

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN
*
**KING OTTOKAR'S
SCEPTRE**

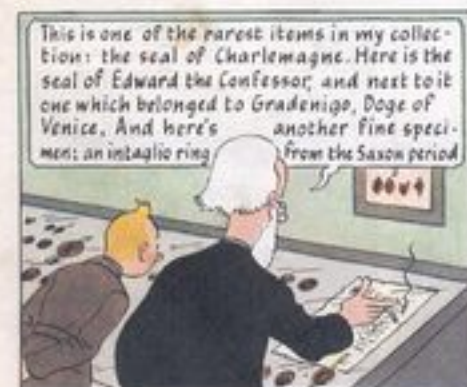
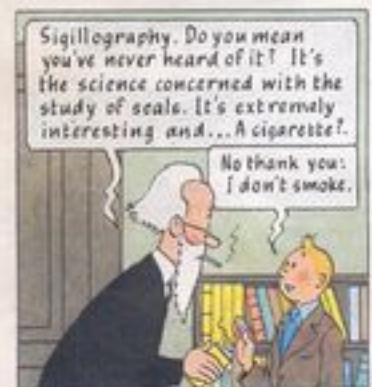


MAGNET



KING OTTOCAR'S SCEPTRE





It is one of the few seals we know of from that country. But there must be others, and I am going to Syldavia to study the problem on the spot.



The Syldavian Ambassador, an old friend of mine, has promised to give me letters of introduction. I hope I shall be allowed to go through the historic national archives. A cigarette? ...



No, thank you... And when are you leaving?

As soon as I have found a secretary. At least, rather more than a secretary. I really need someone to take care of all the details of my journey, like hotels, passports, luggage and so on.



But I see that you have become interested in sigillography too. Let me have your name and address and I will send you my booklet: 'How to become a sigillographer.'

How very kind of you...



He's going... Quick, meet him on the stairs...



Steady!... Here he comes!



That's a funny place to put a watch right...



Got it!... Wonderful, the way a miniature camera can be hidden in a watch...

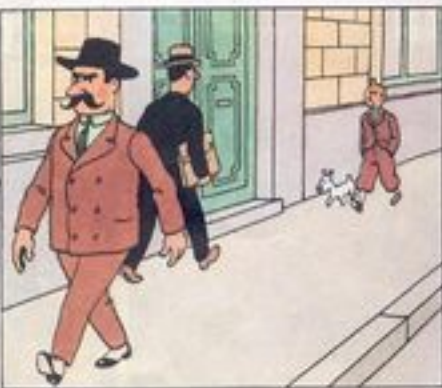
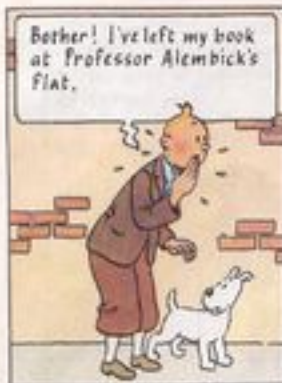


We'll develop the picture right away.



Is it O.K.?







Twins! ... I might have guessed it! ... But what happened to the real professor? ...

Well, I've just read the London newspapers. Listen: 'During a search carried out yesterday in a house occupied by Syldavian nationals, the police found Professor Alembick, the scholar. He had been imprisoned in a cellar for some weeks. He said he had been kidnapped on the eve of his departure for Syldavia, and his passport was taken ...'



Now I see it all! First the shouts on the telephone; then the professor not wearing his glasses, and not smoking any more... It explains everything.



Meanwhile, at Bordurian military headquarters...

...to prove our peaceful intentions, despite the inexplicable attitude of the Syldavians, I have ordered our troops to withdraw fifteen miles from the frontier...



Next day...

In private audience this morning the King received Mr. Tintin, Mr. Thompson and Mr. Thompson, who paid their respects before leaving Syldavia. Afterwards the party left by road for Douma, where they embarked in a flying-boat of the regular Douma-Southampton service...



Some hours later...

Ten past six. We're there...



Goodness, what on earth's happening?...

We're falling into the sea...



My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen. Never in our long history has the Order of the Golden Pelican been conferred upon a foreigner. But today with the full agreement of Our ministers, We bestow this high distinction upon Mr. Tintin, to express Our gratitude for the great services he has rendered to Our country.



Tintin, Knight of the Order of the Golden Pelican...





And now the King is once more in his palace. Time and again the delirious crowds have called His Majesty back on to the balcony to receive their tumultuous acclaim. But now he is seated here in the Throne Room, where an investiture is taking place ...







Ah, a signpost! ... That's a stroke of luck!



Sixteen miles: that's five hours' walk! ...

A mere trifle!



A farm! ... Stables! ... If only I could borrow a horse...

That's a splendid idea!



Aha, here's a horse! ... Whoa there! ... Good, here's a saddle too! ... Whoa now! Gently does it ...



On the whole I think we'd better go on foot.

Why not? ... A little walk will do us good.



That night ...

Things are grave, Sir! ... the people are suspicious: there are rumours that the sceptre is missing. Furthermore ...



Bordurian shops were looted again yesterday. These incidents are of course the work of agitators in the pay of a foreign power, but we are faced with a dangerous situation. And if Your Majesty appears before the crowds without the sceptre, I fear ...

Rest assured, Prime Minister, there will be no bloodshed. I will abdicate.



No, Sir, you will not abdicate. ...

TINTIN!



Your Majesty, I have your sceptre with me now!

Saved!



Here it is! ... I ... Great snakes! I've lost it on the way!



Next day...

That's two nights in the open... I'm tired out!... If I don't find the way soon I'll never get back in time!



A Bordurian Fighter!



He's lowered his undercarriage... Where's he landing?



If I could grab one of those planes I'd be in Klow in less than an hour...



Everything O.K.?

Yes, nothing unusual... just reconnaissance along the frontier.



You know, I've been tipped off that Müssler will give his broadcast at midday tomorrow... And an hour later our squadron will land at Klow.



?!*



Flat out for Klow!...



It's getting dark... That's annoying. I shan't be there before nightfall...



