

- HERGÉ -

THE ADVENTURES OF

TINTIN

RED RACKHAM'S TREASURE

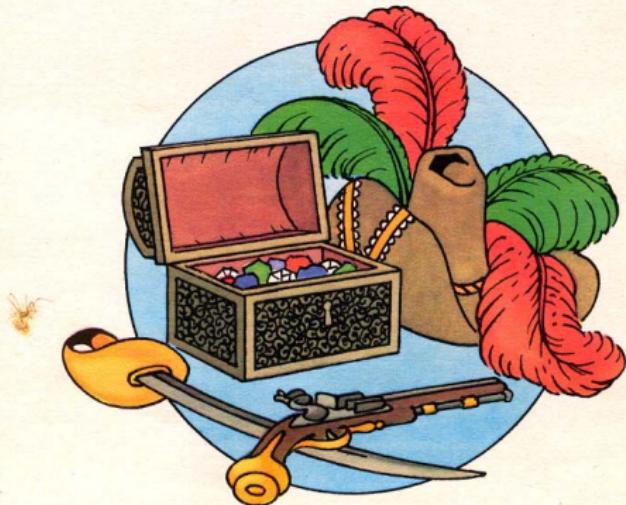


METHUEN

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

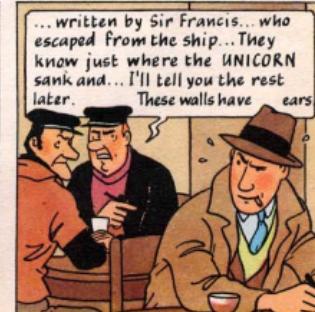
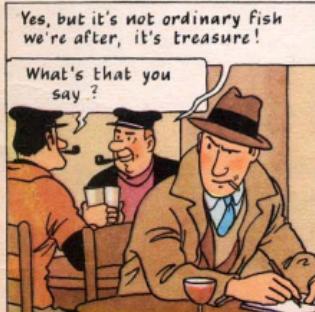
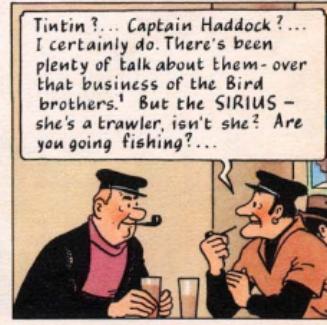
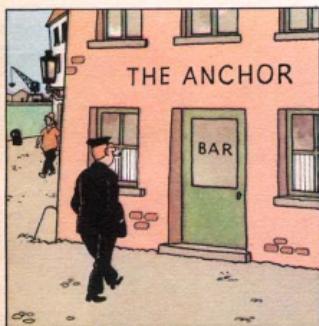
**RED RACKHAM'S
*TREASURE***



METHUEN CHILDREN'S BOOKS

LONDON

RED RACKHAM'S TREASURE



¹ See The Secret of the Unicorn

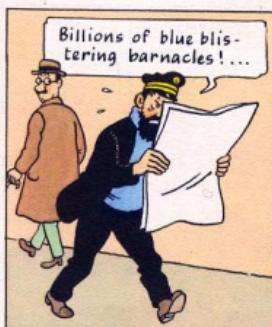
Next day...

Daily Reporter!
Daily Reporter!

Here.

Thanks.

Daily Reporter!... Read all
about it!



Journalists! they're always the same! We could have done without all this publicity ...

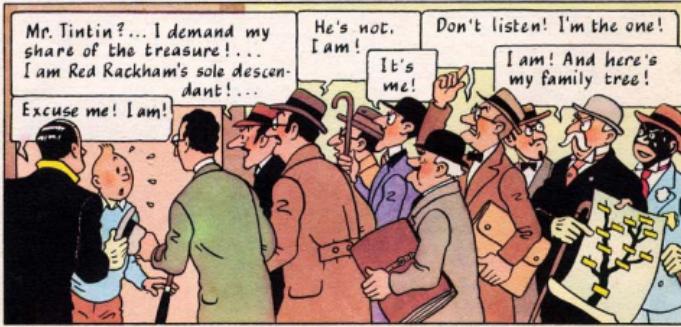
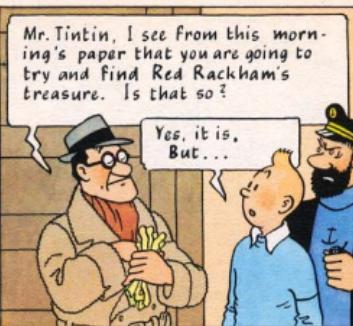


Red Rackham's Treasure

THE forthcoming departure of the trawler *Sirius* is arousing speculation in sea-faring circles. Despite the close secrecy which is being maintained, our correspondent understands that the object of the voyage is nothing less than a search for treasure.

This treasure, once the hoard of the pirate Red Rackham, lies in the ship *Unicorn*, sunk at the end of the seventeenth century. Tintin, the famous reporter—whose sensational intervention in the Bird case made headline news—and his friend Captain Haddock, have discovered the exact resting-place of the *Unicorn*,

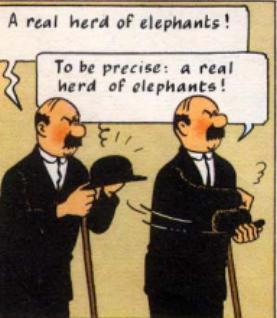
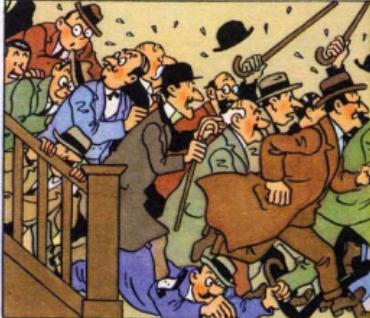
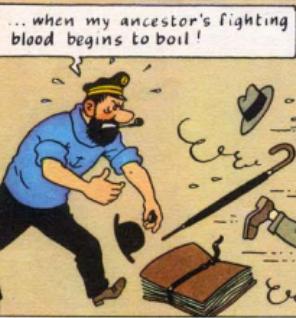
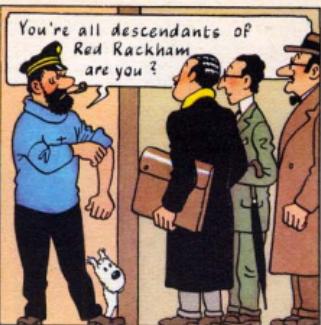




Leave this to me! We'll soon see if there's a real Rackham among that crew!

You're all descendants of Red Rackham are you?

Good! Well, I'm descended from Sir Francis Haddock, who killed Red Rackham in single combat... and blew up his ship... And there are times...



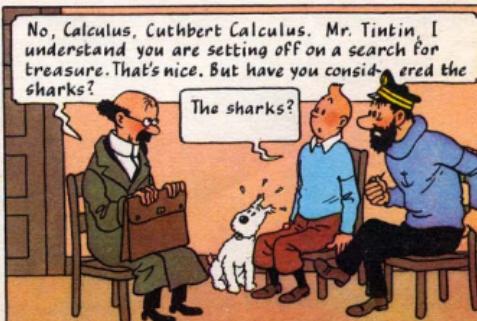
There you are. That's got rid of that gang of thieves!

RRRRING

Another? Wait, I'll go ...

Is that you Tintin?... It's us, Thomson and Thompson. Could you give us a hand?... A wild elephant dropped something on our heads.

Come in; we'll see to that...



No, young man, I'm talking about the sharks. I expect you intend to do some diving. In which case, beware of sharks!

But...

Don't you agree?... But I've invented a machine for under-water exploration, and it's shark-proof. If you'll come to my house with me, I'll show it to you.

I'm very sorry but...

No, it's not far. Less than ten minutes...

I'm afraid I'm very busy and I...

Why of course. Certainly these gentlemen may come too.

It's no good. There's no time!
NO TIME!

Good, that's settled. We'll go at once.

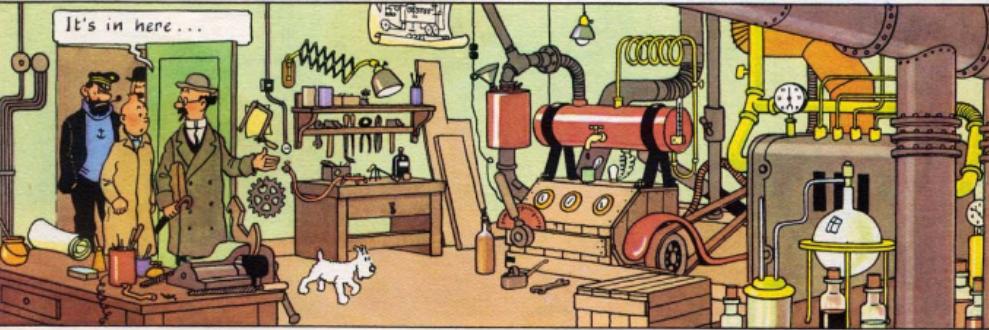
I'm so glad you agreed to come!

Please don't mention it.

No, Calculus, Cuthbert Calculus.

You see, here we are.
One more floor...

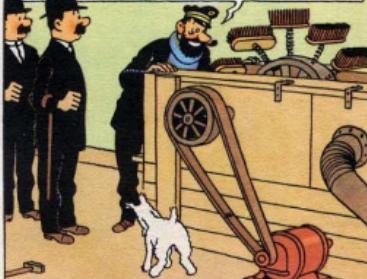
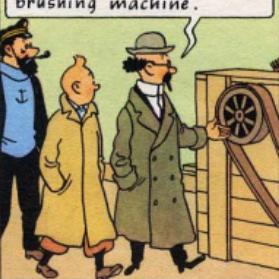
It's in here...



