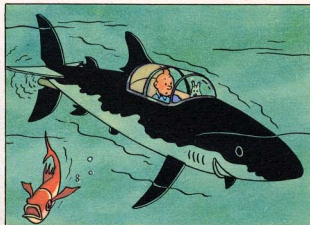


A little red button?... Right!

No, red! A little red button ... You've got it? Good... Well, goodbye, and good luck!

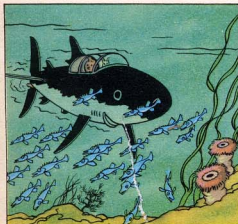


There he goes: he's dived.



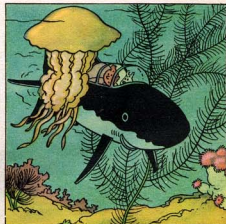
This is fun, eh Snowy?

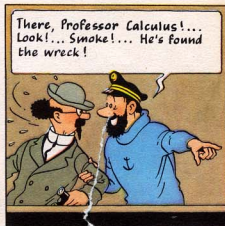
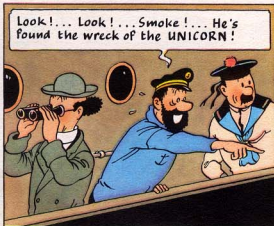
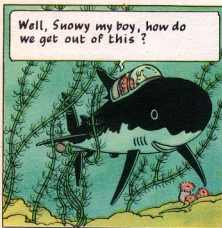
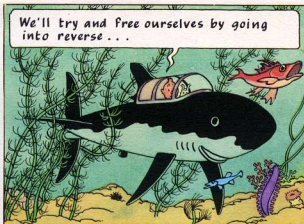
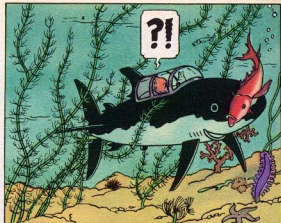
Golly, what a lot of water!

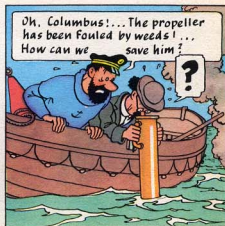
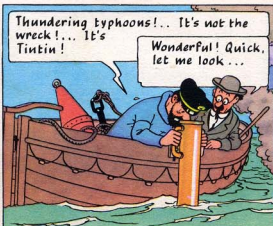
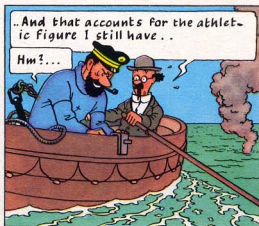
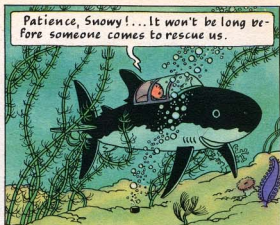


Let's hope nothing goes wrong...

Gone long? Why, it's only ten minutes since he dived...







Really, Captain! Your eyes have deceived you! It's not the wreck, it is Tintin. He can't resurface...

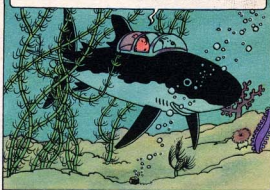


Your confounded contraption! I should never have let him go down!



May drown? Well, he had enough oxygen for two hours. He's got... Let's see... yes, he has just enough for another ten minutes!

I hope they hurry! It's getting more and more difficult to breathe...



What can we do? How can we save him?



Lower a diver?... No, by the time we'd got one equipped and ready, Tintin would be dead...

No, I've got an idea. Take the anchor!... The anchor used for mooring the buoy!

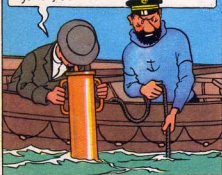


The anchor? What for?...

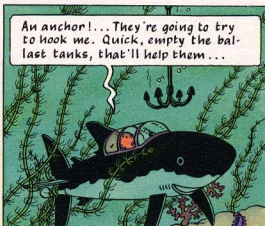
Of course!... We'll try and hook it onto the submarine. Then we'll pull on the rope until the weeds break...



