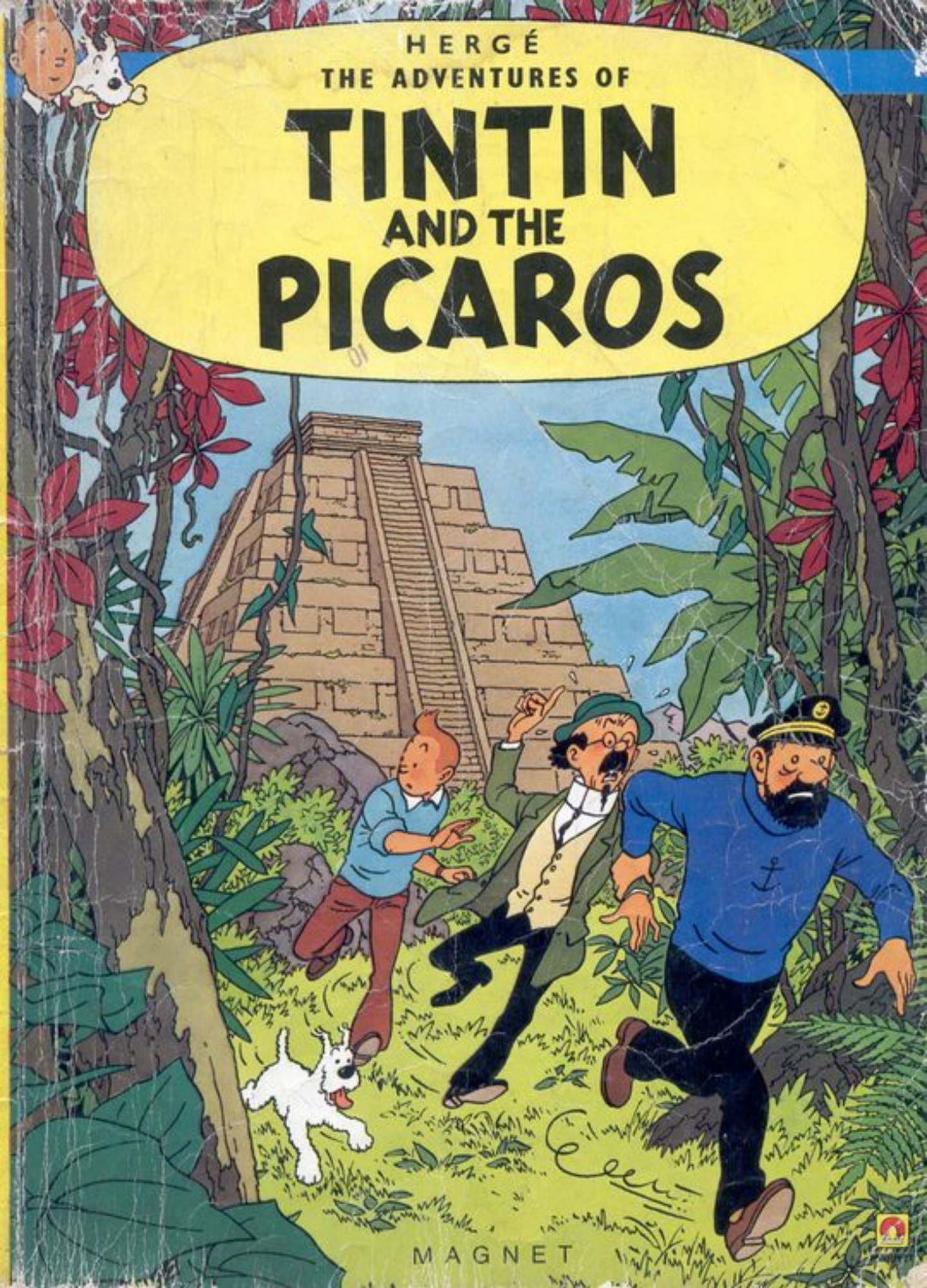


HERGÉ  
THE ADVENTURES OF

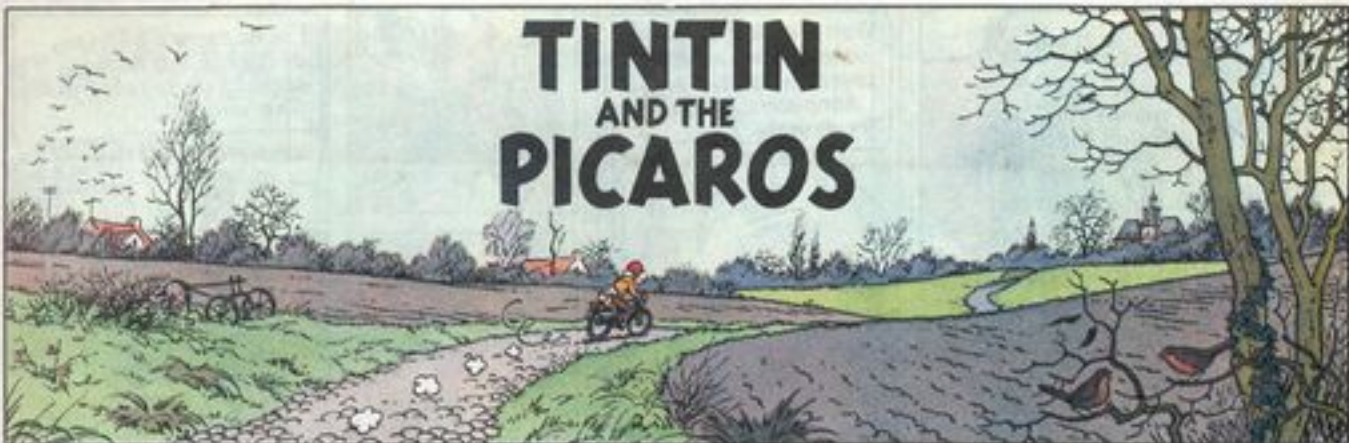
# TINTIN AND THE PICAROS



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 Kūrvi-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!

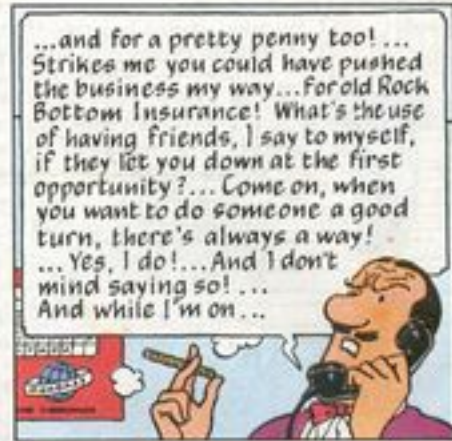




Hello?... Yes... WHO?



Jolyon Wagg, yes! ... Hi!... Now look here, I just saw old Castanette on the t... 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!



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



... 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 ...





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



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

Me?

Yes, you! Read it!...



What is all this? They must be crazy!

You deny it then?

You're telling me!



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!

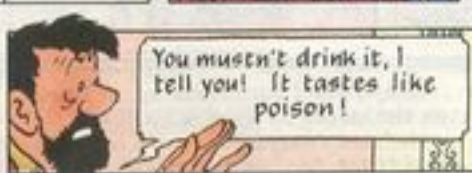
Undrinkable? On the contrary, it's excellent!

Velvet!

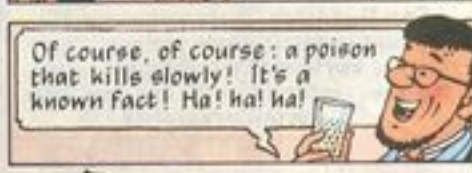
Mmm...



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...

