



HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

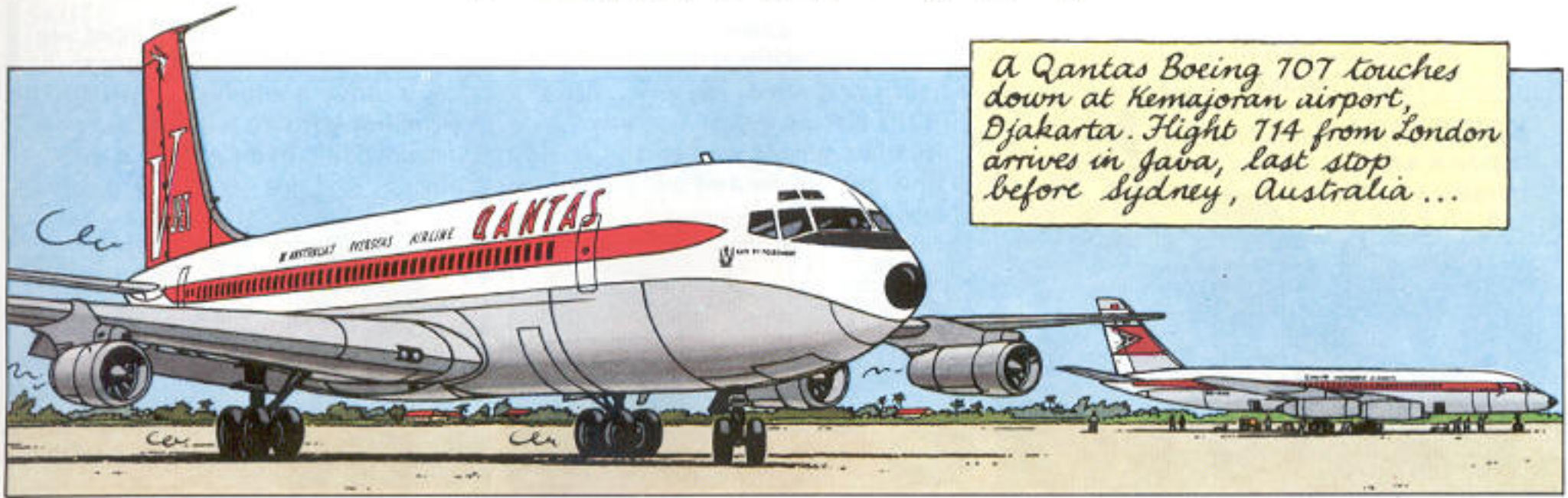


FLIGHT 714



MAMMOTH

FLIGHT 714



A Qantas Boeing 707 touches down at Kemajoran airport, Djakarta. Flight 714 from London arrives in Java, last stop before Sydney, Australia ...



I keep telling you. We're in Java! ... Djakarta!

How very strange I'd have sworn it was Djakarta.



This IS Djakarta, ten thousand thundering typhoons!

Rangoon? You must be joking.



Blistering barnacles! Djakarta! Djakarta!! DJAKARTA!!! Can' you listen to what I say?

Botany Bay?...Then why didn't you say we'd arrived?



No, Professor, we're not in Australia yet. It's Djakarta.

Yes, I know. But I thought at first it was Djakarta.



Welcome to Java! Transit passengers this way, please ...

Transit passengers... that means us.

This is more like it. I'm no skye terrier... I prefer my feet on the ground!



I say, Tintin, what about a little drink?

Good idea. Why not?

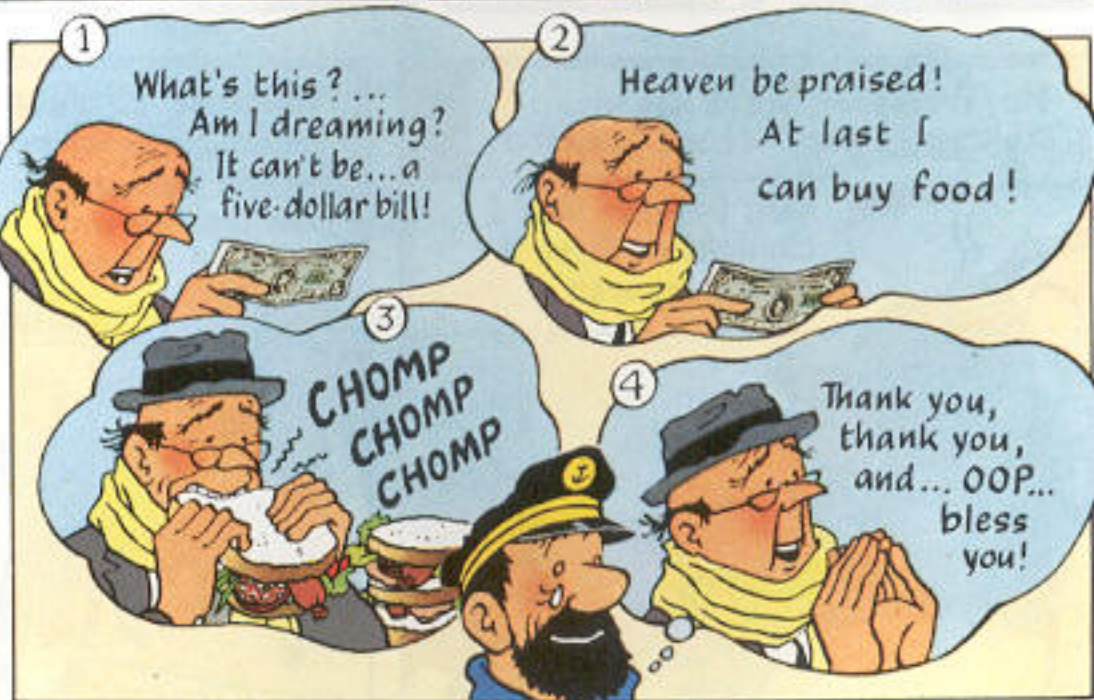
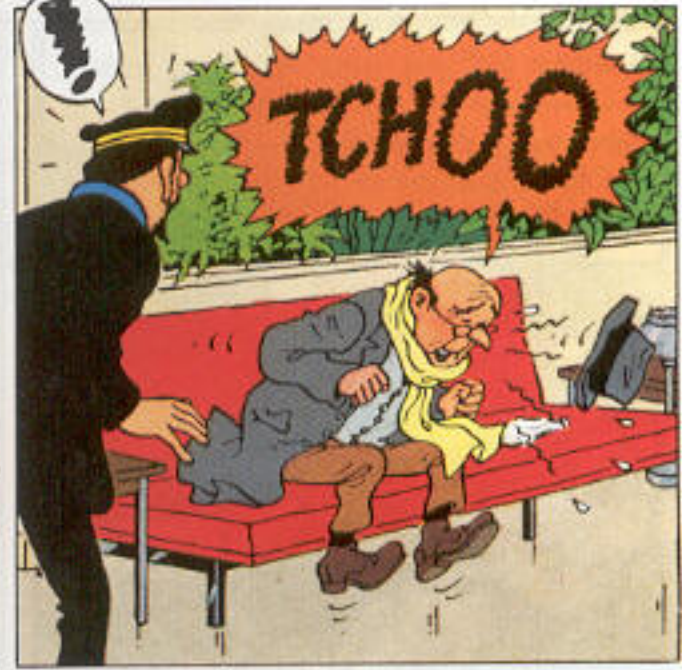
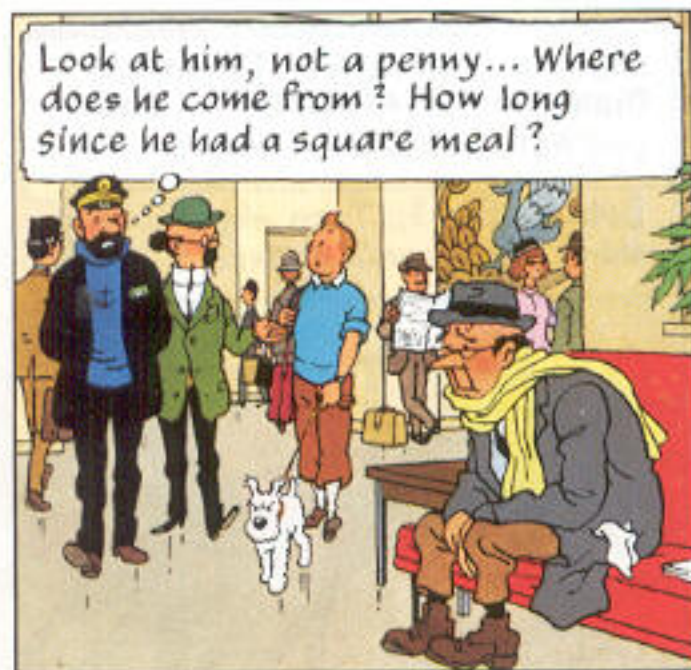


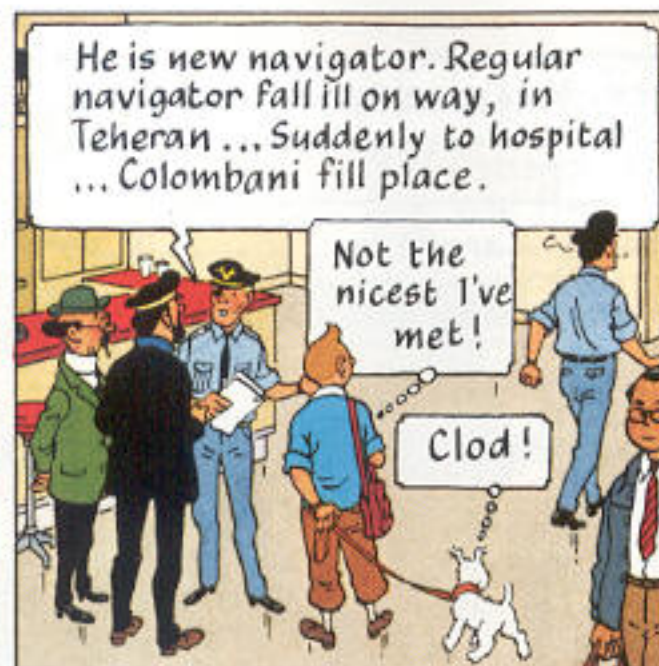
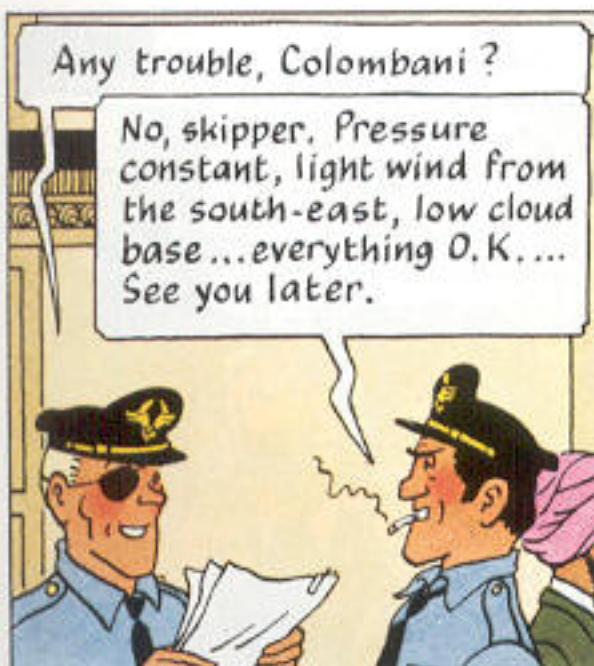
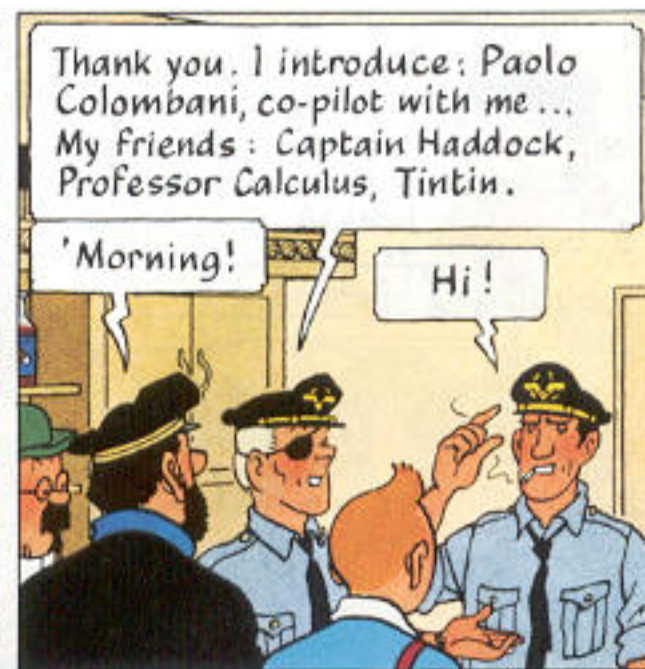
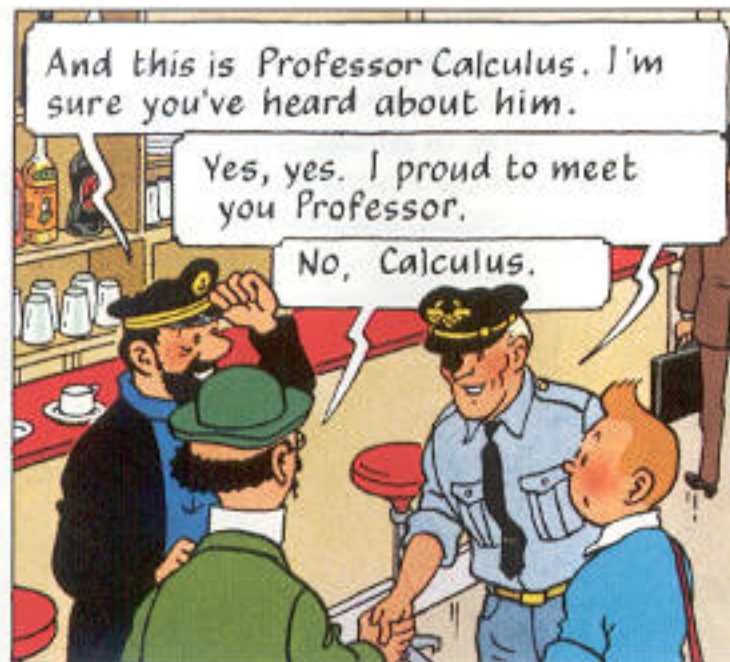
There's the bar, look ...

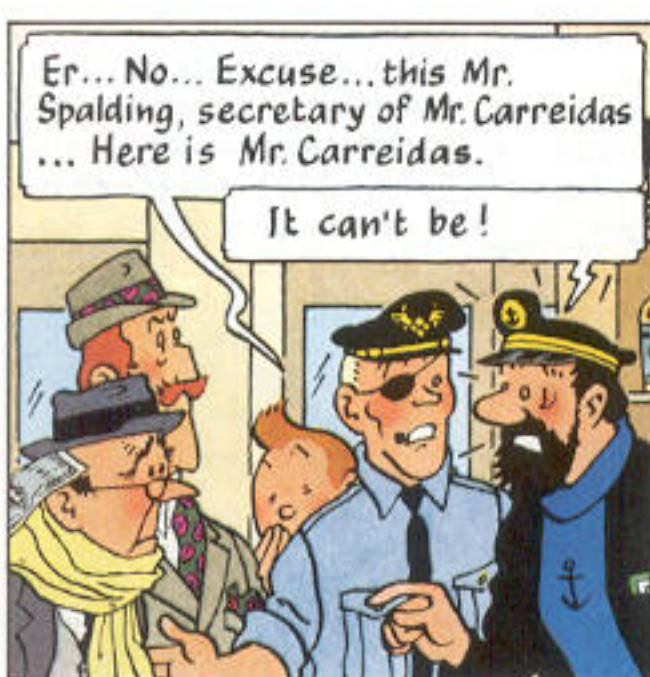
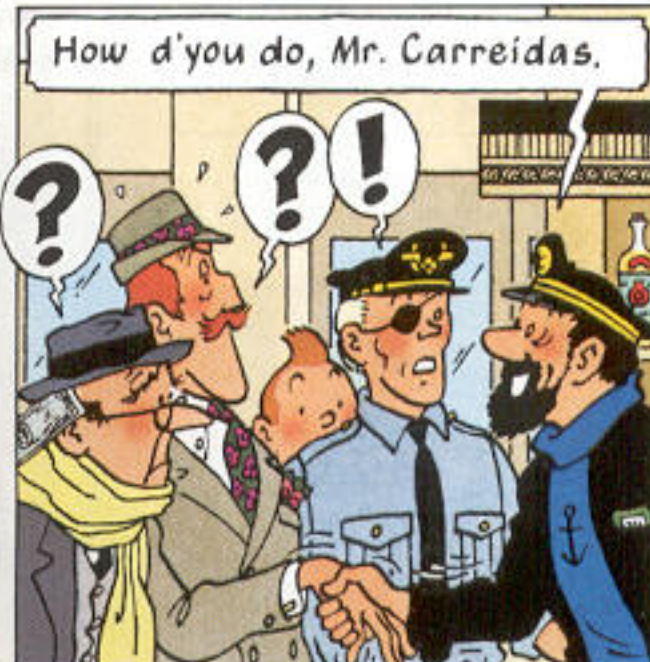
Fine!

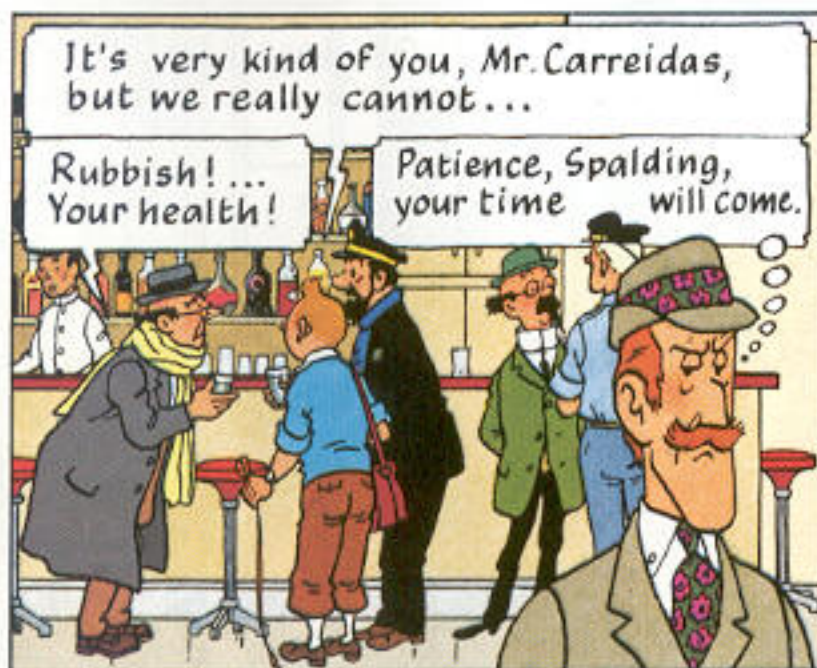
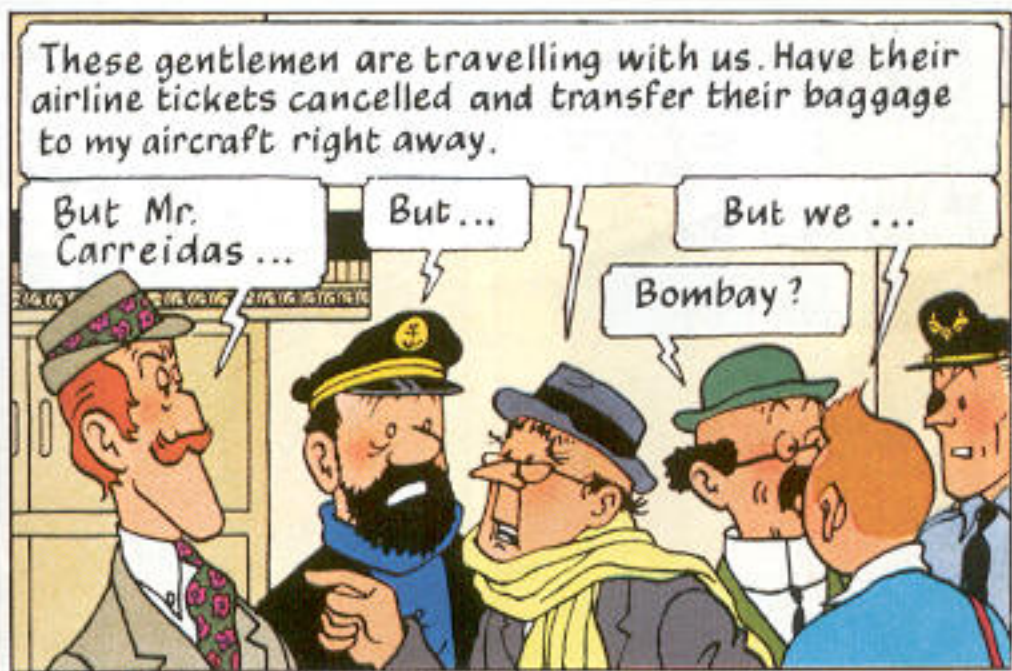
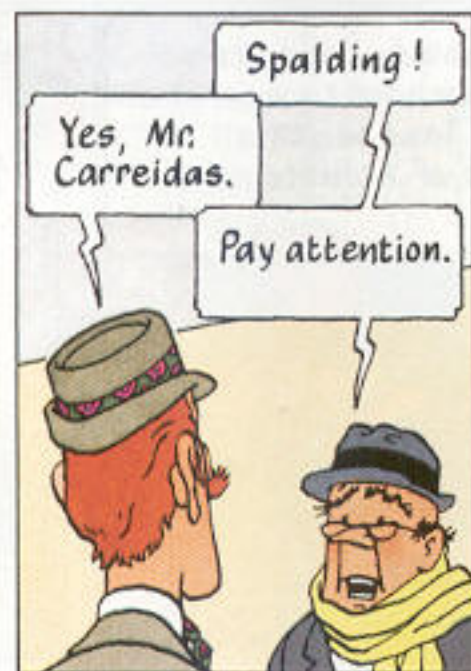


Hey! ... Stop! ... Are you trying to make a fool of me?

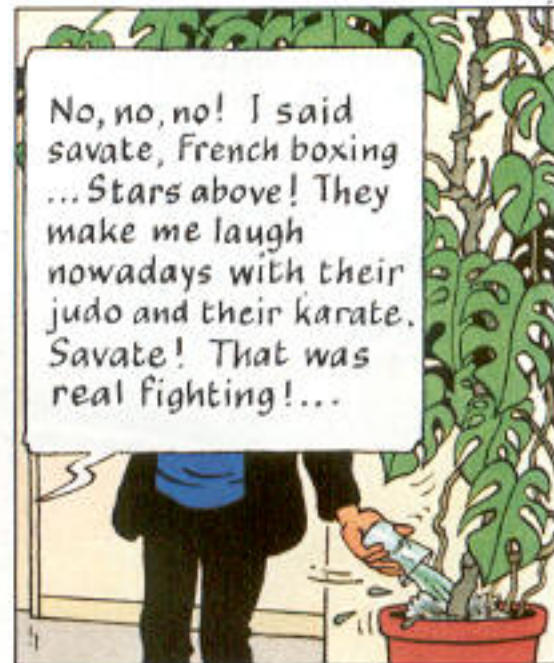












This is my newest brain-child: the Carreidas 160. A triple-jet executive aircraft, with a crew of four, and six passengers. At 40,000 feet the cruising speed is Mach 2, or about 1,250 m.p.h. The Rolls-Royce-Turbomeca turbojets deliver in total 18,500 lbs of thrust...

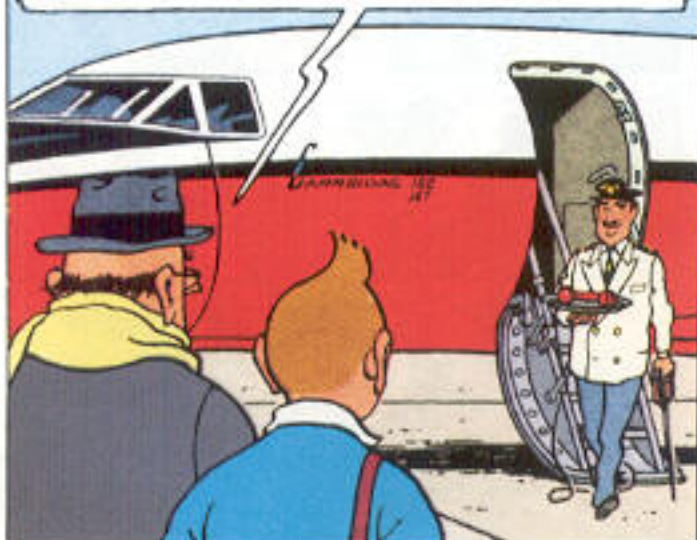
It's magnificent!



The most advanced feature lies in the aerodynamics of the ...



Ah, there's Gino, my steward ... A Neapolitan. I wonder...



Telefono from New York for il signor Commendatore.

That'll be Goldberg.

Hold the line, please.

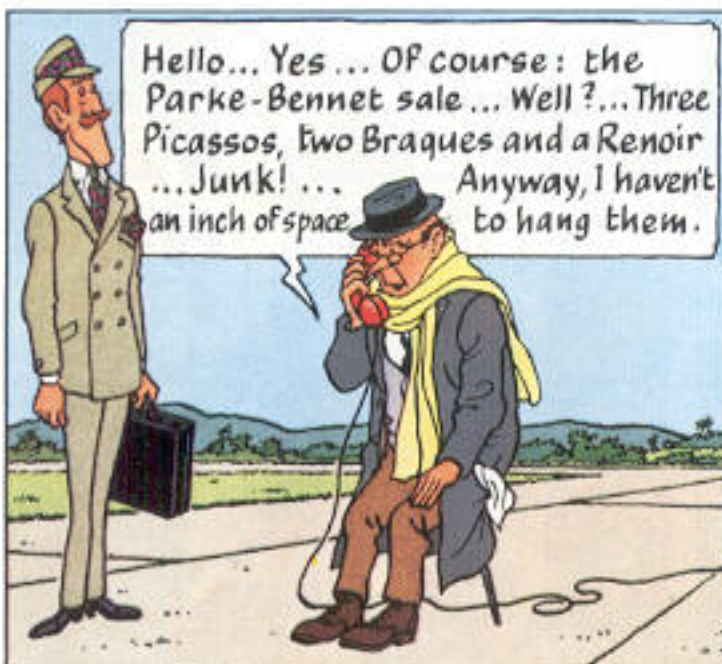


Please board the aircraft, gentlemen. Gino, look after my guests.

Si, signor Commendatore.



Hello... Yes ... Of course: the Parke-Bennet sale ... Well?... Three Picassos, two Braques and a Renoir ... Junk! ... Anyway, I haven't an inch of space to hang them.



What's that?... Onassis after them? ... Then buy! ... Get them all! ... What?... I don't care how much, buy!



You met navigator Colombani... This is new radio operator, Hans Boehm.

Hello!

Captain!

Well, well...

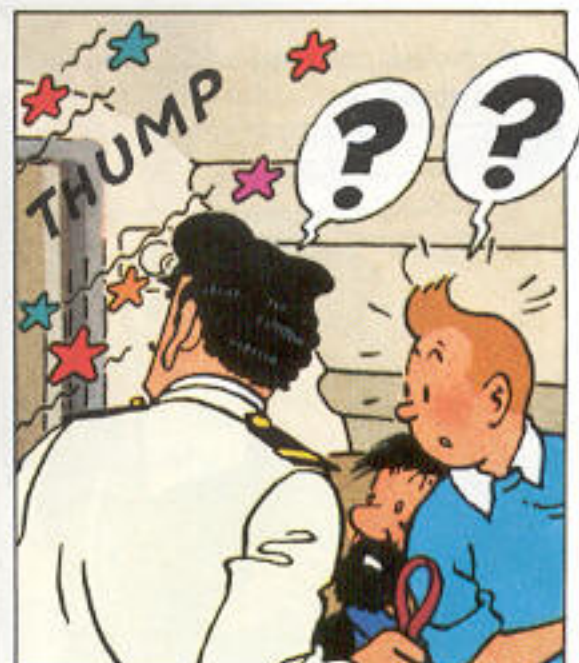


More new crew?

Si... no fortuna we have on this viaggio... Other radio operator in accidente at airport in Singapore... with petrol tanker...



But presto presto il signor Spalding find new radio operator... Il Signor Spalding is molto intelligente... Il Signor Spalding...





I caught my foot in this blast... er... in this telephone cable.



You are ridiculous, Spalding ... Ridiculous.

But I... Yes, Mr. Carreidas.

Grotesque, Spalding.



A buffoon, Spalding... That's what you are, a buffoon!... Ha! ha! ha! ... Ho! ho! ho!... Ha...



AAA
A
A

TCHOO



Great stocks and shares! That's the third time I've laughed today. What's the matter? If I go on like this I'll have to see my doctor.



Now, please make yourselves comfortable and fasten your seat-belts for take-off.

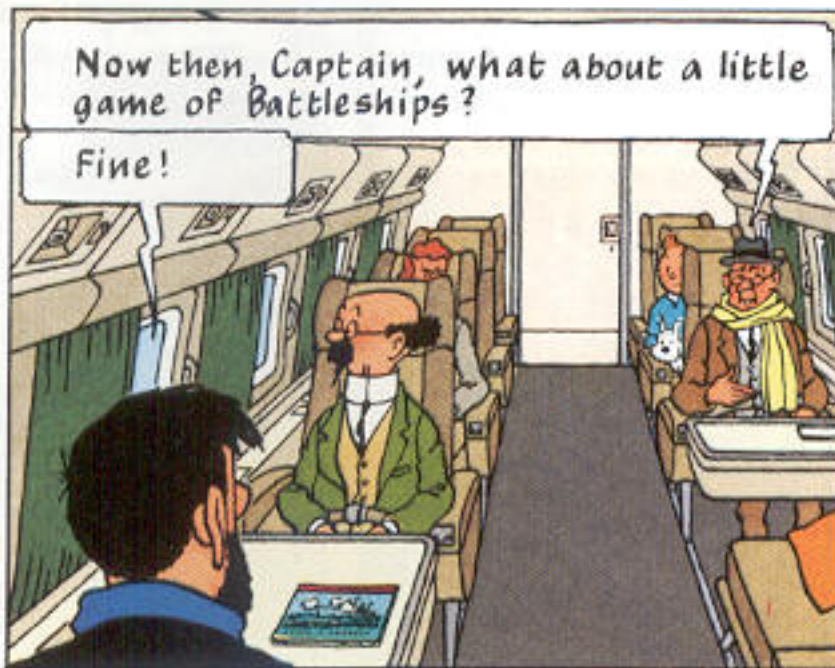


I shall sit in my usual place, Gino: at my desk ...

Bene, signor Commendatore



I'll swear he gave him a wink... But why? ... There's something fishy going on ...



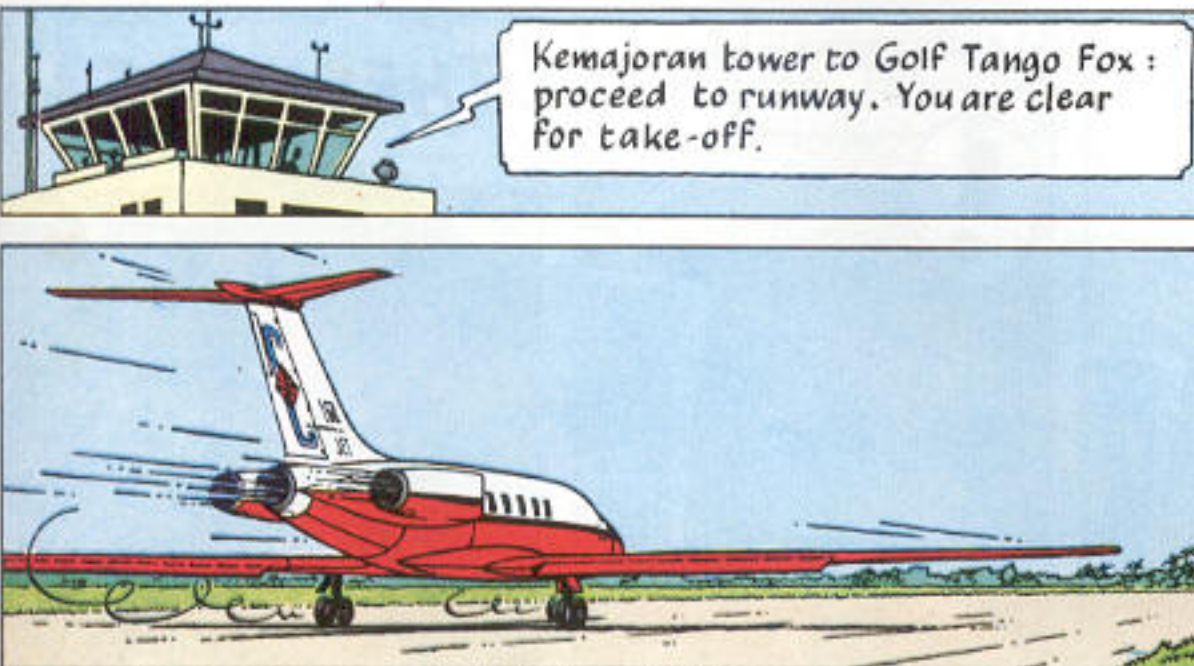
Now then, Captain, what about a little game of Battleships?