Hello? Ack-Ack H.Q.?... This is Listening post 34... A Bordurian aircraft has crossed the frontier, heading for Klow... What shall we do?



You have your orders, Lieutenant... Shoot it down!...



One day you'll break your neck with all those acrobatics!...

Let's search him... Ah! Here's his wallet...



?



Z.Z.H.K. 1739

SECRET To Section Commanders, Shock Troops

SUBJECT: Seizure of Power

I wish to draw your attention to the order in which the operations for seizure of power in Sydavia will take place.

On the eve of St. Vladimir's Day, agents in our propaganda units will foment incidents, and arrange for Bordinian nationalists to be beaten up.

On St. Vladimir's Day, at 12 o'clock (4-hour), shock troops will seize Radio Klov, the airfield, the gas works and power station, the bank, the general post office, the Royal Palace, Krupov Castle, etc...

In due course each section commander will receive precise orders concerning his particular mission...

I salute you!
(signed)
Mäestlar

Z.Z.H.K. 1240

SECRET To Section Commanders, Shock Troops

SUBJECT: Seizure of Power

I wish to remind you that I shall broadcast a call to arms when Radio Klov is in our hands.

Historical Bordinian troops will then cross into Sydavian territory, to free our native land from the tyranny of King Maskaer II!

Allowing for the feeble resistance they may meet with from a few fanatical republicans and certain subversive sections of the populace, the Bordinian Troops will arrive in Klov at about 9.0 p.m.

I call upon all members of Z.Z.H.K. to defend until the last, with the last drop of their blood, the positions they will have occupied at midday.

I salute you!
(signed)
Mäestlar

There's no time to lose! We must get back to Klov as fast as we can...

Not on foot I hope!



What's the matter with me?



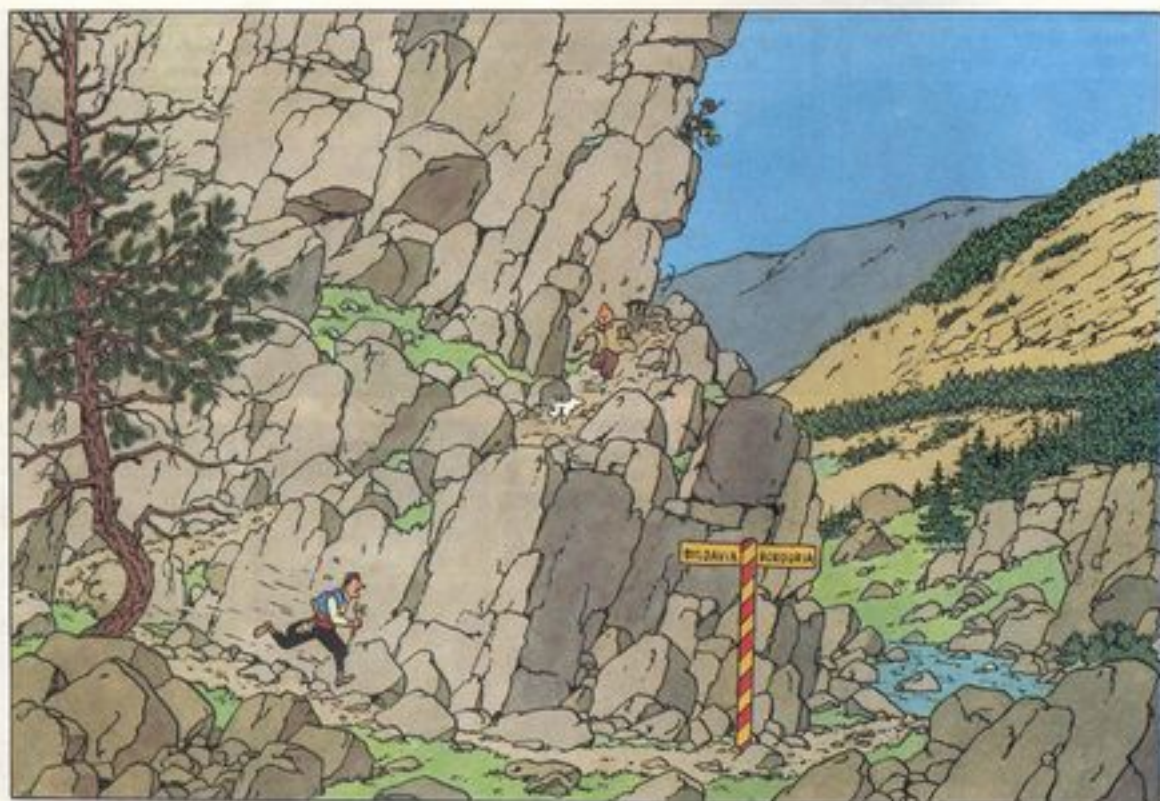
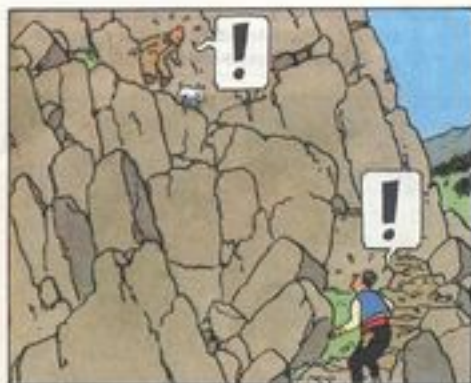
Oh, I know... I haven't eaten anything since yesterday! If only I had some food!



There's a house over there... But it's across the frontier. Can't be helped... I'm too hungry!



A Bordinian frontier post!...











If that fool Czarlitz had aimed at the clump of birch trees by the river bank as we agreed, we'd have found the sceptre long ago ...



So they haven't found it yet! ... There's not a moment to lose! ... I must get back, and have this wood surrounded.



HOORAY!...



Hooray! I've found it!



Now, I must give the others the slip...



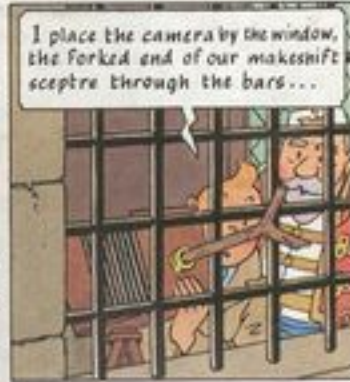
Crumbs! They've got me!

