



HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

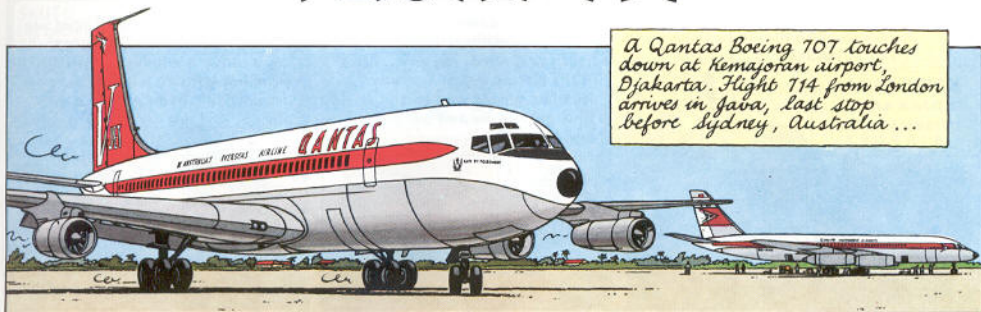


# FLIGHT 714



MAMMOTH

# FLIGHT 714



*A Qantas Boeing 707 touches down at Kemajoran airport, Djakarta. Flight 714 from London arrives in Java, last stop before Sydney, Australia ...*



I keep telling you.. We're in Java!... Djakarta!

How very strange I'd have sworn it was Djakarta.



This IS Djakarta, ten thousand thundering typhoons!

Rangoon? You must be joking.



Blistering barnacles! Djakarta! Djakarta!! DJAKARTA!!! Can' you listen to what I say?

Botany Bay?...Then why didn't you say we'd arrived?



No, Professor, we're not in Australia yet. It's Djakarta.

Yes, I know. But I thought at first it was Djakarta.



Welcome to Java! Transit passengers this way, please ...

Transit passengers... that means us.

This is more like it. I'm no skye terrier... I prefer my feet on the ground!



I say Tintin, what about a little drink?

Good idea. Why not?

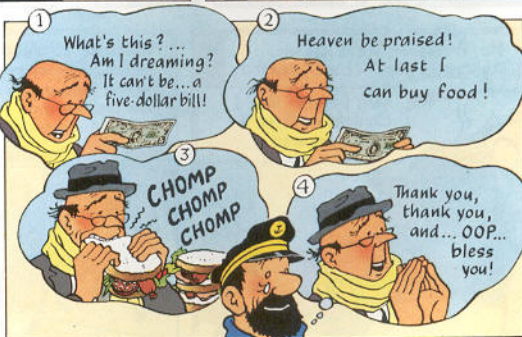
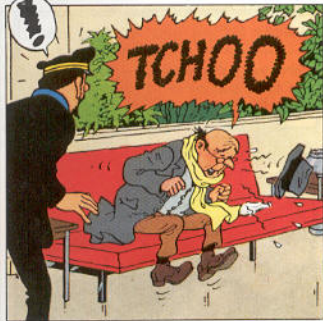
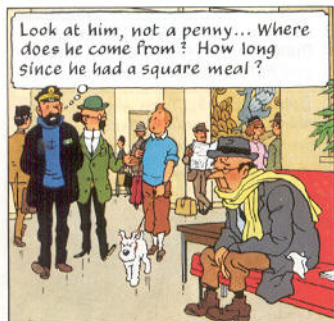


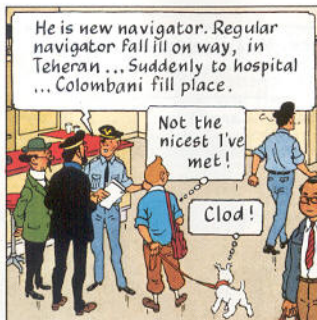
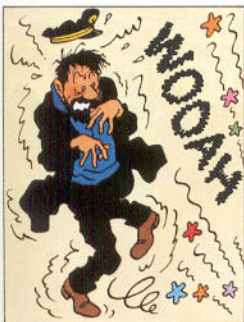
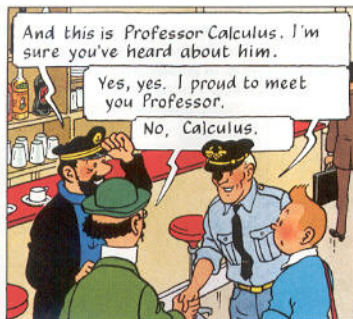
There's the bar, look ...

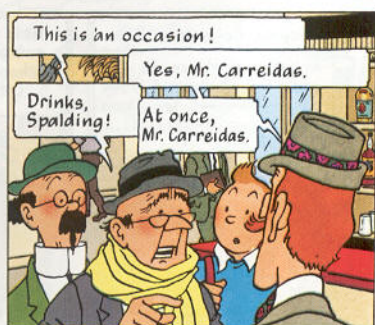
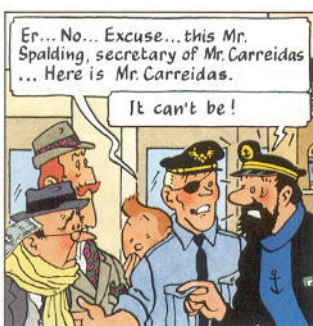
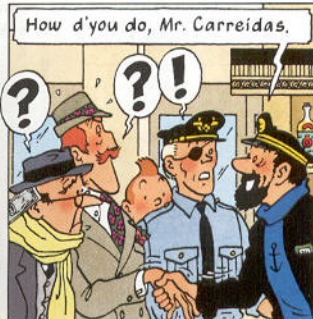
Fine!

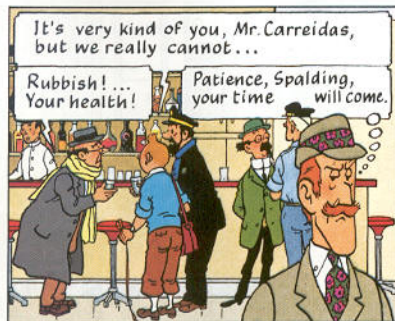
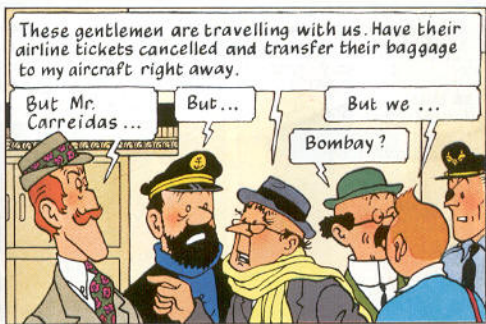
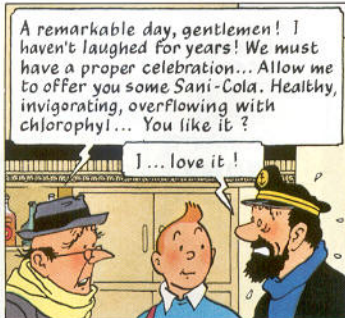


Hey! ... Stop! ... Are you trying to make a fool of me?

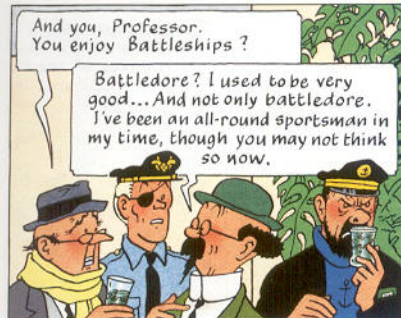












This is my newest brain-child: the Carreidas 160. A triple-jet executive aircraft, with a crew of four, and six passengers. At 40,000 feet the cruising speed is Mach 2, or about 1,250 m.p.h. The Rolls-Royce-Turbomeca turbojets deliver in total 18,500 lbs of thrust...

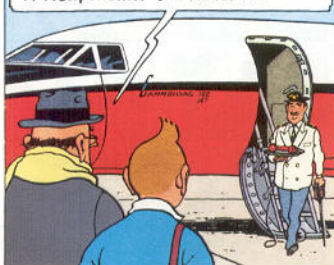
It's magnificent!



The most advanced feature lies in the aerodynamics of the ...



Ah, there's Gino, my steward ...  
A Neapolitan. I wonder...



Telefono from New York for il signor Commendatore.

That'll be Goldberg.

Hold the line, please.

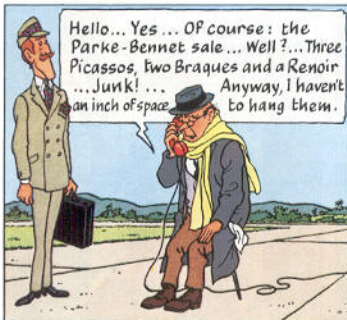


Please board the aircraft, gentlemen. Gino, look after my guests.

Si, signor Commendatore.



Hello... Yes... Of course: the Parke-Bennet sale... Well?... Three Picassos, two Braques and a Renoir... Junk! ... an inch of space to hang them.



What's that?... Onassis after them?... Then buy!... Get them all!... What?... I don't care how much, buy!



You met navigator Colombani... This is new radio operator, Hans Boehm.

Hello!

Captain!

Well, well...



More new crew?

Si... no fortuna we have on this viaggio... Other radio operator in accidente at airport in Singapore... with petrol tanker...



But presto presto il signor Spalding find new radio operator... Il Signor Spalding is molto intelligente... Il Signor Spalding...





I caught my foot in this blast... er... in this telephone cable.



You are ridiculous, Spalding ... Ridiculous.

But I ... Yes, Mr. Carreidas.

Grotesque, Spalding.



