THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

THE CALCULUS AFFAIR
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RRRING
RRRING
RRRING
RRRING

Hello?... Hello?... No, Madam, I am not Mr. Cutts the butcher... No, Madam, this is not Marlinspike 431. This is 421, Madam... Not at all, Madam.

It's preposterous!

That's about the tenth time...

RRRING
Again?

Hello?... No, Madam, I am not Mr. Cutts the butcher!... I beg your pardon?...

...And from now on, all I want is my daily stroll... No more travels or adventures! No more careering all round the world... I've had enough of it!

That's what you say, Captain, but...

Oh! Excuse me, I... er... Captain Haddock? I'm afraid he's not in. He's gone for a walk.

No, no, this time I'm quite serious. All I want now is to settle down in peace and quiet...

Ah, peace and quiet!... How quiet it is here... just listen to it...

BRROM???
So much for your peace and quiet, Captain! Look over there. There's a big storm brewing.
Yes, it's high time we get back to the house.

My hat!... Hey!... My hat!
Thundering typhoons! My very best hat!

BRROM
Ugh! Here comes the rain.

Good old Nestor! He's come to meet us with an umbrella.
Thank you, Nestor. We'd have been absolutely soaked.

By the whiskers of Kürvitisch! Someone else is watching them already.
Well, we're home again... and none too soon, either!

Hello?... No Madam. I am not Mr. Cutts the butcher!... No, Madam... NO, Madam!... Fiddle-de-dee, Madam!

That's at least the twentieth time...

Quite so, Nestor. But one must always keep one's temper... especially with a lady... And besides, Nestor, you should never telephone during a storm: it is extremely dangerous.

That's that. And now, my friend, I think I'll just have a quiet drink, if you don't mind.

Blistering barnacles! That flash of lightning wasn't far away.

In fact, I...

CLING BLING CLING

Look at that!

The funny thing is, that happened AFTER the clap of thunder.

Hello?... What?... Lamb chops?... No, Madam. I am not Mr. Cutts the butcher! And what's more Madam, it is highly dangerous to telephone during a storm. You should know better! And the best of luck, Madam!

CRACK BANG
Vanished!..Vaporized!...Poor Captain! How dreadful!

Billions of blistering barnacles!

If I ever lay hands on that female...

DLING CLING BING

CLING BLING CLING

Thundering Typhoons! My pricless Chinese vase!

How in the world could that vase have broken? Anyway, it certainly wasn't done by the lightning. I just can't make it out.

PLING WOOAH SSSS GRRR

Again!....

My beautiful Florentine mirror!

But this time I know the answer. Your confounded Snowy. This is his handiwork.

But look here, Captain, that's absurd... How could he possibly...

Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles! Now the electricity has gone! That's the last straw!

THUMP THUMP

Ten thousand thundering Typhoons! Now what's that?

THUMP
Billions of blue blistering barnacles! That's a fine way to introduce yourself. And what do you want here, anyway?

That's a long story, old boy...

Ah, the lights!

Yes, quite a story... I was driving along when, crack!... my windscreen shattered, and all the other windows as well. In that downpour too! So I said to myself: "Jolyon, that's my name, Jolyon Wagg, of the Rock Bottom Insurance..."

"Jolyon", I said to myself, "what are you going to do now?"... Then I saw your house. "I'll shelter there", I said... Here, take my coat, old chap.

You'd better stay here till the rain stops.

Nice little place you've got here. Must say I prefer something more modern, but still...

Oho! had a tiff with the wife, eh?

I... It was probably the lightning.

Lightning?... Ha! ha! ha! And I'll bet you weren't insured, eh, you old rascal? Well what a bit of luck that Jolyon Wagg dropped in: he'll soon fix you up with a neat little policy.

How kind.

Is that whisky you're drinking? You can pour one for me while you're about it. Not that I like the stuff; I'm just thirsty, that's all.

Not bad armchairs, these. I don't stand on ceremony, you know. A bit of a clown, that's me. Never a dull moment with me around, you bet!

I take after my Uncle Anatole; he was a barber, you know. Oh, you should have met him! A proper caution, he was. Always telling stories, make you die of laughing... Like this one... There were two men in a railway carriage, see...

Cheers!
Did...did you see that?...I was just standing, my glass in my hand, and...
Oho! that's fun!

You think that's funny, eh? Is that all you've got to say?

If you could have seen yourself when that glass blew up!
Your face was a scream!

Ha! ha! ha! Reminds me of that story of Uncle Anatole's... Half a mo' while I think of it...
Oh yes, there was this man went into a pub, see, and ordered a pint of beer. He was just going to drink it, when...

Blow me! Did...did you see that?
Just like yours!...I don't get it!

I think it's fun!

I...er...think the storm has passed. I must be on my way.

I've wasted quite enough time here, anyway. Goodbye!

By the way...er...what about your insurance against lightning?

No thank you, Mr. Wagg, I'm insured against everything under the sun.

Yes, everything. My life's insured against accident; against hailstones, rain, floods, tidal waves and tornadoes; against cholera, flu, and colds in the head; moths, weevils and grasshoppers... The whole lot! In fact, sir, the only things I'm not insured against are insurance agents!

You old humbug, you! Well, that's all settled. I'll send you a policy... No, better still, I'll bring it myself. That'll give us a chance to have another chinwag together.

'Bye for now!

He can go to the devil—him, and his insurance, and his Uncle Anatole!

Calm down, Captain. Shouldn't we try to solve the mystery of all this broken glass?

You're right. But still, I...

Listen! Shots!

BANG!

Bang!

Bang!
Blistering barnacles! Come out of there, or I'll shoot!

Mercy! Have pity! Please don't kill me! I wouldn't harm a fly... I'm just a simple fellow...

Blistering barnacles, you don't have to tell me that! Just explain what you're doing down there!

Me?.... I was hiding.

Somebody tried to murder me! I was walking towards my car... then suddenly: Bang! Bang!... So I said to myself, I said, 'Jolyon, someone's trying to kill you....'

Wait... I can hear a car. It must be the police.

Are you the one who telephoned?... Good. The doctor and the ambulance are just behind us. Where is the casualty?

Here I am, Mr. Inspector... Jolyon Waag... That's me...

You've been shot?

Me? No.

But didn't you report that you'd found a wounded man?

Well, we did, but now he's vanished.

Then why were you pretending to be the victim?

But I am, Mr. Inspector; I'm the victim of an attack; I was shot at. So I said to myself, 'Jolyon,' I said....

They weren't firing at him, sergeant, but the shots must have whistled past him. In fact one went through Calculus's hat.

And who, pray, is Calculus?

