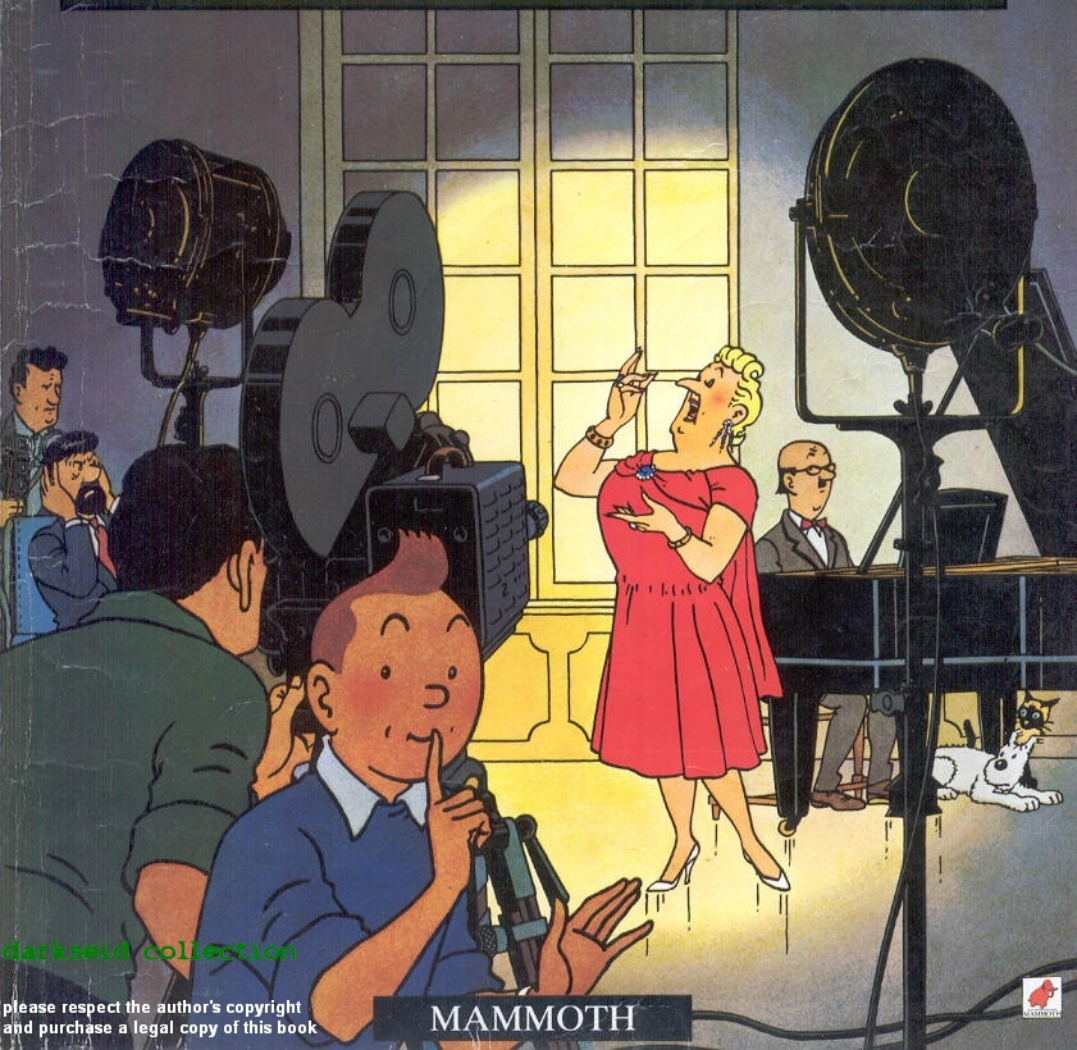




HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

THE CASTAFIORE EMERALD



darkseid collection

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MAMMOTH



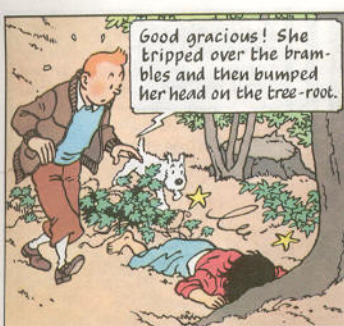
THE CASTAFIORE EMERALD

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Good gracious! She tripped over the brambles and then bumped her head on the tree-root.



You haven't cut yourself, have you?... No, there isn't any blood. I expect you'll have a jump, that's all. Little goose!



Please, don't be frightened. We'll take you back to your mother... Can you stand up?

KIKIKIKIKI!



O.K. now?



A few minutes later...

Mama!

Miarka!



To think that people live in the midst of all this filth!

I know.



Good day to you!

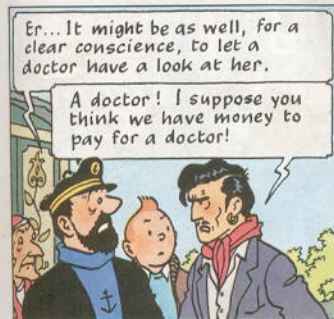


We found her in the woods; she must have wandered off. When she saw us she... er... she ran away. But then she fell over and bumped her head on a tree root. So we brought her home.



You are a good man. I will tell your fortune. You cross my palm with silver!

No, thanks. Definitely not!



Er... It might be as well, for a clear conscience, to let a doctor have a look at her.

A doctor! I suppose you think we have money to pay for a doctor!



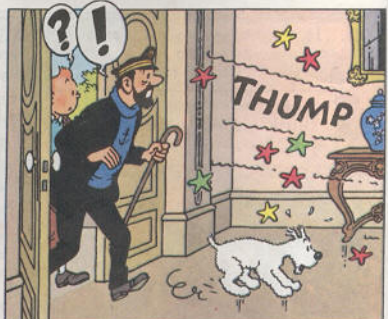
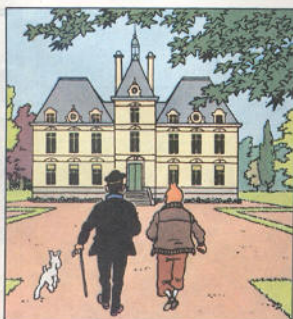
Kind gentleman! I'll tell your fortune... you cross my palm with silver...

No, no! Please leave me alone!



OOOOOH!

What is it?... Tell me!





Poor Professor!... Anything broken?



Yes, a piece several inches long!

That confounded step! Still not repaired! When's that sluggish of a builder coming?



I telephone him constantly, sir, and he assures me he'll come...

Well, I'll show you how to deal with him!



Hello?... Hello! Mr Bolt?... What, that isn't Mr. Bolt?



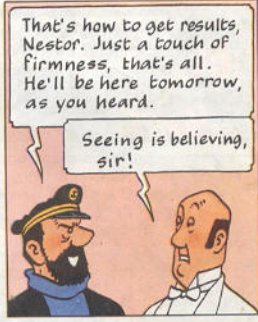
No, sir, this is Cutts the butcher... Yes, sir... Not at all, sir.



Hello?... Is that Mr. Bolt?

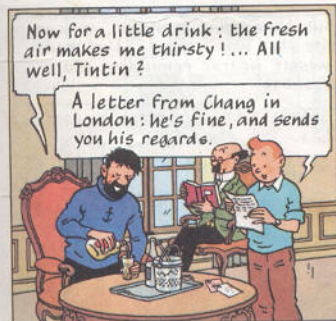


Yes... oh, yes sir... Yes, I do know... I... Yes, a sudden rush of work... Yes, very tire-some... What? Oh yes, sir, it's very dangerous too... When?... Well, yes, I... I'll come along... er... tomorrow. Yes, first thing tomorrow... You can rely on me, sir. Good-bye.



That's how to get results, Nestor. Just a touch of firmness, that's all. He'll be here tomorrow, as you heard.

Seeing is believing, sir!



Now for a little drink: the fresh air makes me thirsty!... All well, Tintin?

A letter from Chang in London: he's fine, and sends you his regards.



What a nice lad he is.

Yes, and another letter... You'll never guess who from: Bianca Castafiore!



Bianca Castafiore! Ha! ha! ha! The dear old Milanese nightingale!

AAAAAH ♪♪ My beauty... ♪♪



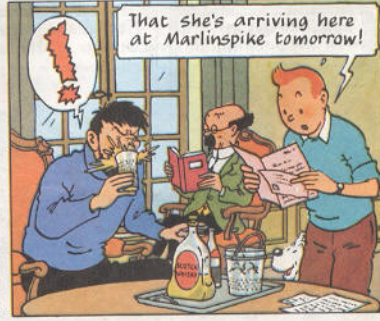
...past compare... ♪ Ma-a-a-argarita ♪

Hello, there's a storm brewing.



