

- HERGÉ -

THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN
*
**KING OTTOKAR'S
SCEPTRE**



MAMMOTH

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

KING OTTOKAR'S SCEPTRE



Translated by Leslie Lonsdale-Cooper
and Michael Turner

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KING OTTOKAR'S SCEPTRE





It is one of the few souls we know of from that country. But there must be others and I am going to Gylfawa to study the problem on the spot.



The Saldanian Ambassador, an old friend of mine, has promised to give me letters of introduction. I hope I shall be allowed to go through the historic national archives. 4 cigarettes!



No, thank you. And what are you leaving?

As soon as I have found a secretary. At least, rather more than a secretary. I really must sometimes take care of all the details of my journey, like book passages, the luggage and so on.



But I see that you have become interested in sigillography too. Let me have your name and address and I will send you my booklet 'How to become a sigillographer'.



How very kind of you...

He's going... Gosh, must run on the stairs.



Steady! Here he comes.



CLICK



That's a fancy place to put a watch right...



Get it! Wonderful, the way a miniature camera can be hidden in a watch.



Here?

We'll develop the picture right away.



Is it O.K.?



!?



























Where's Gaby? ... And the others? ... What's happened to them?



It can't be true! Surely... yes, it's there! ... Where have they come from?



You started off so suddenly that we... we couldn't keep up with you. So we considered our car. Shall we follow them? ...

It's no good trying to fan ahead.



I'll leave you here. I must go and pack my things at once. I am going to Sydava tomorrow.



Hello? ... Yes... Ah... good evening, Professor... Not everything is ready for our trip... Yes, I have booked seats on the Klov plane... We'll meet at the airport in the morning, at 11 o'clock...



We go via Prague, yes... Well, goodbye till tomorrow, Professor... Yes... I... Hello?... Hello?... Hello?...



Goook... Help!... Help!... Aaaaaa!...

?



The professor is in danger! Quick! quick! There's not a moment to lose!









Yes?..

Here's some good news. The Gyldenroos government has got a special aircraft at our disposal. Look...



Professor Almsbäck, your agent aboard aircraft No. 573 00-AGE, Frankfurt Airport. Special place for Kluge will meet you at Prague. Stop. Best wishes... It's signed Schmalzschütz, Air Minister...



Sweets... Sandwiches... Chocolates... Cigarettes...

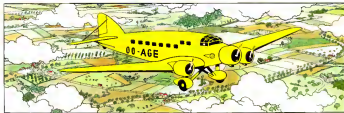
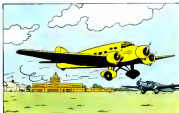


I think they're calling us...

?



All passengers for Prague, please take your seats in the minor aft...



It's really very odd...



Oh, well, let's forget it and look at this brochure...



SYLDAVIA

THE KINGDOM OF THE BLACK PELICAN



MINING the more unchanging places which deservedly attract foreign visitors, with a love for economic stability and substantial profits, there is one small industry which although relatively unknown, supports many cities in various isolated and remote areas because of its innumerable products. The country is now covered by a regular air-line network which brings it within the reach of all who love something besides the potential longevity of a peasant people, and the charm of medieval castles which still survive despite the march of progress.

The Kingdom

Syldavia is a small country in Eastern Europe, comprising two great valleys, those of the great Vlada, and its tributary the Malva. The rivers meet at Klov, the capital (12,000 inhabitants). These valleys are flanked by wide plateaux covered with forests, and are surrounded by high, snow-capped mountains. In the fertile Syldavian plains are rare fruits and cereals products. The soil is rich in minerals of all kinds.

Peasants harvest and collect strange goods from the earth, the chief sources being at Klov (redish diamonds) and Kragensdorf (diamonds) completely.

The total population is estimated to be 443,000 inhabitants.

Syldavia exports wheat, grapes, wine from Klov, hardwood forests and diamonds.

HISTORY OF SYLDAVIA

Until the VIIth century Syldavia was inhabited by nomadic tribes of unknown origin.

