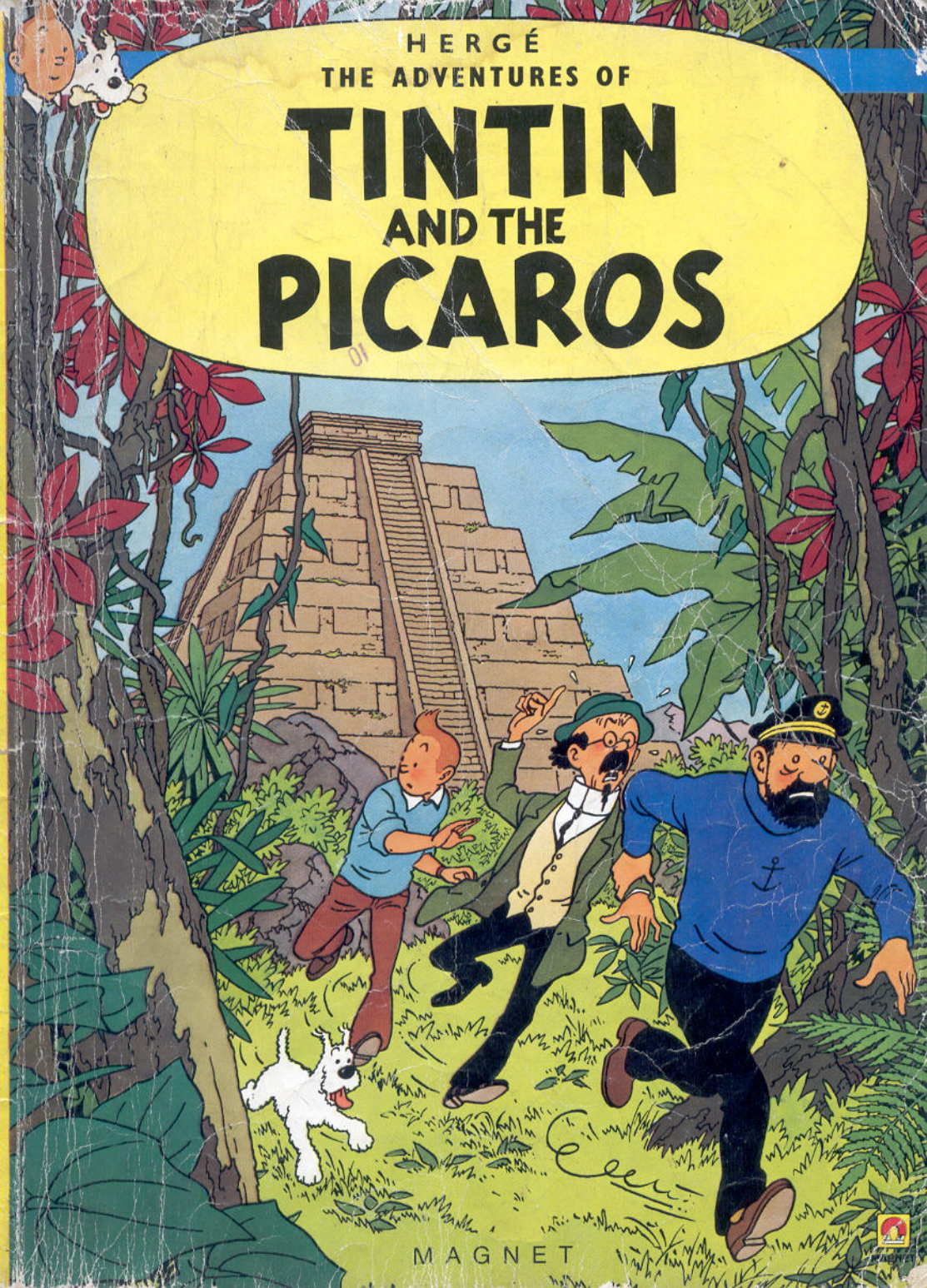


HERGÉ  
THE ADVENTURES OF

# TINTIN AND THE PICAROS

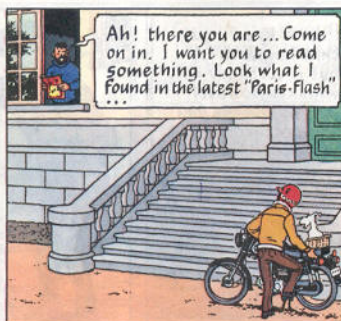
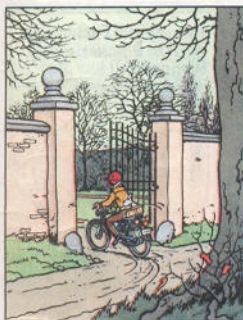
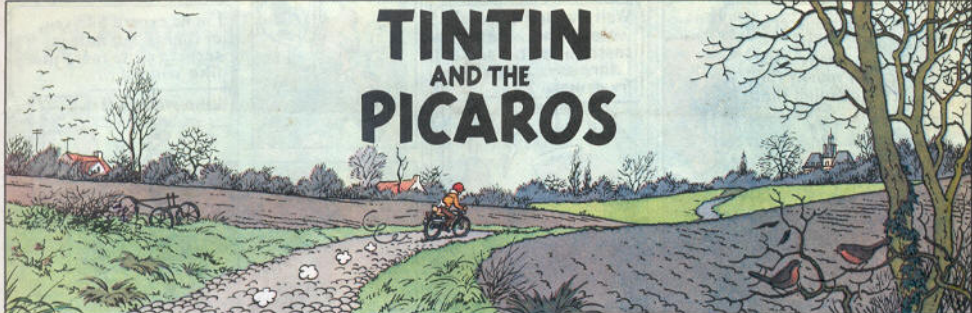


MAGNET





# TINTIN AND THE PICAROS



Ah! there you are... Come on in. I want you to read something. Look what I found in the latest "Paris-Flash" ...

"Opera star Bianca Castafiore continues her brilliant progress through South America. After triumphs in Ecuador, Colombia and Venezuela, she visits San Theodoros, where she will be received by General Tapioca."



General Tapioca... Didn't he topple our old friend Alcazar?

Yes, with the help of the Kûrvi-Tasch regime in Borduria. They say Tapioca's a real tyrant... he's cruel and he's vain...

... In fact he's so vain he changed the name of the capital from Los Dopicos. He called it Tapiocapolis after himself. As for poor old Alcazar, he's gone underground with a band of partisans.

Oh, yes: the famous Picaros.



That's right, the Picaros. It's the name adopted by the guerrillas who've sworn to get rid of Tapioca and his mob. They're said to be backed by another great power... commercial and financial this time: the International Banana Company... A rare old mix-up, as you see!

Blistering barnacles, Tintin! What a lecture! ... All that talking makes me thirsty... Here, have a whisky ...

No, thanks. Not for me... You know that.



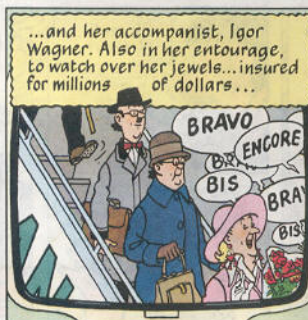
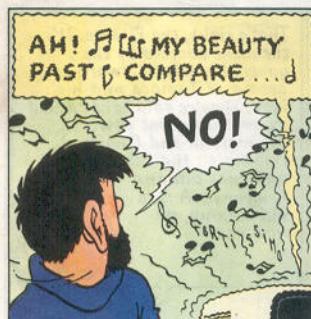
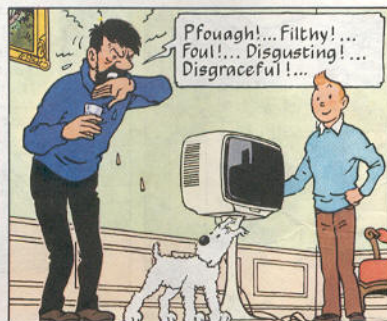
Oh well... Cheers!



**PFOUAGH!**







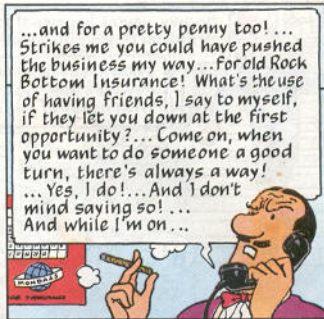




Hello?... Yes...  
WHO?



Jolyon Wagg, yes!...  
Hi!... Now look here,  
I just saw old  
Castanette on the  
te... And what do  
I hear? Blow me  
if she hasn't got her  
knick-knacks  
insured  
now...



...and for a pretty penny too!...  
Strikes me you could have pushed  
the business my way... For old Rock  
Bottom Insurance! What's the use  
of having friends, I say to myself,  
if they let you down at the first  
opportunity?... Come on, when  
you want to do someone a good  
turn, there's always a way!  
... Yes, I do!... And I don't  
mind saying so!...  
And while I'm on...



