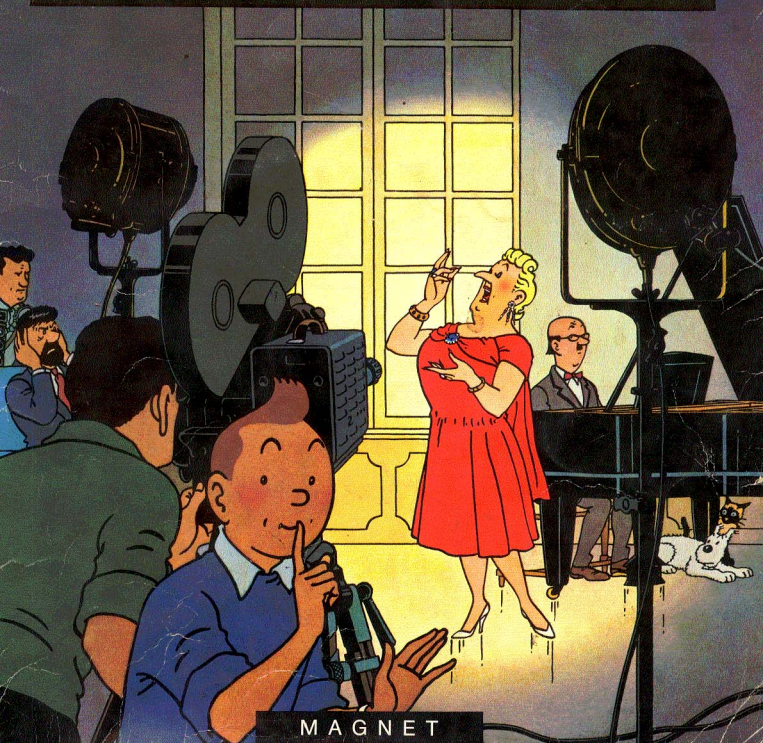


HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

THE CASTAFIORE EMERALD

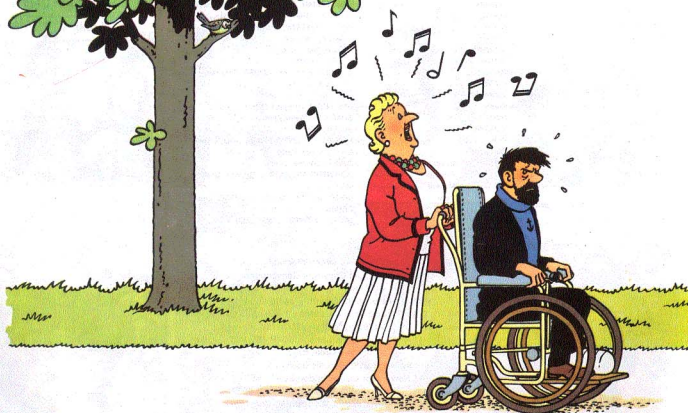


MAGNET

HERGÉ

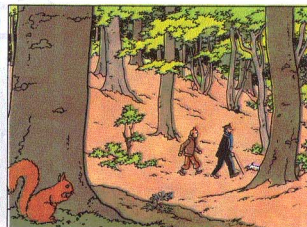
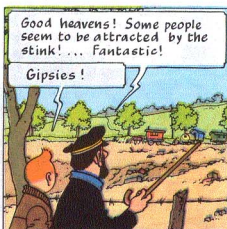
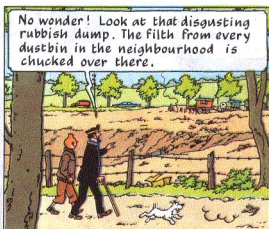
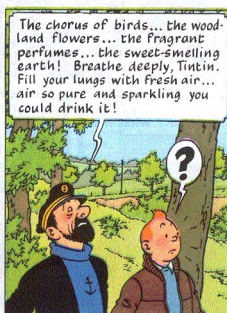
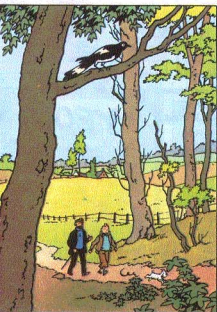
THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

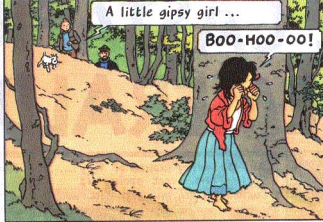
THE CASTAFIORE EMERALD

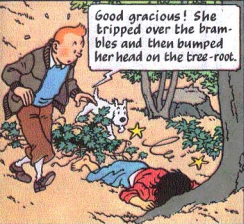


A MAGNET BOOK

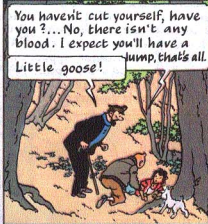
THE CASTAFIORE EMERALD







Good gracious! She tripped over the brambles and then bumped her head on the tree-root.



You haven't cut yourself, have you?... No, there isn't any blood. I expect you'll have a jump, that's all.
Little goose!

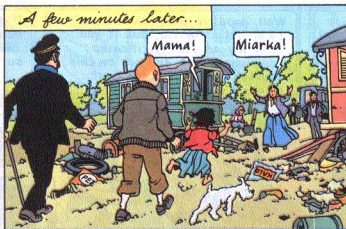


Please, don't be frightened. We'll take you back to your mother... Can you stand up?

KIKIKIKIKILI!



O.K. now?



A few minutes later...

Mama!

Miarka!

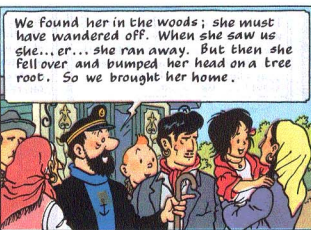


To think that people live in the midst of all this filth!

I know.



Good day to you!

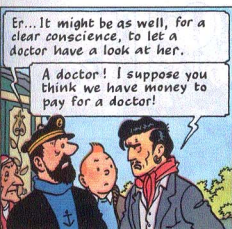


We found her in the woods; she must have wandered off. When she saw us she... er... she ran away. But then she fell over and bumped her head on a tree root. So we brought her home.



You are a good man. I will tell your fortune. You cross my palm with silver!

No, thanks. Definitely not!



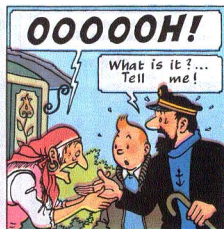
Er... It might be as well, for a clear conscience, to let a doctor have a look at her.

A doctor! I suppose you think we have money to pay for a doctor!



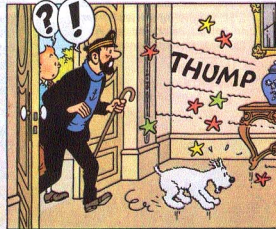
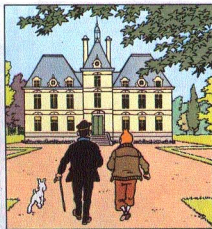
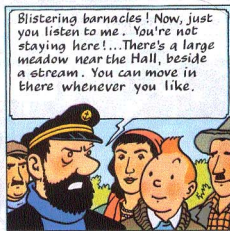
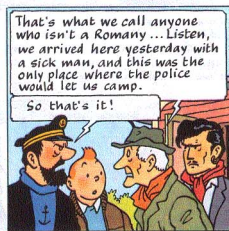
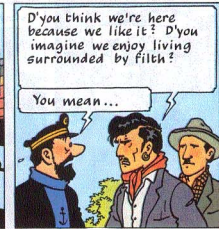
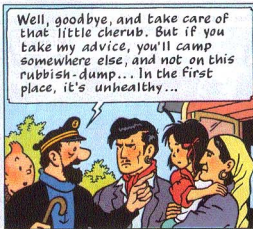
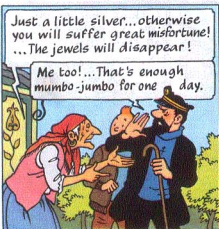
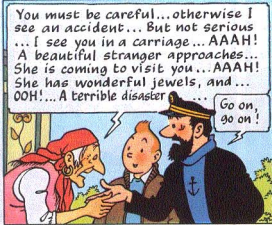
Kind gentleman! I'll tell your fortune... you cross my palm with silver...

No, no! Please leave me alone!



OOOOOH!

What is it?... Tell me!





Poor Professor!... Anything broken?



Yes, a piece several inches long!

That confounded step! Still not repaired! When's that sluggard of a builder coming?



I telephone him constantly, sir, and he assures me he'll come...

Well, I'll show you how to deal with him!



Hello?... Hello? Mr. Bolt?... Hello? What, that isn't Mr. Bolt?



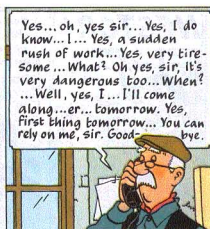
No, sir, this is Cutts the butcher... Yes, sir... Not at all, sir.



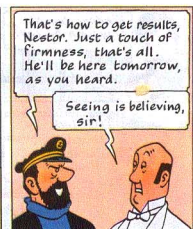
CRASH



Hello?... Is that Mr. Bolt?



Yes... oh, yes sir... Yes, I do know... I... Yes, a sudden rush of work... Yes, very tire-some... What? Oh yes, sir, it's very dangerous too... When?... Well, yes, I... I'll come along... er... tomorrow. Yes, first thing tomorrow... You can rely on me, sir. Good-bye.



That's how to get results, Nestor. Just a touch of firmness, that's all. He'll be here tomorrow, as you heard.

Seeing is believing, sir!



Now for a little drink: the fresh air makes me thirsty!... All well, Tintin?

A letter from Chang in London: he's fine, and sends you his regards.



What a nice lad he is.

Yes, and another letter... You'll never guess who from: Bianca Castafiore!



Bianca Castafiore! Ha! ha! ha! The dear old Milanese nightingale!



