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

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

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

"It's preposterous!"

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

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

"Oh! Excuse me, I... er... Captain Haddock? I'm afraid he's not in. He's gone for a walk."
So much for your peace and quiet, Captain! Look over there. There's a big storm brewing.

Yes, it's high time we got back to the house.

My hat!... Hey!... My hat!

Thundering typhoons! My very best hat!

BRROM
Ugh! Here comes the rain.

Good old Nestor! He's come to meet us with an umbrella.

Thank you, Nestor. We'd have been absolutely soaked.

By the whiskers of Kurvitasch! Someone else is watching them already.
Quite so, Nestor. But one must always keep one's temper... especially with a lady... And besides, Nestor, you should never telephone during a storm: it is extremely dangerous.

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

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

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

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

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

But this time I know the answer. Your confounded Snowy. This is his handiwork. But look here, Captain, that's absurd... How could he possibly...

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

Ten thousand thundering typhoons! Now what's that?
\[\text{Nestor Hay Von there...}\]

"What shall I do, sir? Shall I... Shall I open it?"

"Ah! At last! Hey! You there... Who d'you think you are?"

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

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

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

"How nice!..."

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

"You'd better stay here till the rain stops."

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

"Oho! had a tiff with the wife, eh?"

"I... It was probably the lightning."

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

"How kind."

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

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

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

"Cheers!"
Did... did you see that?... I was just standing, my glass in my hand, and...

Oho! that's fun!

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

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

Ha! Ha! Ha! Reminds me of that story of Uncle Anatole's... Half a mo' while I think of it...

Oh yes. There was this man went into a pub, see, and ordered a pint of beer. He was just going to drink it, when...

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

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

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

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

'Bye for now!

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

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

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

Listen! Shots!
They came from outside.

There's someone coming... Oh, it's Professor Calculus, on the way back from his laboratory.

Did you hear those shots?

No, it's over now. The rain has stopped.

Professor, just look at your hat! Excuse me...

Look! A bullet has gone right through it!

Oh! See!... a hole!

I can't understand it at all. The moths never used to make such big holes as these.

Quick, Captain. Let's have a look round the park.

Right. Just let me fetch a torch, and I'll be with you.

Calculus certainly came along this path...

Captain! Snowy's picked up a scent. Come on, let's follow him.

Oh! Look there!

Wooah!

Blistering barnacles! Do you think he's...

No: he's alive. His heart's beating... faintly...

We must send for the police at once.

You stay here while I go and telephone.

Blistering barnacles, what an evening! What an evening!

Oh, sir!... Sir! Something terrible's happened!

In heaven's name, what's the matter now?
Oh, sir! Your beautiful Venetian chandelier, upstairs. Smashed to smithereens, sir!

Later, Nestor, tell me later.

Hello?... Police station?... This is Marlinspike... What? You're Mr. Cutts, the butcher? Blistering barnacles! I... I beg your pardon. Wrong number.

I'm sure the number's 412...

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

Marlinspike Police Station... Who is that?... Oh yes, Captain... Yes. Shots you say? Someone injured, in the grounds? Very good, Captain, we'll be with you right away.

... and another vase, sir...

Later, Nestor, later.

Oh, you've come back! To fetch some water. The poor fellow wants a drink.

He talks with a strong foreign accent... He seems to be badly hurt.

Here we are. You'll soon see...

Great snakes! The wounded man... he's vanished!

I say... are you sure this is the place?

Absolutely certain. Look, the grass is flattened down!

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

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

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

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

You've been shot?

Me?

No.

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

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

Then why were you pretending to be the victim?

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

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

And who, pray, is Calculus?

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

And who is Tintin?

Tintin? But this is Tintin! Here...

Go on, Snowy! Seek it out!

Hey, now where's he gone?
The wounded man got away through this hole in the hedge.

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

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

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

By itself, yes, sergeant! And then...

Where have you sprung from?

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

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

Yes, this case looks a hopeless muddle to me.

---

Next morning...

By itself, yes, sergeant! And then...

Where have you sprung from?

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---

... Tin... Blop... Blub... Plag
Wait a minute. Rinse your mouth out first. I'll bring you a glass of water.

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

And an hour later

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hello, Cuthbert. Are you going away?

No, no. I'm just going away.

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

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

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

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

Just take a look here. This good fellow was driving quietly along past the front of the house when, CRACK... You see what happened?... What do you make of it?