Fine!



Your Kweezies, signor, and ... all is ready.

Good.



Kemajoran tower to Golf Tango Fox: proceed to runway. You are clear for take-off.



Calling XB42... The bird has flown towards the cage ...



C4 - D4 - E4? Not a bad start, Captain. You've sunk a submarine, but the other two shots went into the water.



Aha!

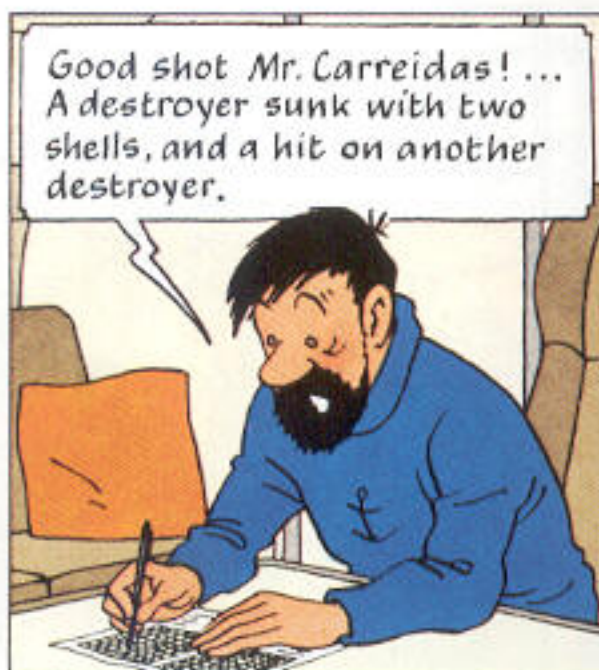


This is going to be good!... Now for my pipe. Oh, I hope the smoke won't bother you?

Smoking is strictly prohibited, Captain. Even the smell of tobacco upsets me.



My turn now. Let me see... A4 - B4... and ... er ... C2.



Good shot Mr. Carreidas! ... A destroyer sunk with two shells, and a hit on another destroyer.



Now I'll have a go. I must fight back! ... C5 - D5 - E5



Bad luck, Captain! All three shots into the sea ... I think I'll try A8 - B8 - C8.

Blue blistering barnacles!



A cruiser sunk: three direct hits! ... You're psychic! ... Still, what do you say to C6 - D6 - E6, eh?



All missed, I'm afraid ... What bad luck! ... I haven't got second-sight, you know ... just natural talent, that's all. Now I must concentrate ...



Anyone'd think he could see my board ... And what's more, he won't let me smoke!



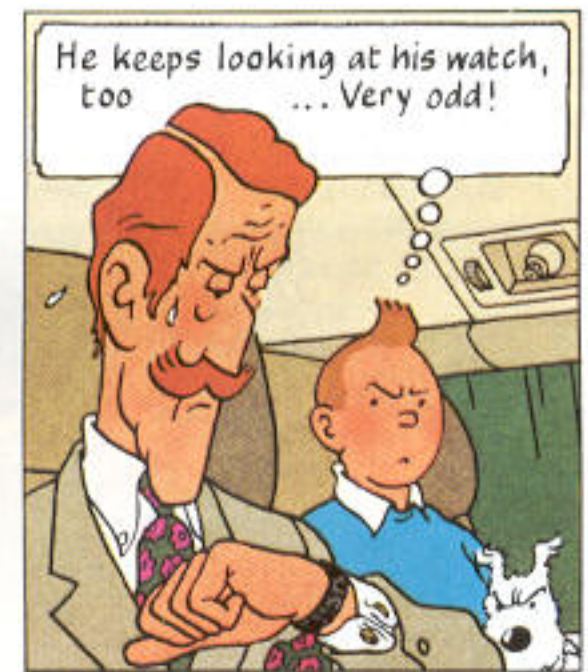
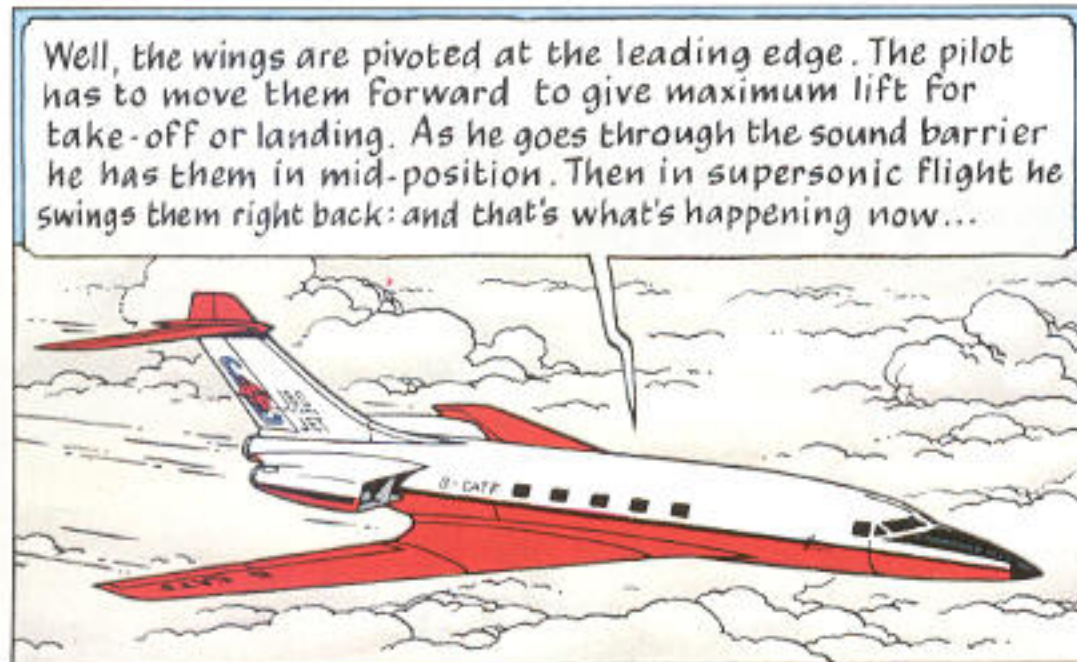
Hello, that's odd ... I'd swear ... I must be dreaming ...

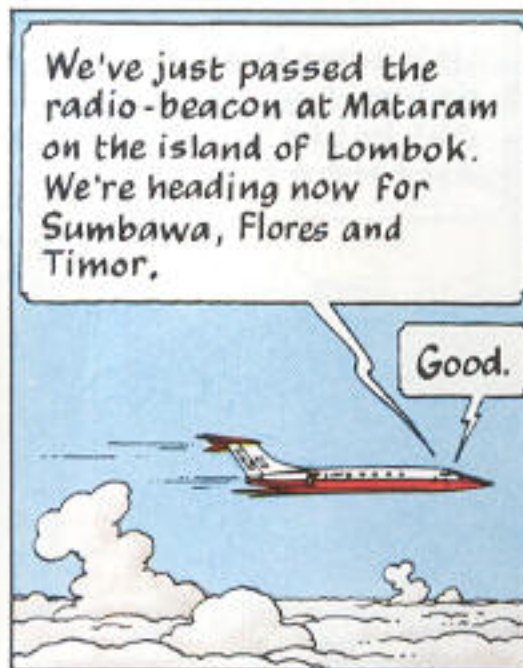


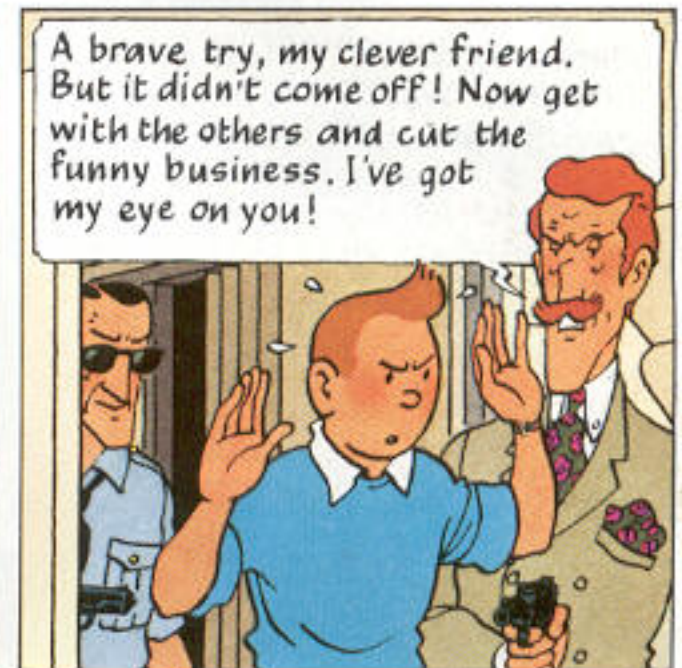
For my third salvo: G1 - G2 - G3

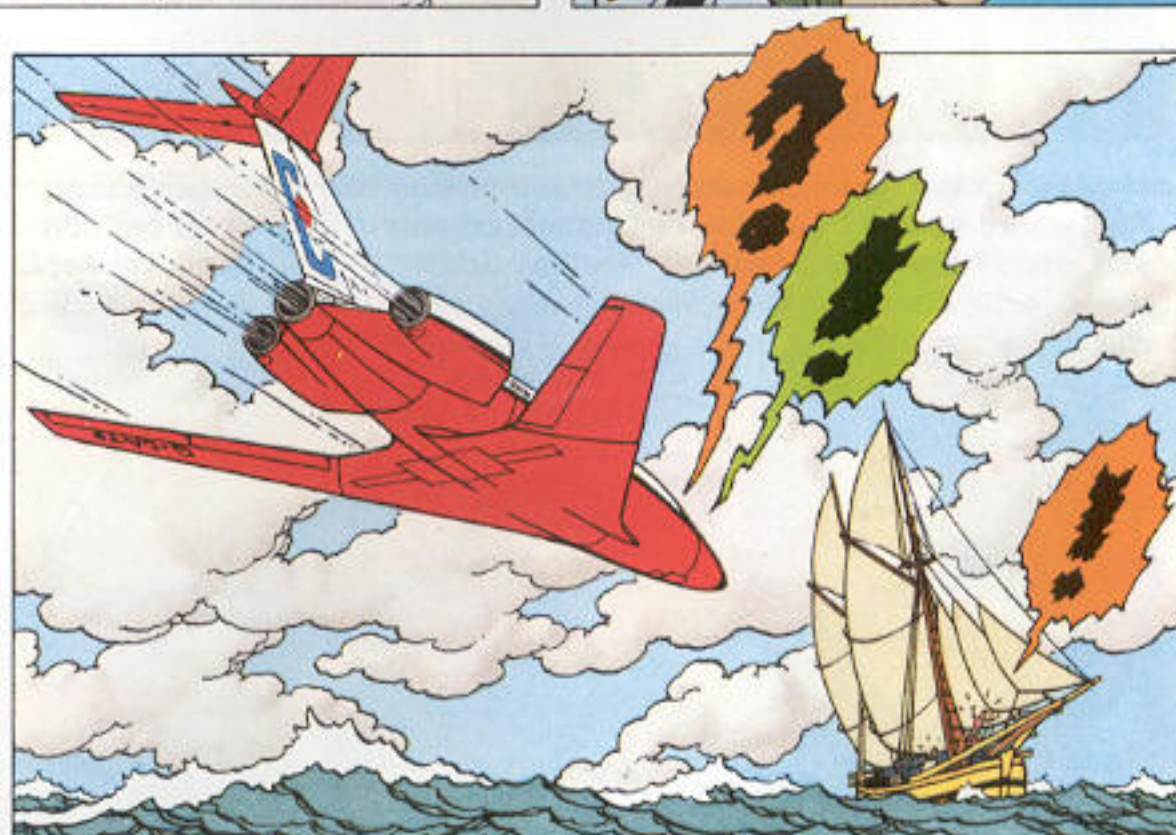


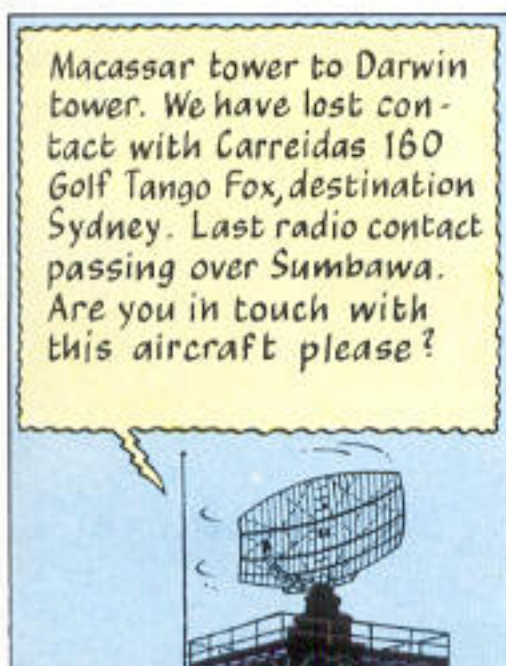
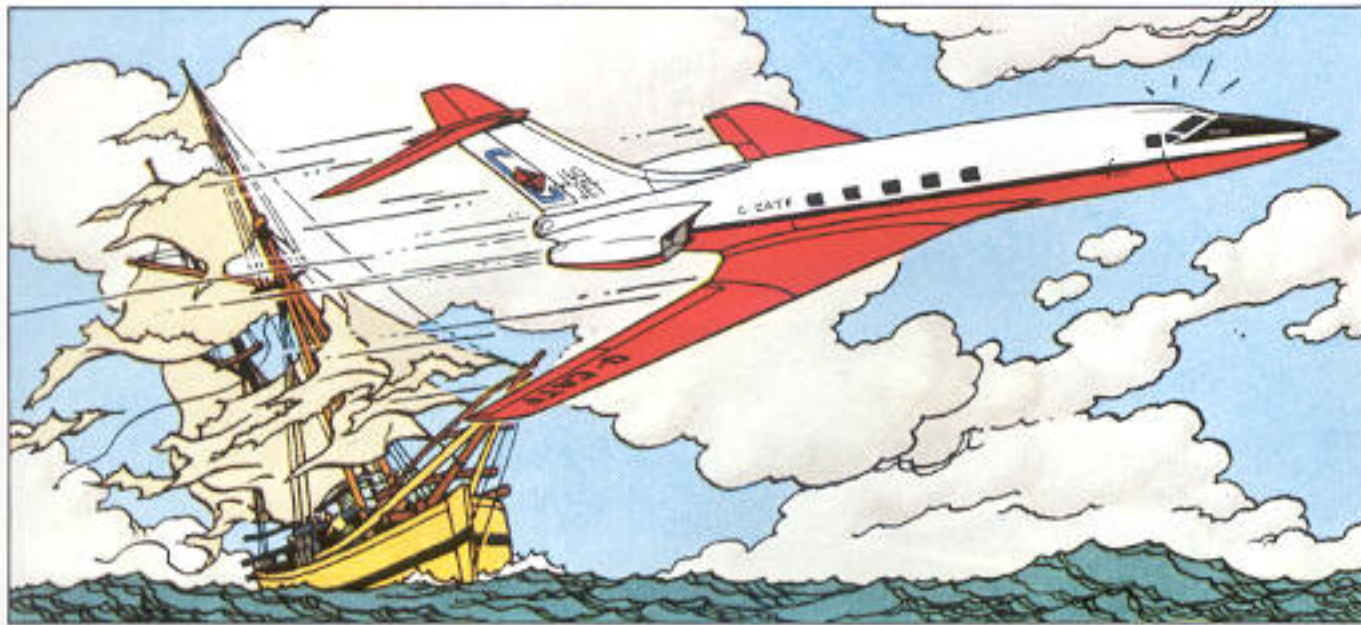
THE WING!











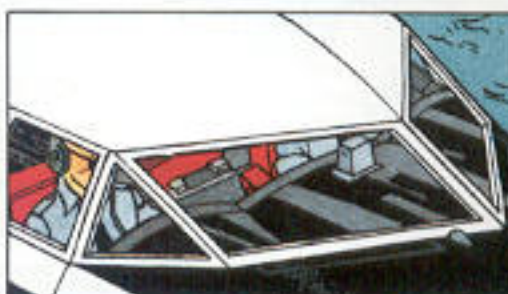
What do I mean?... Just this: the runway we're going to land on is about a quarter the length we need for a bus like this!... So, you can reckon it's ten to one we'll break our silly necks!



Ten minutes later...



There's our rendezvous: the island of Pulay-pulau Bempa.



Right. We'll regain height to 1000 ft, reduce speed, set the wings for landing, empty the tanks. And in we go!

They climb again. I think prepare to land... Yes, there is island... And there is runway... But...crazy! Is crazy! Runway much too short!



They're ready for us.

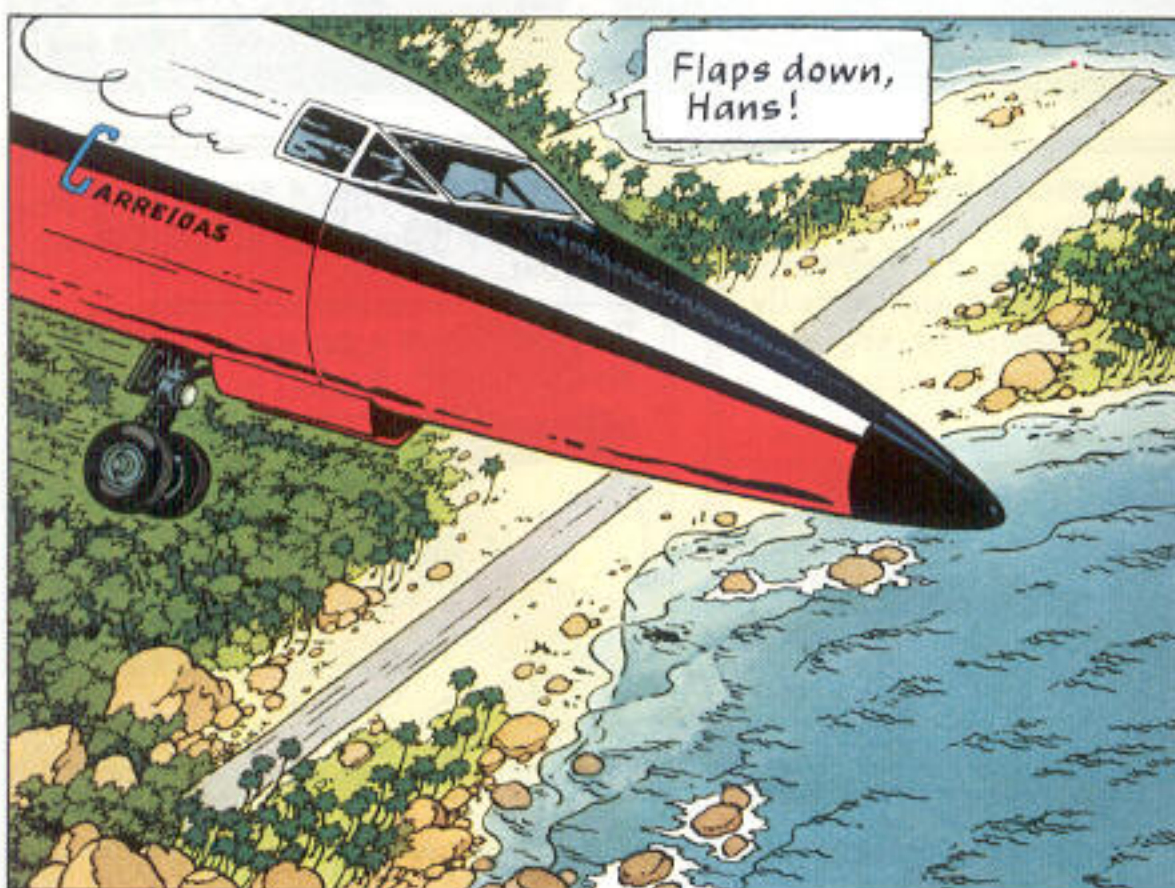


Yes, I saw.

Ah, the wheels are down, they're coming in.



Flaps down, Hans!



Can't you stop rolling us around, you pock-marked pin-headed pirate of a pilot!

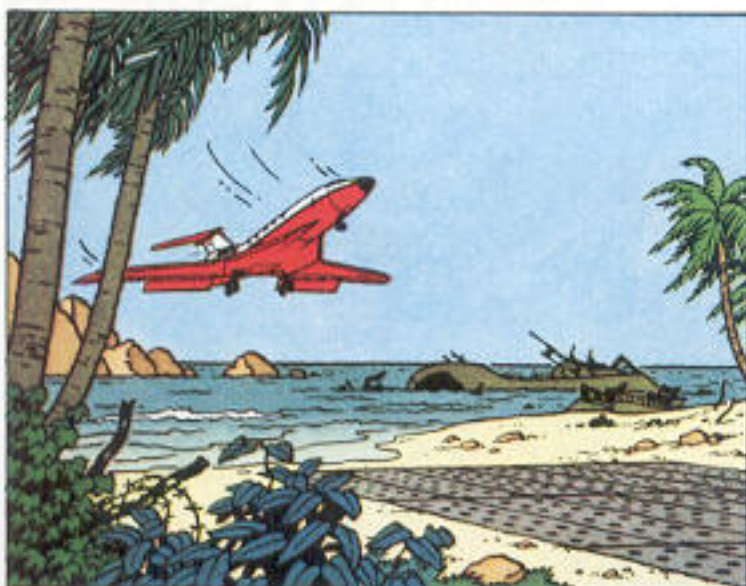
They put down flaps.

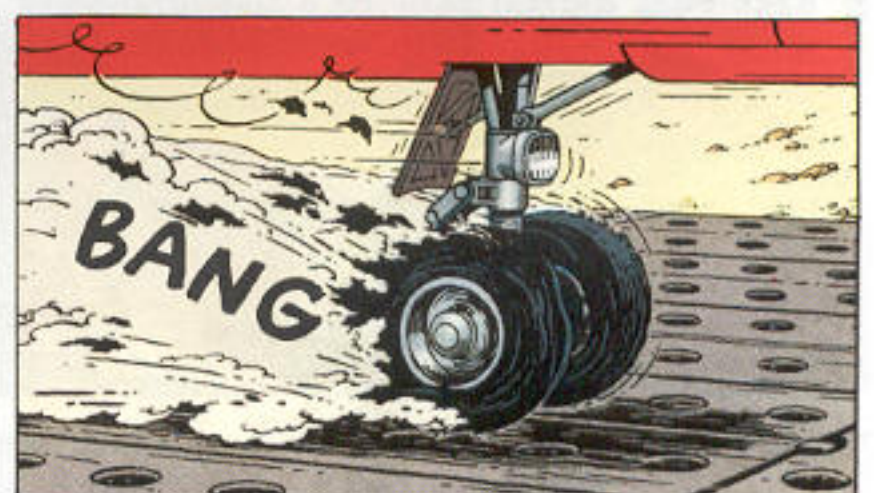
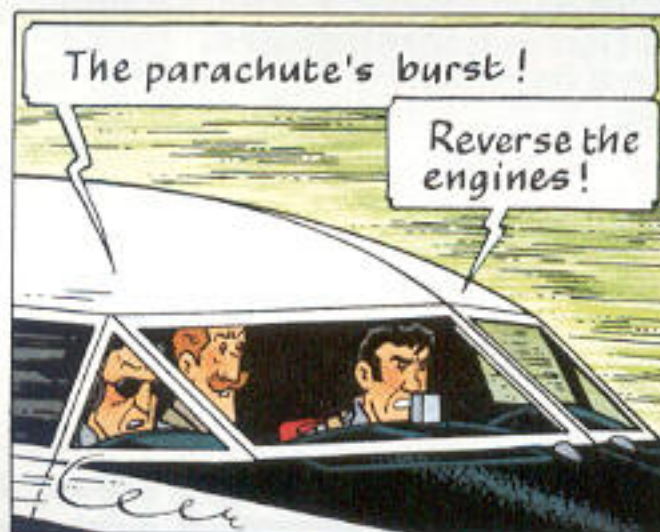
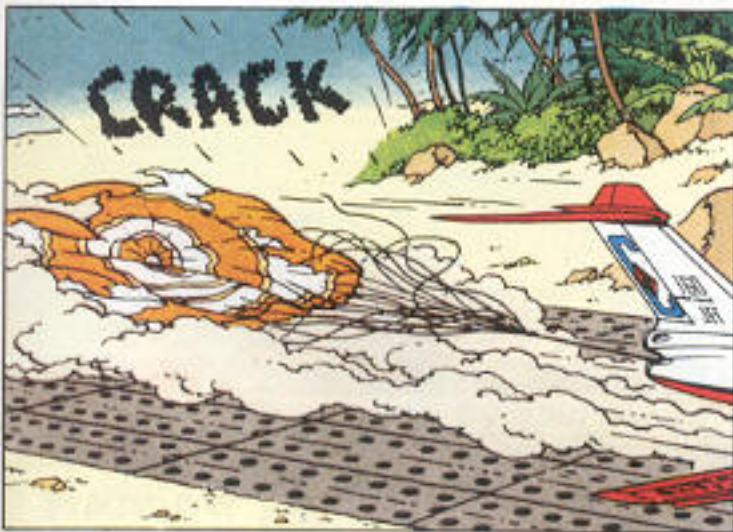
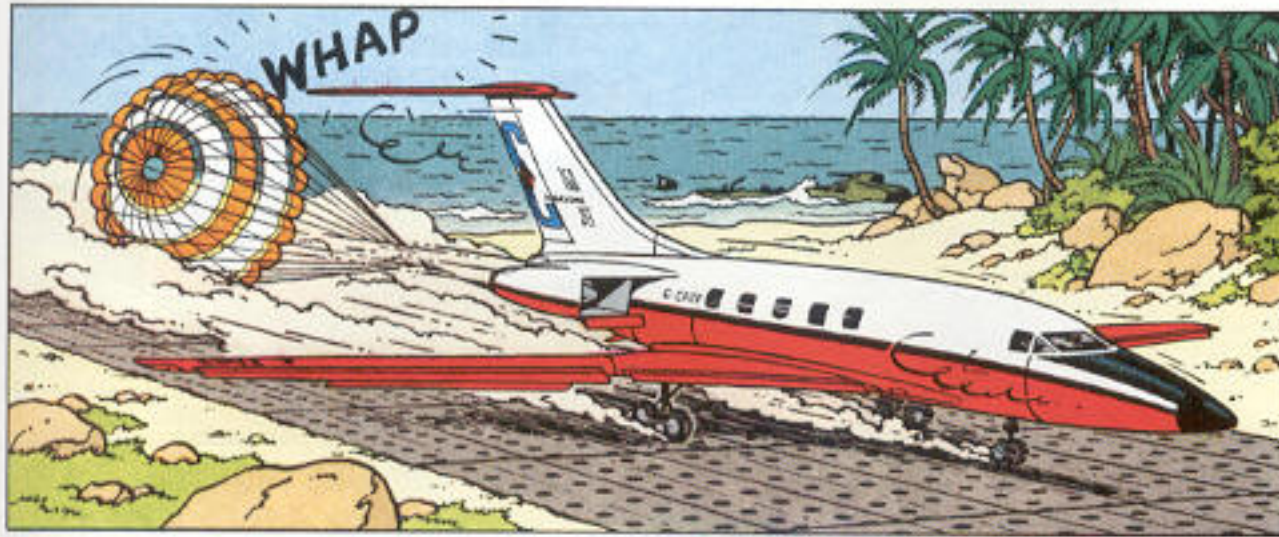
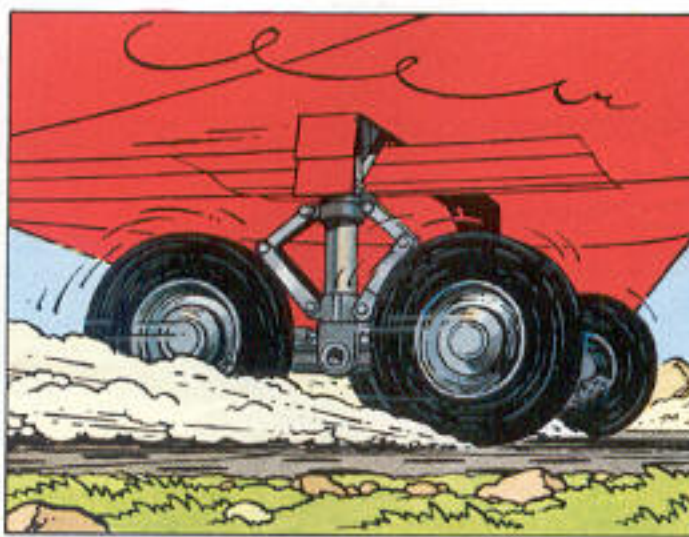
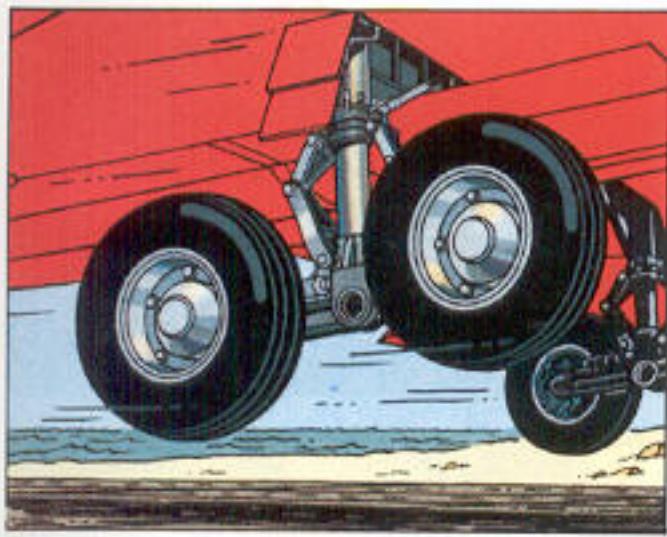


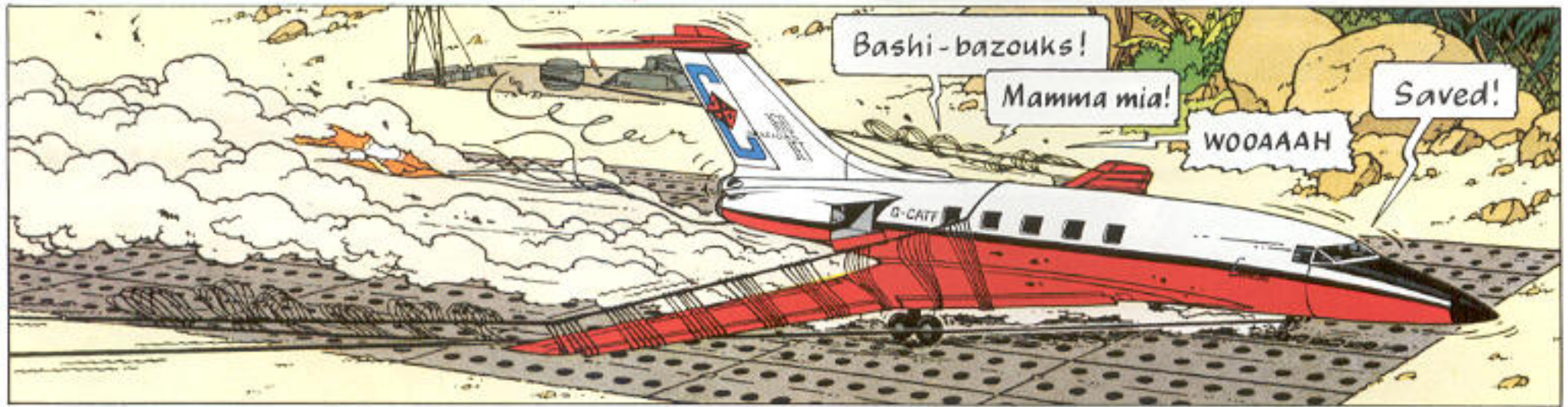
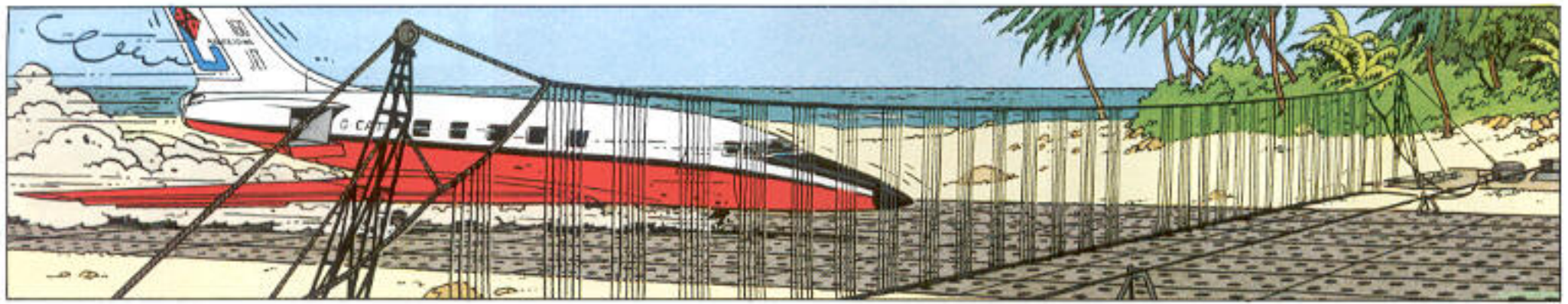
All sit with back against forward partition, hands behind head!