AAAAAH ♪♪ My beauty... ♪

SPLATCH



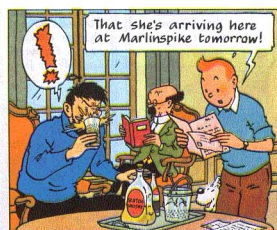
... past compare... ♪ Ma-a-a-argarita ♪

Hello, there's a storm brewing.

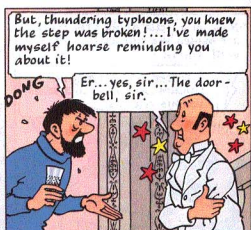
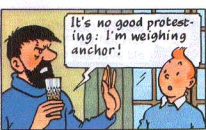
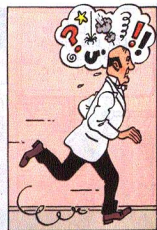
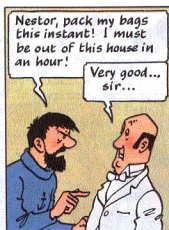
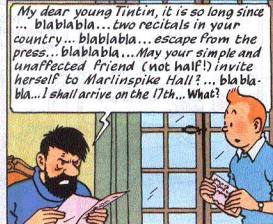
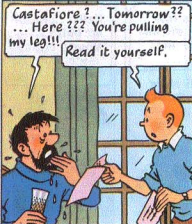


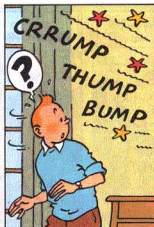
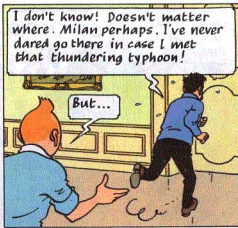
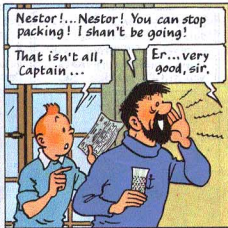
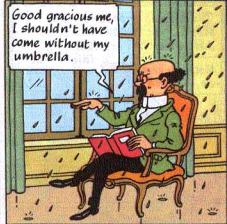
And what has that delightful creature to say?

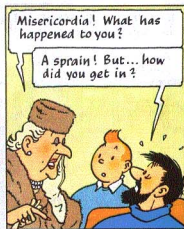
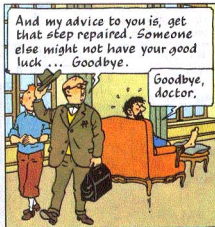
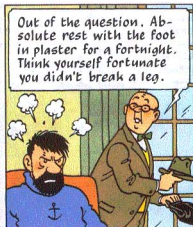
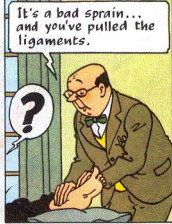
No, it's passed over.



That she's arriving here at Marlinspike tomorrow!







Excuse me, signora, may I introduce our old friend Professor Calculus.



How enchanting, how absolutely thrilling to meet you: the man who makes all those daring ascents in balloons!



I am deeply honoured, signora. What a rare pleasure for me to meet so great an artist... an artist of such charm, such distinction, such...



Professor, you make me blush!

I sincerely hope so, signora. Tintin has often spoken of your pictures... the delicacy of the drawing in perfect harmony with the boldness of the colour. And your portraits, I know, always display an amazing likeness.



Nestor, please show the signora to her room.

Yes, sir.

How kind... But first... er... Irma, where is the... er... the little something for dear Captain Drydock?



In the taxi, madame. I'll fetch it.

I thought... I thought that an old sailorman like yourself must feel very lonely in his little boat... Il povero capitano!



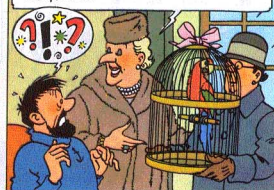
That's very kind of you, but...

I knew you'd adore...

Here, Madame.



... this pretty polly to be your constant companion.



I... What a... surprise!... What a delightful surprise!... Nothing could have given me... er... greater pleasure.



Aha! I knew it!

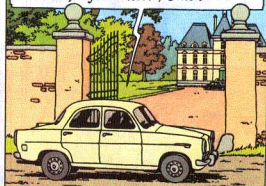
Here, Irma, put him on his perch.

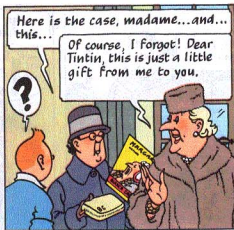
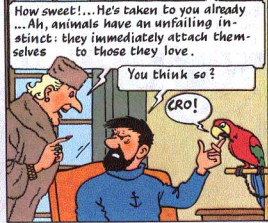
Yes, madame.

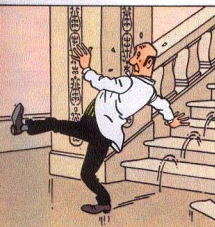
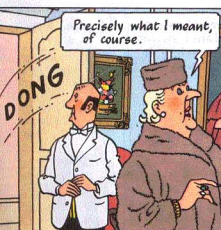
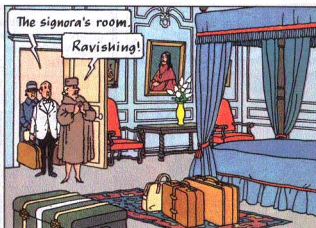
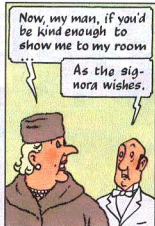
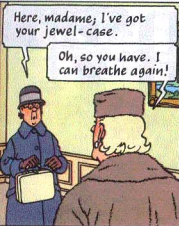
I can't stand animals who talk!

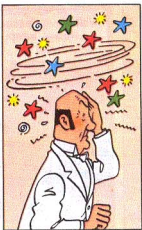
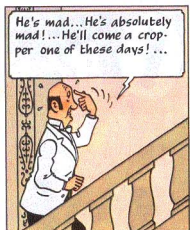
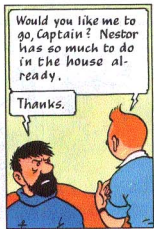
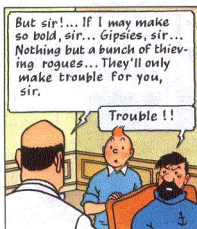
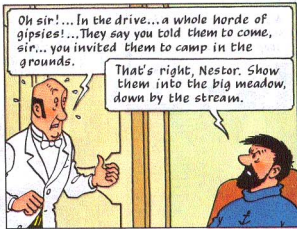
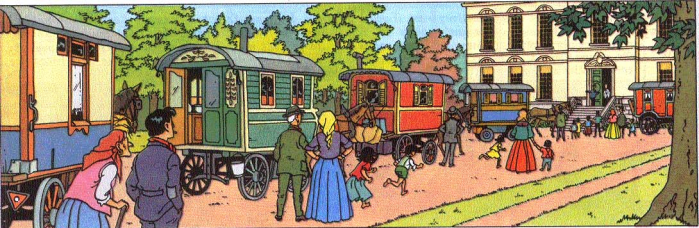


They've unloaded the luggage. This is where she's staying... To work, Gino!









Ah, Captain: my men report that some gipsies who were camping by the main road have moved ... It seems you invited them to pitch camp on your land ... Is that so?



Quite correct, Inspector. I think it's intolerable! Those wretched creatures forbidden to camp except on a rubbish dump! And as I have a meadow...



Hello-o-o! I can hear you!

Hello?... What?... You can hear me?... Well, I can hear you. And since we can hear each other, let me say I quite understand your action, Captain. It's most generous... I beg your pardon ... Did you say shut up?



No... not you!... I'm talking to this pestilential parakeet! Will you shut up, you ...



Hello-o-o! I can hear you!

Ah, I see. You're still addressing your parrot... Now, about those gipsies. Of course, you're free to do as you like. But I should warn you: you'll only have yourself to thank when they make trouble for you.



Trouble!... Ha! ha! First I'm bitten by a little wildcat, then by a parrot!... I sprain an ankle... Castafiore descends on me with Irma and that budding Beethoven... And they talk about trouble!... Ha! ha! ha! ha!...



Meanwhile ...

Mission completed: all settled in.

I hate them, the gajos. They pretend to help, but in their hearts they despise us ...



Not these, Mike, not these.



GRRR! WOOAH! WOOAH! GRRR!

Hello, what's up? Snowy's got wind of something.



WOOAH! WOOAH! GRRR! GRRR!

Snowy!... Here, Snowy!



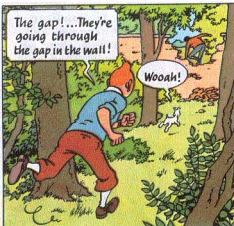
?

WOOAH! WOOAH!



Hey, who are you?... Stop!

WOOAH! WOOAH!



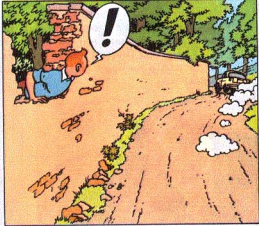
The gap!...They're going through the gap in the wall!

Woah!



A car!

Woah!



What's the meaning of that?
... And what shall I do?...
Tell the Captain?... No, he's
got enough on his plate
already.

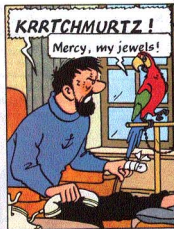


RRRING

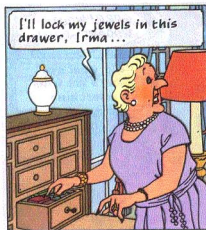
Hello?...Hello?...
Can you hear me?



Rrrring
Rrrring
Rrrring



KRRTCHMURTZ!
Mercy, my jewels!



I'll lock my jewels in this
drawer, Irma...



... and I'll hide the key to the drawer in
this vase, over here. Try to remember,
girl.

Yes, madame.

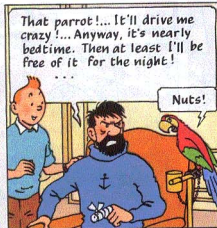


That's that, Captain.
Our gipsy friends are
installed. They're delighted
with their new camp.

