

HERGÉ
THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN
**THE CALCULUS
AFFAIR**



Little, Brown

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THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

THE CALCULUS AFFAIR



**Translated by Leslie Lonsdale-Cooper
and Michael Turner**

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The Calculus Affair

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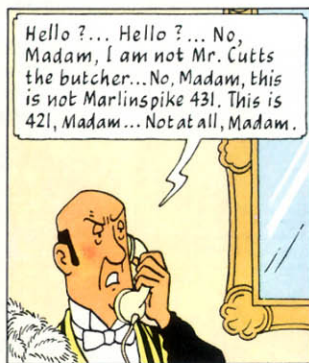
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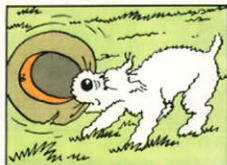
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THE CALCULUS AFFAIR







Well, were home again... and none too soon, either!

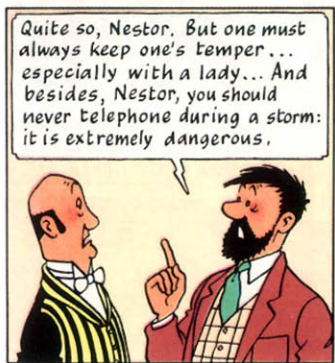
RRRIING
The telephone, Nestor.



Hello?... No Madam, I am not Mr. Cutts the butcher!... No, Madam... NO, Madam! ..Fiddle-de-dee, Madam!



...That's at least the twentieth time...



Quite so, Nestor. But one must always keep one's temper... especially with a lady... And besides, Nestor, you should never telephone during a storm: it is extremely dangerous,



That's that. And now, my friend, I think I'll just have a quiet drink, if you don't mind.



Blistering barnacles! That flash of lightning wasn't far away. In fact, I...



GLING
BLING
CLING
?
!



Look at that!

?

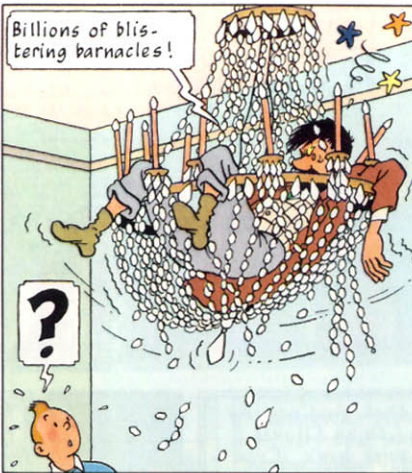


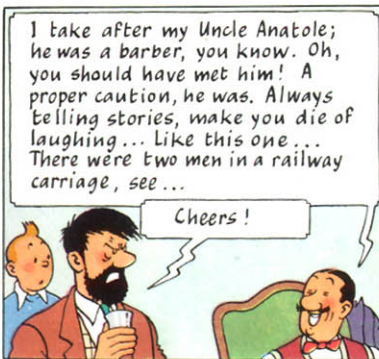
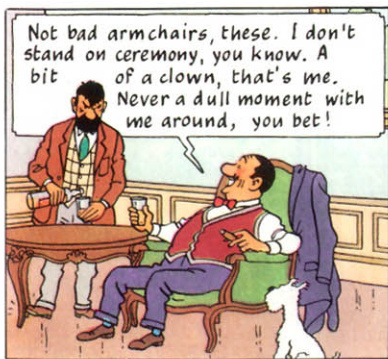
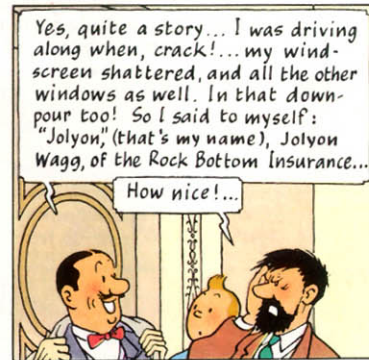
The funny thing is, that happened AFTER the clap of thunder.

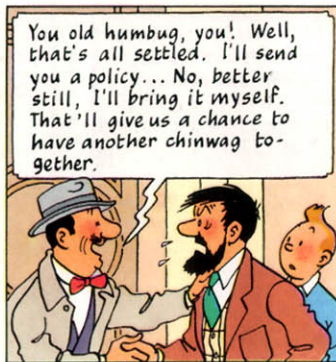
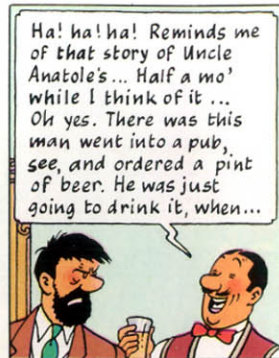


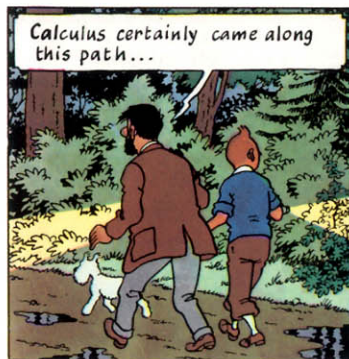
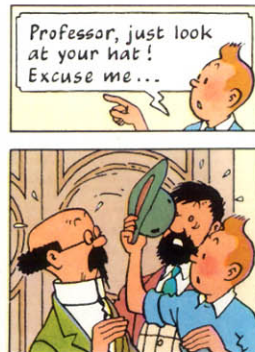
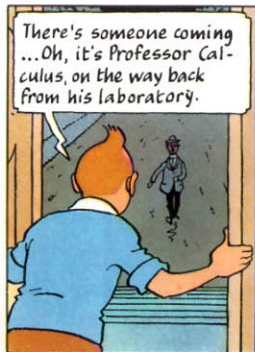
Hello?... What?... Lamb chops?!...No, Madam, I am not Mr. Cutts the butcher! And what's more Madam, it is highly dangerous to telephone during a storm. You should know better! And the best of luck, Madam!

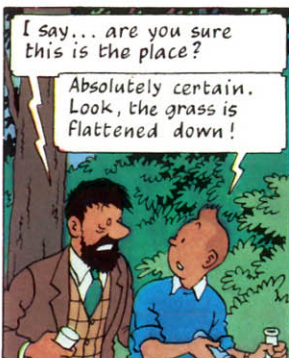
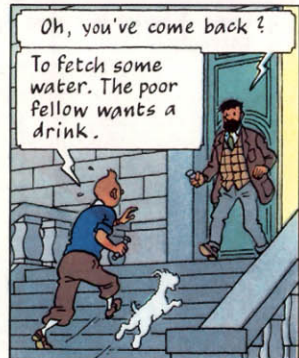














Blistering barnacles! Come out of there, or I'll shoot!

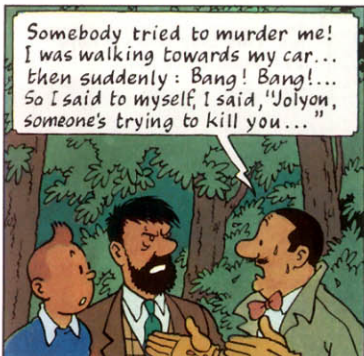


Mercy! Have pity! Please don't kill me! I wouldn't harm a fly... I'm just a simple fellow...

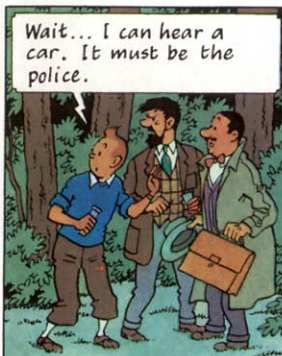


Blistering barnacles, you don't have to tell me that! Just explain what you're doing down there!

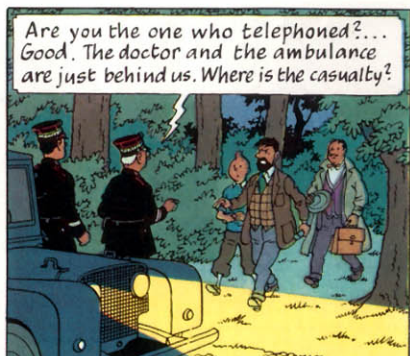
Me?... I... I was hiding.



Somebody tried to murder me! I was walking towards my car... then suddenly: Bang! Bang!... So I said to myself, I said, "Jolyon, someone's trying to kill you..."



Wait... I can hear a car. It must be the police.



Are you the one who telephoned?... Good. The doctor and the ambulance are just behind us. Where is the casualty?



Here I am, Mr. Inspector... Jolyon Waagg... That's me...

You've been shot?

Me? No.



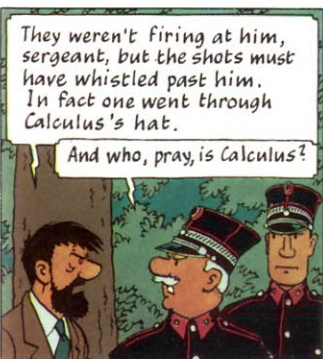
But didn't you report that you'd found a wounded man?

Well, we did, but now he's vanished.



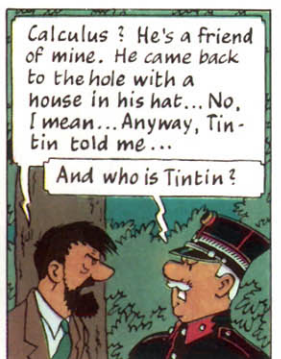
Then why were you pretending to be the victim?

But I am, Mr. Inspector; I'm the victim of an attack; I was shot at. So I said to myself, "Jolyon," I said...



They weren't firing at him, sergeant, but the shots must have whistled past him. In fact one went through Calculus's hat.

And who, pray, is Calculus?



Calculus? He's a friend of mine. He came back to the hole with a mouse in his hat... No, I mean... Anyway, Tintin told me...

And who is Tintin?



Tintin? But this is Tintin! Here...

Hey, now where's he gone?



Go on Snowy! Seek it out!



The wounded man got away through this hole in the hedge.



You've lost the scent, eh Snowy? I can guess why.



He was picked up by a car waiting here for him. There's nothing to be done. Come on, let's go back to the others.



... You mean the glass just broke by itself?

By itself, yes sergeant! And then...



Where have you sprung from?

Snowy picked up a scent. But it didn't lead anywhere.

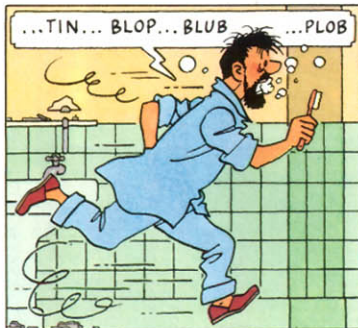
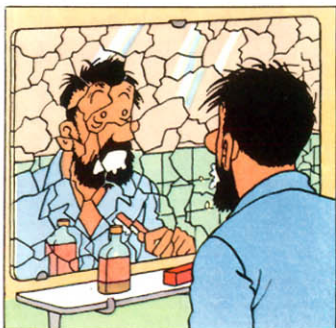
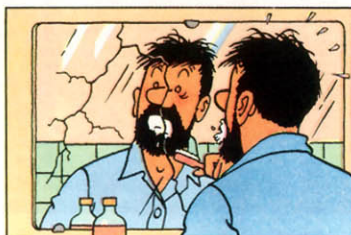


There's nothing more we can do here. We'd better go back to the house; we can talk things over more easily there.

Yes, this case looks a hopeless muddle to me.



Next morning...



...TIN... BLOP... BLUB ...PLOB



Blub... blub...blub...
Why? What's up, Captain?



There... in the... Blub...
Wait a minute. Rinse your mouth out first. I'll bring you a glass of water.



Hey, Snowy, be quiet. What are you howling for?



CLING



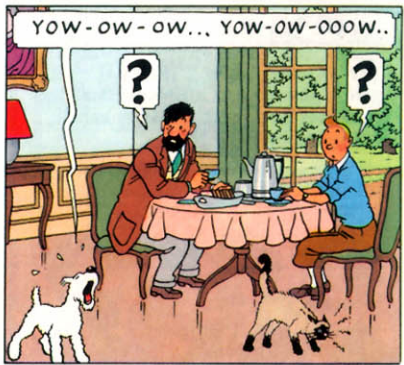
You...you... blub...you see! We're, we're bewitched, I tell you... We're bewitched!



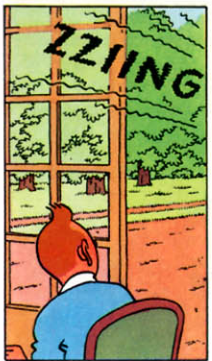
And an hour later

Blistering barnacles, I don't know about you Tintin, but all this carry-on is beginning to get on my nerves.

Yes, ever since yesterday there's been a strange feeling about the house.