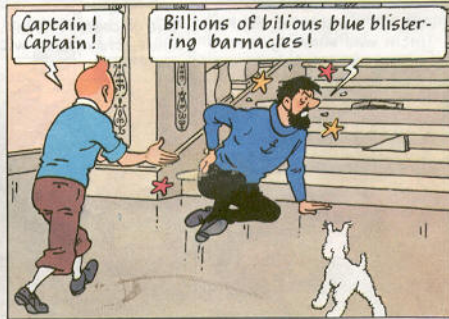
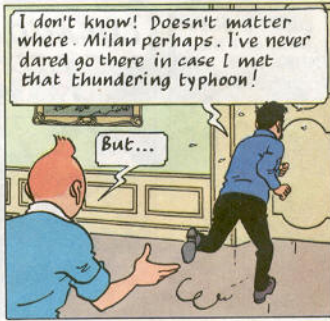
And what has that delightful creature to say?

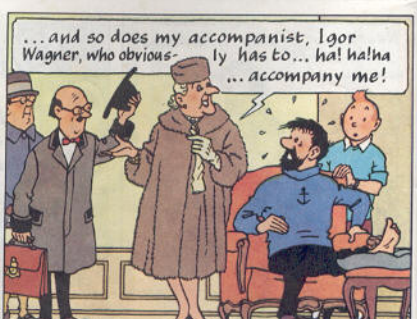
No, it's passed over.



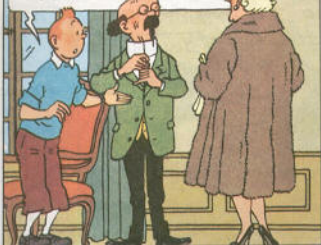
That she's arriving here at Marlinspike tomorrow!







Excuse me, signora, may I introduce our old friend Professor Calculus.



How enchanting, how absolutely thrilling to meet you; the man who makes all those daring ascents in balloons!



I am deeply honoured, signora. What a rare pleasure for me to meet so great an artist... an artist of such charm, such distinction, such...



I sincerely hope so, signora. Tintin has often spoken of your pictures... the delicacy of the drawing in perfect harmony with the boldness of the colour. And your portraits, I know, always display an amazing likeness.



Nestor, please show the signora to her room.

Yes, sir.



How kind... But first... er... Irma, where is the... er... the little something for dear Captain Drydock?

In the taxi, madame. I'll fetch it.



I thought... I thought that an old sailorman like yourself must feel very lonely in his little boat... Il povero capitano!

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



I knew you'd adore...

Here, Madame.



... this pretty polly to be your constant companion.



I... What a... surprise!... What a delightful surprise!... Nothing could have given me... er... greater pleasure.

Aha! I knew it!



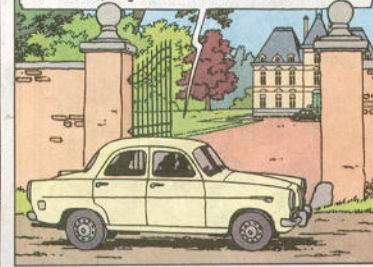
Here, Irma, put him on his perch.

Yes, madame.

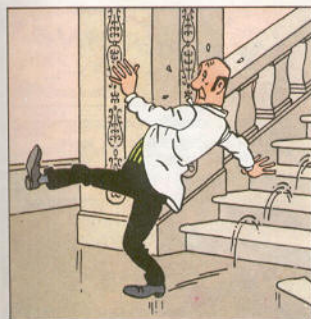
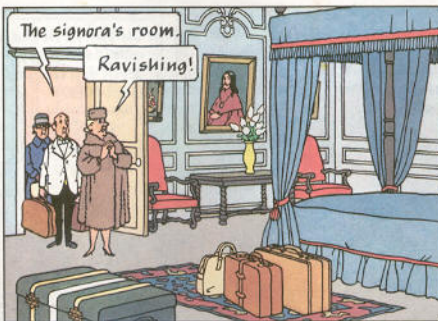
I can't stand animals who talk!

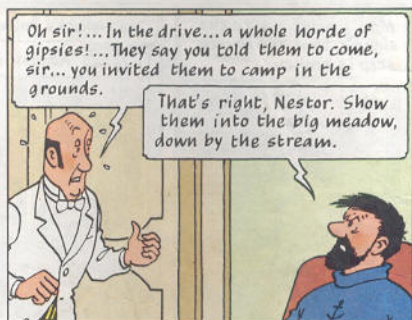
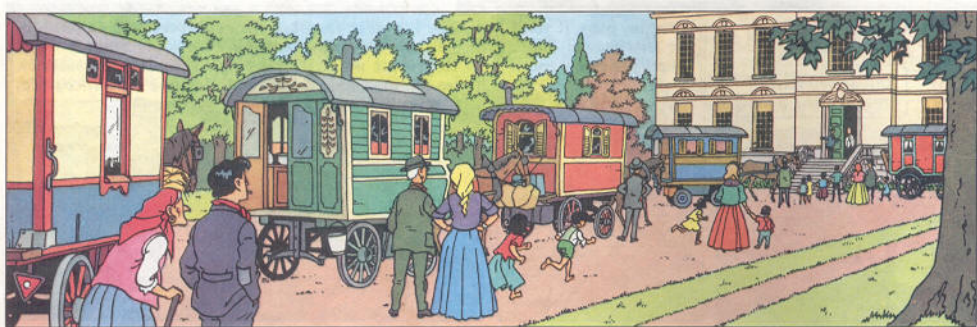


They've unloaded the luggage. This is where she's staying... To work, Gino!









Ah, Captain: my men report that some gypsies who were camping by the main road have moved ... It seems you invited them to pitch camp on your land ... Is that so?



Quite correct, Inspector. I think it's intolerable! Those wretched creatures forbidden to camp except on a rubbish dump! And as I have a meadow...



Hello?... What?... You can hear me?... Well, I can hear you. And since we can hear each other, let me say I quite understand your action, Captain. It's most generous... I beg your pardon ... Did you say shut up?



No... not you!... I'm talking to this pestilential parakeet! Will you shut up, you ...

Hello-o-o! I can hear you!



Ah, I see. You're still addressing your parrot... Now, about those gypsies. Of course, you're free to do as you like. But I should warn you: you'll only have yourself to thank when they make trouble for you.



Trouble!... Ha! ha! First I'm bitten by a little wildcat, then by a parrot!... I sprain an ankle... Castafiore descends on me with Irma and that budding Beethoven... And they talk about trouble!... Ha! ha! ha! ha!...



Meanwhile ...

Mission completed: all settled in.



I hate them, the gajos. They pretend to help, but in their hearts they despise us ...

Not these, Mike, not these.



GRRR! WOOAH! WOOAH! GRRR!

Hello, what's up? Snowy's got wind of something.



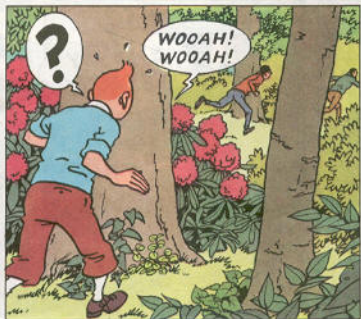
WOOAH! WOOAH! GRRR! GRRR!

Snowy! ... Here, Snowy!



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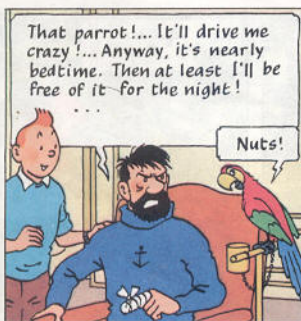
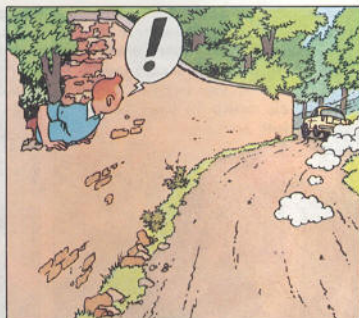
WOOAH! WOOAH!



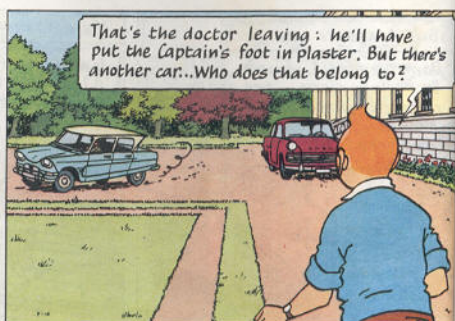
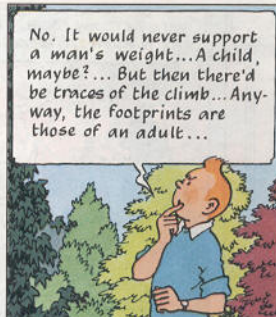
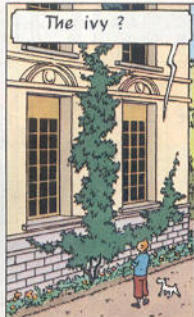
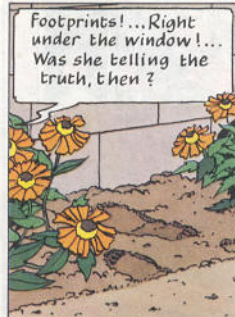
Hey, who are you? ... Stop!

