

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

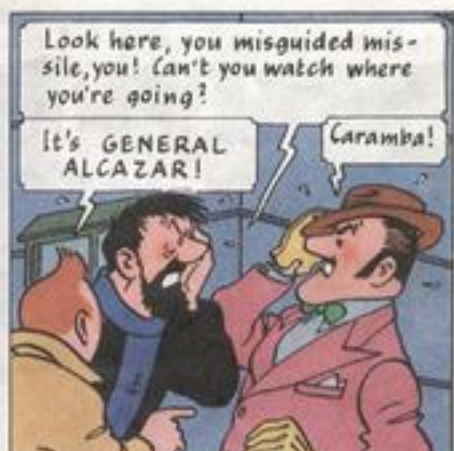
THE RED SEA SHARKS



MAGNET



THE RED SEA SHARKS



It's extraordinary! Imagine!
The Captain and I were just this
moment talking about you!

Qué?... Of me?

Yes, of you... weren't we, Cap-
tain? Then up you pop like a
jack-in-a-box. It's incredible...
But tell me, General, what
are you doing nowadays?

Me?... Er... Well... Si...
I... travel...
But...

Por favor... excuse please... In
mucho hurry... Already late for
appointment... I go now.

Oh, what a pity... At all
events, here's my address.
And where can we find
you, Gen-eral?

Er... Um... At thees hotel...
er... thees Hotel Bristol.

Good! The Bristol...
And when do you...

Just so... Now I go... Adios,
amigos!

Goodbye,
General.

Well, well! Frankly, I don't think your friend
Alcazar was in a very chatty mood!

Yes, an odd
fellow. Oh well,
come on.

?

OH!

Crumbs! It's the
general's wallet.
He didn't put it
right inside his pocket.

Quick! He can't have got far.

Hello, where's he gone to? ...

Perhaps he got into a car...
... Never mind. The Hotel
Bristol is quite near; we'll
leave his wallet there.

A few minutes later, at the Bristol...

General Alcazar?... No, Sir, we
have no one of that name here.

I wonder: perhaps he's registered under another name... Ramon Zarate?

Ramon Zarate?... No, sir. A Spanish gentleman?

South American. Quite well-built. A long chin... small moustache... Wait, I'll try to draw him for you.

There... That's about it...

No, sir. I'm terribly sorry, but I don't know the gentleman.

Oh! That's odd. Well, thank you.

BRISTOL

Now what can we do to return that idiot's wallet to him?

That's what I'm wondering.

I say, why shouldn't the wallet itself give us a clue towards finding the general. Come on; we'll go in here.

Bring us... er... let's see... let's see...

Two glasses of ginger beer.

Now then, let's see what's inside here.

ROSSINI

Found notes, French and Belgian money, a hotel bill, a four-leaf clover, a lottery ticket from San Theodoros... in fact, nothing to give us a lead.

... And in this envelope, photos of aircraft... Odd, isn't it, Captain?

Ah, a letter!... This time I think we're on to something. Look, Captain.

Friday

Dear Sir,

Please telephone PIC 8524 between 10. and 12.0 p.m.
Ask for Mr. Debrett

Regards,
J.D.M.C.

But the general's address isn't here.

I know, but I'll ring up the number given in the letter.

ROSSINI

Hello, is that PIC 8524? May I speak to Mr. Debrett?... Who am I?... A friend of General Alcazar, and I... Hello?... HELLO??...

Can you hear me?...
What?... You don't know
the name Alcazar?...
What about Ramon
Zarate?... Nor that?...
You see, sir, I found
his wallet and... I beg
your pardon?

I tell you, sir, I am
not Mr. Debrez! I
don't know your
General Alhambra, and
I am not interested
in your story...
Goodbye!

There's politeness
for you!...

Very odd... They don't know of him
at that number. Too bad... We'd
better be getting home to Marlinspike.

A little later...

How strange. The
front door's open...

WOOAAH!..WOOAAH!..

Good heavens! My
poor Snowy! Who's done
this to you?!

I'll get to the bottom
of it!

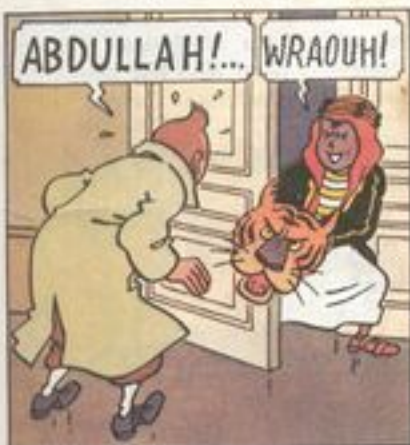
Hey, Captain, what's
happened to you?

Billions of blue blistering barnacles!
Who's the thundering son
of a sea-gherkin who did that?...
Nestor!... Nestor!

HAAAAH!

RRHOAH!

Th... th... th...
there behind you!

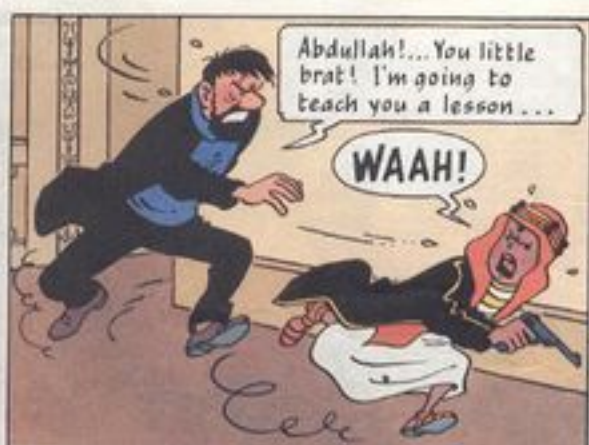
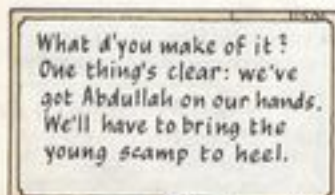
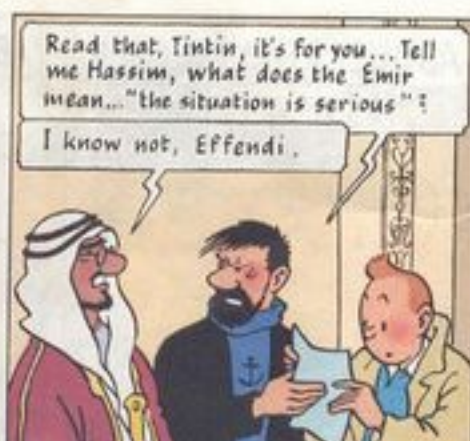




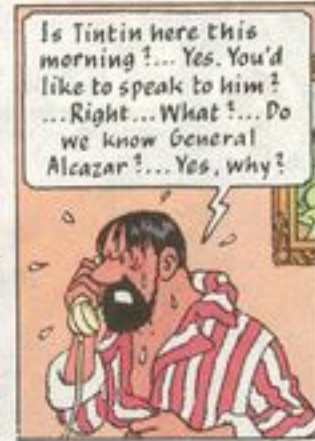
Most esteemed and well-beloved friend,

I entrust to you my son Abdullah, to improve his English. Here the situation is serious. Should any misfortune befall me I count on you, my friend, to care for Abdullah.

Emir Ben Kalish Egab



The next morning...



You'll explain that to Timbin later? Good... What! ... No, no trouble at all...



Ringing up when I'm in the bath! I ask you!



Half an hour later...

Well, well! Thompson and Thomson?... And they want to talk to me about General Alotzar. Odd, isn't it?

Yes... Talking of odd things... where's Abdullah this morning?



KHRRR KHRRR

Blistering barnacles, here he comes!



No, it's Calculus!

Good gracious!



You goat, you! D'you often feel impelled to come to breakfast on roller-skates?

