



HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

THE CASTAFIORE EMERALD

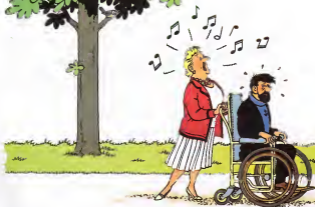


MAGNET

4.00
HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

THE CASTAFIORE EMERALD



A MAGNET BOOK

THE CASTAFIORE EMERALD





800-HOO!



A little girly girl ...

800-HOO-OO!



She must have wandered away from me.



Hello!... What's the matter? What are you crying for? Are you lost?

?



It's all right, don't be afraid. What's your name? I'm Tintin. Who are you?

Speak up, little 'un.



Thundering bisonos, don't be so timid! We're not going to eat you!

No, no, Captain.

HI-I-III!



YEOW!

GNA!



Billions of blue blastering barmules!



Little spiffins! Just wait till I catch you!



Look at that! She's drawn blood, the little wildcat!

So she has! But you scared her.



WOOAH! WOOAH!

Now what's happened?

?



WOOAH! WOOAH!



Oh, poor little thing!

Fear little ...

WOOAH! WOOAH!



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

No, no! Please leave me alone!



OOOOOH!

What is it?... Tell me!











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...

Professor, you make me blush!



I sincerely hope so, signora. Fintin 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.



Nester, please show the signora to her room.

Yes, sir.

How kind... But first... er... Irina, 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 sailorwoman like yourself must feel very lonely in his little home... Il governo capilano!



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

I know you'd adore...

Here, Madame...



... this pretty patty 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, Irina, put him on his perch.

Yes, madame.

I can't stand animals who talk!



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







Here, madame, I've got your jewel-case.

Oh, so you have. I can breathe again!



Now, my man, if you'd be kind enough to show me to my room.

As the signora wishes.



Oh, I almost forgot... The reporters will probably run me to earth here. May I ask my brave sailor to protect me?... Not a single interview, no publicity, no photographs... nothing! I came here incognito; you must help me to escape.

Of course!



May I point out to the signora that the fourth step is broken.

You, yes, I see.



The signora's room.

Ravishing!



What delightful old furniture! ...and a four-poster bed. It's... er... Henry the Tenth, is it not?

Charles the first, signora.



Precisely what I meant, of course.



If the signora will excuse me: the door-bell.

You may go.



Fiddle! What is it now?



Oh dear!... The step!



Well done, Nestor, ... always keep your head!





Alb, Captain: my men report that some gladiators who were sleeping 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-o-o! I can hear you!

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!

Alb, I see. You're still addressing your parrot... Now, about those gladiators. 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!... Well! First I'm bitten by a little wildcat, then by a parrot! ... I sprain my ankle... Furthermore, desecration on me with Iron and that building Bathhouse... And they talk about trouble?... Ha! ha! ha! ha!...



Meanwhile ...
Mexico completed: all settled in.



I hate them, the guys. 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! ... Help, Snowy!



?

WOOAH! WOOAH!



Hey, who are you?... Stop!

WOOAH! WOOAH!







Footprints! ... Right under the window! ... Was she telling the truth, then?



The ivy?



No. It would never support a man's weight... A child, maybe! ... But then there'd be traces of the climb... Any way, the footprints are those of an adult...



But where? That's the problem... Someone from the house! ... One of the two strangers I chased yesterday! ... A gipsy?



Here, Snowy. We'll take a walk down by the greenhouse.



If there are any footprints, they'll show up in the mud. So let's go where they water their horses.



No, not like these we saw in the flowerbed.



SPLASH



WOOAH! WOOAH!



Come on, Snowy. We don't find our Houndstooth friend by staying here...



There he goes. Rather! He didn't wait for a second round, the little beast. I don't like the way he's always sleeping around.



So, that's who it was... that gipsy... he threw the stone. But why?



We don't seem to be much further on... Come on Snowy, ... home...



That's the doctor leaving. He'll have put the Captain's foot in plaster. But that's another car... Who does that belong to?



Let's see...



Why, it's Mr Wagg. Hello!

Hello-o-o!
I can hear you!



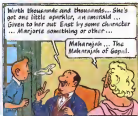
I was just passing; a client to see over here for the old Rock Bottom Insurance. So I said to myself: "Jolyon," I said, "now's your chance to say howdy to the ancient mariner." And look what I find: the old handbag's fallen downstairs!



What a scream! Anyway, a bit of luck I popped in. A proper galewind, that's me. This lady was just telling me about last night's caper. And what does Jolyon Wagg discover?... Hail on to your hats...



