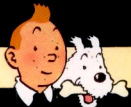


HERGÉ



THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

THE RED SEA SHARKS

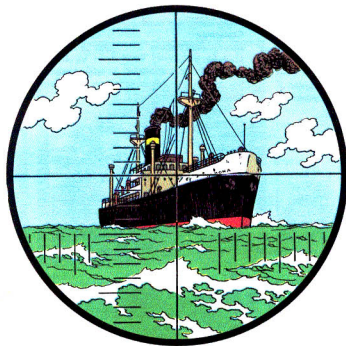


MAMMOTH

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

THE RED SEA SHARKS



METHUEN CHILDREN'S BOOKS
LONDON

THE RED SEA SHARKS

One evening, at the cinema...



Did you enjoy the film, Captain?

Oh yes...so-so, so-so.



The chap who played the lead is a good actor...
He looks like Alcazar; don't you think so?



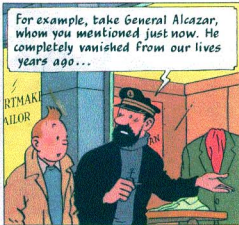
... but the end was too improbable. The old uncle hasn't seen his nephew for twenty years... he starts thinking about him... the door opens, and hey-presto, who's there? The nephew!



It's as if I was thinking of... I don't know, someone or other...



For example, take General Alcazar, whom you mentioned just now. He completely vanished from our lives years ago...



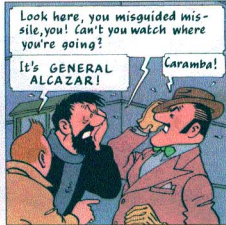
Well, d'you suppose, if I just think about him he'll pop up on the street corner, like that, bingo!?



Look here, you misguided missile, you! Can't you watch where you're going?

It's GENERAL ALCAZAR!

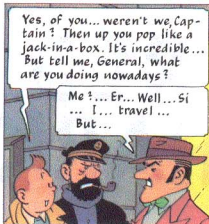
Caramba!





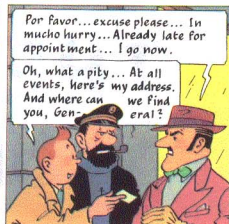
It's extraordinary! Imagine! The Captain and I were just this moment talking about you!

Qué?... Of me?



Yes, of you... weren't we, Captain? Then up you pop like a jack-in-a-box. It's incredible... But tell me, General, what are you doing nowadays?

Me?... Er... Well... Si... I... travel... But...



For favor... excuse please... In mucho hurry... Already late for appointment... I go now.

Oh, what a pity... At all events, here's my address. And where can we find you, General?



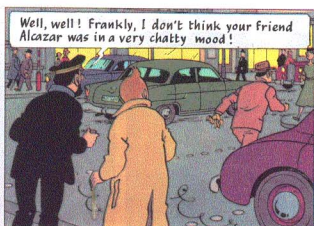
Er... Um... At thees hotel... er... thees Hotel Bristol.

Good! The Bristol... And when do you...



Just so... Now! I go... Adios, amigos!

Goodbye, General.



Well, well! Frankly, I don't think your friend Alcazar was in a very chatty mood!



Yes, an odd fellow. Oh well, come on.

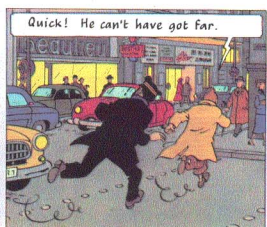


?

OH!



Crumbs! It's the general's wallet. He didn't put it right inside his pocket.



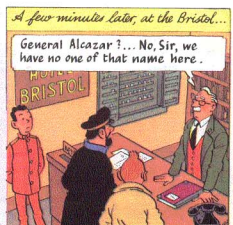
Quick! He can't have got far.



Hello, where's he gone to? ...

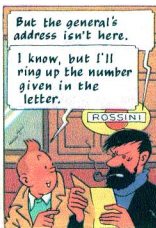
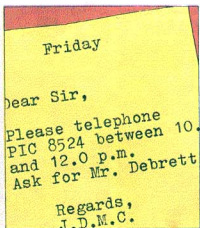
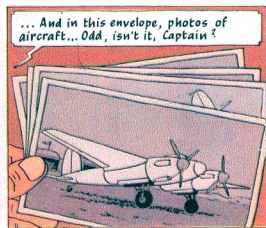
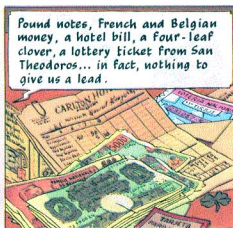
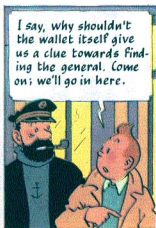
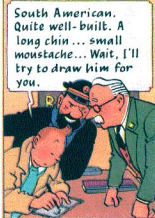


Perhaps he got into a car... Never mind. The Hotel Bristol is quite near; we'll leave his wallet there.



A few minutes later, at the Bristol...

General Alcazar?... No, Sir, we have no one of that name here.



Can you hear me?...
What?... You don't know
the name Alcazar?...
What about Ramon
Zarate?... Nor that?...
You see, sir, I found
his wallet and... I beg
your pardon?



I tell you, sir, I am
not Mr. Debreth! I
don't know your Gen-
eral Alhambra, and
I am not interested
in your story...
Goodbye!



There's polite-
ness for you!...



Very odd... They don't know of him
at that number. Too bad... We'd
better be getting home to Marlinspike.



A little later...



WOOAAAH!.. WOOAAAH!..



Good heavens! My
poor Snowy! Who's done
this to you?!



I'll get to the bottom
of it!



Hey, Captain, what's
happened to you?

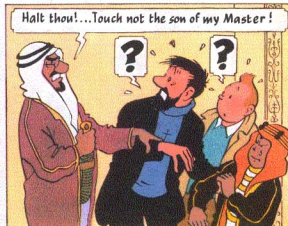
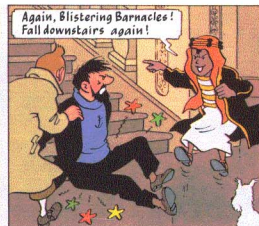


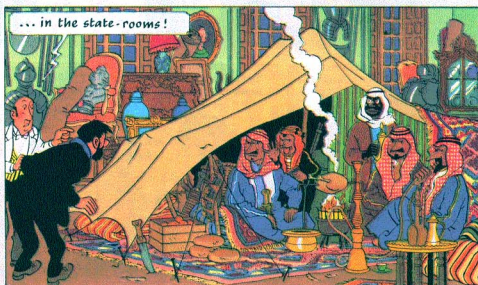
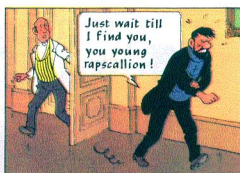
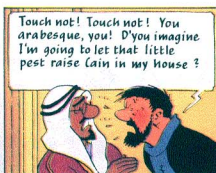
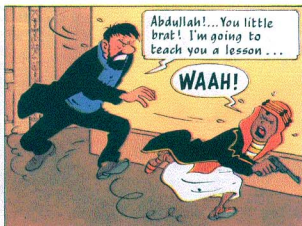
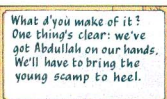
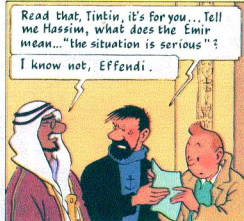
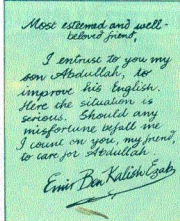
Billions of blue blistering bar-
nacles! Who's the thundering son
of a sea-gherkin who did that?...
Nestor!... Nestor!



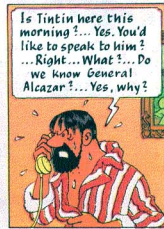
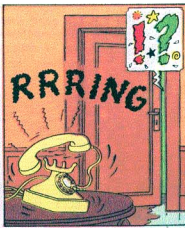
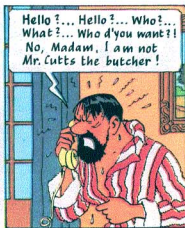
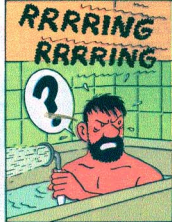
HAAAAH!..

