

HERGÉ
THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN

THE CALCULUS AFFAIR

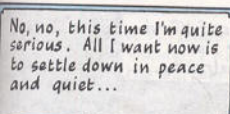


MAGNET



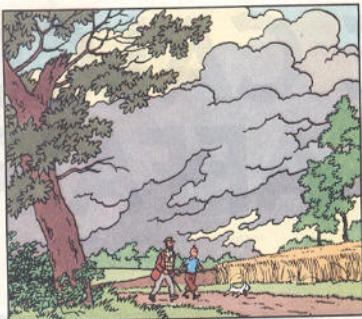
MA 202

THE CALCULUS AFFAIR



So much for your peace and quiet, Captain! Look over there. There's a big storm brewing.

Yes, it's high time we got back to the house.





Well, we're home again... and none too soon, either!

RRRIING

The telephone, Nestor.

Hello?... No Madam, I am not Mr. Cutts the butcher!... No, Madam... NO, Madam! ...Fiddle-de-dee, Madam!

...That's at least the twentieth time...

Quite so, Nestor. But one must always keep one's temper... especially with a lady... And besides, Nestor, you should never telephone during a storm: it is extremely dangerous.

That's that. And now, my friend, I think I'll just have a quiet drink, if you don't mind.

Blistering barnacles! That flash of lightning wasn't far away.
In fact, I...

CRACK



**GLING
BLING
CLING**

Look at that!

?

The funny thing is, that happened AFTER the clap of thunder.

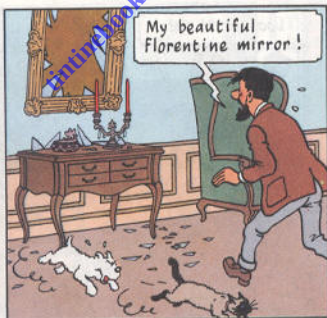
RRINGRRING

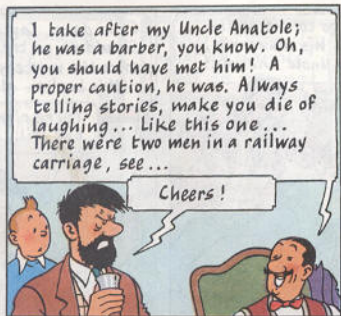
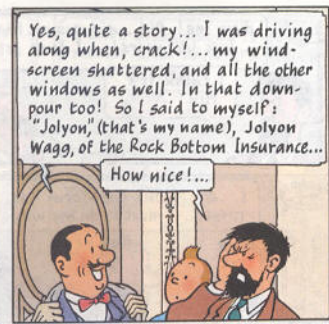
Hello?... What?... Lamb chops?... No, Madam, I am not Mr. Cutts the butcher! And what's more Madam, it is highly dangerous to telephone during a storm. You should know better! And the best of luck, Madam!

CRACK

BANG







Did... did you see that?... I was just standing, my glass in my hand, and...

Oho! That's fun!



You think that's funny, eh? Is that all you've got to say?

If you could have seen yourself when that glass blew up! Your face was a scream!



Ha! ha! ha! Reminds me of that story of Uncle Anatole's... Half a mo' while I think of it... Oh yes. There was this man went into a pub, see, and ordered a pint of beer. He was just going to drink it, when...



Blow me! Did... did you see that? ...Just like yours! ... I don't get it!

I think it's fun!



I...er...think the storm has passed. I must be on my way.



I've wasted quite enough time here, anyway. Goodbye!



By the way...er... what about your insurance against lightning?

No thank you, Mr. Wagg. I'm insured against everything under the sun.



Yes, everything. My life's insured against accident; against hailstones, rain, floods, tidal waves and tornadoes; against cholera, 'flu, and colds in the head; moths, weevils and grasshoppers... The whole lot! In fact, sir, the only things I'm not insured against are insurance agents!



You old humbug, you! Well, that's all settled. I'll send you a policy... No, better still, I'll bring it myself. That'll give us a chance to have another chinwag together.



'Bye for now!



He can go to the devil—him, and his insurance, and his Uncle Anatole!



Calm down, Captain. Shouldn't we try to solve the mystery of all this broken glass?

You're right. But still, I...



BANG! BANG! BANG! Listen! Shots!



They came from outside.



There's someone coming... Oh, it's Professor Calculus, on the way back from his laboratory.



Did you hear those shots?

No, it's over now. The rain has stopped.



Professor, just look at your hat! Excuse me...



Look! A bullet has gone right through it!

Oh! See!... a hole!



I can't understand it at all. The moths never used to make such big holes as these.



Quick, Captain. Let's have a look round the park.

Right. Just let me fetch a torch, and I'll be with you.



Calculus certainly came along this path...



Captain! Snowy's picked up a scent. Come on, let's follow him.



Oh! Look there!

Wooah!



Blistering barnacles! Do you think he's...

No: he's alive. His heart's beating... faintly...



We must send for the police at once.

You stay here while I go and telephone.



Blistering barnacles, what an evening! What an evening!



Oh, sir!... Sir! Something terrible's happened!

In heaven's name, what's the matter now?







Blistering barnacles! Come out of there, or I'll shoot!



Mercy! Have pity! Please don't kill me! I wouldn't harm a fly... I'm just a simple fellow...

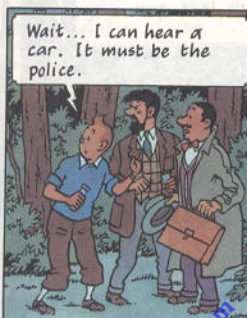


Blistering barnacles, you don't have to tell me that! Just explain what you're doing down there!

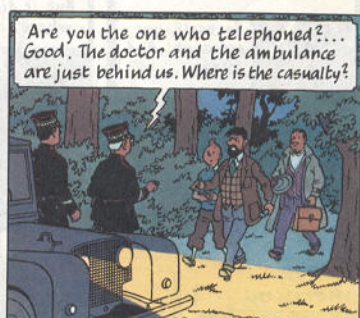
Me?... I... I was hiding.



Somebody tried to murder me! I was walking towards my car... then suddenly: Bang! Bang!... So I said to myself, I said, "Jolyon, someone's trying to kill you..."



Wait... I can hear a car. It must be the police.



Are you the one who telephoned?... Good. The doctor and the ambulance are just behind us. Where is the casualty?



Here I am, Mr. Inspector... Jolyon Wagg ... That's me...

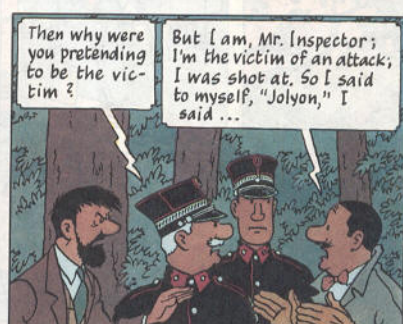
You've been shot!

Me? No.



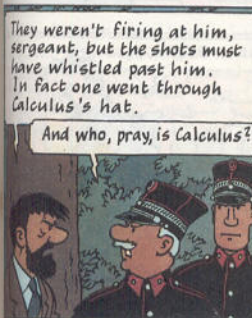
But didn't you report that you'd found a wounded man?

Well, we did, but now he's vanished.



Then why were you pretending to be the victim?

But I am, Mr. Inspector; I'm the victim of an attack; I was shot at. So I said to myself, "Jolyon," I said...



They weren't firing at him, sergeant, but the shots must have whistled past him. In fact one went through Calculus's hat.

And who, pray, is Calculus?



Calculus? He's a friend of mine. He came back to the hole with a house in his hat... No, I mean... Anyway, Tintin told me...

And who is Tintin?



Tintin? But this is Tintin! Here...

Hey, now where's he gone?



Go on, Snowy! Seek it out!

The wounded man got away through this hole in the hedge.



You've lost the scent, eh Snowy? I can guess why.



He was picked up by a car waiting here for him. There's nothing to be done. Come on, let's go back to the others.



... You mean the glass just broke by itself?

By itself, yes sergeant! And then...



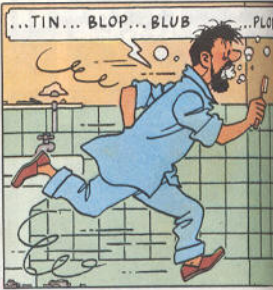
Where have you sprung from?

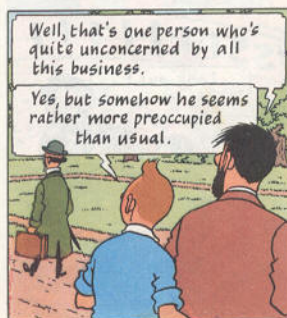
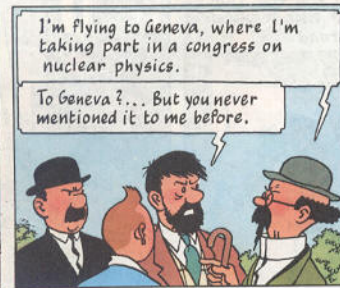
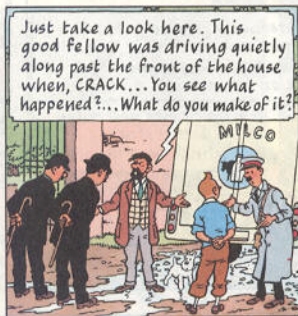
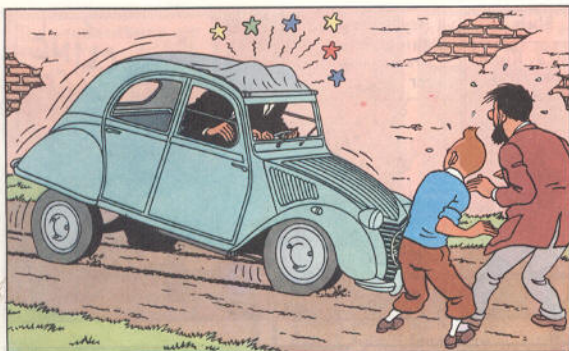
Snowy picked up a scent. But it didn't lead anywhere.