Her jewels, her famous jewels, aren't even insured! What about that? A proper carry-on, eh?



Worth thousands and thousands... She's got one little sparkler, an emerald... Given to her out East by some character... Marjorie something or other... Maharajah... The Maharajah of Nepal.



That's the chap. And that little bit-bit alone is worth a fortune - Crazy what you get for a song, eh? Budge me. Not that I've got anything against music, but between you and me, I prefer a dollop of wallpaper any day.



Not a single jewel covered. So I said: "Lady, you give me a list of your kerck-kercks, and Jolyon Wagg will insure that whole about!"... I'll consider it, Mr. Bag.



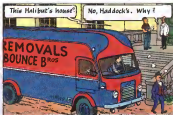
Fiddlesticks!... It's all fixed... I'll be back in a day or two with a policy. Cheerio for now, Duchess. Pleased to be meet you!



...And if I were you, Lord Nelson, I'd get that step fixed. It had occurred to me! I've waiting for the builder.



DONG That's probably him now at the door.



This Malibut's house? No, Haddock's. Why?



The next morning ...

Yes, I know... I couldn't help it... I had to finish a bombazon: 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 final.

Captain! Captain!

?

Here's your new racing car.

?

♪♪♪♪♪

Rooney! I'm free!

Woof! Woof!

♪♪♪♪♪

Peace at last... And there's old Cuthbert, pruning his roses...

Meanwhile ...

Ah, Boris-Fink! Come to inform the signora.

Hello, Cuthbert. Working already this morning?

Very well, thank you. And you?... How's the foot?

Oh, not so bad!... Anyway, I might have broken my leg... Then I really should have looked a fool.

Cool? In the shade, perhaps, but in the sun it's really quite hot.

Great news, Captain - but this is strictly the business - I have succeeded in raising a completely new variety of rose.

Well done! Splendid!... Better than building railways and chasing off into the blue.

No, no, white!... But such a white!... Feisty, sparkling, immaculate!... And the shape-perfect!... And what perfume - exquisite!

Well, Professor, I congratulate you.

OW!

?

And the name? Ah! You will never guess...



If you see him, tell him we've finished. Those gawblins from Paris-Flash have concluded their labor-view 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 son-of-a-bitch, 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-Drupp and Marco Rizotto of "Paris-Flash".

Hello!

'Morning.

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

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

Well, what do you make of it?

The game as you choose! This is a sensation... But we must be sure...



Tree or not, Marco my boy,
it'll suit!

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 in-
troduce ourselves: Christopher
Willoughby-Drugs and Marco Riazotto
of "Paris-Flash". Here's our card.

From the Yard!



Reporters! ... So that's it!
The Captain had to tell
someone. He's already
tumbled 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 Cap-
tain Haddock? ... Plans for a
wedding? ... Am I right?

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



Well... you said no... You know how
it is... we reporters ... Plain, you
understand ... So it's true?

Great surprise! 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 wait! Here she comes ...
Sigurna 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 Haddock.



Meanwhile ...

Got that? Sugarplum ...
Oriana ... Soniramia...

That's right... Exactly...
No, no, I'm not you say-
self... O.K. then ... Till
tomorrow.



Oh, how I adore flowers! They bring
them in armfuls, but I
never get tired of them!



Dear lady, allow me to offer you
this modest "Crimson Glory"...
until... er... something better
comes along ... Hat ha!

Oh, Professor!



MMMM! What
a sweet scent!



Smell, Captain! ... In-
hale the fragrance ...
Exhale, isn't it?



YEOW!



Billions of blistering
hormones! I've been
stung by a bee!



My poor boy, how did you manage to do that!
And what a horrible face! You frightened
me to death! Wait, I'll help you. First
remove the sting... There! Then apply
crushed rose petals
to the spot.



Th-a-r-r!
Better already,
aren't we?



Now, my friends, I'll leave
you. I must change for
lunch ... Ciao! #



Trala
Lalla



You're looking for Captain
Maggot, I'm sure. You'll
find him in the rose gar-
den. The poor darling, he's
been stung on the nose by a bee.

Oh!



A bee-sting on the
nose ... Poor Captain!
that could be
horribly painful.



E-E-E-EK!
MY
NECKLACE!

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

Yes,
madame.

Oh, it's you! Something
frightful has happened! I've
just broken my neck! Look!

Don't worry, elgi-
more. I'm sure
we'll find all
the bones.