The whole thing began last night...

Why, here comes our friend Calculus.

No, not for very long; only two or three days. I must go now; I've just had time to catch the 11:42 train. Goodbye.

Look out! Here he comes! Get the chloroform ready.
'Morning Professor. Going to the village? ... Yes? ... Well, jump in.

By the whiskers of Kürvi-Tasch! We've missed him!

Meanwhile...

... And that's the whole story, gentlemen. Can you make anything of it... I just give up.

Hmm... We'll have to think this over.

All right. But there's just one thing: please don't gossip about this business. I don't want a whole crowd of sightseers here.

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

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

Good; thanks

Next morning...

New York News

EL POPOL

GRANDE PANIC

... AND NOW GLASSNIK?

... AND NOW GLASSNIK?

New Year's News

AND NOW GLASSNIK?

Mystery at Marlinespike

Mystery at Marlinespike

Hamburger Tageblatt

Was ist los in Marlinespiek?

Hamburger Tageblatt

Was ist los in Marlinespiek?

FISH & CHIPS

ATOMIC

SOUVENIRS OF MARLINSPIKE

ATOMIC
Just look at that horde of rubber-neckers! They can hardly wait to see the rest of my windows smashed to bits!

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

What do you mean?

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

Yes... but what's the idea?

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

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

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

I say, Captain, can you smell anything? Sniff... sniff...

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

Yes, but Calculus doesn't smoke.

Blistering barnacles, that's quite right!
Stop him, Captain!

Hello, what's this on the floor?

It's no use following him: he's disappeared... But look what fell out of his pocket when Snowy ripped it.

A packet of cigarettes and an ignition key. Well, we know something about him—and I know something else. He's got a punch like the kick of a mule!

And there's another thing. Look!

Broken glass! Blistering barnacles, you were right. It's certainly Calculus who...

Poor Captain!

Too late, confound it! He's got away!

HANDS UP!
Ha! ha! ha! ha!... Fooled you properly that time, didn't I, my hearties?

I... You... Billions of blue plistering barnacles!... I'll...

Ha! ha!... "Hands Up!"... the old gag never fails!

Now then, this'll cheer you up:
I've brought your insurance proposal.

I say, Captain, look what's written here in pencil, on this cigarette packet.

What is it?

By thunder, that's the hotel in Geneva where Cuthbert usually stays.

Exactly.

And I suppose you think I'll let you go alone. Nonsense! I'm coming with you!

Right.

Come on! To Geneva!

Hello... Hotel Cornavin?... Herr Szhrinkoff, please... Thank you... Hello, Stefan?... Yes, it's me... Look, you'd better get a move on. His friends have just left by air for Geneva.
3.30 p.m., at Cointrin Airport, Geneva...

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

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

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

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

Thank you.

Is Professor Calculus staying here, please?

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

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

Certainly, sir.

What's up?
It's very odd... he isn't answering. Yet he should be in his room.

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

Fourth floor, please.

Certainly, sir.

If very odd,..., he I m.' tr answering. Vet ke should be in his room. Thank you. We'll leave our luggage here.

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

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

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

Great snakes! But there it is!

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

You don't know where he might have gone?

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

Good. Thank you.

Look out! Here they come.

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

You clumsy oaf, are you suggesting it was my fault?

What?! You have a nerve, insulting me, you blundering barges!

Me, a bargee!! Billions of blue blistering barnacles, I'd have you know...

Floundering about! You ought to be locked up!

Captain!

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

Lucky for you I'm in a hurry!

Ha! Ha! He says he's in a hurry!

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

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

Let's hope we'll be in time...

Carpethian caterpillar! Just wait till I see him again!

The train to Nyon... You're too late, sir; look, it's just gone.
Hello, switchboard. Has No. 122 made any outside calls since he arrived? No. 122, yes... To Nyon 9.51.03... Twice?... Thank you very much.

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

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

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

Maybe...

Go on, Stefan. Overtake them!

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

Wham!

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

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

The driver?... And Snowy?
Don't know. Didn't see.

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

The driver?... And Snowy?
Don't know. Didn't see.

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

Ah, the driver's just come round.

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

Half an hour later...

Here we are, gentlemen. This is Nyon. To reach route de Saint-Cergue you go through the tunnel, and turn right.

Here we are.

