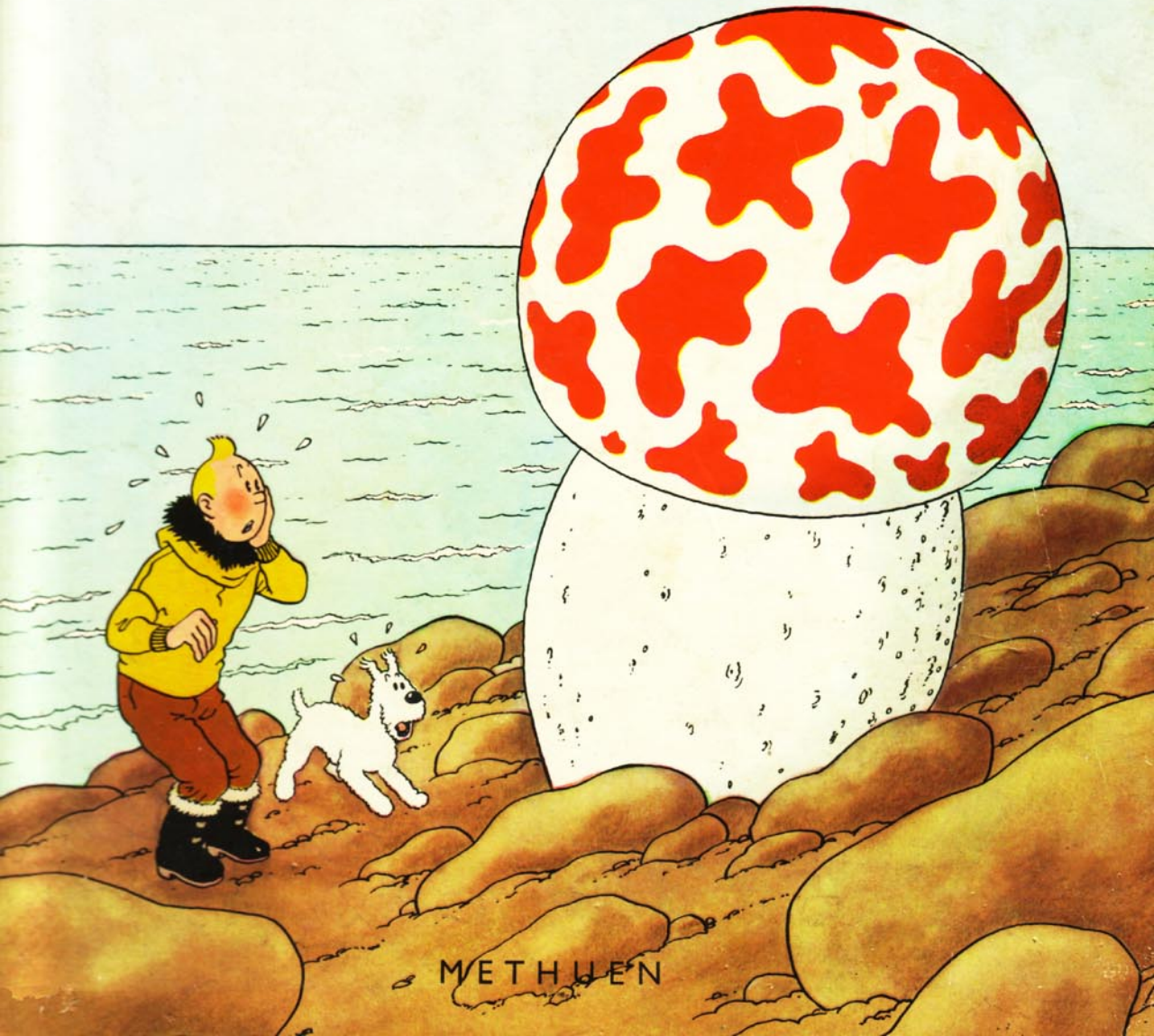


HERGÉ
THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN

THE SHOOTING STAR

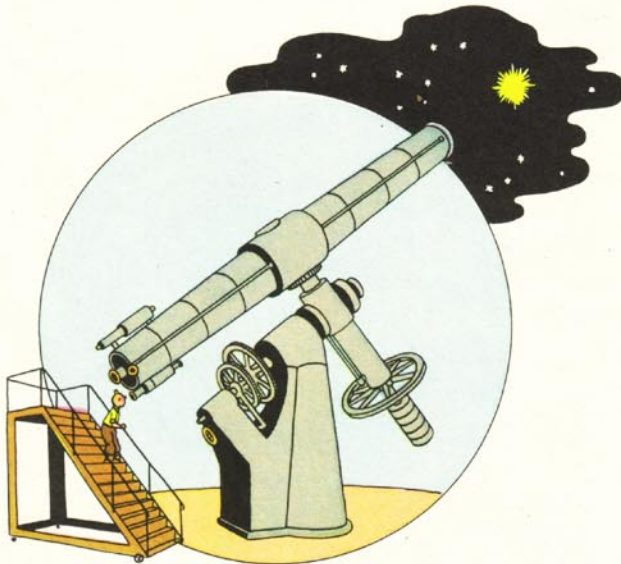


METHUEN

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

THE SHOOTING STAR



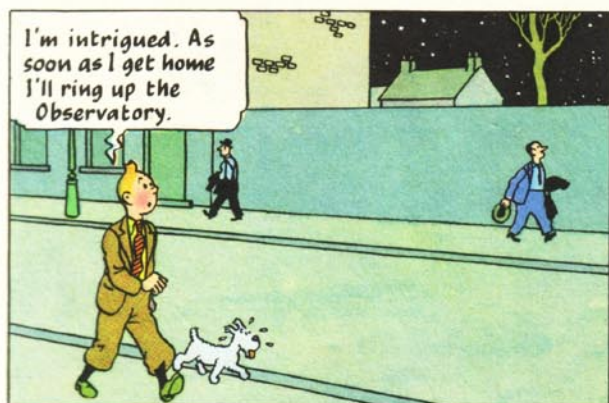
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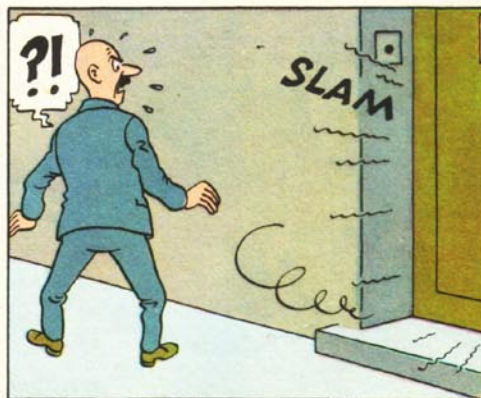
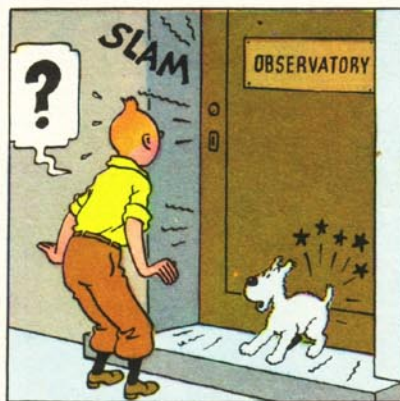
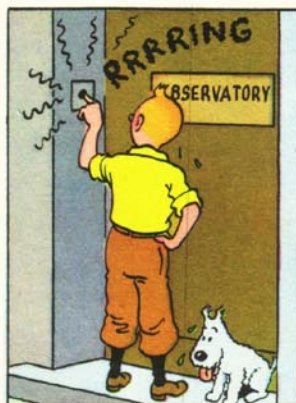
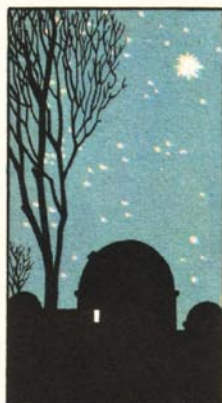
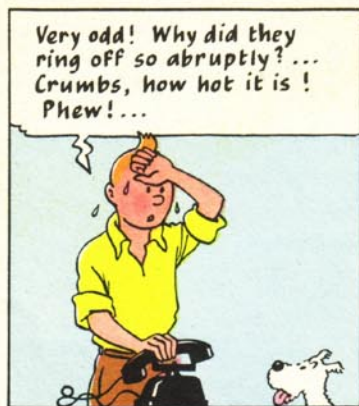
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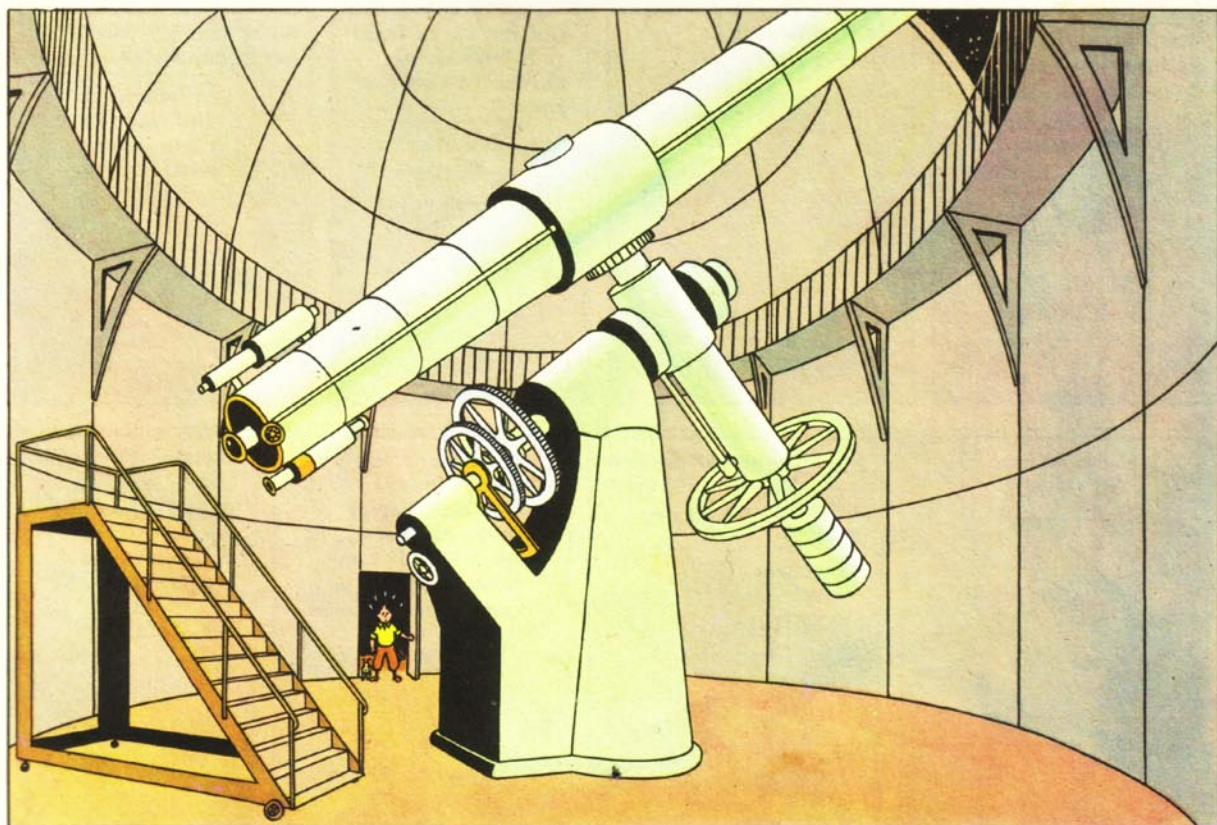
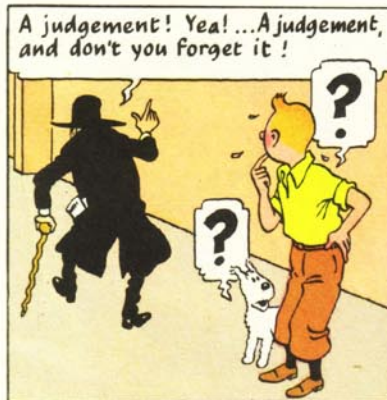
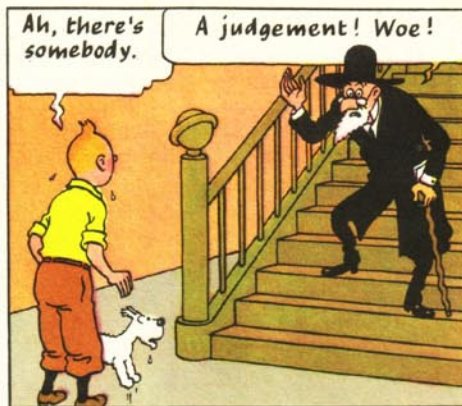
Translated by Leslie Lonsdale-Cooper
and Michael Turner

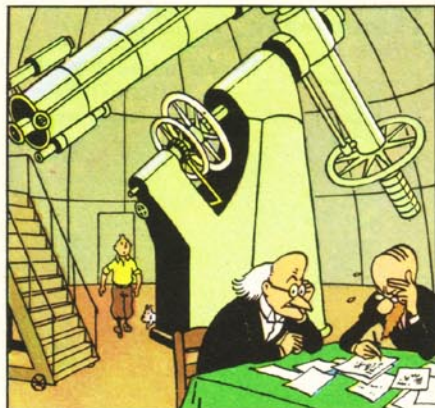
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THE SHOOTING STAR







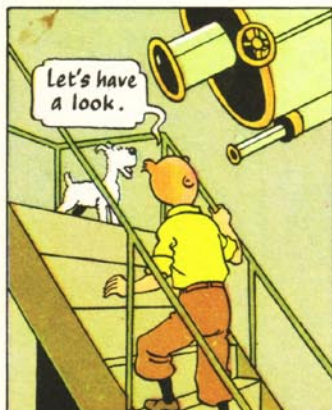
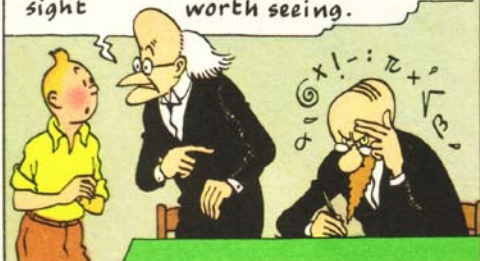


Excuse me, I'm looking for the Director of the Observatory.

Ssh! It's me!



It's me, but ssh!... Silence! Don't disturb my colleague; he's deep in some very complicated mathematics. While he's finishing, have a look through the telescope, if you like; it's a sight worth seeing.



Let's have a look.



OH!



Good heavens, sir! It's horrible... horrible!

Yes, in one sense it's horrible...