What?... But I...  
How... Well I'm...  
I tell you I...  
But... Excuse me  
... Look here...



Well I'll be...!!  
That's beyond  
a joke!

**SLAM**



In fact it's the thundering limit!  
... I'm taken to task by that weevil  
Wagg because he wasn't asked to  
insure Castanette's jewellery!



**PFOUAGH!**



Billions of bilious blue  
blistering barnacles!...  
PFFF!... It's poi... son!



**POISON  
???**



Nonsense, Captain! Who on earth  
would want to poison you? I know  
you've got a few enemies, but  
not as deadly as that.



Maybe... Anyway, I don't  
feel at all well.

Something wrong  
with this whisky?  
It tastes  
pretty good to me!



Have a lie down, Captain.  
It'll... go...



Good night! You'll feel  
better in the morning.



All the same, I  
wonder...



**SNOWY!**





Snowy, you're hopeless! You've drunk all that spilt whisky!

Show what? ... Wassamatter? Wassamatter with a drop of whisky?

H/C



Still, it certainly proves the whisky isn't poisoned.

Come on, off to bed, you old dipso! Sleep off the booze!

H/C

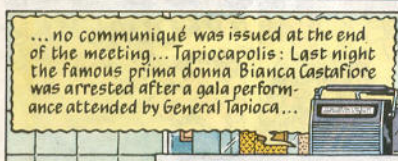


Next morning ...

I look horrible this morning ... Must have been that wretched whisky I had yesterday.



Oh well, too bad, can't be helped! ... It's time for the news ...



... no communiqué was issued at the end of the meeting ... Tapiocapolis: Last night the famous prima donna Bianca Castafiore was arrested after a gala performance attended by General Tapioca ...



... Statements by the authorities in San Theodoros have accused the star of plotting against the government ...



Tintin! ... Tintin! ... Something marvellous just happened to General Tapioca!



He's arrested Castafiore, silly fellow! He doesn't know what he's let himself in for!

Arrested Castafiore? ... No! ...



He has, you know: arrested her at the end of a concert ... What turn up, eh?

You could say so, yes ...



Tintack! ... Capock Hatpin! ... Terrible news! ... Dreadful!



Read this! In the "Daily Reporter" Bianca Castafiore has been arrested!

Do they give any details?

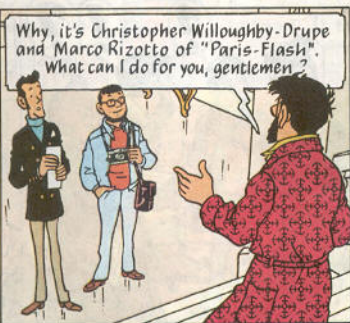


That poor child! ... In prison! ... Just imagine! ... I'm absolutely shattered!



GROOAHH!







Impossible!... Those SanTheodolites must be off their tripods!

Oh, it's you. Here, read this. It concerns you, too.

courageous action which will bring widespread benefits.

## CASTAFIORE CONSPIRACY TAPIOCA GOVERNMENT MAKES NEW CHARGES

Tapioopolis: The Castafiore conspiracy was masterminded from Marlinspike in Western Europe, claimed a government spokesman today. He accused supporters of General Alcazar, and named as principal figures in the plot: Captain Haddock, Tintin the reporter, and Professor Cuthbert Calculus. All three are long-standing friends of General Alcazar. It is known that Signora Bianca Castafiore was recently a guest at Marlinspike Hall, country home of a Captain

What is all this? They must be crazy!

You're telling me!

You deny it then?

I'll say we do! The whole story is bilge! Bilge from stem to stern!

DONG ?



'Morning squire!

"Daily Reporter"! Hi!

A few words for "Radio-Round", Captain...

... and for "Radio Rave-Up"...

Gentlemen, these accusations are as grotesque as they are false! Us? Conspirators? ... Blue blistering bell-bottomed balderdash!

Seriously... Here comes Professor Calculus. Look at him, then tell me whether you think he's capable of taking part in a conspiracy!

Perfectly, my dear sirs! And proud of it!



Perfectly!... And I weigh my words. It's a shame, I tell you! A scandal!... Imprisoning a poor, weak woman like that! We must take her case at once to the International Court of Justice!



You deny the allegations, Captain. All the same, General Alcazar is one of your friends, isn't he?

One of my friends?... I've met him two or three times, that's all.



If you say so. But I take it you won't deny that Signora Castafiore has been a guest here, at your invitation?...

Invitation? You mean invasion! But from that to conspiracy...



Still, let's not discuss it any more. I tell you, the accusations are insane... Now, gentlemen, let me offer you some whisky...



Let's drink to the release of the Milanese Nightingale, and...



... your good health!



Stop! Don't touch it!... There must be some mistake. This whisky is quite undrinkable!

Undrinkable? On the contrary, it's excellent!

Velvet!

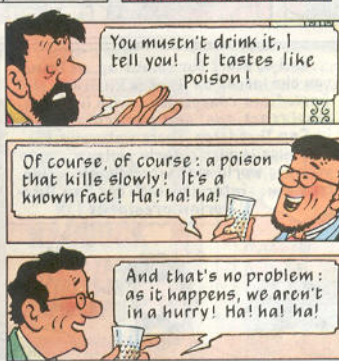
Mmm...



You mustn't drink it, I tell you! It tastes like poison!

Of course, of course: a poison that kills slowly! It's a known fact! Ha! ha! ha!

And that's no problem: as it happens, we aren't in a hurry! Ha! ha! ha!



I'm the only one who finds the whisky revolting. Why? There's something fishy going on...



Unless... That's an idea... Maybe it's a new brand Nestor bought.



I must ask him...



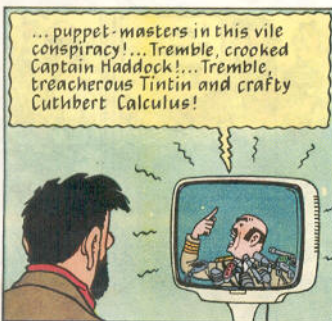
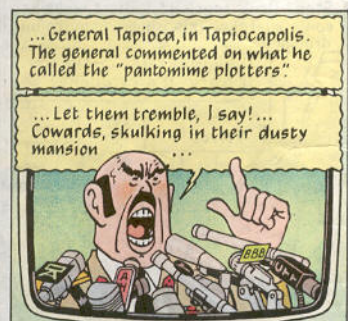
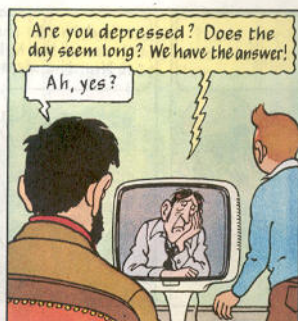
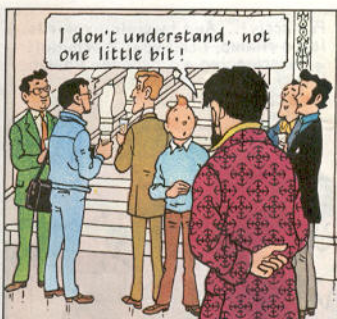
I can't understand the master: I find this "Loch Lomond" superb, as always.



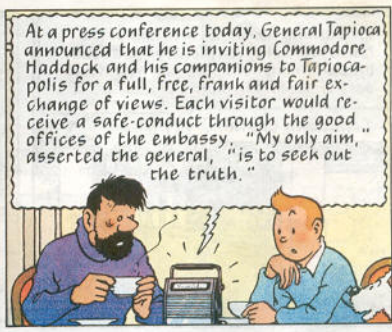
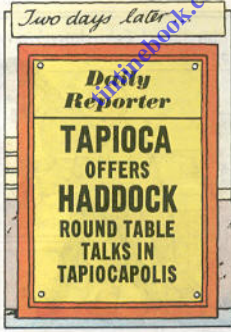
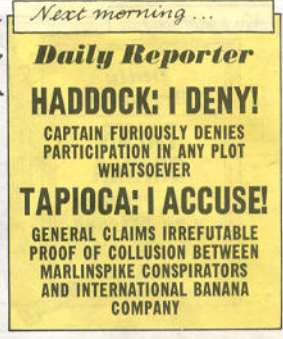
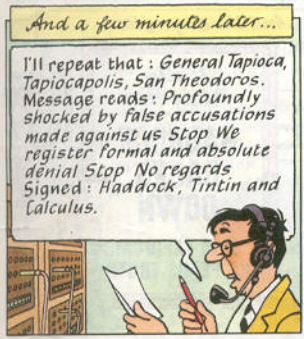
I say, Nestor...