By the whiskers of Kœuri-Tasch! It's them!... They escaped! Run them down, Stefan: and this time, don't miss!
The Citroen is that pushed us into the lake!

Brutes!... Filibusters!... Nitwits!... Steam-rollers!... Abecedarians!

Come along, Captain!... Let's hope we can get there before it's too late.

Here we are.

What is it? Can you hear something?

Come and have a listen at this door.

No one there.

It sounds like something bumping against a pipe...

No one there.

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

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

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

Ssh!... Listen...

Not a sound now...

WOOAH! WOOAH!

Calculus's umbrella!... Well done, Snowy! This absolutely proves it: he certainly came here.

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

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

A bottle and two glasses. Someone was expecting us.

Crumbs! Just look at this book!

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

There, now we can see properly.

I say, Captain, this is extraordinary!

Look!... That's the same as the queer machine we found in Calculus's laboratory.

What is that book, anyway?

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

Ha! Ha! Ha! In fact, you've put your head right into the lion's mouth...
You will pay dearly for your folly, Lawton, my friend! Ha! Ha! Ha!... At last we can settle our account...

The radio!... You set it going when you plugged in the lamp.

It's useless to shout; that will do you no good...

Great snakes!... THAT CIGARETTE!... Another!

Well, what about that cigarette?

Look at the brand!

See here; it's the same as the packet dropped in Calculus's laboratory by that intruder.

Blisterring varnacles, so it is!

CLANG CLANG

Listen... there it is again.

You were absolutely right, Captain: something's knocking against the central-heating pipes. Let's have a look in the cellar.

Careful... Go quietly; don't make a noise.

CLANG CLANG

Ssh!...

How silly they are! They've forgotten Uncle Lurcher's nice new brolly!
Yes, Professor Topolino. I’ve been brutally assaulted and thrown into the cellar! ...Just wait till I see that monster Calculus again!

Calculus, a monster!!

Yes, Calculus! Do you know the scoundrel?

Sir, Calculus is our best friend, and I refuse to allow...

Oh, so he’s a friend of yours. My heartiest congratulations! What delightful people you know. Anyway, who are you, and what are you doing in my house?

Yes, we owe you an explanation. But shall we do that upstairs, when you have cleaned up a bit?

A quarter of an hour later...

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

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

Yes, without even stopping for a drink...

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

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

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

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

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

The brand that Boris smokes!

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

From Borduria?... Boris is a Bordurian?... Where is he?
He left for home yesterday evening. They sent a telegram. His mother has just been taken ill.

I think I'm beginning to understand. Yes... But what's your story, Professor?
Your wine has rare distinction.

Well, it's like this. About a month ago I had the first letter from Calculus.

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

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

Er... This bottle was intended for him?

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

Do you know this man?
Never seen him. Who is he?

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

I've got it!

Oh, sorry!... Not at all!

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

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

Good health, Professor!

That's how it must have happened...

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

DING-GLING-GLING-GLING

Are you hurt?

Don't know...
Don't think so...
But be careful.

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

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

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

Help! Help!
We're under here!

Ah, here come the others... Injured?

They're all unconscious.

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

Next morning...

Topolino were taken from the wreckage. Fragments
of a bomb were found in the debris and foul play
did not seem suspected. The police have detained two men
from the vicinity of the crime, questioning passers-by.
These two men will appear before the examining magistrate
this morning.

Meanwhile Dr. Beppo is still trying to discover why
Professor Topolino's house should have

Very good, sir.
Gentlemen, the statements you made yesterday have been checked and confirmed. You will be released immediately. I must apologise for our mistake. That’s quite all right, Mr. Magistrate. None of this would have happened if our credentials hadn’t been stolen... with our luggage.

We’re in Swiss disguise while we’re searching for our friends Tintin and Haddock. We have important news for them. You’ll find them in the hospital, quite near here.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nit-witted ninepins! Bash-bazouks! A “C.D.” plate, so do as you like! Certified Diplodocus, that’s what you are!

OH...
Thundering typhoons, you're right.

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

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

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

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

That night...

Blood-suckers!

Lucky I brought this along!

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

Here comes an absolute whopper! Listen to the din!

OH!... Sorry!

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

Look over there; someone's coming.

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

Good heavens! What's happening?
Someone's trying to rescue Calculus! Quick, Captain, let's give them a hand!
I'm with you! Come on!

