

- HERGÉ -

THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN
*
**KING OTTOKAR'S
SCEPTRE**



MAMMOTH

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

KING OTTOKAR'S SCEPTRE



Translated by Leslie Lonsdale-Cooper
and Michael Turner

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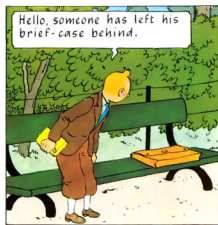
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KING OTTOKAR'S SCEPTRE



Let's sit down on this bench for a minute.



Hello, someone has left his brief-case behind.



I can't see anybody...



Perhaps I ought to open it? The owner's name might be inside.



Here it is! ... 'Hector Alembick, 24, Flyaway Road'.

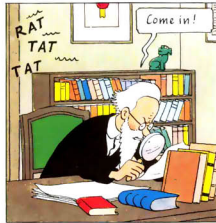


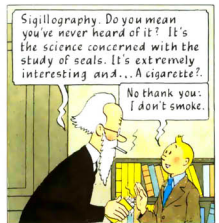
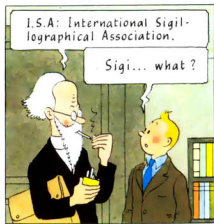
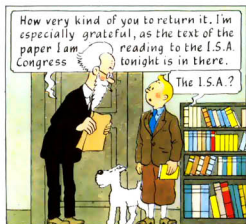
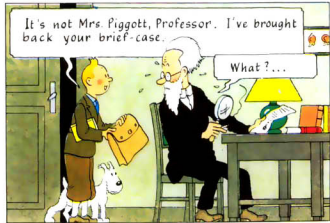
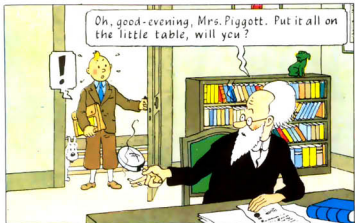
That's not far. I'll take it back.

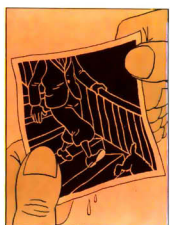
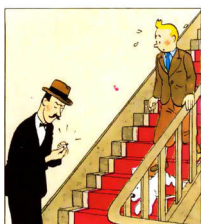
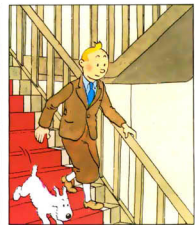
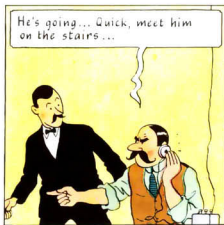
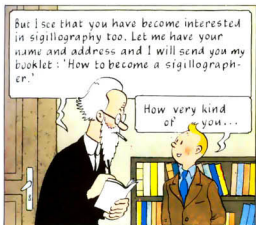
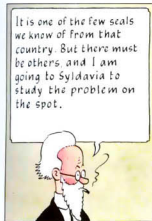
You're making a mistake, Tintin! ... No good ever comes of getting mixed up in other people's business.

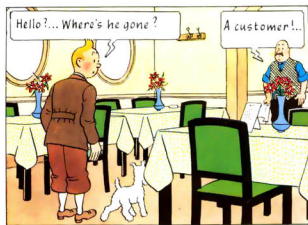
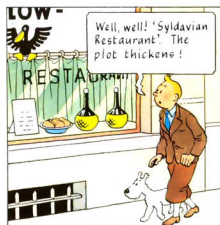
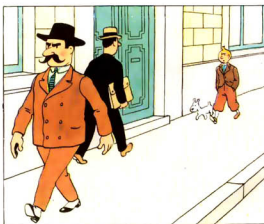
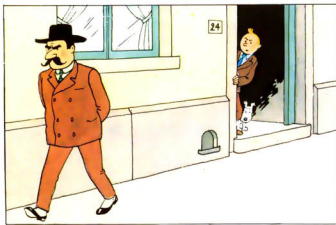
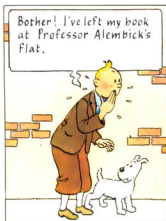


Professor Alembick? Third floor, first door on the right...











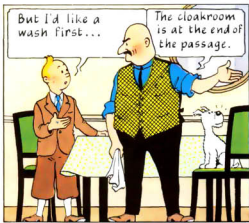
Er... I'd like... something to eat... please...

Will you take a seat, sir?...



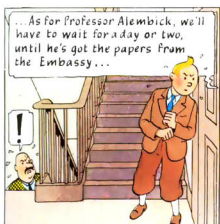
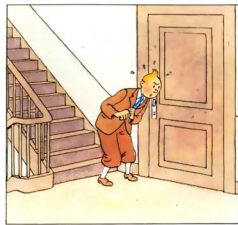
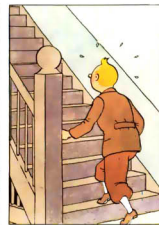
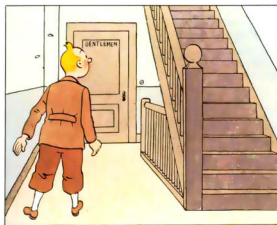
What would you like, sir?...

Er... bring me... er... a 'szlaszcek' with mushrooms... and a glass of 'szpradj'...



But I'd like a wash first...

The cloakroom is at the end of the passage.



... As for Professor Alembick, we'll have to wait for a day or two, until he's got the papers from the Embassy...



Ahem!

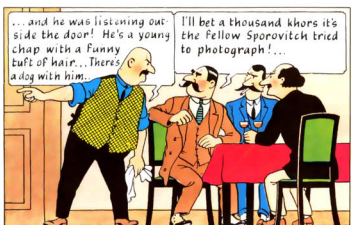


At the end of the passage, sir ...

I'm sorry, I misunderstood.



Did he catch me listening at the door?



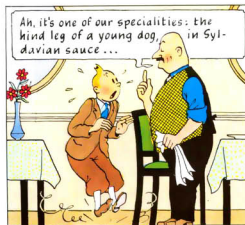
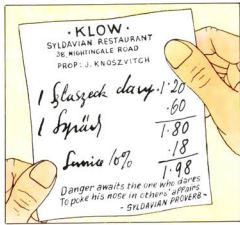
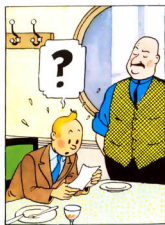
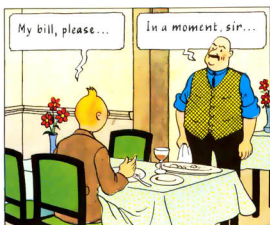
... and he was listening outside the door! He's a young chap with a funny tuft of hair... There's a dog with him.

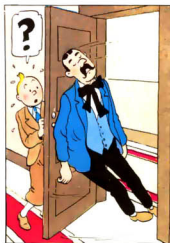
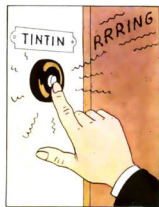
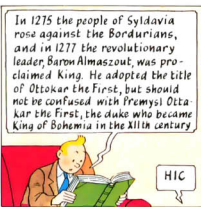
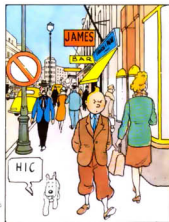
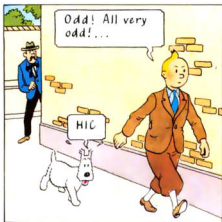
I'll bet a thousand khors it's the fellow Sporovitch tried to photograph!...

