

In Search of Lost Tintin, Chapter 3

The following pages present chapter 3 of *In Search of Lost Tintin* in order to give you a feel for the book. For further exploration, the complete ebook for Kindle is available on Amazon sites worldwide.



**Echoes
from the
PAST**
PAST



BRUSSELS, BELGIUM. FEBRUARY 2013.

"PARTYING, SUNSHINE AND MERRYMAKING! AND YOU'RE GONNA MISS IT?"

"EVERYONE WANTS TO COME TO RIO FOR CARNIVAL AND YOU'RE GOING TO EUROPE IN WINTER?"

MY FRIENDS DIDN'T UNDERSTAND THAT AT THAT MOMENT MY MERRYMAKING RAN SILENT.



HÔTEL SCANDIC GRAND PLACE, S'IL-VOUS-PLAÎT.



BONJOUR, MONSIEUR HERGÉ. I ARRIVED. AT LAST, WE MEET.

Ricardo Jaka

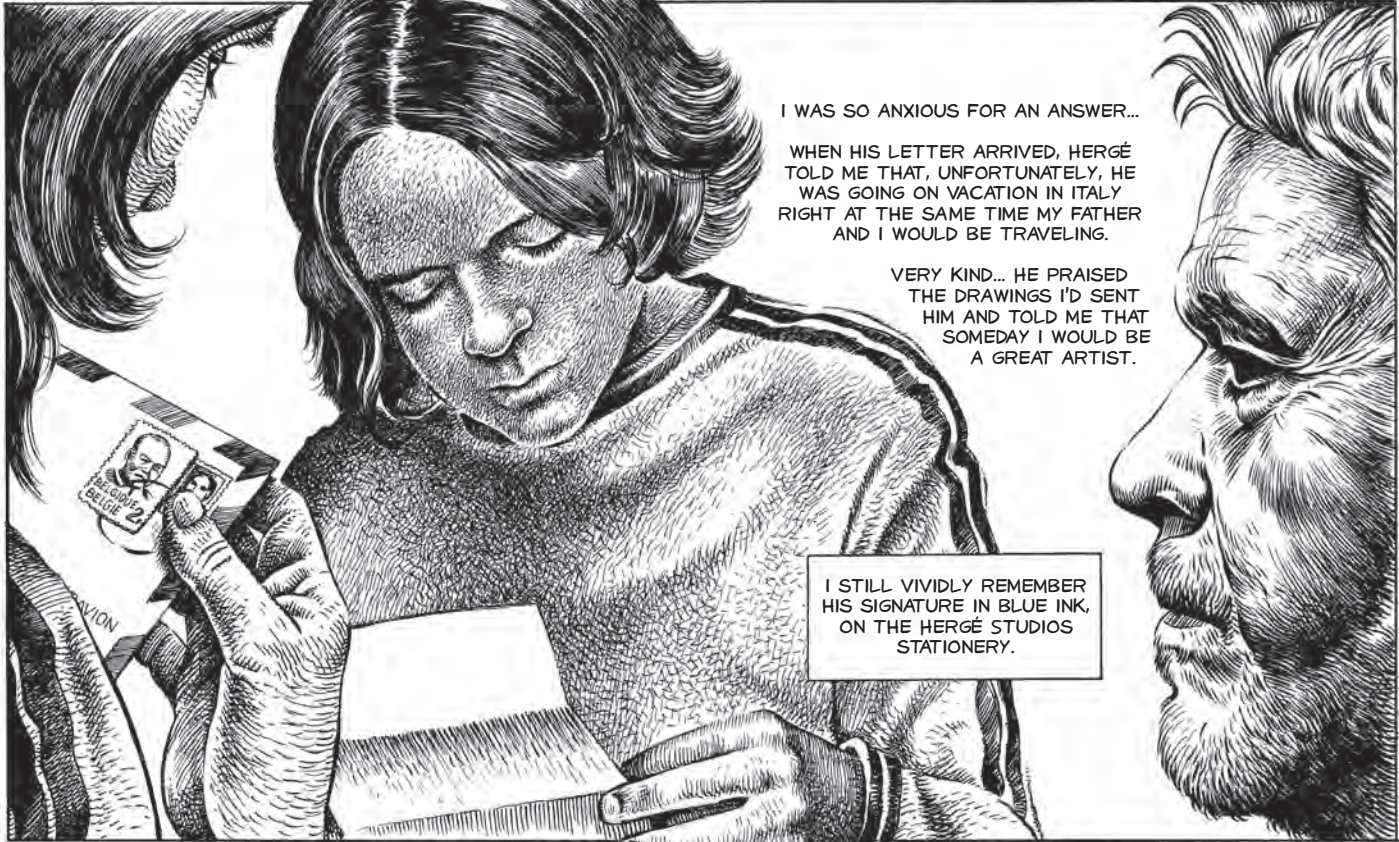


IN 1971, MY FATHER TOLD ME THAT I WOULD BE GOING WITH HIM TO EUROPE. MORE THAN SEEING THE MONA LISA, I WISHED TO MEET THE CREATOR OF TINTIN.

"CAN WE VISIT HERGÉ?"

"WRITE HIM. IF HE WILL SEE US, WE'LL GO TO BELGIUM."

BACK THEN, LETTERS TOOK WEEKS TO ARRIVE.



FOR THE FIRST TIME I EXPERIENCED A HUGE FRUSTRATION.

DON'T BE SAD, SON. HE WROTE YOU SUCH A NICE LETTER...

RIO, 1963.

MY MOTHER HAD LOTS OF PATIENCE WITH MY LOVE FOR COMICS.

LOOK! THE NEW PHANTOM IS HERE!



Ricardo Teixeira



MOMMY,
LET THE KID
READ HIS
COMICS.

IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN THE PLEASURE I FELT SIFTING THROUGH NEWSSTAND AFTER NEWSSTAND IN SEARCH OF A COMIC BOOK THAT MIGHT HAVE ESCAPED ME IN THE PREVIOUS SEARCHES.



BUT LET'S MAKE
A DEAL: YOU ONLY
READ COMIC BOOKS
ON WEEKENDS, OK?

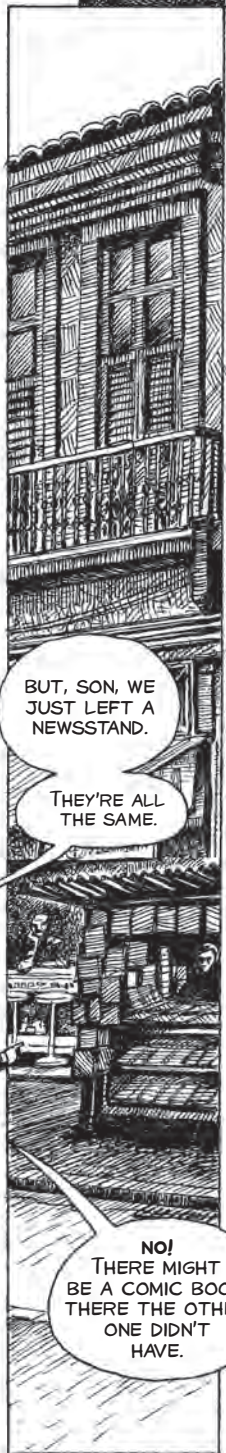
BUT, MOM...



