THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN
THE RED SEA SHARKS
MAGNET
THE RED SEA SHARKS

One evening, at the cinema...

Did you enjoy the film, Captain?

Oh yes... so-so...

The chap who played the lead is a good actor...

He looks like Alcazar; don’t you think so?

...but the end was too improbable. The old uncle hasn’t seen his nephew for twenty years... he starts thinking about him... the door opens, hey-presto... who’s there? The nephew!

It’s as if I was thinking of... I don’t know, someone or other...

For example, take General Alcazar, whom you mentioned just now. He completely vanished from our lives years ago...

Well, d’you suppose, if I just think about him he’ll pop up in the street corner, like that, bingo?

Look here, you misguided missile, you! Can’t you watch where you’re going?

It’s GENERAL ALCAZAR!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

That's what I'm wondering.

Bring us... or... let's see... let's see...

Two glasses of ginger beer.

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

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

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

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

Friday

Dear Sir,

Please telephone PIC 8524 between 10 and 12.00 p.m. Ask for Mr. Debrett.

Regards,

J.D.M.C.

But the general's address isn't here.

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

Hello, is that PIC 8524? May I speak to Mr. Debrett?... Who am I?... A friend of General Alcazar, and I... Hello!... HELLO??...
Can you hear me... What?... You don't know the name Alazar?... What about Ramon Zarate?... Nor that... You see, sir, I found his wallet... I beg your pardon.

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

There's politeness for you!

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

A little later...

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

Wooaaaah!... Wooaaaah!

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

I'll get to the bottom of it!

Hey, Captain, what's happened to you?

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

Haaah!

What... there behind you!

Rrighthah!
Me Hassim, servant to His Highness Prince Abdullah...

Most esteemed and well-beloved friend,
I entrust to you my son Abdullah, to improve his English. Here the situation is serious. Should any misfortune befall me I come on you, my friend, to care for Abdullah.

Emir Ben Kalish Ezab

Read that, Tintin, it's for you... Tell me Hassim, what does the Emir mean... "the situation is serious"?

I know not, Effendi.

And I bring you message from my Master.

What d'you make of it? One thing's clear: we've got Abdullah on our hands. We'll have to bring the young scamp to heel.

Abdullah!... You little brat! I'm going to teach you a lesson...

WAHH!

Halt thou!... Touch not the son of my Master!

Touch not! Touch not! You arabesque, you! D'you imagine I'm going to let that little pest raise Cain in my house?

Just wait till I find you, you young rascallion!

Oh sir!... Sir!... It's terrible, sir... All those foreign persons have settled themselves...

...in the state-rooms!

Later, Nestor... tell me later.
The next morning...

RRRING RRRRING

Hello?

Blue blistering barnacles in a thundering typhoon!

All right... All right!

RRRING RRRRING

Hello?... Hello?... Who?...

No, Madam, I am not Mr. Sutke the butcher!

RRRING

No answer?... I suppose they're all asleep still...

To be precise, I'd say...

Hello?... Who's that? Thompson?

Hello!... I'm not disturbing you, am I?

Er... not in the least. Go on...

He Tintin here this morning?... Yes. You'd like to speak to him?

Right... What?... Do we know General Alcazar?... Yes, why?
You'll explain that to Tintin later? Good... What? No, no trouble at all...

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

Half an hour later...

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

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

No, it's Calculus!

Good gracious!

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

Very well, thanks. And you?

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

RRRRING

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

The Thomsens! Already!

Ah!... Now for some breakfast.

D'you think so?

KHRRR KHRRRR

Blistering barnacles, here he comes!
RRRING

BANG

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

Who rang, Nestor?

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

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

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

RRRING

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

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

Ha! ha! ha!

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

A few minutes later...

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

Very little, as a matter of fact.

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

All? Really? And what did he say to you, when you met him last night?
Aha! That surprised you, eh? You forget, my friend, in our job there's nothing we don't know.
To be precise: we know nothing in our job!

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

Excelsior; yes, we know.