...But how can we tell friends from enemies?
Go for the ugliest... That won't be difficult - you'll see.

Now which has the ugliest mug? It looks about fifty-fifty...

Tintin! Is it really you? I can't believe my eyes!

It's the thug who knocked me out in Calculus's laboratory, back at Martin's spike... the man with the cigarettes!

Quick, Captain, come on!

Rapp!... Noh dzem bitches!

Next please!

Half a mo'... I'm coming...

PCHH

My umbrella!... My umbrella!

The brutes! They've knocked out Tintin!

My umbrella!
The Captain... we must wait for the Captain...

The Captain... we must wait for the Captain...

Here I come!
Gangsters! ... Anacoluthons! ... Bashi-bazouks!

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

It's them all right, heading towards France!

Blistering barnacles! Another mosquito, inside this goldfish-bowel!

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

We must get under cover, quickly.

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

Good idea!

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

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

Pschhh

HUUKH-HUUKH-HUUKH

Go on Vladimir, they're within range.
The gangsters! Blistering barnacles, they're shooting at us!

Quick let's climb a bit higher!

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

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

Hello, this is SB 31 answering... I am an amateur... I am receiving you loud and clear... Please identify yourself.

Hooray! An answer!

Hello SB 31...
Hello SB 31...
This is Captain Haddock and I...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You should be a radio-commentator! Anyone'd think it was real! Ha! ha!

Ooh!... Look out, over there... LOOK OUT!!
I think we must have trimmed the treetops.

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

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

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

Help!! She's misfiring!

Quick! Down on the road!

That's it!

There they are! BUT . . . ?!
That's full, they've slipped through our fingers... And Calculus with them.

Now what'll we do?

First we'd better clear the road, in case of accidents.

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

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

Blackguards!... Egoists!... Nitwits!... Trogloxytes!... Polygraphs!...

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

Hey, here comes another.

Beasts!... Autocrats!... Profiteers!... Fat Faces!... Tramps!...

There ought to be a law to make those infernal mileage-merchants stop when people signal.

Ah, another. Let's try again.

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

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

Tintin!... Wait... STOP!...
Blistering barnacles, get down! They'll start shooting any moment! Didn't you recognise the black Citroën?

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

Are... are you quite sure?

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

I say, Captain, what are you doing?

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

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

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

Oh, the sun will soon dry me off.

Hmm! I wouldn't count on it.

If only we had an umbrella!

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

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

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

BANG

HELP!

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

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

Bashi-bazouk!... Ectoplasm!

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

Presto! Window-wash!

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

Eccola!

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

You in good?

O.K.

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

Scusi!

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

BRRROOM Avanti!!
Perhaps we'd better explain. Our friend Calculus has an invention which secret agents from a foreign power are trying to steal. That is why they kidnapped Calculus.

As I was saying, this second gang snatched our friend from the first lot. We...er...

Don't you think we'd better slow down?

Mamma mia!...What's happening? This noise is peculiar... Diavolo! I think now: uno pistone?... Una valvola?

Ten thousand thundering typhoons! Must you drive like a lunatic?

There it is! That car there! The Chrysler that's just gone through the village.

HELP!
Whew!...Passed it!

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

Hey! A gendarme!

TSIIIIN

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

Arturo Benedetto Giovanni
Guiseppe Pietro Archangelo
Alfredo Cartoffoli da Milano

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

VRROOM

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

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

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

ZZINGG

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

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

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

That's odd. I can't see Calculus...

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

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


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

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

What about the boot?

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

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

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

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

GREAT SNAKES!

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

YEOW!

What idiots we are! Under the back seat!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Look! There, behind those trees! The Chrysler!!
There's Calculus! They're putting him aboard the plane. Quick, Captain!

By St. Vladimir! There are those madmen again!

Quick, Stanislas, climb aboard. And start up the engine, Boldoff! Hurry! Too bad about the car; we'll abandon it.

Step on it, Boldoff!

Faster! Faster!

What are you waiting for? Take off!

Ah! That's it!

At last! Calculus is ours!

Woah! Woah!

Wooah!

Yow! Ow! Ow!

Help! Help!
Save me!

Great snakes! Poor Captain!

Hurry, blistering barnacles! Help me!

A few minutes later...

Thundering typhoons, you were right! The back seat is hollow. The pirates! That's where they hid him!

