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Hergé

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The Castafiore Emerald

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THE CASTAFIORE EMERALD





FLIGHT 714 TO SYDNEY





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

KEMAJORAN (DJAKARTA) INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT



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 ... Oh, 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.

AAAAAAAAAAH



TEHOO



My poor fellow, here's your hat.

AAAAH ...
AAAAH ...
AAATHA ...
'ank you!



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 CHOMP CHOMP CHOMP



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



CHOMP CHOMP CHOMP



CHOMP CHOMP CHOMP



CHOMP CHOMP CHOMP



CHOMP CHOMP CHOMP



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

He quite definitely said 'Pangoon'!

But ...



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



Billions of ...



SKUTI



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

Captain Haddock! ... Tintin! I glad to see you again!



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

Yes, yes. I proud to meet you Professor.

No, Calculus.



Skut, 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 Lazlo Carreidas? ... OK, him my boss.



Lazlo 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 ...

Bravo! I thought you go on new adventure ...



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



WOAH



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

Oaf!



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

'Morning!

Hi!



Any trouble, Colombani?

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



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

Not the nicest I've met!

Clod!



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 Borduria. 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.