Very well, thanks. And you?



Now admit it. You're puzzled to see me come in like that. ... Yes, yes, you find it odd, don't deny it! ... Well, I can't tell you anything more at present...



RRRRING

... but quite soon you'll see my reason for it.



The Thompsons? Already! ...

Ah! ... Now for some breakfast.

D'you think so?





You thundering nitwitted numskull you! Haven't you finished acting the goat yet?



Who rang, Nestor?

I found no one the first time, sir. But the second time, I saw Abdullah running away.



RRRING

I bet that's him! But he won't get away with it this time. Nestor, go and bring the hose-pipe!



Now... as soon as he rings, you open the door, and then: psshht!... We'll get a good laugh!



RRRING

That's it!... Quick, open up, Nestor!



I... I'm dreadfully sorry!... Please forgive me! You see, it's Abdullah's fault. The young rascalion kept ringing the bell...



Ha! ha! ha! ha!



A few minutes later...

Well, here's the position. Interpol have asked us to keep an eye on a man called Dawson, and to collect all the information we can about his activities...



... and also about the people he meets. It so happens that you know one of them: General Alcazar. What can you tell us about him?

Very little, as a matter of fact.



I knew him when he was President of the Republic of San Theodoros. I met him later, in Europe. He'd been deposed by his rival, General Tapioca, and had fled from his country. He'd become a knife-thrower on the music-halls... That's all.



All? Really? And what did he say to you, when you met him last night?



Aha! That surprised you, eh? You forget, my friend, in our job there's nothing we don't know.

To be precise: we know nothing in our job!



It's true that we met him last night. I was going to tell you... He said he was travelling, he was in a hurry, and he was staying at the Hotel... er... the Hotel...

Excelsior: yes, we know.



Oh? Well, that's the lot... He didn't say anything else... But what have you against him? What do you suspect?

Why are we suspect? I mean, what do we suspect? My dear fellow, if you imagine we'll tell you he's smuggling aircraft, you're much mistaken. "Mum's the word", that's our motto.



Well said!... To be precise: "Dumb's the word", that's our motto. The general may have come to Europe to buy up old aircraft, but you won't learn that from us! Now we must be going. Goodbye, Tintin.

Goodbye.



Ah! Here comes Nestor with our hats and sticks.



What a very peculiar thing: my hat has shrunk.

How strange. With me it's the opposite; I've got a swollen head...



Oh, I see. We've got muddled up. You have my hat and I have yours.

That's it: our hats are in a huddle. In short, we're contrarywise...



But it still isn't right!

Nor is mine!



May I see?... You can bet Abdullah's behind this...

Abdullah?



There!... I thought as much. It's an old joke: newspapers folded up and slipped into the hand.



A little later on...

Abdullah and his tricks!



Well, what did our Siamese twins want?



Just read this advertisement I've found in an old newspaper!



FOR SALE
AIRCRAFT, TANKS,
SUBMARINES ETC
Further particulars
from J.D.M.C., Box
No. 5083, DR
EXPORT CO. LTD
limited from

Extraordinary!... Why don't they add: "on easy terms"? You'll see, we'll end up buying a battleship or the 'Queen Mary' on the never-never!



Maybe. But did you notice the initials?

J. D. M. C. ... J. D. M. C. ... Thundering typhoons! Alcazar's wallet! The signature on that letter!



Precisely!

No doubt about it: the general's here to buy armaments. But that's no reason for failing to return his wallet. And since Thompson and Thomson have kindly told us the right address...



I'll come with you.

Later, at the Hotel Excelsior...

General Alcazar? Yes, he's here, sir. I just saw him go past. You'll find him in the lounge.



Thank you.



There...

Look... he's talking to someone... But... good heavens! It's Dawson. I've met him before. He was police chief in the International Settlement in Shanghai.



And there in the background, lurking behind their newspapers...



The Thompsons!

This all looks pretty fishy; I'd like to know a bit more about it. Listen, Captain; you stay here, and as soon as Dawson goes, you return General Alcazar's wallet. I'll follow Dawson. We'll meet at Marlinspike.



O.K.

An hour later...



There he is... getting into that black Jaguar.

Quick, taxi!... Follow that black Jaguar, there, ahead of us.



Where are we off to now?



Fifteen minutes later...

We're on the outskirts of town already... Ah, he's slowing down. He's going to turn off.



This is it, driver. Stop!



Oh! A watchman!



How can I get in without being seen? ... Perhaps ... Yes, I know ...



We're over the first hurdle. Now let's see...



Aircraft! So we were right!



Careful! Footsteps!



'Morning guv'. Seen the "Reporter" today?... No?. Well, read that...



Aha! Bravo!... The Mosquitoes we sold them did a grand job. Those boys know how to make use of them!

How right you are! Any news from Alcazar?



It's in the bag! Twelve Mosquitoes there, too. To help him chuck out his rival, General Tapioca... Suits us. Let them fight. So long as we can unload our junk on them, why worry?



You've said it!... Well, I'll see to the packing of those DC3 spares for Arabair. Now that they've got the green light over there, they're going to need them. It looks to me...



What's that?... What on earth's going on?... What's this confounded thing?



Where the devil's that row coming from?!



An alarm-clock!



Abdullah, the little pest! I'll bet he put that alarm-clock in my pocket!



A young lad with a white dog, you say?... How did they manage to get in without your seeing?



"Daily Reporter" sir...



Thanks.

CRUMBS!



Great Scot! What will the Captain think of this?



A little later...





Abdullah! Just you wait till I catch you!

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Poor kid, all the same. He's too young to realise how serious things are.



Blue blistering barnacles! This time I've had enough!...The little pest! A fire-work under my chair while I was having forty winks. It's the end! He's going back to his father!

Too late!... Read this...

GOUP D'ÉTAT IN KHEMED
Wadesdah in Rebel Hands

AIR POWER ENSURES REBEL VICTORY
Aircraft Riddle: Who supplied the Mosquitoes?



Emir Ben Khatib has seized power.

Special Correspondent in Beirut. Tintin delayed by the rebel army.



Thundering typhoons! The poor Emir! This explains the serious situation he mentioned in his letter... Well, you're right: we can't send Abdullah home.

No, but...

...perhaps there's another way out. If we can't send him off, there's nothing to stop us going away ourselves.

Tintin, you're a genius. But... where can we go?

Where?... Well, what about Khemed?

That's it! Khemed... Good idea!

What? Khemed? In the middle of a revolution! You're crazy!... What could we do there?

Perhaps we might try to rescue the Emir. At the same time, we could try to clear up this odd business of the aircraft.

No, thanks, not for me!... You go if you like... I'm staying here!



All right, I'm coming.

A youngster with a white dog? That reminds me of something... but what?



RRRING
RRRING



Hello?... Who's that?...
Oh, it's you, General...
What?... Oh, your wallet...
... You've got it back?



Yes, they bring him back.
This Captain Maddock, who
I meet yesterday with one
of my friends... Tintin...
Qué?... Si, Tintin. You know
him?... Qué? The telephone
call you receive last night?
... Yes, it was him. He find
your number in my
wallet.



Tintin!... So he's the
one sticking his nose
into my business!... I'll
soon take care of him.
...



The airport at Wadssdah, capital
of Khemed, three days later...



Here comes the
plane from Beirut.



You understand? If he's aboard, you put
this briefcase in
the baggage compartment.



I'm not sorry to get here... With these old
crates you can never be sure...



I say, have you noticed?... Armed
men all over the place.



Passports, please gentlemen.



I am sorry, gentlemen: you have no
permit to stay in Khemed. You must re-
board the plane, and return to Beirut.



Blistering barnacles! What sort of a yarn is that?

Here are your passports. You will be conducted to the aircraft.



Thundering typhoons! You're not getting away with this! Our passports are perfectly in order... You have no right...