There's nothing more we can do here. We'd better go back to the house; we can talk things over more easily there.

Yes, this case looks a hopeless muddle to me.







Just look at that horde of rubber-necks! They can hardly wait to see the rest of my windows smashed to bits!



No doubt. But somehow I think they are going to be disappointed.

What do you mean?



It's just a thought... By the way, I know Calculus hates anyone going into his laboratory, but I'd rather like to have a look round in there. Have you got his key?

Yes... but what's the idea!



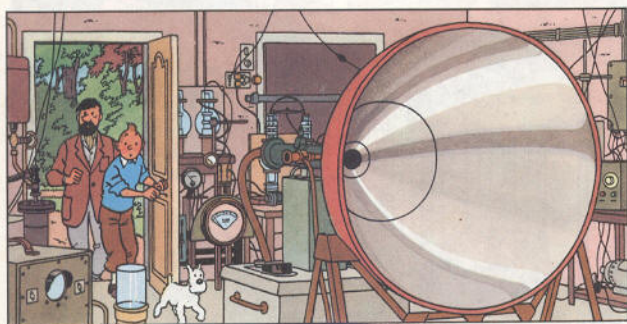
Well, I've been thinking about this business, and one thing struck me; the glass-breaking only occurred when Calculus was out; or, to be more accurate, when he was in his laboratory. And since he left for Geneva yesterday, nothing more has happened.



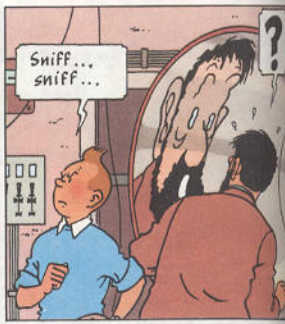
In a nutshell, you suggest our friend Cuthbert's responsible for all those incidents? But that's ridiculous!



I'm not suggesting anything, Captain. I'm simply trying to work it out.



Sniff... sniff...



I say, Captain, can you smell anything?

Sniff... Sniff...



It's just... sniff... tobacco, that's all.

Yes, but Calculus doesn't smoke.

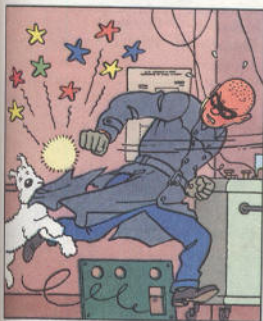
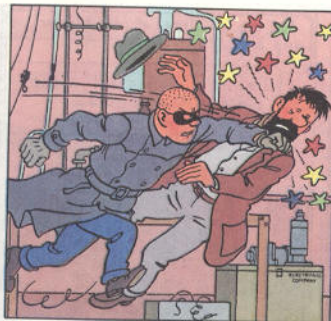


Blistering barnacles, that's quite right!





Whoa there, my Fine friend!



floor Captain!





Ha! ha! ha! ha!... Fooled you properly that time, didn't I, my hearties?



I... You... Billions of blue blistering barnacles! ... I'll...

Ha! ha!... "Hands Up!"... the old gag never fails!



Now then, this'll cheer you up: I've brought your insurance proposal.



I say Captain, look what's written here in pencil, on this cigarette packet.

What is it?



By thunder, that's the hotel in Geneva where Cuthbert usually stays.

Exactly.



Captain, something tells me the Professor's in danger there in Geneva. I'm going over to join him.

Cursh it! Whereshat paper got itself to?



And I suppose you think I'll let you go alone. Nonsense! I'm coming with you!

Right.

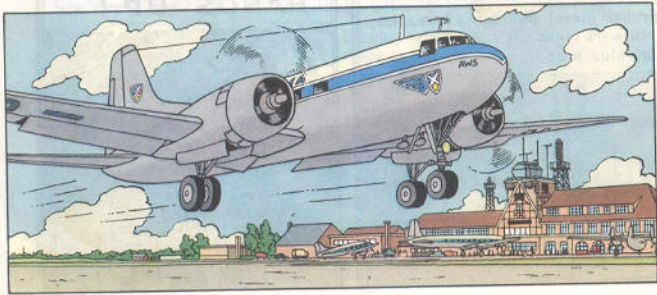
Here it ish!



Come on! To Geneva!



And the same day...

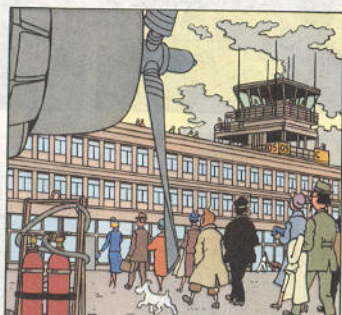


Hello... Hotel Cornavin?... Herr Szhrinkoff, please... Thank you... Hello, Stefan?... Yes, it's me... Look, you'd better get a move on. His friends have just left by air for Geneva.

3.30 p.m., at Cointrin Airport, Geneva...



O.K., I get it: if they're here, we buzz off to Geneva and wait for them at Cornavin Station, at the Swissair bus terminal.



Three-quarters of an hour later, at Cornavin Station...



Here they come... You barge into them and push them around; they'll get angry, there'll be a fight... All to gain time...



Bah! Foiled! A gendarme...

Ah, there's a gendarme. We'll ask him.

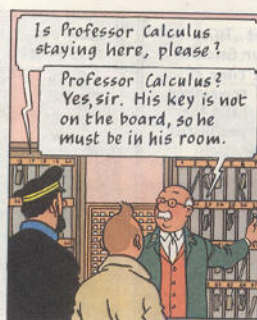
Hotel Cornavin? You'll find it just across the road.

Thank you.



Is Professor Calculus staying here, please?

Professor Calculus? Yes, sir. His key is not on the board, so he must be in his room.



Phew, what a relief! Please tell him Captain Haddock and Tintin are here.

Certainly, sir.



It's very odd... he isn't answering. Yet he should be in his room.

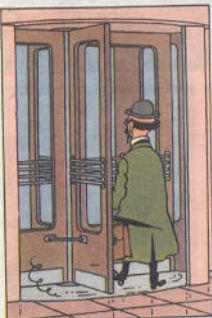
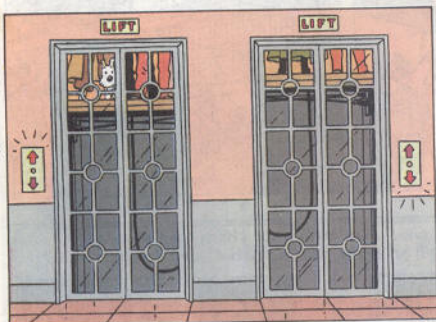
Perhaps he can't hear. We'd better go up. What number is his room, please?

Number 122, fourth floor. The lift is on your left.

Thank you. We'll leave our luggage here.

Fourth floor, please.

Certainly, sir.



Blistering barnacles, I know he's deaf... but all the same



Supposing he's not in his room; supposing something's happened to him...



Not in his room, sir? Then his key should be here.



Great snakes! But there it is!



You're right... He must have gone out while my back was turned... I'm terribly sorry, sir.

You don't know where he might have gone?



Wait... I've got it. This morning Professor Calculus asked me for the time of trains to Nyon. I remember now: he said he'd take the 4:40. If you hurry you'll still catch him at the station.

Good. Thank you.

