



HERGÉ
THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN
AND THE
PICAROS



MAGNET



THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

TINTIN AND THE PICAROS



A MAGNET BOOK

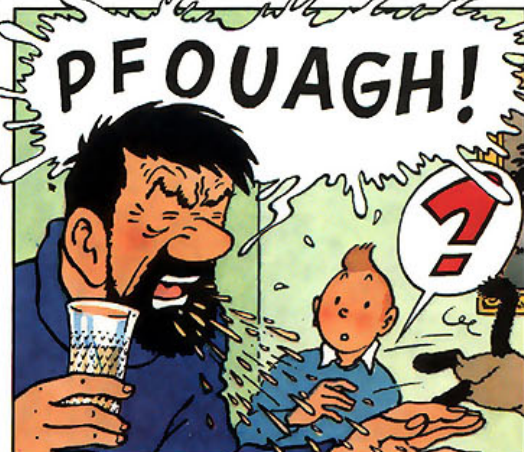
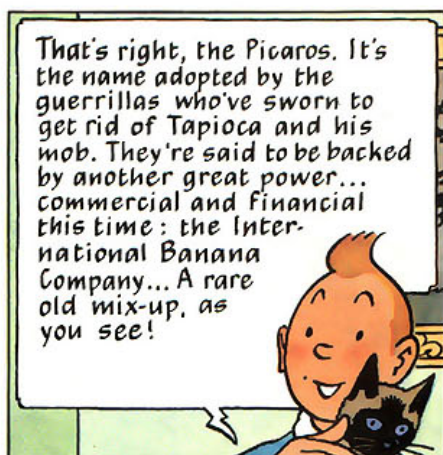
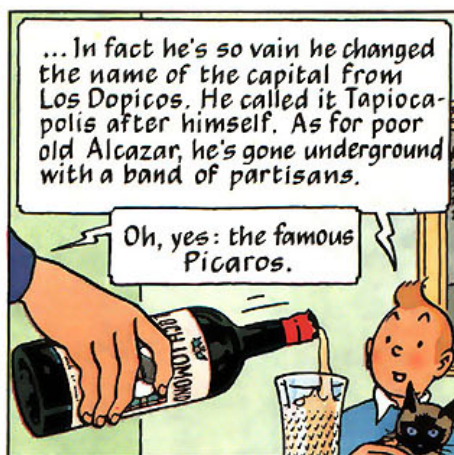
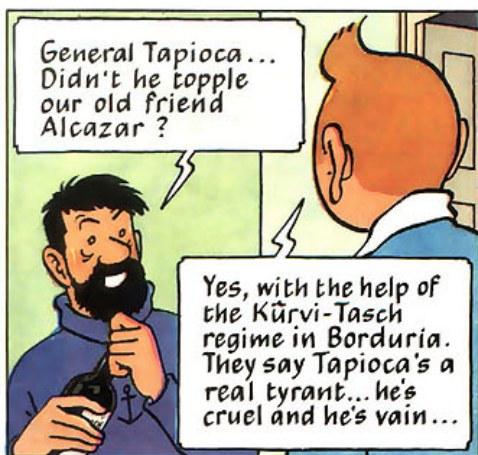
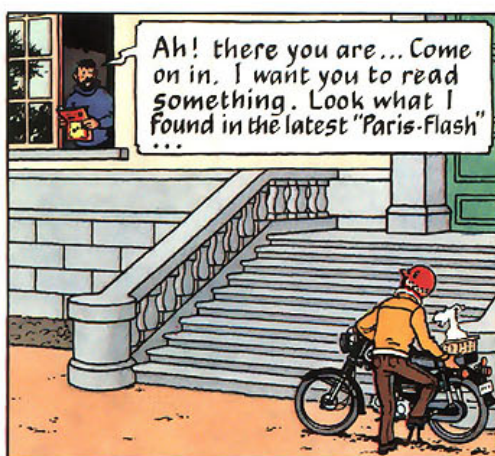
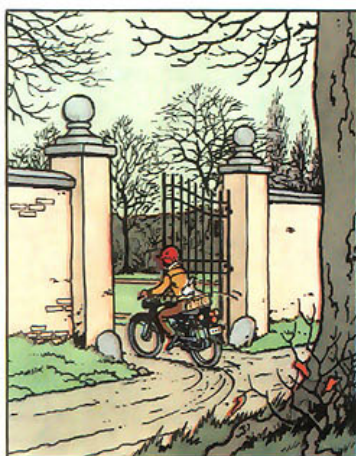
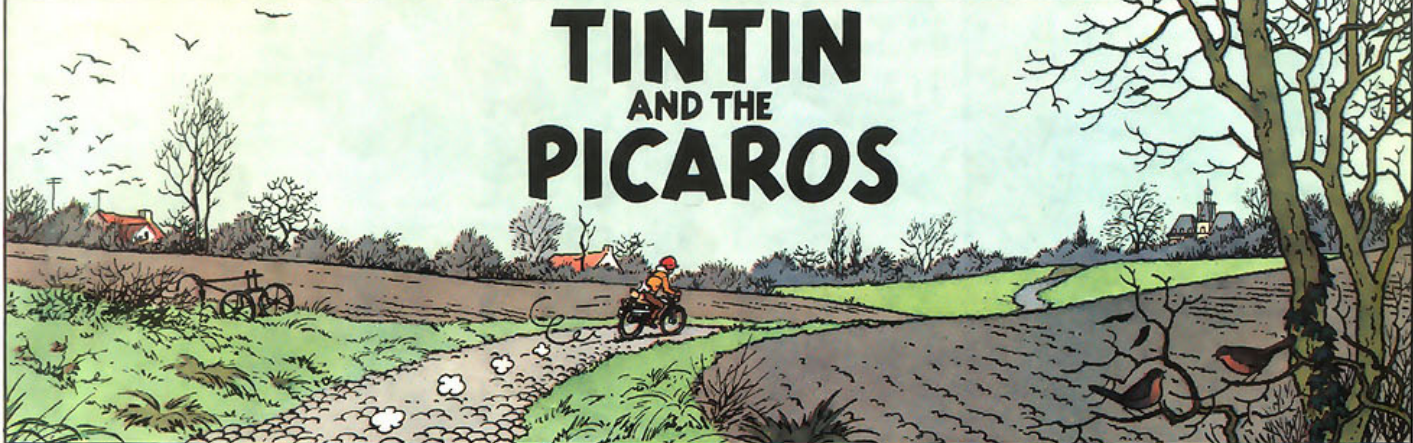
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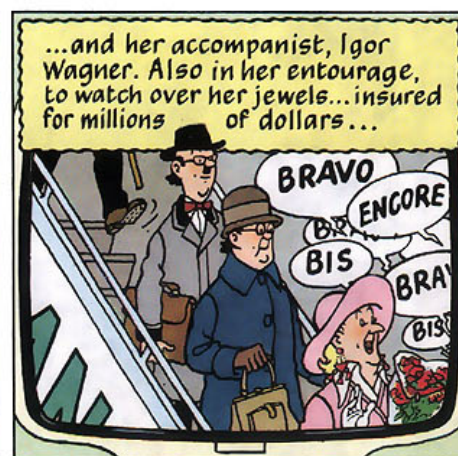
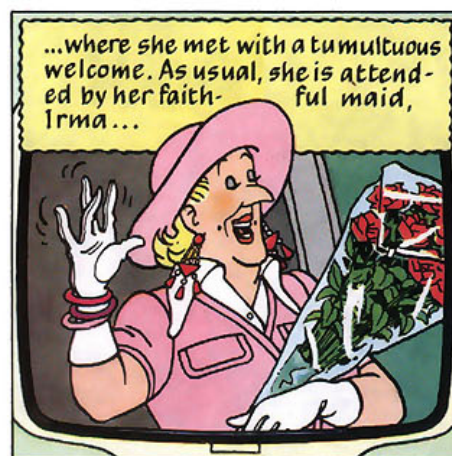
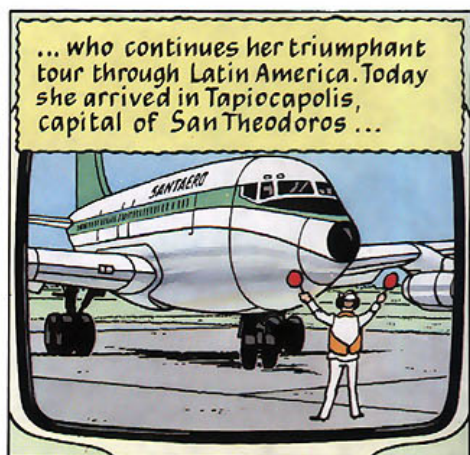
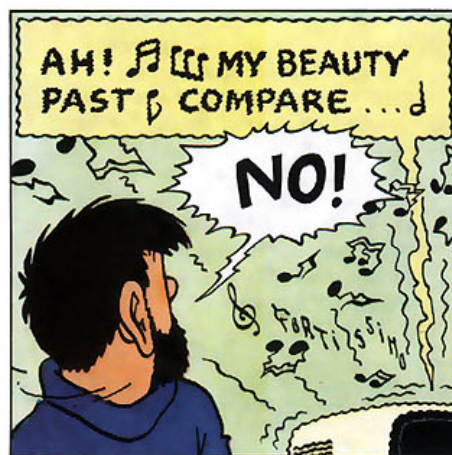
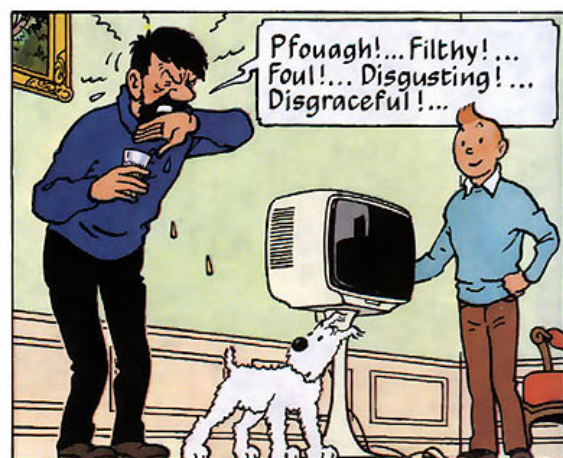
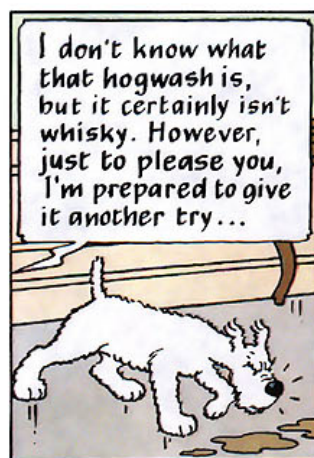
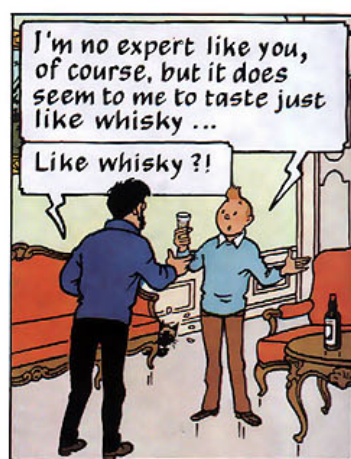
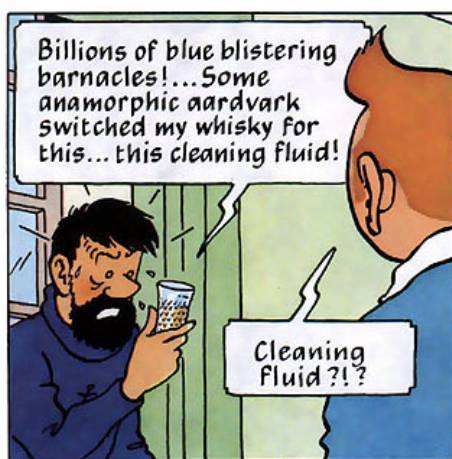
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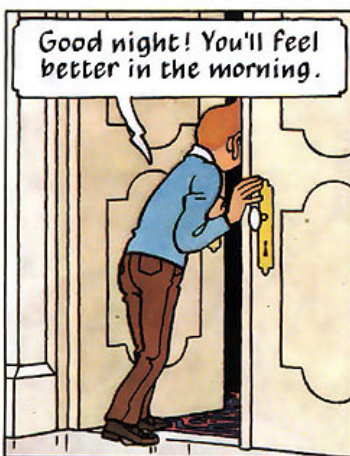
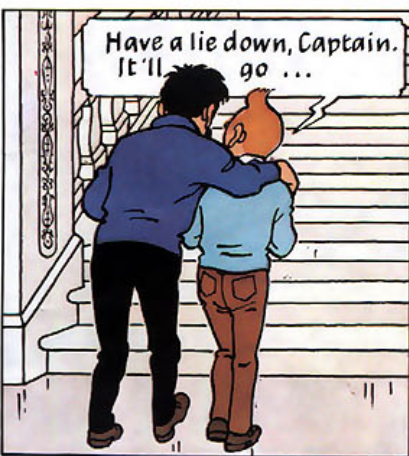
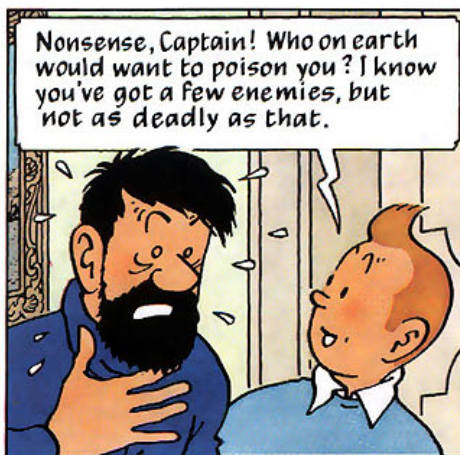
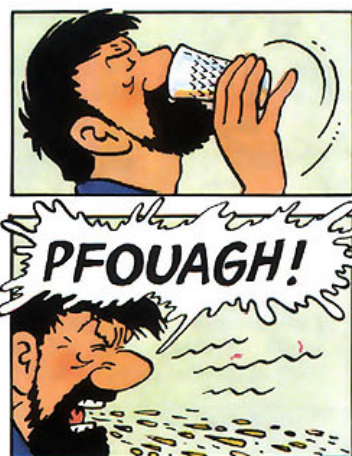
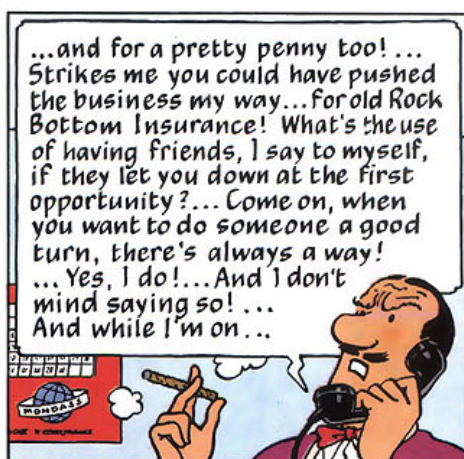
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	Australia : METHUEN, AUSTRALIA, Sydney.
	Canada : METHUEN PUBLICATIONS, Toronto.
	New Zealand : ASSOCIATED BOOK PUBLISHERS, Auckland.
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	U.S.A. : ATLANTIC, LITTLE BROWN, Boston.
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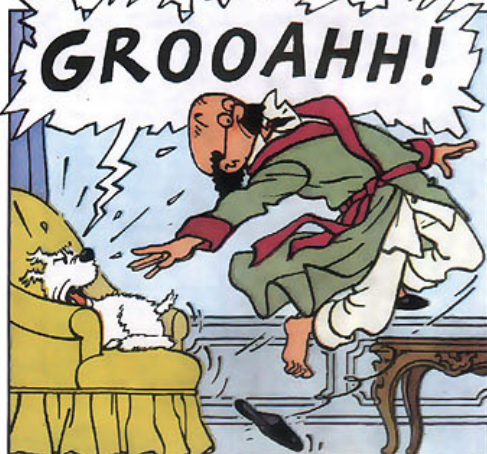
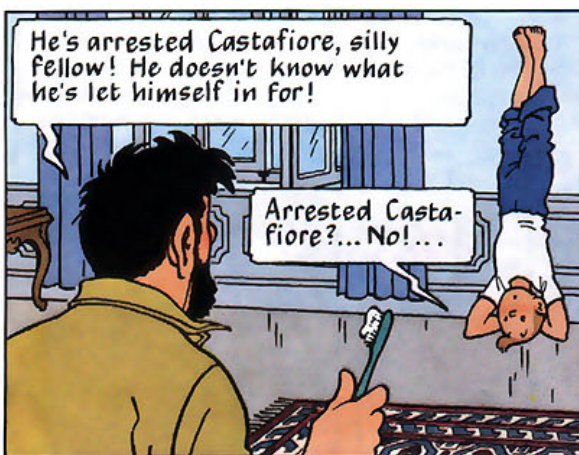
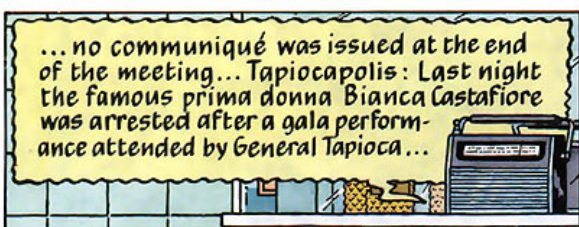
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Library of Congress Catalogue Card Number Afo 83870
Text © 1976 by Methuen Children's Books Ltd,
First published in Great Britain in 1976
Published as a paperback in 1977
by Methuen Children's Books
Michelin House,
81, Fulham Road,
London SW3 6RB
Magnet edition reprinted seven times. Reprinted 1988 (twice)
Printed by Casterman, S.A., Tournai, Belgium
ISBN 0 416 57990 6

TINTIN AND THE PICAROS









Listen to this, Tintin: it's positively hilarious!

Go ahead, I'm all ears.

each have been...
ference when the min...
erwards. Some agreement...
no statement was issued.

STAR IN TERRORIST PLOT

BIANCA CASTAFIORE ARRESTED

TAPIOCAPOLIS, T...
International oper...
Bianca (Milanese...
Castafiore was a...
tonight by the S...
Theodoros pol...
is accused of the...
against the st...
Members of...
entourage...
taken into...
city...

"... A search of her luggage revealed documents which prove conclusively the existence of a plot aimed at the removal of General Tapioca and the overthrow of his regime ...

... The San Theodorian government have let it be known that the plot is centred in a West European country, where the singer was staying before her departure for South America.

It's just like a cheap thriller!

Castafiore in a conspiracy!
A conspiracy of silence, let's hope!!

DONG

Excuse me, sir, but there are two reporters downstairs... asking if you will see them.

Already?!

All right. Just let me put on a dressing-gown and I'll come.

Why, it's Christopher Willoughby-Drupe and Marco Rizotto of "Paris-Flash".
What can I do for you, gentlemen?

Good-morning, Captain. Forgive us for calling so early, but we wanted to be the first to ask what you think of this Castafiore business.

What do I think? ...
Perfectly simple!...

I think it's a load of old rubbish! Blistering barnacles! Accusing Castafiore of conspiracy! ...
Ridiculous!

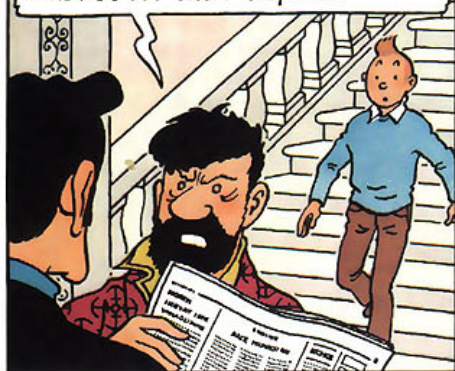
Yes, but what about the accusations made against yourself?

Accusations against ME???