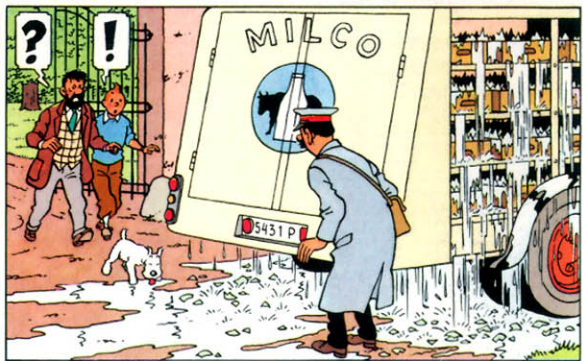
YOW-OW-OW... YOW-OW-OOOW..



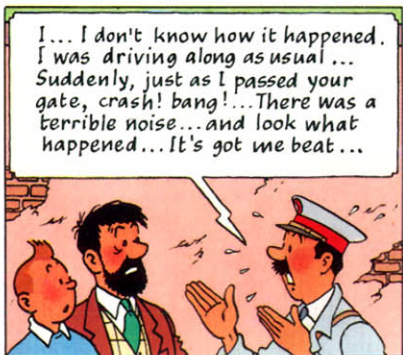
ZZIING



Let's go and see. That sounded like a smash on the road.



? !



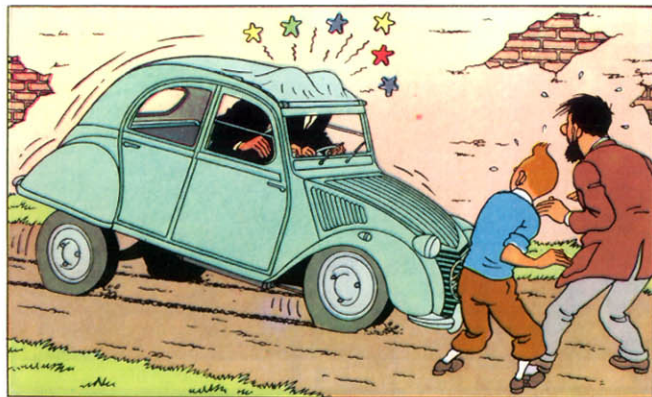
I... I don't know how it happened. I was driving along as usual... Suddenly, just as I passed your gate, crash! bang!... There was a terrible noise... and look what happened... It's got me beat...



Well, what do you make of it? It's exactly what happened to that creature, Jolyon Wagg. It's fantastic.



TSSII-III-III-III
Look out!



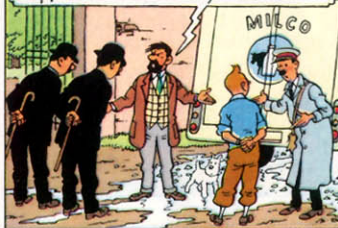
Yes, it's us. Hello... The local police have told us all about that business last night. So we're here to investigate.

To be precise: we're here

At the right moment, too!

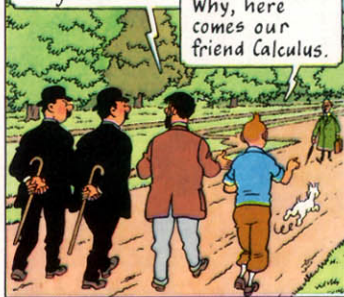


Just take a look here. This good fellow was driving quietly along past the front of the house when, CRACK... You see what happened?... What do you make of it?!



The whole thing began last night...

Why, here comes our friend Calculus.



Hello, Cuthbert. Are you going away?

No, no. I'm just going away.



I'm flying to Geneva, where I'm taking part in a congress on nuclear physics.

To Geneva?... But you never mentioned it to me before.



No, not for very long: only two or three days. I must go now; I've just got time to catch the 11:42 train. Goodbye.



Well, that's one person who's quite unconcerned by all this business.

Yes, but somehow he seems rather more preoccupied than usual.



Look out! Here he comes! Get the chloroform ready.



Just look at that horde of rubber-necks! They can hardly wait to see the rest of my windows smashed to bits!

No doubt. But somehow I think they are going to be disappointed.

What do you mean?

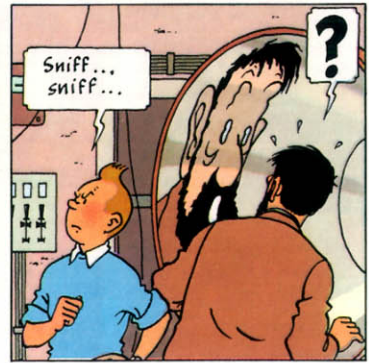
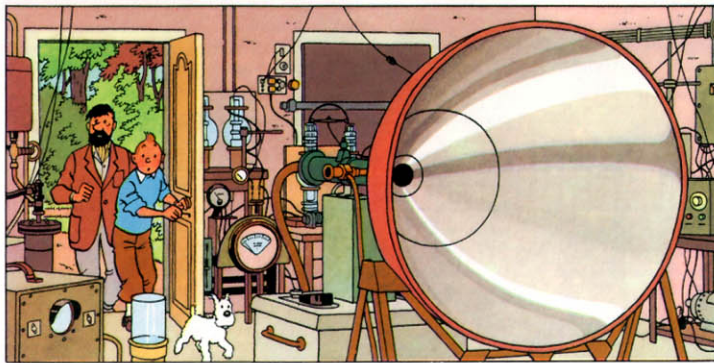
It's just a thought... By the way, I know Calculus hates anyone going into his laboratory, but I'd rather like to have a look round in there. Have you got his key?

Yes... but what's the idea?

Well, I've been thinking about this business, and one thing struck me; the glass-breaking only occurred when Calculus was out; or, to be more accurate, when he was in his laboratory. And since he left for Geneva yesterday, nothing more has happened.

In a nutshell, you suggest our friend Cuthbert's responsible for all those incidents? But that's ridiculous!

I'm not suggesting anything, Captain. I'm simply trying to work it out.



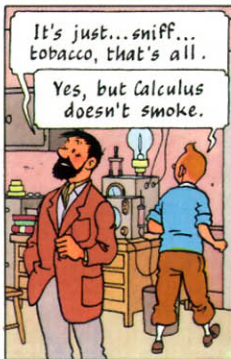
I say, Captain, can you smell anything?

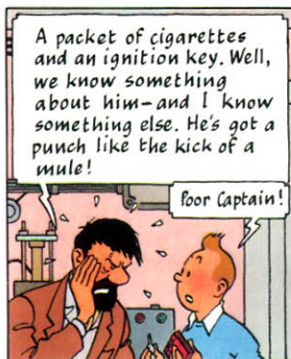
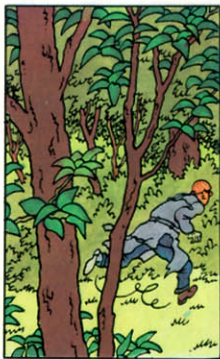
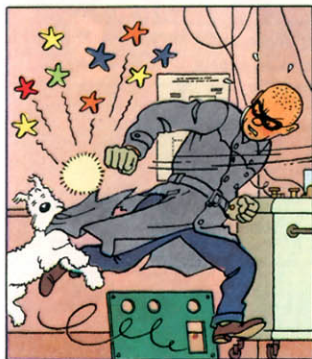
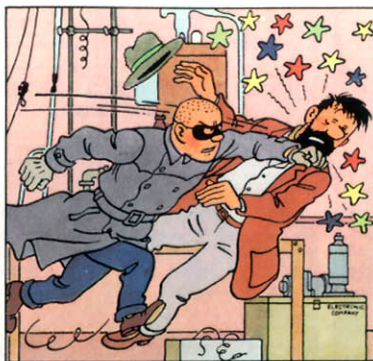
Sniff... Sniff...

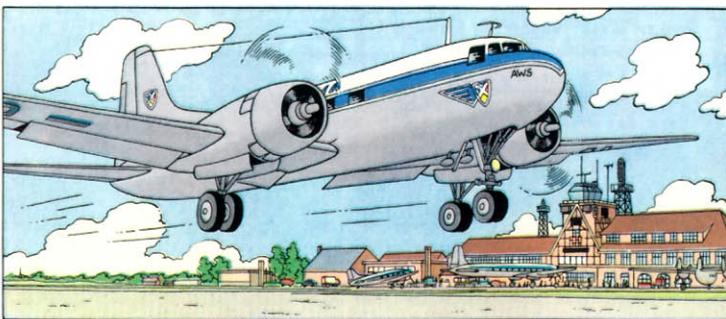
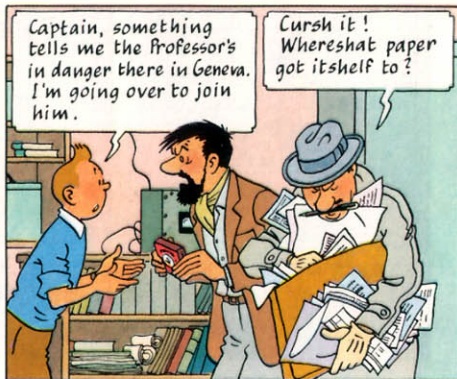
It's just... sniff... tobacco, that's all.

Yes, but Calculus doesn't smoke.

Blistering barnacles, that's quite right!



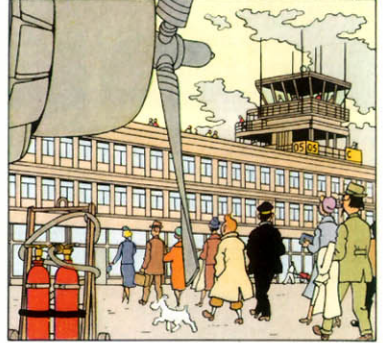




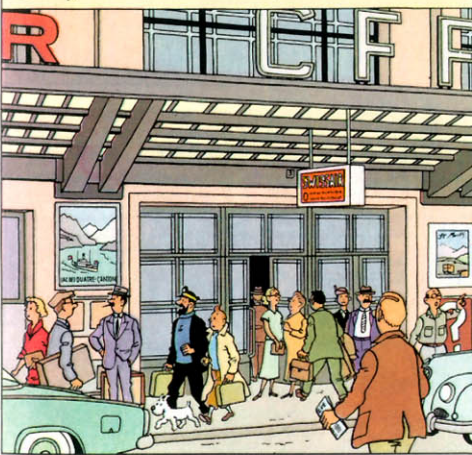
3.30 p.m., at Cointrin Airport, Geneva...



O.K., I get it: if they're here, we buzz off to Geneva and wait for them at Cornavin Station, at the Swissair bus terminal.



Three-quarters of an hour later, at Cornavin Station...



Here they come... You barge into them and push them around; they'll get angry, there'll be a fight... All to gain time...



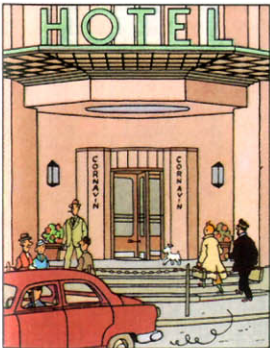
Bah! Foiled! A gendarme...

Ah, there's a gendarme. We'll ask him.



Hotel Cornavin? You'll find it just across the road.

Thank you.



Is Professor Calculus staying here, please?

Professor Calculus? Yes, sir. His key is not on the board, so he must be in his room.



Phew, what a relief! Please tell him Captain Haddock and Tintin are here.

Certainly, sir.



What's up?





It's very odd... he isn't answering. Yet he should be in his room.

Perhaps he can't hear. We'd better go up. What number is his room, please?



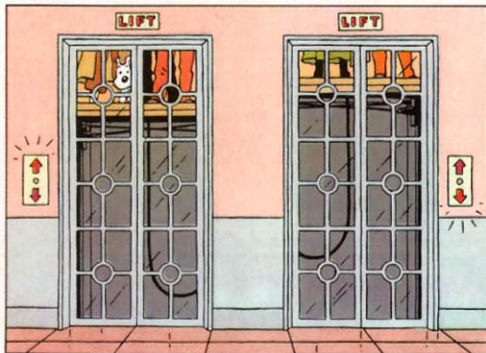
Number 122, fourth floor. The lift is on your left.

Thank you. We'll leave our luggage here.



Fourth floor, please.

Certainly, sir.



Blistering barnacles, I know he's deaf... but all the same ...



Supposing he's not in his room; supposing something's happened to him ...



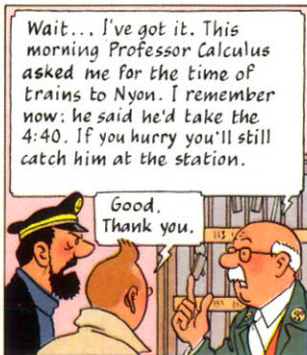
Not in his room, sir? Then his key should be here.

Great snakes! But there it is!



You're right... He must have gone out while my back was turned... I'm terribly sorry, sir.

You don't know where he might have gone?



Wait... I've got it. This morning Professor Calculus asked me for the time of trains to Nyon. I remember now: he said he'd take the 4:40. If you hurry you'll still catch him at the station.