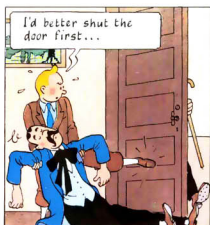
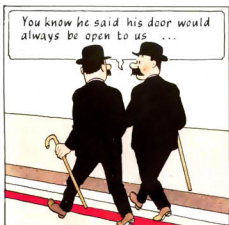
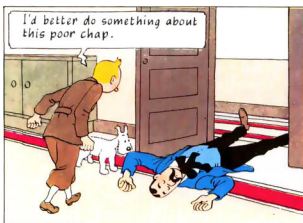
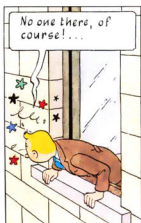
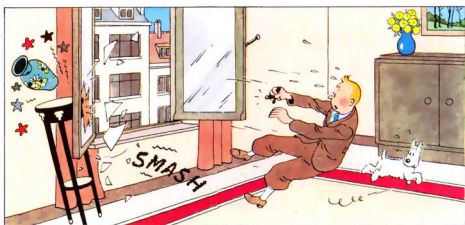


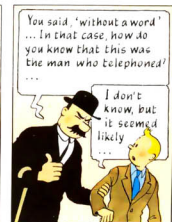
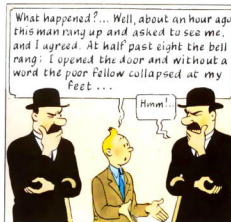
Where's Snowy got to?...

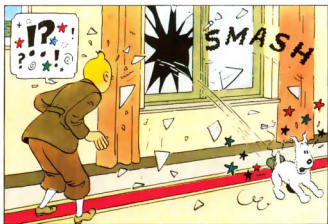
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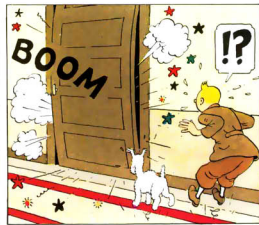
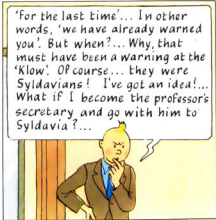
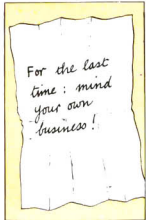
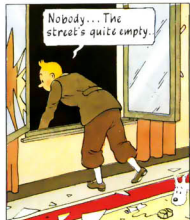




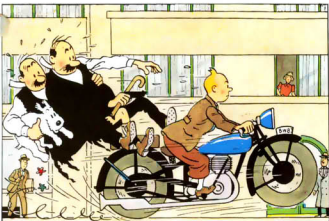
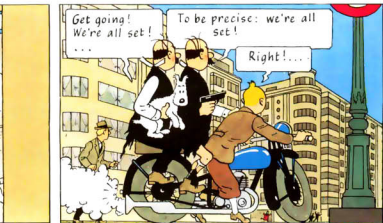
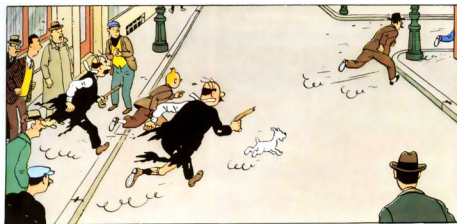


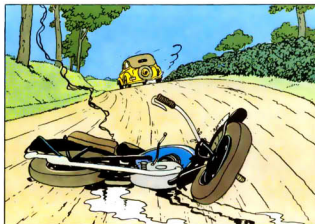
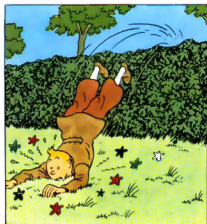
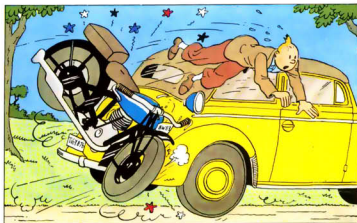
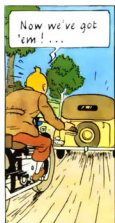
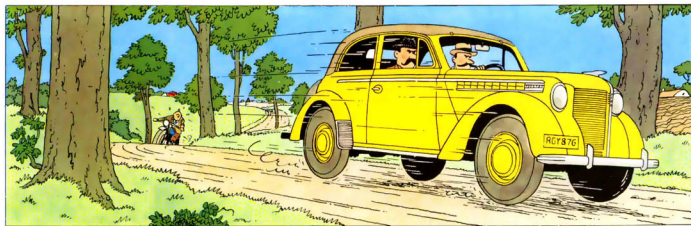
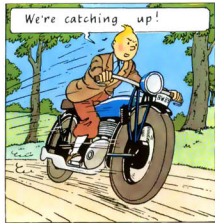
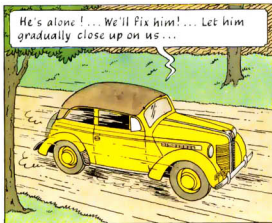
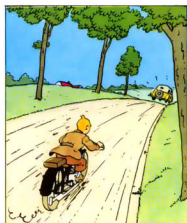










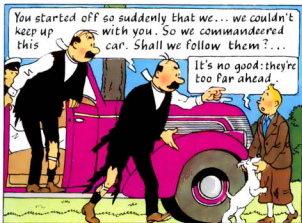




Where's Snowy?... And the others?... What's happened to them?



It can't be true! Surely... yes, it's them! ... Where have they come from?



You started off so suddenly that we... we couldn't keep up with you. So we commandeered this car. Shall we follow them?...

It's no good: they're too far ahead...



I'll leave you here. I must go and pack my things at once. I am going to Syldavia tomorrow.



Hello?... Yes... Ah, good-evening, Professor... Yes, everything is ready for our trip... Yes, I have booked seats on the Klow plane... We'll meet at the airport in the morning, at 11 o'clock...



We go via Prague, yes... Well, goodbye till tomorrow, Professor... Yes... I... Hello?... Hello?... Hello?...



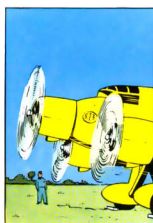
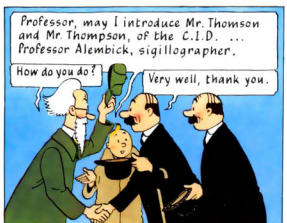
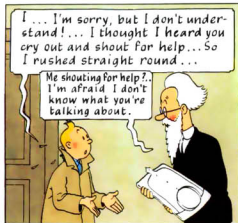
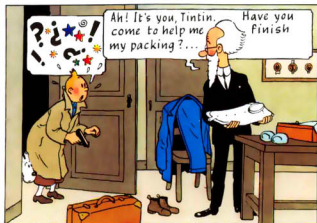
Ooooooh... Help!... Help!... Aaaaaah!...

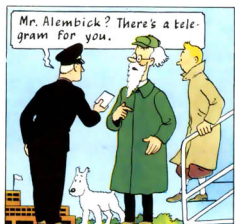
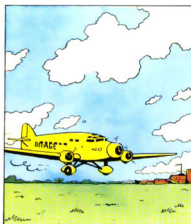
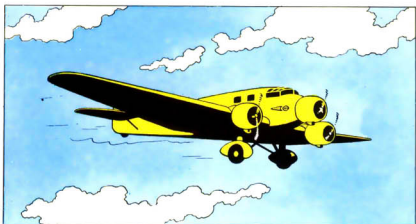
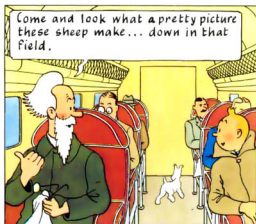
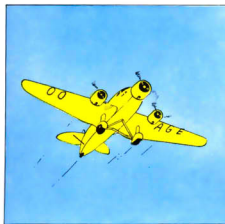
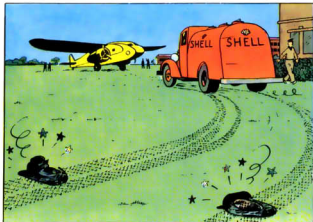
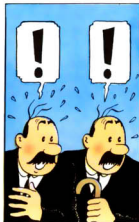
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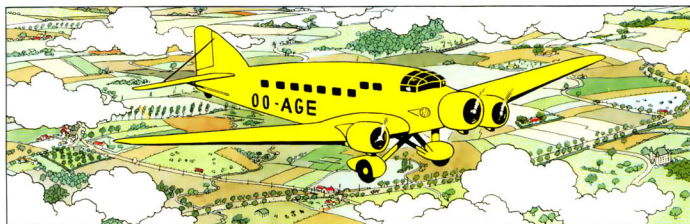
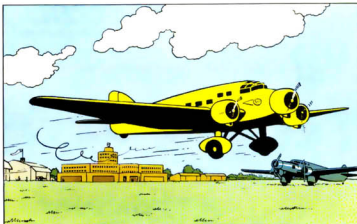


The professor is in danger! Quick! quick! There's not a moment to lose!...