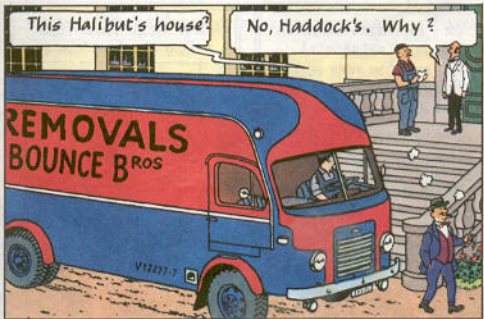
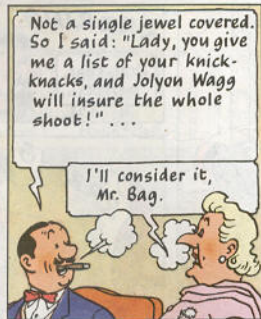
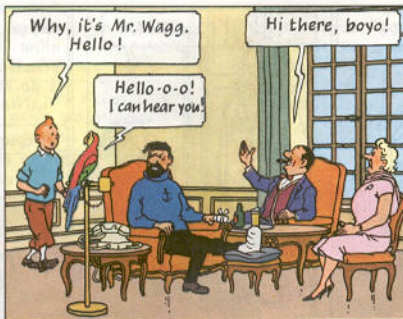
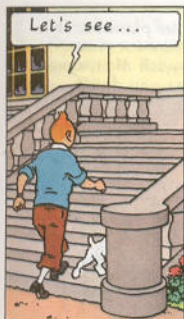
WOOAH! WOOAH!

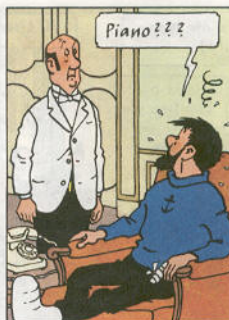












But you definitely said: no interviews, nothing...

receive them
now.



RRRRING
RRRING

Rrrring
Rrrring

I can hear you!

I can hear
you ... ! ...

I wasn't addressing you... nanny-goat! I was talking to the parrot! ... Hello? Hello?



POK

Tintin, for the love of heaven do something for me. Get me one of those invalid chairs. Then I can at least go outside. Otherwise I'll go stark staring mad!

Right!

No good! She's doing her exercises. We'll have to wait.

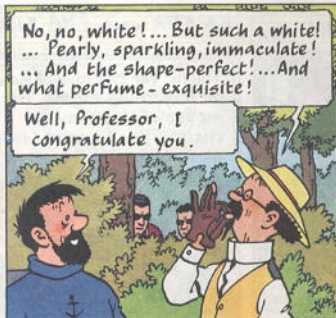
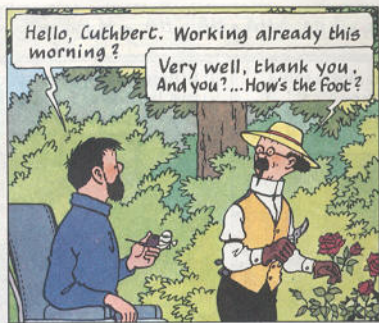
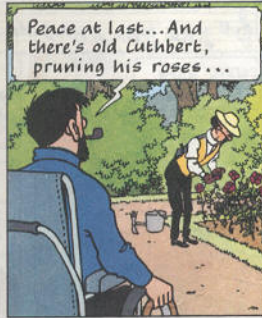
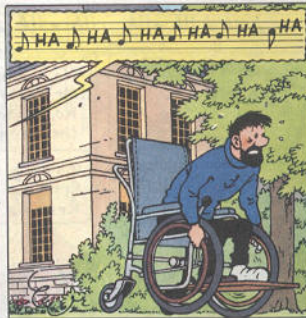
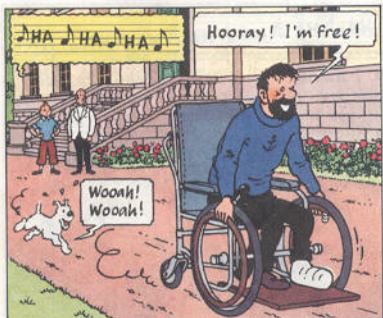
The next morning ...

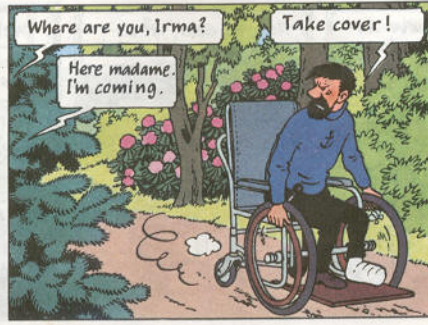
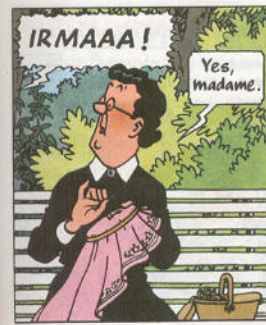
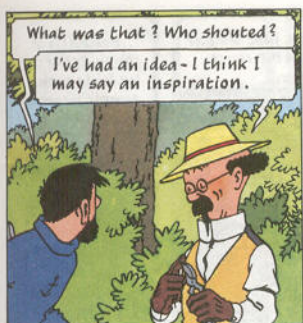
Yes, I know... I couldn't help it. I had to finish a tombstone: it was urgent. What? Yours is urgent too: yes, I know... Look, I'll be there first thing tomorrow morning... Yes, without fail.

If he's not here tomorrow I'll get someone else, and that's flat.

Captain! Captain!

Here's your new racing car.





If you see him, tell him we've finished. These gentlemen from "Paris-Flash" have concluded their interview and would so like to meet him.

Yes, madame.

Disaster! They're coming this way. I'm caught like a rat in a trap!

You know, he's just a dear old sea-dog, a bit crusty at first, but...

...beneath a rough exterior he hides the simple heart of a big, lovable child

There he is, asleep, and in the shade, too.

Zzzz...
Zzzz...

Captain Paddock! Oh, you naughty man, look at you, asleep in the shade! You'll catch your death of cold!

What?...Oh, I must have been asleep.

Look, I've brought your coat. It's chilly out here...Now, now, now!

But I'm not cold!

I see I must scold you for something else, too... That jersey, it really won't do on a man of your age!

But...

It's like your hair!... When will you learn to do it properly, and stop looking like a scruffy little schoolboy?

But...

Let me introduce Christopher Willoughby-Drupe and Marco Rizotto of "Paris-Flash".

Hello!

'Morning

Well, gentlemen, now that you've all met, I will release you. Roam about in the grounds as you please. Captain Hassock and I will expect you to lunch.

Now, my dear, let us have a little chat.

Well, what do you make of it?

The same as you, chum! This is a sensation... But we must be sure...



True or not, Marco my boy, it'll sell!

I can just see the cover!



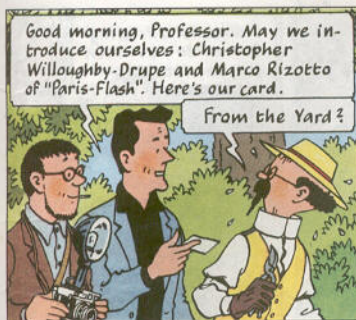
Look, a gardener. Come on, we'll try to pump him.

O.K.!



But...it isn't the gardener... it's Professor Calculus, who went to the moon with Tintin. He should be in the know.

Let's go!

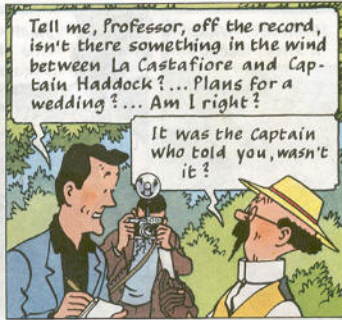


Good morning, Professor. May we introduce ourselves: Christopher Willoughby-Drupe and Marco Rizotto of "Paris-Flash". Here's our card.

From the Yard?

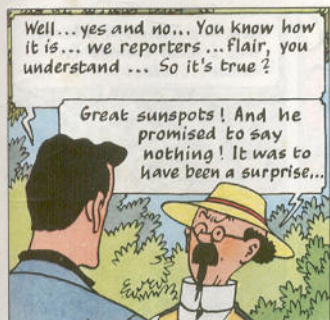


Reporters! ... So that's it! The Captain had to tell someone. He's already tattered to the papers about my new rose, the old gossip!



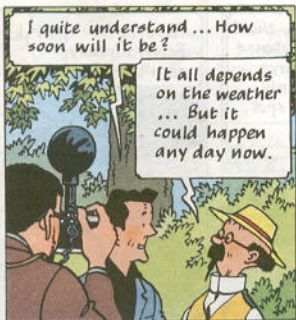
Tell me, Professor, off the record, isn't there something in the wind between La Castafiore and Captain Haddock? ... Plans for a wedding? ... Am I right?

It was the Captain who told you, wasn't it?



Well... yes and no... You know how it is... we reporters... Flair, you understand... So it's true?

Great sunspots! And he promised to say nothing! It was to have been a surprise...



