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opening extract from

The Adventures of Tintin: Volume Two

written by

Hergé

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TRANSLATED BY LESLIE LONSDALE-COOPER AND MICHAEL TURNER

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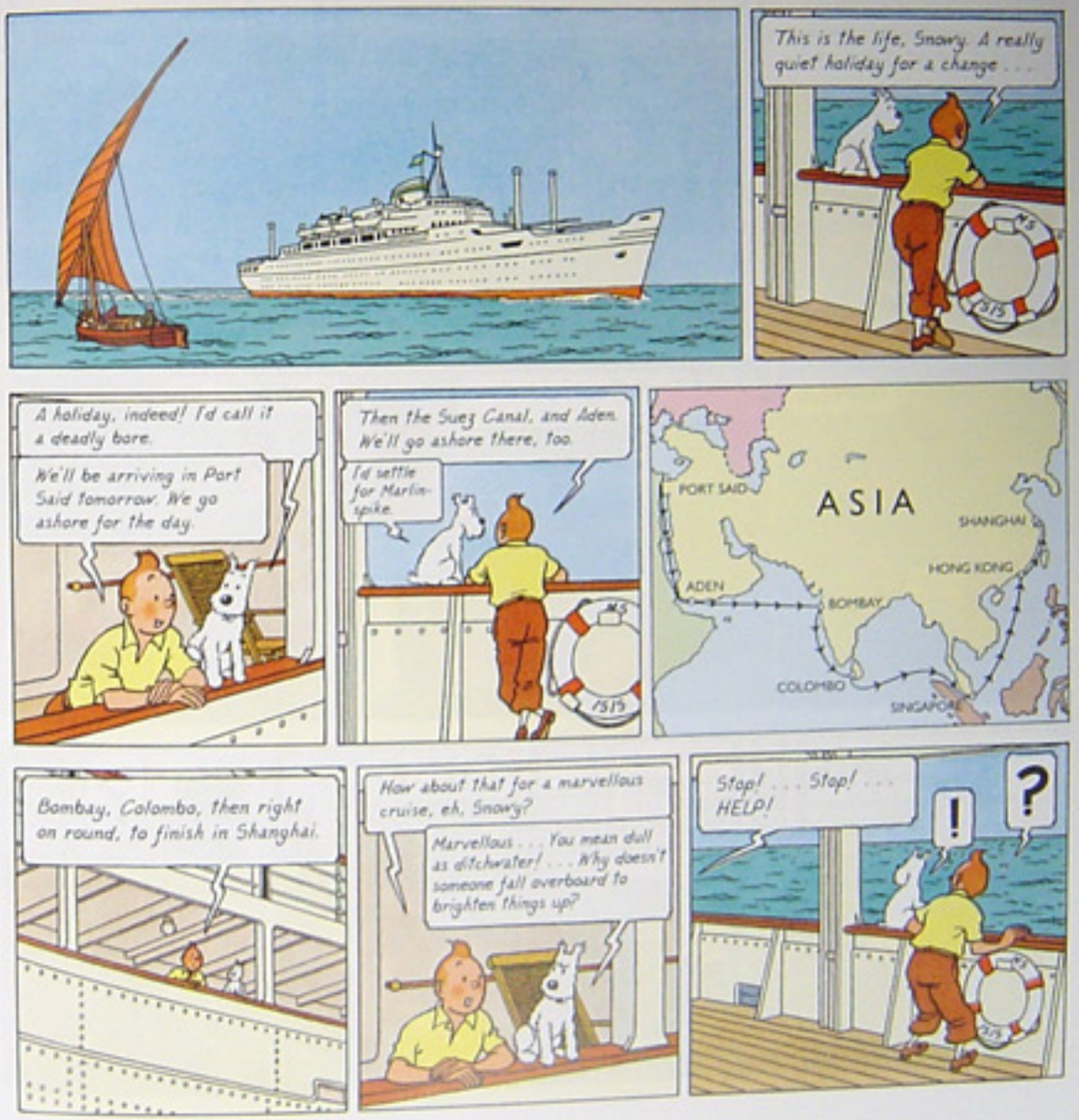
TINTIN IN AMERICA




Hey, what's the game? . . . we're locked in! . . . And these shutters are made of steel!
We're stymied then. Even I can't chew through those!
BANG
A blow-out! That's all I need!
Come on, come on! . . . I gotta hurry up . . .
All fixed . . . I'll still make it in time . . .
Have a good trip! Lucky I packed the right kit . . . He'll go through the roof when he finds I cut my way out!
Trust me to be in the land of the automobile and have to slog ten miles on foot! . . .
We're in luck! Here comes a police patrol . . .
Quick, can you catch that car you just passed, and arrest the driver? He tried to kidnap me!
?
Just keep still, Snowy, and don't be frightened . . .
This way we'll soon overtake that gangster!


