

- HERGÉ -

THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN
RED RACKHAM'S
TREASURE

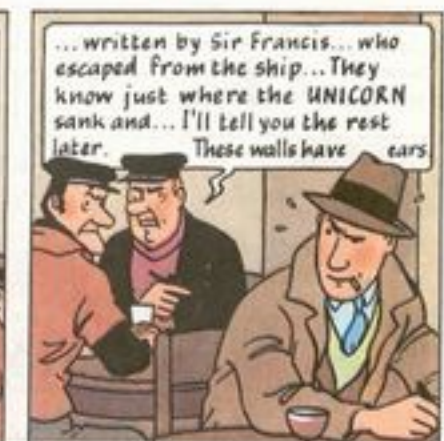
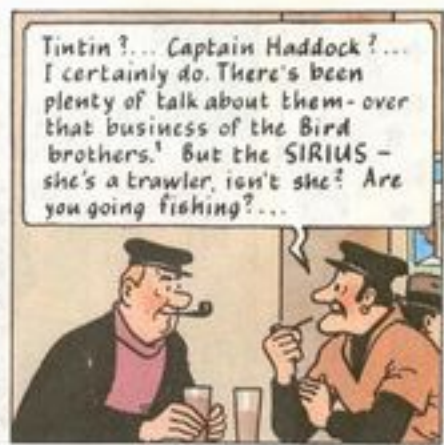
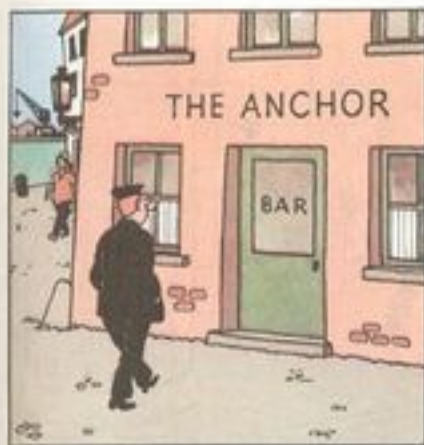


MAGNET



MAGNET

RED RACKHAM'S TREASURE



Hollo, George! How's yourself?...

Not so bad. And you?... Still a ship's cook?

Still the same. I'm sailing aboard the SIRIUS in a few days, with Captain Haddock and Tintin. Know them?

Tintin?... Captain Haddock?... I certainly do. There's been plenty of talk about them - over that business of the Bird brothers.¹ But the SIRIUS - she's a trawler, isn't she? Are you going fishing?...

Yes, but it's not ordinary fish we're after, it's treasure!

What's that you say?

Well, it's like this... There's a treasure that belonged to a pirate, Red Rackham, who was killed long ago by Sir Francis Haddock aboard a ship called the UNICORN. Tintin and Captain Haddock found some old parchments...

...written by Sir Francis... who escaped from the ship... They know just where the UNICORN sank and... I'll tell you the rest later. These walls have ears

¹ See The Secret of the Unicorn



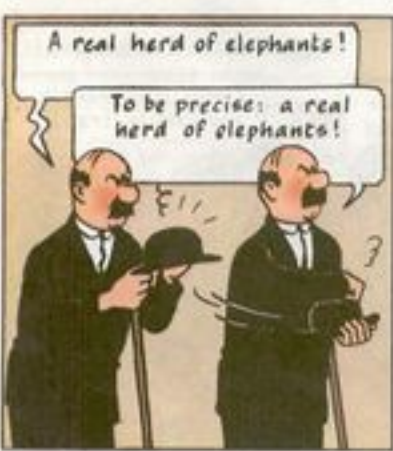
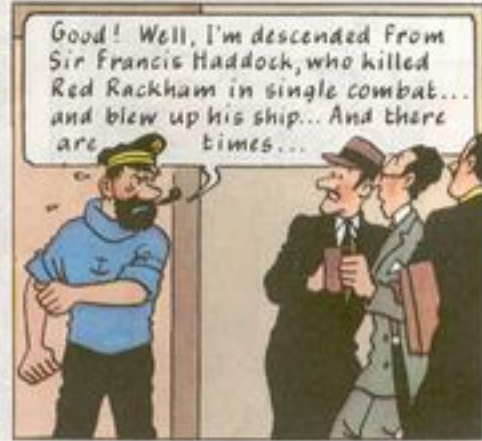
Red Rackham's Treasure

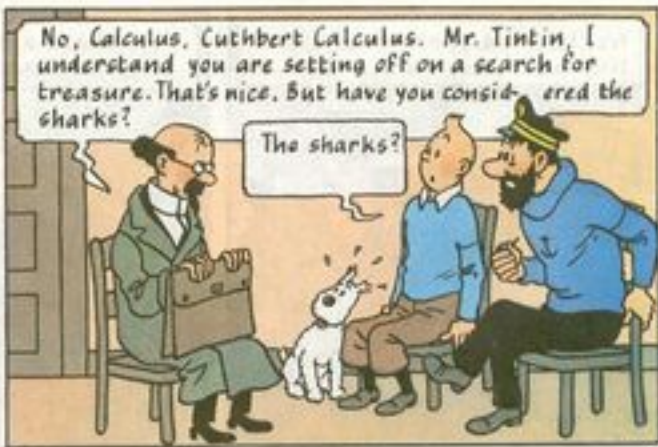
THE forthcoming departure of the trawler *Sirius* is arousing speculation in sea-faring circles. Despite the close secrecy which is being maintained, our correspondent understands that the object of the voyage is nothing less than a search for treasure.

This treasure, once the hoard of the pirate Red Rackham, lies in the ship *Unicorn*, sunk at the end of the seventeenth century. Tintin, the famous reporter—whose sensational intervention in the Bird case made headline news—and his friend Captain Haddock, have discovered the exact resting-place of the *Unicorn*,









No, young man, I'm talking about the sharks. I expect you intend to do some diving. In which case, beware of sharks!

But...

Don't you agree?... But I've invented a machine for underwater exploration, and it's shark-proof. If you'll come to my house with me, I'll show it to you.

I'm very sorry but...

No, it's not far. Less than ten minutes...

I'm afraid I'm very busy and I...

Why of course. Certainly these gentlemen may come too.

It's no good. There's no time!
NO TIME!

Good, that's settled. We'll go at once.

I'm so glad you agreed to come!

Please don't mention it.

No, Calculus, Cuthbert Calculus.

You see, here we are. One more floor...

It's in here...

Yes, that's a new device for putting bubbles in soda-water...

And that's a clothes brushing machine.

Not a bad gadget, eh?

No, a clothes-brushing machine.
It's one of my latest inventions

RRRR
OW
OUCH



OOH

The clothes are sucked into
the middle of the machine,
where they have a stiff
brushing for half a
minute. Then they come
out, as good as new...



Billions of billions blue blis-
tering barnacles!!



Let me go! I'll tell him what I think of his
practical joke!



You're going to buy
me a new outfit,
do you hear?

That?... Yes, it's
for brushing
clothes.

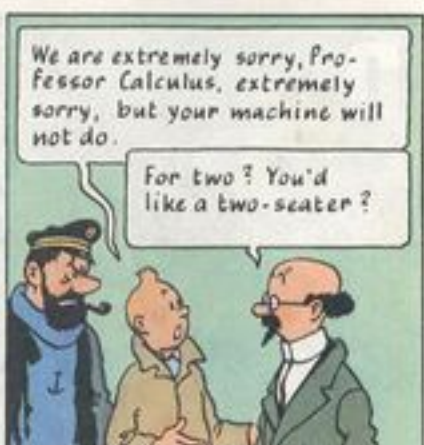


But this is even more
ingenious. Because
I have so little room
and my bed gets in
the way...

