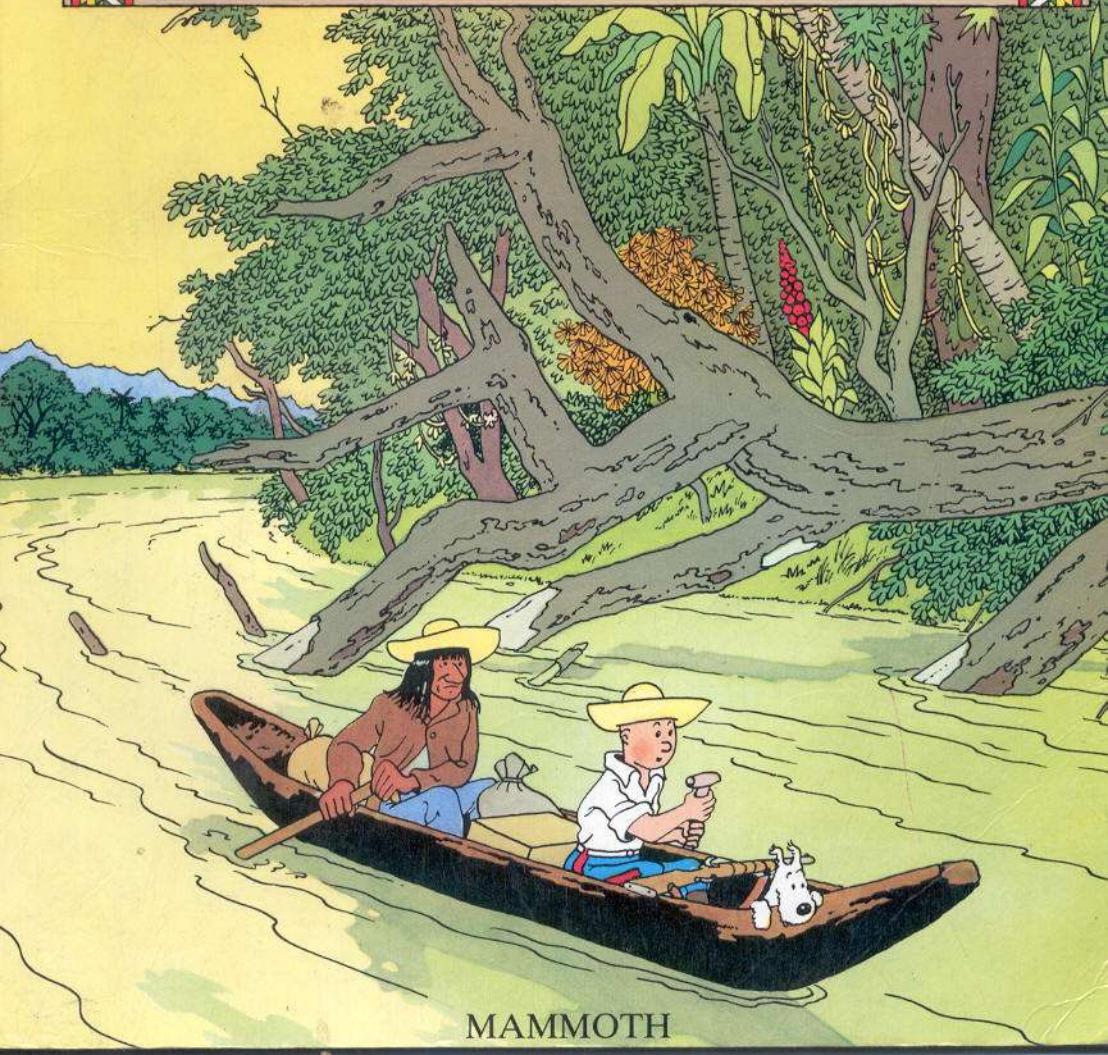


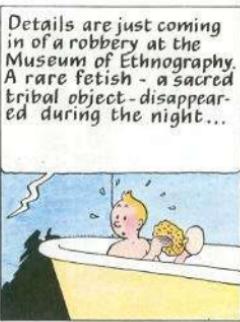
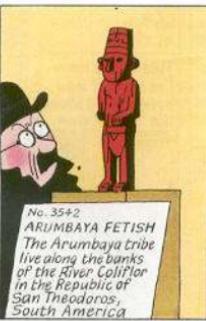
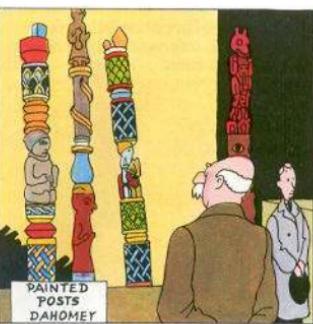
HERGE

THE ADVENTURES OF  
**TINTIN**

**THE BROKEN EAR**



MAMMOTH



The loss was discovered this morning by a museum attendant. It is believed the thief must have hidden in the gallery overnight and slipped out when the staff arrived for work. No evidence of a break-in has been found...

Come on Snowy! To the Museum of Ethnography!



The Director? I'm afraid he's engaged: the police are here...



Now, to recapitulate... You say the attendant locked the doors last night at 1712 hours; he noticed nothing unusual. He came on duty this morning at seven. At 0714 he observed that exhibit No. 3542 was missing and immediately raised the alarm. Right?... Now this attendant: is he reliable?

Absolutely! Above suspicion! He's been with us for over twelve years and never given the least cause for complaint.



Besides, the fetish has no intrinsic value. In my judgement, it would only be of interest to a collector...

Great snakes! The Thompsons!



Have you any leads?

Well, the Arumbaya fetish has no in... er... no instinctive value... The solution is quite simple: it was removed by a collector.



Some hours later...

This is the book. I'm sure it has something about the Arumbayas.

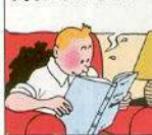


Aha! This is interesting... Listen, Snowy. "Today we met our first Arumbayas. Long, black, oily hair framed their coffee-coloured faces. They were armed with long blowpipes which they employ to shoot darts poisoned with curare..." You hear that, Snowy?

We decided to stay there. The sun generosity and gave us a plentiful



Curare!... the terrible vegetable poison which paralyses one's breathing!... Oh! "Arumbaya Fetish"... But... but... it's the very one that's been stolen!



I therefore made an inaccurate sketch they urged me to go



ARUMBAYA FETISH  
we were very well treated. Later we

Odd coincidence, don't you think, Snowy?... Snowy isn't interested... he's gone to sleep... I think I'll follow suit.



The next morning...



Help! It's bewitched!



Help! It's bewitched!

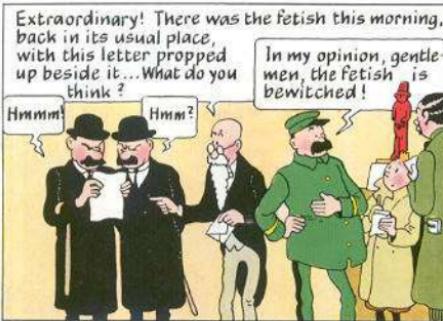


Hello!... Hello?... Hello!... Is that you, sir?

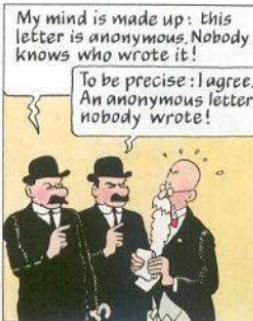


Yes, who is that?... Oh, it's you, Fred... What? The fetish?... My goodness me! I'll come at once...





Dear Director,  
I bet a friend I could pinch something from your museum.  
I won my bet, so here's your fetish back.  
Please forgive my foolishness, and any trouble I have caused.  
Sincerely, X



**FATAL OVERTURN**

A strong smell of gas alerted residents this morning at 21 London Road. They sent for the police who effected an entry to the room occupied by artist Jacob Balthazar. Officers discovered the sculptor lying on his bed; he was found to be dead. It appears that the victim had forgotten to turn off the tap on his gas-ring. By some chance his parrot survived the fumes. Mr. Balthazar's work attracted the attention of art critics, who particularly praised his series of wooden statuettes, his special technique being strongly reminiscent of primitive sculpture.



Half an hour later...

Excuse me... Is this the house where Mr. Balthazar lived?



Yes, this is it. Ooh, sir, what a tragedy!... Such a polite gentleman!... And all that learning!... Maybe he wasn't all that regular with the rent, but he always paid it in the end. And such a way with animals! A parrot and three white mice, that's what he had...



I'm minding the parrot for the time being. But I can't keep it. So if you know of anyone...

Of course... I was wondering if I might look at Mr. Balthazar's room,



I'll take you up. Such a character he was... sniff... I can still see him... his everlasting black velvet suit, and that big hat... And all that smoking! A pipe in his mouth all day long, he had. But he never touched the drink...

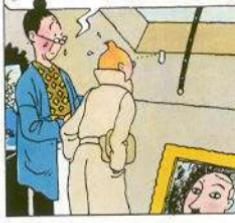
Oh?



Here is his room...



This is where we found him... sniff... They had to send for a locksmith... the door was locked from the inside... The gas was whistling out of the ring.



A little scrap of grey flannel...



And so clever he was... Just look at those flowers: you can almost smell them...



You knew Mr. Balthazar well?

Er... that's to say... not intimately...  
...



If by any chance you found a parrot-lover? It's such a friendly bird!

Naturally, I'll remember you. Good-bye and thanks.



An accident?... Funny sort of accident, I'd say...



A very funny accident!... The gas was whistling out of the ring. So, if the tap was on when Balthazar went to bed he'd have heard it. Unless he was drunk; but he never touched drink. Therefore someone turned the tap on after the sculptor was dead, since the gas wasn't strong enough to kill the parrot. And that someone was wearing something made of grey flannel and smoking a cigarette...



