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# THE SECRET OF THE UNICORN



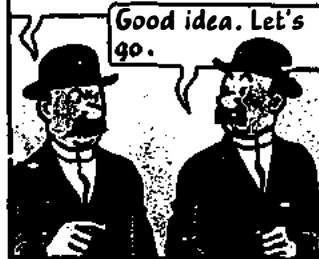
## NEWS IN BRIEF

**A**N alarming rise in the number of robberies has been reported in the past few weeks. Daring pickpockets are operating in the larger stores, the cinemas and street markets. A well-organised gang is believed to be at work. The police are using their best men to put a stop to this public scandal.

We must keep our eyes open, and catch these crooks.



How about starting in the Old Street Market? Tintin said he was going there this morning. Perhaps we'll meet him.



Why, there are Thomson and Thompson.



Hello! ... How are you?

Look who's here!  
Tintin!



What are you doing here? Looking for bar-gains?  
Sh!... Highly confidential!... Special operation: pickpockets.  
But that didn't stop us from finding this job-lot of walking sticks.



How much?  
Eight bob for the lot.



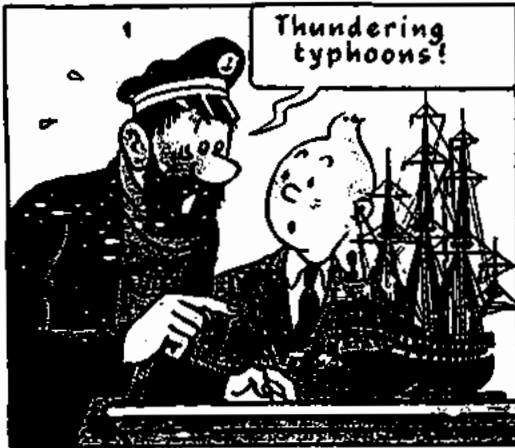
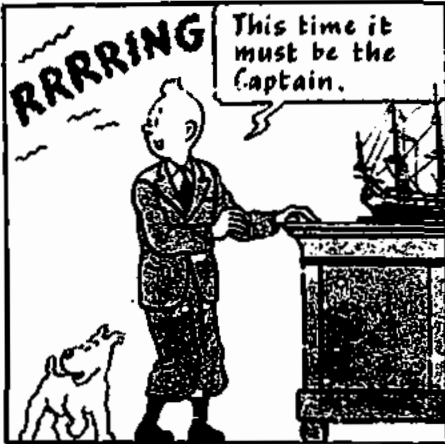
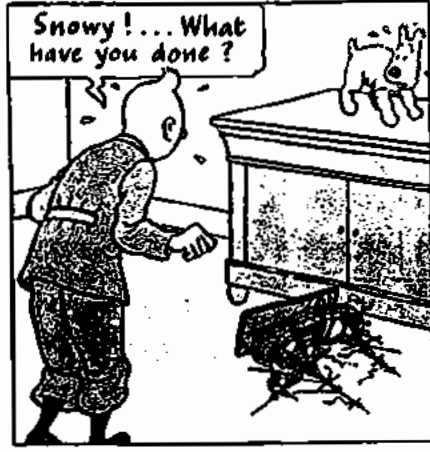
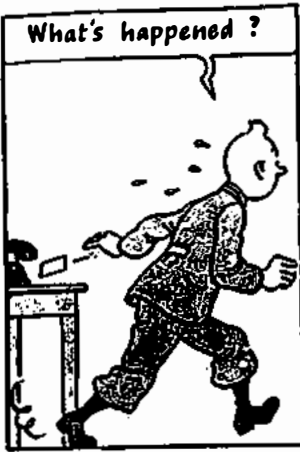
Six shillings.  
Seven... but I'm robbin' meself...

SKRIPSI

FLOUTED MAXIMS OF...

MILAH KRESNAWATY

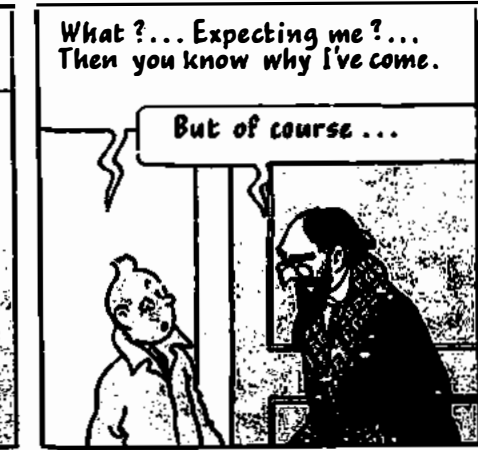
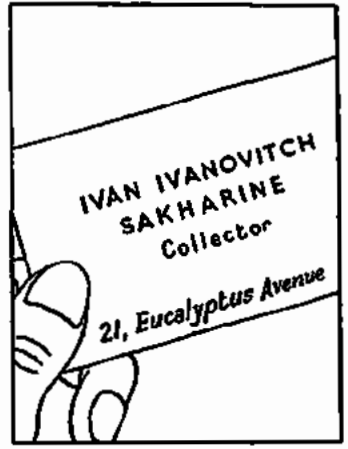


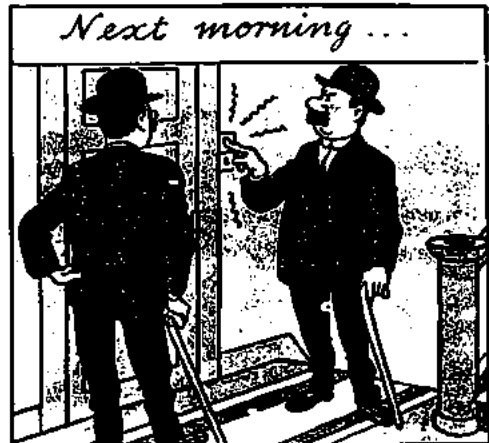
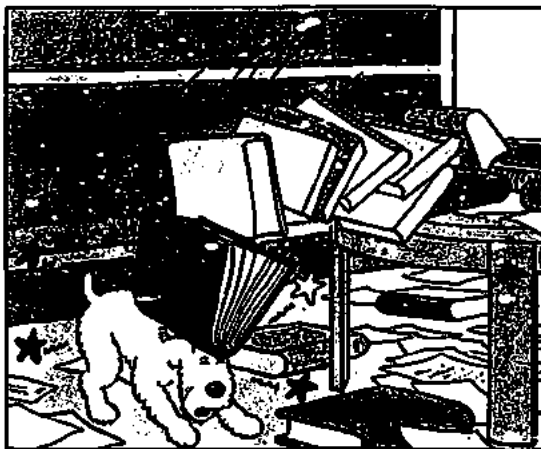
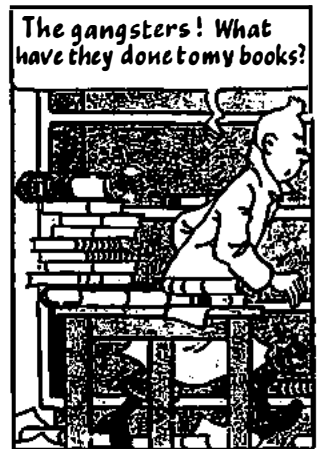
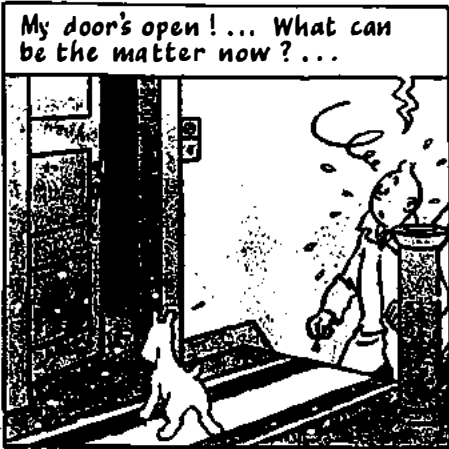
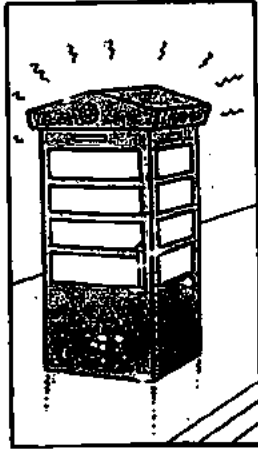


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MILAH KRESNAWATY





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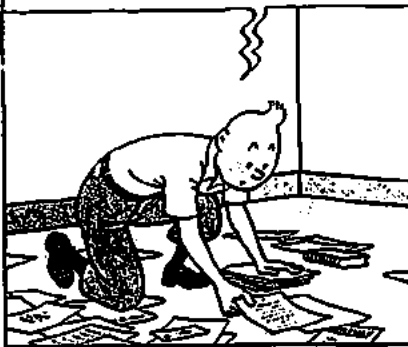
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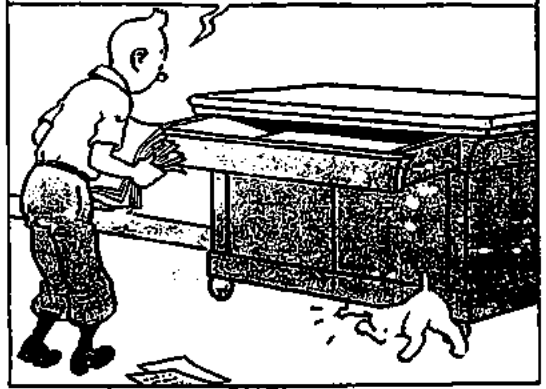
Poor old Thomsons, they do have rotten luck!... There seems to be quite an epidemic of larceny and house-breaking.



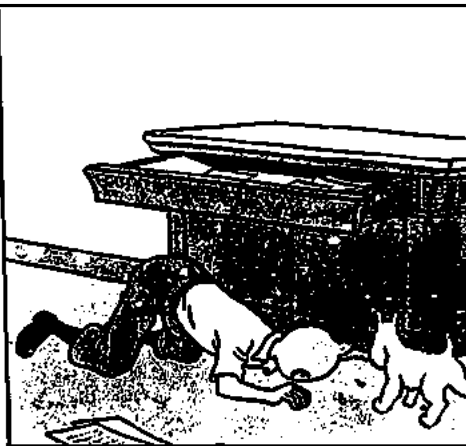
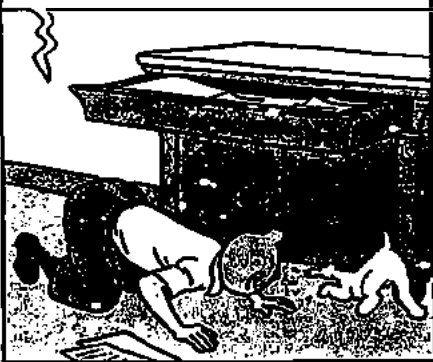
Oh well, let's try and get these papers sorted out...



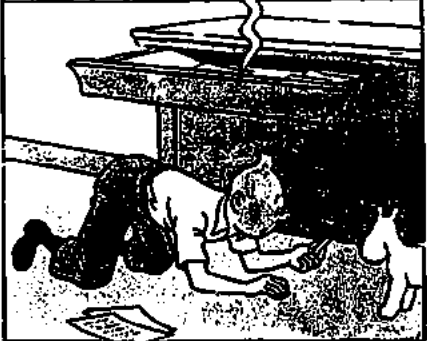
What are you after, Snowy?



A cigarette, under there? That's a funny place...



Why, it's not a cigarette... it's a little scroll of parchment...



But this isn't mine! Where ever did it come from?... Let's have a closer look at it...



Here's another mystery!



SKRIPSI

Three Brothers joined. Three Unicorns in company sailing in the noonday Sunne will speak. For 'tis from the Light that Light will dawn. And then shines forth the Eaglest

FLOUTED MAXIMS OF...

But it's all gibberish! And where on earth did this parchment come from, anyway?



MILAH KRESNAWATY

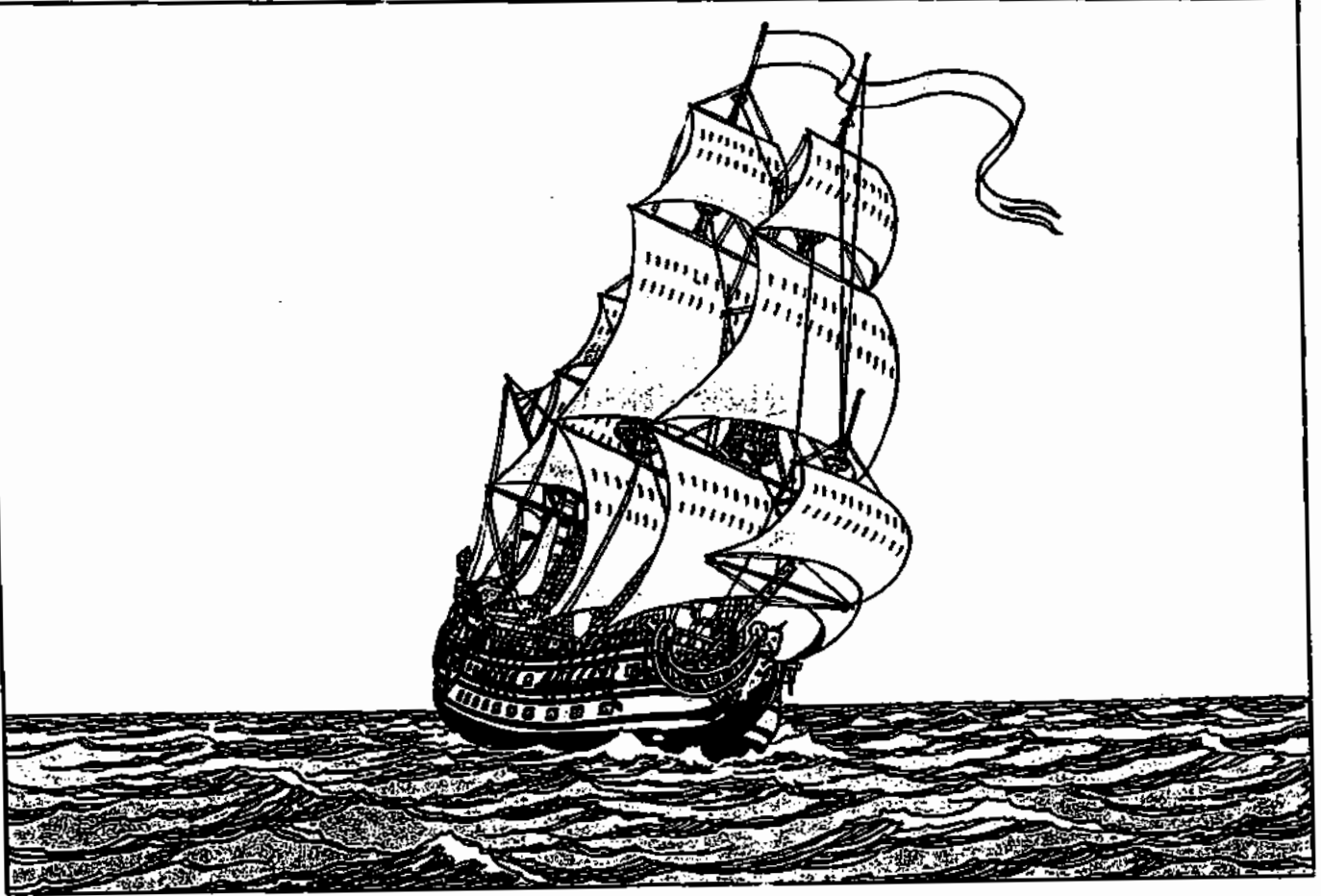




SKRIPSI

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MILAH KRESNAWATI



Two days at sea, a good stiff breeze, and the UNICORN is reaching on the starboard tack. Suddenly there's a hail aloft...

Sail on the port bow!

Thundering typhoons!.. She's mighty close-hauled! Ration my rum if she's not going to cut across our bows!

And she's making a spanking pace! Oho! she's running up her colours.. Now we'll see...

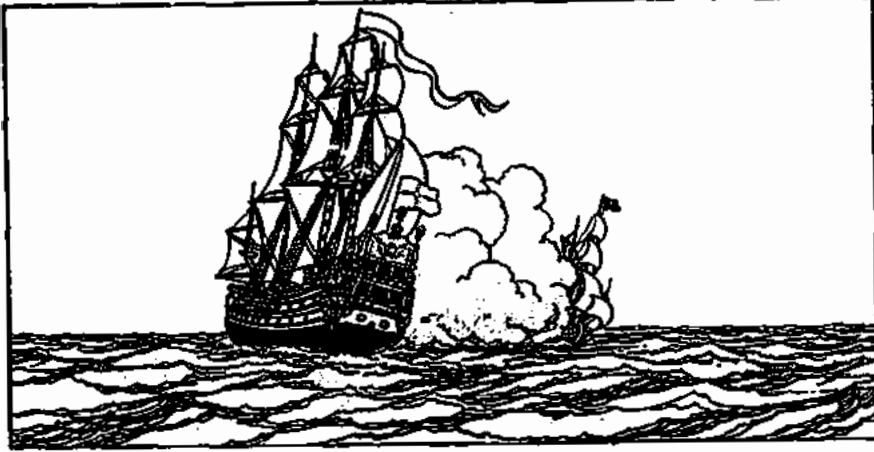
OW!



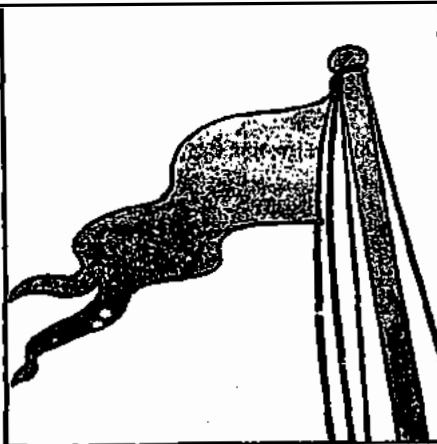
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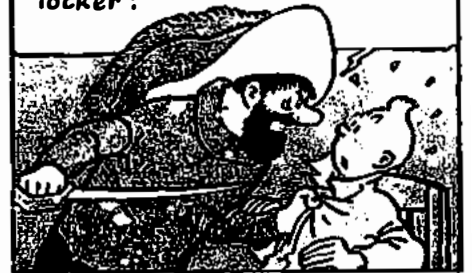
MILAH KRESNAWATY



Got her, yes! But not a crippling blow. The pirate ship in turn goes about - and look! she's hoisted fresh colours to the mast-head!