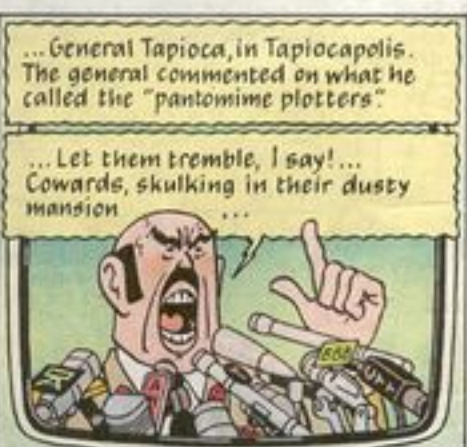
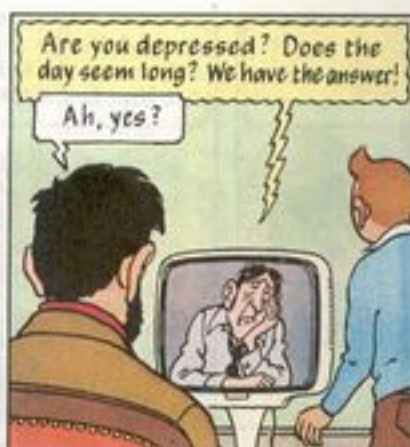
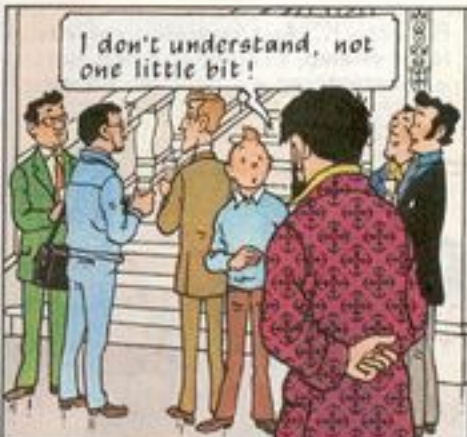


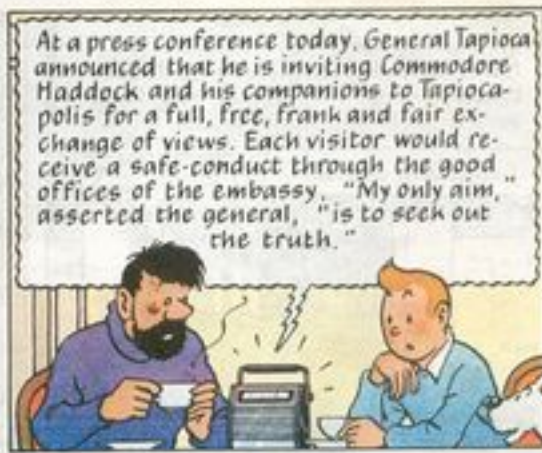
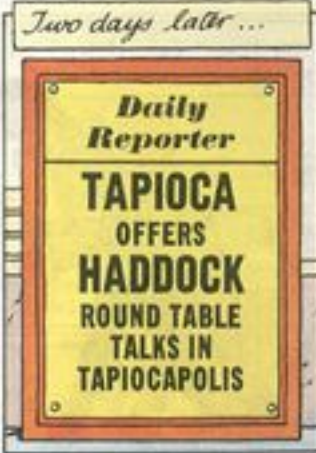
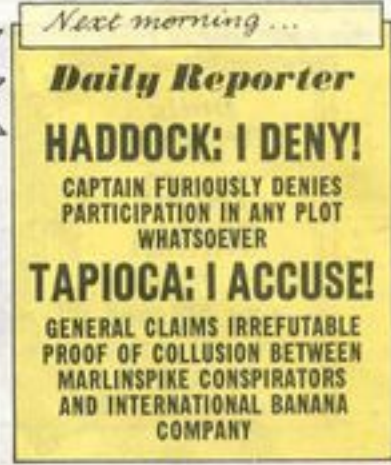
I can't understand the master: I find this "Lock Lomond" superb, as always.



I say, Nestor...









Have you seen? We've been invited there. We must go, Captain.



Yes, and find ourselves in prison like your precious Bianca! ... That's plain as a pikestaff, my poor friend! ... As for the safe-conduct, it's just a decoy!

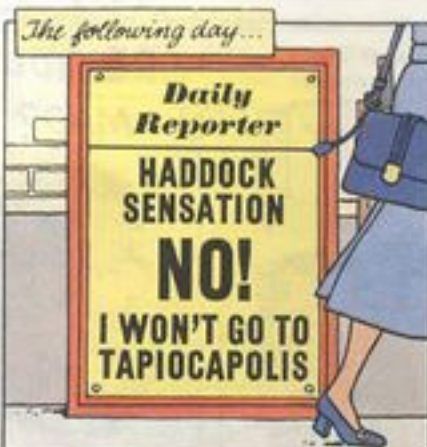


Bravo! Well spoken! I'll pack my things and we'll go!



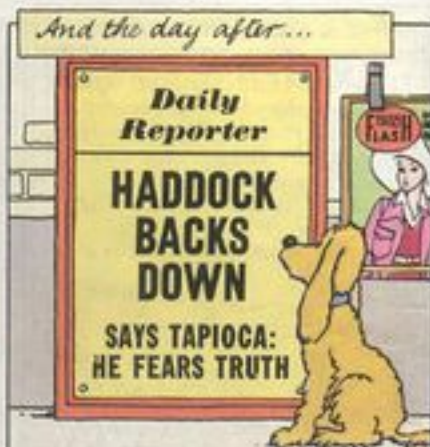
Next morning...

**Daily Reporter**  
**TALKS DRAMA**  
WILL HADDOCK & CO. RESPOND TO TAPIOCA INVITATION?



The following day...

**Daily Reporter**  
**HADDOCK SENSATION**  
**NO!**  
I WON'T GO TO TAPIOCAPOLIS



And the day after...

**Daily Reporter**  
**HADDOCK BACKS DOWN**  
SAYS TAPIOCA: HE FEARS TRUTH



I'm backing down! ... I'm afraid of the truth! All right, you dictatorial duck-billed diptodocus! I'll show you what sort of stuff I'm made of!

Calm down, Captain.



Calm down! Calm down! ... I'm as cool as a cucumber!



He'd challenge me... that ostromoth! All right, we shall see what we shall see!



Hello, Telegrams? ... Yes... yes, naturally, for General Tapioca. Message reads...



Send safe-conducts (in the plural, safe-conducts) Stop Arriving by return of post... Signed: Haddock... Good. No! Ordinary rate!!!



The die is cast! ... He'll find out what sort of fish he's hooked, that puffed-up Punchinello! ... Tintin ... we're going!



YOU may be going, Captain... I'm staying right here!!

What? What did you say?

I said I'm not going, Captain. You're quite free to fall into the trap they're trying to set for us, but as far as I'm concerned it's NIET!

Oh! You and your suspicions! They're an obsession! According to you, the world's composed of nothing but scallywags and scoundrels!... Why shouldn't General Tapioca be an honest sort of chap, eh?... Why?... Go on, tell me!

It's always possible, but...

... I still think they're trying to entice us over there... I don't know the reason... but it positively reeks of trickery.

Ah! So that's it!

All right, stay here, Mister Mule! Stay tucked up, all safe and warm in your bedroom - slippers! Cuthbert and I are going out there to defend our honour, and yours too, against that thundering herd of Zapotecs! Finish!



Three days later ...

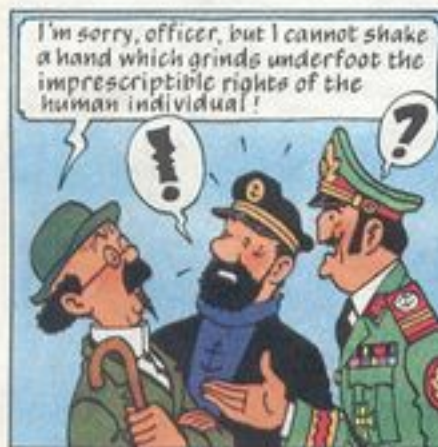
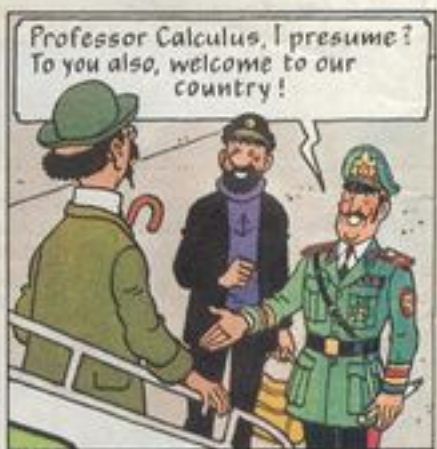
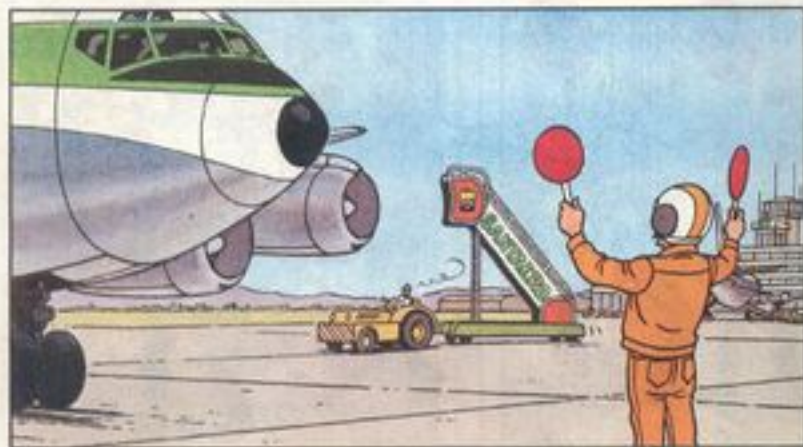


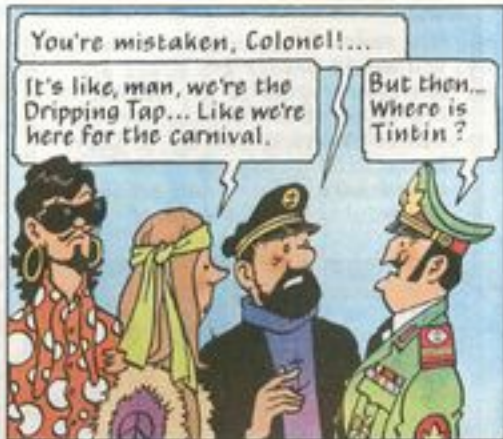
Ladies and gentlemen, in a few moments we shall be landing at Tapiocapolis. Please fasten your safety-belts and extinguish your cigarettes ...

