

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF

TINTIN

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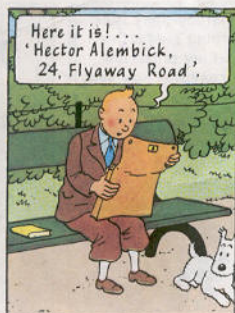
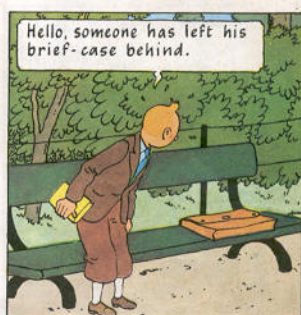
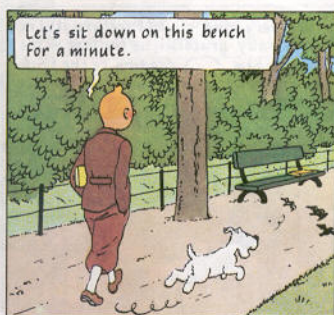
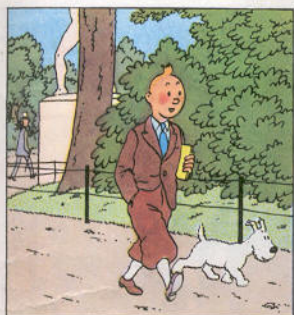
KING OTTOKAR'S SCEPTRE

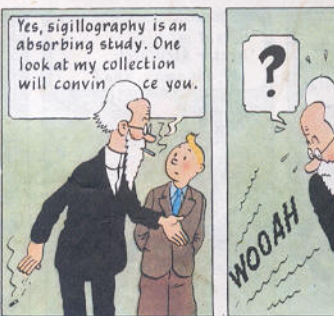
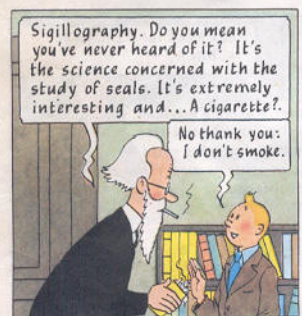
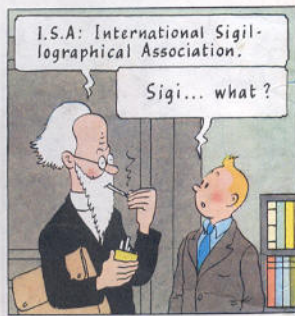
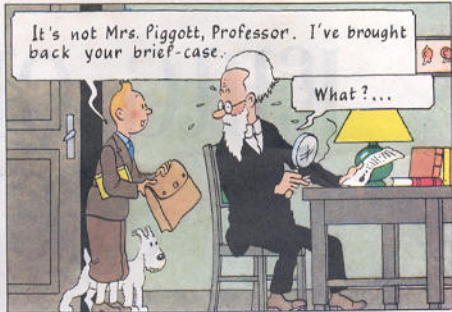
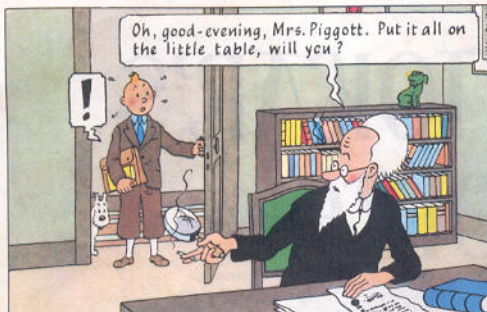


MAGNET



KING OTTOKAR'S SCEPTRE





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

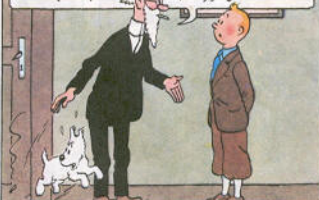


The Syldavian Ambassador, an old friend of mine, has promised to give me letters of introduction. I hope I shall be allowed to go through the historic national archives. A cigarette?...



No, thank you... And when are you leaving?

As soon as I have found a secretary. At least, rather more than a secretary; I really need someone to take care of all the details of my journey, like hotels, passport, tickets, luggage and soon.



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.'

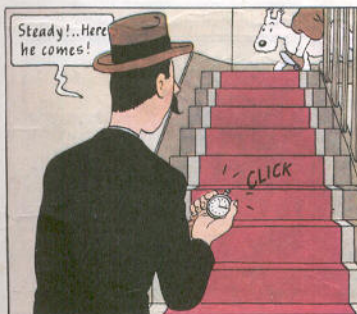


How very kind of you...

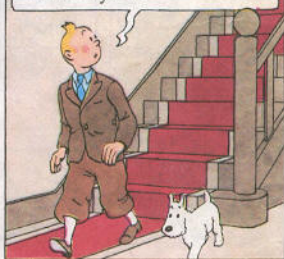
He's going... Quick, meet him on the stairs...



Steady!... Here he comes!



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



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



Here!...

We'll develop the picture right away.

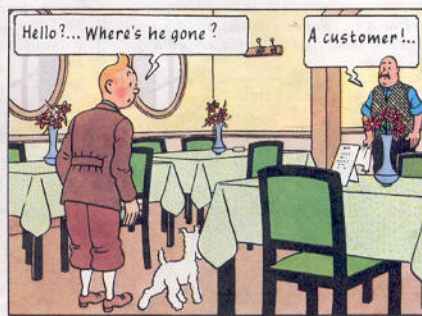
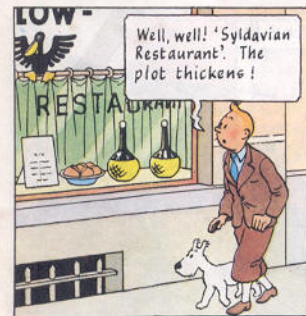
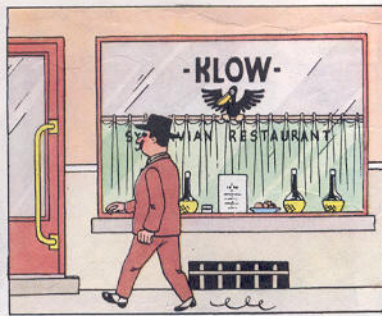
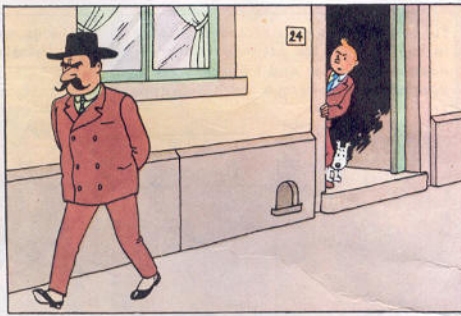
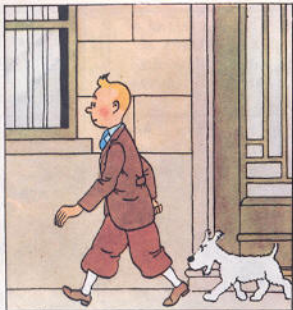


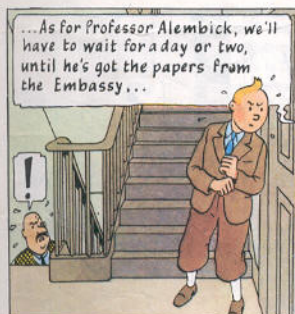
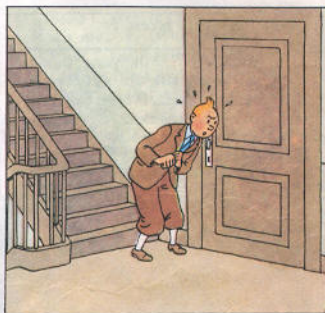
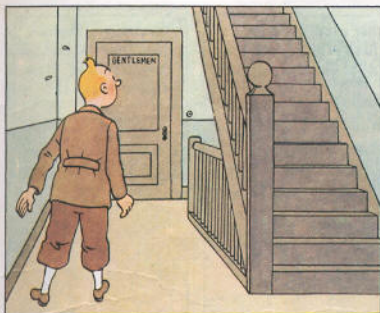
Is it O.K.?

