

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

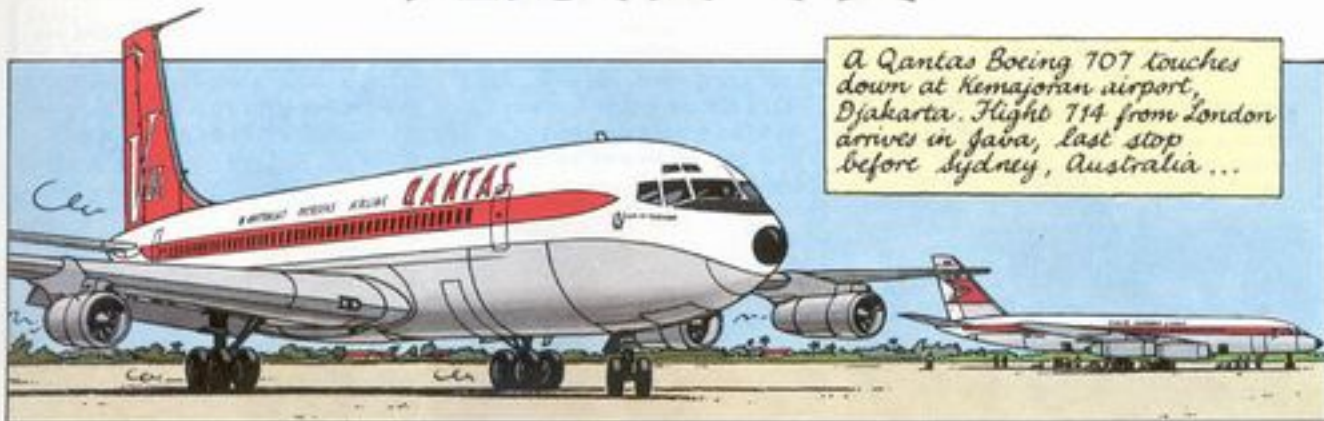


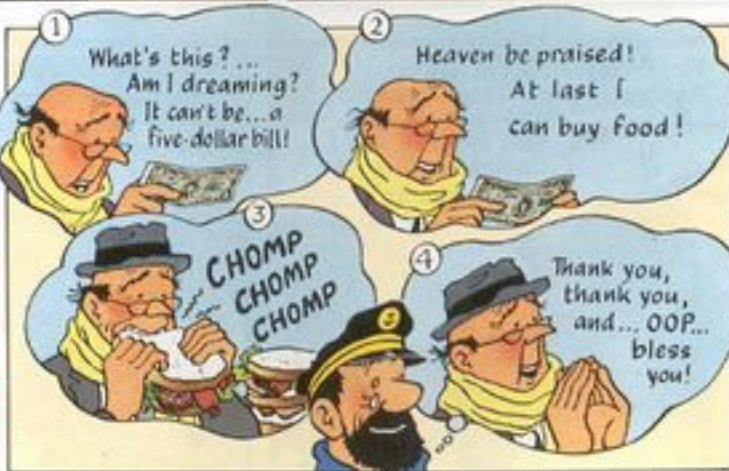
# FLIGHT 714

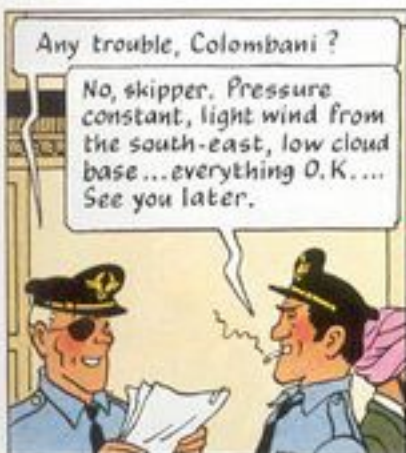
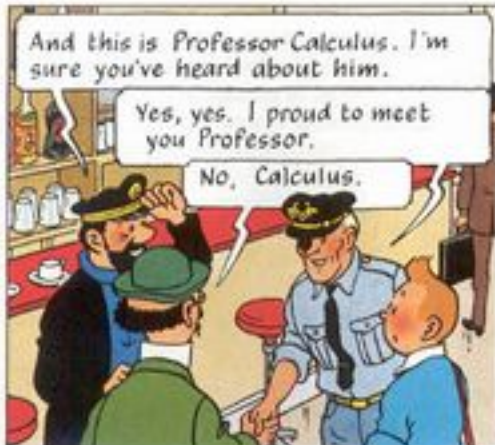


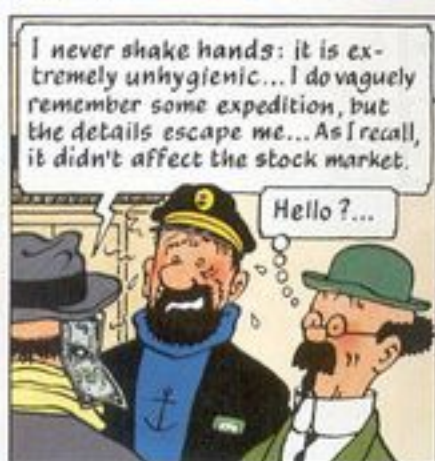
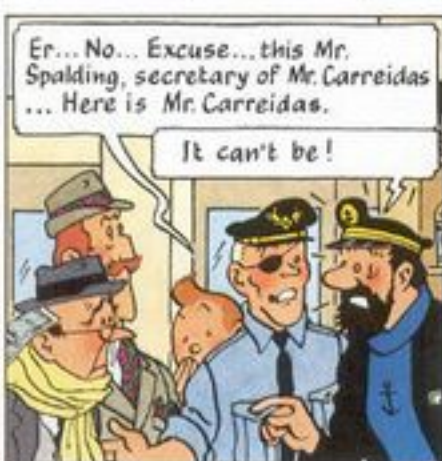
MAMMOTH

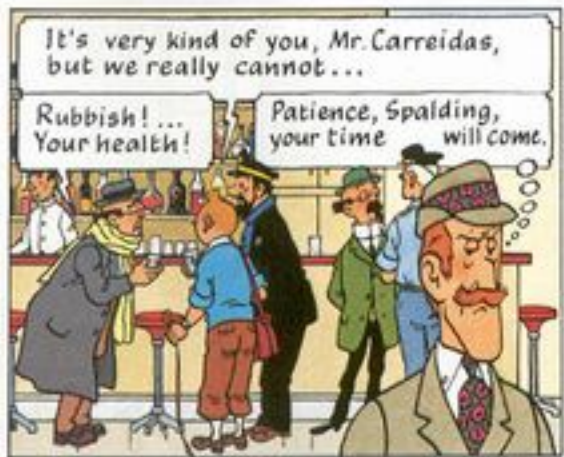
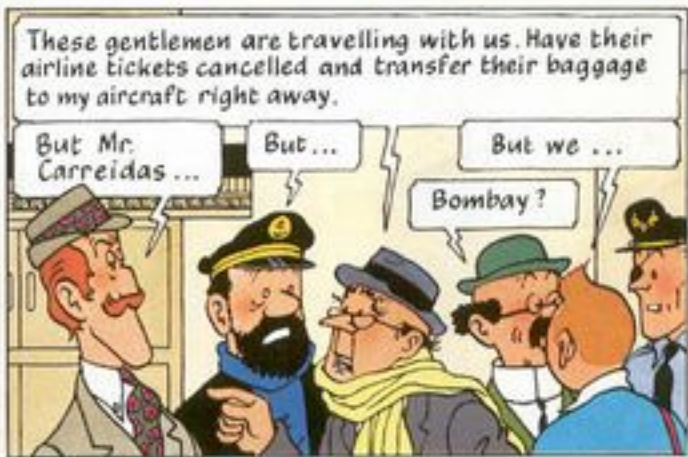
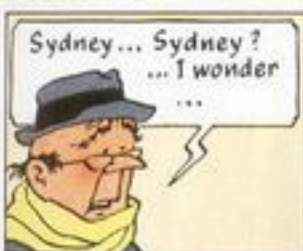
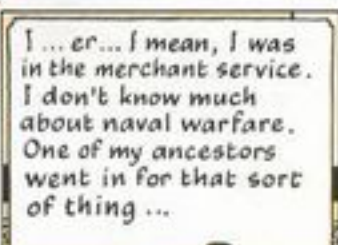
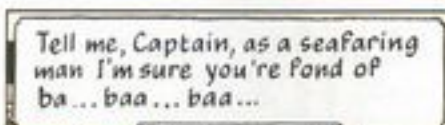
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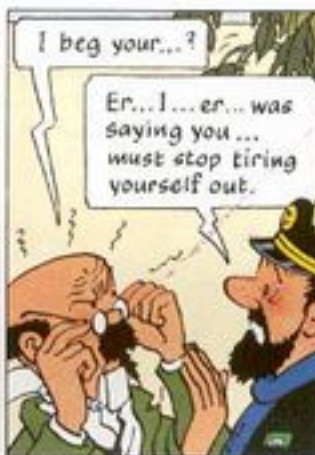
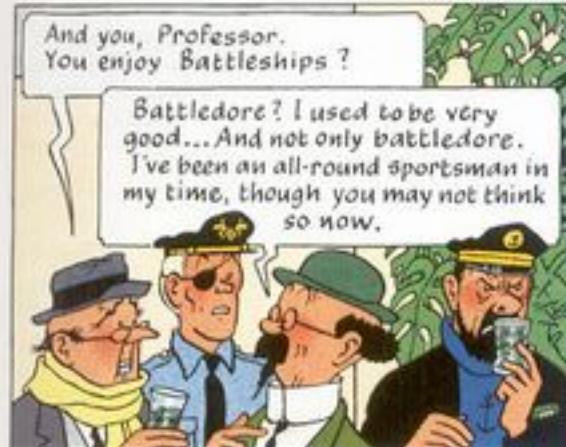












This is my newest brain-child: the Carreidas 160. A triple-jet executive aircraft, with a crew of four, and six passengers. At 40,000 feet the cruising speed is Mach 2, or about 1,250 m.p.h. The Rolls-Royce-Turbomeca turbojets deliver in total 18,500 lbs of thrust...

