

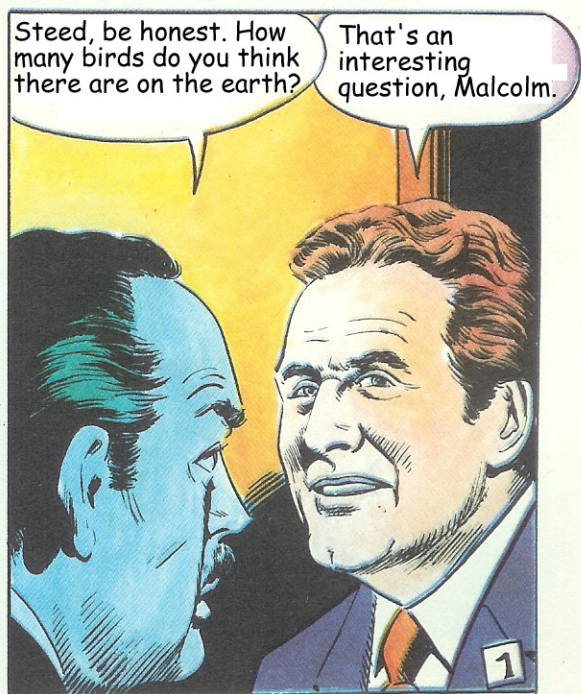


# CHAPEAU MELON ET BOTTES DE CUIR

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## Death Has Wings





John Bailey, the celebrated ornithologist, was of the same opinion, and he's dead!

Really?



His French colleague, Robert Vallier, thought so, too...

And he's dead?



Exactly! The newspaper said he died in a plane crash.

I'm never occupying myself with birds...it's too dangerous!



The mission I'm going to entrust you with isn't without risk!

We can see that!



In Vallier's cockpit, we found crow feathers.

What did Bailey say before he died?



He was transported to the hospital in a coma.

Let's go!



I cannot tell you anything about what he said, sirs, that I haven't told the police.

Pray, tell us..



When the police discovered Mr. Bailey, they heard him murmur...



The birds... Fortelli... the... Master of the Birds.



That same evening, at Steed's...

What are you thinking, Gambit?

The swallows remind me of my childhood.



I didn't know you were the nostalgic type, my friend. Your childhood has well and truly flown!

That's the word of the moment!



My parents took me to see a number of bird shows...the man called himself the Master of the Birds!



Gambit, you're a genius! And I know that Stevens will be able to give us some information!

Obviously!



Who's Stevens?

I don't know any more than you... but Steed must have a reason to consult him.



Stevens is an old stage manager. He's spent fifty years of his life behind the scenes of all the London theatres.

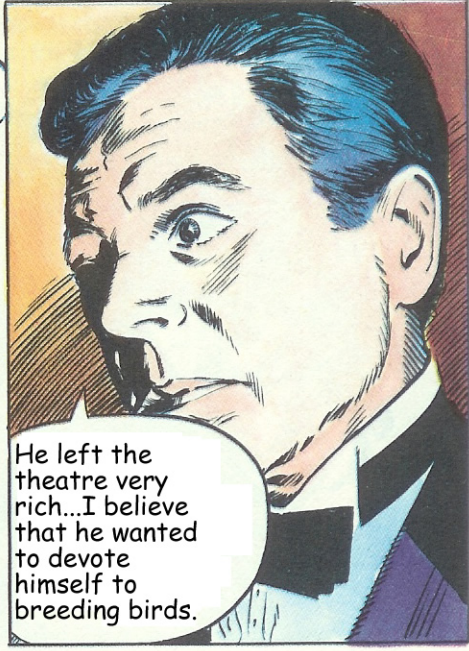


Do I remember Fortelli? Ah, sir, no one could replace the "Master of the Birds."

