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opening extract from

The Adventures of Tintin: Volume Five

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Hergé

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RED RACKHAM'S *TREASURE*





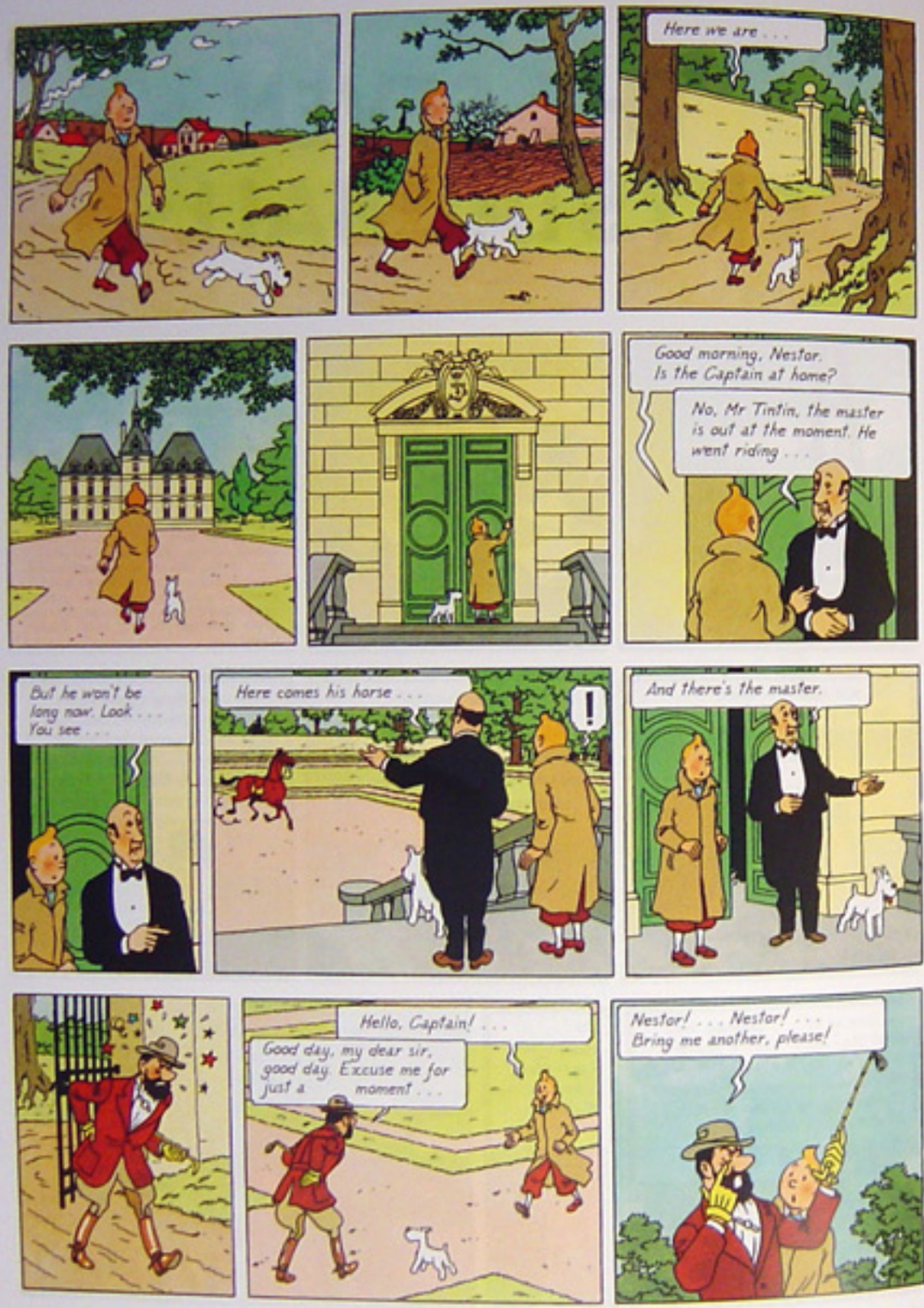
* See The Secret of the Unicorn


Next day . . .
Daily Reporter! Daily Reporter!
Here.
Thanks.
Daily Reporter! . . . Read all about it!
Thundering typhoons!
Billions of blue blistering barnacles! . . .
OPERA
RINO TOSSI in BORIS GODUNOV
ME
PUBLIC
TOSSI in BORIS GODUNOV
ME
PUBLI
READ THE DAILY REPORTER FOR NEWS WHICH HITS YOU
AGENTS
They're all alike, these journalists! . . . I wonder what Tintin will say about this!
Journalists! they're always the same! We could have done without all this publicity . . .
Red Rackham's Treasure
THE forthcoming departure of the trawler Sirius is arousing speculation in sea-faring circles. Despite the close secrecy which is being maintained, our correspondent understands that the object of the voyage is nothing less than a search for treasure.
This treasure, once the hoard of the pirate Red Rackham, lies in the ship Unicorn, sunk at the end of the seventeenth century. Tintin, the famous reporter—whose sensational intervention in the Bird case made headline news—and his friend Captain Haddock, have discovered the exact resting-place of the Unicorn.
RRRRING


