

HERGE

THE ADVENTURES OF

TINTIN

**THE SECRET
OF
THE UNICORN**



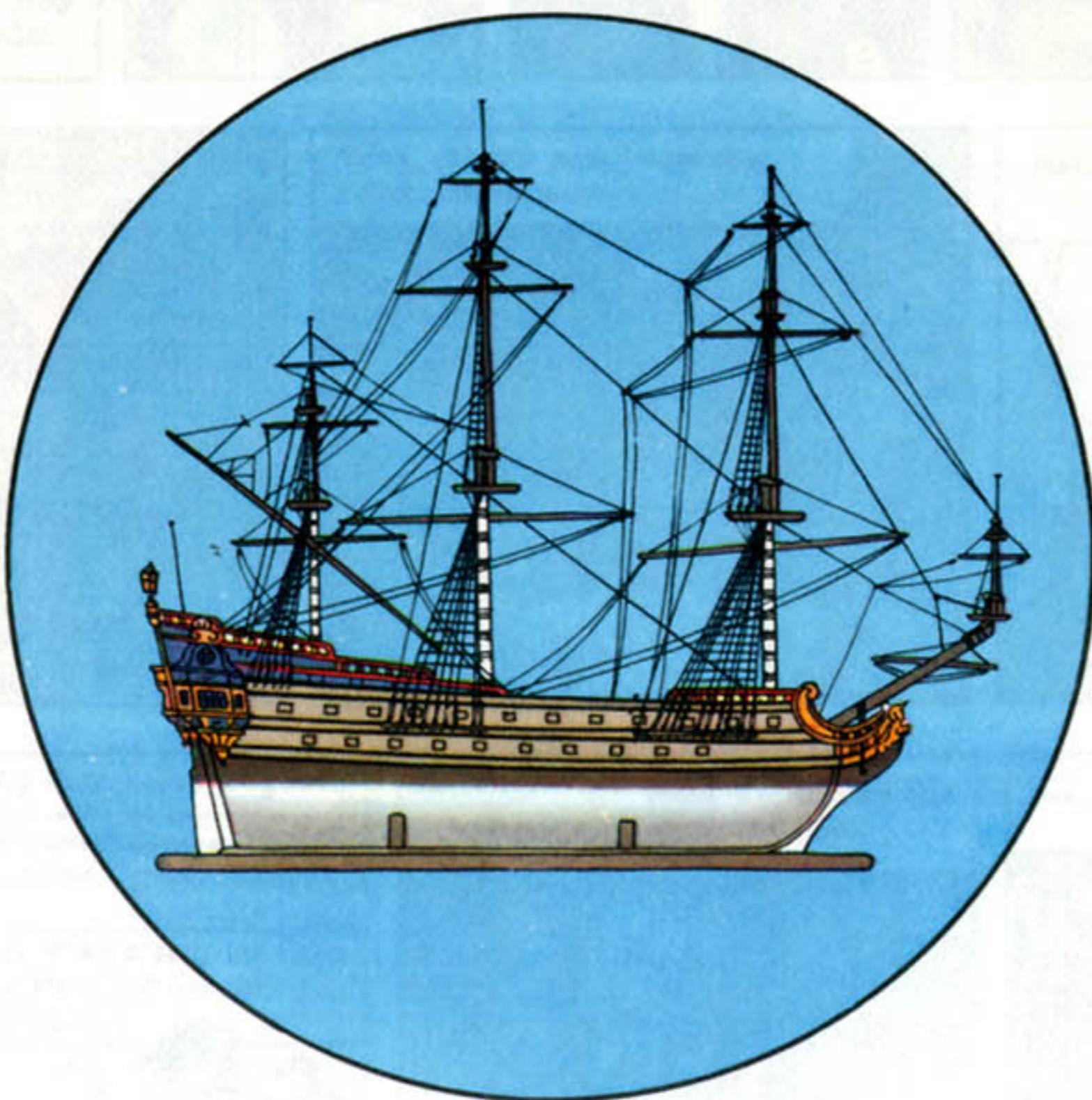
LITTLE, BROWN

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

THE SECRET
OF
THE UNICORN

Translated by Leslie Lonsdale-Cooper
and Michael Turner



THE SECRET OF THE UNICORN



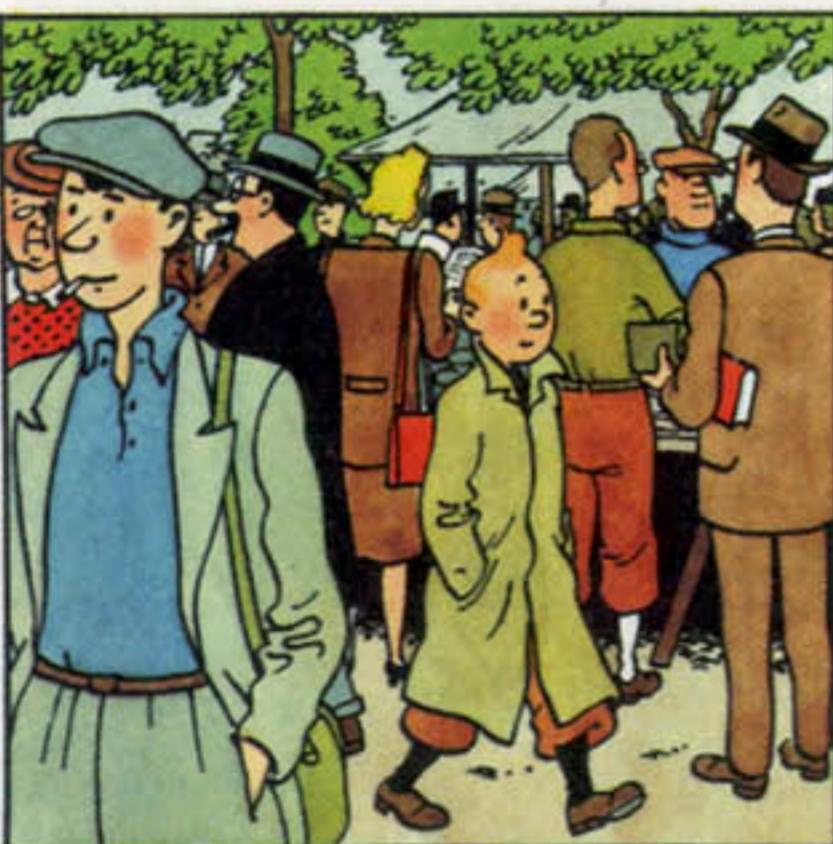
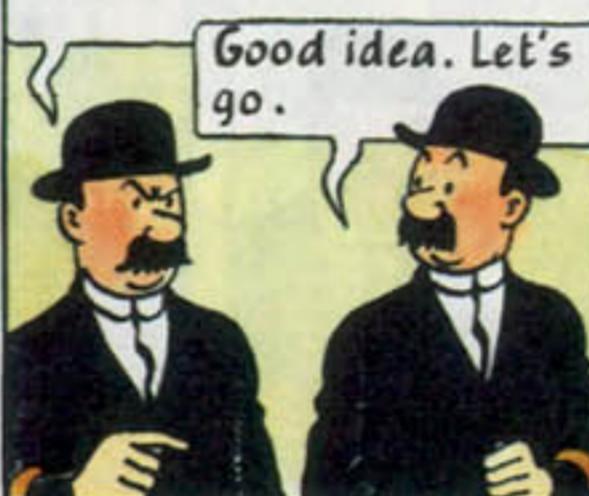
NEWS IN BRIEF

An alarming rise in the number of robberies has been reported in the past few weeks. Daring pickpockets are operating in the larger stores, the cinemas and street markets. A well-organised gang is believed to be at work. The police are using their best men to put a stop to this public scandal.

We must keep our eyes open, and catch these crooks.



How about starting in the Old Street Market? Tintin said he was going there this morning. Perhaps we'll meet him.



What are you doing here? Looking for bargains? Sh!... Highly confidential!... Special operation: pickpockets.

But that didn't stop us from finding this job-lot of walking sticks.

How much?

Eight bob for the lot.



Six shillings.

Seven... but I'm robbin' meself...



See? You've always got to haggle a bit, here.



Here, you hold these sticks. I'll pay.



Just the sort of thing that would happen to you!... To go and let someone pinch your wallet!



My wallet's been stolen!



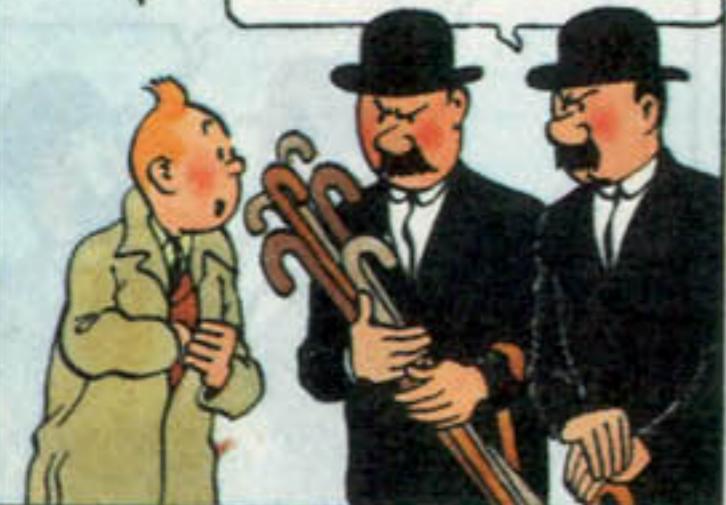
But that's absurd!... You must have left it at home... or perhaps you've lost it?

No, I'm sure someone's stolen it!



Here, let me pay for them.

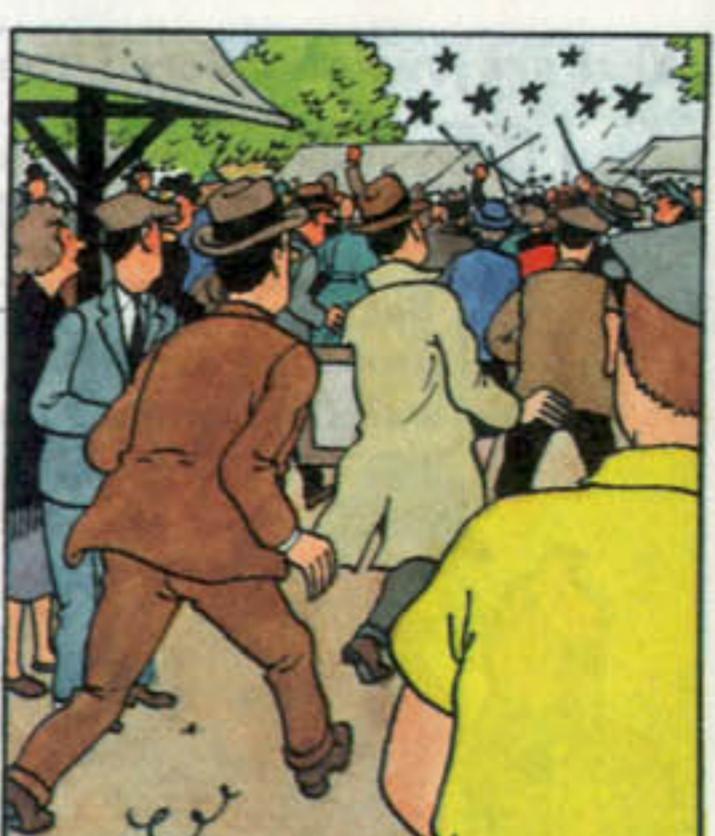
Thanks very much, Tintin. We'll pay you back tomorrow.

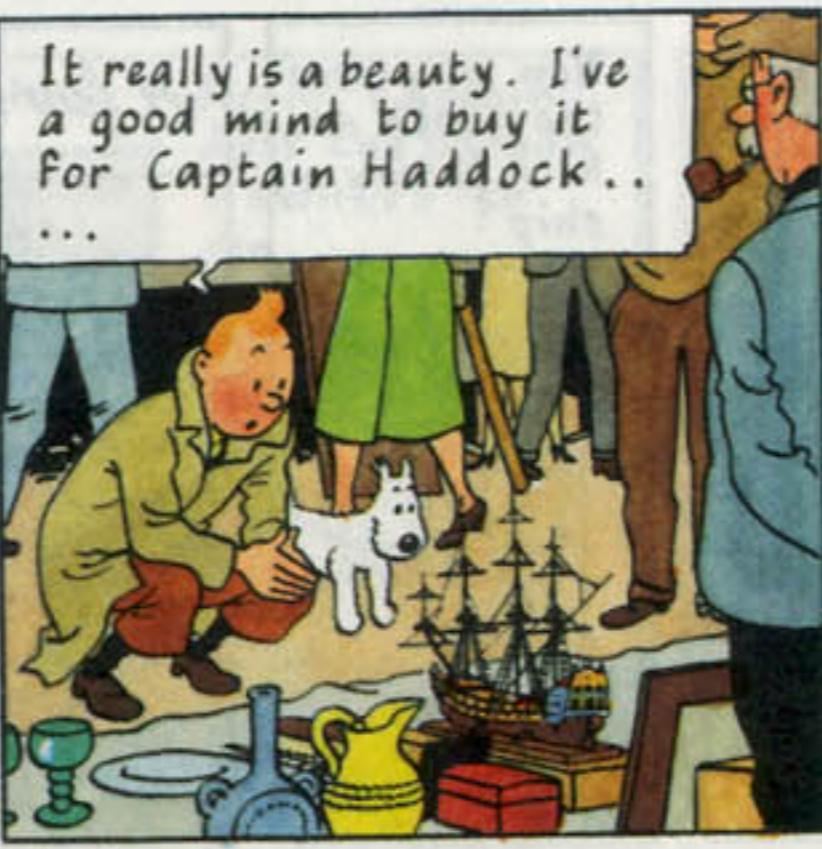


There.



Goodbye! We're going to report this straight away ...





I'm sorry, sir, but this ship is not for sale.

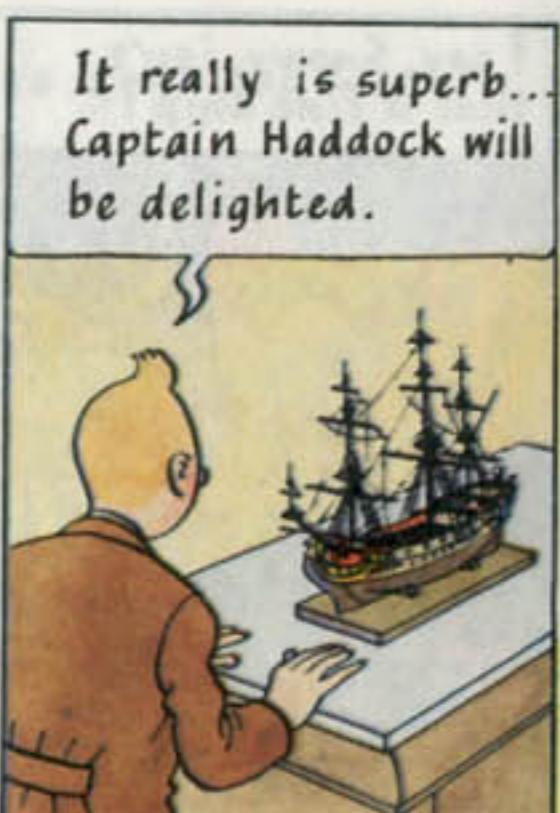
Look, I'll give you a fiver for it!

A tenner!

NO!

Twenty!

Thirty!



RRRING

I expect that's him...

I apologise : it's me again !

Forgive me if I am too insistent. But as I explained, I'm a collector - a collector of model ships. And I would be so very grateful if you would agree to sell me your ship.

I've already told you, I bought it for a friend ...

Exactly! Now I have other ships just as good as yours, and we could exchange them so that your friend ...

It's no good. Please don't go on. I'm keeping it.

Very well. But think it over. I'll give you my card, so that if you change your mind ...

I shouldn't count on it!

Well, I shall hope.

Goodbye, sir.

CRASH



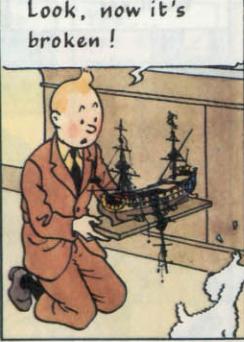
What's happened ?



Snowy ! ... What have you done ?



Look, now it's broken !



Luckily it's not too bad. I can soon mend it.



RRARRING

This time it must be the Captain.



Hello !

Hello, Captain.
Just the person
I wanted to see.



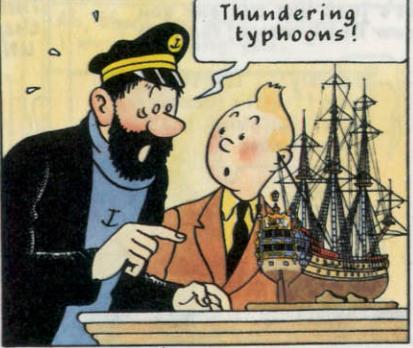
Come on in. I've got a surprise for you.



Tintin, what a magnificent ship !



Thundering typhoons !



Where... where did you find this ship ?

In the Old Street Market... Why ?



Ten thousand thundering typhoons ! ... What a remarkable coincidence ! ... Imagine ! ...



No ! Come with me : then you'll see !



Remarkable ! ... It's really remarkable !



Here we are! Now ...



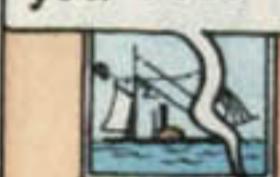
You'll see ...



Look!

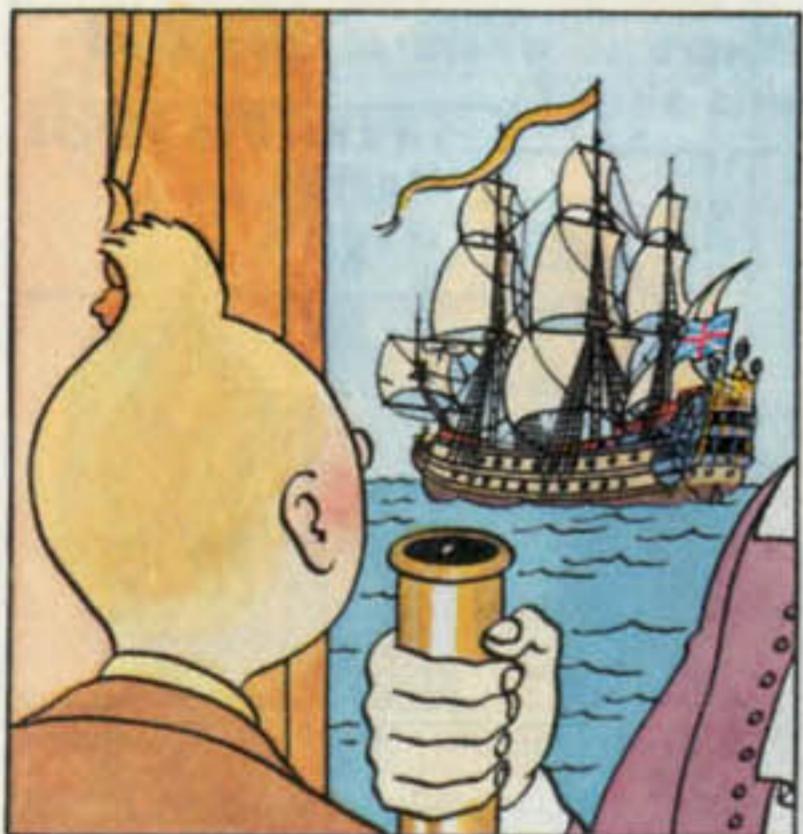


Is ...
is that
you? ...



No, it's one of my
ancestors, Sir
Francis Haddock.
He lived in the
reign of Charles
the Second.

But just take a closer look
at that ship in the back-
ground...



It's just like the one you
saw in my room, isn't it?

Exactly! ... It's the same
ship! ... It's identical! ...
Don't you think that's
remarkable?



There's a name here. Look
there, in tiny letters:
UNICORN

So there is: **UNICORN**.
I'd never noticed it.



Maybe there's a
name on mine too...
We should have
brought it along.
Wait here: I'll go
and fetch it.

If mine has the
same name, that'll
really be funny...



Let's see ...



Great snakes! ... It's gone!



RRRRING...
RRRRING...
RRRRING...

Hello?... Yes... Ah,
it's you... Well, has
your ship got the
same name?...
What did you say?...
It's been stolen?

Yes, stolen!... Do
I suspect anybody?
No one at all... at
least... Look Captain,
I'll ring you again
later...

Yes...
he's the
only pos-
sibility...

IVAN IVANOVITCH
SAKHARINE
Collector

21, Eucalyptus Avenue

Just you wait, Mr. Ivan
Ivanovitch Sakharine!

Here we
are...

EUCALYPTUS
AVENUE

I've a hunch that
we're off on one
of our adventures
again...

RRRING

21

Something tells me he's
going to get a surprise when
he opens the door!

Ah, there you are!... Come in...
I was expecting you.

What?... Expecting me?...
Then you know why I've come.

But of course...

You've come to tell me that
you'll sell your ship after
all...

Certainly not!

Not?... Then I don't
understand...

Is this where you
keep your collec-
tion?... I've come
to tell you, sir...
that my ship has
been stolen...

... and that I'm waiting for you to explain
how it comes to be here!



You are mistaken, young man. I've had this ship for more than ten years!...

Ten years? But you were trying to buy it from me less than two hours ago!

This wasn't the ship!... Not this one!... Yours was, in fact, exactly the same, but it wasn't this one!

Indeed?...

Well, sir, we can soon tell. Just after you'd gone, my ship fell over and the mainmast was broken. I put it back, but you can see where it broke. So we'll look at your mainmast, if you don't mind!

It's not broken! ... This isn't my ship!

So, you see!

I can understand your surprise. I myself was amazed to find an exact replica of my own vessel in the Old Street Market. And because it seemed so odd, I did all I could to persuade you to part with it...



Please do forgive me, sir... I am so very sorry...

That's all right! And if you find your ship, let me know

It's extremely odd! Two ships exactly like the one in the Captain's picture... and with the same UNICORN.

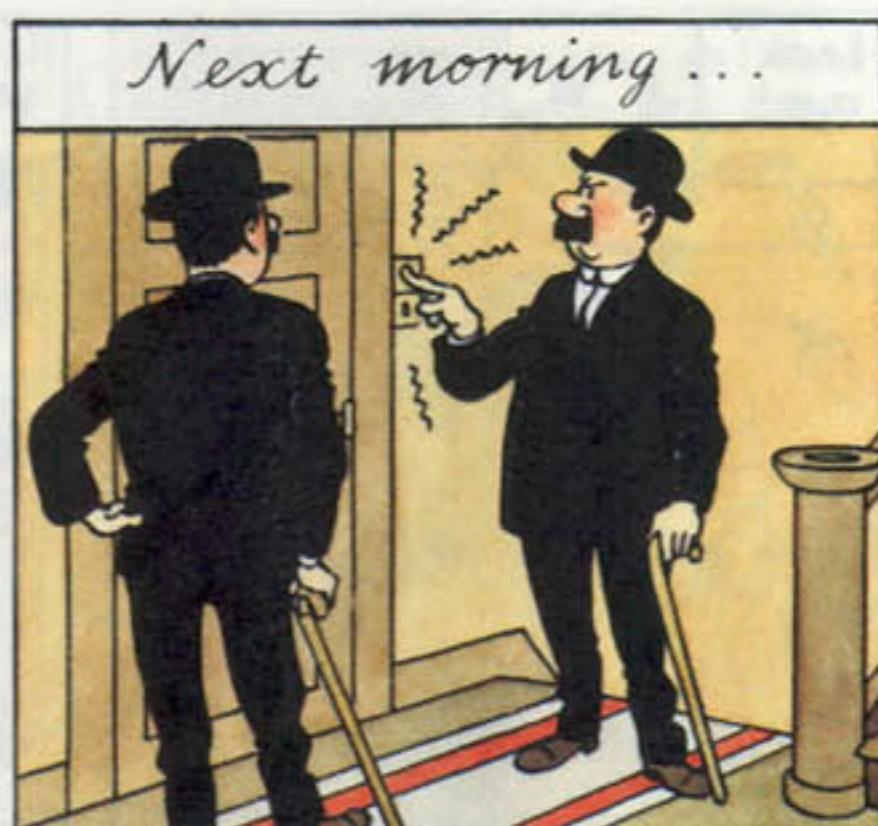
I must telephone the Captain at once: He'll be amazed!

Engaged!

It really is unbelievable how long people can chatter on the telephone! More than a quarter of an hour! Ah, at last!

We can go now, Fifi: it has stopped raining...





Hello. How are you?...
Good heavens! Whatever's
happened?



Er... nothing really... just a
little spot of bother, in the Old
Street Market...

Er... yes... a slight mis-
understanding. Anyway,
we've come to pay you
the money for those
sticks. We called last
night, but you were
out.



Did you get your
wallet back
all right?



I'm afraid not.
But I bought a
new one this
morning, and
... and ...



Goodness gracious! I've
been robbed again!



Great Scotland Yard!... That man
we met last night on the stairs,
on our way here!... I remember
now: he bumped into me!...



Quite tall... coarse features
... black hair... small black
moustache... blue suit...
brown hat...



But he couldn't have stolen your
wallet last night, when you
only bought it this morning.

There's something
in what you say...



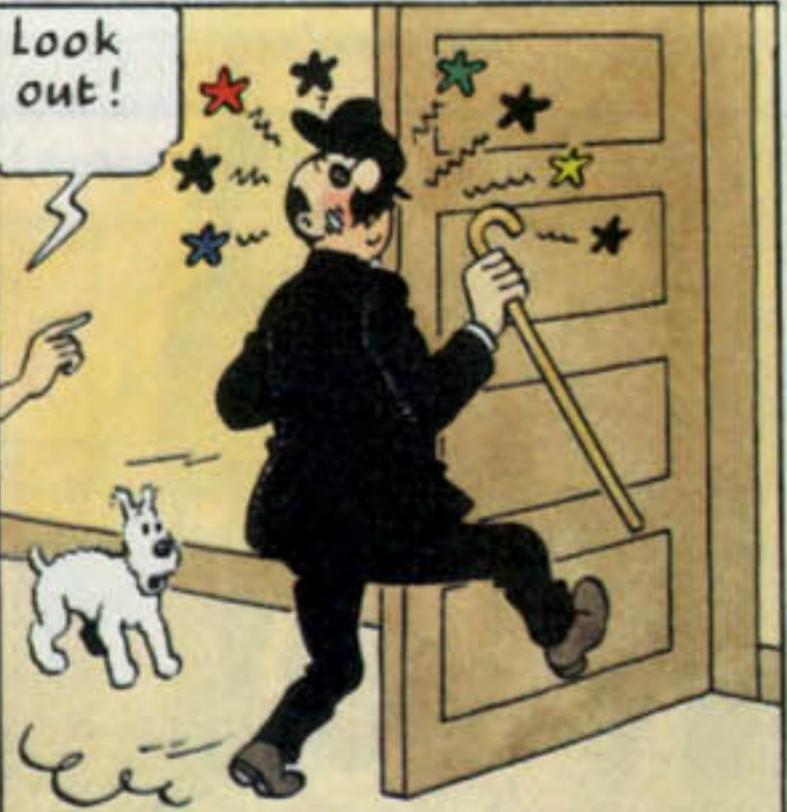
Miserable thieves! A brand
new wallet! Come along,
Thomson, we must report this
right away!



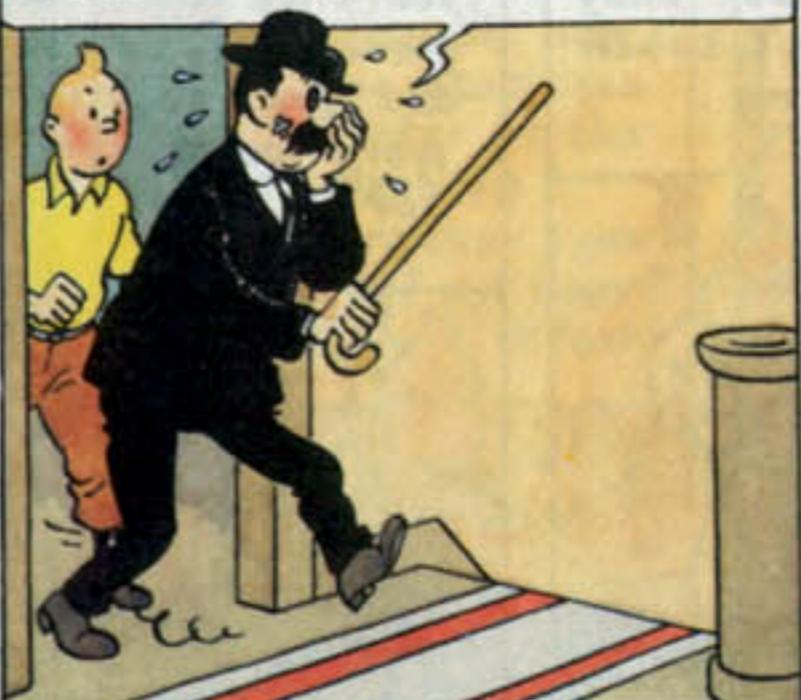
He's right!... We must report
it at once...



Look
out!



Hey, Thompson, wait for me.
Where are you?...



Here!... I'm downstairs already!



Poor old Thomsons, they do have rotten luck!... There seems to be quite an epidemic of larceny and house-breaking.



Oh well, let's try and get these papers sorted out...



What are you after, Snowy?



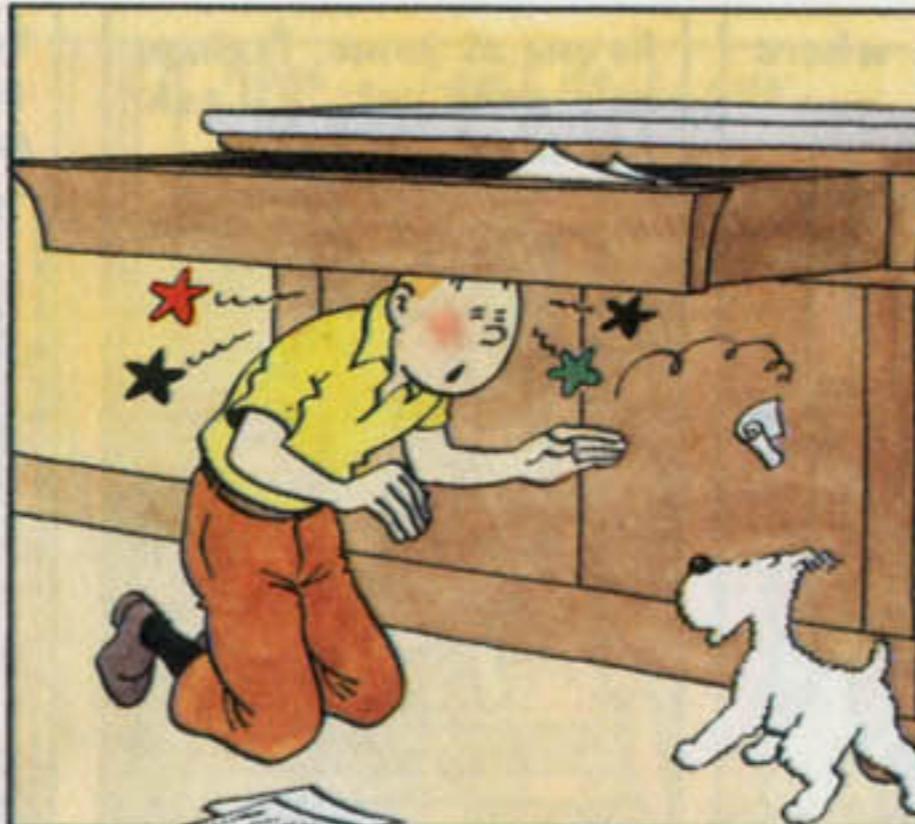
A cigarette, under there? That's a funny place...



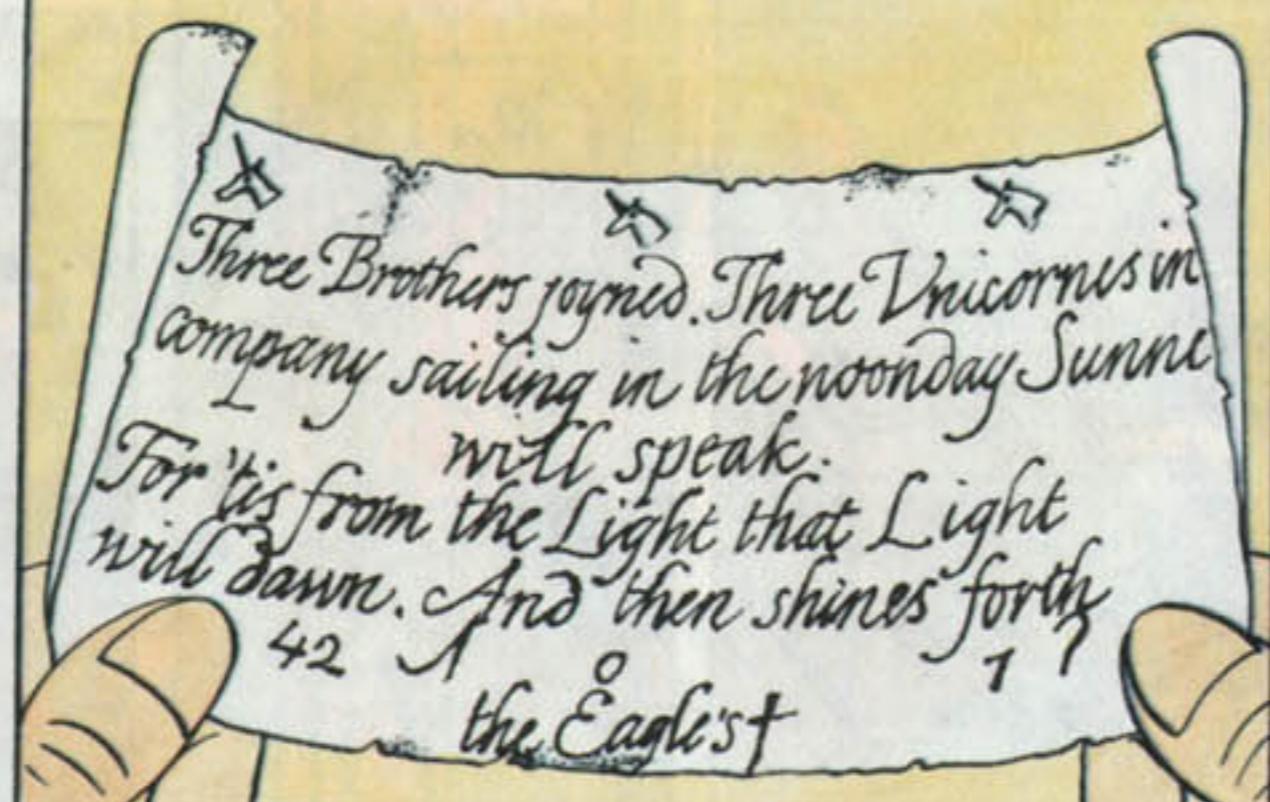
Why, it's not a cigarette... it's a little scroll of parchment...



But this isn't mine! Where ever did it come from?... Let's have a closer look at it...



Here's another mystery!



But it's all gibberish! And where on earth did this parchment come from, anyway?



Great snakes! I've got it... This parchment must have been rolled up inside the mast of the ship. It fell out when the mast was broken, and it rolled under the chest...



And that explains something else! ... Whoever stole my ship knew that the parchment was hidden there. When he discovered the scroll had gone, he thought I must have found it. That's why the thief came back and searched my flat, never guessing the parchment was under the chest...



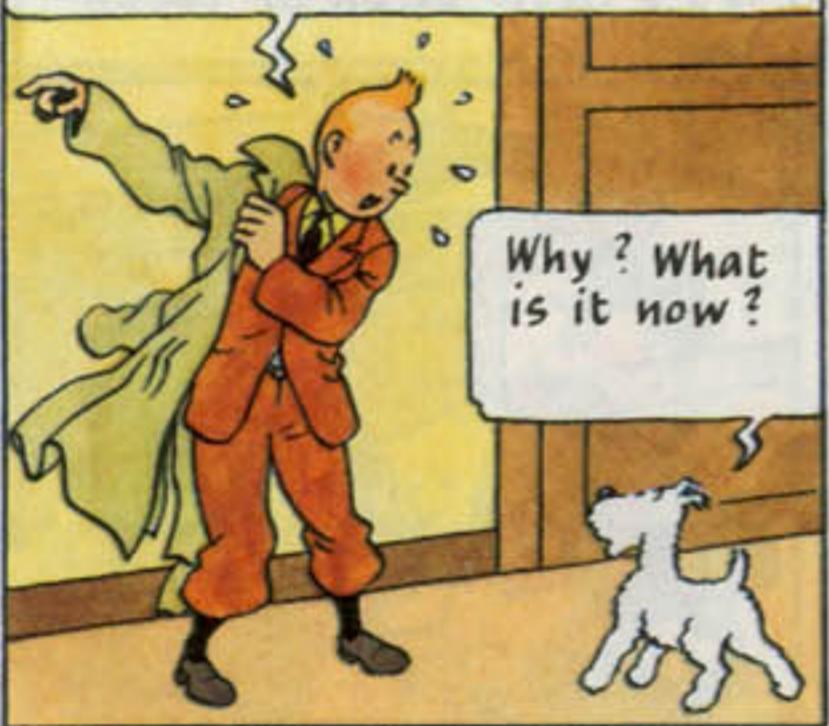
But why was he so anxious to get hold of it? If only it made some sense... then at least...



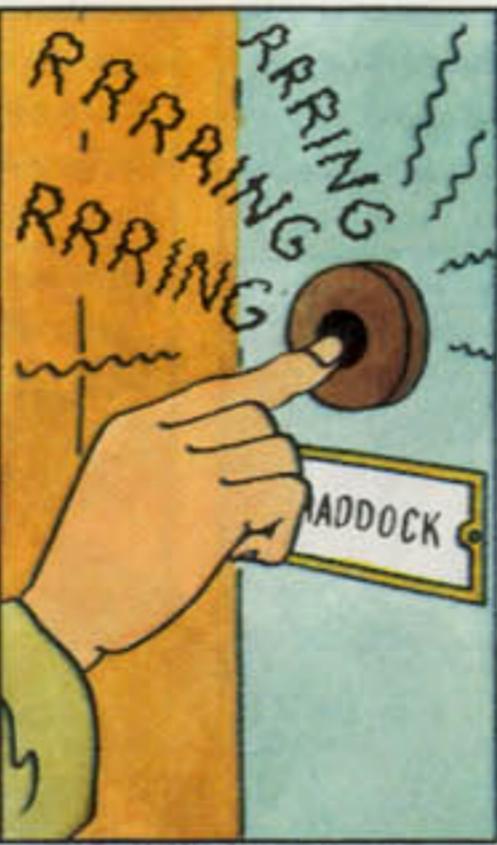
I wonder... But... of course! ... That must be it! There's no other answer.



Quick, Snowy!... We must see the Captain



Treasure, Snowy!... Come on, this is going to be a treasure-hunt!



Yes, I'm absolutely certain it must be treasure...



The old lazybones! He's still in bed!



No?... then where can he be?



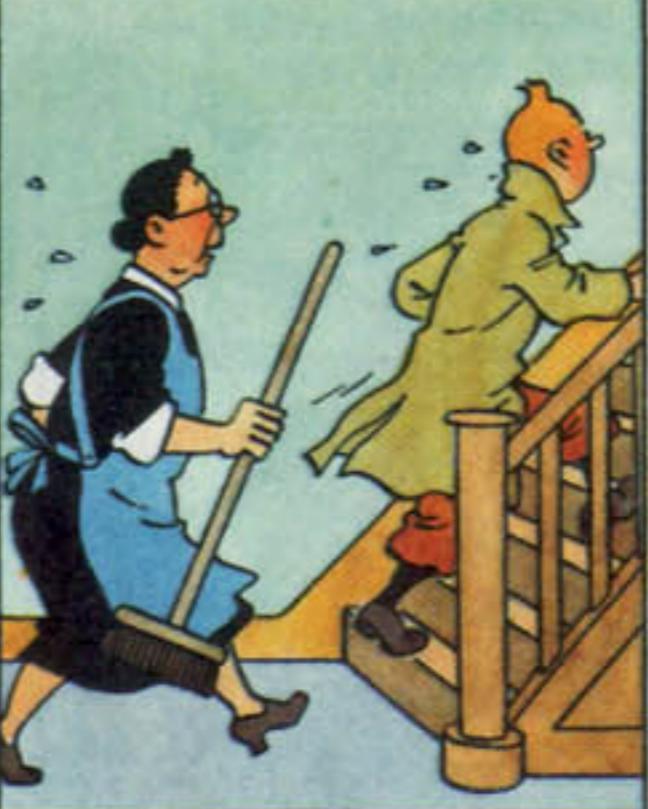
No one at home. Perhaps he's gone out. I'll ask his land-lady...



Captain Haddock?... No, I didn't see him go out. Hasn't he answered the bell? That's funny...



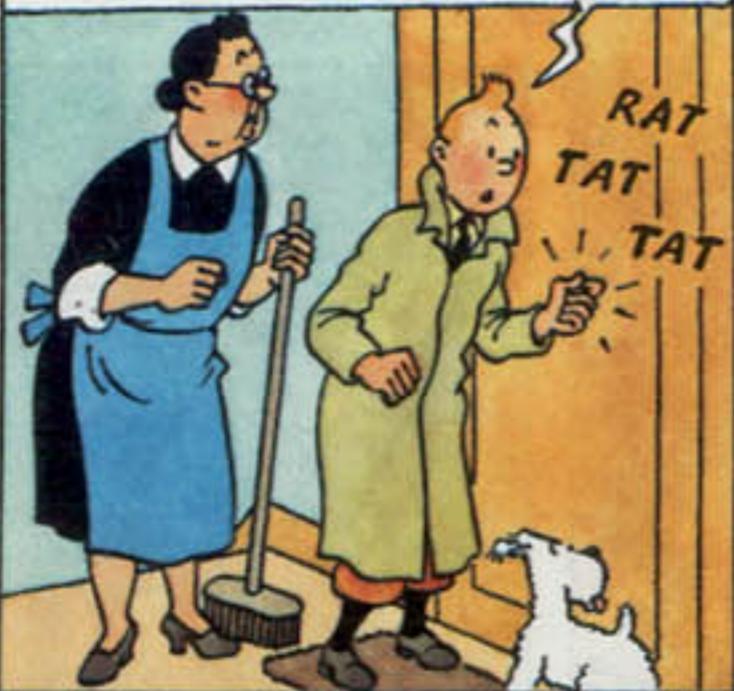
Ill? He might be... His light's been on all night...



