



HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

THE CASTAFIORE EMERALD

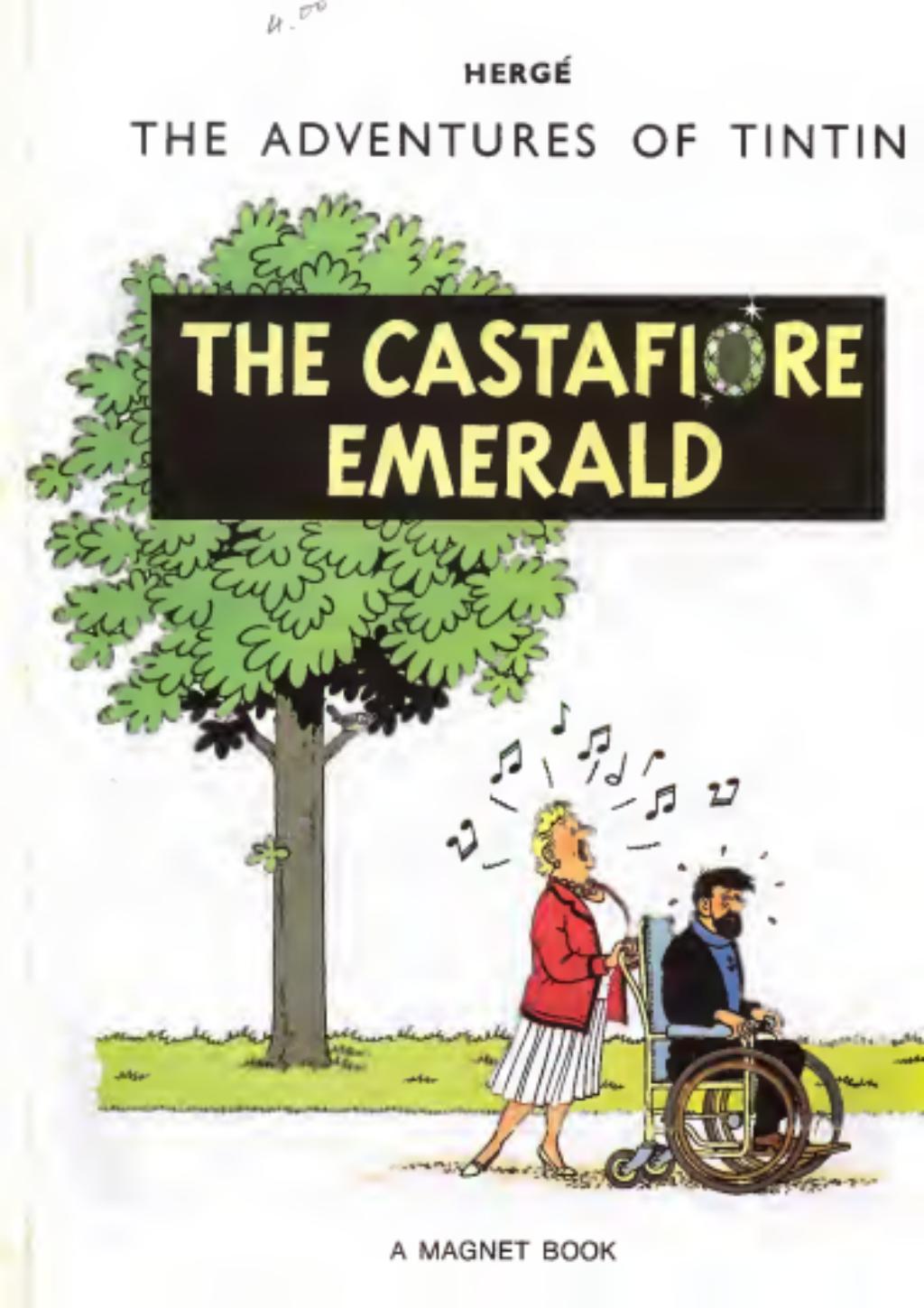


MAGNET

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HERGÉ

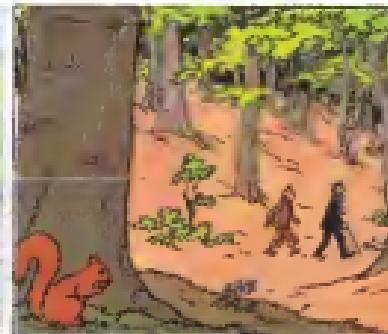
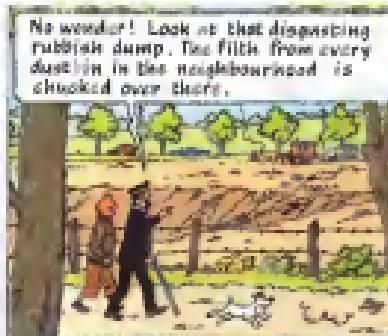
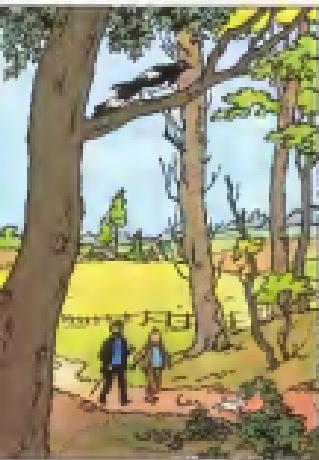
THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN



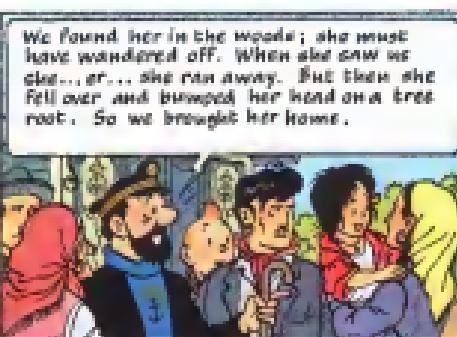
THE CASTAFIORE EMERALD

A MAGNET BOOK

THE CASTAFIORE EMERALD







Trouble !

Well, if that's all you can say, I can tell your Fortune, too !



You must be careful... otherwise I see an accident... But not serious... I see you in a carriage... AAAH ! A beautiful stranger approaches... She is coming to visit you... AAAH ! She has wonderful jewels, and... OOH ! A terrible disaster...

Go on, do on !



The jewels are gone... vanished !... stolen ! You cross my path with silver and I tell you many more things.

No, not ! That's enough ! Let go of my hand !



Just a little silver... otherwise you will suffer great misfortune ! ... The jewels will disappear !

No, but... That's enough mumble-jumbo for one day.



Well, goodbyes, and take care of that little清楚. But if you take my advice, you'll camp somewhere else, and not on this rabbit-hole-dump... In the first place, it's unhealthy...



If you think we're here because we like it ? You imagine we enjoy living surrounded by filth !

You mean...



Quiet, Mike, let me talk to this guy.

Me, a guy !



That's what we call anyone who isn't a German... Listen, we arrived here yesterday with a sick man, and this was the only place where the police would let us camp.

So that's it !

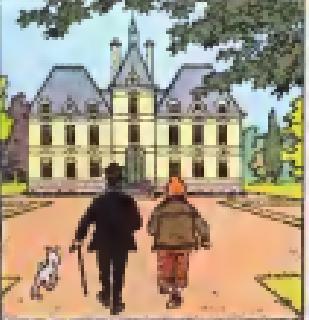


Blistering barnacles ! Now, just you listen to me... You're not staying here !... There's a large meadow near the Hall, beside a stream. You can move in there whatever you like.



Making people live on a dung-heaps like this. It's revolting !

I'm glad you could help them.

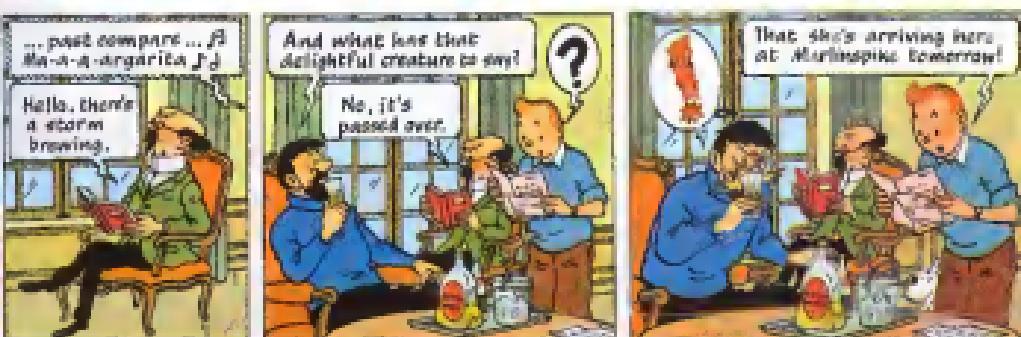


?