Good. I'm
very glad.



Hello-o-o-o!
I can hear you!



That parrot!... It'll drive me
crazy!... Anyway, it's nearly
bedtime. Then at least I'll be
free of it for the night!

Nuts!

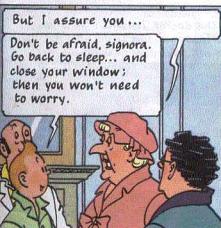
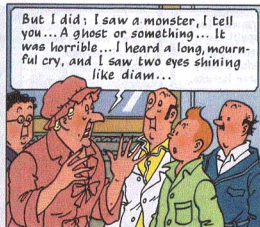


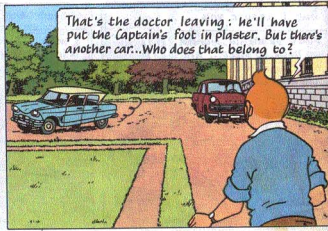
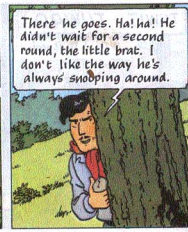
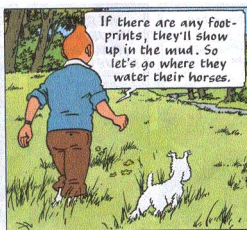
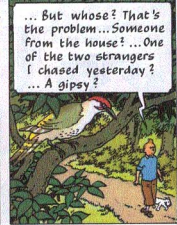
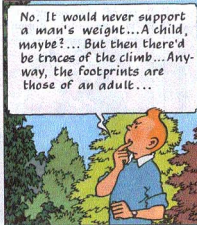
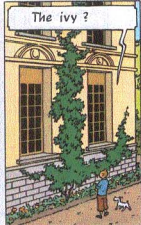
That night...

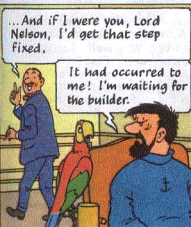
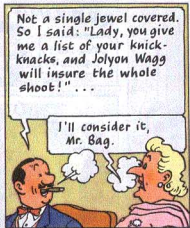
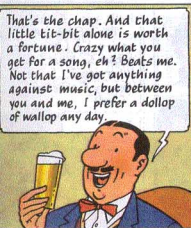
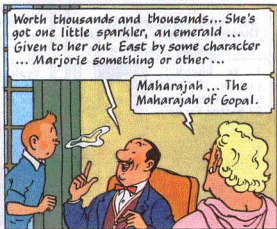
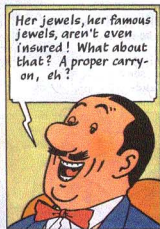
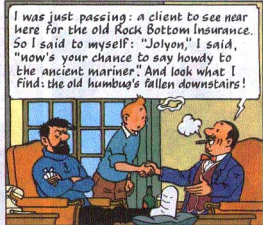
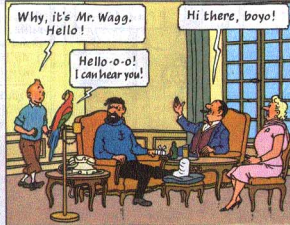
AH! MY
BEAUTY

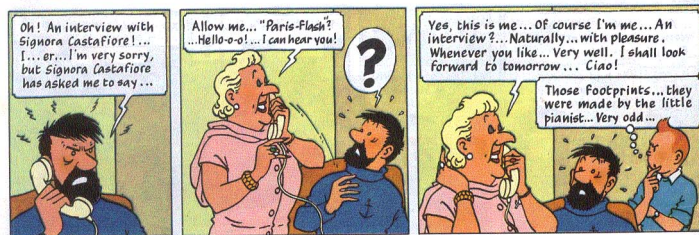
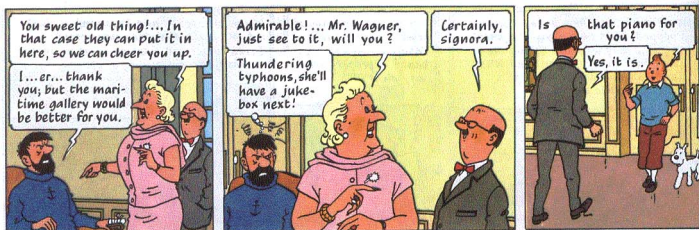
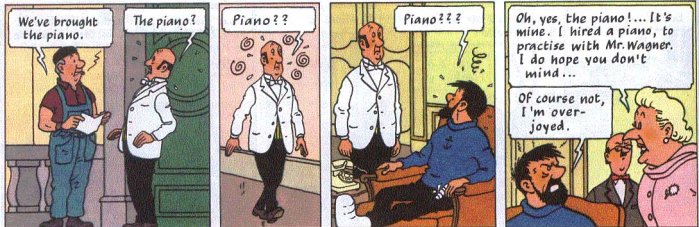


E-E-E-EK!
!









The next morning...

Yes, I know... I couldn't help it. I had to finish a tombstone: it was urgent. What? Yours is urgent too: yes, I know... Look, I'll be there first thing tomorrow morning... Yes, without fail.

If he's not here tomorrow I'll get someone else, and that's flat.

Captain! Captain!

Here's your new racing car.

Hooray! I'm free!

Woah!
Woah!

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

Peace at last... And there's old Cuthbert, pruning his roses...

Meanwhile...

Ah, Paris-Flash! Come in gentlemen. I will inform the signora.

Hello, Cuthbert. Working already this morning?

Very well, thank you. And you?... How's the foot?

Oh, not so bad!... Anyway, I might have broken my leg... Then I really should have looked a fool.

Cool? In the shade, perhaps, but in the sun it's really quite hot.

Great news, Captain - but this is strictly between ourselves - I have succeeded in raising a completely new variety of rose.

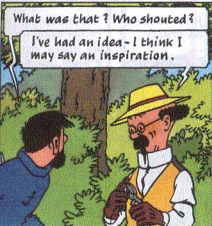
Well done! Splendid!... Better than building rockets and chasing off into the blue.

No, no, white!... But such a white!... Pearly, sparkling, immaculate!... And the shape - perfect!... And what perfume - exquisite!

Well, Professor, I congratulate you.

OW!

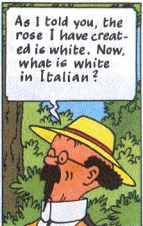
And the name? Aha! You will never guess...



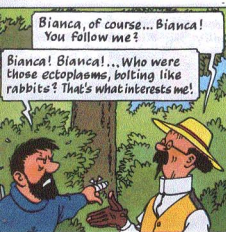
What was that? Who shouted?
I've had an idea - I think I
may say an inspiration.



Hi! ... Stop, who-
ever you are!
Idiot! Did you have to
put your your great feet
into a wasps' nest?



As I told you, the
rose I have creat-
ed is white. Now,
what is white
in Italian?



Bianca, of course... Bianca!
You follow me?
Bianca! Bianca! ... Who were
those ectoplasms, bolting like
rabbits? That's what interests me!



Yes, Bianca, like our delight-
ful guest. This rose shall be
called "Bianca Castafiore".
A charming compliment,
don't you think?
The scoundrels!
I'll bet they were
up to no good!



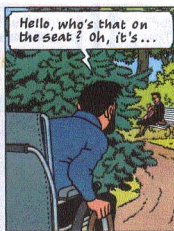
But the world must wait... You
mustn't breathe a word, I implore
you. It must be a complete surprise.
What?... Which?... A
surprise?... For whom?



That's agreed, isn't it?... I can
count on you... This is strictly
between ourselves.



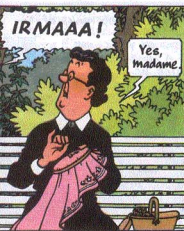
Strangers in the park... What's it
all about?



Hello, who's that on
the seat? Oh, it's...



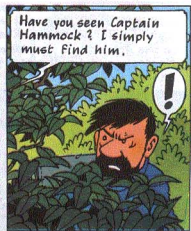
IRMAAA!



IRMAAA!
Yes,
madame.



Where are you, Irma?
Here madame.
I'm coming.
Take cover!



Have you seen Captain
Hammock? I simply
must find him.

If you see him, tell him we've finished. These gentlemen from "Paris-Flash" have concluded their interview and would so like to meet him.

Yes, madame.

Disaster! They're coming this way. I'm caught like a rat in a trap!

You know, he's just a dear old sea-dog, a bit crusty at first, but...

...beneath a rough exterior he hides the simple heart of a big, lovable child.

There he is, asleep, and in the shade, too.

Zzzz...
Zzzz...

Captain Paddock! Oh, you naughty man, look at you, asleep in the shade! You'll catch your death of cold!

What?... Oh, I must have been asleep.

Look, I've brought your coat. It's chilly out here... Now, now, now!

But I'm not cold!

I see I must scold you for something else, too... That jersey, it really won't do on a man of your age!

But...

It's like your hair!... When will you learn to do it properly, and stop looking like a scruffy little schoolboy?

But...

Let me introduce Christopher Willoughby-Drupe and Marco Rizotto of "Paris-Flash".

Hello!

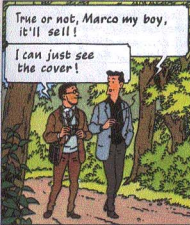
'Morning.

Well, gentlemen, now that you've all met, I will release you. Roam about in the grounds as you please. Captain Hassock and I will expect you to lunch.

Now, my dear, let us have a little chat.

Well, what do you make of it?

The same as you, chum! This is a sensation... But we must be sure...



True or not, Marco my boy, it'll sell!

I can just see the cover!



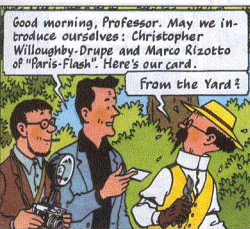
Look, a gardener... Come on, we'll try to pump him.

O.K.!