SYLDAVIA

THE KINGDOM OF THE BLACK PELICAN

AMONG the many enchanting places which deservedly attract foreign visitors with a love for picturesque ceremony and colourful folklore, there is one small country which, although relatively unknown, surpasses many others in interest. Isolated until modern times because of its inaccessible position, this country is now served by a regular air-line network, which brings it within the reach of all who love unspoiled beauty, the proverbial hospitality of a peasant people, and the charm of medieval customs which still survive despite the march of progress.

This is Syldavia.

Syldavia is a small country in Eastern Europe, comprising two great valleys: those of the river Vladir, and its tributary, the Moltus. The rivers meet at Klow, the capital (122,000 inhabitants). These valleys are flanked by wide plateaux covered with forests, and are surrounded by high, snow-capped mountains. In the fertile Syldavian plains are corn-lands and cattle pastures. The subsoil is rich in minerals of all kinds.

Numerous thermal and sulphur springs gush from the earth, the chief centres being at Klow (cardiac diseases) and Kragoniedin (rheumatic complaints).

The total population is estimated to be 642,000 inhabitants.

Syldavia exports wheat, mineral-water from Klow, firewood, horses and violinsts.

HISTORY OF SYLDAVIA

Until the Vth century, Syldavia was inhabited by nomadic tribes of unknown origin.

Overrun by the Slavs in the Vth century, the country was conquered in the Xth century by the Turks, who drove the Slavs into the mountains and occupied the plains.

In 1127, Hveghi, leader of a Slav tribe, swooped down from the mountains at the head of a band of partisans and fell upon isolated Turkish villages, putting all who resisted him to the sword. Thus he rapidly became master of a large part of Syldavian territory.

A great battle took place in the valley of the Moltus near Zileheroum, the Turkish capital of Syldavia, between the Turkish army and Hveghi's irregulars.

Enfeebled by long inactivity and badly led by incompetent officers, the Turkish army put up little resistance and fled in disorder.

Having vanquished the Turks, Hveghi was elected king, and given the name Muskar, that is, The Brave (Muskh: 'brave' and Kar: 'king').

The capital, Zileheroum, was renamed Klow, that is, Freetown, (Kloho: 'to free', and Ow: 'town').



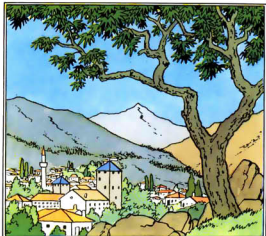
Guard at the Royal Treasure House, Klow



A typical fisherman from Dbrinouk (south coast of Syldavia)



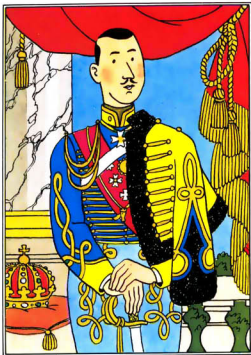
Syldavian peasant on her way to market



A view of Niedzdraw, in the Vladir valley



THE BATTLE OF ZILEHEROUM
After a XVth century miniature



H.M. King Muskar XII, the present ruler of Syldavia in the uniform of Colonel of the Guards

Muskar was a wise king who lived at peace with his neighbours, and the country prospered. He died in 1168, mourned by all his subjects.

His eldest son succeeded to the throne with the title of Muskar II. Unlike his father, Muskar II lacked authority and was unable to keep order in his kingdom. A period of anarchy replaced one of peaceful prosperity.

In the neighbouring state of Borduria the people observed Syldavia's decline, and their king profited by this opportunity to invade the country. Borduria annexed Syldavia in 1195.

For almost a century Syldavia groaned under the foreign yoke.

In 1275 Baron Almaszout repeated the exploits of Foreign by coming down from the hills and routing the Bordurians in less than six months.

He was proclaimed King in 1277, taking the name of Ottokar. He was, however, much less powerful than Muskar.

The barons who had helped him in the campaign against the Bordurians forced him to grant them a charter, based on the English Magna Carta signed by King John (Lackland). This marked the beginning of the feudal system in Syldavia.

Ottokar I of Syldavia should not be confused with the Ottokars (Prenyssi) who were Dukes, and later Kings, of Bohemia.

This period was noteworthy for the rise in power of the nobles, who fortified their castles and maintained bands of armed mercenaries, strong enough to oppose the King's forces.

But the true founder of the kingdom of Syldavia was Ottokar IV, who ascended the throne in 1370.

From the time of his accession he initiated widespread reforms. He raised a powerful army and subdued the arrogant nobles, confiscating their wealth.

He fostered the advancement of the arts, of letters, commerce and agriculture.

He united the whole nation and gave it that security, both at home and abroad, so necessary for the renewal of prosperity.

It was he who pronounced those famous words: 'Eih bennek, eih blavek', which have become the motto of Syldavia.

The origin of this saying is as follows:

One day Baron Staszrvich, son of one of the dispossessed nobles whose lands had been forfeited to the crown, came before the sovereign and recklessly claimed the throne of Syldavia.

The King listened in silence, but when the presumptuous baron's speech ended with a demand that he deliver up his sceptre, the King rose and cried fiercely: 'Come and get it!'

Mad with rage, the young baron drew his sword, and before the retainers could intervene, fell upon the King.

The King stepped swiftly aside, and as his adversary passed him, carried forward by the impetus of his charge, Ottokar

struck him a blow on the head with the sceptre, laying him low and at the same time crying in Syldavian: 'Eih bennek, eih blavek!', which can be said to mean: 'If you gather thistles, expect prickles'. And turning to his astonished court he said: 'Honi soit qui mal y pense!'

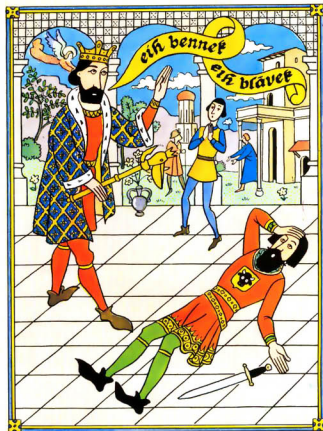
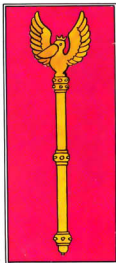
Then, gazing intently at his sceptre, he addressed it in the following words: 'O Sceptre, thou hast saved my life. Be henceforward the true symbol of Syldavian Kingship. Woe to the King who loses thee, for I declare that such a man shall be unworthy to rule thereafter.'

And from that time, every year on St. Vladimir's Day each successor of Ottokar IV has made a great ceremonial tour of his capital.