!

THUMP





Castafiore! ... Tomorrow ?? ... Here ?? You're pulling my leg!!!

Read it yourself,



My dear young Tintin, it is so long since --- blablabla... two recalcitrants in your country... blablabla... escape from the prison... blablabla... May your simple and unaffected friend (not half!) invite herself to Marlinspike Hall? --- blabla... Ha... I shall arrive on the 17th, What?



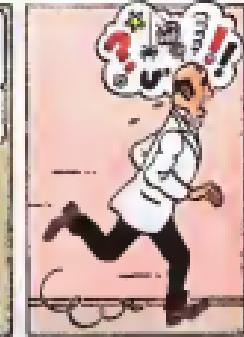
NESTOR!

Coming, sir!



Master, pack my bags this instant! I must be out of this house in an hour!

Very good... sir...



But, thundering typhoon, you know the step was broken!... I've made myself hence reminding you about it!



Sincere regrets. Stop. Cannot come...
Splendid!



Happy day! She isn't coming, Captain old friend!

No, but I don't suppose it will last...

Bob...



Nester!... Nester! You can stop packing! I shant be going!

That isn't all, Captain...

Er... very good, sir.



Sincere regrets Stop. Cannot come
17th Stop. Arriving 18th. Stop.
Regards, Bianca.

WHAT?!



The 18th!... The 18th!... But it's the 18th today!

Exactly, Captain.



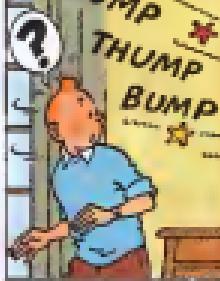
I don't know! Doesn't matter where Milan perhaps. I've never dared go there in case I meet that thundering typhoon!



Nester!... Nester!... My bags!... At once!



CRRUMP *
THUMP
BUMP *



Captain! Captain!



Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles!



Thundering typhoon, that
stop! ... That confounded step!
Just wait till I see that hor-
rible builder!

Nothing bro-
ken, I hope?



Luckily not. Though
I might easily have
sprained something
...



YEOW!



It's a bad sprain...
and you've pulled the
ligaments.



Tomorrow I'll put it in plaster...

In plaster!! ... A sprained
ankle!! ... But doctor,
I'm sailing today for
China!



Out of the question. Ab-
solute rest with the foot
in plaster for a fortnight.
Think yourself fortunate
you didn't break a leg.



And my advice to you is, get
that step repaired. Someone
else might not have your good
luck ... Goodbye.



Luck! If that's
luck, give me
disaster!!

CUCKOO



Ah, dear Captain Fatafoot! ... How
too divine to see you again!



Miserendisa! What has
happened to you?



Just as we arrived, dear
Tintin was showing some-
one out. So we didn't
need to ring.

"We?" There
can't be more
than one of you!



But of course! Irma, my maid,
always travels with me ...



... And so does my accompanist, Igor
Wagner, who obviously
... has to ... help him
... accompany me!



Excuse me, sirs... may I introduce our old friend Professor Calculus.



How enchanting, how absolutely thrilling to meet you; the man who makes all those daring ascents in balloons!



I am deeply honoured, sirs... what a rare pleasure for me to meet so great an artist... an artist of such charm, such distinction, such...



I sincerely hope so, sirs... Tintin has often spoken of your pictures... the delicacy of the drawing, in perfect harmony with the boldness of the colour. And your portraits, I know, always display an amazing likeness.



Master, please show the squire to her room.



How kind... But first... er... Irina, where is she... er... See little something for dear Captain Drydock?



I thought... I thought that an old uniform like yours! must feel very lousy in the little box... It's never capitaine!



I knew you'd adore...
Here, Madame.



... this pretty party to be your constant companion.



1... What a... surprise!... What a delightful surprise!... Nothing could have given me... er... greater pleasure.



Here, Irina, put him on his perch.

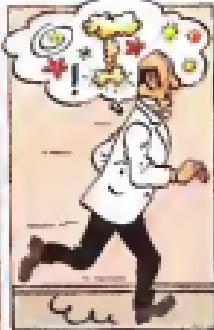


They've unloaded the luggage. This is where she's staying... Tintin... Dintin!









Ah, Captain: my men report that some gypsies who were camping by the main road have moved... It appears you invited them to pitch camp on your land... Is that so?



Quite correct, Inspector. I think it's intolerable! Those wretched creatures forbidden to camp except on a rubbish dump! And as I have a meadow...



Hello!... What?... You can hear me?... Well, I can hear you. And since we can hear each other, let me say I quite understand your action, Captain. It's most generous... I beg your pardon... Did you say shut up?



No... not you!... I'm talking to this pestiferous parrot! Will you shut up, you ...



Ah, I see. You're still addressing your parrot... Now, about those gypsies. Of course, you're free to do as you like, but I should warn you: you'll only have yourself to thank when they make trouble for you...



Trouble!... Heh-heh! First I'm bitten by a little wolfcat, then by a parrot!... I suppose the gypsies... Gypsies descended on me with Irma and that barking Beethoven. And they bark about trouble!... Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!



Meanwhile...

Mosita completed all settled in.



I hate them, the gypsies. They pretend to help, but in their hearts they despise us...





O Dio! ... Dio mio! ...

What's happened?



There ... in my room ... at the window ... a monster!



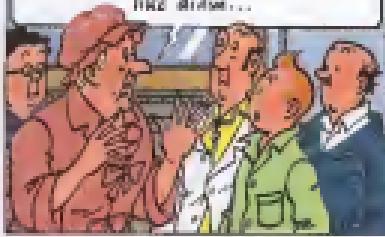
A monster?



There's nothing here, signore. Absolutely nothing.



But I did! I saw a monster, I tell you ... A ghost or something ... It was horrible ... I heard a long, awful cry, and I saw two eyes shining like diamonds ...



MERCY!
MY JEWELS!
IRAAA!
MY JEWELS!!



No, no, madame; they are quite safe.



TUWIT - TUWOO

O Dio! That voice!



The cry of the monster! ... Listen!

That? ... But that's only a bird: just a poor old night-owl!



Are you sure? And the foot-steps on the ceiling?

On the ceiling?



You, I heard someone walking about upstairs ... It was a man, I'm certain.

Impossible, signore. It's only the attic stairs, and no one lives up there.



But I assure you ...

Don't be afraid, signore. Go back to sleep ... and close your windows: then you won't need to worry.



The next morning ...

I might just have a look under Signore Castellini's window.



Well, well, well ...



Footprints! ... Right under the window!... Was she telling the truth, then?



No, it would never support a man's weight... A child, maybe? ... But then there'd be traces of the climb... Any way, the footprints are those of an adult...



... But where? That's the problem... Someone from the house! ... One of the two strangers I chased yesterday? ... A gypsy?



Here, Snowy. We'll take a walk down by the stream, won't we?



If there are any footprints, they'll show up in the mud. So let's go where they water their horses.



No, now like those we saw in the flowerbed.

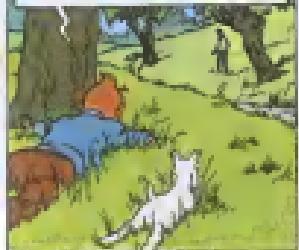


Come on, Snowy. We shan't find our Honourable Friend by staying here...

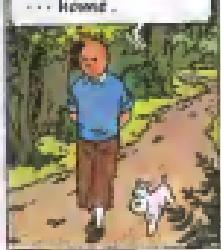
There he goes. Rather! He didn't wait for a second round, the little hell. I don't like the way he's always sneaking around.