Oh? Well, that's the lot... He didn't say anything else. But what have you against him? What do you suspect?
Why are we suspect? I mean, what do we suspect? My dear fellow, if you imagine we'll tell you he's smuggling aircraft, you're much mistaken. "Mam's the word", that's our motto.

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

Ah! Here comes Nestor with our hats and sticks.
What a very peculiar thing: my hat has shrunk.
How strange. With me it's the opposite: I've got a swollen head...

Oh, I see. We've got muddled up. You have my hat and I have yours.
That's it: our mats are in a huddle. In short, we're contrarywise...

But it still isn't right!
Nor is mine!
May I see?... You can bet Abdullah's behind this...
Abdullahah?

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

A little later on...
Abdullah and his tricks!

Well, what did our Siamese twins want?
Just read this advertisement! I've found in an old newspaper!

FOR SALE
AIRCRAFT, TANKS, SUBMARINES ETC

Further particulars from J.D.M.C., Box No. 5053, DR.

Export Co. Ltd.

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

Maybe. But did you notice the initials?

Precisely!

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

I'll come with you.

Later, at the Hotel Excelsior...


Thank you.

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

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

The Thompsons!

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

O.K.

An hour later...

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

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

Where are we off to now?
Fifteen minutes later...

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

This is it, driver. Stop!

Oh! A watchman!

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

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

Aircraft! So we were right!

Careful! Footsteps!

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

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

How right you are! Any news from Alazar?

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

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

An alarm-clock!

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

“Daily Reporter” sir...

Great Scot! What will the Captain think of this?

Where the devil's that row coming from?

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

Crumbs!

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

No, but...

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

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

Where?... Well, what about Khemed?

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

What? Khemed? In the middle of a revolution! You're crazy!...

What could we do there?

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

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

BANG

Allright, I'm coming...
A younger with a white dog! That reminds me of something... but what!

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

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

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

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

Here comes the plane from Beirut.

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

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

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

Passports, please gentlemen.

I am sorry, gentlemen: you have no permit to stay in Khemed. You must re-board the plane, and return to Beirut.
Blistering barnacles! What sort of a yarn is that?

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

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

An hour later...

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

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

Thundering typhoons! Why does everything happen to me?

Lock out, Captain!

... air-pocket!

Another...

You're not hurt, are you?

Not at all. I'm just enjoying the luxurious comfort of air travel!
Golly! I can smell trouble. There's something sinister going on here. I must warn Mr. Tintin at once.

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

Hello, Snowy, what's the matter?

Wooah! Wooah!

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

Wooah! Wooah!

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

Wooah! Wooah!

PH-EE-EET

What's that siren for?

الذريعة

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

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

Wadedah Tower... Wadedah Tower... This is KH... OZD... Starboard motor on fire... Extinguishers unserviceable. We're turning back... We'll try to reach Wadedah.

It's no good! It's too heavy. I shall just have to...
This is KH-OZD... Starboard engine still burning... Port engine misfiring... We are losing height.

I simply must make him understand. He's got to come and look at this thing.

Again?... No, old chap, that's enough. I tell you, this is no time for games.

A parachute... I insist that you give me a parachute!

Why won't you come and look?

Don't lose your head, sir. You'd find a parachute quite useless now...

I want a parachute, I tell you! I've paid for my seat, and...

Look here, young fellow, keep calm, will you? And leave the pilot alone: he's got enough on his plate already!

I'm sorry about this, but...

Good lad!... Thanks! Everybody hang on tight. We're going to try to land...

This is KH-OZD... We're over the southern edge of the Kadhieh. We've jettisoned the fuel... We're stopping the port motor... We're trying a belly landing.

This is KH-0ZD... Starboard engine still burning... Port engine misfiring... We are losing height...
Allah be praised!... We are safe!

Don't stay here in the open sun, we'd better move into the shadow of those rocks, while we wait for a rescue party.

Come out of there, Snowy! At once!

Wooah! Wooah!

