

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF

TINTIN

*
THE SECRET
OF

THE UNICORN



MAGNET

THE SECRET OF THE UNICORN



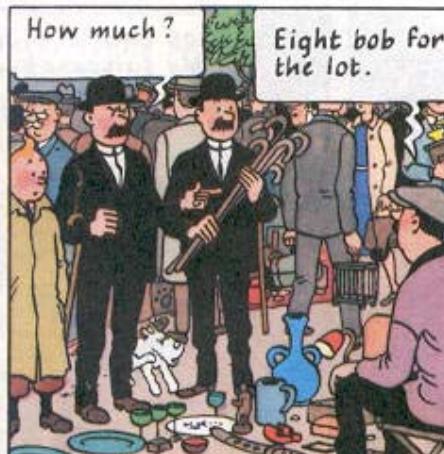
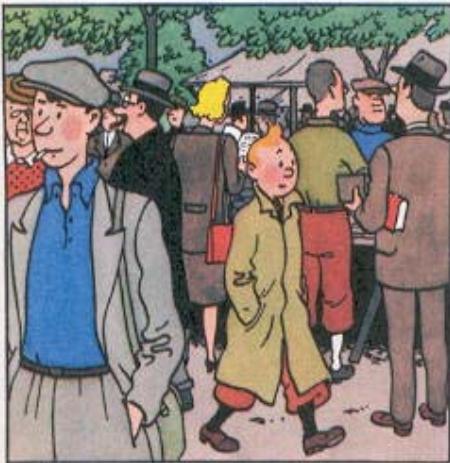
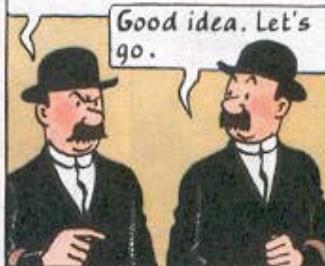
NEWS IN BRIEF

A n 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.



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



?



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, 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!



?



Mine's gone too!



Here, let me pay for them.

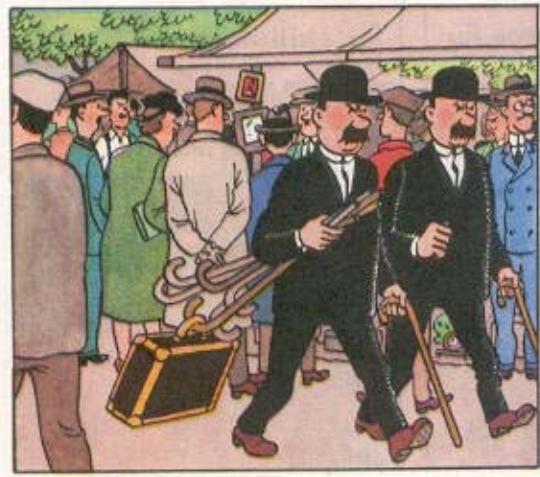
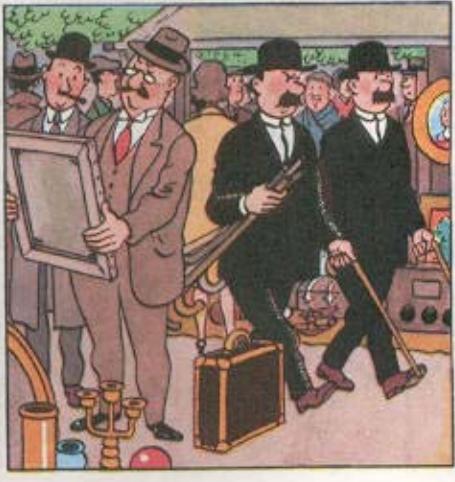
Thanks very much, Tintin. We'll pay you back tomorrow.

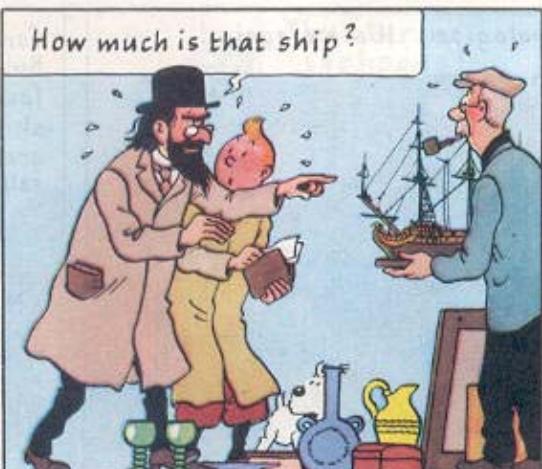


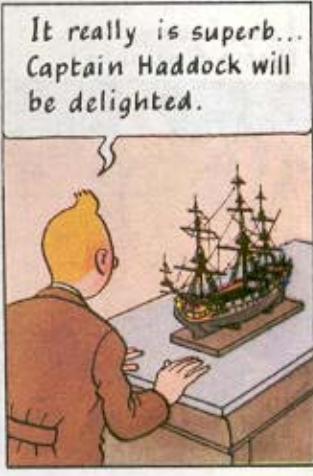
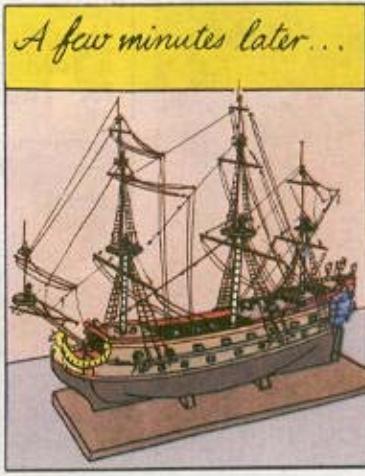
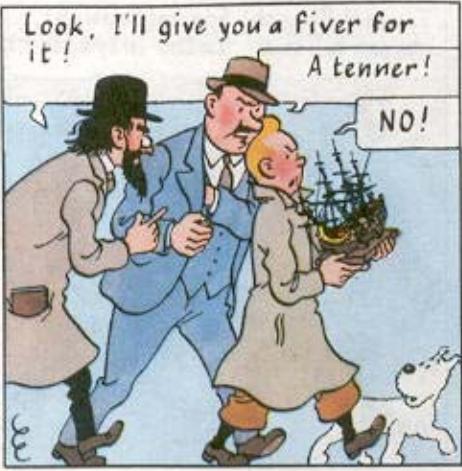
There.

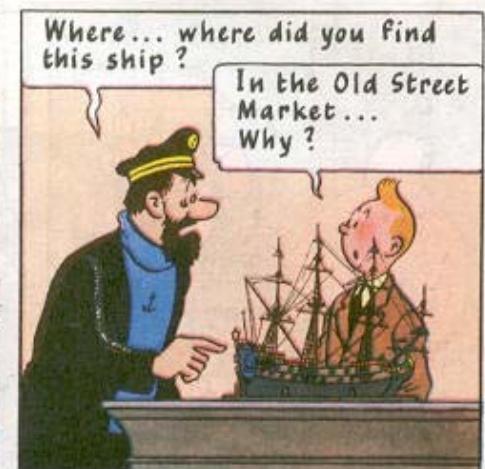
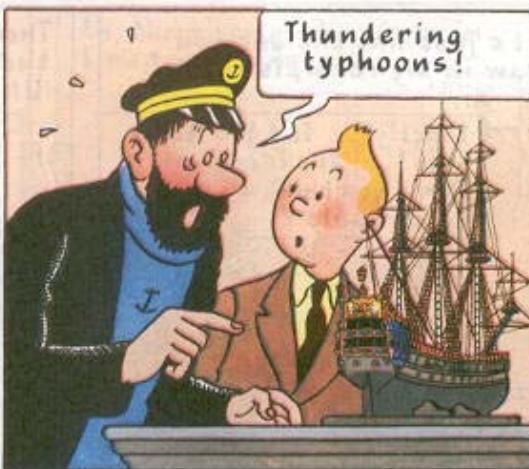


Goodbye! We're going to report this straight away...









Here we are! Now ...



You'll see ...



Look!

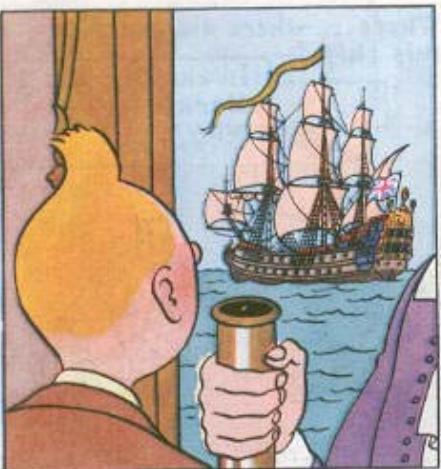


Is ...
is that
you? ...



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



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...

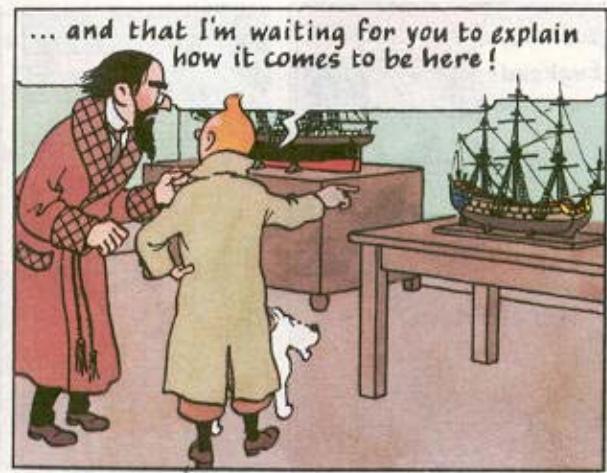
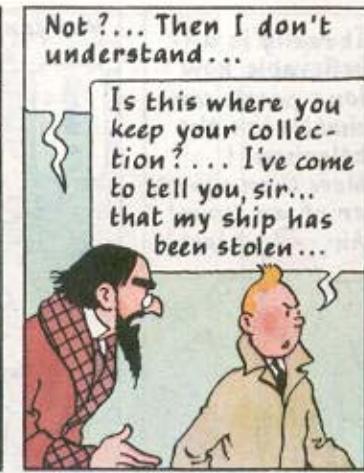
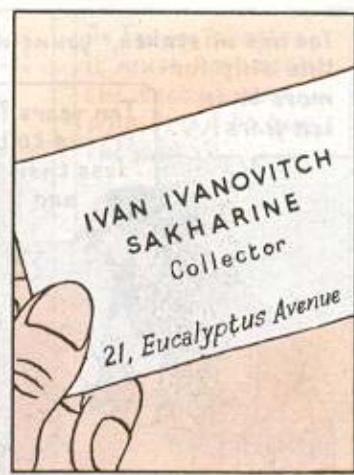


Let's see ...



Great snakes!... It's gone!





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!

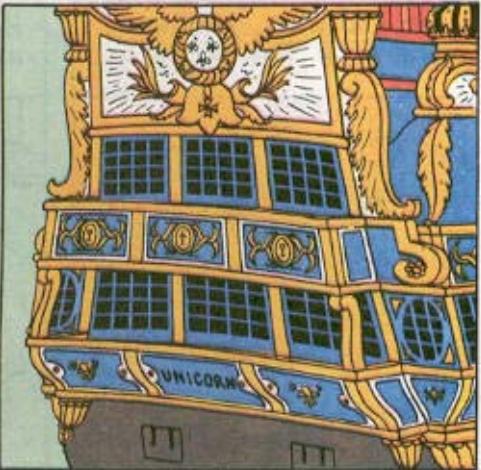
Indeed?...

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 name: 'UNICORN'.

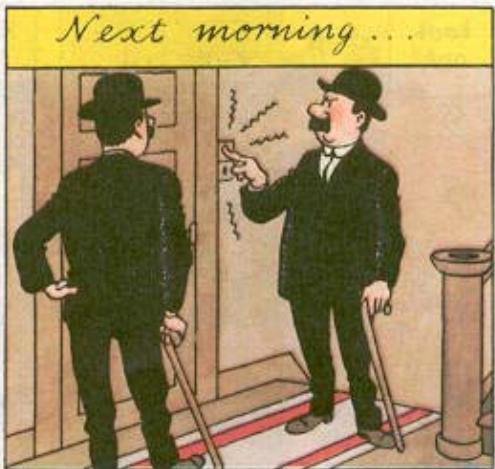
I must telephone the Captain at once: He'll be amazed!



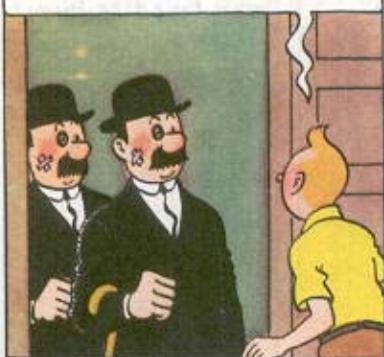
It really is unbelievable how long people can chatter on the telephone!
More than a quarter of an hour!
Ah, at last!

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!...



What was
he like?
He bumped
into me,
too!

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



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

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



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



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



Poor old Thomsens, 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?