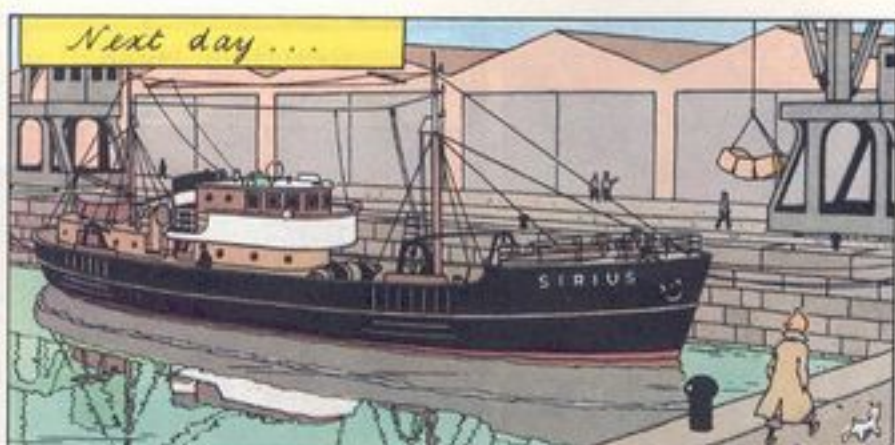


You Bashi-bazouk! Look
what you've done now!











Hello!



Bad news, my friends. We've just heard that Max Bird has escaped!

What did I tell you?... A good start, isn't it? ...



Yes, that troublesome antique dealer—he managed to give two policemen the slip when he was being taken for questioning.

That's bad...



There's a letter for you, Captain.



For me?... What's this about?



Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles!



Is it bad news, Captain?

Read for yourself! It's ghastly!

DOCTOR A. LEECH
Dear Captain,
I have considered your case, and conclude that your illness is due to poor liver condition.
You must therefore undergo the following treatment:
DIET - STRICTLY FORBIDDEN:
All alcoholic beverages (wine, beer, cider, spirits, cocktails,



Good-day, gentlemen! I hope I'm not intruding?



No? Well, I'm happy to tell you my machine is ready now. When may I come aboard?



You can't come aboard! We aren't interested in your machine!

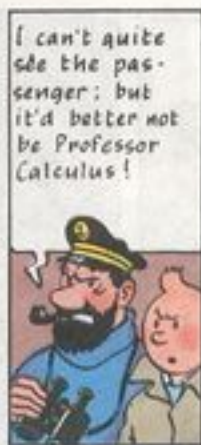
Tomorrow?



No not tomorrow! Never!

Today?... Good. I'll go and fetch it at once.





Yes, you are in danger. Max Bird, the antique dealer, was seen last night skulking near the SIRIUS. He may try to take his revenge.

Just let him try!
He'll find out...



Maybe, maybe. But anyway, now we are aboard you will be able to feel that you are perfectly safe.

To be precise: perfectly safe.



We shall see... Meanwhile we must find you a berth. Let's see... We've a couple of spare bunks for'ard. Will that do?

Yes, thanks!



Captain!... Captain!



Captain, I can't stand it!

What?



This thieving Snowy - he's stolen a whole box of biscuits!

No?...

Snowy?...



Yes, Snowy! I saw him just now near the galley!

Snowy!... Where is the wretched animal?



Snowy?... SNOWY?...



I can't see him, the scoundrel! But don't worry, I'll see that it doesn't happen again...

Good.



Er... our cabin is for'ard, isn't it?

Yes for'ard.



We'll change at once, and mix discreetly with the ship's company...

Good idea!



We must behave like old sea-dogs ...

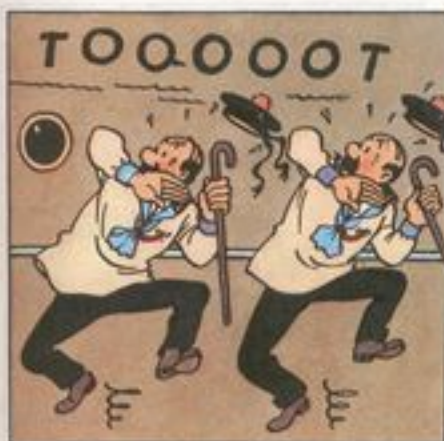


For a start, we'd better learn to chew tobacco. All old sea-dogs chew a quid. Here, have one of these...



What do we do, Captain? We're bearing down on that fishing fleet...

Give a blast on the siren; that'll warn them.



Goodness!... My tobacco!...

Mine... mine too... I swallowed it!...



Next day ...



This has got to stop! ... Yes, it's got to stop!

Yes, Captain. Yesterday it was a box of biscuits! This morning a whole chicken has disappeared!

The wretched dog!

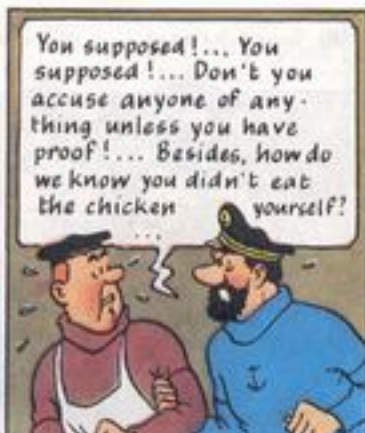


Snowy! ... Snowy! ... Where's he hiding? ... Snowy!



Snowy! ... Snowy! ...











OH!



Great snakes!... He... he... why, he's drunk!



Snowy, what have you done? Pooh! Your breath smells of whisky!



Now come on!... Show us where you found the whisky...

All right... You... you want a d-d-d-drink too?



Look!



See, the bottle must have smash ed up there. Let's investigate.



There!

Blistering barnacles! If I ever catch him!



Sh!... Listen...



ZZZ... ZZZ... ZZZ...



Someone is asleep in this life-boat!

Impossible: the lashings are secure... At least...



Blistering barnacles! The lashings are free this side! There's someone in this lifeboat!



Thundering typhoons!



ZZZ... ZZZ
... ZZZ...



Billions of billions of blue blistering barnacles! Get up, you!...



My whisky, you wretch!... What have you done with my whisky? Thundering typhoons, answer me!... Where's my whisky?



I must confess. I did sleep rather badly. But I hope you will give me a cabin...



A cabin!... I'll give you a cabin!... I'm going to stow you in the bottom of the hold for the rest of the voyage, on dry bread and water!... And my whisky?... Where's my whisky?



It's on board, of course!

It's on board!... Heaven be praised!



Naturally it is in separate pieces...

In separate pieces... My whisky is in separate pieces?