We're coming in to land, Professor.

Thailand?... Really? What a surprise ...









Ah! Our hotel, I imagine?



No, señor Commodore. We thought you would prefer the peace of the countryside to the hubbub of the city. Besides, the carnival will be starting shortly... Then there'll be incessant noise round here, all day and all night. You wouldn't get a wink of sleep ...



Did you know, a party of your compatriots are joining the festivities this year?

Yes. I saw... The Jolly Follies.



Half an hour later ...

Here we are ...



You've got us well guarded ...



Just a simple precaution ... Ah, yes, the swimming-pool is over the other side ...

And Tintin was suspicious!



These are your apartments, señor Commodore: I hope they will please you ...

I'm sure ...

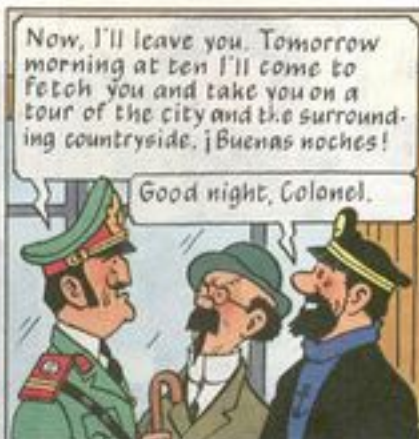


Of course, a servant will be at your disposal throughout your stay with us ...

Too kind, Colonel.



Ah, here he is now!





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...

CRACK

Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles! Why does everything happen to me?!

¿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!

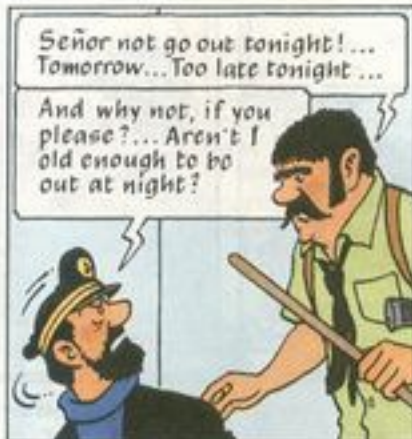
No good to open, señor... air conditioning...

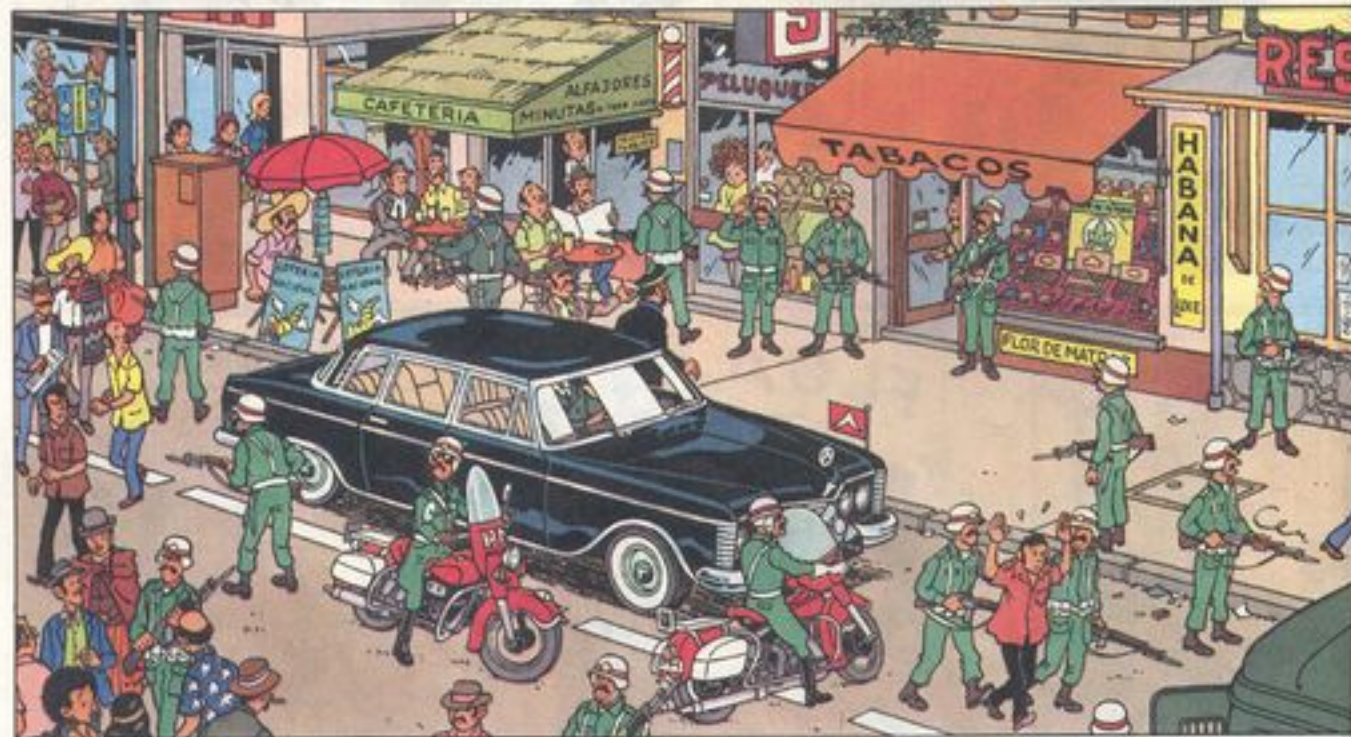
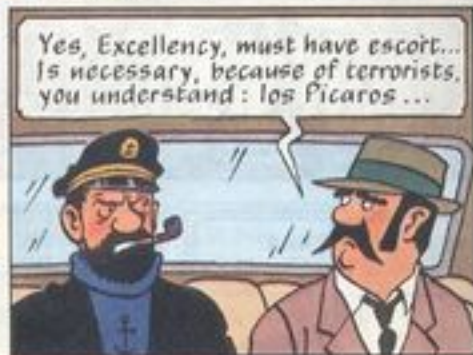
That may well be so, but I don't happen to like canned air. Kindly open the window, por favor!

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

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











Come, I want to show you something.

What?



There, look!

A microphone!  
The pirates!



And there's another!...  
The place is bugged,  
Captain!



And I'm pretty sure they'll  
have cameras hidden in  
every corner... I'd bet  
my life on it...



Behind a two-way mirror, for instance,  
like this one perhaps...



Aha! He's no fool, that boy!



No fool! He uses his head. But as I foresaw, that didn't stop him following the others into the trap I prepared for them...

A trap, Colonel?



A trap, yes... You see, before I was appointed by General Kūrvi-Tasch to be technical adviser to General Tapioca, I was Chief of Police in Szohöd, and those three...



... busybodies subjected me to a bitter humiliation!

You, Colonel, humiliated?

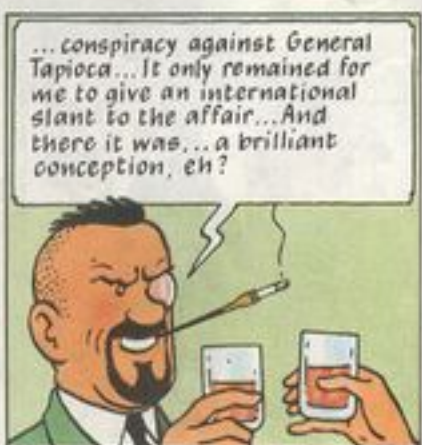
Yes, me...



... and I've never forgotten it... But fate sometimes plays into one's hands... when I heard that Bianca Castafiore was planning a tour in South America I immediately...



... realised how I could take advantage of the situation. I only had to arrest her, after forging compromising documents and having them slipped into her luggage... I concocted an entirely fictitious...



... conspiracy against General Tapioca... It only remained for me to give an international slant to the affair... And there it was... a brilliant conception, eh?

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 Olivaró...

POP



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



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



?+?+?



UGHHH!



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!



RAT TAT TAT

YES!  
COME!



Buenas tardes, señores...

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



The evening papers, señores...