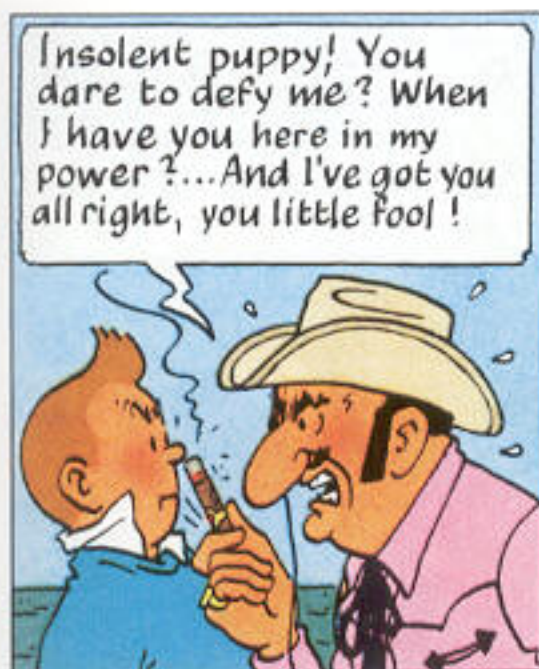
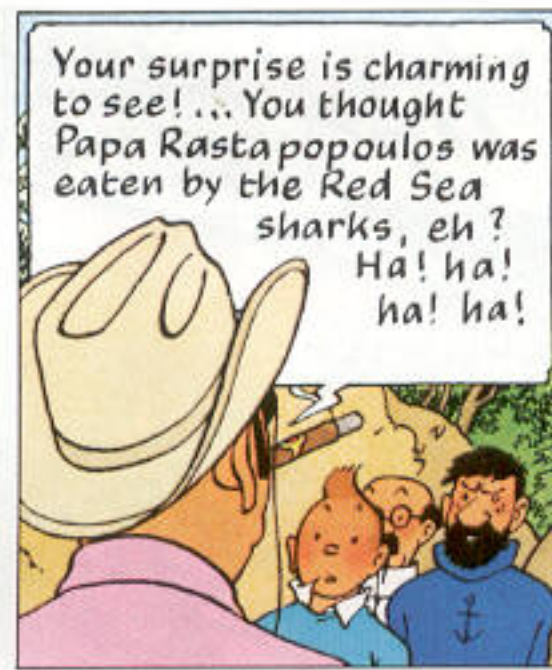


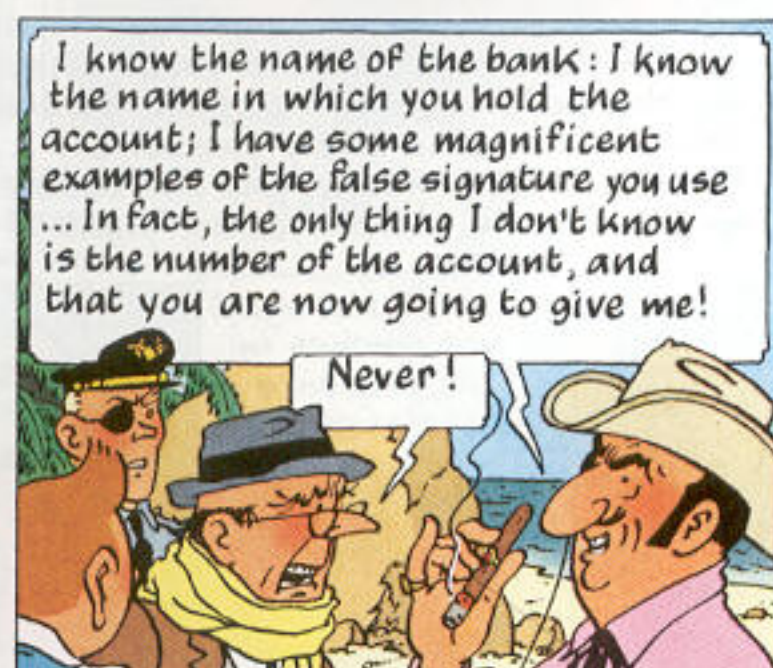
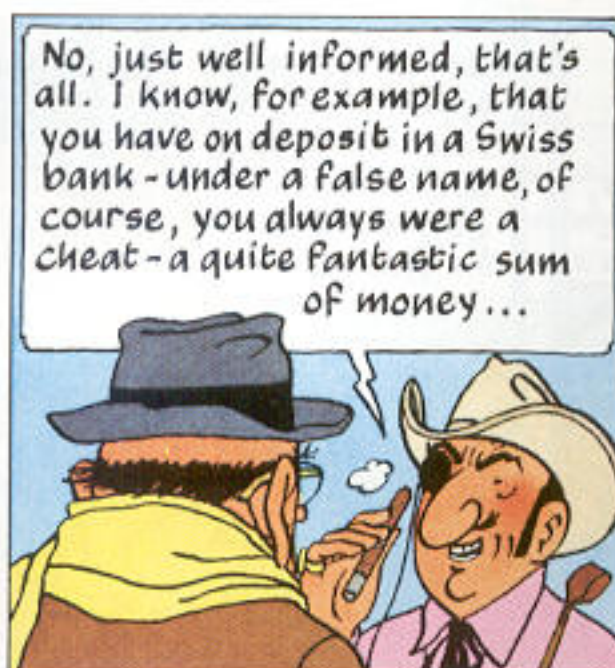
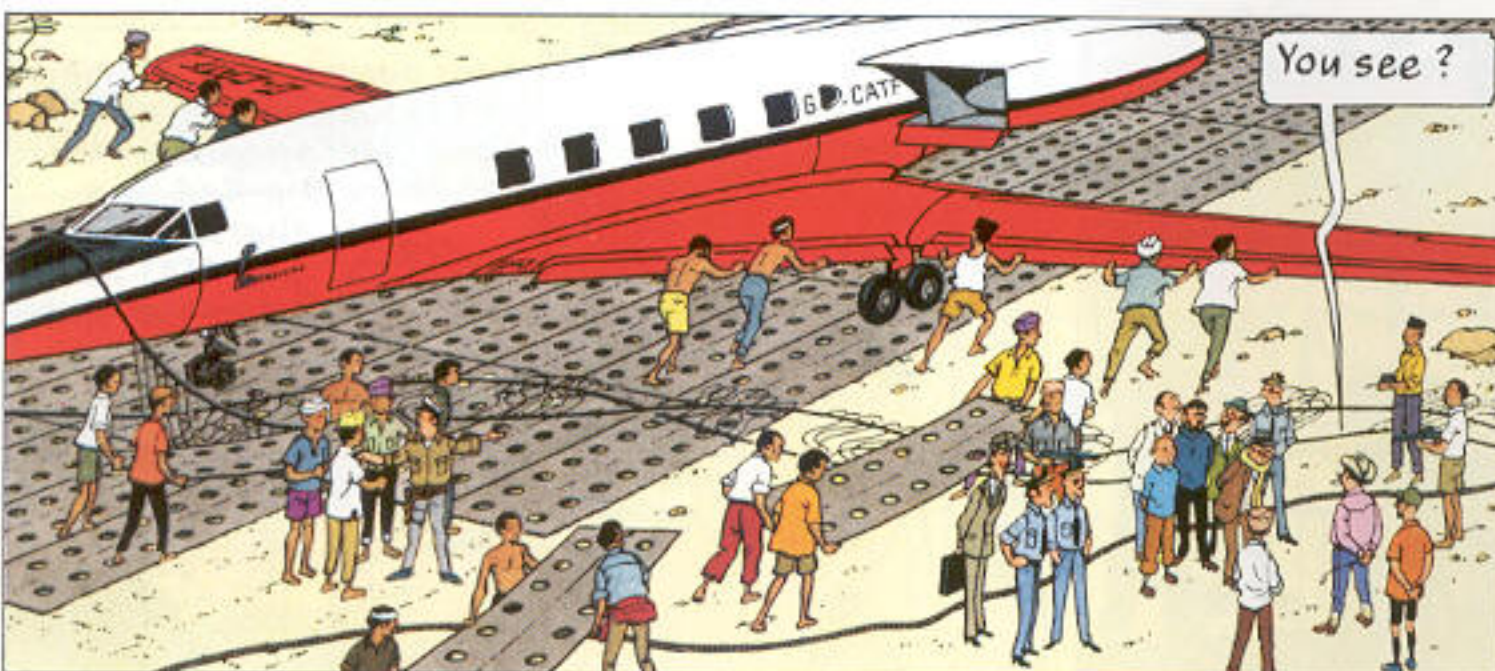
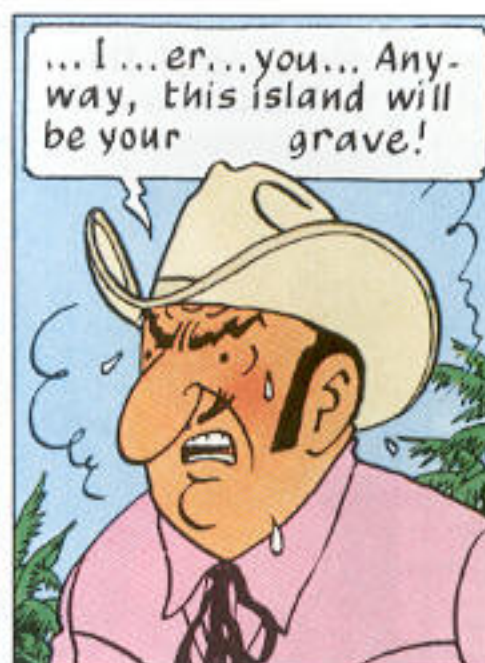
Now, Colombani boy, it's all or nothing!







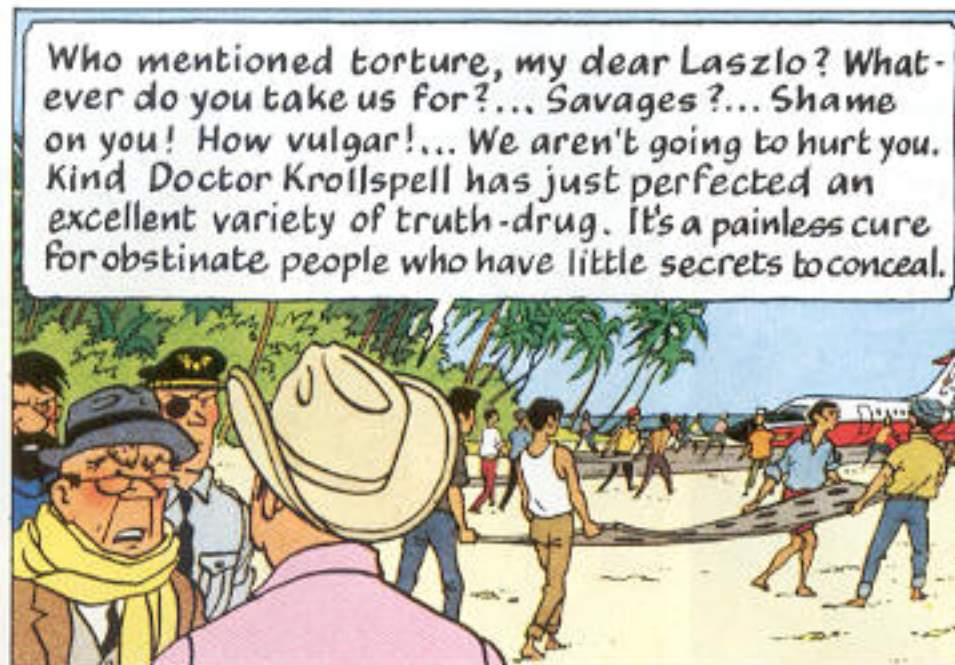






Cowardly brute!

Hold your tongue! I am talking with my friend Carreidas, not you!



Who mentioned torture, my dear Laszlo? Whatever do you take us for?... Savages?... Shame on you! How vulgar!... We aren't going to hurt you. Kind Doctor Krollspell has just perfected an excellent variety of truth-drug. It's a painless cure for obstinate people who have little secrets to conceal.



A truth-drug?... Villain!... Blackguard! ...Bully! ... A... aa... aaa...



AAAA



TCHOO



Stop! My hat!...

Whoops!



Take him with you, Doctor Krollspell. Get your little black bag ready. I'll join you in a minute.



My hat!... My hat!...

Come along!



Give the poor chap his hat, you son of a sea-gherkin! He could get sunstroke!

My hat!...



Sunstroke, eh? But what about you? You aren't wearing a hat either...

Don't worry about me.



But I do. I want you wrapped up!

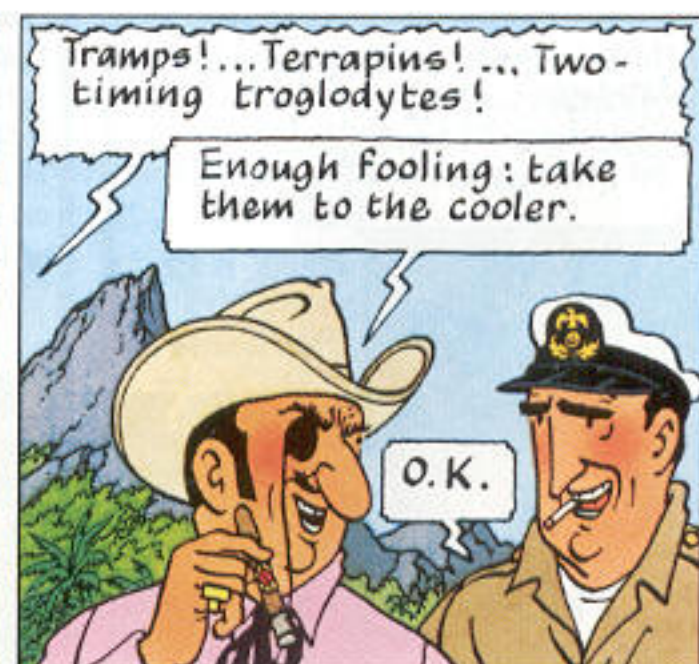
?!
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Ten thousand ...

Ha! ha!

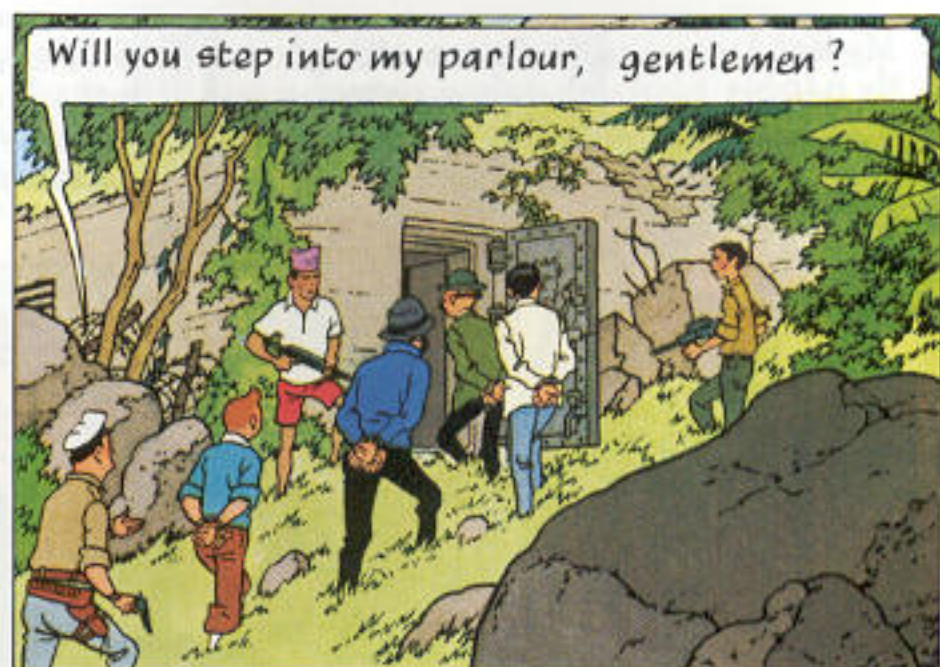
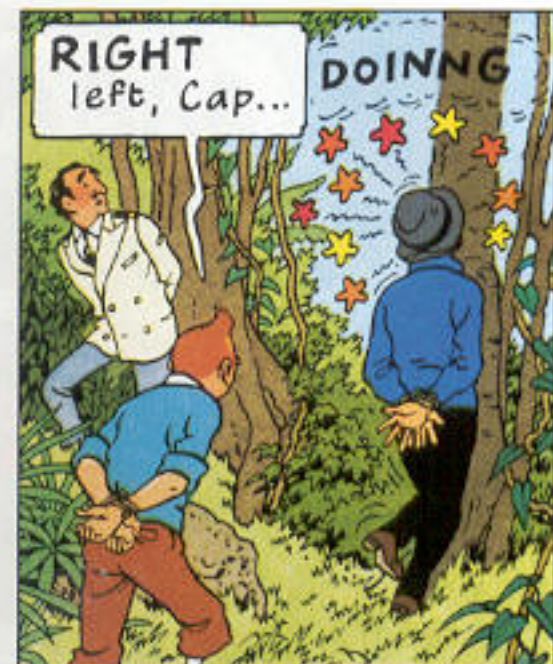
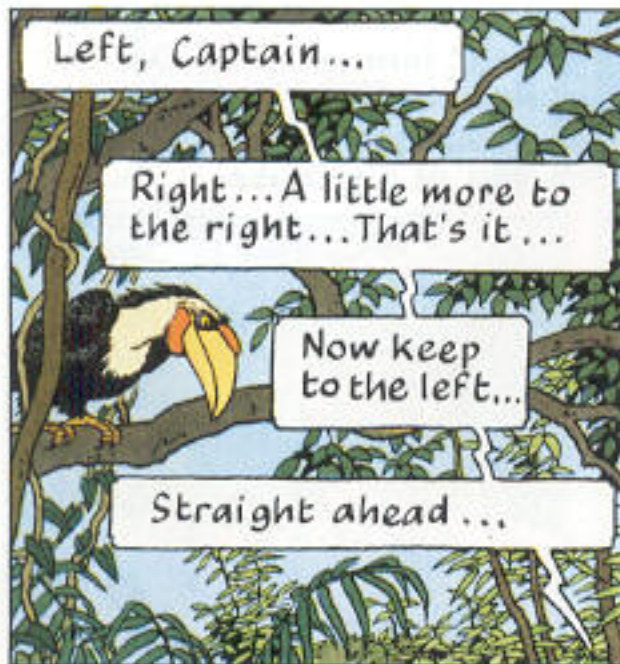
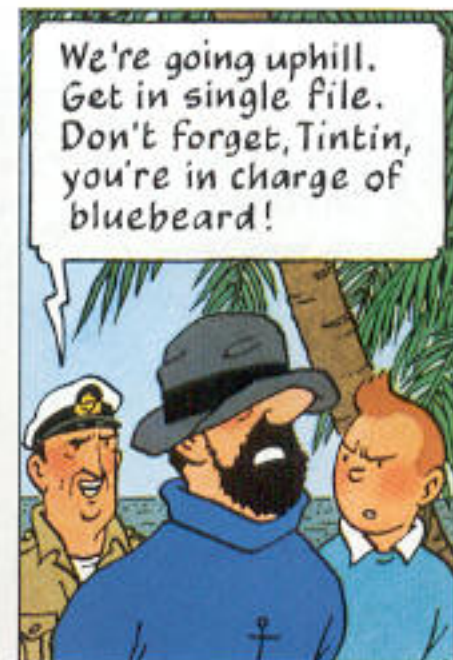
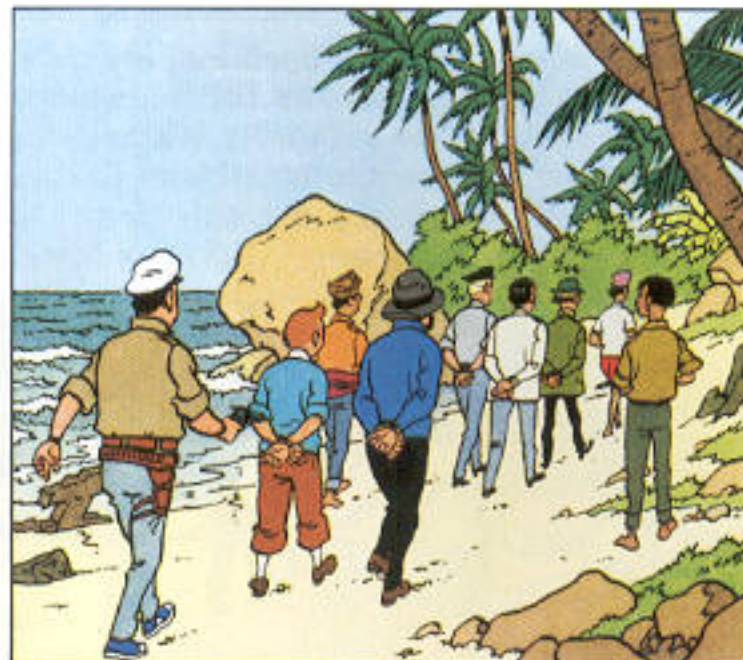
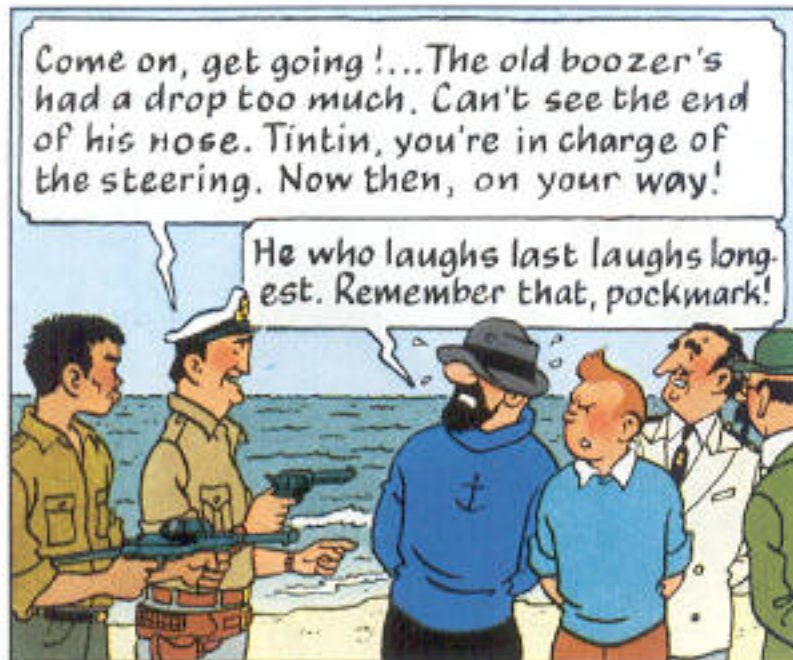
Ha! ha!

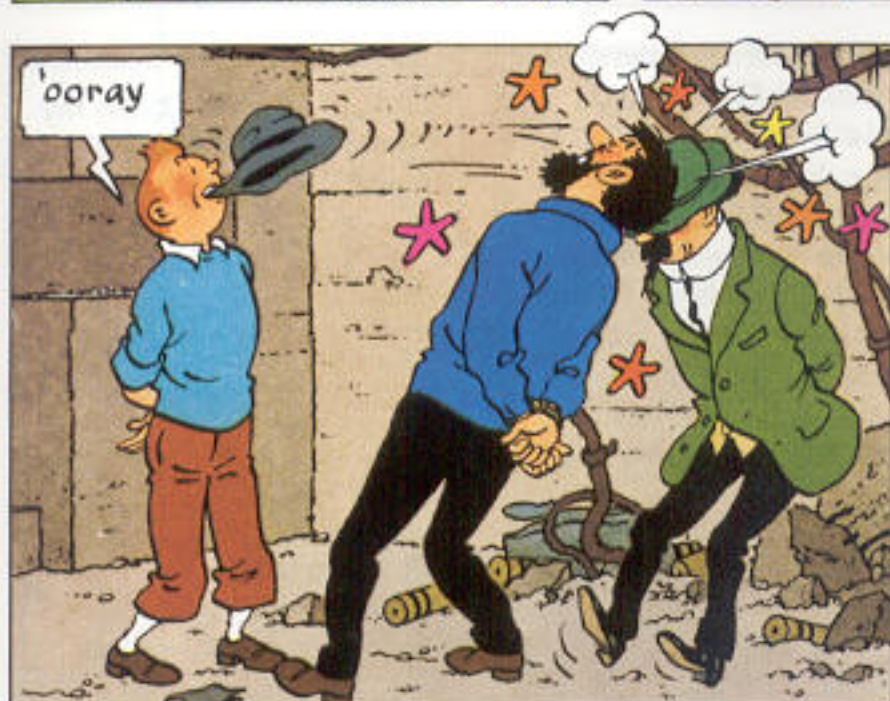


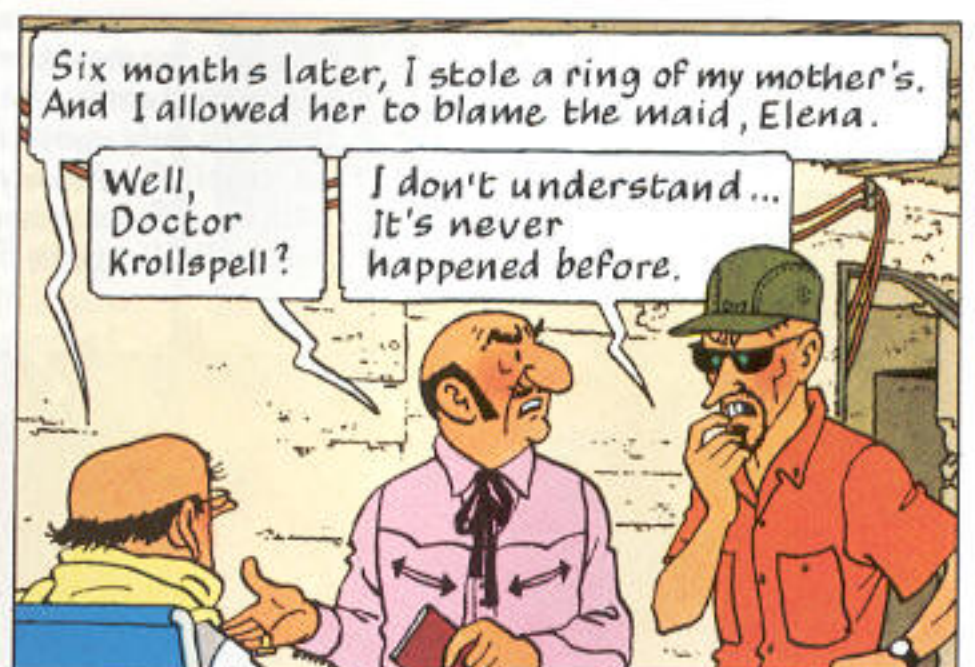
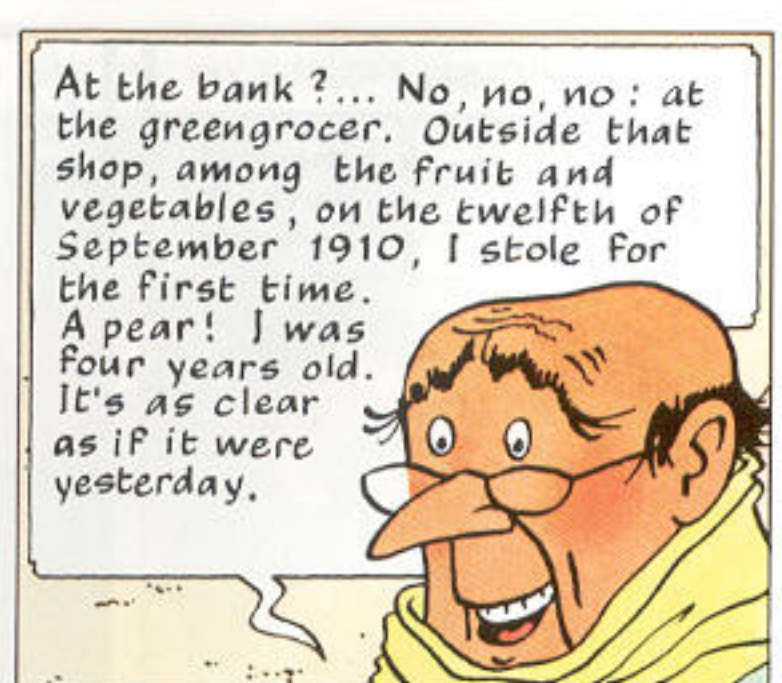
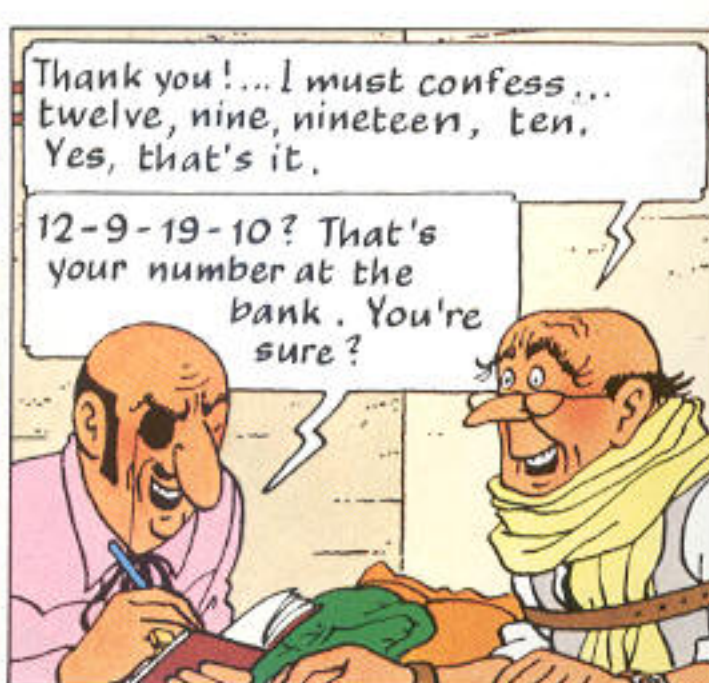
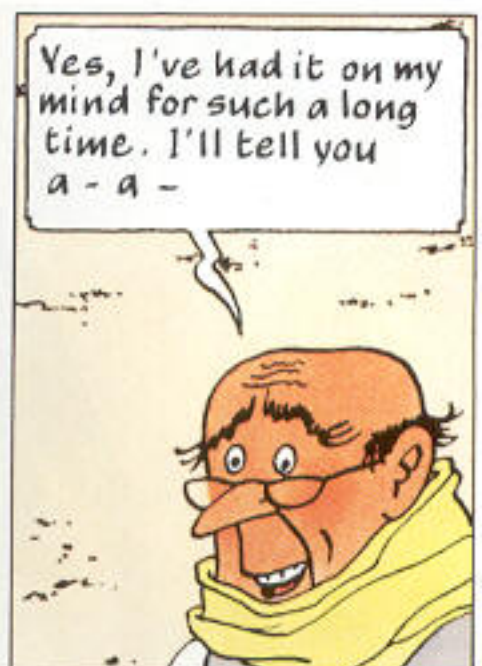
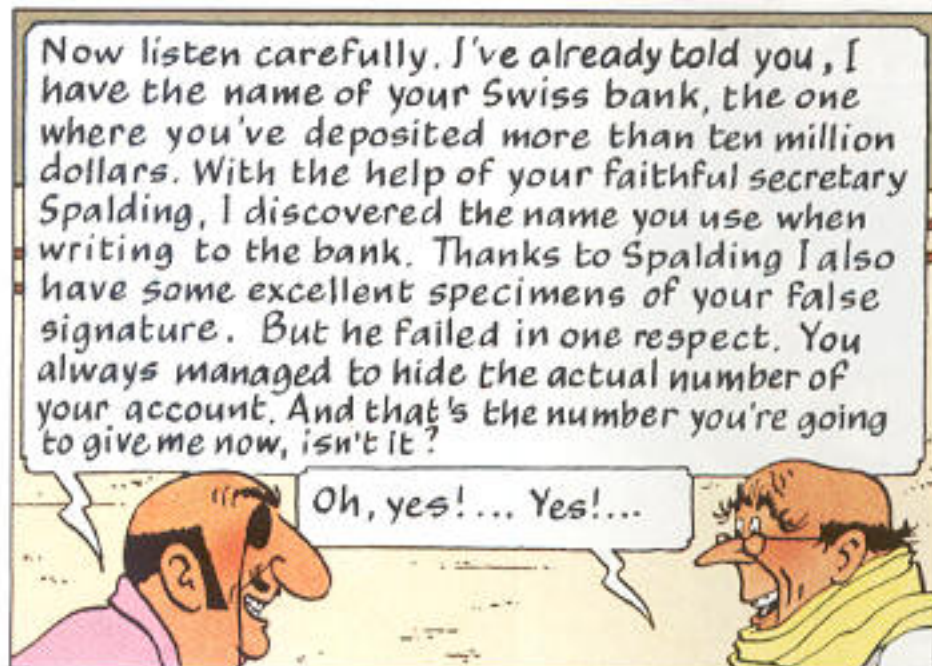
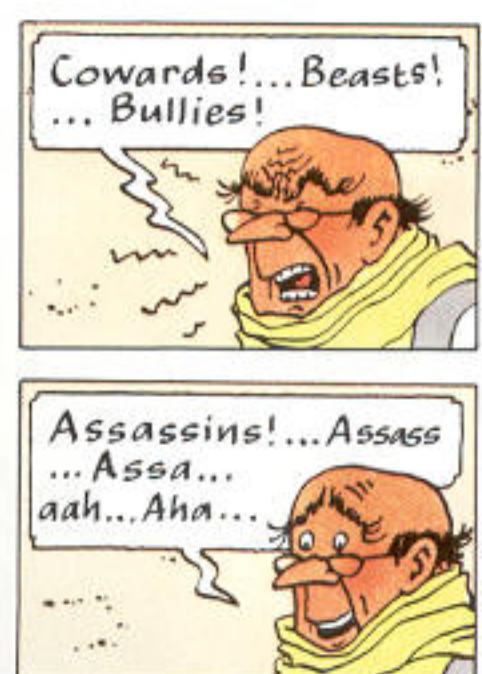
Tramps!... Terrapins!... Two-timing troglodytes!