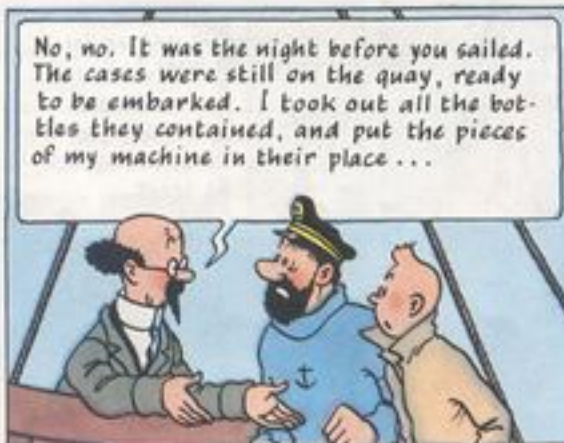


Of course, it is a little smaller than the first one, but nevertheless it was too big to pass unnoticed. So I had to dismantle it and pack all the parts in the cases...



But what about the whisky out of those cases! Tell me! Is it still ashore?...

Oh no!



No, no. It was the night before you sailed. The cases were still on the quay, ready to be embarked. I took out all the bottles they contained, and put the pieces of my machine in their place...



Wretch!... Ignoramus!... Abominable Snowman!... I'll throw you overboard! Overboard, d'you hear?...



Still no sign... It's very strange...



What's the name of the island?



How should I know?... It's not marked on any of the charts.

Oh?... But you are sure we're near it?



Positive! I plotted the position yesterday at noon.

Yes, I see. But... er... supposing you made a mistake in your calculations...



Oh, so I made a mistake in my calculations, did I?... All right: they're on my table. Go and check them!... Yes, you! Now! Go on! Check them!



Tell me, Captain, was that a fish jumping out of the water just now?



No, it was a grand piano!

Ah, I didn't think it could have been a fish...



A few minutes later...

You must forgive me, Captain, but there really is a little mistake in your calculations. Look, this is where we are, exactly...



You are right... I have made a mistake. Gentlemen, please take off your hats...



Why must we take off our hats, Captain?...



Sh!...

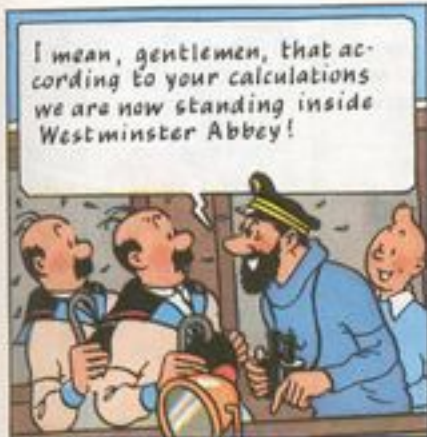


? ?

Now...

But Captain, tell us what you mean...

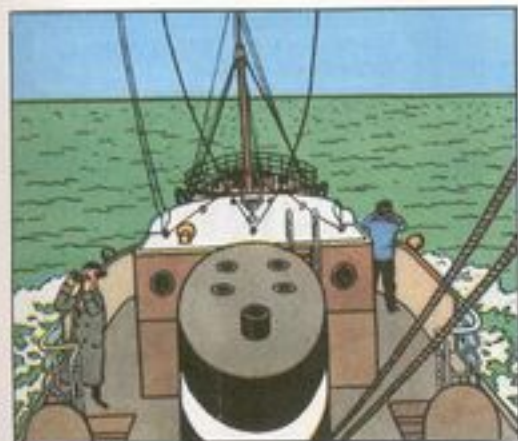




I mean, gentlemen, that according to your calculations we are now standing inside Westminster Abbey!



Thousands of thundering typhoons! Where's that miserable island got to?



I'm beginning to think Sir Francis Haddock was pulling our legs.

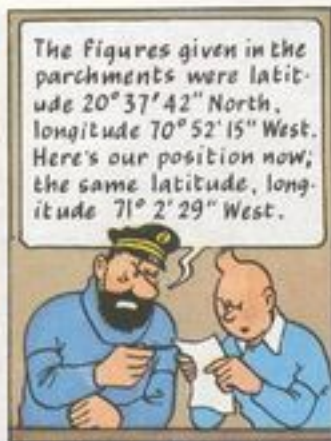
I'm beginning to think so too!



We'll soon see! It's almost noon. We'll take a sight. I'll go and fetch my sextant.



That's it... Let's go in, and I'll work it out...



The figures given in the parchments were latitude $20^{\circ}37'42''$ North, longitude $70^{\circ}52'15''$ West. Here's our position now; the same latitude, longitude $71^{\circ}2'29''$ West.



So we've already passed the right point, and yet we saw nothing... I simply can't understand it!



Captain, I think I've got it!



What do you mean?

Well, the meridian from which you calculated the degrees of longitude was of course the Greenwich meridian...



You don't suppose I used one in Timbuctoo!

No, wait. Supposing Sir Francis Haddock used a French chart—he easily could have done. Then zero would be on the Paris meridian—and that lies more than two degrees east of Greenwich!



Blistering barnacles, that's an idea! You may be right! Perhaps we are too far to the west. We'll go back on our tracks...

Coxswain
at the wheel!
... Helm
hard a-port!
... Midships!
... Steer
due east.



Captain, what is hap-
pening?... We seem
to be turning back.

Yes, Professor Cal-
culus, we're turn-
ing back.



Oh, that's all right
then... I was afraid
we were turning
back.



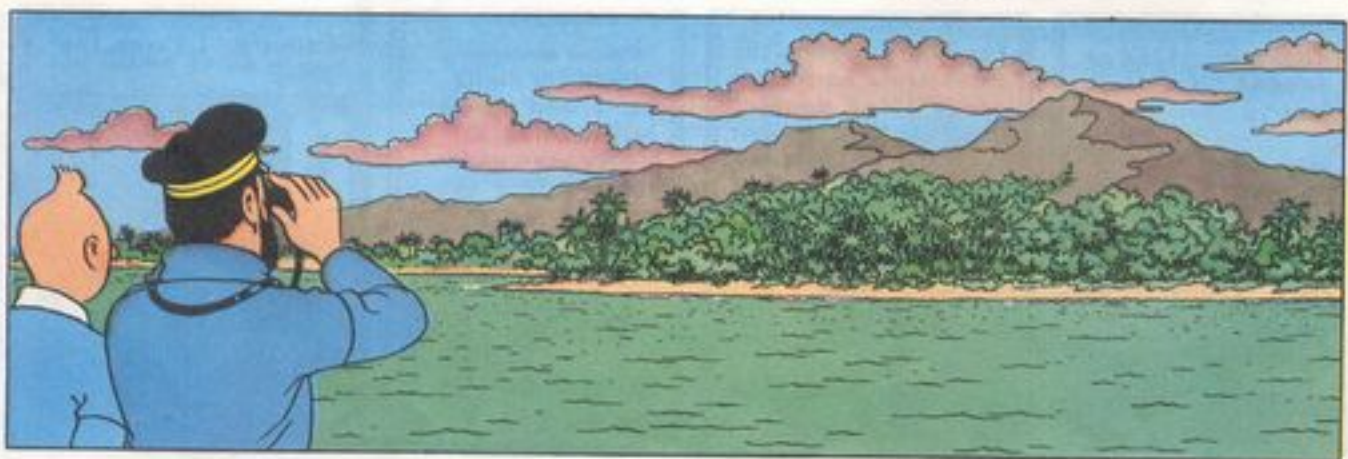
How easy it is to be mistaken.
I'd have sworn we'd
turned back.



That evening...



There it is at last! Our
treasure island!



It's too late to go
ashore tonight. We'll
drop anchor, and to-
morrow we'll explore
the island...