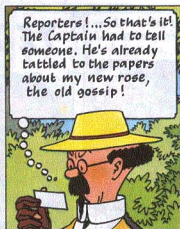
But... it isn't the gardener... It's Professor Calculus, who went to the moon with Tintin. He should be in the know.

Let's go!

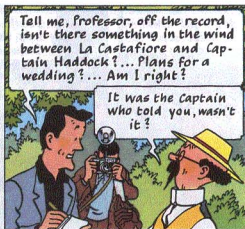


Good morning, Professor. May we introduce ourselves: Christopher Willoughby-Drupe and Marco Rizotto of "Paris-Flash". Here's our card.

From the Yard?

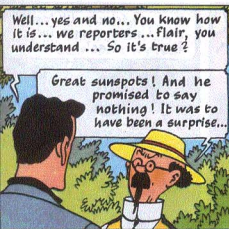


Reporters!... So that's it! The Captain had to tell someone. He's already tattered to the papers about my new rose, the old gossip!



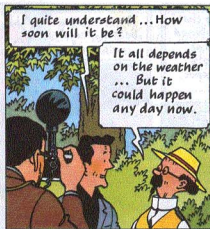
Tell me, Professor, off the record, isn't there something in the wind between La Castafiore and Captain Haddock? ... Plans for a wedding? ... Am I right?

It was the Captain who told you, wasn't it?



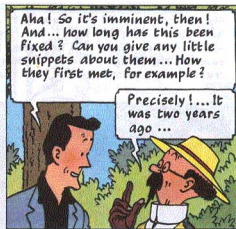
Well... yes and no... You know how it is... we reporters... flair, you understand... So it's true?

Great sunspots! And he promised to say nothing! It was to have been a surprise...



I quite understand... How soon will it be?

It all depends on the weather... But it could happen any day now.



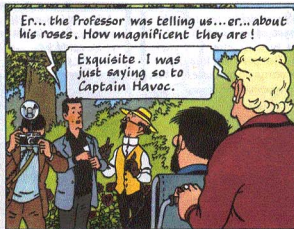
Aha! So it's imminent, then! And... how long has this been fixed? Can you give any little snippets about them... How they first met, for example?

Precisely!... It was two years ago...



... at the Chelsea Flower Show. But ssh! Here she comes... Signora Bianca, with the Captain. Not a word about this!

Right!



Er... the Professor was telling us... er... about his roses. How magnificent they are!

Exquisite. I was just saying so to Captain Havoc.



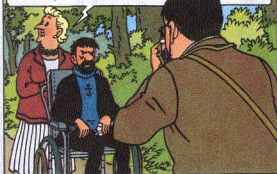
Meanwhile...

Got that? Sugarplum... Oriana... Semiramis...

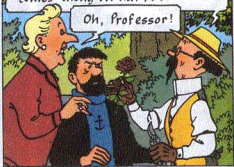
That's right... Exactly... No, no, I'll ring you myself... O.K. then... Till tomorrow.



Oh, how I adore flowers! They bring them in armfuls, but I never get tired of them!



Dear lady, allow me to offer you this modest "Crimson Glory" until...er... something better comes along... Ha! ha!



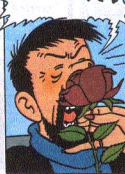
Oh, Professor!

MMMM! What a sweet scent!

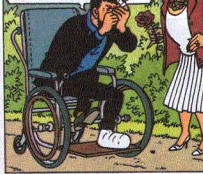


Smell, Captain!... Inhale the fragrance... Exquisite, isn't it?

YEOW!



Billions of blistering barnacles! I've been stung by a bee!



My poor boy, how did you manage to do that? And what a terrible fuss! You frightened me to death! Wait, I'll help you. First remove the sting... There! Then apply crushed rose petals to the spot.



Th-e-r-e! Better already, aren't we?



Now, my Friends, I'll leave you. I must change for lunch... Ciao!



Trala laaa



You're looking for Captain Maggot, I'm sure. You'll find him in the rose garden. The poor darling, he's been stung on the nose by a bee.



Oh!

A bee-sting on the nose... Poor Captain; that could be horribly painful.



E-E-E-EK! MY NECKLACE!



IRMA-A-A!
IRMA-A-A!

Yes, madame.

Oh, it's you!... Something frightful has happened: I've just broken my necklace!

Don't worry, signora. I'm sure we'll find all the beads.

There you are at last! I've been calling you for hours. You should have been here to pick up my necklace.

I am so grateful, my young friend. It's not that this necklace is particularly valuable: it's only fashion jewelry. But it's from Tristan Bior. And say what you like, Bior is still Bior!

Er... obviously!

Now let's see about the Captain's nose.

Don't think I'm angry with you, Captain, but why did you tell them about my rose?

What? Your rose?

Your rose! Will you shut up about your rose! Blistering barnacles, if I hadn't had one shoved in my face, I shouldn't have a nose like an overgrown strawberry!

Oh no, white!

Excuse me, madame, have you seen my embroidery scissors... you know, the little gold ones...

Why should I have seen them, girl? It's not my job to look after your things.

I didn't say that, madame... It's strange, I had them earlier, when you called me the first time; when I returned to my seat I couldn't find them.

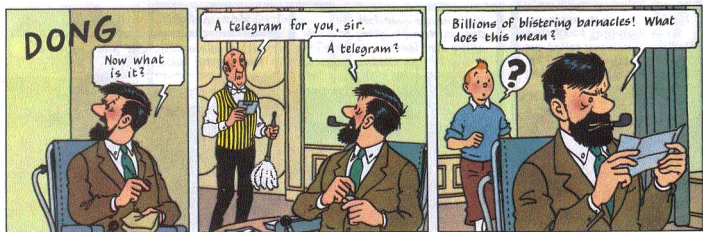
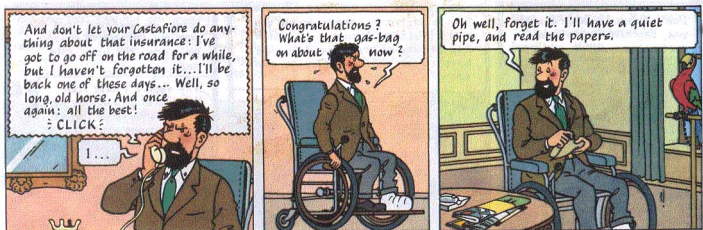
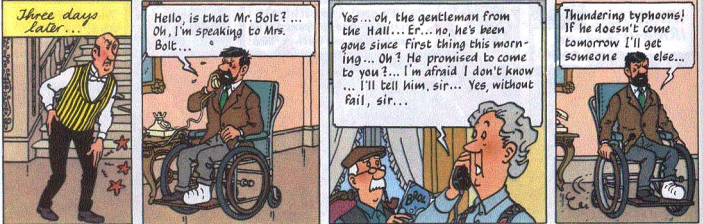
Well, have a good look, my child... No one's going to steal a pair of scissors, are they?

No, madame.

Meanwhile...

Little scissors made of gold... Aren't they pretty, Uncle Mike?

Very nice!



Read that and tell me if it conveys anything to you. And that idiot Wagg has just rung up to congratulate me.

Oh?

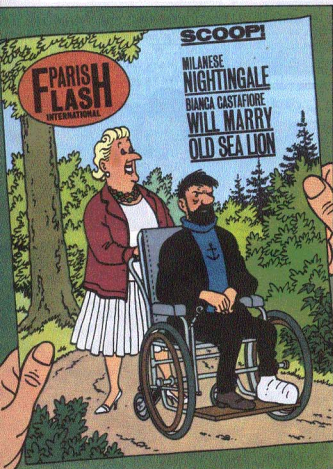
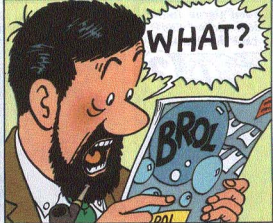


Heartiest congratulations, Captain Chester...

Doesn't make sense, does it?

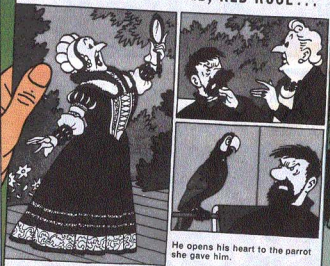


WHAT?



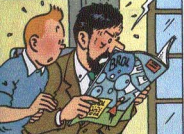
At the Chelsea Flower Show, famed the world over for its exotic blooms, Bianca Castafiore met her future husband, retired Admiral Hammock. Our reporters have been to Marlinspike Hall, to bring you these intimate glimpses of two happy people.

MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE...



He opens his heart to the parrot she gave him.

... Loneliness banished, he never tires of hearing the golden voice, singing for him the famous Jewel Song from 'Faust'... !!!??!!

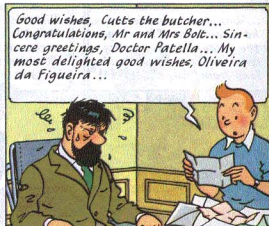
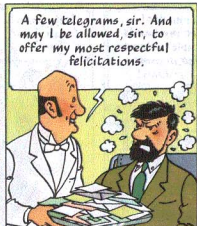
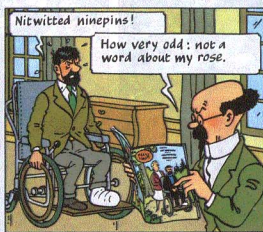
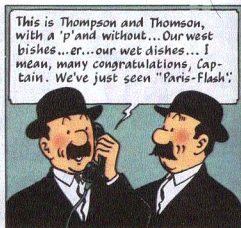
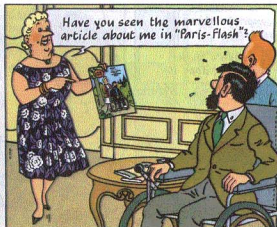


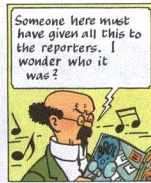
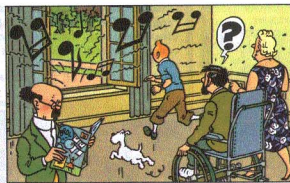
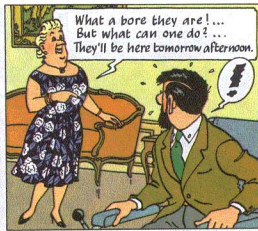
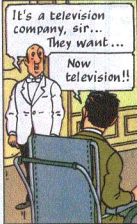
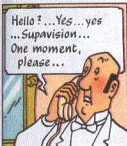
Blistering barnacles! Wait till I get my hands on the miserable molecule of mildew who dreamed up this balderdash!