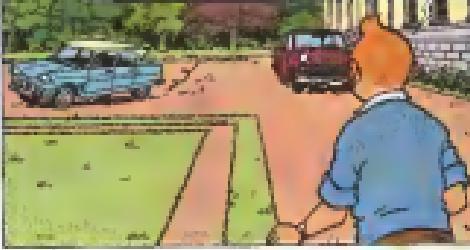
So, that's who it was... that gypsy ... he threw the stone. But why?

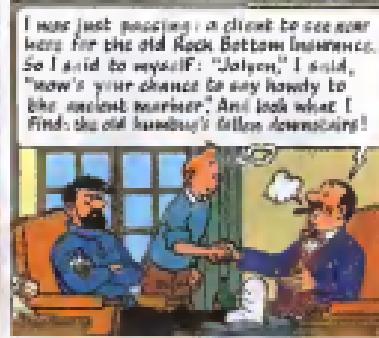


We don't seem to be much further on... Come on Snowy, home...



That's the doctor leaving... he'll just put the Captain's foot in plaster. But there's another car... Who does that belong to?





What a scream! Anyways, a bit of luck
I popped in. A proper godsend, that's
me. This lady was just telling me
about last night's dinner. And what
does Johyn Wagg answer? ...
Hold on to your hats ...

Her jewels, her famous
jewels, aren't even
insured! What about
that? A proper carry-
on, eh?

With thousands and thousands... She's
got one little sparkler, an emerald ...
Given to her last last by some character
... Marjorie something or other ...

Maharajah ... The
Maharajah of Bengal.



That's the chap. And that
little bit-bit alone is worth
a fortune. Only what you
get for a song, eh? Bloody me.
Not that I've got anything
against music, but between
you and me, I prefer a dollar
of nothing any day.

Not a single jewel covered.
So I said: "Lady, you gave
me a list of your Rock-
knockers, and Johyn Wagg
will insure the whole
shebang!" ...

Fiddlesticks! ... It's all fixed... I'll be back
in a day or two with a policy. Cheers for
you, Dicksee. Please ... to meet you!





Journalists! They bound one to decide!
...There's no escape! ... Oh well, one must
accept it ... The price of fame.

But you definitely
said I had interests,
nothing ...

Oh, but "Parlo-Flash" is
Parlo-Flash, you know. Not
like those pigs on "Tempo
di Roma". Not a flicker
of respect for an artist
... So I refuse to
receive them
now.

But I must practice with
Ninon! ... Bye-bye... I'll
put dear Lalo
beside you.



No madam, I am not
Mr. Cutte the butcher.
No, madam, you have
the wrong number.

Will you shut up, you
cackling cockatoo?
I can hear you!



Brrring Brrring Brrring



Hello! Hello!
I can hear
you ...



Brrring Brrring Brrring



And I can hear you,
only too well. How
dare you speak to
me like that? You
are an insolent cad,
sir!

I wasn't addressing
you... Honey-dear! I
was talking to the
parrot! ... Hello! Hello!

Billions of blue blistering barnacles! I don't
know what possessed me...



Brrring Brrring Brrring

That parrot! Draw it,
Tintin! Strangle it... or
I shall do something violent!

Right!

Tintin, for the love of heaven
do something for me. Get
me one of those invalid
chairs. Then I can at least
go outside. Otherwise
I'll go stark staring
mad!

Right!



Brrring Brrring Brrring

No good! She's
doing her
exercises.
We'll have to wait.

The next morning ...

Yes, I know... I couldn't help it. I had to finish a bombazine: it was urgent. What? Yours is urgent too: yes, I know... Look, I'll be there first thing tomorrow morning... Yes, without fail.

If he's not here tomorrow I'll get someone else, and that's flat.



Captain! Captain!



Here's your new racing car.



JAAA JAAA JAAA JAAA

Roaray! I'm free!



JAAA JAAA JAAA JAAA JAAA JAAA



Pence at last... And there's old Cuthbert, pruning his roses...



Meanwhile ...

Ah, Paris-Flash! Come in gentlemen, I will inform the signora.



Hello, Cuthbert. Working already this morning?

Very well, thank you. And you?... How's the foot?



Oh, not so bad!... Anyways, I might have broken my leg... Then I really should have looked a fool.

Cool? In the shade, perhaps, but in the sun it's really quite hot.



Great news, Captain - but this is strictly between ourselves - I have succeeded in raising a completely new variety of rose.

Well done! Splendid!... Better than building rockets and chasing off into the sky.



No, no, white!... But such a white!... Furry, sparkling, immaculate!... And the shape-perfect!... And what perfume - exquisite!

Well, professor, I congratulate you.



OW!

And the name? Ah! You will never guess...



What was that? Who shouted it?

I've had an idea - I believe I may say an inspiration.

Huh... Stop, who's over you are!

What! Did you have to put your your great foot into a wasp's nest?

As I told you, the rose I have created is white. Now, what is white in Italian?



Bianca, of course... Bianca! You follow me!

Bianca! Bianca!... Who were those scoundrels, hitting the rabbits? That's what interests me!



Yes, Bianca, like our delightful guest. This rose shall be called "Bianca Captain". A charming accomplishment, don't you think?

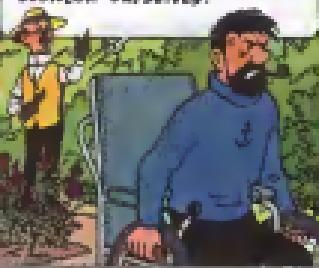
The scoundrels! I'll bet they were up to no good!



See the world must wait... You haven't breath a word, I implore you. It must be a complete surprise. What?... Which?... A surprise?... For whom?



That's agreed, isn't it?... I can count on you... This is strictly between ourselves.



Strangers in the park... What's it all about?



Hello, who's that in the giant? Oh, it's...



IRMAAA!



IRMAAA!

Yes, madame.



Where are you, I want?

Here madame. I'm coming.

Take cover!



Have you seen Captain Hammock? I simply must find him.



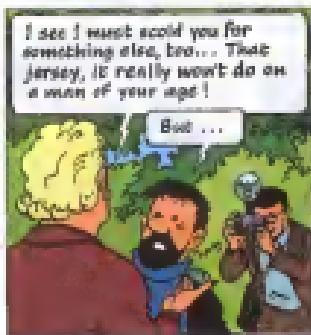
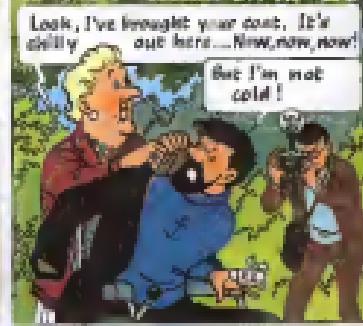
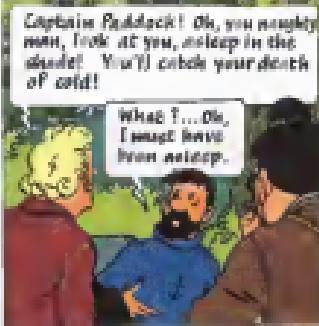
If you see him, tell him we're "Poulaphu". Those gentlemen from "Paris-Flash" have complicated their interview and would so like to meet him.

Yes, madame.

Dinner! They're coming this way. I'm caught like a rat in a trap!

You know, he's just a dear old sea-dog, a bit crusty at first, but...

...but beneath a rough exterior he hides the simple heart of a big, kind-hearted...



True or not, Marce my boy,
it'll do it!

I can just see
the cover !

Look, a gardener! Come on,
he'll try to pump him.

O.K.!

But... it isn't the gardener... it's
Professor Calculus, who went to the
moon with Tintin. He should be in
the know.

Let's get !

Good morning, Professor. May we in-
troduce ourselves : Christopher
Willoughby-Drugs and Marce Quatto
of "Tintin-Book". Here's our yard.

From the Yard !

Reporters !... So much is
The Captain had to tell
someone. He's already
talked to the papers
about my new road,
the old gossip !

Tell me, Professor, off the record,
isn't there something in the wind
between Le Castafiore and Cap-
tain Haddock ?... Plans for a
wedding ?... Am I right ?

It was the Captain
who told you, wasn't
it ?

Well... you must know... You know how
it is... we reporters... that, you
understand... So it's true ?