No, no, there's no need to worry, Wadesah was alerted, and it's only thirty miles away. They'll soon be out looking for us.

A few minutes later...

I say, Captain, if we stay here they'll take us back to Wadesah, and we'll be expelled once again! Wait a minute, Snowy... It seems to be about thirty miles to the city. Suppose we make ourselves scarce...

On foot!

Yes, on foot... I'm just going back to the plane. Snowy's incorrigible, he absolutely insists on showing me something.

So you're coming at last!

All right, Snowy... I'm coming with you.

Thirty miles... And I've still got... Let's see... I've still got...

Thirty miles! A mere trifle!

Half a bottle of whisky... that's 240 miles to the gallon... not too good, but still...

BOOM
My bottle... I must save my bottle!

Thundering typhoons! The plane's blown up!

But my bottle's safe!

He went towards the plane... Let's hope... Careful: mustn't break my bottle...

Columbus!... Tintin?

Tintin, old man!... You aren't broken? You aren't hurt?

N... no. I was just knocked flat by the blast. But Snowy! Where's Snowy?

Safe and sound. He's fetching your hat.

Billions of blistering barnacles!

Snowy, good old Snowy. You scented danger, eh?... And I just thought you wanted to play.

You know, Tintin, you ought to take me more seriously.

A time-bomb in the baggage compartment... So it's thanks to the fire in the starboard motor that we're still alive!... Normally, at this time, we'd be flying over the mountains over the Jebel... You can imagine, if we'd blown up in the air...

A time-bomb in the baggage compartment... So it's thanks to the fire in the starboard motor that we're still alive!... Normally, at this time, we'd be flying over the mountains over the Jebel... You can imagine, if we'd blown up in the air...

Yes, we've had a lucky escape. I wonder...

What?

Nothing... but I think we won't hang around here. Let's go.

All right, I agree.
When we get to Wadesah, we'll seek shelter with our old friend Senhor Oliveira de Figueira.

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

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

Night has fallen...

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

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

Quick, lie down!

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

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

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

It's just an aeroplane... Listen.

For heaven's sake stop snoring!

Me, snoring! I didn't hear anything.

Halt! Who goes there?

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

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

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

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

ZZZ

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

This confounded cork won't come out...

Ah! That's it! POP

POP = [diagram of gears] = WHISKY

Ahah! Now then, where are those sprouts? I mean scouts? I'd like a word or two with them! Shh! Be quiet! We must get on.

Step! That's enough!

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

Yes, that's it. I remember, you did say he always has a bottle of wine handy?

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

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

Blistering barnacles! A patrol!

Quick, we must find somewhere to hide!

Who's that?
Patrol... Who's that?

What do you mean: who's that? I'm asking you... What's the idea, waking people up at this hour?

We can't help it if you're a light sleeper!

A light sleeper... What a nerve! After all the row you've been making!

Well, never mind! Next time we'll walk on our hands, to save waking the most noble Don Oliviero!

I... oh, go to the devil!

Just listen to that! There's one we haven't woken up, anyway!... What a din!... Ha! ha! ha! ha!

He! He! He! He! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Whew! They've gone! That gave me a fright! Come on, Captain, stop snoring for goodness sake!

REWARD

TINTIN

HADDOCK

RAT TAT

TAT

Again!!!

By the beard of your Prophet, will you go away and let me sleep?

Open the door, senhor Oliviero! It's Tintin! Please open up!

Tintin... You here!... Come in quickly... quickly!

What are you doing here! Don't you know there's a price on your head?

I know... I've just seen the poster.

Goodnight, everybody.

It's incredible!... Fantastic!... I can't believe it!... But first of all: I'm sure you must be hungry?...

Rather... ZZZ

Zzz

Zzz

Thirsty, too?

Er... a drop of your wine would save our lives.

Now then, tell me what you're doing in Khemed.

It's like this...

...and so Abdullah...

...africa for sale...

Then we decided to set out for Wadesah on foot, and to come to you...

It was wise of you. Now, I'll bring you up to date on the situation in Khemed. Six months ago...

