



HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

THE CASTAFIORE EMERALD



MAMMOTH



THE CASTAFIORE EMERALD

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Ah, the merry month of May!...
Spring, the sweet spring ♪
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!



The chorus of birds... the wood-
land flowers... the fragrant
perfumes... the sweet-smelling
earth! Breathe deeply, Tintin...
Fill your lungs with fresh air...
air so pure and sparkling you
could drink it!



As far as perfume goes,
I wouldn't call this
exactly fragrant.

You're right!



No wonder! Look at that disgusting
rubbish dump. The filth from every
dustbin in the neighbourhood is
chucked over there.



Good heavens! Some people
seem to be attracted by the
stink! ... Fantastic!

Gypsies!



No sense of hygiene, the
guttersnipes. Incredible!



Ssh! ... Listen! That sounds
like a child crying ...





Good gracious! She tripped over the brambles and then bumped her head on the tree-root.



You haven't cut yourself, have you?... No, there isn't any blood. I expect you'll have a bump, that's all.
Little goose!



Please, don't be frightened. We'll take you back to your mother... Can you stand up?
KILIKILIKILI!



O.K. now?



A few minutes later...
Mama!
Miarka!



To think that people live in the midst of all this filth!
I know.



Good day to you!



We found her in the woods; she must have wandered off. When she saw us she... er... she ran away. But then she fell over and bumped her head on a tree root. So we brought her home.



You are a good man. I will tell your fortune. You cross my palm with silver!
No, thanks. Definitely not!



Er... It might be as well, for a clear conscience, to let a doctor have a look at her.
A doctor! I suppose you think we have money to pay for a doctor!



Kind gentleman! I'll tell your fortune... you cross my palm with silver...
No, no! Please leave me alone!



OOOOOH!
What is it?... Tell me!



Trouble!

Well, if that's all you can see, I can tell your fortune, too!



You must be careful... otherwise I see an accident... But not serious... I see you in a carriage... AAAH! A beautiful stranger approaches... She is coming to visit you... AAAH! She has wonderful jewels, and... OOH!... A terrible disaster...

Go on, go on!



The jewels are gone... vanished!... stolen! You cross my palm with silver and I tell you many more things.

No, no! That's enough! Let go of my hand!



Just a little silver... otherwise you will suffer great misfortune!... The jewels will disappear!

Me too!... That's enough mumbo-jumbo for one day.



Well, goodbye, and take care of that little cherub. But if you take my advice, you'll camp somewhere else, and not on this rubbish-dump... In the first place, it's unhealthy...



D'you think we're here because we like it? D'you imagine we enjoy living surrounded by filth?

You mean...



Quiet, Mike, let me talk to this gajo.

Me, a gajo?



That's what we call anyone who isn't a Romany... Listen, we arrived here yesterday with a sick man, and this was the only place where the police would let us camp.

So that's it!



Blistering barnacles! Now, just you listen to me. You're not staying here!... There's a large meadow near the Hall, beside a stream. You can move in there whenever you like.



Making people live on a dung-heap like this. It's revolting!

I'm glad you could help them.



? !

THUMP



Poor Professor!... Anything broken?



Yes, a piece several inches long!

That confounded step! Still not repaired! When's that sluggard of a builder coming?



I telephone him constantly, sir, and he assures me he'll come...

Well, I'll show you how to deal with him!



Hello?... Hello! Mr. Bolt?... What, that isn't Mr. Bolt?



No, sir, this is Cutts the butcher... Yes, sir... Not at all, sir.



Hello?... Is that Mr. Bolt?



Yes... oh, yes sir... Yes, I do know... I... Yes, a sudden rush of work... Yes, very tiresome... What? Oh yes, sir, it's very dangerous too... When?... Well, yes, I... I'll come along... er... tomorrow. Yes, first thing tomorrow... You can rely on me, sir. Good-bye.



That's how to get results, Nestor. Just a touch of firmness, that's all. He'll be here tomorrow, as you heard.

Seeing is believing, sir!



Now for a little drink; the fresh air makes me thirsty!... All well, Tintin?

A letter from Chang in London; he's fine, and sends you his regards.



What a nice lad he is.

Yes, and another letter... You'll never guess who from: Bianca Castafiore!



Bianca Castafiore! Ha! ha! ha! The dear old Milanese nightingale!

AAAAAH ♪♪ My beauty... ♪♪



... past compare... ♪ Ma-a-a-argarita ♪

Hello, there's a storm brewing.



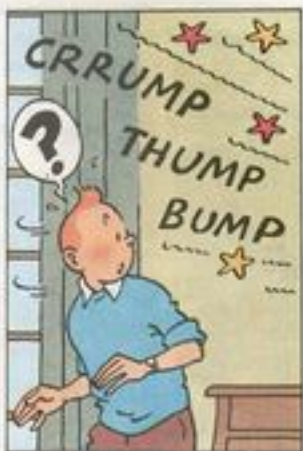
And what has that delightful creature to say?

No, it's passed over.



That she's arriving here at Marlinspike tomorrow!





Thundering typhoons, that step!... That confounded step! Just wait till I see that bone-idle builder! Nothing broken, I hope!



Luckily not. Though I might easily have sprained something ...



YEOW!



It's a bad sprain... and you've pulled the ligaments.



Tomorrow I'll put it in plaster...

In plaster!!... A sprained ankle?!... But doctor, I'm leaving today for Italy.



Out of the question. Absolute rest with the foot in plaster for a fortnight. Think yourself fortunate you didn't break a leg.



And my advice to you is, get that step repaired. Someone else might not have your good luck ... Goodbye.



Luck! If that's luck, give me disaster!!



CUCKOO



Ah, dear Captain Fatstock!... How too divine to see you again!



How... how did you get in?

Misericordia! What has happened to you?

A sprain! But... how did you get in?



Just as we arrived, dear Tintin was showing someone out. So we didn't need to ring.

"We"? There can't be more than one of you!



But of course! Irma, my maid, always travels with me ...



... and so does my accompanist, Igor Wagner, who obviously has to... hal halha ... accompany me!



Excuse me, signora, may I introduce our old friend Professor Calculus.



How enchanting, how absolutely thrilling to meet you; the man who makes all those daring ascents in balloons!



[I am deeply honoured, signora. What a rare pleasure for me to meet so great an artist... an artist of such charm, such distinction, such...]



Professor, you make me blush!

I sincerely hope so, signora. Tintin has often spoken of your pictures... the delicacy of the drawing in perfect harmony with the boldness of the colour. And your portraits, I know, always display an amazing likeness.



Nestor, please show the signora to her room.



How kind... But first...er... Irma, where is the...er... the little something for dear Captain Drydock?



In the taxi, madame. I'll fetch it.

I thought... I thought that an old sailorman like yourself must feel very lonely in his little boat... Il povero capitano!



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

I knew you'd adore...



Here, Madame.

... this pretty polly to be your constant companion.



I... What a... surprise!... What a delightful surprise!... Nothing could have given me...er... greater pleasure.



Aha! I knew it!

Here, Irma, put him on his perch.



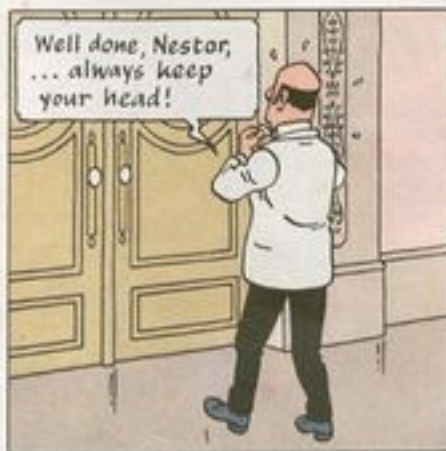
Yes, madame.