That's it! Let it down... Lower... lower... lower... gently...



An anchor!... They're going to try to hook me. Quick, empty the ballast tanks, that'll help them...



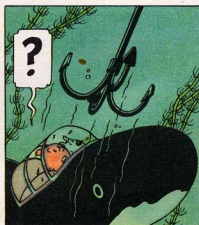
He's understood. He's emptied the ballast tanks to lighten the submarine... A bit to the left, Captain... Good... Now, pull!



Ah, they've got it!... I'm saved!... Just in time! I'm suffocating.

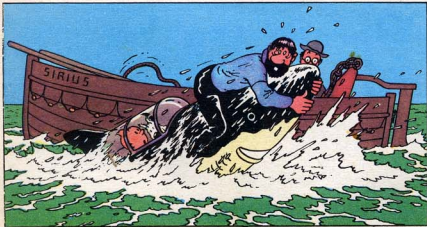
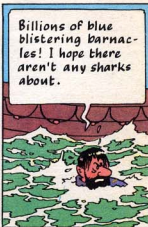
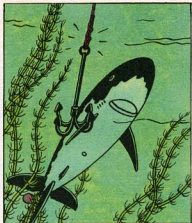
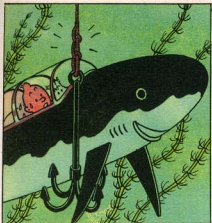


?



Missed!... The anchor hadn't caught properly. Lower it again... down... stop! A bit to the right... now to the left... Pull it up gently...





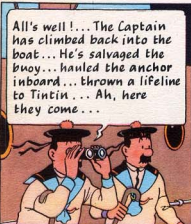
Fresh air!... Fresh air at last!...



Hooray!... He's safe!... Hip-hip-hooray!



All's well!... The Captain has climbed back into the boat... He's salvaged the buoy... hauled the anchor inboard... thrown a lifeline to Tintin... Ah, here they come...



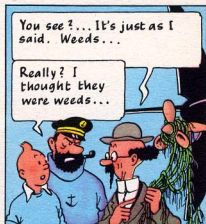
Well, our friend Tintin had a narrow escape!

You are wrong, I assure you. Weeds jammed the propeller. You'll see when we're back on board.



You see?... It's just as I said. Weeds...

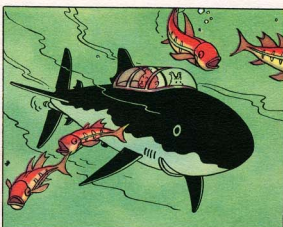
Really? I thought they were weeds...



Weeds or no weeds, I don't set foot in that thing again!



Fine. Get it ready. Snowy and I are setting out again immediately!



Let's hope he doesn't run into any more trouble this time.



What shall I do? Tell him... or not?



I've made up my mind...



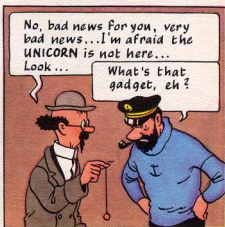
I... Captain... I've bad news for you,

Bad news for me?



No, bad news for you, very bad news... I'm afraid the UNICORN is not here... Look...

What's that gadget, eh?



Yes, it's a pendulum. I've taken up the study of divining, and I've arrived at the conclusion I just gave you...

All from that whatsit?

Yes, much further west ... You'll see. My pendulum will begin swinging from east to west... Look, it's started ...

You see?... It's swinging westwards. The UNICORN will be found in that direction.

Look there, Captain! Smoke!

And look, there's the submarine surfacing!... This time we've got it! ... He's found the wreck!

Have you found it?

Westwards... It's still westwards

Yes, I've found the UNICORN!... You can prepare the diving equipment!

You're sure you'll be all right?
...

Certain! I'll do everything exactly as you told me ..

Good! Now, don't forget... If you want to come up, jerk the line twice... In an emergency, give a series of quick jerks.