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

Oh, well...

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

Good idea.

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

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

It all puzzles me, Senhor Oliveira. You see, the rebel Mosquitoes and the Arabair DC 3's came from the same source... And I'd like to know what touched off the dispute between the Emir and Arabair.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yes. Good.

Two days later...

Do you see, there?... A patrol coming...

I know... Keep calm!

TEN THOU
OOOOH!... Terrific!

Well? What about that, eh?

Wooh! Wooh!

Quiet, Snowy, quiet!

That was a close shave, Captain.

Yes!... Lucky for us we had all day yesterday to practice! Poor Senhor Oliveira!

Pitchers?... I'm so sorry, ma'am, my stock is completely exhausted...

Good! Now we're out of the city.

And there's the well... Confound it, he promised us there'd be none about at this hour!
Why can't you talk English like everyone else, you fancy-dress Fatima? What do you want, anyway?

Woah!

Billions of blue blistering barnacles! That old witch will raise the alarm... And our guide isn't here!... Oliveira was quite definite that he'd wait near the well, with the horses... Now what is it, Snowy?

Woah! Woah! Woah!

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

And a few minutes later...

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

Meanwhile...

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

There they are!... Fire!
Our own aircraft! They're mad!

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

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

The armoured... WHAT?

Quick, put me back to Colonel Ahmed... Ah, it's you... Er... I think I misunderstood. You didn't say that the armoured cars were destroyed. Yes, just as you ordered. I've already passed on your congratulations to the pilots... Pardon?

What?? I ordered it???? You bumbling oaf! Only the horsemen were to be wiped out!

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

Meanwhile...

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

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

Next day, at dawn...

Careful... Every man pick his target!
The camels bark... or, no... The dogs bark and the camels pass.

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

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

That is good. We will take them before him.

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

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

Living in there! That’s a good one!

All right. People do live there...

L... Oh, look there!
And my son?... My own little treasure! My precious darling... Where is he?
Ah yes... We left him at Marlin Spike, Your Highness. But rest assured, he is in good hands.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Loop the loop! But Highness...

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

But Highness...

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

WHAT?...

GRRR...

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

Yes, go on...

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

But that's frightful!

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

GRAOW

GRRAOw

By Allah! Let us hope your dog hasn't gone near Ayesha!
It does indeed, Di Gorgonzola - shipping magnate, newspaper proprietor, radio, television and cinema tycoon, air-line king, dealer in pearls, gun-runner, trafficker in slaves - the man who helped Bab El Ehr to seize power.

But patience! Ill-gotten gains benefit no one!

It is an international crook; he must be put out of harm's way.

Yes, you are right. But what can we do to expose his dreadful traffic in slaves?

That's what he thinks!

Tell me, Your Highness... Mecca is the terminus for Arabair isn't it?... Good... Is there any way of actually getting us there?

Aha!... More and more interesting!

...And that infamous Di Gorgonzola, too, the owner of Arabair.

Arabair belongs to Di Gorgonzola?

...And quick!... Avesha!

Hello!... You here too?...

Yes, a tame cheetah. But you see what happens when he is annoyed... And I am the same: woe betide those who attack me... The perfidious Bab El Ehr will learn this one day, to his cost!
By the board of the Prophet, something suspicious is going on over there.
Halt... Who goes there?

BANG - BANG

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

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

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

At dawn...

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

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

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

Not that, certainly, but...

But what?

Thundering typhoons! Mosquitoes!

Over there, Captain!... That's just what I feared!

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

H...h...here...! Take it!

A gun! Give me a gun!

If only I had a gun!

It's him or us this time.

And the other plane's sheered off. We're saved!

Rat Tat Tat

Got him!

Hooray! You've hit him!

Captain!... Captain!... What happened?... Quick: wake up! We're going to be roasted!
I don't know what happened... Some coward hit me from behind.

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

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

Thundering typhoons! My nose!

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

A quarter of an hour later...

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

What about trying with your knife?

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

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

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

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

Skut.

