TINTIN AND THE FLUTE OF THE WENDIGO
Ah, the morning paper!

Good morning, Tintin!

Any news?

Hmm...

Something of interest?

Good morning captain!

Just a letter for you.

Here, have a look for yourself.

Dear Mr. Tintin, my name is Tim O’Riley. Several days ago my father passed away under mysterious circumstances...

...I have read about you in the paper and ask that you come to Paris to help me...

...arrangements have been made at the Regent Garden Hotel if you wish to come. Signed Tim O’Riley! Well, what do you make of it?

I’m off to Paris.
The Next Day...

I still don't see how you can decide to go to Paris just like that. I mean for all we know, that letter could be someone's idea of a joke. I do not doubt its authenticity, captain.

Here, look at this paper from a few days ago.

It says that the O'Reiley family just disclosed the facts about the death of its head, Bryan O'Reiley.

Yes, yes, I can see that.

But the letter was postmarked before the date of the paper. So whoever sent that letter knew about the incident before the press.

You're right!

Ahh... Paris! Where to Tintin?

The Regent Garden, I suppose.
Captain quick, your luggage!

Heh, heh... ah excuses, ummm, parlez vous...

Parley voo that sea gherkin!

Polynesian! Pirate! French Tickler!

Good day gentlemen, may I help you?

Ah, the O'Reily family telephoned earlier and said you'd might come.

Room 117, please.
Right this way gentlemen.

Not bad eh? This room is superb.

I'll call the desk to tell the O’Riley’s we’re here.

That night...

BRING! BRING!

Hello?...Yes...A car downstairs for us?...Thank you.

You...Tintin...et Haddock?

Yes.

Come with me.

Here.

Blow blustering barnacles, where are we?

Good evening gentlemen.

I apologize for your inconvenience. My driver knows only limited English.
Come in, come in. Let me introduce you to my other guests; all friends of my father.

Dr. Soona from the University of Kenya...

Sgt. Henry from the Royal Air Force...

At ease.

And Safari Jack, all the way from Australia.

G'day, mate!

Err... G'day

Come, you must have dinner with us.
Mr. Tintin, do please tell us of your recent adventure to the moon.

Most certainly!

It all started with blah blah...

Blah Blah Blah Thumping typhoons!! There's snails on my plate!

Blah Blah Blah Have I drunk too much already?!

Blah Blah Blah... Sniff sniff...

Splat

...And that's how it happened.

That really is an extraordinary tale! Shall we move on to the drawing room?

Here we are!

Tintin, I'm sure you wish to know more about the details of my father’s death.
I believe he was murdered.

It's true he was very sick at the time, but he had a large bruise at the base of his neck.

The police believe he fell, or some sort of accident, which is why I asked you to come.

He was also carrying this at the time...

The flute of the wendigo, considered priceless by many.

Its origin is unknown.

err... what exactly is a wendigo?

I can answer that question, captain.

A wendigo is a mythical creature of the night.

It swoops down from the sky and sucks out your soul!

This flute is made from the bones of such a creature.

This makes the wendigo very angry.

Whoever owns this flute is in grave danger!

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Whoever owns this flute is in grave danger!

I tried warning his father of such dangers, but he did not listen.

And now I'm warning you, Mr. O'keiley. No good will come of this flute!

Gods walloo!

Yeah, you heard me.
You wish to add something, Jack?

Yeah, I've hunted everything from beyond the black stump to Timbuktu and no creature like that exists!

If you want to believe in it, that's beau!

Errr...

It came from the dining room!

Right! One... two...

THREE!

BAM

Hic!... hee hee hee!
Quickly Captain! We must get to him before he kills someone!
Good heavens!

Thank goodness you're alright!

I'm terribly sorry about that.

Dennis... my younger brother. He didn't take the death very well...

Err, I think that's enough excitement for us tonight. We'll take a look at the crime scene tomorrow.

Good night.

The next morning...

They found the body over there by that lamp post.

What do you make of it all? A hopeless muddle to me!

Was there anything else besides the bruise on his neck?

No.
Here we are.

Find something of interest?

Just a chipped piece of painted wood...

Hello.

A scratch mark on this lamp post...

Hmmmm.

Hmm? Oh not really. Mr. Oriley asked us to meet him again tonight. How about a walk later?

Oh? Back already! I see. Find anything?
That night after dinner...

So have you found out anything yet?

No, I'd need more information about the situation.

May I see the flute again?

Of course, let me fetch it.

That's odd, it wasn't in its usual resting place...

