

- HERGÉ -

THE ADVENTURES OF

TINTIN

RED RACKHAM'S TREASURE

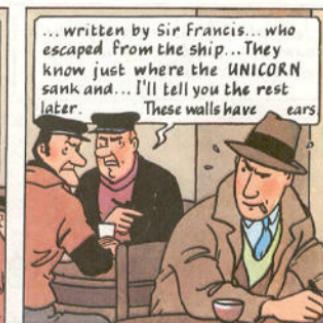
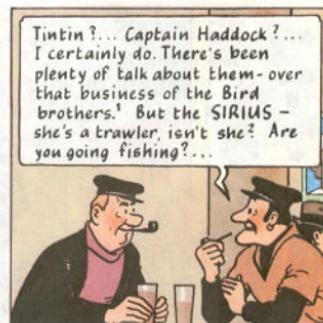
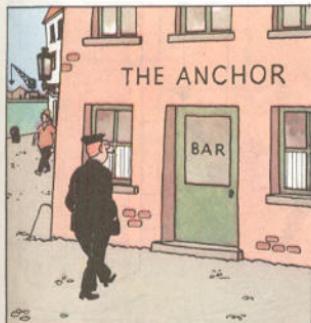


MAGNET



MAGNET

RED RACKHAM'S TREASURE



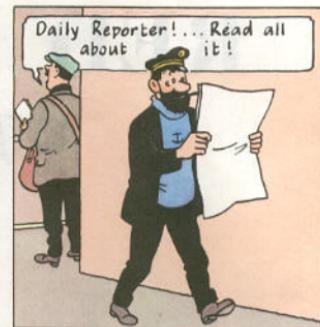
Next day...

Daily Reporter!
Daily Reporter!

Here.

Thanks.

Daily Reporter!... Read all
about it!



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

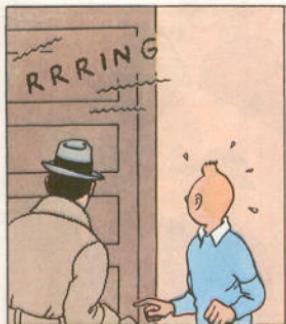


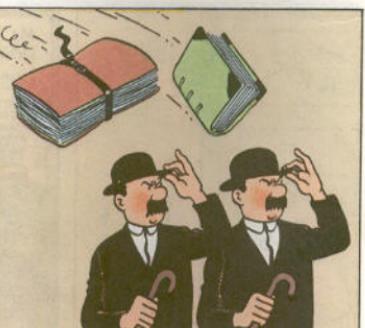
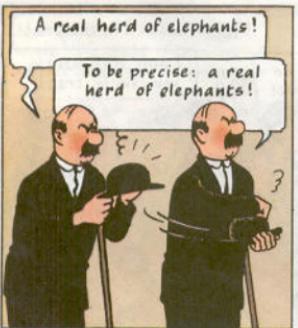
Red Rackham's Treasure

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

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







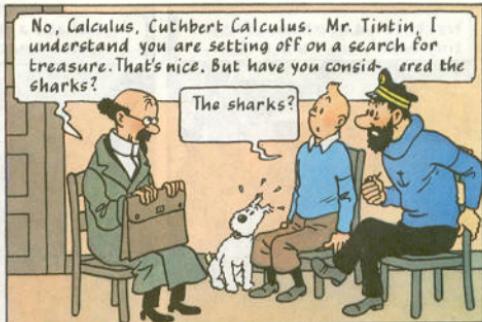
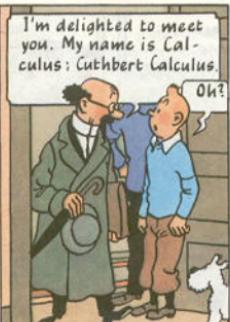
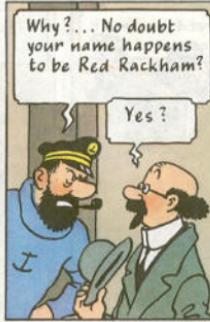
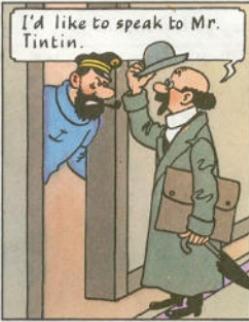
There you are. That's got rid of that gang of thieves!

RRRRING

Another? Wait, I'll go ...

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

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



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

But...

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

I'm very sorry but...

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

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

Why of course. Certainly these gentlemen may come too.

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

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

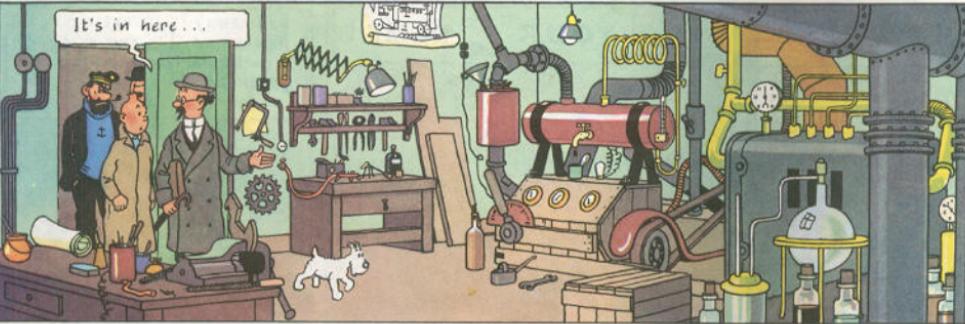
I'm so glad you agreed to come!

Please don't mention it.

No. Calculus, Cuthbert Calculus.

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

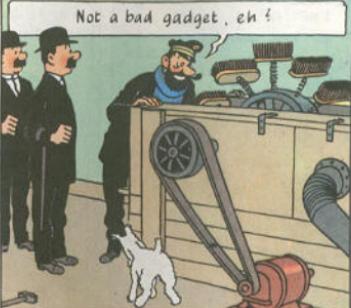
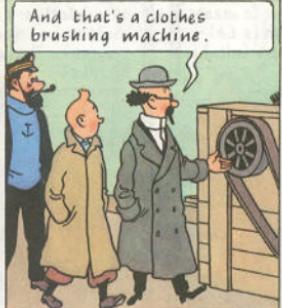
It's in here...



