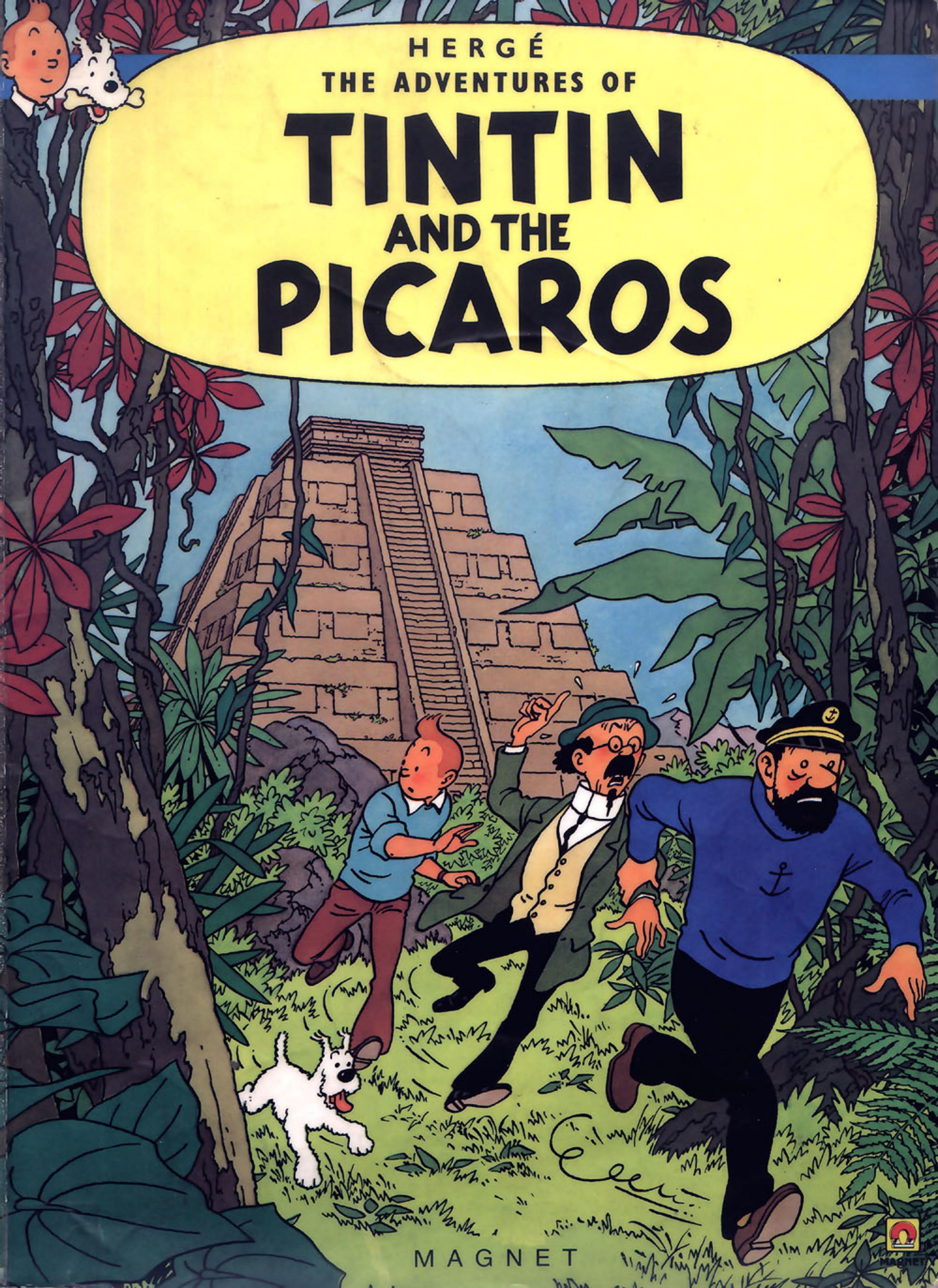


HERGÉ
THE ADVENTURES OF

TINTIN AND THE PICAROS



MAGNET



MAGNET

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

TINTIN AND THE PICAROS



A MAGNET BOOK

Translated by Leslie Lonsdale-Cooper
and Michael Turner

The TINTIN books are published in the following languages :

<i>Afrikaans</i> :	HUMAN & ROUSSEAU, Cape Town.
<i>Arabic</i> :	DAR AL MAAREF, Cairo.
<i>Basque</i> :	MENSAJERO, Bilbao.
<i>Brazilian</i> :	DISTRIBUIDORA RECORD, Rio de Janeiro.
<i>Breton</i> :	CASTERMAN, Paris.
<i>Catalan</i> :	JUVENTUD, Barcelona.
<i>Chinese</i> :	EPOCH, Taipei.
<i>Danish</i> :	CARLSEN IF, Copenhagen.
<i>Dutch</i> :	CASTERMAN, Dronten.
<i>English</i> :	METHUEN CHILDREN'S BOOKS, London.
U.K. :	METHUEN, AUSTRALIA, Sydney.
Australia :	METHUEN PUBLICATIONS, Toronto.
Canada :	ASSOCIATED BOOK PUBLISHERS, Auckland.
New Zealand :	Republic of South Africa: HUTCHINSON GROUP, Berguki.
Singapore :	MPH DISTRIBUTORS, Singapore.
U.S.A. :	ATLANTIC, LITTLE BROWN, Boston.
<i>Esperanto</i> :	CASTERMAN, Paris
<i>Finnish</i> :	OTAVA, Helsinki.
<i>French</i> :	CASTERMAN, Paris-Tournai.
<i>Galician</i> :	JUVENTUD, Barcelona
<i>German</i> :	CARLSEN, Reinbek-Hamburg.
<i>Greek</i> :	ANGLO-HELLENIC, Athens.
<i>Icelandic</i> :	FJÖLVI, Reykjavik.
<i>Indonesian</i> :	INDIRA, Jakarta.
<i>Iranian</i> :	MODERN PRINTING HOUSE, Teheran.
<i>Italian</i> :	GANDUS, Genoa.
<i>Japanese</i> :	FUKUINKAN SHOTEN, Tokyo.
<i>Korean</i> :	UNIVERSAL PUBLICATIONS, Seoul.
<i>Malay</i> :	SHARIKAT UNITED, Pulau Pinang.
<i>Norwegian</i> :	ALLERS, Oslo.
<i>Picard</i> :	CASTERMAN, Paris
<i>Portuguese</i> :	CENTRO DO LIVRO BRASILEIRO, Lisboa.
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<i>Welsh</i> :	GWASG Y DREF WEN, Cardiff.

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Artwork © 1976 by Éditions Casterman, Paris and Tournai
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,

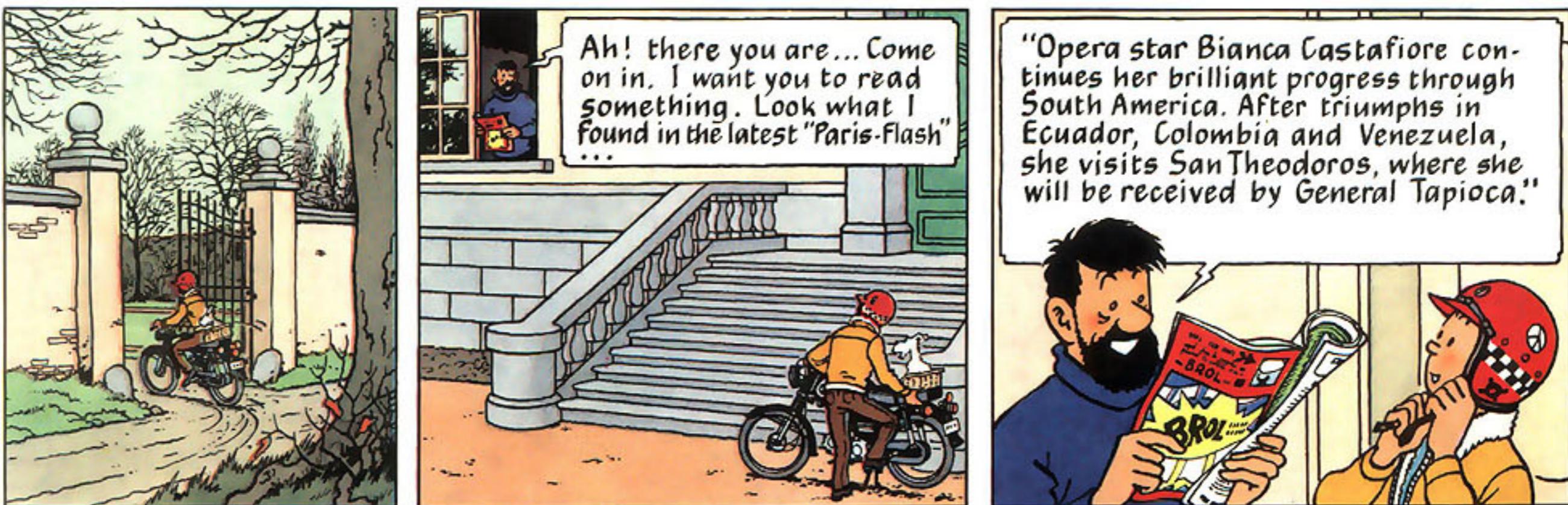
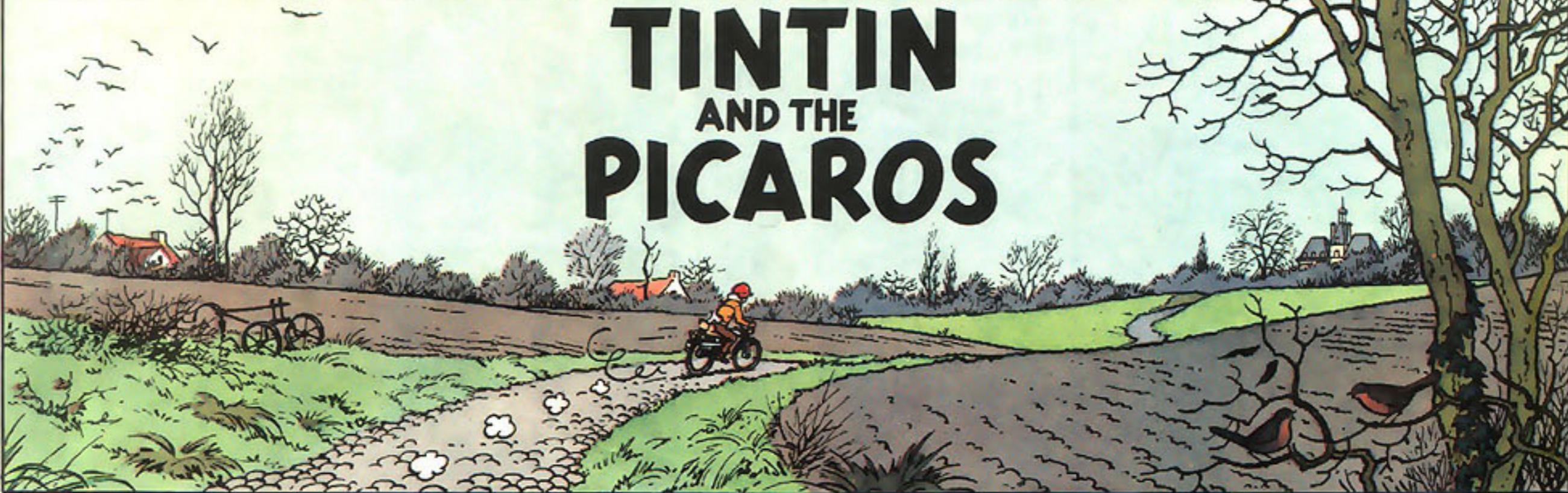
London SW3 6RB

Magnet edition reprinted seven times. Reprinted 1988 (twice)

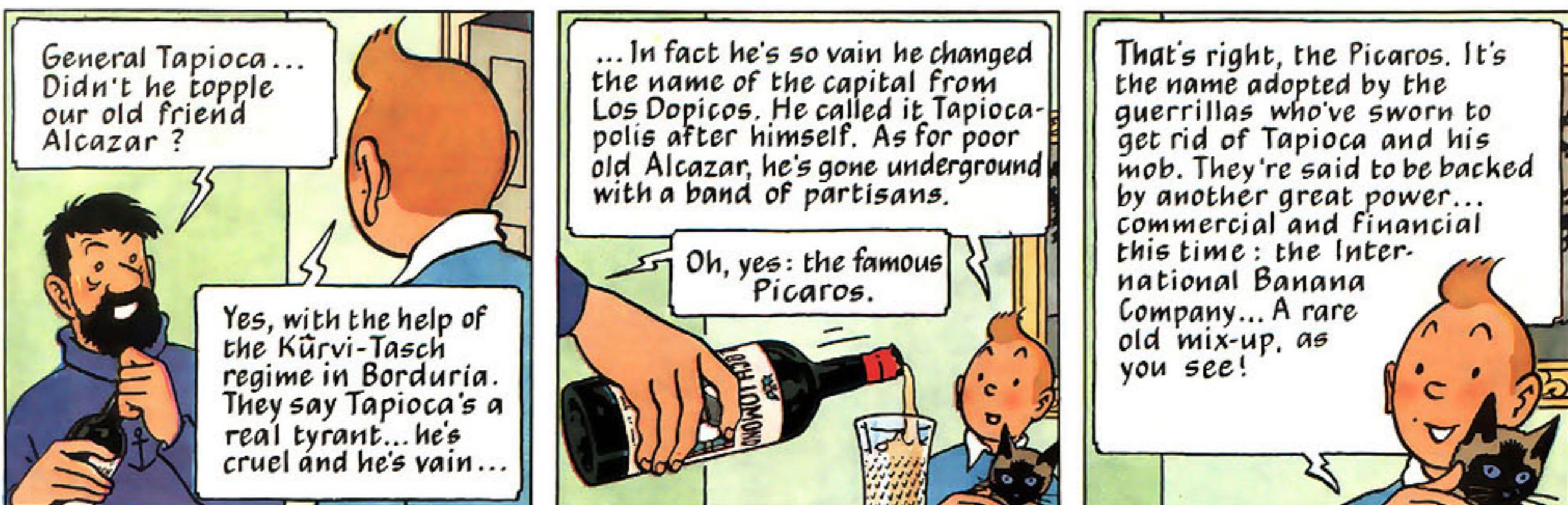
Printed by Casterman, S.A., Tournai, Belgium

ISBN 0 416 57990 6

TINTIN AND THE PICAROS



"Opera star Bianca Castafiore continues her brilliant progress through South America. After triumphs in Ecuador, Colombia and Venezuela, she visits San Theodoros, where she will be received by General Tapioca."



Billions of blue blistering barnacles!... Some anamorphic aardvark switched my whisky for this... this cleaning fluid!

Cleaning Fluid ?!?

Well, bottled bilge-water, then... it all tastes much the same, I dare say... Here ! Try some !

I ...

I'm no expert like you, of course, but it does seem to me to taste just like whisky ...

Like whisky ?!

My poor young friend, if that's a glass of whisky, I'm a jellied eel ! And as you so rightly pointed out, I'm an expert and I know a bit about it !

Of course, of course... But still...

I don't know what that hogwash is, but it certainly isn't whisky. However, just to please you, I'm prepared to give it another try...

Pfouagh!... Filthy!... Foul!... Disgusting!... Disgraceful!...

AH ! *LET MY BEAUTY PAST & COMPARE ...*

NO !

...THESE JEWELS BRIGHT I WEAR♪
...Everyone knows the golden voice
of the famous Bianca Castafiore...

Oh yes ! We know it all right !

... who continues her triumphant tour through Latin America. Today she arrived in Tapiocapolis, capital of San Theodoros ...

...where she met with a tumultuous welcome. As usual, she is attended by her faithful maid, Irma ...



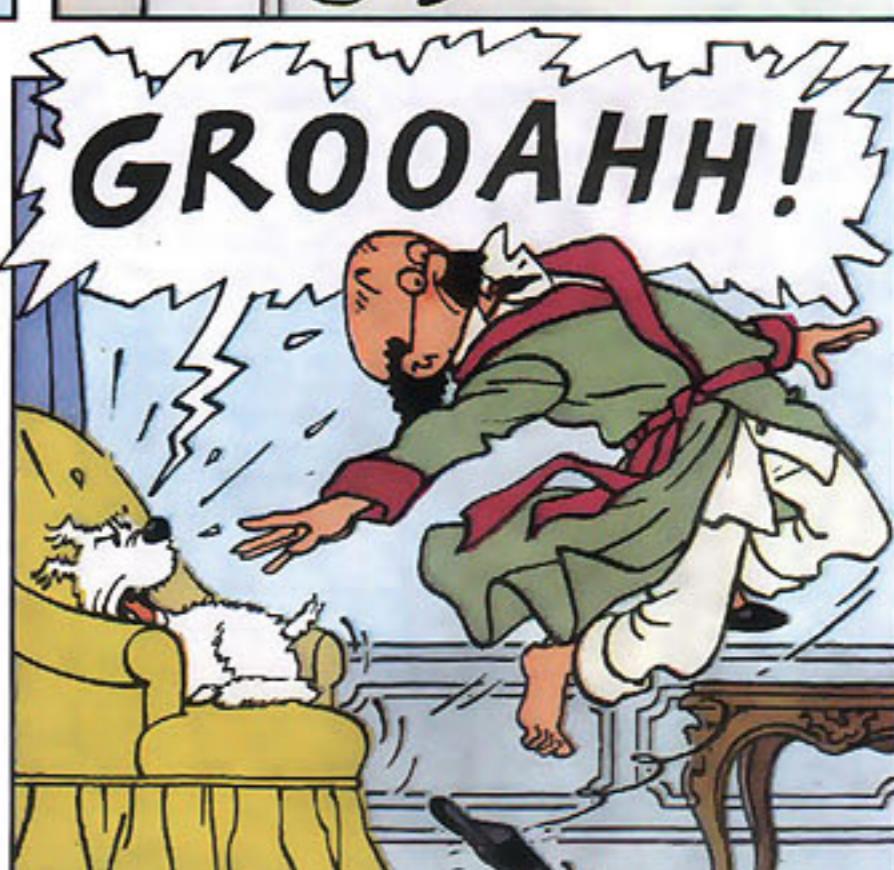
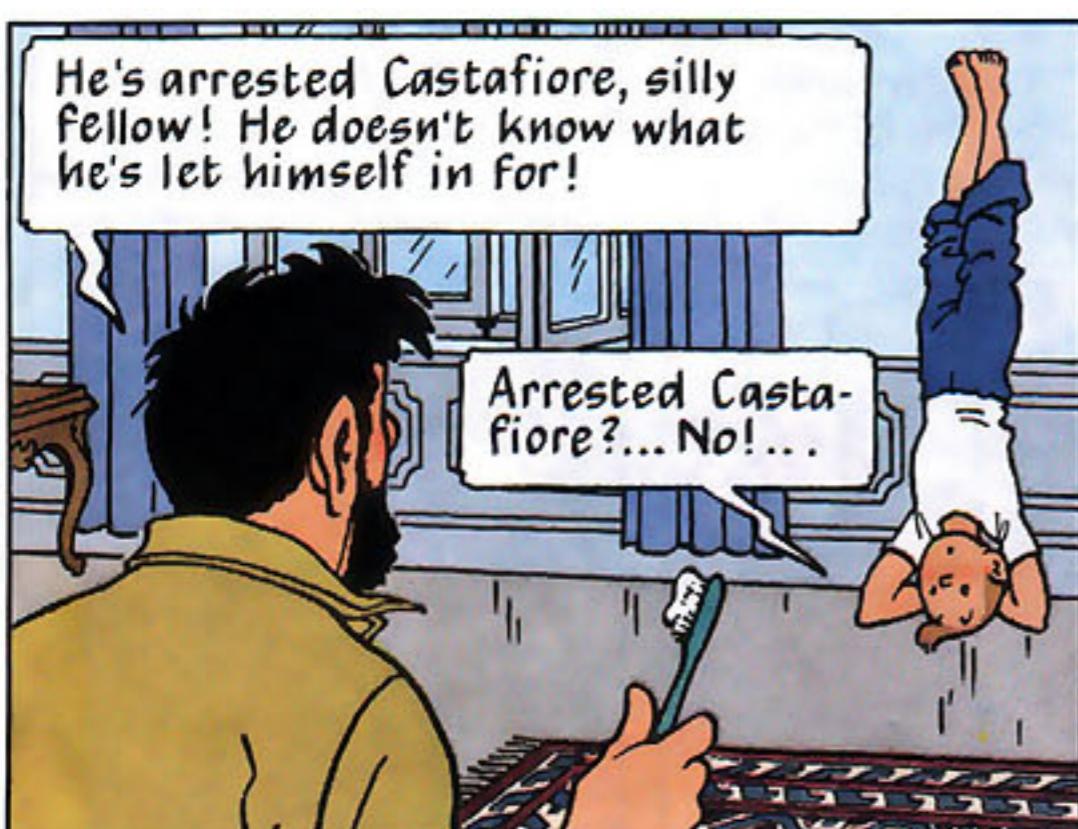
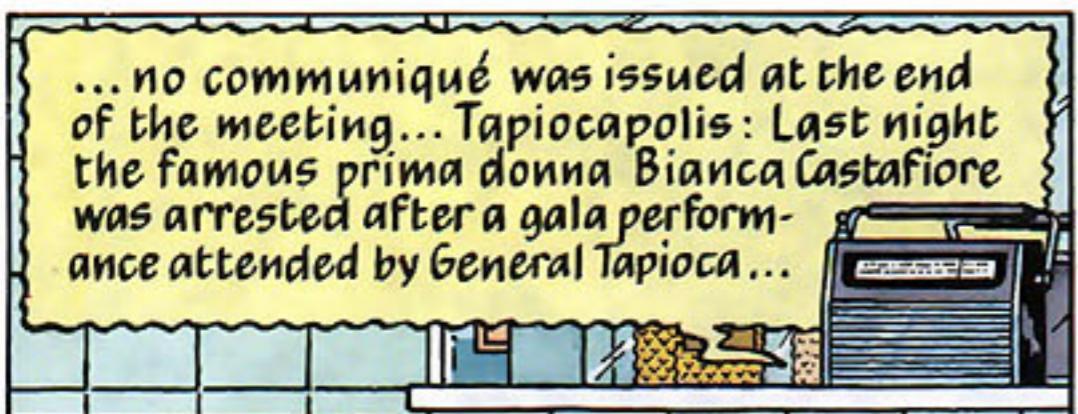
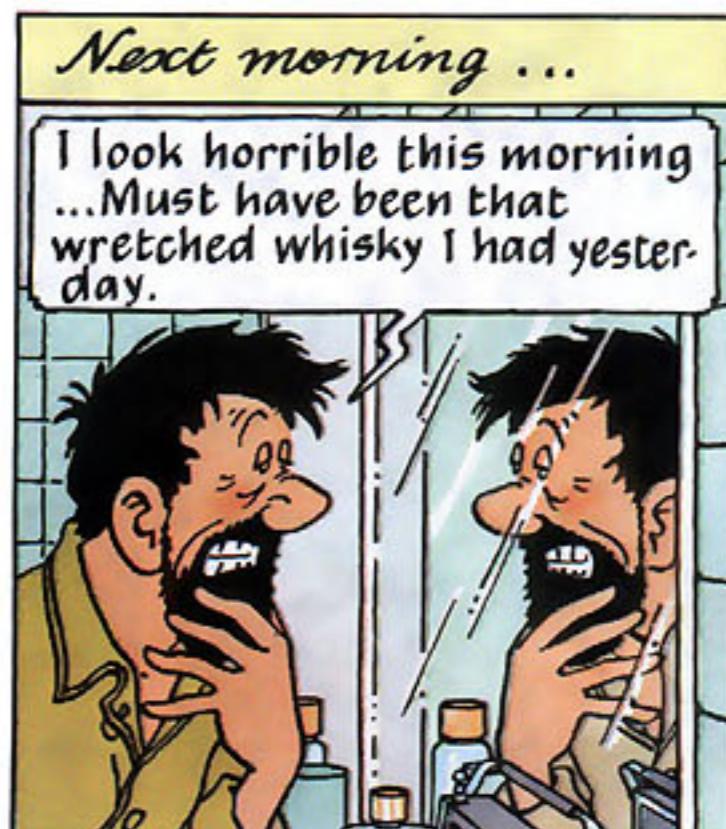
...and her accompanist, Igor Wagner. Also in her entourage, to watch over her jewels... insured for millions of dollars...



...are two certified detectives, always on the alert, always following discreetly in her footsteps.







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

Go ahead,
I'm all ears.



... A search of her luggage re-vealed 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 San Theodolites 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...

Well, Nestor?

I... er... to tell the truth, sir,
I was making sure it really
is "Loch Lomond".

And your conclusion,
my friend?

I don't understand, not
one little bit!

It is "Loch
Lomond", sir.
Indubitably!

That evening...

What about having
one more try?

No! Enough is enough!
Don't let me hear any
more about whisky!

Are you depressed? Does the
day seem long? We have the answer!

Ah, yes?

LOCH LOMOND



Impossible! They're doing
it on purpose! It's a plot!

On the subject of
plots... Listen!

... and to start our round-up, we bring
you the latest on what is known as the
Castafiore conspiracy... with interna-
tional reactions, and particularly those
in San Theodoros. There, naturally, the
response is particularly violent... as
viewers worldwide were shown in this
television interview with the San Theo-
dorian president ...

... General Tapioca, in Tapiocapolis.
The general commented on what he
called the "pantomime plotters".

... Let them tremble, I say!...
Cowards, skulking in their dusty
mansion ...

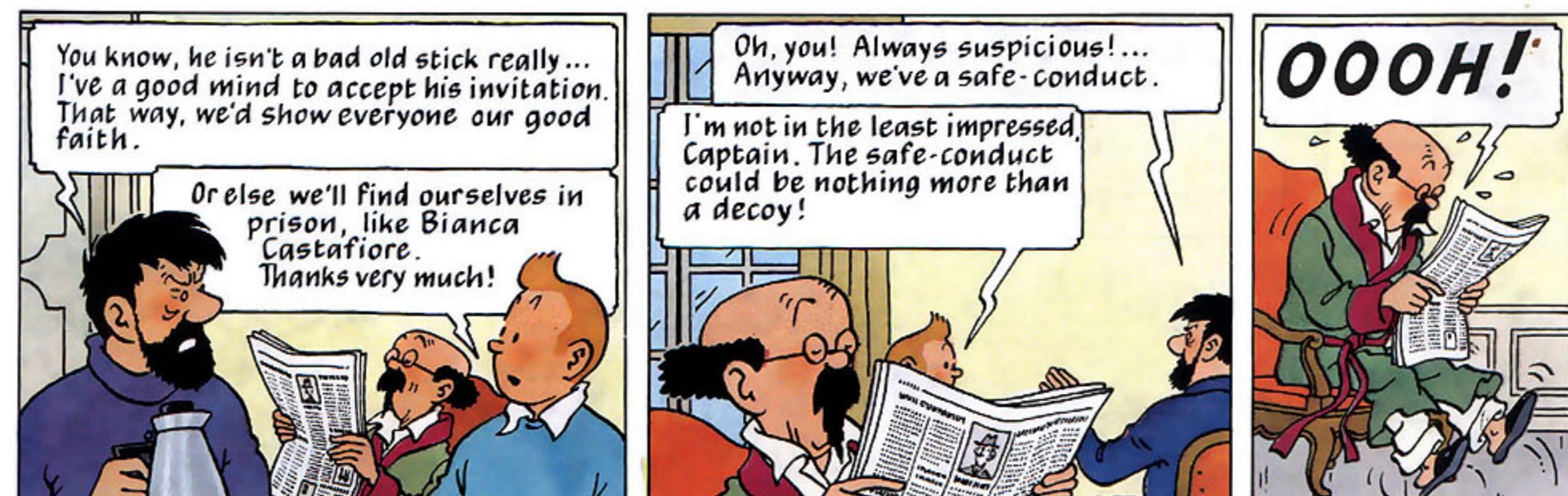
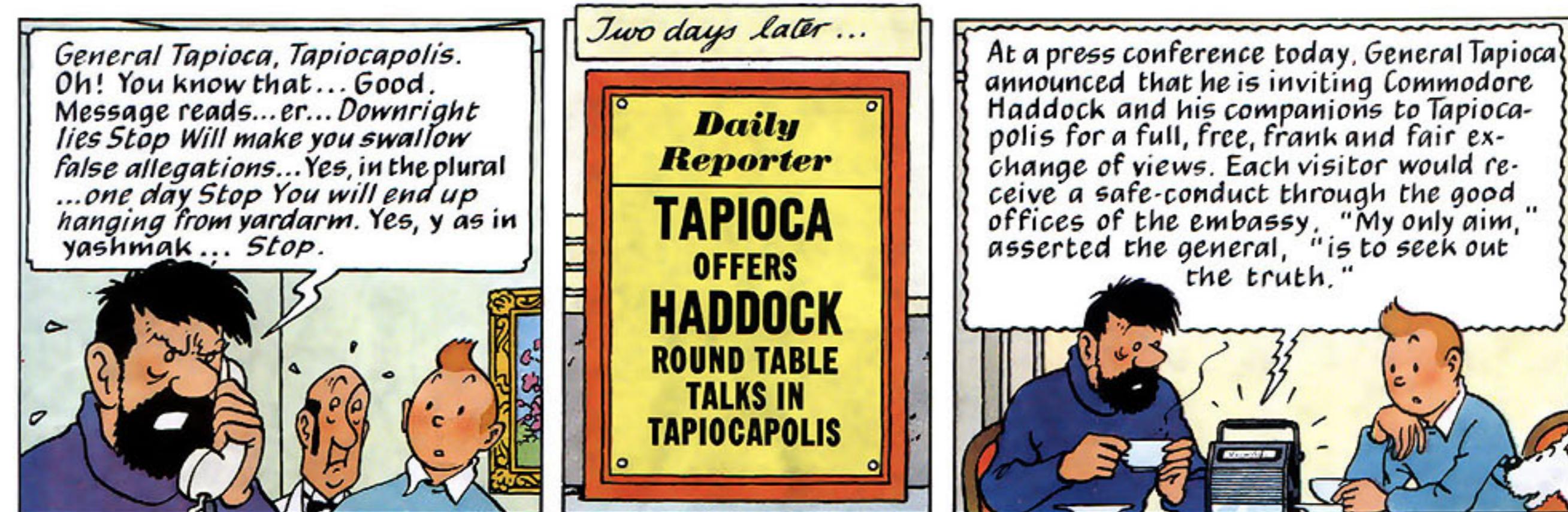
... puppet-masters in this vile
conspiracy!... Tremble, crooked
Captain Haddock!... Tremble,
treacherous Tintin and crafty
Cuthbert Calculus!

Crafty yourself, you
pachyrhizus!... And
no one's more
treacherous than you,
you guano-gatherer!

I'll give him a piece of my mind all right,
fancy-dress fascist!...

But...





Have you seen? We've been invited there. We must go. Captain.

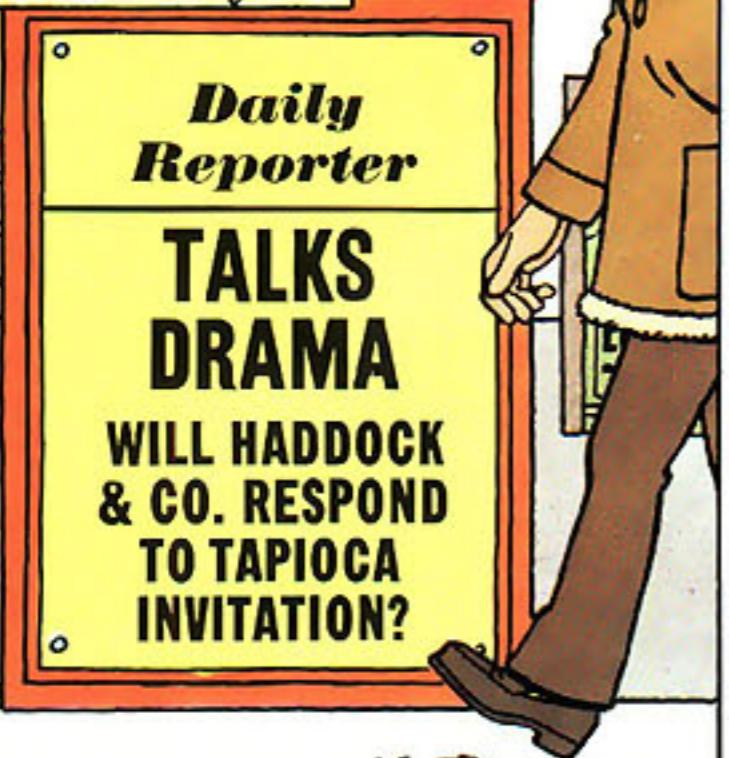


Yes, and find ourselves in prison like your precious Bianca! ... That's plain as a pikestaff, my poor friend! ... As for the safe-conduct, it's just a decoy!

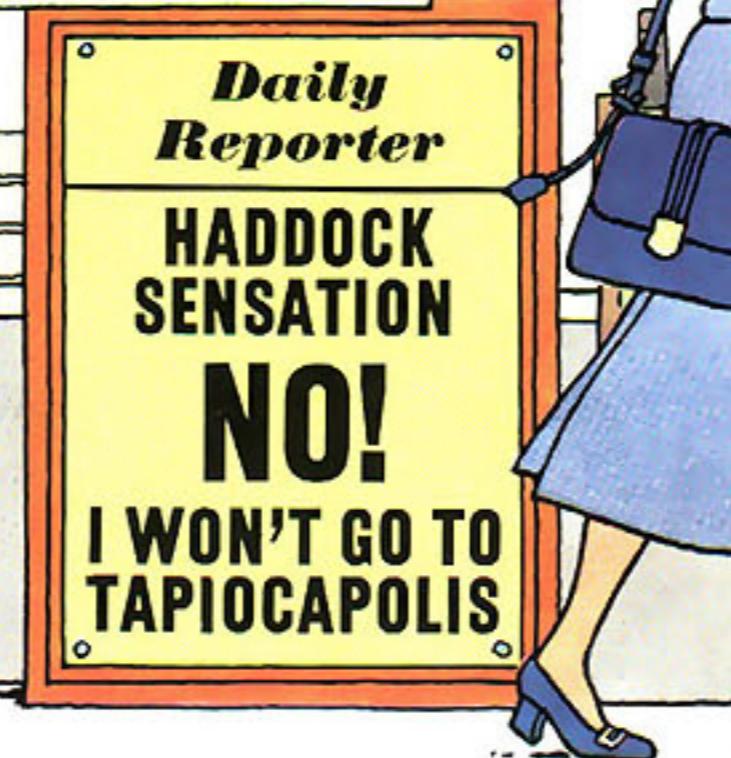
Bravo! Well spoken! I'll pack my things and we'll go!



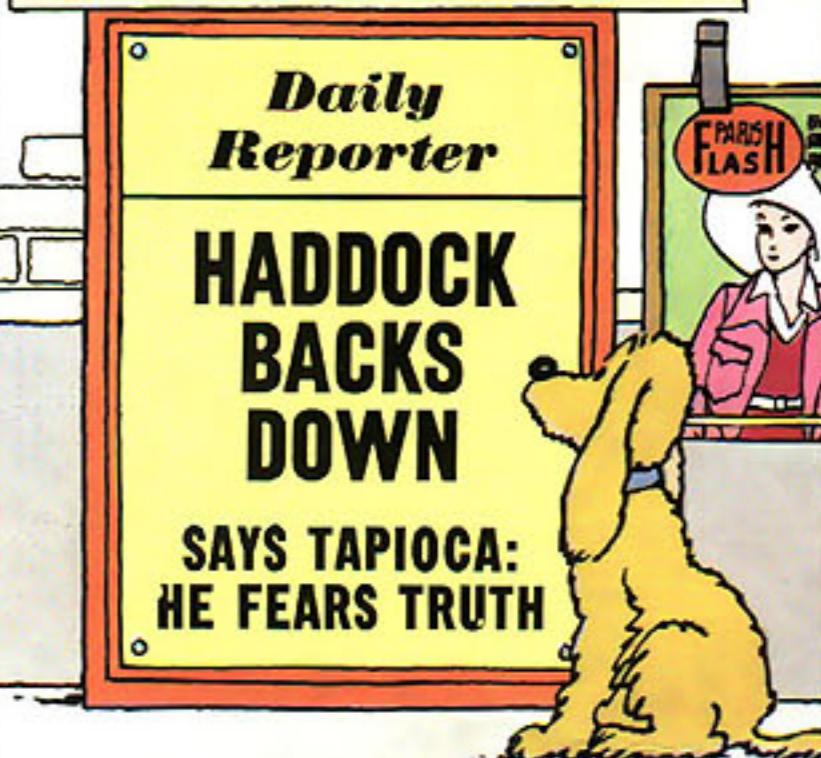
Next morning...



The following day...

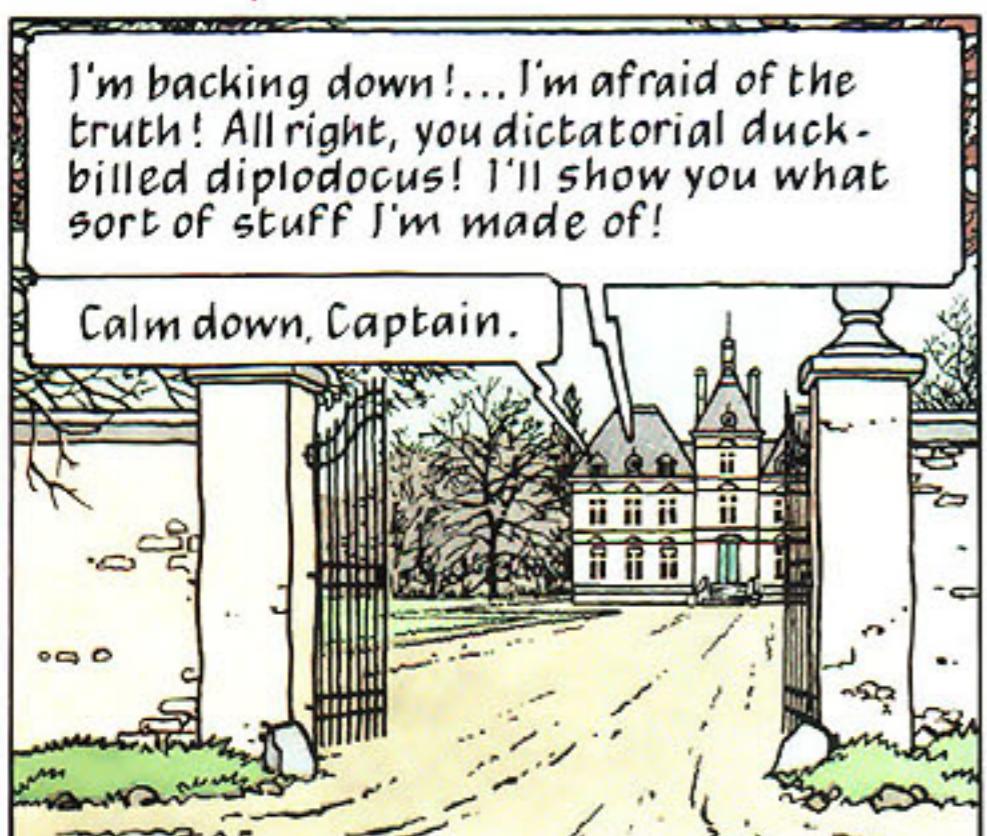


And the day after...

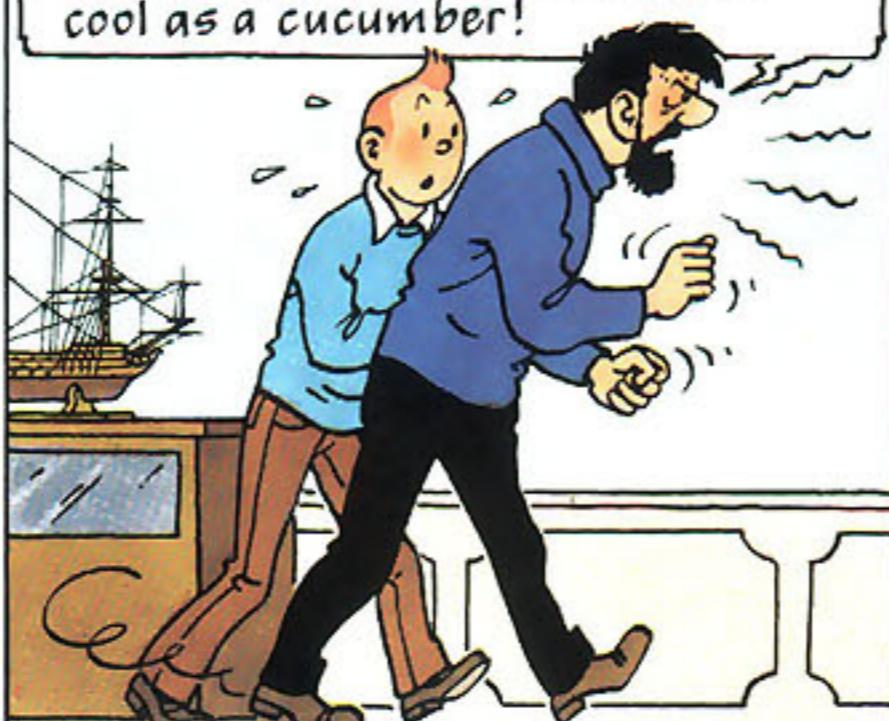


I'm backing down! ... I'm afraid of the truth! All right, you dictatorial duck-billed diplodocus! I'll show you what sort of stuff I'm made of!

Calm down, Captain.



Calm down! Calm down! ... I'm as cool as a cucumber!



He'd challenge me... that ostrogoth! All right, we shall see what we shall see!



Hello, Telegrams? ... Yes...yes, naturally, for General Tapioca. Message reads...

Send safe-conducts (in the plural, safe-conducts) Stop Arriving by return of post... Signed: Haddock... Good. No! Ordinary rate!!!

The die is cast! ... He'll find out what sort of fish he's hooked, that puffed-up Punchinello! ... Tintin ... we're going!

YOU may be going, Captain... I'm staying right here!!



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!

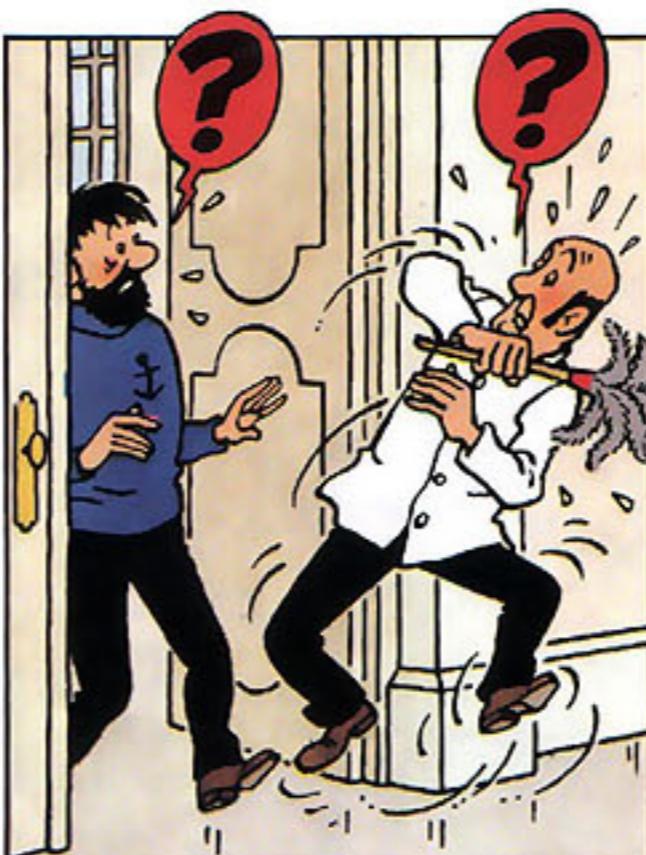
Oh! You and your suspicions! They're an obsession! According to you, the world's composed of nothing but scallywags and scoundrels!... Why shouldn't General Tapioca be an honest sort of chap, eh?... Why?... Go on, tell me!

It's always possible, but...

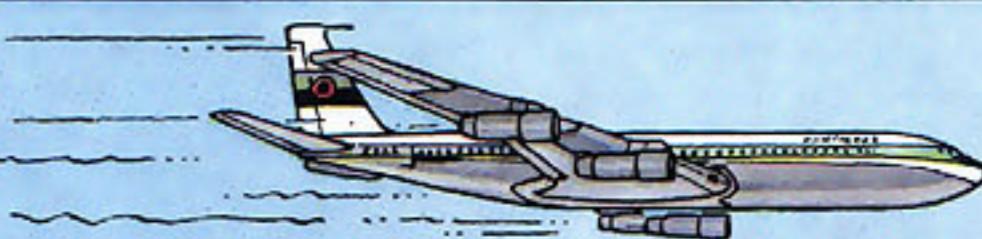
... I still think they're trying to entice us over there... I don't know the reason... but it positively reeks of trickery.

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!



