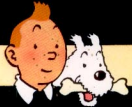


HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN



THE RED SEA SHARKS

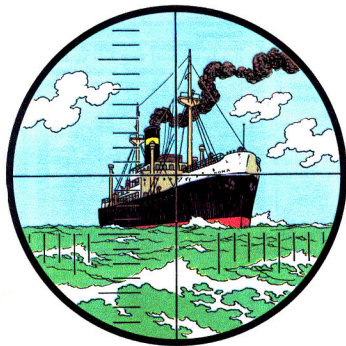


MAMMOTH

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

THE RED SEA SHARKS



METHUEN CHILDREN'S BOOKS
LONDON

THE RED SEA SHARKS

One evening, at the cinema...



Did you enjoy the film, Captain?

Oh yes...so-so, so-so.



The chap who played the lead is a good actor... He looks like Alcazar; don't you think so?



... but the end was too improbable. The old uncle hasn't seen his nephew for twenty years... he starts thinking about him... the door opens, and hey-presto, who's there? The nephew!



It's as if I was thinking of... I don't know, someone or other...



For example, take General Alcazar, whom you mentioned just now. He completely vanished from our lives years ago...



Well, d'you suppose, if I just think about him he'll pop up on the street corner, like that, bingo!?

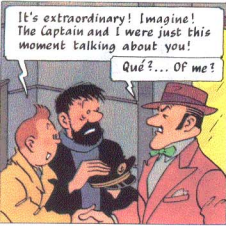


Look here, you misguided missile, you! Can't you watch where you're going?

It's GENERAL ALCAZAR!

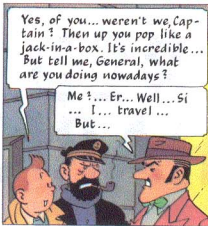
Caramba!





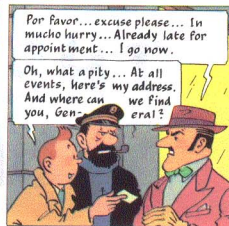
It's extraordinary! Imagine! The Captain and I were just this moment talking about you!

Qué?... Of me?



Yes, of you... weren't we, Captain? Then up you pop like a jack-in-a-box. It's incredible... But tell me, General, what are you doing nowadays?

Me?... Er... Well... Sí... I... travel... But...



For favor... excuse please... In mucho hurry... Already late for appointment... I go now.

Oh, what a pity... At all events, here's my address. And where can we find you, General?



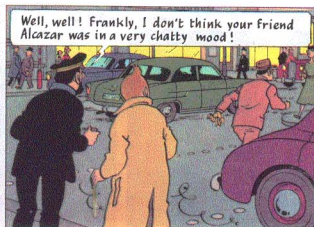
Er... Um... At thees hotel... er... thees Hotel Bristol.

Good! The Bristol... And when do you...



Just so... Now! I go... Adios, amigos!

Goodbye, General.



Well, well! Frankly, I don't think your friend Alcazar was in a very chatty mood!

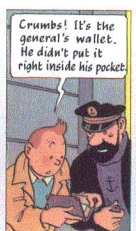


Yes, an odd fellow. Oh well, come on.

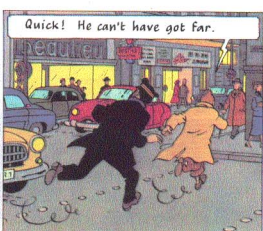


?

OH!



Crumbs! It's the general's wallet. He didn't put it right inside his pocket.



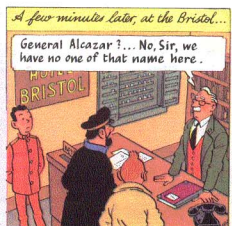
Quick! He can't have got far.



Hello, where's he gone to? ...

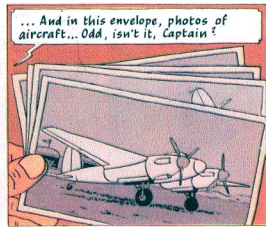
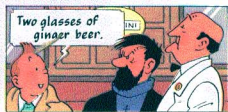
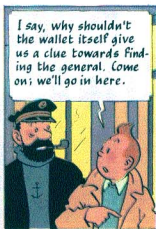
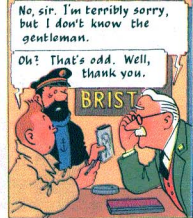
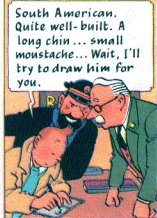
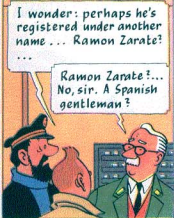


Perhaps he got into a car... Never mind. The Hotel Bristol is quite near; we'll leave his wallet there.



A few minutes later, at the Bristol...

General Alcazar?... No, Sir, we have no one of that name here.

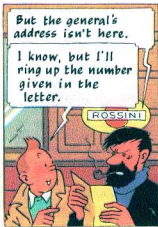


Friday

Dear Sir,

Please telephone PIC 8524 between 10. and 12.0 p.m. Ask for Mr. Debrett.

Regards,
J.D.M.C.



Can you hear me? ...
What?... You don't know
the name Alcazar?...
What about Ramon
Zarate?... Nor that?...
You see, sir, I found
his wallet and... I beg
your pardon?



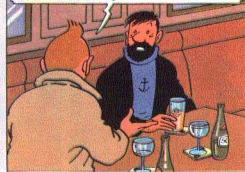
I tell you, sir, I am
not Mr. Debreth! I
don't know your Gen-
eral Alhambra, and
I am not interested
in your story ...
Goodbye!



There's polite-
ness for you!...



Very odd ... They don't know of him
at that number. Too bad... We'd
better be getting home to Marlinspike.



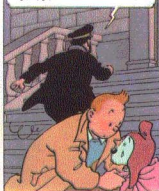
A little later ...



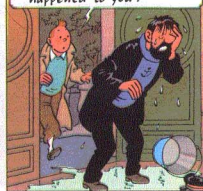
WOOAAAH!.. WOOAAAH!..



I'll get to the bottom
of it!



Hey, Captain, what's
happened to you?



Billions of blue blistering bar-
nacles! Who's the thundering son
of a sea-gierkin who did that?...
Nestor!... Nestor!



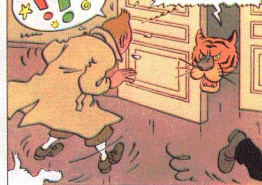
HAAAAH!..

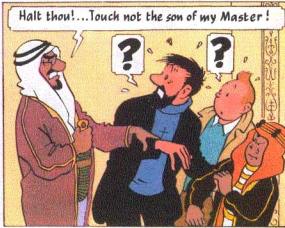
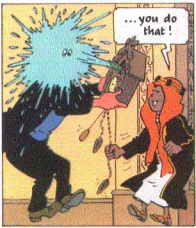
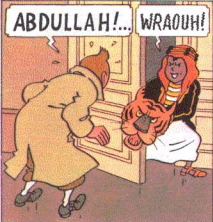


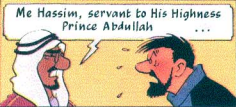
Th... Eh... th...
there behind you!



RRROAH!..



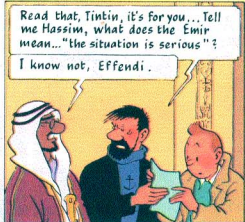




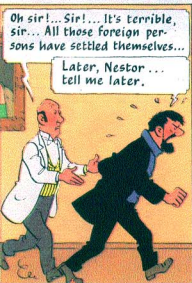
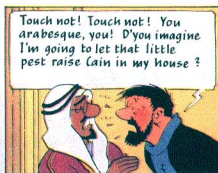
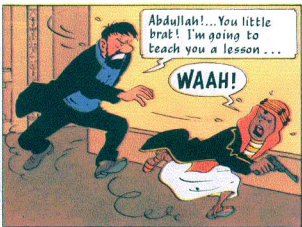
Most esteemed and well-beloved friend,

I entrust to you my son Abdullah, to improve his English. Here the situation is serious. Should any misfortune befall me I count on you, my friend, to care for Abdullah.

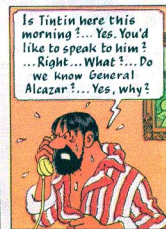
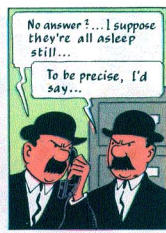
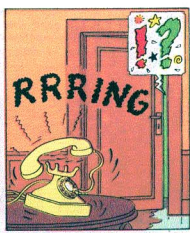
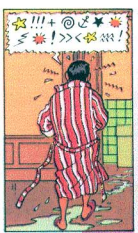
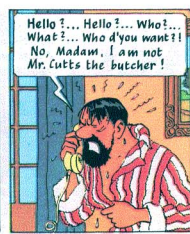
Emir Ben Kalish Zab

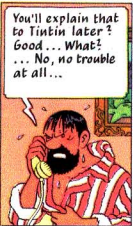


What d'you make of it ? One thing's clear: we've got Abdullah on our hands. We'll have to bring the young scamp to heel.



The next morning...

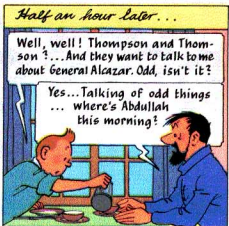




You'll explain that to Tintin later? Good... What?... No, no trouble at all...



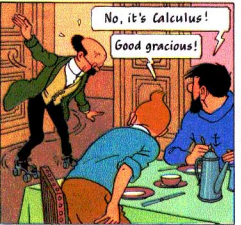
Ringin' up when I'm in the bath! I ask you!



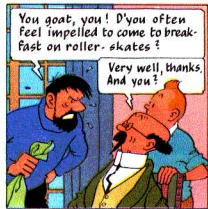
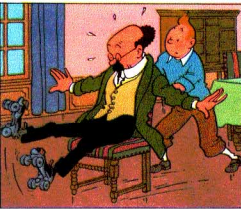
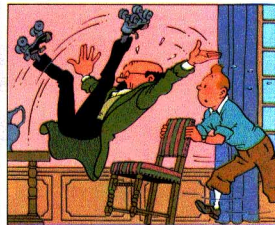
Half an hour later... Well, well! Thompson and Thomson?... And they want to talk to me about General Alcazar. Odd, isn't it? Yes... Talking of odd things... where's Abdullah this morning?