I quite understand... How soon will it be?

It all depends on the weather... But it could happen any day now.



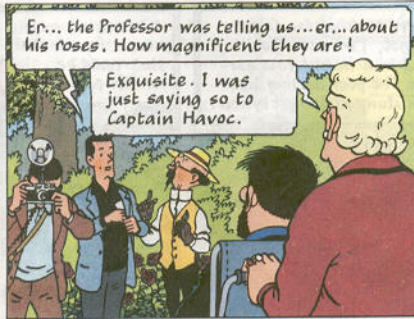
Aha! So it's imminent, then! And... how long has this been fixed? Can you give any little snippets about them... How they first met, for example?

Precisely! ... It was two years ago...



...at the Chelsea Flower Show. But ssh! Here she comes... Signora Bianca, with the Captain. Not a word about this!

Right!



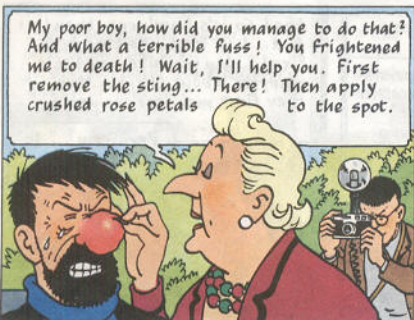
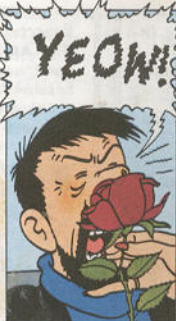
Er... the Professor was telling us... er... about his roses. How magnificent they are!

Exquisite. I was just saying so to Captain Havoc.



Meanwhile...

Got that? Sugarplum... Oriana... Semiramis...





IRMA-A-A!
IRMA-A-A!

Yes, madame.



Oh, it's you!... Something frightful has happened: I've just broken my necklace!



Don't worry, signora. I'm sure we'll find all the beads.



There you are at last! I've been calling you for hours. You should have been here to pick up my necklace.



I am so grateful, my young friend. It's not that this necklace is particularly valuable: it's only fashion jewellery. But it's from Tristan Bior. And say what you like, Bior is still Bior!

Er... obviously!

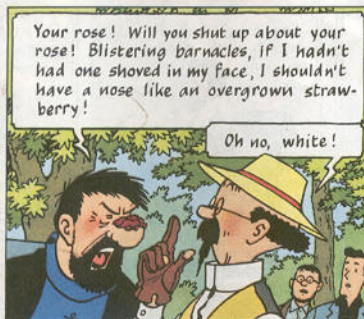


Now let's see about the Captain's nose.



Don't think I'm angry with you, Captain, but why did you tell them about my rose?

What? Your rose?



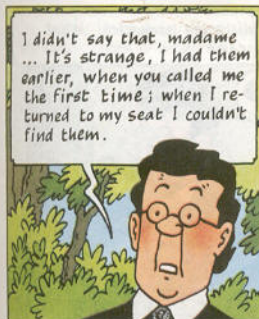
Your rose! Will you shut up about your rose! Blistering barnacles, if I hadn't had one shoved in my face, I shouldn't have a nose like an overgrown strawberry!

Oh no, white!



Excuse me, madame, have you seen my embroidery scissors... you know, the little gold ones...

Why should I have seen them, girl? It's not my job to look after your things.



I didn't say that, madame... It's strange, I had them earlier, when you called me the first time; when I returned to my seat I couldn't find them.



Well, have a good look, my child... No one's going to steal a pair of scissors, are they?

No, madame.

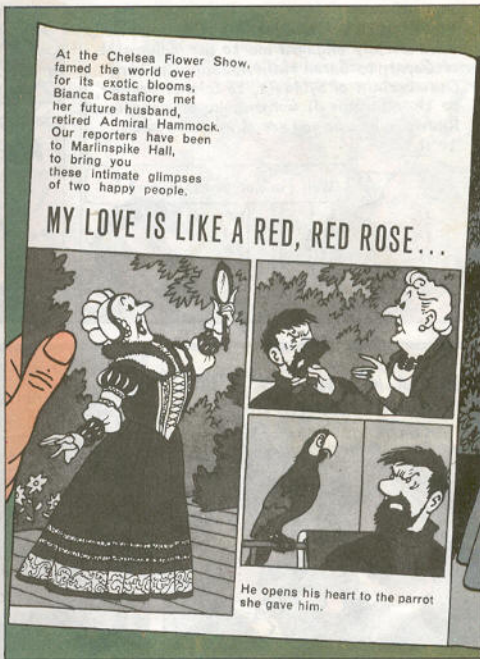


Meanwhile...

Little scissors made of gold... Aren't they pretty, Uncle Mike?

Very nice!









It's a television company, sir...
They want...
Now television!!



Hello?... Yes... yes
...Supavision...
One moment,
please...



Oh no! Leave me alone! I refuse to behave like a performing seal in front of a camera!

But sir...



There's no but about it... I've had enough of reporters!... Tell them I'm out!



But sir, it's Signora Castafiore they wish to speak to.

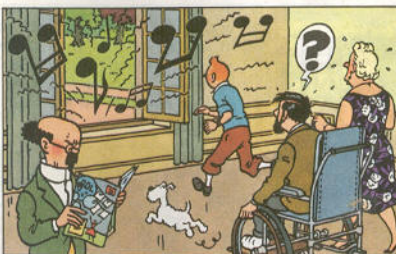
To me? But my good man, why didn't you say so before?



Hello-o-o!... Yes, I can hear you!... Supavision?... Yes... I'd adore to... When?... Tomorrow... Lovely... yes... I shall look forward to seeing you!



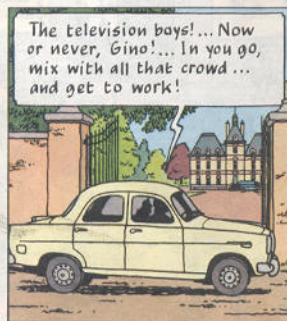
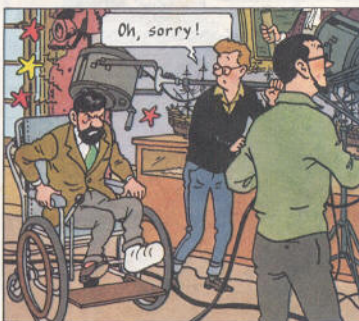
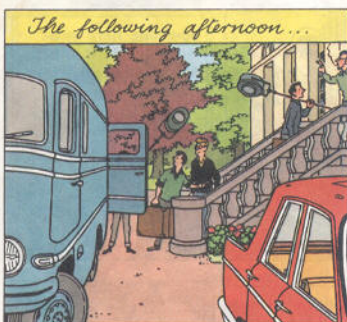
What a bore they are!... But what can one do?... They'll be here tomorrow afternoon.

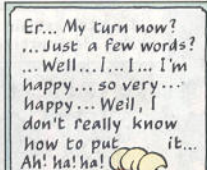


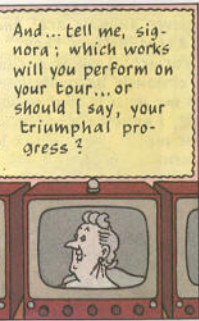
Someone here must have given all this to the reporters. I wonder who it was?



Oh, what a charming idea! An aubade!







IRMAA - AA !
MY JEWELS!
Upstairs! Run!

Yes, madame!

Here, Snowy, stay
close to me, other-
wise you'll get
trodden on.

WOOAH!



MERCY!
MY JEWELS!

What's the idea, run-
ning around in the
dark?... Where are
you off to?

Plok Plok Plok Plok

SLAM

That's the front
door!... Come
on, Snowy!
Let's see!

WOOAH!

Down the drive!... Some-
one running away!... Great
snakes, it's the photographer!



Too late to catch him
now!

WOOAH!
WOOAH!

AAAH!

AAAH!

Ah, there are
the lights.

AAAH!

What was it, Nestor?

Only the fuses,
Mr Tintin.

Meanwhile...

This'll please
the boss!



Oh, madame! Madame!



THUMP

That cursed
step again!



Your je... je... je... jewels...

Well,
Irrmaaa?



Your je... madame, your
jew-jew... your jewels!

In heaven's name,
speak, girl!



Gone, madame!... All gone!...
BOO-HOO-OO!

MORTE!!

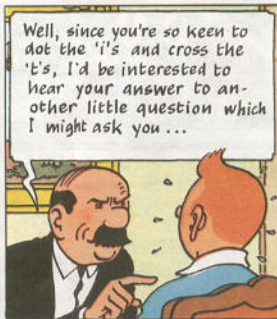
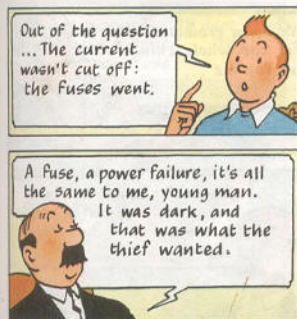


AAAAAA



AAAAAA

Quick!
Quick!