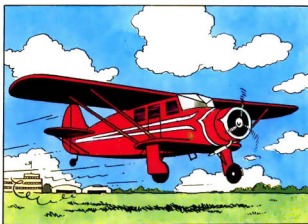
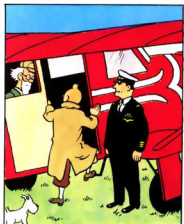
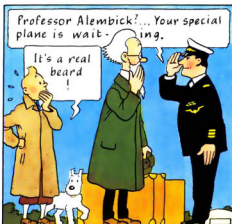
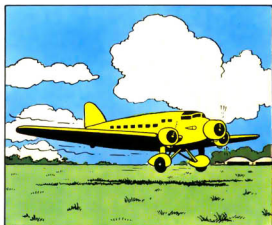
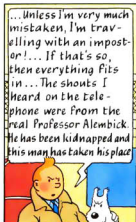
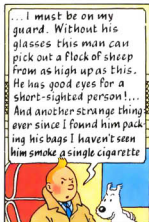
He bears in his hand the historic sceptre, without which he would lose the right to rule; as he passes, the people sing the famous anthem:

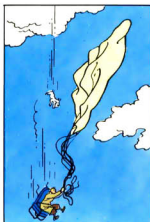
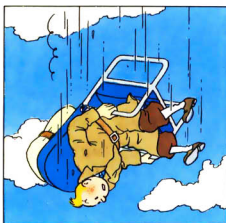
Syldavians unite!
Praise our King's might:
The Sceptre his right!

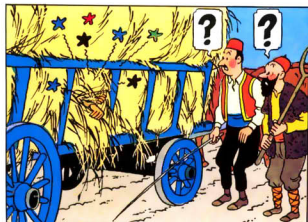
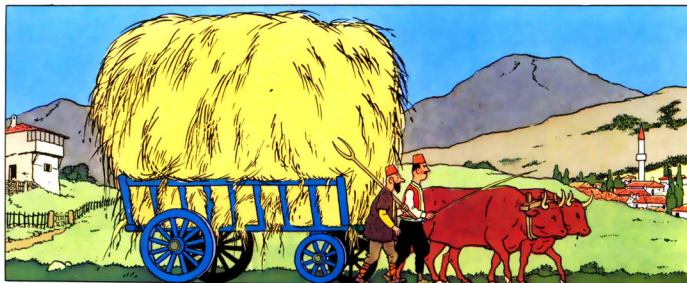
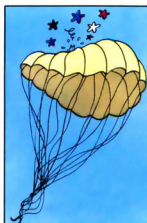
Right: The sceptre of Ottokar IV
Below: An illuminated page from 'The Memorable Deeds of Ottokar IV', a XIVth century manuscript



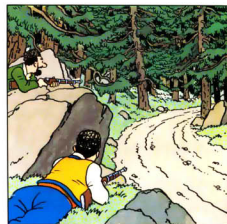
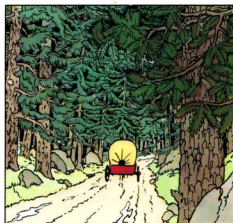
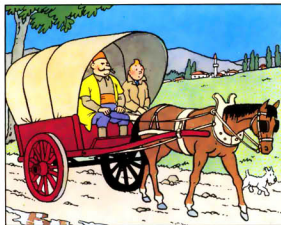
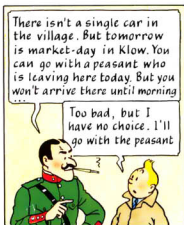
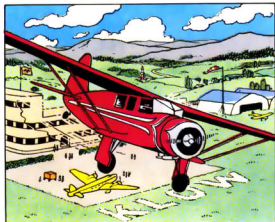
Dir Ottokar
Dus pollez
ez koniksz
dan tronn eszt pho
ma Greilla czar-
da on estear alpü
Kzommetz paffek:
o lagzada koniksz
itd o alpü flöppz:
Staszrvichez erom
szübel ó. Dázbiek
tálka ögy o cárro.

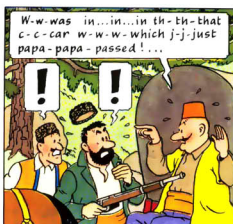














Yes, I am singing tonight at the Winter Garden in Klow... Would you like to hear me now?...

I'd love to.



Ah, my beauty past compare: these jewels bright I wear!...



Was I ever Margar-i-i-ta?

It's lucky the windows are strong!



Hello?... Yes, this is Wizskitotz... Ah, it's you Sirov... Well?... What?... Szpling! ... So it's not your fault?... Perhaps you think it's mine, eh?... What?... If he hadn't stuttered so?... IF!... IF!... You can get round anything with 'if'... I'll telephone to the Chief of Police at Zlip... Yes, he's one of us... He'll stop him on the road.



Well, how did you like that?...

V-very much indeed!...



In that case, just to please you I'll sing something else!



Where is the boy who is travelling with you?

He got out earlier on. He'd forgotten something at the Coachman's Rest, so he went back...



I would have given any excuse to escape!



Meanwhile, in Klow...

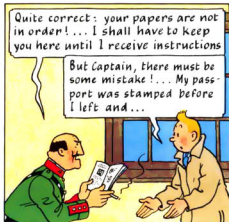
So, you wish to have access to the Treasure House to examine the national archives?... I won't conceal from you that this is a privilege rarely accorded to a foreigner, but since our ambassador has vouched for you, I think His Majesty will look favourably upon your request



That's him... We'll ask for his papers...



Your papers are not in order! ... Come with us to the police station!



Quite correct: your papers are not in order! ... I shall have to keep you here until I receive instructions

But Captain, there must be some mistake! ... My passport was stamped before I left and...



I am sorry, but I cannot allow you to proceed. Take him away!



Captain! ... You must listen! ... I have something important to tell you! ... I ...



Hello?... Wizskitotz?... This is Szplodj... I've got our fine bird!... Yes, we simply picked him up... Now what do you want us to do with him?... Yes... Yes... He obviously mustn't get to Klow... I'll think it over... That's it, ring up in the morning... Goodbye...



While I cool my heels here, goodness knows what's going on in Klow...



Aaaaaaah!... It's getting dark... I'd better try and get some sleep, as there's nothing else to do...



This is Radio Klow... We are now broadcasting a concert from the Winter Garden at Klow. The soloist is Signora Bianca Casta Fiore of La Scala, Milan.



Ah, my beauty past compare; these jewels bright I wear! Was I ever Margarita?



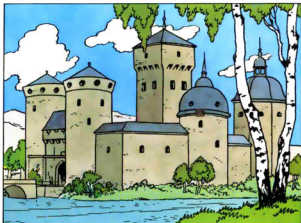
Is it I? Come reply! Mirror, mirror tell me truly!

Next day...

This document bearing the royal signature will admit you to the Treasure Chamber. Lieutenant Kromir will escort you there...

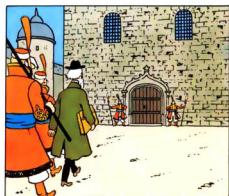


The regalia is housed in the keep of Kropow Castle. A special guard is mounted over it.



In the name of the King!

Professor, please come with me.

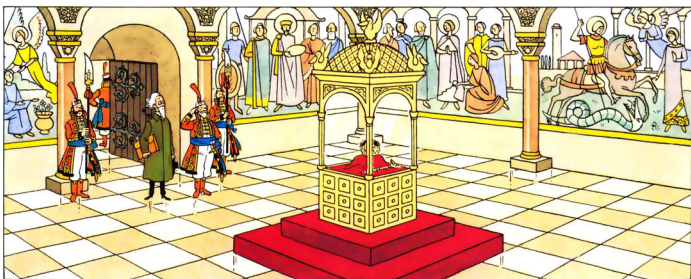


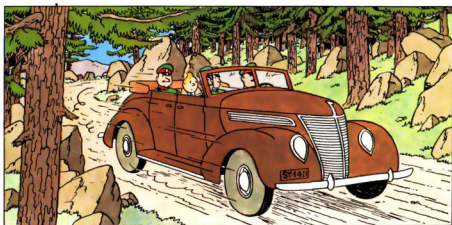
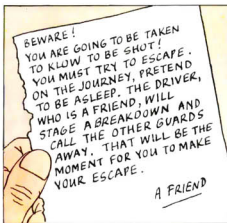
The regalia seems well guarded!