Calculus? He's a friend of mine. He came back to the hole with a house in his hat... No, I mean... Anyway, Tintin told me...

And who is Tintin?

Tintin? But this is Tintin! Here...

Hey, now where's he gone?

Go on, Snowy! Seek it out!
The wounded man got away through this hole in the hedge.

You've lost the scent, eh Snowy? I can guess why.

He was picked up by a car waiting here for him. There's nothing to be done. Come on, let's go back to the old place.

... You mean the glass just broke by itself?

By itself, yes sergeant! And then...

Where have you sprung from?

Snowy picked up a scent. But it didn't lead anywhere.

There's nothing more we can do here. We'd better go back to the house; we can talk things over more easily there.

Yes, this case looks a hopeless muddle to me.

Next morning...

... Tin... Blop... Blub... Plus
Blub... blub... blub...
Why? What's up, Captain?

There... in the... Blub...
Wait a minute. Rinse your mouth out first. I'll bring you a glass of water.

Hey, Snowy, be quiet. What are you howling for?

You... you... blub... blub... you see! We're, we're bewitched, I tell you... We're bewitched!

And an hour later
Blistering barnacles, I don't know about you Tintin, but all this carry-on is beginning to get on my nerves.

Yes, ever since yesterday there's been a strange feeling about the house.

Let's go and see. That sounded like a smash on the road.

TSSS!!! Look out!

I don't know how it happened. I was driving along as usual... Suddenly, just as I passed your gate, crash! bang!... There was a terrible noise... and look what happened... It's got me beat...

Well, what do you make of it? It's exactly what happened to that creature, Jolyon Wagg.

It's fantastic.
Yes, it’s us. Hello... The local police have told us all about that business last night. So we’re here to investigate.

To be precise: we’re here at the right moment, too!

Hello, Cuthbert. Are you going away?

No, no. I’m just going away.

I'm flying to Geneva, where I’m taking part in a congress on nuclear physics.

To Geneva?... But you never mentioned it to me before.

Well, that’s one person who’s quite unconcerned by all this business.

Yes, but somehow he seems rather more preoccupied than usual.

Look out! Here he comes! Get the chloroform ready.
All right. But there's just one thing: please don't gossip about this business. I don't want a whole crowd of sightseers here.

You can rely on us; "Mum's the word". That's our motto.

Yes, "Dumb's the word". That's our motto.

Good; thanks.
Just look at that horde of rubberneckers! They can hardly wait to see the rest of my windows smashed to bits!

No doubt. But somehow I think they are going to be disappointed.

What do you mean?

It's just a thought... By the way, I know Calculus hates anyone going into his laboratory, but I'd rather like to have a look round in there. Have you got his key?

Yes... but what's the idea?

Well, I've been thinking about this business, and one thing struck me; the glass-breaking only occurred when Calculus was out; or, to be more accurate, when he was in his laboratory. And since he left for Geneva yesterday, nothing more has happened.

In a nutshell, you suggest our friend Cuthbert's responsible for all those incidents? But that's ridiculous!

I'm not suggesting anything, Captain. I'm simply trying to work it out.

I say, Captain, can you smell anything?

It's just... sniff... tobacco, that's all.

Yes, but Calculus doesn't smoke.

Blistering barnacles, that's quite right!
**STOP HIM, CAPTAIN!**

**WHOA THERE, MY FINE FRIEND!**

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**HELLO, WHAT'S THIS ON THE FLOOR?**

**IT'S NO USE FOLLOWING HIM: HE'S DISAPPEARED...**

**BUT LOOK WHAT FELL OUT OF HIS POCKET WHEN SNOWY RIPPED IT.**

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**A PACKET OF CIGARETTES AND AN IGNITION KEY. WELL, WE KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT HIM—AND I KNOW SOMETHING ELSE. HE'S GOT A PUNCH LIKE THE KICK OF A MULE!**

**POOR CAPTAIN!**

---

**AND THERE'S ANOTHER THING. LOOK!**

**BROKEN GLASS! BLISTERING BARNACLES, YOU WERE RIGHT. IT'S CERTAINLY CALCULUS WHO...**

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**HANDS UP!**
3.30 p.m., at Cointrin Airport, Geneva...

O.K., I get it: if they’re here, we buzz off to Geneva and wait for them at Cornavin Station, at the Swissair bus terminal.

Three-quarters of an hour later, at Cornavin Station...

Here they come... You barge into them and push them around; they’ll get angry, there’ll be a fight... All to gain time...

Bah! Foiled! A gendarme...
Ah, there’s a gendarme. We’ll ask him.

Is Professor Calculus staying here?

Professor Calculus?
Yes, sir. His key is not on the board, so he must be in his room.

Phew, what a relief! Please tell him Captain Haddock and Tintin are here.

Certainly, sir.

Hotel Cornavin?
You’ll find it just across the road.

Thank you.

What’s up!

LUCIEN
SUISSE
HOTEL
It's very odd... he isn't answering. Yet he should be in his room.

Perhaps he can't hear. We'd better go up. What number is his room, please?

Number 122, fourth floor. The lift is on your left.

Thank you. We'll leave our luggage here.

Fourth floor, please.

Certainly, sir.

Blistering barnacles, I know he's deaf... but all the same...

Supposing he's not in his room; supposing something's happened to him...

Not in his room, sir? Then his key should be here.

Great snakes! But there it is!

You're right... He must have gone out while my back was turned... I'm terribly sorry, sir.

You don't know where he might have gone?

Wait... I've got it. This morning Professor Calculus asked me for the time of trains to Nyon. I remember now: he said he'd take the 4:40. If you hurry you'll still catch him at the station.

Look out! Here they come.

Good. Thank you.

We have exactly seven minutes.
Hey, you! Why can’t you watch where you’re going?! 

You clumsy oaf, are you suggesting it was my fault?
What?! You have a nerve, insulting me, you blundering bargee!

Me, a bargee!!! Billions of blue blistering barnacles, I’d have you know...
Floundering about! You ought to be locked up!

Lucky for you I’m in a hurry!
Ha! Ha! He says he’s in a hurry!

Please Captain, please! We shall miss Calculus...

Yes, in a hurry, you ectoplasmic by-product! Otherwise...

What happened?... I forgot it was a revolving door, that’s all... and I pushed rather hard.

Let’s hope we’ll be in time... Carpathian caterpillar! Just wait till I see him again!

The train to Nyon?... You’re too late, sir; look, it’s just gone.
Billions of blue blistering barnacles! All because of that Balkan beetle... I can't think why I don't go back...

That's a good idea; we'll go back.