Right! ...



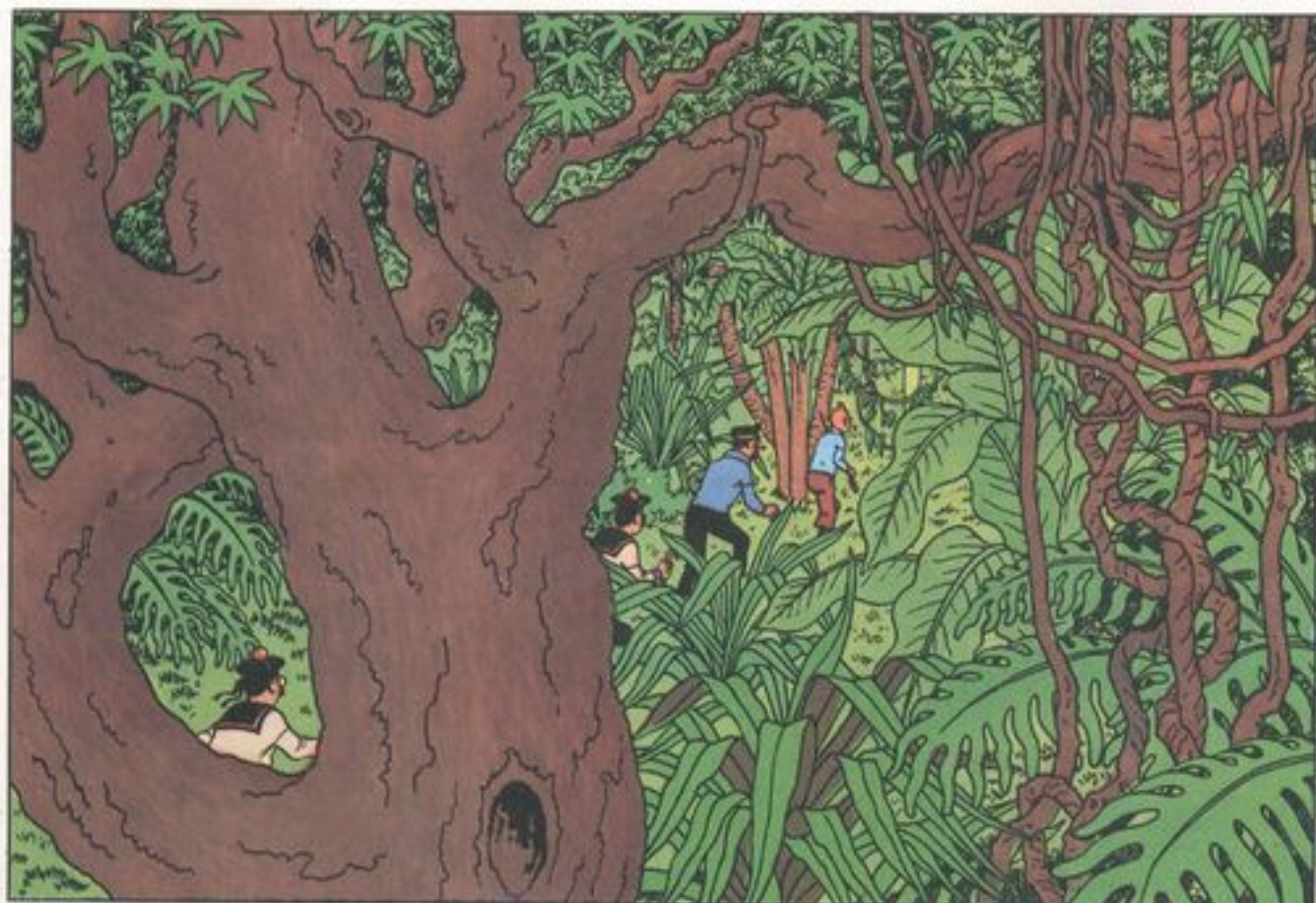
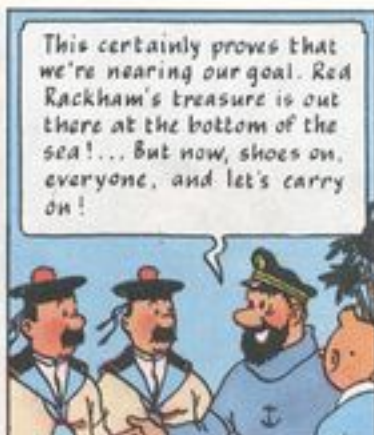
Next morning...



Haul the boat up the beach. I'm
going to reconnoitre.









Blistering barnacles! I bet these are the remains of the pirates killed when the UNICORN blew up!

They can't be, Captain.

If they were, we'd have found them down by the shore. No, look at this spear. It's more likely that they were natives, killed in a fight, and probably eaten on the spot by their enemies.

Eaten?... Do you mean cannibals lived on this island?... Man-eaters!

That's what we're going to find out. Come on.



Ouch! I've got a pebble in my shoe!

You go on. I'll catch you up...



Look!... There!...

An idol!...

Yes, an idol... But... It's incredible



My word! It's meant to be
Sir Francis Haddock!



Look at that mouth! His voice
must have made an enormous
impression on the natives. I
can just imagine their faces the
first time they heard
him shout:
"Ration my
rum!"



RRRATION MY
RRRUM!



What's the matter,
Captain?



Who shouted
like that?



What?... Wasn't
it you?

No, it wasn't me! Thun-
dering typhoons!



Yes, it's Sir Francis
Haddock.

RRRATION MY
RRRUM!



It came from over there.



Not a soul!



This island is h-h-haunted,
Captain. Let's hurry back t-t-to
the sh-sh-ship.

To b-b-be precise: I-let's
hurry back t-t-to the
sh-sh-ship.



Pithecanthropus!...
Pockmark!...



Pockmark yourself, you gib-
bering ghost!



Come out if you dare, Polynesian!
... Cannibal!... Iconoclast!
...



Nincompoop!...
Ruffian!...
Baboon!



Up there!...



Baboon!

Squawking popinjay!



Sea-gherkin!

Pickled Herring!

Blistering barnacles!
Parrots!!

Yes, parrots! From generation
to generation your
ancestor's vocabulary has
been handed down!



Pockmark!...
Freshwater
swabs!...
Bully!...



Me, a bully?
You called
me a bully
did you?
...



I'll show you
what
made
of!



Here's a coconut to cut
your cackle, iconoclasts!



Ook, my
back!

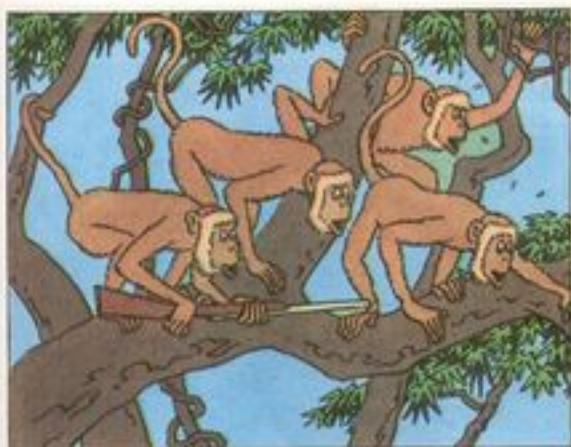
Wait, I'll rub it
for you.



