

HERGÉ  
THE ADVENTURES OF  
**TINTIN**

# **THE CALCULUS AFFAIR**



Little, Brown

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THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

# THE CALCULUS AFFAIR



**Translated by Leslie Lonsdale-Cooper  
and Michael Turner**

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**The Calculus Affair**

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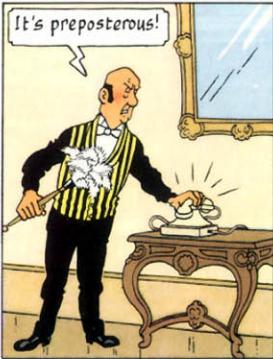
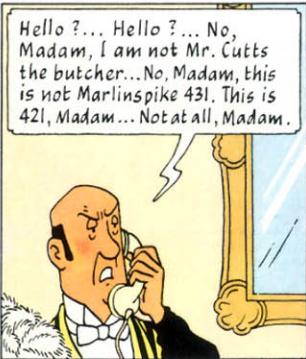
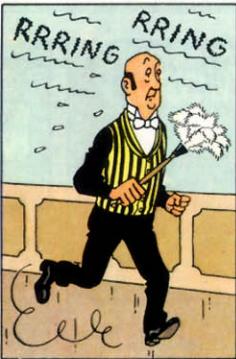
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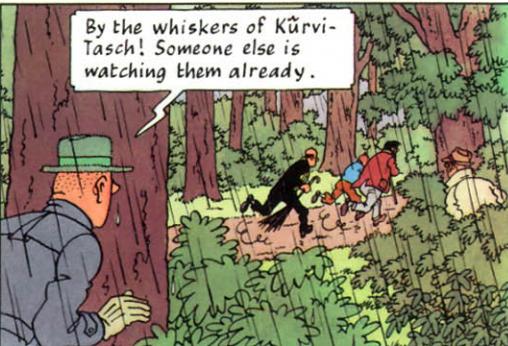
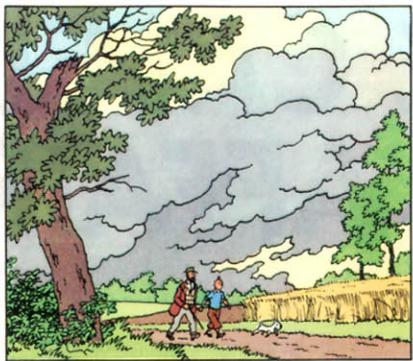
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# THE CALCULUS AFFAIR



So much for your peace and quiet, Captain! Look over there. There's a big storm brewing.

Yes, it's high time we got back to the house.



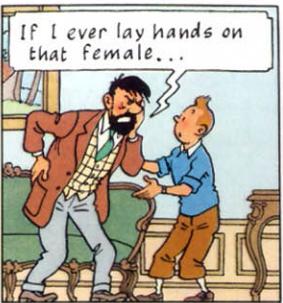
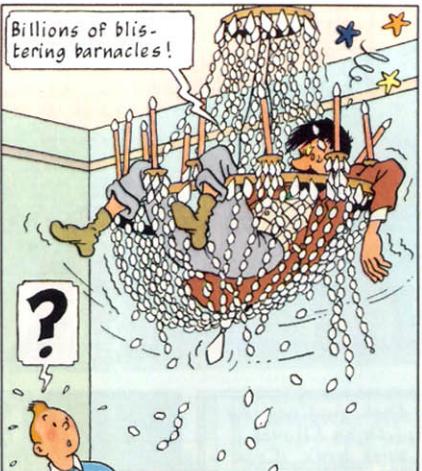


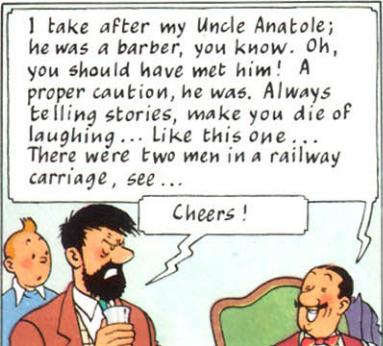
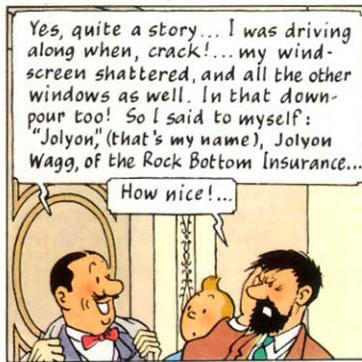
Quite so, Nestor. But one must always keep one's temper... especially with a lady... And besides, Nestor, you should never telephone during a storm: it is extremely dangerous.



That's that. And now, my friend, I think I'll just have a quiet drink, if you don't mind.







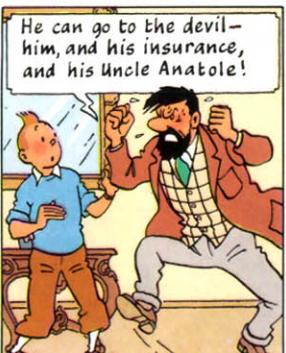
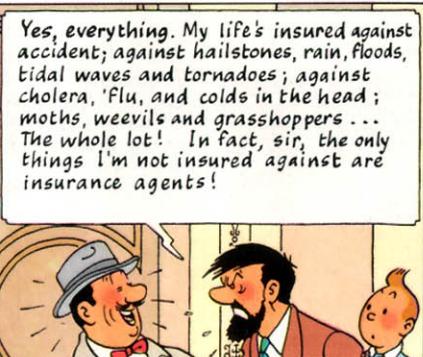
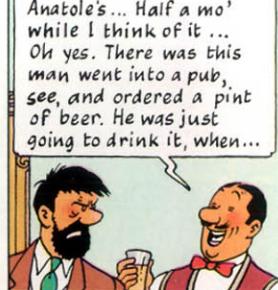
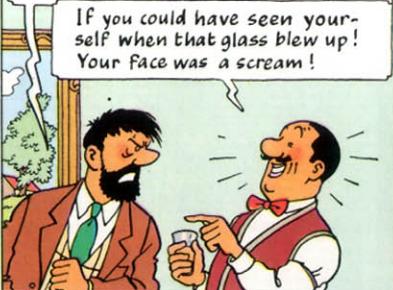
Did... did you see that?... I was just standing, my glass in my hand, and...

Oho! that's fun!

You think that's funny, eh? Is that all you've got to say?

If you could have seen yourself when that glass blew up!  
Your face was a scream!

Ha! ha! ha! Reminds me of that story of Uncle Anatole's... Half a mo' while I think of it... Oh yes. There was this man went into a pub, see, and ordered a pint of beer. He was just going to drink it, when...



They came from outside.



There's someone coming... Oh, it's Professor Calculus, on the way back from his laboratory.



Did you hear those shots?



Professor, just look at your hat! Excuse me...

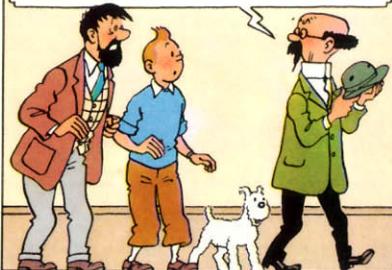


Look! A bullet has gone right through it!

Oh! See!... a hole!



I can't understand it at all. The moths never used to make such big holes as these.



Quick, Captain. Let's have a look round the park.

Right. Just let me fetch a torch, and I'll be with you.



Calculus certainly came along this path...



Captain! Snowy's picked up a scent. Come on, let's follow him.



Oh! Look there!

Woohah!



Blistering barnacles! Do you think he's...

No: he's alive. His heart's beating... faintly...



We must send for the police at once.

You stay here while I go and telephone.



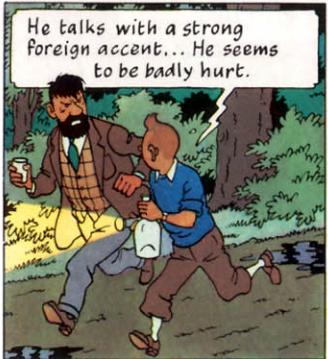
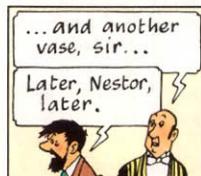
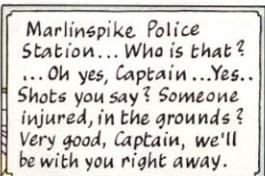
Blistering barnacles, what an evening! What an evening!

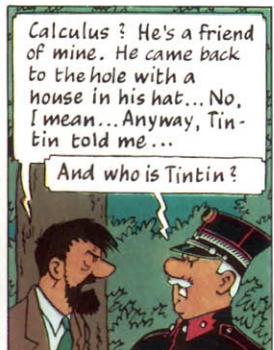
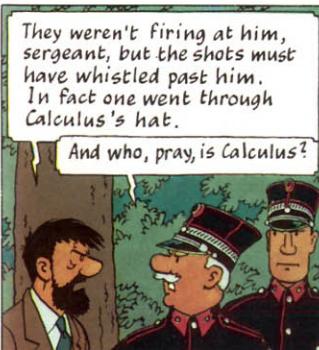
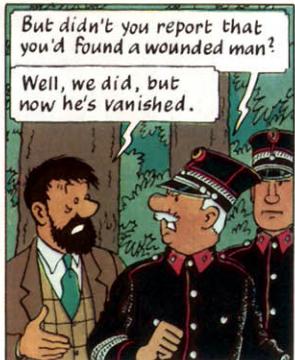
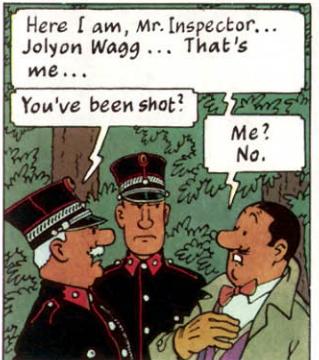
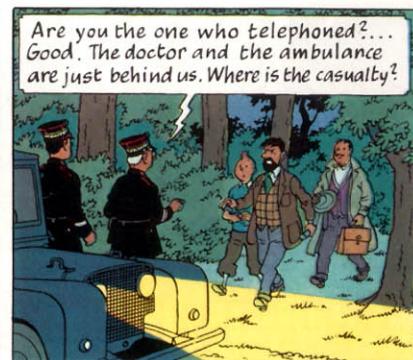
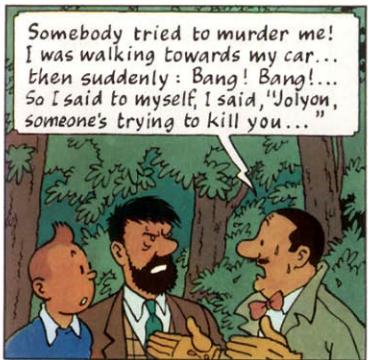


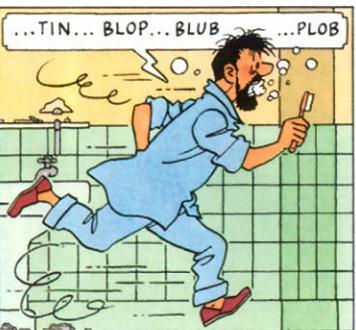
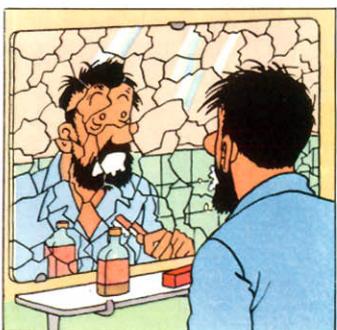
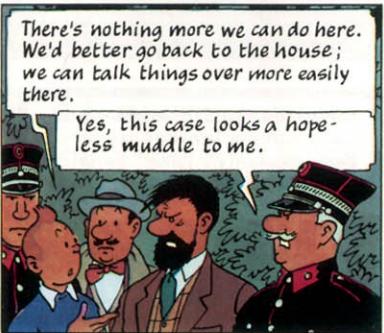
Oh, sir!... Sir! Something terrible's happened!