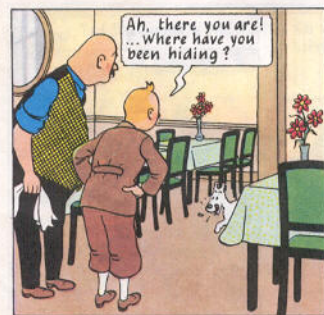
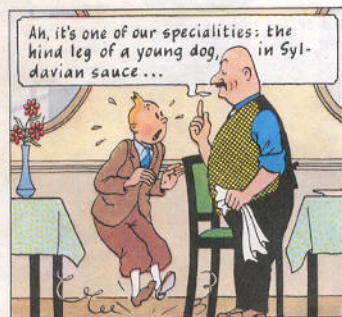
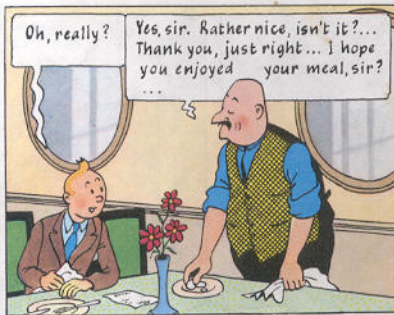
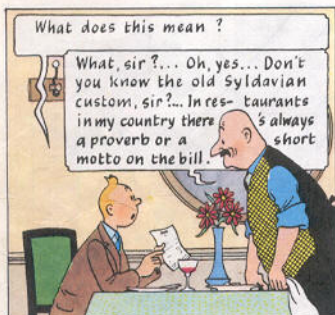
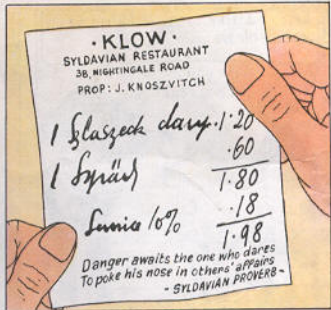
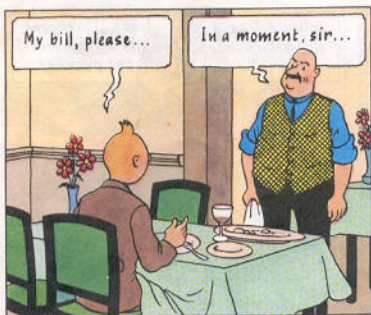


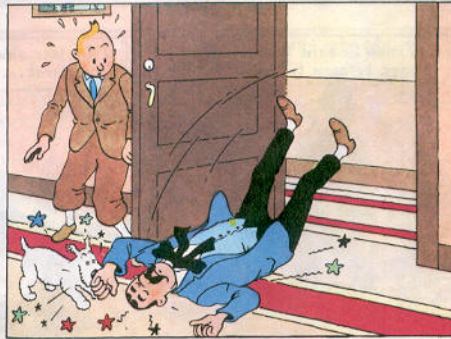
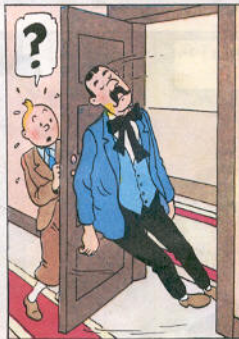
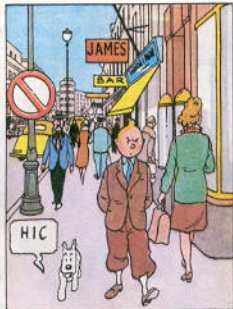
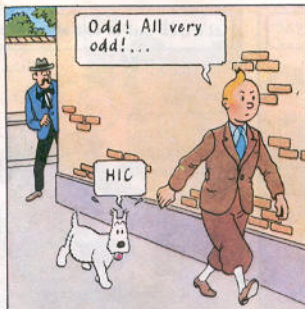
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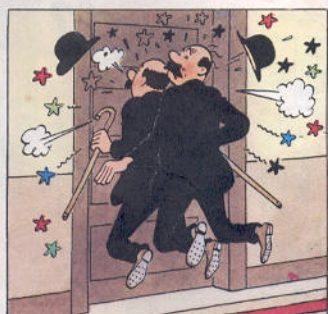
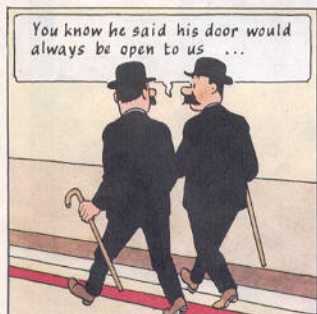
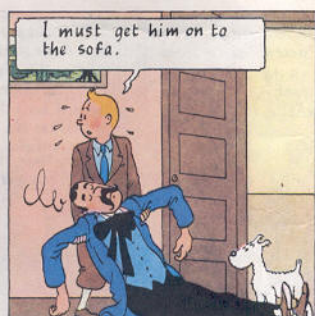
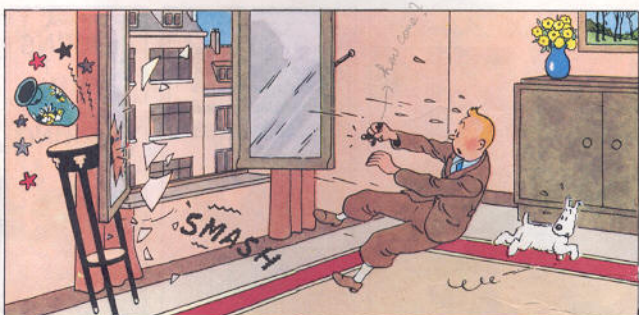
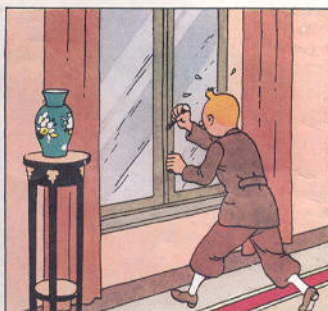


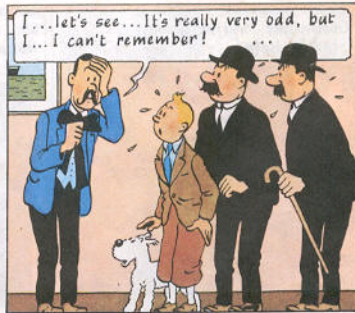
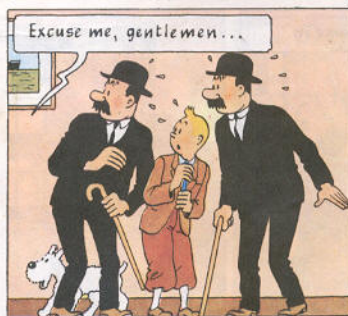


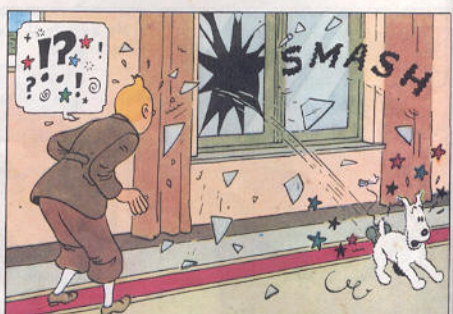
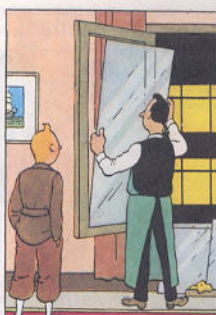
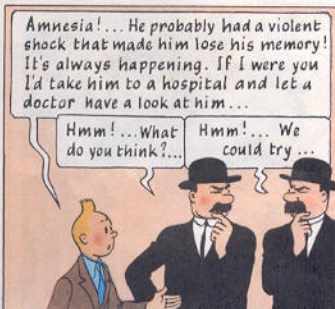


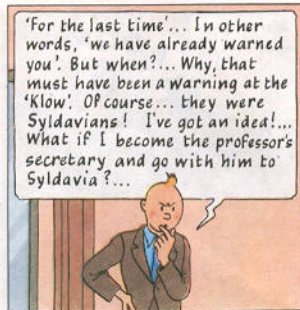
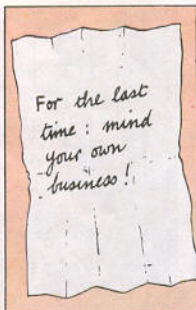


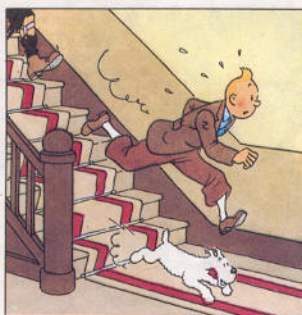
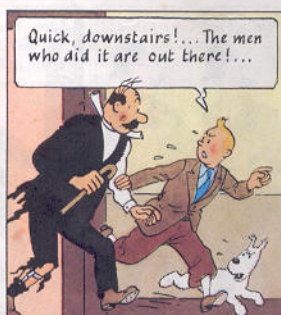
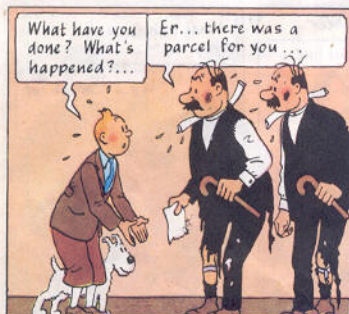
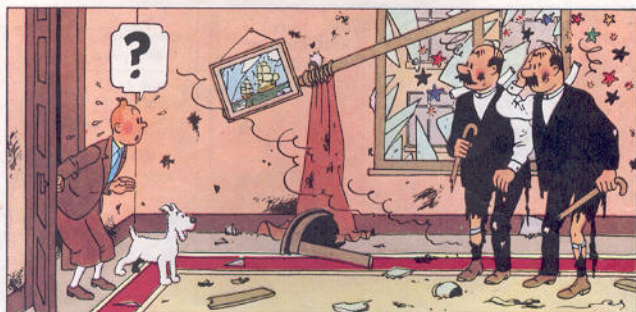