WEEKDAYS ARE
FOR STUDYING.



LET'S TAKE
A LOOK AT
THAT OTHER
NEWSSTAND.



BUT, SON, WE
JUST LEFT A
NEWSSTAND.

THEY'RE ALL
THE SAME.

NO!
THERE MIGHT
BE A COMIC BOOK
THERE THE OTHER
ONE DIDN'T
HAVE.

Ricardo Lita



I WAS AN ARCHEOLOGIST OF COMIC BOOKS, BRIMMING WITH DREAMS AND ADVENTURES.

DIVING INTO THOSE MAGAZINES GAVE ME A PLEASURE I NEVER FELT THE LIKE OF AGAIN.



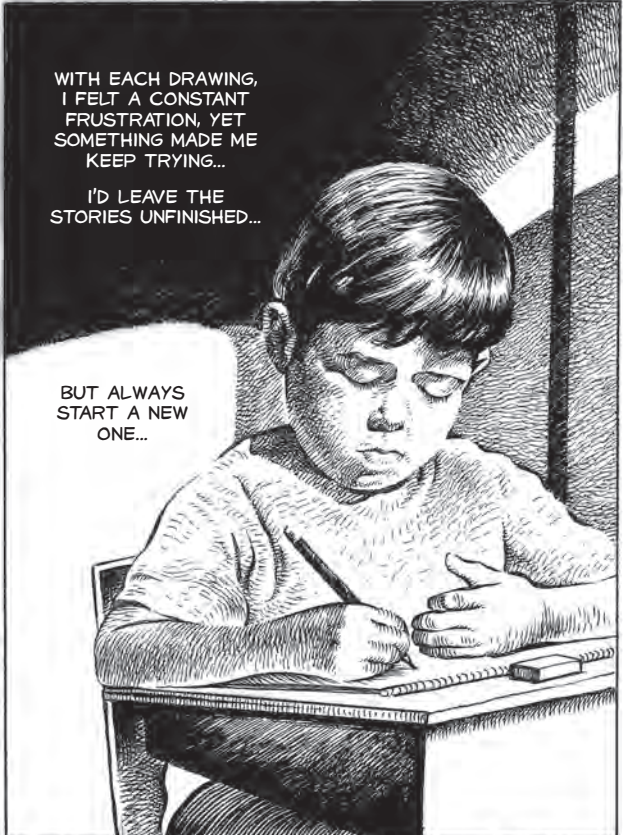
WITH EACH DRAWING, I FELT A CONSTANT FRUSTRATION, YET SOMETHING MADE ME KEEP TRYING...

I'D LEAVE THE STORIES UNFINISHED...

BUT ALWAYS START A NEW ONE...



I WAS STILL A KID WHEN I DECIDED THAT WAS WHAT I WANTED TO DO, AND KEPT DRAWING NONSTOP, TRYING TO BE AS GOOD AS THE ARTISTS WHO FASCINATED ME.



Rian Witte

I REMEMBER, AS IF IT WERE YESTERDAY, WHEN I WAS 10 AND WENT FOR THE FIRST TIME TO THE LEONARDO DA VINCI BOOKSTORE TO BUY A SCHOOLBOOK FOR MY FRENCH LESSONS.

RIO DE JANEIRO, 1967

IT WAS DAZZLING.

I'D NEVER SEEN A BOOKSTORE LIKE THAT ONE!

IT WAS A TEMPLE OF BOOKS. NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT EXISTED IN BRAZIL BACK THEN.

THERE WERE SHELVES AND SHELVES OF IMPORTED BOOKS, HARDCOVER, IN LUXURY EDITIONS, PRINTED IMPECCABLY.

EVEN THE COMIC BOOKS WERE SPECIAL.



I DISCOVERED A SHELF WITH IMPORTED COMIC ALBUMS.



I MET DONA VANNA PIRACINI, FROM THEN ON MY "BOOK MOTHER".

I LEARNED THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE OWNER OF A BOOKSTORE AND A BOOK SALESMAN.



DONA VANNA ENJOYED INTRODUCING ME AS HER YOUNGEST CUSTOMER AND...



... THE CARTOONIST ALVARUS, WITH HIS PORTLY WHITE MOUSTACHE, AS HER OLDEST CUSTOMER.

I RETURNED HOME FROM THAT FIRST VISIT WITH A SMALL BOOK FOR MY FRENCH LESSONS AND A BIG BOOK WITH TARZAN DRAWN BY BURNE HOGARTH.



I TOOK MY FIRST ANATOMY LESSONS WITH HIS DRAWINGS



NOTICING MY INTEREST, MY MOTHER OPENED AN ACCOUNT IN MY NAME AND I COULD BUY BOOKS EVERY SATURDAY, UNDER ONE CONDITION:

THEY COULDN'T BE IN PORTUGUESE.

Piracini

I WENT BACK TO THAT BOOKSTORE EVERY SATURDAY AND RUMMAGED THROUGH EACH SHELF.

LITTLE BY LITTLE I WAS INTRODUCED TO EUROPEAN COMICS...

... A LONG PATH OF REVELATIONS!

THAT WAS VERY DIFFERENT FROM WHAT I WAS USED TO SEEING IN NEWSSTANDS.

NEW HEROES AND ADVENTURES, THE PRODUCTION QUALITY

... EVERYTHING FASCINATED ME.

FOR THE FIRST TIME I UNDERSTOOD THE CONCEPT OF AN ALBUM.

THE FIRST ONE THAT ENCHANTED ME WAS ASTERIX.

TINTIN HAD COME OUT IN PORTUGUESE, BUT...

THAT GAUL, THE BOARS, THE DRUID AND HIS MAGIC POTION TRANSPORTED ME...

... TO A PLACE FURTHER AWAY THAN THAT TINY GAUL VILLAGE.



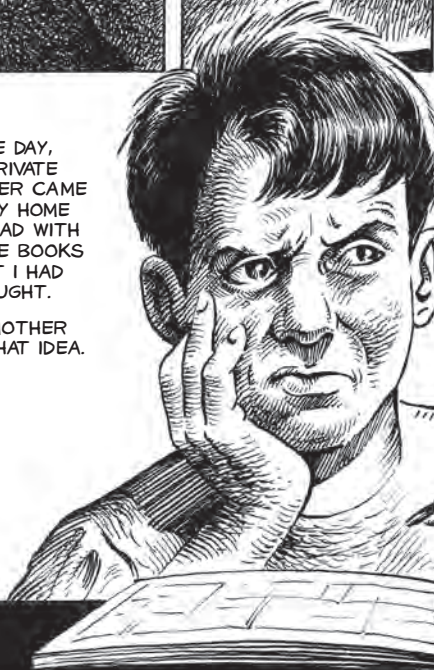
ONE DAY, A PRIVATE TEACHER CAME TO MY HOME TO READ WITH ME THE BOOKS THAT I HAD BOUGHT.

