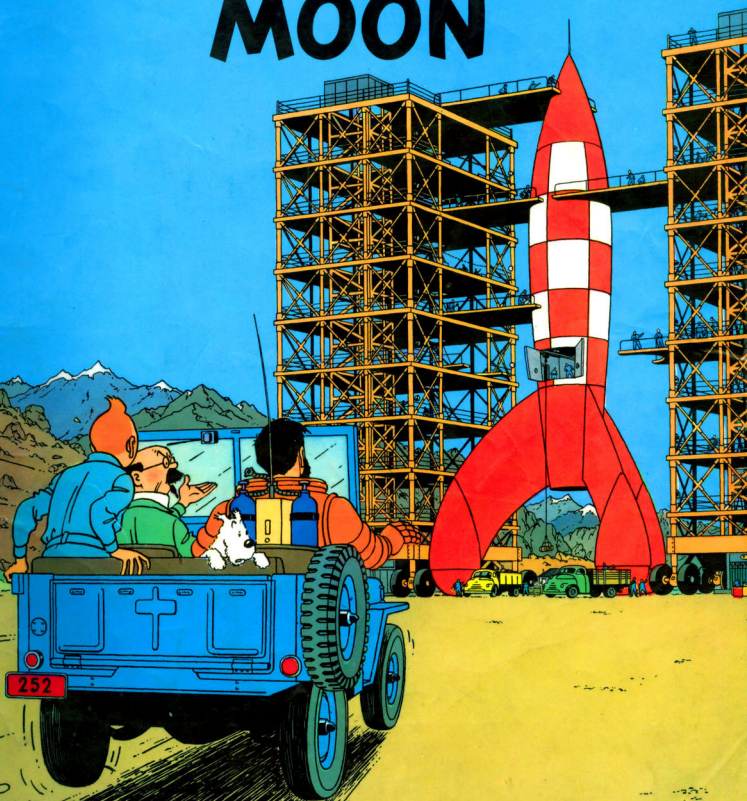


HERGÉ
THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN
**DESTINATION
MOON**



MAMMOTH



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THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

DESTINATION MOON



MAMMOTH

Translated by Leslie Lonsdale-Cooper
and Michael Turner

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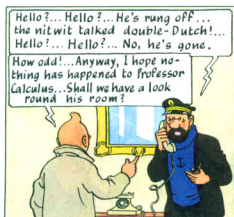
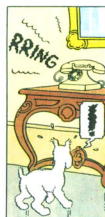
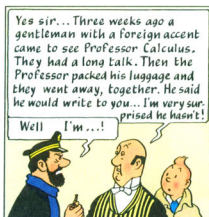
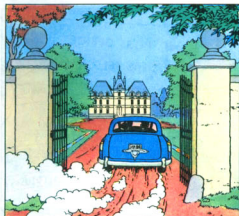
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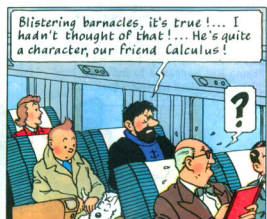
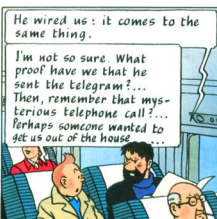
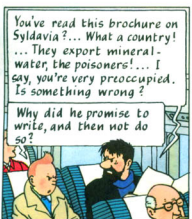
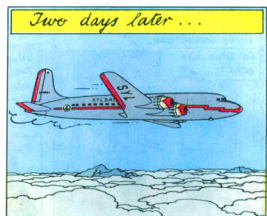
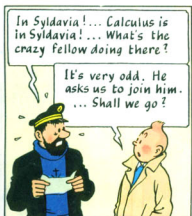
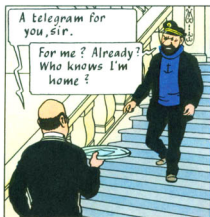
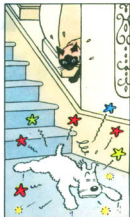
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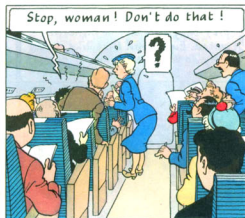
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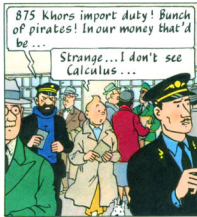
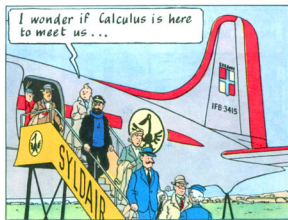
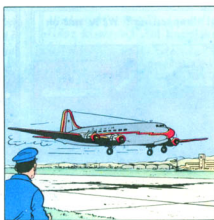
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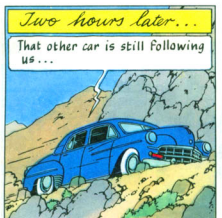
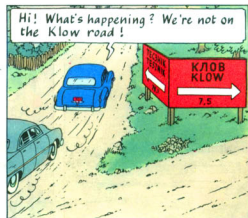