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 particu-
larly valuable: it's only fashion jewel-
lery. But it's from Tristan Bior. And
any what you like, Bior is still
Bior!

Er...
obviously!

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

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

What? Your nose?

Your nose? Well you shut up about your
nose! Blistering harricots, if I hadn't
had one shoved in my face, I shouldn't
have a nose like an overgrown straw-
berry!

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 re-
turned 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 snazzy, Uncle Mike?

Very nice!



Read that and tell me if it conveys anything to you. And that idiot Wigg has just rung up to congratulate me.



Heartiest congratulations, Captain Chester...



Doesn't make sense, does it?



WHAT?



SCOOP!

WILKIE NIGHTINGALE
MANGA CASTIGLIONE
WILL MARRY
OLD SEA LION

At the Chinese Paper Store, found the world's first for its roots. Since, since Castiglione met her future husband, retired Admiral Hemlock. Our reporters have been to Melinaple Hall, to bring you these intimate glimpses of two happy people.

MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE...



He opens his heart to the parrot who gave him.

... Loneliness banished, he never tires of hearing the golden voice, singing for him the famous Jewel Song from "Faust"... (1994)



Blistering berandee! Wait till I get my hands on the miserable melonade of mellow who dreamed up this bolderdash!



Hello-o-o! I can hear you!



Buen giorno Tindal!
Buen giorno, Cap-
tain Bootblack!



Have you seen the marvellous
article about me in "Bris-Flash"?



Yes, I have seen it, madam! ... You call
it marvellous! ... Announcing our marriage!

Oh, yes, priceless,
isn't it?

But it doesn't mean a thing. The newspapers
have already engaged me to the Maharajah
of Gopal, to Baron Halmassong, the Lord
Chamberlain of Syldavia, to Colonel Spranz,
to the Marquis di Gorgonzola, and goodness
knows who. So you see, I'm quite used
to it ...



Well I'm not, madam, and I ...



HELLO!



This is Thompson and Thomson,
with a 'p' and without ... Our worst
bishes ... or ... our was dishes ... I
mean, many congratulations, Cap-
tain. We've just seen "Bris-Flash".



KOUA KOUAKOUIN KOUIN-
KOUIN KOUA KOUIN
KOUA ... BANG!



Nitwitted ninapina!

How very odd: not a
word about my rope.



But ... but ... oh, goodness!
... Goodness gracious! ...
Goodness gracious me!



My dear friend! ... My dear old
friend! Most hearty congratula-
tions! ... How happy I am to hear
the news! But why didn't you
tell me before!



A few telegrams, sir. And
may I be allowed, sir, to
offer my most respectful
felicitations.



Good wishes, Cutte the butcher ...
Congratulations, Mr and Mrs Bibb ... Sin-
cere greetings, Doctor Patella ... My
most delighted good wishes, Oliveira
da Figueira ...







Ah, I see... Perhaps we can talk more easily sitting down.



Right... I shall appear in the first sequence and say a few words of introduction. Then I put the first question, and the camera focus on you. From then on I shall only be heard 'off'.



At the end of that sequence I shall ask if you'll be kind enough to sing... something specially for the viewers.



Thank you. For the second sequence, you cross slowly to the piano, where your accompaniment will be running, and you sing... What will you sing, signora?



Excellent... Afterwards, I close the interview with a few words of thanks.



We're ready, Andy... what about you?

All O.K. I'd just like to do a voice test, and we're all set.



Take up the mike, Jan. It's in the picture...



Good... Here's that for balance! ... Silence!... Sound on!



Good evening, viewers. Tonight is rather a special occasion. We are visiting the eminent singer, Bianca Castaflore... All right like that?













Over there!
on the sofa!



Hey!... Here's
another one
cold!



We must ring the police
at once.

Smelling salts...
the middle smelling
salts!

A fine
carry-on!



I know it would
happen!... See-see-
see!... I know it would!



Our photographer?... who?... The
photographer who was here just now?
He was nothing
to do with us.



And I thought he belonged to
your outfit.

And I thought he was a
private photographer
engaged by Signora
Castiglioni.



Hello?... Martins-
pike police?...
This is Captain Haddock.



I said: wrong number,
sir. This is Captain
the butcher...
Not at all sir...



Hello?... Martinspike
police?... Oh, good...
This is Captain
Haddock.

Good evening, Inspector...
Can you send someone along
here at once?... There's
been a serious rob-
bery... What?...
A stroke of luck!



What?... Who?... No?... They
were with you? Good heavens!
... On their way? They'll be here
any minute now?... But what
were they doing?... You... I see...
All right, I'll wait till they arrive
... Goodbye, Inspector.