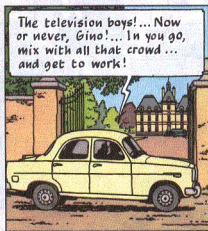
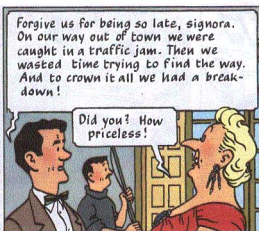
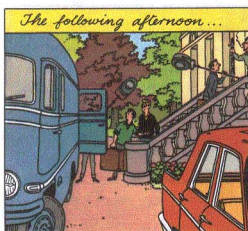
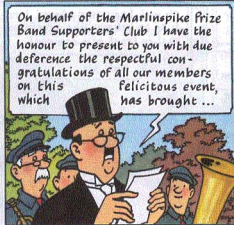


Hello-o-o! I can hear you!











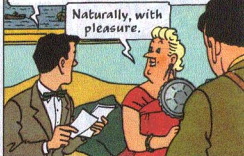
Ah, I see... Perhaps we can talk more easily sitting down.



Right... I shall appear in the first sequence and say a few words of introduction. Then I put the first question, and the cameras focus on you. From then on I shall only be heard 'off'.



At the end of that sequence I shall ask if you'll be kind enough to sing ... something specially for the viewers.



Thank you. For the second sequence, you cross slowly to the piano, where your accompanist will be waiting, and you sing... What will you sing, signora?

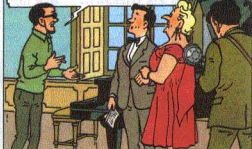


Excellent... Afterwards, I close the interview with a few words of thanks.



We're ready, Andy... what about you?

All O.K. I'd just like to do a voice test, and we're all set.



Take up the mike, Jim. It's in the picture...



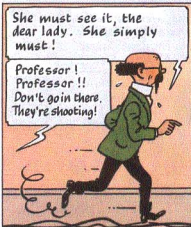
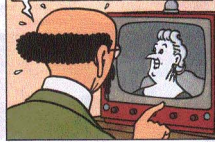
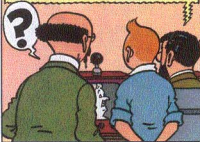
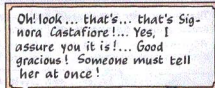
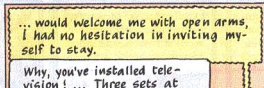
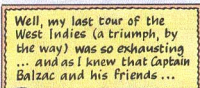
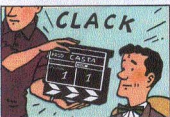
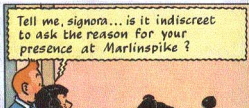
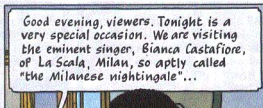
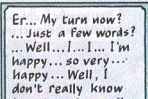
Don't mind me, lady. This is only a light meter.

Good... How's that for balance? ... Silence! ... Sound on!



Good evening, viewers. Tonight is rather a special occasion. We are visiting the eminent singer, Bianca Castafiore... All right like that?





Stars above! What is the meaning of all this masquerade?



... A wedding is arranged, and I'm the last to hear about it! ... You install television, but you don't tell me! ... They're shooting a film here, and no one says a word! ... It's a conspiracy! Everyone's plotting to keep me in the dark!



... And poor Signora Castafiore is appearing on television, and no one thinks of telling her! ... It's monstrous!



Come, Professor, let me explain...

Pained?! ... Me? ... Pained?! ... Certainly not, but...



We'll pick up from the last question ... Stand by! ... Sound on!



Yes, a series of recitals in the United States, where I shall stay for two months: they are longing to hear me.

Poor Americans! What have they done to deserve it?



Then to South America to conquer the capitals...

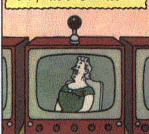
And reduce them to ruins as well!



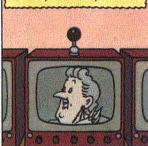
And... tell me, signora; which works will you perform on your tour... or should I say, your triumphal progress?



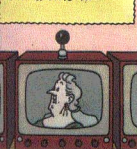
How well you put it! ... Yes, as usual, I shall be singing Rossini, Puccini, Verdi, Gounod... Oh, silly me! Gounod!



Ah, Gounod? Wasn't it in Gounod that you achieved your greatest success... made your name, in fact?

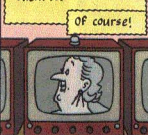


Yes, the Jewel Song from "Faust" swept me to the pinnacle of fame. They say I'm divine ...



Please, signora, I know our viewers would be overcome if you would sing that great aria for them ...

Of course!

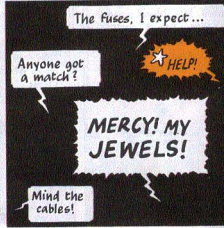
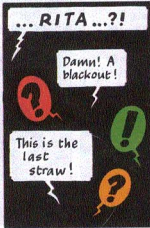
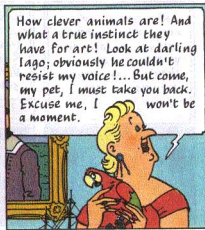
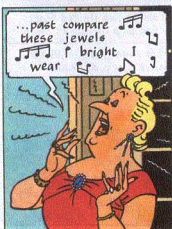
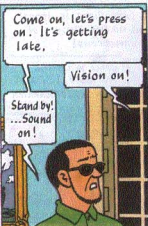


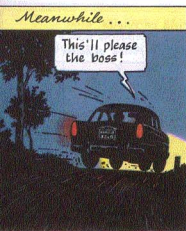
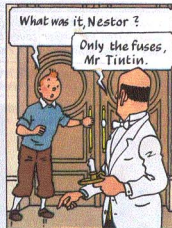
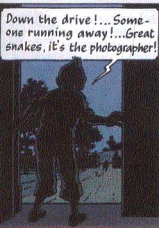
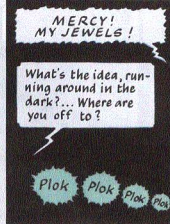
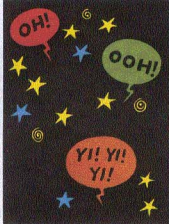
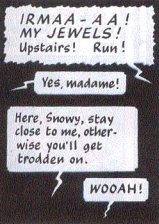
Emergency! ... Take cover! She's going to sing!

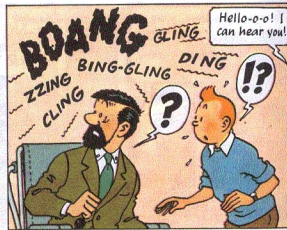
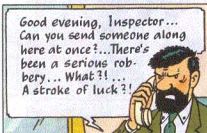
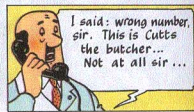
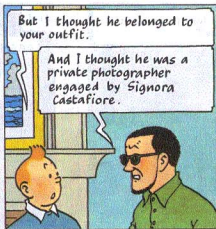
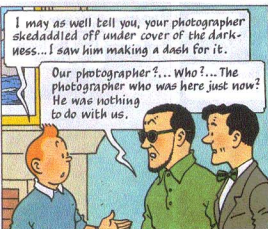


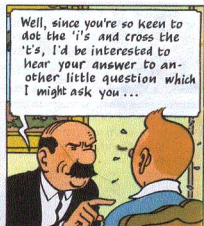
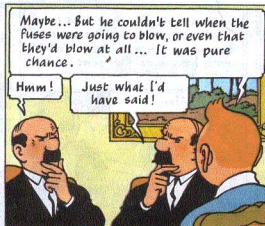
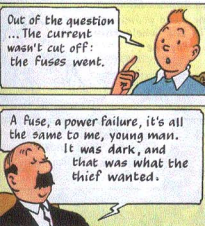
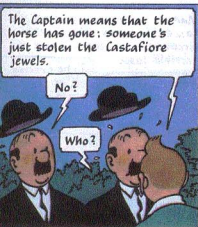
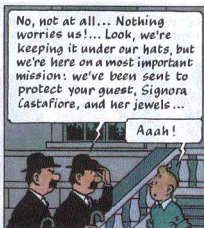
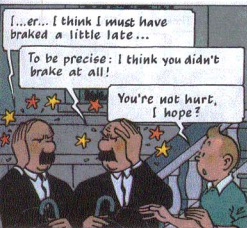
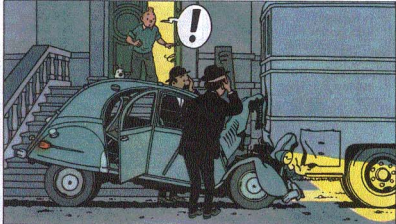
Hello-o-o! I can hear you!