...witness the piece of cloth and the cigarette end, which couldn't have belonged to the victim: he only smoked a pipe, and he wore a velvet suit. So Mr. Balthazar was murdered. He was murdered because he'd probably made a replica of the Arumbaya fetish for someone. And someone didn't want him to talk... Someone?... Someone?... Who can that 'someone' be?... How can I find out?



Great snakes!... Why not?!



Excuse me, but I've been thinking. I'll buy Mr. Balthazar's parrot.

The parrot? Doooh, sir!

If you'd only been two minutes sooner! I just sold it. The gentleman who bought it was here a moment ago; you must have passed him.

Just my luck!

Look, there he goes! You see the gentleman with a parcel under his arm? That's him.

Let's hope he'll agree to resell it to me.



GRRREAT GREEDY-GUTS!

Oh, help! It's a regular punch-up... Ooh! The parrot! The parrot!!

The parrot!!!

GRRREAT GREEDY-GUTS!



Estúpido! Imbécil! Great greedy-guts! Look what you do: my beautiful parrot ees escapado! Ees perdido!

The only witness to Balthazar's death, the only one who could have talked, and there he goes.

The parrot ees give me by my grandfather. Ay, qué desastre... All same, muchas gracias for tryto catch heem. That's quite all right.



"Give to me by my grandfather" Why tell a lie? I wonder, could he be interested in the parrot for the same reason as me?



Meanwhile...

It's raining, Professor. Don't forget your umbrella... and remember your glasses.

Don't worry, Ernestine. My glasses are in the pocket of my jacket... and I'll take my umbrella.



Your advertisement reads "Lost: magnificent parrot. Large reward. Finder contact 26 Labrador Road." It will be in tonight's paper, sir.



Ees necesario to make advertisement about the parrot.



There: "Lost: magnificent parrot..." Look, there are two notices. I'll try the first address: it's nearer than the other.



I came about the parrot. Are you the gentleman who...?

Ah, yes! Do come in!



Let's have a look...



It's him all right! I can't thank you enough. You wouldn't believe what he means to me. Please take the reward.



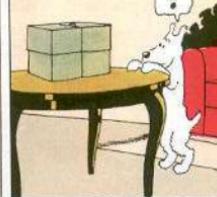
Goodbye, and thank you.

It's me who's grateful!



Now, I want to hear  
Polly run through  
his part: "What the  
parrot saw."  
But first...

... I need to buy a cage.  
Look after that box, Snowy.  
I'll be back in a few minutes...



PWARK!  
PWARK!



Grrreat greedy-guts!



Here, have you noticed?... There are two advertisements: and no one has brought back the parrot. It makes me wonder... is someone on the track of Balthazar's killer?... Anyway, it's an address to remember: 26 Labrador Road.

Si, si... only two people see parrot escape... thees old greedy-guts and thees young man ...

Where's that wretched parrot now?



CREAK  
No doubt about it...  
there's a burglar  
in the flat...



Careful... he's  
in there...



Put your hands up!



Ah, it's you!  
Caramba! Ees  
the young man  
who try to catch  
the parrot!

Come on! Start talking! You  
wanted the parrot?

Si! Thees  
bird he ees  
mine. You steal heem, I  
make complain to the  
policia!

Really? Go  
right ahead.  
There's the  
phone;  
ring the  
police ...

Now, let's be serious. I want  
to know why you're interested  
in our feathered friend...

I'm waiting  
...



WHEEE!  
THWACK  
ZZINNG  
? ★ ★  
BANG  
!!!

I saw you were trapped, so I came up  
quietly and  
switched off  
the light.

I have time to throw  
puñal at  
heem.



A few inches to the  
left and ... pfff!  
Curtains for Tintin!  
I'll have to watch out;  
they'll stick at  
nothing!



I hear the puñal, he go whack  
into chair. I only miss heem by  
thees much...

I know, I know  
... you need  
more practice.



That night,  
at 21 London  
Road ...



CLACK

That Mr. and Mrs. Dove!  
They've quarrelled once  
too often!



Have you quite finished  
up there?!



SHUT UP! I AM  
BALTHAZAR!

HELP!  
HELP!

Ooh, Colonel! It's the  
ghost of Mr. Balthazar! I  
heard his voice! It's him! I  
know it!



Close ranks! ... Load arms!  
... Fix bayonets!



# I AM BALTHAZAR!

And I'm Colonel Barker!  
Surrender! You are  
surrounded!



Next morning ...



Faithful unto death:  
a loving pet!  
Last night the  
occupants of  
21 London Road,  
awakened by  
strange noises,  
found ...



I give up.  
We'll have to walk.



Oh? The parrot?  
You really are unlucky.  
The gentleman who  
bought it yesterday  
came to collect it again  
... Not ten minutes  
ago ...



He beat me to it, the  
gangster. And now  
he's got the parrot  
back.



LOOK OUT!



Road hog! He couldn't have been closer if he'd tried to run you down!

Yes, he deliberately swerved to the left!



Are you hurt? No, thanks. I had time to jump clear. I wouldn't have fallen if I hadn't tripped over the edge of the pavement.



I managed to get his number... Wait... 169... Yes, 169 MW... That's it. 169 MW... You'll have to ask the police...



...I tell you, if that idiot hadn't warned him I'd have settled his hash!

Si, si, but truth ees you meess heem and from now he ees on hees guard. Ciertamente, knife ees better!



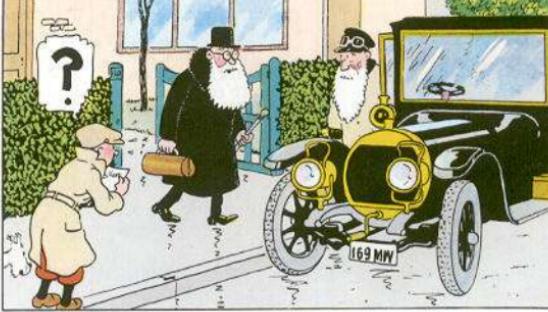
In that case, you'll have to practise harder: you always throw too far to the right...



That's it... 169 MW... Doctor Eugene Treblebob, 120 Minstrel's Way... Good!



This time I'm sure I'm on the right track.



Wrong number!... That man who told me can't have seen it clearly...



Anyway, it's possible they used false number plates on their car... Oh!...



Look, Snowy! You see: 169MW.  
Now watch: one... two...

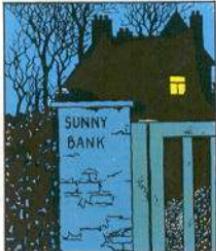
They just turned their numberplates  
upside down... Perfectly simple!

Now then... MW691  
... Alonso Perez,  
engineer, Sunny  
Bank, Freshfield  
... Not far from  
here to Freshfield...  
Let's go!

That night...

Three!... Presto!  
... MW 691!

MW 691



Caramba!...  
Again ees too  
much to right!

Ha! ha! ha!...  
Caramba!...  
WHOOPEE!  
Estúpido  
parrot! You  
shut up!

All you need do is  
aim more to the  
left: that way  
you hit the bulls-  
eye...

Muy bien, aim  
more to the  
left?...  
Why not?

GRRREAT GREEDY-  
GUTS! Silencio!  
Silencio! animal  
maldito!

Grrreat greedy-guts!  
Grrreat greedy-guts!  
PWARK!  
PWARK!

You!!...  
You take  
that!

You fool! What are  
you doing?...

Carramba!...  
Missed again!...



Crazy idiot! Think  
what that parrot  
means to us! Are  
you out of your  
mind? What about  
the fetish?



Fetish! Fetish! Al infierno  
weeth thees fetish!...  
And I wreeing the neck  
of thees feelthy  
parrot!...



Carramba!... Ha! ha!  
ha!... Grrreat  
greedy-guts!



Ramón, if you lay a finger on that parrot you're a dead duck!

YEOW!

Mala bestia!  
Kill heem!

Carramba!...  
Missed again!...

Rodrigo Tortilla,  
you've killed me!

Rodrigo Tortilla!

So it was  
Tortilla!

Lying crook!... Pretending to be a doctor on a study trip to Europe... But all he wanted was to steal the fetish... and the swine succeeded. By getting rid of Balthazar, he thought he'd covered his tracks. But he reckoned without our feathered friend!... I've got his address. I'm going to fix a meeting. He won't suspect anything...

Hello?... Is that the Hotel Liberty?  
... May I speak to Mr. Tortilla,  
please ...

Mr. Tortilla?...  
I'm so sorry, but he's gone, sir... Yes, to South America... Yes, he went to Le Havre, he sailed at midday... The boat?... It was called "Ville de Lyon" ...

That tells me all I need to know...

We're beaten!... There goes Tortilla peacefully sailing away to South America... If only that brainless parrot had talked just one day sooner...

...next bulletin at eleven o'clock ... Now here is some late shipping news...

Do we have to keep listening to that wretched radio?

The strike of dockworkers at the French port of Le Havre has spread today. More than a dozen ships are now delayed. Among vessels not expected to sail before midnight tomorrow is the "Ville de Lyon", bound for South America ...

Caramba! All is not lost, Ramón: we have time to get there!



Now, clever Señor Tortilla, the fun begins!



Several days later...

Well ?  
Still nothing?

Nothing. No sign  
of heem anywhere!

Perhaps he see us and he  
keep to hees cabin... Or may-  
be he nevaire come aboard  
thees ship... Een thees  
case...

Ssh! Someone's  
coming...

Did you see? ...



That feugure... eet could  
be ...

Tintin,  
couldn't it?