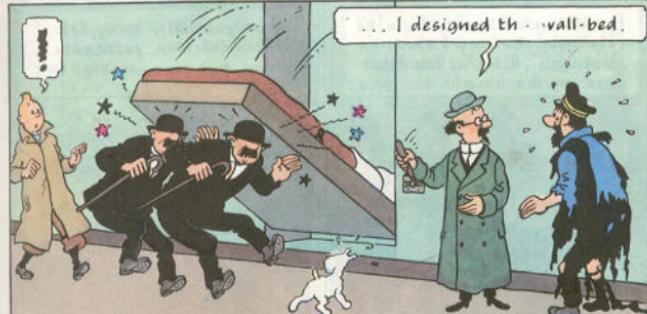
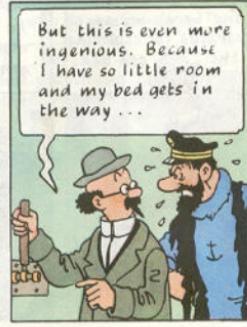
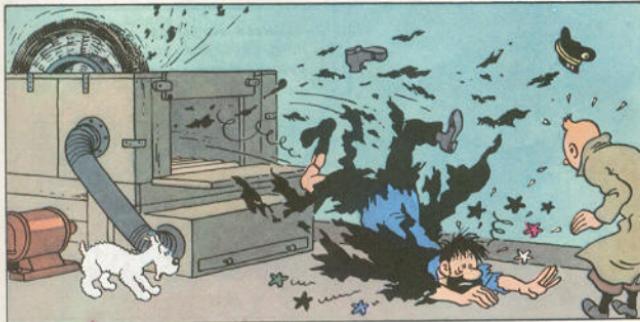
Yes, that's a new device for putting bubbles in soda-water...

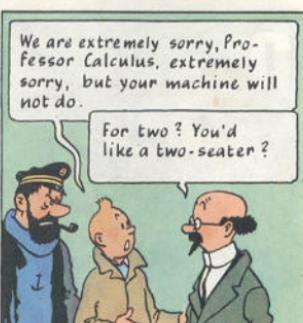
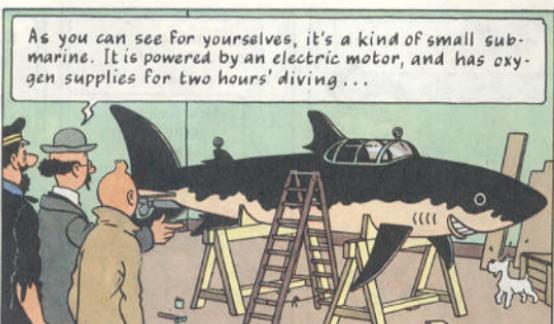
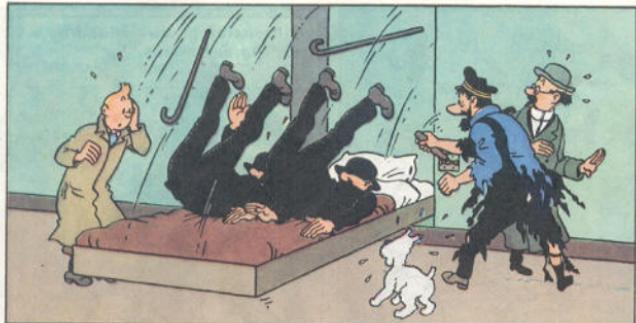
And that's a clothes brushing machine.

Not a bad gadget, eh?



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





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

Oh, good!

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

Some days later ...

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

I say, look there!

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

FOR SALE
Complete
Diving Equip-
ment, as new



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

The diving-suit? Please follow me.

There ...

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

Why... why do you say that?

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

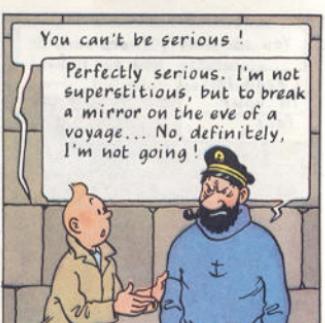
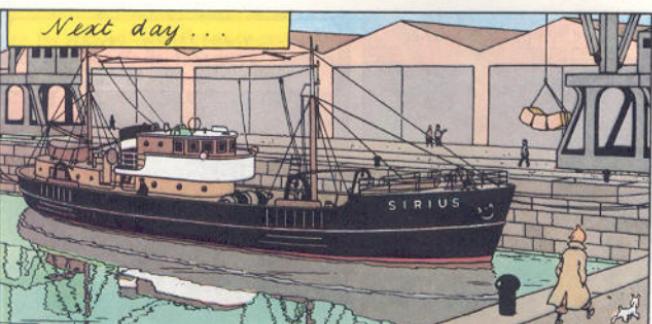
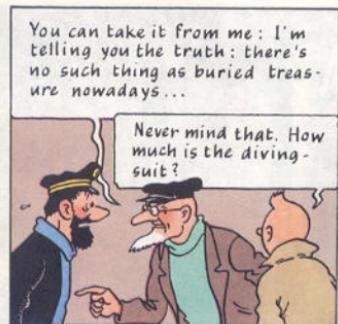
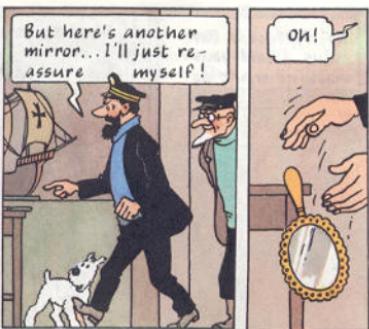
You see that? Where can you see it?

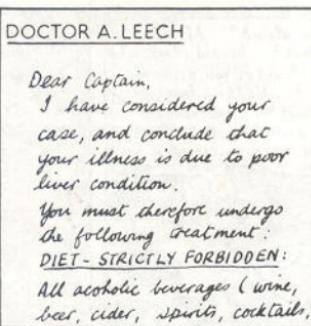
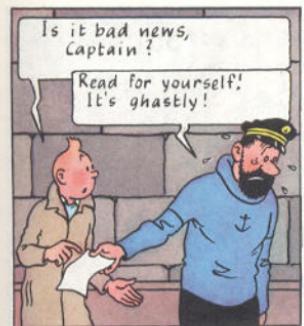
I read it in your face.

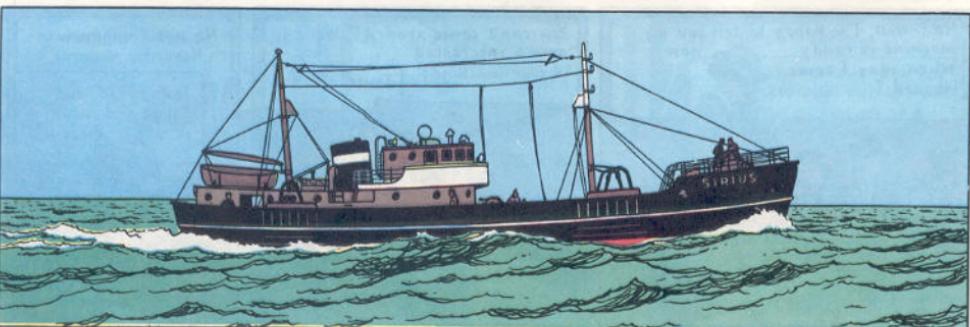
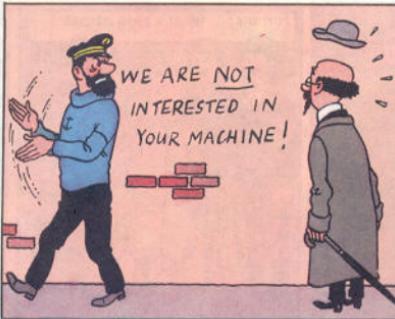
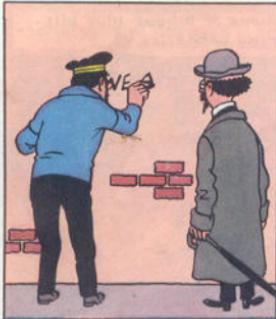
In my face? ... But... but... what's unusual about my face? Tintin, can you see anything?