No answer?...



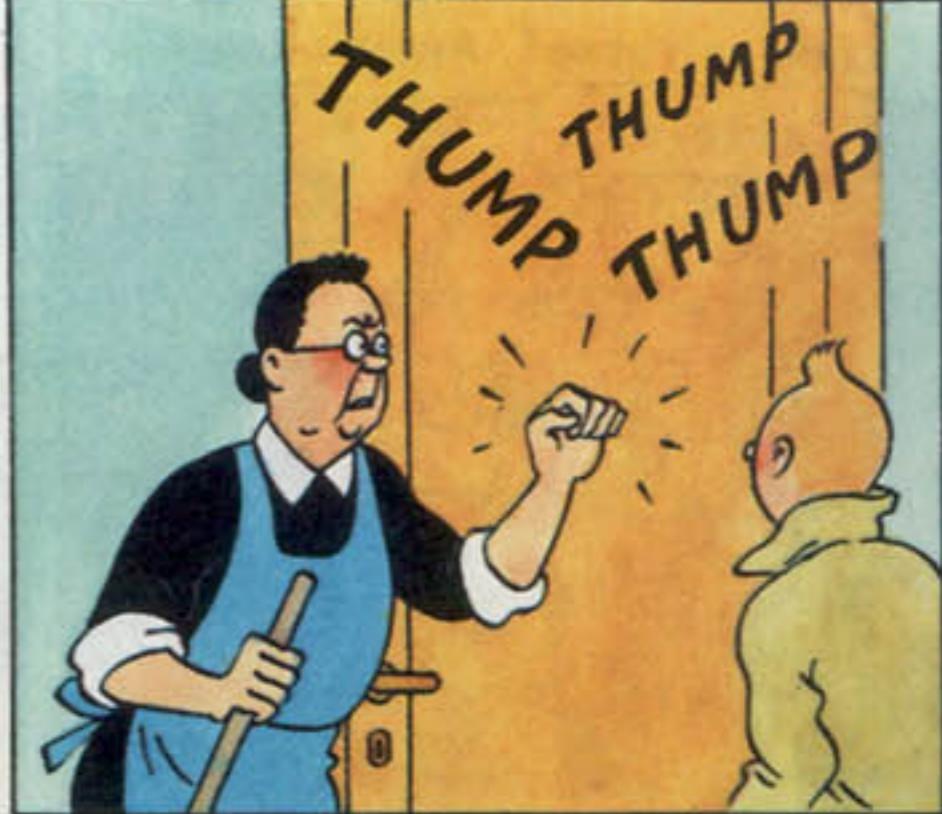
Captain!... Captain! Open the door!... It's me... Tintin...



Not a sound... Still no answer...



THUMP THUMP THUMP



Come one pace nearer and I'll blast you to blazes!



Shall I go for the police?



I think... yes, he's talking to himself! This is getting serious!...



Ah, here comes the locksmith.



Got it?...



Nope... can't do it, guv'. The door's bolted ...



We must force the door. I'll be responsible for the damage...

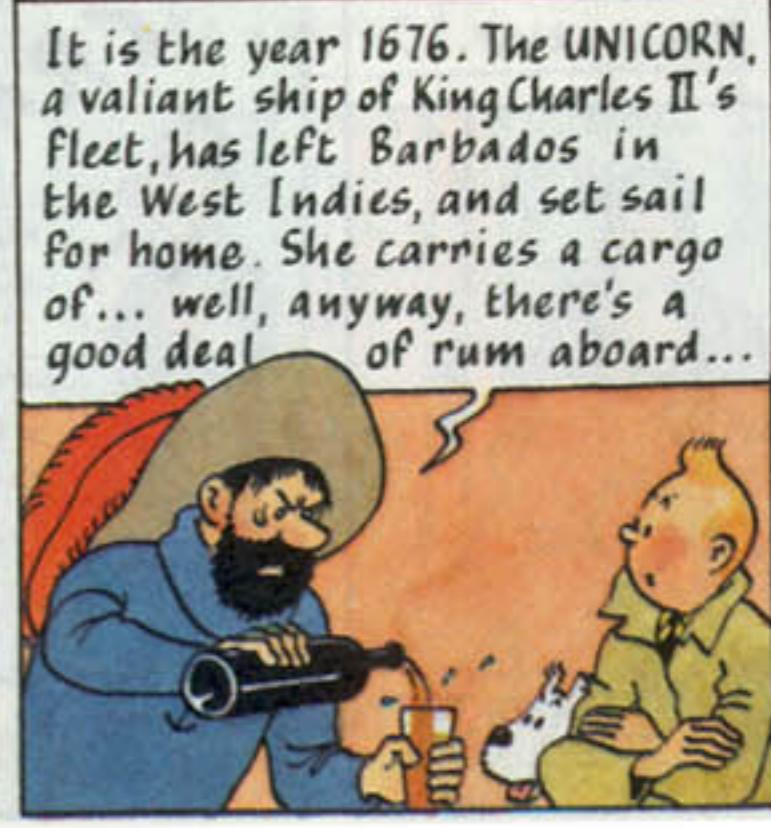
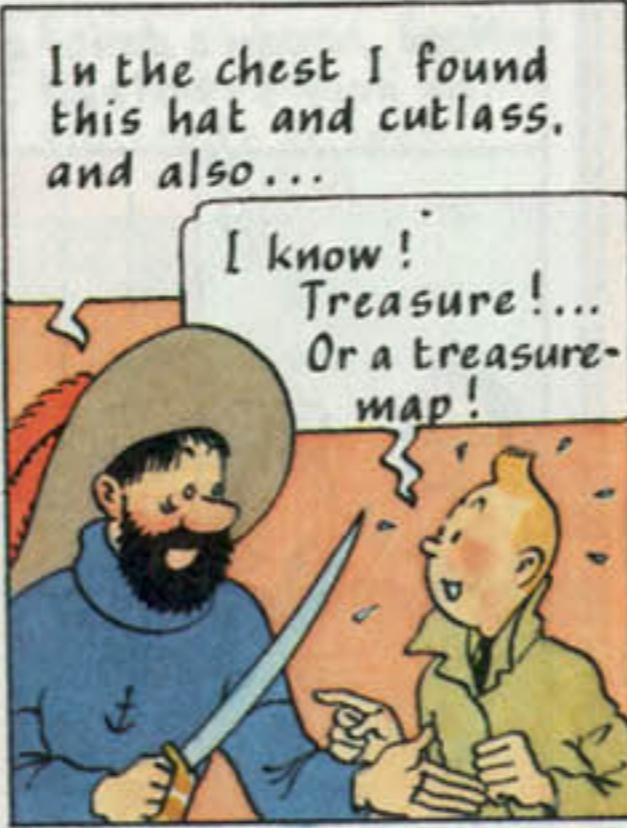
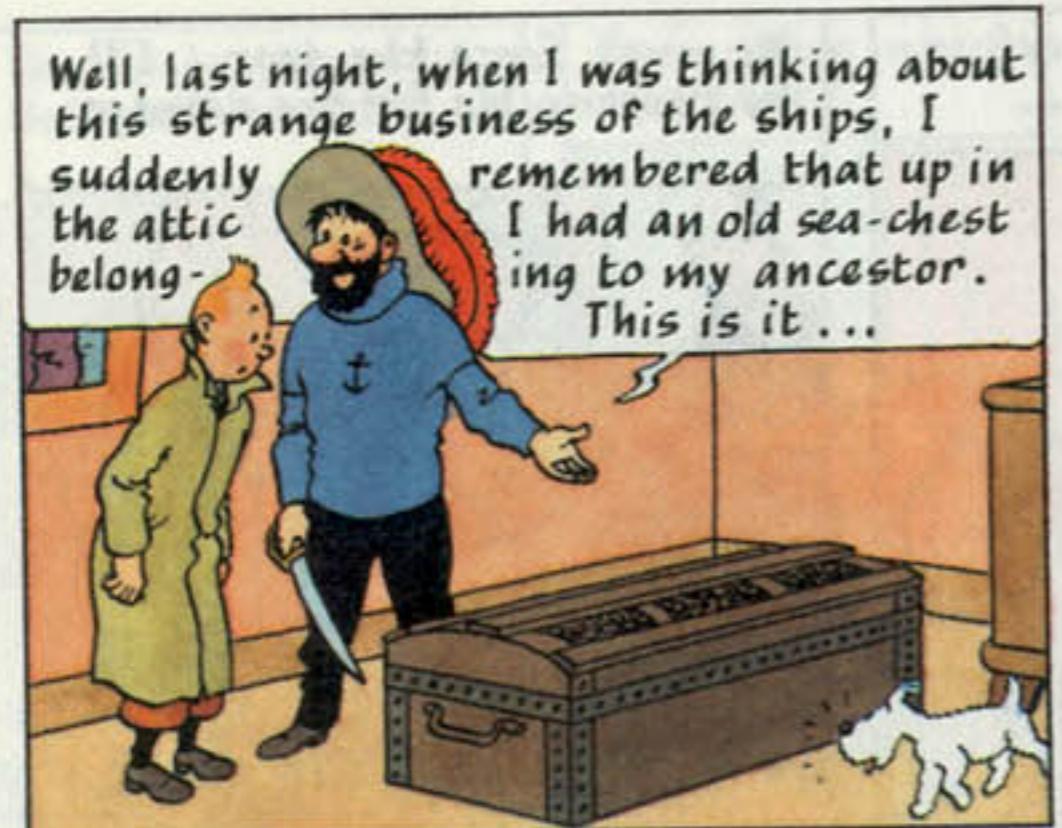
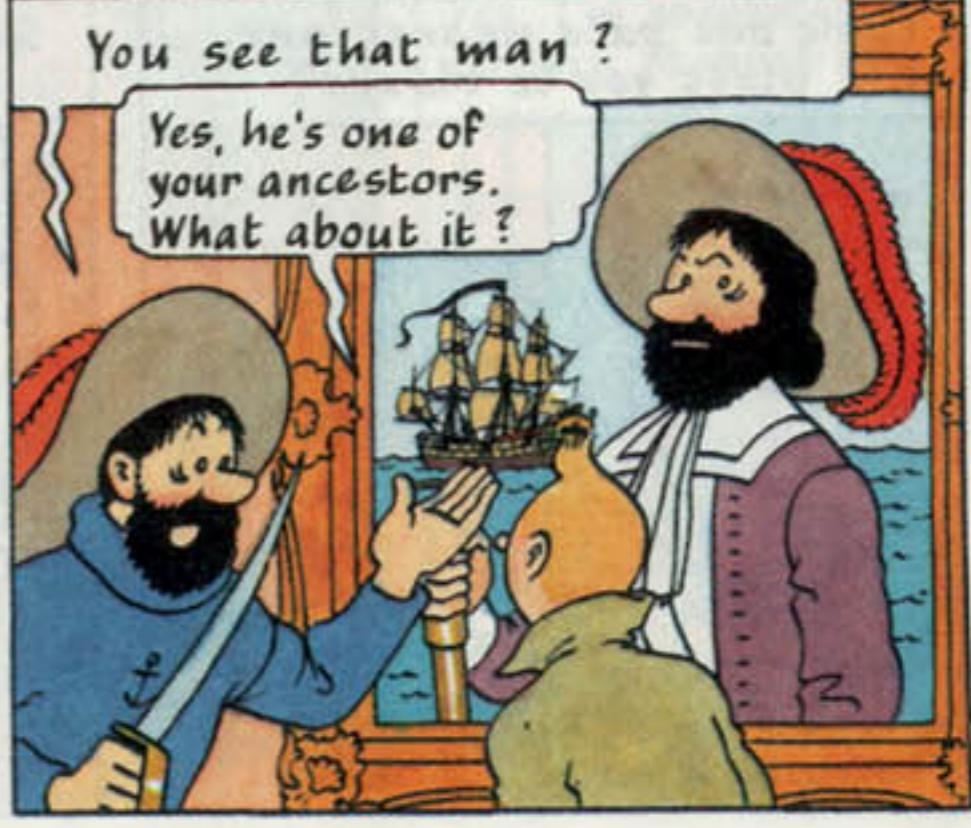
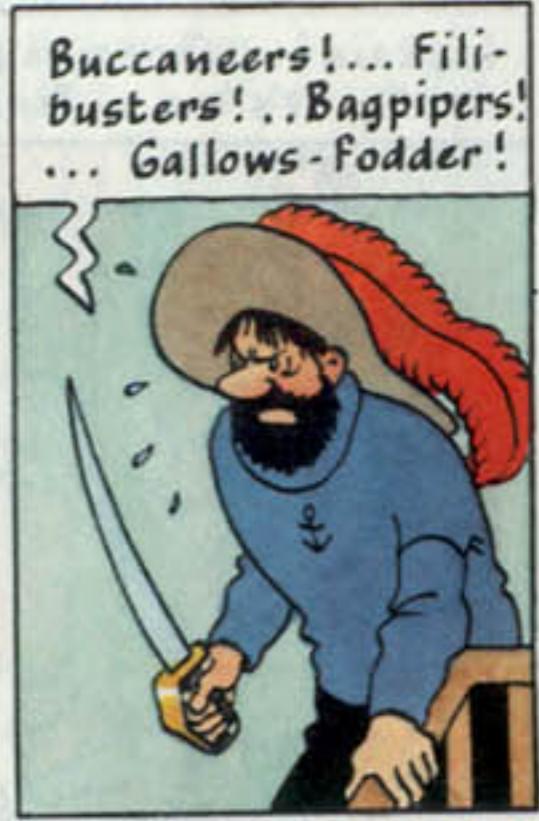


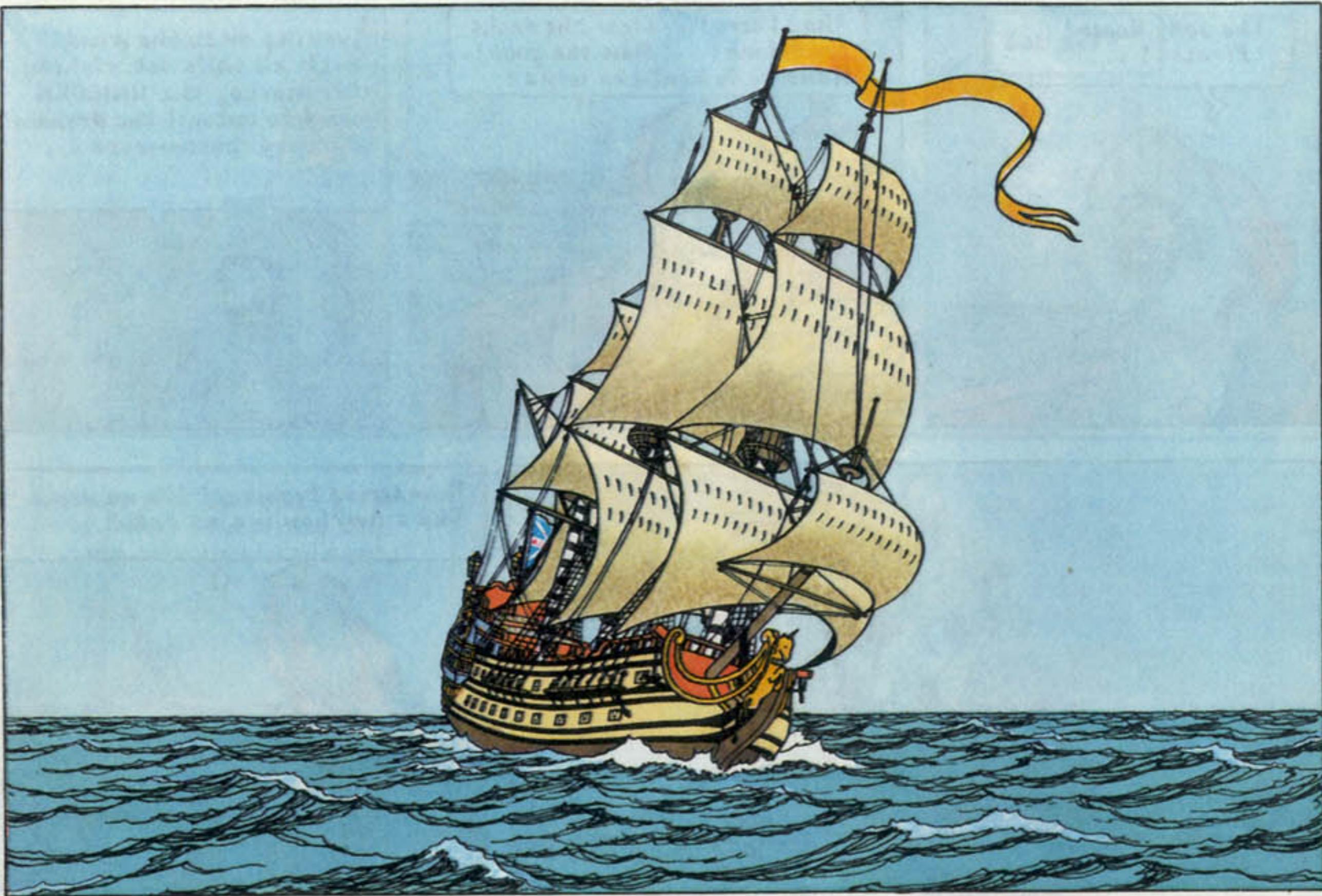
One... two...



CRASH



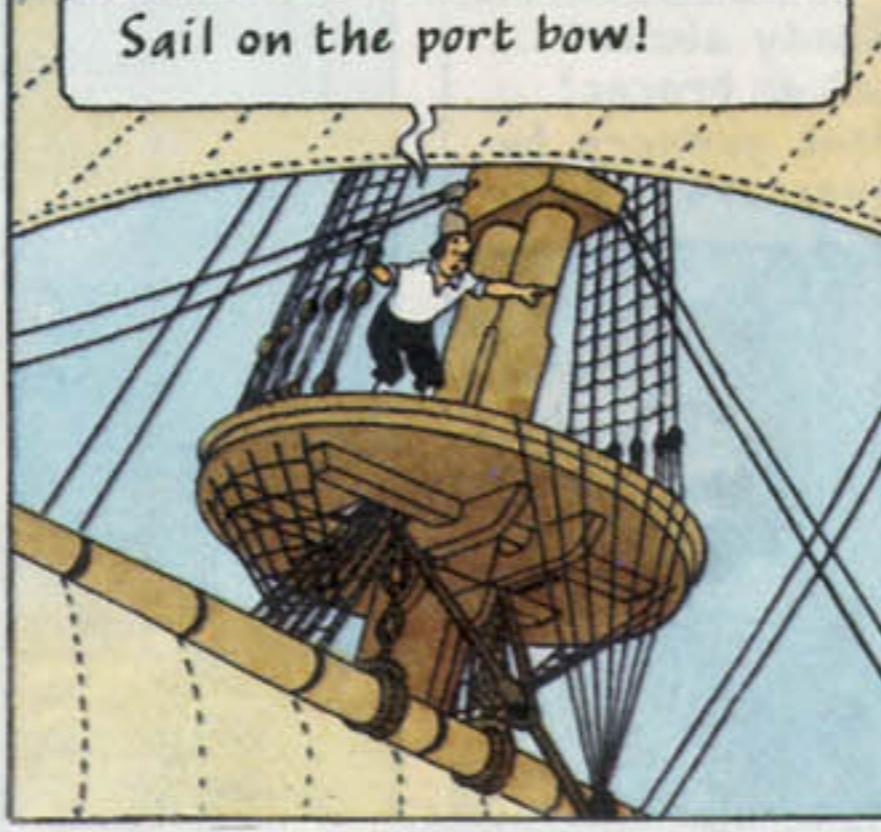




Two days at sea, a good stiff breeze, and the UNICORN is reaching on the starboard tack. Suddenly there's a hail aloft...



Sail on the port bow!



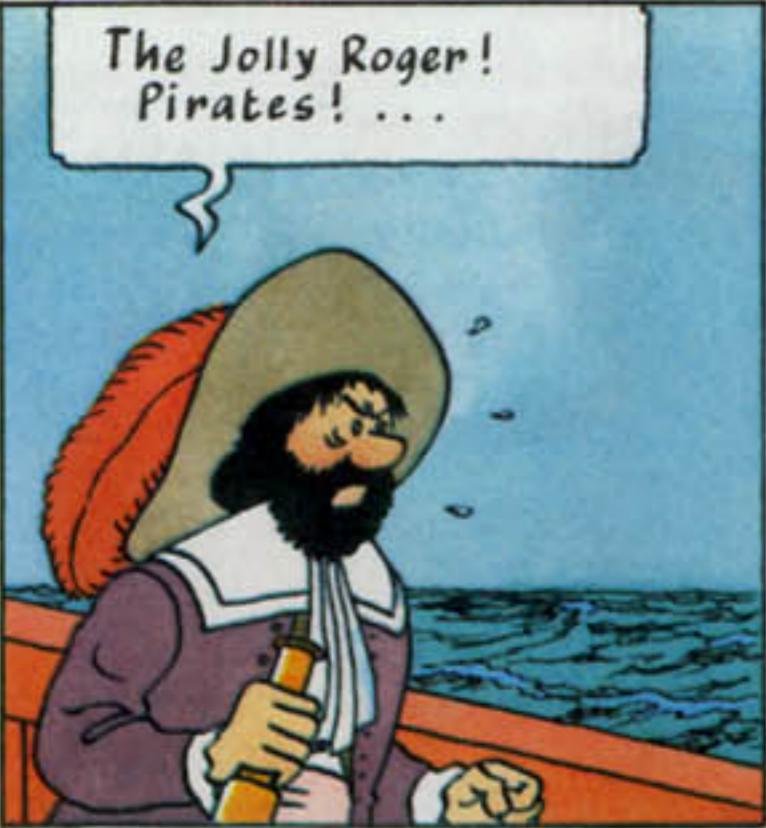
Thundering typhoons!... She's mighty close-hauled! Ration my rum if she's not going to cut across our bows!



And she's making a spanking pace! Oho! she's running up her colours.. Now we'll see...



The Jolly Roger!
Pirates! ...



Ahoy there! ... Clear the decks
for action! ... Man the poop! ...
Stand by to haul the wind!



Turning on to the wind
with all sails set, risking
her masts, the UNICORN
tries to outsail the dreaded
Barbary buccaneers ...



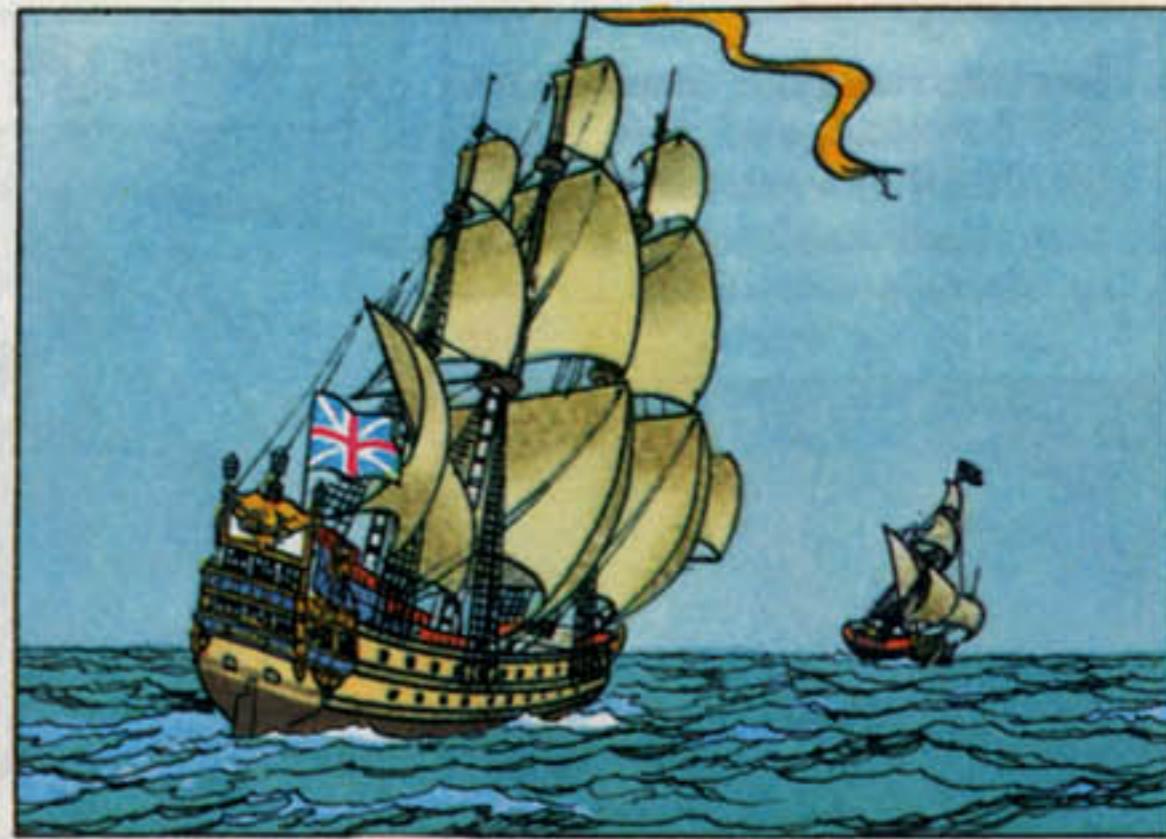
Thundering typhoons! It's no use...
She's overhauling us fast!



They must outwit the pirates.
The Captain makes a daring plan.
He'll wear ship, then pay off on the
port tack. As the UNICORN comes
abreast of the pirate he'll loose
off a broadside... No sooner
said than done! ...



Ready about! ...
Let go braces! ...
Beat gunners to
quarters!



The UNICORN has gybed completely
round. Taken by surprise, the
pirates have no time to alter
course. The royal ship bears down
upon them... Steady ...

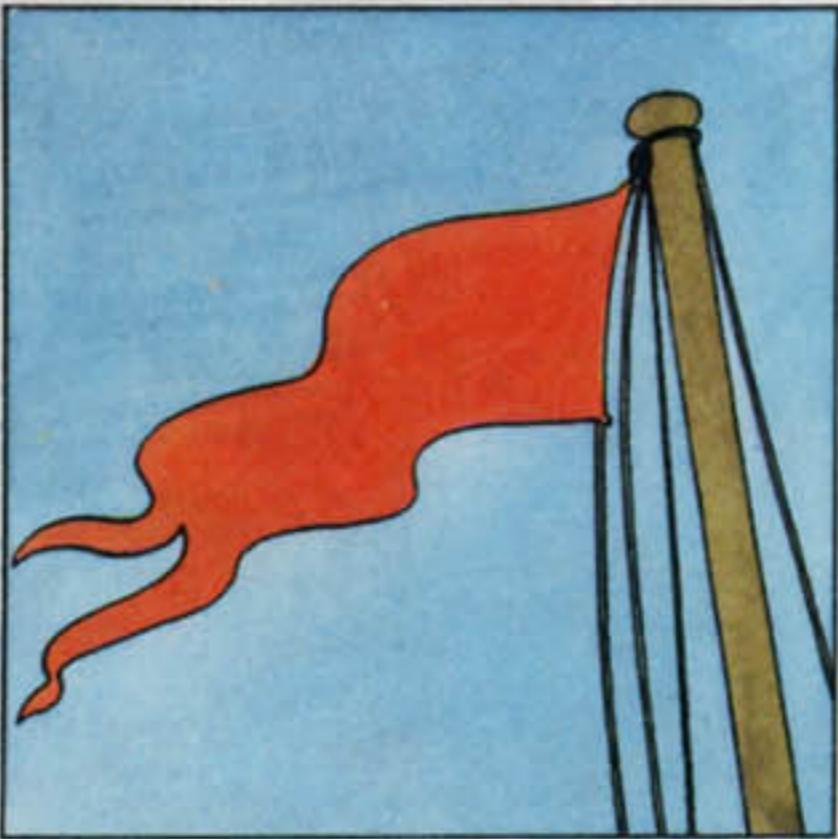


FIRE!

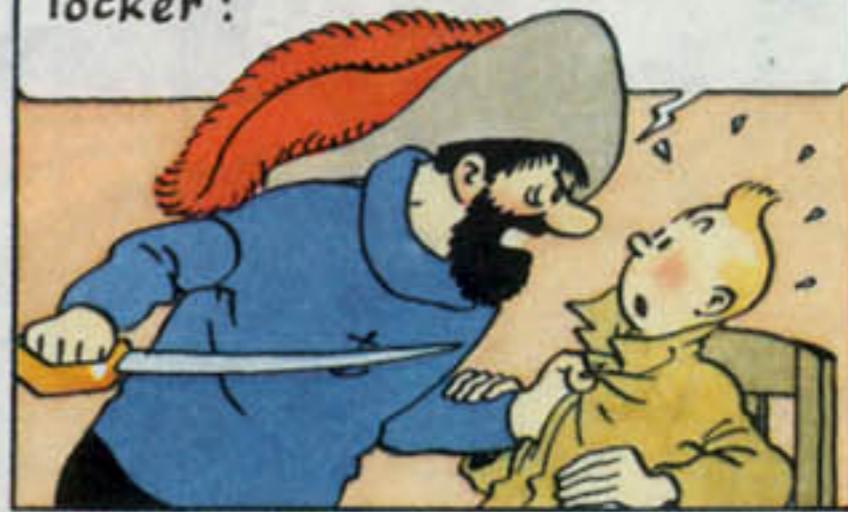




Got her, yes! But not a crippling blow. The pirate ship in turn goes about - and look! she's hoisted fresh colours to the mast-head!



The red pennant!... No quarter given!... A fight to the death, no prisoners taken! You understand? If we're beaten, then it's every man to Davy Jones's locker!



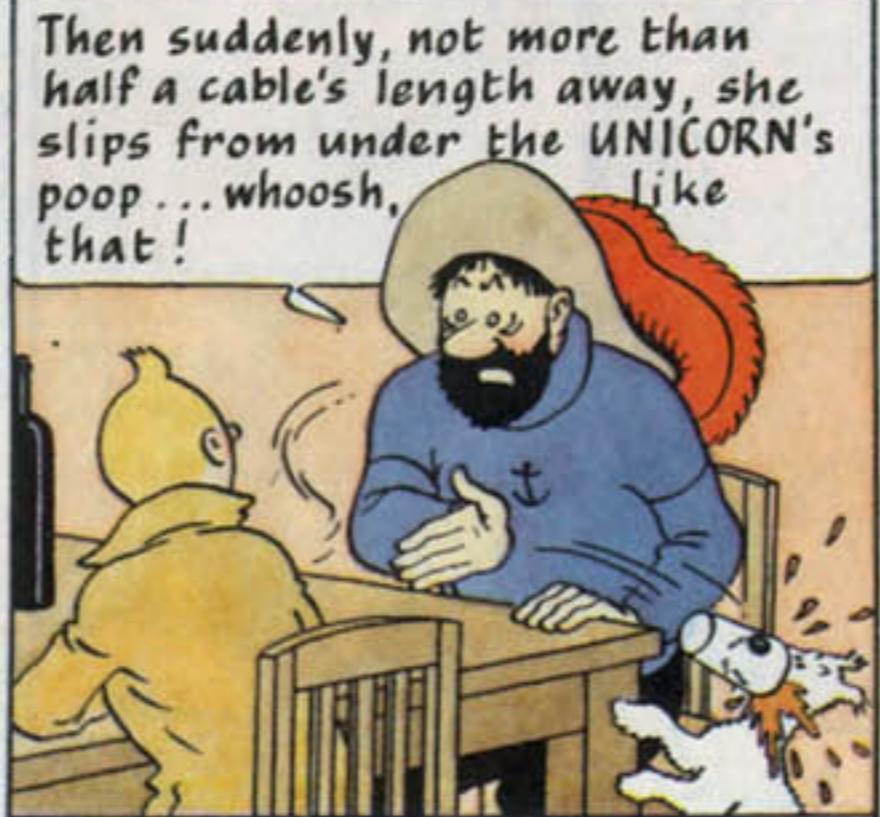
The pirates take up the chase - they draw closer... and closer... Throats are dry aboard the UNICORN.



Close hauled, the enemy falls in line astern with UNICORN, avoiding the fire of her guns... She draws closer...

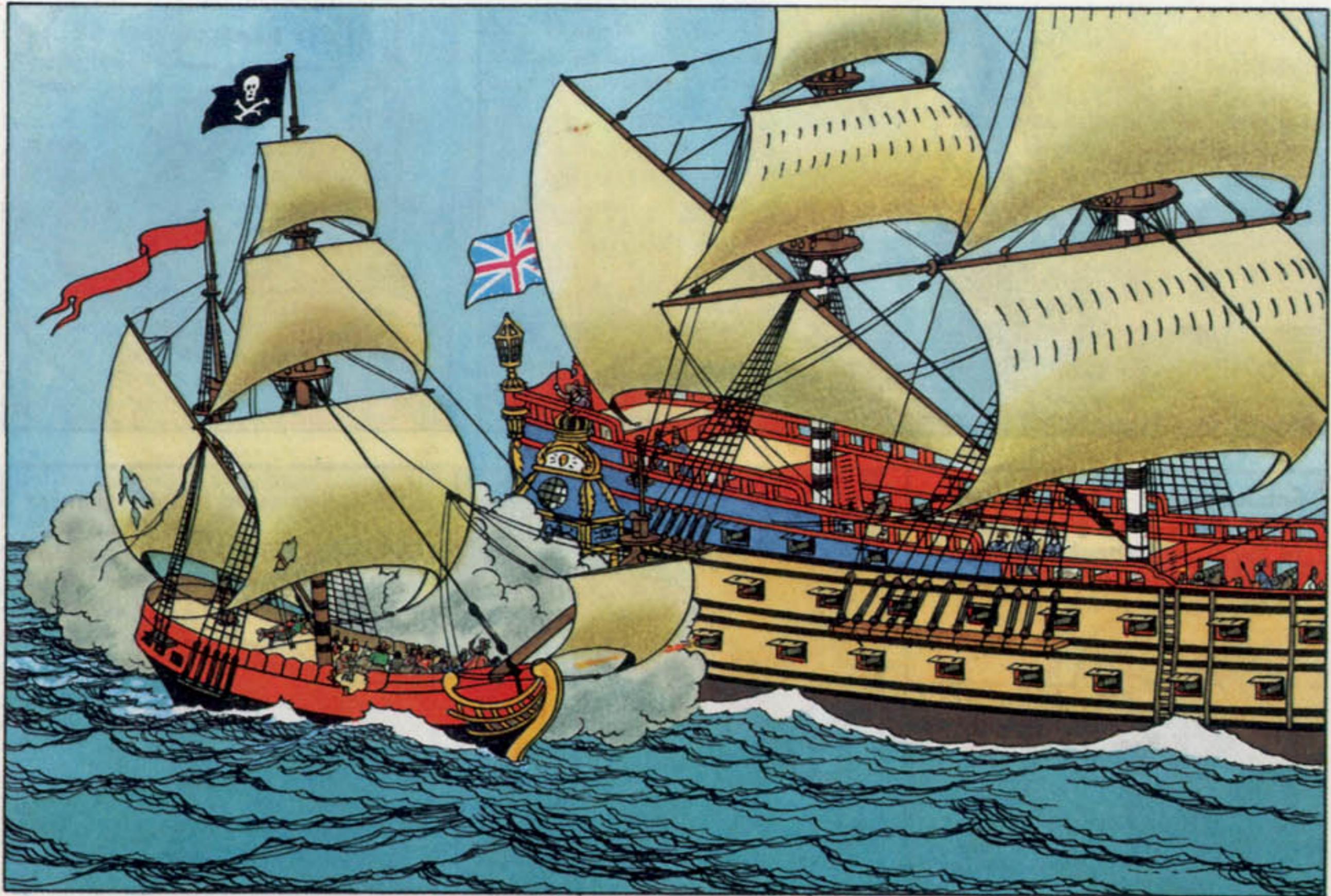


Then suddenly, not more than half a cable's length away, she slips from under the UNICORN's poop... whoosh, like that!

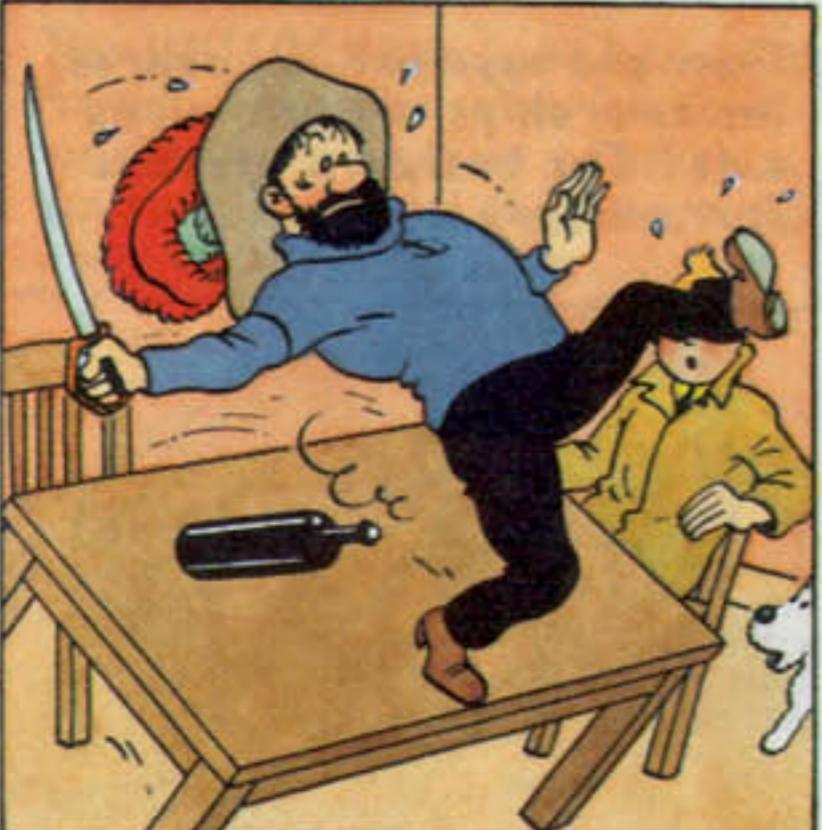
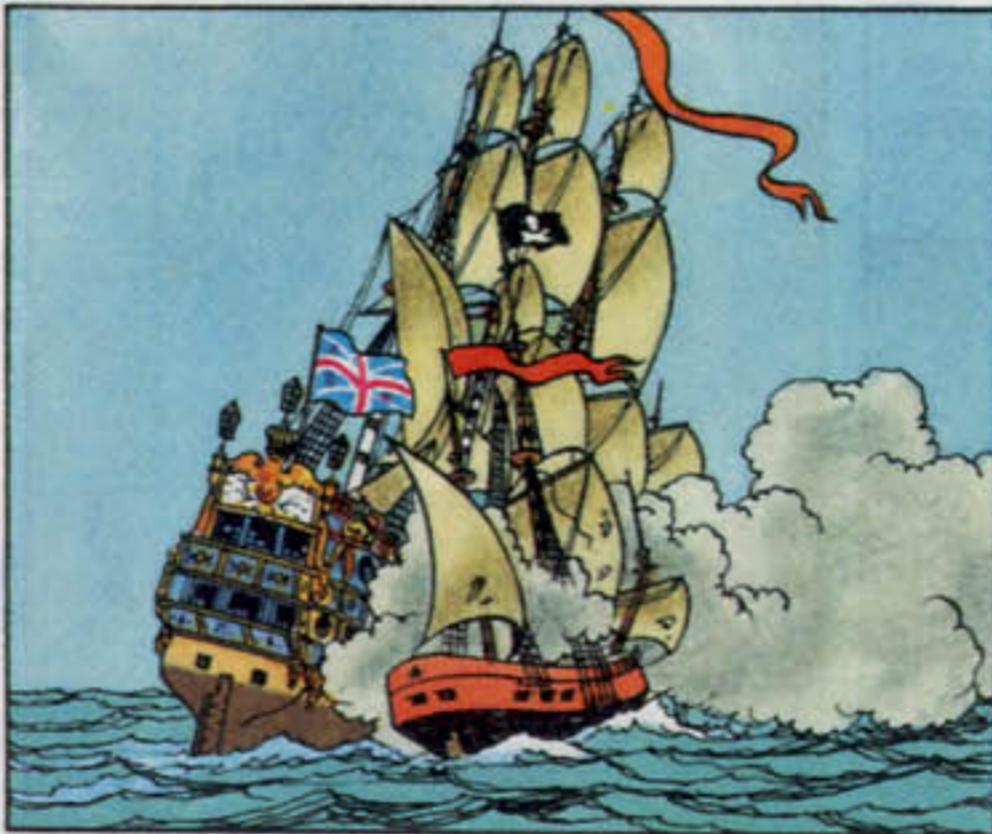


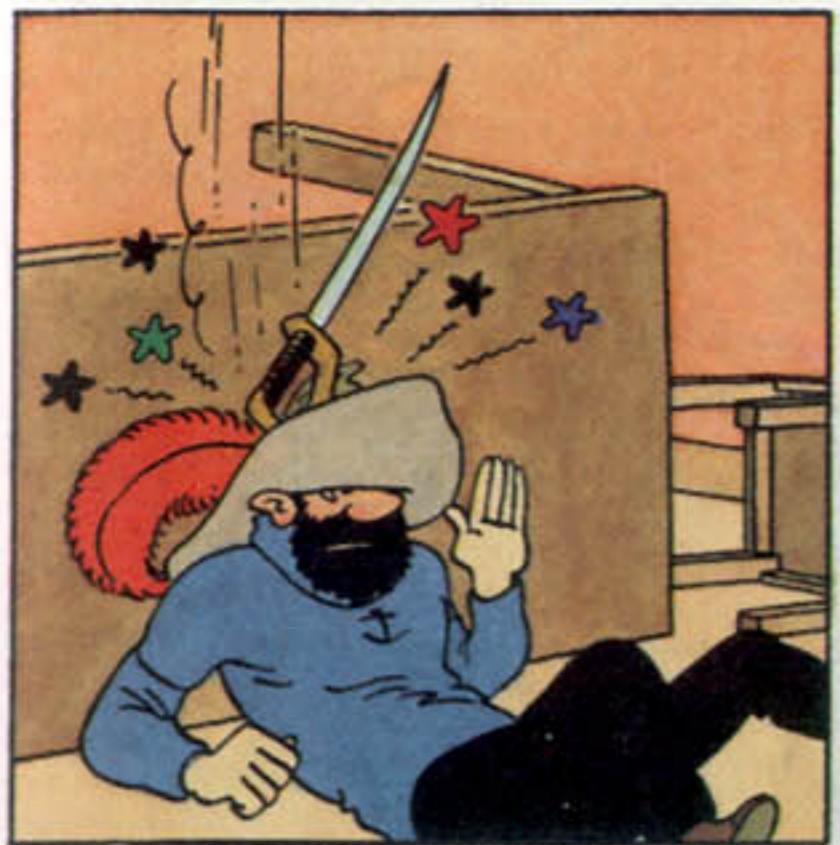
Then she resumes her course. The two ships are now alongside. The boarders prepare for action...