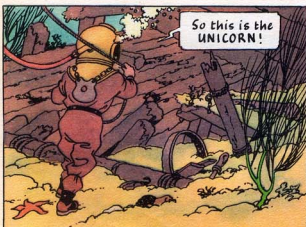
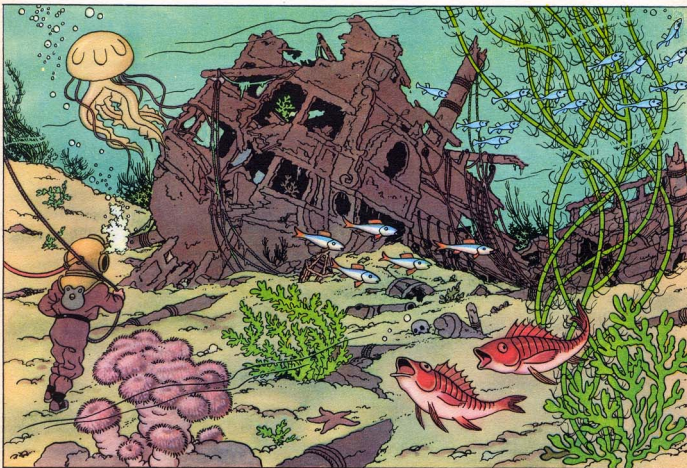
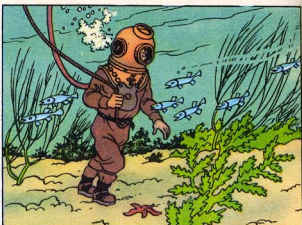
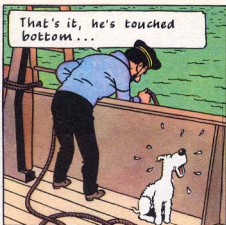
Right!

Come on, pump hard! We are!

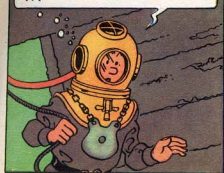
?

Woah!
Woah!

Woah!
Woah!



Crumbs! What's happening?
The air supply has stopped!
...



Thundering typhoons! What are you two
doing there, instead
of pumping?

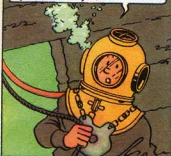


Us? We're resting...it's
tiring work, you know.

You infernal
impersonations
of Abominable
Snowmen!
Pump for your
lives!...faster!



Whew!...That's better!
... Now the air's coming
again. That gave me
quite a fright...



Excuse me, Captain, but I don't
understand... Since the UNICORN is
not here, why has Tintin gone down?



He's picking daisies down
below!



Having a row?
I don't see a
boat?

Two jerks on the line!
He wants to come
up. I'm sure he must
have found some-
thing!



Heave-ho!... Heave-ho!



Here he is



What has he got?



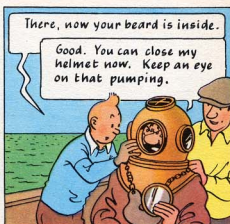
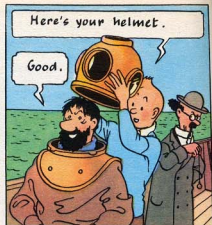
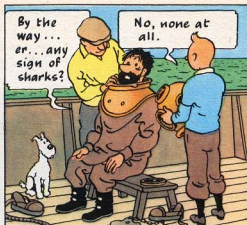
A gold cross, encrusted with precious
stones!... and a cutlass!... I say,
this cross is superb!

We've made a good
start, eh?



Now why did he
tell me that
Tintin had gone
for a row?







A bottle? What can that mean? ...



A bottle of rum, my friends! ... Jamaica rum, and it's more than two hundred and fifty years old! ... Just you taste it!