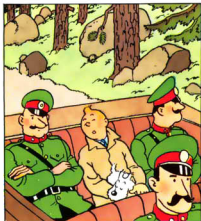
It is! The man who is clever enough to steal it hasn't been born!



There is His Majesty's regalia, Professor!...







Why have you stopped? ...

It's the engine...

Let's have a look ... Oh, it's all right: he's asleep...



Look out, he's moving! ... He's getting out... Get ready ...

A trap! ... I'm done for!

There he goes! ... Don't miss! ...



There's only one way: a nose-dive! ... Whoops!

BANG
BANG
BANG

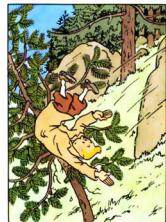
WHIZZ

BANG

WHIZZ

CRACK

It's no good, hold your fire! ... He's disappeared behind the boulders! ... He must have broken his neck ... but we'd better look for him ...





He fell down there ... Somewhere behind those rocks...

They're coming!...



Careful! About here ...



Szplung! Where is he? We've simply got to find him... The captain will never forgive us if we let him get away, after he'd planned that trap...



Come on, let's have another look. He can't be far away ...



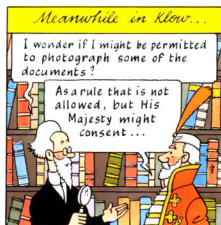
Whew!... They've passed us...



Now, off we go to Klow!...



I must watch my step! ... I see that no one can be trusted!... I must warn the King himself.



Meanwhile in Klow...

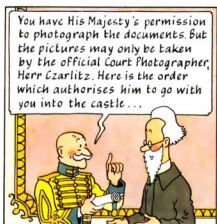
I wonder if I might be permitted to photograph some of the documents?

As a rule that is not allowed, but His Majesty might consent ...



Ah! Here's the main road again.

Golly, I'm hungry...

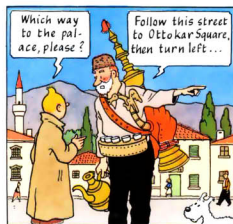


You have His Majesty's permission to photograph the documents. But the pictures may only be taken by the official Court Photographer, Herr Czarlitz. Here is the order which authorises him to go with you into the castle...



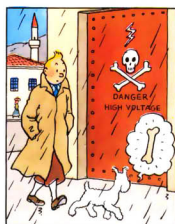
Klow at last!...

When are we going to eat?



Which way to the palace, please?

Follow this street to Ottokar Square, then turn left...



DANGER HIGH VOLTAGE

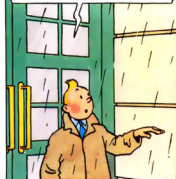


What a downpour! We'll shelter until this is over ...

Is this a restaurant?



It's stopping now...



Come on Snowy!... We must hurry to warn the King of the danger he's in...



Hurry up, Snowy! Hey, where is Snowy?



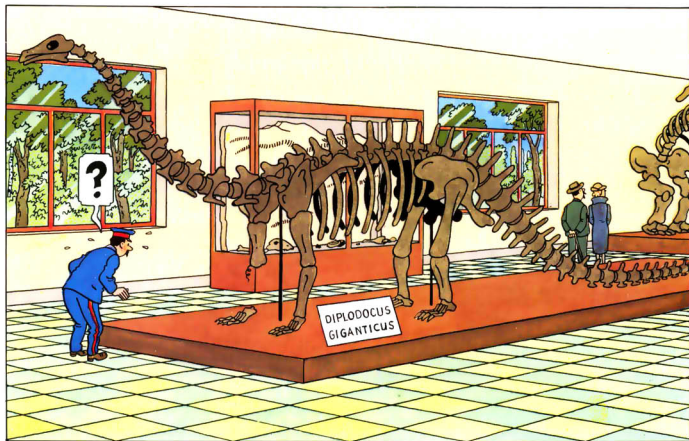
Snowy!... Snowy!... Snowy!...

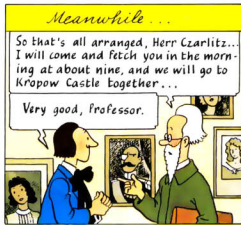
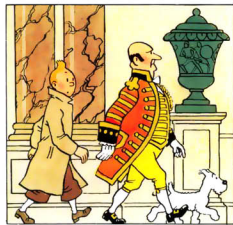
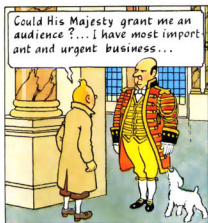
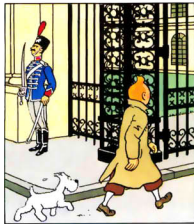
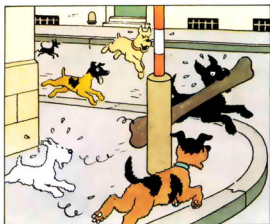


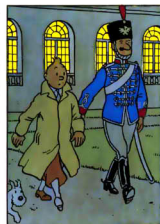
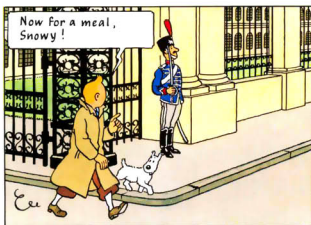
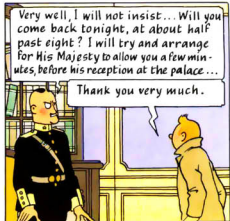
They have wonderful bones in this country, Tintin!...

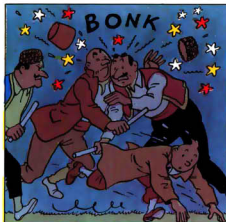


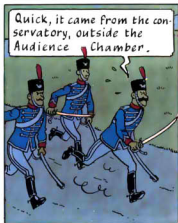
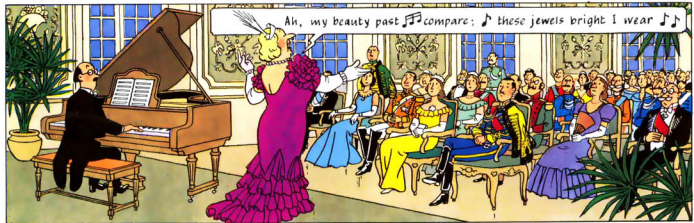
?











Next morning...

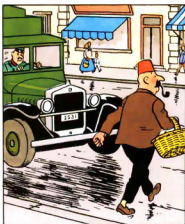
More time wasted!...
And I'm sure the
conspirators won't
be wasting theirs!
...



CLINK
CLINK
CLINK



You are being trans-
ferred to the State
Prison to await trial.
Come with us. The police
van is outside...



Hello, this is
St. Vladimir's
Hospital... An
accident?...
... Casualties?
[In Moltus Street?
... All right, I'll
send an ambulance



This one still hasn't come
round ...

Yes, definitely suf-
fering from con-
cussion...



We'd better go back
for the others...



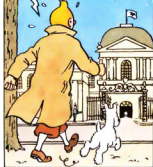
A very useful
thing, concussion
... Come on,
Snowy! Now
or never ...