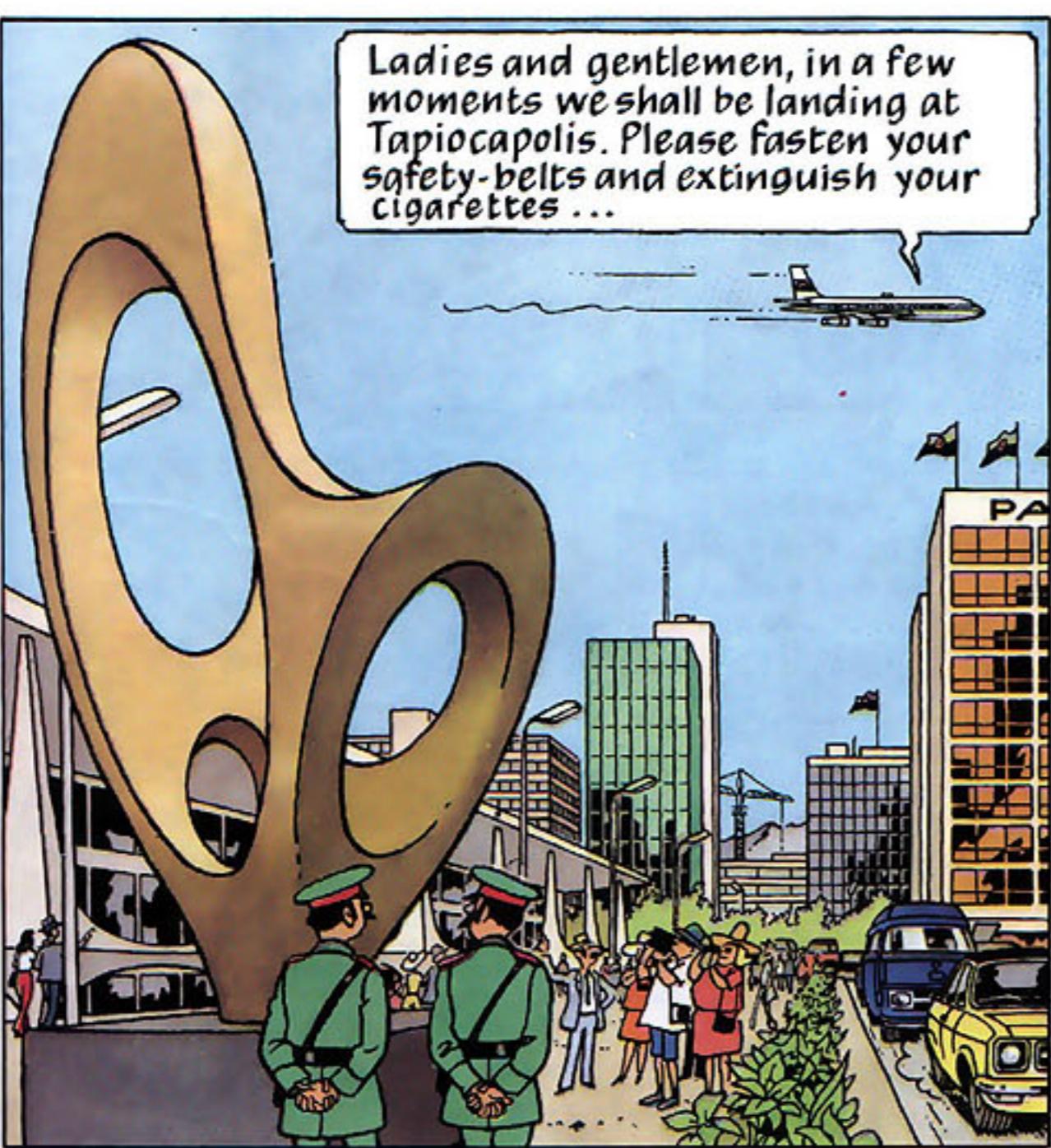
Three days later ...



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 ...

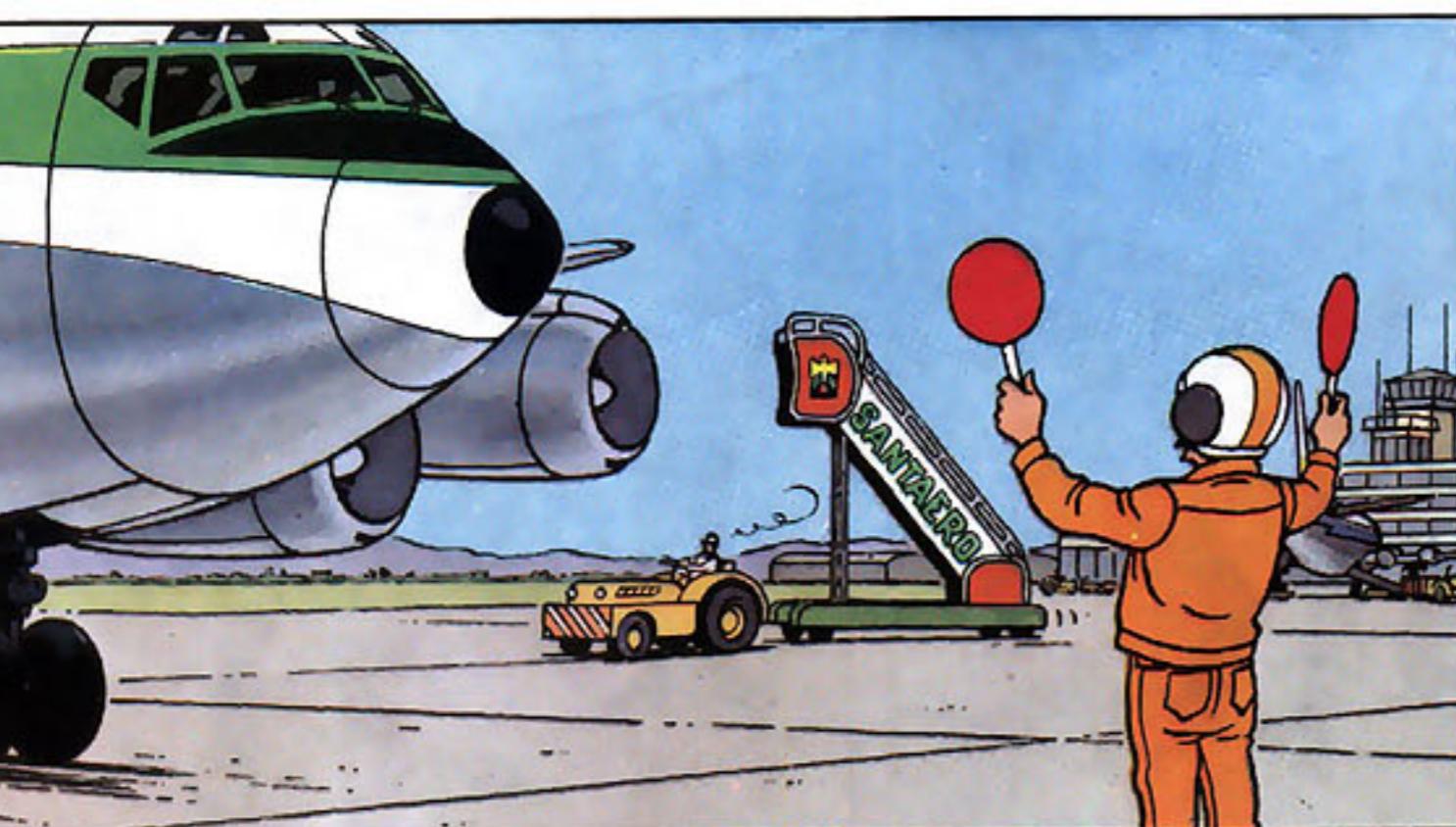


D'you see? We're arriving in Tapiocapolis just in time for the famous carnival week ...

In Greek ??

"Taking part will be many performers from overseas, including... Why, look! There's a troupe from back home: The Jolly Follies!

Iced lollies? Now?



Aha! There's the reception committee...



Commodore Haddock?

Er...just captain... er...

Such modesty! Here, a man of your gallantry would be an admiral!... Allow me to present myself: Colonel Alvarez, aide-de-camp to His Excellency General Tapioca.

Delighted!

Professor Calculus, I presume? To you also, welcome to our country!

I'm sorry, officer, but I cannot shake a hand which grinds underfoot the imprescriptible rights of the human individual!



I...er...his little joke, of course!... Unfortunately, the Professor is still suffering from 'flu...as a result, the infection...er...you...you follow me?

So there!

Perfectly, Captain...

And this is our good friend Tintin, no doubt?



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!

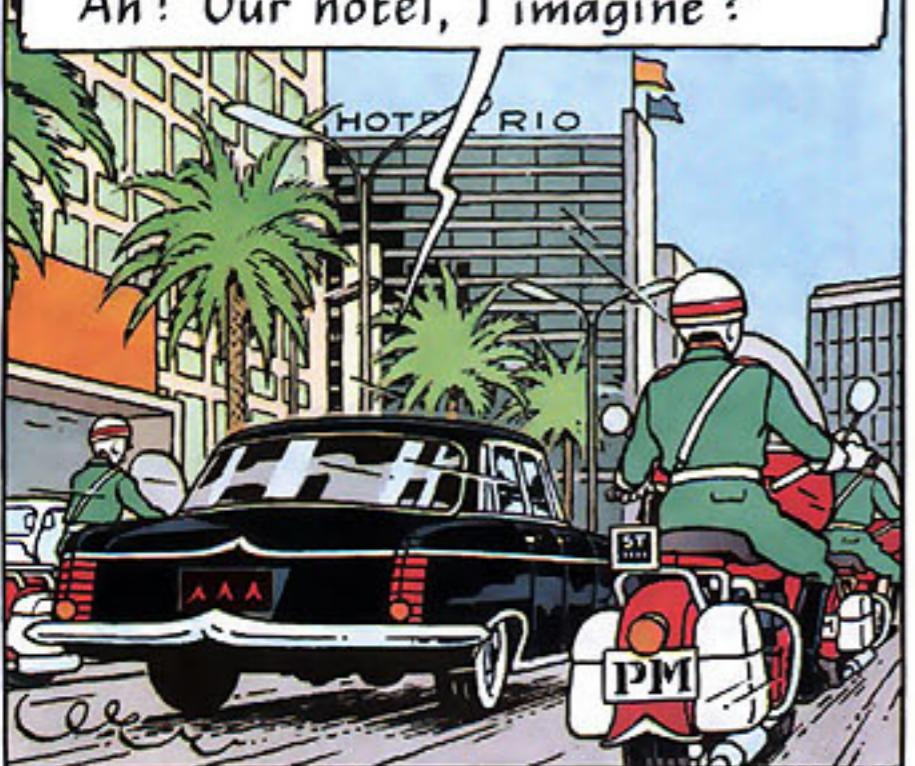
To Shanghai?... She's gone
to Shanghai?... You dare
to make fun of me?

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

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



Ah! Our hotel, I imagine?

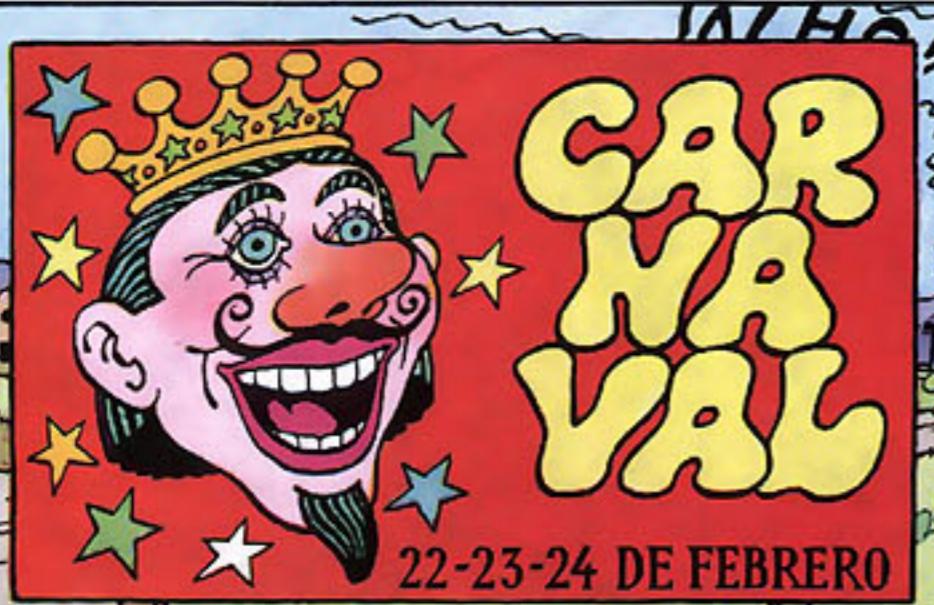
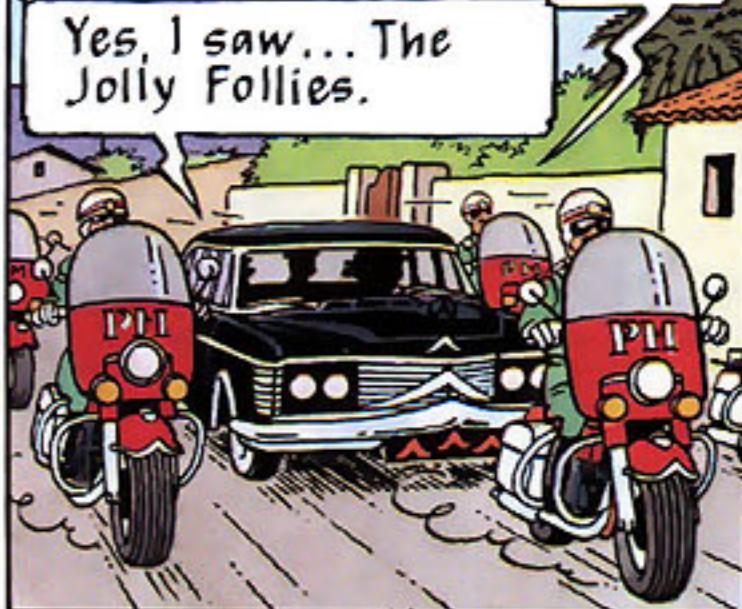


No, señor Commodore. We thought you would prefer the peace of the countryside to the hubbub of the city. Besides, the carnival will be starting shortly... Then there'll be incessant noise round here, all day and all night. You wouldn't get a wink of sleep...



Did you know, a party of your compatriots are joining the festivities this year?

Yes, I saw... The Jolly Follies.



Half an hour later...

Here we are...



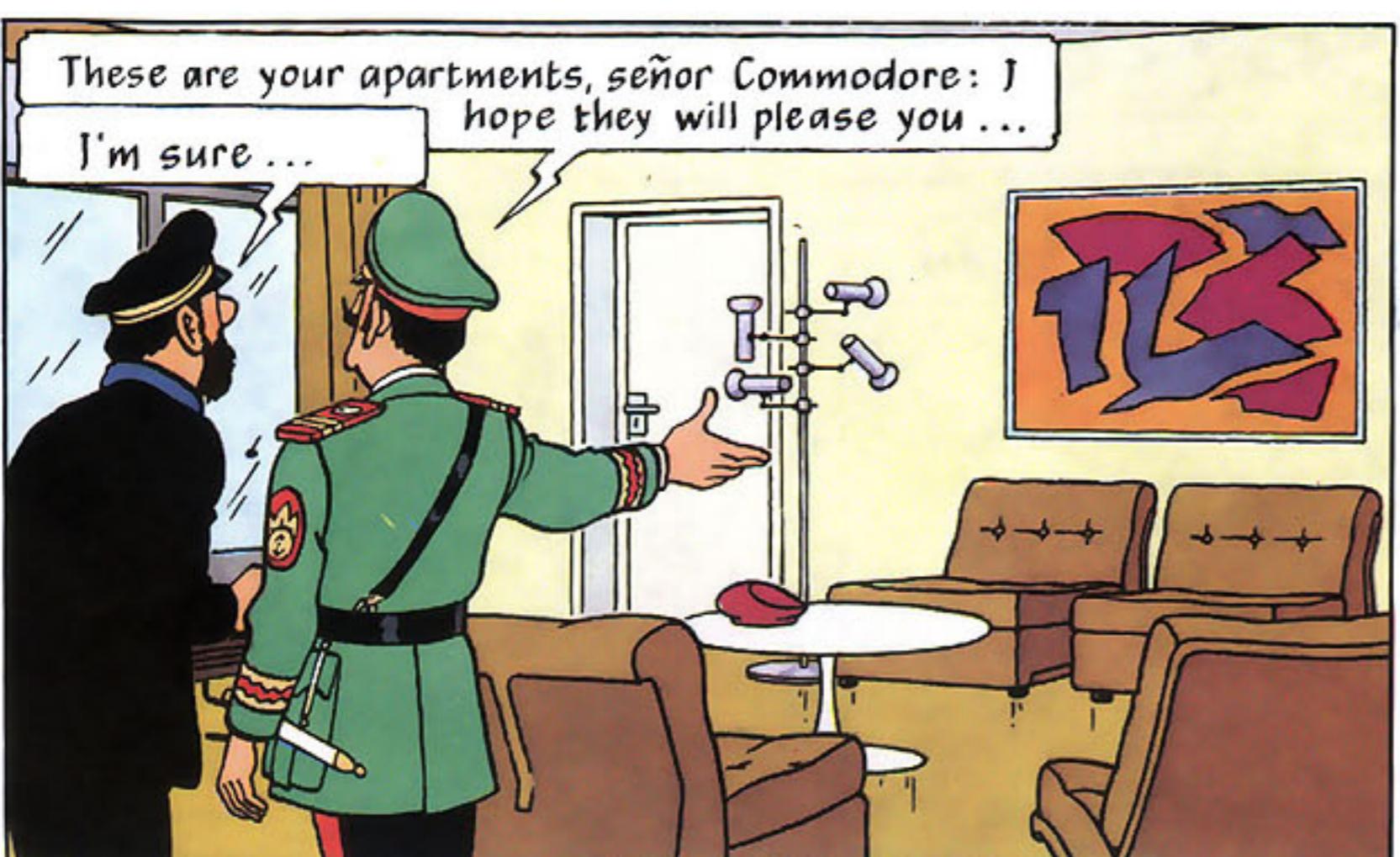
These are your apartments, señor Commodore: I hope they will please you...
I'm sure...



You've got us well guarded...

Just a simple precaution... Ah, yes, the swimming-pool is over the other side...

And Tintin was suspicious!



Of course, a servant will be at your disposal throughout your stay with us...

Too kind, Colonel.



Ah, here he is now!



He is devoted to you already; isn't that so, Manolo?

Good of you, Manolo!...

MMH!

He looks a thug!

Now, I'll leave you. Tomorrow morning at ten I'll come to fetch you and take you on a tour of the city and the surrounding countryside. ¡Buenas noches!

Good night, Colonel.

¡Adios, Manolo! And remember your orders!

What a welcome, eh, Cuthbert my old shipmate! Come on, cheer up! Everything's going to be sorted out. Your beloved Bianca may be free tomorrow, and we'll all have a good laugh!

A bath?... That's a good idea. I think I'll do the same.

These people are really charming! And Colonel Alvarez, so friendly, such style, so distinguished! ...

Ministry of the Interior!

At once, Colonel!

And a few minutes later

Good evening, Colonel. Is the colonel in?

Colonel Esponja awaits you, Colonel!

Mission completed, Colonel. Everything is in order, and the circuits are live... However...

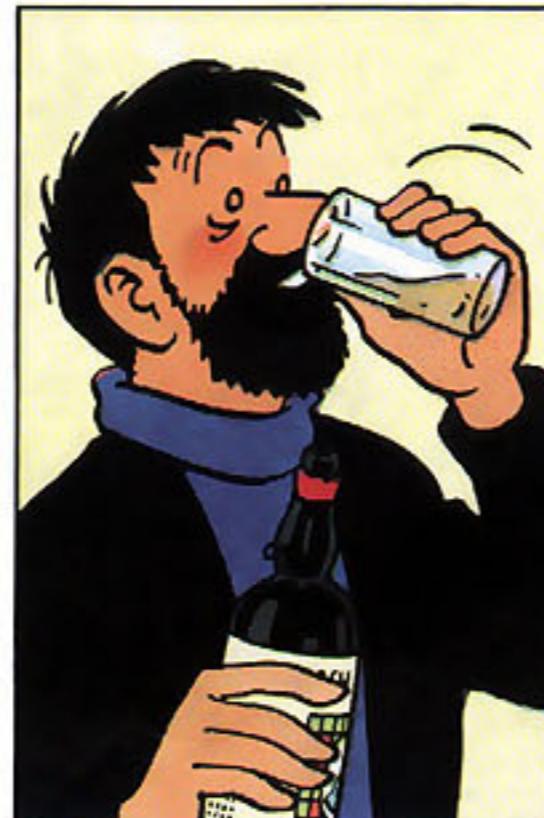
One moment, Colonel: let's check everything's working properly.

Yes, Colonel, but first of all I have to tell you...

Yes, yes, in a minute, Colonel, in a minute...

Ah! He's just found the bar!

Oho! "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 anymore?



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 ...



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!



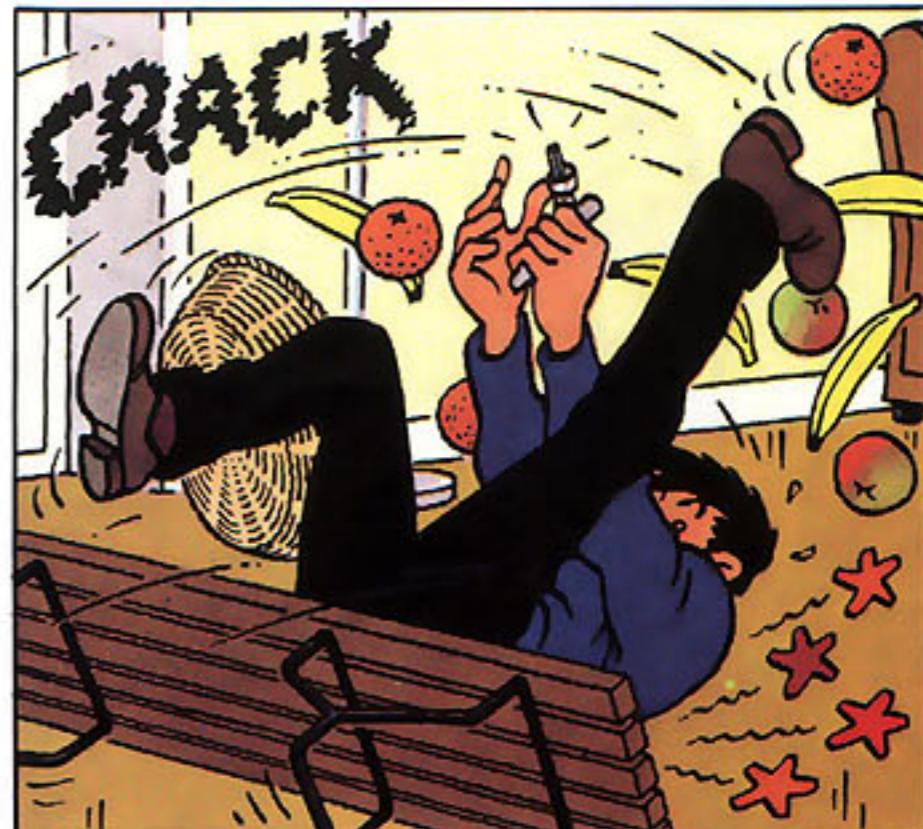
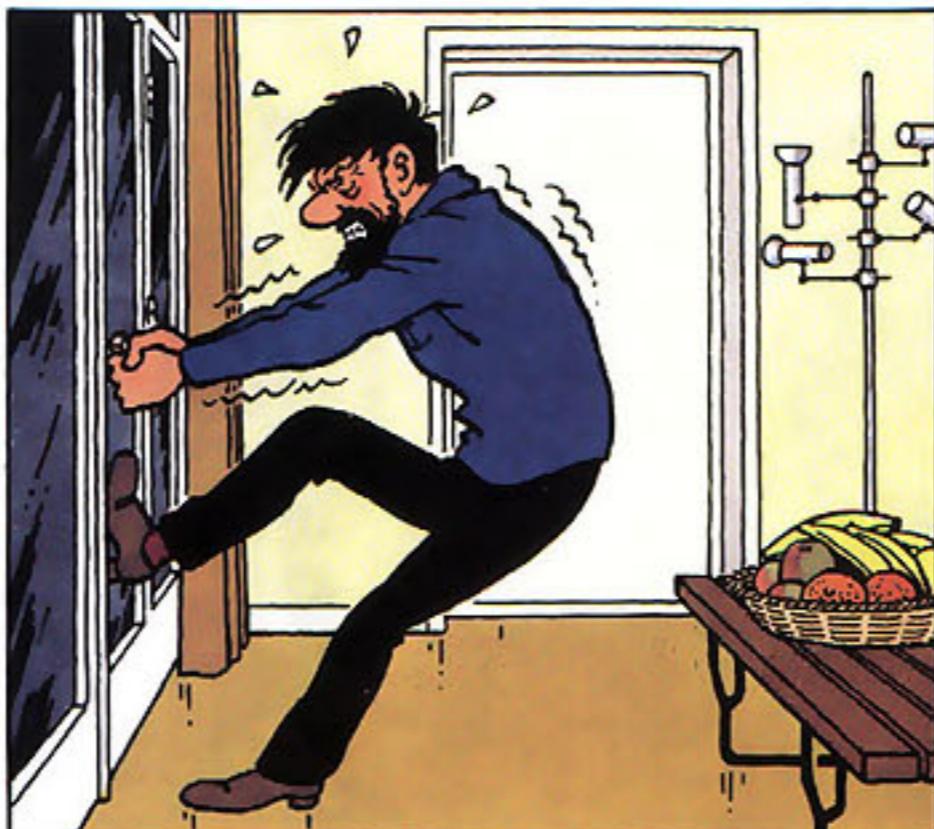
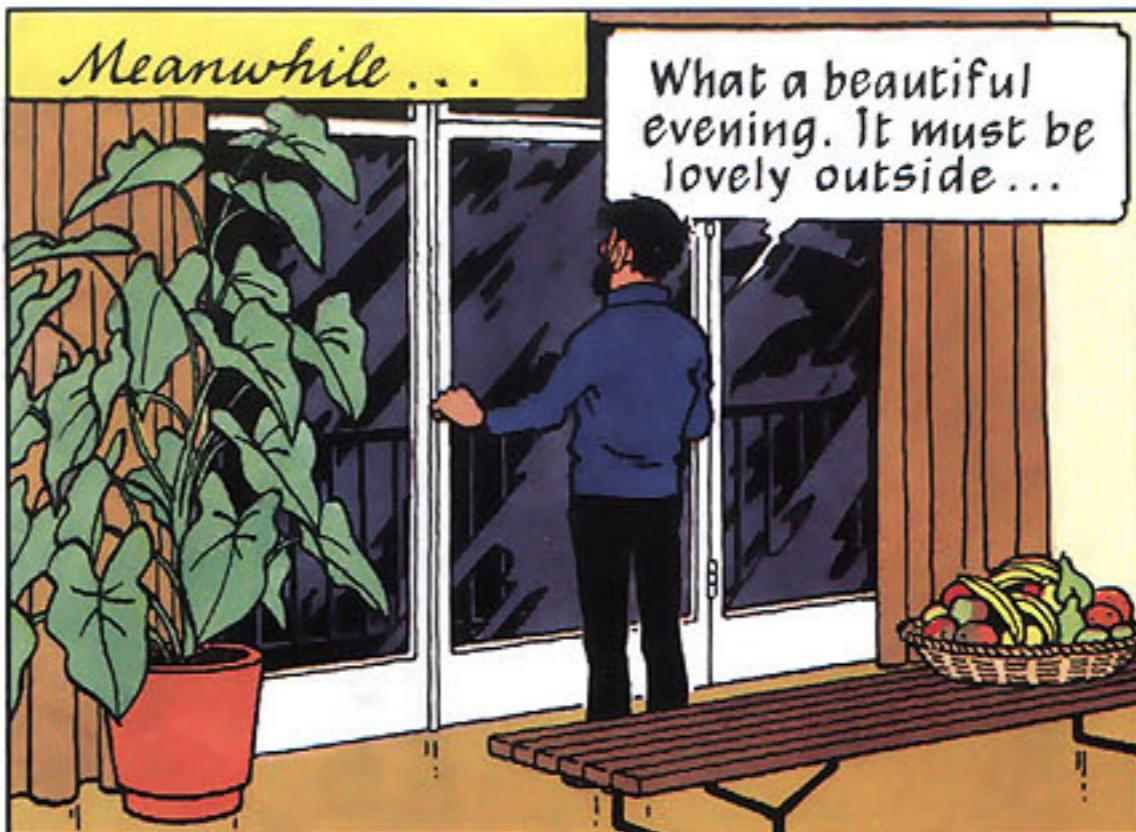
Good, I'll think about it. Meanwhile, you'll have to stall the others. Tell them everybody's got influenza...that the Castafiore's lost her voice...tell them anything you like... to gain time.

Very good, Colonel.

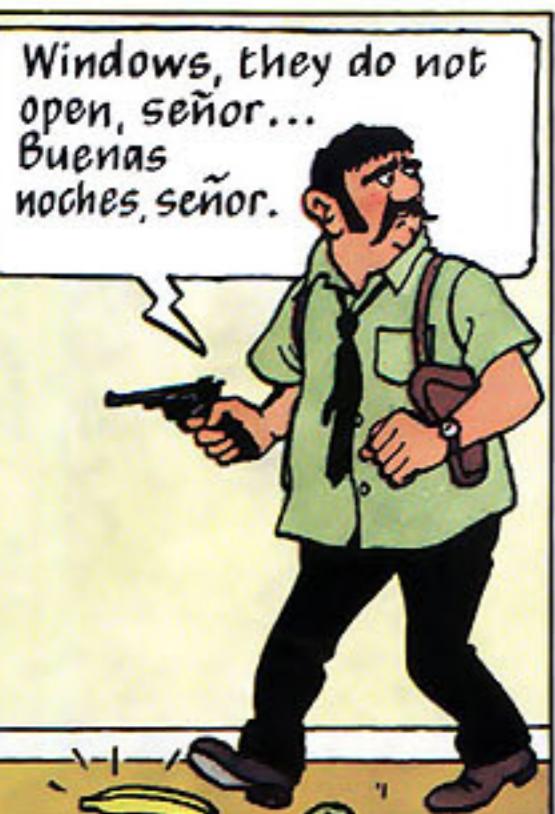
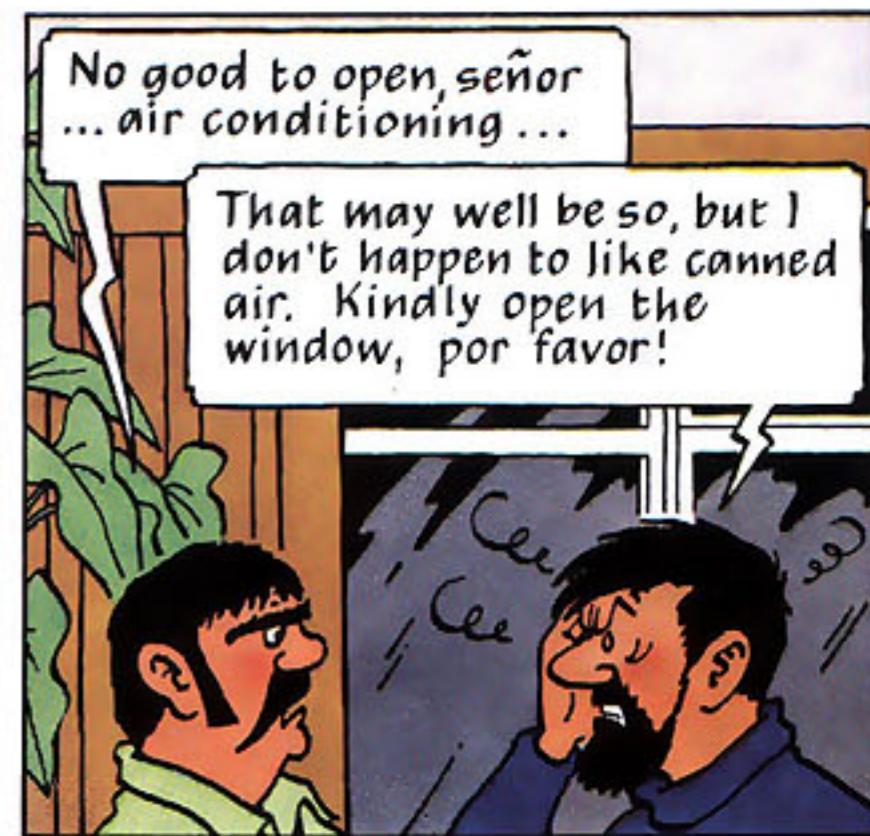
Meanwhile...

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

Hello, what's this? Rusted up?



¿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!



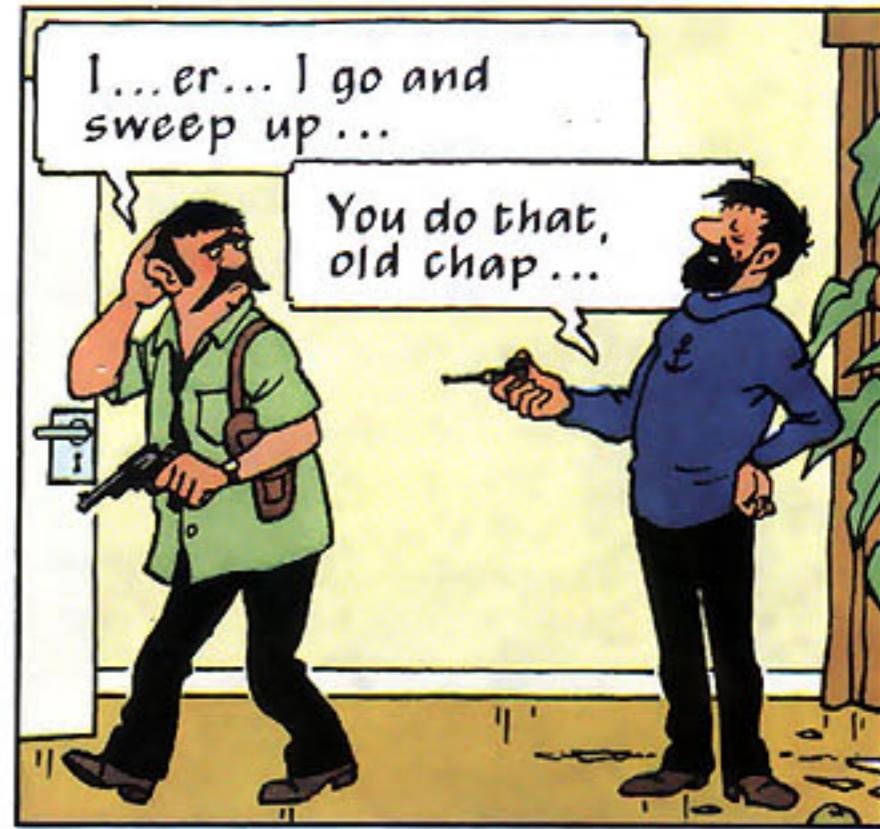
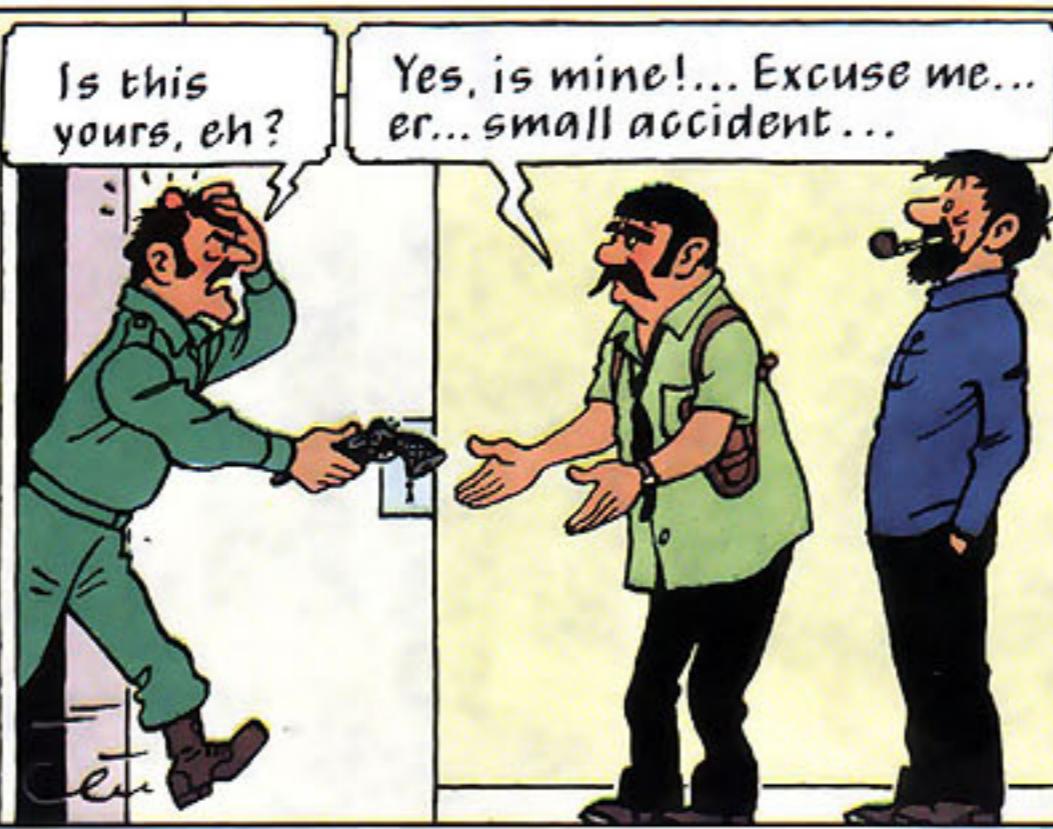
Have you quite finished chucking your guns out of the window?

Is this yours, eh?

Yes, is mine!... Excuse me... er... small accident...

I...er... I go and sweep up...

You do that, old chap...



Ah, now for a nice pipe...

I'm sure I must have...

...some tobacco somewhere...

Not in my jacket either... Thundering typhoons!

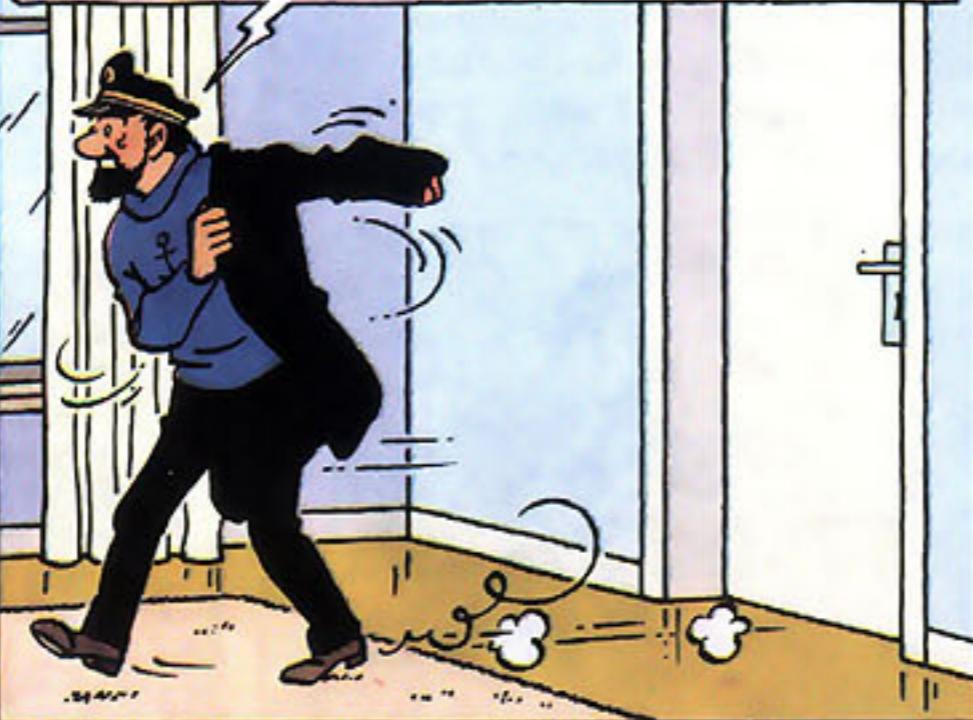


Ah, come to think of it... I must have left it on the plane... Confound it!

Never mind, I'll buy some more...

Hé, señor, where you go?

Me?



I'm out of tobacco: I'm going to buy some.

Tomorrow, señor.

You buy some tomorrow. Today, is too late!

Stop, señor! Return to your room!



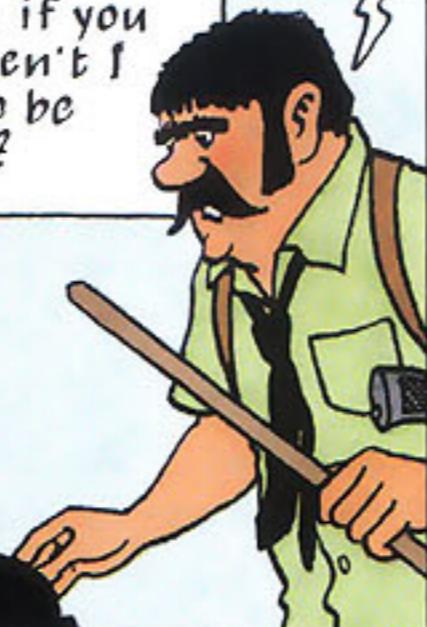
Ten thousand thundering typhoons!
You dare forbid me to go out?... Me,
the guest of General Tapioca!...

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!

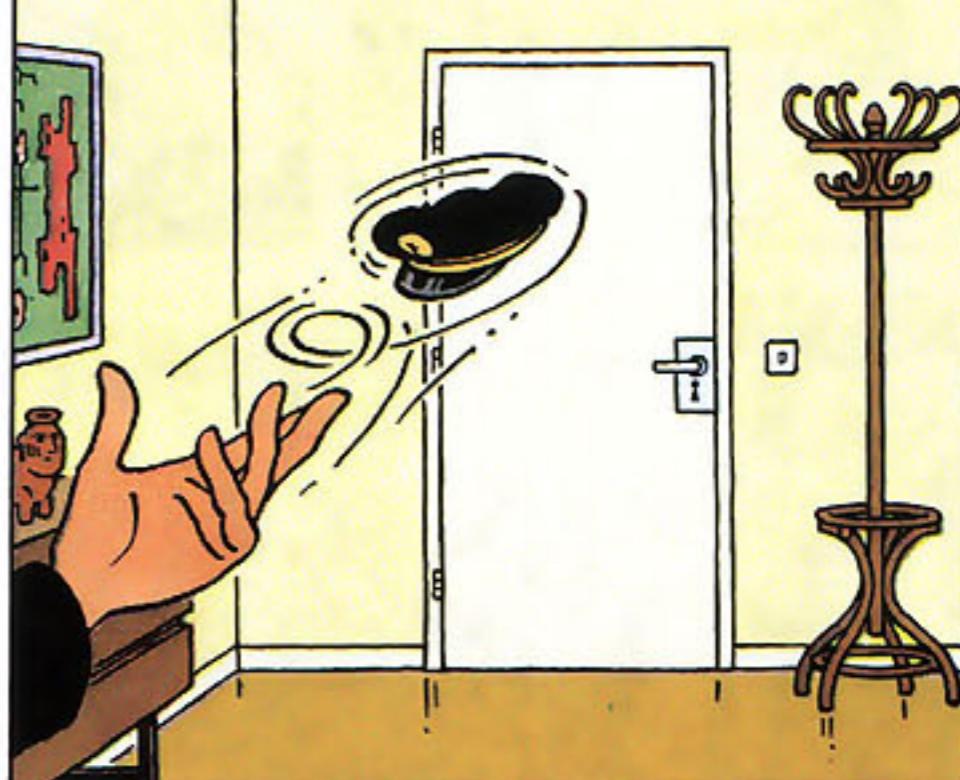
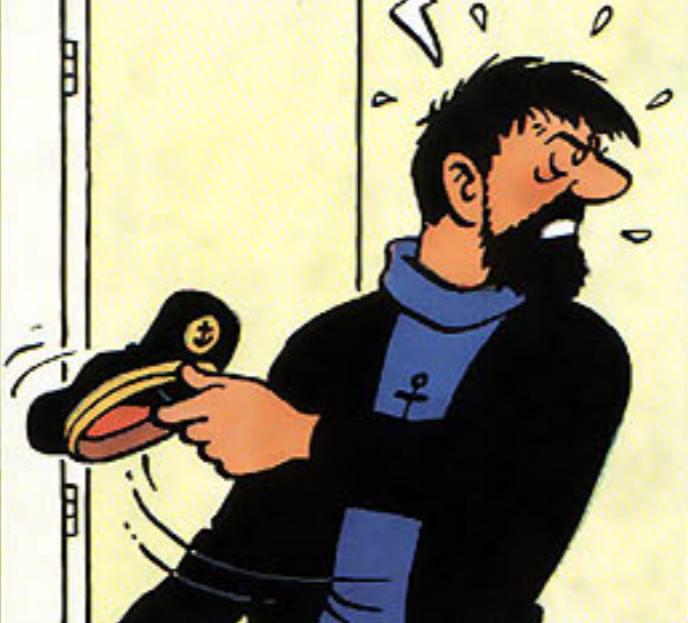


SLAM



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

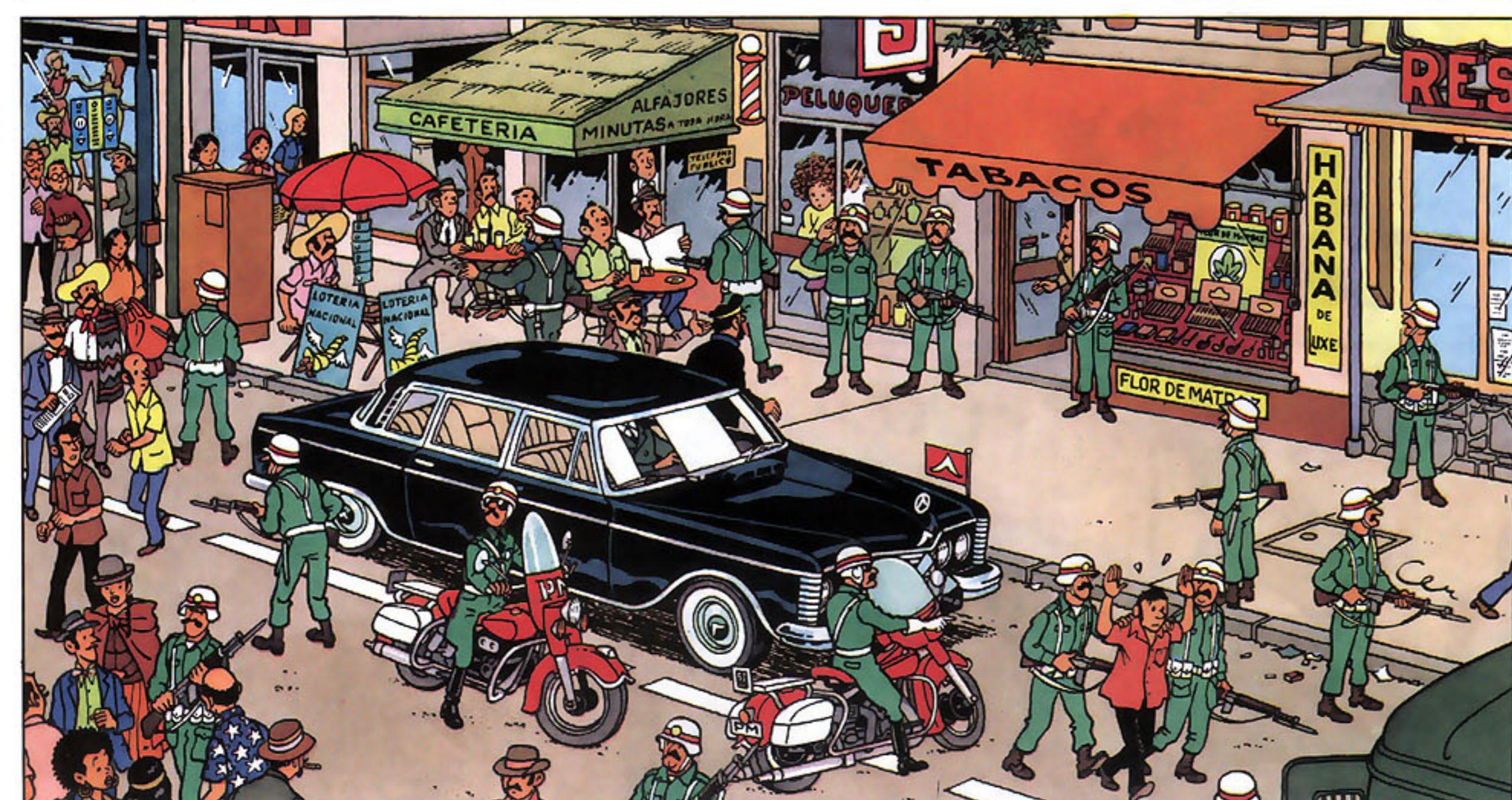
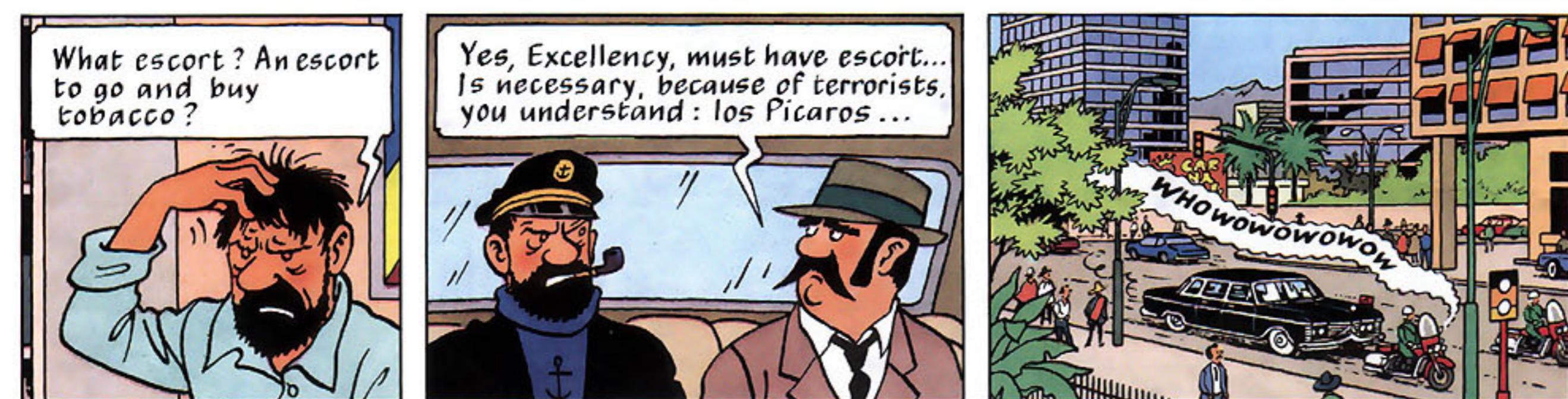
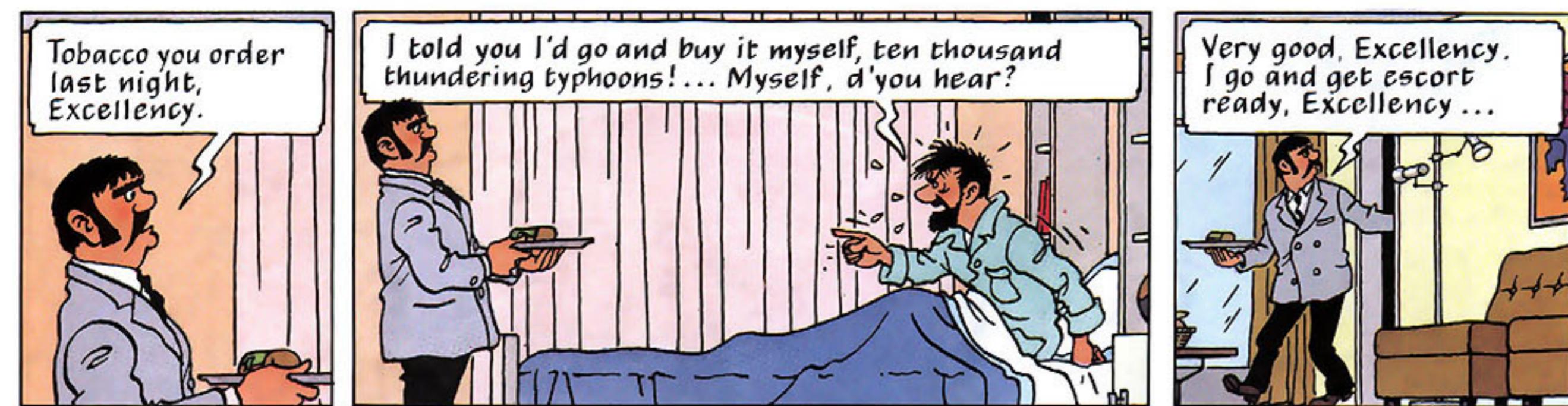
... but we're well and
truly behind bars!