A buffoon, Spalding ... That's what you are, a buffoon! ... Ha! ha! ha! ... Ho! ho! ho! ... Ha ...



AAA  
AA

TCHOO



Great stocks and shares! That's the third time I've laughed today. What's the matter? If I go on like this I'll have to see my doctor.



Now, please make yourselves comfortable and fasten your seat-belts for take-off.

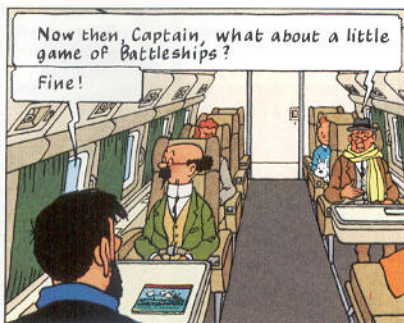


I shall sit in my usual place, Gino: at my desk ...

Bene, signor Commendatore



I'll swear he gave him a wink ... But why? ... There's something fishy going on ...



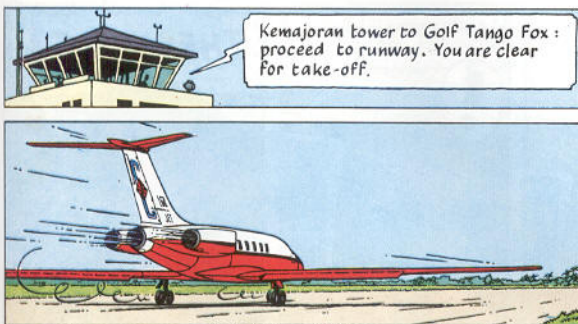
Now then, Captain, what about a little game of Battleships?

Fine!



Your Kweezies, signor, and ... all is ready.

Good.



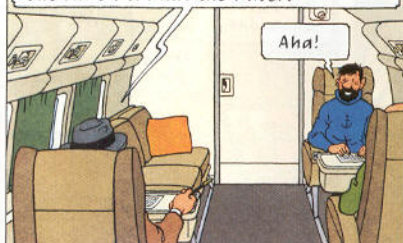
Kemajoran tower to Golf Tango Fox: proceed to runway. You are clear for take-off.



Calling XB42... The bird has flown towards the cage ...



C4 - D4 - E4? Not a bad start, Captain. You've sunk a submarine, but the other two shots went into the water.



Smoking is strictly prohibited, Captain. Even the smell of tobacco upsets me.



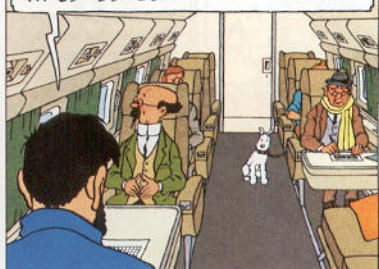
My turn now. Let me see... A4 - B4... and ... er ... C2.



Good shot Mr. Carreidas! ... A destroyer sunk with two shells, and a hit on another destroyer.



Now I'll have a go. I must fight back! ... C5 - D5 - E5



Bad luck, Captain! All three shots into the sea ... I think I'll try A8 - B8 - C8.

Blue blistering barnacles!



A cruiser sunk: three direct hits! ... You're psychic! ... Still, what do you say to C6 - D6 - E6, eh?



All missed, I'm afraid ... What bad luck! ... I haven't got second-sight, you know... just natural talent, that's all. Now I must concentrate ...



Anyone'd think he could see my board ... And what's more, he won't let me smoke!



Hello, that's odd ... I'd swear ... I must be dreaming ...

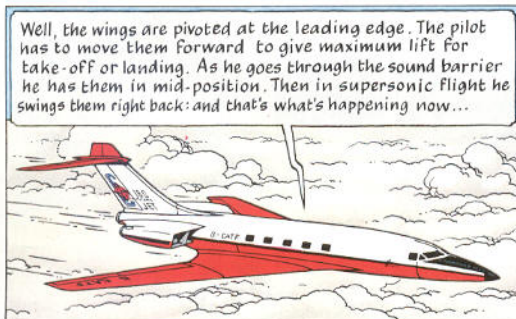


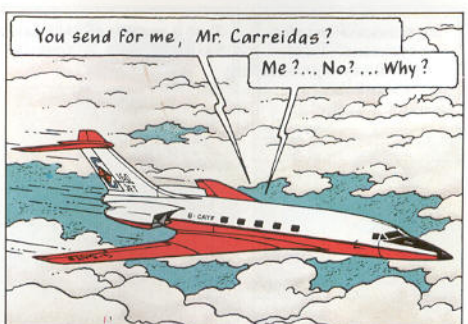
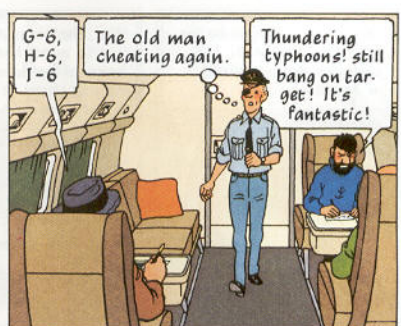
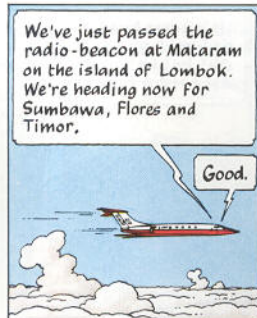
For my third salvo: G1 - G2 - G3

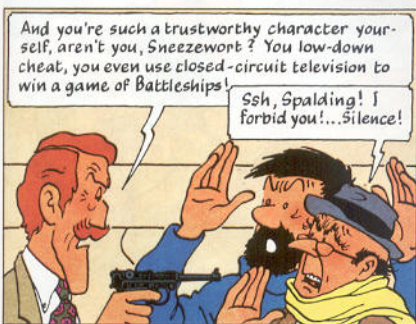
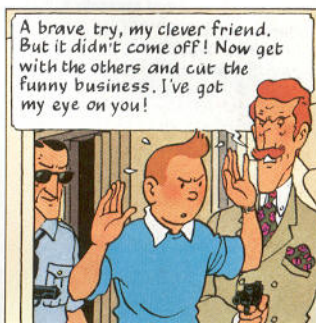
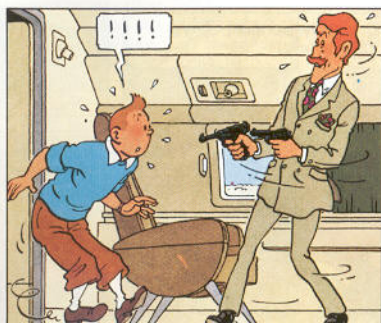


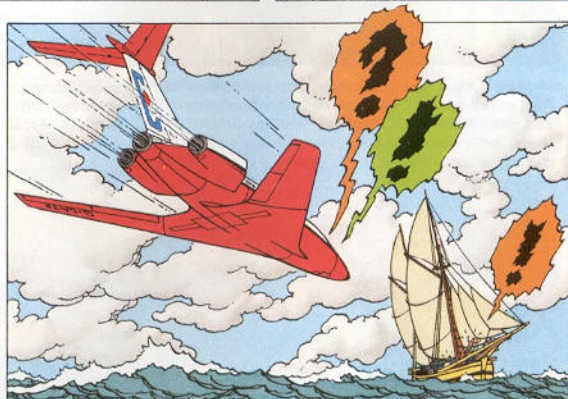
**THE WING!**













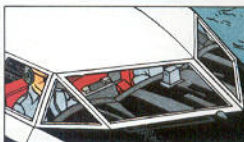
What do I mean?... Just this: the runway we're going to land on is about a quarter the length we need for a bus like this!... So, you can reckon it's ten to one we'll break our silly necks!



Ten minutes later...



There's our rendezvous: the island of Pulau-pulau Bumpa.

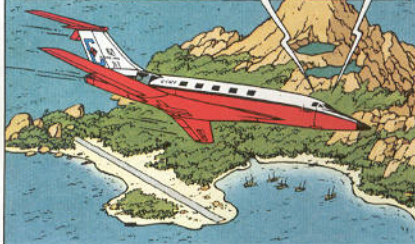


Right. We'll regain height to 1000 Ft, reduce speed, set the wings for landing, empty the tanks. And in we go!

They climb again. I think prepare to land... Yes, there is island... And there is runway... But... crazy! Is crazy! Runway much too short!



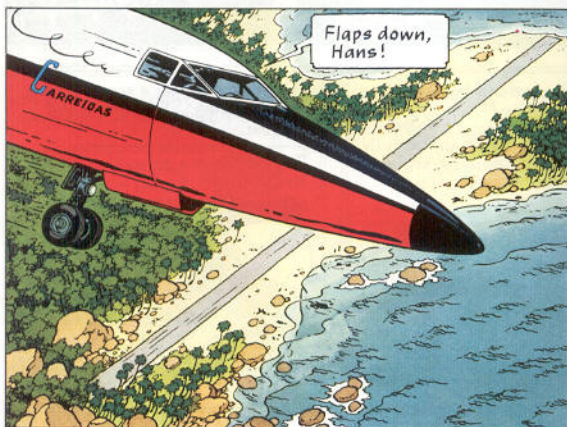
They're ready for us.



Yes, I saw.



Ah, the wheels are down, they're coming in.



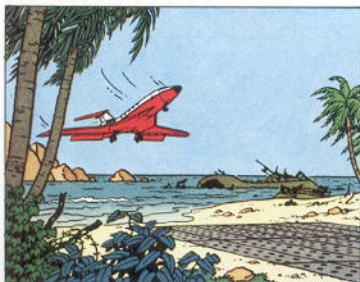
Flaps down, Hans!