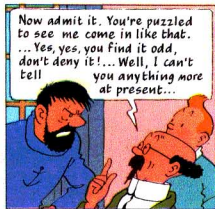
KHRRR KHRRR
Blistering barnacles, here he comes!



No, it's Calculus! Good gracious!



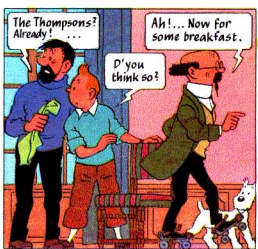
You goat, you! D'you often feel impelled to come to breakfast on roller-skates? Very well, thanks. And you!



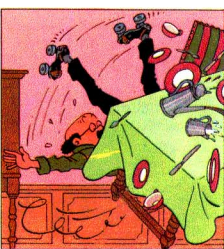
Now admit it. You're puzzled to see me come in like that. ... Yes, yes, you find it odd, don't deny it! ... Well, I can't tell you anything more at present...



RRRRING
... but quite soon you'll see my reason for it.



The Thompsons? Already! ... Ah!... Now for some breakfast. D'you think so?





You thundering nitwitted numskull you! Haven't you finished acting the goat yet?



Who rang, Nestor?

I found no one the first time, sir. But the second time, I saw Abdullah running away.



RRRING

I bet that's him! But he won't get away with it this time. Nestor, go and bring the hose-pipe!



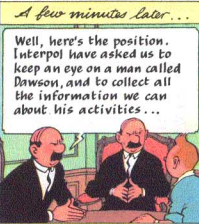
Now... as soon as he rings, you open the door, and then: pssshht!... We'll get a good laugh!



That's it!... Quick, open up, Nestor!

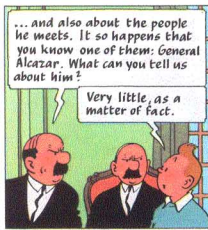


I... I'm dreadfully sorry!... Please forgive me! You see, it's Abdullah's fault. The young rascalion kept ringing the bell...



A few minutes later...

Well, here's the position. Interpol have asked us to keep an eye on a man called Dawson, and to collect all the information we can about his activities...

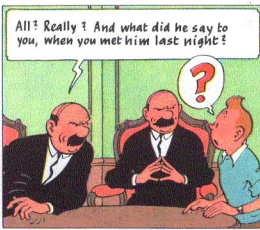


... and also about the people he meets. It so happens that you know one of them: General Alcazar. What can you tell us about him?

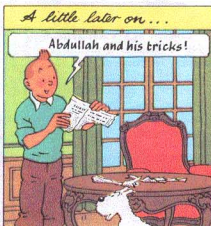
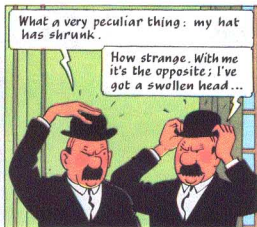
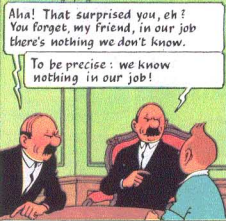
Very little, as a matter of fact.



I knew him when he was President of the Republic of San Theodoros. I met him later, in Europe. He'd been deposed by his rival, General Tapioca, and had fled from his country. He'd become a knife-thrower on the music-halls... That's all.



All? Really? And what did he say to you, when you met him last night?





Just read this advertisement I've found in an old newspaper!

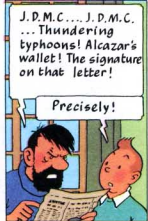


FOR SALE
AIRCRAFT, TANKS,
SUBMARINES ETC
Further particulars
from J.D.M.C., Box
No. 5083, DR
EXPORT CO. LTD.
invited from



Extraordinary!... Why don't they add: "on easy terms"! You'll see, we'll end up buying a battleship or the 'Queen Mary' on the never-never!

Maybe. But did you notice the initials?



J. D. M. C. ... J. D. M. C. ... Thundering typhoons! Alcazar's wallet! The signature on that letter!

Precisely!



No doubt about it: the general's here to buy armaments. But that's no reason for failing to return his wallet. And since Thompson and Thomson have kindly told us the right address...

I'll come with you.



Later, at the Hotel Excelsior...
General Alcazar? Yes, he's here, sir. I just saw him go past. You'll find him in the lounge.

Thank you.



There...



Look... he's talking to someone. But... good heavens! It's Dawson, I've met him before. He was police chief in the International Settlement in Shanghai.



And there in the background, lurking behind their newspapers...
The Thompsons!



This all looks pretty fishy; I'd like to know a bit more about it. Listen, Captain; you stay here, and as soon as Dawson goes, you return General Alcazar's wallet. We'll meet at Marlinspike.

O.K.

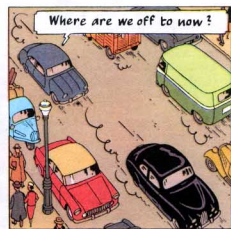


An hour later...

There he is... getting into that Jaguar.



Quick, taxi!... Follow that black Jaguar, there, ahead of us.



Where are we off to now?

Fifteen minutes later...

We're on the outskirts of town already... Ah, he's slowing down. He's going to turn off.

This is it, driver. Stop!

Oh! A watchman!

How can I get in without being seen?... Perhaps... Yes, I know...

We're over the first hurdle. Now let's see...

Aircraft! So we were right!

Careful! Footsteps!

'Morning guv'. Seen the "Reporter" today?... No?... Well, read that...

Aha! Bravo!... The Mosquitoes we sold them did a grand job. Those boys know how to make use of them!

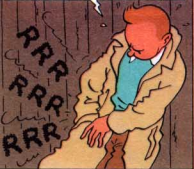
How right you are! Any news from Alcazar?

It's in the bag! Twelve Mosquitoes there, too. To help him chuck out his rival, General Tapioca... Suits us. Let them fight. So long as we can unload our junk on them, why worry?

You've said it!... Well, I'll see to the packing of those DC3 spares for Arabair. Now that they've got the green light over there, they're going to need them. It looks to me...



What's that?... What on earth's going on?... What's this confounded thing?



Where the devil's that row coming from?!



An alarm-clock!



Abdullah, the little pest! I'll bet he put that alarm-clock in my pocket!

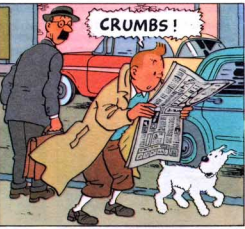


A young lad with a white dog, you say?... How did they manage to get in without your seeing?



"Daily Reporter" sir...

Thanks.



CRUMBS!

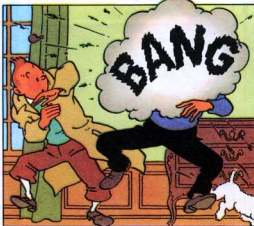
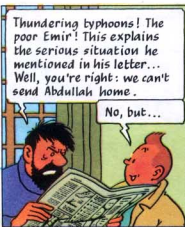


Great Scot! What will the Captain think of this?



A little later...





A youngster with a white dog? That reminds me of something... but what?



RRRING
RRRING

Hello?... Who's that?...
Oh, it's you, General...
What?... Oh, your wallet...
... You've got it back?



Yes, they bring him back. This Captain Haddock, who I meet yesterday with one of my friends... Tintin... Qué?... Sí, Tintin. You know him?... Qué? The telephone call you receive last night?... Yes, it was him. He find your number in my wallet.



Tintin!... So he's the one sticking his nose into my business!... I'll soon take care of him. ...



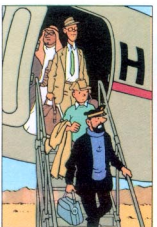
The airport at Wadosdah, capital of Khemed, three days later...



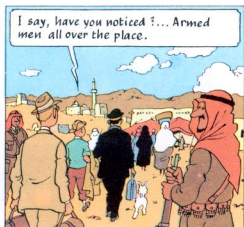
Here comes the plane from Beirut.



You understand? If he's aboard, you put this briefcase in the baggage compartment.



I'm not sorry to get here... With these old crates you can never be sure...



I say, have you noticed?... Armed men all over the place.



Passports, please gentlemen.



I am sorry, gentlemen: you have no permit to stay in Khemed. You must re-board the plane, and return to Beirut.

Blistering barnacles! What sort of a yarn is that?

Here are your passports. You will be conducted to the aircraft.



Thundering typhoons! You're not getting away with this! Our passports are perfectly in order... You have no right...



Billions of blistering barnacles! To have come so far, and then be held up by these Bashi-bazouks! It's absolutely infuriating!

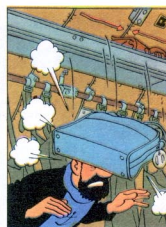


An hour later...

There they go! In an hour they'll be flying over the mountains... Jebel Kadheh... Then...



Another eternity in this flying coffin!... And a bumpy trip into the bargain. Rattled about like dice in a box... I just wonder what sort of trouble will drop on us next.



Thundering typhoons! Why does everything happen to me?

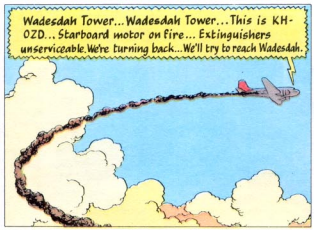
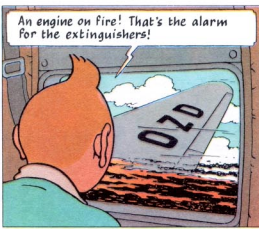
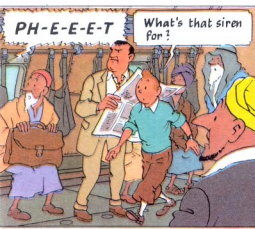
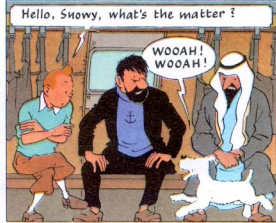
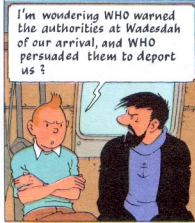


Look out, Captain!



... air-pocket!





This is KH-OZD... Starboard engine still burning... Port engine mis-firing... We are losing height...



I simply must make him understand. He's got to come and look at this thing.



Again?... No, old chap, that's enough. I tell you, this is no time for games.



A parachute... I insist that you give me a parachute!