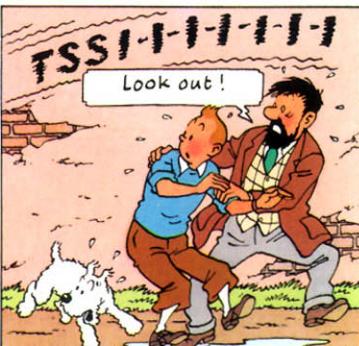
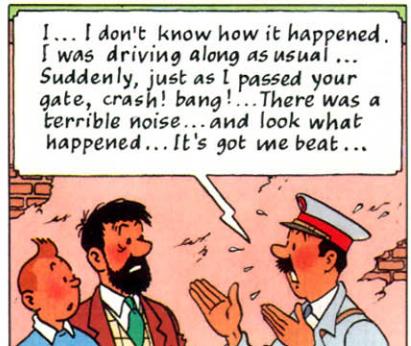
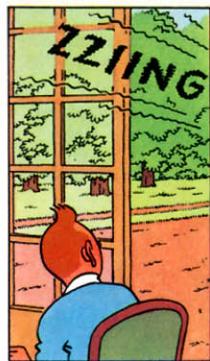
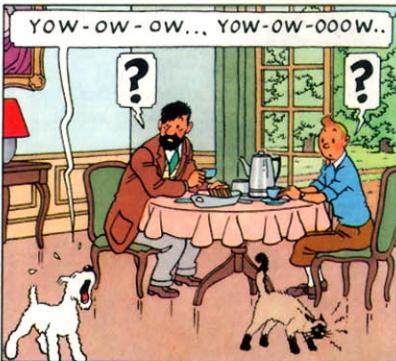
In heaven's name, what's the matter now?

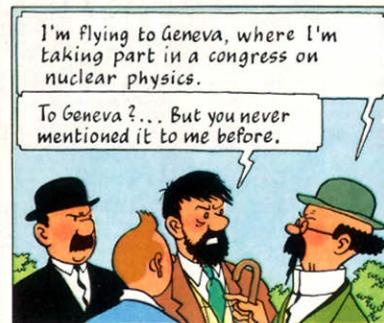
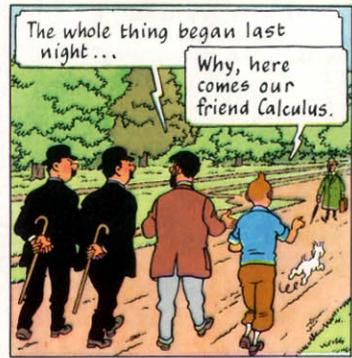
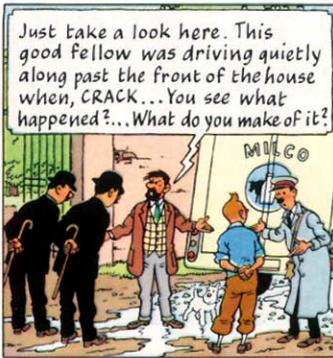
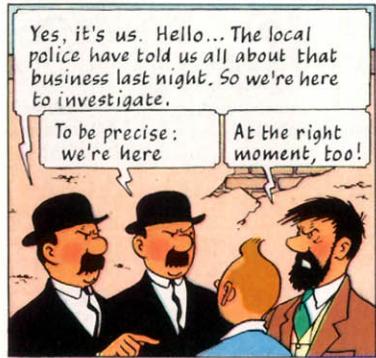
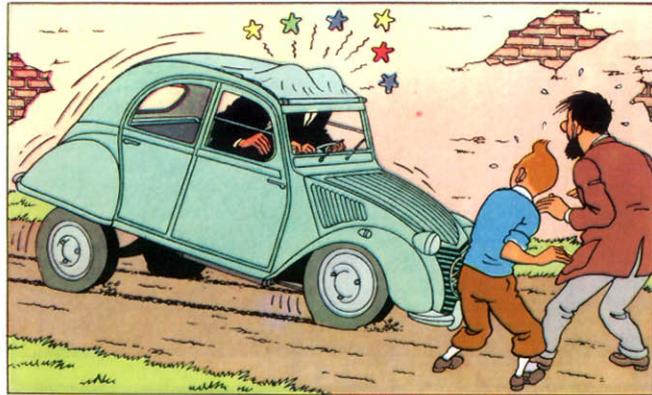


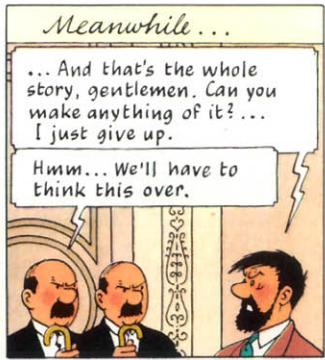




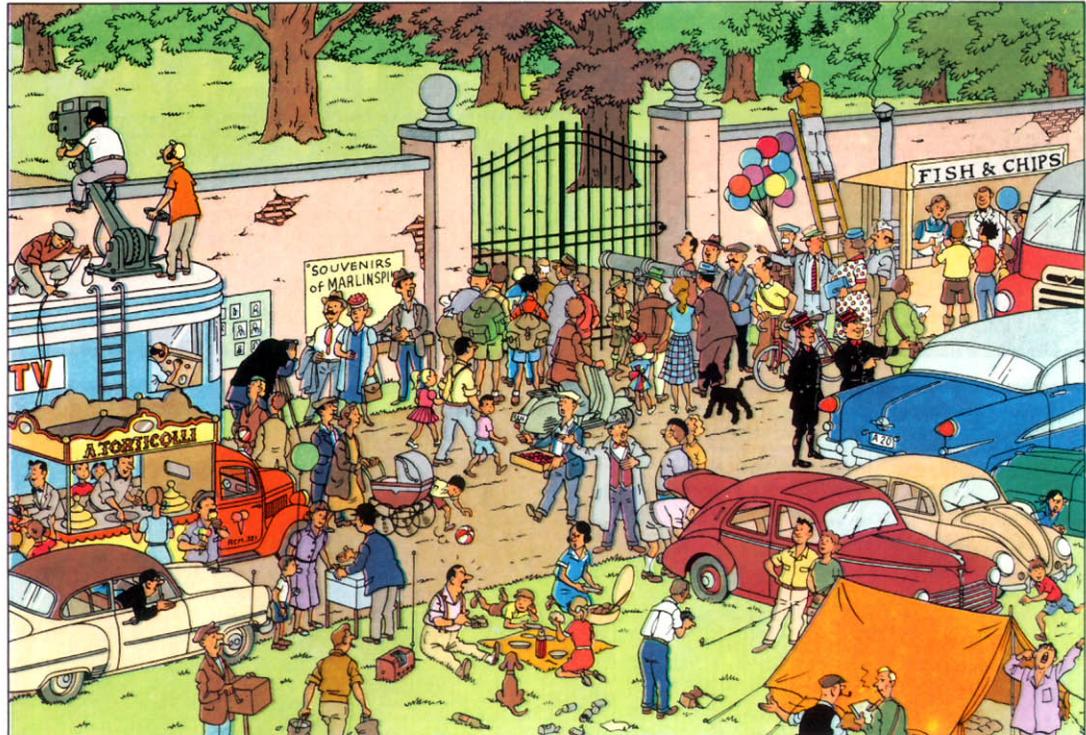
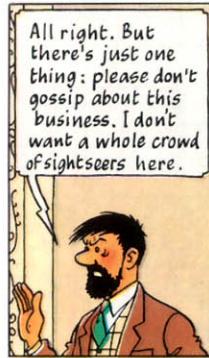








Hmm... We'll have to think this over.



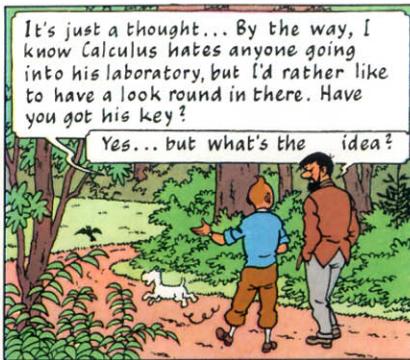
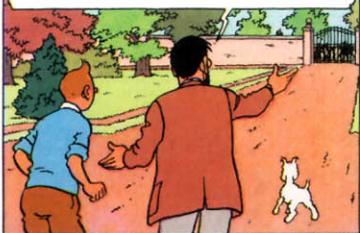
Just look at that horde of rubber-necks! They can hardly wait to see the rest of my windows smashed to bits!

No doubt. But somehow I think they are going to be disappointed.

What do you mean?

It's just a thought... By the way, I know Calculus hates anyone going into his laboratory, but I'd rather like to have a look round in there. Have you got his key?

Yes... but what's the idea?



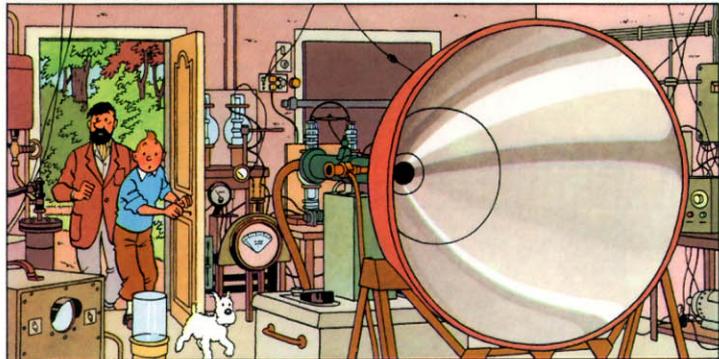
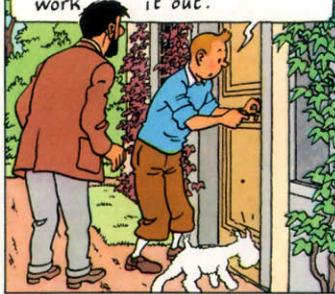
Well, I've been thinking about this business, and one thing struck me; the glass-breaking only occurred when Calculus was out; or, to be more accurate, when he was in his laboratory. And since he left for Geneva yesterday, nothing more has happened.



In a nutshell, you suggest our friend Cuthbert's responsible for all those incidents? But that's ridiculous!



I'm not suggesting anything, Captain. I'm simply trying to work it out.



I say, Captain, can you smell anything?

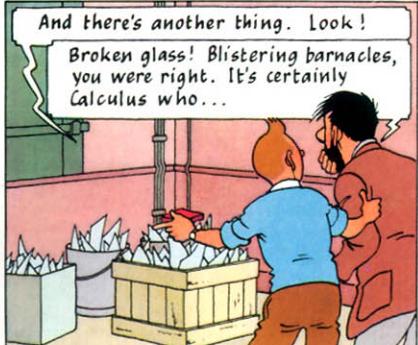
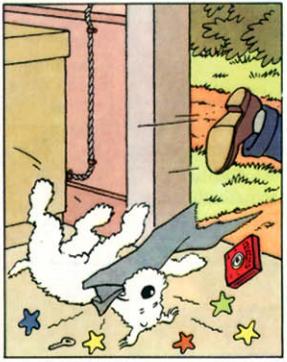
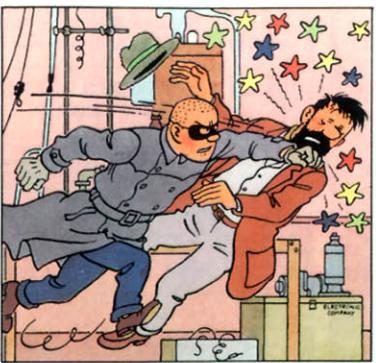
Sniff... Sniff...