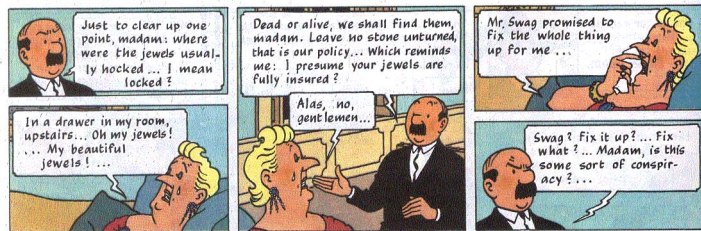
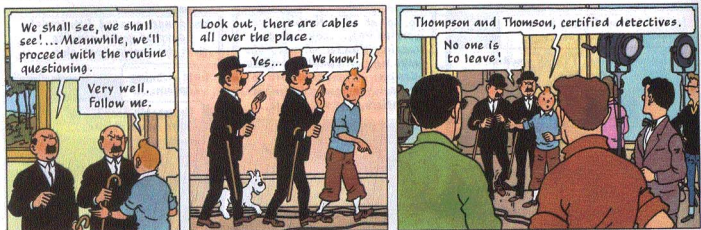
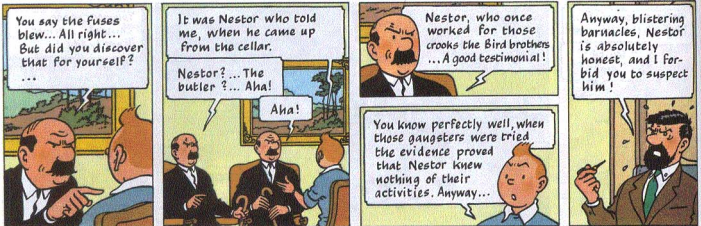


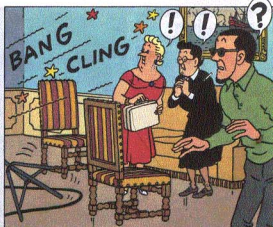
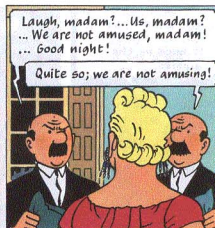
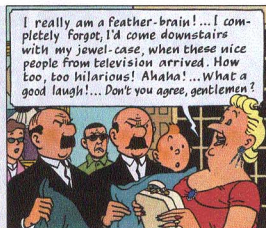
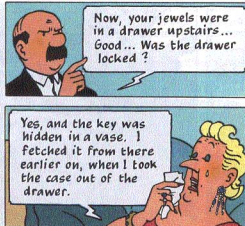
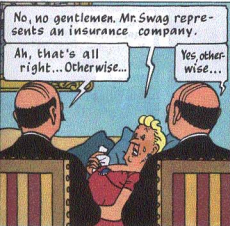


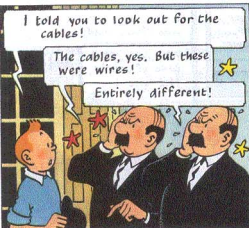








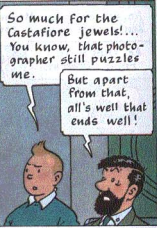
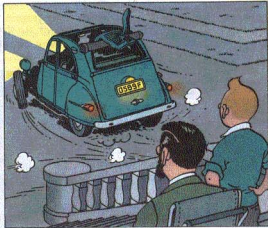




I told you to look out for the cables!

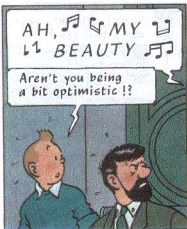
The cables, yes. But these were wires!

Entirely different!



So much for the Castafiore jewels!... You know, that photographer still puzzles me.

But apart from that, all's well that ends well!



AH, MY BEAUTY

Aren't you being a bit optimistic!?



I'm just going for a stroll with Snowy: I need some air. I shan't be long.

WOOAH! WOOAH!

Right you are. Enjoy yourself. I'll hold the fort.



What a perfect night!



That sounds like... yes, it's a guitar... It must be the gipsies.



What haunting music it is!



Come on, Snowy. We must go back.



How quiet it is here in the wood... Not a sound... Not a leaf stirring... Silence...



WOO—OO!

WOOAH!

TU-WOOD

An owl!...Heavens, how it made me jump!

Come on, Snowy. Home!

Three days later...

Yes... yes, I know... I mean ... Yes, it was a wedding ... er... my step-sister's cousin ... Yes... Look sir... I'll be with you tomorrow morning ... Yes, yes, definitely... Yes, yes, I promise, sir... Yes, sir... Good-bye, sir.

If you don't come tomorrow, my Fine Friend, I'll ... blistering barnacles, I don't know what I'll do ... but I won't stand for it!



No! I won't stand for it! I tell you: I won't stand for it!

I'll take them to court!... I'll have them locked up!... To make fun of a poor, weak woman!

Mind the step!

I know!... Look at that!... [It's shameful!... It's a disgrace!... It's monstrous!... But they won't get away with it, I can tell you! ... Look at it!



But what's the matter?... It's not at all bad, that photograph...

Not bad!... Not bad!... Is that all you can say? It's horrible, I tell you!

Horrible? I wouldn't say so... In fact, I'd say it was a very good likeness.

That's right!... Defend the cads!... the bores! ... the bumpkins!... Mannerless yokels!... This is the limit!... And it's not just a question of the likeness! ... It's far worse than that!

Worse than that? What do you mean?

I mean... I mean that photograph was taken here by a reporter from the "Tempo", and he got in without a soul knowing!... You let people use this house like a hotel!

What? That photographer...



Yes, that photographer, the one who got away in the dark... Oh, it's too bad! I said to that "Tempo" riff-raff: "You've dared to say that I weigh fourteen stone!... Very well: no more photographs, no more interviews!... You can tell your reporters I never want to see their faces again!"



And now by some diabolical trick they've managed to run a whole feature!... And all because of you! It's all your fault!

My fault?!



Of course it is!... If you were more particular about the people who invite themselves in... If you didn't open your door to every Tom, Dick and Harry, this would never have happened!... And you! Wagner! I want a word with you!



So you've come back, Mister Wagner!... Where have you been?... And who gave you permission to go out?... You have work to do, Mr. Wagner; scales, Mr. Wagner!

But...



Silence!... Your playing is careless, Mr. Wagner!... Two wrong notes yesterday!... In future I want to hear you practising all day long. Is that clear?

Yes, signora...
No, signora...
Yes, signora.



And you, Irma!... Have you found your little gold scissors yet?... Obviously not!... What's got into you, girl?

Me, madame?



D O N G

Yes, you Irma!... And go and see who that is, instead of gawking like an idiot!



Hello, girlie!



'Morning, Duchess!... How goes it?... All O.K.?... And your hubby-to-be? He all right?... Fine!... Well, here we are: I've brought you a dinky little insurance policy...

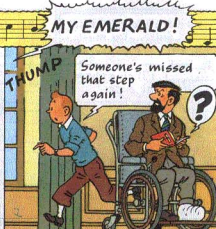
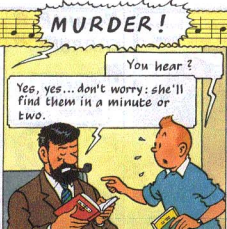
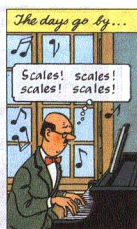
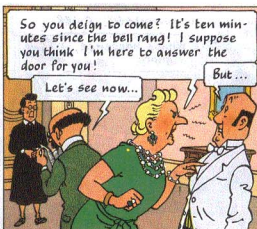
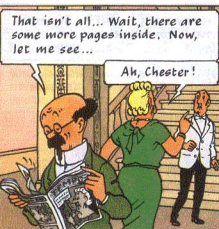
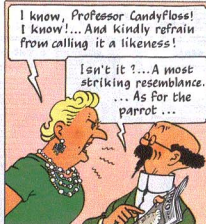
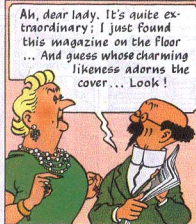
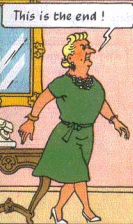


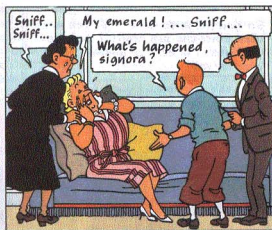
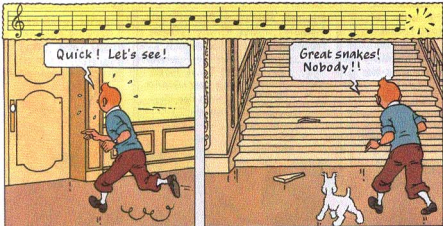
I'm so sorry, Mr. Sag!... You're too late!... The early bird catches the worm, Mr. Sag!

Come offit! You're joking!

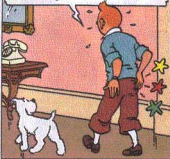
Don't try to argue, Mr. Sag... I shall take care of my own jewels, Mr. Sag!... Good morning, Mr. Sag.







Unless I'm very much mistaken, it was the thief who fell on the stairs just now.



Hello? Yes this is me... Yes, with a 'p', as in Philadelphia ... Good mor... What... A robbery?!... An emerald?! But ... I... Look... Signora Castafiore ... She's quite sure, isn't she; it really has been stolen this time?



A good question.

Yes, I'm afraid it has.



Good... That's lucky for her. I don't mind telling you, if she'd got us up to Marlinspike on another wild goose chase we wouldn't have come.



Definitely not!

Half an hour later ...

In a nutshell... If the theft was committed by someone in the house, then there are only six suspects: Irma, Wagner, Nestor, Calculus, Tintin, and of course you yourself, Captain.

Are you suggesting...!?



Wait!... Three on our list can be ruled straight out: you, because you couldn't have gone upstairs in your wheelchair; Tintin, who was with you; and Wagner: he was playing the piano in the maritime gallery.

If you can call it playing...



That leaves Irma, Nestor, and the Professor.

One of those three a criminal?... You must be crazy!



And so, with your permission, we will question each of them separately, in private.

All right. I'll send Nestor in. But you're wasting your time.



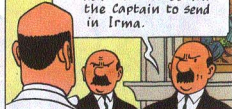
Where was I?... In the garden, near Professor Calculus who was pruning his roses... I was watering the begonias when I heard Signora Castafiore shouting... I looked up at the windows...

Oho! You admit you could see the windows from where you were?



Certainly, sir... Then, as the cries continued, I dropped my watering can and hastened towards the house...

You were in a hurry to reach the house, eh?... That is all. Please ask the Captain to send in Irma.