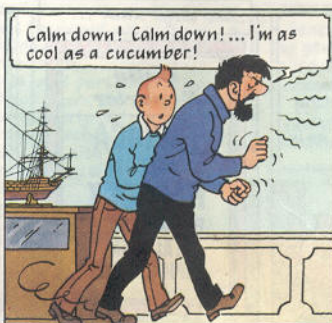
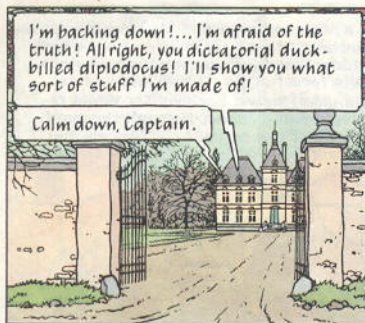
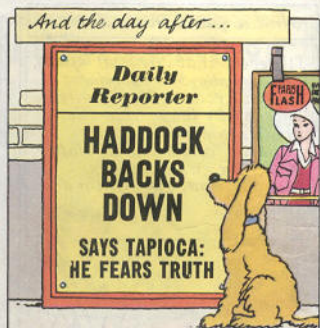




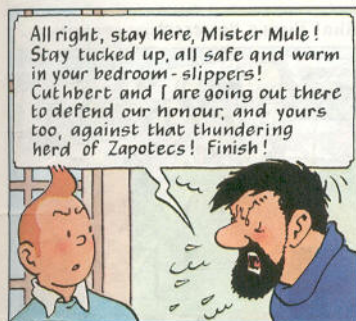








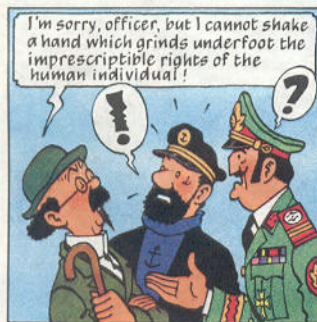
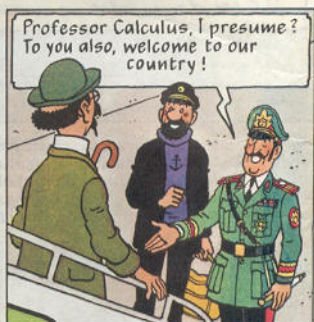
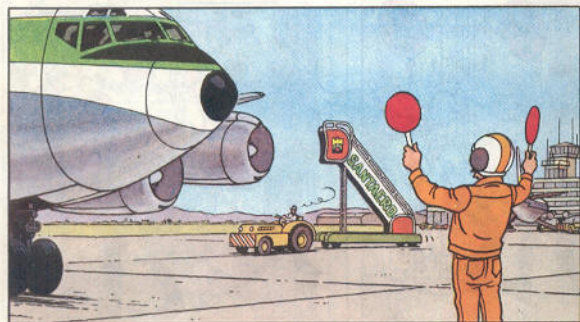
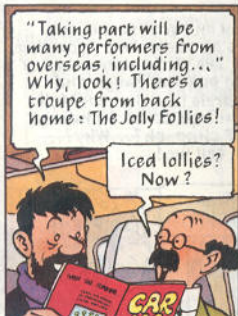




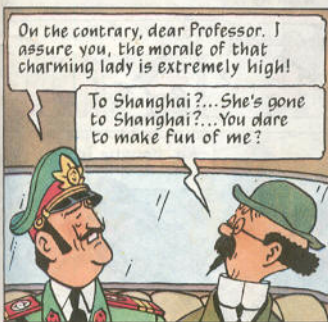
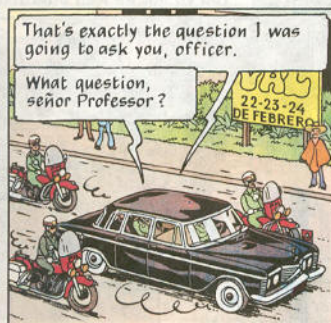
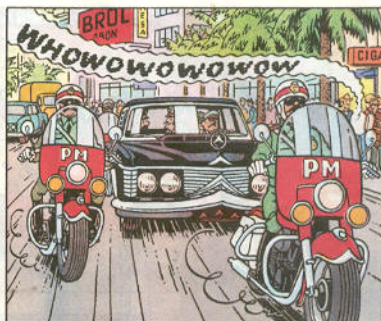
Three days later ...



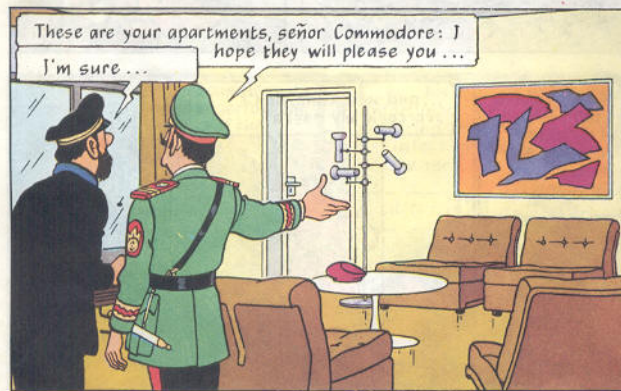
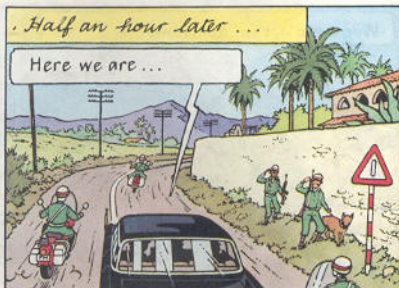
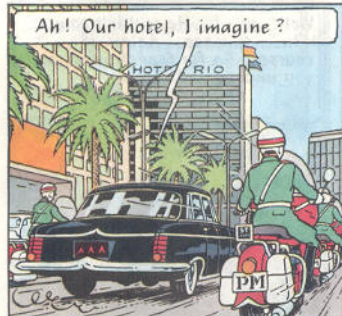




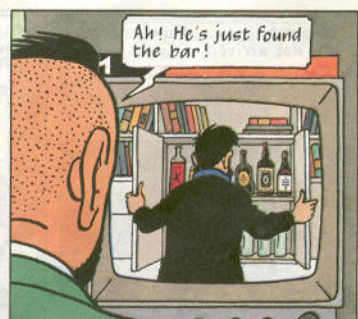
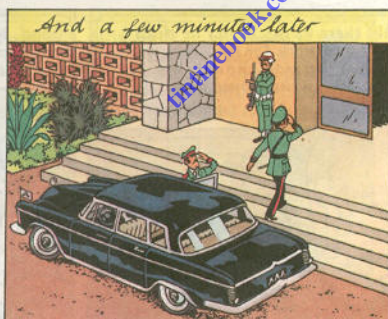
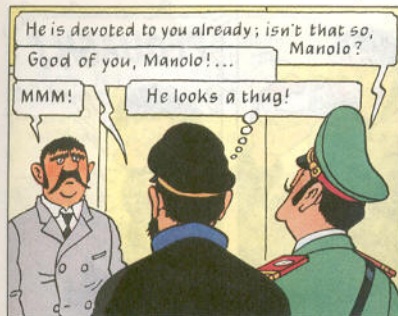


















Good, I'll think about it. Meanwhile, you'll have to stall the others. Tell them everybody's got influenza... that the Castafiore's lost her voice... tell them anything you like... to gain time.

Very good, Colonel.

Meanwhile...

What a beautiful evening. It must be lovely outside...

Hello, what's this? Rusted up?

Come open... you stupid... stubborn...

¿Que pasa?

¿Que pasa?... Que pasa is that I tried to open that confounded window!... And kindly put away the blunderbuss: those things have a habit of going off!

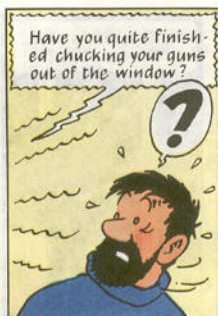
No good to open, señor... air conditioning...

That may well be so, but I don't happen to like canned air. Kindly open the window, por favor!

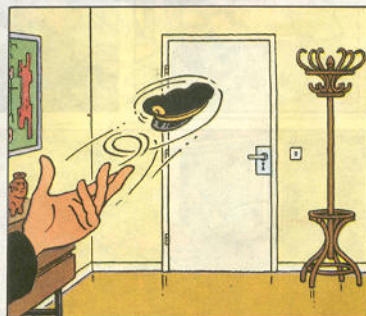
Windows, they do not open, señor... buerías noches, señor.

Thanks, friend... really, you try too hard!