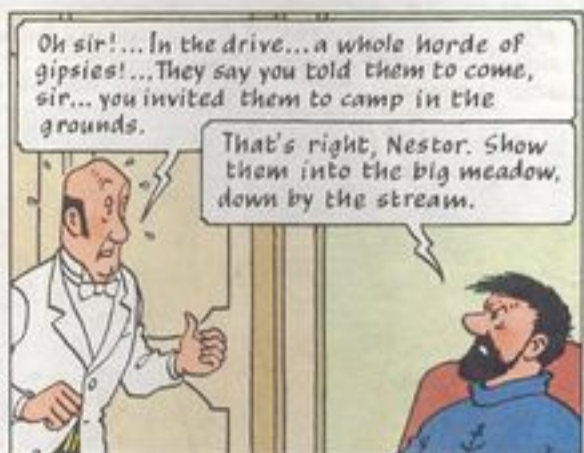
I can't stand animals who talk!

They've unloaded the luggage. This is where she's staying... To work, Gino!









Ah, Captain: my men report that some gipsies who were camping by the main road have moved ... It seems you invited them to pitch camp on your land ... Is that so?



Quite correct, Inspector. I think it's intolerable! Those wretched creatures forbidden to camp except on a rubbish dump! And as I have a meadow...



Hello-o-o! I can hear you!

Hello?... What?... You can hear me?... Well, I can hear you. And since we can hear each other, let me say I quite understand your action, Captain. It's most generous... I beg your pardon ... Did you say shut up?



No... not you!... I'm talking to this pestilential parakeet! Will you shut up, you ...



Hello-o-o! I can hear you!

Ah, I see. You're still addressing your parrot... Now, about those gipsies. Of course, you're free to do as you like. But I should warn you: you'll only have yourself to thank when they make trouble for you.



Trouble!... Ha! ha! First I'm bitten by a little wildcat, then by a parrot!... I sprain an ankle... Castafiore descends on me with Irma and that budding Beethoven... And they talk about trouble!... Ha! ha! ha! ha!...



Meanwhile ...

Mission completed: all settled in.



I hate them, the gajos. They pretend to help, but in their hearts they despise us ...



Not these, Mike, not these.

GRRR! WOOAH!
WOOAH! GRRR!



Hello, what's up?
Snowy's got wind of something.

WOOAH! WOOAH!
GRRR! GRRR!

Snowy!...
Here, Snowy!



?

WOOAH!
WOOAH!



Hey, who are you?
... Stop!

WOOAH!
WOOAH!







Footprints!... Right under the window!... Was she telling the truth, then?

The ivy?

No. It would never support a man's weight... A child, maybe?... But then there'd be traces of the climb... Anyway, the footprints are those of an adult...

... But whose? That's the problem... Someone from the house! ... One of the two strangers I chased yesterday? ... A gipsy?

Here, Snowy. We'll take a walk down by the encampment.

If there are any footprints, they'll show up in the mud. So let's go where they water their horses.

No, none like those we saw in the flowerbed.

SPLASH

?!
WOOAH!
WOOAH!

?!
?!
?!

There he goes. Ha! ha! He didn't wait for a second round, the little brat. I don't like the way he's always snooping around.

Come on, Snowy. We shan't find our humorous friend by staying here...

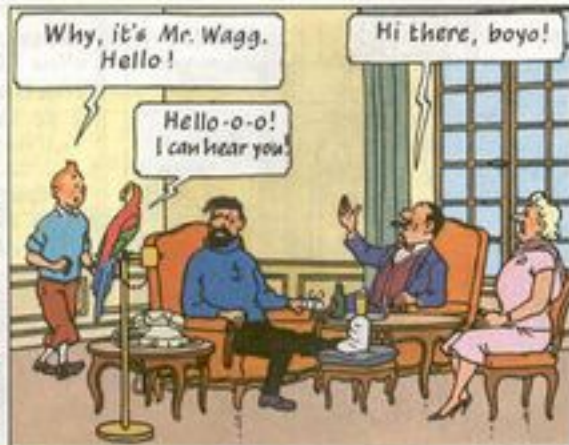
So, that's who it was... that gipsy... he threw the stone. But why?

We don't seem to be much further on... Come on Snowy, ... home.

That's the doctor leaving: he'll have put the Captain's foot in plaster. But there's another car... Who does that belong to?



Let's see ...



Why, it's Mr. Wagg. Hello!

Hi there, boyo!

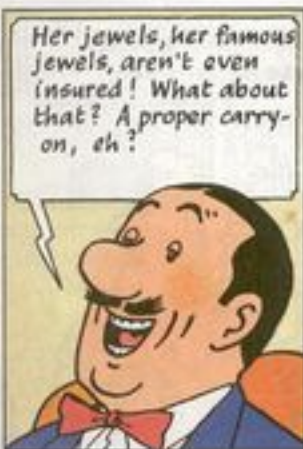
Hello-o-o! I can hear you!



I was just passing: a client to see near here for the old Rock Bottom Insurance. So I said to myself: "Jolyon," I said, "now's your chance to say howdy to the ancient mariner." And look what I find: the old humbug's fallen downstairs!



What a scream! Anyway, a bit of luck I popped in. A proper godsend, that's me. This lady was just telling me about last night's caper. And what does Jolyon Wagg discover? ... Hold on to your hats ...

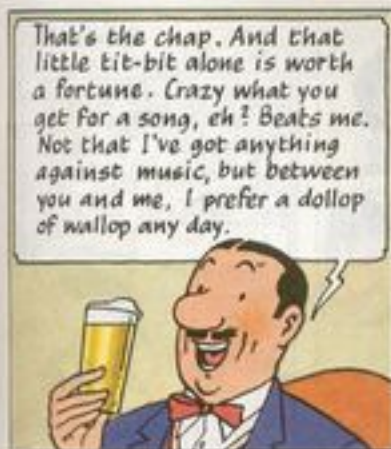


Her jewels, her famous jewels, aren't even insured! What about that? A proper carry-on, eh?



Worth thousands and thousands... She's got one little sparkler, an emerald ... Given to her out East by some character ... Marjorie something or other ...

Maharajah ... The Maharajah of Gopal.



That's the chap. And that little tit-bit alone is worth a fortune. Crazy what you get for a song, eh? Beats me. Not that I've got anything against music, but between you and me, I prefer a dollop of wallop any day.



Not a single jewel covered. So I said: "Lady, you give me a list of your knick-knacks, and Jolyon Wagg will insure the whole shoot!" ...

I'll consider it, Mr. Bag.



Fiddlesticks! ... It's all fixed ... I'll be back in a day or two with a policy. Cheerio for now, Duchess. Pleased to meet you!



... And if I were you, Lord Nelson, I'd get that step fixed.

It had occurred to me! I'm waiting for the builder.



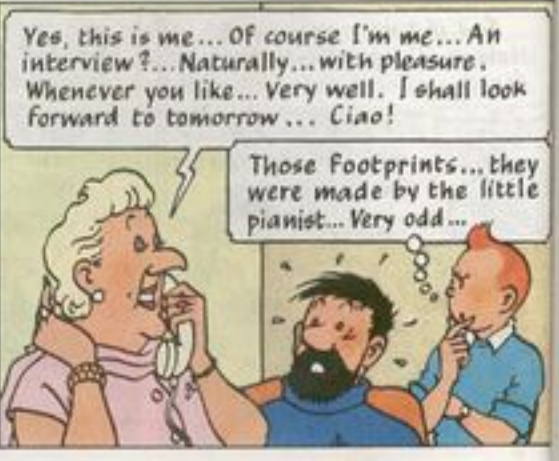
DONG

That's probably him now at the door.



This Halibut's house?

No, Haddock's. Why?



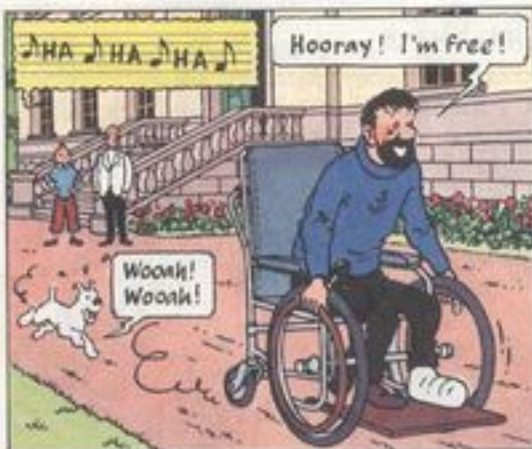
The next morning...

Yes, I know... I couldn't help it. I had to finish a tombstone: it was urgent. What? Yours is urgent too: yes, I know... Look, I'll be there first thing tomorrow morning... Yes, without fail.