Ah, there you
are, Cap...



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.



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



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?



Come, I want to show you something.

What?

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 instance, 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 Kûrvi-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...

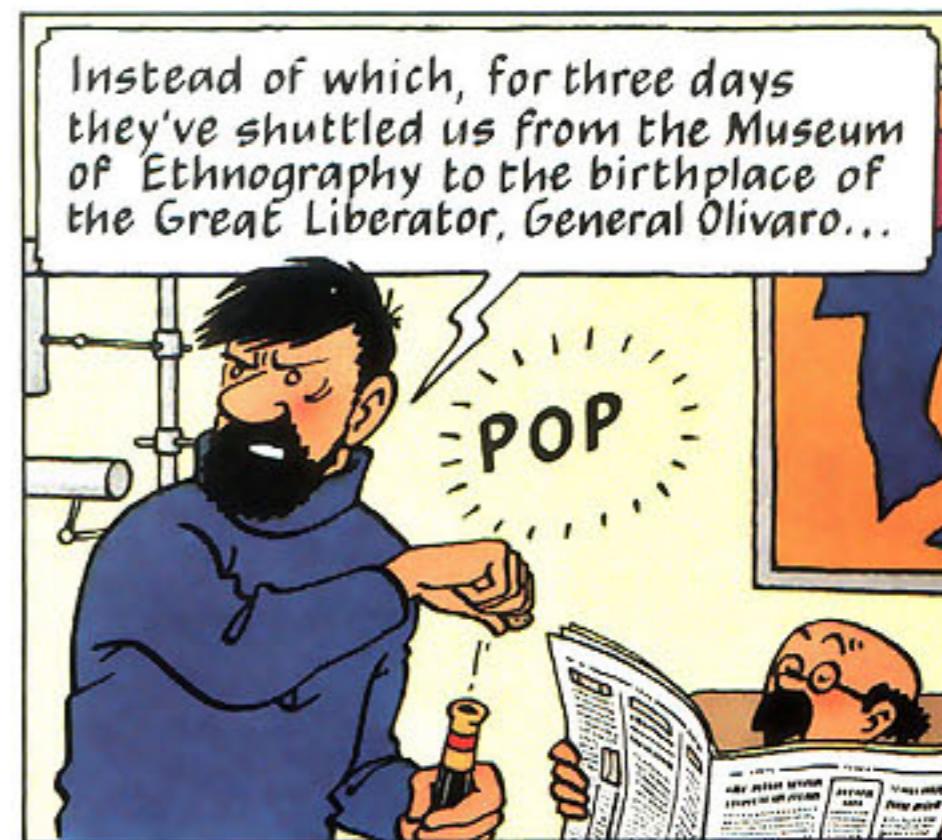
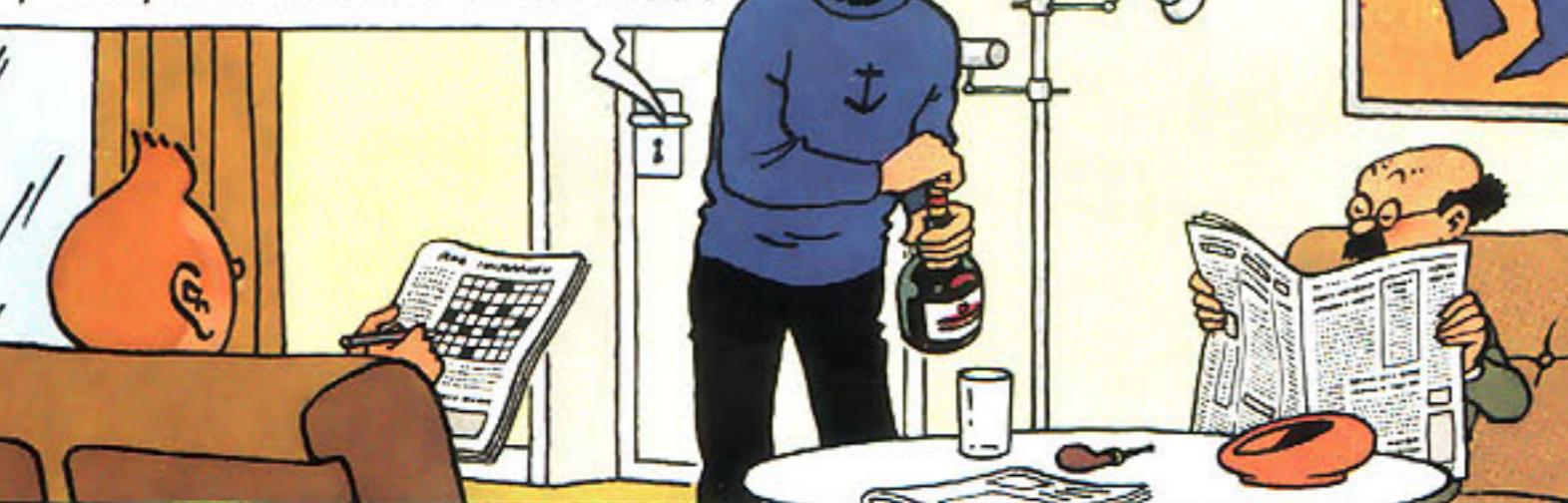
... realised how I could take advantage of the situation. I only had to arrest her, after forging compromising documents and having them slipped into her luggage... I concocted an entirely fictitious...

... 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...



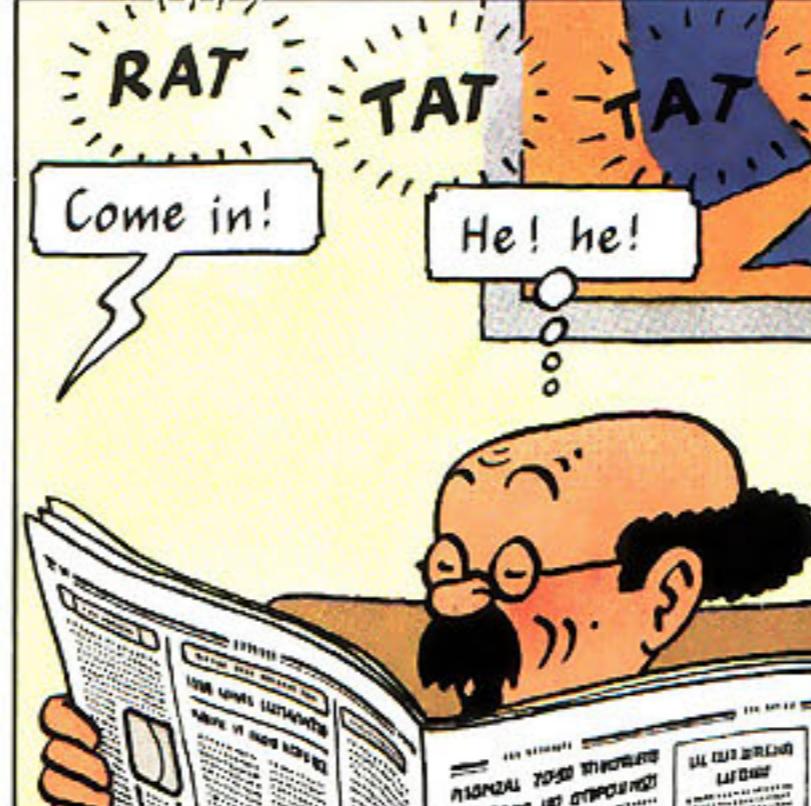
...then to the zoo, then to the cathedral of the Santisima Virgen de la Inmaculada Concepcion... And what marvel have they in store for us tomorrow?

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

?+?+?



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



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



Nothing serious, luckily: just a sprain.



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



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

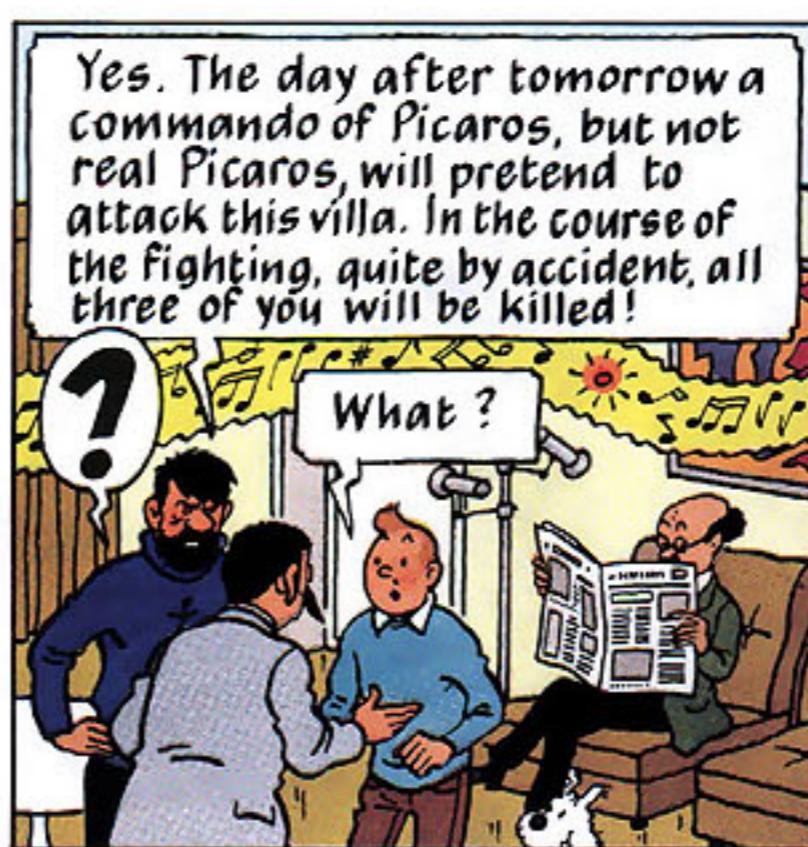
Our lives?

In danger?



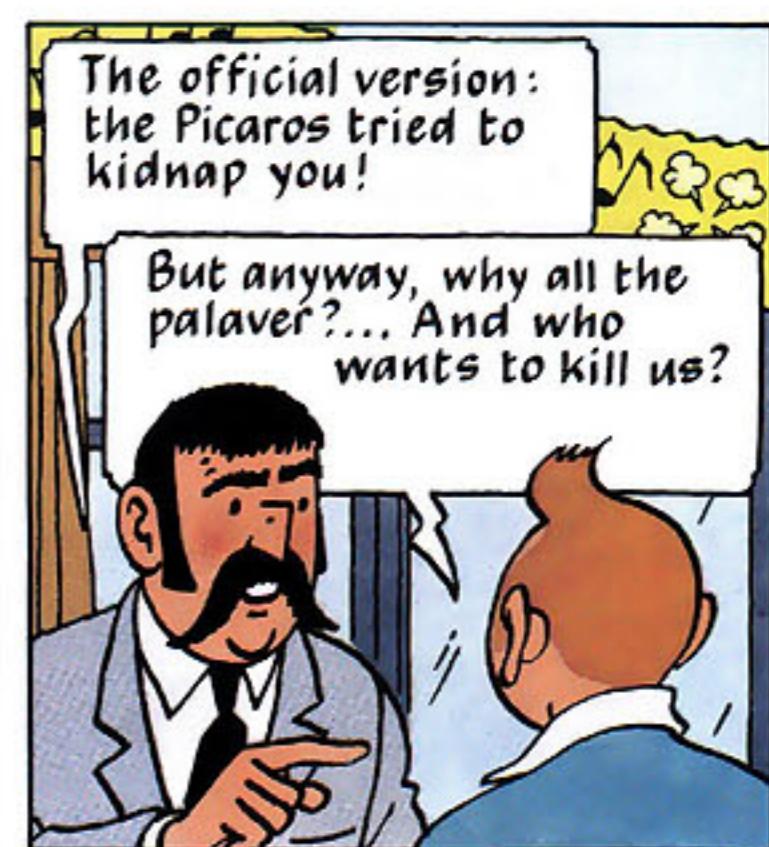
Yes. The day after tomorrow a commando of Picaros, but not real Picaros, will pretend to attack this villa. In the course of the fighting, quite by accident, all three of you will be killed!

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: Sponsz.

Sponsz!!!

... Who was Chief of Police in Szohôd?



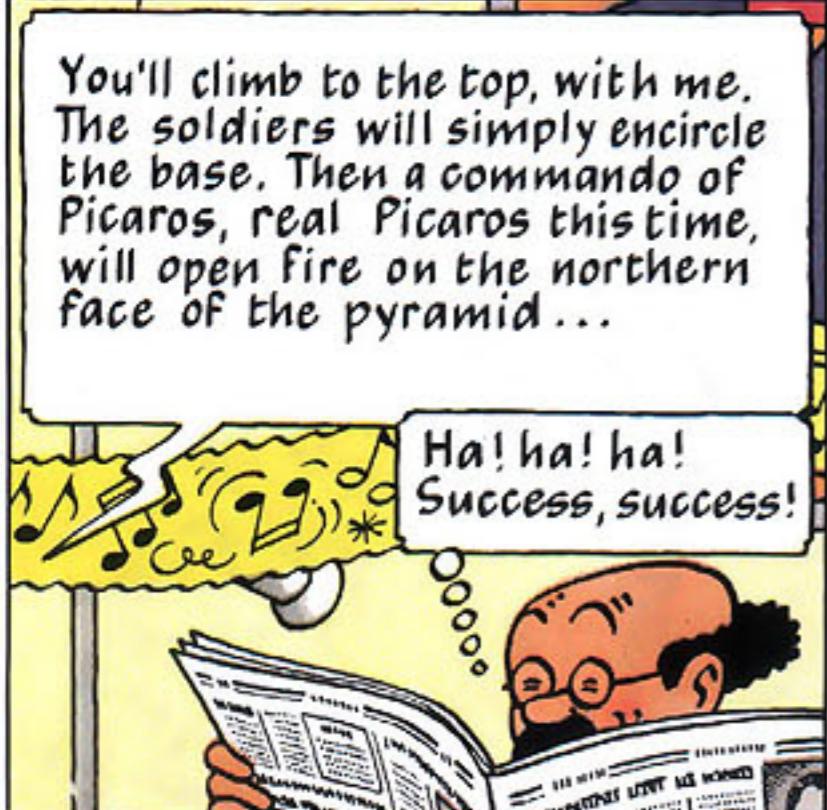
That's the one! He's been "lent" to General Tapioca to re-organise the Security Police in San Theodoros... and when he heard of Signora Castafiore's arrival, he dreamed up a plan to get rid of the three of you...



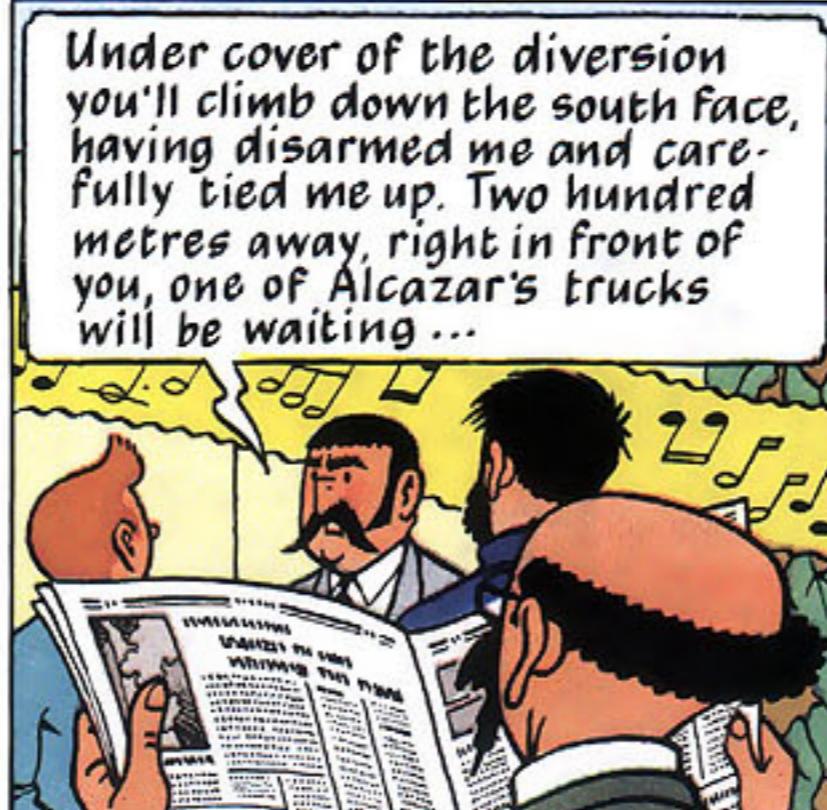
Luckily for you, the Picaros and their leader General Alcazar have eyes and ears everywhere... So this is what we're going to do. Tomorrow, Colonel Alvarez will take you on a trip to Hotuatabotl to see an ancient pyramid...

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!



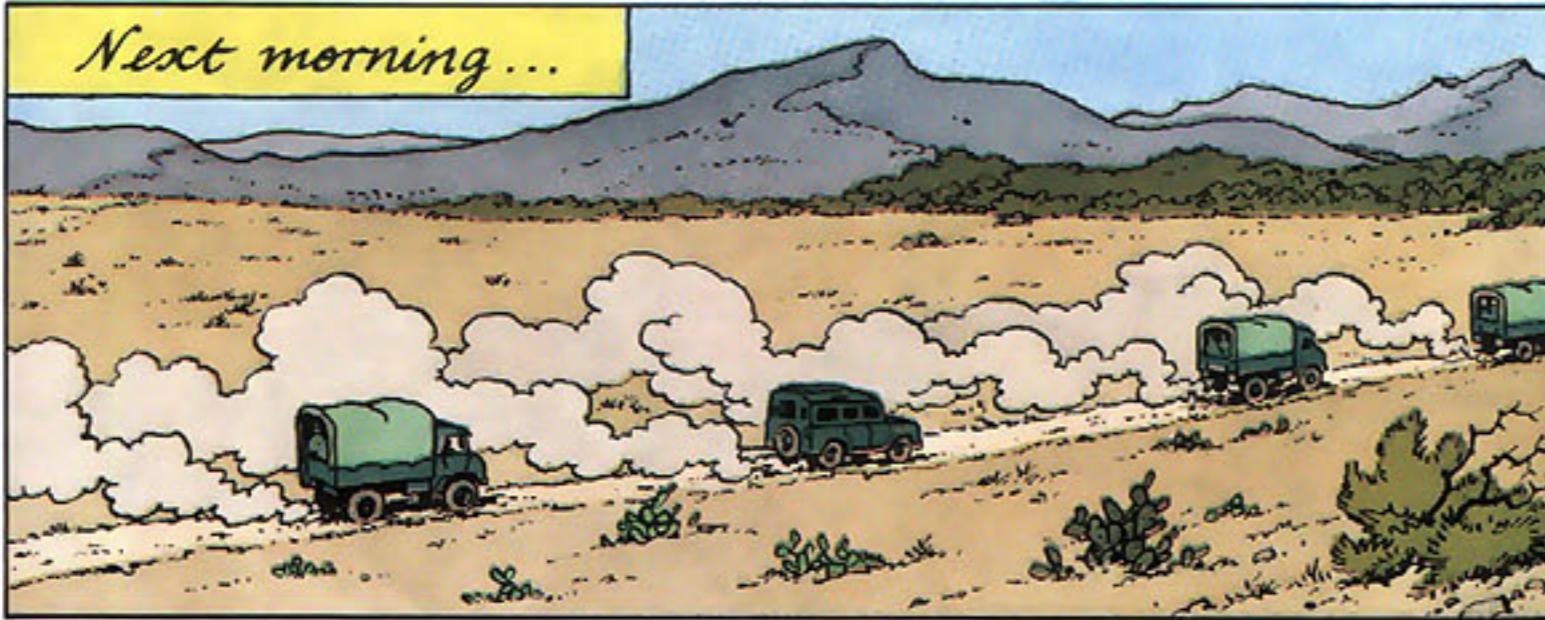
Under cover of the diversion you'll climb down the south face, having disarmed me and carefully tied me up. Two hundred metres away, right in front of you, one of Alcazar's trucks will be waiting...



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



Next morning ...

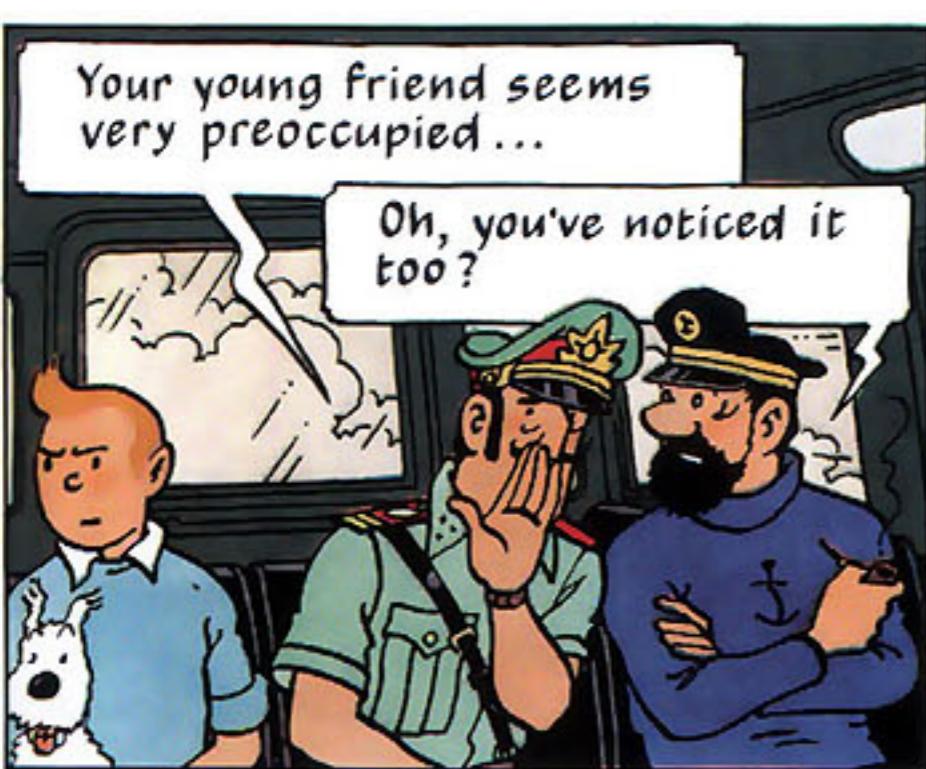


Not far now: we're coming to the forest. We'll be there in a quarter of an hour...

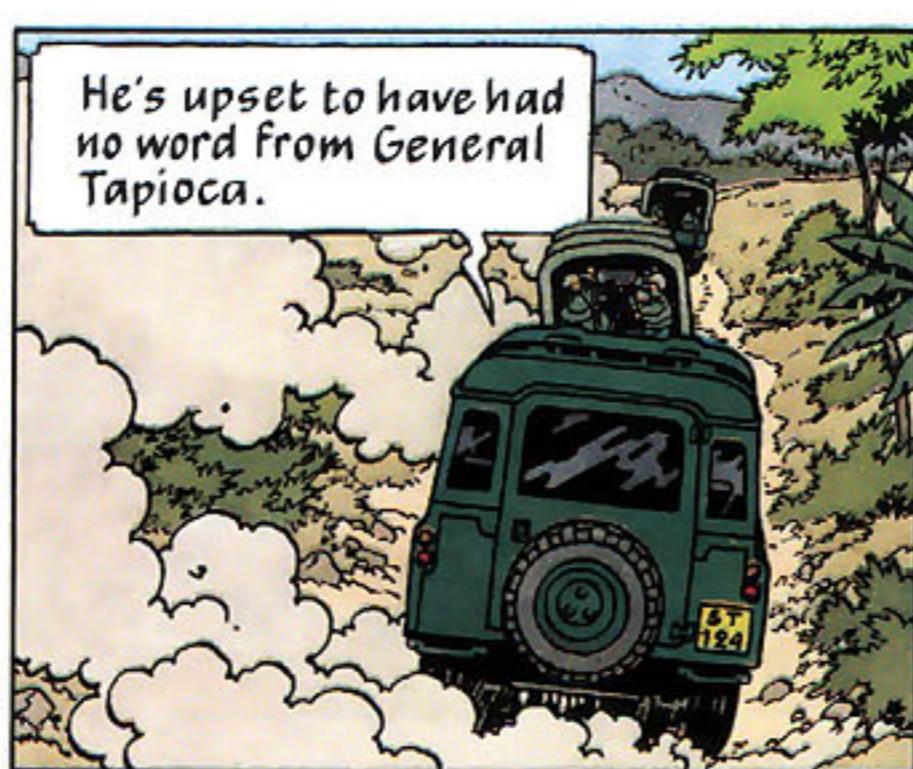


Your young friend seems very preoccupied ...

Oh, you've noticed it too?



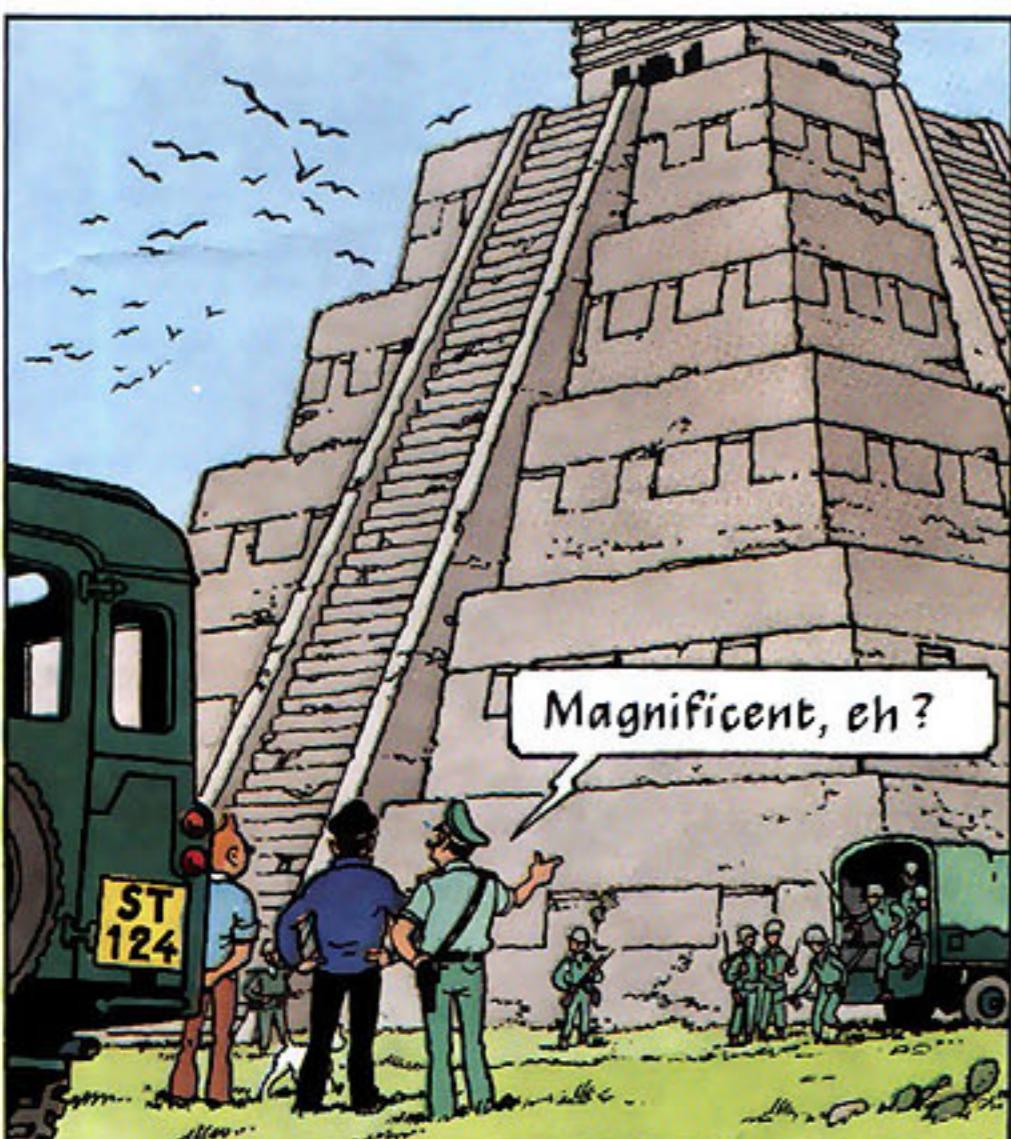
He's upset to have had no word from General Tapioca.



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...

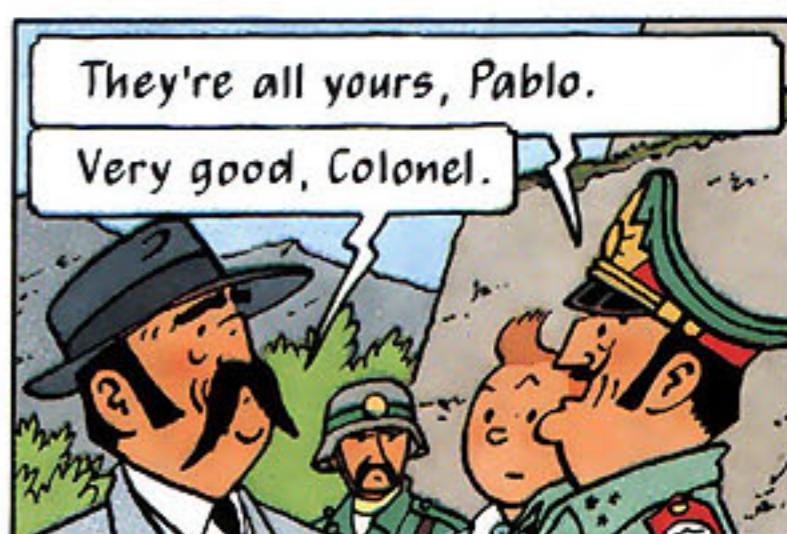
I expect you've often climbed it before?

Very often. But Pablo will act as your guide.



They're all yours, Pablo.

Very good, Colonel.



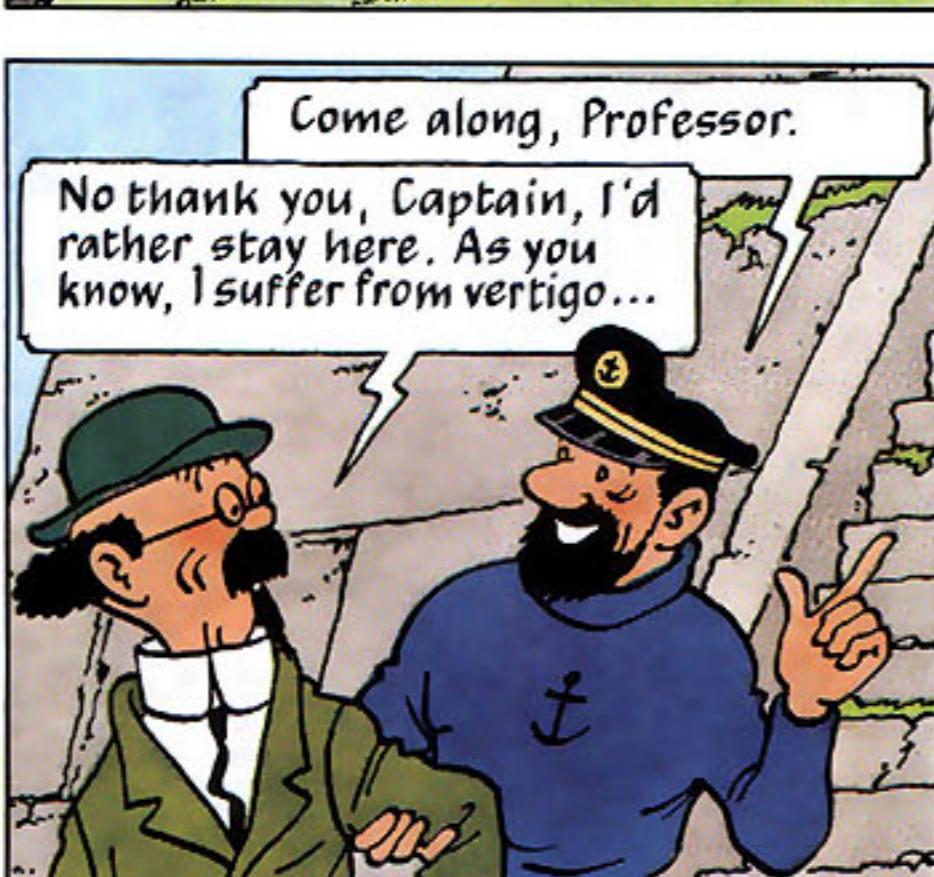
Be careful. It's a steep slope and many people get giddy up there.

You are most thoughtful, Colonel.



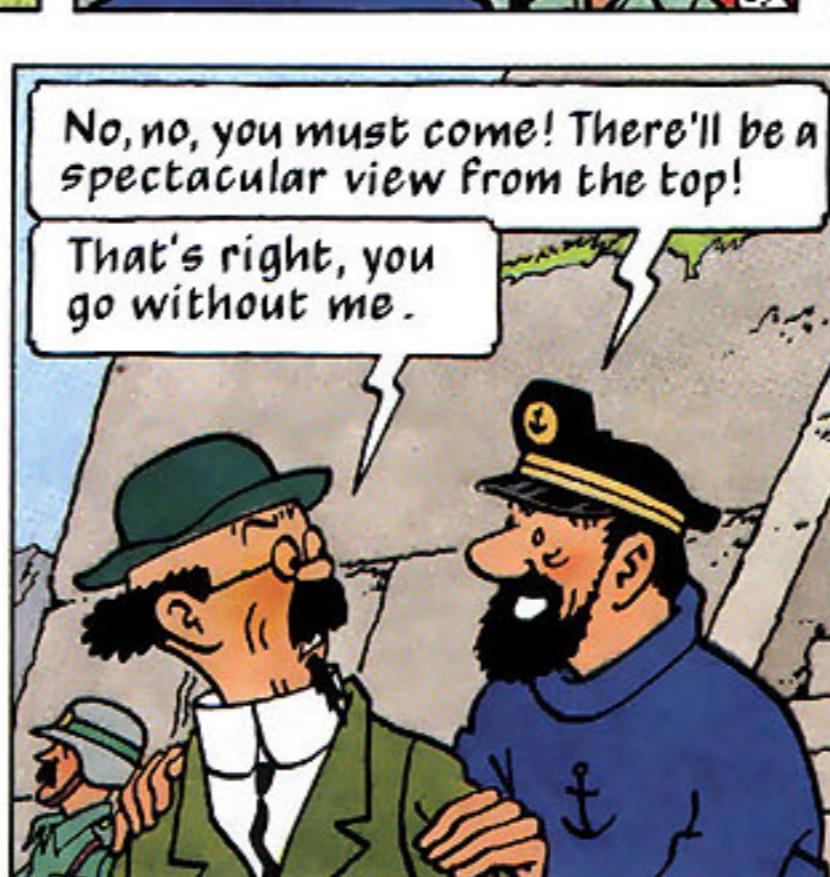
Come along, Professor.

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



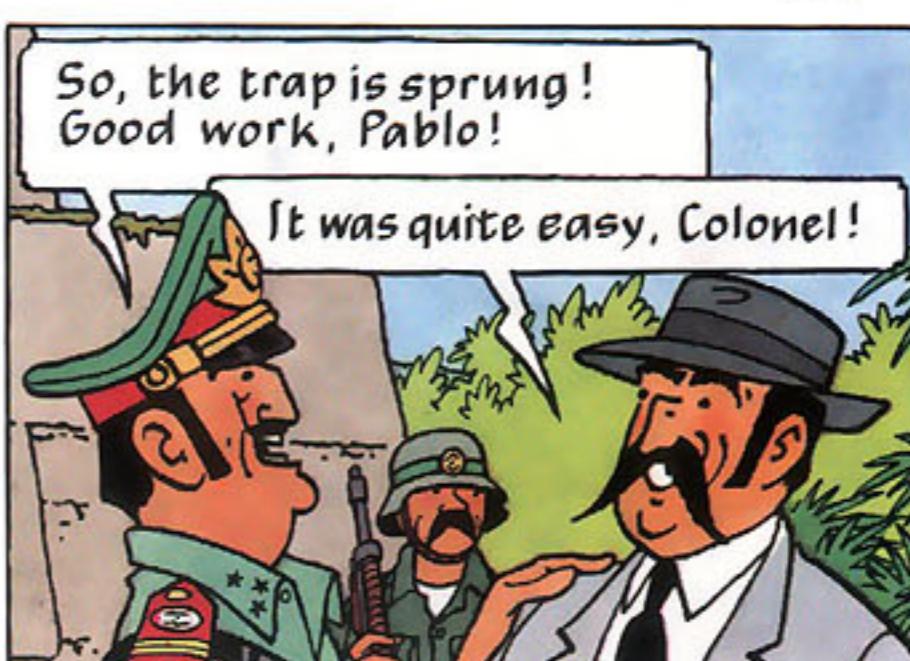
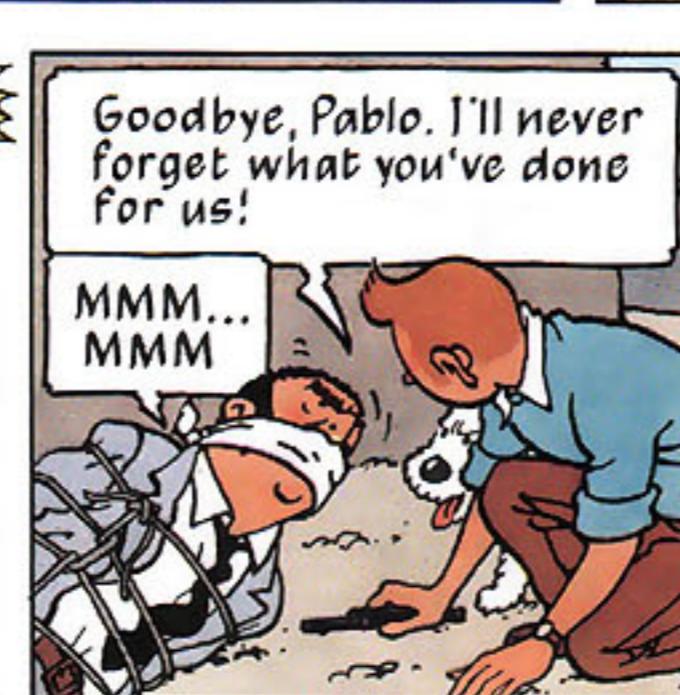
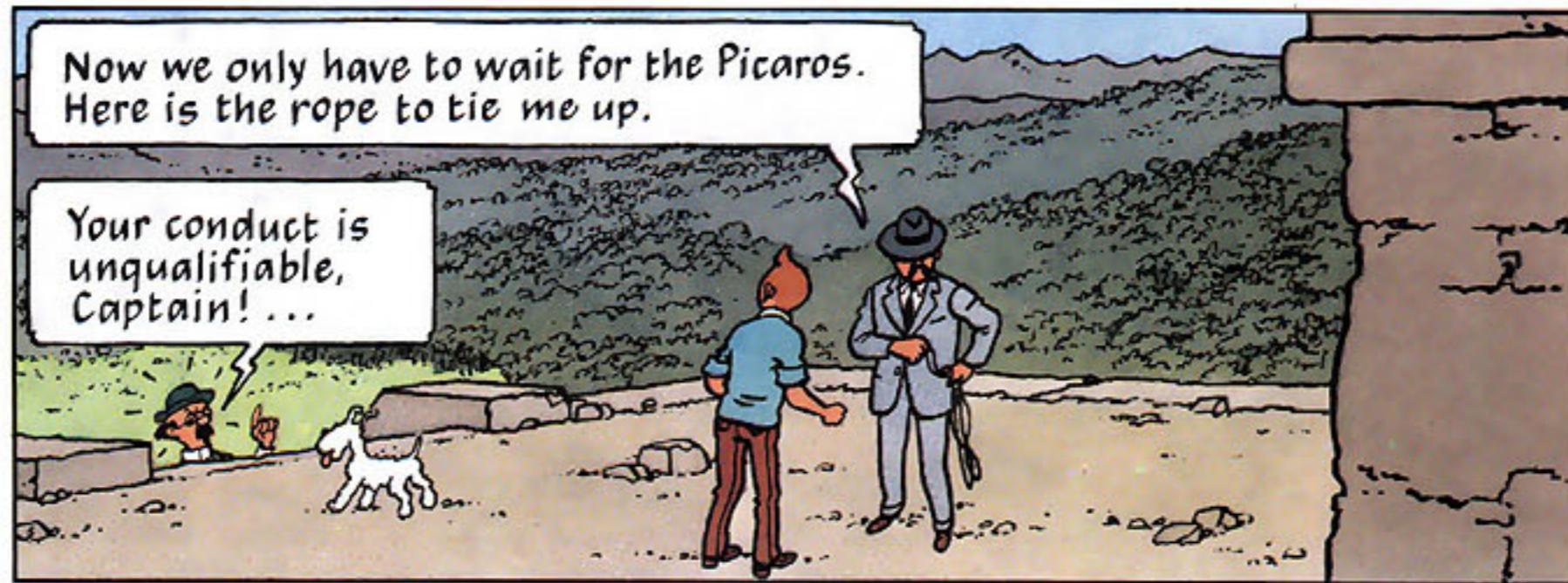
No, no, you must come! There'll be a spectacular view from the top!

