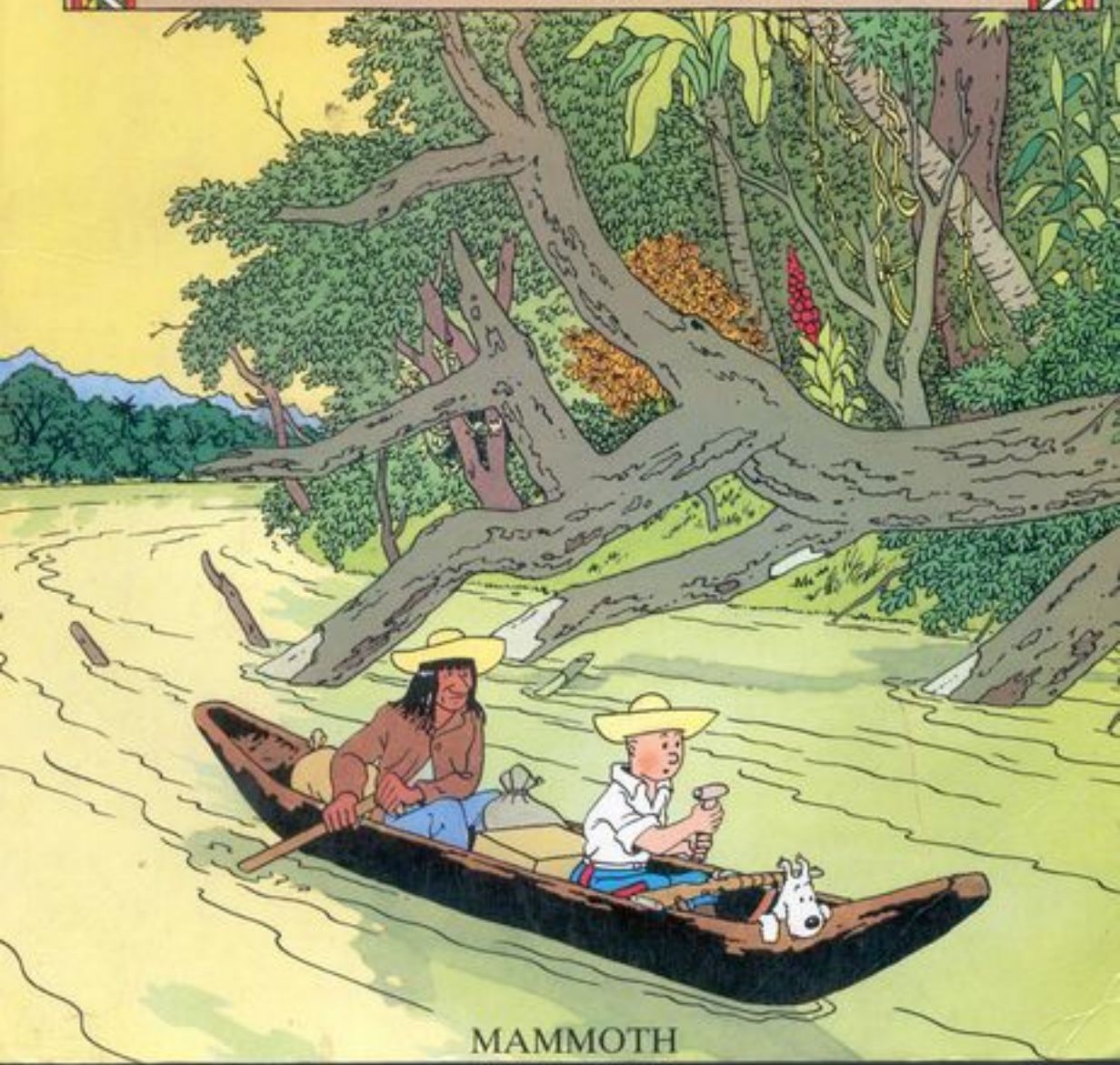


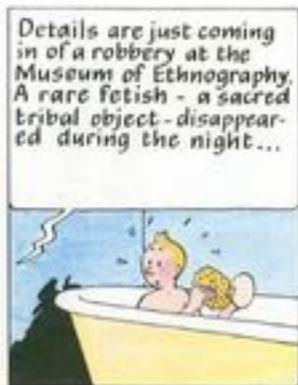
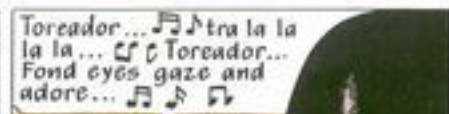
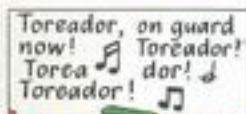
HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN

THE BROKEN EAR



MAMMOTH



The loss was discovered this morning by a museum attendant. It is believed the thief must have hidden in the gallery overnight and slipped out when the staff arrived for work. No evidence of a break-in has been found...



Come on Snowy! To the Museum of Ethnography!



The Director? I'm afraid he's engaged: the police are here ...



Now, to recapitulate... You say the attendant locked the doors last night at 1712 hours; he noticed nothing unusual. He came on duty this morning at seven. At 0714 he observed that exhibit No. 3542 was missing and immediately raised the alarm. Right?... Now this attendant: is he reliable?



Absolutely! Above suspicion! He's been with us for over twelve years and never given the least cause for complaint.

Besides, the fetish has no intrinsic value. In my judgement, it would only be of interest to a collector ...



Great snakes! The Thompsons!

Why, it's our friend Tintin!



Have you any leads?

Well, the Arumbaya fetish has no in... er... no instinctive value... The solution is quite simple: it was removed by a collector.



To be precise: it was collected by a remover.

Some hours later...

This is the book. I'm sure it has something about the Arumbayas.



Aha! This is interesting... Listen, Snowy. "Today we met our first Arumbayas. Long, black, oily hair framed their coffee-coloured faces. They were armed with long blow-pipes which they employ to shoot darts poisoned with curare ..."



We decided to stay there. Their generosity and gave us a plentiful



... Curare! ... the terrible vegetable poison which paralyses one's breathing! ... Oh! "Arumbaya fetish"... But... but... it's the very one that's been stolen!



I therefore made an accurate sketch they urged me to do



Odd coincidence, don't you think, Snowy?... Snowy isn't interested... he's gone to sleep... I think I'll follow suit.



The next morning...



Help! It's bewitched!



Hello!... Hello?... Hello!?... Is that you, sir?



Yes, who is that?... Oh, it's you, Fred... What? The fetish?... My goodness me! I'll come at once...





Extraordinary! There was the fetish this morning, back in its usual place, with this letter propped up beside it... What do you think?

Hmm...

Hmm?

In my opinion, gentlemen, the fetish is bewitched!



Dear Director,

I bet a friend I could pinch something from your museum.

I won my bet, so here's your fetish back.

Please forgive my foolishness, and any trouble I have caused.

Sincerely,

X



My mind is made up: this letter is anonymous. Nobody knows who wrote it!

To be precise: I agree. An anonymous letter nobody wrote!



According to the police the case is closed... But that isn't my view...



Why doesn't he give up?



I do beg your pardon, sir!

Wake up, Tintin! Look where you're going!

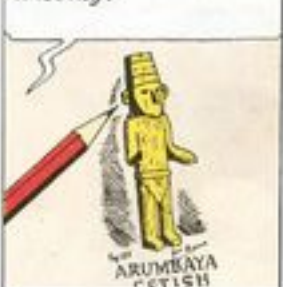
So, am I the only one to know the fetish they put back is a fake?