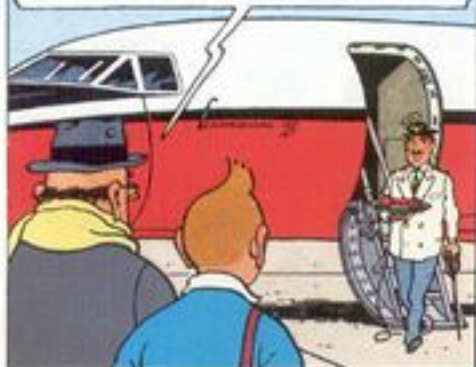
It's magnificent!



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



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



Telefono from New York for il signor Commendatore.

That'll be Goldberg.

Hold the line, please.



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

Si, signor Commendatore.



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



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



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

Hello!

Captain!

Well, well...



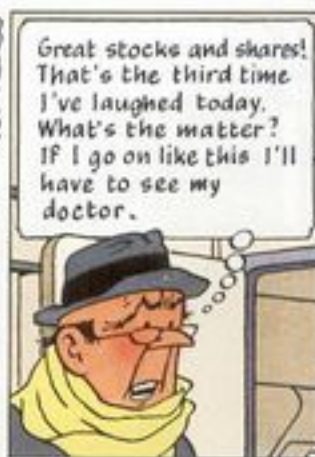
More new crew?

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



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







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



Aha!



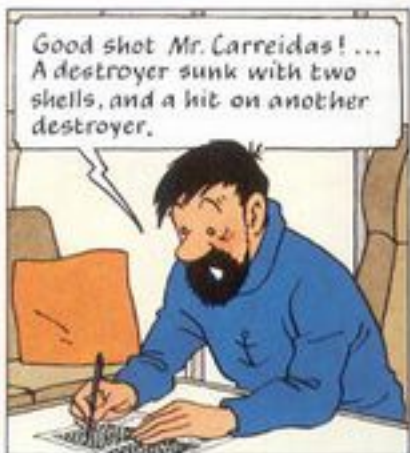
This is going to be good!... Now for my pipe. Oh, I hope the smoke won't bother you?



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



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



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



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



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

Blue blistering barnacles!



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



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



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



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



For my third salvo: G1 - G2 - G3



**THE WING!**



Mr. Carreidas sent me along: he wants to know our position.



We've just passed the radio-beacon at Mataram on the island of Lombok. We're heading now for Sumbawa, Flores and Timor.



Good.

By the way, skipper. Mr. Carreidas would like a word with you.



Me? ... Then I'll come at once.

You take over the controls, Colombani.

O.K.



You go. I'll be along.



G-6,  
H-6,  
I-6

The old man cheating again.

Thundering typhoons! still bang on target! It's fantastic!



A cruiser sunk! Holed three times! ... Now I'll try ... er ... F-1, F-2, F-3.



A destroyer hit once, and two shots wide ... Well, what is it?



You send for me, Mr. Carreidas?

Me? ... No? ... Why?



But Mr. Spalding just come and say to me ...

Spalding? That half-witted ...



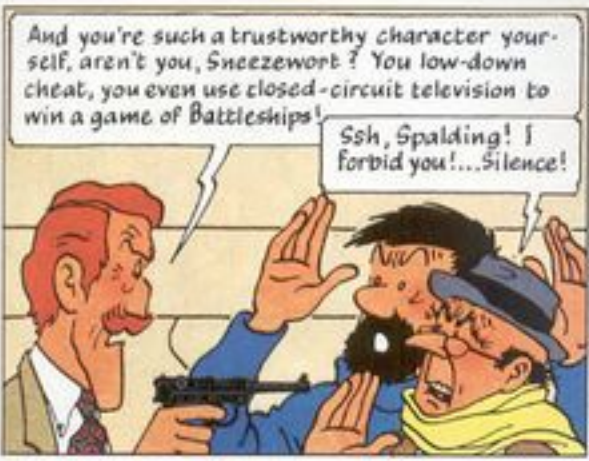
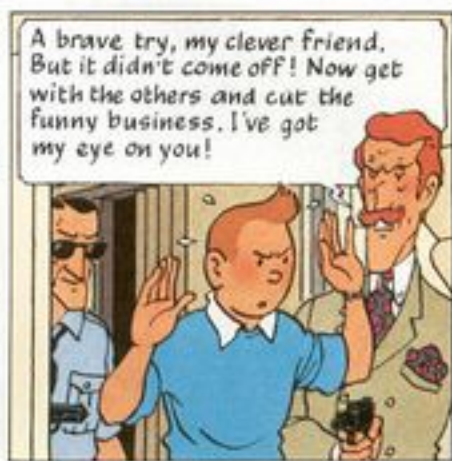
Is it not true, Mr. Spalding, you say ...



Hands up! Come on, all of you!

SPALDING!?!









Kurang adjar! Apa tidak bisa djaja sajawoenja lajar! Apa gilah!

Macassar tower calling Golf Tango Fox! What has happened? Are you receiving me? We have lost radar contact... Please report your position. Over.

Macassar tower calling Golf Tango Fox! I repeat: we have lost radar contact. Report your position, Golf Tango Fox, are you receiving me? Come in please. Over!

Aha! That's done the trick!

Mamma mia!

A pleasure trip! Hat! Hat! Very Funny!

We change course.

Why?

Spalding!



Spalding, this is treason! You'll live to regret it, Spalding!... Spalding, you hear me? ... Spalding, speak to me, Spalding!

What d'you suppose is behind all this, Mr. Carreidas?

A foreign power, undoubtedly, or a rival company, trying to steal my prototype.

Or perhaps it's just a straight case of kidnapping... to extort a big ransom.

They won't get a penny! Not a penny! Never!



Macassar tower to Darwin tower. We have lost contact with Carreidas 160 Golf Tango Fox, destination Sydney. Last radio contact passing over Sumbawa. Are you in touch with this aircraft please?

They'll soon raise the alarm and ... Ah, there's our radio beacon!

We're home and dry!

Home and dry?... Don't count your chickens, Inglese!... It isn't all over by a long chalk!

Why? ... What do you mean?



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



Ten minutes later...



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



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

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



They're ready for us.



Yes, I saw.



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



Flaps down, Hans!



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

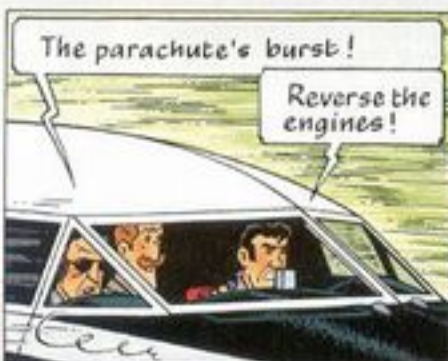
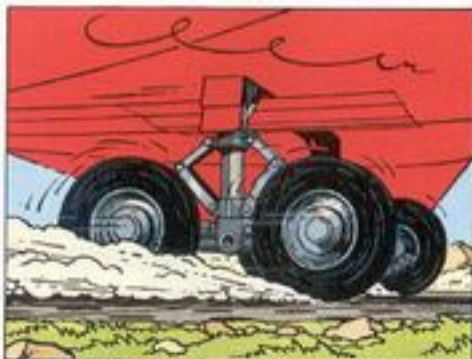
They put down flaps.



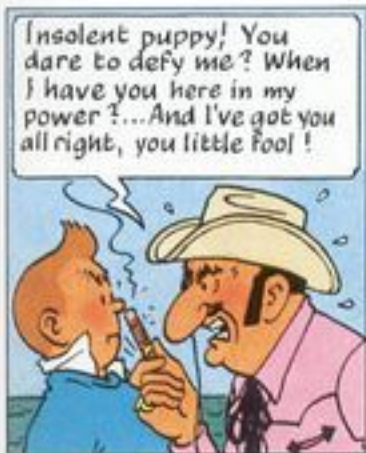
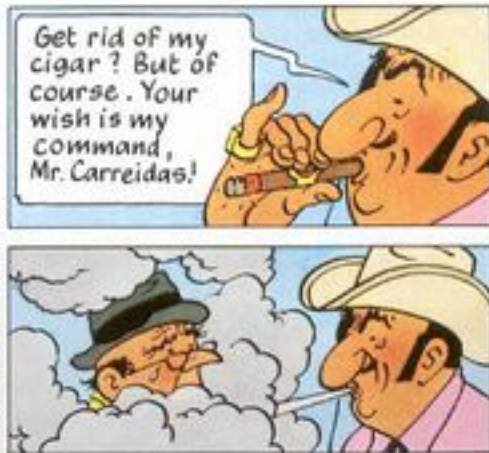
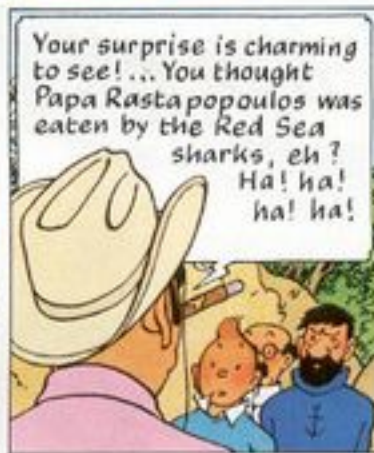
All sit with back against forward partition, hands behind head!

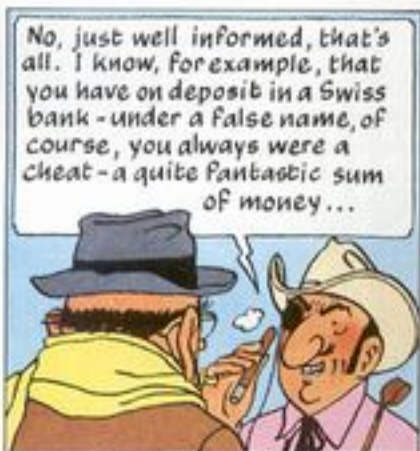
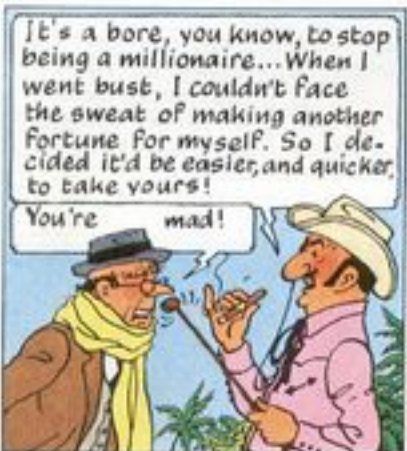


Now, Colombani boy, it's all or nothing!