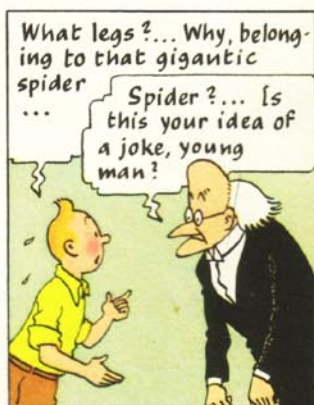
It's enormous! Simply enormous!

Enormous, yes!



And its hairy legs! ... It makes me shiver to think of them!

Its legs? ... What legs?



What legs?... Why, belonging to that gigantic spider ...

Spider?... Is this your idea of a joke, young man?



Come and see for yourself!



By the rings of Saturn! ... You're right... It is, quite definitely, a spider! ...

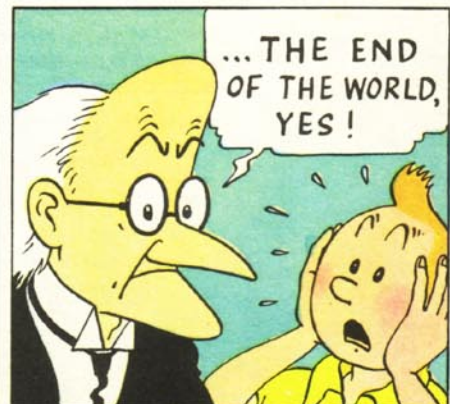
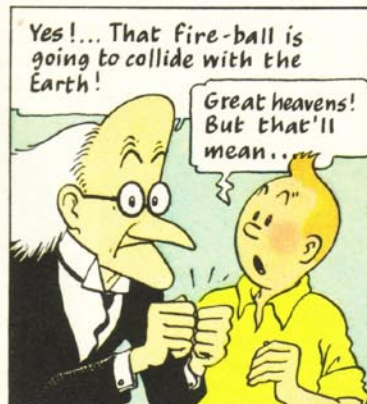
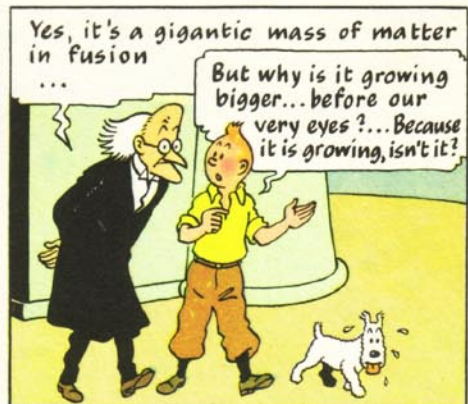
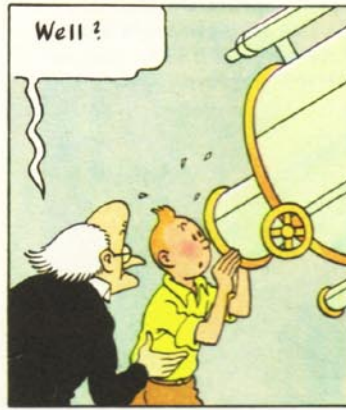
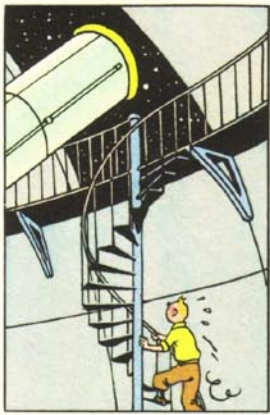
You see now!

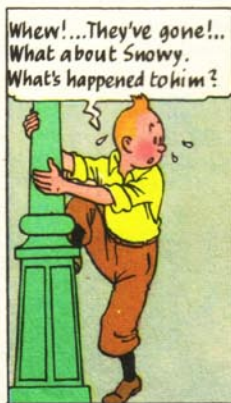
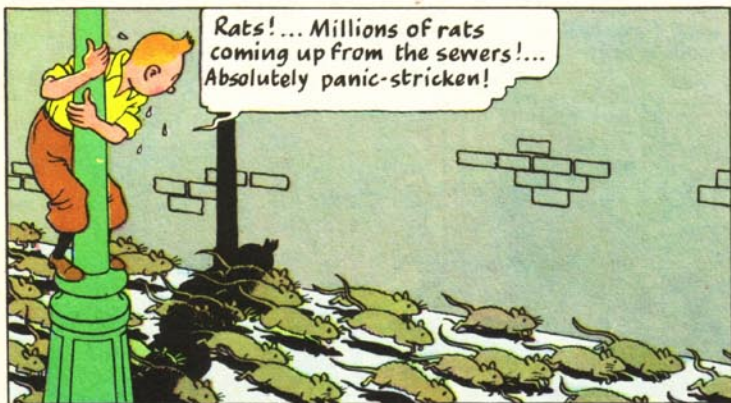
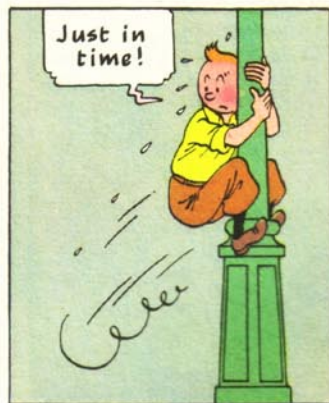
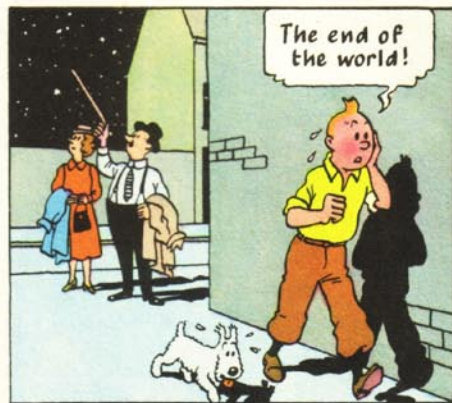
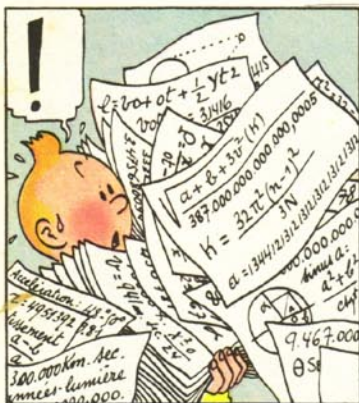
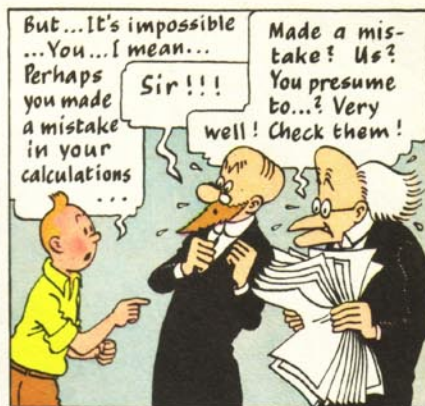


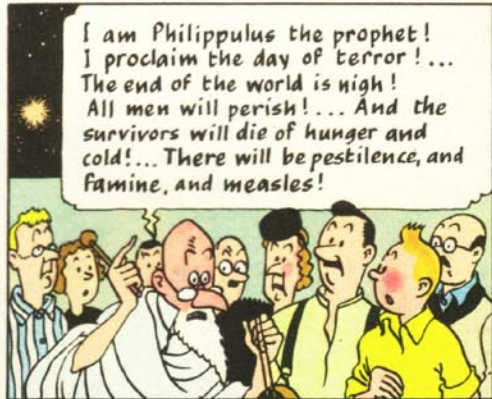
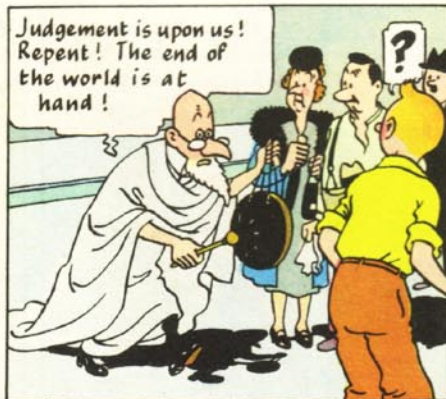
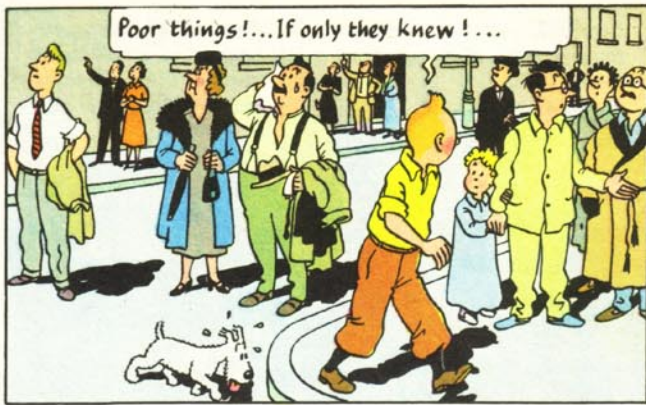
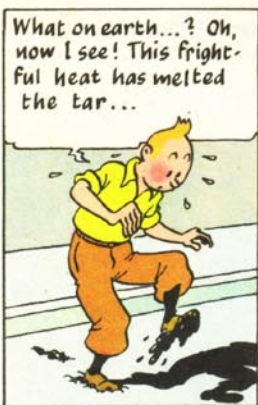
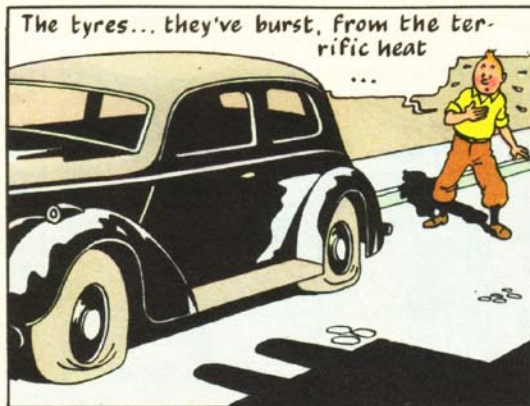
How extraordinary! Extraordinary! ... It has characteristics of *Meta segmentata* ... At least ... No! It's an *Araneus diadematus*! An enormous *Araneus diadematus*!

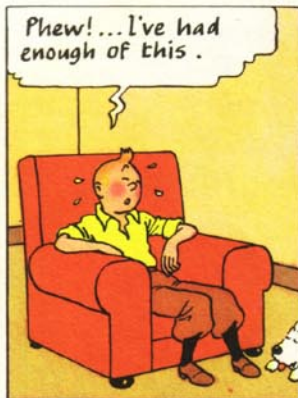
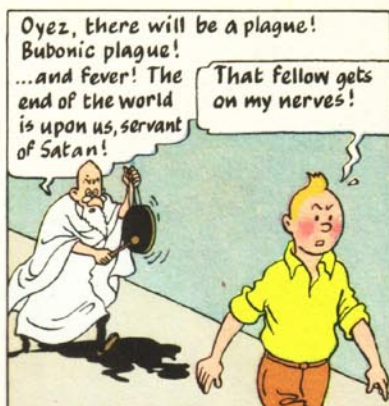


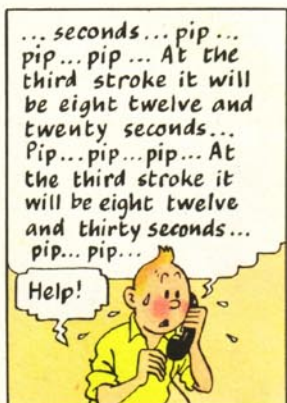
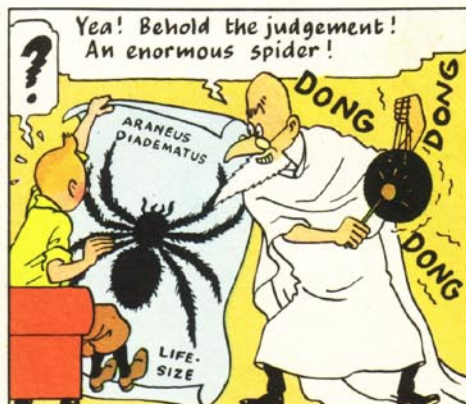
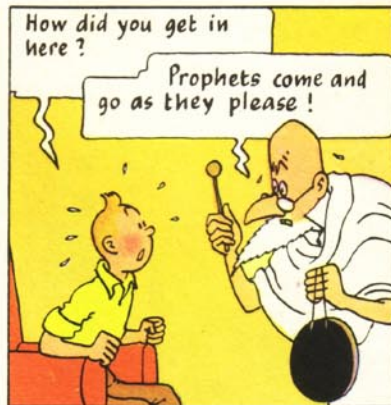
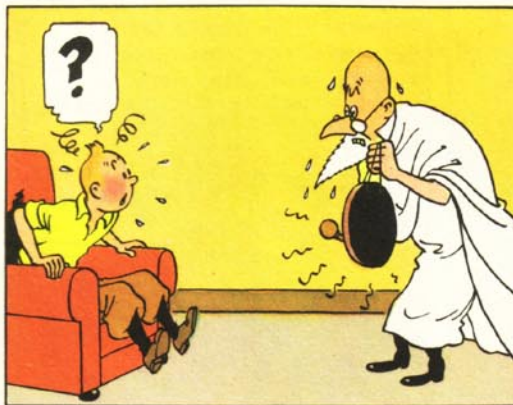
Anyway, it's a spider! Ugh! What a monster! ... And it's travelling through space ... Supposing it...??

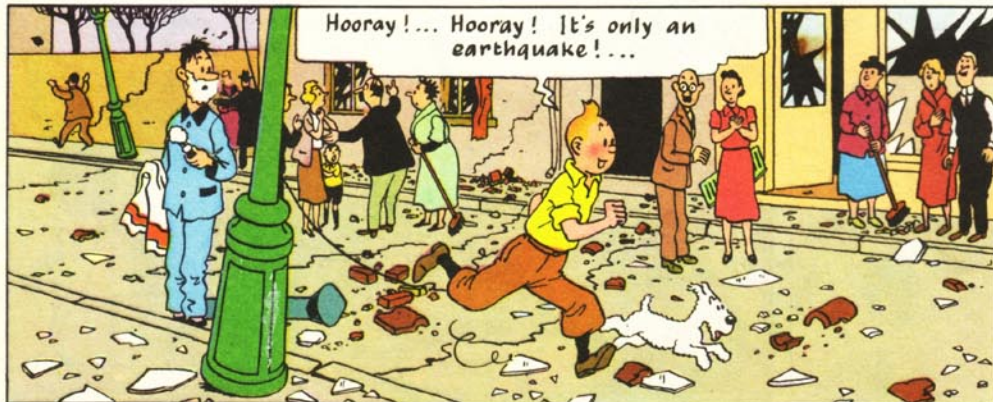












The idiot! He made a mistake in his calculations! The meteor passed 30,000 miles away from the earth, instead of colliding with it and causing the magnificent cataclysm I'd hoped for.