Here's the proof. Walker, the explorer, says he made an "accurate sketch". And according to the drawing...



... the right ear of the fetish is slightly damaged: there's a little bit missing.



But on the reinstated fetish the right ear is intact. So it must be a copy... Now, who would be interested in acquiring the real one? A collector? Quite possibly... Anyway, let's see what the press has to say about it.

Oh dear, here we go again... Sherlock Holmes on the trail!



FATAL OVERSIGHT

A strong smell of gas alerted residents this morning at 21 London Road. They sent for the police who effected an entry to the room occupied by artist Jacob Balthazar. Officers discovered the sculptor lying on his bed; he was found to be dead. It appears that the victim had forgotten to turn off the tap on his gas-firing. By some chance his parrot survived the fumes. Mr. Balthazar's work attracted the attention of art-critics, who particularly praised his series of wooden statuettes, his special technique being strongly reminiscent of primitive sculpture.



Going round and round like that, he makes me giddy!

Half an hour later...

Excuse me... Is this the house where Mr. Balthazar lived?



Yes, this is it. Ooh, sir, what a tragedy!... Such a polite gentleman!... And all that learning!... Maybe he wasn't all that regular with the rent, but he always paid it in the end. And such a way with animals! A parrot and three white mice, that's what he had...



I'm minding the parrot for the time being. But I can't keep it. So if you know of anyone...

Of course... I was wondering if I might look at Mr. Balthazar's room?



I'll take you up. Such a character he was... sniff... I can still see him... his everlasting black velvet suit, and that big hat... And all that smoking! A pipe in his mouth all day long, he had. But he never touched the drink...

Oh?



Here is his room...



This is where we found him... sniff... They had to send for a locksmith... the door was locked from the inside... The gas was whistling out of the ring.



A little scrap of grey flannel...



And so clever he was... Just look at those flowers: you can almost smell them...



You knew Mr. Balthazar well?

Er... that's to say... not intimately...



If by any chance you found a parrot-lover... It's such a friendly bird!

Naturally, I'll remember you. Good-bye and thanks.



An accident?... Funny sort of accident, I'd say...



A very funny accident!... The gas was whistling out of the ring. So, if the tap was on when Balthazar went to bed he'd have heard it. Unless he was drunk; but he never touched drink. Therefore someone turned the tap on after the sculptor was dead, since the gas wasn't strong enough to kill the parrot. And that someone was wearing something made of grey flannel and smoking a cigarette...

...witness the piece of cloth and the cigarette end, which couldn't have belonged to the victim: he only smoked a pipe, and he wore a velvet suit. So Mr. Balthazar was murdered. He was murdered because he'd probably made a replica of the Arumbaya fetish for someone. And someone didn't want him to talk... Someone?... Someone?... Who can that 'someone' be?... How can I find out?



Great snakes!... Why not?!



Excuse me, but I've been thinking. I'll buy Mr. Baltazar's parrot.

If you'd only been two minutes sooner! I just sold it. The gentleman who bought it was here a moment ago; you must have passed him.

Look, there he goes! You see the gentleman with a parcel under his arm? That's him.

Let's hope he'll agree to resell it to me.

The parrot? Oooh, sir!

Just my luck!



Grrreat greedy-guts!

Hey, you!...D'you always behave like that? Let me tell you, I'm not used to being insulted!

Perdono, Señor.

Very well! But another time you'll be in trouble!

But...I assure the señor...



GRRREAT GREEDY-GUTS!

Oh, help! It's a regular punch-up...Doh! The parrot! The parrot!!

The parrot!!!

GRRREAT GREEDY-GUTS!



Estúpido! Imbécil! Great greedy-guts! Look what you do: my beautiful parrot es escapado! Es perdido!

The only witness to Baltazar's death, the only one who could have talked, and there he goes.

The parrot es give me by my grandfather. Ay, qué desastre...All same, muchas gracias for try to catch them.

That's quite all right.

"Give to me by my grandfather" Why tell a lie? I wonder, could he be interested in the parrot for the same reason as me?



Meanwhile...

It's raining, Professor. Don't forget your umbrella ... and remember your glasses.

Don't worry, Ernestine. My glasses are in the pocket of my jacket ... and I'll take my umbrella.



What a curious-looking creature!



I must take a closer look ... Now, where have my glasses gone? I know I put them in my overcoat pocket...



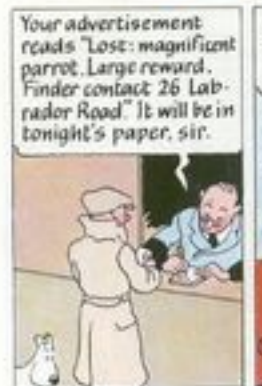
Oh, it's a bird.



Good morning. How do you do? Pleased to meet you!



I ... er ... do forgive me, sir. I'm so absent-minded ... Would you believe it: I mistook you for a bird!



Your advertisement reads "Lost: magnificent parrot. Large reward. Finder contact 26 Labrador Road." It will be in tonight's paper, sir.



Ees necesario to make advertisement about the parrot.



There: "Lost: magnificent parrot..." Look, there are two notices. I'll try the first address: it's nearer than the other.

The sooner the better!

Grrreat greedy-guts!



RRRRING



I came about the parrot. Are you the gentleman who ... ?

Ah, yes! Do come in!



Let's have a look ...



It's him all right! I can't thank you enough. You wouldn't believe what he means to me. Please take the reward.



Goodbye, and thank you.

It's me who's grateful!

Now, I want to hear Polly run through his part: "What the parrot saw."
But first ...

... I need to buy a cage.
Look after that box, Snowy.
I'll be back in a few minutes...



PWARK!
PWARK!



GRRREAT
GREEDY-
GUTS!



Who does he
think he is?!



Help! They're
fighting!...
I must be in time
to save Polly!



Grrreat greedy-guts!



Here, have you noticed?... There are
two advertisements: and no one has
brought back the parrot. It makes no
wonder... is someone on the track of
of Balthazar's killer?... Anyway, it's an
address to remember: 26 Labrador Road.



Si, si... only two people see
parrot escape... thees old
greedy-guts and thees youngman ...

Where's that wretched
parrot now?



No doubt about it...
there's a burglar
in the flat...



Careful... he's
in there...



Put your hands up!





I AM BALTHAZAR!

And I'm Colonel Barker!
Surrender! You are surrounded!



Next morning ...



Faithful unto death a loving pet! Last night the occupants of 21 London Road, awakened by strange noises, found ...



This time my luck's in! Quick! A taxi!



TAXI! ...



TAXI!



I give up. We'll have to walk.



Oh? The parrot? You really are unlucky. The gentleman who bought it yesterday came to collect it again ... Not ten minutes ago ...



He beat me to it, the gangster. And now he's got the parrot back.



LOOK OUT!



Road hog! He couldn't have been closer if he'd tried to run you down!

Yes, he deliberately swerved to the left!



Are you hurt?

No, thanks, I had time to jump clear. I wouldn't have fallen if I hadn't tripped over the edge of the pavement.



I managed to get his number... Wait... 169... Yes, 169 MW... That's it. 169 MW... You'll have to ask the police...

169 MW. Thank you!



...I tell you, if that idiot hadn't warned him I'd have settled his hash!

Si, si, but truth ees you mess heem and from now he ees on kees guard. Ciertamente, knife ees better!



In that case, you'll have to practise harder: you always throw too far to the right...