Discovered by the Slavs in the VIIth century, the country was conquered in the XIII century by the Turks, who drove the Slavs into the mountains and converted the plateau.

In 1427, Heigl, leader of a Slav tribe, swooped down from the mountains at the head of a band of partisans and fell upon isolated Turkish villages, putting all who resisted him to the sword. Thus he rapidly became master of a large part of Syldavian territory.

A great battle took place in the valley of the Malva near Zichereum, the Turkish capital of Syldavia, between the Turkish army and Heigl's warriors.

Defeated by long attacks and finally led by numerous officers, the Turkish army put up little resistance and fled in disorder.

Having vanquished the Turks, Heigl was elected king and gave the name Slavka to his son, The Black (Black's horse and Klov) king.

The capital, Zichereum, was renamed Klov, the 3 Castles (Klov, to the) and Oav (to the).



Guard at the Royal Treasury House, Klov



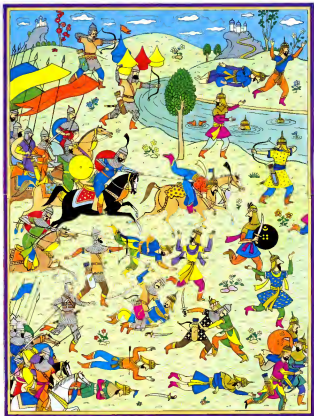
A typical jobber from Ghewok (south coast of Syldavia)



← Syldavian peasant on her way to market

A view of Ghewok, in the Plateau valley →





THE BATTLE OF ZILEHEROUM
After a 19th century miniature



W. M. King Mecklar XIII, the present ruler of Sylvania in the uniform of Colonel of the Guards

Mecklar was a wise king who lived in peace with his neighbours, and the country prospered. He died in 1183, succeeded by all his subjects.

His eldest son succeeded to the throne with a title of Mecklar II. Mecklar his father Mecklar II lacked authority and was unable to keep order in his kingdom. A period of anarchy replaced one of peaceful prosperity.

In the unshattered state of Sylvania the people shared Sylvania's decline and their land prostrated by the anarchy, began to invade the country. Barbarians invaded Sylvania in 1191.

For almost a century Sylvania groined under the foreign yoke. In 1278 Baron Adamson liberated the subjects of Mecklar by coming down from the hills and routing the Barbarians in less than six months.

He was proclaimed King in 1279, taking the name of Othokar the Wise because he was powerful than Mecklar.

The barons who had helped him in the campaign against the Barbarians desired him to grant them a charter, based on the English Magna Carta 1215. King John (Laskinetti) this marked the beginning of the feudal system in Sylvania.

Othokar I of Sylvania should not be confused with the Othokar (Petrusko who reigned 1161) and later King of Bohemia.

This period was long enough for the rise in power of the nobles who fortified their castles and maintained bands of armed mercenaries strong enough to oppose the King's forces.

But the true founder of the kingdom of Sylvania was Othokar IV, who ascended the throne in 1370.

From the first of his accession he initiated widespread reforms. He raised a powerful army and subdued the arrogant nobles conducting their wealth.

He founded the universities of the arts of letters, agriculture and agriculture.

He opened the whole nation and gave it that security, both at home and abroad, so necessary for the revival of prosperity.

It was he who pronounced these famous words: "Eik bennet eik bravet" which have become the motto of Sylvania.

The origin of this saying is as follows:

One day Baron Ruvavain, son of one of the dispossessed nobles whose lands had been taken to the crown, came before the king and violently claimed the throne of Sylvania.

The King listened in silence, but when the transgressor Baron's speech ended with a demand that he deliver to his sceptre the King's ring and kneel humbly: "Come and get it!"

And with rage, the young Baron drew his sword, and before the king's eyes would interpose, fell upon the King.

The King stepped quickly aside and as his adversary passed him, carried forward by the impetus of his charge, Othokar

struck him a blow on the head with the sceptre, saying these few words at the same time crying to Sylvania: "Eik bennet, eik bravet", which can be said to mean: "If you prefer trouble regard yourself! And having to be associated soon to read: "Eik bennet eik bravet!"