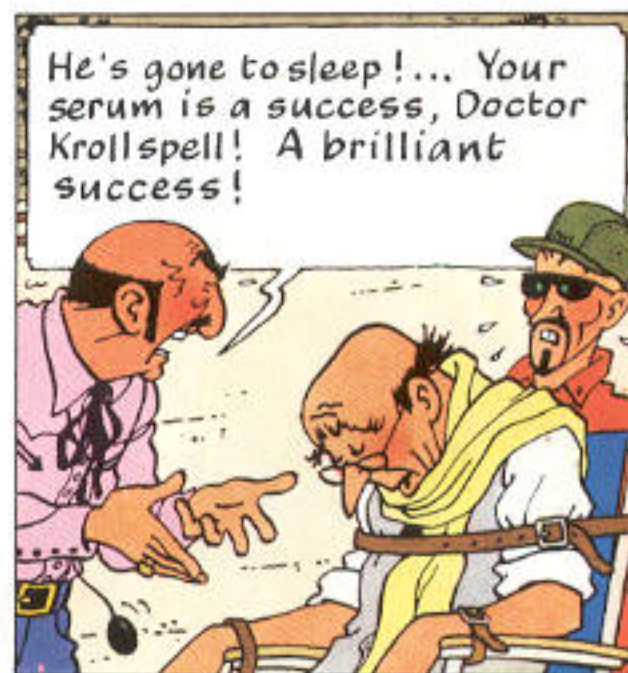
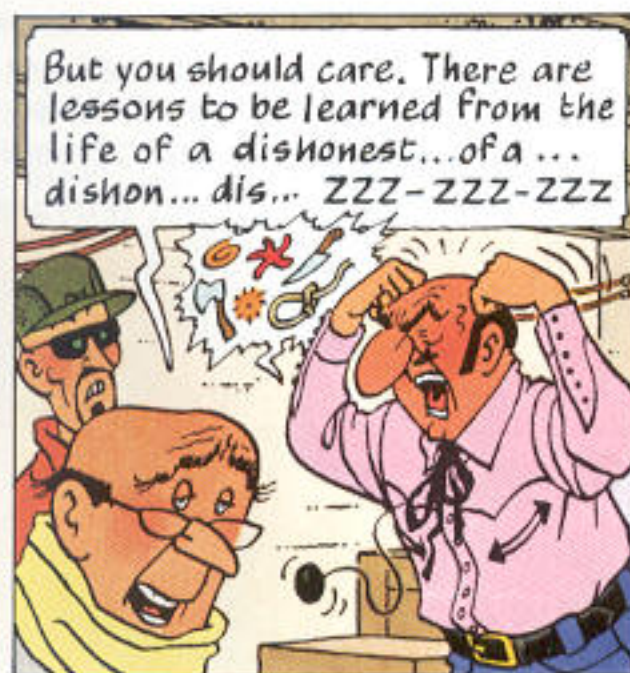
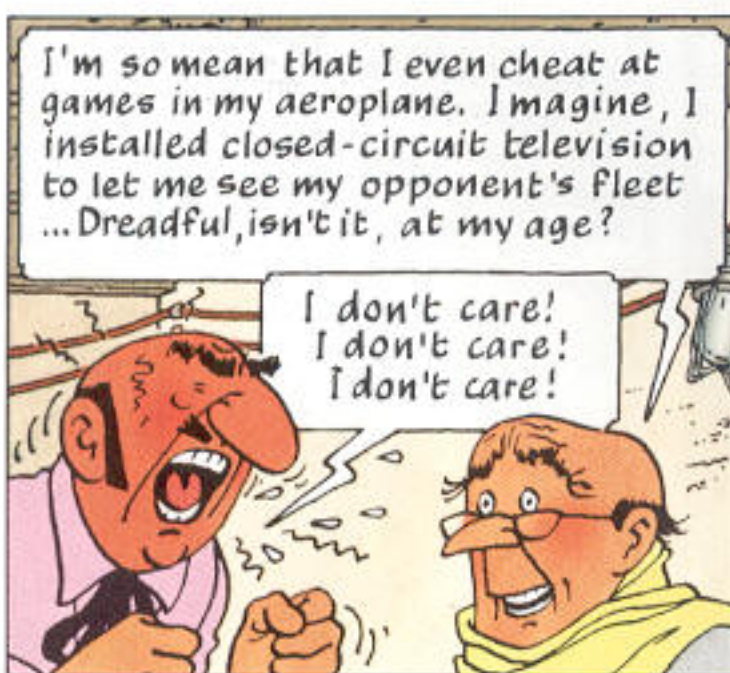
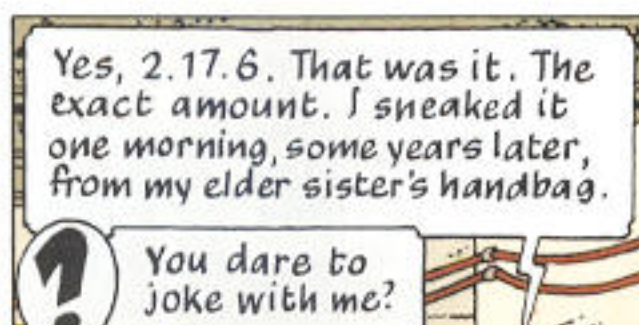
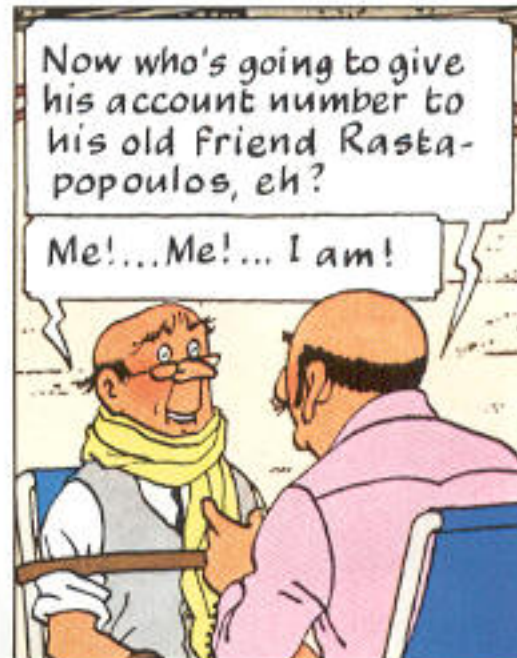
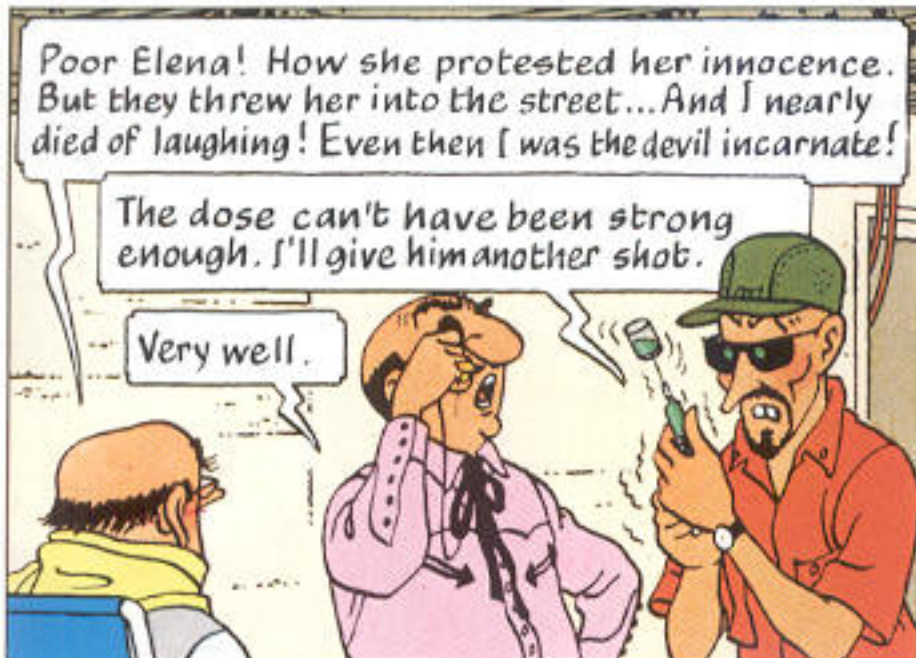
Enough fooling: take them to the cooler.

O.K.













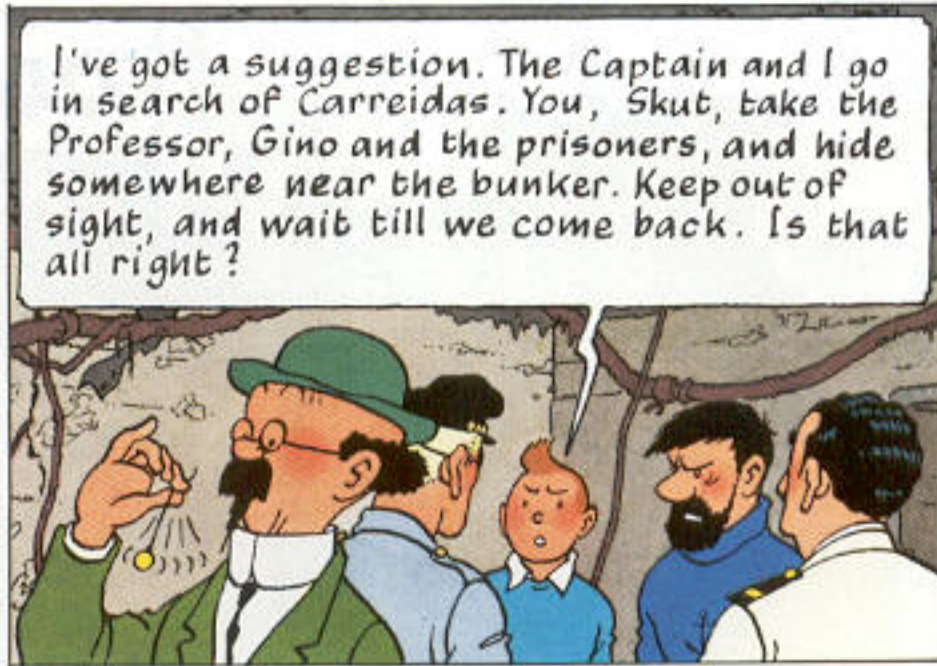


You were wearing this hat, Captain. That's why Snowy made a mistake.



Anyway, thanks to Snowy at least we're free, and can look for Mr. Carreidas.

I know, but rescuing him is another matter.



I've got a suggestion. The Captain and I go in search of Carreidas. You, Skut, take the Professor, Gino and the prisoners, and hide somewhere near the bunker. Keep out of sight, and wait till we come back. Is that all right?



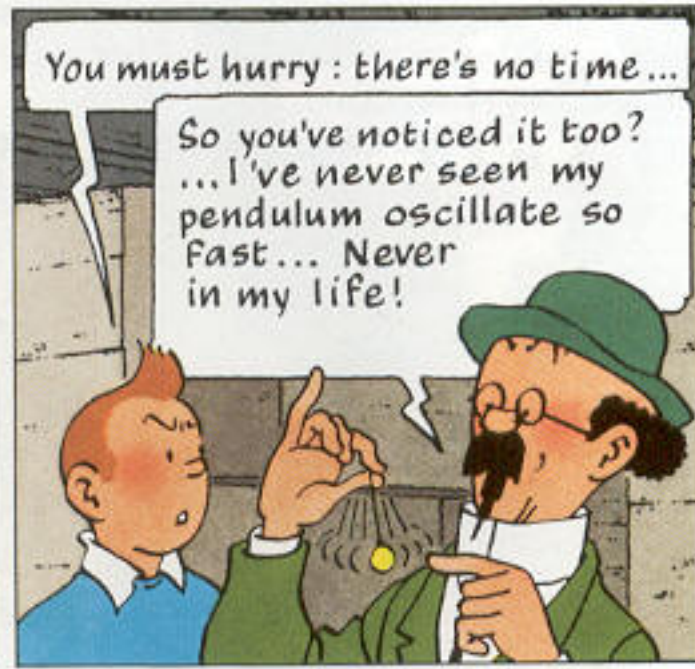
Is good plan, Tintin. I prefer to go with you and Captain. But I stay with other friends and prisoners.

Thanks, Skut. Now, let's go.



Ready, Professor?

Extraordinary! I've never seen that before.



You must hurry: there's no time...

So you've noticed it too? ...I've never seen my pendulum oscillate so fast... Never in my life!



It's incredible... Look! It's absolutely incredible... I've never seen anything like it!



A few minutes later...

This is an ideal place for you to hide. Be sure you don't make any noise. Keep a sharp eye on the prisoners. If all goes well, we'll come straight back here.



Goodbye, Tintin. Goodbye, and good luck!

Good luck to you, Skut.



Why did I ever leave Marlinspike?



Let anyone mention travel to me again and I'll tell him...



CRCCH ?



CAPTAIN?... CAPTAIN?...

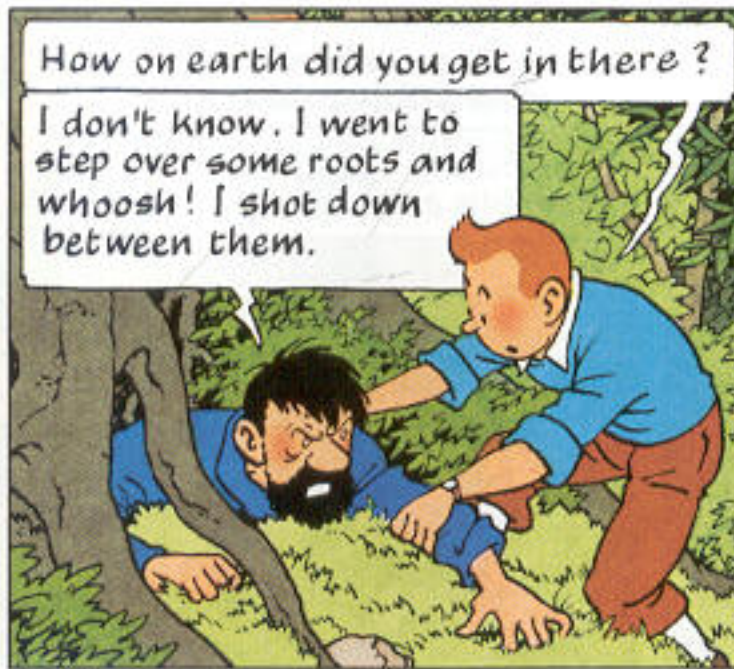
WHERE ARE YOU?!



Billions of blistering barnacles!

W-where are you?

Here!



How on earth did you get in there?

I don't know. I went to step over some roots and whoosh! I shot down between them.



I fell on a sort of smooth slab... like a flagstone. Let's investigate. There's something funny about this place... a weird atmosphere.



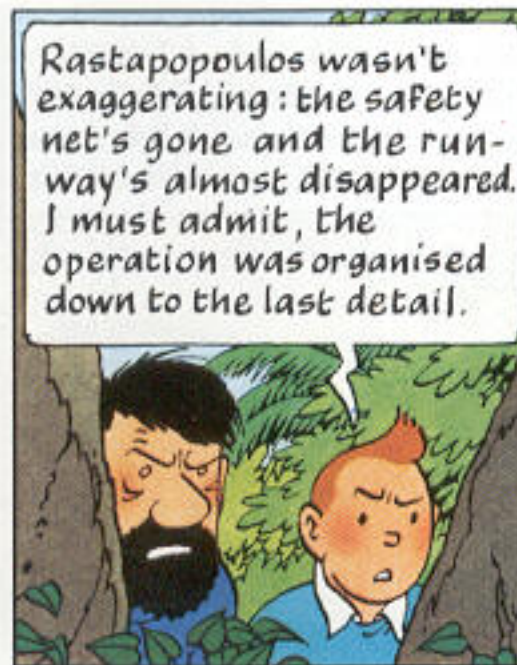
I can feel it too... But we must push on. We'll look later, if we get time.



Not so fast, Snowy.



Oh! Come and look... quietly...



Rastapopoulos wasn't exaggerating: the safety net's gone and the runway's almost disappeared. I must admit, the operation was organised down to the last detail.



I didn't see the plane: must have been camouflaged.

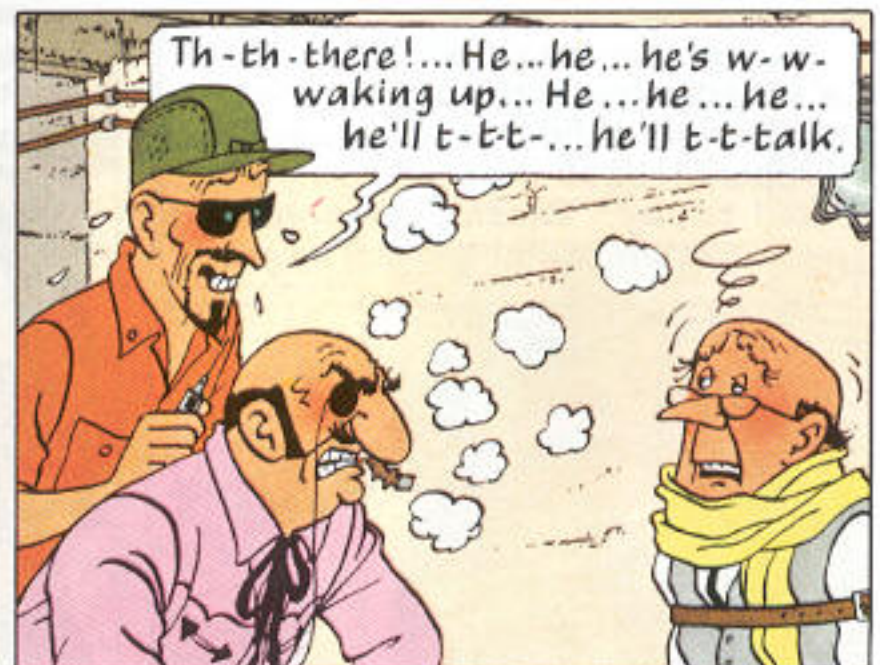
I expect so.



We must be getting near: look at Snowy. He's on to something.



Crumbs! Another bunker, with two guards outside. That'll be where they're holding Carreidas.



Th-th-there!... He... he... he's w-w-waking up... He... he... he... he'll t-t-t... he'll t-t-talk.



They aren't paying much attention. All the better for us.



Kita di rumah biasa tambah sedikit sambal ulek.
Itu bukan djelek, tentu lebih enak tetapi...



Ssh - h - h - h! ... Or bang-bang... Understand?



Understand? Quiet, or else...



Disarm them first, Captain ... Good... Now, tie them up, quick as you can. Better gag them too. You can use their own shirts.



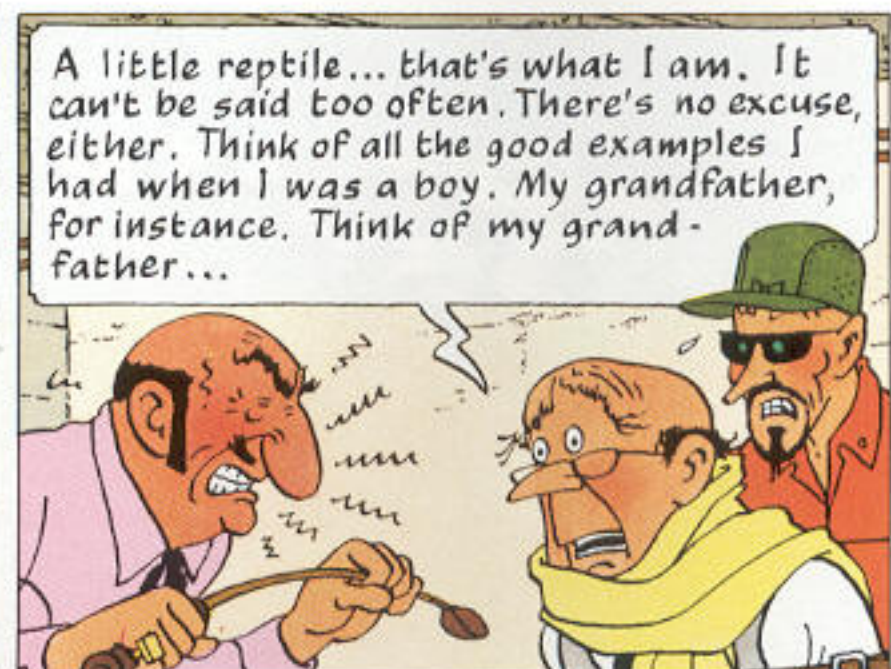
Sorry, old man, but you know how a sailor has a passion for knots!



Now, you moth-eaten monkey, how's that, eh?



Have you decided? Will you co-operate, or do I use stronger measures? Are you going to talk, you little reptile?



A little reptile... that's what I am. It can't be said too often. There's no excuse, either. Think of all the good examples I had when I was a boy. My grandfather, for instance. Think of my grandfather...



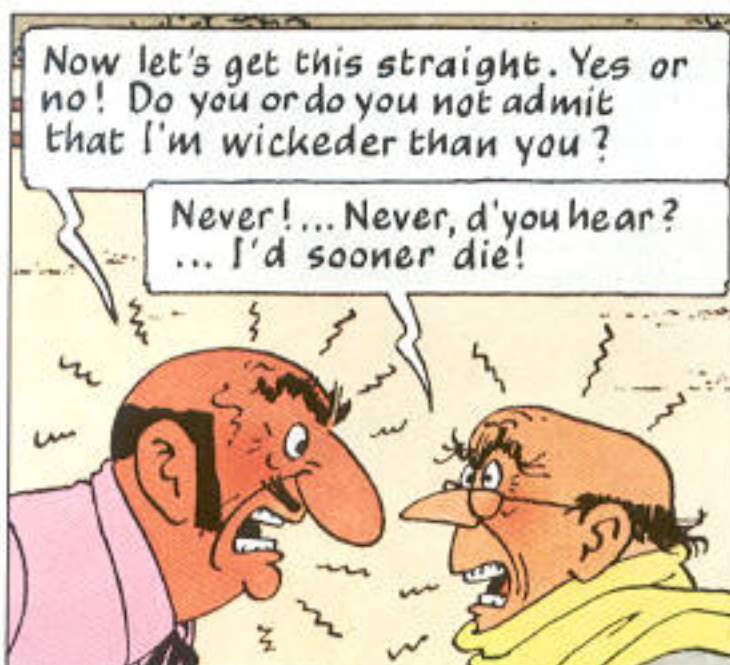
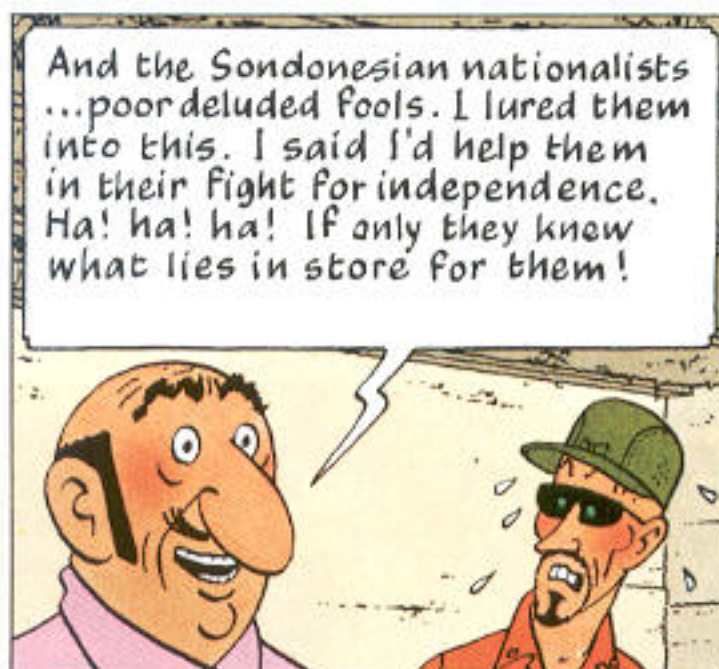
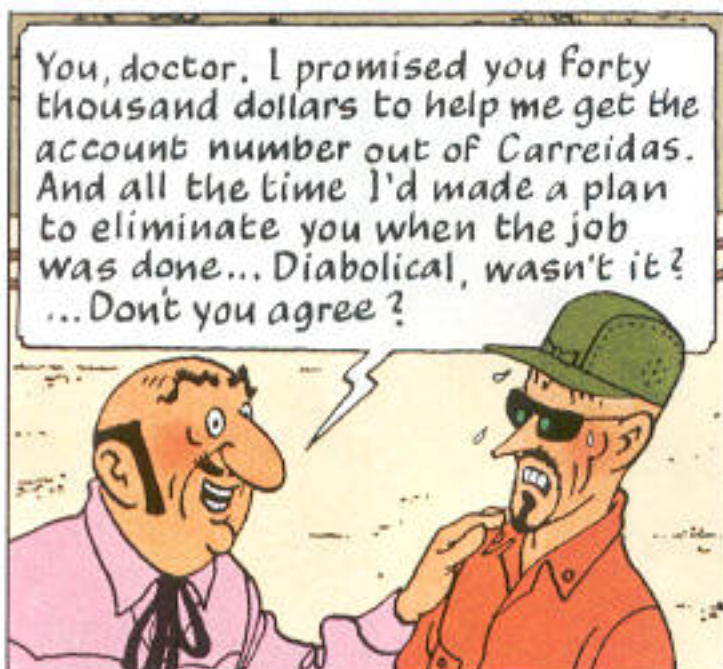
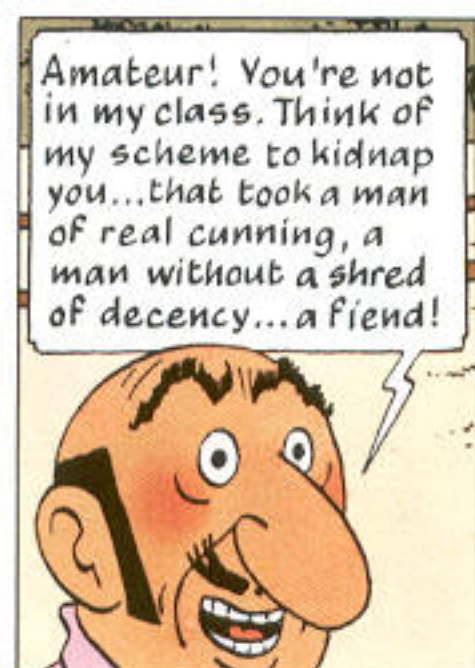
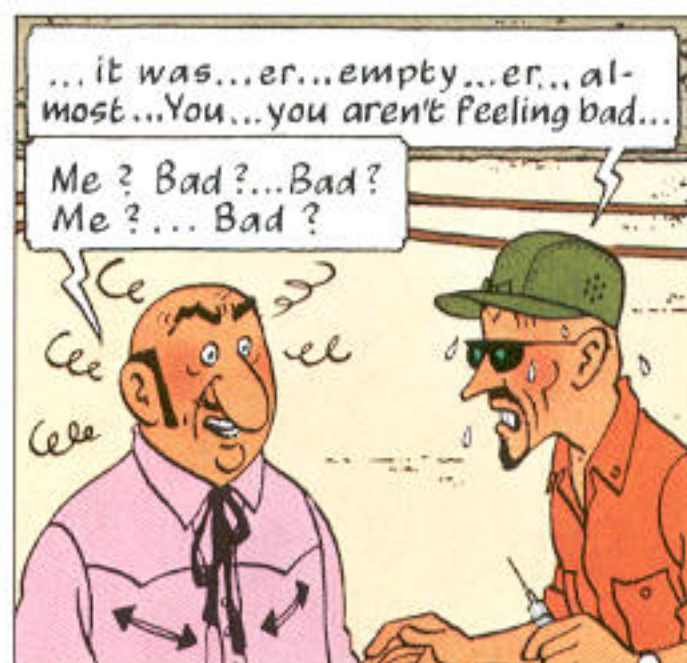
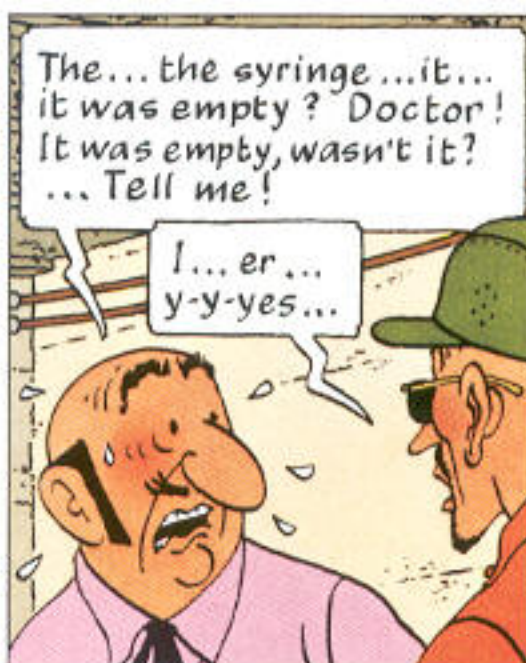
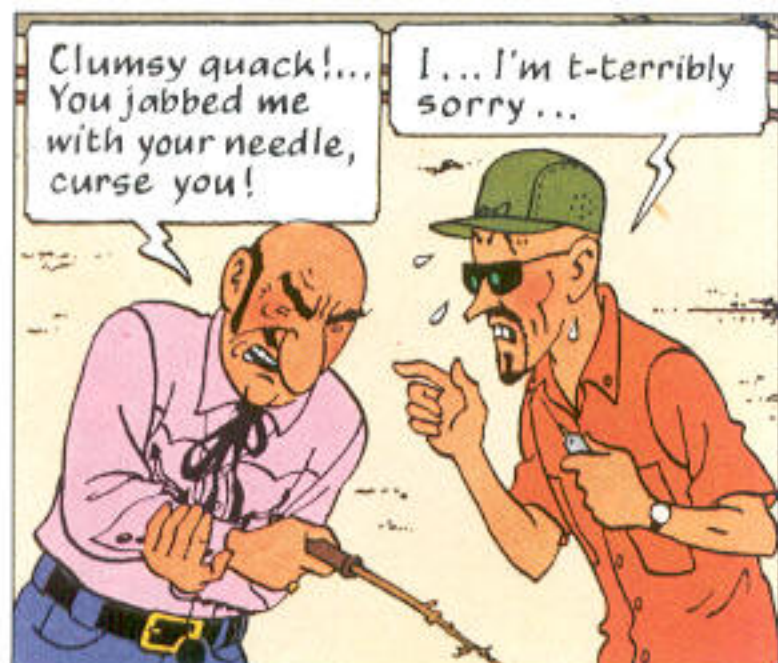
... my maternal grandfather... just a humble confectioner, a maker of Turkish delight in Erzerum. A simple, honest man. "Laszlo", he used to say, "Laszlo, remember: an ill-gotten camel gathers no gain..."