That's right, you go without me.



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





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 its
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?

Sure, the one Pablo
brought me... What's
the matter? You seem
surprised about something.

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...

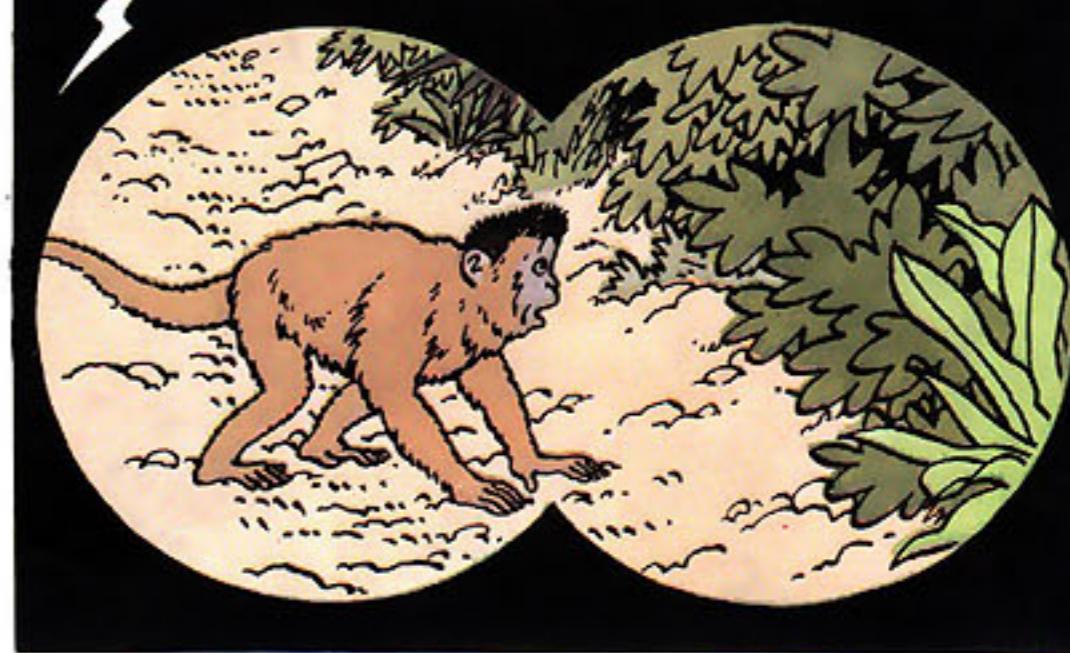
No way, amigo! We've a
long trip ahead... and
there's nothing to fear.

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

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

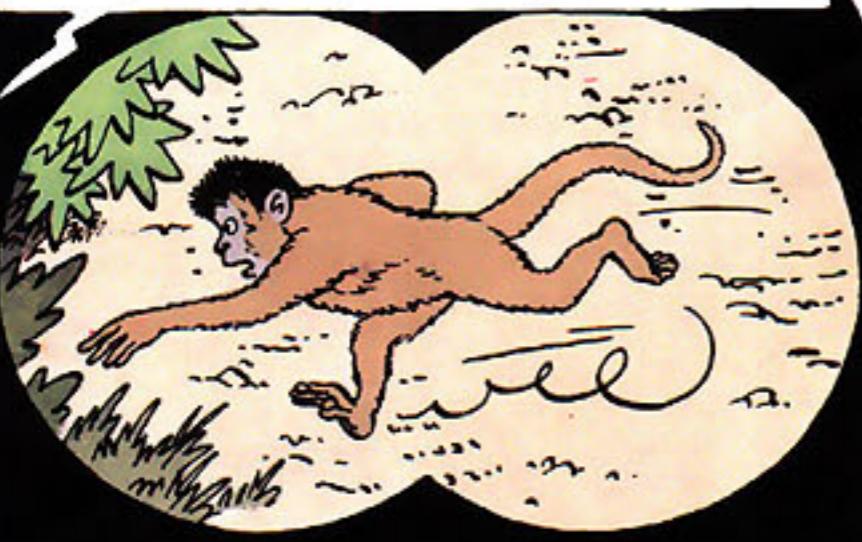
You'll find binoculars there...

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

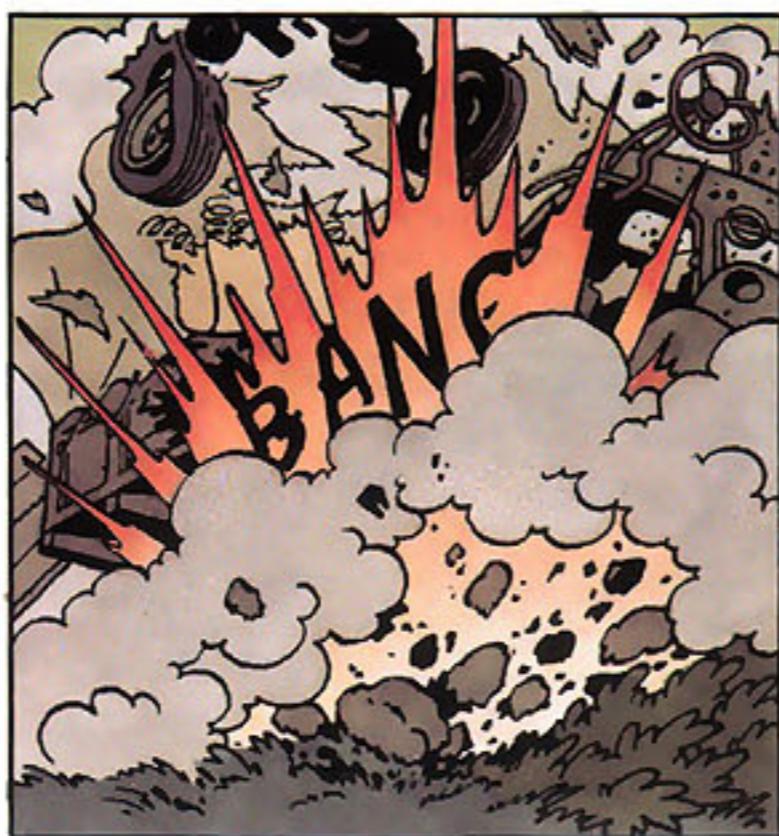
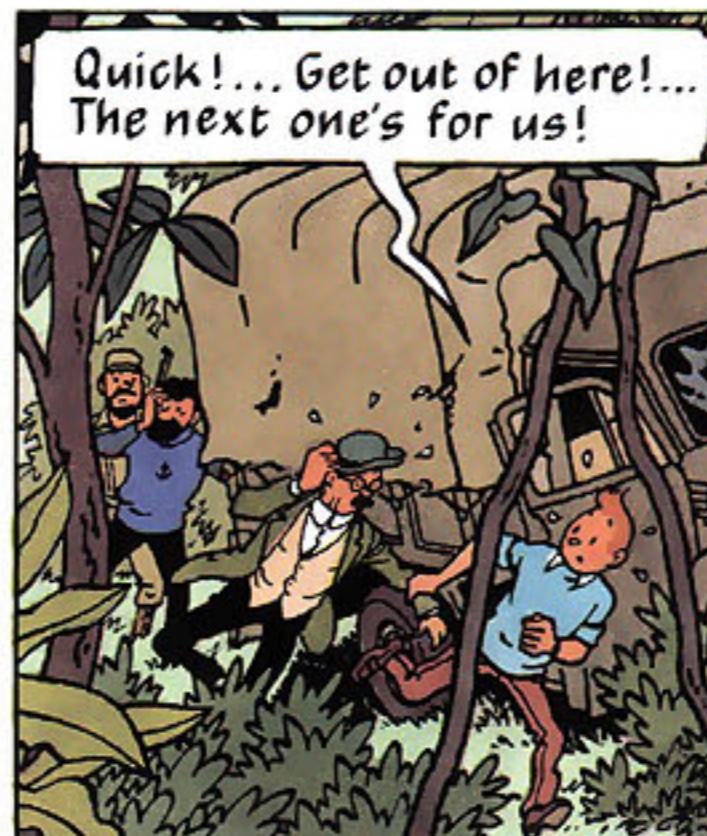
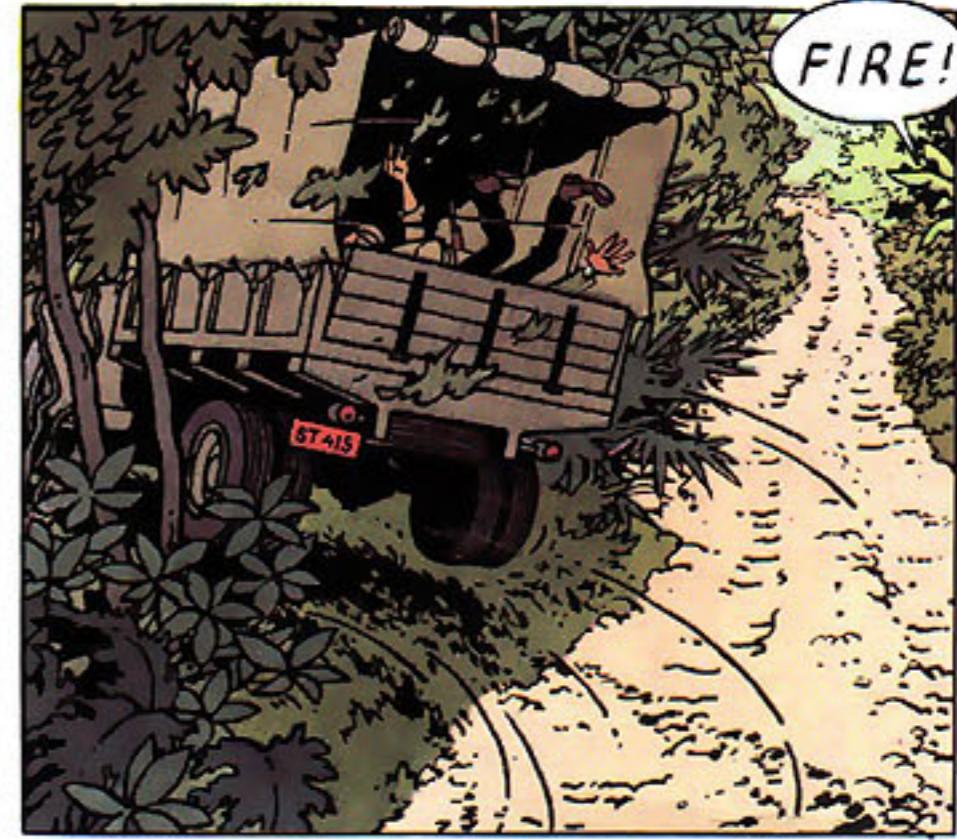


... Now he's bolted back again!
... Stop, General!

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



Stop! I tell you!



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, you 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?

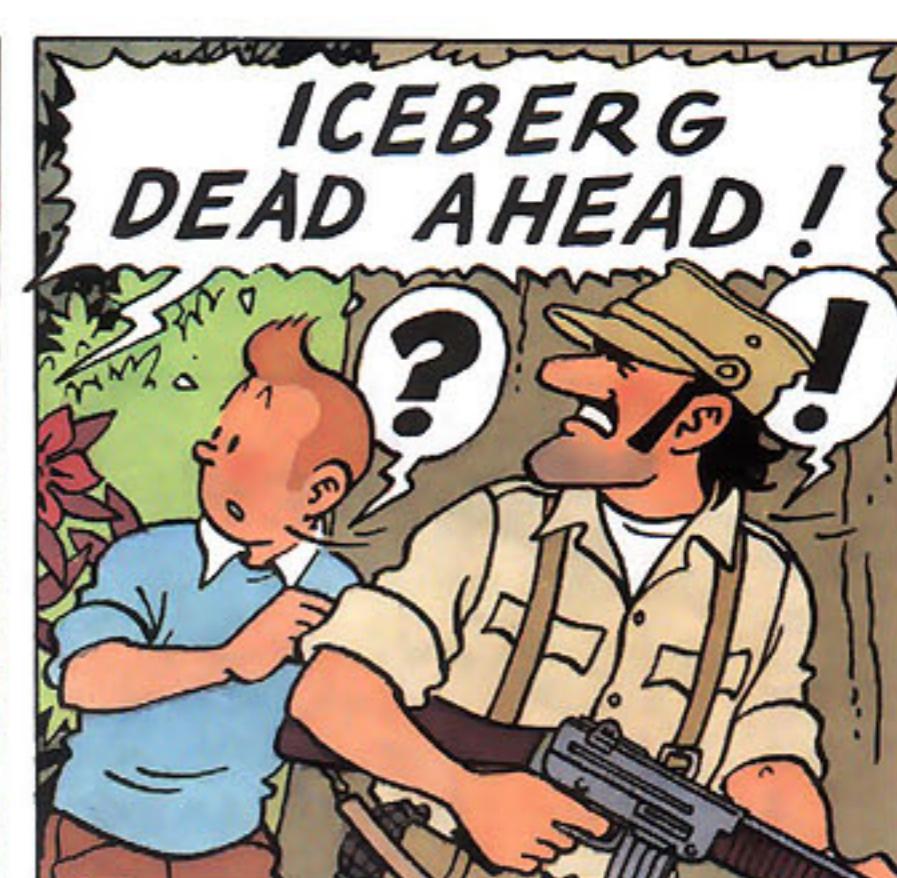
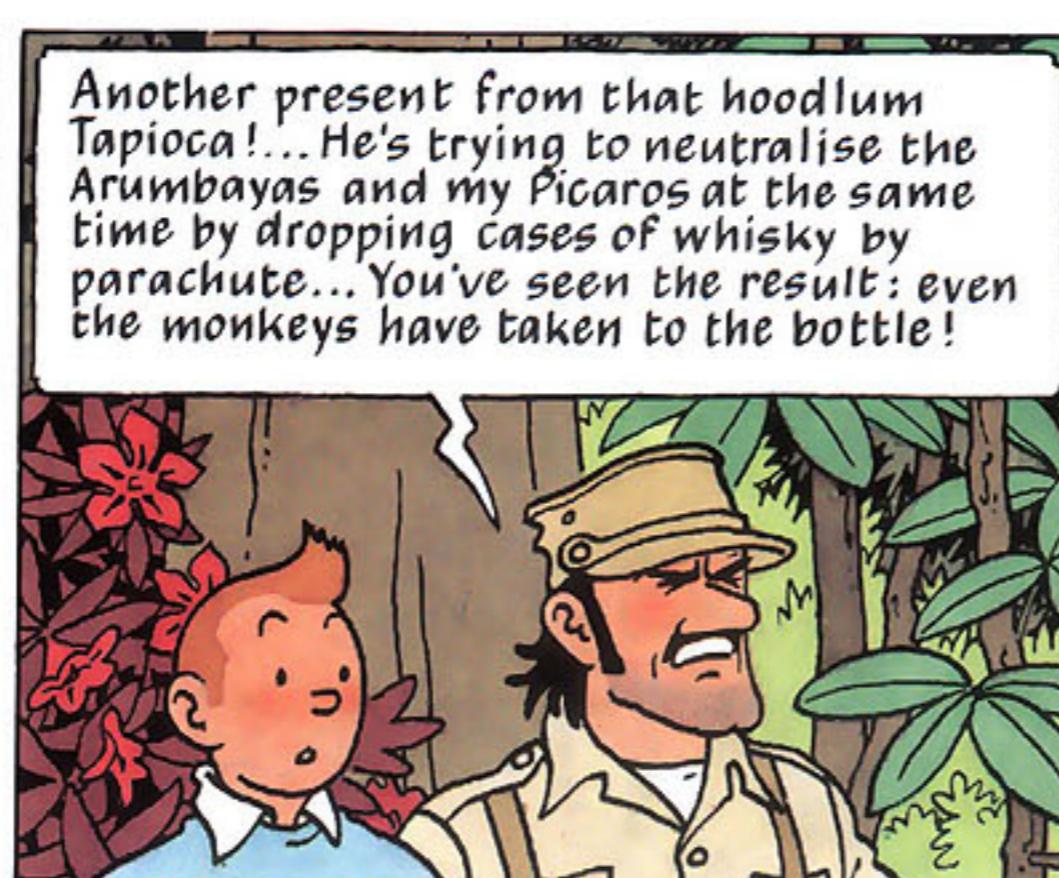
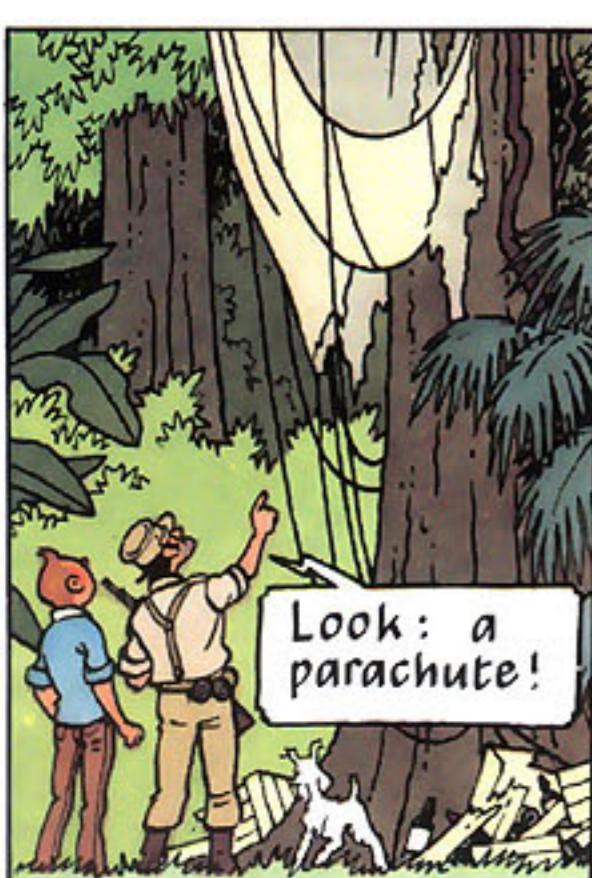
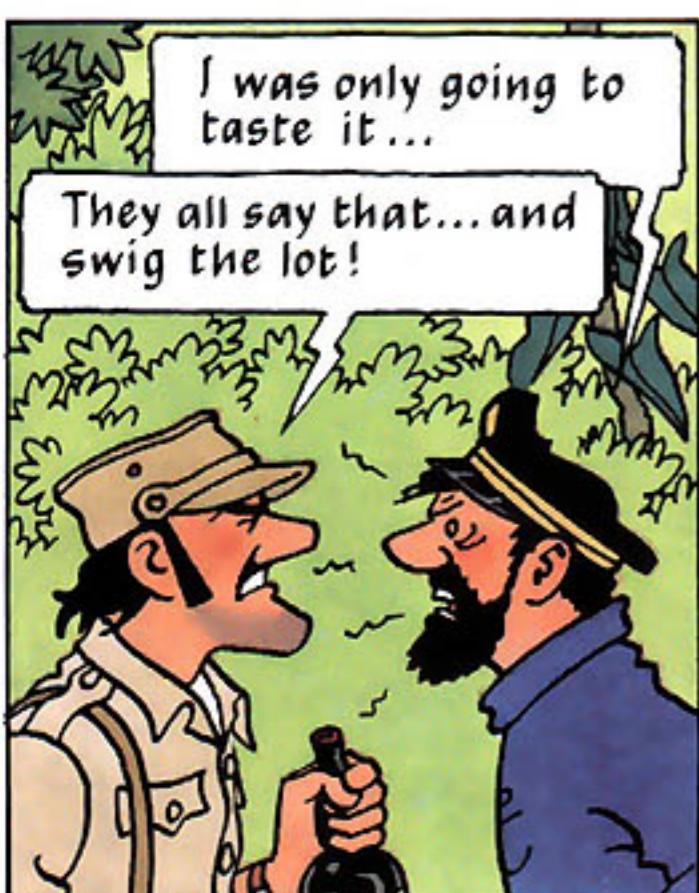
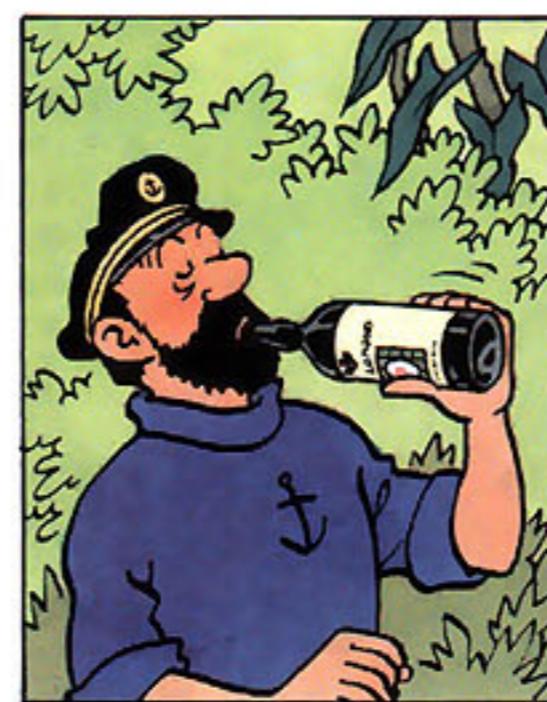
Charming: you've said it!... To think we could be home at good old Marlinspike, downing a cool glass of beer!

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?



Hard a' starboard!

That crack on the head must have done it!

Look, Captain...

Archibald, isn't it?

Even worse!... What's yours?

My name's Tintin.

Grotesque!

To crown it all, I've lost my ship... Perhaps it's flown away.

Look, Captain, ships don't fly!

Oh no?... That's what you think... Mine does! It's an airship, so there!

Come on, vamos! We must reach the Arumbaya village before dark.

We'll stop and spend the night there... Have a cigar, amigo?

No, thanks.

...We'll move on again at dawn.

...As I said before, you will note that I am not reproaching you, for the view really was very fine from the summit of the pyramid, but...

As Napoleon said, "Think of it, soldiers, forty centuries look down upon you."

No, no, we're good pals with the Arumbayas. To begin with they gave us a load of trouble. But now there isn't any danger...

POF

POF

POF

THACK

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.

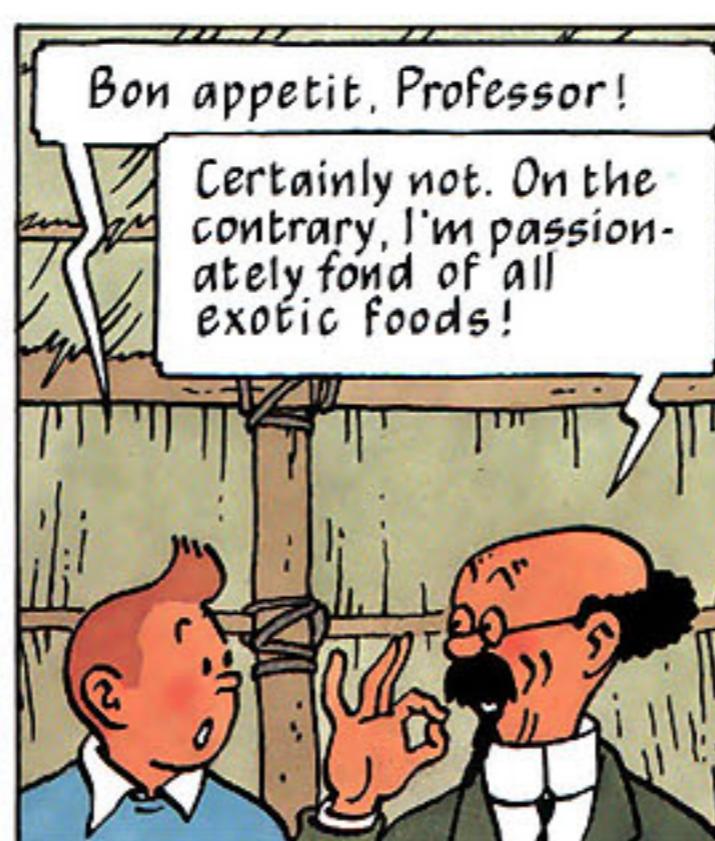
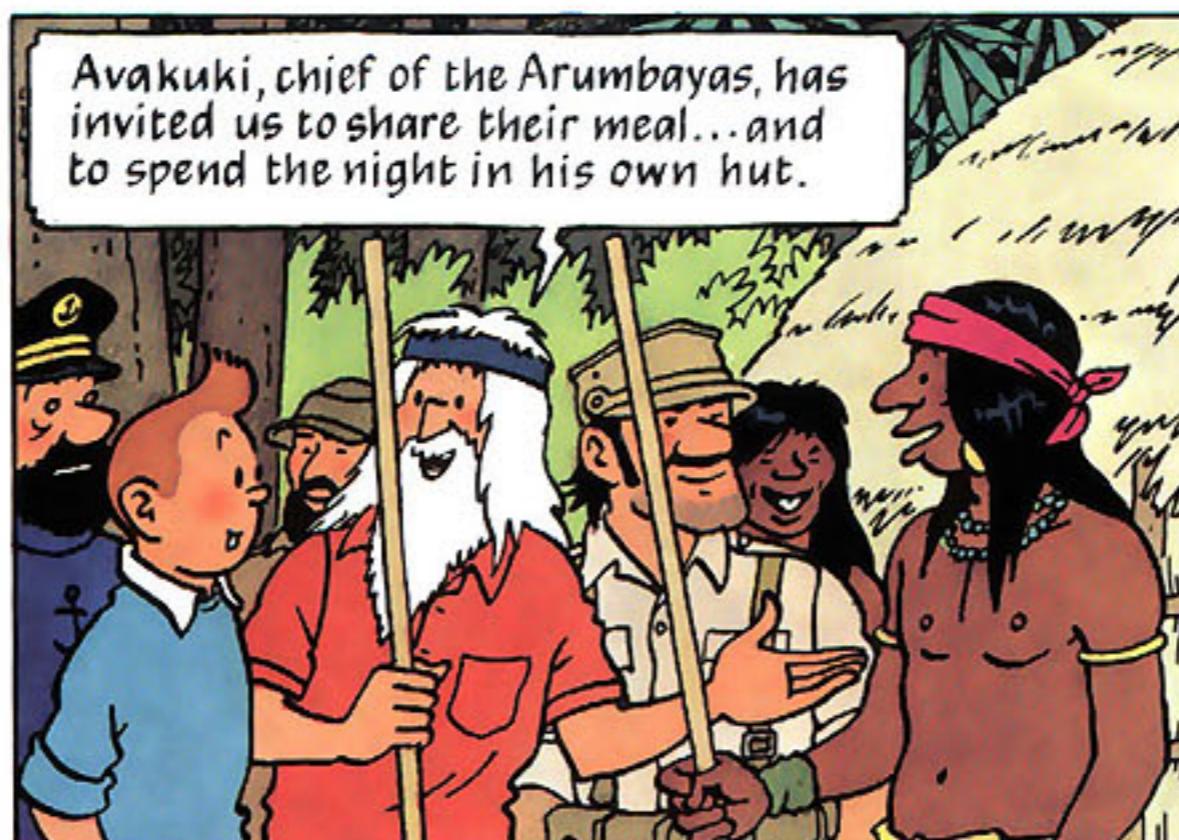
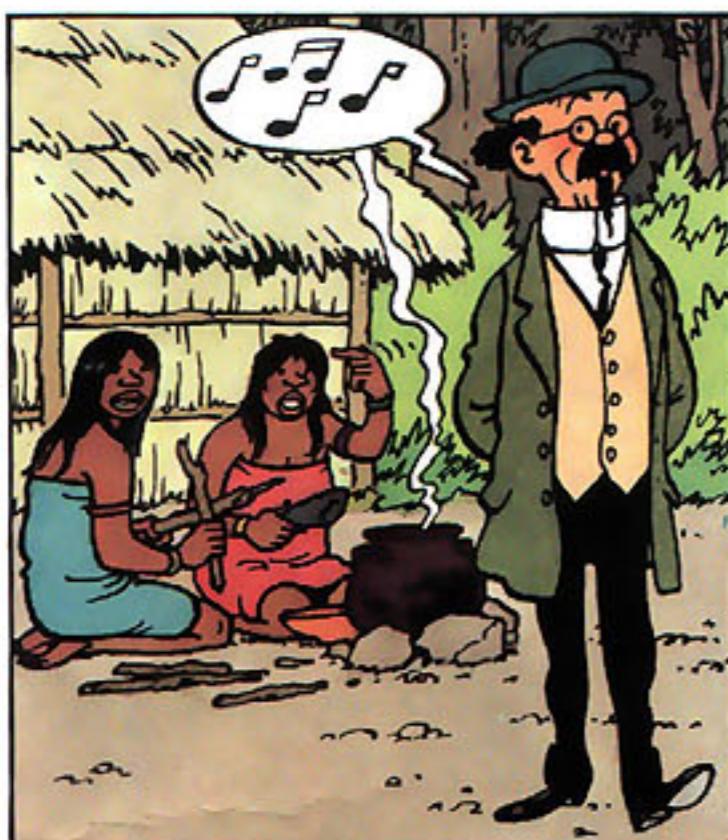
Dipsomaniacs!... That's what "civilisation" has done for those "savages".

That evening...

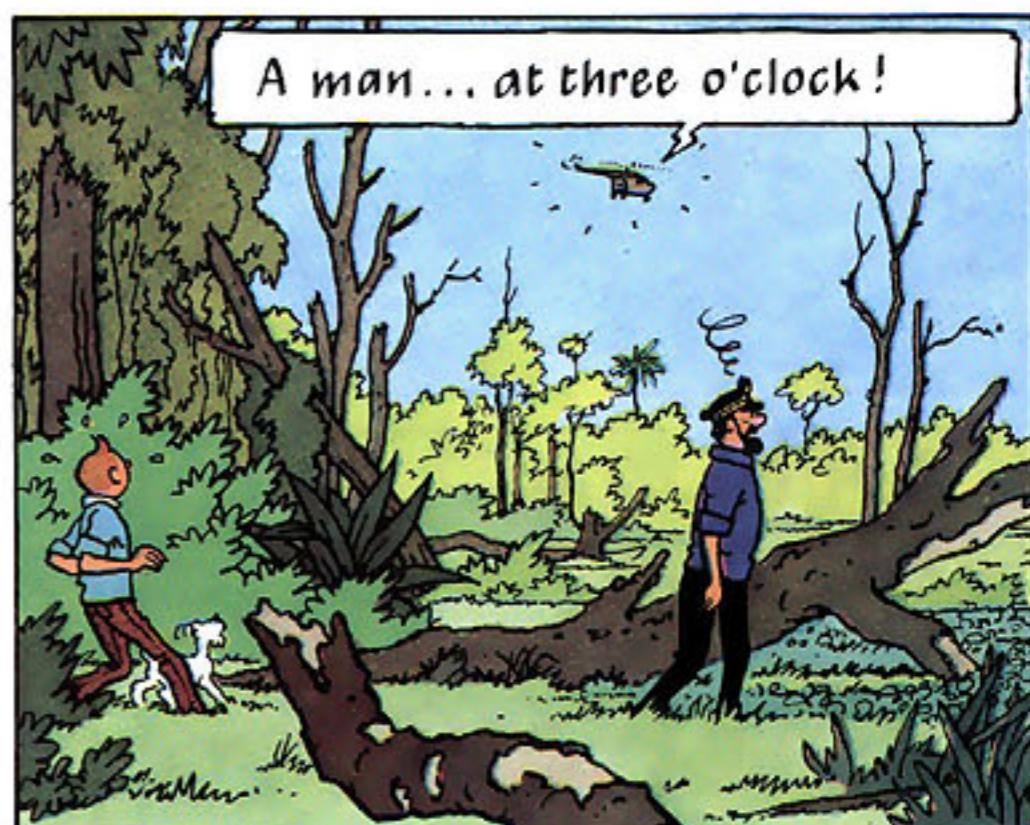
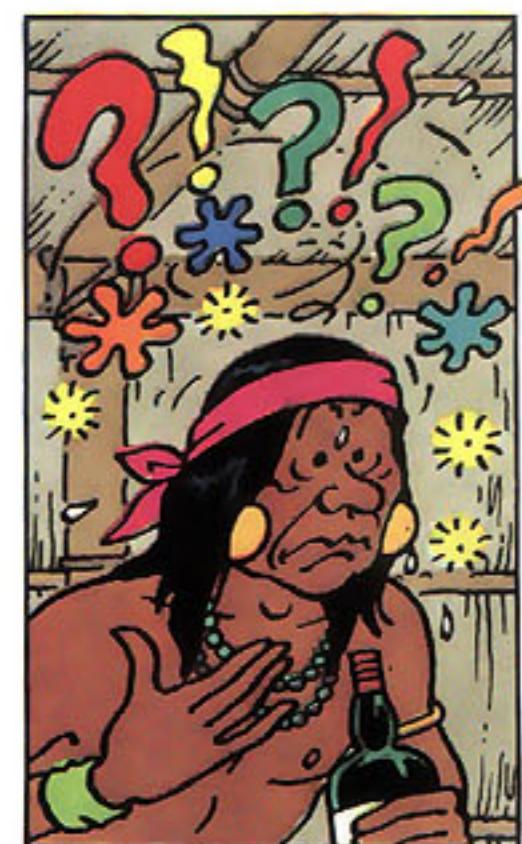
There's the Arumbaya village.

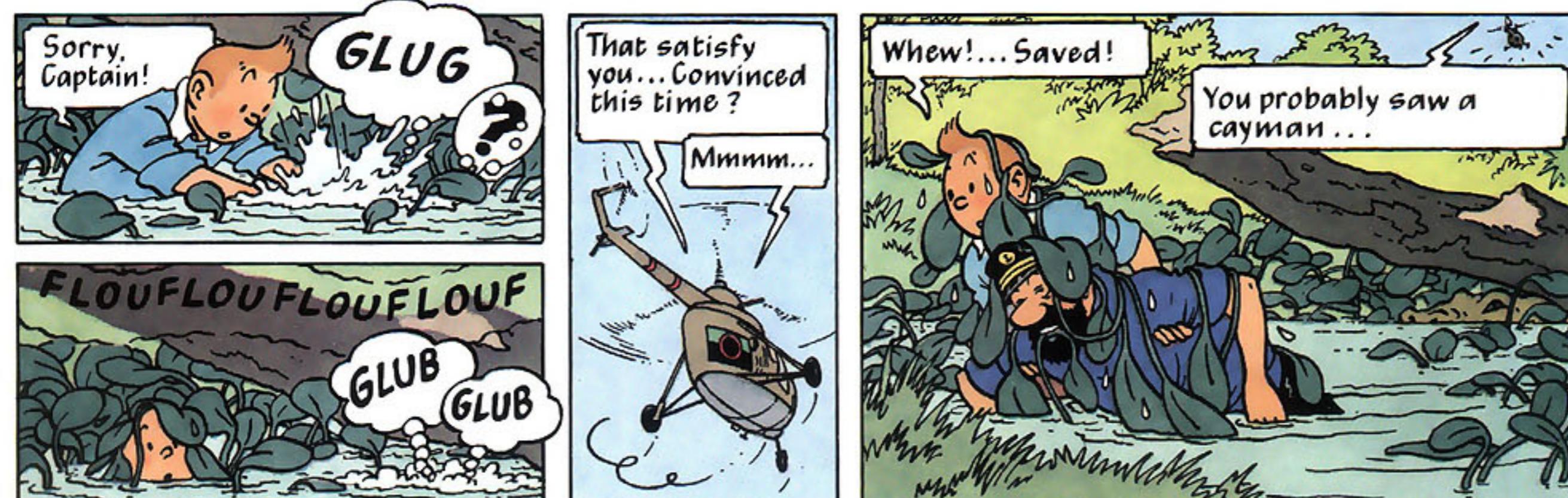
Excuse me, Captain... I see they are preparing some sort of meal over there ...

He! he!...



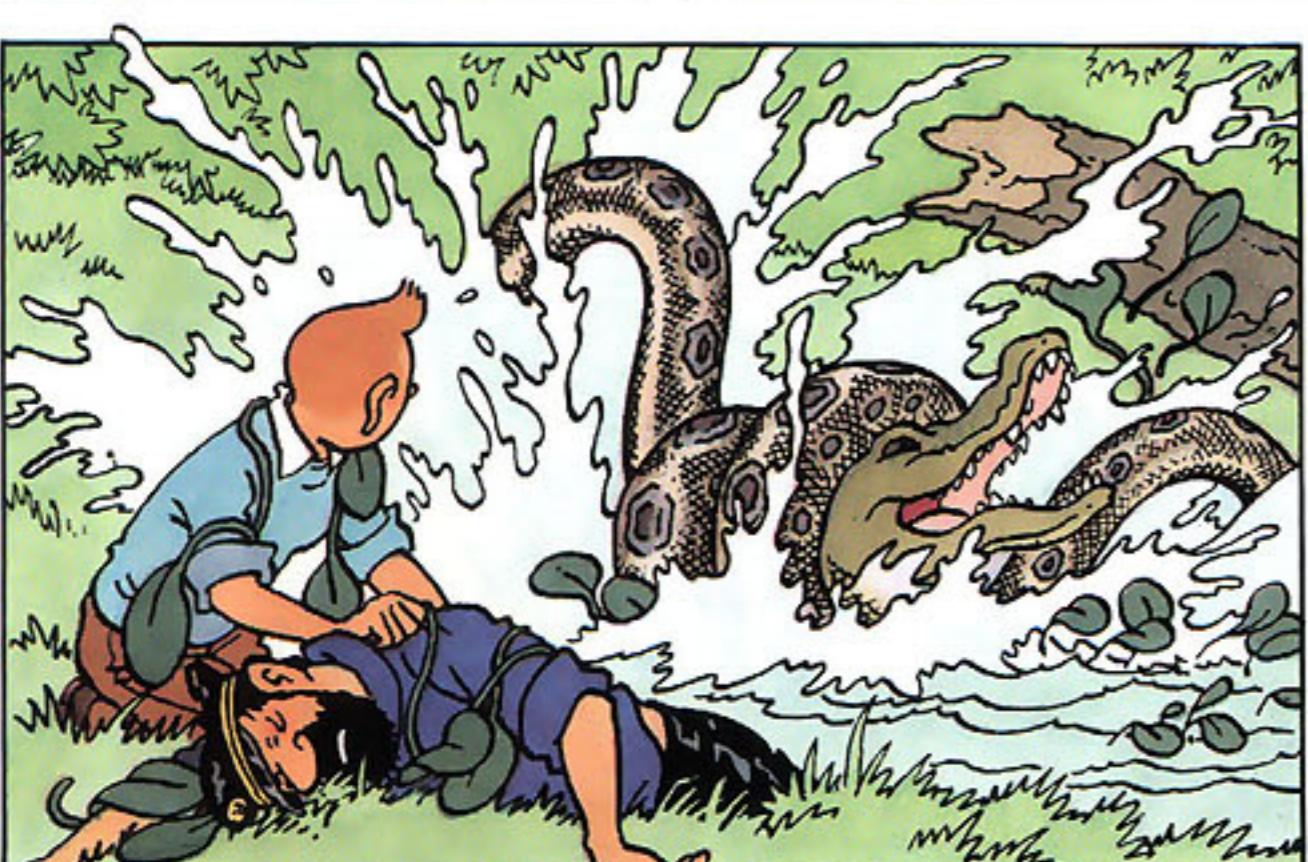
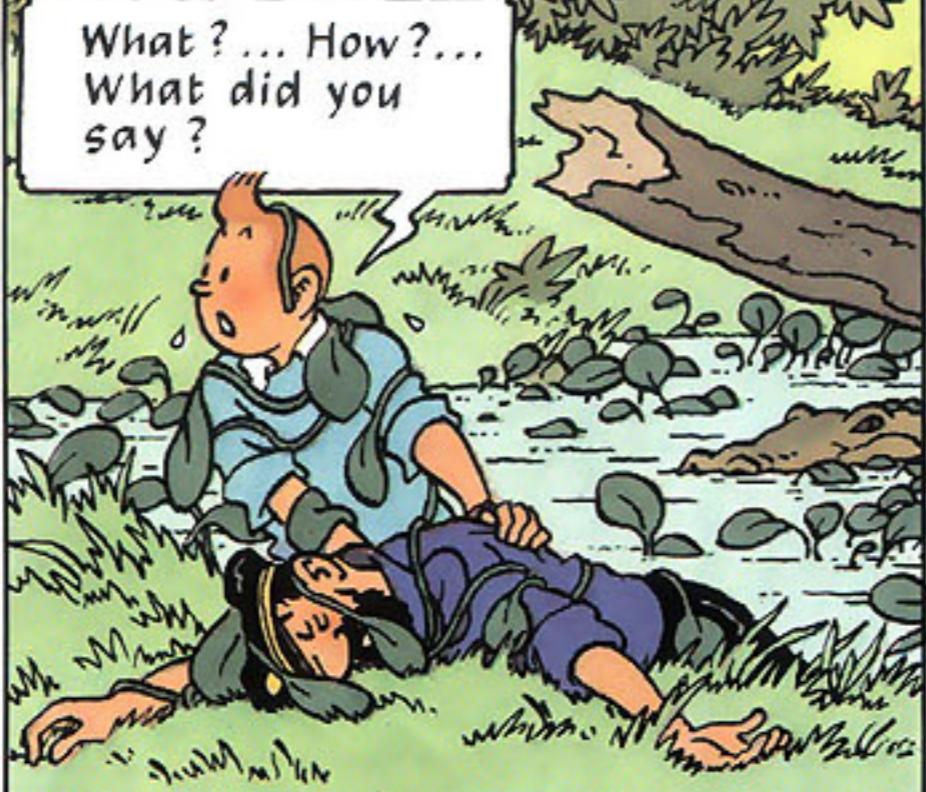






Look out! Behind you!...
A cayman!

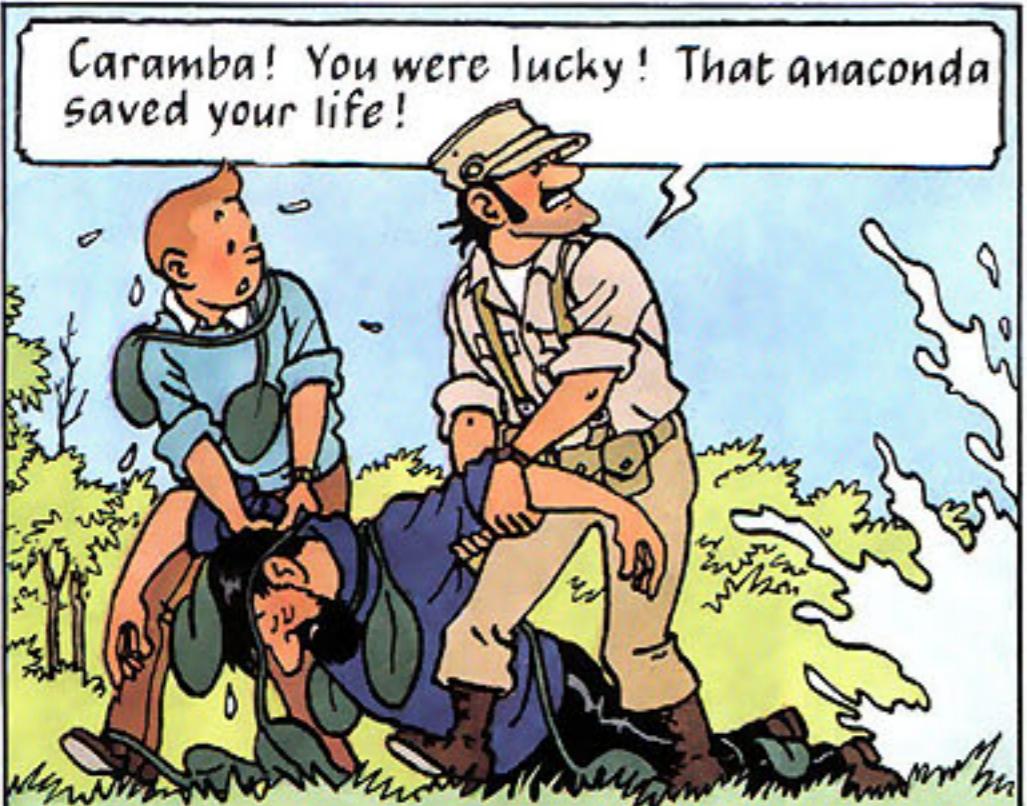
What? ... How?...
What did you say?



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

Look, he's coming round...

Well, amigo?...
Better now?