No, cierta-  
mente ees  
impossible!  
... Also, how  
could he  
know?



Sssh!

Or him?

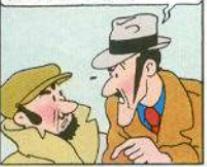


It's crazy! We've started  
seeing Tintins around  
every corner! They're all  
fairly short...

O.K.... But what  
does that prove?



But no, ees not right!  
Eet ees heem! Ees first  
one, thees one in the  
cap. I remember heem:  
ees in same acroplane  
and he seat behind us.  
Ees following us. I tell  
you, ees Tintin!



All right, there's  
only one answer.  
He's got to go!



That evening...

Esta noche... to-  
night, after the  
dinner, we feex  
heem good!



Now don't forget:  
aim a little more to  
the left ...



Goodnight!  
... Oh!

Goodnight to you!

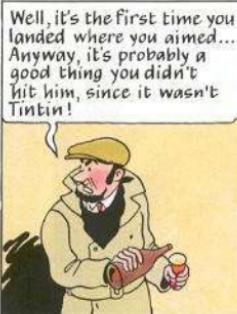


A weeg! Ees wearing  
a weeg! Ciertamente  
ees heem!



OOH! ...  
HELP! ...  
MURDER!  
HELP!





Ees right. But I could  
swear eet ees heem...  
Only hees voice when  
he shout ees not  
heem.

There's still the  
other: the  
little old  
man.



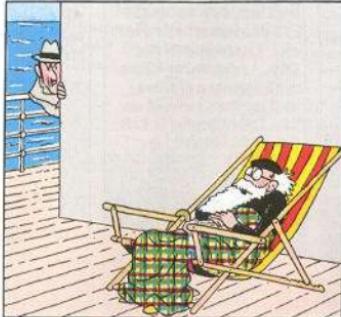
*Next morning...*

You are ready? We  
now go to work weeth  
thees leetle old  
man...



Ees heem!!  
Hespy on us!

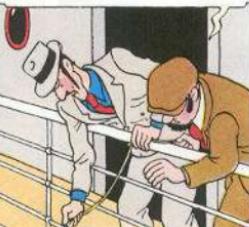
O.K., let's  
see. We'll  
follow him...



No, not that way. We  
aren't sure it's him.  
I've a better idea:  
come with me...



Steady!... You're nearly there  
... A little to the right...  
Gently... Back a bit... That's  
it!... Now!





Now we're sure Tintin isn't aboard we can really get down to finding Tortilla  
...



Ah, there's our steward... Will you join us for a drink?



Thanks... I see you're up bright and early. Not like some I could mention... Take your fellow countryman in cabin 17... Never shows his nose outside the door...



He says he is, but I don't believe a word of it. Anyway, he hasn't left his cabin since he sailed... Has all his meals there... Well, cheers!

Cheers!



You heard that? The passenger in 17...



And you'll never believe it... Just between the three of us... the passenger... isn't a man isn't a woman... but... an omelette!



Ha! ha! ha! Now wait for it... D'you know why?... Because he's called Tortilla, and in Spanish tortilla means...

...an omelette! Ha! ha! ha!  
That's rich!

Ees beeg joke!

Got to go now... If the Captain sees me here I'll catch it... And you wouldn't want to drop me in the drink, eh?



Get away with you... you're a real caution!

That was a good one... drop in the drink... Get it?

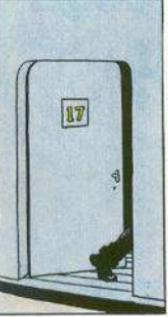


Thanks to that nitwit we've found Tortilla... Ramón, the fetish is ours!

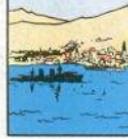
At last!



That night...



Next morning the ship arrives off Las Domicias, capital of the Republic of San Thadoum, South America



Have you heard?... That Tortilla... He's disappeared! He must have been pushed overboard! There'd been a struggle in his cabin!



How shocking! ... Do they know who did it?

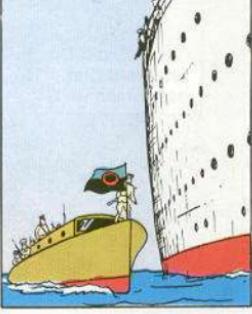


They do indeed, gentlemen!... Come on now!... Get your hands up ... fast!



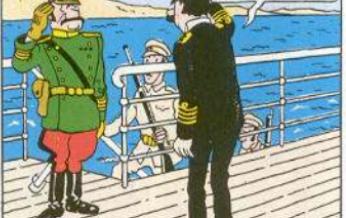
Caramba! It's Tintin! I might have known!

Keep a close watch on them till the police arrive...



I am Colonel Jimenez, regular army.

Captain Maledemer... I have two prisoners I'd like to hand over, Colonel.



These two?... I know them both... dangerous crooks, wanted by our police.



Good idea of yours to meet the boat... Excellent... But there's still the fetish...

Don't worry... they won't have it for long!



...And that's the whole story. Look, here's the fetish they stole from the wretched Tortilla. Does anything in particular strike you about it?

I reckon it's another fake. The right ear isn't broken.



Exactly. So we still need to know two things. First, where's the real fetish... and then, what are all these gangsters really after?

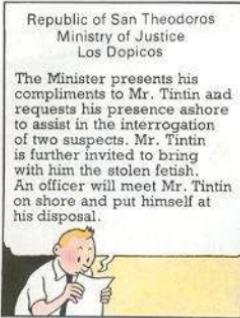


A letter for Mr. Tintin, sir. A police launch just brought it.



Republic of San Theodoros  
Ministry of Justice  
Los Dopicos

The Minister presents his compliments to Mr. Tintin and requests his presence ashore to assist in the interrogation of two suspects. Mr. Tintin is further invited to bring with him the stolen fetish. An officer will meet Mr. Tintin on shore and put himself at his disposal.



Things are beginning to move. I'll just get myself ready and then I'll go.



See you later!  
Good luck!

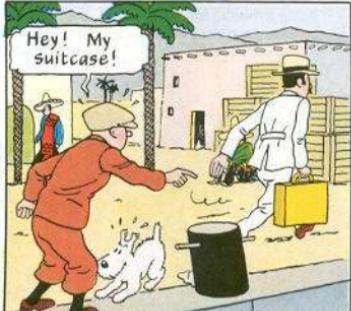
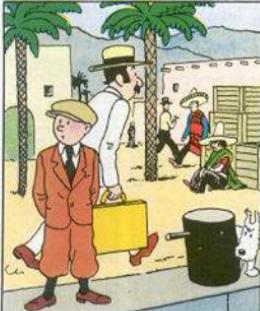


Don't forget,  
we'll be sailing  
tonight at  
eight o'clock.

Don't worry, I'll be back.  
I don't want to get  
stuck in this place!



Now we just have to wait for that  
obliging officer to come and put him  
self at my disposal!



Ah!... It's still there...  
Whew!



What a  
fright!



That's him, isn't it?

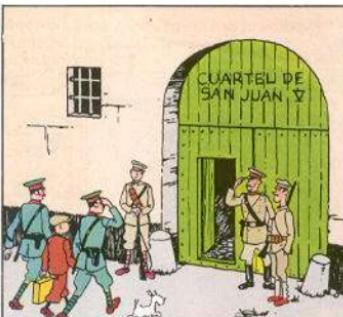


Will you come with  
us, senior?...



Ah, there you  
are.  
Excellent.

Why all the  
soldiers every-  
where?  
There's talk of a  
revolution ...



Well,  
you will find  
in harbour. He has with him  
a small white dog.  
If you don't believe this  
letter, open his case ...  
XXX

RAT TAT  
TAT

Come in!

This is the man, Captain.

Good. Open  
your case!



Captain, I don't know whether you're  
Fully in the picture... I was sent for by the  
Minister of Justice to help in the  
interrogation of the two...

Cut out the talk! Do as  
you're told! I said open  
your case!



Very well, Captain...  
but I warn you, I  
shall complain of  
your behaviour ...



Bombs! My informant  
was right: he's a  
terrorist!

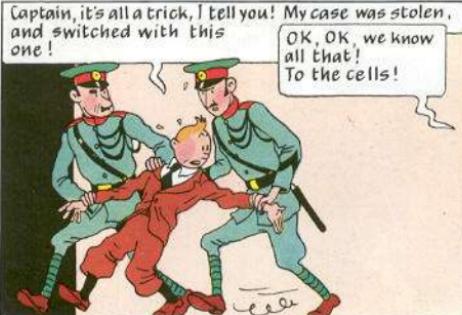


Hold him! Take him to  
the cell block at once...  
to await the firing squad!



Captain, it's all a trick, I tell you! My case was stolen,  
and switched with this  
one!

OK, OK, we know  
all that!  
To the cells!



Well, well, here I am again... in the soup!



Still, it's not so bad. The launch from the "Ville de Lyon" is due to pick me up at seven. When I don't appear they'll go back to the ship and alert the Captain... He'll get me out easily enough.



Doesn't that dog belong to the lad they just took in?



1900 hours...



Perdone, señor teniente, but are you waiting for a young man to take out to the "Ville de Lyon"?

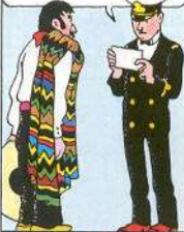
Yes, how d'you know that?



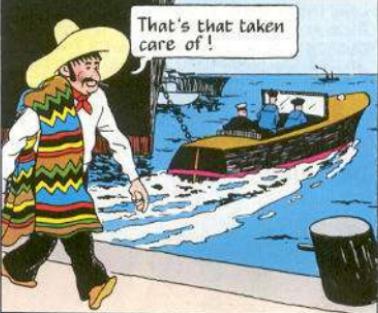
Because he said to tell you not to wait for him. And here's a letter he asked me to give you ...