I'm going to have a few words with that...

No you won't! We've other things to attend to.

Did Professor Calculus make any telephone calls after his arrival? No, 122. Yes, to Nyon 9.51.03. Twice? Thank you very much.

Hello, inquiries? Could you please give me the name and address of the subscriber at Nyon 9.51.03. Yes, I'll hold on...

Could you take us to Nyon? 57A, route de Saint-Cergue.

O.K., sir.

Hello, yes... Topolino. Alfredo... 57A, route de Saint-Cergue, Nyon... Thank you very much.

Did you notice, Captain, that the chap we surprised in Calculus's laboratory and the one who tripped you up were wearing the same sort of raincoat?

Maybe...

Go on, Stefan. Overtake them!

Good. Now then, a little swerve, and jam on the brakes... hard!

Wham!

Crumbs! What's happening? We're skidding... HELP! HELP! HELP!

HELP! HELP! HELP!
I saw it all! The roadhogs! They swerved deliberately. If they'd wanted to push you into the lake they couldn't have done it better.

Ah, the driver's just come round.

Thank goodness... Look here, there's something I must ask you to do for me. Would someone please take us on to Nyon? It's terribly urgent. We'll leave our names with you, to give to the police.

Half an hour later...

Here we are, gentlemen. This is Nyon. To reach route de Saint-Gerome you go through the tunnel and turn right. Good. Thank you very much.

By the whiskers of Kürv-Taesch! It's them!... They escaped! Run them down, Stefan; and this time, don't miss!
Come along, Captain! ... Let's hope we can get there before it's too late.

Here we are.

What is it? Can you hear something?

Come and have a listen at this door.

No one there.

It sounds like something bumping against a pipe...

Ah, that's stirred them up: the owner's awake at last.

Tintin! Tintin! Come back! There's someone here.

You stay here; I'm going round to the back of the house.
Come in quickly! The back door was open; I got in that way.

Ssh!... Listen...

Not a soul... But what's that on the table?

A bottle and two glasses. Someone was expecting us.

Crumbs! Just look at this book!

Let's hope we're not too late. Perhaps he's still about...

Wait a moment while I fix the light; it's as dark as a dungeon in here with the shutters closed.

There, now we can see properly.

I say, Captain, this is extraordinary!

Sound used as a weapon to @men of large-petrol pumps. Research conducted near Lake, Germany, under the supervision of...

It's by an American scientist: "German Research in World War II."... Captain, this is a stroke of luck.

Ha! ha! ha! In fact, you've put your head right into the lion's mouth...

German Research in World War II.

Leslie E. Simon.
Who are you?
Who am I? Sapristi! I'm Professor Topolino!
Yes, Professor Topolino. I've been brutally assaulted and thrown into the cellar! Just wait till I see that monster Calculus again!
Yes, Calculus! Do you know the scoundrel?
Sir, Calculus is our best friend, and I refuse to allow...
Oh, so he's a friend of yours. My heartiest congratulations! What delightful people you know. Anyway, who are you, and what are you doing in my house?
Yes, we owe you an explanation. But shall we do that upstairs, when you have cleaned up a bit?

A quarter of an hour later...
To sum up, last Thursday the first windows and glasses were broken.
And it's no joke. Imagine: you're holding a glass in your hand and suddenly...

Just a minute. Captain... On the same day we heard the shots in the park, and found a wounded man who vanished. The next day Calculus left for Geneva, and the glass-breaking stopped immediately.

The day after that, a masked man slipped through our fingers in Calculus's laboratory, leaving behind a cigarette packet. On this packet was written: Geneva, Hotel Cornavin. We were anxious for our friend's safety, so we set off for Geneva.

Yes, without even stopping for a drink...

At the Hotel Cornavin, we had a row with a strange man. On the way from Geneva, a black Citroen tipped us into the lake.

We had a drink there, all right! But not as good as your excellent Swiss wine!

Finally, just near here, the same black Citroen tried to run us down, and missed by inches. A few minutes later, we found you in your cellar.

Er... That coal dust made me dreadfully thirsty... What about you?

As for the packet of cigarettes, do you know this brand?

The brand that Boris smokes!

OOOH!
Who is Boris?

Boris? He's my servant. He smokes very little, and only those cigarettes. He gets them direct from Borduria.

From Borduria?... Boris is a Bordurian?... Where is he?

He left for home yesterday evening. They sent a telegram. His mother has just been taken ill.

Oho! It's '53!

I think I'm beginning to understand. Yes... But what's your story, Professor?

Your wine has rare distinction.

He wrote to say that he was on the verge of a sensational discovery, in the field of ultrasonics. As I am a specialist in that subject, he sought my advice. Last week another letter arrived... He had succeeded.

But it seems that the consequences of his invention so alarmed him that he wished to talk to me. I arranged to see him today.

Er... This bottle was intended for him?

Exactly. But help yourself if you feel like it. This afternoon Calculus arrived, a little earlier than I expected, and we began to chat.

Then I bent down to pick up some papers. I looked up, and there was Calculus, brandishing a cash... Then I came to in the cellar, bound and gagged.

I've got it!

Do you know this man?

Never seen him. Who is he?

Calculus! The one and only Calculus! So it wasn't he who knocked you out; it was someone else, masquerading as the Professor. Meanwhile the real Calculus arrived...

You're sure the timing mechanism hasn't stopped?

Don't panic! Only a few seconds to go...

And Calculus did come here; his umbrella proves that... He was met by the man who knocked you out, and then pretended to be you.

Good health, Professor!

That's how it must have happened...

BOOM!

Up she goes! That got rid of the whole bunch at one stroke!
A few minutes later...

Are you hurt?
Don't know... Don't think so... But be careful.

There's enough damage been done already, without smashing this bottle!

But hurry up! There were three of us in the house, and a dog.

That's it... Now I can pass out!

Ah, here come the others... Injured!

They're all unconscious.

Were there any casualties? Three; two looked in very bad shape.

Next morning...

Topolino were taken from the wreckage. Fragments of a bomb were found in the debris and foul play is suspected. The police have detained two men as found loitering in the vicinity of the crime, questioning passers-by. These two men will appear before the examining magistrate this morning.

Meanwhile speculation was rife as to the motive behind this attack, and every effort is being made to discover why Professor Topolino's house should still stand.
Gentlemen, the statements you made yesterday have been checked and confirmed. You will be released immediately. I must apologise for our mistake.

That's quite all right, Mr. Magistrate. None of this would have happened if our credentials hadn't been stolen... with our luggage.

We're in Swiss disguise while we're searching for our friends Tintin and Haddock. We have important news for them.