Can't you stop rolling us around, you pock-marked pin-headed pirate of a pilot!

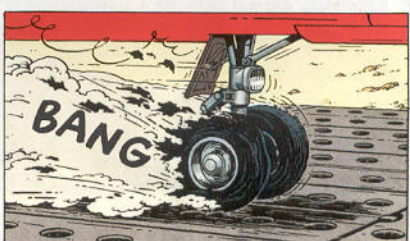
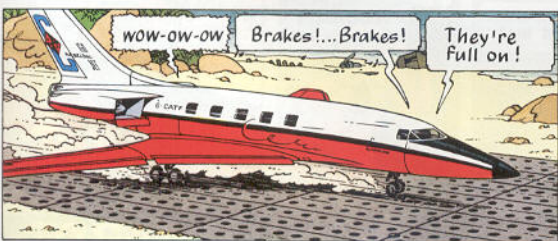
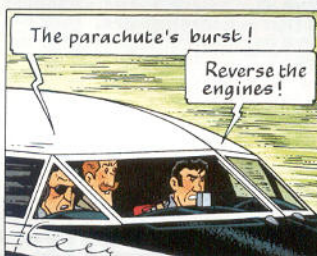
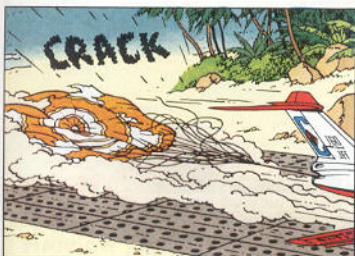
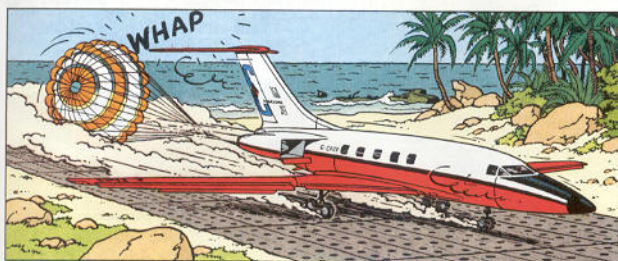
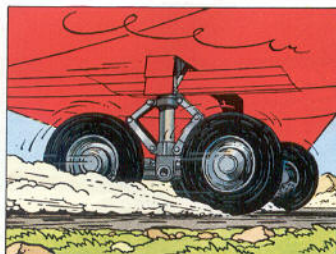
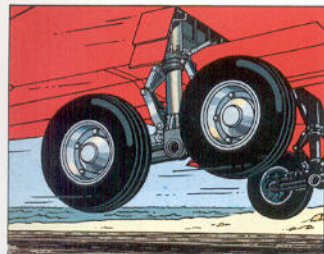
They put down Flaps.

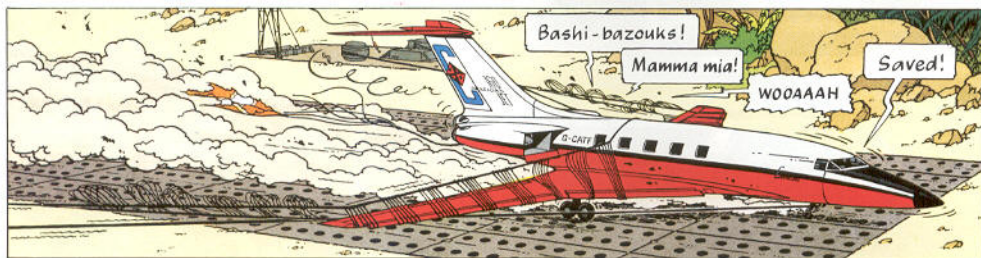
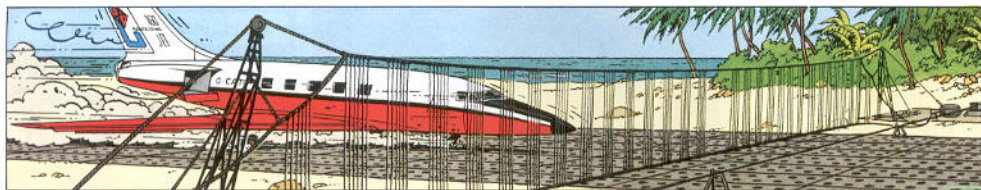


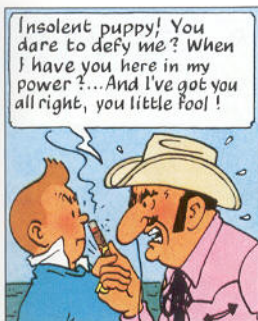
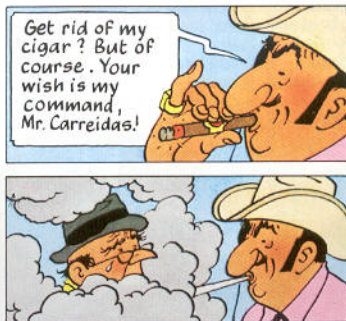
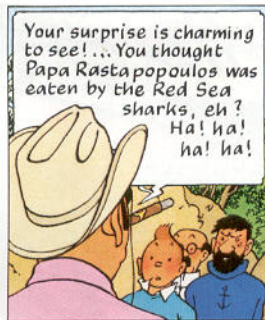
All sit with back against forward partition, hands behind head!

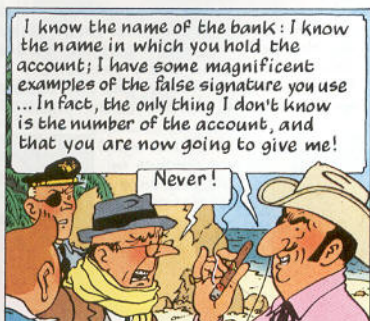
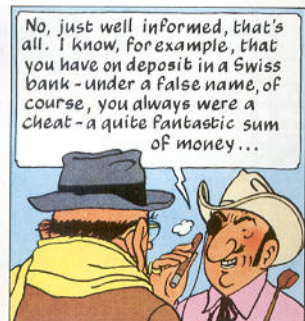
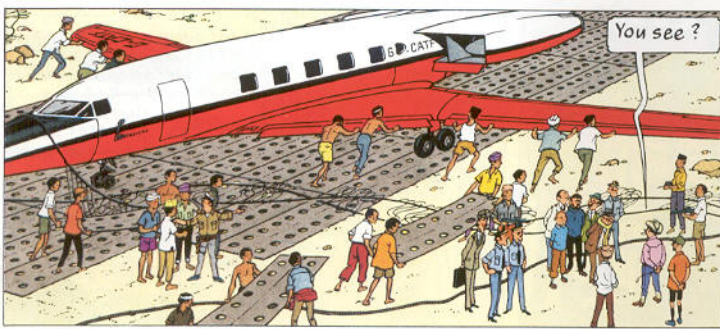


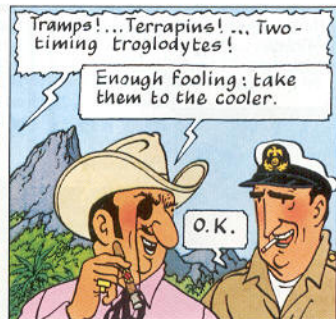
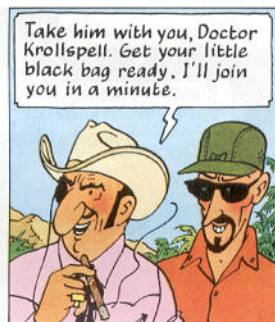
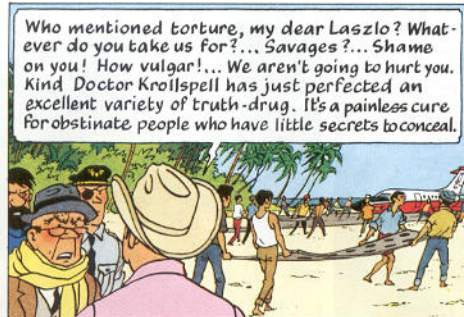
Now, Colombani boy, it's all or nothing!