"To the Captain of the Ville de Lyon." All right, thank you.



That's that taken care of!



There's the launch going back. They'll warn the Captain.

...And there's the letter the man gave me.



Las Dopicos

Dear Captain,  
As you know, I planned to continue my trip with you. However, something new has come up concerning the theft of the fetish, forcing me to stay longer in Las Dopicos.  
I am extremely sorry if I have incon-

What's happening? It must be nearly eight o'clock and the launch still isn't back ...



TOOOOT  
TOOOOT  
That's the "Ville de Lyon"!



They're weighing anchor... sailing without me!!

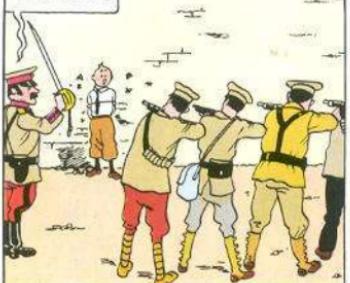
This time it's hopeless... I can't see any way to get myself off the hook ...



And next morning ...



Take aim ...



Stop! Don't shoot!



Hello? What's up? Have I been reprieved?



Comrades! The revolution has triumphed! General Tapioca has fled, the tyrant is on the run! Our glorious General Alcazar is now in command!



Long live General Alcazar!

Down with Tapioca!

¡Fuera los tiranos!

¡Viva la libertad!



In which case, sir, you are free ...

That suits me!



Colonel! ... Ah, Colonel! At last I've found you!



Now what's going on?



What is it Colonel? Have they caught General Tapioca?

Caught him? ... You couldn't be more wrong, Colonel! ... General Alcazar's troops have surrendered. Alcazar himself has fled the country. General Tapioca is now in command!

Sure as eggs are eggs. I've been looking for you for half an hour to break the news!

Comrades! The rebellion is crushed! General Alcazar has fled, the tyrant is on the run! Let us all swear allegiance to our glorious General Tapioca!



Long live General Tapioca!

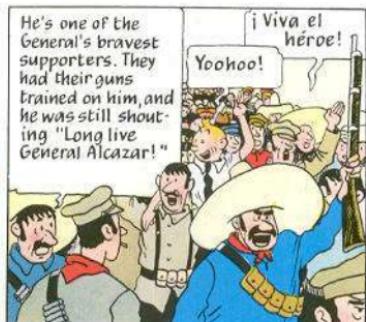
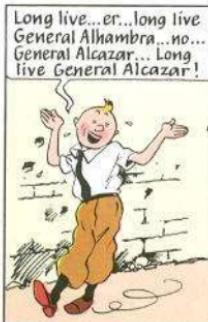
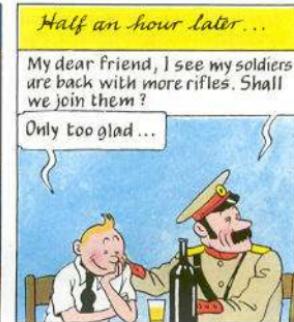
¡Fuera los tiranos!

¡Viva la libertad!

I'm terribly sorry, sir, but the way things are, I'll have to carry out my orders and shoot you.

Take aim ...







Here he is, General...he was sentenced to death by General Tapioca. Our men arrived just as the firing squad were going to shoot him. They had their rifles up, and this courageous fellow was still shouting "Long live General Alcazar!"



Muy bien! I am General Alcazar, and I need men like you! As a mark of my appreciation, I appoint you colonel aide-de-camp.



But...don't you think, General, it might be wiser to make him a corporal? We only have forty-nine corporals, whereas there are already three thousand four hundred and eighty-seven colonels. So...



I shall do as I like! I'm in command! But since you consider we are short of corporals, I will add to their number. Colonel Diaz, I appoint you corporal!



Here's your colonel's commission, young man. Now, go and get yourself kitted out. Corporal Diaz here will take you to the tailor.



A colonel's uniform for our young friend? ...Excellent! I had this all ready for Colonel Fernandez, who fled with General Tapioca...He was just the same size... And for yourself?...A corporal's outfit? I have just the thing ...



My career is in ruins. But I'll have my revenge, on you and that confounded General Alcazar!



That night... Comrades, we have a new member...an officer who preferred to resign his commission rather than continue to serve a tyrant! He will take the oath.



I swear obedience to the laws of our society. I promise to fight against tyranny with all my strength. My watchword henceforward is the same as yours: liberty or death!



### The next morning ...

Where's my new aide-de-camp? Not here yet?

Not yet, General.

As soon as he arrives send him in. We have work to do...

Very good, sir. At once.

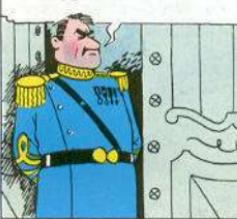
Colonel! ... How on earth did I come to be a colonel? I don't remember a thing ...

However, I'm still looking for the fetish, and to do that I must resign my commission.

No, gentlemen: impossible. The general is waiting for his ADC. He won't see anyone this morning.



Ah, there you are, Colonel. We must get down to work. As for you, gentlemen: I cannot receive you this morning ... Come, Colonel!



No more need for me to resign, for the time being.

The general choose heem!

It's crazy!

Thees ees bad!

Yes, now we'll have to deal with him all over again!

Meanwhile ...

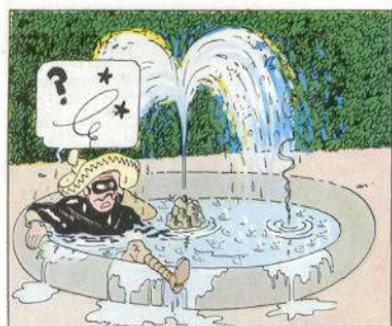
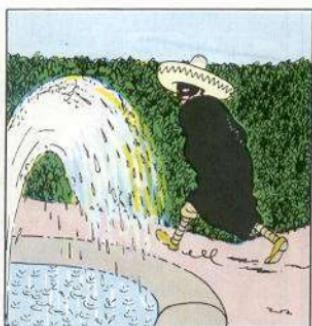
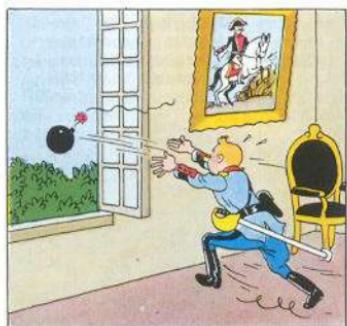
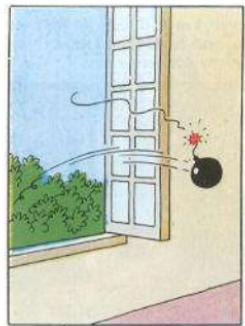
His office window is open ... So far so good!

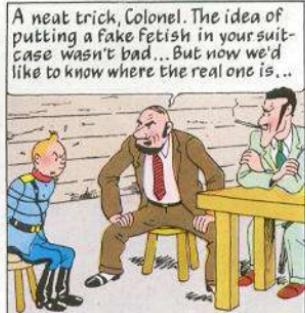
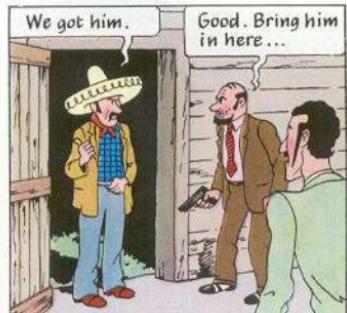
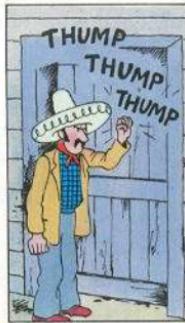
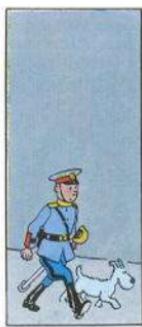
It's a delicate position ...

Yes, very delicate.

I'm sorry, Your Excellency, but the General can't see you this morning. The General is extremely busy ...







Me too...  
I'd like to  
know that...

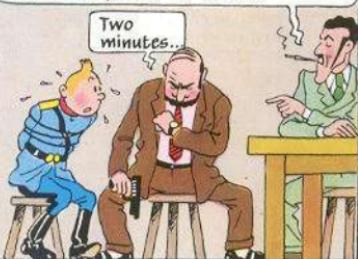
Come on! Cut the funny  
stuff! Where is it?

I've told you,  
I don't know.

I'll give you three minutes to  
answer my question. After that,  
a little squeeze with my finger  
and... click!... Understand?



Ees no use to struggle so hard, amigo.  
Ees good strong cord and tied very nice.  
You take my word for that...



I must tell them something...  
doesn't matter what it is...  
otherwise I'm done for.



All right, I'll  
tell you where to  
find the fetish...

Aha!... I knew we'd  
come to an understand-  
ing in the end. Where  
is it?



It... er... well, briefly, it's  
in my trunk aboard the  
"Ville de Lyon".

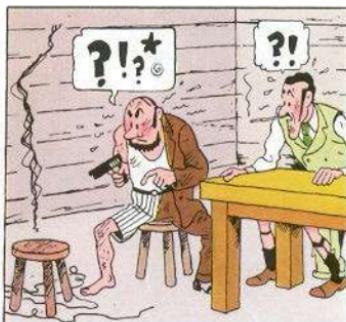
Thanks... That's all  
we wanted you to  
tell us.