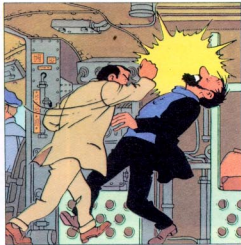


Don't lose your head, sir. You'd find a parachute quite useless now...

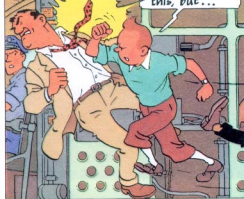


I want a parachute, I tell you! I've paid for my seat, and...

Look here, young fellow, keep calm, will you? And leave the pilot alone: he's got enough on his plate already!



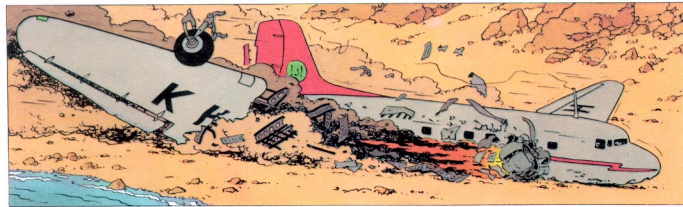
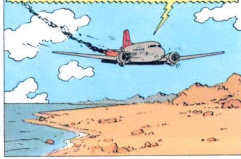
I'm sorry about this, but...

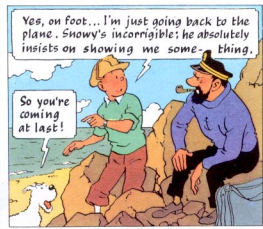
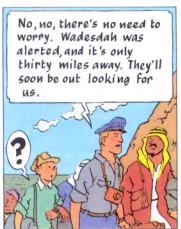
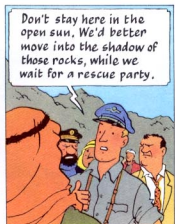


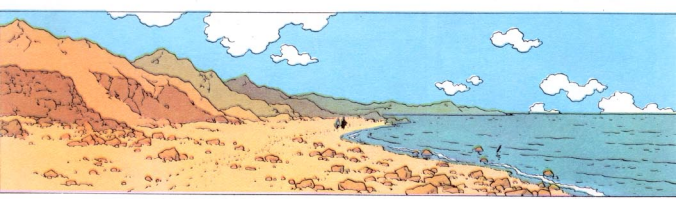
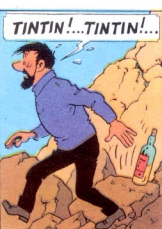
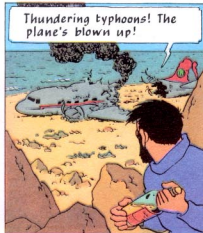
Good lad!... Thanks! Everybody hang on tight, we're going to try to land...



This is KH-OZD... We're over the southern edge of the Kadheh... We've jettisoned the fuel... We're stopping the port motor... We're trying a belly landing.







When we get to Wadesdah, we'll seek shelter with our old friend Senhor Oliveira de Figueira.



SNIFF
SNIFF

We mustn't run into the rescue party on the way... As soon as our disappearance is reported, they'll start searching for us.



WOOAAH...
YOW... YEOW...



Night has fallen...

I've had enough of this little jaunt! ... If we go on much longer I'll be on my knees! If only I could lie down!



Lie down? We simply must reach Wadesdah before dawn, Captain. Lying down is out of the question.



Quick, lie down!

Make up your mind... shall I lie down, or not?



A patrol! I'm sure they're out looking for us.



I heard a noise... a sort of rumbling...

It's just an aeroplane... Listen.



For heaven's sake stop snoring!

Me, snoring? I didn't hear anything.



Halt!... Who goes there?



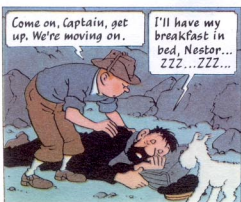
Whew!... They've gone.

Oh, good... ZZZ...



Come on, Captain, get up. We're moving on.

I'll have my breakfast in bed, Nestor... ZZZ...ZZZ...



It isn't Nestor, Captain, it's Tintin!... Get up, hurry!

ZZZ



What on earth can I do? Let's hope they don't come back...

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



I always keep a small flask of rum for emergencies. Now's the time to use it ...



This confounded cork won't come out...



Ah!... That's it!



Aaah! Now then, where are those sprouts?... I mean scouts...? I'd l-l-like a word or two w-w-with them!
Sh! Be quiet! We must get on.



Early next day...

Wadesdah at last! Now we must be careful... The main gates will be watched; but I know a small gateway, and that'll be unguarded.



There, you see. We got in unmolested. Now we must find Senhor Oliveira de Figueira. I'm sure his house is near here.



Yes, that's it. I remember. You did say he always has a bottle of wine handy?



Senhor Oliveira!... Senhor Oliveira!... The joke's on us if he's moved!



Senhor Oliveira!... Senhor Oliveira!... Open the door! It's Tintin!



Blistering barnacles!... A patrol!

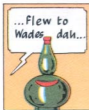
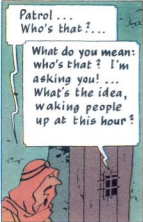


Quick, we must find somewhere to hide!



Who's that?







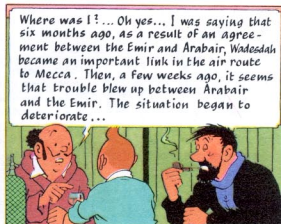
I... What was that?... Er forgive me... I... I think I was dreaming... A nightmare... Pirates...

Oh, well...

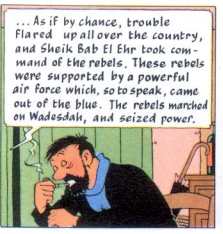


I'll light up. That'll help me to stay awake.

Good idea.



Where was I?... Oh yes... I was saying that six months ago, as a result of an agreement between the Emir and Arabair, Wadesdah became an important link in the air route to Mecca. Then, a few weeks ago, it seems that trouble blew up between Arabair and the Emir. The situation began to deteriorate...

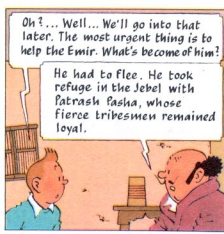


... As if by chance, trouble flared up all over the country, and Sheik Bab El Ehr took command of the rebels. These rebels were supported by a powerful air force which, so to speak, came out of the blue. The rebels marched on Wadesdah, and seized power.



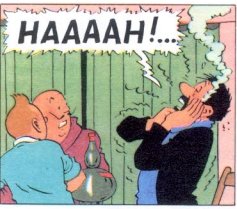
It all puzzles me, Senhor Oliveira. You see, the rebel Mosquitoes and the Arabair DCS's came from the same source... And I'd like to know what touched off the dispute between the Emir and Arabair.

Er... I've no idea at all.

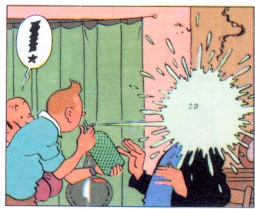


Oh?... Well... We'll go into that later. The most urgent thing is to help the Emir. What's become of him?

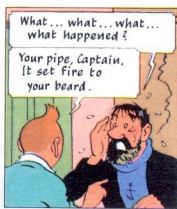
He had to flee. He took refuge in the Jebel with Patrash Pasha, whose fierce tribesmen remained loyal.



HAAAAH!...

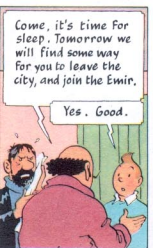


BOOM!



What... what... what... what happened?

Your pipe, Captain. It set fire to your beard.



Come, it's time for sleep. Tomorrow we will find some way for you to leave the city, and join the Emir.

Yes. Good.



Two days later...

D'you see, there?... A patrol coming...

I know... Keep calm!



TEN THOU...

?



Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Ho! ho! ho! ho!

OOOOH!...
Terrific!



Well? What about that, eh?



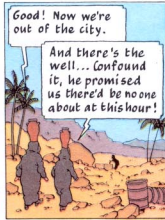
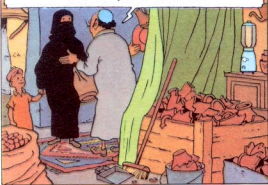
Woah! Woah!
Quiet, Snowy,
quiet!



That was a close shave, Captain.

Yes!... Lucky for us we had all day yesterday to practise! Poor Senhor Oliveira!

Pitchers? ... I'm so sorry, ma'am, my stock is completely exhausted ...



Good! Now we're out of the city.

And there's the well... Confound it, he promised us there'd be no one about at this hour!



صباح الخير دستك بالخير يا لالا



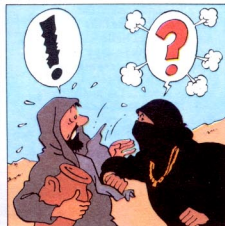
توکلن ترحوالی لالا

?



اینتا سنایف دستک
وس پینی و دستک

?



!

?

Why can't you talk English like everyone else, you fancy-dress Fatima?! What do you want, any-way?!

WOOAH!



Billions of blue blistering barnacles! That old witch will raise the alarm!...



... And our guide isn't here!... Oliveira was quite definite that he'd wait near the well, with the horses... Now what is it, Snowy?

Wooah!... Wooah!...

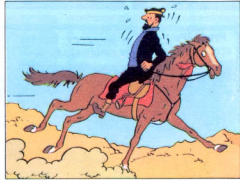
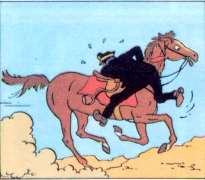
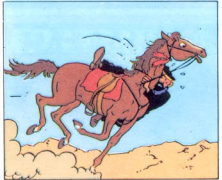
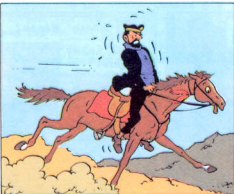


There he is! Fine! Back in the saddle again...



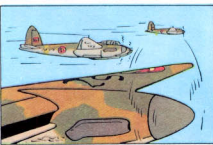
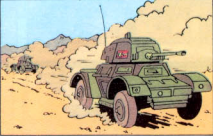
And a few minutes later...

My stirrups, blistering barnacles! ... My stirrups! ...