Mr Tintin? . . .
Yes.
Mr Tintin. I see from this morning's paper that you are going to try and find Red Rackham's treasure. Is that so?
Yes, it is. But . . .
Good. In that case I shall accompany you! . . . As for the treasure, I shall be satisfied with a half share . . . Here is my card . . .
!!!
Is . . . is that really your name? . . .
So it seems, young man.
Look, Captain . . .
Blistering barnacles!
RED RACKHAM
But, if I'm not mistaken, sir, your name is simply Rackham. 'Red' is just a nickname. In which case I see no connection between you and Red Rackham the pirate . . .
RRRRING
Mr Tintin? . . . I demand my share of the treasure! . . . I am Red Rackham's sole descendant! . . .
He's not. I am!
He's not. I am!
It's me!
Don't listen! I'm the one!
I am! And here's my family tree!

THE SEVEN CRYSTAL BALLS




Here we are . . .
Good morning, Nestor. Is the Captain at home?
No, Mr Tintin, the master is out at the moment. He went riding . . .
But he won't be long now. Look . . . You see . . .
Here comes his horse . . .
!
And there's the master.
Hello, Captain! . . .
Good day, my dear sir, good day. Excuse me for just a moment . . .
Nestor! . . . Nestor! . . . Bring me another, please!


Coming, sir . . .
Thank you, Nestor.
'Pon my word, it's Tintin! . . . Delighted to see you, my dear chap!
What fair wind brings you here?
I just dropped in to say hello . . . to you and Professor Calculus . . . How is he?
Oh, he's fine . . . Here he comes now . . . Still crazy about his dowsing, as you see . . . The dear fellow is convinced that there's a Saxon burial-ground in the neighbourhood, so he's decided to find it.
Hello, Professor Calculus.
Why, it's our good friend Tintin! What a delightful surprise!
You're staying with us for some time, I hope?
I'm afraid not. I have to go home this evening.
Excellent! Excellent! What good news! Nothing could please me more.
Well, I'll see you later . . . I must get on with my work . . .
Let's leave the old boy to his treasure-hunt, while we have a drink.
Apropos of a drink . . . I've just remembered . . .
!
Come with me. I've got something amazing to show you . . .

PRISONERS OF THE SUN





* See The Seven Crystal Balls

A few minutes later . . .

Our lucky day! Just think, we're going to see old Cuthbert again! . . . This is the happiest day of my life! . . . Hurrah for pisco! It's all right! . . . Everything's going to be all right!

Perk up, don't look so gloomy. We'll soon see Cuthbert again. Things are looking up!

Yes, things are looking up . . . But you know, it doesn't alter the fact that we're being watched.

Pooh, that doesn't matter! Enjoy yourself. Look around you: the Indians, the clothes, the colours, the llamas.

Kilikilikili! . . . There's a nice little llama . . .

Hoity toity! Aren't we grand!

You be careful, señor . . .

Be careful? . . . Why? . . . I'm not going to eat your precious llama, am I? . . .

You're a nice little llama, aren't you? . . . You don't mind old Captain Haddock, do you?

When llama is angry, señor, he always do that.

And what manners!

Ungrateful brute! Animals like that shouldn't be allowed!

Perk up, Captain, don't look so gloomy. Remember, you said it yourself just now: things are looking up, we're going to see old Cuthbert again.

Hotel Cristobal Colon. Bueno . . .

The next morning . . .

RRRING

Hello . . . yes, Tintin speaking . . . Good morning, señor Chief Inspector . . . What? . . . The "Pachacamac" is in sight? . . . Fine! . . . Quay No. 24 . . . We'll be there right away.

A few minutes later . . .

There's the Chief Inspector with his men, down on the quayside . . .

But . . . I must be seeing things . . . Look!

Thomson and Thompson! What are those nitwits doing here?

You asked about your friends . . . well, here they come.

What a coincidence!

Not at all. These gentlemen were sent out by the C.I.D. to help in the search for your friend.

Now for the "Pachacamac". Where is she?

Out there, to the left of that little tug with the red funnel . . .

Ah, now I've got it . . . There she is . . . it's her all right . . . "Pachacamac" . . . let's hope old Calculus is on board!

Thundering typhoons!

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