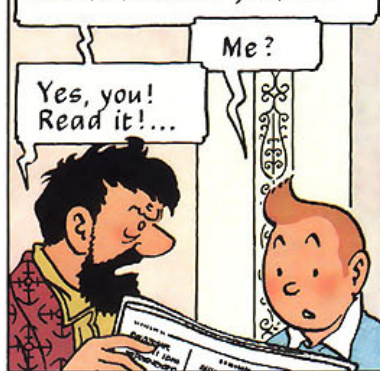
Ah, so you don't know about that yet? Here, look... in today's "Trumpeter"...

?

Impossible!... Those SanTheodolites must be off their tripods!



Oh, it's you. Here, read this. It concerns you, too.



Me?

Yes, you!
Read it!...

courageous action which will bring widespread benefits.

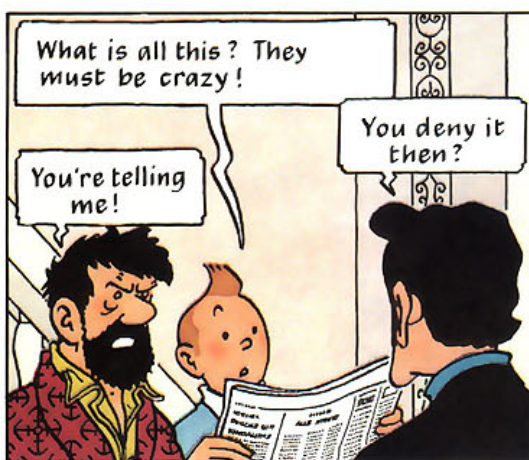
CASTAFIORE CONSPIRACY TAPIOCA GOVERNMENT MAKES NEW CHARGES

Tapiocapolis: The Castafiore conspiracy was masterminded from Marlinspike in Western Europe, claimed a government spokesman today. He accused supporters of General Alcazar, and named as principal figures in the plot: Captain Haddock, Tintin the reporter, and Professor Cuthbert Calculus. All three are long-standing friends of General Alcazar. It is known that Signora Bianca Castafiore was recently a guest at Marlinspike Hall, country home of Captain

What is all this? They must be crazy!

You're telling me!

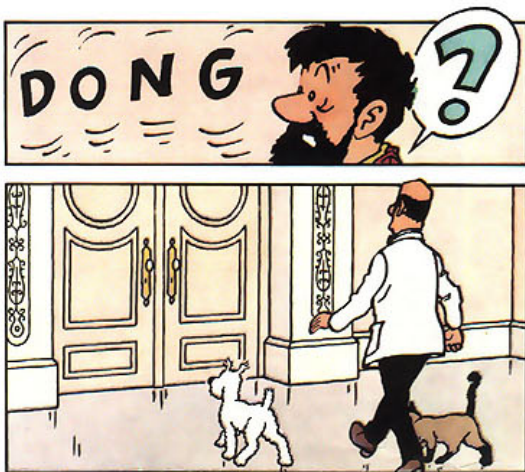
You deny it then?



I'll say we do! The whole story is bilge! Bilge from stem to stern!

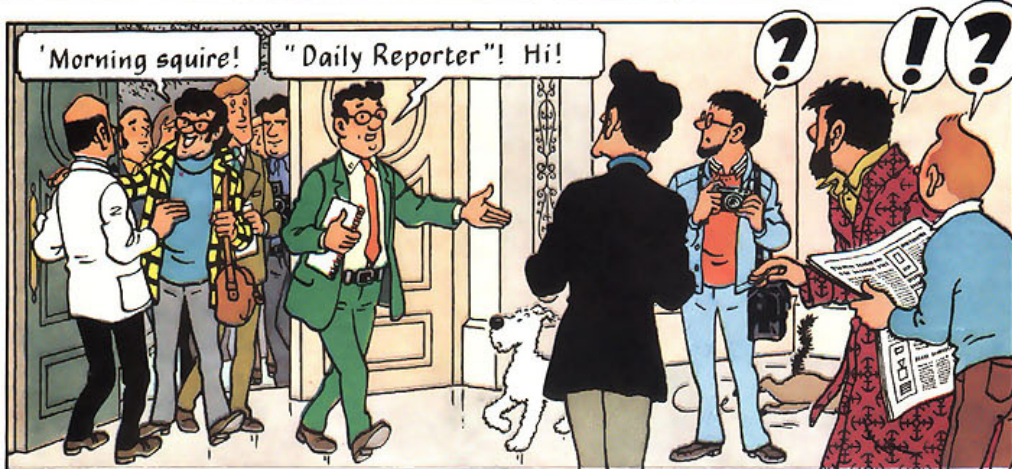


DONG



'Morning squire!'

"Daily Reporter"! Hi!



A few words for "Radio-Round", Captain...

... and for "Radio Rave-Up"...



Gentlemen, these accusations are as grotesque as they are false! Us? Conspirators? ... Blue blistering bell-bottomed balderdash!



Seriously... Here comes Professor Calculus. Look at him, then tell me whether you think he's capable of taking part in a conspiracy!



Perfectly, my dear sirs! And proud of it!



Perfectly!... And I weigh my words. It's a shame, I tell you! A scandal! ... Imprisoning a poor, weak woman like that! We must take her case at once to the International Court of Justice!

You deny the allegations, Captain. All the same, General Alcazar is one of your friends, isn't he?

One of my friends?... I've met him two or three times, that's all.

If you say so. But I take it you won't deny that Signora Castafiore has been a guest here, at your invitation?...

Invitation? You mean invasion! But from that to conspiracy...

Still, let's not discuss it any more. I tell you, the accusations are insane... Now, gentlemen, let me offer you some whisky...

Let's drink to the release of the Milanese Nightingale, and...

... your good health!

EURK!

Stop! Don't touch it!... There must be some mistake. This whisky is quite undrinkable!

Undrinkable? On the contrary, it's excellent!

Velvet!

Mmm...

You mustn't drink it, I tell you! It tastes like poison!

Of course, of course: a poison that kills slowly! It's a known fact! Ha! ha! ha!

And that's no problem: as it happens, we aren't in a hurry! Ha! ha! ha!

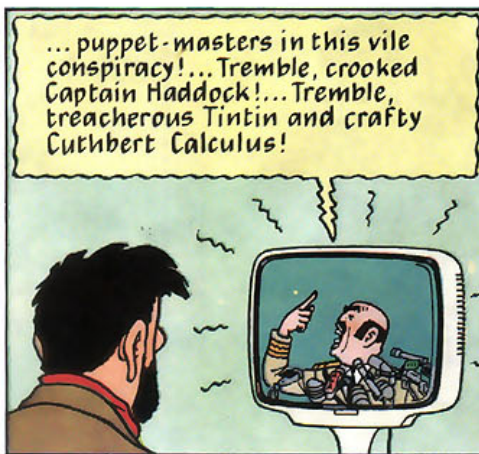
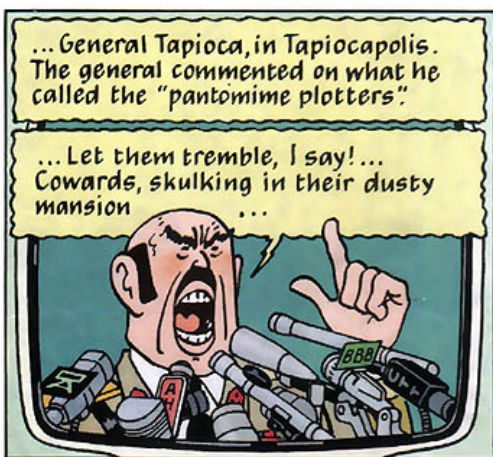
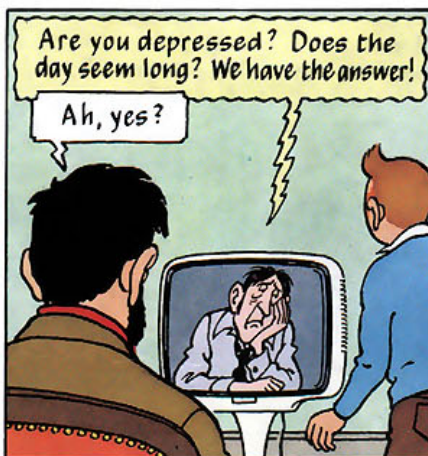
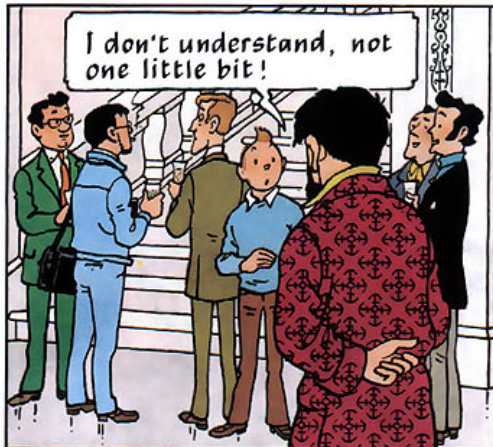
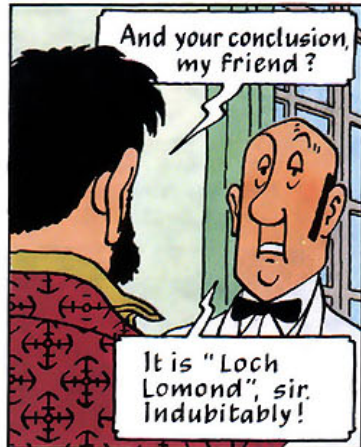
I'm the only one who finds the whisky revolting. Why? There's something fishy going on...

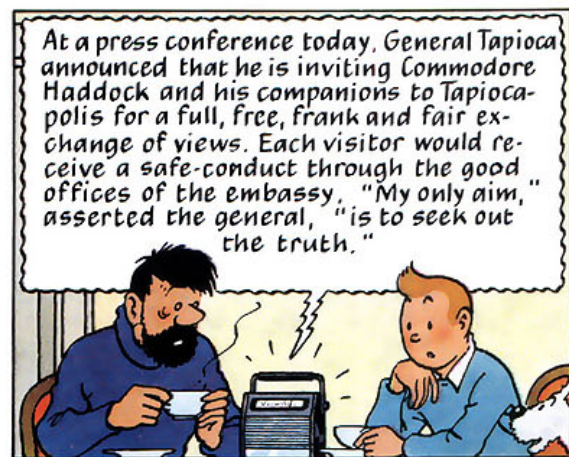
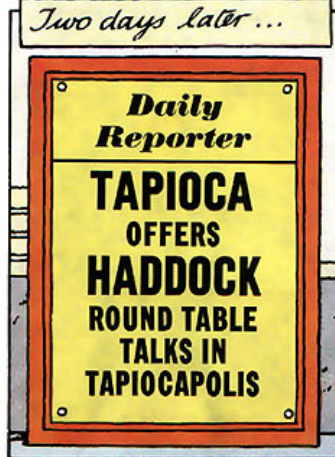
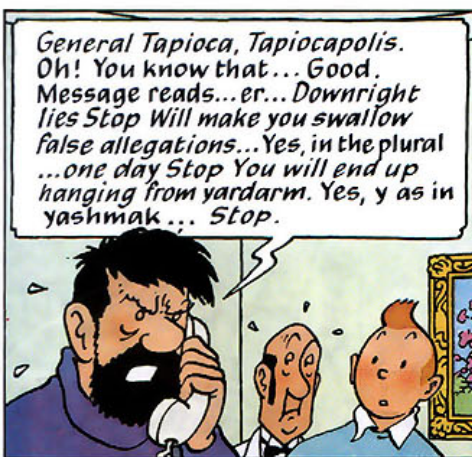
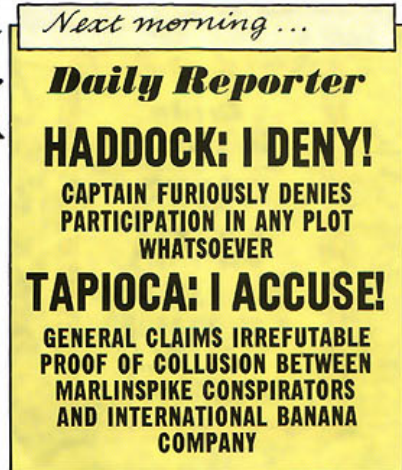
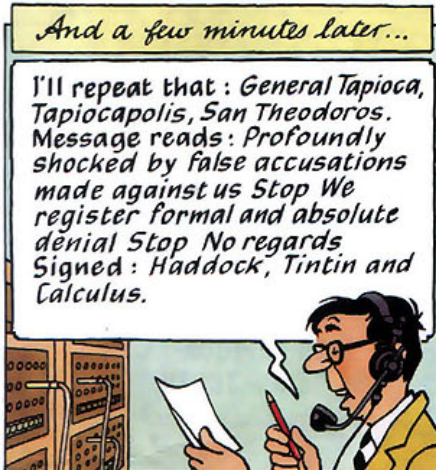
Unless... That's an idea... Maybe it's a new brand Nestor bought.

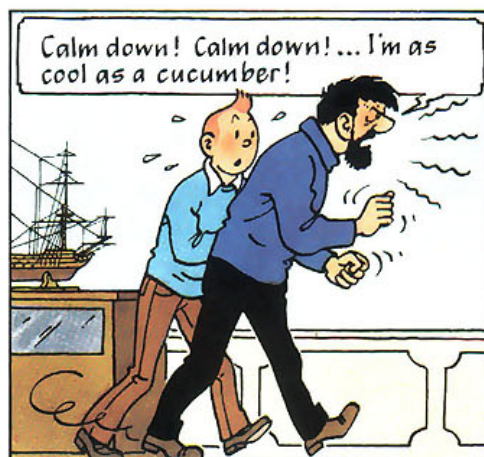
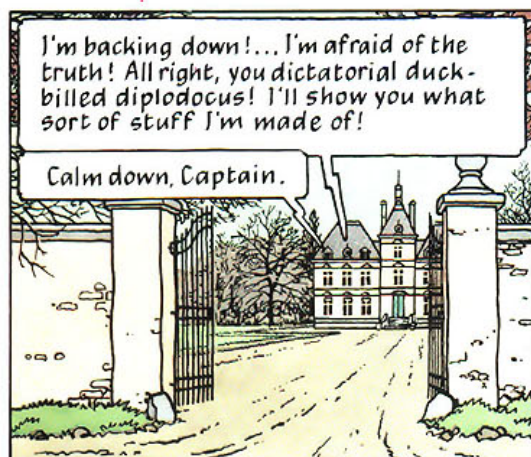
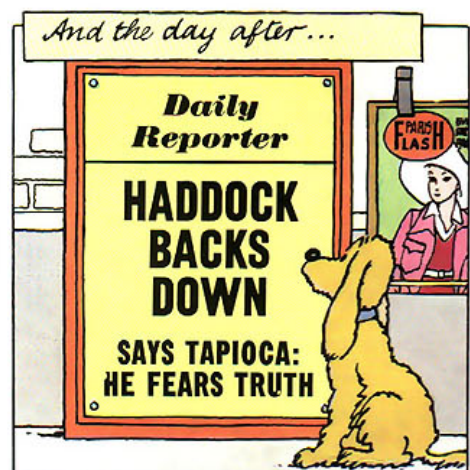
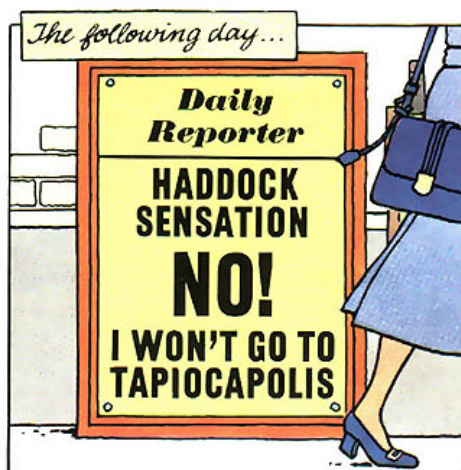
I must ask him...

I can't understand the master: I find this "Loch Lomond" superb, as always.

I say, Nestor...







What? What did you say?

I said I'm not going, Captain. You're quite free to fall into the trap they're trying to set for us, but as far as I'm concerned it's NIET!

Oh! You and your suspicions! They're an obsession! According to you, the world's composed of nothing but scallywags and scoundrels!... Why shouldn't General Tapioca be an honest sort of chap, eh?... Why?... Go on, tell me!

It's always possible, but...

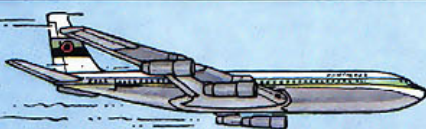
... I still think they're trying to entice us over there... I don't know the reason... but it positively reeks of trickery.

Ah! So that's it!

All right, stay here, Mister Mule! Stay tucked up, all safe and warm in your bedroom - slippers! Cuthbert and I are going out there to defend our honour, and yours too, against that thundering herd of Zapotecs! Finish!



Three days later ...

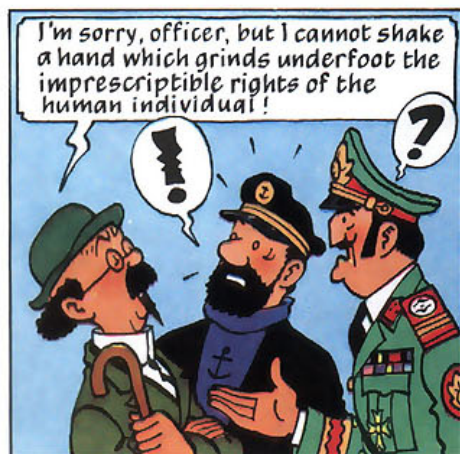
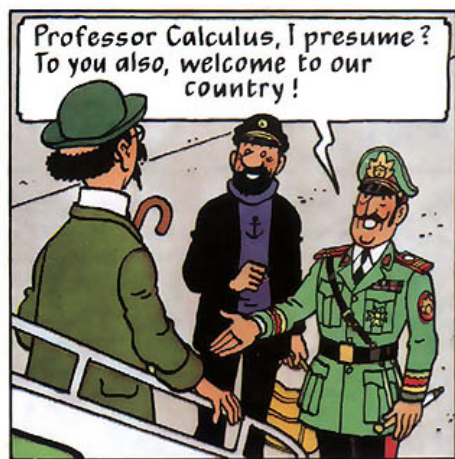
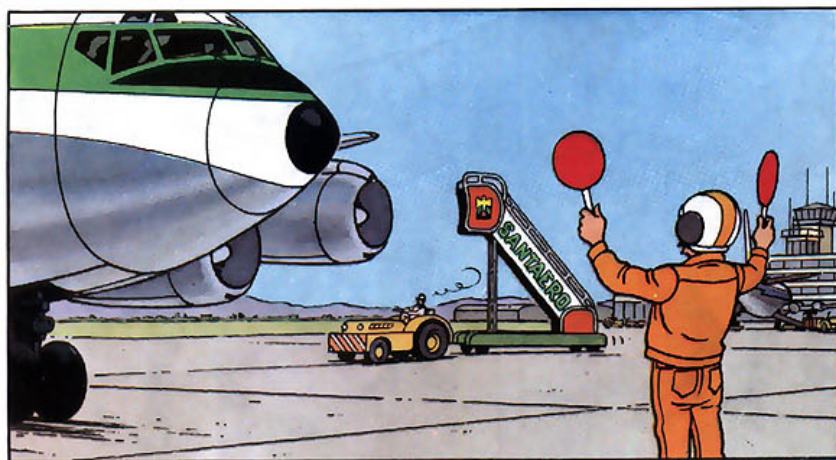
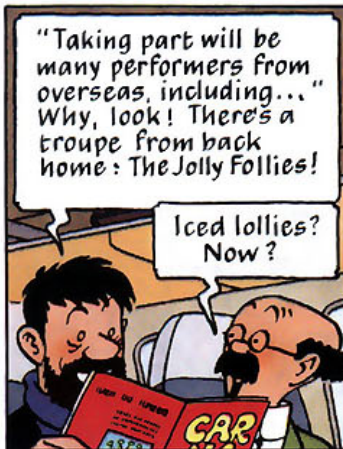


Ladies and gentlemen, in a few moments we shall be landing at Tapiocapolis. Please fasten your safety-belts and extinguish your cigarettes ...

We're coming in to land, Professor.

Thailand?... Really? What a surprise...