Great surprise ! And he
promised to say
nothing ! It has to
be a surprise...

I quite understand... How
soon will it be ?

It all depends
on the weather
... But it
could happen
any day now.

Aha ! So it's imminent, then !
And... how long has this been
fixed ? Can you give any little
snippets about them... How
they first met, for example ?

Precisely !... It
was two years
ago ...

...at the Olympia Flower Show.
But look ! Here the couple...
Signore Blanca, with the Captain.
Not a word about this !

Right !

Er... the Professor was telling us... er... about
his roses. How magnificent they are !

Exquisite. I was
just saying so to
Captain Haddock.

Meanwhile...

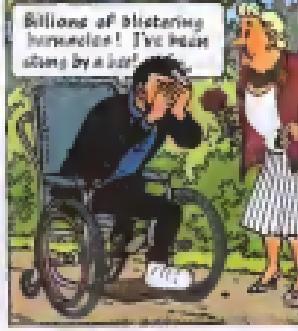
Got that ! Sugarplum
Oriana... Semiramis...

That's right... Exactly... No, no, I'll ring you myself... O.K. then... Till tomorrow.

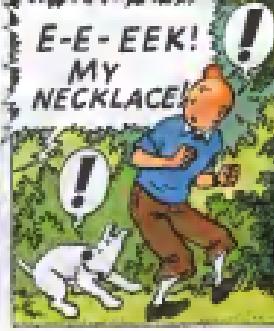
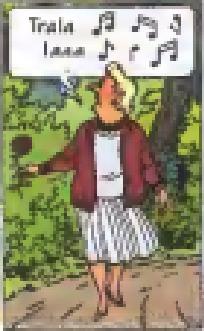
Oh, how I adore flowers! They bring them in armfuls, but I never get tired of them!

Dear lady, allow me to offer you this medecin: "Crimson Glory"... until... er... something better comes along... Not bad!

Oh, a flower!



My poor boy, how did you manage to do that? And what a terrible rose! You frightened me to death! Wait, I'll help you. First remove the sting... There! Then apply crushed rose petals to the spot.



IRMA-A-A!
IRMA-A-A!

You,
madame

Oh, it's you!... Something
frightful has happened! I've
just broken my necklace!

Don't worry, sig-
nora. I'm sure
we'll find all
the beads.

There you are at last! I've
been calling you for hours. You
should have been here to pick
up my necklace.

IRMA-A-A!

I am so grateful, my young friend.
It's not that this necklace is particularly
valuable: it's only fashion jewel-
lery. But it's from Tristan Star. And
any way you like, Star is still
Star!

Er...
obviously!

Now let's egg about
the Captain's
house.

Don't think I'm angry with
you, Captain, but why did
you tell them about my rose?
What? Your rose!

Your rose? Will you shut up about your
rose! Blubbering bairnies! If I hadn't
had one smothered in my face, I shouldn't
have a nose like an overgrown strawberry!

Oh no, whilst!

Excuse me, madame, have you
seen my embroidery scissors...
you know, the little gold
ones...

Why should I have seen
them, girl? It's not my job
to look after your things.

I didn't say that, madame...
It's strange, I had them
earlier, when you called me
the first time; when I re-
turned to my seat I couldn't
find them.

Well, have a good look, my
child... No one's going to steal
a pair of scissors, are they?

No, madame.

Meanwhile...

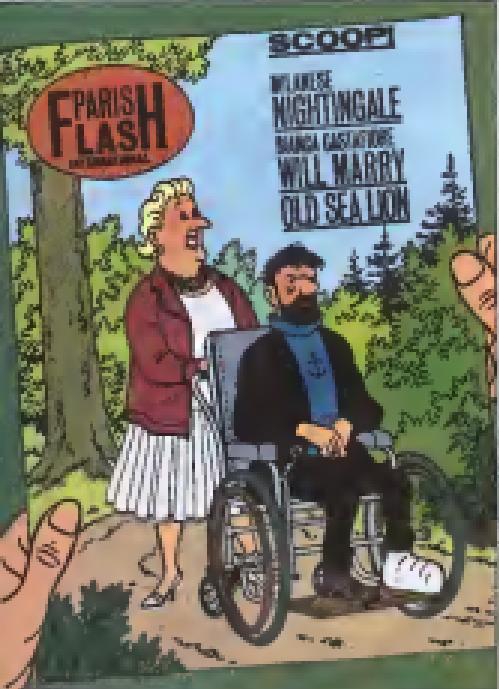
Little scissors made of gold... Aren't
they pretty, Uncle Mike?

Very nice!

Three days
Later...



Read that and tell me if it conveys anything to you. And that idiot Wrigg has just rung up to congratulate me.



Blubbering barnacles! What till I get my hands
on the miserable mole-cate of widow who disowned
up this baldiebastash!



Buon giorno Tintin!
Buon giorno, Capo-
line Footblack!

Have you seen the marvellous
article about me in "Porky-Flash"?

Yes, I have seen it, madam! ... You call
it "marvellous"! ... Announcing our marriage!

Oh, yes, priceless,
indeed it is!

But it doesn't mean a thing. The newspapers
have already engaged me to the Marquise
of Gaspal, to Baron Hammazzon, the Lord
Chamberlain of Sylvia, to Colonel Spanz,
to the Marquis di Gorgonzola, and goodness
knows who... So you see, I'm quite used
to it...

Well I'm not, madam, and I...

PURRING

HELLO!

This is Thompson and Thompson,
with a 'p' and without... Our west
bistro... or... our west dishes... I
mean, many congratulations, Cap-
tain. We've just seen "Porky-Flash".

KOUA KOUKOUIN KOUIN-
KOUIN KOUA KOUIN
KOUA... BANG!

Ribbed pinpins!

How very odd: not a
word about my roof.

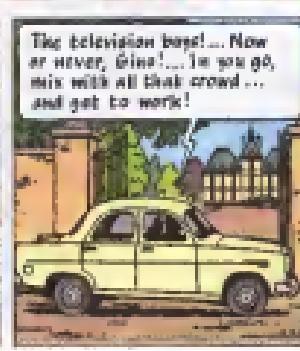
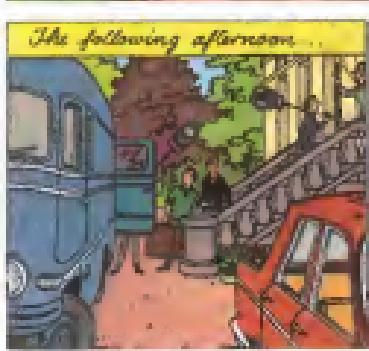
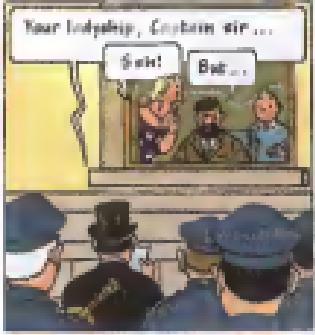
But... but... oh, goodness!
... Goodbye grandpa! ...
Goodbye grandpa-me!

My dear friend!... My dear old
friend! Most hearty congratulations
indeed!... How happy I am to hear
the news! But why didn't you
tell me before?

A few telegrams, sir. And
may I be allowed, sir, to
offer my most respectful
felicitations.

Good wishes, Cutta the butcher...
Congratulations, Mr and Mrs Bird... Sincere
greetings, Doctor Patella... My
most delighted good wishes, Oliveira
de Figueira...







Mr. I see... Perhaps we
can talk more easily
sitting down.

Right... I shall appear in the first sequence
and say a few words of introduction.
Then I put the first question, and the
camera focus on you. From then on I
shall only be heard "off".

At the end of that sequence I shall
ask if you'll be kind enough to
sing ... something specially for
the viewers.



Thank you. For the second sequence, you
come slowly to the piano, where your
accompanist will be waiting, and you
sing ... What will you sing, signor?

Excellent... Afterwards,
I close the interview
with a few words of
thanks.

We're ready, Andy... what about you?
All O.K. I'd just like to do
a voice test, and we're
all set.