You'll find them in the hospital, quite near here.

I say, how clean these hospitals are. Just look at the shine on the floors!

...Yes, important news. We caught him... the man in the park who was wounded, then vanished. He's Syldavian. But we can't get another thing out of him. He swears he was there "quite by chance".

Quite by chance. I'll bet he was. Thanks all the same. I'm terrific sorry you slipped up... We must be off to the police station. Goodbye for now.

This letter was discovered by Topolino, a Bordurian called Boris, who tipped off his country's secret service. But the Syldavian espionage got wind of the invention too, and sent an agent to Marinus_spike. He stumbled upon his Bordurian rival, who shot him.

So far so good. Then Calculus arrives in Geneva, but we are close behind. And since we make life difficult for spies and kidnappers, they try to eliminate us. Right... The first thing is to find Calculus.

...This is how I see it. Calculus had perfected an ultra-sonic instrument, capable of destroying glass from a distance, glass and - who knows? whole buildings, tanks, ships... In short, a terrible weapon... In a letter to Topolino, Cuthbert described his work.

But where can he be?... Who knows what they have done with poor Cuthbert?

Blue blazing barnacles!... A lighted cigarette! The fat-headed Fire-raisers!

Nit-witted ninpins! Bazil-bazouks! A "C.D." plate, so do as you like! Certified Diplodocus, that's what you are!
Look at this cigarette, Captain. The same brand... once again!

Thundering typhoons, you're right.

It was a C.D. car... Diplomatic Corps. That means from an embassy, and most probably the Bordurian Embassy... We must find out where that is. A post office directory will tell us. We'd better go back to Nyon.

There... Bordurian Embassy, "Les Cygnes", Rolle.

Rolle... That's a few miles from Nyon.

Well then, this afternoon we'll reconnoitre. We'll go out to Rolle and spy out the land; and tonight, Captain, we'll go into action!

That night...

Man-eating pests!
PCHH

Blood-suckers!
PCHH

PCHH

Lucky I brought this along!
PCHH

PCHH

PCHH

Don't make a sound Captain, we're nearly there

Wait, just a few more shots!

BZZRRBZR!

Here comes an absolute whopper! Listen to the din!
PCHH

OH!...

Sorry!

He's landing on the lawn... Noor the boat and we'll have a look.

Look over there; someone's coming.

Crums! The man in the middle... no mistaking that silhouette... It's Calculus! They're going to put him aboard the helicopter!

Good heavens! What's happening?
Gangsters! Anacoluthons! Bachi- basouka!

Pschtsch!

We'd better not hang around here, Captain; the others will be back.

We must get under cover, quickly.

There they are. Let's get back to the lawn.

By the whiskers of Kürvi-Tasch! Those accursed Syldavians have got away with the Professor!

Only one thing to do: go after them in the helicopter...

Good idea!

We're overhauling them fast. You can see their wake clearly.

It's them all right, heading towards France!

Blistering barnacles! Another mosquito, inside this gold fish-bowl!

By the Sceptre of Ottokar! Their helicopter's on our tail!

Oh! You monster! Just you wait... where's my spray gun?

Pschhh!

Hukk-Hukk-Hukk

Go on Vladimir, they're within range.

Hukk Hukk Hukk
The gangsters! Blistering barnacles, they're shooting at us!
Quick, let's climb a bit higher!

Crumbs! How shall we... Ah!
The radio! Captain, the radio. There beside you.

Hello, hello!... S.O.S!... S.O.S!... Hello! Police! Calling the police!... Hello, police!... Hello!...

Hello, this is SB31 answering... I am an amateur. I am receiving you loud and clear... Please identify yourself.

Hooray! An answer!

Hello SB31... This is Captain Haddock and I...

What?... No, it's not possible!... Ha! hahaha! That's a good one!... Ha! ha! It's Captain Haddock!

This is Jolyon Wagg of the Rock Bottom Insurance... Blow me! Fancy meeting you again! So you're another radio-amateur? Ha! ha! ha! That takes the biscuit, as my uncle Anatole used to say...

Listen, Mr. Wagg. You must warn the police at once. We're in a helicopter flying over the Lake of Geneva, and we're following a motor-boat with calculi in it. He's been kidnapped...

Ha! ha! ha! You old humbug, you! But you can't catch Jolyon Wagg that easy!... You can't teach your grandmother to suck eggs, you know! By the way, what about your insurance?

Blistering barnacles, shut up about your insurance!... I'm not joking... You must get in touch with both the French and Swiss police... These thugs must be arrested!

Ha! ha! ha! While I'm about it, would you like me to ring up the Admiralty and get them to send the Home Fleet?... Get away, Haddock!

You ectoplasma, you! Will you or will you not warn the police? And get a move on! The boat's just reached the shore... I can't see it any more; it's hidden by trees... What are they doing? Oh, headlight! I see; they're putting calculus into a car...

There they go... The boat's just put out again... Thudding typhoons!

Hello, Wagg, hello! We're going after the car now...
Listen, I'll buy all the policies you like, but for heaven's sake warn the police!

Oooh!... Look out, ever there... LOOK OUT!!!
A pylon! Power cables!

We just missed them. But blistering barnacles, we're out of control!

Where! We're safe!

I think we must have trimmed the treetops.

Ha! ha! ha! Still keeping up the commentary! You know, you're an absolute wow at the mike, Captain!

You prize purple jellyfish, you! Must I kill myself drumming it into your thick skull? This is no joke!... Now listen to me, Wagg...

Don't bother, Captain; it's too late anyway. Look: the petrol gauge is down to zero. A bullet must have holed the tank. The only thing we can do is to land on the road in front of the car and force it to stop.

Help! She's misfiring!

! !

No, the engine's picked up.

Quick! Down on the road!

That's it!

There they are! BUT... ?!
First we'd better clear the road, in case of accidents.

Then continue on foot... and try to hitch-hike.

Ah! A car... Let's thumb a lift.

That's that. They've slipped through our fingers... And Calculus with them.

Now what'll we do?

It's incredible what odds some drivers are. They see you like that, all alone on the road, and whoosh!... they sweep past! Blistering barnacles, what times we live in!

Hey, here comes another.

Beasts!... Autocrats!... Profiters!... Fat faces!... Tramps!... There ought to be a law to make those infernal mileage-merchants stop when people signal.

Ah, another. Let's try again.

Bah, they won't stop. You'll see.

Oh well, we needn't despair. There are still a few gentlemen left in the world.

Tintin!... Wait!... STOP!...

I say, they've stopped.
Quick! Into the wood...

Hurry!... Get down like me.

Why in that particular puddle?