Sniff... I was busy sewing in my room... sniff... Suddenly... sniff... I heard madame calling out... sniff... I ran to her room... sniff... just in time... sniff... to catch her in my arms... sniff... as she fainted... sniff...

Aha!



Your mistress has told us she spent about a quarter of an hour in the bathroom. In short, knowing her habits, you would have had an opportunity to enter her room, without any noise, and slip out with the emerald... or drop it from the window to an accomplice... To Nestor, for instance!... Come on! Confess!



EEEEEEEEK!

Help!

Tintin! Save me!

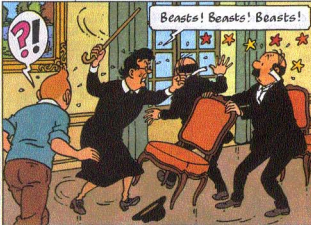




Beasts!

YEOW!

OW!



Beasts! Beasts! Beasts!



Irma! Irma! What's the matter?...Stop!



They... sniff... they accused me...sniff...of stealing ... sniff... madame's emerald...!...sniff... who have never... sniff... taken a pin... sniff... which didn't belong to me...sniff...In fact...sniff... It was I... sniff...who had my little scissors stolen...sniff... and my beautiful silver thimble... And they dare sniff... those wicked men!

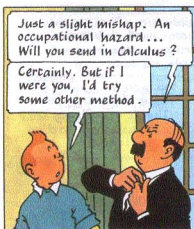


BOO-HOO-HOOO!



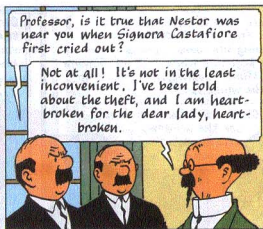
Is that true? Did you really accuse her?

Er... well... I... sort of... You see, it's a trick that comes off sometimes.



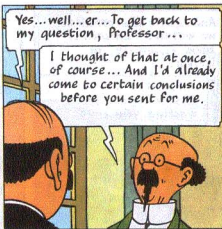
Just a slight mishap. An occupational hazard ... Will you send in Calculus?

Certainly. But if I were you, I'd try some other method.



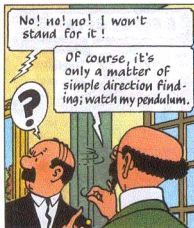
Professor, is it true that Nestor was near you when Signora Castafiore first cried out?

Not at all! It's not in the least inconvenient. I've been told about the theft, and I am heart-broken for the dear lady, heart-broken.



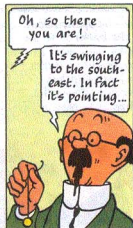
Yes... well... er... To get back to my question, Professor...

I thought of that at once, of course... And I'd already come to certain conclusions before you sent for me.



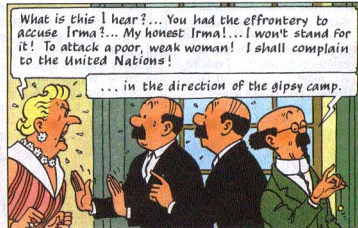
No! no! no! I won't stand for it!

Of course, it's only a matter of simple direction finding; watch my pendulum.



Oh, so there you are!

It's swinging to the south-east. In fact it's pointing...



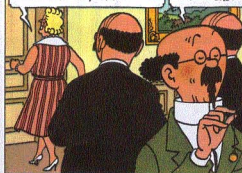
What is this I hear?... You had the effrontery to accuse Irma?... My honest Irma!... I won't stand for it! To attack a poor, weak woman! I shall complain to the United Nations!

... in the direction of the gipsy camp.

And if Irma gives in her notice, as she may well after such an insult, will you find me a new maid? ... And what about the higher wages the new girl will want: will you pay those? ... I tell you, if you don't apologize to Irma...



... I leave this house immediately. I shall tell the Captain!



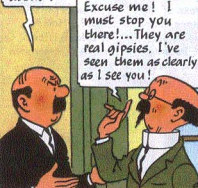
You see? It points south-east.

Now... where were we?...

You understand, I'm not accusing anyone. It's simply that my pendulum indicates the direction of their camp.

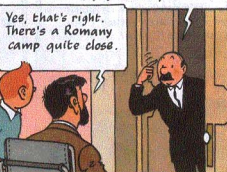


A camp? What are you talking about?



Excuse me! I must stop you there!... They are real gypsies. I've seen them as clearly as I see you!

I say, your Friend Calculus, is he a bit...er, you know? He keeps on talking about a gipsy encampment.



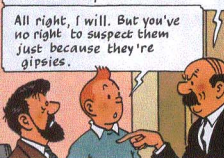
Yes, that's right. There's a Romany camp quite close.

Is that true?... Why didn't you say so before?... They're the villains, without a shadow of doubt!



But look here, what proof have you?

Proof? We shall find it!... Those sort of people are always thieving! There's no time to be lost: take us to their camp.



All right, I will. But you've no right to suspect them just because they're gypsies.

I'll be surprised if they're still there. Having done the job, they'll have bolted.



I don't think so!

Where's the camp?



OH!

Well?

They... they've gone!... But I saw them only last night...



What did I tell you? They've done a bunk.

They won't have got far.

... calling all patrols... Intercept band of gypsies. Believed to have left Marlinspike within past few hours for unknown destination ...



Tonight... BING ... Scanorama...
BONG... your look at life... DONG



That evening ...

Now my friends, hold your breath! ... This is an historic moment!



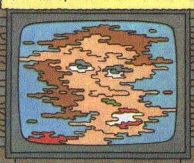
...the 21st Taschist Party Congress at Szohöd, the secret life of the Abominable Snowman, and the jewel robbery at Marlinspike ...

Well, I'll be ...

What a coincidence!

How very strange!

At the 21st Taschist Party Congress at Szohöd, Marshal Kürvi-Tasch, in an exceptionally violent speech...



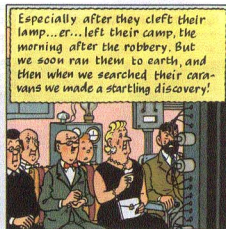
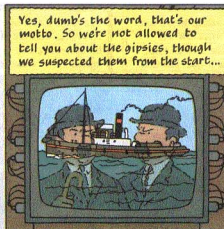
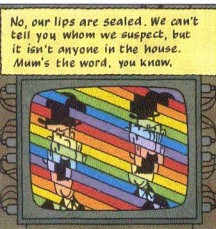
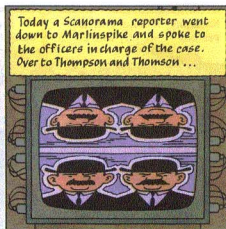
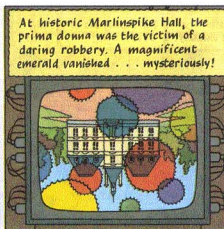
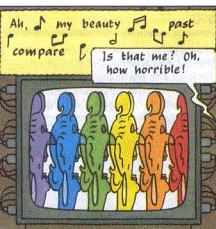
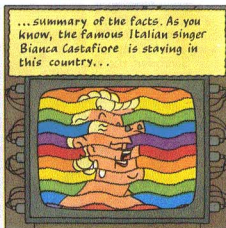
The picture isn't absolutely clear, but I can adjust it...



DIGADOG DAGADIGADUG DOGODOGDOG DAGODAGODAGODUG DIGADIGDUG



All right, eh? The sound! ...Thundering typhoons, adjust the sound!



Not only did we discover a pair of scissors belonging to Signora Castafiore's maid, but in one of their caravans...

... we found a messed-up Flunkey ... er... a dressed-up monkey. Obviously, the emerald could only have been stolen by a man climbing the wall: in fact, a man of remarkable agility... And that man has been found: the monkey!
Of course the whole bunch...

... denied it furiously. The scissors had been 'found' by a little girl. As for the monkey, he'd never been out of his cage.

So that's how things stand ... but we're keeping it under our hats, of course. All we have to do now is recover the emerald...

And for a couple of master-minds like you, gentlemen, that will be child's play... Thank you for putting us so clearly in the picture.

Now we turn from the excitement and suspense of a police investigation to another burning topic that is hitting today's headlines...

Oh no! That's enough!
Stop! My eyes are simply streaming!
Enough! Enough!

Naturally, it isn't entirely perfect yet, but ...

My eyeballs are doing the shimmy!

I'm seeing six of everything!

Me too!

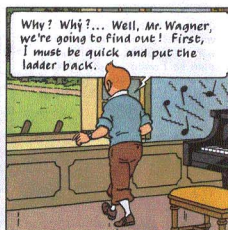
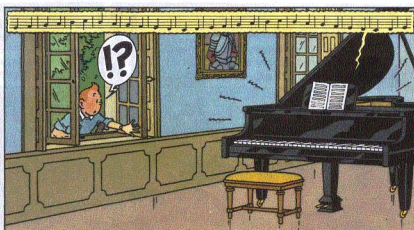
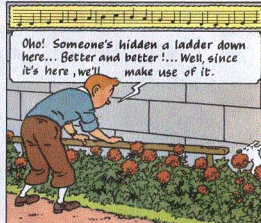
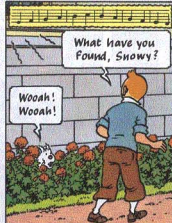
The next morning...

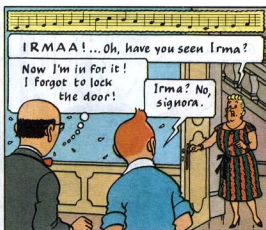
Poor gipsies!... I'm still convinced they're innocent... I've had another look at the wall: even a monkey climbing would have left some trace, but there wasn't a sign. What then?