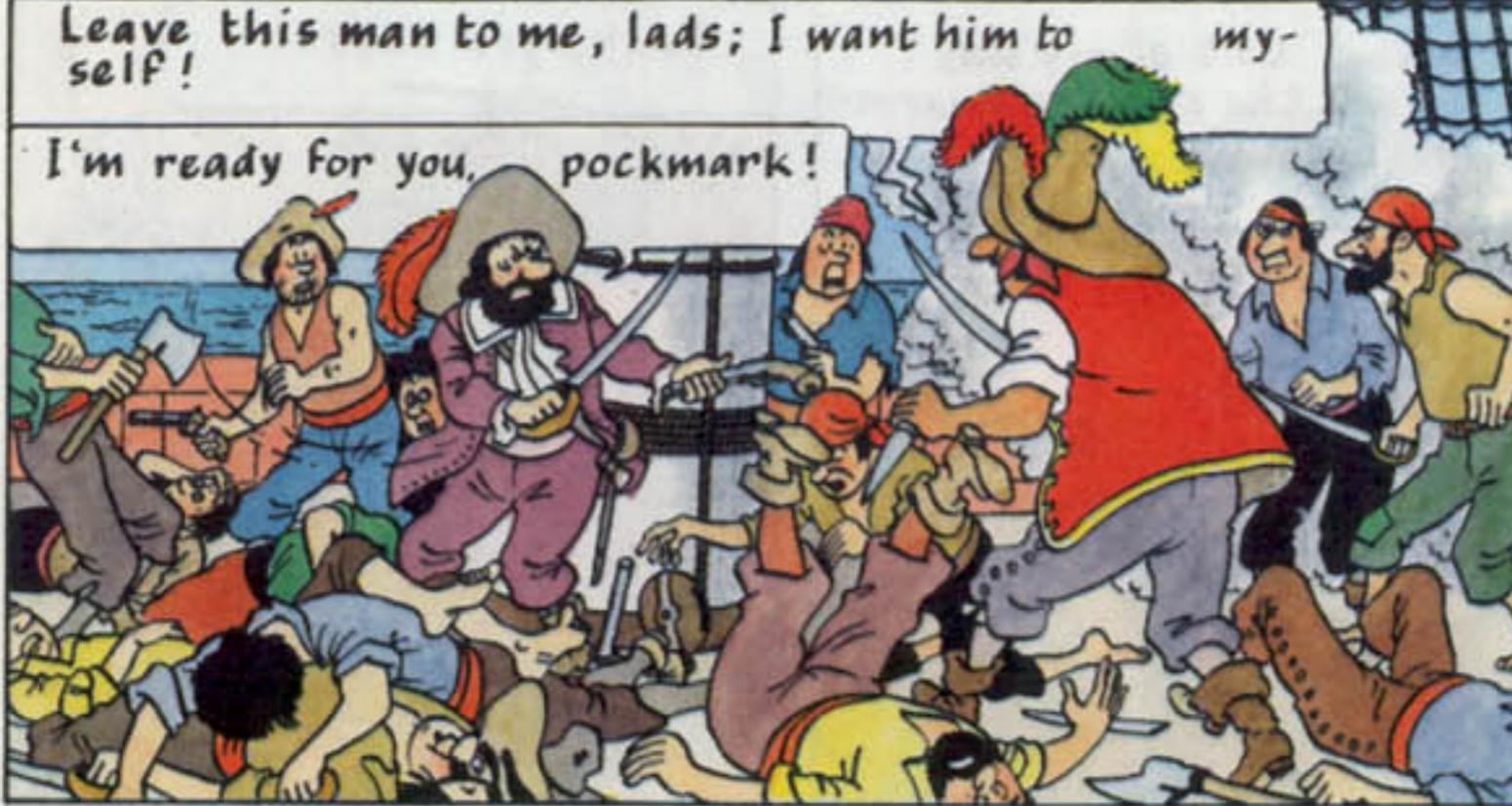
Here they come ! Grappling irons are hurled from the enemy ship. With hideous yells the pirates stream aboard the UNICORN.





Leave this man to me, lads; I want him to my-
self!

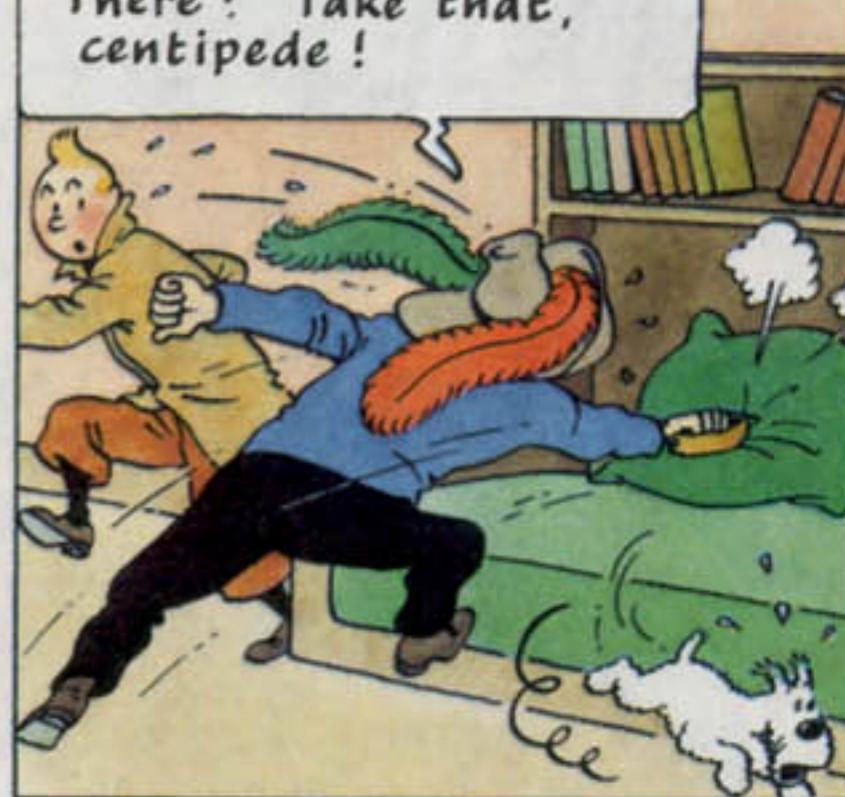
I'm ready for you, pockmark!



You'd like to kill me, eh gherkin?
Scoffing braggart!

Saucy tramp! So, you'd
kill me, would you? . . .

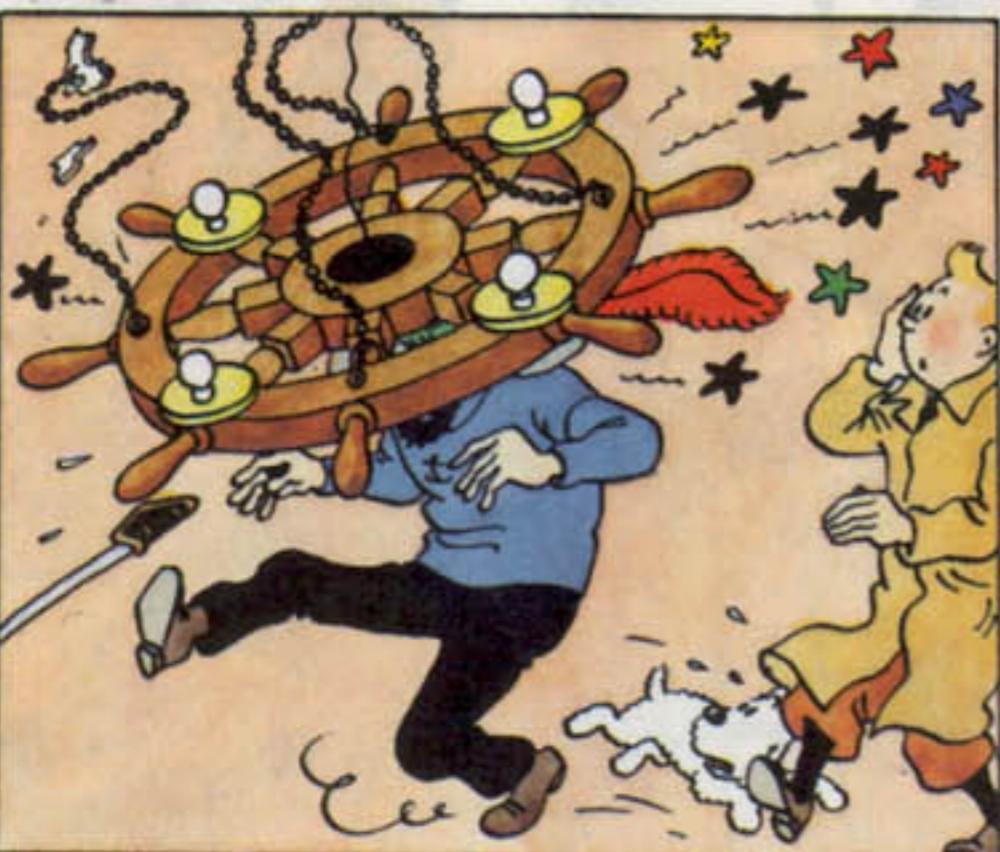
There! Take that,
centipede!



Oh, so you'd attack me
From the rear, would
you, cowards? . . .



Then look out for squalls!



Well, that's more or less what
happened to my ancestor. As
he hurled himself on the
pirates, a heavy block drop
on his head, and he fell to the
deck, stunned.



The pirates were masters
of the ship. They had
hoisted the red pennant
- and they gave no
quarter. Every man
jack walked the
plank...



Sir Francis?... When he came round he found himself securely lashed to his own mast. He suffered terribly...

From that blow on the head, of course...



No, from thirst!...



Poor man, how he suffered.



He looked about him. The deck was scrubbed, and no trace remained of the fearful combat that had taken place there. The pirates passed to and fro, each with a different load ...



What's happening? Instead of pillaging our ship and making off with the booty, they're doing just the opposite.



But there's a man approaching. He wears a crimson cloak, embroidered with a skull: he's the pirate chief! He comes near - his breath reeks of rum - and he says:



Regard me
ham!

well, dog: I am Red Rack-

Your servant, sir. And I am Sir Francis Haddock.



Doesn't my name freeze your blood, eh? Right. Listen to me. You have killed Diego the Dreadful, my trusty mate. More than half my crew are dead or wounded. My ship is foundering, damaged by your first attack, then holed below the waterline as we boarded you...



...when some of your dastardly gunners fired at point blank range. She's sinking... so my men are transferring to this ship the booty we captured from a Spaniard three days ago.



And what booty!



Look at these diamonds!



These are worth more than six times a king's ransom ...

Did you come here just to tell me that?

No, that's not why I came. I came to tell you that those who annoy me pay dearly for their folly! Tomorrow morning I shall hand you over to my crew. And that flock of lambs know just how to administer a linter a lin-death!

So saying, he laughed sardonically, picked up his glass and drained it at a gulp, like this...

That's enough, Captain! Go on with your story ...

Very well. Towards nightfall, the UNICORN with her pirate crew sighted a small island. Soon she dropped anchor in a sheltered cove ...



Darkness fell; the pirates found the UNICORN's cargo of rum, broached the casks, and made themselves abominably drunk ...



Abominably! ... Yes abominably... that's the word ...



Hey, what's the idea? ... I only wanted to show you ...

You don't have to, I quite understand.



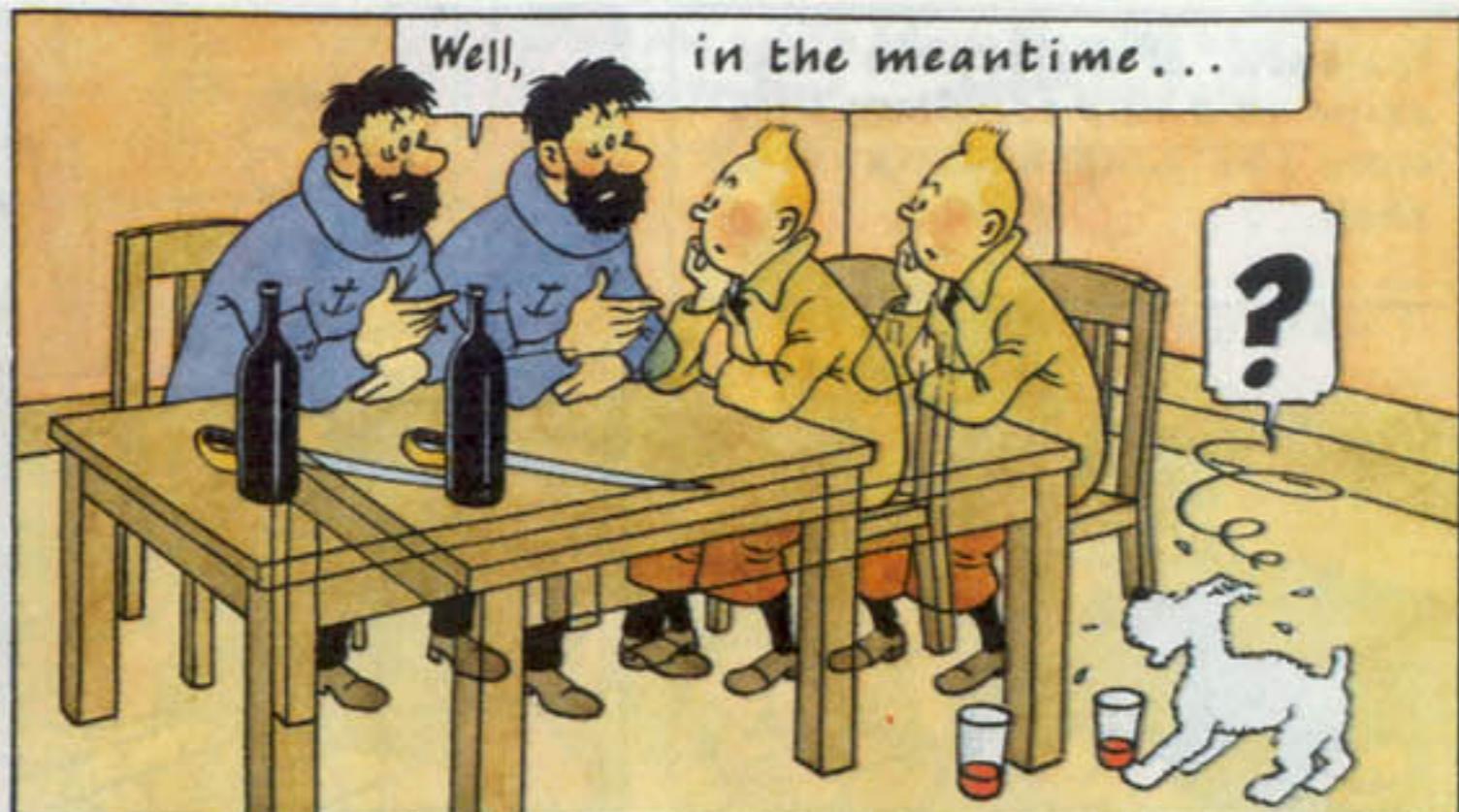
Just as you like, Tintin ... Now where was I?

The pirates were abominably drunk ...



AAAAAA-
AAAAAH!





In the meantime Sir Francis struggled desperately to free himself...



Just you wait, my lambs! Ration my rum if Sir Francis Haddock doesn't soon give you something to remember him by...



Done it! That's one hand free!



Free! Now I'm free!



On your guard, Red Rackham: here I come!



And with these words he hurled himself...

On the pirates?...
Like that?...
Unarmed?...



No, on a bottle of rum, rolling on the deck!... He opened it, put it to his lips, and ...



And then he stops. "This is no time for drinking," he says, "I need all my wits about me!" With that, he puts down the bottle...



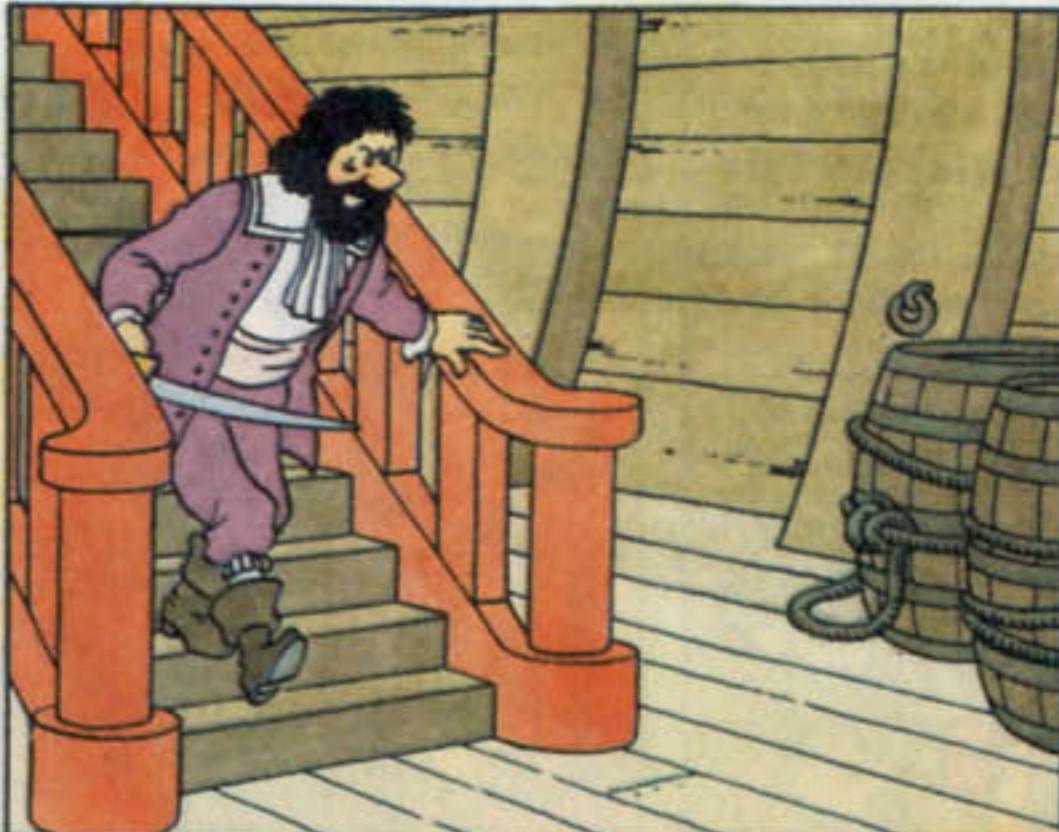
Yes, he puts down the bottle... and seizes a cutlass. Then, looking towards the fo'c'sle where the drunken roistering still goes on...



You sing and carouse, little lambs!... I'm off to the magazine!



You know, of course, the magazine in a ship is where they store the gunpowder and shot...



Now I must make haste!
There's just time for me
to leave the ship before
she goes up!



So, I've caught you!



So, dog,
high!..
have
I'll
be -



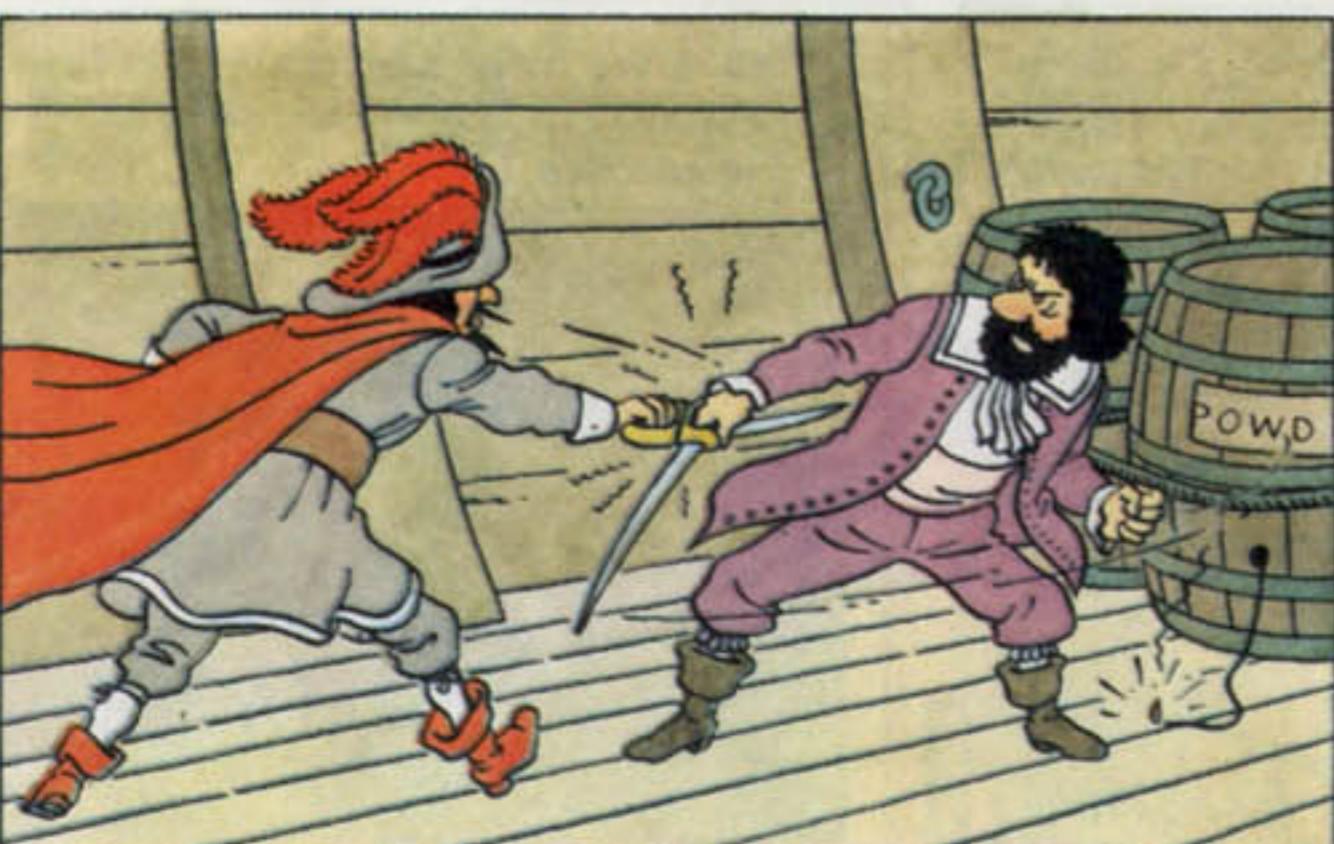
By Lucifer! I'll shave your beard, porcupine!

And I'll pluck those feathers, squawking
popinjay! Fancy-dress freebooter! fresh
water pirate! Pithecanthropus!



Retreat as you may,
you cannot escape
me!

I'll run you through,
prattling porpoise!



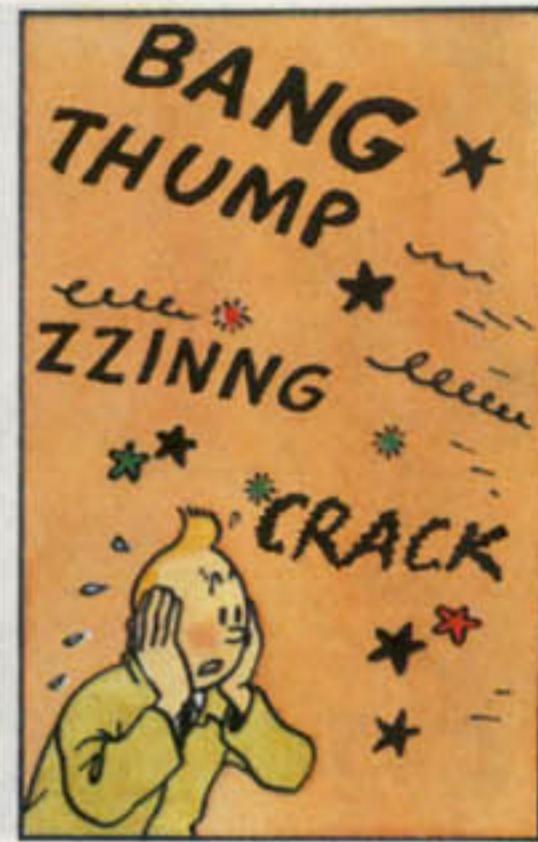
And as he fought, Sir Francis kept thinking of that fuse, about to touch off the powder at any moment ...

Suddenly, nimbly parrying a thrust, he leapt to one side ...

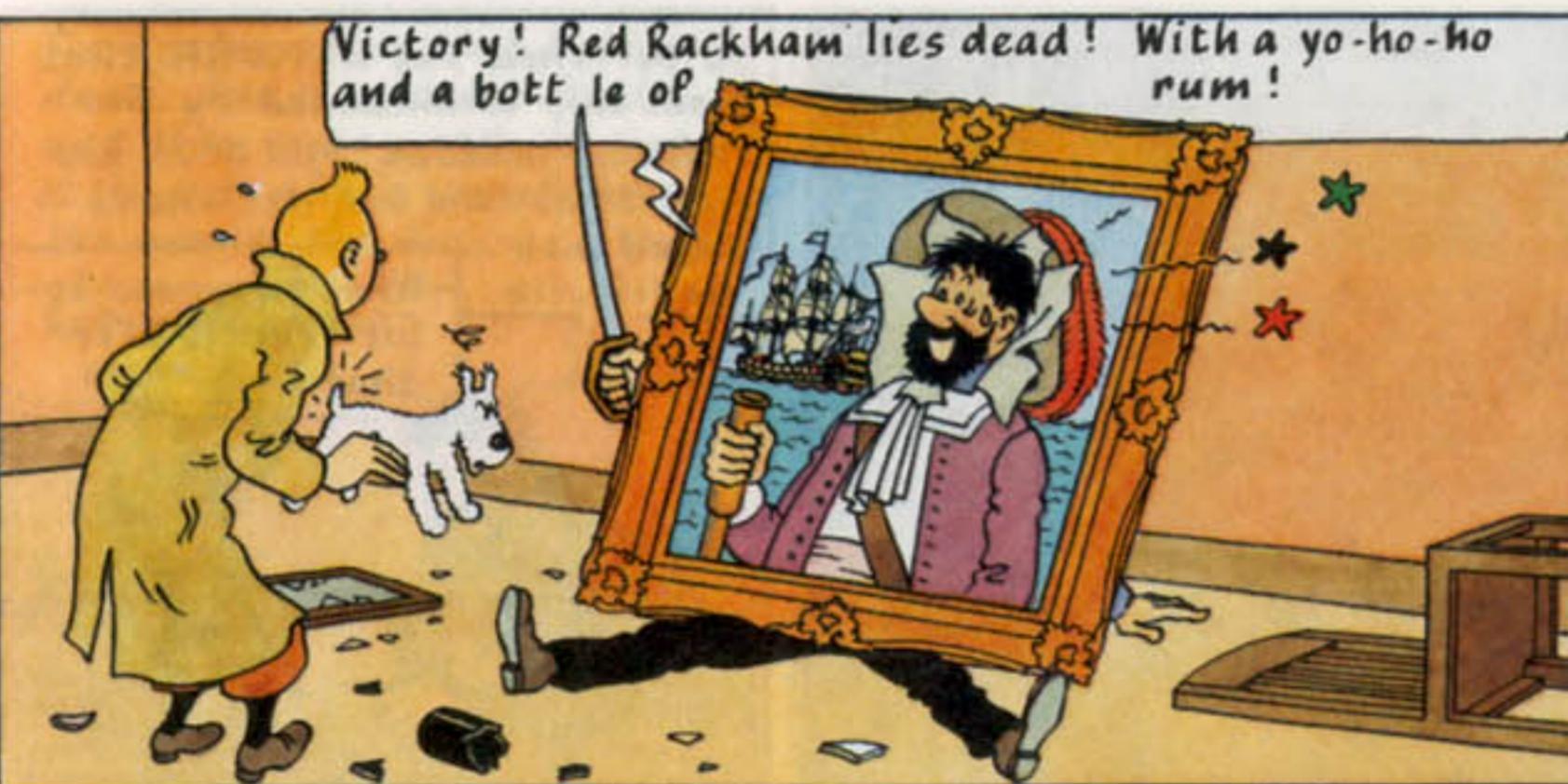
With one swift blow from his heel he extinguished the fuse!



Now, Red Rackham, my temper's rising!



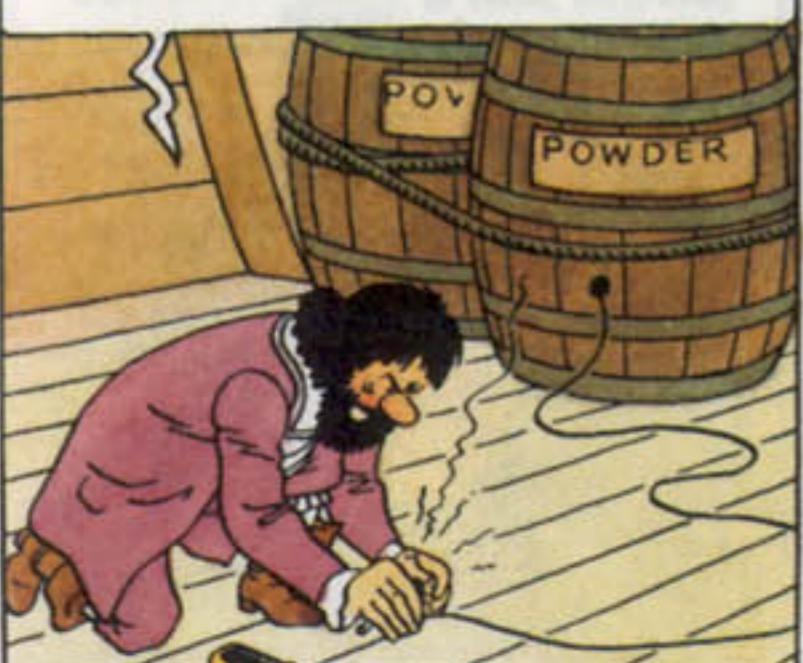
Victory! Red Rackham lies dead! With a yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!



That's that! May heaven forgive your wicked soul!



Enough delay! Now to light another fuse ...

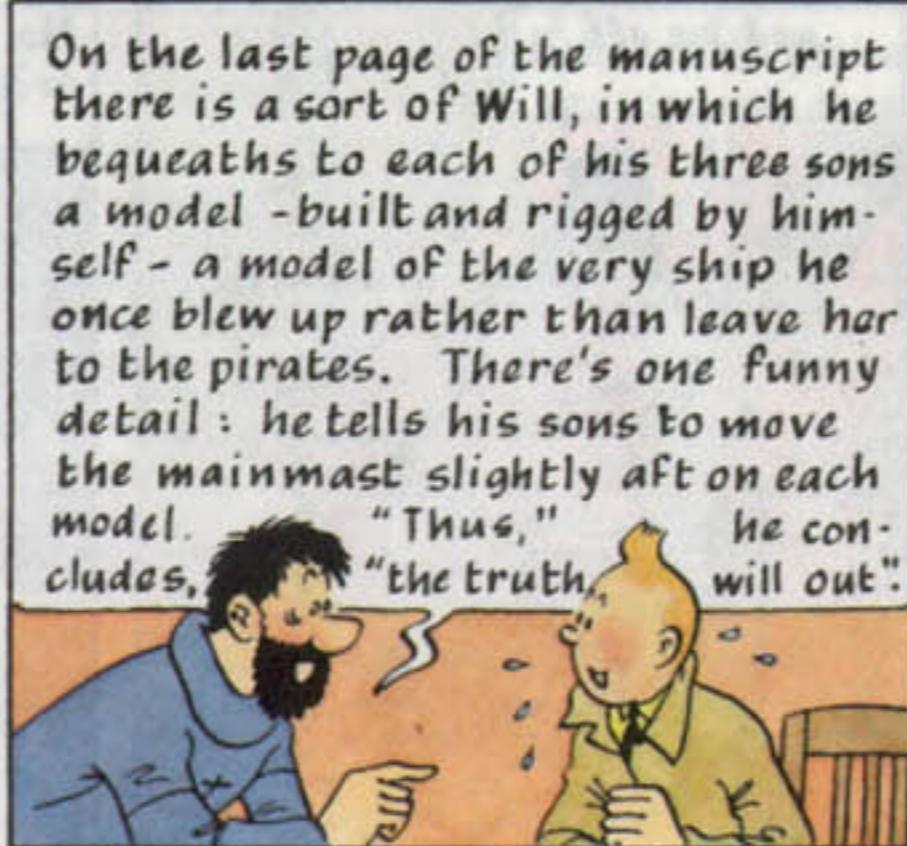
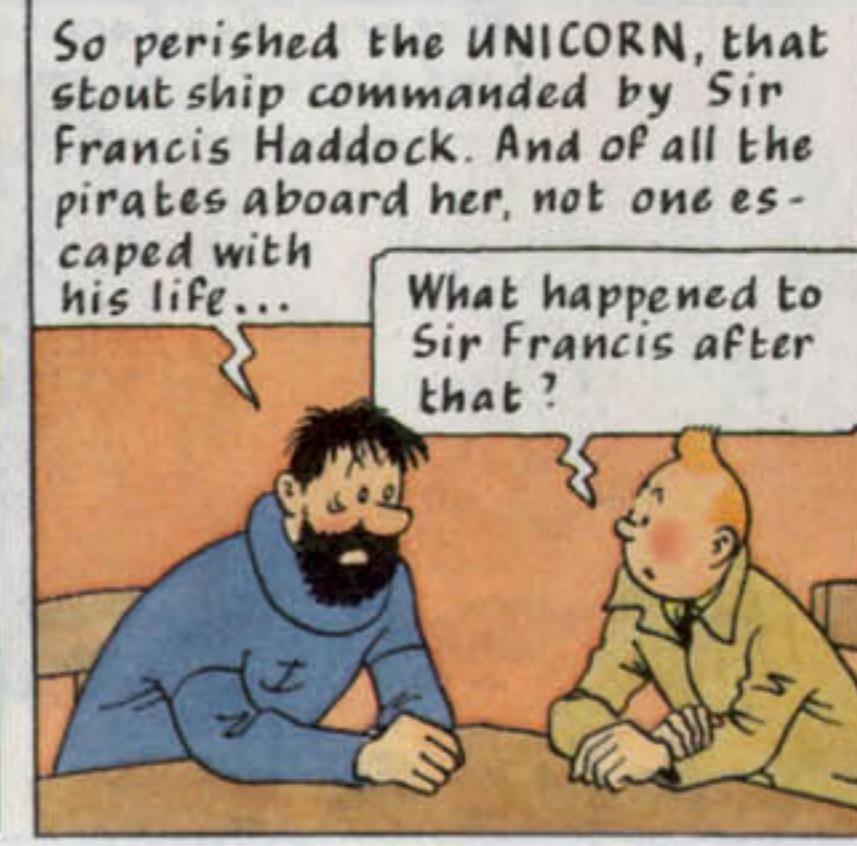
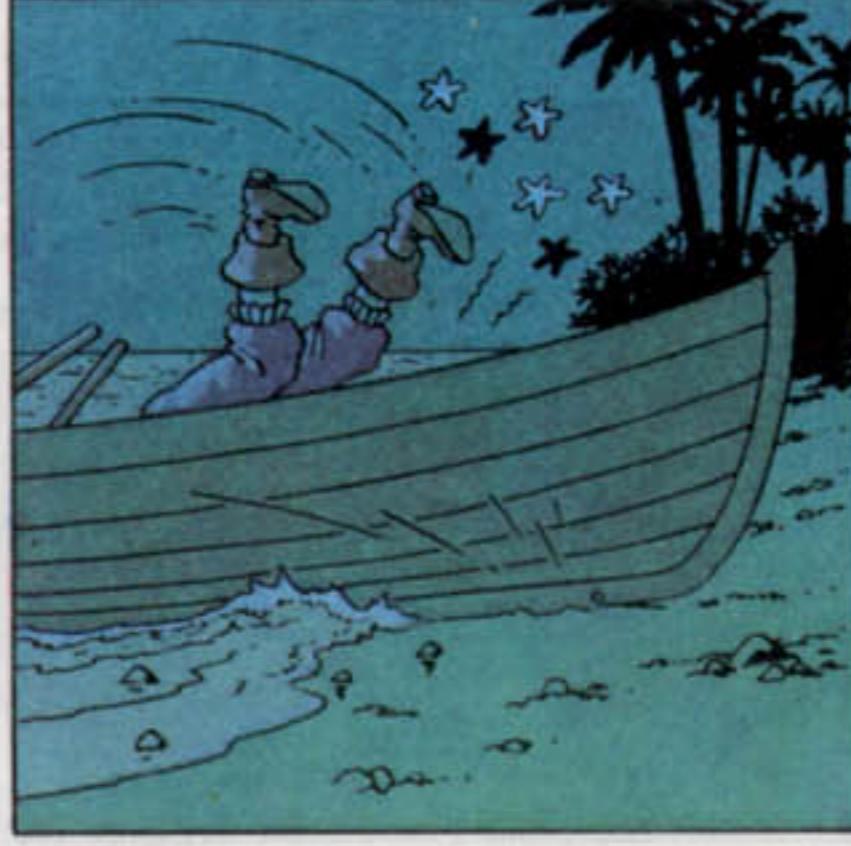
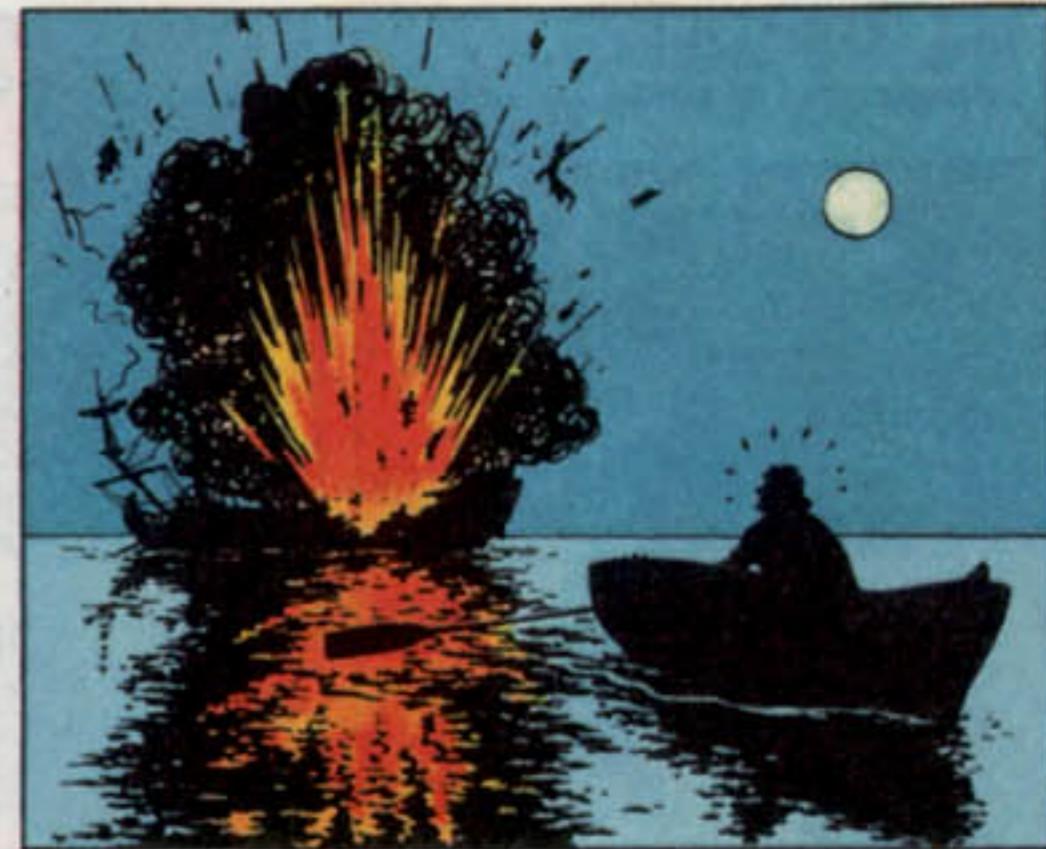
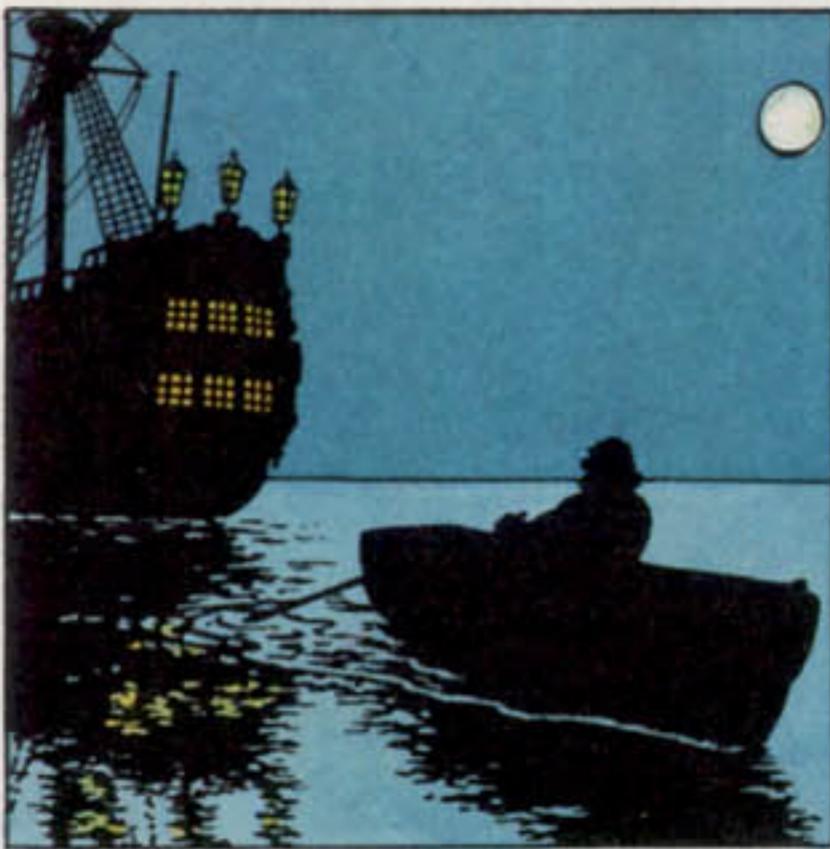
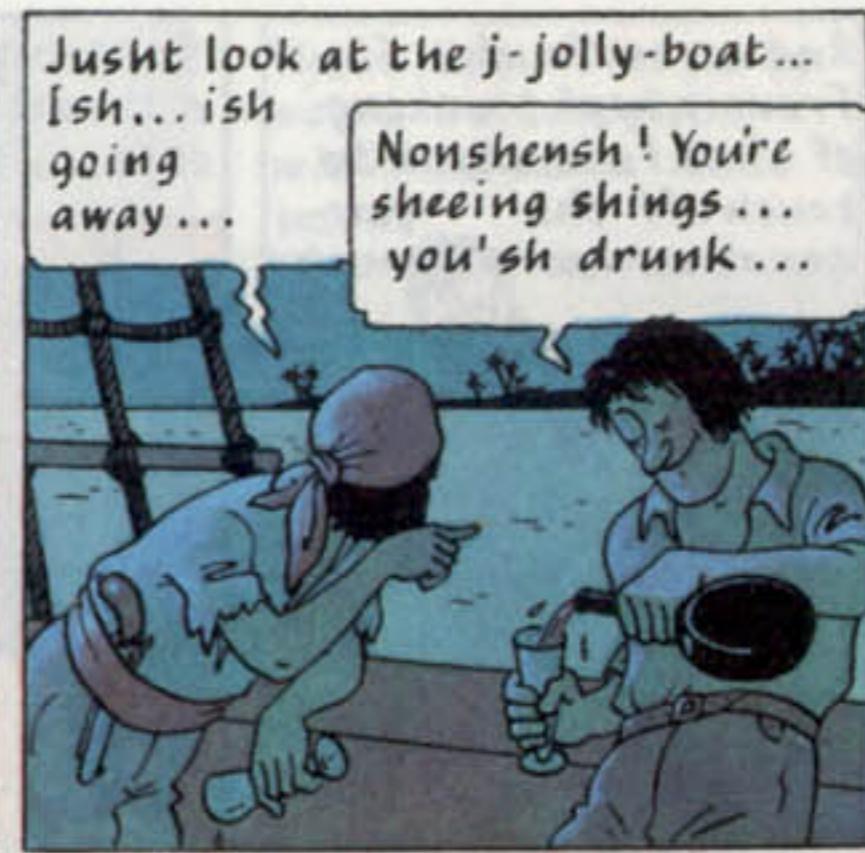


...and be off!...



