

- HERGÉ -

THE ADVENTURES OF

TINTIN

# RED RACKHAM'S *TREASURE*

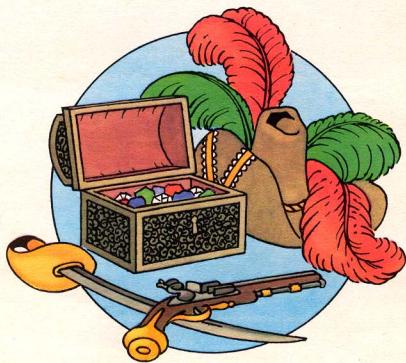


METHUEN

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

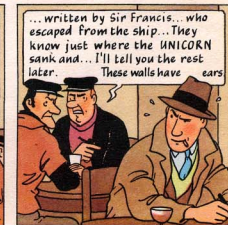
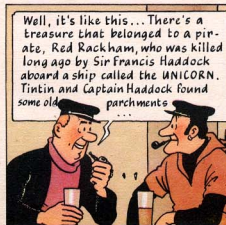
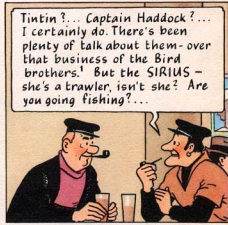
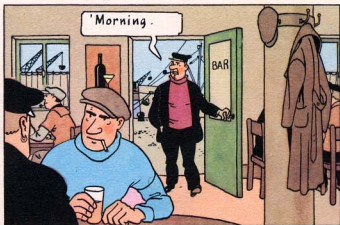
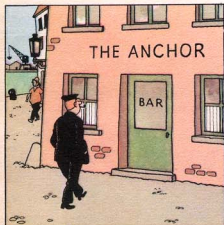
**RED RACKHAM'S  
*TREASURE***



METHUEN CHILDREN'S BOOKS

LONDON

# RED RACKHAM'S TREASURE



Hello, George! How's yourself?...

Not so bad. And you?... Still a ship's cook?

Still the same. I'm sailing aboard the SIRIUS in a few days, with Captain Haddock and Tintin. Know them?

Tintin?... Captain Haddock?... I certainly do. There's been plenty of talk about them - over that business of the Bird brothers.<sup>1</sup> But the SIRIUS - she's a trawler, isn't she? Are you going fishing?...

Yes, but it's not ordinary fish we're after, it's treasure!

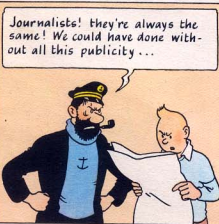
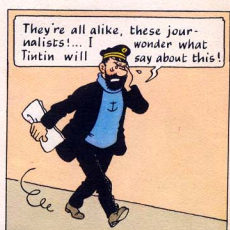
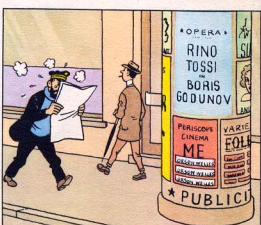
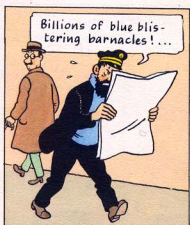
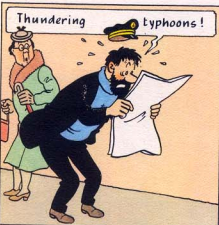
What's that you say?

Well, it's like this... There's a treasure that belonged to a pirate, Red Rackham, who was killed long ago by Sir Francis Haddock aboard a ship called the UNICORN. Tintin and Captain Haddock found some old parchments...

... written by Sir Francis... who escaped from the ship... They know just where the UNICORN sank and... I'll tell you the rest later. These walls have ears

<sup>1</sup> See The Secret of the Unicorn





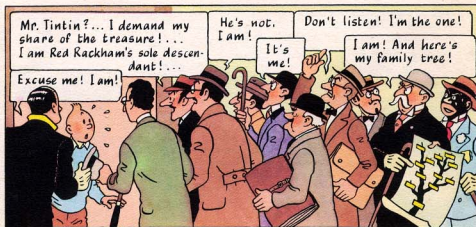
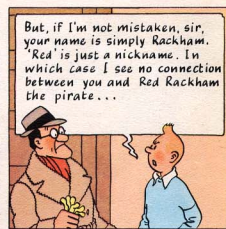
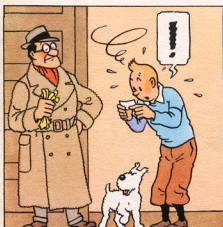
### Red Rackham's Treasure

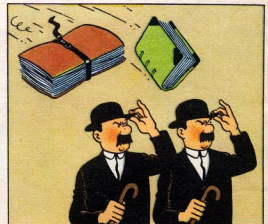
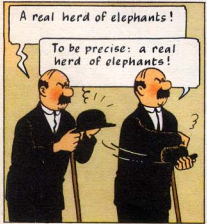
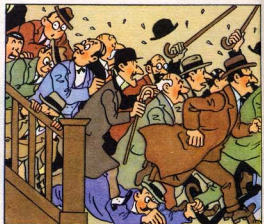
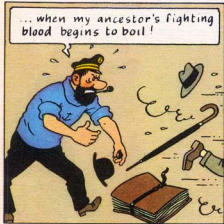
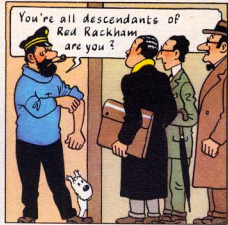
THE forthcoming departure of the trawler *Sirius* is arousing speculation in sea-faring circles. Despite the close secrecy which is being maintained, our correspondent understands that the object of the voyage is nothing less than a search for treasure.

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

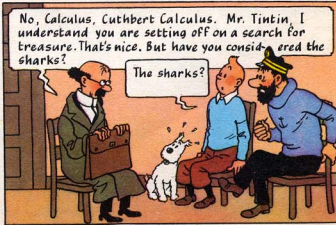
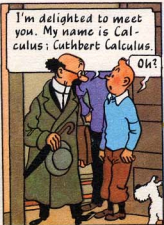














No, young man, I'm talking about the sharks. I expect you intend to do some diving. In which case, beware of sharks!

But...

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

I'm very sorry but...

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

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

Why of course. Certainly these gentlemen may come too.

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

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

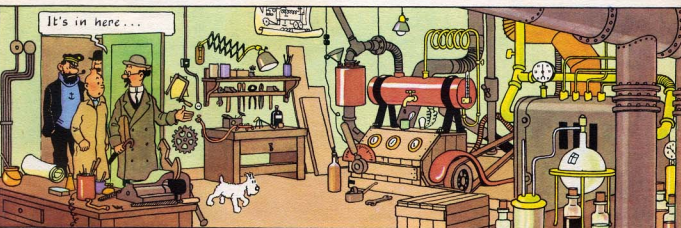
I'm so glad you agreed to come!

Please don't mention it.

No. Calculus, Cuthbert Calculus.

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

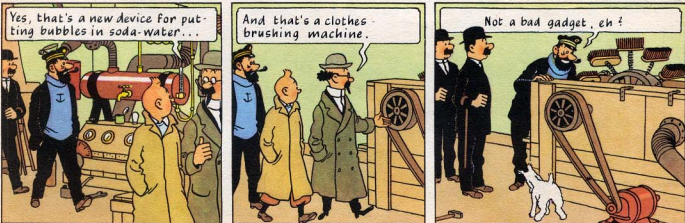
It's in here...



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

And that's a clothes-brushing machine.

Not a bad gadget, eh?



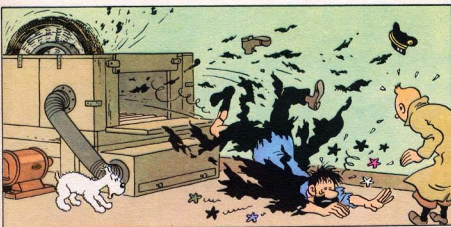
No, a clothes-brushing machine.  
It's one of my latest inventions.