The red pennant!... No quarter given!... A fight to the death, no prisoners taken! You understand? If we're beaten, then it's every man to Davy Jones's locker!



The pirates take up the chase - they draw closer... and closer... throats are dry aboard the UNICORN.



Close hauled, the enemy falls in line astern with UNICORN, avoiding the fire of her guns... She draws closer...

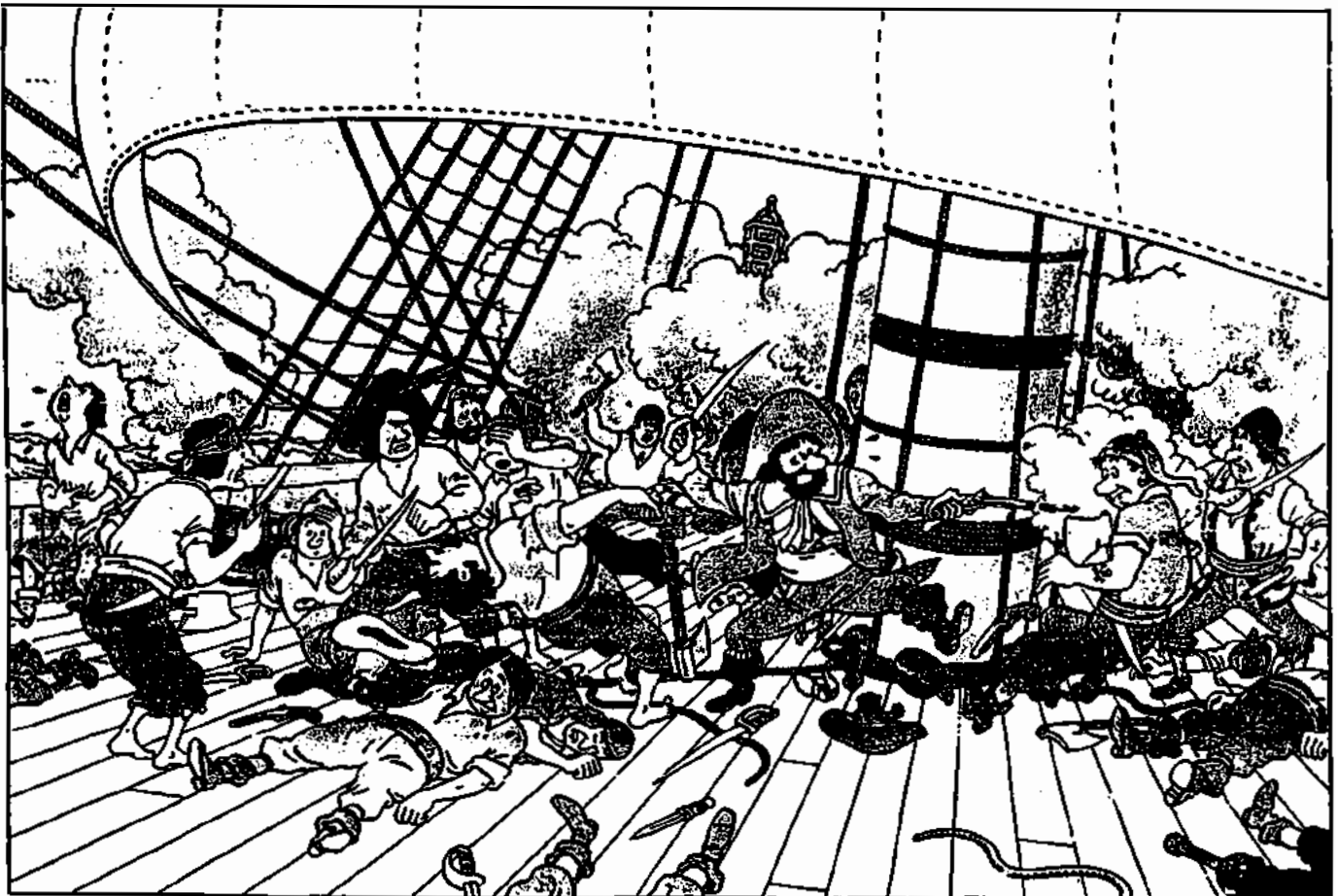
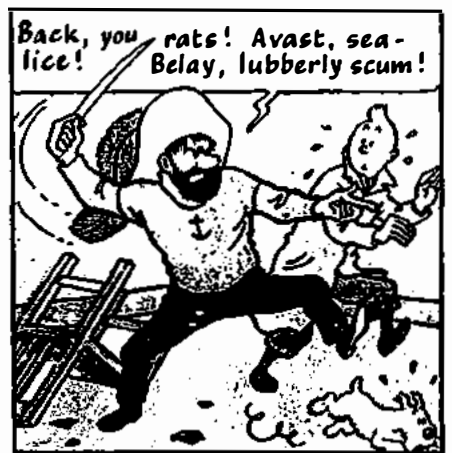
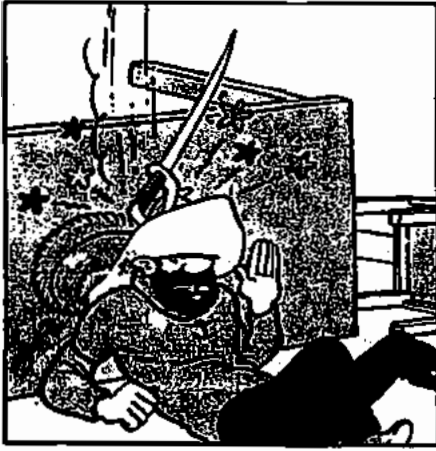


Then suddenly, not more than half a cable's length away, she slips from under the UNICORN's poop... whoosh... like that!



Then she resumes her course. The two ships are now alongside. The boarders prepare for action...





Sir Francis?... When he came round he found himself securely lashed to his own mast. He suffered terribly...

From that blow on the head, of course...

No, from thirst!...

Poor man, how he suffered.

He looked about him. The deck was scrubbed, and no trace remained of the fearful comat that had taken place there. The pirates passed to and fro, each with a different load...

What's happening? Instead of pillaging our ship and making off with the booty, they're doing just the opposite.

But there's a man approaching. He wears a crimson cloak, embroidered with a skull: he's the pirate chief! He comes near - his breath reeks of rum - and he says:

Regard me well, dog: I am Red Rack-ham!

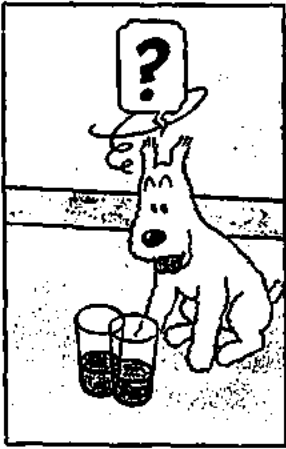
Your servant, sir. And I am Sir Francis Haddock.

Doesn't my name freeze your blood, eh? Right. Listen to me. You have killed Diego the Dreadful, my trusty mate. More than half my crew are dead or wounded. My ship is foundering, damaged by your first attack, then holed below the waterline as we boarded you...

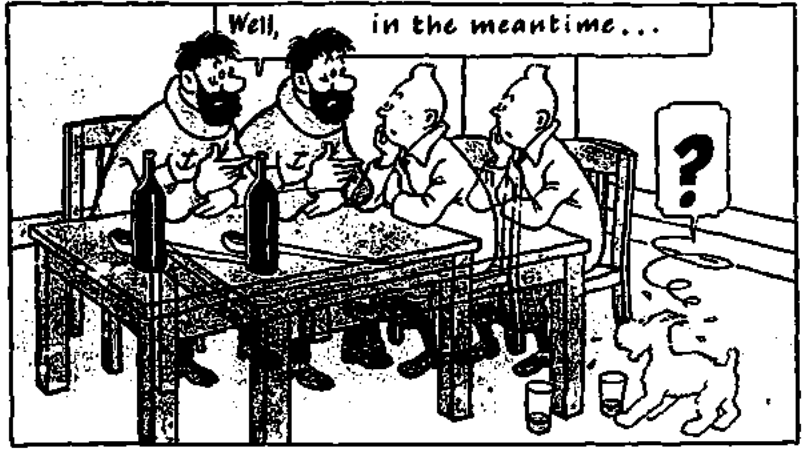
...when some of your diastardly gunners fired at point blank range. She's sinking... so my men are transferring to this ship the booty we captured from a Spaniard three days ago.

And what booty?

Look at these diamonds!



That's funny!  
Now there are  
two glasses!



Well, in the meantime...



In the meantime Sir Francis strug-  
gled desperately to free himself...



Just you wait, my lamb-  
kins! Ration my rum if  
Sir Francis Haddock  
doesn't soon give you  
something to remember  
him by...



Done it! That's one  
hand free!



Free! Now I'm  
free!



On your guard, Red  
Rackham: here I come!



And with these words he  
hurled him-  
self...

On the pirates?..  
Like that? ...  
Unarmed? ...



No, on a bottle  
of rum, rolling  
on the deck!...  
He opened it,  
put it to his  
lips, and ...



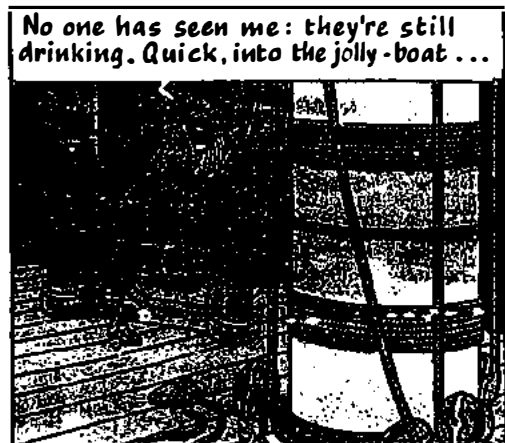
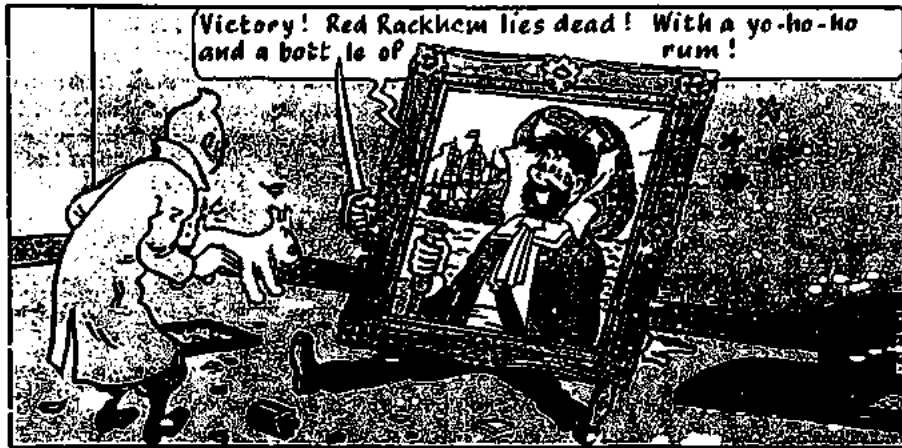
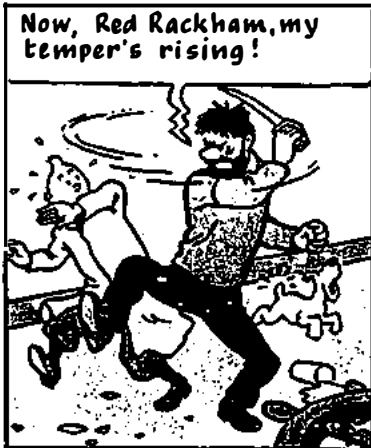
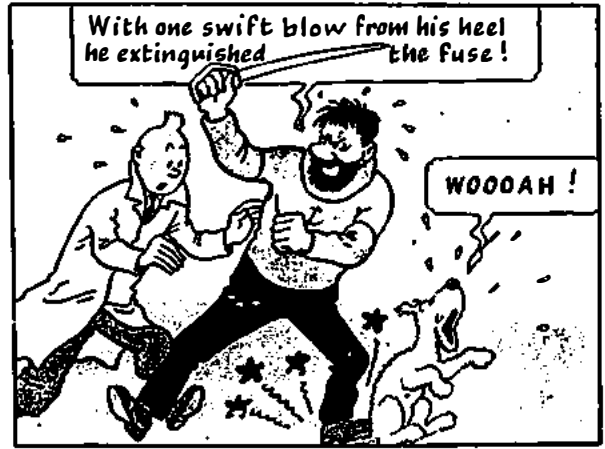
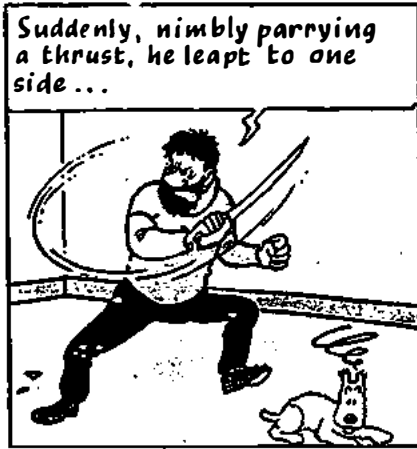
And then he stops. "This  
is no time for drinking,"  
he says, "I need all my wits  
about me". With that, he  
puts down the bottle...



Yes, he puts down the bottle..  
and seizes a cutlass. Then,  
looking towards the fo'c'sle  
where the drunken roistering  
still goes on ...



You sing and carouse, little  
lamb!... i'm off to the  
magazine!



SKRIPSI

FLOUTED MAXIMS OF...

MILAH KRESNAWATY

What do you mean ?

Why do you suppose Sir Francis told his sons to move the mainmast on each of the three ships ?

How should I know? He must have been a very particular man, and wanted the ships to be perfect!

In that case, he would have moved the masts himself. Why did he tell his sons to do it?

Because if his sons had obeyed him, they would have found a tiny scroll of parchment inside each mast!

What's that? How do you know?

Because I myself found the parchment hidden in the ship I bought in the Old Street Market. Here it is...

My wallet! ... Someone's stolen my wallet ...

Stolen it? You've probably left it at home.

No, it's been stolen. It was taken in the bus, on my way here. I remember being jostled ...

What was on the parchment?

Wait... er... yes: Three brothers joined - that's the three sons. Three Unicorns in company sailing in the noon-day Sunne will speak - that means we must get the three ships to deliver their secret: the three parchments. The rest isn't so easy...

For 'tis from light that light will dawn. And then shines forth... and then some numbers, and at the end, a little cross follows the words the Eagles... That's all.

But what can it mean?

I don't know yet, but I'm sure that if we can collect the three scrolls together, then we shall find Red Rackham's diamonds. I already know where the second one is. Come on, Captain!

You know where the second scroll is?

Yes, I know who's got the second UNICORN.

The second UNICORN built by my ancestor?

Yes, it belongs to a certain Mr. Sak-harine.

This is it: he lives here, at Number 21.

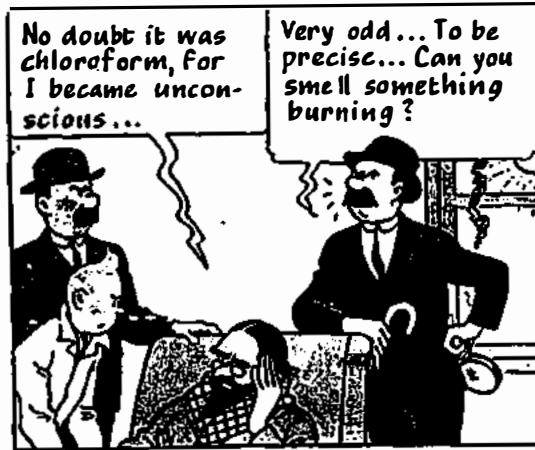
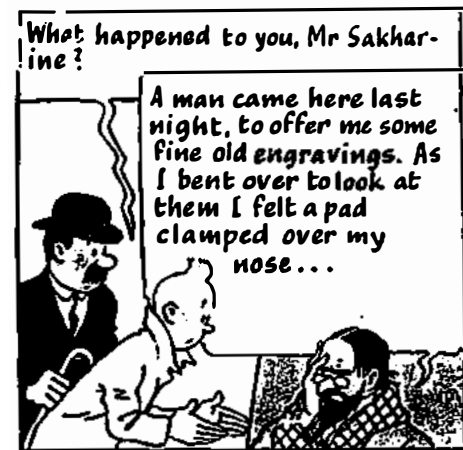
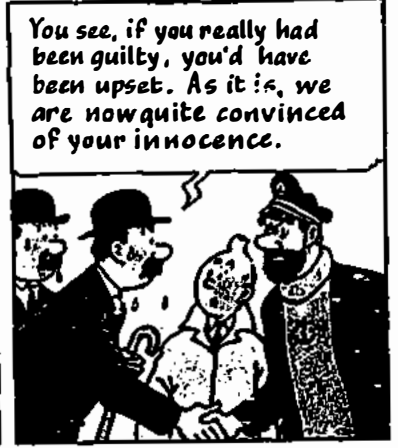
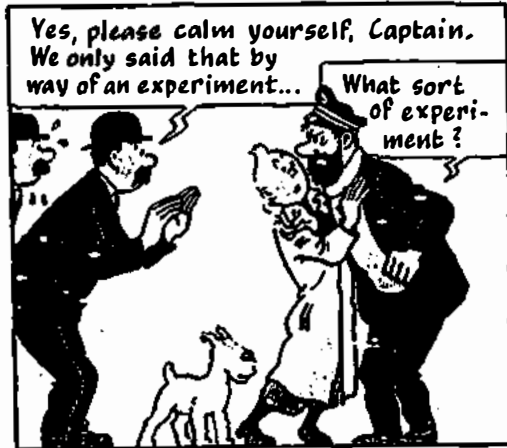
HELP!.. HELP!.. HELP!..