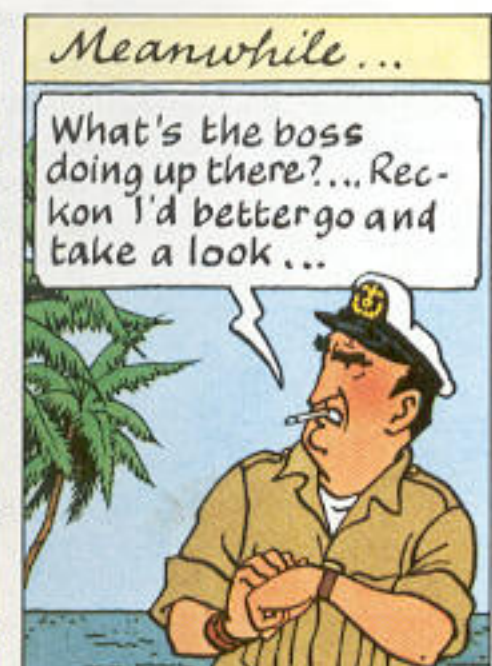
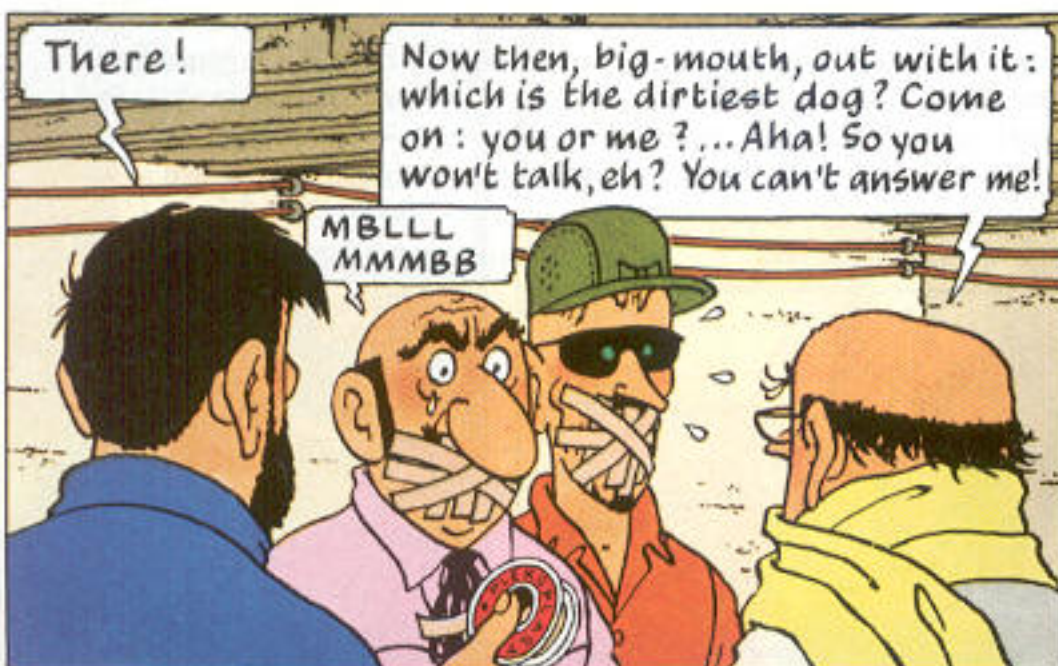
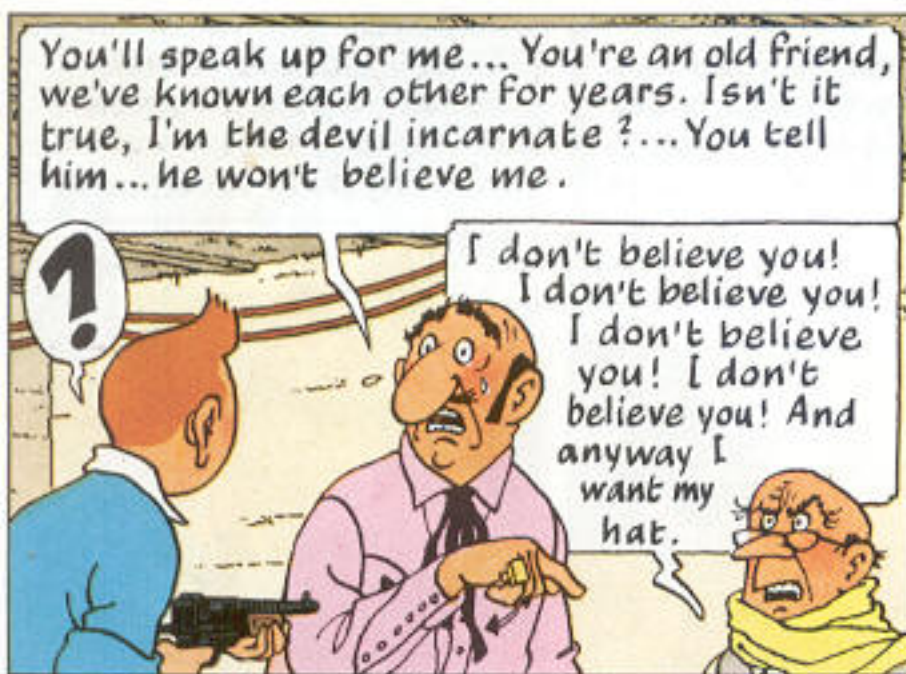
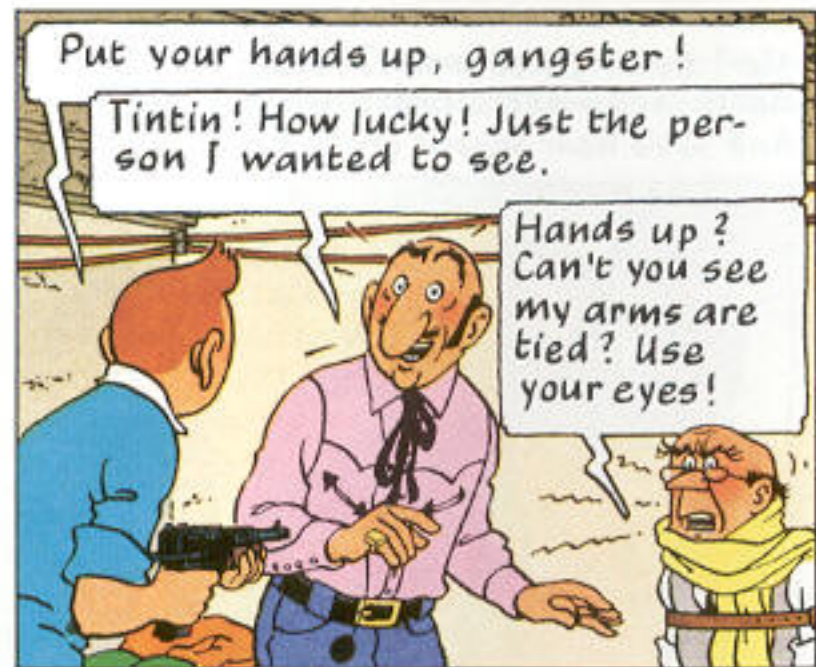


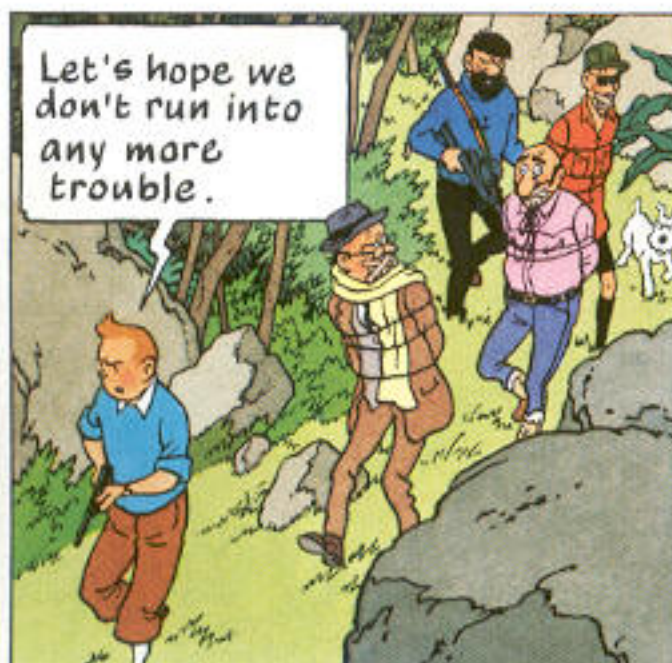
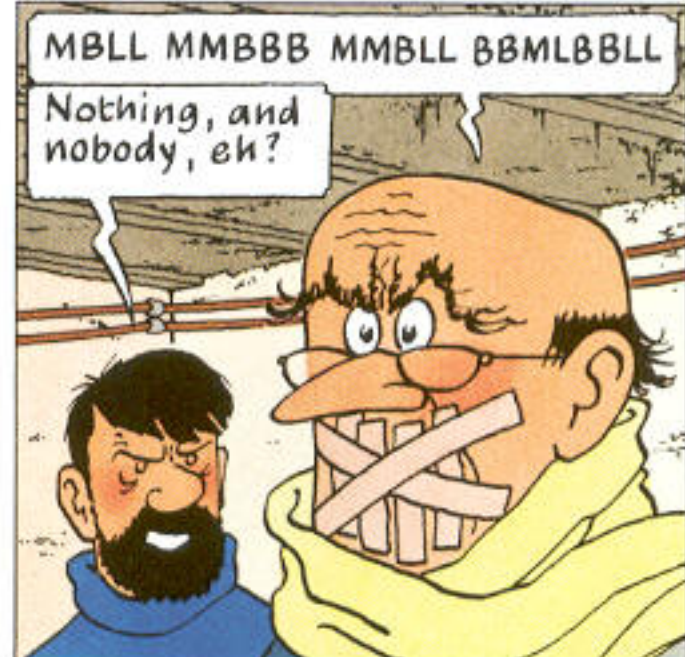
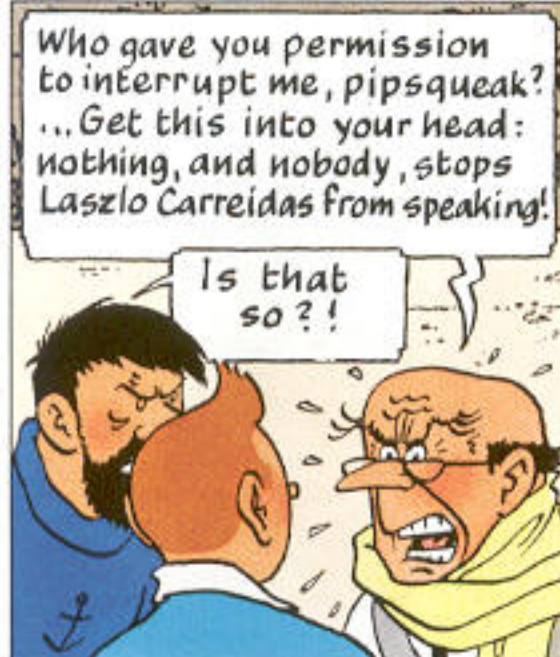
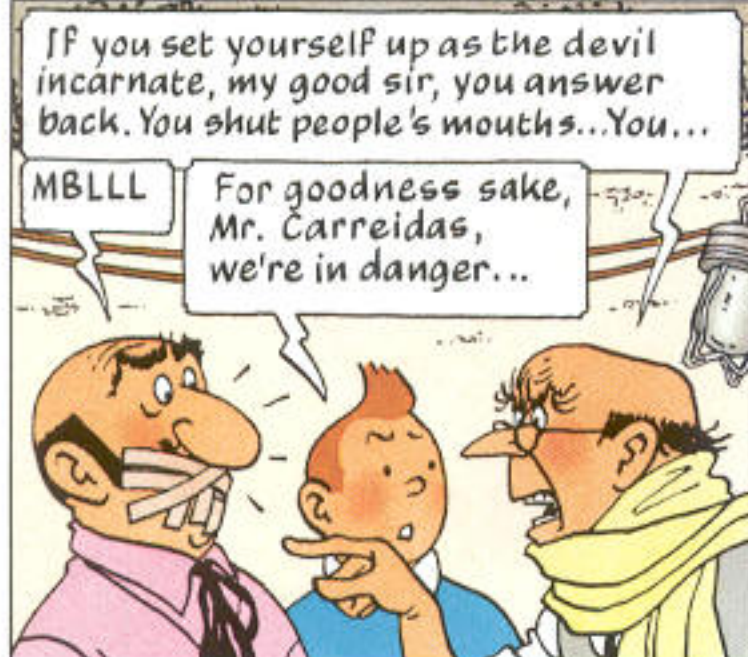
It's all your fault, charlatan! You'll pay for this!

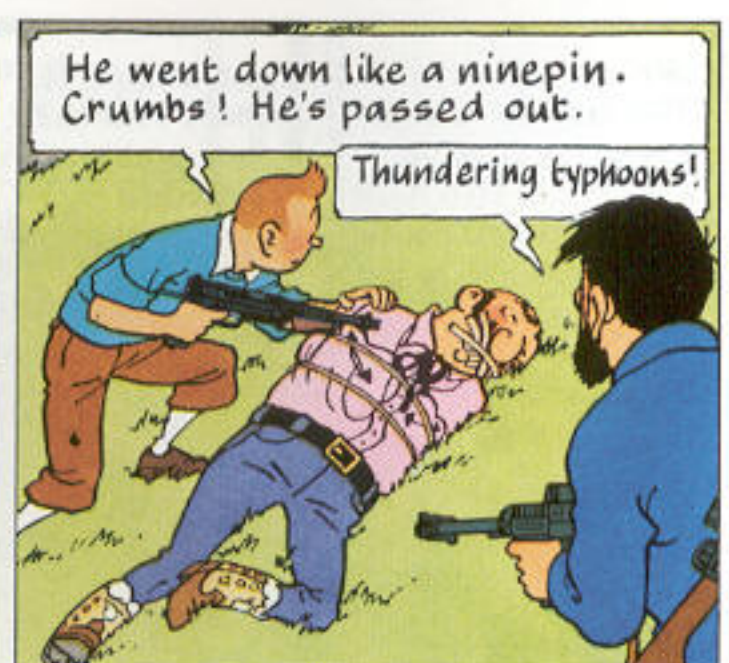
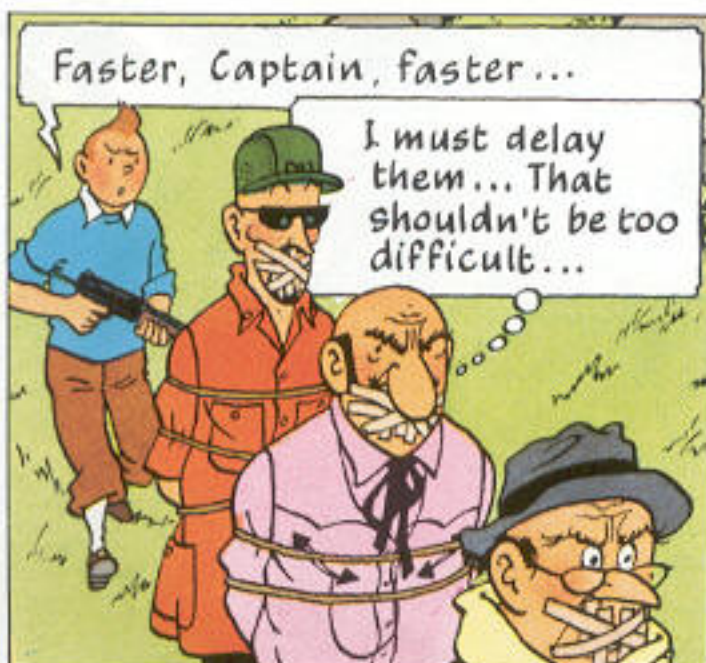


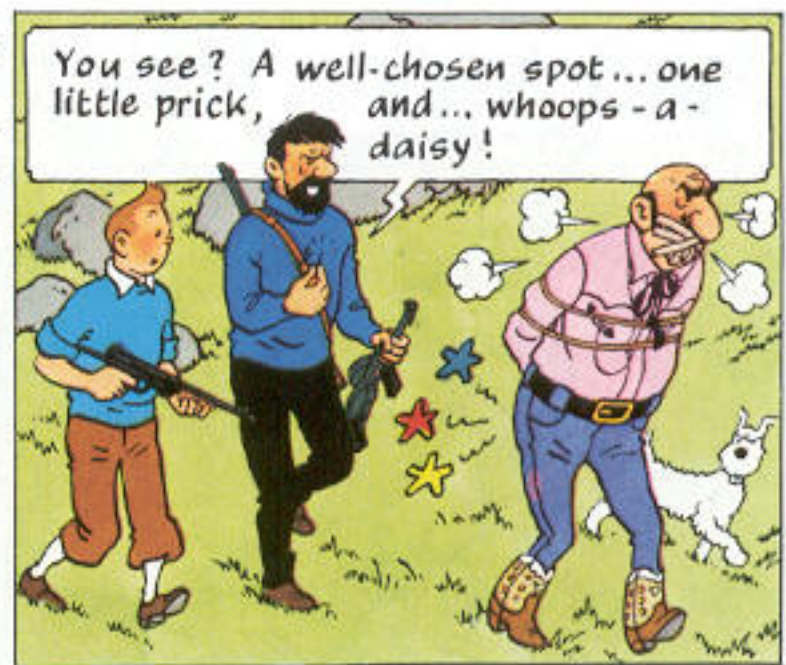
YEOW

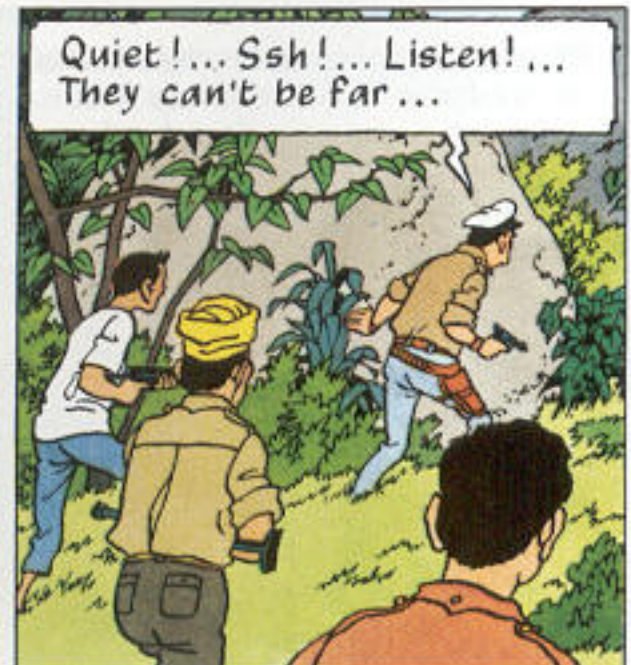
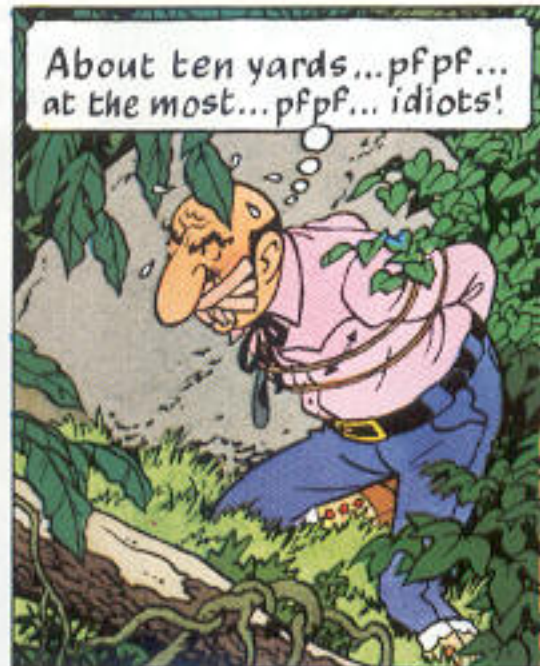
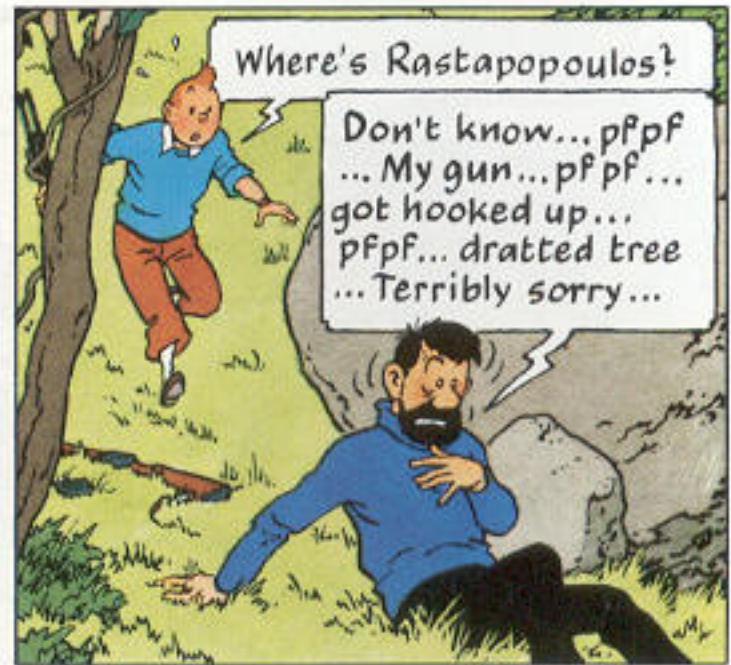
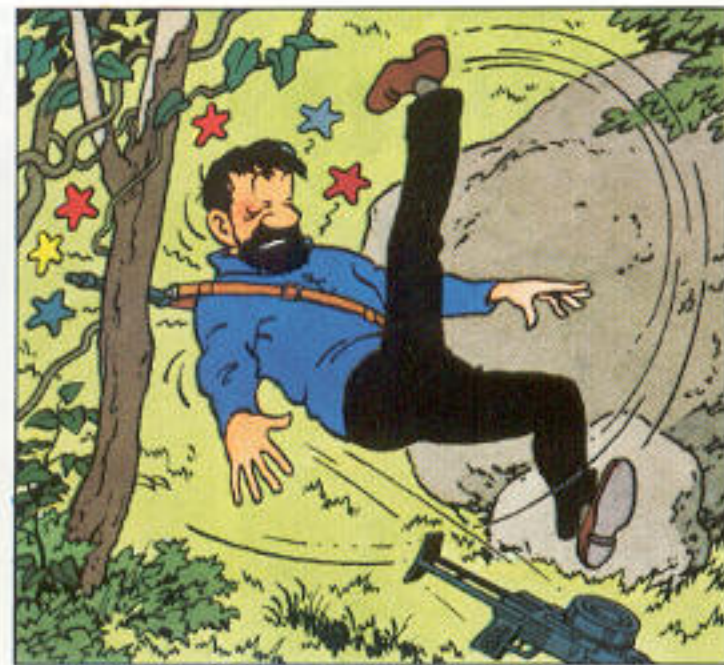
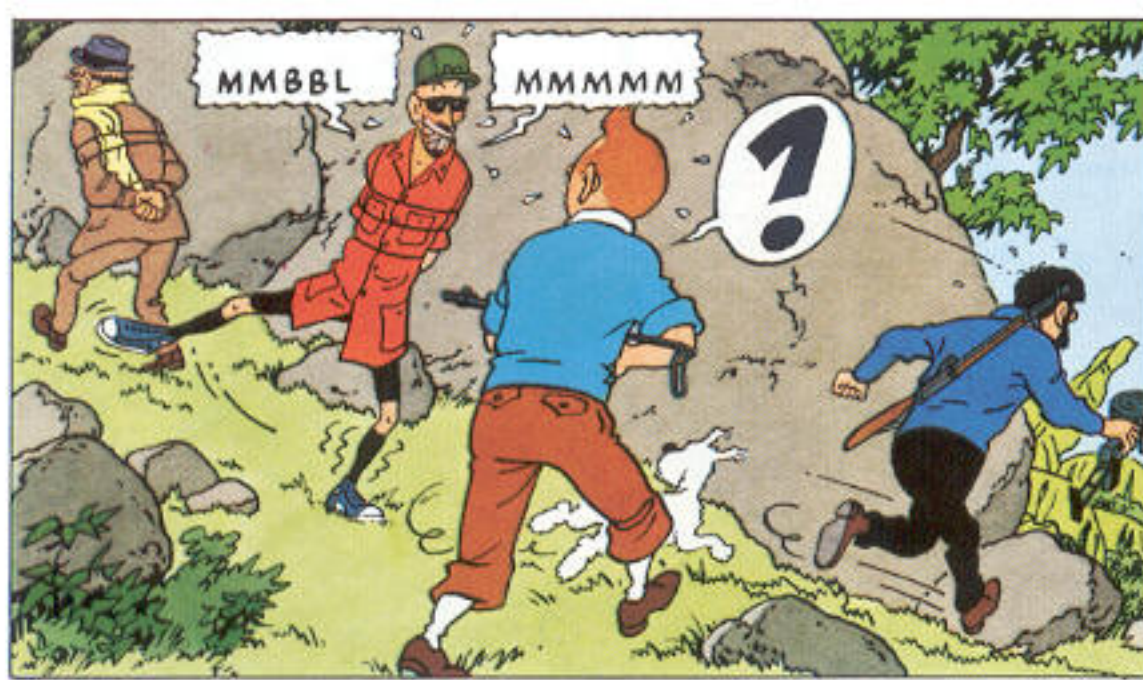


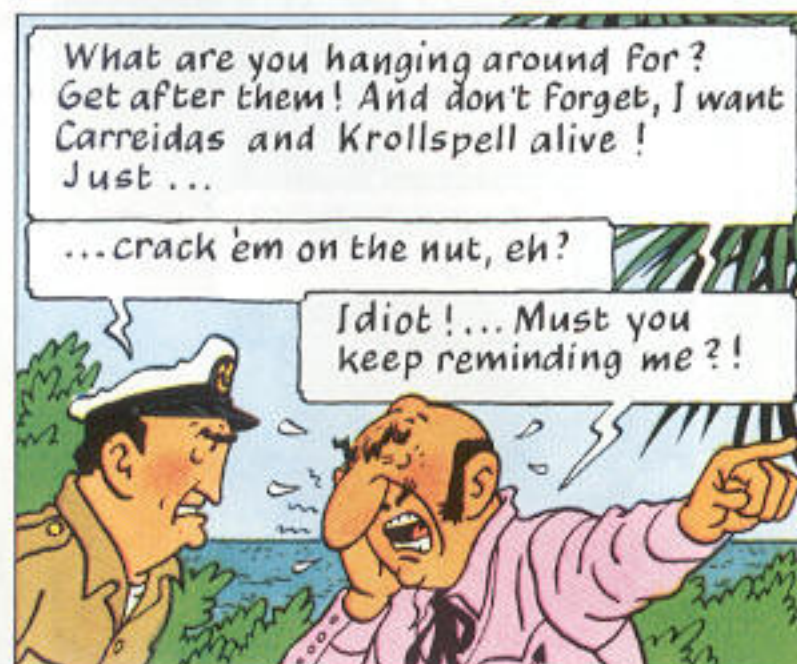


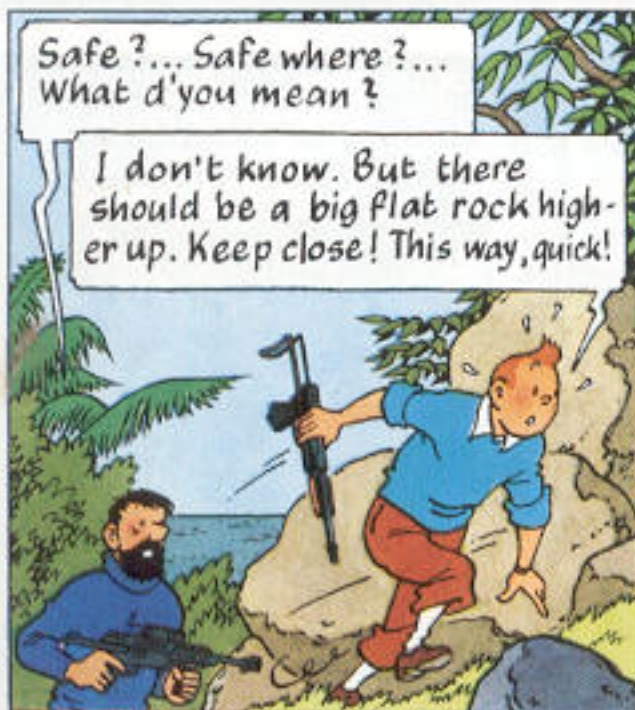
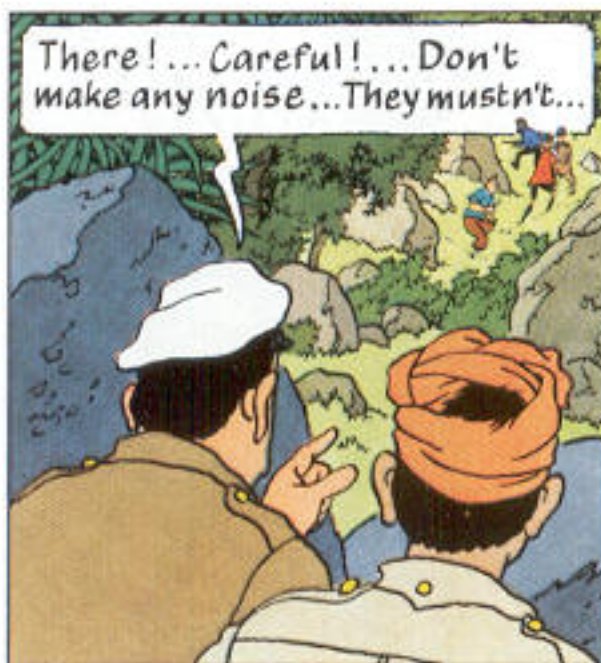














In you go, doctor. Be careful, there should be about ten steps...

But how do you know?

Yes, I see them.



All right?... Good. Here's Carreidas. Hold him tight in case he falls.

MBLLL



You next, Captain. Quickly! We mustn't let them see where we've gone... Do hurry!

Tintin, I insist! Tell me where you're taking us!



I don't know. But I'm sure it's our only chance. For goodness sake make up your mind!

All right, I'll come.



Ugghh!... Beastly things! ... Go away!

Oh, come on, Captain! They're quite harmless. They won't eat you.



For heaven's sake come along, Captain!

And be dive-bombed by vampires?... Never! I'm staying here!

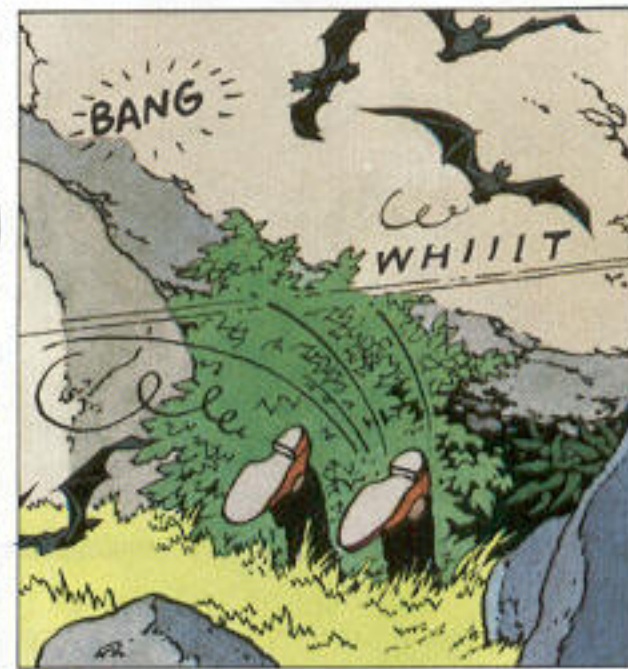


BANG

BANG

WHIIIT

WHIIIT



BANG

WHIIIT



Ha! ha! Too clever by half! They're cornered!



Tintin! ... This is Allan... Come on out! You'd better be sensible, or I might get impatient... and toss a grenade in after you.



No answer?... O.K., if that's how you want it...



Wait while I take the pin out ...



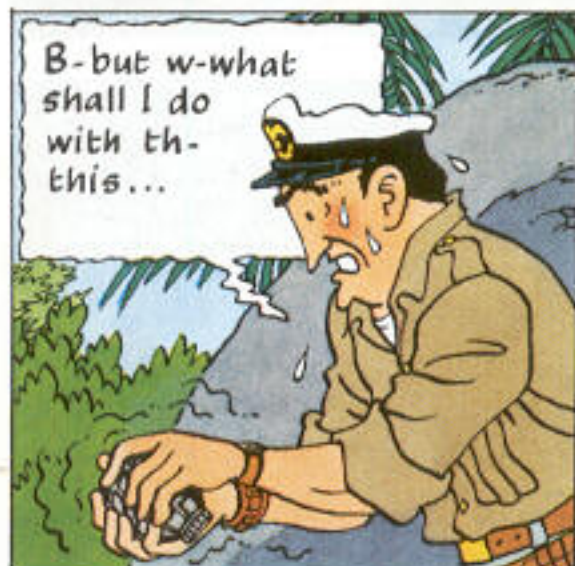
... and here she comes ... One ... two ...



... thr ...



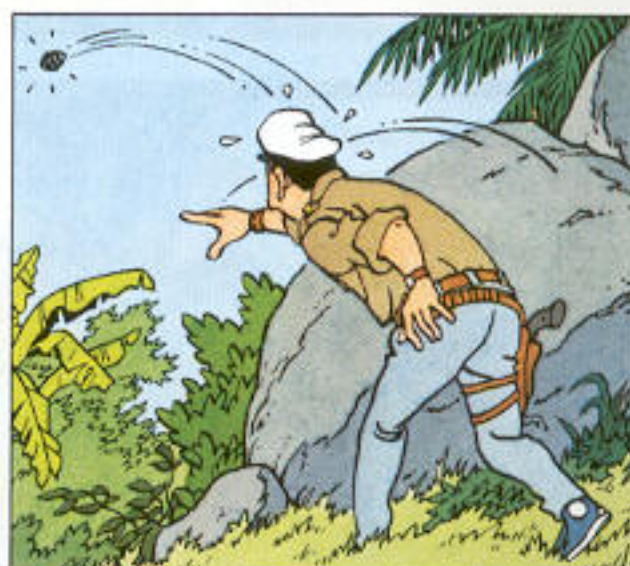
I'm crazy! What am I doing? The boss said he wanted Carreidas and the doctor alive! ... He'd have my hide for this ...



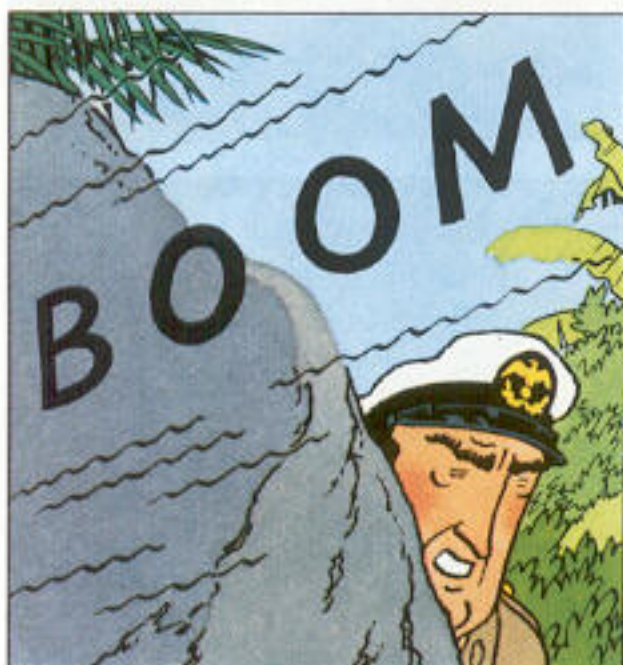
B-but w-what shall I do with th-this ...