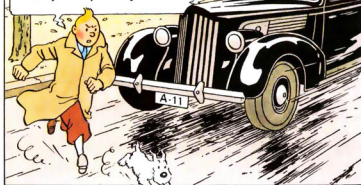
Aha! That's done
the trick!... Now
back to the palace!

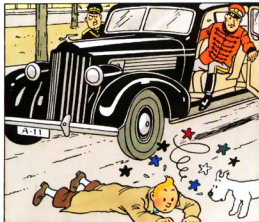


I must see the
King at all costs.



This time nothing is going
to stop me speaking to him!...





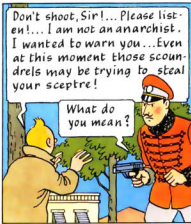
You aren't hurt, I hope ?

No, thank you. I'm all right... Great snakes!.. The King!



Take care, Sir!... This is the young anarchist who tri- ed ...

?



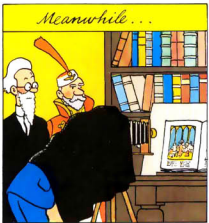
Don't shoot, Sir!... Please listen!... I am not an anarchist. I wanted to warn you... Even at this moment those scoundrels may be trying to steal your sceptre!

What do you mean?



It's the truth, Sir. I am certain that Professor Alembick is an impostor. Coming to Syldavia to study the archives was only a blind. He and his accomplices plan to steal King Ottokar's sceptre, and so force you to give up your throne!

By Vladimir! Can it be!



Meanwhile...



And this man is in with them, Sir... That is why he tried to stop me speaking to you!...

He's in the plot too?

It's a lie, Sir!

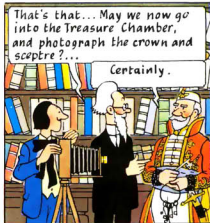


He is lying, Sir, and I will ...

You will return to the palace at once and await my orders! ... I myself will go to Kropow Castle with this young man and prove for myself the truth of his allegations ...

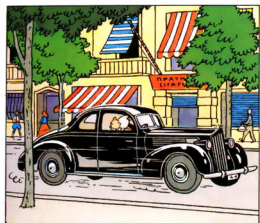


We must hurry, Sir... I'm sure there's not a moment to lose ...

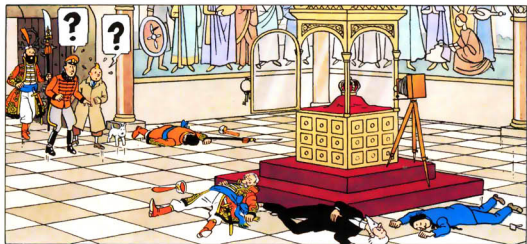
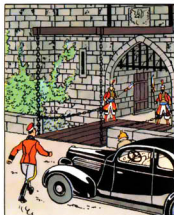


That's that... May we now go into the Treasure Chamber, and photograph the crown and sceptre?...

Certainly.



We're nearly there... Those are the towers of Kropow Castle... the sceptre is in the keep, that square tower in the centre... I only hope we're not too late!...



Next morning

So, Lord Chamberlain, the sceptre has not been recovered yet?...

Alas no, Sire... But I have secured the services of two detectives of international repute... expect them any minute now...

THUD

Ah, I think I know who they are.

What's going on?... Go and see.

?

Er... We are the detectives who... Hm... We... we slipped... and

Yes... and we fell down...

Sire, may I present Mr. Thomson and Mr. Thompson, certified detectives...

Welcome to Syldavia, gentlemen

Majesty, your sire is very good... Good Majesty... no, I mean... To be precise... it's a majesty, Your Pleasure...

We thank you for answering our call so promptly, and for placing your experience at the service of the Crown... This is Mr. Tintin, who will give you all the details of this business...

Tintin! Well I never!

This is the position... Someone has stolen the King's sceptre!... When His Majesty and I entered the Treasure Chamber we found the Governor of the Castle, two of his men, the photographer Czarlitz, and Professor Alembick, whom you know. All of them were in a coma, and none of the five came to until this morning...

Have they been questioned?...

Yes, and their statements agree on all points. Herr Czarlitz decided to use a flash-bulb. After the flash the room filled with thick smoke. They began to choke, and then passed out...

Good. But... hm... did anyone think of searching these people?...

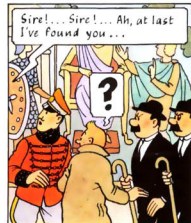
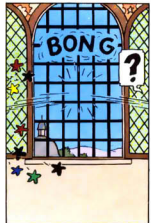
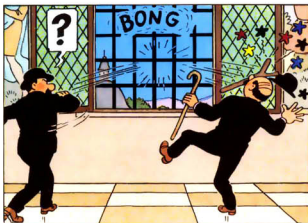
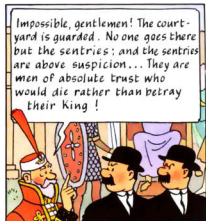
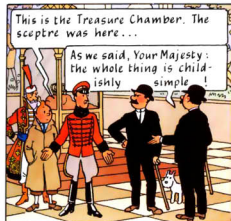
Of course! Even the guards' halberds were taken to pieces, and the camera tripod, to make sure the sceptre wasn't hidden there. They tapped every inch of the room looking for a secret passage, but found nothing! The only door through which the thief could escape was guarded by two sentries, who saw no one leave...

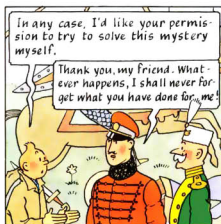
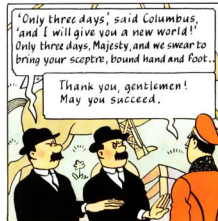
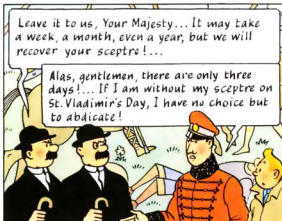
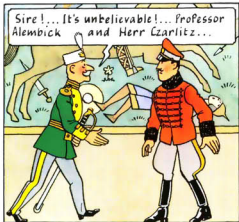
Your Majesty, this is all childishly simple!... With your permission we will go to Kropow Castle and demonstrate how your sceptre was stolen...

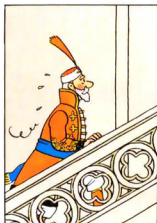
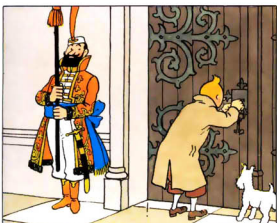
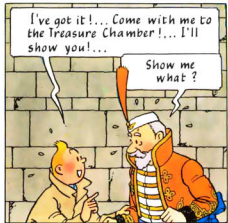
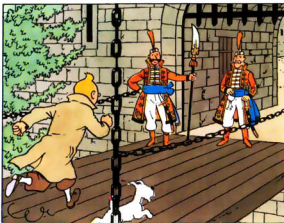
Very well, we'll go!...

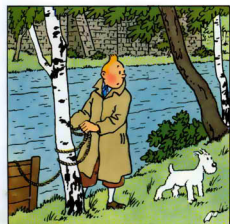
Goodness, they're smarter than I thought!

Be careful: the marble is very slippery...









If that fool Czarlitz had aimed at the clump of birch trees by the river bank as we agreed, we'd have found the sceptre long ago...



So they haven't found it yet! ... There's not a moment to lose! ... I must get back, and have this wood surrounded.



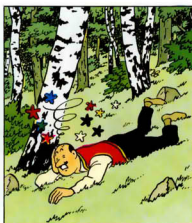
HOORAY!...



Hooray! I've found it!



Now, I must give the others the slip...