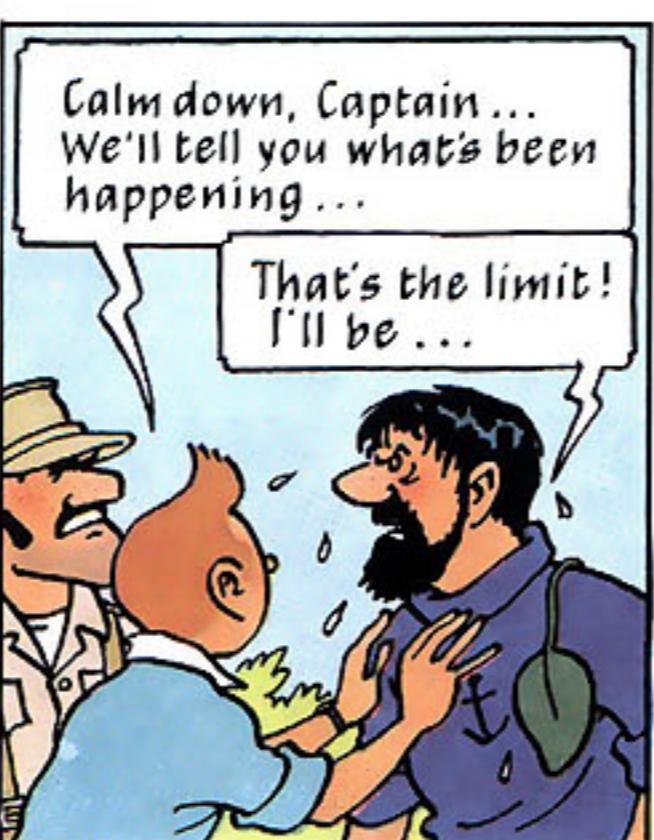
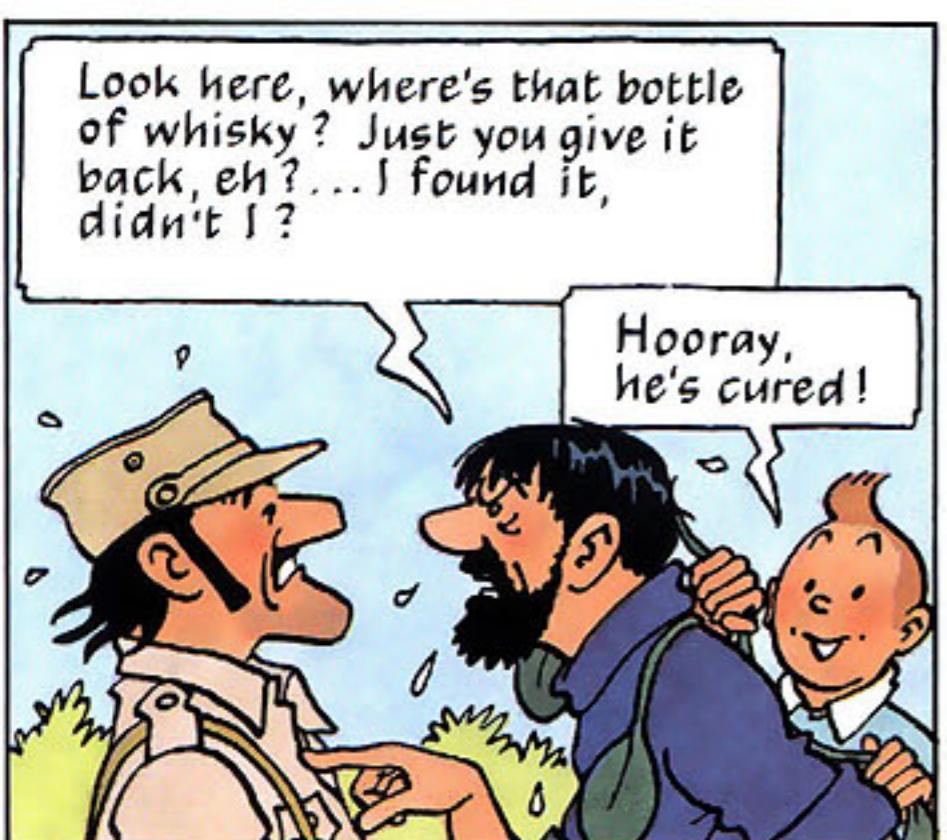


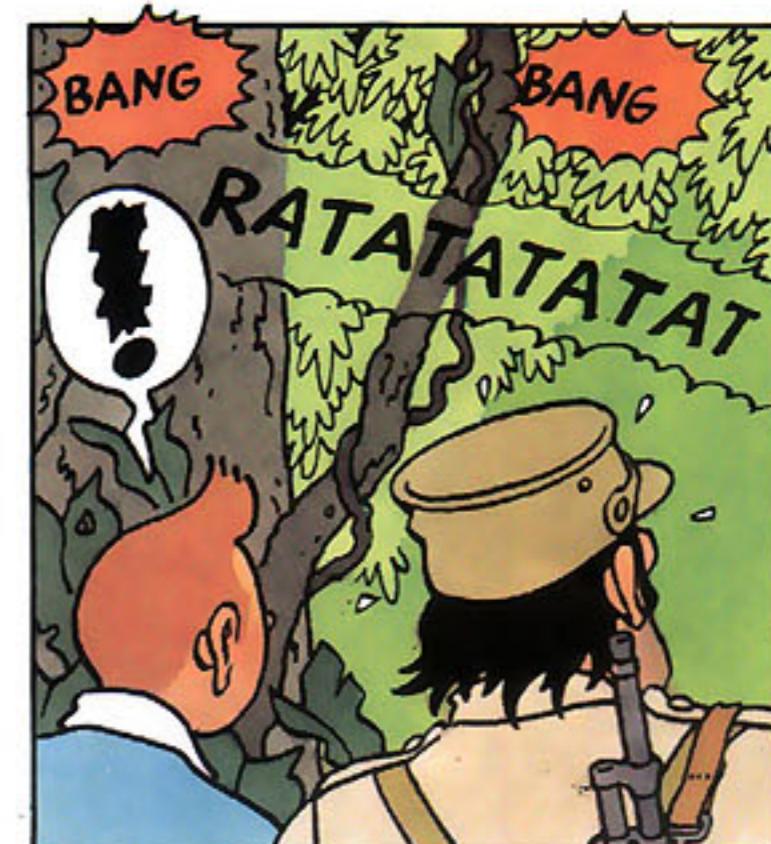
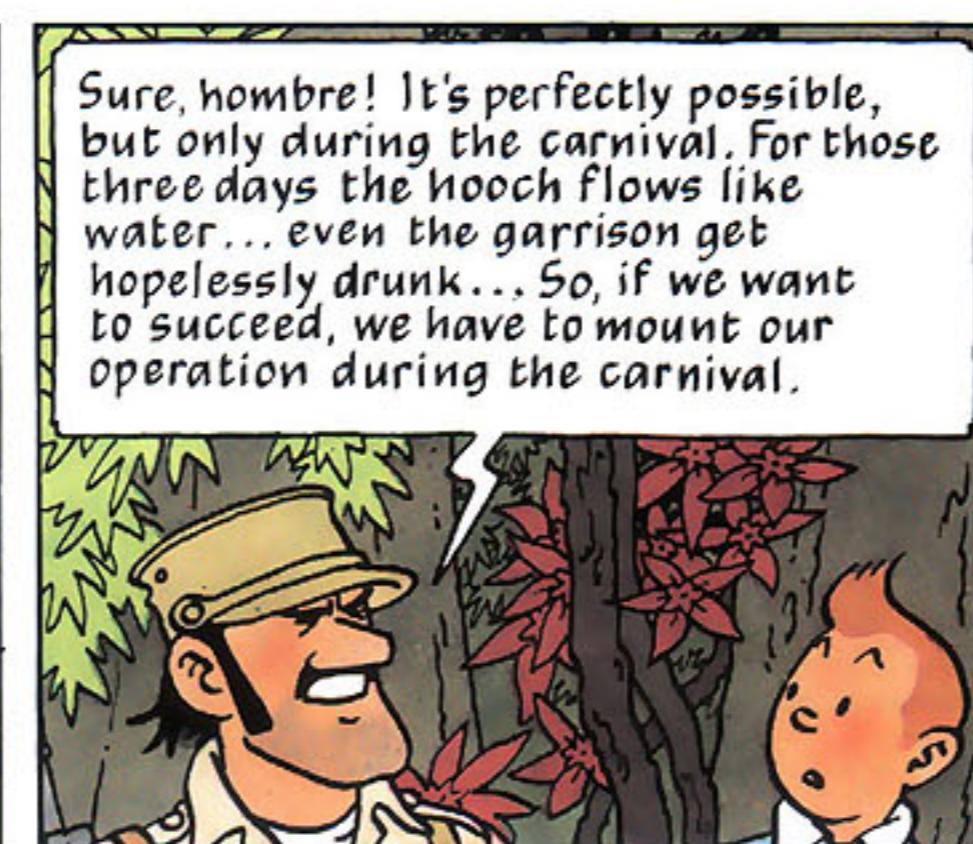
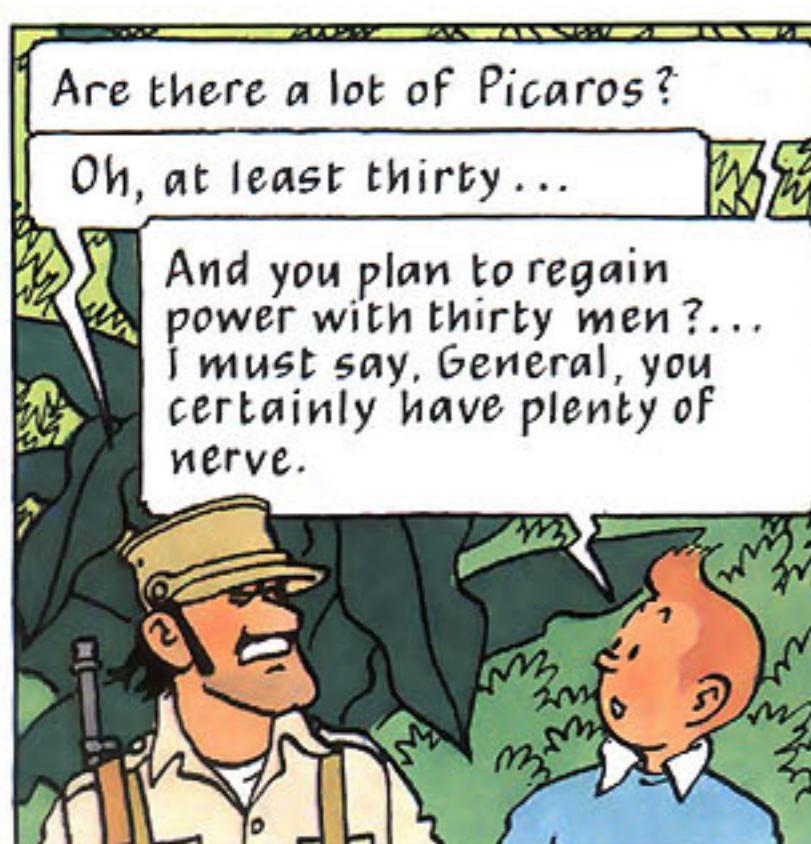
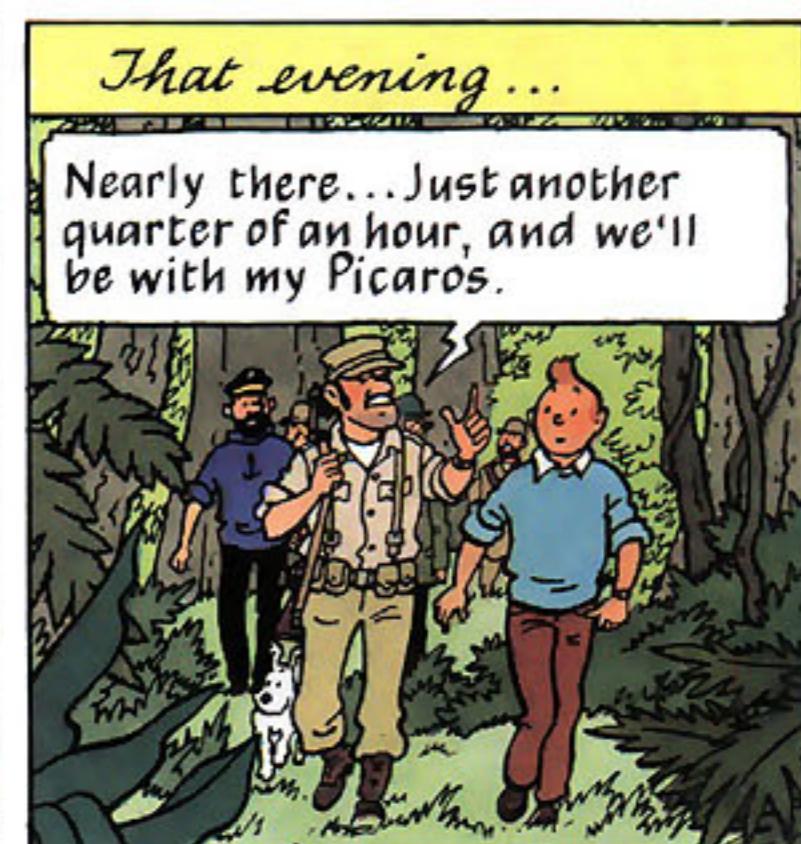
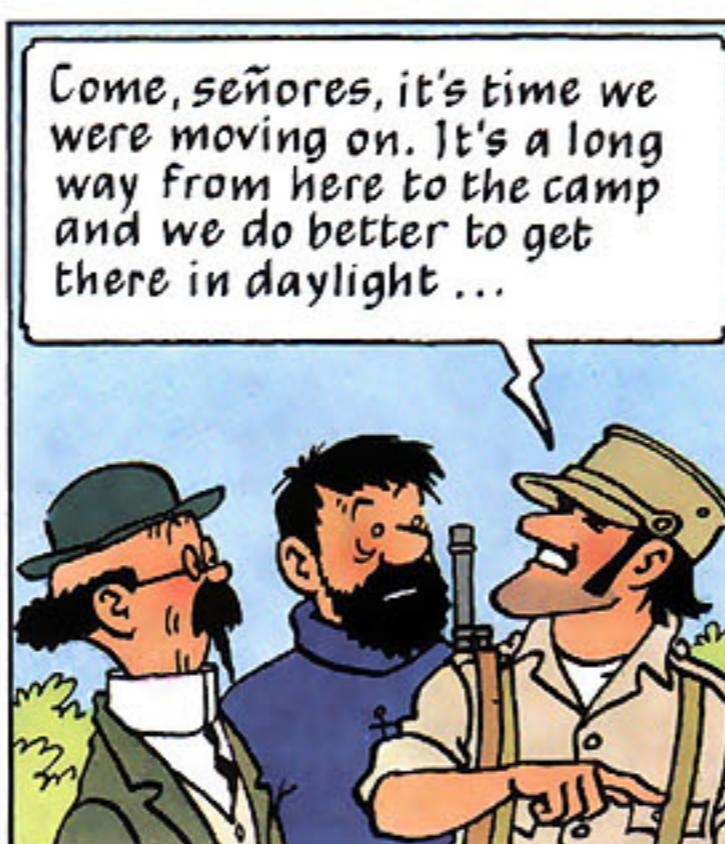
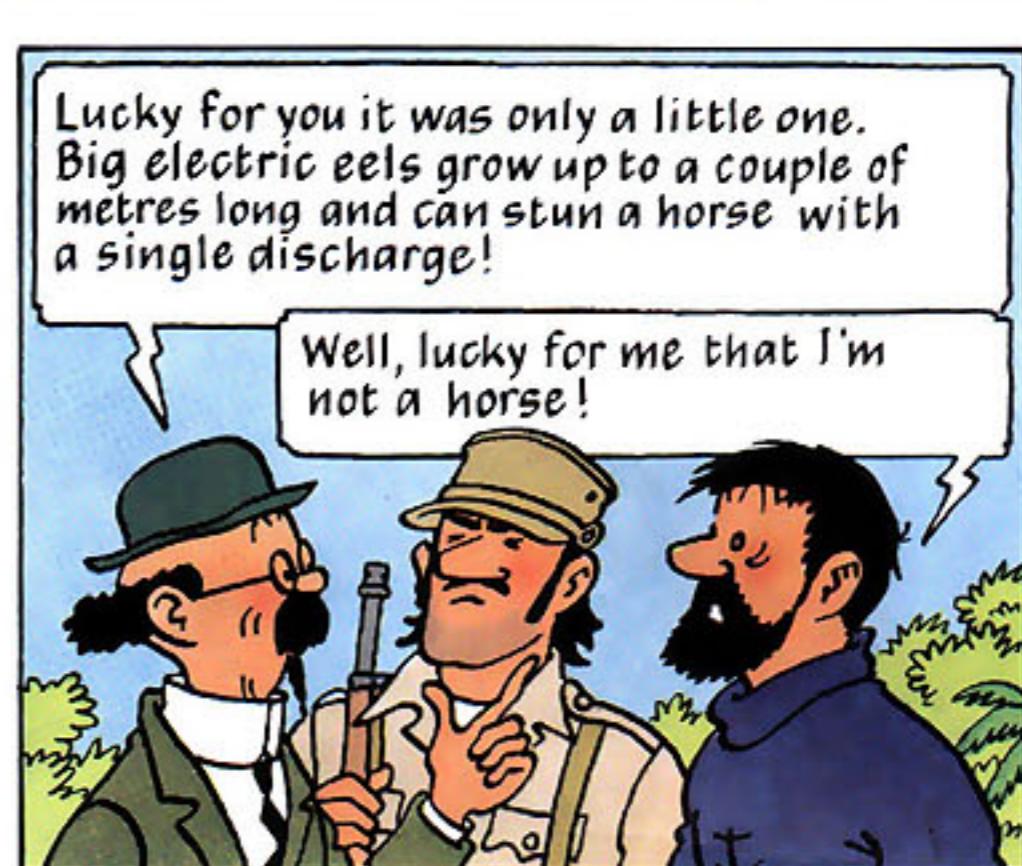
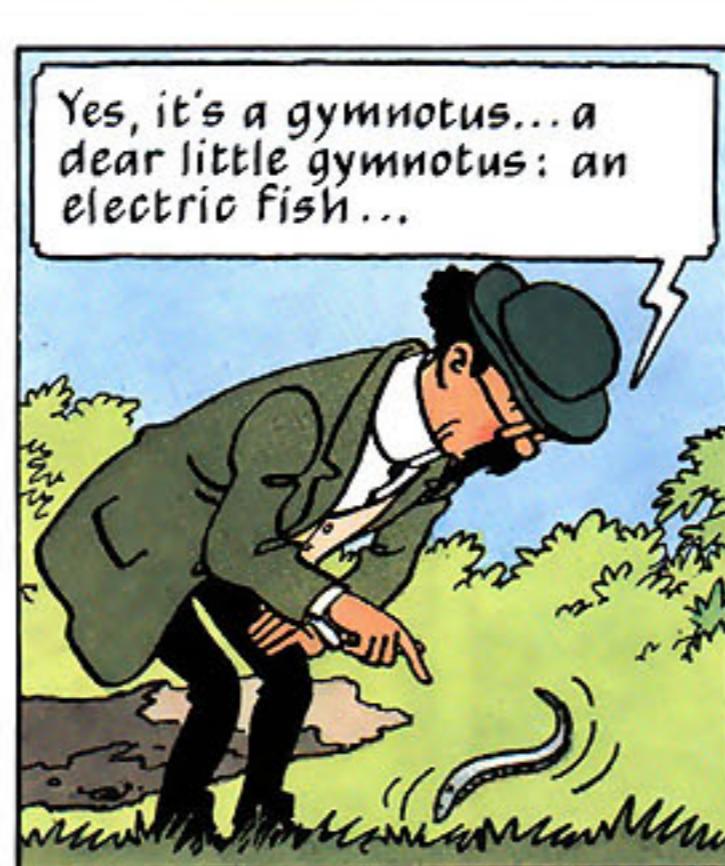
Look here, where's that bottle of whisky? Just you give it back, eh?... I found it, didn't I?

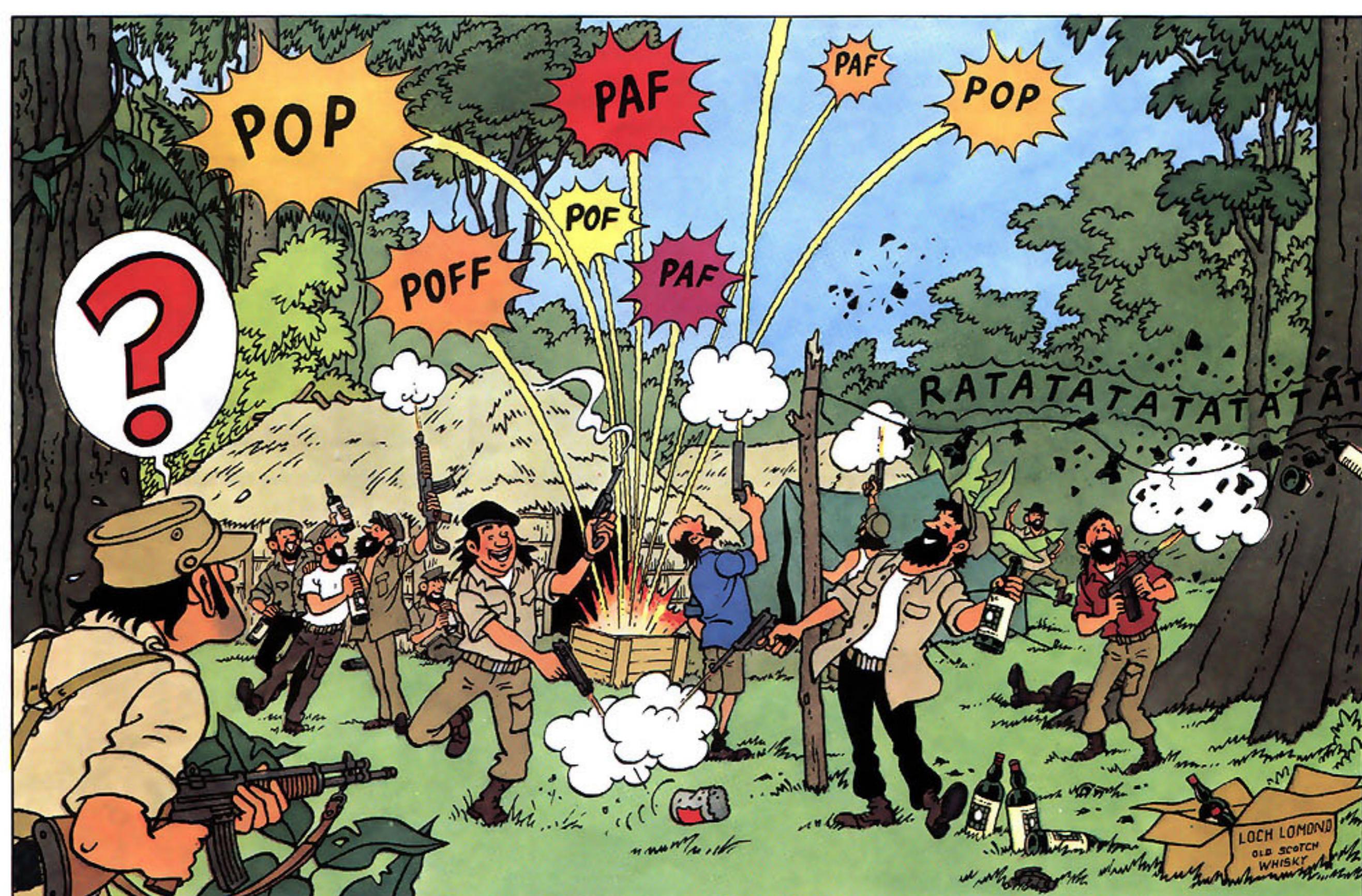
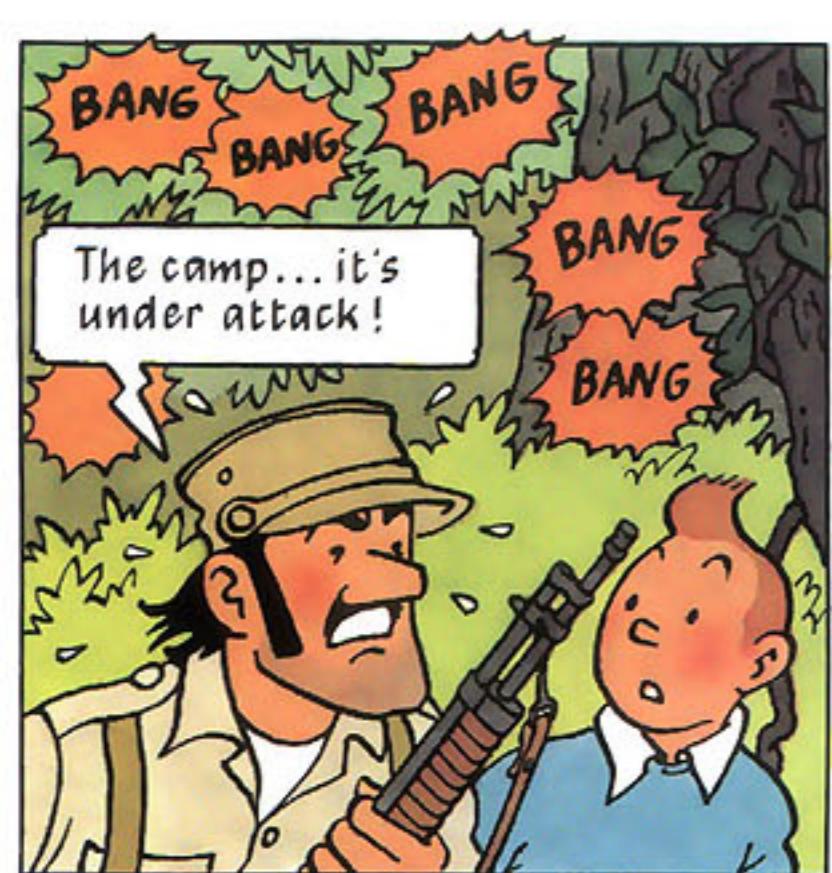
Hooray, he's cured!

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

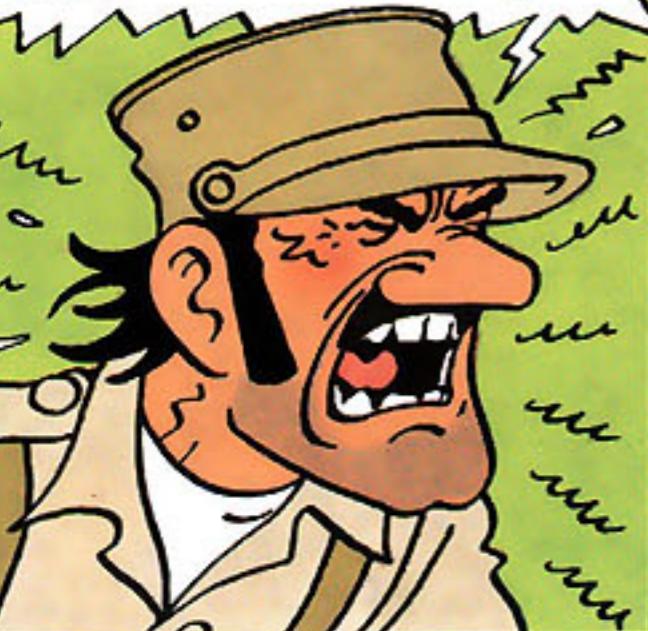
That's the limit!
I'll be...







¡IBASTA!



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

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

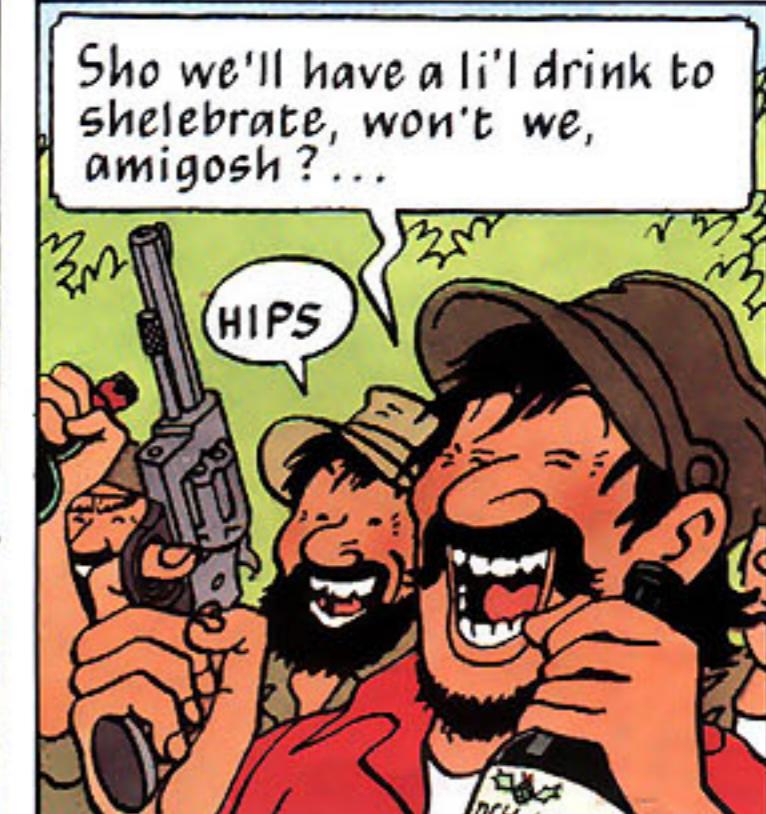
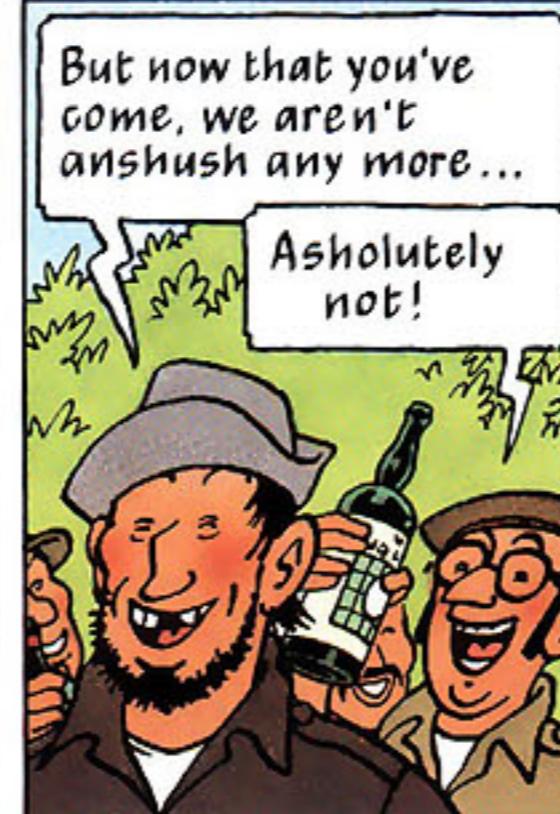
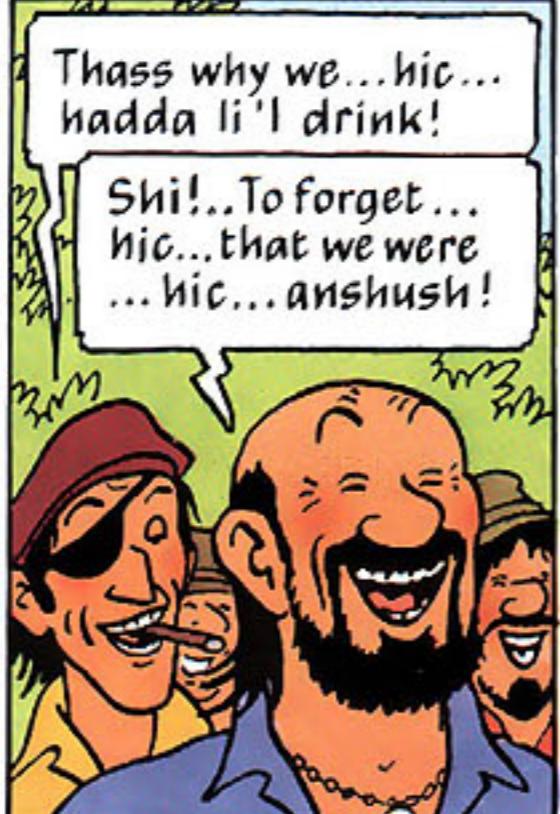
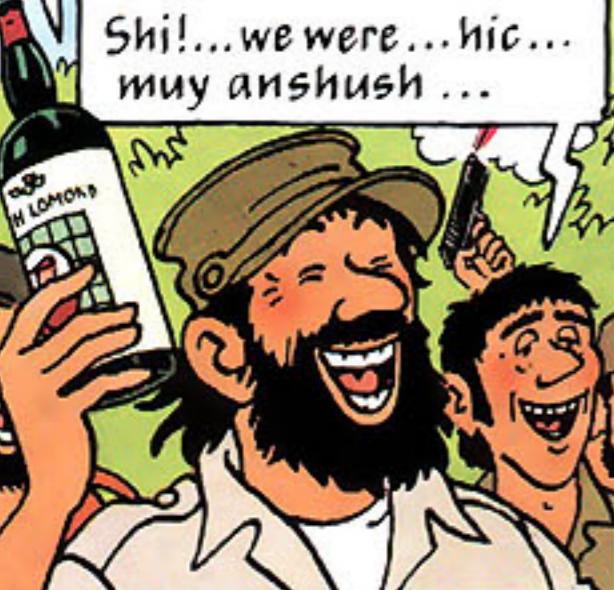
Thass why we... hic...
hadda li'l drink!

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

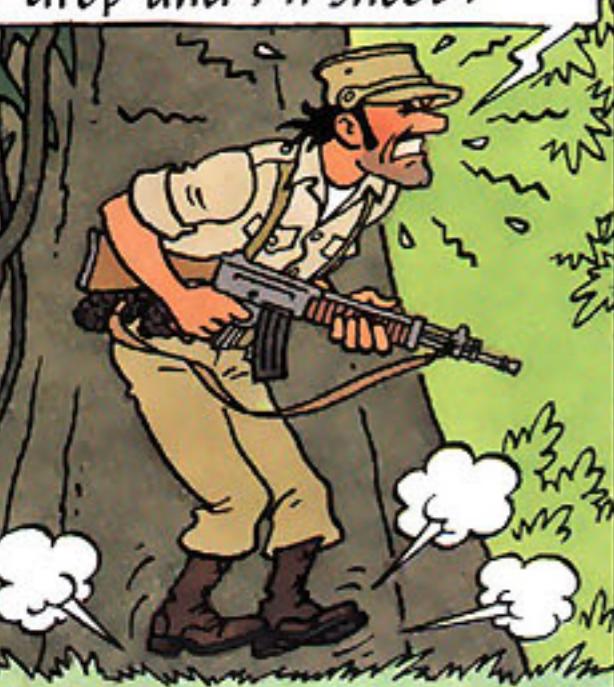
But now that you've
come, we aren't
anshush any more...

Asholutely
not!

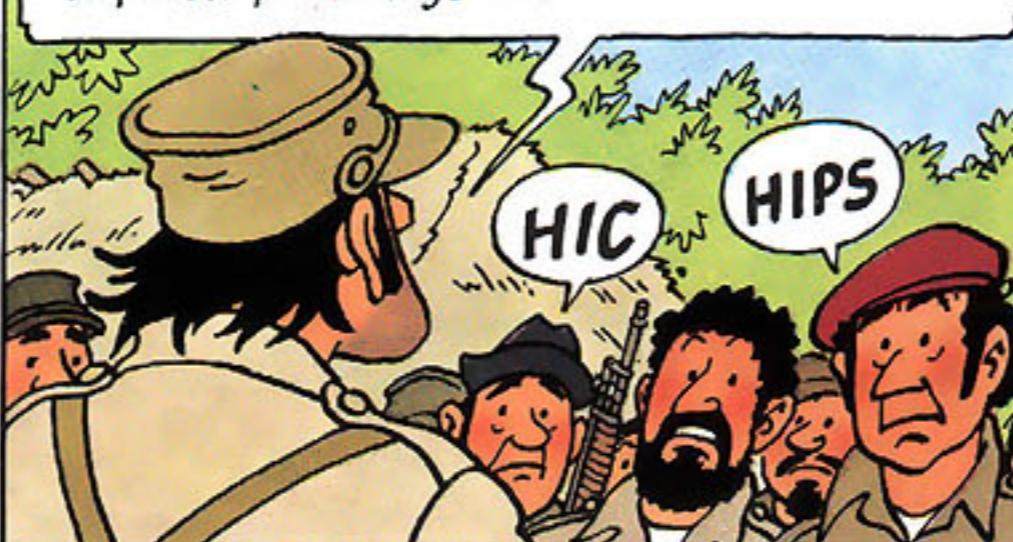
Sho we'll have a li'l drink to
shelebrate, won't we,
amigosh? ...



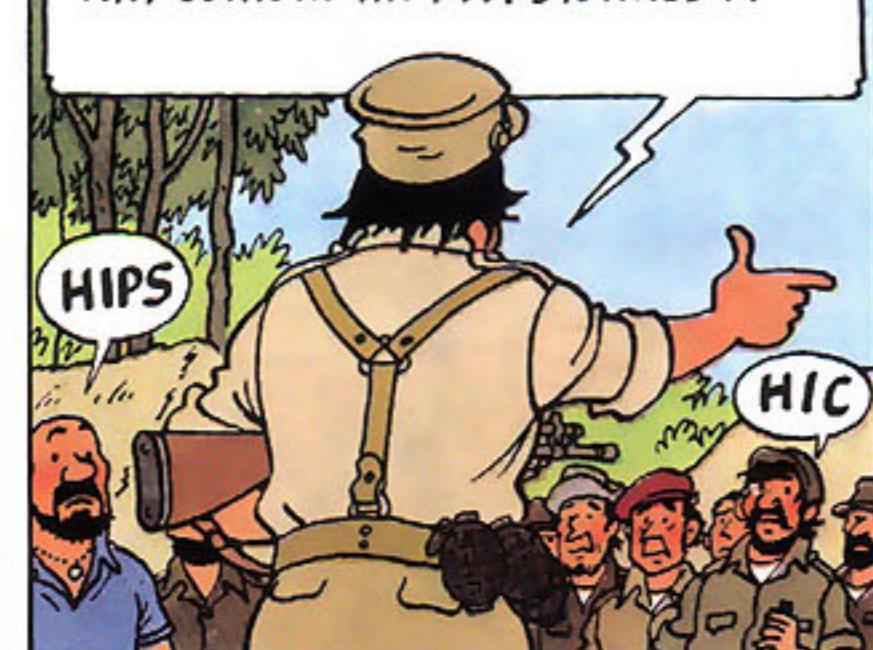
Enough! Touch another
drop and I'll shoot!



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!...



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



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...

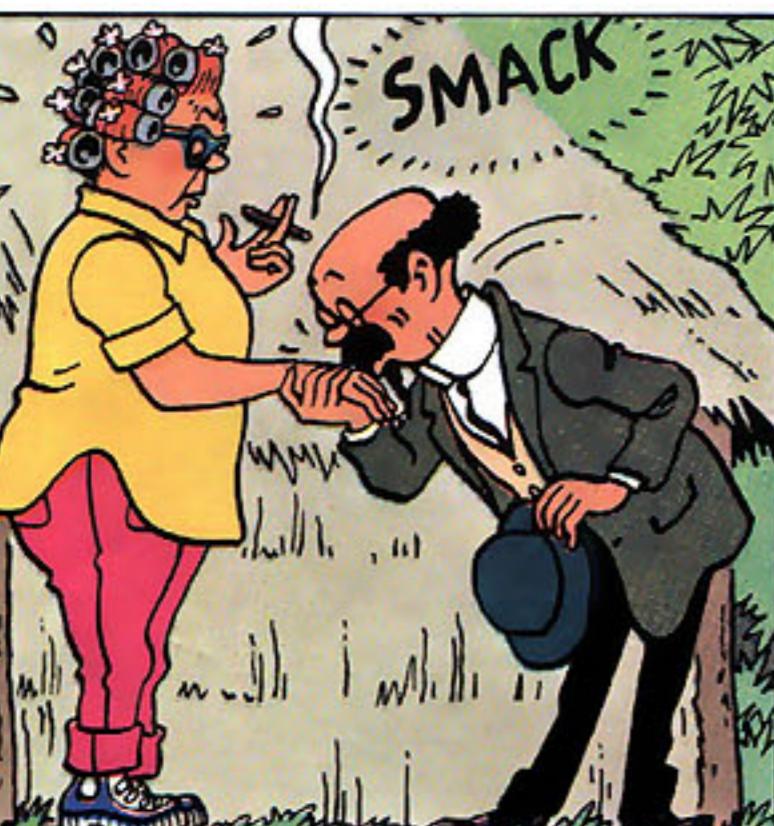
Yeah, yeah, I know: any excuse is better than none! And what about me, left to rot in a lousy mud hut?... That's real dandy!

The general promised me a palace in Tapiocapolis! And all the general provides is a beat-up palliasse 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!

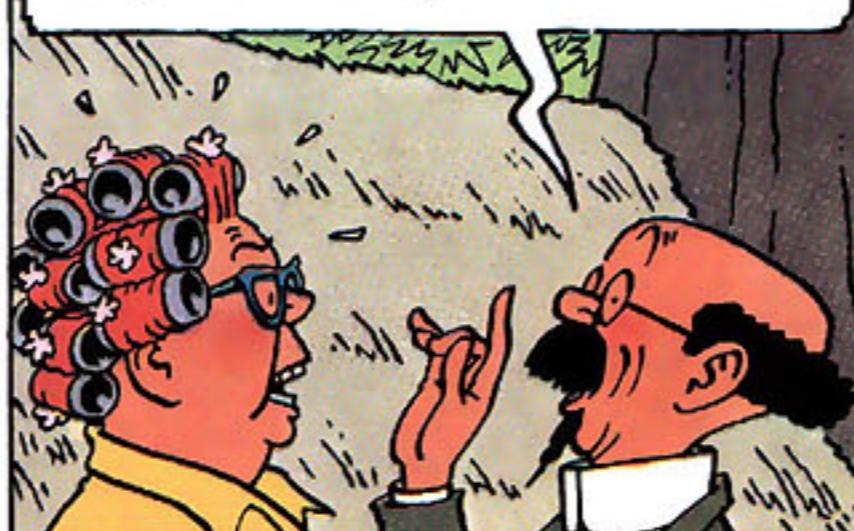
Thank you, gracious lady, for those kind words!... Please believe that we are extremely touched by your generous welcome, and allow me to offer you our most humble respects...



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 ...

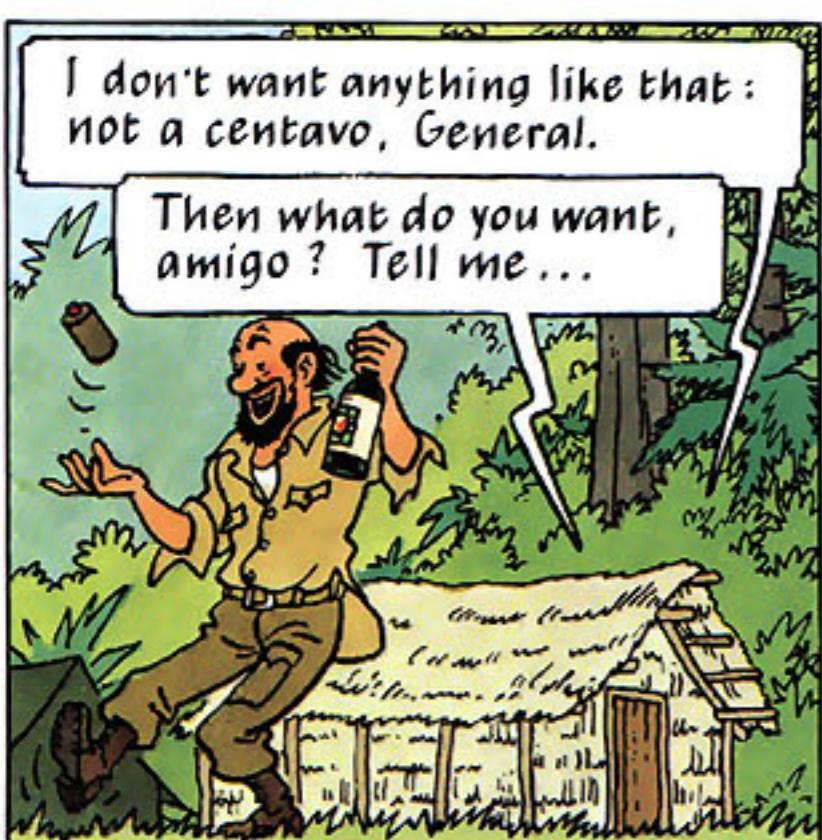
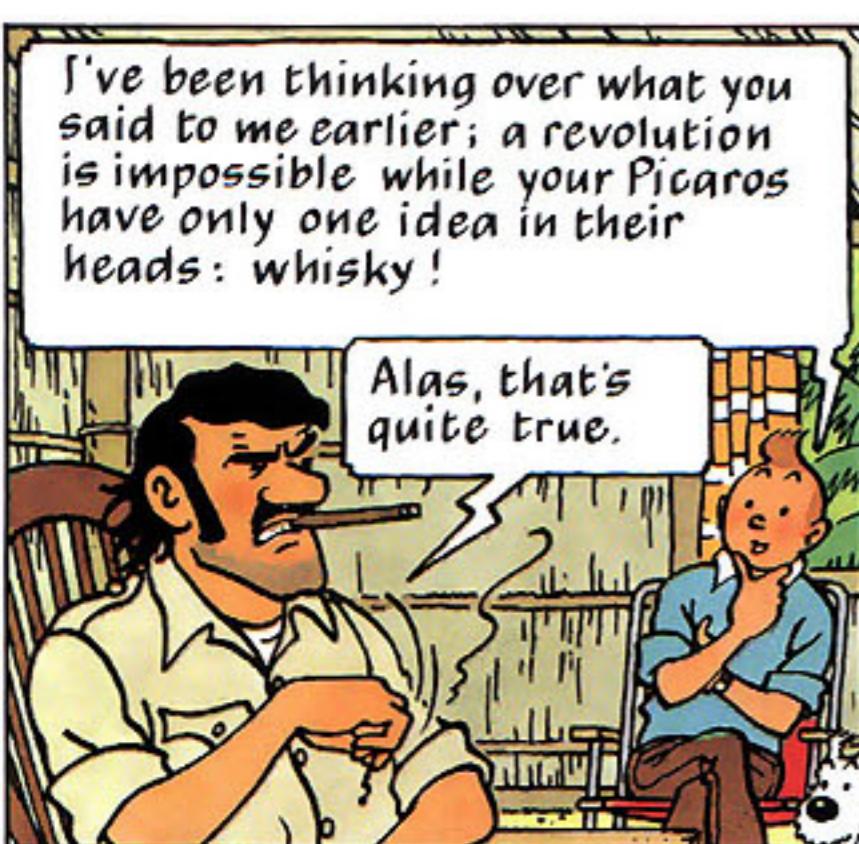
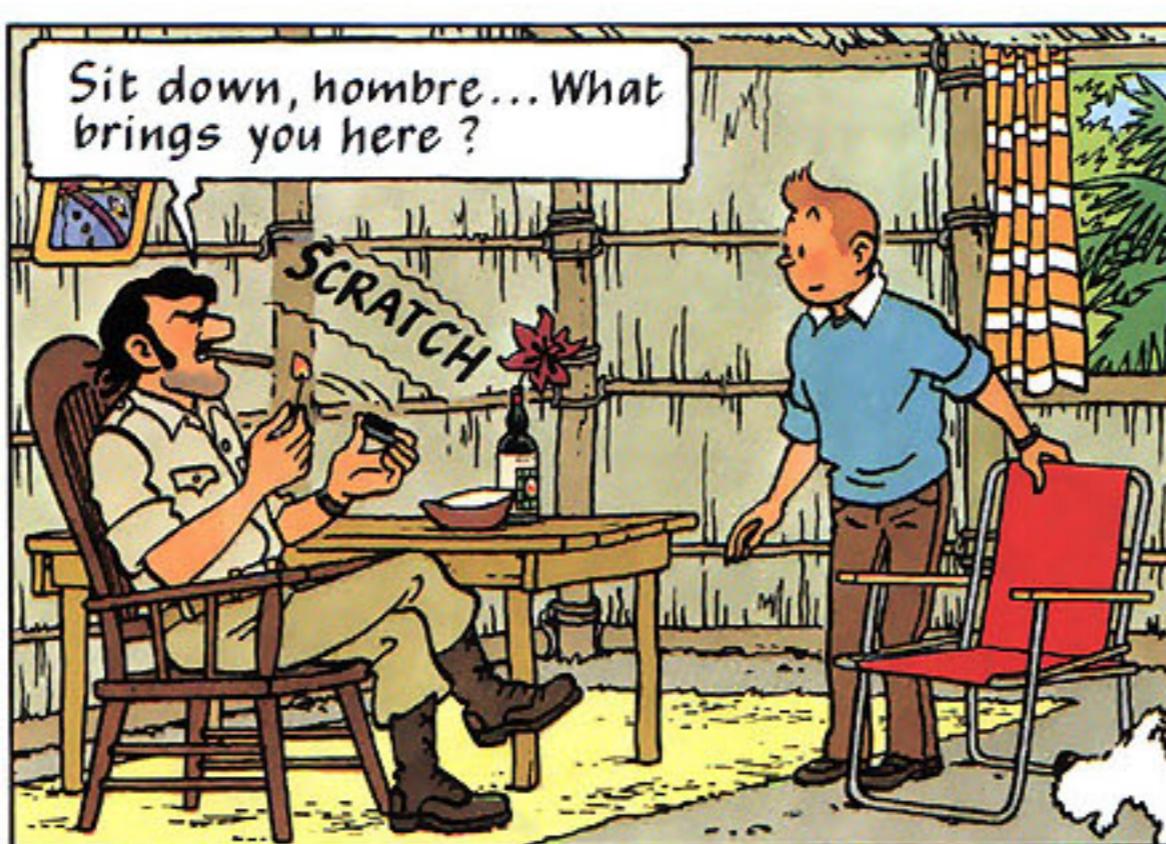
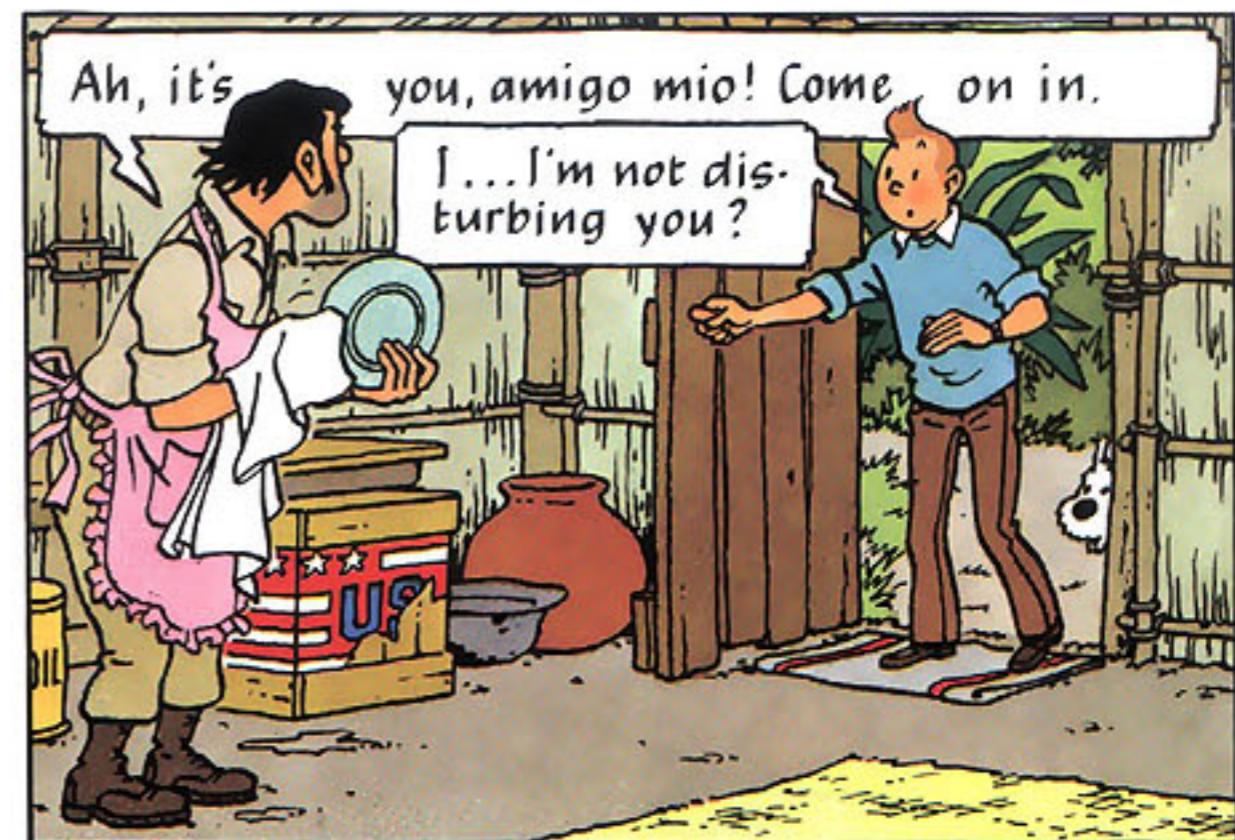
And for heaven's sake stop
talking about my sister!