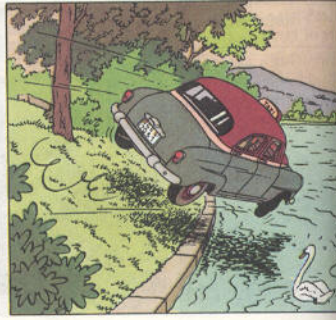
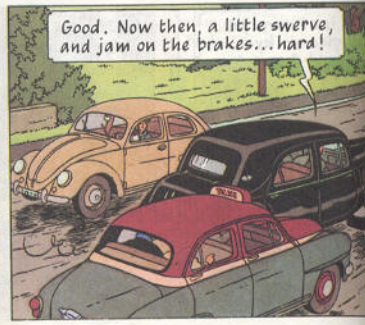
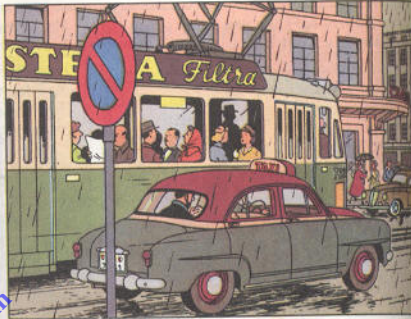
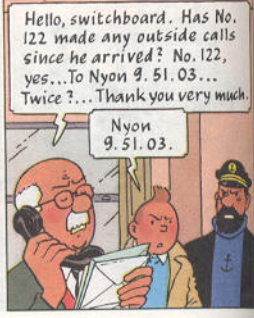


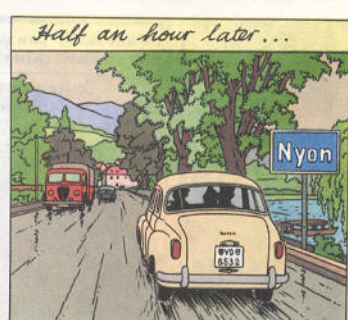
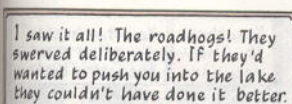
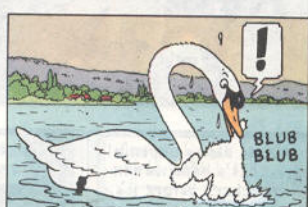
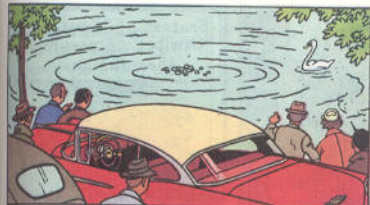
Look out! Here they come.

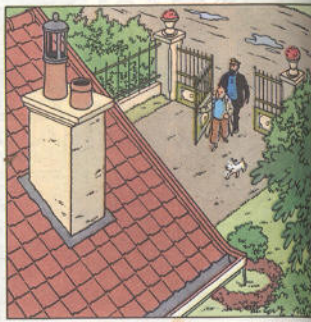
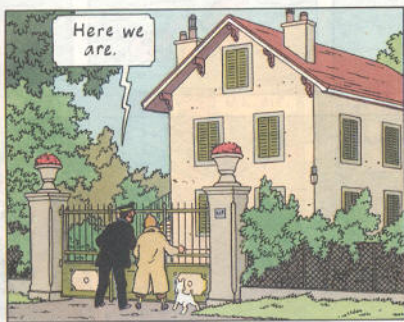
We have exactly seven minutes.

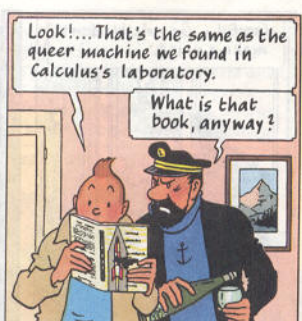
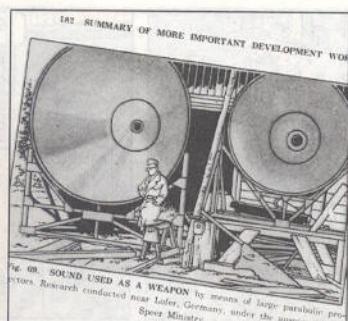


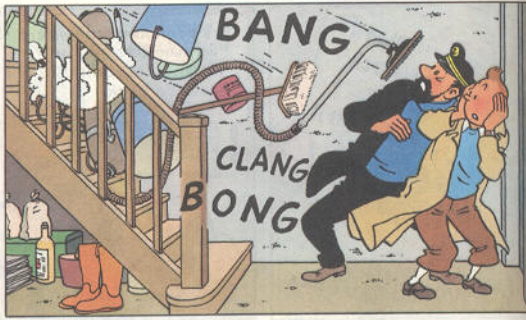
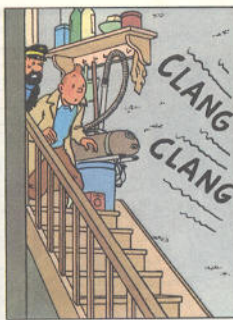


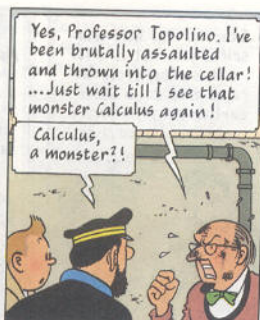
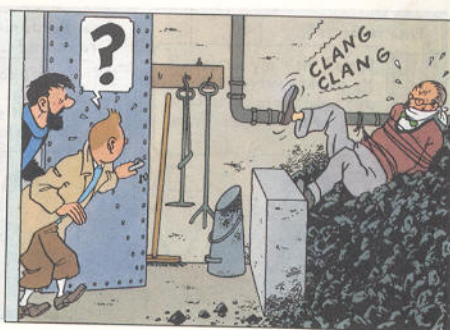




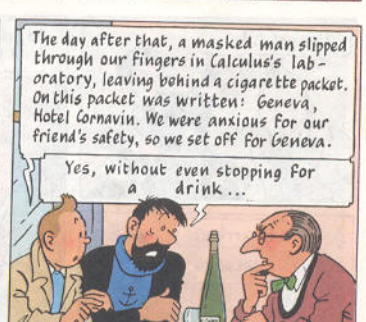


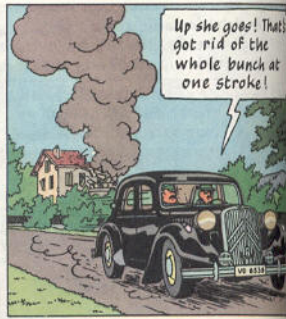
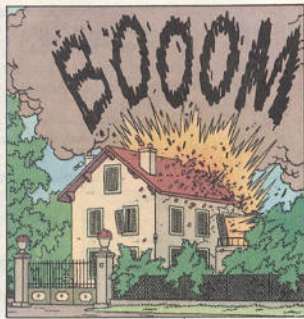
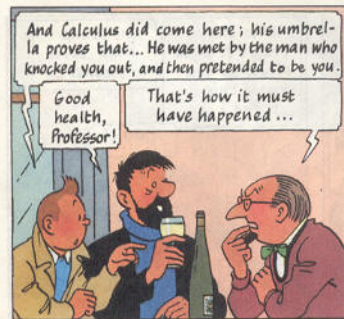
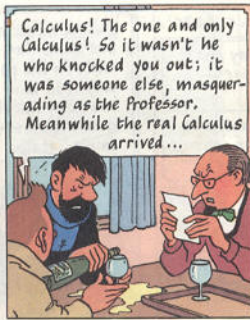
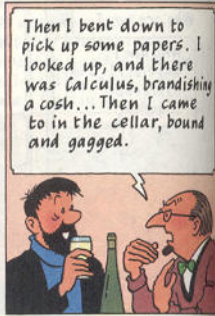
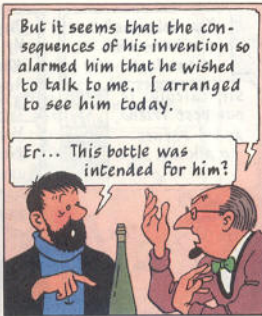
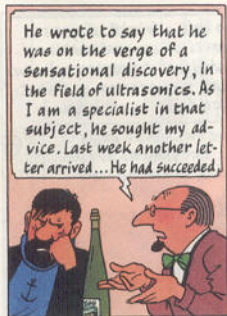
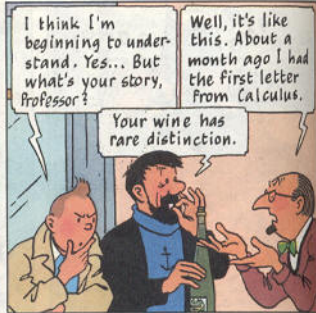
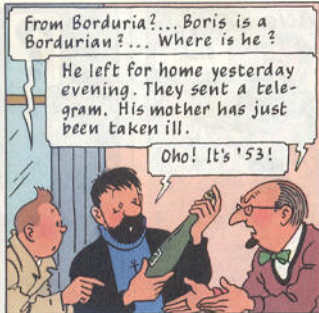




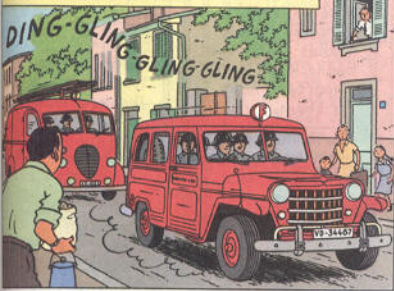


A quarter of an hour later...





A few minutes later ...



Next morning...

Topolino were taken from the wreckage. Fragments of a bomb were found in the debris and foul play is suspected. The police have detained two men found loitering in the vicinity of the crime, questioning passers-by. These two men will appear before the examining magistrate this morning.

Meanwhile speculation is rife as to the motive behind this attack, and every effort is being made to discover why Professor Topolino's house should





In you go!

Here we are!

Gentlemen, the statements you made yesterday have been checked and confirmed. You will be released immediately. I must apologise for our mistake.

That's quite all right, Mr. Magistrate. None of this would have happened if our credentials hadn't been stolen... with our luggage.

We're in Swiss disguise while we're searching for our friends Tintin and Haddock. We have important news for them.

You'll find them in the hospital, quite near here.

A little later...

Tintin and Captain Haddock? I'll take you to their room. You're just in time. They're getting ready to leave.

I say, how clean these hospitals are. Just look at the shine on the floors!



