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opening extract from

The Adventures of Tintin: Volume Eight

written by

Hergé

published by

Egmont Children's Books

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The TINTIN books are published in the following languages:

Alsacien	CASTERMAN
Basque	ELKAR
Bengali	ANANDA
Bernese	EMMENTALER DRUCK
Breton	AN HERE
Catalan	CASTERMAN
Chinese	CASTERMAN/CHINA CHILDREN'S PUBLISHING
Corsican	CASTERMAN
Danish	CARLSEN
Dutch	CASTERMAN
English	EGMONT UK LIMITED/LITTLE, BROWN & CO
Esperanto	ESPERANTIX/CASTERMAN
Finnish	OTAVA
French	CASTERMAN
Gallo	RUE DES SCRIBES
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TRANSLATED BY LESLIE LONSDALE-COOPER AND MICHAEL TURNER

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First published in this edition 2007 by Egmont UK Limited
239 Kensington High Street, London W8 6SA

ISBN 978 1 4052 2901 2

THE CASTAFIORE EMERALD




BOO-HOO!
A little gipsy girl . . .
BOO-HOO-OO!
She must have wandered away from that camp.
Hello! . . . What's the matter? What are you crying for? Are you lost?
?
It's all right, don't be afraid. What's your name? I'm Tintin. Who are you?
Speak up little'un.
Thundering typhoons, don't be so timid! We're not going to eat you!
No, no, Captain.
HI-I-IIII
YEOW!
GNAA!
Billions of blue blistering barnacles!
Little spitfire! Just wait till I catch you!
Look at that! She's drawn blood, the little wildcat!
So she has; but you scared her.
WOOAH! WOOAH!
Now what's happened?
?
WOOAH! WOOAH!
Oh, poor little thing?
Poor little? . . .
WOOAH! WOOAH!