Only a leetle...



That's it... 169 MW... Doctor Eugene Trebblebob, 120 Minstrel's Way... Good!



This time I'm sure I'm on the right track.



MINSTREL'S WAY

Here we are.



Wrong number!... That man who told me can't have seen it clearly...



Anyway, it's possible they used false number plates on their car... Oh!...



EUREKA!

Look, Snowy! You see: 169 MW.
Now watch: one...two...



Three!...Presto!
... MW 691!



They just turned their numberplates
upside down... Perfectly simple!



Now then... MW691
... Alonso Perez,
engineer, Sunny
Bank, Freshfield
... Not far from
here to Freshfield...
Let's go!



That night...



Caramba!...
Again ees too
much to right!



Ha! ha! ha!...
Caramba!...
WHOOPEE!



Estúpido
parrot! You
shut up!

All you need do is
aim more to the
left: that way
you hit the bulls-
eye...



Muy bien, aim
more to the
left?...
Why not?



GRRREAT GREEDY-
GUTS!



Grrreat greedy-guts!
Grrreat greedy-guts!
PWARK!
PWARK!



You!!...
You take
that!

You fool! What are
you doing?...



Carramba!...
Missed again!...



Crazy idiot! Think
what that parrot
means to us! Are
you out of your
mind? What about
the fetish?



Fetish! Fetish! Ah infierno
weeth thees fetish!...
And I wreeng the neck
of thees Feehthy
parrot!...



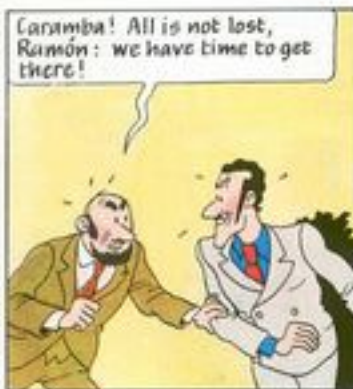
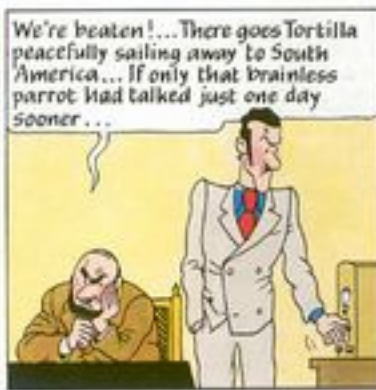
Calm down,
Ramón!

Carramba!
...Ha! ha!
ha!...
Grrreat
greedy-
guts!



Caramba!



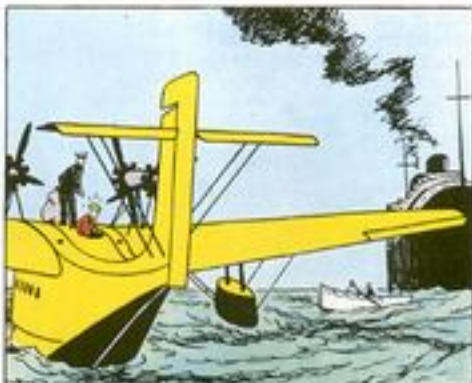




Here comes the mail...

But the diamond... Where is it?

Eet must be somewhere inside...



Leesten, Alonso... We cannot stay here any longer. Ees too reesky. Someone might come. We take thees fetish to our cabin, then we take our time to look...



Hello... there's a passenger...



I need to speak to one of your passengers immediately... A Mr. Goldbarr...

Mr. Goldbarr? You'll find him in the first-class dining-rooms.



Let's hope I've come in time!



Hands up!...



OH!

The diamond!



Look out! Thees diamond!

It'll go into the sea!



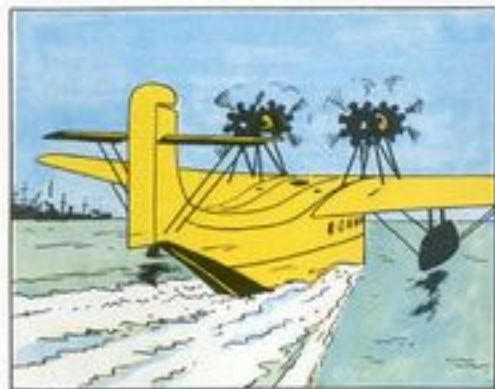
But if you really want to catch her, maybe you could hitch a ride from the air-base over there ... It's not far ...



... catch the 'Washington', eh? ... Hmm... maybe... We happen to have a plane going out to her... to deliver some mail ...



First service for lunch, please!
...First service for lunch! ...



There goes Goldbarr... He's off to lunch. Now's our chance!



Ramón! ... Ramón! ... Look! ... I've got it!





Good heavens!... It's fantastic!



Think of the thousands of miles I've travelled to find this thing!



£100... Cheap at the price!... But come to think of it, I should have asked how he managed to get hold of the fetish...



!?!... There's no mistake... They've both got a broken car!... I can't believe it... It's absolutely incredible!



This time I really will find out where they came from!



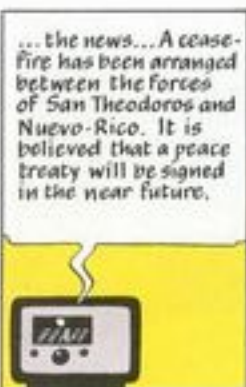
Good morning. Would you be kind enough to tell me who brought you those two fetishes?



Ah, yes, the two little fetishes... who brought them to me?...

A bit of a struggle, but at last I've got the address... Mr. Balthazar, 32 Lamb's Lane... That isn't very far. We'll go straight there.







Good! ... Now they're safely taken care of, let's see what he's got in his wallet.



OHO!



*Artem-aya
I am dying
Walker expedition
the diamond
in the fetish
car
Lopez*

Where did you get this note? ... Tell me!



In the ship, on our way to Europe. Tortilla dropped it. But we didn't know what it meant. Tortilla was just a fellow passenger. We only realised the significance of the paper when we read about the fetish being stolen from the museum. ... Then we decided we'd try to get the fetish away from Tortilla.



Excellent! ... Now, the only thing we don't know is how Tortilla got hold of this note. But since he's dead, I don't suppose we'll ever discover that! ... So now, gentlemen, let's get moving!



And behave yourselves!



What are you planning to do with us?



No problem. I shall hand you over to justice. I think you well deserve it!

Hand us over to justice? ... Ha! ha! ha!



Don't count your chickens before they're hatched, my fine friend ...



Teep heem con! ...



Got you!

Bravo!



There! ...

Hee's feenished! Look, Alonso. Thees piranhas, thees man-eating feeshes, they come for heem already!

Oh! So you lied to us! Well, now you're going to tell us where it is. And don't try to fool us again!

I've already told you: I know nothing about it...



Now listen carefully! There's one more round left in this gun. On the count of three if you haven't talked, I swear that bullet's for you! One!...two!...



Look out! A snake!!!...

Where?



The Arumbayas discovered that a sacred stone had disappeared. It seems that the stone gave protection from snake-bite to anyone who touched it. The tribe remembered a half-caste named Lopez, the explorers' interpreter, who was often seen prowling around the hut where the magic stone was kept under guard.



The Arumbayas were furious. They set off in pursuit of the expedition, caught up with them, and massacred almost all the party... Walker himself managed to escape, carrying the fetish. As for the half-caste, although badly wounded, he too got away. The stone, probably a diamond, was never recovered... That's how the story goes.