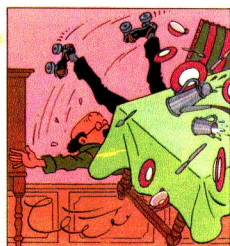
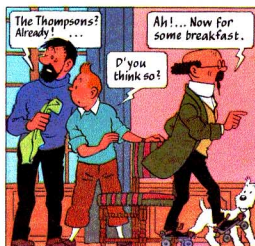
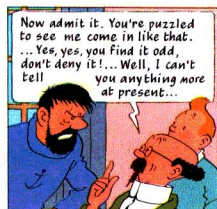
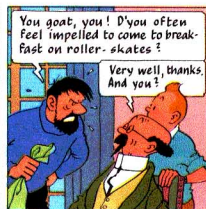
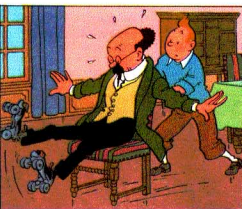
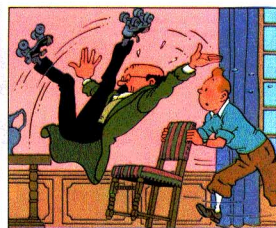
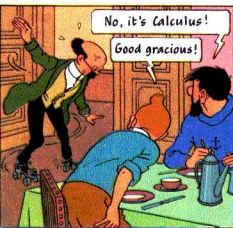
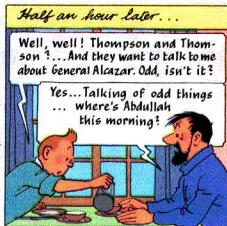


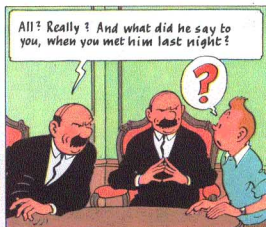
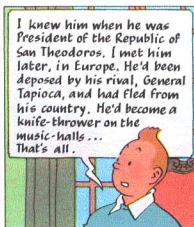
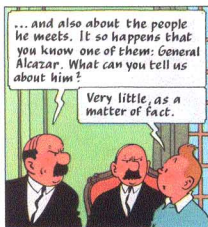
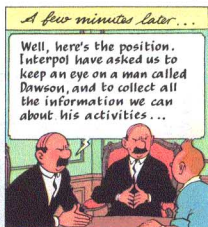
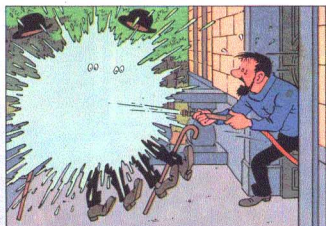




The next morning...







Aha! That surprised you, eh? You forget, my friend, in our job there's nothing we don't know.

To be precise: we know nothing in our job!



It's true that we met him last night. I was going to tell you... He said he was travelling, he was in a hurry, and he was staying at the Hotel...er... the Hotel...

Excelsior; yes, we know.



Oh? Well, that's the lot... He didn't say anything else... But what have you against him? What do you suspect?

Why are we suspect? I mean, what do we suspect? My dear fellow, if you imagine we'll tell you he's smuggling aircraft, you're much mistaken. "Mum's the word", that's our motto.



Well said!...To be precise: "Dumb's the word", that's our motto. The general may have come to Europe to buy up old aircraft, but you won't learn that from us! Now we must be going. Goodbye, Tintin.

Goodbye.



Ah! Here comes Nestor with our hats and sticks.



What a very peculiar thing: my hat has shrunk.

How strange. With me it's the opposite; I've got a swollen head...



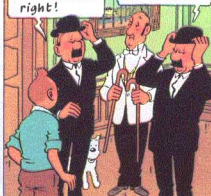
Oh, I see. We've got muddled up. You have my hat and I have yours.

That's it: our hats are in a huddle. In short, we're contrariwise...



But it still isn't right!

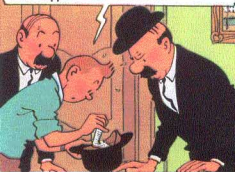
Nor is mine!



May I see?... You can bet Abdullah's behind this... Abdullahah?



There!... I thought as much. It's an old joke: newspapers folded up and slipped into the band.



A little later on...

Abdullah and his tricks!



Well, what did our Siamese twins want?





Just read this advertisement I've found in an old newspaper!



Extraordinary!...Why don't they add: "on easy terms". You'll see, we'll end up buying a battleship or the 'Queen Mary' on the never-never!

Maybe. But did you notice the initials?



J.D.M.C.... J.D.M.C. ... Thundering typhoons! Alcazar's wallet! The signature on that letter!

Precisely!



No doubt about it: the general's here to buy armaments. But that's no reason for failing to return his wallet. And since Thompson and Thomson have kindly told us the right address...

I'll come with you.



Later, at the Hotel Excelsior...

General Alcazar? Yes, he's here, sir. I just saw him go past. You'll find him in the lounge.

Thank you.



There...



Look...he's talking to someone. But...good heavens! It's Dawson. I've met him before. He was police chief in the International Settlement in Shanghai.



And there in the background, lurking behind their newspapers...

The Thompsons!



This all looks pretty fishy; I'd like to know a bit more about it. Listen, Captain; you stay here, and as soon as Dawson goes, you return General Alcazar's wallet. I'll follow Dawson. We'll meet at Marlinespike.

O.K.



An hour later...

There he is... getting into that black Jaguar.



Quick, taxi!... Follow that black Jaguar, there, ahead of us.



Where are we off to now?

Fifteen minutes later...

We're on the outskirts of town already... Ah, he's slowing down. He's going to turn off.

This is it, driver. Stop!

Oh! A watchman!

How can I get in without being seen?... Perhaps... Yes, I know...

We're over the first hurdle. Now let's see...

Aircraft! So we were right!

Careful! Footsteps!

'Morning guv'. Seen the "Reporter" today?... No?. Well, read that...

Aha! Bravo!... The Mosquitoes we sold them did a grand job. Those boys know how to make use of them!

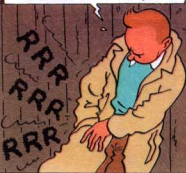
How right you are! Any news from Alcazar?

It's in the bag! Twelve Mosquitoes there, too. To help him chuck out his rival, General Tapioca... Suits us. Let them fight. So long as we can unload our junk on them, why worry?

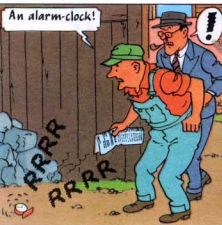
You've said it!... Well, I'll see to the packing of those DC3 spares for Arabair. Now that they've got the green light over there, they're going to need them. It looks to me...



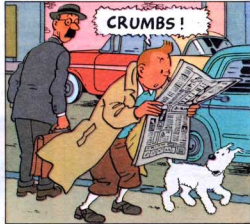
What's that?... What on earth's going on?... What's this confounded thing?



An alarm-clock!

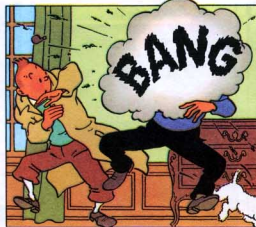


A young lad with a white dog, you say?... How did they manage to get in without your seeing?



Great Scot! What will the Cap-tain think of this?





A youngster with a white dog? That reminds me of something... but what?



Hello?... Who's that?... Oh, it's you, General... What?... Oh, your wallet... You've got it back?



Yes, they bring him back. This Captain Haddock, who I meet yesterday with one of my friends... Tintin... Qué?... Si, Tintin. You know him?... Qué? The telephone call you receive last night?... Yes, it was him. He find your number in my wallet.



Tintin!... So he's the one sticking his nose into my business!... I'll soon take care of him. ...



The airport at Wadosdah, capital of Khemed, three days later...



You understand? If he's aboard, you put this briefcase in the baggage compartment.



I'm not sorry to get here... With these old crates you can never be sure...



I say, have you noticed?... Armed men all over the place.



Passports, please gentlemen.



I am sorry, gentlemen: you have no permit to stay in Khemed. You must re-board the plane, and return to Beirut.



Blistering barnacles! What sort of a yarn is that?

Here are your passports. You will be conducted to the aircraft.



Thundering typhoons! You're not getting away with this! Our passports are perfectly in order... You have no right...



Billions of blistering barnacles! To have come so far, and then be held up by these Bashi-bazouks! It's absolutely infuriating!

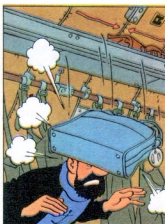


An hour later...

There they go! In an hour they'll be flying over the mountains... Jebel Kadheh...Then...



Another eternity in this flying coffin!... And a bumpy trip into the bargain. Rattled about like dice in a box... I just wonder what sort of trouble will drop on us next.



Thundering typhoons! Why does everything happen to me?



Look out, Captain!



Another...



... air-pocket!



You're not hurt, are you?



Not at all. I'm just enjoying the luxurious comfort of air travel!



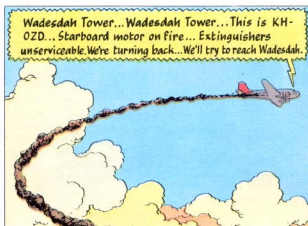
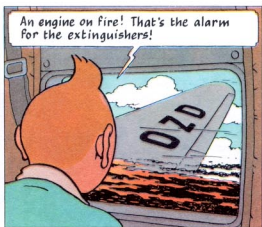
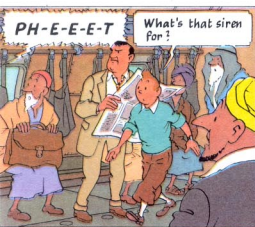
Golly! I can smell trouble. There's something sinister going on here. I must warn Tintin at once.