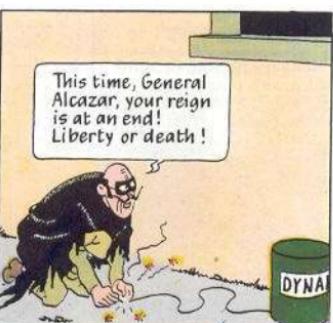
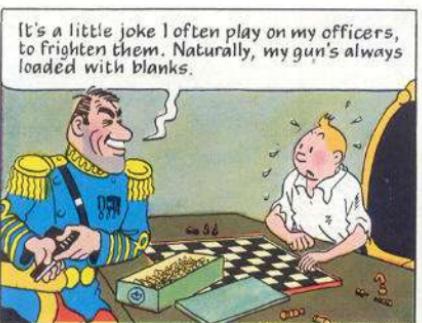
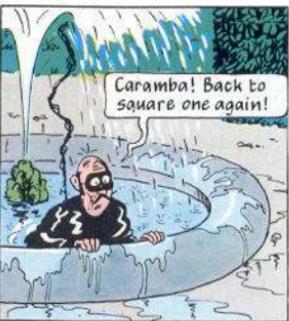
And now we don't  
need you any more  
you can say your  
prayers! You're go-  
ing to die!

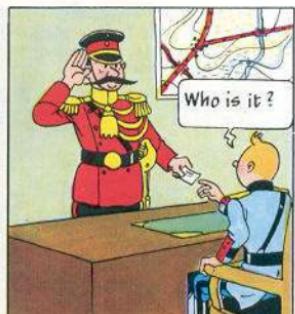
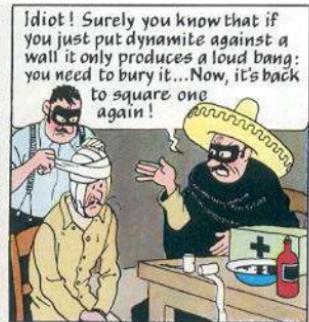
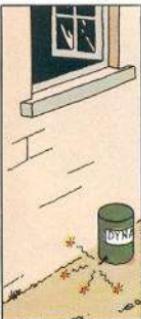


Pronto, pronto, Alonso. You  
know I am upset by  
capital punishment...









R.W. Trickler,  
representative  
General  
American Oil.  
All right, show  
him in.

Good morning,  
Do please  
sit down.



Well, Colonel, the reason I'm here... I heard yesterday...

Please excuse me...

Yes, of  
course...

Hello?... Hello?... Yes,  
Captain... What?!...  
They've escaped!

We are free,  
and soon the  
fetish ees ours!

And soon we'll have  
our revenge too; we have  
old scores to settle with  
Tintin!



Now, sir...  
I'm all yours...

Well, a geological survey party has  
just announced evidence of oil de-  
posits in the Gran Chapo region...  
the desert lying partly in your own  
country and partly in the neighbouring  
territory, the Republic of Nuevo-Rico.

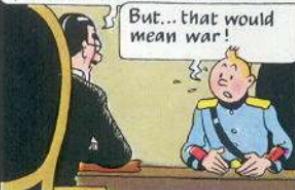


General American Oil  
seeks to obtain a conces-  
sion to work these fields.  
Obviously, your govern-  
ment will have an interest  
in the profits that would accrue...



I see. I'm afraid  
General Alcazar  
is ill, and I  
cannot...

Of course, of course. But you  
could render us invaluable service.  
I mentioned that part of the oil-  
fields lie in Nuevo-Rican territory.  
My company wishes to exploit the  
whole region: so it follows that  
you must take over the area.



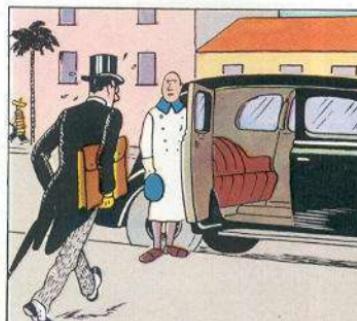
Unfortunately,  
yes. But what can  
one do? You can't  
make an omelette  
without breaking  
eggs, can you, Colonel?



So, here's the reason for my  
visit. We will give you 100,000  
dollars in cash if you will per-  
suade General Alcazar to  
undertake the campaign ...  
Is it a deal?



You're making a big mistake in  
refusing my offer. But, just as  
you wish, Colonel! Goodbye!



A dangerous fellow! He could  
wreck all our plans. I must have a  
word with Rodriguez about him...



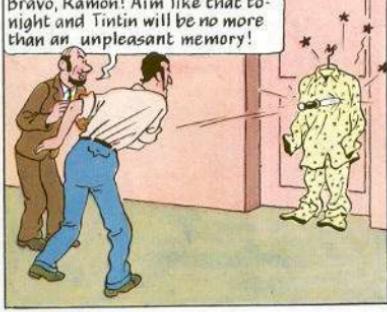
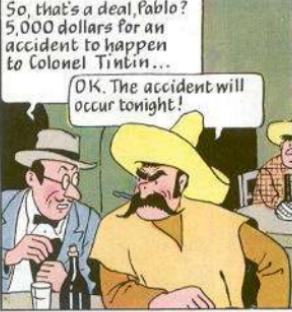
Yes, Rodriguez,  
I will offer 10,000  
dollars to be  
rid of him...

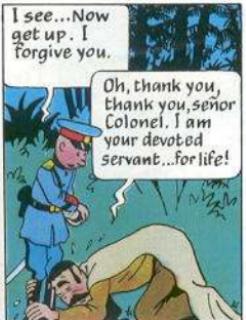
If Your Excellency were  
so kind as to entrust  
the money to me ... I am  
sure matters  
could be arranged

So, that's a deal, Pablo?  
5,000 dollars for an  
accident to happen  
to Colonel Tintin...

OK. The accident will  
occur tonight!

Bravo, Ramón! Aim like that to-  
night and Tintin will be no more  
than an unpleasant memory!





Look, General... just think... It's wholly to your advantage. As I say, you declare war on Nuevo-Rico, and you annex the oilfields. My company makes a profit on the oil and your country gets 35%. But naturally you deduct 10% for personal expenses...



Good morning, General Alcazar. I happened to be passing through your country, and thought I'd show you our latest models.



This is our very newest line: the 75 TRGP. It's a really high-quality product: flexible, easy to handle, strong, and it will toss a nice little nickel-plated shell for you over a distance of 15 kilometres.



Oho! This could be serious. Listen, Ramón. Las Dopicos. A detachment of Nuevo-Rican soldiers crossed into the territory of San Theodoros and opened fire on a border post. Guards returned the fire and a violent battle ensued. The Nuevo-Ricans were forced to retire across the frontier, having sustained heavy losses. The only casualty on our side was a corporal, wounded by a cactus spine.



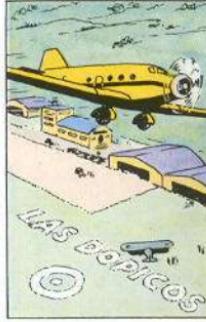
The airport ...



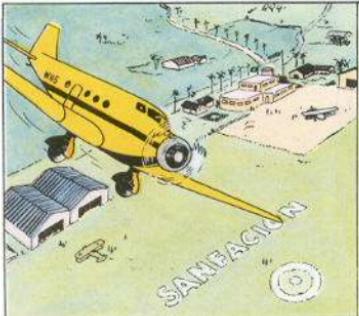
Now we are off to San-facion... the Nuevo-Rican capital.



Very good, sir.



... and six dozen 75 TRGP, with 60,000 shells, for the government of San Theodoros. Payable in twelve monthly instalments.



To General Mogador's palace.



Very good, señor.



Half an hour later...



Back to the airport.



Sí, señor.



That's Señor Bazarov's private plane



... and six dozen 75 TRGP, with 60,000 shells, for the government of Nuevo-Rico. Payment in twelve monthly instalments.

Here he comes, back already to Las Dopicos



Well? All done. Another fat order...and something to fix Colonel Tintin too!



Now pay attention. It's a time bomb, with a clock. It's set to explode at exactly eleven o'clock tomorrow morning...And you'd better succeed this time!



The next morning...

General, I warned you against Colonel Tintin... Look at this letter and tell me if I was wrong...



REPUBLIC OF NUEVO-RICO  
WAR OFFICE SECRET

Dear Colonel Tintin,

We have safely received the plan of the 75 TRGP which the government of San Jose Lloros has just acquired.  
As promised, the agreed fee will now be paid to you.  
X.14

A spy!... ¡Mil bombas!  
Planted as a spy!...The traitor!...  
The rat!... He'll pay dearly  
for this!



Hello!... Hello!... Colonel Juanitos?... Take ten men and go and arrest Colonel Tintin at once!... Eh? What?... That's an order, Colonel! Move!



Meanwhile...

The explosion is set for 11 a.m. ... What's the time? ... Hello, my watch has stopped!



Now, let's put it right ...



Come in!

RAT  
TAT  
TAT



Good morning,  
Colonel Juanitos.  
Good to see you...



I'm terribly sorry, Colonel Tintin, but I've been ordered to arrest you!



Arrest me?... Me?...  
There's been a power cut this morning, so all the municipal clocks have stopped. Go and put them right.