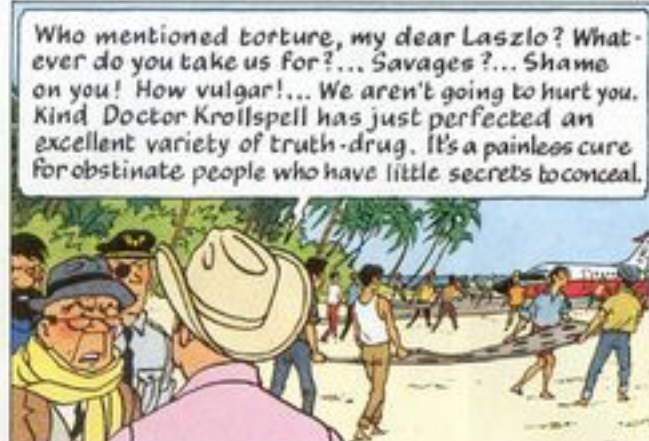






Cowardly brute!

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



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



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



AAA A

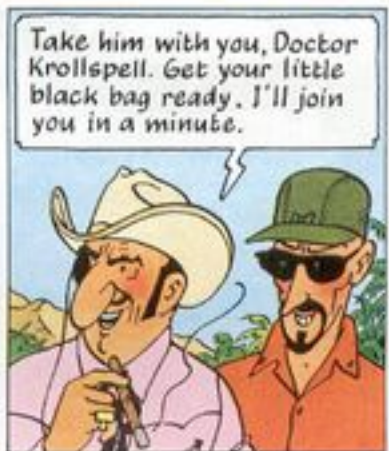


Stop! My hat!...

Whoops!



TCHOO



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



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

Come along!



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

My hat!...



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

Don't worry about me.



But I do. I want you wrapped up!



Ten thousand ...

Ha! ha!

Ha! ha!



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

Enough fooling: take them to the cooler.

O.K.

Come on, get going!...The old boozer's had a drop too much. Can't see the end of his nose. Tintin, you're in charge of the steering. Now then, on your way!

He who laughs last laughs longest. Remember that, pockmark!



We're going uphill. Get in single file. Don't forget, Tintin, you're in charge of bluebeard!



Left, Captain...

Right...A little more to the right...That's it...

Now keep to the left...

Straight ahead...



Careful! Keep left now...

GRMBLLL



Left, Captain, left...

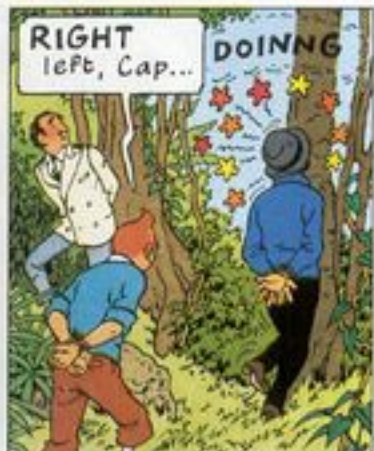
LEFT!!

LEFT!!!



RIGHT left, Cap...

DOING

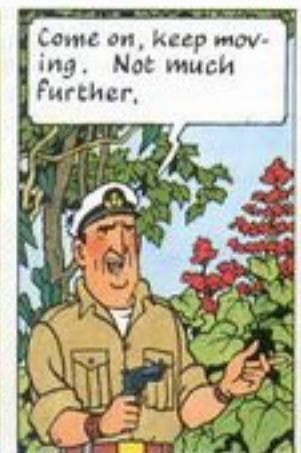


Ten thousand thundering typhoons!...Just you wait, Allan! When I get my hands on you I'll stuff your cap right down your throat, badge and all!

Ha! ha! ha!



Come on, keep moving. Not much further.



Will you step into my parlour, gentlemen?



Home sweet home: an old Japanese bunker. And here you stay till Carreidas talks. So make yourselves comfortable.

What happen to us afterwards?



I'm not supposed to tell you yet; boss's orders. But I'd hate to keep a secret from old shipmates like you...You'll go back on board the aeroplane, which will then be towed out to sea...and sunk. With you inside, of course!...Ha! ha! ha!



CLANGGG

Scorpion!





Baboon! ... Orangoutang!..

Ha!ha!ha!



Bandit!... Bootlegger!... Bashi-bazouk!... Breathalyser! Brigand!

Keep your hair on, Captain... I mean... Come and let me try to get that hat off!



'ull 'ard, 'a'ain! ... 'ull! 'ull!

Can I be of any assistance to you?



'ooray



Billions of blue blistering barnacles, I ... Oh, sorry!...



HA! HA! HA! HA! It suits you! You look fabulous!

It's disgraceful! ... Yes, disgraceful!... I said disgraceful!



Ssh! ... Quiet! ...

Why? What's the matter?

I suppose you think it's funny!



No, it's nothing... I thought for a minute I could hear Snowy barking.

Of course. Poor old Snowy!

Disgraceful! That's what I call it!



Don't you worry, Tintin. If we get out of this alive we'll make the butchers pay. I'll...



Thanks, Captain. Whatever we do, it won't bring poor Snowy back to life.

I ... er... well... yes... hm... er...



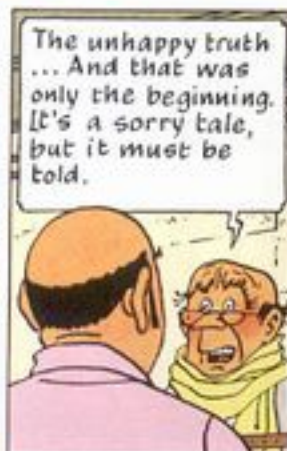
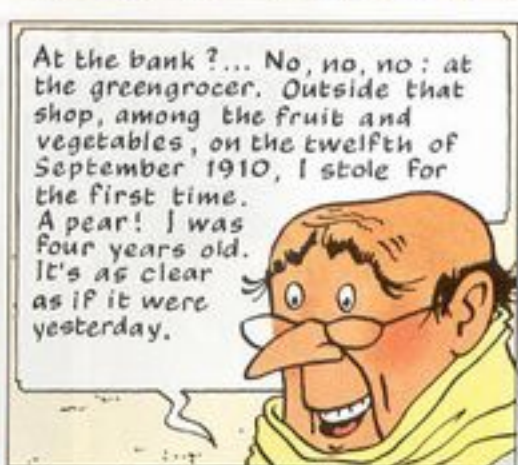
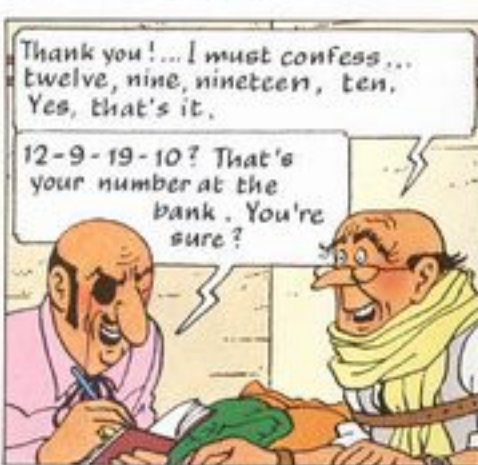
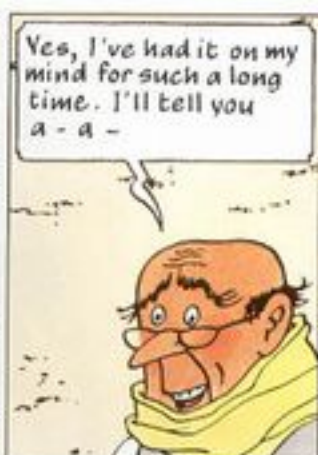
Anyway, remember our own death sentence is only suspended, until Carreidas talks... But I wonder, will he talk?



He'll talk, Mister Rastapopoulos, he'll talk all right.

I hope so for your sake, doctor!

Never! ... And anyway, I want my hat!



Poor Elena! How she protested her innocence. But they threw her into the street... And I nearly died of laughing! Even then I was the devil incarnate!

The dose can't have been strong enough. I'll give him another shot.

Very well.

I was only a child. From my tenderest years I have never ceased to do my neighbours down. Amazing, isn't it?

Th- ere!

Now who's going to give his account number to his old friend Rastapopoulos, eh?

Me!... Me!... I am!

2. 17. 6 ...

2. 17. 6? Excellent my dear Carreidas. That's all I wanted to know.

Yes, 2.17.6. That was it. The exact amount. I sneaked it one morning, some years later, from my elder sister's handbag.

You dare to joke with me?

Believe me, it is no joking matter. I am rotten, rotten to the core.

Your account number! Tell me! I order you to tell me!

I'm so mean that I even cheat at games in my aeroplane. I imagine, I installed closed-circuit television to let me see my opponent's fleet... Dreadful, isn't it, at my age?

I don't care! I don't care! I don't care!

But you should care. There are lessons to be learned from the life of a dishonest... of a ... dishon... dis... ZZZ-ZZZ-ZZZ

He's gone to sleep!... Your serum is a success, Doctor Krollspell! A brilliant success!

Meanwhile ...

If we get out of this mess alive I swear I'll never touch whisky again ...

... For a hundred ... no, fifty ... er, say ten... well, three days... That's a promise!

Ssh! ... Quiet! ... Listen!

I didn't say anything!





Which man 'e go cry?... You tell!

He's there... He understood.



OUCH

?



YEOW

Now for it! One, two, three!



WHAM

WHAM!... Well done!

Fine left hook!



WHAM

And again! Bravo!

Fine right uppercut for other one!



First, let's take that hat off poor Calculus.

A neat job, eh, boys?



Ma professore, it was not uno joke.

I don't deny it. It was just a stupid joke, that's all.

Now we must try to rescue poor Mr. Carreidas.