You say the fuses blew... All right... But did you discover that for yourself?
...

It was Nestor who told me, when he came up from the cellar.

Nestor?... The butler?... Aha!

Aha!

Nestor, who once worked for those crooks the Bird brothers... A good testimonial!

You know perfectly well, when those gangsters were tried the evidence proved that Nestor knew nothing of their activities. Anyway...

Anyway, blistering barnacles, Nestor is absolutely honest, and I forbid you to suspect him!

We shall see, we shall see!... Meanwhile, we'll proceed with the routine questioning.

Very well, follow me.

Look out, there are cables all over the place.

Yes... We know!

Thompson and Thomson, certified detectives.

No one is to leave!

And here's Signora Castafiore. I see she's come round.

Ah, Signora Nightingale, the Milanese Castafiore...

Signora!

Charmed!

Madam, we are here to set light to... er, to throw light on the circumstances surrounding your terrible loss...

To be precise... er...

Go on, gentlemen.

Just to clear up one point, madam: where were the jewels usually hocked... I mean locked?

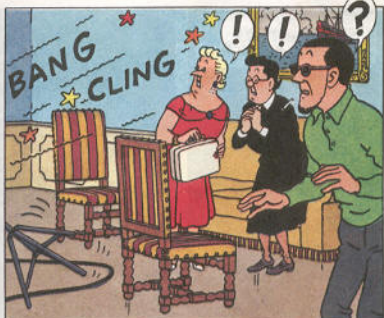
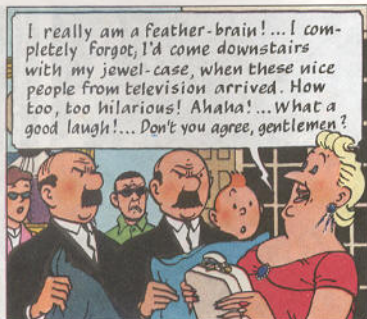
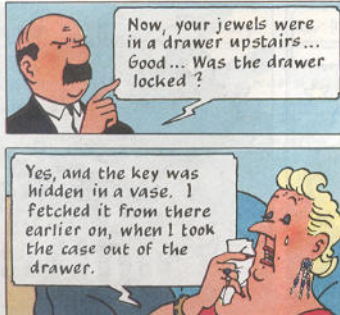
Dead or alive, we shall find them, madam. Leave no stone unturned, that is our policy... Which reminds me: I presume your jewels are fully insured?

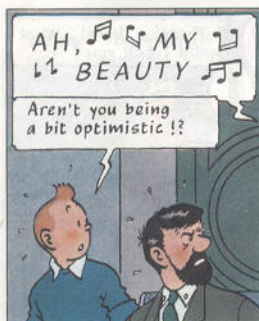
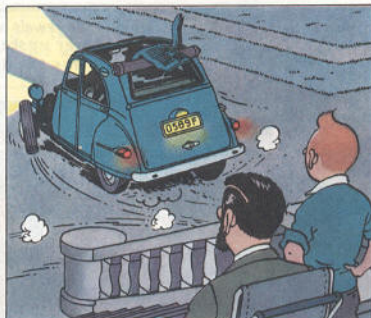
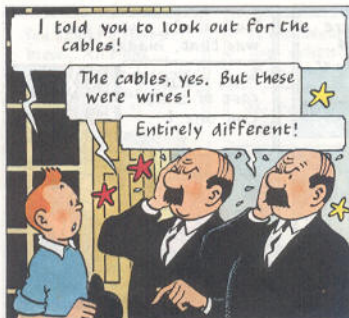
Alas, no, gentlemen...

Mr. Swag promised to fix the whole thing up for me...

In a drawer in my room, upstairs... Oh my jewels!... My beautiful jewels!...

Swag? Fix it up?... Fix what?... Madam, is this some sort of conspiracy?...





TU-WOOD

An owl!... Heavens, how it made me jump!

Come on, Snowy. Home!

Three days later...

Yes... yes, I know... I mean ... Yes, it was a wedding ... er... my step-sister's cousin ... Yes... Look sir... I'll be with you tomorrow morning ... Yes, yes, definitely... Yes, yes, I promise, sir... Yes, sir... Good-bye, sir.

If you don't come tomorrow, my Fine Friend, I'll ... blistering barnacles, I don't know what I'll do ... but I won't stand for it!



No! I won't stand for it! I tell you: I won't stand for it!

I'll take them to court!... I'll have them locked up!... To make fun of a poor, weak woman!

Mind the step!

I know!... Look at that!... It's shameful!... It's a disgrace!... It's monstrous!... But they won't get away with it, I can tell you! ... Look at it!



But what's the matter?... It's not at all bad, that photograph...

Not bad!... Not bad!... Is that all you can say? It's horrible, I tell you!

Horrible! I wouldn't say so... In fact, I'd say it was a very good likeness.

That's right!... Defend the cads!... the bores! ... the bumpkins!... Mannerless yokels!... This is the limit!... And it's not just a question of the likeness! ... It's far worse than that!

Worse than that? What do you mean?

I mean... I mean that photograph was taken here by a reporter from the "Tempo", and he got in without a soul knowing!... You let people use this house like a hotel!

What? That photographer...

Yes, that photographer, the one who got away in the dark... Oh, it's too bad! I said to that "Tempo" riff-raff: "You've dared to say that I weigh fourteen stone!... Very well: no more photographs, no more interviews!... You can tell your reporters I never want to see their faces again!"

And now by some diabolical trick they've managed to run a whole feature!... And all because of you! It's all your fault!

My fault? !...

Of course it is!... If you were more particular about the people who invite themselves in... If you didn't open your door to every Tom, Dick and Harry, this would never have happened!... And you! Wagner! I want a word with you!

So you've come back, Mister Wagner!... Where have you been? ... And who gave you permission to go out? ... You have work to do, Mr. Wagner; scales, Mr. Wagner!

But...

Silence!... Your playing is careless, Mr. Wagner!... Two wrong notes yesterday!... In future I want to hear you practising all day long. Is that clear?

Yes, signora...
No, signora...
Yes, signora.

And you, Irma!... Have you found your little gold scissors yet? ... Obviously not! ... What's got into you, girl?

Me, madame?

DONG

Yes, you Irma! ... And go and see who that is, instead of gawking like an idiot!

Hello, girlie!

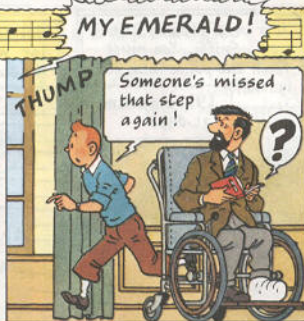
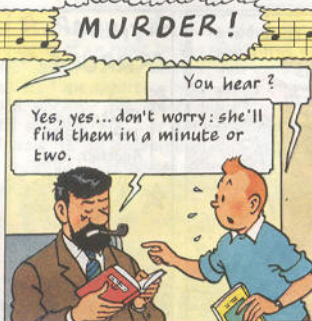
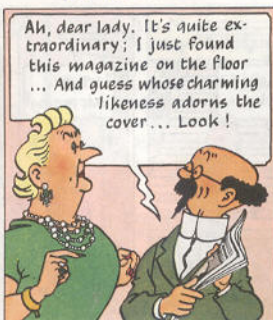
'Morning, Duchess!... How goes it? ... All O.K.?... And your hubby-to-be? He all right?... Fine!... Well, here we are: I've brought you a dinky little insurance policy ...

I'm so sorry, Mr. Sag!... You're too late!... The early bird catches the worm, Mr. Sag!

Come offit! You're joking!

Don't try to argue, Mr. Sag... I shall take care of my own jewels, Mr. Sag!... Good morning, Mr. Sag.







Quick! Let's see!

Great snakes!
Nobody!!



What's
happening?

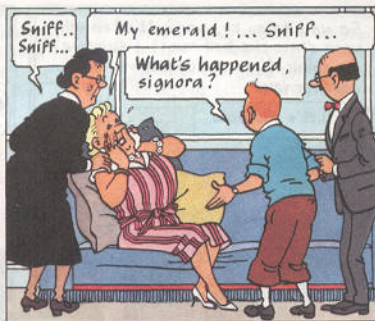
Help! Help!

Ah! Mr. Wagner...
I don't know...



I heard Signora Castafiore
cry out... Then I heard
someone fall on the
staircase.

Me too, I thought
I heard some-
thing... But as I
was practising...



Sniff...
Sniff...

My emerald! ... Sniff...

What's happened,
signora?



My emerald... sniff... my emerald
from the Maharajah of
Gopal... sniff... It's been stolen... Sniff...

Think back carefully, signora
... Perhaps you just mis-
laid it...



No, no... sniff... I put the case, with
the emerald in it, there on my dressing-
table. I opened it... sniff... to admire
my treasure... Then I went to the
bathroom... sniff... where I spent a
quarter of an hour, perhaps...
sniff... And when I came
back in here, the case was
empty... Sniff... Sniff...



Look, there's the case... sniff...
exactly where I put it.