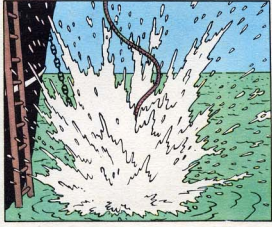
GLUG GLUG GLUG



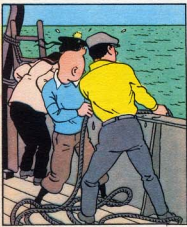
GLUG GLUG GLUG



Mm!... It's wonderful!... It's absolutely w-w-wonderful! Y-y-you taste it!... Yes, yes, that's f-f-for you!... I'm g-going et-st-st-straight back to g-get a-a-a-another f-for m-myself...



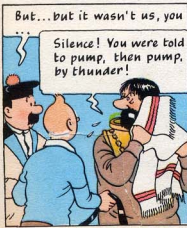
That beats everything! He's gone in without his helmet!



Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles! Those two jelly-fishes forgot to pump again! ...



Sea-gherkins!... Freshwater swabs!... Ectoplasm!... Bashi-bazouks!...



But...but it wasn't us, you ...

Silence! You were told to pump, then pump, by thunder!

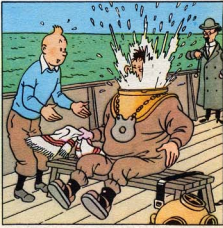


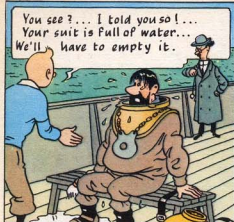
It's no use drying yourself, Captain. You must empty your suit first... Take it off now.

Take it off? ... Never!... Never!...

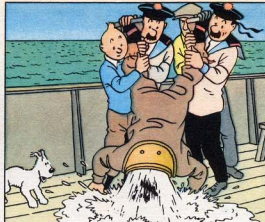


I'll rest a minute, and go down again





You see?... I told you so!...
Your suit is full of water...
We'll have to empty it.



There! Now you can
go down again, if you
still want to. But
don't forget your hel-
met this time!

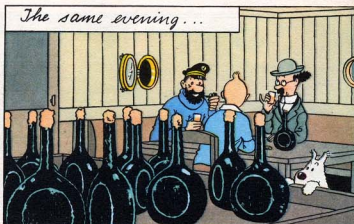


Off we go!... As for you,
my hearties, just you
keep on pumping until
you're ordered to stop!...
You understand?...

Yes, yes, we're
pumping...



There he goes
now...

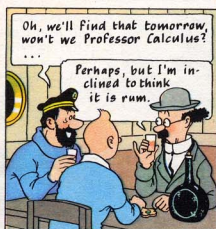


The same evening...



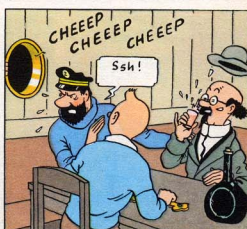
A good day's work!... First
that cross, and then... more
important, all this rum!...
Fine stuff eh?

Yes, but I'd sooner
have found the
treasure.



Oh, we'll find that tomorrow,
won't we Professor Calculus?
...

Perhaps, but I'm in-
clined to think
it is rum.



CHEEP CHEEP

Ssh!

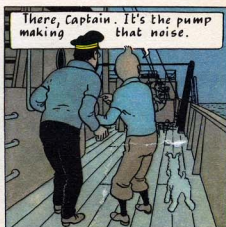


It sounds like a bird...

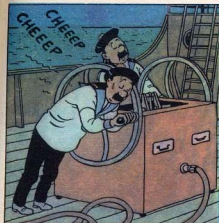
I'd say it was the
squeak of a badly
greased wheel...



Let's see. I want to set
my mind at rest.



There, Captain. It's the pump
making that noise.



What d'you think you're doing at this hour?

You never ordered us to stop pumping, Captain. So here we are, pumping.

To be precise: we're pumping.

Off to bed, nitwits! You'll have plenty more pumping, believe me!



The next morning...

Something tells me Tintin is going to find the treasure this morning.



Hello, I wonder what we've got here?