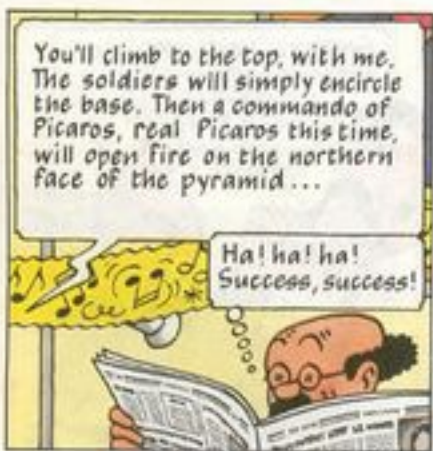
PABLO!?!



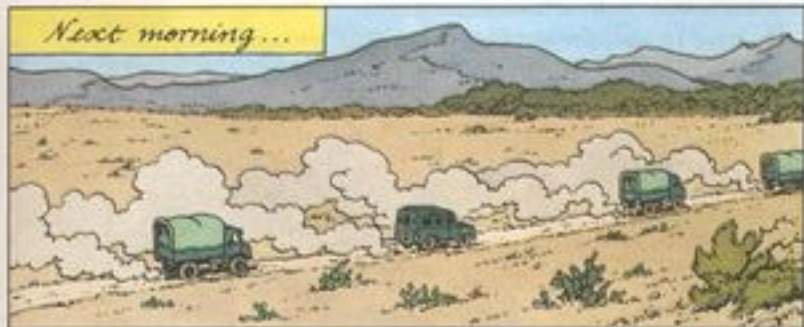
Great snakes! ... What a surprise! ... I never ...

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.



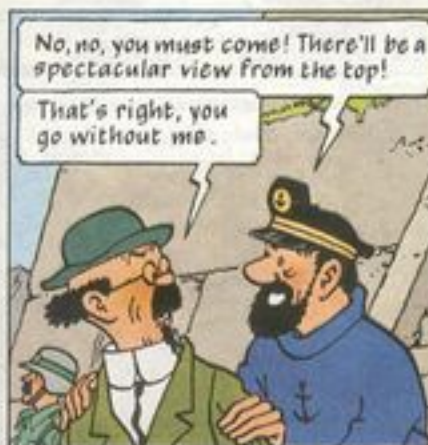
Come along, Professor.

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!





But I don't want to, I tell you...



Now we only have to wait for the Picaros. Here is the rope to tie me up.

Your conduct is unqualifiable, Captain! ...



It's them! The Picaros! Quick, tie me up!



Goodbye, Pablo. I'll never forget what you've done for us!

MMM... MMM



Ook... Aah!... My vertigo!



The truck!... Saved!



In with the driver, quick!



Hop in, amigo mio!

General Alcazar!!



So, the trap is sprung! Good work, Pablo!

It was quite easy, Colonel!

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 it's 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...



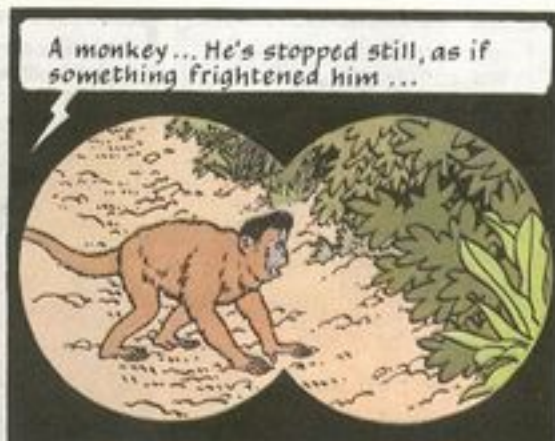
Let's stop, General: we need  
time to think ...

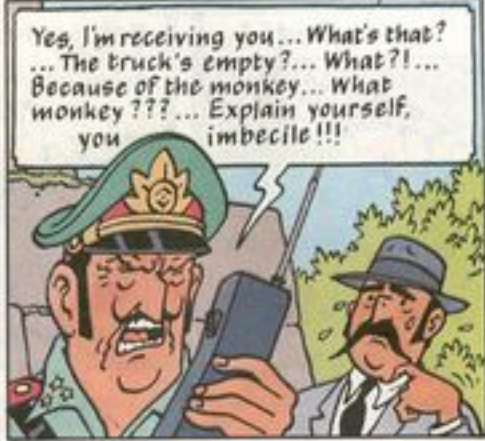


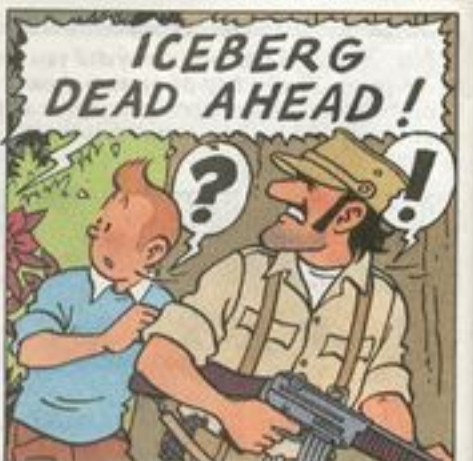
No way, amigo! We've a  
long trip ahead... and  
there's nothing to fear.

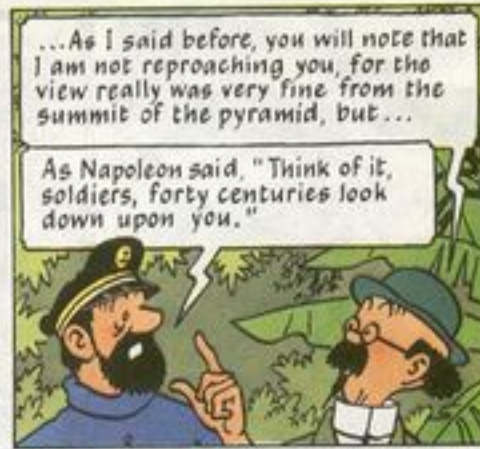
Jaguar calling Puma... We  
can see the truck now...



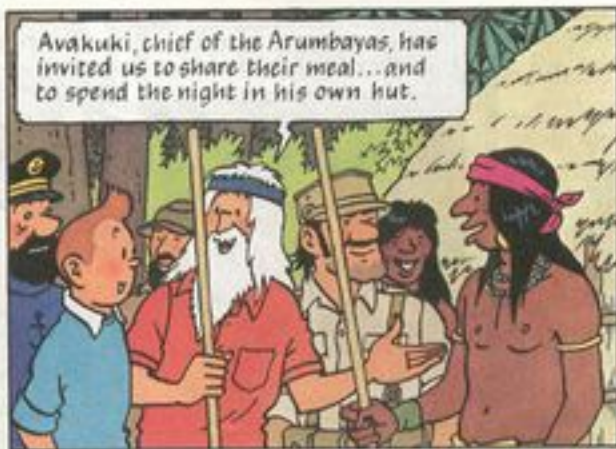


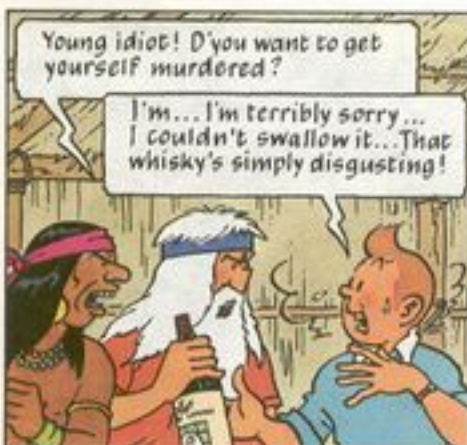






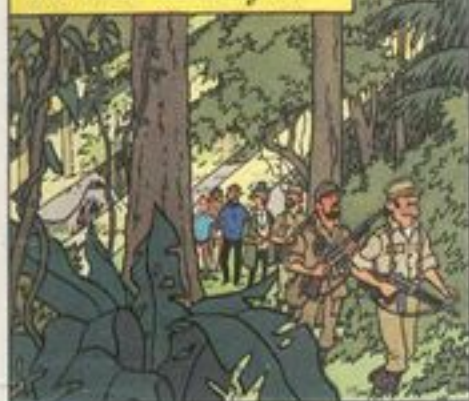








The next morning...



Poor Captain, he doesn't seem any better...

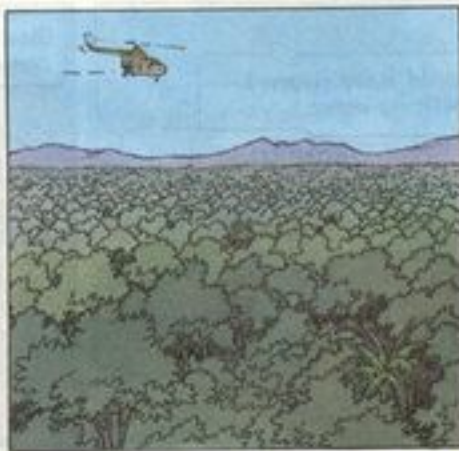


Meanwhile...