Hey! Take cover, you lot! I'm going to throw this grenade as far as I can.



Whew! That really had me sweating!



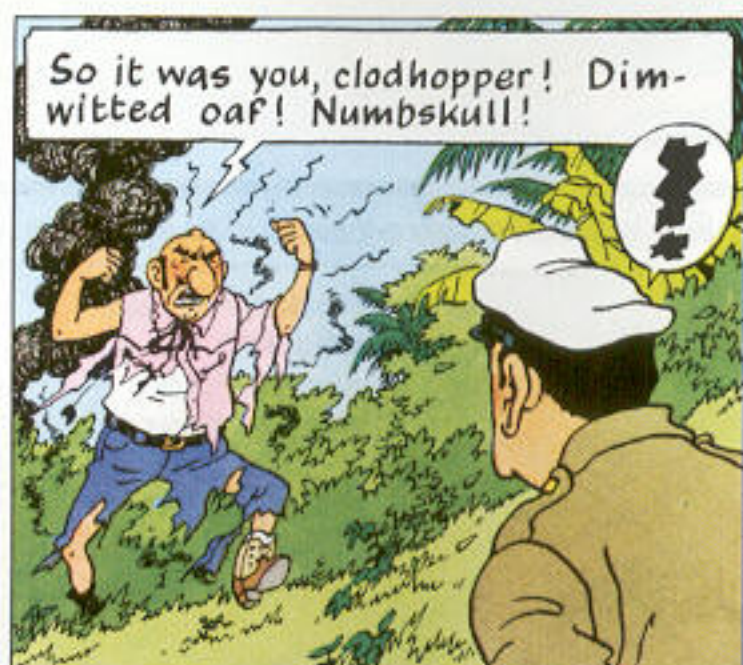
BOOM



There, that's got me out of trouble ...



What misbegotten madman had that brilliant idea?! ... Chucking grenades about!!



So it was you, clodhopper! Dim-witted oaf! Numbskull!



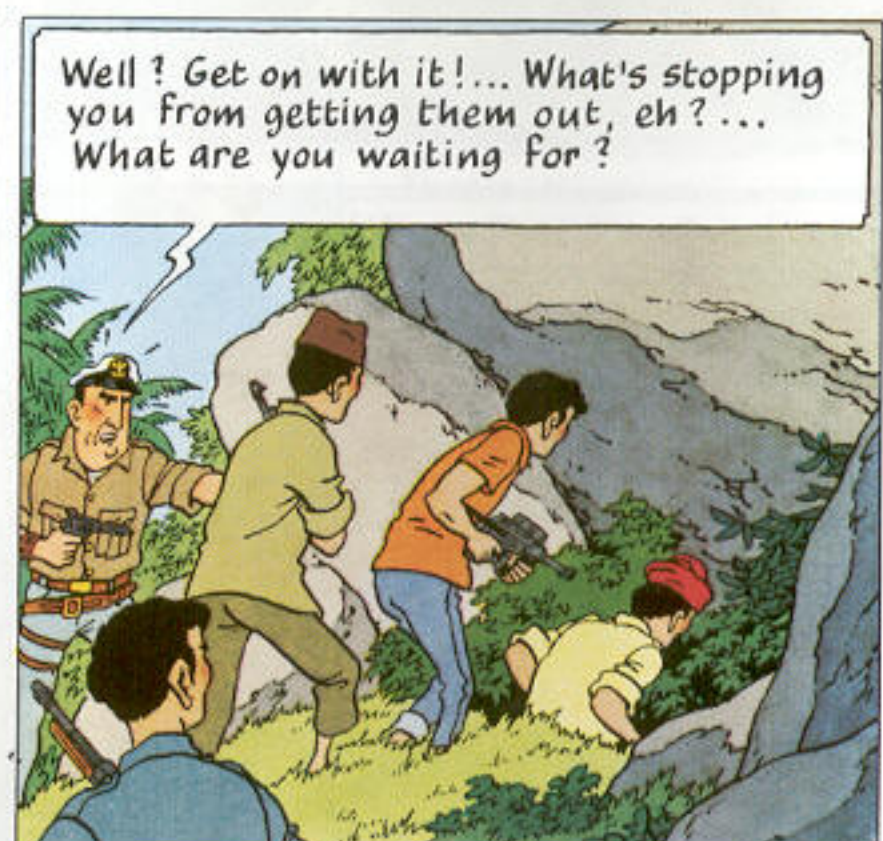
Village idiot! What about our prisoners, eh? Where are they?



Th-th- there ... In the c-c-cave ...



Th-th- there ... In the c-c-cave ... In the c-c-cave! In the c-c-cave! And what's stopping you from getting them out of the c-c-cave; eh? ... What are you waiting for!



Well? Get on with it! ... What's stopping you from getting them out, eh? ... What are you waiting for?



Stop!... Brenti!... Brenti la!

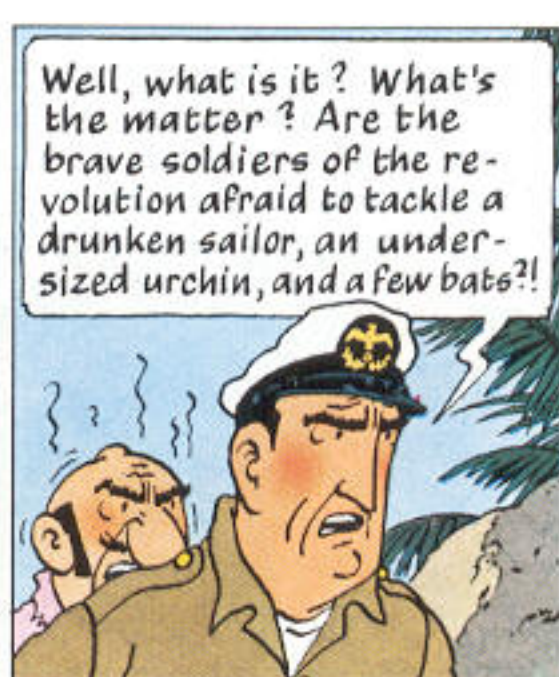
Now what? Keep moving, can't you!



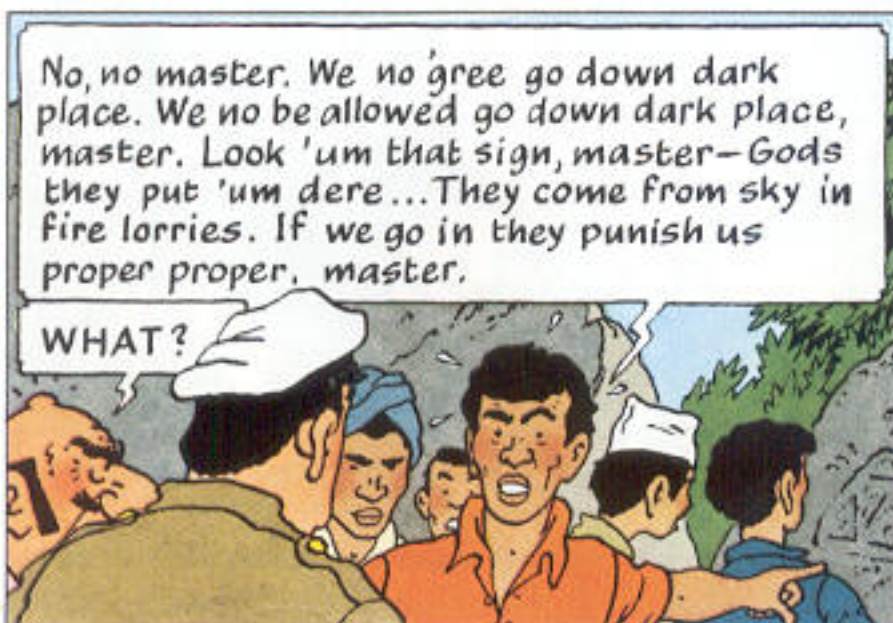
Disana... Diatas batu karang... Lihatlah tanda dawa 2 terbang ini diatas kereta 2 berapi.

Saja.

Itu betul.

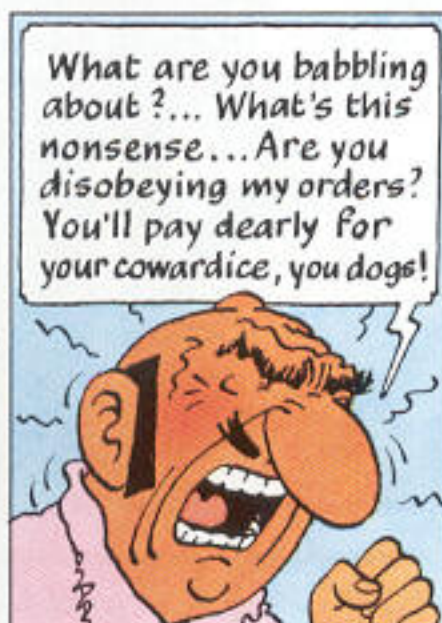


Well, what is it? What's the matter? Are the brave soldiers of the revolution afraid to tackle a drunken sailor, an under-sized urchin, and a few bats?!



No, no master. We no 'gree go down dark place. We no be allowed go down dark place, master. Look 'um that sign, master—Gods they put 'um dere... They come from sky in fire lorries. If we go in they punish us proper proper, master.

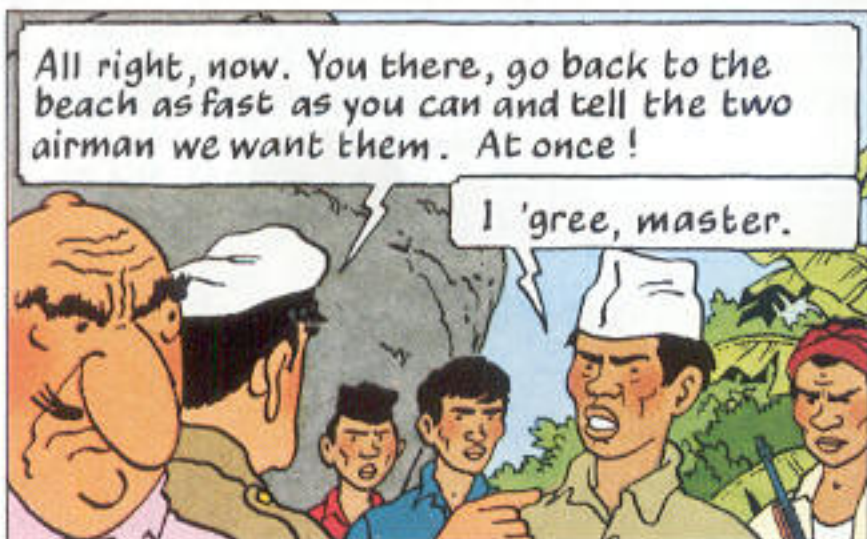
WHAT?



What are you babbling about?... What's this nonsense... Are you disobeying my orders? You'll pay dearly for your cowardice, you dogs!

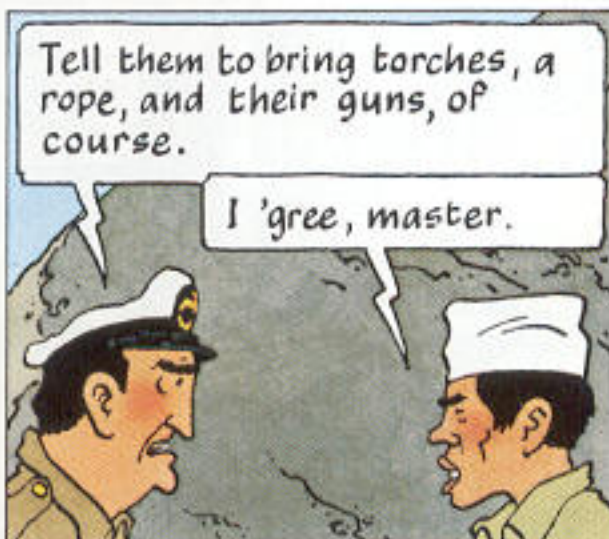


No, boss!... We must keep calm. We need them... And remember how frightened they were last night when we saw that strange light in the sky... Let me handle this.



All right, now. You there, go back to the beach as fast as you can and tell the two airman we want them. At once!

I 'gree, master.



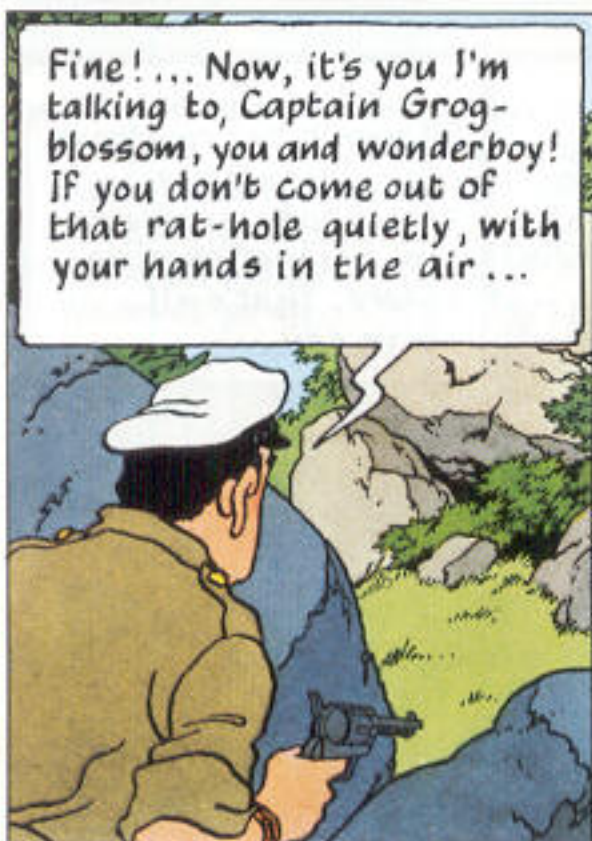
Tell them to bring torches, a rope, and their guns, of course.

I 'gree, master.



They're to be here before nightfall!

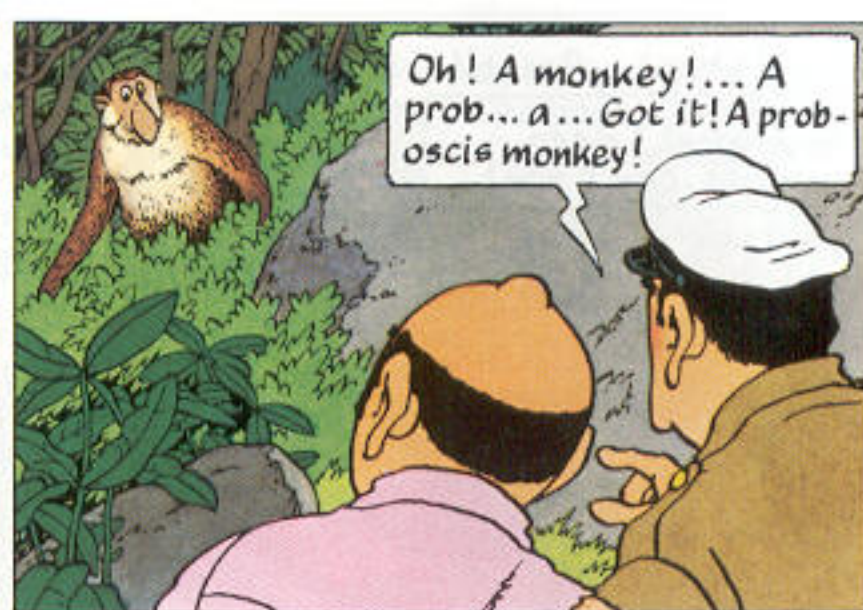
I do, master.



Fine!... Now, it's you I'm talking to, Captain Grog-blossom, you and wonderboy! If you don't come out of that rat-hole quietly, with your hands in the air...



... you'll be carried out feet first!



And another thing: how is it we can see our way down here? By rights it should be black as the inside of a cow.

I know. It's queer. It reminds me of that strange light in the Temple of the Sun.



But I think we've nearly reached our destination... Yes, there's the statue I was told about...



His lordship's "voices" have described the statue to his lordship, of course. Perhaps they've also been gracious enough to explain why it's so hellishly hot down here! Like a Turkish bath!

I don't know. Perhaps there's a spring of boiling water nearby...



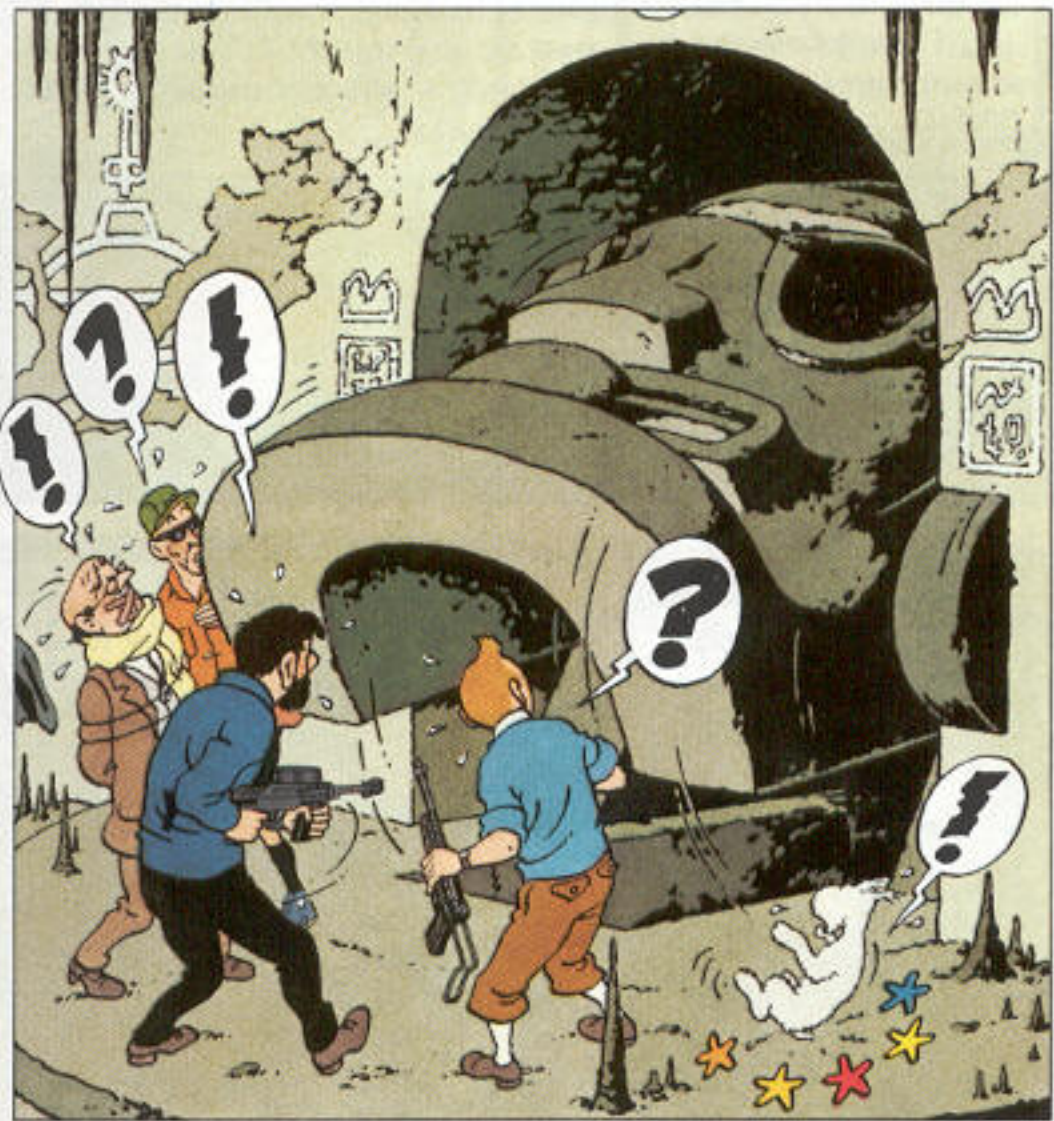
Maybe they serve cups of tea, too!



It could be lava. We are very close to a volcano. Excuse me...



The eye... Press hard on the eye... The right one?... I see...

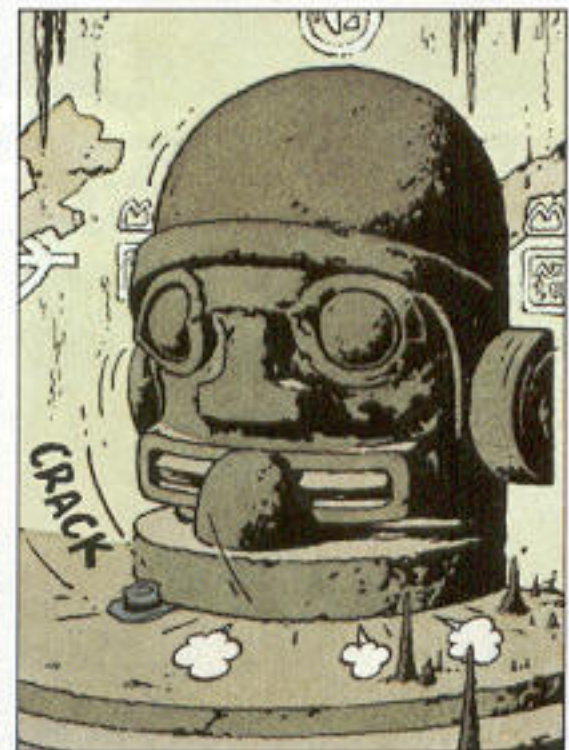
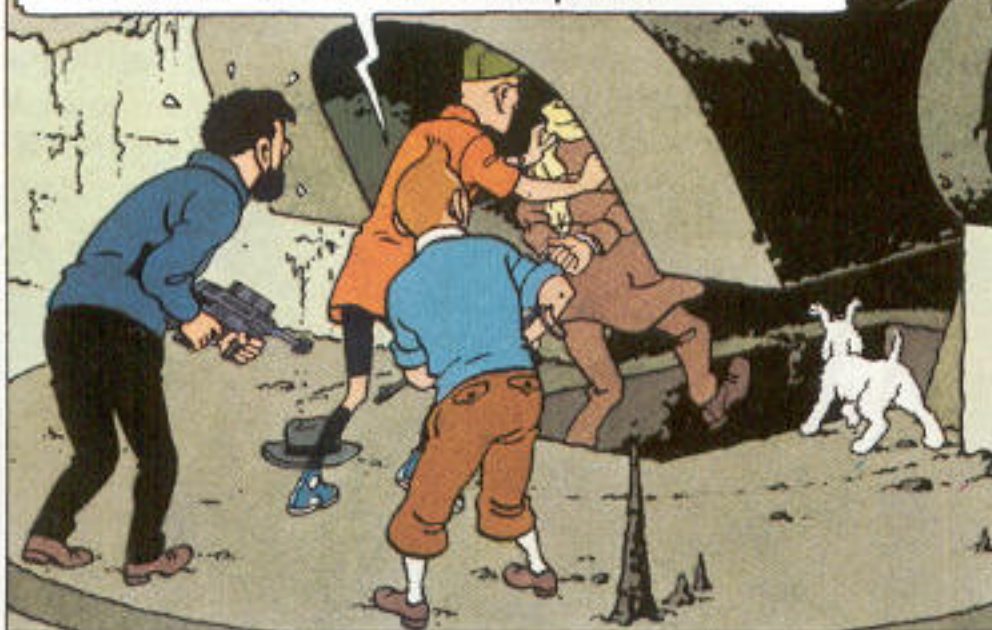


A secret passage! ...It's unbelievable! ...Pressing on the eye released a catch... We must go on.

In there? But...



I'll come last, Captain. You go, then I can lower the statue into place.

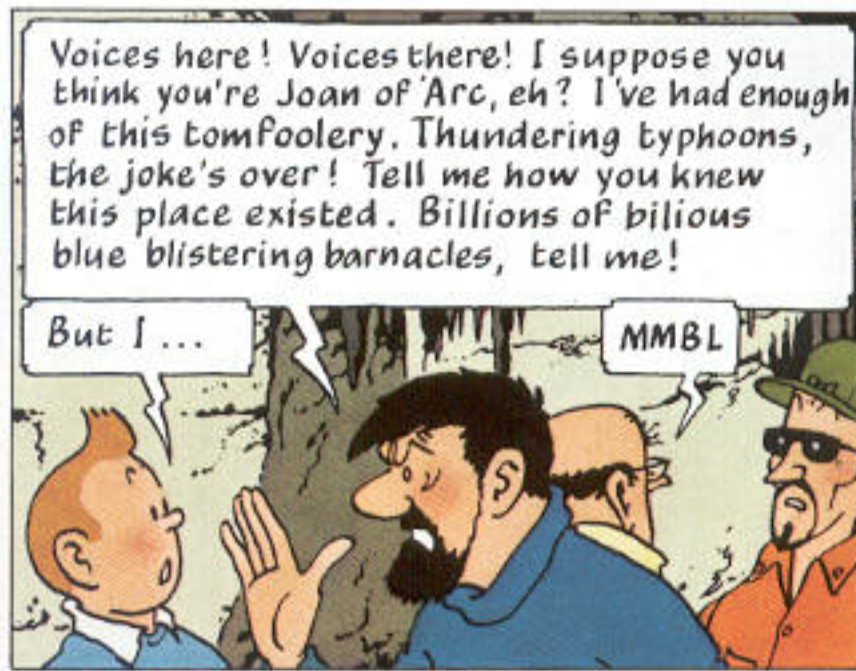




I bolted it behind us as I was told to do: I believe we're safe now, if I've really understood the instructions from what you call my "voices".

Your voices!

MMBL



But I ...

MMBL



W-w-what? ... W-w-who? ... W-who's speaking? ... What did you say? ... I ... I'm not to make so much noise? ... N-n-no, sir.



I ... It's crazy! ... I ... You can't imagine what ... It's ... it's as though someone was talking on the telephone, ringing me up inside my head! ... You can laugh, but that's what happened, just like I said ...



TAP TAP TAP

Ssh! ... Listen!



TAP TAP TAP

Footsteps!

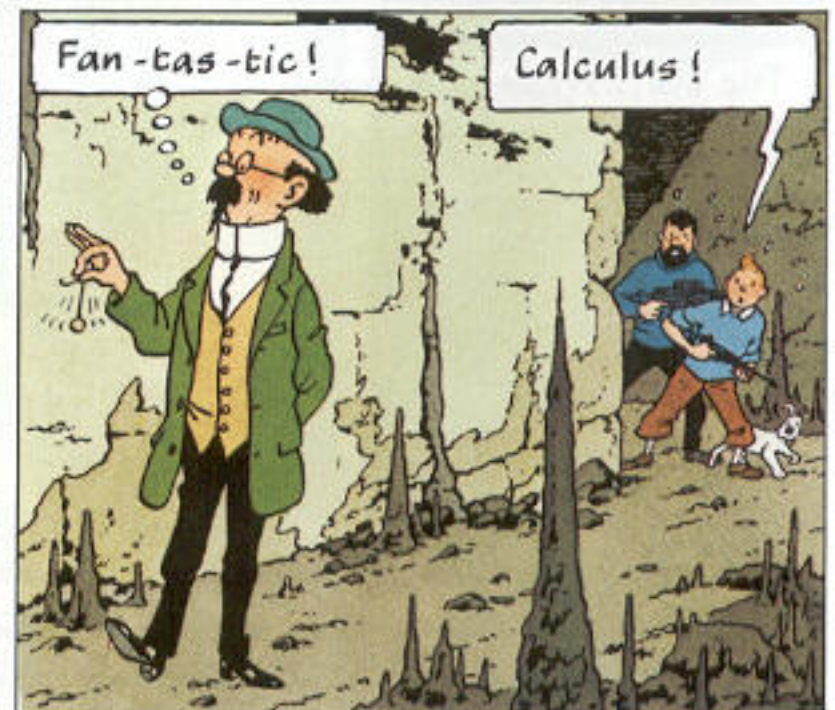
Yes.



Someone there!



D'you understand? It was just like a loudspeaker, inside my head! ... I can't believe it ... It's absolutely ...



Fan-tas-tic!

Calculus!



Professor! ... Where have you come from? ... And where are the others?

You see! I was quite right, wasn't I?



You still don't believe me? You're still sceptical?

No, no, Professor, but ...



Oh? ... Well, it's perfectly simple: you can ask that gentleman there ...

Good evenink, gentlemen. Happy meetink you here.



Name is Mik Kanrokitoff. Have been guidink you.

The famous Kanrokitoff, of the magazine 'Space-Week'?

Guidink?



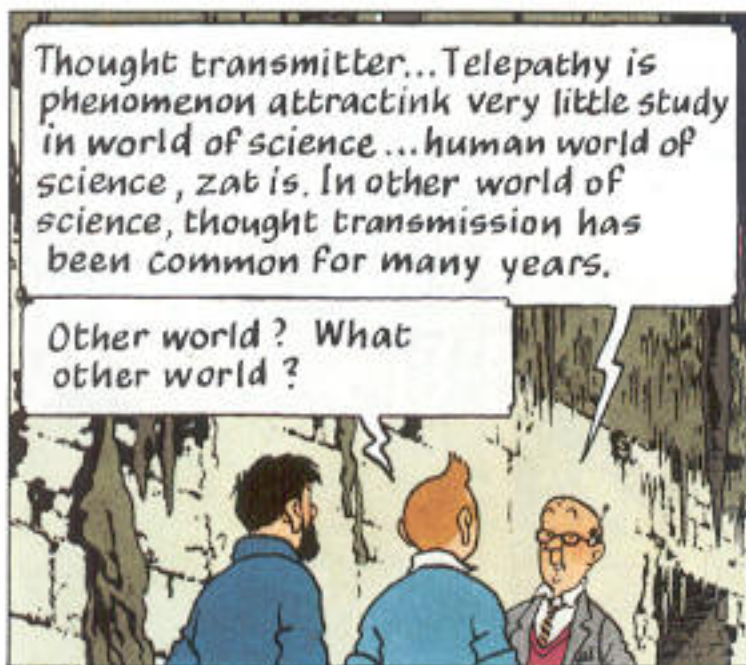
Certainly. You see tiny instrument with mini-aerial?

Yes, what's that little whisker for?

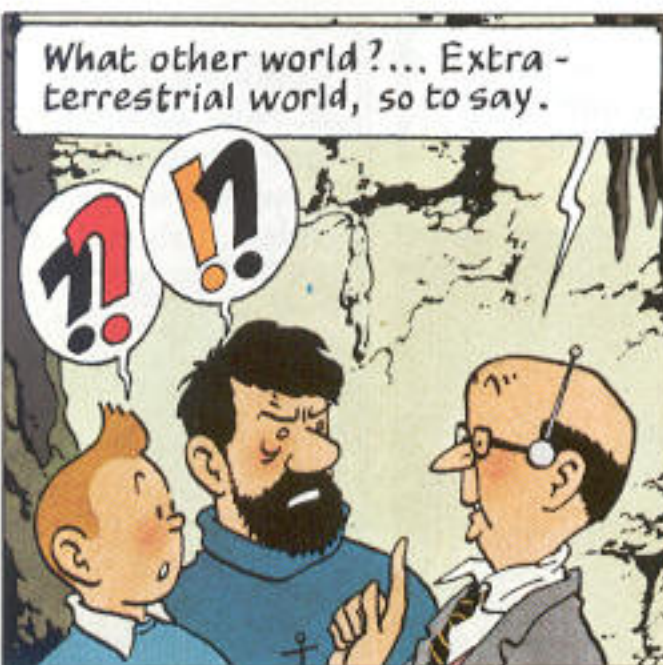


Thought transmitter... Telepathy is phenomenon attractink very little study in world of science... human world of science, zat is. In other world of science, thought transmission has been common for many years.

Other world? What other world?



What other world?... Extra-terrestrial world, so to say.

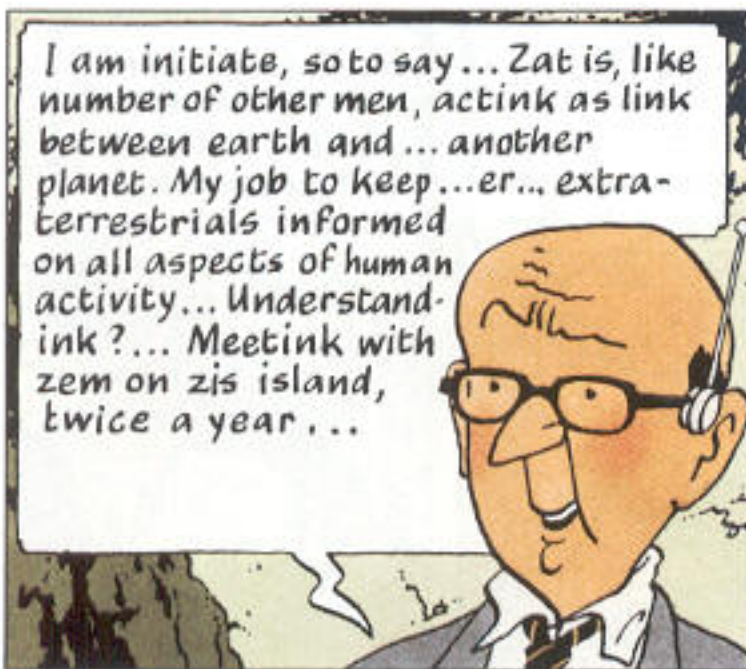


You aren't trying to make us believe that you...