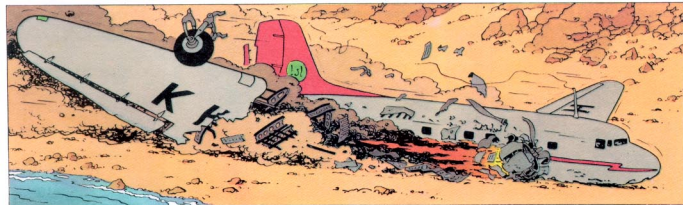
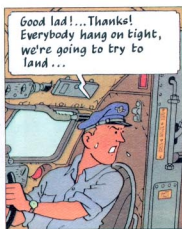
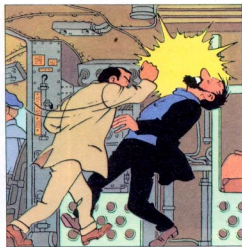


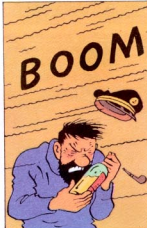
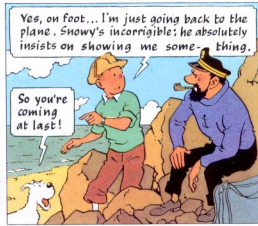
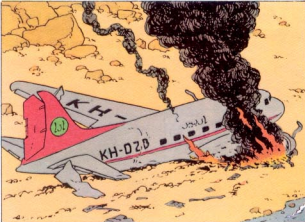
I'm wondering WHO warned the authorities at Wadesdah of our arrival, and WHO persuaded them to deport us?

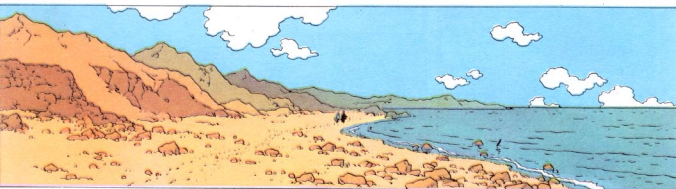
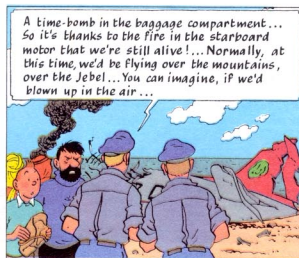
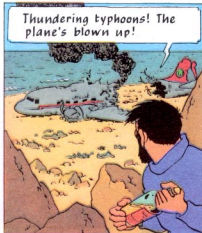


Here, will you stop that! You know, he... yes, he wants to show me something. All right, I'll follow you....









When we get to Wadesdah, we'll seek shelter with our old friend Senhor Oliveira de Figueira.



We mustn't run into the rescue party on the way... As soon as our disappearance is reported, they'll start searching for us.



WOOAAH...
YOW... YEOW...



Night has fallen...

I've had enough of this little jaunt! ... If we go on much longer I'll be on my knees! If only I could lie down!



Lie down? We simply must reach Wadesdah before dawn, Captain. Lying down is out of the question.



Quick, lie down!

Make up your mind... shall I lie down, or not?



A patrol! I'm sure they're out looking for us.



I heard a noise... a sort of rumbling...

It's just an aero-plane... Listen.



For heaven's sake stop snoring!

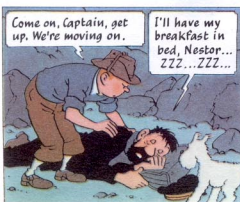
Me, snoring? I didn't hear anything.



Halt!... Who goes there?

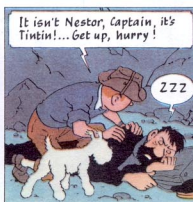


Whew!... They've gone. Oh, good... ZZZ...



Come on, Captain, get up. We're moving on.

I'll have my breakfast in bed, Nestor... ZZZ...ZZZ...



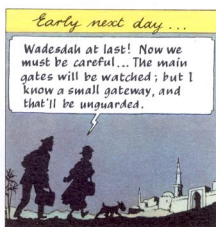
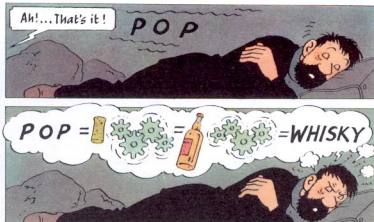
It isn't Nestor, Captain, it's Tintin!... Get up, hurry!

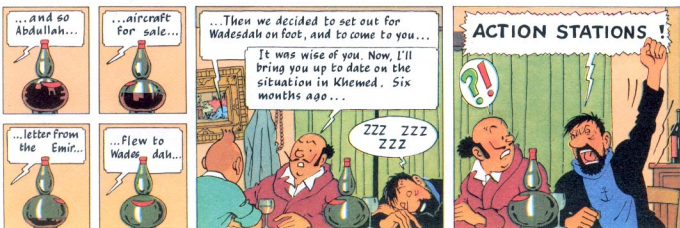
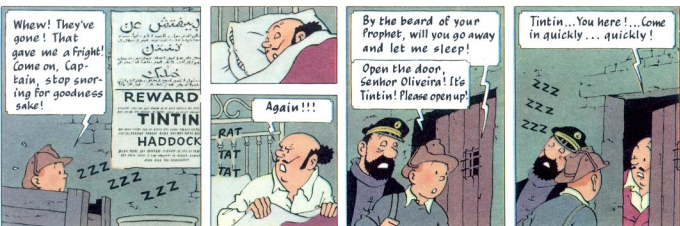
ZZZ



What on earth can I do? Let's hope they don't come back...

ZZZ...ZZZ... ZZZ...







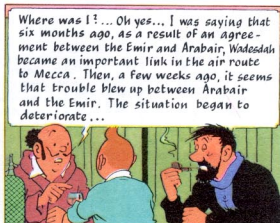
I... What was that?... Er...
Forgive me... I... I think I was
dreaming... A nightmare... Pirates...

Oh, well...



I'll light up. That'll
help me to stay
awake.

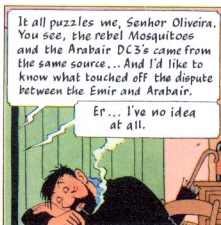
Good idea.



Where was I?... Oh yes... I was saying that
six months ago, as a result of an agree-
ment between the Emir and Arabair, Wadesdah
became an important link in the air route
to Mecca. Then, a few weeks ago, it seems
that trouble blew up between Arabair
and the Emir. The situation began to
deteriorate...

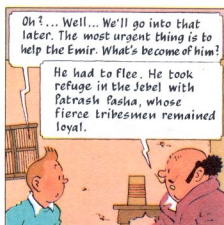


... As if by chance, trouble
flared up all over the country,
and Sheik Bab El Ehr took com-
mand of the rebels. These rebels
were supported by a powerful
air force which, so to speak, came
out of the blue. The rebels marched
on Wadesdah, and seized power.



It all puzzles me, Senhor Oliveira.
You see, the rebel Mosquitoes
and the Arabair DC3's came from
the same source... And I'd like to
know what touched off the dispute
between the Emir and Arabair.

Er... I've no idea
at all.

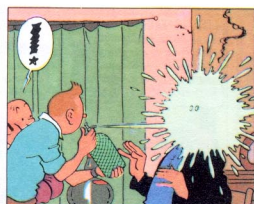


Oh?... Well... We'll go into that
later. The most urgent thing is to
help the Emir. What's become of him?

He had to flee. He took
refuge in the Jebel with
Patrash Pasha, whose
fierce tribesmen remained loyal.



HAAAAH!...



What... what... what...
what happened?

Your pipe, Captain.
It set fire to
your beard.



Come, it's time for
sleep. Tomorrow we
will find some way
for you to leave the
city, and join the Emir.

Yes. Good.



Two days later...

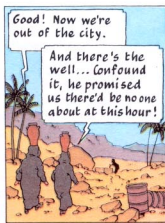
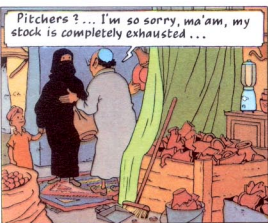
D'you see, there?...
A patrol coming...

I know...
Keep calm!



**TEN
THOU...**

?



Why can't you talk English like everyone else, you fancy-dress Fatima?! What do you want, any-way?

WOOAH!



Billions of blue blistering barnacles! That old witch will raise the alarm!...



... And our guide isn't here!... Oliveira was quite definite that he'd wait near the well, with the horses... Now what is it, Snowy?

Wooah!... Wooah!...

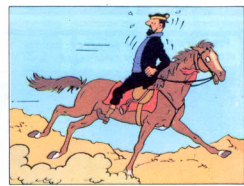
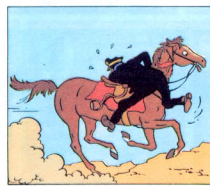
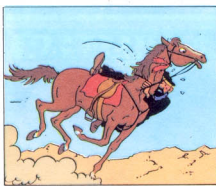
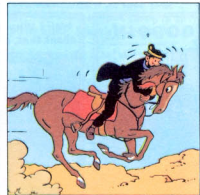
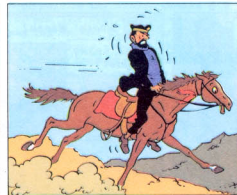


There he is! Fine! Back in the saddle again...



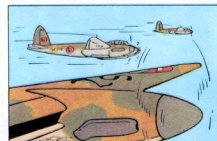
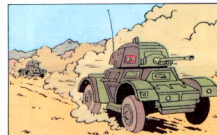
And a few minutes later...

My stirrups, blistering barnacles! ... My stirrups! ...