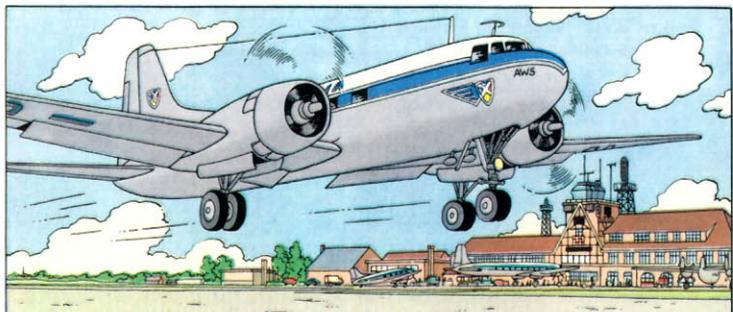
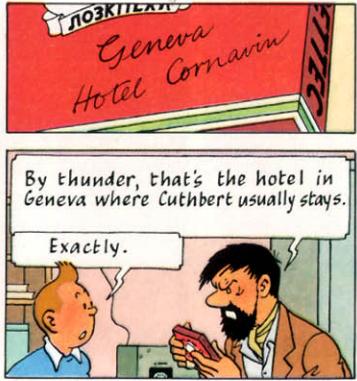
It's just... sniff... tobacco, that's all.

Yes, but Calculus doesn't smoke.

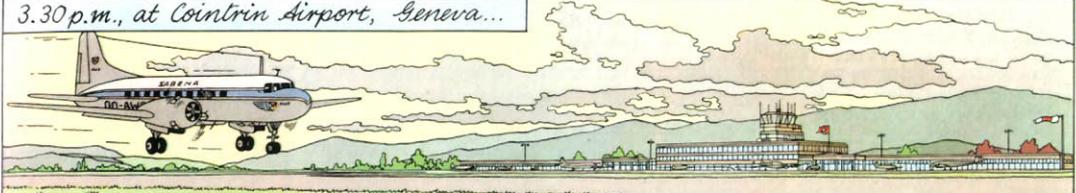
Blistering barnacles, that's quite right!



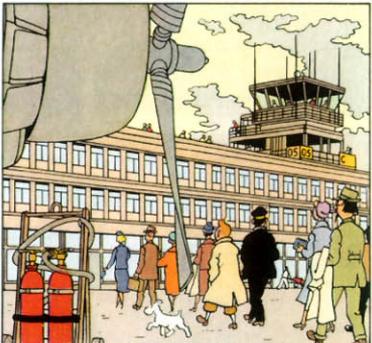




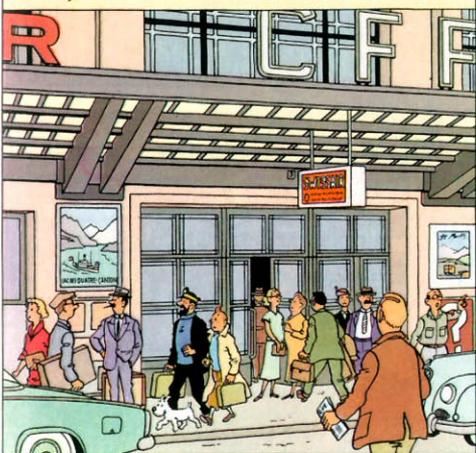
3.30 p.m., at Cointrin Airport, Geneva...



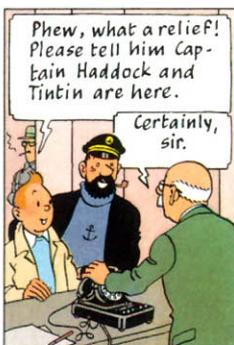
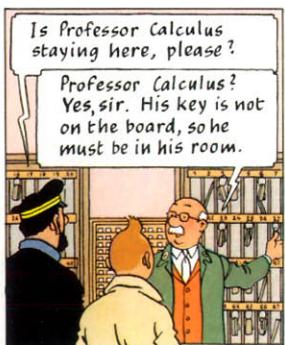
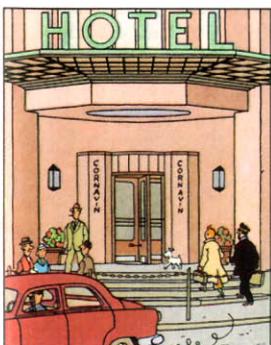
O.K., I get it: if they're here, we buzz off to Geneva and wait for them at Cornavin Station, at the Swissair bus terminal.



Three-quarters of an hour later, at Cornavin station...



Here they come... You barge into them and push them around; they'll get angry, there'll be a fight... All to gain time...



It's very odd... he isn't answering. Yet he should be in his room.

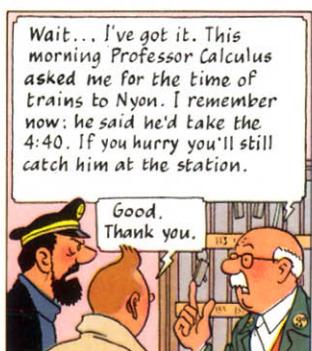
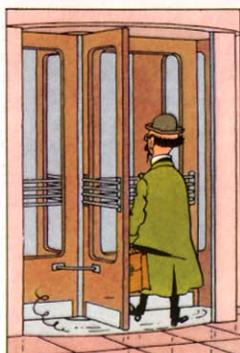
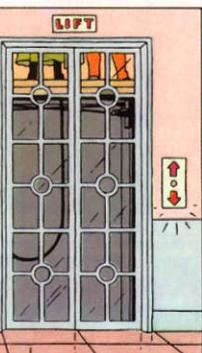
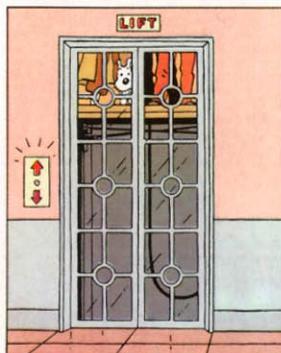
Perhaps he can't hear. We'd better go up. What number is his room, please?

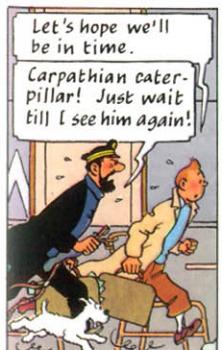
Number 122, fourth floor. The lift is on your left.

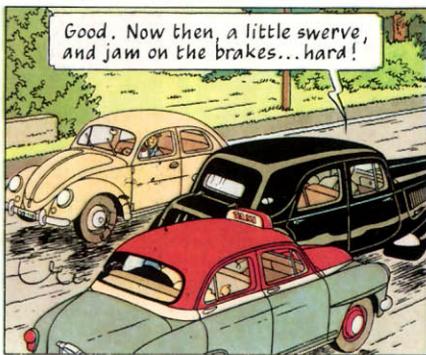
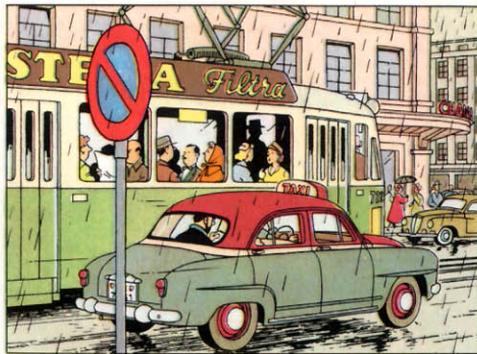
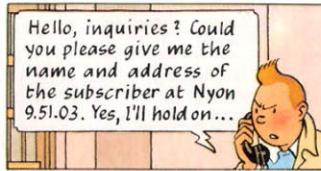
Thank you. We'll leave our luggage here.

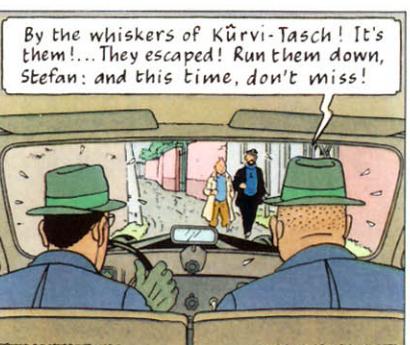
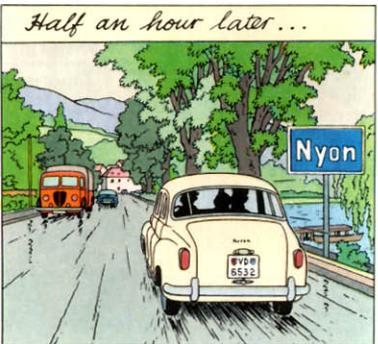
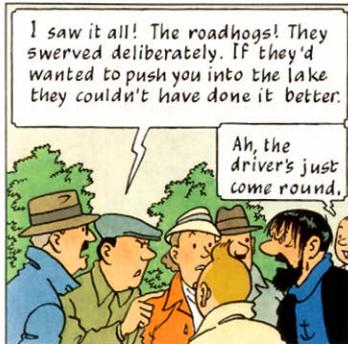
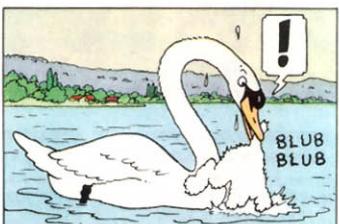
Fourth floor, please.

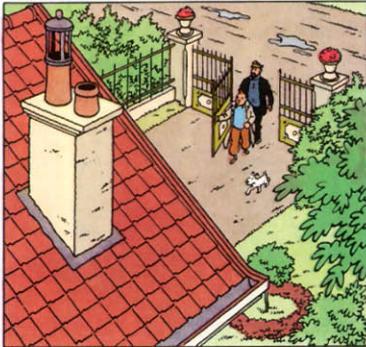
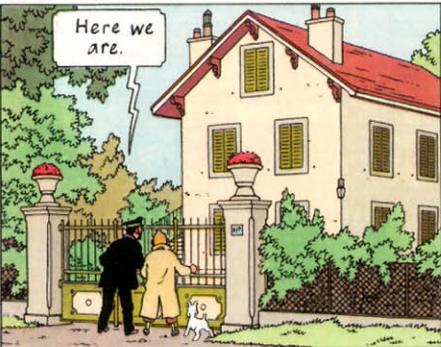
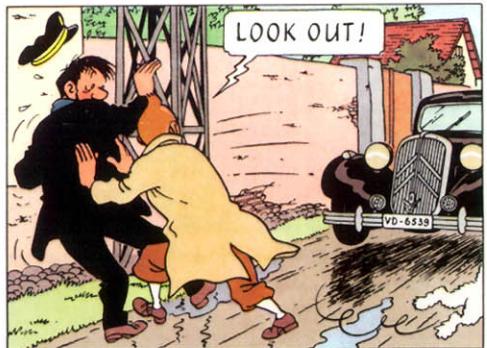
Certainly, sir.

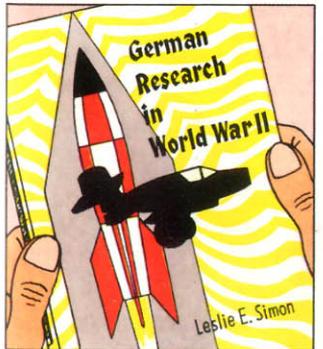
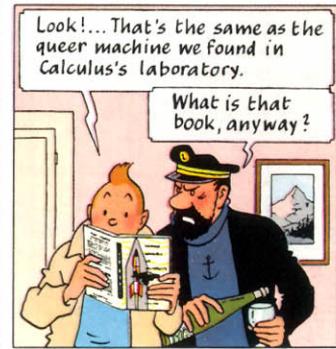
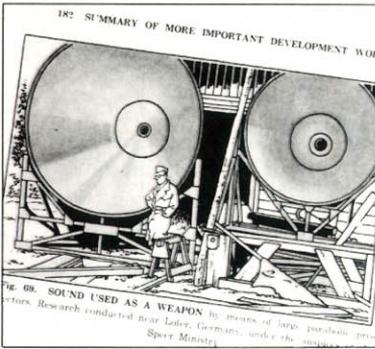
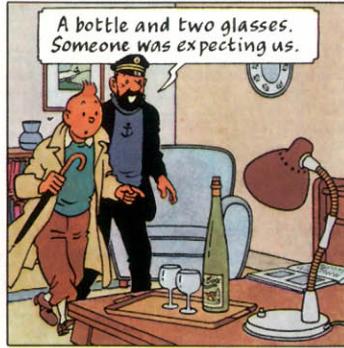












You will pay dearly for your folly, Lawton, my friend! Ha! ha! ha! ... At last we can settle our account...