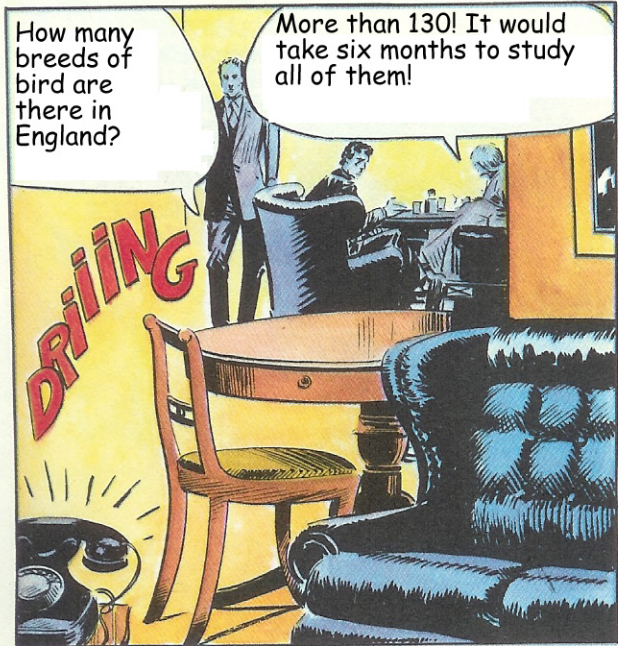


With his flute, the great Fortelli was able to make the birds do as he pleased, sir!

What became of him?

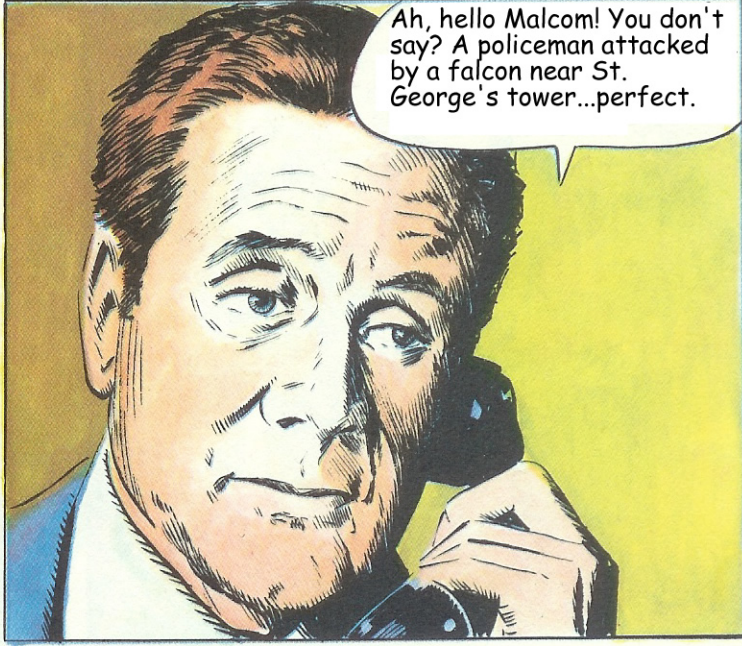


He left the theatre very rich...I believe that he wanted to devote himself to breeding birds.



How many breeds of bird are there in England?

More than 130! It would take six months to study all of them!

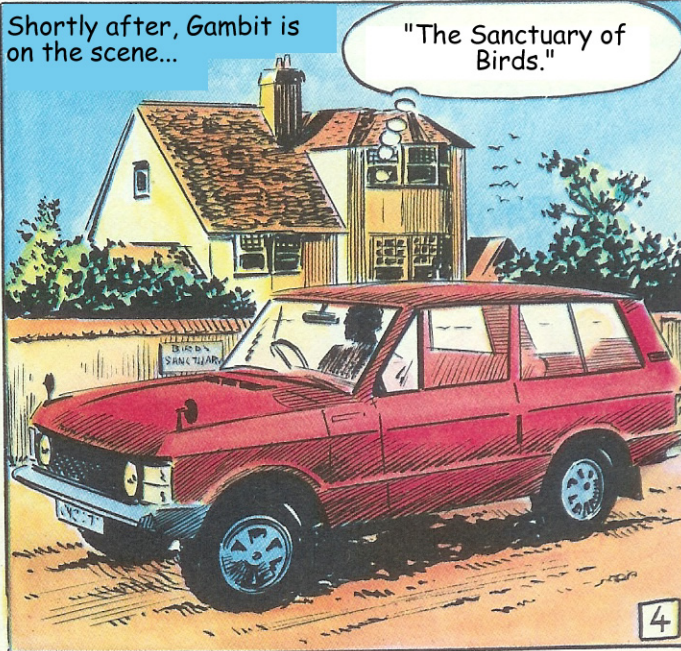


Ah, hello Malcom! You don't say? A policeman attacked by a falcon near St. George's tower...perfect.