Never mind, Professor; you've still got it in store... But tell me: what about the earthquake?

Professor! ... Professor! ... ?

It has just been developed, sir. It is indeed remarkable, don't you agree, sir?

Excellent!... Excellent! ... But, look there. How very extra-ordinary!

That group of lines, in the centre? Uranium, I presume.

Uranium? Not on your life!...

By the rings of Saturn! It's prodigious!

Tralala ♪ - la ♪

It may be prodigious, but it's all Greek to me!

It's prodigious!... Incredible!... Fantastic!... Stupefying!

My friends, I have made a sensational discovery! I have just detected a new metal!... A metal hitherto entirely unknown!

You've heard of the spectroscope. It's the instrument that enables us to discover elements in stars, elements not yet isolated here on the earth. This is a spectroscopic photograph of the meteor which brushed past us today. Each of these lines, or each group of lines is characteristic of a metal. Those lines in the centre represent an unknown metal, which exists in the meteor. You follow me?

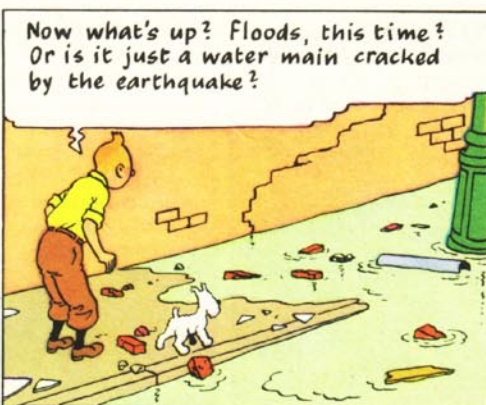
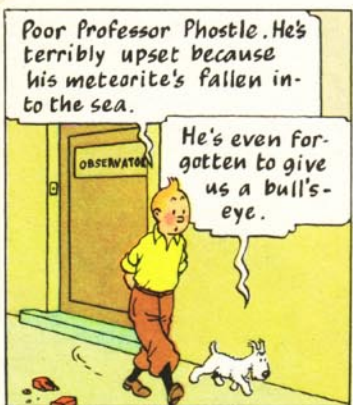
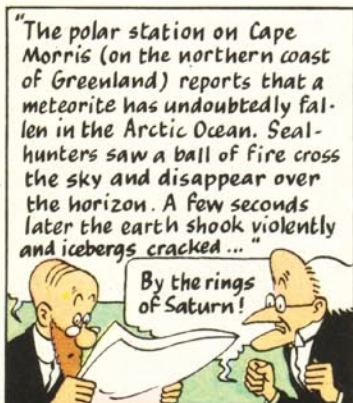
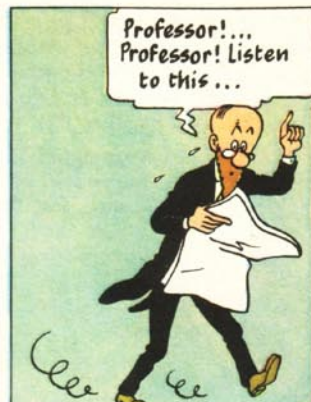
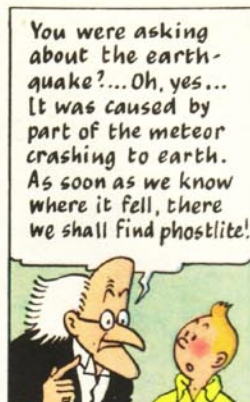
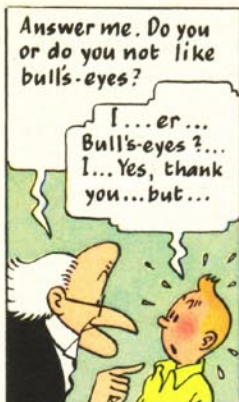
Er... more or less

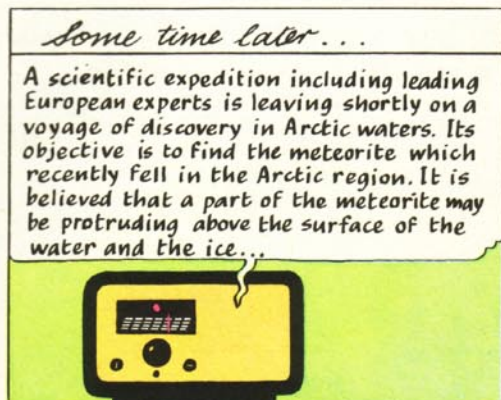
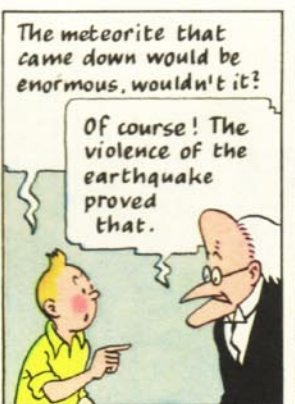
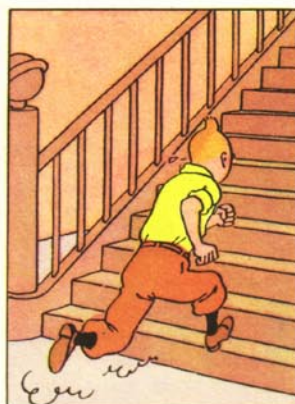
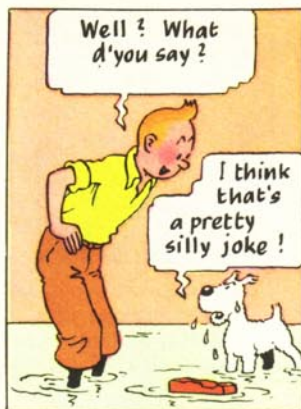
I, Decimus Phostle, have discovered a new metal! I shall give my name to it: phostlite.

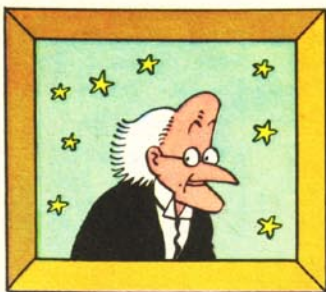
My heartiest congratulations!

But Professor, to get back to the meteor... it didn't collide with the earth, so why was there an earthquake?

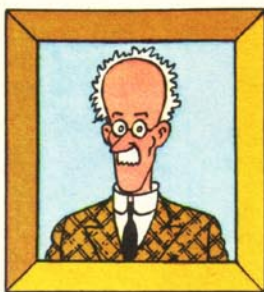
Tell me, young man, do you like bull's-eyes?



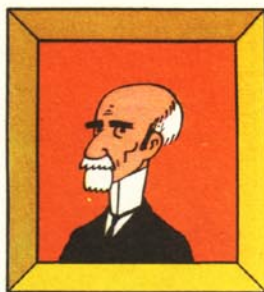




The expedition will be led by Professor Phostle, who has revealed the presence of an unknown metal in the meteorite. The other members of the party are:



... the Swedish scholar Eric Björgensköld, author of distinguished papers on solar prominences;



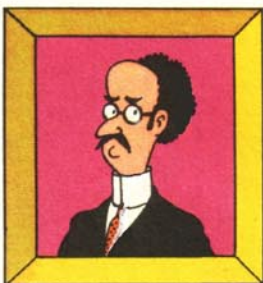
...Señor Porfirio Bolero y Calamares, of the University of Salamanca;



... Herr Doktor Otto Schulze, of the University of Munich;



... Professor Paul I. Cantonneau, of the University of Paris;



... Senhor Pedro Joás Dos Santos, a renowned physicist, of the University of Coimbra;



...Tintin, the young reporter, who will represent the press;



...and lastly, Captain Haddock, President of the S.S.S. (Society of Sober Sailors) who will command the "Aurora," the vessel in which the expedition will embark.

Three days later...

Well, Snowy, the "Aurora" sails tomorrow.

We'll go aboard for our last night before setting off for Arctic waters.

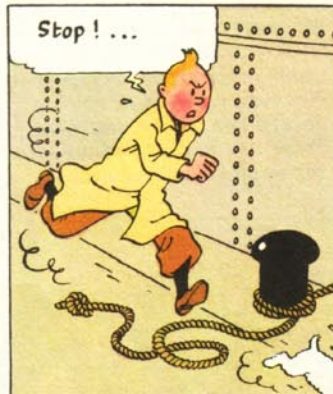
I don't think much of this expedition; it'll be jolly cold up there.

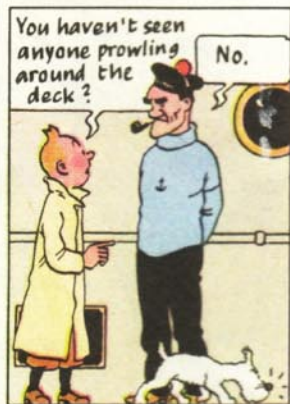
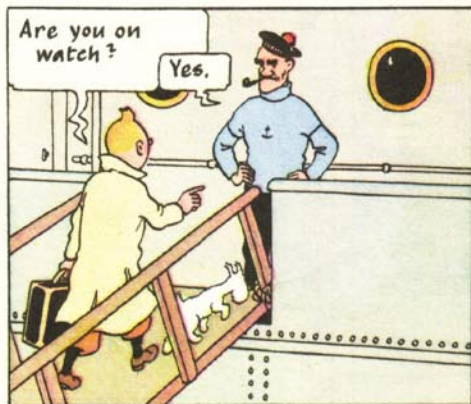
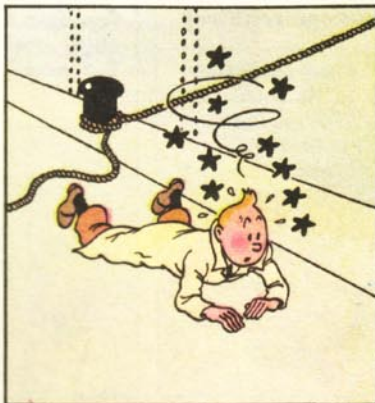
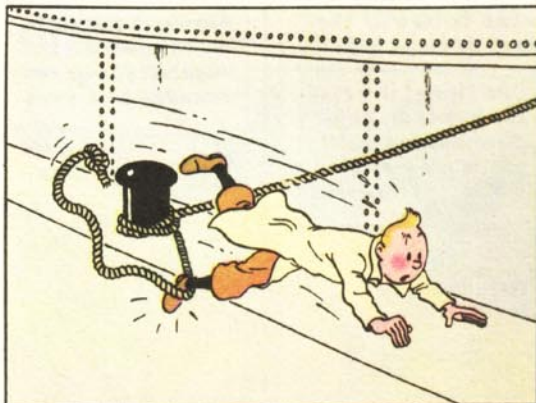


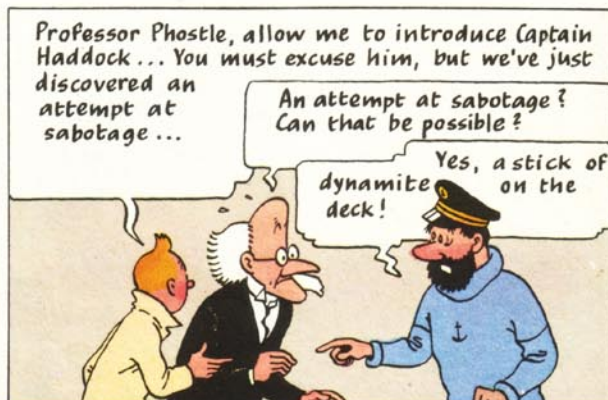
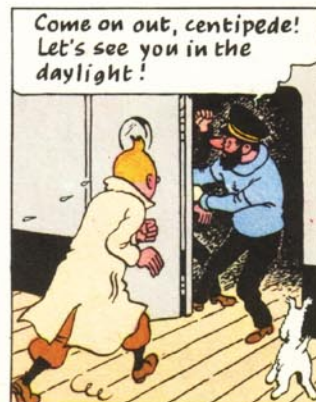
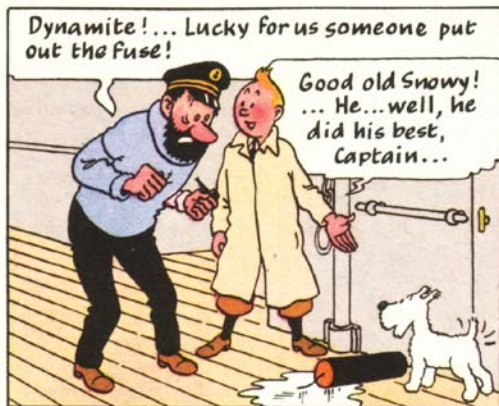
Hello... someone's running down the gangplank... That's funny... Stop! Who are you?

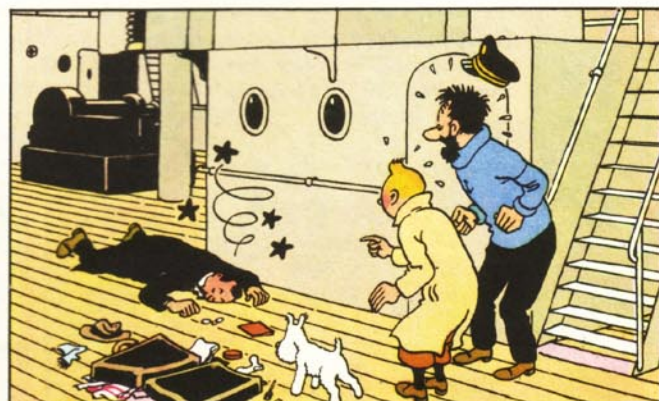
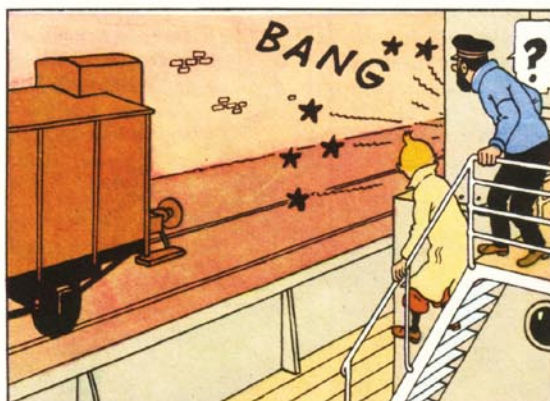
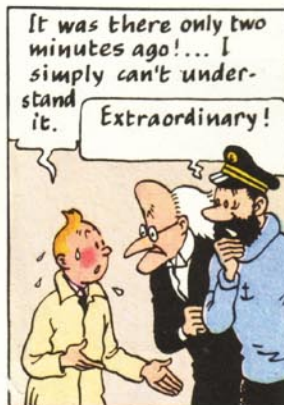
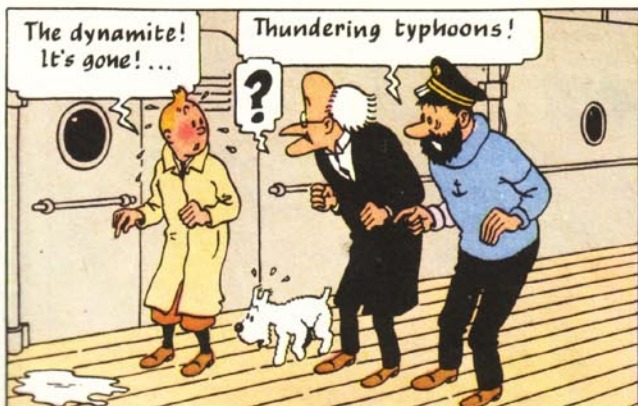
Hey there!... Stop!