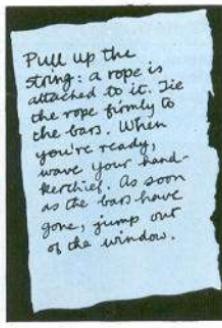
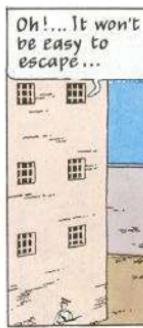


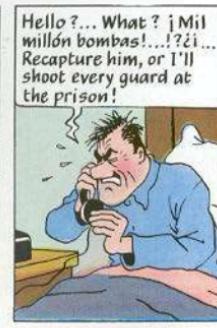
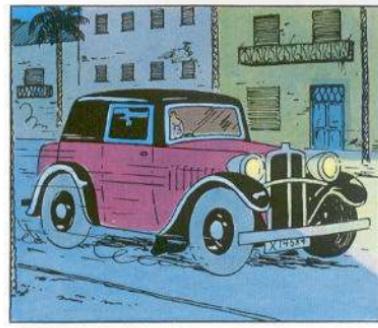
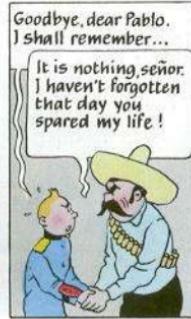
Ten o'clock.  
There's still some time before I need to deposit my little box of fireworks!



Ah, General Alcazar, you're going to repent making me a corporal! Insult me at your peril! Corporal Diaz takes his revenge!

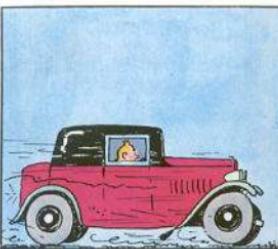
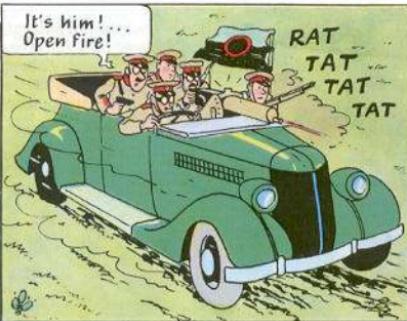
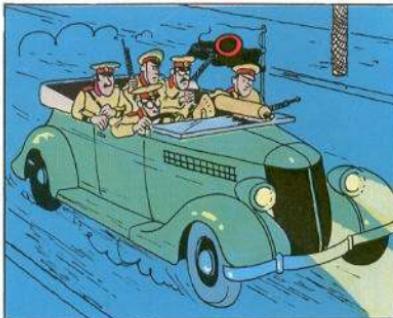
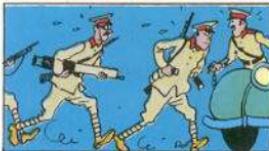






Tintin went past  
in a car...head-  
ing south!

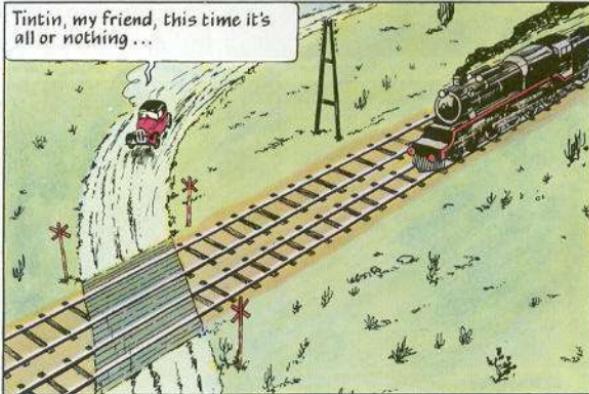
I want him,  
dead or  
alive!

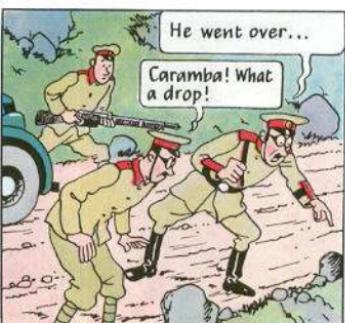
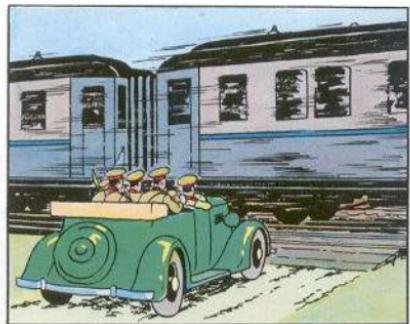
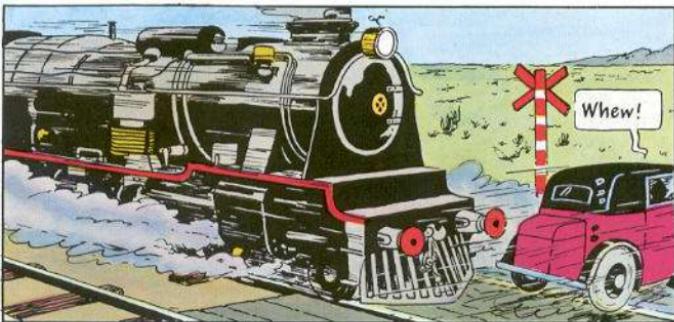


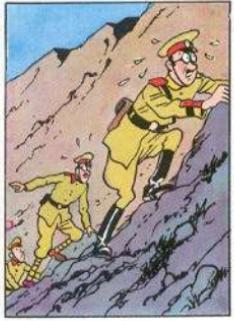
Caramba! A train!!...We've got him. The road crosses the railway. He'll have to stop, or he'll be smashed to smithereens!



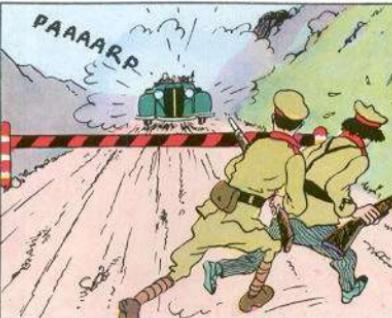
Tintin, my friend, this time it's  
all or nothing ...







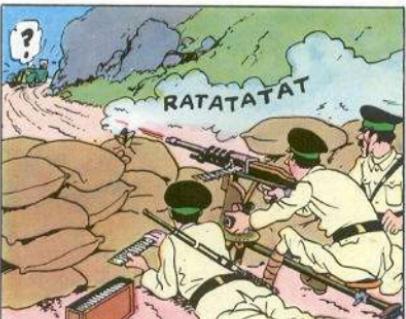
If they stop me, I'm caught...  
and if that's a strong barrier, I'm dead.

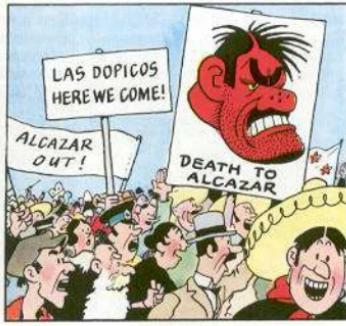
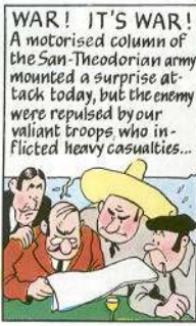
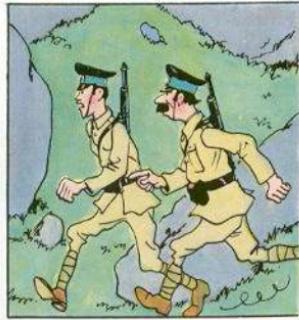


Hello?... Border post 31?...  
Patrol No. 4 here... A San-Theodorian car with a mounted  
machine-gun just raced past  
here, heading for the frontier.



Red alert!... San-Theodorian armoured  
car reported...  
Man your posts!

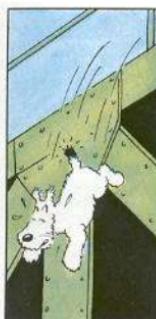
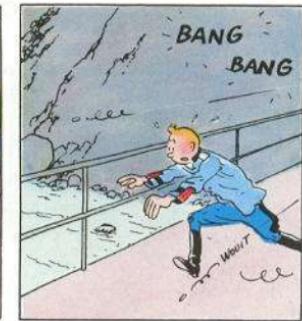
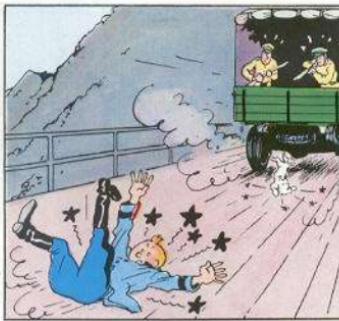


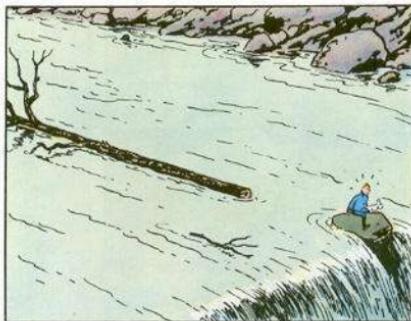
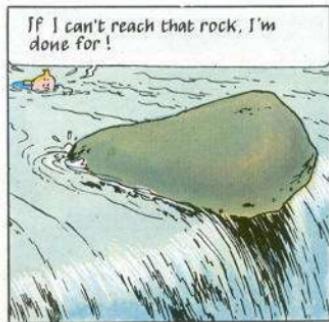
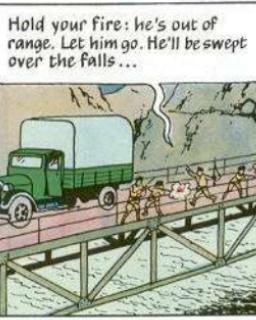
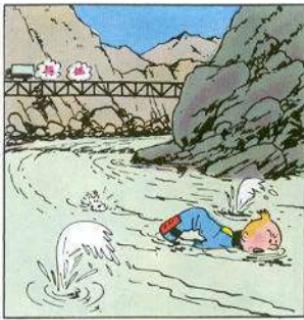
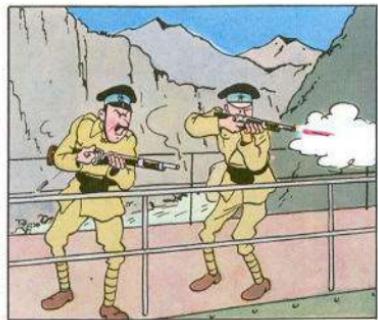