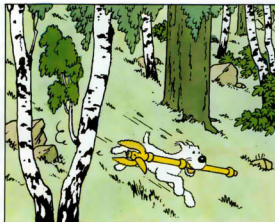


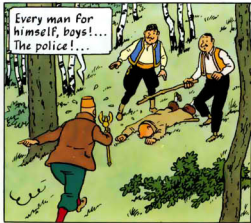
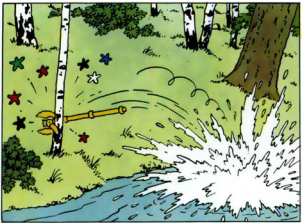
Crumbs! They've got me!

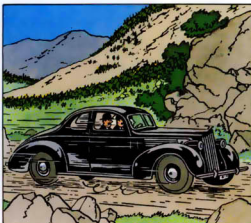
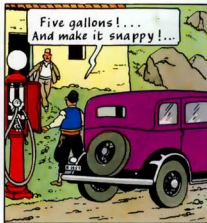
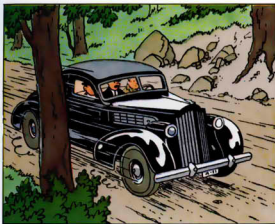
Yes, got you allright!

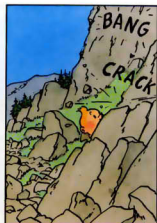
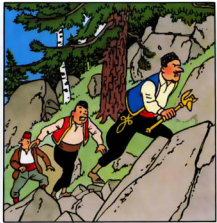


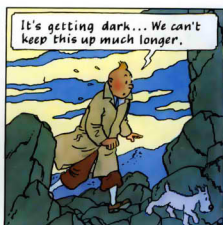
The sceptre, Snowy! ... Save the sceptre! ...

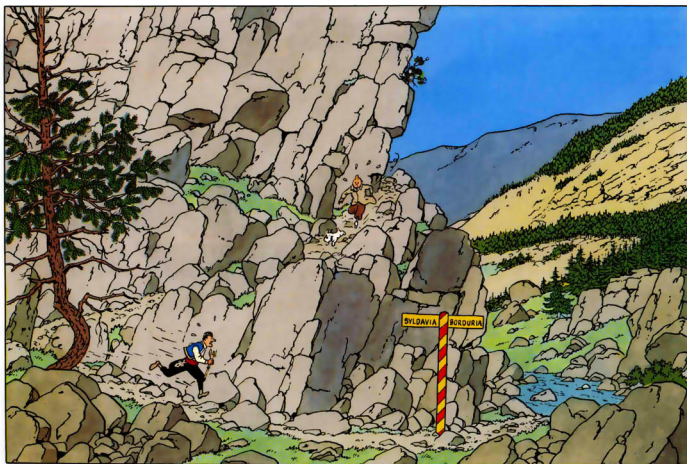
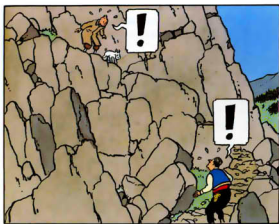


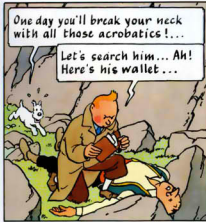












One day you'll break your neck with all those acrobatics!...

Let's search him... Ah! Here's his wallet...



?

Z. Z. R. K. 1239

SECRET To Section Commanders, Shock Troops

SUBJECT: Seizure of Power

I wish to draw your attention to the order in which the operations for seizure of power in Syldavia will take place.

On the eve of St. Vladimir's Day, agents in our propaganda units will foment incidents, and arrange for Bordurian nationalists to be beaten up.

On St. Vladimir's Day, at 12 o'clock (H-hour), shock troops will seize Radio Klow, the airfield, the gas works and power station, the banks, the general post office, the Royal Palace, Knopow Castle, etc...

In due course, each section commander will receive precise orders concerning his particular mission.

I salute you!
(signed)

Müsstler.

Z. Z. R. K. 1240

SECRET To Section Commanders, Shock Troops

SUBJECT: Seizure of Power

I wish to remind you that I shall broadcast a call to arms when Radio Klow is in our hands.

Motorized Bordurian troops will then cross into Syldavian territory, to free our native land from the tyranny of King Muskar XII.

Allowing for the feeble resistance they may meet with from a few fanatical royalist partisans and certain subversive sections of the populace, the Bordurian troops will arrive in Klow at about 5.0 p.m.

I call upon all members of Z. Z. R. K. to defend until then, with the last drop of their blood, the positions they will have occupied at midday.

I salute you!
(signed)

Müsstler.



There's no time to lose! We must get back to Klow as fast as we can...

Not on foot I hope?



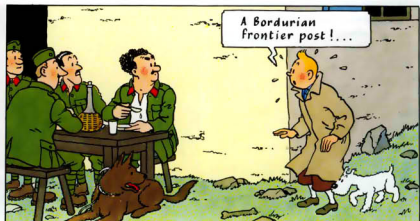
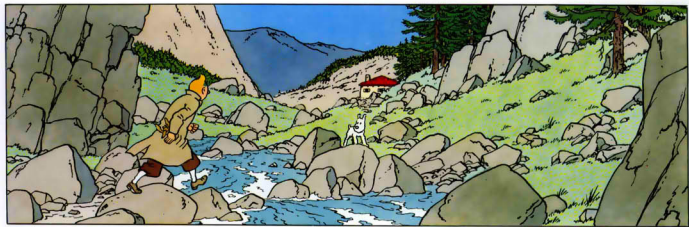
What's the matter with me?



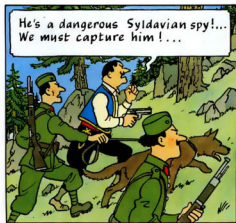
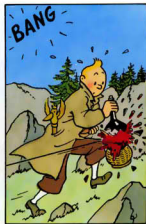
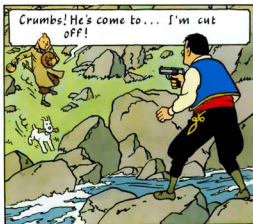
Oh, I know... I haven't eaten anything since yesterday! If only I had some food!



There's a house over there... But it's across the frontier. Can't be helped... I'm too hungry!



A Bordurian frontier post!...

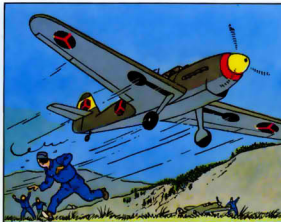
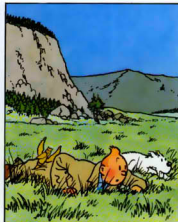


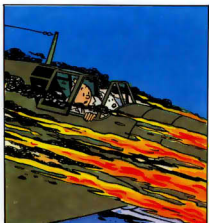
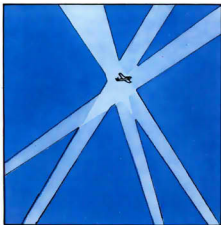
Next day...

That's two nights in the open... I'm tired out!... If I don't find the way soon I'll never get back in time!



If I could grab one of those planes I'd be in Klow in less than an hour...







Ah, a signpost! ... That's a stroke of luck!



Sixteen miles: that's five hours' walk! ...

A mere trifle!



A farm! ... Stables! ... If only I could borrow a horse...

That's a splendid idea!

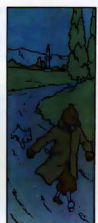


Aha, here's a horse! ... Whoa there! ... Good, here's a saddle too... Whoa now! Gently does it...



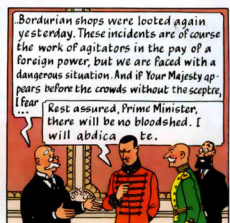
On the whole I think we'd better go on foot.

Why not? ... A little walk will do us good.



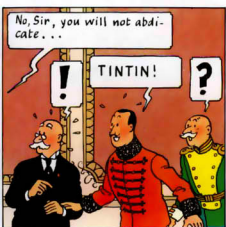
That night...