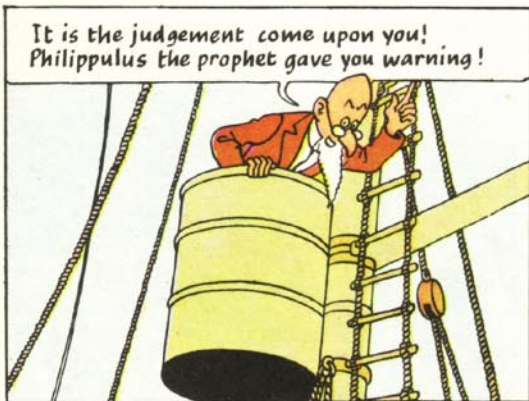
Stop!...

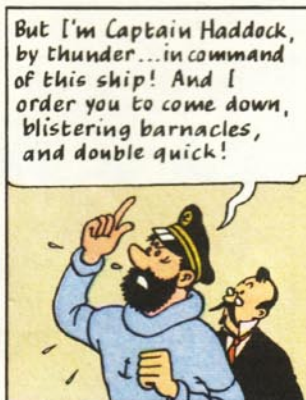
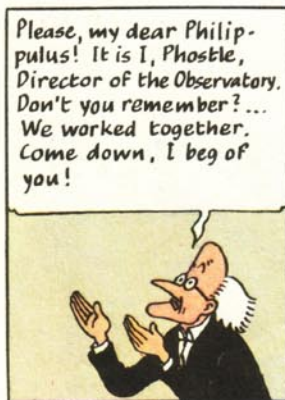
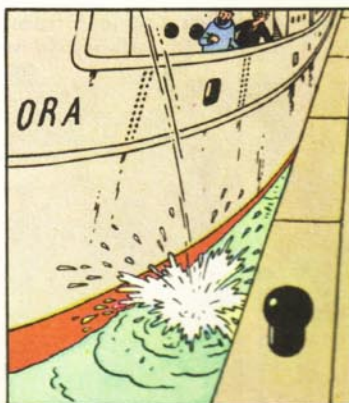
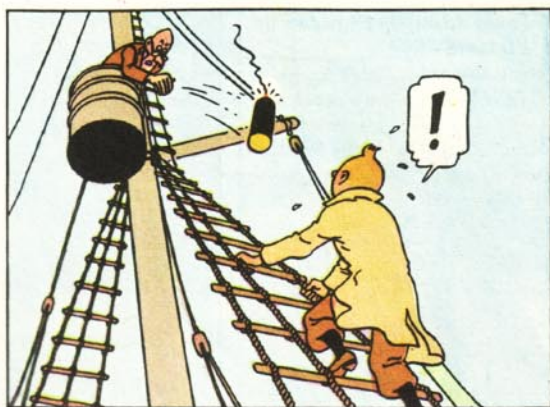


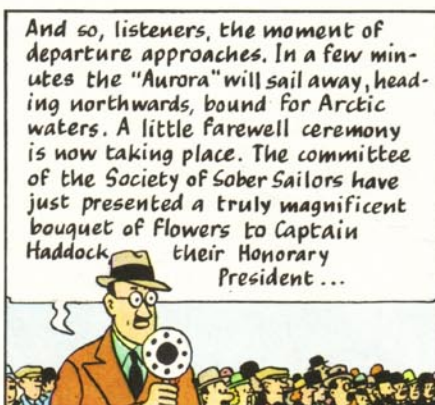
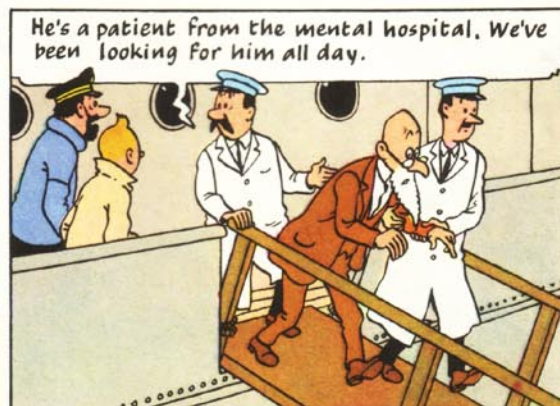


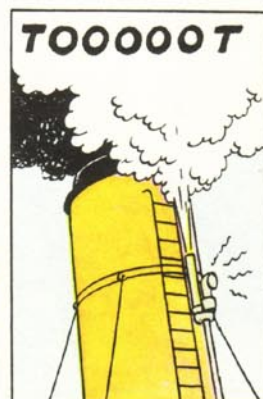
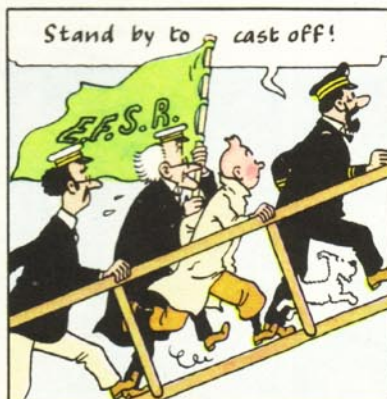
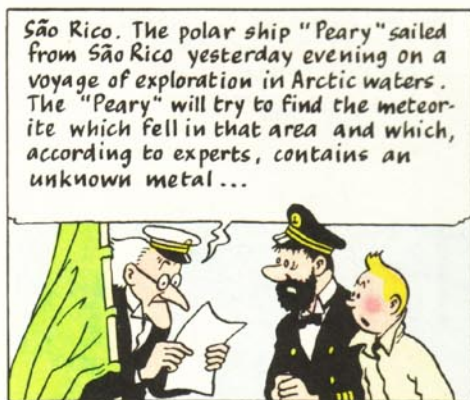
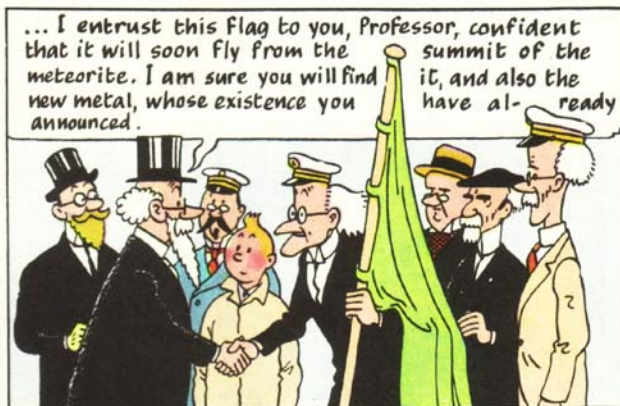




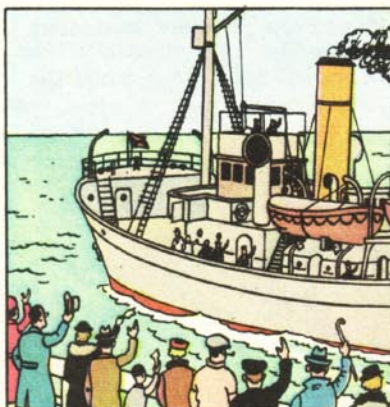








The last moorings have been cast off. This is the moment of departure... The ship is moving slowly away from the quay. The "Aurora" has sailed... Sailed away in search of a shooting star...



You have been listening to an eyewitness account of the departure of the polar research ship "Aurora". The programme was relayed through all European networks.

Ha! ha! ha! I wish them the best of luck!

You're quite sure that they won't succeed? ...



My dear fellow, you've been my secretary long enough to know that if the Bohlwinkel Bank has financed the "Peary" expedition, there is no question of failure. Believe me: the "Aurora" hasn't a chance.

I hope so, Mr. Bohlwinkel. But still...

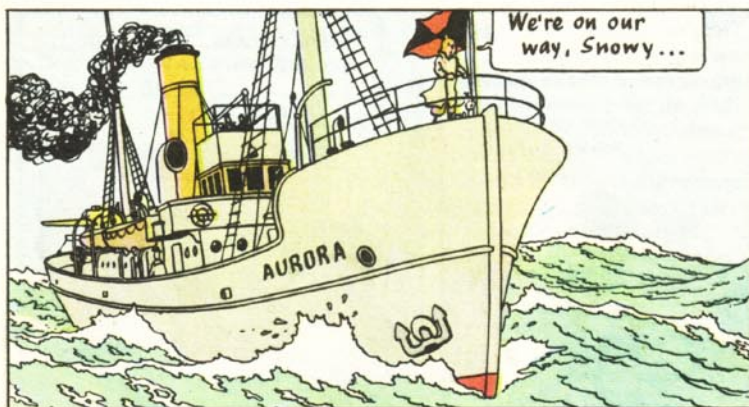


Yes, I know the "Aurora" sailed sooner than I anticipated... The fault of that fool Hayward, bungling his job. But don't worry, I've taken care of everything...

Ah, good, good...



You see, my dear fellow, the scientific expedition is just a cover for my plan to take possession of this meteorite... and the unknown metal Professor Phostle was naive enough to tell us about. There's a colossal fortune waiting there for us. A colossal fortune, and I don't intend to lose it!



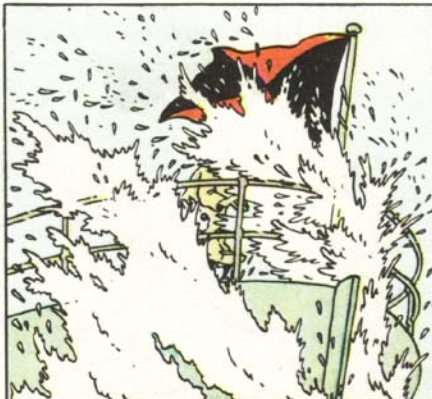
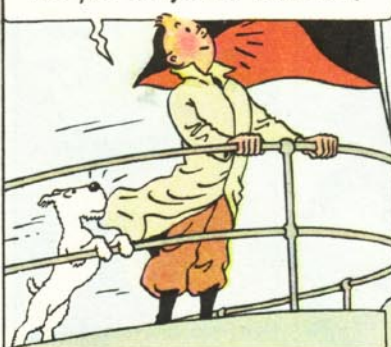
We're on our way, Snowy...

This will blow away the cobwebs, eh, Snowy? What wonderful air... the real tang of the sea!

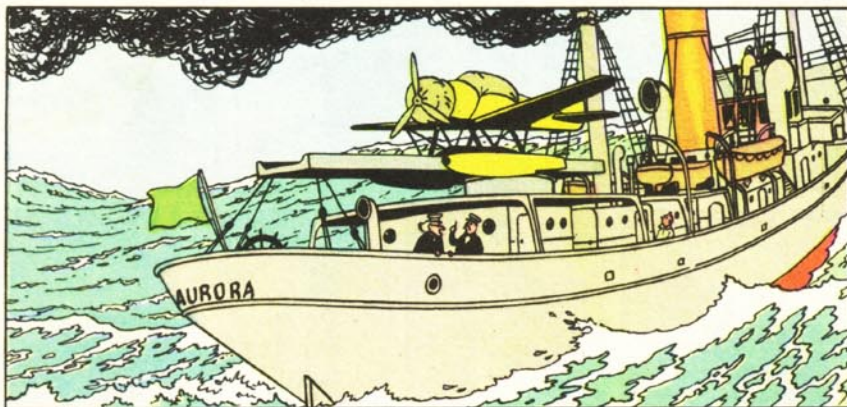
Yes, you can smell the fish...



Do as I do, Snowy. Breathe deeply. Fill your lungs with fresh air.



Let's go aft to the stern, Snowy. Anyway, it'll soon be time for lunch...



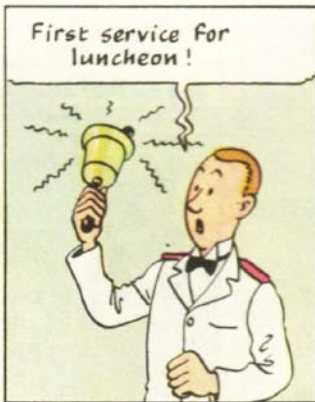
Look, Snowy, there's our seaplane up there, on its catapult. It will help in our search for the meteorite.



Ahoj there, steward!... You can announce lunch. Everything's ready.



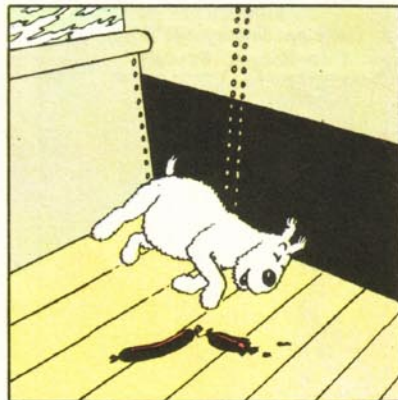
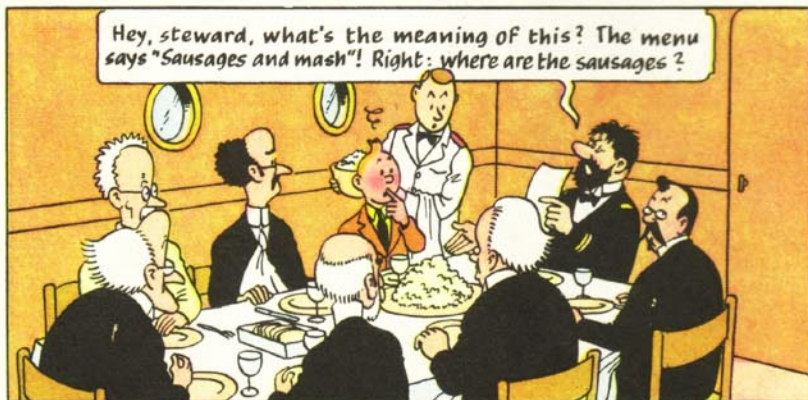
First service for luncheon!