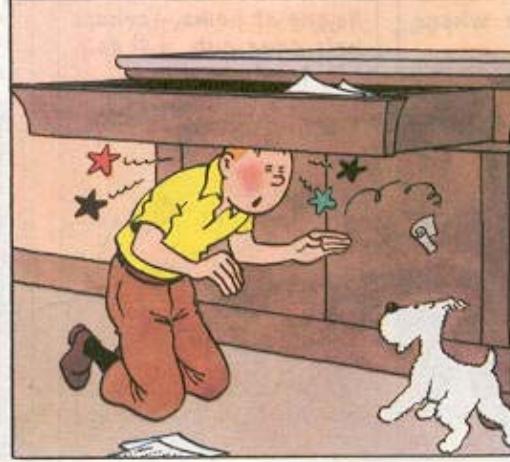
A cigarette, under there? That's a funny place...



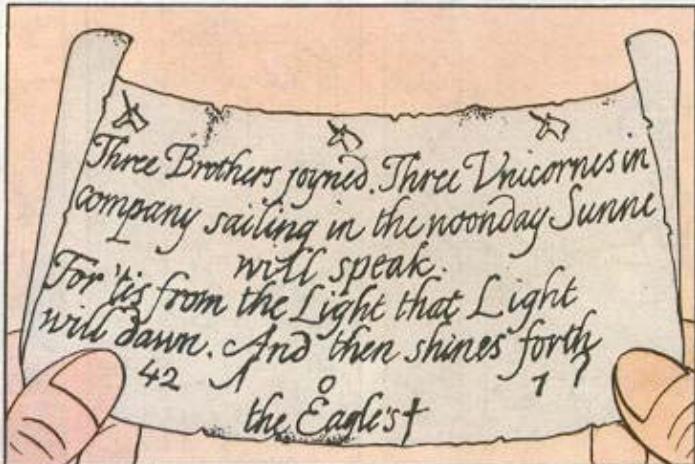
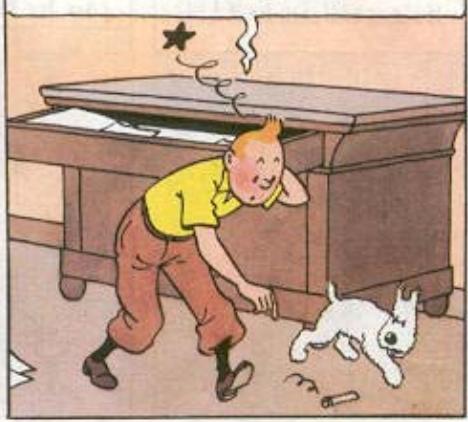
Why, it's not a cigarette... it's a little scroll of parchment...



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?



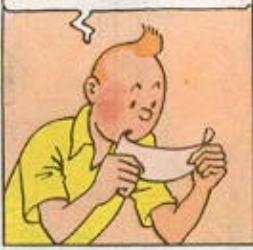
Great snakes! I've got it... This parchment must have been rolled up inside the mast of the ship. It fell out when the mast was broken, and it rolled under the chest...



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?...

Wait!... He must be in. I can hear a noise...



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



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



THUMP 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...

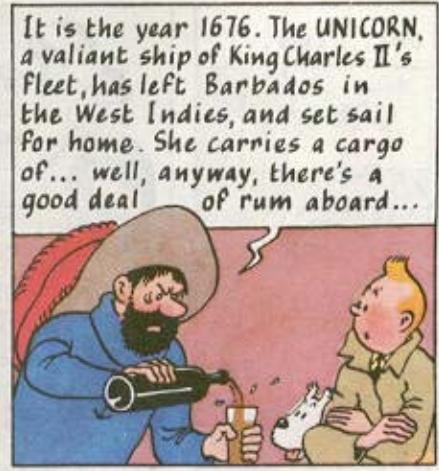
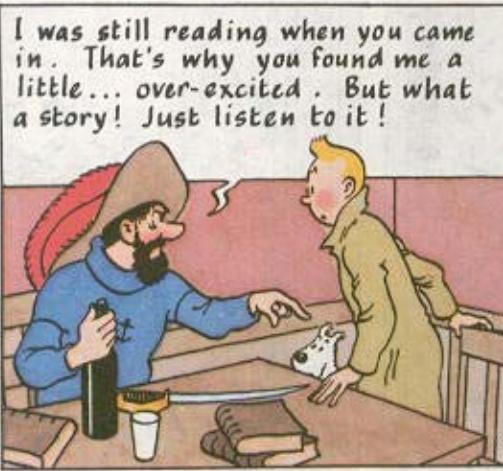
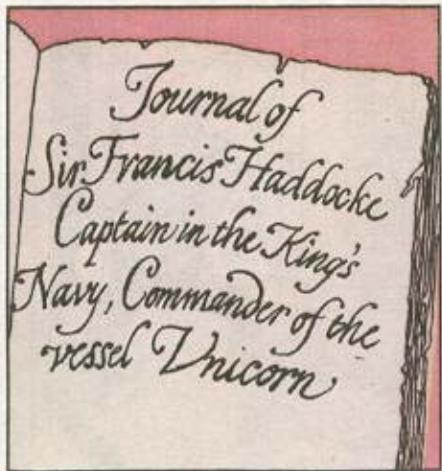
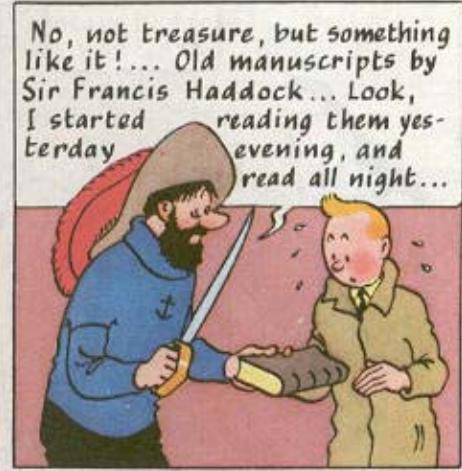
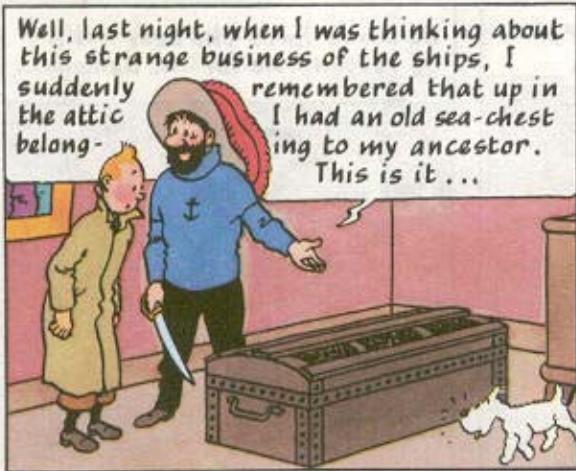
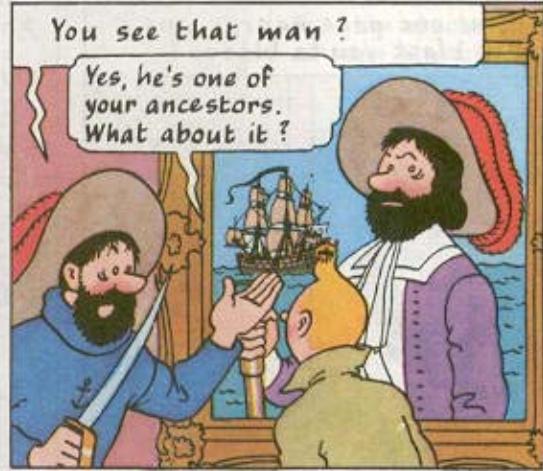
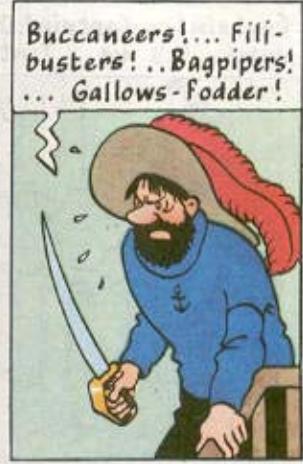


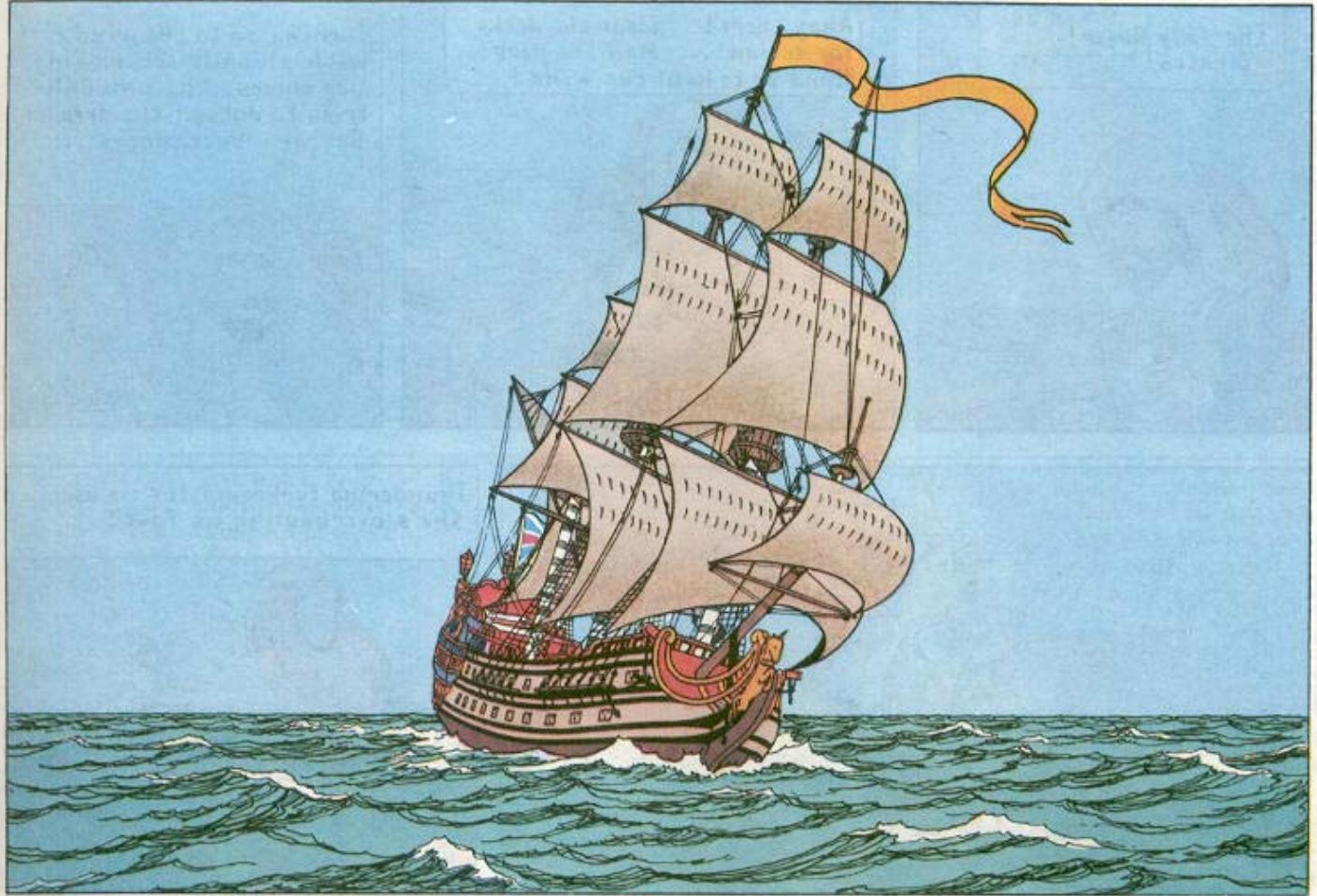
One... two...



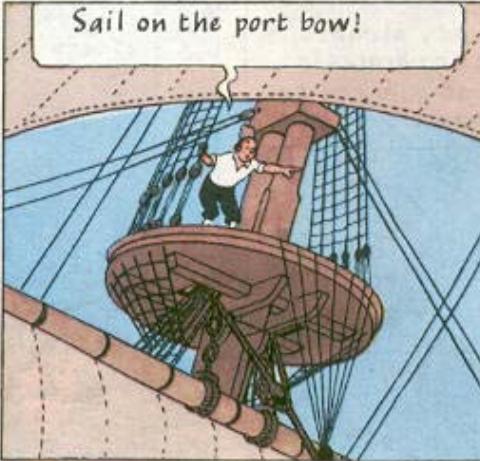
CRASH



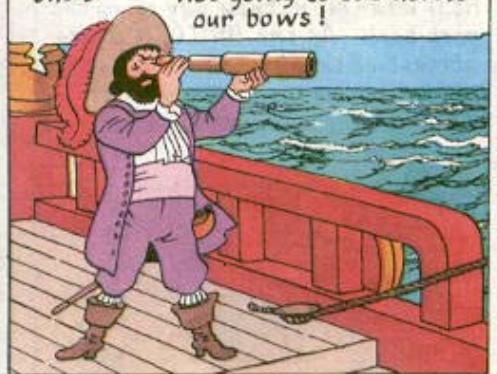




Two days at sea, a good stiff breeze, and the UNICORN is reaching on the starboard tack. Suddenly there's a hail aloft...