Yes, got you allright!



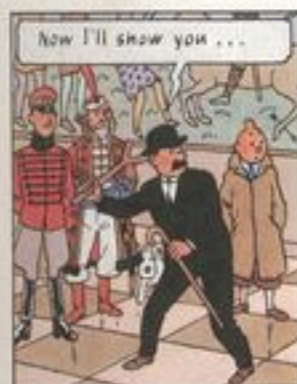
The sceptre, Snowy! ... Save the sceptre! ...











Next morning

So, Lord Chamberlain, the sceptre has not been recovered yet?...

Alas no, sire... But I have secured the services of two detectives of international repute... expect them any minute now...

THUD

Ah, I think I know who they are.

What's going on? ... Go and see.

?

Er... We are the detectives who... Hm... We... we slipped... and

Yes... and we fell down...

Sire, may I present Mr. Thomson and Mr. Thompson, certified detectives...

Welcome to Syldavia, gentlemen...

Majesty, your sire is very good... Good Majesty... no, I mean...

To be precise... it's a majesty, Your Pleasure...

We thank you for answering our call so promptly, and for placing your experience at the service of the Crown... This is Mr. Tintin, who will give you all the details of this business...

Tintin! Well I never!

This is the position... Someone has stolen the King's sceptre!... When His Majesty and I entered the Treasure Chamber we found the Governor of the Castle, two of his men, the photographer Gearlitz, and Professor Alembick, whom you know. All of them were in a coma, and none of the five came to until this morning...

Have they been questioned?...

Yes, and their statements agree on all points. Herr Czarlitz decided to use a flash-bulb. After the flash the room filled with thick smoke. They began to choke, and then passed out...

Good. But... hm... did anyone think of searching these people?...

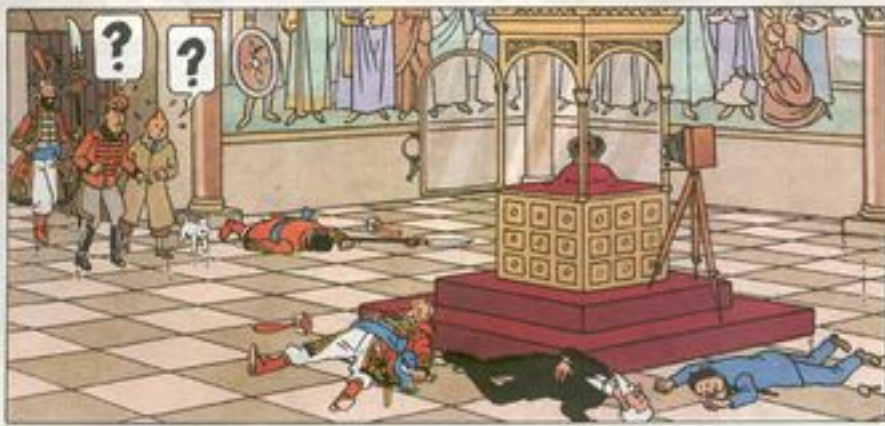
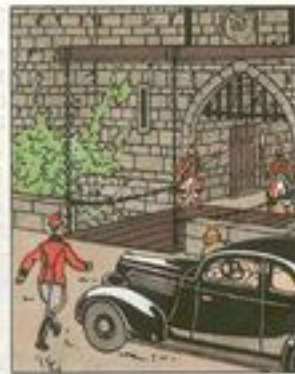
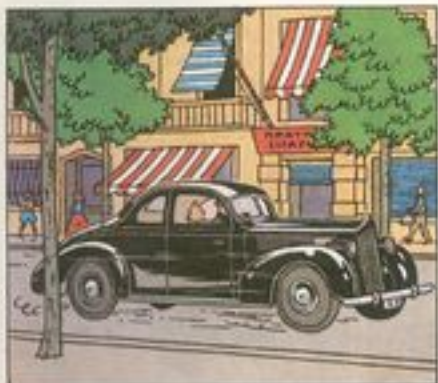
Of course! Even the guards' kalibnds were taken to pieces, and the camera tripod, to make sure the sceptre wasn't hidden there. They tapped every inch of the room looking for a secret passage, but found nothing! The only door through which the thief could escape was guarded by two sentries, who saw no one leave...

Your Majesty, this is all childishly simple!... With your permission we will go to Knopow Castle and demonstrate how your sceptre was stolen...

Very well, we'll go!...

Goodness, they're smarter than I thought!

Be careful: slippery... the marble is very





You aren't hurt, I hope?

No, thank you. I'm all right... Great snakes!...The King!



Take care, Sire!... This is the young anarchist who tried...

?



Don't shoot, Sir!... Please listen!... I am not an anarchist. I wanted to warn you... Even at this moment those scoundrels may be trying to steal your sceptre!

What do you mean?



It's the truth, Sir. I am certain that Professor Alembick is an impostor. Coming to Syldavia to study the archives was only a blind. He and his accomplices plan to steal King Ottobar's sceptre, and so force you to give up your throne!

By Vladimir! Can it be?



Meanwhile...



And this man is in with them, Sir... That is why he tried to stop me speaking to you!...

He's in the plot too?

It's a lie, Sire!



He is lying, Sire, and I will...

You will return to the palace at once and await my orders!... I myself will go to Kropow Castle with this young man and prove for myself the truth of his allegations!...



We must hurry, Sir... I'm sure there's not a moment to lose...



That's that... May we now go into the Treasure Chamber, and photograph the crown and sceptre?...

Certainly.

Next morning...

More time wasted!...
And I'm sure the
conspirators won't
be wasting theirs!
...

CLINK
CLINK
CLINK

You are being trans-
ferred to the State
Prison to await trial.
Come with us. The police
van is outside...



Hello, this is
St. Vladimir's
Hospital... An
accident?...
... Casualties?
In Molbut Street?
... All right, I'll
send an ambulance!



This one still hasn't come
round...

Yes, definitely suf-
fering from con-
cussion...

We'd better go back
for the others...