MY MOTHER HAD THAT IDEA.

THE TEACHER WANTED TO DISSECT FRENCH GRAMMAR, WHILE I WANTED TO PLUNGE INTO THE ADVENTURES.

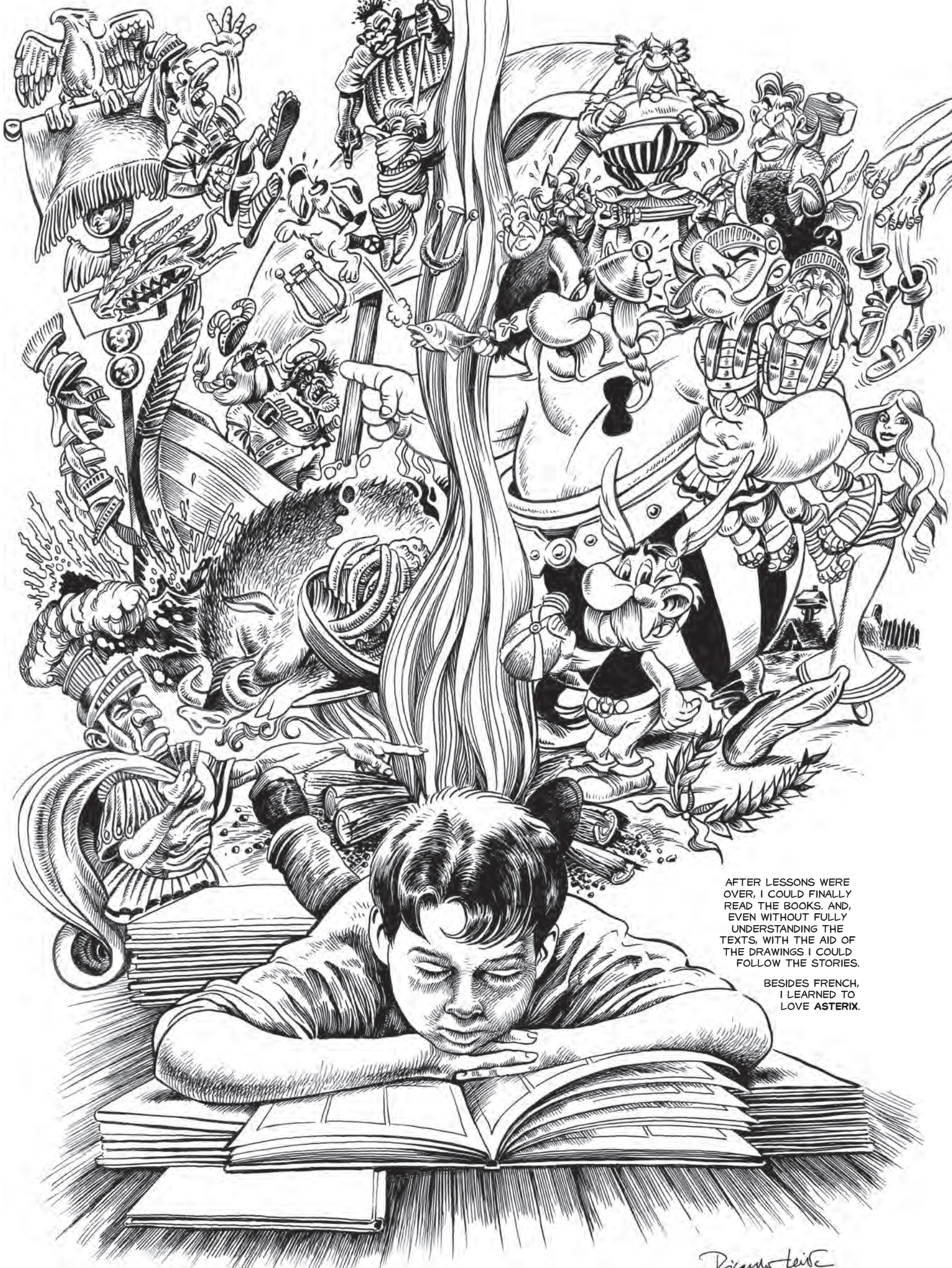
THE SLOWNESS OF THE READING IRRITATED ME...

SHE WAS A YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL FRENCH GIRL, BUT THAT DIDN'T LIVEN UP A 10-YEAR-OLD BOY.



YET I LEARNED FRENCH.

Picault Lente



AFTER LESSONS WERE OVER, I COULD FINALLY READ THE BOOKS, AND, EVEN WITHOUT FULLY UNDERSTANDING THE TEXTS, WITH THE AID OF THE DRAWINGS I COULD FOLLOW THE STORIES.

BESIDES FRENCH, I LEARNED TO LOVE ASTERIX.

Ricardo Laité

THE BOOKSHELF
IN MY ROOM WAS
A PORTAL TO
DIMENSIONS THAT
WOULD OPEN UPON
MARVELOUS SAGAS.

EVERYTHING WAS
POSSIBLE THERE.
EVEN FLYING!



I STARTED WITH FUNNIES FOR KIDS, GREW UP WITH HEROES AND SUPERHEROES... UNTIL ONE DAY, PENETRATING INTO JUNGLES AND VINES, I LEAPED TO ADULT TALES.

I VISITED LOST LANDS AND FORGOTTEN PLANETS.

MY REAL WORLD TURNED SMALL AND I LEARNED TO DREAM.

WAKE UP! THE WORLD SUCKS, MAN.

I'VE BEEN TELLING HIM THAT FOR YEARS!

ME TOO, BUT HE'S TRAPPED IN THE DREAM!

EASY NOW! HE'LL FIND OUT...

AND HOW...

VOILA, MONSIEUR. HOTEL SCANDIC GRAND PLACE.

... OH! WE'RE HERE.

HÉ HÉ HÉ !

THE ONLY REAL THING IS THE DREAM.



GOOD MORNING, SIR.
I HAVE A ONE-WEEK
RESERVATION. MY NAME
IS RICARDO LEITE.

BIENVENU,
MONSIEUR. YOUR
ROOM IS 122.
ELEVATOR ON
THE RIGHT.



WELL, WELL, HOW CURIOUS.
A GLASS ELEVATOR. THE
ELEVATOR OPERATOR IN MY
STORY WOULD LIKE THIS.