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MILAH KRESNAWATY

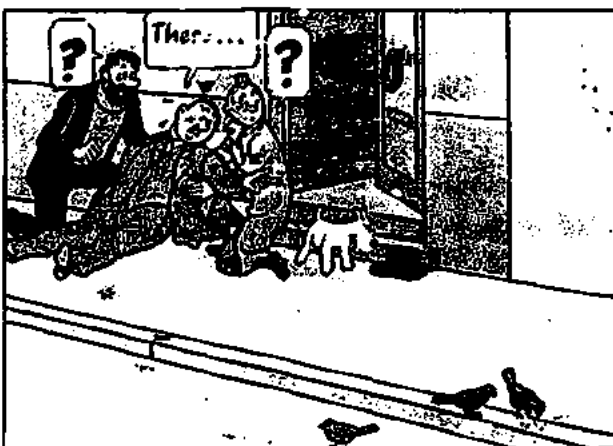
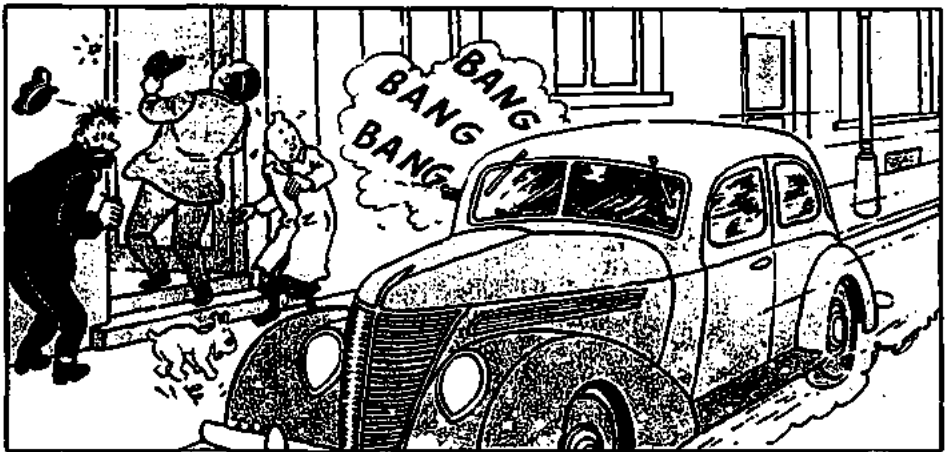
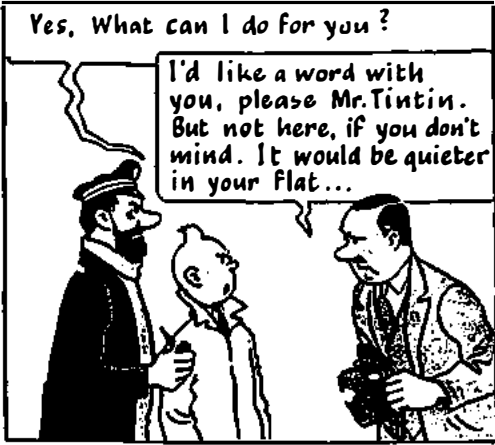




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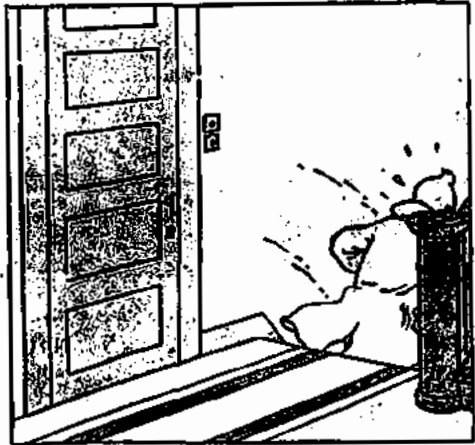
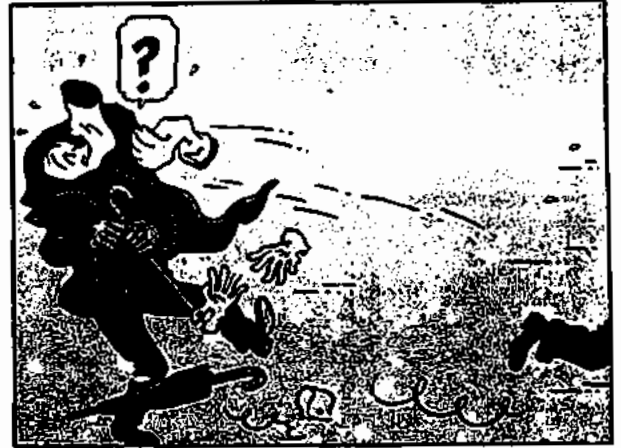
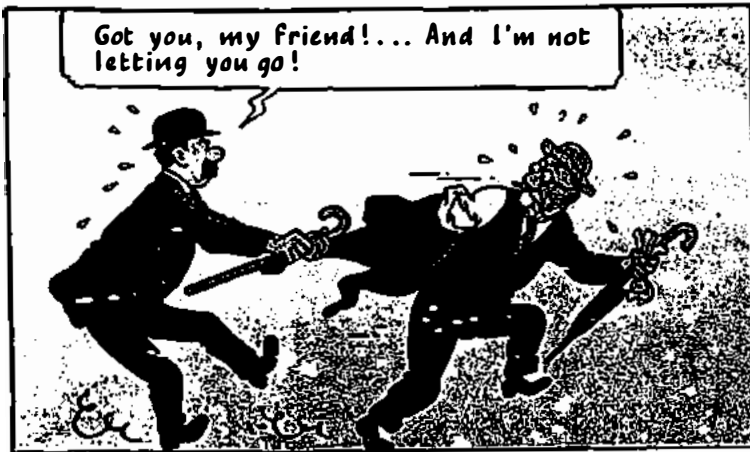
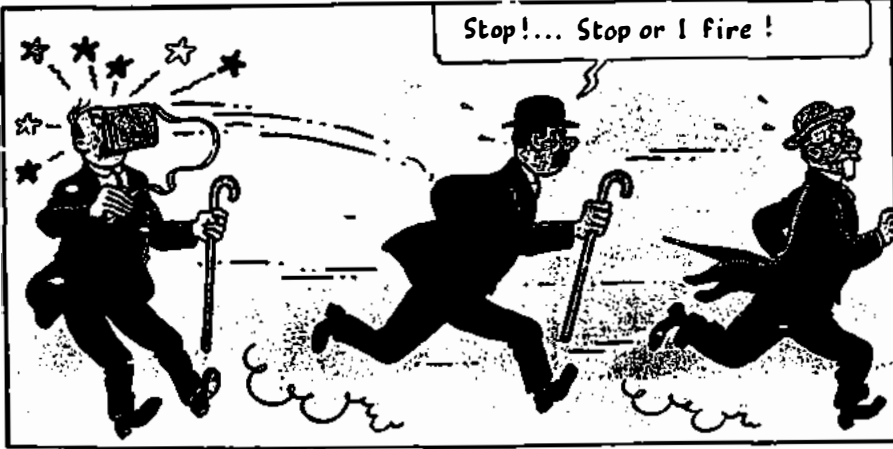
MILAH KRESNAWATY

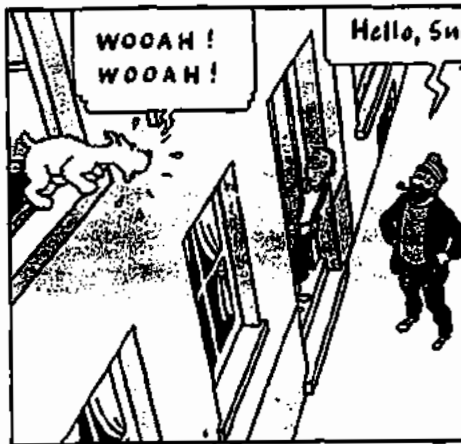
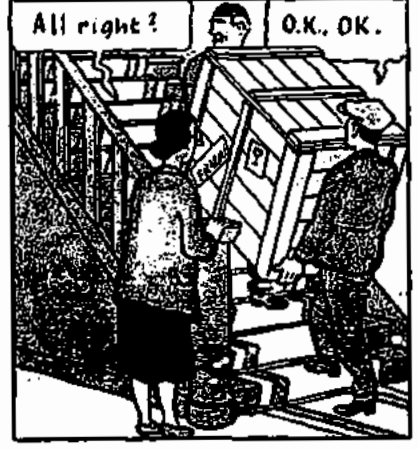
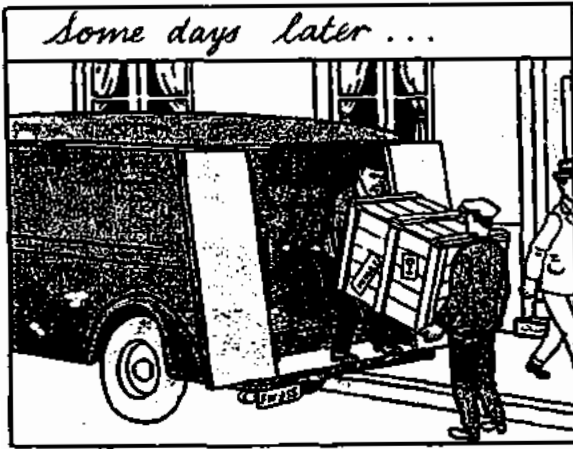


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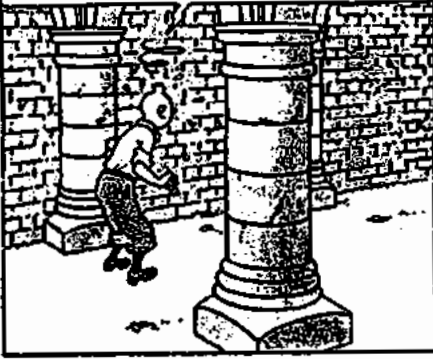
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MILAH KRESNAWATY





Nobody there! But I wasn't dreaming: someone spoke!



Yes, someone spoke!



Who... who are you?... And where are you?



Who am I? I am the ghost of the captain of the UNICORN!



Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!



Ha! ha! ha! ... That frightened you, didn't it?... Come over to the door... Come on.

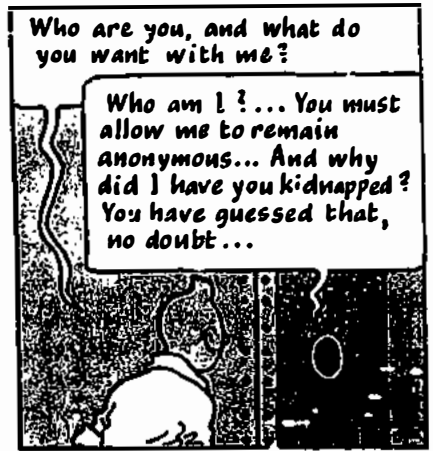


Come nearer. Good... Now, can you see the speaking-tube?



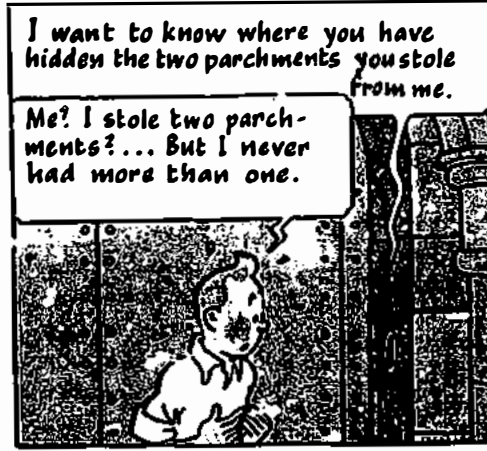
Who are you, and what do you want with me?

Who am I?... You must allow me to remain anonymous... And why did I have you kidnapped? You have guessed that, no doubt...



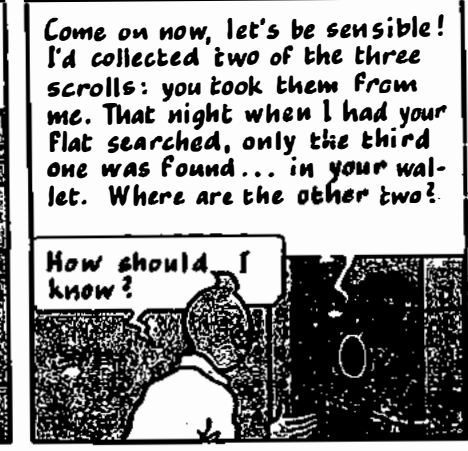
I want to know where you have hidden the two parchments you stole from me.

Me? I stole two parchments?... But I never had more than one.



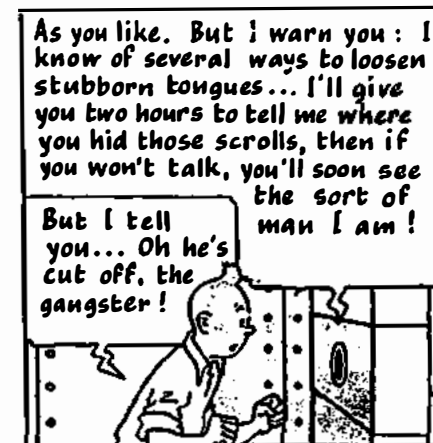
Come on now, let's be sensible! I'd collected two of the three scrolls: you took them from me. That night when I had your flat searched, only the third one was found... in your wallet. Where are the other two?

How should I know?



As you like. But I warn you: I know of several ways to loosen stubborn tongues... I'll give you two hours to tell me where you hid those scrolls, then if you won't talk, you'll soon see the sort of man I am!

But I tell you... Oh he's cut off, the gangster!



Now I'm in a fine mess! How do I get out of this one?



First I'll knot these sheets and blankets together...



Then tie them securely to this beam...



And pull! ... Heave-ho! ... Heave-ho! ... Heave-ho! ... Heave! ...



Start again: I've simply got to move this beam. Now...



Meanwhile...



A quick bath and I'll soon get rid of this mud.



Aha! It's good to be nice and clean again.

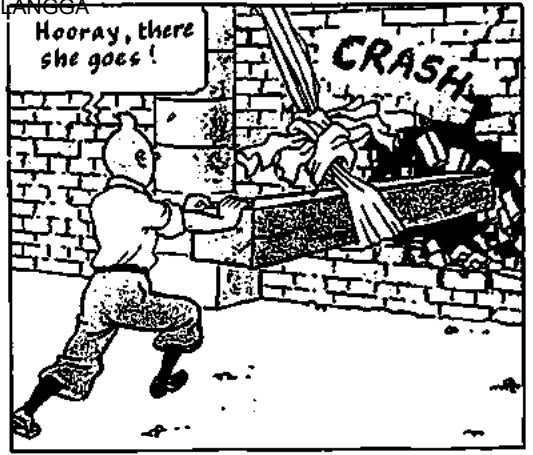




It's coming from the cellars all right.



Now, one last go: the wall's cracked already, so...



Hooray, there she goes!



It's a musical-box! It fell over, and started to play!



There he is!



Over there... By thunder, he's rammed a hole through the wall!



Stop!... Stop!... Little devil, he's bolted!

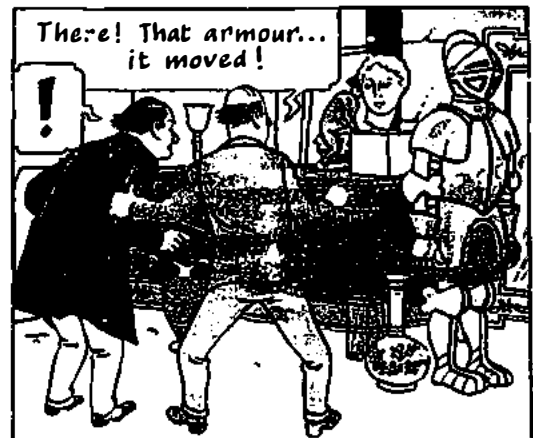


See him?...

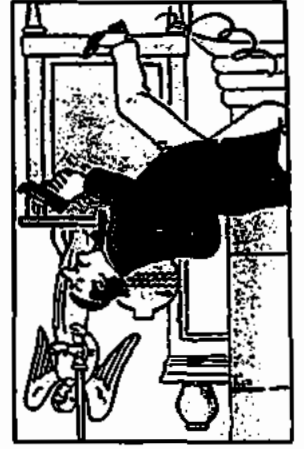
There are plenty of hiding places here. But we'll get him.



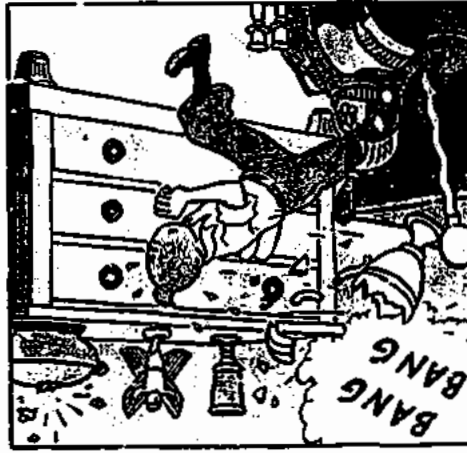
Careful! We must be on our guard...



There! That armour... it moved!



A counting-frame!... that gives me an idea...



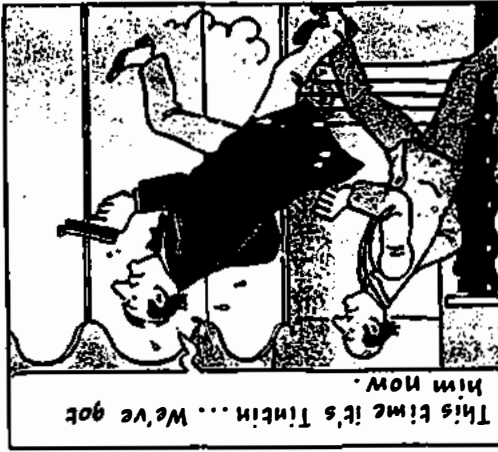
BANG



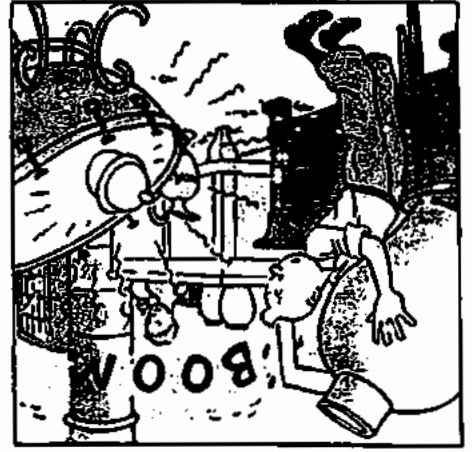
There he is!... Stop!... Stop!... or I'll shoot!