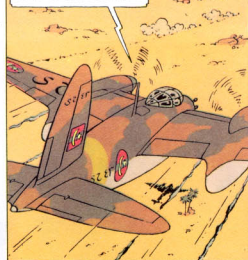


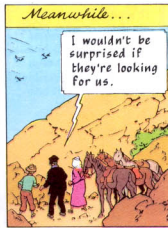
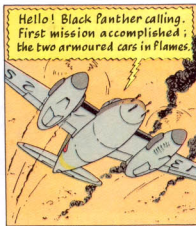
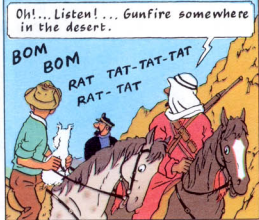
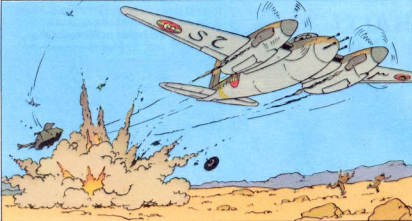
Meanwhile ...

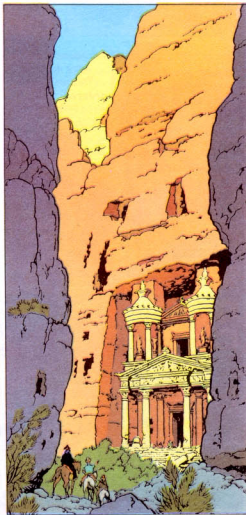
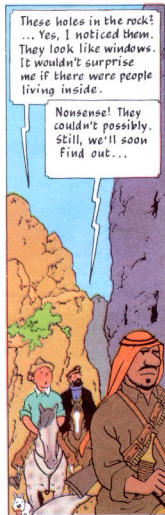
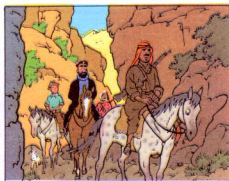
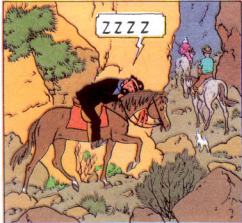
Hello, Colonel Achmed?... This is Mull Pasha at Sheik Bab El Ehr's Headquarters... Order your Mosquitoes to take off immediately... Hello?... Yes. Their mission: to wipe out a party of three horsemen who have left Wadesdah, heading for the Jebel... You understand?... Good... Armoured cars are already on the way... Hello?... Yes, they are partisans of Ben Kalish Ezab. ...Yes, wipe them out.



There they are!...Fire!







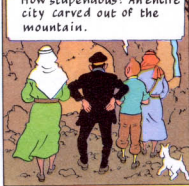
Thundering typhoons!... A Roman temple, hewn from the rock!... Incredible!



We have arrived.

A few minutes later...

How stupendous! An entire city carved out of the mountain.



Tintin!... Captain!... You here?... It is unbelievable!



And my son?... My own little treasure? My precious darling... Where is he?

Ah, yes... We left him at Marlinspike, Your Highness, but rest assured, he is in good hands.



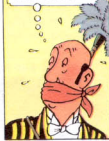
Poor little lamb! How sad he must be, so far from his Papa.



And now I'll leave you tied to the palm tree, so the crocodiles can come and eat you. Ha! ha! We're having fun, aren't we, Nestor?

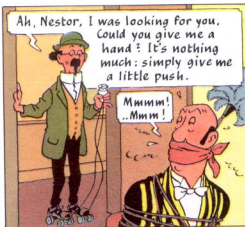


Confounded brat!... Ah, someone's coming. They'll set me free.



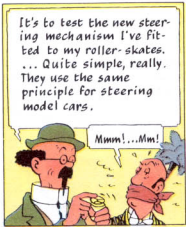
Ah, Nestor, I was looking for you. Could you give me a hand? It's nothing much: simply give me a little push.

Mmm!... Mmm!



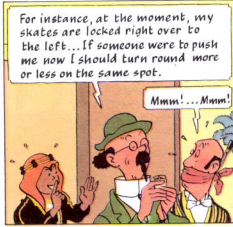
It's to test the new steering mechanism I've fitted to my roller-skates. ... Quite simple, really. They use the same principle for steering model cars.

Mmm!... Mm!



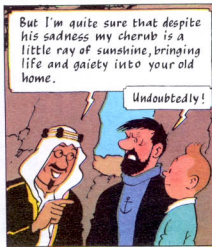
For instance, at the moment, my skates are locked right over to the left... If someone were to push me now I should turn round more or less on the same spot.

Mmm!... Mmm!



But I'm quite sure that despite his sadness my cherub is a little ray of sunshine, bringing life and gaiety into your old home.

Undoubtedly!



And you, what brings you here?... Come along in and sit down. You must be tired. And you'll certainly be hungry and thirsty. I will have some refreshments brought to you.



Well, your Highness, we are here to try and help you; also, to get to the bottom of a mystery, in which Arabair seem to have an important part.

Arabair? The dogs!... They will pay dearly for their treachery... I gave them permission to establish a base at Wadesdah, an important link on the route to Mecca...



One day, about three months ago, my little Abdullah, my flawless jewel, expressed a wish to see the Arabair planes loop the loop a few times before landing at Wadesdah...

Loop the loop! ?
But Highness...



Nothing simpler, don't you agree? ... And it would have given my lambkin such pleasure!... Well, instead of seizing this opportunity of pleasing my little sugarplum, they refused, on some trumped-up excuse...



But Highness...

Naturally, I was very angry and threatened to terminate our agreement. I also used another threat: that I would reveal to the world that Arabair are involved in slave trading.



WHAT?.. ?

GRRR...



Slave trading, no less... Their planes touching down at Wadesdah on the way from Africa are always full to bursting with native Sudanese and Senegalese. These are Mohammedan converts, making their pilgrimage to Mecca.



Yes, go on...

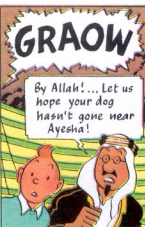
On the other hand, on the return journey their planes are mostly empty... Why?... Because somewhere between Wadesdah and Mecca these unfortunate negroes are sold as slaves.



But that's Frightful!

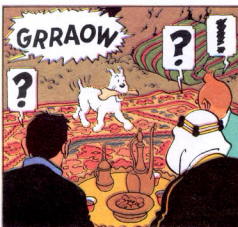


Er... Yes... But to get back to Arabair: these jackals stirred up trouble in my country, and thanks to their support, the accursed Bab El Ekr was able to seize power... But it won't be for long... I'll throw him out, that mangy dog, that stinking hyena, that slimy serpent, that...



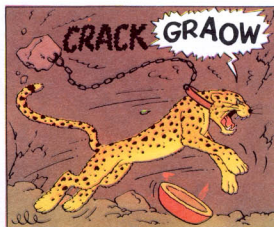
GRAOW

By Allah!... Let us hope your dog hasn't gone near Ayesha!

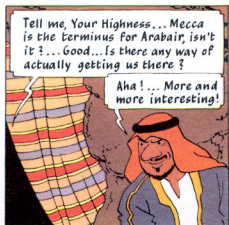
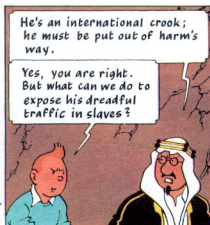
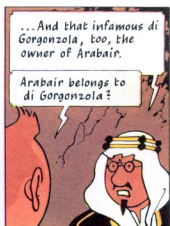
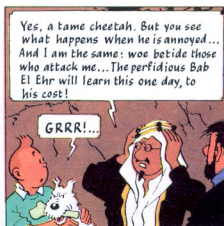
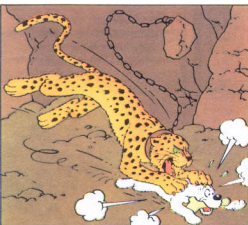


GRRRAOW

?



CRACK GRAOW

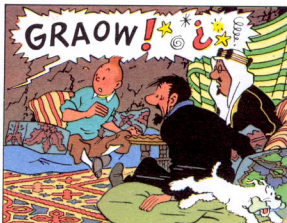


To Mecca? That's not easy at the moment. But if you will give me two or three days, I will find means of putting you aboard a sailing-ship, which will take you there.

Thank you, Highness.



Aha! This will please Bab El Ehr...



Again? What has happened now?



It is Ben Yussef, O Master... Ayesha jumped on him... See, it will be at least three weeks before he is well... It seems that he trod on Ayesha's tail...

Oh, poor creature!



Three days later...

There, everything is arranged. You leave tomorrow at dawn, with two trusted men. They will lead you to a point on the coast where a small vessel will be waiting to take you to Mecca. But be on your guard. Di Gorgonzola is a dangerous man.



Two days have passed...

Here we are... You may dismount... But stay while I make sure that the boat has arrived.



He's signalling to us... We can go.



Ah, so that's the tub we're going to board. It's a dhow... No; I beg your pardon: a sambuk.