I'll go!

Be careful!



Shortly after, Gambit is on the scene...

"The Sanctuary of Birds."

Gambit, in spite of his gentlemanly appearance, has some very odd habits...



A curious one, Master. Are you going to hunt him?

Pass me the binoculars!



I know this man. It's Gambit, Steed's assistant. Kindly go receive him.



Are you looking for something, sir?

I would like to buy a falcon.



Sorry, sir, there are no birds of prey in this refuge. Only pigeons and passerine.

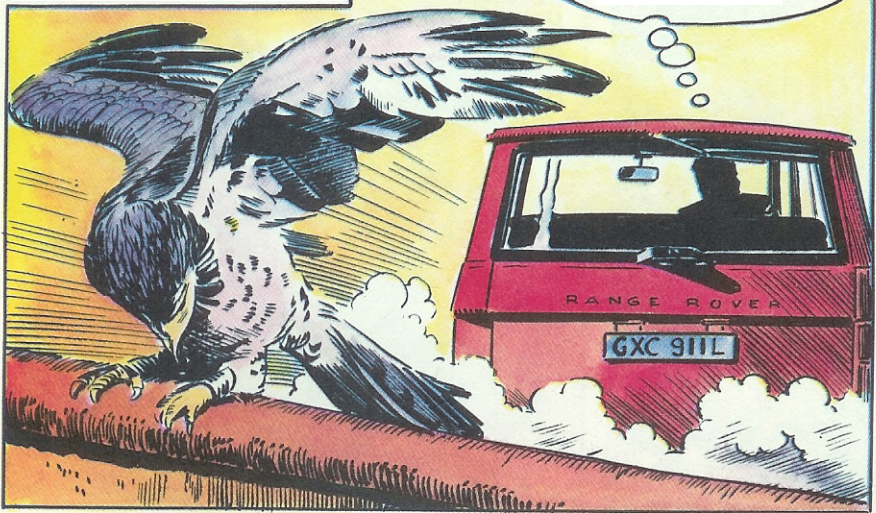
Can I see your master?



Mr. Smith is on vacation, sir. He won't return from Sweden for many days.

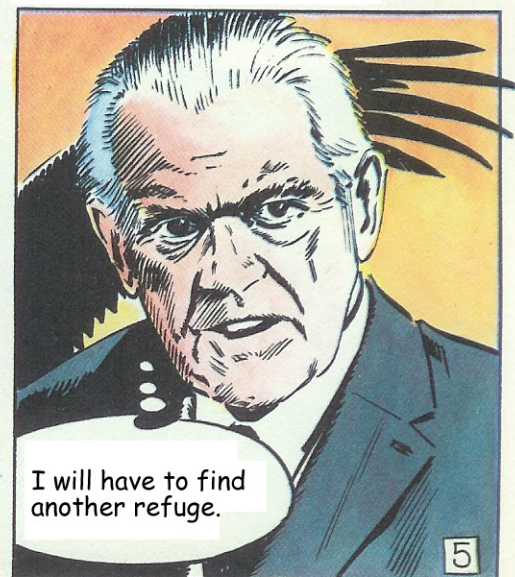
Excuse me, my friend. Good-bye...

Driven by curiosity, Gambit looks in his rear view mirror before starting off...



Curious! It seems to me that bird perching on the wall is a falcon...

The Master of the Birds senses danger...



I will have to find another refuge.



You're alone, Gambit? Where's Purdey?

I thought she was with you. She appreciates your piano playing.



Hurry, gambit! There isn't a moment to lose! Purdey was going to join you. In fact, she's going to put her head in the lion's mouth!