Now I understand... The whole thing makes sense!



Listen!... The half-caste steals the stone, and to avoid suspicion he conceals it in the fetish. He thinks he'll be able to get it back later on...



But the Arumbayas attack the expedition and Lopez is wounded. He has to flee without the diamond. And that's it!... The diamond is still in its hiding-place, and that's why Tortilla, and after him his two killers, tried to steal the fetish.



So now all I have to do is find the fetish... and return to Europe!



Some days later...



Meanwhile...



We simply must get hold of a canoe...



Look!... There's a canoe... and with one man only... But... I think I am seeing things... or see a dream... That man...

Caramba!... It's Tintin!



We'll rest here for a while before we continue our journey...



So we meet again, eh?



Let's start talking!... Did you know the 'Ville de Lyon' had been completely destroyed by fire... burnt out!

Really?



Yes, really! And the fetish you left in your trunk has been destroyed!... Burnt!... All because of you... You are going to pay dearly, my friend!

No! I told you... The real fetish wasn't aboard...



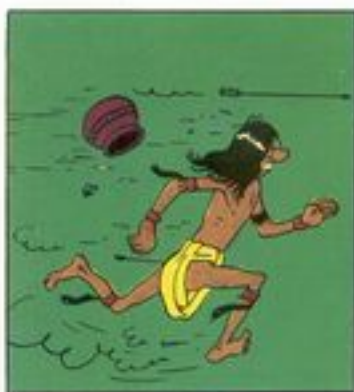
YAAH!



The old bearded one!



The villain! ...Lucky you decided to come and look for us Karawelo... otherwise we'd have been too late.



Let me introduce Avakuki, chief of the Arumbayas

Owar ya? Ts goota meecca mai 'tee

It's a pleasure, sir...



Nakuk. Djarom membak dabrah nai dul? Tintin zluk infu rit'h. Kanyah elpim?

Dabrah nai dul? Oi, oi! Slaika toljah. Datrai b'giv dabrah nai dul to Walker. Ewuz anais gi. Buttiz'h felaz tukahr presh usdjuel. Enefda Arumbayas ket chimdai lavis gutsfa gaktah'z. Nomess in'h!



I was just asking the chief about the fetish, and this is what he told me... You'll be interested ...

I'm all ears!



Nitwits!



Cohrluy ahduk! Ai tolja tahitta ferlip inbaw intada oh'! Andatdohn meenis ferlip ineeer oh'!



I should never have started to teach them golf! They just can't learn to play properly!



But to come back to the fetish. The elders of the tribe still remember about the Walker expedition. It's quite a tale. They know that a fetish was offered as a token of friendship to Walker during his stay with the tribe. But as soon as the explorers had left ...





See, O witch-doctor. This cloth belongs to the old bearded one, and the quiver also. Perhaps the old bearded one is in danger?



You mind your own business! ... Give me the animal and go! ... I shall kill the creature and take out its heart; this I shall give to your son to eat. Go now!



And if you breathe one word of all this, I shall call down the Spirits upon you and your family ... and you will all be changed into frogs!



No danger now: he won't gossip... But he's right. The old bearded one may be in trouble. All the better! Let's hope he dies! Then I shall regain my power over the Arumbayas. Now, before I kill the animal I must burn these things... they might give me away.



Great Spirits of the forest, we bring thee a sacrifice of these two strangers ...



Stop, O chief of the Rumbahas! The Spirits of the forest do not accept your sacrifice!



These two strangers are friends of the forest. You will set them free.



V-v-very w-w-well!

It's magic ... witchcraft!



Magic?... Didn't you realise it was me speaking?... I'm a ventriloquist... Ventriloquism, I'd have you know my young friend, is my pet hobby.



Good heavens!

Brother Arumbayas, you are about to witness a remarkable phenomenon ...



My end!

We will take out this animal's heart and give it, still beating, to our sick brother ...





What will they do to us? That's easy! They'll cut off our heads and by a most ingenious process they'll shrink them to the size of an apple!



Ahh wada lu'valli bahn chaso covats! Ha! ha! ha!

Just as I thought. He means our heads will soon be added to his collection!

They've gone... Snowy, you've absolutely got to save Tintin.

If I can find the Arumbaya village, and take the thing to them, perhaps they'll understand that its owner is in danger...



Meanwhile, in the Arumbaya village...

The Spirits tell me that if your son is to be cured, he must eat the heart of the first animal you meet in the forest...

I go, most powerful one!



What a strange animal!... And what's it carrying in its mouth? A quiver! That's funny... I must try to catch it alive...



I just wanted you to have an unfriendly reception, to encourage you to leave at once. Believe me, if I'd wanted to kill you it wouldn't have taken more than one dart. Look, I'll prove it. You see that big flower over there?

Yes.



Good shot!



WOOAAAHH!

?



Ooh! I'm so sorry!

WOOAAAHH!



Don't worry, the dart wasn't poisoned. Use my handkerchief for a bandage.



Now, tell me how you come to be here in this country...



Well, it's like this. An Arumbaya fetish in a museum in Europe, brought back by the explorer Walker, was stolen and replaced by a copy. I noticed the substitution. Two other men were also on the track of the real fetish and whoever had stolen it.



I followed these two men to South America. They killed the thief on board ship and stole his fetish. But this one too was a fake. So now I'm trying to find the real fetish, and I still don't know where it is.



... Just as I still don't know what they were all after: Tortilla, the first thief, and his two killers. They all wanted the fetish. But why they wanted it is still a complete mystery. So I thought perhaps that here...



... among the Arumbayas I might learn something fresh about it...

Perhaps you may. It's quite possible...



Rumbabab! ... Sworn enemies of the Arumbabab! ...





A dart! ... It's sure to be poisoned! ... D'you remonber, Snowy? ... Curare!



I can't hear anything now. I must have shaken them off...



Cowards! Come on out and show yourselves, unless you're afraid to!

Tintin, you'll get yourself killed!



WOOAH



!



Great snakes!



A white man!



Who are you? And what brings you to this place?

My name is Tintin... who... who are you?



My name is Ridgewell.

Ridgewell? The explorer? But everybody thinks you're dead.



What a pity! Or rather, what a good thing, because I've decided never to return to civilisation. I'm happy here among the Arumbayas, whose life I share...

And whose weapons you've adopted. What was the meaning of that little game of darts?

CARACO!

He's left me!... Now I understand why he wanted me to buy his canoe... So I could go on alone!



Careful now!... Rapids!



The canoe!... The canoe, with the guns and the food!... All gone!



Well! Now I really am in a jam! ... No gun, no food, in hostile country... and all by myself!



!?!... I don't count any more, I suppose?



It's funny, but I have a feeling somebody's watching us...

Y...y... you... th-th-think... s-go?



OH!



Next morning...

This is Caraco, an Indian who knows the river well. But I doubt if he'd dare go... there.



I want to go down-river. Will you act as my guide?

Si, señor.



I... er... I want to visit the Arumbayas ...



Arumbayas! Very bad people! No! Caraco no go!

Chicken!



Wait, Caraco. Think it over. Look what I'll pay you ...



Caraco go. But Caraco very poor man. The señor will buy canoe of Caraco.

All right, I'll buy it.



Caraco know other white señor. He want to go to Arumbayas. Long, long time ago. Other white señor ...

I know, he never came back ...

And that doesn't bother you?



Several days later...



Soon is night, señor.

You're right. We must stop.



Tomorrow, we come to country of Arumbayas.



Goodnight, señor...