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

But... but... my name Skut... Pilot Skut... Ma Estonian...

Look out... Mind your knife!

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

Meanwhile...

Hello! Hello!... This is KG VM... This is KG VM... Come in KG VM... Over.

Hello! Hello! This is 82 KG. This is KG VM... Come in KG VM... Over.

BGNG
Meanwhile...

May I have the pleasure of this samba, Princess?

But of course, Marquis.

What an ideal yacht for a cruise!

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

Don't give it a thought.

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

What an enthralling host he is. This cruise aboard the "Schéherazade" is really too enchanting!

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

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

Hello! Hello! KG VM calling R3K0... Transmit in code... Over.

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

KG VM to R3K0. Understood. Out.

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

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

If this goes on, Captain, we'll soon be on Dr. Bombard's diet: plankton and sea-water.
Me?... Drink sea-water? Are you out of your mind?
Try some, Captain. It's not as bad as all that.

Ha! Ha! Ha! Not as bad as all that!... Think of all the dead fish there must be in it... All the people drowned in it over the centuries... All the tons of rubbish dumped from ships every day. ...You can commit suicide if you like, drinking that pig-swill. But for me it's "niet, niet," all along the line!

This not good...

Besides... Besides...

Besides... Besides...

YIPPEEEE

There!... A ship!... Saved!

A ship... Just when you've swallowed that liquid manure! Ha! ha! ha! What a scream!

A ship! It's true!

Ha! ha! ha! This'll be the death of me!

Let's hope... let's hope they spot us!

SPLOSH

Who wasn't going to drink any sea-water? That'll teach him!

So you decided to have some after all!

Oh! The ship! She no see us!... She go!...

Me? Not on your life!... Not a drop!... C'est!
Marquis!... Yoo-hoo, Marquis!
Marquis, where are you? Here! What is it?

Castaways, my dear fellow! Out there on a raft.
It's true, Marquis! Real castaways! How madly gay!

Yes, yes, I know... I... I've just given orders for the Captain to pick them up.
Oh, how gorgeous! I've always dreamed of seeing real castaways!

They're going about! Saved! They've seen us at last!

Saved! Oh, J what a beautiful morning!

That does it. Now this really is the Raft of the Medusa!

By Lucifer! What's to be done? They mustn't see me!

Hello? Yes, my lord Marquis. Your name's not to be mentioned in front of the castaways.
Yes, m'lord.

In addition, I want you to remove these men at once—my guests are too inquisitive and must have no contact with them.

Thundering typhoons! What a beautiful ship. A multi-millionaire's yacht!

And those fools think their troubles are over! Ha! ha! ha! That's a good joke!
Thundering typhoons! What a magnificent yacht! Whose is she?... Hey, are they having a carnival on board?

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

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

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

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

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

My dear Tintin!

Delighted to see you again, my dear Padlock... or Harrock.

In roll, Signora Castafioli, Harrock'n'roll!

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

But my good man, I'm not ill!

A little later...

Well, Parker, have you questioned them?

Yes, m'lord. They were aboard a sam-buk, being taken to Mecca...

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

Well done, Parker. Thank you.

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

Diavolo!

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

Come on, Tintin! Up in the clouds again?... Hey! Tintin!
They can't stay here on board. But what's to be done? What indeed?... Ah, I have it! The "Ramona". She's in these waters. Tomorrow we must pass one another, as by chance.

Next day at dawn...

Get dressed quickly. You're in luck. We've met a merchantman bound for Mecca; just where you were making for. Her master has agreed to take you aboard.

Er... I... What... good, that's fine.

Ah, this is the place for me! Back aboard a good old freighter.

So that's that! And now, my fine friends, I wish you a pleasant journey. Ha! ha! ha!

There, you two: these are your quarters. Your pal's going elsewhere... The skipper will be down to see you soon: he'll bring you your whisky himself!

Hi, you lubberly scum, not so fast! What do you mean?

This is too much! He's locked us in, the insolent porcupine!