... and our helicopters resumed their search this morning. But they have a difficult assignment as you will understand. Because of the forest terrain, the fugitives will be well hidden. If, on the other hand...

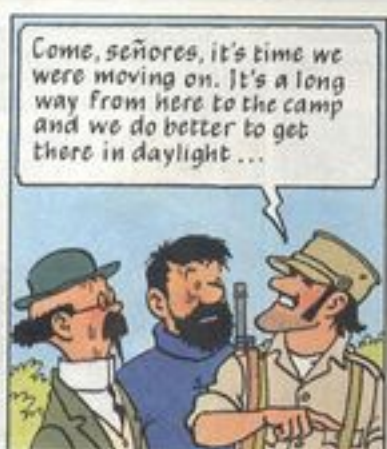


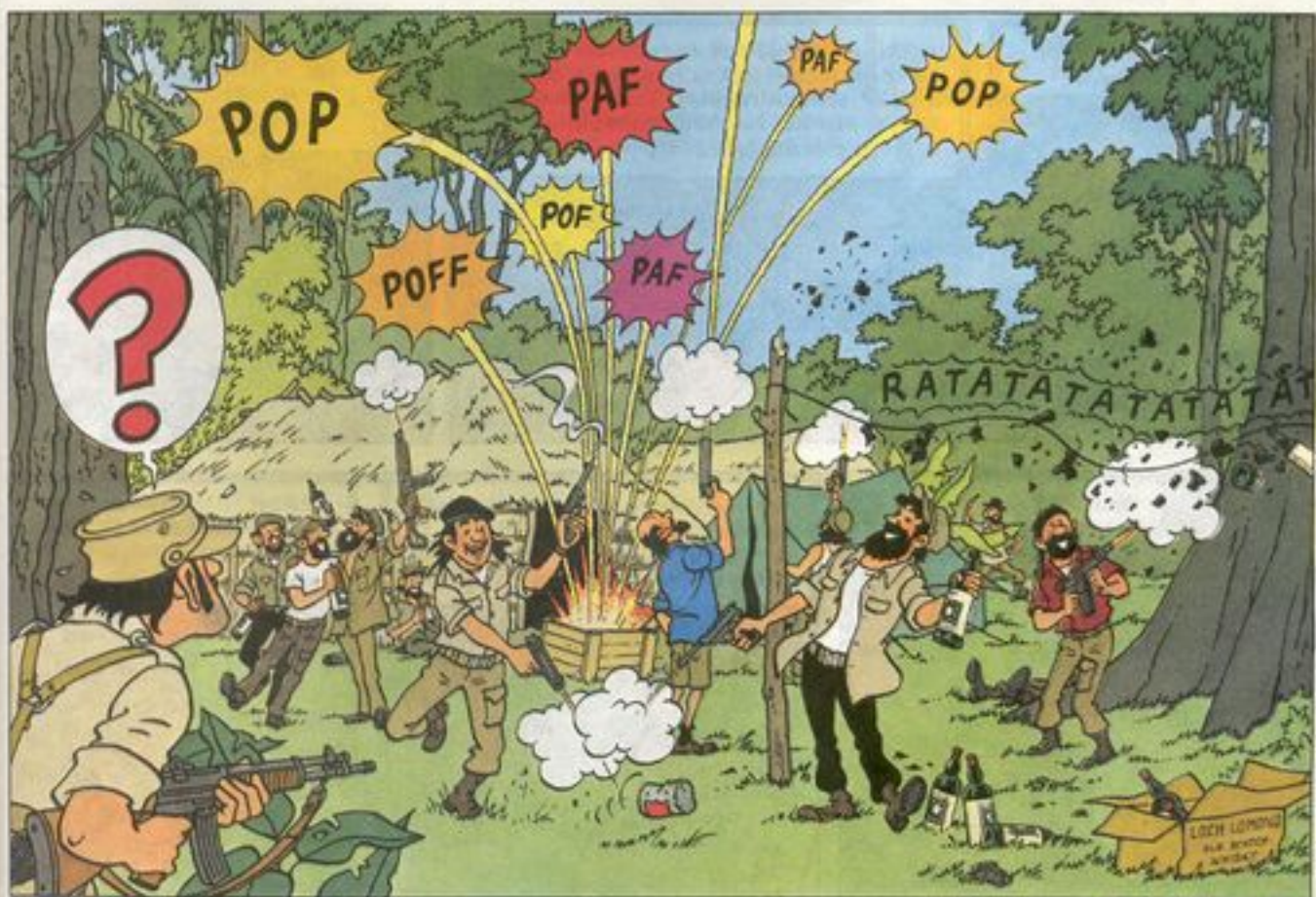
Enough of your "ifs" and "buts"! ... They must be found at all costs ... and eliminated! ... Use napalm, use rockets, use bombs! We've got to settle this business before the Carnival, you hear me?!













**¡BASTA!**



¡Caramba, caballeros!... ¡El general!

¡Ah, sí, el general!... ¡Viva el general!

¿El general?

¿Qué, el general?



¡Buenosh diash 'eneral!... We wondered... hic... what'd happened... hic... t'ya! ...

Shi!... we were... hic... muy anshush ...



Thass why we... hic... hadda li'l drink!

Shi!... To forget... hic... that we were... hic... anshush!



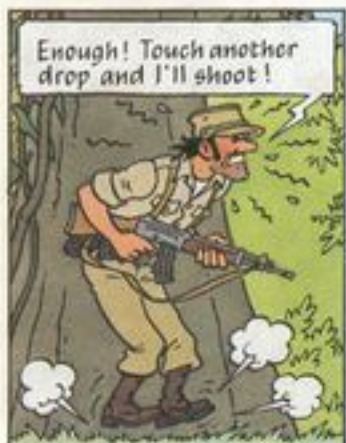
But now that you've come, we aren't anshush any more...

Asholutely not!



Sho we'll have a li'l drink to shelebrate, won't we, amigosh? ...

HIPS



Enough! Touch another drop and I'll shoot!



So this is how we run a revolution? Don't make me laugh! ... You're nothing but a whisky-sodden rabble! You're canned! You're stinko! ... You pathetic tapioca puddings!...

HIC

HIPS



Get to your quarters this instant! ... Parade in fifteen minutes in full combat kit! ... Dismiss!!

HIPS

HIC

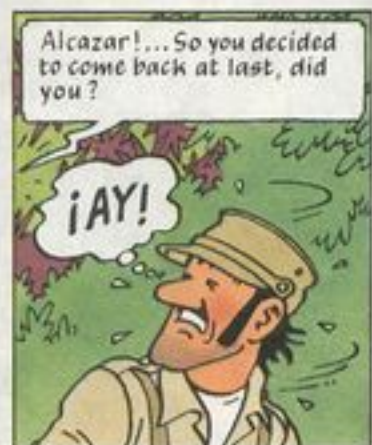


You see?

Sadly, yes...

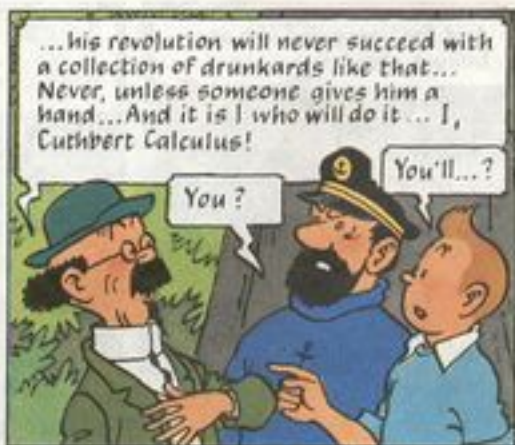
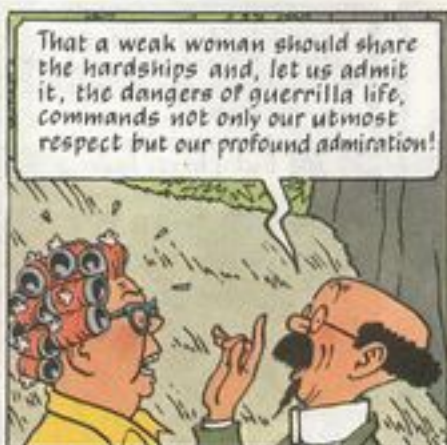
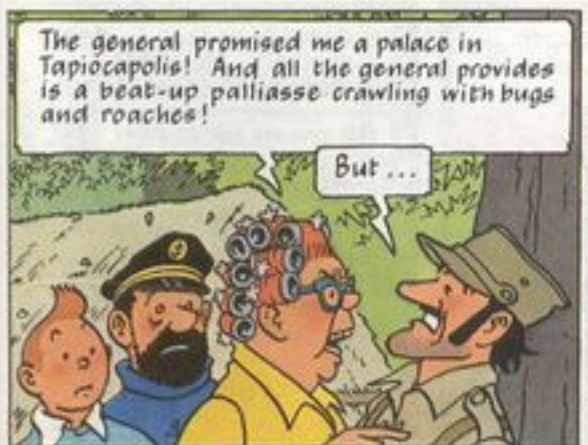
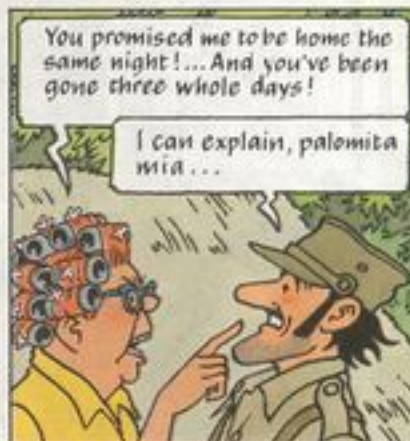


Tapioca succeeded all too well with his parachute drops of whisky! ... Caramba! How can one mount a revolution with that bunch of drunks?