Goodnight, Caraco.



Next morning...

Where's Caraco?



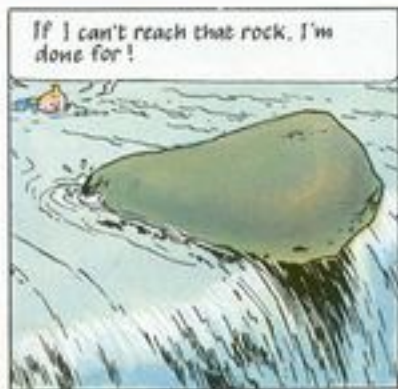
The canoe is still there, anyway ...







Hold your fire: he's out of range. Let him go. He'll be swept over the falls ...



If I can't reach that rock, I'm done for!



Whew!



WOOAH!



Well, what do we do now?



?



A tree trunk! ... Don't let it go ... it could be our only chance!



Ah! It's swinging round!

Meanwhile...

What will happen to me?

I don't know. We've been ordered to take you to Sanfacion, and that's all.





An armoured car tried to attack border post 31. It was destroyed and one of the occupants, a colonel, was taken prisoner.

In Sanfacion...

General!... General!... This dispatch has just come by telephone!

"An armoured car ... !!! This time it's war! That's what they want: that's what they'll get!"



Pass this communiqué to the newspapers. I want special editions on the streets in an hour!

Sanfacion Star! ... Extra! ... Extra! ... Sanfacion Star! ... Extra!

WAR! IT'S WAR!
A motorised column of the San-Theodorian army mounted a surprise attack today, but the enemy were repulsed by our valiant troops who inflicted heavy casualties...

LAS DOFIGOS
HERE WE COME!
ALCAZAR
OUT!
DEATH TO
ALCAZAR



Hello?... Mr. Tricker? ... Success! The Nuevo-Ricans have just declared war on us!... Yes... oversome new incident on the border...

The Gran Chapo fields are ours! ... Once again General American Oil has beaten British South-American Petrol!

In a fortnight all the Gran Chapo will be in Nuevo-Rican hands. Then I hope you in British South-American Petrol will not forget your promises.

The first chance we get, we desert, and ...
... we look for thee, fetish again.

If they stop me, I'm caught...
and if that's a strong
barrier, I'm dead.



Hello?... Border post 31?...
Patrol No. 4 here... A San-
Theodorian armoured
car with a mounted
machine-gun just raced
past
here, heading for the frontier.



Red alert!... San-
Theodorian armoured
car reported...
Man your posts!





I'm staying here. Why climb down? He's had it anyway, hasn't he?

As you like, I'm going to see...



There it is. We can go back to Las Dopicos. That's put paid to Colonel Tintin.



VRRROOM

What's going on up there?

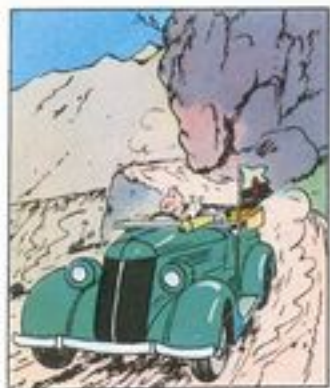
That's our car!



He... he must have been hiding behind the rocks. I didn't see him coming...



It doesn't matter. He'll be caught at the frontier. It can't be far from here. We'll pick him up there. Come on!



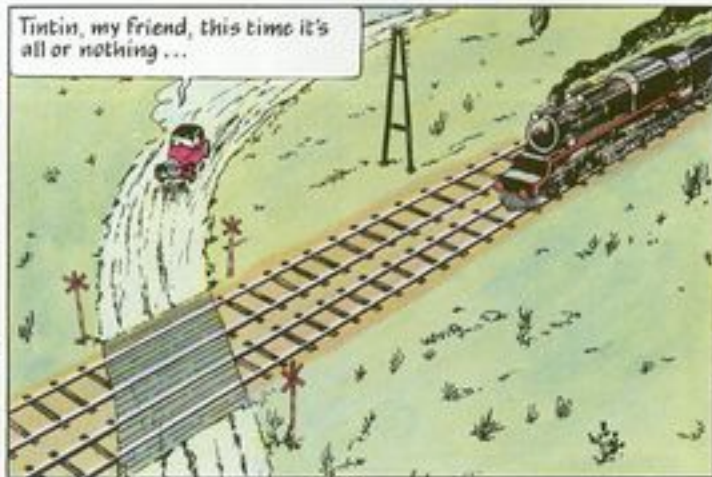
?

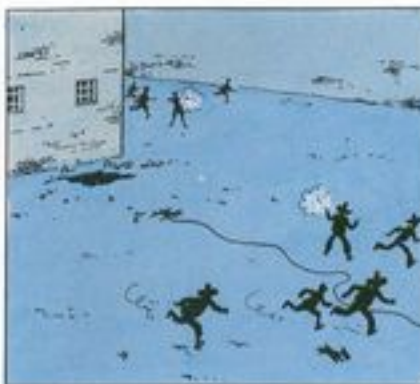
It's a government car!



Tintin went past
in a car... heading
south!

I want him,
dead or
alive!



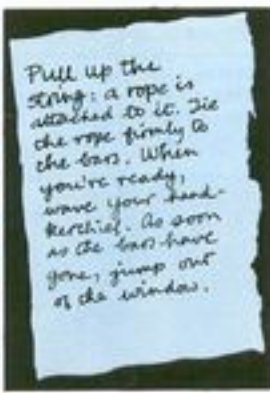
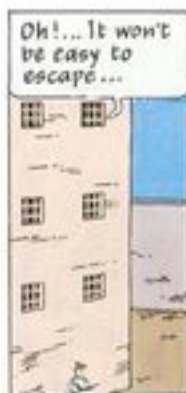




Yes, you can take these: they're my orders. The first concerns Colonel Tintin; he will be shot at dawn tomorrow. The other is for Corporal Diaz, my former aide-de-camp. I've made him a colonel again. He can resume his duties at once.



Back in jail again! Unless I'm much mistaken, friend Trickler has cooked this one up to get rid of me.

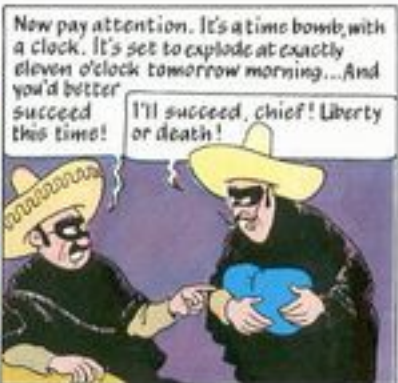




Here he comes, back already to Las Dopicos



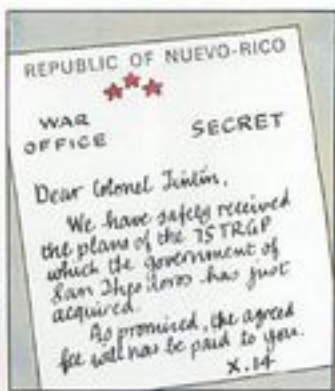
Well? All done. Another fat order... and something to fix Colonel Tintin too!



Now pay attention. It's a time bomb with a clock. It's set to explode at exactly eleven o'clock tomorrow morning... And you'd better succeed this time!
I'll succeed, chief! Liberty or death!



The next morning...
General, I warned you against Colonel Tintin... Look at this letter and tell me if I was wrong...