A very useful
thing, concussion
... Come on,
Snowy! Now
or never...



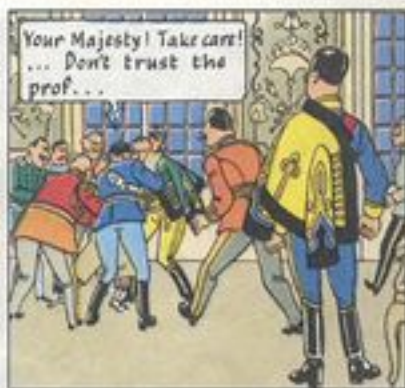
Aha! That's done
the trick!... Now
back to the palace!



I must see the
King at all costs.



This time nothing is going
to stop me speaking to him!...







You take that bone back where you found it, at once! You understand... And be quick!



Could His Majesty grant me an audience?... I have most important and urgent business...



Please wait here: I will see if His Majesty's aide-de-camp will see you. Whom shall I announce?...

Tintin.



Mr. Tintin?... On important business?... All right, show him in.



Certainly, Signora... Yes... yes... tonight, at half-past eight... His Majesty will be delighted... Your servant, Signora...

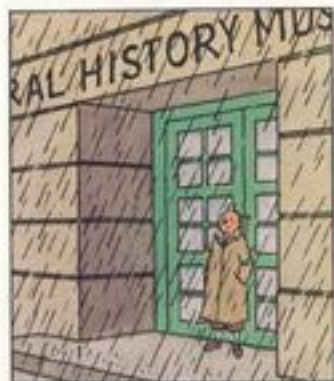


Meanwhile...

So that's all arranged, Herr Czarlitz... I will come and fetch you in the morning at about nine, and we will go to Kropow Castle together...

Very good, Professor.





It's stopping now...



Come on Snowy!... We must hurry to warn the King of the danger he's in...



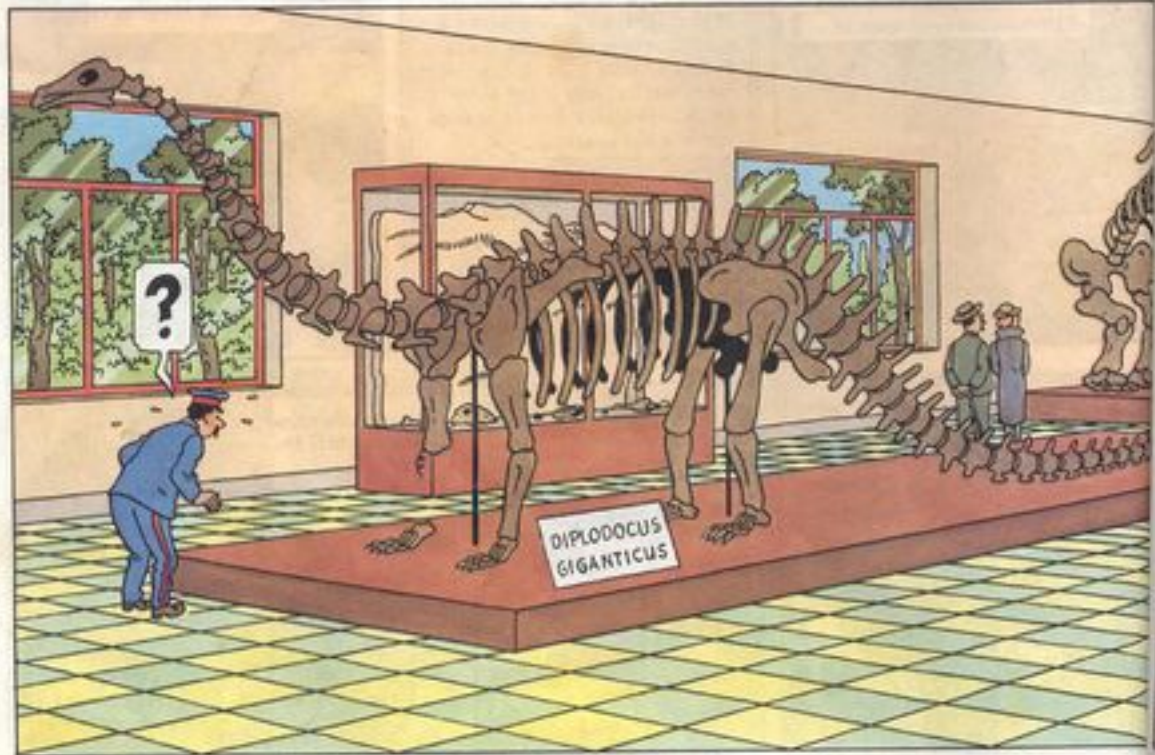
Hurry up, Snowy! Hey, where is Snowy?



Snowy!... Snowy!... Snowy! ..



They have wonderful bones in this country, Tintin!...





He fell down there ... Somewhere behind these rocks...

They're coming!...



Careful! About here...



Szplung! Where is he? We've simply got to find him... The captain will never forgive us if we let him get away, after he'd planned that trap...



Come on, let's have another look. He can't be far away ...



Whew!... They've passed us...



Now, off we go to Klow!...



I must watch my step!... I see that no one can be trusted!... I must warn the King himself.



Meanwhile in Klow...

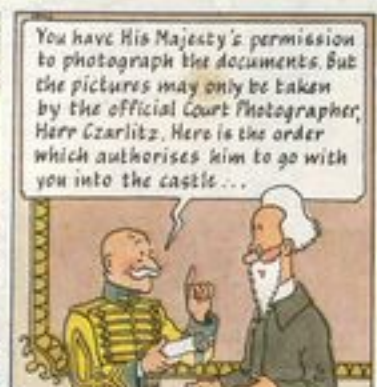
I wonder if I might be permitted to photograph some of the documents?

As a rule that is not allowed, but His Majesty might consent ...



Ah! Here's the main road again.

Golly, I'm hungry...



You have His Majesty's permission to photograph the documents. But the pictures may only be taken by the official Court Photographer, Herr Czarlitz. Here is the order which authorises him to go with you into the castle ...



Klow at last! ...