Then young Othokar to his sceptre he addressed it at the following words: "O Sceptre thou hast saved my life! Be remembered the true symbol of Sylvania's Kingdom! Write to the king who loses thee for a sceptre that such a man shall be sure in the to rule Sylvania!"

And from that time every year on St. Vladimir's Day each successor of Othokar IV has made a great ceremonial use of his sceptre!

He holds in his hand the sceptre sceptre, without which he would lose the right to rule, so he placed the people ring the famous sceptre.

Sylvania's motto!
Print out King's motto.
The Sceptre too right!

Right: The sceptre of Othokar IV

Below: An illustrated page from 'The Memorable Deeds of Othokar IV', a 19th century manuscript



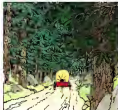
Rur Othokar
Nis pollez
Könikst
Dan fronn egt pho
mä Greilla gäis
da ön skear alpü
Kronmetz paffet
o layyada könikst
id o alpü flöppz
Krazgrvitanz crom
gäbel ö. Öäppiel
tälka äy o cärrö.













Where's the young foreigner you are taking to Klose?

Tu - tu - the young f - f - foreigner - an.



That's enough! We know he's with you! Search the cart! Stop!

Tu - tu the f - foreigner ... or who, who is it?



What makes you so afraid like that? Fear?



N - n - no! It ... it ... it ... it's b - b - be - because ... I ... I f - f - talk ... talk ... talk ...

Search! There's no one there!



Sapling! Where can he be? ... Come on, are you going to talk?

I ... I ... w - w - what g - g - going t - t - to t - tell you, b - b - but y - you m - m - inter- inter- interrupted m - m - me! He st - st - stopped at ... at ... at ... the Co - co - co -



Coach! ... Coach! ... What coach? Have you been drinking?

The Co - Co - Coach - Coachman's Rest, an - an - and ...

Why didn't you say so sooner?



Don't! ... I can hear a cart!

An - an - and he ... he ... he ... g - g - g -



If you say one word, or make one noise, just remember our rifles are trained on you!

L - l - listen ... I ... I ... I'm ... I'm ...



It's gone ... We can go back ...



I ... I ... t - t - try - trying to t - t - tell ... y - y - you ... with the y - y - young f - f - foreigner w - w -

Sapling! Where is he? ...



W - w - was in ... in ... in the car that c - c - car w - w - which f - f - just p - p - page - page - passed!



Yes, I am singing tonight at the Winter Garden in Klow. Would you like to hear me sing?

I'd love to.



Ah, ~~my~~ my beauty ♪ just adorns these jewels so bright I wear!



Has I see Margam-i-ta?

It's lucky the windows are strong!



Hello?... Yes, this is Winkulata... Ah, it's you Goro... Well! What?... Sapling! So it's not your fault? Perhaps you think it's mine, eh?... What?... If he hasn't shattered it? - If!... If!... You can get round anything with 'If'... I'll telephone to the Chief of Police at 24p... No, he's out of use... He'll stop him on the road.



Well, how did you like that?...

V-very much indeed!...



In that case, just to please you I'll sing something else!

!!



Where is the boy who is travelling with you?

He got out earlier as he'd forgotten something at the Coachman's Rest, so he went back...



I would have given any chance to escape!



Meanwhile, in Klow

So, you wish to have access to the Treasure House to examine the national archives? I won't conceal from you that this is a privilege rarely accorded to a foreigner, but since our ambassador has vouched for you, I think His Majesty will look favourably upon your request.



That's him... We'll look for his papers...



Your papers are not in order! ... Come with us to the police station!



Quite correct: your papers are not in order! ... I shall have to keep you here until I receive instructions

But Captain, there must be some mistake! ... My passport was stamped before I left and ...



I am sorry, but I cannot allow you to proceed. Take these away!



Captain! ... You must listen! ... I have something important to tell you! ... I ...