Open up! Thundering typhoons, open up! You ill-mannered savages!

Well, well, you old drunkard! So you're kicking up a row already?

Allan!!
Over? To Beelzebub with the bed-clothes! I'm too hot anyway!
There... That's the answer!
Now for some sleep... at last.
Under?... There, I'm dreaming already!

Come on, Joe! BANG
Hey, this is no dream! Those shouts... that stampeding... The engines have stopped... that's real enough!
Show a leg, there!

Did... did you fall out of your bunk?
Where d'you think I came from? Mars? Sizzling barnacles, get up! I think that bunch of rats are abandoning ship!

Open up, thundering typhoons! Open up before I get violent!
Captain, this sea-chest. Let's try to force the door.
BUMP BUMP BUMP

Quick, let's see what's happening.

Hurry, Captain, hurry!
Thundering typhoons! The ship's on fire!
Keep it up, boys! Row hard! She'll blow up any minute.
Wreckers!...Pirates!...Pirates!...Pirates!...Pirates!...Pirates!...Pirates!...Leaving us in the lurch on a doomed ship! To Davy Jones with the lot of you!

Follow me...We'll probably find a raft up for'ard.

We obviously have a vocation for shipwrecks!

Hey! Help! Help! Effendi! Effendi!

There's someone in the hold! What the...?!

Who are you, below there?

We good black men... Want come out... No can breathe... We afraid...

Negroes! A lot of them, too, I'd say... What shall we do, captain? We can't just abandon them.

You're right. Come on.

Eighteen tons of high explosive and ammunition: it'll make a pretty fireworks display!

That's it! The hose is connected... Now then, let's open the valve.

Blub... Blub... I've got it, cap... Blub...

Thanks... that's it... I'll tackle the fire... You go over to port and get another hose into action.

We'll try and put out the blaze... That cargo... I just can't make it out!
Let's hope this will do the job!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Half an hour later...

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

Phew! That was no joke, alone: but she's under way at last.

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

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

OH!
Look! Shut!... Dead?

No, he's alive... See, he's coming round.

Skut! Skut, old man, say something! What happened?

You escape! Hurry!... Hurry! The fire!... Ship full of ammunition! Hurry before explosion...

Ammunition! The pirates! That's why they deserted like rats...

Don't worry, Skut: the fire's out. There's no more danger... But what about you? What happened?

They wake me, to go with them... Without you... I refuse... I want to... er... wake you... and send radio signal.

Then they are angry... Break radio and fight with me... Then I... knocked-out. They go?

You like... I can help you. Repair radio, perhaps, send S.O.S.

Good idea... Do that... I'm going to make sure there's no further danger.

Yes, they abandoned us, the iconoclasts. So here we are alone on board, with a crowd of Negroes in the hold.

A little later...

Now I'll take care of those Negroes. First, to let them out...

Save poor Muslim!

Me ill! Me dying.

All right! I'm coming now!

Hey there!... Let go of me!... HELP, TINTIN!... HELP!

Taggedyes!... Sea-gorkins!... Pickled herrings! Leave me alone!

Back, visigoths!... Back, anacoluthions!

Hang on, Captain!... I'm coming...
All right! I'm here!

So sorry, Captain, but I had no choice.

Please don't worry: I'm getting used to it!

You addle-pated lumps of anthracite, you! I let you out of that dungeon, and what thanks do I get? You knock me flat!

Effendi not be angry... You not shout... We not know you good white man. We think you bad white man who shut poor black man in bottom of ship... Where are bad white men?

Bad white men all gone. Left us. But if you help me, I'll take you wherever you want to go. You're going to Mecca, eh?

Yes, Effendi, to Mecca. We good Muslim. We making pilgrimage to the tomb of the Prophet.

All right, we'll take you to Mecca... on condition that you all obey my orders. For a start, I need some men as stokers.

Me, Effendi...

Two days later...

There, if my reckoning is correct we should soon sight Jidda, the port for Mecca.

Yes. Those poor fellows... nearly the end of their journey.