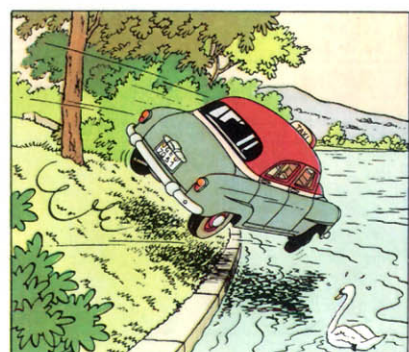
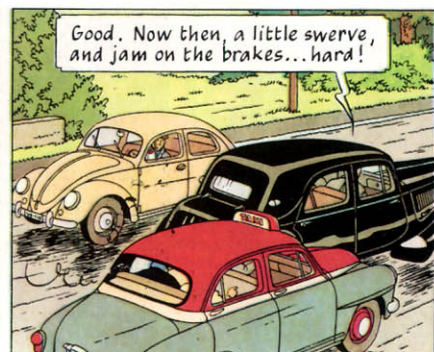
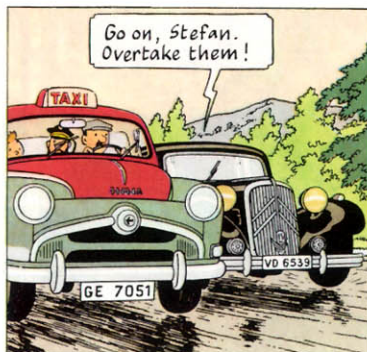
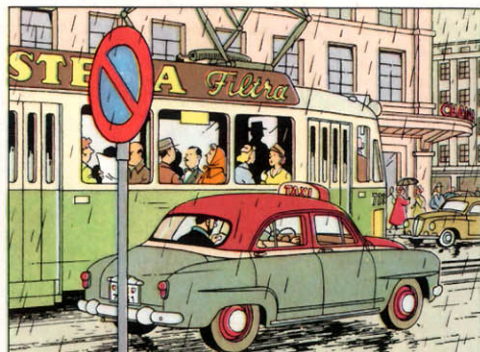
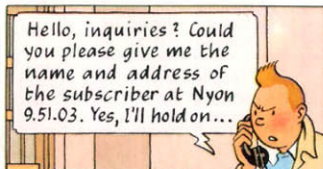
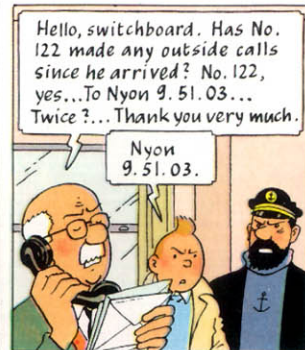
Good. Thank you.

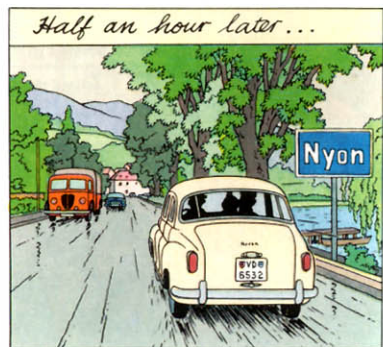
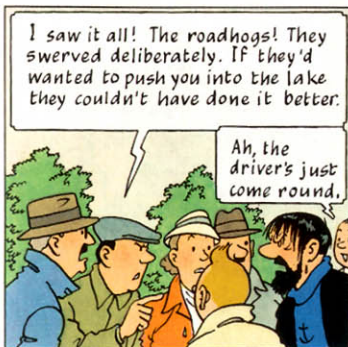
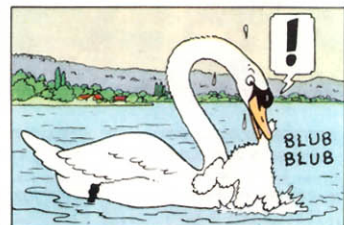
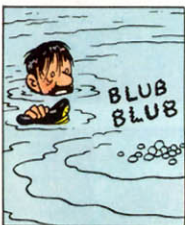
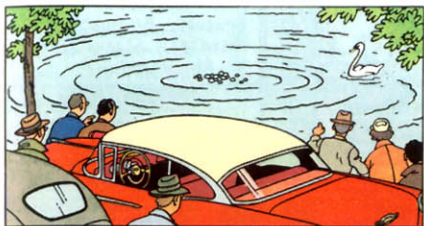


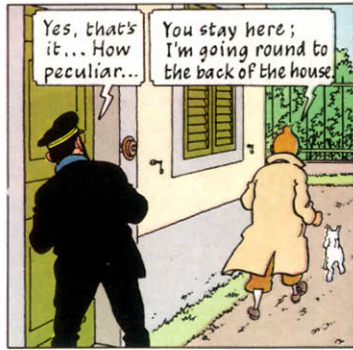
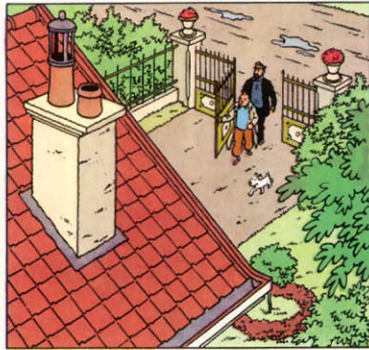
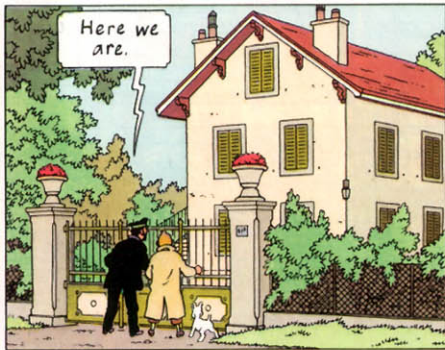
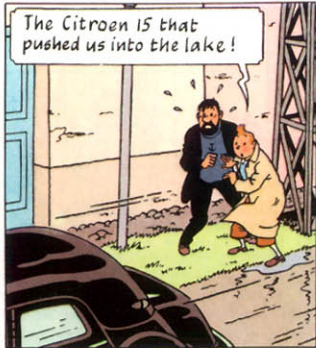
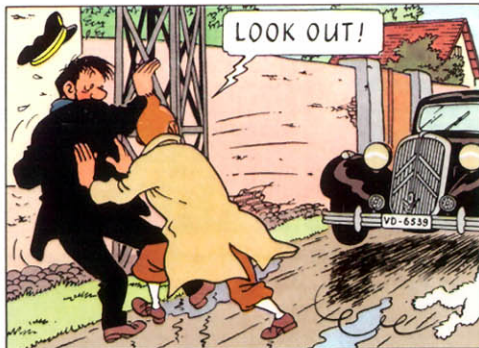
Look out! Here they come.

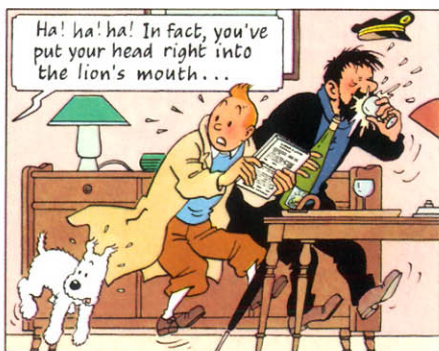
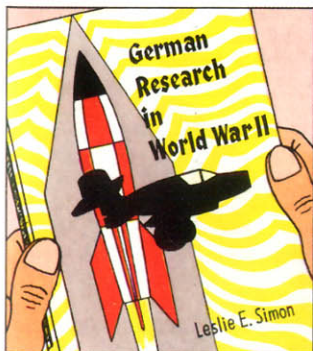
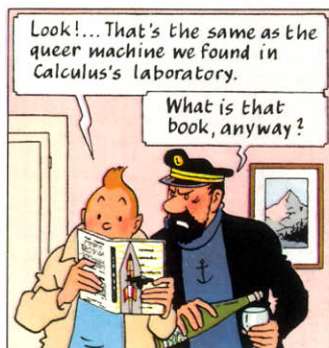
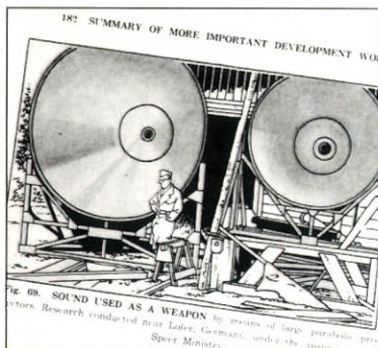
We have exactly seven minutes.

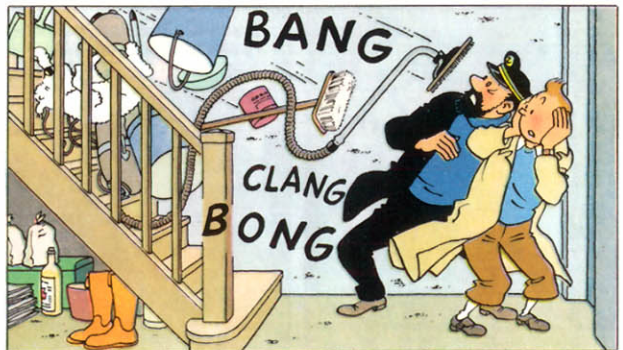
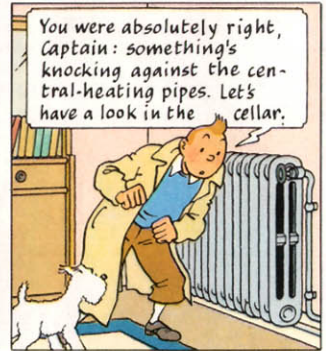


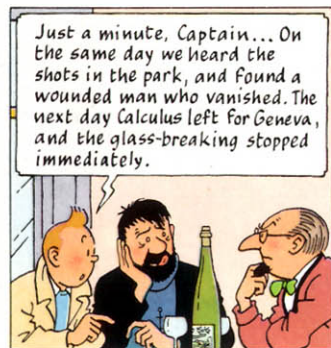
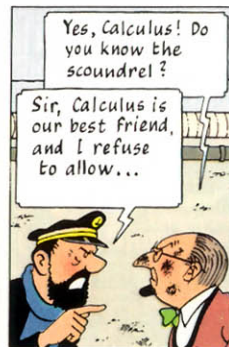
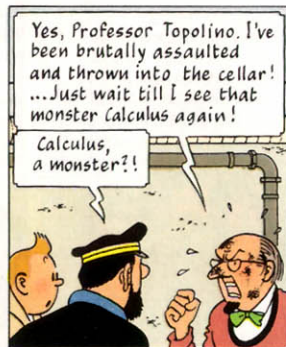
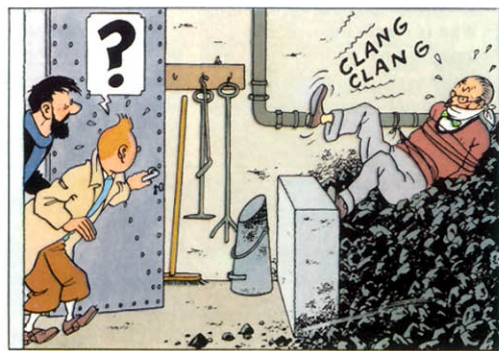


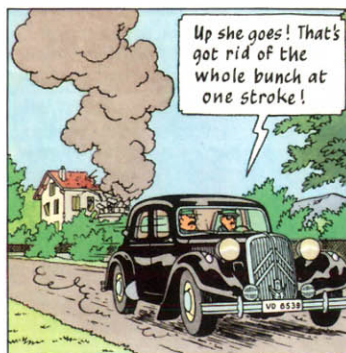
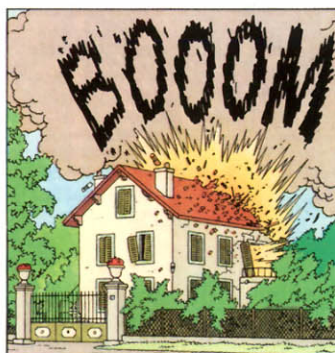
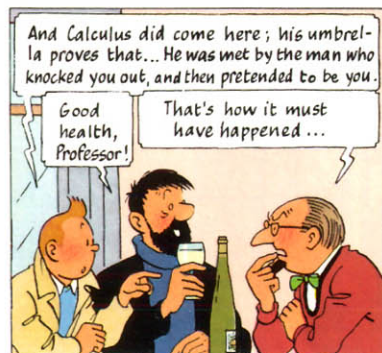
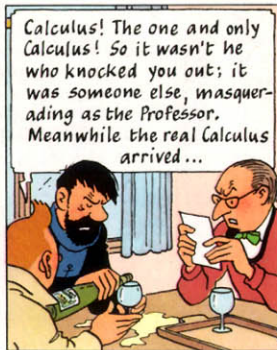
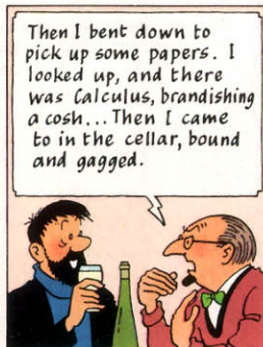
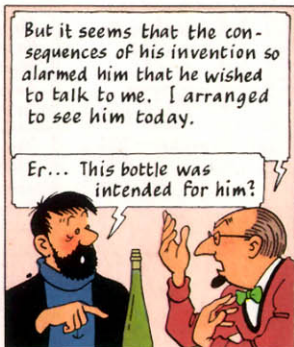
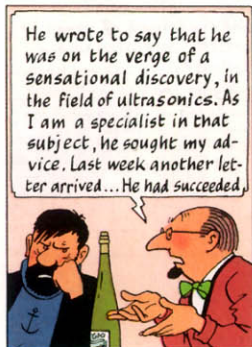
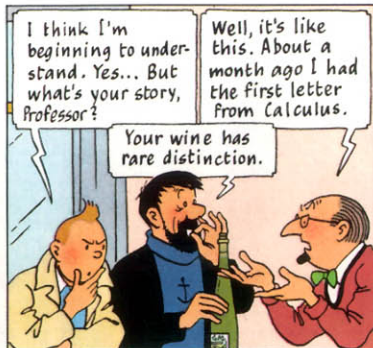
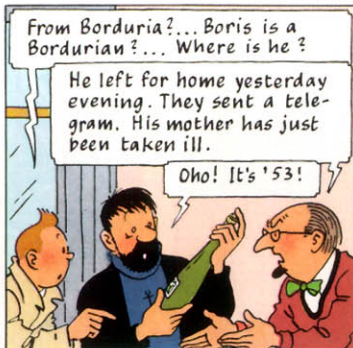