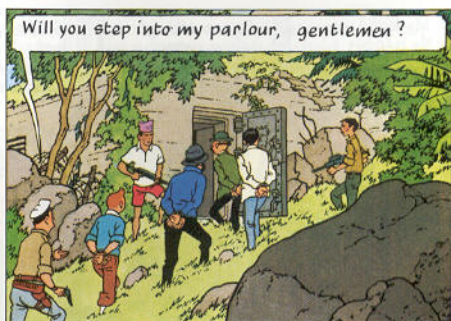
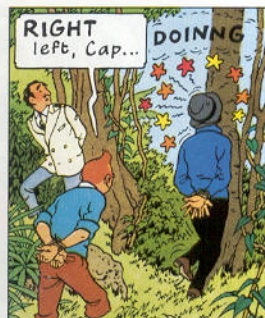
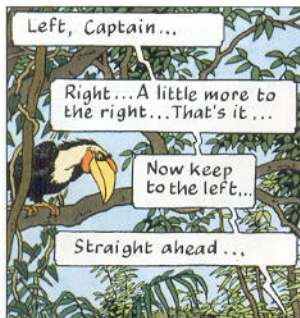
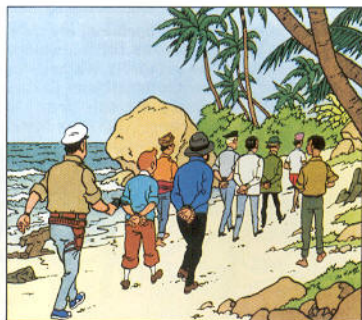
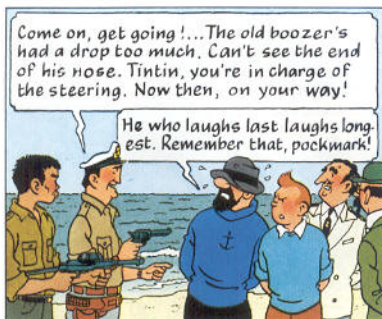


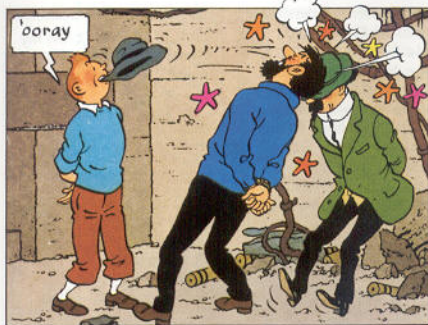


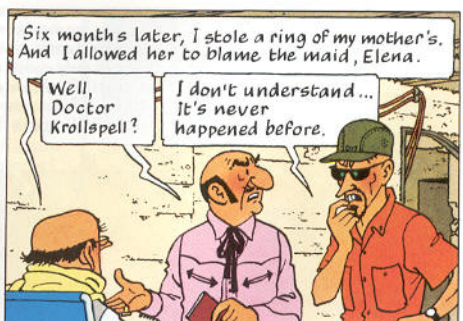
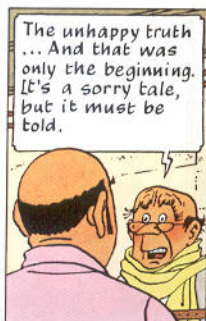
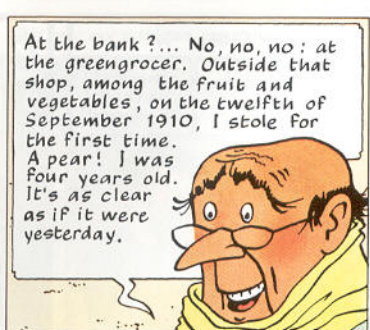
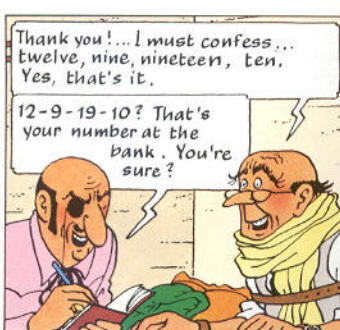
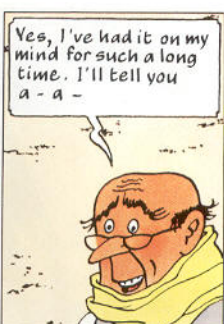
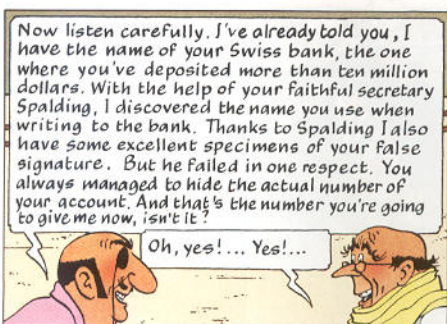


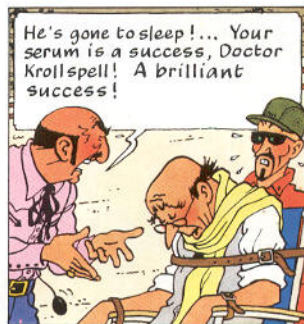
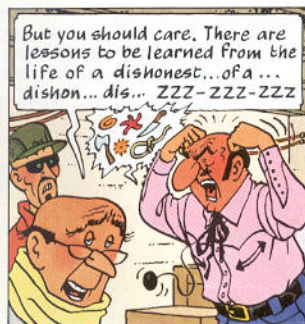
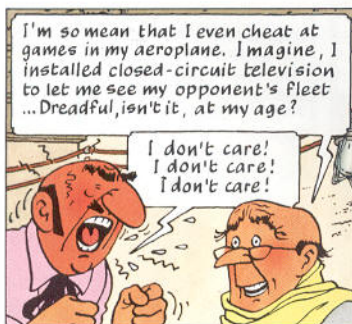
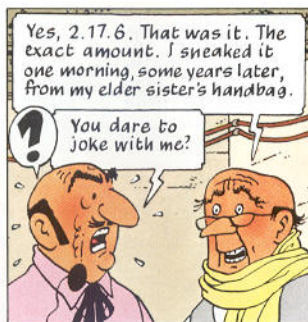
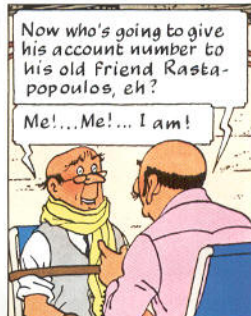
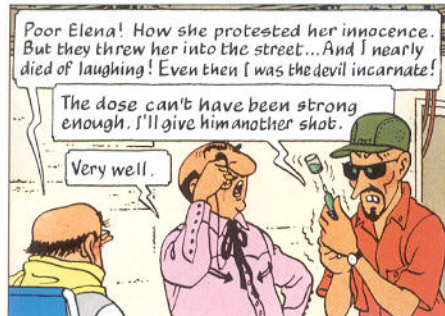






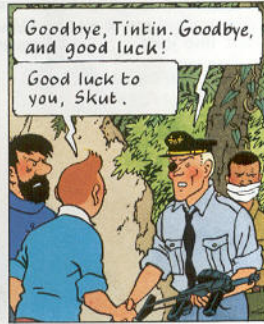
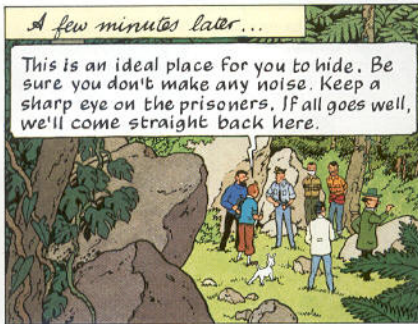
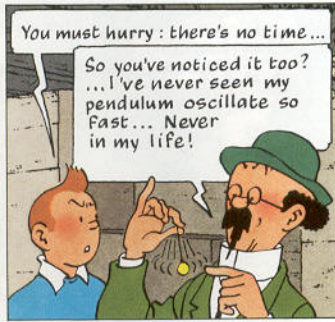
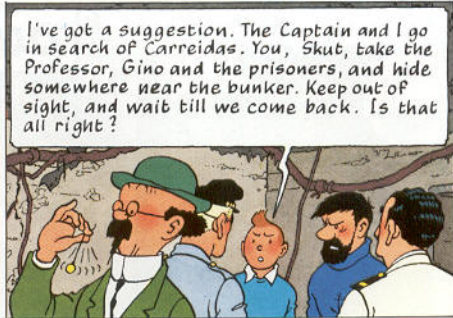


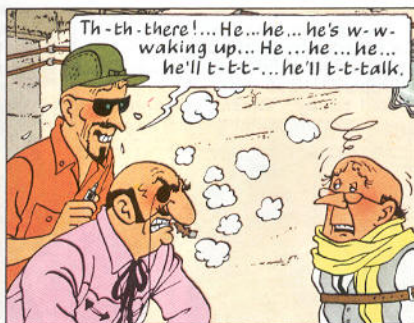
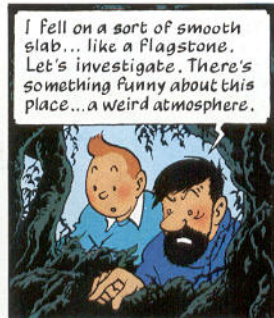














They aren't paying much attention. All the better for us.



Kita di rumah biasa tambah sedikit sambal ulek.

Itu bukan djelek, tentu lebih enak tetapi...



Ssh - h - h - h! ... Or bang-bang... Understand?



Understand? Quiet, or else...



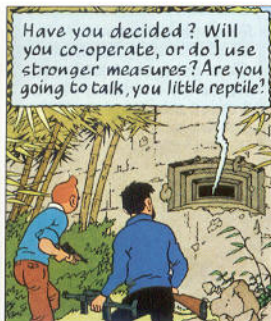
Disarm them first, Captain ... Good... Now, tie them up, quick as you can. Better gag them too. You can use their own shirts.



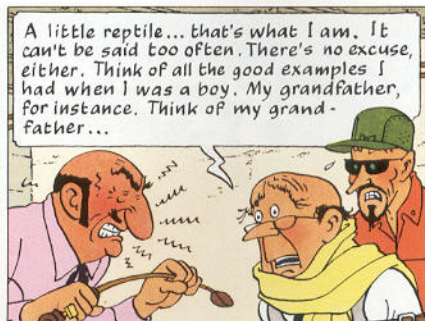
Sorry, old man, but you know how a sailor has a passion for knots!



Now, you moth-eaten monkey, how's that, eh?



Have you decided? Will you co-operate, or do I use stronger measures? Are you going to talk, you little reptile?



A little reptile... that's what I am. It can't be said too often. There's no excuse, either. Think of all the good examples I had when I was a boy. My grandfather, for instance. Think of my grandfather...