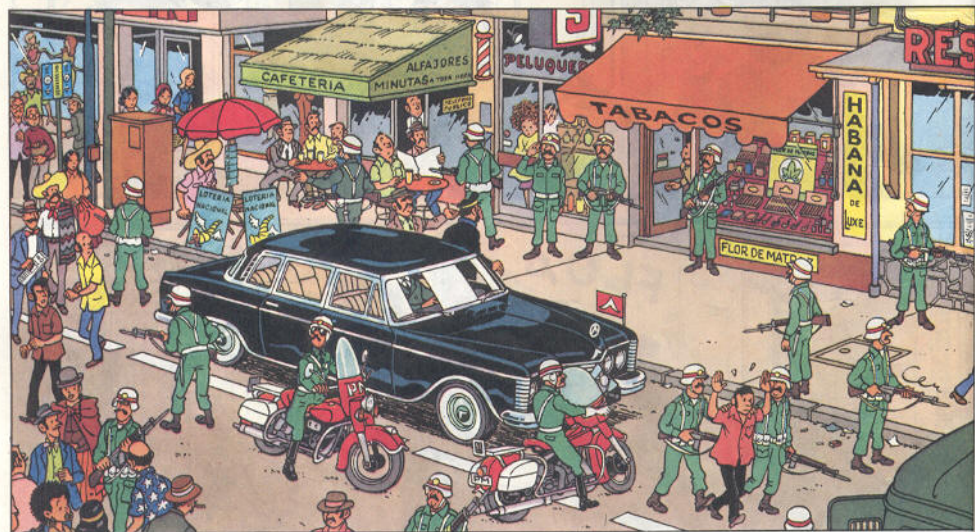
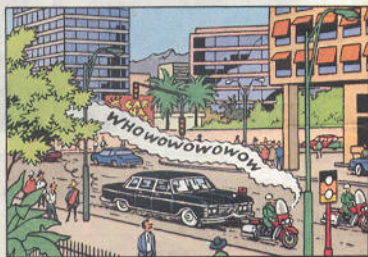
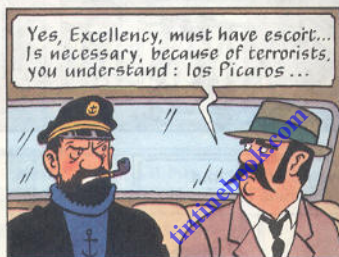














An hour later...

Ah, you're back. Would you believe that Tintin...

Tintin? He was jolly sensible to stay in Marlinspike!

He was absolutely right: we're prisoners, lock, stock and barrel!

I can see our hosts have a true sense of hospitality. That's what I just said to him...

... and he entirely agrees with me.

WHO agrees with you ??? ... And about WHAT ???

Exactly, and what's more, he'll tell you so himself!

Won't you, my friend ?

¡ Buenos dias, Captain!

Tintin, where in heaven's name have you sprung from?

Well, I've come straight from Marlinspike... You don't look very pleased to see me!

Why didn't you stay there, you silly fellow?

Let's say I was missing you, Captain ...

... and the Professor too, of course.

On a horse? We came by car.

You'd hardly left when I began to blame myself for not having gone with you. I thought of all our friends in prison and the need to try to save them... So I took a plane... It's quite simple ...

And it's crazy!

Because you were right! Would you believe ...

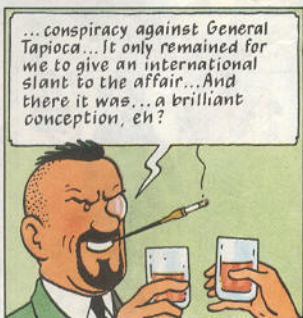
Ssh!

Ah! You've got a record here I simply adore! ... May I put it on, Captain?

AH! MY BEAUTY

Have you gone raving mad?







Three days go by...

But WHEN are we going to see that confounded fellow Tapioca? After all, that's the principal reason we came here!



Instead of which, for three days they've shuttled us from the Museum of Ethnography to the birthplace of the Great Liberator, General Olivaro...



... then to the zoo, then to the cathedral of the Santísima Virgen de la Inmaculada Concepcion... And what marvel have they in store for us tomorrow?



A confetti-maker for the carnival?... Or perhaps a sombrero factory?... Heaven knows what!



Billions of blue blistering barnacles! What's happened to me? Why can't I take a single drop of alcohol any more?



RAT TAT TAT  
Come in! He! he!



Buenas tardes, señores...

Hello, surely that isn't Manolo's voice?



The evening papers, señores...

PABLO!?!?

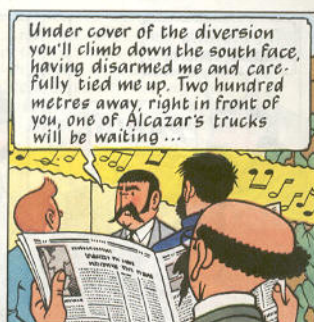
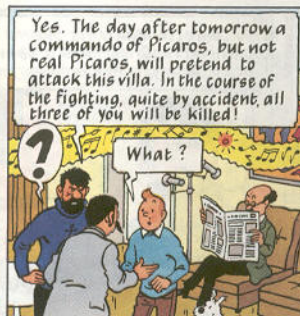


Great snakes!... What a surprise!... I never ...

Sssh!

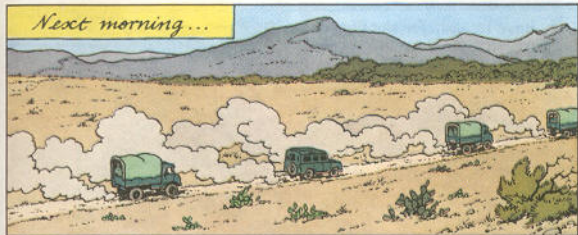








Next morning...



Not far now: we're coming to the forest. We'll be there in a quarter of an hour...



Your young friend seems very preoccupied...

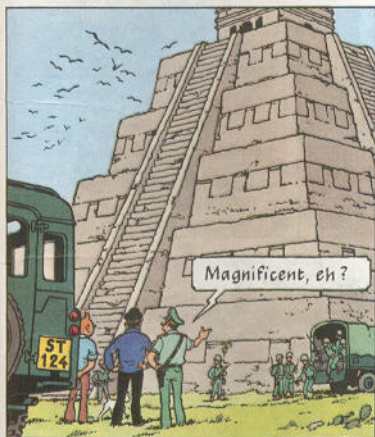
Oh, you've noticed it too?



He's upset to have had no word from General Tapioca.



So long as that's all it is!... I forgot to tell you, General Tapioca will see you tomorrow morning, and... Ah! there's the pyramid!



Magnificent, eh?

Superb!...Marvellous!... Can we go up?

Of course. But you'll excuse me if I don't accompany you...

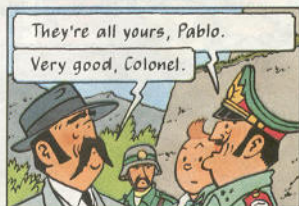
I expect you've often climbed it before?

Very often. But Pablo will act as your guide.



They're all yours, Pablo.

Very good, Colonel.



Be careful. It's a steep slope and many people get giddy up there.

You are most thoughtful, Colonel.



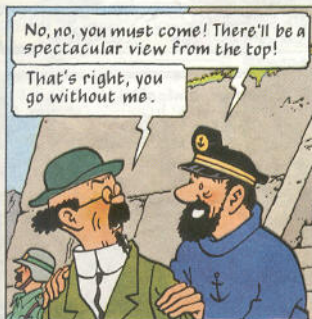
Come along, Professor.

No thank you, Captain, I'd rather stay here. As you know, I suffer from vertigo...



No, no, you must come! There'll be a spectacular view from the top!

That's right, you go without me.



Cuthbert, come along, I beg of you!...

Great sunspots! I told you I don't want to!









Puma calling Jaguar! ...  
Puma calling Jaguar! ...  
Are you receiving me? ...  
Come in now... Over ...



Jaguar calling Puma! ...  
Jaguar calling Puma! ... Re-  
ceiving you strength five... Over.



The truck's on its  
way... they'll be with  
you in seven or  
eight minutes...  
Mind you don't miss!



Be like missing an  
elephant at three  
metres in an alley,  
Colonel... And I've  
never done that  
yet!



You see, General Alcazar is true  
to his friends!



You can count on me! ... So the  
minute I received your message  
I decided to move ...



Our message?... You say  
you received a message  
from us?

Sure, the one Pablo  
brought me... What's  
the matter? You seem  
surprised about something.

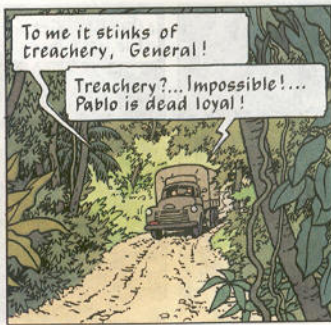


I certainly am! ... Because we never  
sent you any message... On the  
contrary, it was Pablo who told us,  
from you, that our lives were in  
danger but that you'd pull us  
out of trouble.



To me it stinks of  
treachery, General!

Treachery?... Impossible! ...  
Pablo is dead loyal!



But Pablo lied to us, as  
he did to you... And  
with what object?

How should  
I know?