... Yes, important news. We caught him... the man in the park who was wounded, then vanished. He's Syldavian. But we can't get another thing out of him. He swears he was there "quite by chance".



Quite by chance... I'll bet he was. Thanks all the same. I'm terribly sorry you slipped up... We must be off to the police station. Goodbye for now.



... This is how I see it. Calculus had perfected an ultra-sonic instrument, capable of destroying glass from a distance, glass and - who knows? whole buildings, tanks, ships... In short, a terrible weapon... In a letter to Topolino, Cuthbert described his work.



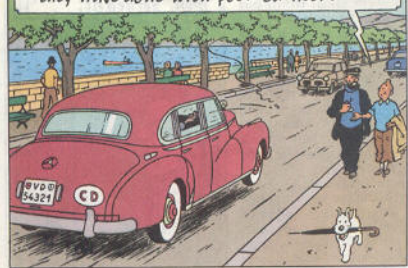
This letter was discovered by Topolino's servant, a Bordurian called Boris, who tipped off his country's secret service. But the Syldavian espionage got wind of the invention too, and sent an agent to Marlinspike. He stumbled upon his Bordurian rival, who shot him.



So far so good. Then Calculus arrives in Geneva, but we are close behind. And since we make life difficult for spies and kidnappers, they try to eliminate us. Right... The first thing is to find Calculus.



But where can he be?... Who knows what they have done with poor Cuthbert?



Blue blistering barnacles!... A lighted cigarette! The fat-headed fire-raisers!



Nit-witted ninepins! Bash-bazouks! A "C.D." plate, so do as you like! Certified Diplodocuses, that's what you are!



OH!...

Look at this cigarette, Captain. The same brand... once again!

Thundering typhoons, you're right.



... It was a C.D. car... Diplomatic Corps. That means from an embassy, and most probably the Bordurian Embassy... We must find out where that is. A post office directory will tell us. We'd better go back to Nyon.



There... Bordurian Embassy, "Les Cygnes, Rolle.

Rolle... That's a few miles from Nyon.



Well then, this afternoon we'll reconnoitre. We'll go out to Rolle and spy out the land; and tonight, Captain, we'll go into action!



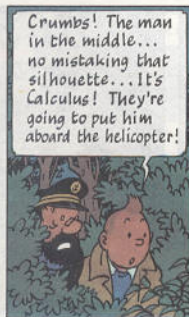
That night...



Lucky I brought this along!



Here comes an absolute whopper! Listen to the din!



Someone's trying to rescue Calculus! Quick, Captain! Let's give them a hand!

I'm with you! Come on!



...But how can we tell friends from enemies?

Go for the ugliest ... That won't be difficult - you'll see.



Now which has the ugliest mug? It looks about Fifty-fifty...



Tintin! Is it really you? I can't believe my eyes!



It's the thug who knocked me out in Calculus's laboratory, back at Marlinspike... the man with the cigarettes!



Quick, Captain, come on!

Rapp! ... Noh dzem bñths!



Next please!



Half a mo'... I'm coming...

PCHH



My umbrella! ... My umbrella!



My umbrella!

The Captain... we must wait for the Captain...



Here I come!



The brutes! They've knocked out Tintin!

Gangsters!... Anacolutons!
... Bashi- bazouks!



We'd better not hang
around here, Captain; the
others will be back.



We must get under
cover, quickly.



There they are. Let's
get back to the lawn.



By the whiskers of Kūrvi-Tasch!
Those accursed Syldavians have
got away with the Professor!



Only one thing to do:
go after them in
the helicopter...

Good idea!



We're overhauling them fast.
You can see their wake
clearly.



It's them all right, heading towards France!



Blistering barnacles!
Another mosquito, in-
side this goldfish-bowl!

By the Sceptre of
Ottokar! Their heli-
copter's on our tail!



OH! You monster!
Just you wait...
Where's my spray-gun?



PSCHH



ΗΥΚΗΗ-ΗΥΚΗΗ-ΗΥΚΗΗ

Go on Vladimir,
they're within range.



The gangsters! Blistering barnacles, they're shooting at us!

Quick let's climb a bit higher!



Crumbs! How shall we... Ah! The radio! Captain, the radio. There beside you.



Hello, hello!... S.O.S!... S.O.S!... Hello! Police! Calling the police! ... Hello, police!... Hello!...



Hello, this is SB31 answering... I am an amateur... I am receiving you loud and clear... Please identify yourself.

Hooray! An answer!



Hello SB31... Hello SB31... This is Captain Haddock and I...



What?... No, it's not possible!... Ha! ha! ha! That's a good one!... Ha! ha! It's Captain Haddock!



This is Jolyon Wagg of the Rock Bottom Insurance... Blow me! Fancy meeting you again! So you're another radio-amateur? Ha! ha! ha! That takes the biscuit, as my Uncle Anatole used to say...



Listen, Mr. Wagg. You must warn the police at once. We're in a helicopter flying over the Lake of Geneva, and we're following a motor-boat with Calculus in it. He's been kidnapped...



Ha! ha! ha! You old humbug, you! But you can't catch Jolyon Wagg that easy!... You can't teach your grandmother to suck eggs, you know! By the way, what about your insurance?



Blistering barnacles, shut up about your insurance!... I'm not joking... You must get in touch with both the French and Swiss police... Those thugs must be arrested!



Ha! ha! ha! While I'm about it, would you like me to ring up the Admiralty and get them to send the Home Fleet?... Get away, Haddock!



You ectoplasm, you! Will you or will you not warn the police? And get a move on! The boat's just reached the shore... I can't see it any more; it's hidden by trees... What are they doing? Oh, headlights! I see; they're putting Calculus into a car...



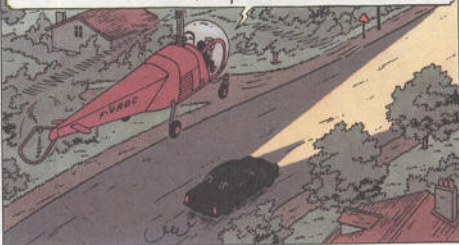
There they go... The boat's just put out again... Thundering typhoons!



You should be a radio-commentator! Anyone'd think it was real! Ha! ha!

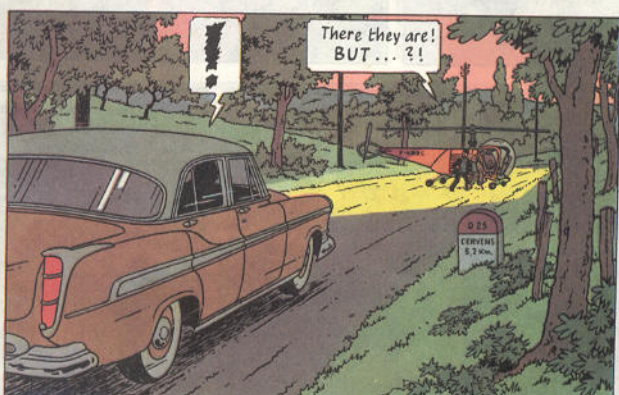
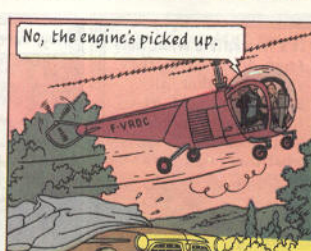
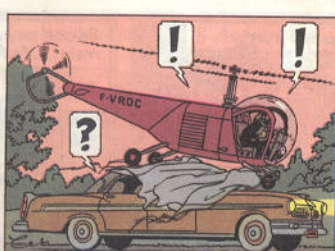


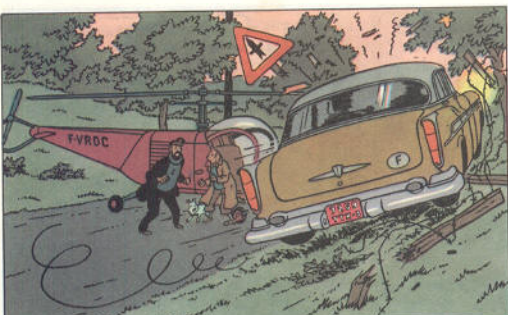
Hello, Wagg, hello! We're going after the car now... Listen, I'll buy all the policies you like, but for heaven's sake warn the police!



Dooh!... Look out, over there... LOOK OUT!!







Thundering typhoons!
They must have a Jack
Brabham at the wheel!

That's that. They've
slipped through our
fingers... And Cal-
culus with them.

Now what'll
we do?

First we'd better clear
the road, in case of
accidents.



Then continue on
foot... and try to
hitch-hike.



Ah! A car...
Let's thumb
a lift.



Blackguards!... Egoists!... Nitwits!...
Troglodytes!... Polygraphs!...



It's incredible what cads
some drivers are. They
see you like that, all
alone on the road, and
whoosh!... they sweep
past! Blistering barnacles,
what times we live in!



Hey, here comes another.



Beasts!... Auto-
crats!... Profiteers!
... Fat faces! ...
Tramps!...



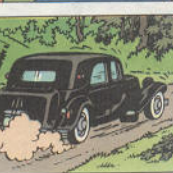
There ought to be a law to
make those infernal
mileage-merchants stop
when people signal.



Ah, another. Let's
try again.