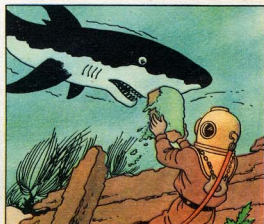
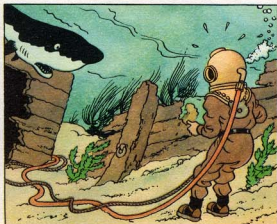
I'll go straight up, and see what's inside this casket!

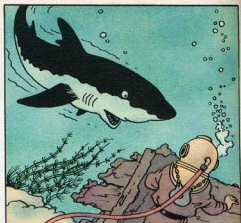


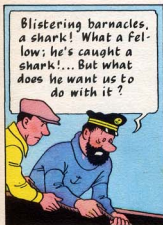
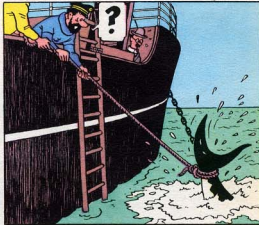
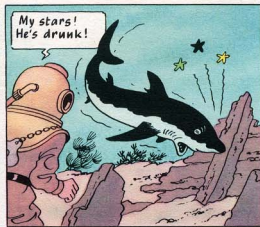
Another bottle of rum! ... I'll leave it there for the Captain.



A casket! Great snakes! Can it be Red Rackham's treasure?







Well, what's the meaning of this little joke?

Little joke?... Just cut open that shark, Captain, and you'll see.

In any case, I believe the fins are particularly tasty...



A few minutes later...

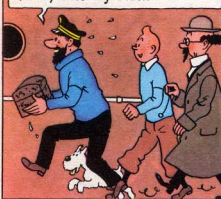
Captain!... Captain!... Look what we found in the shark's stomach!



A casket!... A casket!... Red Rackham's treasure!... Here it is at last!



Quick, into my cabin!



Hm!... Not so easy! It's all rusted up.



It's no good, you'll snap the blade. Better try this case opener.



Good idea. Hold it tight, you two.



Go on! Go on; don't worry, we're holding it...



Got it!...



Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles in a thundering typhoon!... It's not the treasure!



These are old documents, half eaten away by damp!

Documents? Fine! And what am I supposed to do with documents?



Come now, Captain, don't lose heart!... We'll continue our search.

What's the use?





That's it! ... I've got it!



These are old documents!... Definitely! ... Old documents!



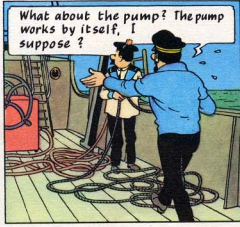
That chap will drive me crazy!



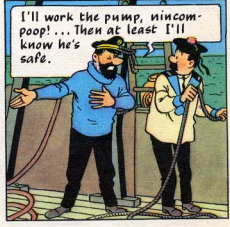
And you there? Thundering typhoons, what are you doing?



Me? ... You can see - I'm helping my colleague to go down ... Oh, don't worry. I've watched carefully how you do it ...



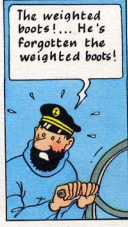
What about the pump? The pump works by itself, I suppose?



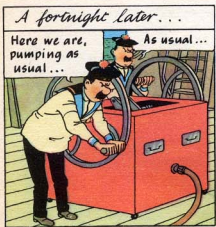
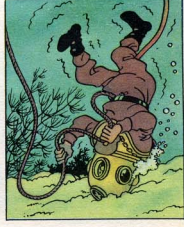
I'll work the pump, nincom-poop! ... Then at least I'll know he's safe.



Thundering typhoons! What's that over there, on the deck?



The weighted boots! ... He's forgotten the weighted boots!



A fortnight later...

Here we are, pumping as usual...

As usual...

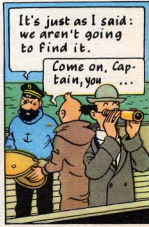


Blistering barnacles! You can stop pumping! Can't you see that Tintin's come up?