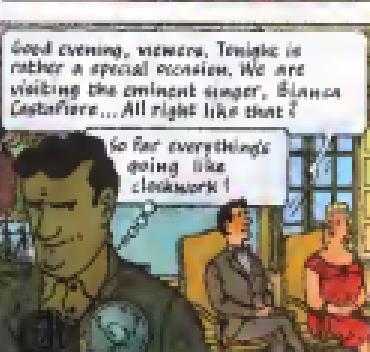


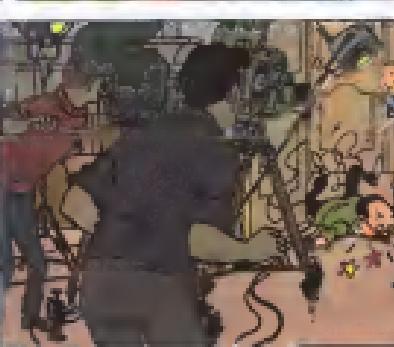
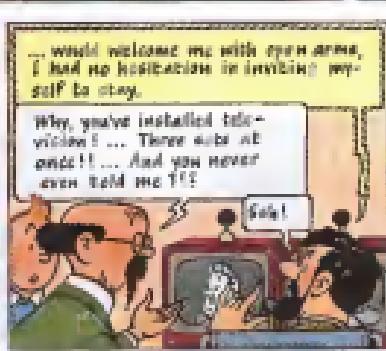
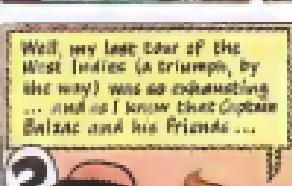
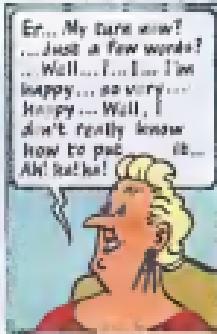
Take up the mike,
Joni. It's in the
picture...

Don't mind me,
lady. This is
only a light
meter.

Good... How's that
for balance? ...
Silence! ... Sound on!

Good evening, viewers. Tonight is
rather a special occasion. We are
visiting the eminent singer, Blanca
Castafiore... All right like that?





Stars above! What is the meaning of all this megalomania?



... A wedding is arranged, and I'm the last to know about it! ... You install television, but you don't tell me! ... They're shooting a film here, and no one says a word! ... It's a conspiracy! Everyone's plotting like mad!



... And poor Signora Castellane is appearing on television, and no one thinks of telling her! ... It's monstrous!



Yes, a series of recitals in the United States, where I shall stay for two months; they are longing to hear me.

Poor Americans! What have they done to deserve it?

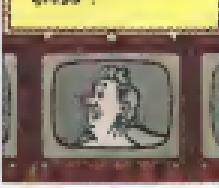


Then be South America to conquer the capitals...

And reduce them to ruins as well!



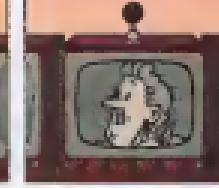
And... tell me, signora, which works will you perform on your tour... or should I say, your triumphant progress?



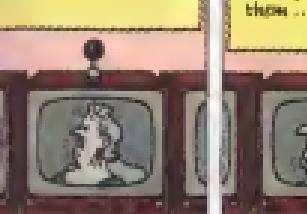
How well you put it! ... Yes, as usual, I shall be singing Rossini, Puccini, Verdi, Gouni... Oh, silly me! Gouni!



Ah, Gouni! Wasn't it known that you achieved your greatest success... with your voice, indeed?



Yes, the Jewel Song from "Faust" swept me to the heights of fame. They say I'm divine...



Please, signora, I know our viewers would be overcome if you would sing that great aria for them...



Emergency! ... Take cover! She's going to sing!



Hello-e-e! I can hear you!

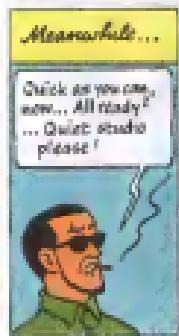


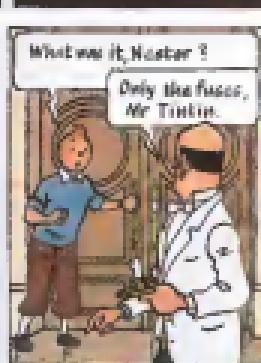
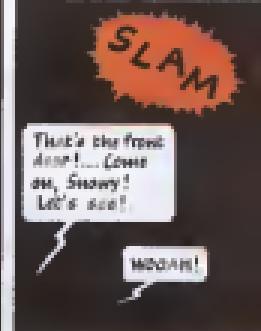
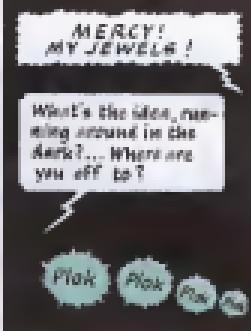
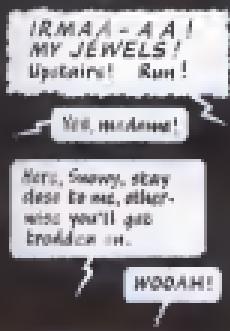
Come on, little press
on... It's getting
late...

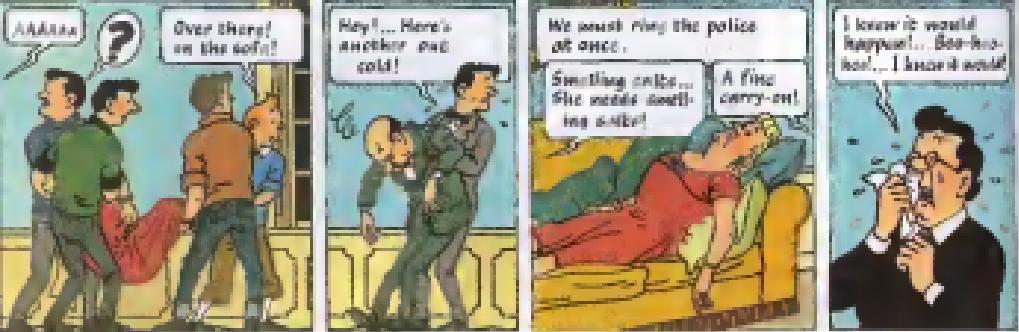
Watch out!

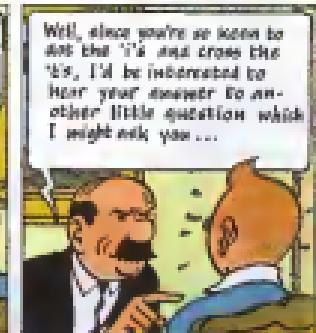
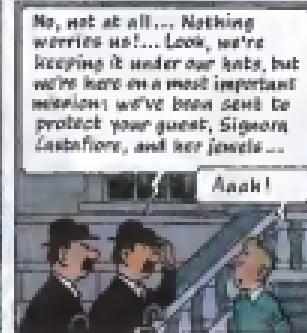
Stand by!
...Stand
by!

AAAH! I
My beauty...









You say the Russos
know... All right...
But did you discover
that for yourself?

It was Nestor who told
me, when he came up
from the cellar;

Nestor? ... The
butler? ... What?

Aha!

Nestor, who once
worked for those
crooks the Russos...
A good testimonial!

Anyways, Misters
barbecues, Nestor
is absolutely
honest, and I
invite you to inspect
him!

We shall see, we shall
see! ... Meanwhile, we'll
proceed with the routine
questioning.

Very well.
Follow me.

Look out, there are cables
all over the place.

Top... We know!

Thompson and Thomson, certified detectives.

No one is
to leave!

And here's Signora Costaffore,
I see she's come round.

Ah, Signora Nightingale, the Milan-
ese Costaffore...

Signora!
Chairman!

Madam, we are here to set light
to... to throw light on the
circumstances surrounding your
terrible loss...
To be precise

... of course

Be so,
gentlemen.

Just to clear up one
point, madame: where
were the jewels un-
luckily hacked... I mean
stolen?

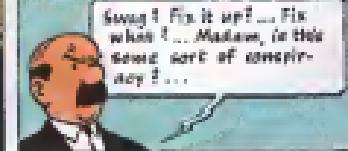
Dead or alive, we shall find them,
madame. Leave no stone unturned,
that is our policy... Which reminds
me: I presume your jewels are
fully insured?