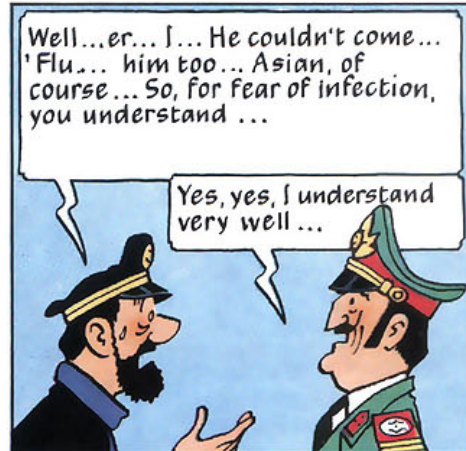
Welcome to San Theodoros, my young friend...



You're mistaken, Colonel!...

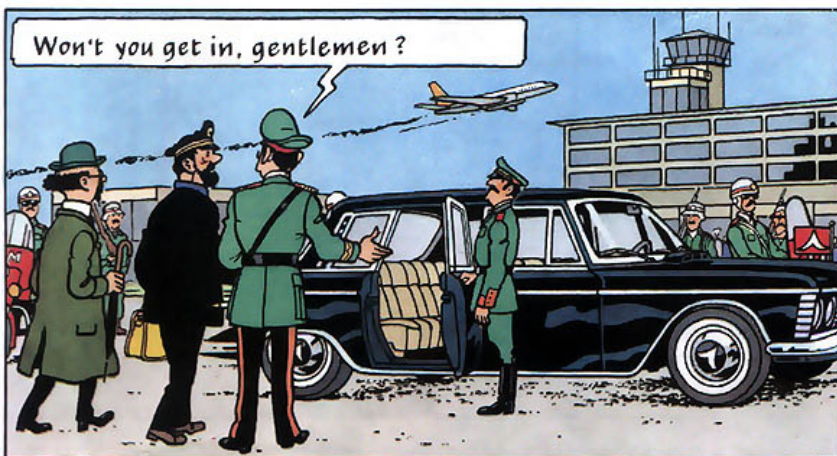
It's like, man, we're the Dripping Tap... Like we're here for the carnival.

But then... Where is Tintin?

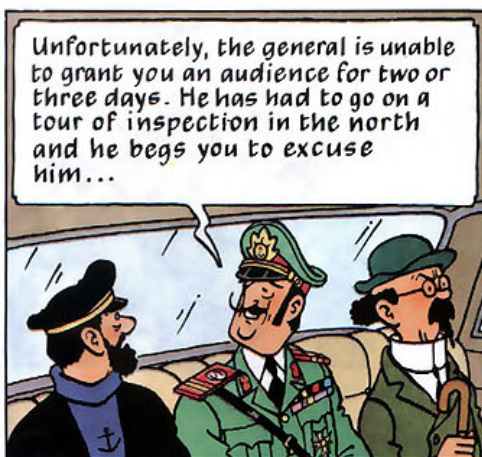
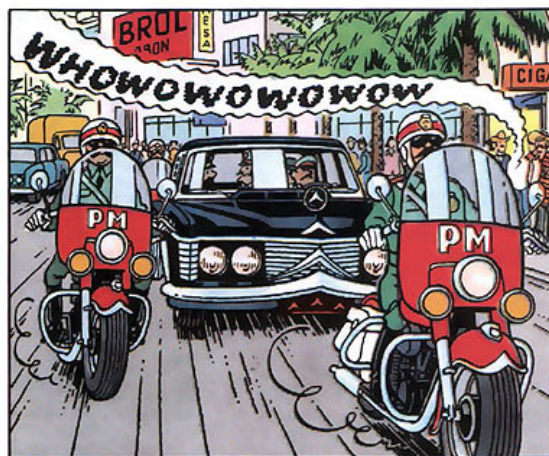


Well...er... I... He couldn't come... 'Flu... him too... Asian, of course... So, for fear of infection, you understand...

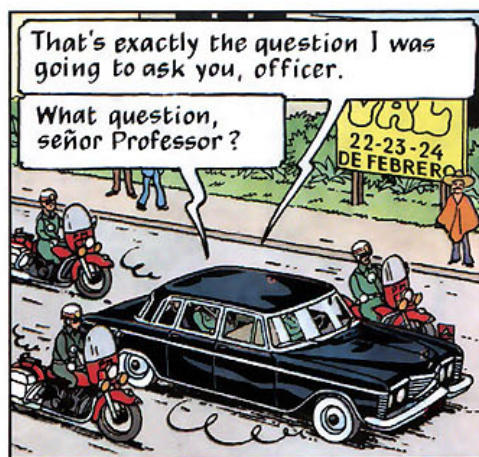
Yes, yes, I understand very well...



Won't you get in, gentlemen?



Unfortunately, the general is unable to grant you an audience for two or three days. He has had to go on a tour of inspection in the north and he begs you to excuse him...



That's exactly the question I was going to ask you, officer.

What question, señor Professor?



That's no answer, soldier! I ask you, where is Signora Castafiore... Her spirit must be totally crushed, I'm sure, poor little thing...



On the contrary, dear Professor. I assure you, the morale of that charming lady is extremely high!

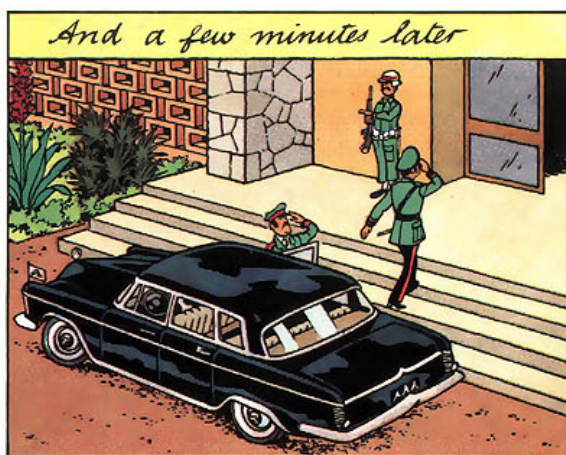
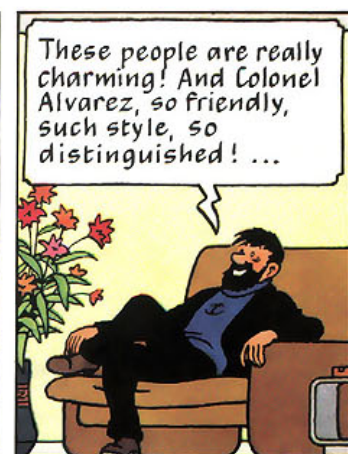
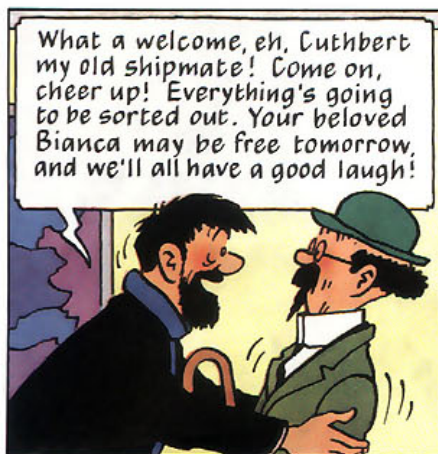
To Shanghai?... She's gone to Shanghai?... You dare to make fun of me?



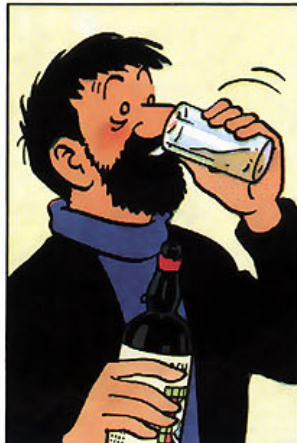
No, no, Professor. I tell you she is delighted with her stay in San Theodoros...



...and next time, don't overcook my pasta!



Oh! "Loch Lomond". These Tapiocans certainly do things in style!



Hello, that doesn't seem to please him... Yet they assured us that was his favourite whisky.



Unbelievable!... It's still happening!... What's gone wrong? Why can't I take whisky any more?



Let's try something else... gin, for instance.



He doesn't like that either? Just his bad luck!... Now for Channel No. 2...

Colonel, I must tell you



Ah, there he is! A pity he didn't agree to work for us... But who knows, he may change his mind some day...



Good. Now, Channel No. 3...

Colonel, I must...

You must what, Colonel?



I must tell you... Number Three has not arrived, Colonel.

Not arrived?!... Szplug! Why not?... Where is he then?



He never left Europe, Colonel. Number One told me he had influenza and that...

And you tell me that now!... By the whiskers of Kürvi-Tasch!!



Influenza!... So, he was suspicious!... But it's absolutely necessary for him to come!... And if I know him, he'll be coming anyway!



Good, I'll think about it. Meanwhile, you'll have to stall the others. Tell them everybody's got influenza... that the Castafiore's lost her voice... tell them anything you like... to gain time.

Very good, Colonel.

Meanwhile...

What a beautiful evening. It must be lovely outside...

Hello, what's this? Rusted up?

Come open...you stupid... stubborn...

¿Que pasa?

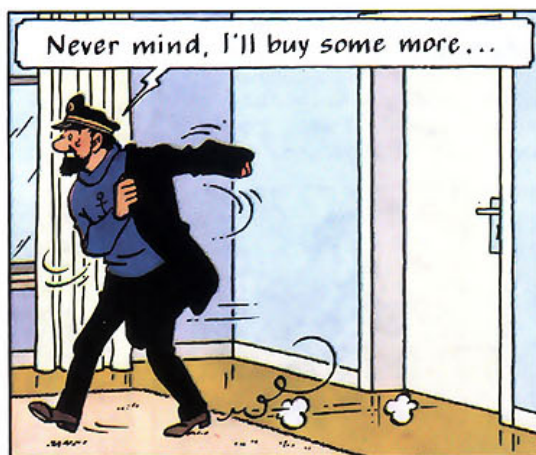
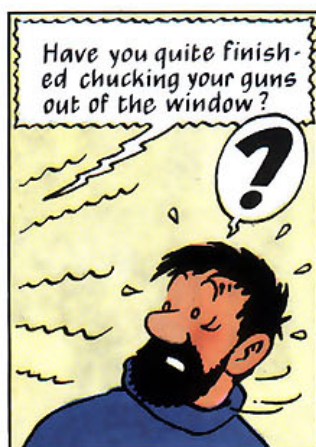
¿Que pasa?... Que pasa is that I tried to open that confounded window!... And kindly put away the blunderbuss: those things have a habit of going off!

No good to open, señor... air conditioning...

That may well be so, but I don't happen to like canned air. Kindly open the window, por favor!

Windows, they do not open, señor... Buenas noches, señor.

Thanks, friend... really, you try too hard!



Ten thousand thundering typhoons!
You dare forbid me to go out?... Me,
the guest of General Tapioca!...

Not go out,
señor.

Señor not go out tonight! ...
Tomorrow... Too late tonight ...

And why not, if you
please?... Aren't I
old enough to be
out at night?

No, señor, but...er... Sometimes
Picaros make attack around here
... Is muy dangerous, señor...
So you see, is best for your
own protection ...

Tomorrow, Excellency...
tomorrow we bring tobacco
for Your Excellency ...

Certainly not! I
want to buy my
own tobacco!

As you wish, Excellency... Buenas
noches, Excellency ...

... 'night!

SLAM

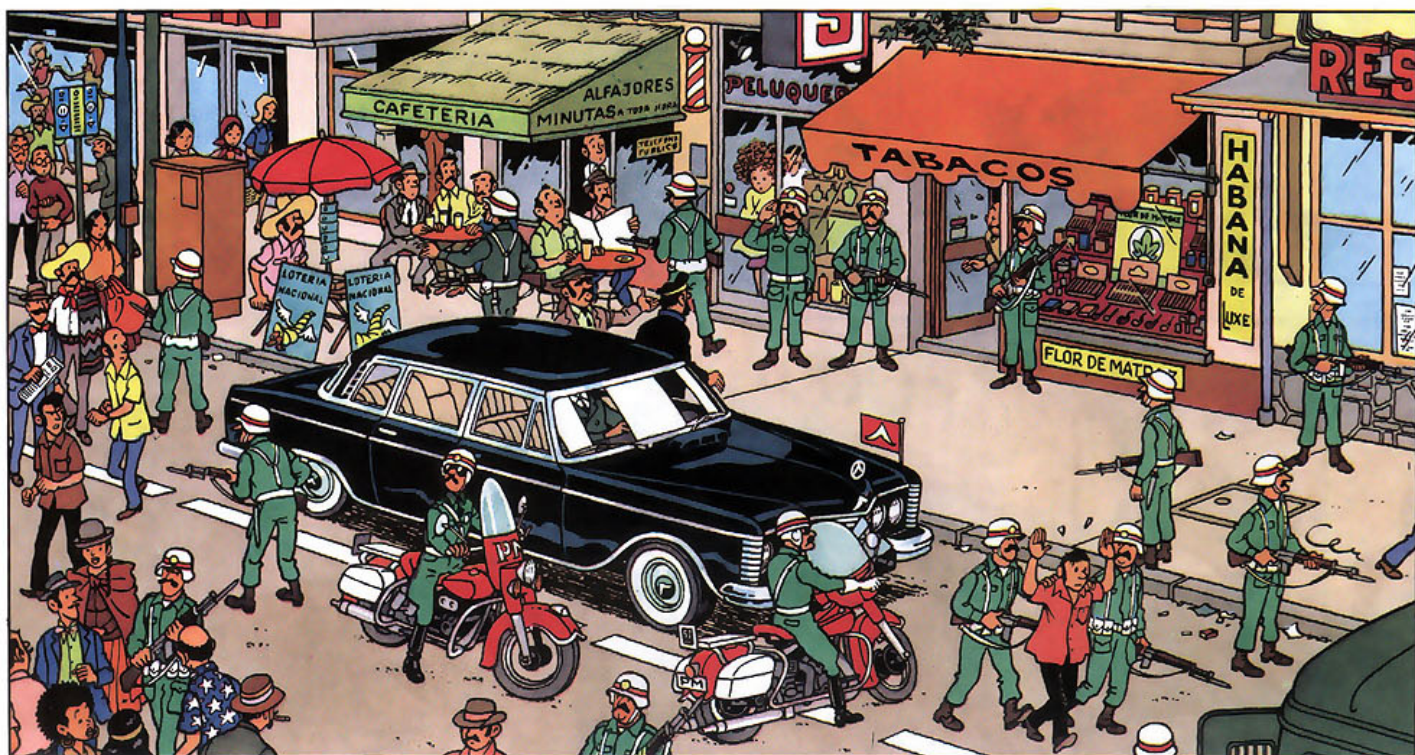
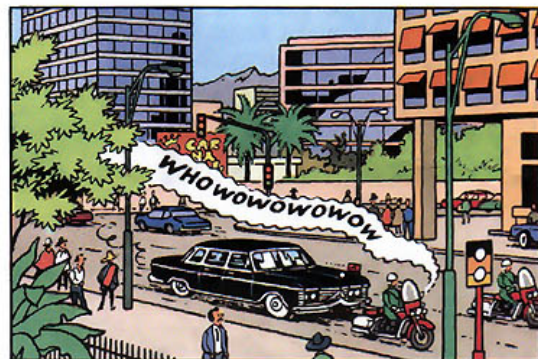
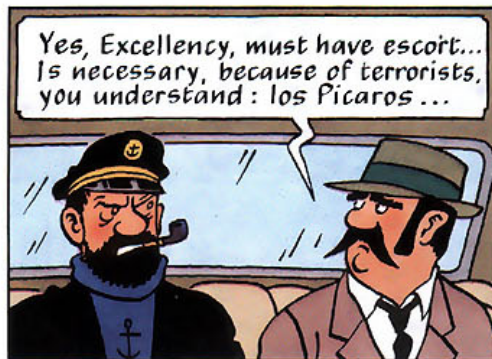
That young whippersnapper Tin-
tin was right, by thunder... The
cage may be a gilded one ...

... but we're well and
truly behind bars!

Ah, there you
are, Cap...

FLOP

When are you going to stop
these childish pranks?



An hour later...

Ah, you're back. Would you believe that Tintin...

Tintin? He was jolly sensible to stay in Marlinspike!

He was absolutely right: we're prisoners, lock, stock and barrel!

I can see our hosts have a true sense of hospitality. That's what I just said to him...

...and he entirely agrees with me.

WHO agrees with you??? ...And about WHAT???

Exactly, and what's more, he'll tell you so himself!

Won't you, my friend?

¡Buenos dias, Captain!

Tintin, where in heaven's name have you sprung from?

Well, I've come straight from Marlinspike... You don't look very pleased to see me!

Why didn't you stay there, you silly fellow?

Let's say I was missing you, Captain ...

... and the Professor too, of course.

On a horse? We came by car.

You'd hardly left when I began to blame myself for not having gone with you. I thought of all our friends in prison and the need to try to save them... So I took a plane... It's quite simple ...

And it's crazy!

Because you were right! Would you believe ...

Ssh!

Ah! You've got a record here I simply adore! ... May I put it on, Captain?

AH! MY BEAUTY

Have you gone raving mad?

Come, I want to show you something.

What?



There, look!

A microphone!
The pirates!

And there's another!...
The place is bugged,
Captain!

And I'm pretty sure they'll
have cameras hidden in
every corner... I'd bet
my life on it...

Behind a two-way mirror, for in-
stance, like this one perhaps ...

Aha! He's no fool, that boy!

No fool! He uses his head. But as
I foresaw, that didn't stop him
following the others into the trap
I prepared for them...

A trap,
Colonel?

A trap, yes... You see, before I
was appointed by General
Kürvi-Tasch to be technical
adviser to General Tapioca,
I was Chief of Police in
Szohôd, and those three...

...busybodies subjected me to
a bitter humiliation!

You, Colonel,
humiliated?

Yes, me...

...and I've never forgotten
it... But fate sometimes
plays into one's hands...
When I heard that Bianca
Castafiore was planning a
tour in South America I
immediately...

...realised how I could take advantage
of the situation. I only had to arrest
her, after forging compromising
documents and having them
slipped into her luggage
...I concocted an entirely
fictitious...

...conspiracy against General
Tapioca... It only remained for
me to give an international
slant to the affair... And
there it was... a brilliant
conception, eh?

Three days go by...

But WHEN are we going to see that confounded fellow Tapioca? After all, that's the principal reason we came here!

Instead of which, for three days they've shuttled us from the Museum of Ethnography to the birthplace of the Great Liberator, General Olivaro...

POP

... then to the zoo, then to the cathedral of the Santísima Virgen de la Inmaculada Concepcion... And what marvel have they in store for us tomorrow?

A confetti-maker for the carnival?... Or perhaps a sombrero factory?... Heaven knows what!

?+?+?

UGHHH!

Billions of blue blistering barnacles! What's happened to me? Why can't I take a single drop of alcohol any more?

RAT TAT TAT
Come in! He! he!

RAT TAT TAT
YES! COME!

Buenas tardes, señores...

Hello, surely that isn't Manolo's voice?

The evening papers, señores...

PABLO!?!

Great snakes!... What a surprise!... I never ...

Sssh!

Good evening, señores. My name is Pablo. I've been sent to replace Manolo, who suffered a slight accident this morning...

THAT?

Nothing serious, luckily: just a sprain.

YES?...

... He'll be back in a day or two.

O.K.!

Waste no time, amigos! Your lives are in danger!

Our lives?

In danger?

Yes. The day after tomorrow a commando of Picaros, but not real Picaros, will pretend to attack this villa. In the course of the fighting, quite by accident, all three of you will be killed!

?

What?

The official version: the Picaros tried to kidnap you!

But anyway, why all the palaver?... And who wants to kill us?

Do you know who runs the Security Police in this country? No?... Well, it's Colonel Esponja, or, to give him his real name: Sponz.

Sponz!!!

... Who was Chief of Police in Szohöd?

That's the one! He's been "lent" to General Tapioca to re-organise the Security Police in San Theodoros... and when he heard of Signora Castafiore's arrival, he dreamed up a plan to get rid of the three of you ...