If he's not here tomorrow I'll get someone else, and that's flat.

Captain! Captain!

Here's your new racing car.



Hooray! I'm free!



♪ HA ♪ HA ♪ HA ♪ HA ♪ HA ♪ HA ♪ HA



Peace at last... And there's old Cuthbert, pruning his roses...



Meanwhile...

Ah, Paris-Flash! Come in gentlemen. I will inform the signora.



Hello, Cuthbert. Working already this morning?

Very well, thank you. And you?... How's the foot?



Oh, not so bad!... Anyway, I might have broken my leg... Then I really should have looked a fool.

Cool? In the shade, perhaps, but in the sun it's really quite hot.



Great news, Captain - but this is strictly between ourselves - I have succeeded in raising a completely new variety of rose.

Well done! Splendid! ... Better than building rockets and chasing off into the blue.



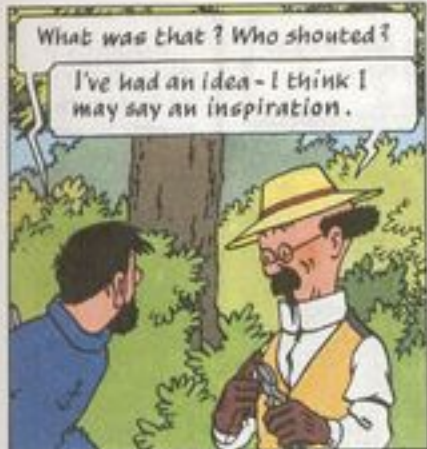
No, no, white!... But such a white! ... Pearly, sparkling, immaculate! ... And the shape-perfect! ... And what perfume - exquisite!

Well, Professor, I congratulate you.



OW!

And the name? Aha! You will never guess...



What was that? Who shouted?

I've had an idea - I think I may say an inspiration.



Hi! ... Stop, whoever you are!

Idiot! Did you have to put your your great feet into a wasps' nest?



As I told you, the rose I have created is white. Now, what is white in Italian?



Bianca, of course... Bianca! You follow me?

Bianca! Bianca!... Who were those ectoplasms, bolting like rabbits? That's what interests me!



Yes, Bianca, like our delightful guest. This rose shall be called "Bianca Castafiore". A charming compliment, don't you think?

The scoundrels! I'll bet they were up to no good!



But the world must wait... You mustn't breathe a word, I implore you. It must be a complete surprise.

What?... Which?... A surprise?... For whom?



That's agreed, isn't it?... I can count on you... This is strictly between ourselves.



Strangers in the park... What's it all about?



Hello, who's that on the seat? Oh, it's...



IRMAAA!



IRMAAA!

Yes, Madame.



Where are you, Irma?

Here madame, I'm coming.

Take cover!



Have you seen Captain Hammock? I simply must find him.

If you see him, tell him we've finished. These gentlemen from "Paris-Flash" have concluded their interview and would so like to meet him.

Yes, madame.

Disaster! They're coming this way. I'm caught like a rat in a trap!

You know, he's just a dear old sea-dog, a bit crusty at first, but...

...beneath a rough exterior he hides the simple heart of a big, lowbly child

There he is, asleep, and in the shade, too.

Zzzz...
Zzzz...

Captain Paddock! Oh, you naughty man, look at you, asleep in the shade! You'll catch your death of cold!

What?... Oh, I must have been asleep.

Look, I've brought your coat. It's chilly out here... Now, now, now!

But I'm not cold!

I see I must scold you for something else, too... That jersey, it really won't do on a man of your age!

But...

It's like your hair!... When will you learn to do it properly, and stop looking like a scruffy little schoolboy?

But...

Let me introduce Christopher Willoughby-Drupe and Marco Rizotto of "Paris-Flash".

Hello!

'Morning

Well, gentlemen, now that you've all met, I will release you. Roam about in the grounds as you please. Captain Hassock and I will expect you to lunch.

Now, my dear, let us have a little chat.

Well, what do you make of it?

The same as you, chum! This is a sensation... But we must be sure...



True or not, Marco my boy, it'll sell!

I can just see the cover!



Look, a gardener. Come on, we'll try to pump him.

O.K.!



But...it isn't the gardener... it's Professor Calculus, who went to the moon with Tintin. He should be in the know.

Let's go!

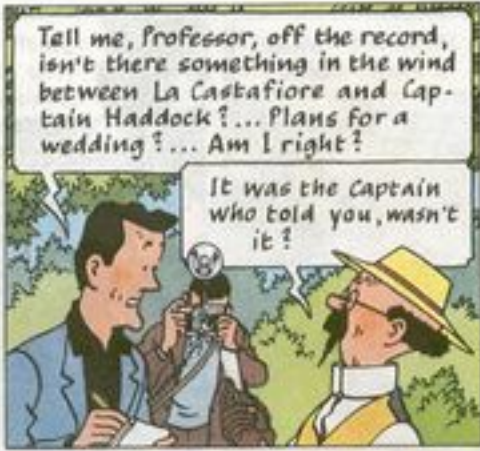


Good morning, Professor. May we introduce ourselves: Christopher Willoughby-Drupe and Marco Rizotto of "Paris-Flash". Here's our card.

From the Yard?

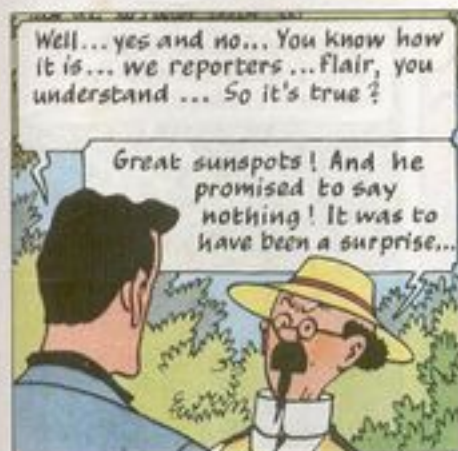


Reporters!...So that's it! The Captain had to tell someone. He's already tattered to the papers about my new rose, the old gossip!



Tell me, Professor, off the record, isn't there something in the wind between La Castafiore and Captain Haddock?... Plans for a wedding?... Am I right?

It was the Captain who told you, wasn't it?



Well... yes and no... You know how it is... we reporters... flair, you understand... So it's true?

Great sunspots! And he promised to say nothing! It was to have been a surprise...



I quite understand... How soon will it be?

It all depends on the weather... But it could happen any day now.



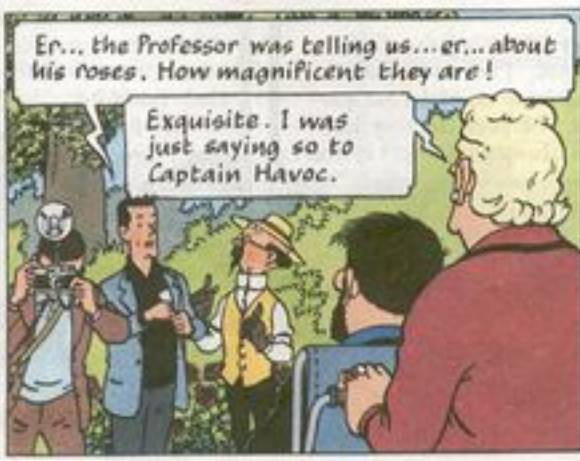
Aha! So it's imminent, then! And... how long has this been fixed? Can you give any little snippets about them... How they first met, for example?

Precisely!... It was two years ago...



...at the Chelsea Flower Show. But ssh! Here she comes... Signora Bianca, with the Captain. Not a word about this!

Right!



Er... the Professor was telling us... er... about his roses. How magnificent they are!

Exquisite. I was just saying so to Captain Havoc.



Meanwhile...

Got that? Sugarplum... Oriana... Semiramis...

That's right... Exactly...
No, no, I'll ring you my-
self... O.K. then... Till
tomorrow.

Oh, how I adore flowers! They bring
them in armfuls, but I
never get tired of them!

Dear lady, allow me to offer you
this modest "Crimson Glory"...
until... er... something better
comes along... Ha! ha!

Oh, Professor!