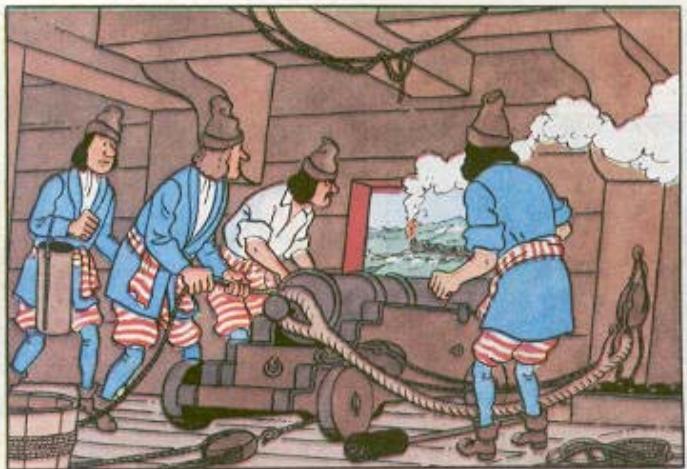
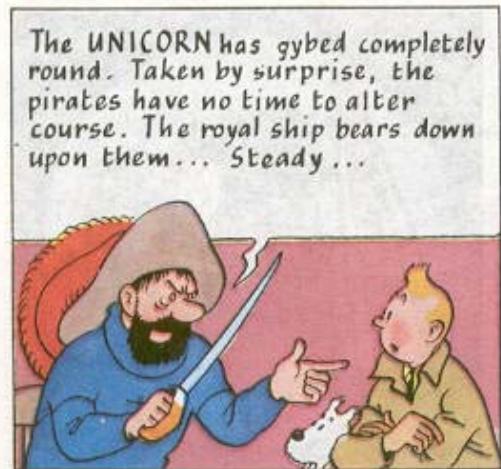
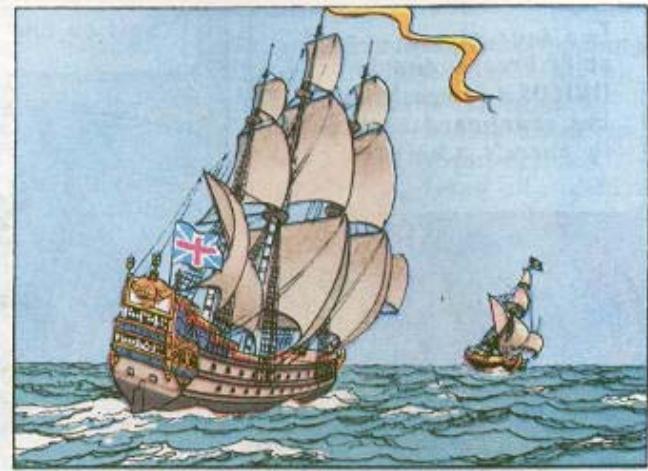
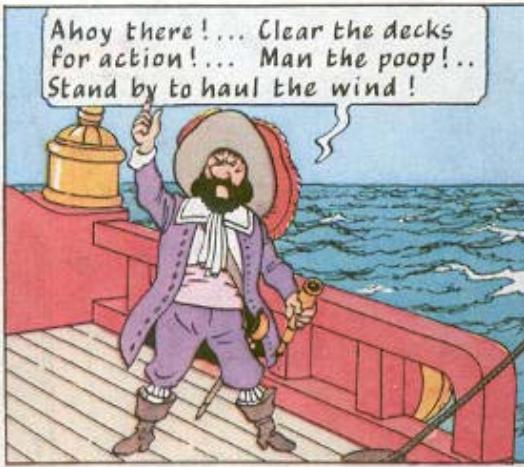
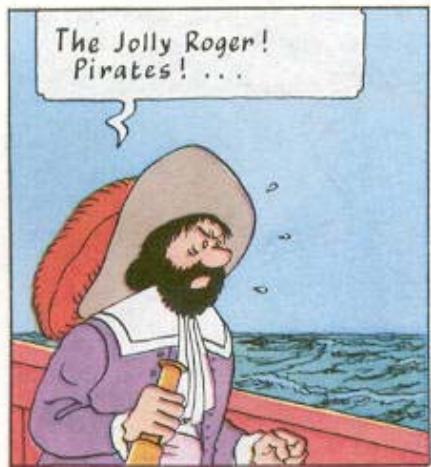


Thundering typhoons!.. She's mighty close-hauled! Ration my rum if she's not going to cut across our bows!



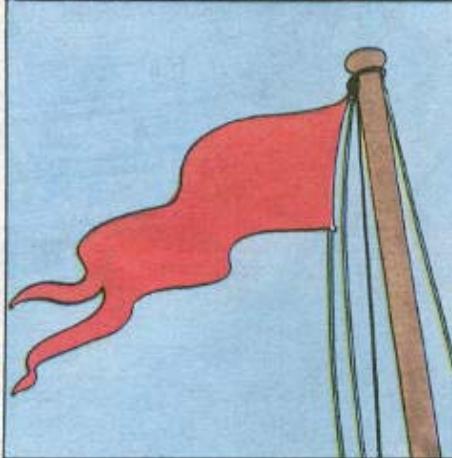
And she's making a spanking pace! Oho! she's running up her colours.. Now we'll see ...



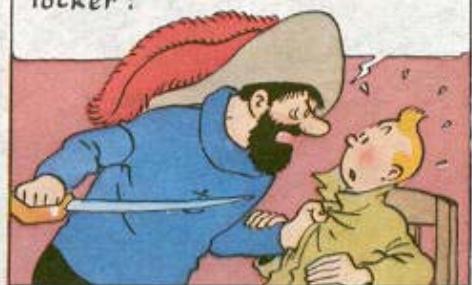




Got her, yes! But not a crippling blow. The pirate ship in turn goes about - and look! she's hoisted fresh colours to the mast-head!



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!

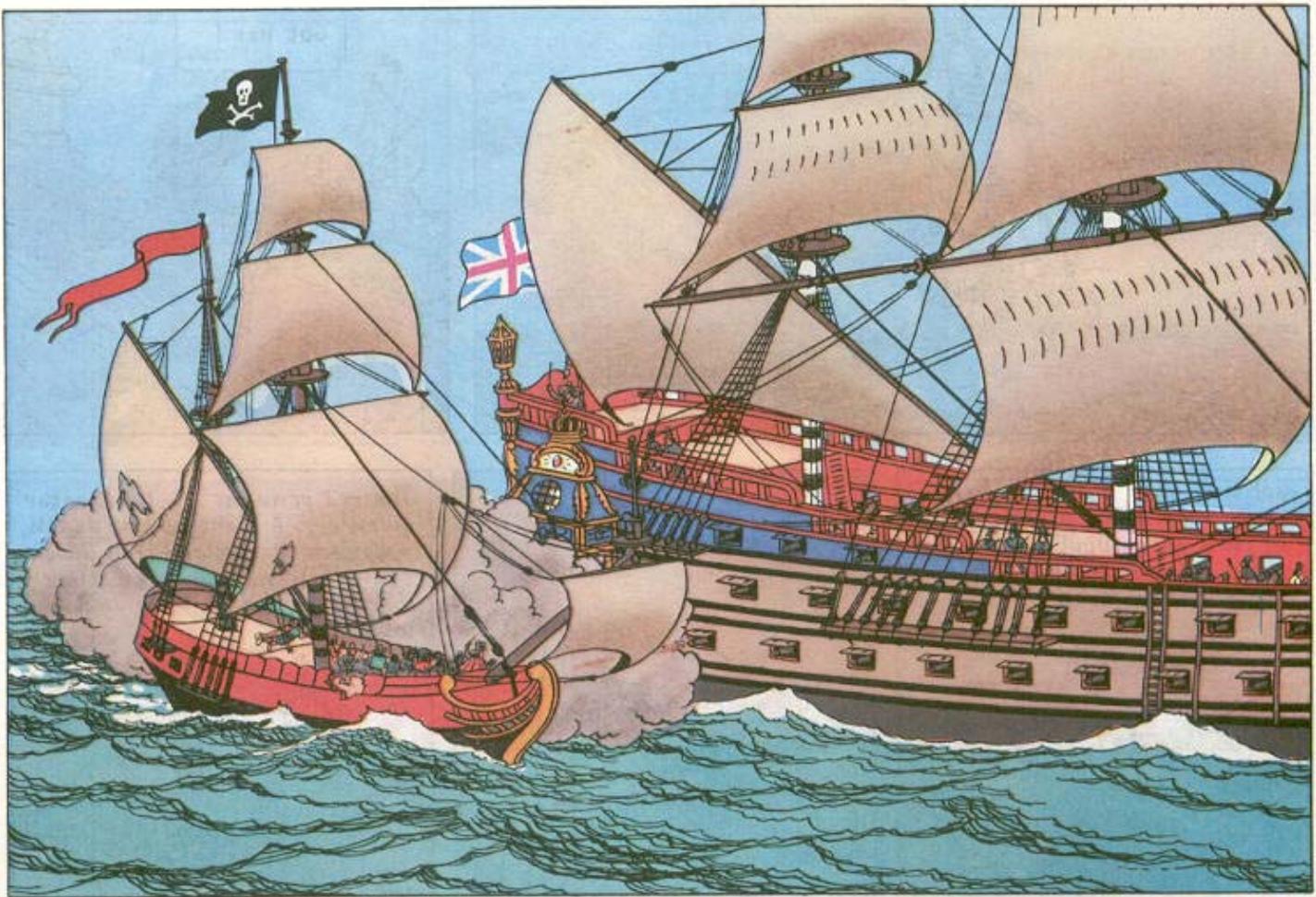


The pirates take up the chase - they draw closer... and closer... Throats are dry aboard the UNICORN.



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

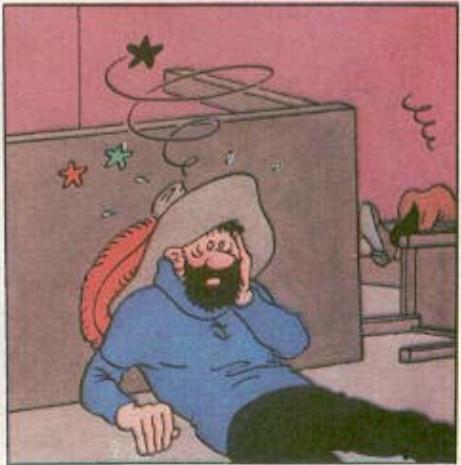




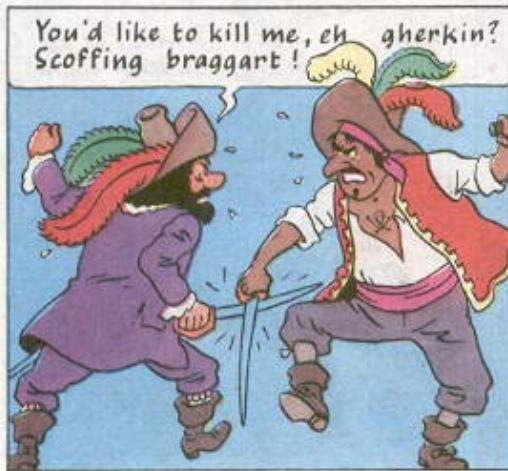
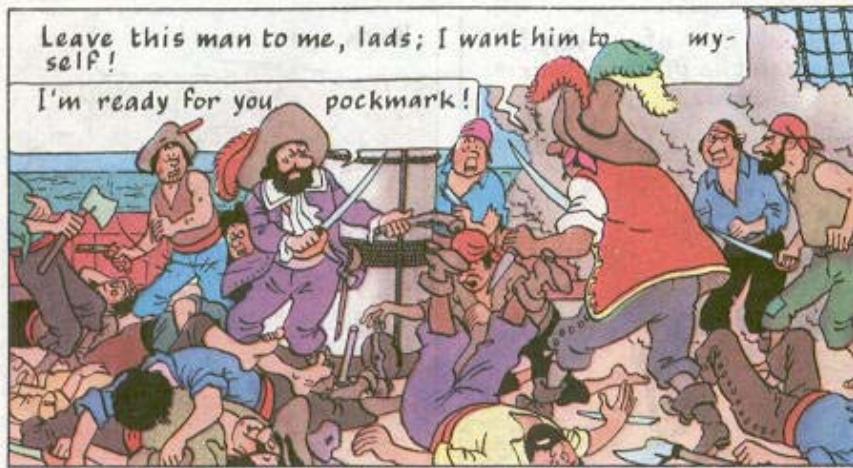
Here they come ! Grappling irons are hurled from the enemy ship. With hideous yells the pirates stream aboard the UNICORN.



All hands to repel boarders!







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 well, dog: I am Red Rackham!



well, dog: I am Red Rackham!
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 lindeth!



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.



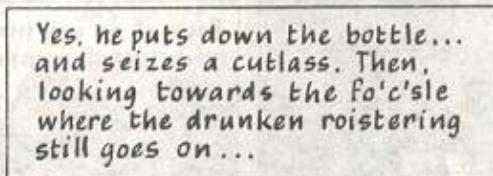
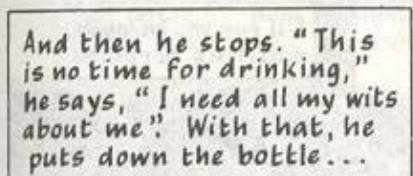
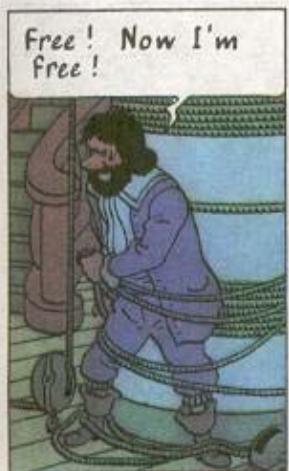
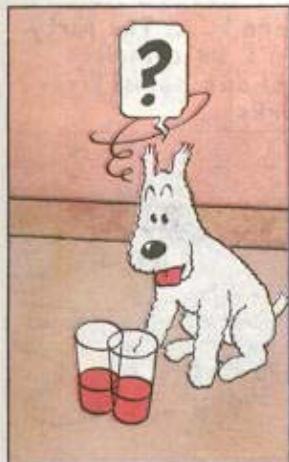
Just as you like, Tintin... Now where was I?