It bothers me, General... I've  
got a feeling someone's  
setting a trap for us...



Let's stop, General: we need  
time to think...

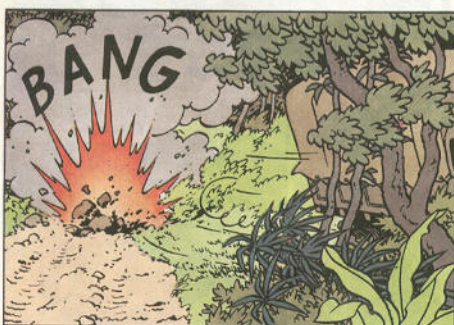
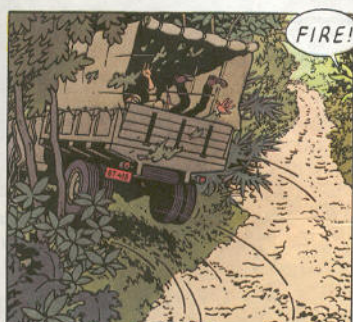
No way, amigo! We've a  
long trip ahead... and  
there's nothing to fear.



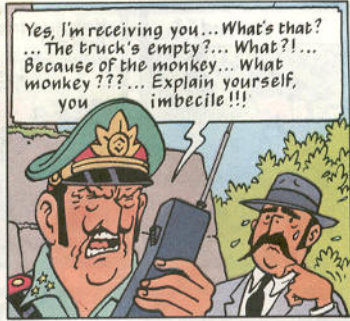
Jaguar calling Puma... We  
can see the truck now...



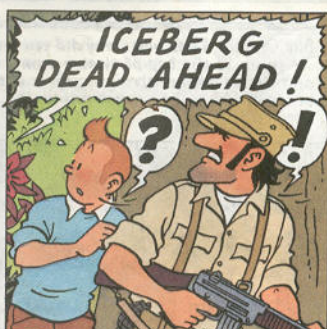
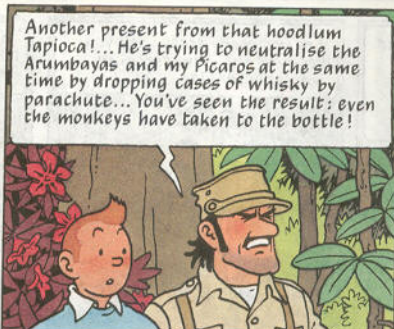
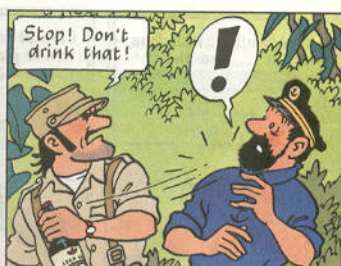




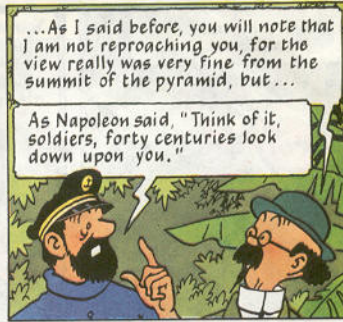








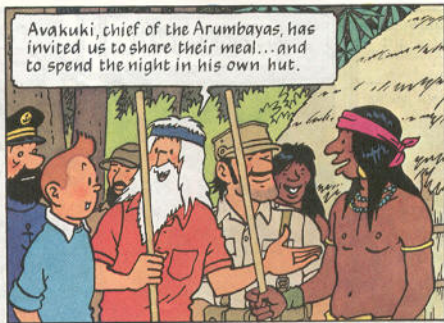




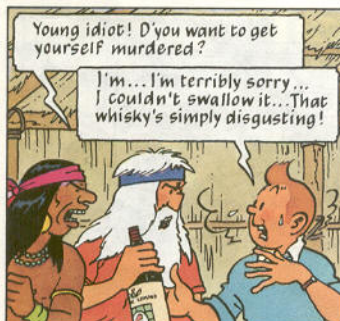




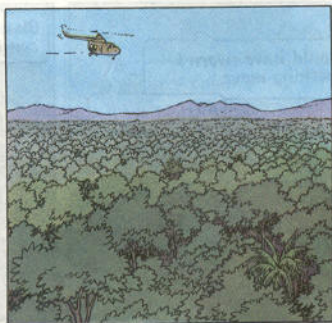








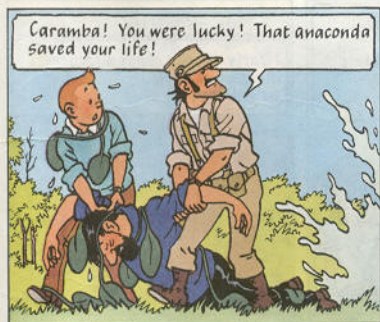
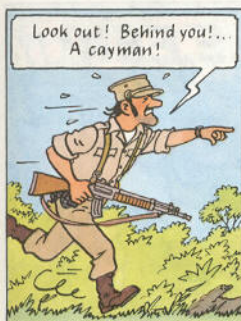




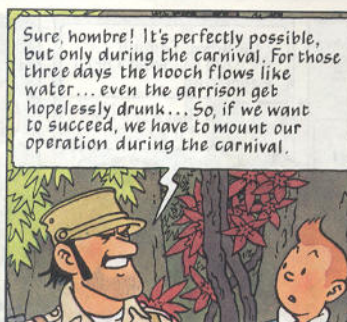
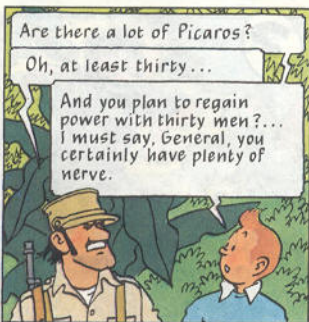
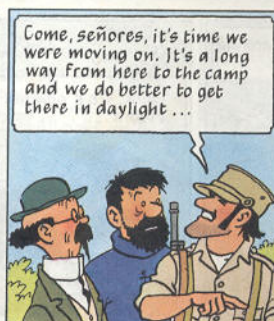
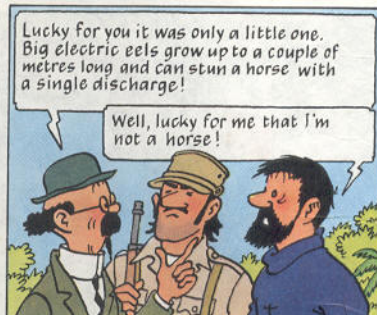








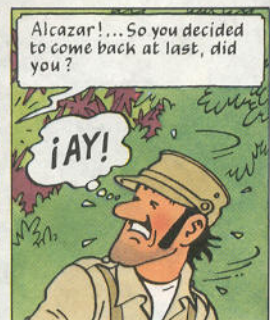
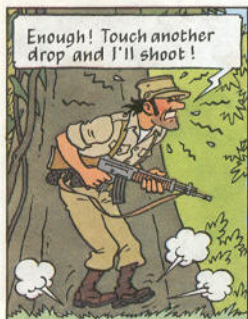
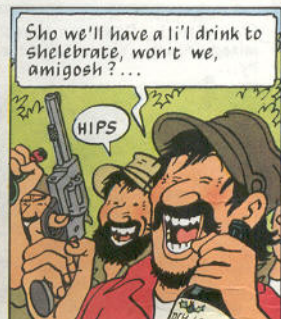




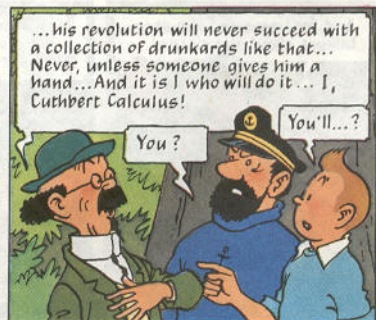
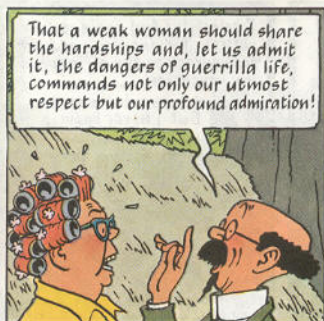
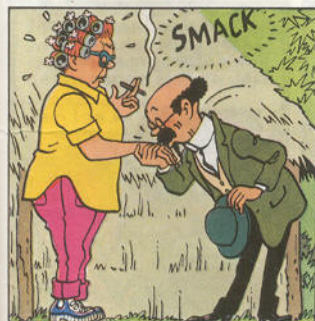
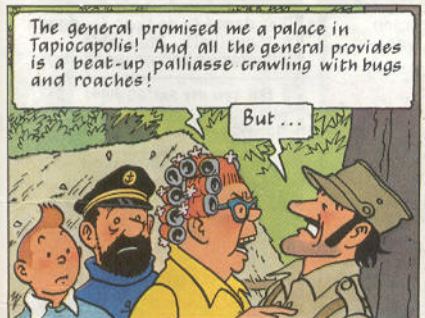
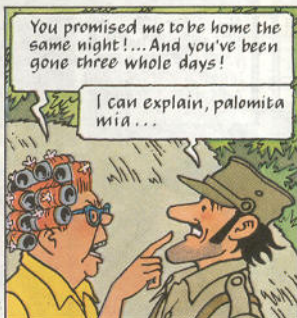