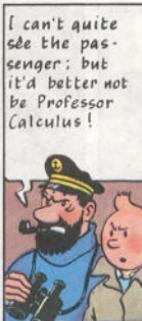
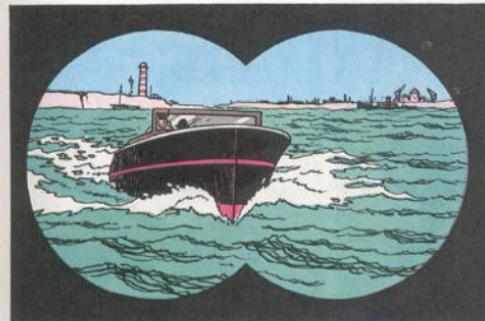
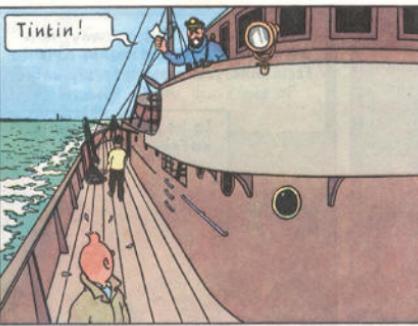
Blistering barnacles!

Well, I...









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

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

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

To be precise: perfectly safe.

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

Yes, thanks!



Captain!... Captain!

Captain, I can't stand it!

What?

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

No?...

Snowy?...



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

Snowy!... Where is the wretched animal?

Snowy?... SNOWY?...

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

Good.



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

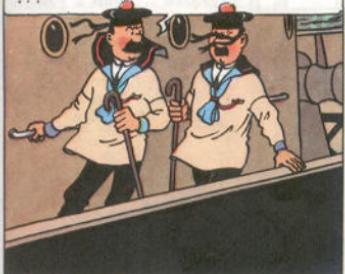
Yes for'ard.

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

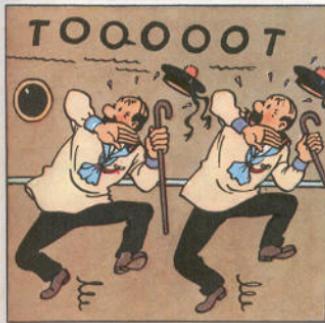
Good idea!



We must behave like old sea-dogs



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



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



You really saw him make off with the chicken?

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



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



THIEF!
SAME TO YOU

Crumbs!
That's the two detectives ...



What's going on here?!



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

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



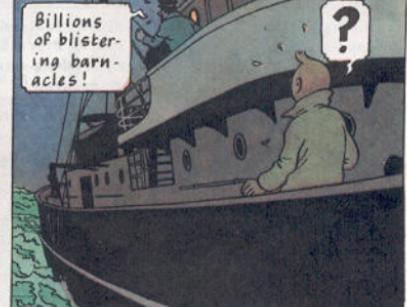
Aren't you ashamed, at your age?
Quarrelling over such trifles! Now,
that's all over, isn't it?

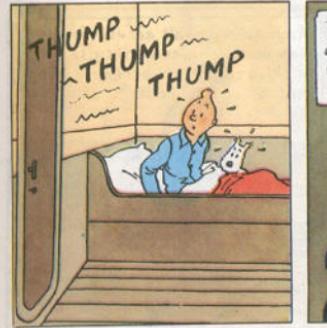
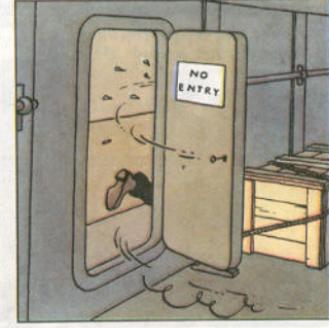
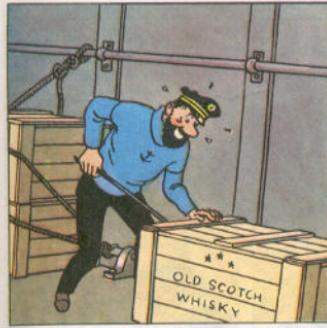


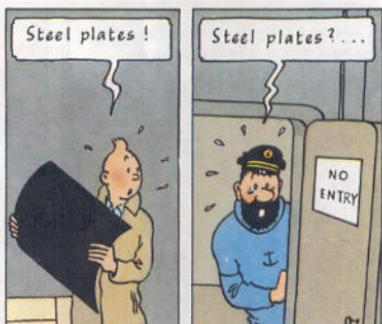
Now let's go to bed!

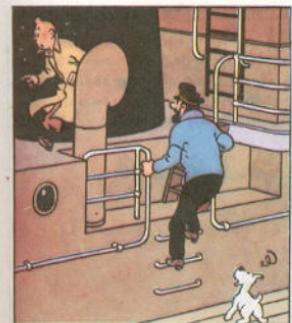


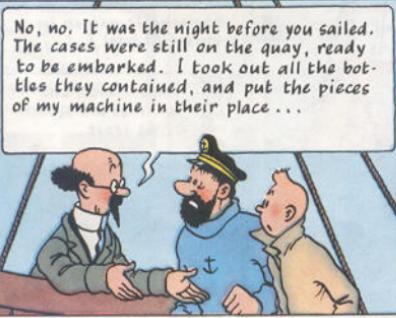
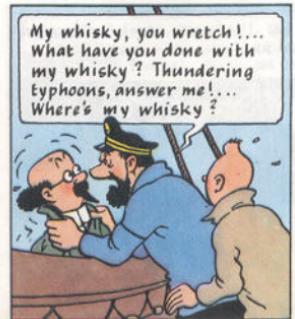
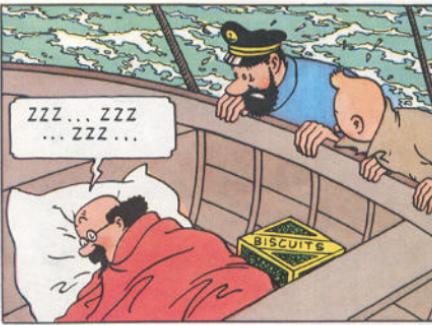
Billions
of blistering barnacles!











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

Some days later...

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

Isn't the island marked on any charts?

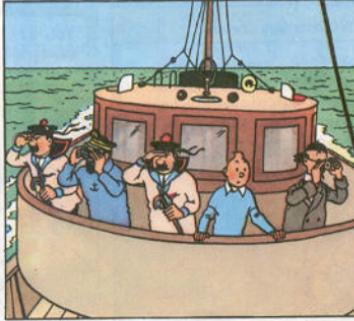


No, but that sometimes happens with small, unimportant islands. Come on, we'll try to spot it...