Luckily for you, the Picaros and their leader General Alcazar have eyes and ears everywhere ... So this is what we're going to do. Tomorrow, Colonel Alvarez will take you on a trip to Motuatabotl to see an ancient pyramid ...

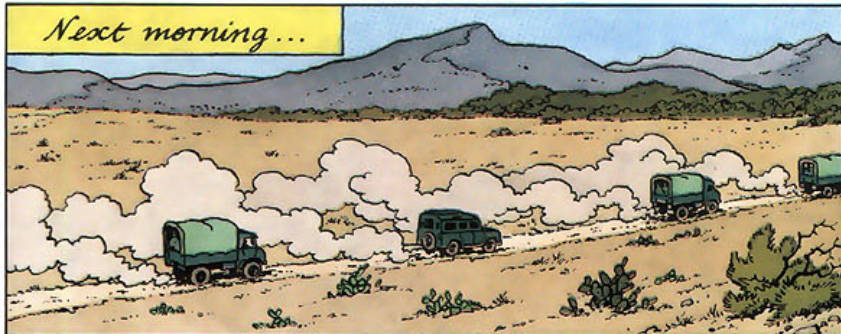
You'll climb to the top, with me. The soldiers will simply encircle the base. Then a commando of Picaros, real Picaros this time, will open fire on the northern face of the pyramid ...

Ha! ha! ha!
Success, success!

Under cover of the diversion you'll climb down the south face, having disarmed me and carefully tied me up. Two hundred metres away, right in front of you, one of Alcazar's trucks will be waiting ...

Thanks, Pablo! Saving my life is becoming a habit with you. This is the second time!

Next morning...

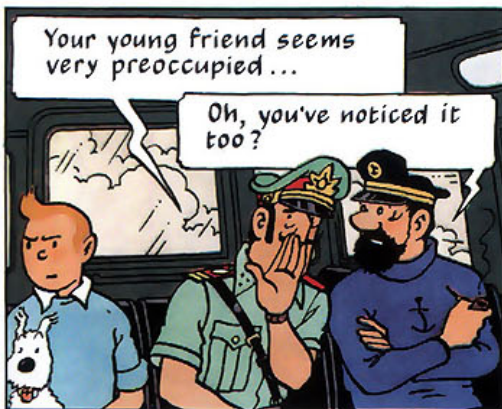


Not far now: we're coming to the forest. We'll be there in a quarter of an hour...

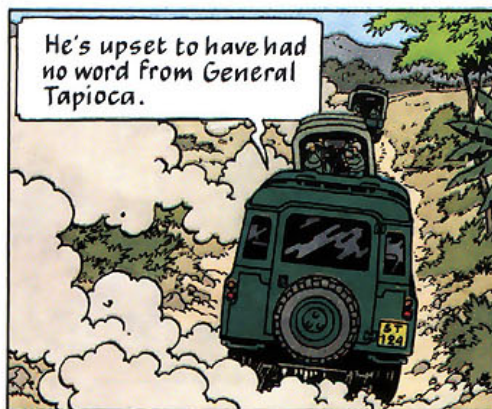


Your young friend seems very preoccupied...

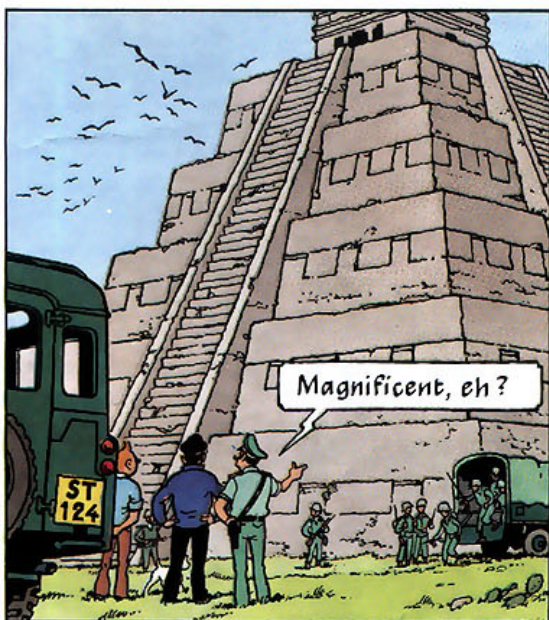
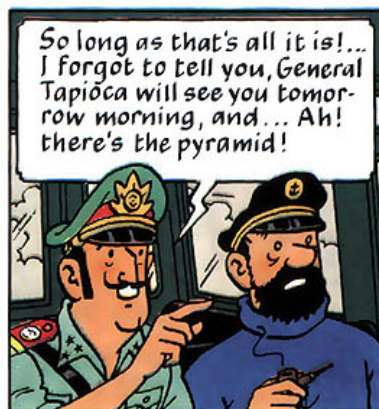
Oh, you've noticed it too?



He's upset to have had no word from General Tapioca.



So long as that's all it is!... I forgot to tell you, General Tapioca will see you tomorrow morning, and... Ah! there's the pyramid!



Magnificent, eh?

Superb!... Marvellous!... Can we go up?

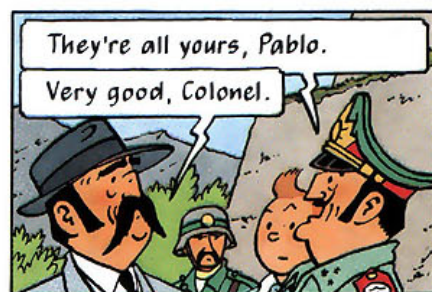
Of course. But you'll excuse me if I don't accompany you...

I expect you've often climbed it before?

Very often. But Pablo will act as your guide.



They're all yours, Pablo. Very good, Colonel.



Be careful. It's a steep slope and many people get giddy up there.

You are most thoughtful, Colonel.



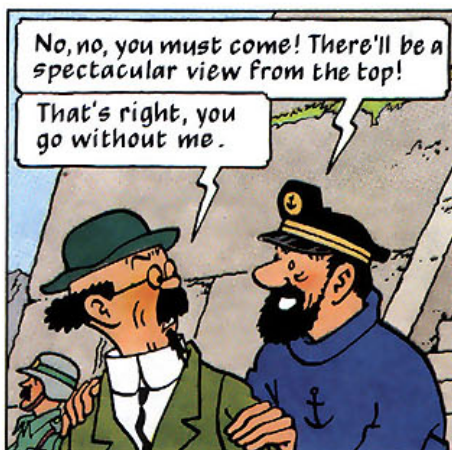
Come along, Professor.

No thank you, Captain, I'd rather stay here. As you know, I suffer from vertigo...



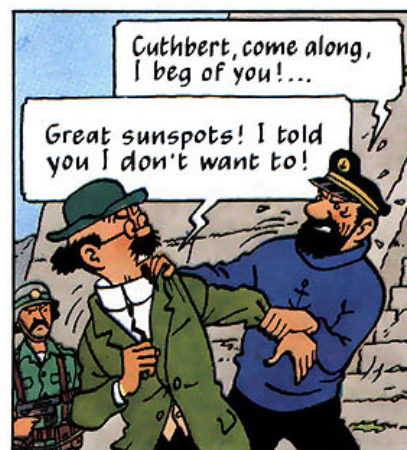
No, no, you must come! There'll be a spectacular view from the top!

That's right, you go without me.



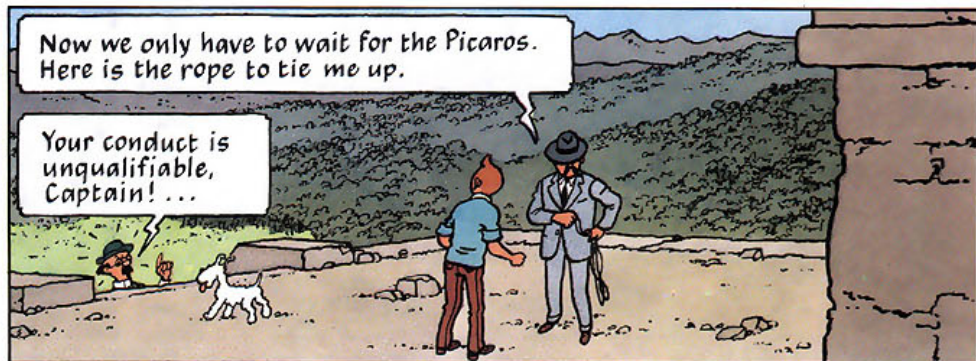
Cuthbert, come along, I beg of you!...

Great sunspots! I told you I don't want to!



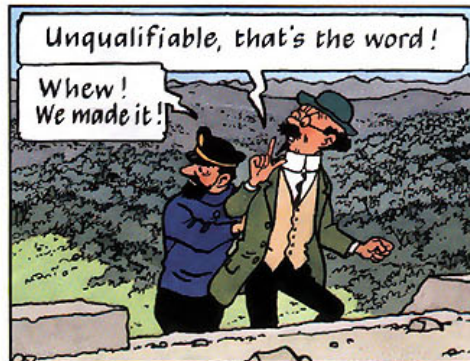


But I don't want to, I tell you...



Now we only have to wait for the Picaros. Here is the rope to tie me up.

Your conduct is unqualifiable, Captain!...



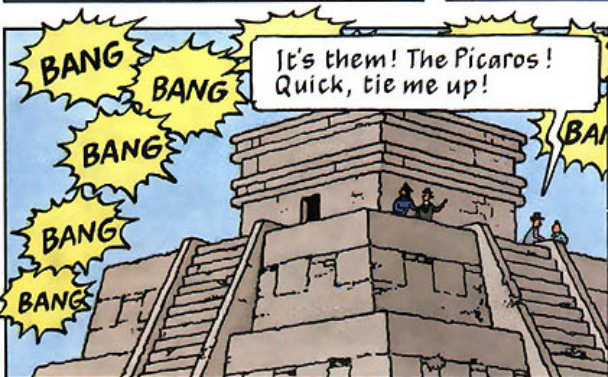
Unqualifiable, that's the word!

Whew! We made it!



And here's my gun...

Thanks, Pablo!



It's them! The Picaros! Quick, tie me up!

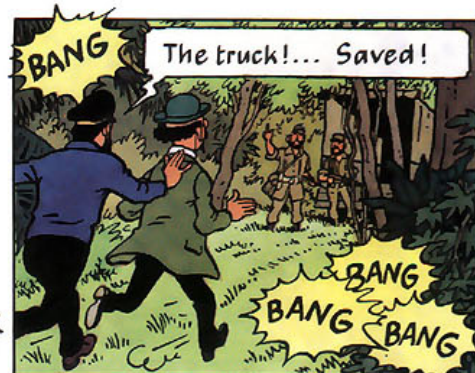


Goodbye, Pablo. I'll never forget what you've done for us!

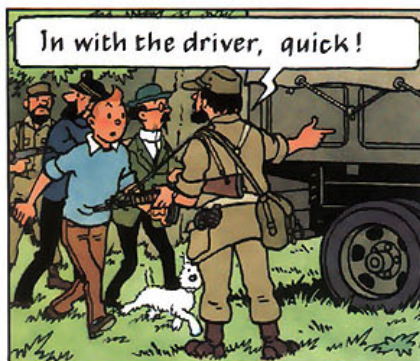
MMM... MMM



Ooh... Aah!... My vertigo!



The truck!... Saved!



In with the driver, quick!



Hop in, amigo mio!

General Alcazar!!



So, the trap is sprung! Good work, Pablo!

It was quite easy, Colonel!

Puma calling Jaguar! ...
Puma calling Jaguar! ...
Are you receiving me?...
Come in now... Over ...



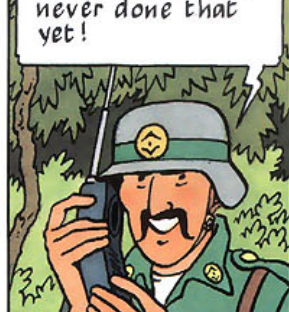
Jaguar calling Puma! ...
Jaguar calling Puma! ... Re-
ceiving you strength five...Over.



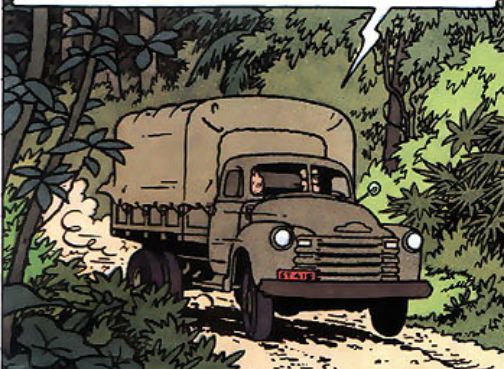
The truck's on it's way... they'll be with
you in seven or
eight minutes...
Mind you don't miss!



Be like missing an
elephant at three
metres in an alley,
Colonel... And I've
never done that
yet!



You see, General Alcazar is true
to his friends!



You can count on me! ... So the
minute I received your message
I decided to move ...



Our message?... You say
you received a message
from us?

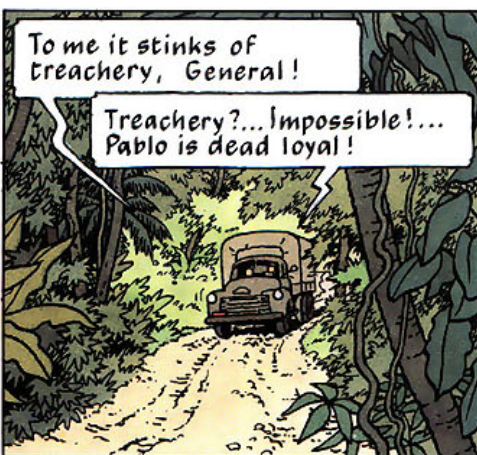


I certainly am! ... Because we never
sent you any message... On the
contrary, it was Pablo who told us,
from you, that our lives were in
danger but that you'd pull us
out of trouble.



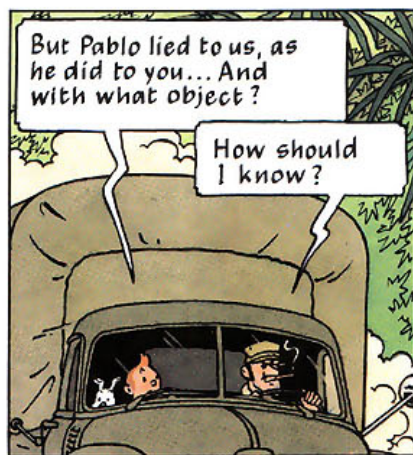
To me it stinks of
treachery, General!

Treachery?... Impossible! ...
Pablo is dead loyal!



But Pablo lied to us, as
he did to you... And
with what object?

How should
I know?



It bothers me, General... I've
got a feeling someone's
setting a trap for us...



Let's stop, General: we need
time to think...

No way, amigo! We've a
long trip ahead... and
there's nothing to fear.



Jaguar calling Puma... We
can see the truck now...



Careful, there's something in the road ahead ...

You'll find binoculars there...

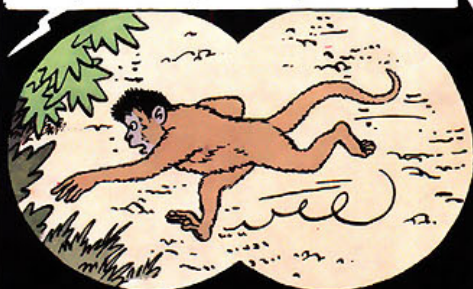


A monkey... He's stopped still, as if something frightened him ...



... Now he's bolted back again!
... Stop, General!

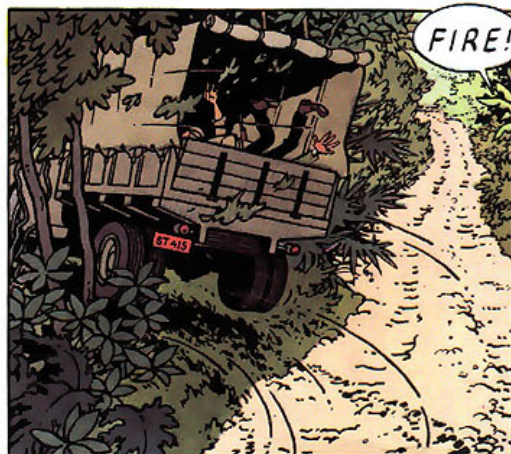
Stop?... Are you crazy?... Why?



Stop! I tell you!



FIRE!



BANG



Quick!... Get out of here!...
The next one's for us!

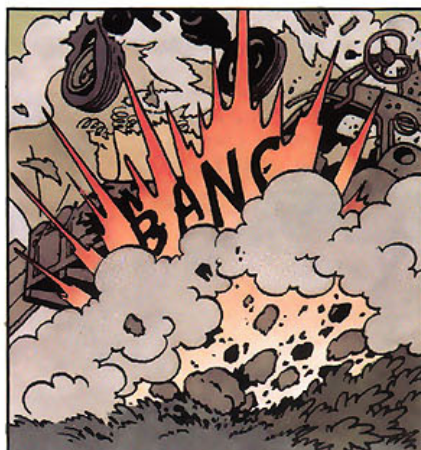


Reload!... Get a move
on!... Faster, you
clumsy peasants!...
And this time, don't miss!

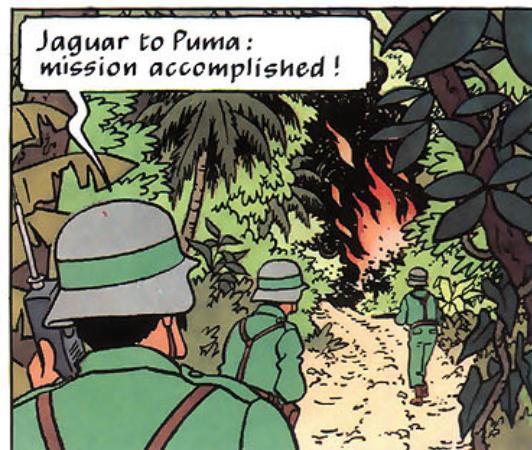


FIRE!

BANG



Jaguar to Puma:
mission accomplished!



A direct hit?...Well done, Captain! ... Are they all dead?

I've sent men to check, Colonel!

Colonel Esponja will be pleased with you, Pablo.

Jaguar calling Puma...
Jaguar calling Puma...

Yes, I'm receiving you... What's that? ... The truck's empty?... What?! ... Because of the monkey... What monkey??? ... Explain yourself, imbecile!!!

No, they don't dare follow. They know we'll soon be in Arumbaya country... And that scares the living daylights out of them!

My other guerrillas who covered our escape while they pretended to attack will catch us up by another route... As for Pablo, that creep... Just wait till I get my hands on Pablo!

The dirty rat! I'll have him eaten alive by red ants!

I must admit I never suspected him for a moment...

A charming walk, isn't it, Captain?