Alcazar!... So you decided to come back at last, did you?

¡AY!



No, gentlemen, I am not a fool! I know exactly what I am saying!

You've missed a ...



My sister ???... What about my sister?... What's my sister done to you?... Will you be good enough to leave my sister out of this?... And now, listen to me ...

I ...

Yes ...



You see this tube of tablets? Well, it contains a product that I have recently perfected. It has a base of medicinal herbs ...



The preparation has no taste, no smell, and is absolutely non-toxic. Having said that, a single one of these tablets administered in either food or drink imparts a disgusting taste to any alcohol taken thereafter ...



... And the very first person upon whom I tested it was you, Captain!



You dared to do that?... Borgia! ... Cannibal! ... Miserable blundering barbecued blister ...

I tell you my sister has absolutely nothing to do with it!



And furthermore, you can thank me for being concerned for your health!

Please, Captain!

It's a disgrace!... A scandal!... A monstrous attack upon the personal freedom of the individual!



Precisely!... And again yesterday, with the Indians, you could see for yourselves the efficacy of my invention ...

But I never knew you had ...



No, young man, I am not mad! ... And I would ask you to show a little more respect towards a man of mature years!

No, no, I insist ... or ...



And for heaven's sake stop talking about my sister!



My sister... Just a moment... My sister ???



... And another thing!... I don't have a sister... I never had a sister... And don't you forget it!



So there!



Stay with him, Captain... And for the time being stop him from doing anything hasty... I'm off to talk to the General.



RAT TAT TAT

Come in!



Ah, it's you, amigo mio! Come on in.

I... I'm not disturbing you?



Alcazar, the dishes!

I'll carry on presently, palomita mia: I promise!



Sit down, hombre... What brings you here?



Another cigar?... That makes three since you came back!

Does... does it, my dove?



I've been thinking over what you said to me earlier: a revolution is impossible while your Picaros have only one idea in their heads: whisky!

Alas, that's quite true.



But what would you say if someone succeeded in curing them of their bad habits?

Ah, that's impossible, amigo.



And yet, if you managed to do that... ¡Mil bombas! I'd give you half the gold reserves in the Banco de la Nacion!...

Ahem!

... er, let's say a third ...

Ahem!

Well... er... ten per cent... What about that?



I don't want anything like that: not a centavo, General.

Then what do you want, amigo? Tell me...



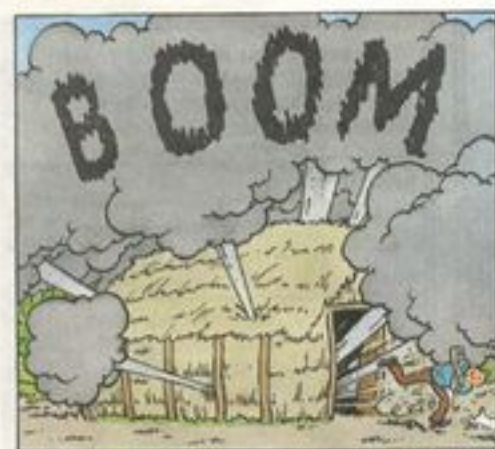
A promise that you'll carry out your revolution without bloodshed... that there won't be any reprisals, or executions, or anything of that sort ...

WHAT?



You're crazy!... Or else you're a traitor... and ought to be shot here and now!





But at least you'll let me shoot Tapioca and his ministers?... And his staff officers?... You wouldn't refuse me that?

You won't shoot anyone, General!

No one but Tapioca and his ministers, then ...

I said no one! You can take it or leave it!

But it's mean! You're taking advantage of the situation!... D'you realise I'll be nothing but a figure of fun if I do as you say?

GRRR

At least let me shoot Tapioca! ... Just Tapioca, I implore you!

No.

I'll cure your Picaros of their drunkenness, and you'll promise me not to use any violence while I'm helping you to regain power ... Agreed? ... All right, say after me: I promise!

I promise...

Good, I have your word ... For my part, I promise that soon your Picaros won't touch a drop more alcohol.

Good! ... But just you watch your step! If you've given me false hope ... you'll be up against a wall, pronto! Understand?

Y... yes!



Ah, hello!

?

Has he lost something?

Yes, he must have lost something ...

You seem to have lost something ...

No, no, I've lost something ...

The bottle of tablets I was telling you about just now... I can't find it anywhere ... Isn't that curious?



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 Pícaros!



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 Kúrvi-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"!



...For this siren with a serpent's heart, for this gorgon with a voice of gold, I beg, I implore, I demand, IMPRISONMENT FOR LIFE!

Revenge is sweet, eh Colonel? Ah! ha! ha!

Ah! ha! ha!, as you say!



Imprisonment for life?... Did I hear you aright?... Why you're grotesque, my little soldier!



SILENCE!!!

Or perhaps, my poor friend, you're mad as a hatter!

SILENCE!!!



Your documents, irrefutable proof?... Poooh!... Fabrications, da capo al fine!... A fig for your documents!...

SILENCE!!!

Yes, they are a joke!



Your little joke!! I laugh: Ah! ha! ha! Aaah!



AAAH!♪♪ AAAH!♪♪



'AAAH! MY BEAUTY PAST COMPARE!'

SILENCE

Clear the court!

Guards!

That she blows!



TWEET TWEET  
CHEEP CHEEP



You see what's going to happen?... The Thompsons sentenced to death! ...Castafiore to life imprisonment! ...How can we get them out?

By launching the revolution! ... But there's no chance of doing that until...



...your friend Tintin keeps his promise: that is, until my Picaros come off the booze... It all depends on that, for the moment!...



Lynch him!

Kill the spy!

Help!!





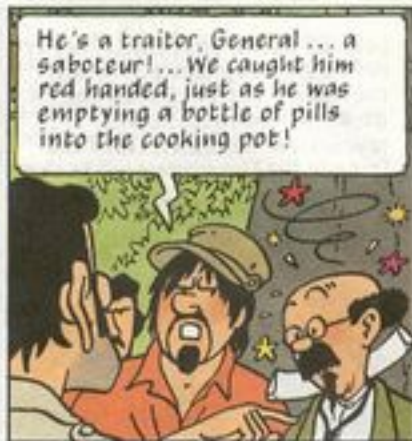
Help!...Help!... Save me!

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!



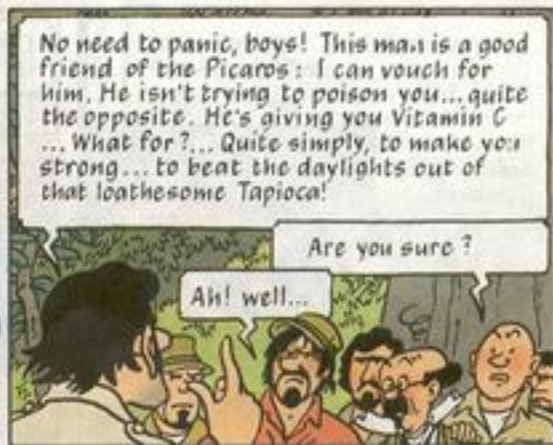
General?

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 daylights out of that loathesome Tapioca!

Are you sure?

Ah! well...

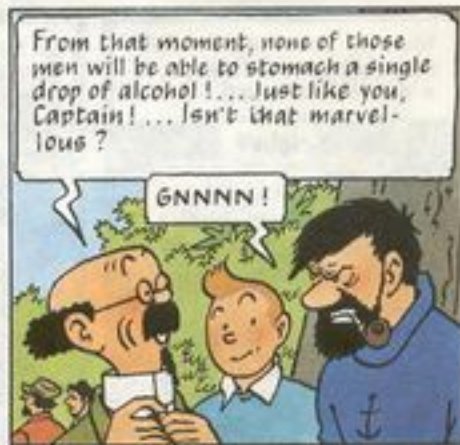


Sure as I stand here!... Eat away!... I give you my solemn word... you won't come to any harm!