Can you see anything? ...

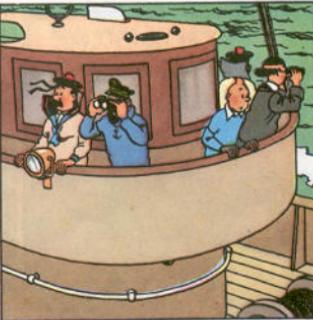
Not yet. But there's a bottle of champagne for the first one to sight land!



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



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



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



What's the name of the island?



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



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



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



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

No, it was a grand piano!



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



A few minutes later...

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



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



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

Sh!...



?

?

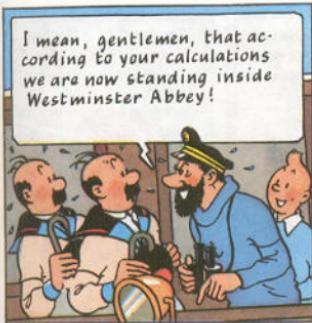


Now...

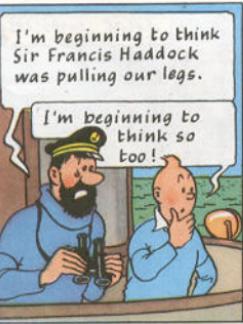
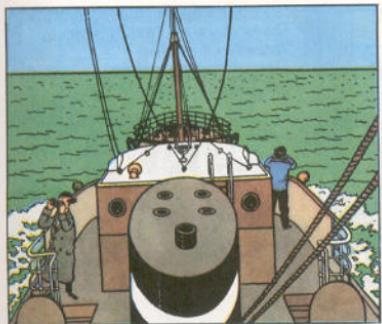
But Captain, tell us what you mean...



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



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



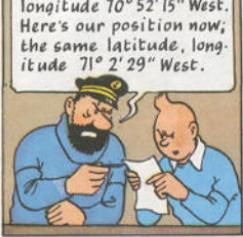
We'll soon see! It's almost noon. We'll take a sight. I'll go and fetch my sextant.



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



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



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

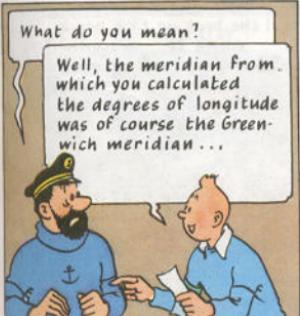


Captain, I think I've got it!



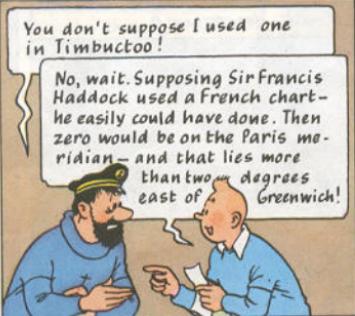
What do you mean?

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



You don't suppose I used one in Timbuctoo!

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



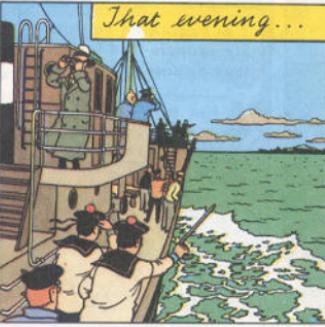
Blistering barnacles, that's an idea! You may be right! Perhaps we are too far to the west. We'll go back on our tracks...



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

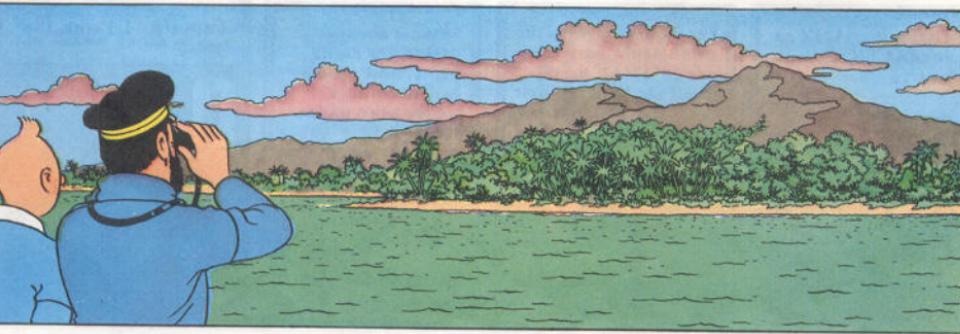


How easy it is to be mistaken.
I'd have sworn we'd turned back.



That evening...

There it is at last! Our treasure island!



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

Right! ...



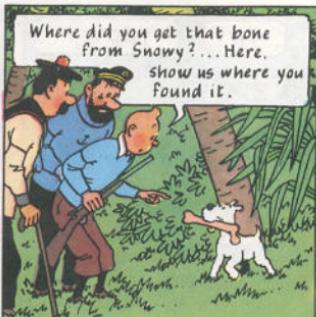
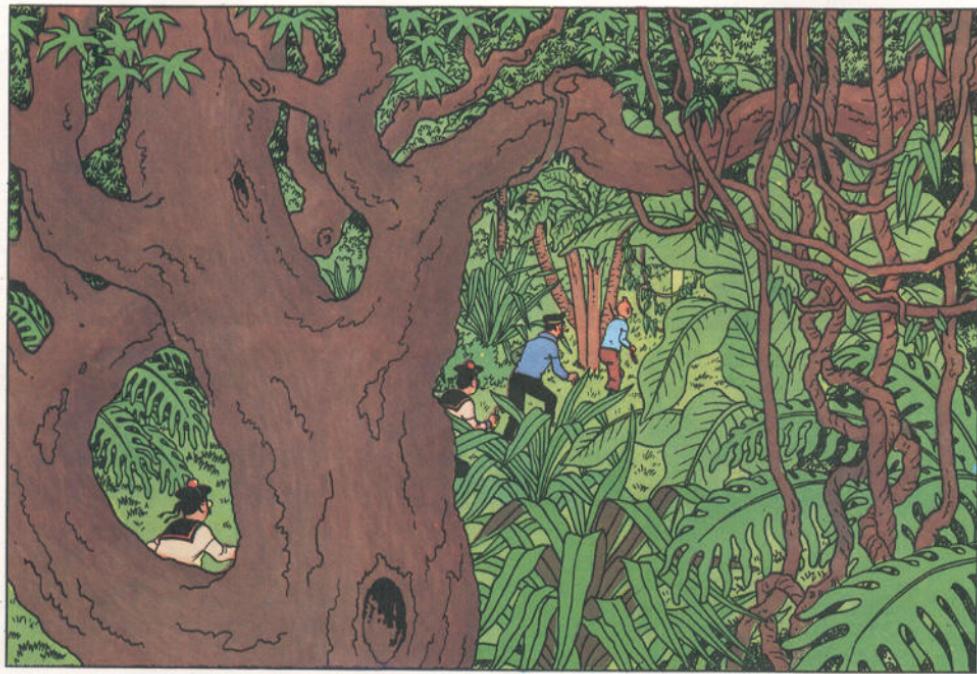
Next morning ...