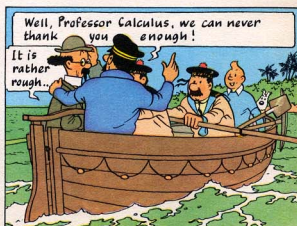
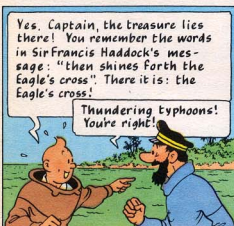
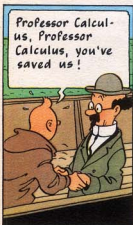
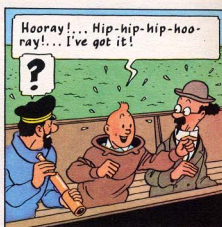
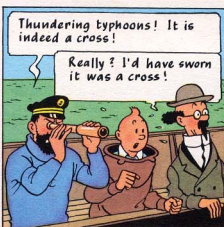
Well?

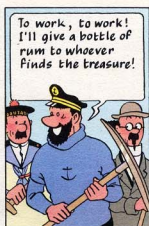
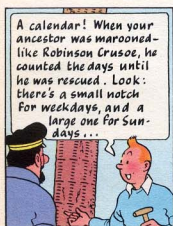
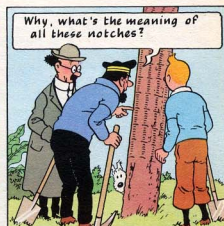
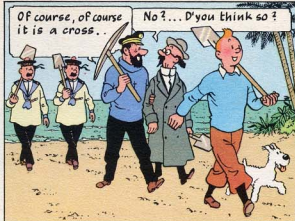
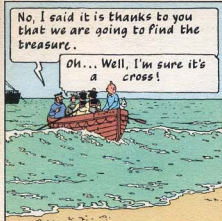
Nothing... Nothing at all! I've been carefully through all that's left of the poop...

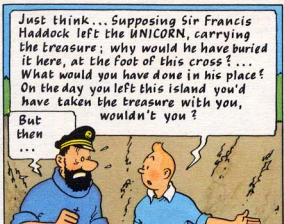
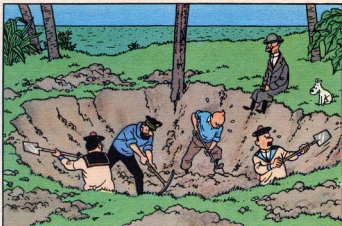


It's just as I said: we aren't going to find it.

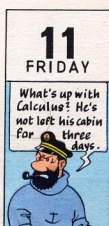
Come on, Captain, you ...

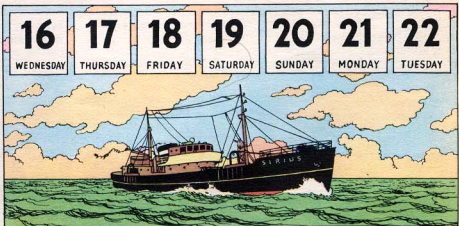
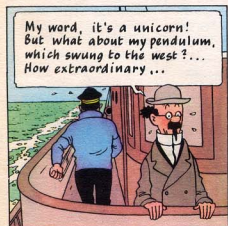
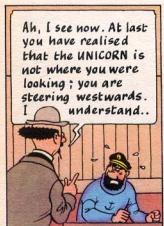
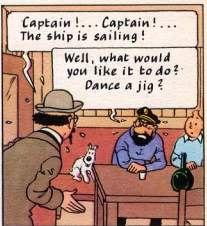
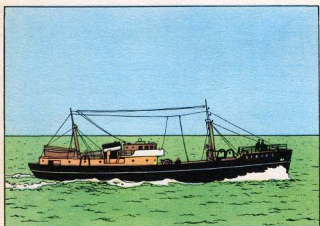
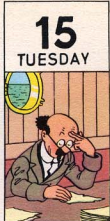
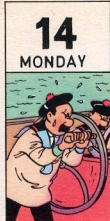














Hello. Yes...
"Daily Reporter"
...Yes...What?
The SIRIUS has
docked?... Are
you sure?...
Good... Thanks!



Hello, is that you
Rogers?... Go to the
docks at once. The
SIRIUS has just come
in... I want a good
story about her!