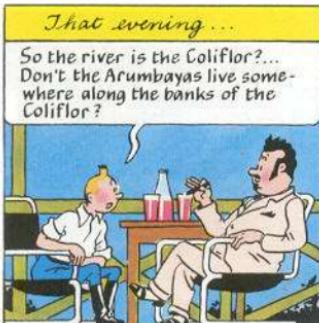
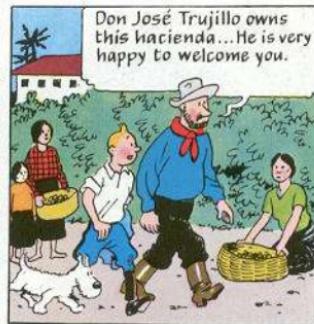
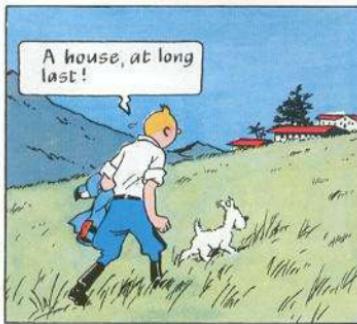
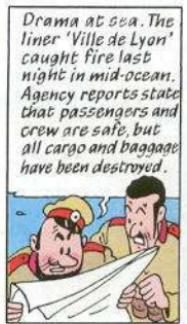
Meanwhile ...

What will happen to me?

I don't know. We've been ordered to take you to Sanfacion, and that's all.







*Next morning ...*



I want to go down-river. Will you act as my guide?



I...er... I want to visit the Arumbayas



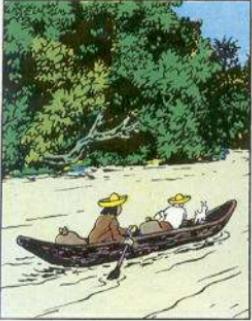
Arumbayas! Very bad people! No! Caraco no go!



Wait, Caraco. Think it over. Look what I'll pay you ...

Caraco go. But Caraco very poor man. The señor will buy canoe of Caraco.

All right, I'll buy it.



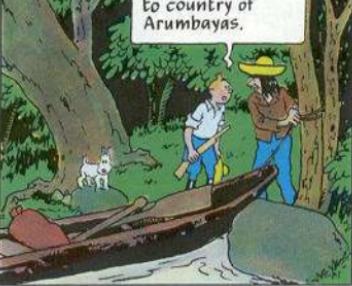
Caraco know other white señor. He want to go to Arumbayas. Long, long time ago. Other white señor ...

I know, he never came back ...

And that doesn't bother you ?



*Several days later ...*

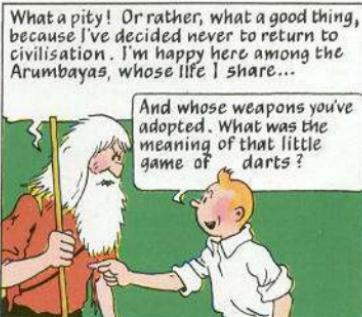
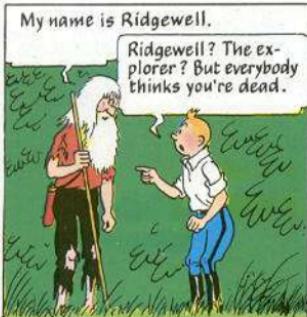


Goodnight, señor...

Goodnight, Caraco.







I just wanted you to have an unfriendly reception, to encourage you to leave at once. Believe me, if I'd wanted to kill you it wouldn't have taken more than one dart. Look, I'll prove it. You see that big flower over there?

Yes.



Don't worry, the dart wasn't poisoned. Use my handkerchief for a bandage.



Now, tell me how you come to be here in this country...



Well, it's like this. An Arumbaya Fetish in a museum in Europe, brought back by the explorer Walker, was stolen and replaced by a copy. I noticed the substitution. Two other men were also on the track of the real fetish and who-ever had stolen it.



I followed these two men to South America. They killed the thief on board ship and stole his fetish. But this one too was a fake. So now I'm trying to find the real fetish, and I still don't know where it is.



...Just as I still don't know what they were all after: Tortilla, the first thief, and his two killers. They all wanted the fetish. But why they wanted it is still a complete mystery. So I thought perhaps that here...



...among the Arumbayas I might learn something fresh about it...



Rumbabas! ... Sworn enemies of the Arumbayas! ...





Ahw wada  
lu'vali bahn  
chaco conata!  
Ha! ha! ha!

Just as I thought. He  
means our heads will soon  
be added to his collect-  
ion!

They've gone... Snowy,  
you've absolutely got  
to save Tintin.

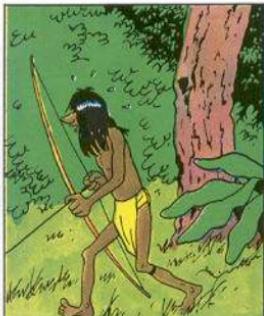
If I can find the  
Arumbaya village, and  
take this thing to  
them, perhaps they'll  
understand that  
its owner is in  
danger...



Meanwhile, in the Arumbaya village...

The Spirits tell me that if your son is to be  
cured, he must eat the heart of the first  
animal you meet in the forest...

I go, most  
powerful  
one!



What a strange animal! ... And  
what's it carrying in its mouth?  
A quiver! That's funny... I must  
try to catch it alive...



And if you breathe one word of all this, I shall call down the Spirits upon you and your family...and you will all be changed into frogs!



No danger now: he won't gossip... But he's right. The old bearded one may be in trouble. All the better! Let's hope he dies! Then I shall regain my power over the Arumbayas. Now, before I kill the animal I must burn these things...they might give me away.



Great Spirits of the forest, we bring thee a sacrifice of these two strangers...



Stop, O chief of the Rumbabas! The Spirits of the forest do not accept your sacrifice!



These two strangers are friends of the forest. You will set them free.



Magic?... Didn't you realise it was me speaking?... I'm a ventriloquist... Ventriloquism, I'd have you know my young friend, is my pet hobby.



Brother Arumbayas, you are about to witness a remarkable phenomenon...



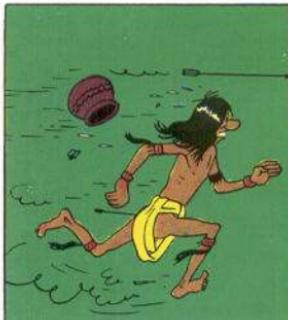
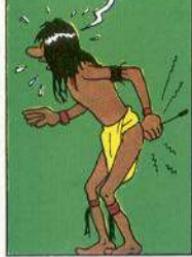
We will take out this animal's heart and give it, still beating, to our sick brother...



YAAH!

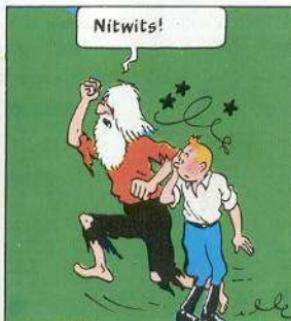
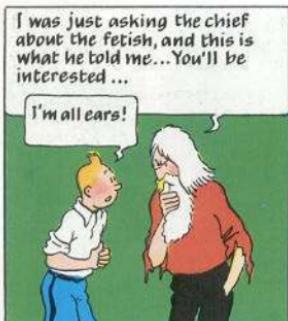
The old bearded one!

The villain! ...Lucky you decided to come and look for us Karamelo... otherwise we'd have been too late.



I was just asking the chief about the fetish, and this is what he told me... You'll be interested ...

I'm all ears!



Cohrluv ahduk! Ai tolja tahitta ferlip inbau intada oh'!! Andatdohn meenis ferlip ineer oh'!!

I should never have started to teach them golf! They just can't learn to play properly!



But to come back to the fetish. The elders of the tribe still remember about the Walker expedition. It's quite a tale. They know that a fetish was offered as a token of friendship to Walker during his stay with the tribe. But as soon as the explorers had left ...



The Arumbayas discovered that a sacred stone had disappeared. It seems that the stone gave protection from snake-bite to anyone who touched it. The tribe remembered a half-caste named Lopez, the explorers' interpreter, who was often seen prowling around the hut where the magic stone was kept under guard.

The Arumbayas were furious. They set off in pursuit of the expedition, caught up with them, and massacred almost all the party... Walker himself managed to escape, carrying the fetish. As for the half-caste, although badly wounded, he too got away. The stone, probably a diamond, was never recovered... That's how the story goes.

Now I understand... The whole thing makes sense!

Listen!... The half-caste steals the stone, and to avoid suspicion he conceals it in the fetish. He thinks he'll be able to get it back later on...

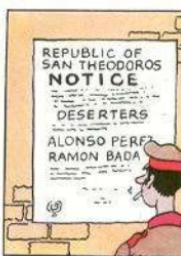


But the Arumbayas attack the expedition and Lopez is wounded. He has to flee without the diamond. And that's it!... The diamond is still in its hiding-place, and that's why Tortilla, and after him his two killers, tried to steal the fetish.

So now all I have to do is find the fetish... and return to Europe!

Some days later...

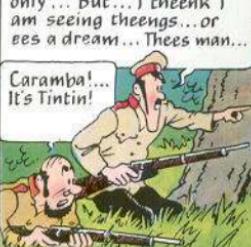
Meanwhile...