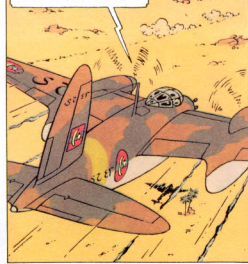


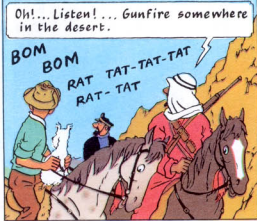
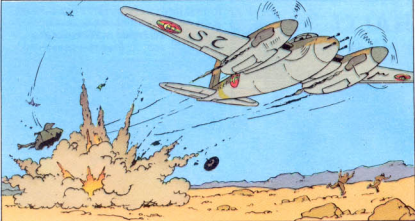
Meanwhile...

Hello, Colonel Achmed?... This is Mull Pasha at Sheik Bab El Ehr's Headquarters... Order your Mosquitoes to take off immediately... Hello?... Yes. Their mission: to wipe out a party of three horsemen who have left Wadesah, heading for the Jebel... You understand?... Good... Armoured cars are already on the way... Hello?... Yes, they are partisans of Ben Kalish Ezab... Yes, wipe them out.



There they are!...Fire!

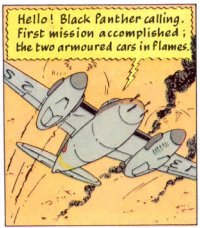




Oh!... Listen!... Gunfire somewhere in the desert.
BOM
BOM
RAT TAT-TAT-TAT
RAT-TAT



Our own aircraft!
They're mad!!



Hello! Black Panther calling.
First mission accomplished;
the two armoured cars in flames



Hello, yes... Ah, mission accomplished.
... Excellent... The two armoured cars destroyed?... Congratulations, Colonel Achmed. Real Aces, your pilots!



The armoured...
WHAT?!



Quick, put me back to Colonel Achmed... Ah, it's you... Er... I think I misunderstood. You didn't say that the armoured cars...



... were destroyed. ... Yes, just as you ordered. I've already passed on your congratulations to the pilots... Pardon! ...



What?? I ordered it???. You bungling oaf! Only the horse-men were to be wiped out!



... Military tribunal ... Court-martial ... Dismissed ... Reduced to the ranks...



Meanwhile...

I wouldn't be surprised if they're looking for us.



Whew! They've gone over. Into the saddle: we've a long way to go.

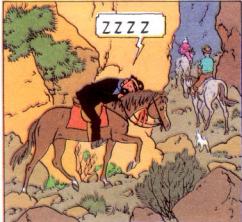


Next day, at dawn...

ZZZ...ZZZ



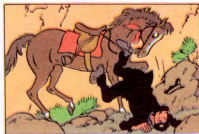
Careful!... Every man pick his target!



ZZZZ



HALT!



Friends!... Friends!... Don't shoot!

Friends?... We will soon see... Give the password!



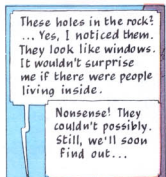
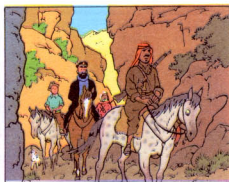
The camels bark... er, no... The dogs bark and the camels pass.

Good... Come forward. Who are these strangers?



Friends of Ben Kalish Ezab. They have travelled far to see him.

That is good. We will take them before him.



These holes in the rock? ... Yes, I noticed them. They look like windows. It wouldn't surprise me if there were people living inside.

Nonsense! They couldn't possibly. Still, we'll soon find out...



Living in there! That's a good one!



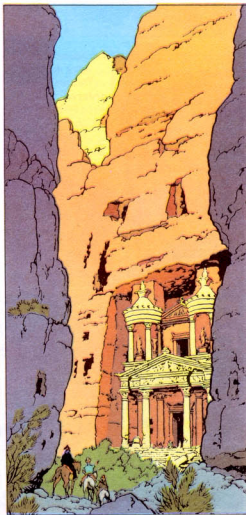
بخت شبي ذرید اکبر شویت ما

Beg pardon, ma'am!



All right. People do live there...

I... Oh, look there!



Thundering typhoons!... A Roman temple, hewn from the rock!... Incredible!



We have arrived.

A few minutes later...

How stupendous! An entire city carved out of the mountain.



Tintin!... Captain!... You here?... It is unbelievable!



And my son?... My own little treasure? My precious darling... Where is he?

Ah, yes... We left him at Marlinspike, Your Highness, but rest assured, he is in good hands.



Poor little lamb! How sad he must be, so far from his Papa.

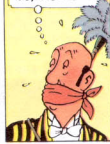


And now I'll leave you tied to the palm tree, so the crocodiles can come and eat you. Ha!ha! We're having fun, aren't we, Nestor?

...

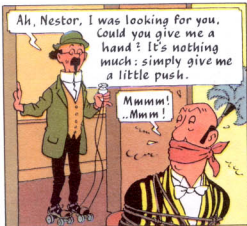


Confounded brat!... Ah, someone's coming. They'll set me free.



Ah, Nestor, I was looking for you. Could you give me a hand? It's nothing much: simply give me a little push.

Мммм!
...Мммм!



It's to test the new steering mechanism I've fitted to my roller-skates. ... Quite simple, really. They use the same principle for steering model cars.

Мммм!...Мм!



For instance, at the moment, my skates are locked right over to the left... If someone were to push me now I should turn round more or less on the same spot.

Мммм!... Мммм!



But I'm quite sure that despite his sadness my cherub is a little ray of sunshine, bringing life and gaiety into your old home.

Undoubtedly!



And you, what brings you here?... Come along in and sit down. You must be tired. And you'll certainly be hungry and thirsty. I will have some refreshments brought to you.



Well, Your Highness, we are here to try and help you; also, to get to the bottom of a mystery, in which Arabair seem to have an important part.

Arabair? The dogs!... They will pay dearly for their treachery... I gave them permission to establish a base at Wadesdah, an important link on the route to Mecca...



One day, about three months ago, my little Abdullah, my flawless jewel, expressed a wish to see the Arabair planes loop the loop a few times before landing at Wadesdah...

Loop the loop! ?
But Highness...



Nothing simpler, don't you agree?... And it would have given my lamblain such pleasure!... Well, instead of seizing this opportunity of pleasing my little sugarplum, they refused, on some trumped-up excuse...



But Highness...

Naturally, I was very angry and threatened to terminate our agreement. I also used another threat: that I would reveal to the world that Arabair are involved in slave trading.



Slave trading, no less... Their planes touching down at Wadesdah on the way from Africa are always full to bursting with native Sudanese and Senegalese. These are Mohammedan converts, making their pilgrimage to Mecca.



Yes, go on...

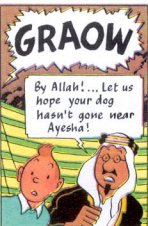
On the other hand, on the return journey their planes are mostly empty... Why?... Because somewhere between Wadesdah and Mecca these unfortunate negroes are sold as slaves.



But that's frightful!

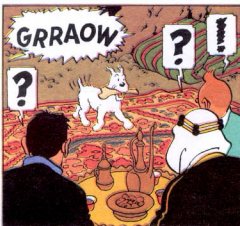


Er... Yes... But to get back to Arabair: these jackals stirred up trouble in my country, and thanks to their support, the accursed Bab El Ehr was able to seize power... But it won't be for long... I'll throw him out, that mangy dog, that stinking hyena, that slimy serpent, that...



GRAOW

By Allah!... Let us hope your dog hasn't gone near Ayesha!

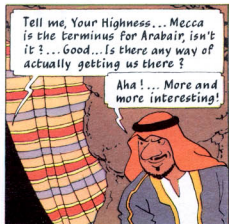
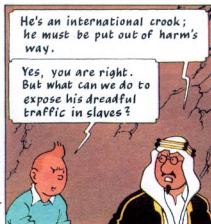
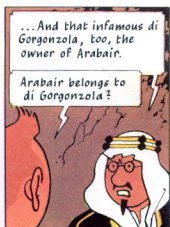
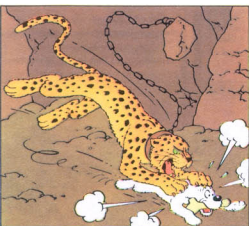


GRRRAOW

?



CRACK GRAOW

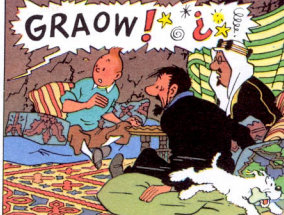


To Mecca? That's not easy at the moment. But if you will give me two or three days, I will find means of putting you aboard a sailing-ship, which will take you there.

Thank you, Highness.



Aha! This will please Bab El Ehrh...



Again? What has happened now?



It is Ben Yussef, O Master... Ayesha jumped on him... See, it will be at least three weeks before he is well... It seems that he trod on Ayesha's tail...

Oh, poor creature!



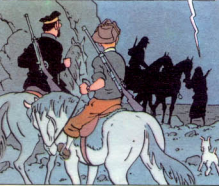
Three days later...

There, everything is arranged. You leave tomorrow at dawn, with two trusted men. They will lead you to a point on the coast where a small vessel will be waiting to take you to Mecca. But be on your guard. Di Gorgonzola is a dangerous man.



Two days have passed...

Here we are... You may dismount... But stay while I make sure that the boat has arrived.

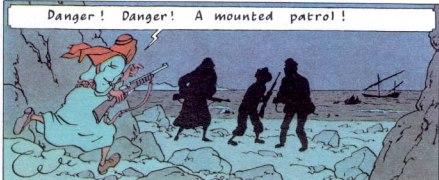


He's signalling to us... We can go.