That the car you mean?
Yes, it's him all right!
STOP!
Hands up, buddy!
You kidnapped me! Come on . . . Why?
They promised me five hundred bucks . . . They told me, if I got you into the taxi . . . dropped the steel shutters . . . and delivered you to the place they fixed . . .
What place?
The rendezvous . . . where I was to drive you? . . . OK, just to show I'm not really a crook, I'll spill the beans . . .
?
Look! A boomerang!
Thanks.
He's grabbed our bike!
'Bye, suckers!

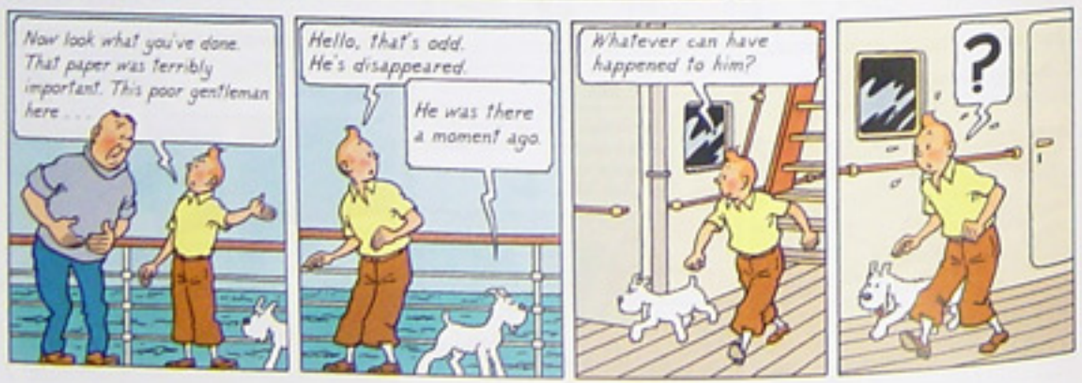
CIGARS OF THE PHARAOH



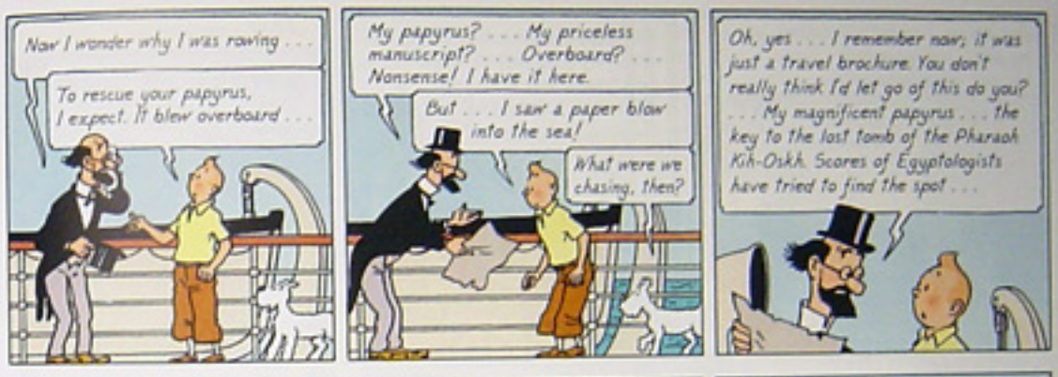

Stop! . . . Stop! . . . Help! . . . Help! . . .
Who? . . . What? . . . Where?
There! . . . Save that paper . . . It's blowing away! . . . My Kih-Oskh papyrus!

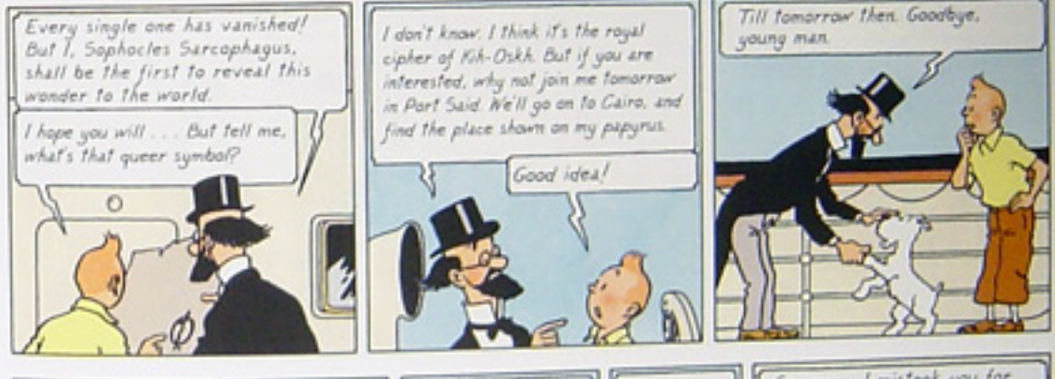

Help, somebody! . . . Help!
I'll get it for you!
Hooray! We're in business!
Fire! Police! Murder!
Stop! Stop!
Got it!
Whoa there, young man! You can't escape! What are you up to?