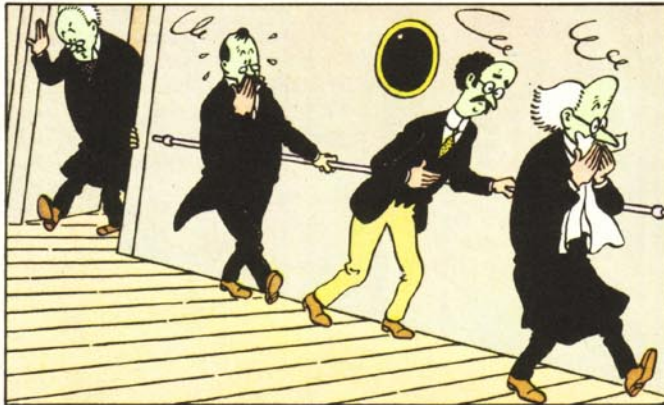
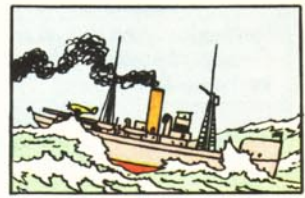
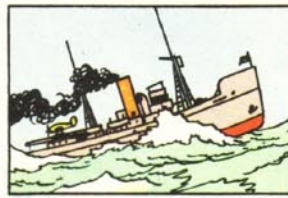
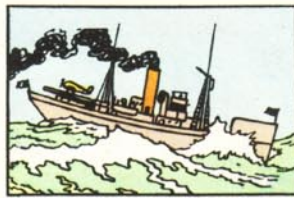
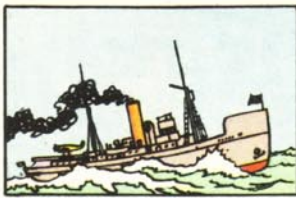


Where's Snowy got to? I don't see him about.



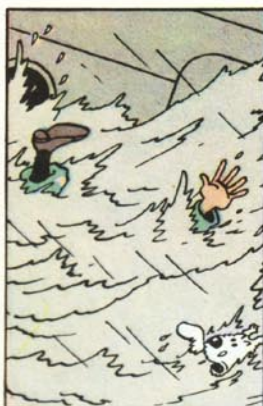
Hey, steward, what's the meaning of this? The menu says "Sausages and mash"! Right: where are the sausages?







Careful, Snowy, mind how you go!



Whew!... I... honestly, I thought I'd been swept overboard. But Snowy? ...Where's Snowy?



Snowy!



Snowy!...



That was a near thing, Snowy! ... Heavens, what a storm! What a frightful storm!



Oh, it's you... Nice little breeze, isn't it?



What?... A breeze? [Isn't this a gale?

A gale? What an idea!... A mere draught, that's all.



So we aren't in danger, then?

None. Still, you've got to be careful: visibility's almost down to zero... and the shipping lane we're in now, the North Channel, is a pretty busy one.



... Lots of ships use it... However, the chances of a collision are very slight... Each vessel has navigation lights, so...



Help!

Thundering typhoons!



Hard a star-board!...



Pirates!... Shipwreckers!...
Sea-lice!... Filibusters!...
Hoodlums!... Road-hogs!...
Freshwater swabs!

Saved!



The lunatic! A little bit closer and he'd have cut us in two... He must be crazy sailing like that, without any lights... He couldn't have judged it better if he'd meant to sink us.

And why not? That might be precisely what he intended.



What do you mean? I mean, Captain, that someone's already tried to sabotage the "Aurora"... the night before we sailed. The accident we just avoided looks remarkably like another attempt...



Thundering typhoons!... You're right!... But who on earth...?

Who would be anxious to prevent us carrying out our search? Who but the "Peary" expedition, or whoever has financed it?...



Is that the "Kentucky Star" this time?

Yes, coming in now Mr. Bohlwinkel. A radio signal...



S.S. Kentucky Star. Obeying orders received, attempted to sink Aurora. Operation miscarried. Awaiting instructions.



They've failed! The bungling fools! Now we're back where we started!... But I'll get them yet!



Oh, misery! I feel so ill! I feel horribly ill!

I feel sick... Ooooooh...

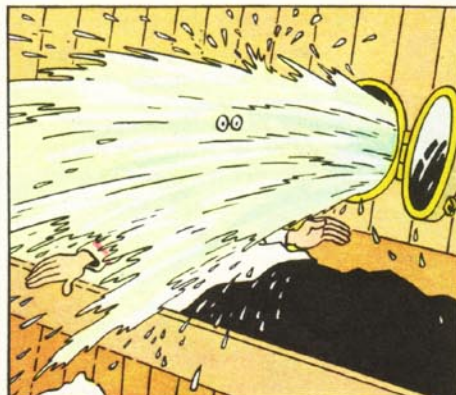


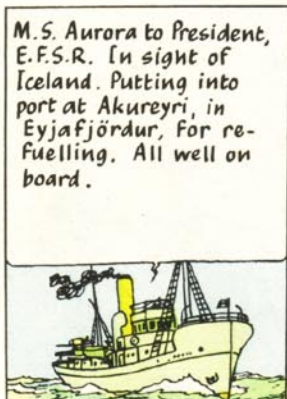
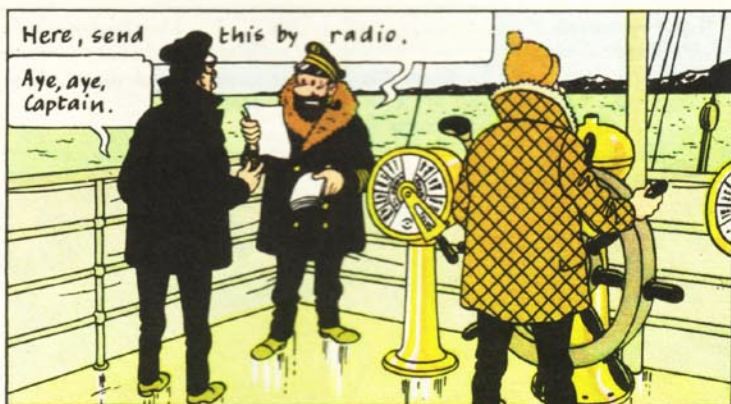
Would you mind if I opened the window a little bit? Some fresh air would do us good.

Do as you please... just let me die in peace.



Aaaah!... I feel better already.

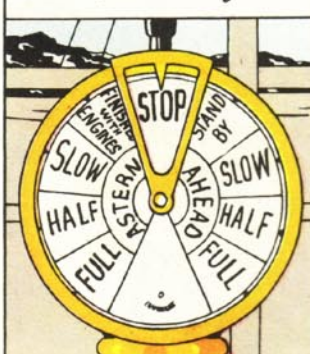




Bohlwinkel Bank to Smithers, general agent for Golden Oil, Reykjavik, Iceland. Circulate following order immediately to all agents for Golden Oil in Iceland: Absolute prohibition against refuelling polar vessel Aurora... There! Have that sent in the secret code.



The next morning ...



So here we are in Akureyri. Shall we be staying here long, Captain?



Just long enough to fill up with oil. Then we set out for Greenland.



There. I'm going to order the fuel. It won't take a minute.



Good morning. I want my ship refuelled with oil.



Polar research ship "Aurora". Captain Haddock.

Oh?... You're the Captain of... of the "Aurora"?



Oh!... I... I've bad news for you, Captain. I suddenly remembered, we haven't a drop of fuel oil in stock...



What's that you say? No fuel oil?... That's absurd! I've got to have oil, d'you hear?



That sounds like an argument...

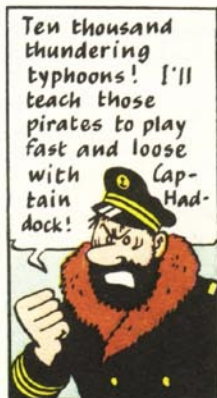


It's disgraceful, I tell you! Disgraceful!



Remember! On your own head be it!





Gang of thieves! ... Black marketeers! ... Monopolizers! ... Turncoats! ... Ophicleides! ... Colocynths!



Haddock!

Don't stop me! I'm going to exterminate those crooks! ... The twisters!



Haddock, listen to me.

Calm down, Captain!

Listen to me. You're wasting your time. Do you know who's financed the "Peary" expedition? No! It was announced on the radio this morning. The Bohlwinkel Bank of São Rico



So what? I don't mind! Blistering barnacles, I need fuel oil! ...

All right, all right. D'you know who owns Golden Oil? ... No?... The Bohlwinkel Bank, of São Rico. Now d'you understand?



Let me go! ... I'm going to tear those caterpillars into little pieces!



Wait, Captain, I've got an idea!

An idea? About getting fuel oil?

Yes.



Come on, we'll discuss this over a glass of whisky. Let's go into this bar.

Barman! A bottle of whisky, and three glasses.



No whisky for me, thanks. I'll have tonic water

Two glasses, barman. And

some tonic water for the lad.

By Jupiter, I've just remembered ... I forgot you're the President of the Society of Sober Sailors. You don't drink whisky, of course. Tonic for you as well?



You're right ... Tonic water ... Good idea ...

That's enough! ... Thanks.



Here's to you, Haddock!



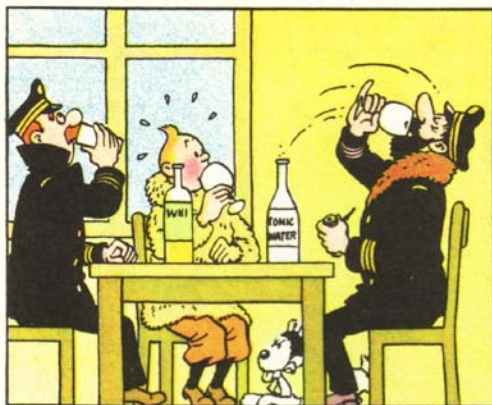
And to you! ... Look, just to please you, I'll take a drop of whisky with my tonic ... For old time's sake ...

Only a drop ... A thimbleful ...



That's enough ... Thanks!





Aaaaaaaaah!...
The tonic in these parts
does you a power of
good!



Now, tell us your idea.

Look, where is your
ship moored?



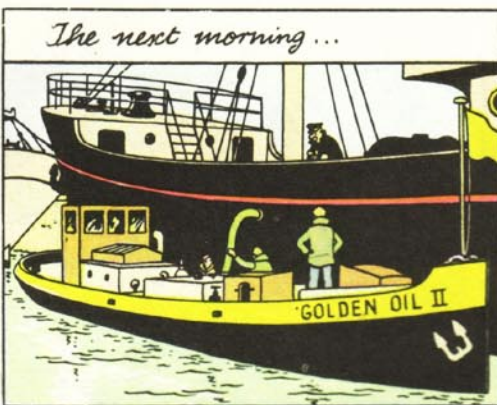
Yes, where's she
moored, the
"Sisi"... the
"Sirius"?



Just astern of the "Aurora".

That's fine!... And you're
refuelling tomorrow morn-
ing?... Splendid!... Now,
listen...

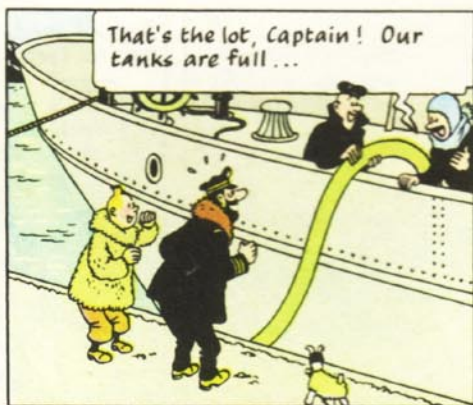
Li-li-listen carefully,
Chester. This boy al-
ways has ex-x-x-x-
cellent ideas.



The next morning...

I say, Cap-
tain, d'you
think there's
a leak in
your tanks?
They don't
seem to be
filling.

O.K., O.K...
They're big
ones, that's
all. Keep
on pumping.



That's the lot, Captain! Our
tanks are full...

Will you send off this cable?

"Smithers, Golden Oil, Reykjavik.
Your orders carried out. Aurora
stays here until new instructions
received. Signed: Payne." That'll
be seven krón- ur.



TOOOOOT

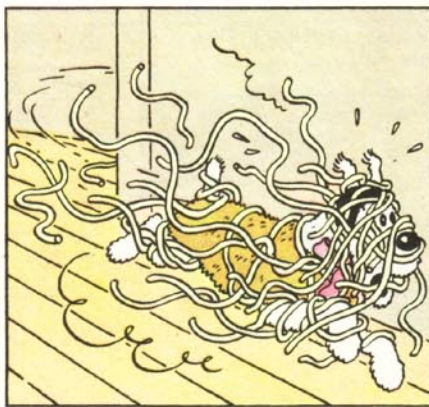
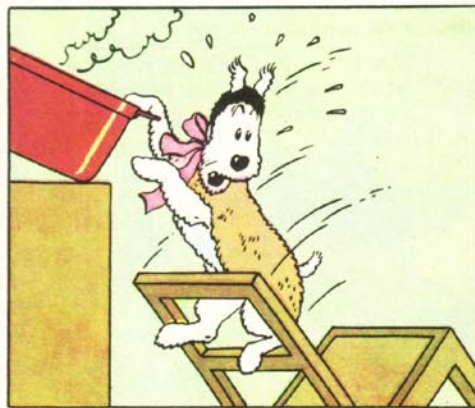
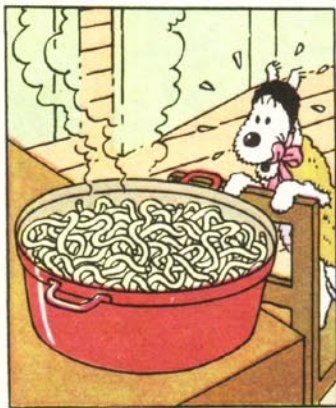
ELEGRAPH



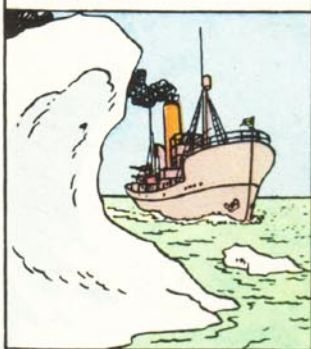
Good. That's the
"Sirius" going out...



It's not the "Sirius"!...
It's the
"Aurora"!!



A week later...



This is where we are. We've crossed the 72nd parallel. You will confine your search to an area between 73 and 78 North, and 8 and 13 West... You understand?