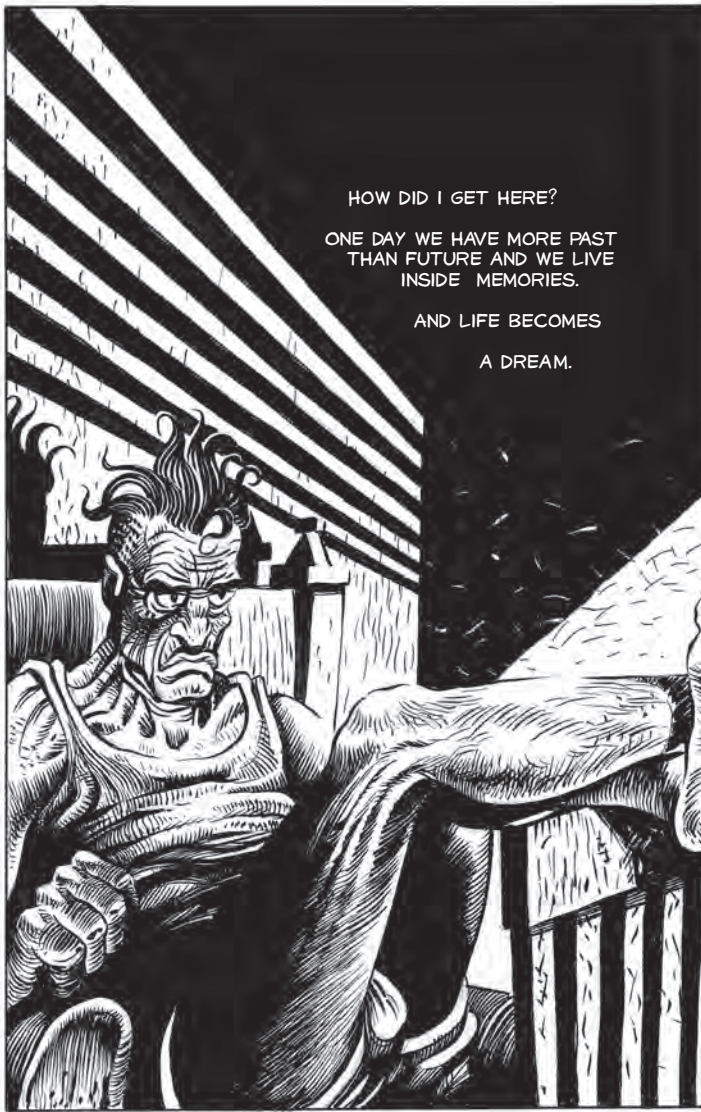


Ricardo Leite

RIO DE JANEIRO, MADE UP TIME.



HOW DID I GET HERE?
ONE DAY WE HAVE MORE PAST
THAN FUTURE AND WE LIVE
INSIDE MEMORIES.
AND LIFE BECOMES
A DREAM.



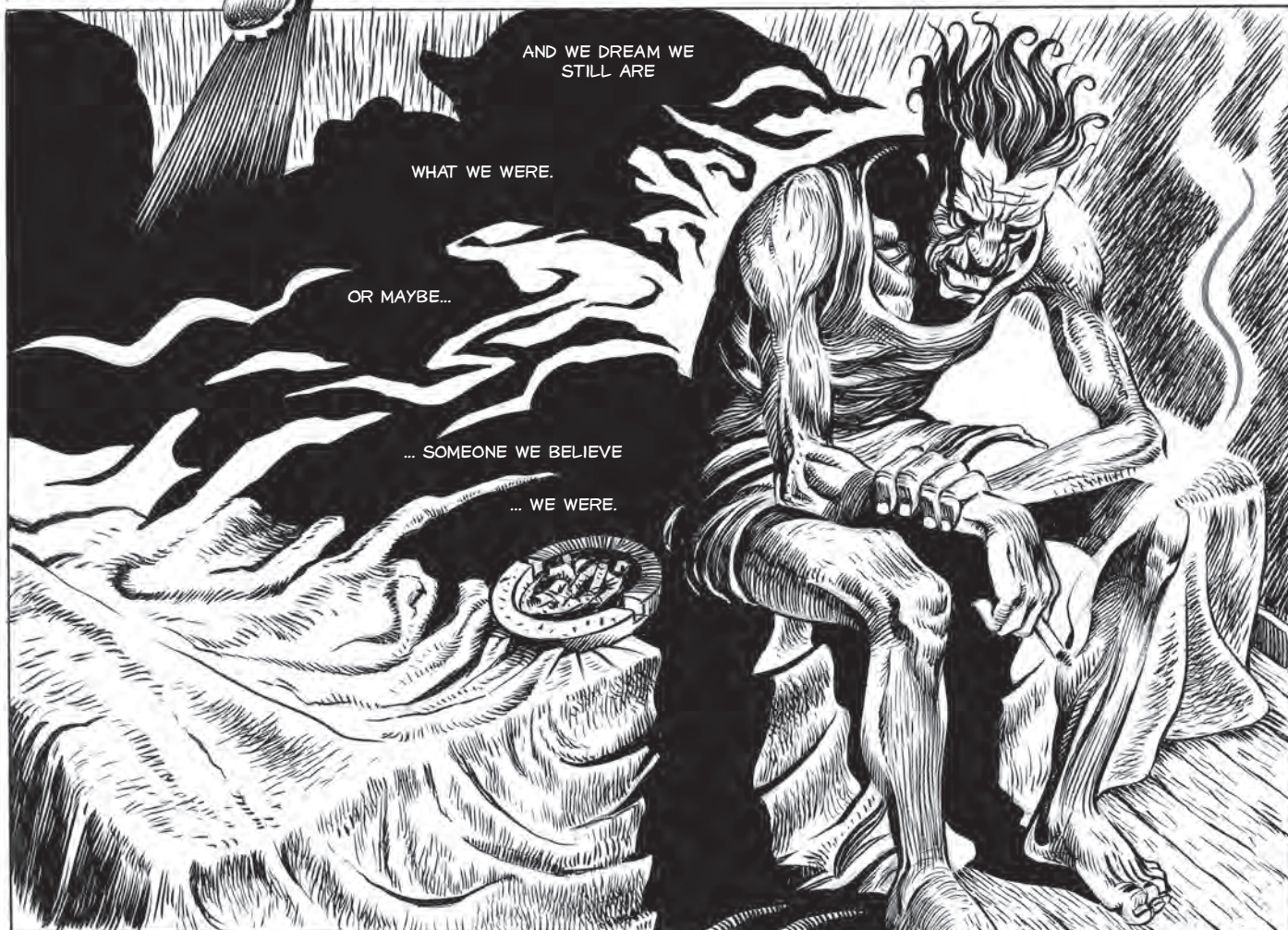
AND WE DREAM WE
STILL ARE

WHAT WE WERE.

OR MAYBE...

... SOMEONE WE BELIEVE

... WE WERE.