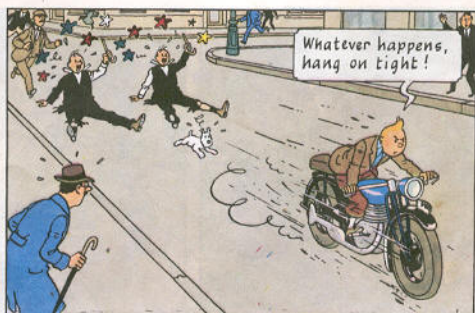
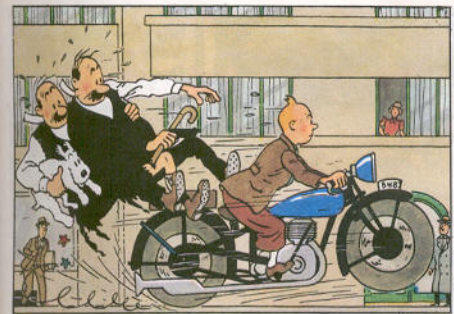
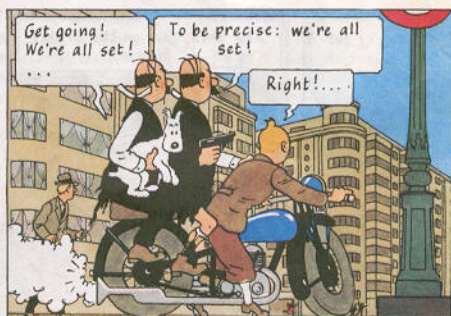
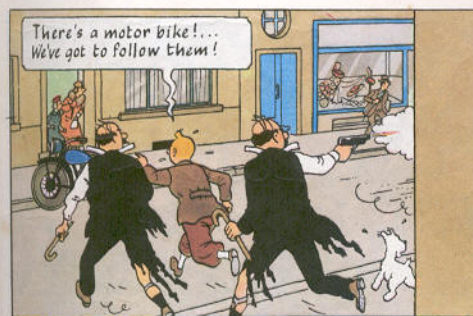
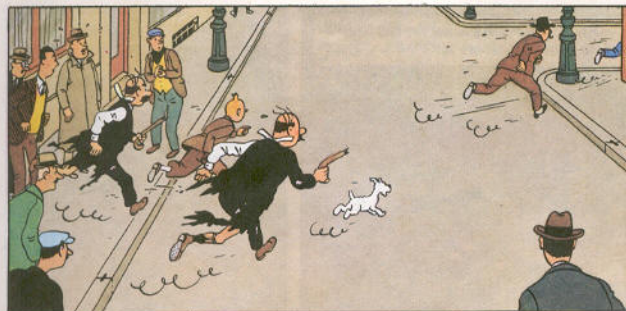


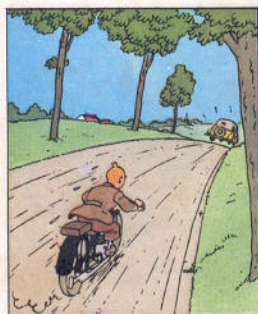




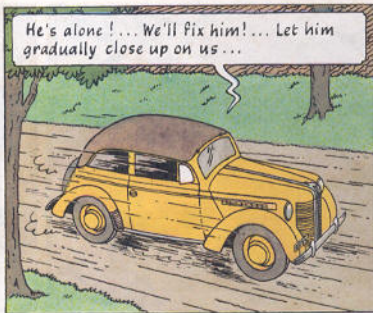




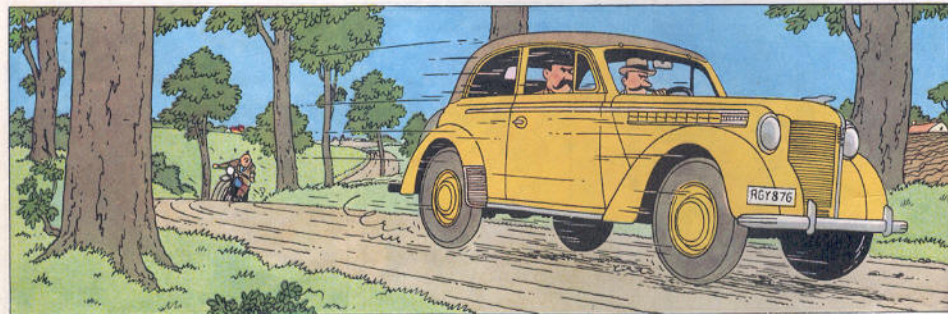
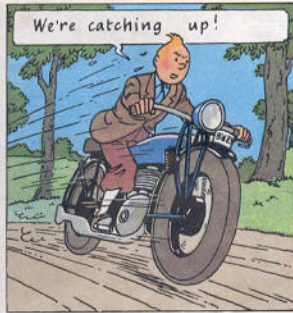




He's alone! ... We'll fix him! ... Let him gradually close up on us ...



We're catching up!

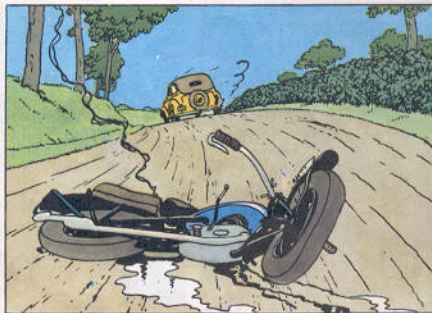
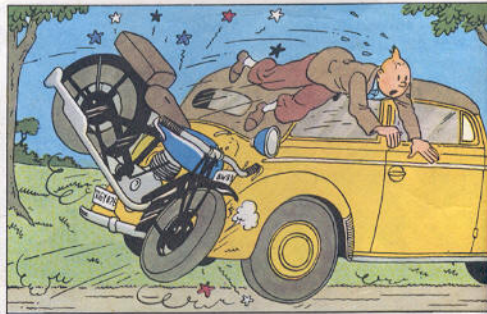
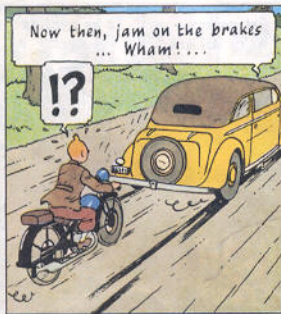


Now we've got 'em! ...



Now then, jam on the brakes ... Wham! ...

!?



This time I think we've really shaken him off for good.





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



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



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

It's no good: they're too far ahead.



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



Hello?... Yes... Ah, good-evening, Professor... Yes, everything is ready for our trip... Yes, I have booked seats on the Klow 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?...

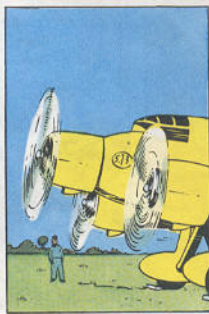
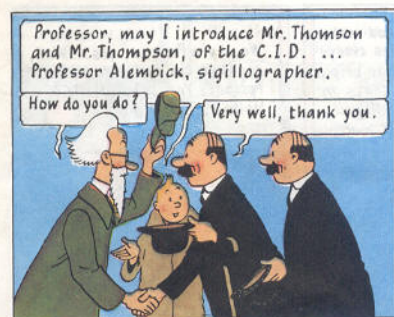
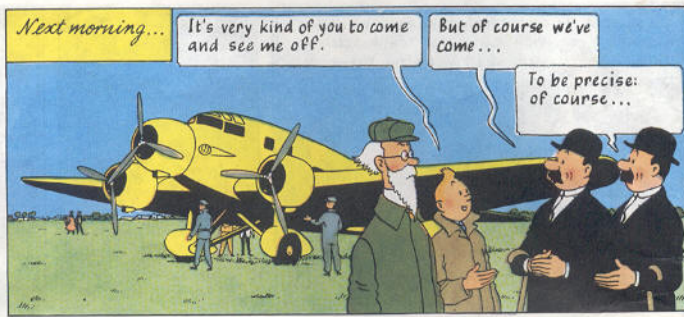


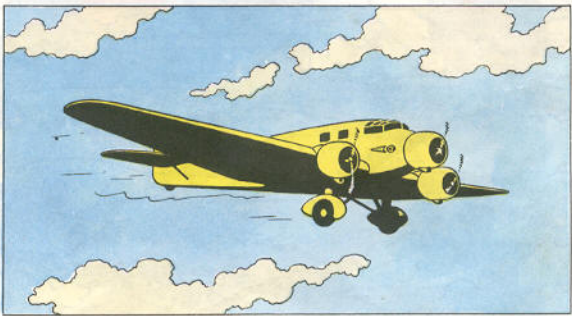
Ooooooh... Help!... Help!... Aaaaaah!...



