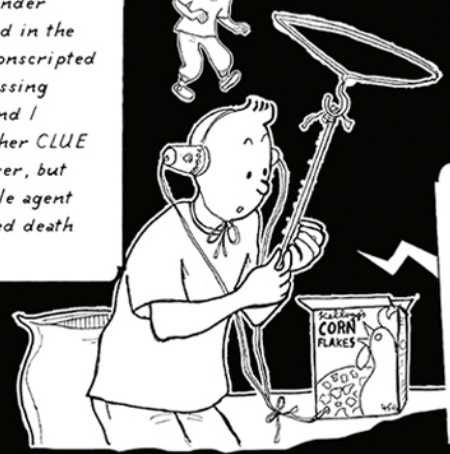


I under-
vised in the
s conscripted
passing
d and I
mother CLUE
-rawer, but
uble agent
'faced death
t.



Where were the shipments of opium going, hidden in the fake cigars? Was the Professor an imposter wearing a false beard? Who was the mastermind behind the operation? I sat by my ham radio long into the night, scanning the airwaves for the coded transmissions of the enemy, hearing nothing.

The detectives accused me of gun-running, drug smuggling and inciting to rebellion. I fired a shot at the overhead



And the beacons in the treetops signaled to the

It doesn't make any sense. What can it possibly mean?



I was taken for a spy and imprisoned in the hold by the captain, but when the ship pulled close into the harbour, I escaped through a porthole onto a passing skiff manned by an obliging gruff fisherman. Baffled by my disappearance, Scotland Yard's finest pursued me through the labyrinthine streets of Port Said and across desert sands to the Pharaoh's tomb. And when I crawled inside, there was a CLUE – a CLUE and... but... that smell... and I blacked out, poisoned by a fog of gas.



floating
th my
or it but
ntered

I slipped into the citadel under cover of darkness disguised in the garb of a native, but was conscripted to National Service by a passing



TINTIN AND THE LOST MARBLES Selected details

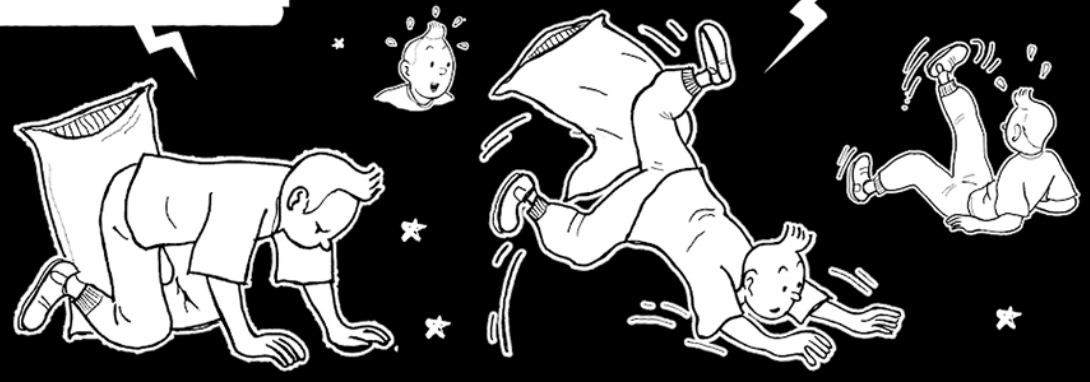
booked a passage to Dover.

I tracked the tyre marks and cross-questioned the police patrol, but to no avail. And there were CLUES... a bloody handprint and a discarded umbrella... a tin of crab meat... a name carved into the cave wall... World famous knife thrower Ramon Zarte, formerly General Alcazar President of the Republic of San Theodoros, must surely hold the key.

I was roughly manhandled into a padded cell, detained as a dangerous lunatic by a malevolent doctor. I seized my chance as they walked us through the grounds for recreation. I shimmied up a tree, took aim, jumped and bounced on the big stomach of a sleeping inpatient to catapult myself over the walls of the grounds. Pursued by burly orderlies, I bounded aboard a passing train to make good my escape.

Tak
pal
van
ove
str
load

discarded torn scraps
h something written
haps a CLUE.
nd rearranged the
ut even with the aid
fying glass,
ake out the words.
C' and an 'O' and



It must have some meaning... but what?