امشوا امشوا
بذات انشخصين



Billions of blistering barnacles! To have come so far, and then be held up by these Bashi-bazouks! It's absolutely infuriating!



An hour later...

There they go! In an hour they'll be flying over the mountains... Jebel Kadheh... Then...



Another eternity in this flying coffin!... And a bumpy trip into the bargain. Rattled about like dice in a box... I just wonder what sort of trouble will drop on us next.



Thundering typhoons! Why does everything happen to me?



Look out, Captain!



Another...



... air-pocket!



You're not hurt, are you?



Not at all. I'm just enjoying the luxurious comfort of air travel!



Golly! I can smell trouble. There's something sinister going on here. I must warn Tintin at once.



I'm wondering WHO warned the authorities at Wadesdah of our arrival, and WHO persuaded them to deport us?



Hello, Snowy, what's the matter?



Here, will you stop that! You know, he... yes, he wants to show me something. All right, I'll follow you ...



In there? It's the luggage. You want me to go in? All right, I'm coming.



PH-E-E-E-T



PH-E-E-E-T

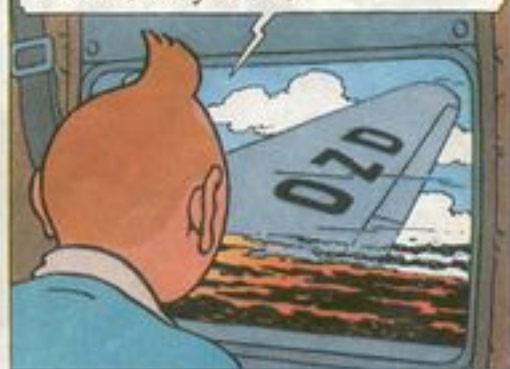
What's that siren for?



الذخيرة



An engine on fire! That's the alarm for the extinguishers!



Thundering typhoons! The extinguishers haven't worked: it's burning more fiercely than ever!

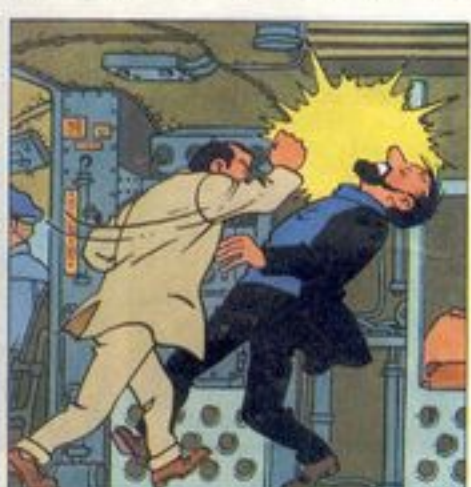


Wadesdah Tower... Wadesdah Tower... This is KH-02D... Starboard motor on fire... Extinguishers unserviceable. We're turning back... We'll try to reach Wadesdah.

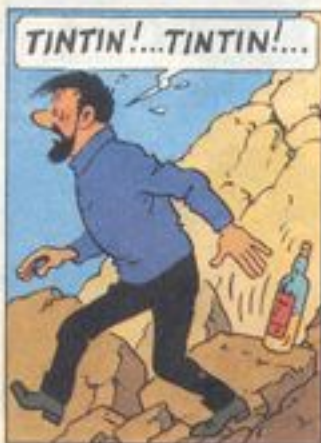


It's no good! It's too heavy. I shall just have to...









When we get to Wadesdah, we'll seek shelter with our old friend Senhor Oliveira de Figueira.



We mustn't run into the rescue party on the way... As soon as our disappearance is reported, they'll start searching for us.



WOOAAH...
YOW... YEOW...



Night has fallen...

I've had enough of this little jaunt!... If we go on much longer I'll be on my knees! If only I could lie down!



Lie down? We simply must reach Wadesdah before dawn, Captain. Lying down is out of the question.



Quick, lie down!

Make up your mind... shall I lie down, or not?



A patrol! I'm sure they're out looking for us.



I heard a noise... a sort of rumbling...

It's just an aeroplane... Listen.



For heaven's sake stop snoring!

Me, snoring? I didn't hear anything.



Halt!... Who goes there?



Whew!... They've gone. Oh, good... ZZZ...



Come on, Captain, get up. We're moving on.

I'll have my breakfast in bed, Nestor... ZZZ... ZZZ...



It isn't Nestor, Captain, it's Tintin!... Get up, hurry!



What on earth can I do! Let's hope they don't come back...



I always keep a small flask of rum for emergencies. Now's the time to use it...

This confounded cork won't come out...

Ah!... That's it!

POP

POP =  = WHISKY

Aaah! Now then, where are those sprouts?... I mean scouts...? I'd l-l-like a word or two w-w-with them!

Sh! Be quiet! We must get on.

Early next day...

Wadesdah at last! Now we must be careful... The main gates will be watched; but I know a small gateway, and that'll be unguarded.

There, you see. We got in unmolested. Now we must find Senhor Oliveira de Figueira. I'm sure his house is near here.

Yes, that's it. I remember.

You did say he always has a bottle of wine handy!

Senhor Oliveira!...
Senhor Oliveira!...

The joke's on us if he's moved!

Senhor Oliveira!...
Senhor Oliveira!...
Open the door! It's Tintin!

Blinking barnacles!... A patrol!

Quick, we must find some-where to hide!

Who's that?



I... What was that?... Er...
forgive me... I... I think I was
dreaming... A nightmare... Pirates...

Oh, well...



I'll light up. That'll
help me to stay
awake.

Good idea.



Where was I?... Oh yes... I was saying that
six months ago, as a result of an agree-
ment between the Emir and Arabair, Wadesdah
became an important link in the air route
to Mecca. Then, a few weeks ago, it seems
that trouble blew up between Arabair
and the Emir. The situation began to
deteriorate...



... As if by chance, trouble
flared up all over the country,
and Sheik Bab El Ehr took com-
mand of the rebels. These rebels
were supported by a powerful
air force which, so to speak, came
out of the blue. The rebels marched
on Wadesdah, and seized power.



It all puzzles me, Senhor Oliveira.
You see, the rebel Mosquitoes
and the Arabair DC3's came from
the same source... And I'd like to
know what touched off the dispute
between the Emir and Arabair.

Er... I've no idea
at all.



Oh?... Well... We'll go into that
later. The most urgent thing is to
help the Emir. What's become of him?

He had to flee. He took
refuge in the Jebel with
Patrash Fasha, whose
fierce tribesmen remained
loyal.



HAAAAH!



What... what... what...
what happened?

Your pipe, Captain.
It set fire to
your beard.



Come, it's time for
sleep. Tomorrow we
will find some way
for you to leave the
city, and join the Emir.

Yes. Good.



Two days later...

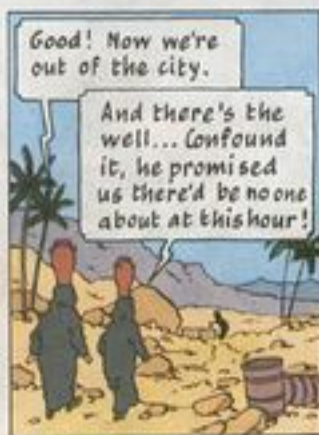
D'you see, there?...
A patrol coming...

I know...
Keep calm!



**TEN
THOU...**





Why can't you talk English like everyone else, you fancy-dress Fatima?! What do you want, anyway?

WOOAH!



Billions of blue blistering barnacles! That old witch will raise the alarm!...



... And our guide isn't here!... Olivaira was quite definite that he'd wait near the well, with the horses... Now what is it, Snowy?

Wooah!... Wooah!...



There he is! Fine! Back in the saddle again...



And a few minutes later...

My stirrups, blistering barnacles! ... My stirrups! ...