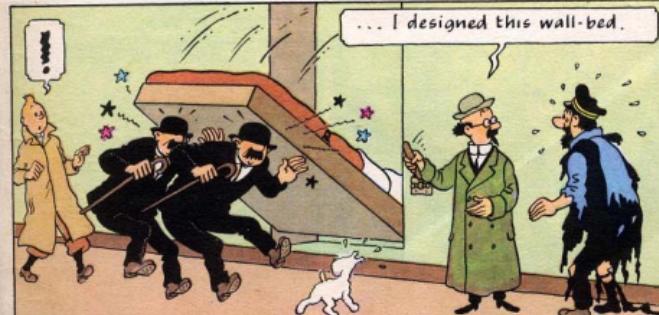
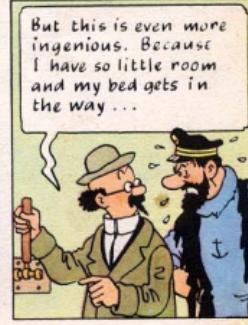
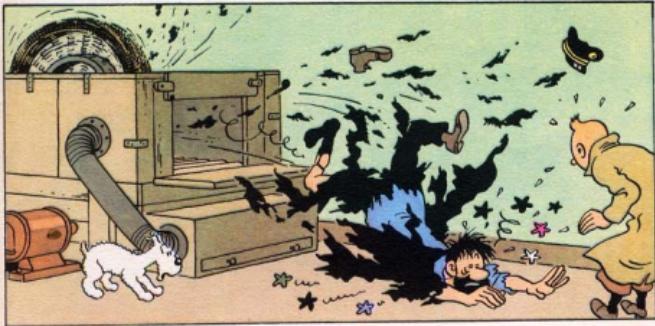
Yes, that's a new device for putting bubbles in soda-water...

And that's a clothes-brushing machine.

Not a bad gadget, eh?



No, a clothes-brushing machine.
It's one of my latest inventions.





And here's my apparatus for exploring the sea-bed.

As you can see for yourselves, it's a kind of small submarine. It is powered by an electric motor, and has oxygen supplies for two hours' diving ...

Now I'll show you how the apparatus works ...



No, Professor Calculus, I said your machine won't do for us!

Oh, good!

Well, gentlemen, that's agreed. I'll make another smaller one. It will be ready in eight days' time...

Some days later ...

Well, we're all ready to start - at least, if we can find a diving-suit. I've spent three days hunting through marine stores, and I still haven't unearthed one.

I say, look there!

Great snakes! Let's go and see...

FOR SALE
Complete Diving Equipment, as new

We'd like to see the diving equipment, please.

The diving-suit? Please follow me.

Beware, young fellow, beware!
Money is the root of all evil!

Why... why do you say that?

Why?... Because I see that you intend to go treasure-hunting ...

You see that? Where can you see it?

I read it in your face.

In my face?... But...but... what's unusual about my face? Tintin, can you see anything?

Blistering barnacles!

Well, I...

It's horrible!... What's happened to me? ...

Nothing, Captain! It's just that you were looking in a concave mirror! And here's a convex one!

Thank goodness!

But here's another mirror... I'll just reassure myself!

OH!

Seven years of bad luck!

And ten shillings for the mirror!

You can take it from me: I'm telling you the truth: there's no such thing as buried treasure nowadays...

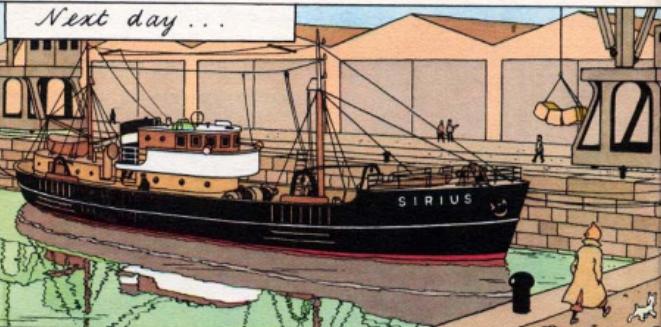
Never mind that. How much is the diving-suit?

Ten pounds.

All right. We'll have it collected this afternoon. Shall we go, Captain?

Remember what I said, my lad. You won't find any treasure!

Next day...



Good morning, Captain. All well?

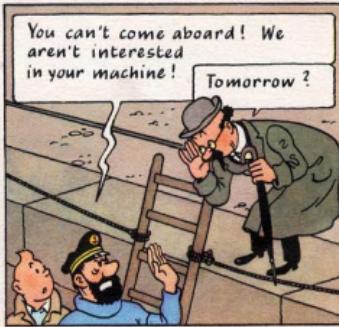
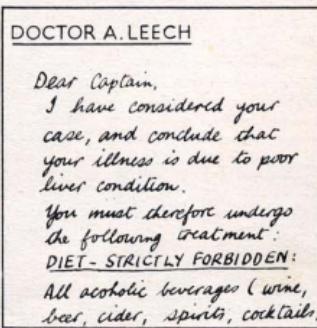
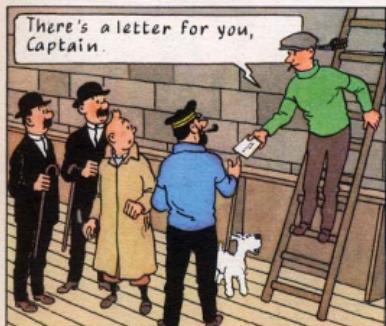
No, bad!

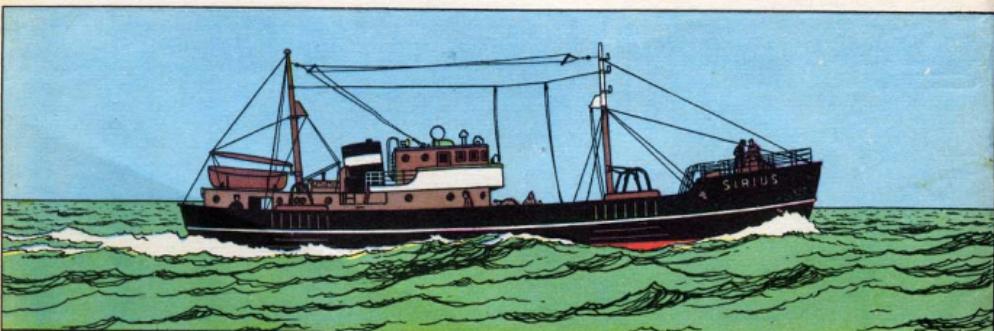
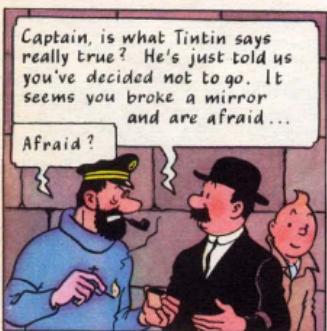
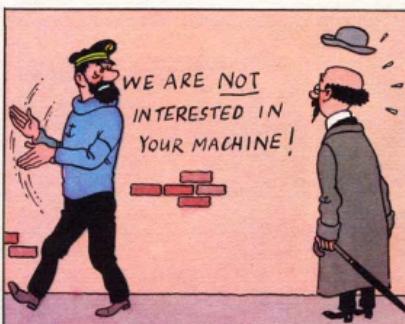
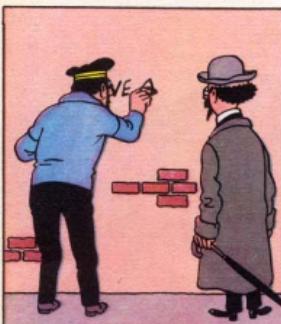
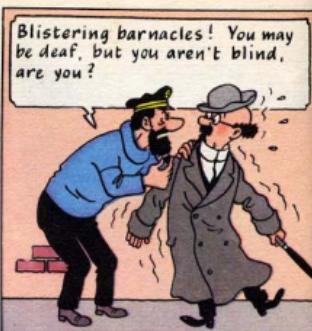
Yes, bad. Very bad... I'm ill... Flu, I expect... And I've been thinking... I... well... briefly, to put it in a nutshell, I'm not going!

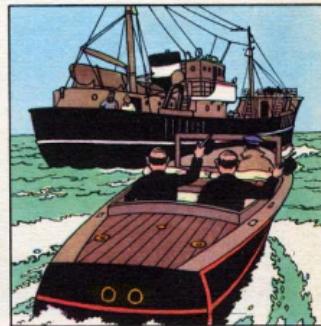
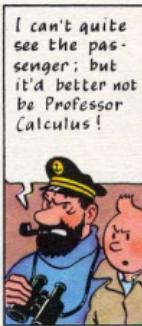
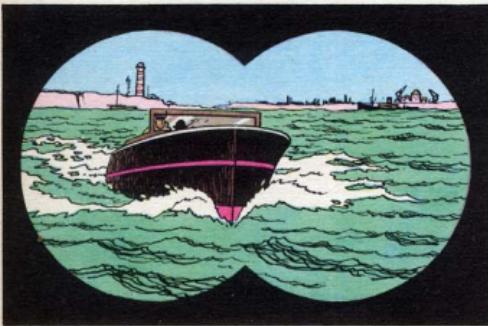
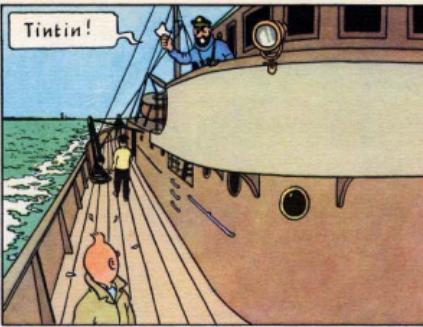
!

You can't be serious!

Perfectly serious. I'm not superstitious, but to break a mirror on the eve of a voyage... No, definitely, I'm not going!







Yes, you are in danger. Max Bird, the antique dealer, was seen last night skulking near the SIRIUS. He may try to take his revenge.

Just let him try!
He'll find out...

Maybe, maybe. But anyway, now we are aboard you will be able to feel that you are perfectly safe.

To be precise: perfectly safe.

We shall see... Meanwhile we must find you a berth. Let's see... We've a couple of spare bunks for'ard. Will that do?

Yes, thanks!

Captain!... Captain!

Captain, I
can't stand
it!

What?

This thieving Snowy - he's stolen
a whole box of biscuits!

No?...

Snowy?...

Yes, Snowy! I saw
him just now near
the galley!

Snowy?... Where
is the wretched
animal?

Snowy?...
SNOWY?...

I can't see him, the scoundrel!
But don't worry, I'll see that
it doesn't happen again...

Good.

Er... our cabin is for'ard, isn't it?

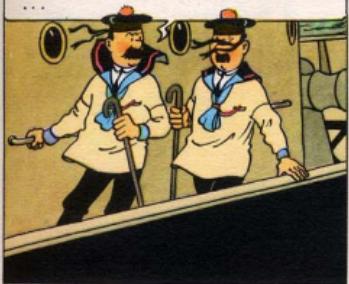
Yes for'ard.

We'll change at once, and mix
discreetly with the ship's
company...