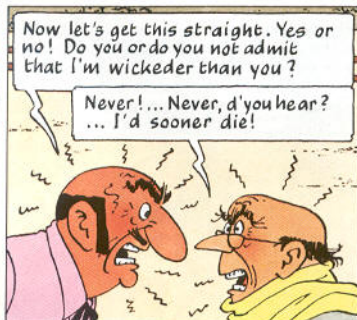
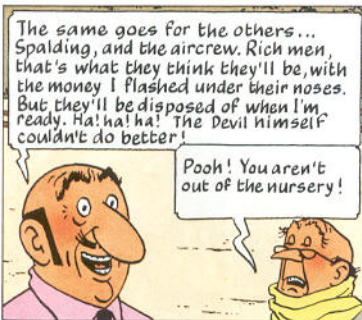
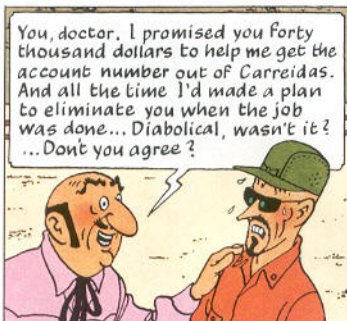
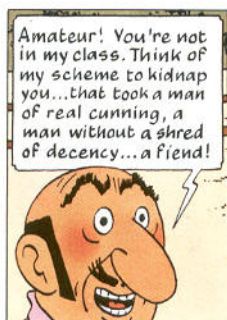
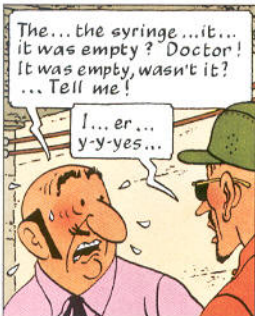
... my maternal grandfather... just a humble confectioner, a maker of Turkish delight in Erzerum. A simple, honest man. "Laszlo", he used to say, "Laszlo, remember: an ill-gotten camel gathers no gain..."

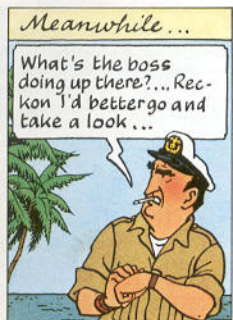
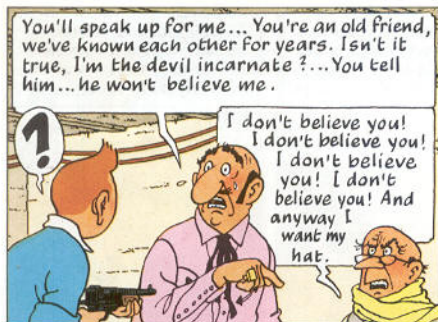
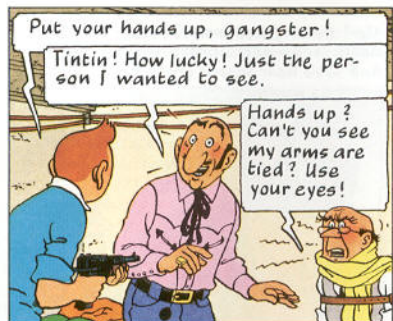


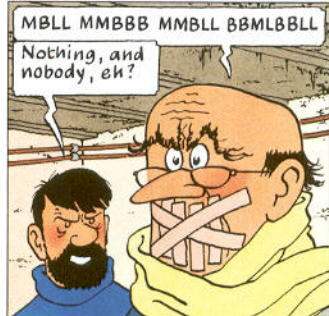
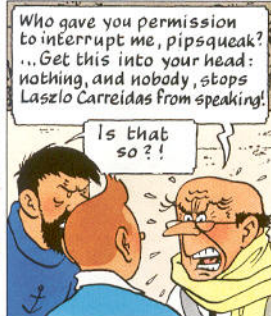
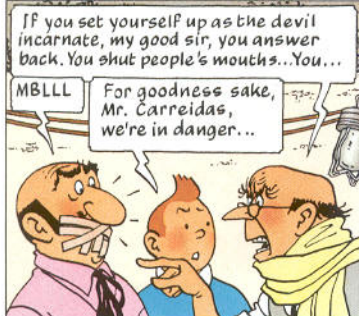
It's all your fault, charlatan! You'll pay for this!

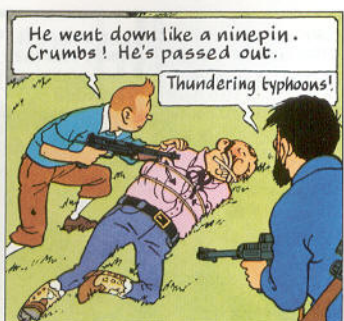
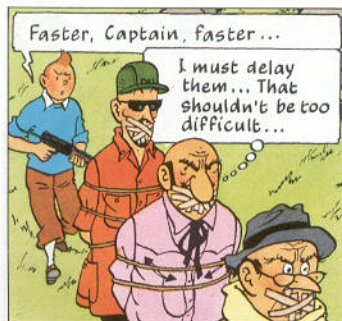
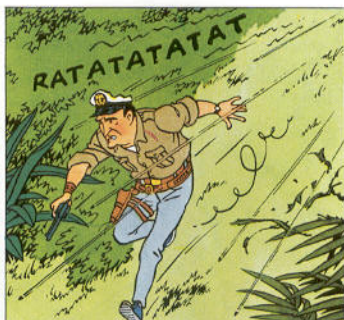


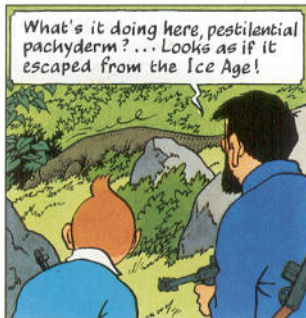
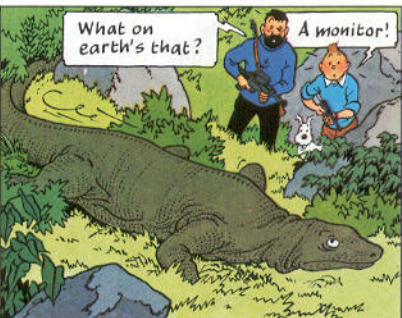
YEOW

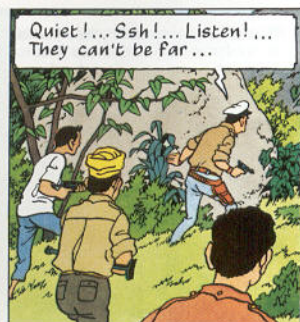
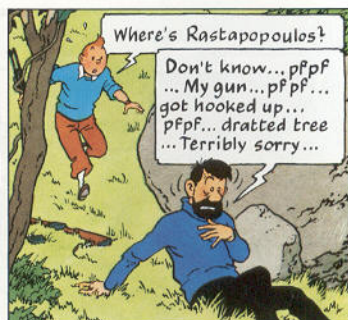
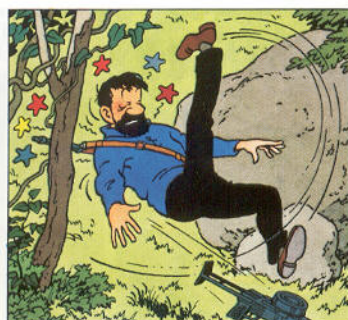


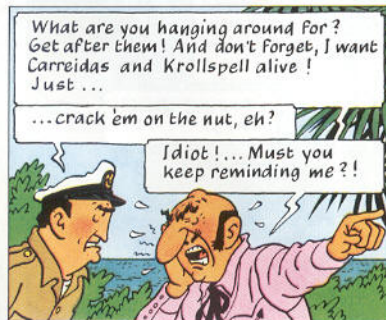


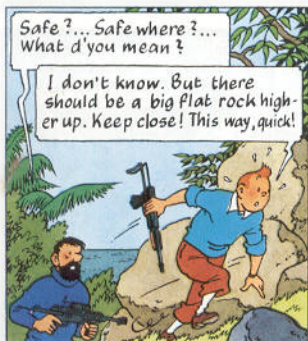
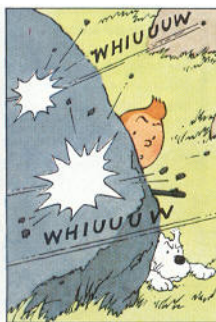


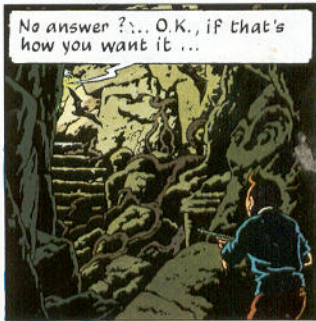
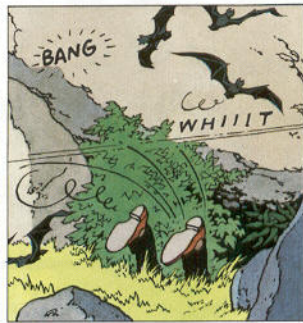


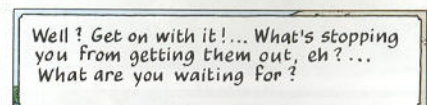
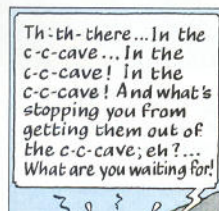
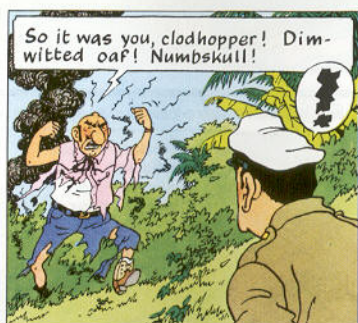
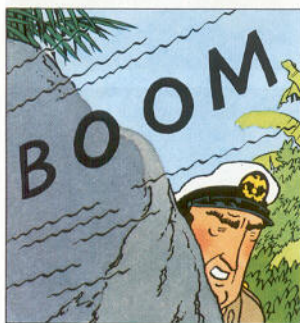
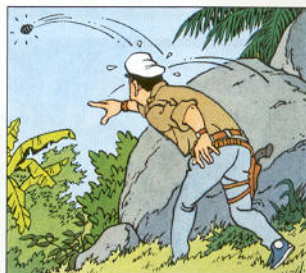