The pirates were abominably drunk...

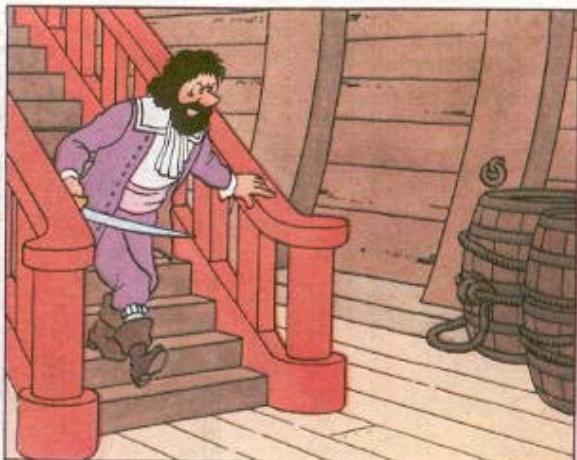


AAAAAA-AAAHH!





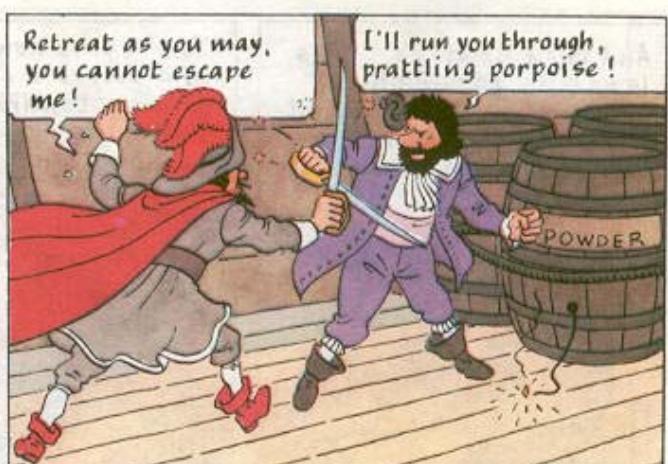
You know, of course, the magazine in a ship is where they store the gunpowder and shot...



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



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



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



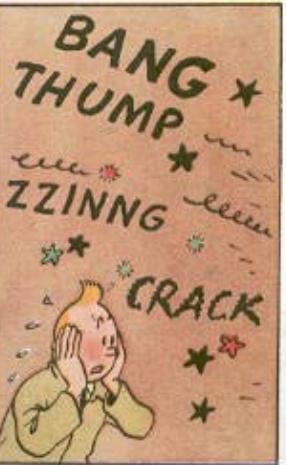
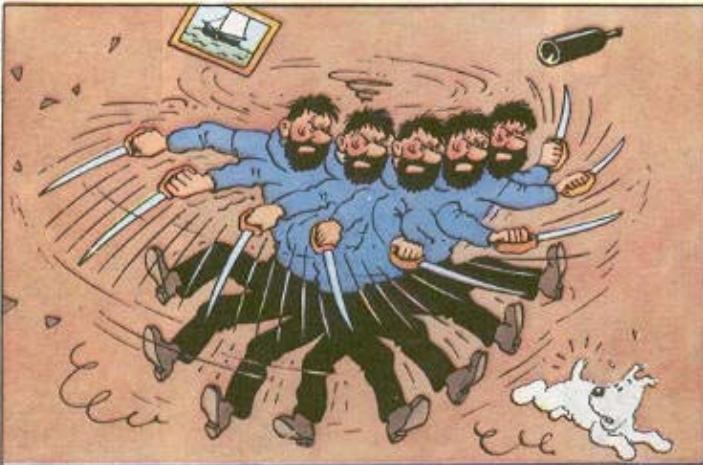
Suddenly, nimbly parrying a thrust, he leapt to one side...



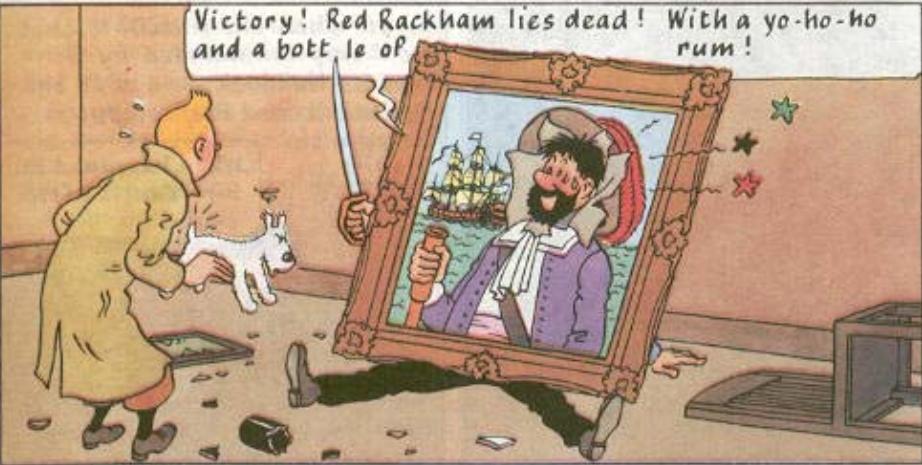
With one swift blow from his heel he extinguished the fuse!



Now, Red Rackham, my temper's rising!



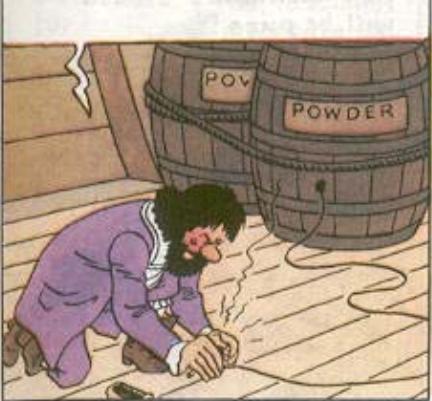
Victory! Red Rackham lies dead! With a yo-ho-ho rum!



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



Enough delay! Now to light another fuse...

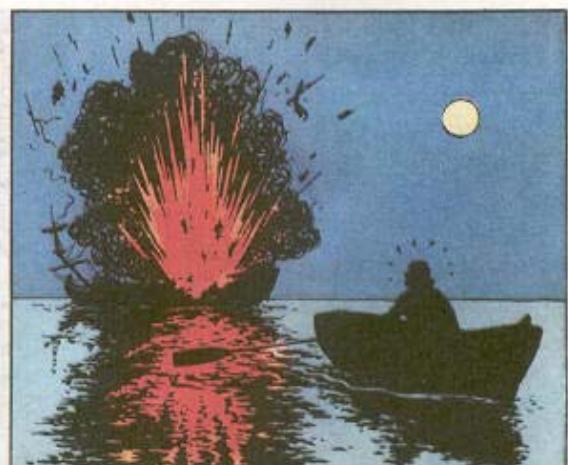
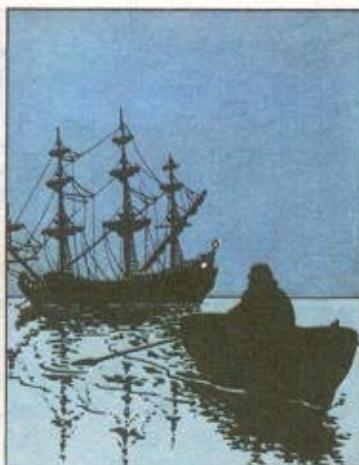
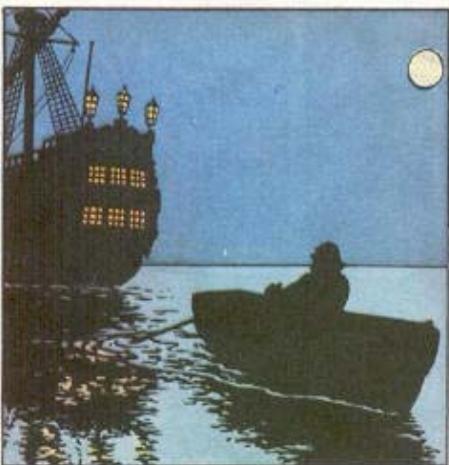
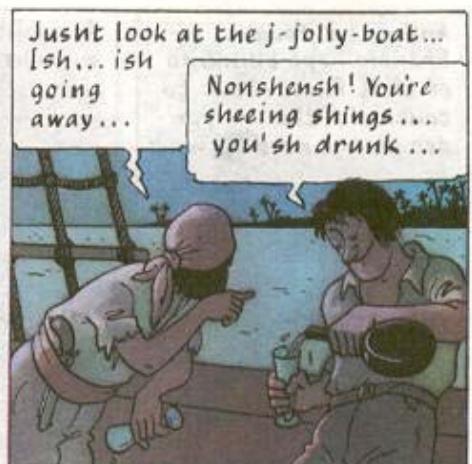


...and be off!



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





Hurrah! Justice is done!



So perished the UNICORN, that stout ship commanded by Sir Francis Haddock. And of all the pirates aboard her, not one escaped with his life...

What happened to Sir Francis after that?



He made friends with the natives on the island, and lived among them for two years. Then he was picked up by a ship which carried him back home. There his journal ends. But now comes the strangest thing in the whole story ...



On the last page of the manuscript there is a sort of Will, in which he bequeaths to each of his three sons a model - built and rigged by himself - a model of the very ship he once blew up rather than leave her to the pirates. There's one funny detail: he tells his sons to move the mainmast slightly aft on each model.

"Thus," he concludes, "the truth will out."



That's it, Captain!... Red Rackham's treasure will be ours!



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. Sakharine.

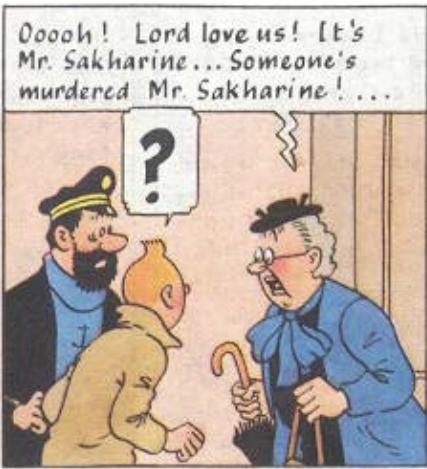


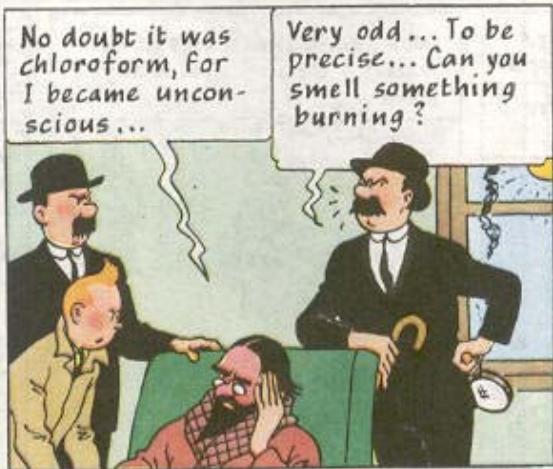
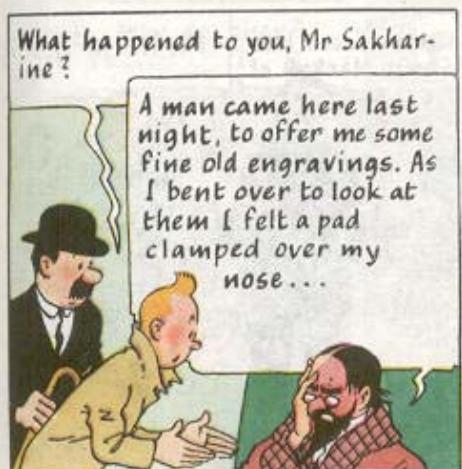
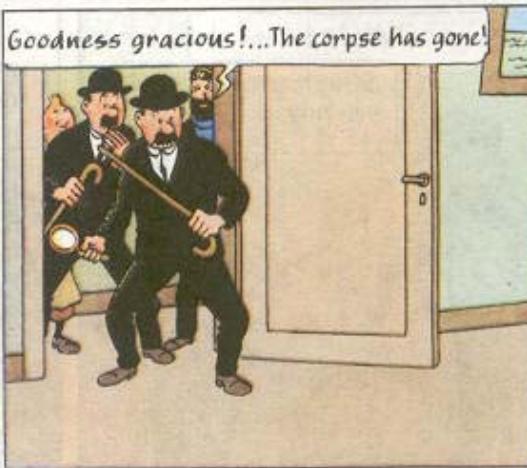
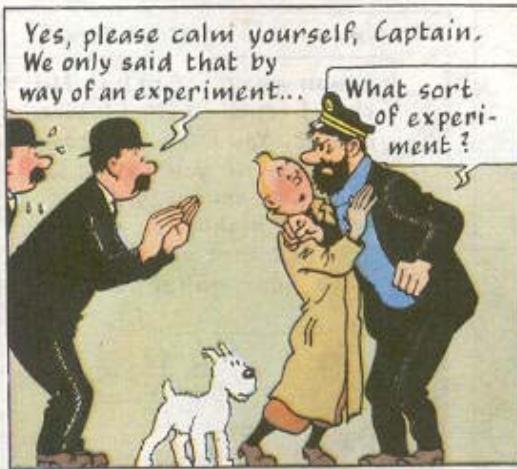
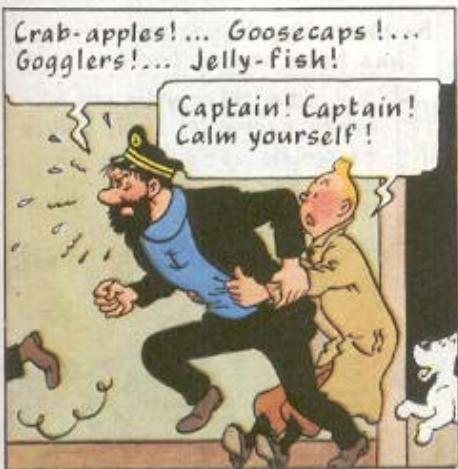
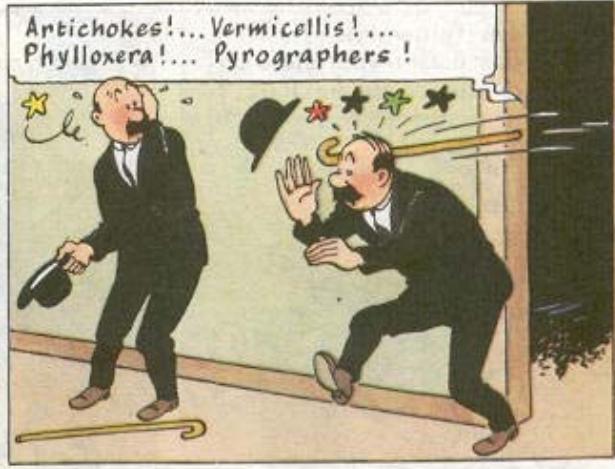
This is it: he lives here, at Number 21.