Perhaps the emerald
fell on the floor...

No, no, that's impossible!
It was in the case... and
Irma has already looked...



It's been stolen, I tell
you... Sniff... You must
fetch the police immedi-
ately... Sniff...

I'll ring them
at once.



Burglar or no burglar,
who fell down
the stairs?



★THUMP★
CRRRUMP★

Blistering
barnacles!
Another one!



You wondered who fell downstairs?
Now you know!

Unless I'm very much mistaken, it was the thief who fell on the stairs just now.



Hello? Yes this is me... Yes, with a 'p', as in Philadelphia ... Good mor... What... A robbery?! ... An emerald?!? But ... I ... Look ... Signora Castafiore ... She's quite sure, isn't she; it really has been stolen this time?



A good question.

Yes, I'm afraid it has.



Good... That's lucky for her. I don't mind telling you, if she'd got us up to Marlinspike on another wild goose chase we wouldn't have come.



Definitely not!

Half an hour later ...

In a nutshell... If the theft was committed by someone in the house, then there are only six suspects: Irma, Wagner, Nestor, Calculus, Tintin, and of course you yourself, Captain.

Are you suggesting ... !?



Wait! ... Three on our list can be ruled straight out: you, because you couldn't have gone upstairs in your wheelchair; Tintin, who was with you; and Wagner: he was playing the piano in the maritime gallery.

If you can call it playing ...



That leaves Irma, Nestor, and the Professor.

One of those three a criminal? ... You must be crazy!



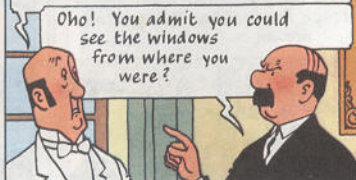
And so, with your permission, we will question each of them separately, in private.

All right. I'll send Nestor in. But you're wasting your time.



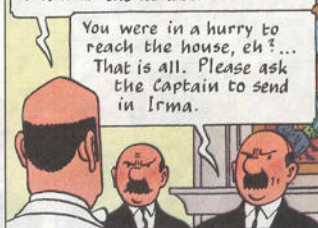
Where was I? ... In the garden, near Professor Calculus who was pruning his roses... I was watering the begonias when I heard Signora Castafiore shouting ... I looked up at the windows ...

Oho! You admit you could see the windows from where you were?



Certainly, sir... Then, as the cries continued, I dropped my watering can and hastened towards the house...

You were in a hurry to reach the house, eh? ... That is all. Please ask the Captain to send in Irma.



Sniff... I was busy sewing in my room ... sniff... Suddenly... sniff... I heard madame calling out... sniff... I ran to her room... sniff... just in time... sniff... to catch her in my arms... sniff... as she fainted ... sniff...

Aha!



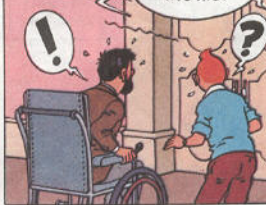
Your mistress has told us she spent about a quarter of an hour in the bathroom. In short, knowing her habits, you would have had an opportunity to enter her room, without any noise, and slip out with the emerald ... or drop it from the window to an accomplice ... To Nestor, for instance! ... Come on! Confess!

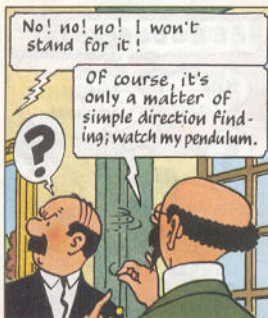
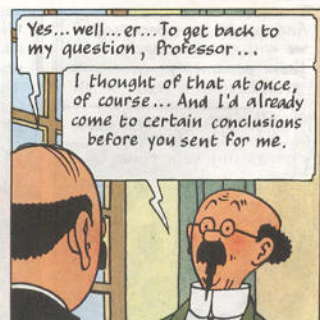
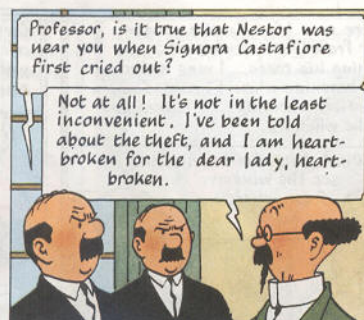
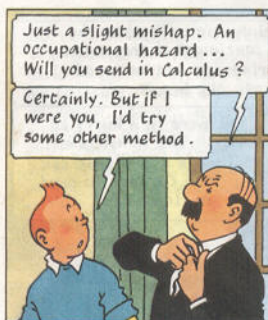


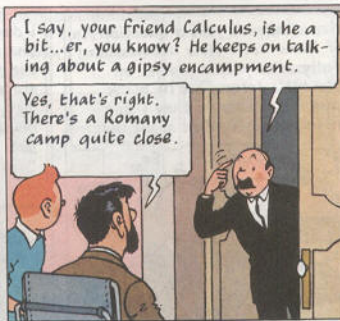
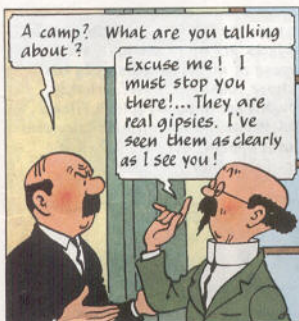
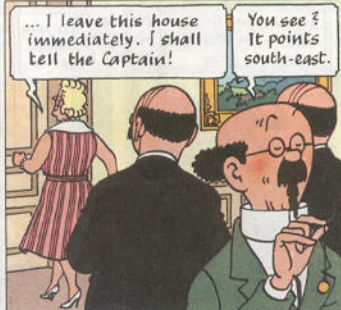
EEEEEEEEEEK!

Help!

Tintin! Save me!







Two days later ...

"Investigation into the theft of the Castafiore emerald continues" ... etc. etc. ... Ah! "The gipsies who were camping near Marlinspike at the time of the robbery have been assisting the police in their inquiries. A headquarters spokesman refused to comment on the affair" ... There!

Those poor things ... And I'm absolutely certain they are innocent.

Me too. I'd stake my life on it ... but ...

Tintin! Captain! My dear Friends! ... A sensational discovery! ... Sen-sa-tion-al! ... I've just invented a television set!

You old pioneer!

Colour television, of course! The other day, looking at all those sets, I thought to myself: what a pity the pictures are only in black and white!

You know, someone has already ...

Not at all, it's just a question of know-how. Now listen carefully ... The people you see on the little screen are in black and white, aren't they? But in the studio? ... What about that?

The studio? Er ...

I don't need to tell you ... In the studio the subjects are all in colour ... Well, the purpose of my apparatus is to restore those colours! ... How? ... How? ... Well, roughly speaking, by colour filters inserted between an ordinary television set and a special screen. I call it "Super-Calcolor".

But that's brilliant!

You think so? ... In all modesty I must say my own comment would be: brilliant! But you shall judge my invention for yourselves. Tonight they have that famous programme "Scanorama" ... Will you join me?

That evening ...

Now my friends, hold your breath! ... This is an historic moment!

♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪
Tonight ... BING ... Scanorama ...
BONG ... your look at life ... DONG

... brings the big news of three continents to your fireside. Our roving cameras give you a close-up ...

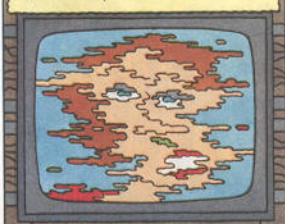
... the 21st Taschist Party Congress at Szohod, the secret life of the Abominable Snowman, and the jewel robbery at Marlinspike ...

Well, I'll be ...

What a coincidence!

How very strange!

At the 21st Taschist Party Congress at Szolöd, Marshal Kürvi-Tasch, in an exceptionally violent speech...



The picture isn't absolutely clear, but I can adjust it...



DIGADOG DAGADIGADUG DOGODOGDOG DAGADAGODAGODUG DIGADIGDUG

That's better, isn't it?



It's the sound, now!

All right, eh?

The sound! ...Thundering typhoons, adjust the sound!



Oh dear!... A valve has gone!... It won't take long to replace...



Ten minutes later...

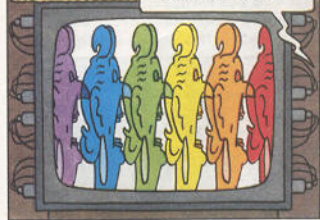
There! That's done it!



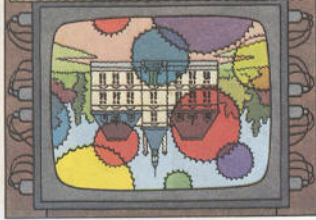
... summary of the facts. As you know, the famous Italian singer Bianca Castafiore is staying in this country...



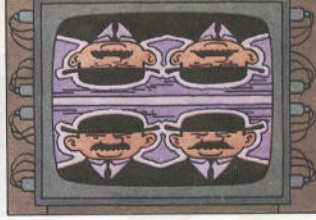
Ah, my beauty past compare! Is that me? Oh, how horrible!