Poor fellows! Poor fellows! You don't still believe they were being sold as slaves?... It's absurd...

If the Emir was telling the truth, then I'm afraid that was to be their fate.

Come, come, you've been reading too many thrillers... There's no slave-trading nowadays!

Look, Captain; just tell me this: is there any coke aboard?

Any... any coke?... But...

Effendi! Effendi! You come look! Ship coming to us...
So it is! A sambuk... The harbour pilot from Jidda, perhaps... No, we're still too far from shore... A fisherman, then?

How odd... he's signalling to us... We'll have to, and see what he wants...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Come here, you.

Yes, Effendi.

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

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

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

You trafficker in human flesh! You deserve to be strung up on the mizzen yardarm!
Lookout! You cut-throat, you! You're lucky I don't stuff your beard down your gullet! But get out... viper! And take care that you don't cross my path again!

Sheer off, filibuster!... Out of my sight, you gallows bird!

Baboon!... Carpet-seller!... Paranoiac!... Pockmark!... Cannibal!

Duck-billed platypus!... Jellied-eel!... Bashi-bazouk!... Anthropophagus!... Cercopithecus!... Psychopath!... Er...

No good, Captain. He's too far away now...

That's what you think! He hasn't heard the last of me!

Where now? On to the bridge.

Pirate! Ectoplasm Coelacanth Vulture!

Body-snatcher! Ostrogoth! Vandal!

This time I think he really is out of earshot.

By the way... How did you tumble to the word "coke"?

I'll show you.

I found this scrap of paper on the table while you were plotting our course on the chart. Read it.

By the beard of the Prophet, the dog will pay dearly for this!
A fragment of a wireless message sent by de Gorgonzola to that gangster Allan... And "coke" is a code word for their cargo of slaves... The pirates!

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

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

Getting on, Skut!

Still much work, Captain.

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

O.K.

A few minutes later...

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

Yes. Yes.

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

Yes, Effendi.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I can't do a thing!... I've tried the lot. You can't shift them: they want to go to Mecca, stop: that's all!... It's like hanging your head against a brick wall!
Good, so I haven't preached in vain! All right, we'll make a bargain: those who don't want to go to Mecca will be landed at another port. As for the rest, they can continue the voyage if they want to...

The next morning...

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

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

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

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

Hello, hello... Shark to Albatross... Message received... Steer ing west...

He's going off... I wonder what he was up to. I don't know, but I don't much care for that sort of visit.

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

... to intercept her... Out.
That plane snooping around worries me. If I were you, Captain, I'd alter course.

You're right... I'll do so.

A few hours later...

Well, Skut, how's the radio? Working?

No...

No!... The radio not working... I not find the trouble... I not know what more to do...

Brrrr

Again?...

The same one?...

Be careful, the wire!

Oh!

H.

The radio!! Quite all broken now!

Hello... Albatross to Shark... Have found Ramona again.

Steering due south; she is 50 miles east of Dahlak-Kebir Island.

That bird of ill-omen is getting on my nerves.

Buzz off, you stow-pigeon! You're asking for a snack on the nose!

Shark to Albatross. Ramona in sight. Preparing to dive.
I say, Skut, I'm terribly sorry! You've worked for so long on the radio... and then I'm so clumsy...

She working!... She working now!

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

She working, I tell you! Listen...

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP

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

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

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

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

Flying Fish? I must have a look at them with my binoculars.

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

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

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

CAPTAIN! CAPTAIN! A PERISCOPE!

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

Now then, keep calm...

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

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

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

Action stations!... Fire!... S.O.S... The radio, Skut! Confound the radio, Skut!... Send for help! At once! A submarine!... Clear the decks for action!... Keep calm! Don't panic!... Women and children first!
Calm down, Captain, calm down!... All isn't lost yet!
You're right... Keep cool... Keep calm and don't panic!

Disaster!... The end!... There's nothing we can do! If they're firing on us, we're finished!
But why?

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

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

This won't take long to settle.

... Stand by No. 1 tube...