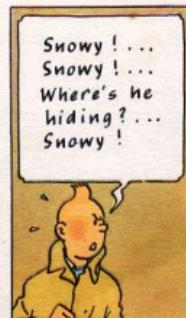
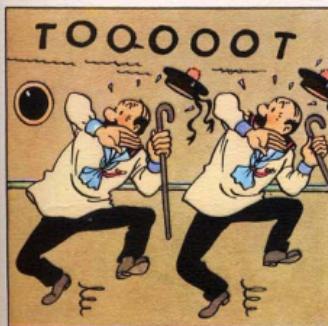
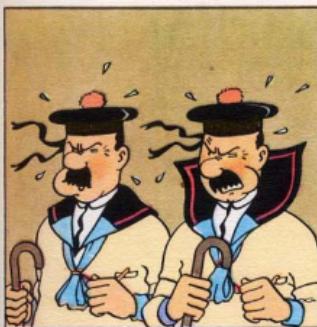
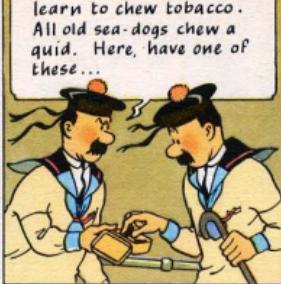
Good idea!



We must behave like old sea-dogs



For a start, we'd better learn to chew tobacco.
All old sea-dogs chew a quid. Here, have one of these...



Snowy!... Snowy!... Where on earth can he be hiding?...



You really saw him make off with the chicken?

Well, I didn't exactly see him, but I supposed ...



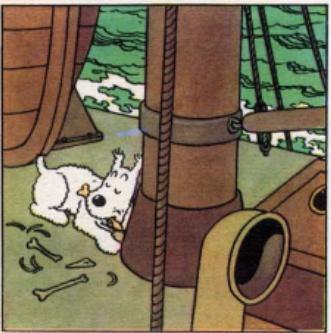
You supposed!... You supposed!... Don't you accuse anyone of anything unless you have proof!... Besides, how do we know you didn't eat the chicken yourself?



That evening ...

Good night. You might just keep an eye on Snowy.

Don't worry, I'll watch him!
Good night, Captain ...



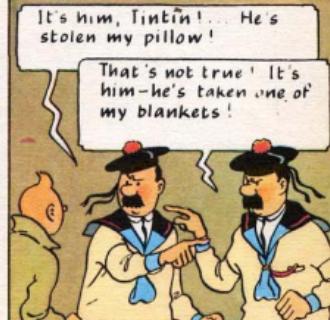
THIEF!
SAME TO YOU

Crumbs!
That's the two detectives ...

What's going on here?!

It's him, Tintin!... He's stolen my pillow!

That's not true! It's him—he's taken one of my blankets!



Aren't you ashamed, at your age?
Quarrelling over such trifles! Now,
that's all over, isn't it?

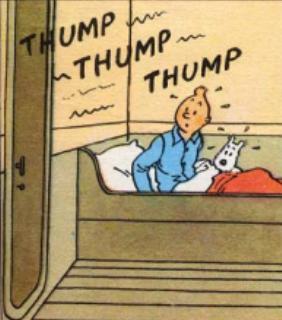
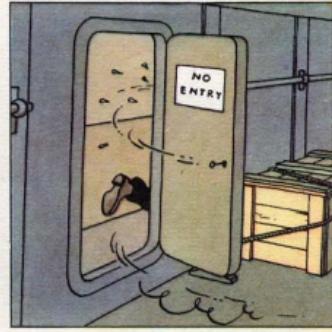
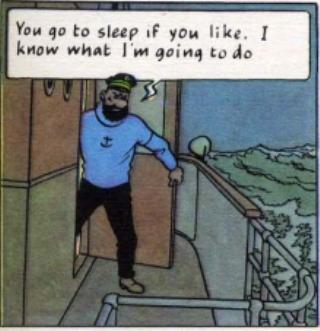


Now let's go to bed!



Billions
of blistering barnacles!





I went down to the hold to open a case of whisky. And instead of whisky I found a bomb there! ...

Here we are... Careful!

In here... Look ...



Careful!... Don't go near it!

I must. We've got to get to the bottom of this ...

Well?...

Steel plates!

Steel plates?...



You're right, by thunder! ... Then it's not a bomb after all?...

Definitely not. Look, we'll open another case...

Blistering barnacles! More steel plates!

And in this one ...

More steel plates!

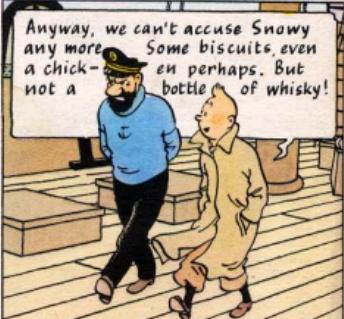
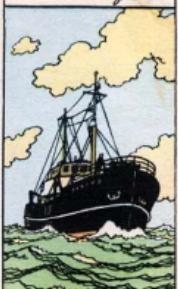


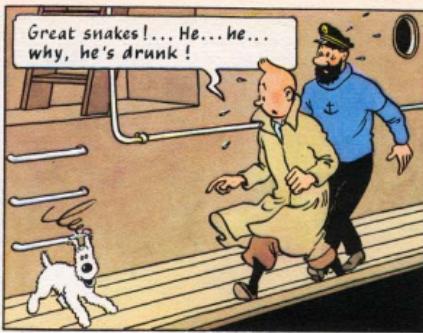
Steaming blood! There's not a drop of whisky aboard! If I catch the monster who played this trick on us, he'll be in for a rough time! ...

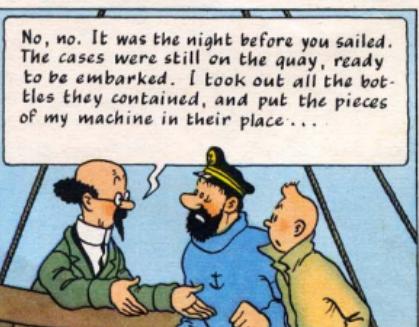
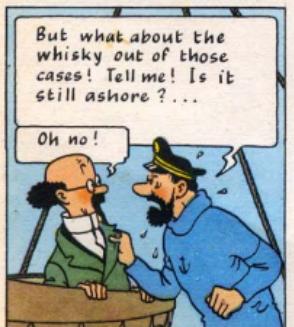
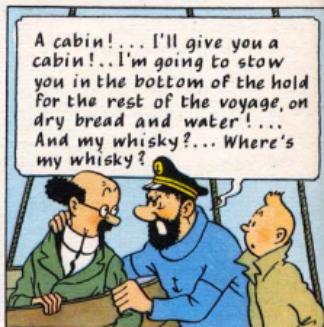
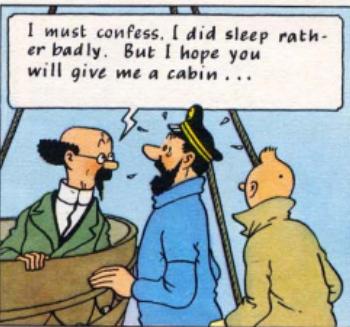
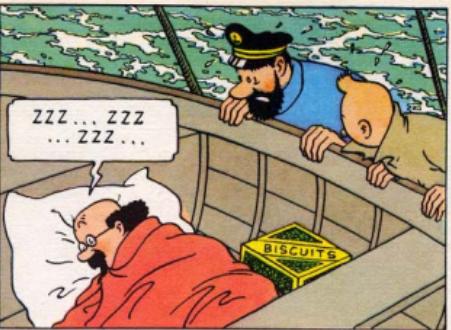
Come on, Captain. We'll try and solve this mystery in the morning ...

Next day ...

Anyway, we can't accuse Snowy any more. Some biscuits, even a chick-en perhaps. But not a bottle of whisky!







Thank you, Captain, thank you very much! It's just what I expected from you... Such a kind welcome! You'll see - you won't regret it.

Some days later...



Look. We have reached the position indicated by the parchments. We should soon see the island off which the UNICORN sank...

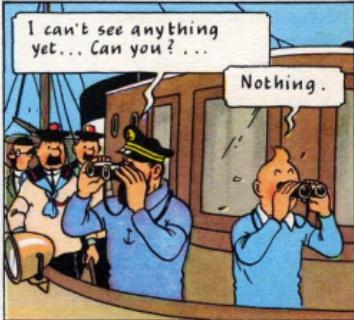
Isn't the island marked on any charts?

No, but that sometimes happens with small, unimportant islands. Come on, we'll try to spot it...

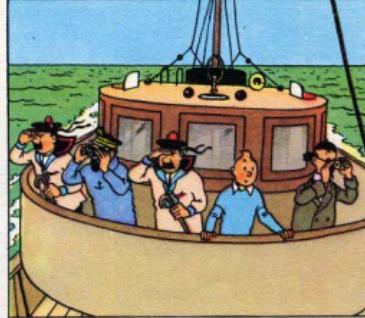


I can't see anything yet... Can you?...

Nothing.



Can you see anything?...



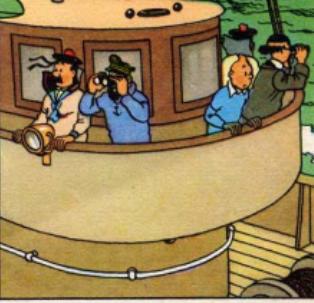
Over there!



Where's the island?... I can't see anything...



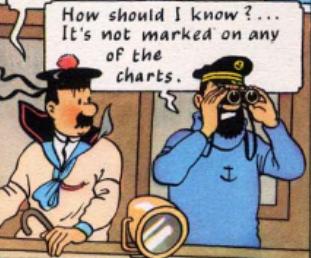
It was, Captain. A shark, I know it was! I saw one, I really did!



Still no sign... It's very strange...



What's the name of the island?



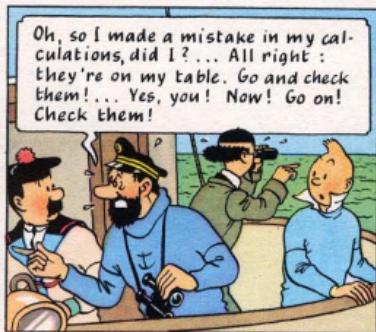
Oh?... But you are sure we're near it?



Yes, I see. But... er... supposing you made a mistake in your calculations...