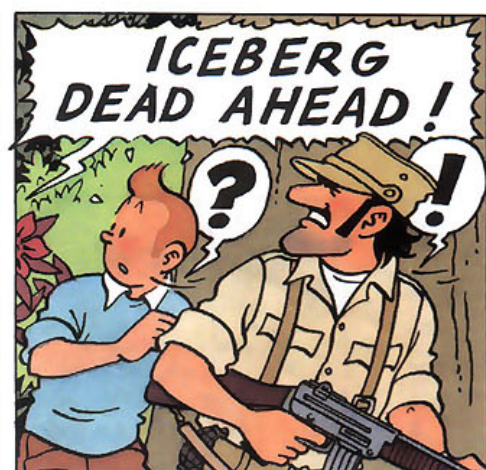
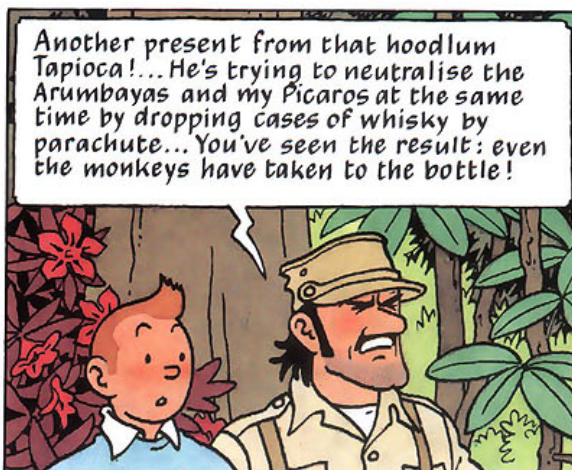
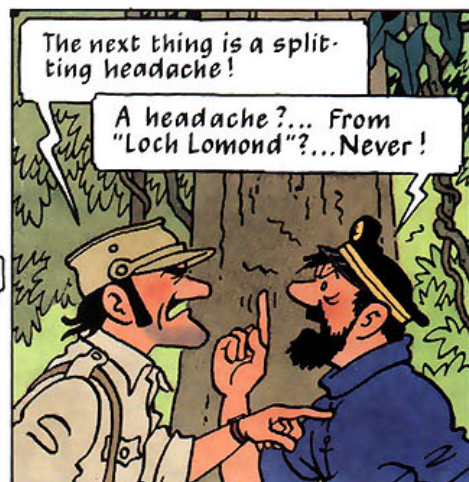
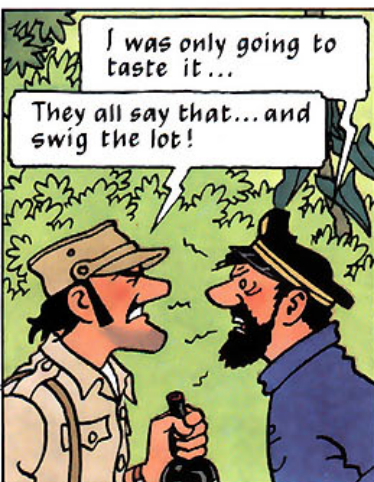
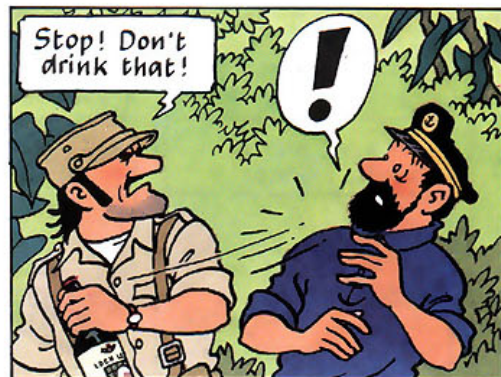
Charming: you've said it! ... To think we could be home at good old Marlinspike, downing a cool glass of beer!

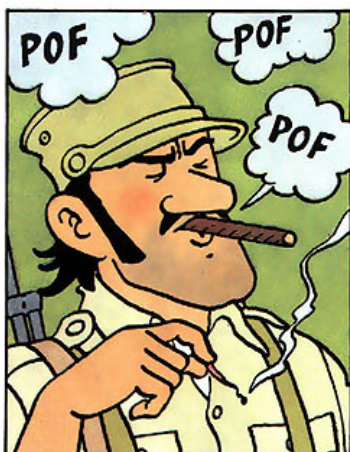
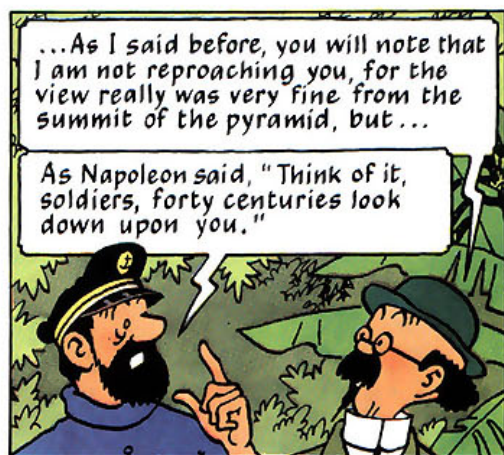
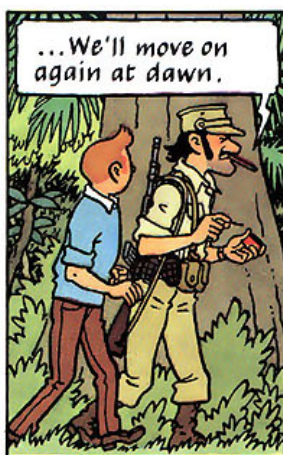
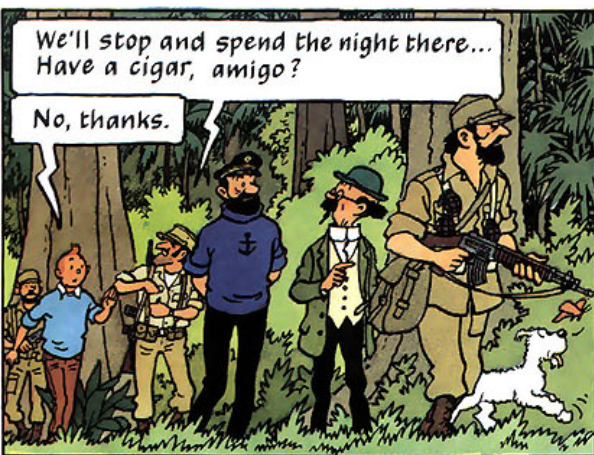
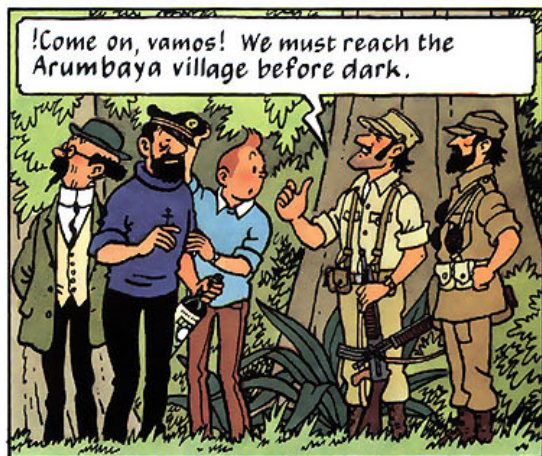
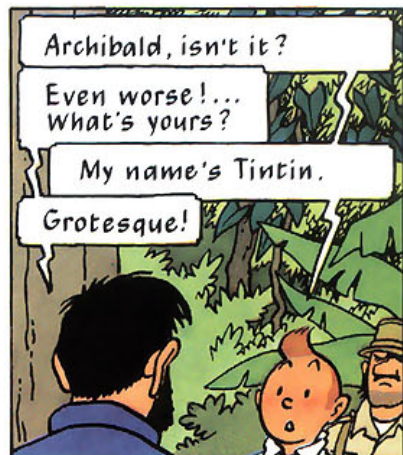
But Captain, I ask you: why did you make me climb to the top of that pyramid and then rush me straight down the other side?... You must admit it's very odd...

Mmm...

I'm not really cross with you because the view certainly was spectacular.

There on the ground! ... Columbus! Am I dreaming?





Ridgewell!... You never get any better do you, you old joker!... Come on out of there!

?

Hello, General!... Hello, Tintin!... It's good to see you again!

Nice to be back, Doctor Ridgewell!... How are the Arumbayas?... Learnt to play golf yet?

Don't talk about it!... But on the other hand they've made great strides... in drunkenness, I'm afraid... By courtesy of General Tapioca!

LET ME GO!...
TINTIN!!!
HELP!!!

Tintin, help!... Save me!... Stop thief!... Fire!... Police!... Help, I am undone!

Ha! ha! ha!

Wotat it'fa!

Ha! ha! ha!

That's enough!...
Gi' dahda vit!

You see?... Tapioca has a lot to answer for... Come, we must go. The village is still some distance away.

Dipsomaniacs!... That's what "civilisation" has done for those "savages".

That evening...

There's the Arumbaya village.

Excuse me, Captain... I see they are preparing some sort of meal over there...

He! he!...



OOH!!!

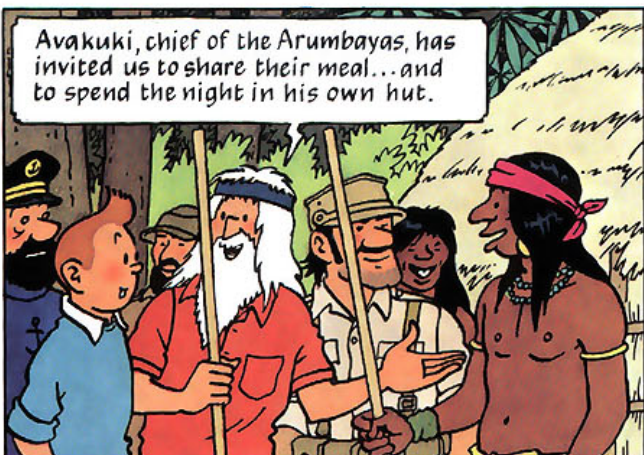
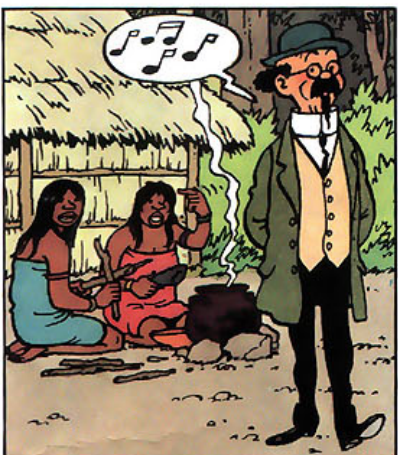
?

?



?

?



Avakuki, chief of the Arumbayas, has invited us to share their meal... and to spend the night in his own hut.



Please thank him from us and tell him we accept with pleasure. Don't we, Captain?

Full astern!



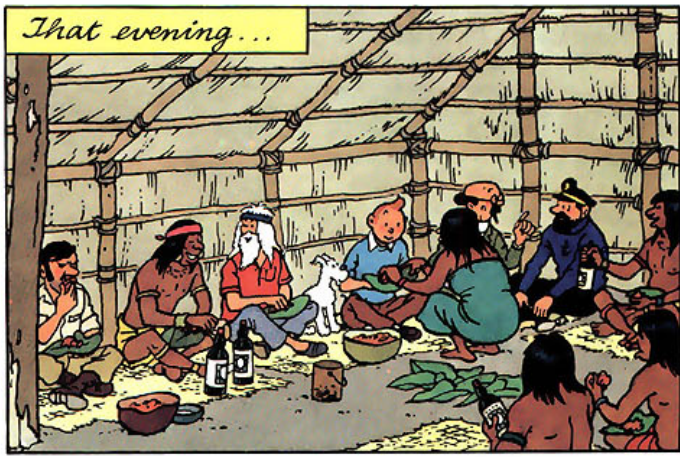
Don't we, Professor?...?..?



Oh! Now where's he got to?...



Ah, I see. There he is... just coming along behind...

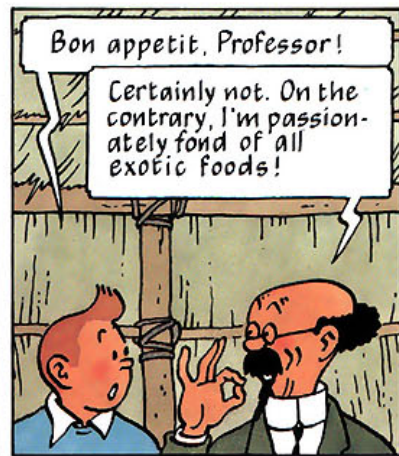


That evening...



You may not fancy this very much, but pretend to like it: it's important not to offend them...

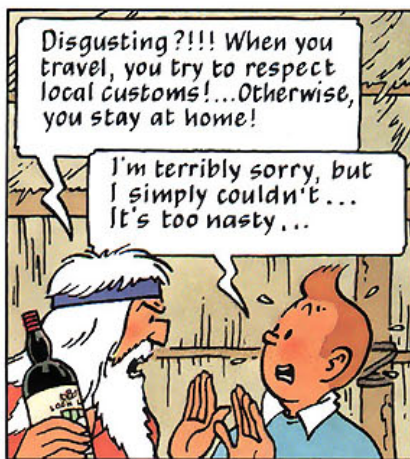
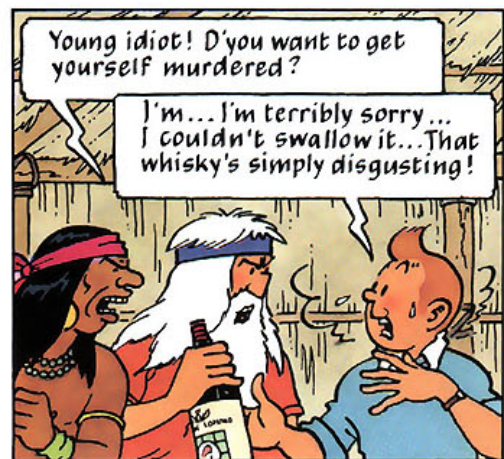
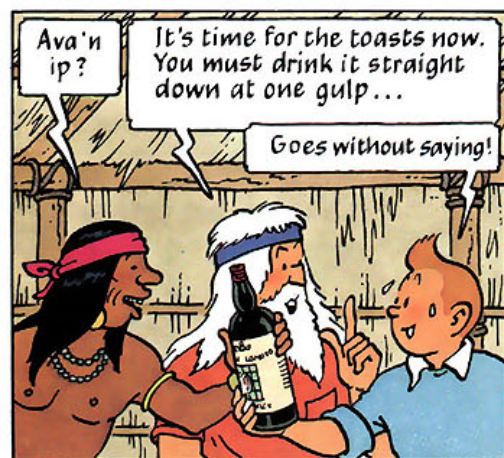
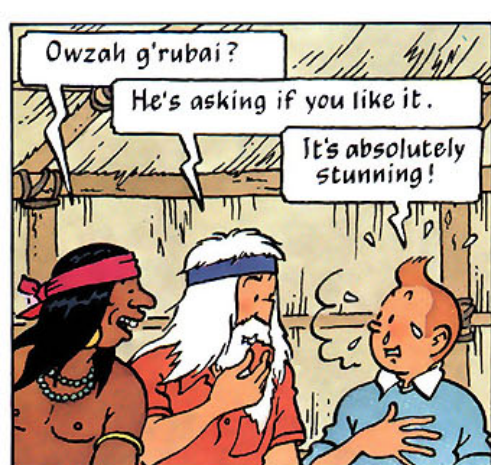
Don't worry...

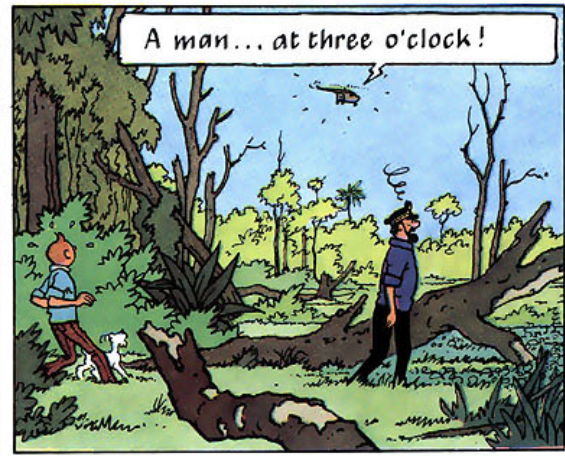
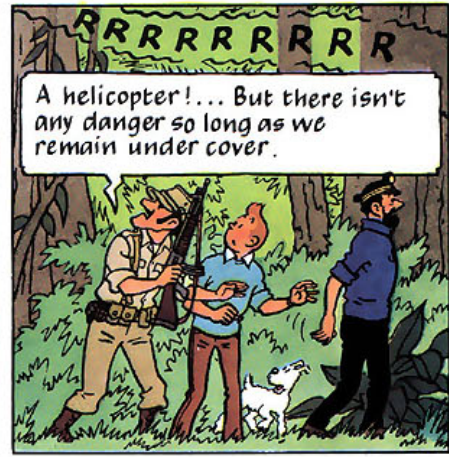


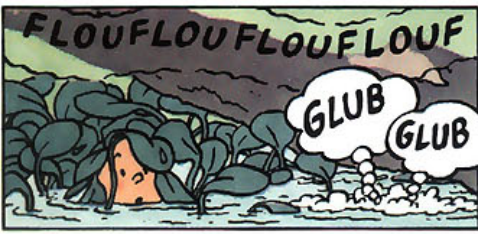
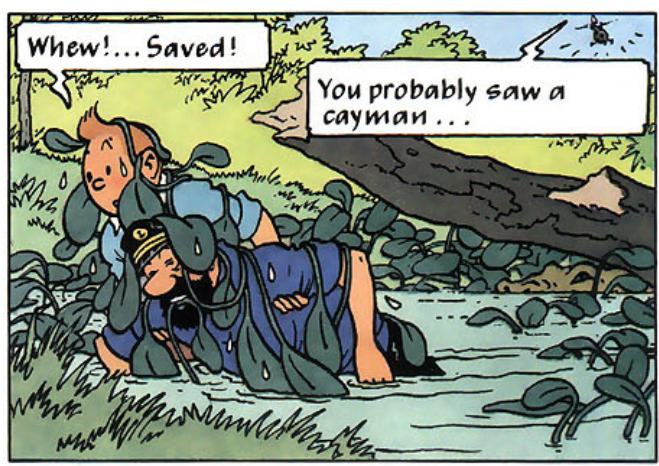
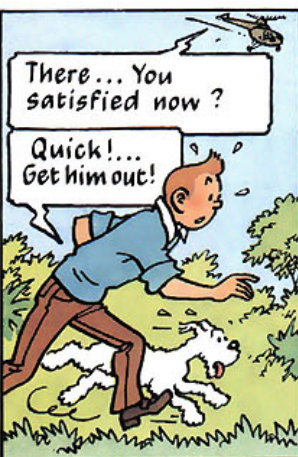
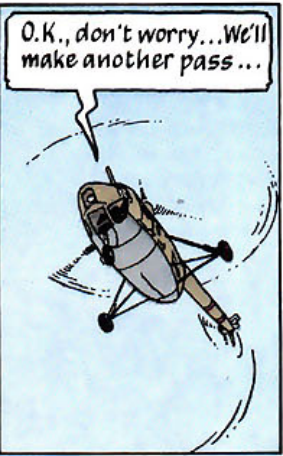
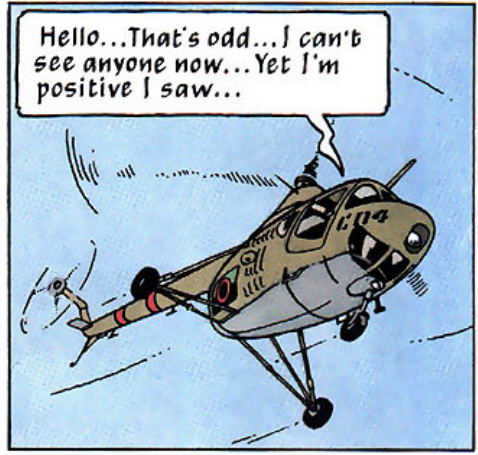
Bon appetit, Professor!

Certainly not. On the contrary, I'm passionately fond of all exotic foods!









Look out! Behind you!...
A cayman!

What?... How?...
What did you
say?



Caramba! You were lucky! That anaconda
saved your life!

Look, he's coming
round...

Well, amigo?...
Better now?