Listen captain, we mustn't waste time. It was a Sylavian aircraft: we'll go back to Geneva and take the first plane for Sylavia.

Right!

Next morning in Geneva...

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

Two seats for Klow, sir? Certainly. The plane leaves from Cointrin in two hours' time.

Incredible!... Fantastic!... That's upset the applecart!

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

Just remember, I've got my eye on you!

You Carpathian Bashi-bazouks!

That's the second time you've crossed my path. I hope for your sakes there won't be a third. You two-timing Tartar twisters, you!... Understand?...
**BORDURO-SYLDAVIAN INCIDENT**

Bordurian fighters force down Syldavian plane

"VIOLATION OF OUR AIR-SPACE"
SAYS SZOKHÓD

A Bordurian Air Ministry communiqué reports that a Syldavian aircraft has been intercepted by fighters while flying over Bordurian territory. Despite repeated warnings, the Syldavian plane was shot down.

"UNPROVOKED TASCHIST AGGRESSION"
KLÖW PROTESTS

In an official note, the Syldavian Ministry of Foreign Affairs has protested vigorously against what it calls "unprovoked aggression" by the Bordurian Air Force towards an unarmed Syldavian transport.

Great smacks! This alters everything. I bet that's the plane calculus was in. Now he's fallen into Bordurian hands again. They never give up, do they?

---

**Your tickets for Klöw, sir?**
We don't need them! We're going to Szokhôd in Borduria.

Yes... or can we buy any chance?

---

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

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

---

**Hello? Hello, Mr. Marlinspike?**
Hello, is that you, Nestor?... What?... Who's speaking?

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

---

**Hello, operator.**
That was the wrong number. I asked for 421... Yes, 421.

---

**Cut's the butcher speaking... What can I do for you?... Hello?**

---

**Hello? Hello, is that 421?** Is that you, Nestor? This is Captain Haddock. I... Who is that speaking?... Who?

---

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

---

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

---

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

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

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

Thundering typhoons! Shut up about your Uncle Anatole and put me back to Nestor, or I'll do something desperate!

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

Wagg! Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles! Hello! Hello!... HELLO!

Now I've been cut off!!...

I say, what's the matter now?

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

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

So they have: they've gone.

Excuse me, sir!... Sir!... Sir!...

Bon voyage, gentlemen. We're only too delighted to give you our seats...
Hey, I think you've lost your umbrella! Here it is.

Well done Snowy! He's been to Petits Calculus's umbrella.

Crumbs! This doesn't belong to Calculus. Snowy! Where in the world did you pinch this from?

Thundering typhoons! Quick, Tintin! Hand me that brolly.

A bit of sticking-plaster.

Now I wonder where that came from?

Pardon me, but you have something on your hat.

Oh, bother it!

Ah, it's gone.

It's sticky! And it's stuck!

Hello, what's that on my nose?

Oh, it's the bit of sticking-plaster.

It's off now...

Right away, François.
Here we go, on our way to Szohöd... I only hope we find poor Calculus there.

Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles!

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

Meanwhile, in Geneva...

Hello, operator, I want Szohöd 322.19... Yes, Szohöd...


Hello?...

Hello?... Yes, I can hear you.

CRACKLE...

FRRRT... Hello.

Szohöd? Hello, I... FRRRT... Hello!

Hello?

Yes, I can hear you...

Hello?... GLOW...

FRRRT... Will you...

Hello?... What?

Ah, it's you, Zehninkoff, Amihi... CRRRR. Hello!

2.17 p.m.

2.25 p.m.

2.35 p.m.

Yes, Haddock. A sort of sea-dog with a beard...

CLACK... BZZ... Beard... HIPP...

No, beard... CRR...

He has a beard!...

XWUU... XWUU...

Yes, beard!

Hello?

Hello!... FRRRT!

... Hello, I can't hear you.

CLACK... What?

FRRRT...

CRRACK... Can't you speak up? I...

What?

3.03 p.m.

3.48 p.m.

Hello?

Hello, airport police here... Amaïh Kürvi-Tasch, sir! The plane from Geneva? It's just in... What?... What names?
That's a relief; I can tell you. I thought they might have had warning of our arrival.

**SZTÖPP!**

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

What? Who is this officer of yours?

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

A few minutes later...

Ah, Captain, this is a great privilege for us. We in Borduria salute you, hero of that glorious interplanetary Flight. ... Ama'ih!