No one has seen me: they're still drinking. Quick, into the jolly-boat ...





What do you mean ?

Why do you suppose Sir Francis told his sons to move the mainmast on each of the three ships?



How should I know? He must have been a very particular man, and wanted the ships to be perfect!

In that case, he would have moved the masts himself. Why did he tell his sons to do it?



Because if his sons had obeyed him, they would have found a tiny scroll of parchment inside each mast!



What's that? How do you know?

Because I myself found the parchment hidden in the ship I bought in the Old Street Market. Here it is...



My wallet! ... Someone's stolen my wallet...



Stolen it? You've probably left it at home.

No, it's been stolen. It was taken in the bus, on my way here. I remember being jostled...



What was on the parchment?

Wait... er... yes: Three brothers joyned - that's the three sons. Three Unicorns in company sailing in the noon-day Sunne will speak - that means we must get the three ships to deliver their secret: the three parchments. The rest isn't so easy...



For 'tis from light that light will dawn. And then shines forth... and then some numbers, and at the end, a little cross follows the words the Eagle's... that's all.

But what can it mean?

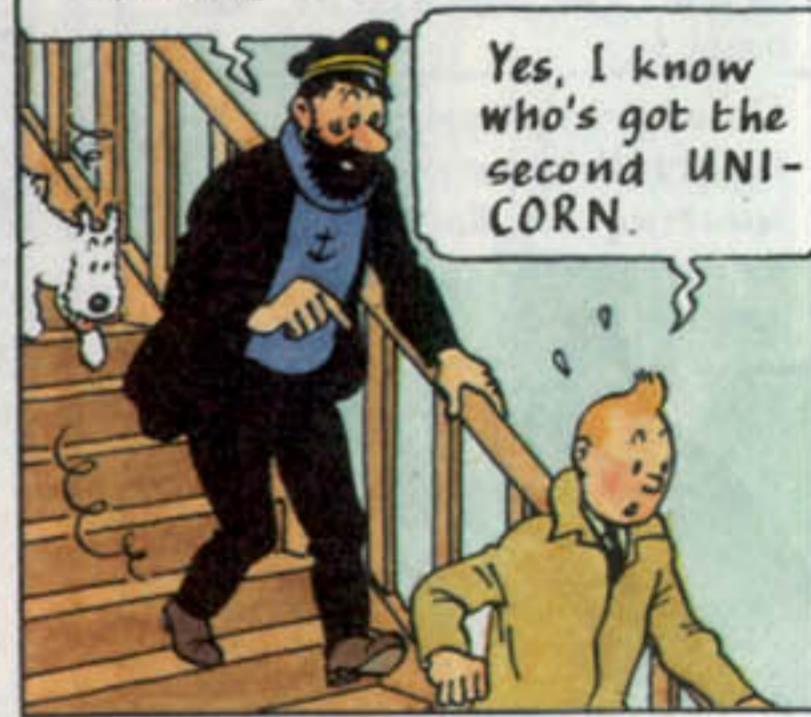


I don't know yet, but I'm sure that if we can collect the three scrolls together, then we shall find Red Rackham's diamonds. I already know where the second one is. Come on, Captain!



You know where the second scroll is?

Yes, I know who's got the second UNICORN.



The second UNICORN built by my ancestor?

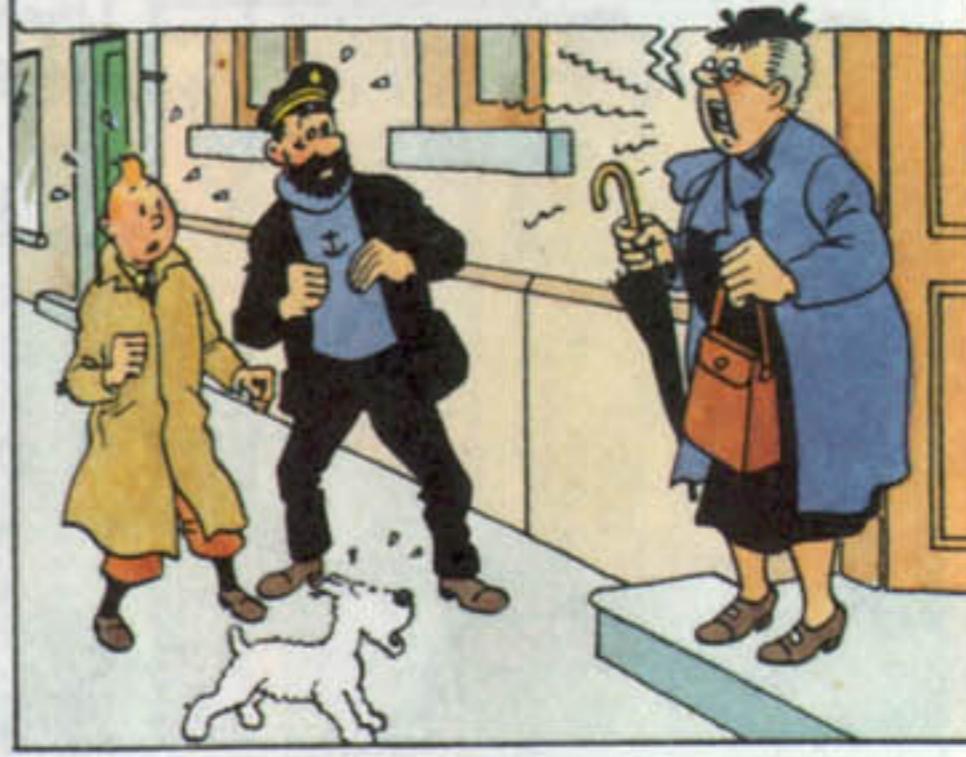
Yes, it belongs to a certain Mr. Sak-harina.

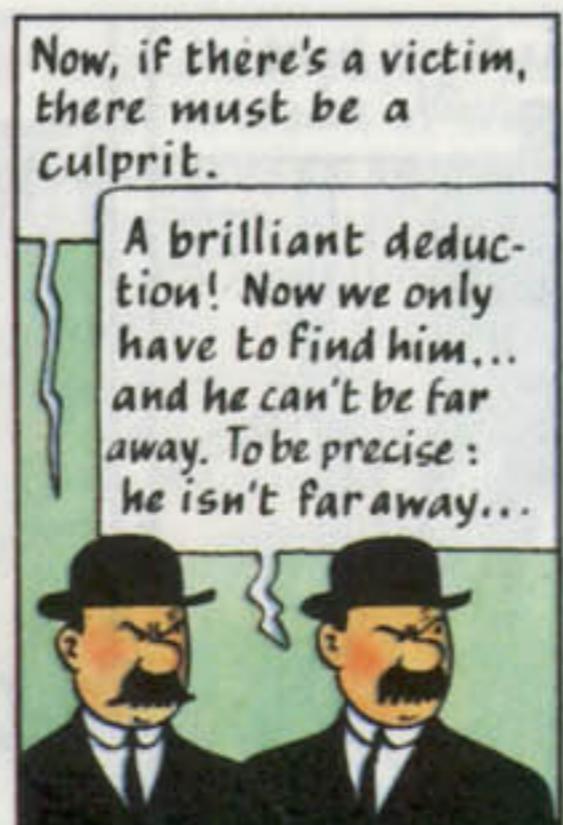
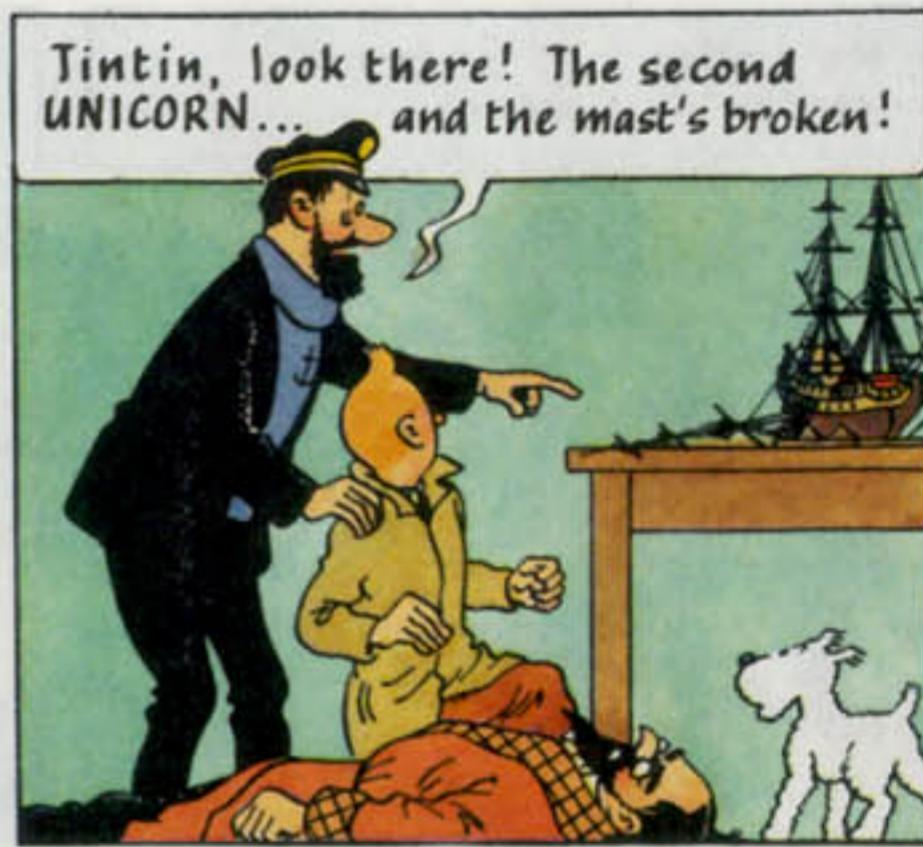


This is it: he lives here, at Number 21.



HELP!.. HELP!.. HELP!...





Me, the culprit? You dare accuse me? ... Miserable earth-worms!... Sea-gherkins!

Slave-traders!... Sea-lice!... Black-beetles!... Baboons!

Artichokes!... Vermicellis!... Phylloxera!... Pyrographers!

Crab-apples!... Goosecaps!... Goggliers!... Jelly-fish!

Captain! Captain!
Calm yourself!

Yes, please calm yourself, Captain.
We only said that by way of an experiment...

What sort of experiment?

You see, if you really had been guilty, you'd have been upset. As it is, we are now quite convinced of your innocence.

Now, to work! We must look for fingerprints.

Goodness gracious!... The corpse has gone!

Look!... Your corpse is coming round!

What happened to you, Mr Sakharine?

A man came here last night, to offer me some fine old engravings. As I bent over to look at them I felt a pad clamped over my nose...

No doubt it was chloroform, for I became unconscious...

Very odd... To be precise... Can you smell something burning?



Your magnifying-glass! Ha!ha!
ha!... your magnifying-glass...
and the sun!... Ha! ha! ha!..



Stop laughing in that
stupid way! Try to
concentrate on the
case.



Can you describe the man
who came to offer you
those engravings?

Wait... I seem to
have seen him before
... but I can't
tell where...



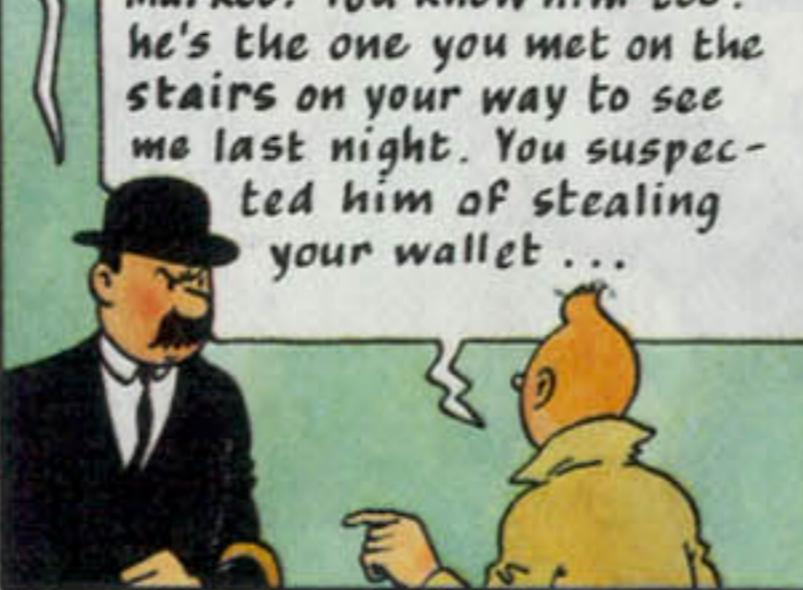
He was rather fat. Black hair,
and a little black moustache. He
wore a blue suit, and a brown
hat.

That's him!... That's the
man in the Old
Street Market!



What man in the Old Street Market?

A man who tried to buy the
ship I found in the Old Street
Market. You know him too:
he's the one you met on the
stairs on your way to see
me last night. You suspec-
ted him of stealing
your wallet ...



By the way, do you know mine
has been stolen too?...

No! It's extraordinary how
many people let their wallets
be stolen! It's so easy not
to... Here, you try and
take mine...

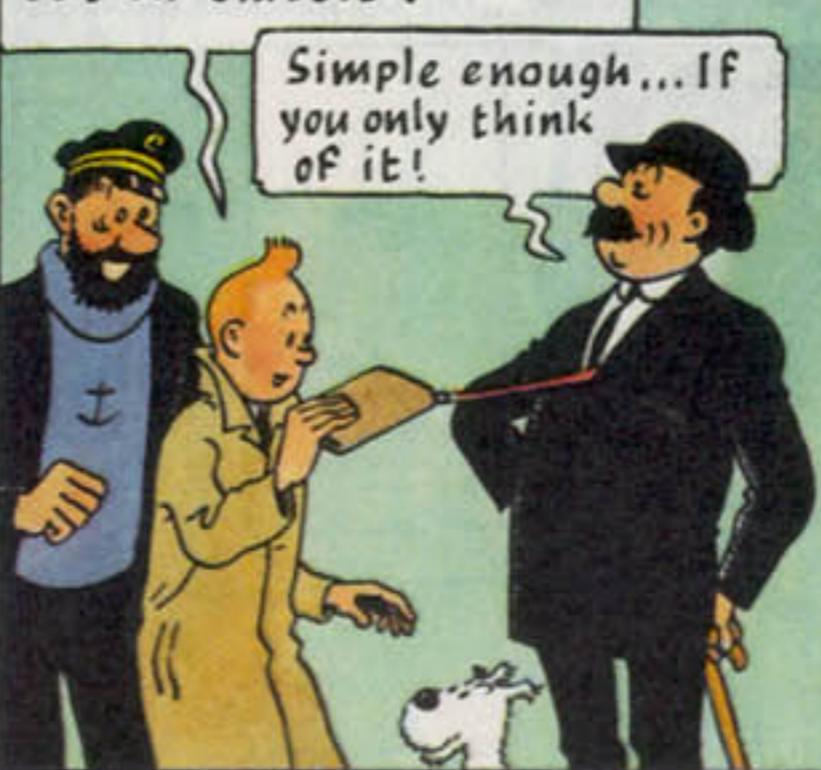


Go on, try !...



It's on elastic!

Simple enough... If
you only think
of it!



Childishly simple, in fact. But
now we must leave you to your
investigations. Goodbye ...

Goodbye.

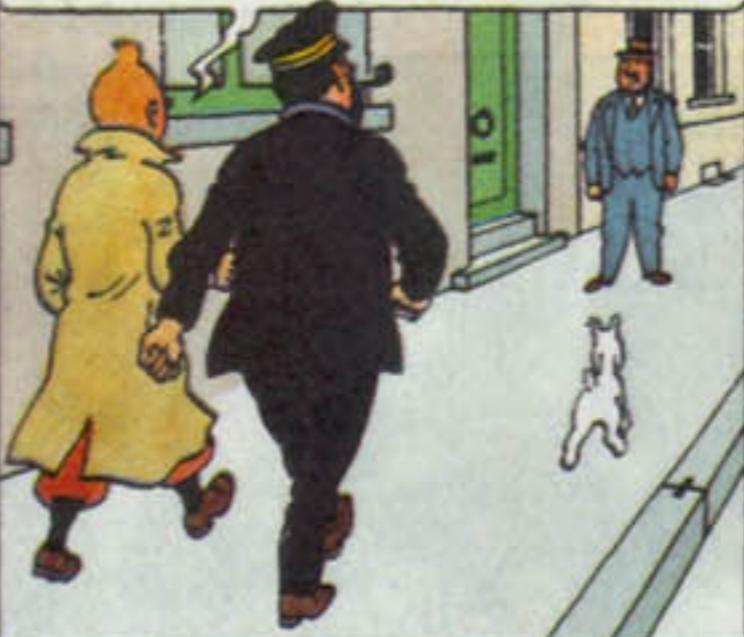


If things go on like this, Red
Rackham's treasure will disappear
from under
our noses...

Yes, I'm afraid
so...



Look, someone seems to be
waiting for us outside my
door...



The man from the
Old Street Market!

Mr. Tintin?...



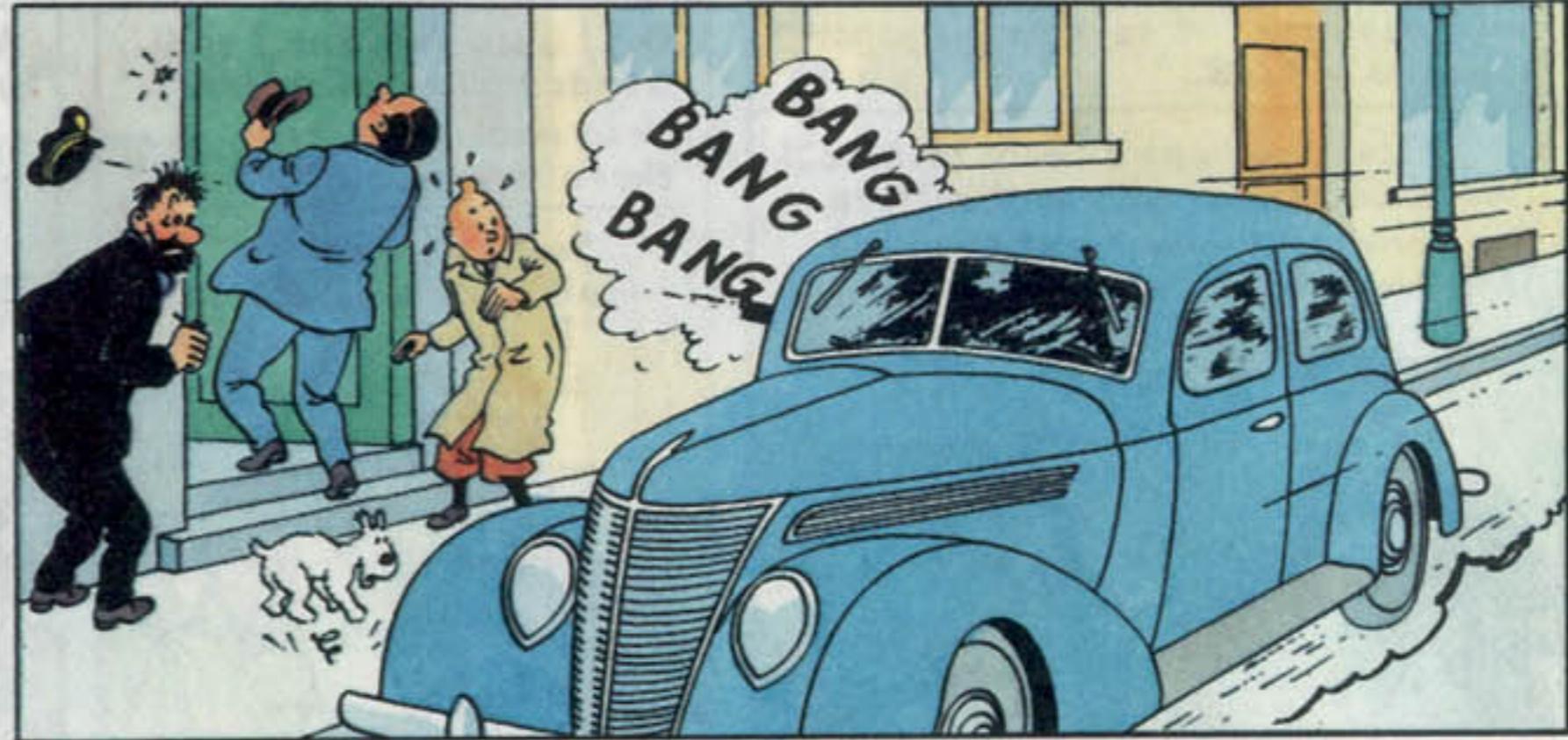
Yes, What can I do for you ?

I'd like a word with you, please Mr. Tintin. But not here, if you don't mind. It would be quieter in your flat...

All right. We'll go up...



In you go...



Bandits! Crooks! Gangsters!

Captain! Captain! Help me!

Take care!... They... they will kill you... too...

Who?



Who?... Who are they?... Tell us...

There...

Sparrows?... What do you mean?... Crumbs, he's fainted!...



Next morning...

SHOOTING DRAMA

A N unknown man was shot dead in Labrador Road just before midday yesterday. As he was about to enter No. 26, three shots were fired from a passing car which had slowed down opposite him. The victim was struck by all three bullets in the region of the heart. He died without regaining consciousness.

Poor devil. No one will ever know what he meant when he pointed to those sparrows.



Hello, Captain! Come in... I'm just telephoning the hospital for news of the wounded man...



Hello?... Is that the House-Surgeon? This is Tintin... Good-morning, Doctor. How's our injured man? Just the same? Still unconscious?... Is there any hope? A little... yes... Thank you. Goodbye.



But look here: it says in the paper that he's dead.

Yes, the papers were told he'd died. The crooks will believe he didn't give them away, so they won't be on their guard, and they'll get caught one day.



Ah, I see now. But I still wonder what that poor chap meant, pointing at those sparrows...



Another day watching for pickpockets all over the place. I'll be glad to get back home.



Here comes our bus at last!



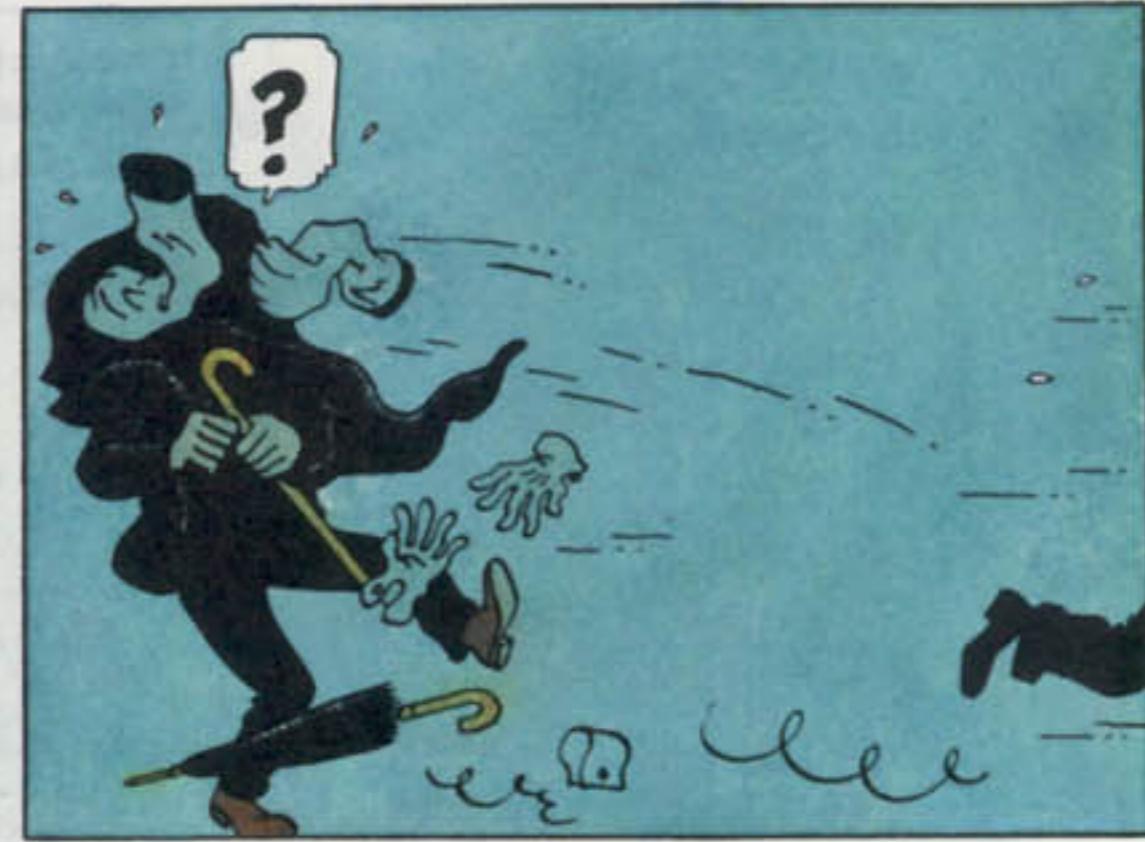
My wallet!... This time I've got you, you scoundrel!



Stop!... Stop or I fire!



Got you, my friend!... And I'm not letting you go!

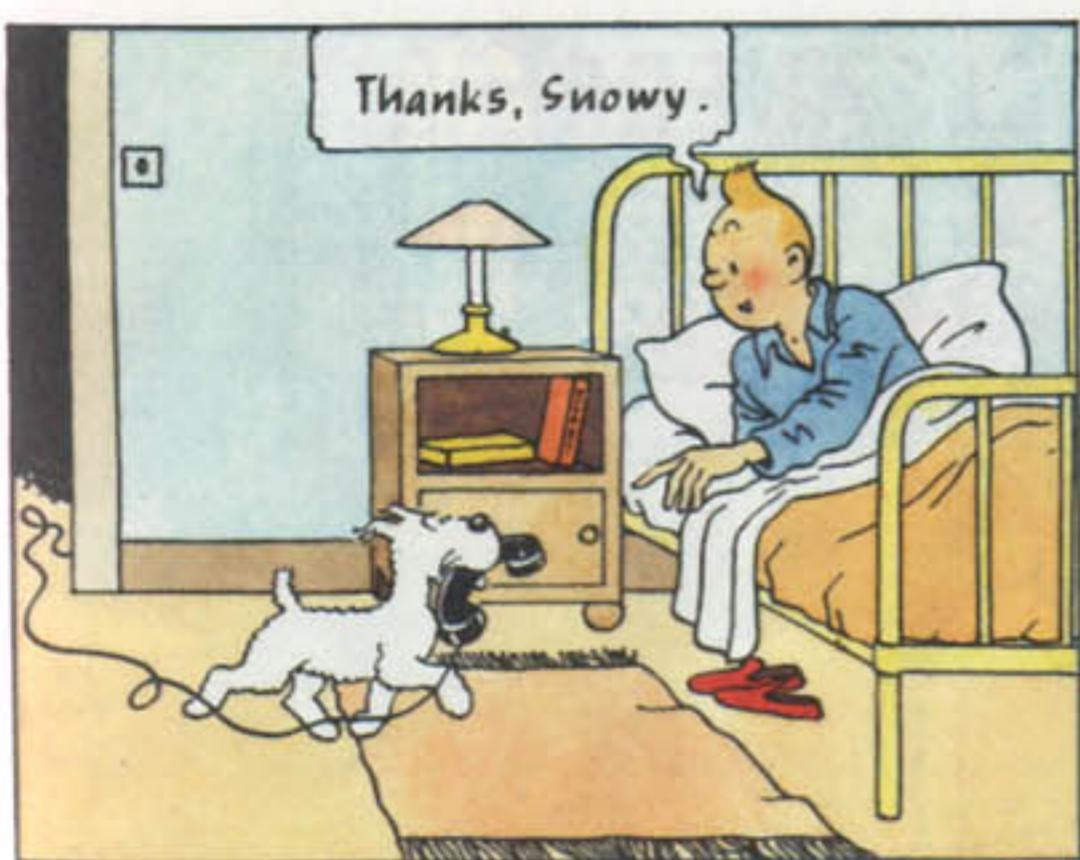


Next morning...

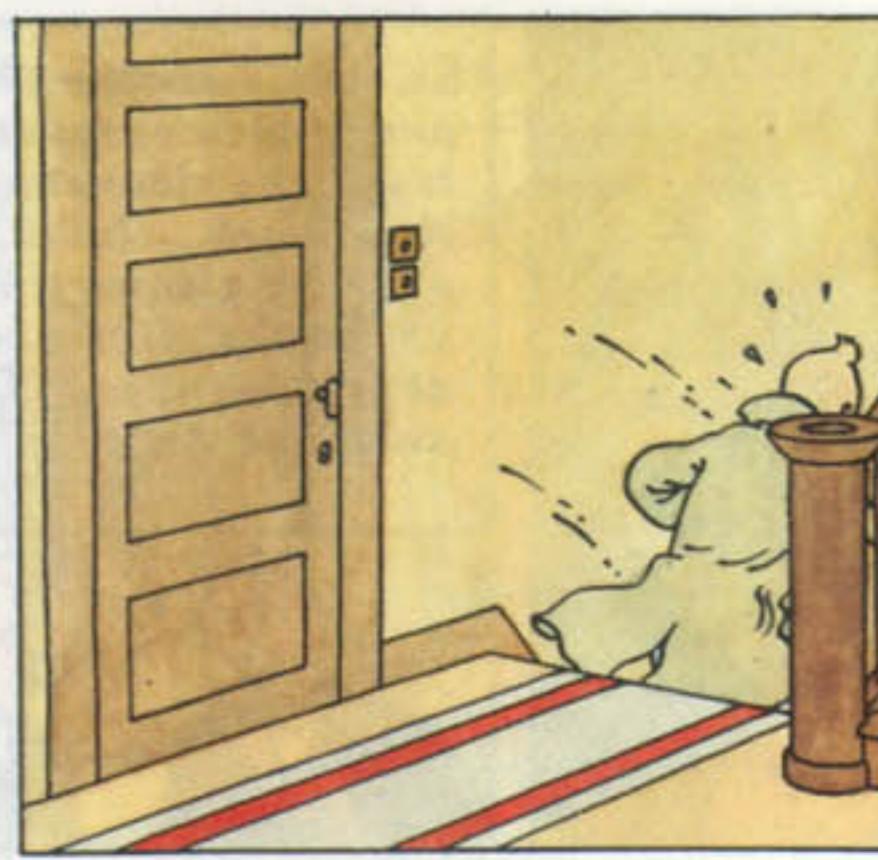
RRRING
RRRING



Thanks, Snowy.



Hello?... Yes, it's me... Ah it's you... Yes... yes... What? It's amazing... I'll come at once...



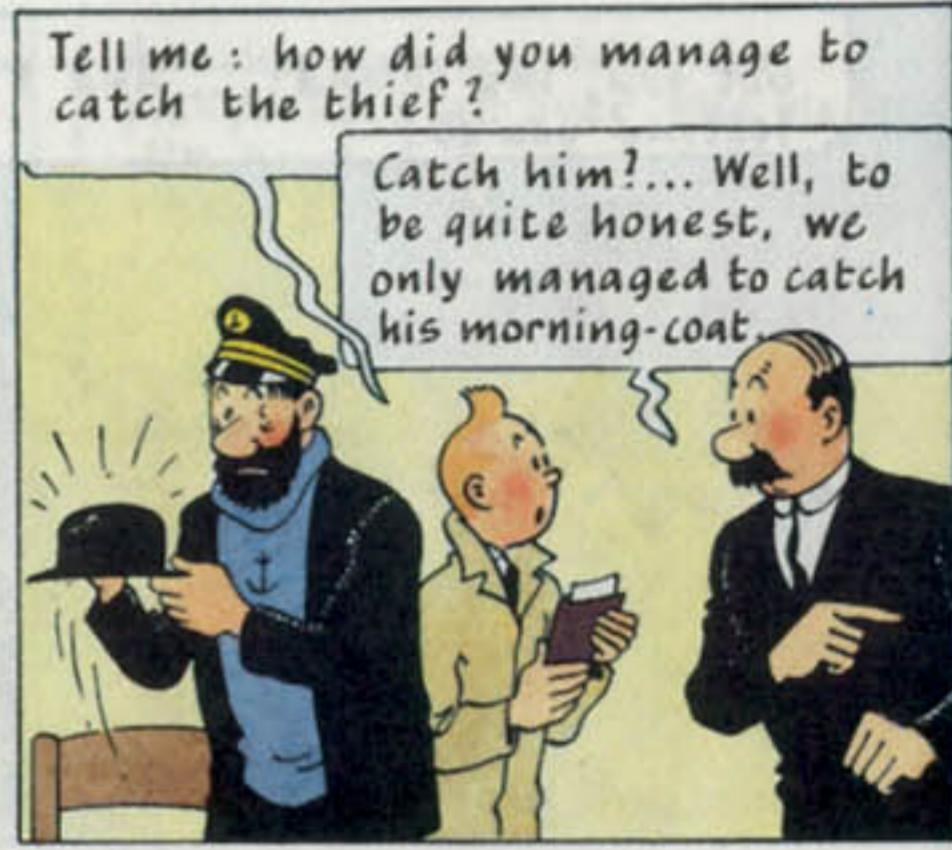
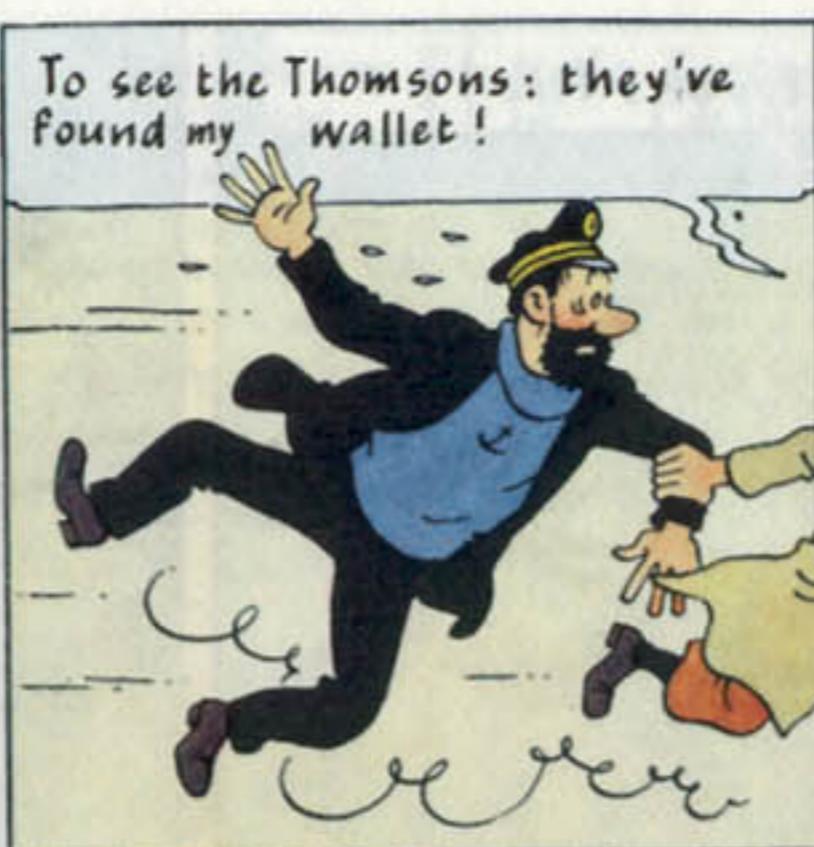
Ah, Captain!... Come with me...

Where?...

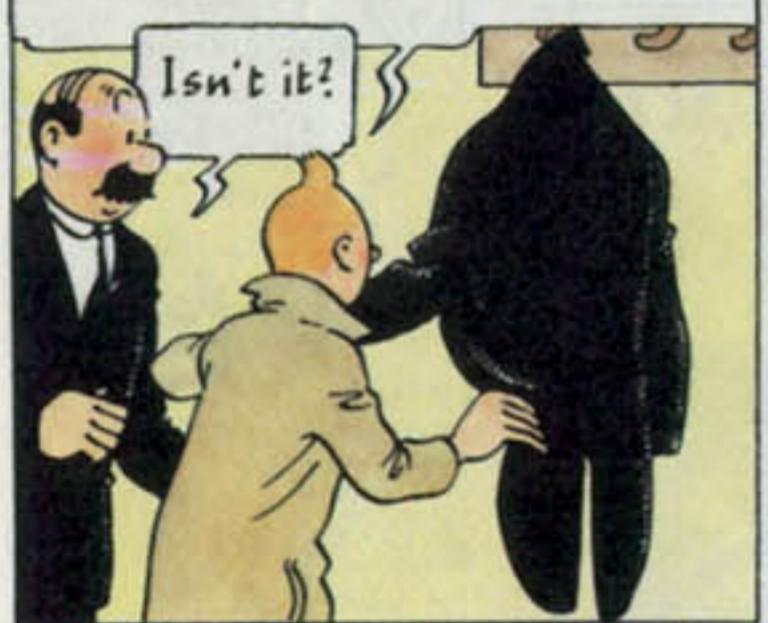
To see the Thomsons: they've found my wallet!

There's no mistake: it's mine all right.

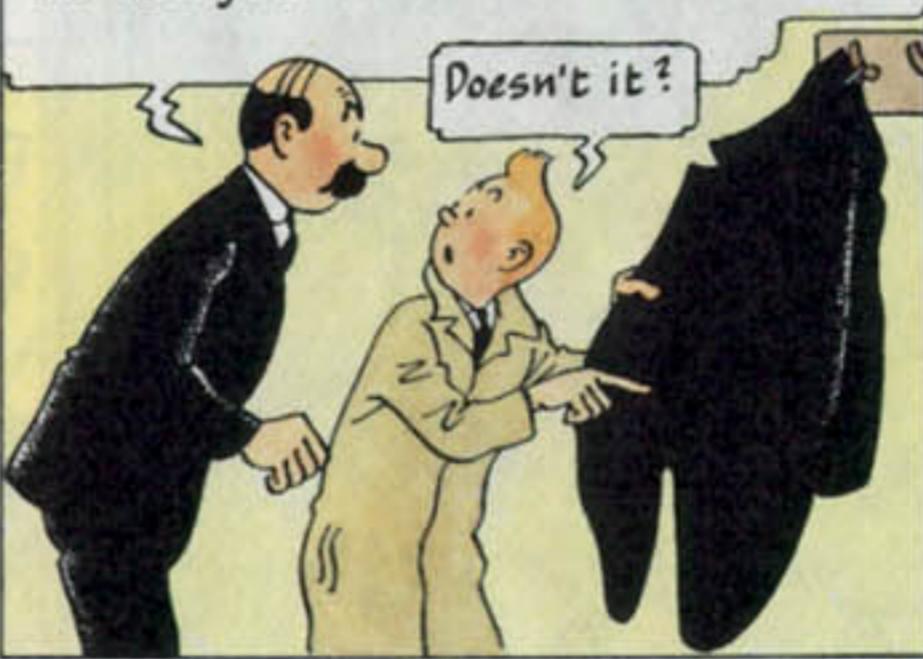
He had seven in his pockets. The day's takings, no doubt.



Yes, it's certainly a morning-coat. How odd for a pickpocket to wear a thing like this.



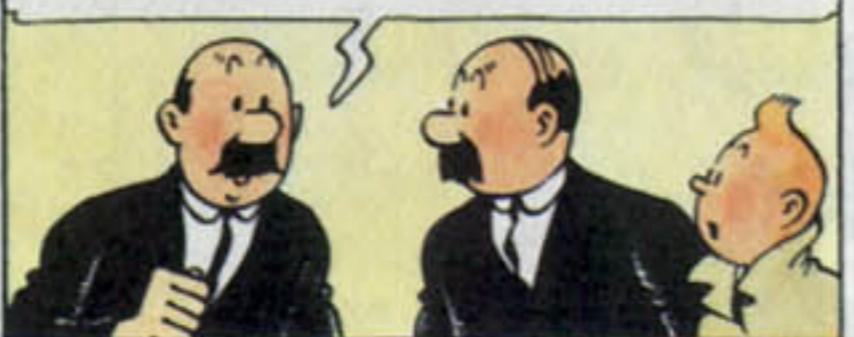
The trouble is that the coat doesn't give us any clue about its owner's identity...