Bah, they
won't stop.
You'll see.



I say, they've
stopped.



Oh well, we needn't despair.
There are still a few gentle-
men left in the world.



Tintin!... Wait!... STOP!...



Quick! Into the wood...



Hurry!... Get down: like me.

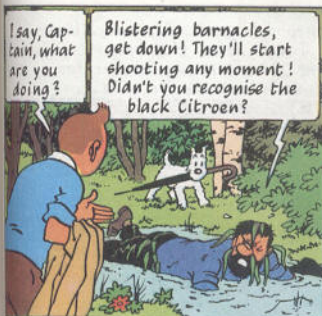


Why in that particular puddle?



I say, Captain, what are you doing?

Blistering barnacles, get down! They'll start shooting any moment! Didn't you recognise the black Citroen?



The black Citroen?... No, Captain, you've got it wrong. It was black all right, but it had a French number plate; the other one was Swiss.

Are... are you quite sure?

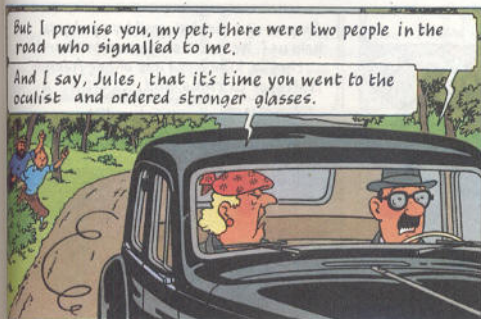


Absolutely certain. Come on, perhaps they're still there.



But I promise you, my pet, there were two people in the road who signalled to me.

And I say, Jules, that it's time you went to the oculist and ordered stronger glasses.



And on top of it all, you're soaked...

Oh, the sun will soon dry me off.



Hmm! I wouldn't count on it.



If only we had an umbrella!

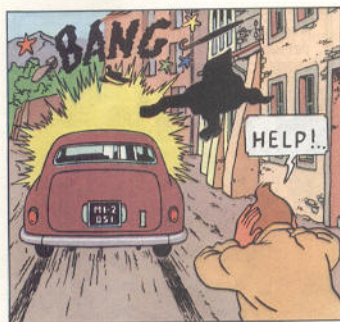


An umbrella? Captain, what idiots we are. Look!



?





Perhaps we'd better explain. Our friend Calculus has an invention which secret agents from a foreign power are trying to steal. That is why they kidnapped Calculus.



But a rival gang, probably secret agents from another country, grabbed our friend.



As I was saying, this second gang snatched our friend from the first lot. We...er... Don't you think we'd better slow down?



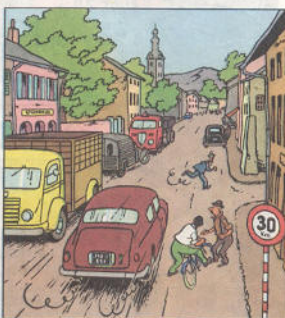
It... it... it's nothing... It... it... it's my... my t-t-teeth... ch-ch-ch-chattering...

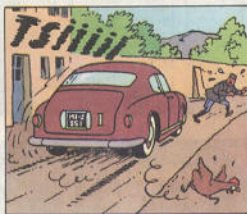


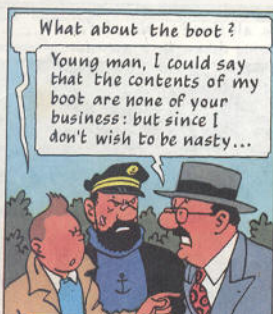
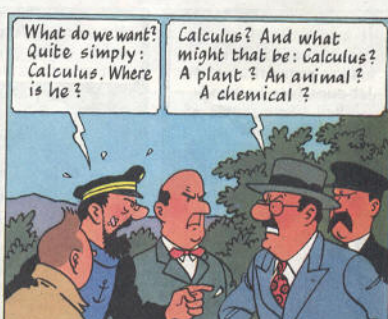
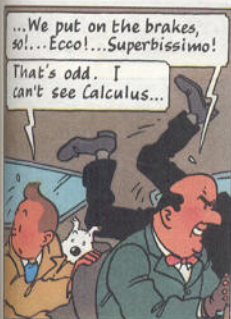
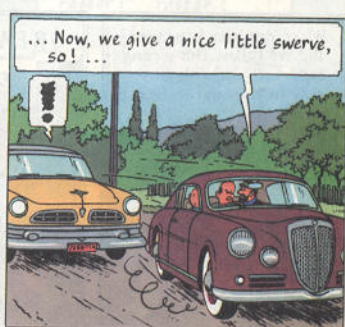
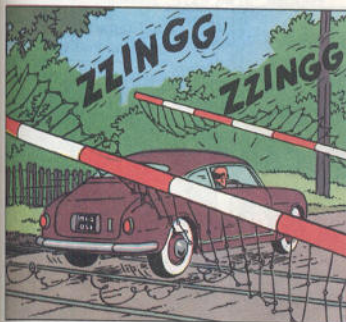
Er... I believe the Captain thinks that you're flying too low...



There it is! That car there! The Chrysler that's just gone through the village.



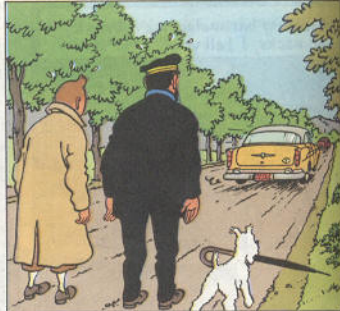




Does that satisfy you, Mr. Sherlock Holmes? Or would you like to dismantle my carburettor? No? In that case, get out of the road and let me pass. You've wasted enough of my time already.



Mamma mia! You fool me nicely, yes?... You tella me the big fib, yes? You just wanta to make hitch-hike... and me stupido who believes you! Madonna, how you fool me! Va bene! Now you walk. Addio!



What can have happened? Did we follow the wrong car?... Or did Calculus stay in the motor-boat?



GREAT SNAKES!

Hey, what's the matter? Now what's burning you up?



YEOW!



What idiots we are! Under the back seat!

Why?... What? Which back seat?



It was rather high up... That's where they've hidden poor Calculus! We let ourselves be hoodwinked like a couple of kids. Come on!



Old Calculus has certainly led us a pretty dance around the countryside!



That aeroplane looks as if it's landing. Is there an airfield near here? If that's the case, we're saved.



Come on, let's take this foot-path. When we get to the airfield we'll ask if there's a plane available.



What's all this?... No airfield?... It's come down in a meadow.



Look! There, behind those trees!

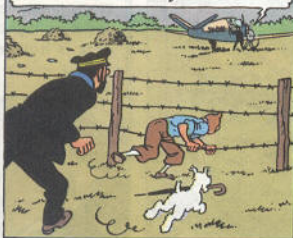
The Chrysler!!



There's Calculus! They're putting him aboard the plane. Quick Captain!



By St.Vladimir! There are those madmen again!



Quick, Stanislas, climb aboard. And start up the engine, Boldoff; hurry! Too bad about the car: we'll abandon it.



Step on it, Boldoff!



Faster! Faster!



What are you waiting for? Take off!



Ah! That's it!



At last! Calculus is ours!



Woah! Woah!



WOOAH!



YOW! OW! OW!



HELP! HELP!



SAVE ME!

Great snakes!
Poor Captain!

Hurry, blistering barnacles! Help me!

A few minutes later...

Thundering typhoons,
you were right! The back
seat is hollow. The pirates!
That's where they hid
him!

Listen Captain, we
mustn't waste time.
It was a Syldavian
aircraft: we'll go
back to Geneva and
take the first plane
for Syldavia.

Right!

Next morning in Geneva...

While you buy the tickets
I'll get some papers. Then
I'll put a call through
to Marlingspike ...

Two seats for Klow,
sir? Certainly. The
plane leaves from
Cointrin in two
hours' time.

Swissair

BLISTERING BARNACKLES!

Incredible!... Fantastic!...
That's upset the apple-cart!



CHANGE
WECHSEL
EXCHANGE



You Carpathian Bashi-bazouks!
That's the second time you've
crossed my path. I hope for your
sakes there won't be a third. You
two-timing Tartar twisters,
you!... Understand?...

Just remember,
I've got my eye on you!

SEE CLEARLY
WITH
BETTASPECS



BORDURO-SYLDAVIAN INCIDENT

Bordurian fighters force down Syldavian plane

"VIOLATION OF OUR AIR-SPACE"

SAYS SZOHÖD

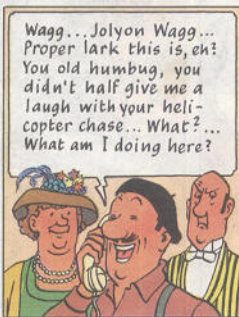
A Bordurian Air Ministry communiqué reports that a Syldavian aircraft has been intercepted by fighters while flying over Bordurian territory. Despite repeated warnings,

"UNPROVOKED TASHIST AGGRESSION"

KLOW PROTESTS

In an official note the Syldavian Ministry of Foreign Affairs has protested vigorously against "unprovoked aggression by the Bordurian Air Force towards an unarmed Syldavian passenger

Great snakes! This alters everything. I bet that's the plane Calculus was in. Now he's fallen into Bordurian hands again. They never give up, do they?