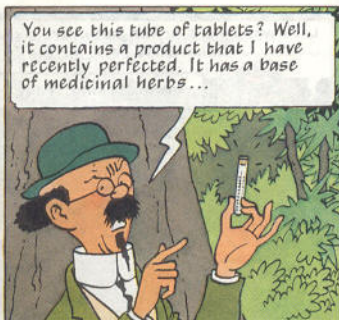








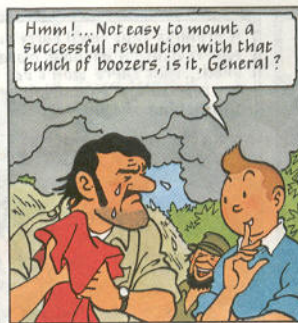
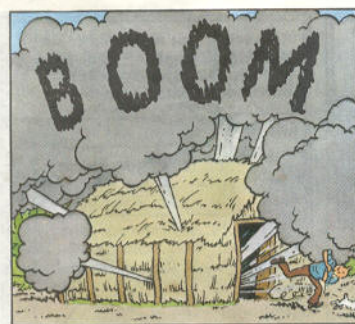
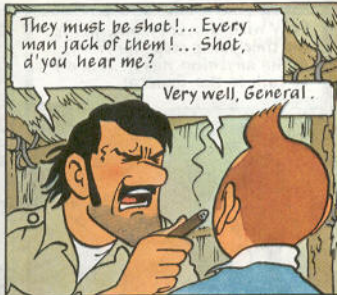
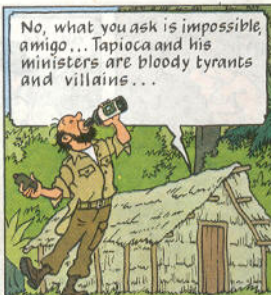




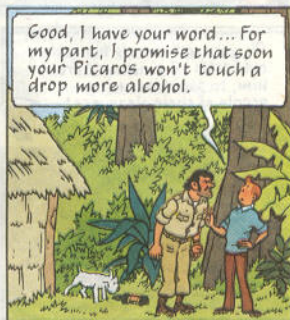
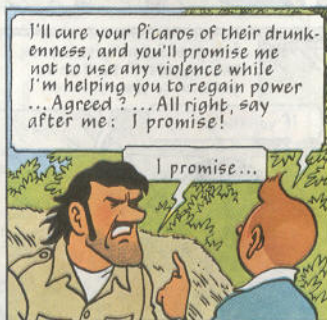
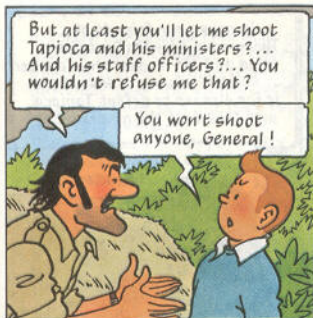




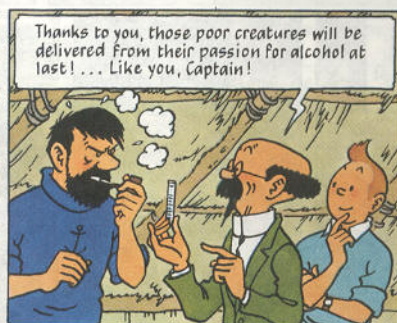














Recently, our beloved President generously invited Captain Haddock, Professor Calculus and the reporter Tintin to our country to put their case. He guaranteed their freedom. And how did they repay him? With cold cynicism! They took the first opportunity to flee into the jungle and join their accomplice Alcazar and his villainous Picaros!



This action alone is enough to prove that the grave accusations against the three defendants are entirely justified. But over now to the Palace of Justice where the Public Prosecutor is putting the case for the Republic...



... You have before you, gentlemen, two sinister characters who, more easily to accomplish their evil purpose... Do I need to remind you of it?...



... to assassinate our beloved President... did not hesitate to pass themselves off as honest policemen! ... But their monstrous subterfuge deceived no one! Look at their low brows, their furtive glances!



... In short, look at their brutish faces! Policemen? Them? ... Cheats! Imposters! Assassins!



... Men who, to appear as loyal supporters of General Tapioca and the noble ideology of Kärvi-Tasch, carried their duplicity so far as to grow moustaches!



That's a lie! ... We've been wearing moustaches since we were born!

To be precise: we're worn bearing them!



Silence! ... You will speak when you are spoken to!



... Gentlemen, for these two wretches, who can have no claim to extenuating circumstances, I demand the DEATH PENALTY!

You see? None of your fancy scruples there, eh?



The death penalty!! ... He certainly doesn't mince his words... He means to go the whole hog!

To be precise: his words certainly mean he's going to mince the hog whole!



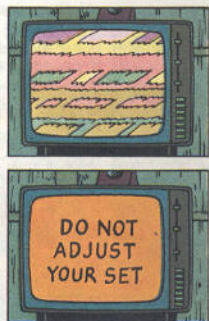
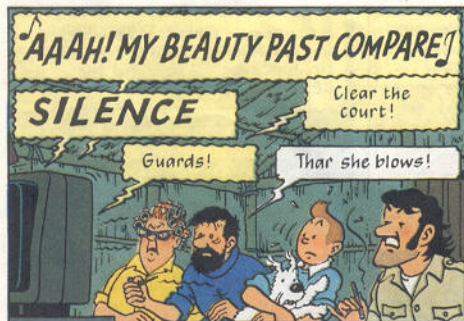
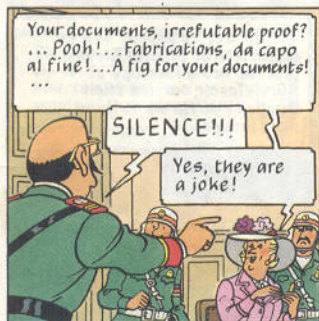
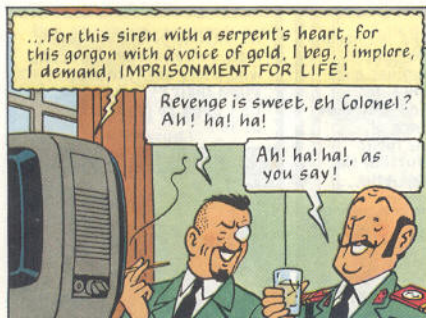
But the real brains behind the plot... and we have here documents which prove it irrefutably... are those of a woman!!!



A woman... or should we call her a monster? ... who lent her talents, her undoubted talents, to a criminal cause: her name is Bianca Castafiore, "the Milanese Nightingale"!











Help!...Help!... Save me!  
The Professor!



Kill the traitor!  
Hang him!



He's a traitor, General... a saboteur!... We caught him red handed, just as he was emptying a bottle of pills into the cooking pot!



There's no doubt about it... he was trying to poison us!... Let's shoot the nasty little reptile!



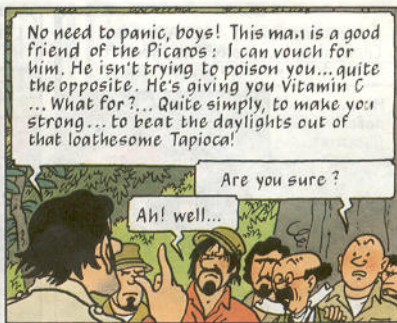
General?

Yes?



?

!



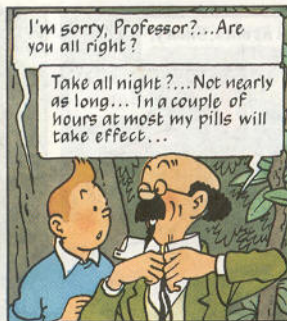
No need to panic, boys! This man is a good friend of the Picaros: I can vouch for him. He isn't trying to poison you... quite the opposite. He's giving you Vitamin C... What for?... Quite simply, to make you strong... to beat the daylight out of that loathesome Tapioca!

Are you sure?

Ah! well...



Sure as I stand here!... Eat away!... I give you my solemn word... you won't come to any harm!



I'm sorry, Professor?... Are you all right?

Take all night?... Not nearly as long... In a couple of hours at most my pills will take effect...



From that moment, none of those men will be able to stomach a single drop of alcohol!... Just like you, Captain!... Isn't that marvelous?

GNNNN!



¡Gracias, hombre, gracias!

MBLL...