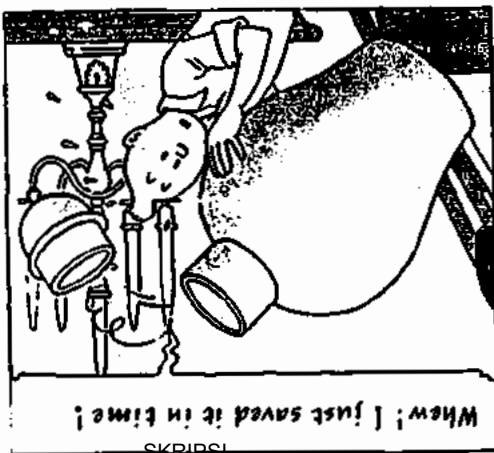
He can't be far off...



This time it's Tintin... We've got him now.



BOOM

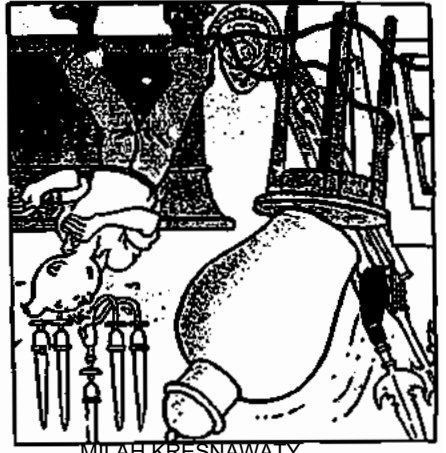


Whew! I just saved it in time!

SKRIPSI



FLOUTED MAXIMS OF...



MILAH KRESNAWATY



Now I see what he meant-  
the man who was shot-  
pointing to the birds.  
He was giving us the  
name of his attackers!  
... Just look at this  
letter ...

Messrs. M. + G. Bird,  
Antique Dealers,  
Marlinspike Hall,  
Marlinspire,  
ENGLAND.

Quick, let's ring up the  
Captain ...

Hello... yes ... it's me ... yes...  
Who's speaking? What?  
Tintin! ... I ... Where are  
you? Hello?... Hello?...  
Hello?... Hello?... Are you  
there?...

What am I doing here?... I... er...  
I'm Mr. Bird's new secretary.  
Didn't you know that?...

I... no, I hadn't heard.  
Please excuse me, sir.

Hello, Nestor!... Nestor!...

Hello, Nestor!... A young ruf-  
fian's broken into the house!  
Stop him telephoning his ac-  
complices! We're coming at  
once. Don't let him get away,  
whatever you do!

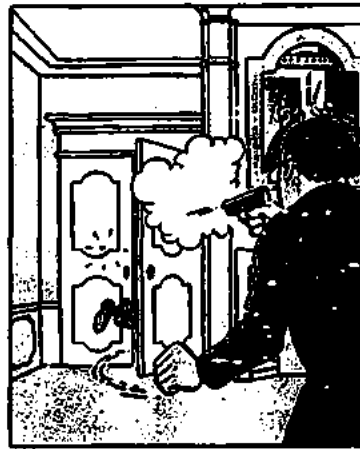
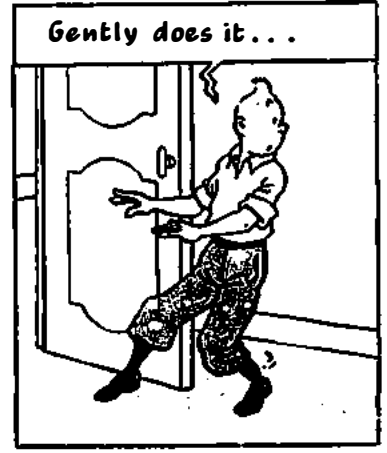
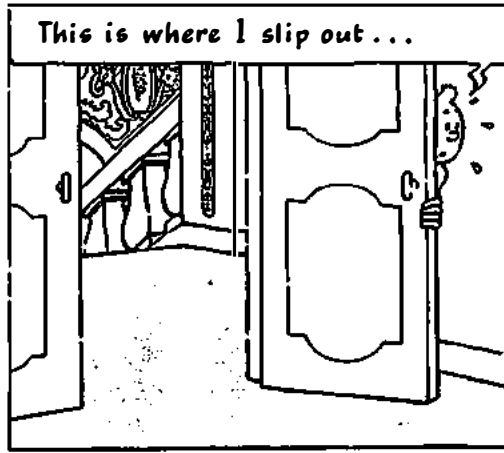
Hello, Captain! I'm at Marlin-  
spike Hall... Bring the police!  
Drop that tele-  
phone,  
you!

... What?...  
No, not in  
Greece - in  
Marlinspike  
Hall!

Starlings bite?  
... Hello?...  
Hello?... Starlings  
bite what? ...

Marlinspike, Captain!  
Marlinspike Hall!

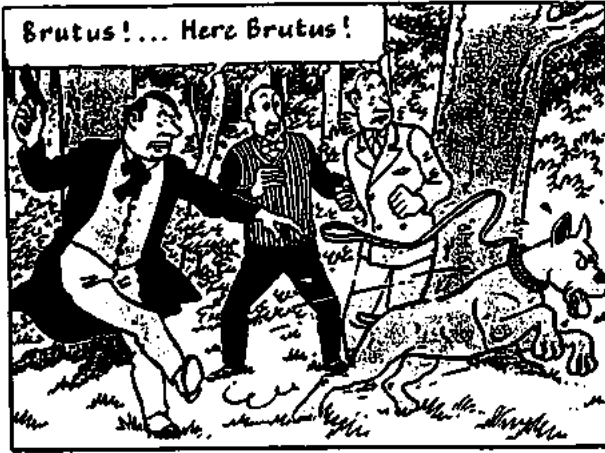
What?... Martin's  
bike?... Hello?...  
Hello?... Thunder-  
ing typhoons!  
What's going on?



SKRIPSI

FLOUTED MAXIMS OF...

MILAH KRESNAWATI

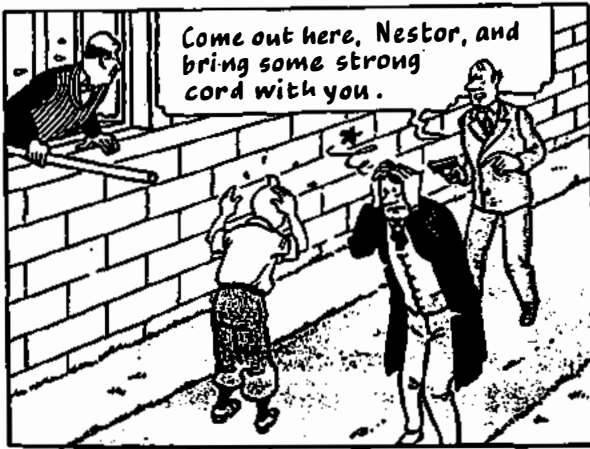


SKRIPSI

FLOUTED MAXIMS OF...

MILAH KRESNAWATI





SKRIPSI

FLOUTED MAXIMS OF...

MILAH KRESNAWATY

Gentlemen, there has been a miscarriage of justice! This man is innocent, as Tintin said. Won't you take off these handcuffs... and let him go and fetch me another bottle of brandy?



There, my man, now you're free. And we'll use these handcuffs for your masters!



We'll follow you, Nestor. Don't forget: it's to be three-star!



Now, Captain, tell me how you came to be her...



Oh, yes... Right. Well...

Just after your telephone call - and I didn't understand a word of that - someone rars up from the hospital...



... where they still had the little-birds-man. After hovering between life and death, he'd just come round and identified his attackers: the Bird brothers, antique dealers of Marlinspike Hall. It was only when I heard that name...



... that I understood what you meant on the telephone. There was no time to lose: I warned the police at once, and we rushed here...



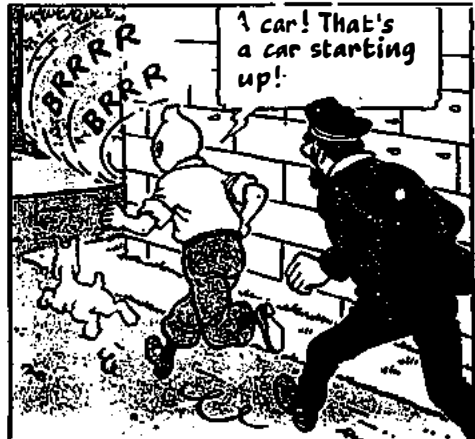
We shouldn't have left the police with those two gangsters!...



Look!... one's escaping!... there! He's just turned the corner!



He's the most dangerous of the two: he mustn't get away!



SKRIPSI

FLOUTED MAXIMS OF...

MILAH KRESNAWATY

Barnaby came back empty-handed. Then he suddenly remembered the other man who'd been trying to buy the ship from you.

And next day he visited Mr. Sakharine, chloroformed him, and stole the third parchment...



That's right. But after he'd given it to us, he and Max quarrelled violently about the money we'd agreed he should have. Barnaby demanded more, but Max stuck to the original sum. Finally Barnaby went, furiously angry and saying we'd regret our meanness. When he'd gone, Max got cold feet: supposing the wretch betrayed us? We jumped into the car and trailed him: our fears were justified. We saw him speaking...



... to you. Panicking in case he'd given the whole game away, Max caught up with you in a few seconds, and shot Barnaby as he stepped into your doorway.

I understand so far: but tell me, why did you kidnap me?



We told you: to make you give up the two parchments you had stolen from us a few days after the shooting.

I see. But I couldn't have stolen them as I didn't know you existed! But I wonder... Perhaps it was...



Yes, perhaps it was Mr. Sakharine who took the two scrolls?



Hurrah! That's it!



At last! ... He's managed to get it off for me...



Come on, Captain, we'd better help this poor chap...

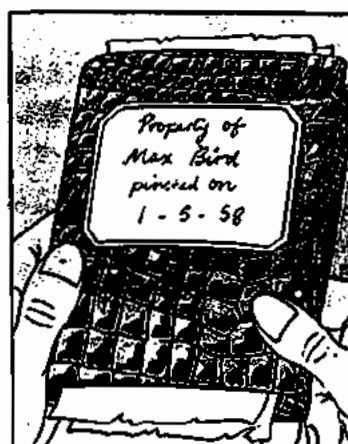
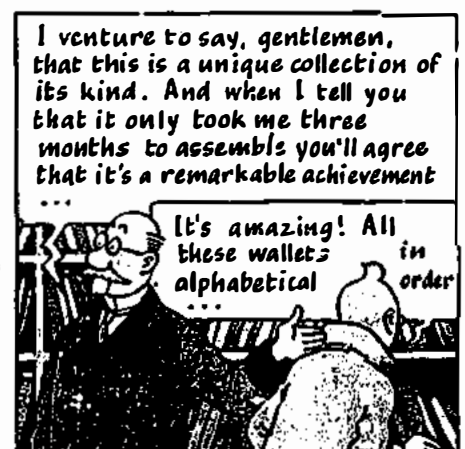
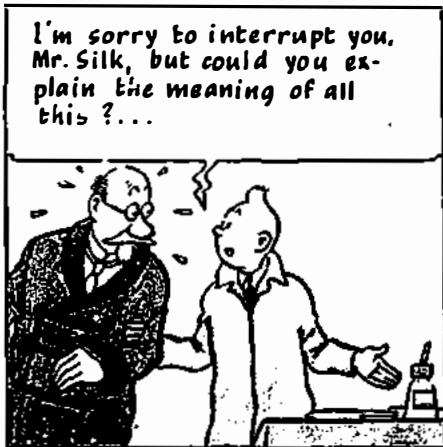


Ready! Steady! He-e-ave!



Whoops!



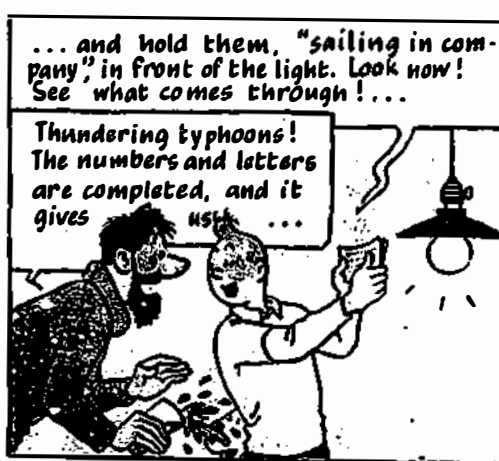




Three Brothers joyed. Three Unicorns in  
company sailing in the noonday Sunne  
will speak.  
For tis from the Light that Light will  
dawn. And then shines forth  
20 5 N.

Three company will spe the Eagle's +  
For tis from the Light wh then shines forth  
42 1 0  
the Eagle's +  
dawn. And then shines forth  
3 52  
the Eagle's +

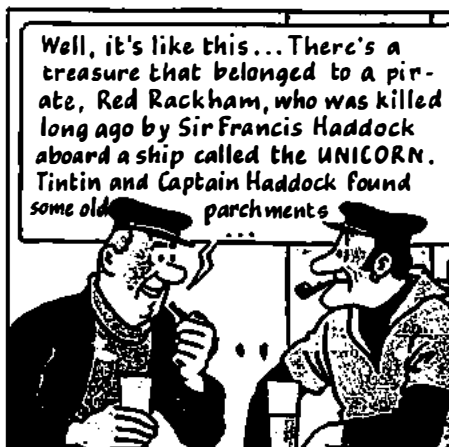
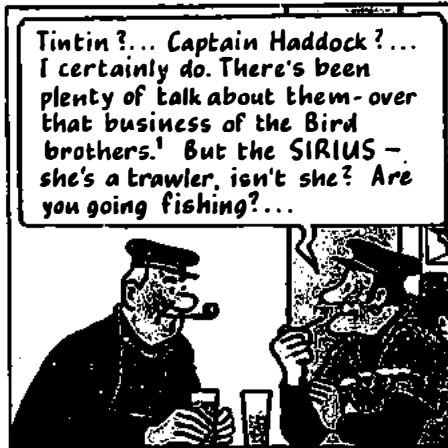
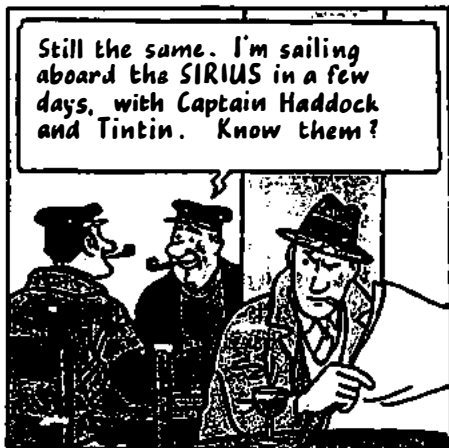
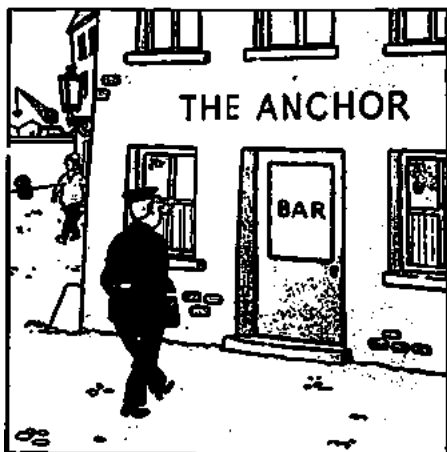
No! No! and No! You can go on hunting if you want to, but I've had enough: I give up. Blistering barnacles to that pirate Red Rackham, and his treasure! I'd sooner do without it; I'm not racking my brains any more trying to make sense out of that gibberish! Thundering typhoons! What a thirst it's given me!



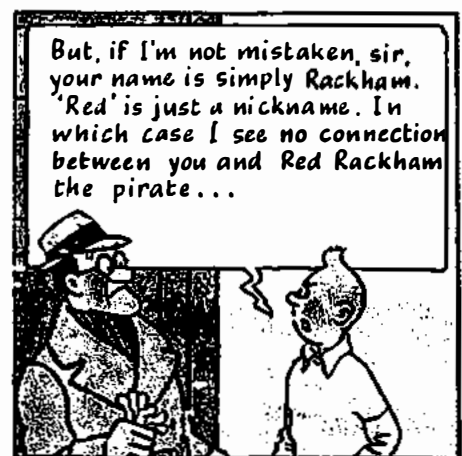
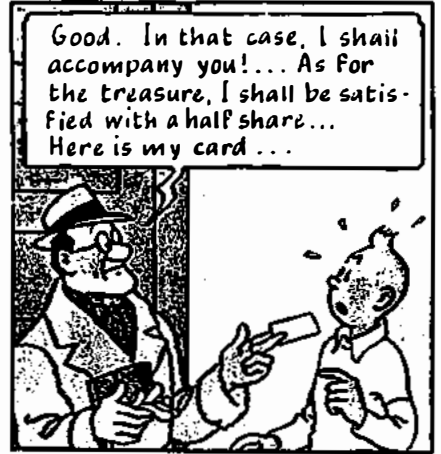
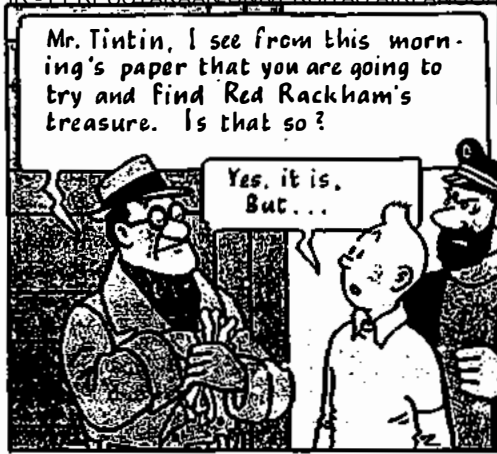
Three Brothers joyed. Three Unicorns in  
company sailing in the noonday Sunne  
will speak  
For tis from the Light that Light will  
dawn. And then shines forth  
20 37 42 N. 70 52 15 W.