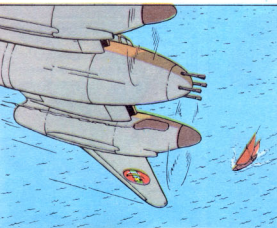
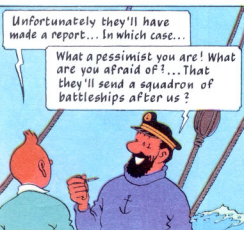
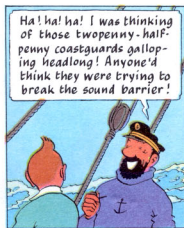
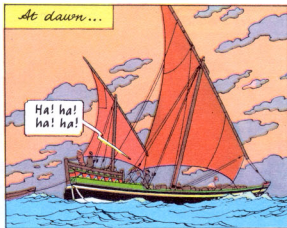


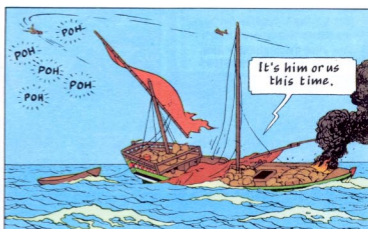
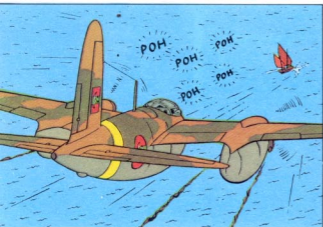
Ah, so that's the tub we're going to board. It's a dhow... No; I beg your pardon: a sambuk.

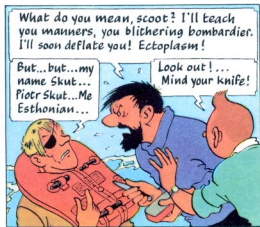
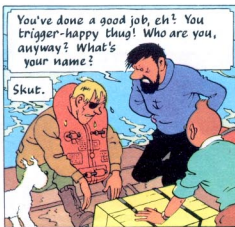
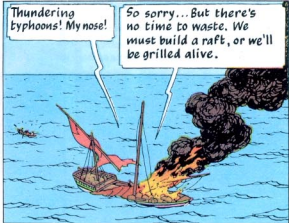
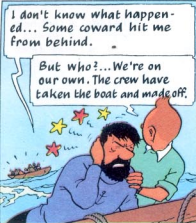
Look, they have just put a boat out.



Danger! Danger! A mounted patrol!







Meanwhile...

May I have the pleasure of this samba, Princess?

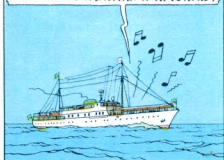
But of course, Marquis.



What an ideal yacht for a cruise!



The "Scheherazade" is certainly a wonderful ship... And what a good idea to have a fancy-dress ball on board... Ma-a-arvellous!



Excuse me, my lord, there is a radio call for you... It's urgent...

Very well. I'm coming.

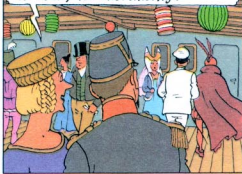


You see, dear lady? Business, always business. I am indeed a slave... Will you forgive me?

Don't give it a thought.



What an entrancing host he is. This cruise aboard the "Scheherazade" is really too enchanting!



Yes, he's a true gentleman. Naturally, malicious tongues spread rumours that he has a shady past...



It's only to be expected that such luxury arouses envy. One must admit...



Hello! Hello! K6 VM calling R3KO... Transmit in code... Over.



Powerful insects have stung the blue goat. Parasites 1 and 2 are in the bag. Out.

K6VM to R3KO. Understood. Out.



Good... Now for the book, and we'll decode this. Parasites 1 and 2 - I know who they are!

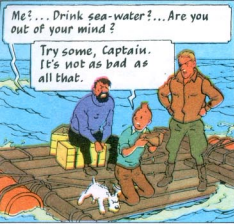


There... I have it... Excellent! Mull Pasha has done well. We're rid of those two meddlers!



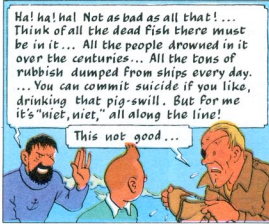
If this goes on, Captain, we'll soon be on Dr. Bombard's diet: plankton and sea-water.





Me?... Drink sea-water?... Are you out of your mind?

Try some, Captain. It's not as bad as all that.



Ha! ha! Not as bad as all that! ... Think of all the dead fish there must be in it... All the people drowned in it over the centuries... All the tons of rubbish dumped from ships every day... You can commit suicide if you like, drinking that pig-swill. But for me it's "niet, niet," all along the line!

This not good...



Besides... Besides...



Besides... Besides...



YIPPEEE



There!... A ship!... Saved!



A ship... Just when you've swallowed that liquid manure! Ha! ha! ha! What a scream!

A ship! It's true!



Ha! ha! ha! This'll be the death of me!



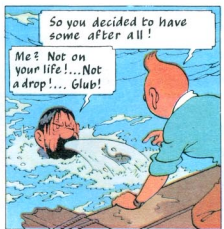
Let's hope... let's hope they spot us!



SPLOSH



Who wasn't going to drink any sea-water? That'll teach him!



So you decided to have some after all!

Me? Not on your life!... Not a drop!... Glub!



Oh! The ship! She no see us! ... She go!...

Thundering typhoons! He's right!... She's getting further away. Who's the bath-tub admiral commanding that crew of landlubbers?

What now? How can we attract their attention?



I've an idea! Has anyone got a mirror?

A mirror? What on earth for?

Here...I have one.



You like comb too?

Well done, Tintin! I never thought of it!

No thanks, only the mirror.



Blistering barnacles, go on!... Flash the sunlight straight in their eyes; they'll see us in the end.

Let's hope so! It's our last chance!



Flashing light to starboard, sir



There, sir... Do you see it?

Yes, I see... A raft... with three men.



Hello?... Yes, Captain, go ahead... What? A raft with three shipwrecked sailors? By Lucifer!... Wait, I'll come and see... Till then, not a word to my guests. I'm coming.



There, my lord... Do you see the signals they're making. Three of them, and a little dog.



By Lucifer!... Tintin and the bearded sailor... And a third ruffian!... But what about the message Mull Pasha just sent me?

Shall I alter course, sir?



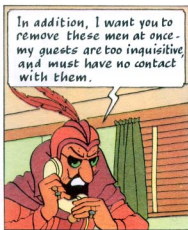
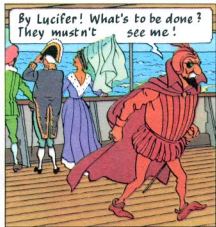
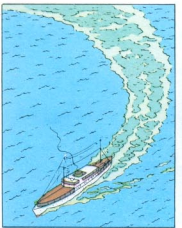
A waste of time... They're just some more of those practical jokers who drift across the ocean in a nut-shell... You know, it's the three all the newspapers wrote about... They don't need anything. Proceed on your course.

But my lord Marquis...



I said proceed... Fire and brimstone! Where should we be if we stopped for all the rag-tag-and-bobtail who put out to sea for fun!... Proceed... And not a word of this to the passengers... You understand?

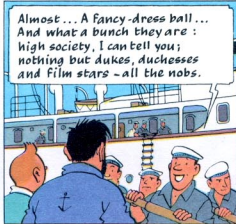




Thundering typhoons! What a magnificent yacht! Whose is she? ... Hey, are they having a carnival on board?



Almost ... A fancy-dress ball ... And what a bunch they are : high society, I can tell you; nothing but dukes, duchesses and film stars - all the nob's.



Per la Madonna! Can you believe it! ... It's Tintin, and his friend the deep-sea fisherman, Paddock.



I must go and welcome them. Art must embrace the children of Adventure!



In the name of the Marguis di Gorgonzola, welcome aboard, carissime mie!



Signora Casta Fiore! ... Run for it! What shall we do? ... Hop back on the raft!

My dear Tintin!

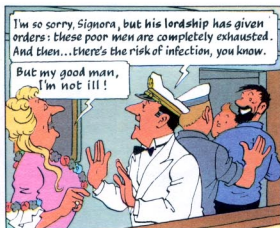


Delighted to see you again, my dear Paddock...er...Harrock.



...n roll, Signora Castoroili, Harrock'n-roll!

I'm so sorry, Signora, but his lordship has given orders: these poor men are completely exhausted. And then...there's the risk of infection, you know.



But my good man, I'm not ill!

A little later ...

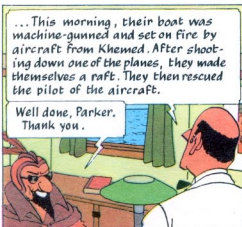
Well, Parker, have you questioned them?

Yes, m'lord. They were aboard a sam-buk, being taken to Mecca...



... This morning, their boat was machine-gunned and set on fire by aircraft from Khemed. After shooting down one of the planes, they made themselves a raft. They then rescued the pilot of the aircraft.

Well done, Parker. Thank you.



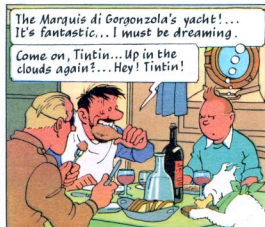
If your lordship will pardon me, I think I should mention that Signora Castafiore, who knows the two castaways, welcomed them in your lordship's name.

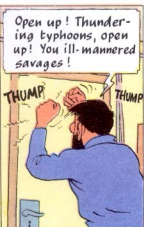
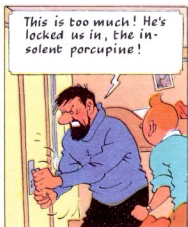
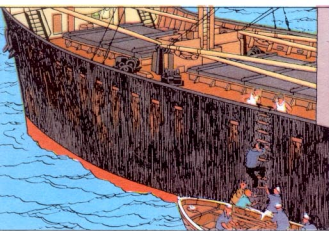
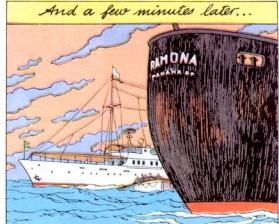
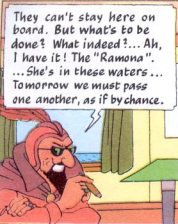
Diavolo!



The Marguis di Gorgonzola's yacht! ... It's fantastic... I must be dreaming.

Come on, Tintin... up in the clouds again?... Hey! Tintin!





This is a happy reunion, eh, old bottle-nose? We must have a drink on it.



... ended up here? Quite simple: I command one of di Gorgonzola's Freighters. Yesterday I had a signal ordering me to alter course. So this morning we met the "Scheherazade", as if by accident. ... Neatly done, eh?



If you're sensible, you'll be put ashore. But not at Mecca... At Wadesdah!



You're breaking my heart, dear boy. But that's enough talk... You must be thirsty... Here, drink my health...
Not on your life!... And you'll put us ashore at Mecca, or else!

