

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

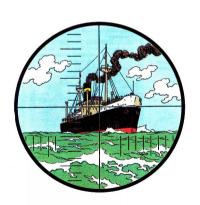
# THE RED SEA SHARKS



#### HERGÉ

### THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

## THE RED SEA SHARKS



METHUEN CHILDREN'S BOOKS

### THE RED SEA SHARKS







... but the end was too improbable. The old uncle hasn't sean his nephew for twenty years... he starts thinking about him... the door opeus, and key-presto, who's there't The nephew!





Well, a'you suppose, if I just think about him he'll pop up on the street corner, like that, bingo!?











Yes, of you... weren't we Captain? Then up you pop like a























mame ... Ramon Zarate! ... Ramon Zarate! ... No, sir. A Spanish gentleman?

I wonder: perhaps he's

registered under another

South American.
Quite well-built. A
long chin ... small
moustache... Wait, I'll
try to draw him for
you.



about it ...

There ... That's

No, sir. I'm terribly sorry, but I don't know the gentleman.



Now what can we do to return that idiot's wallet to him?



I say, why shouldn't the wallet itself give us a clue towards finding the general. Come on; we'll go in here.





Two glasses of ginger beer.

Bring us...er... let's



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.







Friday

Dear Sir,

Please telephone
PIC 8524 between
and 12.0 p.m.
Ask for Mr. Debrett
Regards,
T. D.M.C.

But the general's address isn't here. I know, but I'll ring up the number given in the letter. Hello, is that PIC8524? May I speak to Mr. Debrett :... Who am I? ... A friend of General Alcazar, and I... Hello?... HELLO ??...



Can you hear me?... What?... You don't know the name Alcazar?... What about Ramon Zarate?... Nor that?... You see, sir, I found his wallet and... I beg your pardon?



























































And I bring you message from my Master.



I entrust to you my son Abdullah, to improve his English. Here the situation is serious. Should any misfortune befall me I count on you, my friend, to care for Abdullah. Emir Ben Kalish Egabs





What d'yoù make of it? One thing's clear: we've got Abdullah on our hands. We'll have to bring the young scamp to heel.







Halt thou! ... Touch not the son of my Master!





Oh sir! ... Sir! ... It's terrible, sir ... All those foreign persons have settled themselves... Later, Nestor ...

tell me later.











































Well, well! Thompson and Thomson 1... And they want to talk to me about General Alcazar. Odd, isn't it?





