Hello? ... Wuzkizota? ... This is Saplo! ... I've got our fine bird! ... Yes, we simply picked him up. Now what do you want us to do with him? ... Yes... Yes... He obviously wasn't fit to fly. ... I'll check it over. That's it, ring up in the morning. Goodbye.



Wise I feel my head's here, goodness knows what's going on in Klaw!



Amos think! It's getting dark. I'd better try and get some sleep, otherwise nothing else to do...



This is Boris Klaw. We are now broadcasting a concert from the Winter Garden at Klaw. The soloist is Signora Bianca Costa-Fiore of La Scala, Milan



♪♪♪♪♪



Ah, my lovely ♪ past ♪ compare, those jewels bright I wear! ♪♪ Was I ever Margarita?



Is it I? ♪ Come reply! ♪ Mirror, mirror tell me truly! ♪♪

Next day

The document bearing the royal signature will admit you to the Treasury Chamber. Lieutenant Kromer will escort you there...



The regalia is housed in the keep of Krempsa Castle. A special guard is mounted over it.



In the name of the King!

Professor, please come with me.



The regalia seems well guarded!

It is! The man who is clever enough to steal it must be here!



There is His Majesty's regalia, Professor!



And this is the Plantments Room, which adjoins the Treasurer's Chamber. You must forgive me, but two guards will remain with you for as long as you are here. The doors will also be locked from the outside. These are the orders. I hope you will not be offended.

But in the least...



Meanwhile...

You are to take this young man to Alton. But be careful! ... He is a dangerous ruffian who has been meddling in State affairs. In fact, I've been given to understand, on high authority, that it'd be a good thing if he never arrived in Alton.



These are your orders. You, as the driver, will stage a breakdown. You will get out to look at the engine, and the others will follow. The prisoner will then try to escape and ... You understand me?

Yes, sir! ... But what if he doesn't try to get away?



Don't worry! ... He will! ...



I wonder who can have sent me this? ... A friend? ... What friend?...



REMARKS!
YOU ARE GOING TO BE TAKEN TO ALTON TO BE SHOT!
YOU MUST TRY TO ESCAPE - ON THE JOURNEY, PRETEND TO BE ALLEGED. THE DRIVER, WHO IS A FRIEND, WILL STAGE A BREAKDOWN AND CALL THE OTHER GUARDS AWAY. THAT WILL BE THE MOMENT FOR YOU TO MAKE YOUR ESCAPE.

A FRIEND

We'd better get rid of this, in case I'm searched at.



Here, Snowy, swallow this paper pellet for me...



Harry up now, Snowy, I think someone is coming for us ...

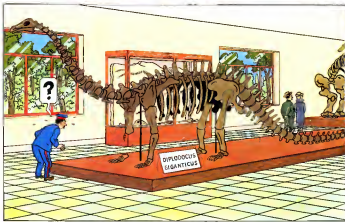
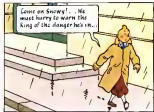


I suppose you think it's easy?











So you want an audience with His Majesty?... May I ask why?...?

Er... I... you must excuse me, but... it is highly confidential...!

Sir, I am His Majesty's under-cup!... I venture to say that my sovereign place compels trust in me!

I do not doubt it, Colonel!... But the news I have to communicate to the King is so serious that it is for his ears alone.

Very well, I will not insist... Will you come back tonight, at about half past eight? I will try and arrange for His Majesty to allow you a few minutes before his reception at the palace.

Thank you very much.

How for a want, Snowy?

Hello?... Yes, this is the General Commission. Ah, it's you, Boris. What's the latest news?... Yes... What?... That?... Are you sure?... But the Chief of Protocol at the King has just reported that... Yes... Terrific reported information.

But he didn't say what it was, good!... Ah! He'll be back tonight at eight-thirty?... That's fine, it gives us time... Listen, he won't speak to the King. Definitely not!... This is what we'll do: listen...

That evening...

The King is willing to grant you a short interview. Please go with the Captain of the Guard and he will take you to the Audience Chamber. His Majesty will see you there.

Thank you.

Yes!... Here they come...

Woosh! Woosh!

?