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









Aha!...

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



'Professor Alembick, passenger aboard aircraft No. 573 00-AGE. Frankfurt Airport. Special plane for Klow will meet you at Prague. Stop. Best wishes...' It's signed Schlozitch, Air Minister...



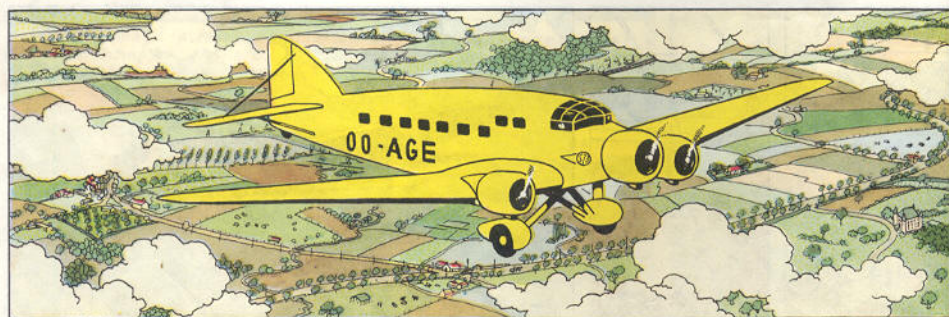
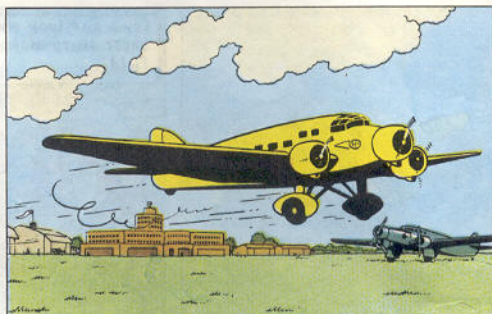
Sweets... Sandwiches... Chocolates... Cigarettes...



I think they're calling us...



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



It's really very odd...



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



SYLDIVIA
KINGDOM OF THE
BLACK PELICAN

SYLDAVIA

THE KINGDOM OF THE BLACK PELICAN

AMONG the many enchanting places which deservedly attract foreign visitors with a love for picturesque ceremony and colourful folklore, there is one small country which, although relatively unknown, surpasses many others in interest. Isolated until modern times because of its inaccessible position, this country is now served by a regular air-line network, which brings it within the reach of all who love unspoiled beauty, the proverbial hospitality of a peasant people, and the charm of medieval customs which still survive despite the march of progress.

This is Syldavia.

Syldavia is a small country in Eastern Europe, comprising two great valleys: those of the river Vladir, and its tributary, the Moltus. The rivers meet at Klow, the capital (122,000 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 corn-lands and cattle pastures. The subsoil is rich in minerals of all kinds.

Numerous thermal and sulphur springs gush from the earth, the chief centres being at Klow (cardiac diseases) and Kragoniedin (rheumatic complaints).

The total population is estimated to be 642,000 inhabitants.

Syldavia exports wheat, mineral-water from Klow, firewood, horses and violinists.

HISTORY OF SYLDAVIA

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

Overrun by the Slavs in the Vth century, the country was conquered in the Xth century by the Turks, who drove the Slavs into the mountains and occupied the plains.

In 1127, Hveghi, 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 Moltus near Zileheroum, the Turkish capital of Syldavia, between the Turkish army and Hveghi's irregulars.

Enfeebled by long inactivity and badly led by incompetent officers, the Turkish army put up little resistance and fled in disorder.

Having vanquished the Turks, Hveghi was elected king, and given the name Muskar, that is, The Brave (Muskh: 'brave' and Kar: 'king').

The capital, Zileheroum, was renamed Klow, that is, Freetown, (Kloho: 'to free' and Ow: 'town').



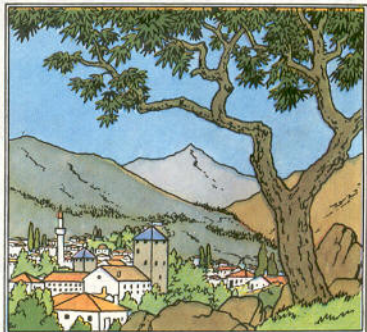
Guard at the Royal Treasure House, Klow



A typical fisherman from Dbrnourk
(south coast of Syldavia)



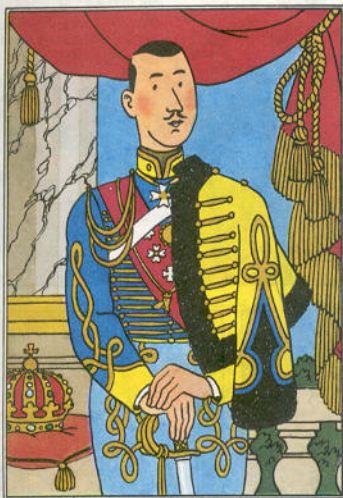
◀ Syldavian peasant
on her way to market



A view of Niedzrow,
in the Vladir valley ▶



THE BATTLE OF ZILEHEROUM
After a XVth century miniature



H.M. King Muskar XII, the present ruler of Syldavia in the uniform of Colonel of the Guards

Muskar was a wise king who lived at peace with his neighbours, and the country prospered. He died in 1168, mourned by all his subjects.

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

In the neighbouring state of Borduria the people observed Syldavia's decline, and their king profited by this opportunity to invade the country. Borduria annexed Syldavia in 1195.

For almost a century Syldavia groaned under the foreign yoke. In 1275 Baron Almazout repeated the exploits of Hveghi by coming down from the hills and routing the Bordurians in less than six months.

He was proclaimed King in 1277, taking the name of Ottokar. He was, however, much less powerful than Muskar.

The barons who had helped him in the campaign against the Bordurians forced him to grant them a charter, based on the English Magna Carta signed by King John (Lackland). This marked the beginning of the feudal system in Syldavia.

Ottokar I of Syldavia should not be confused with the Ottokars (Přemysls) who were Dukes, and later Kings, of Bohemia.

This period was noteworthy 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 Syldavia was Ottokar IV, who ascended the throne in 1370.

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

He fostered the advancement of the arts, of letters, commerce and agriculture.

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

It was he who pronounced those famous words: 'Eih bennek, eih blavek', which have become the motto of Syldavia.

The origin of this saying is as follows:

One day Baron Staszrvich, son of one of the dispossessed nobles whose lands had been forfeited to the crown, came before the sovereign and recklessly claimed the throne of Syldavia. The King listened in silence, but when the presumptuous baron's speech ended with a demand that he deliver up his sceptre, the King rose and cried fiercely: 'Come and get it!'

Mad with rage, the young baron drew his sword, and before the retainers could intervene, fell upon the King.

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

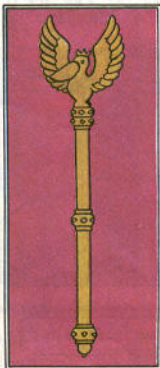
struck him a blow on the head with the sceptre, laying him low and at the same time crying in Syldavian: 'Eih bennek, eih blavek!', which can be said to mean: 'If you gather thistles, expect prickles'. And turning to his astonished court he said: 'Honi soit qui mal y pense!'

Then, gazing intently at his sceptre, he addressed it in the following words: 'O Sceptre, thou hast saved my life. Be henceforward the true symbol of Syldavian Kingship. Woe to the king who loses thee, for I declare that such a man shall be unworthy to rule thereafter.'

And from that time, every year on St. Vladimir's Day each successor of Ottokar IV has made a great ceremonial tour of his capital.

He bears in his hand the historic sceptre, without which he would lose the right to rule; as he passes, the people sing the famous anthem:

Syldavians unite!
Praise our King's might:
The Sceptre his right!