RRRR OUCH  
OW



OOH

The clothes are sucked into  
the middle of the machine,  
where they have a stiff  
brushing for  
minute. Then  
out, as good as  
new ...



Billions of bilious, blue blis-  
tering barnacles !!



Let me go! I'll tell him what I think of his  
practical joke!



You're going to buy  
me a new outfit,  
do you hear?

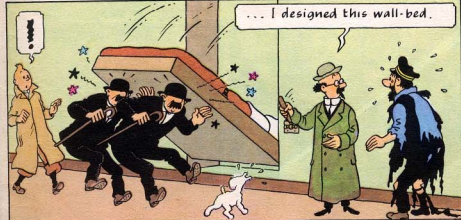
That?... Yes, it's  
for brushing  
clothes.



But this is even more  
ingenious. Because  
I have so little room  
and my bed gets in  
the way ...



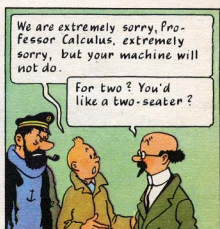
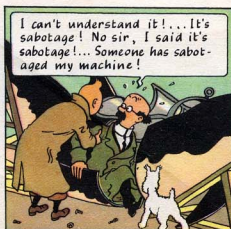
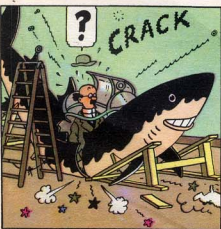
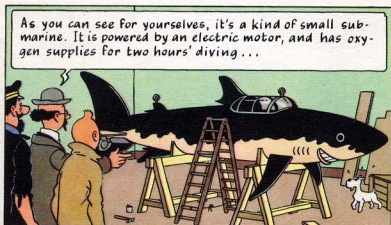
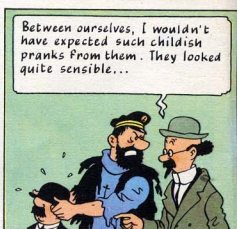
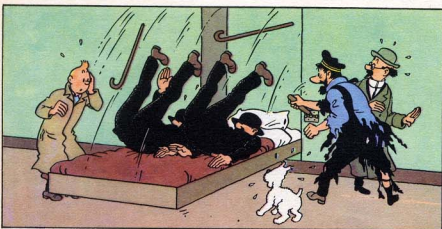
... I designed this wall-bed.



You Bashi-bazouk! Look  
what you've done now!









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

Oh, good!



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



Some days later ...

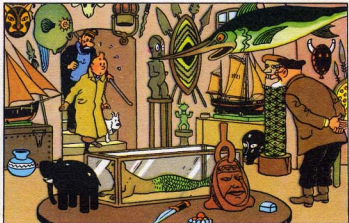
Well, we're all ready to start - at least, if we can find a diving-suit. I've spent three days hunting through marine stores, and I still haven't unearthed one.



I say, look there!

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

FOR SALE  
Complete Diving Equipment, as new



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

The diving-suit? Please follow me.



There ...



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

?



Why... why do you say that?

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



You see that? Where can you see it?

I read it in your face.



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

Well, I...



Blistering barnacles!



It's horrible!... What's happened to me? ...



Nothing, Captain! It's just that you were looking in a concave mirror! And here's a convex one!

Thank goodness!



But here's another mirror... I'll just reassure myself!



Oh!



Seven years of bad luck!

And ten shillings for the mirror!



You can take it from me: I'm telling you the truth: there's no such thing as buried treasure nowadays...

Never mind that. How much is the diving-suit?



Ten pounds.

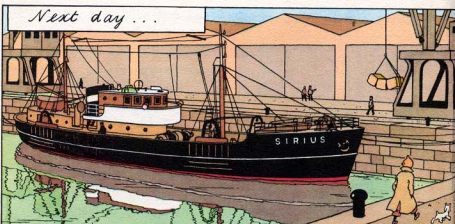
All right. We'll have it collected this afternoon. Shall we go, Captain?



Remember what I said, my lad. You won't find any treasure!



Next day...



Good morning, Captain. All well?

No, bad!

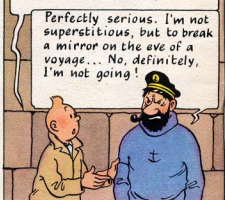


Yes, bad. Very bad... I'm ill... Flu, I expect... And I've been thinking... I... well... briefly, to put it in a nutshell, I'm not going!



You can't be serious!

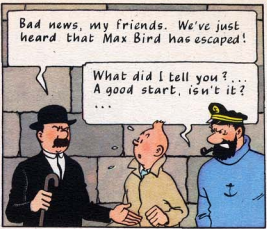
Perfectly serious. I'm not superstitious, but to break a mirror on the eve of a voyage... No, definitely, I'm not going!





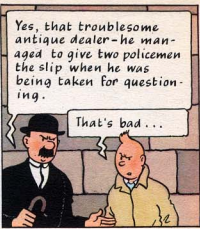


Hello!



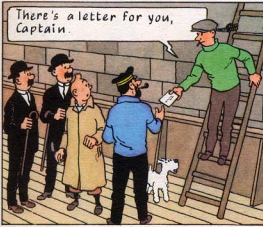
Bad news, my friends. We've just heard that Max Bird has escaped!

What did I tell you?... A good start, isn't it? ...



Yes, that troublesome antique dealer - he managed to give two policemen the slip when he was being taken for questioning.

That's bad ...



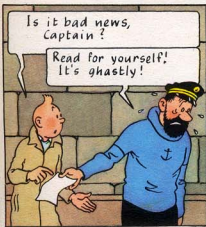
There's a letter for you, Captain.



For me?... What's this about?



Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles!



Is it bad news, Captain?

Read for yourself! It's ghastly!

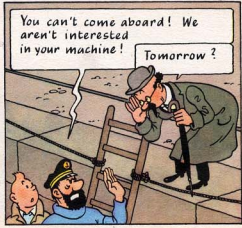
DOCTOR A. LEECH  
*Dear Captain,  
I have considered your case, and conclude that your illness is due to poor liver condition.  
You must therefore undergo the following treatment:  
**DIET - STRICTLY FORBIDDEN:**  
All alcoholic beverages (wine, beer, cider, spirits, cocktails,*



Good-day, gentlemen! I hope I'm not intruding?



No? Well, I'm happy to tell you my machine is ready now. When may I come aboard?



You can't come aboard! We aren't interested in your machine!

Tomorrow?



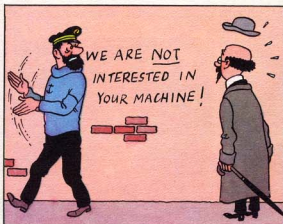
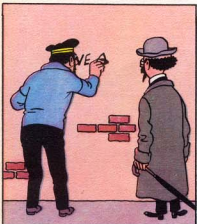
No not tomorrow! Never!

Today?... Good. I'll go and fetch it at once.





Blistering barnacles! You may be deaf, but you aren't blind, are you?



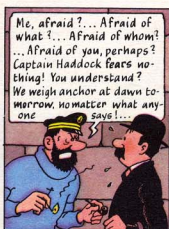
WE ARE NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR MACHINE!



That's he that! Now understands!  
Let's hope so.



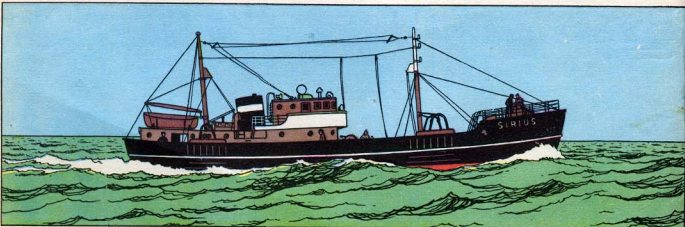
Captain, is what Tintin says really true? He's just told us you've decided not to go. It seems you broke a mirror and are afraid...  
Afraid?