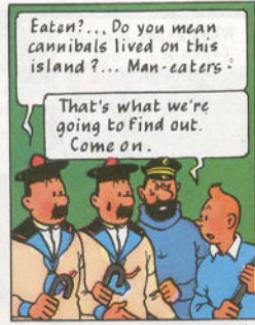


Haul the boat up the beach. I'm going to reconnoitre.









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

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

RRRATION MY
RRRUM !

What's the matter,
Captain ?

Who shouted
like that ?

What ? ... Wasn't
it you ?

No, it wasn't me ! Thun-
dering typhoons !

Yes, it's Sir Francis
Haddock .

RRRATION MY
RRRUM !

It came from over there .

Not a soul !

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

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

Pithecanthropus ! ...
Pockmark ! ...

Pockmark yourself, you gib-
bering ghost !

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

Nincompoop!...
Ruffian!...
Baboon!

Up there!...



Baboon!

Squawking popinjay!

Sea-gherkin!

Pickled Herring!

Blistering barnacles!
Parrots!!

Yes, parrots! From genera-
tion to generation your
ancestor's vocabulary has
been handed down!

Pockmark!...
Freshwater
swabs!...
Bully!...



Me, a bully?
You called
me a bully
did you?

I'll show you
what I'm
made
of!

Here's a coconut to cut
your cackle, icon-
oclasts!



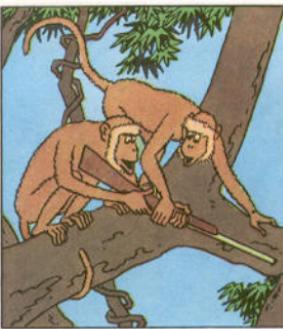
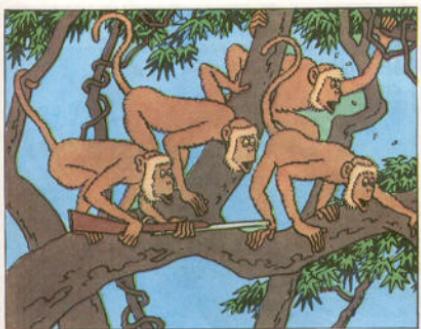
Oh, my
back!

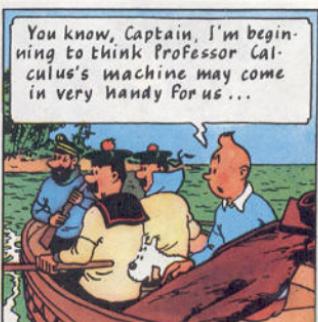
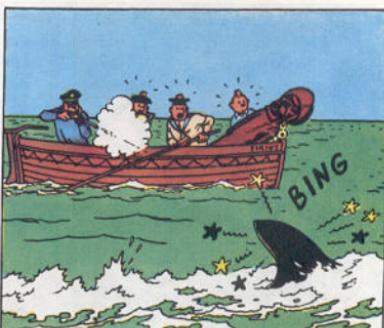
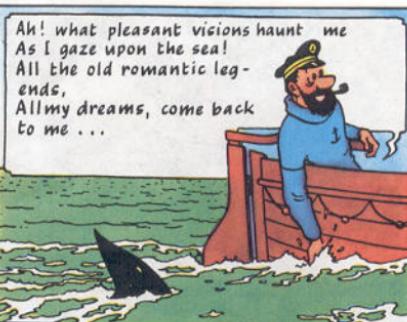
Wait, I'll rub it
for you.

Your gun!... Give me your gun!
... I'm going to turn them into
parrot-soup.





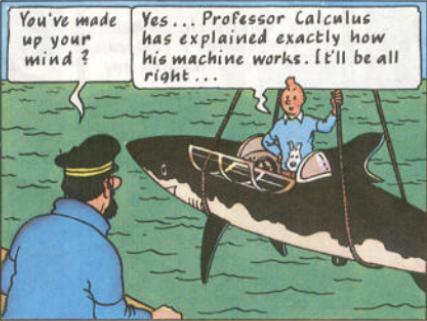




Next day ...



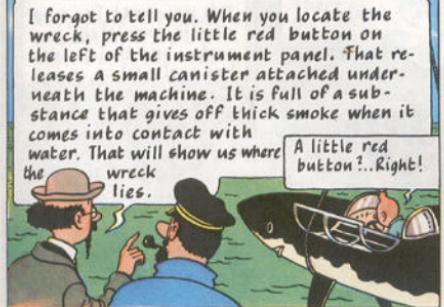
You've made up your mind?



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



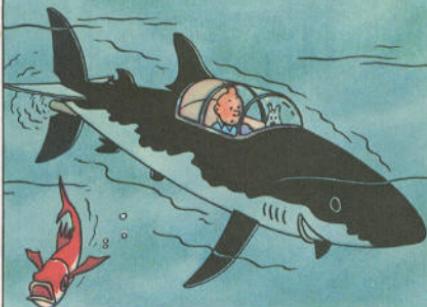
I forgot to tell you. When you locate the wreck, press the little red button on the left of the instrument panel. That releases a small canister attached underneath the machine. It is full of a substance that gives off thick smoke when it comes into contact with water. That will show us where the wreck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



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



There he goes: he's dived.



This is fun, eh Snowy?

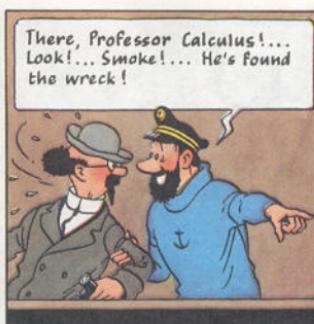
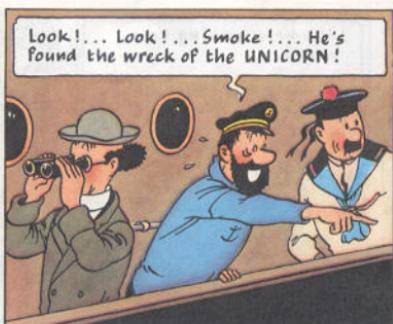
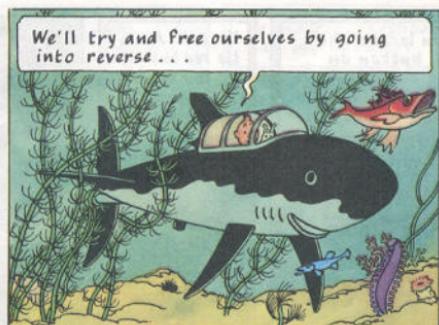


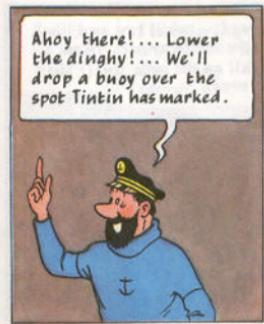
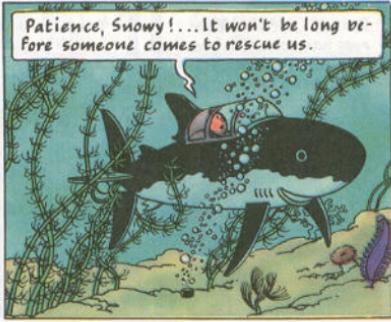
Let's hope nothing goes wrong...