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.

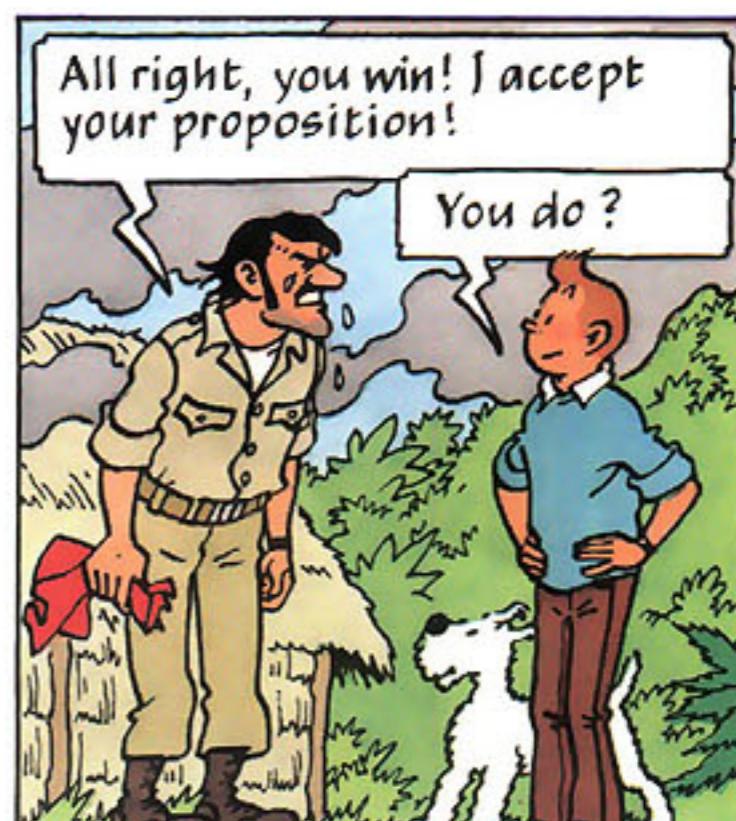
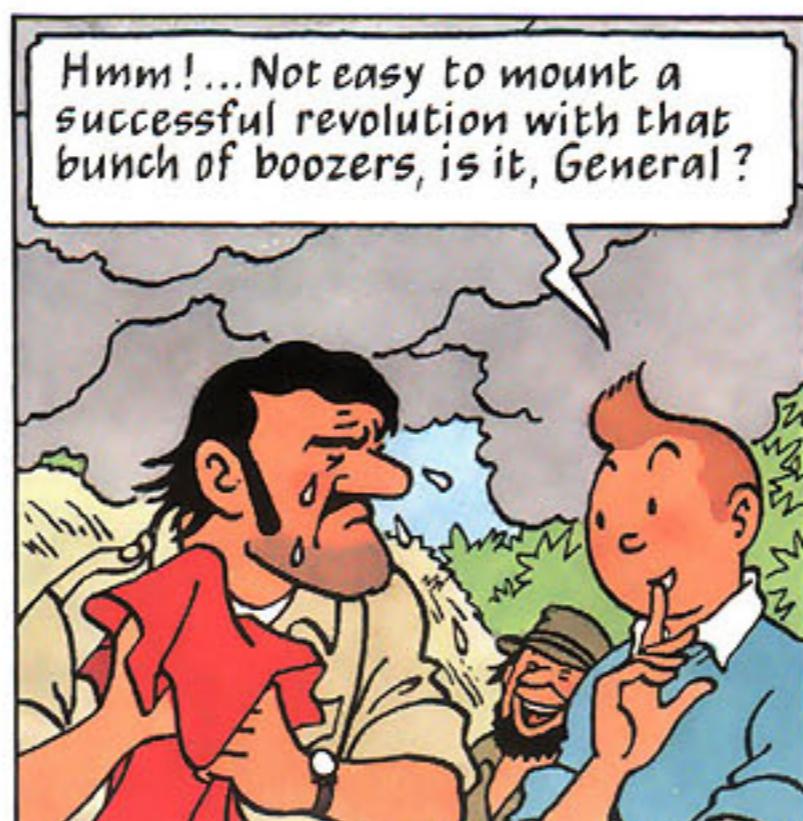
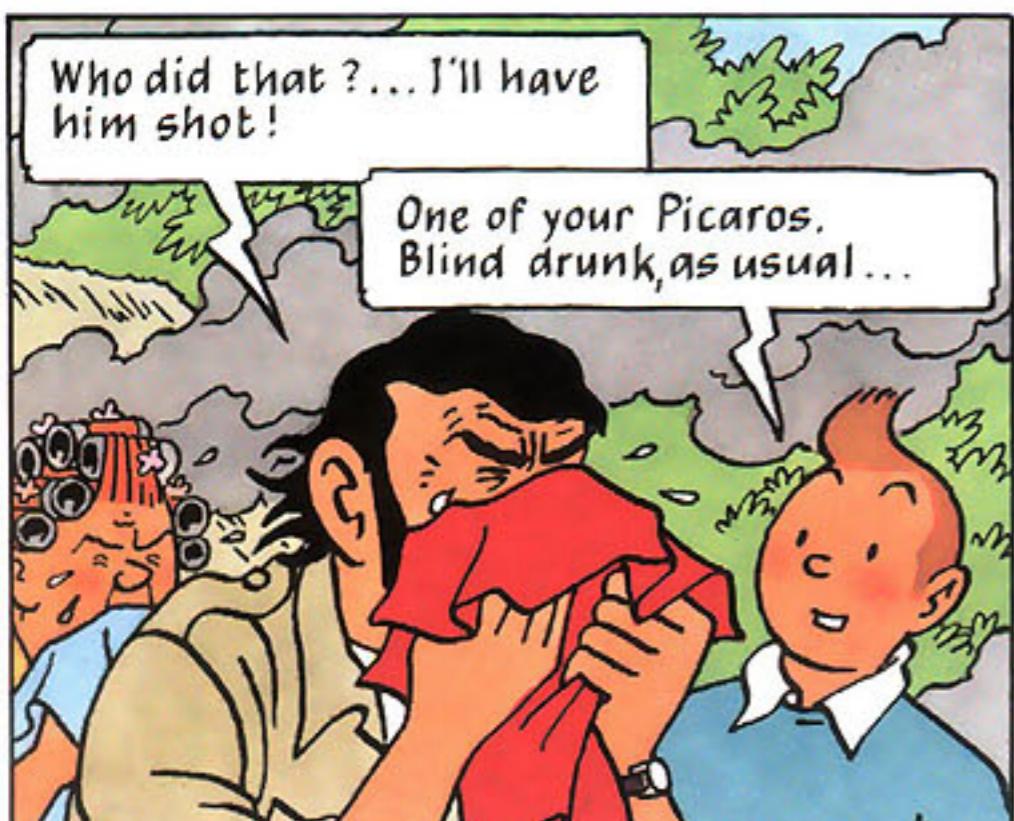
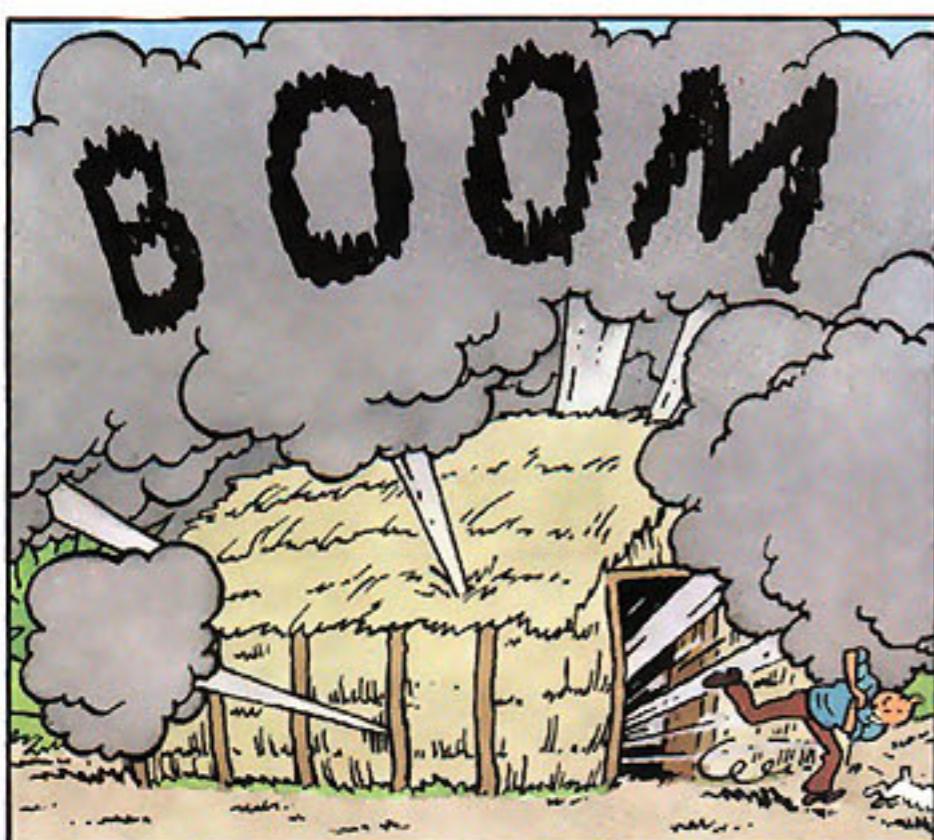


A revolution without executions?... Without reprisals?... ¡Caramba!... It's unthinkable!... You must be joking!... And anyway, what about tradition?... Yes, what about tradition, eh? Answer me that!

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.



But at least you'll let me shoot Tapioca and his ministers?... And his staff officers?... You wouldn't refuse me that?

You won't shoot anyone, General!

No one but Tapioca and his ministers, then...

I said no one! You can take it or leave it!

But it's mean! You're taking advantage of the situation!... D'you realise I'll be nothing but a figure of fun if I do as you say?

GRRR

At least let me shoot Tapioca!... Just Tapioca, I implore you!

No.

I'll cure your Picaros of their drunkenness, and you'll promise me not to use any violence while I'm helping you to regain power... Agreed?... All right, say after me: I promise!

I promise...

Good, I have your word... For my part, I promise that soon your Picaros won't touch a drop more alcohol.

Good!... But just you watch your step! If you've given me false hope... you'll be up against a wall, pronto! Understand?

Y... yes!

Ah, hello!

Has he lost something?

Yes, he must have lost something...

You seem to have lost something...

No, no, I've lost something...

The bottle of tablets I was telling you about just now... I can't find it anywhere... Isn't that curious?

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...

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!

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!

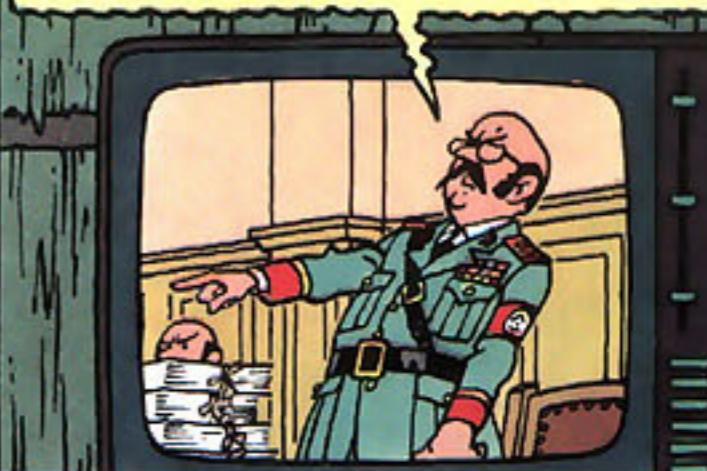
Recently, our beloved President generously invited Captain Haddock, Professor Calculus and the reporter Tintin to our country to put their case. He guaranteed their freedom. And how did they repay him? With cold cynicism! They took the first opportunity to flee into the jungle and join their accomplice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



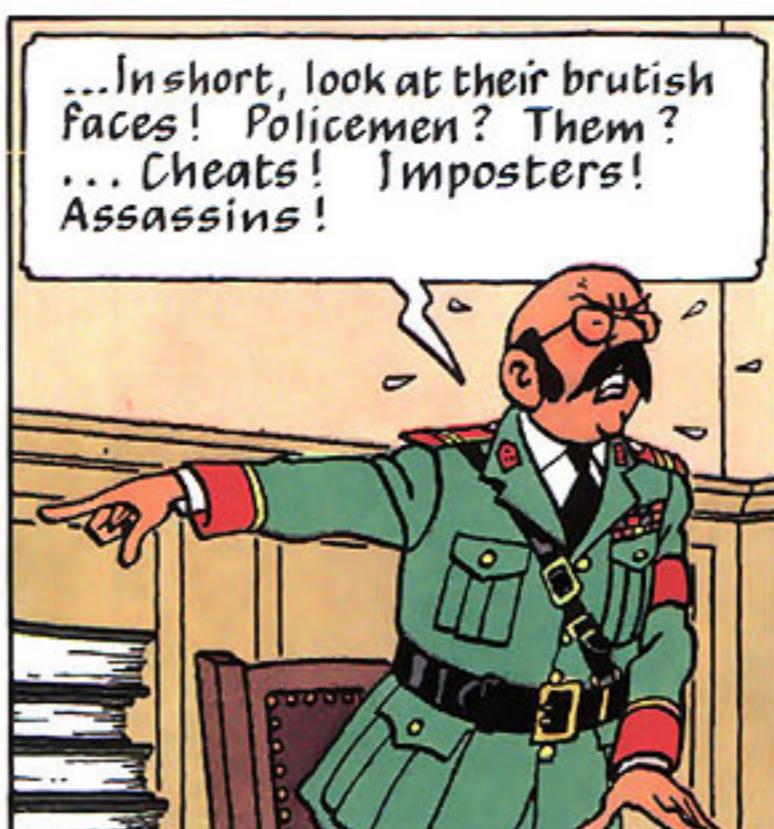
... You have before you, gentlemen, two sinister characters who, more easily to accomplish their evil purpose... Do I need to remind you of it? ...



...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!

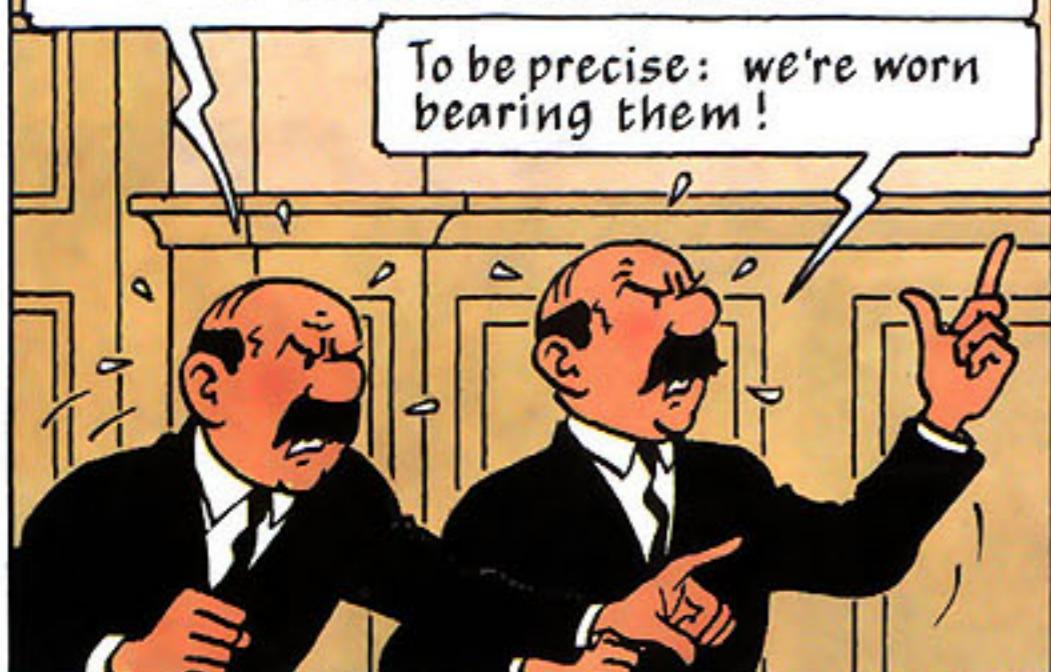


...Men who, to appear as loyal supporters of General Tapioca and the noble ideology of Kürvi-Tasch, carried their duplicity so far as to grow moustaches!

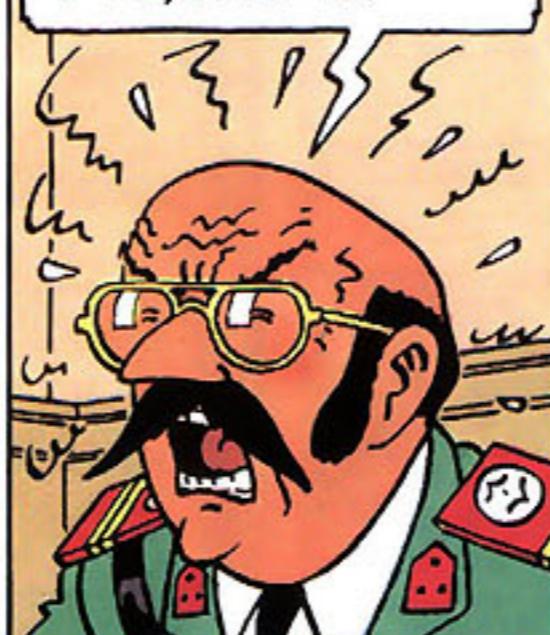


That's a lie!... We've been wearing moustaches since we were born!

To be precise: we're worn bearing them!



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



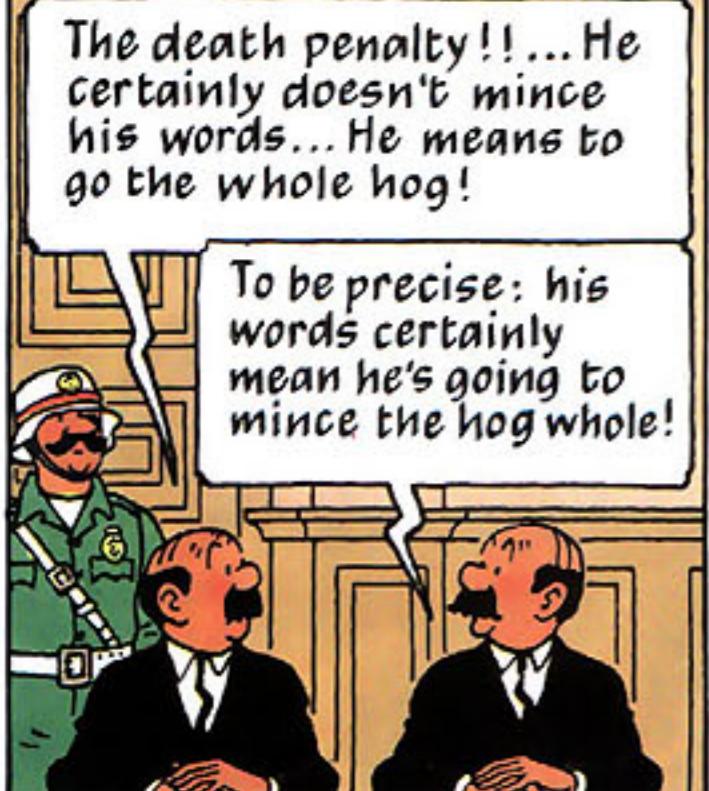
...Gentlemen, for these two wretches, who can have no claim to extenuating circumstances, I demand the DEATH PENALTY!

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!

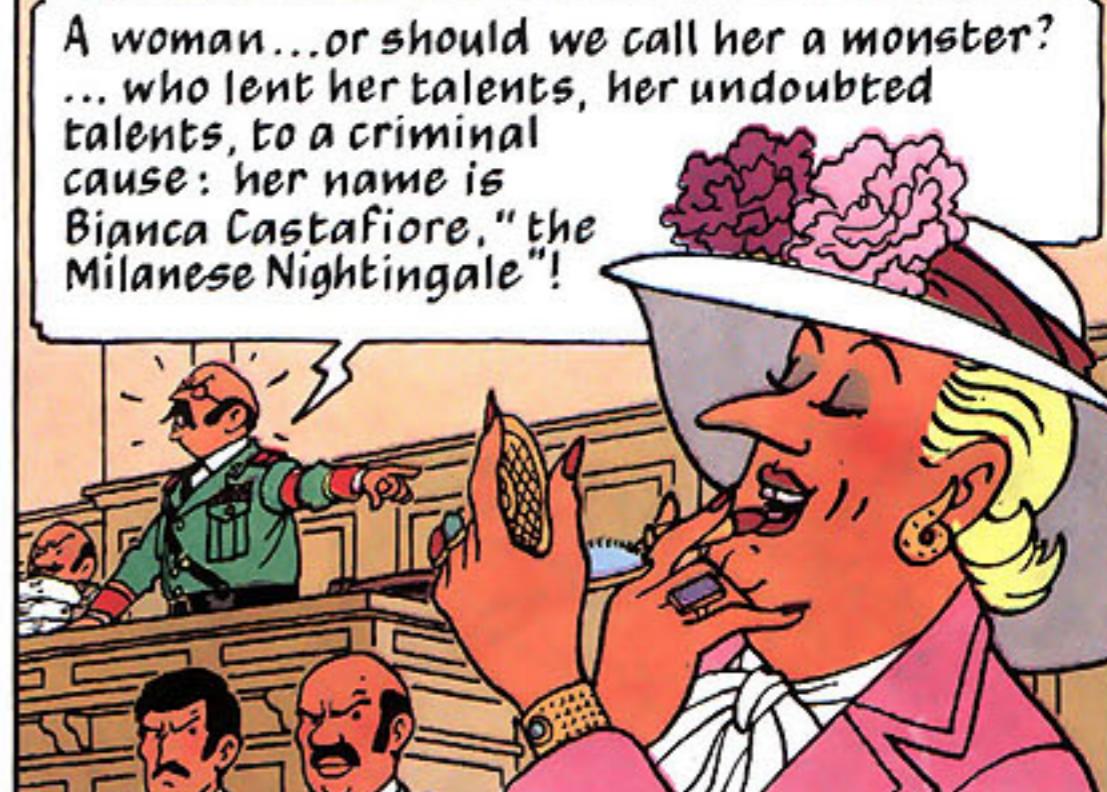
To be precise: his words certainly mean he's going to mince the hog whole!



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 undoubtedly 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!!!

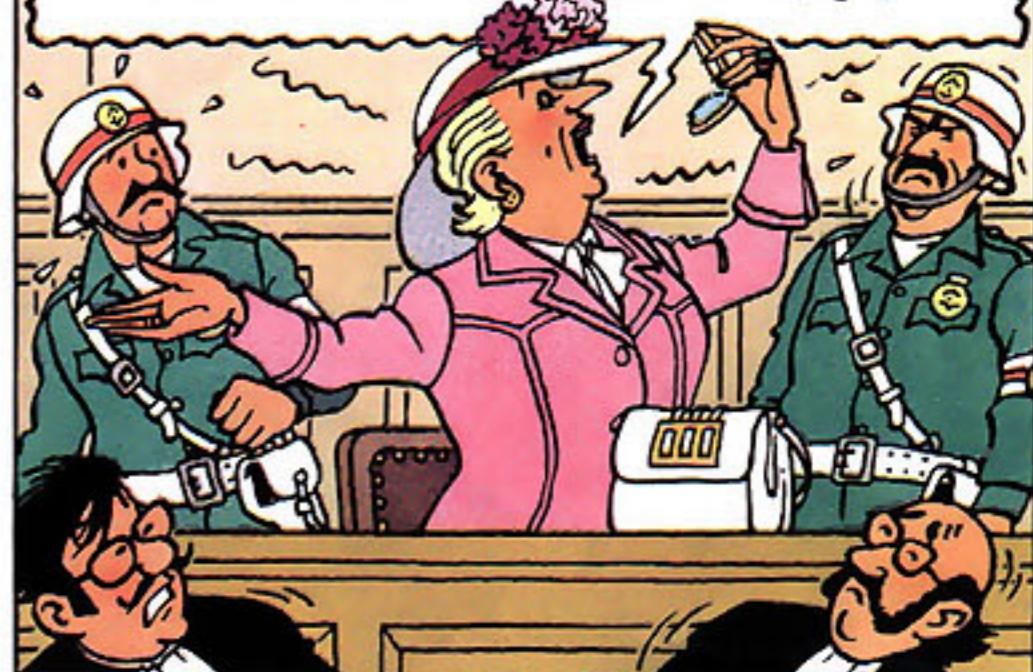
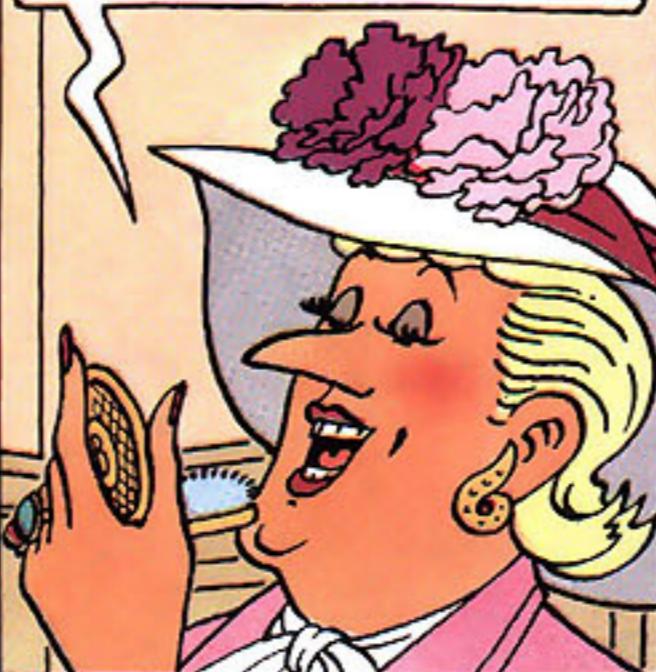
Yes, they are a joke!

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

AAAHH!! AAAHH!!

SILENCE!!!

Yes, they are a joke!



AAAHH! MY BEAUTY PAST COMPARE!

SILENCE

Clear the court!

Guards!

Thar she blows!



TWEET TWEET
CHEEP CHEEP

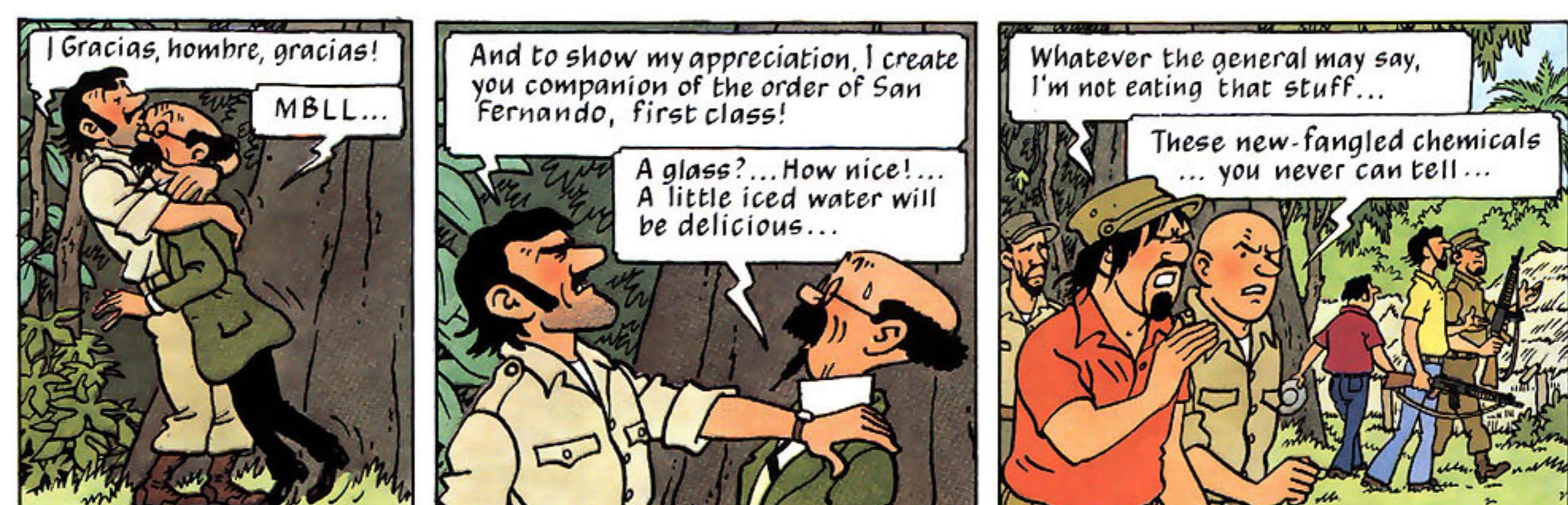
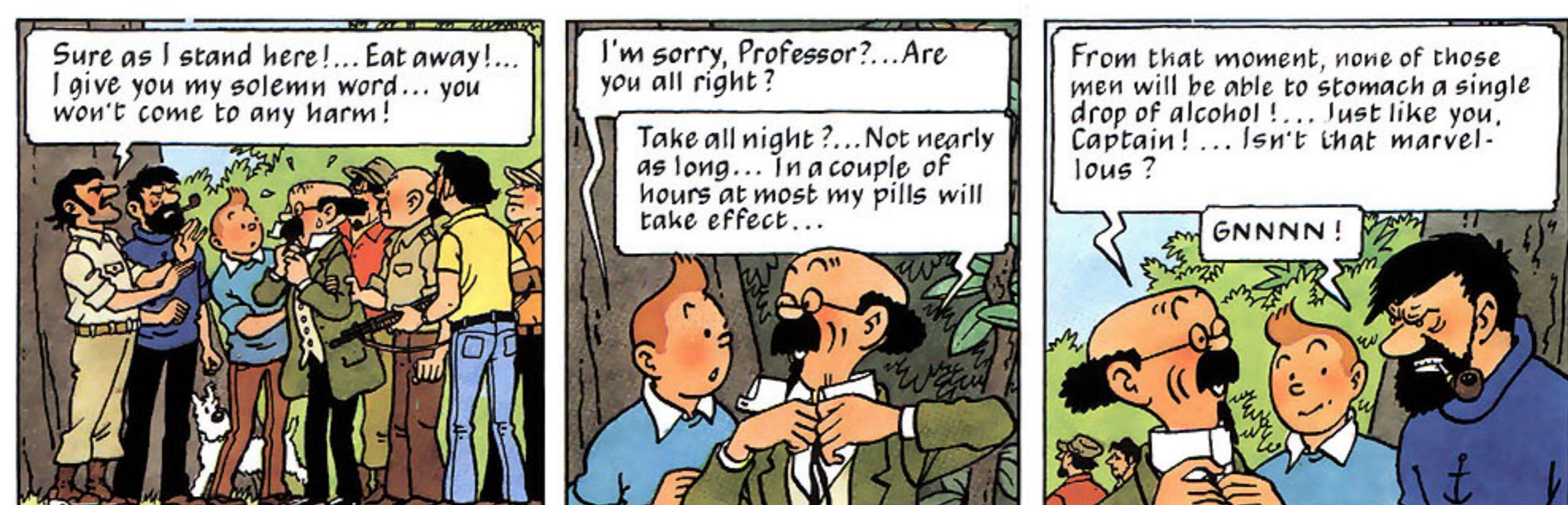
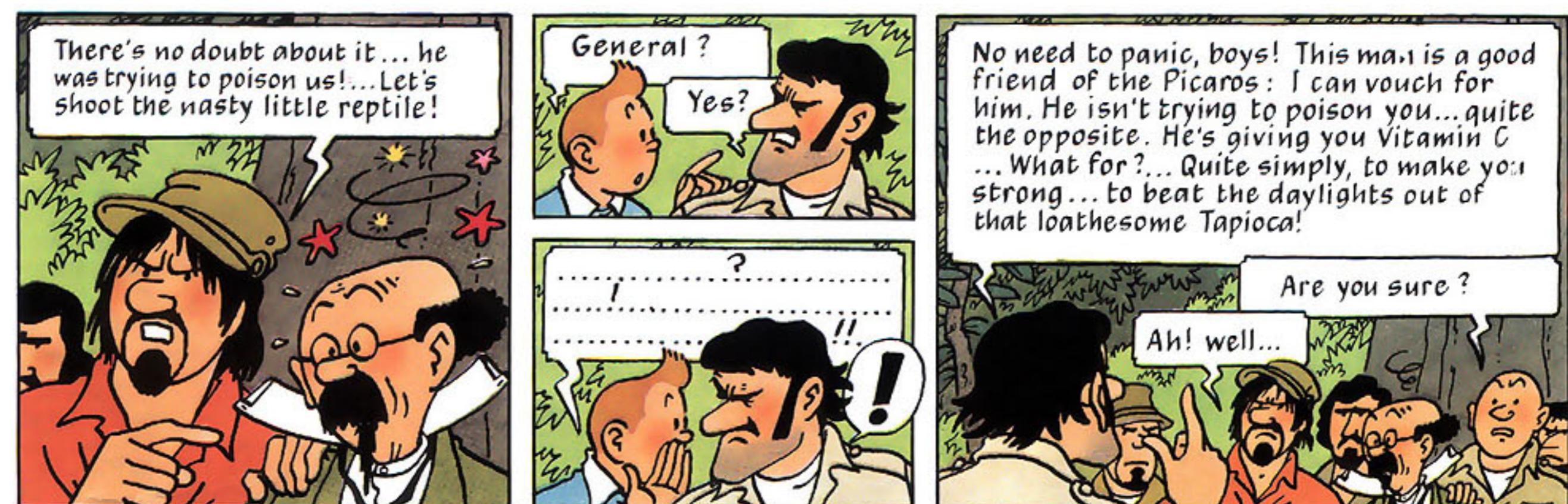
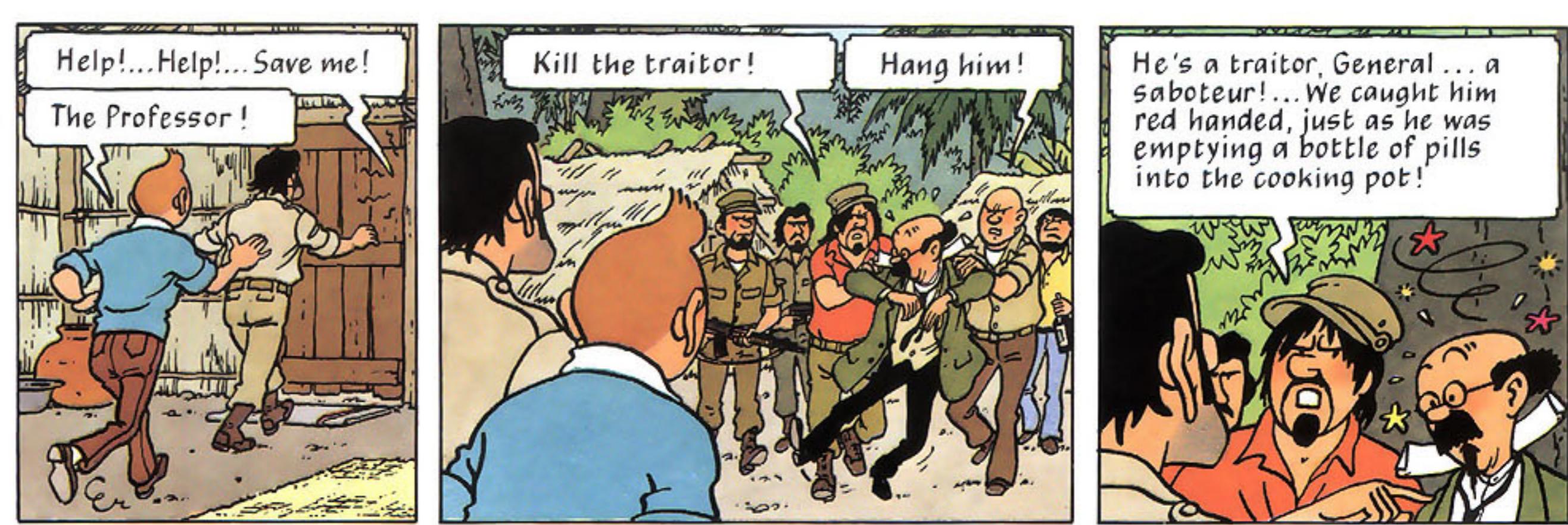


You see what's going to happen?...
The Thompsons sentenced to death!
... Castafiore to life imprisonment!
... How can we get them out?

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!...





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!

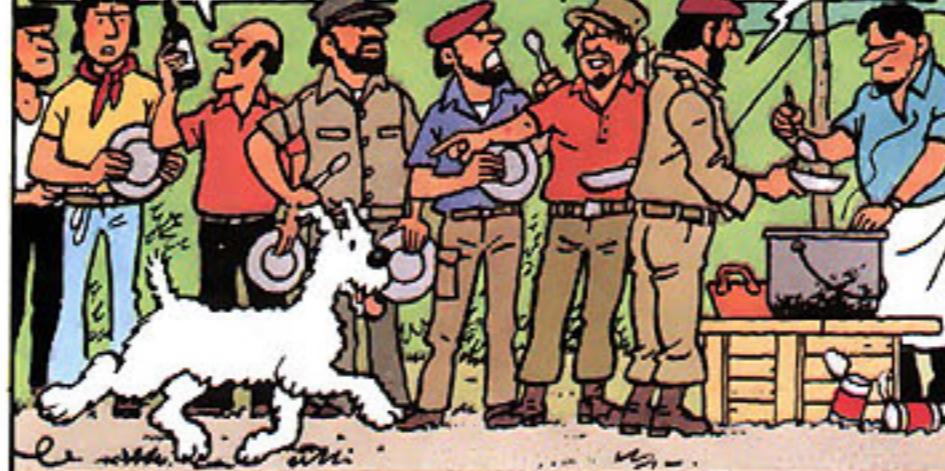
There's the dog... He belongs to the gringos. I'm going to give him some of that vitaminized stew... If he eats it, we will too... Otherwise...

He's right!

I agree!

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

Hello, what does he want me for?



Come come come!... Yummymum!... 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 ...



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

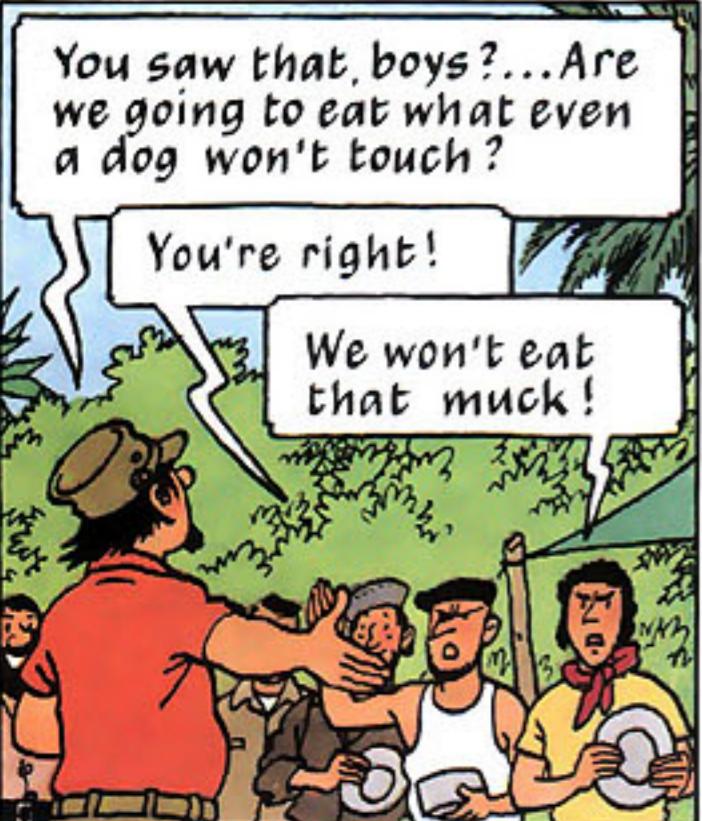
You're right!

We won't eat that muck!

Go back at once, Snowy, and eat it!

But...