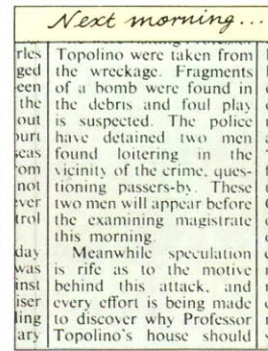
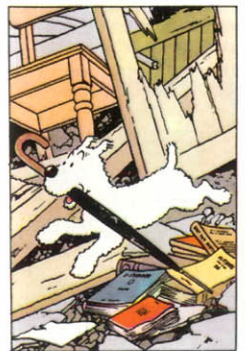
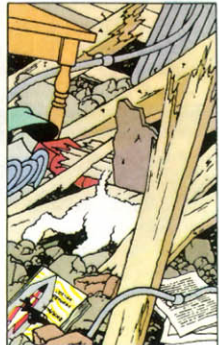
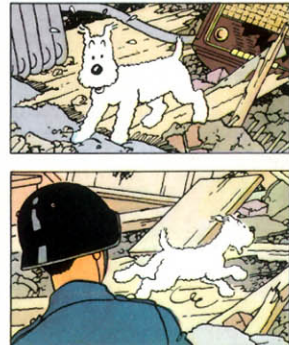
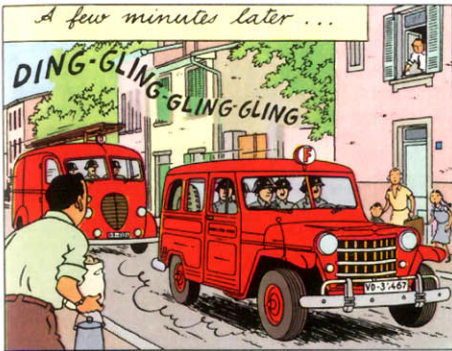














In you go!

Here we are!

Gentlemen, the statements you made yesterday have been checked and confirmed. You will be released immediately. I must apologise for our mistake.

That's quite all right, Mr. Magistrate. None of this would have happened if our credentials hadn't been stolen... with our luggage.

We're in Swiss disguise while we're searching for our friends Tintin and Haddock. We have important news for them.

You'll find them in the hospital, quite near here.

A little later...

Tintin and Captain Haddock? I'll take you to their room. You're just in time. They're getting ready to leave.



I say, how clean these hospitals are. Just look at the shine on the floors!



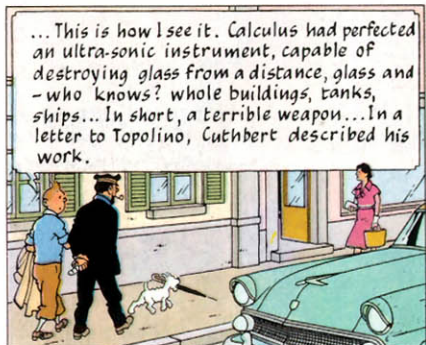
ZIIIIIP



... Yes, important news. We caught him... the man in the park who was wounded, then vanished. He's Syldavian. But we can't get another thing out of him. He swears he was there "quite by chance".



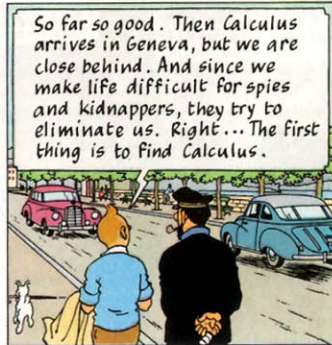
Quite by chance... I'll bet he was. Thanks all the same. I'm terribly sorry you slipped up... We must be off to the police station. Goodbye for now.



... This is how I see it. Calculus had perfected an ultra-sonic instrument, capable of destroying glass from a distance, glass and - who knows? whole buildings, tanks, ships... In short, a terrible weapon... In a letter to Topolino, Cuthbert described his work.



This letter was discovered by Topolino's servant, a Bordurian called Boris, who tipped off his country's secret service. But the Syldavian espionage got wind of the invention too, and sent an agent to Marlinspike. He stumbled upon his Bordurian rival, who shot him.



So far so good. Then Calculus arrives in Geneva, but we are close behind. And since we make life difficult for spies and kidnapers, they try to eliminate us. Right... The first thing is to find Calculus.



But where can he be?... Who knows what they have done with poor Cuthbert?

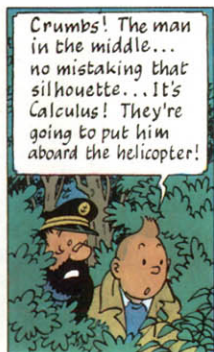
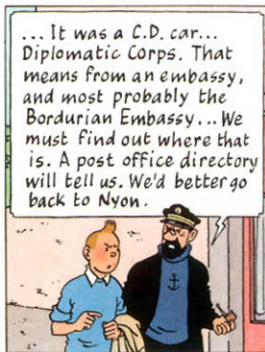


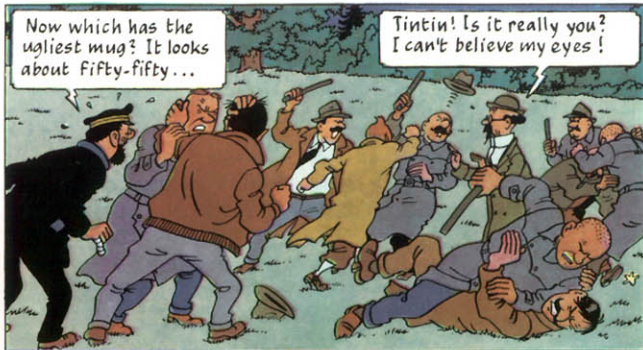
Blue blistering barnacles!... A lighted cigarette! The fat-headed fire-raisers!



Nit-witted ninepins! Bashibazouks! A "C.D." plate, so do as you like! Certified Diplodocuses, that's what you are!

OH!...







Gangsters!... Anacoluthons!
... Bashi-bazouks!



We'd better not hang
around here, Captain; the
others will be back.



We must get under
cover, quickly.



There they are. Let's
get back to the lawn.



By the whiskers of Kürvi-Tasch!
Those accursed Syldavians
have got away with the Professor!

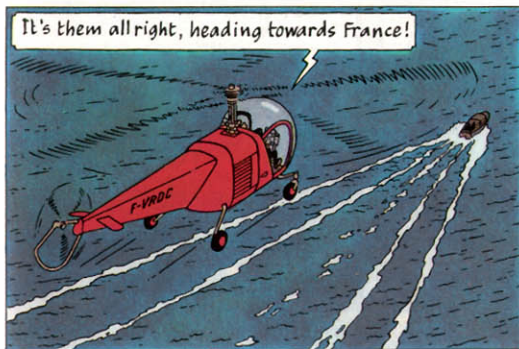


Only one thing to do:
go after them in
the helicopter...

Good idea!



We're overhauling them fast.
You can see their wake
clearly.



It's them all right, heading towards France!



Blistering barnacles!
Another mosquito, in-
side this goldfish-bowl!

By the Sceptre of
Ottokar! Their heli-
copter's on our tail!



OH! You monster!
Just you wait...
Where's my spray-gun?

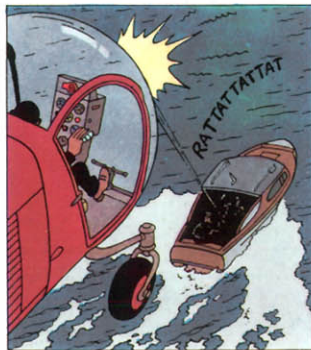


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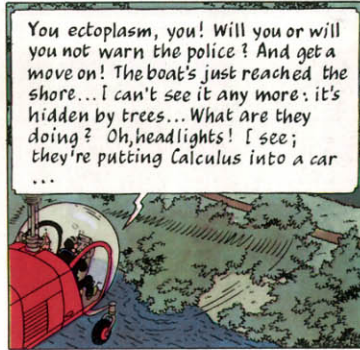
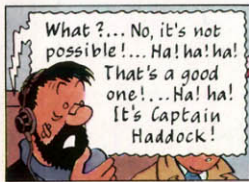
Go on Vladimir,
they're within range.

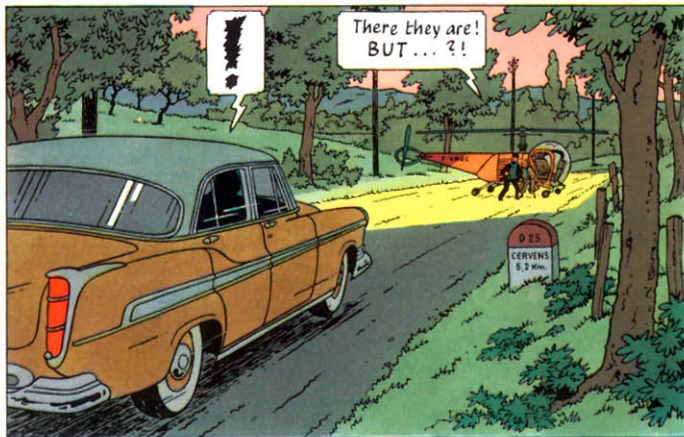
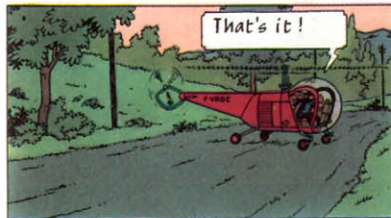
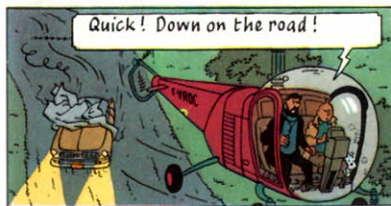
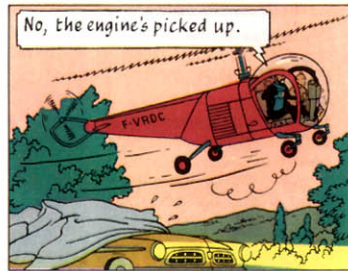
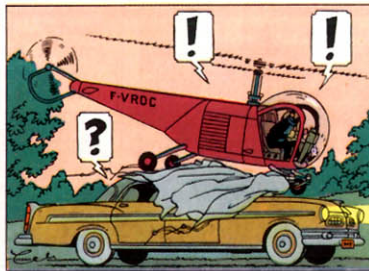
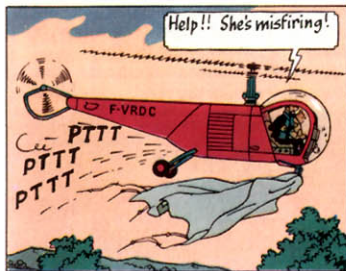
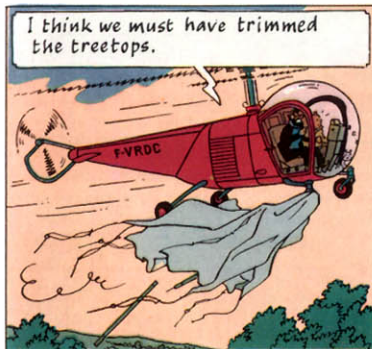
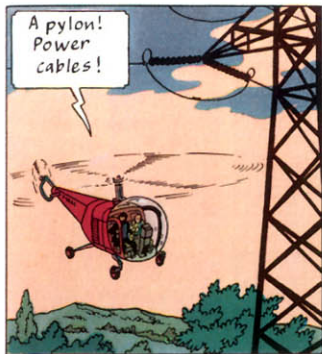


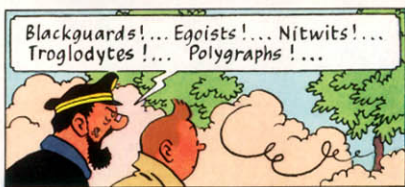
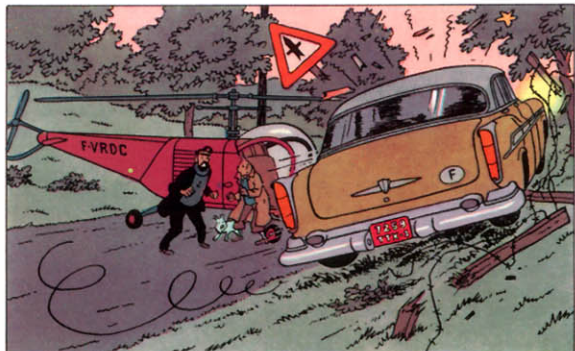
HUKKH
HUKKH



RATTATATAT







First we'd better clear the road, in case of accidents.