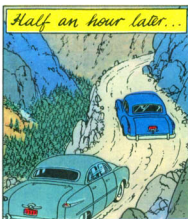


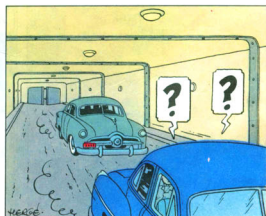
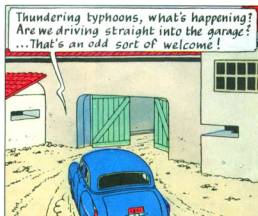
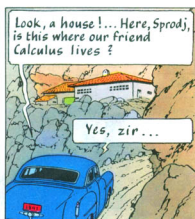
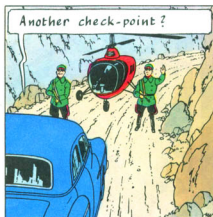
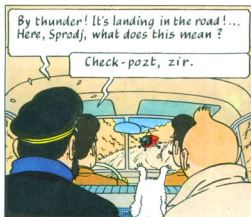


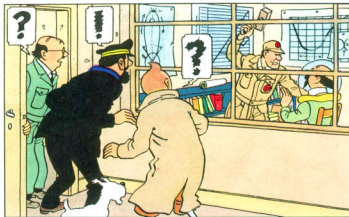
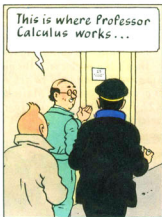
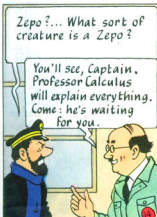
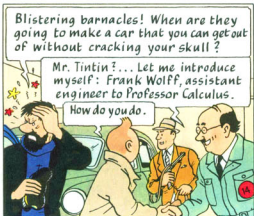
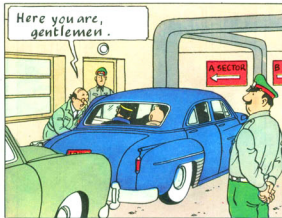
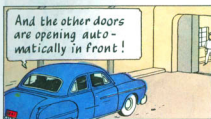
Two hours later...

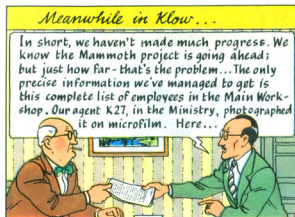
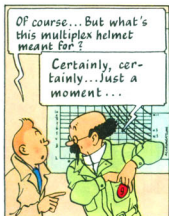






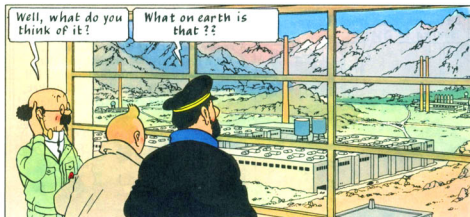






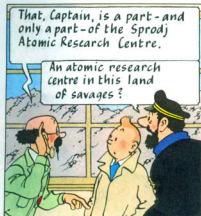


Come in here: I want to show you something...



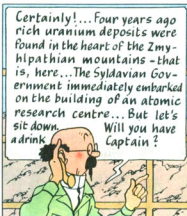
Well, what do you think of it?

What on earth is that??

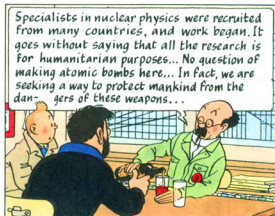


That, Captain, is a part - and only a part - of the Sprodj Atomic Research Centre.

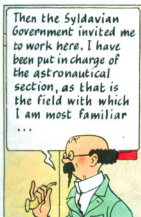
An atomic research centre in this land of savages?



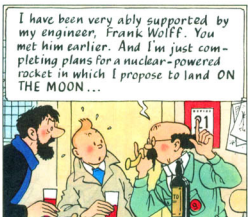
Certainly!... Four years ago rich uranium deposits were found in the heart of the Zmyhpathian mountains - that is, here... The Syldavian Government immediately embarked on the building of an atomic research centre... But let's sit down. Will you have a drink?