The radio!



The radio!... You set it going when you plugged in the lamp.

It's useless to shout; that will do you no good...

Great snakes!... THAT CIGARETTE!... Another!

Well, what about that cigarette?

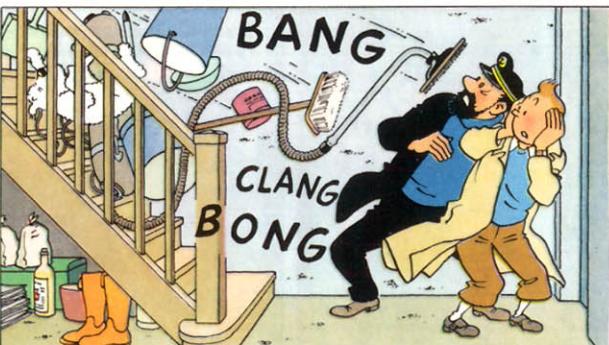


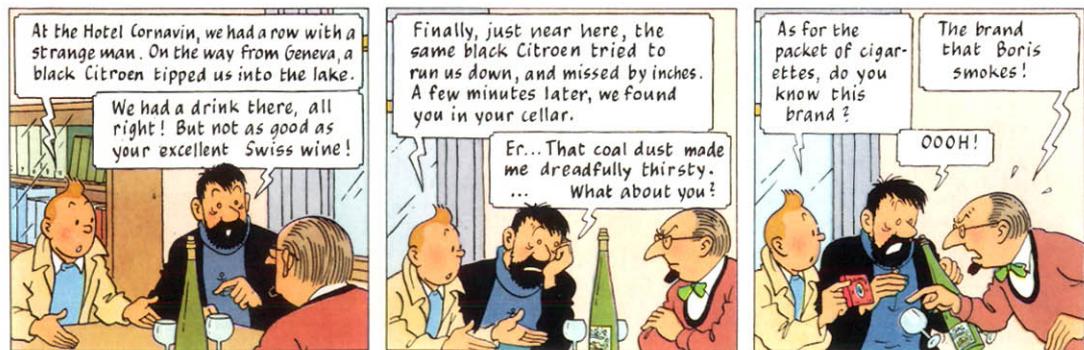
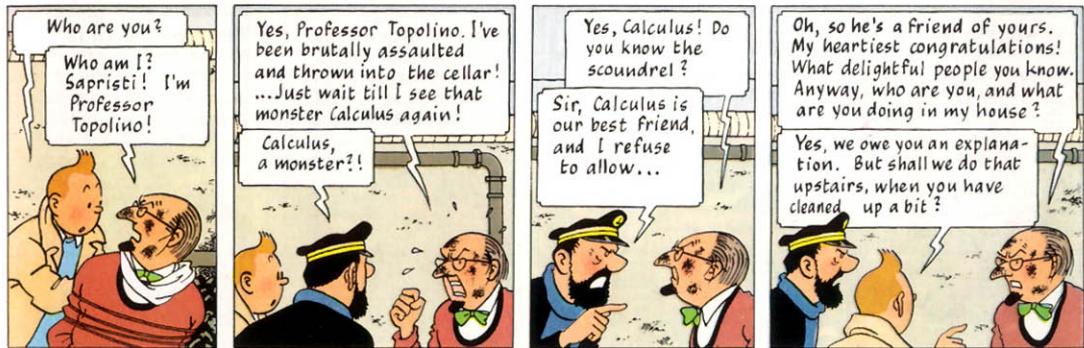
Look at the brand!

See here; it's the same as the packet dropped in Calculus's laboratory by that intruder. Blistering barnacles, so it is!



Careful... Go quietly: don't make a noise.





Who is Boris?

Boris? He's my servant. He smokes very little, and only those cigarettes. He gets them direct from Borduria.



From Borduria?... Boris is a Bordurian?... Where is he?

He left for home yesterday evening. They sent a telegram. His mother has just been taken ill.



I think I'm beginning to understand. Yes... But what's your story, Professor?

Your wine has rare distinction.



He wrote to say that he was on the verge of a sensational discovery, in the field of ultrasonics. As I am a specialist in that subject, he sought my advice. Last week another letter arrived... He had succeeded.



But it seems that the consequences of his invention so alarmed him that he wished to talk to me. I arranged to see him today.



Exactly. But help yourself if you feel like it. ... This afternoon Calculus arrived, a little earlier than I expected, and we began to chat.



Then I bent down to pick up some papers. I looked up, and there was Calculus, brandishing a cosh... Then I came to in the cellar, bound and gagged.



I've got it!



Do you know this man?



Never seen him. Who is he?

Calculus! The one and only Calculus! So it wasn't he who knocked you out; it was someone else, masquerading as the Professor. Meanwhile the real Calculus arrived...

You're sure the timing mechanism hasn't stopped?

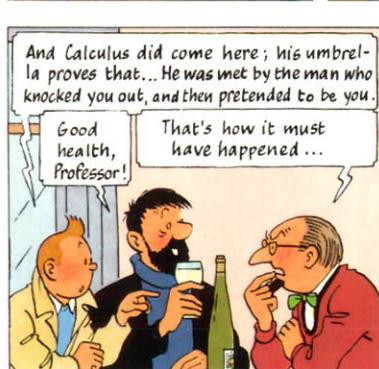
Don't panic! Only a few seconds to go...



And Calculus did come here; his umbrella proves that... He was met by the man who knocked you out, and then pretended to be you.

Good health, Professor!

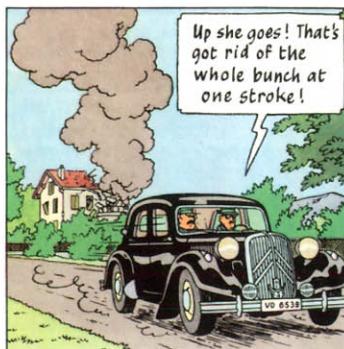
That's how it must have happened...



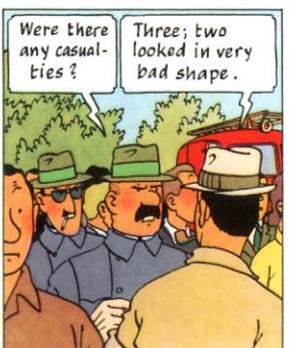
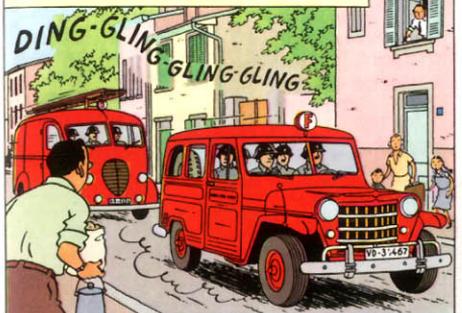
BOOM

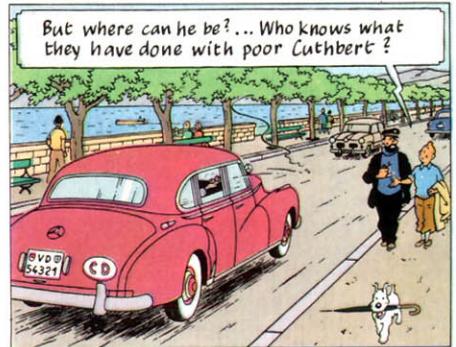
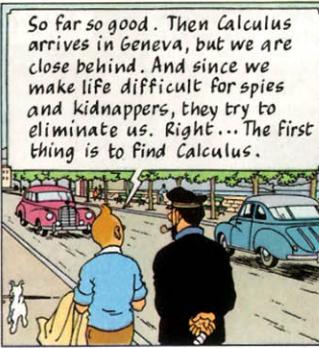
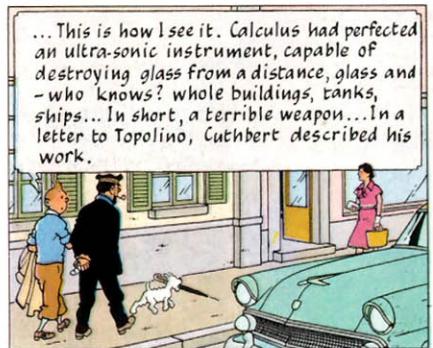


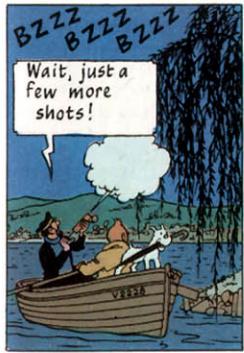
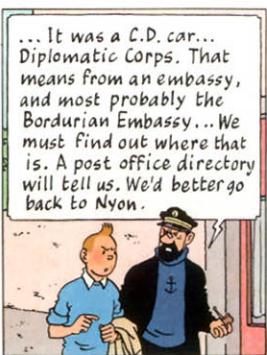
Up she goes! That's got rid of the whole bunch at one stroke!



*A few minutes later ...*







Someone's trying to rescue Calculus! Quick, Captain, let's give them a hand!

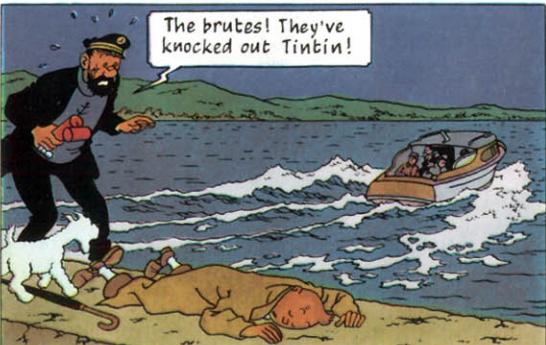
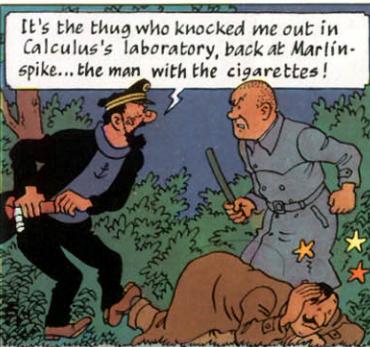
I'm with you! Come on!

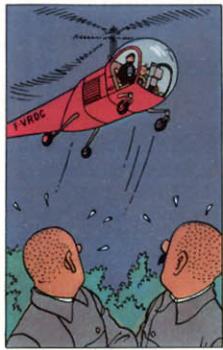
...But how can we tell friends from enemies?

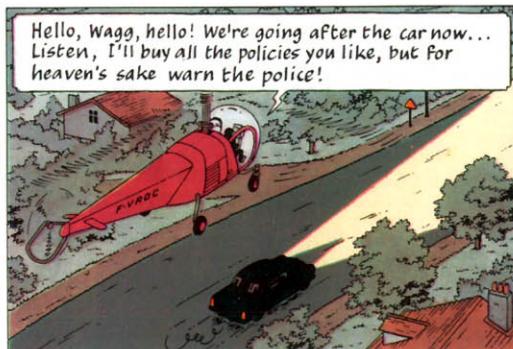
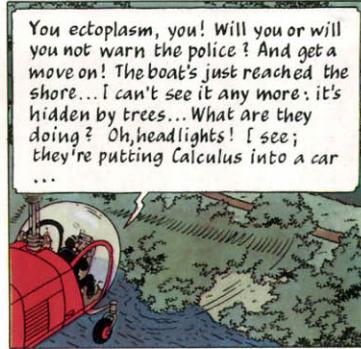
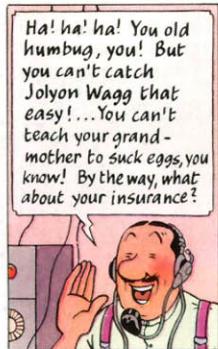
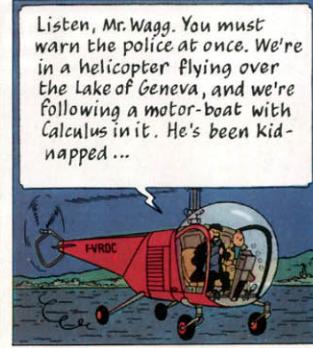
Go for the ugliest ... That won't be difficult - you'll see.