When are we going to eat?



Which way to the palace, please?

Follow this street to Ottokar Square, then turn left...



What a downpour! We'll shelter until this is over ...

Is this a restaurant?



Why have you stopped? ...

It's the engine...



Let's have a look ... Oh, it's all right: he's asleep ...



Look out, he's moving! ... He's getting out... Get ready ...



A trap! ... I'm done for!

There he goes! ... Don't miss! ...



There's only one way: a nose-dive! ... Whoops!



It's no good, hold your fire! ... He's disappeared behind the boulders! ... He must have broken his neck ... but we'd better look for him ...



And this is the Muniments Room, which adjoins the Treasure Chamber. You must forgive me, but two guards will remain with you for as long as you are here. The doors will also be locked from the outside. Those are the orders. I hope you will not be offended.

Not in the least...



Meanwhile...

You are to take this young man to Klow. But be careful!... He is a dangerous ruffian who has been meddling in State secrets... In fact, I've been given to understand, on high authority, that it'd be a good thing if he never arrived in Klow.

These are your orders... You, as the driver, will stage a breakdown. You will get out to look at the engine, and the others will follow... The prisoner will then try to escape and... You understand me?

Yes, sir!... But what if he doesn't try to get away?

Don't worry!... He will!...

I wonder who can have sent me this?... A friend?... What friend?...

BWARE!
YOU ARE GOING TO BE TAKEN TO KLOW TO BE SHOT! YOU MUST TRY TO ESCAPE. ON THE JOURNEY, PRETEND TO BE ASLEEP, THE DRIVER, WHO IS A FRIEND, WILL STAGE A BREAKDOWN AND CALL THE OTHER GUARDS AWAY. THAT WILL BE THE MOMENT FOR YOU TO MAKE YOUR ESCAPE.

A FRIEND

We'd better get rid of this, in case I'm searched.

Here, Snowy. swallow this paper pellet for me...

Hurry up now, Snowy. I think someone is coming for us...

I suppose you think it's easy?



Next day...

This document bearing the royal signature will admit you to the Treasure Chamber. Lieutenant Kromir will escort you there...

The regalia is housed in the keep of Kropow Castle. A special guard is mounted over it.



In the name of the King!

Professor, please come with me.



The regalia seems well guarded!

It is! The man who is clever enough to steal it hasn't been born!



There is His Majesty's regalia, Professor!...





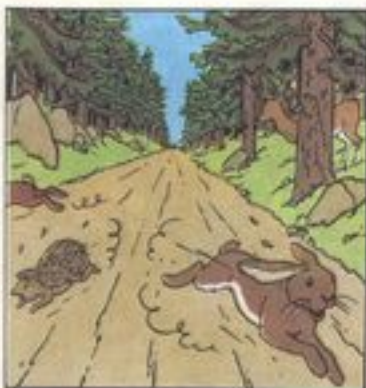


Yes, I am singing tonight at the Winter Garden in Klow... Would you like to hear me now?...

I'd love to.



Ah, my beauty past compare: these jewels bright I wear!...



Was I ever Margar-i-i-ta?

It's lucky the windows are strong!



Hello?... Yes, this is Wizskitobz... Ah, it's you Sirov... Well?... What?... Szplug! ... So it's not your fault?... Perhaps you think it's mine, eh?... What?... If he hadn't stuttered so?... IF!... IF!... You can get round anything with 'IF'!... I'll telephone to the Chief of Police at Zlip... Yes, he's one of us... He'll stop him on the road.



Well, how did you like that?...

V-very much indeed!...



In that case, just to please you I'll sing something else!



Where is the boy who is travelling with you?

He got out earlier on. He'd forgotten something at the Coachman's Rest, so he went back...



I would have given any excuse to escape!



Meanwhile, in Klow...

So, you wish to have access to the Treasure House to examine the national archives?... I won't conceal from you that this is a privilege rarely accorded to a foreigner, but since our Ambassador has vouched for you, I think His Majesty will look favourably upon your request.

Where's the young foreigner you are taking to Klow?...

Th-th-the young f-f-f-foreign-er...



That's enough!... We know he's with you! Search the cart! Zlop!

Th-th-the f-f-foreign-er who... who w-w-w...



Was w-w-w-with w-w-w-me?...

What makes you stutter like that?... Fear? ...



N-n-no!... It... it... it... it's b-b-be-because... I... I... I t-t-talk... talk... talk...

Sirov! There's no one there!



Szplug! Where can he be?... Come on, are you going to talk?...

I... I... w-w-was g-g-going t-t-to t-tell y-y-you, b-b-but y-y-you in-in-inter-inter-errupted m-m-me!... He st-stopped at... at... at... th-th-the Co-co-co-



Cocoa!... Cocoa!... What cocoa? Have you been drinking?...

The Co-Co-Coach-Coachman's Rest, an-an-and...

Why didn't you say so sooner? ...



Quiet!... I can hear a car!

An-an-and he... he... he... g-g-g-



If you say one word, or make one move... just remember our rifles are trained on you!...

L-l-l-listen... I... I... I'm I'm...



It's gone... We can go back...



I... I'm t-t-try-trying to t-t-tell... y-y-y-you... th-th-the y-y-young f-f-f-for-foreigner w-w-w-

Szplitz on Szplug! Where is he?...



W-w-was in... in... in th-th-that c-c-car w-w-w-which j-j-just papa-papa-passed!...



I'll explain... But first, are you sure we are not overheard?

Definitely not. Go on...



This must be serious. They've been in there nearly an hour...



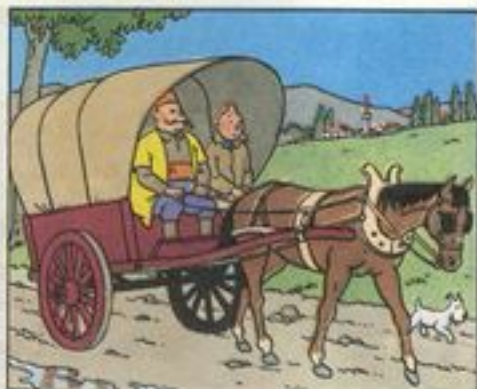
You have just rendered a great service to my country. I thank you. I will telegraph at once to Klow and have Professor Alembick arrested. I'm sure I can rely on you for absolute secrecy...