In a drawer in my room,
upstairs... Oh my jewels?
... My beautiful
jewels! ...

Alas, no,
gentlemen...

Mr. Swig promised to
fix the whole thing
up for me...

Swig? Fix it up? ... Fix
what? ... Madam, is this
some sort of conspir-
acy? ...



No, no gentlemen, Mr. Swag represents an insurance company.

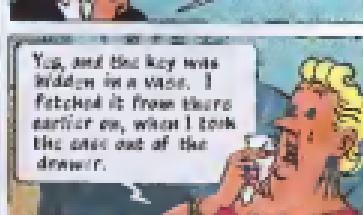
Ah, that's all right... Otherwise...

You other men...

Now, your jewels were in a drawer upstairs... good... Was the drawer locked?

The case! ... What case was that, madam?

Why, my jewel case, of course, the one I...



I... Mamma mia! ... I remember now!



My jewels! Look! The little diamonds! ... All here! ... Yes! ... Oh, I could weep for joy. I'm so pleased to see them!



I really am a feather-brain! ... I completely forgot. I'd come downstairs with my jewel-case, when these nice people from television arrived. How too, too hilarious! Ahaha! ... What a good laugh! ... Don't you agree, gentlemen?



Laughs, madam! ... Uh, madam? ... We are not amused, madam! ... Good night!

Quite so; we are not amused!



What is wrong? ... Oh dear, what have I done? ... Why are they so cross?



Here, your hotel! ... And mind the coffee!



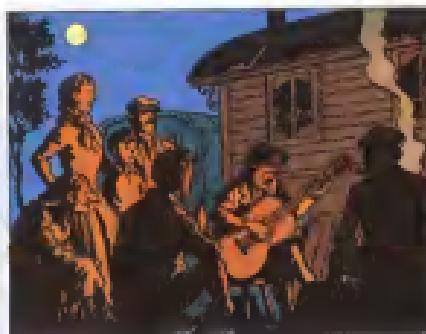
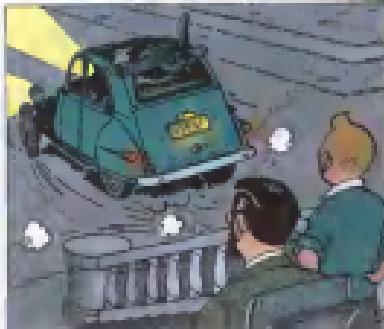
I told you to look out for the
Gothamites!

The papers, yes. But these
were worse!

Entirely different!

So much for the
Gothamite jewel...
You know, that photog-
rapher still puzzles
me...

But apart
from that,
all's well that
ends well!



TU-WODO

An owl!... Happy sir, how it made me jump!

Come in, Snowy, Honey!



Three days later...

Yes... yes, I knew... I meant... Yes, it was a wedding... Sir... my shop-owner's cousin... Yes... Look sir... I'll be with you tomorrow morning... Yes, yes, definitely... Yes, yes, I promise, sir... Yes, sir... Good-bye, sir.

If you don't come tomorrow, my fine friend, I'll... Miserable banchas, I don't know when I'll do... but I won't stand for it!



No! I won't stand for it! I tell you: I won't stand for it!

I'll take them to court!... I'll have them locked up!... To make fun of a poor, weak woman!

Mind the step!



I know!... Look at that!... It's shameful!... It's disgraceful!... It's monstrous!... But they won't get away with it, I can tell you!... Look at it!



TEMPO DI ROMA

LA DIVA E IL PAPPAGALLO
In questo numero alle pagine 8-9-10



But what's the matter?... It's not at all bad, that photograph...

Not bad!... Not bad!... Is that all you can say? It's horrible, I tell you!



Horrible? I wouldn't say so... In fact, I'd say it was a very good likeness.



That's right!... Defend the castle... the boar!... the champion!... Mannerless whale!... This is the result!... And it's not just a question of the likeness... It's far worse than that!

Worse than that? What do you mean?



I swear... I mean that photograph was taken here by a reporter from the "Temps", and he got in without a soul knowing... You let people see this house like a madman!

What? That photographer...



You, that photographer, the one who got away in the dark... Oh, it's too bad! I could tell that "Temps" ruff-ruff: "You've dared to say that I weigh four-hundred stone!... Very well; we more photographs, Ha more interviews!... You can tell your reporter I never want to see their faces again!"



And now by some diabolical trick they've managed to run a whole feature!... And all because of you! It's all your fault!

My fault?!



Of course it is!... If you were more particular about the people who invite themselves in... If you didn't open your door to every Tom, Dick and Harry, this would never have happened!... And you! Wagner!

I want a word with you!



So you've come back, Master Wagner!... Where have you been?... And who gave you permission to go out?... You have work to do, Mr. Wagner; besides, Mr. Wagner!

Bull...



Silence!... Your playing is terrible, Mr. Wagner!... Two wrong notes yesterday!... In future I want to hear you practising all day long. Is that clear?

Yes, sir...
No, sir...
Yes, sir...



And you, Irma!... Have you found your little gold solitaire yet?... Obviously not!... What's got into you, girl?

Mr. Wagner!



DONG

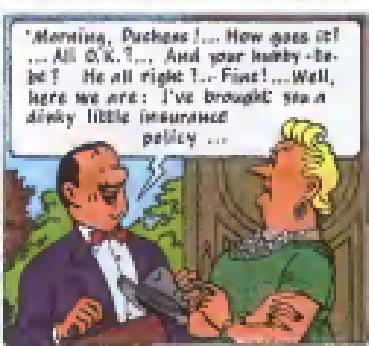
You, you Irma!... And go and see who that is, instead of quacking like an idiot!



Hello, girls!



Morning, Puchess!... How goes it?... All O.K. I... And your hubby-he-be? He all right?... Fine!... Well, here we are: I've brought you a shiny little insurance policy...



I'm so sorry, Mr. Sag!... You're too late!... The early bird catches the worm, Mr. Sag!

Come off it! You're joking!

Don't try to argue, Mr. Sag... I shall take care of my own jewels, Mr. Sag!... Good morning, Mr. Sag.

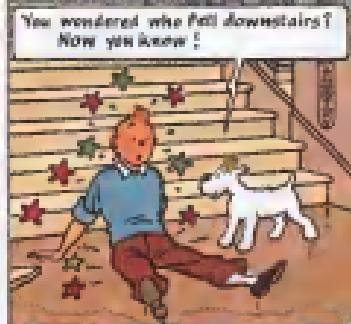


SLAM

?







Deligne! You're very much mistaken, it was the thief who fell on the stairs just now.

Holle ! Yes this is me... Yes, with a p, as in Philadelphia... Good man... What... A robbery ! ! ... An armored car ! but... Look... Signora Castafiore... She's quite done, isn't she? It really has been about this time !

A good question.

You, I'm afraid it has.

Good... That's lucky for her, I don't mind telling you, if she'd get us up to Martinafika on another wild goose chase we wouldn't have come.

Definitely not !

Half an hour later...

In a nutshell... If the theft was committed by someone in the house, then there are only six suspects: Irma, Wagner, Nestor, Calpalus, Tintin, and of course you yourself, Captain.

Are you suggesting... ?!

Wait ! ... Three on our list can be ruled straight out: you, because you couldn't have gone upstairs in your wheelchair; Tintin, who was with you ; and Wagner: he was playing the piano in the musicroom gallery.

If you can call it playing...

That leaves Irma, Nestor, and the Professor.

One of those three a criminal ? ... You must be crazy !

And as with your permission, we will question each of them separately, in private.

All right, I'll send Nestor in. But you're wasting your time.

Where was I ? ... In the garden, near Professor Calculus who was pruning his roses... I was watering the begonias when I heard Signora Castafiore shouting... I looked up at the window...

Chop ! You admit you could see the window
From where you were ?

Certainly, sir... Then, as the cries continued, I dropped my watering can and hastened towards the house...

You were in a hurry to reach the house, eh ? ... That is all. Please ask the Captain to send in Irma.

Grrrr... I was busy cleaning in my room... grrrr... Suddenly... grrrr... I heard someone calling out... grrrr... I ran to her room... grrrr... just in time... grrrr... to catch her in my arms... grrrr... as she... blurted... grrrr...

Aha !