Things are grave, Sir! ... the people are suspicious: there are rumours that the sceptre is missing. Furthermore...



...Bordurian shops were looted again yesterday. These incidents are of course the work of agitators in the pay of a foreign power, but we are faced with a dangerous situation. And if Your Majesty appears before the crowds without the sceptre, I fear...

Rest assured, Prime Minister, there will be no bloodshed. I will abdicate.



No, Sir, you will not abdicate...

TINTIN!

?

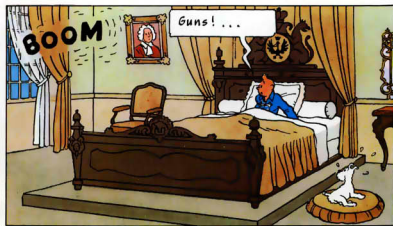
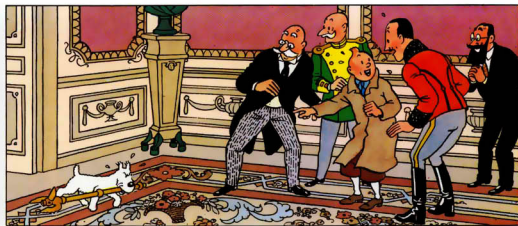


Your Majesty, I have your sceptre with me now!

Saved!

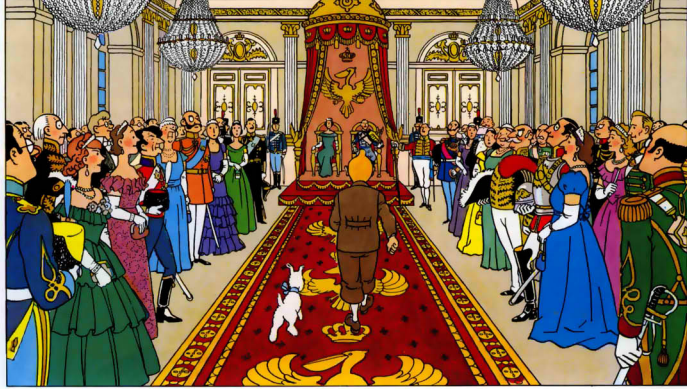


Here it is! ... I ... Great snakes! I've lost it on the way!



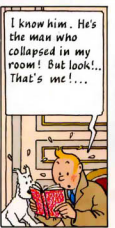
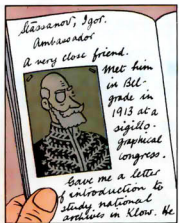
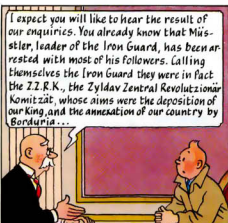


And now the King is once more in his palace. Time and again the delirious crowds have called His Majesty back on to the balcony to receive their tumultuous acclaim. But now he is seated here in the Throne Room, where an investiture is taking place ...



My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen. Never in our long history has the Order of the Golden Pelican been conferred upon a foreigner. But today with the full agreement of Our ministers, We bestow this high distinction upon Mr. Tintin, to express Our gratitude for the great services he has rendered to Our country...

Tintin, Knight of the Order of the Golden Pelican...





Twins! ... I might have guessed it! ... But what happened to the real professor? ...

Well, I've just read the London newspapers. Listen: 'During a search carried out yesterday in a house occupied by Syldavian nationals, the police found Professor Alembick, the scholar. He had been imprisoned in a cellar for some weeks. He said he had been kidnapped on the eve of his departure for Syldavia, and his passport was taken...'

Now I see it all! First the shouts on the telephone; then the professor not wearing his glasses, and not smoking any more... It explains everything.

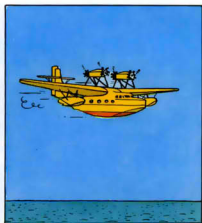
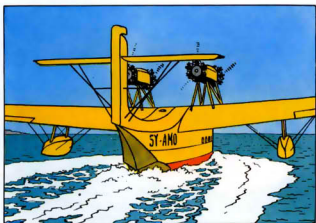
Meanwhile, at Bordurian military headquarters...

...to prove our peaceful intentions, despite the inexplicable attitude of the Syldavians, I have ordered our troops to withdraw fifteen miles from the frontier...

Next day...

In private audience this morning the King received Mr. Tintin, Mr. Thompson and Mr. Thomson, who paid their respects before leaving Syldavia. Afterwards the party left by road for Douma, where they embarked in a flying-boat of the regular Douma - Southampton service...

RADIO KLON
SZCZT-SILENCE



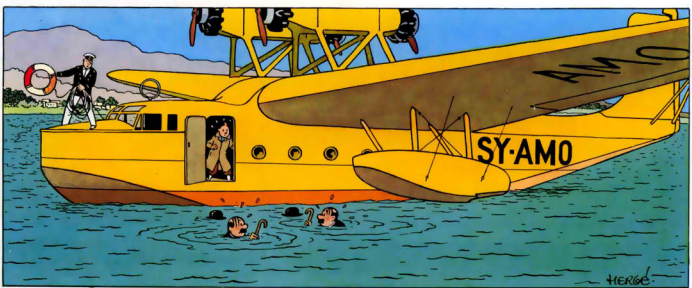
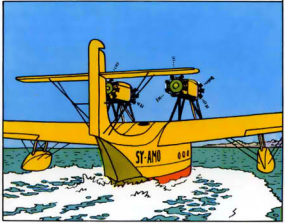
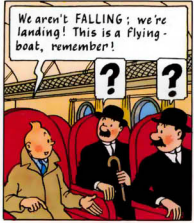
Some hours later...

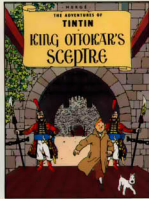
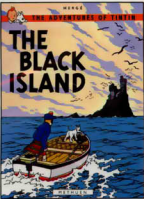
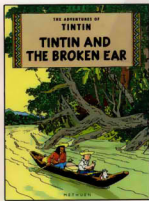
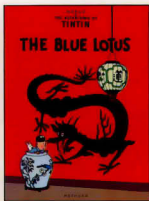
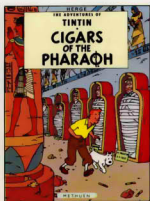
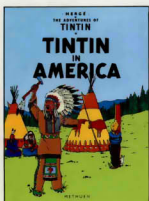
Ten past six. We're there...



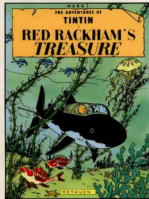
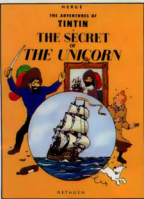
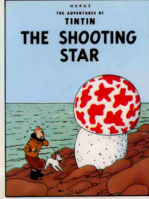
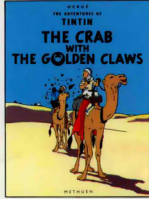
Goodness, what on earth's happening? ...

We're falling into the sea...

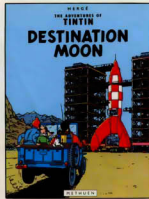
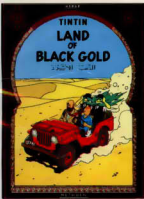
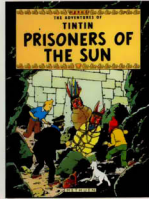
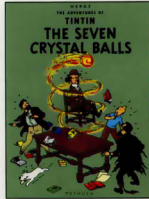




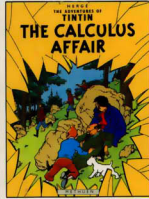
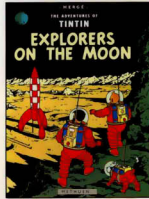
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