Of course... But I must be on my way... Can I hire a car?



There isn't a single car in the village. But tomorrow is market-day in Klow. You can go with a peasant who is leaving here today. But you won't arrive there until morning.

Too bad, but I have no choice. I'll go with the peasant.



Hello?... Yes, this is Klow 3324... Yes, Central Committee... Trovik speaking... Oh it's you Wizakitotz... What?... Tintin?... But that's impossible: the pilot has just told me... What?... Into some straw!... Szplag! He must be prevented from reaching Klow at all costs!... Do it how you like... Yes, ring up Sirov...



Hello?... Yes, this is Sirov... Hello Wizakitotz... Yes... A young boy, on the road to Klow... In a peasant's cart... Good, we'll be waiting in the forest... Yes, we'll leave at once... Goodbye!...

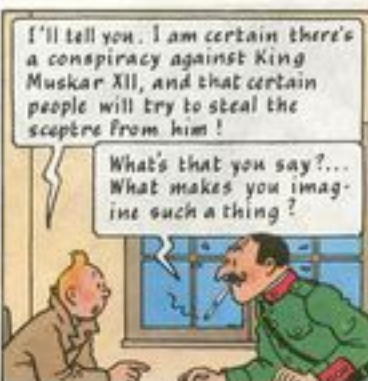


Look out!... Here they come!...



Hands up!...













H.M. King Muskar XII, the present ruler of Syldavia in the uniform of Colonel of the Guards

Muskar was a wise king who lived at peace with his neighbours, and the country prospered. He died in 1168, mourned by all his subjects.

His eldest son succeeded to the throne with the title of Muskar II. Unlike his father, Muskar II lacked authority and was unable to keep order in his kingdom. A period of anarchy replaced one of peaceful prosperity.

In the neighbouring state of Borduria the people observed Syldavia's decline, and their king profited by this opportunity to invade the country. Borduria annexed Syldavia in 1195.

For almost a century Syldavia groined under the foreign yoke.

In 1275 Baron Almasioat repeated the exploits of Hveghli by coming down from the hills and routing the Bordurians in less than six months.

He was proclaimed King in 1277, taking the name of Ostokar. He was, however, much less powerful than Muskar.

The barons who had helped him in the campaign against the Bordurians forced him to grant them a charter, based on the English Magna Carta signed by King John (Lackland). This marked the beginning of the feudal system in Syldavia.

Ostokar I of Syldavia should not be confused with the Ostakars (Pronosts) who were Dukes, and later Kings, of Bohemia.

This period was noteworthy for the rise in power of the nobles, who fortified their castles and maintained bands of armed mercenaries, strong enough to oppose the King's forces.

But the true founder of the kingdom of Syldavia was Ostokar IV, who ascended the throne in 1370.

From the time of his accession he initiated widespread reforms. He raised a powerful army and subdued the arrogant nobles, confiscating their wealth.

He fostered the advancement of the arts, of letters, commerce and agriculture.

He united the whole nation and gave it that security, both at home and abroad, so necessary for the renewal of prosperity.

It was he who pronounced those famous words: 'Eik brennk, rik blavik', which have become the motto of Syldavia.

The origin of this saying is as follows:

One day Baron Staszvitch, son of one of the dispossessed nobles whose lands had been forfeited to the crown, came before the sovereign and recklessly claimed the throne of Syldavia.

The King listened in silence, but when the presumptuous baron's speech ended with a demand that he deliver up his sceptre, the King rose and cried fiercely: 'Come and get it!'

Mad with rage, the young baron drew his sword, and before the retainers could intervene, fell upon the King.

The King stepped swiftly aside, and as his adversary passed him, carried forward by the impetus of his charge, Ostokar

struck him a blow on the head with the sceptre, laying him low and at the same time crying in Syldavian: 'Eik brennk, rik blavik', which can be said to mean: 'If you gather thistles, expect prickles'. And turning to his astonished court he said: 'Honi soit qui mal y pense!'

Then, gazing intently at his sceptre, he addressed it in the following words: 'O Sceptre, thou hast saved my life. Be henceforward the true symbol of Syldavian Kingship. Woe to the king who loses thee, for I declare that such a man shall be unworthy to rule thereafter.'

And from that time, every year on St. Vladimir's Day each successor of Ostokar IV has made a great ceremonial tour of his capital.

He bears in his hand the historic sceptre, without which he would lose the right to rule; as he passes, the people sing the famous anthem:

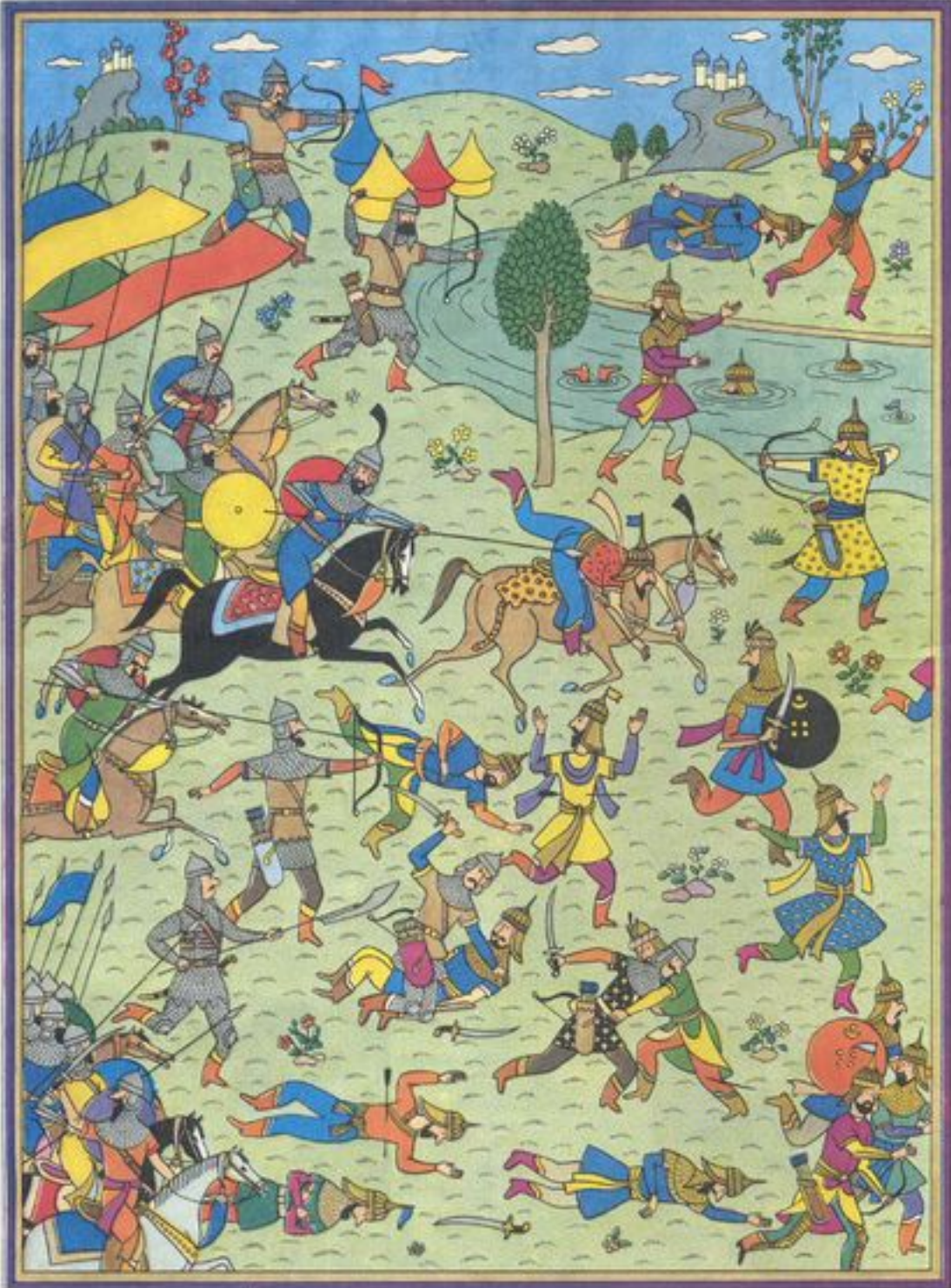
Syldavians unite!
Praise our King's might:
The Sceptre his right!

Right: The sceptre of Ostokar IV

Below: An illuminated page from 'The Memorable Deeds of Ostokar IV', a XIVth century manuscript



Dir Ostokar
Dus pollez
Königsz
Dan fronn eizt pho
mā Greilla czai:
dā ön eltear alpü
Kzometz paffek:
o lapzāda Königsz
itd o alpü flöppz:
Staszvitchz erom
szübel ö. Dāzvieč
tālka ögg o cārrö.



THE BATTLE OF ZILEHEROUM
After a XVth century miniature

SYLDAVIA

THE KINGDOM OF THE BLACK PELICAN

AMONG the many enchanting places which deservedly attract foreign visitors with a love for picturesque scenery and colourful folklore, there is one small country which, although relatively unknown, surpasses many others in interest. Isolated until modern times because of its inaccessible position, this country is now served by a regular air-line network, which brings it within the reach of all who love unspoiled beauty, the proverbial hospitality of a peasant people, and the charm of medieval customs which still survive despite the march of progress.

This is Sylðavia.

Sylðavia is a small country in Eastern Europe, comprising two great valleys: those of the river Vladir, and its tributary, the Molius. The rivers meet at Klow, the capital (122,000 inhabitants). These valleys are flanked by wide plateaus covered with forests, and are surrounded by high, snow-capped mountains. In the fertile Sylðavian plains are oen-tends and cattle pastures. The subsoil is rich in minerals of all kinds.

Numerous thermal and sulphur springs gush from the earth, the chief centres being at Klow (cardiac diseases) and Kragonien (rheumatic complaints).

The total population is estimated to be 642,000 inhabitants.

Sylðavia exports wheat, mineral-water from Klow, firewood, horses and violins.

HISTORY OF SYLDAVIA

Until the Vth century, Sylðavia was inhabited by nomadic tribes of unknown origin.

Overrun by the Slavs in the Vth century, the country was conquered in the Xth century by the Turks, who drove the Slavs into the mountains and occupied the plains.

In 1127, Hveghi, leader of a Slav tribe, swooped down from the mountains at the head of a band of partisans and fell upon isolated Turkish villages, putting all who resisted him to the sword. Thus he rapidly became master of a large part of Sylðavian territory.

A great battle took place in the valley of the Molius near Ziltherouan, the Turkish capital of Sylðavia, between the Turkish army and Hveghi's irregulars.

Embodied by long inactivity and badly led by incompetent officers, the Turkish army put up little resistance and fled in disorder.

Having vanquished the Turks, Hveghi was elected king, and given the name Muskar, that is, The Brave (Muskh: 'brave' and Kar: 'king').

The capital, Ziltherouan, was renamed Klow, that is, Foot-town, (Klolo: 'to free', and Ow: 'town').



Guard at the Royal Treasure House, Klow

A typical fisherman from Dhenouk
(south coast of Sylðavia)



◀ Sylðavian peasant
on her way to market



A view of Niedzdrow,
in the Vladir valley ▶



Aha!...



Here's some good news... The Syldavian government has put a special aircraft at our disposal. Look...

Professor Alembick, passenger aboard aircraft No. 573 00-AGE. Frankfurt Airport. Special plane for Klow will meet you at Prague. Stop. Best wishes... It's signed Schmalzitzch, Air Minister...



Sweets... Sandwiches... Chocolates... Cigarettes...