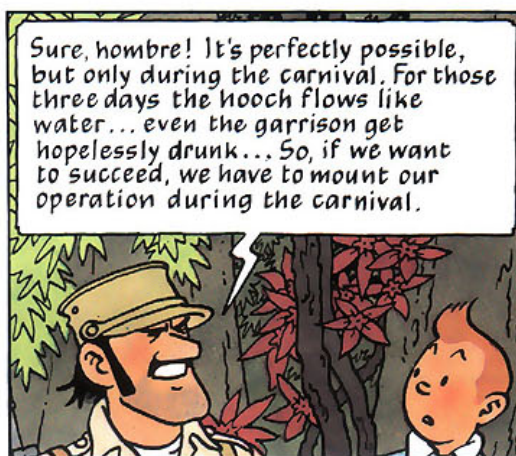
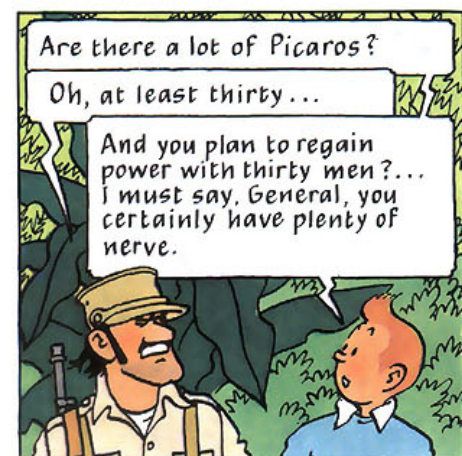
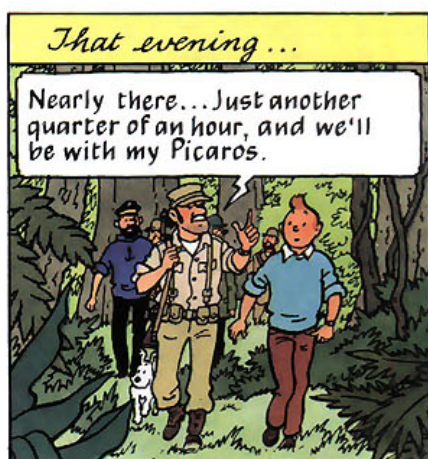
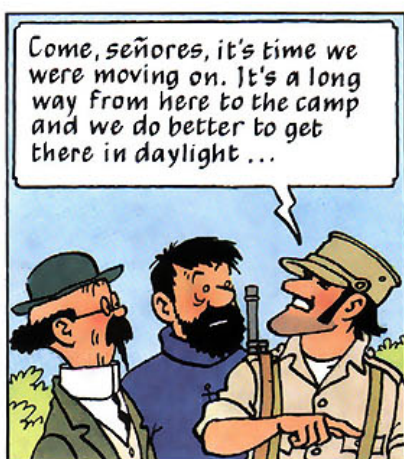
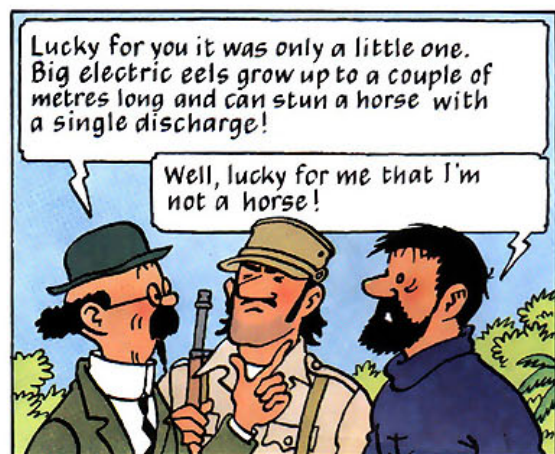
Look here, where's that bottle
of whisky? Just you give it
back, eh?... I found it,
didn't I?

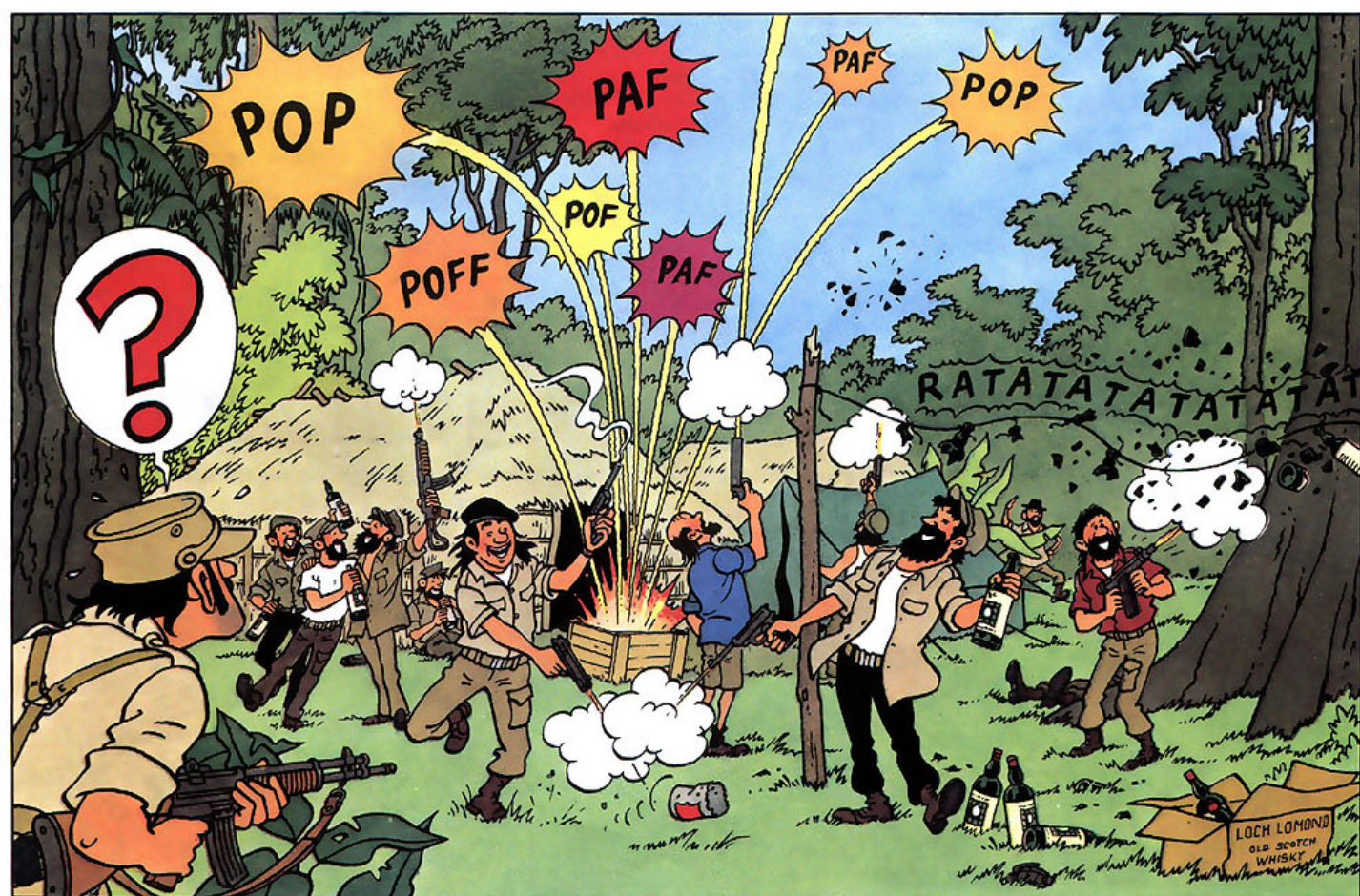
Hooray,
he's cured!

Calm down, Captain...
We'll tell you what's been
happening...

That's the limit!
I'll be...







¡BASTA!

¡Caramba, caballeros!... ¡El general!

¡Ah, sí, el general!... ¡Viva el general!

¿El general?

¿Qué, el general?

¡Buenosh diash 'eneral!...
We wondered... hic... what'd
happened... hic... t'ya!...

Shi!... we were... hic...
muy anshush...

Thass why we... hic...
hadda li'l drink!

Shi!... To forget...
hic... that we were
... hic... anshush!

But now that you've
come, we aren't
anshush any more...

Asholutely
not!

Sho we'll have a li'l drink to
shelebrate, won't we,
amigosh?...

HIPS

Enough! Touch another
drop and I'll shoot!

So this is how we run a revolution? Don't
make me laugh!... You're nothing but a
whisky-sodden rabble! You're canned!
You're stinko!... You pathetic
tapioca puddings!...

HIC

HIPS

Get to your quarters this instant!
... Parade in fifteen minutes in
full combat kit! ... Dismiss!!

HIPS

HIC

You see?

Sadly, yes...

Tapioca succeeded all too well with
his parachute drops of whisky!...
Caramba! How can one mount a
revolution with that bunch of drunks?

Alcazar!... So you decided
to come back at last, did
you?

¡AY!

Look who's here!... And just where d'you think you've been, Mr. Big?

Good-evening, Peggy, my dove!

You promised me to be home the same night!... And you've been gone three whole days!

I can explain, palomita mia...

Yeah, yeah, I know: any excuse is better than none! And what about me, left to rot in a lousy mud hut?... That's real dandy!

The general promised me a palace in Tapiocapolis! And all the general provides is a beat-up palliase crawling with bugs and roaches!

But ...

These guys your friends? ... O.K., I warn them: they think they're gonna make the rules around here, they're mighty mistaken!

Thank you, gracious lady, for those kind words!... Please believe that we are extremely touched by your generous welcome, and allow me to offer you our most humble respects...

SMACK

That a weak woman should share the hardships and, let us admit it, the dangers of guerrilla life, commands not only our utmost respect but our profound admiration!

... And I speak in all sincerity, dear lady!

You coming, Alcazar?

Yes, my dove.

She seems a little...er...brisk... on first acquaintance, but she has a heart of gold...

Of course, General. One sees it immediately...

What a delightful lady!... So graceful... Such exquisite femininity!... As for that poor man...

... his revolution will never succeed with a collection of drunkards like that... Never, unless someone gives him a hand... And it is I who will do it... I, Cuthbert Calculus!

You?

You'll...?

No, gentlemen, I am not a fool!
I know exactly what I am
saying!

You've missed a...

My sister ???... What about my
sister?... What's my sister done to
you?... Will you be good enough to
leave my sister out of this?...
And now, listen to me...

I...

Yes...

You see this tube of tablets? Well,
it contains a product that I have
recently perfected. It has a base
of medicinal herbs...

The preparation has no taste, no
smell, and is absolutely non-toxic.
Having said that, a single one of
these tablets administered in
either food or drink imparts a
disgusting taste to any alcohol
taken thereafter...

... And the very first person
upon whom I tested it was you,
Captain!

ME?

You dared to do that?... Borgia!
... Cannibal!... Miserable
blundering barbecued blister...

I tell you my sister has
absolutely nothing to
do with it!

And furthermore,
you can thank me
for being concerned
for your health!

Please,
Captain!

It's a disgrace!...
A scandal!...
A monstrous
attack upon the
personal freedom
of the individual!

Precisely!... And again yesterday,
with the Indians, you could see
for yourselves the efficacy of
my invention...

But I never knew
you had...

No, young man, I am not mad!
... And I would ask you to
show a little more respect to-
wards a man of mature years!

No, no, I insist
...er...

And for heaven's sake stop
talking about my sister!

My sister... Just
a moment...
My sister ???

... And another thing!... I
don't have a sister... I never
had a sister... And don't
you forget it!

So there!

Stay with him, Captain... And for the time being stop him from doing anything hasty... I'm off to talk to the General.

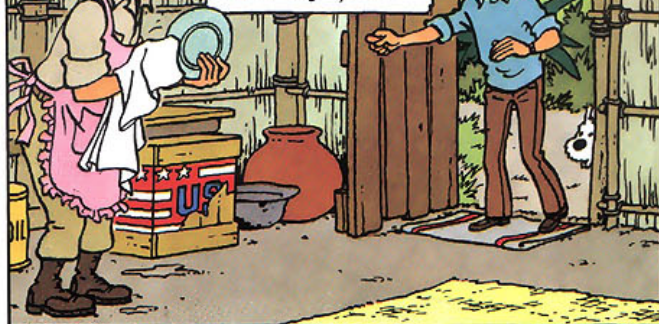


Come in!



Ah, it's you, amigo mio! Come on in.

I... I'm not disturbing you?



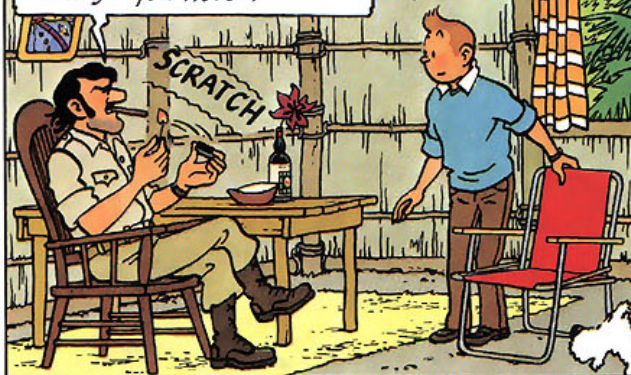
Alcazar, the dishes!

I'll carry on presently, palomita mia: I promise!



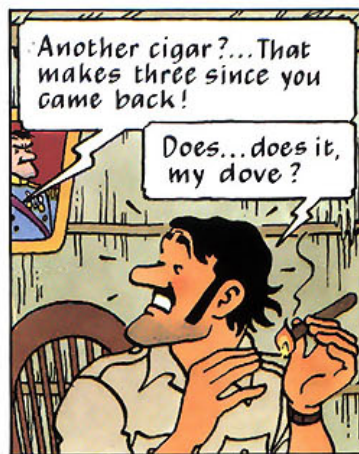
Sit down, hombre... What brings you here?

SCRATCH



Another cigar?... That makes three since you came back!

Does... does it, my dove?



I've been thinking over what you said to me earlier: a revolution is impossible while your Picaros have only one idea in their heads: whisky!

Alas, that's quite true.



But what would you say if someone succeeded in curing them of their bad habits?

Ah, that's impossible, amigo.



And yet, if you managed to do that... ¡Mil bombas! I'd give you half the gold reserves in the Banco de la Nación!...

Ahem!

... er, let's say a third ...

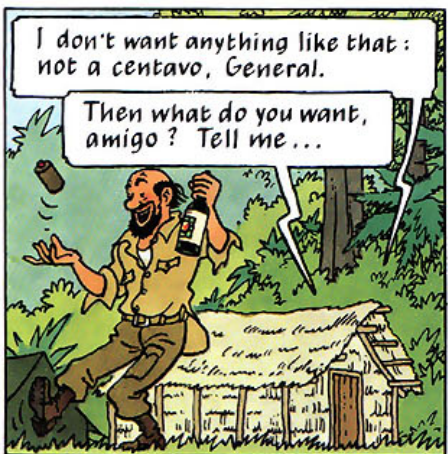
Ahem!

Well... er... ten per cent... What about that?



I don't want anything like that: not a centavo, General.

Then what do you want, amigo? Tell me...



A promise that you'll carry out your revolution without bloodshed... that there won't be any reprisals, or executions, or anything of that sort ...

WHAT?



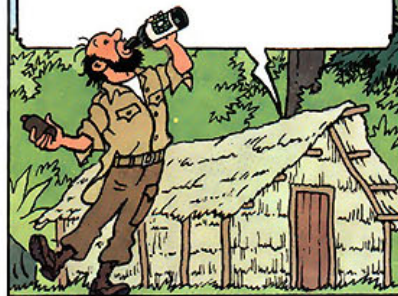
You're crazy!... Or else you're a traitor... and ought to be shot here and now!



A revolution without executions?... Without reprisals?... ¡Caramba!... It's unthinkable!... You must be joking!... And anyway, what about tradition?... Yes, what about tradition, eh? Answer me that!



No, what you ask is impossible, amigo... Tapioca and his ministers are bloody tyrants and villains...



They must be shot!... Every man jack of them!... Shot, d'you hear me?

Very well, General.



We won't discuss it further... And forgive me for bothering you...

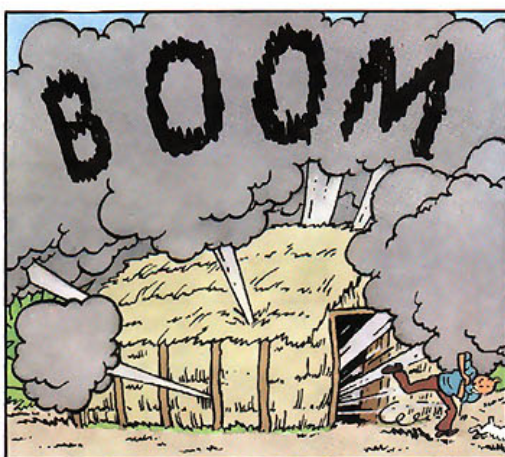
Hey! but... Wait... Perhaps we...



Goodbye, General.

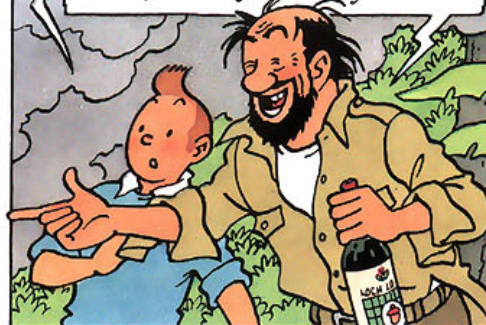


BOOM



What have you done?!...

Ha! ha! ha! Funny joke! A teeny tear-gas grenade!

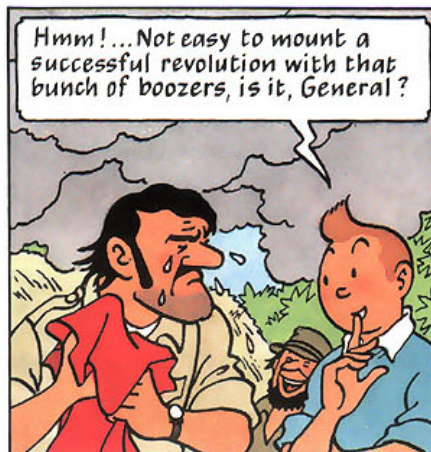


Who did that?... I'll have him shot!

One of your Picaros. Blind drunk, as usual...