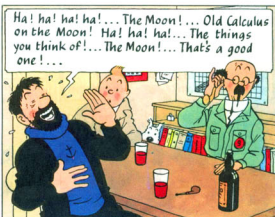
Specialists in nuclear physics were recruited from many countries, and work began. It goes without saying that all the research is for humanitarian purposes... No question of making atomic bombs here... In fact, we are seeking a way to protect mankind from the dangers of these weapons...



Then the Syldavian Government invited me to work here. I have been put in charge of the astronomical section, as that is the field with which I am most familiar...



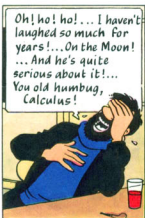
I have been very ably supported by my engineer, Frank Wolff. You met him earlier. And I'm just completing plans for a nuclear-powered rocket in which I propose to land ON THE MOON...



Ha! ha! ha! ha!... The Moon!... Old Calculus on the Moon! Ha! ha! ha!... The things you think of!... The Moon!... That's a good one!...



Ha! ha! ha!... The Moon!... As easy as pie!... A man on the Moon!... You'll be the man in the Moon!... Ha! ha! ha!



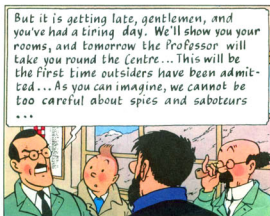
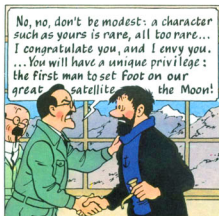
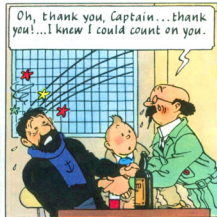
Oh! ho! ho!... I haven't laughed so much for years!... On the Moon!... And he's quite serious about it!... You old humbug, Calculus!



Here's to you!... Ha! ha! ha! Passengers for the Moon, all aboard the bus!... Sorry, the rocket!... You are taking passengers, I hope?



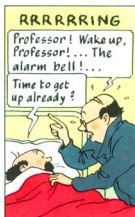
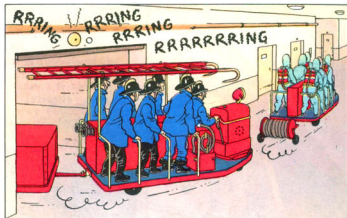
Of course!... Why else do you think I asked you to join me?...



Patrol 14 calling Control!...
Patrol 14 calling Control!...
Emergency!... Dense brown smoke
filling corridors in H Sector...
Send security squads at once!



Control calling Security... Emergency!
Dense smoke reported
in corridors, H Sector...



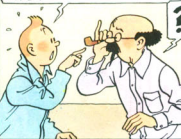
Ah, there's Professor Calculus...



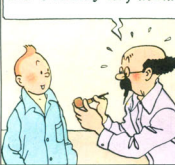
Hello Tintin. What a to-do! Dreadful!... What did you say?



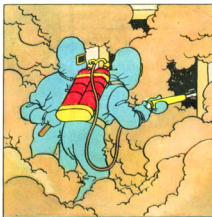
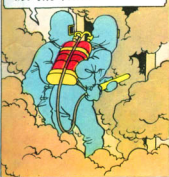
I say, Professor, why are you using the Captain's pipe for an ear-trumpet?... The Captain's pipe!... THE CAPTAIN'S PIPE!



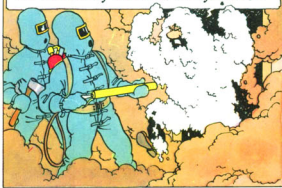
Well I never, it's the Captain's pipe!... I thought I wasn't hearing very well...

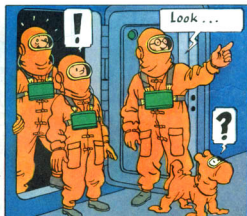
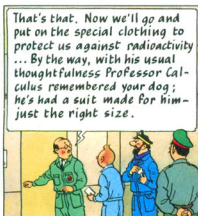
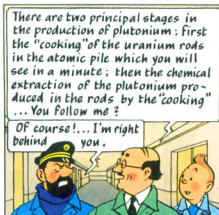
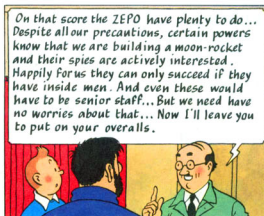
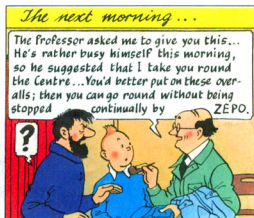
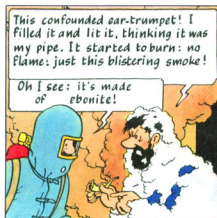