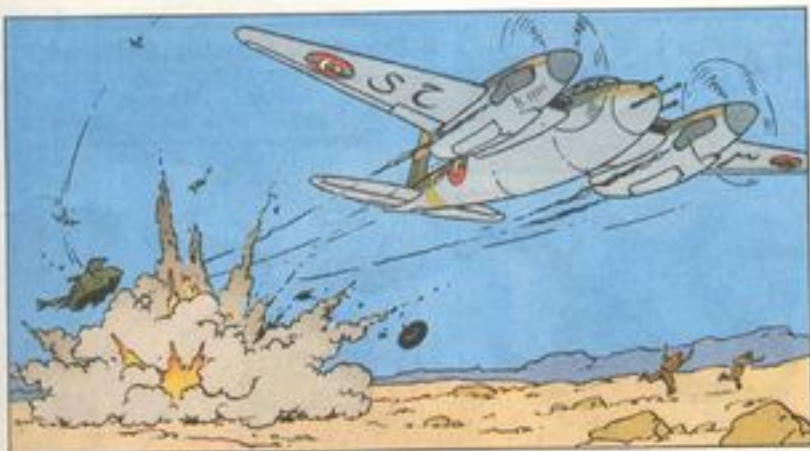
Meanwhile...

Hello, Colonel Achmed?... This is Mull Pasha at Sheik Bab El Ekr's headquarters... Order your Mosquitoes to take off immediately... Hello?... Yes. Their mission: to wipe out a party of three horsemen who have left Wadosah, heading for the Jebel... You understand?... Good... Armoured cars are already on the way... Hello?... Yes, they are partisans of Ben Kalish Ezab... Yes, wipe them out.



There they are!... Fire!





Oh!... Listen!... Gunfire somewhere in the desert.



BOM
BOM
RAT TAT-TAT-TAT
RAT-TAT



Our own aircraft!
They're mad!!



Hello! Black Panther calling.
First mission accomplished;
the two armoured cars in flames!



Hello, yes... Ah,
mission accomplished.
... Excellent... The
two armoured cars
destroyed?...
Congratulations,
Colonel Achmed. Real
aces, your pilots!



The armoured...
WHAT?...



Quick, put me
back to Colonel
Achmed... Ah,
it's you... Er...
I think I mis-
understood. You
didn't say that
the armoured cars
...



...were destroyed.
... Yes, just as you
ordered. I've
already passed on
your con-
gratulations to
the pilots...
Pardon? ...



What?? I ordered
it!!!... You bungling
oaf! Only the horse-
men were to be
wiped out!



... Military
tribunal...
Court-martial...
Dismissed...
Reduced to
the ranks...



Meanwhile...

I wouldn't be
surprised if
they're looking
for us.



Whew! They've gone
over. Into the saddle:
we've a long way to go.



Next day,
at dawn...

zzz...zzz



Careful!... Every man pick his target!



ZZZZ



HALT!



Friends!... Friends!... Don't shoot!

Friends?... We will soon see... Give the password!



The camels bark... er, no... The dogs bark and the camels pass.

Good... Come forward. Who are these strangers?



Friends of Ben Kalish Ezab. They have travelled far to see him.

That is good. We will take them before him.



These holes in the rock! ... Yes, I noticed them. They look like windows. It wouldn't surprise me if there were people living inside.

Nonsense! They couldn't possibly. Still, we'll soon find out...



Living in there! That's a good one!



ببخشید من اشتباه کردم، ببخشید

Beg pardon, ma'am!



All right. People do live there...

I... Oh, look there!



Thundering typhoons!... A Roman temple, hewn from the rock!... Incredible!



We have arrived.

A few minutes later...

How stupendous! An entire city carved out of the mountain.



Tintin!... Captain!... You here?... It is unbelievable!



And my son?... My own little treasure? My precious darling... Where is he?

Ah, yes... We left him at Marlinspike, Your Highness. But rest assured, he is in good hands.



Poor little lamb! How sad he must be, so far from his Papa.



And now I'll leave you tied to the palm tree, so the crocodiles can come and eat you. Ha!ha! We're having fun, aren't we, Nestor?



Confounded brat!... Ah, someone's coming. They'll set me free.



Ah, Nestor, I was looking for you. Could you give me a hand? It's nothing much: simply give me a little push.

Mmm!... Mmm!



It's to test the new steering mechanism I've fitted to my roller-skates. ... Quite simple, really. They use the same principle for steering model cars.

Mmm!... Mmm!



For instance, at the moment, my skates are locked right over to the left... If someone were to push me now I should turn round more or less on the same spot.

Mmm!... Mmm!



But I'm quite sure that despite his sadness my cherub is a little ray of sunshine, bringing life and gaiety into your old home.

Undoubtedly!



And you, what brings you here?... Come along in and sit down. You must be tired. And you'll certainly be hungry and thirsty. I will have some refreshments brought to you.



Well, Your Highness, we are here to try and help you; also, to get to the bottom of a mystery, in which Arabair seem to have an important part.

Arabair? The dogs!... They will pay dearly for their treachery... I gave them permission to establish a base at Wadesdah, an important link on the route to Mecca ...



One day, about three months ago, my little Abdullah, my flawless jewel, expressed a wish to see the Arabair planes loop the loop a few times before landing at Wadesdah ...

Loop the loop! ?
But Highness ...



Nothing simpler, don't you agree? ... And it would have given my lambkin such pleasure! ... Well, instead of seizing this opportunity of pleasing my little sugarplum, they refused, on some trumped-up excuse ...

But Highness ...



Naturally, I was very angry and threatened to terminate our agreement. I also used another threat: that I would reveal to the world that Arabair are involved in slave trading.

WHAT! ?

GRRR...



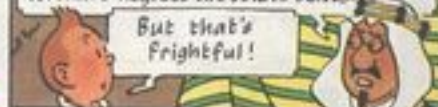
Slave trading, no less... Their planes touching down at Wadesdah on the way from Africa are always full to bursting with native Sudanese and Senegalese. These are Mohammedan converts, making their pilgrimage to Mecca.

Yes, go on ...



On the other hand, on the return journey their planes are mostly empty... Why?... Because somewhere between Wadesdah and Mecca these unfortunate negroes are sold as slaves.

But that's frightful!



Er... Yes... But to get back to Arabair: these jackals stirred up trouble in my country, and thanks to their support, the accursed Bab El Ehr was able to seize power... But it won't be for long... I'll throw him out, that mangy dog, that stinking hyena, that slimy serpent, that...



GRAOW

By Allah! ... Let us hope your dog hasn't gone near Ayesha!



GRRRAOW

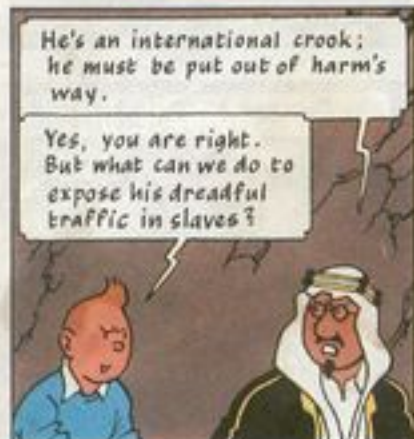
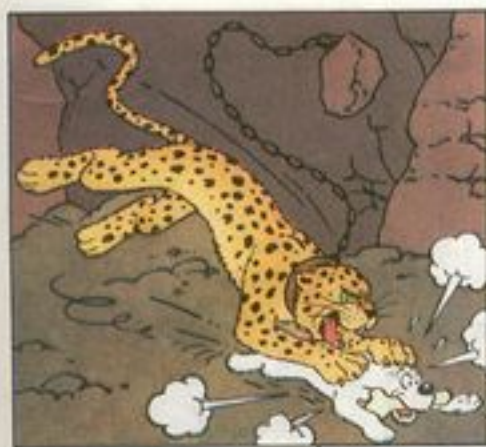
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CRACK GRAOW





To Mecca? That's not easy at the moment. But if you will give me two or three days, I will find means of putting you aboard a sailing-ship, which will take you there.