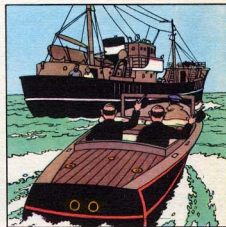
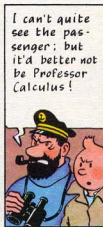
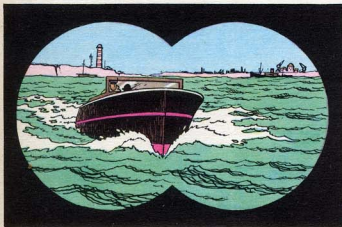
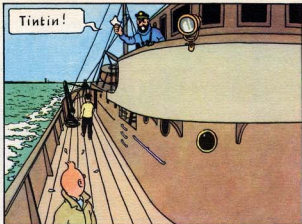


Me, afraid?... Afraid of what?... Afraid of whom?... Afraid of you, perhaps? Captain Haddock fears nothing! You understand? We weigh anchor at dawn tomorrow, no matter what anyone says!...



OUCH!...





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

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



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

To be precise: perfectly safe.



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

Yes, thanks!



Captain!... Captain!



Captain, I can't stand it!

What?



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

No?...

Snowy?...

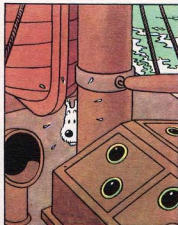


Yes, Snowy! I saw him just now near the galley!

Snowy!... Where is the wretched animal?



Snowy?... SNOWY?...



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

Good.



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

Yes, for'ard.



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

Good idea!

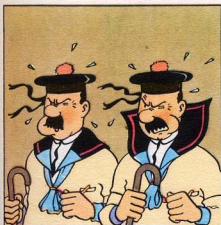




We must behave like old sea-dogs ...

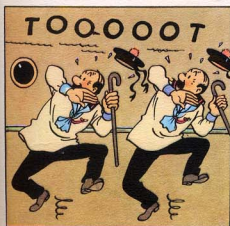


For a start, we'd better learn to chew tobacco. All old sea-dogs chew a quid. Here, have one of these...



What do we do, Captain? We're bearing down on that fishing fleet...

Give a blast on the siren; that'll warn them.



Goodness!... My tobacco!...

Mine... mine too... I swallowed it!...



Next day ...



This has got to stop!... Yes, it's got to stop!



Yes, Captain. Yesterday it was a box of biscuits! This morning a whole chicken has disappeared!

The wretched dog!



Snowy!... Snowy!... Where's he hiding?... Snowy!



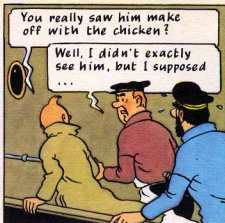
Snowy!... Snowy!...



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

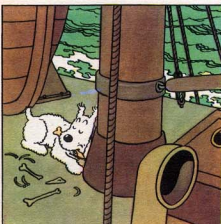
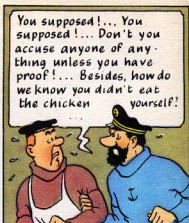


You really saw him make off with the chicken?



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

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



That evening...



Good night. You might just keep an eye on Snowy.

Don't worry. I'll watch him. Good night, Captain...



Crumbs! That's the two detectives...



What's going on here?...



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

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



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



Now let's go to bed!



Billions of blistering barnacles!

What's the matter, Captain?

The matter?. Blistering barnacles, my bottle of whisky has vanished!

Vanished? Someone must be worried about your health and is keeping you to your diet...

You can laugh! ... But if I catch the crook, he's in for a rough time!

We'll investigate it in the morning. Now let's go to bed. I'm dead tired. Good night!

You go to sleep if you like, I know what I'm going to do

Thundering typhoons!

We're going to blow up!... There's a bomb in the hold!...



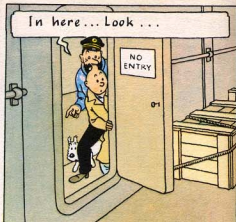
I went down to the hold to open a case of whisky. And instead of whisky I found a bomb there! ...



Here we are... Careful!



In here... Look ...



Careful!... Don't go near it!

I must. We've got to get to the bottom of this ...



Well?...



Steel plates!



Steel plates?...



You're right, by thunder! ... Then it's not a bomb after all?...

Definitely not. Look, we'll open another case ...



Blistering barnacles! More steel plates!



And in this one ...

More steel plates!



Steaming blood! There's not a drop of whisky aboard! If I catch the monster who played this trick on us, he'll be in for a rough time! ...



Come on, Captain. We'll try and solve this mystery in the morning ...

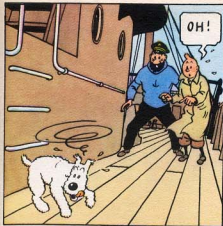


Next day...

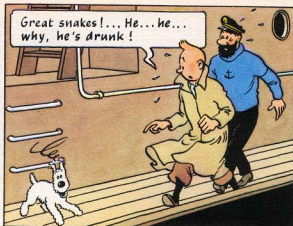


Anyway, we can't accuse Snowy any more. Some biscuits, even a chick-en perhaps. But not a bottle of whisky!





OH!



Great snakes!... He... he... why, he's drunk!

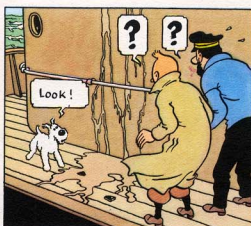


Snowy, what have you done? Pooh! Your breath smells of whisky!



Now come on!... Show us where you found the whisky...

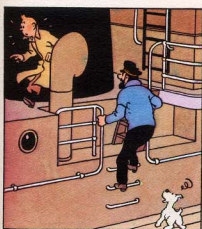
All right... You... you want a d-d-drink too?



Look!



See, the bottle must have smashed up there. Let's investigate.



There!

Blistering barnacles! If I ever catch him!



Sh!... Listen...



ZZZ... ZZZ... ZZZ...



Someone is asleep in this life-boat!

Impossible: the lashings are secure... At least...



Blistering barnacles! The lashings are free this side! There's someone in this lifeboat!





Thundering typhoons!



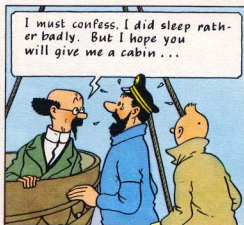
ZZZ... ZZZ... ZZZ...



Billions of billions of blue blistering barnacles! Get up, you!...



My whisky, you wretch!... What have you done with my whisky? Thundering typhoons, answer me!... Where's my whisky?



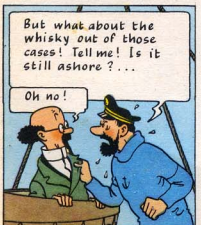
I must confess. I did sleep rather badly. But I hope you will give me a cabin...



A cabin!... I'll give you a cabin!... I'm going to stow you in the bottom of the hold for the rest of the voyage, on dry bread and water!... And my whisky?... Where's my whisky?



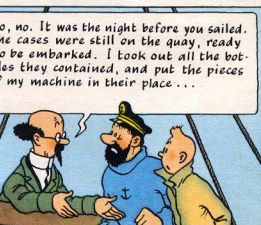
It's on board, of course!



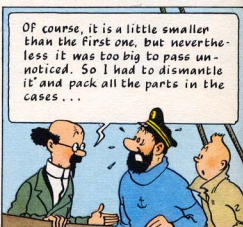
Oh no!



Naturally it is in separate pieces...