Then continue on foot... and try to hitch-hike.

Ah! A car... Let's thumb a lift.

Blackguards!... Egoists!... Nitwits!... Troglodytes!... Polygraphs!...

It's incredible what cads some drivers are. They see you like that, all alone on the road, and whoosh!... they sweep past! Blistering barnacles, what times we live in!

Hey, here comes another.

Beasts!... Auto-crats!... Profibeers!... Fat faces!... Tramps!...

There ought to be a law to make those infernal mileage-merchants stop when people signal.

Ah, another. Let's try again.

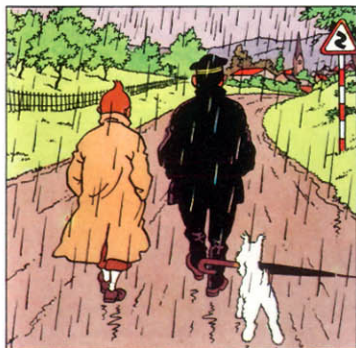
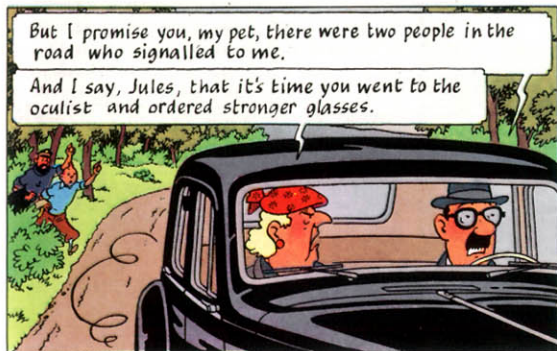
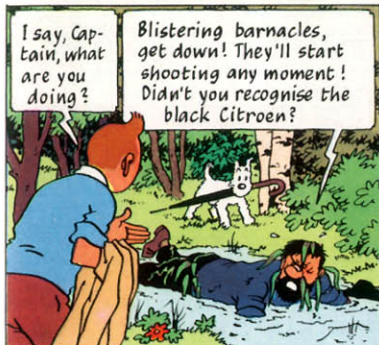
Bah, they won't stop. You'll see.

Oh well, we needn't despair. There are still a few gentlemen left in the world.

Tintin!... Wait!... STOP!...

I say, they've stopped.

?





... Yes, and meanwhile poor Calculus is being whisked further and further away!



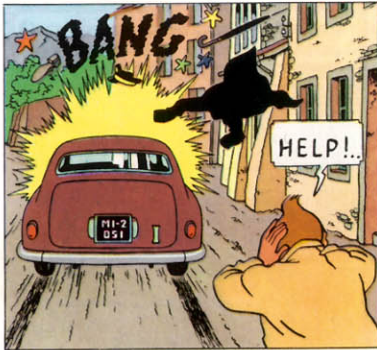
At last! There's a tobacconist. I'm going to buy an ounce or two.



You go on, I won't be a minute.



!!!



HELP!..



Oh goodness! How awful! Poor Captain! What a ghastly thing to happen!



Bandit!... Anthropophagus!... Steam-roller!... Highwayman!... Travelling at that speed! I suppose you want to break the sound-barrier? You thundering misguided missile, you!



Bashi-bazouk! ... Ectoplasm!

Mamma mia! It was you! ... Basta!... And now why you spitta all over my window?



Presto! Window-wash!



Eccola!



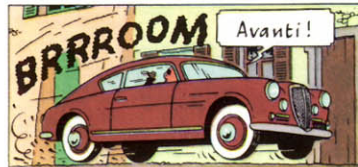
Excuse me, sir, but could you please help us? We're chasing some car-bandits ... they've kidnapped one of our friends, Professor Calculus, and...

Madonna!... Uno bandito... we chase? Va bene! You get in my car...



You in good?

O.K.



Avanti!



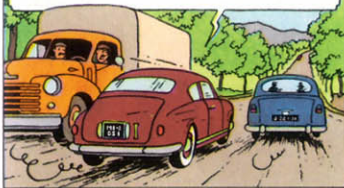
Billions of blue blistering barnacles! Must you do that? Can't you start off like other people?

Scusi!



I show you... Italian car, [Italian driver, the best in the world, no! Avanti! Prestissimo! We catcha him, il povero Professore!

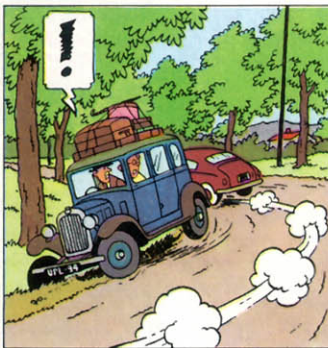
Perhaps we'd better explain. Our Friend Calculus has an invention which secret agents from a foreign power are trying to steal. That is why they kidnapped Calculus.



But a rival gang, probably secret agents from another country, grabbed our friend.



As I was saying, this second gang snatched our friend from the first lot. We...er... Don't you think we'd better slow down?



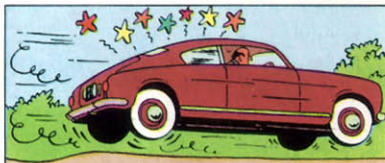
Mamma mia!... Whatta is happening? This noise is peculiare. Diavolo! I think now: uno pistone?... Una valvola?



It... it... it's nothing. ... It... it... it's my... my t-t-teeth... ch-ch-ch-chattering...



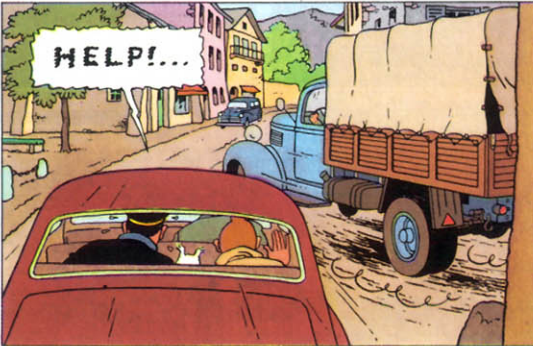
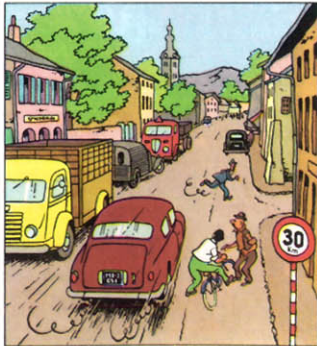
Er... I believe the Captain thinks that you're flying too low...

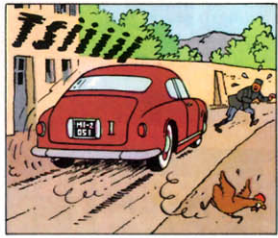
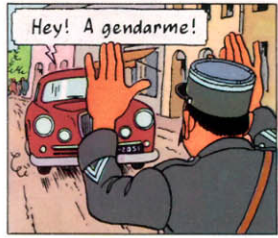
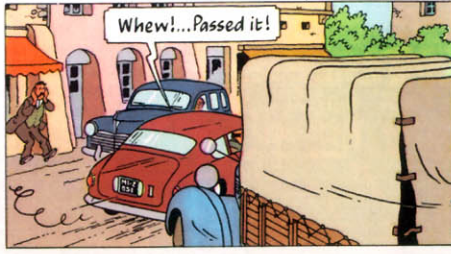


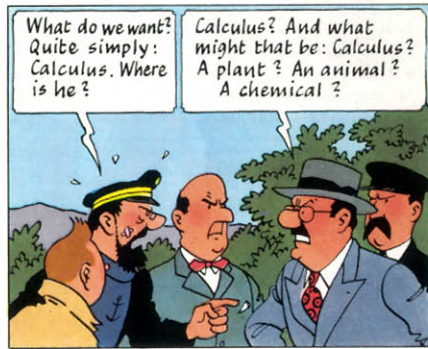
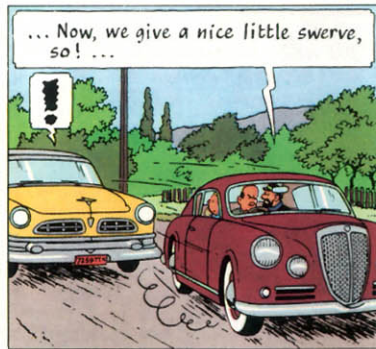
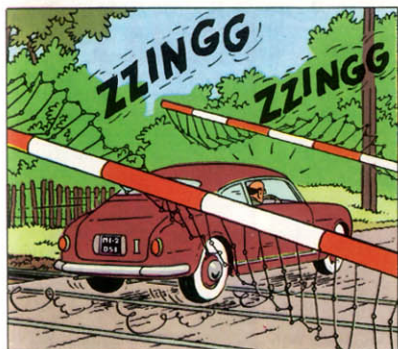
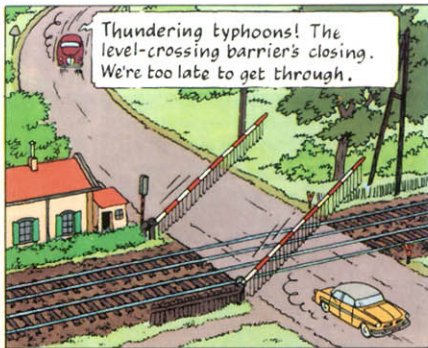
Ten thousand thundering typhoons! Must you drive like a lun-atic?



There it is! That car there! The Chrysler that's just gone through the village.



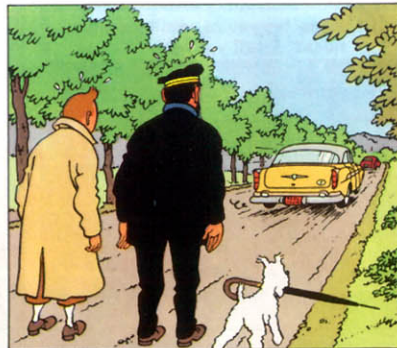




Does that satisfy you, Mr. Sherlock Holmes? Or would you like to dismantle my carburettor? No? In that case, get out of the road and let me pass. You've wasted enough of my time already.



Mamma mia! You fool me nicely, yes?... You tella me the big fib, yes? You just wanta to make hitch-hike... and me stupido who believes you! Madonna, how you fool me! Va bene! Now you walk. Addio!

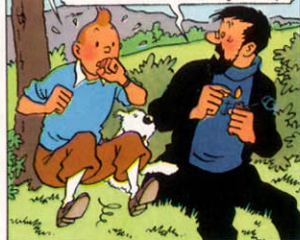


What can have happened? Did we follow the wrong car?... Or did Calculus stay in the motor-boat? ...



GREAT SNAKES!

Hey, what's the matter? Now what's burning you up?



YEOW!



What idiots we are! Under the back seat!

Why?... What?... Which back seat?!



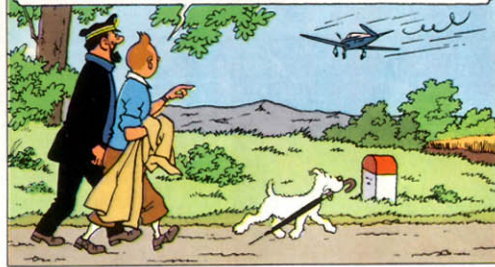
It was rather high up... That's where they've hidden poor Calculus! We let ourselves be hoodwinked like a couple of kids. Come on!



Old Calculus has certainly led us a pretty dance around the countryside!



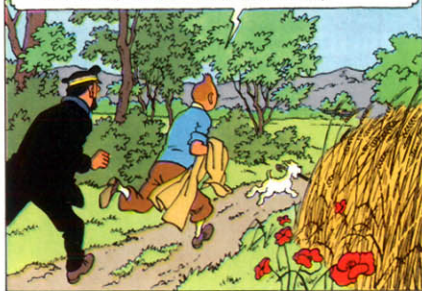
That aeroplane looks as if it's landing. Is there an airfield near here? If that's the case, we're saved.



Come on, let's take this footpath. When we get to the airfield we'll ask if there's a plane available.



What's all this?... No airfield?... It's come down in a meadow.



Look! There, behind those trees!