And you too, Mânhir Tintin. I am proud to shake the hand which... er... First set foot on the Moon. I salute you. Ama'ih!

You... you're too kind.

Szplug! What is this?

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

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

These gentlemen, Krönick and Klüm, are entirely at your service... They will take you to the Hotel Szőöy, where rooms are booked for you. I wish you a pleasant stay... Ama'ih!

Thanks... very much.

Ten minutes later, sir. Ama'ih...

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

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

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

Here we are. This is it.

Oh!... Quick!... Hide! Hide!
Did you see? That was Signora Bianca Castafiore, the Milanese nightingale. She's singing at the Sződő Oper. If you wish, we will go to hear her one evening: she is sublime as Marguerite, in "Faust".

Oh yes...

Here you are, Mánhir Tintin. We will escort you to your rooms.

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

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

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

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

Golly! The lap of luxury!

ARING: RING!

Hello? ... Oh, it's you, Captain ... What?

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

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

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

ARING: RING!

Hello? ... Yes ... Yes ... We were cut off. I ... er ... Don't worry about the butterflies, Captain ...

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

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

Ten thousand thundering byphoons! Now I'm going to chuck you out of the window!

Keep on recording. This could be interesting.
Well, good luck. I'll leave you to sort things out together. But don't forget, we go down to dinner in an hour.

Captain, I propose we crack a bottle of champagne in honour of these gentlemen. Champagne? Champagne for this gang?...

Oh, poor Captain! It must be your rheumatism. Well, there's nothing like champagne for curing that. Will you call the wine-waiter?

Gentlemen, a toast to Borduria and her glorious ruler, Marshal Kurvi-Tasch!

Amaïh Kurvi-Tasch!

Amaïh Kurvi-Tasch!

Ha! ha! I'm no fool!... You want to make us tight... To find out where... hic... Professor Calculus is... hic... But you won't learn a thing. We'll show up like brams... No, like prams... like lambs... no, like clams, ...

Don't let's worry about Calculus. He'll have to shift for himself.

That's right! Hic... Don't let's worry. Anyway... hic... I don't know anything. Honestly... It's Sponek... hic... the Chief of the "ZEP"... our secret pol... hic... he's the only one who knows... And Calculus...

Good... good... Let's forget silly old Calculus. It's time for bed.

Will you take us right up to our rooms?

Hic...

I... hic... I'll stay in the corridor.

Fine... Good idea!

O.K. Mine's locked in your room.

And mine in yours.
Hic... Not gone to bed yet?... I just want ed... hic... to give you your cap... Hic... Now, I'll stay in the... hic... corridor. I'll be... hic... very comfortable; they've put a bed there.

Wait. Perhaps over here...

Saved! It's the fire-escape!

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

You did well. All the exits are guarded.

Whoa! They've gone. Did you hear?

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

All right, Captain!... Ready?

Blestering barnacles! We're trapped!
This is it!... Come on!

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

Quick! The lights are still green!

Meanwhile...

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

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

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

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

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

Here, challenging the world with its gigantic skyscrapers, is a great trans-Atlantic city, which is superfluous to name.
Hello, Colonel Spengel speaking... Oh, it's you, Laszlo... What?? They've vanished! By the whiskers of Kirvi-Tasch, it's impossible!

Extraordinary! Splendid! Amazing!

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

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

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

...but when our hour strikes

...then the enemies of Béduria will be stricken with terror before the sight of our annihilating power...

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

An hour later, at the Lachicó Opera House...

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

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

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

So it is... Colonel Sponsz?

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

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

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

An hour later...

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

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

RAT TAT TAT

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

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

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

Dio!... What shall we do?

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

Fie, Colonel! You make me blush!

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

With pleasure, Ma'am.

Take the Colonel's coat, please, Irma.

Not at all, not at all.

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

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

I fear I intrude, Ma'am.

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

Oh! My dear Colonel, I...

RAT TAT TAT

Come in.
I suppose you think you'll find them in here, you dunderheaded nitwit! Go on, get out! About turn, before I explode!

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

Ha! ha! You don't know how true that is! But just now he's on the earth! Between ourselves, he's in the fortress of Bakhine. And by the whiskers of Kevi-Tash, he'll stay there till he decides to give up the plans!

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

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

How clever of you, Colonel! Brilliant!

Better safe than sorry. I'd better check that everything's all right. Will you excuse me...?