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







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?



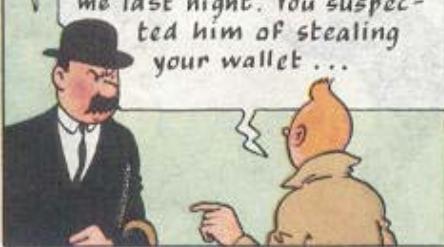
He was rather fat. Black hair,
and a little black moustache. He
wore a blue suit, and a brown
hat.

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 suspect-
ed 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!



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 et!

Mr. Tintin?...



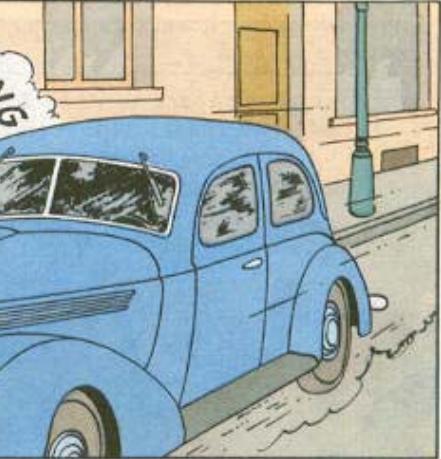
Yes, What can I do for you ?

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!



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



There...



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...

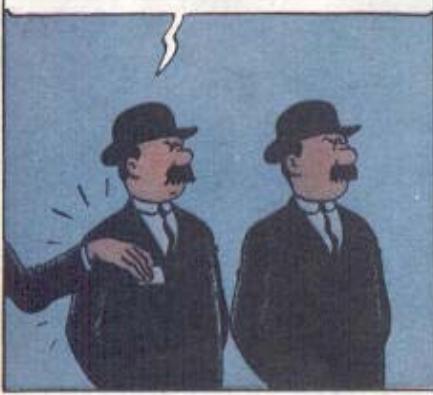
So do I, Captain. It's all very mysterious. "To be precise: very mysterious", as the Thomsons would say.



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

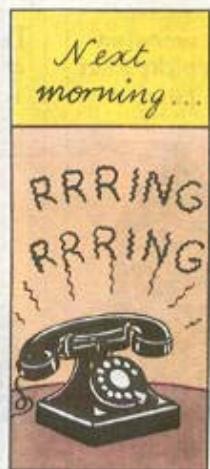


Here comes our bus at last!



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





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.



Here's the parchment from the UNICORN's mast. Look, Captain...

Er... that's good...

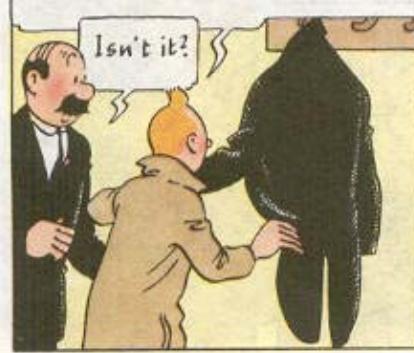


Tell me: how did you manage to catch the thief?

Catch him?... Well, to be quite honest, we only managed to catch his morning-coat.



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



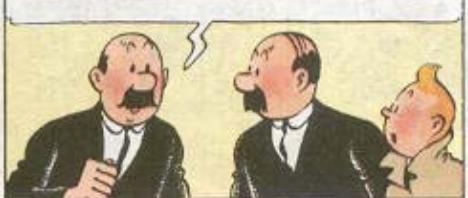
The trouble is that the coat doesn't give us any clue about its owner's identity...



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...



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

Wait : I'll
shut the
door.

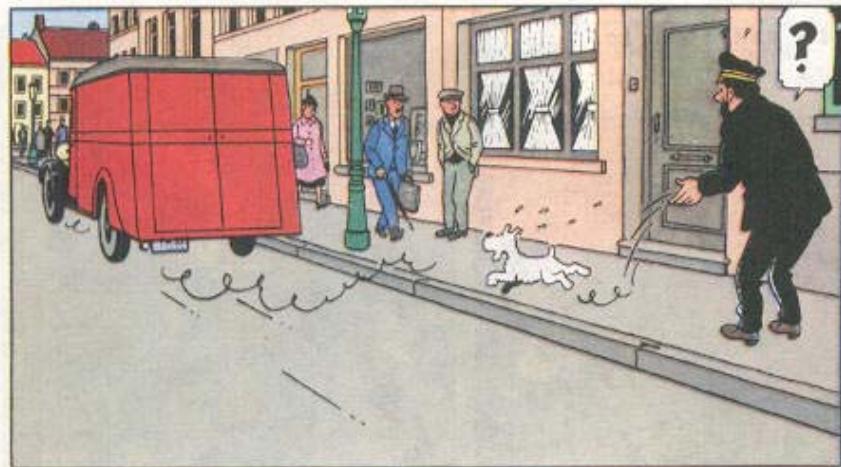


That confounded
tyke's at the window !

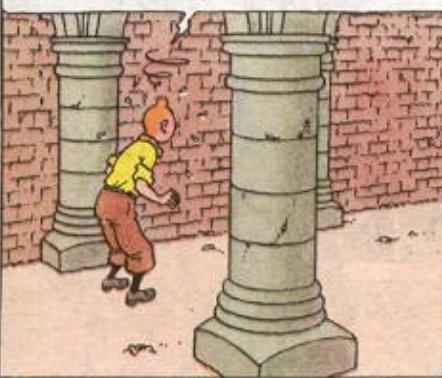


Hello, Snowy ! What's the matter ?





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



Yes, someone spoke!



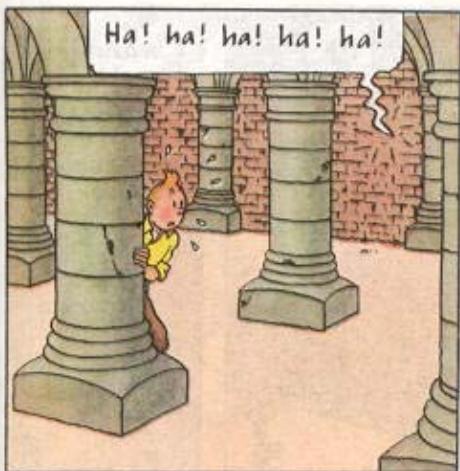
Who... who are you?... And where are you?



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



Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!



Ha! ha! ha! ... That frightened you, didn't it? ... Come over to the door... Come on.



Come nearer. Good... Now, can you see the speaking-tube?



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.



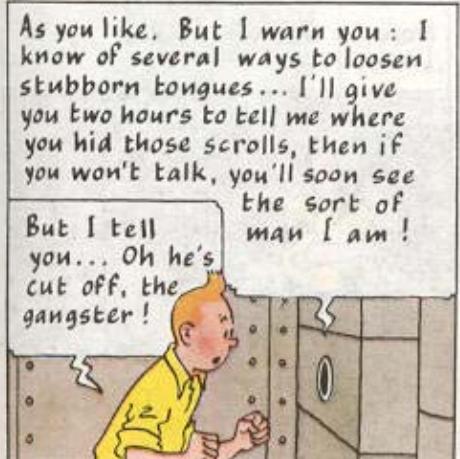
Come on now, let's be sensible! I'd collected two of the three scrolls: you took them from me. That night when I had your flat searched, only the third one was found... in your wallet. Where are the other two?

How should I know?

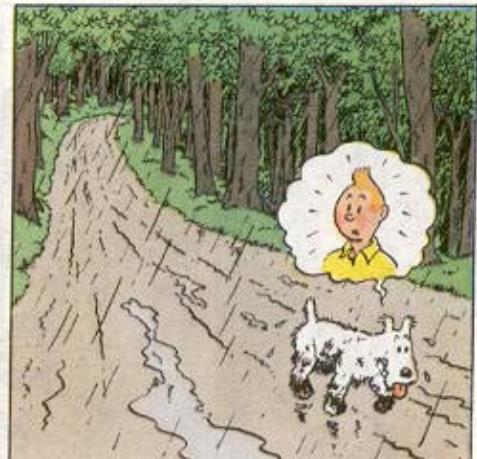


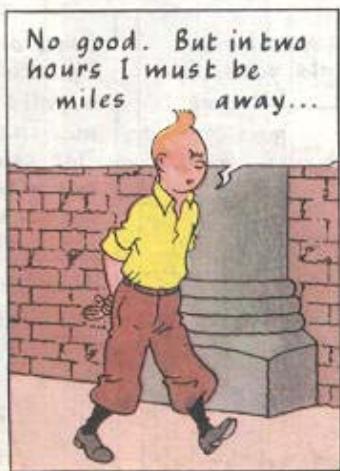
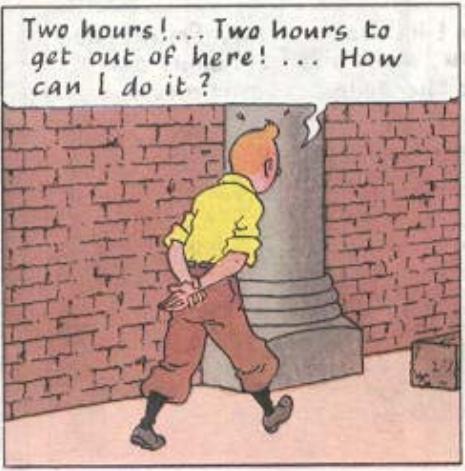
As you like. But I warn you: I know of several ways to loosen stubborn tongues... I'll give you two hours to tell me where you hid those scrolls, then if you won't talk, you'll soon see the sort of man I am!

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...



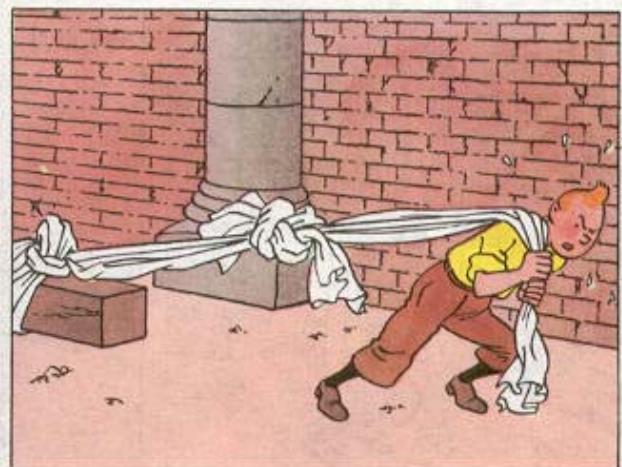
Then tie them securely
to this beam...



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



Start again: I've
simply got to move
this beam.
Now...



Meanwhile...



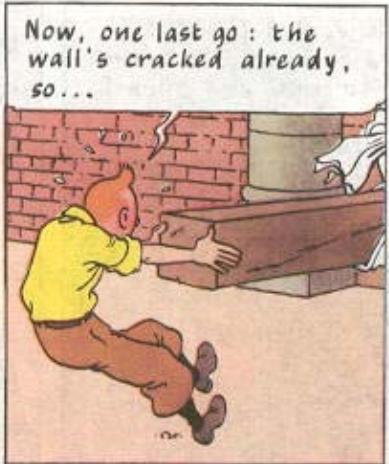
A quick bath and I'll soon
get rid of this mud.