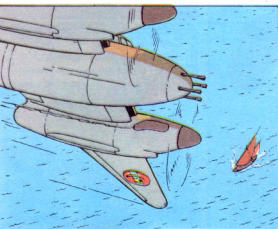
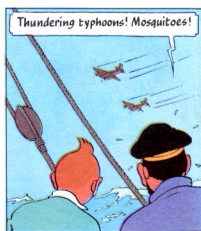
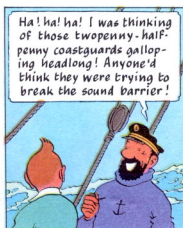
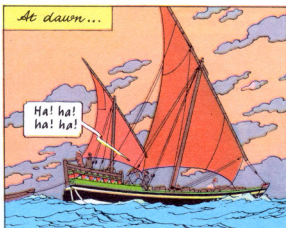
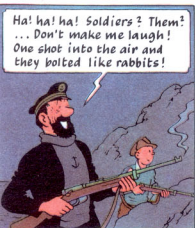


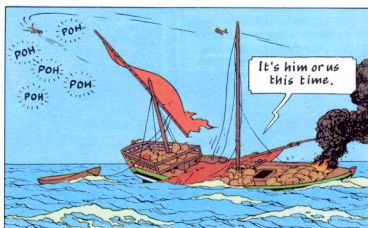
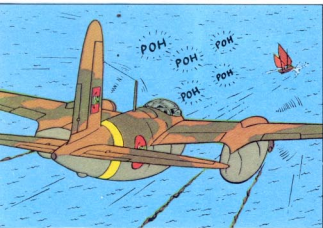
Look, they have just put a boat out.

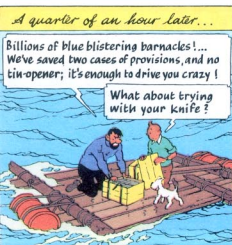
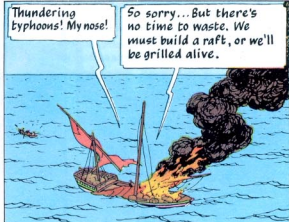


Danger! Danger! A mounted patrol!









Meanwhile...

May I have the pleasure of this samba, Princess?

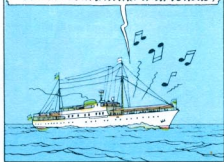
But of course, Marquis.



What an ideal yacht for a cruise!



The "Scheherazade" is certainly a wonderful ship... And what a good idea to have a fancy-dress ball on board... Ma-a-arvellous!



Excuse me, my lord, there is a radio call for you... It's urgent...

Very well. I'm coming.

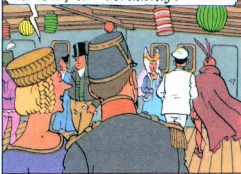


You see, dear lady? Business, always business. I am indeed a slave... Will you forgive me?

Don't give it a thought.



What an entrancing host he is. This cruise aboard the "Scheherazade" is really too enchanting!



Yes, he's a true gentleman. Naturally, malicious tongues spread rumours that he has a shady past...



It's only to be expected that such luxury arouses envy. One must admit...



Hello! Hello! K6 VM calling R3KO... Transmit in code... Over.



Powerful insects have stung the blue goat. Parasites 1 and 2 are in the bag. Out.

K6VM to R3KO. Understood. Out.



Good... Now for the book, and we'll decode this. Parasites 1 and 2 - I know who they are!



There... I have it... Excellent! Mull Pasha has done well. We're rid of those two meddlers!



If this goes on, Captain, we'll soon be on Dr. Bombard's diet: plankton and sea-water.



Me?... Drink sea-water?... Are you out of your mind?

Try some, Captain. It's not as bad as all that.



Ha! ha! Not as bad as all that! ... Think of all the dead fish there must be in it... All the people drowned in it over the centuries... All the tons of rubbish dumped from ships every day. ... You can commit suicide if you like, drinking that pig-swill. But for me it's "niet, niet," all along the line!

This not good...



Besides... Besides...

Besides... Besides...



YIPPEEE



There!... A ship!... Saved!



A ship... Just when you've swallowed that liquid manure! Ha! ha! ha! What a scream!

A ship! It's true!



Ha! ha! ha! This'll be the death of me!



Let's hope... let's hope they spot us!



SPLOSH

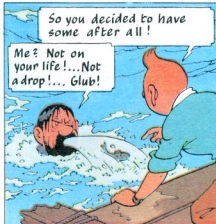


Who wasn't going to drink any sea-water? That'll teach him!



So you decided to have some after all!

Me? Not on your life!... Not a drop!... Glub!



Oh! The ship! She no see us! ... She go!...



Thundering typhoons! He's right!... She's getting further away. Who's the bath-tub admiral commanding that crew of landlubbers?

What now? How can we attract their attention?



I've an idea! Has anyone got a mirror?

A mirror? What on earth for?

Here...I have one.



We like comb too?

Well done, Tintin! I never thought of it!

No thanks, only the mirror.



Blistering barnacles, go on!... Flash the sunlight straight in their eyes; they'll see us in the end.

Let's hope so! It's our last chance!



Flashing light to starboard, sir



There, sir... Do you see it?

Yes, I see... A raft... with three men.



Hello?... Yes, Captain, go ahead... What? A raft with three shipwrecked sailors? By Lucifer!... Wait, I'll come and see...Till then, not a word to my guests. I'm coming.



There, my lord... Do you see the signals they're making. Three of them, and a little dog.



By Lucifer!... Tintin and the bearded sailor...And a third ruffian!...But what about the message Mull Pasha just sent me?

Shall I alter course, sir?



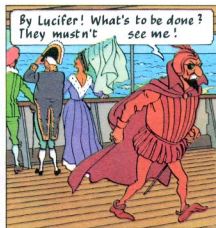
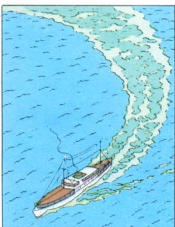
A waste of time... They're just some more of those practical jokers who drift across the ocean in a nut-shell... You know, it's the three all the newspapers wrote about... They don't need anything. Proceed on your course.

But my lord Marquis...



I said proceed... Fire and brimstone! Where should we be if we stopped for all the rag-tag-and-bobtail who put out to sea for fun!... Proceed... And not a word of this to the passengers... You understand?





Thundering typhoons! What a magnificent yacht! Whose is she? ... Hey, are they having a carnival on board?



Almost... A Fancy-dress ball... And what a bunch they are: high society, I can tell you; nothing but dukes, duchesses and film stars - all the nobs.



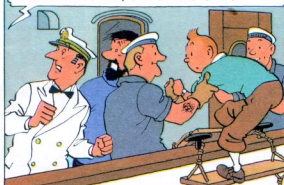
Per la Madonna! Can you believe it!... It's Tintin, and his friend the deep-sea fisherman, Paddock.



I must go and welcome them. Art must embrace the children of Adventure!



In the name of the Marguis di Gorgonzola, welcome aboard, carissime mie!



Signora CastaFiore!... Run for it! What shall we do?... Hop back on the raft?

My dear Tintin!



Delighted to see you again, my dear Paddock...er...Harrock.



...n roll, Signora Castoroli, Harrock'n-roll!

I'm so sorry, Signora, but his lordship has given orders: these poor men are completely exhausted. And then...there's the risk of infection, you know.

But my good man, I'm not ill!



A little later...

Well, Parker, have you questioned them?

Yes, m'lord. They were aboard a sam-buk, being taken to Mecca...



...This morning, their boat was machine-gunned and set on fire by aircraft from Khemed. After shooting down one of the planes, they made themselves a raft. They then rescued the pilot of the aircraft.



Well done, Parker. Thank you.

If your lordship will pardon me, I think I should mention that Signora CastaFiore, who knows the two castaways, welcomed them in your lordship's name.

Diavolo!



The Marguis di Gorgonzola's yacht!... It's fantastic... I must be dreaming.

Come on, Tintin... Up in the clouds again?... Hey! Tintin!



They can't stay here on board. But what's to be done? What indeed?... Ah, I have it! The "Ramona". ... She's in these waters ... Tomorrow we must pass one another, as if by chance.



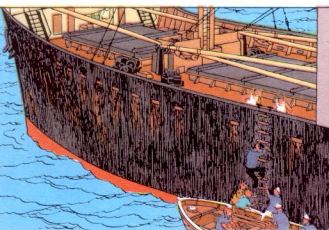
Next day at dawn...

Get dressed quickly. You're in luck. We've met a merchant-man bound for Mecca: just where you were making for. Her master has agreed to take you aboard.

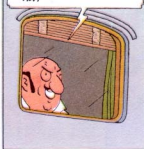


Er... I... What... Good, that's fine.

And a few minutes later...



So that's that! And now, my fine friends, I wish you a pleasant journey. Ha! ha! ha! ha!



Ah, this is the place for me: back aboard a good old freighter.



There, you two: these are your quarters. Your pal's going elsewhere... The skipper will be down to see you soon: he'll bring you your whisky himself!



Hi, you lubberly scum, not so fast! What do you mean?



This is too much! He's locked us in, the insolent porcupine!



Open up! Thundering typhoons, open up! You ill-mannered savages!



Well, well, you old drunkard! So you're kicking up a row already?



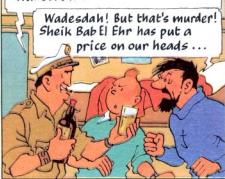
This is a happy reunion, eh, old bottle-nose? We must have a drink on it.



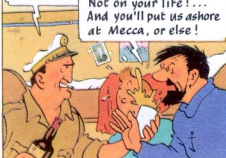
... ended up here? Quite simple: I command one of di Gorgonzola's Freighters. Yesterday I had a signal ordering me to alter course. So this morning we met the "Scheherazade", as if by accident. ... Neatly done, eh?



If you're sensible, you'll be put ashore. But not at Mecca... At Wadesdah!