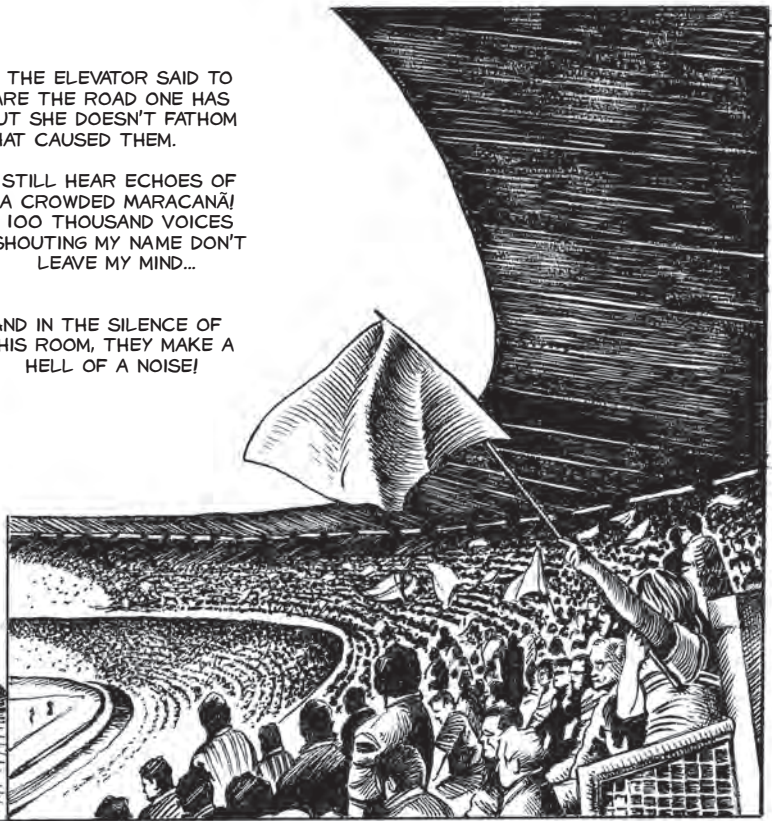


Roberto Kato

TODAY, THAT WOMAN IN THE ELEVATOR SAID TO ME: WRINKLES ARE THE ROAD ONE HAS TRAVELED. BUT SHE DOESN'T FATHOM WHAT CAUSED THEM.

I STILL HEAR ECHOES OF A CROWDED MARACANÃ! 100 THOUSAND VOICES SHOUTING MY NAME DON'T LEAVE MY MIND...

AND IN THE SILENCE OF THIS ROOM, THEY MAKE A HELL OF A NOISE!

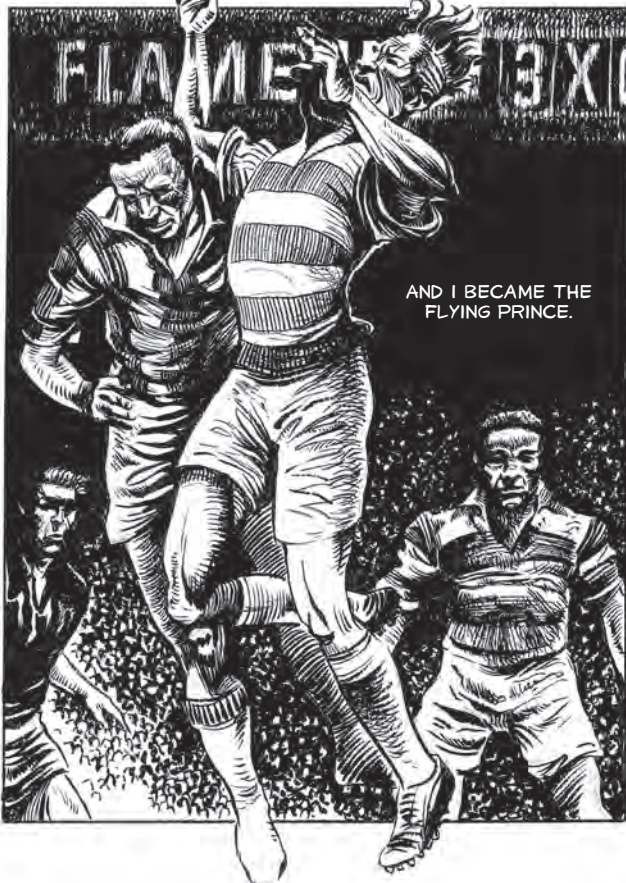


WHEN YOU'RE BORN DOWN AND OUT, THE ONLY WAY UP IS TO INCREASE YOUR COMMITMENT.

AND I WENT UP LIKE A BIRD THAT FLIES HIGHER THAN HIS OPPONENTS.



AND I BECAME THE FLYING PRINCE.



Ricardo heine

THAT WIND IN MY FACE
WAS EXHILARATING...

I NEVER IMAGINED HOW
QUICKLY I WOULD
BECOME TOO OLD
FOR FOOTBALL

LUCICLEIDE SAID
SHE MISSED THE
LEATHER...

THE LEATHER OF
MY FOOTBALL
SHOES? OF THE
BALL? THE SEX?

NO!

WHAT SHE MISSED
WAS THE LEATHER
OF MY WALLET!

YOU ARE A
SPECTACLE! I
SHOULD SELL
TICKETS!

I ONLY CAUGHT ON THAT
I WAS PAYING FOR ALL
THE TICKETS TO THE
SPECTACLE, WHEN MY
OWN SPECTACLE CAME
TO AN END, MY WALLET
RAN DRY AND
SHE LEFT.

I'M
EXHAUSTED.



BRUSSELS, FEBRUARY 2013

FROM MY
DOORSTEP HERE,
A 20-HOUR TRIP...

I NEED TO
REST A BIT.

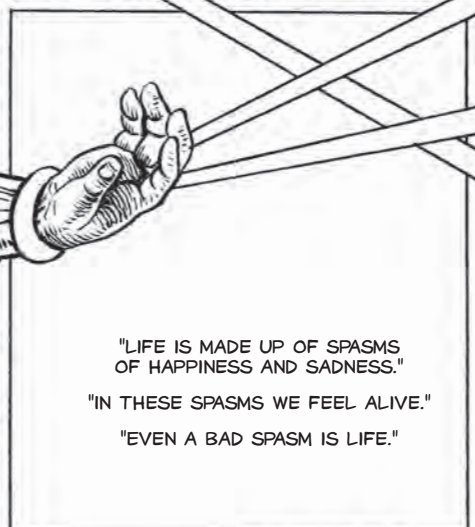
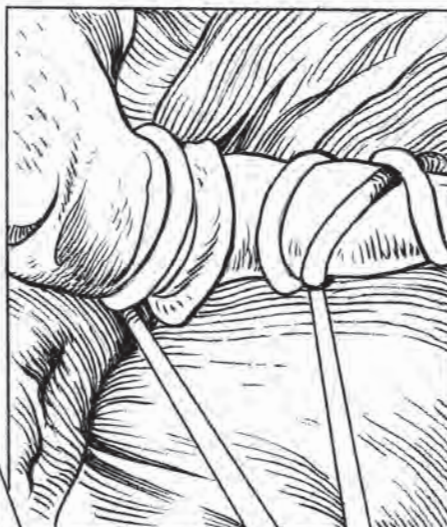
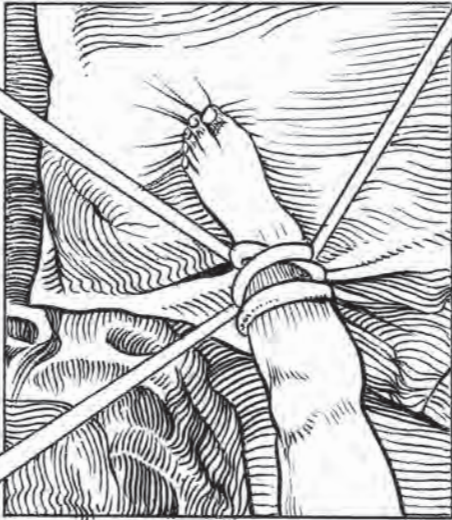
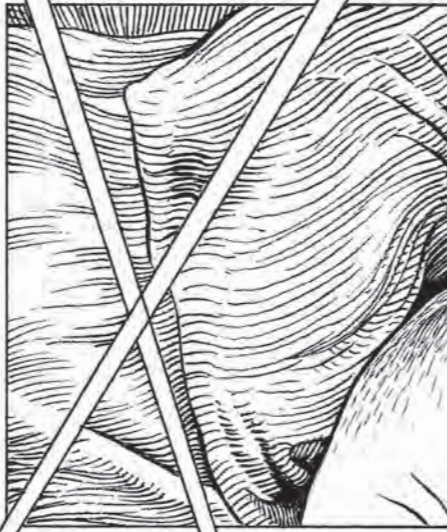
RIO DE JANEIRO, A YEAR EARLIER