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







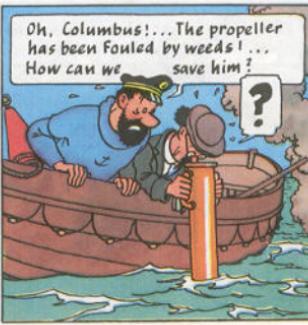
No, but I was a great sportsman in my youth...



Hm?...



Wonderful! Quick, let me look...



?

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

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

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

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

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

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

The anchor? What for?

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

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

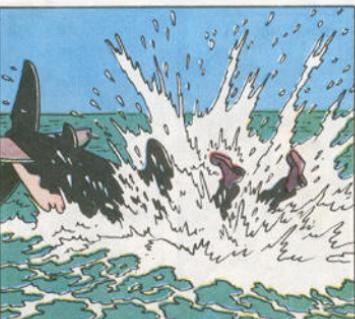
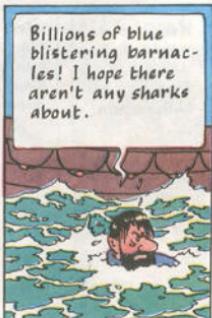
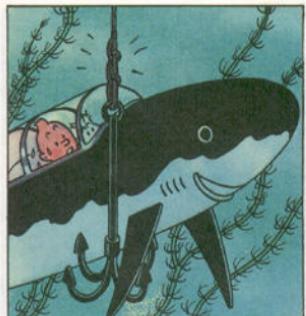
An anchor!... They're going to try to hook me. Quick, empty the ballast tanks, that'll help them...

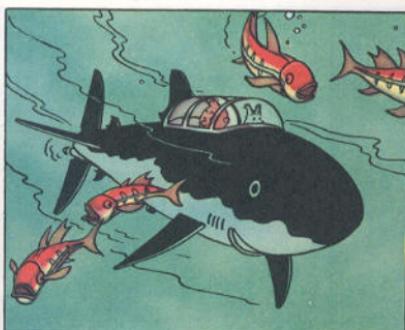
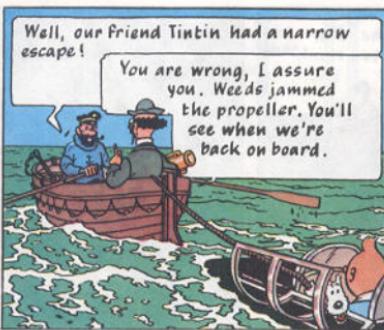
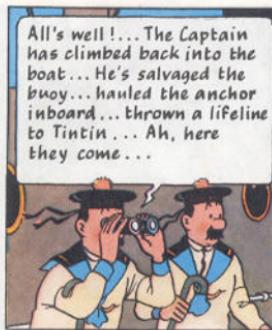
He's understood. He's emptied the ballast tanks to lighten the submarine... A bit to the left, Captain... Good... Now, pull!

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



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





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

All from that whatsis?

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

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

Look there, Captain! Smoke!

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

Have you found it?

Westwards... It's still westwards

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

You're sure you'll be all right?

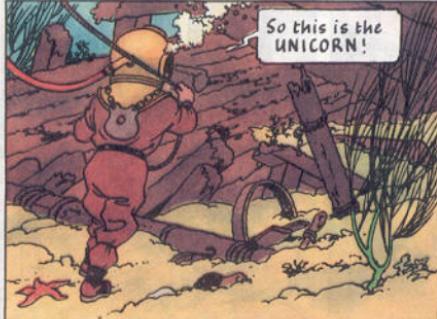
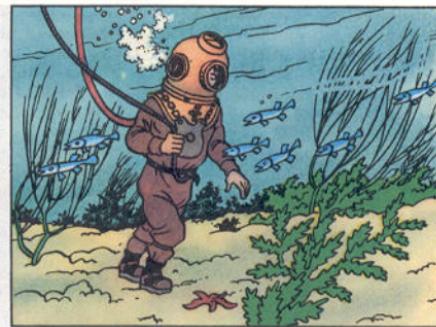
Certain! I'll do everything exactly as you told me...

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

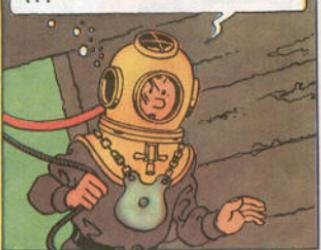
Right!

Come on, pump hard! We are!





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



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

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



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



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



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

He's picking daisies down
below!



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

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



Heave-ho!...Heave-ho!



What has he got?



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

We've made a good
start, eh?



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



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



ow!... ooh! ... ow!

Whatever's the matter?

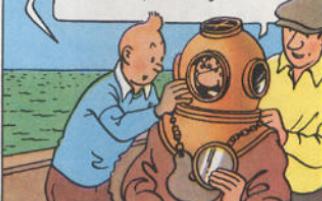


Blistering barnacles! My beard!



There, now your beard is inside.

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



Aha! Now to find the treasure!...



A few minutes later...

A series of jerks!... The danger signal!...



Hurry! hurry! pull him up! ... Something frightful must have happened!



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



At last!



A bottle? What
can that
mean? ...

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



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



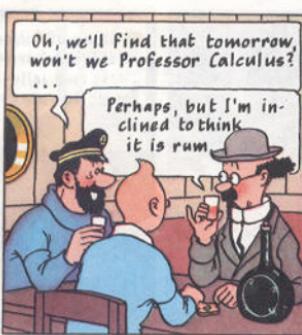
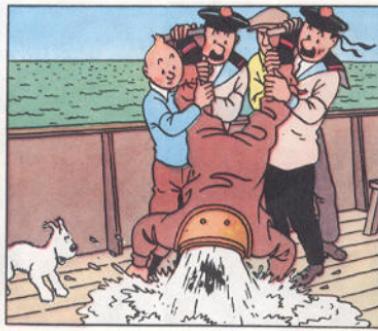
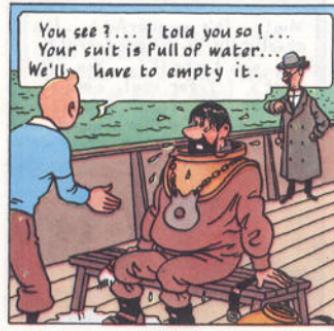
But...but it wasn't us, you
...
Silence! You were told
to pump, then pump,
by thunder!

It's no use drying
yourself, Captain. You
must empty your suit
first... Take it off
now.