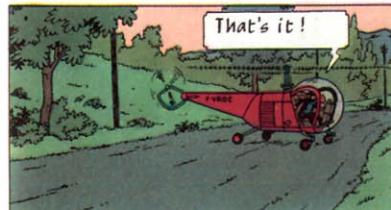
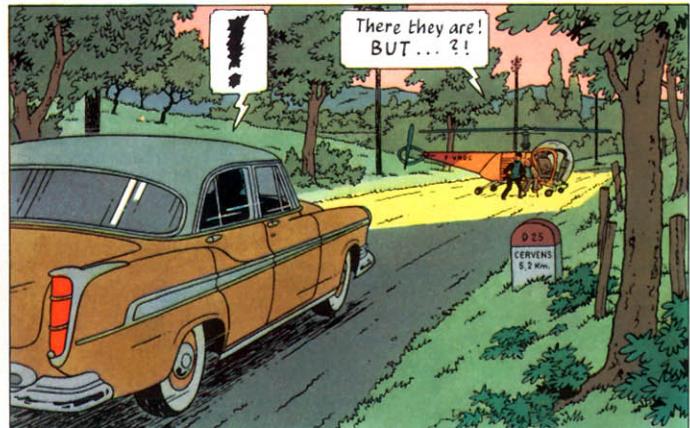
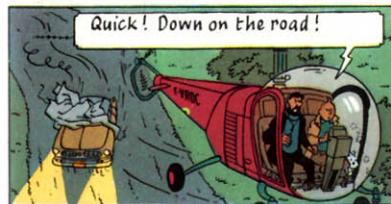
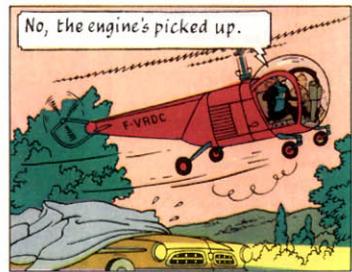
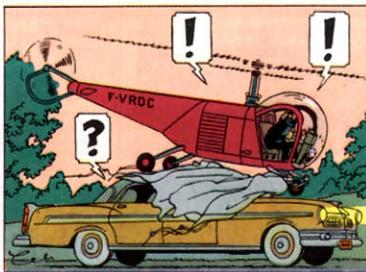
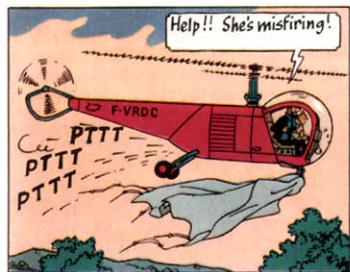
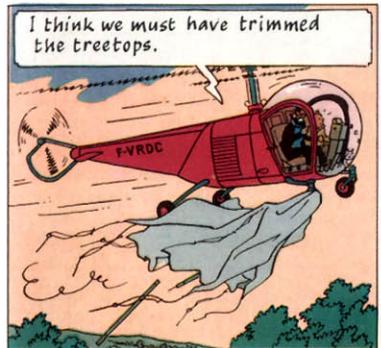
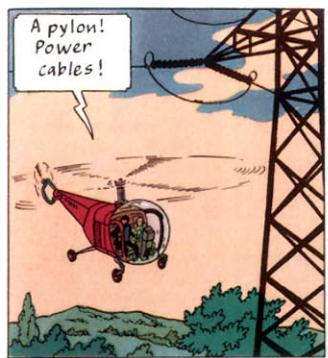
Now which has the ugliest mug? It looks about fifty-fifty...

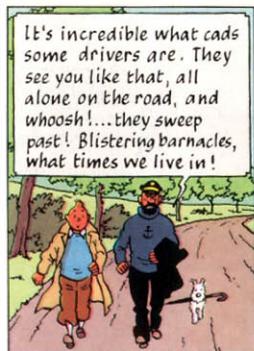
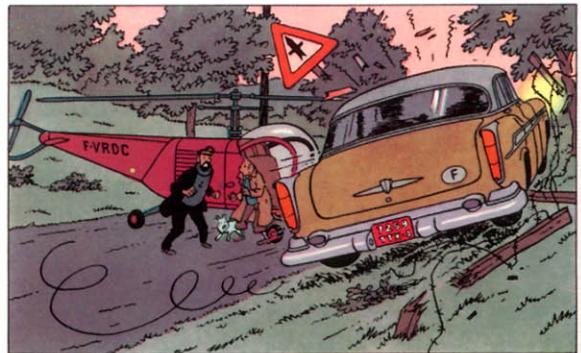
Tintin! Is it really you? I can't believe my eyes!

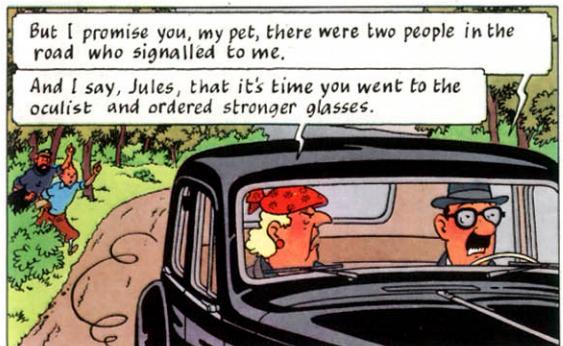








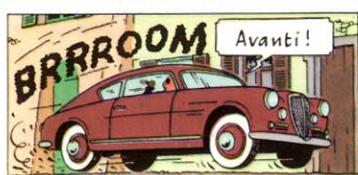
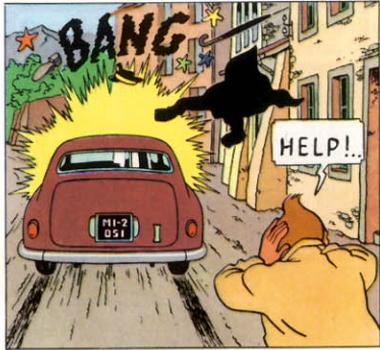




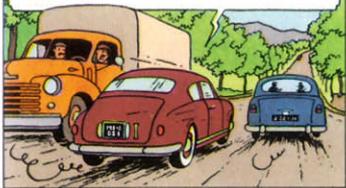
...Yes, and meanwhile poor Calculus is being whisked further and further away!

At last! There's a tobacconist. I'm going to buy an ounce or two.

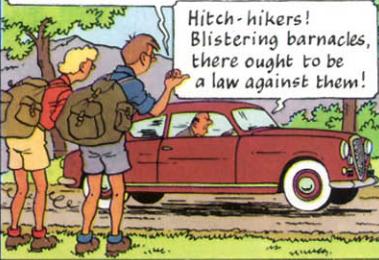
You go on. I won't be a minute.



Perhaps we'd better explain. Our friend Calculus has an invention which secret agents from a foreign power are trying to steal. That is why they kidnapped Calculus.



But a rival gang, probably secret agents from another country, grabbed our friend.



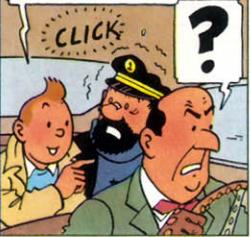
As I was saying, this second gang snatched our friend from the first lot. We...er... Don't you think we'd better slow down?



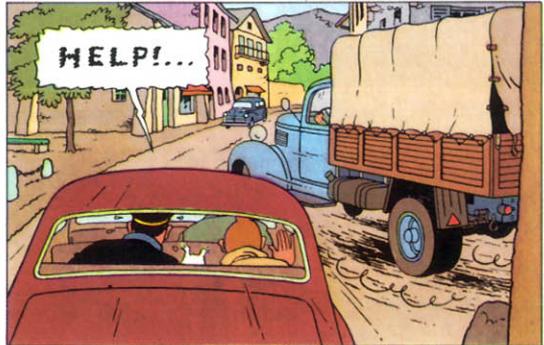
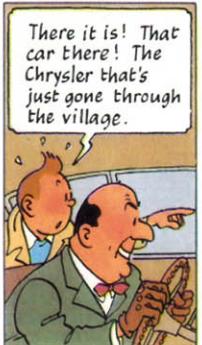
It... it... it's nothing. ... It...it...it's my... my b-t-t-teeth...ch-ch-ch-ch-chattering...

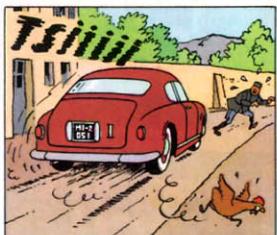


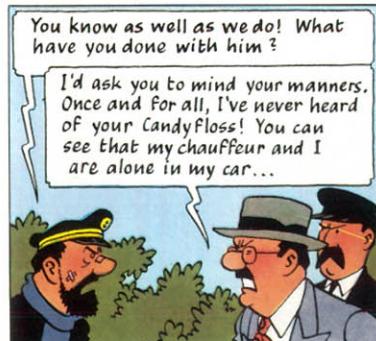
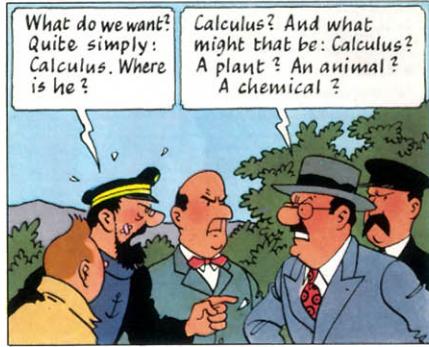
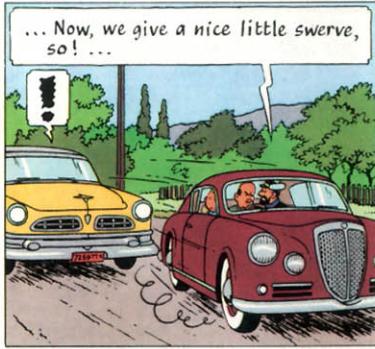
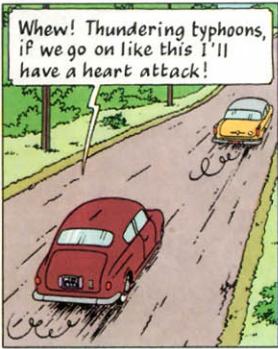
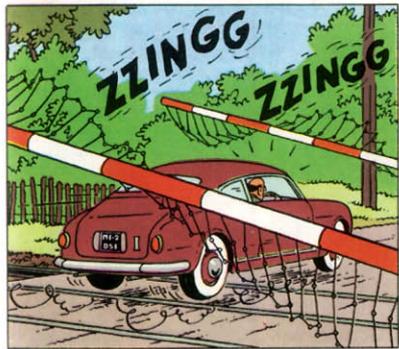
Er... I believe the Captain thinks that you're flying too low...



There it is! That car there! The Chrysler that's just gone through the village.

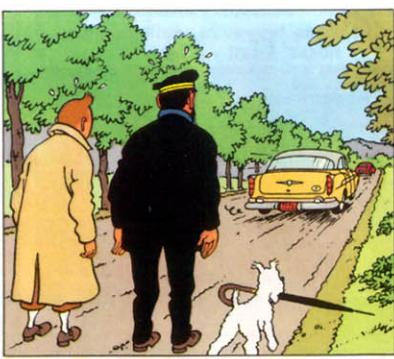






Does that satisfy you, Mr. Sherlock Holmes? Or would you like to dismantle my carburetor? No? In that case, get out of the road and let me pass. You've wasted enough of my time already.