Oh, so I made a mistake in my calculations, did I?... All right: they're on my table. Go and check them!... Yes, you! Now! Go on! Check them!



Tell me, Captain, was that a fish jumping out of the water just now?

No, it was a grand piano!



Ah, I didn't think it could have been a fish...



A few minutes later...

You must forgive me, Captain, but there really is a little mistake in your calculations. Look, this is where we are, exactly...

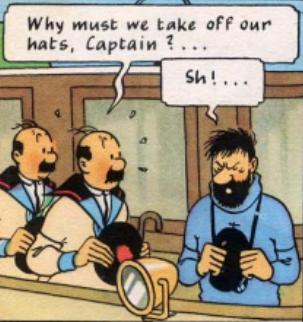


You are right... I have made a mistake. Gentlemen, please take off your hats...



Why must we take off our hats, Captain?...

Sh!...



?

?



Now...

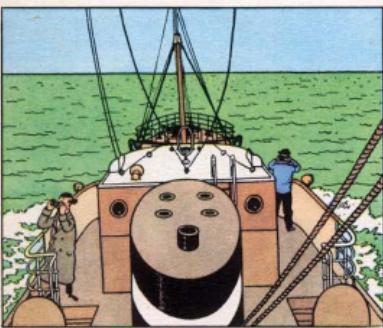
But Captain, tell us what you mean...



I mean, gentlemen, that according to your calculations we are now standing inside Westminster Abbey!



Thousands of thundering typhoons! Where's that miserable island got to?



I'm beginning to think Sir Francis Haddock was pulling our legs.

I'm beginning to think so too!



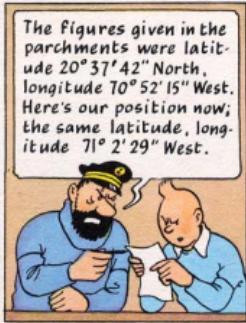
We'll soon see! It's almost noon. We'll take a sight. I'll go and fetch my sextant.



That's it... Let's go in, and I'll work it out...



The figures given in the parchments were latitude $20^{\circ}37'42''$ North, longitude $70^{\circ}52'15''$ West. Here's our position now; the same latitude, longitude $71^{\circ}2'29''$ West.



So we've already passed the right point, and yet we saw nothing... I simply can't understand it!

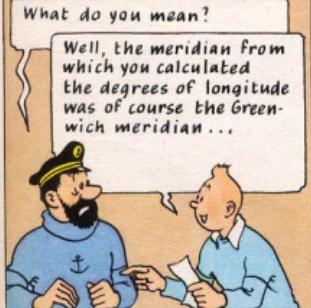


Captain, I think I've got it!



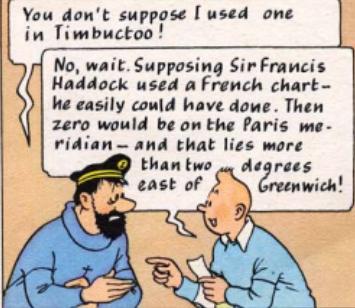
What do you mean?

Well, the meridian from which you calculated the degrees of longitude was of course the Greenwich meridian...



You don't suppose I used one in Timbuctoo!

No, wait. Supposing Sir Francis Haddock used a French chart - he easily could have done. Then zero would be on the Paris meridian - and that lies more than two degrees east of Greenwich!



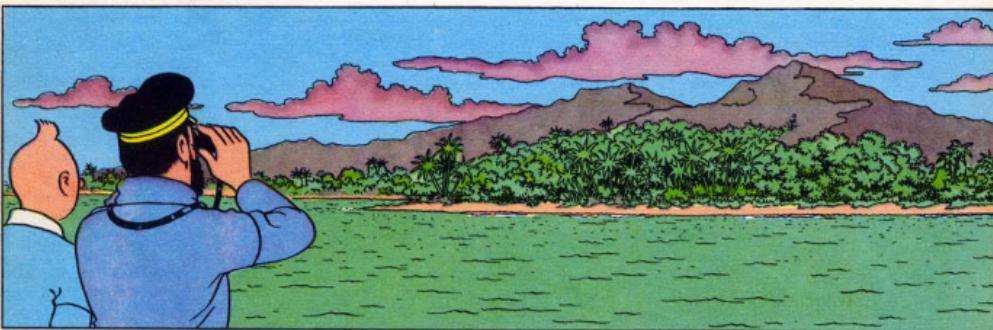
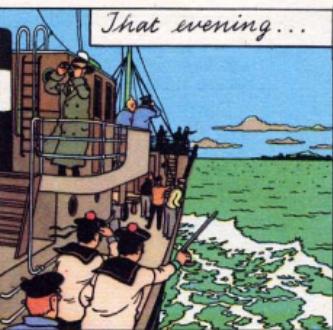
Blistering barnacles, that's an idea! You may be right! Perhaps we are too far to the west. We'll go back on our tracks...



Coxswain
at the wheel!
... Helm
hard a-port!
... Midships!
... Steer
due east.



How easy it is to be mistaken.
I'd have sworn we'd
turned back.



It's too late to go
ashore tonight. We'll
drop anchor, and to-
morrow we'll explore
the island ...

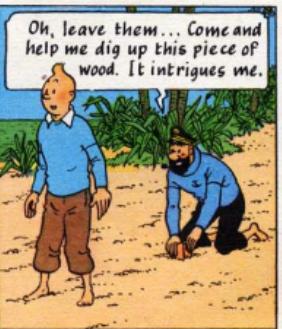


Next morning ...



Haul the boat up the beach. I'm
going to reconnoitre





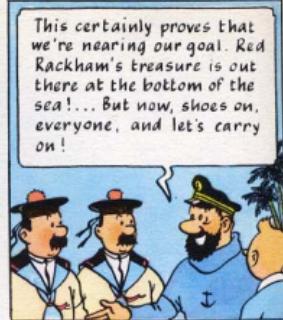
Hello, what have they found?



These are the remains of the jolly-boat in which Sir Francis Haddock once came ashore on this island...



This certainly proves that we're nearing our goal. Red Rackham's treasure is out there at the bottom of the sea!... But now, shoes on, everyone, and let's carry on!

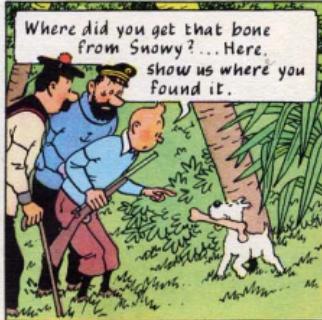


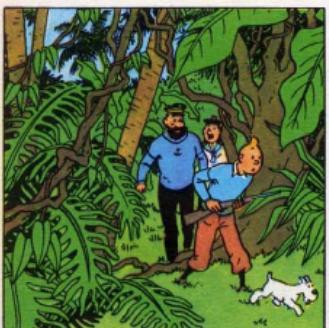
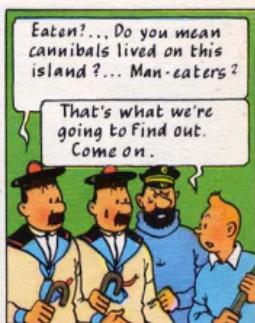
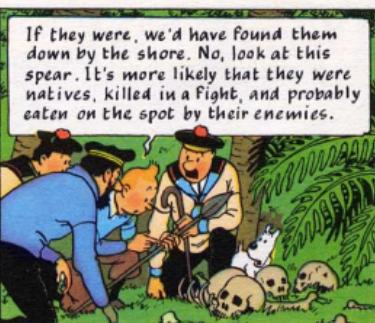
WOOAH !

That's Snowy!... He ran on ahead!...



Where did you get that bone from Snowy?... Here, show us where you found it.





My word ! It's meant to be
Sir Francis Haddock !



Look at that mouth ! His voice must have made an enormous impression on the natives. I can just imagine their faces the first time they heard him shout : "Ration my rum!"



RRRATION MY RRRUM !



What's the matter, Captain ?



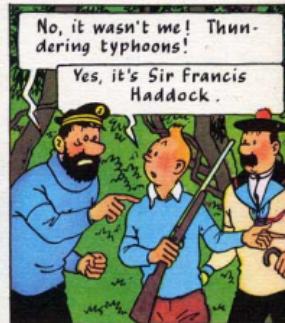
Who shouted like that ?



What?... Wasn't it you?

No, it wasn't me ! Thundering typhoons !

Yes, it's Sir Francis Haddock .



RRRATION MY RRRUM !



It came from over there .



Not a soul !



This island is h-h-haunted, Captain. Let's hurry back t-t-to the sh-sh-ship.

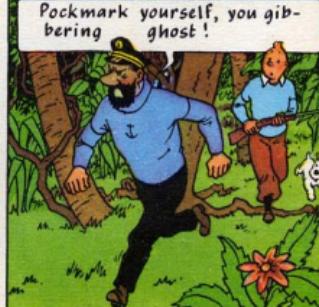
To b-b-be precise: l-let's hurry back t-t-to the sh-sh-ship.



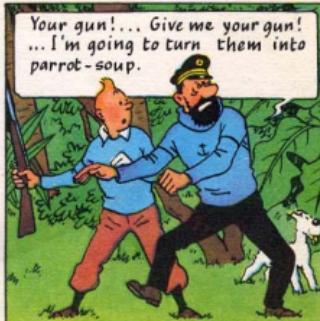
Pithecanthropus!... Pockmark!...

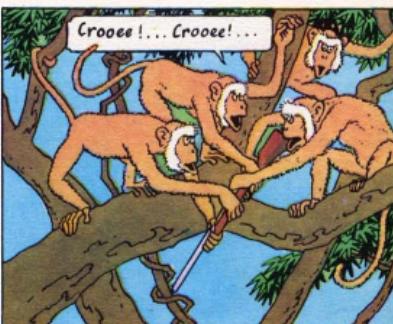


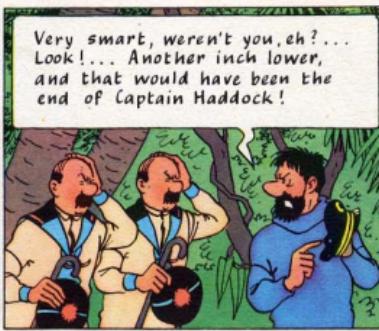
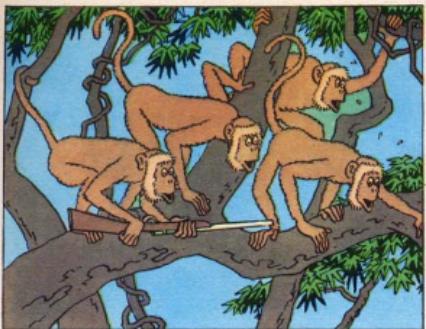
Pockmark yourself, you gibbering ghost !