And to show my appreciation, I create you companion of the order of San Fernando, first class!

A glass?... How nice!... A little iced water will be delicious...



Whatever the general may say, I'm not eating that stuff...

These new-fangled chemicals... you never can tell...



Look at them, Captain... They're obviously suspicious... And if they don't eat that food they'll go on drinking... So the revolution will fail... and our friends the Thompsons will be shot!



There's the dog... He belongs to the gringos. I'm going to give him some of that vitaminized stew... If he eats it, we will too... Otherwise...

He's right!

I agree!



Doggy woggy?... Come come come come...

Hello, what does he want me for?

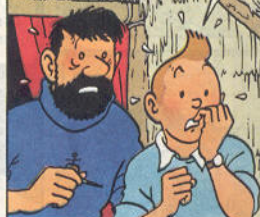


Come come come!... Yummyyum!... Looky dere!... Looky dere, good for little doggywogsies!...

He must be daft, talking like that...



Let's hope... let's hope he'll eat the food...



?

SNIFF  
SNIFF  
SNIFF



Y EEEK!



You saw that, boys?... Are we going to eat what even a dog won't touch?

You're right!

We won't eat that muck!



Go back at once, Snowy, and eat it!

But...



That slop! It's full of pimentos!



SCHLOOP  
SLURP  
GLUP  
SCHLOP



Hey, boys! Look!... He's changed his mind!... Now we can have some too!

¡Bueno! I'm hungry!

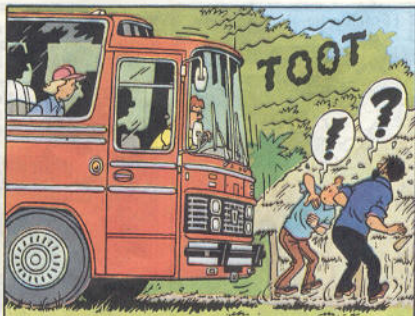


They're eating it! Now we can save our friends!

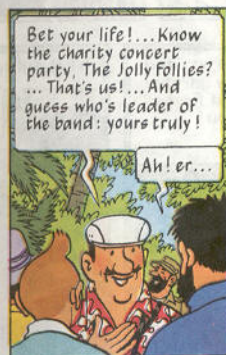
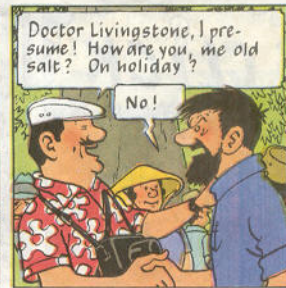
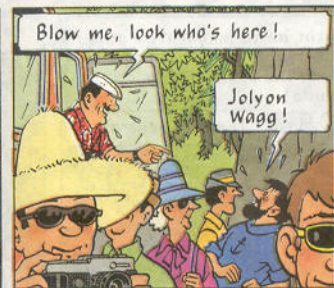
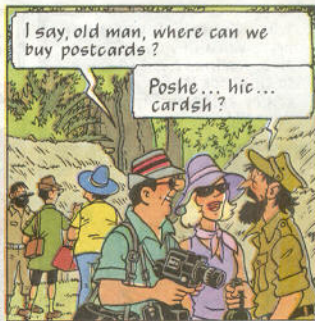
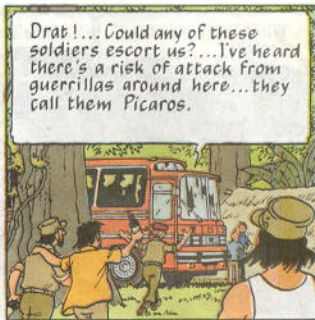
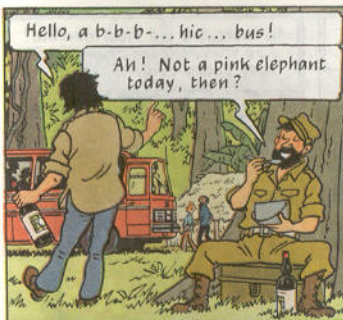


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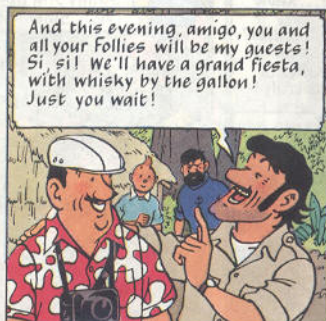
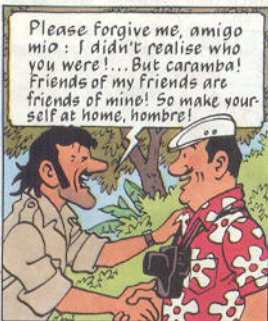
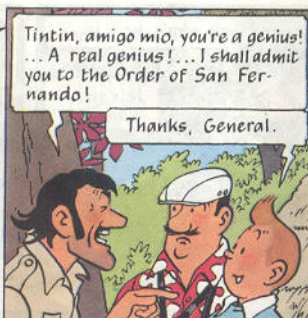
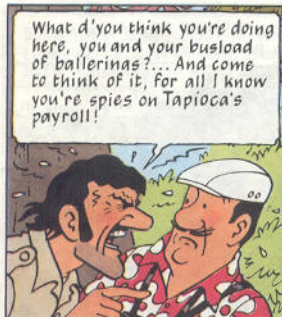
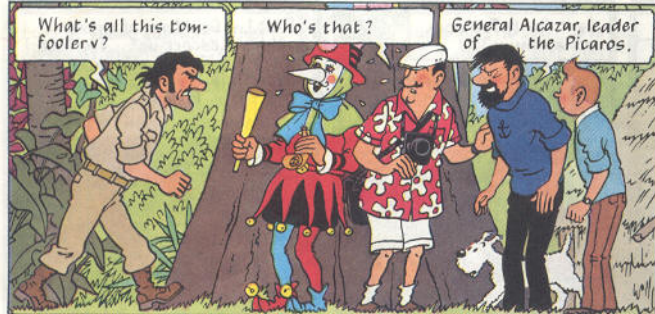
! ?













That night...

What's the matter with this whisky?...It's simply disgusting!

PFOUAGH!

You must be cuckoo, it's super!

♪ WE'RE THE JOLLY JOLLY FOLLIES... ♪  
♪ HEY NONNY NO... ♪ HEY NONNY NO... ♪

The morning after...

?

Alcazar! ...Alcazar! ...Time for you to fix breakfast!

Alcazar?... Where are you?... Answer me this minute!

Alcazar! ... Answer me!... I am not amused!

?

'Morning Cuthbert!... Everyone still snoring in this palm court palais de danse?

Ants? Don't talk about them! Everywhere! A veritable plague!

Yiiiiiii!!!!!!  
THE MONSTER!  
HE'S GONE!

My dove,  
I've gon to start the revo-  
lushun against the vial  
Tapioca. Wen its over you  
will have the pallis witch  
I've promist you.  
Much luv from your  
Zazar  
I've borrowd the Jollyfoli's  
buss and have left sum  
Picaros to look after you.  
Z.



i Caramba! These Jolly Follies were sent from heaven!...Thanks to them and to your friend Calculus I'll soon be back in power...



It's a shabby way to treat those poor people, sneaking off with their bus and their costumes. But it's the only way to save our friends...



Never mind, I'll be able to reward them with appropriate generosity as soon as I've chucked out that vile Tapioca: I'll admit them all to the Order of San Fernando!



Tomorrow afternoon we'll arrive in Tapiocapolis...and that'll soon be re-named Alcazaropolis. It's the opening day of the carnival. Before we reach the city we'll rehearse our plans to the very last detail...



We'll be dressed in the Jolly Follies costumes, with our guns at the ready...



With orders not to use them!

*The next afternoon...*

This is it, my brave Picaros! We're here!... Now each of you guys: remember what you have to do...





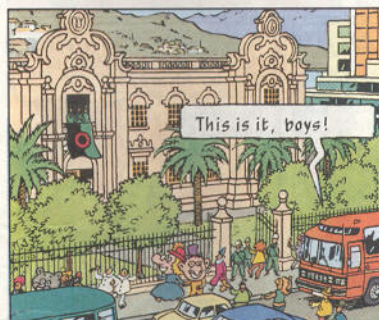
Meanwhile...

Are you sure it isn't dangerous, General, letting all these people assemble in front of the windows? You'll be a sitting target for the first Picaro...

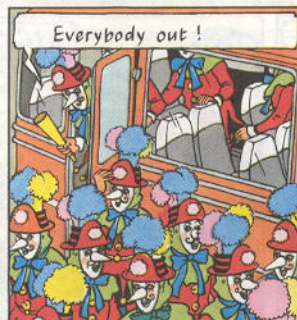
No danger, Colonel...

... Even if by some extraordinary chance, armed Picaros managed to infiltrate the crowd, they'd be far too drunk to shoot straight! ... As you know, my parachute drops of whisky have been a total success.