REPUBLIC OF NUEVO-RICO
WAR OFFICE
SECRET
Dear Colonel Tintin.
We have safely received the plans of the TS TR&P which the government of San Jhepito has just acquired.
As promised, the agreed fee will now be paid to you.
X.14



A spy!... ¡Mil bombas! Planted as a spy!... The traitor!... The rat!... He'll pay dearly for this!



Hello!... Hello!... Colonel Juanitos?... Take ten men and go and arrest Colonel Tintin at once!... Eh? What?... That's an order, Colonel!... Move!



Meanwhile...
The explosion is set for 11 a.m. ... What's the time? ... Hello, my watch has stopped!



Now, let's put it right ...



Come in!



Good morning, Colonel Juanitos. Good to see you...



I'm terribly sorry, Colonel Tintin, but I've been ordered to arrest you!

Arrest me?... Me?...



There's been a power cut this morning, so all the municipal clocks have stopped. Go and put them right.



Ten o'clock. There's still some time before I need to deposit my little box of fireworks!



Ah, General Alcazar, you're going to repent making me a corporal! Insult me at your peril! Corporal Diaz takes his revenge!



Good morning, General Alcazar. I happened to be passing through your country, and thought I'd show you our latest models.



This is our very newest line: the 75 TRGP. It's a really high-quality product: flexible, easy to handle, strong, and it will toss a nice little nickel-plated shell for you over a distance of 15 kilometres.



Who! This could be serious. Listen, Ramón, las Dupicos. A detachment of Nuevo-Rican soldiers crossed into the territory of San Theodoros and opened fire on a border post. Guards returned the fire and a violent battle ensued. The Nuevo-Ricans were forced to retire across the frontier, having sustained heavy losses. The only casualty on our side was a corporal wounded by a cactus spine.



The airport ...



Now we are off to San-facion... the Nuevo-Rican capital.



... and six dozen 75 TRGP, with 60 000 shells, for the government of San Theodoros. Payable in twelve monthly instalments.



To General Mogador's palace.



Half an hour later...

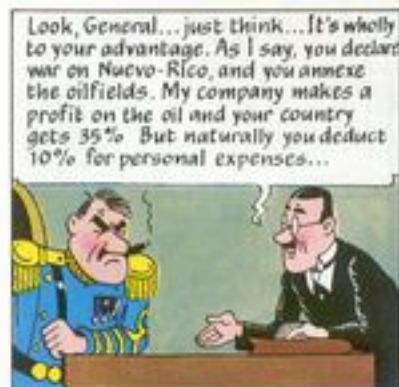


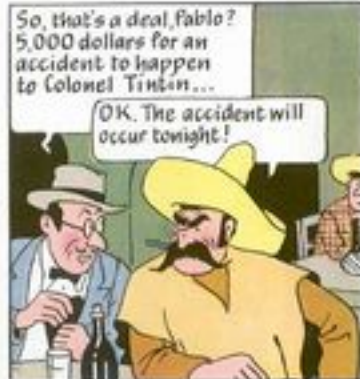
Back to the airport.



... and six dozen 75 TRGP, with 60 000 shells, for the government of Nuevo-Rico. Payment in twelve monthly instalments.







R.W. Trickler, representative General American Oil. All right, show him in.

Good morning. Do please sit down.



Well, Colonel, the reason I'm here... I heard yesterday ...

Please excuse me ...

Yes, of course ...



Hello?... Hello?... Yes, Captain... What?!... They've escaped!



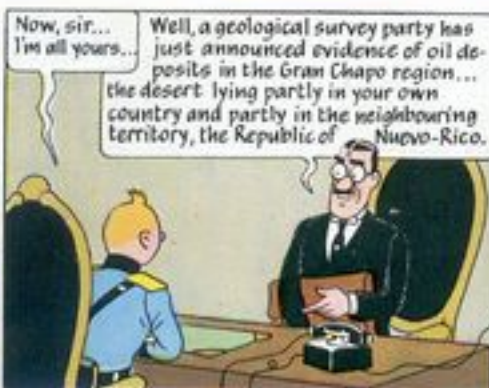
We are free, and soon the Fetisk cecours!

And soon we'll have our revenge too; we have old scores to settle with Tintin!



Now, sir... I'm all yours...

Well, a geological survey party has just announced evidence of oil deposits in the Gran Chazo region... the desert lying partly in your own country and partly in the neighbouring territory, the Republic of Nuevo-Rico.



General American Oil seeks to obtain a concession to work these fields. Obviously, your government will have an interest in the profits that would accrue...



I see, I'm afraid General Alcazar is ill, and I cannot ...



Of course, of course. But you could render us invaluable service. I mentioned that part of the oil-fields lie in Nuevo-Rican territory. My company wishes to exploit the whole region; so it follows that you must take over the area.

But... that would mean war!



Unfortunately, yes. But what can one do? You can't make an omelette without breaking eggs, can you, Colonel?



So, here's the reason for my visit. We will give you 100,000 dollars in cash if you will persuade General Alcazar to undertake the campaign ... Is it a deal?



You're making a big mistake in refusing my offer. But just as you wish, Colonel! Goodbye!

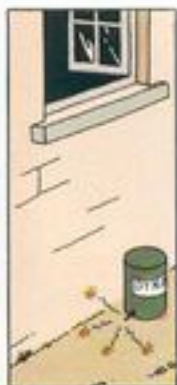
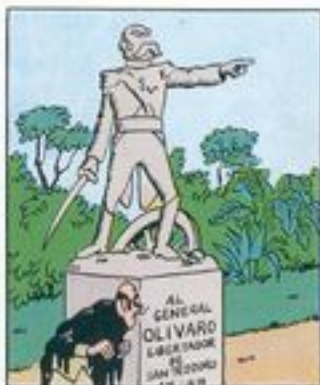


A dangerous fellow! He could wreck all our plans. I must have a word with Rodriguez about him...





I pulled out my gun and fired. Ha! ha! ha!
... Just imagine, the chap fainted ...
Ha! ha! ha! ... And best of all, can you
believe it, next day he had jaundice!
... Imagine! Jaundice!

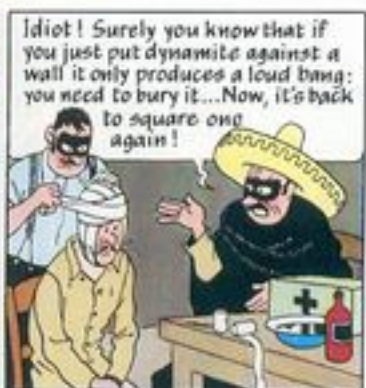


An attack!

The general's palace!
... It's over there!
Another
revolution?!



It's all right! Quite
all right! General
Alcazar is unharmed!



Idiot! Surely you know that if
you just put dynamite against a
wall it only produces a loud bang:
you need to bury it... Now, it's back
to square one
again!



Next morning ...

Hello?... Is that General
Alcazar's palace?... Oh, it's
you, doctor. How is the general?
... What?... What? ...
JAUNDICE!!!

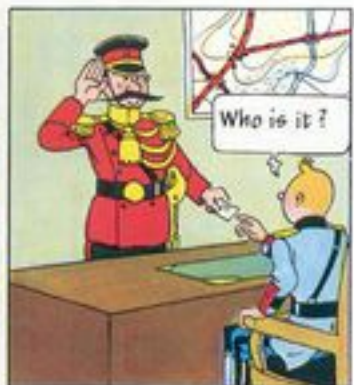


Jaundice, yes... caused
by shock, you know...