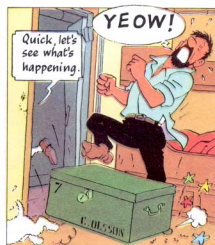
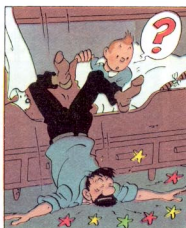
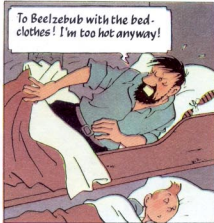


'Bye for now!... We dock the day after tomorrow. So you've plenty of time to solve one important question: do you sleep with your beard under or over the sheet?

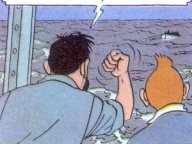


Over?... No, not that way...
Under?... Blistering barnacles! Not that way either!





Wreckers!... Pirates! ... Fili-
busters!...Piraroons! Leav-
ing us in the lurch on a
doomed ship! To Davy Jones
with the lot of you!



Follow me... We'll probably
find a raft up for'ard.

We obviously
have a vocation
for shipwrecks!



HEY!
HELP! HELP!

EFFENDI!
EFFENDI!

There's someone
in the hold!...
What the...?!



Who are you, below there ?



We good black
men... Want come
out... No can
breathe ... We
afraid ...



Negroes! A lot of
them, too, I'd say...
What shall we do,
Captain? We can't
just abandon
them.

You're right.
Come on.



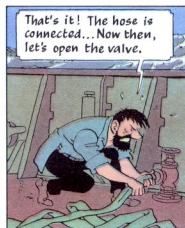
We'll try and put out
the blaze... That
cargo... I just can't
make it out!



Eighteen tons of high explosive
and ammunition: it'll make a
pretty fireworks display!



That's it! The hose is
connected... Now then,
let's open the valve.



Blub... I... blub
... I've got it,
Cap... blub...



Thanks... that's it... I'll
tackle the fire... You go
over to port and get another
hose into action.



Let's hope this will do the job!



What about the explosion? Is it due for today or... But... but... I can't see any more smoke or flames!



By thunder! The fire's gone out! Put her about boys. We're going back.



It... it's out... A huge wave... I was very nearly washed overboard...



What luck!... Now for those poor fellows below, Captain.

You're right, but first of all...



... I'm going to try to restart the engines. You go up on the bridge and take the wheel.



Half an hour later...

By thunder!... The "Ramona" is drawing away!... Someone has got her engines going!

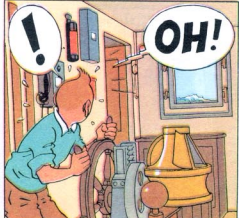


Phew! that was no joke, alone; but she's under way at last.

Magnificent, Captain... And now for the Negroes.



There's something more urgent: to send out a distress call by radio.



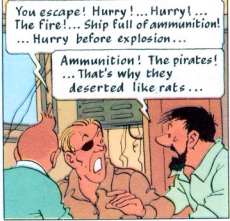


Look!

Skut!... Dead?

No, he's alive... See, he's coming round.

Skut! Skut, old man, say something! What happened?



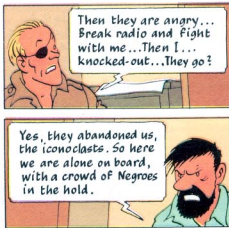
You escape! Hurry!... Hurry!... The Fire!... Ship full of ammunition!... Hurry before explosion...

Ammunition! The pirates!... That's why they deserted like rats...



Don't worry, Skut: the fire's out. There's no more danger... But what about you? What happened?

They wake me, to go with them... Without you... I refuse... I want to...er... wake you... and send radio signal.



Then they are angry... Break radio and fight with me... Then I... knocked-out... They go?

Yes, they abandoned us, the iconoclasts. So here we are alone on board, with a crowd of Negroes in the hold.



You like... I can help you... Repair radio, perhaps, send S.O.S. ...

Good idea... Do that... I'm going to make sure there's no further danger.



A little later...

No more need to worry, youngster: the fire is right out.



Now I'll take care of those Negroes. First, to let them out...



Save poor Muslim!

Me ill, Me dying.

All right! I'm coming now!



Hey there!... Let go of me!!... HELP, TINTIN!...HELP!

?



Troglodytes!... Sea-gherkins!... Pickled herrings! Leave me alone!



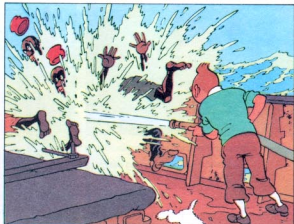
Back, visigoths!... Back, anacoluthons!



Hang on, Captain!... I'm coming!...



All right! I'm here!

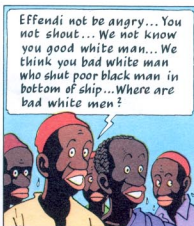


So sorry, Captain, but I had no choice.

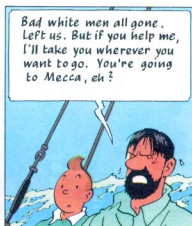
Please don't worry: I'm getting used to it!



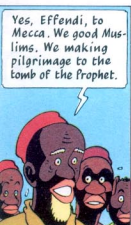
You adde-pated lumps of anthracite, you! I let you out of that dungeon, and what thanks do I get? You knock me flat!



Effendi not be angry... You not shout... We not know you good white man... We think you bad white man who shut poor black man in bottom of ship... Where are bad white men?



Bad white men all gone. Left us. But if you help me, I'll take you wherever you want to go. You're going to Mecca, eh?



Yes, Effendi, to Mecca. We good Muslims. We making pilgrimage to the tomb of the Prophet.



All right, we'll take you to Mecca...on condition that you all obey my orders. For a start, I need some men as stokers.

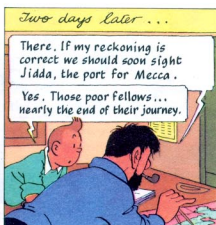


Me, Effendi...

Me...

Me...

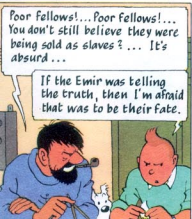
Me, Effendi..



Two days later...

There, if my reckoning is correct we should soon sight Jidda, the port for Mecca.

Yes. Those poor fellows... nearly the end of their journey.



Poor fellows!... Poor fellows!... You don't still believe they were being sold as slaves? ... It's absurd ...

If the Emir was telling the truth, then I'm afraid that was to be their fate.



Come, come, you've been reading too many thrillers... There's no slave-trading nowadays!



Look, Captain; just tell me this: is there any coke aboard?

Any...any coke?... But...



Effendi! Effendi! You come look!... Ship coming to us ...

So it is! A sambuk ...
The harbour pilot from
Jidda, perhaps... No,
we're still too far from
shore... A fisherman,
then?



How odd... he's signal-
ling to us... We'll heave
to, and see what he
wants...



Salaams, O sailor... Captain Allan is up
there?

Captain Allan?...
Finished... Gone...
... I am
captain now.



Ah, you have replaced him... Good,
good... Is the coke of best quality
this time?

The coke?? Again?! Blistering
barnacles, what's all this non-
sense about coke? Thundering
typhoons, there's no coke on board!



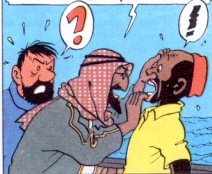
No coke on board!... Ha! ha! ha!



Hmm...Yes... Strong muscles
... you'll do...



And teeth?... Come on, open
your mouth, Sambo... Hmm, not
too bad... Teeth quite sound...



Here, have you quite finished
playing the cattle-dealer? This man's
not a horse, nor a slave...

Ssh!... You mustn't say
that!... "Coke" is the word,
as you well know.

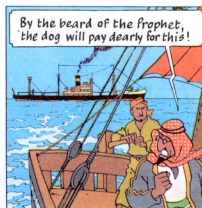
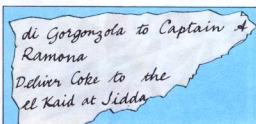
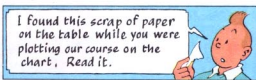
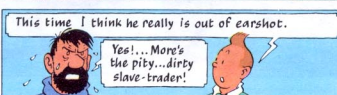
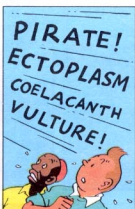
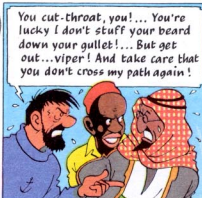


Coke!!... Blistering barnacles!
...Tintin was right! There
still are slave-traders...And
that's what you're up to, you brute!



You trafficker in human flesh!
You deserve to be strung up on
the mizzen yardarm!





A fragment of a wireless message sent by di Gorgonzola to that gangster Allan! ... And "coke" is a code word for their cargo of slaves! ... The pirates!

First, we must talk to the Africans: they must be made to understand that under the circumstances it's madness for them to go to Mecca.

Agreed... Then we must try to send out a radio call...

Getting on, Skut?

Still much work, Captain.

Good... Well, I'm going to talk to the cargo. You take the wheel and steer due south. We'll head for Djibouti.

O.K.

A few minutes later...

My friends, listen to me carefully. You have undertaken this long journey to make a pilgrimage to Mecca, haven't you?

Yes.

Yes.

Afterwards, of course, you plan to return home and rejoin your families. Isn't that so?

Yes, Effendi.

Yes.

Yes.

I'm afraid a very different fate awaits you. You saw that Arab who came aboard, and I chased off? ... He's waiting for you in Mecca, to buy you and make you into slaves! ... Slaves, you understand?

You speak well, Effendi. Wicked Arab, very wicked. Poor black men not want to be slaves. Poor black men want to go to Mecca.

Naturally, I realise that. But I repeat, if you go there, you'll be sold as slaves. Is that what you want?

We not slaves, Effendi. We good Muslims. We want to go to Mecca.

But billions of blue blistering barnacles, I keep on telling you: if you go there, you'll be sold as slaves! Thundering typhoons, I can't make it any clearer.

You not shout, Effendi. Poor black men only want to go to Mecca.

All right, you boneheads, go to Mecca! ... But you'll stay there for ever! ... You'll never see your own country again! ... Never see your families again! ... You'll be slaves for ever! ... That's what you're in for, you dunderheaded coconuts, you!

We not coconuts, Effendi. We good black men. We good Muslims. We want to go to Mecca.