Err...

Great snakes gone! But...

But how? Who? No one knew where it was except me and...

Dennis

Sir! I see Dennis run through the garden!
Blue blustering barnacles, a fine night this turned out to be!

Ssh! I think that's Dennis!

Yes, we're getting closer.

Whoo hoo!

Why, it's just a night owl!

Noooo!!!

That's Mr. O'Riley!
The Next day...

I'm sorry Mr. O'Riley, but without any clues, footprints or motive, we can't.

Poor Tim. Now he's lost his brother too.

Terribly Sorry for you Tim.

Dreadful thing to happen...

I'm... so sorry Tim.

Can I see you in your study for a moment?

A little later...

My friends, Safari Jack has offered to protect and guard the flute for me... This is an offer I've...

...happily accepted.

I see no point in lending the flute to that aussie coelcanth!

You don't like Safari Jack?

You do?

He's not the one I'm worried about...

I know this comes at a bad time but I must return to the University. Urgent business...
Dr. Soona?! That's absurd.

I'm not accusing anyone yet captain.

Is Dr. Soona there? I'd like to come back and ask him a few questions in person.

Only that there are a few questions I'd now like to ask him.

Suit yourself.

I'm sorry, you just missed him. Something urgent came up and he had to return to the university... is something wrong?

He said something about having dinner with a friend here in Paris...

But... Safari Jack... the flute... where is he?

I think he mentioned a place by Le Pont Neuf... But what is this all about?

...hello?... Tintin?

...Are you there?...
Quickly Captain! I'll explain on the way!

Blue blistering barnacles, not another wild goose chase?!
We must get to Le pont Neuf!

On the day I went to the crime scene with Tim, I found something: A chipped piece of painted wood. I thought it was probably nothing, but had it looked at anyway...

The wood came from a tree called Olea Africana, or known as a brown olive...

And the brown olive is native to Kenya!
He's okay! Hmm... guess I got worked up over nothing.
Don't worry yourself, Mr. Tintin. We'll have divers investigate the river. We'll clear this up. Not much we can do now. We'll go back to our hotel.

Gone! Not a soul...

I'm quite sure someone fell though...

A piece of cloth...

Captain, you must bring the police at once.

Half an hour later...

Police Line Do Not Cross

Halt! Identify yourself.

where did the flute go?

Sorry, it's a secret.

G'day mate!
Hooray! Snails for lunch!

BRRNNNGG

Hello?

Tintin? This is the police.

A little while later...

The police asked us to come to the station today.

They detained someone matching a potential suspect description trying to leave the country.

Ahh, Mr. Tintin. Come right this way.

Go right ahead.

Here we are.

You...
Me...

You must help me, Mr. Tintin. I've done no harm.

Why were you trying to leave then? You're murderer! Admit it!

Now Dr. Sono, please from the beginning.

SLAM

Err... if you please.

First off, I never trusted Safari Jack from the start. One that kills for sport cannot be...

So you can imagine my surprise when Tim announced Jack's offer...

I decided to follow him at least one time while I was still in Paris.

I followed him to Le Pont Neuf and was about to turn back when I heard something...
He was talking to someone. I couldn't see them though...

Then...

I was a bit frightened, so I ran.

I supposed someone saw me and reported my appearance, for when I went to the airport the next morning...

I was arrested.

Do you have anything to back your story? The telegram perhaps?

Well?

One question officer, where was the destination on his ticket?

Err... he hadn't bought one yet.

Ugh. And it was such a beautiful day too...

I believe he's innocent but all the evidence points in the other direction.

Thank you.
Let's review the case...

The leading member of the O'Reiley family was found dead. No witnesses, nothing. Except for a piece of Kenya wood...

His son is found murdered within two weeks, no footprints, nothing.

And then last night, safari Jack disappears without a trace.

And all while having the flute on their person...

The killer's method changed though with Jack. Or are there two killers?

The question is, how does one kill without leaving footprints, witnesses or anything but a single mark on the neck?

You've got me there Tintin.

Maybe it was the wendigo.

That's it!
Err... I slipped that's all.

Come Captain, there's not a moment to lose!

Will you tell me what this is all about before we start stomping off again? We must get a taxi.

Fine, then let me get one. You've got to stand more in the street like this.

TAXI!

Mr. Tintin! What is this all about? I must see Safari Jack's room!

I don't know what else there is to find...

The police already checked this morning...
What dangers await Tintin in the perilous Outback?
Find out when you read

TINTIN IN AUSTRALIA