Well, Captain, I'll say goodbye to you
now. I'll have my submarine collected
tomorrow morning.

All right. Good.



Now, please let me thank
you, Captain. You have
been so very kind.

Oh, it was nothing.



Yes, yes, Captain. Thanks to
you, I shall always have unfor-
gettable memories of my stay
on board...

So shall I!



Er... excuse me... I
missed a step!



Allow me to introduce
myself: Ken Rogers
of the "Daily Reporter"

"Daily Reporter"?
Wasn't yours the
paper that gave
the news of our
departure?



It was!... And we
would like to publish
a sensational article
about your trip. May
I ask you a few
questions?

Of course...



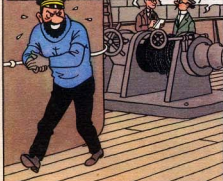
I'm rather busy myself. This
is my secretary, Mr. Calcul-
us; he will be happy to
answer all your inquiries.

Delighted...



Now Mr. Calculus, about the treas-
ure...

Oh, yes.



I'm sure you have it
there, in that suit-
case...

Thank you,
I'll carry it
myself.



I can understand
that!... Now tell me,
what does the treasure
consist of?

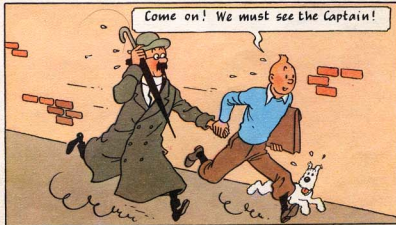
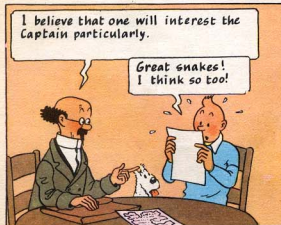
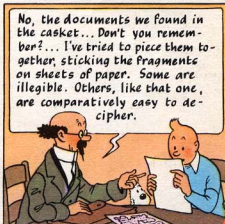
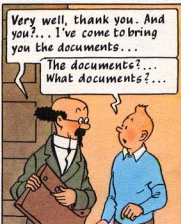
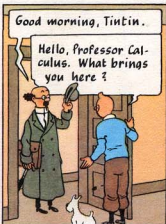
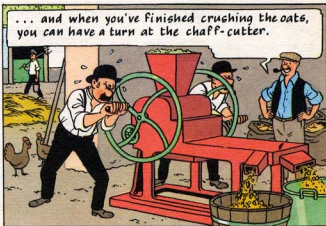
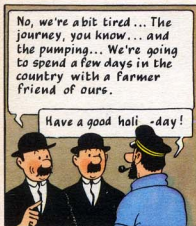
No?... Not
really?...



No, I asked you what
was in the treasure
you found. Was it
gold?... Pearls?...
Diamonds?

Incredible! I
don't believe a
word of it!





Charles the Second, by ye Grace of God King of England, desiring to reward Our trusty and beloved Knight, Francis Haddock... Blistering barnacles!

The rest! Read the rest!



Charles the Second by ye Grace of God King of England, desiring to reward Our trusty and beloved Knight Francis Haddock... Nasty for his devoted service by grant and bestow Our Manor of Marlinspike Messuages and tenements, as foresaid. Given and delivered and this fifteenth year of July seventh year of

Thundering ty- phoons! Am I dreaming! It's Marlinspike Hall!... Marlinspike, my family estate! It's fantastic!



But you don't know the latest! Wait, you'll see...



Here... read this!



Well, what about that?



JAMES BIDDUP & CO.

For Sale by Auction
ON SATURDAY,
9TH AUGUST

MARLINSPIKE HALL

This magnificent, beautifully appointed, and historic residence extensive parkland and

What about it?... Well, Captain, it's quite simple. Your family estate is for sale?... You must buy it back!

Buy it back!
With what?



That's true... We need some money.

Heigh-ho!... If only we'd found that wretched treasure, there'd be no question.



May I please have a look too?

Of course.



!



Captain, Marlinspike Hall is for sale!... Look! We must buy it back!