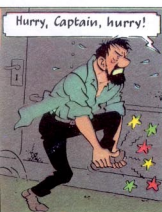
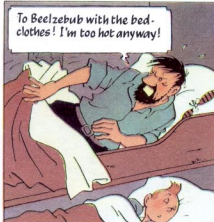


You're breaking my heart, dear boy. But that's enough talk... You must be thirsty... Here, drink my health...



Or else what?... Ha! ha! ha!... I advise you to behave yourselves. Don't forget we're in the Red Sea, and there's no shortage of sharks... You get me?... Now, like a big-hearted chap, I'll leave this bottle to console you.





Wreckers!... Pirates! ... Fili-
busters!... Picaroons! Leav-
ing us in the lurch on a
doomed ship! To Davy Jones
with the lot of you!



Follow me... We'll probably
find a raft up for 'ard.

We obviously
have a vocation
for shipwrecks!



HEY!
HELP! HELP!

EFFENDI!
EFFENDI!

There's someone
in the hold!...
What the...?!



Who are you, below there?



We good black
men... Want come
out... No can
breathe... We
afraid...



Negroes! A lot of
them, too, I'd say...
What shall we do,
Captain? We can't
just abandon
them.

You're right.
Come on.



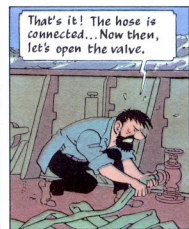
We'll try and put out
the blaze... That
cargo... I just can't
make it out!



Eighteen tons of high explosive
and ammunition: it'll make a
pretty fireworks display!



That's it! The hose is
connected... Now then,
let's open the valve.

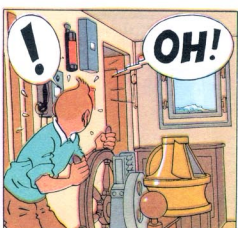
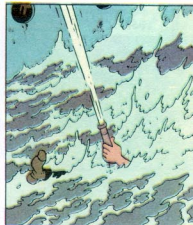


Blub... I... blub
... I've got it,
Cap... blub...



Thanks... that's it... I'll
tackle the fire... You go over
to port and get another
hose into action.







Look!

Skut!... Dead?

No, he's alive... See, he's coming round.

Skut! Skut, old man, say something! What happened?



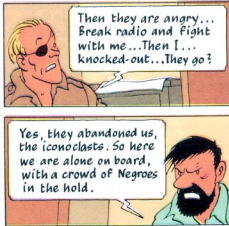
You escape!... Hurry!... Hurry!... The fire!... Ship full of ammunition!... Hurry before explosion...

Ammunition! The pirates!... That's why they deserted like rats...



Don't worry, Skut: the fire's out. There's no more danger... But what about you? What happened?

They wake me, to go with them... Without you... I refuse... I want to...er... wake you... and send radio signal.



Then they are angry... Break radio and fight with me... Then I... knocked-out... They go?

Yes, they abandoned us, the iconoclasts. So here we are alone on board, with a crowd of Negroes in the hold.



You like... I can help you. ... Repair radio, perhaps, send S.O.S. ...

Good idea... Do that... I'm going to make sure there's no further danger.



A little later... No more need to worry, youngster: the fire is right out.



Now I'll take care of those Negroes. First, to let them out ...



Save poor Muslim!

Me ill. Me dying.

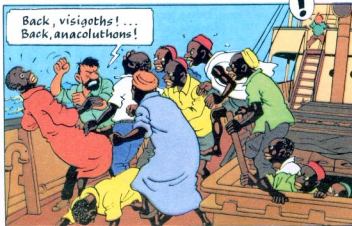
All right! I'm coming now!



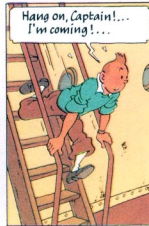
Hey there! ... Let go of me!!... HELP, TINTIN!...HELP!



Trogodytes!... Sea-gherkins!... Pickled herrings! Leave me alone!



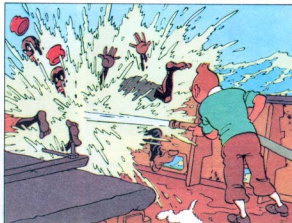
Back, visigoths!... Back, anacolutons!



Hang on, Captain!... I'm coming!...

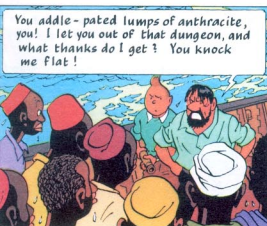


All right ! I'm here !



So sorry, Captain, but I had no choice.

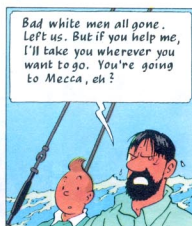
Please don't worry : I'm getting used to it !



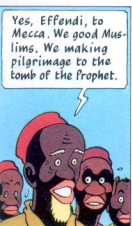
You addle-pated lumps of anthracite, you ! I let you out of that dungeon, and what thanks do I get ? You knock me flat !



Effendi not be angry... You not shout... We not know you good white man... We think you bad white man who shut poor black man in bottom of ship... Where are bad white men ?



Bad white men all gone. Left us. But if you help me, I'll take you wherever you want to go. You're going to Mecca, eh ?



Yes, Effendi, to Mecca. We good Muslims. We making pilgrimage to the tomb of the Prophet.



All right, we'll take you to Mecca...on condition that you all obey my orders. For a start, I need some men as stokers.



Me, Effendi...

Me...

Me...

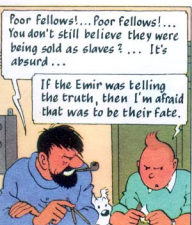
Me, Effendi..



Two days later ...

There. If my reckoning is correct we should soon sight Jidda, the port for Mecca .

Yes. Those poor fellows ... nearly the end of their journey.



Poor fellows!... Poor fellows!... You don't still believe they were being sold as slaves ? ... It's absurd ...

If the Emir was telling the truth, then I'm afraid that was to be their fate.



Come, come, you've been reading too many thrillers... There's no slave-trading nowadays !



Look, Captain; just tell me this: is there any coke aboard ?

Any...any coke?... But...



Effendi ! Effendi ! You come look !... Ship coming to us ...

So it is! A sambuk ...
The harbour pilot from
Jidda, perhaps... No,
we're still too far from
shore... A fisherman,
then?



How odd... he's signal-
ling to us... We'll heave
to, and see what he
wants...



Salaams, O sailor... Captain Allan is up
there?

Captain Allan?...
Finished... Gone.
... I am
captain now.



Ah, you have replaced him... Good,
good... Is the coke of best quality
this time?

The coke?? Again? Blistering
barnacles, what's all this non-
sense about coke? Thundering
typhoons, there's no coke on board!



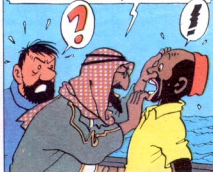
No coke on board!... Ha! ha! ha!



Hmm... Yes... Strong muscles
... you'll do...



And teeth?... Come on, open
your mouth, Sambo... Hmm, not
too bad... Teeth quite sound...



Come here, you.

Yes,
Effendi.



Here, have you quite finished
playing the cattle-dealer? This man's
not a horse, nor a slave...

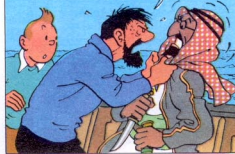
Ssh!... You mustn't say
that!... "Coke" is the word,
as you well know.

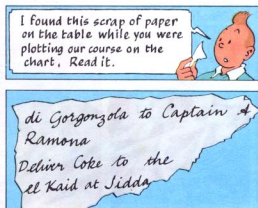
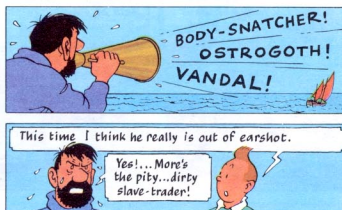
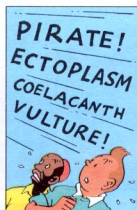
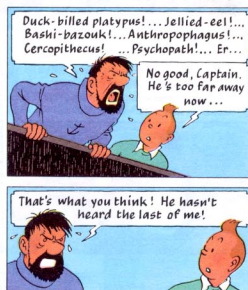
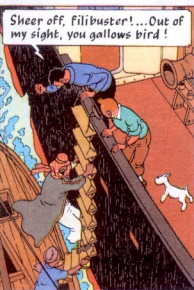
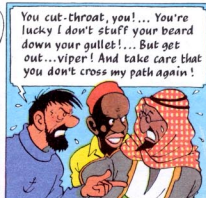


Coke!!... Blistering barnacles!
... Tintin was right! There
still are slave-traders... And
that's what you're up to, you brute!



You trafficker in human flesh!
You deserve to be strung up on
the mizzen yardarm!





A fragment of a wireless message sent by di Gorgonzola to that gangster Allan! ... And "coke" is a code word for their cargo of slaves! ... The pirates!



First, we must talk to the Africans: they must be made to understand that under the circumstances it's madness for them to go to Mecca.



Agreed...Then we must try to send out a radio call...

Getting on, Skut?

Still much work, Captain.



Good... Well, I'm going to talk to the cargo. You take the wheel and steer due south. We'll head for Djibouti.

O.K.



A few minutes later...

My friends, listen to me carefully. You have undertaken this long journey to make a pilgrimage to Mecca, haven't you?

Yes.

Yes.



Afterwards, of course, you plan to return home and rejoin your families. Isn't that so?