Poor?... Him?... Risk our lives for that cheat?



How'd we find him, anyway, miserable old Midas?

By using his hat.

Using his hat?



Yes. Where is it?... Ah, on the floor.



Get the scent, Snowy.

Sniff, sniff... That reminds me of someone...



Find him, Snowy!



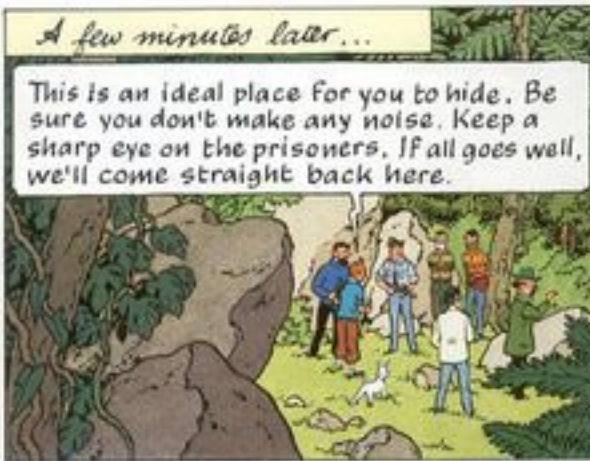
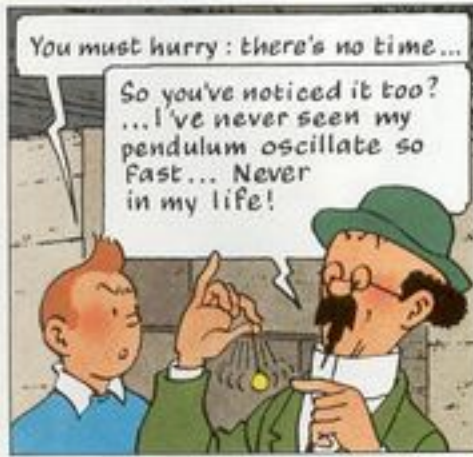
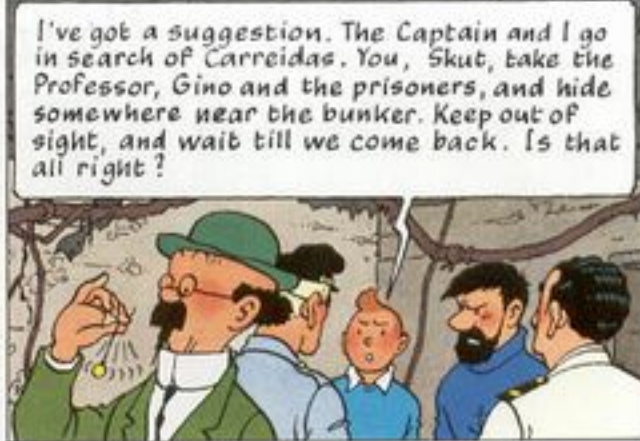
Seek him out!

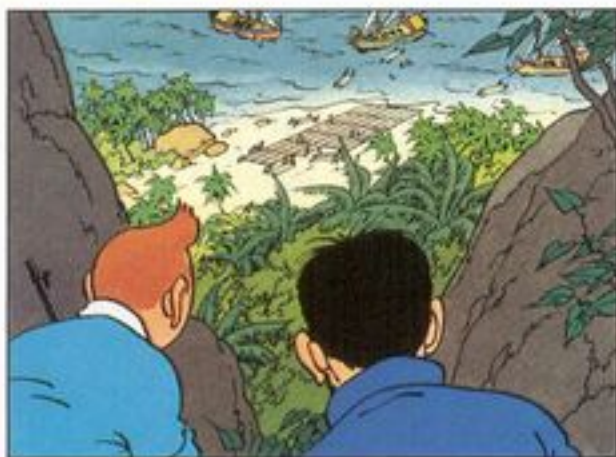
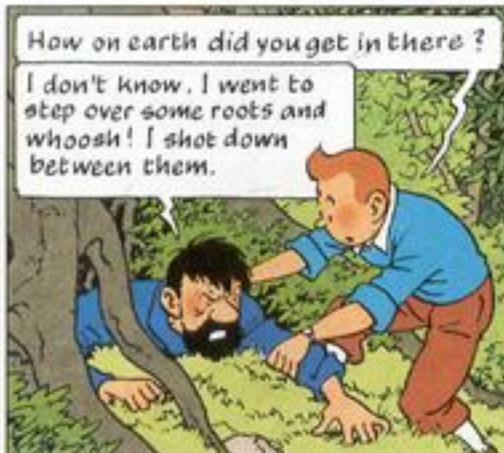


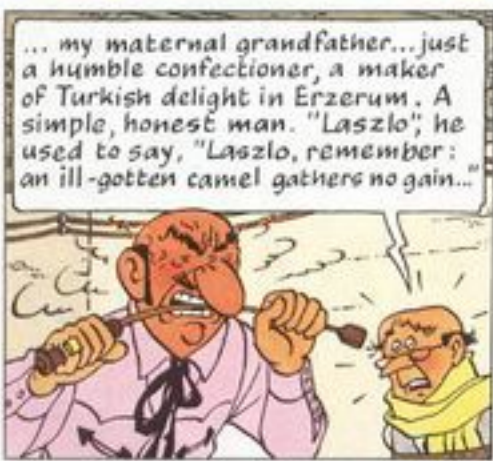
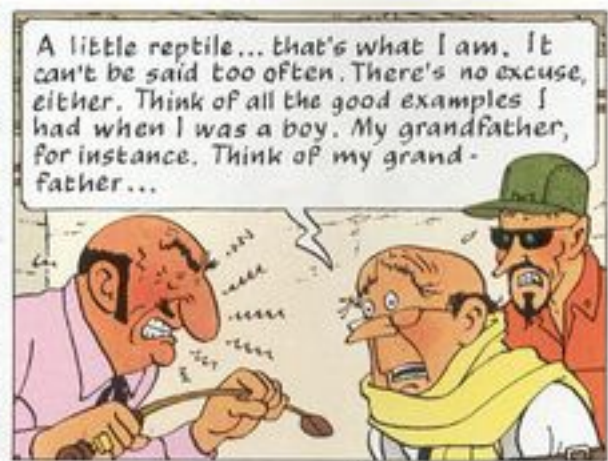
I... er... it will work this time, Mister Rastapopoulos. I've doubled the dose... I... I shall succeed...

I strongly advise you to, doctor!

ZZZZ  
ZZZZ  
ZZZZ



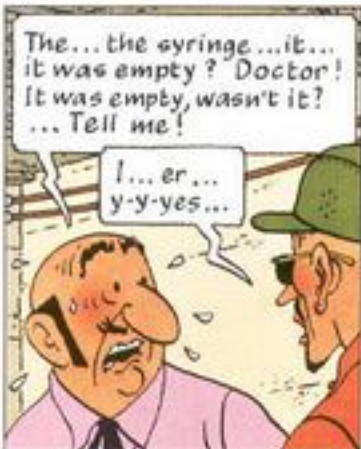






Clumsy quack!... You jabbed me with your needle, curse you!

I... I'm t-terribly sorry...



The... the syringe... it... it was empty? Doctor! It was empty, wasn't it? ... Tell me!

I... er... y-y-yes...



... it was... er... empty... er... almost... You... you aren't feeling bad...

Me? Bad?... Bad? Me?... Bad?



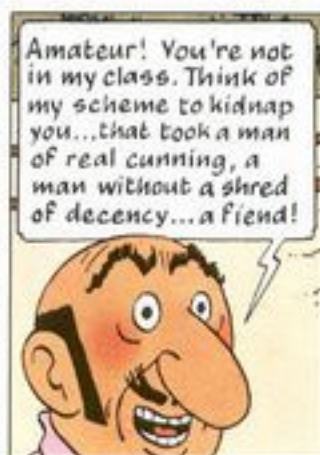
Me? Bad? Of course I'm bad! I'm the devil incarnate... that's what I am. And let's hear anyone try to deny it!

I beg your pardon! I am the devil incarnate... and I'm richer than you are, too!

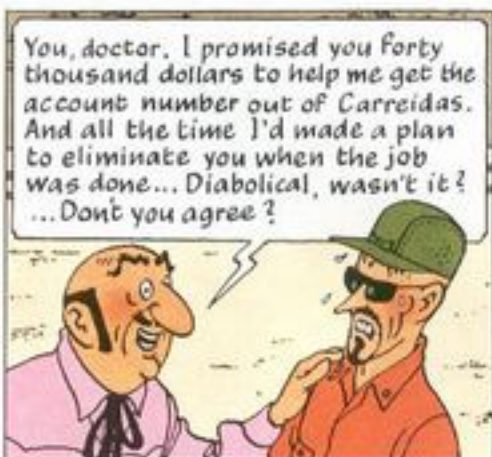


So what? Listen to this! I ruined my three brothers and two sisters, and dragged my parents into the gutter. What d'you say to that, eh?

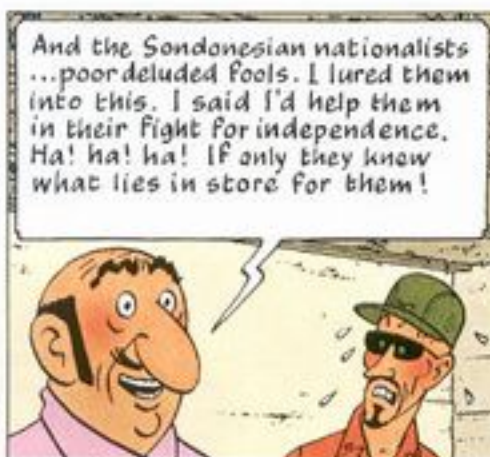
Peanuts! Kid's stuff! My great-aunt was so ashamed of me she lay down and died! Beat that!



Amateur! You're not in my class. Think of my scheme to kidnap you... that took a man of real cunning, a man without a shred of decency... a friend!



You, doctor, I promised you forty thousand dollars to help me get the account number out of Carreidas. And all the time I'd made a plan to eliminate you when the job was done... Diabolical, wasn't it? ... Don't you agree?