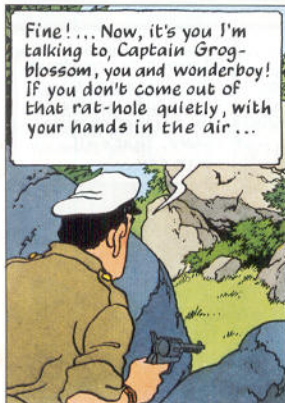
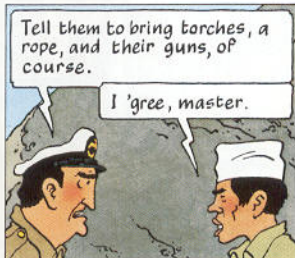
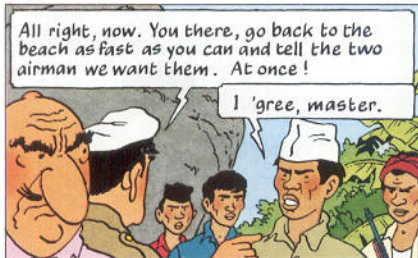
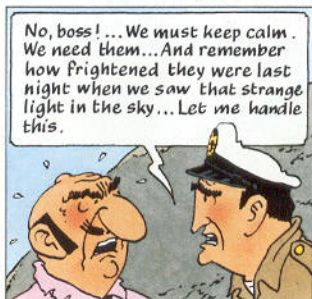
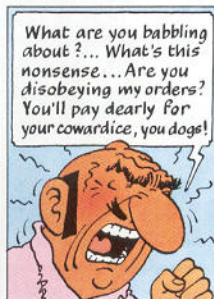
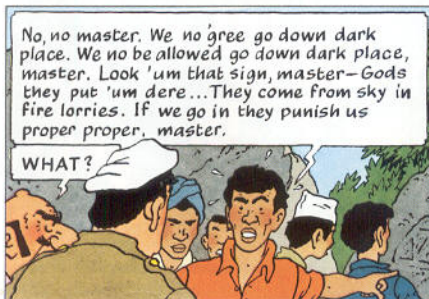
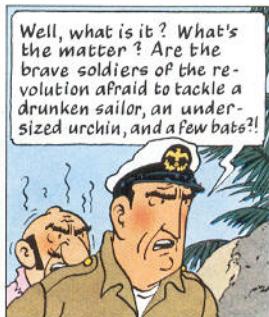


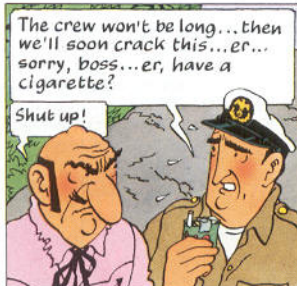


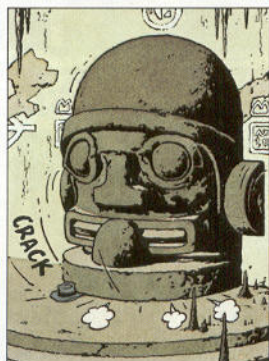
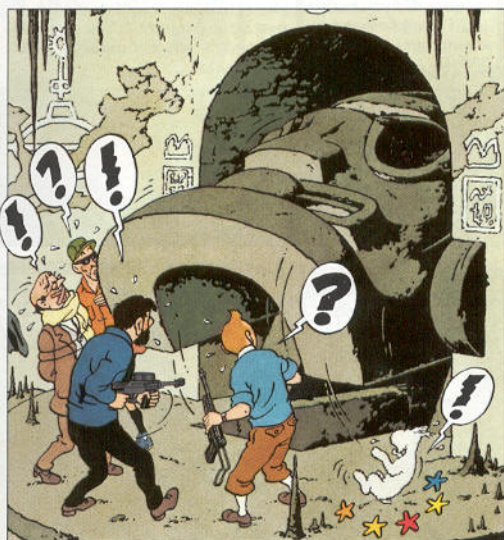


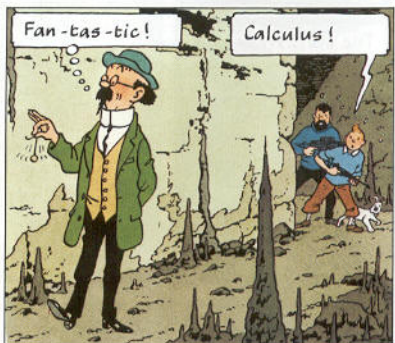
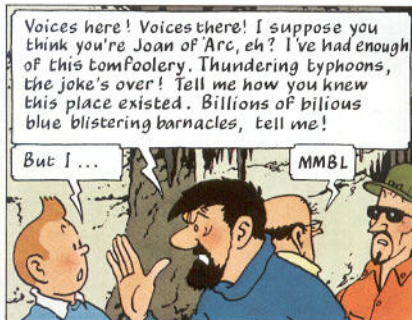
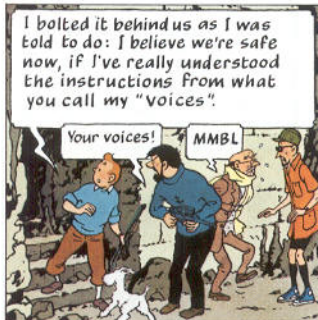












Good evenink, gentlemen. Happy meetink you here.



Name is Mik Kanrokitoff. Have been guidink you.

The Famous Kanrokitoff, of the magazine 'Space-Week'?

Guidink?



Certainly. You see tiny instrument with mini-aerial?

Yes, what's that little whisker for?



Thought transmitter...Telepathy is phenomenon attractink very little study in world of science...human world of science, zat is. In other world of science, thought transmission has been common for many years.

Other world? What other world?



What other world?... Extra-terrestrial world, so to say.



You aren't trying to make us believe that you...

Me?... Nie!... Ordinary human beink like you.



I am initiate, so to say... Zat is, like number of other men, actink as link between earth and ...another planet. My job to keep...er...extra-terrestrials informed on all aspects of human activity... Understandink?... Meetink with zem on zis island, twice a year...



...in zis ancient temple forgotten by men, but not by...er... others, who have been comink here for thousands of years... You saw statue? Astronaut, yes?



I've had enough of you and your cock-and-bull story! I don't believe a word of it. You can't fool me with your astronomical asininites!

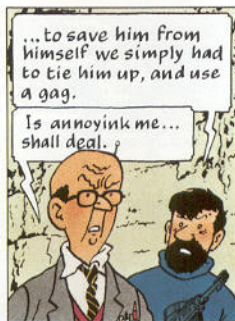
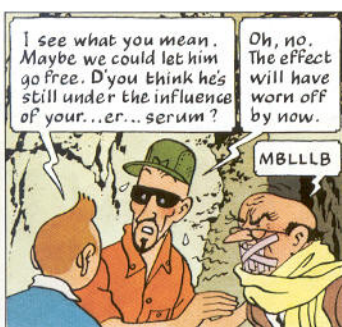


I...Yes, sir... No, sir... I won't speak again... I beg your pardon?... No, I won't interrupt...



Nu, to continue. Astroship bringink me here last night. Zis mornink observed great activity on zis island, which is usually deserted. Am watchink extra-ordinary preparations, zen aeroplane is landink. Have realised zat operation is trap...





So, can continue explainink... Aero-plane comink down near here: terrible landink. Am seeink you taken prisoner and led away to old block-house.

Yes, but we managed to escape...

Is so. But when you are free am seeink you beink followed by other men. I decidink is time for me to intervene. So, am gettink into telepathic communication with you and guidink you to zis temple.

You saved our lives! Without your help, who knows...

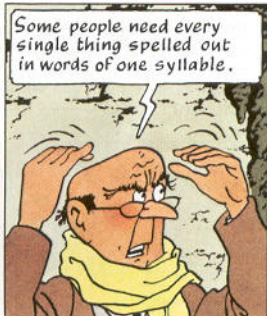


Have you lost something?

Can't you see my hat has fallen off?



Some people need every single thing spelled out in words of one syllable.



Now extra-terrestrials must be decidink what to do with you. Am expectink astroskip very soon... You in your world say Flyink-saucer.

A Flying-saucer?!

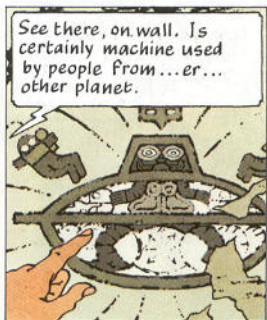


So now we've come to flying-saucers! You're going too far: we aren't as gullible as that!

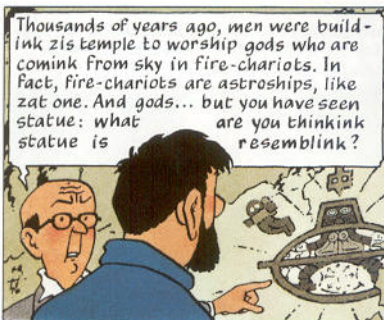
You still doubt? So, look over there, to your right.