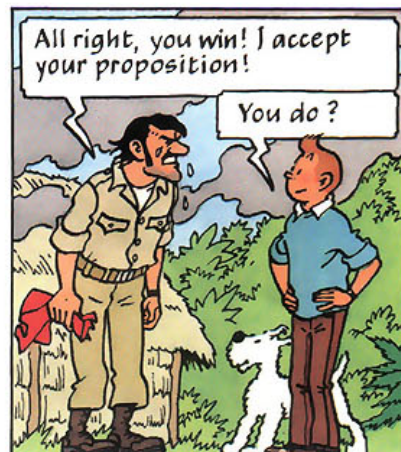


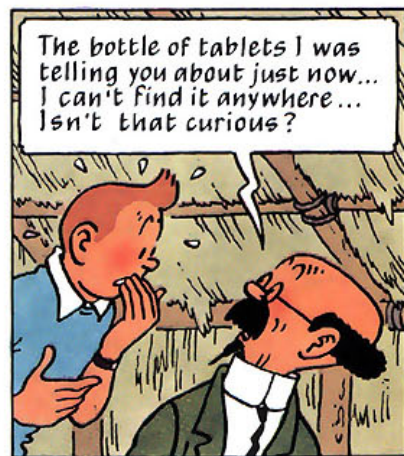
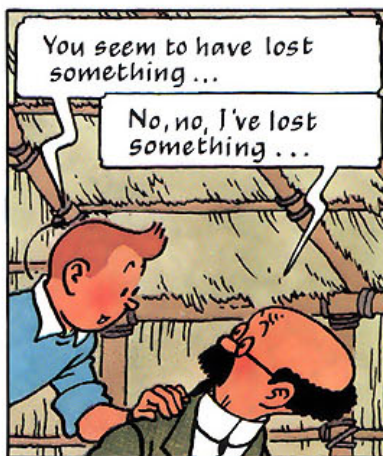
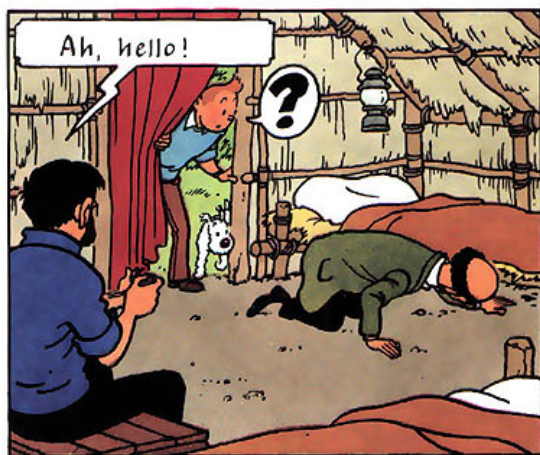
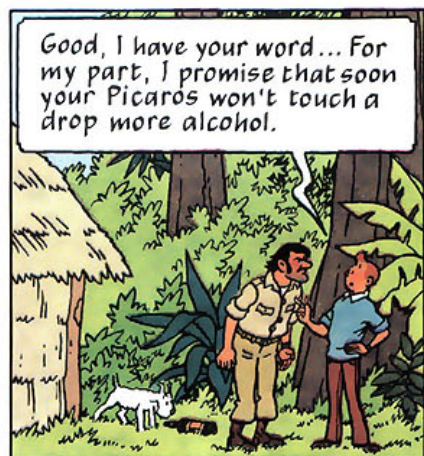
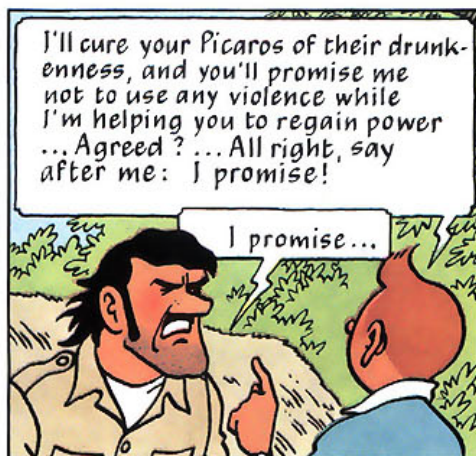
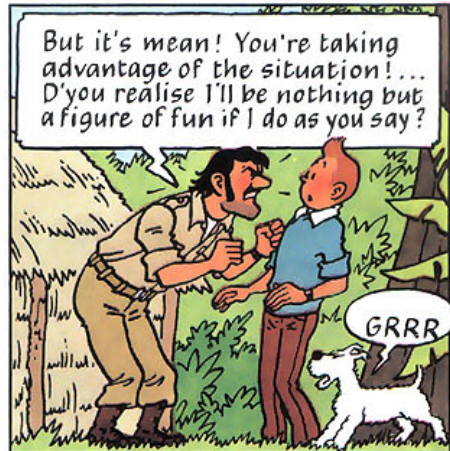
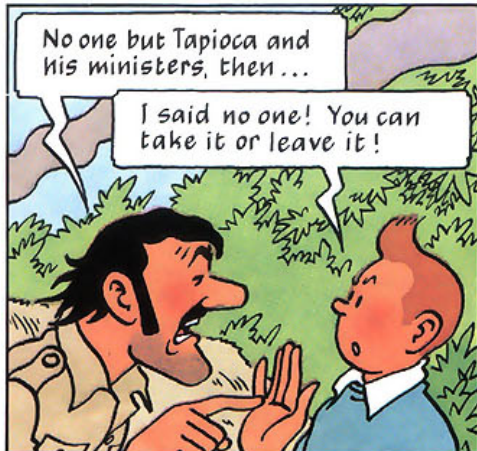
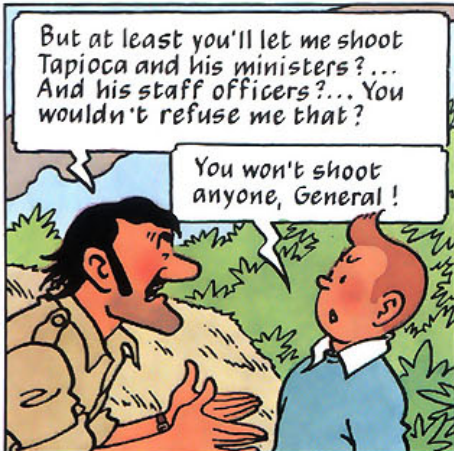
Hmm!... Not easy to mount a successful revolution with that bunch of boozers, is it, General?



All right, you win! I accept your proposition!

You do?





Hey, you seem very upset that he's lost the tablets?

I'll say I am! I promised the general his Picaros would soon stop drinking!

You promised that?

Yes, it's obvious... if his men go on boozing, he won't ever get his revolution!

Well? We don't give a tinker's cuss for his revolution, anyway!

Yes, Captain, we certainly do...

...because our friends the Thompsons, Signora Castafiore, Irma and Mr. Wagner are in danger... And the only way to save them is for Alcazar to defeat Tapioca and take over the government!

You're right, by thunder!

Oh, very well, here's his rotten old bottle! I pinched it from him, to stop him curing people of their pleasures!

Be a good fellow: give it back to him yourself. He'll be so grateful to you...

If you insist...

Is this what you're looking for, by any chance?

Captain, you're an angel!

SMACK

Thanks to you, those poor creatures will be delivered from their passion for alcohol at last! ... Like you, Captain!

Tintin! ... Tintin! ...

That's the general!

Come quick, amigo! ... The trial of your friends ... it's on television!

Television?... Here?... They must have a portable generator.

...closing stages of the trial of the Marlinspike conspirators. This is being shown live on television on the orders of our beloved President, General Tapioca, so that the whole world may witness the impartiality with which justice is administered in our country...

That's a good one!

Sssh!

Recently, our beloved President generously invited Captain Haddock, Professor Calculus and the reporter Tintin to our country to put their case. He guaranteed their freedom. And how did they repay him? With cold cynicism! They took the first opportunity to flee into the jungle and join their accomplice Alcazar and his villainous Picaros!



This action alone is enough to prove that the grave accusations against the three defendants are entirely justified. But over now to the Palace of Justice where the Public Prosecutor is putting the case for the Republic...



... You have before you, gentlemen, two sinister characters who, more easily to accomplish their evil purpose... Do I need to remind you of it? ...



...to assassinate our beloved President... did not hesitate to pass themselves off as honest policemen! ... But their monstrous subterfuge deceived no one! Look at their low brows, their furtive glances!



...In short, look at their brutish faces! Policemen? Them? ... Cheats! Imposters! Assassins!



... Men who, to appear as loyal supporters of General Tapioca and the noble ideology of Kürvi-Tasch, carried their duplicity so far as to grow moustaches!



That's a lie! ... We've been wearing moustaches since we were born!

To be precise: we're worn bearing them!



Silence! ... You will speak when you are spoken to!



...Gentlemen, for these two wretches, who can have no claim to extenuating circumstances, I demand the DEATH PENALTY!

You see? None of your fancy scruples there, eh?



The death penalty!! ... He certainly doesn't mince his words... He means to go the whole hog!

To be precise: his words certainly mean he's going to mince the hog whole!



But the real brains behind the plot... and we have here documents which prove it irrefutably... are those of a woman!!!



A woman... or should we call her a monster? ... who lent her talents, her undoubted talents, to a criminal cause: her name is Bianca Castafiore, "the Milanese Nightingale"!



...For this siren with a serpent's heart, for this gorgon with a voice of gold, I beg, I implore, I demand, IMPRISONMENT FOR LIFE!

Revenge is sweet, eh Colonel? Ah! ha! ha!

Ah! ha! ha!, as you say!

Imprisonment for life?...Did I hear you aright?...Why, you're grotesque, my little soldier!

SILENCE!!!

Or perhaps, my poor friend, you're mad as a hatter!

SILENCE!!!

Your documents, irrefutable proof? ... Pooh! ... Fabrications, da capo al fine! ... A fig for your documents! ...

SILENCE!!!

Yes, they are a joke!

Your little joke!! I laugh: Ah! ha! ha! Aaah!

AAAH!! AAH!!

AAAH! MY BEAUTY PAST COMPARE!

SILENCE

Clear the court!

Guards!

Thar she blows!

DO NOT
ADJUST
YOUR SET

TWEET TWEET
CHEEP CHEEP

Interlude

You see what's going to happen?... The Thompsons sentenced to death! ... Castafiore to life imprisonment! ... How can we get them out?

By launching the revolution! ... But there's no chance of doing that until...

... your friend Tintin keeps his promise: that is, until my Picaros come off the booze... It all depends on that, for the moment!...

Lynch him!

Kill the spy!

Help!!

Help!...Help!... Save me!

The Professor!

Kill the traitor!

Hang him!

He's a traitor, General... a saboteur!... We caught him red handed, just as he was emptying a bottle of pills into the cooking pot!

There's no doubt about it... he was trying to poison us!... Let's shoot the nasty little reptile!

General?

Yes?

No need to panic, boys! This man is a good friend of the Picaros: I can vouch for him. He isn't trying to poison you... quite the opposite. He's giving you Vitamin C... What for?... Quite simply, to make you strong... to beat the daylight out of that loathesome Tapioca!

Are you sure?

Ah! well...

Sure as I stand here!... Eat away!... I give you my solemn word... you won't come to any harm!

I'm sorry, Professor?... Are you all right?

Take all night?... Not nearly as long... In a couple of hours at most my pills will take effect...

From that moment, none of those men will be able to stomach a single drop of alcohol!... Just like you, Captain!... Isn't that marvelous?

GNNNN!

¡ Gracias, hombre, gracias!

MBLL...

And to show my appreciation, I create you companion of the order of San Fernando, first class!

A glass?... How nice!... A little iced water will be delicious...

Whatever the general may say, I'm not eating that stuff...

These new-fangled chemicals... you never can tell...

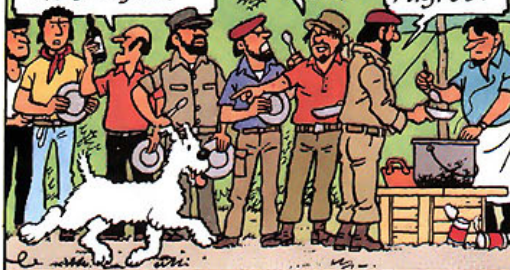
Look at them, Captain... They're obviously suspicious... And if they don't eat that food they'll go on drinking... So the revolution will fail... and our friends the Thompsons will be shot!



There's the dog... He belongs to the gringos. I'm going to give him some of that vitaminized stew... If he eats it, we will too... Otherwise...

He's right!

I agree!



Doggy woggy?... Come come come come...

Hello, what does he want me for?



Come come come! ...Yummyyum!... Looky dere! ... Looky dere, good for little dogsywogsies! ...

He must be daft, talking like that...



Let's hope... let's hope he'll eat the food ...



?

SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF



YEEEEK!



You saw that, boys?... Are we going to eat what even a dog won't touch?

You're right!

We won't eat that muck!



Go back at once, Snowy, and eat it!

But...



That slop! It's full of pimentos!



SCHLOOP
SLURP
GLUP
SCHLOP



Hey, boys! Look! ... He's changed his mind! ... Now we can have some too!

¡Bueno! I'm hungry!

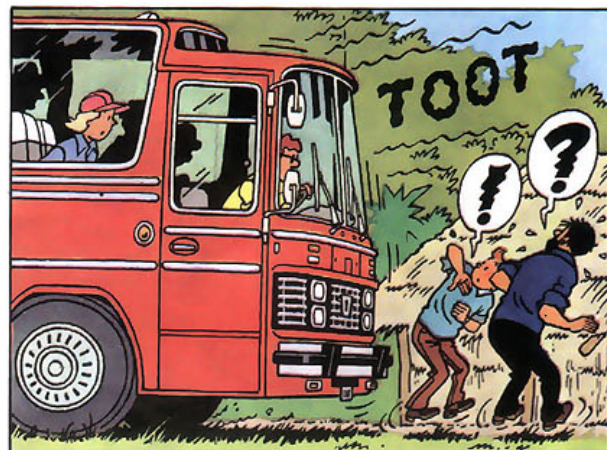


They're eating it! Now we can save our friends!



TOOT

?



Hello, a b-b-b-... hic... bus!

Ah! Not a pink elephant today, then?

Is it far to Tapiocapolis, chum?

Tapiocapolis?... Great snakes, you're hopelessly off the road.

Drat!... Could any of these soldiers escort us?... I've heard there's a risk of attack from guerrillas around here... they call them Picaros.

That's exactly where you are: among the Picaros!

No kidding?

Are these real guerrillas?

It's terrifically Tarzan, dear, don't you think?

I say, old man, where can we buy postcards?

Poshe... hic... cardsh?

They must have a souvenir shop somewhere about the place...

Blow me, look who's here!

Jolyon Wagg!

Doctor Livingstone, I presume! How are you, me old salt? On holiday?

No!

Don't tell me, you laid it on as a surprise! You're part of the welcome to the carnival! It's going to be a wow this year: thanks to us!

Thanks to you?

Bet your life!... Know the charity concert party, The Jolly Follies? ... That's us! ... And guess who's leader of the band: yours truly!

Ah! er...

Sunny Jim designed their costumes, oo... Smashing, eh?

Very... original!

What's all this tomfoolery?

Who's that?

General Alcazar, leader of the Picaros.

Hi there, me old Field Marshal! ...So you're the top brass for these boozy brigands!

What d'you think you're doing here, you and your busload of ballerinas?... And come to think of it, for all I know you're spies on Tapioca's payroll!

A word with you, General, if I may...

???

??

??

???

CLAC... TR2TRRRR...
RR... TING 1/2 CLANG
m 2 000 00... CLICK?
x3. 1416...!!!!

CLICK

Tintin, amigo mio, you're a genius! ... A real genius! ... I shall admit you to the Order of San Fernando!

Thanks, General.

Welcome to the Picaros, señor.

Please forgive me, amigo mio: I didn't realise who you were! ... But caramba! Friends of my friends are friends of mine! So make yourself at home, hombre!

And this evening, amigo, you and all your Follies will be my guests! Si, si! We'll have a grand fiesta, with whisky by the gallon! Just you wait!

What did you say to him?

You'll see in due course!

That night...

What's the matter with this whisky?...It's simply disgusting!

PFOUAGH!

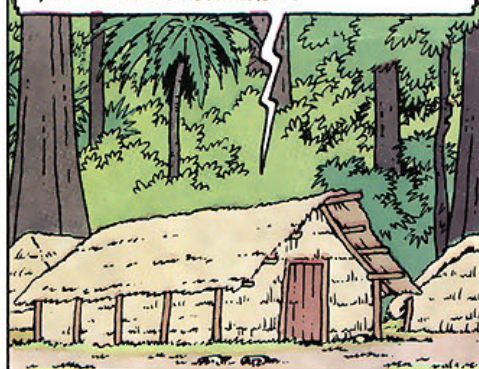
You must be cuckoo, it's super!

WE'RE THE JOLLY JOLLY FOLLIES...
HEY NONNY NO... HEY NONNY NO...

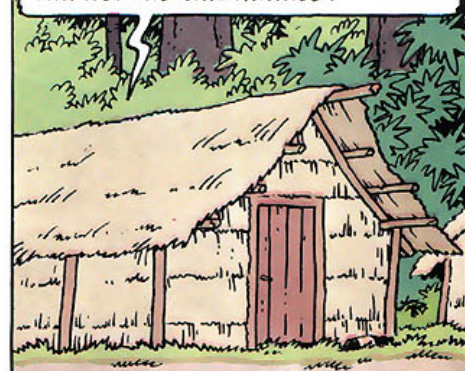
The morning after...



Alcazar!...Alcazar!...Time for you to fix breakfast!



Alcazar?...Where are you?... Answer me this minute!

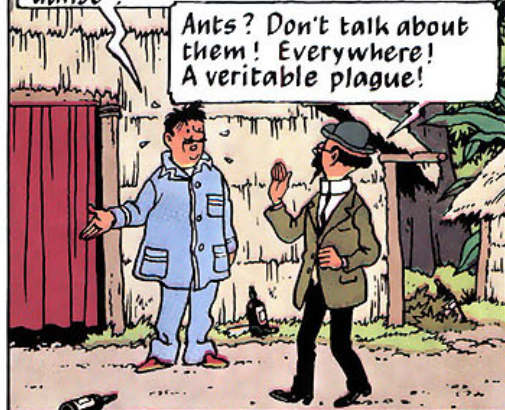


Alcazar!... Answer me!... I am not amused!



'Morning Cuthbert!... Everyone still snoring in this palm court palais de danse?

Ants? Don't talk about them! Everywhere! A veritable plague!



Yiiiiiii!!!!!!
THE MONSTER!
HE'S GONE!



My dove,
I've gon to start the revo-
lushun against the vial
Tapioca. Wen its over you
will have the pallis witch
I've promist you.
Much luv from your
Lazar
I've borrowd the golyfoliz
buss and have left sum
Picaros to look after you.
Z.



¡Caramba! These Jolly Follies were sent from heaven!... Thanks to them and to your friend Calculus I'll soon be back in power...



It's a shabby way to treat those poor people, sneaking off with their bus and their costumes. But it's the only way to save our friends...



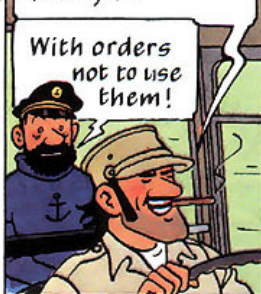
Never mind, I'll be able to reward them with appropriate generosity as soon as I've chucked out that vile Tapioca: I'll admit them all to the Order of San Fernando!



Tomorrow afternoon we'll arrive in Tapiocapolis .. and that'll soon be re-named Alcazaropolis. It's the opening day of the carnival. Before we reach the city we'll rehearse our plans to the very last detail ...



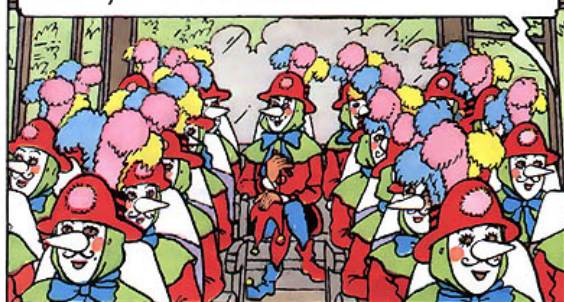
We'll be dressed in the Jolly Follies costumes, with our guns at the ready ...



With orders not to use them!

The next afternoon ...

This is it, my brave Picaros! We're here! ... Now each of you guys: remember what you have to do ...



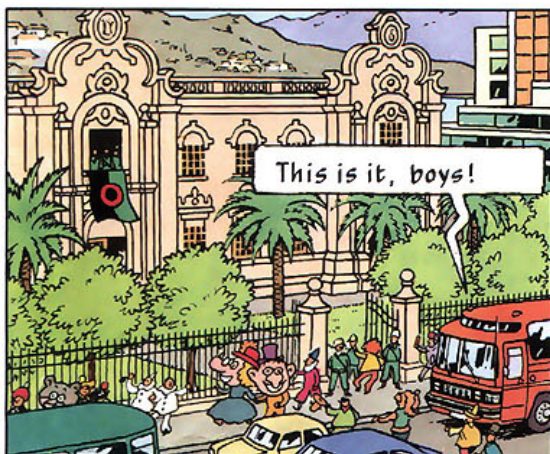
Meanwhile...