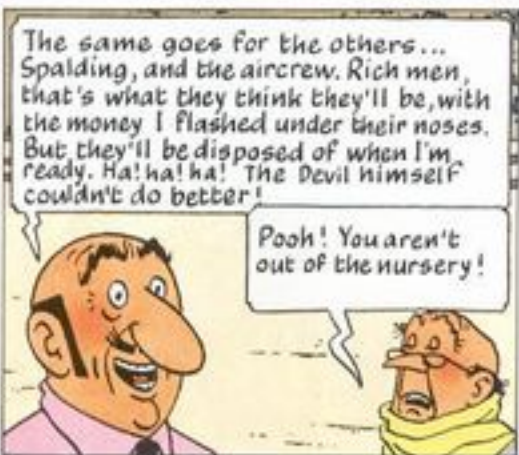


And the Soudonesian nationalists... poor deluded fools. I lured them into this. I said I'd help them in their fight for independence. Ha! ha! ha! If only they knew what lies in store for them!



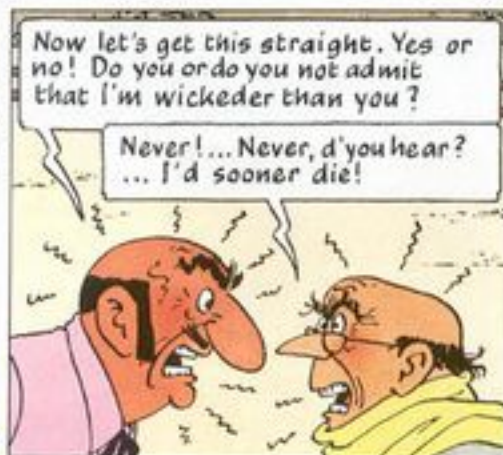
Their junks are mined already. They'll be blown sky-high, long before they see their homeland.

He's a monster!



The same goes for the others... Spalding, and the aircrew. Rich men, that's what they think they'll be, with the money I flashed under their noses. But they'll be disposed of when I'm ready. Ha! ha! ha! The Devil himself couldn't do better!

Pooh! You aren't out of the nursery!



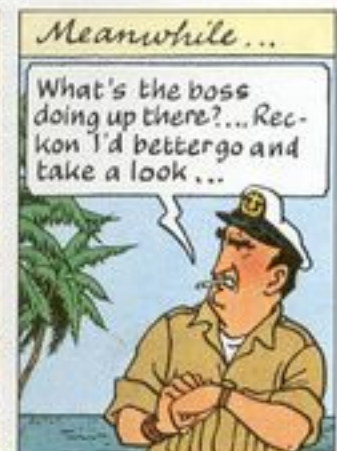
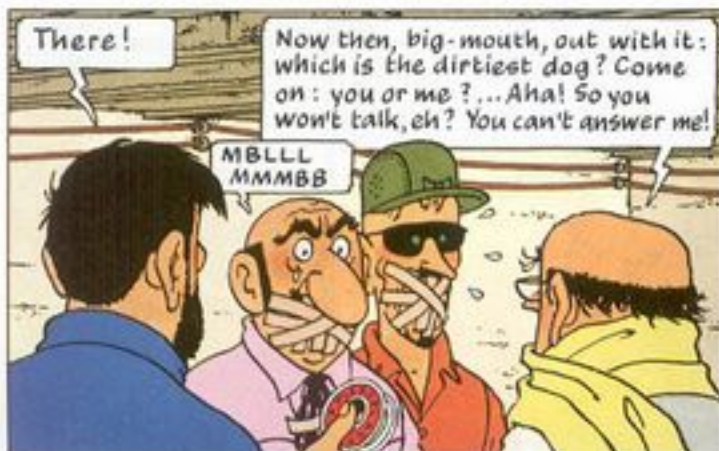
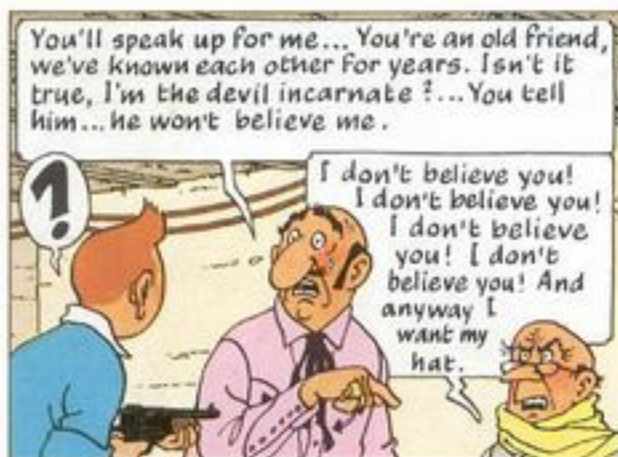
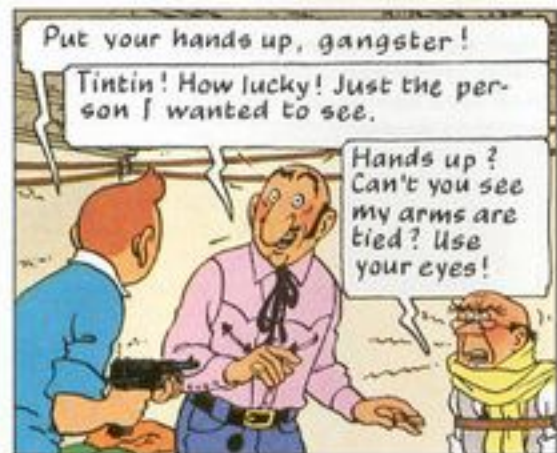
Now let's get this straight. Yes or no! Do you or do you not admit that I'm wickeder than you?

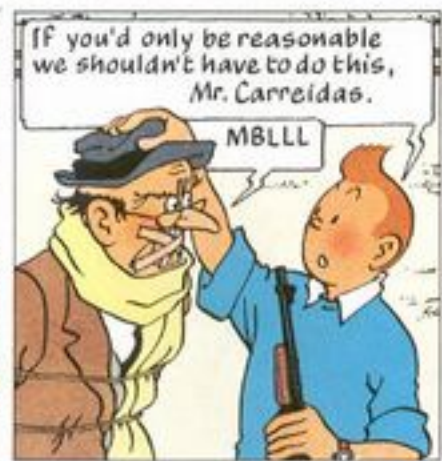
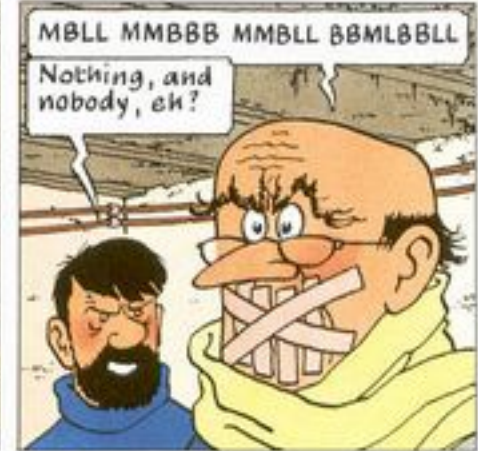
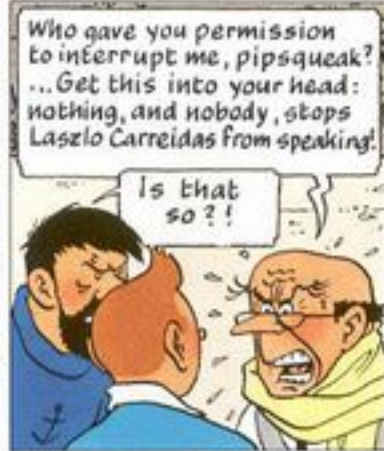
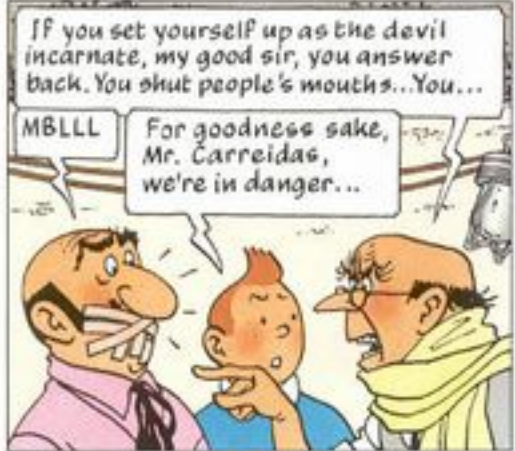
Never!... Never, d'you hear? ... I'd sooner die!

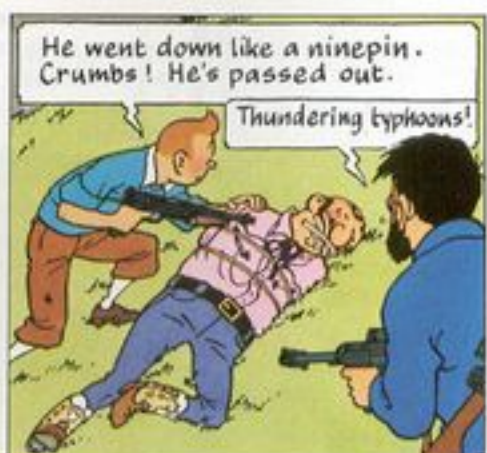
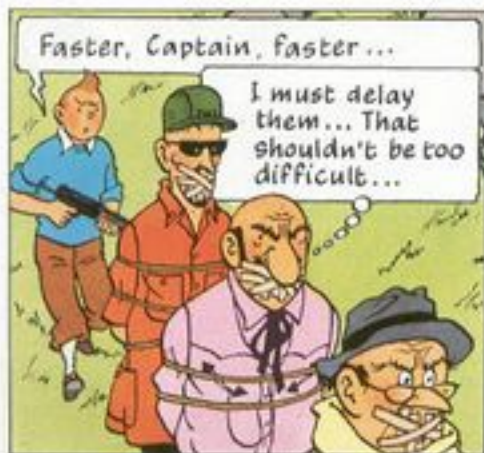


All right, if that's what you want! Die!

Quick! Time we intervened!









What shall we do, Captain? We can't leave him: he's too valuable as a hostage.

I know...