MMMM! What
A sweet scent!

Smell, Captain!... In-
hale the fragrance...
Exquisite, isn't it?

YEOW!

Billions of blistering
barnacles! I've been
stung by a bee!

My poor boy, how did you manage to do that!
And what a terrible fuss! You frightened
me to death! Wait, I'll help you. First
remove the sting... There! Then apply
crushed rose petals to the spot.

Th-e-re!
Better already,
aren't we?

Now, my friends, I'll leave
you. I must change for
lunch... Ciao!

Trala 🎵 🎵 🎵
laaa 🎵 🎵 🎵

You're looking for Captain
Maggot, I'm sure. You'll
find him in the rose gar-
den. The poor darling, he's
been stung on the nose by a bee.

A bee-sting on the
nose... Poor Captain:
that could be
horribly painful.

E-E-EEK!
MY
NECKLACE!



IRMA-A-A!
IRMA-A-A!

Yes, madame.



Oh, it's you!... Something frightful has happened: I've just broken my necklace!



Don't worry, signora. I'm sure we'll find all the beads.



There you are at last! I've been calling you for hours. You should have been here to pick up my necklace.



I am so grateful, my young friend. It's not that this necklace is particularly valuable: it's only fashion jewelry. But it's from Tristan Bior. And say what you like, Bior is still Bior!

Er... obviously!



Now let's see about the Captain's nose.



Don't think I'm angry with you, Captain, but why did you tell them about my rose?

What? Your rose?



Your rose! Will you shut up about your rose! Blistering barnacles, if I hadn't had one shoved in my face, I shouldn't have a nose like an overgrown strawberry!

Oh no, white!



Excuse me, madame, have you seen my embroidery scissors... you know, the little gold ones...

Why should I have seen them, girl? It's not my job to look after your things.



I didn't say that, madame... It's strange, I had them earlier, when you called me the first time; when I returned to my seat I couldn't find them.



Well, have a good look, my child... No one's going to steal a pair of scissors, are they?

No, madame.



Meanwhile...

Little scissors made of gold... Aren't they pretty, Uncle Mike?

Very nice!

Three days later...



Hello, is that Mr. Bolt? ... Oh, I'm speaking to Mrs. Bolt...



Yes... oh, the gentleman from the Hall... Er... no, he's been gone since first thing this morning... Oh? He promised to come to you?... I'm afraid I don't know... I'll tell him, sir... Yes, without fail, sir...



Thundering typhoons! If he doesn't come tomorrow I'll get someone else...



RRRING



Hello, is that you, old chipmate?... This is Jolyon... Congratulations! ... You old humbug, you certainly had your old pal fooled!



Had you fooled? Me?... I don't understand... What do you mean?



Ha! ha! ha! Still keeping your trap shut, eh? ... That's O.K. by me! ... Keep your hair on. I just wanted to be first to congratulate you.

But...



And don't let your Castafiore do anything about... that insurance: I've got to go off on the road for a while, but I haven't forgotten it... I'll be back one of these days... Well, so long, old horse. And once again: all the best!
: CLICK :



Congratulations? What's that gas-bag on about now?



Oh well, forget it. I'll have a quiet pipe, and read the papers.



DONG

Now what is it?



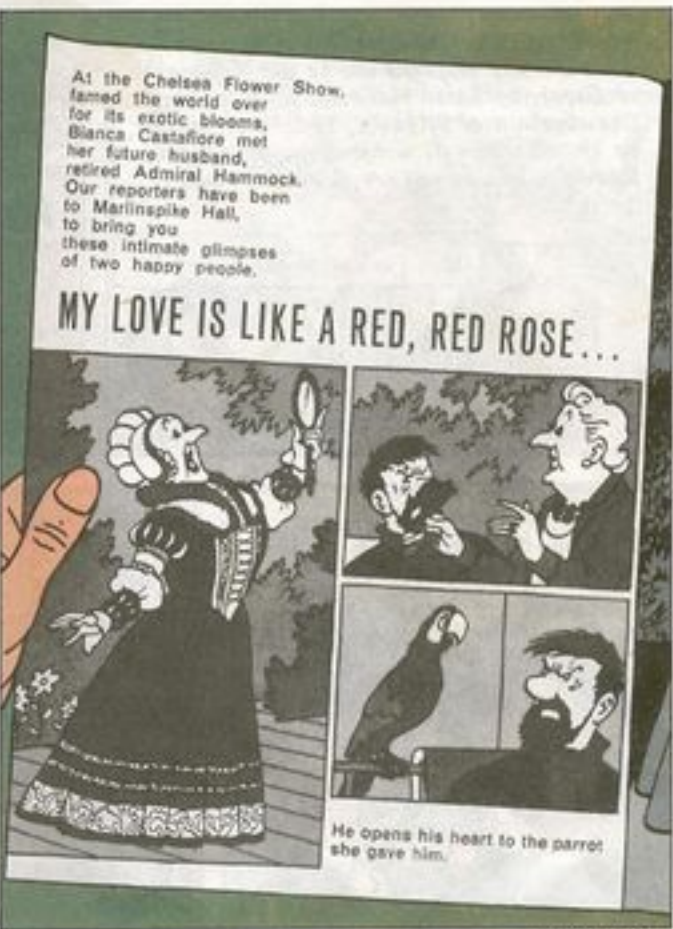
A telegram for you, sir.

A telegram?



Billions of blistering barnacles! What does this mean?









RRRING



Hello?... Yes... yes...
Supavision...
One moment, please...



It's a television company, sir...
They want...
Now television!!



Oh no! Leave me alone! I refuse to behave like a performing seal in front of a camera!

But sir...



There's no but about it... I've had enough of reporters!... Tell them I'm out!



But sir, it's Signora Castafiore they wish to speak to.

To me? But my good man, why didn't you say so before?



Hello-o-o!... Yes, I can hear you!... Supavision?... Yes... I'd adore to... When?... Tomorrow... Lovely... yes... I shall look forward to seeing you!



What a bore they are!... But what can one do?... They'll be here tomorrow afternoon.



Someone here must have given all this to the reporters. I wonder who it was?



Oh, what a charming idea! An aubade!



Your ladyship, Captain sir ...

Shh!

But...



On behalf of the Marlinspike Prize Band Supporters' Club I have the honour to present to you with due deference the respectful congratulations of all our members on this felicitous event, which has brought ...



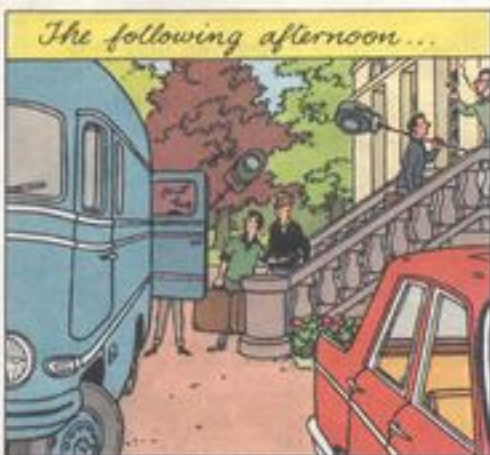
... a light to every throat and a lump in every eye ...

You must offer them champagne ...

What?... Champagne? ... Never!



Several glasses later ...



The following afternoon ...



Forgive us for being so late, signora. On our way out of town we were caught in a traffic jam. Then we wasted time trying to find the way. And to crown it all we had a breakdown!

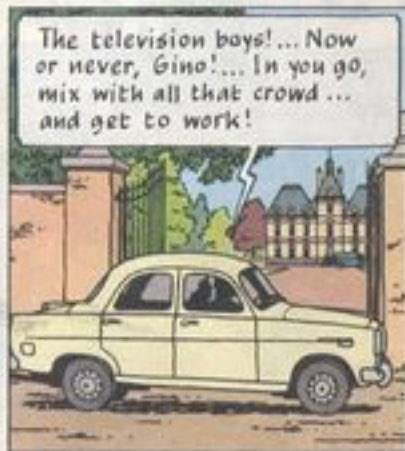
Did you? How priceless!



Thundering typhoons! This is a full-scale invasion!



Oh, sorry!