My spies have been quite definite: Alcazar's men are never sober... And they'd be quite incapable of engaging in any serious action, poor fools...



This is it, boys!



Everybody out!



Watch it, Captain, remember you're a Folly!

Don't worry!



♪WE'RE THE JOLLY JOLLY FOLLIES...♪ HEY NONNY NO ...♪ HEY NONNY NO...♪



Where are those people from?

The programme says: "The Jolly Follies, a charity concert party from Europe".



Excellent! ... Just listen to the beat! ... They've even got our guards joining in the dance!



Ready! ... On the next hey nonny no, out comes the chloroform!

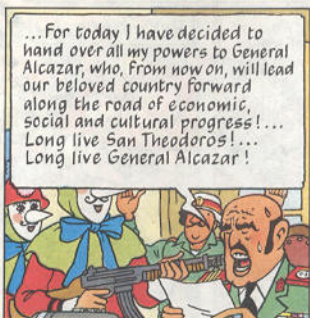
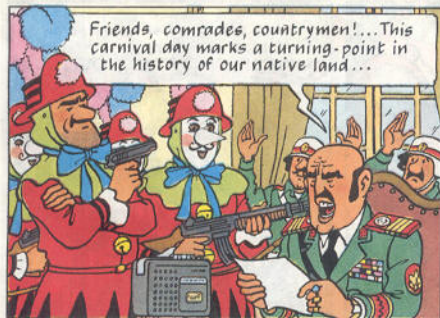
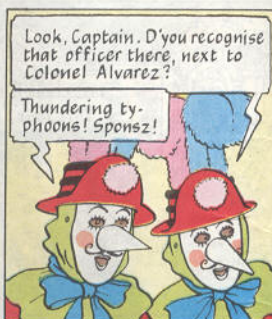
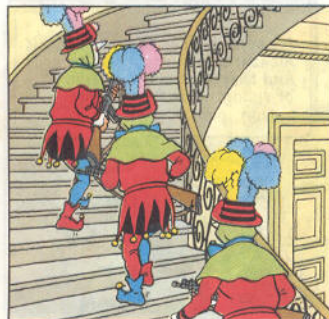


HEY NONNY NO!



Put him with the rest in the porch. Your guns are there...







There it is... in the bag!... Pedro, you and your section hop along to the Radio Building and see this statement is broadcast immediately... Understand?

Si!

My heartiest congratulations, General!... Death to Tapioca!... Would you like him shot at once?

Long live General Alcazar!

Shoot Tapioca!

Long live General Alcazar!

Executions are out!... His life will be spared.

But General, it's contrary to every custom... The people will be terribly disappointed...

The colonel is right, General... For pity's sake don't pardon me! Do you want me completely dishonoured?

Permit me to insist, General!

My decision is irrevocable: your life will be spared! An aircraft will be placed at your disposal, to convey you wherever you may wish to go.

Are you mad?

No, I'm not... But he is!... This muchacho made me give my word that the coup would be bloodless!... I'm desperately sorry...

Come on, let's greet old Sponz...

Ah, an idealist, is he?... Young chaps nowadays have absolutely no respect for anything... Not even the oldest traditions!

We live in sad times!

We meet again, Colonel Sponz!

Don't worry, Sponz, even you have nothing to fear. They're pining for you in Borduria, so your ticket to Szohöd is booked for the morning...

We caught this joker trying to escape...

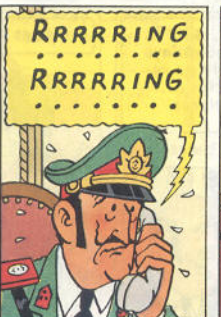
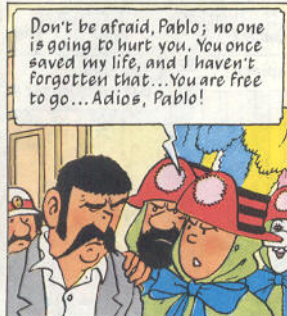
It's Tintin!... I'm finished!

Pablo!

Mercy, Señor Tintin, mercy! Please don't shoot me!

That's less than you deserve, you subtropical sea-louse!







Meanwhile...

I'm terribly sorry, gentlemen, but we must go, please... It's time...

And one must be on time.

To be precise: time, gentlemen please!

Don't worry: it's a nasty moment, but you'll soon forget it...

This is San Theodores National Radio. We are interrupting our programmes for a special announcement by His Excellency General Tapioca...

A car!... We must commandeer a car!

Useless! No vehicle could get through this crowd...

What can we do?

Look! That float...

What? You mean...

Yes! It's the only possible answer!

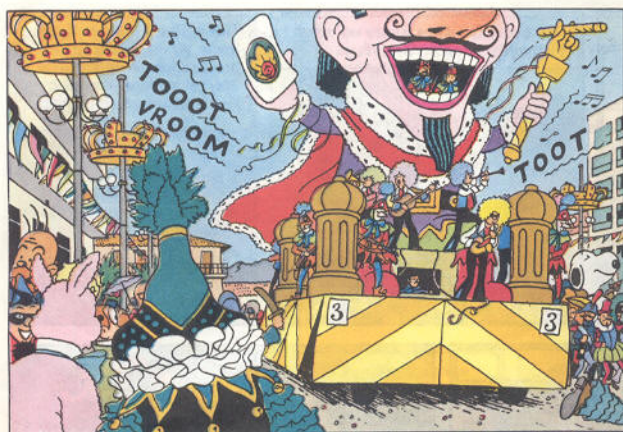
You!... Keep on playing!

Keep playing!... Don't stop!

Driver!... To the State Prison! And put your foot down!

Put my foot down?... With this crate?... You must be joking!





Meanwhile ...

Blindfolds? Certainly not!  
... A Thompson looks death  
straight in the face!

To be precise : A Thomson  
with a straight face looks  
like death!

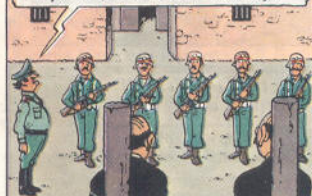


It's your lucky day. The music adds a little  
gaiety to the party, doesn't it?



We simply must  
be in time!

Squ-a-a-a-d!... Ready!



Can you perhaps think of  
some famous last words?

Er... What about, "Kiss  
me, Thompson"  
Will that do?



Squad! Take aim!...



Hold your fire!... Hands up, the  
lot of you!... Drop your guns!



A few minutes later...

Saved by the bell, eh?...

Oh? I didn't hear it, with the music...

And the friends of these gentlemen...Where are they?

I'll take you there at once, Colonel!

They've been very well treated, Colonel. They'll tell you so themselves...

I hope so, for your sake!

This is Signora Castafiore's cell. They've just taken in her lunch...

...and I'm telling you for the last time!

... I want my pasta cooked properly, d'you hear? ... "al dente", as we say at home in Italy!

Ah, Madonna!... Captain Hemlock!

Come, caro mio!... Come to my arms!

No!!

I knew you'd come to rescue me from this dreadful place!

Ahem!... Here is Señor Igor Wagner, señora...

... and your maid ...

Ah, my dear Irma, how I have missed you!

Ah, what joy to be all together again! I simply must sing!

No! No!

No!

Not that!



Next morning ...

The army, the navy and the air force have come over to me! ¡Mil bombas! It's an overwhelming triumph!



And it's partly due, of course, to you... Si, si, si!... Alcazar is not ungenerous: you will be decorated with the order of San Fernando!... As for your five per cent...

Please forget that, General!



General, the bus you sent to the camp to fetch Señora Alcazar and the Jolly Follies has returned.

Good! Show them in here...



So there you are, Alcazar! What's the game, eh? You've been absent without leave again!

I can explain, palomita mia...



Señor Wagg, allow me to express the deep gratitude of the San Theodorian people for the help you have given to our cause. I therefore appoint you and your Jolly Follies to the order of San Fernando, and invite you to next year's carnival.



And Señor Professor... In recognition of the magnificent role you played, I appoint you Knight Grand Cross of the Order of San Fernando, with Oak Leaves.

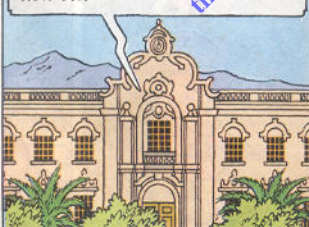
No thank you, my friend. Never between meals.



Good old Alcazar! Give him a big hurrah!



As for you, my dove... I promised you a palace. Bueno, I keep my word. This is all yours from now on.



Fine and dandy!... Anyone can see it isn't you who's expected to keep this dump clean... So for a start, stop dropping cigar ash all over the place!... You get me?



Two days later...

Blistering barnacles, I shan't be sorry to be back home in Marlinspike...

Me too, Captain...



Me too, but with a little mustard if you please.



THE END