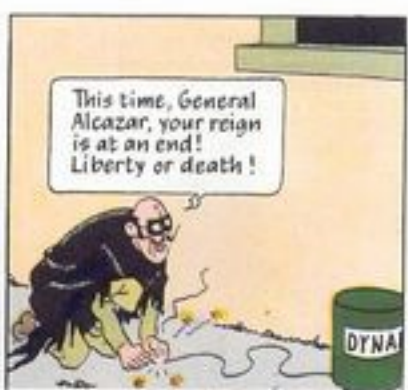
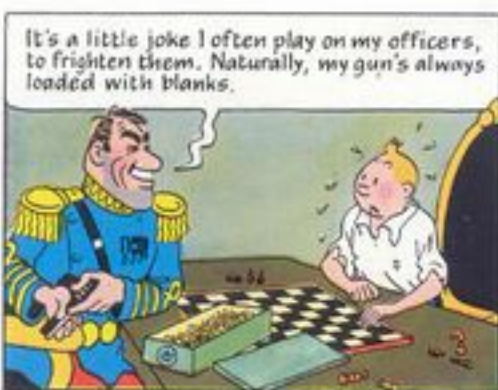


RAT
TAT
TAT

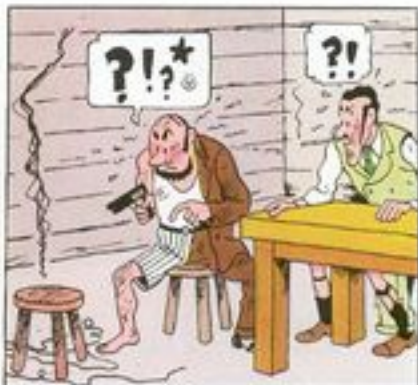
Come!

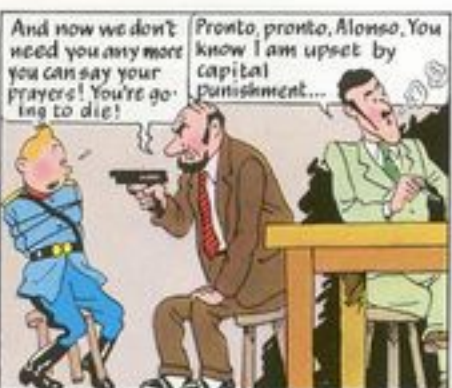


Who is it?











Whack! and off he goes to dreamland!

Get off!



An hour later...



That's agreed then: as soon as he's told us where the fetish is, we get rid of him for good!

Ees right: he gives us beeg trouble.



THUMP
THUMP
THUMP



Come!



We got him.

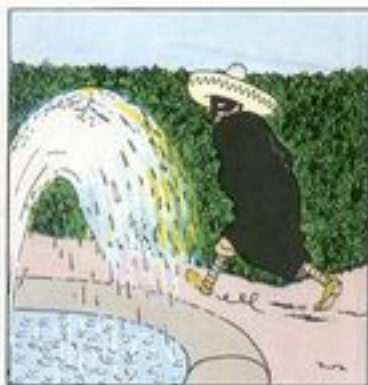
Good. Bring him in here...



Welcome to our humble abode, my dear Colonel!... Sit down and have a chap...



A neat trick, Colonel. The idea of putting a fake fetish in your suitcase wasn't bad... But now we'd like to know where the real one is...



The next morning ...

Where's my new aide-de-camp? Not here yet?

Not yet, General.

As soon as he arrives send him in. We have work to do...

Very good, sir. At once.

Colonel!... How on earth did I come to be a colonel? I don't remember a thing...

However, I'm still looking for the fetish, and to do that I must resign my commission.

No, gentlemen: impossible. The general is waiting for his ADC. He won't see anyone this morning.

Them!

Heem!

Oh!

Ah, there you are, Colonel. We must get down to work. As for you, gentlemen: I cannot receive you this morning... Come, Colonel!

No more need for me to resign, for the time being.

The general choose heem!

It's crazy!

Thes ees bad!

Yes, now we'll have to deal with him all over again!

Meanwhile ...

His office window is open ... So far so good!

It's a delicate position...

Yes, very delicate.

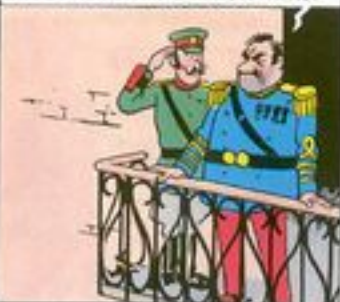
I'm sorry, Your Excellency, but the General can't see you this morning. The General is extremely busy...

Checkmate, my dear Colonel!

Goodness! You're right!



Go and see what's happening. Colonel... and bring that young man here to me. I want to meet him.



I've already been shot three times... so a fourth time makes no odds to me. I'm used to it.



Here he is, General... he was sentenced to death by General Tapioca. Our men arrived just as the firing squad were going to shoot him. They had their rifles up, and this courageous fellow was still shouting "Long live General Alcazar!"



¡ Muy bien! I am General Alcazar, and I need men like you! As a mark of my appreciation, I appoint you colonel aide-de-camp.

Thanks very much... but I'd like my hand back!



But... don't you think, General, it might be wiser to make him a corporal? We only have forty-nine corporals, whereas there are already three thousand four hundred and eighty-seven colonels. So...



I shall do as I like! I'm in command! But since you consider we are short of corporals, I will add to their number. Colonel Diaz, I appoint you corporal!



Here's your colonel's commission, young man. Now, go and get yourself kitted out. Corporal Diaz here will take you to the tailor.



A colonel's uniform for our young friend? ... Excellent! I had this all ready for Colonel Fernandez, who fled with General Tapioca... He was just the same size... And for yourself? ... A corporal's outfit? I have just the thing...



My career is in ruins. But I'll have my revenge, on you and that confounded General Alcazar!



That night...

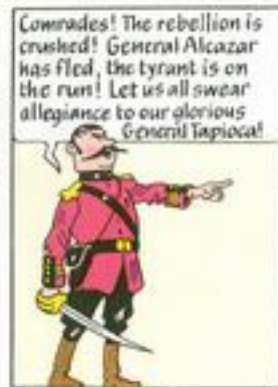
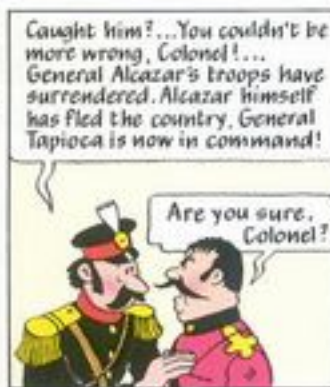
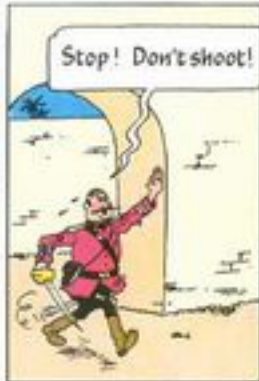
Comrades, we have a new member... an officer who preferred to resign his commission rather than continue to serve a tyrant! He will take the oath.



I swear obedience to the laws of our society. I promise to fight against tyranny with all my strength. My watchword henceforward is the same as yours: liberty or death!