I say, Captain, what are you doing?

Blistering barnacles, get down! They'll start shooting any moment! Didn't you recognise the black Citroen?

The black Citroen?... No, Captain, you've got it wrong. It was black all right, but it had a French number plate: the other one was Swiss.

Are... are you quite sure?

Absolutely certain. Come on, perhaps they're still there.

But I promise you, my pet, there were two people in the road who signalled to me.

And I say, Jules, that it's time you went to the optician and ordered stronger glasses.

And on top of it all, you're soaked...

Oh, the sun will soon dry me off.

Hmm! I wouldn't count on it.

If only we had an umbrella!

An umbrella? Captain, what idiots we are. Look!
...Yes, and meanwhile poor Calculus is being whisked further and further away!

At last! There's a tobacconist. I'm going to buy an ounce or two.

You go on. I won't be a minute.

BANG

HELP!

Oh goodness! How awful! Poor Captain! What a ghastly thing to happen!

Bandit!...Anthropophagus!...Steam-roller!...Highwayman!...Travelling at that speed! I suppose you want to break the sound-barrier? You thundering misguided missile, you!

Bashi-bazouk!...Ectoplasm!

Mamma mia! It was you!...Basta!...And now why you spit all over my window?

Presto! Window-wash!

Excuse me, sir, but could you please help us? We're chasing some car-bandits...they've kidnapped one of our friends, Professor Calculus, and...

Eccola!

Madonna!...Uno bandito...we chase? Va bene! You get in my car...

You in good? O.K.

Billions of blue blistersing barnacles! Must you do that? Can't you start off like other people?

Scusi!

I show you...Italian car, Italian driver, the best in the world, no? Avanti! Prestissimo! We catcha him, il povero Professore!

BRRROOM

Avanti!
Whew!...Passed it!

Blistering barnacles, just our luck. It's market day!

Hey! A gendarme!

TS!!!

You barbarian! Going through a built-up area at that speed! You'll pay for this... Your name?

Arturo Benedetto Giovanni
Guiseppe Pietro Archangelo
Alfredo Cartoffoli da Milano.

Er... I... Hm... Well, don't do it again...

VRROOM

Now we make up for the lost time... Avanti!
Blistering barnacles, we’ll break our necks, I tell you!

There they are again! Bene! Bene! We catcha them up!

Thundering typhoons! The level-crossing barrier’s closing. We’re too late to get through.

ZZINGG ZZINGG

Whew! Thundering typhoons, if we go on like this I’ll have a heart attack!

... Now, we give a nice little swerve, so!...

... We put on the brakes, so... Ecco! Superbissimo!

That’s odd. I can’t see Calculus...

By heaven!! What you think you’re playing at? What do you want?

What do we want? Quite simply: Calculus. Where is he?


You know as well as we do! What have you done with him?

I’d ask you to mind your manners. Once and for all, I’ve never heard of your Candy Floss! You can see that my chauffeur and I are alone in my car...

What about the boot?

Young man, I could say that the contents of my boot are none of your business: but since I don’t wish to be nasty...

There! Now where’s your Coelacanth? Inside the spare wheel, I suppose.
Does that satisfy you, Mr. Sherlock Holmes? Or would you like to dismantle my carburettor? No? In that case, get out of the road and let me pass.
You've wasted enough of my time already.

Mamma mia! You fool me nicely, yes? You tell me the big fib, yes? You just want to make hitch-hike... and me stupid who believes you.
Madonna, how you fool me! Va bene! Now you walk. Addio!

What can have happened? Did we follow the wrong car?... Or did Calculus stay in the motor-boat?

GREAT SNAKES!
Hey, what's the matter? Now what's burning you?

YEOW!

What idiots we are! Under the back seat!

Why?... What?... Which back seat?

It was rather high up... That's where they've hidden poor Calculus! We let ourselves be hoodwinked like a couple of kids. Come on!

Old Calculus has certainly led us a pretty dance around the countryside!

That aeroplane looks as if it's landing. Is there an airfield near here? If that's the case, we're saved.

Come on, let's take this footpath. When we get to the airfield we'll ask if there's a plane available.

What's all this?... No airfield?... It's come down in a meadow.

Look! There, behind those trees! The Chrysler!!
SAVE ME!

Great snakes!

Poor Captain!

Hurry, blistering barnacles! Help me!

A few minutes later...

Thundering typhoons, you were right! The back seat is hollow. The pirate!

That’s where they hid him!

Listen Captain, we mustn’t waste time. It was a Sylavian aircraft: we’ll go

back to Geneva and take the first plane for Sylavia.

Right!

Next morning in Geneva...

While you buy the tickets I’ll get some papers. Then I’ll put a call through to Marinspike...

Two seats for Klaw, sir? Certainly. The plane leaves from Cointrin in two

hours’ time.

BLISTERING BARNACLES!

Incredible!...fantastic!...That’s upset the apple-cart!

You Carpathian Bashi-bazouks! That’s the second time you’ve cross my path. I hope for your sake there won’t be a third. You two-timing Tartar twisters, you!...Understand?...

Just remember, I’ve got my eye on you!
**BORDURO-SYLDAVIAN INCIDENT**

**Bordurian fighters force down Syldavian plane**

"VIOLATION OF OUR AIR-SPACE"

SAYS SZOHÖD

A Bordurian Air Ministry communique reports that a Syldavian aircraft has been intercepted by fighters while flying over Bordurian territory. Despite repeated warnings, the Syldavian government insists that the Bordurian planes violated its air space.

"UNPROVOKED TASHIC AGGRESSION"

SAYS KLOW

In an official note the Syldavian Ministry of Foreign Affairs has protested vigorously against "unprovoked aggression by the Bordurian Air Force towards an unarmed Syldavian passenger plane." Klouw protests that Borduromers always do everything to provoke trouble. Borduru's soldiers have now fallen into Syldavian hands again. They never give up, do they?

---

**Your tickets for Klouw, sir.**

We don't need them! We're going to Szohôd, in Borduria.

---

I'm sorry, sir, the flight to Szohôd is fully booked. The last two seats have just been taken. However, if you would care to wait...

---

...we may have a last-minute cancellation. In that case, we can make arrangements for you.

---

By the whiskers of Kûrvi-Tasch! They want to go to Szohôd. You can bet your life. But we took the last two seats. I wonder...

---

You'll wait here? Good. I'm just going to see if I can get through to Marlingspike.

---

Yes, Marlingspike 421. Thank you, I'll hold on.

---

Hello... Hello, Marlingspike? Hello, is that you, Nestor? What? Who's that speaking?...