See there, on wall. It's certainly machine used by people from... er... other planet.

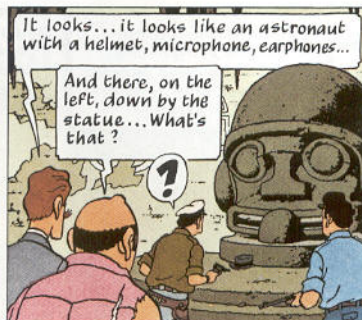


Thousands of years ago, men were build-ink zis temple to worship gods who are comink from sky in fire-chariots. In fact, fire-chariots are astroskips, like zat one. And gods... but you have seen statue: what are you thinkink ressemblink?

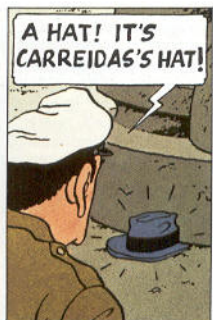


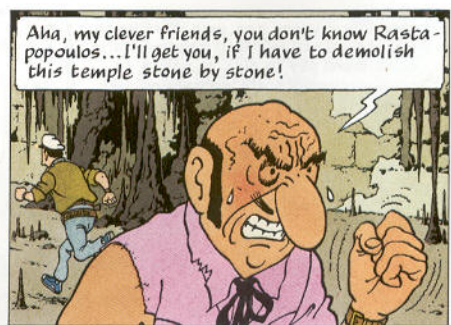
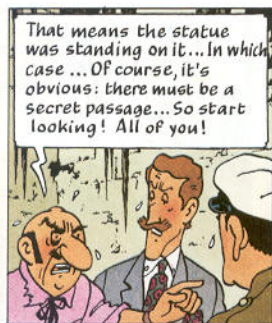
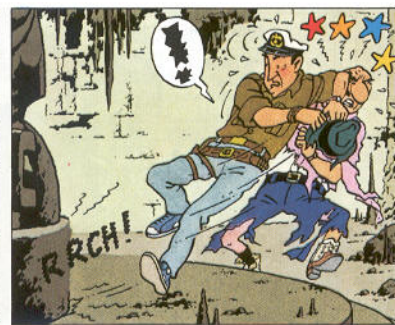
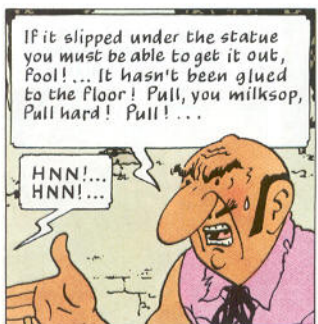
It looks... it looks like an astronaut with a helmet, microphone, earphones...

And there, on the left, down by the statue... What's that?



A HAT! IT'S CARREIDAS'S HAT!





We were talkink about extra-terrestrials: what zey will do with you. Probably beginnink by hypnotisink you.

What? Hypnotising us?

No, no, a thousand times no! You don't really believe we'd let ourselves be hypnotised by your prehistoric saucer-sailing space-men! Not on your life!

Is all right, is all right, you are comink to no harm. You will be hypnotised and are forgettink all zat you have seen and heard here, rememberink only flight as faras Sumbawa in Car-reidas aircraft.

But how did you know...?

About flight? How I knowink?... Nothink telepathic in zat. Your comrades Skut and Gino are tellink me...

Oh yes, am summonink zem, too... zey entered temple by another secret openink at same time as professor. Guards zat you tied up, I hypnotise zem too and set zem free. Zey are runnink back and spreadink panic amonk zeir comrades.

Good evening!

Young man, mind your manners! I took off my hat to you... You could at least raise yours in return!

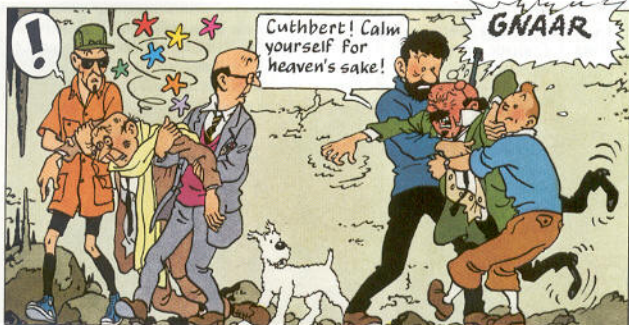
I wouldn't dream of it!

I wouldn't dream of contradicting you, not for one moment, but I myself consider that the temperature here is a little too high.

UPSTART!



SLAP \* BAF \* BOF \*  
Cuthbert!!! Stop! Professor!



Meanwhile ...

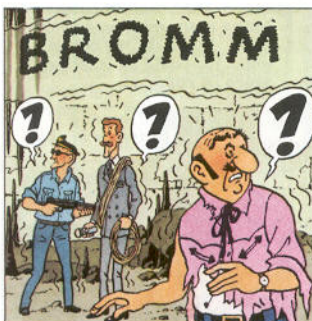
That fool Allan! What's he doing now? ...



He should have been back ages ago. I'll blow their statues sky-high... Then we'll see... Hello?



The bump on my head... it's gone! ... That's a good omen: it means my luck's changing!



AN EARTHQUAKE!



What have I done to deserve all this? Me, who'd never harm a fly! ... There's no justice!



At the same time...



Yes, is over... Earthquakes very frequent in zis area, but never severe... Yet zis time am wonderink...



I not know why, but zis time I feelink very very uneasy...

Oh?

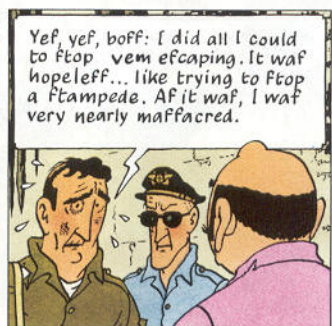


Yes, am sensink somethink strange in air. Must not stay here... Come, will rejoin your comrades.



What's been going on?







This gallery is running from temple at one end to crater of extinct volcano at other.

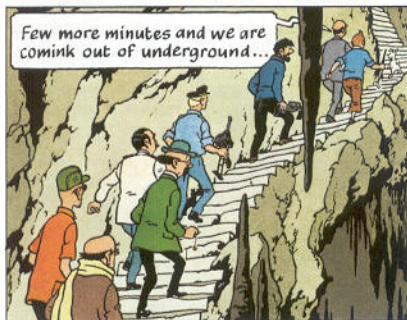


BOOMM



Look here, how many more earthquakes have you got up your sleeve?

Zat was not earthquake. Is something else: probably explosion set off by those gangsters. We must hurry. I sense great danger very close.



Few more minutes and we are coming out of underground...



... the main thing is, I found my hat.

Of course.



PLOP



Good heavens, it's dripping on my head... In that case, what am I wearing?



Wait for me. I won't be a minute. I must find my hat!



It's on your head! ... Come back!



Yes, yes! Your hat's on your head, Mr. Carreidas.



No, this one isn't mine! It leaks!



Crumbs! Those trails of smoke ... Where are they coming from?

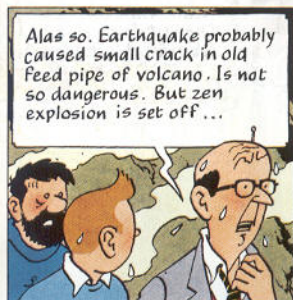
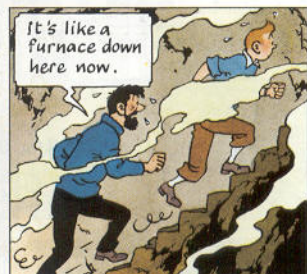


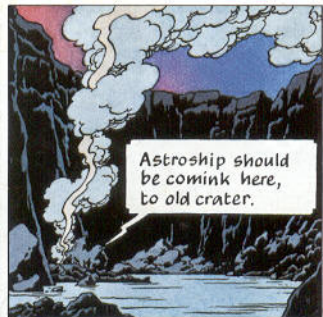
And what's that awful smell? ... It's sulphur!

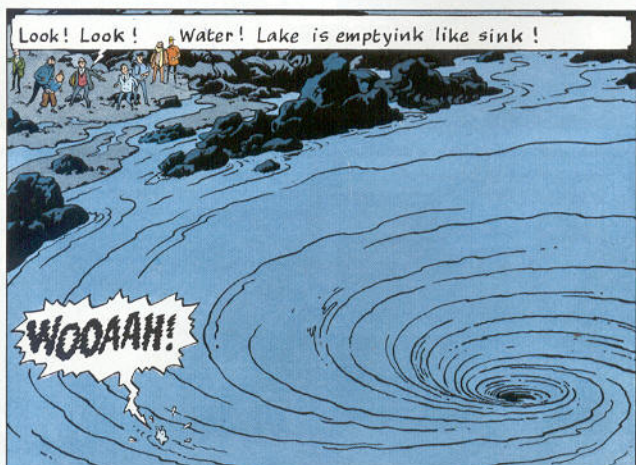
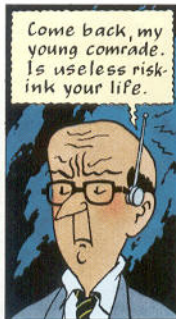


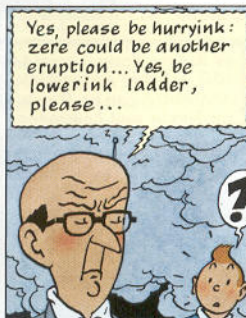
AAAH











Hypnotise us? Not on your life!  
It's out of the question ... Besides,  
that sort of mummery wouldn't  
affect us!