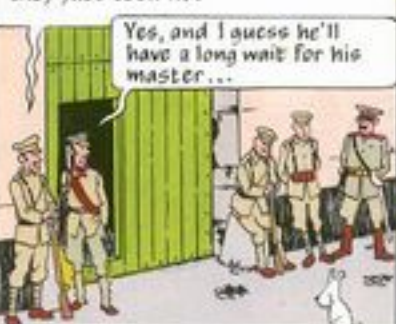
Well, well, here I am again... in the soup!



Still, it's not so bad. The launch from the "Ville de Lyon" is due to pick me up at seven. When I don't appear they'll go back to the ship and alert the Captain... He'll get me out easily.



Doesn't that dog belong to the lad they just took in?



Yes, and I guess he'll have a long wait for his master...

1900 hours...



Perdone, señor teniente, but are you waiting for a young man to take out to the "Ville de Lyon"?



Yes, how d'you know that?

Because he said to tell you not to wait for him. And here's a letter he asked me to give you...



"To the Captain of the Ville de Lyon." All right, thank you.



That's that taken care of!

There's the launch going back. They'll warn the Captain.



... And there's the letter the man gave me.



Las Duplicas

Dear Captain,
As you know, I planned to continue my trip with you.

However, something new has come up concerning the theft of the fetish, forcing me to stay longer in Las Duplicas.

I am extremely sorry if I have inconvenienced you.

What's happening? It must be nearly eight o'clock and the launch still isn't back...



TOOOOT
TOOOOT

That's the "Ville de Lyon"!



They're weighing anchor... sailing without me!!



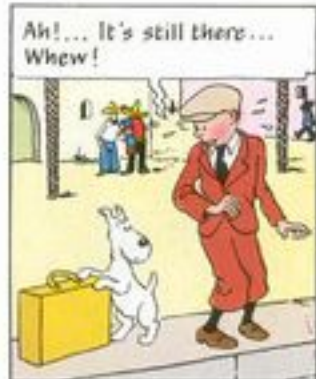
This time it's hopeless... I can't see any way to get myself off the hook...



And next morning...



Squad!... Ready!...



Good idea of yours to meet the boat... Excellent... But there's still the fetish...

Don't worry... they won't have it for long!



... And that's the whole story. Look, here's the fetish they stole from the wretched Tortilla. Does anything in particular strike you about it?

I reckon it's another fake. The right ear isn't broken.



Exactly. So we still need to know two things. First, where's the real fetish... and then, what are all these gangsters really after?



RAT
TAT
TAT

Come in!



A letter for Mr. Tintin, sir. A police launch just brought it.



Republic of San Theodoros
Ministry of Justice
Los Dopicos

The Minister presents his compliments to Mr. Tintin and requests his presence ashore to assist in the interrogation of two suspects. Mr. Tintin is further invited to bring with him the stolen fetish. An officer will meet Mr. Tintin on shore and put himself at his disposal.



Things are beginning to move. I'll just get myself ready and then I'll go.



See you later!
Good luck!

Thanks, goodbye.



Don't forget, we'll be sailing tonight at eight o'clock.



Don't worry, I'll be back. I don't want to get stuck in this place!

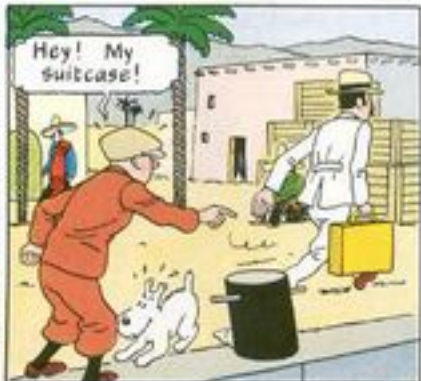


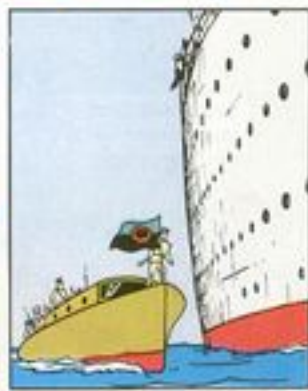
All right then, that's understood. You'll pick me up here at 1900 hours.

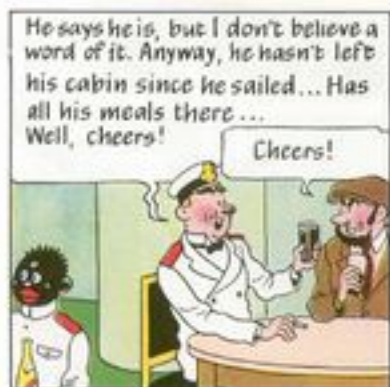
Yes, sir.



Now we just have to wait for that obliging officer to come and put himself at my disposal!







STOP THEM!



HELP! HELP!
MURDER!



Madre! Ees close
theeng... And to think
I mess heem as well!
...Ees your fault. You
weeth your "Leetle
more to the left"!



Well, it's the first time you
landed where you aimed...
Anyway, it's probably a
good thing you didn't
teit him, since it wasn't
Tintin!



Ees right. But I could
swear eet ees heem...
Only hees voice when
he shout ees not
heem.



There's still the
other: the
little old
man.



Next morning...

You are ready? We
now go to work weeth
thees leetle old
man...



Ees heem!!
He spy on us!

O.K., let's
see. We'll
follow him...



No, not that way. We
aren't sure it's him.
I've a better idea:
come with me...



Get it? If it's Tintin, he
must be
wearing a
false beard.
So...



Steady!... You're nearly there
... A little to the right...
Gently... Back a bit... That's
it!... Now!



Now, clever Señor Tortilla, the fun begins!



Several days later...

Well? Still nothing?

Nothing. No sign of them anywhere!



Perhaps he sees us and he keeps to his cabin... Or maybe he never came aboard this ship... Even this case...

Ssh! Someone's coming...



Did you see?...



That figure... it could be...

Tintin, couldn't it?



No, ciertamente es imposible! ... Also, how could he know?



Sssh!



Or him?



It's crazy! We've started seeing Tintins around every corner! They're all fairly short... O.K.... But what does that prove?

... Ees right.



But no, es not right! Eet es heem! Ees first one, thees one in the cap. I remember heem: es in same aeroplane and he eet behind us. Ees following us. I tell you, es Tintin!



All right, there's only one answer. He's got to go!

Esta noche... to-night, after the dinner, we fees heem good!



That evening...



Now don't forget: aim a little more to the left...



Goodnight! ... Oh!

Goodnight to you!



A weeg! Ees wearing a weeg! Ciertamente es heem!

Careful, he's coming! Now above all, don't miss!



OOH! ... HELP! ... MURDER! HELP!



Oooh! My fetish!
My beautiful fetish!



Mr. Goldbarr?... I'm terribly sorry
your fetish has been damaged.
I can explain everything if you'll
allow me...



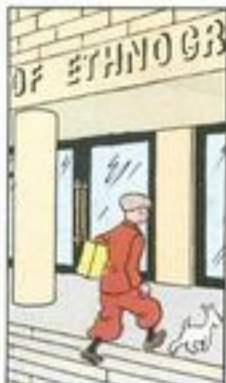
... I think you should know
that your fetish is stolen
property.



Yes, I know
where you bought
it, and I'm sure the
man who sold it
to you acted in
good faith...



If that's the case, I wouldn't
consider keeping the fetish
for a moment longer. If
you're going back on shore,
can I ask you to take it and
restore it to the museum
where it belongs? I'd
be greatly obliged!



May I please speak to the
Director?



And now, Snowy my
friend, we're going to
take a well-
earned
rest!



2001/5