The television boys! ... Now or never, Gino! ... In you go, mix with all that crowd ... and get to work!



I'll wait in the car just down the road ... O.K.?

O.K. I'll take my gear and chance it ...





Er... My turn now?
... Just a few words?
... Well... I... I... I'm
happy... so very...
happy... Well, I
don't really know
how to put it...
Ah! ha! ha!



Good evening, viewers. Tonight is a
very special occasion. We are visiting
the eminent singer, Bianca Castafiore,
of La Scala, Milan, so aptly called
"the Milanese nightingale"...



Well, my last tour of the
West Indies (a triumph, by
the way) was so exhausting
... and as I knew that Captain
Balzac and his friends ...



... would welcome me with open arms,
I had no hesitation in inviting my-
self to stay.

Why, you've installed tele-
vision! ... Three sets at
once!! ... And you never
even told me !!?



Oh! look ... that's... that's Sig-
nora Castafiore! ... Yes, I
assure you it is! ... Good
gracious! Someone must tell
her at once!



She must see it, the
dear lady. She simply
must!

Professor!
Professor!!
Don't go in there.
They're shooting!



Stars above! What is the meaning of all this masquerade?



... A wedding is arranged, and I'm the last to hear about it! ... You install television, but you don't tell me! ... They're shooting a film here, and no one says a word! ... It's a conspiracy! Everyone's plotting to keep me in the dark!



... And poor Signora Castafiore is appearing on television, and no one thinks of telling her! ... It's monstrous!



Come with me, Professor. It's all a misunderstanding.

Come, Professor, let me explain...

Pained?! ... Me? ... Pained?!
Certainly not, but...



We'll pick up from the last question ... Stand by! ... Sound on!



May I ask, signora, whether you have any plans?



Yes, a series of recitals in the United States, where I shall stay for two months; they are longing to hear me.



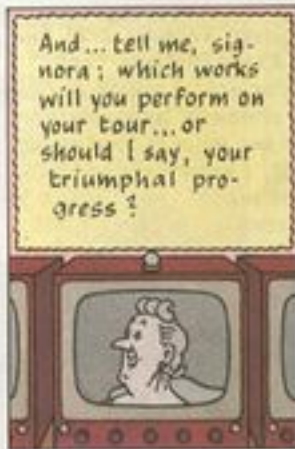
Poor Americans! What have they done to deserve it?

Then to South America to conquer the capitals...

And reduce them to ruins as well!



And... tell me, signora; which works will you perform on your tour... or should I say, your triumphal progress?



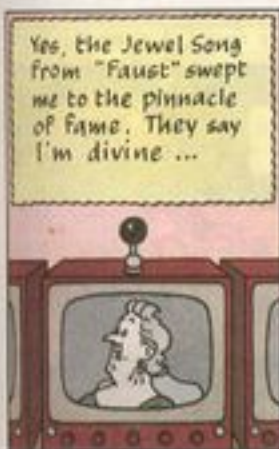
How well you put it! ... Yes, as usual, I shall be singing Rossini, Puccini, Verdi, Gouni... Oh, silly me! Gounod!



Ah, Gounod? Wasn't it in Gounod that you achieved your greatest success... made your name, in fact?

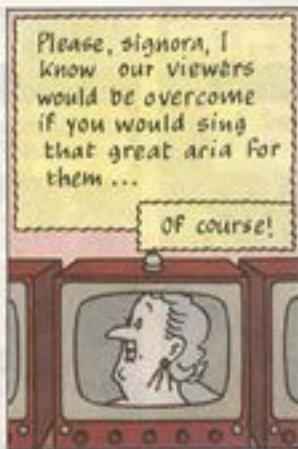


Yes, the Jewel Song from "Faust" swept me to the pinnacle of fame. They say I'm divine ...



Please, signora, I know our viewers would be overcome if you would sing that great aria for them ...

Of course!



Emergency! ... Take cover! She's going to sing!



Hello-o-o! I can hear you!





IRMAA - AA!
MY JEWELS!
Upstairs! Run!

Yes, madame!

Here, Snowy, stay close to me, otherwise you'll get trodden on.

WOOAH!

OH!

OOH!

YI! YI!
YI!

MERCY!
MY JEWELS!

What's the idea, running around in the dark?... Where are you off to?

Plok Plok Plok Plok

SLAM

That's the front door!... Come on, Snowy! Let's see!

WOOAH!

Down the drive!... Someone running away!... Great snakes, it's the photographer!

Too late to catch him now!

WOOAH!
WOOAH!

AAAH!

AAAH!

AAAH!

Ah, there are the lights.

What was it, Nestor?

Only the fuses, Mr Tintin.

Meanwhile...

This'll please the boss!

Oh, madame! Madame!

THUMP

That cursed step again!

Your je... je... je... jewels...

Well, Irmaaa?

Your je... mdaame, your jew-jew... your jewels!

In heaven's name speak, girl!

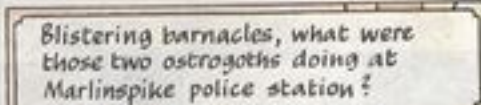
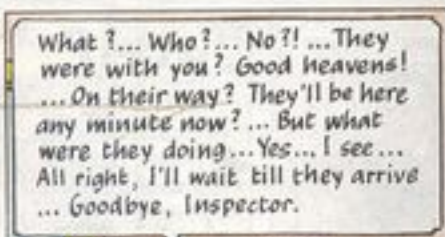
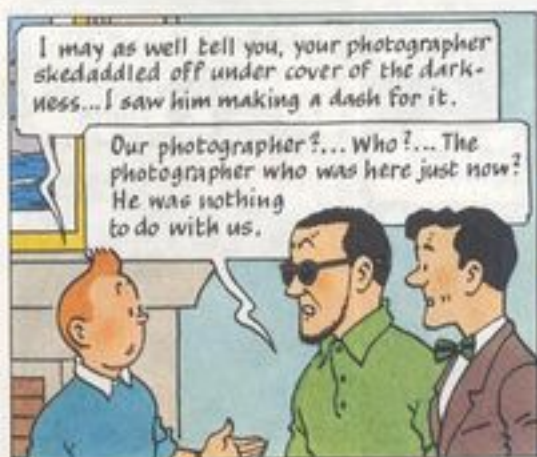
Gone, madame!... All gone!... BOO-HOO-OO!

MORTE!!

AAAAAA

AAAAAA

Quick! Quick!





Visitors, you said? ... I bet it's the Thompsons!

Quite right!



You poor, poor things! ... What happened?



[...er... I think I must have braked a little late...

To be precise: I think you didn't brake at all!

You're not hurt, I hope?



No, not at all... Nothing worries us!... Look, we're keeping it under our hats, but we're here on a most important mission: we've been sent to protect your guest, Signora Castafiore, and her jewels...

Aaah!



You dunder-headed Ethelreds! ... I suppose you've come to shut the stable door, eh?

Good-evening, Captain.

The stable door?... No ... We came by car...



The Captain means that the horse has gone: someone's just stolen the Castafiore jewels.

No?

Who?



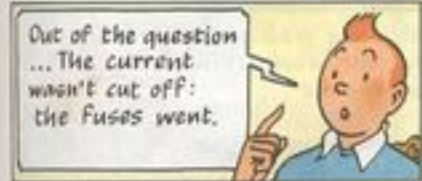
That's what we've got to find out. But come in, and we'll put you in the picture.



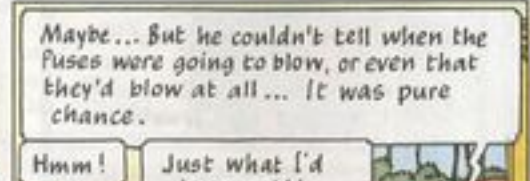
A few minutes later...

Those are the facts... Everything seems to point to the mysterious photographer and yet...

Yet what? It's the classic crime: an accomplice cuts off the current while...



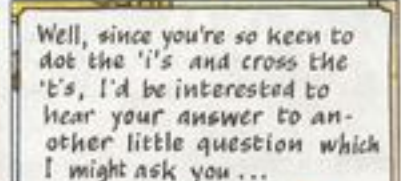
Out of the question ... The current wasn't cut off: the fuses went.