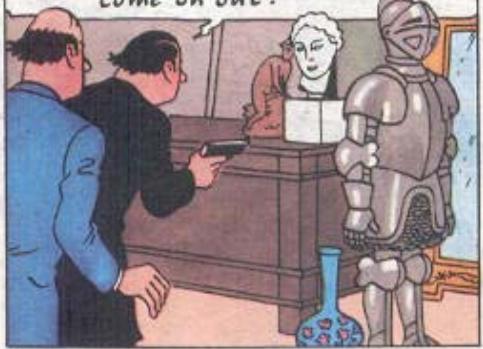
Aha! It's good to
be nice and
clean again.



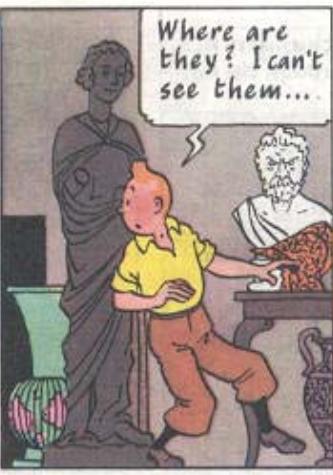


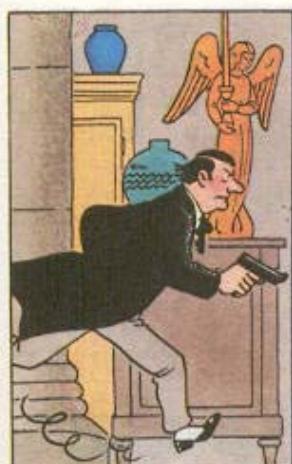
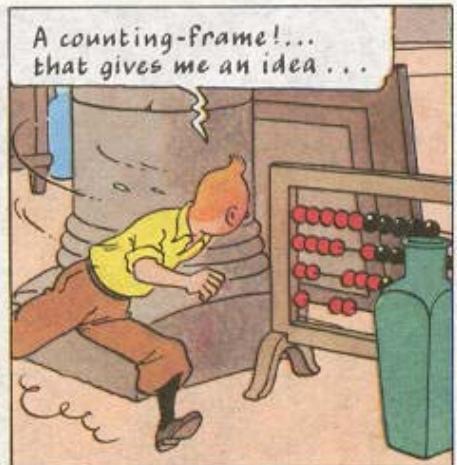
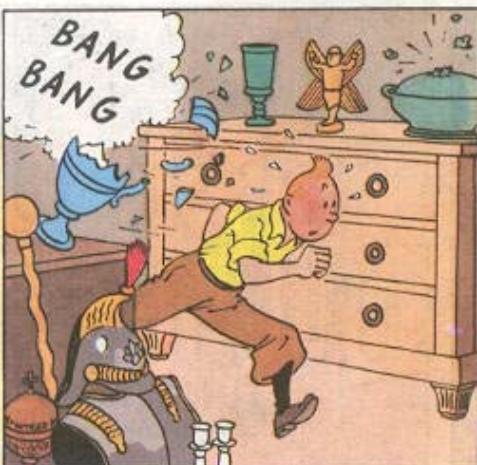
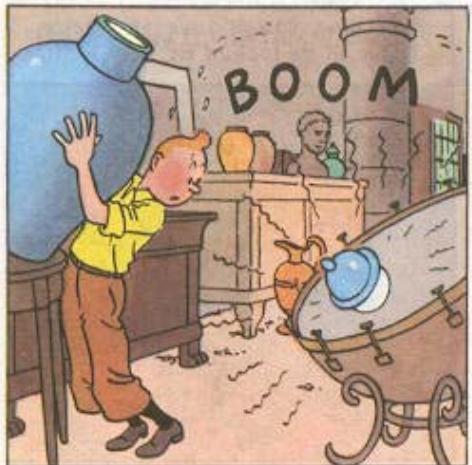
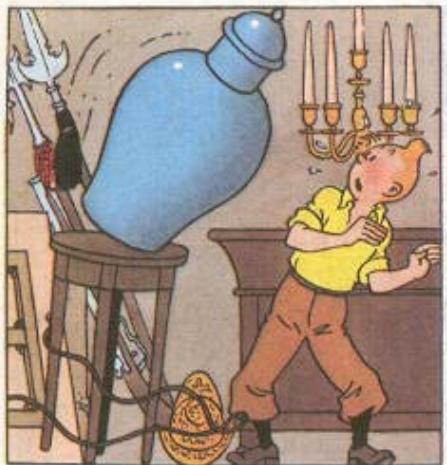


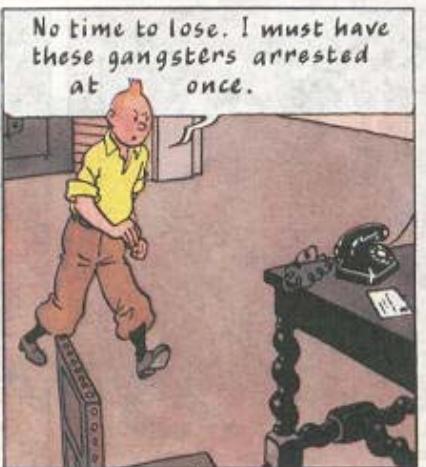
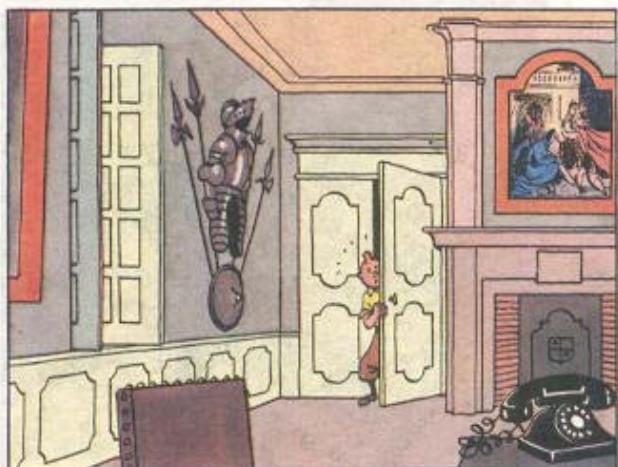
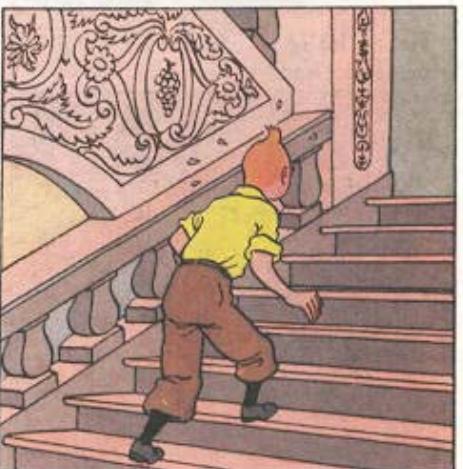
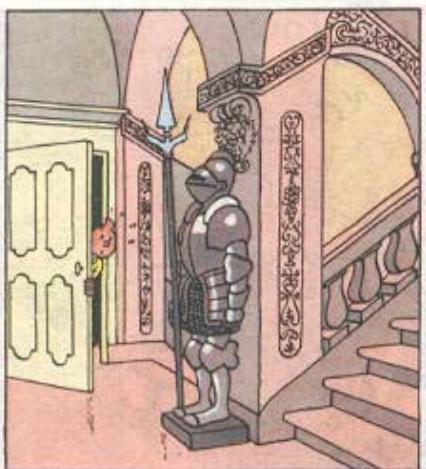
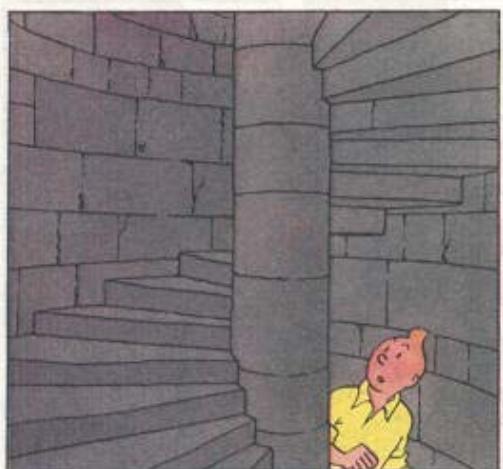
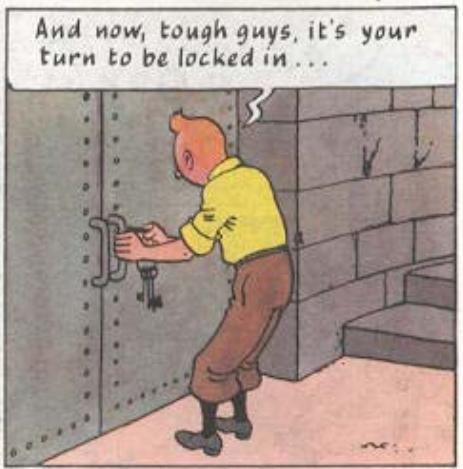
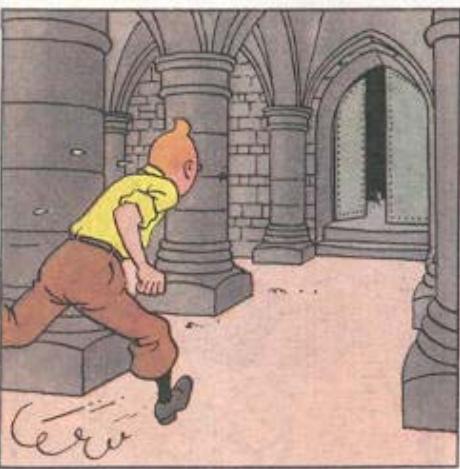
So, my friend, you thought you'd be smart and hide in a suit of armour. Well, you're caught : come on out!



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







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?... I... 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 Martin-
spike Hall... Bring the police!
Drop that tele-
phone, you!



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



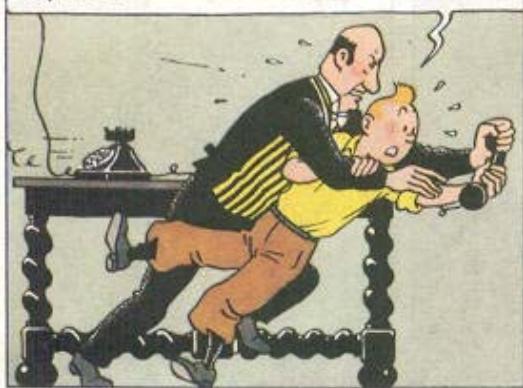
Marlinspike, Captain!
Marlinspike Hall!

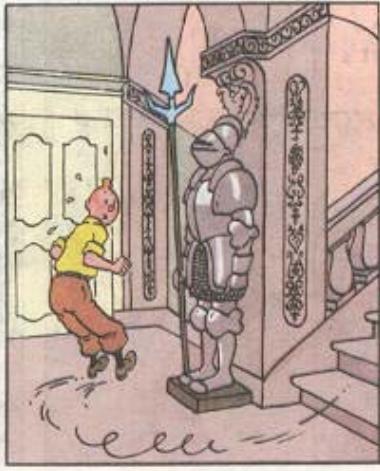


What?... Martin's
bike?... Hello?...
Hello?... Thunder-
ing typhoons!
What's going on?

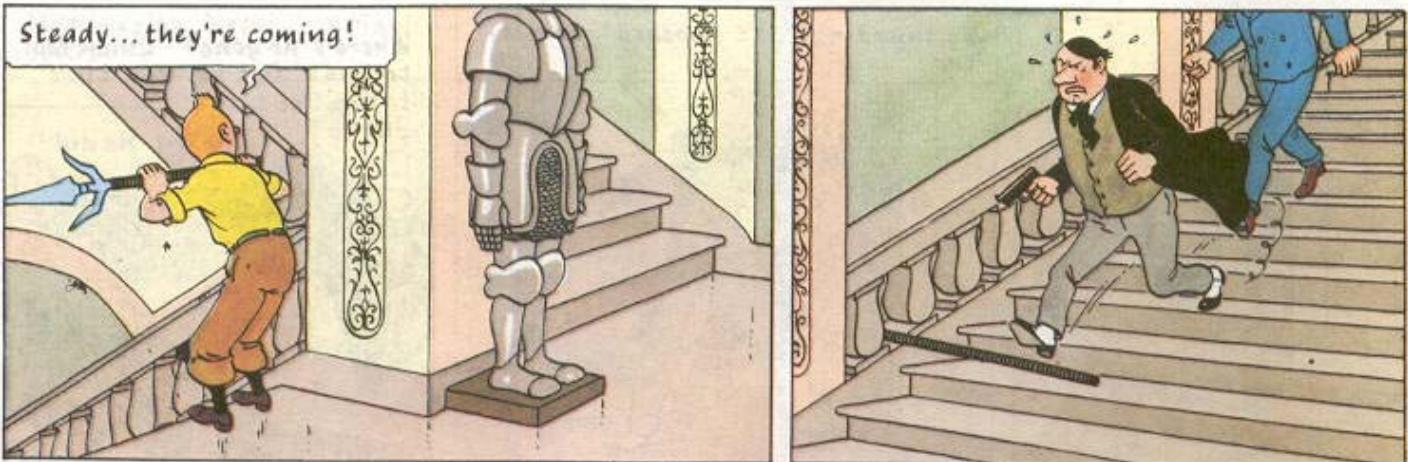


Marlinspike Hall! ... Marlinspike!