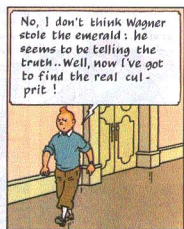
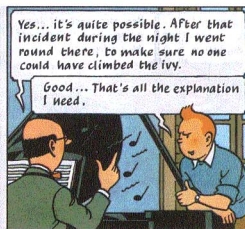
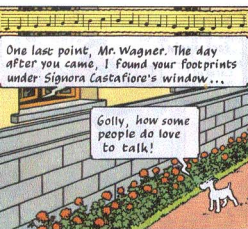
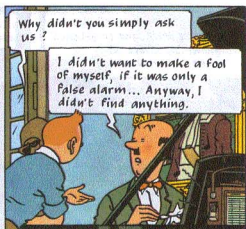
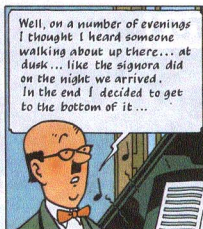
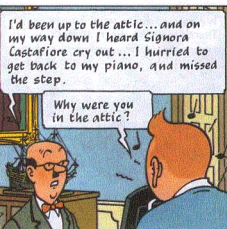
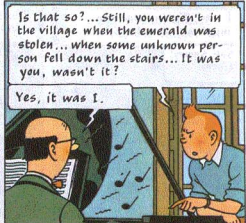
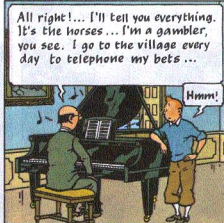
Hello! There's Mr. Wagner going into the village, on Nestor's old bike.

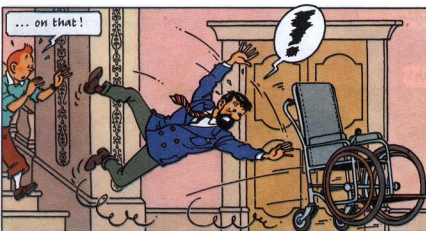
He must have got permission to leave his piano. Now's our chance, Snowy...

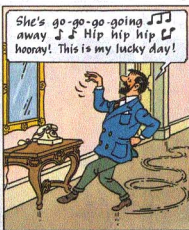
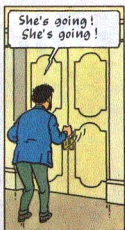
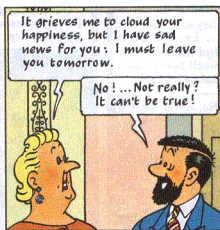
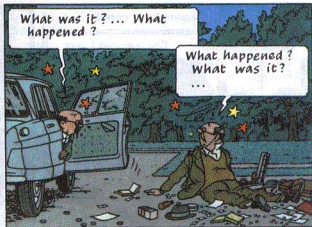
We'll go back indoors... and we'll be spared that piano for a change!

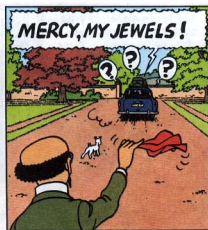
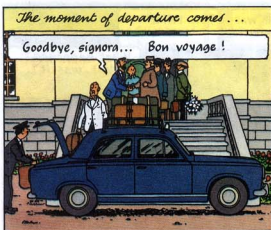


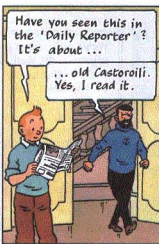
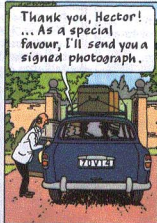
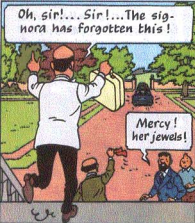












Nightingale with a Broken Heart

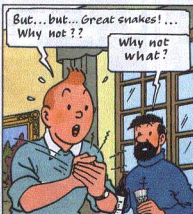
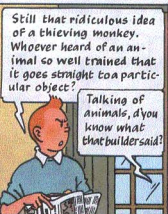
MILAN, TUESDAY

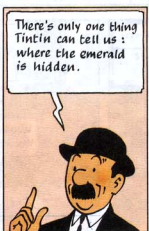
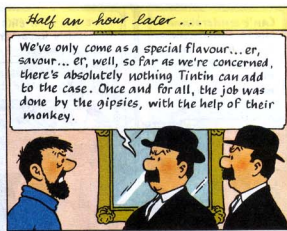
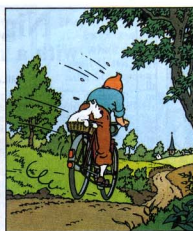
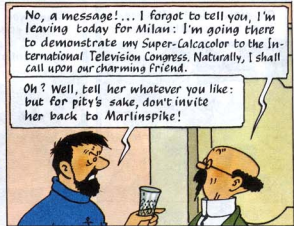
'Triumph... superlative... sublime... unforgettable,' proclaims the Italian press. At La Scala last night the divine Castafiore bid farewell to Europe. An ecstatic audience acclaimed her overwhelming performance in Rossini's LA GAZZA LADRA.

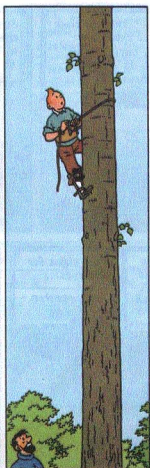
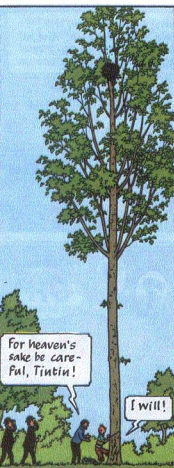
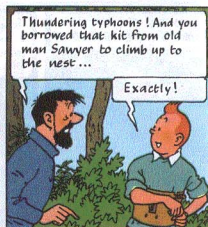
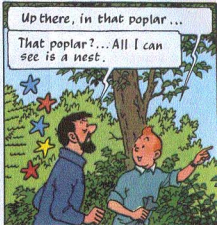
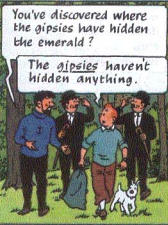
Time and again a delirious house recalled their idol. Fifteen curtains! Bravo! Bravissimo! But can the plaudits of admirers mend a broken heart? For the nightingale still mourns the loss of her most precious jewel.

And have we heard the last of the Castafiore emerald? Not so. Police investigations continue in the Marinspike area. Was a monkey used to spirit away the jewel, magnificent gift of the Maharajah of Gopal? No comment, say detectives, but suspicion weighs heavily upon local gypsies. And still no sign of the emerald.

From Italy, the Milanese nightingale wings her way tonight









Look out for the dead branch!



CRACK



No damage done!... What about you? Have you found anything?

Yes, and how! I've got Irma's thimble...



AND THE EMERALD! HERE'S THE EMERALD!!



Some bits of glass... a marble... and a monocle... That's the lot... I'm coming down.

Chak-chak

Thief!



Wonderful!... Tintin, you're a genius!... But what on earth suddenly made you think of a magpie?

Do you remember the name of the opera they mentioned in the paper?



I don't know... "Pizzza" or "Ragazza"... or something...

"La Gazza Ladra"... in other words, The Thieving Magpie! Then the light dawned!



I thought to myself: "There's a 'gazza ladra' somewhere around... But where? ... What about the spot where Miarka found the scissors? They must have fallen from the robber's hiding-place"... So I ran to look, and there was the nest!... Well, that clears the gipsies!



Just our luck! The one time we manage to catch the culprits they turn out to be innocent! It's really too bad of them!

You'd think they'd done it on purpose!



Anyway, thanks to us, the emerald has turned up. And all we have to do is to return it to Signora Castafiore.

You know, Cuthbert Calculus is just leaving for Milan. Couldn't we give him the jewel?



Definitely not! We and we alone must restore the emerald: we are in beauty doomed!...

As you like: here it is.



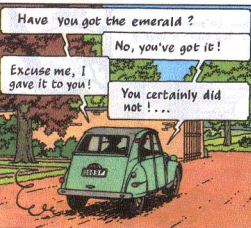
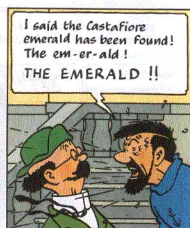
You know, what pleases me is the relief for the gipsies. They'll be completely cleared of suspicion now.

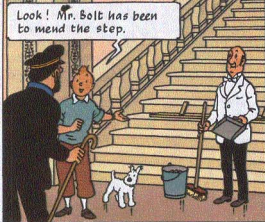
It's a sight for sore eyes...

To be precise, I'd say...



OH!



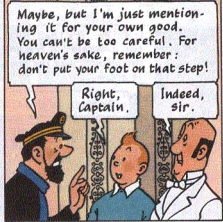


Look! Mr. Bolt has been to mend the step.



That's wonderful!... Ah, he's put a board across it: to give the mortar time to set. I expect he warned you.

No, he didn't. But it's quite obvious...



Maybe, but I'm just mentioning it for your own good. You can't be too careful. For heaven's sake, remember: don't put your foot on that step!

Right, Captain.

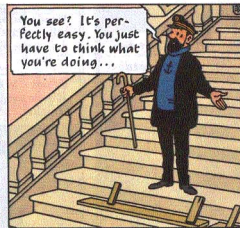
Indeed, sir.



For the next few days you must step over... like tha-a-at! You understand?

Yes, Captain.

Very good, sir.

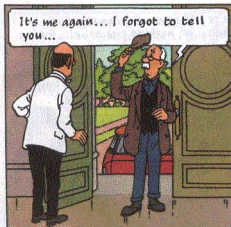


You see? It's perfectly easy. You just have to think what you're doing...



DONG

Hello... Who's that?



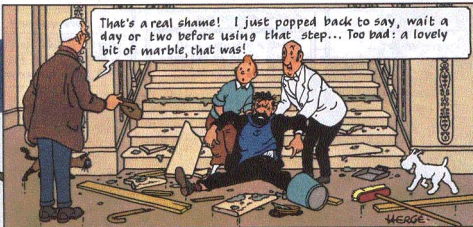
It's me again... I forgot to tell you...



Ah, Mr. Bolt! It was nice of you to come...



TU-WHOO



That's a real shame! I just popped back to say, wait a day or two before using that step... Too bad: a lovely bit of marble, that was!



Chak-chak

Blistering barnacles, that's the end!