What mischief has gone on today?... Come on!

An ambush!...

Get you, my friend. Don't try to resist!

!





Next morning

More time wasted! ...
And I'm sure the
conspirators won't
be waiting there!
...

CLINK
CLINK
CLINK

You are being trans-
ferred to the State
Prison to await trial.
Come with us. The police
van is outside. .



Hello, this is
St. Vladimir's
Hospital... An
accident?...
... Casualties?
In Moltis Street?
All right, I'll
send an ambulance!



This one still hasn't come
round...

Yes, definitely suf-
fering from con-
cussion...

We'd better go back
for the others...

A very useful
thing, concussion
... Come on,
Snowy! Now
or never...



Aw! That's done
the trick! ... Now
back to the palace!

I must see the
King at all costs.

This time nothing is going
to stop me speaking to him!





You aren't hurt, I hope!

No, thank you, I'm all right... Great weather!... The King!



Take care, Sir!... This is the young anarchist who tried to... ?

Don't shoot, Sir!... Please let me go!... I am not an anarchist... I wanted to know you... Even at this moment these scoundrels may be trying to steal your sceptre!

What do you mean!



It's the truth, Sir... I am certain that Professor Alsbach is an impostor. Coming to Salzburg to study the sceptre was only a blind. He and his accomplices plan to steal King Ottokar's sceptre, and so force you to give up your throne!

By Wanda-mur! Can it be!

Meanwhile...

And this man is in with them, Sir... That is why he tried to stop me speaking to you!...

Here is the plot too!

It's a lie, Sirs!



He is lying, Sirs, and I will...

We must hurry, Sir... I'm sure there's not a moment to lose...

That's that... May we now go into the Treasury Chamber, and photograph the crown and sceptre?...

Certainly.



We're nearly there... These are the towers of Knapton Castle... the scepter is in the left, that square tower is the centre... I only hope we're not too late!...



Everything seems quite normal... We are on time!
I hope so, Sir...



Where is Professor Alambick?
In the Treasury Chamber, Sir, with the Governor of the Castle and Herr Carlitz.



Open up! In the name of the King!



No answer! Quick, bring us the other keys!



Could it really be possible?
Let us hope not, Sir... Ah! Here is the guard with the keys.



Next morning

So, Lord Chamberlain, the sceptre has not been re-covered yet? ...

Alas no, sire... But I have secured the services of two detectives of international repute... exact their own rewards now...



THUD

Ah, I think I know who they are.

What's going on? ... Go and see.



?

Er... We are the detectives who... we slipped... and...

You... and we fell down...



Sire, may I present Mr. Tinsdale and Mr. Thompson, certified detectives.

Welcome to Sylvania, gentlemen.

Majesty, your sire is very good... Good Majesty... no, I mean...

...a majesty. Your Pleasure?



We thank you for answering our call so promptly, and for placing your experience at the service of the Crown... This is Mr. Tinsdale, who will get you all the details of this business...

Tinsdale? Well I repeat!



This is the problem... Someone has stolen the King's sceptre!... We wish Majesty and I entered the Treasury Chamber as found the Governor of the Castle, two of his men, the photographer Gaultier, and Professor Albrecht, whose presence... All of these were in a coma, and none of the five came to until this morning...

Have they been questioned? ...



Yes, and their statements agree on all points. Herr Gaultier decided to ride a flash mob. After the flash the room filled with thick smoke. They began to creak, and then passed out...

Good but... how did anyone think of searching these people? ...



Of course! Even the guards' helmets were taken to pieces, and the camera tripod, to make sure the sceptre wasn't hidden there. They tapped every inch of the room looking for a secret passage, but found nothing! The only door through which the thief could escape was guarded by two sentries, who gave no one leave...



Your Majesty, this is all exceedingly simple! ... With your permission we will go to Herr Gaultier and de-moralize him... your sceptre just stolen...



Very well, we'll go! ...

Goodness, they're smarter than I thought!



Be careful... the marble is very slippery...



This is the Treasure Chamber. The sceptre was here ...