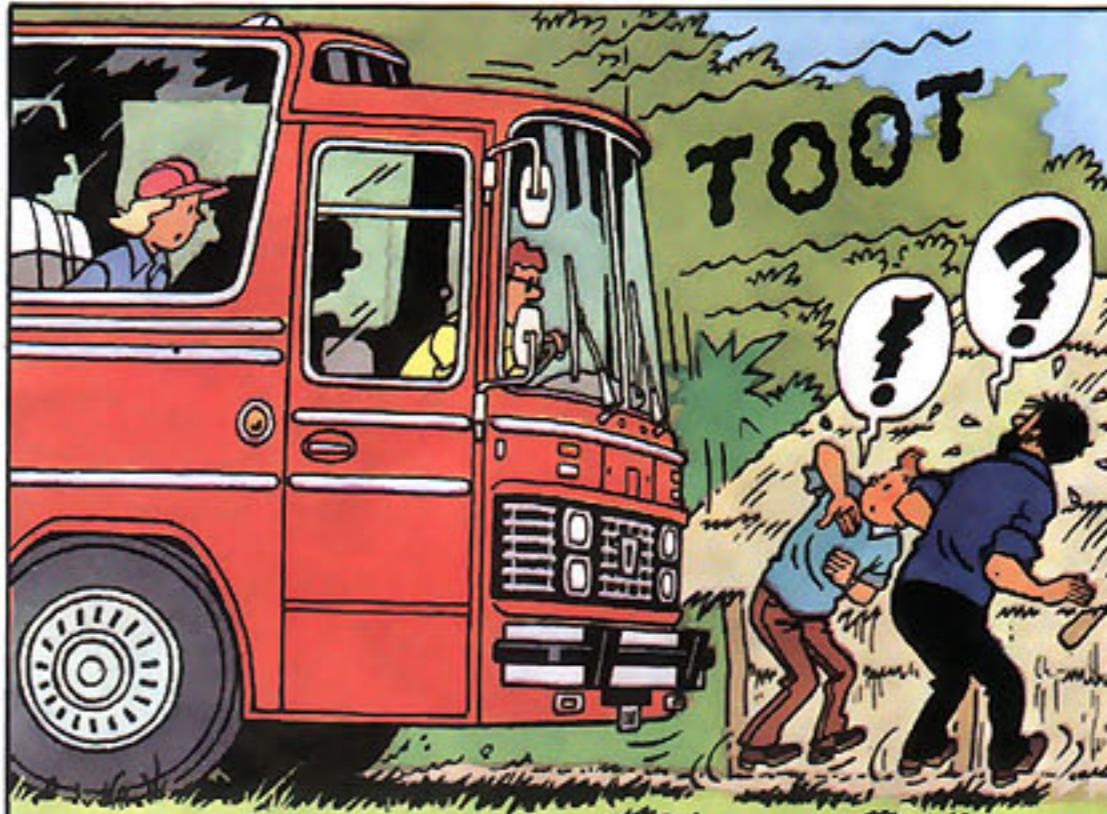
That slop! It's full of pimentos!



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

i Bueno! I'm hungry!

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



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

Ah! Not a pink elephant today, then?

Is it far to Tapioca-polis, 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 tom-foolery?

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 ½ CLANG
 $\frac{m}{c} 2 \odot \odot \odot$.. CLICK?
 $\times 3.1416 \dots !!!!$

CLICK

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

Thanks, General.

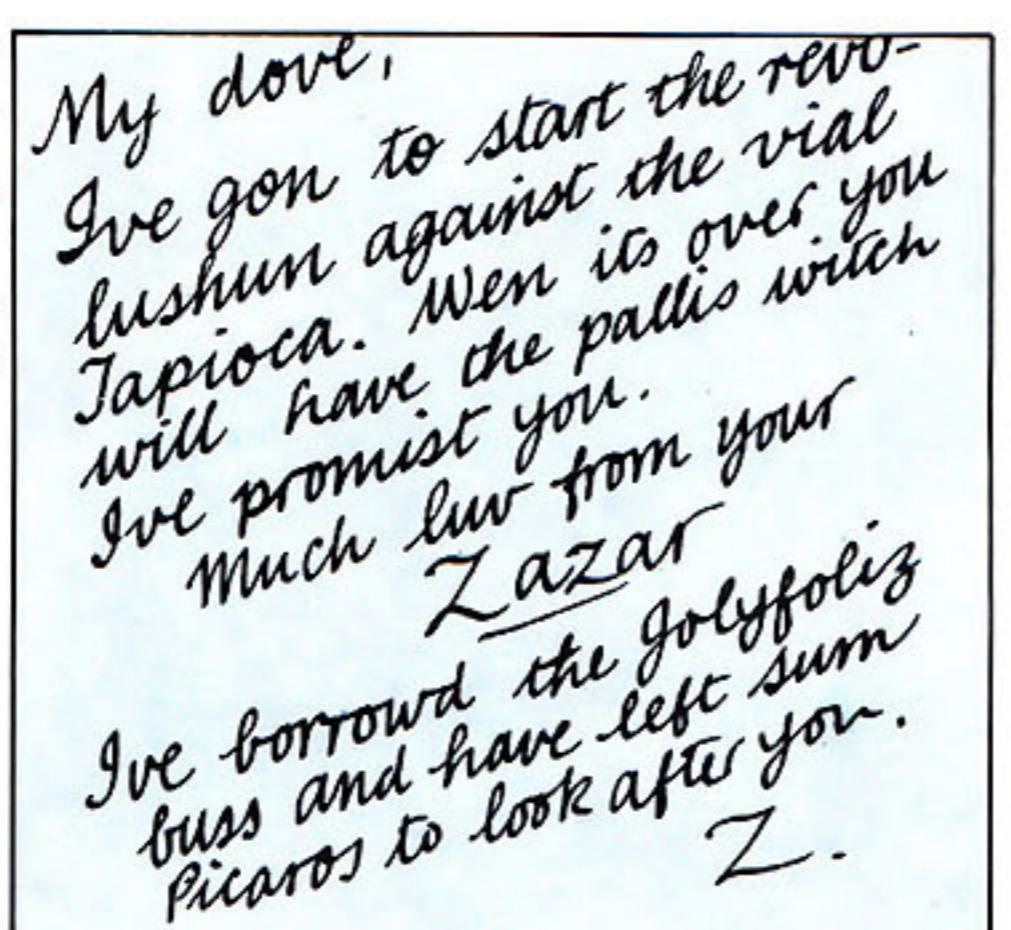
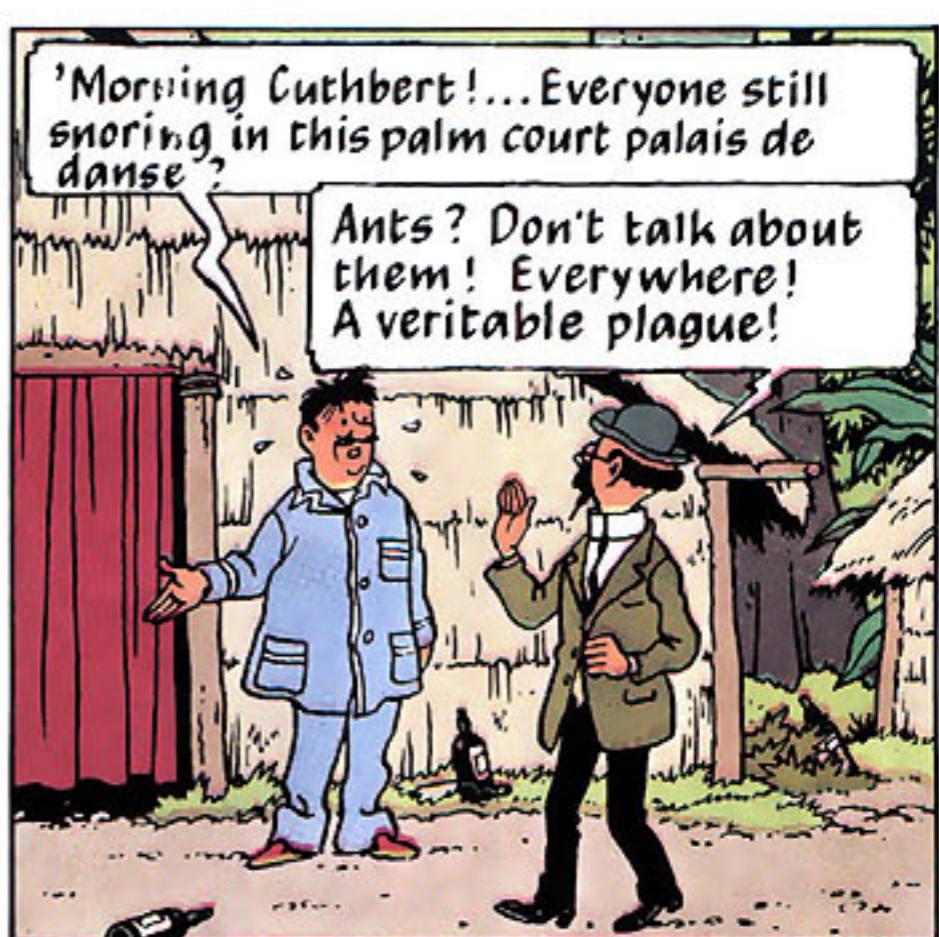
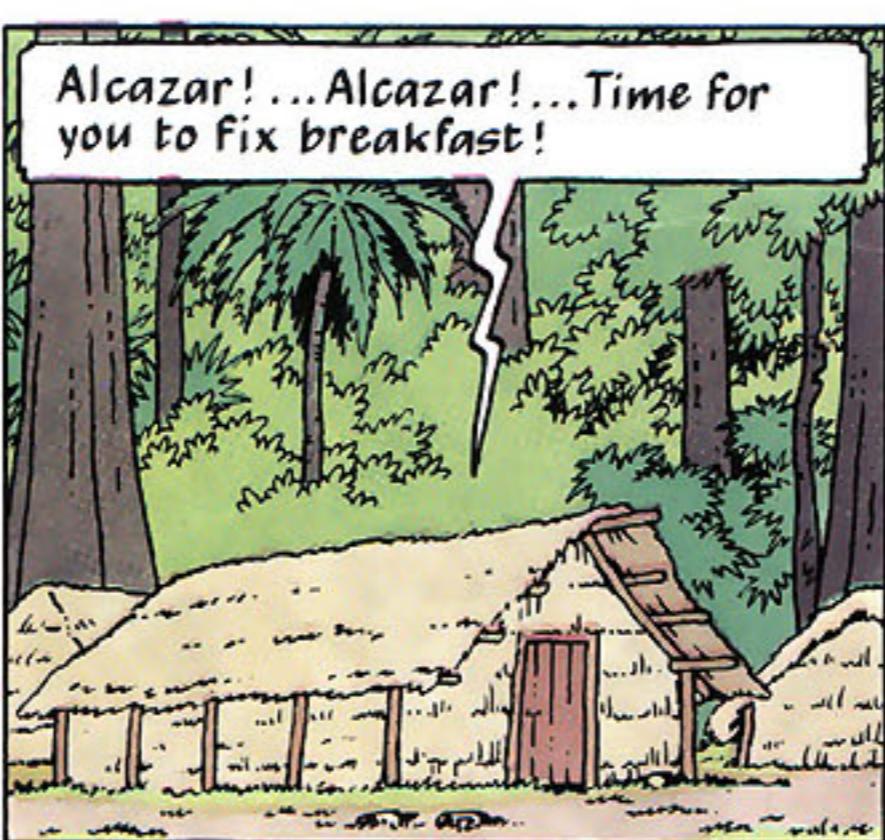
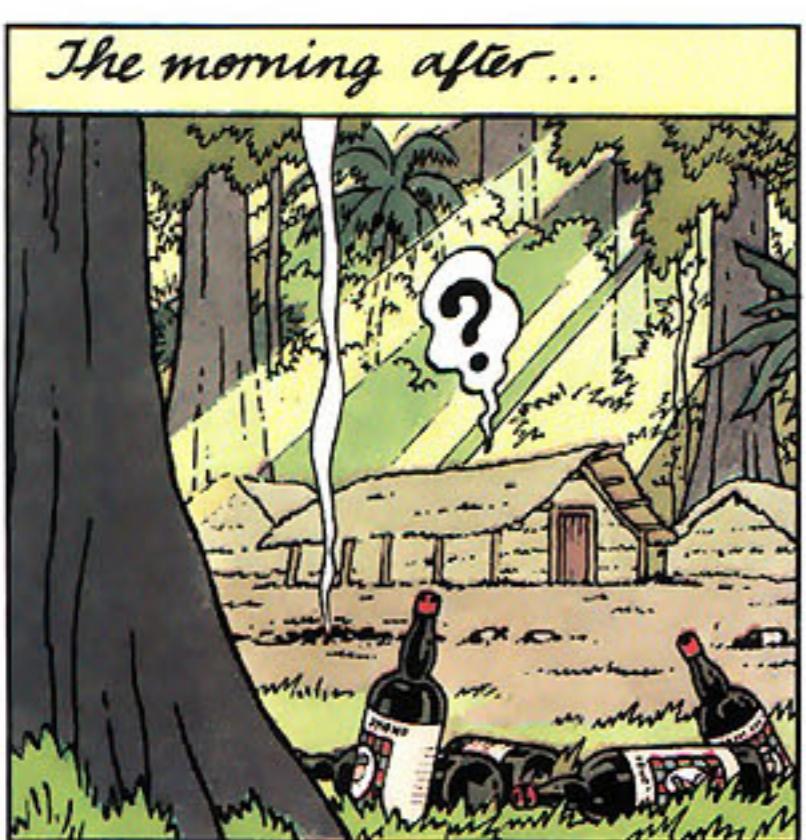
Welcome to the Picaros, señor.

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!



i 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 renamed Alcazaropolis. It's the opening day of the carnival. Before we reach the city we'll rehearse our plans to the very last detail ...

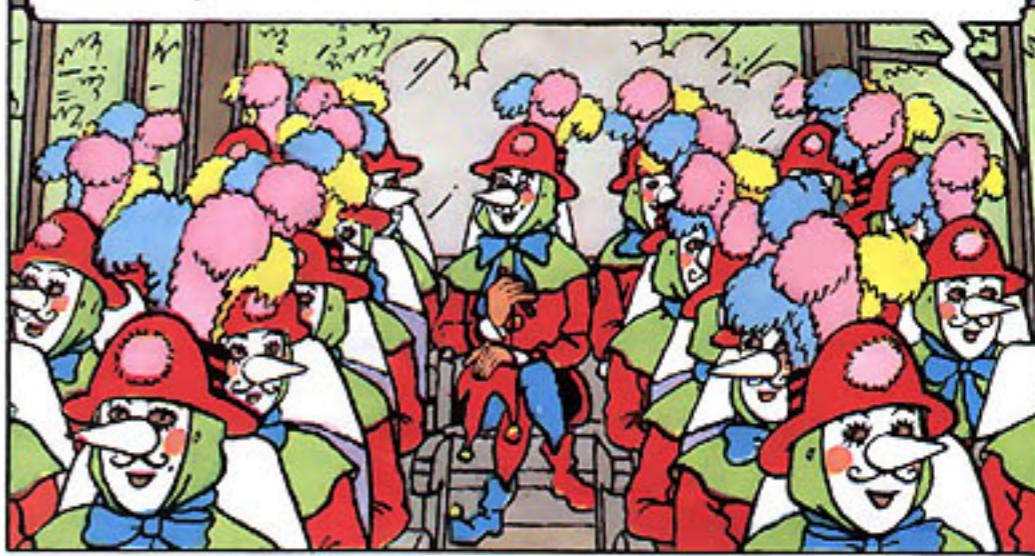


We'll be dressed in the Jolly Follies costumes, with our guns at the ready ...



The next afternoon ...

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



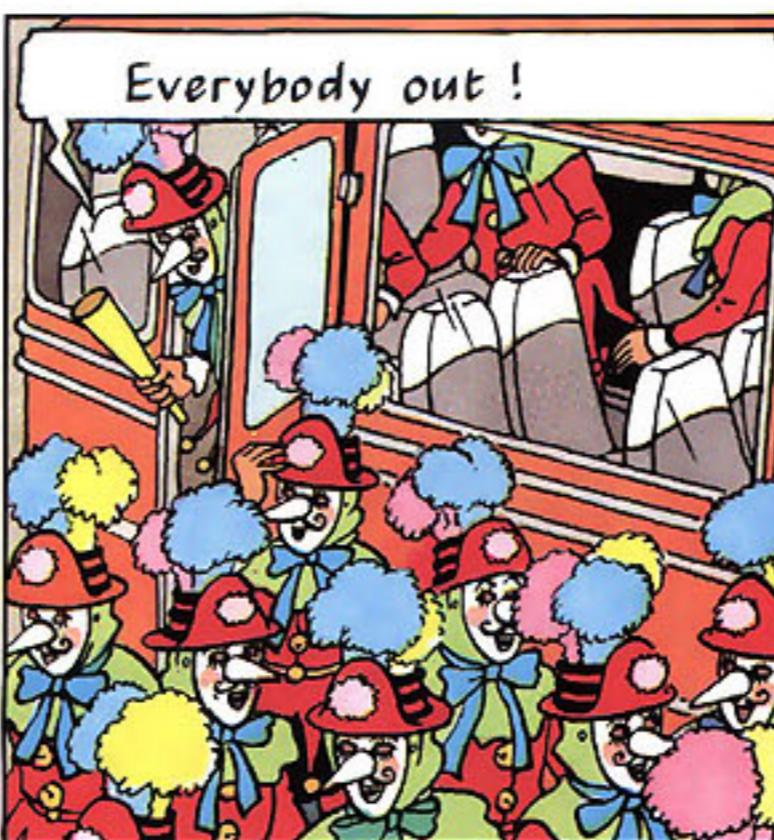
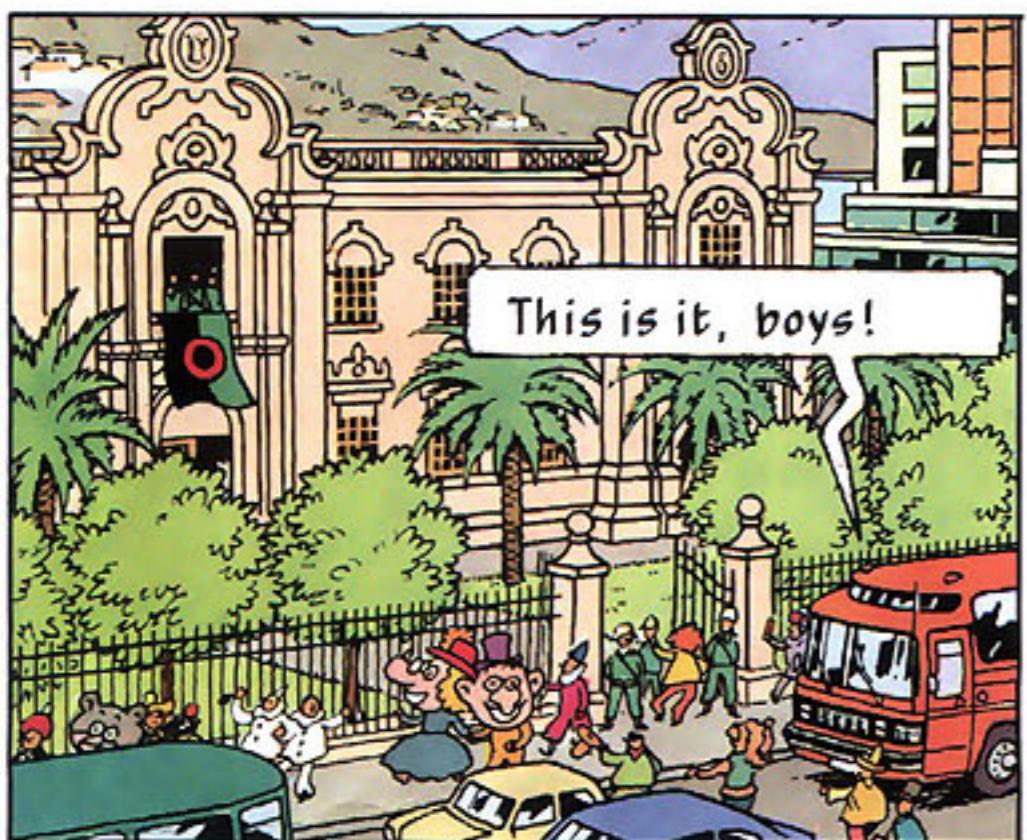
Meanwhile...

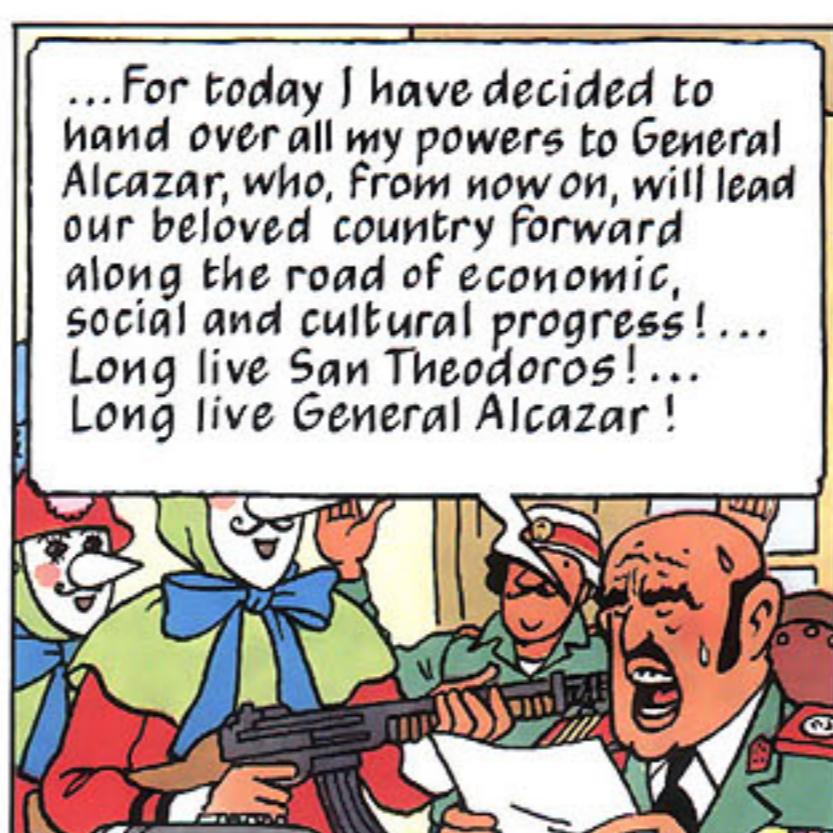
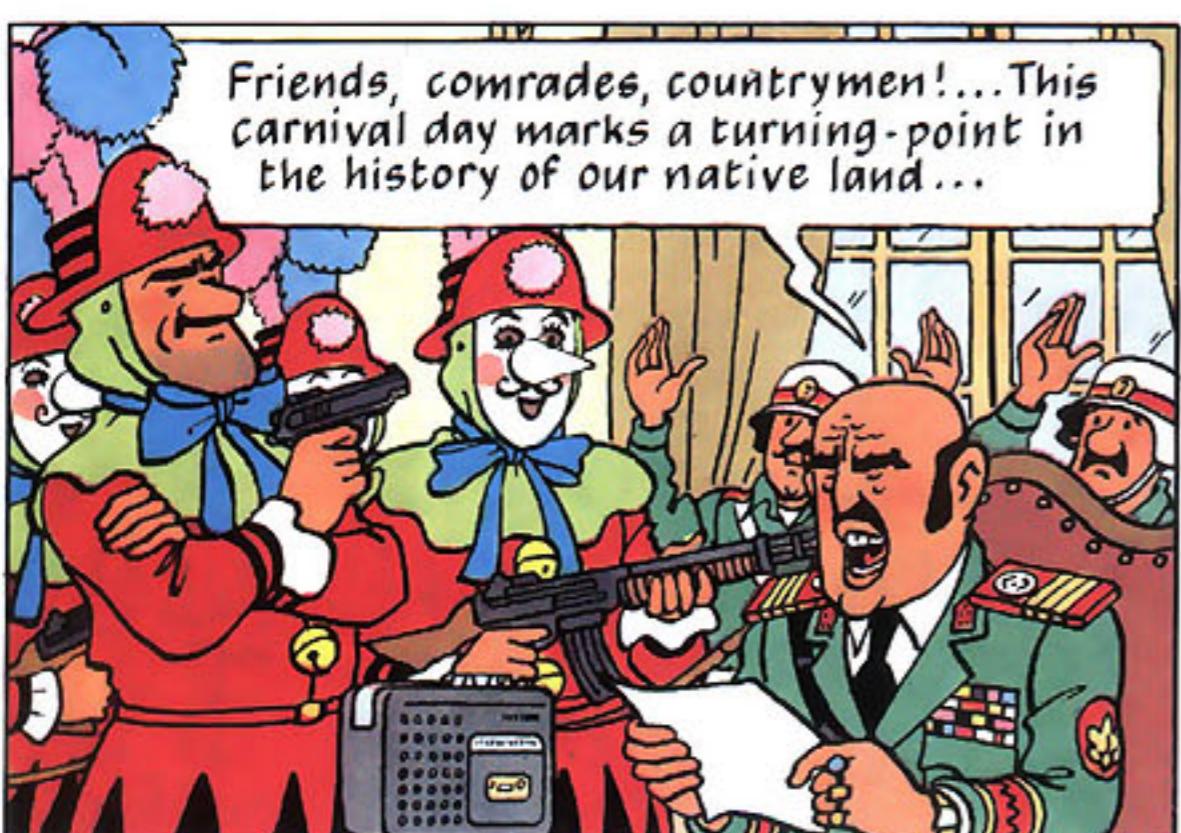
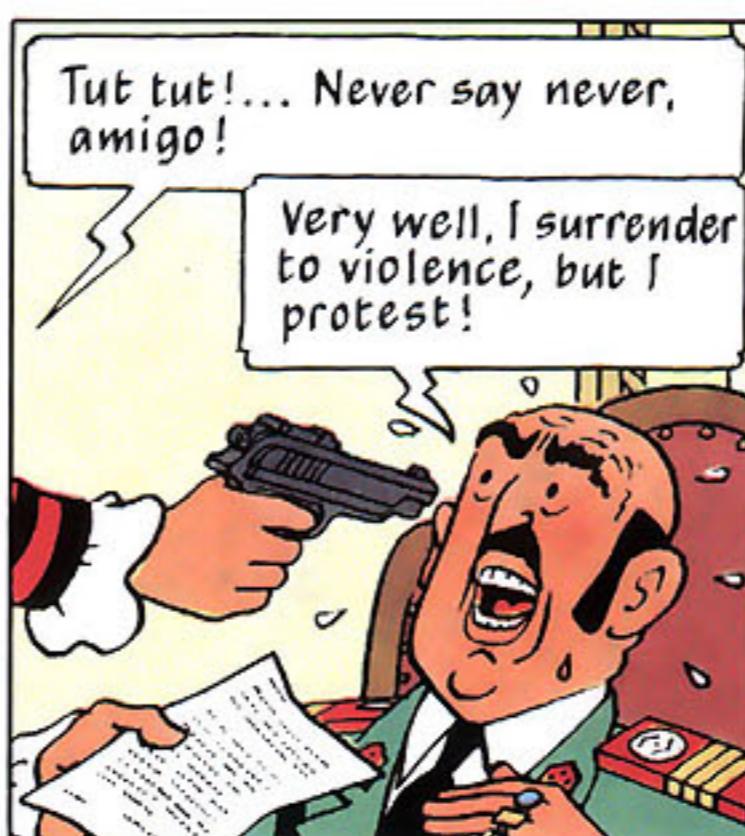
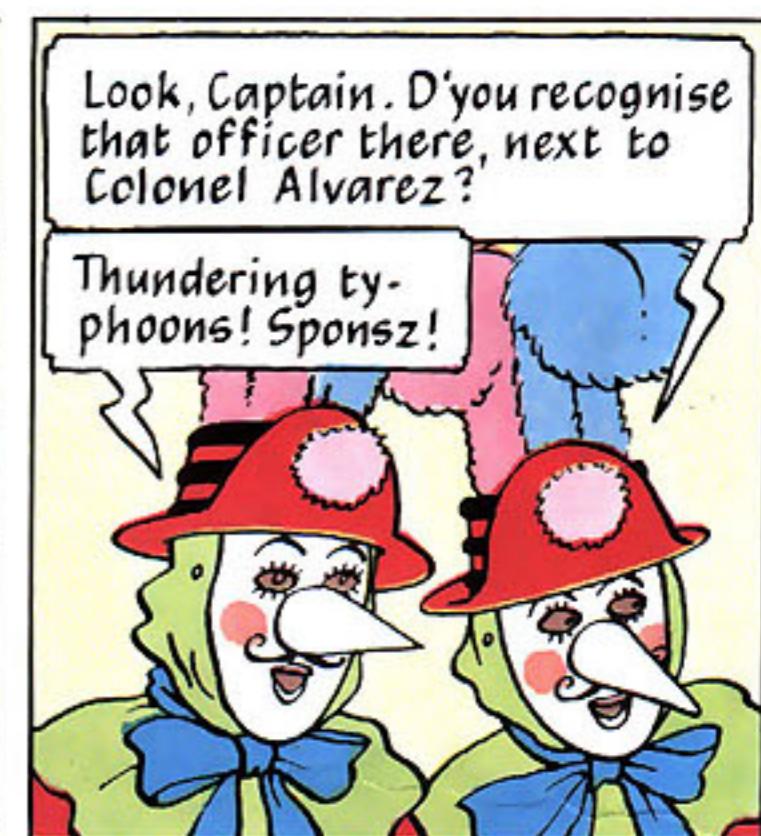
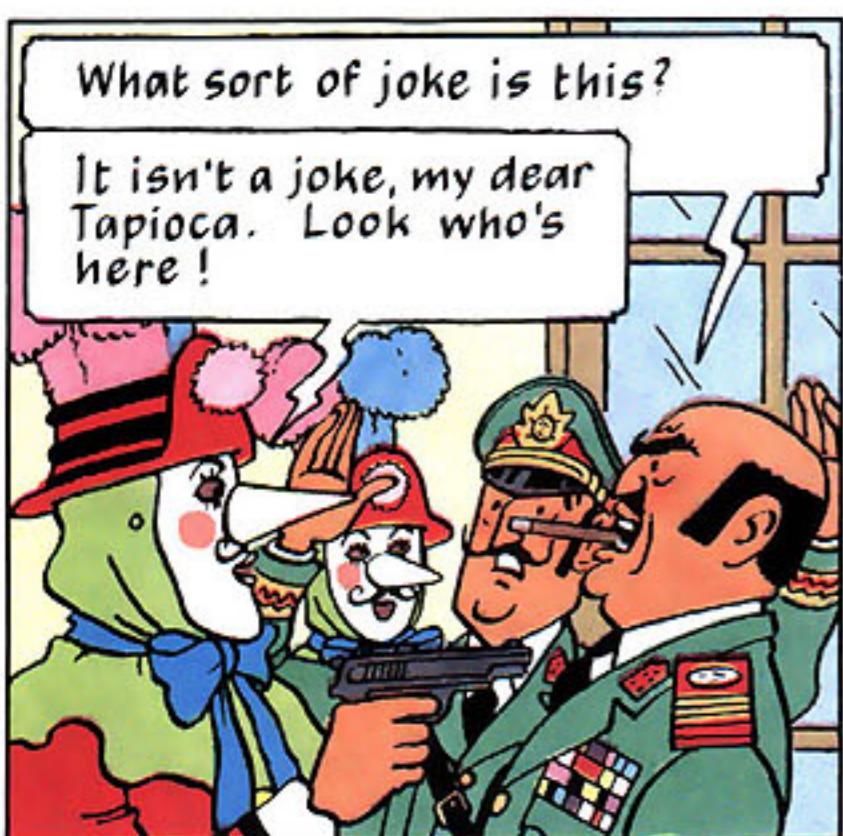
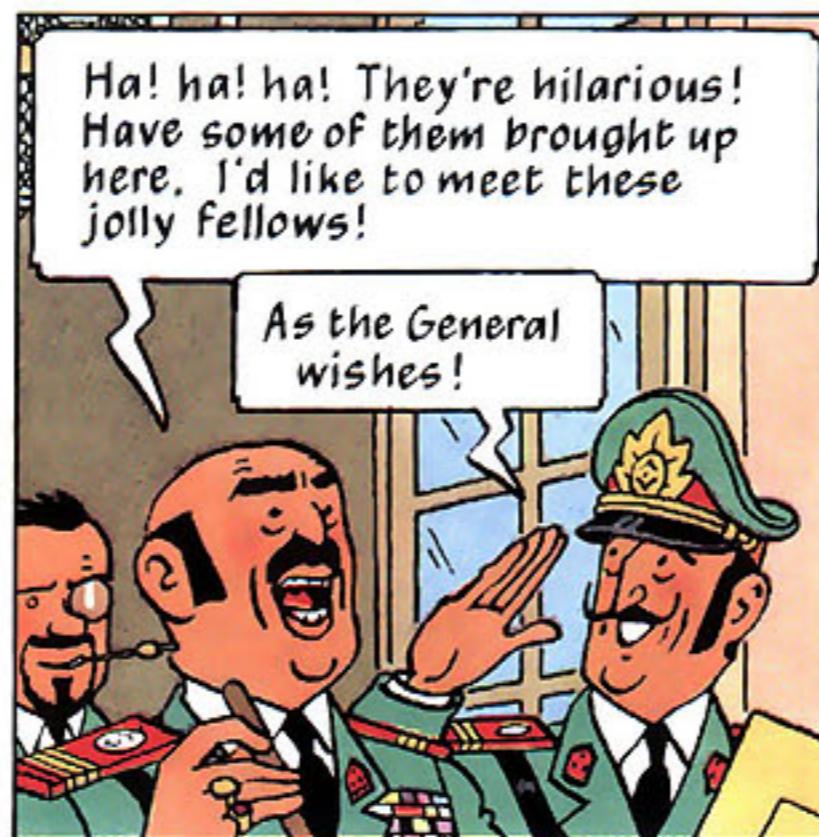
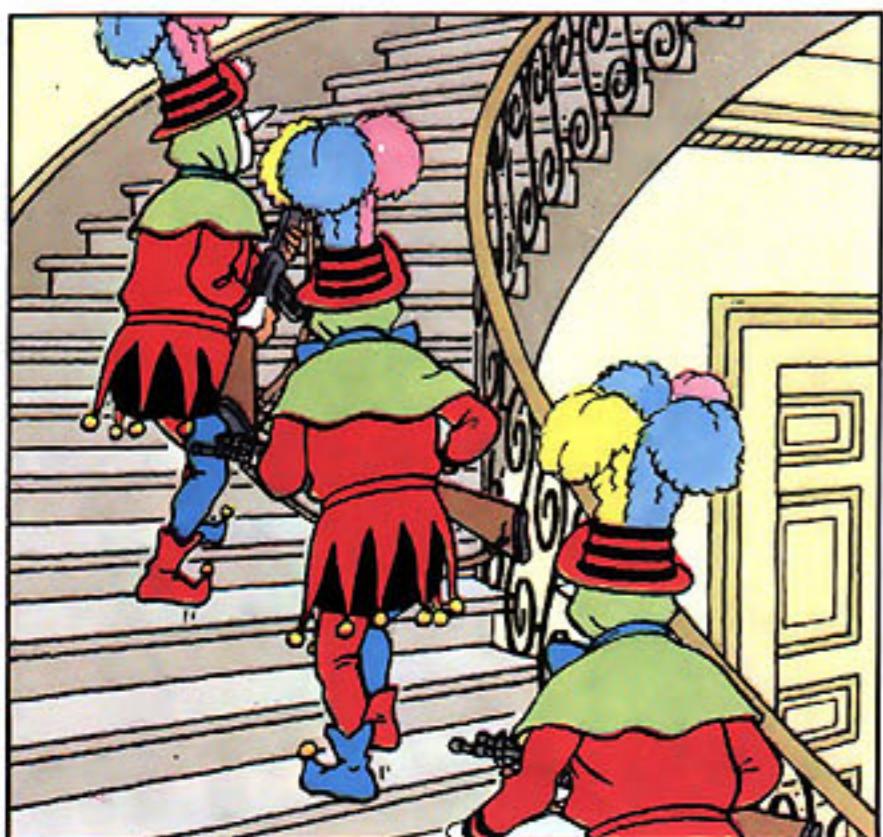
Are you sure it isn't dangerous, General, letting all these people assemble in front of the windows? You'll be a sitting target for the first Picaro...

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?

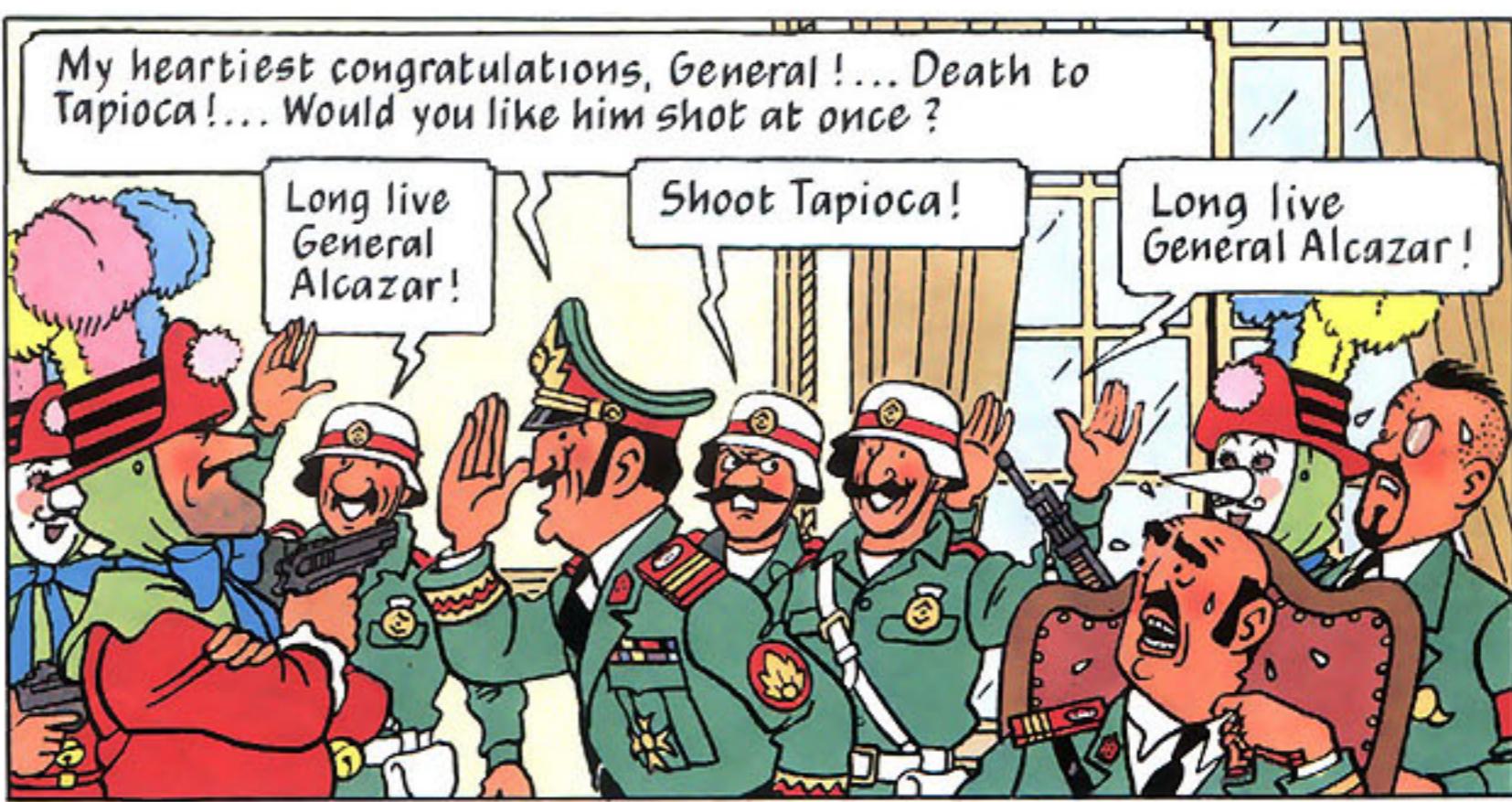
Si!

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.

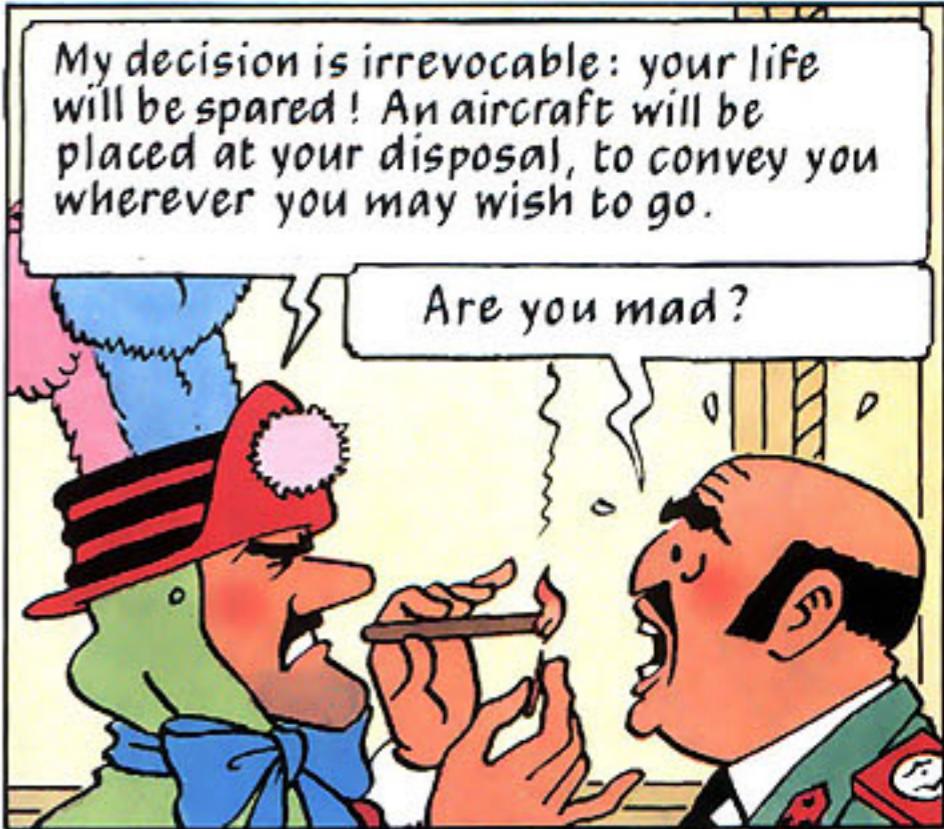
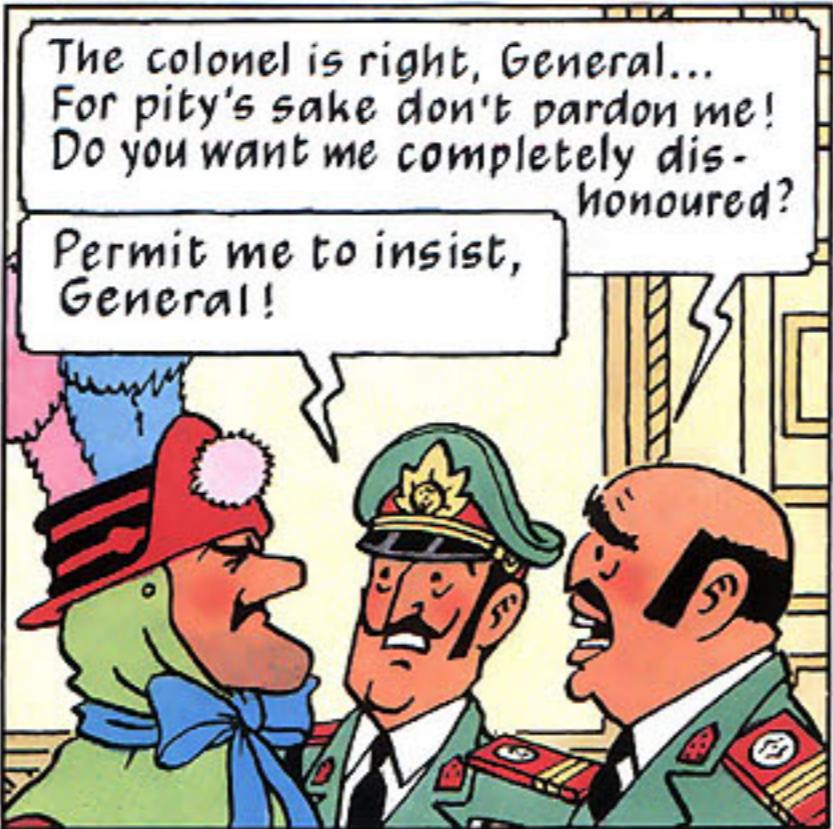
But General, it's contrary to every custom... The people will be terribly disappointed...

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 Sponsz...

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 Sponsz!



Don't worry, Sponsz, even you have nothing to fear. They're pining for you in Borduria, so your ticket to Szohôd 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?

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...