MY LIFE HAD TURNED
UPSIDE DOWN.

"IT WOULD HELP IF YOU WENT BACK
TO THERAPY NOW."

"THE SECRET IS TO MAKE
THE WRONG THINGS RIGHT."

"LIFE IS NOT ABOUT THE PAST,
IT'S ABOUT THE FUTURE."



"LIFE IS MADE UP OF SPASMS
OF HAPPINESS AND SADNESS."

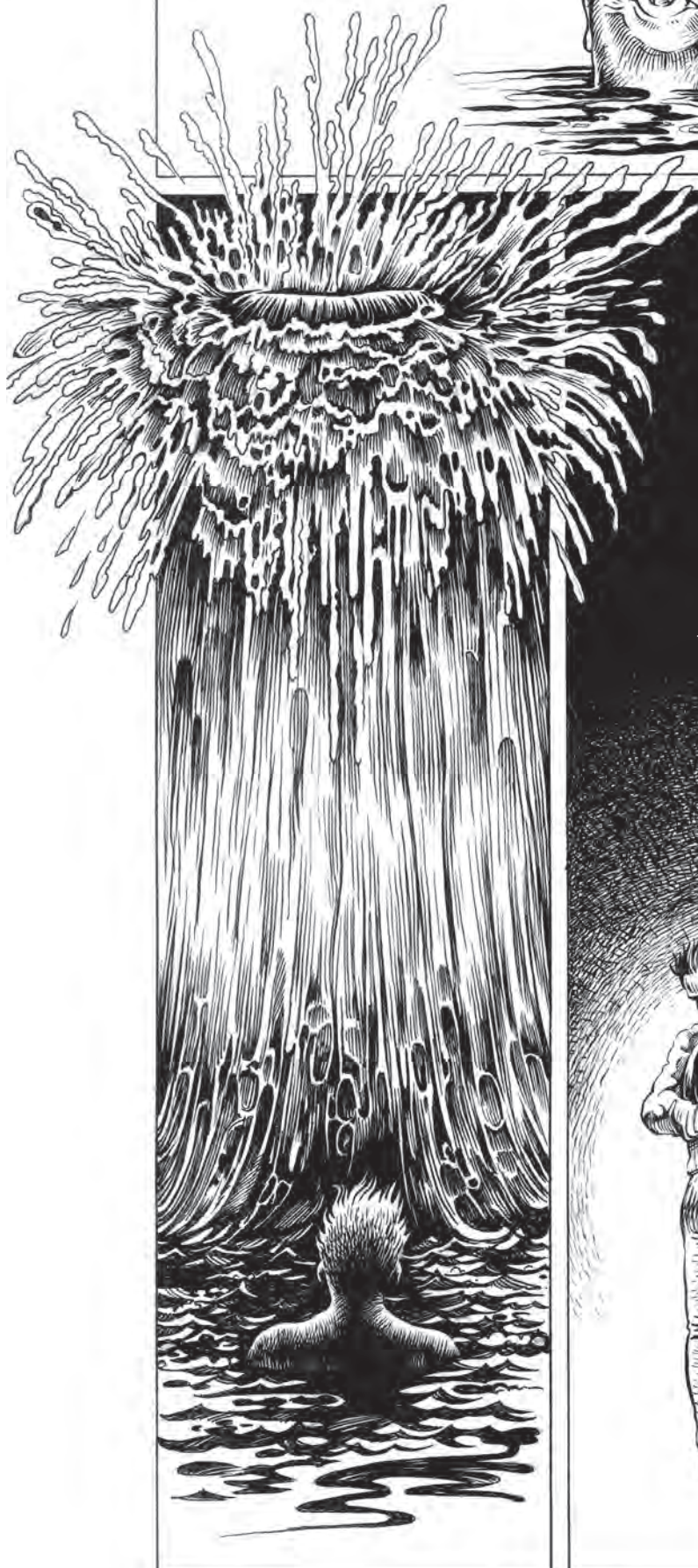
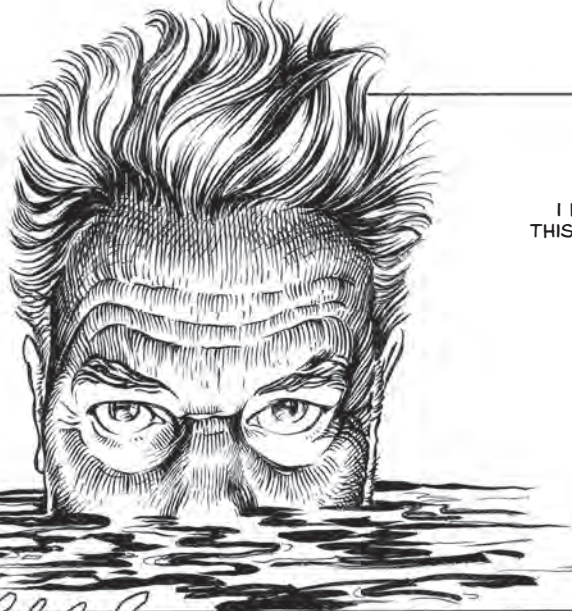
"IN THESE SPASMS WE FEEL ALIVE."

"EVEN A BAD SPASM IS LIFE."

Picasso

DOING THINGS IS EASY.
UNDOING THEM IS HARD...

I NEED TO MAKE
THIS BREAKUP WORK.



I REMEMBER THE DAY
I FEARED THE SEA.
THAT WAVE MADE ME
UNDERSTAND THAT I
SHOULD RESPECT IT!

YOU'LL BE FINE,
DAUGHTER.

THINK THAT THE CITY
IS A CASTLE AND I'M
JUST GOING TO LIVE
IN ANOTHER WING.



THE SEA
SWALLOWED ME.
AS MY LIFE IN
THAT INSTANT HAD
PACKAGED ME AND
SENT ME OFF TO
VERY UNEXPECTED
PLACES.
IT SEEMED
SERENE...

