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opening extract from

# The Adventures of Tintin: Volume Seven

written by

## Hergé

published by

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# THE CALCULUS AFFAIR




So much for your peace and quiet, Captain! Look over there. There's a big storm brewing.
Yes, it's high time we got back to the house.
WOOOUHHH
My hat! . . . Hey! . . . My hat!
Thundering typhoons! My very best hat!
BRROM
Ugh! Here comes the rain.
Good old Nestor! He's come to meet us with an umbrella.
Thank you, Nestor. We'd have been absolutely soaked.
By the whiskers of Kürvi-Tasch! Someone else is watching them already.




Well, we're home again . . . and none too soon, either!
RRIIING
The telephone, Nestor
Hello? . . . No Madam, I am not Mr Cutts the butcher! . . . No, Madam . . . NO, Madam! . . . Fiddle-de-dee, Madam!
. . . That's at least the twentieth time . . .
Quite so, Nestor. But one must always keep one's temper . . . especially with a lady . . . And besides, Nestor, you should never telephone during a storm: it is extremely dangerous.
That's that. And now, my friend, I think I'll just have a quiet drink, if you don't mind.
CRACK
Blistering barnacles! That flash of lightning wasn't far away.
In fact, I . . .
GLING BLING CLING
? !
Look at that!
?
The funny thing is, that happened AFTER the clap of thunder.
RRING RRING
Hello? . . . What? . . . Lamb chops?! . . . No, Madam, I am not Mr Cutts the butcher! And what's more Madam, it is highly dangerous to telephone during a storm. You should know better! And the best of luck, Madam!
CRACK
BANG
?

# THE RED SEA SHARKS




It's extraordinary! Imagine! The Captain and I were just this moment talking about you!
Que? . . . Of me?
Yes, of you . . . weren't we, Captain? Then up you pop like a jack-in-a-box. It's incredible . . . But tell me, General, what are you doing nowadays?
Me? . . . Er . . . Well . . . Si . . . I . . . travel . . . But . . .
Por favor . . . excuse please . . . In mucho hurry . . . Already late for appointment . . . I go now.
Oh, what a pity . . . At all events, here's my address. And where can we find you, General?
Er . . . Um . . . At thees hotel . . . er . . . thees Hotel Bristol.
Good! The Bristol . . . And when do you . . .
Just so . . . Now I go . . . Adios, amigos!
Goodbye, General
Well, well! Frankly, I don't think your friend Alcazar was in a very chatty mood!
Yes, an odd fellow. Oh well, come on.
?
OH!
Crumbs! It's the general's wallet. He didn't put it right inside his pocket.
Quick! He can't have got far.
Hello, where's he gone to? . . .
Perhaps he got into a car . . . Never mind. The Hotel Bristol is quite near; we'll leave his wallet there.
A few minutes later, at the Bristol . .
General Alcazar? . . . No, Sir, we have no one of that name here.
BRISTOL


I wonder: perhaps he's registered under another name . . . Ramon Zarate? . . .
Ramon Zarate? . . . No, sir. A Spanish gentleman?
South American. Quite well-built. A long chin . . . small moustache . . . Wait, I'll try to draw him for you.
There . . . That's about it . . .
No, sir. I'm terribly sorry, but I don't know the gentleman.
Oh? That's odd. Well, thank you.
BRIST
Now what can we do to return that idiot's wallet to him?
That's what I'm wondering.
I say, why shouldn't the wallet itself give us a clue towards finding the general. Come on; we'll go in here.
Bring us . . . er . . . let's see . . . let's see . . .
Two glasses of ginger beer.
Now then, let's see what's inside here.
ROSSINI
Pound notes, French and Belgian money, a hotel bill, a four-leaf clover, a lottery ticket from San Theodoros . . . in fact, nothing to give us a lead.
. . . And in this envelope, photos of aircraft . . . Odd, isn't it, Captain?
Ah, a letter! . . . This time I think we're on to something. Look, Captain.
Friday
Dear Sir,
Please telephone PIC 8524 between 10. and 12.0 p.m. Ask for Mr. Debrett
Regards,
J.D.W.C.
But the general's address isn't here.
I know, but I'll ring up the number given in the letter.
ROSSINI
Hello, is that PIC 8524? May I speak to Mr Debrett? . . . Who am I? . . . A friend of General Alcazar, and I . . . Hello? . . . HELLO?? . . .

# Tintin in Tibet



## NEPAL AIR DISASTER

KATMANDU, Wednesday.—The D.C.3 missing since Monday on a flight from Patna to Katmandu is reported to have crashed in the Gosain Than massif.

It is believed that the aircraft, belonging to Indian Airways, was driven towards the Himalaya by a violent storm.

A search-plane yesterday spotted the wreckage of the aircraft in a remote and dangerous area. As soon as the news was received, a party of Sherpas set out for the peak where the aircraft crashed.

The aircraft is known to have carried 14 passengers and 4 crew.

## BANDITS IN VIENNA RAID

Poor devils! What a dreadful place for a crash. They wouldn't stand a chance of surviving up there . . .

And that's what your beautiful mountains do for you!

DONG

The gong for dinner. Come on, I'm famished.

And after dinner . . .

Hmm! My queen's in danger. What shall I do? Protect her with my knight? No, that'd leave my bishop vulnerable. Suppose I advance that pawn? . . .

No, that won't work either . . . I shall have to do something else. Yes, my queen will have to fight a rearguard action . . . Right . . . then, with my next move I'll launch a flank attack with my other bishop . . . Then what will the enemy do? If he sees the danger, he'll cover his castle with a pawn . . .

In that case, I'll take the plunge and sacrifice my bishop. But he won't be sacrificed in vain! An eye for an eye: I shall take his castle . . . And there we are – check! Very neat! What do you say to that, eh Tintin?

CHANG!



Billions of blue blistering barnacles! You don't really have to sneeze like that, do you?

But . . . I . . . I . . . didn't sneeze.

I'm terribly sorry. I must have dropped off . . . I had a horrible nightmare . . .

A nightmare?

Yes. I was dreaming about Chang . . . you remember Chang, the boy I made friends with in China . . . I saw him . . . it was ghastly . . .

He was lying there hurt, half buried by snow . . . He was holding out his hands and calling to me, "Help, Tintin! help!" It was all so terribly real . . . I'm still quite stunned by it . . . Please do forgive me.

That's all right, don't worry. Forget it. You go on up to bed. You're dead tired.

I think you're right. Good night, Captain.

The next morning . . .

Hello there! Slept well? . . . No more dreams?

Good morning, Captain. No, no more dreams.

No dreams, but not much sleep, either. I was haunted by that picture of Chang lying in the snow, calling to me for help.

Rubbish! Dreams go by opposites, so they say. Don't think about it. Look, there's a letter for you, from Hong Kong.

Hong Kong?

Yes, look at the envelope. It's taken a long time to reach you. From Labrador Road to Marlinspike, then Nestor sent it on here.

Who's writing to me from Hong Kong?

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

丁丁先生

Please forward to Captain Haddock Marlinspike Hall

Mr. Tintin
Hôtel des Sommets,
Labrador Road
Vargèse

CHANG!

!