I'm afraid it's the truth, sir. The Professor's laboratory has been stripped... Yes, the apparatus too, sir... Absolutely everything... Quite so, last night. Yes, sir, the police came this morning.



Did they find any clues? ... You... Hello? ... What did you say, Nestor?



No, it's me, Wagg. ... Don't worry, old boy; it's better than a slap in the eye with a wet kipper, as my Uncle Anatole used to say. Besides...



Thundering typhoons! Shut up about your Uncle Anatole and put me back to Nestor, or I'll do something desperate!



Wagg! Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles! I... hello! ...hello!... HELLO!

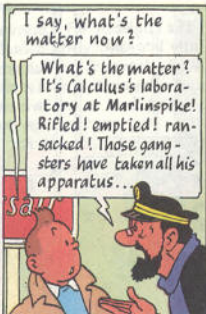


Now I've been cut off!...



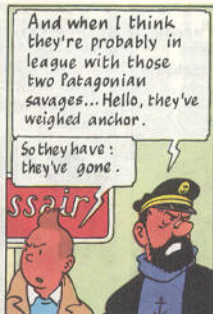
I say, what's the matter now?

What's the matter? It's Calculus's laboratory at Marlinspike! Rifled! emptied! ransacked! Those gangsters have taken all his apparatus...



And when I think they're probably in league with those two Patagonian savages... Hello, they've weighed anchor.

So they have: they've gone.



Excuse me, sir!... Sir!... Sir!...

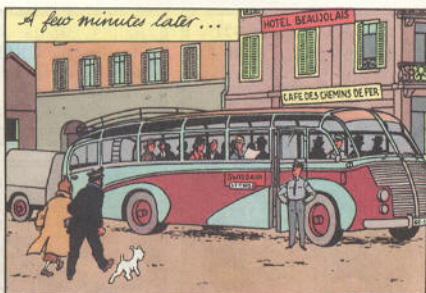


Someone's just telephoned: we have two vacant seats on the plane for Szohod... but the coach leaves in five minutes. Will that be...

Thanks, we'll take them.



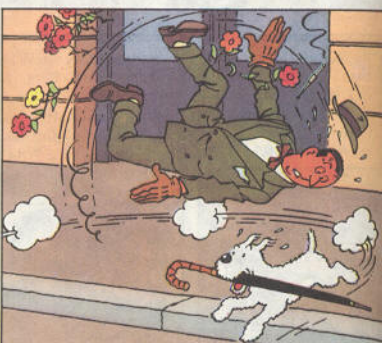
A few minutes later...



Bon voyage, gentlemen. We're only too delighted to give you our seats...



You're the last, sir. We're just off now.



Right away, François.



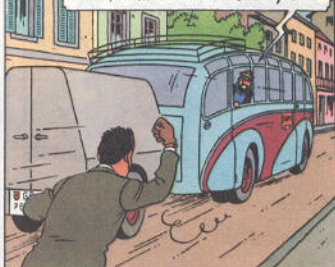
Well done Snowy!
He's been to fetch
Calculus's umbrella.



Crumbs! This
doesn't belong to
Calculus, Snowy! Where
in the world did
you pinch this from?



Thundering typhoons! Quick,
Tintin, hand me that broly.



Hey, I think you've
lost your umbrella!
Here it is.



Hello, what's
that on my
nose?



Oh, it's the bit of sticking-
plaster.



It's off now ...



Thundering...



... typhoons!



Pardon me, but you have
something on your hat.



A bit of sticking-plaster.



Now I wonder where
that came from?



It's sticky! ...



And it's stuck!



Oh, bother it!



Ah, it's gone.



Well, that's got rid
of that!

At Cointrin Airport, 1.40p.m.



Here we go, on our way to Szohôd... I only hope we find poor Calculus there.



Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles!



Just look at this confounded sticking-plaster! How did it get itself on to my cap? It's black magic, I tell you!



Meanwhile, in Geneva...

Hello, operator, I want Szohôd 322.18... Yes, Szohôd... What? A delay? But it's urgent. I... Good. Try and hurry things along.



Hello?... Hello?... Yes, I can hear you. CRACKLE... FRRT... Hello, Szohôd? Hello, I... FRRT... Hello?



Hello! Yes, I can hear you... Hello?... GLOUP... CRR... Will you... Hello?... What?... Ah, it's you, Szhrinkoff. Amaîh... CRRR... Hello!



2.52p.m.



Hello?... FRRT... Hello, I can't hear you CLACK... What?... FRRT... CRRACK... Can't you speak up?... What?



3.48p.m.



Yes, Haddock. A sort of sea-dog with a beard... CLACK... BZZ... Beard... HEEP... No, beard... GRR... He has a beard!... XWUUU... XWUUU... Yes, beard!



3.03p.m.



4.30p.m.



Hello! CRACK... Yes, I've got it... CRACK... FRRT... By the whiskers of Kürvi-Tasch, what a line!... Captain Haddock and Timin: O.K., O.K. I'll warn the airport control at once... Amaîh!



Hello, airport police here... Amaîh Kürvi-Tasch, sir! The plane from Geneva? It's just in... What?... What names?



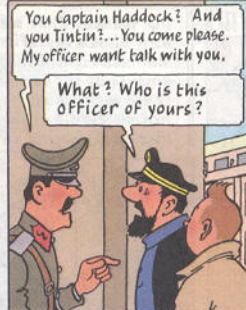


That's a relief, I can tell you. I thought they might have had warning of our arrival.



SZTÖPP!

?



You Captain Haddock? And you Tintin?... You come please. My officer want talk with you.

What? Who is this officer of yours?



Captain, wait. You've got something...



A few minutes later...

Ah, Captain, this is a great privilege for us. We in Borduria salute you, hero of that glorious interplanetary flight... Amaïh!



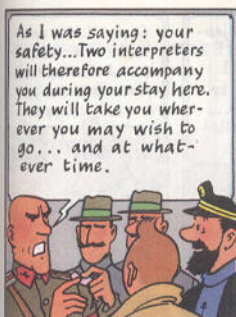
And you too, Mänhir Tintin. I am proud to shake the hand which... er... First set foot on the Moon. I salute you. Amaïh!

You...you're too kind.



The ancient traditions of Bodurian hospitality demand that we ensure your absolute comfort and safety.

Szplug! What is this?

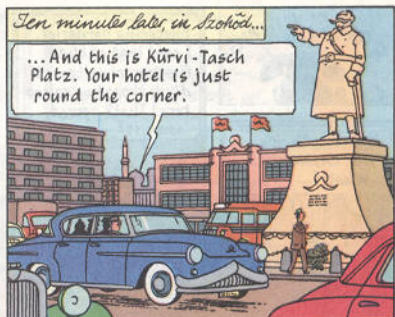


As I was saying: your safety...Two interpreters will therefore accompany you during your stay here. They will take you wherever you may wish to go... and at whatever time.



These gentlemen, Krönick and Klümsi, are entirely at your service... They will take you to the Hotel Sznör, where rooms are booked for you. I wish you a pleasant stay... Amaïh!

Thanks... very much.



Ten minutes later, in Szoch...

...And this is Kúrvi-Tasch Platz. Your hotel is just round the corner.



Here we are. This is it.



One moment, please. We'll see about your rooms.



Be careful! Those two ostrogoths in Geneva certainly tipped off the police here. We must keep our eyes open.



Oh!... Quick!... Hide! Hide!

BIANCA CASTAFIORE !!!



Did you see? That was Signora Bianca Castafiore, the Milanese nightingale. She's singing at the Szohöd Opera. If you wish, we will go to hear her one evening: she is sublime as Marguerite, in "Faust".



Here are the keys. We will escort you to your rooms.



This is yours, Mänhir Captain. I hope you will be comfortable.



Yours is a little further down: unfortunately there were no adjoining rooms.



Here you are, Mänhir Tintin. We will come and fetch you for dinner, in an hour. If you need us before then, don't hesitate to ring: we're entirely at your service.

Thank you, gentlemen.



We're prisoners all right, Snowy, and no mistake about it. The fact that it's a gilded cage doesn't make any difference.



RRING! RRING!



Hello?... Oh, it's you, Captain... What?



Blistering barnacles, I said that at the first opportunity we'll ditch those two coleoptera! That's agreed, isn't it?



I...er... Oh yes. You're referring to those two butterflies you caught by the lake, in Geneva. But those aren't coleoptera, Captain, they're lepidoptera.



What are you jabbering about? Lepidoptera? Lepidoptera to you, too! I... Hello?... Hello?... ..



Crumbs! How can I make him understand that our telephone is bound to be tapped!



RRING! RRING!



Hello?... Yes... Yes... We were cut off. I... er... Don't worry about the butterflies, Captain...



Let's talk about the simply wonderful hospitality of this exquisite country. What good taste! What tact! And then their... um... their courtesy. And above all their... how shall I put it? their friendliness. Friendliness which is entirely... er... friendly... Um...



You... But... What... Let... But... Look here... I... Blister... Thunder...



Keep on recording. This could be interesting.