But... but of course!

I hope so, for his sake! Anyway, I have a signed order for his release in my coat pocket. Tomorrow he'll have to choose: either he gives up his plans, or he'll never be heard of again.

And supposing he does give up his plans, Colonel. What happens when he goes home, and tells all?

Next morning, at the fortress of Bakhine...
Hello? What? Oh, he's not in yet. Who is that? His secretary? In that case, perhaps you can help me.

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

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

A moment later...

Ah! the joy... pom pom... pom pom pom pom pom pom pom!

Here comes the chief. He sounds in good form this morning.

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

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

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

Nothing at all, sir.

Oh yes... Major Kardouk rang up.

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

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

By the whiskers of Kürvitasch! When a document bears my signature, is it or is it not official?

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

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

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

Why... yes, Colonel...

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

ARRING

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

And my umbrella?

Yes, but don't start counting your chickens... It's two hours by car to the frontier, and if our little bluff is discovered before we're across...

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

What did I tell you? Motor bikes!

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

They're both down in the daisies!

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

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

One!

Two!

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

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

We're skidding!

HELP!...HELP!

Oh!...How right I was!...Look there, a tank blocking the road!...Jam on the brakes!
By the whiskers of Kürvi-Tasch, they came a cropper!

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

BROOMM

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

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

I'm doing my best, but ....

Crumbs!... A road-block!

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

Too bad! I'll ram it.

What?... What's that you say?... A tank!... They've taken a tank!! Blow them up!... Exterminate them!... Alarum!... I ...

Trying to stop us with that kind of ramshackle erection!

Look out, here they come!... Don't miss!... FIRE!
I always told you this make of gun could be improved.

Hooray! He's coming round at last. Cuthbert! Cuthbert! It's me, old fellow... We're safe...

Ooh!

My umbrella! Have you got my umbrella?

Blistering barnacles, your umbrella! This is a fine time to worry about an umbrella!

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

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

That's good. I was hoping you hadn't lost it... You see, I hid my drawing...

Drawing...

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

Hey!

... What are all those things in the road?

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

By the whiskers of Kuru-Tash! Who unloaded all that dud stuff on me?... It's sabotage!

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

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

The frontier! We're coming to the Frontier!

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

We're safe, Cuthbert! Safe!

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

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

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

Two days later, in Lombrac...

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

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

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

My plane!?? Stars above! THEY'VE GONE!
But I'm quite certain that I can't believe it!
You believe what you like, but I've had all I can take! O.K. You've been rescued, but your plans can look after themselves. I want to go home ... to a little peace and quiet.

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

Billions of blue blistering barnacles! Wagg! What d'you think you're playing at?
Me? Well, it turned out nice... but don't let us disturb you, old boy; make yourself at home.

It turned out nice... So I said: "Jolyon," I said, 'Don't you waste the end of your holiday?' And your little place was vacant, so I popped in for a few days...

... with my little brood.

Ah, what a relief to be home again!

Two days later, at Marlespike...

Thundering typhoons! What's going on here?

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

Here!... Quickly!

It's calculus, he went straight up to his room.
The microfilms! I've found the microfilms! I'd left them on my bed-side table! Imagine me being so absent-minded!

Good old Guthbert! Well, now you'll be happy. I presume that without the plans the Bordurians really are in the soup?

No, no! On the bedside table.

And the cream of the joke is, without these plans the Bordurians can't do a thing! They're finished!

Only it's not just the Bordurians. It's everyone who wants to use my invention for war-like ends. And I shall never allow that. There's only one thing to do: destroy them all.

We mustn't dilly dally: the sacrifice must be made. ... Allow me, Captain.

Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles!

Oh! I'm so sorry! I didn't know... I thought...

Ten thousand thundering typhoons! My nerves won't stand much more of you. Every time I settle down, up pops trouble!... You flaming jack-in-a-box!

Chicken-pox??... At your age?... Goodness!

I say, old chum, I've just thought of something... all that clutter in your laboratory... is it insured?

Oh, I'm very well, thank you...

...but I'm very worried about the Captain: he has chicken-pox!

Chicken-pox? Well, that's nice for him.

Chicken-pox! Ha! Ha! Ha! Better go and live in a hen-coop! Ha! Ha! Ha! Chicken-pox! Ha! Ha! Ha!

But... but... it's infectious, chicken-pox is!!!!