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...



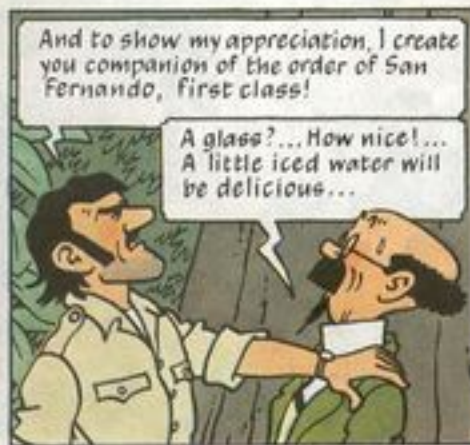
From that moment, none of those men will be able to stomach a single drop of alcohol!... Just like you, Captain!... Isn't that marvelous?

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 fall... 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 dogsy wogsies!...

He must be daft, talking like that...



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



SNIFF  
SNIFF  
SNIFF



YEEEK!



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

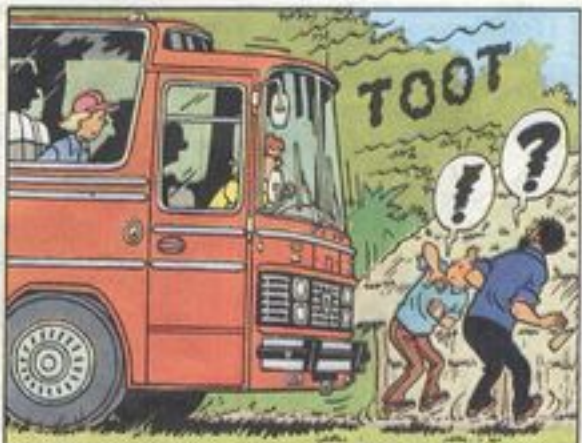


Hey, boys! Look!... He's changed his mind!... Now we can have some too!

¡Bueno! I'm hungry!



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





Hello, a b-b-b-... hic... bus!

Ah! Not a pink elephant today, then?



Is it far to Tapiocapolis, chum?

Tapiocapolis?... Great snakes, you're hopelessly off the road.



Drat!... Could any of these soldiers escort us?... I've heard there's a risk of attack from guerrillas around here... they call them Picaros.



That's exactly where you are: among the Picaros!

No kidding?



Are these real guerrillas?

It's terrifically Tarzan, dear, don't you think?



I say, old man, where can we buy postcards?

Poshe... hic... cardsh?

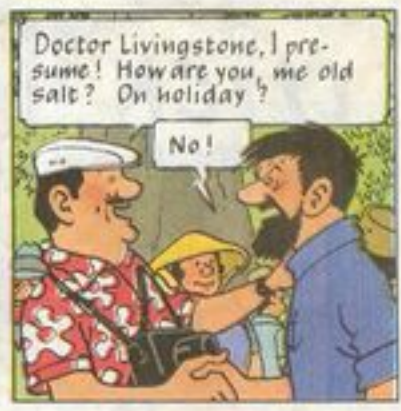


They must have a souvenir shop somewhere about the place...



Blow me, look who's here!

Jolyon Wagg!



Doctor Livingstone, I presume! How are you, me old salt? On holiday?

No!



Don't tell me, you laid it on as a surprise! You're part of the welcome to the carnival! It's going to be a wow this year: thanks to us!

Thanks to you?



Bet your life!... Know the charity concert party, The Jolly Follies? ... That's us!... And guess who's leader of the band: yours truly!

Ah! er...



Sunny Jim designed their costumes, oo... Smashing, eh?

Very... original!



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 Cutisbert! ... Everyone still snoring in this palm court palais de dance?



Yiiiiiiiiiiiiii! THE MONSTER! HE'S GONE!



My dove,  
I've gon to start the rev-  
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 Jollyfoliz  
buss and have left sum  
Picaros to look after you.  
Z.



¡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!

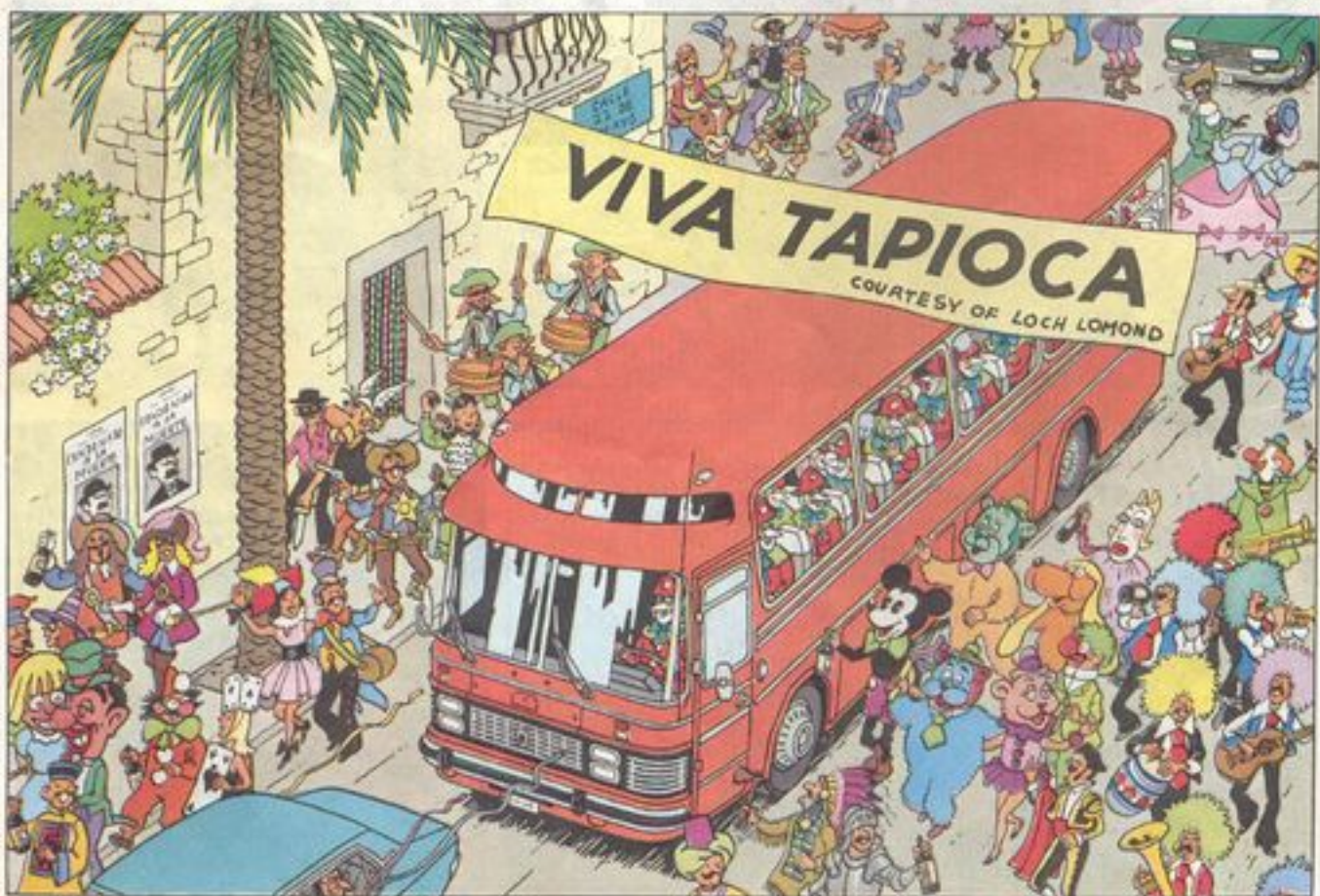


Tomorrow afternoon we'll arrive in Tapiocapolis... and that'll soon be re-named Alcazaropolis. It's the opening day of the carnival. Before we reach the city we'll rehearse our plans to the very last detail...

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

*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...



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...





Ha! ha! ha! They're hilarious! Have some of them brought up here. I'd like to meet these jolly fellows!

As the General wishes!



You sent for us, General? Here we are!... Happy Carnival!



What sort of joke is this?

It isn't a joke, my dear Tapioca. Look who's here!



**ALCAZAR!!!**

GENERAL Alcazar to you, EX-General Tapioca!



Look, Captain. D'you recognise that officer there, next to Colonel Alvarez?

Thundering typhoons! Sponz!



Now, my dear Tapioca, you will kindly read out this little speech prepared by us. We shall, of course, be recording it on tape...

I will never read it!