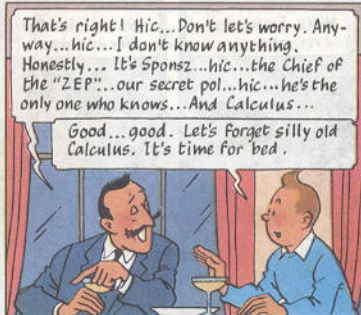
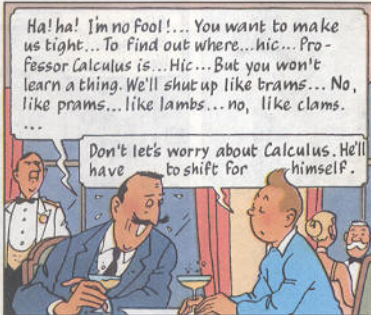
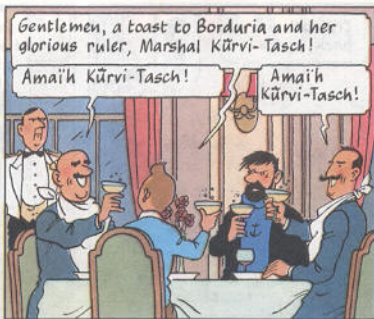


Ten thousand thundering typhoons!... Now I'm going to chuck you out of the window!

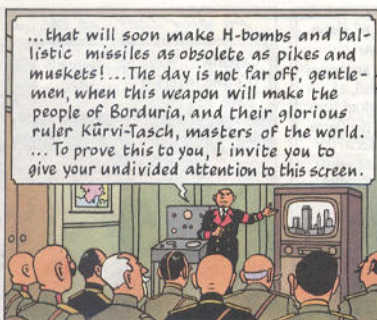
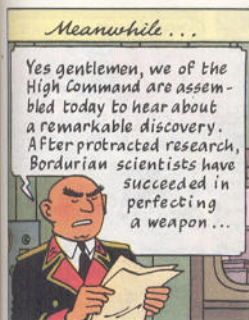


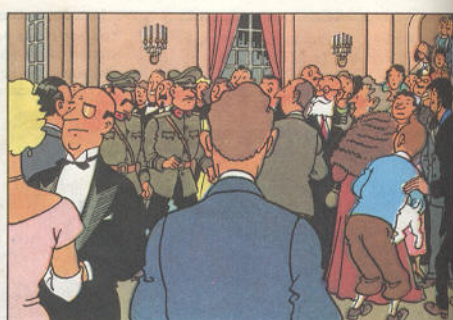
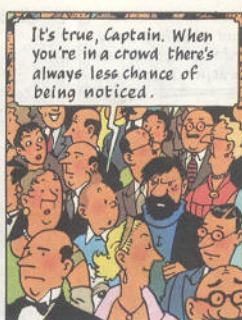
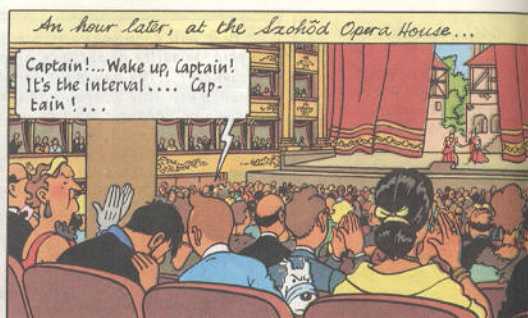
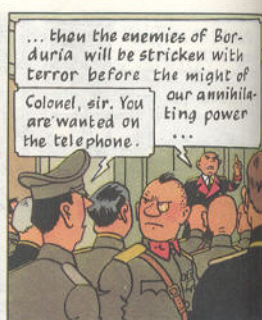
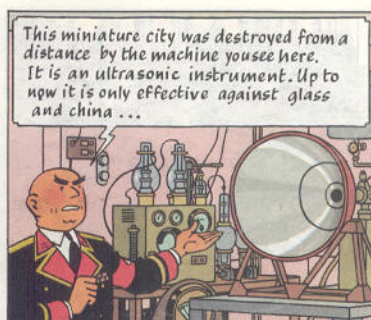


An hour later...





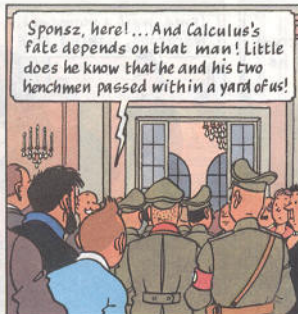




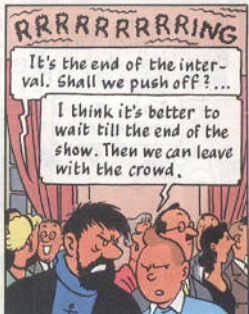


Just look, there's Colonel Sponsz, the Chief of Police.

So it is... Colonel Sponsz!



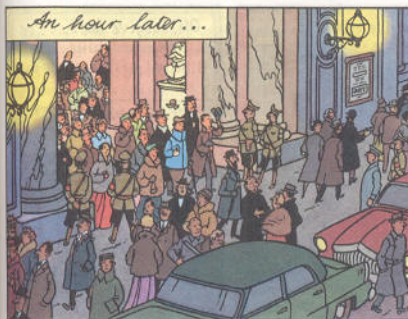
Sponsz, here!... And Calculus's fate depends on that man! Little does he know that he and his two henchmen passed within a yard of us!



RRRRRRRRING

It's the end of the interval. Shall we push off?...

I think it's better to wait till the end of the show. Then we can leave with the crowd.



An hour later...



It's hopeless!... The exits are stiff with policemen. Let's try to slip out through the stage door.



Why, look who's here! It's Tintin!



Hello, my dear young friend. How delightful to see you here.



Aha, you little flatterer, so you've come to congratulate me, with this... this fisherman... Mr?... Mr?...

Er... Hoddack... er... Haddad... Excuse me, Haddock.



Come into my dressing room... Yes, yes... I can't leave my admirers in the passage... I've put on Marguerite's prettiest gown for you... Come along in.



You heard it?... Such a success, wasn't it?... One of the greatest triumphs of my career... What applause... especially for the Jewel Song... They were in ecstasies, weren't they, Mr. Paddock?

Haddock, Madam!



RAT TAT TAT

Again? Ah, they won't leave me alone for a moment!... Oh well... Come in!



Signora, it's Colonel Sponsz, the Chief of Police. He wishes to pay his respects to you.

But of course! Show him in, girl...

??



I suppose you think you'll find them in here, you dunderheaded nitwits! Goon, get out! About turn, before I explode!



Please excuse those num-skulls, Ma'am. They're hunting for two spies...

Oh, do tell me about them, Colonel, I adore spy-stories!...Your health, Colonel.

Spies! Us! Barefaced liar



Your health, Ma'am... Well, it's this way: our secret service have managed to... to "invite" to Borduria a foreign professor, originator of a sensational discovery. It concerns a secret weapon. Once this has been perfected, it will give us world supremacy.

Oh, but that's simply wonderful!



Yes, but the perfecting of it depends upon the professor. And up till now he refuses to give us his detail drawings. His reason: he doesn't want his invention used for warlike purposes... I ask you!

These Professors! Always wanting the moon!



Ha! ha! You don't know how true that is! But just now he's on the earth! Between ourselves, he's in the fortress of Bakhine. And by the whiskers of Kürvi-Tasch, he'll stay there till he decides to give up the plans!

Oh, I'm sure he will in the end.



I hope so, for his sake! Anyway, I have a signed order for his release in my coat pocket. Tomorrow he'll have to choose: either he gives up his plans, or he'll never be heard of again.

And supposing he does give up his plans, Colonel. What happens when he gets home, and tells all?



Ha! ha! I've foreseen that. If we set the professor free, it will be in the presence of two representatives of the International Red Cross. He'll have to declare in front of them that he came to Borduria of his own free will, to offer us his plans... I have passes for these two representatives in my coat, too.

How clever of you, Colonel!... Brilliant!



Oh, just part of my job, Ma'am... But I am gossiping, and time passes... If I may dare to presume... My wife is giving a small party for some friends tonight... and it would give us much pleasure if you would agree to come, just as you are, and sing for us.

But of course... Irmaa... The Colonel's coat please, and mine.



Next morning, at the fortress of Bakhine...



I see. Colonel Sponz has sent you to take charge of the professor. Your papers look in order to me, and the order of release... However...



... Better safe than sorry. I'd better check that everything's all right. Will you excuse me?...

But... but of course!

D-d-do!



Hello, ZEP?... This is the commandant at Bakhine, Major Kardouk. Would you put me through to Colonel Sponz?



Hello?... What?... Oh, he's not in yet... Who is that?... His secretary?... In that case, perhaps you can help me...



Oh yes. Two representatives from the International Red Cross... Their passes? Quite all right, Major. I made them out myself. And the order for release? Yes, Major, that's quite all right too; the colonel signed it yesterday morning. Yes. Amain!



Well, gentlemen, everything's perfectly in order. I'll send for Professor Calculus.



A moment later...

Ah! the joy... ♪ pom-pom-pom
...♪ pom-pom-pom... pom ♪

Here comes the chief. He sounds in good form this morning.



Amain! Kavitch... What's the news?... Any trace of Calculus's Friends?

Nothing at all, Colonel. Not a sign of them.



That's tiresome... Very tiresome. I wonder where those two artful dodgers managed to hide... Nothing else, besides that?

Nothing at all, sir.