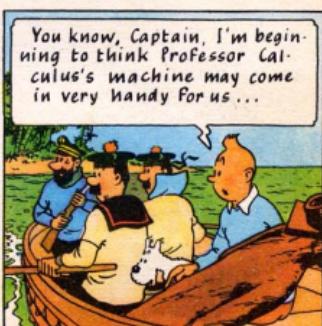
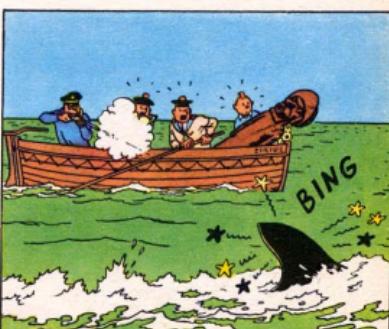
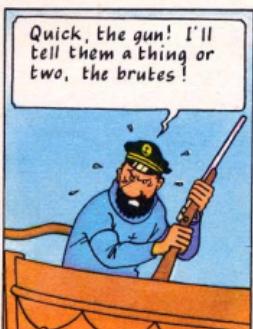
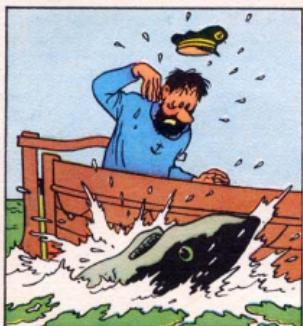


Come out if you dare, Polynesian!
... Cannibal! ... Iconoclast!





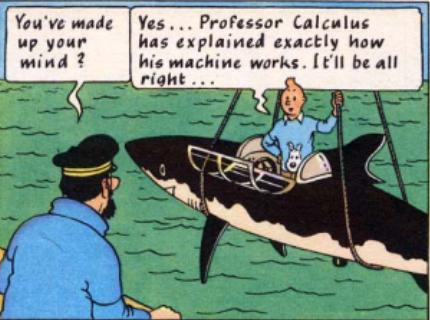




Next day ...



You've made up your mind?



Yes... Professor Calculus has explained exactly how his machine works. It'll be all right...

Stop!... Just a minute!...



I forgot to tell you. When you locate the wreck, press the little red button on the left of the instrument panel. That releases a small canister attached underneath the machine. It is full of a substance that gives off thick smoke when it comes into contact with water. That will show us where the wreck lies.



A little red button?... Right!

No, red! A little red button... You've got it! Good... Well, good bye, and good luck!



There he goes: he's dived.



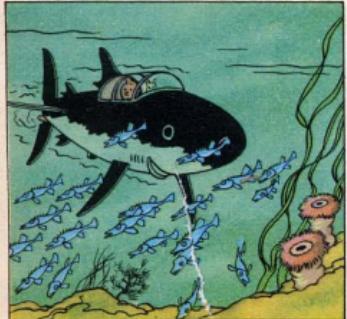
This is fun, eh Snowy?

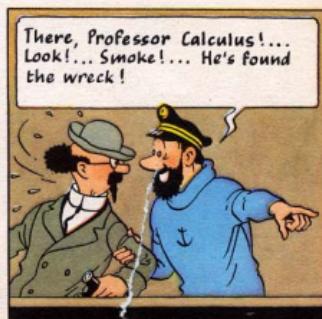
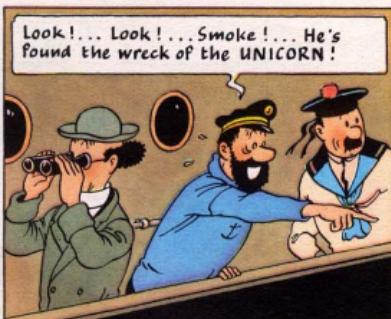
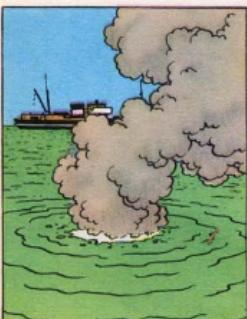
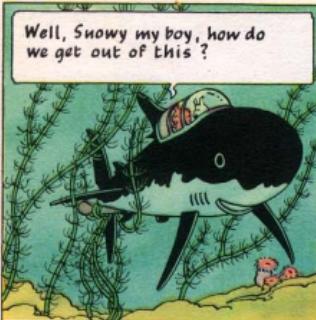
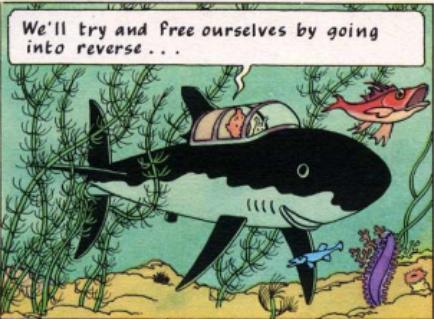
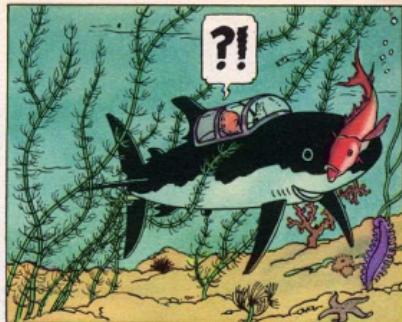
Golly, what a lot of water!



Let's hope nothing goes wrong...

Gone long? Why, it's only ten minutes since he dived...

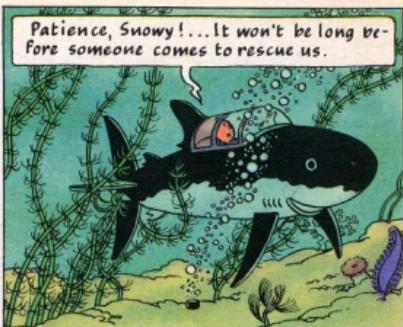




OH !

Captain, look there !... Look !... No, over there ! Smoke !... He's found the wreck !

Patience, Snowy !... It won't be long before someone comes to rescue us.



Ahoy there !... Lower the dinghy !... We'll drop a buoy over the spot Tintin has marked.



... And there's the underwater viewing instrument.



It worries me a bit that Tintin hasn't come up again ...

No, but I was a great sportsman in my youth ...

... And that accounts for the athletic figure I still have ..

Hm ?...

To be quite honest, no... It was mostly walking ...

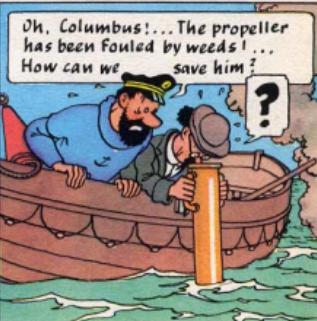


Let's see...

Thundering typhoons !... It's not the wreck !... It's Tintin !

Wonderful ! Quick, let me look ...

Oh, Columbus !... The propeller has been fouled by weeds ! ... How can we save him ?



Really, Captain! Your eyes have deceived you! It's not the wreck, it is Tintin. He can't resurface ...

Your confounded contraption! I should never have let him go down!

May drown? Well, he had enough oxygen for two hours. He's got... Let's see... yes, he has just enough for another ten minutes!

I hope they hurry! It's getting more and more difficult to breathe...

What can we do? How can we save him? Lower a diver?... No, by the time we'd got one equipped and ready, Tintin would be dead...

No, I've got an idea. Take the anchor!... The anchor used for mooring the buoy!

The anchor? What for?

Of course!... We'll try and hook it onto the submarine. Then we'll pull on the rope until the weeds break...

That's it! Let it down... Lower... lower... lower... gently...

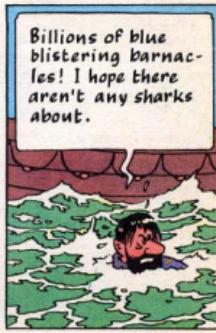
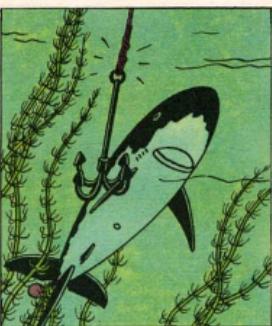
An anchor!... They're going to try to hook me. Quick, empty the ballast tanks, that'll help them...

He's understood. He's emptied the ballast tanks to lighten the submarine... A bit to the left, Captain... Good... Now, pull!

Ah, they've got it!... I'm saved!... Just in time! I'm suffocating.

Missed!... The anchor hadn't caught properly. Lower it again... down... stop! A bit to the right... now to the left... Pull it up gently...





Fresh air!... Fresh air at last!...

Hooray!... He's safe!... Hip-hip-hooray!



All's well!... The Captain has climbed back into the boat... He's salvaged the buoy... hauled the anchor inboard... thrown a lifeline to Tintin... Ah, here they come...

Well, our friend Tintin had a narrow escape!

You are wrong, I assure you. Weeds jammed the propeller. You'll see when we're back on board.



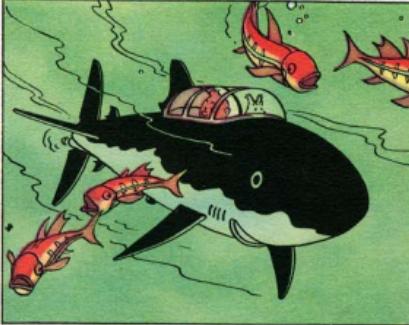
You see?... It's just as I said. Weeds...

Really? I thought they were weeds...



Weeds or no weeds, I don't set foot in that thing again!

Fine. Get it ready. Snowy and I are setting out again immediately!



Let's hope he doesn't run into any more trouble this time.



What shall I do? Tell him ... or not?

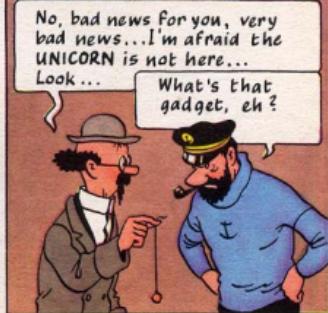
I've made up my mind...

