THE EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURES OF
ADELE BLANC-SEC

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

PART ONE:
THE MAD SCIENTIST
January 1912. PARIS shivers under a blanket of snow, but the City of Light is not yet aware that a few days hence, her shudders will be caused by fear...

Readers will surely remember the "Affair of the Jardin des Plantes" as well as the peculiar tale of the monster on the Eiffel Tower... Both caused scandals that might have implicated highly placed individuals had they not been suppressed... Since then, Adèle BLANC-SEC has been lying low, as she had been intimately involved in these events... and when she chances to leave her retreat...

* See ADÈLE BLANC-SEC VOLUME ONE
What? What? What? What?

Well?

Mademoiselle BLANC-SEC! Whatever has gotten into you?

Oh!
The little gentleman from the Jardin des Plantes!

ESPÉRAN-DIEU... Robert ESPÉRAN-DIEU is my name...

I'm frightfully sorry... A decidedly odd way of displaying my gratitude for your having extricated me from the crocodile enclosure, especially as I never did proffer any proper thanks... But I have been followed in the street for several days now, by persons and for reasons unknown...

I failed to recognize you. I thought you were my stalker and became afraid. I do beg your forgiveness...

Ah, I see! You're being followed... Well, that is to be expected... A lovely lass such as yourself... Ahem! Anyway... I recognized you, and desired to have a word with you...

...about a most extraordinary matter which is sure to enthrall you.

* See ADÈLE BLANC-SEC VOLUME ONE
Not again!

My good friend Professor MENARD, the conservator at the Museum of Natural History, and a few other friends are waiting for me not far from here. Do accompany me, you won't regret it.

Ah, here we are!

Enter...

Ah, wait till you see this!

A few minutes later...

...I can't see anything at all!

HUSH!

What?

Silence!

NOT AGAIN!

* See ADELE BLANC-SEC VOLUME ONE
The smell of ozone... The ectoplasm is developing, we are nearing our goal...

Silence! Aaarrgh...
The pterodactyl vanished!

Oh! He vanished!

SILENCE, woman!
The temperature is dropping... an ectoplasmic manifestation...

SSHH!

I'll be...! Now I've seen everything!

Hello, Robert.

BOUTARDIEU*, delighted to see you again... How do you feel?

* See ADÉLE BLANC-SEC VOLUME ONE
PART TWO:
MUMMIES ON PARADE
Edmond CHOUARD is a supporting player in this story, but it is with him that it all begins. It is March 4, 1912. The night is cold. It is 3 o'clock in the morning...

...and CHOUARD is regaining his domicile in an advanced state of inebriation, having spent much of the night playing cards and drinking in the company of his friends, like him portly and flabby middle-class men stalked by gout and cholesterol...

As he debouches onto the place des Pyramides and heads toward the rue de Rivoli, CHOUARD throws the golden and utterly uninteresting equestrian statue of the Maid of Orleans a stupid and respectful glance.

He walks alongside the Louvre under the unblinking gaze of the great men of the Empire. The proximity of masterpieces locked in the dark building warms the cockles of his culture-loving petit-bourgeois heart.

He passes through the Louvre's gates...
Edmond CHOUPARD is now approaching the Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel. This is when the wine-bloated man suffers a severe shock...
Blessed Virgin!

On March 6 we again encounter Edmond CHOU-PARD at 4 o'clock in the morning, drunk and stupid, making his way home via the rue des Pyramides as he had two days earlier...

He once again favors the golden and utterly uninteresting equestrian statue of the Maid of Orléans with a glance.

He prepares to head left, taking the rue de Rivoli and walking by the Louvre as he did two nights ago, but the memory of the blood-soaked figure causes his blood to run cold in his veins...

...and so he takes a right, following the fence of the Jardin des Tuileries, his gin-blossomed nose naked to the early morning's icy wind, his conscience silenced, his head heavy, his tongue coated, and his liver steeped in alcohol.

Then he suffers a second shock...

Then he suffers a second shock...

Then he suffers a second shock...

BLESSED VIRGIN!
Edmond CHOUPARD delivered his second testimony to the police. The newspapers reacted with alluring headlines.

As our story begins, she is doing hard work at her typewriter, putting the finishing touches to a novel in which she relates her adventures to date, in a somewhat embellished version.

Meanwhile, at the other end of PARIS, Thomas ROVE, alone at home...

...is teasing his cat.

Meanwhile, Félicien MOUGINOT, who has just departed his modest apartment, is striding purposefully toward a destination that only he knows...

TAC TAC TAC TAC TAC TAC TAC TAC...

Two days ago, on March 4th, we related these very peculiar events involving Monsieur Edmond Choupard, the well-known wine and spirits merchant, who was brutally attacked by two bandits on the Rue de Triomphe du Carrousel, and who, in a quick move, had managed to tear down the masks of his attackers.

The body, which was found on the floor of the Rue de Triomphe du Carrousel, was described as that of a young woman of about twenty years of age, whose identity has since been revealed. It appears that she had been involved in some way with the bandits.

As if this were an open door to a criminal network, the police were called in, and an immediate investigation was launched. The bandits, who were later caught, were found to be connected to a well-known criminal gang.

Meanwhile, Félicien MOUGINOT, who has just departed his modest apartment, is striding purposefully toward a destination that only he knows...

...is teasing his cat.

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The Tuileries Impalement

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...Our young and beautiful heroine disarmed the two brigands, then in one quick move tore off the hideous masks that concealed their faces. A surprise! One of the two was none other than the Chief Commissioner himself!

"Could it be that unsavory elements have penetrated our national Police, Monsieur?" she queried. "What peculiar times we live in!" THIS IS PRIME STUFF, PRIME STUFF INDEED!

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