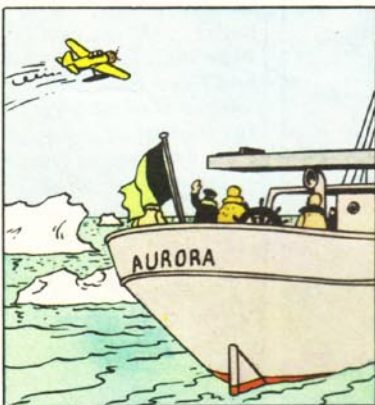
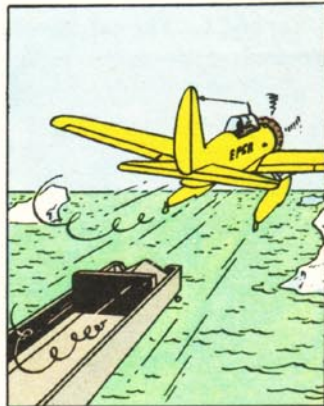
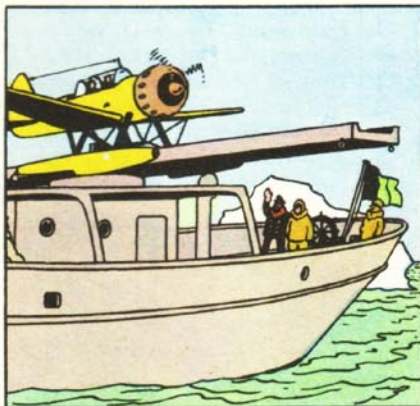


Right.

Above all, don't take risks: don't go beyond the limits we fixed.



And don't forget to maintain contact by radio. Goodbye, and good luck. Keep your eyes skinned for the meteorite.



There they go...

Let's hope they don't run into any trouble.



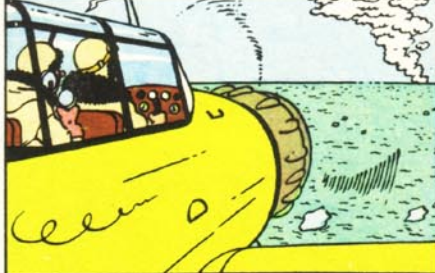
Hello?... Receiving you loud and clear... What?... You've seen something?

The meteorite?

Something peculiar. The sky's quite clear. But there's a great column of white vapour rising from one spot about 20° East.



Hello?... Hello?...



How extraordinary. They've seen a great column of white vapour on the horizon.

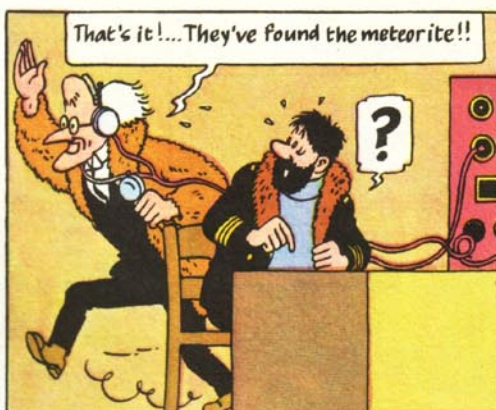
Quick!... Give me the microphone.



This is Professor Phostle. Tell me, does the column of vapour seem to be coming from a definite point? ... You say there are no other clouds in sight? The sky is clear?



That's it!...They've found the meteorite!!



Careful!... The earphones...



Forgive me. I forgot! Yes, Captain, it's the meteorite causing the column of vapour. The heat emitted from it has already melted the ice. Gradually the water surrounding it is warming up.



Thus water-vapour is created, and this is rising up to form the clouds which they have seen.



Hello? Hello?... You have found the meteorite!... Hooray!...Hello?...Are you receiving me?



Hello?... Hello?...Hello?... They're not answering any more!...



Tell me, Captain, should these wires be connected to anything?

Thundering typhoons!... The leads weren't plugged in!



There! That's fixed it.



Hello?... Ah, you can hear me...Turn round and come back...The vapour is caused by the meteorite...yes... Come back, you've completed your mission.



All right, we're returning.

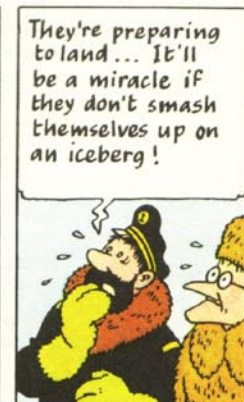
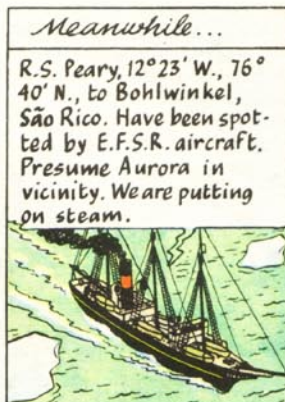
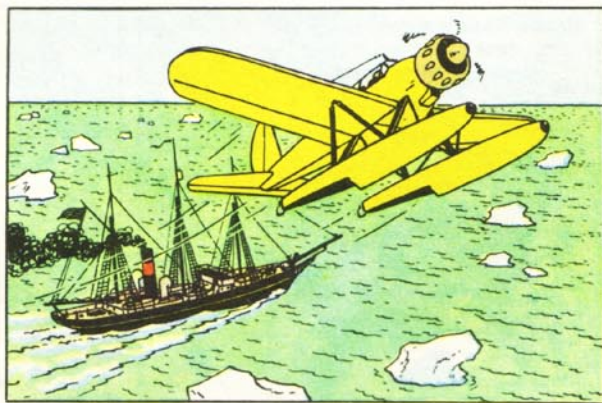
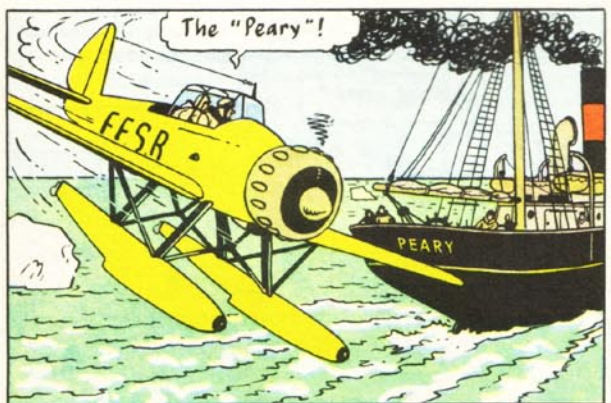
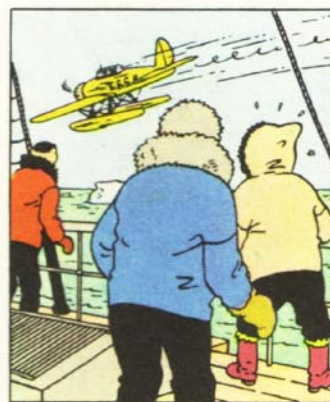
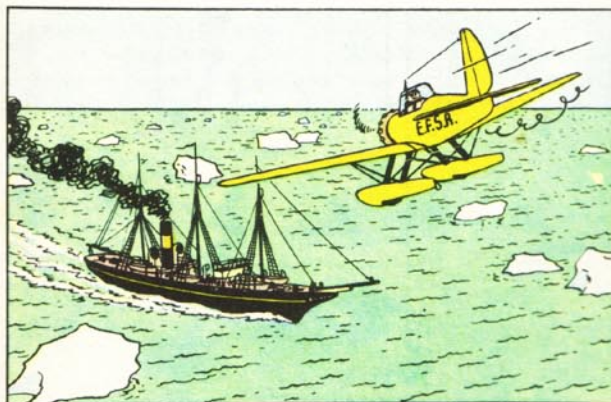
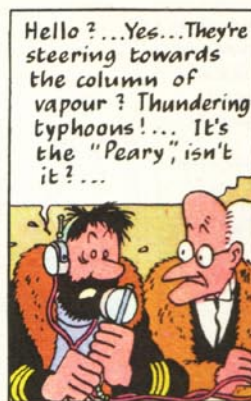


Look down there!...



Hello?... Yes?... What did you say? Smoke?... Smoke from a ship?... Where?... In which direction?...





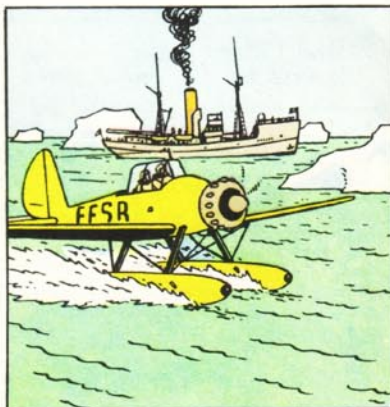
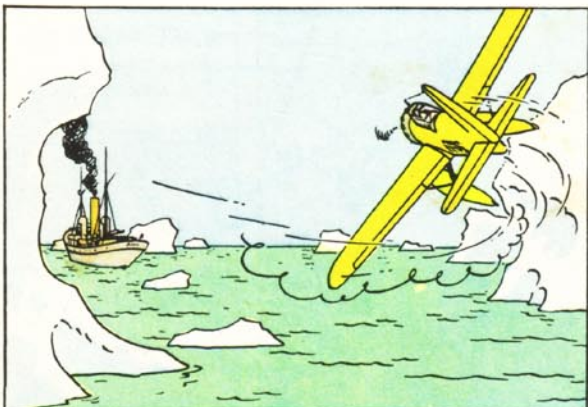
Well, Snowy old boy, if we get out of this in one piece we'll be lucky!



Thundering typhoons! ...They scraped against that one...and that one too!...Whew! they just missed it!



We're done for this time, Snowy!



Hooray! He's a real ace!



What news?

We haven't a moment to lose, Captain...



The "Peary" is a hundred and fifty miles ahead of us. We must overtake her!

A hundred and fifty miles ahead!!



This is the end ... We've lost the race.



No, Captain, we're not finished yet. Come on, let's have a look at the chart.

It's useless.



Look, the "Peary" is there... And this is our position. Our maximum speed is 16 knots. The "Peary" can't do more than 12 knots. We could therefore gain on them by 4 miles each hour. They're 150 miles ahead. So in $37\frac{1}{2}$ hours we'd have caught up with the "Peary"

Yes, unless they'd reached the meteorite by then...

Captain, we must try to overtake the "Peary"!... This is no moment to throw up the sponge, just when victory is in sight.

Tintin's right; we must try, Captain.

That's all very fine!... But to catch up 150 miles!...

Impossible!... It's quite futile to try. We're going to turn round and go home...

All right... er... I say, Captain, I'm frozen to death after that reconnaissance flight. I think I need a little whisky

Some whisky? You? ...er... I'll just see if there is any...

You'll have a glass with us, won't you, Captain?

You bet I will!

On second thoughts, I really do think the game is up. It'd be far better to give up the struggle...

Give up the struggle?... Never!... Blistering barnacles, this is no moment to throw up the sponge, just when victory is in sight! Thundering typhoons!... We'll show those P-P-Patagonian p-p-pirates what we can do!... The l-l-lily-livered l-l-landlubbers!

Come on! We shall see what we shall see!... Show a leg! On deck with you!

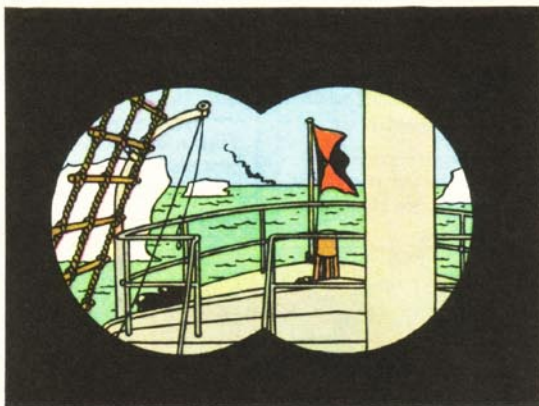
Get on with it, Chief! Thundering typhoons! jump to it!... Full speed ahead! The enemy have 150 miles start on us: we've got to catch them up!

Cox'n at the wheel! Stick to your course. Steer North by East. And watch out for icebergs!

Aye, aye, sir.

Noon next day...

Hooray! ... There she is! ...
That's smoke from the
"Peary"!



We're steaming faster
than she is! ... We'll
overtake them this
evening, or during the
night.



Captain! ...
A signal!



!



Read it! ... This is the last straw!
... What are we going to do? Blistering
barnacles, what are we going to do?



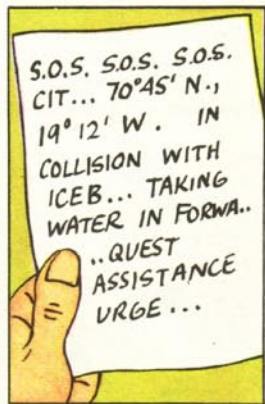
Ask our scientists
to come to the
saloon. Tell them I
have important
news ...



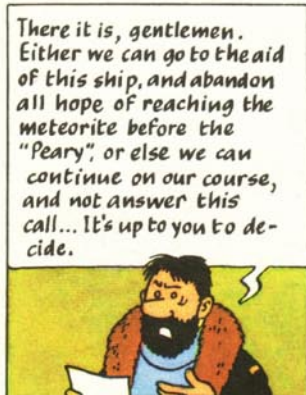
Gentlemen, I'd like to read you a signal we've just picked up.
It's a distress call. The text is disjointed, as if the trans-
mitter was damaged. Even the name of the ship is
incomplete.



S.O.S. S.O.S. S.O.S.
CIT... 70°45' N.,
19°12' W. IN
COLLISION WITH
ICEB... TAKING
WATER IN FORWA...
...QUEST
ASSISTANCE
URGE...



There it is, gentlemen.
Either we can go to the aid
of this ship, and abandon
all hope of reaching the
meteorite before the
"Peary", or else we can
continue on our course,
and not answer this
call... It's up to you to de-
cide.

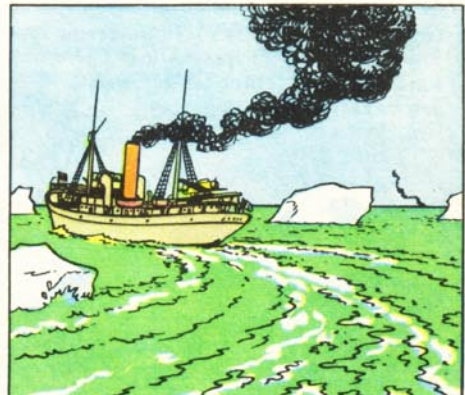


There's no question about it, Captain.
Human lives are in danger. We must
go to their aid, even if it does cost
us our prize...