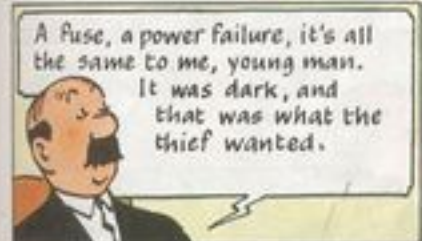
Maybe... But he couldn't tell when the fuses were going to blow, or even that they'd blow at all... It was pure chance.

Hmm!

Just what I'd have said!



Well, since you're so keen to dot the 'i's and cross the 't's, I'd be interested to hear your answer to another little question which I might ask you...



A fuse, a power failure, it's all the same to me, young man. It was dark, and that was what the thief wanted.

You say the fuses blew... All right... But did you discover that for yourself? ...

It was Nestor who told me, when he came up from the cellar.

Nestor? ... The butler? ... Aha!

Aha!

Nestor, who once worked for those crooks the Bind brothers ... A good testimonial!

You know perfectly well, when those gangsters were tried the evidence proved that Nestor knew nothing of their activities. Anyway...

Anyway, blistering barnacles, Nestor is absolutely honest, and I forbid you to suspect him!

We shall see, we shall see! ... Meanwhile, we'll proceed with the routine questioning.

Very well, follow me.

Look out, there are cables all over the place.

Yes...

We know!

Thompson and Thomson, certified detectives.

No one is to leave!

And here's Signora Castafiore. I see she's come round.

Ah, Signora Nightingale, the Milanese Castafiore...

Signora!

Charmed!

Madam, we are here to set light to ... er, to throw light on the circumstances surrounding your terrible loss...

To be precise ... er ...

Go on, gentlemen.

Just to clear up one point, madam: where were the jewels usually hocked ... I mean locked?

Dead or alive, we shall find them, madam. Leave no stone unturned, that is our policy... Which reminds me: I presume your jewels are fully insured?

Mr. Swag promised to fix the whole thing up for me ...

In a drawer in my room, upstairs... Oh my jewels! ... My beautiful jewels! ...

Alas, no, gentlemen...

Swag? Fix it up? ... Fix what? ... Madam, is this some sort of conspiracy? ...

No, no gentlemen. Mr. Swag represents an insurance company.

Ah, that's all right... Otherwise...

Yes otherwise...



Now, your jewels were in a drawer upstairs... Good... Was the drawer locked?

Yes, and the key was hidden in a vase. I fetched it from there earlier on, when I took the case out of the drawer.



The case?... What case was that, madam?

Why, my jewel case of course, the one I...



I... Mamma mia! ...I remember now!



I was sitting here...



There!... There!... What did I tell you?



My jewels! Look! The little darlings!... All here?... Yes!... Oh, I could weep for joy, I'm so pleased to see them!



I really am a feather-brain!... I completely forgot, I'd come downstairs with my jewel-case, when these nice people from television arrived. How too, too hilarious! Ahaha!... What a good laugh!... Don't you agree, gentlemen?



Laugh, madam?... No, madam?... We are not amused, madam! ... Good night!



What is wrong?... Oh dear, what have I done?... Why are they so cross?

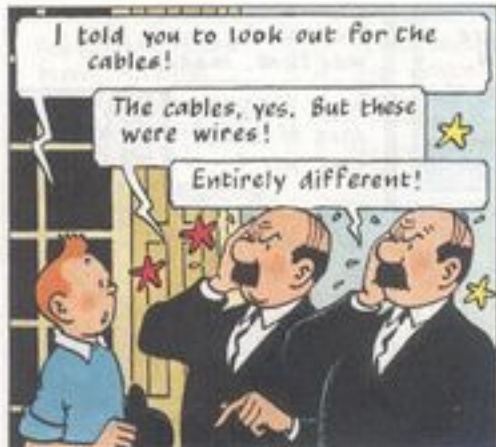


Here, your hats!... And mind the cables!



Thank you, we can manage. ... We've told you before: we're not children!





TU-WOOD

An owl! ... Heavens, how it made me jump!

Come on, Snowy, Home!

Three days later ...

Yes... yes, I know... I mean ... Yes, it was a wedding ... er... my step-sister's cousin ... Yes... Look sir... I'll be with you tomorrow morning ... Yes, yes, definitely... Yes, yes, I promise, sir... Yes, sir... Good-bye, sir.

If you don't come tomorrow, my fine friend, I'll ... blistering barnacles, I don't know what I'll do ... but I won't stand for it!

SLAM

No! I won't stand for it! I tell you: I won't stand for it!

I'll take them to court! ... I'll have them locked up! ... To make fun of a poor, weak woman!

Mind the step!

I know! ... Look at that! ... It's shameful! ... It's a disgrace! ... It's monstrous! ... But they won't get away with it, I can tell you! ... Look at it!



But what's the matter? ... It's not at all bad, that photograph ...

Not bad! ... Not bad! ... Is that all you can say? It's horrible, I tell you!

Horrible! I wouldn't say so ... In fact, I'd say it was a very good likeness.

That's right! ... Defend the cads! ... the bores! ... the bumpkins! ... Mannerless yokels! ... This is the limit! ... And it's not just a question of the likeness! ... It's far worse than that!

Worse than that? What do you mean?

I mean... I mean that photograph was taken here by a reporter from the "Tempo", and he got in without a soul knowing!... You let people use this house like a hotel!

What? That photographer...

Yes, that photographer, the one who got away in the dark... Oh, it's too bad! I said to that "Tempo" riff-raff: "You've dared to say that I weigh fourteen stone!... Very well: no more photographs, no more interviews!... You can tell your reporters I never want to see their faces again!"

And now by some diabolical trick they've managed to run a whole feature!... And all because of you! It's all your fault!

My fault?!...

Of course it is!... If you were more particular about the people who invite themselves in... If you didn't open your door to every Tom, Dick and Harry, this would never have happened!... And you! Wagner! I want a word with you!

So you've come back, Mister Wagner!... Where have you been? ... And who gave you permission to go out?... You have work to do, Mr. Wagner; scales, Mr. Wagner!

Silence!... Your playing is careless, Mr. Wagner!... Two wrong notes yesterday!... In future I want to hear you practising all day long. Is that clear?

But...

Yes, signora...
No, signora...
Yes, signora.

And you, Irma!... Have you found your little gold scissors yet?... Obviously not!... What's got into you, girl?

Me, madame?

D O N G

Yes, you Irma!... And go and see who that is, instead of gawking like an idiot!

Hello, girlie!

'Morning, Duchess!... How goes it?... All O.K.?... And your hubby-to-be? He all right?... Fine!... Well, here we are: I've brought you a dinky little insurance policy...

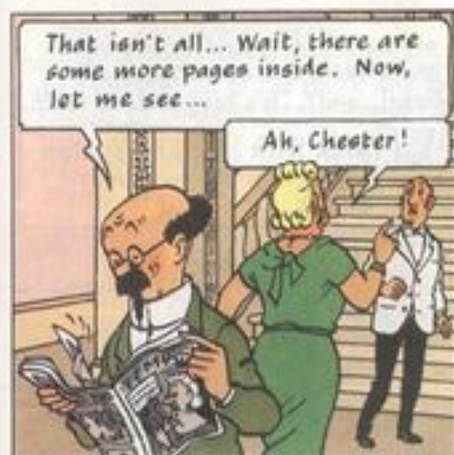
I'm so sorry, Mr. Sag!... You're too late!... The early bird catches the worm, Mr. Sag!

Come offit! You're joking!

Don't try to argue, Mr. Sag... I shall take care of my own jewels, Mr. Sag!... Good morning, Mr. Sag.

SLAM

?



MERCY! MY JEWELS! MURDER! MY EMERALD!





Unless I'm very much mistaken, it was the thief who fell on the stairs just now.



Hello? Yes this is me... Yes, with a 'p', as in Philadelphia... Good mor... What... A robbery?!... An emerald?!? But...!... Look... Signora Castafiore... She's quite sure, isn't she; it really has been stolen this time?



A good question.

Yes, I'm afraid it has.



Good... That's lucky for her. I don't mind telling you, if she'd got us up to Martinspike on another wild goose chase we wouldn't have come.