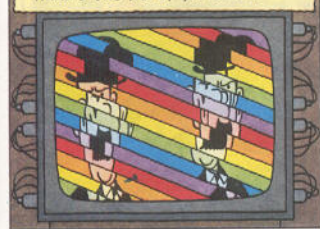
At historic Marlinspike Hall, the prima donna was the victim of a daring robbery. A magnificent emerald vanished... mysteriously!



Today a Scanorama reporter went down to Marlinspike and spoke to the officers in charge of the case. Over to Thompson and Thomson...



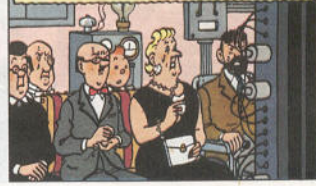
No, our lips are sealed. We can't tell you whom we suspect, but it isn't anyone in the house. Mum's the word, you know.



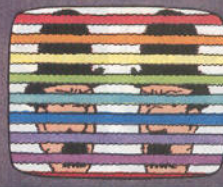
Yes, dumb's the word, that's our motto. So we're not allowed to tell you about the gipsies, though we suspected them from the start...



Especially after they cleft their lamp...er... left their camp, the morning after the robbery. But we soon ran them to earth, and then when we searched their caravans we made a startling discovery!



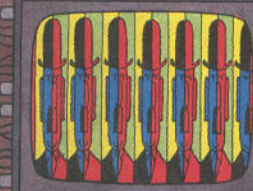
Not only did we discover a pair of scissors belonging to Signora Castafiore's maid, but in one of their caravans...



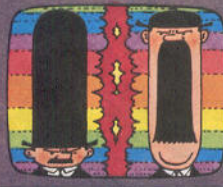
...we found a messed-up Flunkey ...er... a dressed-up monkey. Obviously, the emerald could only have been stolen by a man climbing the wall: in fact, a man of remarkable agility... And that man has been found: the monkey! Of course the whole bunch...



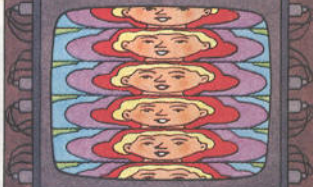
...denied it furiously. The scissors had been 'found' by a little girl. As for the monkey, he'd never been out of his cage.



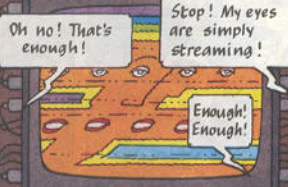
So that's how things stand ... but we're keeping it under our hats, of course. All we have to do now is recover the emerald...



And for a couple of master-minds like you, gentlemen, that will be child's play... Thank you for putting us so clearly in the picture.



Now we turn from the excitement and suspense of a police investigation to another burning topic that is hitting to day's headlines...



Oh no! That's enough!

Stop! My eyes are simply streaming!

Enough! Enough!

Naturally, it isn't entirely perfect yet, but ...

My eyeballs are doing the shimmy!

I'm seeing six of everything!

Me too!



The next morning...

Poor gipsies!... I'm still convinced they're innocent... I've had another look at the wall: even a monkey climbing would have left some trace, but there wasn't a sign. What then?



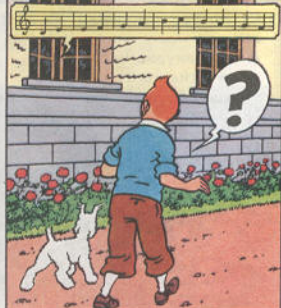
Hello! There's Mr. Wagner going into the village, on Nestor's old bike.

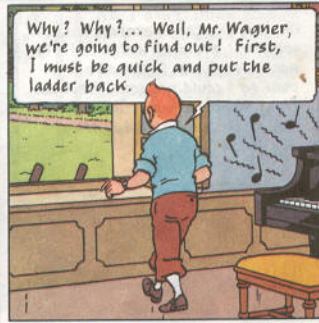
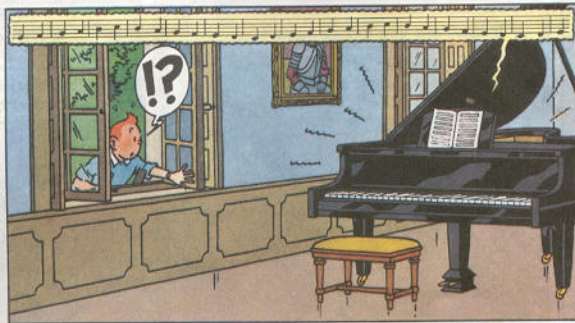
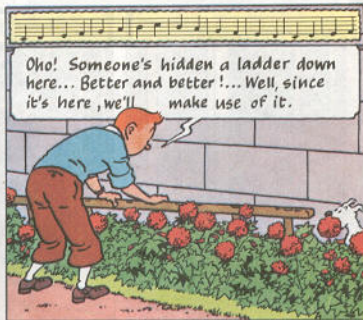


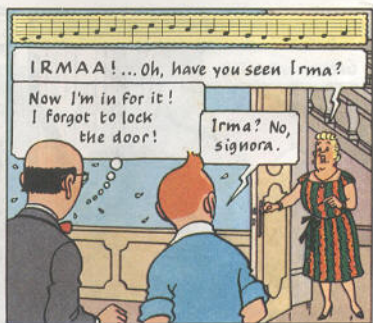
He must have got permission to leave his piano. Now's our chance, Snowy...



We'll go back indoors... and we'll be spared that piano for a change!







Thanks... But why did you save me from her?

I wanted to get you alone... Now, sit down at the piano: it's safer... Then talk!

All right!... I'll tell you everything. It's the horses... I'm a gambler, you see. I go to the village every day to telephone my bets...

Hmm!

Is that so?... Still, you weren't in the village when the emerald was stolen... When some unknown person fell down the stairs... It was you, wasn't it?

Yes, it was I.

I'd been up to the attic... and on my way down I heard Signora Castafiore cry out... I hurried to get back to my piano, and missed the step.

Why were you in the attic?

Well, on a number of evenings I thought I heard someone walking about up there... at dusk... like the signora did on the night we arrived. In the end I decided to get to the bottom of it...

Why didn't you simply ask us?

I didn't want to make a fool of myself, if it was only a false alarm... Anyway, I didn't find anything.

One last point, Mr. Wagner. The day after you came, I found your footprints under Signora Castafiore's window...

Golly, how some people do love to talk!

Yes... it's quite possible. After that incident during the night I went round there, to make sure no one could have climbed the ivy.

Good... That's all the explanation I need.

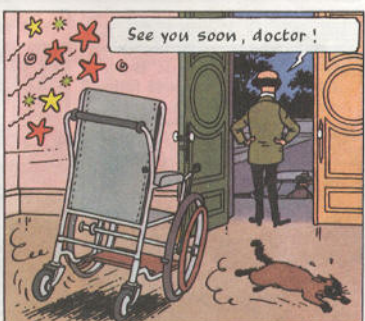
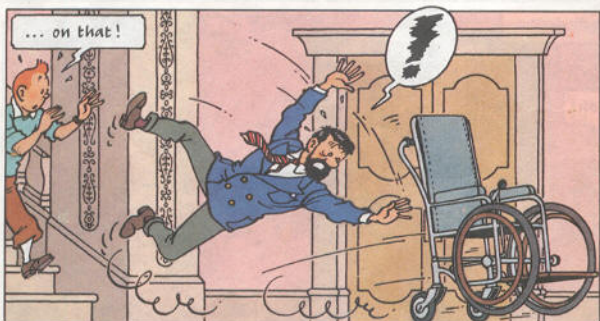
No, I don't think Wagner stole the emerald: he seems to be telling the truth... Well, now I've got to find the real culprit!

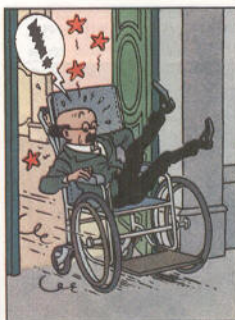
In any case, I'll visit the attic tonight. We must follow every lead... Coming, Snowy?

Ah... at last!

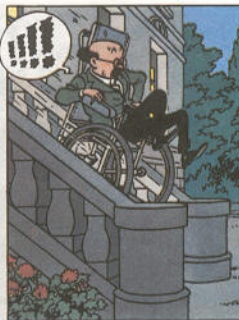
At nightfall...

Ssh!





Great snakes!
What's going to
happen?

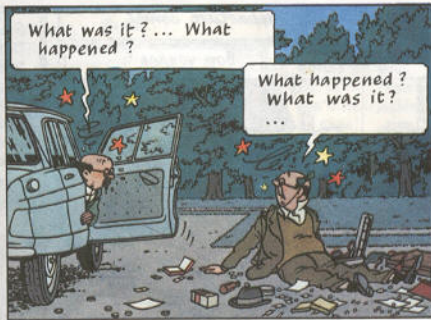


One day I really must
turn out the clutter in
this car!



What was it? ... What
happened?

What happened?
What was it?
...



My dear Captain Radlock ...
Why, you're up! ... I'm so
glad.