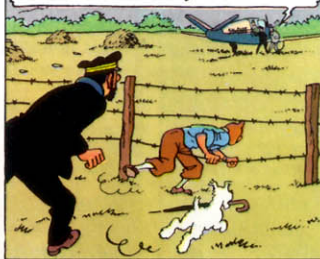
The Chrysler!!



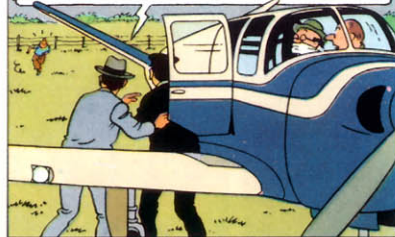
There's Calculus! They're putting him aboard the plane. Quick Captain!



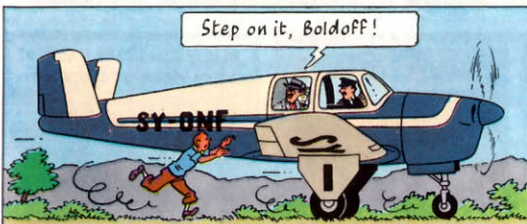
By St. Vladimir! There are those madmen again!



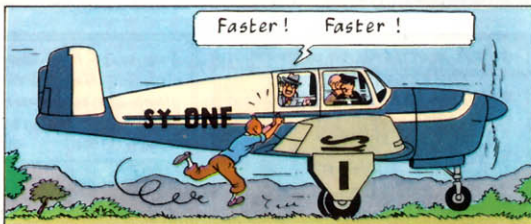
Quick, Stanislas, climb aboard. And start up the engine, Boldoff; hurry! Too bad about the car: we'll abandon it.



Step on it, Boldoff!



Faster! Faster!



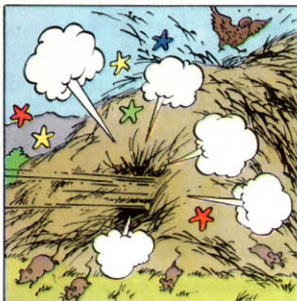
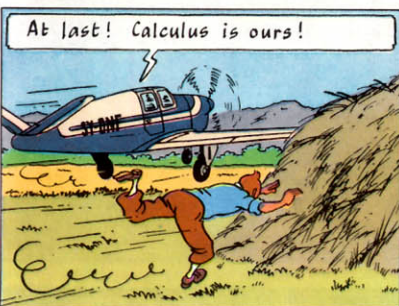
What are you waiting for? Take off!



Ah! That's it!



At last! Calculus is ours!



Wooah! Wooah!



WODAH!



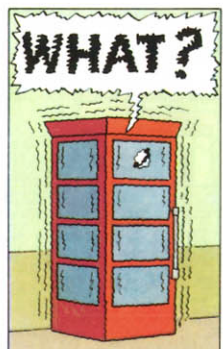
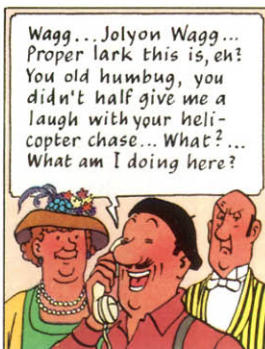
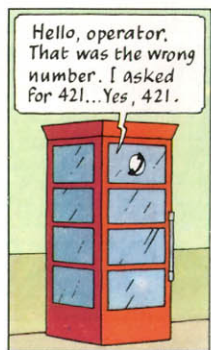
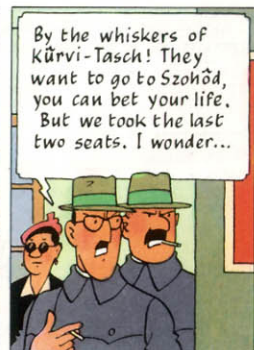
YOW! OW! OW!



HELP! HELP!







I'm afraid it's the truth, sir. The Professor's laboratory has been stripped... Yes, the apparatus too, sir... Absolutely everything... Quite so, last night. Yes, sir, the police came this morning.



Did they find any clues? ... You... Hello? ... What did you say, Nestor?



No, it's me, Wagg. ... Don't worry, old boy; it's better than a slap in the eye with a wet kipper, as my Uncle Anatole used to say. Besides...



Thundering typhoons! Shut up about your Uncle Anatole and put me back to Nestor, or I'll do something desperate!

Right away... You know, your insurance is ready. And you'll see, I've taken care of everything. You've got the lot: theft, fire, hailstorms, air-disasters...

Wagg! Billions of blistering blue blistering barnacles! I... hello! ...hello!... HELLO!



Now I've been cut off!!!...



I say, what's the matter now?

What's the matter? It's Calculus's laboratory at Marinspike! Rifled! emptied! ransacked! Those gangsters have taken all his apparatus...

And when I think they're probably in league with those two Patagonian savages... Hello, they've weighed anchor.

So they have: they've gone.

Excuse me, sir!... Sir!... Sir!...



Someone's just telephoned: we have two vacant seats on the plane for Szohöd... but the coach leaves in five minutes. Will that be...

Thanks, we'll take them.

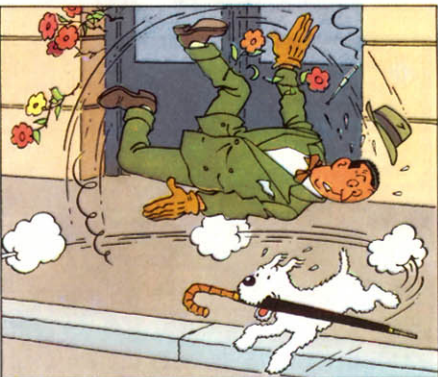
A few minutes later...

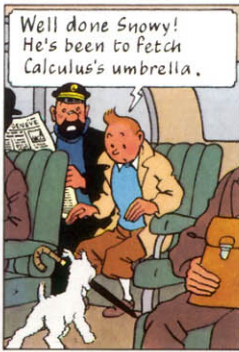


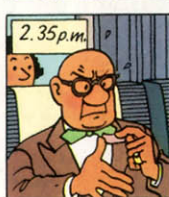
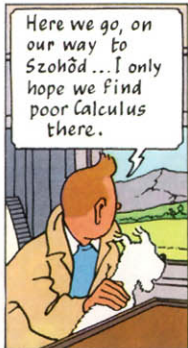
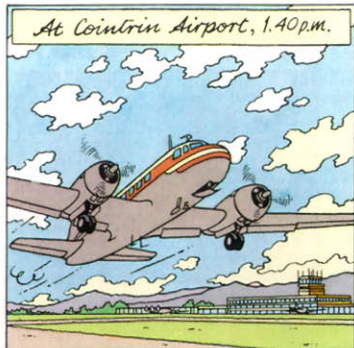
Bon voyage, gentlemen. We're only too delighted to give you our seats...

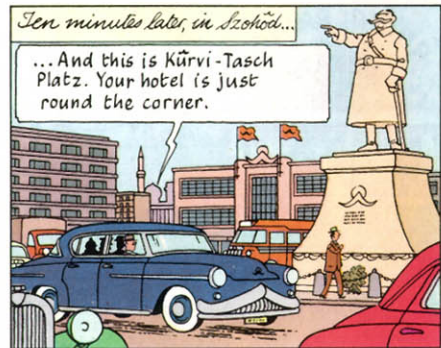
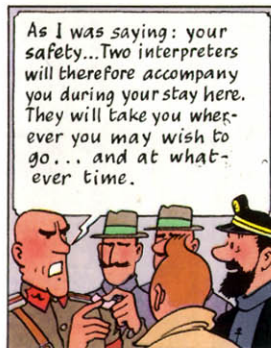


You're the last, sir, We're just off now.











BIANCA CASTAFIORE!!!



Did you see? That was Signora Bianca Castafiore, the Milanese nightingale. She's singing at the Szohöd Opera. If you wish, we will go to hear her one evening: she is sublime as Marguerite, in "Faust".

Oh yes...



Here are the keys. We will escort you to your rooms.



This is yours, Mänhir Captain. I hope you will be comfortable.



Yours is a little further down: unfortunately there were no adjoining rooms.



Here you are, Mänhir Tintin. We will come and fetch you for dinner, in an hour. If you need us before then, don't hesitate to ring: we're entirely at your service.

Thank you, gentlemen.



We're prisoners all right, Snowy, and no mistake about it. The fact that it's a gilded cage doesn't make any difference.

Golly! The lap of luxury!



RRING RRING



Blistering barnacles, I said that at the first opportunity we'll ditch those two coleoptera! That's agreed, isn't it?



I...er... Oh yes. You're referring to those two butterflies you caught by the lake, in Geneva. But those aren't coleoptera, Captain, they're lepidoptera.



What are you jabbering about? Lepidoptera? Lepidoptera to you, too! I... Hello?... Hello?...



Crumbs! How can I make him understand that our telephone is bound to be tapped?



RRING RRING



Let's talk about the simply wonderful hospitality of this exquisite country. What good taste! What tact! And then their... Um... their courtesy. And above all their... how shall I put it? their friendliness. Friendliness which is entirely... er... friendly.... Um...

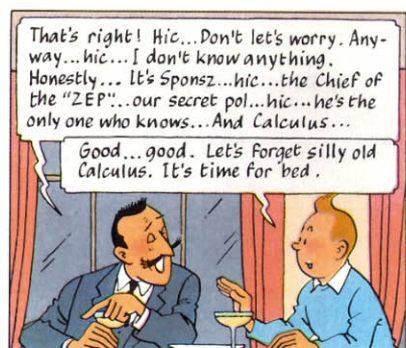
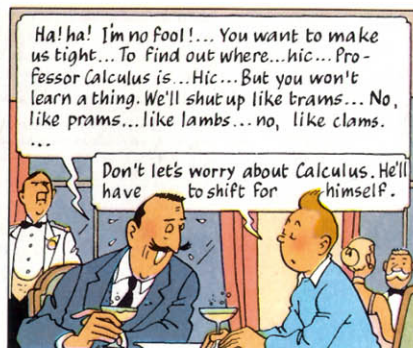
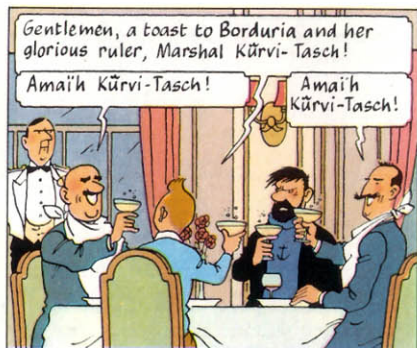
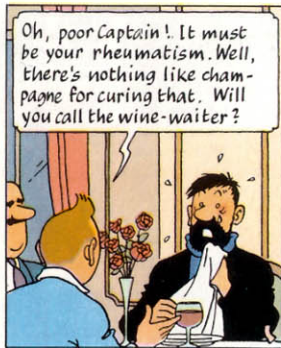
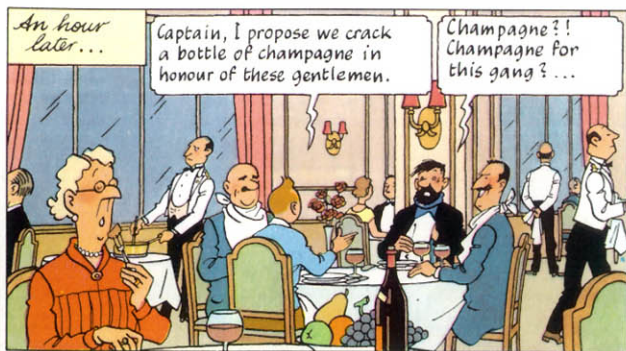


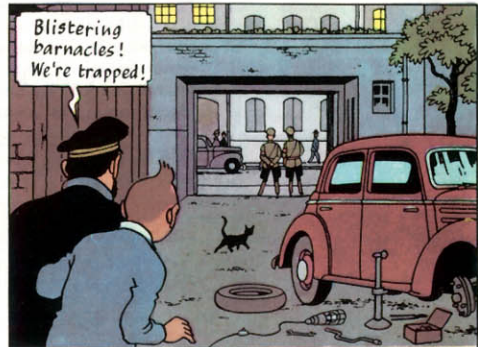
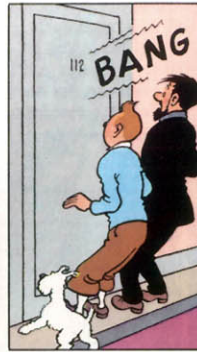
You... But... What... Let... But... Look here... I... Blister... Thunder...