We simply must get hold of a canoe...

Look!... There ees canoe... and weeth one man only... But... I theenk I am seeing theengs... or ees a dream... Thees man...

We'll rest here for a while before we continue our journey...



So we meet again, eh?



Let's start talking!... Did you know the 'Ville de Lyon' had been completely destroyed by fire... burnt out!



Yes, really! And the fetish you left in your trunk has been destroyed!... Burnt!... All because of you... You are going to pay dearly, my friend!

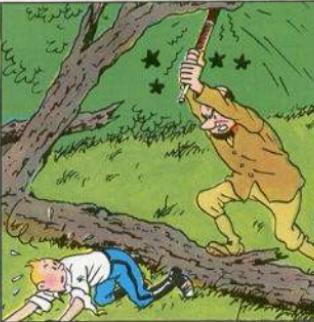


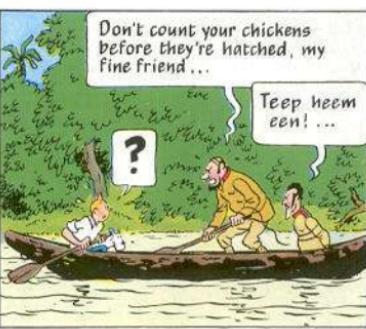
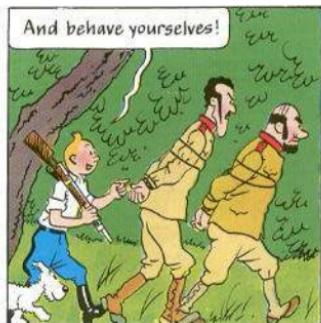
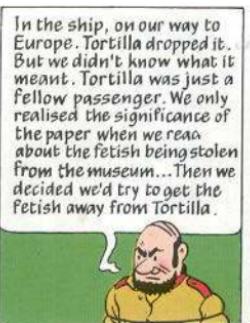
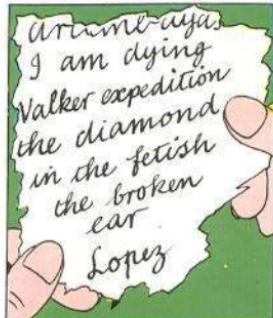
Oho! So you lied to us! Well, now you're going to tell us where it is. And don't try to fool us again!

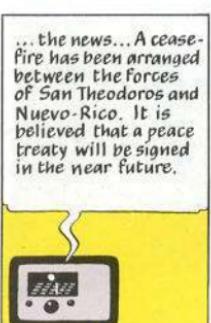
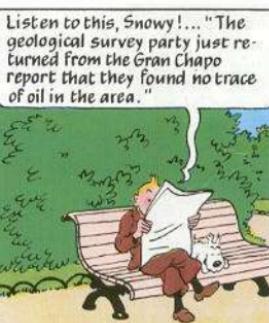
I've already told you: I know nothing about it...

Now listen carefully! There's one more round left in this gun. On the count of three if you haven't talked, I swear that bullet's for you! One!...two!...

Look out! A snake!!!!







Good heavens!...  
It's fantastic!

Think of the thousands of miles I've travelled to find this thing!

£100... Cheap at the price!... But come to think of it, I should have asked how he managed to get hold of the f-



!?!... There's no mistake...  
They've both got a broken ear!  
... I can't believe it... It's  
absolutely incredible!

This time I really  
will find out where  
they came from!

Good morning. Would you  
be kind enough to tell me who  
brought you those two  
fetishes?

Ah, yes. The two little  
fetishes... who brought them to  
me?...



A bit of a struggle, but at last  
I've got the address... Mr. Balthazar,  
32 Lamb's Lane... That isn't  
very far. We'll go straight there.



Are you Mr. Balthazar... brother of the sculptor who... er...

Yes, I am. What do you want?



I wondered if you could perhaps tell me how you found the fetish you used as a model...

Oh, that's easy enough. I was rummaging around my late brother's things. The fetish was at the bottom of a trunk... But why do you ask?



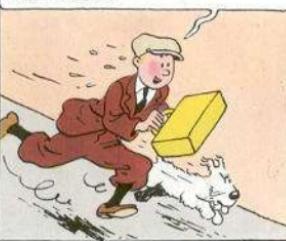
Er... it's a long story... But... you've still got the original?



It's a funny thing... someone else came to ask me exactly that question, only three days ago... No, I haven't got it. I sold it. But I can tell you the address of the man who bought it.



Mr. Samuel Goldbarr... a rich American! Snowy, we're going to pull it off... We'll find the real fetish!



I'd like to speak to Mr. Goldbarr.

Mr. Goldbarr is not at home, sir.



But, sir, I cannot...



But sir, you'll have a long wait.



... He's sailing today aboard the SS Washington. Perhaps, if you hurry...



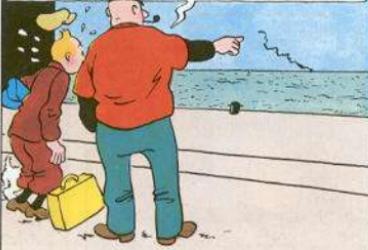
... and of course he had to take the fetish with him! That's just my luck!



Ex... ex... excuse me... the... the SS WASH...WASHINGTON?



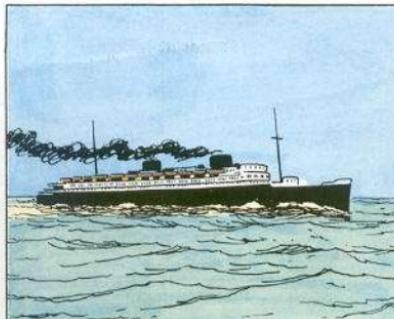
That's her out there. If you wanted to board her you're too late. She sailed an hour ago.



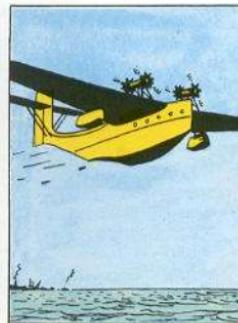
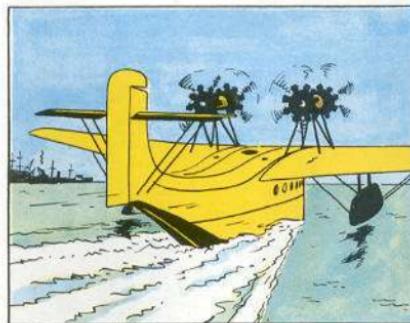
But if you really want to catch her, maybe you could hitch a ride from the air-base over there ... It's not far



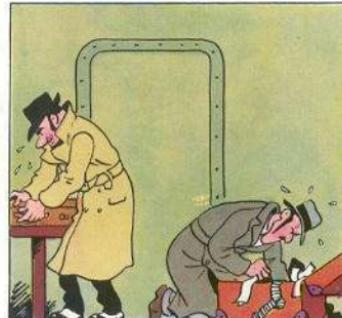
... catch the 'Washington' eh?  
... Hmm... maybe... We happen to have a plane going out to her... to deliver some mail ...



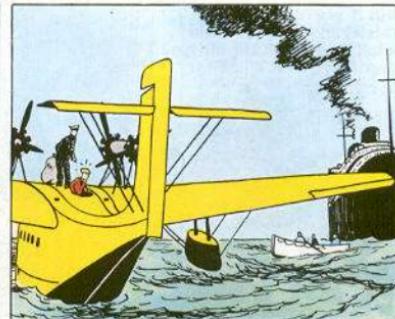
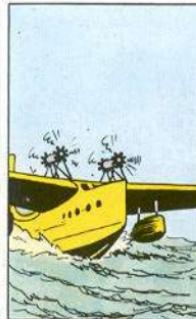
First service for lunch, please!  
... First service for lunch! ...



There goes Goldbarr... He's off to lunch. Now's our chance!



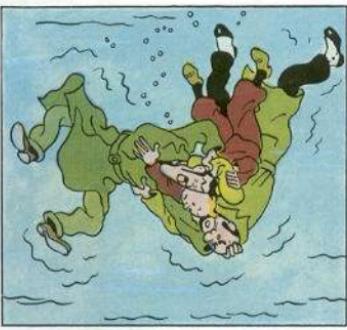
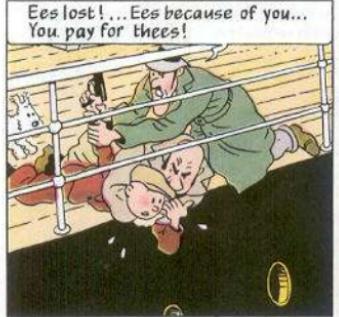
Ramón!... Ramón!...  
Look!... I've got it!



Leesten, Alonso... We cannot stay here any longer. Ees too reesky. Someone might come. We take thees fetish to our cabin, then we take our time to look...



Ees lost! ... Ees because of you...  
You pay for thees!



Someone said  
there were three  
of them...



Look! ...They're  
fishing one out  
now...



Oooh! My fetish!  
My beautiful fetish!

Mr. Goldbarr?... I'm terribly sorry  
your fetish has been damaged.  
I can explain everything if you'll  
allow me...

... I think you should know  
that your fetish is stolen  
property.

Stolen?!  
... But  
I...

Yes, I know  
where you bought  
it, and I'm sure the  
man who sold it  
to you acted in  
good faith...



If that's the case, I wouldn't  
consider keeping the fetish  
for a moment longer. If  
you're going back on shore,  
can I ask you to take it and  
restore it to the museum  
where it belongs? I'd  
be greatly obliged!



OF ETHNOGR



May I please speak to the  
Director?



And now, Snowy my  
friend, we're going to  
take a well-earned  
rest!



2001/5