---

Cutts the butcher speaking... What can I do for you?... Hello?

---

Hello... Hello, is that 421? Is that you, Nestor? This is Captain Haddock. Who's that speaking?... Who?

---

Wagg... Jolyon Wagg... Proper lark this is, eh? You old humbug, you didn't half give me a laugh with your helicopter chase... What?... What am I doing here?

---

It turned out nice, so I brought the wife for a little visit to your country seat... Yes! Who?... Nestor? I'll hand you over to him. He's got a good joke to tell you... Hi, Nestor, it's your boss.

---

Hello... Ah, Nestor, how are you... Yes... No... Perhaps... And what's your news at Marlingspike?
I'm afraid it's the truth, sir. The Professor's laboratory has been stripped... Yes, the apparatus too, sir. Absolutely everything... Quite so, last night. Yes, sir; the police came this morning.

Did they find any clues? You... Hello? What did you say, Nestor?

No, it's me. Wagg... Don't worry, old boy; it's better than a slap in the eye with a wet kipper, as my Uncle Anatole used to say. Besides...

Right away... You know, your insurance is ready. And you'll see, I've taken care of everything. You've got the lot: theft, fire, hailstorms, air disasters...

Wagg! Billions of hilious blue blistering barnacles! I... hello!... hello!... HELLO!

Now I've been cut off!!

I say, what's the matter now?

What's the matter? It's Calculus's laboratory at Marlingspike! Rifled! emptied! ransacked! Those gangsters have taken all his apparatus.

And when I think they're probably in league with those two Patagonian savages... Hello, they've weighed anchor.

So they have: they've gone.

Someone's just telephoned: we have two vacant seats on the plane for Szohda, but the coach leaves in five minutes. Will that be...

Thanks, we'll take them.

A few minutes later...

Bon voyage, gentlemen. We're only too delighted to give you our seats...

You're the last, sir. We're just off now.

You know, your insurance is ready. And you'll see, I've taken care of everything. You've got the lot: theft, fire, hailstorms, air disasters.
Right away, François!
Well done, Snowy! He's been to fetch Calculus's umbrella.
Crums! This doesn't belong to Calculus, Snowy! Where in the world did you pinch this from?
Thundering typhoons! Quick, Tintin, hand me that brolly.

Hey, I think you've lost your umbrella! Here it is.

Hello, what's that on my nose?
Oh, it's the bit of sticking-plaster.
It's off now...

Thundering...
...typhoons!
!
Pardon me, but you have something on your hat.
A bit of sticking-plaster.
Now I wonder where that came from?

It's sticky!
And it's stuck!
Oh, bother it!
Ah, it's gone.
Well, that's got rid of that!
At Certain Airport, 1:40 p.m.
Here we go, on our way to Szohd... I only hope we find poor Calculus there.

Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles!
Just look at this confounded sticking-plaster! How did it get itself on to my cap? It's black magic, I tell you!

Meanwhile, in Geneva...

Hello, operator, I want Szohd 322.19... Yes, Szohd... What? A delay? But it's urgent... I... Good. Try and hurry things along.

Hello?... Yes, hello? I can hear you... CRACKLE... FRRRT... Szohd? Hello, I... FART... Hello!

2.11 p.m.

Hello? Yes, I can hear you... Hello?... GLOUP... CAR... GRR... Will you... Hello?... What?... Ah, it's you, Schrinkoff, Amath... CRRRR... Hello!

2.35 p.m.

Yes, Haddock. A sort of sea-dog with a beard... CRACK... BZZ... Beard... Hiss... No beard... GRR... He has a beard... XWOO... XWOO... Yes... heard!

2.52 p.m.

Hello?... FRRRT?... Hello, I can't hear you... CLACK... What?... FRRRT... CRACK? Can't you speak up?!... What?

3.03 p.m.

Hello, airport police here... Amaith Kuri-Tasch, sir! The plane from Geneva? It's just in... What?... What names?

3.48 p.m.

Hello! CRACK... Yes, I've got it... CRACK... FRRRT... By the whiskers of Kuri-Tasch, what a line!... Captain Haddock and Tintin: O.K. O.K. I'll warn the airport control at once... Amaith!
That's a relief, I can tell you. I thought they might have had warning of our arrival.

**SZTÖPP!**

You Captain Haddock! And you Tintin?... You come please. My officer want talk with you.

What? Who is this officer of yours?

Captain, wait. You've got something...

A few minutes later...

Ah, Captain, this is a great privilege for us. We in Borduria salute you, hero of that glorious interplanetary flight. Amaïh!

And you too, Mänhär Tin-tin. I am proud to shake the hand which... er... First set foot on the Moon. I salute you. Amaïh!

You... you're too kind.

Szplug! What is this?

The ancient traditions of Bodurian hospitality demand that we ensure your absolute comfort and safety.

As I was saying: your safety. Two interpreters will therefore accompany you during your stay here. They will take you wherever you may wish to go... and at whatever time.

These gentlemen, Krönick and Klümi, are entirely at your service. They will take you to the Hotel Znör, where rooms are booked for you. I wish you a pleasant stay... Amaïh!

Thanks... very much.

Ten minutes later in Zchertal...

... And this is Kürüi-Tasch Platz. Your hotel is just round the corner.

Here we are. This is it.

One moment, please. We'll see about your rooms.

Be careful! Those two ostragotes in Geneva certainly tipped off the police here. We must keep our eyes open.

Oh!... Quick!... Hide! Hide!
**Bianca Castafiore!!!**

Did you see? That was Signora Bianca Castafiore, the Milanese nightingale. She's singing at the Szöfő Opera. If you wish, we will go to hear her one evening: she is sublime as Marguerite, in *Faust*.

Oh yes...

Here are the keys. We will escort you to your rooms.

This is yours, Mähir Captain. I hope you will be comfortable.

Yours is a little further down: unfortunately there were no adjoining rooms.

Here you are, Mähir Tintin. We will come and fetch you for dinner, in an hour. If you need us before then, don't hesitate to ring: we're entirely at your service.

Thank you, gentlemen.

We're prisoners all right, Snowy, and no mistake about it. The fact that it's a gilded cage doesn't make any difference.

Golly! The lap of luxury!

**RING RING**

Blistering barnacles, I said that at the first opportunity we'll ditch those two coleoptera! That's agreed, isn't it?

I... er... Oh yes. You're referring to those two butterflies you caught by the lake, in Geneva. But those aren't coleoptera, Captain, they're lepidoptera.

What are you jabbering about? Lepidoptera? Lepidoptera to you, too! I... Hello?... Hello?

Crumbs! How can I make him understand that our telephone is bound to be tapped?