Take it off?...
Never!...
Never!

I'll rest a min-
ute, and go
down... again







The next morning...

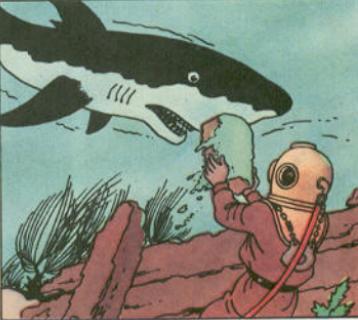
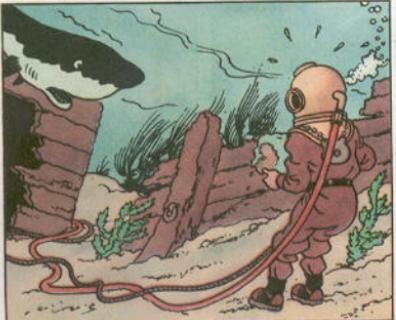
Something tells me Tintin is going to find the treasure this morning.



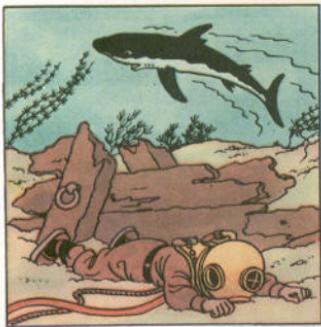
Hello, I wonder what we've got here?



I'll go straight up, and see what's inside this casket!







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

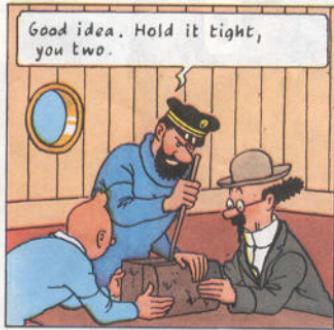
Little joke?... Just cut open that shark, Captain, and you'll see.

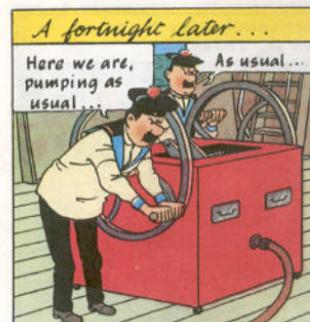
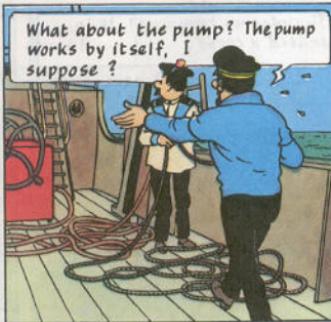
In any case, I believe the fins are particularly tasty...

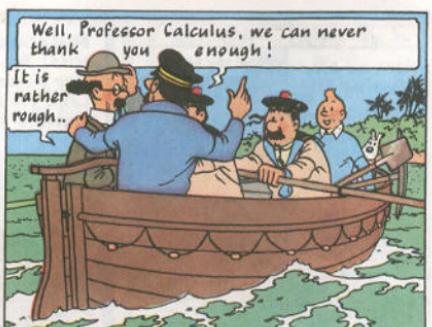
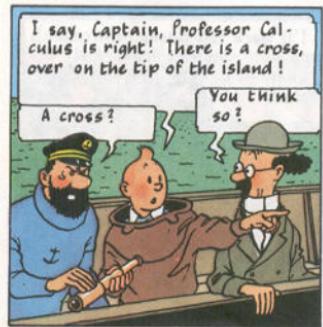
A few minutes later...

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

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







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

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

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

No?... D'you think so?

Baboon! Fresh-water swab!

Hello, my old friend!

Hooray! Here it is!

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

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

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

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

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

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



What can they be searching for like that?



That the treasure can be here!

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



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

But then ...

...



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

All because of that creature Calculus, blithering barnacles!



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

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



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



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



Wooh! Wooh!



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



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



He's Furious!





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

All right.

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



Where has Tintin gone?

He's gone west!

I think I can hear them.



What on earth are you doing here?

Us?... We're filling in this hole... It's safer... People never look where they're going



Next day...

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

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



Just as you please...

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



OFF we go! Pumping again!

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



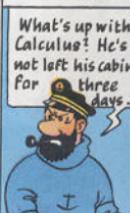
Come to think of it, I haven't seen Calculus today. Is he ill?



10
THURSDAY



11
FRIDAY



12
SATURDAY



13
SUNDAY

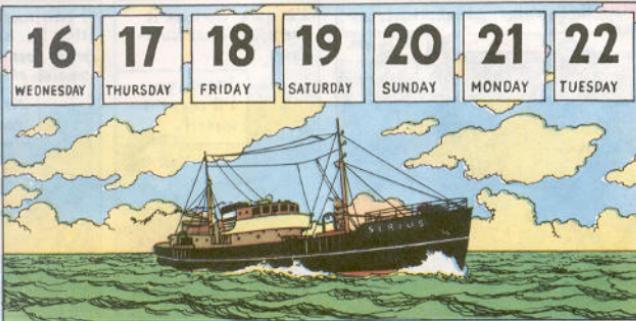
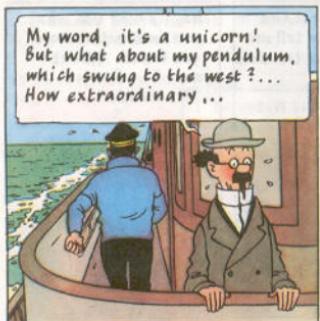
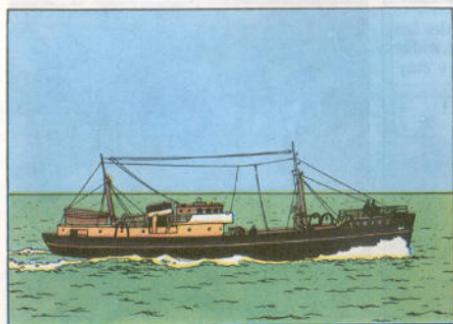
Still no luck,
Captain...



14
MONDAY



15
TUESDAY



16

WEDNESDAY

17

THURSDAY

18

FRIDAY

19

SATURDAY

20

SUNDAY

21

MONDAY

22

TUESDAY



RRRING
RRRING

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



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



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

All right. Good.



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

Oh, it was nothing.



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

So shall I!



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



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

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



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

Of course...

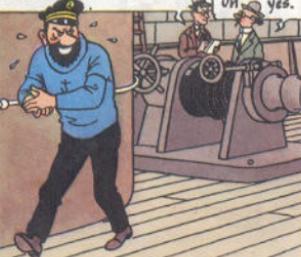


I'm rather busy myself. This
is my secretary, Mr. Calculus;
he will be happy to
answer all your inquiries.

Delighted...



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



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



Thank you,
I'll carry it
myself.

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

No?... Not
really?...



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



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

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

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

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

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

No doubt... You're going home now?

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

Have a good half-day!

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

To be precise: no more pumping!

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

Some days later...

Good morning, Tintin.