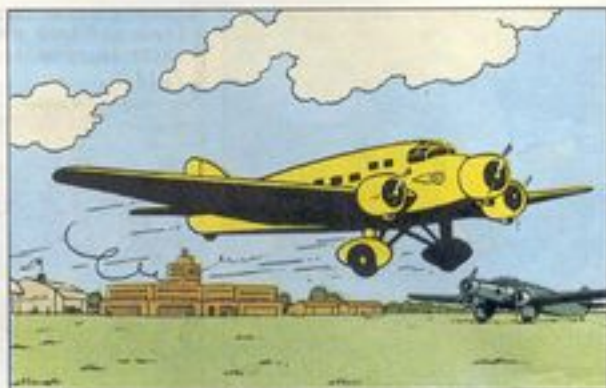


I think they're calling us...

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All passengers for Prague, please take your seats in the aircraft...

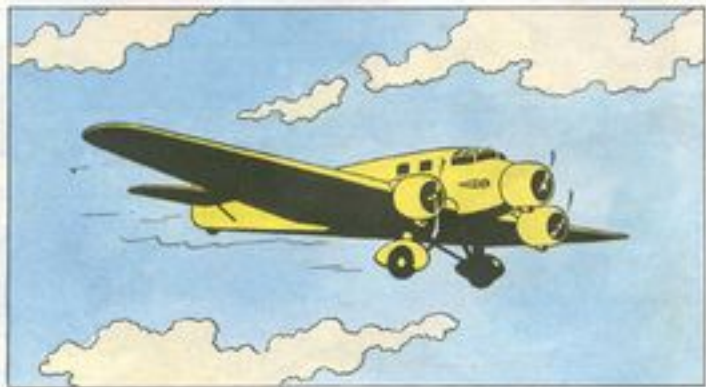
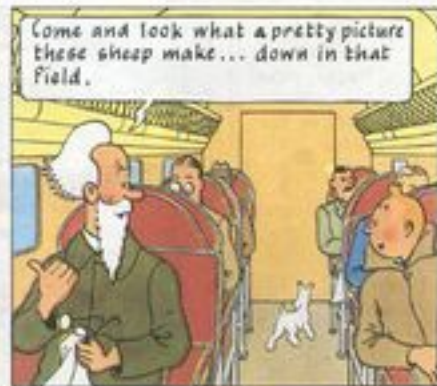


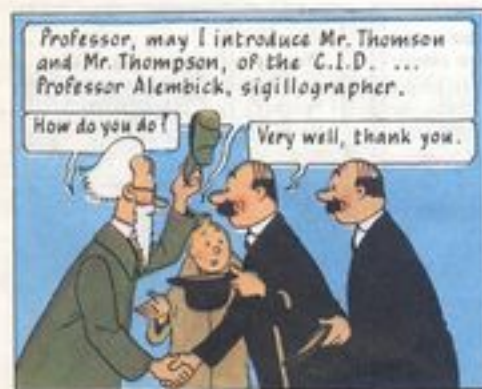
It's really very odd...



Ok, well, let's forget it and look at this brochure...









Where's Snowy?... And the others?... What's happened to them?



It can't be true! Surely... yes, it's them! ... Where have they come from?



You started off so suddenly that we... we couldn't keep up with you. So we commandeered this car. Shall we follow them?...

It's no good: they're too far ahead.



I'll leave you here. I must go and pack my things at once. I am going to Syldavia tomorrow.



Hello?... Yes... Ah, good-evening, Professor... Yes, everything is ready for our trip... Yes, I have booked seats on the Klow plane... We'll meet at the airport in the morning, at 11 o'clock...



We go via Prague, yes... Well, goodbye till tomorrow, Professor... Yes... I... Hello?... Hello?... Hello?...



Ooooook... Help!... Help!... Aaaaaah!...



The professor is in danger! Quick! quick! There's not a moment to lose!...





He's alone! ... We'll fix him! ... Let him gradually close up on us ...



We're catching up!



Now we've got 'em! ...



Now then, jam on the brakes ... Wham! ...



This time I think we've really shaken him off for good.



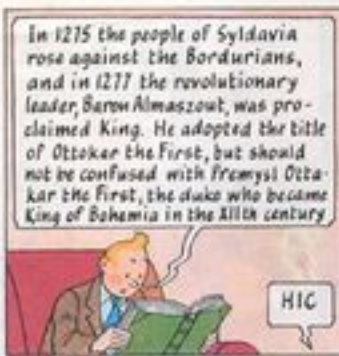














My bill, please...

In a moment, sir...



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KLOW
SYLDAVIAN RESTAURANT
28, NIGHTINGALE ROAD
PROP. J. KRÓSEVITCH

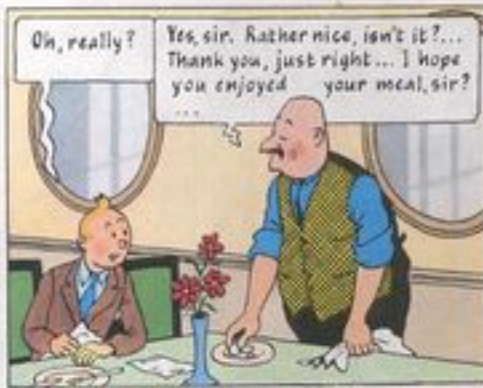
1 Szlaseczek	clary	1.20
		.60
1 Sprawy		1.80
		.18
		1.98

Danger awaits the one who dares
To peek his nose in others' affairs
- SYLDAVIAN PROVERB -



What does this mean?

What, sir?... Oh, yes... Don't you know the old Syldavian custom, sir?... In restaurants in my country there's always a proverb or a motto on the bill.



Oh, really?

Yes, sir. Rather nice, isn't it?... Thank you, just right... I hope you enjoyed your meal, sir?



Very much, thank you. Your 'szlaseczek' was excellent. How do you make it?



Ah, it's one of our specialities: the hind leg of a young dog, in Syldavian sauce...



SNOWY!



SNOWY!
SNOWY!



?



Ah, there you are! ... where have you been hiding?



I hope you will come again, sir.



Ha! ha! ha! We shan't see him again in a hurry!

SERVICE



We aren't FALLING; we're landing! This is a flying-boat, remember!

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How absurd!... I had completely forgotten!

Me too!... That was a good joke!



Isn't it amazing how absent-minded one can be!

Quite absurd!

I can still hear you shouting: 'We're falling into the sea'!

Ha Ha!
Ha Ha!
Ha Ha!