Your gun!... Give me your gun!
... I'm going to turn them into
parrot-soup.









Ah! what pleasant visions haunt me
As I gaze upon the sea!
All the old romantic legends,
All my dreams, come back to me ...



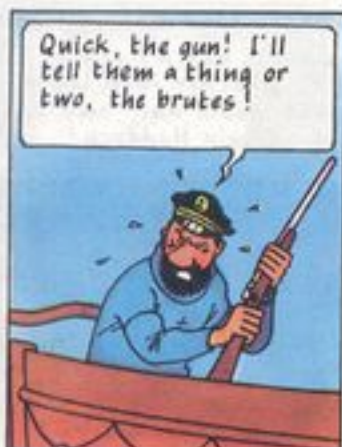
Look out!...
A shark!...



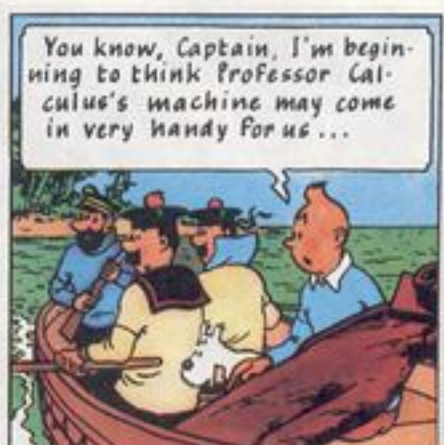
Thundering typhoons!... It almost
had my hand off!



Look, there's another!...
And there... and there ...



Quick, the gun! I'll
tell them a thing or
two, the brutes!



You know, Captain, I'm begin-
ning to think Professor Cal-
culus's machine may come
in very handy for us ...

Next day ...



You've made up your mind?

Yes ... Professor Calculus has explained exactly how his machine works. It'll be all right ...



Stop! ... Just a minute! ...



I forgot to tell you. When you locate the wreck, press the little red button on the left of the instrument panel. That releases a small canister attached underneath the machine. It is full of a substance that gives off thick smoke when it comes into contact with water. That will show us where the wreck lies.

A little red button? ... Right!



No, red! A little red button ... You've got it! Good ... Well, goodbye, and good luck!



There he goes: he's dived.



This is fun, eh Snowy?

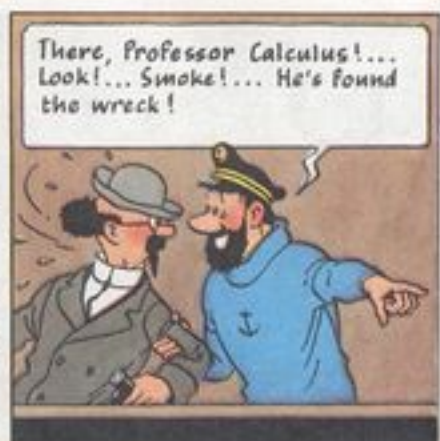
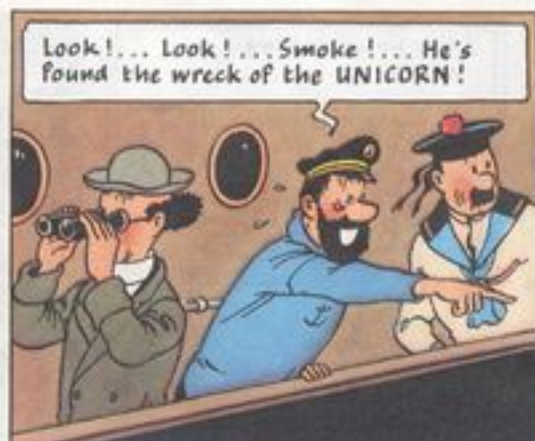
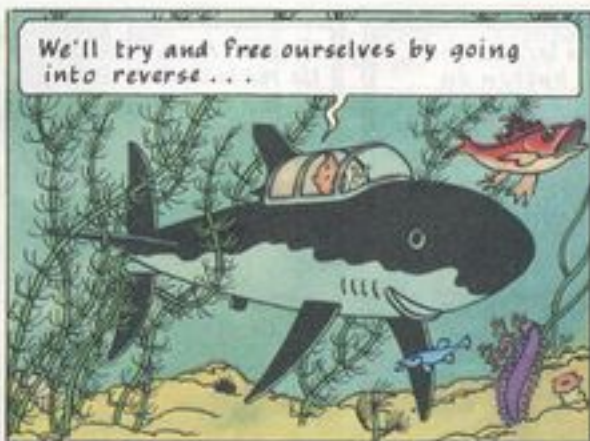
Golly, what a lot of water!

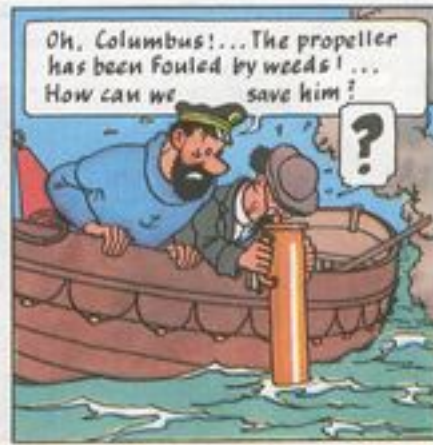
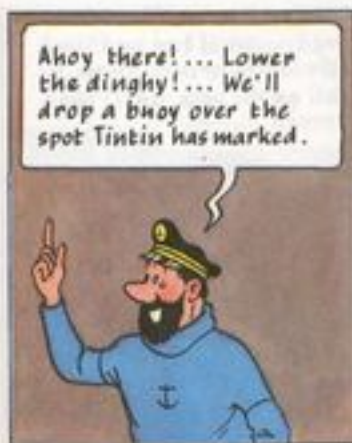


Let's hope nothing goes wrong ...

Gone long? Why, it's only ten minutes since he dived ...







Really, Captain! Your eyes have deceived you! It's not the wreck, it is Tintin. He can't resurface ...



Your confounded contraption! I should never have let him go down!

May Arawn? Well, he had enough oxygen for two hours. He's got... Let's see... yes, he has just enough for another ten minutes!



I hope they hurry! It's getting more and more difficult to breathe...



What can we do? How can we save him? Lower a diver?... No, by the time we'd got one equipped and ready, Tintin would be dead...



No, I've got an idea. Take the anchor!... The anchor used for mooring the buoy!

The anchor? What for?!



Of course!... We'll try and hook it onto the submarine. Then we'll pull on the rope until the weeds break...



That's it! Let it down... Lower... lower... lower... gently...



An anchor!... They're going to try to hook me. Quick, empty the ballast tanks, that'll help them...



He's understood. He's emptied the ballast tanks to lighten the submarine... A bit to the left, Captain... Good... Now, pull!

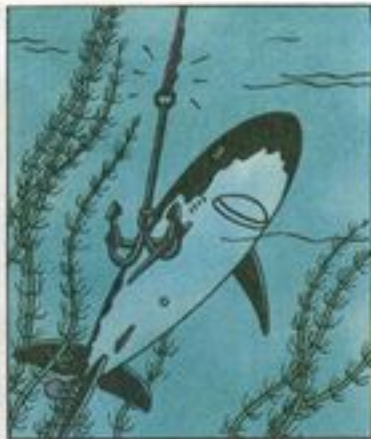


Ah, they've got it!... I'm saved!... Just in time! I'm suffocating.