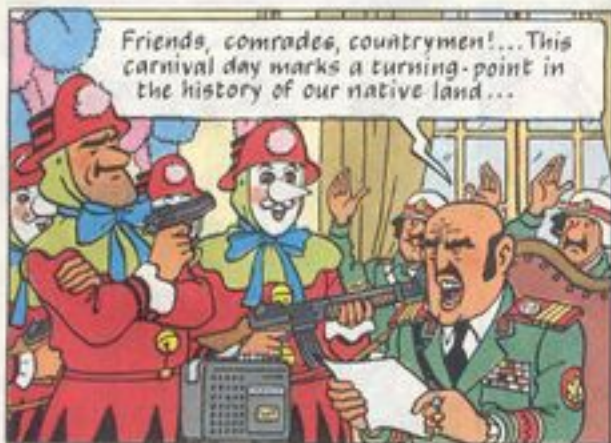


Tut tut!... Never say never, amigo!

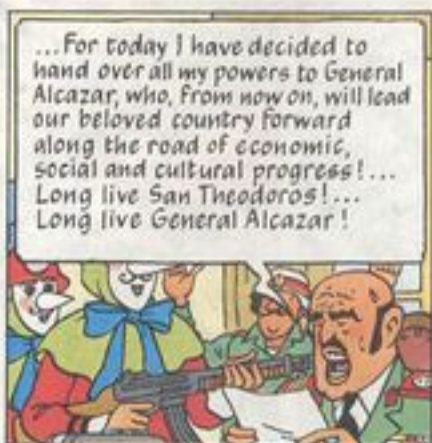
Very well, I surrender to violence, but I protest!



Get on with it! And make it sound convincing!



Friends, comrades, countrymen!... This carnival day marks a turning-point in the history of our native land...



...For today I have decided to hand over all my powers to General Alcazar, who, from now on, will lead our beloved country forward along the road of economic, social and cultural progress!... Long live San Theodoros!... Long live General Alcazar!

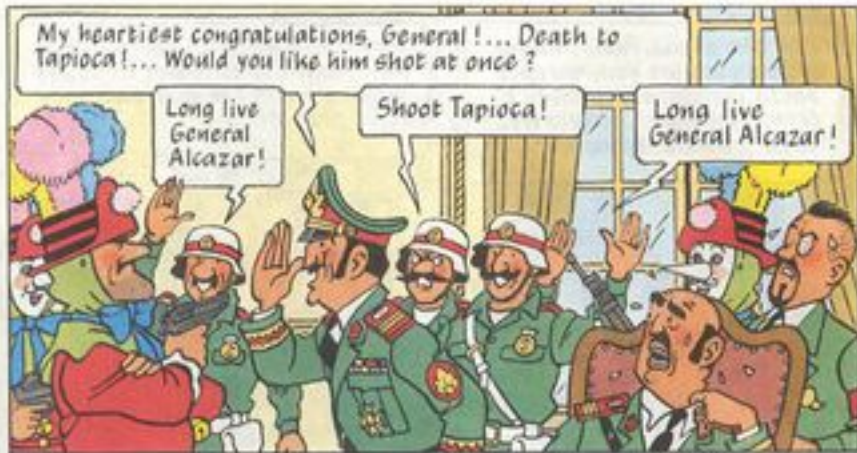


Thanks, amigo! You'll be a sensation on the radio!



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!

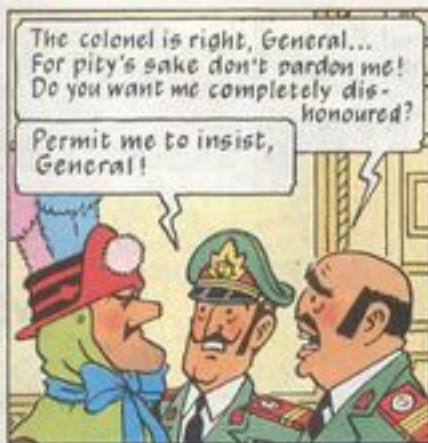
Shoot Tapioca!

Long live General Alcazar!



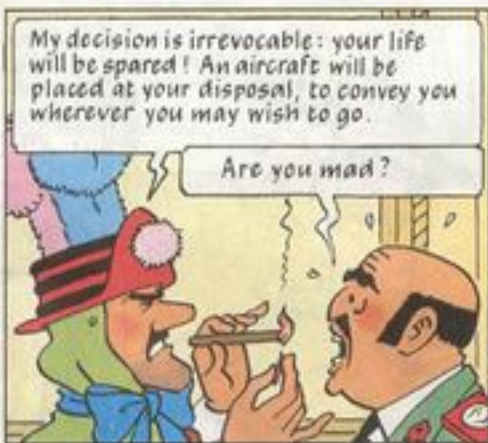
Executions are out! ... His life will be spared.

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!

Don't be afraid, Pablo; no one is going to hurt you. You once saved my life, and I haven't forgotten that... You are free to go... Adios, Pablo!



You made a mistake there, Tintin, and you'll live to regret it. You're making a rod for your own back... To be precise...



Great snakes! The Thompsons!

The Thompsons, General!... The Thompsons!... They could be shot while we stand here talking!



Ah, yes... you think so?

Yes, General. The execution is due to take place in twenty-two minutes, precisely!



¡Mil bombas! Quick, call the prison and cancel the execution!

At once, General!



...fifty seconds... Pip Pip Pip... At the third stroke it will be five thirty-eight precisely... Pip Pip Pip... At the third...



You did it on purpose! Dial the right number this time, or I'll have you shot!



RRRRRING  
RRRRRING



...precisely... Pip Pip Pip... At the third stroke it will be five forty and ten seconds.



If it doesn't work this time, I'll personally shoot the Minister of Telecommunications!!



The number you have dialled does not exist. Please consult your directory.



Only one thing to do: dash to the prison and save them ourselves!

Take B Section with you! The colonel will guide you! I'll have his head if you're too late!



¡Rápido!... ¡Rápido... por Dios!



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 Theodoros 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 Thomson 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?

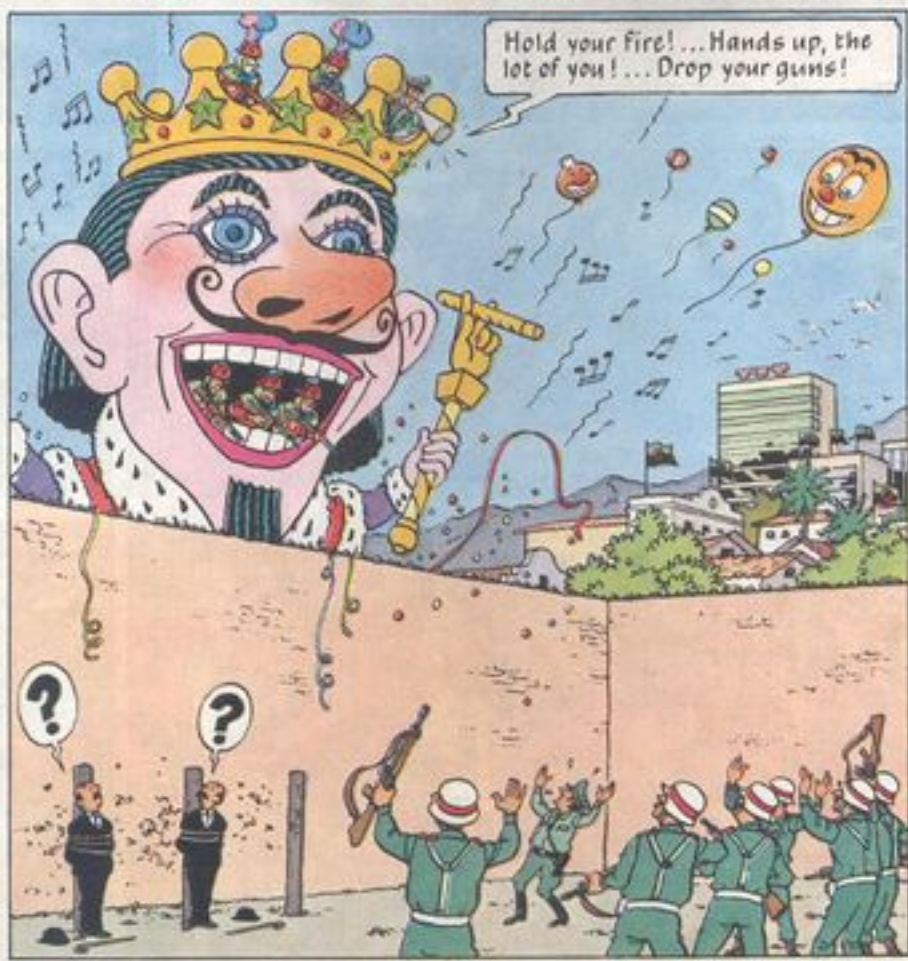
Er... What about, "Kiss  
me, Thomson"  
Will that do?



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