No, no. It was the night before you sailed. The cases were still on the quay, ready to be embarked. I took out all the bottles they contained, and put the pieces of my machine in their place...



Of course, it is a little smaller than the first one, but nevertheless it was too big to pass unnoticed. So I had to dismantle it' and pack all the parts in the cases...



Wretch!... Ignoramus!... Abominable Snowman!... I'll throw you overboard! Overboard, d'you hear?...



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



Some days later ...



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



Isn't the island marked on any charts?

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



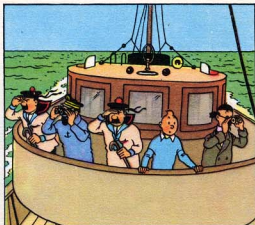
I can't see anything yet... Can you? ...



Nothing.

Can you see anything? ...

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



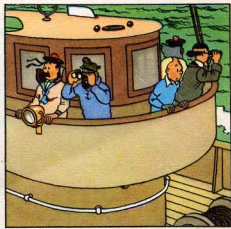
Over there!



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



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

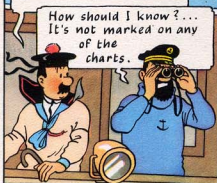


Still no sign... It's very strange...



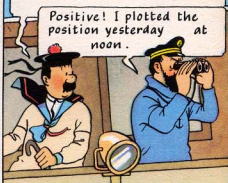
What's the name of the island?

How should I know?... It's not marked on any of the charts.



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

Positive! I plotted the position yesterday at noon.



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



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



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

No, it was a grand piano!



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



*A few minutes later...*

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

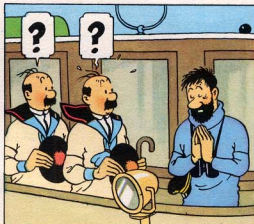


You are right... I have made a mistake. Gentlemen, please take off your hats...



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

Sh!...

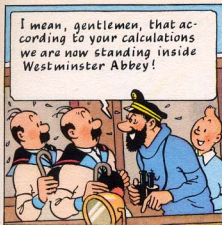


Now...

But Captain, tell us what you mean...



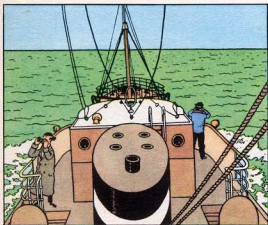




I mean, gentlemen, that according to your calculations we are now standing inside Westminster Abbey!



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



I'm beginning to think Sir Francis Haddock was pulling our legs.

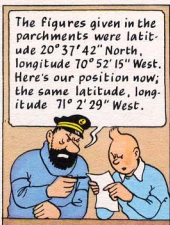
I'm beginning to think so too!



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



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



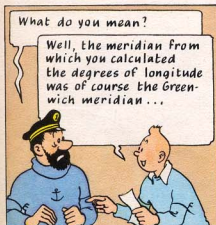
The figures given in the parchments were latitude  $20^{\circ}37'42''$  North, longitude  $70^{\circ}52'15''$  West. Here's our position now; the same latitude, longitude  $71^{\circ}2'29''$  West.



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

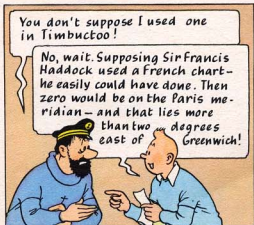


Captain, I think I've got it!



What do you mean?

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



You don't suppose I used one in Timbuctoo!

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



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



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



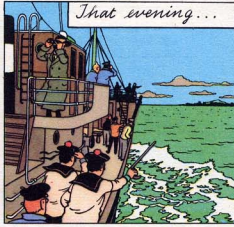
Captain, what is happen-  
ing?... We seem  
to be turning back.



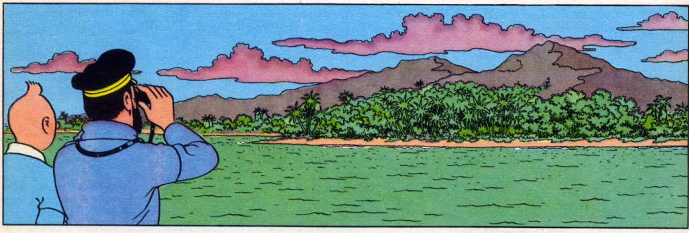
Oh, that's all right  
then... I was afraid  
we were turning  
back.



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



There it is at last! Our  
treasure island!



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

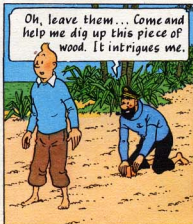
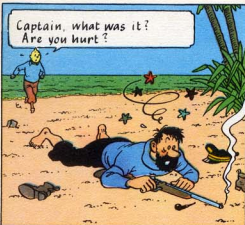


*Next morning...*

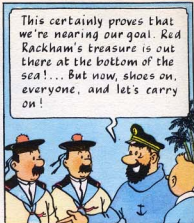


Haul the boat up the beach. I'm  
going to reconnoitre

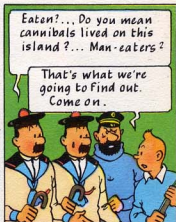
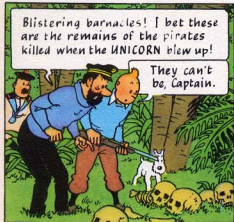












My word! It's meant to be  
Sir Francis Haddock!



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



RRRRATION MY  
RRRRUM!



What's the matter,  
Captain?



Who shouted  
like that?



What?... Wasn't  
it you?

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



Yes, it's Sir Francis  
Haddock.

RRRRATION MY  
RRRRUM!



It came from over there.



Not a soul!



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

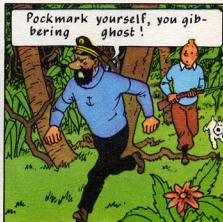


To b-b-be precise: I-let's  
hurry back t-t-to the  
sh-sh-ship.

Pithecanthropus!...  
Pockmark!...



Pockmark yourself, you gib-  
bering  
ghost!





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



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



Up there! ...



Baboon!

Squawking popinjay!



Sea-gherkin!

Pickled Herring!

Blistering barnacles!  
Parrots!!

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



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



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



I'll show you  
what  
made  
of!



Here's a coconut to cut  
your cackle, iconoclasts!



Och my  
back!

Wait I'll rub it  
for you.



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





Hey, Captain, calm yourself. After all, they're only parrots!

Bandits!

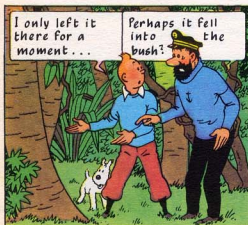


Forget about them, Captain. Let's go on.

You're right. Come on, let's go.



My gun!... Who has taken my gun?...



I only left it there for a moment...

Perhaps it fell into the bush?



Got it?



No... it's vanished completely!

Blue blistering...

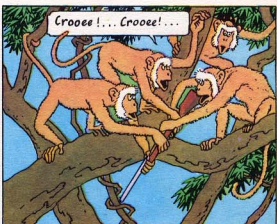


Sh!... Listen!

What's that noise?



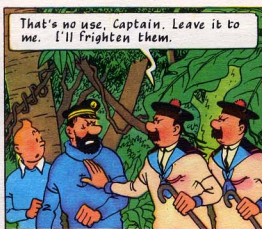
Crooe!... Crooe!... Crooe!...



Crooe!... Crooe!...



Blistering baboons!... Monkeys!... Gibbons!... Orang-outangs!... Give us back that gun, cercopithecuses!