Battering barnacles, what were
those two detectives doing at
Martinspike police station?



So the photographer
did it... That's odd...
very odd indeed!

I know
that look:
it means
trouble!



Oh, there you are, Tintin... We have
visitors coming; you'll never
guess.

Oh!...



BOANG BING
ZING BING-LING
CLING DING

Hello-o-o! I
can hear you!



Walking, you said? ...
I let it be the Thompson!

Quite right!



You poor, poor
things! ... What
happened?



...er... I think I must have
broken a little late...

To be precise: I think you didn't
break at all!

You're not hurt,
I hope?



No, not at all... Nothing
worrying us!... Look, we're
keeping it under our hats, but
we're here on a most important
mission: we've been sent to
protect your guest, Sigvora
Custafors, and her jewels ...

Aah!



You dander-headed Ethelred!
... I suppose you've come to
about the stable door, eh?

Good-evening,
Captain.

The stable door? ... No
... We came by car ...



The Captain means that the
horse had gone; someone's
just stolen the Custafors
jewels.

No?

Who?



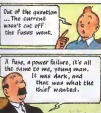
That's what we've got to find
out. But come in, and we'll
put you in the picture.



A few minutes later ...

These are the facts... Everything seems to
point to the mysterious photographer
and yet ...

Yes what? It's the
classic crime: an
accomplice cuts off the
current while ...



Out of the question
... The current
wasn't cut off!
The fuses went.

A fuse, a power failure, it's all
the same to me, young man.
It was dark, and
that was what the
thief wanted.



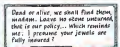
Maybe... But he couldn't tell when the
fuses were going to blow, or even that
they'd blow at all ... It was pure
chance.

Heav!

Just what I'd
have said!



Well, since you're so keen to
dot the 'i's and cross the
't's, I'd be interested to
hear your answer to an-
other little question which
I might ask you ...







TU-WOOD

Am owl! ...Hears
me, how it
made me jump!

Come on,
Snowy, Hime!

Three days later...

Yes... yes, I know... I mean
... Yes, it was a wedding ...
... 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 bar-
nacles, 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!

And the
shop!



I know!... Look at that!... It's
absolutely!... 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!...
In that ad you can
see? It's horrible,
I tell you!



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



That's right!... Defend the code!... the hoers!...
the bumpkins!... Mannerless woks!... This is the
best!... And it's not just a question of the flowers!
... 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 "Tampa", 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 could've shot "Tampa" off-half! "You've dared to say that I weigh four-hundred 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 Tim, 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; soles, Mr. Wagner!

Oh...



Silence!... Your playing is terrible, 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 soleers yet?... Obviously not!... What's got into you, girl?

No, madame!



D O N G

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



Hello, girls!



'Morning, Paches!... How goes it?... All O.K.?... And your hubby-like? 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 snicker!
Nobody!!



Help! Help!

What's happening?

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



I heard Signora Costantini
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 em-
erald from the Maharajah of
Gopal... sniff... It's been stolen... Sniff.

Think back carefully, signora...
Perhaps you just mis-
told 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 treasures... Then I went to the
bathroom... sniff... where I spent a
quarter of an hour, perhaps...
sniff... And when I came
back there, 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
Irene has already looked...



It's been stolen, I tell
you... Sniff... You must
fetch the police immediately
by... Sniff.

I'll ring them
all once.



Burglar or no burglar,
who fell down
the stairs?

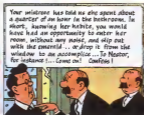
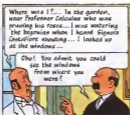
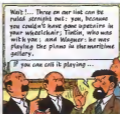


★THUMP★
CRRRUMP★

Blistering
murderer!
Another one!



You wondered who fell downstairs?
Now you know!





And if Irma gives in her notion, as she may well after such an insult, will you find me a new maid? ... And what about the higher wages the new girl will want: will you pay those? ... I tell you, if you don't apologise to Irma...



... I leave this house immediately. I shall tell the Captain!



You see? It points south-east.

Now... where were we?... You understand, I'm not accusing anyone. It's simply that my pendulum indicates the direction of their camp.



A camp? What are you talking about?



I say, your friend Calculus, is he a bit... er, you know? He keeps on talking about a gipsy encampment.

Yes, that's right. There's a Romany camp quite close.



Is that true?... Why didn't you say so before?... They're the villains, without a shadow of doubt!

But look here, what proof have you?