I... Captain... I've bad news for you.

Bad news for me?

No, bad news for you, very bad news... I'm afraid the UNICORN is not here... Look...

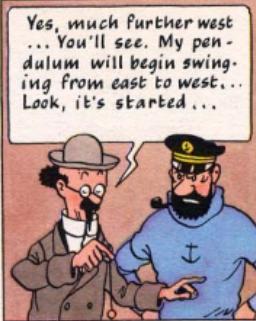
What's that gadget, eh?



Yes, it's a pendulum. I've taken up the study of divining, and I've arrived at the conclusion I just gave you...

All from that whatsis?

Yes, much further west... You'll see. My pendulum will begin swinging from east to west... Look, it's started...



You see?... It's swinging westwards. The UNICORN will be found in that direction.

Look there, Captain! Smoke!



And look, there's the submarine surfacing!... This time we've got it! ... He's found the wreck!



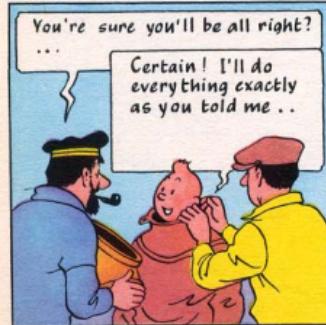
Yes, I've found the UNICORN!... You can prepare the diving equipment!



You're sure you'll be all right?

...

Certain! I'll do everything exactly as you told me...



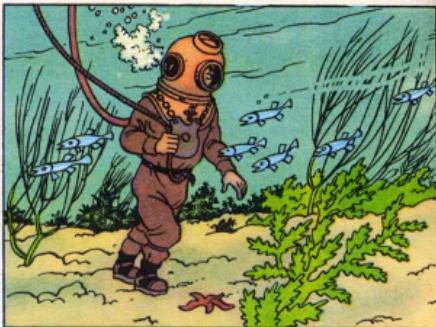
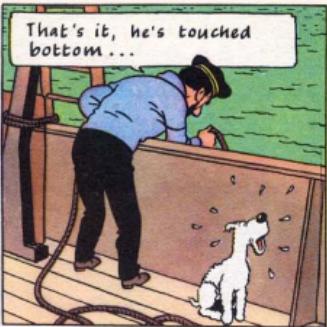
Good! Now, don't forget... If you want to come up, jerk the line twice... In an emergency, give a series of quick jerks.

Right!

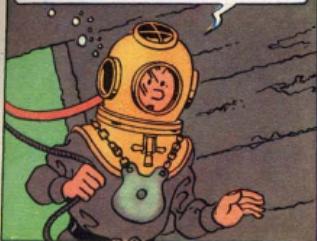


Come on, pump hard! We are!





Crumbs! What's happening?
The air supply has stopped!
...



Thundering typhoons! What are you two
doing there, instead of pumping?

Us? We're resting...it's
tiring work, you know.



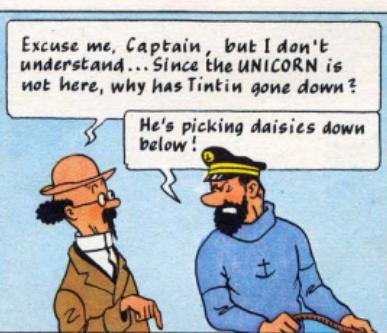
You infernal
impersonations
of Abominable
Snowmen!
Pump for your
lives!...Faster!



Whew!...That's better!
...Now the air's com-
ing again. That gave me
quite a fright...



Excuse me, Captain, but I don't
understand... Since the UNICORN is
not here, why has Tintin gone down?



He's picking daisies down
below!



Having a row?
I don't see a
boat?

Two jerks on the line!
He wants to come
up. I'm sure he must
have found some-
thing!



Heave-ho!... Heave-ho!



Here he is



What has he got?

A gold cross, encrusted with precious
stones!... and a cutlass!... I say,
this cross is superb!

We've made a good
start, eh?



Now why did he
tell me that
Tintin had gone
for a row?



Yes, it's a good start. But this is nothing to what else we shall find. You'll see. I'm going down myself, this time.



OW!... OOH!... OW!

Whatever's the matter?

Blistering barnacles! My beard!

There, now your beard is inside.

Good. You can close my helmet now. Keep an eye on that pumping.



Let's hope that it's not a shark...

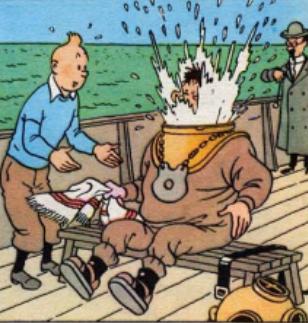
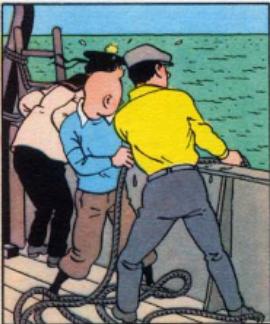


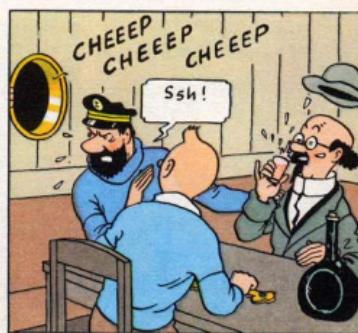
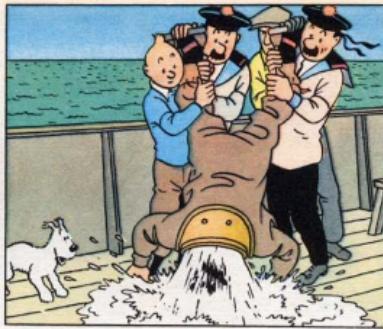
A bottle? What can that mean? ...

A bottle of rum, my friends! ... Jamaica rum, and it's more than two hundred and fifty years old! ... Just you taste it!



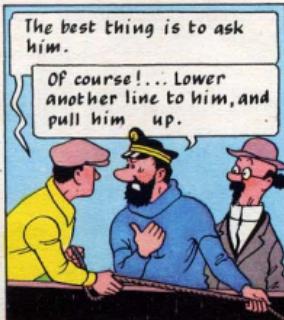
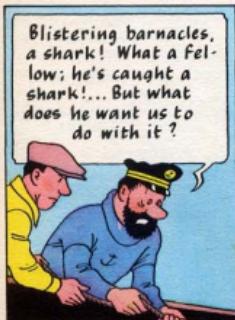
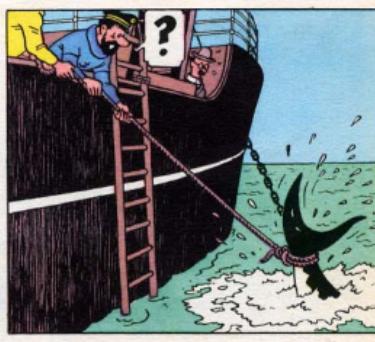
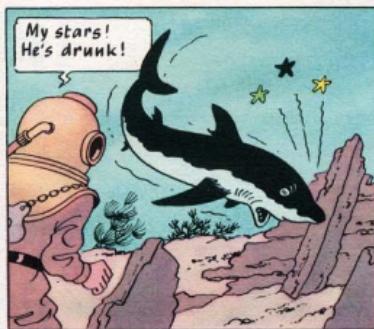
Mm!... It's wonderful!... It's absolutely w-w-wonderful! Y-y-you taste it!... Yes, that's f-f-for you!! I'm g-going ct-st-st-straight back to g-get a-a-a-another f-for m-myself...











Well, what's the meaning of this little joke?

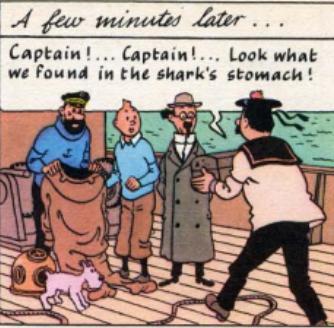
Little joke?... Just cut open that shark, Captain, and you'll see.

In any case, I believe the fins are particularly tasty...

A few minutes later...

Captain!... Captain!... Look what we found in the shark's stomach!

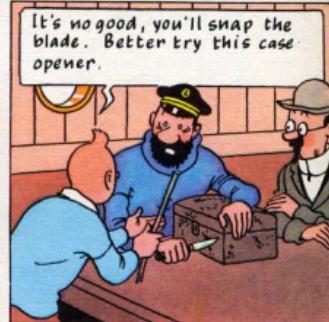
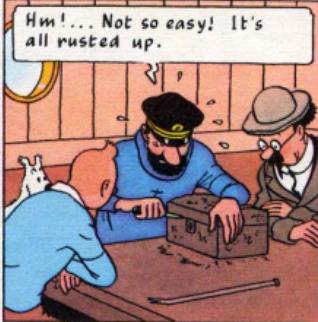
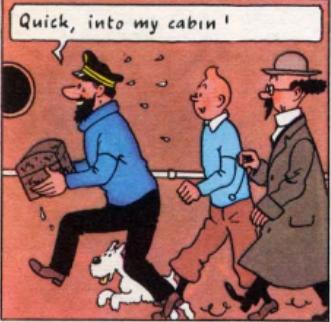
A casket!... A casket!... Red Rackham's treasure!... Red Rackham's treasure!!... Here it is at last!



Quick, into my cabin!

Hm!... Not so easy! It's all rusted up.

It's no good, you'll snap the blade. Better try this case opener.



Good idea. Hold it tight, you two.

Go on! Go on: don't worry, we're holding it...

Got it!...



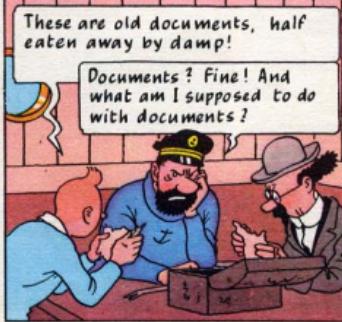
Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles in a thundering typhoon!... It's not the treasure!

These are old documents, half eaten away by damp!

Documents? Fine! And what am I supposed to do with documents?

Come now, Captain, don't lose heart!... We'll continue our search.

What's the use?



That's it! ... I've got it!

These are old documents! ... Definitely! ... Old documents!

That chap will drive me crazy!

And you there? Thundering typhoons, what are you doing?