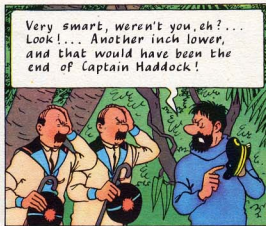
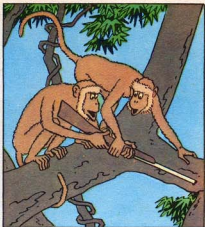
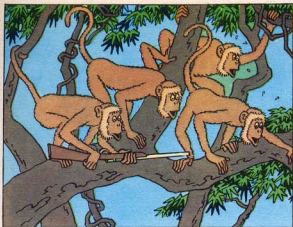
That's no use, Captain. Leave it to me. I'll frighten them.

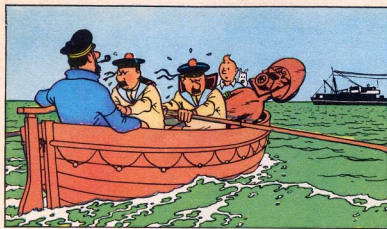


Hands up!... Bang!... Bang!... Bang!

Hey, don't do that!



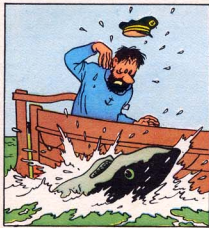




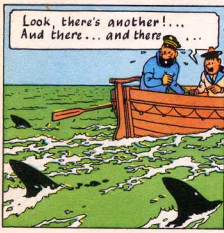
Ah! what pleasant visions haunt me  
As I gaze upon the sea!  
All the old romantic legends,  
All my dreams, come back  
to me ...



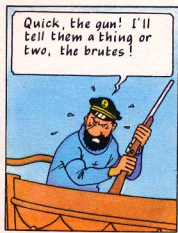
Look out!...  
A shark! ...



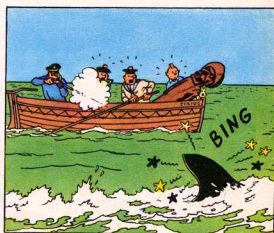
Thundering typhoons!... It almost  
had my hand off!



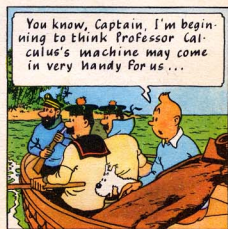
Look, there's another! ...  
And there... and there ...



Quick, the gun! I'll  
tell them a thing or  
two, the brutes!



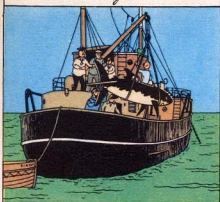
BING



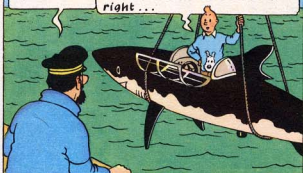
You know, Captain, I'm begin-  
ning to think Professor Cal-  
culus's machine may come  
in very handy for us ...



Next day ...



You've made up your mind?



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

Stop! ... Just a minute! ...



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



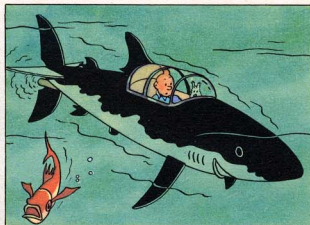
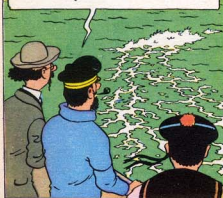
A little red button?...Right!



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

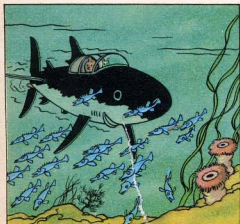


There he goes: he's dived.



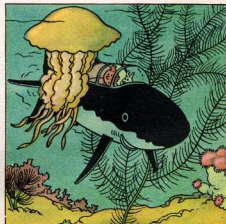
This is fun, eh Snowy?

Golly, what a lot of water!



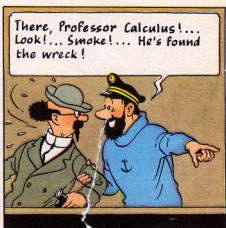
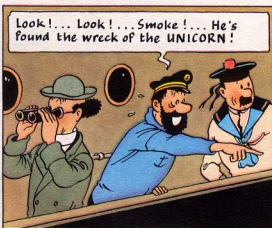
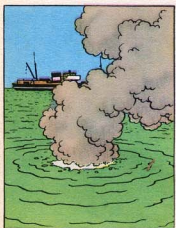
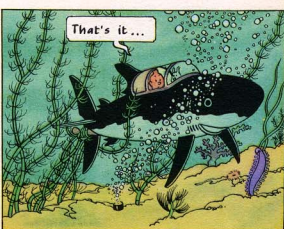
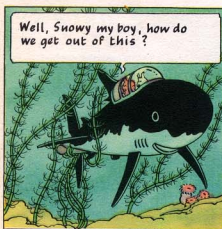
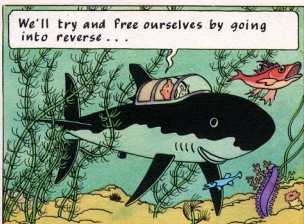
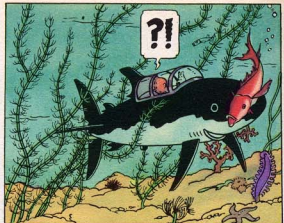
Let's hope nothing goes wrong...

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

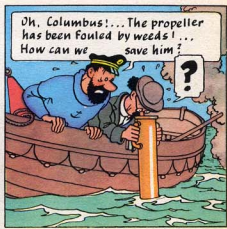
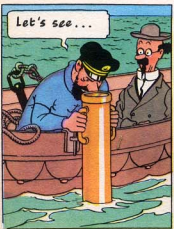
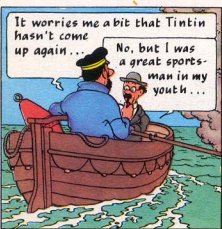
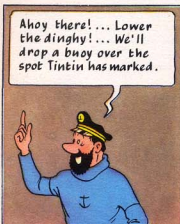
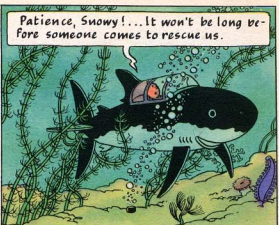




Hello, what's the matter?  
... The engine's stopped  
... We aren't moving any  
more!







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

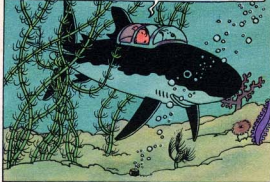


Your confounded contraption! I should never have let him go down!

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



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



What can we do? How can we save him?

Lower a diver?... No, by the time we'd got one equipped and ready, Tintin would be dead ...



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

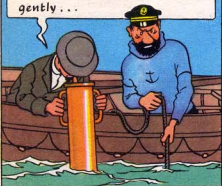
The anchor? What for?...



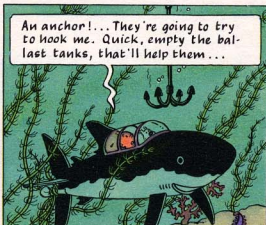
Of course!... We'll try and hook it onto the submarine. Then we'll pull on the rope until the weeds break...



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



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



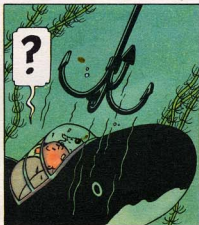
He's understood. He's emptied the ballast tanks to lighten the submarine... A bit to the left, Captain... Good... Now, pull!



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



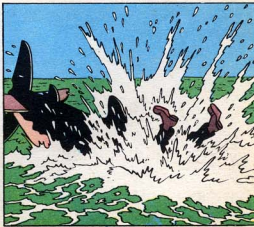
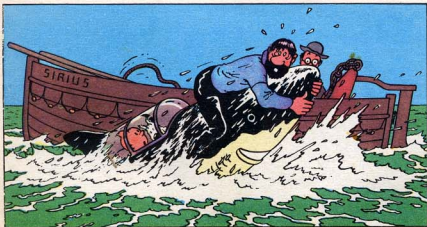
?