Mamma mia! You fool me nicely, yes?... You tell me the big fib, yes? You just wanna to make hitch-hike... and me stupido who believes you! Madonna, how you fool me! Va bene! Now you walk. Addio!



What can have happened? Did we follow the wrong car?... Or did Calculus stay in the motor-boat?



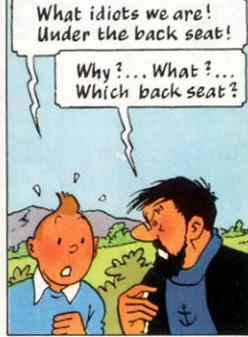
GREAT SNAKES!



YEOW!



What idiots we are!  
Under the back seat!



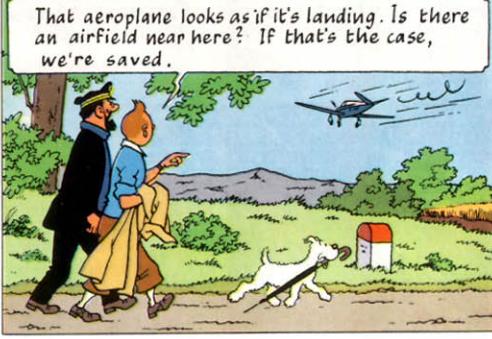
It was rather high up... That's where they've hidden poor Calculus! We let ourselves be hoodwinked like a couple of kids. Come on!



Old Calculus has certainly led us a pretty dance around the countryside!



That aeroplane looks as if it's landing. Is there an airfield near here? If that's the case, we're saved.



Come on, let's take this footpath. When we get to the airfield we'll ask if there's a plane available.



What's all this?... No airfield?... It's come down in a meadow.



Look! There, behind those trees!

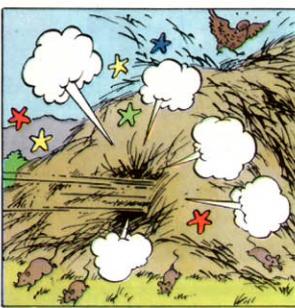
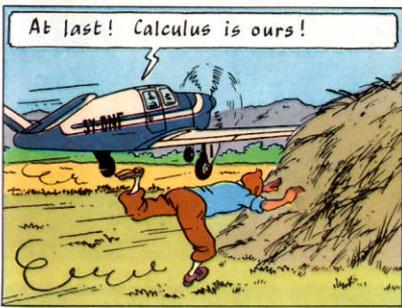
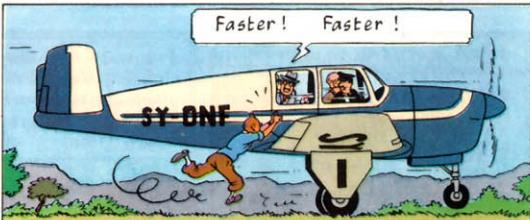
The Chrysler!!



There's Calculus! They're putting him aboard the plane. Quick Captain!

By St. Vladimir! There are those madmen again!

Quick, Stanislas, climb aboard. And start up the engine, Boldoff; hurry! Too bad about the car: we'll abandon it.



**SAVE ME!**

Great snakes!  
Poor Captain!

Hurry, blistering barnacles! Help me!



A few minutes later...

Thundering typhoons,  
you were right! The back  
seat is hollow. The pirates!  
That's where they hid  
him!



Listen Captain, we  
mustn't waste time.  
It was a Syldavian  
aircraft: we'll go  
back to Geneva and  
take the first plane  
for Syldavia.

Right!

*Next morning in Geneva...*

While you buy the tickets  
I'll get some papers. Then  
I'll put a call through  
to Marlinspike ...

SEE CLEARLY  
WITH  
BETTASPECS

Two seats for Klow,  
sir? Certainly. The  
plane leaves from  
Cointrin in two  
hours' time.

swissair



SWISSAIR



BLISTERING BARNACLES!



Incredible!...Fantastic!...  
That's upset the apple-cart!



CHANGE WECHSEL  
EXCHANGE



You Carpathian Bashi-bazouks!  
That's the second time you've  
crossed my path. I hope for your  
sakes there won't be a third. You  
two-timing Tartar twisters,  
you!...Understand?...



Just remember,  
I've got my eye on you!





## BORDURO-SYLDAVIAN INCIDENT

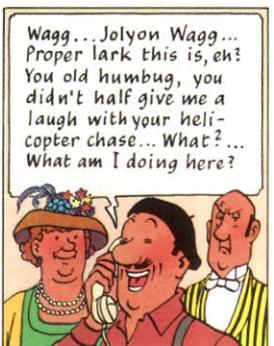
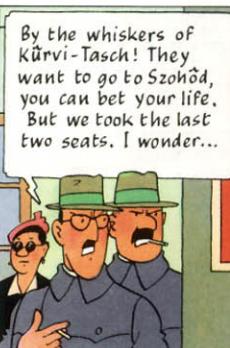
Bordurian fighters force down  
Syldavian plane

“VIOLATION  
OF OUR  
AIR-SPACE”  
SAYS SZOHÖD

A Bordurian Air Ministry communiqué reports that a Syldavian aircraft has been intercepted by fighters while flying over Bordurian territory. Despite repeated warnings, says the communiqué,

“UNPROVOKED  
TASCHIST  
AGGRESSION”  
KLOW PROTESTS

In an official note the Syldavian Ministry of Foreign Affairs has protested vigorously against “unprovoked aggression by the Bordurian Air Force towards an unarmed Syldavian passenger”



I'm afraid it's the truth, sir. The Professor's laboratory has been stripped... Yes, the apparatus too, sir... Absolutely everything... Quite so, last night. Yes, sir, the police came this morning.



Did they find any clues? ... You... Hello? ... What did you say, Nestor?



No, it's me, Wagg. ... Don't worry, old boy; it's better than a slap in the eye with a wet kipper, as my Uncle Anatole used to say. Besides...



Thundering typhoons! Shut up about your Uncle Anatole and put me back to Nestor, or I'll do something desperate!

Right away... You know, your insurance is ready. And you'll see, I've taken care of everything. You've got the lot: theft, fire, hail-storms, air-disasters...



Wagg! Billions of billions blue blistering barnacles! I... hello! ... hello!... HELLO!

Now I've been cut off!!!



I say, what's the matter now?

What's the matter? It's Calculus's laboratory at Marlinspike! Rifled! emptied! ransacked! Those gangsters have taken all his apparatus...



And when I think they're probably in league with those two Patagonian savages... Hello, they've weighed anchor.

So they have: they've gone.



Excuse me, sir!... Sir!... Sir!...

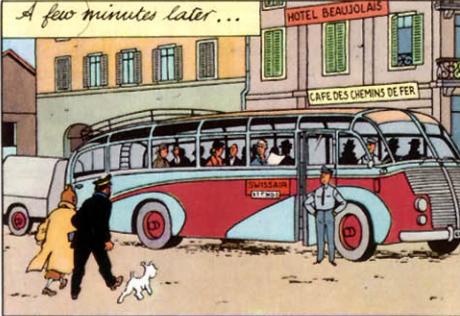


Someone's just telephoned: we have two vacant seats on the plane for Szohod... but the coach leaves in five minutes. Will that be...

Thanks, we'll take them.



A few minutes later...

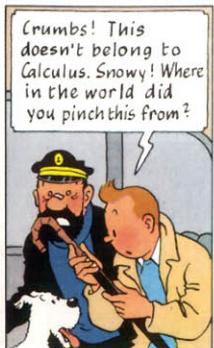


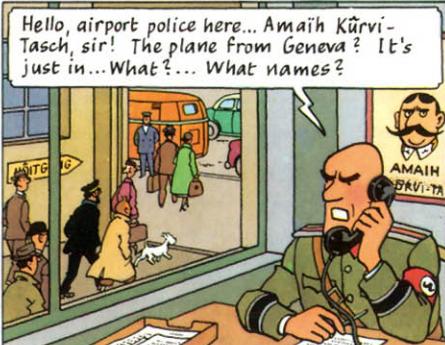
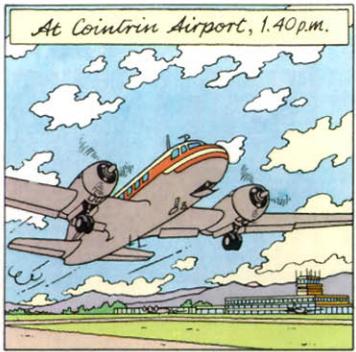
Bon voyage, gentlemen. We're only too delighted to give you our seats...



You're the last, sir, We're just off now.







That's a relief, I can tell you. I thought they might have had warning of our arrival.



A few minutes later...

Ah, Captain, this is a great privilege for us. We in Borduria salute you, hero of that glorious interplanetary flight. ... Amaïh!



And you too, Mänhir Tintin. I am proud to shake the hand which... er... first set foot on the Moon. I salute you. Amaïh!



The ancient traditions of Bodurian hospitality demand that we ensure your absolute comfort and safety.



As I was saying: your safety... Two interpreters will therefore accompany you during your stay here. They will take you wherever you may wish to go... and at whatever time.



These gentlemen, Krönick and Klämsi, are entirely at your service... They will take you to the Hotel Szörr, where rooms are booked for you. I wish you a pleasant stay... Amaïh!



Ten minutes later, in Szobód...

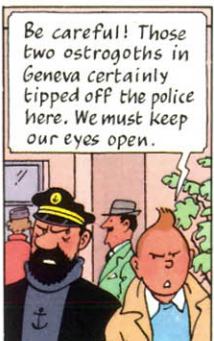
... And this is Kürvi-Tasch Platz. Your hotel is just round the corner.



Here we are. This is it.



One moment, please. We'll see about your rooms.



Be careful! Those two ostrogoths in Geneva certainly tipped off the police here. We must keep our eyes open.



Oh!... Quick!... Hide! Hide!

## BIANCA CASTAFIORE !!!

Did you see? That was Signora Bianca Castafiore, the Milanese nightingale. She's singing at the Szohod Opera. If you wish, we will go to hear her one evening: she is sublime as Marguerite, in "Faust".

Oh yes...

Here are the keys. We will escort you to your rooms.

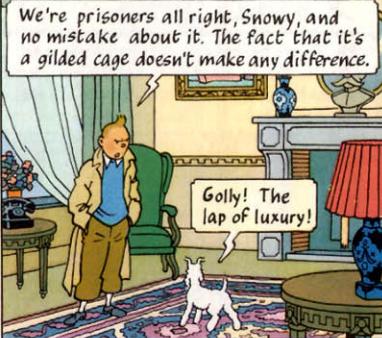
This is yours, Mänhir Captain. I hope you will be comfortable.

Yours is a little further down: unfortunately there were no adjoining rooms.

Here you are, Mänhir Tintin. We will come and fetch you for dinner, in an hour. If you need us before then, don't hesitate to ring: we're entirely at your service.

Thank you, gentlemen.

We're prisoners all right, Snowy, and no mistake about it. The fact that it's a gilded cage doesn't make any difference.



Hello?... Oh, it's you, Captain ... What?

Blistering barnacles, I said that at the first opportunity we'll ditch those two coleoptera! That's agreed, isn't it?

I...er... Oh yes. You're referring to those two butterflies you caught by the lake, in Geneva. But those aren't coleoptera, Captain, they're lepidoptera.

What are you jabbering about? Lepidoptera? Lepidoptera to you, too! I... Hello?... Hello?

Crumbs! How can I make him understand that our telephone is bound to be tapped?



Hello?... Yes... Yes... We were cut off. I... er... Don't worry about the butterflies, Captain...

Let's talk about the simply wonderful hospitality of this exquisite country. What good taste! What tact! And then their... um... their courtesy. And above all their... how shall I put it? their friendliness. Friendliness which is entirely... er... friendly... Um...

You... But... What... Let... But... Look here... I... Blister... Thunder...

Ten thousand thundering typhoons!... Now I'm going to chuck you out of the window!