Steady...they're coming!



This way out!

The front door just slammed.
Get up, you two. He'll escape us...



Free at last!

There he goes!

Crumbs, they're after me again!

Missed! He's disappeared among the trees!

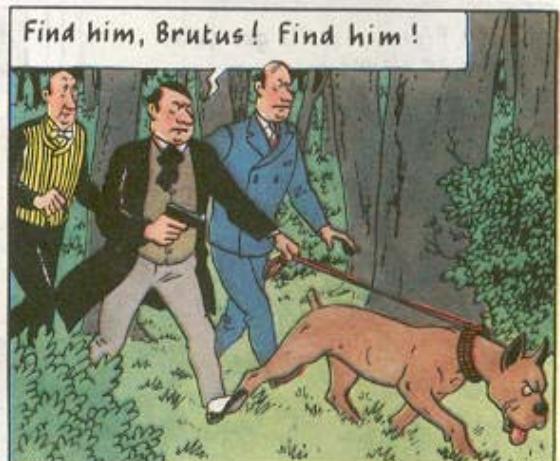


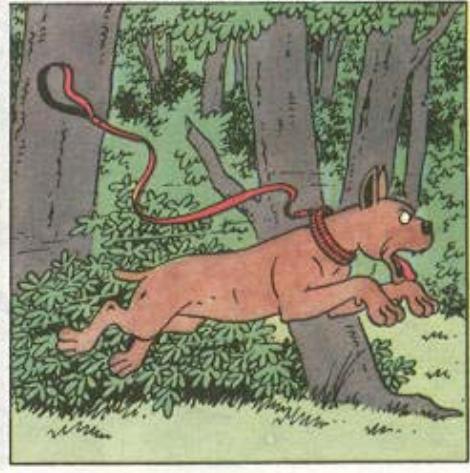
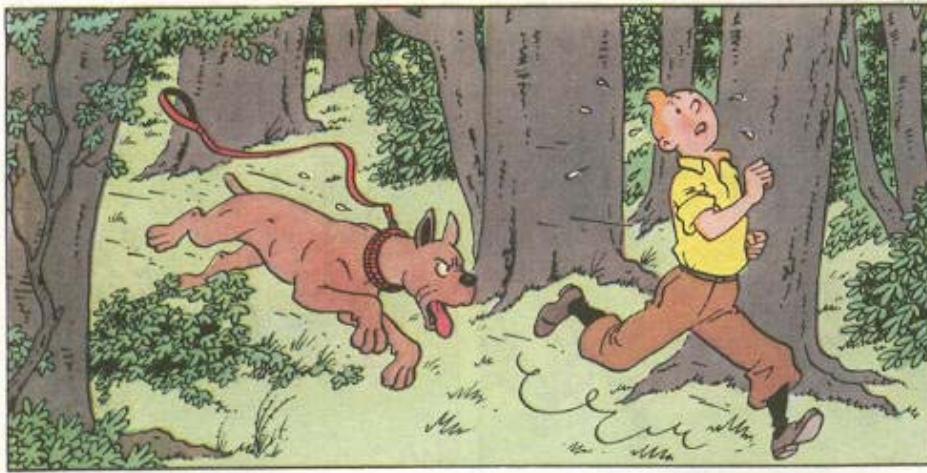
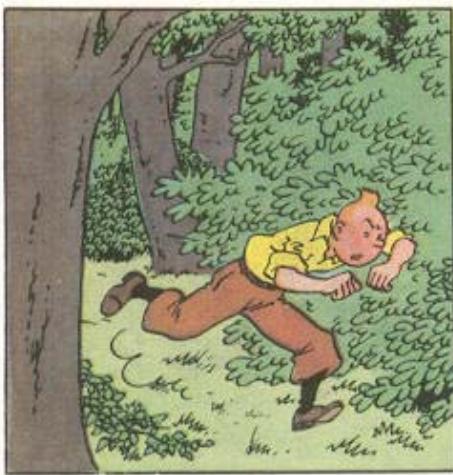
Fetch Brutus, Nestor!
Quickly!

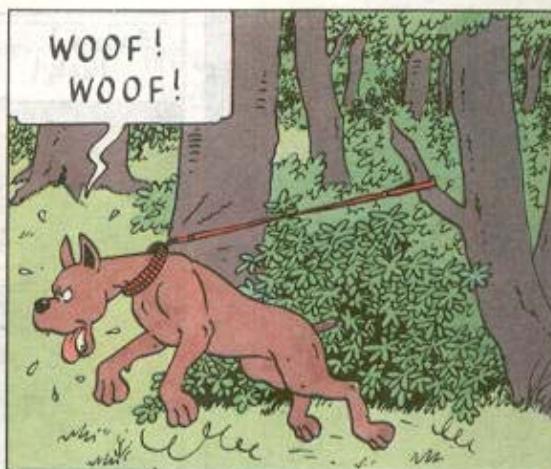
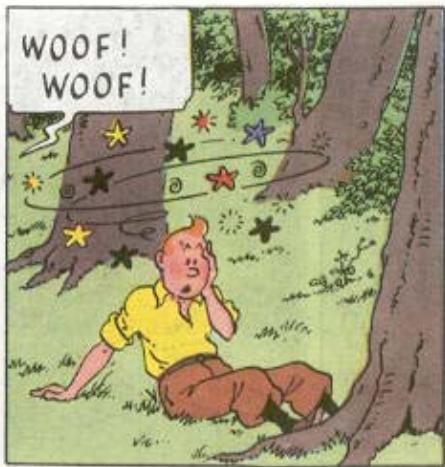
What an enormous park: it's like a forest...

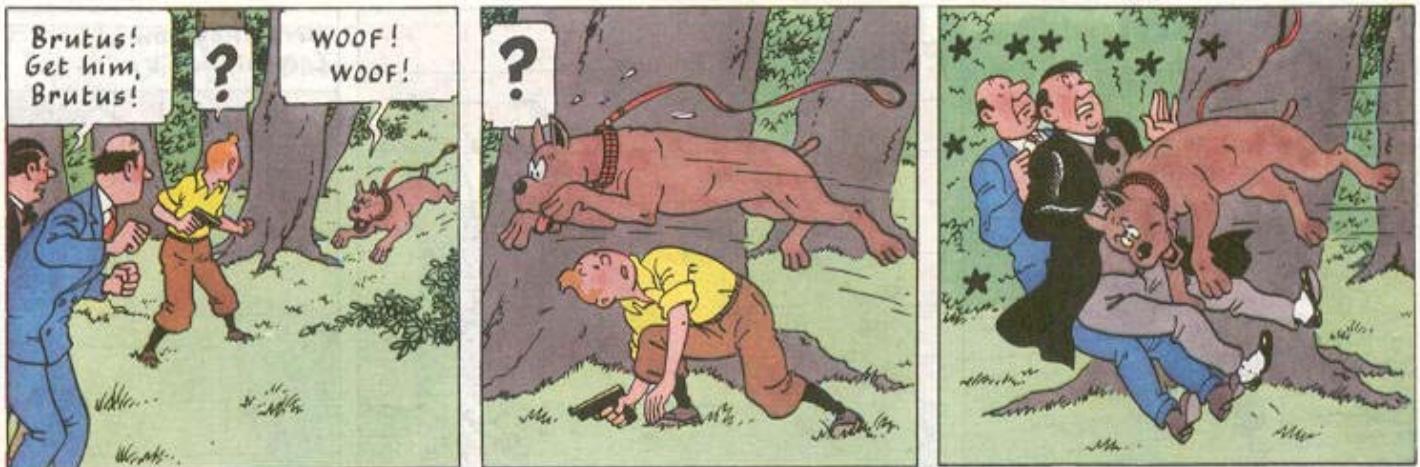
WOOF!
WOOF!

Find him, Brutus! Find him!









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 windows. Perhaps there's some way...

Keep cool, Nestor!



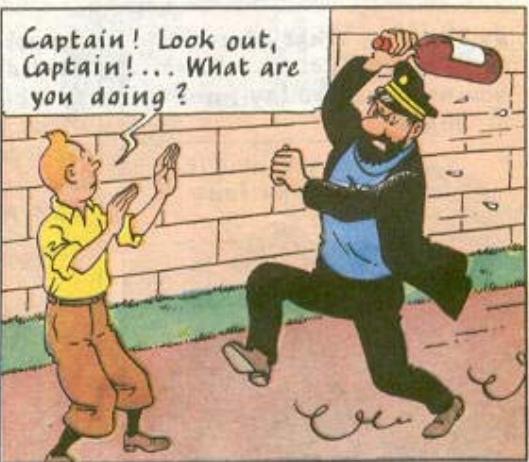
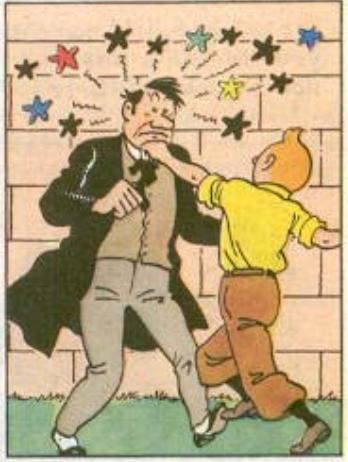
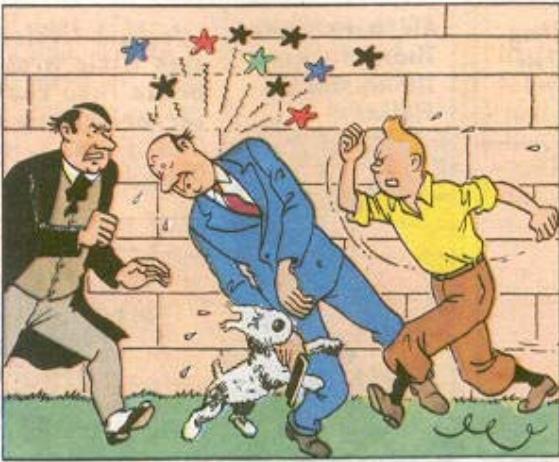
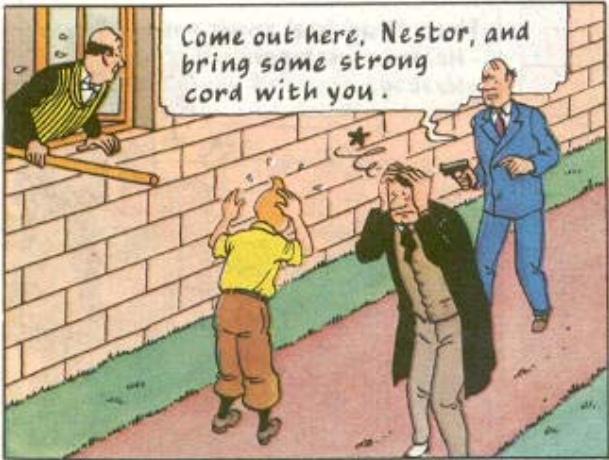
Here they come!
Careful, don't miss...

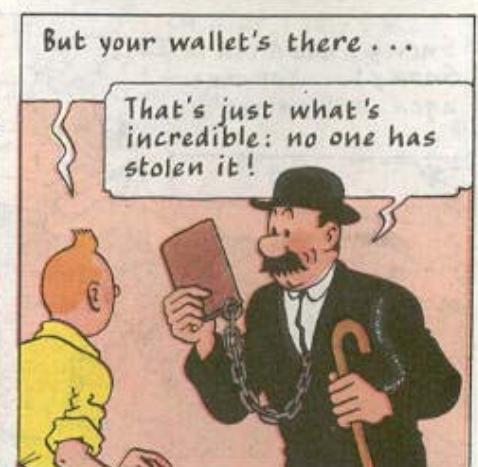
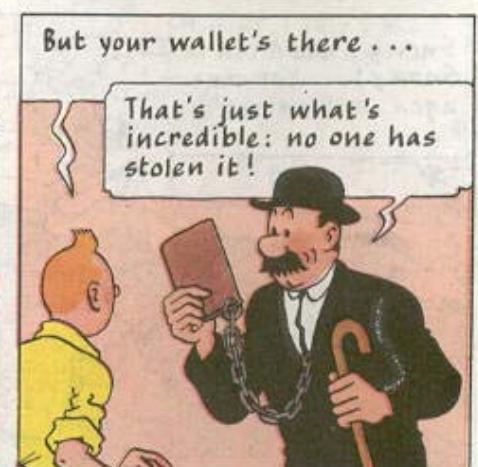
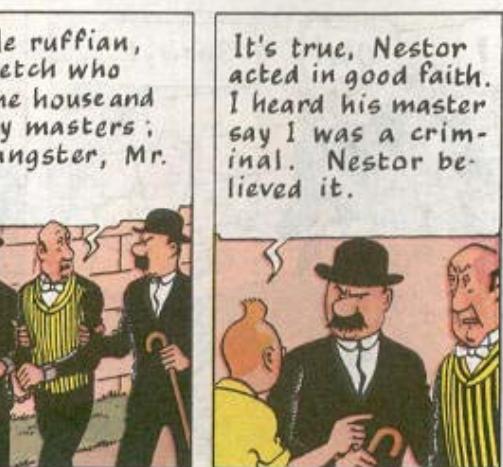
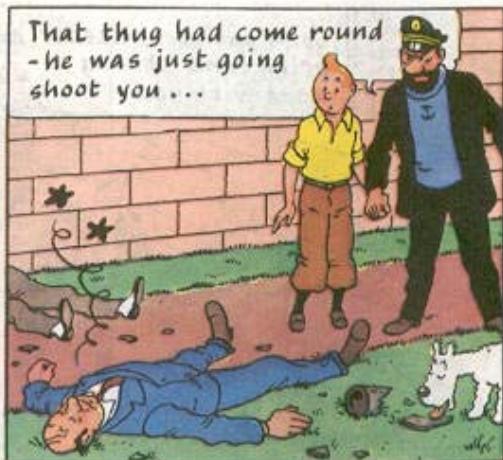
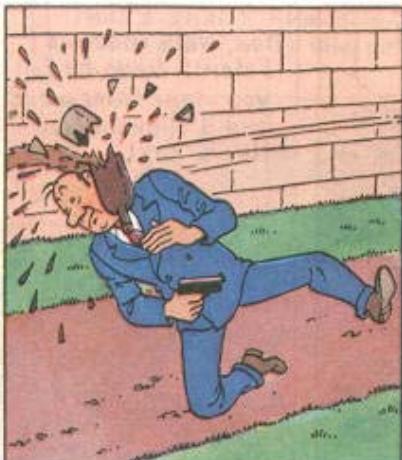


Now then,
once more...