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







Fresh air!... Fresh air at last!...



Hooray!... He's safe!... Hip-hip-hooray!



All's well!... The Captain has climbed back into the boat... He's salvaged the buoy... hauled the anchor inboard... thrown a lifeline to Tintin... Ah, here they come...



Well, our friend Tintin had a narrow escape!

You are wrong, I assure you. Weeds jammed the propeller. You'll see when we're back on board.



You see?... It's just as I said. Weeds...

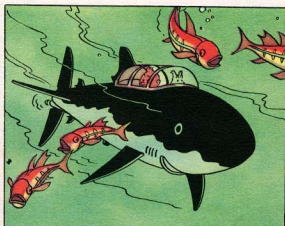
Really? I thought they were weeds...



Weeds or no weeds, I don't set foot in that thing again!...



Fine. Get it ready. Snowy and I are setting out again immediately!



Let's hope he doesn't run into any more trouble this time.



What shall I do? Tell him... or not?



I've made up my mind...



I... Captain... I've bad news for you.

Bad news for me?



No, bad news for you, very bad news... I'm afraid the UNICORN is not here... Look...

What's that gadget, eh?





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

All from that whatsit?

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

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

Look there, Captain! Smoke!

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

Have you found it?

Westwards... It's still westwards

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

You're sure you'll be all right? ...

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

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

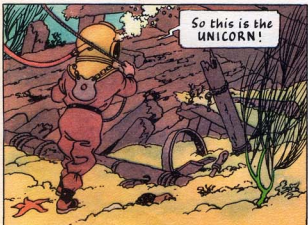
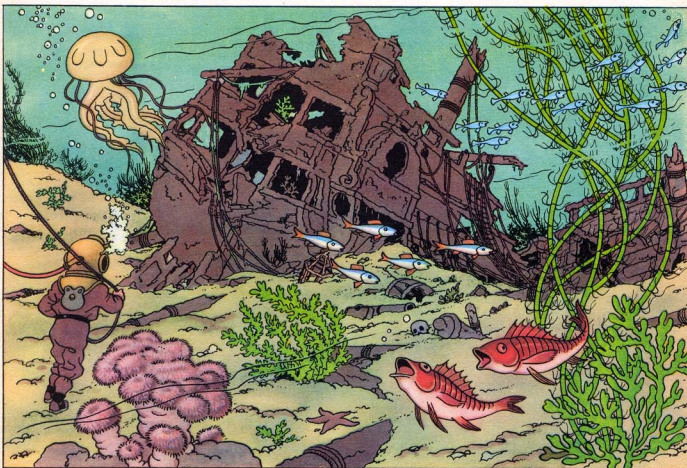
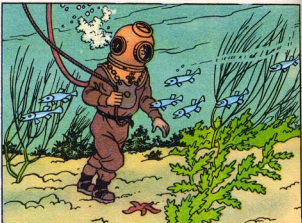
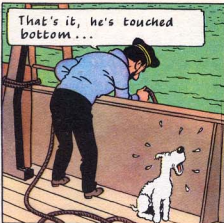
Right!

Come on, pump hard! We are!



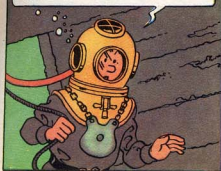
Woah! Woah!

Woah! Woah!





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



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

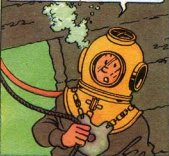


Us? We're resting...it's  
tiring work, you know.

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



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



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



He's picking daisies down  
below!



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

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



Heave-ho!... Heave-ho!



Here he is



What has he got?



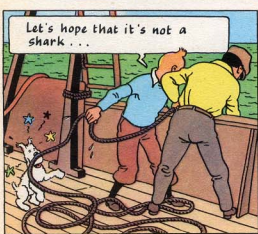
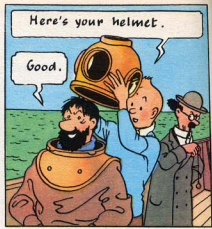
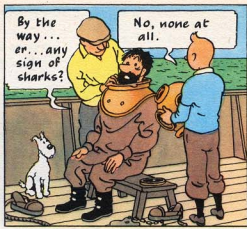
A gold cross, encrusted with precious  
stones!... and a cutlass!... I say,  
this cross is superb!

We've made a good  
start, eh?



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









A bottle? What can that mean? ...



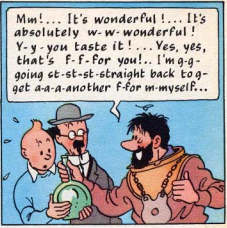
A bottle of rum, my friends! ... Jamaica rum, and it's more than two hundred and fifty years old! ... Just you taste it!



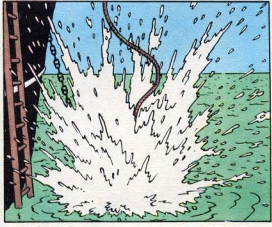
GLUG GLUG



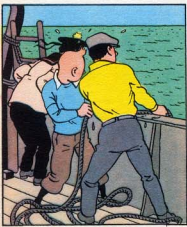
GLUG GLUG



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



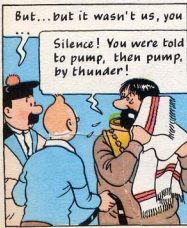
That beats everything! He's gone in without his helmet!



Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles! Those two jelly-fishes forgot to pump again! ...



Sea-gherkins!... Freshwater swabs!... Ectoplasms!... Bashi-bazouks!...



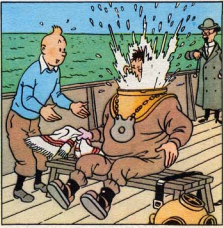
But...but it wasn't us, you ...  
Silence! You were told to pump, then pump, by thunder!



It's no use drying yourself, Captain. You must empty your suit first... Take it off now.  
Take it off? ... Never!... Never!...

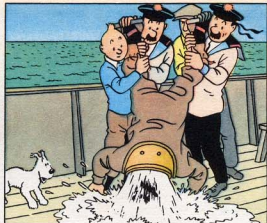


I'll rest a minute, and go down again

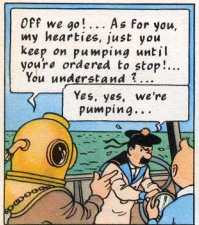




You see?... I told you so!... Your suit is full of water... We'll have to empty it.



There! Now you can go down again, if you still want to. But don't forget your helmet this time!



Off we go!... As for you, my hearties, just you keep on pumping until you're ordered to stop!... You understand?...  
Yes, yes, we're pumping...



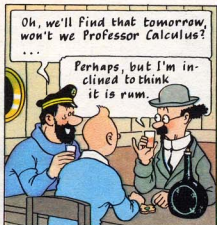
There he goes now...



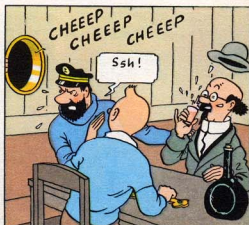
The same evening...



A good day's work!... First that cross, and then... more important, all this rum!...  
Fine stuff eh? Yes, but I'd sooner have found the treasure.



Oh, we'll find that tomorrow, won't we Professor Calculus? ...  
Perhaps, but I'm inclined to think it is rum.



CHEEP CHEEP CHEEP

Ssh!



It sounds like a bird...

I'd say it was the squeak of a badly greased wheel...



Let's see. I want to set my mind at rest.



There, Captain. It's the pump making that noise.





What d'you think you're doing at this hour ?

You never ordered us to stop pumping, Captain. So here we are, pumping.

To be precise: we're pumping.