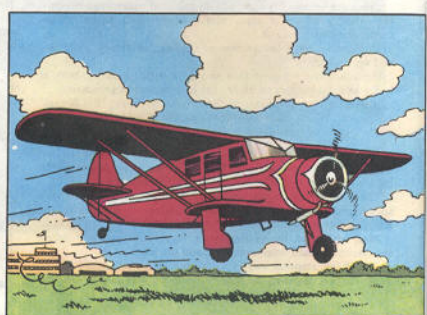
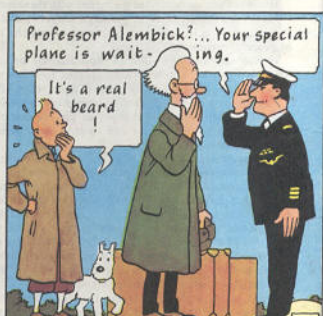
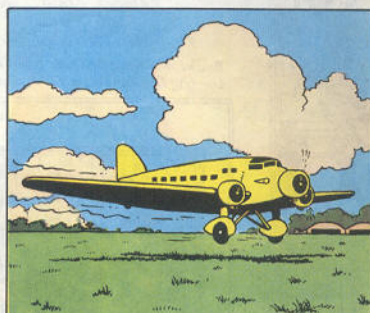


Right: The sceptre of Ottokar IV

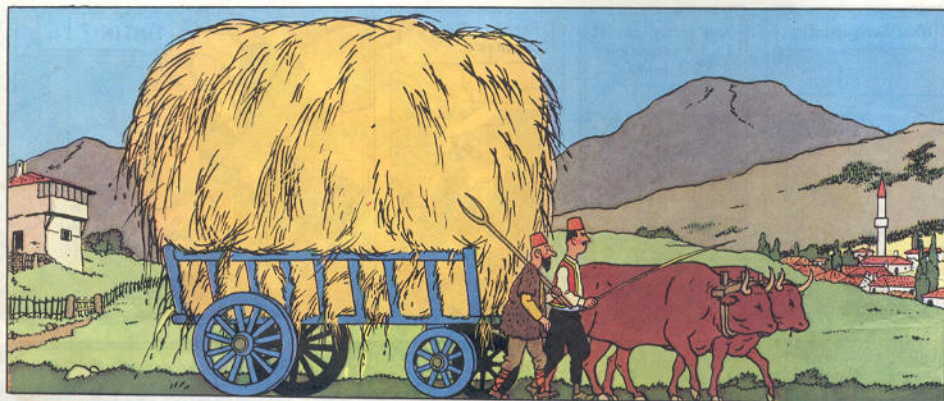
Below: An illuminated page from 'The Memorable Deeds of Ottokar IV', a XIVth century manuscript



Dir Ottokar
Dus pollez
ez koniksz
dan tronn ezt pho
mā Gzeillā ezai-
dā ön esteār alpū
Kzometz pakkeli-
o lapzáda koniksz
itd o alpū klóppz-
Staszrvichsz erom
szübel ő. Dázsviek
tállta ögg o cārro.



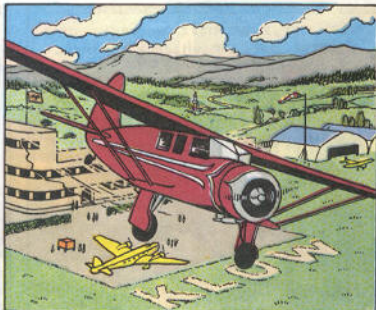






I'll explain... But first, are you sure we are not overheard?

Definitely not.
Go on...



This must be serious.
They've been in there
nearly an hour...



You have just rendered a
great service to my country: I
thank you. I will telegraph at
once to Klow and have Professor
Alembick arrested. I'm sure I can
rely on you for absolute secrecy...

Of course... But I
must be on my way
... Can I... hire a
car?



There isn't a single car in
the village. But tomorrow
is market-day in Klow. You
can go with a peasant who
is leaving here today. But you
won't arrive there until morning

Too bad, but I
have no choice. I'll
go with the peasant



Hello?... Yes, this is Klow 3324... Yes, Central
Committee... Trovik speaking... Oh it's
you Wizskitotz... What?... Tintin?... But
that's impossible: the pilot has just told me...
What?... Into some straw!... Szplug! He must
be prevented from reaching Klow at all costs!...
Do it how you like... Yes, ring up Sirov...



Hello?... Yes, this is Sirov...
Hello Wizskitotz... Yes... A
young boy, on the road to
Klow... In a peasant's cart...
Good, we'll be waiting in the
forest... Yes, we'll leave at
once... Goodbye!...

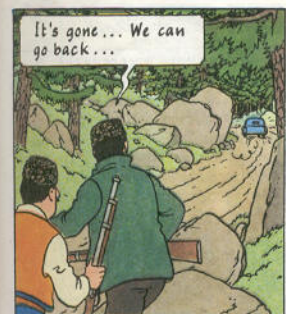
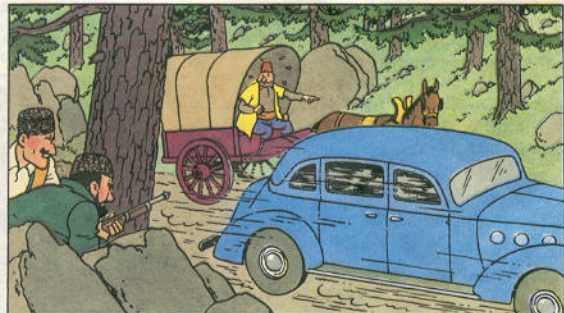
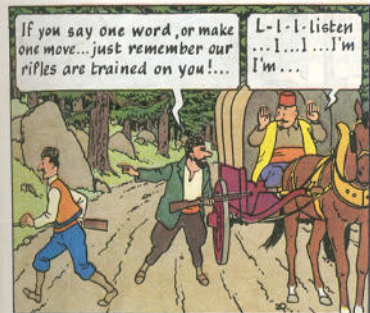
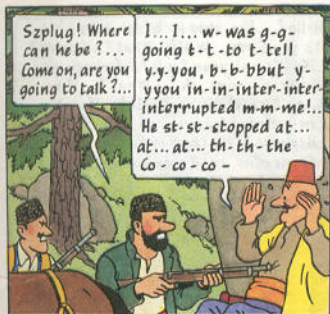


Look out!... Here
they come!...



Hands up!...







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

I'd love to.

Ah, my beauty past compare: these jewels bright I wear!...



Was I ever Margar-i-i-ta?

It's lucky the windows are strong!

Hello?... Yes, this is Wizskitotz... Ah, it's you Sirov... Well?... What?... Szplung! ...So it's not your fault?... Perhaps you think it's mine, eh?... What?... If he hadn't stuttered so?... If!... If!... You can get round anything with 'if'!... I'll telephone to the Chief of Police at Zlip... Yes, he's one of us... 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 on. He'd forgotten something at the Coachman's Rest, so he went back...

I would have given any excuse to escape!

Meanwhile, in Klow...

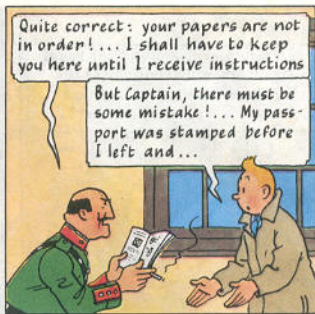
So, you wish to have access to the Treasure House to examine the national archives?... I won't conceal from you that this is a privilege rarely accorded to a foreigner, but since our ambassador has vouched for you, I think His Majesty will look favourably upon your request.



That's him... We'll ask 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 him away!



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



Hello?... Wizskitotz?... This is Szplodj... 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 mustn't get to Klow... I'll think it over... That's it, ring up in the morning... Good bye...



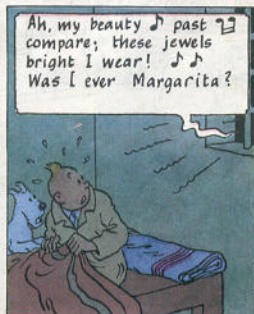
While I cool my heels here, goodness knows what's going on in Klow...



Aaaou aaah! ... It's getting dark... I'd better try and get some sleep, as there's nothing else to do...



This is Radio Klow... We are now broadcasting a concert from the Winter Garden at Klow. The soloist is Signora Bianca Castafiore of La Scala, Milan.



Ah, my beauty past compare; these jewels bright I wear! ♪ ♪ Was I ever Margarita?

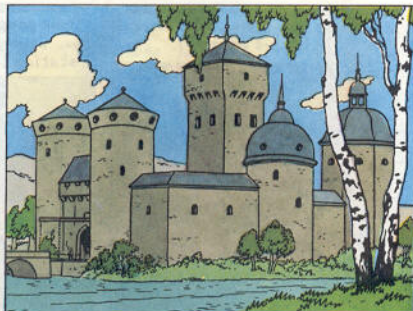


Is it I? ♪ Come reply! ♪ Mirror, mirror tell me truly! ♪ ♪

Next day...

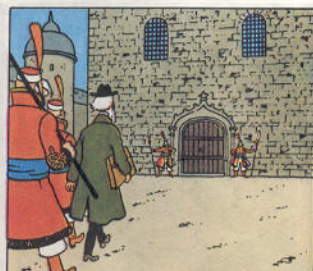
This document bearing the royal signature will admit you to the Treasure Chamber. Lieutenant Kromir will escort you there...

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



In the name of the King!

Professor, please come with me.