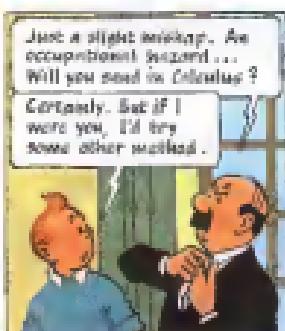
Your mistress has told me she spent about a quarter of an hour in the bathroom. In short, knowing her habits, you would have had an opportunity to enter her room, without any noise, and slip out with the emerald... or drop it from the window to an accomplice... To Nestor, for instance ! ... Come on ! Confess !



EEEEEEEEK !

Help !

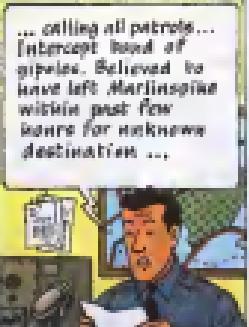
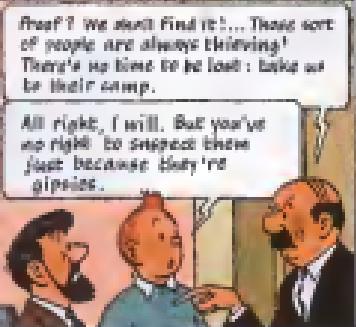
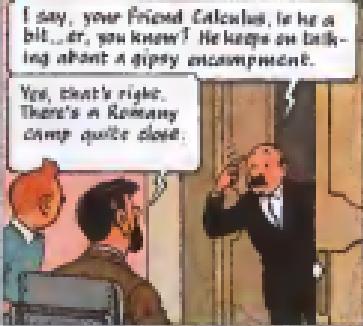
Tintin ! Save me !



And if Irena gives in her notice, as she may well offer such an insult, will you find me a new maid? ... And what about the higher wages the gypsy girl will want; will you pay those? ... I tell you, if you don't apologize to Irena...



Now... where were we? ... You understand, I'm not accusing anyone. It's simply that my pendulum indicates the direction of their camp.



Two days later ...

"Investigation into the theft of the Carlton emerald胸冠 ... etc, etc... Ah! The gypsies who were camping near Marliwick at the time of the robbery have been assisting the police in their inquiry, yes. A spokesman refused to comment on the story... That's



Colour television, of course! The other day, looking at all these sets, I thought to myself: what a pity the pictures are only in black and white!



At the 8th Teppet Party
Congress at Szobol, Marshal
Kervi-Tesch, in an exceptionally
violent speech...



The picture
isn't absolutely
clear, but
I can adjust
it...



DIGA DOG DAGADABADOG POGODOGOG
DAGODAGODAGODUG DAGOOGUG

That's better,
isn't it?



All right, eh?

The sound!
...Therefore
typical,
a pure blue
sound!



Oh dear! ... A voice has
died! ... It won't take long
to replace...



Two minutes
later...

There! There's
died lot!



... summary of the facts: As you
know, the famous Italian singer
Bianca Castafiori is staying in
this country...



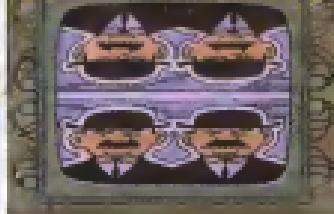
Ah, my beauty and past
comrade ... Is that not? Oh,
how terrible!



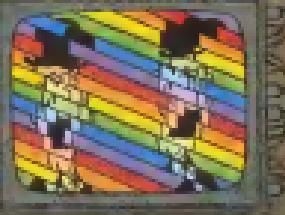
At historic Martintheke Hall, the
priests' dossier was the victim of a
daring robbery. A magnificent
emerald vanished ... mysteriously!



Today a *Szabadalmi* reporter went
down to Martintheke and spoke to
the official chargers of the case.
Dear Dr. Tivadar and Thamas...



No, our lips are sealed. We can't
tell you where we suspect, but
it isn't staying in the house.
That's the word, you know.



Yes, that's the word, that's our
word. So we're not allowed to
tell you about the priests, though
we suspected them from the start...



Especially after they left their
lair ... er... left their camp, the
morning after the robbery. But
we soon ran them to earth, and
then when we searched their car,
we made a startling discovery!



Not only did we discover a pair of glasses belonging to Square Captain's maid, but in one of their drawers...



... we found a wrapped-up monkey ... er... a dressed-up monkey. Obviously, the emerald could only have been stolen by a man climbing the wall. In fact, a man of remarkable agility. And that man has just freed the monkey! Of course the photo hasn't...



... denied it furiously. The saboteur had been 'found' by a little girl. As for the monkey, he'd never been out of his cage.



So that's how Moulse closed ... but we're keeping it under our hats, of course. All we have to do now is recover the emerald...



And for a couple of members-moles like you, questions, that will be child's play... Thank you for putting us so clearly in the picture.



Now we learn from the excitement and suspense of a police investigation to another learning topic that is hitting today's headlines...

Stop! My ears are simply bursting!



Naturally, it isn't entirely perfect yet, but ...

My cyclists are doing the cleaning!

I'm doing all of everything!

Me too!



The next morning...

Poor pipos!... I've still convinced they're innocent... I've had another look at the wall; even a monkey climbing would have left some trace, but there wasn't a sign, that's that?



Hello! There's Mr Wagner going into the village, on Nestor's old bike.

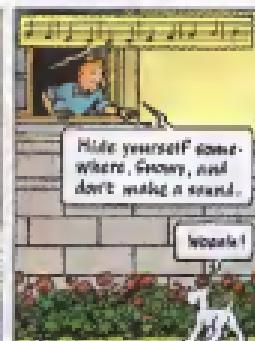
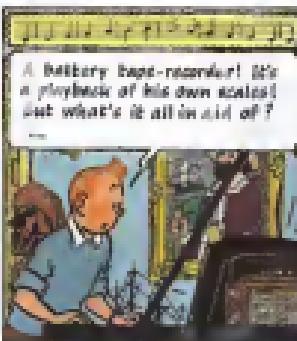


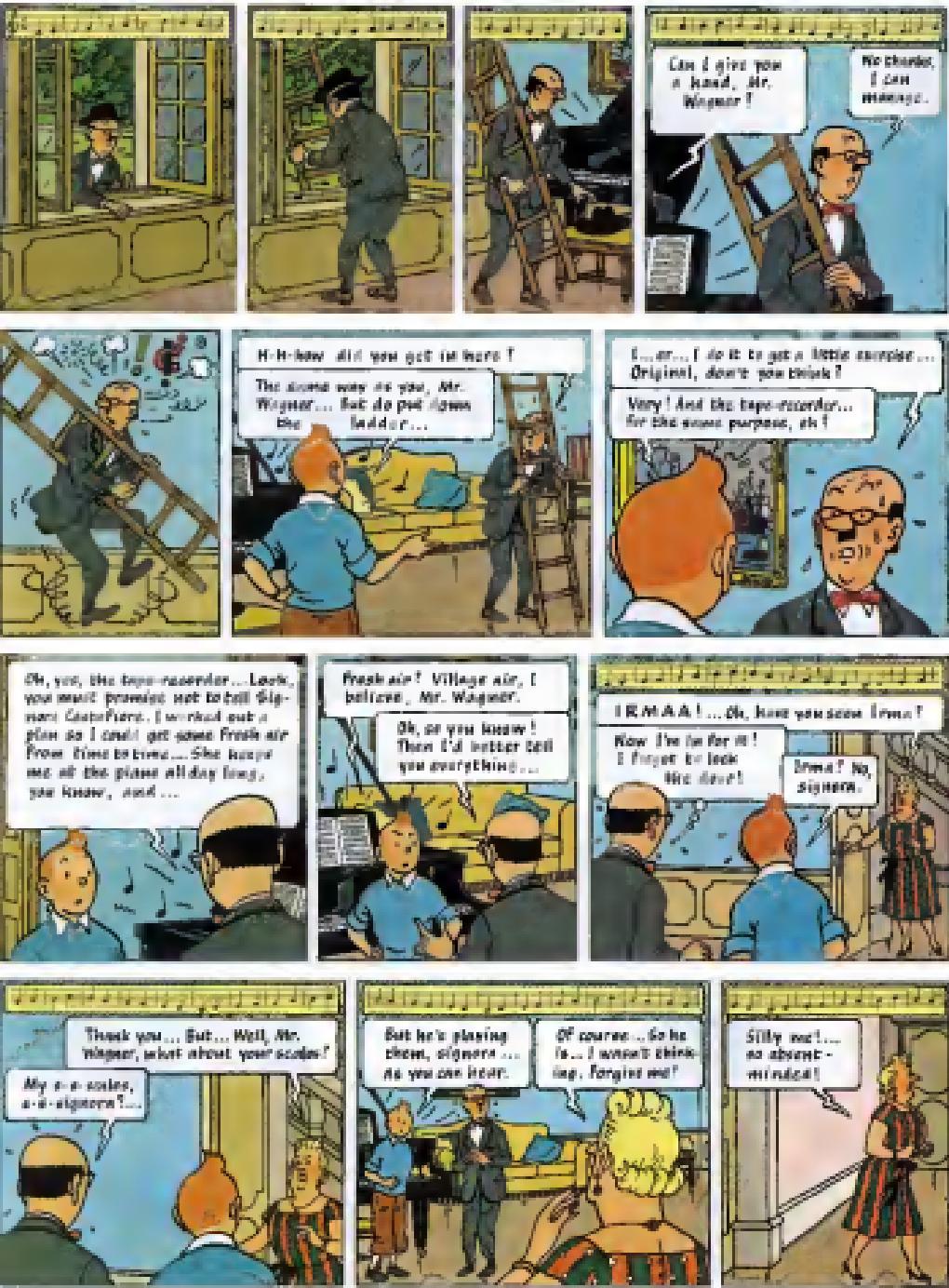
He must have got permission to leave his piano. Now's our chance, Snowy ...