OFF to bed, nitwits! You'll have plenty more pumping, believe me!



The next morning ..

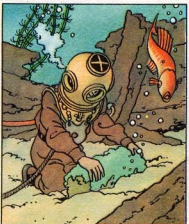
Something tells me Tintin is going to find the treasure this morning.



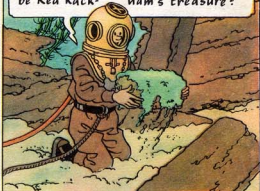
Another bottle of rum! ... I'll leave it there for the Captain.



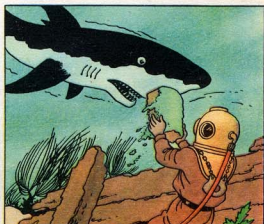
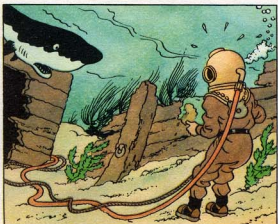
Hello, I wonder what we've got here ?

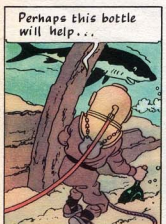
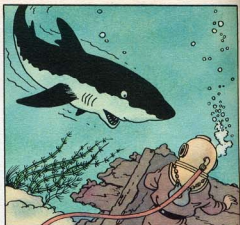


A casket! Great snakes! Can it be Red Rackham's treasure?

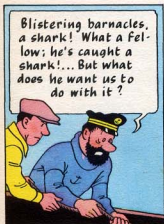
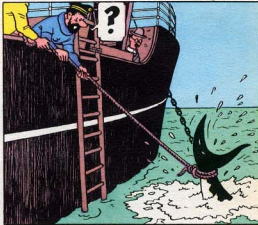
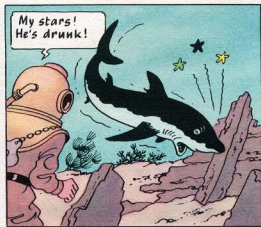


I'll go straight up, and see what's inside this casket!









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

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

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



A few minutes later...

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



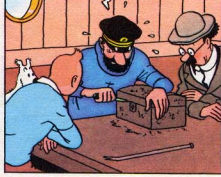
A casket!... A casket!... Red Rackham's treasure!... Red Rackham's treasure!!... Here it is at last!



Quick, into my cabin!



Hm!... Not so easy! It's all rusted up.



It's no good, you'll snap the blade. Better try this case opener.



Good idea. Hold it tight, you two.



Go on! Go on; don't worry, we're holding it...



Got it!...

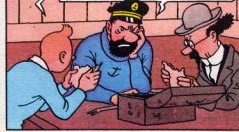


Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles in a thundering typhoon!... It's not the treasure!



These are old documents, half eaten away by damp!

Documents? Fine! And what am I supposed to do with documents?

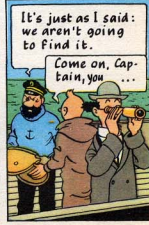
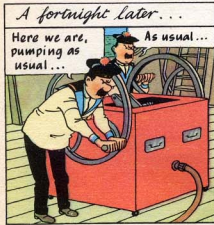
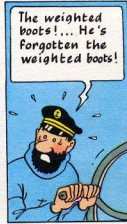
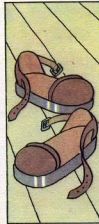
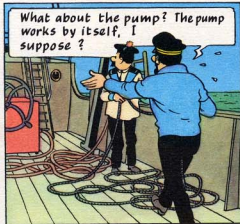


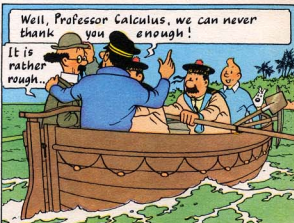
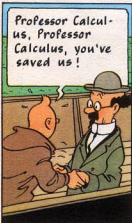
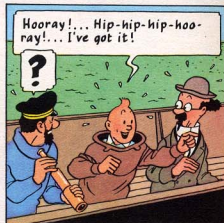
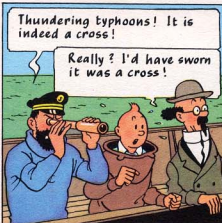
Come now, Captain, don't lose heart!... We'll continue our search.

What's the use?

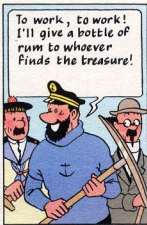
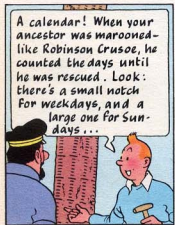
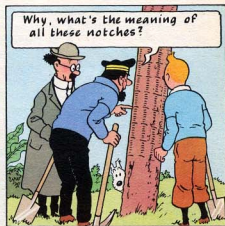
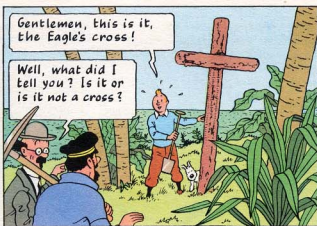
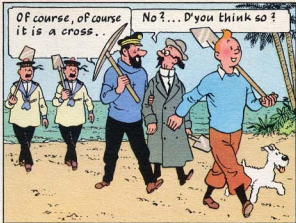


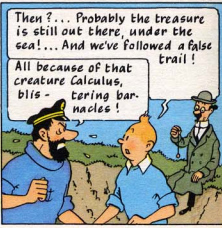
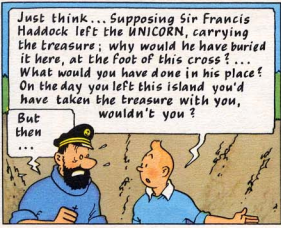
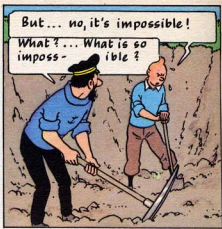
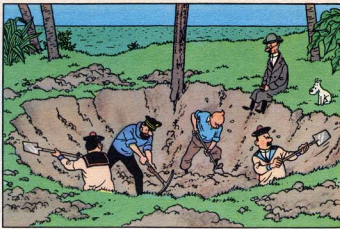
















What a good little doggie you are!...



Down, Snowy!...No more games, now!



Is something bothering the Captain?... He seems to be rather worried!



Where have the Siamese twins got to?

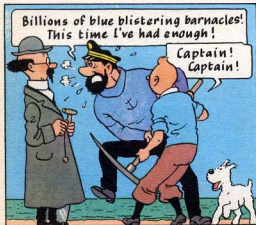
Why, I thought they were behind us.



AHOY! THOMPSON! THOMPSON!



No, no, please don't worry. The little dog brought it back for me.



Billions of blue blistering barnacles! This time I've had enough!

Captain! Captain!

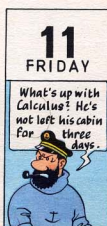
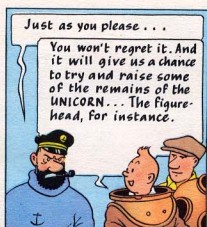


Leave me alone! I've got to let fly at something!



Thousands of thundering typhoons! That's the lot, eh?







13

SUNDAY

Still no luck, Captain...