BUT WAR TRAUMA ONLY
HAPPENS AFTER THE
WAR.

YES, THE LIGHT AND THE SUNSHINE WERE AN INVITATION TO GO OUT...

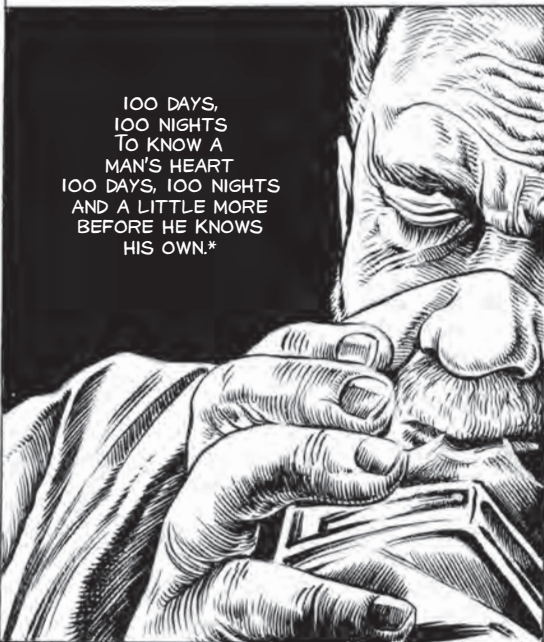


DEAR LORD,
GIVE ME STRENGTH
TO CARRY ON.
MY HOME MAY
BE OUT
ON THE HIGHWAY.

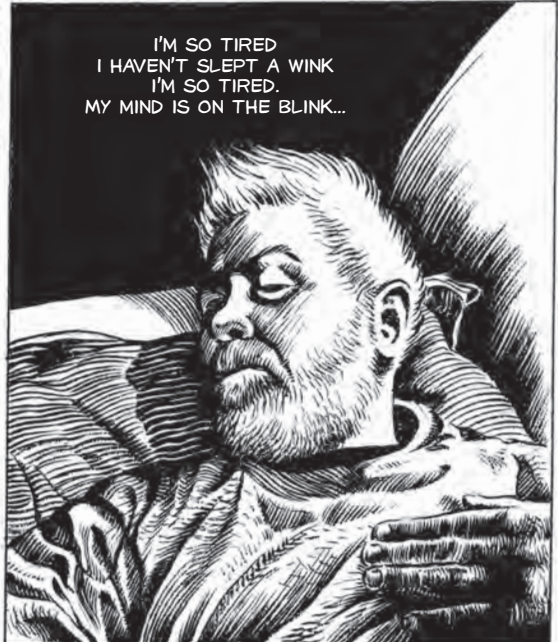
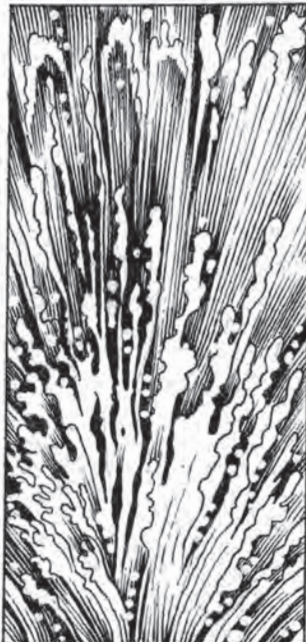
...

LORD, I'VE DONE
SO MUCH WRONG
BUT PLEASE,
GIVE ME STRENGTH
TO CARRY ON.*

... BUT THE DISMAL AND SECLUDED INTERIOR OF THE APARTMENT...



100 DAYS,
100 NIGHTS
TO KNOW A
MAN'S HEART
100 DAYS, 100 NIGHTS
AND A LITTLE MORE
BEFORE HE KNOWS
HIS OWN.*



I'M SO TIRED
I HAVEN'T SLEPT A WINK
I'M SO TIRED.
MY MIND IS ON THE BLINK...

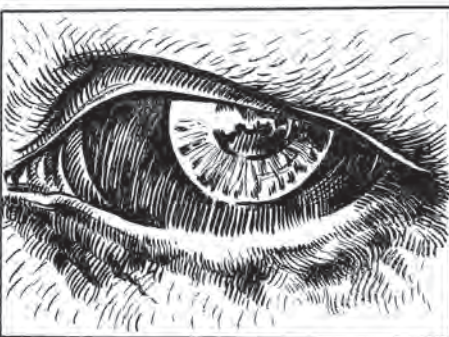
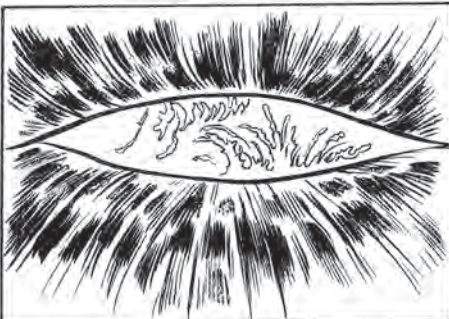
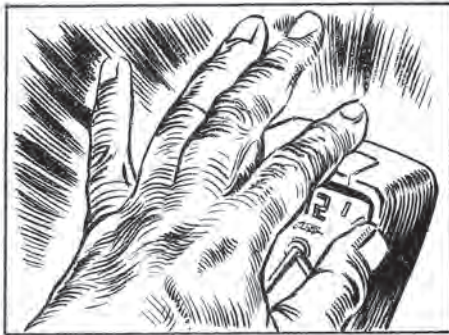
... WAS A BETTER FIT FOR MY CHRONIC FATIGUE.