Hello, Professor Calculus. What brings you here?

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

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

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

I believe that one will interest the Captain particularly.

Great snakes! I think so too!

Come on! We must see the Captain!

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

The rest! Read
the rest!



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



PROPERTY

JAMES BIDDUP & CO.

For Sale by Auction
ON SATURDAY,
9TH AUGUST

MARLINSPIKE HALL

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

May I please have
a look too?

Of course.



Char... the Second by ye Grace
...ing to reward Our trusty and enti-
...ved Knight Francis Haddock. Lie-
...ute... Nasty for his devoted ser-
...v... by grant and bestow Our
...royal Charter of Marlinspike
...Messenges and commandments, upon
...foreseen. Given and delivered
...and this fifteen day of July
...French year of 1677

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



Here... read this!



Well, what about
that?



What about it?... Well, Captain,
it's quite simple. Your family
estate is for sale?... You must
buy it back!

Buy it back?
With what?



That's true... We need
some money.

Heigh-ho!... If only
we'd found that
wretched treasure,
there'd be no
question...



Captain, Marlinspike Hall is for
sale!... Look! We must buy
it back!

Oh,
yes?



Buy it back?... That's
easy, eh?... What about
the money? I suppose
you've got the money, eh?

Oh, yes, money!...
That doesn't matter!



That's all right! I have some money.

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

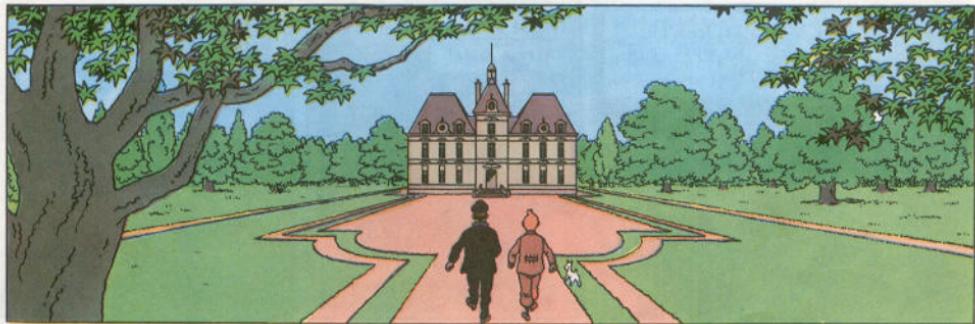


Quite! The government have paid me a large sum for the patent on my submarine. Thanks to you I was able to try it out. Now it's my turn to help you... Come along, we're going to buy your mansion.



HOUSE
FOR
SALE

This
HOUSE
is not
FOR
SALE



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



It is magnificent!

Wait, you haven't seen
anything yet.



This is the room where
I telephoned you.

Splendid!



SSH!



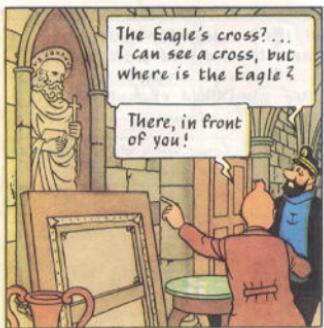
No... Nothing... I thought
I heard footsteps...

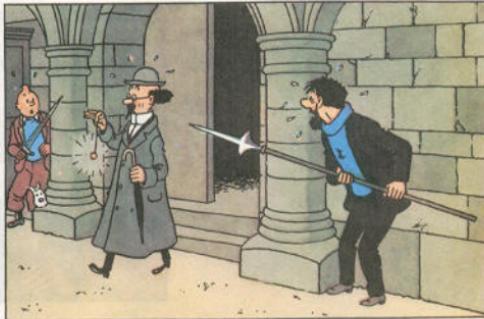


Well, it's a wonderful house!...
My ancestor had good taste, didn't
he?... Now what about those famous
cellars you talked of? Where are
they?

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



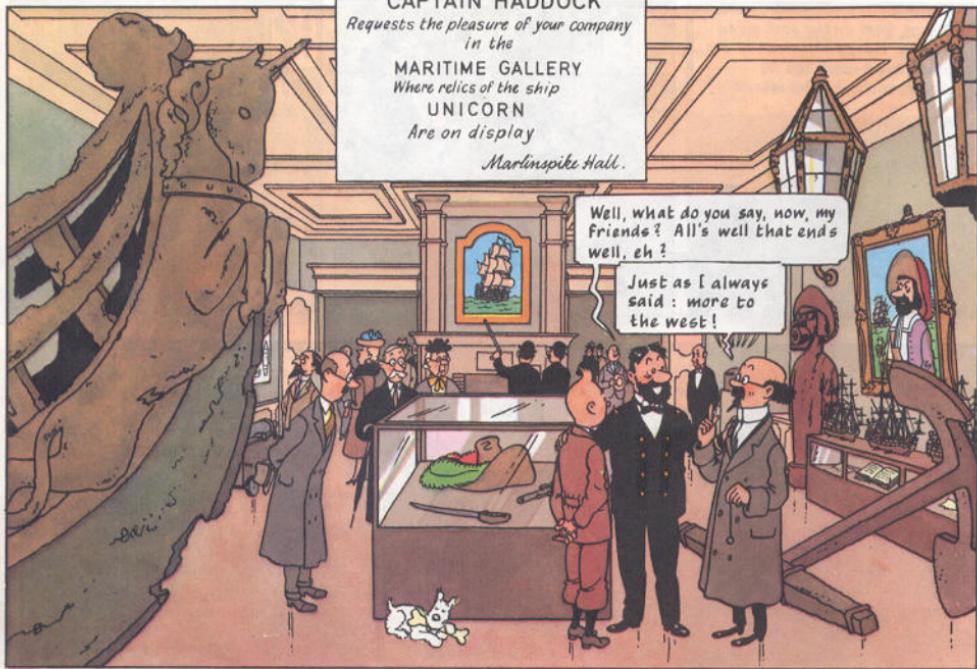




CAPTAIN HADDOCK
Requests the pleasure of your company
in the
MARITIME GALLERY
Where relics of the ship
UNICORN
Are on display
Martinspike Hall.

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

Just as I always said : more to the west!



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

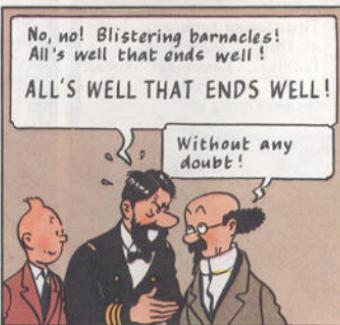
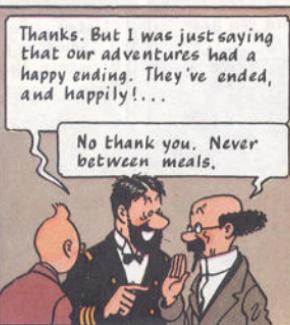
Your maritime gallery? ... I think it is very successful!

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

No thank you. Never between meals.

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

Without any doubt!



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