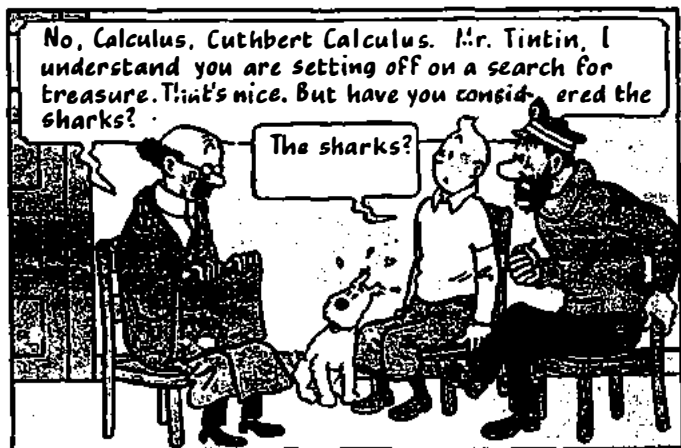
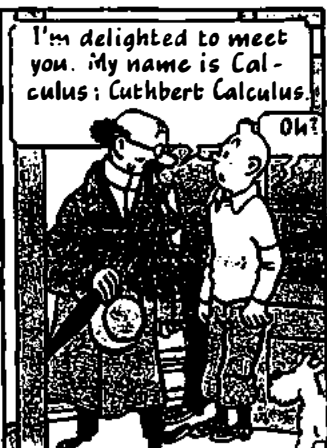
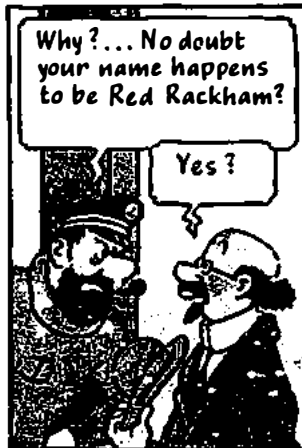
the Eagle's #

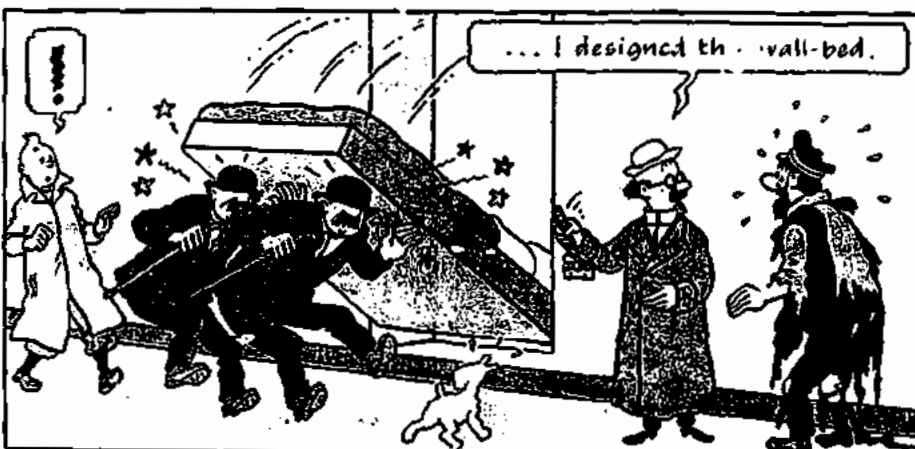
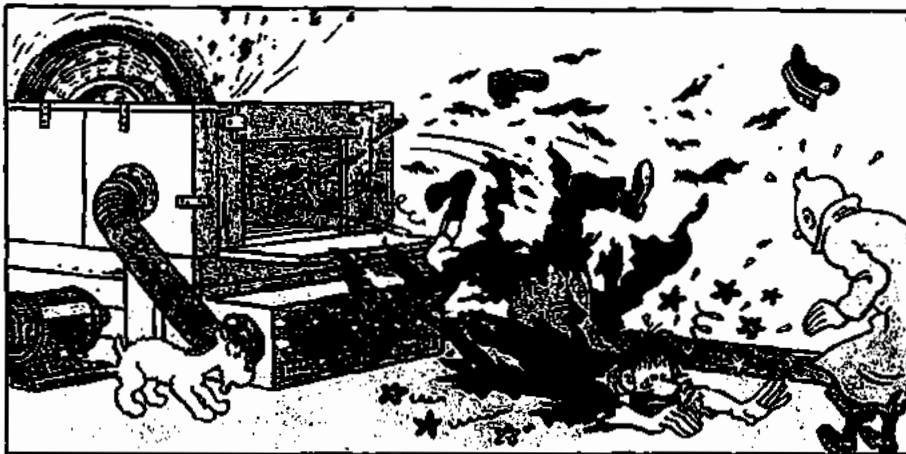
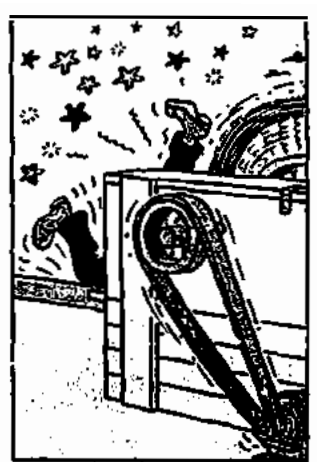
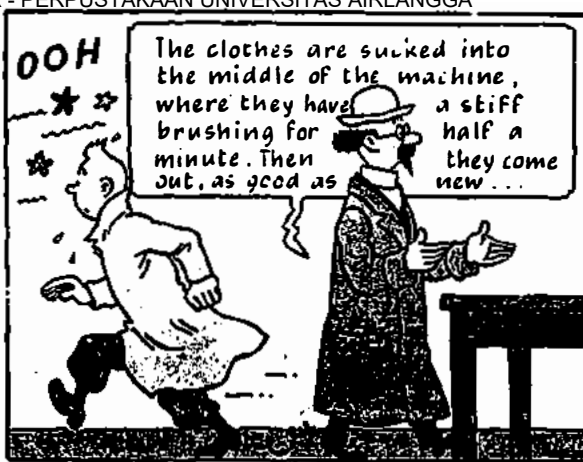
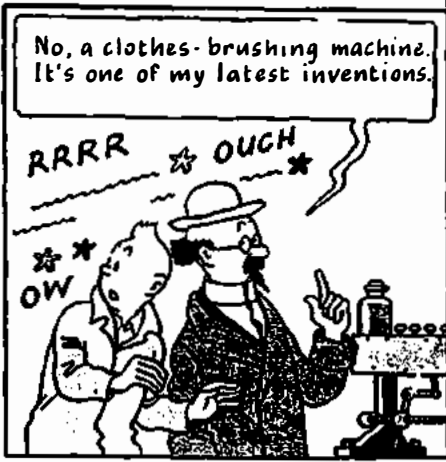
# RED RACKHAM'S TREASURE



1 See The Secrets of the Unicorn





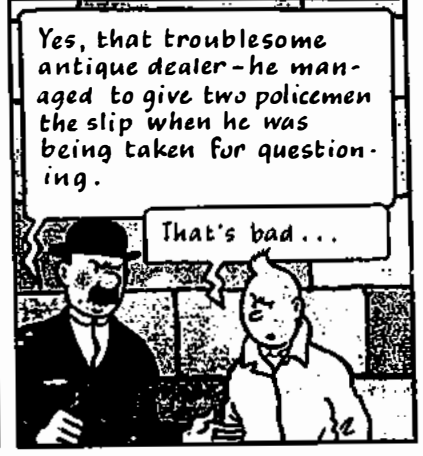




SKRIPSI

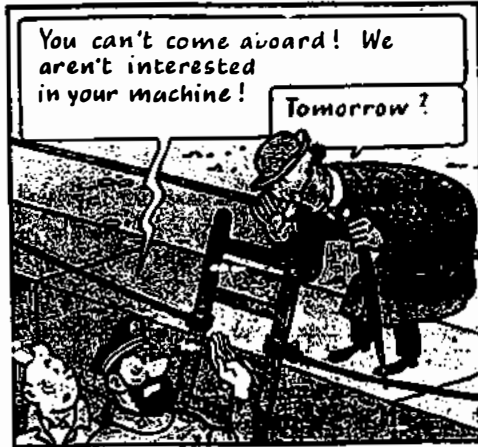
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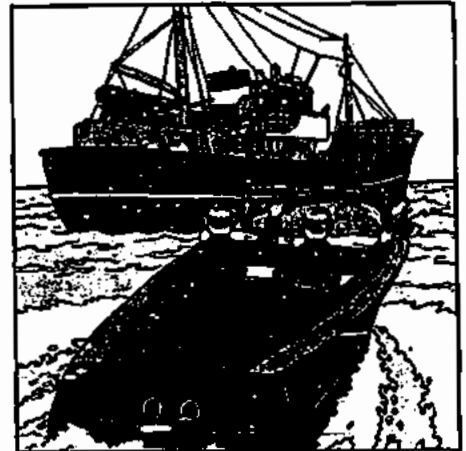
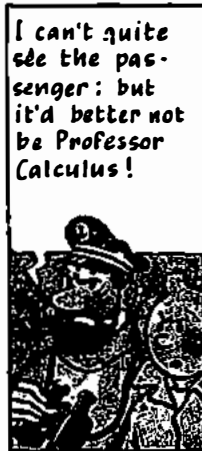
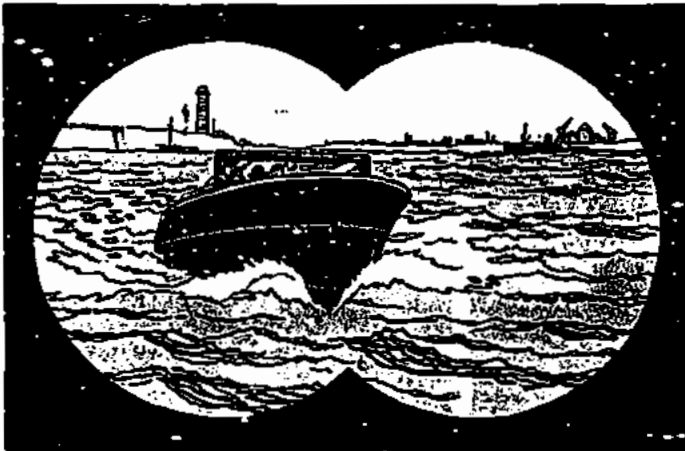
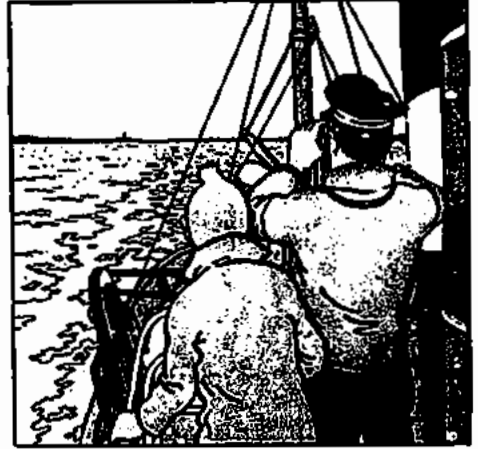
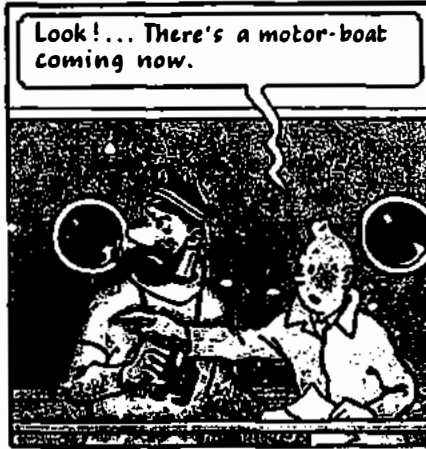
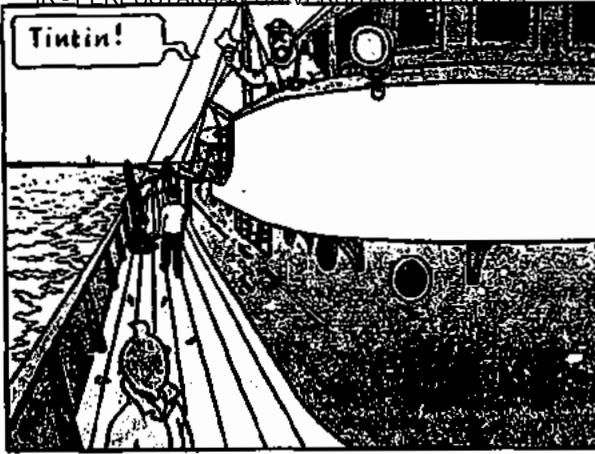
MILAH KRESNAWATY



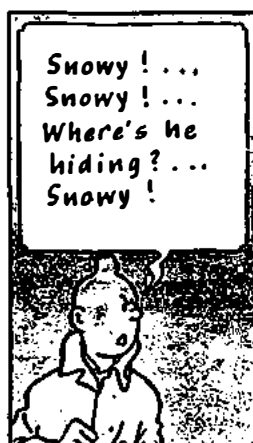
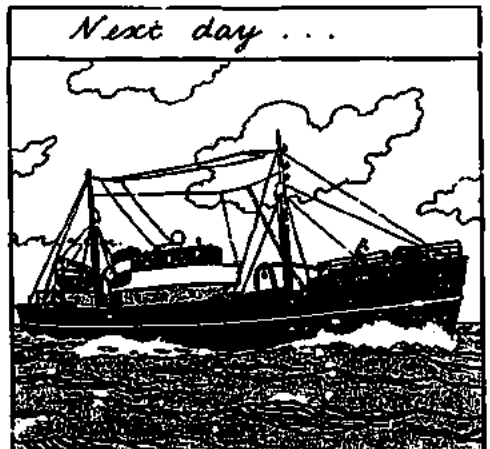
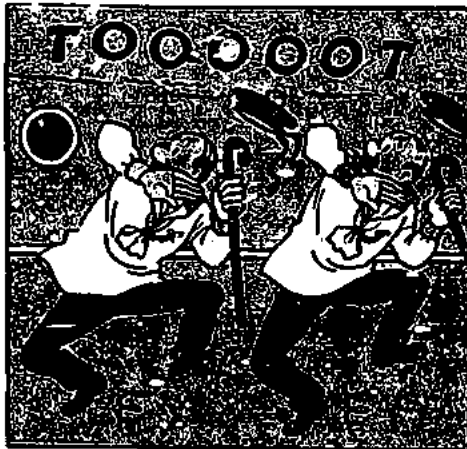
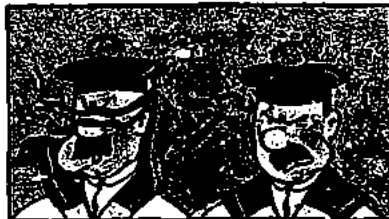
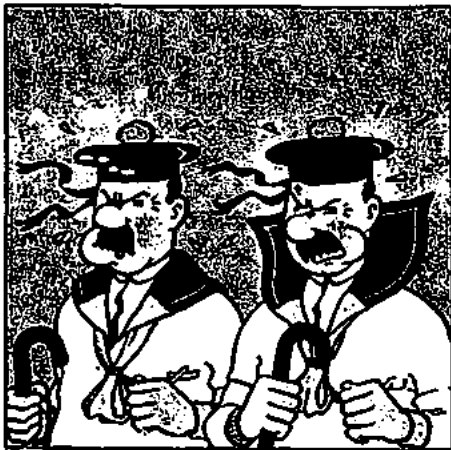
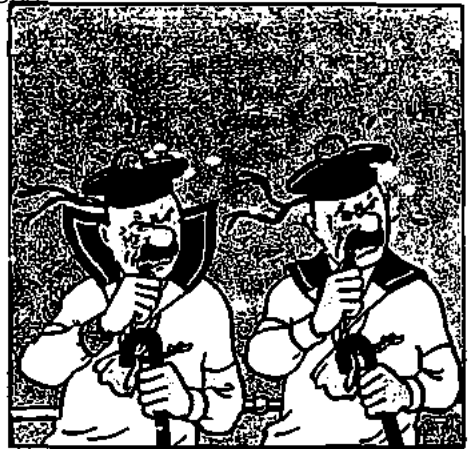
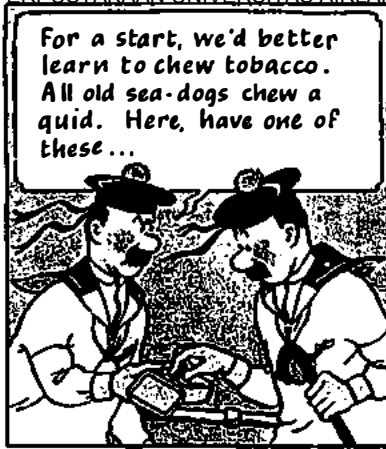
**DOCTOR A. LEECH**

*Dear Captain,*  
 I have considered your case, and conclude that your illness is due to poor liver condition.  
 You must therefore undergo the following treatment:  
**DIET - STRICTLY FORBIDDEN:**  
 All alcoholic beverages (wine, beer, cider, spirits, cocktails).