**RING RING**

Let's talk about the simply wonderful hospitality of this exquisite country. What good taste! What tact! And then their um... their courtesy. And above all their... how shall I put it? their friendliness. Friendliness which is entirely... er... friendly...

Um...

You... But... What... Let... But... Look here... I... Blister... Thunder...

Keep on recording. This could be interesting.

Ten thousand thundering typhoons! Now I'm going to chuck you out of the window!
Thundering typhoons! He'll rouse the whole hotel.

Wait. I'll open the door and we'll see...

Hic... Not gone to bed yet! I just wanted... hic... to give you your cap... Hic... Now, I'll stay in the... hic... corridor. I'll be... hic... very comfortable; they've put a bed there.

That's it! Now then, let's go...

Crumbs! Get back, quick!

Get inside! And hurry!

Disgustingly drunk... That's why I telephoned the ZEP immediately.

You did well. All the exits are guarded.

Whew! They've gone. Did you hear?

Wait. Perhaps over here...

Saved! It's the fire-escape!

Blistering barnacles! We're trapped!

What'll we do?... Ah, I think I've got an idea.

All right, Captain!... Ready?

BANG
This is it!... Come on!

A broken light-bulb!
But where can that have come from?

HI!

SZTÖPP!

Quick! The lights are still green!

Meanwhile...

Yes gentlemen, we of the High Command are assembled today to hear about a remarkable discovery. After protracted research, Bordurian scientists have succeeded in perfecting a weapon...

...that will soon make H-bombs and ballistic missiles as obsolete as pikes and muskets!... The day is not far off, gentlemen, when this weapon will make the people of Borduria, and their glorious ruler Kürvi-Tasch, masters of the world. ...To prove this to you, I invite you to give your undivided attention to this screen.

Gentlemen, at our command, this city is doomed. In a few seconds it will be reduced to rubble. I have only to press this button...

You see those proud buildings swaying on their foundations; they are cracking, disintegrating, toppling...

Here, challenging the world with its gigantic skyscrapers, is a great transatlantic city, which it is superfluous to name.

...and crumbling to dust. A whole city is wiped from the face of the earth!

So!
We must keep calm, gentlemen! And above all, we must be patient. The great city which you saw disintegrating before your eyes was, for the time being, no more than...

This miniature city was destroyed from a distance by the machine you see here. It is an ultrasonic instrument. Up to now it is only effective against glass and china...

But in the near future we shall be able to destroy AT LONG RANGE not only glass and china, but bricks, concrete, and steel! The designs for this tremendous weapon already exist: that is all I can tell you at the moment. ... But when our hour strikes...

... then the enemies of Bordinia will be stricken with terror before the might of our annihilating power...

Hello, Colonel Spoons speaking... Oh, it's you, Laezlo... What?... They've vanished! By the whiskers of Karvi-Tasch, it's impossible!

You lost track of them somewhere near the Opera?... Area surrounded?... Good... Well, as soon as I've finished here I'll trot along to the Opera and check the security precautions. And while I'm about it, I'll go and hear Castafiore...

An Hour Later, at the Székhéd Opera House...

Captain!... Wake up, Captain! It's the interval... Captain!

You see, this is the safest place for us. No one could possibly guess that we'd taken refuge at the Opera!

It's true, Captain. When you're in a crowd there's always less chance of being noticed.
Just look, there's Colonel Sponsor, the Chief of Police.

So it is... Colonel Sponsor!

Sponsz, hero!... And Calculus's fate depends on that man! Little does he know that he and his two henchmen passed within a yard of us!

It's the end of the interval. Shall we push off?

I think it's better to wait till the end of the show. Then we can leave with the crowd.

An hour later...

It's hopeless!... The exits are stiff with policemen. Let's try to slip out through the stage door.

Come into my dressing-room... Yes, yes... I can't leave my admirers in the passage... I've put on Marguerite's prettiest gown for you... Come along in.

Why, look who's here! It's Tintin!

Hello, my dear young friend. How delightful to see you here.

Aha, you little flatterer, so you've come to congratulate me, with this... this... Fisherman... Mr? Mr?...

Er... Haddock... er... Haddad... Excuse me, Haddock.

You heard it?... Such a success, wasn't it?... One of the greatest triumphs of my career... What applause... especially for the Jewl Song... They were in ecstasies, weren't they, Mr. Paddock?

Rat Tat Tat

Again? Ah, they won't leave me alone for a moment!... Oh well. Come in!

Signora, it's Colonel Sponsor, the Chief of Police. He wishes to pay his respects to you.

But of course! Show him in, girl...
Just a minute, Signora!... The Colonel... Listen, I'll explain everything later... but at all costs he mustn't find us here!

Dio!... What shall we do?

Irma, wait a moment!... Quick! Hide in my wardrobe, behind this curtain.

There... Show the Colonel in, Irma!...

I am deeply honoured, Ma'am... to find myself in the presence of the celebrated singer who... er... who...

Fie, Colonel! You make me blush!

But do please sit down.

You are too kind...

Oh, forgive me!... I've sat on something... It's a naval officer's cap.

Blasting barnacles! My cap!

I... Oh yes!... Er... it belongs to the tenor who sings in "Madame Butterfly"... He forgot it yesterday... But do take off your coat, Colonel.

With pleasure, Ma'am.

Take the Colonel's coat, please, Irma.

Now Irma, bring the champagne... It's an old habit of mine, Colonel... champagne after each performance. You'll take a glass with me?

I fear I intrude, Ma'am.

Not at all, not at all. Come, Colonel, make yourself useful... You may open the bottle.

But of course, Ma'am. Your wish is my command.

Rat-tat-tat

Come in.

Oh! Excuse me, Colonel!... We were ordered to search the Opera House from top to bottom... For those two foreigners...

Is that so?
Please excuse those num-skulls, Ma'am. They're hunting for two spies...
Oh, do tell me about them, Colonel. I adore spy-stories!...Your health, Colonel.
Spies! Ugh! Barefaced liar

Your health, Ma'am... Well, it's this way: our secret service have managed to...to "invite" to Borduria a foreign professor, originator of a sensational discovery. It concerns a secret weapon. Once this has been perfected, it will give us world supremacy.
Oh, but that's simply wonderful!

Yes, but the perfecting of it depends upon the professor. And up till now he refused to give us his detail drawings. His reason: he doesn't want his invention used for warlike purposes... I ask you!

Ha! ha! You don't know how true that is! But just now he's on the earth!
Between ourselves, he's in the fortress of Bakhine. And by the whis-kers of Kârâh-Tasch, he'll stay there till he decides to give up the plane!
Oh, I'm sure he will in the end.