Missed!... The anchor hadn't caught properly. Lower it again... down... stop! A bit to the right... now to the left... Pull it up gently...



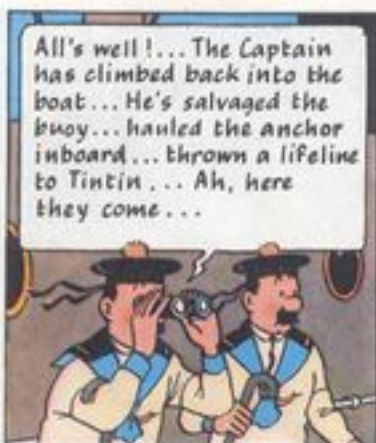




Fresh air!... Fresh air at last!...



Hooray!... He's safe!... Hip-hip-hooray!



All's well!... The Captain has climbed back into the boat... He's salvaged the buoy... hauled the anchor inboard... thrown a lifeline to Tintin... Ah, here they come...



Well, our friend Tintin had a narrow escape!

You are wrong, I assure you. Weeds jammed the propeller. You'll see when we're back on board.



You see?... It's just as I said. Weeds...

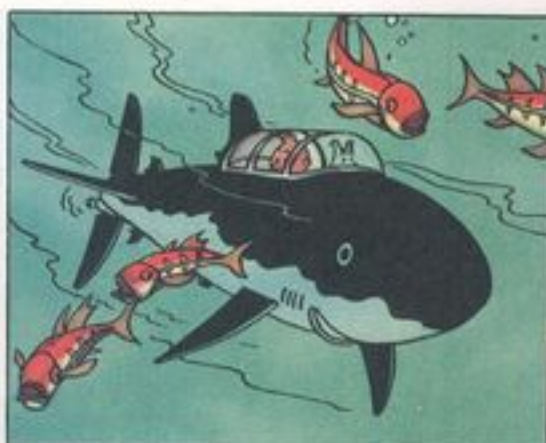
Really? I thought they were weeds...



Weeds or no weeds, I don't set foot in that thing again!...



Fine. Get it ready. Snowy and I are setting out again immediately!



Let's hope he doesn't run into any more trouble this time.



What shall I do? Tell him... or not?



I've made up my mind...



I... Captain... I've bad news for you,

Bad news for me?



No, bad news for you, very bad news... I'm afraid the UNICORN is not here... Look...

What's that gadget, eh?

Yes, it's a pendulum. I've taken up the study of divining, and I've arrived at the conclusion I just gave you...

All from that what'sit?

Yes, much further west... You'll see. My pendulum will begin swinging from east to west... Look, it's started...

You see?... It's swinging westwards. The UNICORN will be found in that direction.

Look there, Captain! Smoke!

And look, there's the submarine surfacing!... This time we've got it!... He's found the wreck!

Have you found it?

Westwards... It's still westwards

Yes, I've found the UNICORN!... You can prepare the diving equipment!

You're sure you'll be all right? ...

Certain! I'll do everything exactly as you told me..

Good! Now, don't forget... If you want to come up, jerk the line twice... In an emergency, give a series of quick jerks.

Right!

Come on, pump hard! We are!



Woah!
Woah!

Woah!
Woah!



Crumbs! What's happening?
The air supply has stopped!
...



Thundering typhoons! What are you two
doing there, instead
of pumping?

Us? We're resting...it's
tiring work, you know.



You infernal
impersonations
of Abominable
Snowmen!
Pump for your
lives!...Faster!



Whew!... That's better!
... Now the air's com-
ing again. That gave me
quite a fright...



Excuse me, Captain, but I don't
understand... Since the UNICORN
is not here, why has Tintin gone
down?

He's picking daisies
down below!



Having a row?
I don't see a
boat?

Two jerks on the line!
He wants to come
up. I'm sure he must
have found some-
thing!



Heave-ho!... Heave-ho!



Here he is



What has he got?



A gold cross, encrusted with precious
stones!... and a cutlass!... I say,
this cross is superb!

We've made a good
start, eh?



Now why did he
tell me that
Tintin had gone
for a row?





A bottle? What can that mean? ...



A bottle of rum, my friends! ... Jamaica rum, and it's more than two hundred and fifty years old! ... Just you taste it!



Mm!... It's wonderful!... It's absolutely w-w-wonderful! Y-y-you taste it!... Yes, yes, that's f-f-for you!.. I'm g-g-going st-st-st-straight back to get a-a-a-another f-for m-myself...



That beats everything! He's gone in without his helmet!



Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles! Those two jelly-fishes forgot to pump again!



Sea-gherkins!... Freshwater swabs!... Ectoplasme!... Bashi-bazouks!...



But... but it wasn't us, you ...

Silence! You were told to pump, then pump, by thunder!



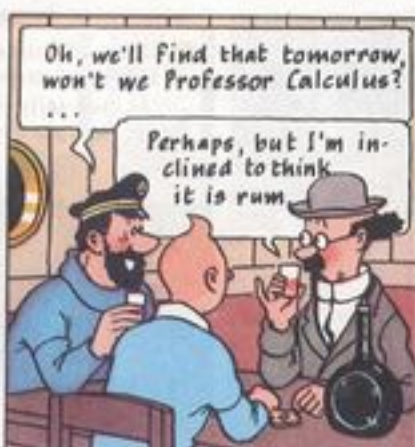
It's no use drying yourself, Captain. You must empty your suit first... Take it off now.

Take it off? ... Never!... Never!...



I'll rest a minute, and go down again







What d'you think you're doing at this hour?

You never ordered us to stop pumping, Captain. So here we are, pumping.

To be precise: we're pump-
ing.

OFF to bed, nitwits! You'll have plenty more pumping, believe me!



The next morning...

Something tells me Tintin is going to find the treasure this morning.



Another bottle of rum! ... I'll leave it there for the Captain.

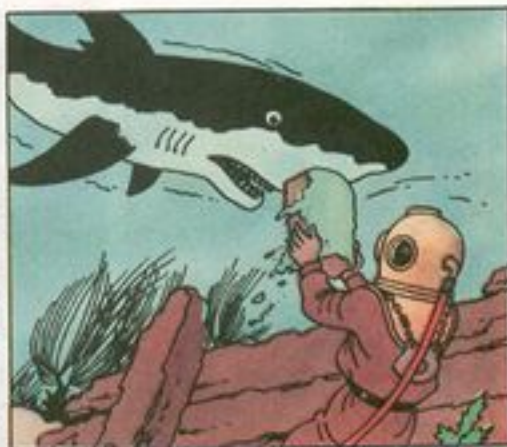
Hello, I wonder what we've got here?



A casket! Great snakes! Can it be Red Rack-ham's treasure?



I'll go straight up, and see what's inside this casket!







Well, what's the meaning of this little joke?

Little joke?... Just cut open that shark, Captain, and you'll see.

In any case, I believe the fins are particularly tasty...



A few minutes later...

Captain!... Captain!... Look what we found in the shark's stomach!



A casket!... A casket!... Red Rackham's treasure!... Red Rackham's treasure!... Here it is at last!



Quick, into my cabin!



Hm!... Not so easy! It's all rusted up.



It's no good, you'll snap the blade. Better try this case opener.



Good idea. Hold it tight, you two.