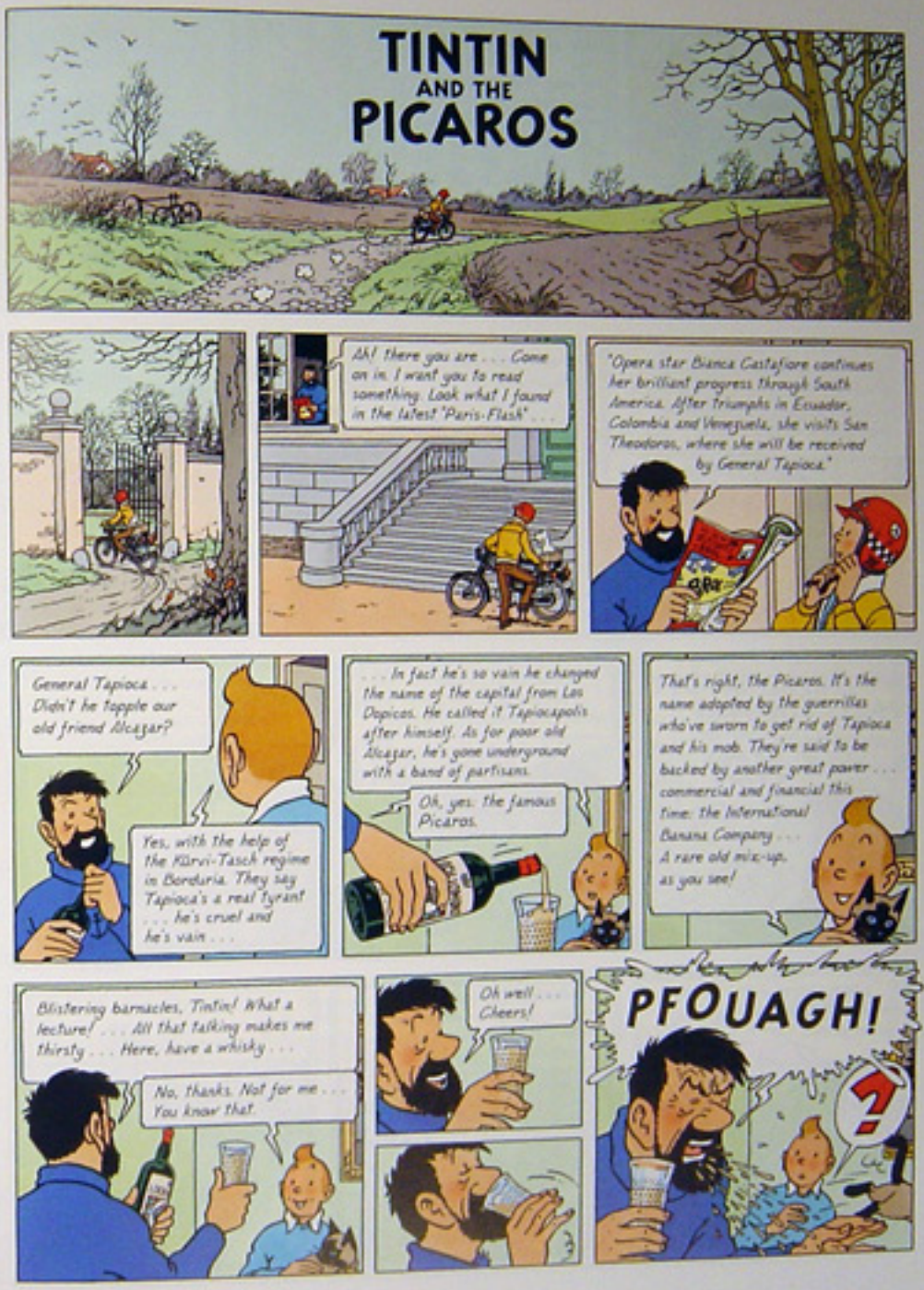

Good gracious! She tripped over the brambles and then bumped her head on the tree root.
You haven't cut yourself, have you? . . . No, there isn't any blood. I expect you'll have a lump, that's all.
Little goose!
Please don't be frightened. We'll take you back to your mother . . . Can you stand up?
KILIKILIKILI!
OK now?
A few minutes later . . .
Mama!
Miarka!
To think that people live in the midst of all this filth!
I know.
Good day to you!
We found her in the woods; she must have wandered off. When she saw us she . . . er . . . she ran away. But then she fell over and bumped her head on a tree root. So we brought her home.
You are a good man. I will tell your fortune. You cross my palm with silver!
No, thanks. Definitely not!
Er . . . It might be as well, for a clear conscience, to let a doctor have a look at her.
A doctor! I suppose you think we have money to pay for a doctor!
Kind gentleman! I'll tell your fortune . . . you cross my palm with silver . . .
No, no! Please leave me alone!
OOOOOH!
What is it? . . . Tell me!

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.
AAAAAAAAH
!
TCHOO
My poor fellow, here's your hat.
AAAAH . . . AAAATH . . . 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!
Such generosity . . . such a noble soul . . . my unknown benefactor!
He quite definitely said Rangoon!
But . . .
It's perfectly natural of course. Anyone in my position would have done the same . . .
Billions of . . .
SKUT!
?


SKUT!! . . . 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 Laszlo Carreidas? . . . OK, him my boss.
Laszlo 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 upsets, no commotion . . .
WOOAH
Blasted mongrel, skulking down there! Almost broke my neck! . . . Telex for you, skipper, here's the flight plan.
Ouf!
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 Klirvi-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 Las Dopicas. 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!
?


Billions of blue blistering barnacles! . . . Some anamorphic aardvark switched my whisky for this . . . this cleaning fluid!
Cleaning fluid?!?
Well, bottled bilge-water, then . . . it all tastes much the same, I dare say . . . Here! Try some!
I . . .
?
?
I'm no expert like you, of course, but it does seem to me to taste just like whisky . . .
Like whisky?!
My poor young friend, if that's a glass of whisky, I'm a jellied eel! And as you so rightly pointed out I'm an expert and I know a bit about it!
Of course, of course . . . But still . . .
I don't know what that hogwash is, but it certainly isn't whisky. However, just to please you, I'm prepared to give it another try . . .
Pfaugh! . . . Filthy! . . . Foul! . . . Disgusting! . . . Disgraceful! . . .
AH! ♫ MY BEAUTY PAST COMPARE . . . ♫
NO!
. . . THESE JEWELS BRIGHT I WEAR . . . Everyone knows the golden voice of the famous Bianca Castafiore . . .
Oh yes! We know it all right!
!
. . . who continues her triumphant tour through Latin America. Today she arrived in Tapiocapolis, capital of San Theodoros . . .
. . . where she met with a tumultuous welcome. As usual, she is attended by her faithful maid, Irma . . .
. . . and her accompanist, Igor Wagner. Also in her entourage, to watch over her jewels . . . insured for millions of dollars . . .
BRAVO
ENCORE
BIS
BRA
BIS
. . . are two certified detectives, always on the alert, always following discreetly in her footsteps.


RRRRING
RRRRING
Hello? . . . Yes . . . WHO?
Jolyon Wagg, yes! . . . Hi! . . . Now look here, I just saw old Castanette on the telly . . . And what do I hear? Blow me if she hasn't got her knick-knacks insured now . . .
. . . and for a pretty penny too! . . . Strikes me you could have pushed the business my way . . . for old Rock Bottom insurance! What's the use of having friends, I say to myself, if they let you down at the first opportunity? . . . Come on, when you want to do someone a good turn, there's always a way! . . . Yes, I do! . . . And I don't mind saying so! . . . And while I'm on . . .
What? . . . But I . . . How . . . Well I'm . . . But . . . Excuse me . . . Look here . . .
Well I'll be . . . !! That's beyond a joke!
SLAM
In fact it's the thundering limit! . . . I'm taken to task by that weevil Wagg because he wasn't asked to insure Castafiore's jewellery!
PFOUAGH!
Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles! . . . PFFF! . . . It's poi . . . son!
POISON ???
Nonsense, Captain! Who on earth would want to poison you? I know you've got a few enemies, but not as deadly as that.
Maybe . . . Anyway, I don't feel at all well.
Something wrong with this whisky? It tastes pretty good to me!
Have a lie down, Captain. I'll go . . .
Good night! You'll feel better in the morning.
All the same, I wonder . . .
SNOWY!

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.