Got you this time,
my young friend!

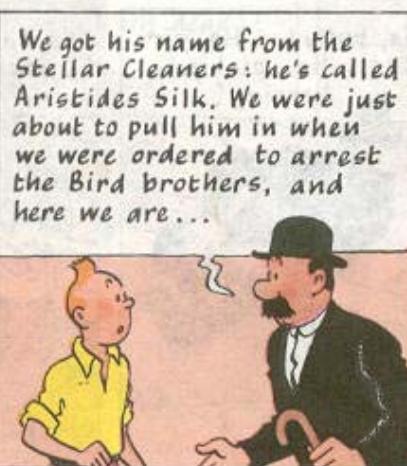




That's just what's incredible: no one has stolen it!



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



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!...



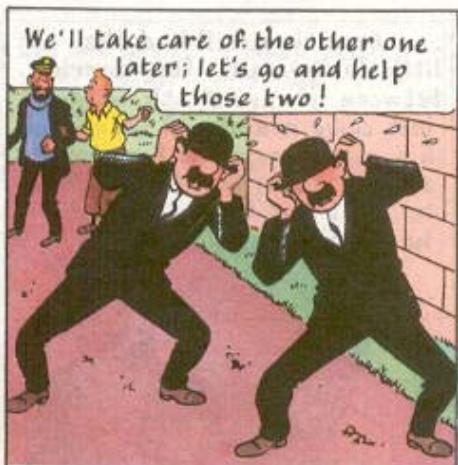
Look!... one's escaping!... there! He's just turned the corner!



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



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?

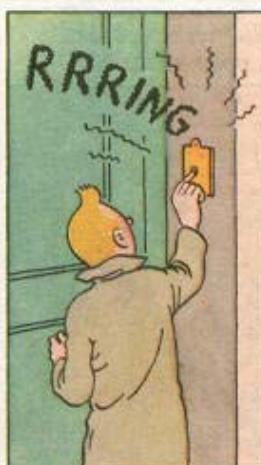
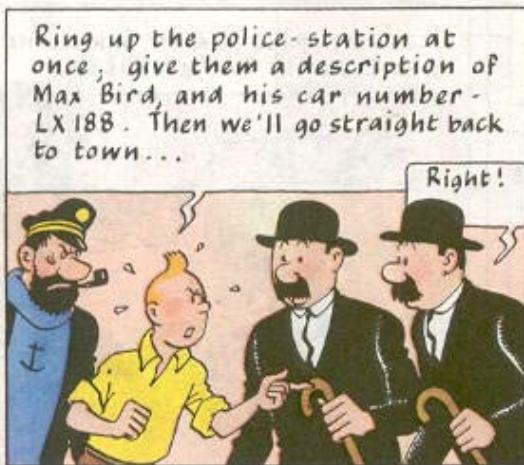
We told you: to make you give up the two parchments you had stolen from us a few days after the shooting.

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

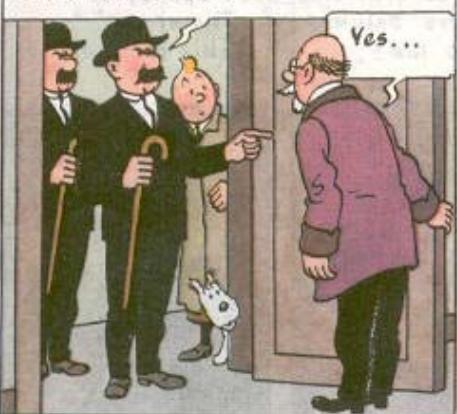
Yes, perhaps it was Mr. Sakharine who took the two scrolls?

Hurrah! That's it!





Mr. Aristides Silk ?



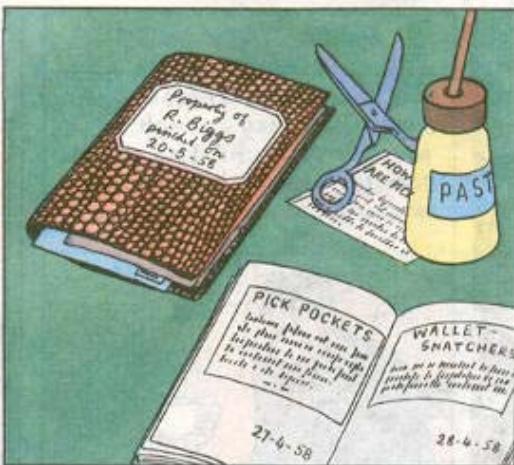
I arrest you in the name of the law!



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 explain the meaning of all this ? ...



... 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 ...





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



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 . . .



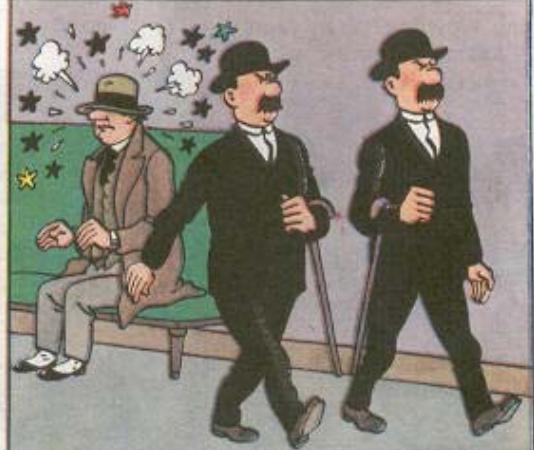
What about the
third parchment?
... Did you find
it on him? ...



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 joined. Thre Unicorns in
company sailing in the noonday Sunne
For tis from the Light that Light will
20 dawn. And then shines forth
the Eagles + 5 N?

Three company will spe
the Eagles +

For tis from the Light that Light will
dawn. And then shines forth
the Eagles + 42 N 0

Free Unicorns in
noonday Sunne
the Eagles + 3 52
dawn. And then shines forth
the Eagles +

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!



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...



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



Three Brothers joined. Thre Unicorns in
company sailing in the noonday Sunne
For tis from the Light that Light will
will speak
20 dawn. And then shines forth
the Eagles + 37 42 N 70 52 15 W.

the Eagles +

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...



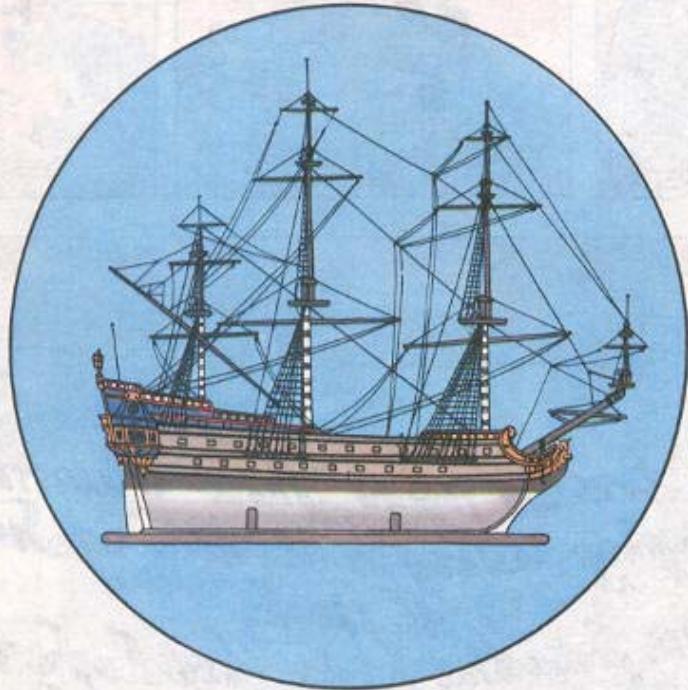
Let's see... first we need a ship... We can charter the SIRIUS, a trawler belonging to my friend, Captain Chester... Then we need a crew, some diving suits and all the right equipment for this sort of expedition... That will take us a little time to arrange. We'd better say a month. Yes, in a month we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



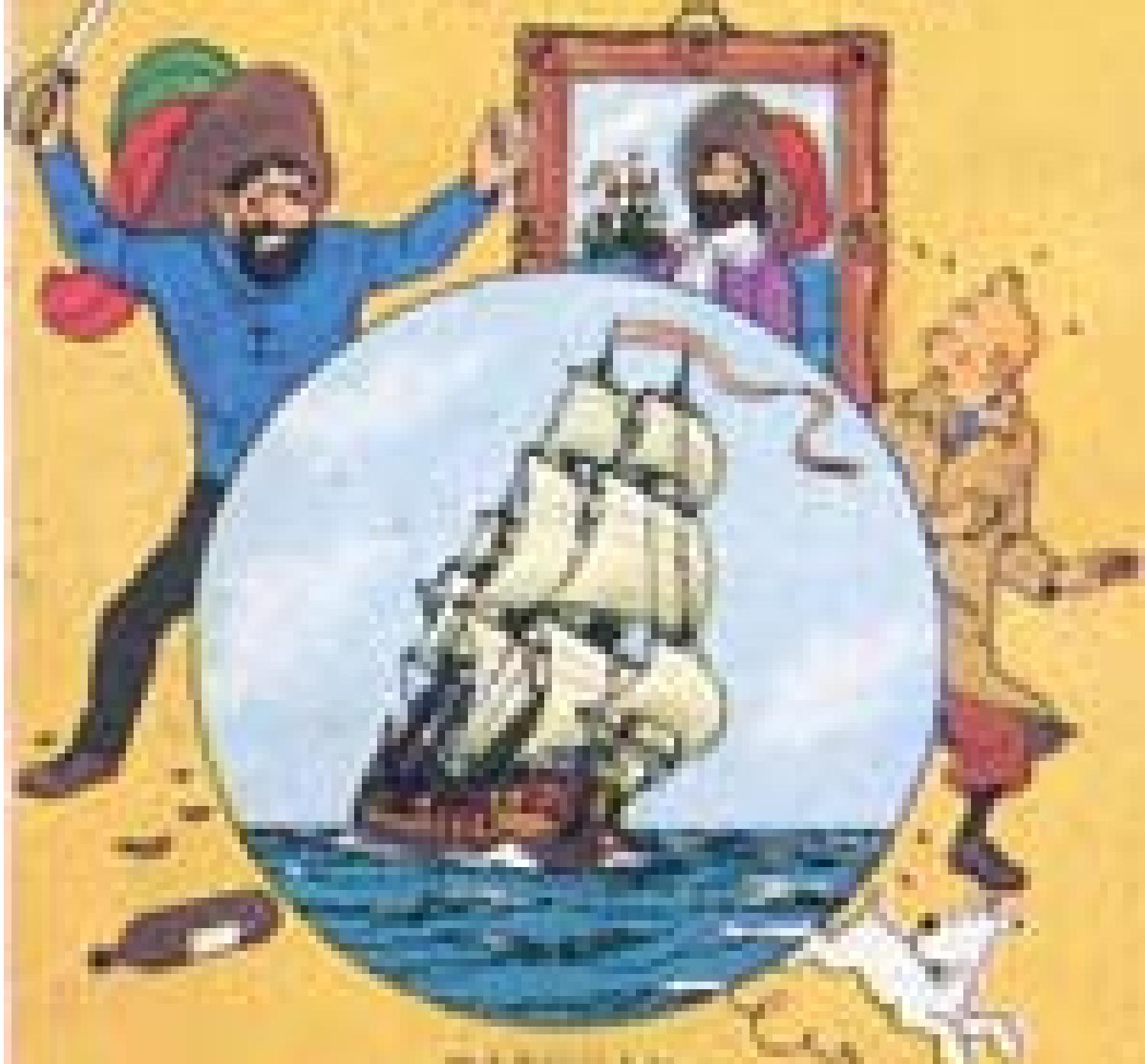
But of course it won't be easy, and we shall certainly have plenty of adventures on our treasure-hunt... You can read about them in RED RACKHAM'S TREASURE



- HERGÉ



THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN
THE SECRET
OF THE UNICORN



THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

THE SECRET OF THE UNICORN