Thanks!



It grieves me to cloud your
happiness, but I have sad
news for you: I must leave
you tomorrow.

No! ... Not really?
It can't be true!



Alas, dear Friend! They are clamour-
ing for me at La Scala in Milan: a
farewell performance in Rossini before
I leave for the States.

I'm terribly upset
... I'm shattered... You
won't change your mind!



You're an angel, trying
to keep me here, but I
already have my tickets.

Ah!



She's going!
She's going!

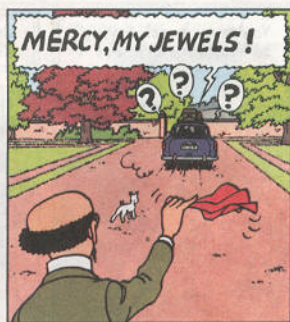
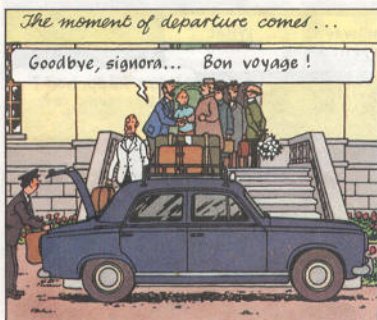


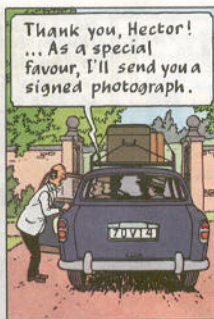
She's go-go-go-going ♪♪
away ♪♪ Hip hip hip ♪♪
hooray! This is my lucky day!



She's go... guo... gug! ...Ta-ra-
ra-er... um... yes... H'mm.









I wonder what's got into him?



Tell me, Captain, is there any message you'd like to send to Signora Castafiore?

A message?... Me?... For Castafiore?



No, a message!... I forgot to tell you, I'm leaving today for Milan: I'm going there to demonstrate my Super-Calcolor to the International Television Congress. Naturally, I shall call upon our charming friend.

Oh? Well, tell her whatever you like: but for pity's sake, don't invite her back to Marlinspike!



That's very kind: I'll tell her. She'll certainly be touched by your invitation...



Captain! Captain!

Now what?... Has he set the house on fire?



Is there a woodman anywhere near?

A woodman?... Yes, Charlie Sawyer, in the village... But why?



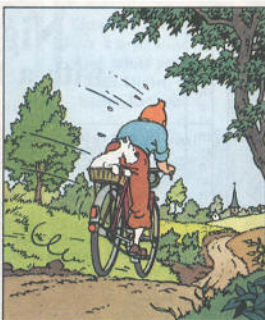
Thanks!... Oh, I almost forgot... Ring up the Thompsons... Tell them to come here as soon as possible: about the emerald.

About the emerald?... What?...



Later!... And remember to telephone, won't you?

But Tintin, look here...



Half an hour later...

We've only come as a special flavour... er, savour... er, well, so far as we're concerned, there's absolutely nothing Tintin can add to the case. Once and for all, the job was done by the gipsies, with the help of their monkey.



It's as clear as day to us, eh Thompson?

To be precise: dear as clay. That's my opinion and I'm stuck with it!



There's only one thing Tintin can tell us: where the emerald is hidden.

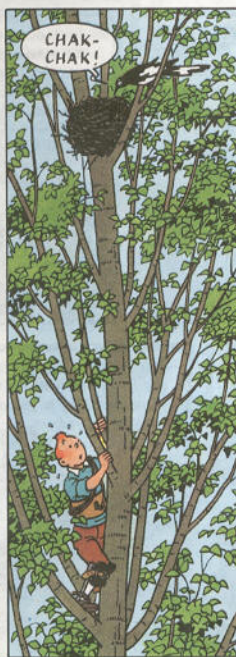
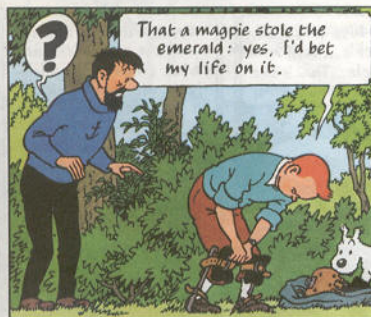


And if you'll come with me, gentlemen, I will do precisely that!

You?!

No?!

Yes?!





Look out for the dead branch!



No damage done!...What about you? Have you found anything?

Yes, and how! I've got Irma's thimble...



AND THE EMERALD! HERE'S THE EMERALD!!



Some bits of glass... a marble... and a monocle... That's the lot... I'm coming down.

Chak-chak... Thief!



Wonderful!... Tintin, you're a genius!... But what on earth suddenly made you think of a magpie?

Do you remember the name of the opera they mentioned in the paper?



I don't know... "Pizza" or "Ragazza"... or something...

"La Gazza Ladra"... in other words The Thieving Magpie! Then the light dawned!



I thought to myself: "There's a 'gazza ladra' somewhere around... But where? ... What about the spot where Miarka found the scissors? They must have fallen from the robber's hiding-place." ... So I ran to look, and there was the nest!... Well, that clears the gipsies!



Just our luck! The one time we manage to catch the culprits they turn out to be innocent! It's really too bad of them!

You'd think they'd done it on purpose!



Anyway, thanks to us, the emerald has turned up. And all we have to do is to return it to Signora Castafiore.

You know, Cuthbert Calculus is just leaving for Milan. Couldn't we give him the jewel?



Definitely not! We and we alone must restore the emerald: we are in beauty doomed!...

As you like: here it is.



You know, what pleases me is the relief for the gipsies. They'll be completely cleared of suspicion now.

It's a sight for sore eyes...

To be precise, I'd say...



OH!



What are you doing ?

It's...er...it's the... It's the emerald... it fell on the grass... and the grass is green...

As green as grass!



That's rich!... Yes, that's rich!... Oh, it's marvellous!

It could happen to anybody...



Wooah! Wooah! Here's your brandy-ball!



There! And hang on to it, this time!

Trust me!



A few minutes later...

Goodbye, my friends. I'm just off... Is there any message for Signora Castafiore?

Yes, indeed!



Wonderful news! You can tell her that her emerald has been found... by Tintin!

Oh no! I'm flying: it's so much quicker.



I said the Castafiore emerald has been found! The em-er-ald!

THE EMERALD !!



Certainly not... I never do... I make it a point of honour to declare everything at the customs... Goodbye.



It's all right, Captain... Calm down! All we have to do is to send a telegram to Signora Castafiore.

I won't forget to give her your invitation...



We're off now... taking the mule to Japan... er, making the gruel... faking the jewel... Anyway, goodbye, Captain.

Goodbye! Goodbye!

Goodbye! And thanks for trying to help with the case.



Have you got the emerald?

No, you've got it!

Excuse me, I gave it to you!

You certainly did not!...



Next morning...

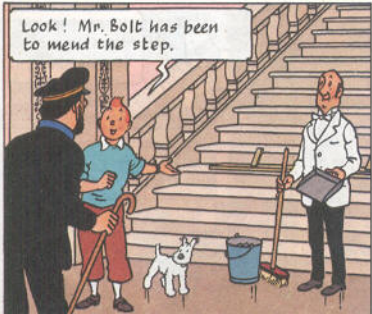
What a glorious walk... Not a cloud in the sky! ... Perfect peace! ... Wonderful!...



Ah, there you are! Look here!

Why?... What's happened? ... Don't tell me SHE's come back!

Look! Mr. Bolt has been to mend the step.



That's wonderful!... Ah, he's put a board across it: to give the mortar time to set. I expect he warned you.



No, he didn't. But it's quite obvious...

Maybe, but I'm just mentioning it for your own good. You can't be too careful. For heaven's sake, remember: don't put your foot on that step!



Right, Captain.

Indeed, sir.

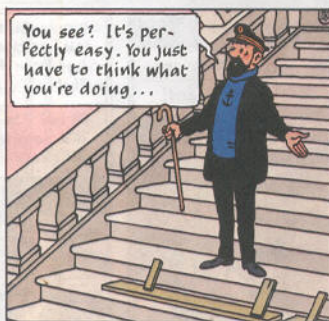
For the next few days you must step over... like tha-a-at! You understand?

Yes, Captain.

Very good, sir.



You see? It's perfectly easy. You just have to think what you're doing...



(DONG!)

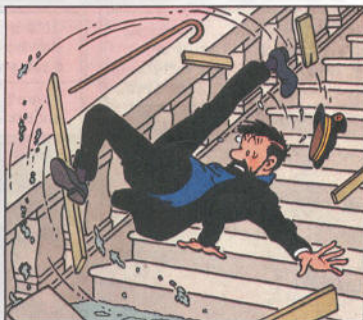
Hello... Who's that?



It's me again... I forgot to tell you...



Ah, Mr. Bolt! It was nice of you to come...



TU-WHOO



That's a real shame! I just popped back to say, wait a day or two before using that step... Too bad: a lovely bit of marble, that was!



Chak-chak



Blistering barnacles, that's the end!