Me?... Niet!... Ordinary human beink like you.



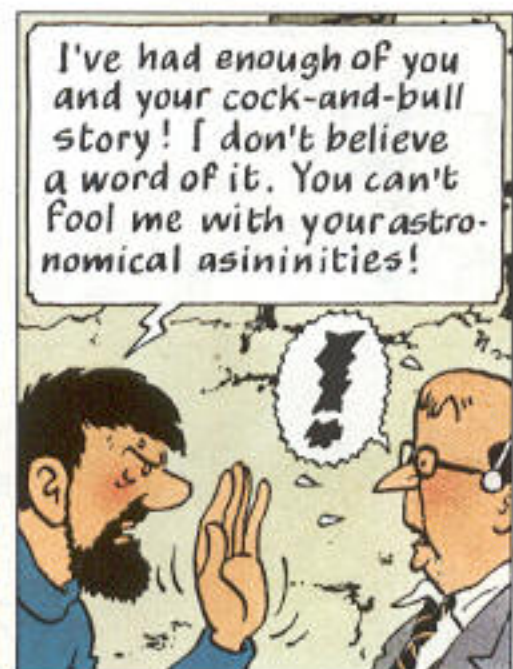
I am initiate, so to say... Zat is, like number of other men, actink as link between earth and... another planet. My job to keep...er... extra-terrestrials informed on all aspects of human activity... Understandink?... Meetink with zem on zis island, twice a year...



... in zis ancient temple forgotten by men, but not by...er... others, who have been comink here for thousands of years... You saw statue? Astronaut, yes?



I've had enough of you and your cock-and-bull story! I don't believe a word of it. You can't fool me with your astronomical asininites!



I... Yes, sir... No, sir... I won't speak again... I beg your pardon?... No, I won't interrupt...



Nu, to continue. Astroship bringink me here last night. Zis mornink observed great activity on zis island, which is usually deserted. Am watchink extraordinary preparations, zen aeroplane is landink. Have realised zat operation is trap...



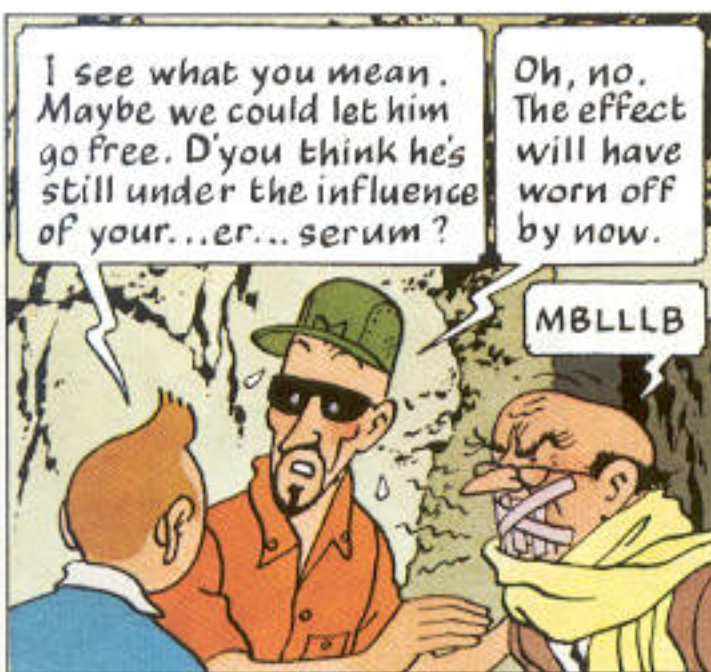
AAAAH





I can't control him... He's gone crazy... and he kicked me on the shin...

MBBBLMM



I see what you mean. Maybe we could let him go free. D'you think he's still under the influence of your...er... serum?

Oh, no. The effect will have worn off by now.

MBLLLB



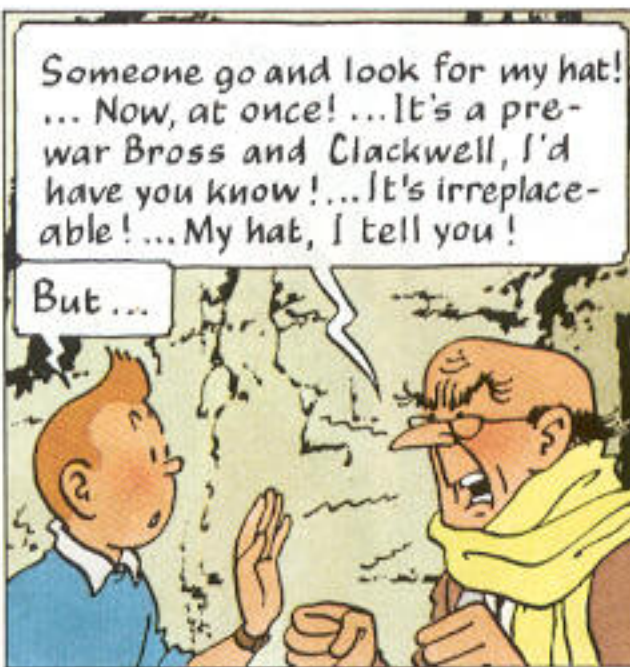
YEOW!



You'll pay for this. Never have I been so insulted!... And I want my hat!... Immediately!... Where is my hat?... Give me my hat! I demand my hat!

Why is beink angry?

I'll tell you...



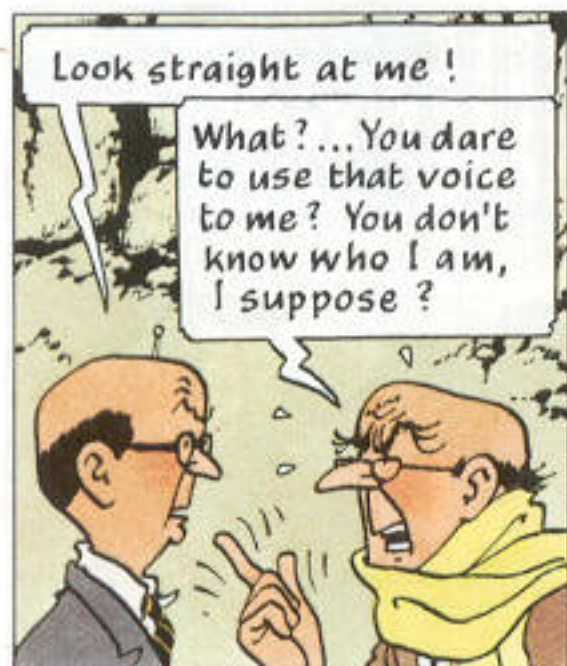
Someone go and look for my hat!... Now, at once!... It's a pre-war Bross and Clackwell, I'd have you know!... It's irreplaceable!... My hat, I tell you!

But...



...to save him from himself we simply had to tie him up, and use a gag.

Is annoyink me... shall deal.



Look straight at me!

What?... You dare to use that voice to me? You don't know who I am, I suppose?



Zere is your hat. Put on and be quiet.

Thank you! Thank you very much!



My beautiful Bross and Clackwell!... It's all dirty... Ah, it's only a coating of dust.



I'm so pleased to have it back. I always catch cold when my head's uncovered.



Is quite simple. Is hypnotised. Now believes is wearink his hat.

I haven't got it back to front? ... No, quite straight.



Well keep on looking! Diavolo, they can't have vanished into thin air!

So, can continue explainink... Aero-plane comink down near here: terrible landink. Am seeink you taken prisoner and led away to old block-house.

Yes, but we managed to escape...

Is so. But when you are free am seeink you beink followed by other men. I decidink is time for me to intervene. So, am gettink into telepathic communication with you and guidink you to zis temple.

You saved our lives! Without your help, who knows...



OH?

AH!

Have you lost something?

Can't you see my hat has fallen off?

?

Some people need every single thing spelled out in words of one syllable.

Now extra-terrestrials must be decidink what to do with you. Am expectink astroship very soon... You in your world say flyink-saucer.

A Flying-saucer?!

So now we've come to flying-saucers! You're going too far: we aren't as gullible as that!

You still doubt? So, look over there, to your right.

See there, on wall. Is certainly machine used by people from... er... other planet.

Thousands of years ago, men were build-ink zis temple to worship gods who are comink from sky in fire-chariots. In fact, fire-chariots are astroships, like zat one. And gods... but you have seen statue: what are you thinkink statue is resembink?

It looks... it looks like an astronaut with a helmet, microphone, earphones...

And there, on the left, down by the statue... What's that?

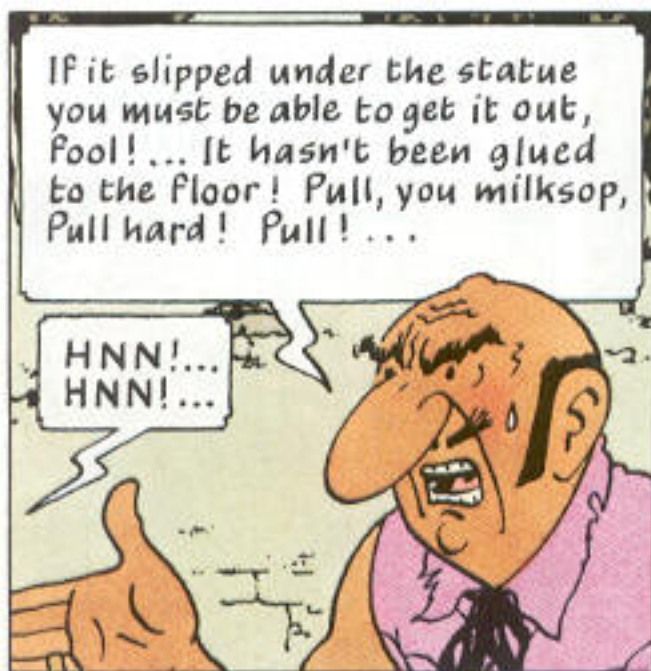
A HAT! IT'S CARREIDAS'S HAT!



You're sure it's his? See if it has his initials.

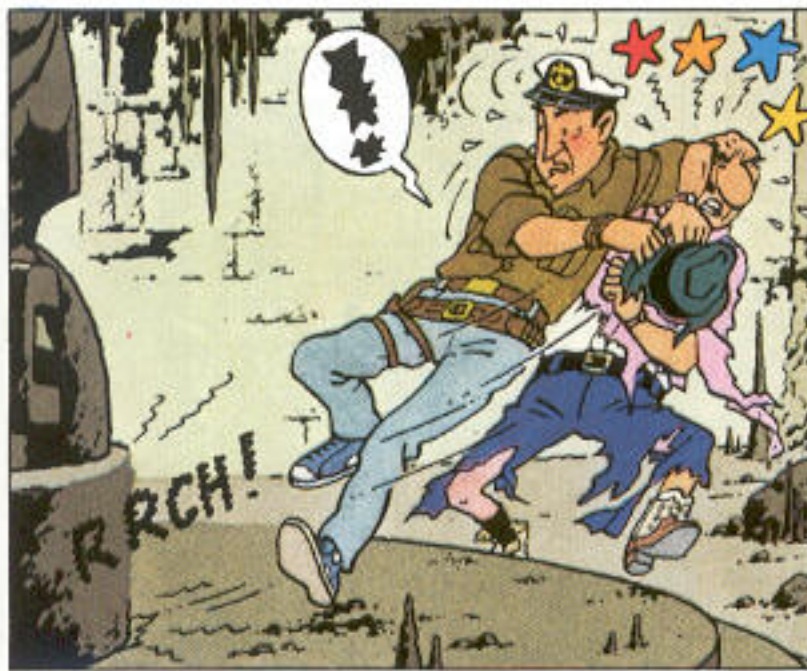


Confounded thing, it won't come out... It's jammed under the pedestal.



If it slipped under the statue you must be able to get it out, fool! ... It hasn't been glued to the floor! Pull, you milksop, Pull hard! Pull! ...

HNN!...
HNN!...



IMBECILE! IMBECILE!
IMBECILE!

Sorry, boss!
So sorry!



L.C. : Laszlo Carreidas ... It's his all right. Look, boss.

So... you had to rip the brim to pull it free?



That means the statue was standing on it... In which case ... Of course, it's obvious: there must be a secret passage... So start looking! All of you!



Go on! Goon! The statue must be hinged ...



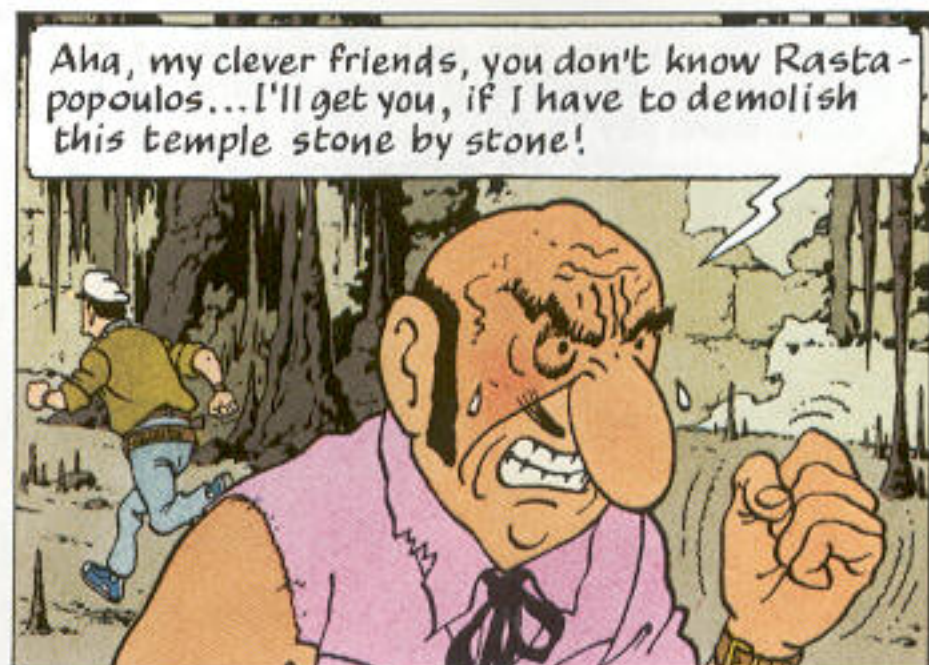
Ten minutes later ...

It won't shift, boss... If only we had some dynamite.

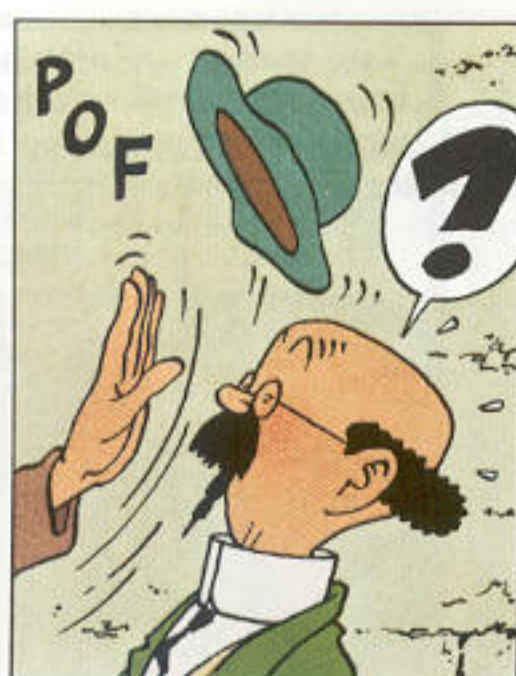
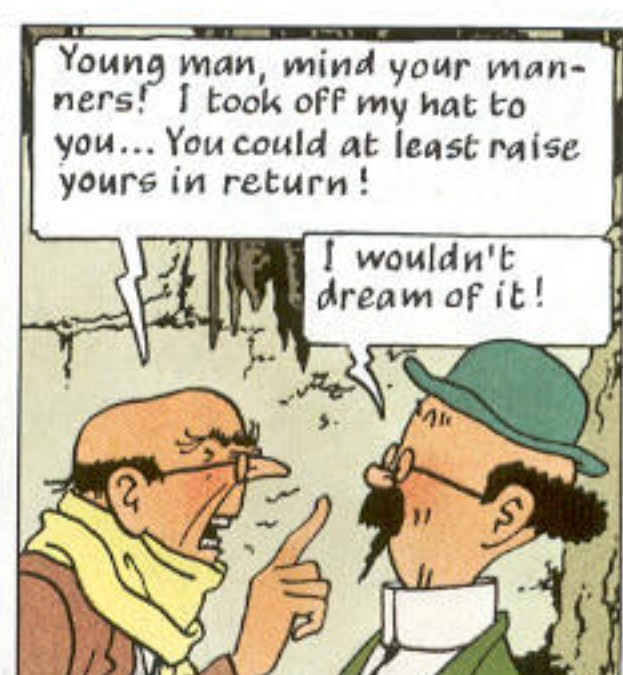
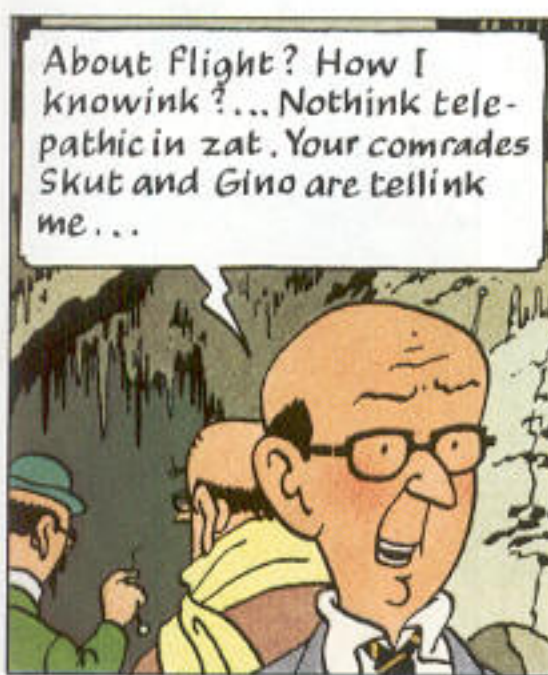
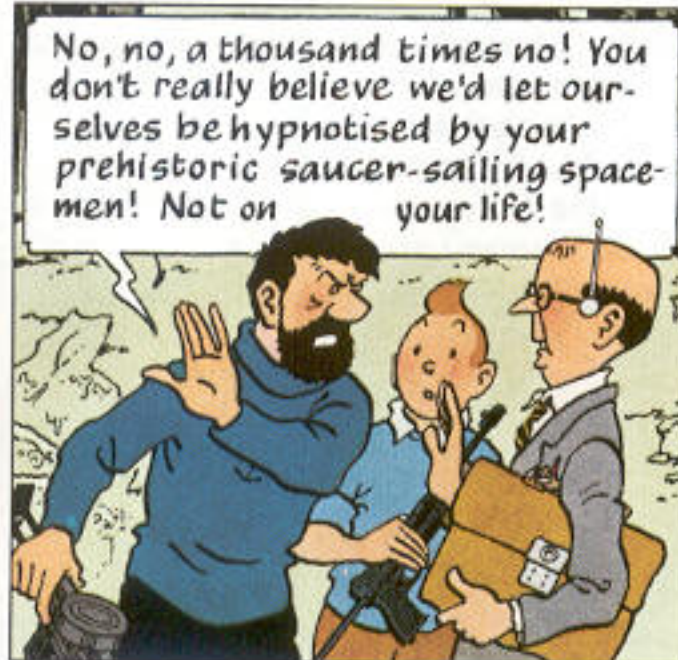
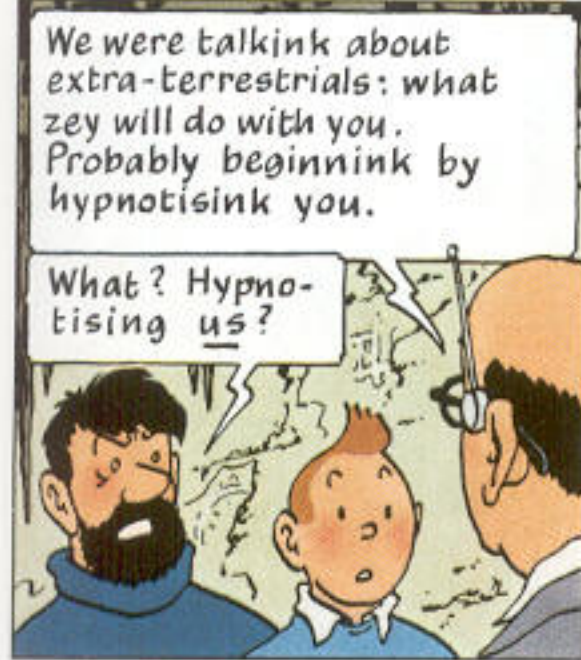
Dynamite?... We can do better than that!



Quick, go back to our junk and bring all the plastic explosive intended for those silly Sondon-esians! Hurry!



Aha, my clever friends, you don't know Rasta-popoulos... I'll get you, if I have to demolish this temple stone by stone!



Meanwhile ...

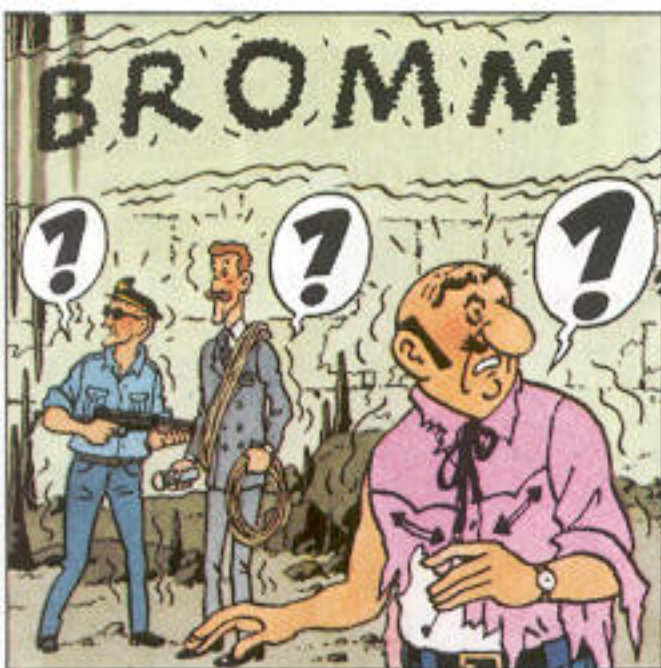
That fool Allan! What's he doing now? ...



He should have been back ages ago. I'll blow their statues sky-high... Then we'll see... Hello?



The bump on my head... it's gone!... That's a good omen: it means my luck's changing!



AN EARTHQUAKE!



What have I done to deserve all this? Me, who'd never harm a fly!... There's no justice!



At the same time...



Yes, is over... Earthquakes very frequent in zis area, but never severe... Yet zis time am wonderink...

This time?...

Cuthbert, please!

I beg your pardon: he started it!

Your hat? You have it on your head.



I not know why, but zis time I feelink very very uneasy...

Oh?



Yes, am sensink somethink strange in air. Must not stay here... Come, will rejoin your comrades.

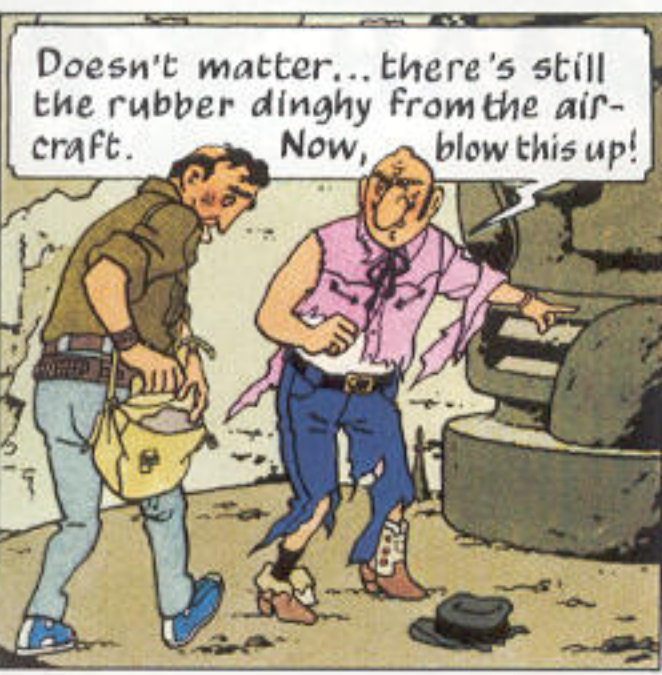
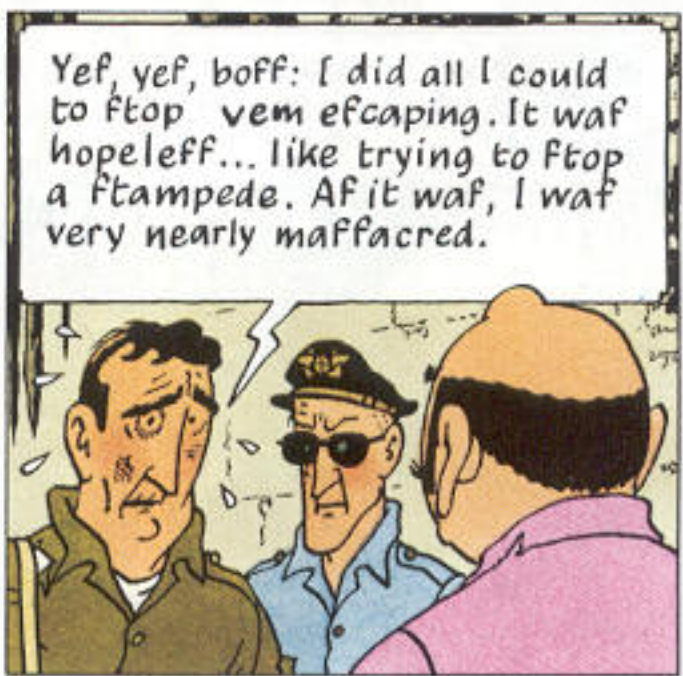
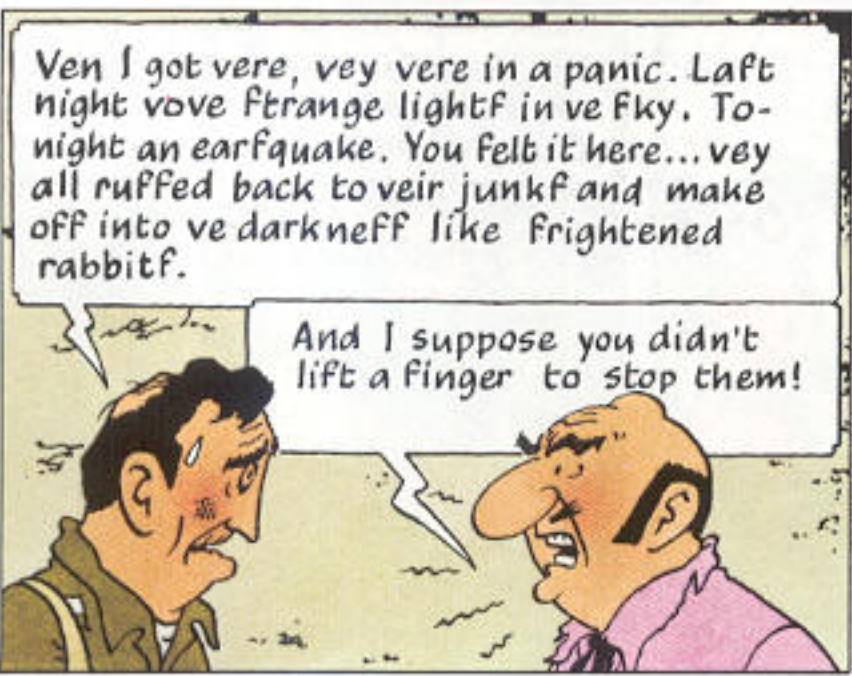


What's been going on?

No, it was him!

Come quickly. Have warnink of danger.





This gallery is running from temple at one end to crater of extinct volcano at other.



BOOMM

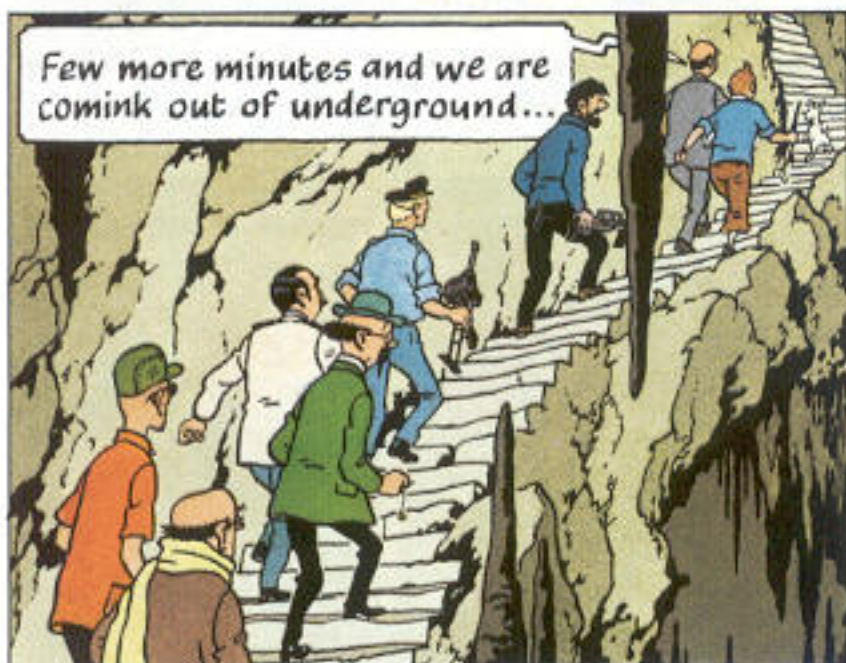


Look here, how many more earthquakes have you got up your sleeve?

That was not earthquake. I think something else: probably explosion set off by those gangsters. We must hurry. I sense great danger very close.



Few more minutes and we are coming out of underground...



... the main thing is, I found my hat.

Of course.



?
PLOP



Good heavens, it's dripping on my head... In that case, what am I wearing?



Wait for me. I won't be a minute. I must find my hat!



It's on your head! ... Come back!



Yes, yes! Your hat's on your head, Mr. Carreidas.



No, this one isn't mine! It leaks!



Crumbs! Those trails of smoke... Where are they coming from?

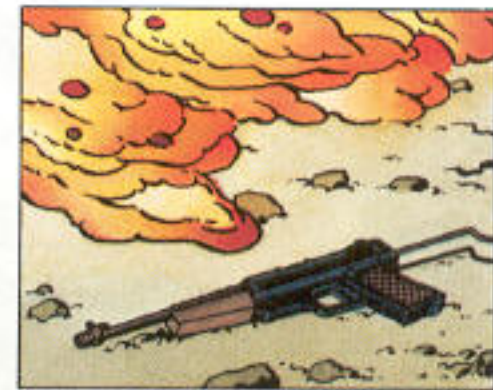


And what's that awful smell?... It's sulphur!



AAAH







Well done, Captain!
A brilliant
recovery!



Let your-
self slide
down
now...



This way,
Captain!



Phew! I thought
I was in the
frying-pan
that time!

Come on
quickly!
We haven't
a moment
to lose!



I'm coming, I'm coming. That ectoplasm
Carreidas, he'd better watch out!
Purple profiteering jellyfish! He'll be
steak and kidney pudding if I catch him!

Hurry!

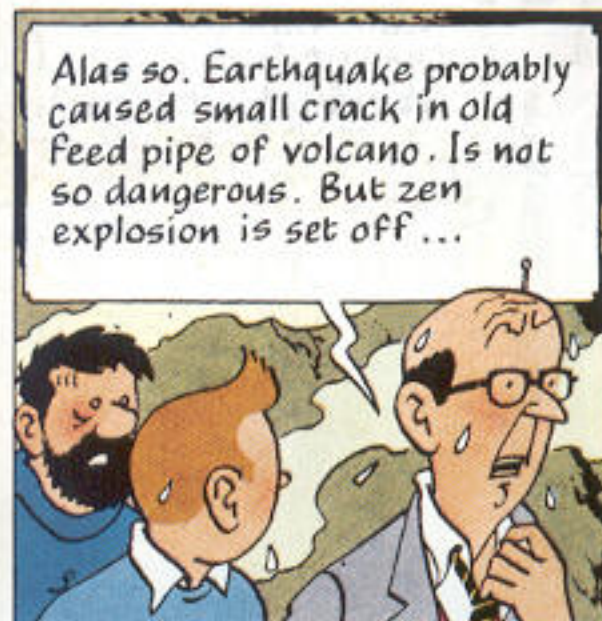


It's like a
furnace down
here now.

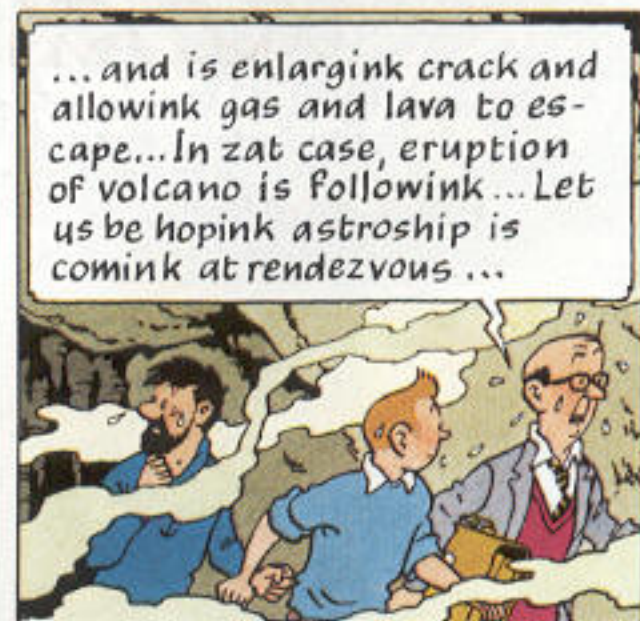


Ah, is good, is good! You safe and
sound! Come zis way!