Look at these stitches; they make up a number. That means the coat has been to the cleaners recently.



So... to find the thief's name and address, we've only got to trace the cleaners who use this mark. Quick, we'll make a list of cleaners from the telephone directory, and start hunting for the thief at once!



Some days later . . .

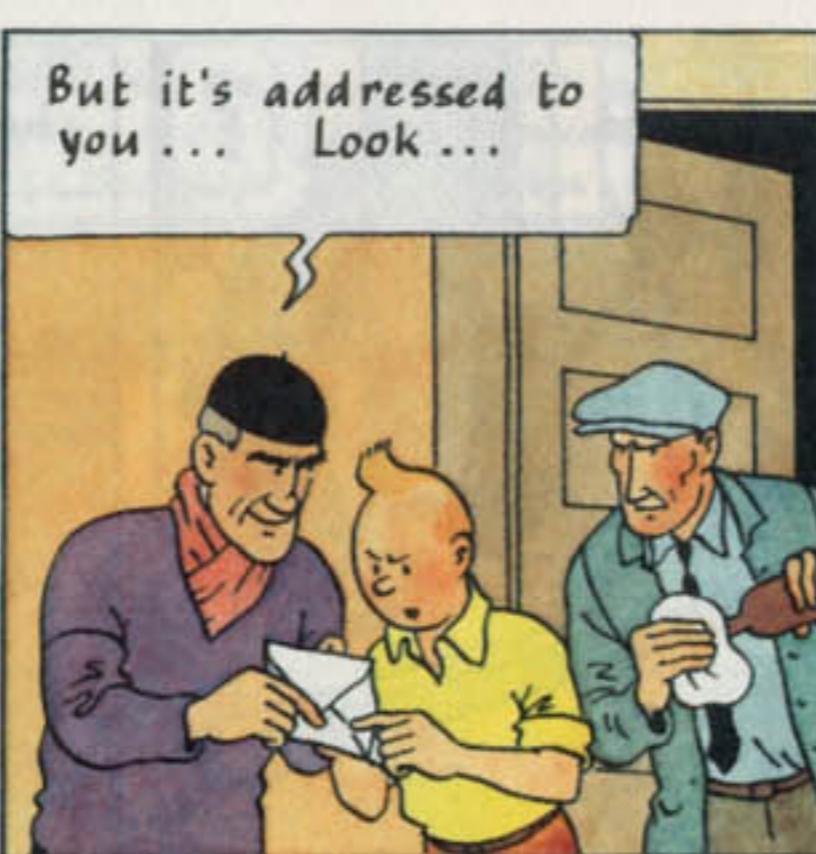


Mr. Tintin ? Here's the dinner service you ordered.

Me ? I haven't ordered anything.

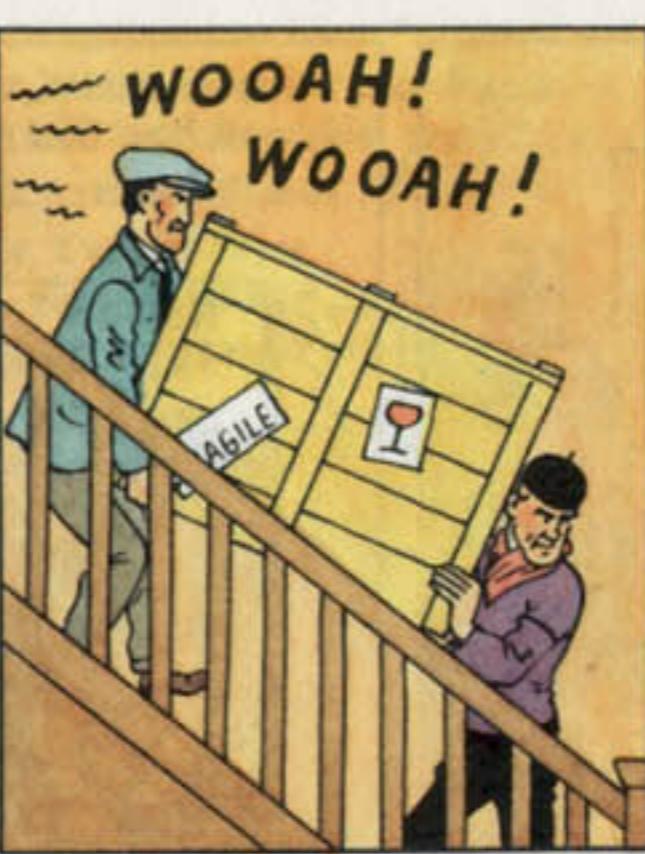


But it's addressed to you . . . Look . . .



Right ! the chloroform's done the trick. Quick, shove him in the crate.

Wait : I'll shut the door.



Wasn't Mr. Tintin in ?

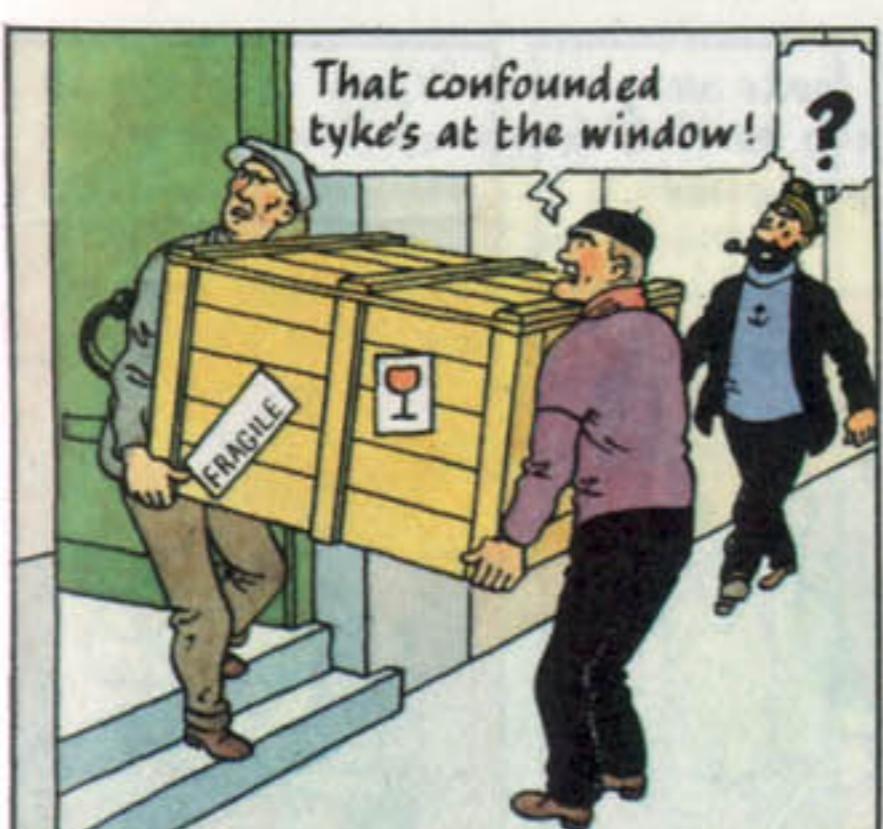
Yes, but there's some mistake. He hadn't ordered anything.

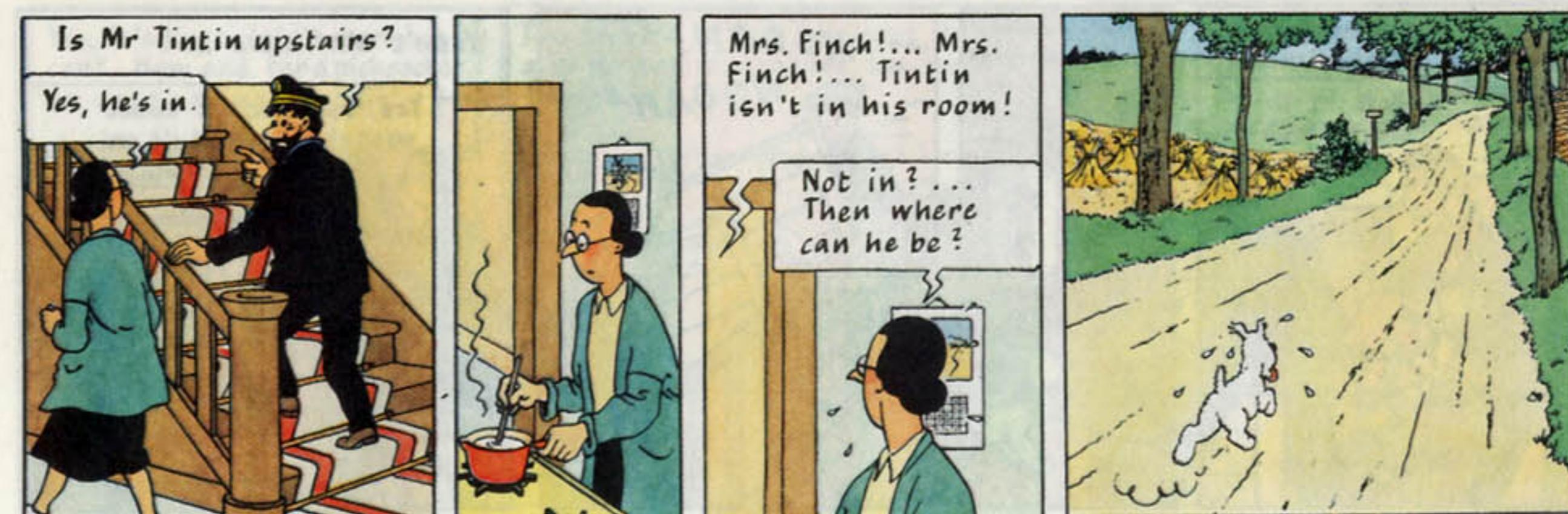
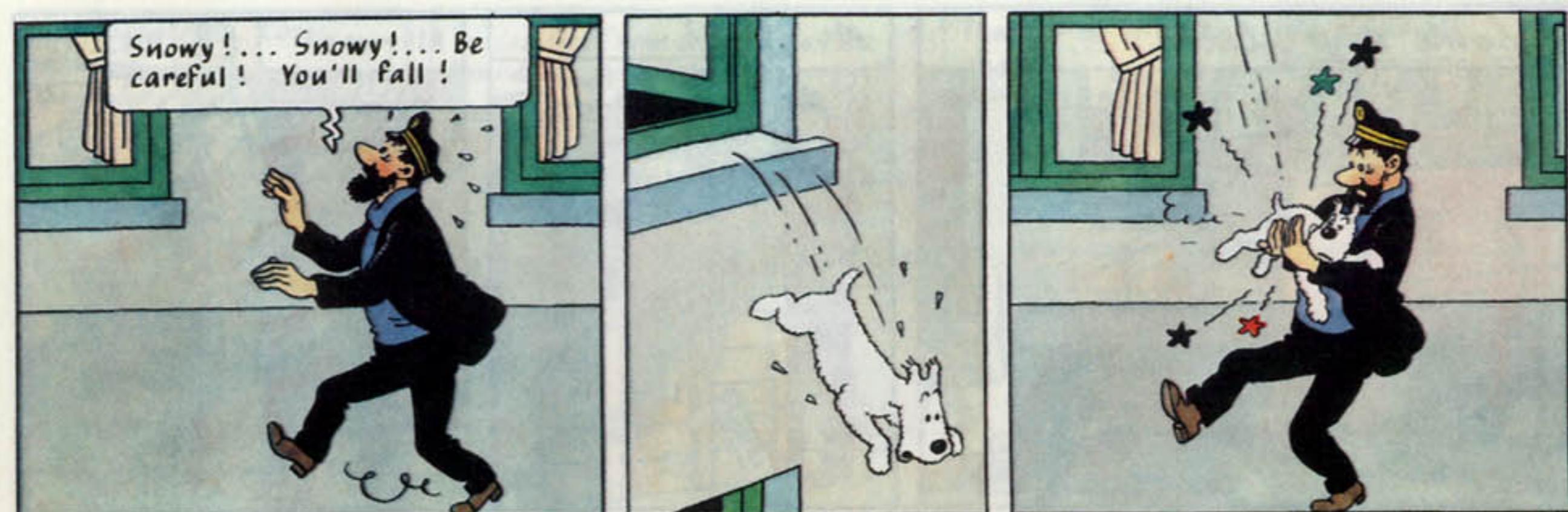


That confounded tyke's at the window !



Hello, Snowy ! What's the matter ?





Nobody there! But I wasn't dreaming: someone spoke!

Yes, someone spoke!

Who... who are you?... And where are you?

Who am I? I am the ghost of the captain of the UNICORN!



Who are you, and what do you want with me?

Who am I?... You must allow me to remain anonymous... And why did I have you kidnapped? You have guessed that, no doubt...

I want to know where you have hidden the two parchments you stole from me.

Me? I stole two parchments?... But I never had more than one.

Come on now, let's be sensible! I'd collected two of the three scrolls: you took them from me. That night when I had your flat searched, only the third one was found... in your wallet. Where are the other two?

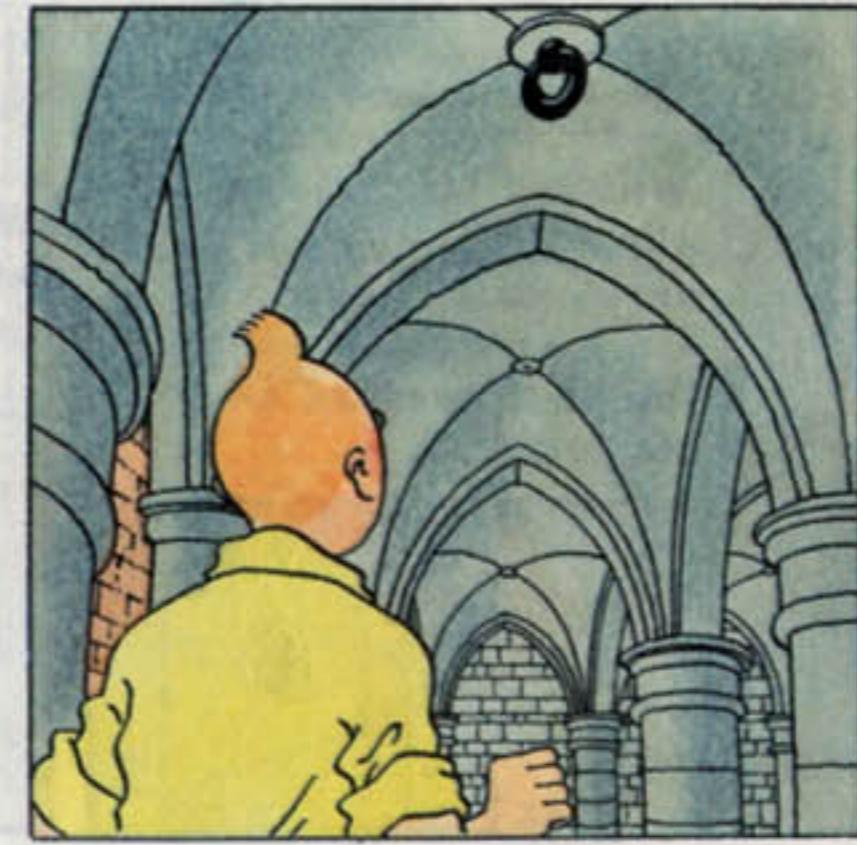
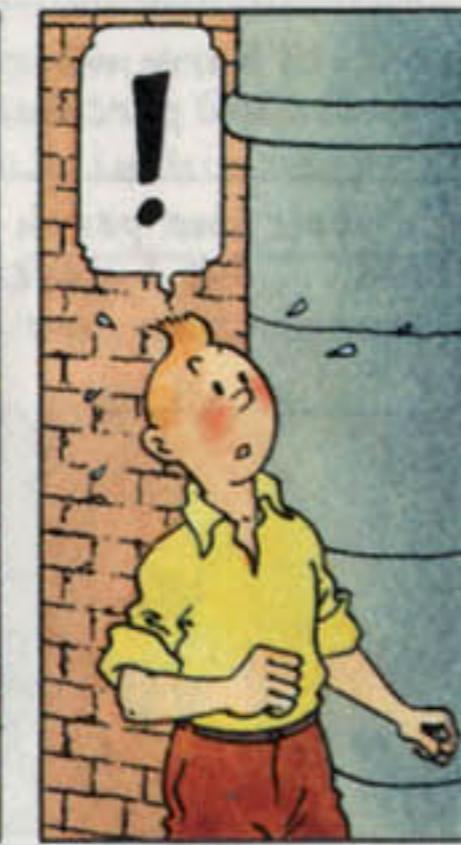
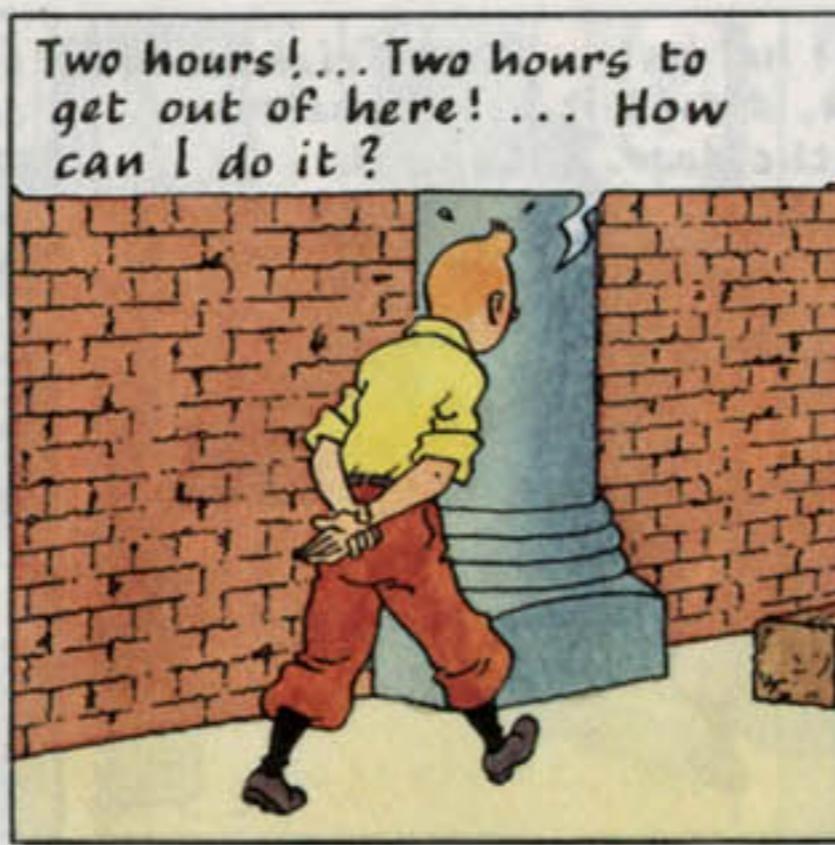
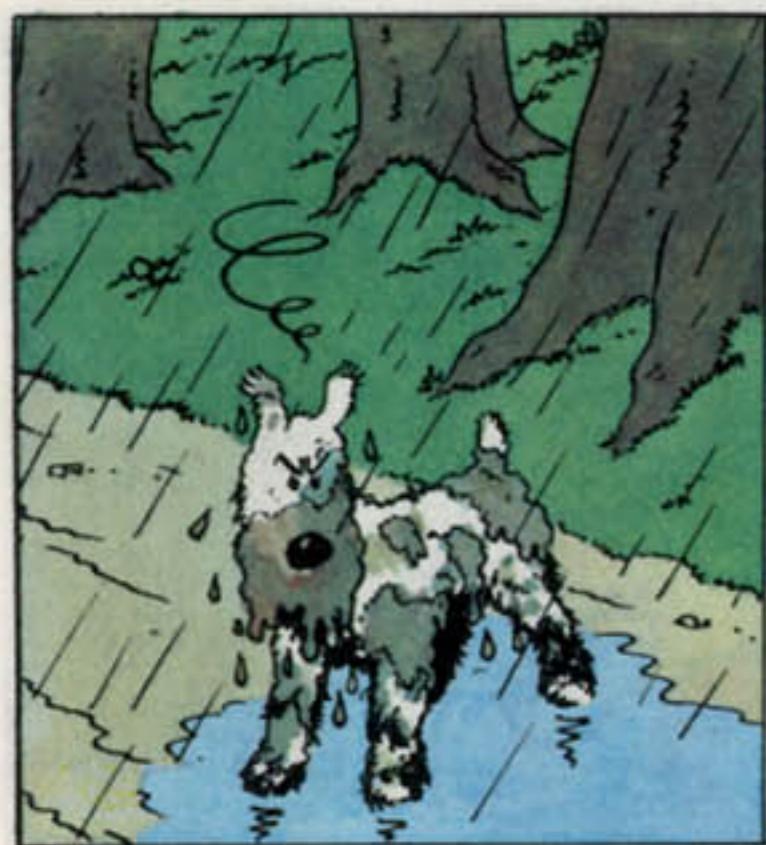
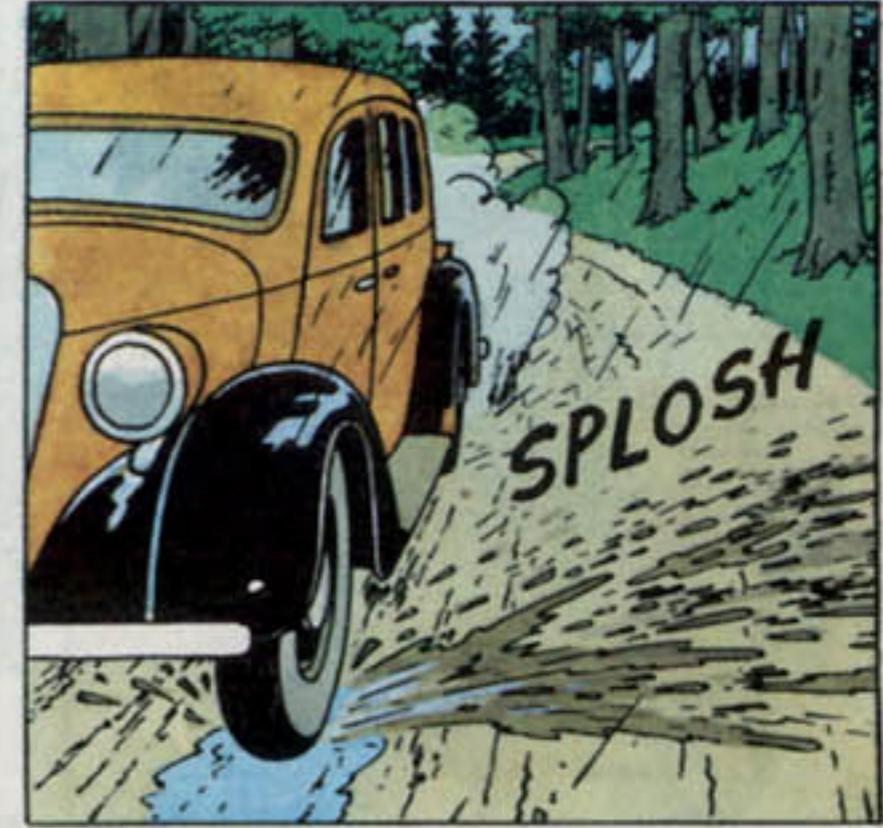
How should I know?

As you like. But I warn you: I know of several ways to loosen stubborn tongues... I'll give you two hours to tell me where you hid those scrolls, then if you won't talk, you'll soon see the sort of man I am!

But I tell you... Oh he's cut off, the gangster!

Now I'm in a fine mess! How do I get out of this one?





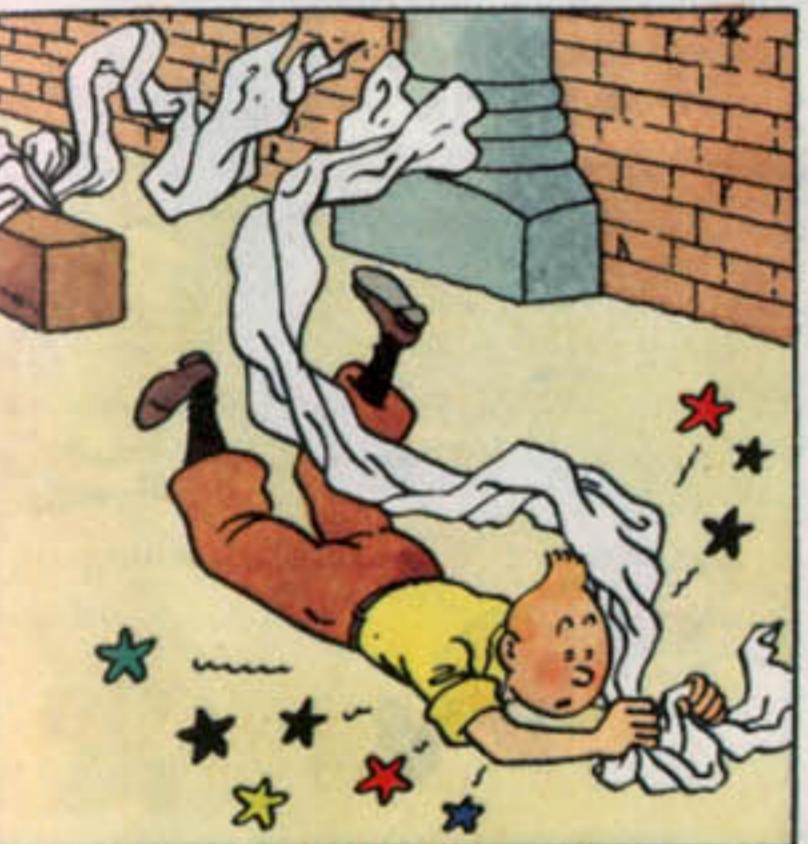
First I'll knot these sheets
and blankets together...



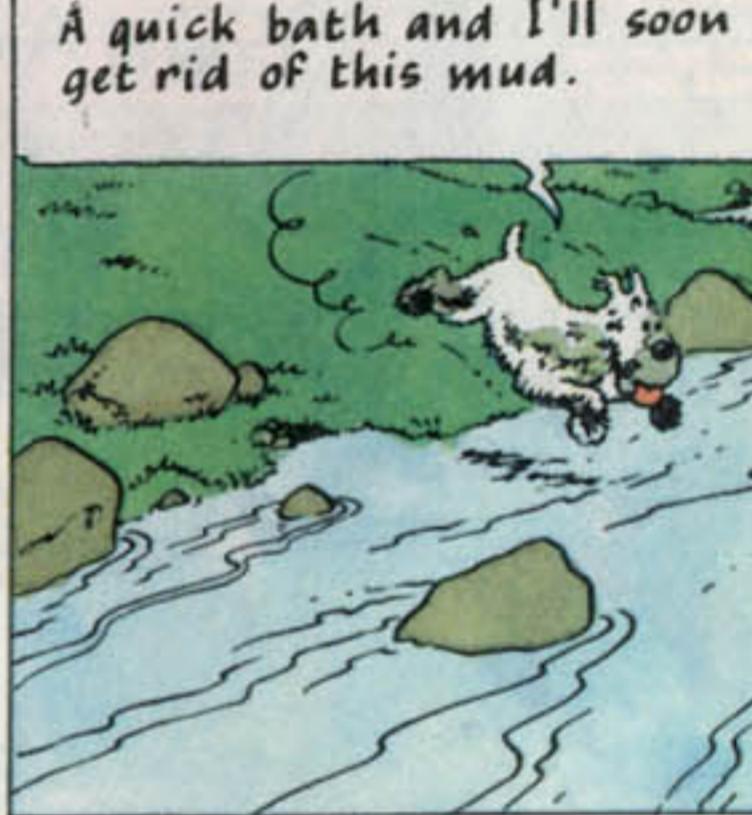
Then tie them securely
to this beam...

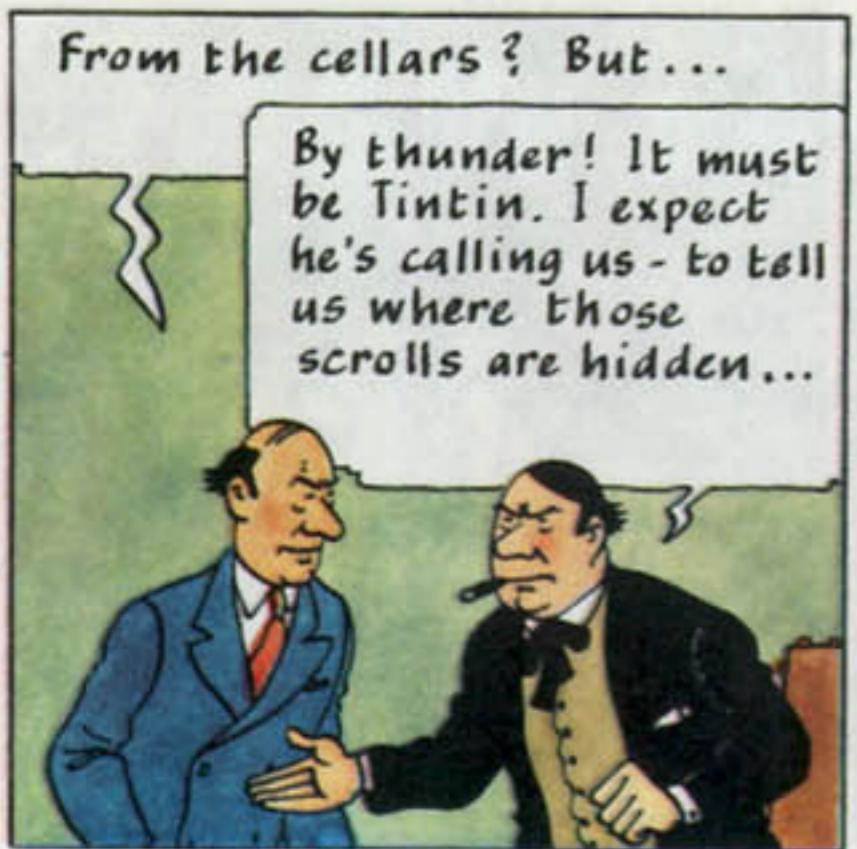
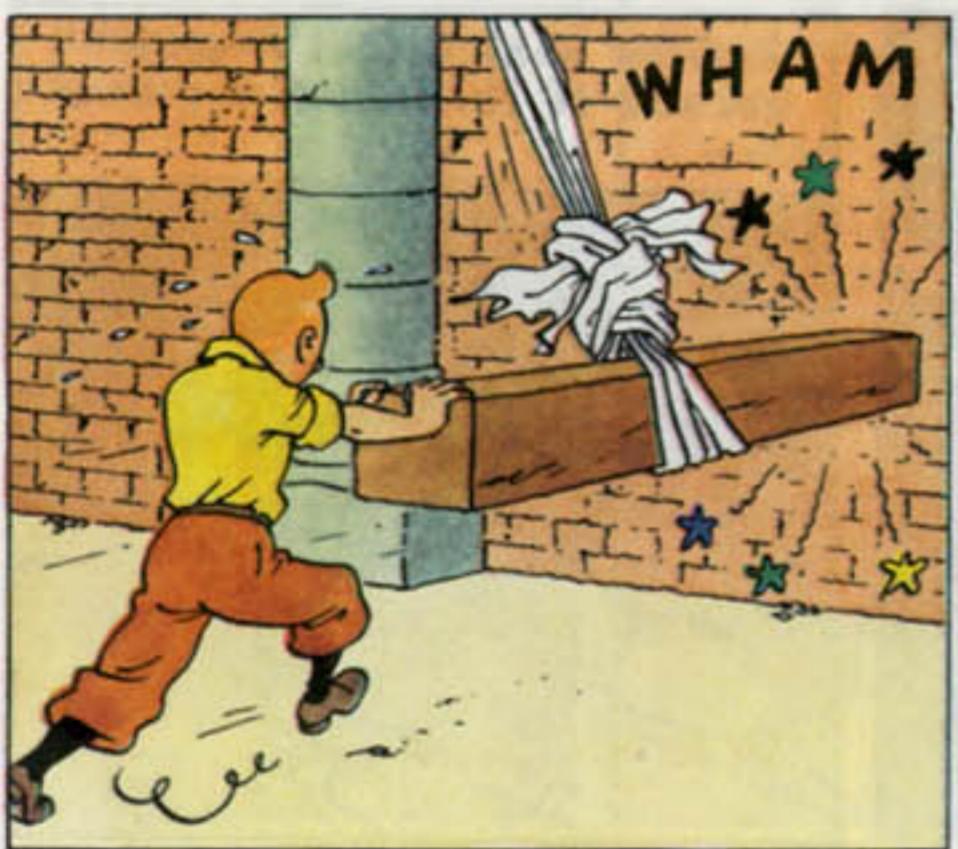
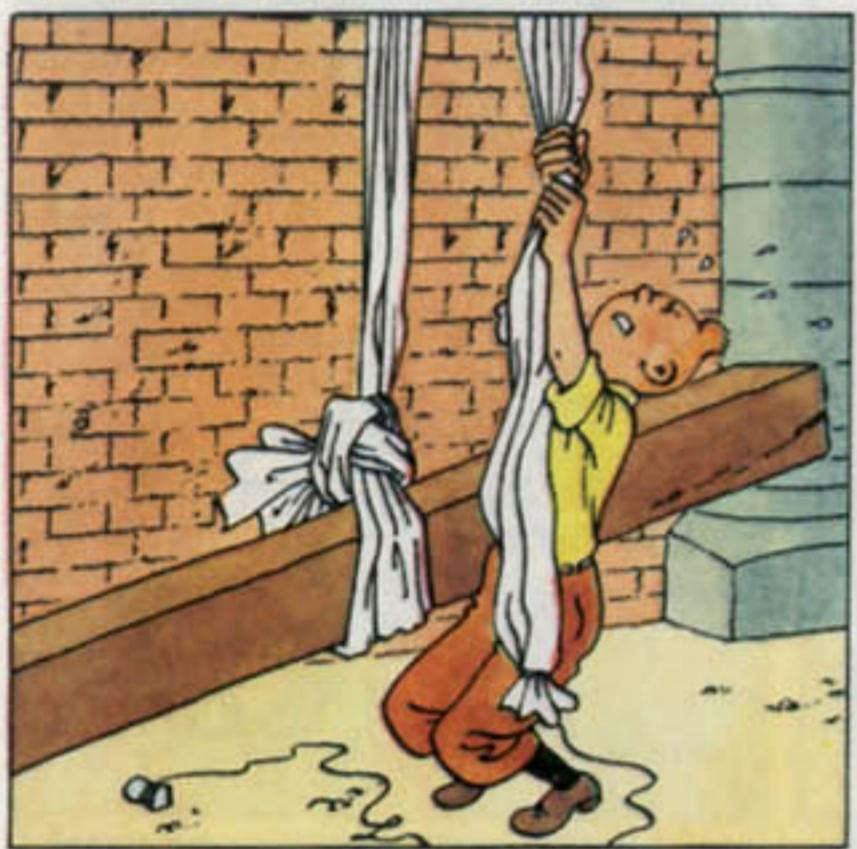
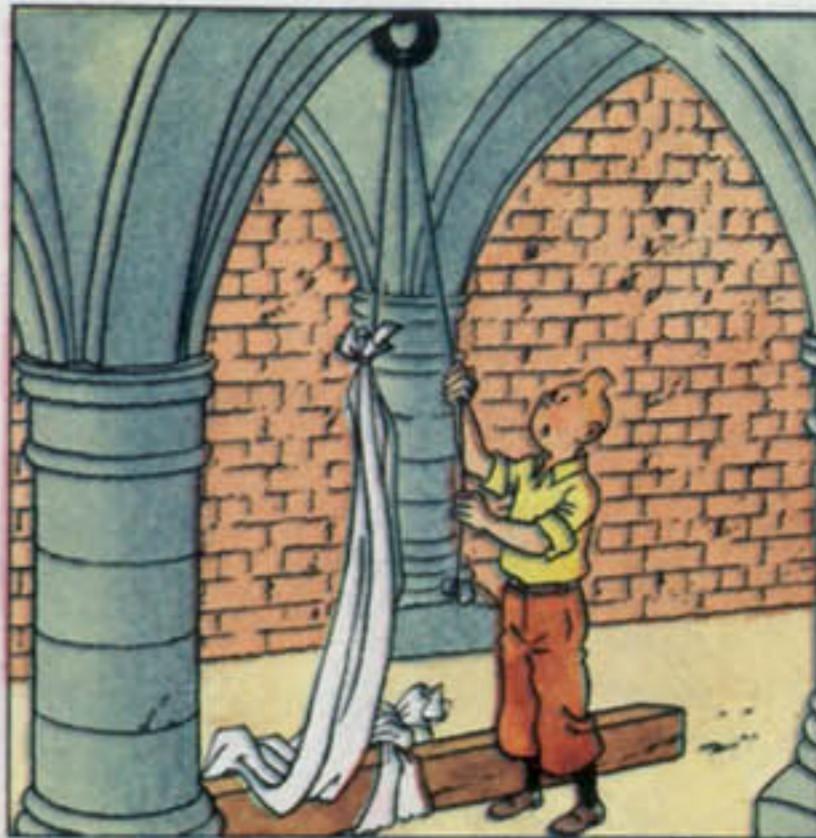


And pull!... Heave-ho!... Heave-ho!...
Heave-ho!... Heave!...



Meanwhile...



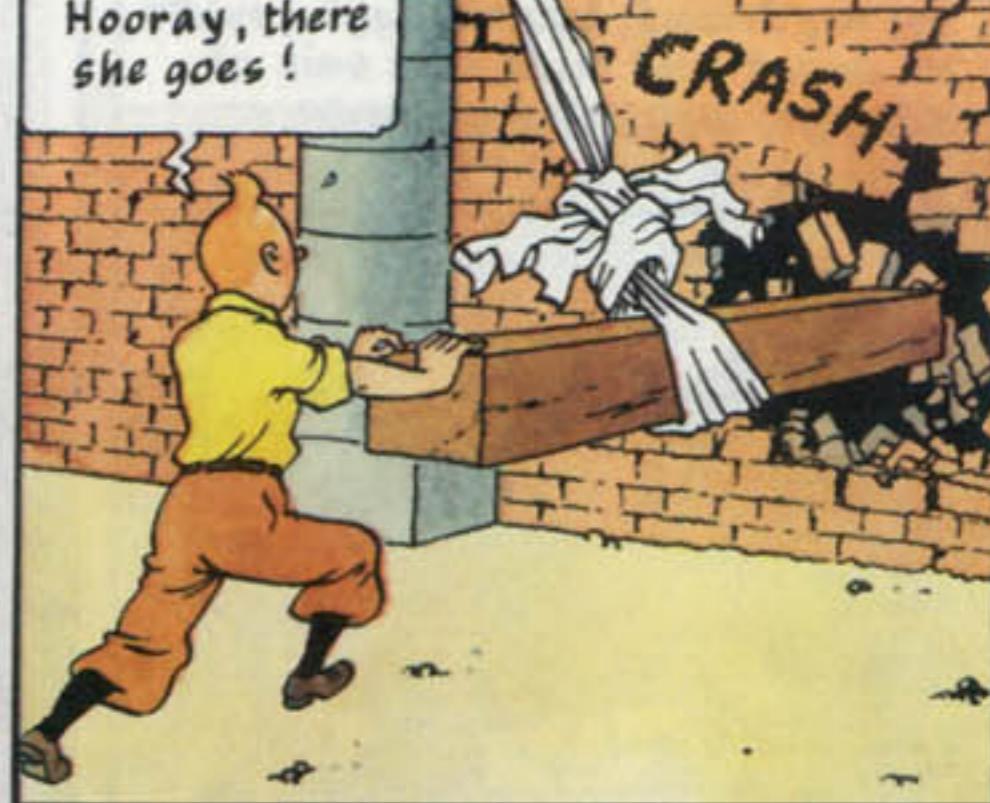


It's coming from
the cellars all
right.

Now, one last go : the
wall's cracked already,
so...

Hooray, there
she goes !

CRASH

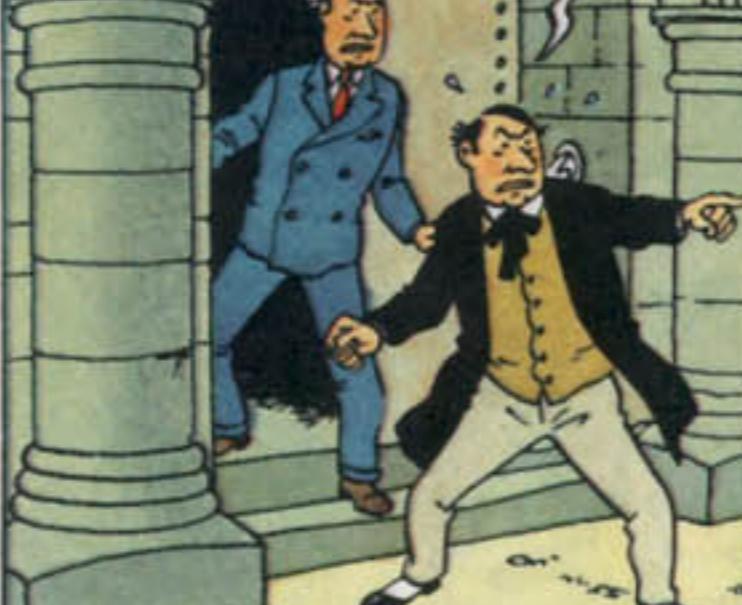


It's a musical-box!
It fell over, and
started to play!

There he is !

Over there ... By thunder, he's
rammed a hole through the wall!

Stop!... Stop!... Little devil,
he's bolted!