Thank you, Highness.



Aha! This will please Bab El Ehr...



GRAOW!



Again? What has happened now?



It is Ben Yusef, O Master... Ayesha jumped on him... See, it will be at least three weeks before he is well... It seems that he trod on Ayesha's tail...

Oh, poor creature!



Three days later...

There, everything is arranged. You leave tomorrow at dawn, with two trusted men. They will lead you to a point on the coast where a small vessel will be waiting to take you to Mecca. But be on your guard. Di Gorgonzola is a dangerous man.



Two days have passed...

Here we are... You may dismount... But stay while I make sure that the boat has arrived.



He's signalling to us... We can go.



Ah, so that's the tub we're going to board. It's a dhow... No; I beg your pardon: a sambuk.



Look, they have just put a boat out.



Danger! Danger! A mounted patrol!

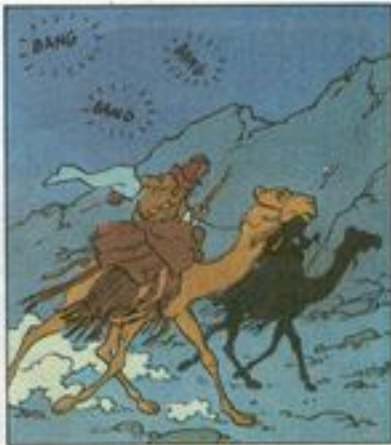


By the beard of the Prophet, something suspicious is going on over there.

Halt!... Who goes there?



By Allah!... They have stumbled on a patrol!...



Ha! ha! ha! Soldiers? Them? ... Don't make me laugh! One shot into the air and they bolted like rabbits!



At dawn...

Ha! ha!
ha! ha!



Ha! ha! ha! I was thinking of those twopenny-half-penny coastguards galloping headlong! Anyone'd think they were trying to break the sound barrier!



Unfortunately they'll have made a report... In which case...

What a pessimist you are! What are you afraid of! ... That they'll send a squadron of battleships after us?



Not that, certainly, but ...

But what?



Over there, Captain! ... That's just what! Feared!

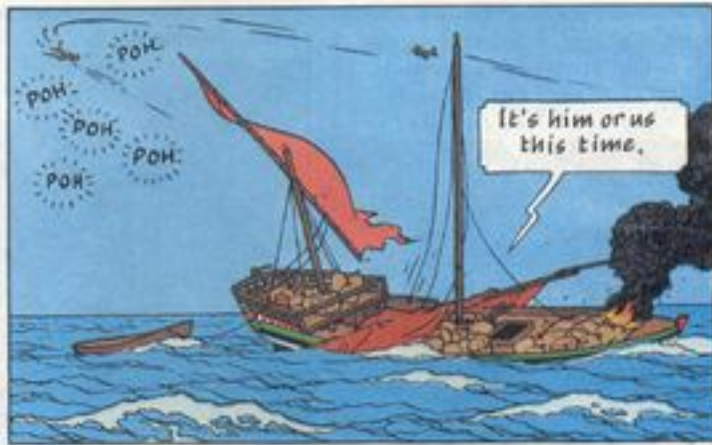


Thundering typhoons! Mosquitoes!



They're coming back!... This is going to be hot! ... Everybody down!







I don't know what happened... Some coward hit me from behind.

But who?... We're on our own. The crew have taken the boat and made off.



Quick, get down... That's what knocked you out!



Thundering typhoons! My nose!

So sorry... But there's no time to waste. We must build a raft, or we'll be grilled alive.



A quarter of an hour later...

Billions of blue blistering barnacles!... We've saved two cases of provisions, and no tin-opener; it's enough to drive you crazy!

What about trying with your knife?



Oh! There's the pilot from the plane we shot down!

Him!!! Let him take care of himself... Er... Is he far away?



No, quite near. Here, help me rescue him.



You've done a good job, eh? You trigger-happy thing! Who are you, anyway? What's your name?

Skut.



What do you mean, scoot? I'll teach you manners, you blithering bombardier. I'll soon deflate you! Ectoplasm!

But...but...my name Skut... Piotr Skut... Me Esthonian...

Look out!... Mind your knife!



Er... Oh! Skut... So your name's Skut, eh? ... Er, I... Well, don't let it bother you!



Meanwhile...

Hello! hello!... This is R3 KO... This is R3KO calling K6 VM... Over.



Hello! Hello! This is K6VM... This is K6VM... Come in R3KO... Come in... Over.

Meanwhile...

May I have the pleasure of this samba, Princess?

But of course, Marquis.



What an ideal yacht for a cruise!



The "Scheherazade" is certainly a wonderful ship... And what a good idea to have a fancy-dress ball on board... Ma-a-ryvellous!



Excuse me, my lord, there is a radio call for you... It's urgent...

Very well. I'm coming.



You see, dear lady? Business, always business. I am indeed a slave... Will you forgive me?

Don't give it a thought.



What an entrancing host he is. This cruise aboard the "Scheherazade" is really too enchanting!



Yes, he's a true gentleman. Naturally, malicious tongues spread rumours that he has a shady past...



It's only to be expected that such luxury arouses envy. One must admit...



Hello! Hello! K6 VM calling R3KO... Transmit in code... Over.



Powerful insects have stung the blue goat. Parasites 1 and 2 are in the bag. Out.

K6 VM to R3KO. Understood. Out.



Good... Now for the book, and we'll decode this. Parasites 1 and 2 - I know who they are!

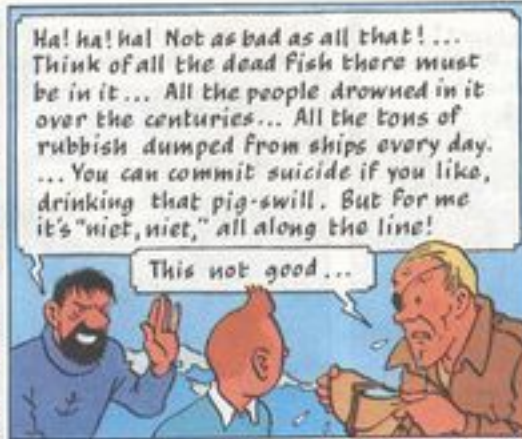


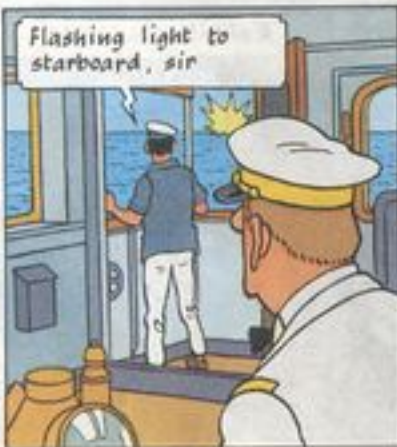
There... I have it... Excellent! Mull Pasha has done well. We're rid of those two meddlers!

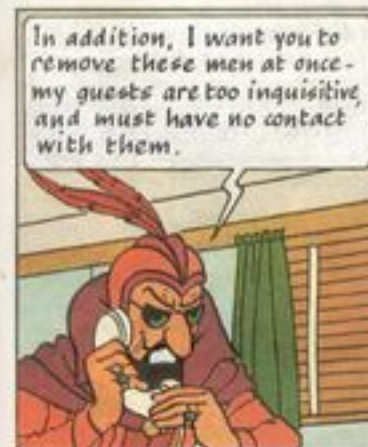
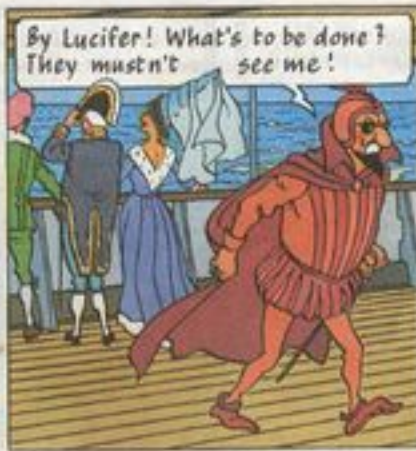


If this goes on, Captain, we'll soon be on Dr. Bombard's diet: plankton and sea-water.