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

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

No. 1 tube, fire!

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

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

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

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

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

Curses on them! They've swung away... They must have spotted us!
Thundering typhoons! The engine-room telegraph is jammed at half-speed astern. Quick, a screw-driver!

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

Hooray! It's passed ahead of us.

Quick! Quick! I must release this infernal machine!

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

PCHKRAAPRVT... TRRKHRAAL... You confounded rattletrap...

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

YEEOWW!

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

CLING CLANG

Take that, you slot-machine, you!

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

Hello, Effendi?

BRROM

Too late... They've got us!
No, they're depth charges!... Whew! I really thought we'd been torpedoed...

U.S. Navy seaplanes, with those pirates for a target!... They're certainly machines from the Los Angeles.

Oh oh! Great grandfathers! What a pasting!... They'll be as flat as a Dover sole after that!

Wait!... There, that upheaval in the water...

Look! The submarine has surfaced!

Yes... obviously they've been badly knocked about...

Victory!... They're waving a white flag... They're surrendering... The game's up.

Hello, hello. Unidentified submarine: remain on the surface and stop your engines. One suspicious move and we'll blow you out of the water...

Torpedoes are out of the question now... A limpet-mine on their hull!... With the ammunition aboard, it'll look like an accident... In you go: you've plenty of time: the mine's set to explode in one hour.

Be quick: they're coming back!

What a job!

Saved! Yippee! Saved!

Hooray!

Tralala-laika!

That is white man's folk-dance.

They said the ammunition was in the foremost...
Meanwhile...

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

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

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

An hour later...

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

American cruiser in sight!

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

BOOM!
The next morning...

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

... and naval craft to intercept the ms. Scheherazade and arrest the owner, name of Rastappoulos, alias the Marquis di Gorgonzola...

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

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

RING RING

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Whoops! That's done the trick!... Just you catch me now gentlemen!... Ha! ha! ha!
NEW REVELATIONS SHOCK WORLD
SLAVERY—IT STILL EXISTS
Traffickers in human lives use code-word "COKE."

Captured by Danish Cargo Vessel
CAPTAIN ALLAN
A change of government is again reported from San Theodoros. Alcazar, once again, has taken power.
Pirate Submarine in Red Sea
United Nations Appeal
Delegates demand international control of Mecca pilgrimage transport

A fortnight later...
Well, what a joy to be home again, and to breathe the country air...

...and hear the old familiar sounds...
Listen: the sound of a motor; it's the gardener mowing the lawn...

POF POF
 ZZING

 BANG

 BONG

 What on earth are those contraptions? Ingenious, aren't they!

 Motor-roller-skates. For a long time, I've been trying to find an answer to the traffic problem... I was thinking of a flexible, handy, lightweight machine...

 Fine!... And they'll have to install traffic lights on the pavements with your confounded roller-coasters!... But where is Abdullah?

 No, a two-stroke engine, of 48 c.c.s., and controlled by cables which regulate the throttle and steer the skates at the same time.

 That's all very interesting... But I asked you, where is Abdullah?... Abdullah? WHERE IS ABDULLAH?

 You simply won't believe it, but I've reached 40 m.p.h.!... Would you like to try them?

 Oh, sir!!... Oh, how glad I am to see you back, sir!!

 Hello, Nestor, I... But my poor Nestor, what's happened to you?

 I... I fear that Master Abdullah's visit was not very good for me... But things are better now... He and his revinue departed yesterday. He left a note for you.

 Poor Nestor!... A real demon, that boy. Let's see what he's written to us.

 Can't he use my proper name?

 "My dear Blistering Barnacles, I have been very good. I haven't played any jokes. Papa wrote to me. I must agree. That's sad, because it is fun at Marlinespike. With love from Abdullah."

 Very sweet, eh?... Nestor just was fussing about a little innocent childish mischief.

 To dear Blistering Barniculus.

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

Sir, Mr. Wagg has just arrived...

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

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

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

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

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

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

...are at Marlinspike!

THE END