Go on! Go on: don't worry, we're holding it...



Got it!...



Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles in a thundering typhoon!... It's not the treasure!



These are old documents, half eaten away by damp!

Documents? Fine! And what am I supposed to do with documents?

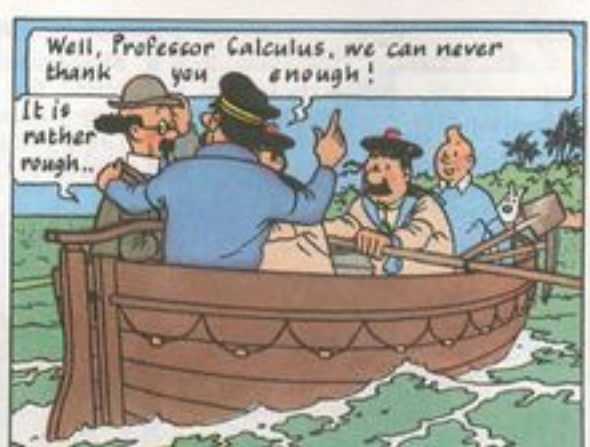
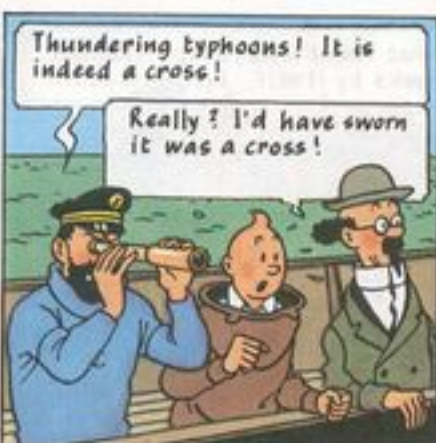


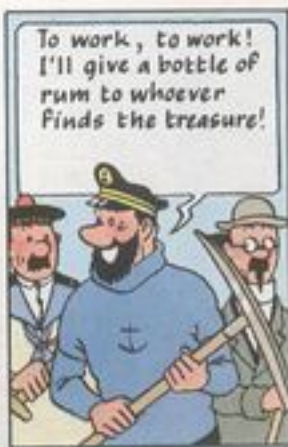
Come now, Captain, don't lose heart!... We'll continue our search.

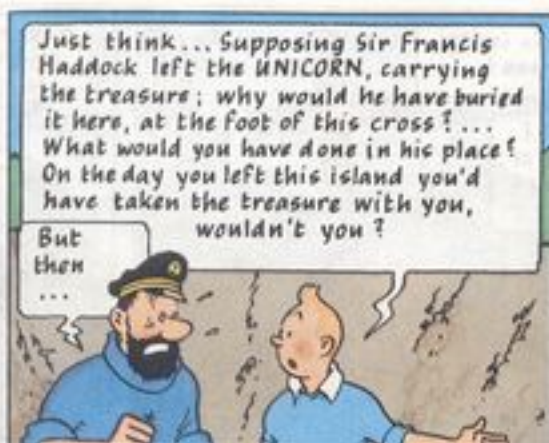
What's the use!













Now, Captain, you sit down while I go and have a look for those two...

All right.

I wonder where they've got to, the sillies!



Where has Tintin gone?

He's gone west!

I think I can hear them.

What on earth are you doing here?

Us?... We're filling in this hole... It's safer... People never look where they're going...



Next day...

Well, you've quite made up your mind to go on searching?

For a few more days, Captain. Look, today is the 9th. If we haven't found anything by the 15th, we'll give up the game and go home...

Just as you please...

You won't regret it. And it will give us a chance to try and raise some of the remains of the UNICORN... The figure-head, for instance.

Off we go! Rumping again!

Here's to the 15th when we'll be able to stop! I'm fed up with this business...



Come to think of it, I haven't seen Calculus today. Is he ill?

10 THURSDAY

11 FRIDAY

12 SATURDAY



What's up with Calculus? He's not left his cabin for three days.

13

SUNDAY

Still no luck, Captain...

**14**

MONDAY

**15**

TUESDAY



?



What... What's happening?... It looks as if...



Oh dear, I'm right! ... I must warn the Captain!



Come on, Captain, don't let this upset you. It's bad luck, I know, but you must make the best of it...



Captain!... Captain!... The ship is sailing!

Well, what would you like it to do? Dance a jig?



Ah, I see now. At last you have realised that the UNICORN is not where you were looking; you are steering westwards. I understand...



I've had enough! Come with me!



You see that, eh? I suppose it's the figure-head of the TITANIC!



My word, it's a unicorn! But what about my pendulum, which swung to the west?... How extraordinary...

**16**

WEDNESDAY

17

THURSDAY

18

FRIDAY

19

SATURDAY

20

SUNDAY

21

MONDAY

22

TUESDAY





RRRING
RRRING

Hello. Yes...
"Daily Reporter"
...Yes... What?
The SIRIUS has
docked?... Are
you sure?...
Good... Thanks!



Hello, is that you
Rogers?... Go to the
docks at once. The
SIRIUS has just come
in... I want a good
story about her!



Well, Captain, I'll say goodbye to you
now. I'll have my submarine collected
tomorrow morning.



All right. Good.

Now, please let me thank
you, Captain. You have
been so very kind.

Oh, it was nothing.



Yes, yes, Captain. Thanks to
you, I shall always have unfor-
gettable memories of my stay
on board...

So shall I!



Er... excuse me... I
missed a step!



Allow me to introduce
myself: Ken Rogers
of the "Daily Reporter"

"Daily Reporter"?
Wasn't yours the
paper that gave
the news of our
departure?



It was!... And we
would like to publish
a sensational article
about your trip. May
I ask you a few
questions?

Of course...



I'm rather busy myself. This
is my secretary, Mr. Calcul-
us; he will be happy to
answer all your inquiries.

Delighted...



Now Mr. Calculus, about the treas-
ure...



I'm sure you have it
there, in that suit-
case...

Thank you,
I'll carry it
myself.



I can understand
that!... Now tell me,
what does the treasure
consist of?

No?... Not
really?...



No, I asked you what
was in the treasure
you found. Was it
gold?... Pearls?...
Diamonds?

Incredible! I
don't believe a
word of it!



Look, Mr. Calculus, I don't quite follow.

Of course! But let me give you a little advice: don't tell anyone!

And you may rely on me - I will keep this strictly between ourselves!

Well, Captain, our mission is completed. Because he knew we were aboard, Max Bird didn't dare interfere with your activities.

No doubt... You're going home now?

No, we're a bit tired... The journey, you know... and the pumping... We're going to spend a few days in the country with a farmer friend of ours.

Have a good holiday!

Now for the simple, healthy tasks of the countryside! No more pumping!

To be precise: no more pumping!

... and when you've finished crushing the oats, you can have a turn at the chaff-cutter.

Some days later...

RRRRING

Good morning, Tintin.

Hello, Professor Calculus. What brings you here?

Very well, thank you. And you?... I've come to bring you the documents...

The documents?... What documents?...

No, the documents we found in the casket... Don't you remember?... I've tried to piece them together, sticking the fragments on sheets of paper. Some are illegible. Others, like that one, are comparatively easy to decipher.

I believe that one will interest the Captain particularly.

Great snakes! I think so too!

Come on! We must see the Captain!