I can't do a thing! ... I've tried the lot! ... You can't shift them: they want to go to Mecca, stop: that's all! ... It's like banging your head against a brick wall!



Ewyny sofoyi ooiboo-yi konychééré!

Yirò!

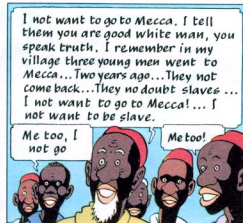
Loyotò!

Beyni!

?



Now then... What's going on?... Why all the quarrelling?



I not want to go to Mecca. I tell them you are good white man, you speak truth. I remember in my village three young men went to Mecca... Two years ago... They not come back... They no doubt slaves... I not want to go to Mecca!... I not want to be slave.

Me too, I not go

Me too!



Good, so I haven't preached in vain! ... All right, we'll make a bargain: those who don't want to go to Mecca will be landed at another port. As for the rest, they can continue the voyage if they want to...

Good, Effendi



The next morning...

There... the day after tomorrow we'll be at Djibouti, and that'll be the end of our worries...



Yes, if all goes well! I shan't be really happy till we get there. You can bet that at this very moment di Gorgonzola is aware of the situation. And he knows that we know... Watch out for what he's cooking up!...



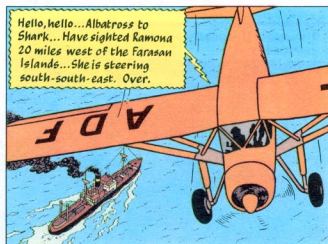
BRRRRR

?

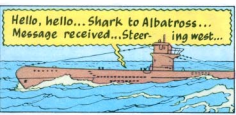
!



An aeroplane... They're circling us... how odd...



Hello, hello... Albatross to Shark... Have sighted Ramona 20 miles west of the Farasan Islands... She is steering south-south-east. Over.

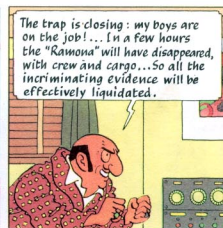


Hello, hello... Shark to Albatross... Message received... Steering west...

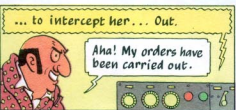


He's going off... I wonder what he was up to.

I don't know, but I don't much care for that sort of visit.



The trap is closing: my boys are on the job!... In a few hours the "Ramona" will have disappeared, with crew and cargo... So all the incriminating evidence will be effectively liquidated.



... to intercept her... Out.

Aha! My orders have been carried out.

That plane snooping around worries me... If I were you, Captain, I'd alter course.

You're right... I'll do so.



A few hours later...



Well, Skut, how's the radio? Working?

No...



No!... The radio not working... I not find the trouble... I not know what more to do...



BRRRR

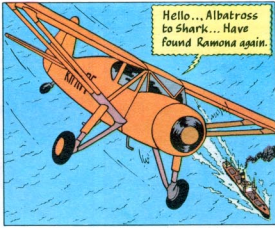
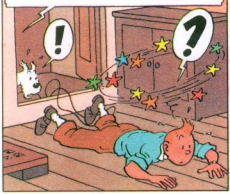
Again?...



The same one? ... Be careful, the wire!



The radio!! Quite all broken now!

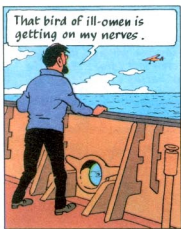


Hello... Albatross to Shark... Have found Ramona again.



Steering due south; she is 30 miles east of Dahlak-Kebir Island.

That bird of ill-omen is getting on my nerves.



Buzz off, you stool-pigeon! You're asking for a smack on the nose!



Shark to Albatross. Ramona in sight. Preparing to dive.





I say, Skut, I'm terribly sorry! You've worked for so long on the radio... and then I'm so clumsy...

Seh!



She working!... She working now!

What?!... After a bang like that? It's not possible.



She working, I tell you! Listen...

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP

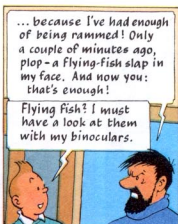


Captain!... Captain!... The radio!... It's going!!



I... So sorry, but the radio, Captain... The radio ... It's going!!

Oh yes? Where?... I hope it steers clear of me...



... because I've had enough of being rammed! Only a couple of minutes ago, plop - a Flying-fish slap in my face. And now you: that's enough!

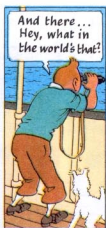
Flying fish? I must have a look at them with my binoculars.



Oh, how beautiful! You'd think they were little silver arrows...



Look at them, skinning over the waves... I can see two... no, three...



And there... Hey, what in the world's that?

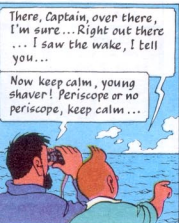


CAPTAIN!... CAPTAIN!... A PERISCOPE!



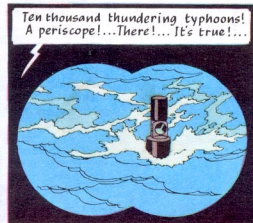
Where is it now? ... I can't see it any more... But I'm absolutely sure...

Now then, keep calm...



There, Captain, over there, I'm sure... Right out there ... I saw the wake, I tell you...

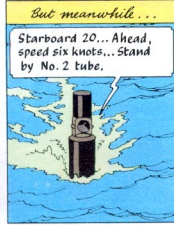
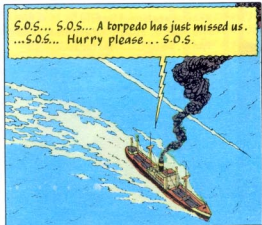
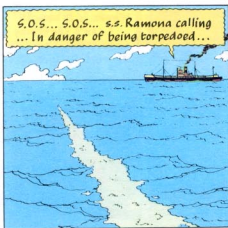
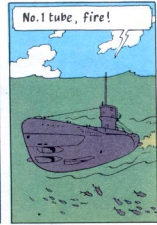
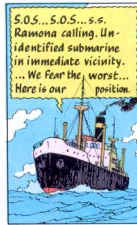
Now keep calm, young shaver! Periscope or no periscope, keep calm...

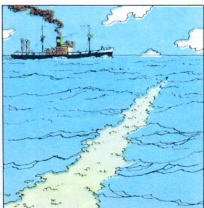
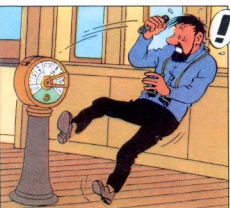
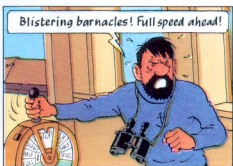
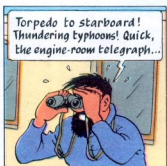
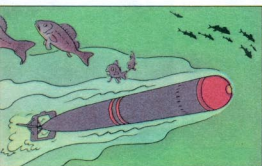
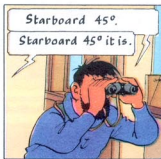
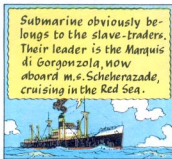
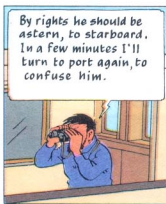
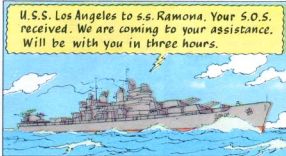


Ten thousand thundering typhoons! A periscope!... There!... It's true!...

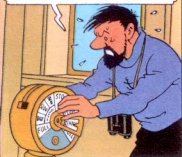


Action stations!... Fire!... S.O.S... The radio, Skat! Confound! The radio, Skut!... Send for help! At once!... A submarine!... Clear the decks for action!... Keep calm! Don't panic!... Women and children first!

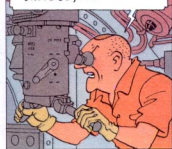




Thundering typhoons! The engine-room telegraph is jammed at half-speed astern. Quick, a screw-driver!



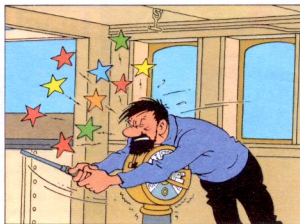
By Lucifer! They're going astern... our torpedo has missed again... They're tough, those boys...



Hooray! It's passed ahead of us.



Quick! Quick! I must release this infernal machine!



S.O.S. A second torpedo has just missed. Hurry, Los Angeles.



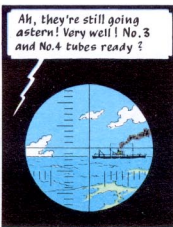
PCHKRAAPRV!... TRRKHKRAA!... You confounded rattletrap.



...tin-can contraption!... Take that!



YEEOWW!

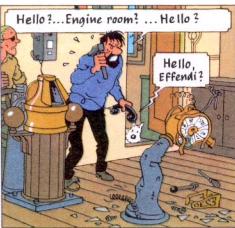


Ah, they're still going astern! Very well! No. 3 and No.4 tubes ready?



CLING CLANG

Take that, you slot-machine, you!



Hello?... Engine room?... Hello?!

Hello, Effendi?!



BRROM

Too late!... They've got us!

BRRROM!

Again!

No, they're depth charges! ...
Whew! I really thought we'd
been torpedoed ...

U.S. Navy seaplanes, with
those pirates for a target!
...They're certainly machines
from the Los Angeles.

Oh! Great grandfathers!
What a pasting! ...They'll
be as flat as a Dover
sole after that!

Wait! ... There,
that upheaval in
the water ...

Look! The submarine
has surfaced!

Yes... obviously they've
been badly knocked
about ...

Victory! ... They're waving a white
flag... They're surrendering ...
The game's up.

Hello, hello. Unidentified sub-
marine: remain on the surface
and stop your engines. One sus-
picious move and we'll blow you
out of the water ...

Torpedoes are out of the question
now ... A limpet-mine on their
hull! ... With the ammunition
aboard, it'll look like an accident ...
In you go: you've plenty of time:
the mine's set to explode in one hour.

Be quick: they're coming back!

Go!

What
a job!

Saved! Yippee!
Saved!

Hooray!

Tralalala-
laika!

That's white
man's folk-
dance.

They said the
ammunition was
in the forepart ...

Meanwhile ...