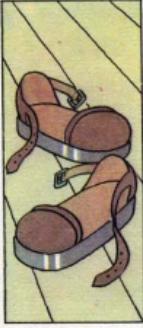
Me? ... You can see - I'm helping my colleague to go down ... Oh, don't worry. I've watched carefully how you do it ...

What about the pump? The pump works by itself, I suppose?

I'll work the pump, nincompoop! ... Then at least I'll know he's safe.



Thundering typhoons! What's that over there, on the deck?



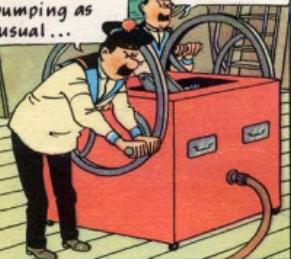
The weighted boots! ... He's forgotten the weighted boots!



A fortnight later...

Here we are, pumping as usual...

As usual...



Blistering barnacles! You can stop pumping! Can't you see that Tintin's come up?

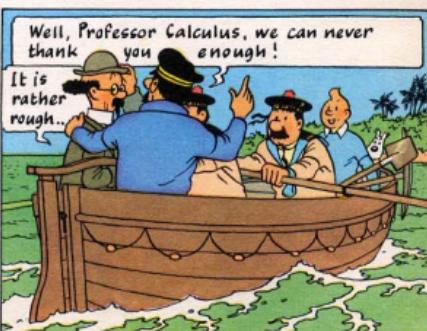
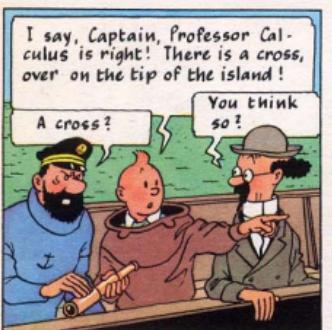


Well?

Nothing... Nothing at all! I've been carefully through all that's left of the poop...

Come on, Captain, you ...





No, I said it is thanks to you that we are going to find the treasure.

Oh... Well, I'm sure it's a cross!

Of course, of course it is a cross...

No?... D'you think so?

Baboon! Fresh-water swab!

Hello, my old friend!

Hooray! Here it is!

Gentlemen, this is it, the Eagle's cross!

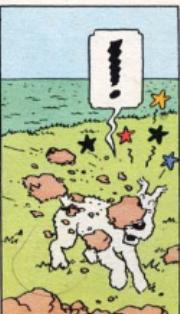
Well, what did I tell you? Is it or is it not a cross?

Why, what's the meaning of all these notches?

A calendar! When your ancestor was marooned—like Robinson Crusoe, he counted the days until he was rescued. Look: there's a small notch for weekdays, and a large one for Sundays...

To work, to work! I'll give a bottle of rum to whoever finds the treasure!

Are you... er... looking for something?...



What can they be searching for like that?



But... no, it's impossible!

What?... What is so impossible?



That the treasure can be here!

W-w-what?... Why?...



Just think... Supposing Sir Francis Haddock left the UNICORN, carrying the treasure; why would he have buried it here, at the foot of this cross?... What would you have done in his place? On the day you left this island you'd have taken the treasure with you, wouldn't you?

But then ...



Then?... Probably the treasure is still out there, under the sea!... And we've followed a false trail!

All because of that creature Calculus, blistering barnacles!



Yes, it's all your fault, you certified ignoramus!

Yes; I'm tired of telling you: it's further westwards!



Westwards!... Westwards!... I'll give you westwards!



Now your infernal pendulum's gone west, you Olympic athlete, you!



Woah! Woah!



Take that!... And that!... Now it's buried, pestilential pendulum!



There!... And don't mention it again! Come on now, we're going back!



He's furious!





Now, Captain, you sit down while I go and have a look for those two...

All right.

I wonder where they've got to, the sillies!



Where has Tintin gone?

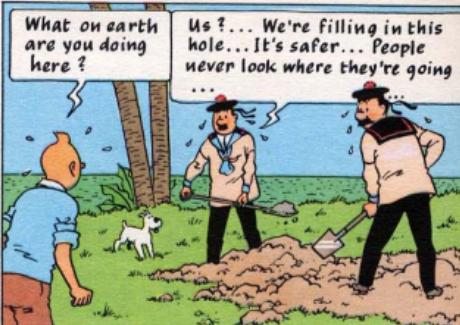
He's gone west!



I think I can hear them.



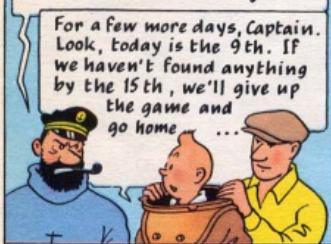
What on earth are you doing here?



Next day...

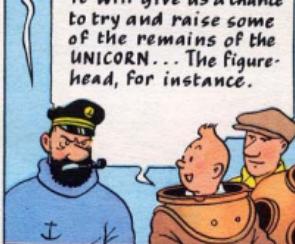
Well, you've quite made up your mind to go on searching?

For a few more days, Captain. Look, today is the 9th. If we haven't found anything by the 15th, we'll give up the game and go home.



Just as you please...

You won't regret it. And it will give us a chance to try and raise some of the remains of the UNICORN... The figure-head, for instance.

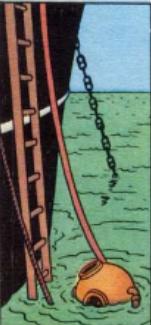


OFF we go! Pumping again!

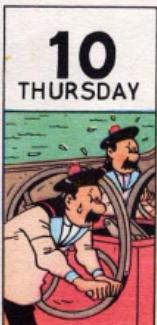
Here's to the 15th when we'll be able to stop! I'm fed up with this business..



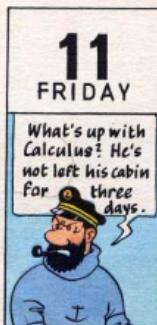
Come to think of it, I haven't seen Calculus today. Is he ill?



10
THURSDAY



11
FRIDAY



12
SATURDAY

13
SUNDAY

Still no luck,
Captain...



14
MONDAY

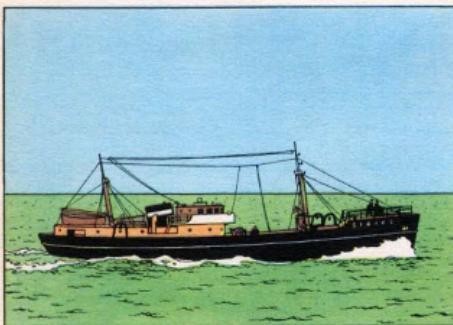


15
TUESDAY

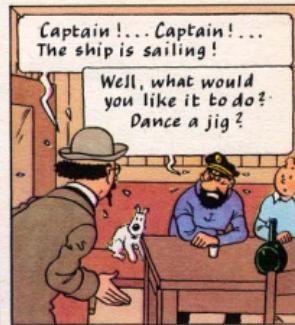


What...
What's hap-
pening?... It
looks as if...

Oh dear,
I'm right!
... I must
warn the
Captain!



Come on, Captain,
don't let this upset
you. It's bad luck,
I know, but you
must make the
best of it...



Ah, I see now. At last
you have realised
that the UNICORN is
not where you were
looking; you are
steering westwards.
I understand...

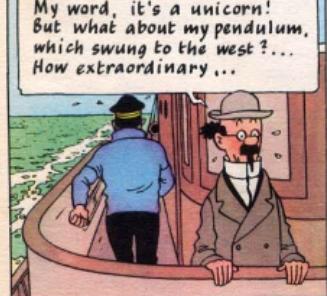


I've had enough!
Come with me!



You see that, eh?
I suppose it's the figure-
head of the TITANIC!

My word, it's a unicorn!
But what about my pendulum,
which swung to the west?...
How extraordinary...



16

WEDNESDAY

17

THURSDAY

18
FRIDAY

SATURDAY

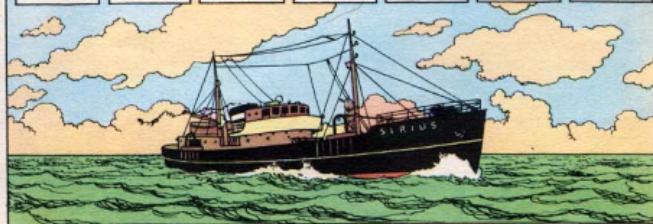
20

SUNDAY

21

MONDAY

22
TUESDAY





Hello. Yes...
"Daily Reporter"
...Yes... What?
The SIRIUS has
docked?... Are
you sure?...
Good... Thanks!



Hello, is that you
Rogers?... Go to the
docks at once. The
SIRIUS has just come
in... I want a good
story about her!



Well, Captain, I'll say goodbye to you
now. I'll have my submarine collected
tomorrow morning.

All right. Good.



Now, please let me thank
you, Captain. You have
been so very kind.

Oh, it was nothing.



Yes, yes, Captain. Thanks to
you, I shall always have unfor-
gettable memories of my stay
on board...

So shall I!



Er... excuse me... I
missed a step!



Allow me to introduce
myself: Ken Rogers
of the "Daily Reporter"

"Daily Reporter"?
Wasn't yours the
paper that gave
the news of our
departure?



It was!... And we
would like to publish
a sensational article
about your trip.
May I ask you a few
questions?

Of course...



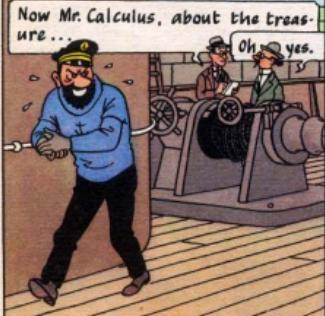
I'm rather busy myself. This
is my secretary, Mr. Calculus;
he will be happy to
answer all your inquiries.

Delighted...



Now Mr. Calculus, about the treas-
ure...

Oh, yes.



I'm sure you have it
there, in that suit-
case...



Thank you,
I'll carry it
myself.

I can understand
that!... Now tell me,
what does the treasure
consist of?



No?... Not
really?...

No, I asked you what
was in the treasure
you found. Was it
gold?... Pearls?...
Diamonds?

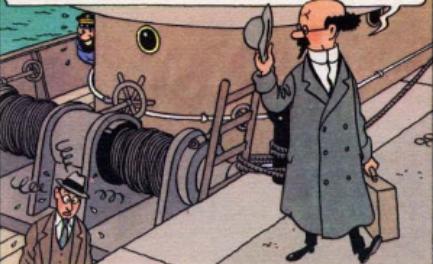


Incredible! I
don't believe a
word of it!