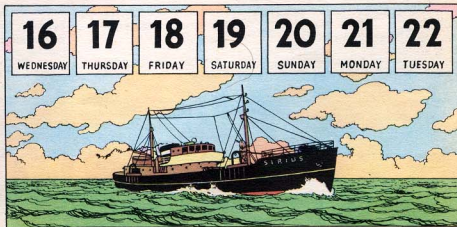
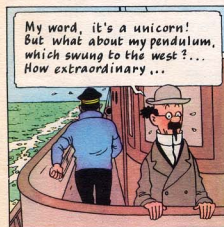
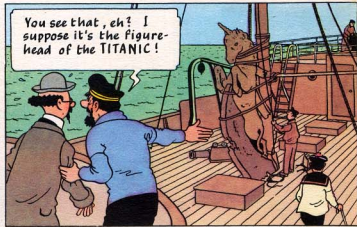
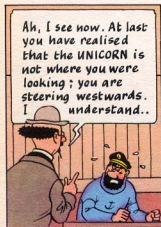
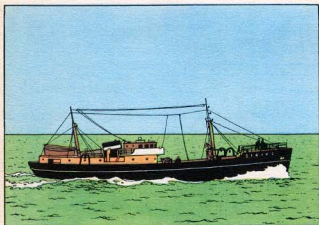


14

MONDAY



15  
TUESDAY



16

WEDNESDAY

17

THURSDAY

18

FRIDAY

19

SATURDAY

20

SUNDAY

21

MONDAY

22

TUESDAY

My word, it's a unicorn!  
But what about my pendulum,  
which swung to the west?...  
How extraordinary...



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



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



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



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

Oh, it was nothing.



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

So shall I!



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



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

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



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

Of course...

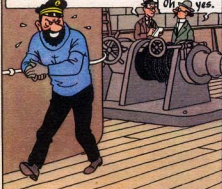


I'm rather busy myself. This  
is my secretary, Mr. Calculus;  
he will be happy to  
answer all your inquiries.

Delighted...



Now Mr. Calculus, about the  
treasure...



I'm sure you have it  
there, in that  
suitcase...

Thank you,  
I'll carry it  
myself.



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

No?... Not  
really?...



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

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





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

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

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

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

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

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

Have a good holi -day!

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

To be precise: no more pumping!

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

Some days later...

RRRRING

Good morning, Tintin.

Hello, Professor Calculus. What brings you here?

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

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

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

I believe that one will interest the Captain particularly.

Great snakes! I think so too!

Come on! We must see the Captain!

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

The rest! Read the rest!

That the Second by ye Grace of God King of England, desiring to reward Our trusty and beloved Knight Francis Haddock... Nasty for his devoted service by grant and bestow Our Manor of Marlinspike Messuages and tenements, as foresaid. Given and delivered sand this fifteenth day of July in the seventh year of

Thundering typhoons! Am I dreaming! It's Marlinspike Hall!... Marlinspike, my family estate! It's fantastic!

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

Here... read this!

Well, what about that?

**PROPERTY**

**JAMES BIDDUP & CO.**

For Sale by Auction

ON SATURDAY,  
9TH AUGUST

**MARLINSPIKE HALL**

This magnificent, beautifully appointed, and historic residence with extensive parkland and

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

Buy it back!  
With what?

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

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

May I please have a look too?

Of course.

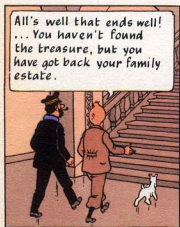
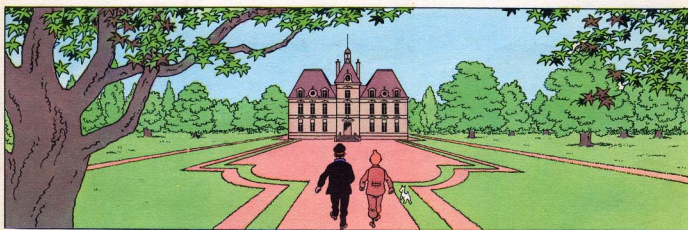
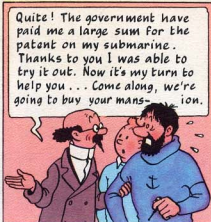
Captain, Marlinspike Hall is for sale!... Look! We must buy it back!

Oh, yes?

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

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







Look! Here we are!

Thundering typhoons!



What a lot of junk! ... All this junk!

Oh yes, the Bird brothers used this as a storeroom.



Look, that's St. John the Evangelist. We must be in an old chapel ...



What do you think of it? Incredible!



Sh! ... This time I'm sure I heard a noise!



It's gone ... The footsteps have stopped ... It's queer. I wonder ...

What?



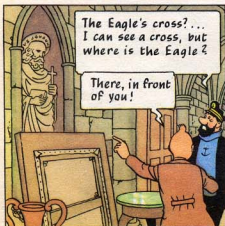
Why, whatever's the matter? What is it?



Hooray!



The Eagle's cross! ... "And then shines forth the Eagle's cross"! There it is ... the Eagle's cross ...



The Eagle's cross? ... I can see a cross, but where is the Eagle?

There, in front of you!



Yes there, look! ... St. John the Evangelist - who is always depicted with an eagle ... And he's called the Eagle of Patmos - after the island where he wrote his Revelation ... He's the Eagle! ...



There's a globe!

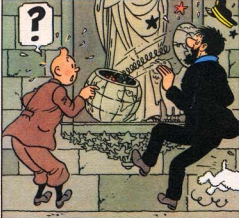
And an eagle! ... You're right! ...



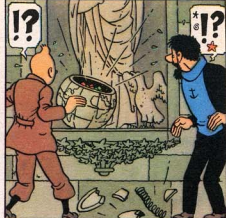
There, just on the spot given in the old parchment, is the island we went to!... Great snakes! The island's moving!



?



!?



The treasure!... The treasure!!... Blistering treasures! It's Red Rackham's barnacles!



We've found it!... We've found it at last: Red Rackham's treasure!... Look!... Look!



It's stupendous!... Stupendous!... So Sir Francis Haddock did take the treasure with him when he left the UNICORN... And to think we were looking for it half across the world, when all the time it was lying here, right under our very noses...



Thundering typhoons, look at this!... Diamonds!... Pearls!... Emeralds!... Rubies!... Er... all sorts!... They're magnificent!



Sh!... Did you hear that?

Yes...

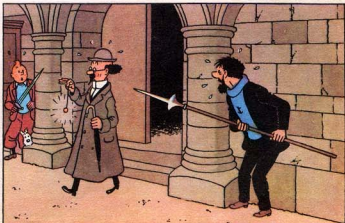
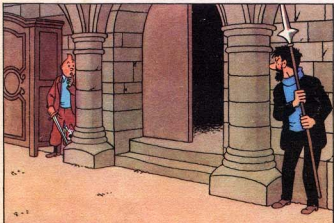


Listen... Footsteps!... Someone's coming towards the cellars...



Quick! Get hold of a weapon! We'll each hide behind a pillar...

Right! Come on!



# CAPTAIN HADDOCK

*Requests the pleasure of your company  
in the*

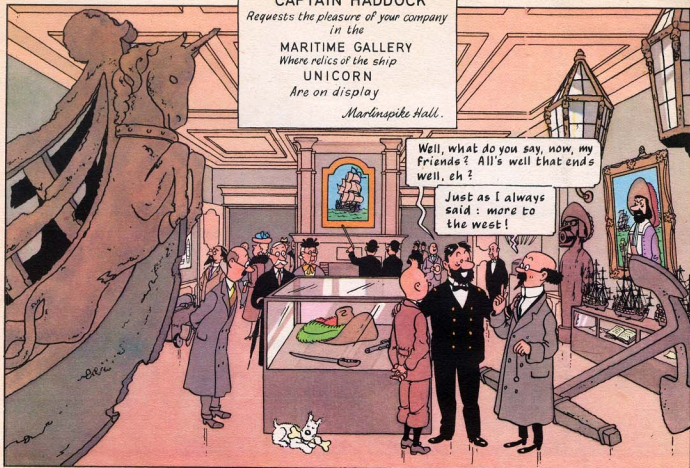
## MARITIME GALLERY

*Where relics of the ship*

**UNICORN**

*Are on display*

*Marlinspike Hall.*



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

Just as I always said: more to the west!

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

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



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

No thank you. Never between meals.



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

Without any doubt!



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



HERGE