I hope so, for his sake! Anyway, I have a signed order for his release in my coat pocket. Tomorrow he'll have to choose: either he gives up his plane, or he'll never hear of again.
And supposing he does give up his plane, Colonel. What happens when he gets home, and tells all?

Ha! ha! I've foreseen that. If we set the professor free, it will be in the presence of two representatives of the International Red Cross. He'll have to declare in front of them that he came to Borduria of his own free will, to offer us his plane... I have passes for these two representatives in my coat, too.

How clever of you, Colonel!... Brilliant!

Oh, just part of my job, Ma'am... But I am gossipping, and time passes... If I may dare to presume... My wife is giving a small party for some friends tonight... and it would give us much pleasure if you would agree to come, just as you are, and sing for us.

But of course... Irmaa!... The Colonel's coat please, and mine.

I see. Colonel Sponsz has sent you to take charge of the professor. Your papers look in order to me, and the order of release... However...

Better safe than sorry. I'd better check that everything is all right. Will you excuse me?...
But... but of course!... D-d-doo!

Hello, ZEP?... This is the commandant at Bakhine, Major Kârdak. Would you put me through to Colonel Sponsz?
Hello?... What?... Oh, he's not in yet... Who is that?... His secretary?... In that case, perhaps you can help me...

Oh yes. Two representatives from the International Red Cross... Their passes? Quite all right, Major. I made them out myself. And the order for release? Yes, Major, that's quite all right too; the colonel signed it yesterday morning. Yes, Amaïh!

Well, gentlemen, everything's perfectly in order. I'll send for Professor Calculus.

A moment later...

Amaïh! Karitch... What's the news?... Any trace of Calculus's friends?

Nothing at all, Colonel. Not a sign of them.

That's tiresome... Very tiresome. I wonder where those two artful dodgers managed to hide... Nothing else, besides that?

Nothing at all, sir.

Oh yes... Major Kardouk rang up.

Kardouk? That old bore! And what did he want this time?

He wanted to know if the order you signed releasing Professor Calculus was official.

Yes, Colonel. That's exactly what I told him, sir...

By the whiskers of Kürt-V-tasch! When a document bears my signature, is it or is it not official?

You... you did say the order releasing Professor Calculus?

Why... yes, Colonel...

The papers!... It's treason!... They've been stolen!

Hello!... Yes, it's me... Amaïh! Colo... What?... Professor Calculus... But sir, I...

RRRING

Their cars just gone? By all the hairs in the whiskers of Kürt-V-tasch, if you don't get them back... I'll have you shot...
I'll tell you the whole story. The biggest joke is that Colonel Sponz himself provided the means of your escape! Magnificent, eh? And luckly it all happened at the Opera House; it only took a jiffy to find all we needed for disguises! Quite something, eh?

Yes, it's me, Haddock!... And there's Tintin, driving us to safety.

And my umbrella?

They've raised the alarm! That's bad...

Quick, Captain. Unclip the hood at the back. When you've done that, I'll let go at the front...

What did I tell you? Motorbikes!

One!

Two! They're both down in the daisies!

Now, Captain; we were talking about my umbrella...

Saved for the moment; but I've a feeling that was only the first round...

O-H!... How right I was!... Look there, a tank blocking the road!... Jam on the brakes!

We're skidding!

HELP!... HELP!

HELP!... HELP!
By the whiskers of Kürvi-Tasch, they came a cropper!

If they’re underneath that lot, there’s not very much to be done...

BROOMM

A chance in a million! If we hadn’t been thrown clear of the car...

Poor old Calculus is fearfully groggy... I say, Tintin, watch out! You’ll have us in the ditch again!

I’m doing my best, but...

Crums! A road-block!

I haven’t driven a tank since our Moon trip.

Too bad! I’ll ram it.

What?.. What’s that you say? A tank!.. They’ve taken a tank!! Blow them up... Exterminate them...纯化 them... I... Trying to stop us with that kind of ramshackle erection! Look out, here they come! Don’t miss! FIRE!
My umbrella! Have you got my umbrella?

Nonsense Captain! I'm talking about my umbrella. Surely you can't have lost it?

All right, I have lost your brolly... in Geneva, if you want to know.

Boring? Of course it's not boring. I'm talking about the detail drawings of my ultrasonic instrument. I hid them in the handle of my umbrella... so you see, if you'd lost it...

Hey!

What are all those things in the road?

Too late! We can't stop in time! We'll blow up! HELP! HELP! HELP!

By the whiskers of Kürgi-Tasch! Who unloaded all that dud stuff on me? It's sabotage!

Mines?... What are you jabbering about? We would have blown up. And talking of blowing up. I hope these things aren't dangerous. There's a case under my seat...

Those?

They're thunderflashes... used on exercises. When you light them, they explode with a terrific bang... Great snakes, it can't be true!

The Frontier! We're coming to the Frontier!

Crumbs!... We're cornered this time!
**A barricade!**
With anti-tank defences on both sides! What shall we do?

**We're safe, Cuthbert!**
**Safe!**

The other frontier post. Nothing can happen to us now.

**At last! Now I can have a quiet smoke to celebrate... the first since we set off.**

They must be refugees from the Kürvi-Tasch regime. Poor devils! They'll be blown to bits.

Blistering typhoons! I forgot all about them... those thundering Thunder-things...

Two days later, in general...

An umbrella, you say? Er... what sort of umbrella?

**CRASH BANG CLANG**
**Boom**

Snowy! Here, Snowy!

My umbrella! My own little umbrella! At last I've found you!

And now watch carefully... I grasp the handle... I unscrew it... There... And hey-presto, what do we see?

My plans!!! Stars above! They've gone!
But I’m quite certain that I... I can’t believe it!

You believe what you like, but I’ve had all I can take! O.K. You’ve been rescued, but your plans can look after themselves. I want to go home... to a little peace and quiet.

Two days later, at Marinspike...

Ah, what a relief to be home again!

Thundering typhoons! What’s going on here?

DADDY!... DADDY!... There’s a great big man with a beard breaking my toys!

Look who’s here! The ancient mariner himself! You dropped in just right, you old rascal! We were talking about you.

Billions of blue blazing barnacles! Wagg! What do you think you’re playing at?

Me?... Well, it turned out nice... but don’t let us disturb you, old boy; make yourself at home...

It turned out nice... So I said: ‘Jollyon,’ I said, ‘don’t you waste the end of your holiday.’ And your little place was vacant, so I popped in for a few days...

... with my little brood.

HERE!... QUICKLY!

It’s Calculus, he went straight up to his room...