Look, Mr. Calculus, I don't quite follow...

Of course! But let me give you a little advice: don't tell anyone!

And you may rely on me - I will keep this strictly between ourselves!



Well, Captain, our mission is completed. Because he knew we were aboard, Max Bird didn't dare interfere with your activities.

No doubt... You're going now?



No, we're a bit tired... The journey, you know... and the pumping... We're going to spend a few days in the country with a farmer friend of ours.

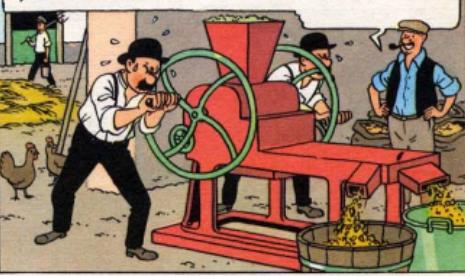
Have a good holiday!



Now for the simple, healthy tasks of the countryside! No more pumping!



... and when you've finished crushing the oats, you can have a turn at the chaff-cutter.



Some days later...

Good morning, Tintin.

Hello, Professor Calculus. What brings you here?



Very well, thank you. And you?... I've come to bring you the documents...

The documents?... What documents?...



No, the documents we found in the casket... Don't you remember?... I've tried to piece them together, sticking the fragments on sheets of paper. Some are illegible. Others, like that one, are comparatively easy to decipher.



I believe that one will interest the Captain particularly.

Great snakes! I think so too!



Come on! We must see the Captain!



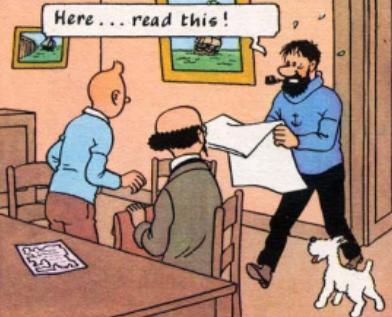
Charles the Second, by ye Grace
of God King of England, desir-
ing to reward Our trusty and enti-
mable Knight, Francis Haddock... Blistering barnacles!

The rest! Read
the rest!

Char the Second by ye Grace
ing toward Our trusty and enti-
mable Knight Francis Haddock, Lt
to Our Navy for his devoe ser-
by grant and bestow Our
Lord Manor of Marlinspi
Messages and remeants, after
foretold. Given and delivered
and this fifteen day of July
evening year of 1677

Thundering ty-
phoons! Am I
dreaming! It's Mar-
linspike Hall!...
Marlinspike, my
family estate! It's
fantastic!

But you don't know the latest!
Wait, you'll see...



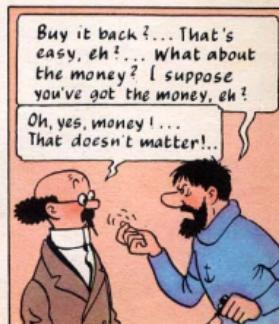
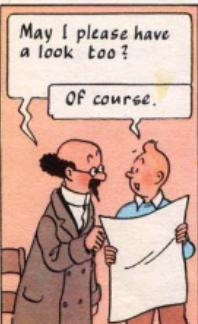
PROTEIN

JAMES BIDDUP & CO.

For Sale by Auction
ON SATURDAY,
9TH AUGUST

MARLINSPIKE HALL

This magnificent, beautifully appointed, and historic residence in extensive parkland and



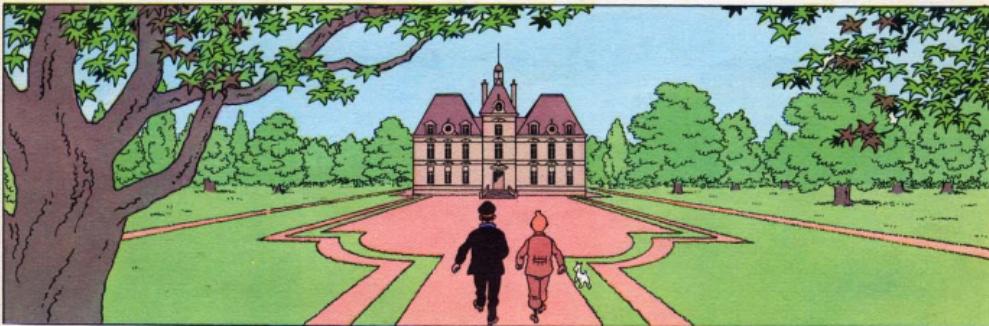
That's all right! I have some money.

You?... You've got money?...
That's nice for you!...
Personally, I haven't any!

Quite! The government have paid me a large sum for the patent on my submarine. Thanks to you I was able to try it out. Now it's my turn to help you... Come along, we're going to buy your mansion.

HOUSE
FOR
SALE

This
HOUSE
is not
FOR
SALE



All's well that ends well!
... You haven't found
the treasure, but you
have got back your family
estate.

It is magnificent!

Wait, you haven't seen
anything yet.

This is the room where
I telephoned you.

Splendid!

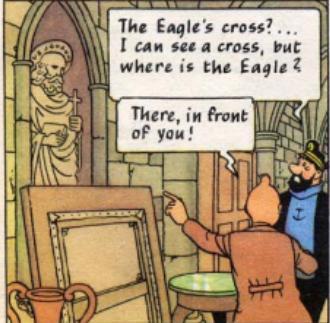


No... Nothing... I thought
I heard footsteps...

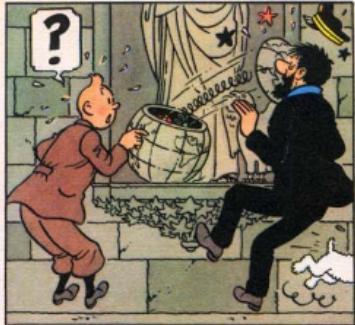


Well, it's a wonderful house!...
My ancestor had good taste, didn't
he?... Now what about those famous
cellars you talked of? Where are
they?

Come with me... I'll take
you there.



There, just on the spot given in the old parchment, is the island we went to!... Great snakes! The island's moving!



The treasure!... The treasure!... Blistering treasures! It's Red Rackham's barnacles!



We've found it!... We've found it at last: Red Rackham's treasure!... Look!... Look!



It's stupendous!... Stupendous!... So Sir Francis Haddock did take the treasure with him when he left the UNICORN... And to think we were looking for it half across the world, when all the time it was lying here, right under our very noses...



Thundering typhoons, look at this!... Diamonds!... Pearls!... Emeralds!... Rubies!... Er... all sorts!... They're magnificent!



Sh!... Did you hear that?



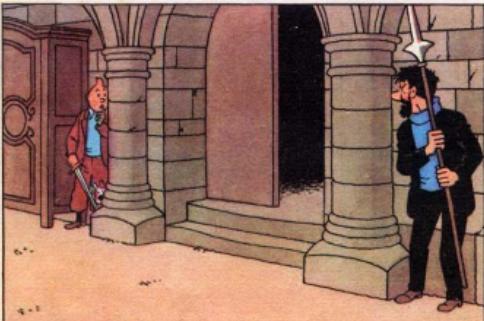
Listen... Footsteps!... Someone's coming towards the cellars...



Quick! Get hold of a weapon! We'll each hide behind a pillar...



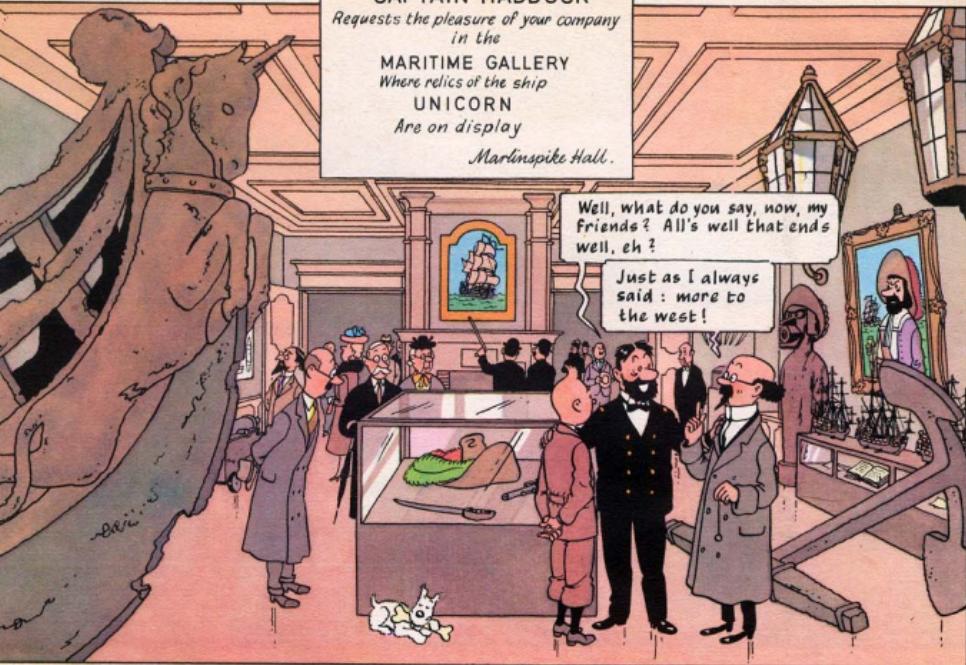
Right! Come on!



CAPTAIN HADDOCK
Requests the pleasure of your company
in the
MARITIME GALLERY
Where relics of the ship
UNICORN
Are on display
Marlinspike Hall.

Well, what do you say, now, my friends? All's well that ends well, eh?

Just as I always said: more to the west!



Yes, yes. But I said: all's well that ends well. Don't you agree?

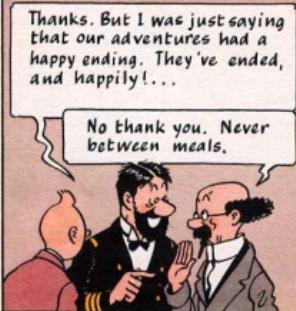
Your maritime gallery? ... I think it is very successful!

Thanks. But I was just saying that our adventures had a happy ending. They've ended, and happily!...

No thank you. Never between meals.

No, no! Blistering barnacles! All's well that ends well!
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL!

Without any doubt!



...and this is just the moment to quote that old saying: All's well that ends well!



HERGÉ