**FORMULIR PENDAFTARAN  
KARTU IDENTITAS PENDUDUK MUSIMAN (KIPEM)**

---

**N a m a** : .....

**Jenis Kelamin** : .....

**Tempat / Tgl. Lahir** : .....

**Tempat Asal** : ..... **Desa/Kel.** : .....

**Kec.** : ..... **Kab./Kota** : .....

**Kawin/Belum Kawin** : .....

**Golongan Darah** : .....

**Pekerjaan** : .....

**Pendidikan** : .....

**A g a m a** : .....

**Alamat di Surabaya** : .....

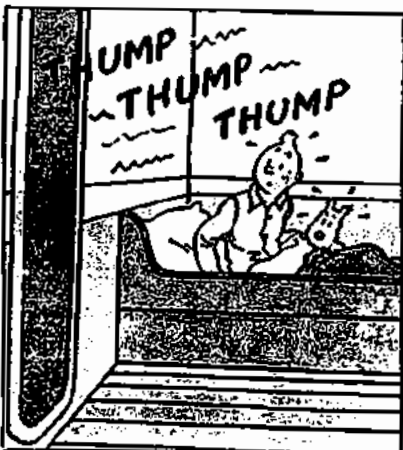
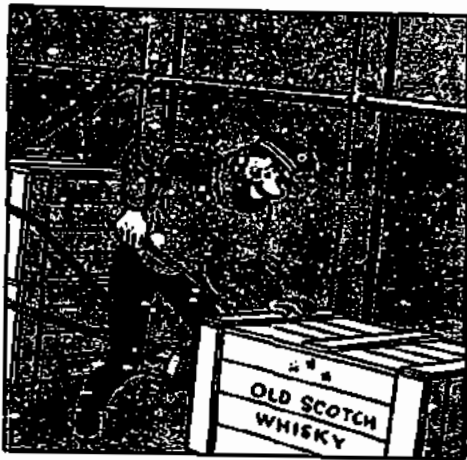
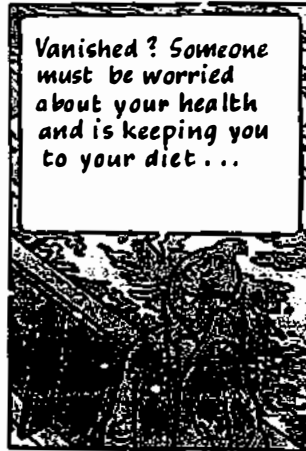
**RT. .... RW. .... Kel.** : ..... **Kec.** : .....

Pas Foto  
Hitam Putih  
3 x 3  
2 (dua) lembar

Surabaya, .....

Pemohon,

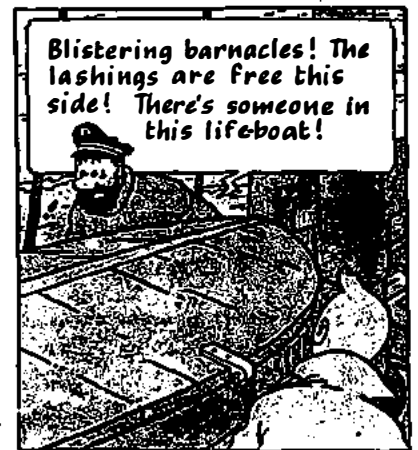
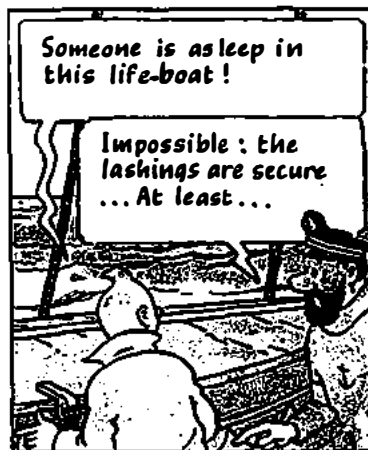
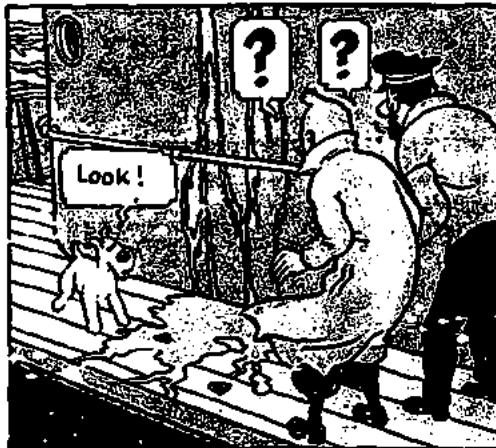
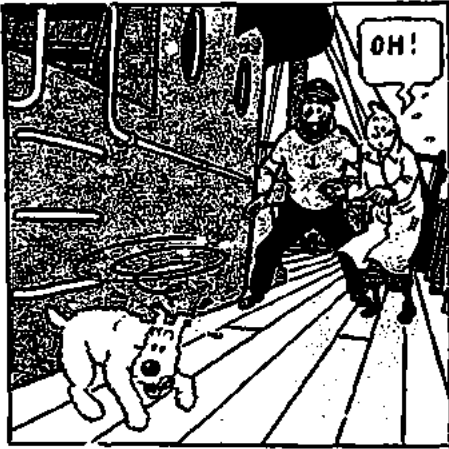
**KETERANGAN :**  
Foto copy Identitas Tempat Asal  
Dilampirkan.



SKRIPSI

FLOUTED MAXIMS OF...

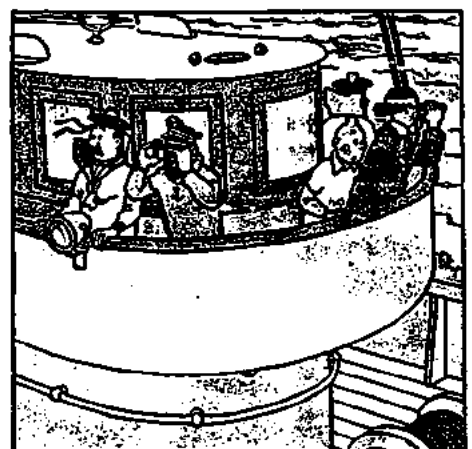
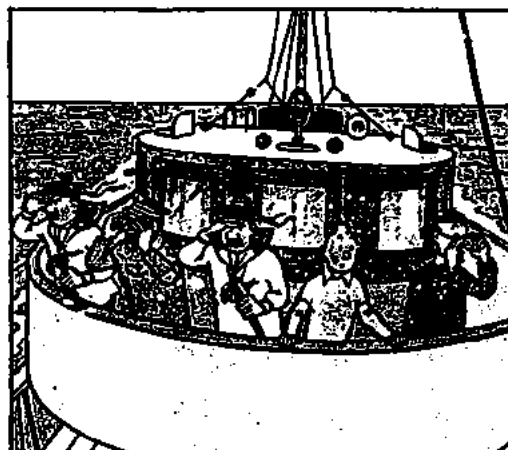
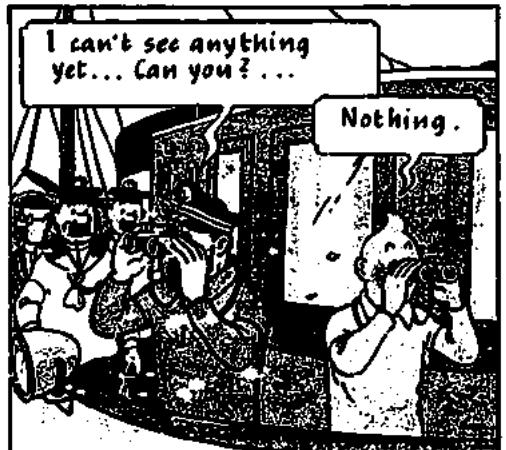
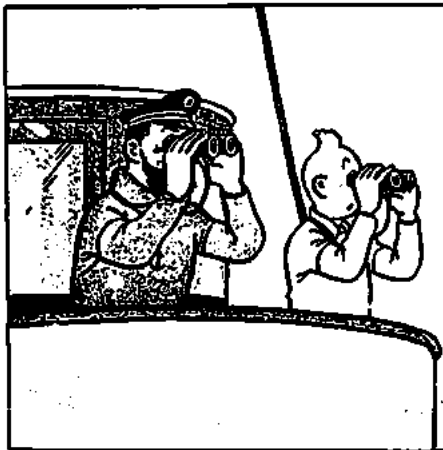
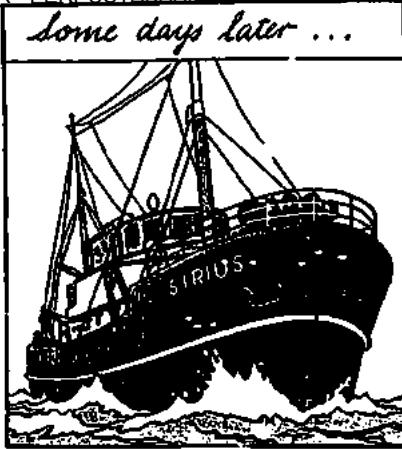
MILAH KRESNAWATI



SKRIPSI

FLOUTED MAXIMS OF...

MILAH KRESNAWATY



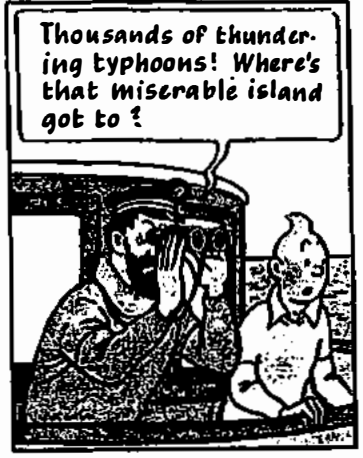
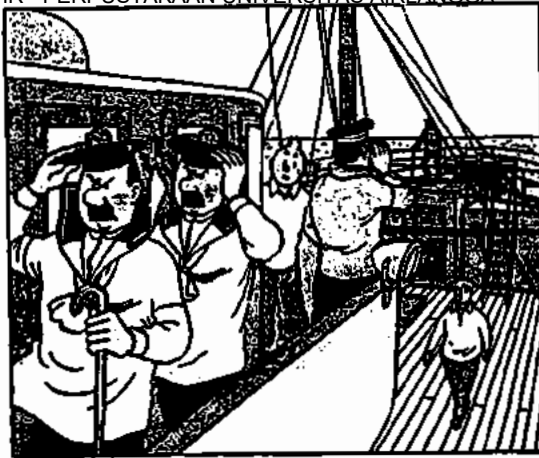
SKRIPSI

FLOUTED MAXIMS OF...

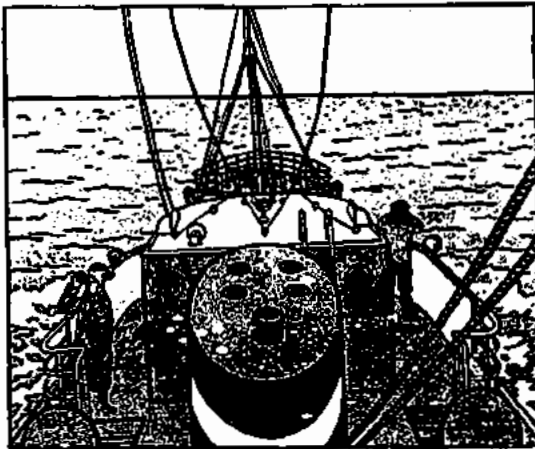
MILAH KRESNAWATY



I mean, gentlemen, that according to your calculations we are now standing inside Westminster Abbey!



Thousands of thundering typhoons! Where's that miserable island got to?



I'm beginning to think Sir Francis Haddock was pulling our legs.

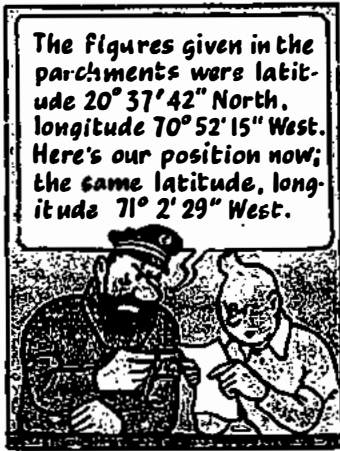
I'm beginning to think so too!



We'll soon see! It's almost noon. We'll take a sight. I'll go and fetch my sextant.



That's it... Let's go in, and I'll work it out...



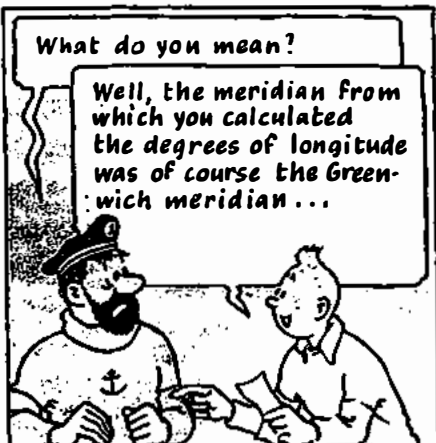
The figures given in the parchments were latitude  $20^{\circ} 37' 42''$  North, longitude  $70^{\circ} 52' 15''$  West. Here's our position now; the same latitude, longitude  $71^{\circ} 2' 29''$  West.



So we've already passed the right point, and yet we saw nothing... I simply can't understand it!

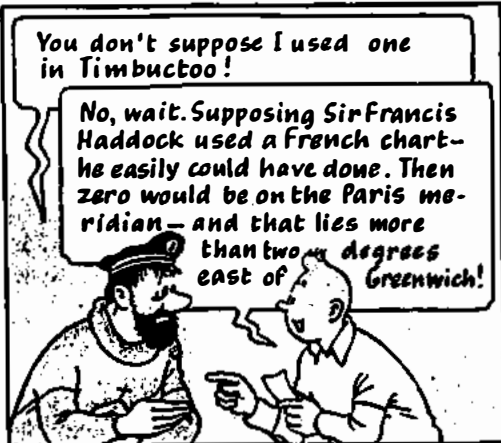


Captain, I think I've got it!



What do you mean?

Well, the meridian from which you calculated the degrees of longitude was of course the Greenwich meridian...

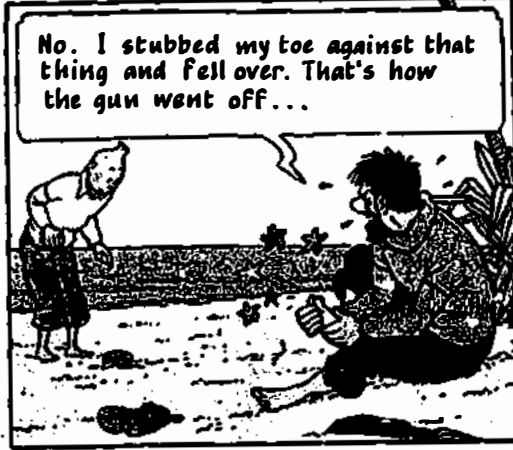


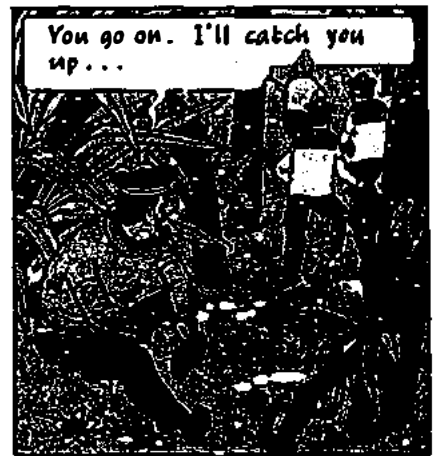
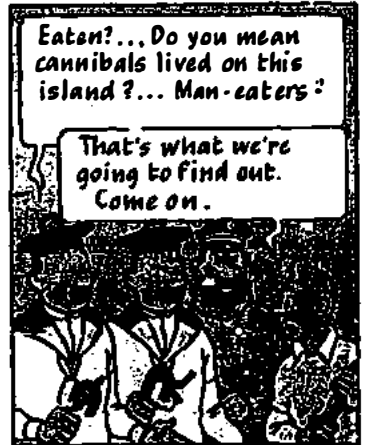
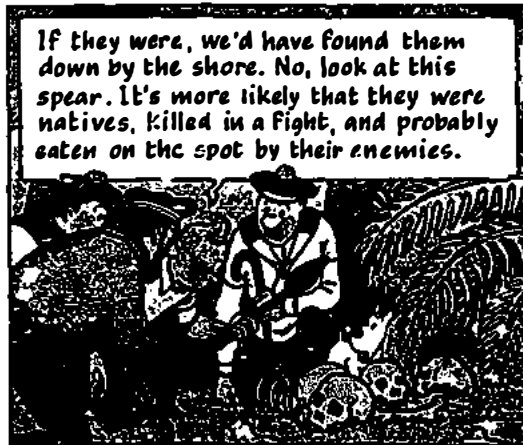
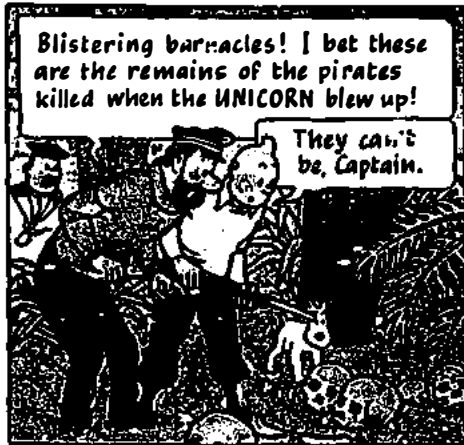
You don't suppose I used one in Timbuctoo!

No, wait. Supposing Sir Francis Haddock used a French chart - he easily could have done. Then zero would be on the Paris meridian - and that lies more than two degrees east of Greenwich!

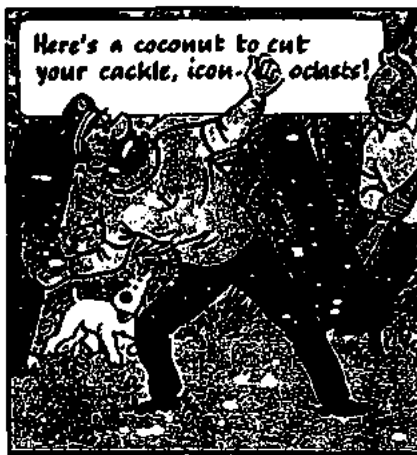
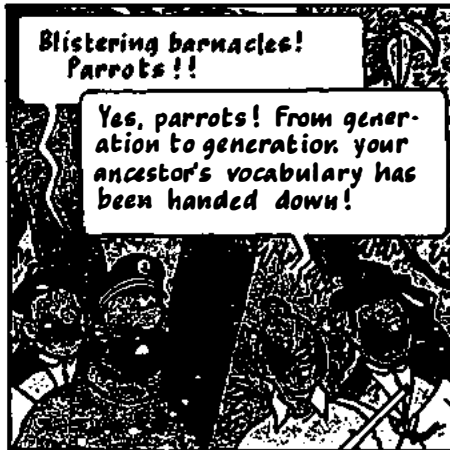
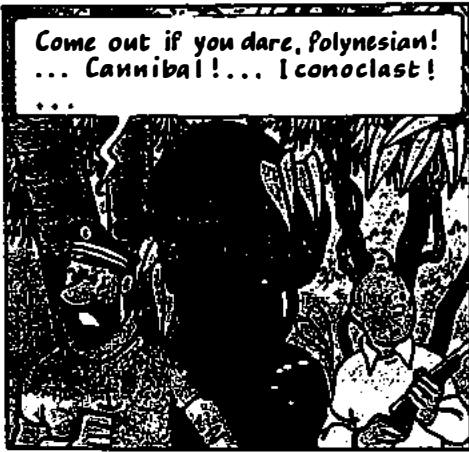


Blistering barnacles, that's an idea! You may be right! Perhaps we are too far to the west. We'll go back on our tracks...