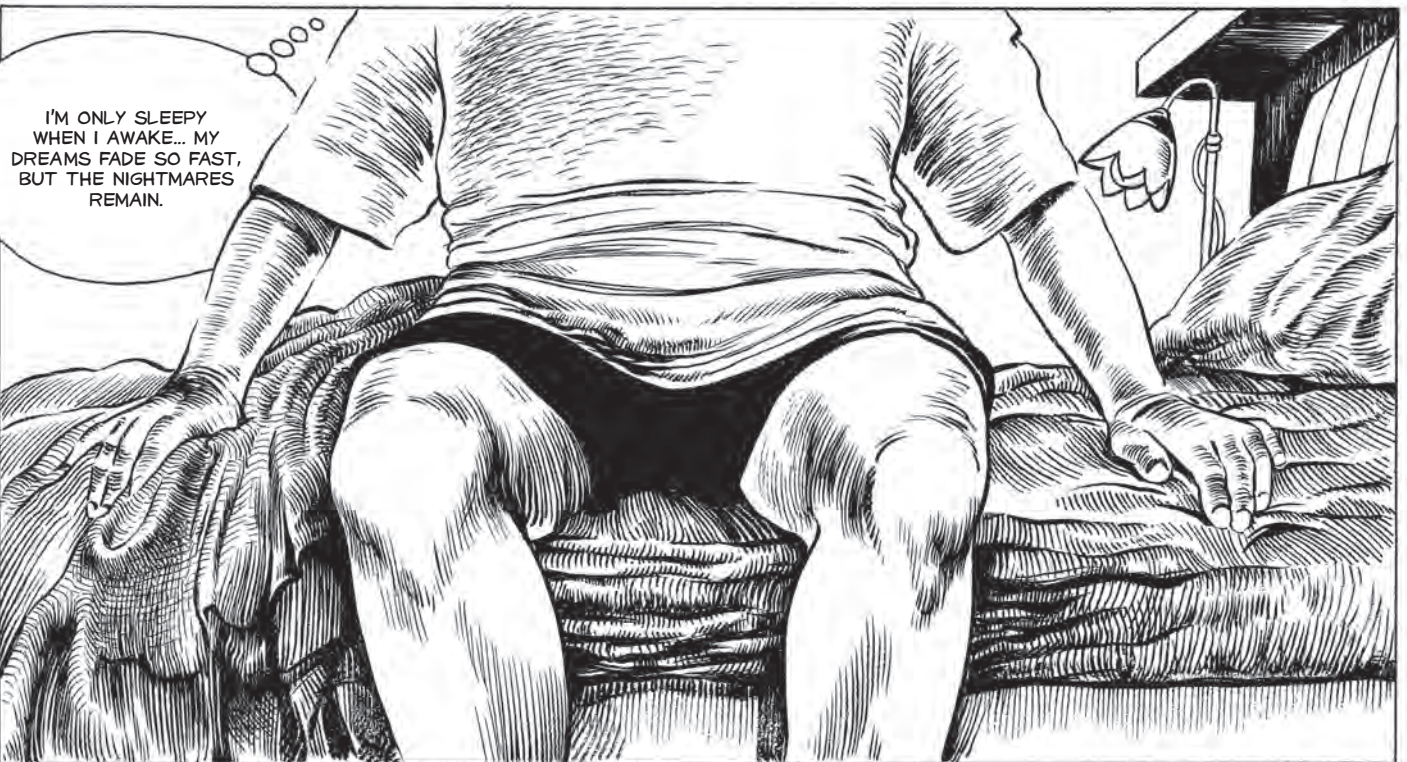
YOU KNOW I CAN'T SLEEP
I CAN'T STOP MY BRAIN
YOU KNOW IT'S THREE WEEKS

... YOU KNOW
I'D GIVE YOU
EVERYTHING
I'VE GOT FOR
A LITTLE
PEACE OF
MIND.*

* GIVE ME STRENGTH, ERIC CLAPTON
100 DAYS, 100 NIGHTS, SHARON JONES
I'M SO TIRED, THE BEATLES

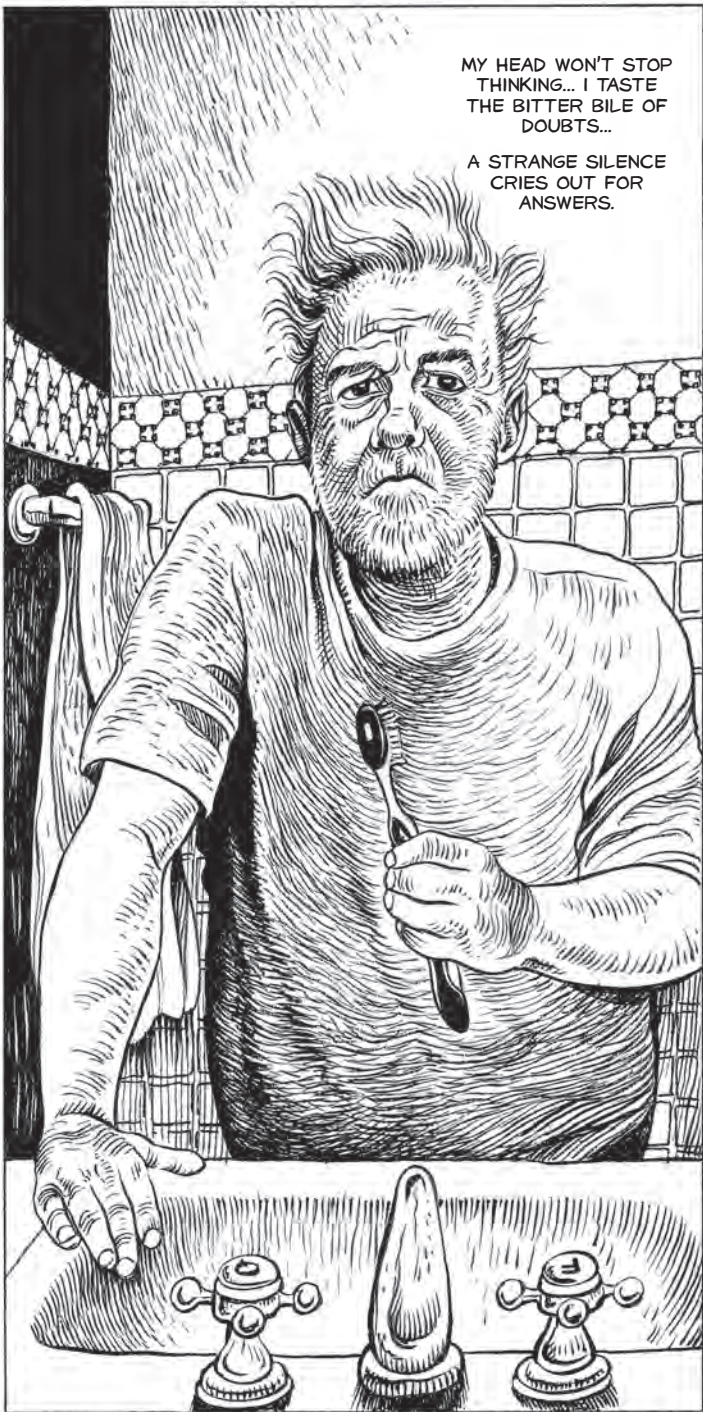


I'M SO TIRED... MORE TIRED THAN WHEN I CAME IN TO LIE DOWN.



I'M ONLY SLEEPY WHEN I AWAKE... MY DREAMS FADE SO FAST, BUT THE NIGHTMARES REMAIN.

MY HEAD WON'T STOP
THINKING... I TASTE
THE BITTER BILE OF
DOUBTS...
A STRANGE SILENCE
CRIES OUT FOR
ANSWERS.



I'M A SCOUT ON THE
LOOKOUT FOR THE TRAIL
OF LIFE. THE TRACKS HAVE
BEEN ERASED... WILL I
STILL KNOW THE WAY?



ARE THE WRINKLES A GUIDE?



Ricardo

I FEEL NOSTALGIA FOR THE FUTURE.



55 YEARS HAVE LEFT A LOT OF WRINKLES... TIME'S SIGNATURE.



THERE IS NO FRESH START. I CAN LIVE ONLY ON THE OLD PATH.



EQUILIBRIUM IS NOT IN THE PAST.



IT'S IN THE FUTURE.



ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS JUMP!



I MADE A DEAL WITH LIFE TO BE HAPPY.



MY HAIR JUST TURNED WHITER.



AND THE WORLD OUTSIDE AWAITS ME.