As we said, Your Majesty the whole thing is childishly simple!

This is what happened. One of the five people present was in the plot. He collapsed when the smoke was released, but took care to hold a handkerchief to his nose. When he was sure the others had been put to sleep he got up, opened the glass case, seized the sceptre, opened the window and dropped the sceptre into the courtyard. Then an accomplice called it, took it away, and that was that!



Impossible, gentlemen! The courtyard is guarded. No one goes there past the sentries; and the sentries are above suspicion. They are men of absolute trust who would die rather than betray their King!



As a matter of fact the guard patroling their side of the tower did hear a window open and shut, but he did not notice anything unusual ...



Exactly! Because the thief must have thrown the sceptre over the ramparts surrounding the castle! An accomplice waited there, picked it up and made off!

However, you shall see ... Could you get me something like what I did with the sceptre?



Certainly ...

But look! It is at least a hundred yards from this window to the ramparts! ... And there are bars ...



What do they matter? It just makes a good aim ...

There ... Will this do?



Perfectly

Now I'll show you ...



Clearly not! Let me show you the right way to do it! ...



Watch carefully!



You can see for yourselves that the sceptre didn't leave that room like that!



You ... You ... maybe. Anyway, we'd like to question Alembick and Corbett ...

Sure! Sure! Ah, at last I've found you ...



?





What happened? ... Quick, tell me!



The camera! ... Look at the camera! ...



A spring? ...

Yes, that spring came out. It hit one of the feet and knocked me out! ...



It's amazing! ... How did you discover that?

By walking past a toy shop! ... I saw a little spring gun, it gave me the idea that perhaps the camera was faked up to have a spring capable of throwing the sceptre beyond the castle ramparts! And my guess was right! ...



Watch! ... There's the spring back in place ... I resort into the tube this stick used by the two detectives ...



I place the camera by the window, the forked end of our makeshift sceptre through the bars ...



I pick the shutter, and ... Whoops!



It's fallen on the wood, beyond the river! ... I'm going to have a look round over there!



You will find a boat down by the bank ...



If that fool Czaplitz had stayed at the
clump of birch trees by the river bank as
we agreed, we'd have found the sceptre
long ago...



!

So they haven't found it yet!
... There's not a moment to
lose!... I must get back and
have this wood surrounded!



HOORAY!...

?



Hooray!
I've found it!



!



Wow, I must give
the others the
tip...



Grumba! They've got me!

No, got you outright!



The sceptre, Sorey!... Save the sceptre!...





How did you know I was here?

When we went back to the castle they told us you had crossed the river...



There's the King... They told him, too. He went round by the bridge while we crossed in a boat...



Well, what has happened?...

Those gangsters have got a way in a car, with the sceptre! ... If you will lend us your car, Sir, we three will try and catch them...



They haven't got much of a start on us... We'll soon catch them up.



We're almost out of petrol... We'll have to stop at the first pump we come to...



Ah! There's one...



Five gallons!... And make it snappy!...



Another twenty miles to the frontier... Good!... In half an hour we shall be clear of Syldevia, and the sceptre will be safe!



The King's car!... They're after us!



We certainly caught them on the leap!...
They're taken to the mountains!

They hadn't even time to
get back into their car...



We must hurry!...
They mustn't get
away!



They're still following
us...

We must stop them!
... We'll fool them!
...



Come on!...
We'll get them!...



BANG



Take cover everybody...
They are shooting at
us!



BANG

Where have Thompson and
Escobedo got to?... I
can't see them anywhere.



BANG
CRACK



There must be some
way of catching
them...



Follow me, Growy, and don't
show yourself!... We'll sneak
round behind them.



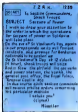




The frontier at last!...
I'm safe!...



Another yard and
he'd have been over!





Next day ...

That's two nights on the open ... I'm tired out!... If I don't find the way soon I'll never get back in time!



A Bombar-derer Fight-er!



He's lowered his under-carriage .. What's he landing?



If I could grab one of those planes I'd be in Klow in less than an hour ...