The volcano's come to life.



Alas so. Earthquake probably
caused small crack in old
feed pipe of volcano. Is not
so dangerous. But zen
explosion is set off...



... and is enlargink crack and
allowink gas and lava to es-
cape... In zat case, eruption
of volcano is followink... Let
us be hopink astroship is
comink at rendezvous...



The heat is becoming intolerable
... If this goes on...

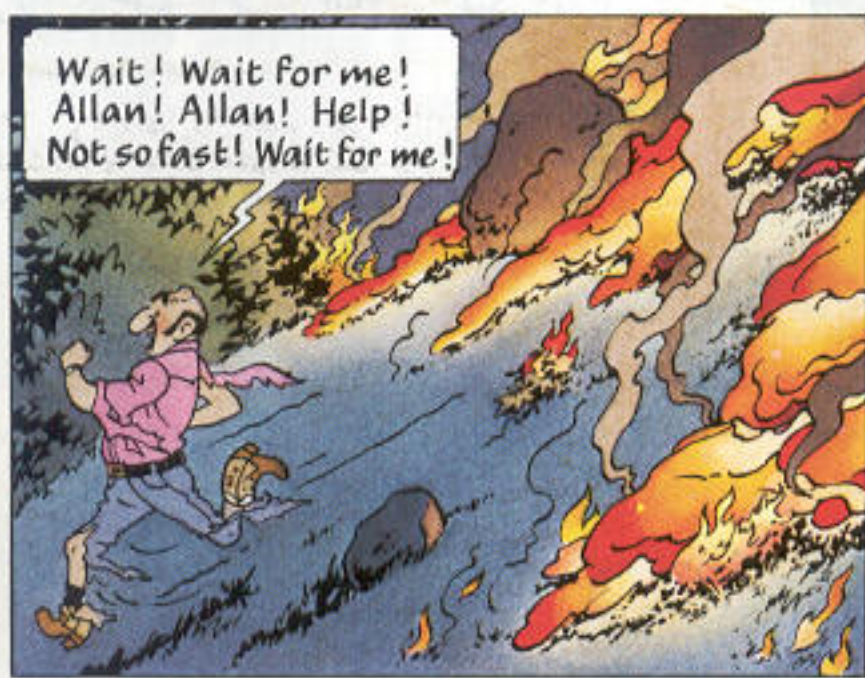
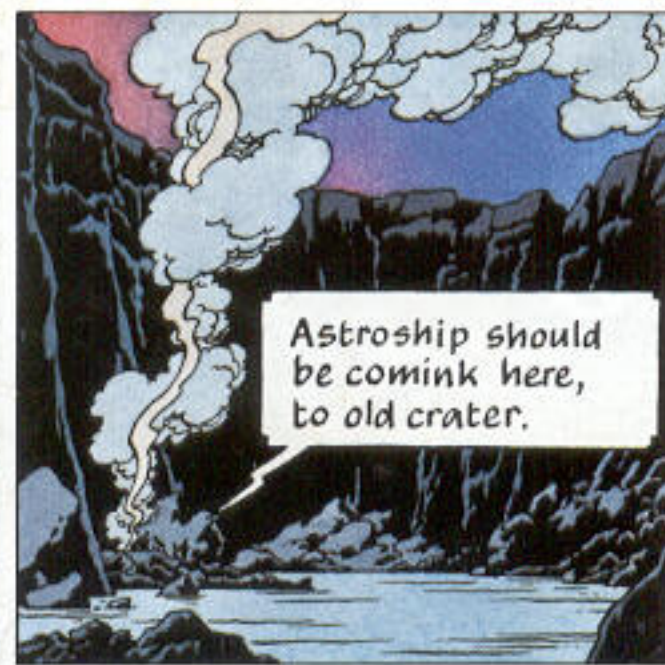
ATCHOO

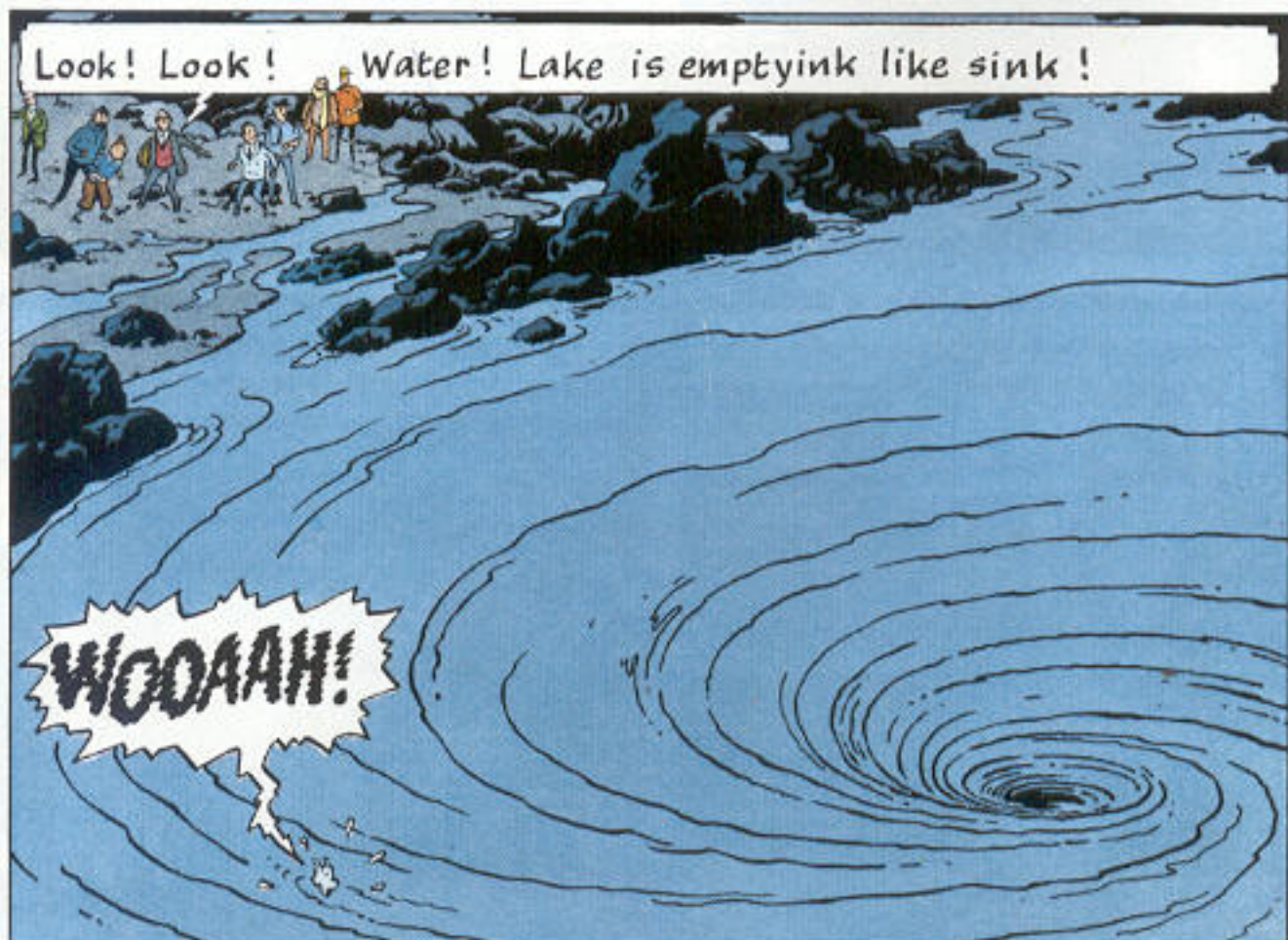
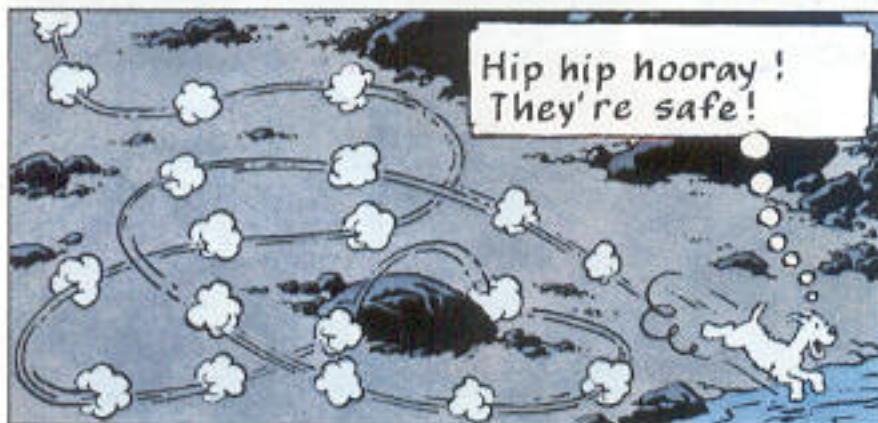


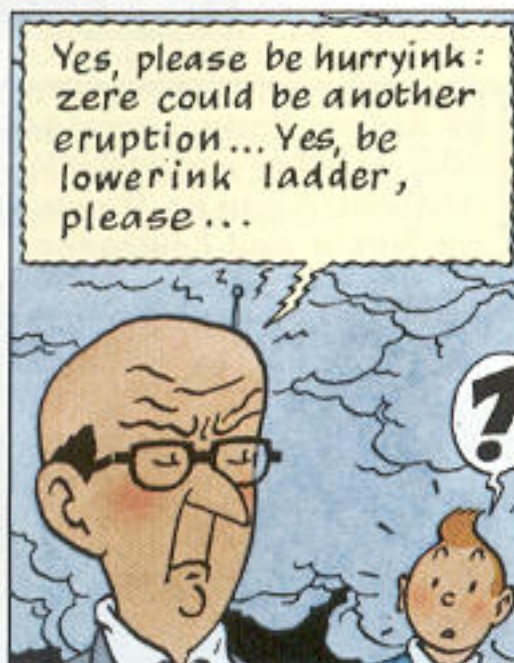
Shut the door behind you!
Can't you feel the
draught? Dreadful!

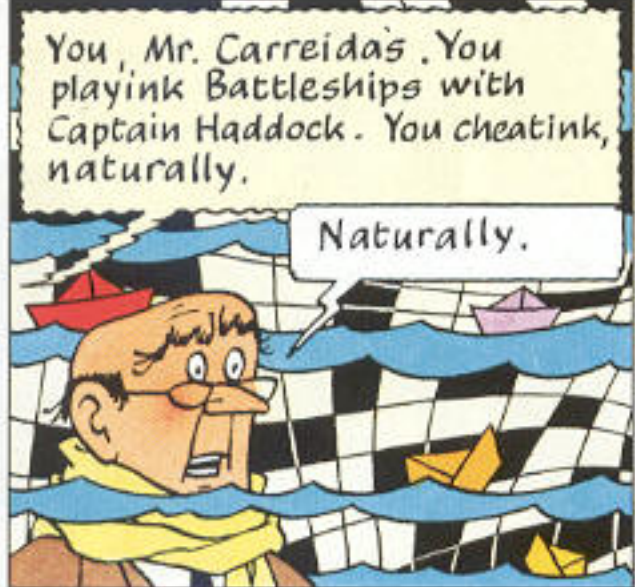
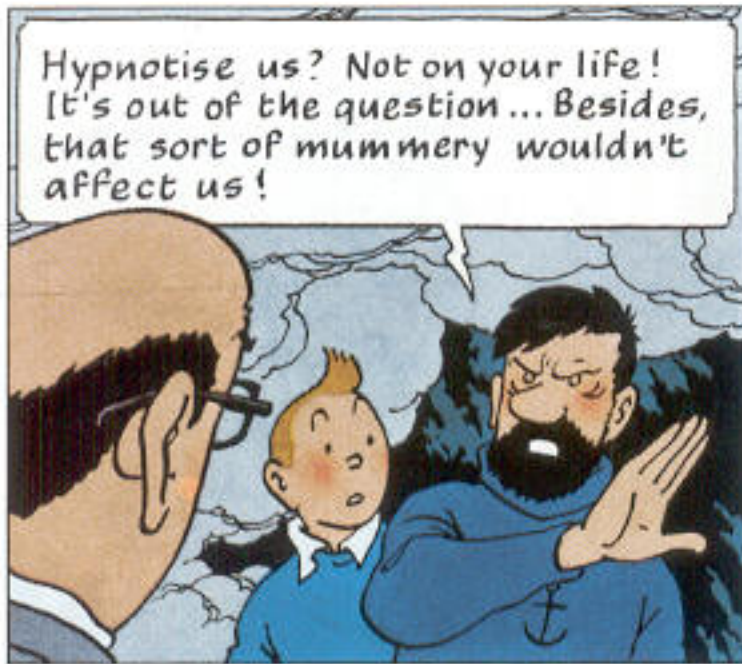


And what about all this smoke?
You're doing it on purpose. Me
with my sensitive throat!
Are you trying to kill me?









You puttink guns down, criminals!... Game is up!... You are in my hypnotic power.



All listenink carefully. Zis machine is simply helicopter comink to pick you up... You climbink aboard!

Yes, sir.
Yes, sir.



Now I speakink to you, Captain Skut, and to your comrades... You are forgetting everythink zat is happenink since yesterday. You only rememberink zis: after departure from Djakarta for Sydney, unknown causes are forcink you to be ditchink aircraft...



... and you are havink to board rubber dinghy.



All in boat?... Skut, Calculus, Gino, Carreidas, Haddock, Tintin, Snowy. Good... I takink charge of others... Now sleep, comrades. Zat is my command!



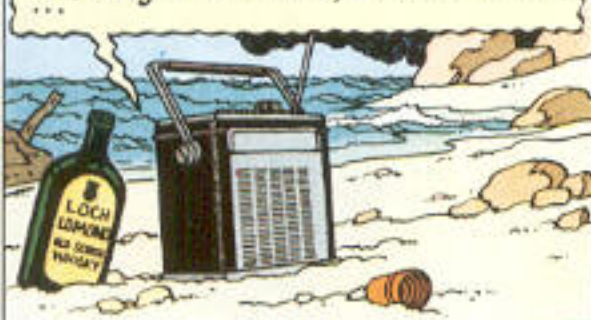
Adieu!

Wooah!
Wooah!



Some hours later...

Search has been resumed for the passengers and crew of the Carreidas aircraft which disappeared yesterday on a flight to Sydney. Hopes are fading of finding survivors, but aircraft...



...continue to patrol the area. During the night a volcano thought to be extinct has erupted on the island of Pulau-pulau Bompia in the Celebes Sea. A column of smoke more than thirty thousand feet high is rising from the crater. Observers are keeping watch on the volcano and are studying the eruption from the air.



One more run, Dick. See if we can film the crater.

O.K.

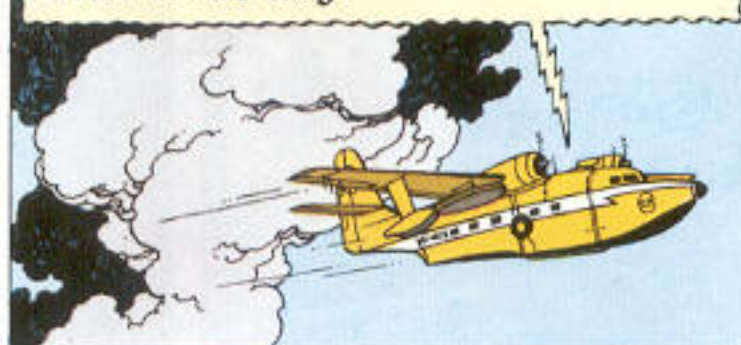


Hey, Dick! Look down there, at ten o'clock. Look!

Good Lord! A rubber dinghy!



Victor Hotel Bravo calling Macassar tower. We've spotted a rubber dinghy about a mile south of the volcano. Five or six men aboard. We've made several low-level runs over them but there's no sign of life... except for a little white dog.



Look, Dick! The wind's carrying them towards the island, and there's lava flowing into the sea. They'll be boiled alive like lobsters! We've got to do something. We must save them!

Wooah!
Wooah!



Thousands of miles away, several days later.

Tonight Scanorama is bringing you a special feature. The brilliant air-sea rescue of six of the men aboard millionaire Carreidas's plane made world headline news. Laszlo Carreidas and five companions were found drifting in a dinghy more than 200 miles off their scheduled route. They were snatched to safety only minutes from death in a lava-heated cauldron, the sea around the volcanic island of Pulau-pulau Bomp. All the survivors were suffering from severe shock. It was several hours before they...



...recovered consciousness in a Javanese hospital. Our on-the-spot reporter has secured the first interview with the mystery-crash survivors... Colin Chattamore in Djakarta.

A put-up job, or I'm not Jolyon Wagg! Bet Carreidas dumped his rotten old crate for the insurance.



Let's begin with the owner of the aircraft... This has been a terrible business for you, Mr. Carreidas. You must be greatly upset by the loss of your prototype, and the tragic disappearance of your secretary and two members of your crew.

Yes, of course ...



All very sad, but what can you expect? That's life, you know. What really annoys me, though, is that I lost my hat: a pre-war Bross and Clackwell. And that's absolutely irreplaceable.



About the needle-marks found on your arm, Mr. Carreidas. It seems that your companions didn't have these...

Naturally: I'm richer than they are.

I... er... precisely.



Captain Skut, you had to make a forced landing. Can you tell us something about it, and what happened afterwards? Your last radio message said you were flying over Sumbawa and had nothing to report.

Yes...



... yes, but is not possible to remember: is like gap in my mind... I not understand ... Is like strange dream...



Me too. Just the same. Only I'd call it a horrible nightmare.

Blow me! Look who's here again. My old chum! The ancient mariner from Marlinspike!... The old humbug, he doesn't half come up with some comic turns!



I vaguely remember some grinning masks, and suffocating heat in an underground passage... Thundering typhoons, it makes me thirsty to think of it!

And how about you?



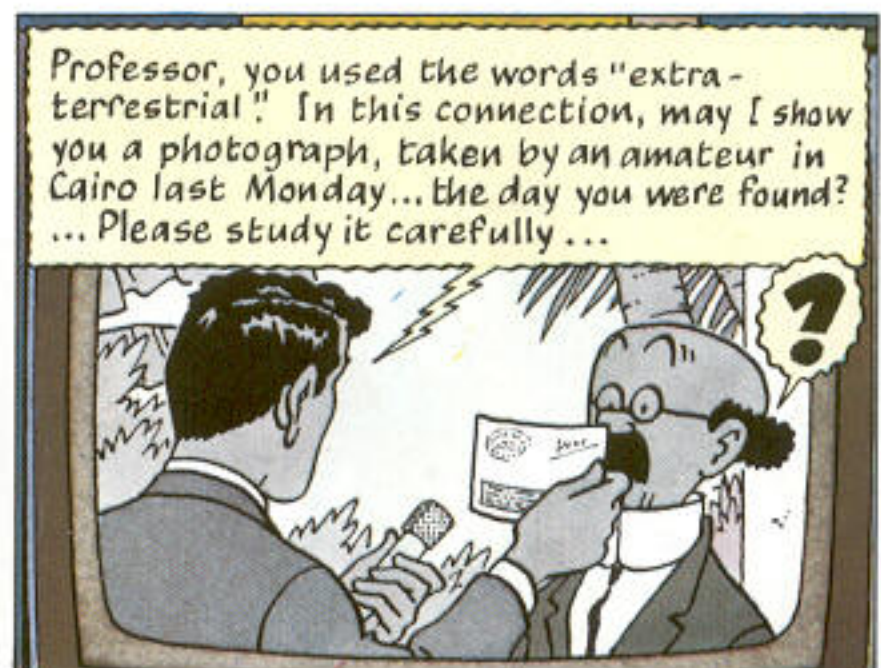
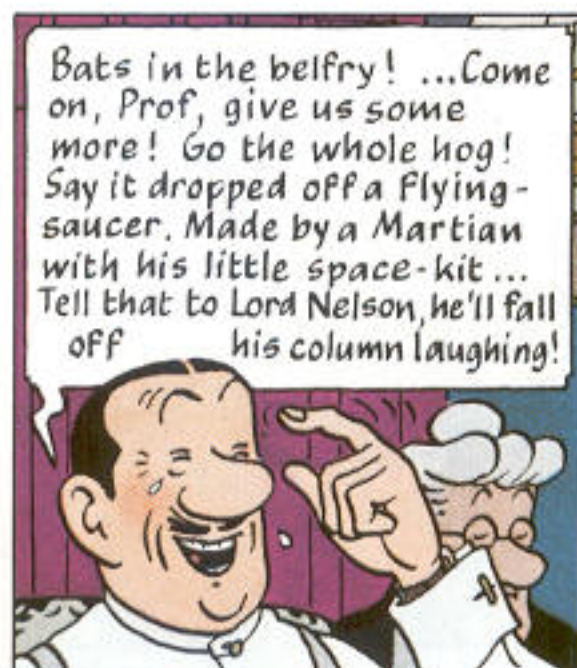
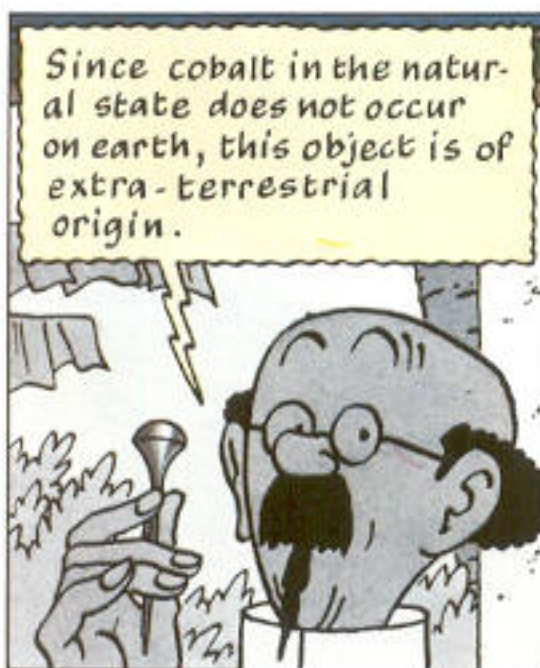
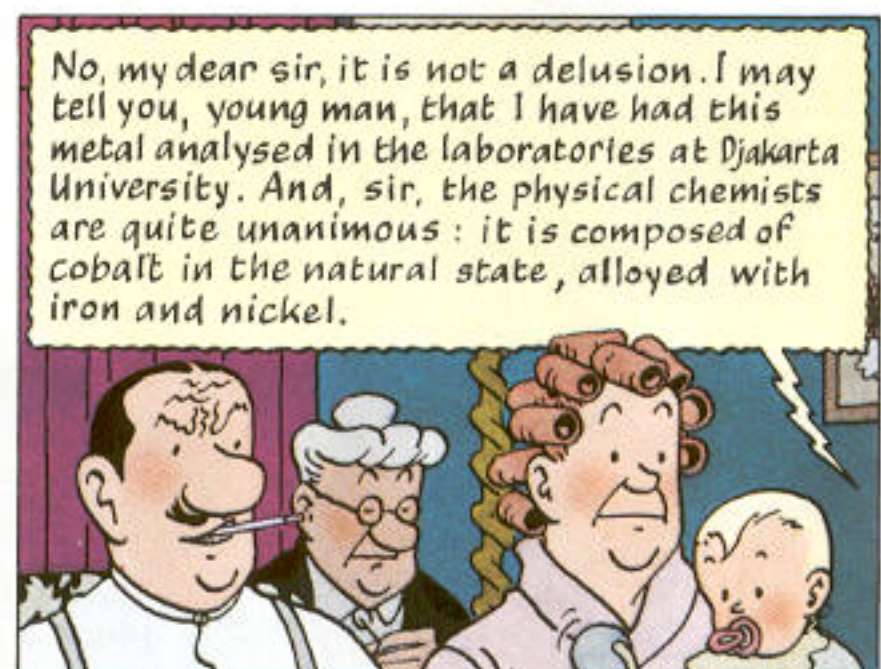
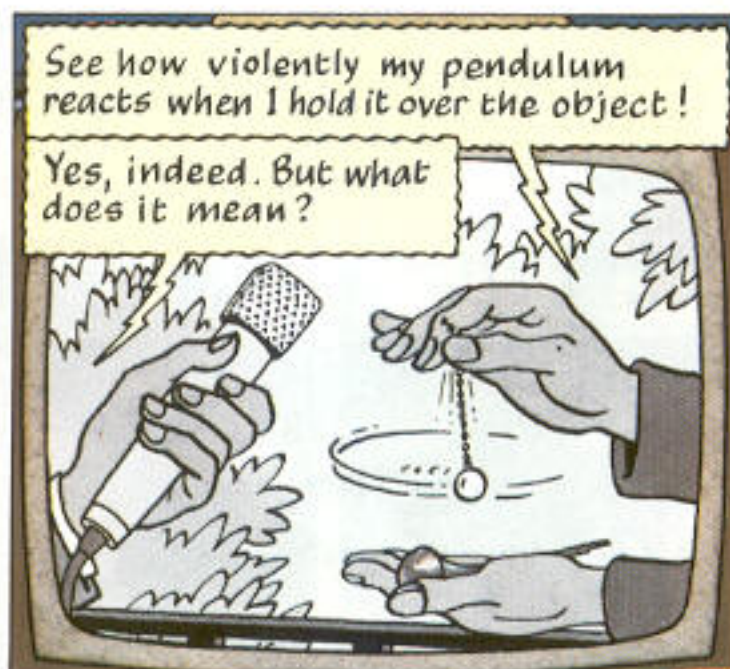
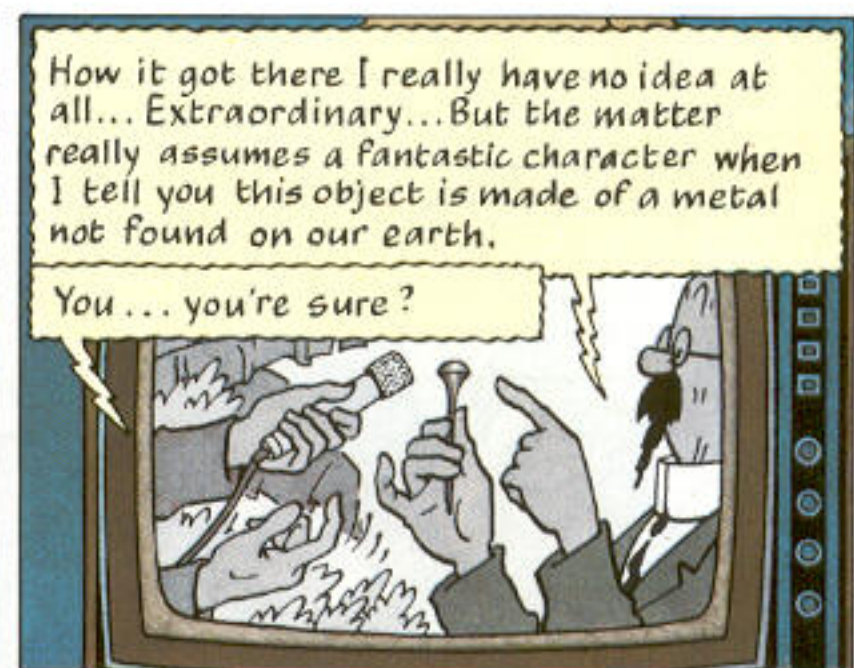
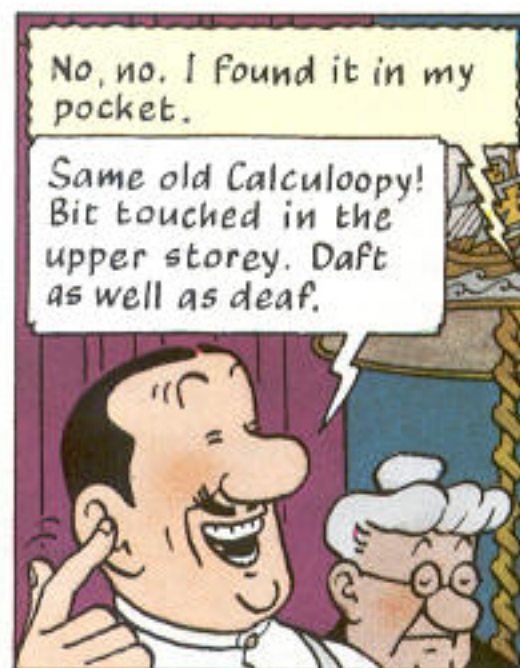
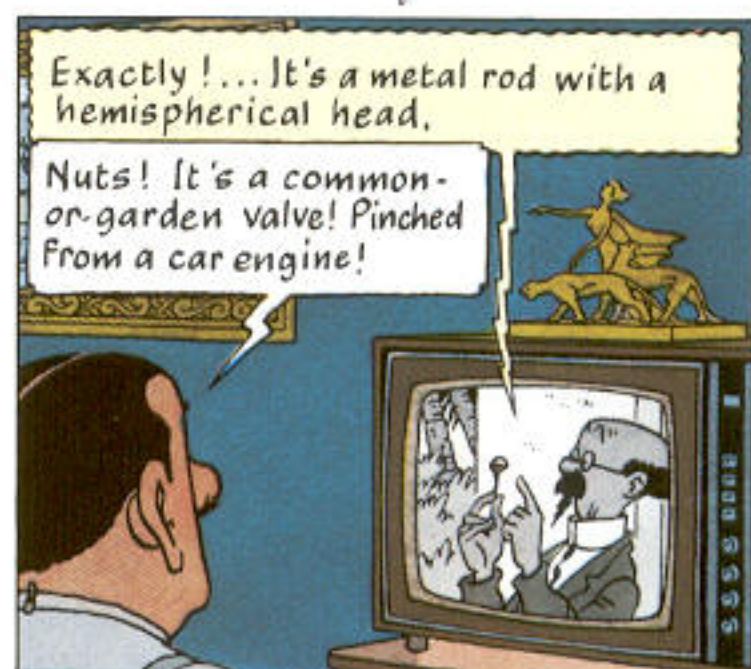
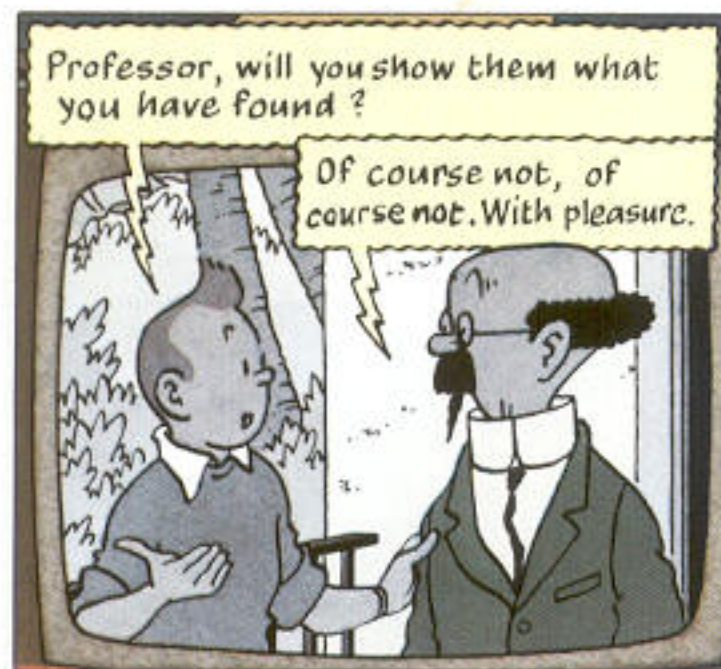
I... well, I had a similar dream. It's certainly odd, but...

And there's his pal, young Sherlock Holmes!



... the most inexplicable part of this whole business is... No, I think Professor Calculus will tell you ...





Would you agree with the photographer, who claims that it is indeed a flying-saucer? ... And would you say that this machine is of extra-terrestrial origin?



A bottle of gin? ... Frankly, I can see no connection ... To me, the photograph would appear to show an unidentified flying object, popularly known as a flying-saucer.



Do you think this 'machine' is connected with the object you found?

Round? That goes without saying. A saucer is always round, is it not?



Er...of course... One final question, Professor. I understand that you and your companions are suffering from amnesia...

If you wish, but I always take a glass of water with milk of magnesia.



I beg your pardon?... I... hmm... the point I want to make is that occasional cases of amnesia are not uncommon... There's one reported in the paper today. The head of a psychiatric clinic in Cairo, Dr. Krollspell, has just been found wandering near the outskirts of the city. He'd been missing for more than a month, and he has completely lost his memory.



But in your case, how do the doctors account for the fact that you are ALL suffering from amnesia?

They don't seem able to give an explanation... any more than we can.



I could tell them a thing or two!... But no one would believe me!



And finally, what are your plans? Where do you go from here?

We're catching the next plane for Sydney. We shall just be in time for the opening of the Astronautical Congress.



Well, I hope there will be no further interruptions to your journey. Good luck from Scanorama, and thank you... Goodbye, Captain!

Goodbye!



DONG: This is the final call for Qantas Flight 714 to Sydney. All passengers please proceed immediately to gate No. 3.



THE END