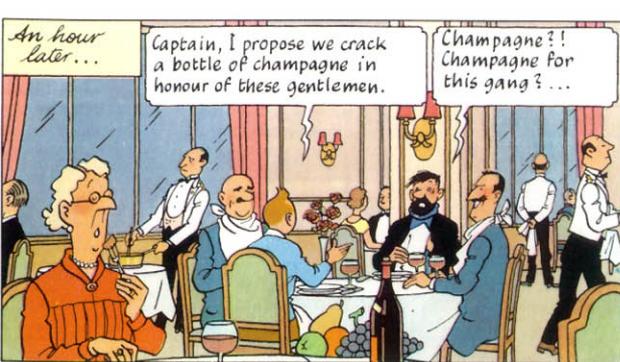
What?...No, blistering barnacles! It's that thundering bit of sticking plaster. It's following me about!

Well, good luck. I'll leave you to sort things out together. But don't forget, we go down to dinner in an hour.

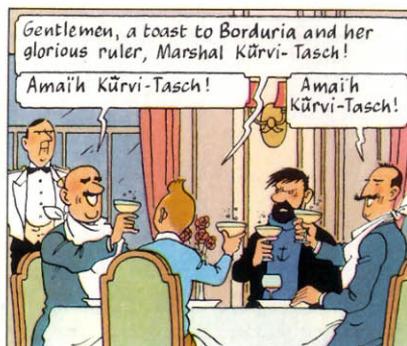
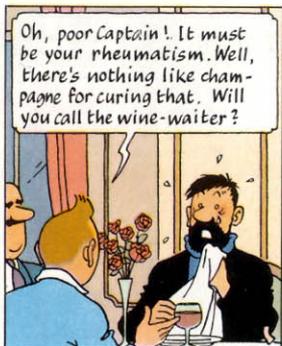
An hour later...

Captain, I propose we crack a bottle of champagne in honour of these gentlemen.

Champagne?! Champagne for this gang? ...



Oh, poor Captain! It must be your rheumatism. Well, there's nothing like champagne for curing that. Will you call the wine-waiter?



An hour later...

I say, they're having quite a party at table seven. That's their fourth bottle!



Ha-ha! I'm no fool!... You want to make us tight... To find out where... hic... Professor Calculus is... hic... But you won't learn a thing. We'll shut up like trams... No, like prams... like lambs... no, like clams.



That's right! Hic... Don't let's worry. Any-way... hic... I don't know anything. Honestly... It's Sponsz... hic... the Chief of the "ZEP"... our secret pol... hic... he's the only one who knows... And Calculus...

Good... good. Let's forget silly old Calculus. It's time for bed.



Will you take us right up to our rooms?

Hic...



...hic... I'll stay in the corridor.

BUT Fine... Good idea!



O.K. Mine's locked in your room.

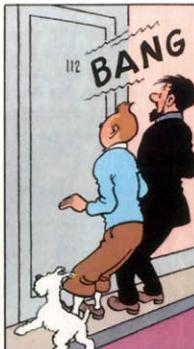
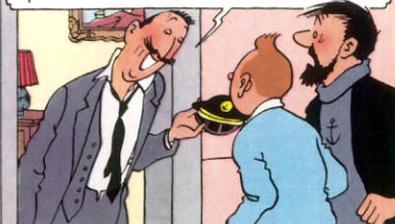
And mine in yours.



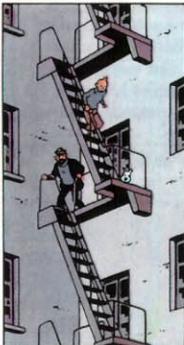
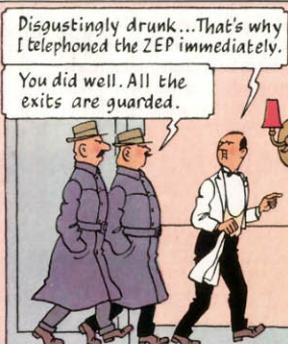
Thundering typhoons! He'll rouse the whole hotel.

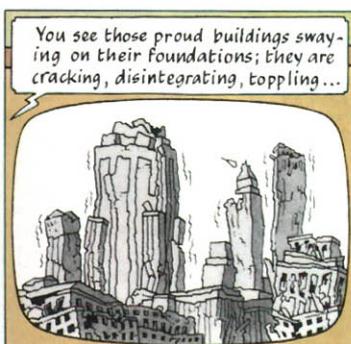
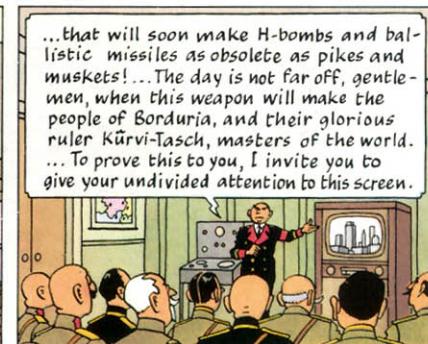
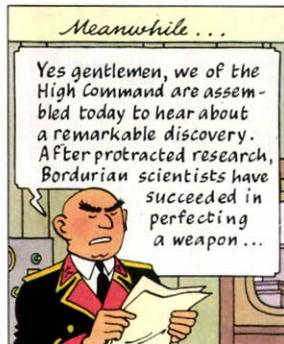
Wait. I'll open the door and we'll see...

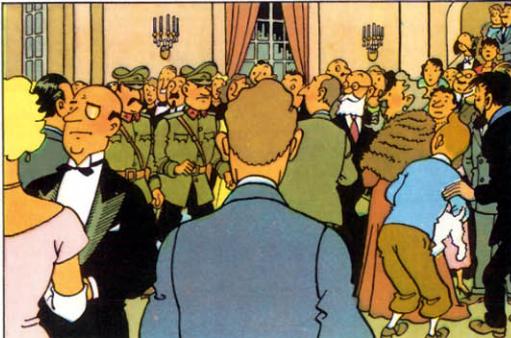
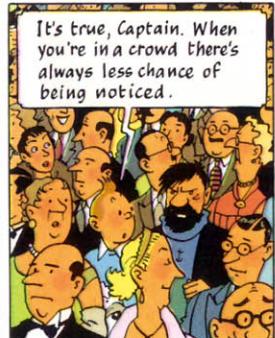
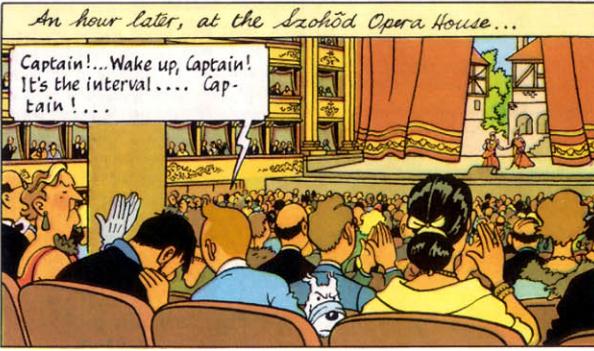
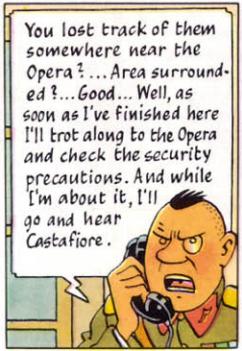
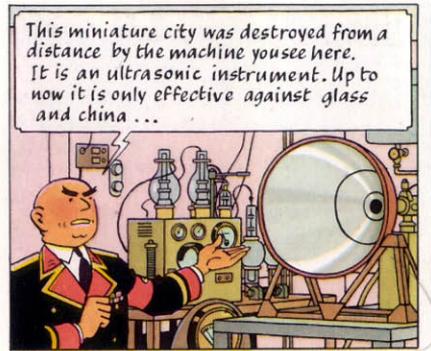
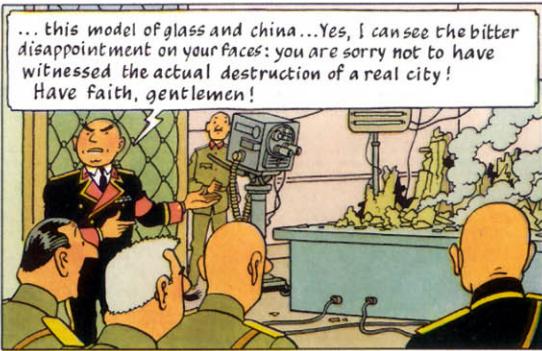
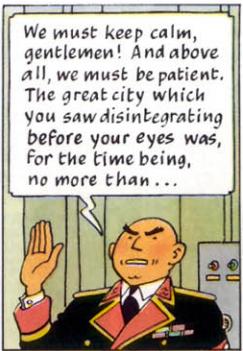
Hic... Not gone to bed yet?... I just wanted... hic... to give you your cap... Hic... Now, I'll stay in the... hic... corridor. I'll be... hic... very comfortable; they've put a bed there.



That's it!... Now then, let's go...







Just look, there's Colonel Sponsz, the Chief of Police.

So it is...  
Colonel Sponsz!

Sponsz, here!... And Calculus's fate depends on that man! Little does he know that he and his two henchmen passed within a yard of us!

RRRRRRRRRING

It's the end of the interval. Shall we push off?...

I think it's better to wait till the end of the show. Then we can leave with the crowd.

An hour later...



Why, look who's here!  
It's Tintin!

Hello, my dear young friend. How delightful to see you here.

Aha, you little flatterer, so you've come to congratulate me, with this...this fisherman... Mr?...Mr?...

Er... Haddock... er... Haddock... Excuse me, Haddock.

Come into my dressing-room... Yes, yes... I can't leave my admirers in the passage... I've put on Marguerite's prettiest gown for you... Come along in.

You heard it?... Such a success, wasn't it?  
... One of the greatest triumphs of my career... What applause... especially for the Jewel Song... They were in ecstasies, weren't they, Mr. Paddock?

Haddock, Madam!

RAT TAT  
TAT

Again? Ah, they won't leave me alone for a moment!  
... Oh well... Come in!

Signora, it's Colonel Sponsz, the Chief of Police.  
He wishes to pay his respects to you.

But of course! Show him in, girl...

?

?



Just a minute, Signora!... The Colonel... Listen, I'll explain everything later... but at all costs he mustn't find us here!

Dio!... What shall we do?

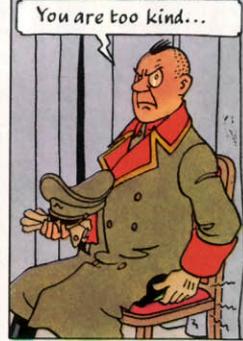
Irma, wait a moment!... Quick! Hide in my wardrobe, behind this curtain.

There... Show the Colonel in, Irmaa ...



I am deeply honoured, Ma'am to... to find myself in the presence of the celebrated singer who... er... who ...

Fie, Colonel!  
You make me blush!

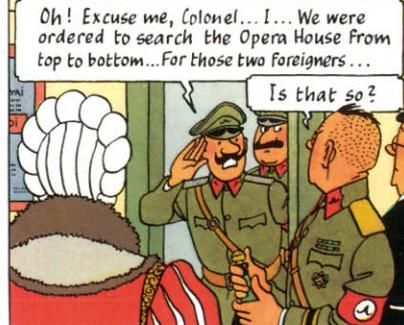
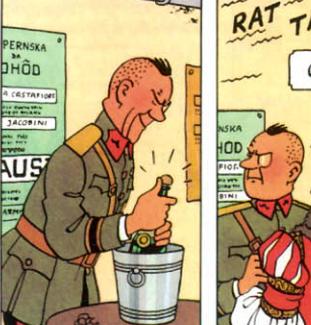


[...] Oh yes!... Er... it belongs to the tenor who sings in "Madame Butterfly"... He forgot it yesterday... But do take off your coat, Colonel.



Not at all, not at all. Come, Colonel, make yourself useful... You may open the bottle.

But of course,  
Ma'am. Your  
wish is my  
command.