But if we have to carry him they'll catch us up in no time.

Wait... maybe there's another solution.



Just what I'm looking for.

What are you doing?



SNAP



I only want to make sure he really is unconscious.

What, with that thorn?

?????



NNNN!



You see? A well-chosen spot... one little prick, and... whoops - a daisy!



We must be close to where we left the others...



CRACK



What on earth's that?

A monitor!



What's it doing here, pestilential pachyderm? ... Looks as if it escaped from the Ice Age!



MMMMMMMM

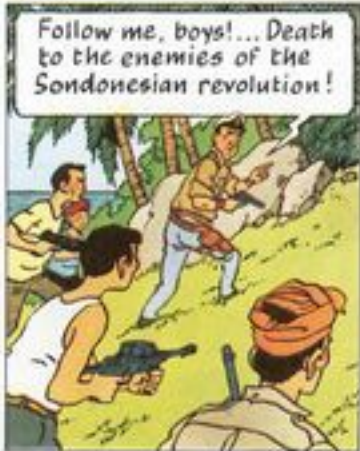
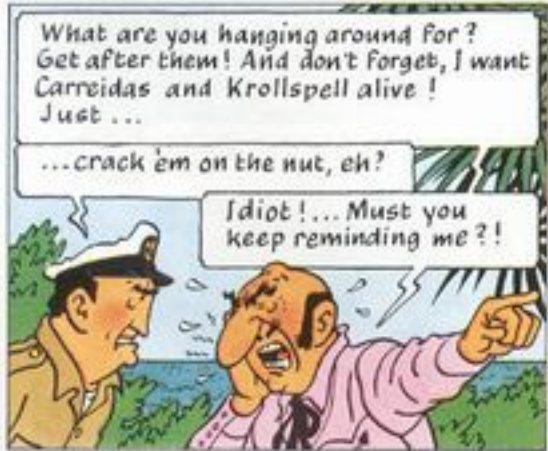
MMMMMMMM

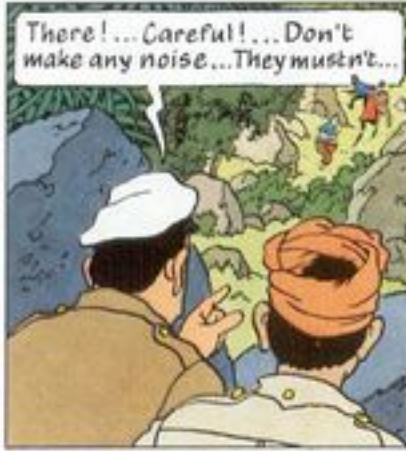
MMM MM



MMMMMMMM







There! ... Careful! ... Don't make any noise... They mustn't...



Wooah! wooah! wooah! wooah!



There they are! I can see them ... You press on with the others, Captain.

But I ...

Go, Captain! I won't take any chances.

Wooah! Wooah!



BANG BANG



WHIUUUV WHIUUUV



O.K. My turn now! ... A burst on the left ...

RATATATAT



And another on the right.

RATATATAT



Now beat it fast while they think I'm still there...



W-what's the m-matter... I feel ... I feel as if someone's speaking right inside my head...



Higher up? To the left? Under a big flat rock... Yes... yes, I'll do as you say ...



Now it's my turn to cover you ...

No, come with me! I know where we shall be safe!



Safe?... Safe where?... What d'you mean?

I don't know. But there should be a big flat rock higher up. Keep close! This way, quick!



A big flat rock? How on earth can you know that?

Come on! Quick! Hurry!



There! ... That's it... Now, behind those bushes ...



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

But how do you know?

Yes, I see them.



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

MBLLL



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

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



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

All right, I'll come.



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

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

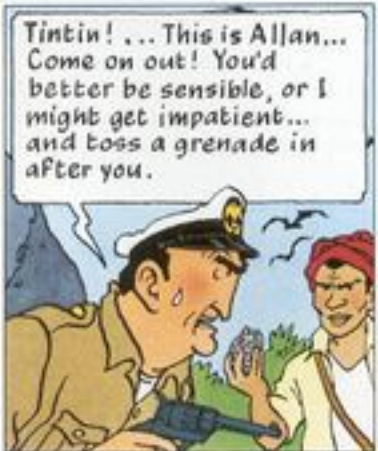


For heaven's sake come along, Captain!

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



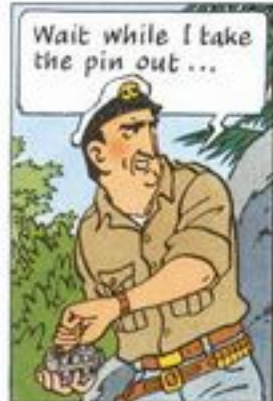
Ha! ha! Too clever by half! They're cornered!



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



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



Wait while I take the pin out ...



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



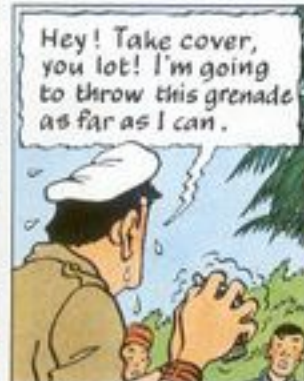
... thr ...



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



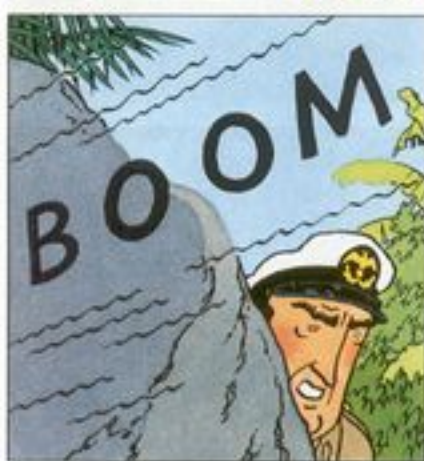
B-but w-what shall I do with th-this ...



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



Whew! That really had me sweating!



**BOOM**



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



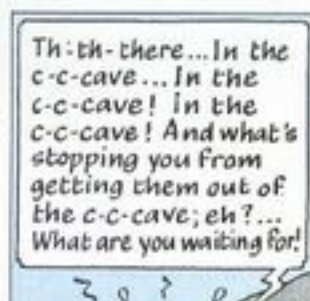
What misbegotten madman had that brilliant idea?! ... Chucking grenades about!!



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



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



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



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



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



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

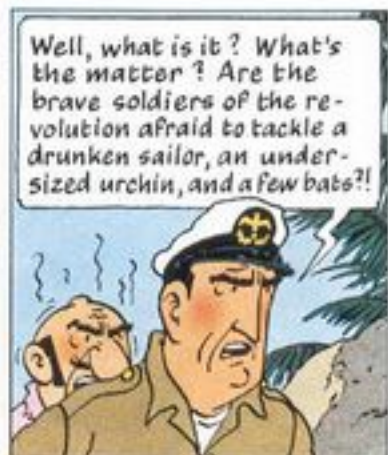
Now what? Keep moving, can't you!



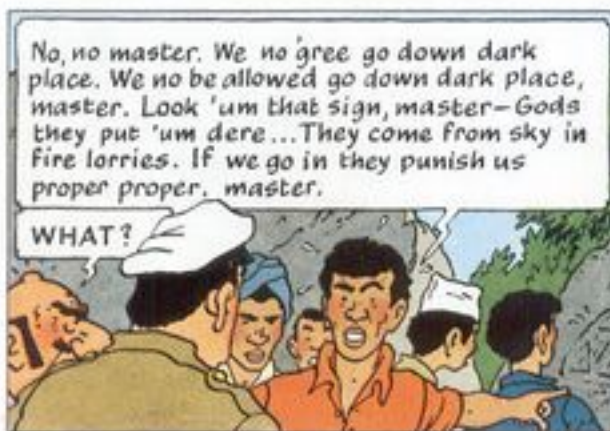
Disana... Diatas batu karang... Lihatlah tanda dawa 2 terbang ini diatas kereta 2 berapi.

Saja.

Itu betul.



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

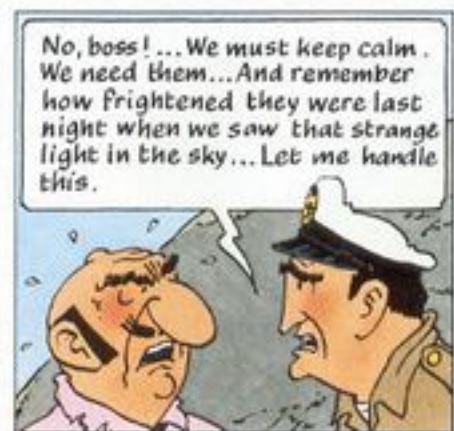


No, no master. We no 'gree go down dark place. We no be allowed go down dark place, master. Look 'um that sign, master—Gods they put 'um dere... They come from sky in fire lorries. If we go in they punish us proper proper, master.

WHAT?



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



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



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

I 'gree, master.



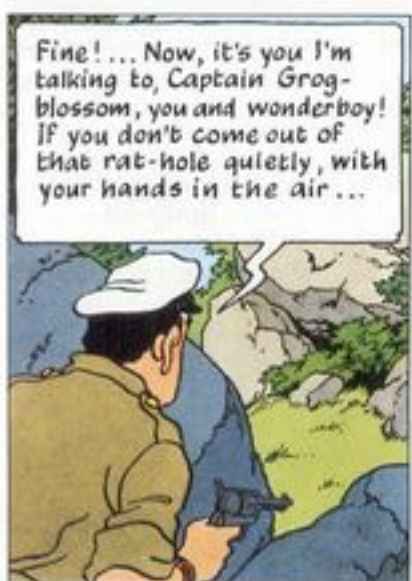
Tell them to bring torches, a rope, and their guns, of course.

I 'gree, master.



They're to be here before nightfall!