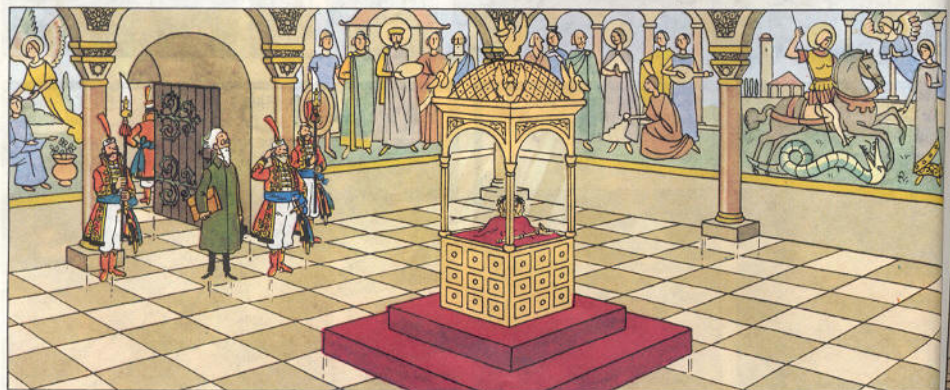


The regalia seems well guarded!

It is! The man who is clever enough to steal it hasn't been born!



There is His Majesty's regalia, Professor!...



And this is the Muniments Room, which adjoins the Treasure 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. Those are the orders. I hope you will not be offended.

Not in the least...



Meanwhile...

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



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?...



BEWARE!
YOU ARE GOING TO BE TAKEN
TO KLOW TO BE SHOT!
YOU MUST TRY TO ESCAPE.
ON THE JOURNEY, PRETEND
TO BE ASLEEP. 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.

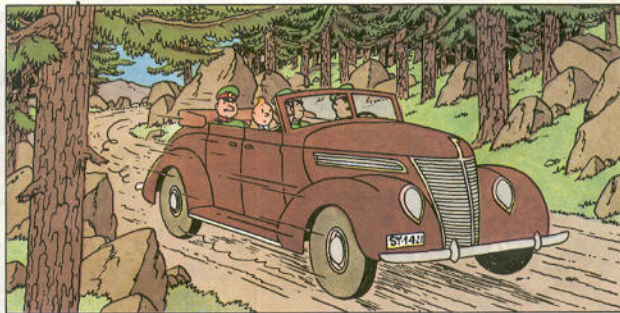


Here, Snowy. swallow this paper pellet for me...



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

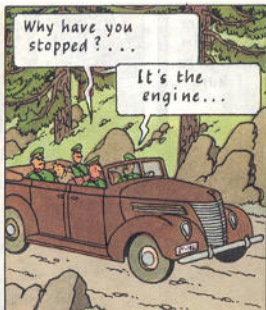
I suppose you think it's easy?





Why have you stopped?...

It's the engine...



Let's have a look... Oh, it's all right: he's asleep...



Look out, he's moving!
...He's getting out...
Get ready...



A trap!... I'm done for!

There he goes!... Don't miss!...



There's only one way:
a nose-dive!... Whoops!

BANG
BANG
BANG

WHIZZ



BANG

WHIZZ

CRACK



It's no good, hold your fire!... He's disappeared behind the boulders!
...He must have broken his neck...
but we'd better look for him...





He fell down there
... Somewhere be-
hind those rocks...

They're
coming!...



Careful! About
here...



Szplug! Where is he?
We've simply got to
find him... The captain
will never forgive us if
we let him get away,
after he'd planned
that trap...



Come on, let's have another look.
He can't be far away...



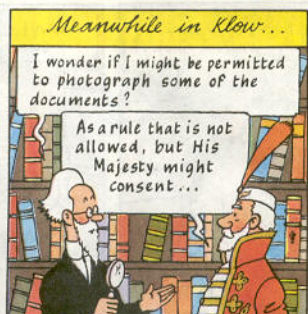
Whew!...
They've passed
us...



Now, off we go
to Klow!...



I must watch my step!... I see
that no one can be trusted!...
I must warn the King himself.



Meanwhile in Klow...

I wonder if I might be permitted
to photograph some of the
documents?

As a rule that is not
allowed, but His
Majesty might
consent...



Ah! Here's the main road
again.

Golly, I'm
hungry...



You have His Majesty's permission
to photograph the documents. But
the pictures may only be taken
by the official Court Photographer,
Herr Czarlitz. Here is the order
which authorises him to go with
you into the castle...



Klow at last!...

When are
we going
to eat?



Which way
to the pal-
ace, please?

Follow this street
to Ottokar Square,
then turn left...

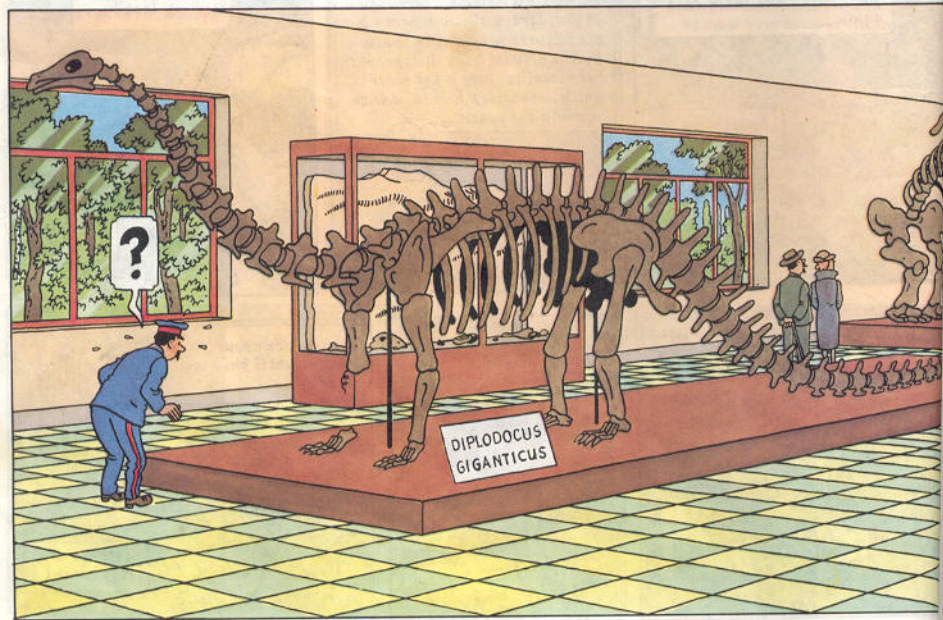
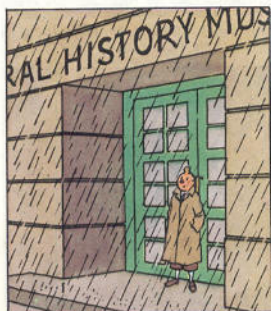


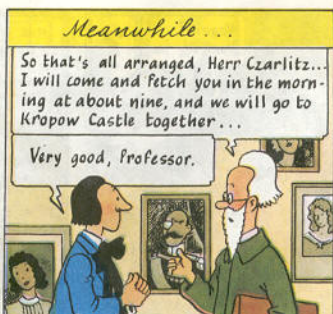
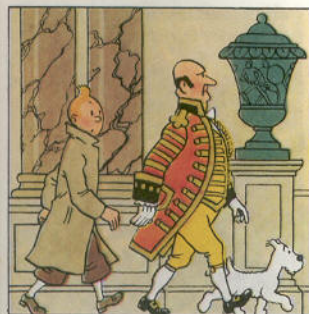
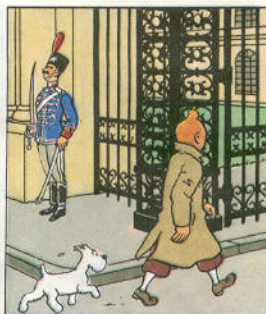
DANGER
HIGH VOLTAGE

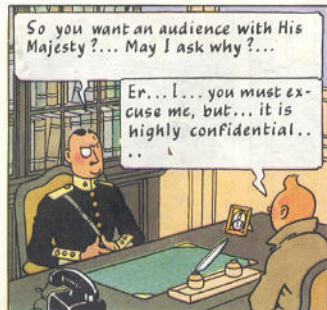


What a downpour! We'll
shelter until this is
over...

Is this a
restaurant?







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

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



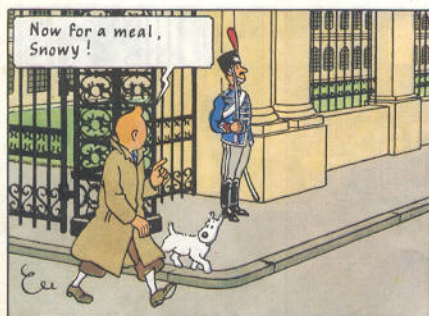
Sir, I am His Majesty's aide-de-camp!... I venture to say that my sovereign places complete trust in me!