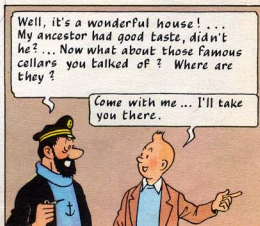
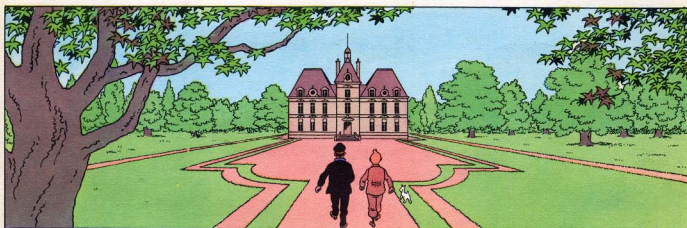
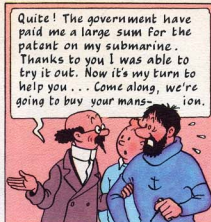
Oh, yes?

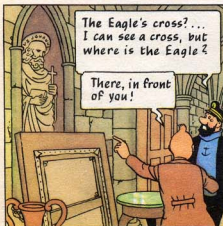


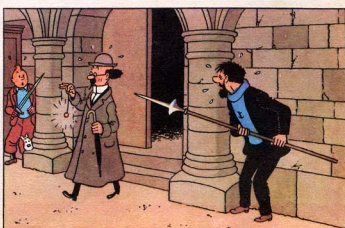
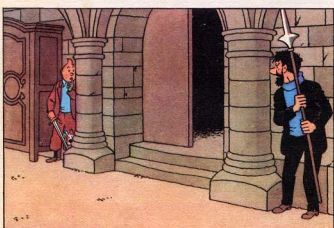
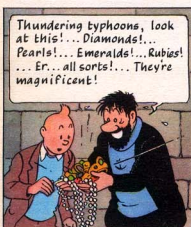
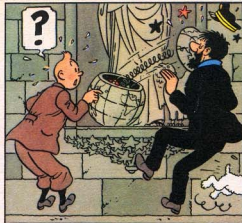
Buy it back?... That's easy, eh?... What about the money? I suppose you've got the money, eh?

Oh, yes, money!... That doesn't matter!...









CAPTAIN HADDOCK

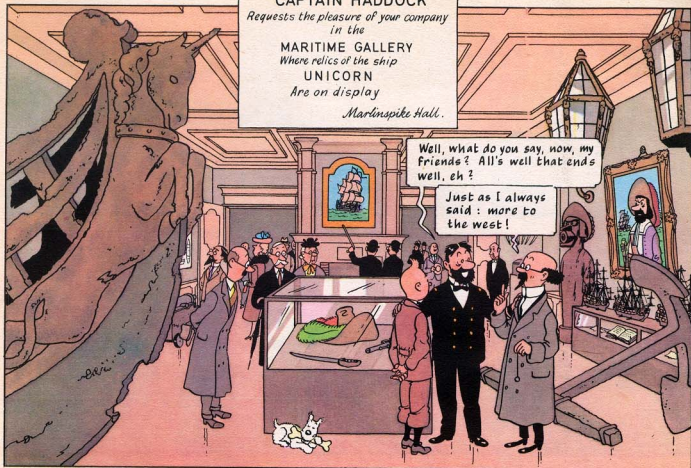
*Requests the pleasure of your company
in the*

MARITIME GALLERY

*Where relics of the ship
UNICORN*

Are on display

Marlinspike Hall.



Yes, yes. But I said: all's well that ends well. Don't you agree?

Your maritime gallery?... I think it is very successful!



Thanks. But I was just saying that our adventures had a happy ending. They've ended, and happily!...

No thank you. Never between meals.



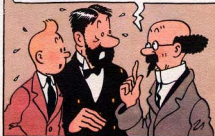
No, no! Blistering barnacles! All's well that ends well!

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL!

Without any doubt!



... and this is just the moment to quote that old saying: All's well that ends well!



HERGE