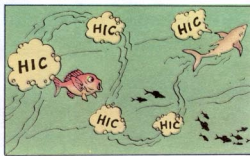
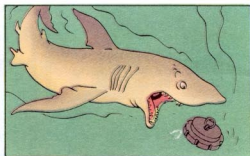
This is all very fine, but we must wait for the Los Angeles. I'm going to see if there's any chance of dropping anchor.



Twenty-two fathoms depth... that's perfect ...



Ahoj, there! Let go the anchor! Eighty fathoms of chain.



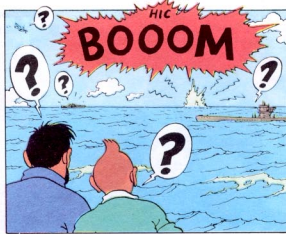
An hour later ...

Hooray! ... There she is! ... The Los Angeles!



American cruiser in sight!

Don't worry, boys... She'll blow up any moment now.



The next morning...

Still no news from Kurt and his submarine... What are they playing at, the fools?



... and naval craft to intercept the m.s. Scheherazade and arrest the owner, name of Rastapopoulos, alias the Marquis di Gorgonzola...



Lost... All is lost!
... But it's impossible!



Hello?... Yes... Come up on the bridge?... I haven't time, Captain. I... What?... A warship?... I... I'm coming now.



The cruiser Los Angeles, my lord Marquis... She's just flashed a signal ordering us to heave to. What shall I do?



Repeat the message, Tom... And add that if they don't heave to immediately, we'll open fire.

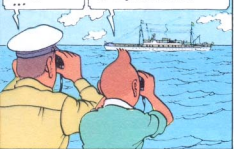


All right, Stop the engines. And launch my personal barge. I'll go myself and tell those insolent cowboys what I think of their manners!



Ah, they've obeyed... Excellent!... But what are they doing now? ...

It looks as if... yes, they're hoisting out a launch... and Rastapopoulos is going aboard...



Do not insist, my friends. I will go alone.



... And he's steering towards us!
... Well, this beats everything!
... To have the cheek to come and brazen it out! What a nerve!



But what's happening now?... He's slowing up. He's stopping... Has he broken down?



Great snakes!... He's sinking!...



Whoops! That's done the trick!... Just you catch me now gentlemen!... Ha! ha! ha!



Will Red ...
Surrender ...
Body of ...
Rastapopoulos ...
No trace has yet ...
found of the body ...
of the notorious ...
national gangster ...
Rastapopoulos, ...
believed ...
drowned in the Red ...
Sea. The circumstances ...
of his disappearance ...
remain a mystery; but ...
once again the famous ...
reporter, Tintin, has ...
unraveled the schemes ...
of one of the most ...
dangerous criminals of ...
the time, whose evi-
dence in slaves has been ...
found in an end. ...
When last seen, ...
Rastapopoulos, alias ...
Louis de Gorgonzola ...
his private laundrette ...
operating from the ...
crazed ...

NEW REVELATIONS SHOCK WORLD SLAVERY—IT STILL EXISTS

Trailblazers in human lives use code-word "COKE"

Revelations in the Rastapopoulos affair have shocked the civilized world. With the discovery about the freighter *Ramona* of Africans destined to be sold as slaves in Mecca, the facts are plain: in this twentieth century, slave traders are still at

delivered by ships or aircraft into the hands of Rastapopoulos. Agents of the organization were notified of the arrival of the "goods" by the simple description of the cargo as "COKE." Messages were passed to Jidda, announcing that "COKE" was in stock, and secret arrangements were then made for sale of the slaves.



Happi Army photographed aboard the S.S. *Ramona* during intervention by Tintin and Captain Haddock. Since then, the crew of the ship has been ...

EMIR BEN KALISH EZAB

Restored to power in Khe...

MULL PASHA Revolutionary Leader



Once known as ...

CAPTAIN ALLAN

Picked up by Danish Cargo Vessel



Formerly, Mate under the command of Captain Allan ...

Where did Sheik Bab El Ehr get his Warplanes?

WAR SURPLUS STOCKS ACQUIRED BY DAWSON ON BEHALF OF RASTAPOPOULOS

The source of the aircraft used by Sheik Bab El Ehr to help in his defeat of the Emir Ben Kalish Ezab is now revealed. These aircraft were war surplus stocks bought up all over Europe by Dawson, ex-Chief of the Settlement in ... This is the first time that ... has encountered such a shady individual. Since his return to Europe, Dawson conducted a lucrative business for RASTA...

UNITED NATIONS APPEAL

Delegates demand international control of Mecca pilgrimage transport

Profound shock has been caused in all the Western delegations by the news of the Red Sea slave-trading. Speeches in the General Assembly reflect the widespread feeling that some action should be taken with...

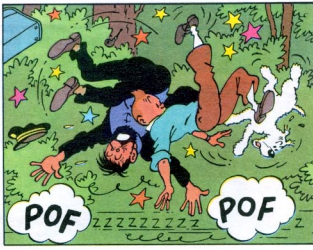
TINTIN IN NEW ADVENTURE



PIRATE SUBMARINE IN RED SEA

A change of government is again reported from San Theodoros. Alcazar, former ruler of the state, has been ...

... pirate submarine ... been operating in the Red Sea, ...





Great snakes! It's Professor Calculus!
... What's he invented this time?!



Hello there, Professor! That's certainly a funny way to welcome people!

So there you are! Welcome back to Marlinspike.

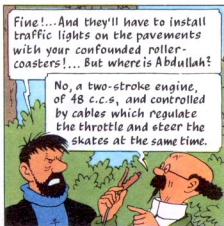


What on earth are those contraptions?

Ingenious, aren't they?

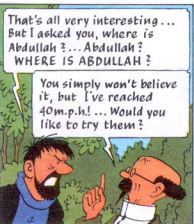


Motor-roller-skates. For a long time I've been trying to find an answer to the traffic problem ... I was thinking of a flexible, handy, lightweight machine



Fine!... And they'll have to install traffic lights on the pavements with your confounded roller-coasters!... But where is Abdullah?

No, a two-stroke engine, of 48 c.c.s, and controlled by cables which regulate the throttle and steer the skates at the same time.



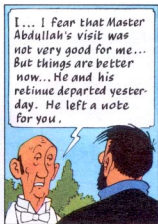
That's all very interesting ... But I asked you, where is Abdullah? ... Abdullah? WHERE IS ABDULLAH?

You simply won't believe it, but I've reached 40m.p.h! ... Would you like to try them?



Oh, sir!... Oh, how glad I am to see you back, sir!!

Hello, Nestor, I ... But my poor Nestor, what's happened to you?



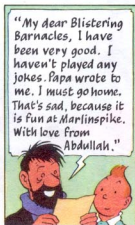
I ... I fear that Master Abdullah's visit was not very good for me... But things are better now... He and his retinue departed yesterday. He left a note for you.



Poor Nestor! ... A real demon, that boy. Let's see what he's written to us.



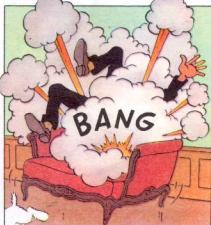
Can't he use my proper name?



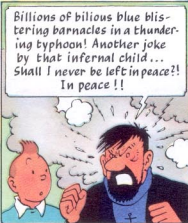
"My dear Blistering Barnacles, I have been very good. I haven't played any jokes. Papa wrote to me. I must go home. That's sad, because it is fun at Marlinspike. With love from Abdullah."



Very sweet, eh? ... Nestor's just been fussing about a little innocent childish mischief.



To dear Blistering Barnacles.

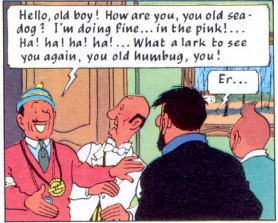


Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles in a thundering typhoon! Another joke by that infernal child... Shall I never be left in peace?! In peace!!



Sir, Mr. Waggs has just arrived...

Who?... Jolyon Waggs?... Oh, no, no!... I want some peace!... Peace!



Hello, old boy! How are you, you old sea-dog? I'm doing fine... in the pink!... Ha! ha! ha! ha!... What a lark to see you again, you old humbug, you!

Er...



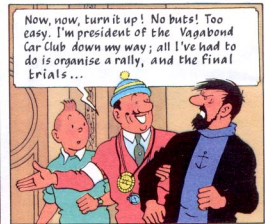
Well, my old salt, I've got a surprise for you... I know the country's pretty, but it's dull as ditchwater...

A matter of taste...



No, no, take it from me, it's dull. So I said to myself: "Jolyon," I said, "you must go and liven things up for that old stick-in-the-mud..."

That's very kind of you, but...

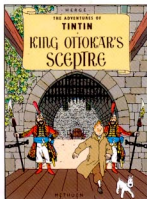
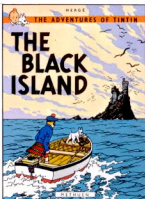
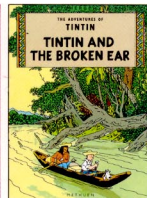
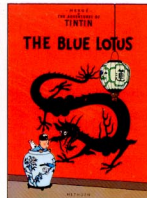
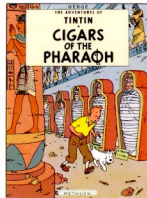
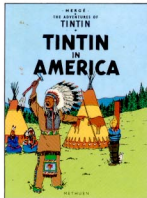


Now, now, turn it up! No buts! Too easy. I'm president of the Vagabond Car Club down my way; all I've had to do is organise a rally, and the final trials...



...are at Marlinspike!

THE END

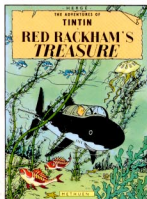
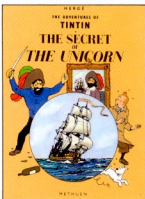
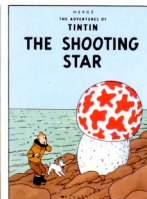
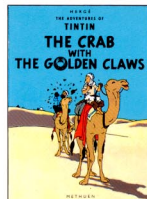


HERGÉ'S
ADVENTURES
OF TINTIN
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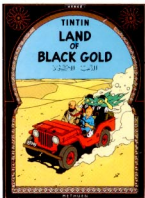
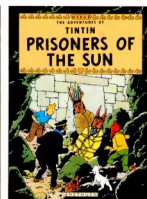
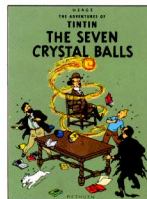
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