We'll go back in doors... and we'll be spared that piano for a change!







Thanks ... But why did you
send me from her?

I wanted to get you alone.
Now, sit down at the
piano: it's easier... Then
talk!



All right! I'll tell you everything.
It's the house... I'm a gambler,
you see. I go to the village every
day to telephonate my bets...



Is that so? ... Still, you weren't in
the village when the emerald was
stolen... when some unknown person
fell down the stairs... It was
you, wasn't it?

Yes, it was I.



I'd been up to the attic... and on
my way down I heard Signora
Castafiore cry out... I hurried to
get back to my piano, and missed
the step...



Why were you
in the attic?

Well, on a number of evenings
I thought I heard someone
walking about upstairs... at
night... like the signs did
on the night we arrived.
In the end I decided to go
to the bottom of it...



Why didn't you simply ask
me?

I didn't want to make a fool
of myself, if it was only a
false alarm... Anyway, I
didn't find anything.



One last point, Mr Wagner, the day
after you came, I found your footprints
under Signora Castafiore's window...



Golly, how weird
people do love
to talk!

You... it's quite possible. After that
incident during the night I went
there, to make sure no one
could have climbed the ivy.

Good... That's all the explanation
I need.



No, I don't think Wagner
stole the emerald: he
seems to be telling the
truth... Well, now I've got
to find the real cul-
prit!



In any case, I'll visit the
attic tonight. We must follow
every lead... Coming, snowy?



Ah...
at last!

At nightfall...



Sch!

I say, Titchin, how long
shall we stay here?

Sob, Snowy!
Listen...



Flock! It's only a rat, an' a mouse.
Shall I catch it?

Sob!



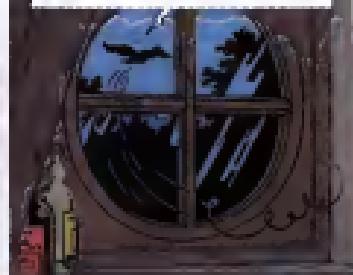
Ooh!... Look over there!... An old
man; he must need us here!



There's the "monster" who
passes the attic, and frightened
Snowy Gasterfors when he
looked in her window!



TU - WHOO



We can go down now, Snowy.
There's nothing more up here.



Just another false
trail.



Hey, Captain!
You're better! How
wonderful!



Yes, the doctor's just
gone; he's taken off
the plaster.

You've no idea how good it feels to
be standing on my own two
feet again!



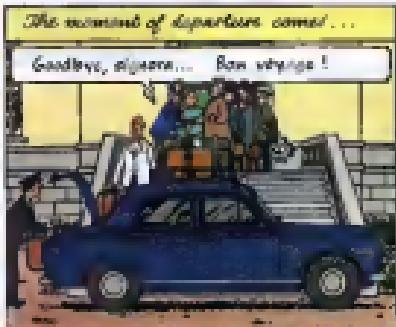
... on that!

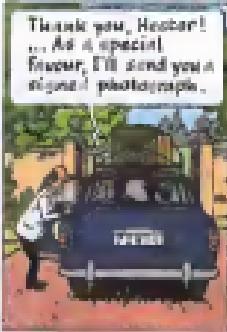


See you soon, doctor!









Nightingale with a Broken Heart

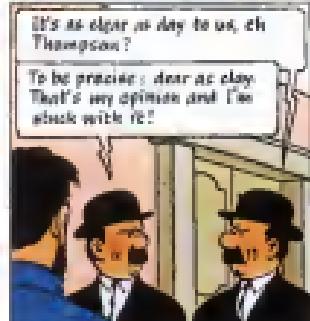
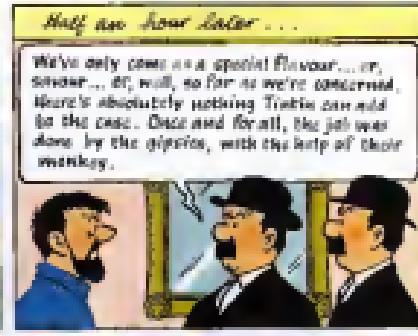
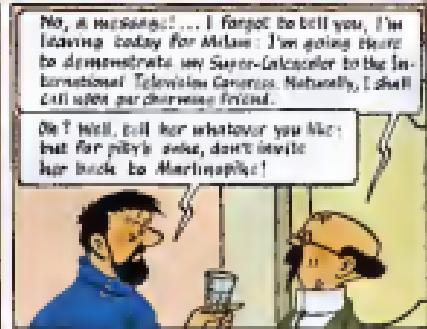
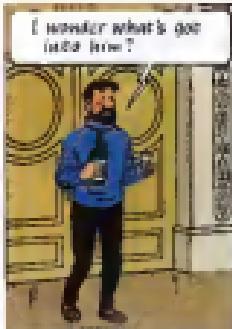
MILAN, TUESDAY

'Triumph... superlative... sublime... unforgettable,' proclaims the Italian press. At La Scala last night the divine Castorelli bid farewell to Europe. An acoustic audience acclaimed her overwhelming performances in Rossini's LA GAZZELLA LAURA.

Time and again a delicious pause caused that idol fifteen curtain! Bravo! Bravissimo! But can the plaudits of adoration round a broken heart? For the nightingale still mourns the loss of her most precious jewel.

And here we found the last of the Castorelli emerald? Not so. Police investigations continue in the Marlinopoli area. Was a monkey used to rip away the jewel, an efficient gift of the Maharajah of Gop? No comment, no detection, but suspicion weighs heavily upon local agents. And still no sign of the emerald.





You've discovered where the gypsies have hidden the emerald?!

The gypsies haven't hidden anything.

Look up there... That's where you'll find the key to the whole mystery!

There?

Up where?

Yes, where up there?



Up there, in that paper...

That paper?... All I can see is a nest.

Yes, but it's a nippie nest, Captain... What? You mean to say...

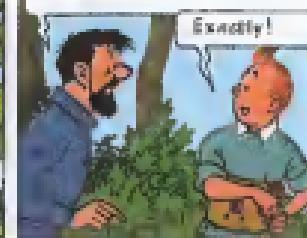


That a nippie shot that someone: yes, I'd live my life on it.



Thundering cyclone! And you borrowed that hat from old man Sawyer to climb up to the nest!...

Exactly!



For heaven's sake be careful, Tintin!

I will!



Tintin! Do plastic wrap your steps!

Don't worry I am...







Look ! Mr. Bolt has been to mend the step.



That's wonderful ! Ah, he's put a board across it : to give the mortar time to set. I expect he warned you.