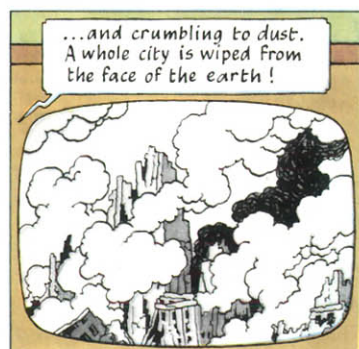
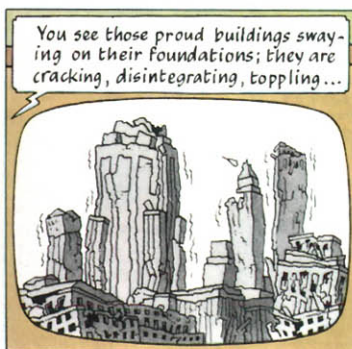
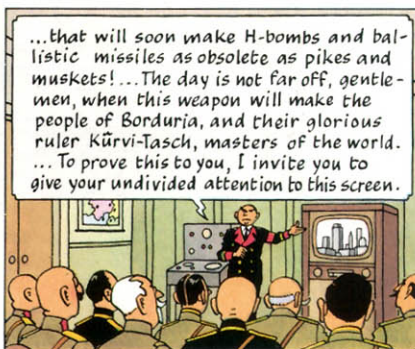
Keep on recording. This could be interesting.

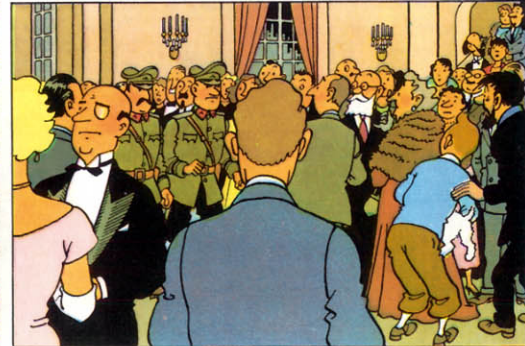
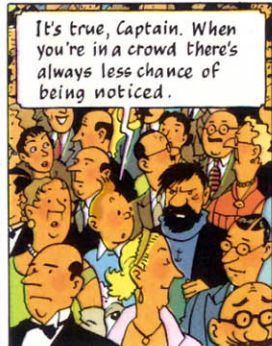
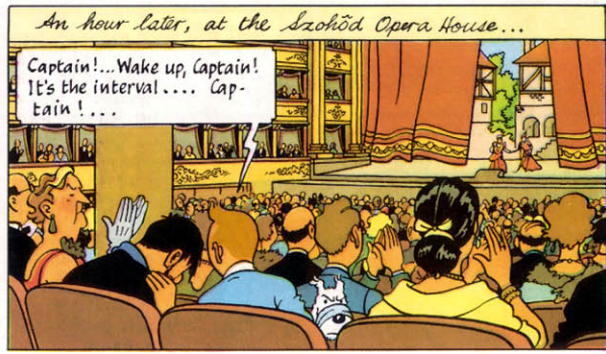
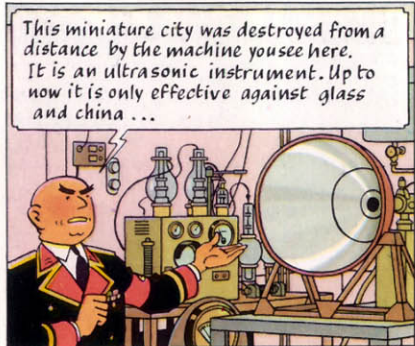
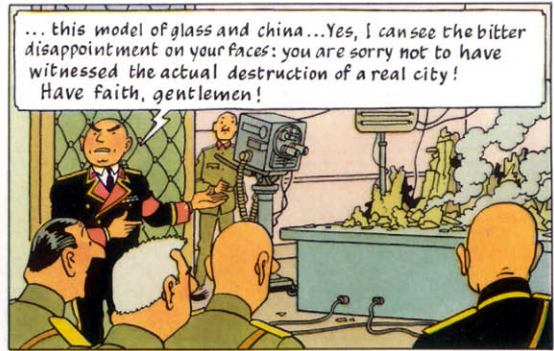
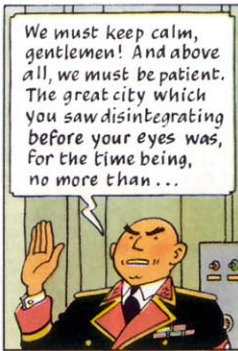


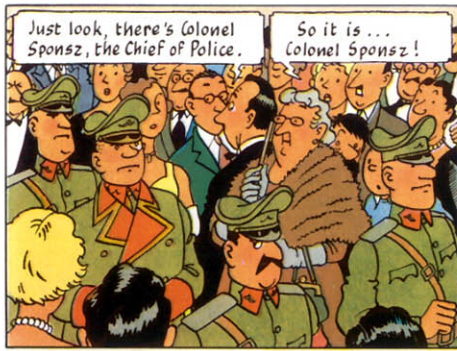
Ten thousand thundering typhoons!... Now I'm going to chuck you out of the window!





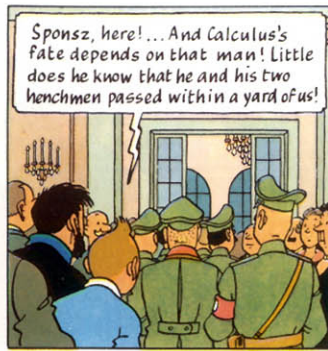






Just look, there's Colonel Sponz, the Chief of Police.

So it is... Colonel Sponz!



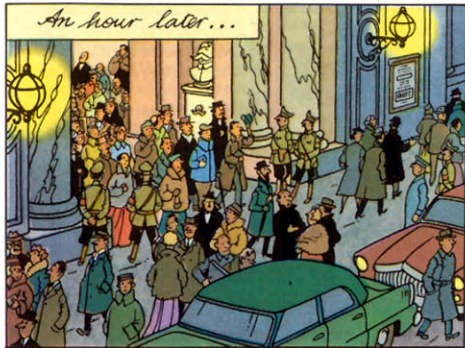
Sponz, here!... And Calculus's fate depends on that man! Little does he know that he and his two henchmen passed within a yard of us!



RRRRRRRRING

It's the end of the interval. Shall we push off?...

I think it's better to wait till the end of the show. Then we can leave with the crowd.



An hour later...



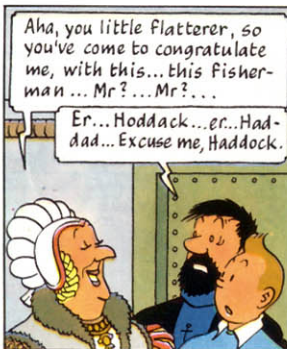
It's hopeless!... The exits are stiff with policemen. Let's try to slip out through the stage door.



Why, look who's here! It's Tintin!



Hello, my dear young friend. How delightful to see you here.

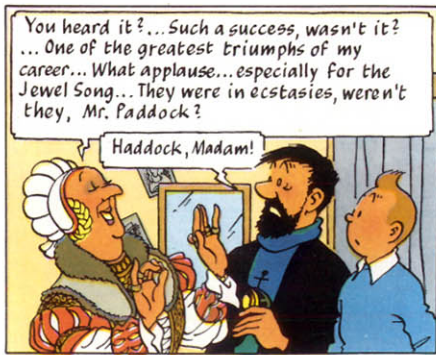


Aha, you little flatterer, so you've come to congratulate me, with this... this fisherman... Mr?... Mr?...

Er... Hoddack... er... Haddad... Excuse me, Haddock.



Come into my dressing-room... Yes, yes... I can't leave my admirers in the passage... I've put on Margerite's prettiest gown for you... Come along in.



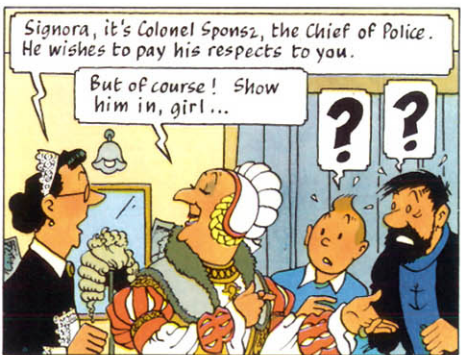
You heard it?... Such a success, wasn't it? ... One of the greatest triumphs of my career... What applause... especially for the Jewel Song... They were in ecstasies, weren't they, Mr. Paddock?

Haddock, Madam!



RAT TAT TAT

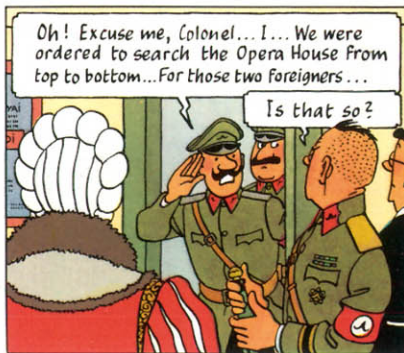
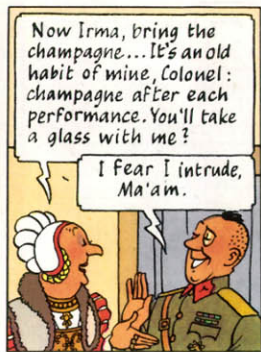
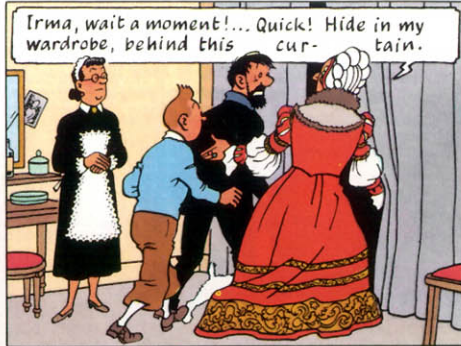
Again? Ah, they won't leave me alone for a moment! ... Oh well... Come in!

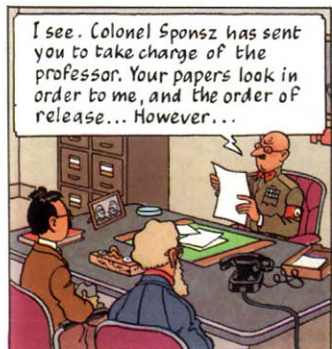
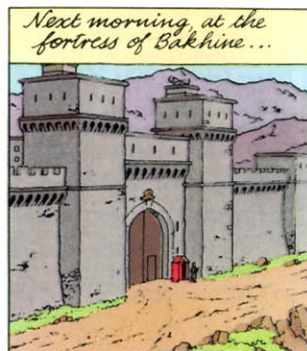
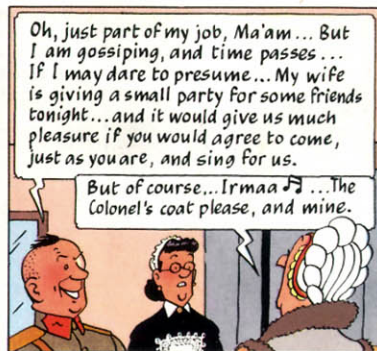
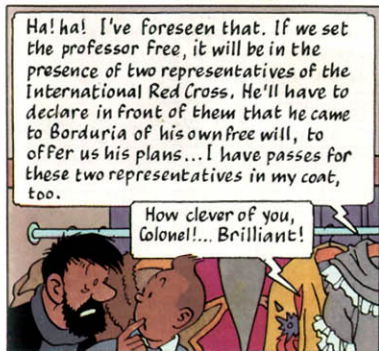
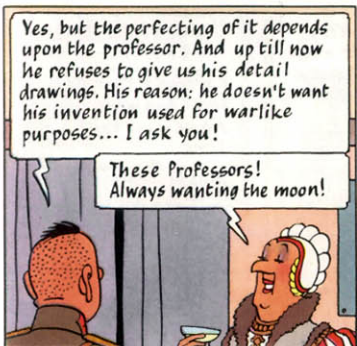
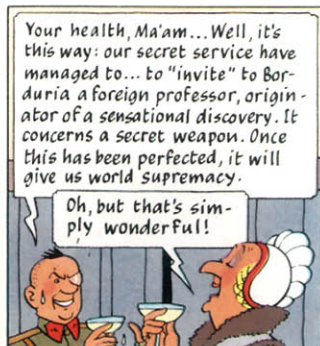
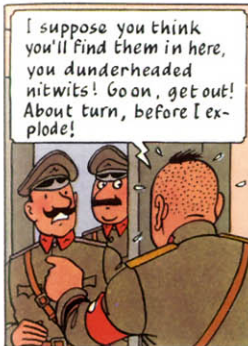