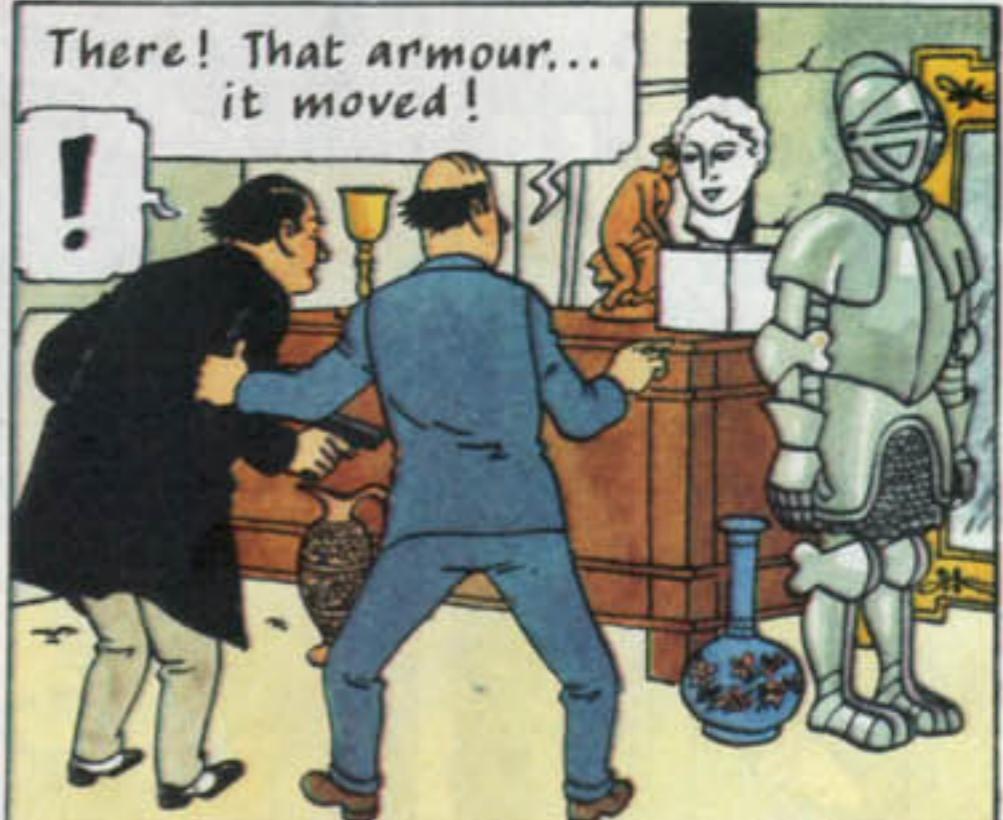


See him?...

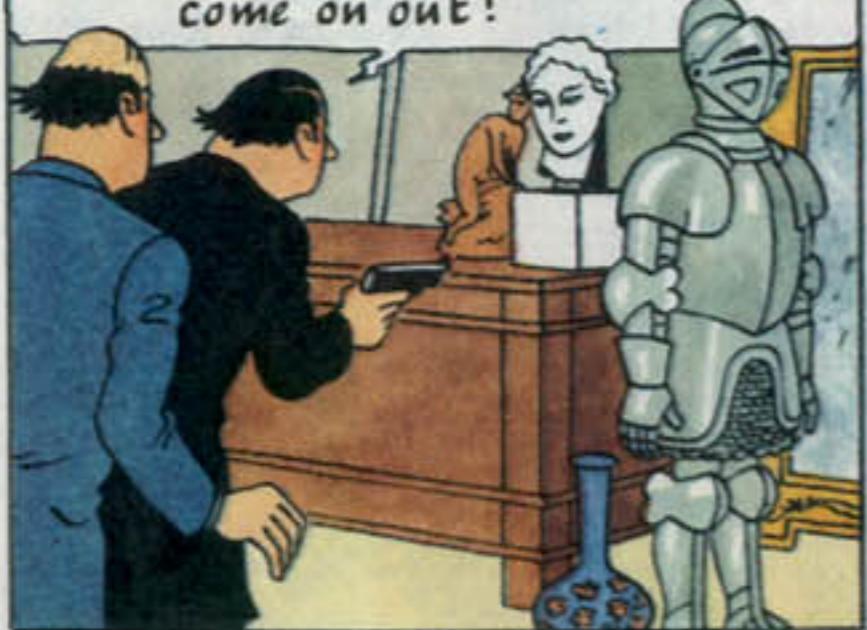
There are plenty of hid-
ing places here. But
we'll get him.

Careful ! We must be
on our guard...

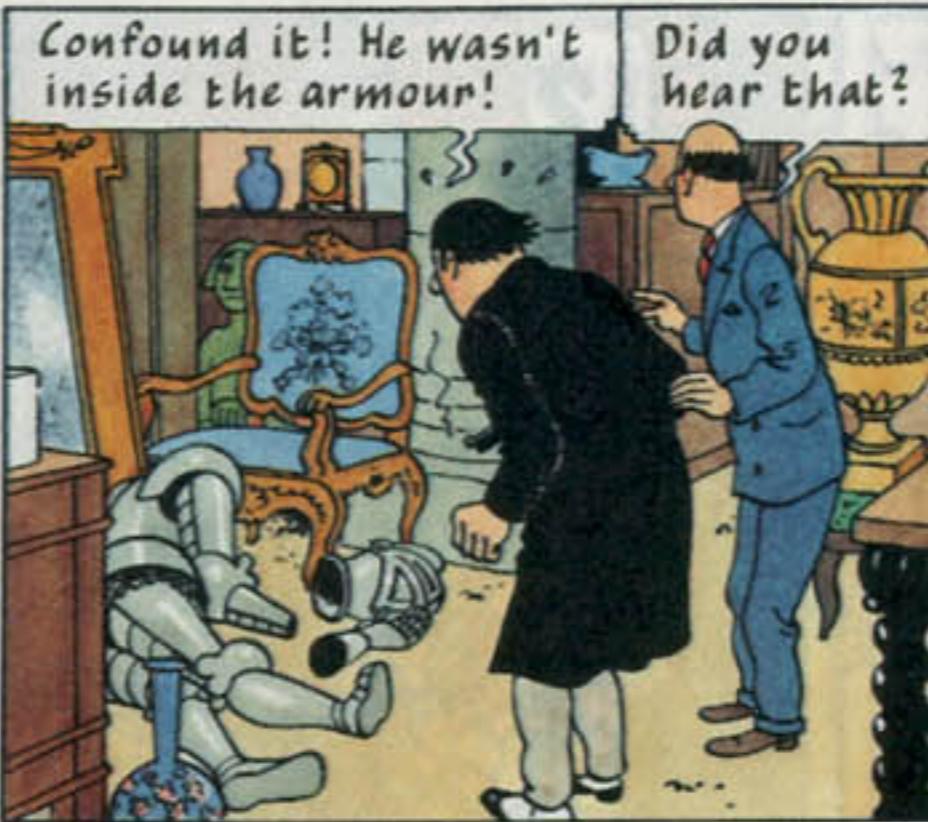
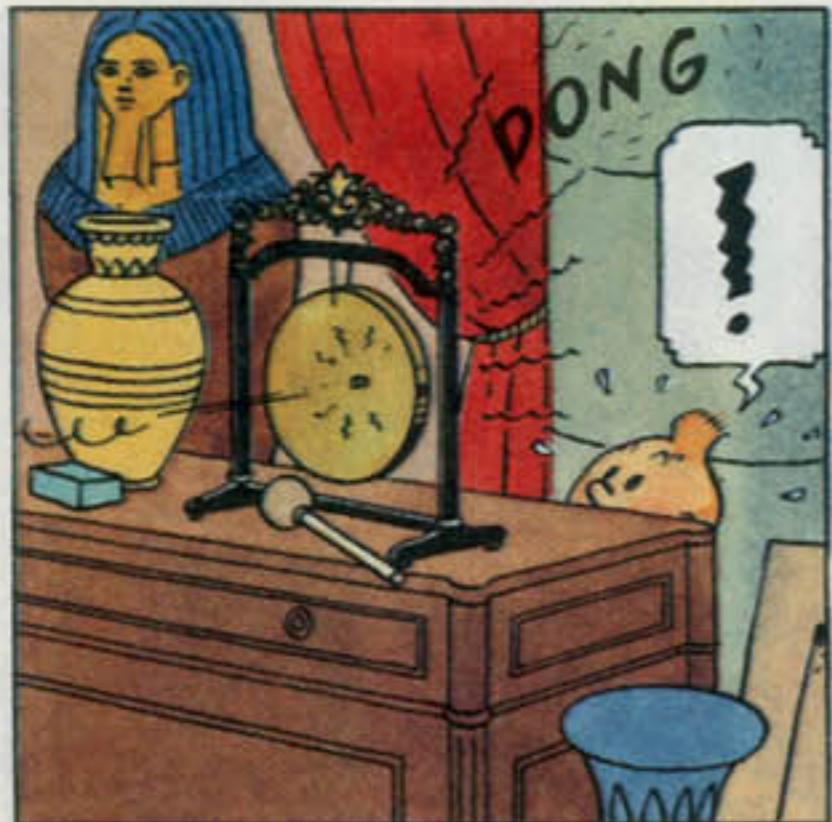
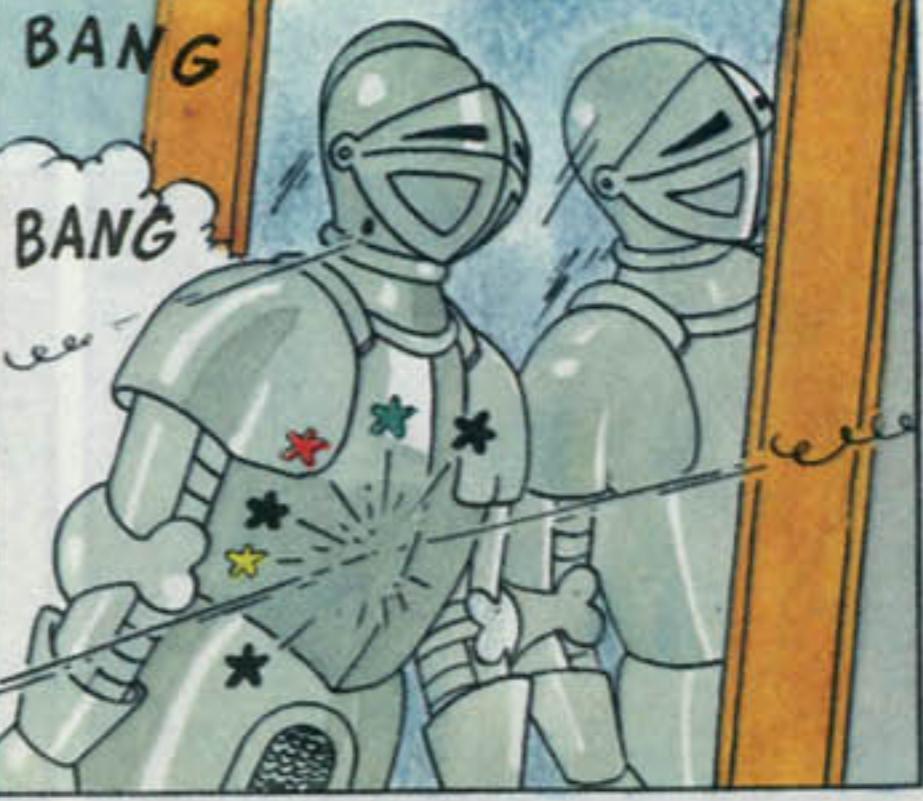
There! That armour...
it moved !



So, my friend, you thought you'd be smart and hide in a suit of armour. Well, you're caught: come on out!



You won't? That's too bad for you! I'll count up to three and then I fire. One... two... three...



Confound it! He wasn't inside the armour!
Did you hear that?

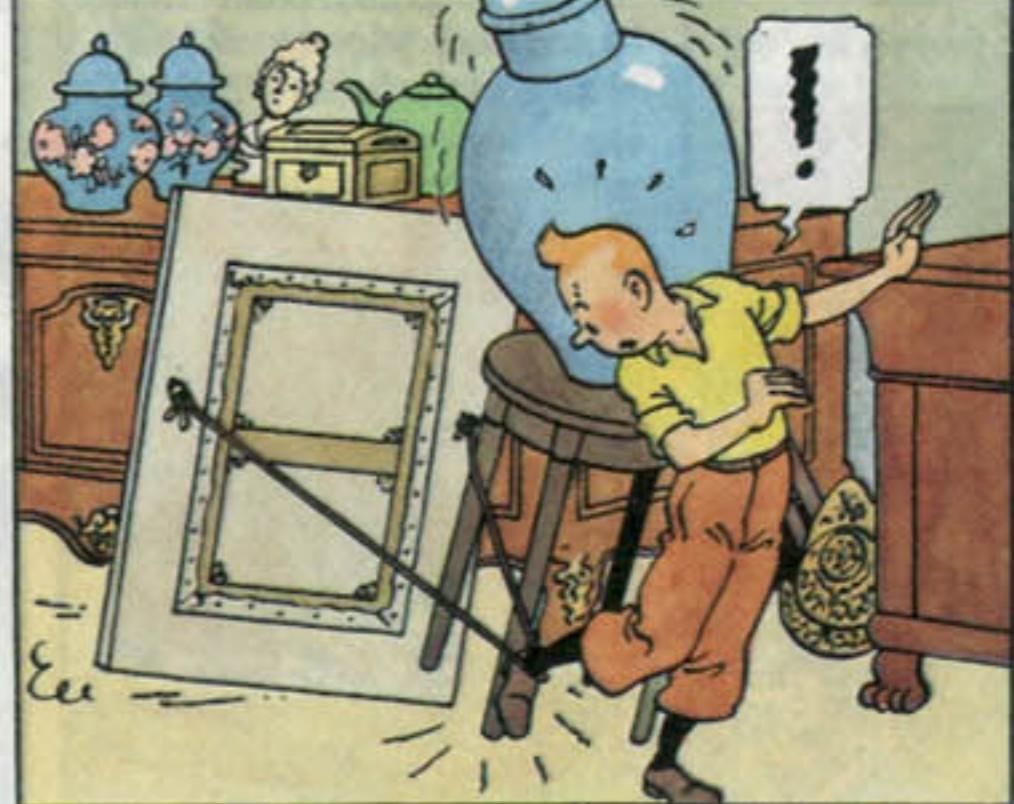
Yes, it's nothing. A bullet ricocheted off the armour and struck that gong over there. Come on, don't let's waste time...

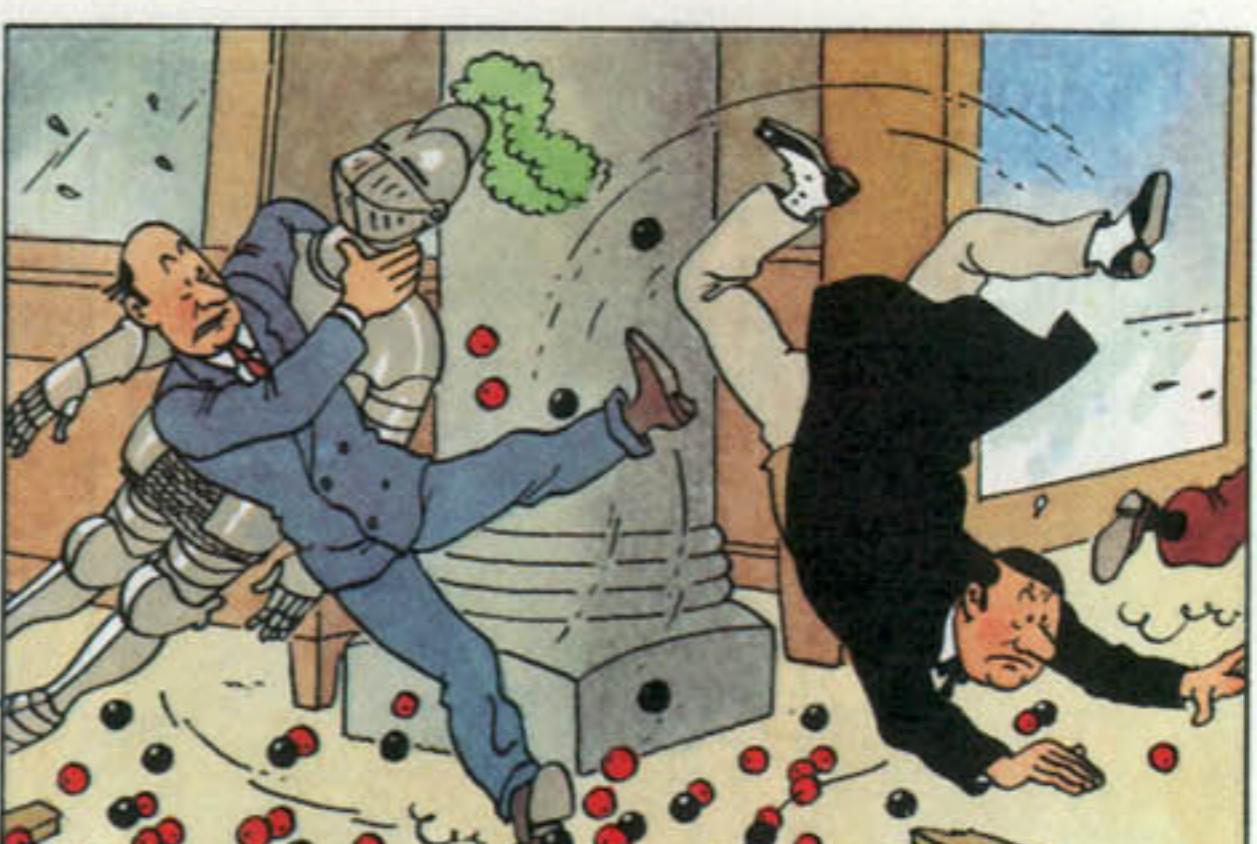
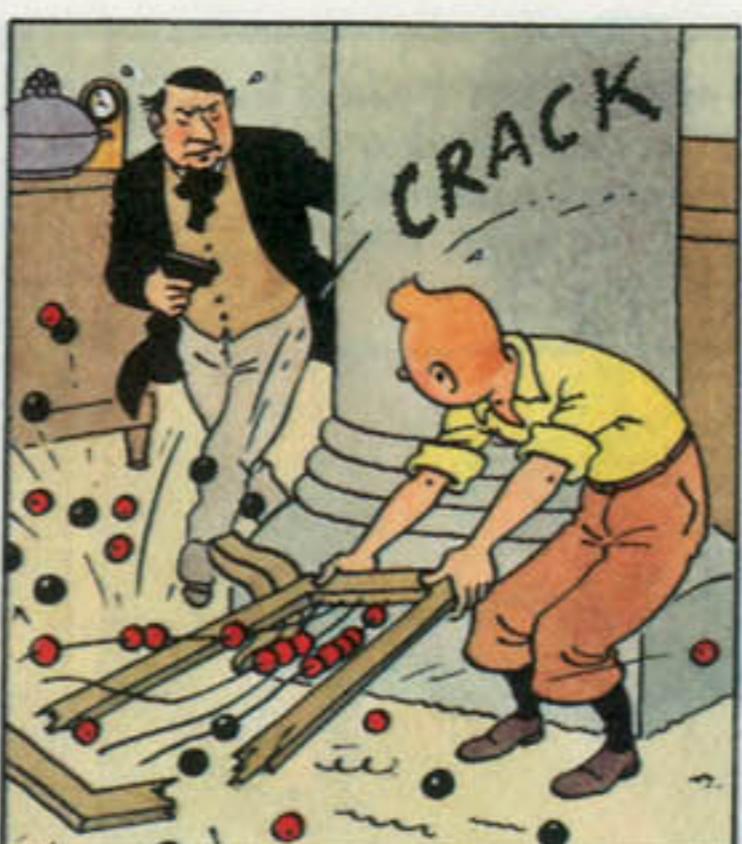
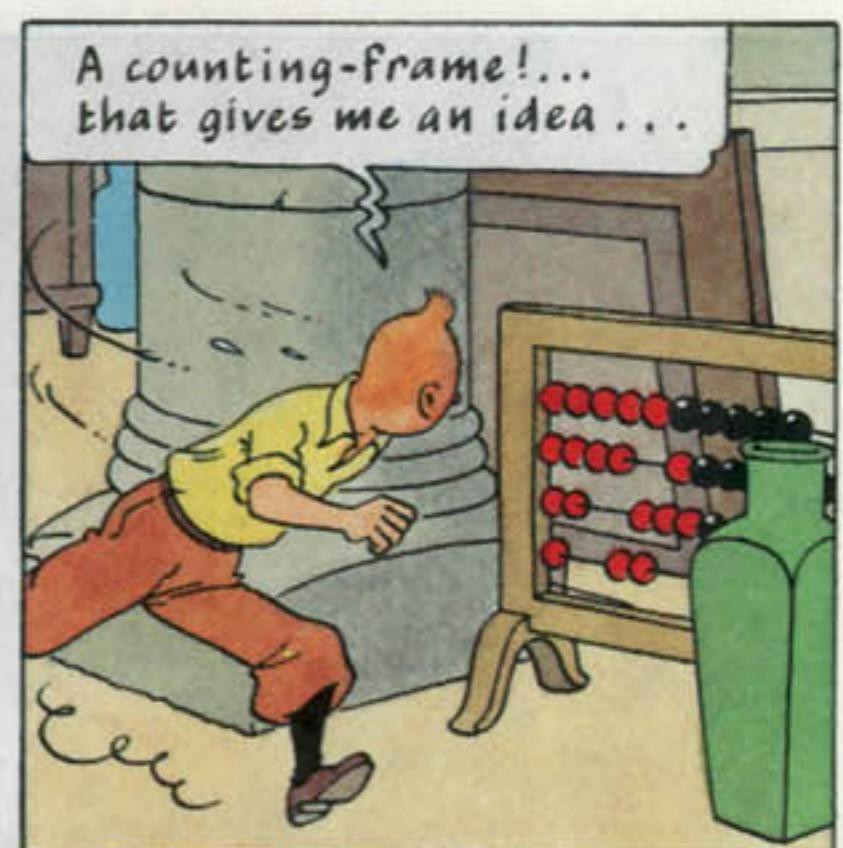
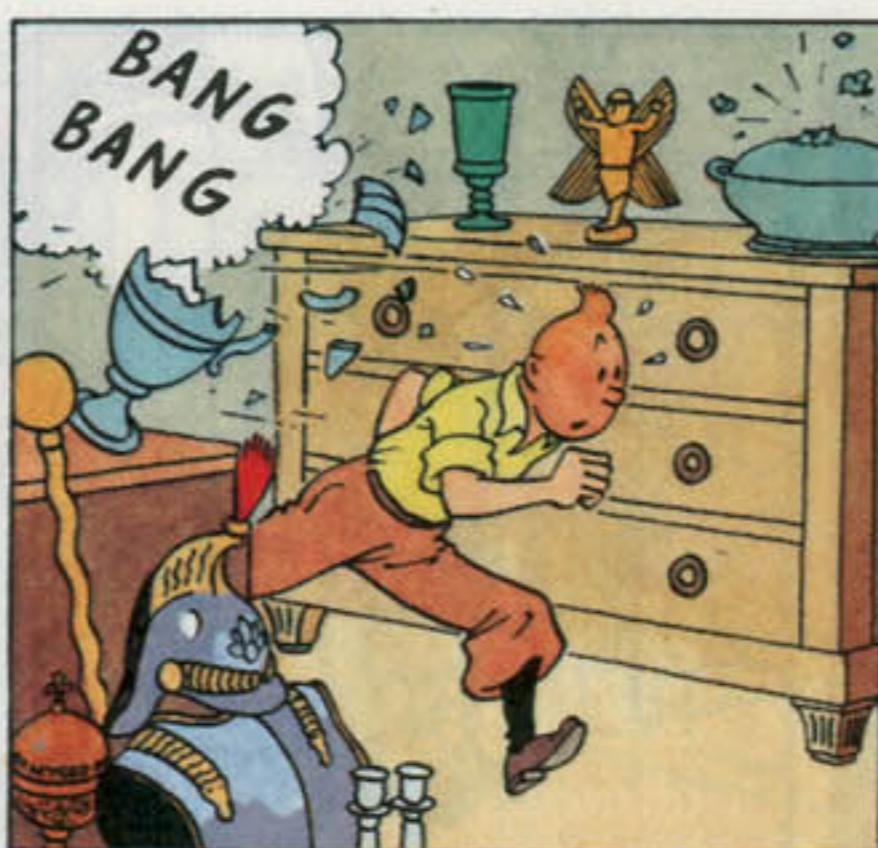
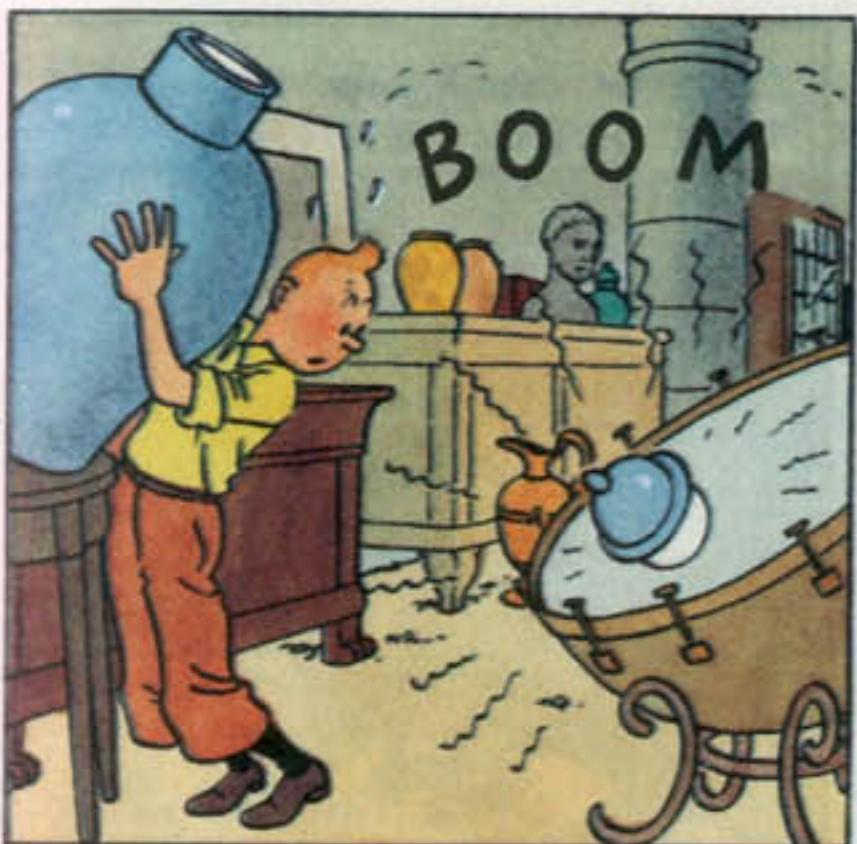
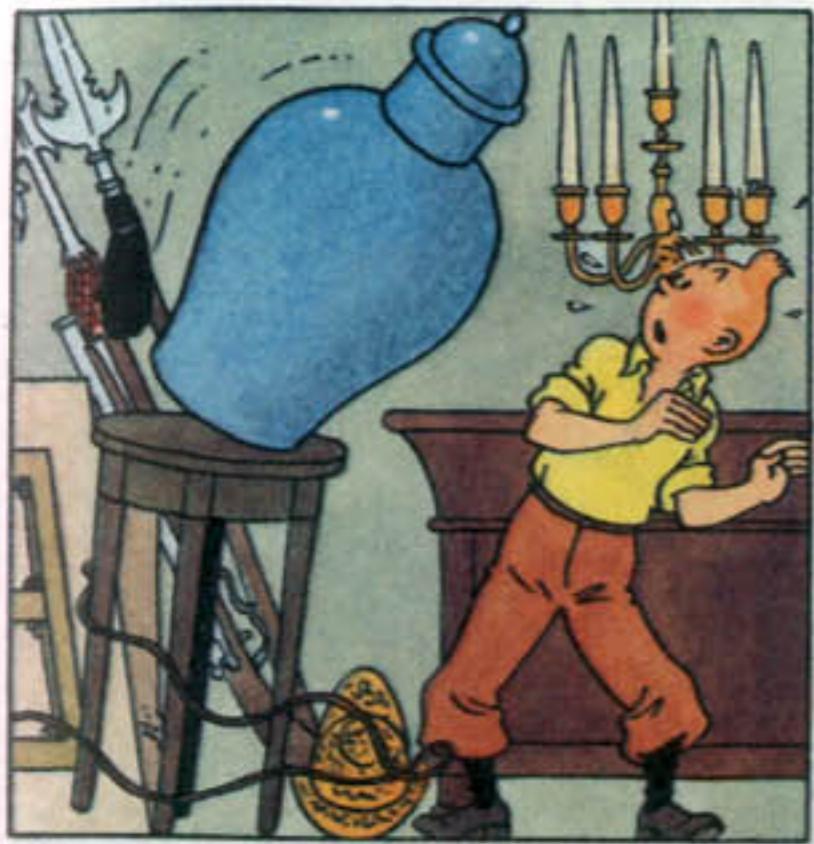


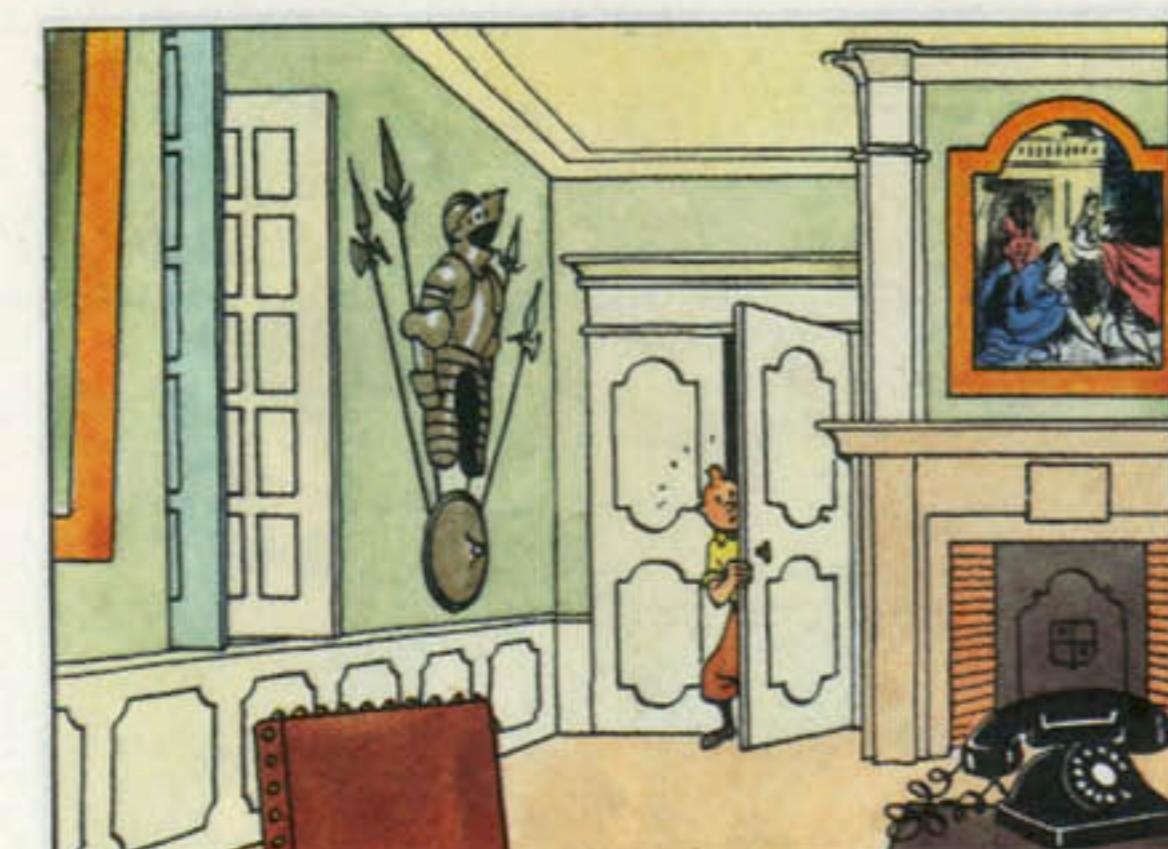
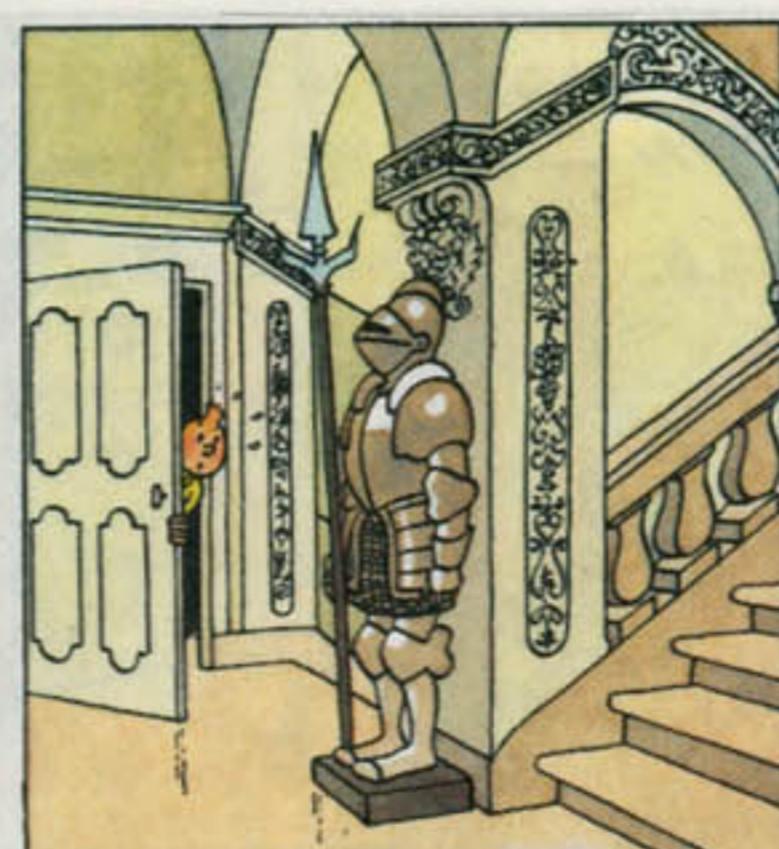
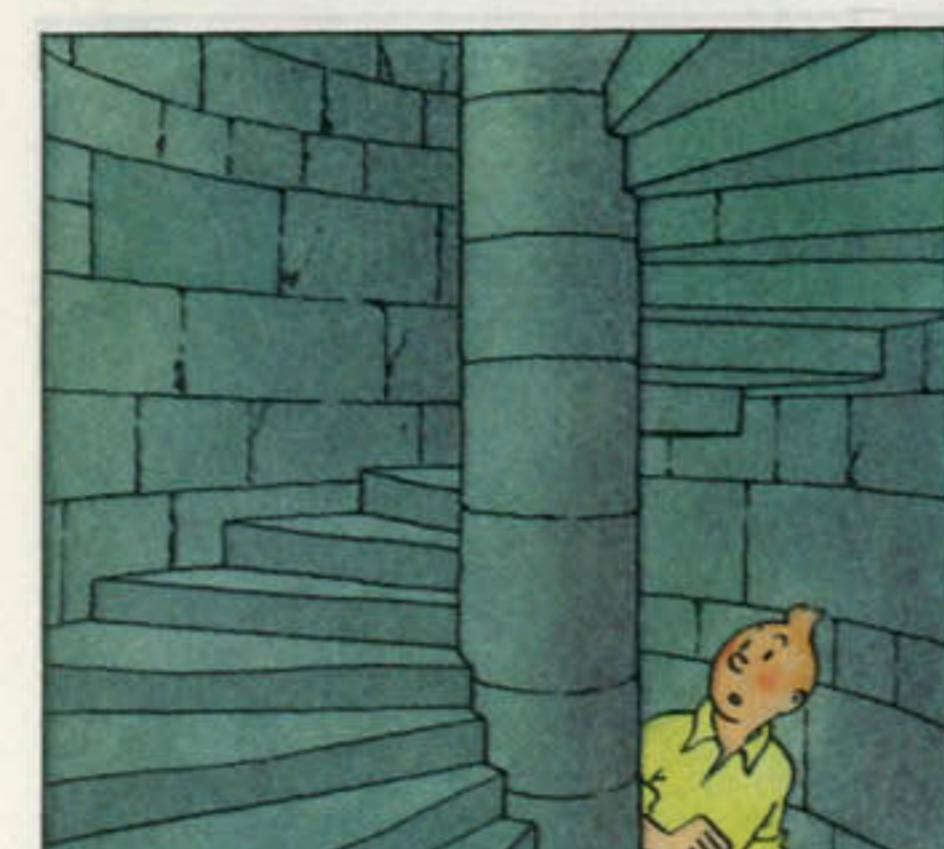
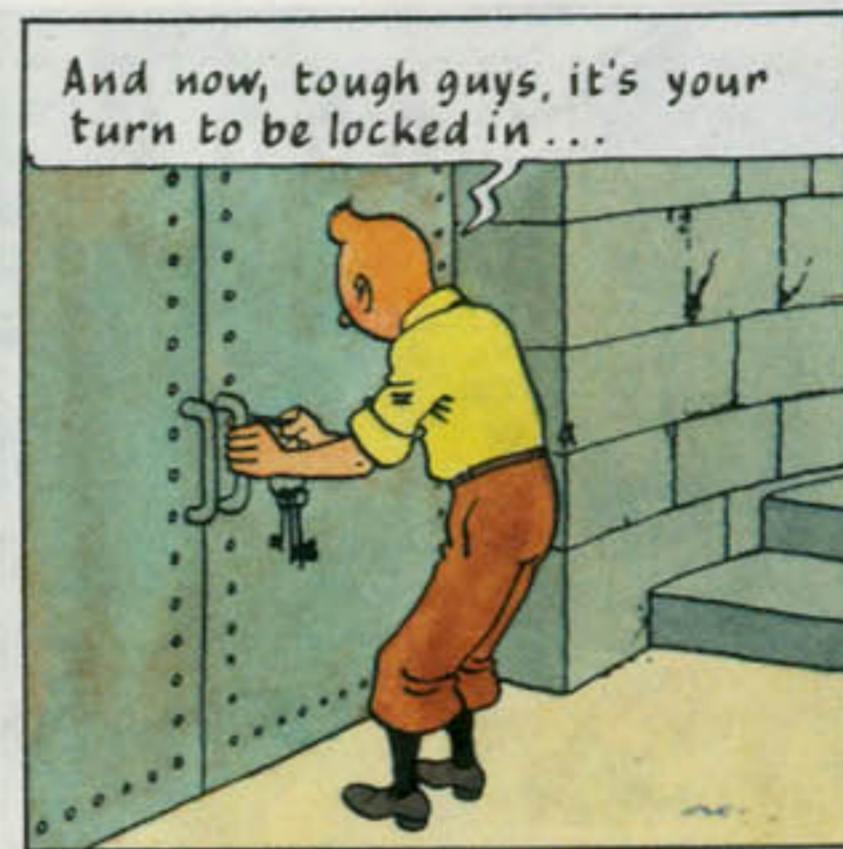
Whew! What luck! ... They've gone past. I'll just slip out...



Stupid! That's not Tintin: it's a cuckoo-clock striking. Come, let's get on with it.







Now I see what he meant -
the man who was shot -
pointing to the birds.
He was giving us the
name of his attackers!
... Just look at this
letter ...



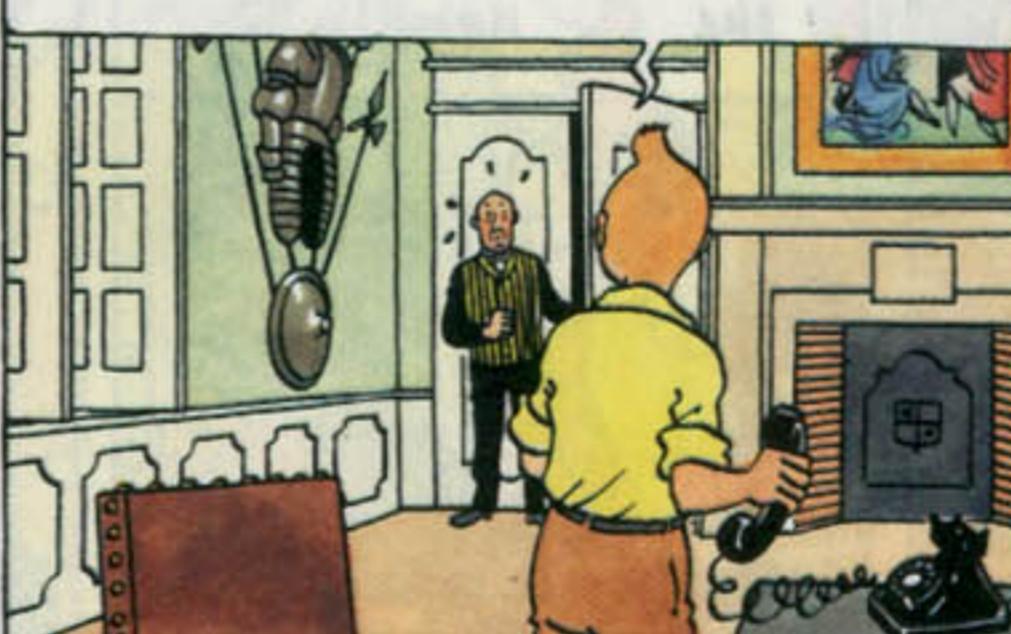
Quick, let's ring up the
Captain ...



Hello... yes... it's me... yes...
Who's speaking? What?
Tintin!... I... Where are
you? Hello?... Hello?...
Hello?... Hello?... Are you
there?...