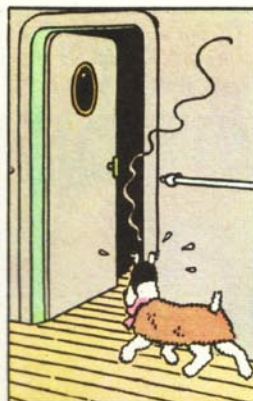
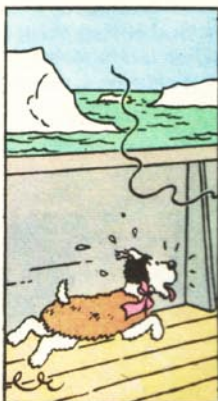


I was sure of your
answer, Professor.
We'll go about right
away

Bravo!



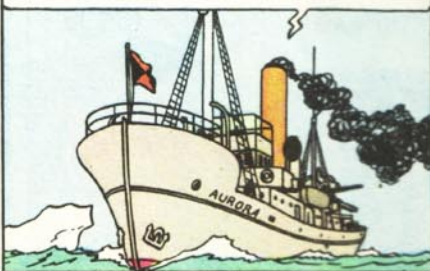
Come on. We must reply, and let them know we're coming to their assistance...



I've forgotten to shut that confounded door again...



Polar research ship Aurora to Cit... in distress. Your message received. We are steaming towards you. Keep in touch with us. Good luck!



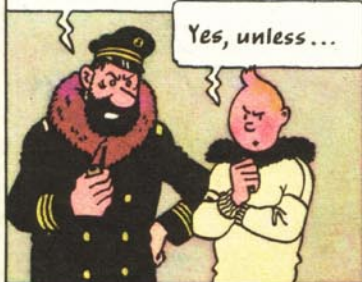
Well?

That's the third time I've sent out the message... There's no reply.



I suppose their radio has packed up for good...

Yes, unless...



Unless they have... gone down? Is that what you mean to say?

No, it's not that...



Captain, will you let me send out a message myself?

Naturally, but...



Is that the text of what you want to send? It's absurd! What does the ship's name matter to us? ... Anyway, you'll spend all night waiting for replies.

All night. Yes, I know.



You do as you like, but I think it's absolutely crazy. I'm going to turn in. Good night!

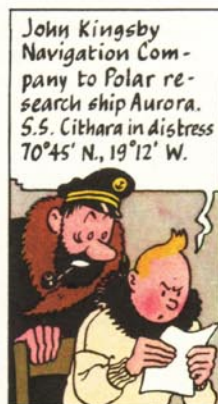
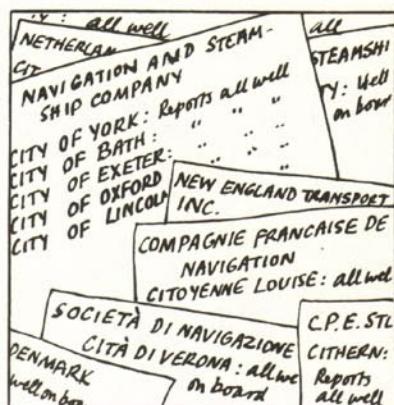
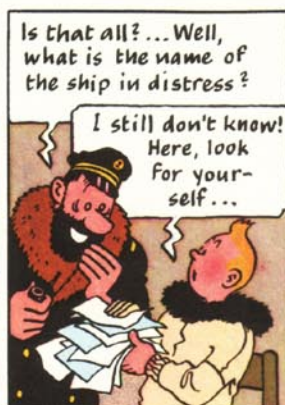
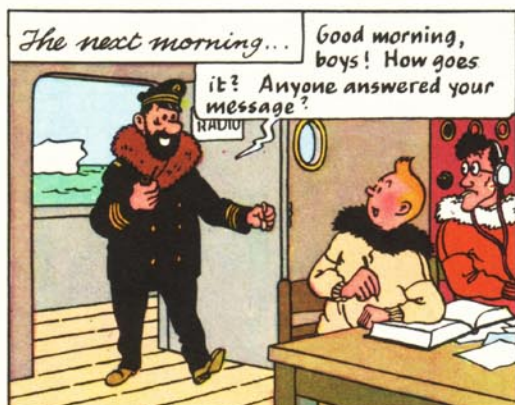
Good night, Captain... There. Could you send that off?

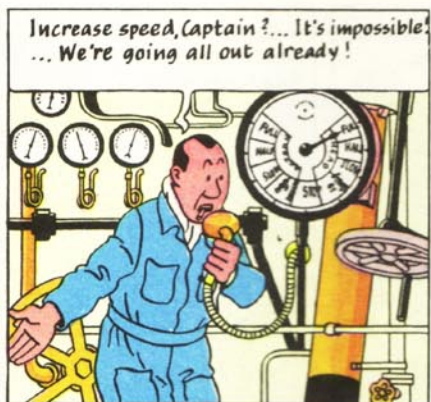
Right.

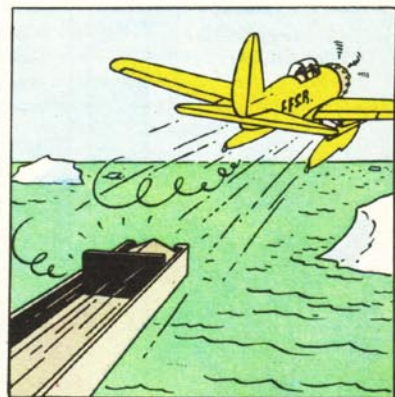
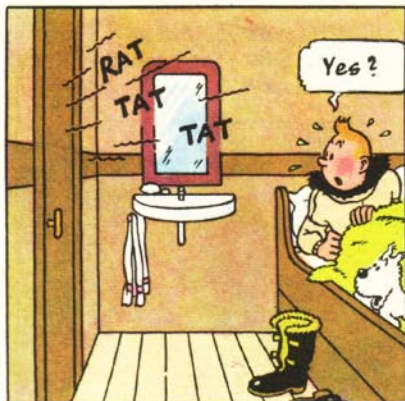
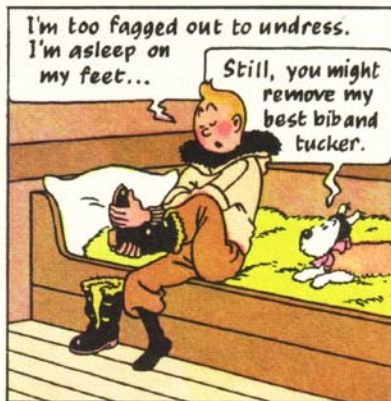


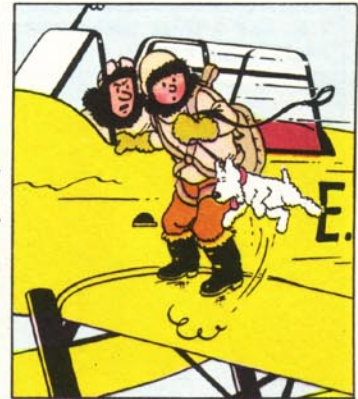
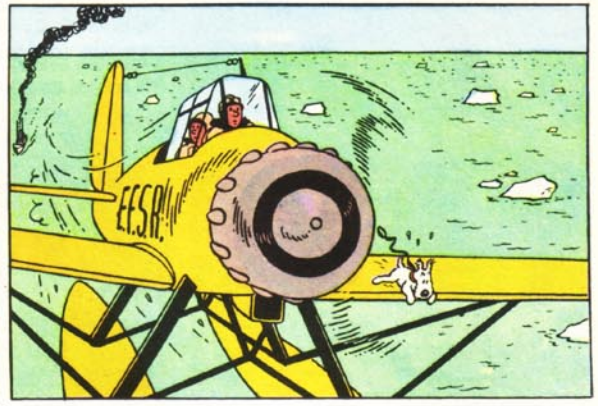
Polar research ship Aurora to all shipping companies. Please will all companies owning ships with name commencing "CIT" please advise us immediately of full names of these ships. Also inform us if one is in distress, position 70°45' N, 19°12' W.



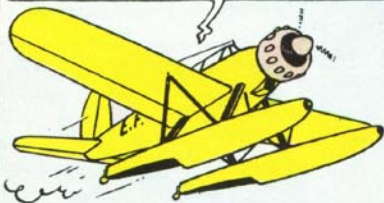








There isn't a single iceberg in sight, and the cloud of vapour is much nearer. We certainly can't be very far away now.



The meteorite! There's the meteorite!



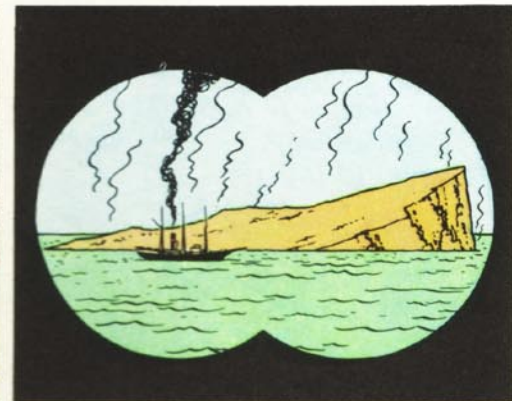
Hello...Tintin here... We can see the meteorite!!



Really? You mean that? ... You can see the meteorite!... Hooray! ... What's it like?



It forms an island, sloping gently towards the west, and ...Great snakes!...The "Peary" has beaten us to it!



The "Peary" has beaten them to it.



Tell me...I suppose their flag is already flying from the top of the meteorite?



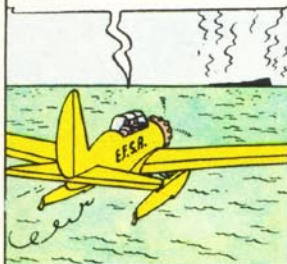
Their flag?... Wait ... No, I can't see a flag...



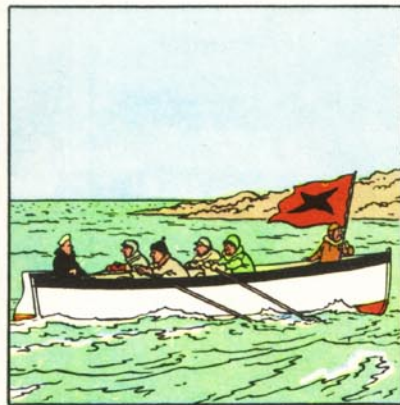
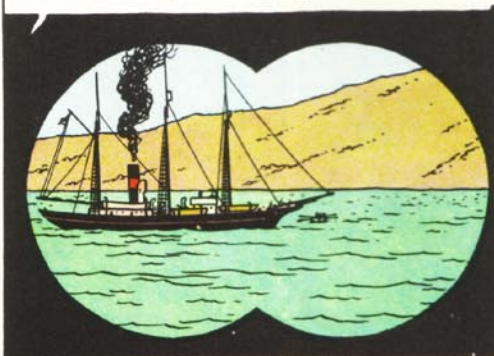
Hooray! Then there's still hope!

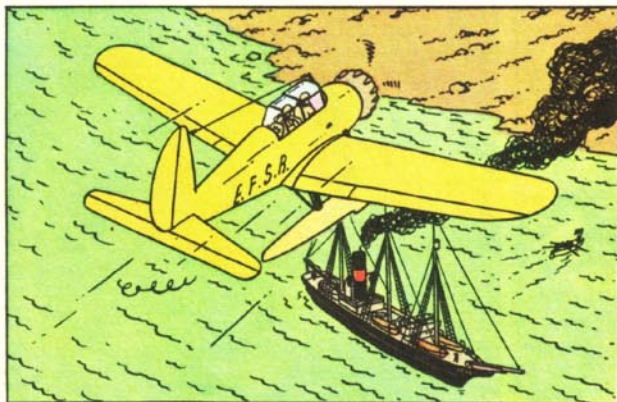
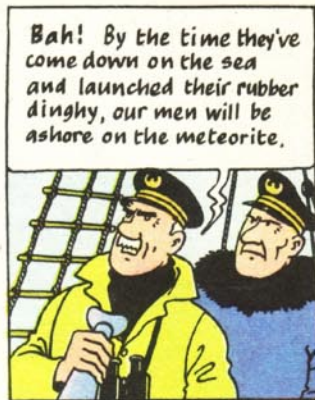


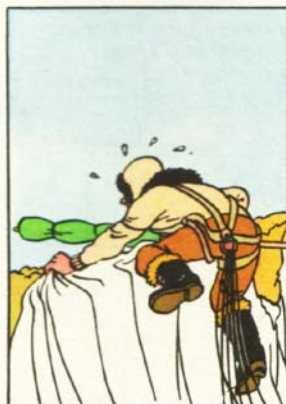
Perhaps. I can just make out what's happening aboard the "Peary"... it looks as if... as if ...

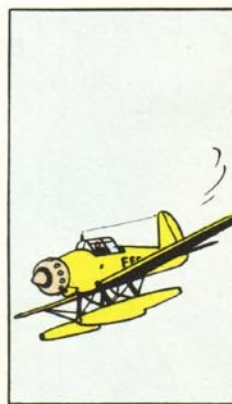
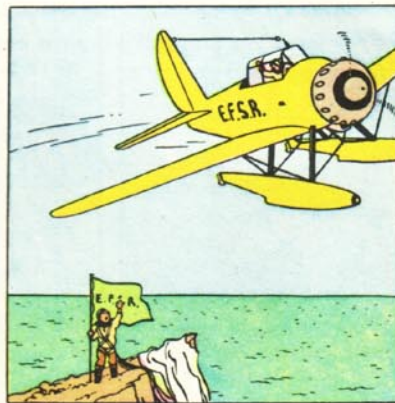
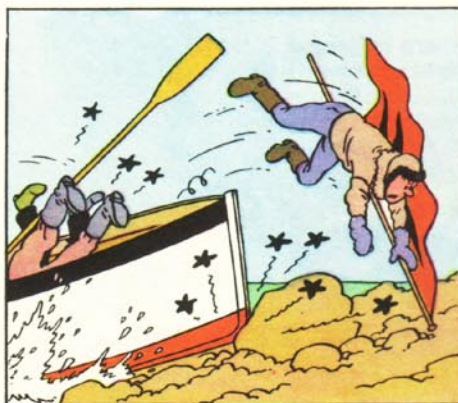


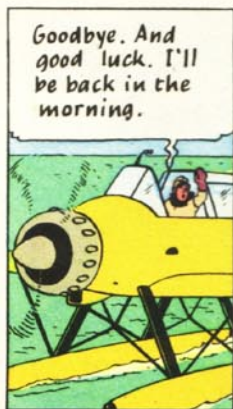
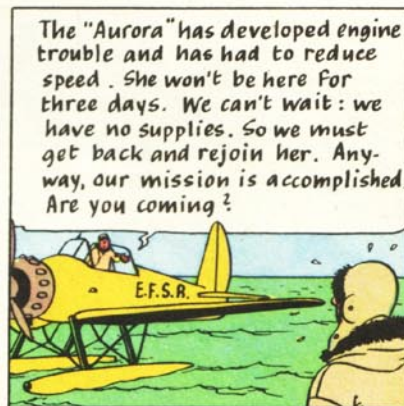
Yes... they're just lowering a boat...