Proof? We shall find it!... These sort of people are always thriving! There's no time to be lost: take us to their camp.

All right, I will. But you've no right to suspect them just because they're gipsies.



I'll be surprised if they're still there. Having done the job, they'll have bolted.

I don't think so!



Where's the camp?

OH!

Well?



They... they've gone!... But I saw them only last night!...

What did I tell you? They've done a bunk.

They won't have got far.



... calling all patrols... Intercept band of gipsies. Believed to have left Marlinspike within past few hours for unknown destination ...





At the 31st Tropicist Party Congress at Szachó, Marshal Kúro-Tack, in an exceptionally violent speech...



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



DIGADOG DAGADIGADOG DADODGDDOG DADODGDDOG

That's better, isn't it?



It's the sound, here!

All right, ah?

The sound! ...The stirring by the way, adjust the sound!



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



Just minutes later...

There! That's done it!



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



Ah, my beauty compars is that not Ah, how horrible!



At Historic Markingofthe Hall, the prison down was the victim of a daring robbery. A magnificent emerald necklace... mysteriously!



Today a Scramemo reporter went down to Markingofthe Hall and spoke to the officers in charge of the case. Pierre Thompson and Thompson...



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

Not only did we discover a pair of policemen belonging to Signora Costa-Fiorio's maid, but in one of their cars...



...we found a dressed-up monkey ... or ... a dressed-up monkey. Obviously, the emerald could only have been stolen by a man climbing the wall! In fact, a man of remarkable ability. And that man has been found: the monkey! Of course for the whole house.



... denied it furiously. The policemen 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 today's headlines ...



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

My sybolls are doing the delivery!

I'm seeing all of everything!

Me too!



The next morning ...

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



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 in doors... and we'll be opened 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 ...



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 Castiglioni 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 go 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 Castiglioni'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 ... Goodbye, Harry!

Ah ... at last!



At nightfall ...

Seh!









So it's you, clever dick!
If you value your
feathers, I advise you
to put on another record!



BILLIONS OF BLISTER-
ING BARNACLES!
SHUT UP WHEN I'M
TALKING!



Three days later...

Yes... yes... yes, I know... It
isn't my fault... What? ...
No, it isn't your fault either...
Yes... It was the head annual
outing... Then I had a touch
of flu, and... When?... To-
morrow?... 'Traid
that's impossible
... Maybe the be-
ginning of next
week...



Just wait till
I get my
hands on you,
Mr. Goff... Then
you'll hear a thing
or two!



Can't understand
these folks... always
in a hurry... Give
themselves high
blood pressure, that's
what they'll do.



Have you seen this in
the 'Daily Reporter'?
It's about...

... old Castoroli.
Yes, I read it.



Nightingale with a Broken Heart

MILAN, TUESDAY

"Triumph... sublime... sublime... unforgettable" proclaims the Italian press. At La Scala last night the divine Castoroli had herself in Europe. An ecstatic audience witnessed her peerless performance in Rossini's LA CAZZA LADRA.

Two and again a delirious house recalled their idol. Fifteen curtain! Bravo! Bravo! But can the playlets of adjectives read a broken heart? For the nightingale still carries the loss of her most precious jewel.

And here we heard the last of the Castoroli herself? Not so. Police investigations continue in the Marquis's office. Was a monkey used to steal away the jewel, magnificent gift of the Marquis of Goff? No comment, say detectives, but suspicion weighs heavily upon local agents. And still no sign of the emerald.

From Italy, the Milanese nightingale wings her way tonight

Still that ridiculous idea
of a chattering monkey.
Whoever heard of an an-
imal so well trained that
it goes straight to particu-
lar object?



But... but... Orvel asked! ...
Why not??





I wonder what's got into him?



Tell me, Captain, is there any message you'd like to send to Rigmor Castelfiers?

A message?... Me?... For Castelfiers?



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

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



There's very good: I'll tell her. She'll certainly be touched by your hearty friend...



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?



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

About the murder?... What?...



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

Reg Tinkle, look here...



Half an hour later...

We've only come as a special favour... or, never... or, well, so far as we're concerned, there's absolutely nothing Tinkle 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 day. That's my opinion and I'm stuck with it!



There's only one thing Tinkle can tell us: where the murder is hidden.



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

You?!

No?!

You?!







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



That's wonderful!... Ah, he's put a board across it: to give the marcer time to get. 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 stop over... like this-o-o! You understood?

Yes, Captain.

Very good, sir.



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



DONG!

Hallo... 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



Chattering (or rather, that's his end!)