Wouldn't affect us ...  
wouldn't affect us ...  
wouldn't affect us wouldn't...



Now, gentlemen, you are at air-  
port at Djakarta. You are board-  
ink Carreidas aircraft, flyink  
to Sydney. Zere is ladder. Please  
go up first, Mr. Carreidas.



You followink  
him, professor,  
and zen you,  
Captain Skut.



Gino, please  
... Now you  
go up, doctor.



You takink Snowy,  
Tintin ... And  
last is goink  
Captain Haddock.



Excellent ... You are all  
in aircraft ...



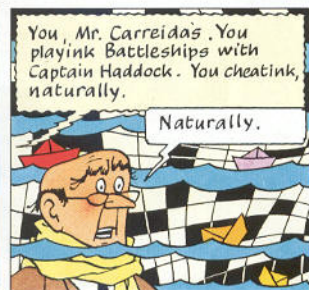
You raisink  
ladder quickly,  
Chief Pilot! I  
hearink danger-  
ous rumblinks...



Is just in time! ... Thankink  
you, Chief Pilot. You excus-  
ink me now while I lookink  
after terrestrial comrades.



You, Mr. Carreidas. You  
playink Battleships with  
Captain Haddock. You cheatink,  
naturally.



Naturally.

Captain Skut, you are at controls of  
Carreidas 160. Flight is uneventful.  
Nothink to report.



Nothink to report.  
No, nothink at all!

Look zere! ...  
Rubber dinghy!



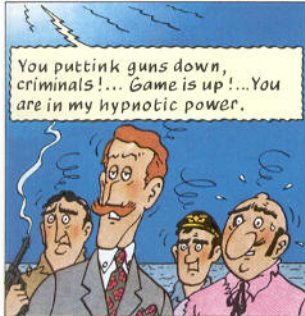
Is dinghy from Carreidas  
160 ... Zat is suggestink how  
adventure can be finishink  
for Tintin and comrades.



I fee fomefink in  
ve fky! What  
if it?

It's ... it's a flying-saucer!! It's  
circling ... Diavolo! It's coming straight  
for us! Fire, Allan! ... FIRE!





You puttink guns down, criminals!... Game is up!... You are in my hypnotic power.



All listenink carefully. Zis machine is simply helicopter comink to pick you up... You climbink aboard!

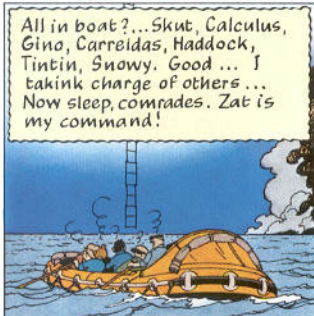
Yes, sir.  
Yes, sir.



Now I speakink to you, Captain Skut, and to your comrades... You are forgetting everythink zat is happenink since yesterday. You only rememberink zis: after departure from Djakarta for Sydney, unknown causes are forcink you to be ditchink aircraft...



... and you are havink to board rubber dinghy.



All in boat?... Skut, Calculus, Gino, Carreidas, Haddock, Tintin, Snowy. Good... I takink charge of others... Now sleep, comrades. Zat is my command!



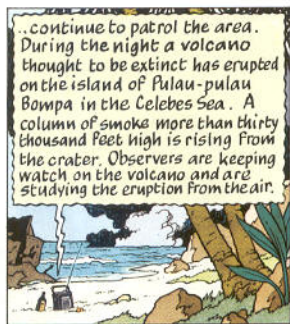
Adieu!

Wooah!  
Wooah!



*Some hours later...*

Search has resumed for the passengers and crew of the Carreidas aircraft which disappeared yesterday on a flight to Sydney. Hopes are fading of finding survivors, but aircraft...



...continue to patrol the area. During the night a volcano thought to be extinct has erupted on the island of Pulau-pulau Bowpa in the Celebes Sea. A column of smoke more than thirty thousand feet high is rising from the crater. Observers are keeping watch on the volcano and are studying the eruption from the air.



One more run, Dick. See if we can film the crater.

O.K.



Hey, Dick! Look down there, at ten o'clock. Look!

Good Lord! A rubber dinghy!



Victor Hotel Bravo calling Macassar tower. We've spotted a rubber dinghy about a mile south of the volcano. Five or six men aboard. We've made several low-level runs over them but there's no sign of life...except for a little white dog.



Look, Dick! The wind's carrying them towards the island, and there's lava flowing into the sea. They'll be boiled alive like lobsters! We've got to do something. We must save them!

Wooah!  
Wooah!

Thousands  
of  
miles  
away,  
several  
days  
later.

Tonight Scanorama is bringing you a special feature. The brilliant air-sea rescue of six of the men aboard millionaire Carreidas's plane made world headline news. Laszlo Carreidas and five companions were found drifting in a dinghy more than 200 miles off their scheduled route. They were snatched to safety only minutes from death in a lava-heated cauldron, the sea around the volcanic island of Pulau-pulau Bompia. All the survivors were suffering from severe shock. It was several hours before they...



...recovered consciousness in a Javanese hospital. Our on-the-spot reporter has secured the first interview with the mystery-crash survivors... Colin Chattamore in Djakarta.

A put-up job, or I'm not Jolyon Wagg! Bet Carreidas dumped his rotten old crate for the insurance.



Let's begin with the owner of the aircraft... This has been a terrible business for you, Mr. Carreidas. You must be greatly upset by the loss of your prototype, and the tragic disappearance of your secretary and two members of your crew.

Yes, of course...



All very sad, but what can you expect? That's life, you know. What really annoys me, though, is that I lost my hat: a pre-war Bross and Clackwell. And that's absolutely irreplaceable.



About the needle-marks found on your arm, Mr. Carreidas. It seems that your companions didn't have these...

Naturally: I'm richer than they are.

I... er... precisely.



Captain Skut, you had to make a forced landing. Can you tell us something about it, and what happened afterwards? Your last radio message said you were flying over Sumbawa and had nothing to report.

Yes...



... yes, but is not possible to remember: is like gap in my mind... I not understand... Is like strange dream...



Me too. Just the same. Only I'd call it a horrible nightmare.

Blow me! Look who's here again. My old chum! The ancient mariner from Marlinspike!... The old humbug, he doesn't half come up with some comic turns!



I vaguely remember some grinning masks, and suffocating heat in an underground passage... Thundering typhoons, it makes me thirsty to think of it!

And how about you?



I... well, I had a similar dream. It's certainly odd, but...

And there's his pal, young Sherlock Holmes!



... the most inexplicable part of this whole business is... No, I think Professor Calculus will tell you...



Professor, will you show them what you have found?

Of course not, of course not. With pleasure.

There!

Oh. And what is that?

Exactly!... It's a metal rod with a hemispherical head.

Nuts! It's a common-or-garden valve! Pinched from a car engine!

To the untrained eye this object presents nothing unusual. But the first suspicious fact is that I found it in my pocket.

In your pocket?

No, no. I found it in my pocket.

Same old Calculoopy! Bit touched in the upper storey. Daft as well as deaf.

How it got there I really have no idea at all... Extraordinary... But the matter really assumes a fantastic character when I tell you this object is made of a metal not found on our earth.

You... you're sure?

Iron ore? Rubbish! ... Look at this!

My sainted aunt, what a hoot! Ha! ha! ha! Hoo! hoo!

See how violently my pendulum reacts when I hold it over the object!

Yes, indeed. But what does it mean?

No, my dear sir, it is not a delusion. I may tell you, young man, that I have had this metal analysed in the laboratories at Djakarta University. And, sir, the physical chemists are quite unanimous: it is composed of cobalt in the natural state, alloyed with iron and nickel.

Since cobalt in the natural state does not occur on earth, this object is of extra-terrestrial origin.

Bats in the belfry! ...Come on, Prof, give us some more! Go the whole hog! Say it dropped off a Flying-saucer. Made by a Martian with his little space-kit... Tell that to Lord Nelson, he'll fall off his column laughing!

Professor, you used the words "extra-terrestrial". In this connection, may I show you a photograph, taken by an amateur in Cairo last Monday... the day you were found? ... Please study it carefully...

Would you agree with the photographer, who claims that it is indeed a flying-saucer? ... And would you say that this machine is of extra-terrestrial origin?



A bottle of gin? ... Frankly, I can see no connection ... To me, the photograph would appear to show an unidentified flying object, popularly known as a flying-saucer.



Do you think this 'machine' is connected with the object you found?

Round? That goes without saying. A saucer is always round, is it not?



Er... of course... One final question, Professor. I understand that you and your companions are suffering from amnesia ...

If you wish, but I always take a glass of water with milk of magnesia.



I beg your pardon?... I... hmm... the point I want to make is that occasional cases of amnesia are not uncommon... There's one reported in the paper today. The head of a psychiatric clinic in Cairo, Dr. Krollspell, has just been found wandering near the outskirts of the city. He'd been missing for more than a month, and he has completely lost his memory.



But in your case, how do the doctors account for the fact that you are ALL suffering from amnesia?

They don't seem able to give an explanation ... any more than we can.



I could tell them a thing or two! ... But no one would believe me!



And finally, what are your plans? Where do you go from here?

We're catching the next plane for Sydney. We shall just be in time for the opening of the Astro-nautical Congress.



Well, I hope there will be no further interruptions to your journey. Good luck from Scanorama, and thank you ... Goodbye, Captain!



**DONG:** This is the final call for Qantas Flight 714 to Sydney. All passengers please proceed immediately to gate No. 3.



THE END