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opening extract from

The Adventures of Tintin: Volume Eight

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Hergé

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The Castafiore Emerald

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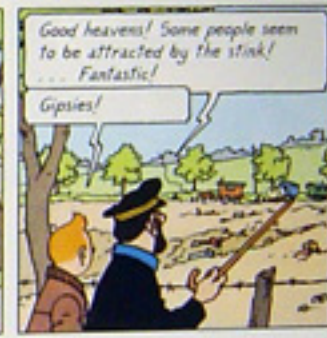
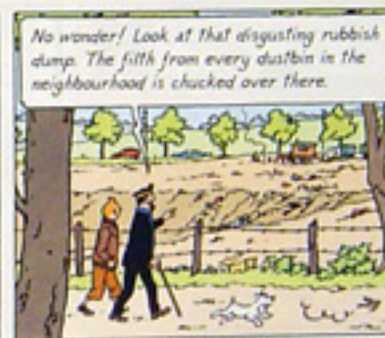
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THE CASTAFIORE EMERALD





BOO-HOO!



A little gypsy girl...

BOO-HOO-OO!



She must have wandered away from that camp.



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

No, no, Captain.

HI-I-III!



YEOW!

GNAA!



Billions of blue blistering barnacles!



Little spitfire! Just wait till I catch you!



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

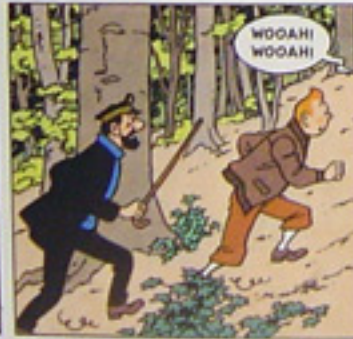
So she has; but you scared her.



WOOAH! WOOAH!

?

Now what's happened?



WOOAH! WOOAH!



Oh, poor little thing?

Poor 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 lump, that's all. Little goose!



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

KIKIKIKIKI!



OK now?



A few minutes later...

Mama!

Miarka!



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

I know.



Good day to you!



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



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

No, thanks. Definitely not!



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

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



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

No, no! Please leave me alone!



OOOOOH!

What is it? ... Tell me!

FLIGHT 714 TO SYDNEY



A Qantas Boeing 707 touches down at Kemajoran airport, Djakarta. Flight 714 from London arrives in Java, last stop before Sydney, Australia...



I keep telling you. We're in Java! ...
Djakarta!
How very strange I'd have sworn it was Djakarta.



This is Djakarta, ten thousand thundering typhoons!
Rangoon? You must be joking.



Blistering barnacles! Djakarta! Djakarta!! DJAKARTA!!! Can't you listen to what I say?
Botany Bay? ... Then why didn't you say we'd arrived?



No, Professor, we're not in Australia yet. It's Djakarta.
Yes, I know. But I thought at first it was Djakarta.



Welcome to Java! Transit passengers this way, please...
Transit passengers... that means us.
This is more like it. I'm no Skye terrier... I prefer my feet on the ground!



I say, Tintin, what about a little drink?
Good idea. Why not?



There's the bar, look...
Fine!



Hey! ... Stop! ... Are you trying to make a fool of me?



There! Look! Kemajoran! ... Tell me, is this or is this not Djakarta?



Always the same, isn't it? 'Poor old Cuthbert, doesn't listen to a word you say ... head in the clouds again ... always gets the wrong end of the stick.' And on and on and on and on and on!



One of these days he'll send me round the bend ... OK, forget it. Let's have a whisky ... Whisky? Drinking whisky when some poor devils can't even afford a cup of tea ... Like that old chap ...



Look at him, not a penny ... Where does he come from? How long since he had a square meal?



Alone in the world ... No one to care ... Human flotsam, one of life's failures ... even catches cold in the tropics.



TCHOO



My poor fellow, here's your hat.



Aha, my good deed for the day! No one saw me slip a five-dollar bill into his hat.



1 What's this? ... Am I dreaming? It can't be ... a five-dollar bill!



2 Heaven be praised! At last I can buy food!

3 Thank you, thank you, and ... OOP ... bless you!



Such generosity ... such a noble soul ... my unknown benefactor!



It's perfectly natural of course. Anyone in my position would have done the same ...



Billions of ...



SKUTI?



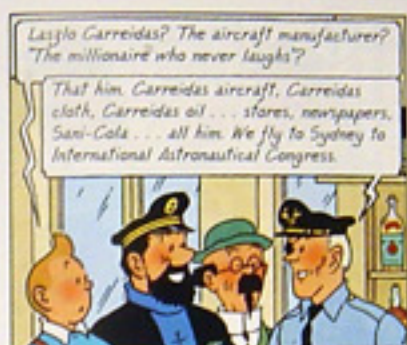
SKUTI! ... Our old friend Skuti, the Estonian pilot ... What a wonderful surprise!