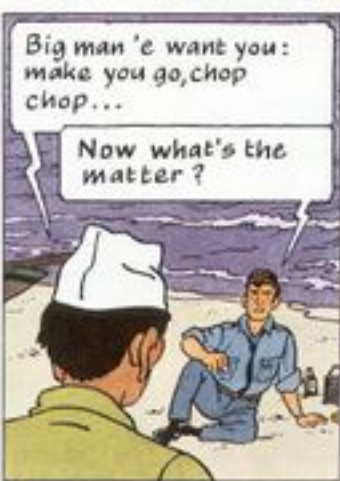
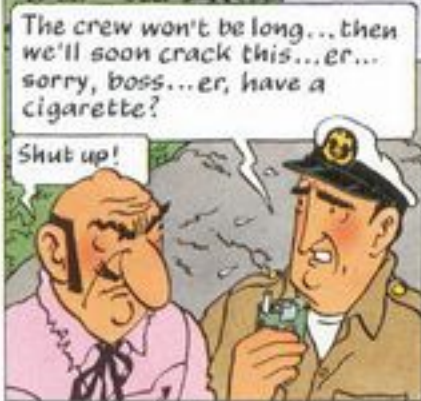
I do, master.



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



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



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

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



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



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

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



Maybe they serve cups of tea, too!



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



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



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



In there? But...

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



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

Your voices!

MMBL

Voices here! Voices there! I suppose you think you're Joan of Arc, eh? I've had enough of this tomfoolery. Thundering typhoons, the joke's over! Tell me how you knew this place existed. Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles, tell me!

But I ...

MMBL



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

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

TAP  
TAP  
TAP

Ssh! ...  
Listen!



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

Fan-tas-tic!

Calculus!

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

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

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

No, no,  
Professor,  
but ...

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

Good evenink, gentlemen. Happy meetink you here.



Name is Mik Kanrokitoff. Have been guidink you.

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

Guidink?



Certainly. You see tiny instrument with mini-aerial?

Yes, what's that little whisker for?



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

Other world? What other world?



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

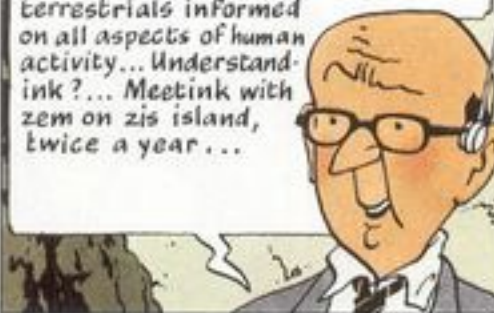


You aren't trying to make us believe that you...

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



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



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



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



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



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



AAAAH



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

MBBBLMM

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

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

MBLLLB

**YEOW!**

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

Why is beink angry?

I'll tell you...

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

But ...

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

Is annoyink me... shall deal.

Look straight at me!

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

Zere is your hat. Put on and be quiet.

Thank you! Thank you very much!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yes, but we managed to escape...



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

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



**TCHOOO**



**OH?**



**AH!**



Have you lost something?

Can't you see my hat has fallen off?



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



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

A flying-saucer?!



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

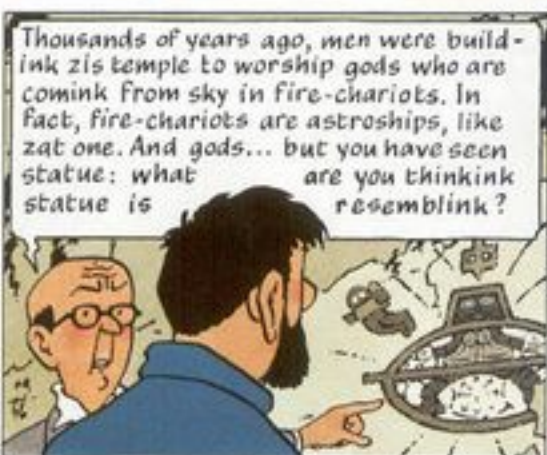
You still doubt? So, look over there, to your right.



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

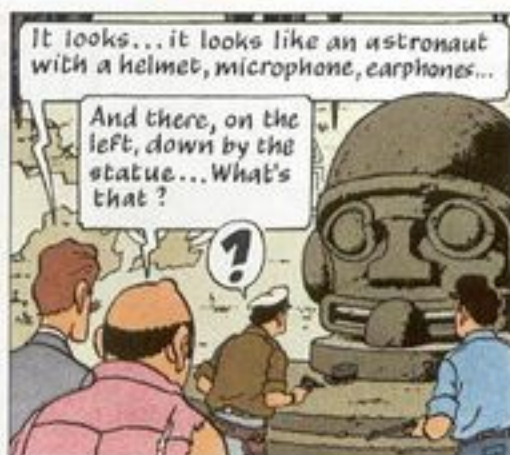


Thousands of years ago, men were build-ink zis temple to worship gods who are comink from sky in fire-chariots. In fact, fire-chariots are astroships, like zat one. And gods... but you have seen statue: what are you thinkink statue is resembink?



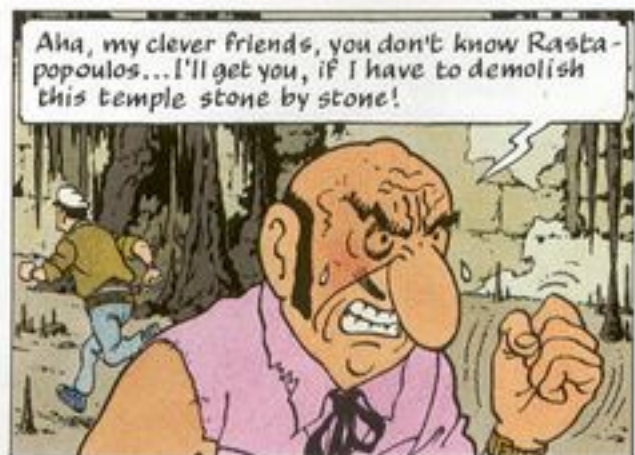
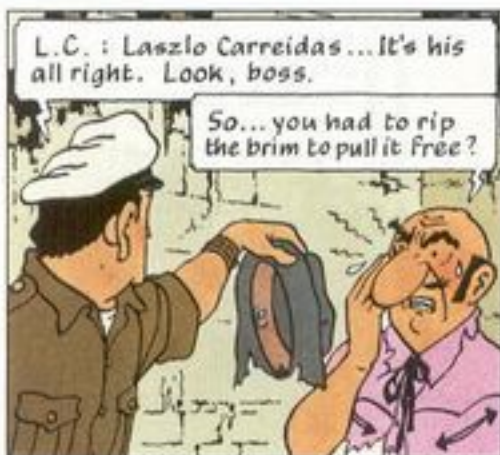
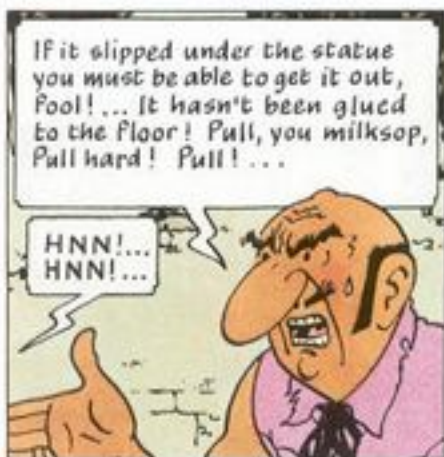
It looks... it looks like an astronaut with a helmet, microphone, earphones...

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



**A HAT! IT'S CARREIDAS'S HAT!**





We were talkink about extra-terrestrials: what zey will do with you. Probably beginnik by hypnotisink you.

What? Hypno-tising us?

No, no, a thousand times no! You don't really believe we'd let our-selves be hypnotised by your prehistoric saucer-sailing space-men! Not on your life!

It's all right, it's all right, you are comink to no harm. You will be hypnotised and are forgettink all zat you have seen and heard here, rememberink only flight as far as Sumbawa in Car-reidas aircraft.

But how did you know...?

About flight? How I knowink?... Nothink tele-pathic in zat. Your comrades Skut and Gino are tellink me...

Oh yes, am summonink zem, too... zey entered temple by another secret open-ink at same time as professor. Guards zat you tied up, I hypnotise zem too and set zem free. Zey are runnik back and spreadink panic amonk zeir comrades.

Young man, mind your man-ners! I took off my hat to you... You could at least raise yours in return!

I wouldn't dream of it!

Good evening!

I wouldn't dream of con-tradicting you, not for one moment, but I myself consider that the temperature here is a little too high.

UPSTART!

POF

???

???

BIF \* BAF \*  
\* BOF \*  
\* FLAP \*  
\* FLOP \*

Crumbs!

SLAP \* BAF \* BOF

Cuthbert!!! Stop!

Professor!

! GNAAR

Cuthbert! Calm yourself for heaven's sake!

Meanwhile ...

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



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



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



**BROMM**



**AN EARTHQUAKE!**



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



*At the same time...*



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



This time?...

Cuthbert, please!

I beg your pardon: he started it!

Your hat? You have it on your head.

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



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



What's been going on?



No, it was him!

Come quickly. Have warnink of danger.



Here are, your comrades.

Hello!

Tintin!

Mamma mia!  
Mamma mia!



Ah, Captain, Tintin, is good to see you again.

Mamma mia!  
Tanto gioia to see again il signor Commentatore!

Skut, you old pirate!

Come, come, must not delay ...



Meanwhile...



There you are at last! About time too! ... But ... what's happened?



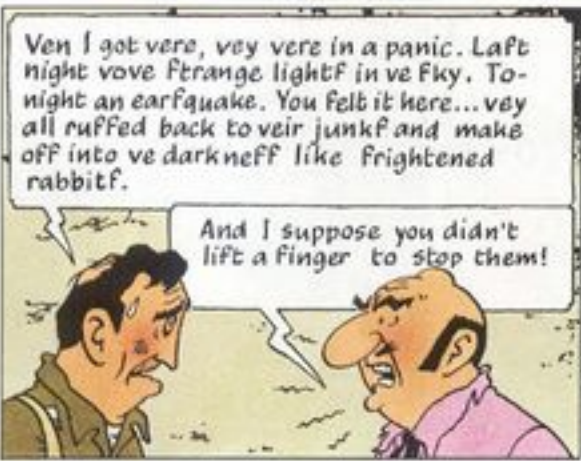
You fee, boff, vere waf an earquake...