Everything O. K.?

Yes, nothing unusual ... just reconnaissance along the frontier.



You know, I've been tipped off that Mun-ster will give his broad chest at midday tomorrow... And unless labor our squads will land at Klow.



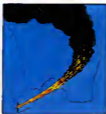
It's getting dark... That's annoying... I shan't be there before nightfall...



Hello? Ask-Ask H.O.? ... This is Listening post 34... A Bombar-derer aircraft has crossed the fire line heading for Klow... What shall we do?



You have your orders, Lieutenant. Shoot it down!...





Alas, signpost! ... That's a stroke of luck!



Sixteen miles: That's five hours' work! ...

A mere trifle!



A forest! ... Stable! ... If only I could borrow a horse ...

That's a splendid idea!



Alas, here's a horse! ... When there! ... Good, here's a saddle too ... What now? Gently ease it ...



On the whole I think we'd better give up.

Why not? ... A little walk will do us good.



Her Majesty:

There are news, Sir! ... the people are suspicious, there are rumors that the sceptre is missing, furthermore ...



Her Majesty says you look'd again yesterday. These incidents are of course the work of agitators in the pay of a foreign power, but we are faced with a dangerous situation. Had of Your Majesty's approval before the crown without the sceptre, I fear ...

Rest assured, from this date, there will be no bloodshed. I will advise you.



No, Sir, you will not abdicate ...

!

TINTIN!

?

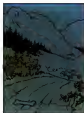
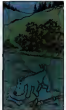


Your Majesty, I have your sceptre with me now!

Saved!

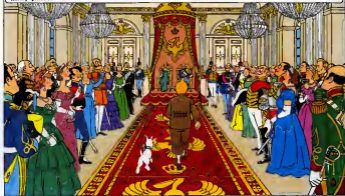


Here it is! ... I ... Great mistake! I've lost it on the way!





And now the King is once more in his palace. Time and again the delicious crowds have called His Majesty back on to the balcony to receive their tumultuous acclaim. But now he is seated here in the Tower Room, where an investiture is taking place...



My Lords, Ladies and Gentlewomen, Honor in our long history has the Order of the Golden Falcon been conferred upon a foreigner. And today with the fulfillment of Our mission, We bestow this high distinction upon Mr. Tumbin, to express Our gratitude for his great services he has rendered to Our country.

Tumbin, Knight of the Order of the Golden Falcon...



I expect you will like to hear the result of our inquiries. You already know that Minster, leader of the Iron Guard, has been arrested with most of his followers. Getting knowledge of the Iron Guard they were in fact the 22 P.M., the Egyptian Zentral Revolutionar Komitatz, whose name was the designation of our King and the destruction of our country by Berchard...

Professor Almbick was also arrested at Minster's home where he had after the theft of the scepter. This little book was found on him...





Twice?... I might have guessed it!... But what happened to the real professor?...

Well, I've just read the London newspapers. Later, 'During a search carried out yesterday in a house occupied by Syllavian nationalists, the police found Professor Alambic, the scholar. He had been imprisoned in a cellar for some weeks. He said he had been kidnapped on the eve of his departure for Syllavia, and his passport was taken from him...'

Now I see it all! First the clues on the telephone; then the professor not wearing his glasses, and not making any sense... It explains everything.

Marschall, at Bulgarian military headquarters...

.. to grant our peaceful intentions, despite the unresponsive attitude of the Syllavians, I have ordered our troops to withdraw fifteen miles from the frontier.



Next day...

In private audience this morning the King received Mr. Finkle, Mr. Thompson and Mr. Thompson, who paid their respects before leaving Syllavia. Afterwards the party left by road for Poona, where they embarked in a flying-boat of the regular Douvan-Southampton Air-line...



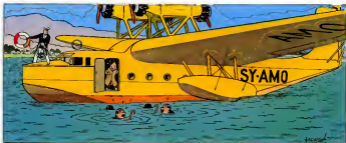
Some hours later...

Too good etc... We're there...



Goodness, what on earth's happening?!

We're falling into the sea...





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