Thundering typhoons! What a magnificent yacht! Whose is she? ... Hey, are they having a carnival on board?



Almost ... A fancy-dress ball ... And what a bunch they are: high society, I can tell you; nothing but dukes, duchesses and film stars - all the nobs.



Per la Madonna! Can you believe it! ... It's Tintin, and his friend the deep-sea fisherman, Paddock.



I must go and welcome them. Art must embrace the children of Adventure!



In the name of the Marquis di Gorgonzola, welcome aboard, carissime mie!



Signora Castafiore! ... Run for it! What shall we do? ... Hop back on the raft!

My dear Tintin!



Delighted to see you again, my dear Paddock...er...Harrock.

...n roll, Signora Castafiore! Harrock'n-roll!



I'm so sorry, Signora, but his lordship has given orders: these poor men are completely exhausted. And then...there's the risk of infection, you know.

But my good man, I'm not ill!



A little later...

Well, Parker, have you questioned them?

Yes, m'lord. They were aboard a sambuk, being taken to Mecca...



... This morning, their boat was machine-gunned and set on fire by aircraft from Khemed. After shooting down one of the planes, they made themselves a raft. They then rescued the pilot of the aircraft.

Well done, Parker. Thank you.



If your lordship will pardon me, I think I should mention that Signora Castafiore, who knows the two castaways, welcomed them in your lordship's name.

Diavolo!



The Marquis di Gorgonzola's yacht! ... It's fantastic... I must be dreaming.

Come on, Tintin... Up in the clouds again?... Hey! Tintin!











Let's hope this will do the job!



What about the explosion? Is it due for today or... But... but... I can't see any more smoke or flames!



It... it's out... A huge wave... I was very nearly washed overboard...



By thunder! The fire's gone out! Put her about boys. We're going back.

What luck!... Now for those poor fellows below, Captain.

You're right, but first of all...



... I'm going to try to restart the engines. You go up on the bridge and take the wheel.



Half an hour later...

By thunder!... The "Ramona" is drawing away!... Someone has got her engines going!



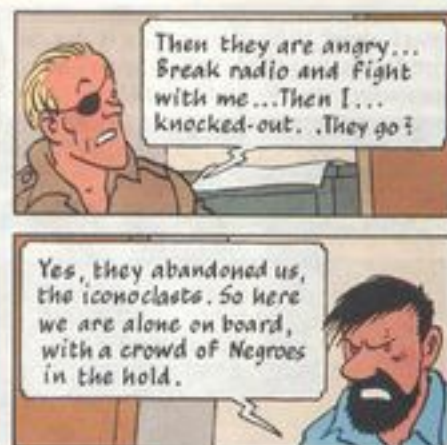
Plew! that was no joke, alone; but she's under way at last.

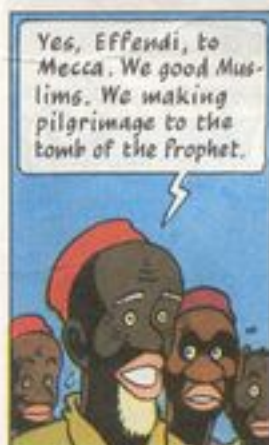
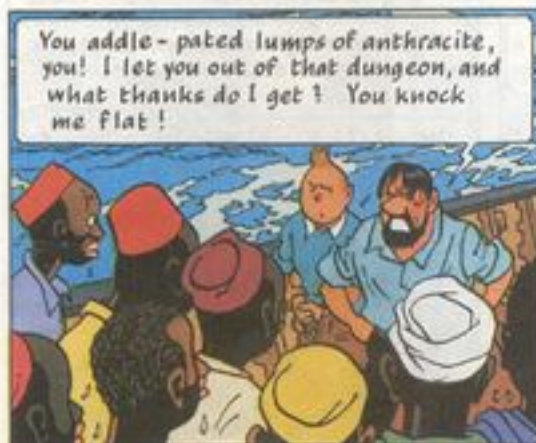
Magnificent, Captain... And now for the Negroes.



There's something more urgent: to send out a distress call by radio.







So it is! A sambuk ...
The harbour pilot from
Jidda, perhaps... No,
we're still too far from
shore... A fisherman,
then?



How odd... he's signal-
ling to us... We'll heave
to, and see what he
wants...



Salaams, O sailor... Captain Allan is up
there?

Captain Allan?...
Finished... Gone...
... I am
captain now.



Ah, you have replaced him... Good,
good... Is the coke of best quality
this time?

The coke ?? Again? Blistering
barnacles, what's all this non-
sense about coke? Thundering
typhoons, there's no coke on board!



No coke on board! ... Ha! ha! ha!



Hmm... Yes... Strong muscles
... you'll do...



And teeth?... Come on, open
your mouth, Sambo... Hmm, not
too bad... Teeth quite sound...



Here, have you quite finished
playing the cattle-dealer? This man's
not a horse, nor a slave...

Seh!... You mustn't say
that!... "Coke" is the word,
as you well know.

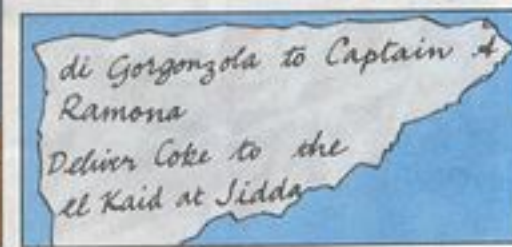
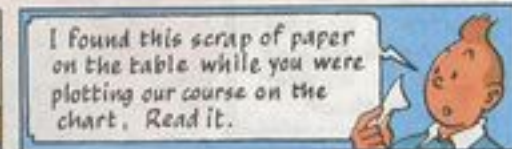
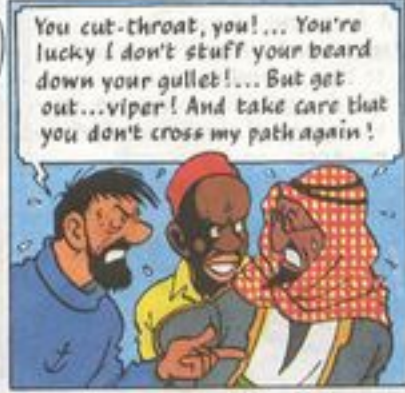


Coke!! ... Blistering barnacles!
... Tintin was right! There
still are slave-traders... And
that's what you're up to, you brute!



You trafficker in human flesh!
You deserve to be strung up on
the mizzen yardarm!





A fragment of a wireless message sent by di Gorgonzola to that gangster Allan!... And "coke" is a code word for their cargo of slaves!... The pirates!



First, we must talk to the Africans: they must be made to understand that under the circumstances it's madness for them to go to Mecca.



Agreed... Then we must try to send out a radio call...

Getting on, Skut?

Still much work, Captain.



Good... Well, I'm going to talk to the cargo. You take the wheel and steer due south. We'll head for Djibouti.

O.K.



A few minutes later...

My friends, listen to me carefully. You have undertaken this long journey to make a pilgrimage to Mecca, haven't you?



Yes.

Yes.

Afterwards, of course, you plan to return home and rejoin your families. Isn't that so?

Yes, Effendi.

Yes.

Yes.