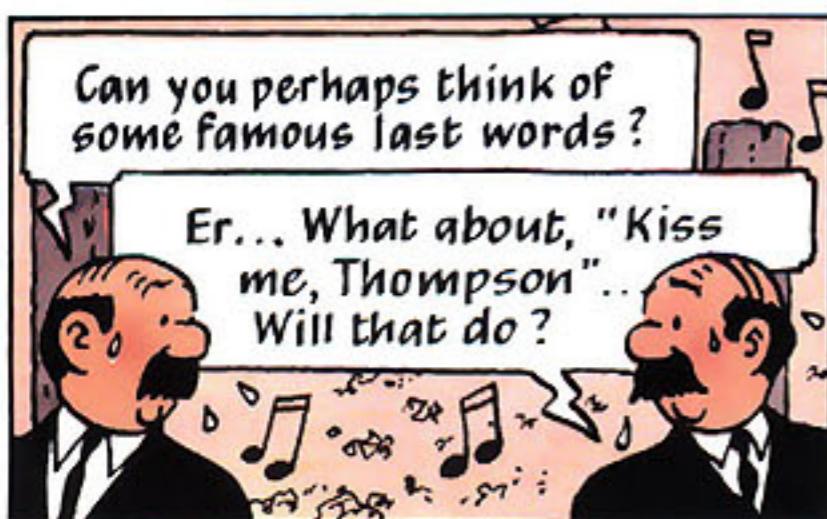
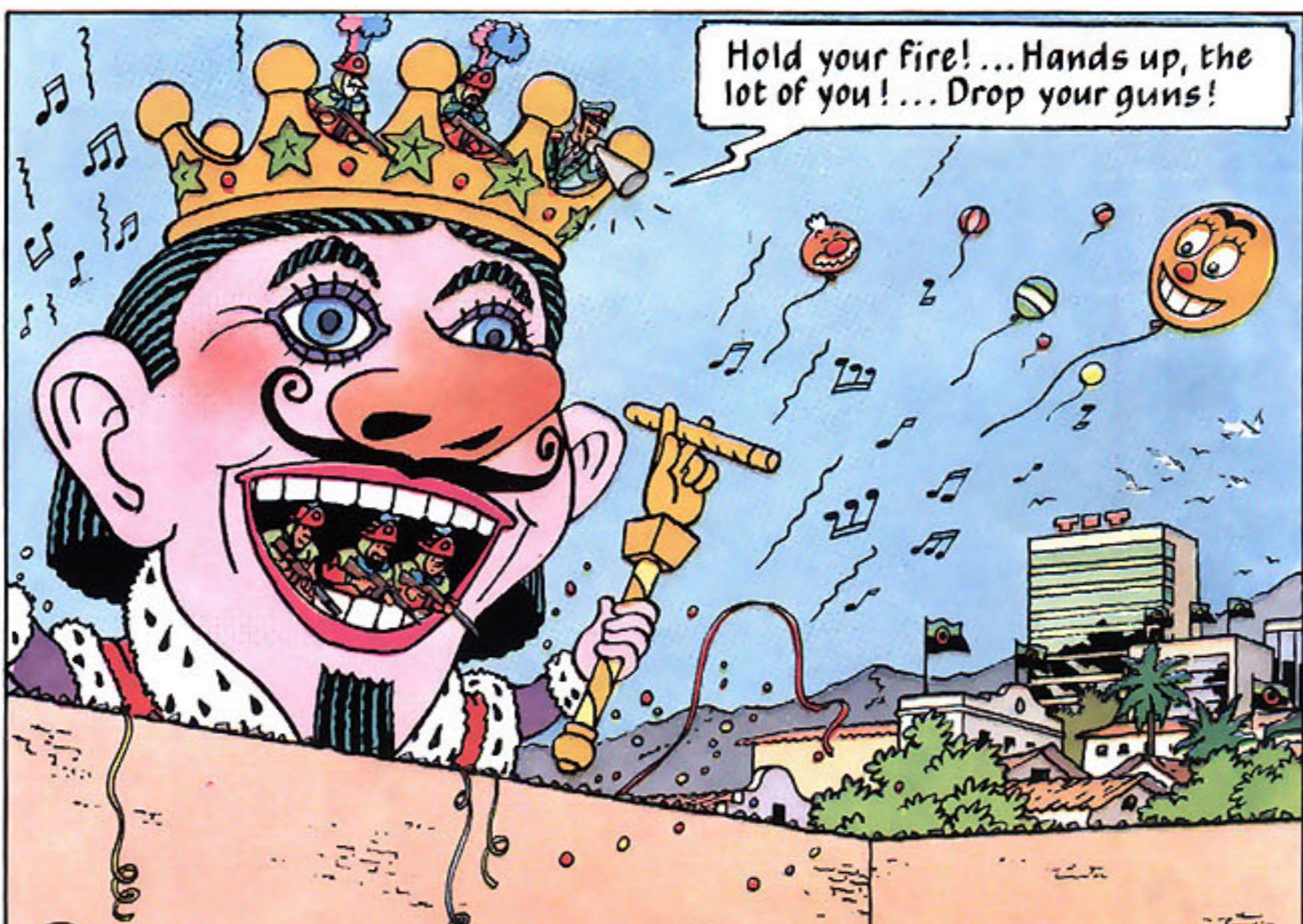
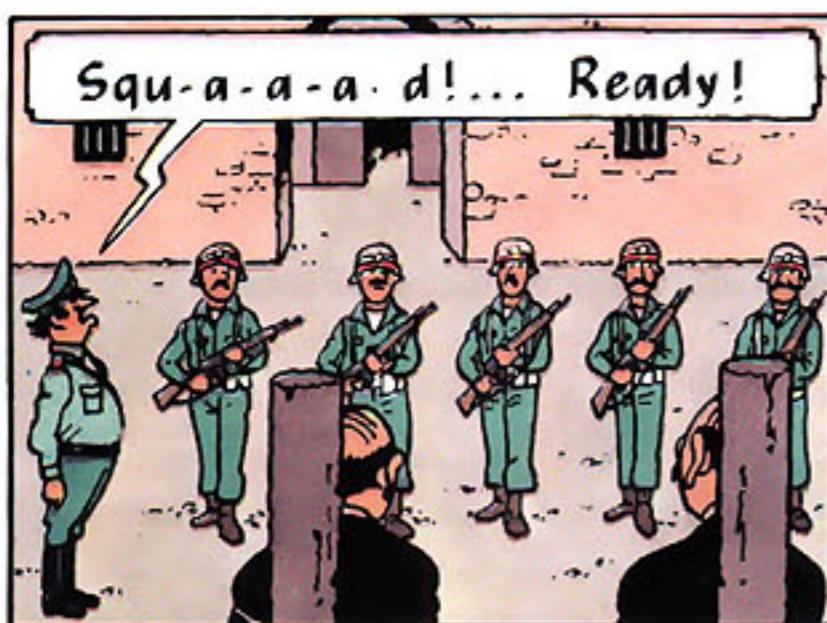
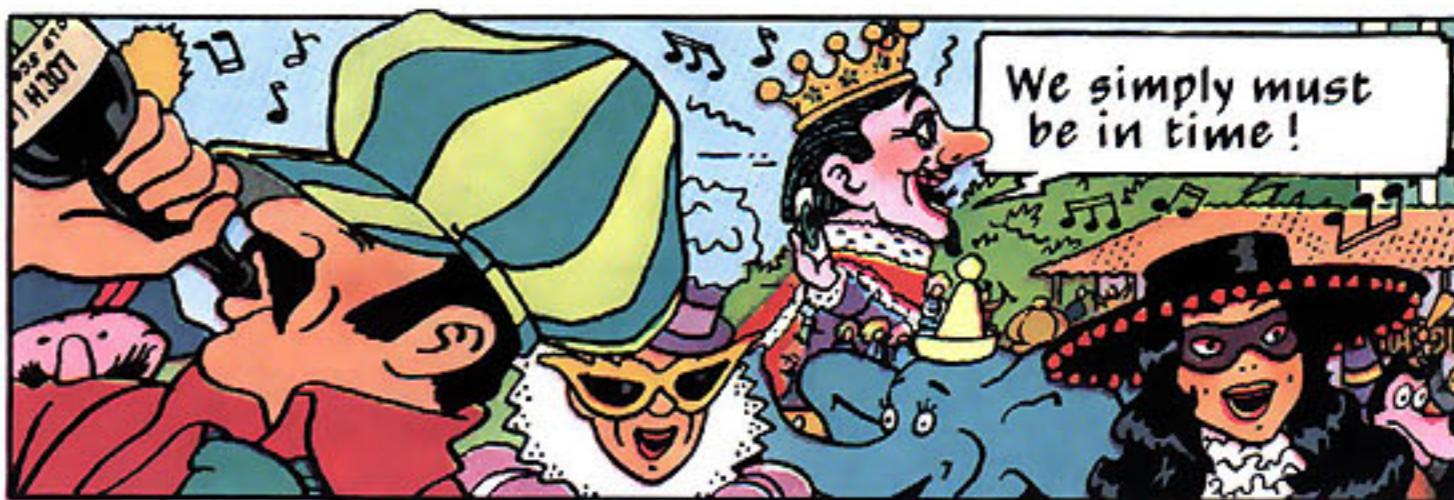
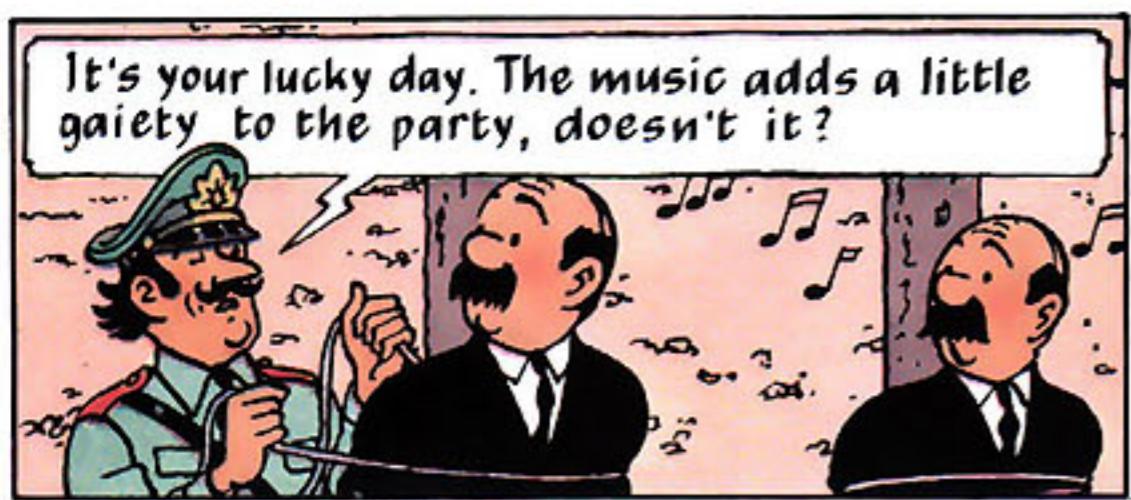
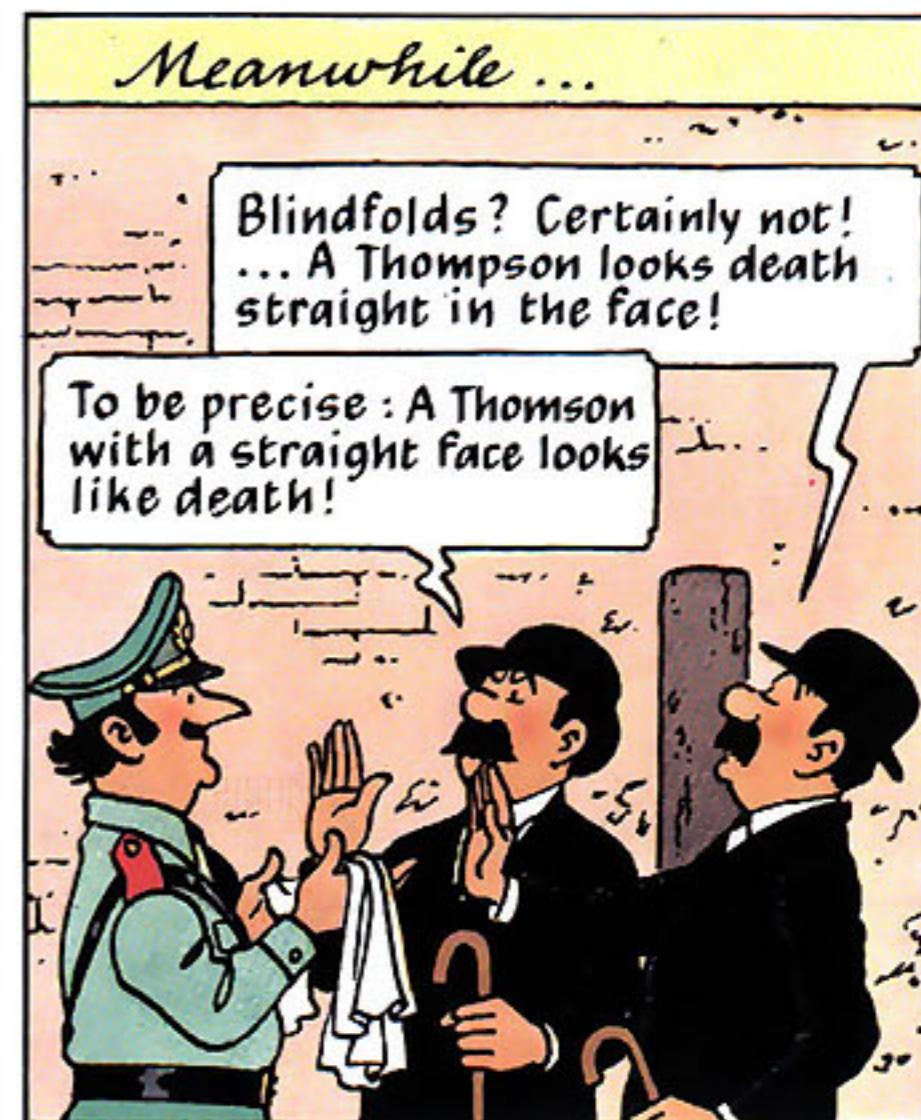
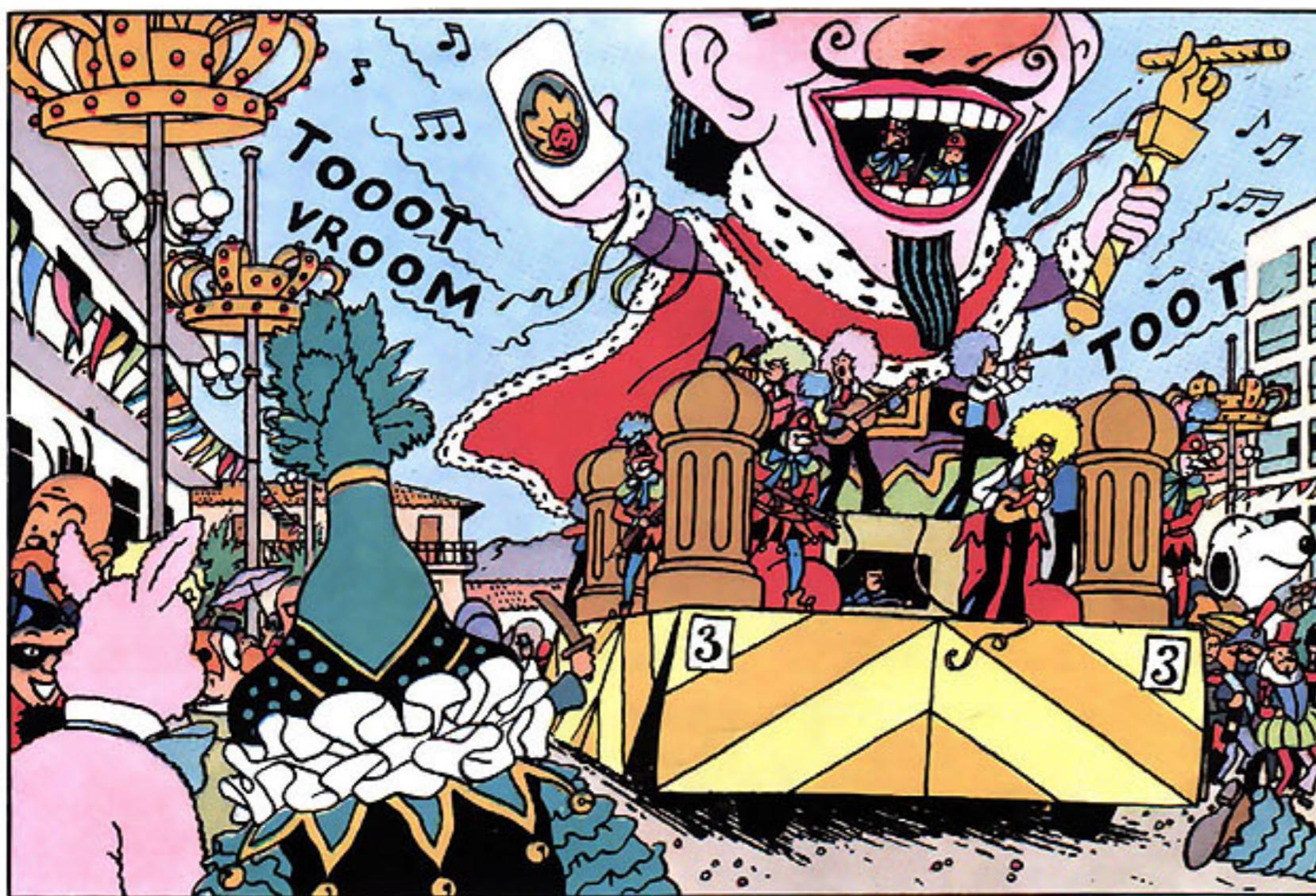
Yes! It's the only possible answer!

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!



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 percent...

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 ...

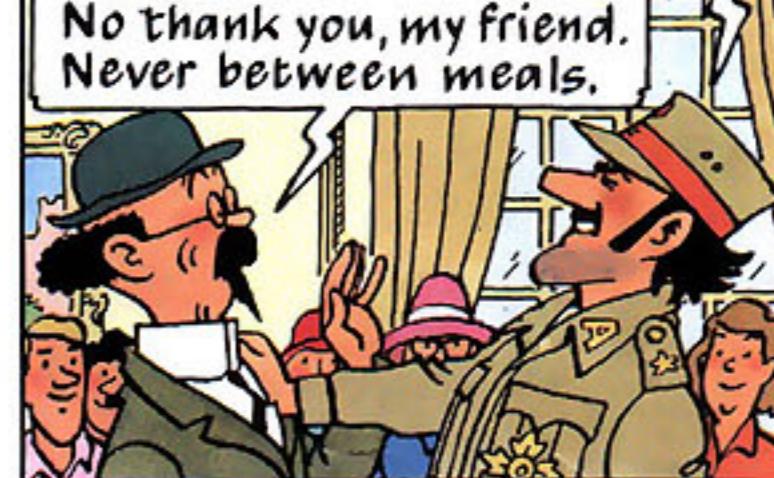


Señor Wagg, allow me to express the deep gratitude of the San Theodorian people for the help you have given to our cause. I therefore appoint you and your Jolly Follies to the order of San Fernando, and invite you to next year's carnival.



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.

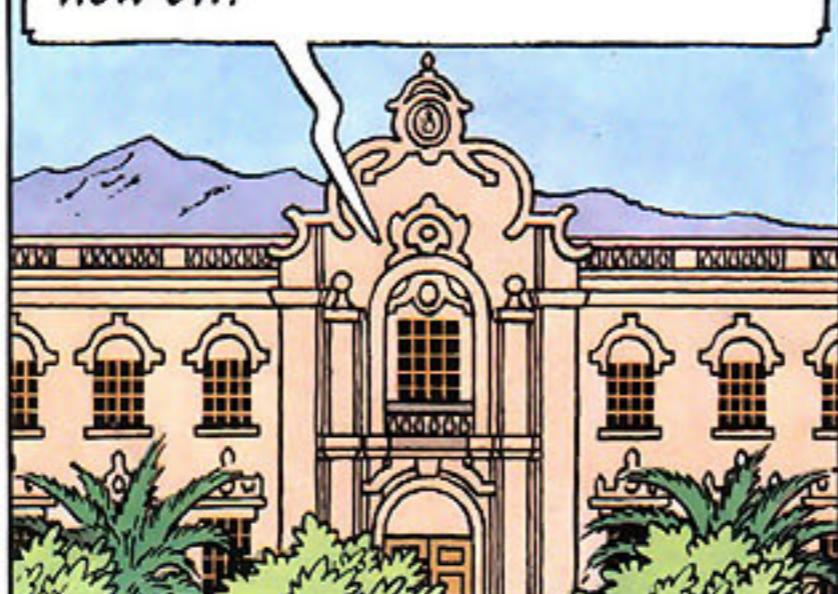
No thank you, my friend. Never between meals.



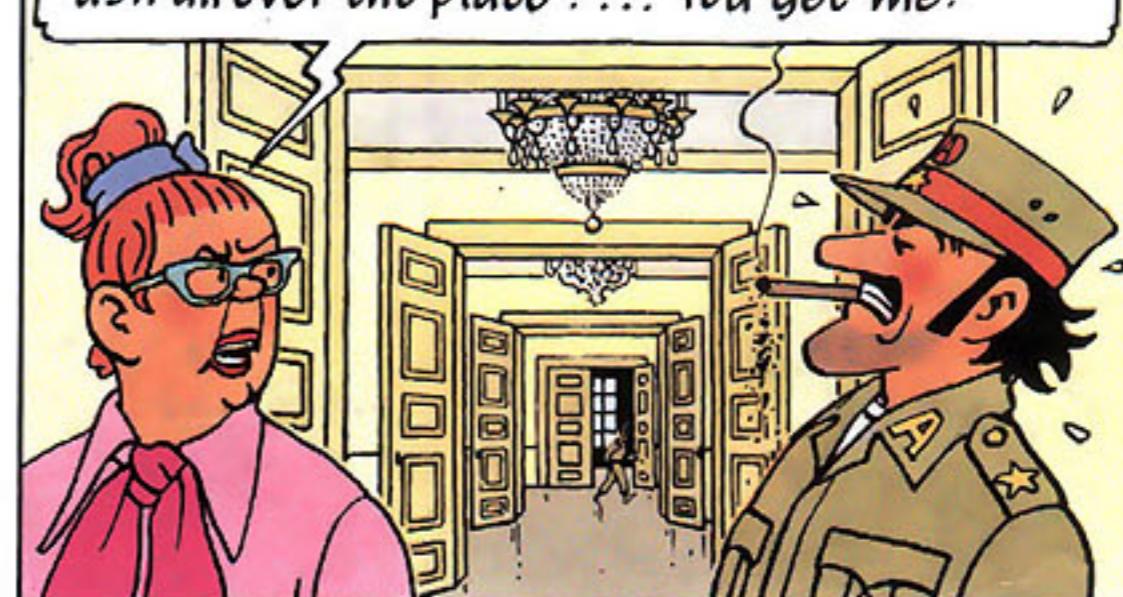
Good old Alcazar! Give him a big hurrah!



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?



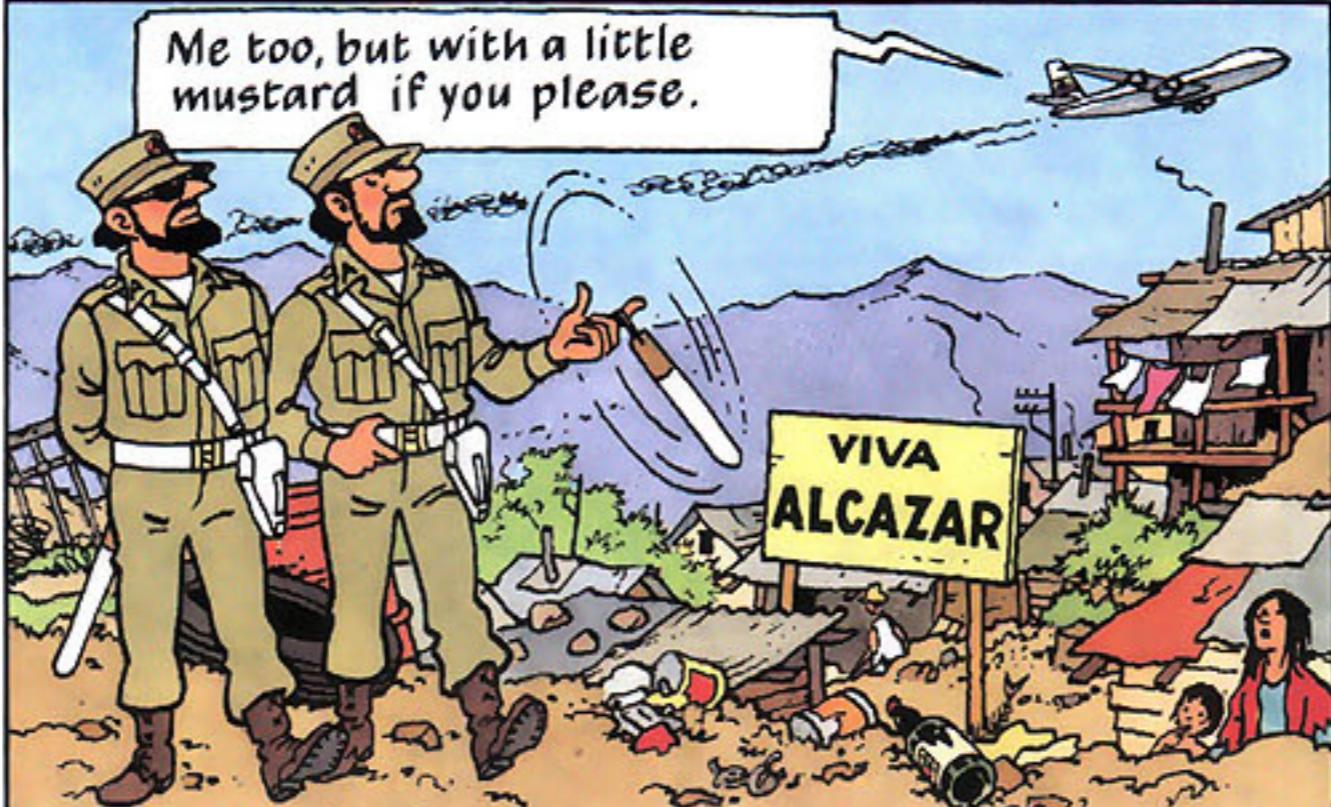
Two days later...

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

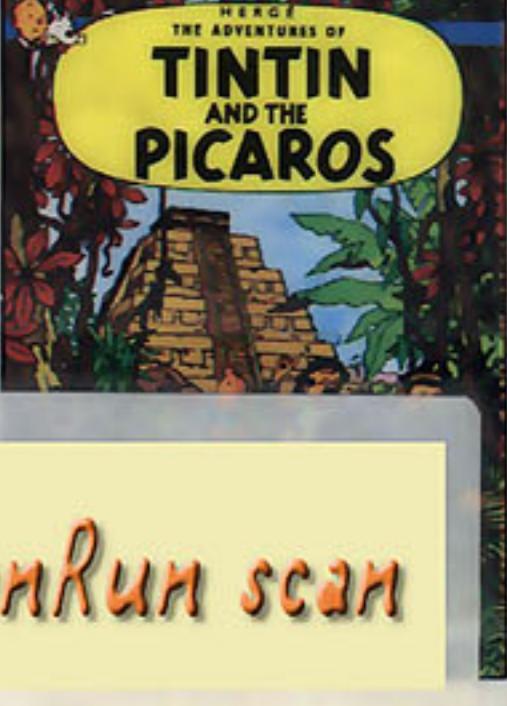
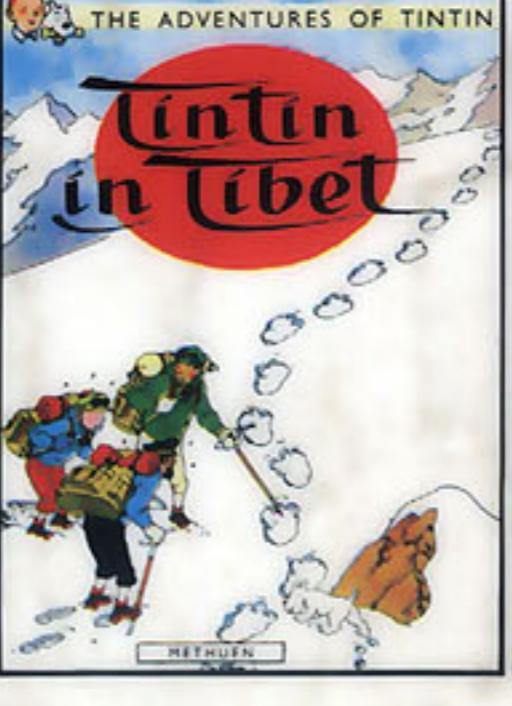
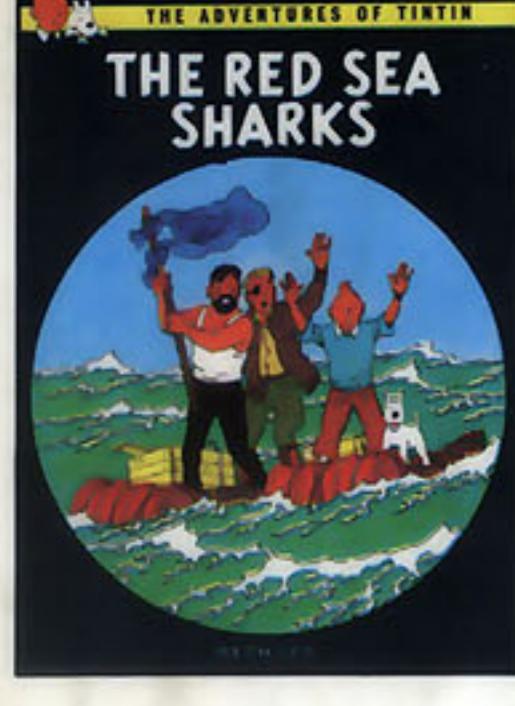
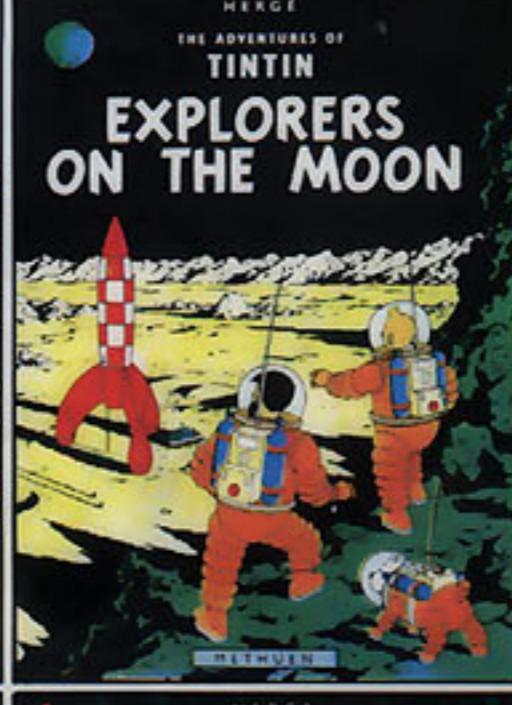
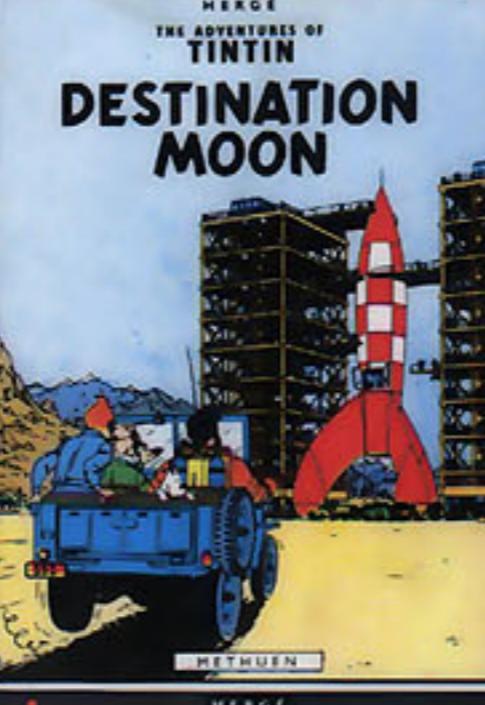
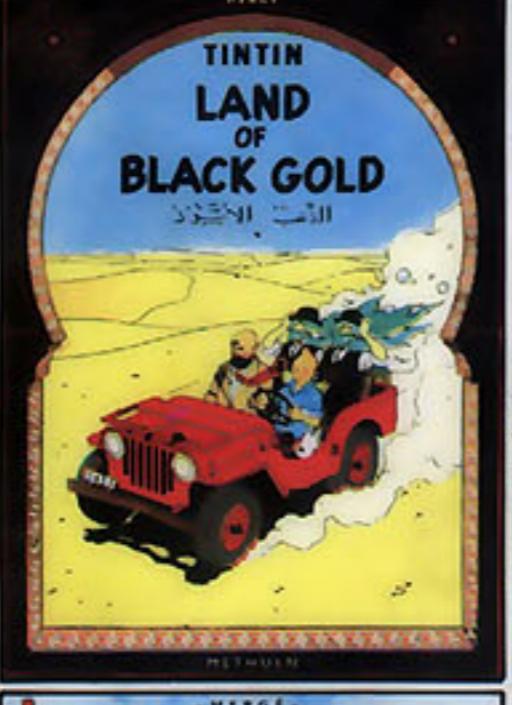
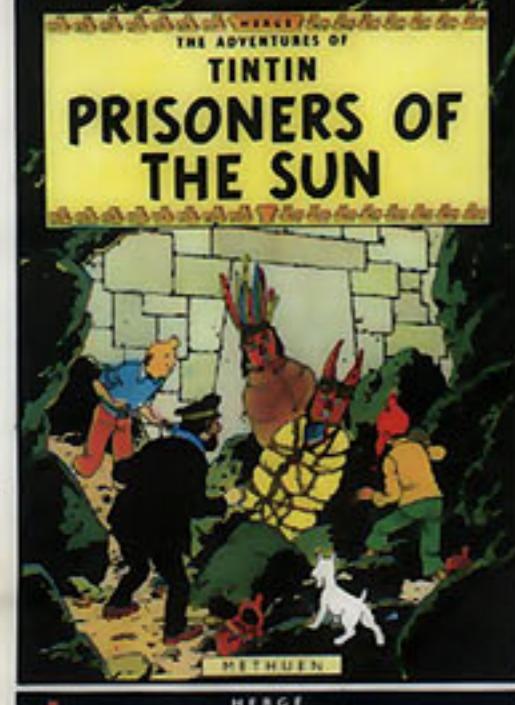
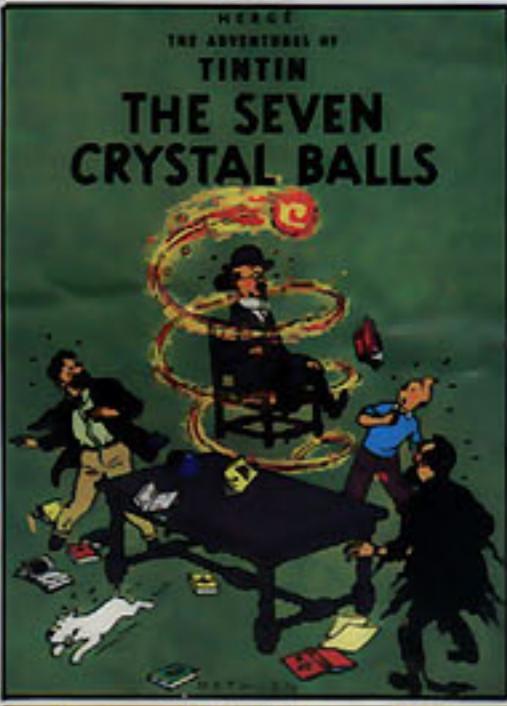
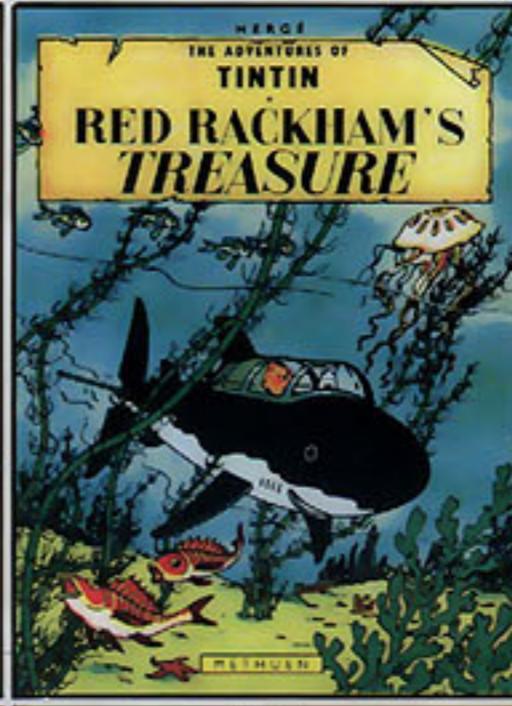
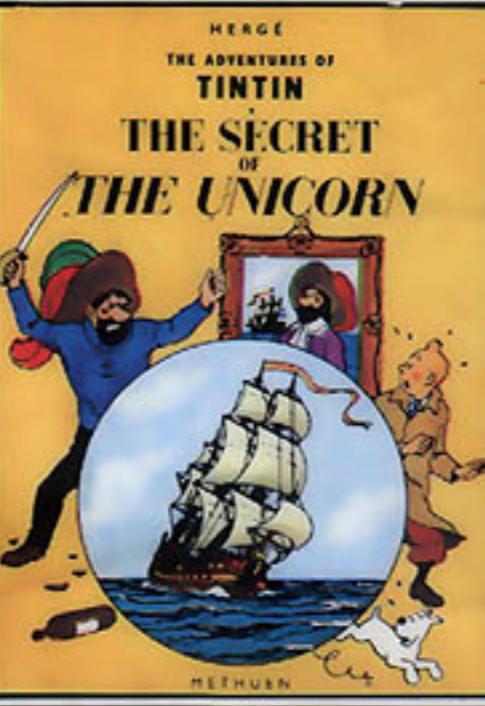
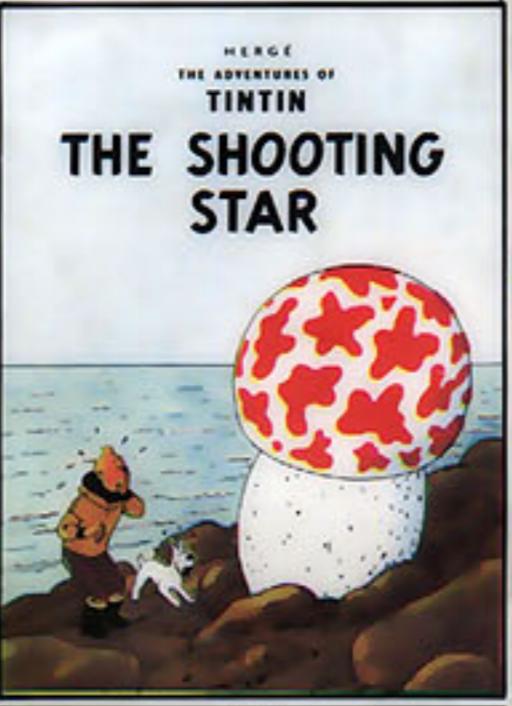
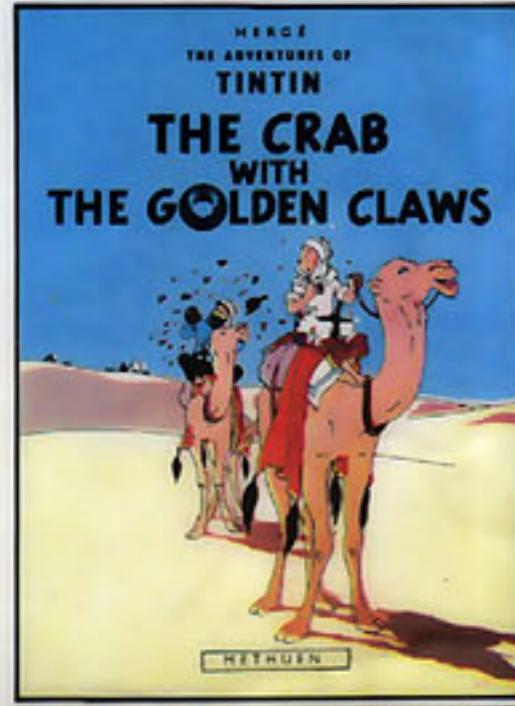
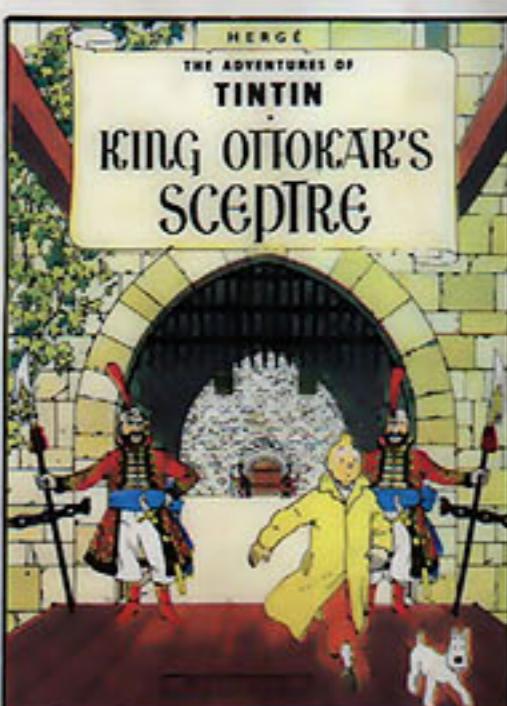
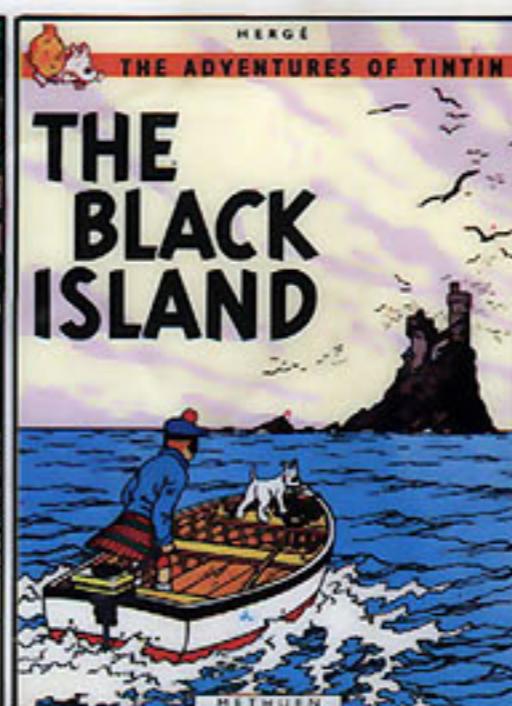
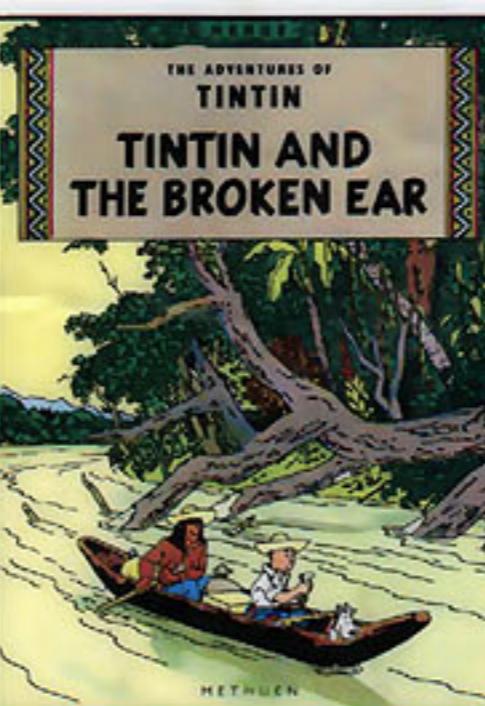
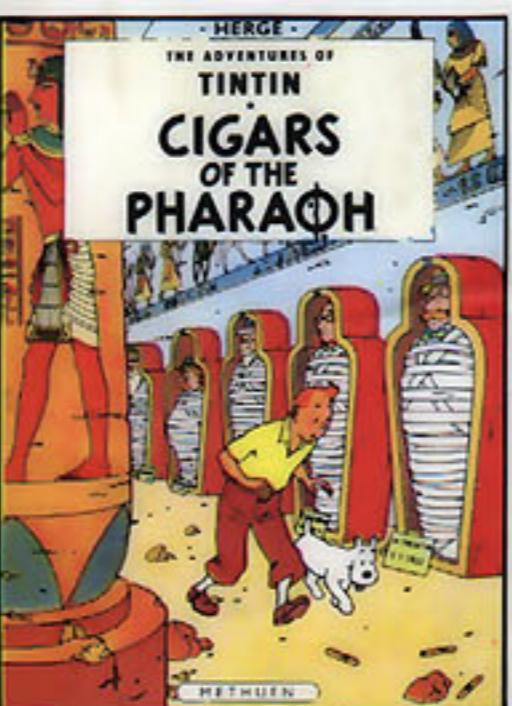
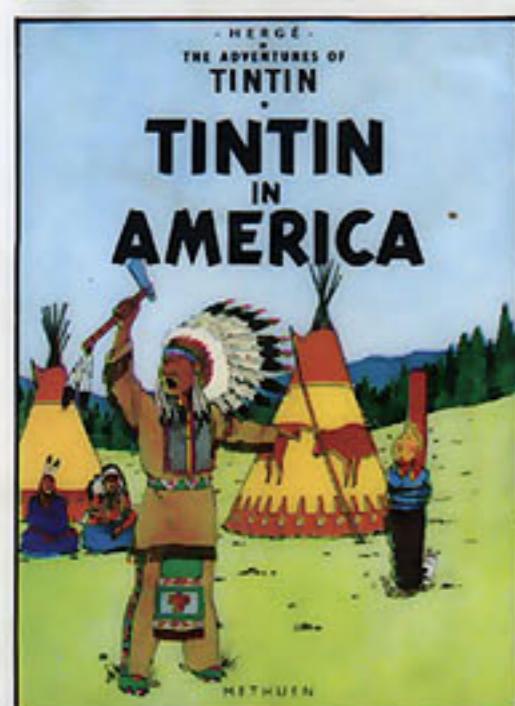
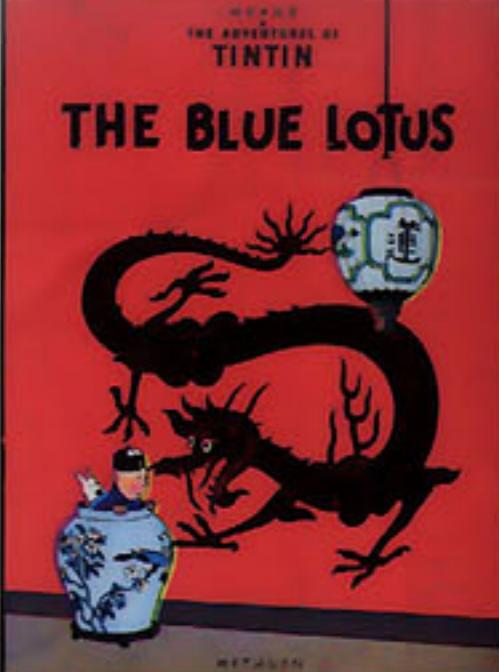
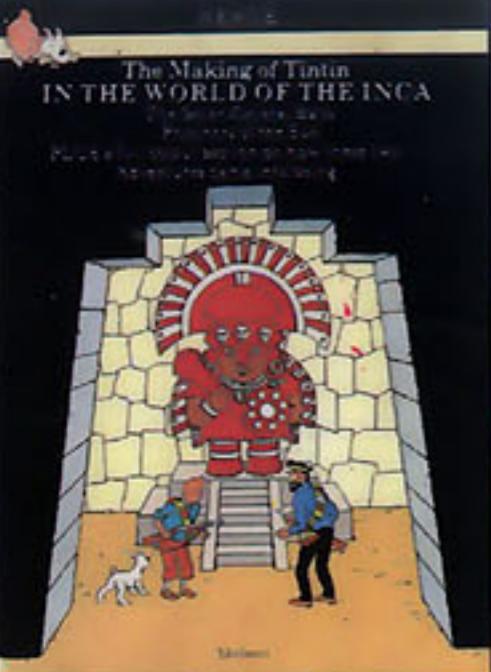
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