Charles the Second, by ye Grace of God King of England, desiring to reward Our trusty and beloved Knight, Francis Haddock... Blistering barnacles!

The rest! Read the rest!



Charles the Second by ye Grace of God King of England, desiring to reward Our trusty and beloved Knight Francis Haddock... Blistering barnacles! Our Navy for his devoted service by grant and bestow Our Honor of Marlinspike Messidages and commendments as aforesaid. Giving and delivered and this fifteenth day of July seventh year of 1677

Thundering typhoons! Am I dreaming! It's Marlinspike Hall!... Marlinspike, my family estate! It's Fantastic!



But you don't know the latest! Wait, you'll see...



Here... read this!



Well, what about that?



PROPERTY

JAMES BIDDUP & CO.

For Sale by Auction

ON SATURDAY,

9TH AUGUST

MARLINSPIKE HALL

This magnificent, beautifully appointed, and historic residence possessing parkland and

What about it?... Well, Captain, it's quite simple. Your family estate is for sale?... You must buy it back!

Buy it back? With what?



That's true... We need some money.

Heigh-ho!... If only we'd found that wretched treasure, there'd be no question.



May I please have a look too?

Of course.



Captain, Marlinspike Hall is for sale!... Look! We must buy it back!

Oh, yes?



Buy it back?... That's easy, eh?... What about the money? I suppose you've got the money, eh?

Oh, yes, money!... That doesn't matter!...







Look! Here we are!

Thundering typhoons!



What a lot of junk! ... All this junk!

Oh yes, the Bird brothers used this as a storeroom.



Look, that's St. John the Evangelist. We must be in an old chapel...



What do you think of it?

Incredible!



Sh! ... This time I'm sure I heard a noise!



It's gone... The footsteps have stopped... It's queer. I wonder...

What?



Why, whatever's the matter? What is it?



Hooray!



The Eagle's cross! ... "And then shines forth the Eagle's cross"! There it is ... the Eagle's cross...



The Eagle's cross? ... I can see a cross, but where is the Eagle?

There, in front of you!



Yes there, look! ... St. John the Evangelist - who is always depicted with an eagle ... And he's called the Eagle of Patmos - after the island where he wrote his Revelation ... He's the Eagle!...



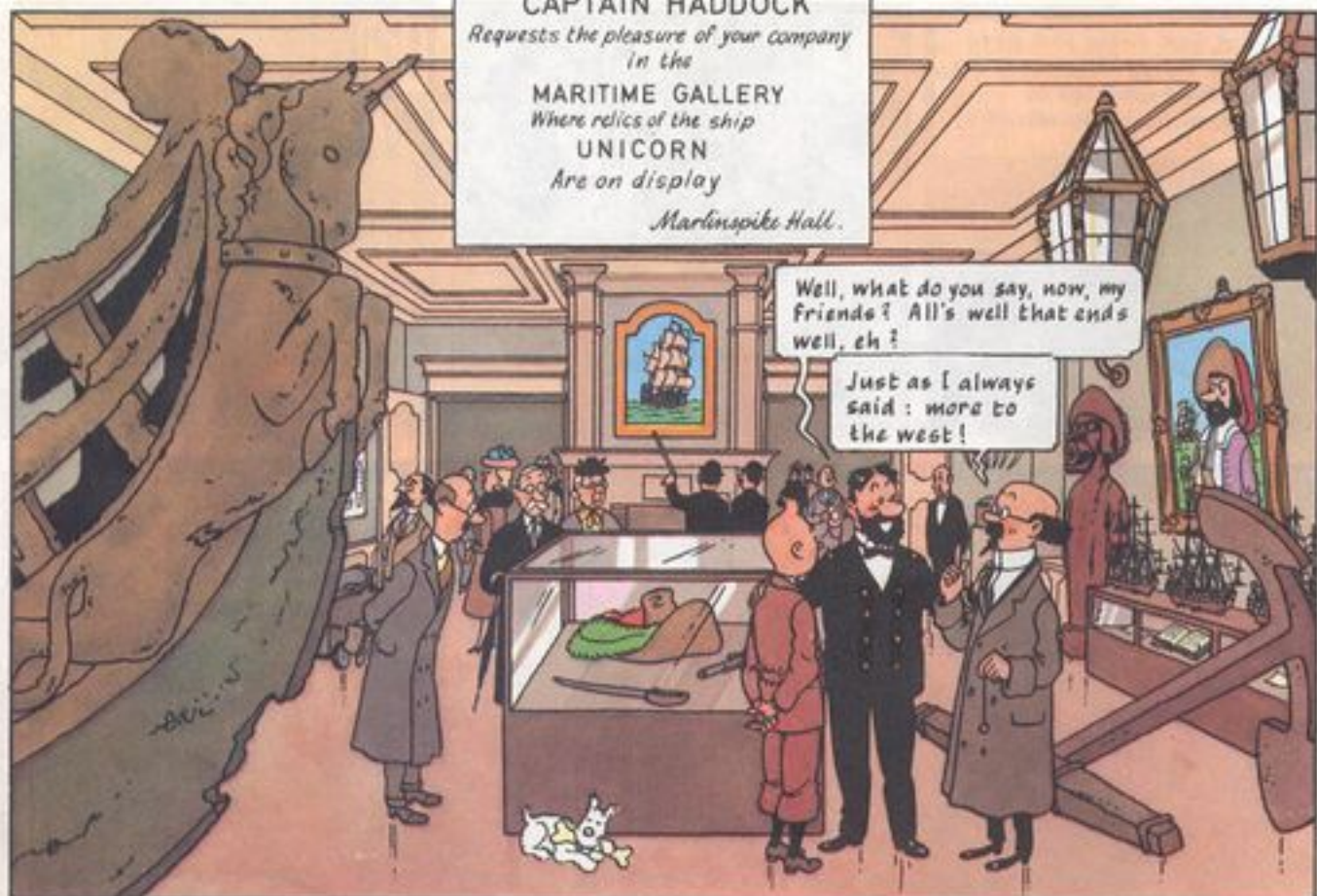
There's a globe!

And an eagle! ... You're right! ...



CAPTAIN HADDOCK

*Requests the pleasure of your company
in the
MARITIME GALLERY
Where relics of the ship
UNICORN
Are on display
Marlinspike Hall.*



Well, what do you say, now, my friends? All's well that ends well, eh?

Just as I always said: more to the west!

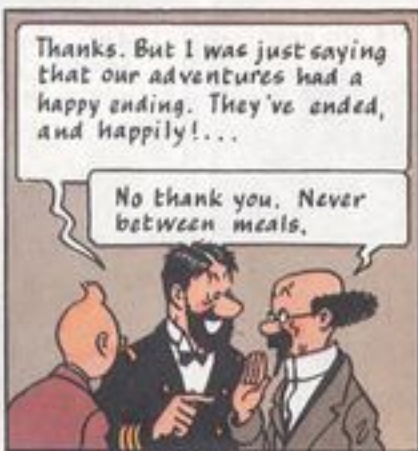
Yes, yes. But I said: all's well that ends well. Don't you agree?

Your maritime gallery?... I think it is very successful!



Thanks. But I was just saying that our adventures had a happy ending. They've ended, and happily!...

No thank you. Never between meals.



No, no! Blistering barnacles! All's well that ends well!

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL!

Without any doubt!



... and this is just the moment to quote that old saying: All's well that ends well!



HERGE