Definitely not!

Half an hour later ...

In a nutshell... If the theft was committed by someone in the house, then there are only six suspects: Irma, Wagner, Nestor, Calculus, Tintin, and of course you yourself, Captain.

Are you suggesting...!?



Wait!... Three on our list can be ruled straight out: you, because you couldn't have gone upstairs in your wheelchair; Tintin, who was with you; and Wagner: he was playing the piano in the maritime gallery.

If you can call it playing ...



That leaves Irma, Nestor, and the Professor.

One of those three a criminal?... You must be crazy!



And so, with your permission, we will question each of them separately, in private.

All right. I'll send Nestor in. But you're wasting your time.



Where was I?... In the garden, near Professor Calculus who was pruning his roses... I was watering the begonias when I heard Signora Castafiore shouting... I looked up at the windows ...

Oho! You admit you could see the windows from where you were?



Certainly, sir... Then, as the cries continued, I dropped my watering can and hastened towards the house...

You were in a hurry to reach the house, eh?... That is all. Please ask the Captain to send in Irma.



Sniff... I was busy sewing in my room... sniff... Suddenly... sniff... I heard madame calling out... sniff... I ran to her room... sniff... just in time... sniff... to catch her in my arms... sniff... as she fainted... sniff...

Aha!



Your mistress has told us she spent about a quarter of an hour in the bathroom. In short, knowing her habits, you would have had an opportunity to enter her room, without any noise, and slip out with the emerald... or drop it from the window to an accomplice... To Nestor, for instance!... Come on! Confess!

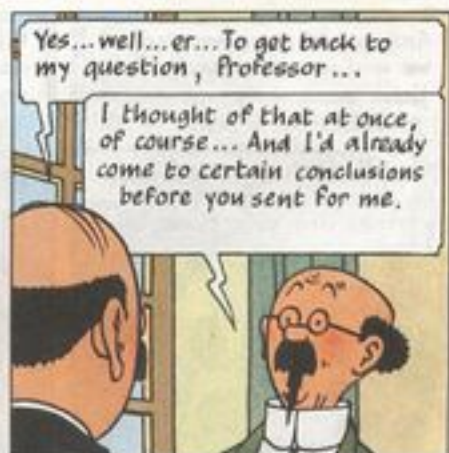
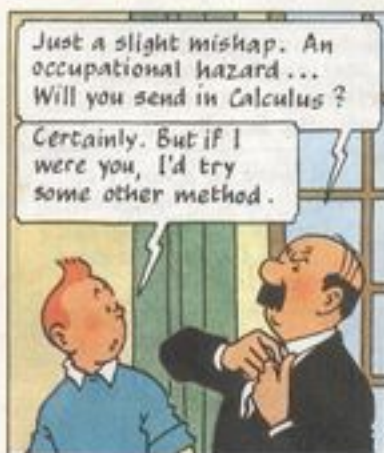


EEEEEEEEK!

Help!

Tintin! Save me!





And if Irma gives in her notice, as she may well after such an insult, will you find me a new maid? ... And what about the higher wages the new girl will want: will you pay those? ... I tell you, if you don't apologize to Irma...



... I leave this house immediately. I shall tell the Captain!



You see? It points south-east.

Now... where were we?...

You understand, I'm not accusing anyone. It's simply that my pendulum indicates the direction of their camp.



A camp? What are you talking about?

Excuse me! I must stop you there!... They are real gypsies. I've seen them as clearly as I see you!



I say, your friend Calculus, is he a bit...er, you know? He keeps on talking about a gypsy encampment.

Yes, that's right. There's a Romany camp quite close.



Is that true?... Why didn't you say so before?... They're the villains, without a shadow of doubt!

But look here, what proof have you?



Proof? We shall find it!... Those sort of people are always thieving! There's no time to be lost: take us to their camp.

All right, I will. But you've no right to suspect them just because they're gypsies.



I'll be surprised if they're still there. Having done the job, they'll have bolted.

I don't think so!



Where's the camp?

OH!

Well?



They... they've gone!... But I saw them only last night...

What did I tell you? They've done a bunk.

They won't have got far.



... calling all patrols... Intercept band of gypsies. Believed to have left Marlinspike within past few hours for unknown destination ...



Two days later ...

"Investigation into the theft of the Castafiore emerald continues" ... etc. etc. Ah! "The gipsies who were camping near Marlinspike at the time of the robbery have been assisting the police in their inquiries. A headquarters spokesman refused to comment on the affair" ... There!



Those poor things ... And I'm absolutely certain they are innocent.

Me too. I'd stake my life on it ... but ...



Tintin! Captain! My dear friends! ... A sensational discovery! ... Sen-sa-tion-al! ... I've just invented a television set!

You old pioneer!



Colour television, of course! The other day, looking at all those sets, I thought to myself: what a pity the pictures are only in black and white!

You know, someone has already ...



Not at all, it's just a question of know-how. Now listen carefully... The people you see on the little screen are in black and white, aren't they? But in the studio? ... What about that?

The studio?

Er...



I don't need to tell you... In the studio the subjects are all in colour... Well, the purpose of my apparatus is to restore those colours! ... How? ... How? ... Well, roughly speaking, by colour filters inserted between an ordinary television set and a special screen. I call it "Super-Calcolor".

But that's brilliant!



You think so? ... In all modesty I must say my own comment would be: brilliant! But you shall judge my invention for yourselves. Tonight they have that famous programme "Scanorama" ... Will you join me?



That evening ...

Now my friends, hold your breath! ... This is an historic moment!



♪♪♪ Tonight... BING ... Scanorama... BONG... your look at life... DONG



... brings the big news of three continents to your fireside. Our roving cameras give you a close-up of...



... the 21st Taschist Party Congress at Szoköd, the secret life of the Abominable Snowman, and the jewel robbery at Marlinspike ...



Well, I'll be ...

What a coincidence!

How very strange!

At the 21st Taschist Party Congress at Szolöd, Marshal Kürvi-Tasch, in an exceptionally violent speech...



The picture isn't absolutely clear, but I can adjust it...



DIGADOG DAGADIGADUG DOGODOGDOG DAGODAGODAGODUG DIGADIGDUG

That's better, isn't it?



It's the sound, now!

All right, eh?

The sound! ...Thundering typhoons, adjust the sound!



Oh dear!... A valve has gone!... It won't take long to replace...



Ten minutes later...

There! That's done it!

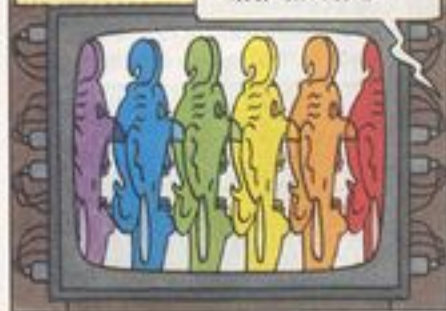


... summary of the facts. As you know, the famous Italian singer Bianca Castafiore is staying in this country...



Ah, my beauty past compare

Is that me? Oh, how horrible!



At historic Marlinspike Hall, the prima donna was the victim of a daring robbery. A magnificent emerald vanished... mysteriously!



Today a Scanorama reporter went down to Marlinspike and spoke to the officers in charge of the case. Over to Thompson and Thomson...



No, our lips are sealed. We can't tell you whom we suspect, but it isn't anyone in the house. Mum's the word, you know.



Yes, dumb's the word, that's our motto. So we're not allowed to tell you about the gypsies, though we suspected them from the start...



Especially after they cleft their lamp... er... left their camp, the morning after the robbery. But we soon ran them to earth, and then when we searched their caravans we made a startling discovery!



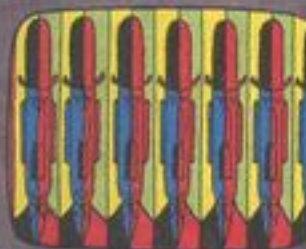
Not only did we discover a pair of scissors belonging to Signora Castafiore's maid, but in one of their caravans...



... we found a messed-up Flunkey ... er... a dressed-up monkey. Obviously, the emerald could only have been stolen by a man climbing the wall: in fact, a man of remarkable agility... And that man has been found: the monkey! Of course the whole bunch...