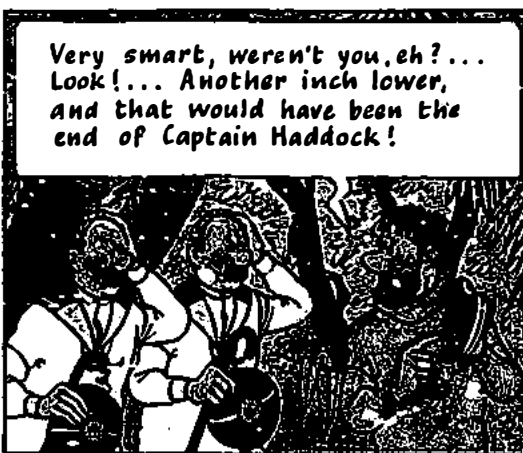








That's done it!... They've dropped the gun!... Look, here it comes...



Very smart, weren't you, eh?... Look!... Another inch lower, and that would have been the end of Captain Haddock!



Anyway, all's well that ends well!... Shall we go back now, Captain?... We know the island is uninhabited.

Good idea. Let's go.



Thundering typhoons! I just remembered!

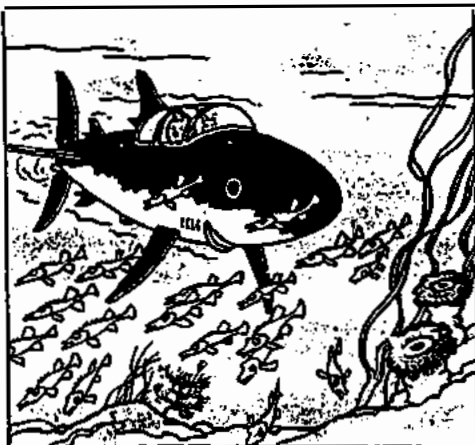
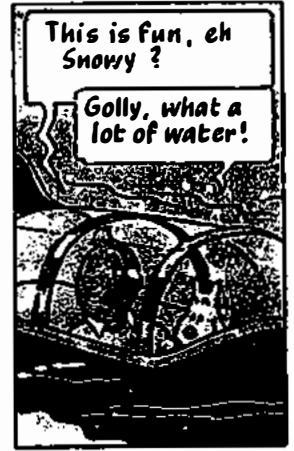
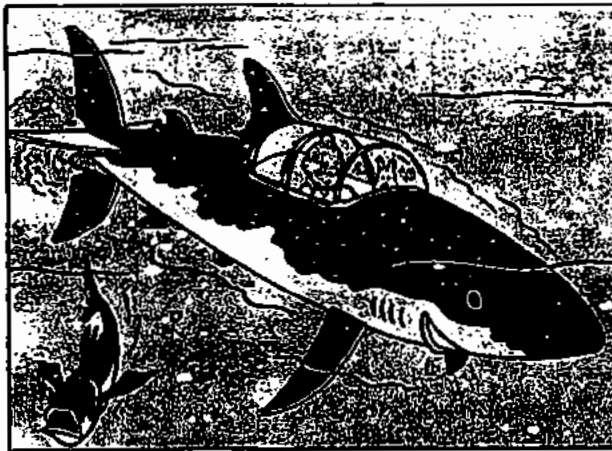
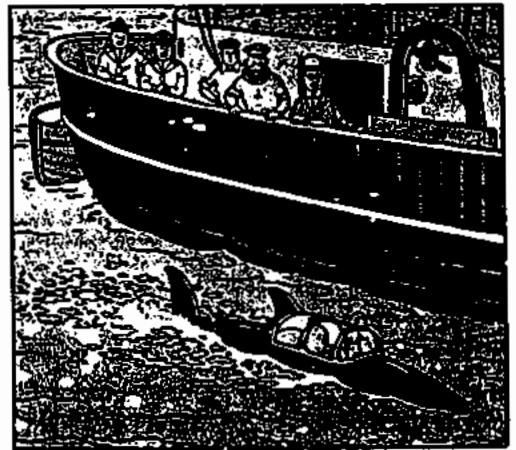
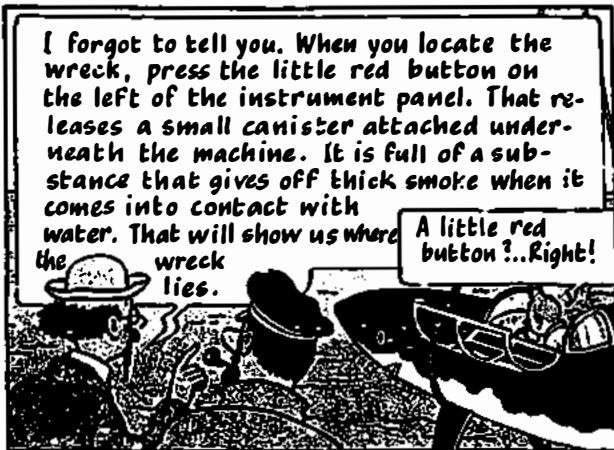
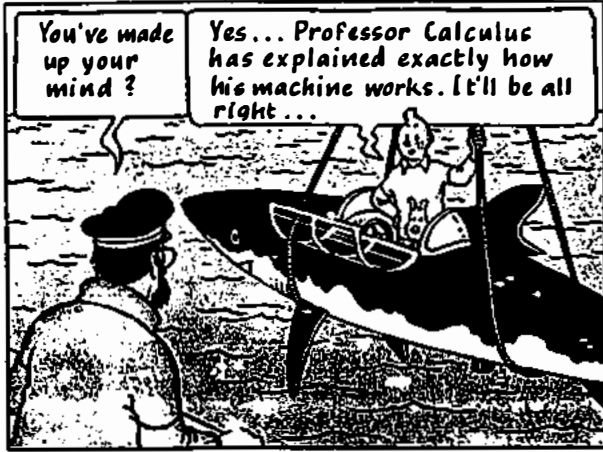


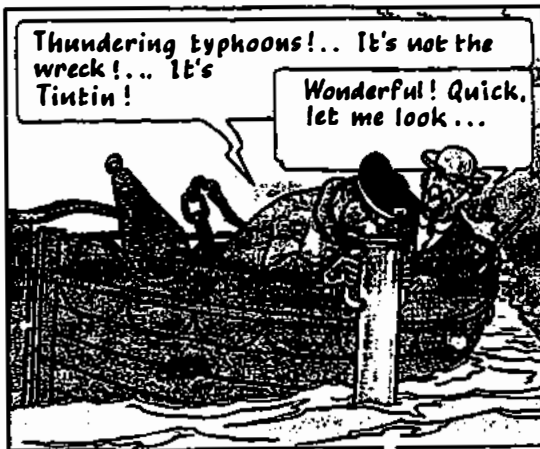
The idol!... Are we going to leave it here?

SKRIPSI

FLOUTED MAXIMS OF...

MILAH KRESNAWATY

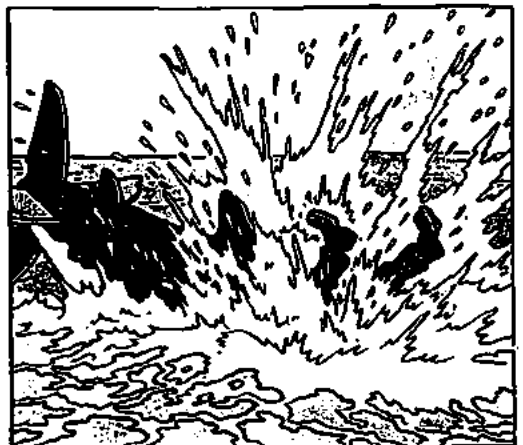
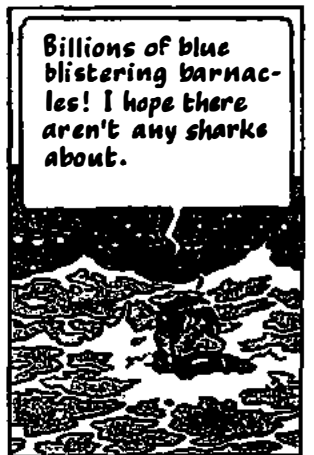
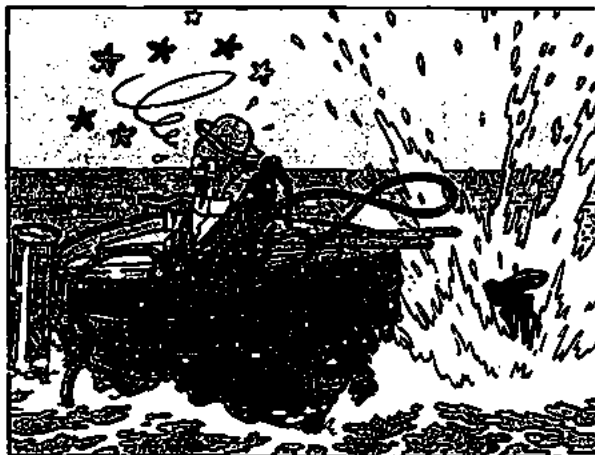
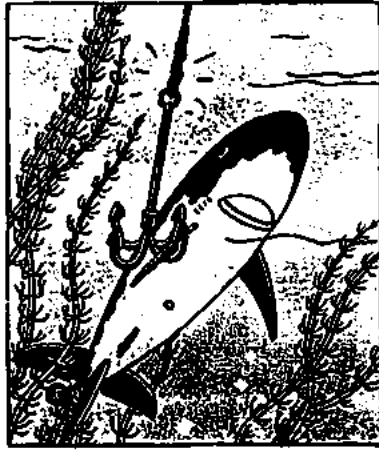




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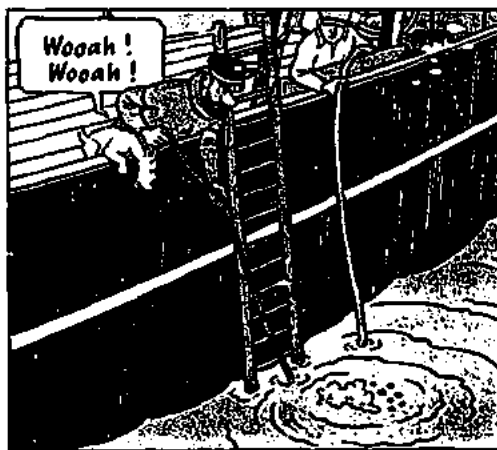
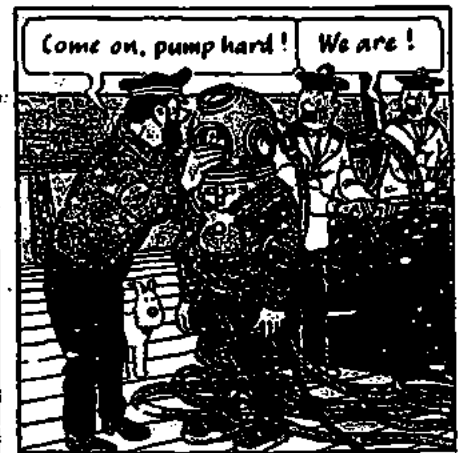
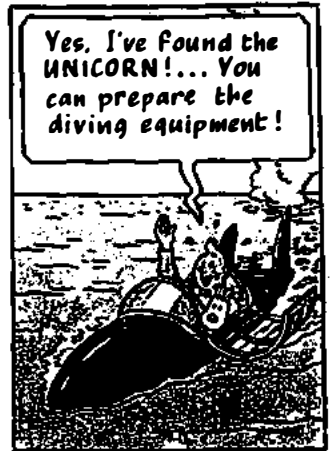
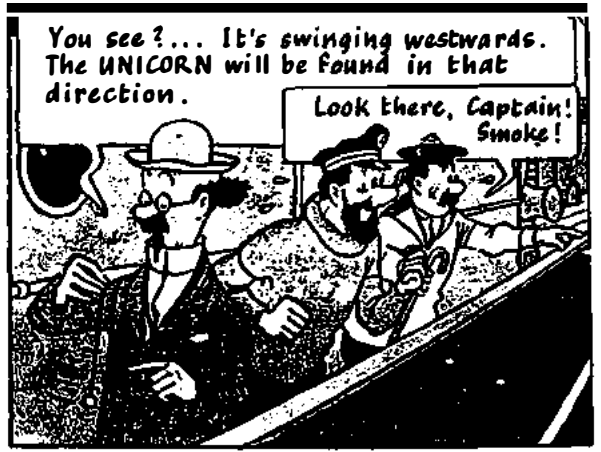
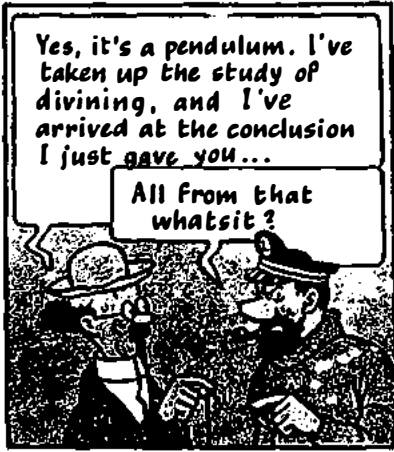
MILAH KRESNAWATY



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FLOUTED MAXIMS OF...

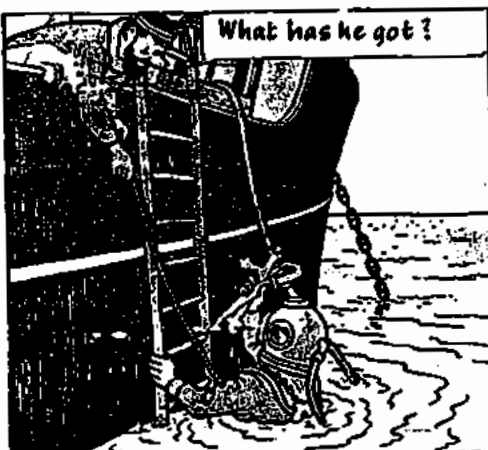
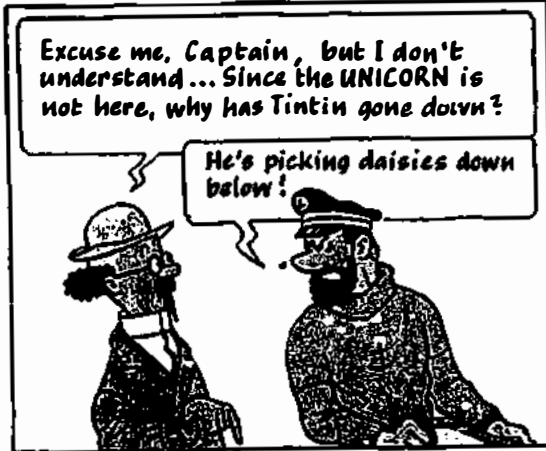
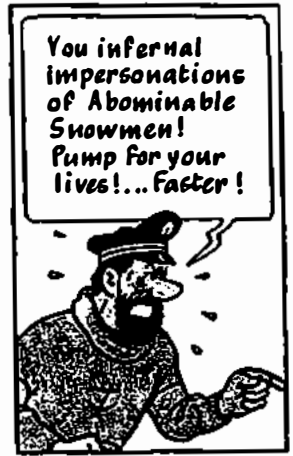
MILAH KRESNAWATY



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MILAH KRESNAWATY





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MILAH KRESNAWATY





What d'you think you're doing at this hour ?

You never ordered us to stop pumping, Captain. So here we are, pumping.

To be precise: we're pump-  
ing.

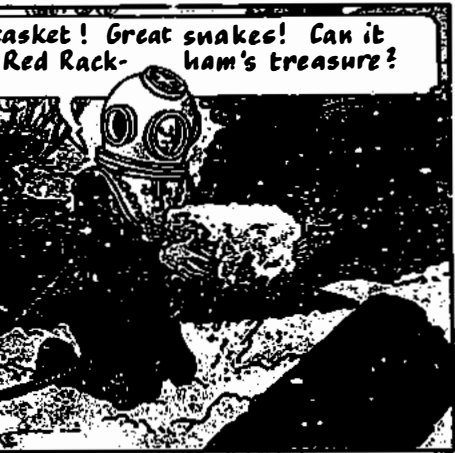
OFF to bed, nitwits! You'll have plenty more pumping, believe me !



The next morning ..

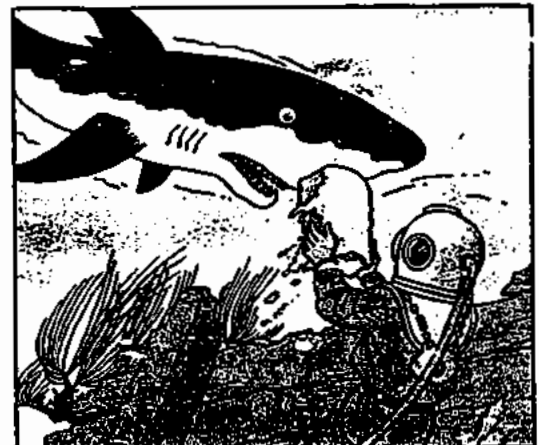
Something tells me Tintin is going to find the treasure this morning.

Another bottle of rum! ... I'll leave it there for the Cap-  
tain.

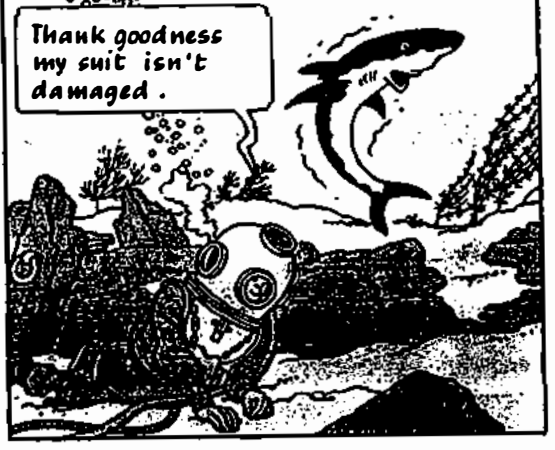


Hello, I wonder what we've got here ?