Purdey very much appreciates the immense aviary laid out in the "Sanctuary of Birds."



Marvellous plumages! But what beaks!



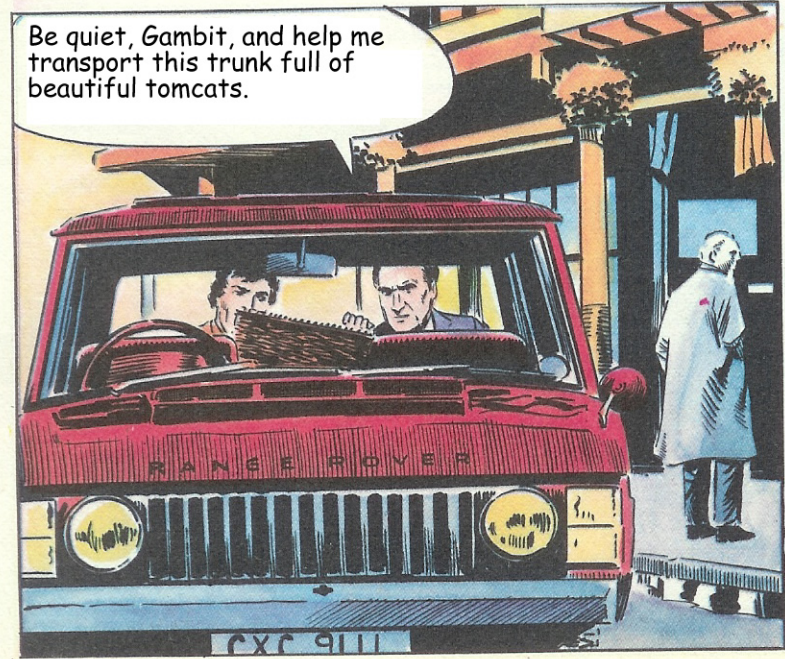
Welcome to the home of my friends, Miss Purdey!

Fortelli! The Master of the Birds!



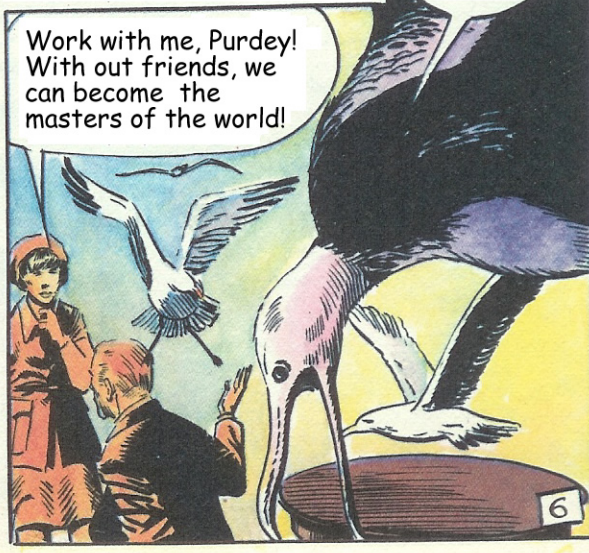
Meanwhile, Steed and Gambit are engaged in a purchase...

But really, Steed, what good are all these cats?



Be quiet, Gambit, and help me transport this trunk full of beautiful tomcats.

In the aviary, Purdey and Fortelli continue their close conversation...



Work with me, Purdey! With our friends, we can become the masters of the world!

You're mad!



That's what Bailey and Vallier said. And they're dead!

Bailey and Vallier?



They wanted to limit the births of birds, but I didn't want that...that's all! Watch me, Purdey!



The birds attack the eyes, Purdey! And you beautiful eyes!

Mad! You're mad!



Gambit, have you come to the conclusion that Smith and Fortelli are one and the same?

Quickly, Steed! Quickly! For the love of God!



Can you hear that flute?

My cats don't appreciate the music much!



The terrible birds have one weakness...they're afraid of cats!

But...But...



That party put an end to you, Fortelli. You can play the flute in Her Majesty's prison.



Charming tomcats, Steed!

They're for you, Purdey! I hate cats!