I suppose you think you'll find them in here, you dunderheaded nitwits! Go on, get out! About turn, before I explode!



Yes, but the perfecting of it depends upon the professor. And up till now he refuses to give us his detail drawings. His reason: he doesn't want his invention used for warlike purposes... I ask you!

These Professors!  
Always wanting the moon!



Ha! ha! You don't know how true that is! But just now he's on the earth! Between ourselves, he's in the fortress of Bakhine. And by the whiskers of Kürvi-Tasch, he'll stay there till he decides to give up the plans!



I hope so, for his sake! Anyway, I have a signed order for his release in my coat pocket. Tomorrow he'll have to choose: either he gives up his plans, or he'll never be heard of again.

And supposing he does give up his plans, Colonel. What happens when he gets home, and tells all?



Ha! ha! I've foreseen that. If we set the professor free, it will be in the presence of two representatives of the International Red Cross. He'll have to declare in front of them that he came to Borduria of his own free will, to offer us his plans... I have passes for these two representatives in my coat, too.

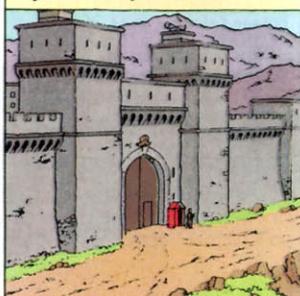
How clever of you, Colonel!... Brilliant!



Oh, just part of my job, Ma'am... But I am gossiping, and time passes... If I may dare to presume... My wife is giving a small party for some friends tonight... and it would give us much pleasure if you would agree to come, just as you are, and sing for us.



Next morning, at the fortress of Bakhine...



I see. Colonel Sponsz has sent you to take charge of the professor. Your papers look in order to me, and the order of release... However...



Better safe than sorry. I'd better check that everything's all right. Will you excuse me?...



Hello, ZEP?... This is the commandant at Bakhine, Major Kardouk. Would you put me through to Colonel Sponsz?



Hello?... What?... Oh, he's not in yet... Who is that?... His secretary?... In that case, perhaps you can help me...



Oh yes. Two representatives from the International Red Cross... Their passes? Quite all right, Major, I made them out myself. And the order for release? Yes, Major, that's quite all right too; the colonel signed it yesterday morning. Yes, Amâïh!



Well, gentlemen, everything's perfectly in order. I'll send for Professor Calculus.



A moment later...

Ah! the joy... ♫ popom-pom  
... ♫ pompty pom... pom ♫

Here comes the chief. He sounds in good form this morning.



Amâïh! Kavitch... What's the news?... Any trace of Calculus's friends?

Nothing at all, Colonel. Not a sign of them.



That's tiresome... Very tiresome. I wonder where those two artful dodgers managed to hide... Nothing else, besides that?

Nothing at all, sir.



Oh yes... Major Kardouk rang up.

Kardouk? That old bore! And what did he want this time?



He wanted to know if the order you signed releasing Professor Calculus was official.

By the whiskers of Kürvitash! When a document bears my signature, is it or is it not official?



Yes, Colonel. That's exactly what I told him, sir...



You... you did say the order releasing Professor Calculus?

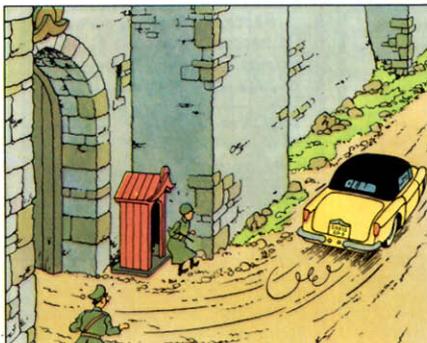
Why... yes, Colonel...



The papers!... It's treason!... They've been stolen!



Hello!... Yes, it's me... Amâïh! Colo... What?... Professor Calcu... But sir, I...



WHAT?... Their car's just gone? By all the hairs in the whiskers of Kürvitash, if you don't get them back... I'll have you shot!





Yes, it's me, Haddock!... And there's Tintin, driving us to safety.

I'll tell you the whole story. The biggest joke is that Colonel Sponsz himself provided the means of your escape!... Magnificent, eh? And luckily it all happened at the Opera House; it only took a jiffy to find all we needed for disguises! Quite something, eh?

And my umbrella?

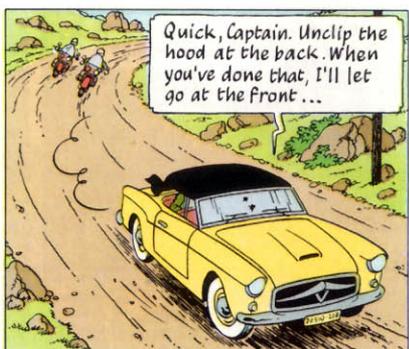
Yes, but don't start counting your chickens... It's two hours by car to the frontier, and if our little bluff is discovered before we're across...



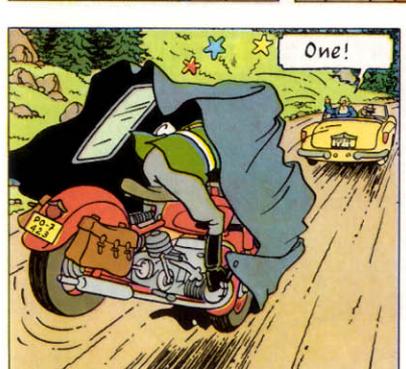
What did I tell you? Motor bikes!



They've raised the alarm! That's bad...



Quick, Captain. Unclip the hood at the back. When you've done that, I'll let go at the front ...



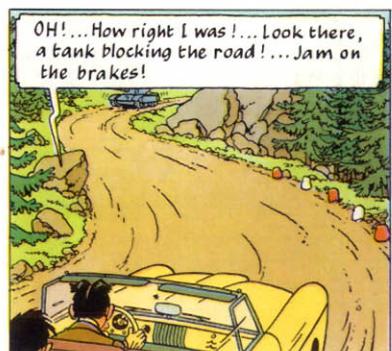
One!



Two! They're bott down in the daisies!



Now, Captain; we were talking about my umbrella ...  
Saved for the moment; but I've a feeling that was only the first round ...



OH!... How right I was!... Look there, a tank blocking the road!... Jam on the brakes!



We're skidding!

HELP!...HELP!



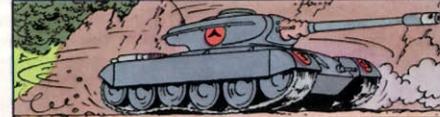
By the whiskers of Kürvi-Tasch,  
they came a cropper!



If they're underneath that lot, there's  
not very much to be done ...



BROOmm



A chance in a million! If we hadn't been  
thrown clear of the car ...



Poor old Calculus is fearfully  
groggy... I say, Tintin, watch  
out! You'll have us in the  
ditch again!

I'm doing my  
best, but ...



... I haven't driven a tank  
since our Moon trip.



Crumbs! ... A road-block!



Too bad! I'll ram it.



What? ... What's  
that you say? ...  
A tank! ... They've  
taken a tank!!  
Blow them up! ...  
Exterminate  
them! ... Pulver-  
ise them!! ...  
I ...

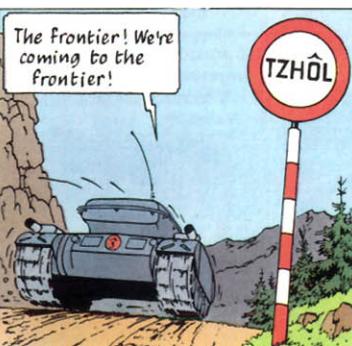
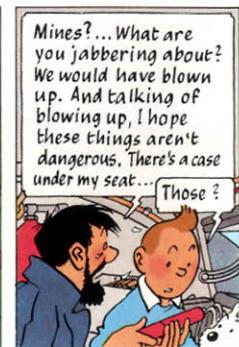
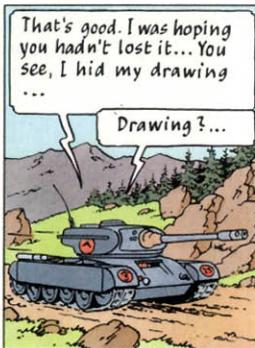
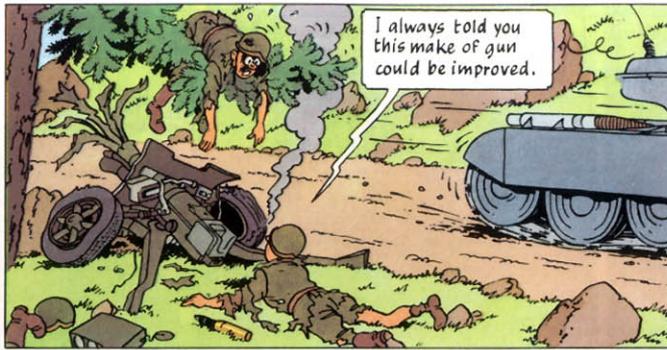


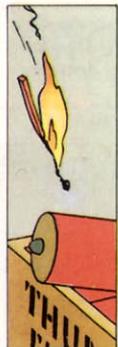
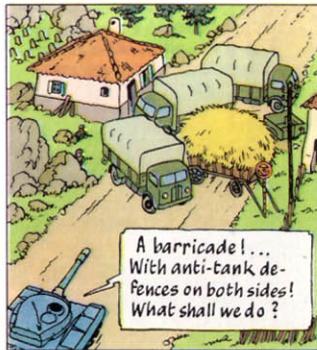
Trying to stop us with  
that kind of ramshackle  
erection!



Look out, here they  
come! ... Don't  
miss! ... FIRE!



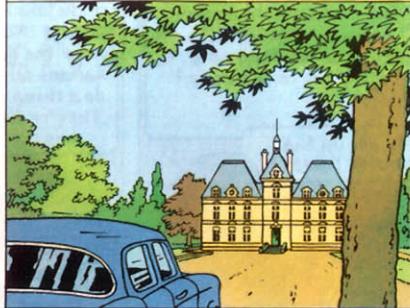




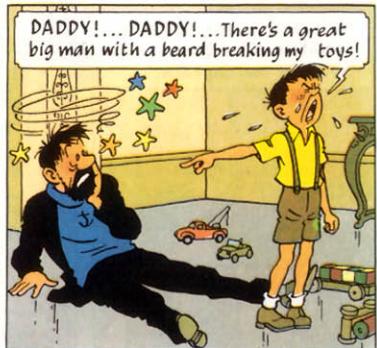
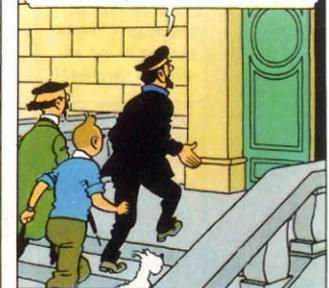
But I'm quite certain that I...  
I can't believe it!

You believe what you like,  
but I've had all I can take!  
O.K. You've been rescued; but  
your plans can look after  
themselves. I want to go home  
... to a little peace ... and quiet.

Two days later, at Marlinspike...



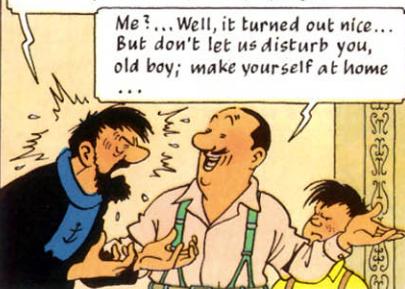
Ah, what a relief to be  
home again!



Look who's here! The ancient marin-  
er himself! You dropped in just right,  
you old rascal: we were talking about you.



Billions of blue blistering barnacles! Wagg!  
What d'you think you're playing at?



It turned out nice... So I  
said: "Jolyon," I said, "don't  
you waste the end of your  
holiday." And your little  
place was vacant, so I  
popped in for a few days  
..."



... with my little brood.



HERE!...QUICKLY!

It's Calculus; he went  
straight up to his  
room.