Yeoww!
Stop! Stop! It's going in the water!
Too late!


Now look what you've done. That paper was terribly important. This poor gentleman here . . .
Hello, that's odd. He's disappeared.
He was there a moment ago.
Whatever can have happened to him?
?


!
Excuse me, but what are you doing?
Surely you can see. I'm rowing.
But you're not in the water!
Nor I am! What an observant young man you are!


Now I wonder why I was rowing . . .
To rescue your papyrus, I expect. It blew overboard . . .
My papyrus? . . . My priceless manuscript? . . . Overboard? . . . Nonsense! I have it here.
But . . . I saw a paper blow into the sea!
What were we chasing, then?
Oh, yes . . . I remember now; it was just a travel brochure. You don't really think I'd let go of this do you? . . . My magnificent papyrus . . . the key to the last tomb of the Pharaoh Kih-Oskh. Scores of Egyptologists have tried to find the spot . . .


Every single one has vanished! But I, Sophocles Sarcophagus, shall be the first to reveal this wonder to the world.
I hope you will . . . But tell me, what's that queer symbol?
O
I don't know. I think it's the royal cipher of Kih-Oskh. But if you are interested, why not join me tomorrow in Port Said. We'll go on to Cairo, and find the place shown on my papyrus.
Good idea!
Till tomorrow then. Goodbye, young man.


What a strange fellow!
I beg your pardon, captain.
You clumsy nitwit! Can't you look where you're going?
So sorry. I mistook you for a ventilator . . .
Imbecile!

THE BLUE LOTUS

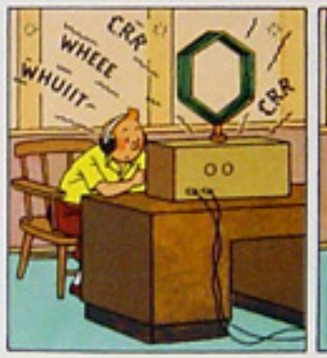
藍蓮花

TINTIN AND SNOWY are in India, guests of the Maharaja of Gaipajama, enjoying a well-earned rest. The evil gang of international drug smugglers, encountered in *Cigars of the Pharaoh*, has been smashed and its members are behind bars. With one exception. Only the mysterious gang-leader is unaccounted for: he disappeared over a cliff.

But questions have still to be answered. What of the terrible Rajajah juice, the 'poison of madness'? Where were the shipments of opium going, hidden in the false cigars? And who really was the master-mind behind the operation?