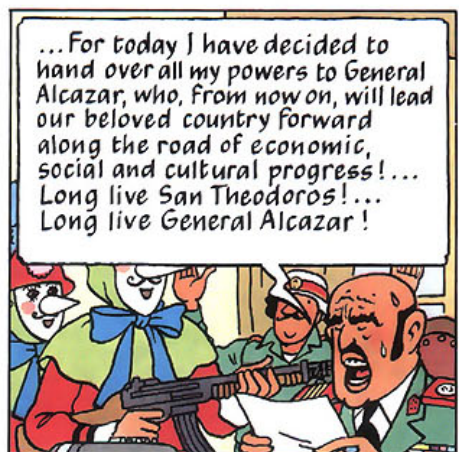
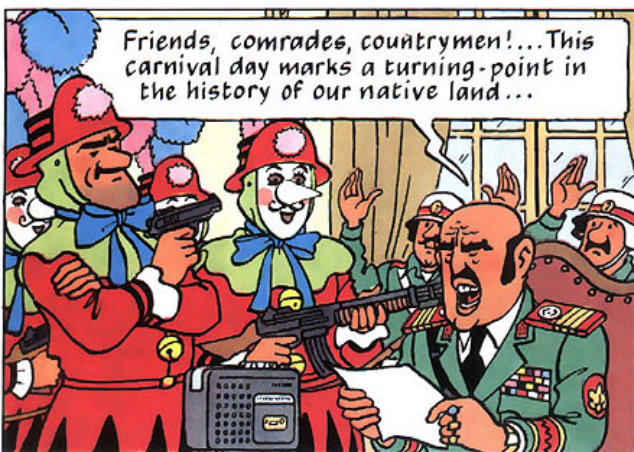
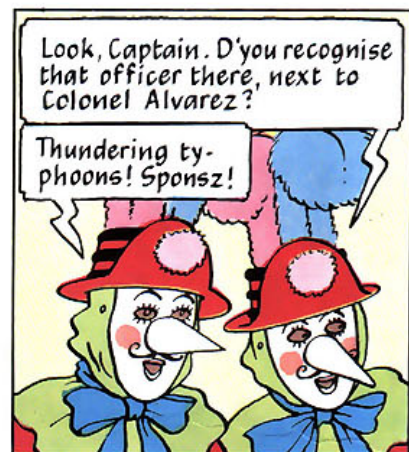
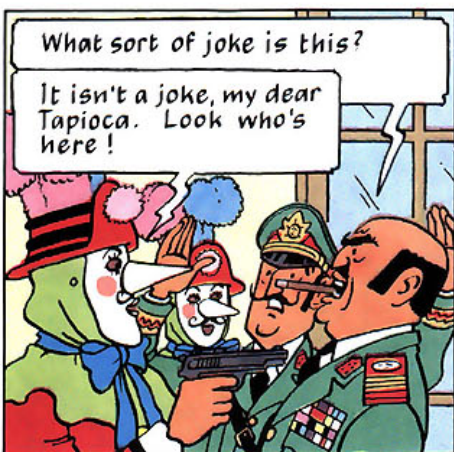
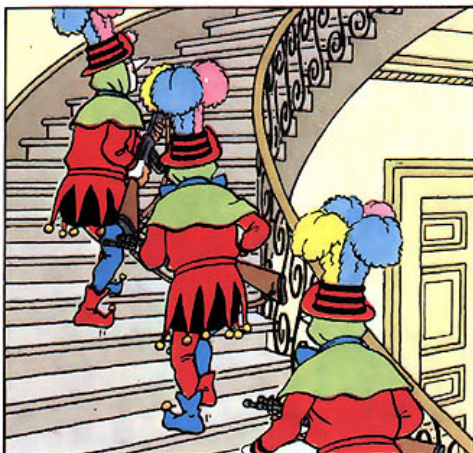
Are you sure it isn't dangerous, General, letting all these people assemble in front of the windows? You'll be a sitting target for the first Picaro...

No danger, Colonel...

... Even if by some extraordinary chance armed Picaros managed to infiltrate the crowd, they'd be far too drunk to shoot straight! ... As you know, my parachute drops of whisky have been a total success.

My spies have been quite definite: Alcazar's men are never sober... And they'd be quite incapable of engaging in any serious action, poor fools...





There it is... in the bag!... Pedro, you and your section hop along to the Radio Building and see this statement is broadcast immediately... Understand?

Si!

My heartiest congratulations, General!... Death to Tapioca!... Would you like him shot at once?

Long live General Alcazar!

Shoot Tapioca!

Long live General Alcazar!

Executions are out! ... His life will be spared.

But General, it's contrary to every custom... The people will be terribly disappointed...

The colonel is right, General... For pity's sake don't pardon me! Do you want me completely dishonoured?

Permit me to insist, General!

My decision is irrevocable: your life will be spared! An aircraft will be placed at your disposal, to convey you wherever you may wish to go.

Are you mad?

No, I'm not... But he is!... This muchacho made me give my word that the coup would be bloodless!... I'm desperately sorry...

Come on, let's greet old Sponz...

Ah, an idealist, is he?... Young chaps nowadays have absolutely no respect for anything... Not even the oldest traditions!

We live in sad times!

We meet again, Colonel Sponz!

Don't worry, Sponz, even you have nothing to fear. They're pining for you in Borduria, so your ticket to Szohöd is booked for the morning...

We caught this joker trying to escape...

It's Tintin!... I'm finished!

Pablo!

Mercy, Señor Tintin, mercy! Please don't shoot me!

That's less than you deserve, you subtropical sea-louse!

Don't be afraid, Pablo; no one is going to hurt you. You once saved my life, and I haven't forgotten that... You are free to go... Adios, Pablo!

You made a mistake there, Tintin, and you'll live to regret it. You're making a rod for your own back... To be precise...

The Thompsons, General! ... The Thompsons! ... They could be shot while we stand here talking!

Ah, yes ... you think so?

Great snakes! The Thompsons!

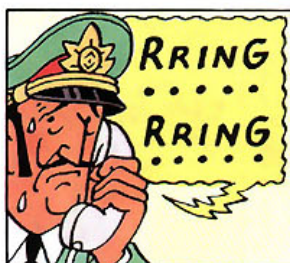
Yes, General. The execution is due to take place in twenty-two minutes, precisely!

¡Mil bombas! Quick, call the prison and cancel the execution!

At once, General!



...fifty seconds... Pip Pip Pip ... At the third stroke it will be five thirty-eight precisely ... Pip Pip Pip... At the third...



You did it on purpose! Dial the right number this time, or I'll have you shot!

RRRRRING
RRRRRING

...precisely... Pip Pip Pip ... At the third stroke it will be five forty and ten seconds.

If it doesn't work this time, I'll personally shoot the Minister of Telecommunications!!

The number you have dialled does not exist. Please consult your directory.

Only one thing to do: dash to the prison and save them ourselves!

Take B Section with you! The colonel will guide you! I'll have his head if you're too late!

¡Rápido!... ¡Rápido... por Dios!

Meanwhile ...

I'm terribly sorry, gentlemen, but we must go, please ... It's time ...

And one must be on time.

To be precise: time, gentlemen please!

Don't worry: it's a nasty moment, but you'll soon forget it...

This is San Theodoros National Radio. We are interrupting our programmes for a special announcement by His Excellency General Tapioca...

A car! ... We must commandeer a car!

Useless! No vehicle could get through this crowd ...

What can we do?

Look! That Float ...

What? You mean...

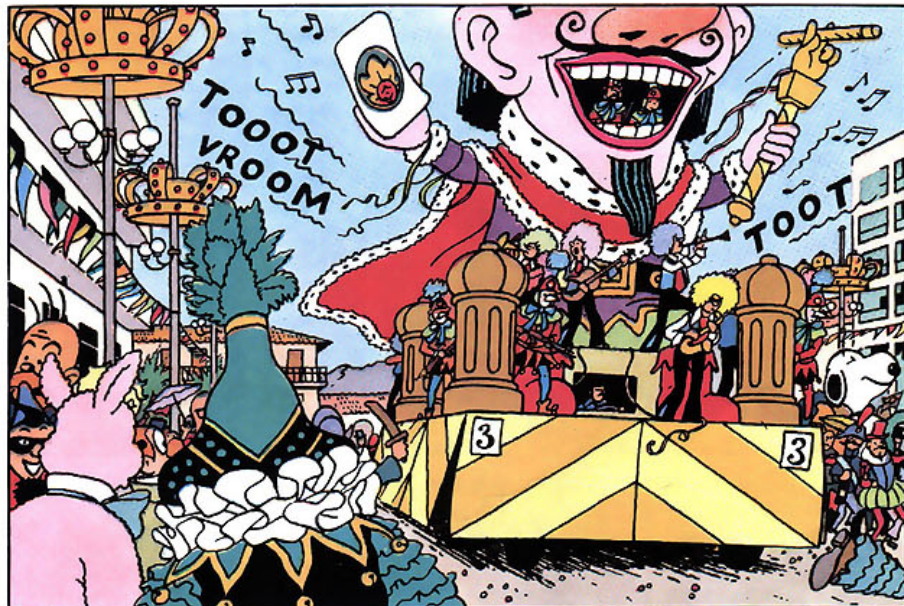
Yes! It's the only possible answer!

You! ... Keep on playing!

Keep playing! ... Don't stop!

Driver! ... To the State Prison! And put your foot down!

Put my foot down? ... With this crate? ... You must be joking!



Meanwhile ...

Blindfolds? Certainly not!
... A Thompson looks death
straight in the face!

To be precise : A Thomson
with a straight face looks
like death!

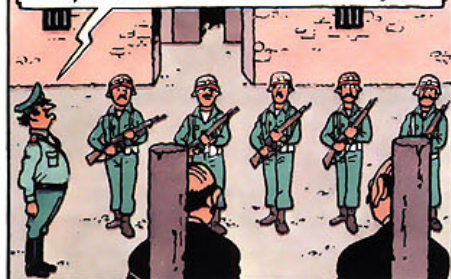


It's your lucky day. The music adds a little
gaiety to the party, doesn't it?



We simply must
be in time!

Squ-a-a-a-d!... Ready!



Can you perhaps think of
some famous last words?

Er... What about, "Kiss
me, Thompson"
Will that do?



Squad! Take aim!...



Hold your fire! ... Hands up, the
lot of you! ... Drop your guns!

A few minutes later...

Saved by the bell, eh? ...

Oh? I didn't hear it,
with the music...

And the friends of these
gentlemen... Where are they?

I'll take you there at
once, Colonel!

They've been very well treated,
Colonel. They'll tell you so themselves...

I hope so, for your sake!

This is Signora Castafiore's
cell. They've just taken in
her lunch...

...and I'm telling you for
the last time!

... I want my pasta cooked properly,
d'you hear? ... "al dente", as we say
at home in Italy!

Ah, Madonna!...
Captain Hemlock!

Come, caro mio!... Come to my arms!

No!!

I knew you'd come to rescue me
from this dreadful place!

Ahem!... Here is Señor
Igor Wagner, señora ...

... and your maid ...

Ah, my dear Irma,
how I have missed you!

Ah, what joy to be all together again!
I simply must sing!

No! No!

No!

Not that!

Next morning...

The army, the navy and the air force have come over to me! ¡Mil bombas! It's an overwhelming triumph!



And it's partly due, of course, to you... Si, si, si!... Alcazar is not ungenerous: you will be decorated with the order of San Fernando!... As for your five per cent...

Please forget that, General!



General, the bus you sent to the camp to fetch Señora Alcazar and the Jolly Follies has returned.

Good! Show them in here...



So there you are, Alcazar! What's the game, eh? You've been absent without leave again!

I can explain, palomita mia...



Señor Wagg, allow me to express the deep gratitude of the San Theodorian people for the help you have given to our cause. I therefore appoint you and your Jolly Follies to the order of San Fernando, and invite you to next year's carnival.



And Señor Professor... In recognition of the magnificent role you played, I appoint you Knight Grand Cross of the Order of San Fernando, with Oak Leaves.

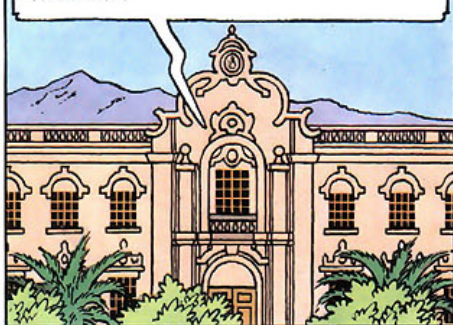
No thank you, my friend. Never between meals.



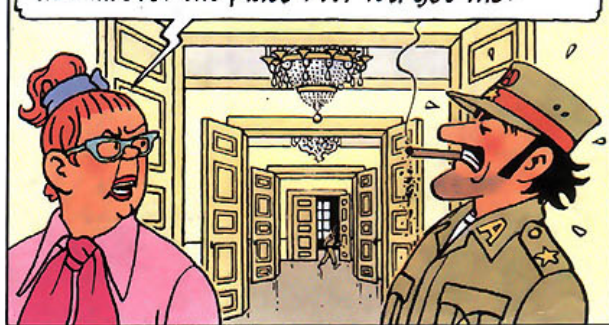
Good old Alcazar! Give him a big hurrah!



As for you, my dove... I promised you a palace. Bueno, I keep my word. This is all yours, from now on.



Fine and dandy!... Anyone can see it isn't you who's expected to keep this dump clean... So for a start, stop dropping cigar ash all over the place!... You get me?



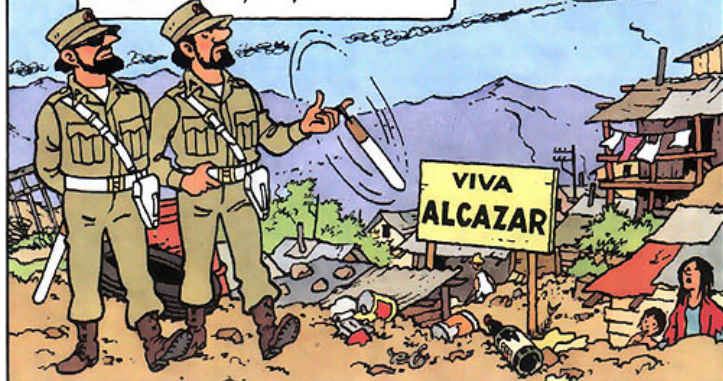
Two days later...

Blistering barnacles, I shan't be sorry to be back home in Marlinspike...

Me too, Captain...

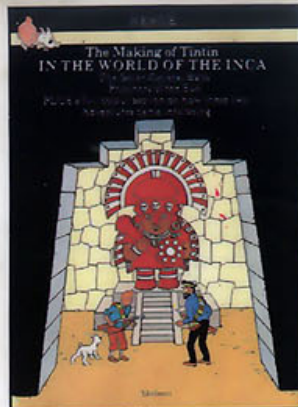


Me too, but with a little mustard if you please.



THE
END





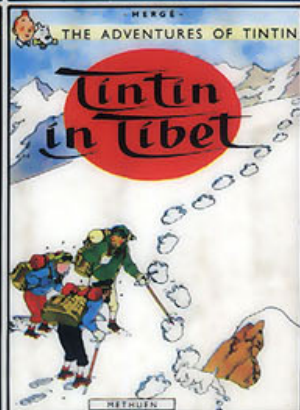
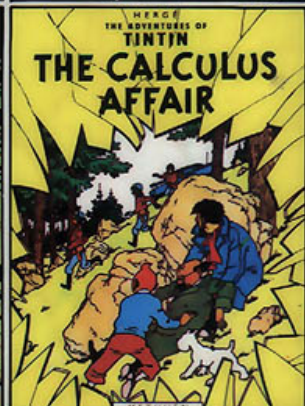
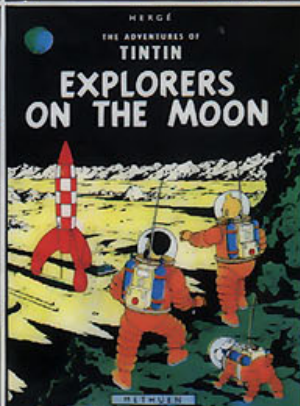
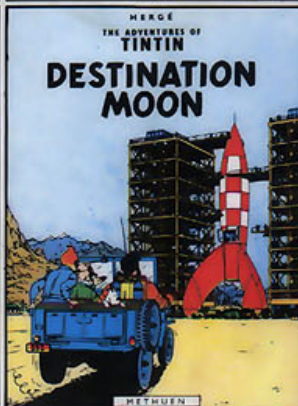
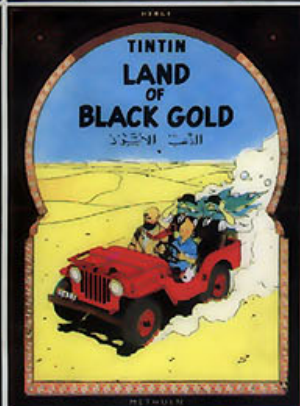
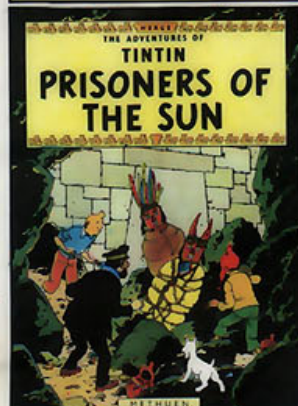
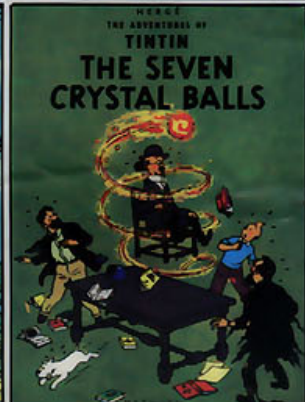
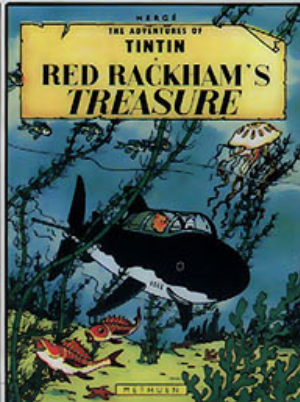
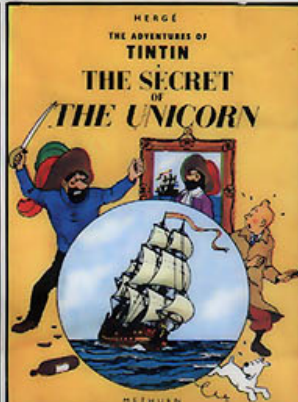
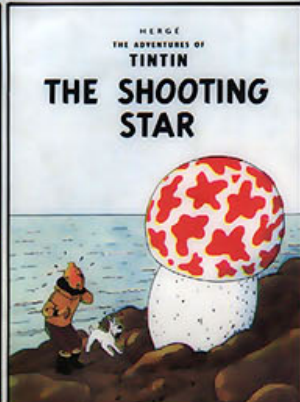
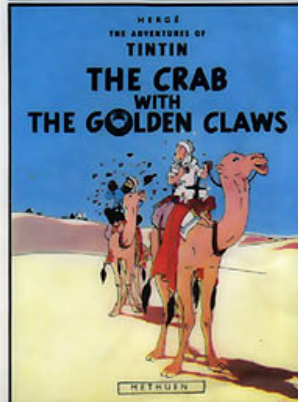
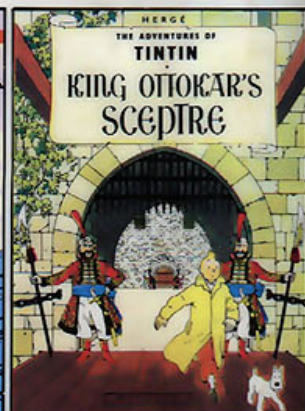
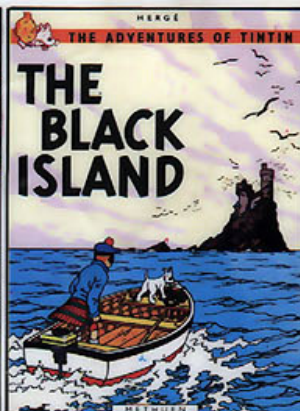
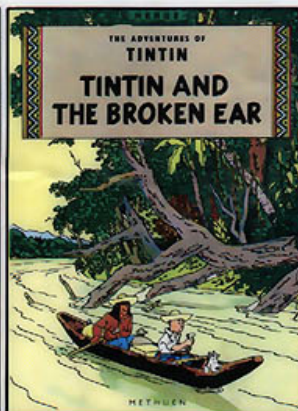
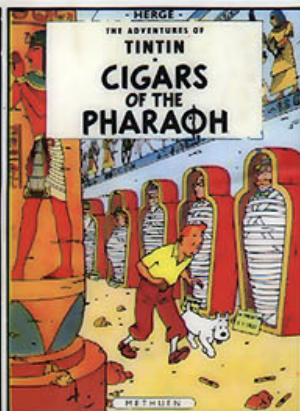
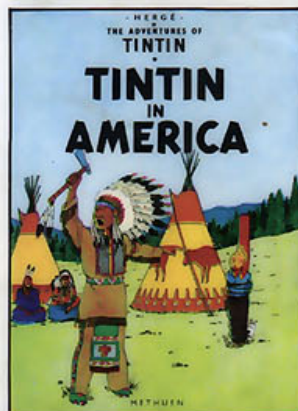
THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

ISBN 0-416-57990-6



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by HERGÉ



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