Yes, Effendi.

Yes.

Yes.



I'm afraid a very different fate awaits you. You saw that Arab who came aboard, and I chased off?... He's waiting for you in Mecca, to buy you and make you into slaves! ... Slaves, you understand?



You speak well, Effendi. Wicked Arab, very wicked. Poor black men not want to be slaves. Poor black men want to go to Mecca.



Naturally, I realise that. But I repeat, if you go there, you'll be sold as slaves. Is that what you want?

We not slaves, Effendi. We good Muslims. We want to go to Mecca.



But billions of blue blistering barnacles, I keep on telling you: if you go there, you'll be sold as slaves! Thundering typhoons, I can't make it any clearer.

You not shout, Effendi. Poor black men only want to go to Mecca.



All right, you boneheads, go to Mecca! ... But you'll stay there for ever! ... You'll never see your own country again! ... Never see your families again! ... You'll be slaves for ever! ... That's what you're in for, you dunderheaded coconuts, you!

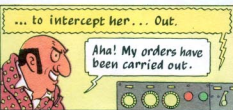
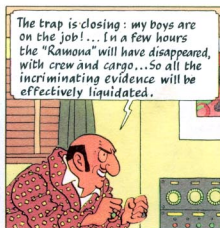
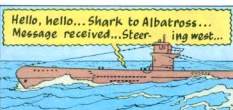
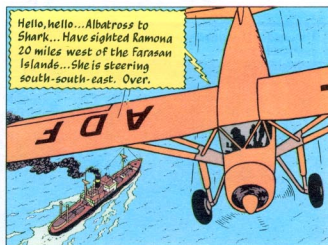
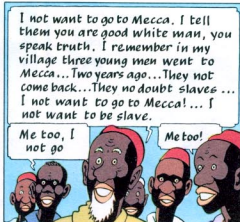


We not coconuts, Effendi. We good black men. We good Muslims. We want to go to Mecca.



I can't do a thing!... I've tried the lot!... You can't shift them: they want to go to Mecca, stop: that's all! ... It's like banging your head against a brick wall!





That plane snooping around worries me... If I were you, Captain, I'd alter course.

You're right... I'll do so.



A few hours later...



Well, Skut, how's the radio? Working?

No...



No!... The radio not working... I not find the trouble... I not know what more to do...

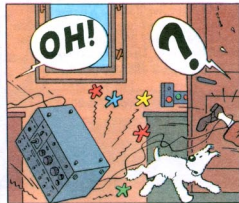


BRRRR

Again?...

The same one?...

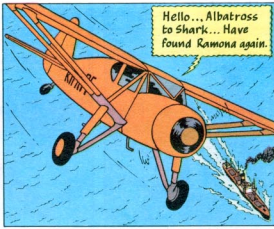
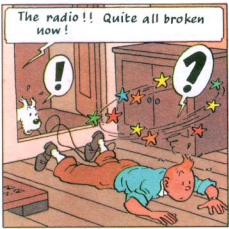
Be careful, the wire!



OH!

?

The radio!! Quite all broken now!

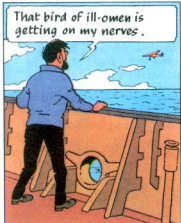


Hello... Albatross to Shark... Have found Ramona again.



Steering due south; she is 30 miles east of Dahlak-Kebir Island.

That bird of ill-omen is getting on my nerves.



Buzz off, you stool-pigeon! You're asking for a smack on the nose!



Shark to Albatross. Ramona in sight. Preparing to dive.





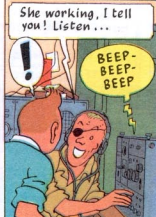
I say, Skut, I'm terribly sorry! You've worked for so long on the radio... and then I'm so clumsy...

Shh!



She working!... She working now!

What?!... After a bang like that? It's not possible.



She working, I tell you! Listen...

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP

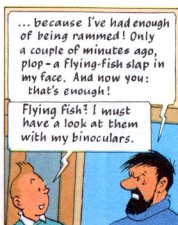


Captain!... Captain!... The radio!... It's going!!



I... So sorry, but the radio, Captain... The radio ... It's going!!

Oh yes? Where?... I hope it steers clear of me...



... because I've had enough of being rammed! Only a couple of minutes ago, plop - a Flying-Fish slap in my face. And now you: that's enough!

Flying Fish? I must have a look at them with my binoculars.



Oh, how beautiful! You'd think they were little silver arrows...



Look at them, skimming over the waves... I can see two... no, three...



And there... Hey, what in the world's that?

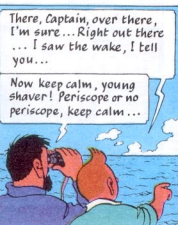


CAPTAIN!... CAPTAIN!... A PERISCOPE!



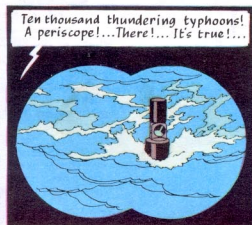
Where is it now? ... I can't see it any more... But I'm absolutely sure...

Now then, keep calm...



There, Captain, over there, I'm sure... Right out there ... I saw the wake, I tell you...

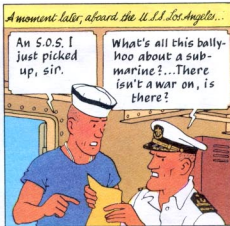
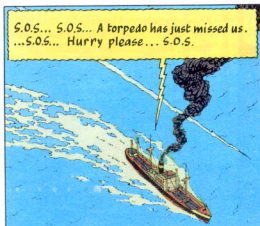
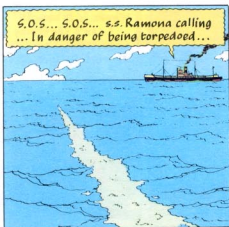
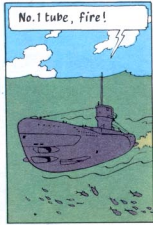
Now keep calm, young shaver! Periscope or no periscope, keep calm...

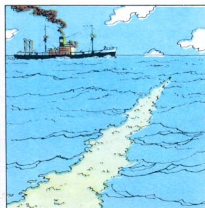
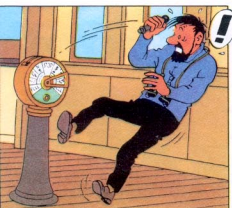
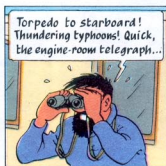
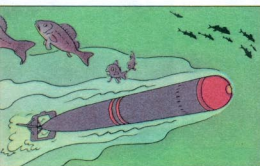
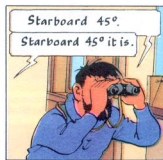
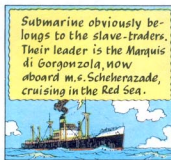
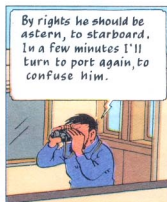
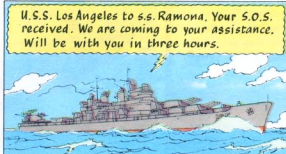


Ten thousand thundering typhoons! A periscope!... There!... It's true!...

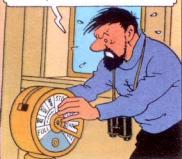


Action stations!... Fire!... S.O.S... The radio, Skut!... Confound! the radio, Skut!... Send for help! At once!... A submarine!... Clear the decks for action!... Keep calm! Don't panic!... Women and children first!

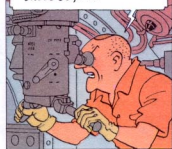




Thundering typhoons! The engine-room telegraph is jammed at half-speed astern. Quick, a screw-driver!



By Lucifer! They're going astern... our torpedo has missed again... They're tough, those boys...



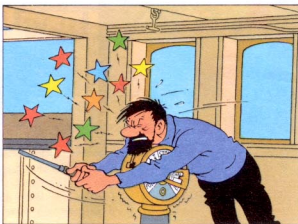
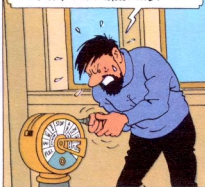
Hooray! It's passed ahead of us.



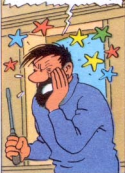
S.O.S. A second torpedo has just missed. Hurry, Los Angeles.



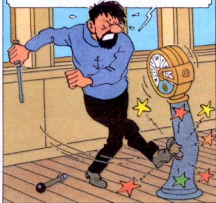
Quick! Quick! I must release this infernal machine!



PCHKRAAPRV!... TRRKHKRAA!... You confounded rattletrap...



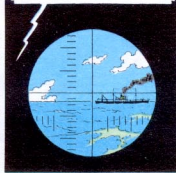
...tin-can contraption!... Take that!



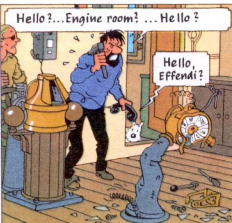
YEEOWW!



Ah, they're still going astern! Very well! No. 3 and No. 4 tubes ready?



CLING CLANG
Take that, you slot-machine, you!



Hello?... Engine room?... Hello?

Hello Effendi?



BRROM

Too late!... They've got us!

BRROM!

Again!

No, they're depth charges! ...
Whew! I really thought we'd
been torpedoed ...

U.S. Navy seaplanes, with
those pirates for a target!
...They're certainly machines
from the Los Angeles.