I'm afraid a very different fate awaits you. You saw that Arab who came aboard, and I chased off?... He's waiting for you in Mecca, to buy you and make you into slaves!... Slaves, you understand?



You speak well, Effendi. Wicked Arab, very wicked. Poor black men not want to be slaves. Poor black men want to go to Mecca.



Naturally, I realise that. But I repeat, if you go there, you'll be sold as slaves. Is that what you want?

We not slaves, Effendi. We good Muslims. We want to go to Mecca.



But billions of blue blistering barnacles, I keep on telling you: if you go there, you'll be sold as slaves! Thundering typhoons, I can't make it any clearer.

You not shout, Effendi. Poor black men only want to go to Mecca.



All right, you boneheads, go to Mecca!... But you'll stay there for ever!... You'll never see your own country again!... Never see your families again!... You'll be slaves for ever!... That's what you're in for, you dunderheaded coconuts, you!



We not coconuts, Effendi. We good black men. We good Muslims. We want to go to Mecca.



I can't do a thing!... I've tried the lot!... You can't shift them: they want to go to Mecca, stop: that's all!... It's like banging your head against a brick wall!





Emyny sofoyi ooiboo-yi konychéerd!

Yirō!

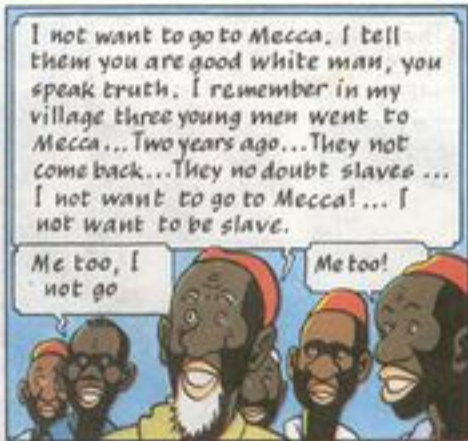
Loyotō!

Beyni!

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Now then... What's going on? ... Why all the quarrelling?



I not want to go to Mecca. I tell them you are good white man, you speak truth. I remember in my village three young men went to Mecca... Two years ago... They not come back... They no doubt slaves ... I not want to go to Mecca! ... I not want to be slave.

Me too, I not go

Me too!



Good, so I haven't preached in vain! ... All right, we'll make a bargain: those who don't want to go to Mecca will be landed at another port. As for the rest, they can continue the voyage if they want to ...

Good, Effendi!



The next morning...

There... the day after tomorrow we'll be at Djibouti, and that'll be the end of our worries...



Yes, if all goes well! I shan't be really happy till we get there. You can bet that at this very moment di Gorgonzola is aware of the situation. And he knows that we know... Watch out for what he's cooking up!...



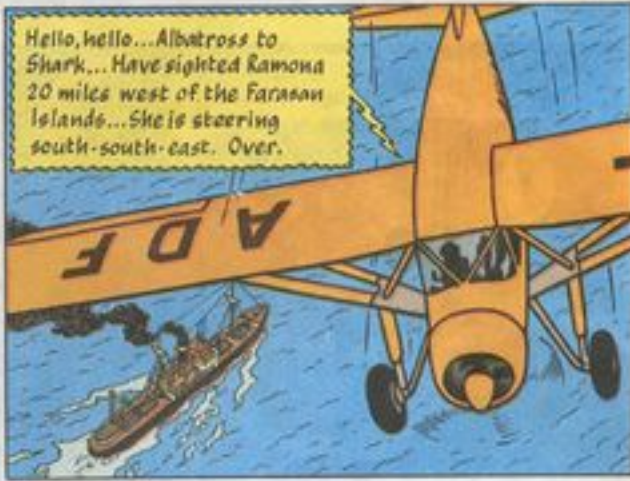
BRRRRR

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!



An aeroplane... They're circling us... how odd ...



Hello, hello... Albatross to Shark... Have sighted Ramona 20 miles west of the Farasan Islands... She is steering south-south-east. Over.



Hello, hello... Shark to Albatross... Message received... Steering west...



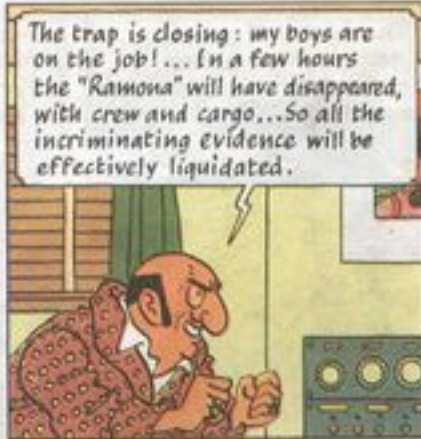
... to intercept her... Out.

Aha! My orders have been carried out.



He's going off... I wonder what he was up to.

I don't know, but I don't much care for that sort of visit.



The trap is closing: my boys are on the job! ... In a few hours the "Ramona" will have disappeared, with crew and cargo... So all the incriminating evidence will be effectively liquidated.



I say, Skut, I'm terribly sorry! You've worked for so long on the radio... and then I'm so clumsy...

Seh!

She working!... She working now!

What?!... After a bang like that? It's not possible.

She working, I tell you! Listen...

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP

Captain!... Captain!... The radio!... It's going!!



I... So sorry, but the radio, Captain... The radio... It's going!!

Oh yes? Where?... I hope it steers clear of me...

... because I've had enough of being rammed! Only a couple of minutes ago, pop - a flying-fish slap in my face. And now you: that's enough!

Flying fish! I must have a look at them with my binoculars.

Oh, how beautiful! You'd think they were little silver arrows...

Look at them, skimming over the waves... I can see two... no, three...



And there... Hey, what in the world's that?



CAPTAIN!... CAPTAIN!... A PERISCOPE!



Where is it now? ... I can't see it any more... But I'm absolutely sure...

Now then, keep calm...



There, Captain, over there, I'm sure... Right out there... I saw the wake, I tell you...

Now keep calm, young shaver! Periscope or no periscope, keep calm...



Ten thousand thundering typhoons! A periscope!... There!... It's true!...



Action stations!... Fire!... S.O.S... The radio, Skut!... Confound! the radio, Skut!... Send for help! At once!... A submarine!... Clear the decks for action!... Keep calm! Don't panic!... Women and children first!



Calm down, Captain, calm down!... All isn't lost yet!

You're right... Keep cool... Keep calm and don't panic!



Disaster! ... The end! ... There's nothing we can do! If they're diGorgonzola's people we're finished!

But why?



The ammunition!... In the forward hold... A torpedo in there, and you know the rest!

Of course! Only, the torpedo isn't here yet! Come on, hurry; everyone on the alert.



Not far away...

We're almost within range... They don't know what's in store for them.



This won't take long to settle... Stand by No.1 tube...



Tintin at the radio. You at the wheel, Skut. Repeat my orders when I give them. Remember, starboard is right; port on the left...



S.O.S... S.O.S... s.s. Ramona calling. Unidentified submarine in immediate vicinity... We fear the worst... Here is our position.



No.1 tube, fire!



S.O.S... S.O.S... s.s. Ramona calling... In danger of being torpedoed...



Torpedo to port! Hard a starboard!...



Hard a starboard it is!



Curses on them! They've swung away... They must have spotted us!



S.O.S... S.O.S... A torpedo has just missed us... S.O.S... Hurry please... S.O.S.



A moment later, aboard the U.S.S. Los Angeles...

An S.O.S. I just picked up, sir.

What's all this ballyhoo about a submarine?... There isn't a war on, is there?



But meanwhile...

Starboard 20... Ahead, speed six knots... Stand by No. 2 tube.





Thundering typhoons! The engine-room telegraph is jammed at half-speed astern. Quick, a screw-driver!



By Lucifer! They're going astern... our torpedo has missed again... They're tough, these boys...



Hooray! It's passed ahead of us.