Oh yes... Major Kardouk rang up.

Kardouk? That old bore! And what did he want this time?



He wanted to know if the order you signed releasing Professor Calculus was official.

By the whiskers of Kürvi-Tasch! When a document bears my signature, is it or is it not official?



Yes, Colonel. That's exactly what I told him, sir...



You... you did say the order releasing Professor Calculus?

Why... yes, Colonel...

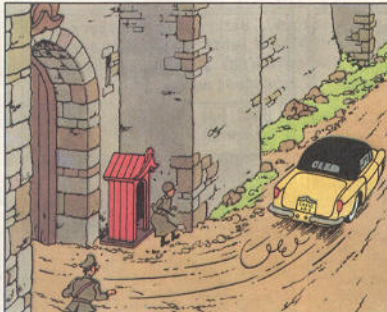


The papers!... It's treason!... They've been stolen!



RRRING

Hello!... Yes, it's me... Amain! Colo... What?... Professor Calculus... But sir, I...



WHAT?... Their car's just gone! By all the hairs in the whiskers of Kürvi-Tasch, if you don't get them back... I'll have you shot!





Yes, it's me, Haddock!... And there's Tintin, driving us to safety.



I'll tell you the whole story. The biggest joke is that Colonel Sponsz himself provided the means of your escape!... Magnificent, eh? And luckily it all happened at the Opera House; it only took a jiffy to find all we needed for disguises! Quite something, eh?

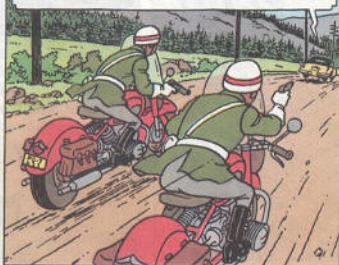
And my umbrella?



Yes, but don't start counting your chickens... It's two hours by car to the frontier, and if our little bluff is discovered before we're across...



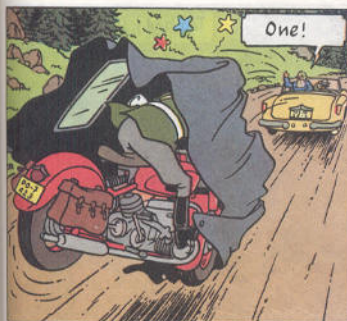
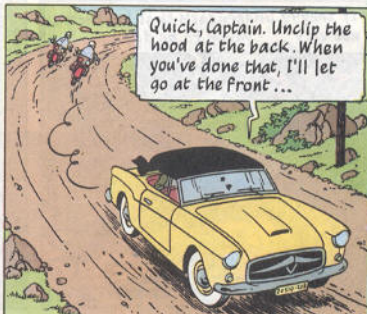
They've raised the alarm! That's bad...



What did I tell you? Motor bikes!



Quick, Captain. Unclip the hood at the back. When you've done that, I'll let go at the front...



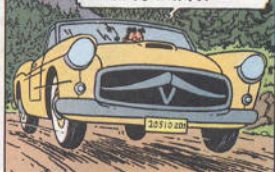
One!



Two! They're both down in the daisies!

Now, Captain; we were talking about my umbrella...

Saved for the moment; but I've a feeling that was only the first round...



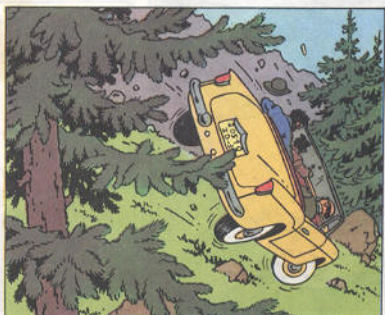
OH!... How right I was!... Look there, a tank blocking the road!... Jam on the brakes!



We're skidding!



HELP!...HELP!



By the whiskers of Kürvi-Tasch,
they came a cropper!



If they're underneath that lot, there's
not very much to be done...



BROOMM



A chance in a million! If we hadn't been
thrown clear of the car...



Poor old Calculus is fearfully
groggy... I say, Tintin, watch
out! You'll have us in the
ditch again!

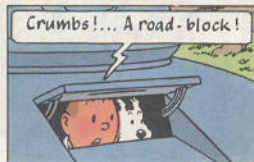


I'm doing my
best, but...

...I haven't driven a tank
since our Moon trip.



Crumbs!... A road-block!



Too bad! I'll ram it.



What? ...What's
that you say?...
A tank!... They've
taken a tank!!
Blow them up!...
Exterminate
them!... Pulver-
ise them!! ...
I...

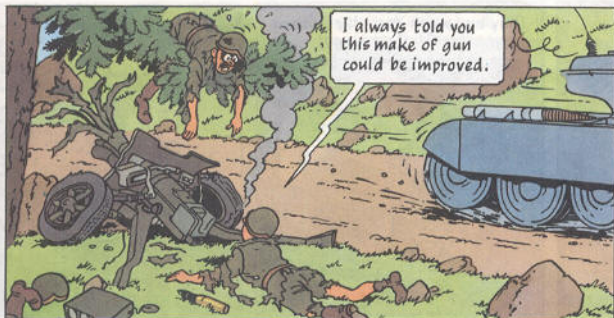


Trying to stop us with
that kind of ramshackle
erection!

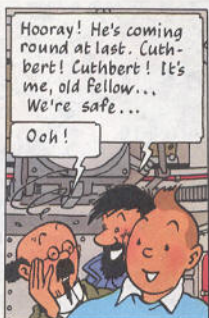


Look out, here they
come!... Don't
miss!... FIRE!





I always told you
this make of gun
could be improved.



Hooray! He's coming
round at last. Cuth-
bert! Cuthbert! It's
me, old fellow...
We're safe...

Ooh!



My umbrella! Have
you got my umbrella?

Blistering bar-
nacles, your um-
brella! This is a
fine time to worry
about an umbrella!



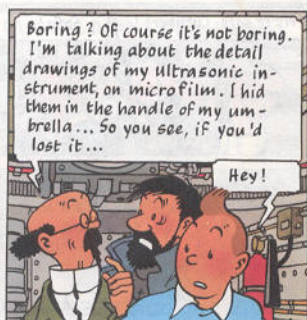
Nonsense Captain! I'm
talking about my um-
brella. Surely you
can't have lost it?

All right, I have
lost your brotly...
in Geneva, if you
want to know.



That's good. I was hoping
you hadn't lost it... You
see, I hid my drawing
...

Drawing?...



Boring? Of course it's not boring.
I'm talking about the detail
drawings of my ultrasonic in-
strument, on microfilm. I hid
them in the handle of my um-
brella... So you see, if you'd
lost it...

Hey!



... What are all those
things in the road?

MINES!



Too late! We can't
stop in time! We'll
blow up! HELP!...
HELP!... HELP!
...



By the whiskers of Kürvi-Tasch!
Who unloaded all that dud
stuff on me? ... It's sabotage!



Mines? ... What are
you jabbering about?
We would have blown
up. And talking of
blowing up, I hope
these things aren't
dangerous. There's a case
under my seat... Those?



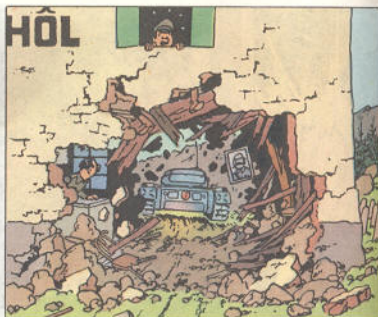
They're thunderflashes...
used on exercises. When
you light them, they ex-
plode with a terrific bang...
Great snakes, it can't be
true!



The frontier! We're
coming to the
frontier!



Crumbs! ... We're cornered this time!

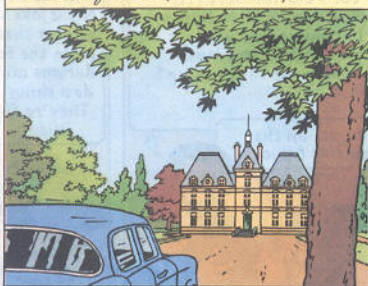


But I'm quite certain that I...
I can't believe it!

You believe what you like,
but I've had all I can take!
O.K. You've been rescued; but
your plans can look after
themselves. I want to go home
... to a little peace and quiet.



Two days later, at Marlinspike...



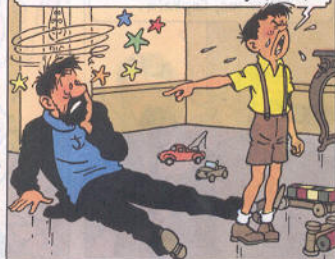
Ah, what a relief to be
home again!



Thundering ty-
phoons! What's
going on here?



DADDY! ... DADDY! ... There's a great
big man with a beard breaking my toys!



Look who's here! The ancient marin-
er himself! You dropped in just right,
you old rascal; we were talking about you.



Billions of blue blistering barnacles! Wagg!
What d'you think you're playing at?

Me?... Well, it turned out nice...
But don't let us disturb you,
old boy; make yourself at home



It turned out nice... So I
said: "Jollyon" I said, "don't
you waste the end of your
holiday." And your little
place was vacant, so I
popped in for a few days



... with my little brood.



HERE!... QUICKLY!

It's Calculus; he went
straight up to his
room.