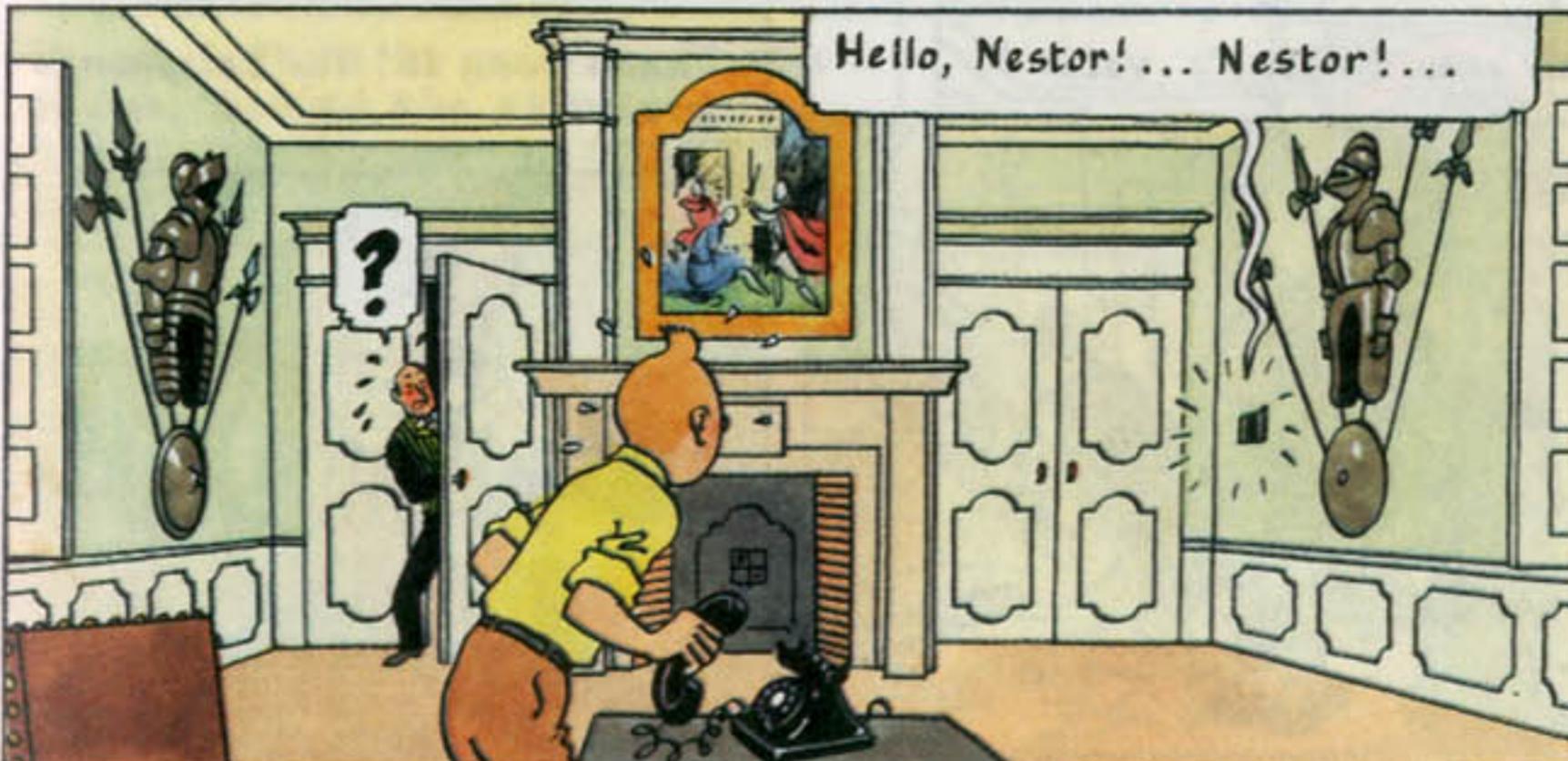
What am I doing here?... [... er...
I'm Mr. Bird's new secretary.
Didn't you know that?...



I... no, I hadn't heard
Please excuse me, sir.



Hello, Nestor!... Nestor!...



Hello, Nestor!... A young ruf-
fian's broken into the house!
Stop him telephoning his ac-
complices! We're coming at
once. Don't let him get away,
whatever you do!



Hello, Captain! I'm at Marlin-
spike Hall... Bring the police!
Drop that tele-
phone, you!

... What?...
No, not in
Greece - in
Marlinspike
Hall!



Starlings bite?
... Hello?...
Hello?... Starlings
bite what? ...



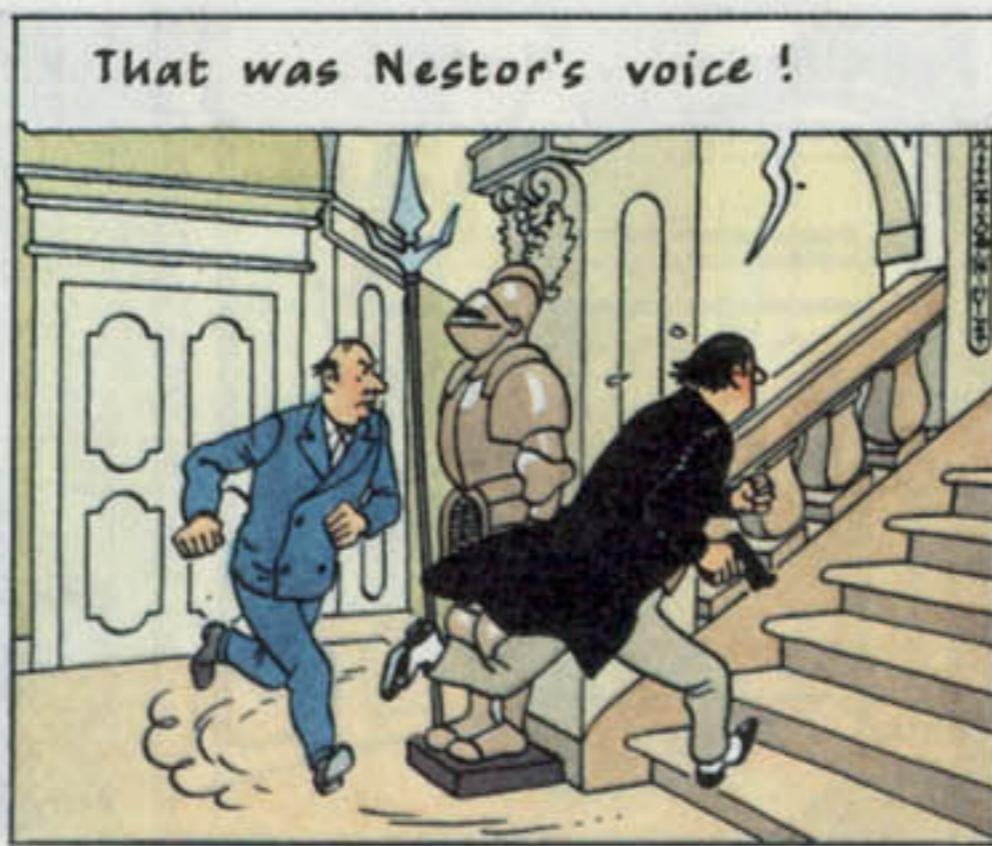
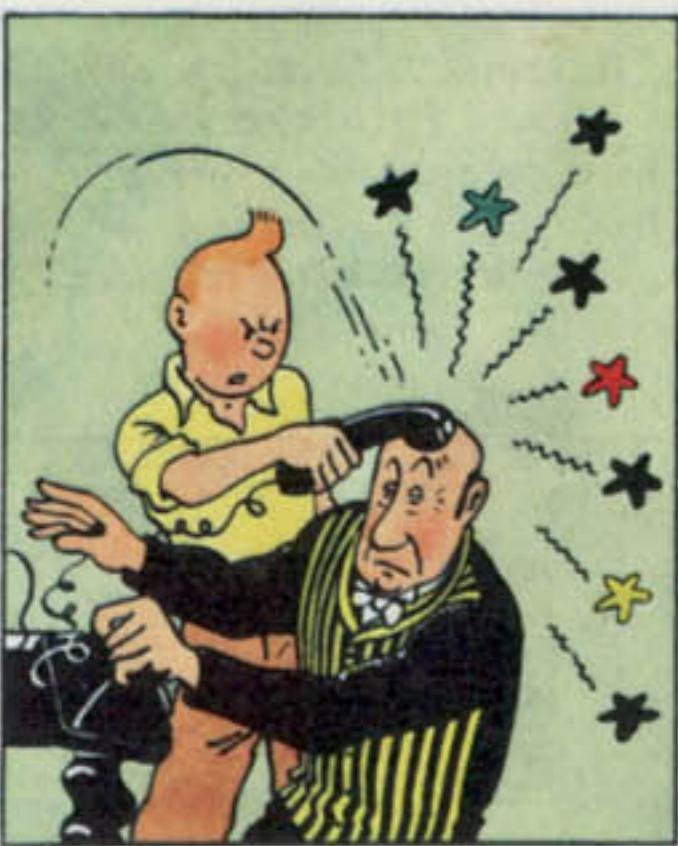
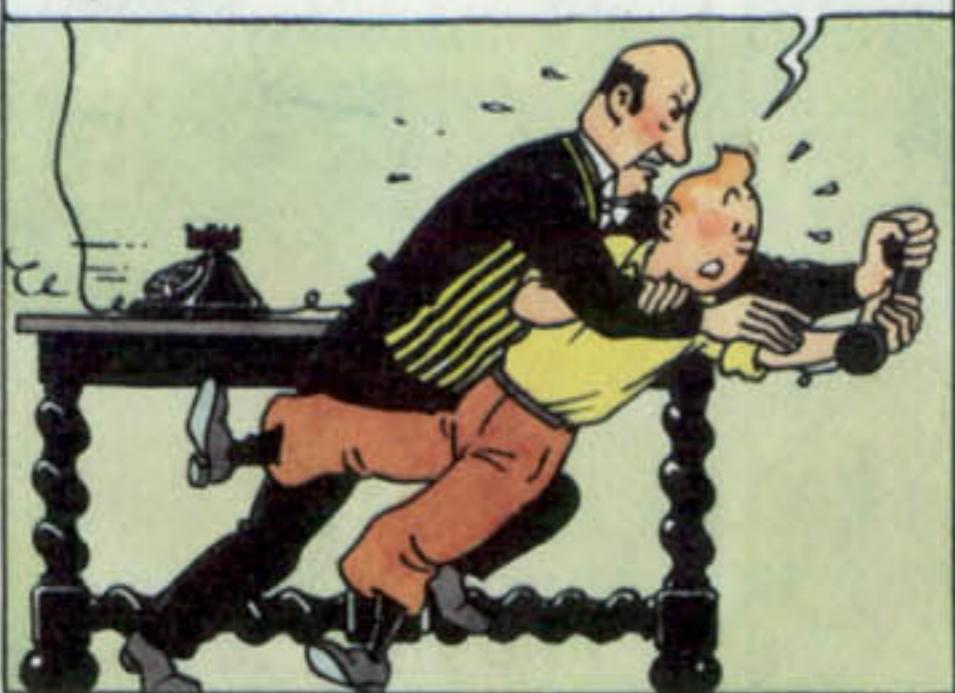
Marlinspike, Captain!
Marlinspike Hall!



What?... Martin's
bike?... Hello?...
Hello?... Thunder-
ing typhoons!
What's going on?



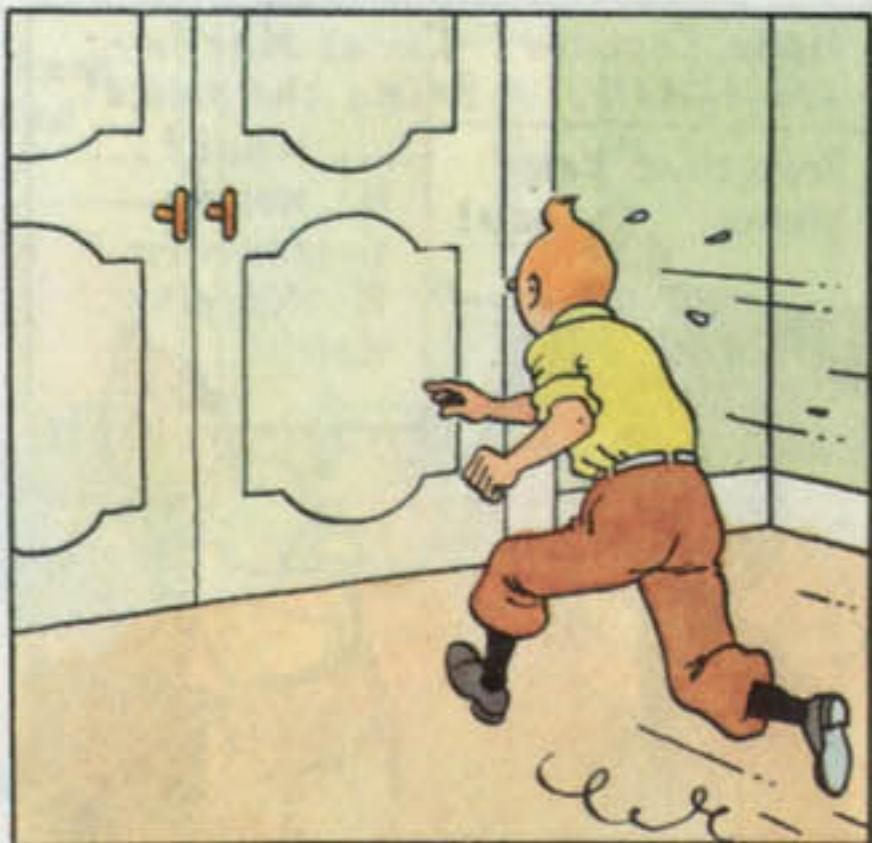
Marlinspike Hall! ... Marlin-
spike!

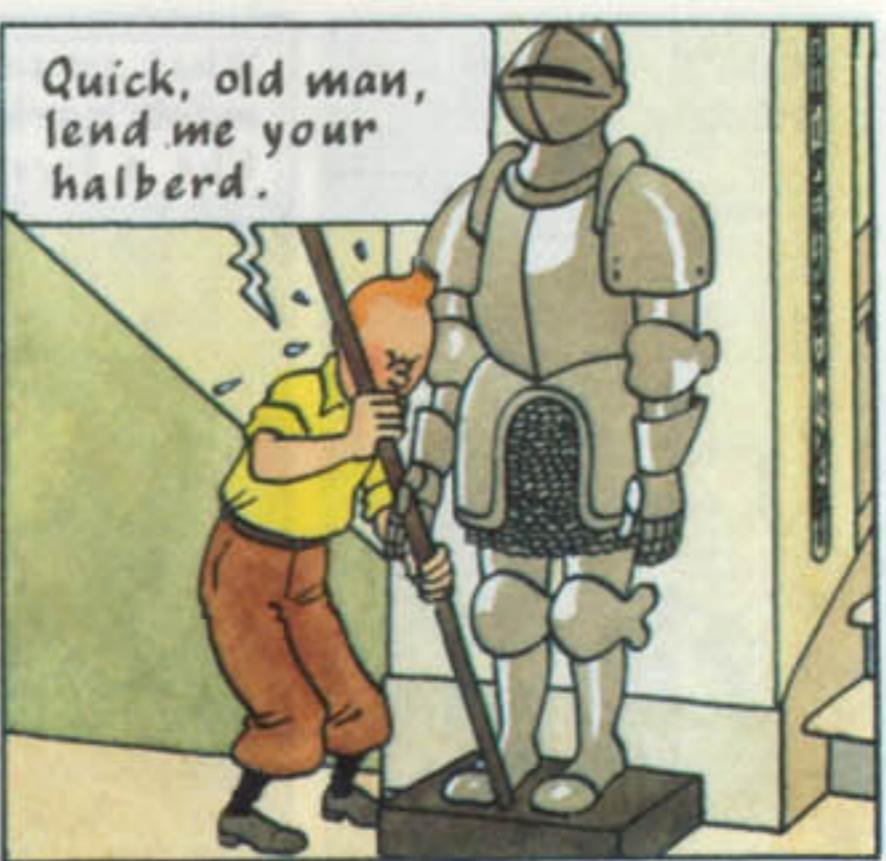
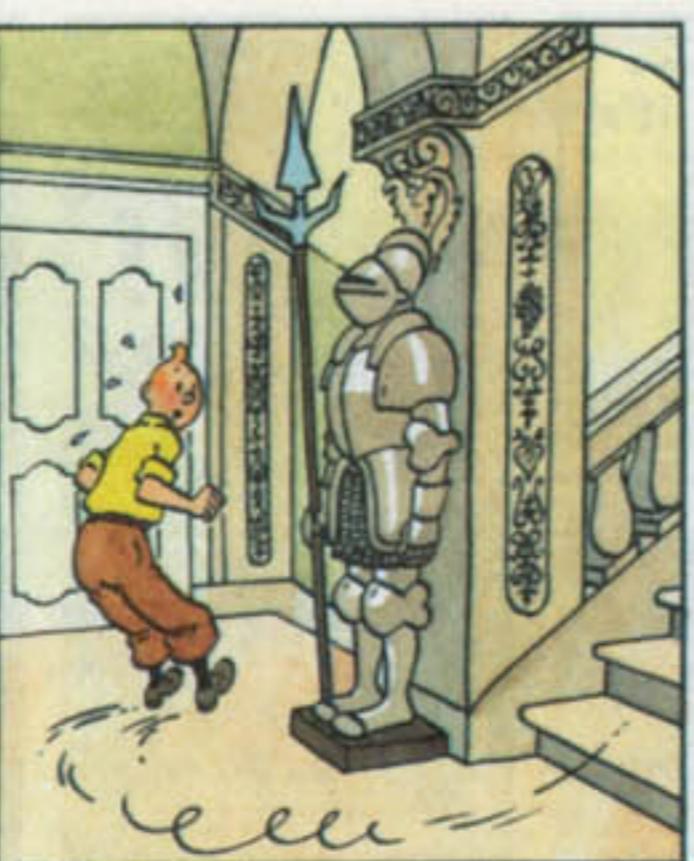
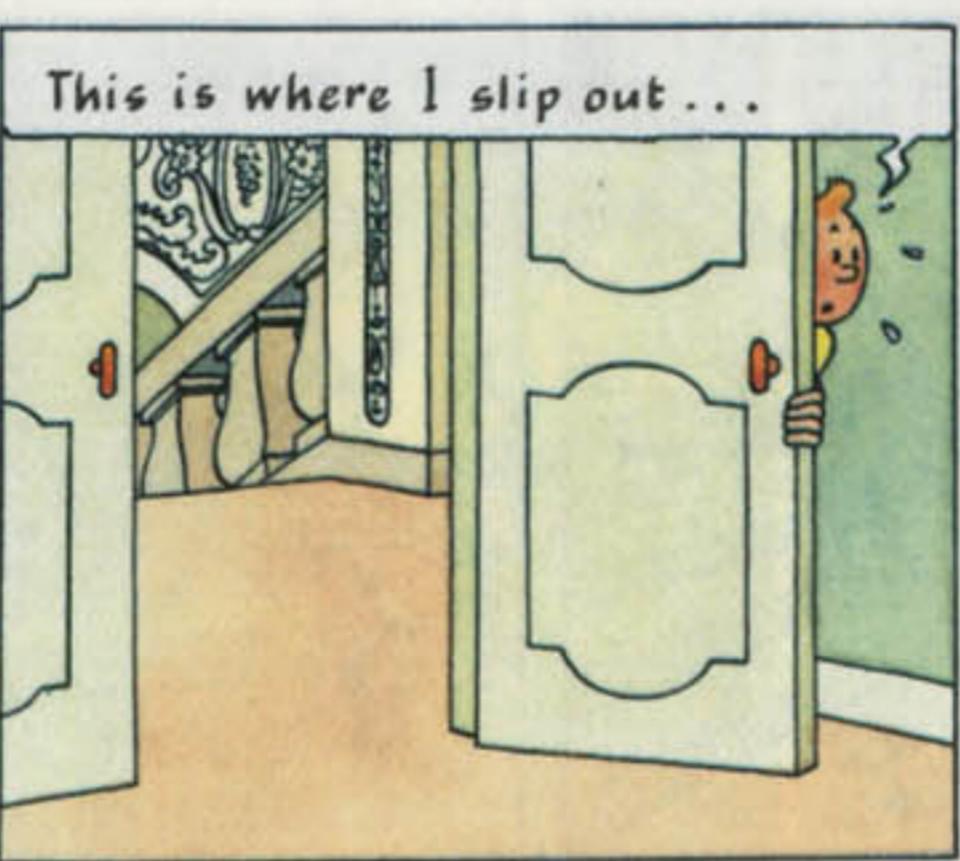


There's only one thing
to do - run for it -
double quick!

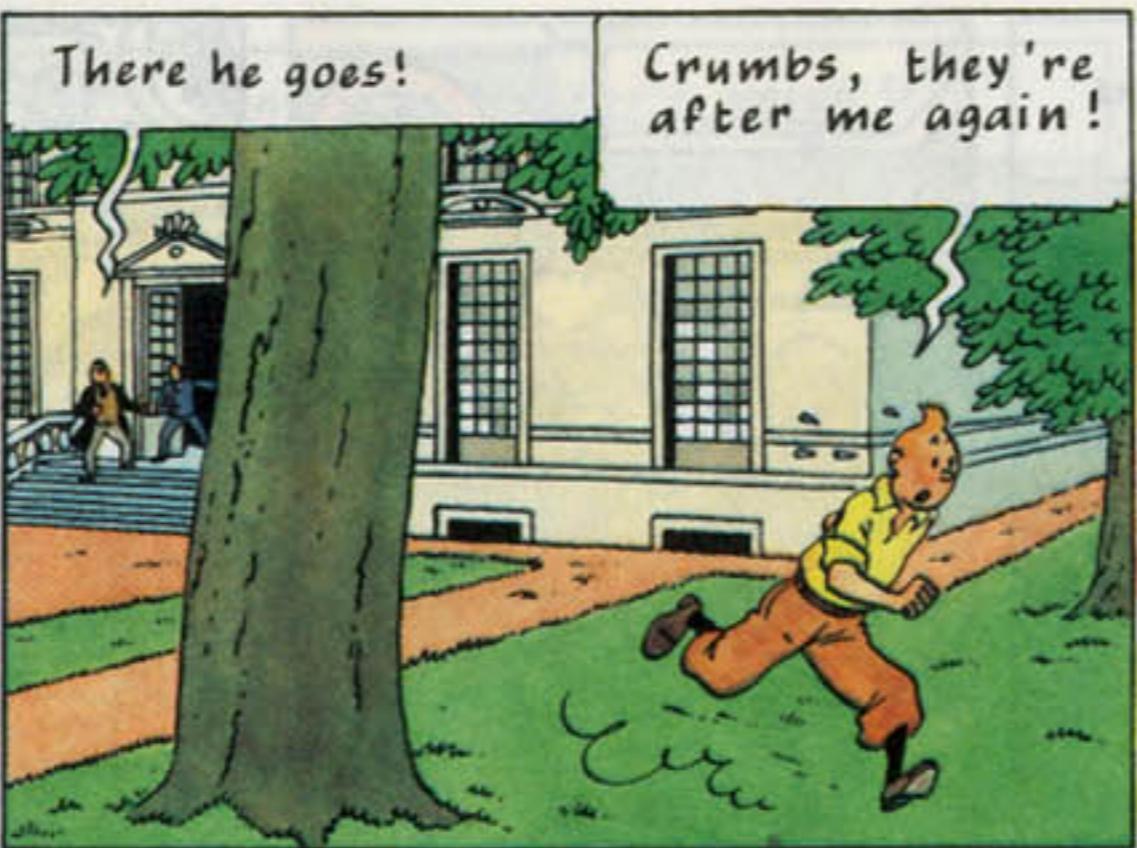


If he's here he can't escape us...

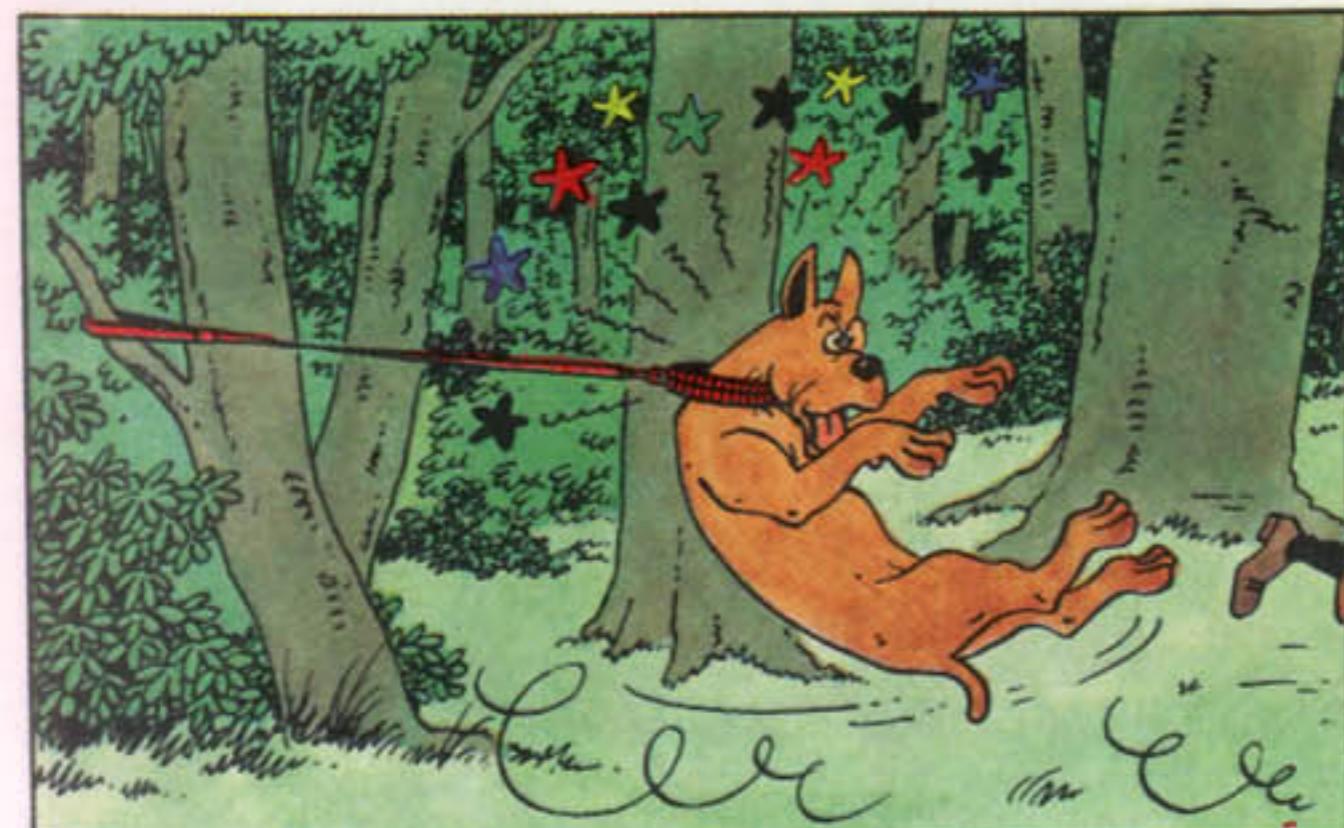
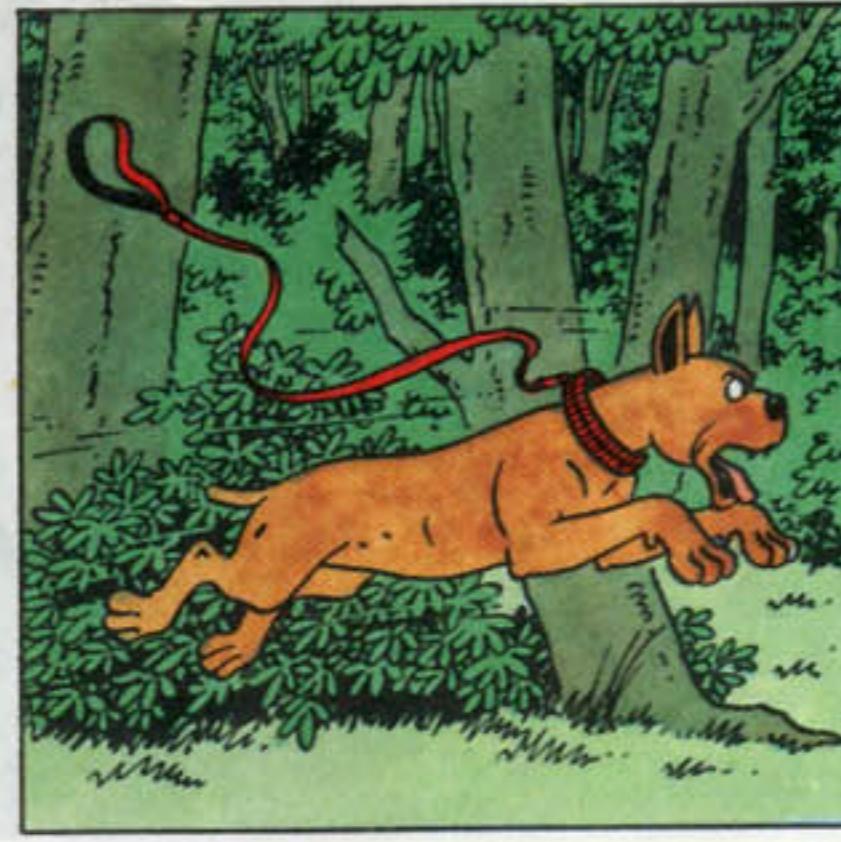
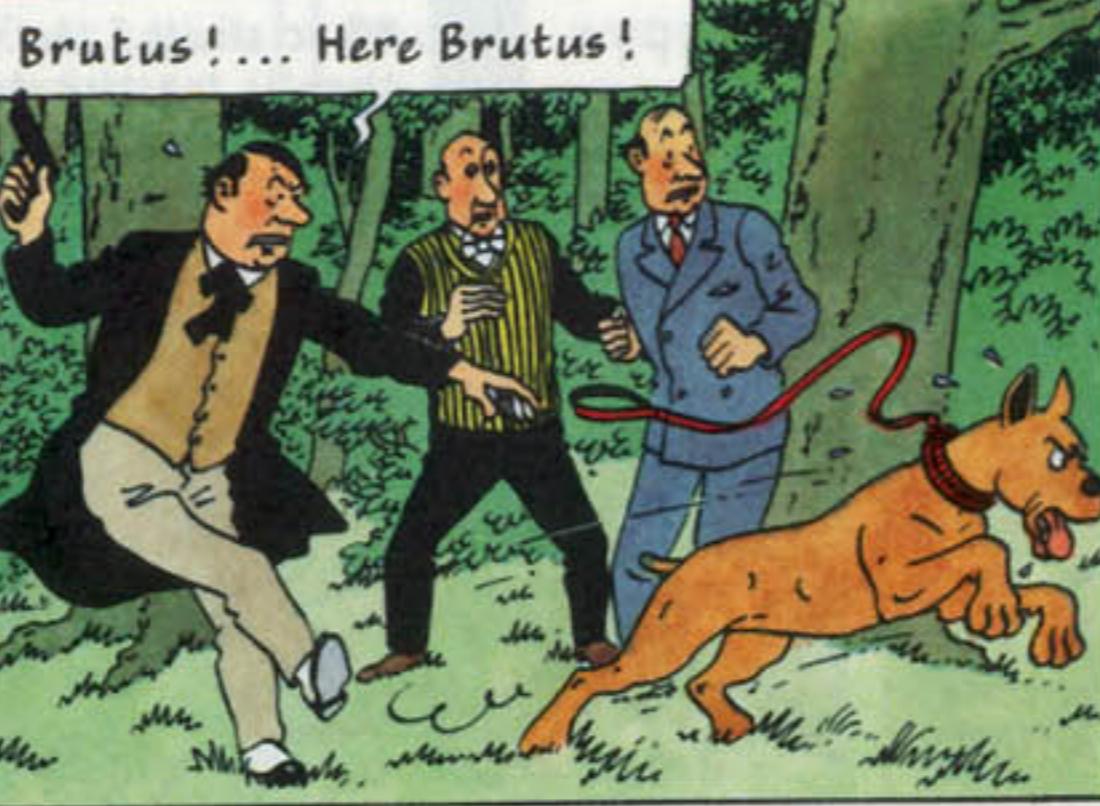




Steady...they're coming!



Go on, find him! We musn't lose the scent.



WOOF!
WOOF!

WOOF!
WOOF!

What shall I do?... If I run
they'll let the dog go and
I'll have them on my track.
But if...

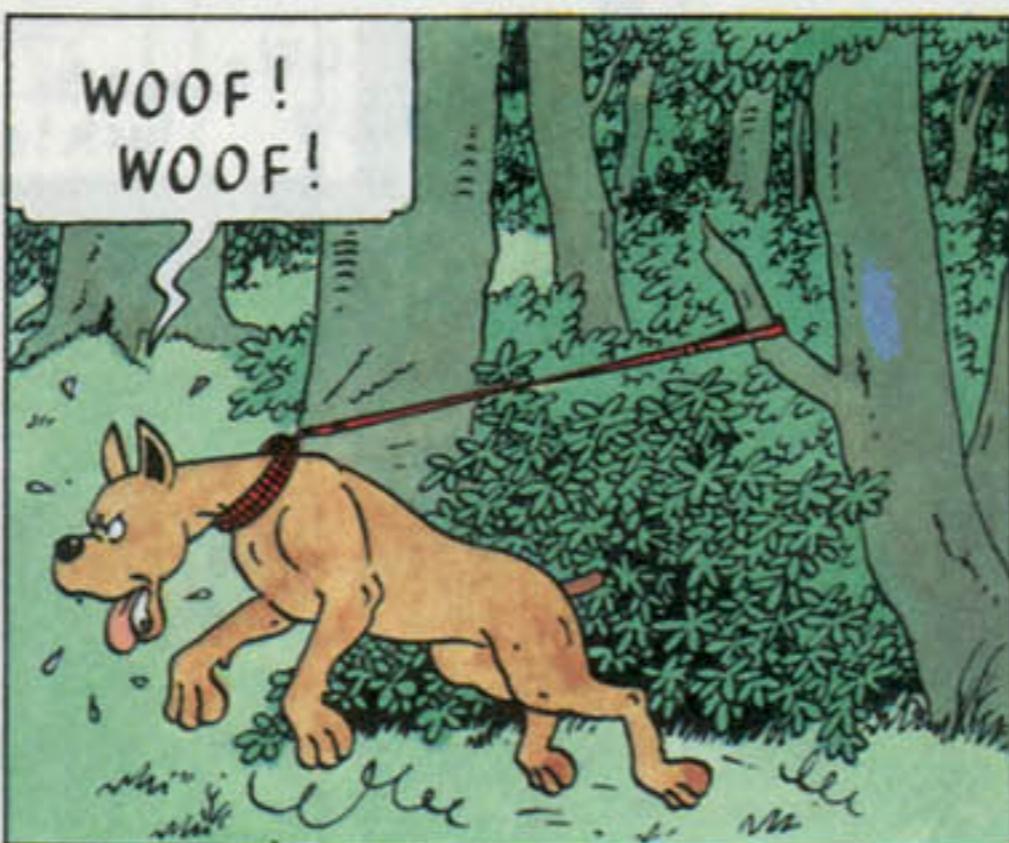
Yes, my mind's
made up. I
must risk every-
thing!



We can have a nice comfortable chat there while we wait for the police to arrive...



WOOF!
WOOF!





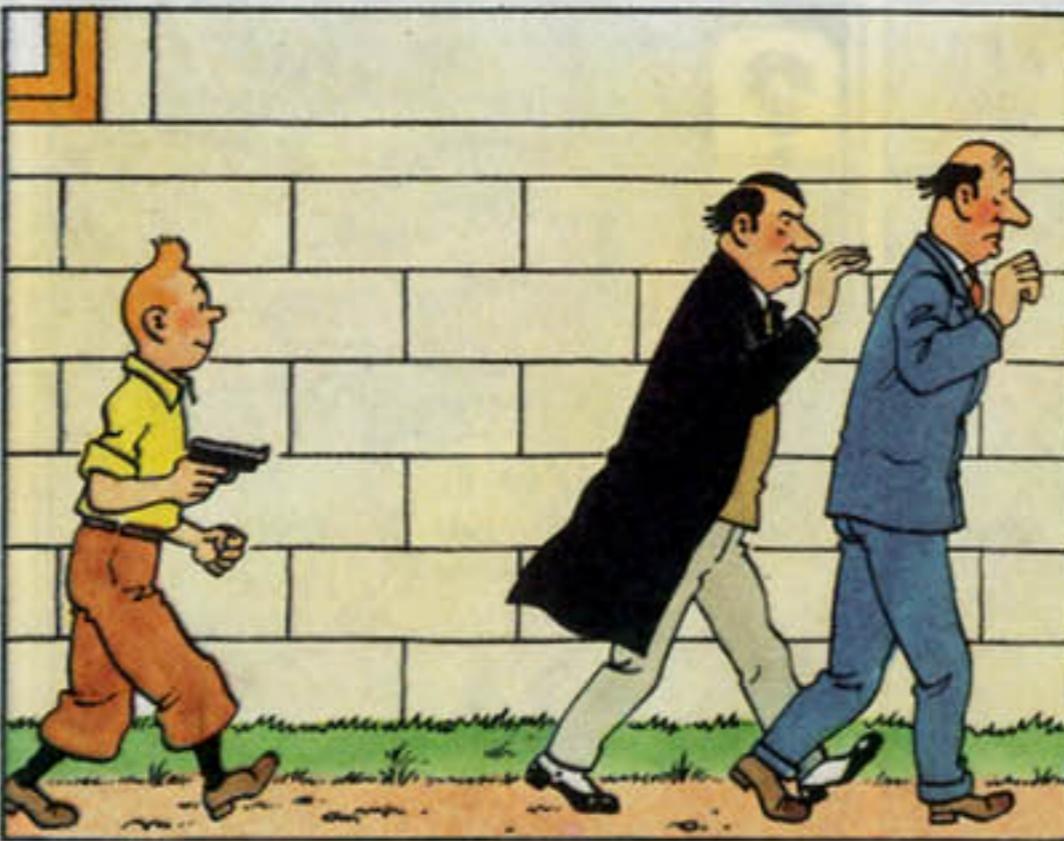
Where are they going?
... Oh, I see: that
little wretch is taking
care to put Brutus
back in his kennel.



They're coming back this
way: they'll pass under
the ground-floor win-
dows. Perhaps there's
some way ...



Keep cool, Nestor!



Here they come!
Careful, don't miss ...



Nestor!



Oh, dear, I didn't hit
him hard enough ...



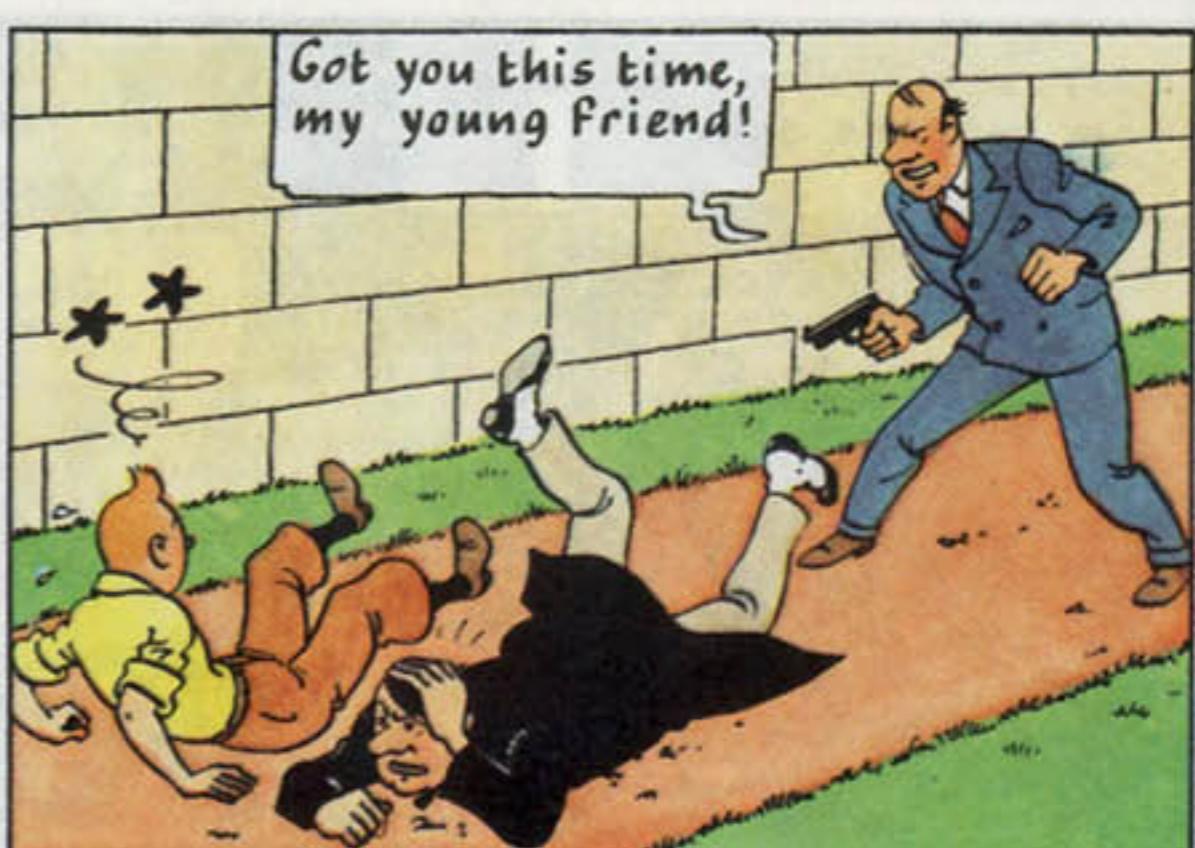
Now then,
once more...



Oh dear!!



Got you this time,
my young friend!