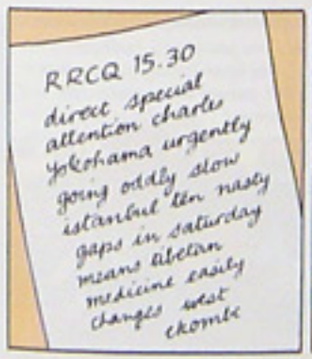




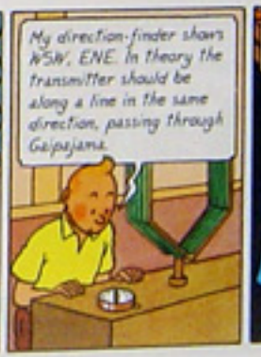




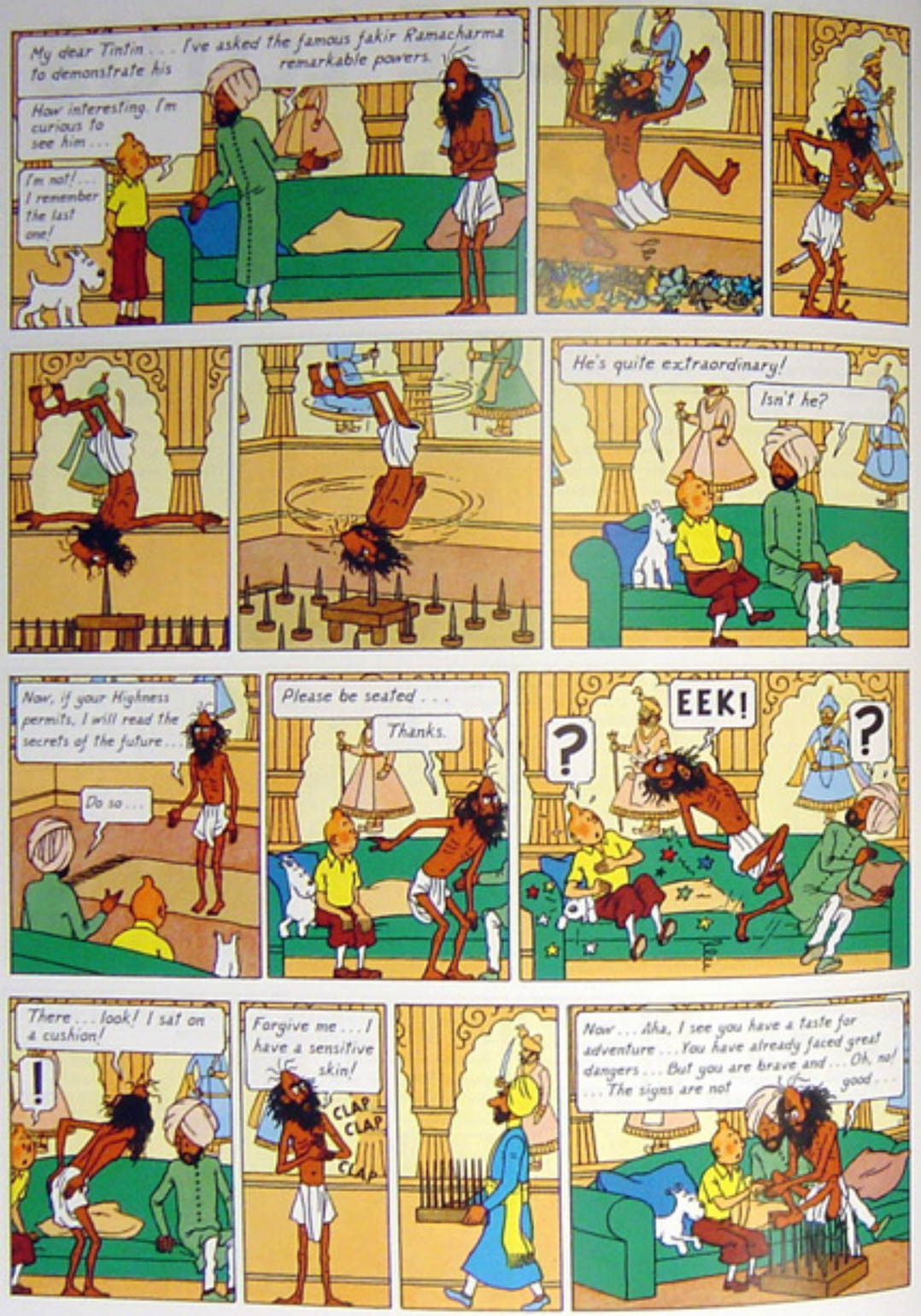











My dear Tintin . . . I've asked the famous fakir Ramacharma to demonstrate his remarkable powers.
How interesting. I'm curious to see him . . .
I'm not! . . . I remember the last one!
He's quite extraordinary!
Isn't he?
Now, if your Highness permits, I will read the secrets of the future . . .
Do so . . .
Please be seated . . .
Thanks.
EEK!
?
?
There . . . look! I sat on a cushion!
!
Forgive me . . . I have a sensitive skin!
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
Now . . . Aha, I see you have a taste for adventure . . . You have already faced great dangers . . . But you are brave and . . . Oh, no! . . . The signs are not good . . .


I see an enemy! You think him dead, but he plans revenge . . . Be on your guard!
I also see a fakir, a disgrace to our brotherhood, dedicated to your downfall. He is close to you . . . very close to you. He spies upon you . . . He has a terrible weapon . . . and there is no defence.
Beware . . . I see another man . . . a man with a yellow skin . . . His hair is black . . . He wears glasses . . . Take every care! He has sworn to destroy you!
Tintin sahib, there is a stranger in the gallery, asking for you. He says he has come from Shanghai to see you.
From Shanghai?
From Shanghai? That's a fair distance . . . just to talk to me . . . How peculiar.
Mr Tintin, sir?
Me? Yes . . .
Yellow skin . . . black hair . . . glasses . . . Careful, Tintin!
I have something extremely important to tell you. Can we talk here?
Certainly. We're quite alone: look . . .
哇
?
A dart . . . dipped in Rajaijah juice . . . the poison of madness?!
He's gone . . . He didn't waste any time . . .
Quick! Speak! What have you to tell me?
I . . . I . . . Yes . . . I remember.
Mitsuhirato . . . Someone needs you . . . I . . . Shanghai . . . Remember that name. Mitsuhirato . . . Mitsu . . . Mitsuhirato.
Good. Then?
TONG SI NAN PEI
Poor fellow! . . . He's gone mad! . . .
!
TINTIN!