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.



Now for a meal, Snowy!



Hello?... Yes, this is the Central Committee. Ah, it's you, Boris. What's the latest news?... Yes... What?... Tintin?... Are you sure? But the Chief of Police at Zlip has just sworn that... Yes... Terribly important information



But he didn't say what it was?... Good!... Aha!... He'll be back to-night at eight-thirty?... That's fine, it gives us time... Listen, he must not 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.



Shh!... Here they come...



Woah! Woah!

?



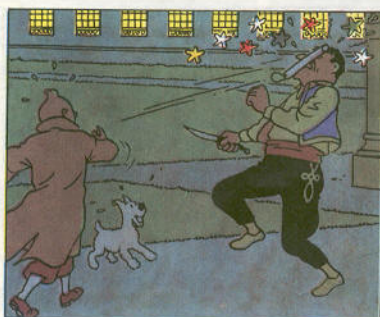
inac mongrel has given us away!... Come on!...

An ambush!...



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

!



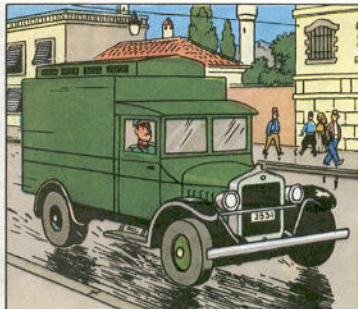


Next morning...

More time wasted!...
And I'm sure the
conspirators won't
be wasting theirs!
...

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 Moltus 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...



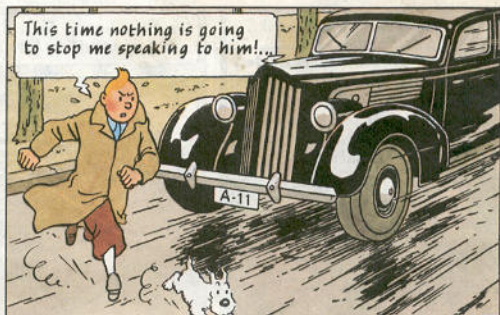
Aha! That's done
the trick!... Now
back to the palace!

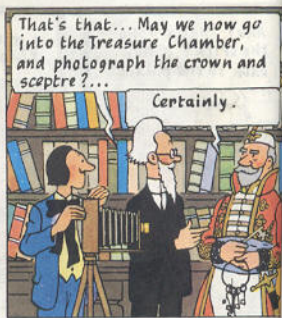
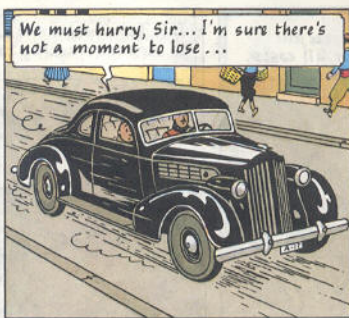
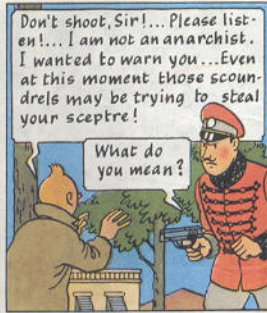
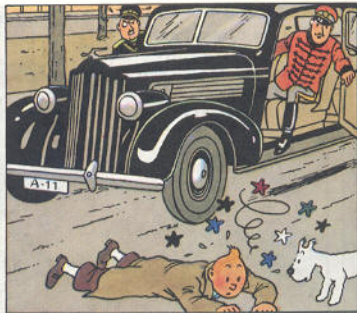


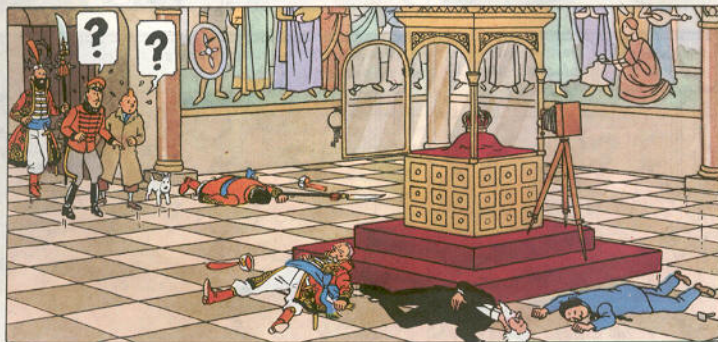
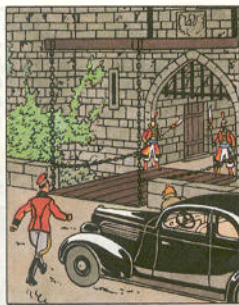
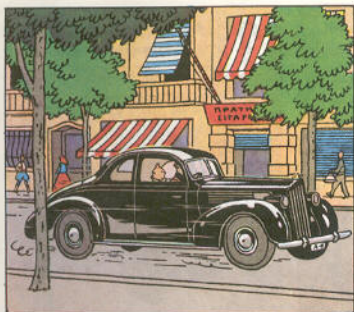
I must see the
King at all costs.



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







Next morning

So, Lord Chamberlain, the sceptre has not been recovered yet?...

Alas no, sire... But I have secured the services of two detectives of international repute, expect them any minute now...



THUD

Ah, I think I know who they are.

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



?

Er... We are the detectives who... Hm... We... we clipped... and

Yes... and we fell down...



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

Welcome to Syldavia, gentlemen

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

To be precise... it's 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. Tintin, who will give you all the details of this business...

Tintin! Well I never!



This is the position... Someone has stolen the King's sceptre!... When His Majesty and I entered the Treasure Chamber we found the Governor of the Castle, two of his men, the photographer Czarlitz, and Professor Alembick, whom you know. All of them 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 Czarlitz decided to use a flash-bulb. After the flash the room filled with thick smoke. They began to choke, and then passed out...

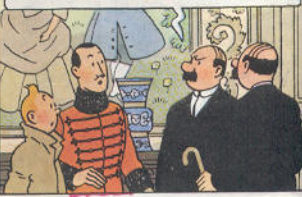
Good. But... hm... did anyone think of searching these people?...



Of course! Even the guards' halberds 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 saw no one leave...

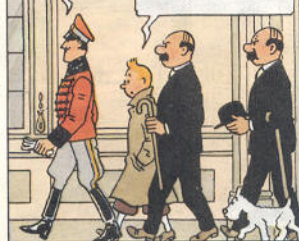


Your Majesty, this is all childish simple!... With your permission we will go to Kropow Castle and demonstrate how your sceptre was stolen...

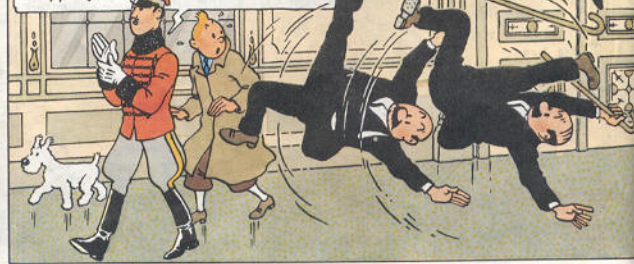


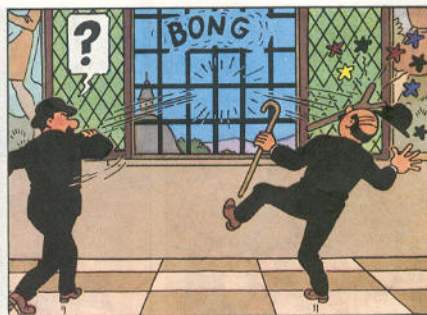
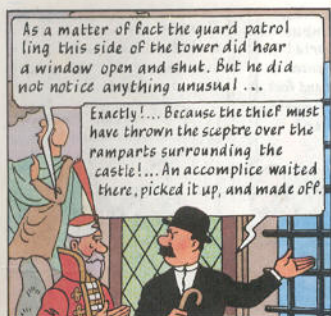
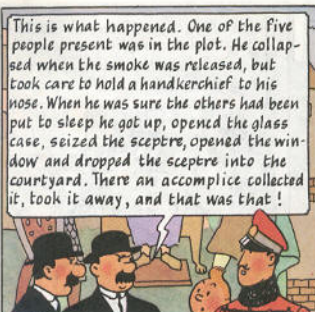
Very well, we'll go!...