And this is Professor Calculus. I'm sure you've heard about him.



Skuti, you Baltic bandit! We haven't seen you since that Red Sea scrimmage. What are you doing here? I pilot private aeroplane. You know famous tycoon Lezlo Carreidas? ... OK, him my boss.



Lezlo Carreidas? The aircraft manufacturer? The millionaire who never laughs? That him, Carreidas aircraft, Carreidas cloth, Carreidas oil ... stores, newspapers, Sani-Cola ... all him. We fly to Sydney to International Astronautical Congress.



Well I'm ...! That's where we're going. We've been invited to the Congress ... guests of honour, you know ... the first men on the moon ...



No, by thunder! Adventures are out right out, for good! This is a pleasure trip, an ordinary flight. No fun, no upsies, no commotion ...



WOAH



Blasted mangrel, skulking down there! Almost broke my neck! ... Telex for you, skipper, here's the flight plan.



Thank you I introduce: Paolo Colombani, co-pilot with me ... My friends, Captain Haddock, Professor Calculus, Tintin.



Any trouble, Colombani? No, skipper, Pressure constant, light wind from the south-east, low cloud base ... everything OK ... See you later.

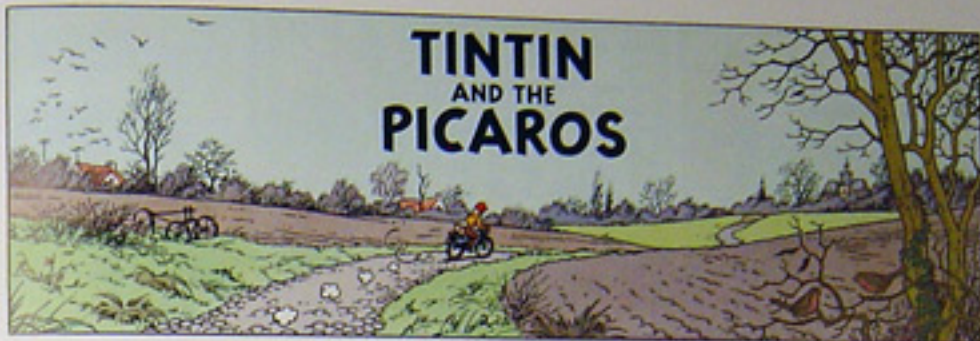


He is now navigator, Regular navigator fall ill on way, in Teheran ... Suddenly to hospital ... Colombani fill place



Ah, here come my boss, Mr Carreidas happy to meet first men to land on moon. 'The millionaire who never laughs' ... Him?

TINTIN AND THE PICAROS



Ah! there you are... Come on in. I want you to read something. Look what I found in the latest 'Paris-Flash'...



"Opera star Bianca Castafiore continues her brilliant progress through South America. After triumphs in Ecuador, Colombia and Venezuela, she visits San Theodoros, where she will be received by General Tapioca."



General Tapioca... Didn't he topple our old friend Alcazar?

Yes, with the help of the Kärvi-Tasch regime in Bordaria. They say Tapioca's a real tyrant... he's cruel and he's vain...



... In fact he's so vain he changed the name of the capital from Los Dopicos. He called it Tapiocapolis after himself. As for poor old Alcazar, he's gone underground with a band of partisans.

Oh, yes, the famous Picaros.



That's right, the Picaros. It's the name adopted by the guerrillas who've sworn to get rid of Tapioca and his mob. They're said to be backed by another great power... commercial and financial this time: the International Banana Company... A rare old mix-up, as you see!



Blistering barnacles, Tintin! What a lecture!... All that talking makes me thirsty... Here, have a whisky...

No, thanks. Not for me... You know that.



Oh well... Cheers!



PFOUAGH!



Marlinspike Hall...

Marlinspike Hall, one fine summer morning. Everything seems at peace in the great park surrounding the house. Outside the windows of the bedroom where Captain Haddock is fast asleep, a green woodpecker is hammering away at a tree-trunk. Still not awake, the Captain thinks someone is knocking at his door. He sighs.

Haddock Mmm... Mmm?... Yes?... Come in...

A voice Your breakfast, Captain.

Haddock Let me sleep, Nestor...

The voice Out of the question. You must take your medicine.

Astonished, the Captain opens his eyes. This isn't Nestor! Bianca Castafiore, more bossy than ever, has come into the room. And instead of breakfast, she carries a bottle of whisky labelled with a skull and crossbones.

Haddock But that's Loch Lomond, Signora... You know very well I can't stand it any more.

But as Signora Castafiore approaches the Captain, she turns into a strange bird, part chicken, part woodpecker.

The Castafiore bird Oh, so you don't want it... In that case you can't have any pudding.

And turning completely into a bird, she begins to peck at the unfortunate Captain.

Haddock Help! Help! Save me!

The awful shrieks have woken Tintin. He rushes to the Captain's room.