Oh! Great grandfathers!
What a pasting! ...They'll
be as flat as a Dover
sole after that!

Wait! ... There,
that upheaval in
the water ...

Look! The submarine
has surfaced!

Yes... obviously they've
been badly knocked
about ...

Victory! ... They're waving a white
flag... They're surrendering...
The game's up.

Hello, hello. Unidentified sub-
marine: remain on the surface
and stop your engines. One sus-
picious move and we'll blow you
out of the water...

Torpedoes are out of the question
now... A limpet-mine on their
hull! ... With the ammunition
aboard, it'll look like an accident...
In you go: you've plenty of time:
the mine's set to explode in one hour.

Be quick: they're coming back!

Go!

What
a job!

Saved! Yippee!
Saved!

Hooray!

Tralalala-
laika!

That's white
man's folk-
dance.

They said the
ammunition was
in the forepart...

Meanwhile...

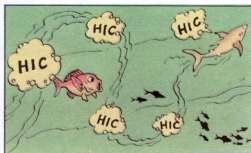
This is all very fine, but we must wait for the Los Angeles. I'm going to see if there's any chance of dropping anchor.



Twenty-two fathoms depth... that's perfect...



Ahoy, there! Let go the anchor! Eighty fathoms of chain.



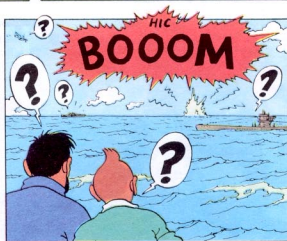
An hour later...

Hooray!... There she is!... The Los Angeles!



American cruiser in sight!

Don't worry, boys... She'll blow up any moment now.



The next morning...

Still no news from Kurt and his submarine... What are they playing at, the fools?



... and naval craft to intercept the m.s. Scheherazade and arrest the owner, name of Rastapopoulos, alias the Marquis di Gorgonzola...



Lost... All is lost! ... But it's impossible!



Hello?... Yes... Come up on the bridge?... I haven't time, Captain. I... What?... A warship?... I... I'm coming now.



The cruiser Los Angeles, my lord Marquis... She's just flashed a signal ordering us to heave to. What shall I do?



Repeat the message, Tom... And add that if they don't heave to immediately, we'll open fire.

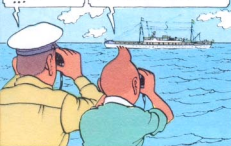


All right, Stop the engines. And launch my personal barge. I'll go myself and tell those insolent cowboys what I think of their manners!



Ah, they've obeyed... Excellent!... But what are they doing now? ...

It looks as if... yes, they're hoisting out a launch... and Rastapopoulos is going aboard...



Do not insist, my friends. I will go alone.

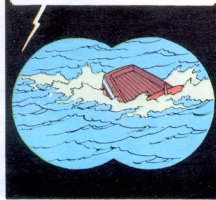
... And he's steering towards us! ... Well, this beats everything! ... To have the cheek to come and brazen it out! What a nerve!



But what's happening now?... He's slowing up. He's stopping... Has he broken down?



Great snakes!... He's sinking!...



Whoops! That's done the trick!... Just you catch me now gentlemen! ... Ha! ha! ha!



NEW REVELATIONS SHOCK WORLD SLAVERY—IT STILL EXISTS

Trailblazers in human lives use code-word "COKE"

Revelations in the Rastapopoulos affair have shocked the civilized world. With the discovery aboard the freighter *Ramona* of Africans destined to be sold as slaves in Mecca, the facts are plain: in this twentieth-century, slave traders are still at

delivered by ships or the aircraft into the hands of Rastapopoulos. Agents of the organization were notified of the arrival of the "goods" by the simple description of the cargo as "COKE." Messages were passed to Jidda, announcing that "COKE" was in stock, and secret arrangements were then made for sale of the slaves.



Happily Arrivals photographed aboard the S.S. *Ramona* by timely intervention by Tintin and Captain Haddock saved them from a hideous

EMIR BEN KALISH EZAB

Restored to power in Khem

MULL PASHA
Revolutionary Leader



Mull Pasha

CAPTAIN ALLAN

Picked up by Danish Cargo Vessel



Formerly Mate under the command of Captain Allan, the sinister Rastapopoulos, he commanded one of Rastapopoulos' ships.

Where did Sheik Bab El Ehr get his Warplanes?

WAR SURPLUS STOCKS ACQUIRED BY DAWSON ON BEHALF OF RASTAPOPOULOS

The source of the aircraft used by Sheik Bab El Ehr to help in his defeat of the Emir Ben Kalish Ezab is now revealed. These aircraft were war surplus stocks bought up all over Europe by Dawson, ex-Chief of Base in the International Settlement in Shanghai. This is the first time that up has encountered a shady individual.

Since his return to Europe, Dawson conducted a lucrative business for Rastapopoulos.

UNITED NATIONS APPEAL

Delegates demand international control of Mecca pilgrimage transport

Profound shock has been caused in all the Western delegations by the news of the Red Sea slave-trading. Speeches in the General Assembly reflect the widespread feeling that some action should be taken.

TINTIN IN NEW ADVENTURE



PIRATE SUBMARINE IN RED SEA

A pirate submarine has been operating in the Red Sea, making the crew of the *Kamouze* the first victims.

A fortnight later...

Well, what a joy to be home again, and to breathe the country air...



...and hear the old familiar sounds ... Listen: the sound of a motor; it's the gardener mowing the lawn...





Great snakes! It's Professor Calculus! ... What's he invented this time?!



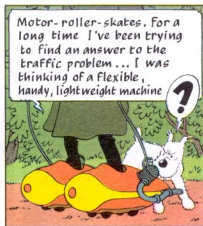
Hello there, Professor! That's certainly a funny way to welcome people!

So there you are! Welcome back to Marlinspike.

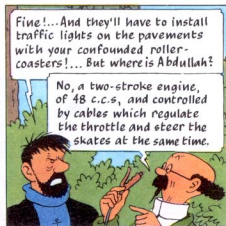


What on earth are those contraptions?

Ingenious, aren't they?

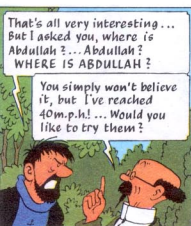


Motor-roller-skates. For a long time I've been trying to find an answer to the traffic problem ... I was thinking of a flexible, handy, lightweight machine



Fine!... And they'll have to install traffic lights on the pavements with your confounded roller-coasters!... But where is Abdullah?

No, a two-stroke engine, of 48 c.c.s., and controlled by cables which regulate the throttle and steer the skates at the same time.



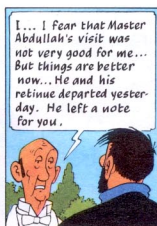
That's all very interesting ... But I asked you, where is Abdullah? ... Abdullah? WHERE IS ABDULLAH?

You simply won't believe it, but I've reached 40m.p.h! ... Would you like to try them?



Oh, sir!... Oh, how glad I am to see you back, sir!!

Hello, Nestor, I ... But my poor Nestor, what's happened to you?



I ... I fear that Master Abdullah's visit was not very good for me... But things are better now... He and his retinue departed yesterday. He left a note for you.

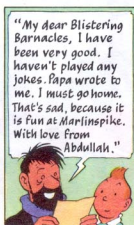


Poor Nestor! ... A real demon, that boy. Let's see what he's written to us.



Can't he use my proper name?

To dear Blistering Barriculs.



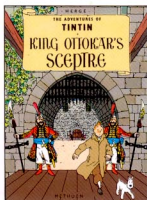
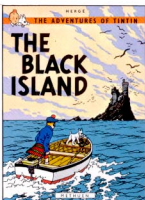
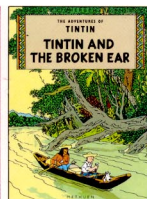
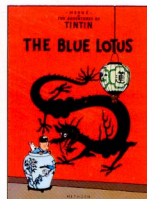
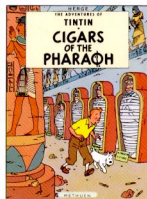
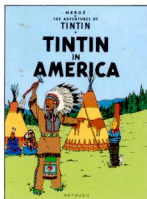
"My dear Blistering Barnacles, I have been very good. I haven't played any jokes. Papa wrote to me. I must go home. That's sad, because it is fun at Marlinspike. With love from Abdullah."



Very sweet, eh?... Nestor's just been fussing about a little innocent childish mischief.



BANG



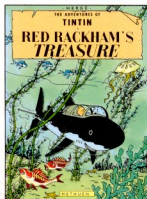
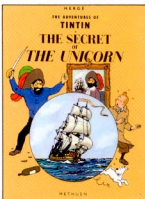
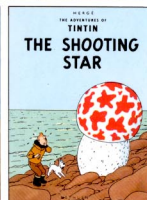
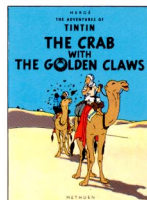
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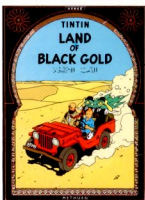
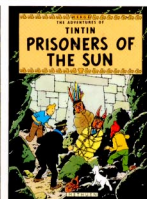
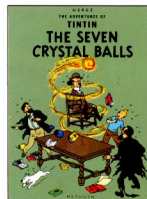


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