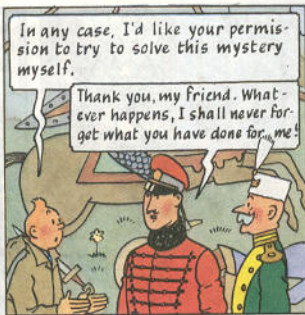
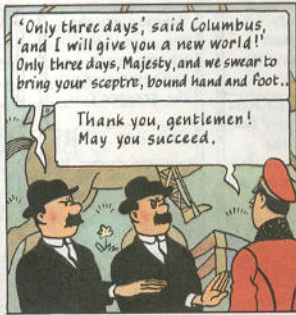
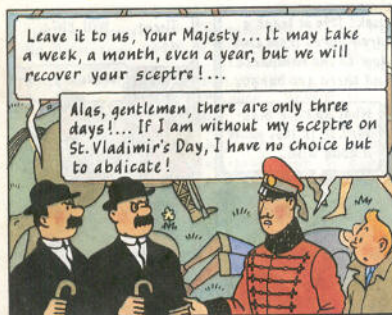
Goodness, they're smarter than I thought!

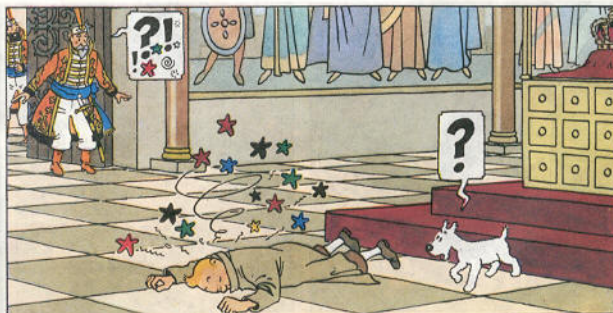
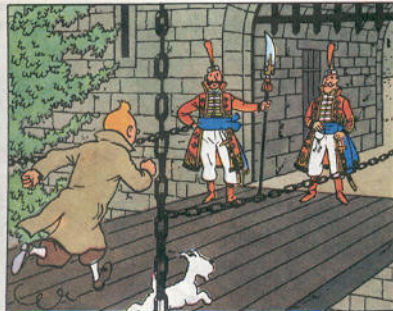


Be careful: the marble is very slippery...

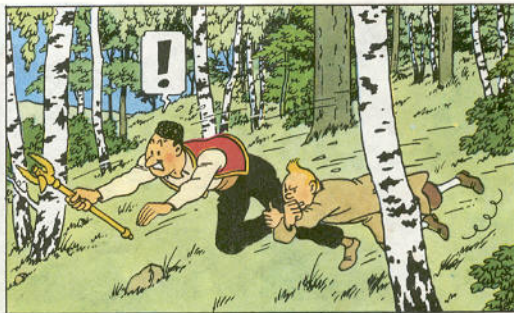


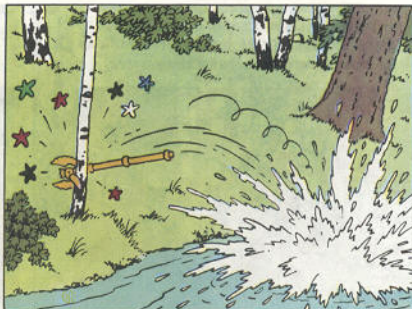


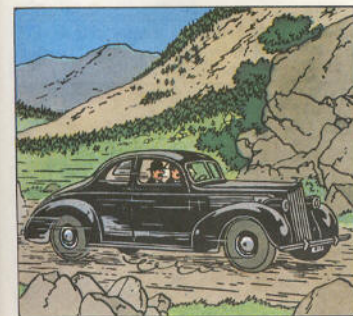
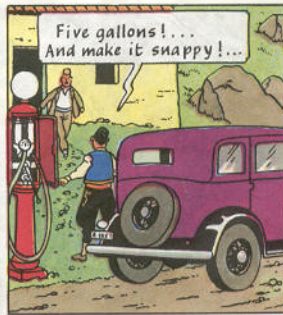
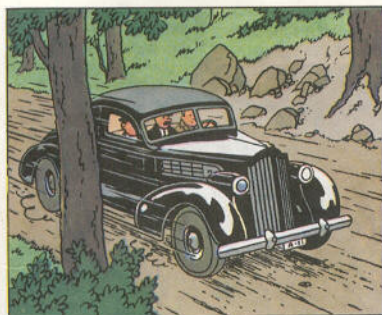






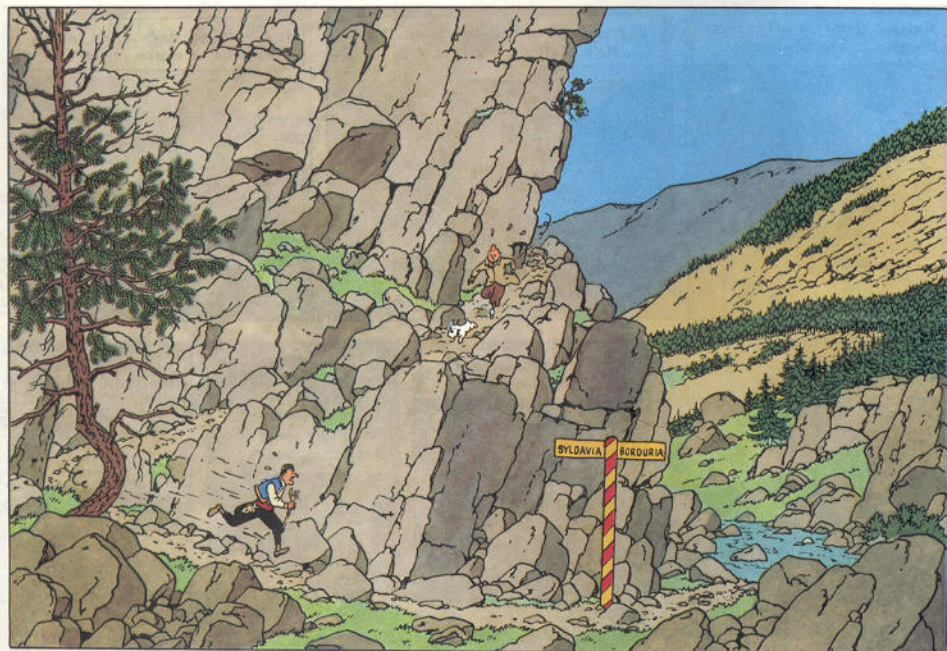
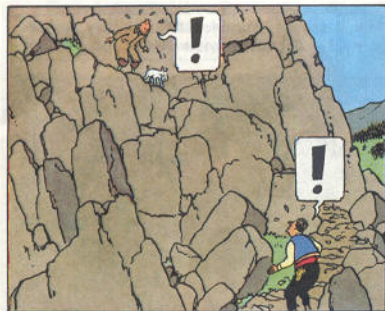


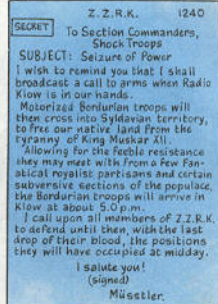
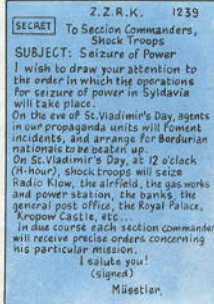


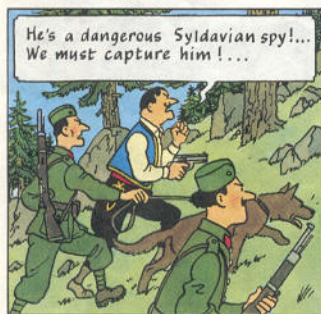
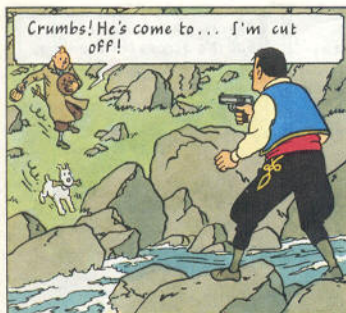












Next day...

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



A Bordurian Fighter!



He's lowered his undercarriage... Where's he landing?

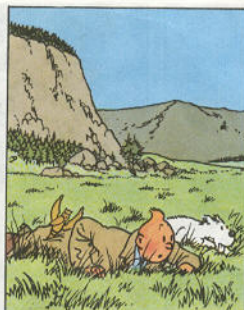


If I could grab one of those planes I'd be in Klow in less than an hour...

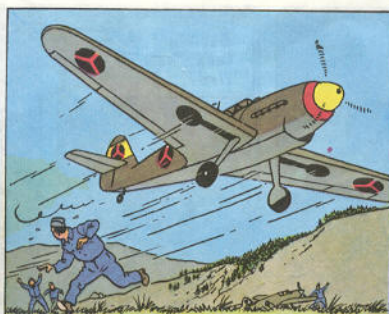


Everything O.K.?

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



You know, I've been tipped off that Mustler will give his broadcast at midday tomorrow... And an hour later our squadron will land at Klow.



Flat out for Klow!...



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



Hello? Ack-Ack H.Q.?... This is Listening Post 34... A Bordurian aircraft has crossed the frontier, heading for Klow... What shall we do?



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