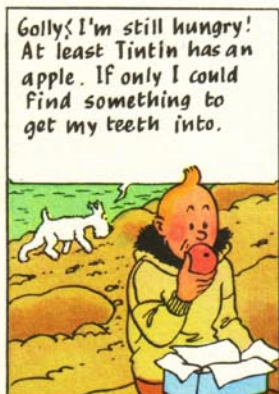












Our parachute will come in handy again. We can use it for a mattress and as a blanket.



Lucky for us the air is quite warm. It's extraordinary, when we're so near the Pole.



Good night, Snowy. Keep a good lookout...



I thought I heard an explosion... Hello, the "Peary" has disappeared. She must have weighed anchor while we were asleep.



Still, that explosion?... I suppose I was dreaming...



I've got it! It must be the island itself. It's probably a kind of small volcano... or a volcanic vent of some sort.



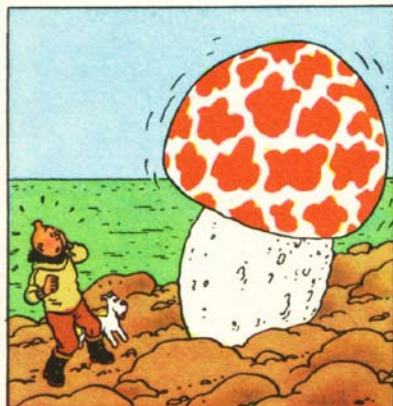
No! Not a sign of a crack, nor of a crater... So, now what?

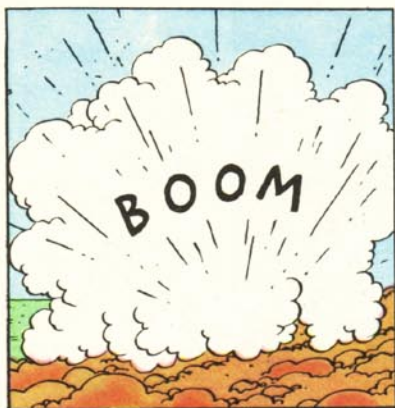


Snowy's found something: he looks pleased with himself!

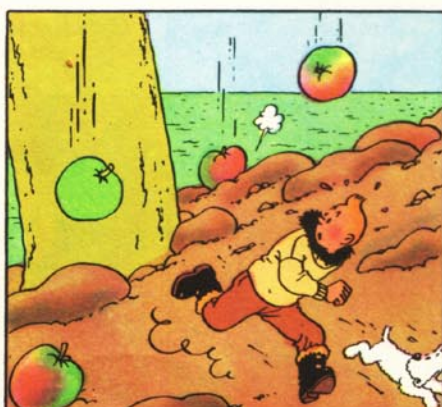
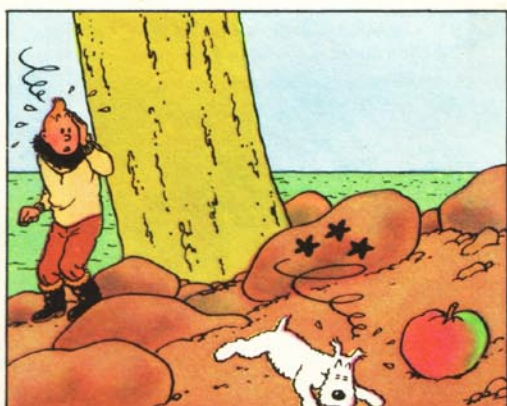


An egg!... An egg!!... Great snakes!... Who can have laid that?





It must be magic!



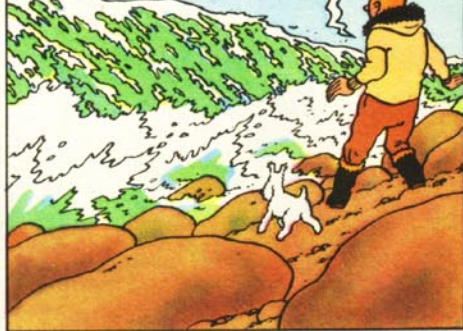
An earthquake! That's the last straw!



And what's that rumbling?



Help! That huge wave will swamp everything!



Whew!... Safe! The water isn't coming up any further.



I say, the whole island has tilted right over.



In the meantime more apple trees have sprung up.



Hey, what about the spider?

Ssh!... Quiet!...



This time I'm sure of it... I can hear the sound of an engine.



There Snowy!... The sea-plane...

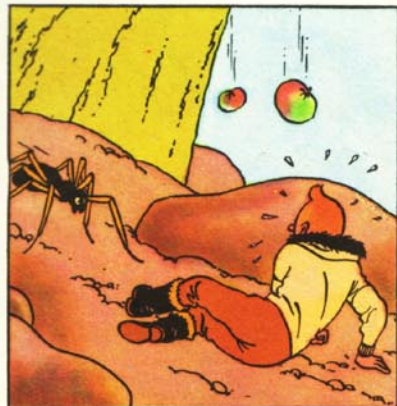
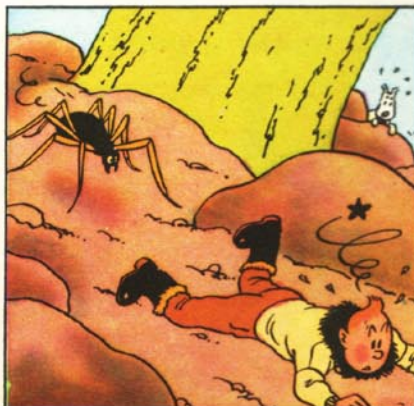
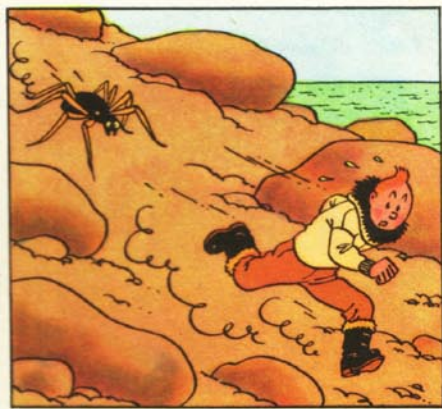
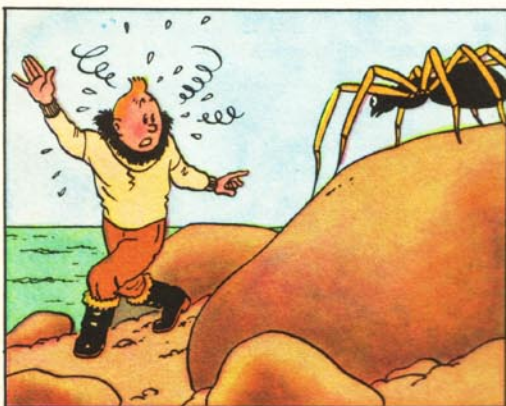


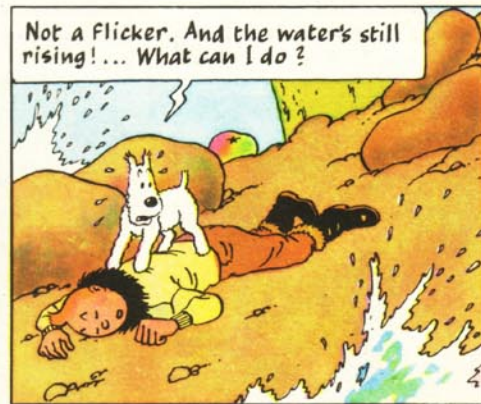
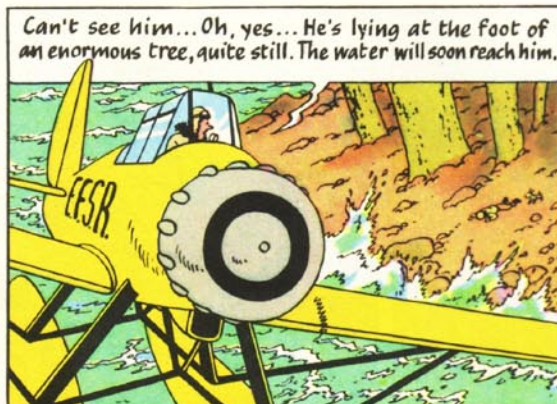
Hooray!... We're saved!

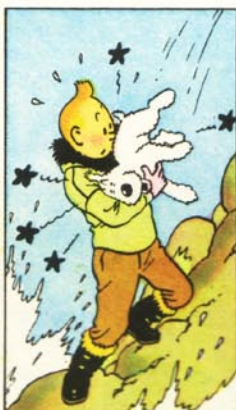
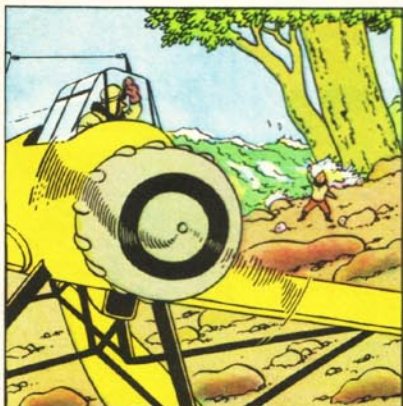


Oh, what a beautiful mo-o-orning!









Here goes! It's neck or nothing! I simply must save him!



What's he doing?... Is he going to land?... It's sheer lunacy!



I can't see him any more. I hope to heaven he hasn't crashed...



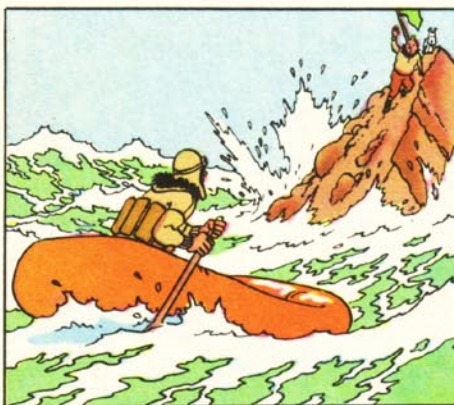
He made it! He managed to get down safely!



Now he's hidden by the waves again...



Hooray! He's succeeded in launching the rubber dinghy.



I can't come any closer: I'd be dashed on the rocks. I'll throw you a line with a life-jacket attached. Haul in the line and put the life-jacket on.

Right!



Here quickly, Snowy. We'll try to reach the dinghy...



Jump in?... Me? Never again!



Snowy!... Snowy! ... Come on, come here at once!

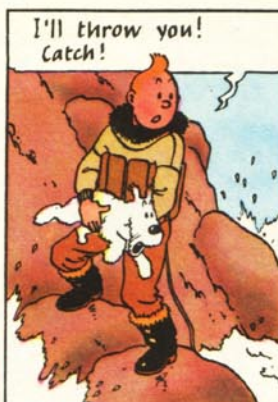




I don't want to go in the water!
...Wow!...Wow!



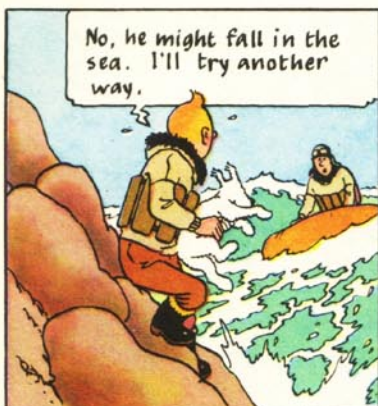
All right, stop crying. You aren't going in the water.



I'll throw you! Catch!



One... two...



No, he might fall in the sea. I'll try another way.



Come on, Snowy, get in!

?



That's Snowy safe! Now it's my turn. But first ...



... I'll replace the flag. It must fly over the meteorite to the end.



I'll throw you the rope, and you can haul me across.

Right!



Here goes!







Some weeks later...

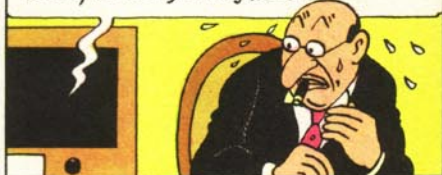
The polar research ship "Aurora", which sailed in search of the meteorite that fell in the Arctic, will soon be back in home waters. The expedition succeeded in finding the meteorite, just before it was submerged by the waves – probably as a result of some under-water upheaval.

Happily, thanks to the courage and presence of mind shown by the young reporter Tintin, alone on the island at the very moment...

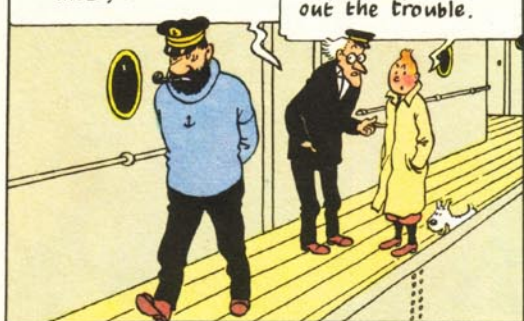
... when it was engulfed by the sea, it was possible to save a lump of the metal divined in the meteorite by Professor Phostle. Members of the expedition have already verified the remarkable properties of the metal; examination of it will undoubtedly be of extraordinary scientific interest. We may therefore look forward to more sensational disclosures.



It is now known that certain incidents that occurred during the voyage of the "Aurora" were unquestionably deliberate acts of sabotage designed to cripple the expedition. Those responsible will soon be exposed, and their leader unmasked. This master criminal is reported to be a powerful São Rico financier. He will shortly be brought to justice.



Have you noticed how preoccupied the Captain has been lately?



Yes, I'll try to find out the trouble.

What's up, Captain?... Is something the matter?



LAND HO!
LAND HO!



Thundering typhoons! Land... and about time, too!



Why?... Are we out of fuel-oil?

Worse than that!... We're out of whisky!!



THE
END





THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

THE SHOOTING STAR

"It's the END of the WORLD!" declares Professor Phostle, as an enormous star hurtles towards the earth. But he is disappointed—the star brushes past, leaving only a vast meteorite which falls in Arctic waters. However, there is no mistake about the Professor's discovery of a valuable new metal in the meteorite; it is worth a colossal fortune, and in a hazardous search in polar regions Tintin, Snowy and Captain Haddock encounter some of their strangest adventures.

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THE CALCULUS AFFAIR
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PRISONERS OF THE SUN
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THE BLACK ISLAND



(Tintin film books)

TINTIN AND THE GOLDEN FLEECE
TINTIN AND THE BLUE ORANGES