A casket ! Great snakes! Can it be Red Rack-  
ham's treasure ?



I'll go straight up, and see what's inside this casket!





That's it!... I've got it!



These are old documents!... Definitely!... Old documents!



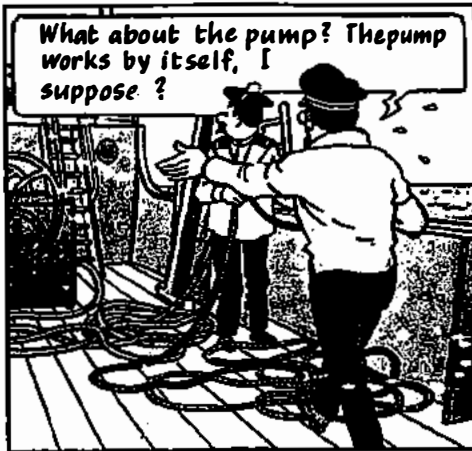
That chap will drive me crazy!



And you there! Thundering typhoons, what are you doing?



Me? ... You can see - I'm helping my colleague to go down ... Oh, don't worry. I've watched carefully how you do it...



What about the pump? The pump works by itself, I suppose?



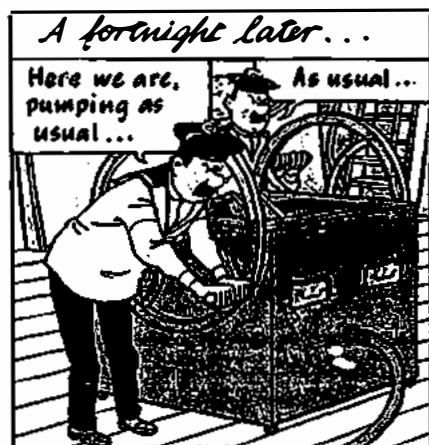
I'll work the pump, nincomp-poop! ... Then at least I'll know he's safe.



Thundering typhoons! What's that over there, on the deck?



The weighted boots!... He's forgotten the weighted boots!



A fortnight later...

Here we are, pumping as usual...

As usual...



Blistering barnacles! You can stop pumping! Can't you see that Tintin's come up?



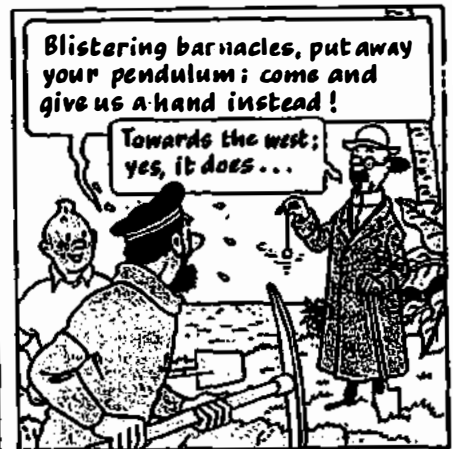
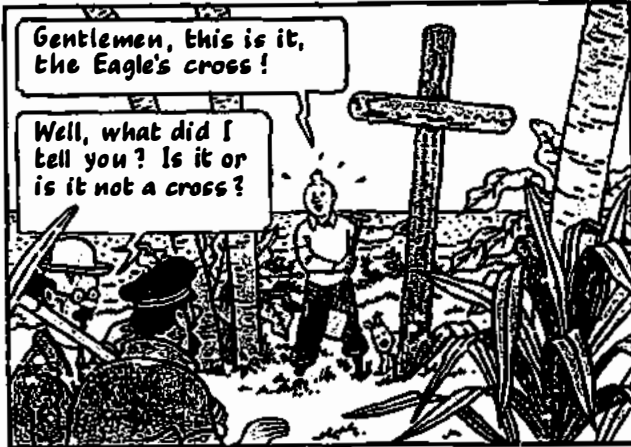
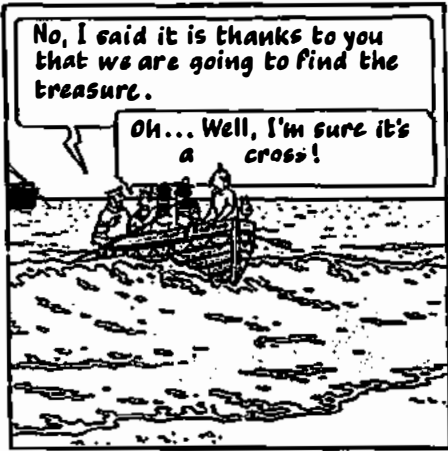
Well?

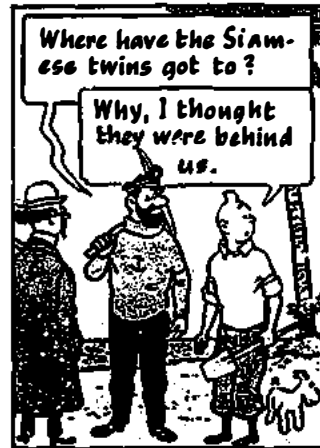
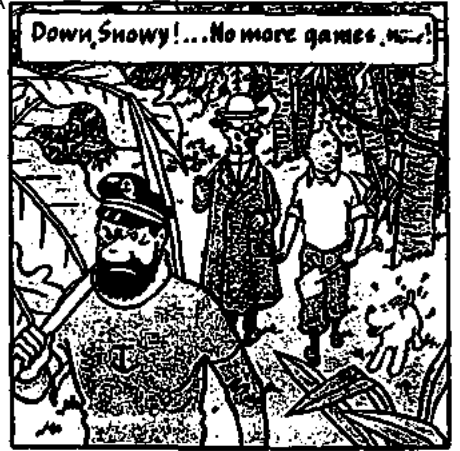
Nothing... Nothing at all! I've been carefully through all that's left of the poop...



It's just as I said: we aren't going to find it.

Come on, Captain, you ...





**13**  
SUNDAY

Still no luck, Captain...

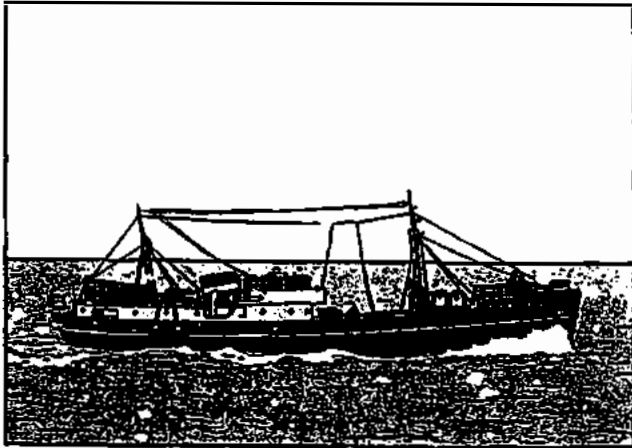
**14**  
MONDAY

**15**  
TUESDAY

?

What... What's happening?... It looks as if...

Oh dear... I'm right! ... I must warn the Captain!



Come on, Captain, don't let this upset you. It's bad luck, I know, but you must make the best of it...

Captain!... Captain!... The ship is sailing!

Well, what would you like it to do? Dance a jig?

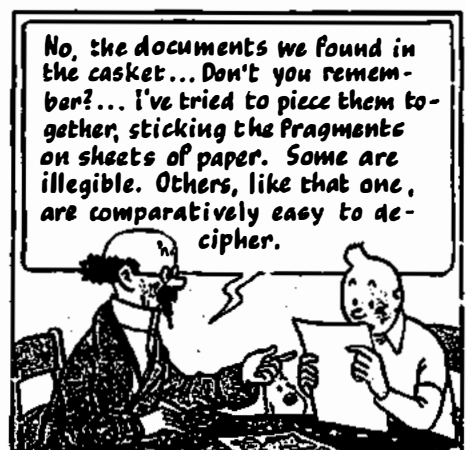
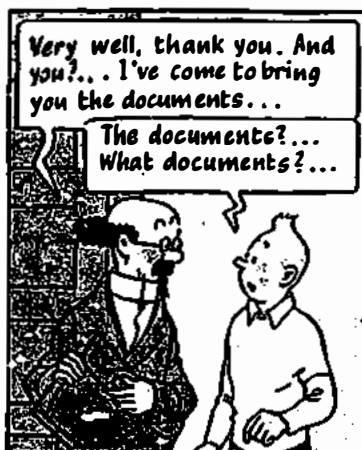
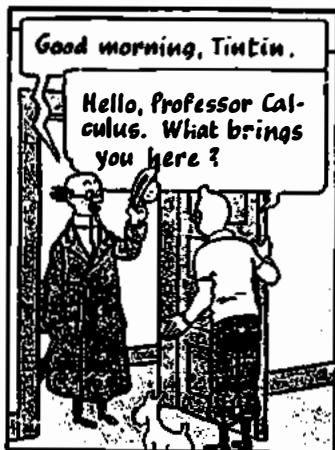
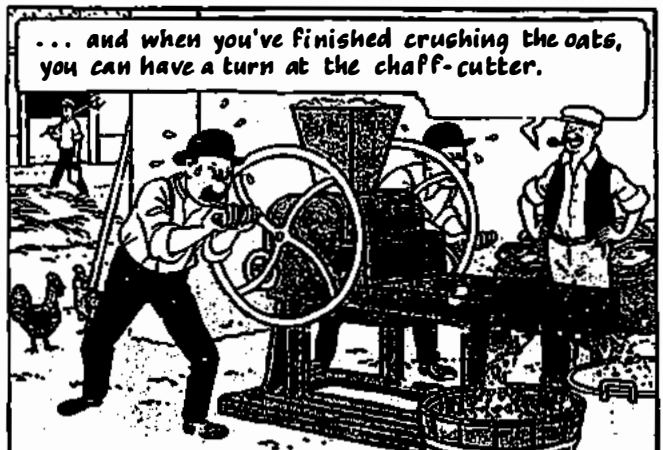
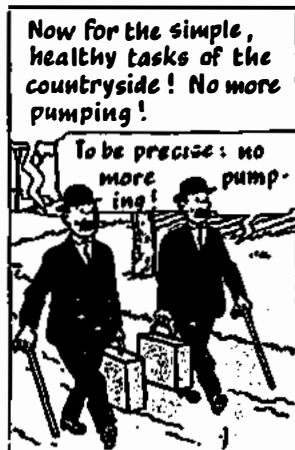
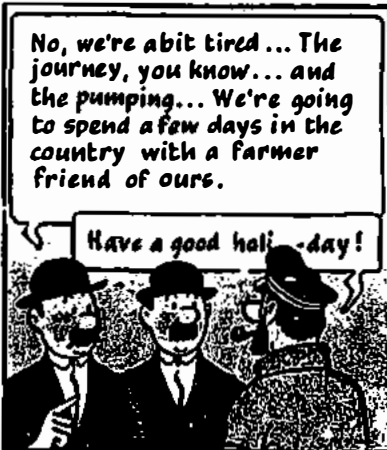
Ah, I see now. At last you have realised that the UNICORN is not where you were looking; you are steering westwards. I understand..

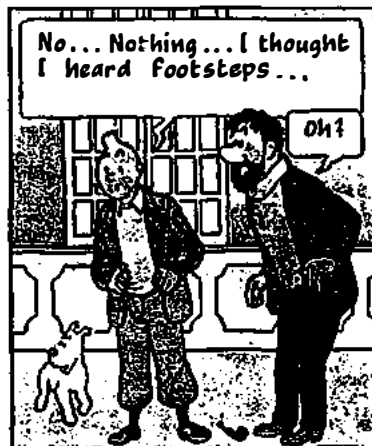
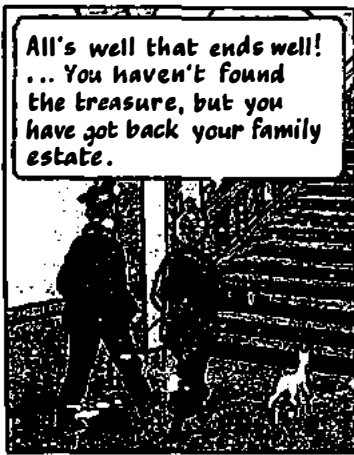
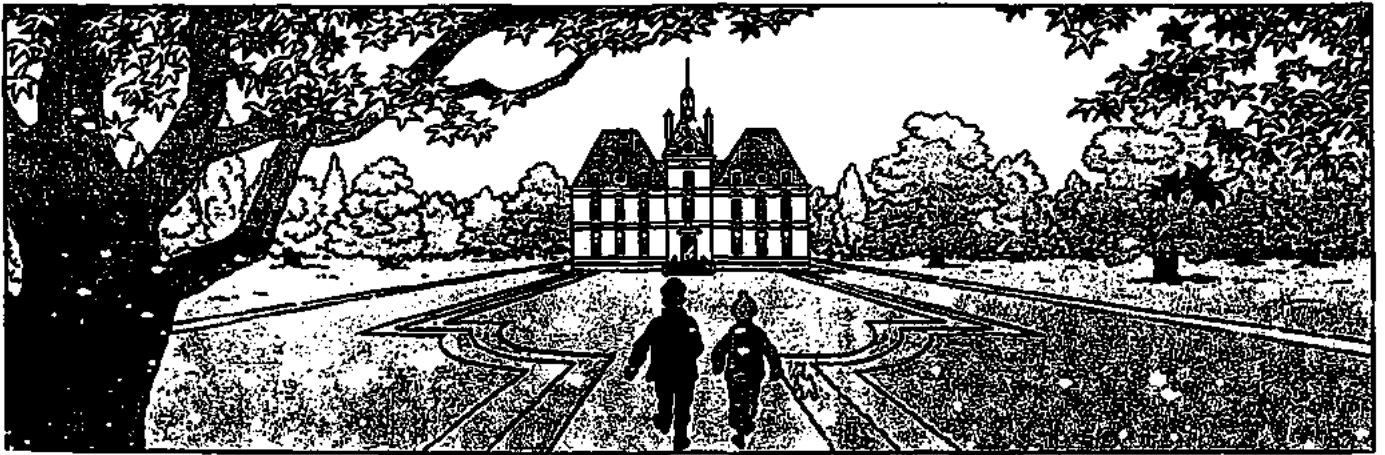
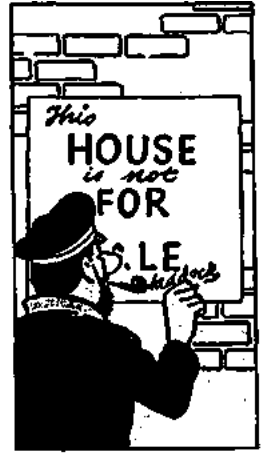
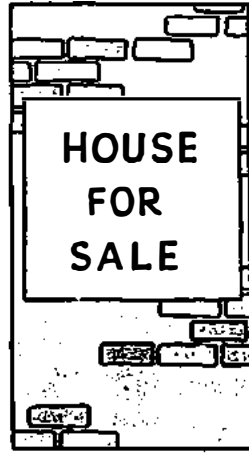
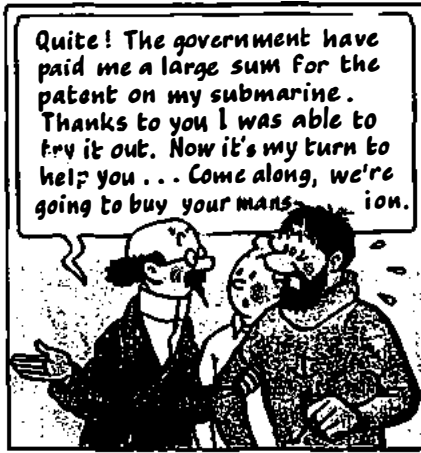
I've had enough! Come with me!

You see that, eh? I suppose it's the figure-head of the TITANIC!

My word, it's a unicorn! But what about my pendulum, which swung to the west?... How extraordinary...

|                        |                       |                     |                       |                     |                     |                      |
|------------------------|-----------------------|---------------------|-----------------------|---------------------|---------------------|----------------------|
| <b>16</b><br>WEDNESDAY | <b>17</b><br>THURSDAY | <b>18</b><br>FRIDAY | <b>19</b><br>SATURDAY | <b>20</b><br>SUNDAY | <b>21</b><br>MONDAY | <b>22</b><br>TUESDAY |
|------------------------|-----------------------|---------------------|-----------------------|---------------------|---------------------|----------------------|



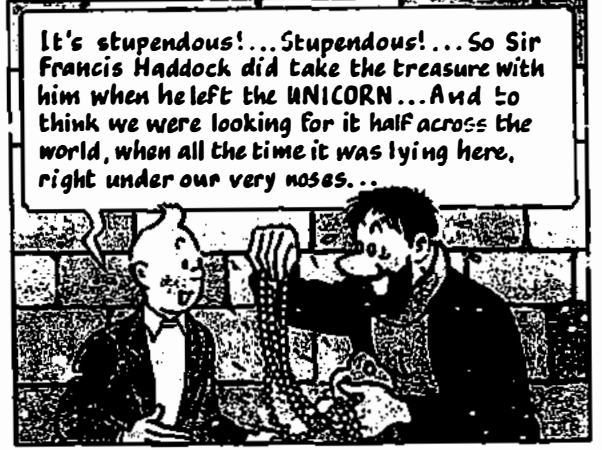
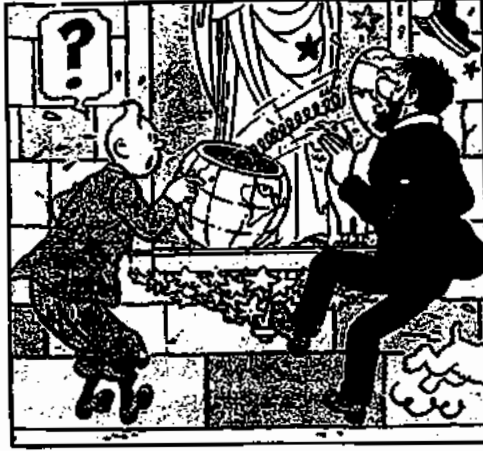


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MILAH KRESNAWATY





SKRIPSI

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MILAH KRESNAWATY