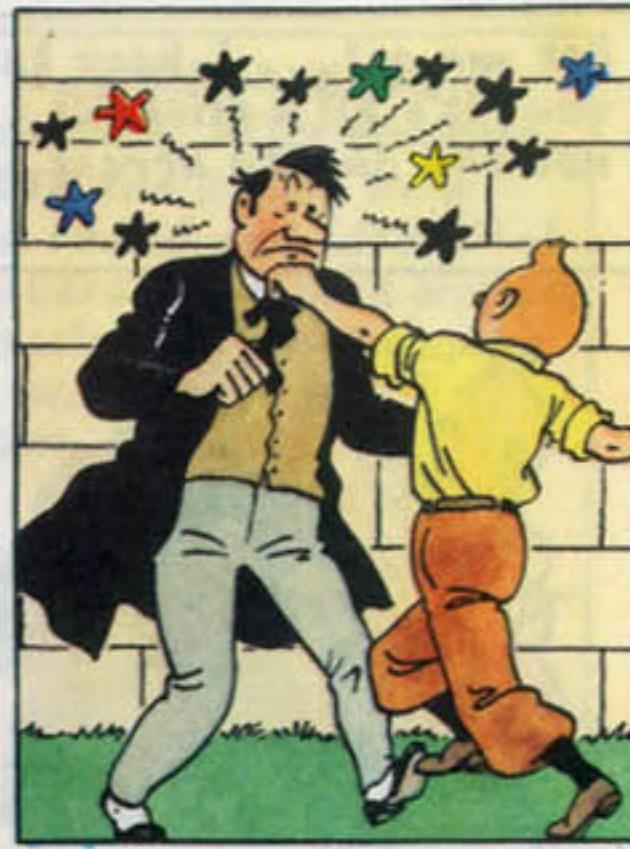
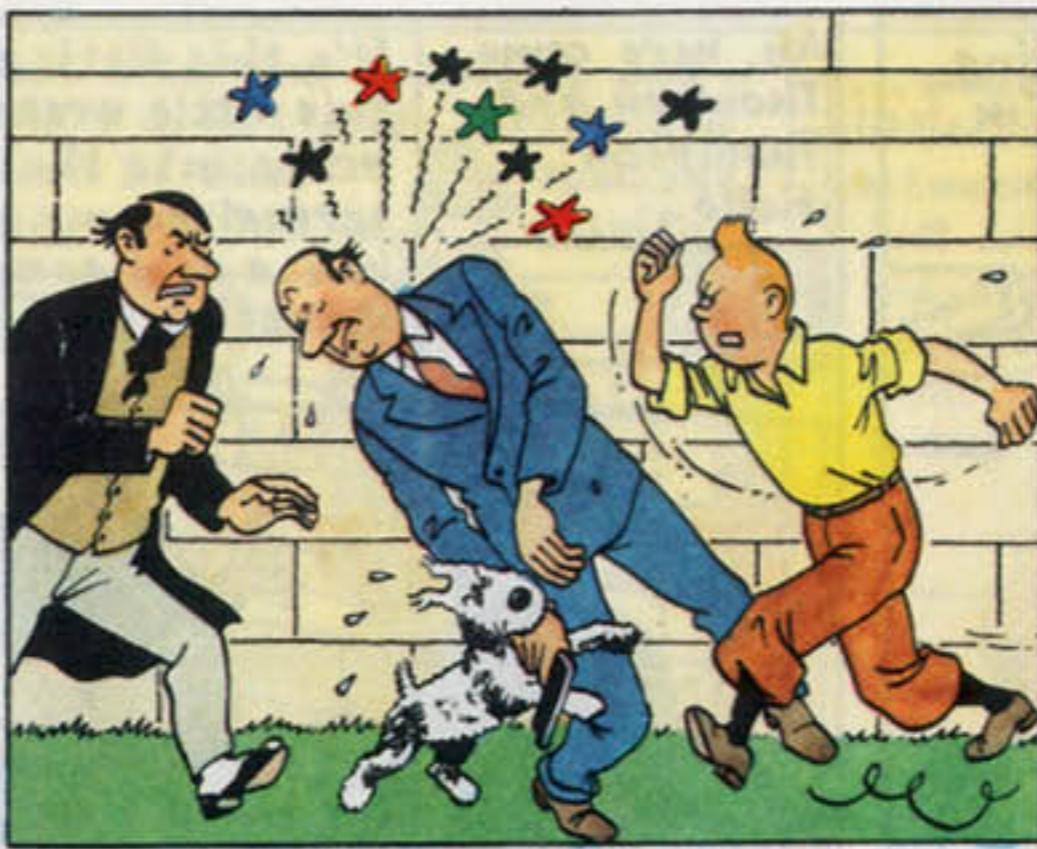
Come out here, Nestor, and bring some strong cord with you.

You, walk in front ! I don't have to tell you - one false move and I'll shoot you like a dog !



OW!

Snowy !



Snowy ! Good old Snowy !... You managed to find me !

Hands up !

Again ?

Great snakes !... That sounds like the two Thomsons !

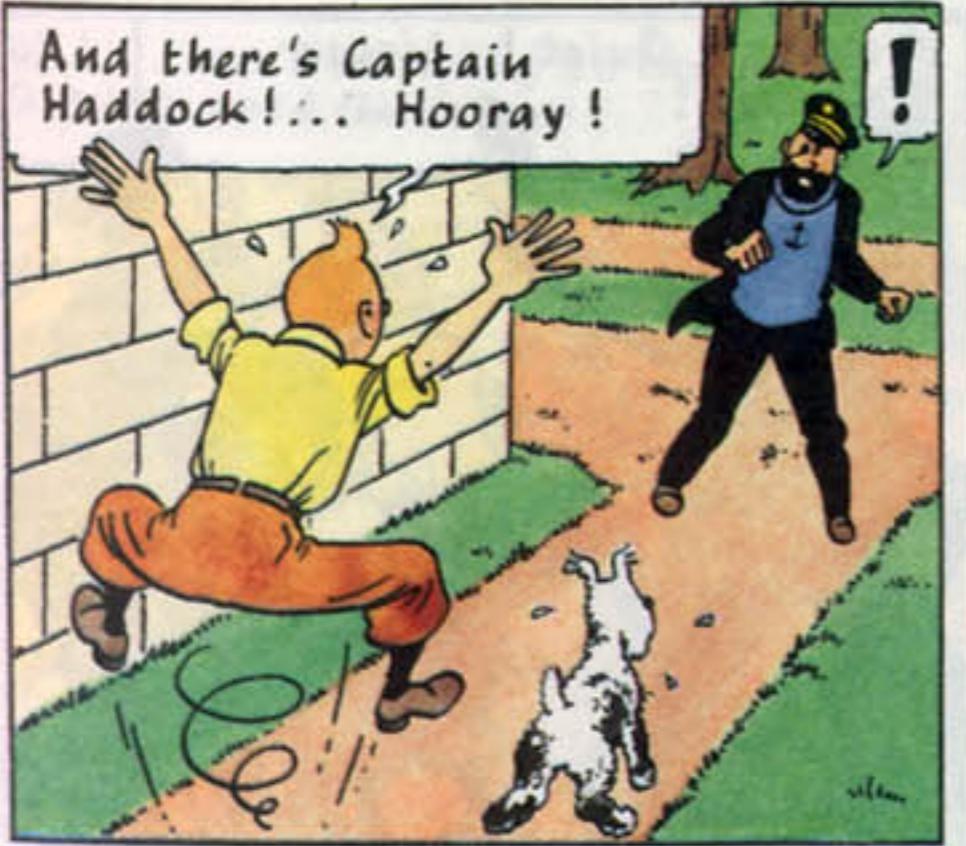
Hands up !

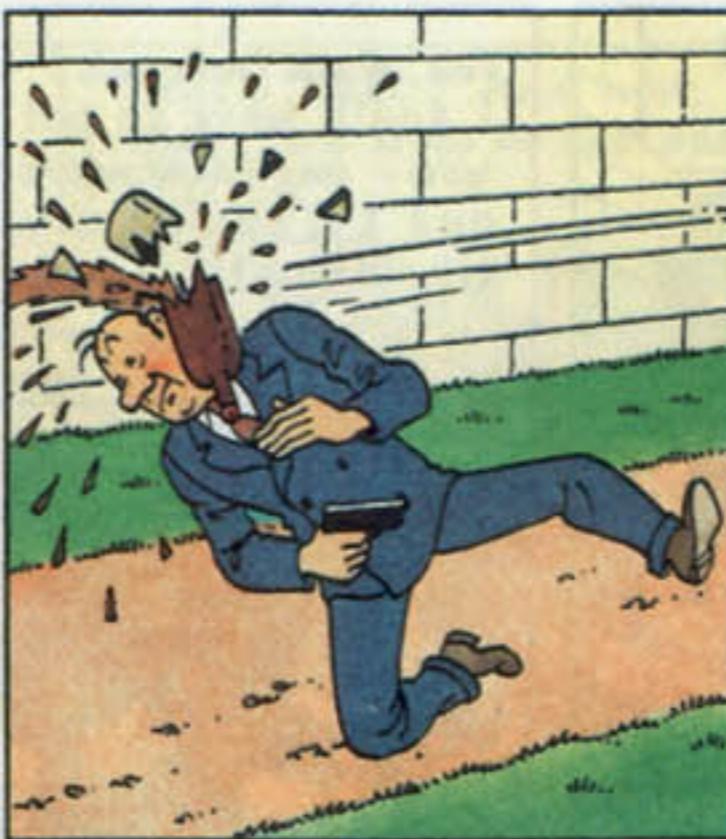


And there's Captain Haddock !... Hooray !

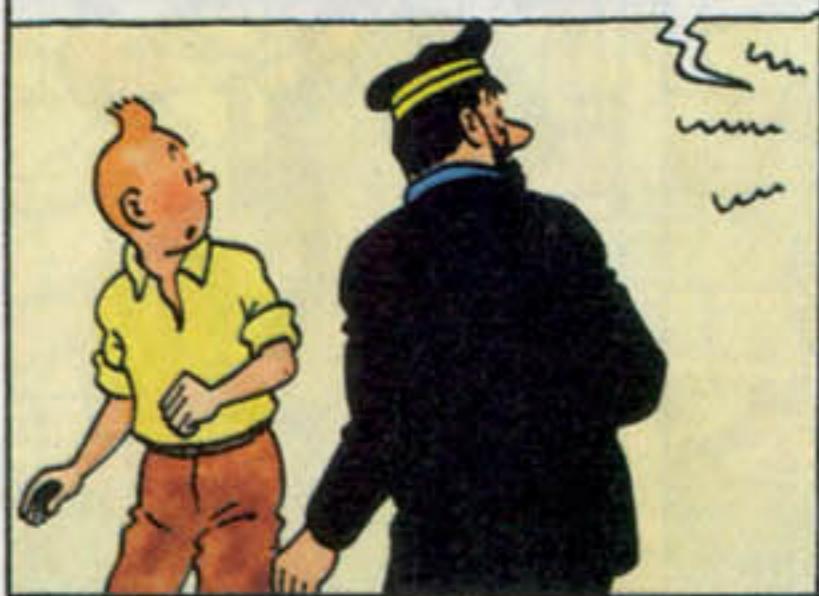
Ha, bully !... Ha, pirate !... Ha, pickled herring !

Captain ! Look out, Captain !... What are you doing ?





Let me go!... I keep telling you - it's all a mistake : I'm not the one to arrest ...



Ah, here come Thomson and Thompson... Hello.



It's this little ruffian, this little wretch who broke into the house and terrorized my masters ; he's a real gangster, Mr. Detective ...

It's true, Nestor acted in good faith. I heard his master say I was a criminal. Nestor believed it.

Then your masters are the criminals. Look what's left of my bottle of three-star brandy! It's all their fault!... They're gangsters!... dizzards!... baboons!

And what's more, we have a warrant for their arrest.



My wallet! My wallet! It's incredible!



But your wallet's there ...

That's just what's incredible: no one has stolen it!



By the way, what about that pickpocket?... Have you managed to lay hands on him?

Not yet, but it won't be long now.



We got his name from the Stellar Cleaners: he's called Aristides Silk. We were just about to pull him in when we were ordered to arrest the Bird brothers, and here we are ...



Quiet! Quiet! Listen to me!



Gentlemen, there has been a miscarriage of justice! This man is innocent, as Tintin said. Won't you take off these handcuffs... and let him go and fetch me another bottle of brandy?



There, my man, now you're free. And we'll use these handcuffs for your masters!



We'll follow you, Nestor. Don't forget; it's to be three-star!



Now, Captain, tell me how you came to be here.

Oh, yes... Right. Well...



Just after your telephone call - and I didn't understand a word of that - someone rang up from the hospital...



... where they still had the little-birds-man. After hovering between life and death, he'd just come round and identified his attackers: the Bird brothers, antique dealers of Marlinspike Hall. It was only when I heard that name...



... that I understood what you meant on the telephone. There was no time to lose: I warned the police at once, and we rushed here ...



WHAM *
* OH!
WHAM
OW!



We shouldn't have left the police with those two gangsters! ...



Look!... one's escaping!... there! He's just turned the corner!



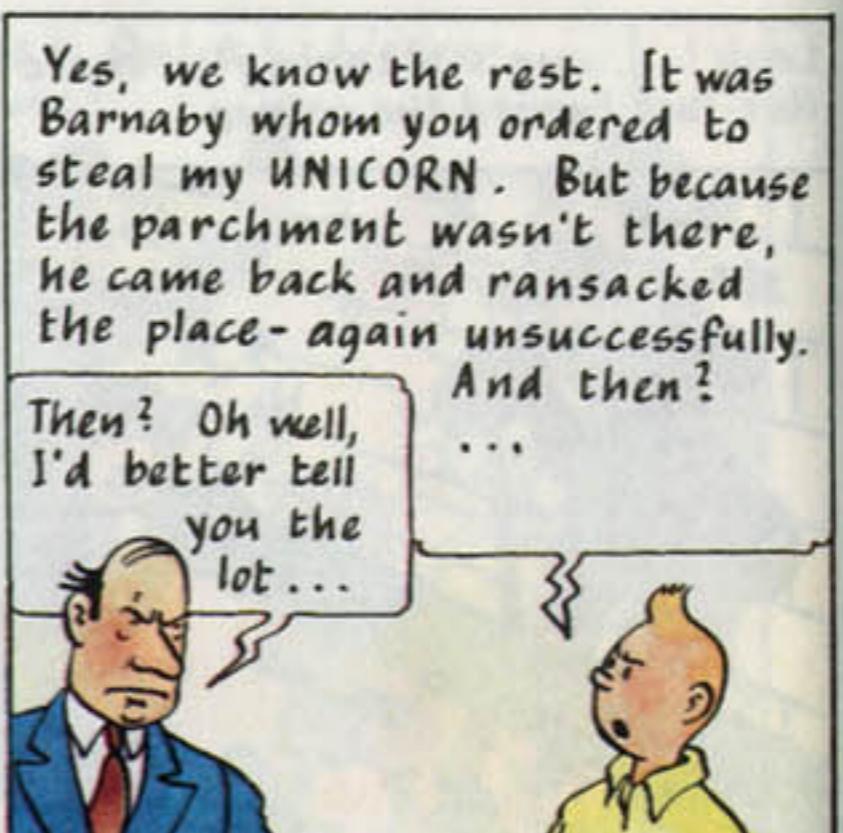
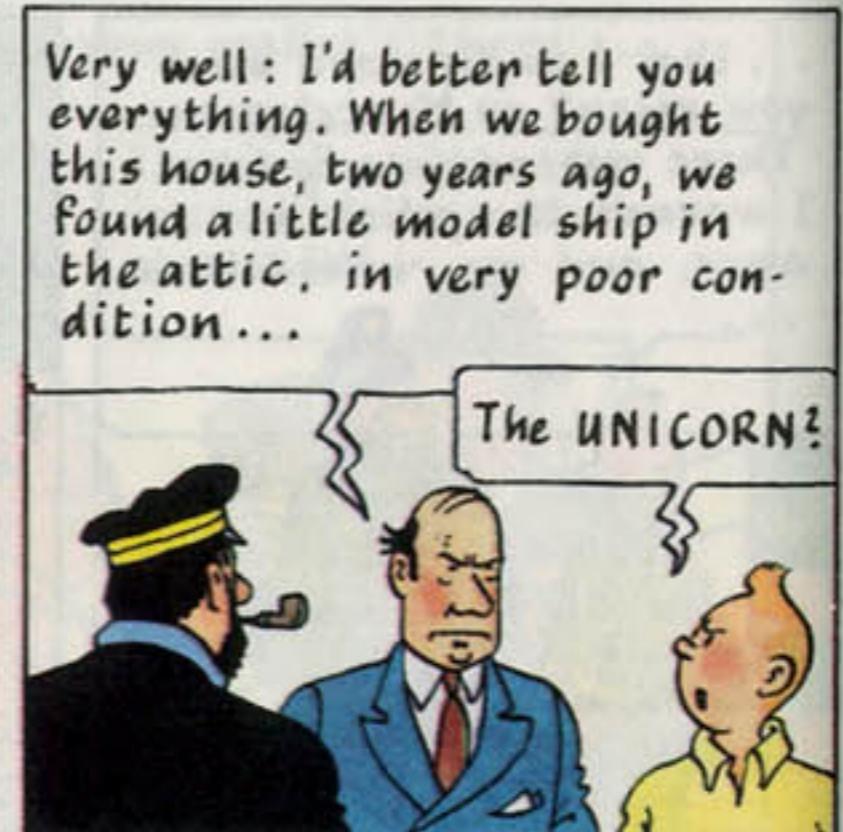
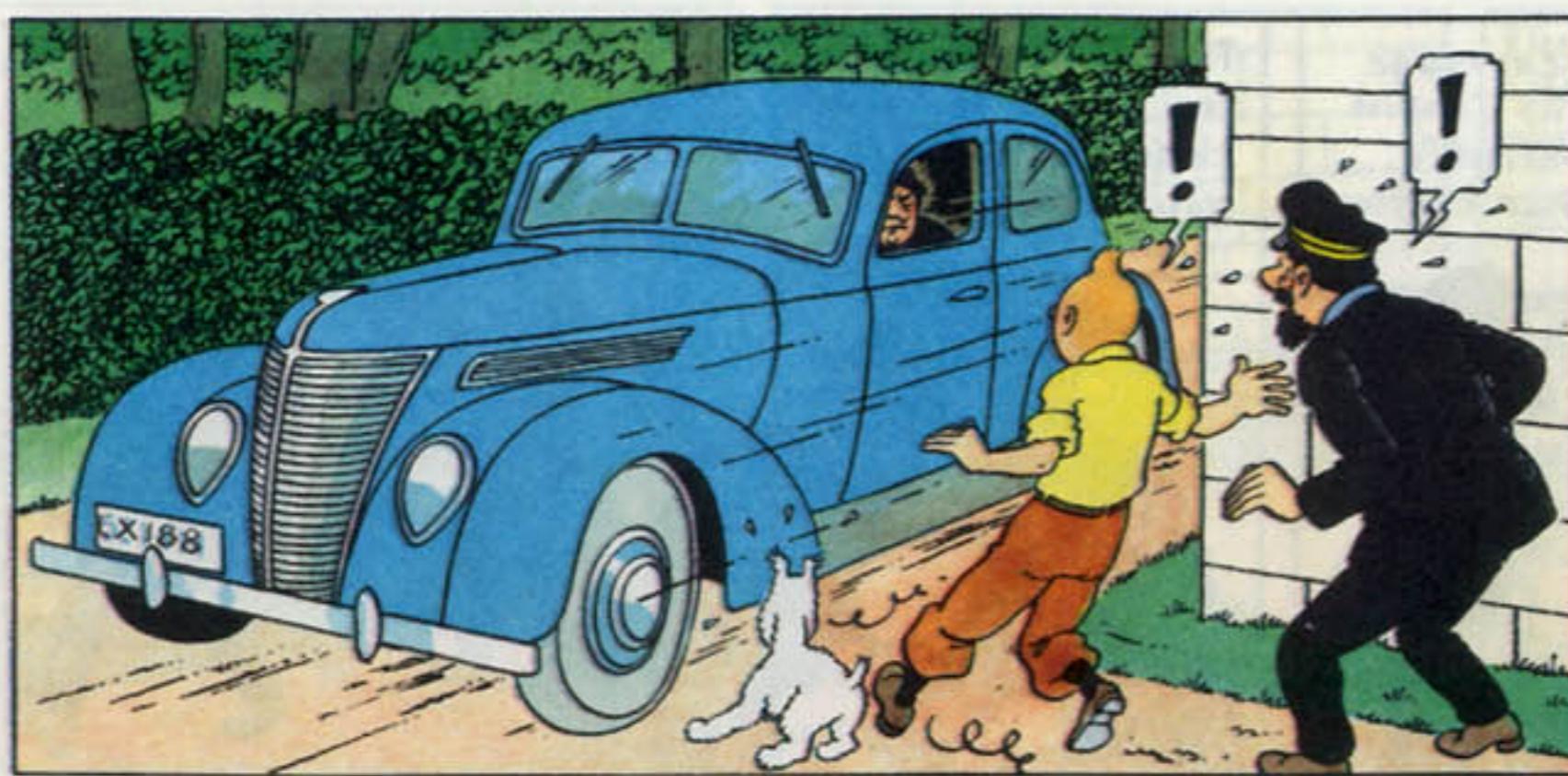
He's the most dangerous of the two: he mustn't get away!



BRRRRR
BRRRR



A car! That's a car starting up!



Barnaby came back empty-handed. Then he suddenly remembered the other man who'd been trying to buy the ship from you.

And next day he visited Mr. Sakharine, chloro-formed him, and stole the third parchment...



That's right. But after he'd given it to us, he and Max quarrelled violently about the money we'd agreed he should have. Barnaby demanded more, but Max stuck to the original sum. Finally Barnaby went, furiously angry and saying we'd regret our meanness. When he'd gone, Max got cold feet: supposing the wretch betrayed us? We jumped into the car and trailed him; our fears were justified. We saw him speaking...

... to you. Panicking in case he'd given the whole game away, Max caught up with you in a few seconds, and shot Barnaby as he stepped into your doorway.

I understand so far: but tell me, why did you kidnap me?

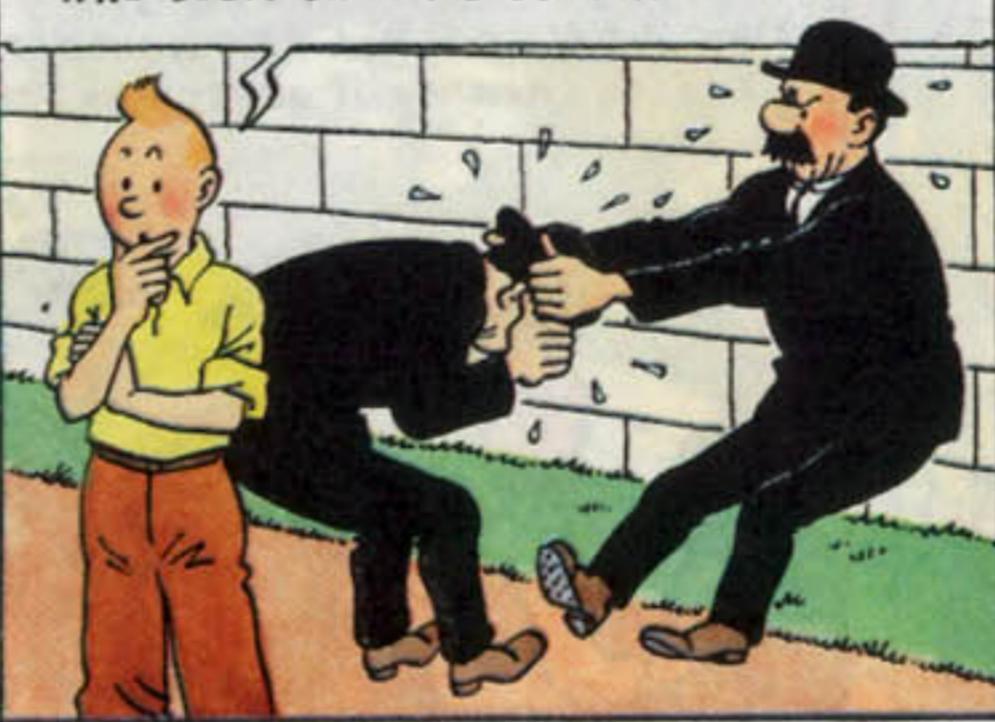


We told you: to make you give up the two parchments you had stolen from us a few days after the shooting.

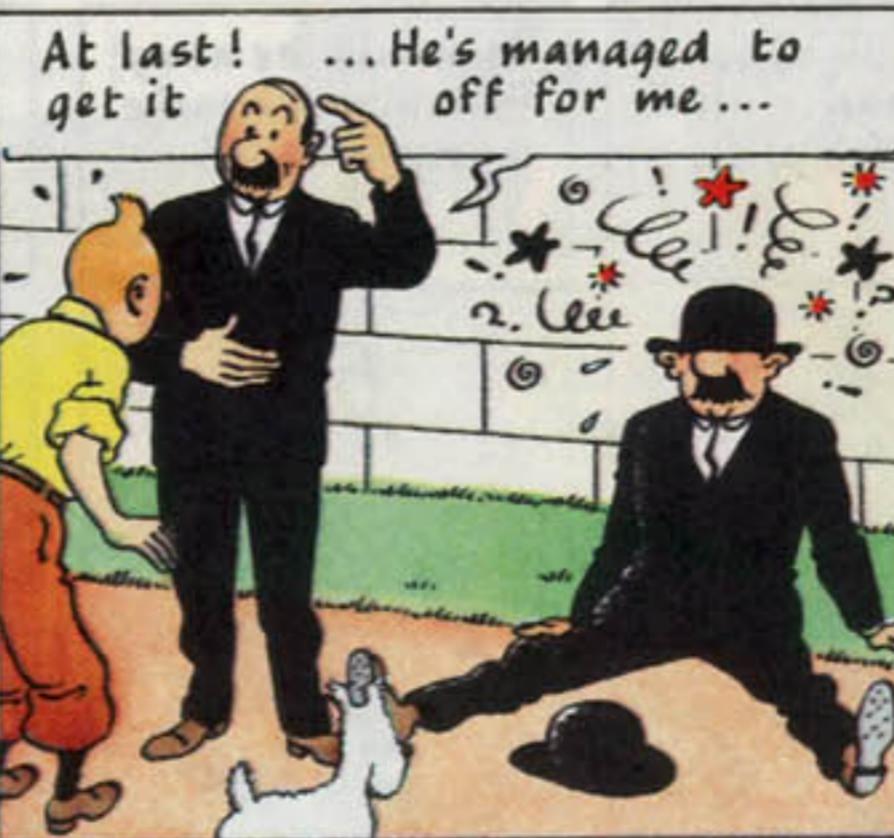
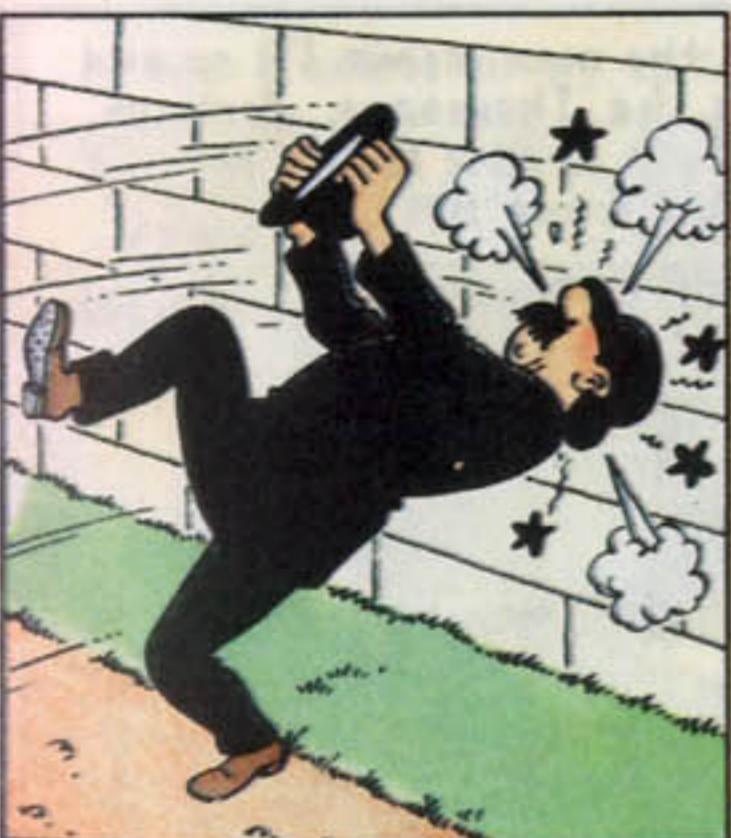
I see. But I couldn't have stolen them as I didn't know you existed! But I wonder... Perhaps it was...



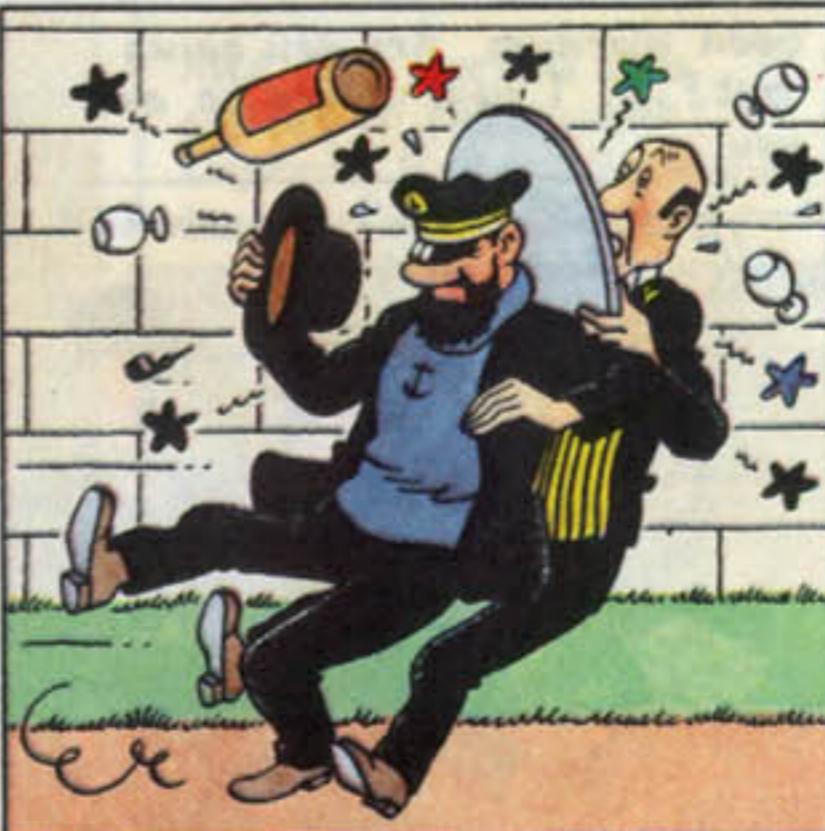
Yes, perhaps it was Mr. Sakharine who took the two scrolls?



Hurrah! That's it!

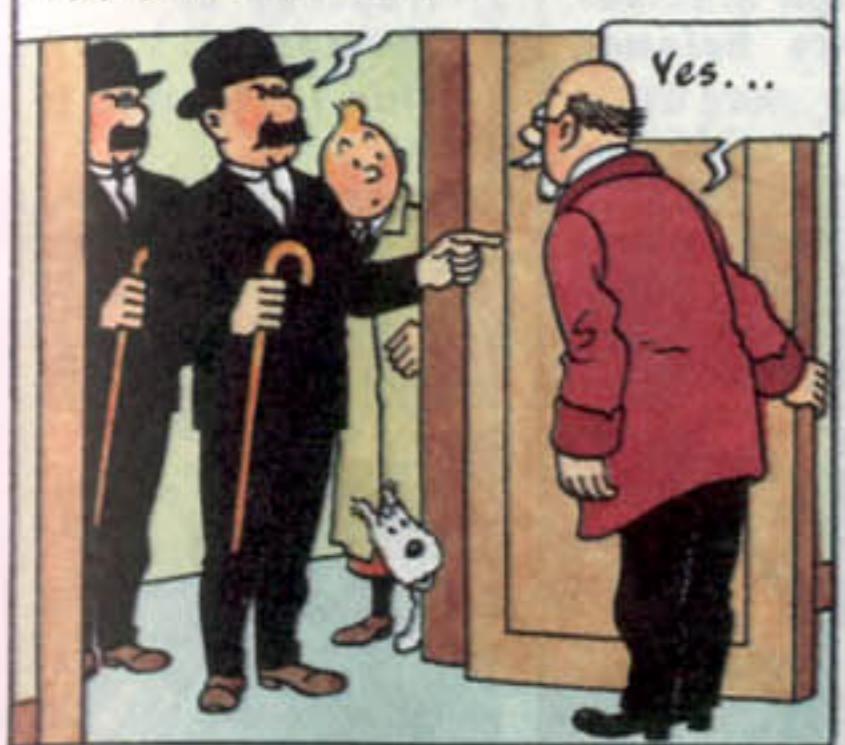


Ready! Steady! He-e-eave!





Mr. Aristides Silk ?



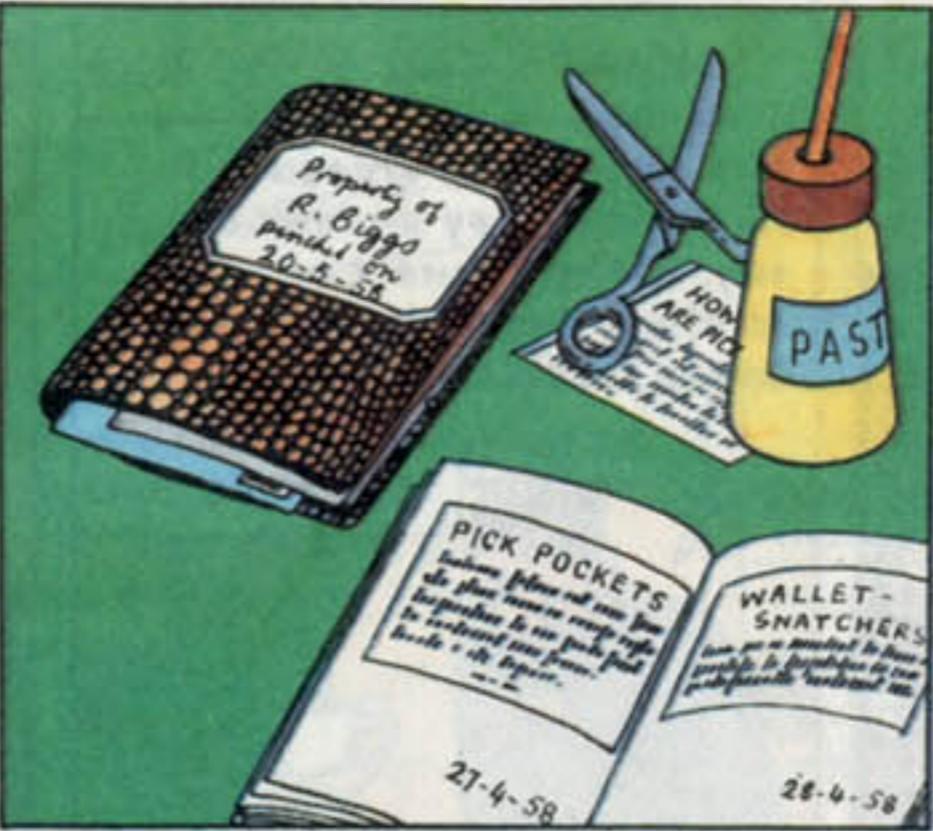
I arrest you in the name of
the law !



Yes, you ! You are a thief, sir ! ...

A thief ! Aristides Silk, retired civil servant : a thief ! It's a mistake, gentlemen, a shocking mistake !

I'm sorry to interrupt you,
Mr. Silk, but could you ex-
plain the meaning of all
this ? ...

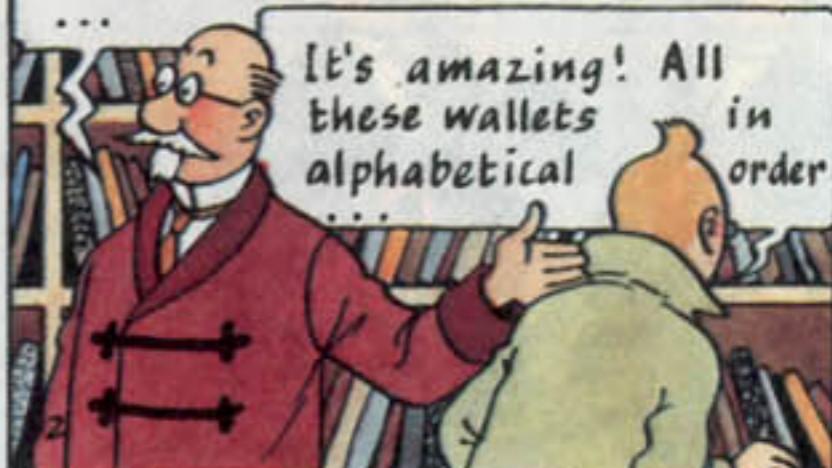


I...er, yes... Well, I...
you see, I'm not a thief :
certainly not ! But I'm a bit
of a... kleptomaniac. It's
something stronger than
I am : I adore wallets. So
I... I... just find one
from time to time. I put a
label on it, with the
owner's name

... and I add it to my collection ...



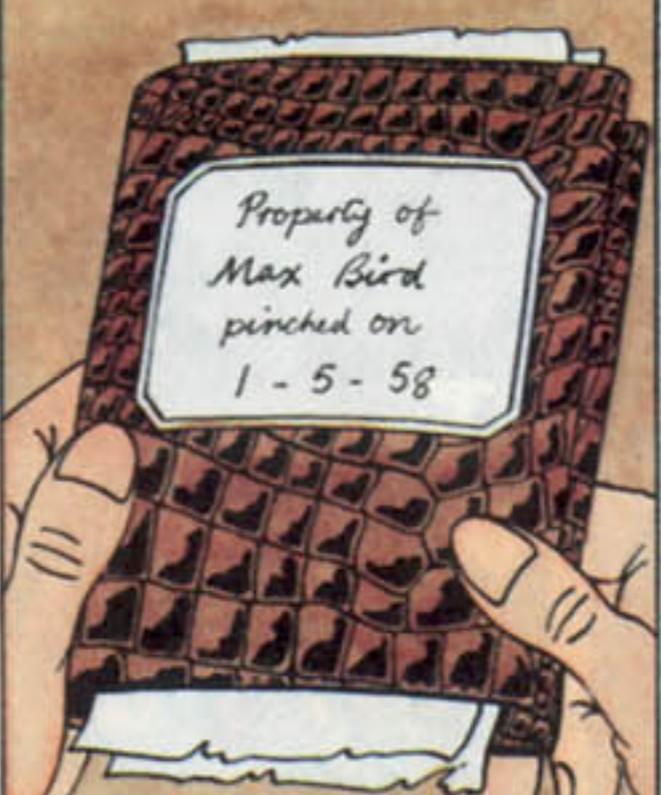
I venture to say, gentlemen,
that this is a unique collection of
its kind. And when I tell you
that it only took me three
months to assemble you'll agree
that it's a remarkable achievement



I wonder if by some
extraordinary co-
incidence ...



Hooray !



And here are the two
pieces of parchment ! ...
Captain, Red Rackham's
treasure is ours !



Goodbye! Don't forget to have a look under the letter T!

Under letter T?



Look under T?
Why under T?
...



Good gracious!
this belongs
to me! ...



"Property of
Thompson"!
This is yours!...



Property of Thomson... property of Thomson... Thomson...



Next day...

Red Rackham's treasure is ours: it's easy enough to say. We've found two of the scrolls, I know, but we still haven't got the third...



RRRING
RRRING
RRRING



Hello?... Yes, it's me
... Good morning...
What? you've arrested him?...



Not exactly, but thanks to the clues we gave, they managed to catch him trying to leave the country ...



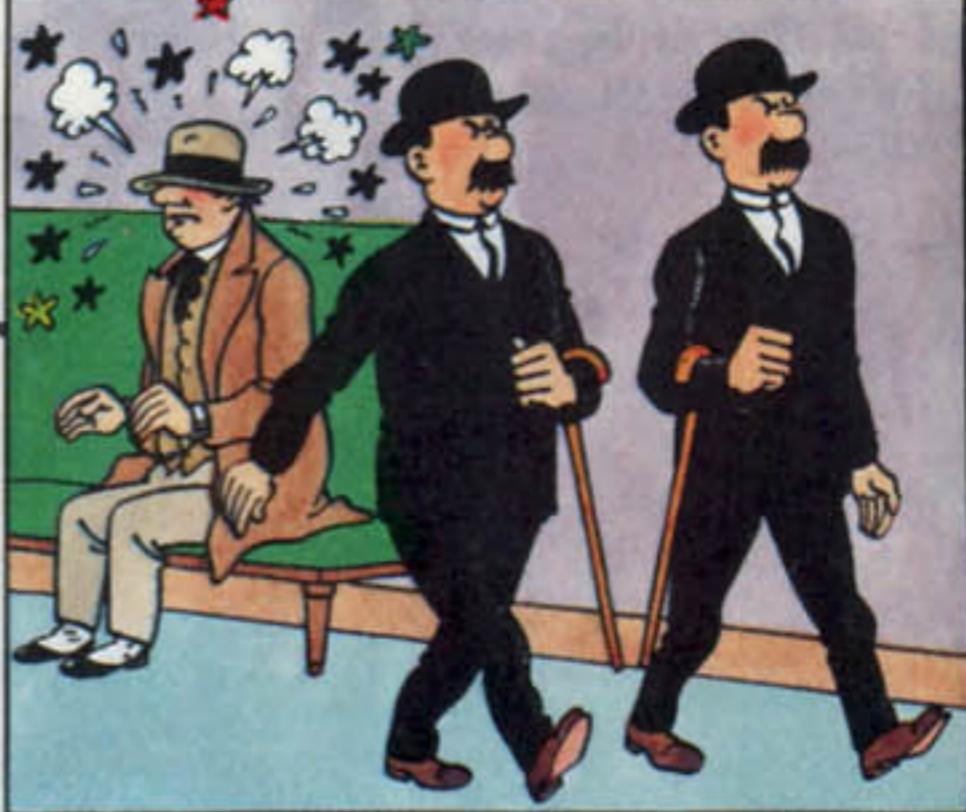
What about the third parchment?
... Did you find it on him?...



Yes, he had it. We're bringing it along to you. But first we've got a little account to settle with this troublesome antique dealer...



Here, Thompson, hold my stick while I just deal with this gentleman...



Three Brothers joyed. Thru' Unicorns in
company sailing in the noonday Sunne
For 'tis from the Light that Light will
will speak.
20 dawn. And then shines forth

Three company will spot the Eagle's +

For 'tis from the Light that Light will
dawn. And then shines forth

42 1 0

the Eagle's +

3

Three Unicorns in
noonday Sunne

For 'tis from the Light that Light will
dawn. And then shines forth

52

the Eagle's +

I've got it, Captain!...
I've got it!...

The message is right when
it says that it is "from
the light that light will
dawn!" Look, I put them
together...

No! No! and No! You can go
on hunting if you want to, but
I've had enough: I give up.
Blistering barnacles to that
pirate Red Rackham, and his
treasure! I'd sooner do with-
out it; I'm not racking my
brains any more trying to
make sense out of that gib-
berish! Thundering typhoons!
What a thirst it's given me!



... and hold them, "sailing in com-
pany", in front of the light. Look now!
See what comes through!...



Three Brothers joyed. Three Unicorns in
company sailing in the noonday Sunne
For 'tis from the Light that Light will
will speak
dawn. And then shines forth

20

37

42

N.

70

52

15

W.

the Eagle's +

A latitude and a longitude!

Obviously telling us where the UNICORN sank!



Now, Captain... When do we leave on our treasure-hunt?

When do we leave? ... Er...



Let's see... first we need a ship... We can charter the SIRIUS, a trawler belonging to my friend, Captain Chester... Then we need a crew, some diving suits and all the right equipment for this sort of expedition... That will take us a little time to arrange. We'd better say a month. Yes, in a month we could be ready to leave.



Red Rackham's treasure will be ours!



But of course it won't be easy, and we shall certainly have plenty of adventures on our treasure-hunt... You can read about them in RED RACKHAM'S TREASURE



- HERGÉ -