... denied it furiously. The scissors had been 'found' by a little girl. As for the monkey, he'd never been out of his cage.



So that's how things stand... but we're keeping it under our hats, of course. All we have to do now is recover the emerald...



And for a couple of master-minds like you, gentlemen, that will be child's play... Thank you for putting us so clearly in the picture.



Now we turn from the excitement and suspense of a police investigation to another burning topic that is hitting today's headlines...



Oh no! That's enough!

Stop! My eyes are simply streaming!

Enough! Enough!

Naturally, it isn't entirely perfect yet, but...

My eyeballs are doing the shimmy!

I'm seeing six of everything!

Me too!



The next morning...

Poor gypsies!... I'm still convinced they're innocent... I've had another look at the wall: even a monkey climbing would have left some trace, but there wasn't a sign. What then?



Hello! There's Mr. Wagner going into the village, on Nestor's old bike.



He must have got permission to leave his piano. Now's our chance, Snowy...



We'll go back indoors... and we'll be spared that piano for a change!







Thanks ... But why did you save me from her?

I wanted to get you alone ... Now, sit down at the piano: it's safer... Then talk!



All right! ... I'll tell you everything. It's the horses ... I'm a gambler, you see. I go to the village every day to telephone my bets ...

Hmm!



Is that so? ... Still, you weren't in the village when the emerald was stolen ... when some unknown person fell down the stairs ... It was you, wasn't it?

Yes, it was I.



I'd been up to the attic ... and on my way down I heard Signora Castafiore cry out ... I hurried to get back to my piano, and missed the step.

Why were you in the attic?



Well, on a number of evenings I thought I heard someone walking about up there ... at dusk ... like the signora did on the night we arrived. In the end I decided to get to the bottom of it ...



Why didn't you simply ask us?

I didn't want to make a fool of myself, if it was only a false alarm ... Anyway, I didn't find anything.



One last point, Mr. Wagner. The day after you came, I found your footprints under Signora Castafiore's window ...

Golly, how some people do love to talk!



Yes ... it's quite possible. After that incident during the night I went round there, to make sure no one could have climbed the ivy.

Good ... That's all the explanation I need.



No, I don't think Wagner stole the emerald: he seems to be telling the truth ... Well, now I've got to find the real culprit!



In any case, I'll visit the attic tonight. We must follow every lead ... Coming, Snowy?

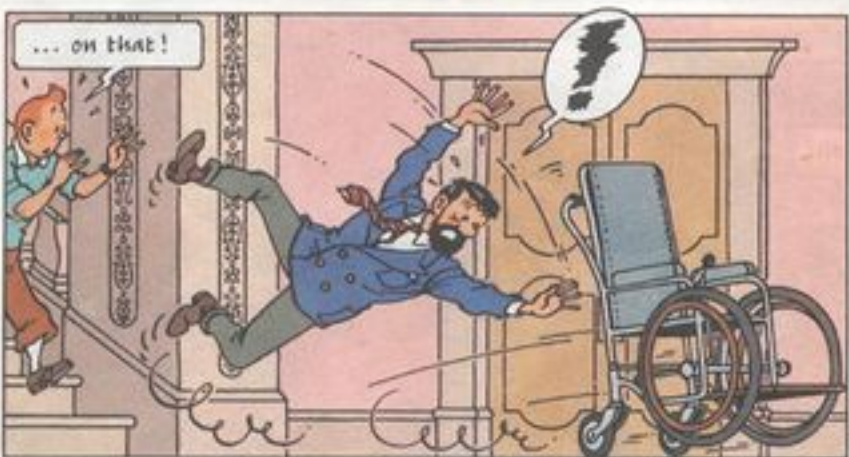
Ah ... at last!



At nightfall ...

Ssh!











Nightingale with a Broken Heart

MILAN, TUESDAY

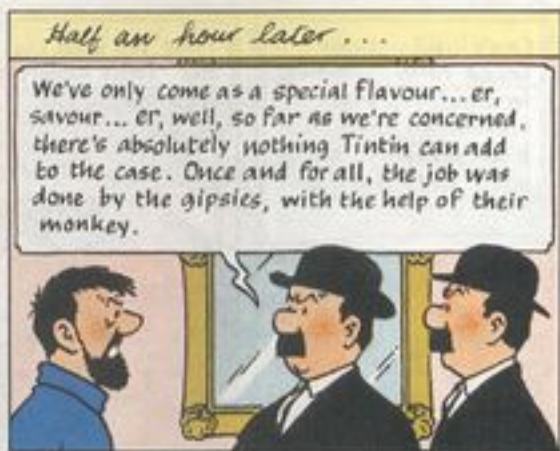
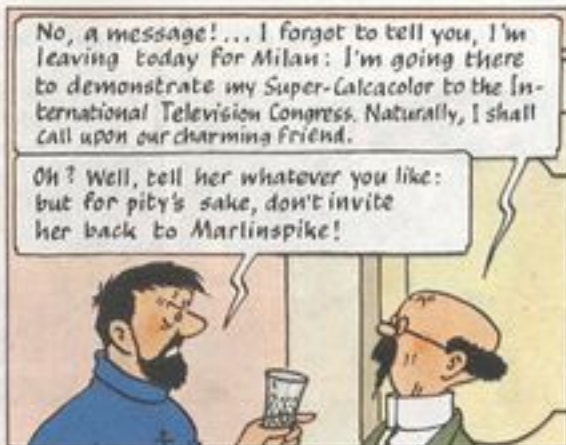
'Triumph ... superlative ... sublime ... unforgettable,' proclaims the Italian press. At La Scala last night the divine Castafiore bid farewell to Europe. An ecstatic audience acclaimed her overwhelming performance in Rossini's LA GAZZA LADRA.

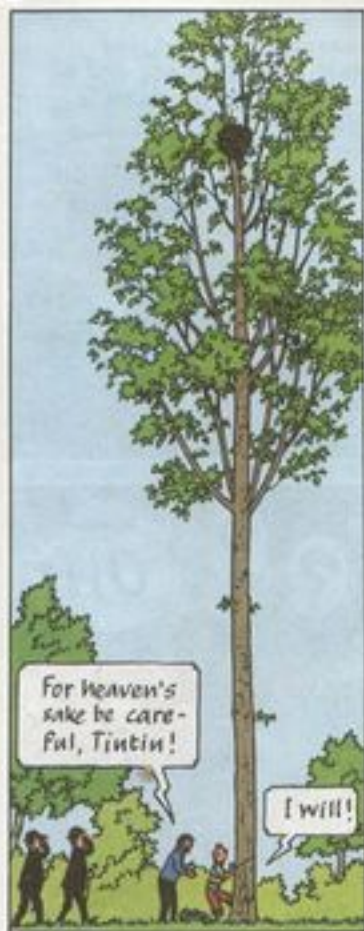
Time and again a delirious house recalled their idol. Fifteen curtains! Bravo! Bravissimo! But can the plaudits of admirers mend a broken heart? For the nightingale still mourns the loss of her most precious jewel.

And have we heard the last of the Castafiore emerald? Not so. Police investigations continue in the Marlinpike area. Was a monkey used to spirit away the jewel, magnificent gift of the Maharajah of Gopal? No comment, say detectives, but suspicion weighs heavily upon local gypsies. And still no sign of the emerald.

From Italy, the Milanese nightingale wings her way tonight











Look! Mr. Bolt has been to mend the step.



That's wonderful!... Ah, he's put a board across it: to give the mortar time to set. I expect he warned you.



No, he didn't. But it's quite obvious...

Maybe, but I'm just mentioning it for your own good. You can't be too careful. For heaven's sake, remember: don't put your foot on that step!



Right, Captain.

Indeed, sir.

For the next few days you must step over... like tha-a-at! You understand?

Yes, Captain.

Very good, sir.



You see! It's perfectly easy. You just have to think what you're doing...



DONG!

Hello... Who's that?



It's me again... I forgot to tell you...



Ah, Mr. Bolt! It was nice of you to come...



TU-WHOO



That's a real shame! I just popped back to say, wait a day or two before using that step... Too bad: a lovely bit of marble, that was!



Chak-chak



Blistering barnacles, that's the end!