I know that, nitwit! ... In the name of the devil, stop that baby-talk!

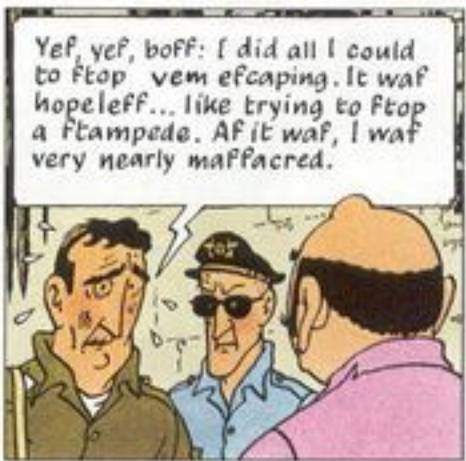


Impoffible, boff: I loft my teef. Confounded Fondonefianf... vey did vif to me, boff!

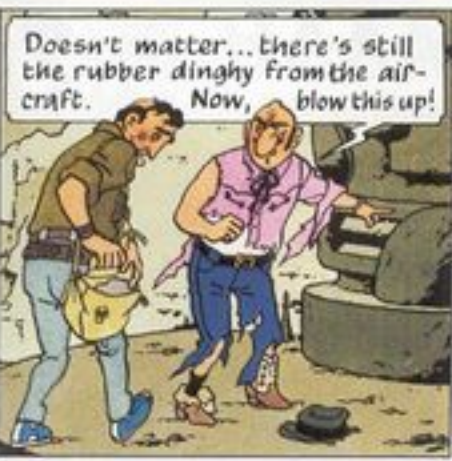


Ven I got vere, vey vere in a panic. Lapt night vove fterange lightf in ve fky. Tonight an earquake. You felt it here... vey all ruffed back to veir junkf and make off into ve darkneff like frightened rabbitf.

And I suppose you didn't lift a finger to stop them!



Yef, yef, boff: I did all I could to ftop vem efcaping. It waf hopeleff... like trying to ftop a ftampede. Af it waf, I waf very nearly maffacted.



Doesn't matter... there's still the rubber dinghy from the aircraft. Now, blow this up!



We'll have fome fpendifid fireworkf, boff: vere'f enough to fmaff ve Empire fte Building to fmvverentf.



That'f it... We've got five minutef to get to safety.

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



**BOOMM**



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

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



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



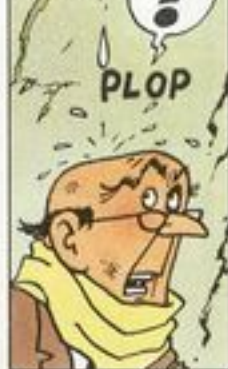
... the main thing is, I found my hat.

Of course.



?

**PLOP**



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



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



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



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



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



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



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



**AAAH**

?







Well done, Captain!  
A brilliant recovery!



Let yourself slide down now...



This way, Captain!



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

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



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

Hurry!



It's like a furnace down here now.



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

The volcano's come to life.



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



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



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

**ATCHOO**



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



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



Now is comink poisonous gas! Hold handkerchiefs over your mouths!

Come on, keep moving!



Well, well, well? What's happening now?



Let's see, what's this down here?



Zis way, quickly! We are nearly outside ...

Come on, come on. And hold that over your nose!



Phew! At last! A lovely breath of good fresh air.



Astroship should be comink here, to old crater.



Look over there! The sky's blood red!

Yes, yes, must be lava flowink down side of volcano ...



Wait! Wait for me! Allan! Allan! Help! Not so fast! Wait for me!



Ve...rubber...dinghy! ...It'f our only... meanf ... of eCape!



Have we got everyone?

Er... I think so... yes...



The professor! He must have been left behind!

WOOAH! WOOAH!



Tintin!... Come back, for heaven's sake!... Come back, Tintin!

WOOAAA00AAAH



Cuthbert!! ... Where is Cuthbert ???



He's gone into that inferno! ... Call him back! ... Do something! ... I don't know ... ring him up ... telepathise him!

WOOWOWWOOW



Come back, my young comrade. Is useless risk-ink your life.



What happened? Did he answer?

Yes, is answerink ... Is tellink me to go to...! And such polite boy, I thinkink!



Help me! ... Here ... help me!

He's back!



Blistering barnacles! Good old Tintin! He's got him!



Quick ... the kiss of life ... We must ... revive him ...



Hip hip hooray! They're safe!



Yippee! Who's coming for a midnight bathe?



Here, Snowy. Not too far,

Pooh, I can swim, can't I?



Still no sign of astroship ... Why are zey so late?

How's that, Cuthbert? ... Better?

Oooh

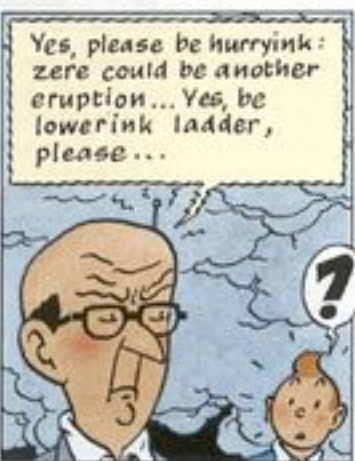


Look! Look! Water! Lake is emptyink like sink!

WOOAAH!



RRHOORR RHOR



Hypnotise us? Not on your life!  
It's out of the question... Besides,  
that sort of mummery wouldn't  
affect us!



Wouldn't affect us...  
wouldn't affect us...  
wouldn't affect us wouldn't...



Now, gentlemen, you are at air-  
port at Djakarta. You are board-  
ink Carreidas aircraft, flyink  
to Sydney. Zere is ladder. Please  
go up first, Mr. Carreidas.



You followink  
him, professor,  
and zen you,  
Captain Skut.



Gino, please  
... Now you  
goup, doctor.



You takink Snowy,  
Tintin... And  
last is goink  
Captain Haddock.



Excellent... You are all  
in aircraft...

You raisink  
ladder quickly,  
Chief Pilot! I  
hearink danger-  
ous rumblinke...

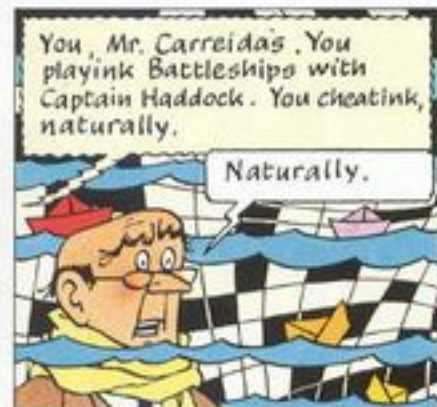


Is just in time!... Thankink  
you, Chief Pilot. You excus-  
ink me now while I lookink  
after terrestrial comrades.



You, Mr. Carreidas. You  
playink Battleships with  
Captain Haddock. You cheatink,  
naturally.

Naturally.



Captain Skut, you are at controls of  
Carreidas 160. Flight is uneventful.  
Nothink to report.

Nothink to report.  
No, nothink at all!



Look zere!...  
Rubber dinghy!



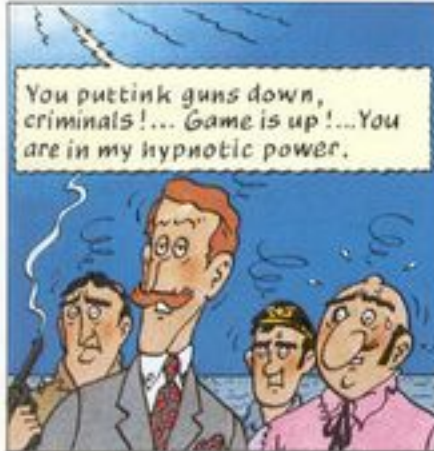
Is dinghy from Carreidas  
160... Zat is suggestink how  
adventure can be finishink  
for Tintin and comrades.

I fee fomefing in  
ve fky! What  
if it?



It's... it's a flying-saucer!! It's  
circling... Diavolo! It's coming straight  
for us! Fire, Allan! ... FIRE!





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



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

Yes, sir.  
Yes, sir.



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



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



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



Adieu!

Wooah!  
Wooah!



Some hours later...

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



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



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

O.K.



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

Good Lord! A rubber dinghy!



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



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

Wooah!  
Wooah!

Thousands of miles away, several days later.

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



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

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



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

Yes, of course...



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



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

Naturally: I'm richer than they are.

I... er... precisely.



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

Yes...



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



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

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



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

And how about you?



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

And there's his pal, young Sherlock Holmes!



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



Professor, will you show them what you have found?

Of course not, of course not. With pleasure.

There!

Oh. And what is that?

Exactly! ... It's a metal rod with a hemispherical head.

Nuts! It's a common-or-garden valve! Pinched from a car engine!

To the untrained eye this object presents nothing unusual. But the first suspicious fact is that I found it in my pocket.

In your pocket?

No, no. I found it in my pocket.

Same old Calculoolopy! Bit touched in the upper storey. Daft as well as deaf.

How it got there I really have no idea at all... Extraordinary... But the matter really assumes a fantastic character when I tell you this object is made of a metal not found on our earth.

You... you're sure?

Iron ore? Rubbish! ... Look at this!

My sainted aunt, what a hoot! Ha! ha! ha! Hoo! hoo!

See how violently my pendulum reacts when I hold it over the object!

Yes, indeed. But what does it mean?

No, my dear sir, it is not a delusion. I may tell you, young man, that I have had this metal analysed in the laboratories at Djakarta University. And, sir, the physical chemists are quite unanimous: it is composed of cobalt in the natural state, alloyed with iron and nickel.

Since cobalt in the natural state does not occur on earth, this object is of extra-terrestrial origin.

Bats in the belfry! ... Come on, Prof, give us some more! Go the whole hog! Say it dropped off a flying-saucer. Made by a Martian with his little space-kit ... Tell that to Lord Nelson, he'll fall off his column laughing!

Professor, you used the words "extra-terrestrial". In this connection, may I show you a photograph, taken by an amateur in Cairo last Monday... the day you were found? ... Please study it carefully ...

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



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



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

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



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

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



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



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

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



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



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

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



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



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



**THE END**