Quick! Quick! I must release this infernal machine!



S.O.S. A second torpedo has just missed. Hurry, Los Angeles.



PCHKRAAPRYT!... TRAKHKRAA!... You confounded rattletrap...



...tin-can contraption!... Take that!



YEEOWW!

Ah, they're still going astern! Very well! No. 3 and No. 4 tubes ready?



CLING CLANG

Take that, you slot-machine, you!



Hello?... Engine room?... Hello?

Hello, Effendi?



BRROM

Too late!... They've got us!



Meanwhile...

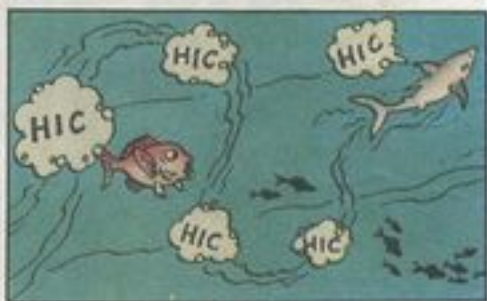
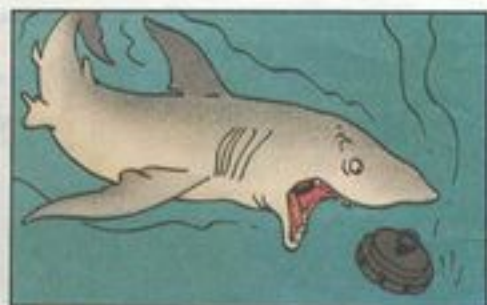
This is all very fine, but we must wait for the Los Angeles. I'm going to see if there's any chance of dropping anchor.



Twenty-two fathoms depth... that's perfect...



Ahoy, there! Let go the anchor! Eighty fathoms of chain.



An hour later...

Hooray!... There she is!... The Los Angeles!



American cruiser in sight!

Don't worry, boys... She'll blow up any moment now.



The next morning...

Still no news from Kurt and his submarine... What are they playing at, the fools?



... and naval craft to intercept the *ms. Scherazade* and arrest the owner, name of Rastapopoulos, alias the Marquis di Gorgonzola...



Lost... all is lost! ... But it's impossible!



Hello?... Yes... Come up on the bridge?... I haven't time, Captain. I... What?... A warship?... I... I'm coming now.



The cruiser *Los Angeles*, my lord Marquis... She's just flashed a signal ordering us to heave to. What shall I do?



Repeat the message, Tom... And add that if they don't heave to immediately, we'll open fire.



All right. Stop the engines. And launch my personal barge. I'll go myself and tell those insolent cowboys what I think of their manners!



Ah, they've obeyed... Excellent!... But what are they doing now?

It looks as if... yes, they're hoisting out a launch... and Rastapopoulos is going aboard...



Do not insist, my friends. I will go alone.



... And he's steering towards us! ... Well, this beats everything! ... To have the cheek to come and brazen it out! What a nerve!



But what's happening now?... He's slowing up. He's stopping... Has he broken down?



Great snakes!... He's sinking!...



Whoops! That's done the trick!... Just you catch me now gentlemen! ... Ha! ha! ha!



NEW REVELATIONS SHOCK WORLD SLAVERY—IT STILL EXISTS

Traffickers in human lives use code-word "COKE"

Revelations in the Rastapopoulos affair have shocked the civilized world. With the discovery aboard the freighter *Ramona* of Africans destined to be sold as slaves in Mecca, the facts are plain: in this twentieth century, slave traders are still at

delivered by ships or aircraft into the hands of Rastapopoulos. Agents of the organization were notified of the arrival of the "goods" by the simple description of Messages were passed to Jidda, announcing that "COKE" was in stock, and secret arrangements were then made for sale of the slaves.



Happy Africans photographed aboard the S.S. *Ramona*. Timely intervention by Tintin and Captain Haddock saved them from a hideous

EMIR BEN KALISH EZAB

Restored to power in Khenn

MULL PASHA Revolutionary Leader



Once known as Mull Pasha, Mull Pasha was ousted

CAPTAIN ALLAN

Picked up by Danish Cargo Vessel



Formerly Mate under the command of Captain Allan Haddock, the sinister villain commanded one of Rastapopoulos' ships.

Where did Sheik Bab El Ehr get his Warplanes?

WAR SURPLUS STOCKS ACQUIRED BY DAWSON ON BEHALF OF RASTAPOPOULOS

The source of the aircraft used by Sheik Bab El Ehr to help in his defeat of the Emir Ben Kalish Ezab is now revealed. These aircraft were war surplus stocks bought up all over Europe by Dawson, ex-Chief of Police in the Inter Settlement in Shanghai. This is the first time that has encountered a shady individual.

Since his return to Europe, Dawson conducted a lucrative business for Rastapopoulos.

UNITED NATIONS APPEAL

Delegates demand international control of Mecca pilgrimage transport

Profound shock has been caused in all the Western delegations by the news of the Red Sea slave-trading. Speeches in the General Assembly reflect the widespread feeling that some action should be taken with

TINTIN IN NEW VENTURE



Will Red Sea
Surrender
Body of
Rastapopoulos

No trace has yet been found of the body of the notorious international gangster Rastapopoulos, believed drowned in the Red Sea. The circumstances of his disappearance remain a mystery, but once again the famous reporter Tintin has wrecked the schemes of one of the most dangerous criminals of our time, whose evil light in slaves has been brought to an end. When last seen, Rastapopoulos, alias Louis de Gorgonzola, his private laundrette from the gazette.

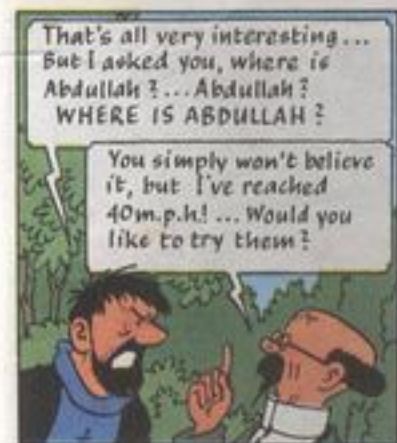
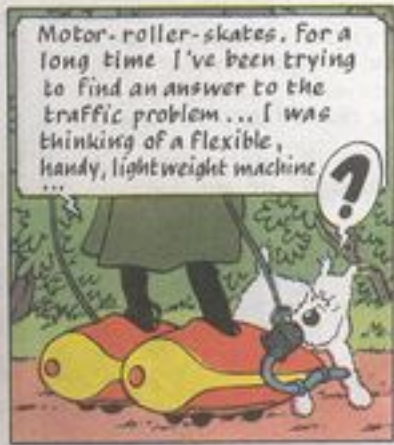
Coup d'etat
San Theodoros
Alcazar
ousts Tapiro

A change of government is again reported from San Theodoros. Alcazar, former state, has been ousted.

PIRATE SUBMARINE IN RED SEA

A pirate submarine has been operating in the Red Sea, manned by a crew of known criminals. The





Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles in a thundering typhoon! Another joke by that infernal child... Shall I never be left in peace?! In peace!!



Sir, Mr. Wagg has just arrived...

Who?... Jolyon Wagg?... Oh, no, no!... I want some peace!... Peace!



Hello, old boy! How are you, you old sea-dog? I'm doing fine... in the pink!... Ha! ha! ha! ha!... What a lark to see you again, you old humbug, you!

Er...



Well, my old salt, I've got a surprise for you... I know the country's pretty, but it's dull as ditchwater...

A matter of taste...



No, no, take it from me, it's dull. So I said to myself: "Jolyon," I said, "you must go and liven things up for that old stick-in-the-mud..."

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



Now, now, turn it up! No buts! Too easy. I'm president of the Vagabond Car Club down my way; all I've had to do is organise a rally, and the final trials...



...are at Martinspike!