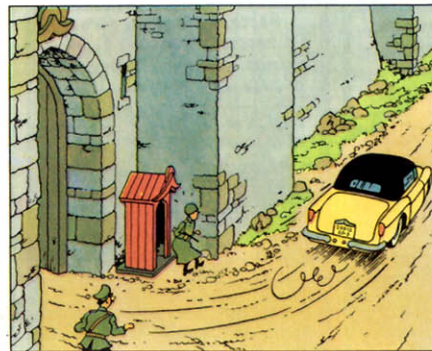
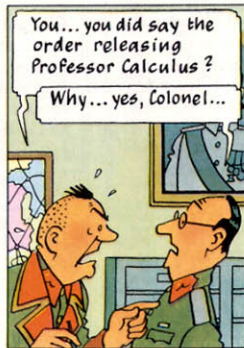
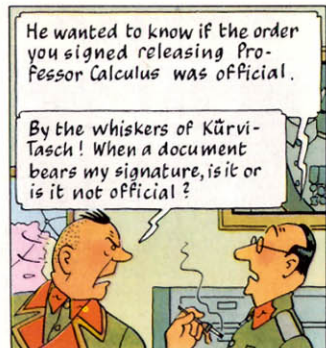
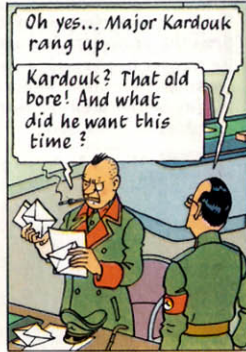
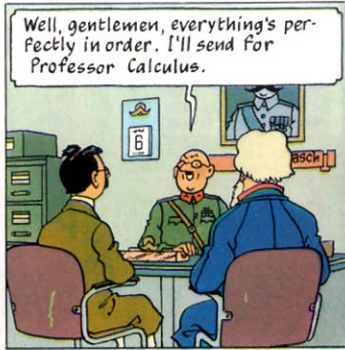
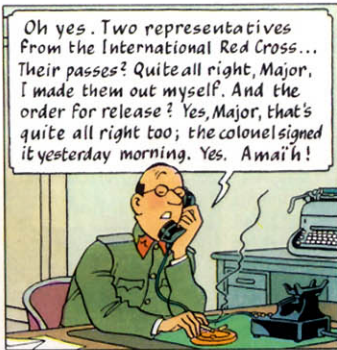
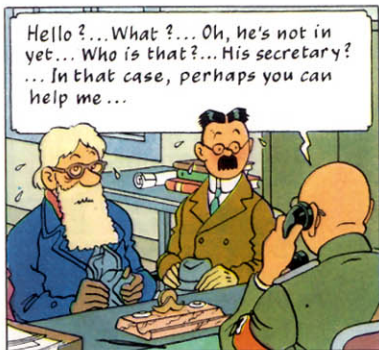
Signora, it's Colonel Sponz, the Chief of Police. He wishes to pay his respects to you.

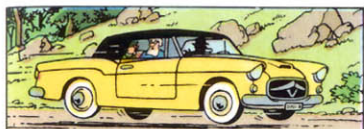
But of course! Show him in, girl...

? ?



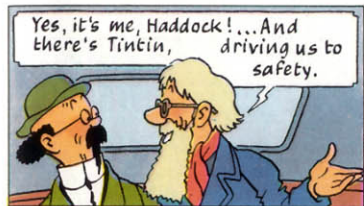






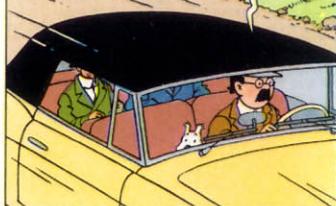
I'll tell you the whole story. The biggest joke is that Colonel Sponz himself provided the means of your escape!... Magnificent, eh? And luckily it all happened at the Opera House; it only took a jiffy to find all we needed for disguises! Quite something, eh?

Yes, but don't start counting your chickens... It's two hours by car to the frontier, and if our little bluff is discovered before we're across...



Yes, it's me, Haddock!... And driving us to safety. There's Tintin,

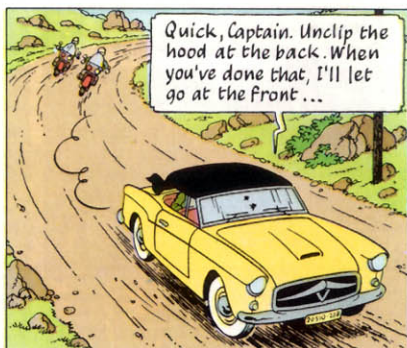
And my umbrella?



CRACK
CRACK



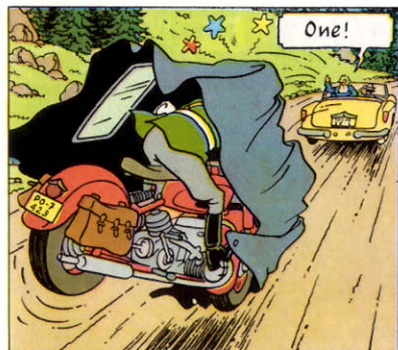
They've raised the alarm! That's bad...



Quick, Captain. Unclip the hood at the back. When you've done that, I'll let go at the front...



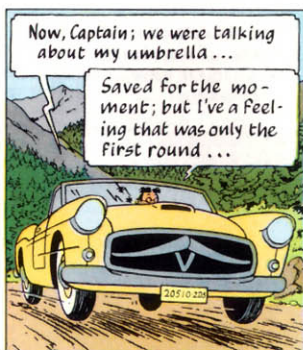
What did I tell you? Motor bikes!



One!



Two! They're both down in the daisies!



Now, Captain; we were talking about my umbrella...

Saved for the moment; but I've a feeling that was only the first round...



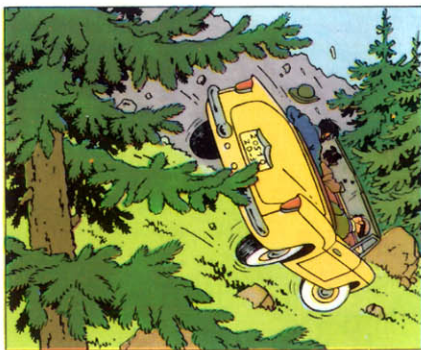
OH!... How right I was!... Look there, a tank blocking the road!... Jam on the brakes!

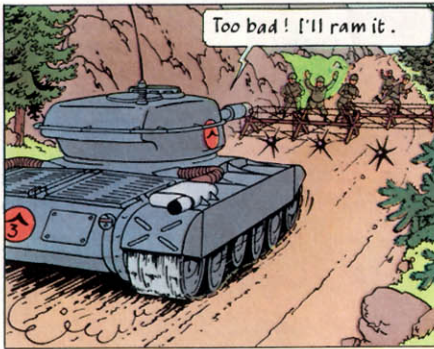
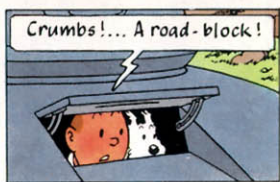
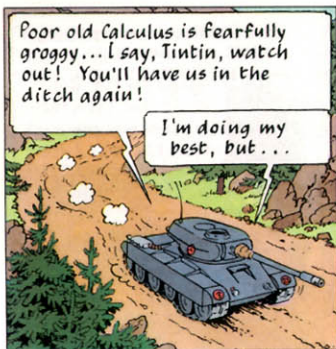
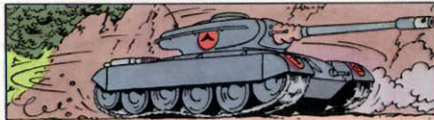


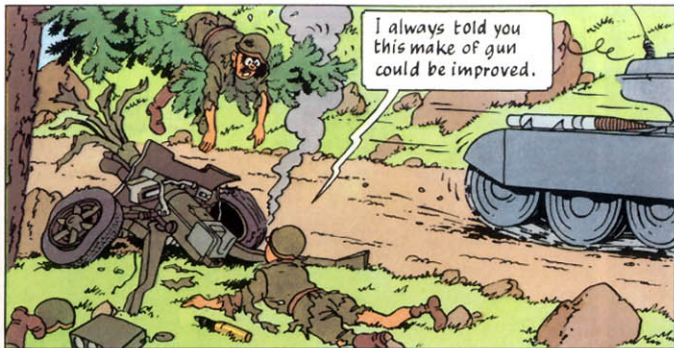
We're skidding!



HELP!...HELP!







I always told you this make of gun could be improved.



Hooray! He's coming round at last. Cuthbert! Cuthbert! It's me, old fellow... We're safe...
Ooh!



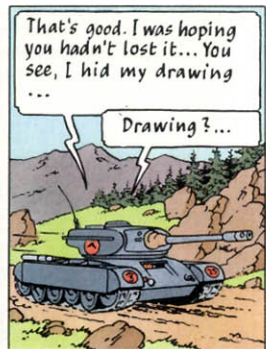
My umbrella! Have you got my umbrella?

Blistering barnacles, your umbrella! This is a fine time to worry about an umbrella!



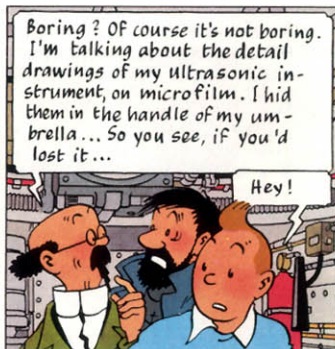
Nonsense Captain! I'm talking about my umbrella. Surely you can't have lost it?

All right, I have lost your broolly... in Geneva, if you want to know.



That's good. I was hoping you hadn't lost it... You see, I hid my drawing...

Drawing?...



Boring? Of course it's not boring. I'm talking about the detail drawings of my ultrasonic instrument, on microfilm. I hid them in the handle of my umbrella... So you see, if you'd lost it...

Hey!



I... What are all those things in the road?

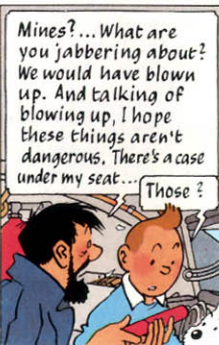
MINES!



Too late! We can't stop in time! We'll blow up! HELP!... HELP!... HELP!...



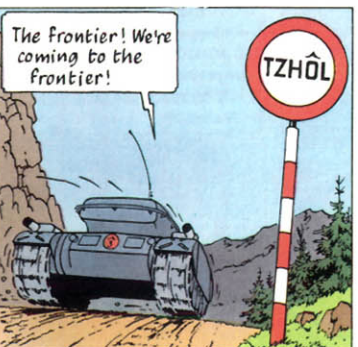
By the whiskers of K urvi-Tasch! Who unloaded all that dud stuff on me?... It's sabotage!



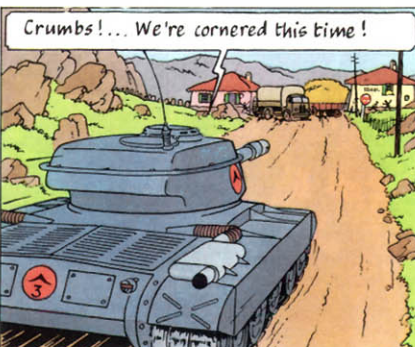
Mines?... What are you jabbering about? We would have blown up. And talking of blowing up, I hope these things aren't dangerous. There's a case under my seat...
Those?



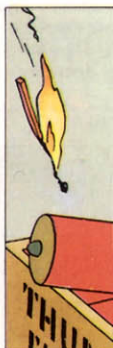
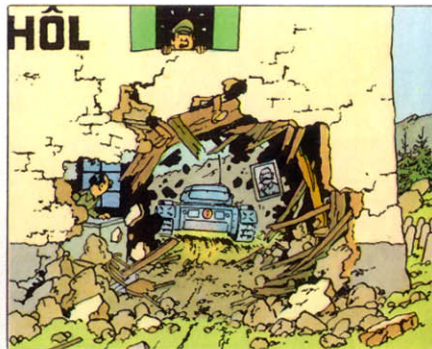
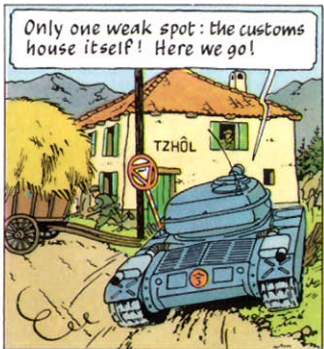
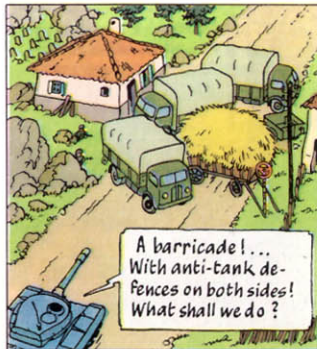
They're thunderflashes... used on exercises. When you light them, they explode with a terrific bang... Great snakes, it can't be true!



The frontier! We're coming to the frontier!



Crumbs!... We're cornered this time!



But I'm quite certain that I... I can't believe it!

You believe what you like, but I've had all I can take! O.K. You've been rescued; but your plans can look after themselves. I want to go home ... to a little peace and quiet.



Ah, what a relief to be home again!



Thundering typhoons! What's going on here?



DADDY!... DADDY!... There's a great big man with a beard breaking my toys!

Look who's here! The ancient mariner himself! You dropped in just right, you old rascal: we were talking about you.

Billions of blue blistering barnacles! Wagg! What d'you think you're playing at?

Me?... Well, it turned out nice... But don't let us disturb you, old boy; make yourself at home ...

It turned out nice... So I said: "Jolyon," I said, "don't you waste the end of your holiday." And your little place was vacant, so I popped in for a few days ...

... with my little brood.

HERE!... QUICKLY!

It's Calculus; he went straight up to his room.