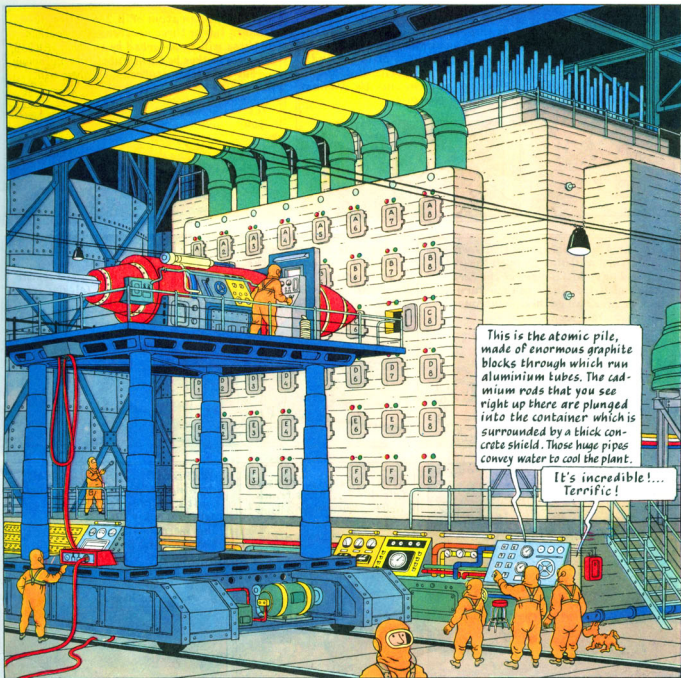
It's in here! Quick, use the foam.



You thundering nitwitted sea-gherkins!







This is the atomic pile, made of enormous graphite blocks through which run aluminium tubes. The cadmium rods that you see right up there are plunged into the container which is surrounded by a thick concrete shield. Those huge pipes convey water to cool the plant.

It's incredible!... Terrific!



Isn't it? But come over here; it looks even more impressive...

It's fantastic!



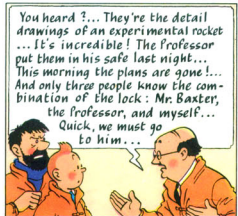
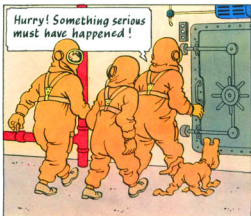
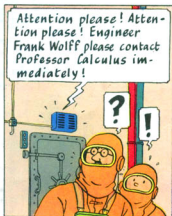
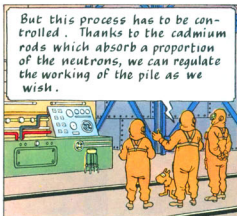
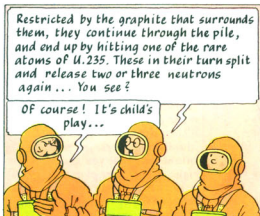
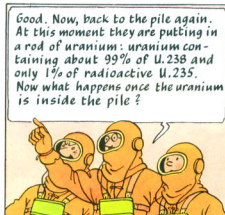
Stupendous!... Fabulous!... It... er...



!



Bowls you over! That's what you were going to say, wasn't it, Captain?



We'd never hear the end of it if I rummaged in a dustbin! You'd do better to let me out of this duffle coat with a windscreen!

Excuse me, Professor, I may be mistaken, but I found these in the waste-paper basket. Aren't they the plans you're looking for?

Well I never!

Well I never !

I... Why, so they are!... But how could I? I'm terribly sorry... In a moment of absent-mindedness last night I must have put the plans in the basket; and locked up these old newspapers...

How lucky to have found them! These are plans of an experimental rocket we are just getting ready. Come, I'll show you... It's a model of the rocket which will, one day, take us to the Moon...

As you know, the Moon travels round the Earth, always showing the one face. The other side is completely unknown. The radio-controlled rocket we are going to launch will circumnavigate the Moon...

... and take photographs of the other side- the face which is, and always will be, invisible from the Earth. If only from the point of view of astronomy this will be of tremendous interest. But that is not our only objective. Needless to say the rocket...



... X-FLR 6, as we have called it, will carry a full range of instruments. When these are recovered they will give us invaluable information for our own trip to the Moon ...



HALT!

What's that dog doing here in protective clothing?... You know these suits are not allowed in this sector.

Heavens! I quite forgot!



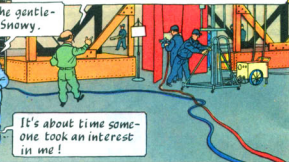
I'll go back with him. Here, good dog, come with me...

Follow the gentle-man, Snowy.



You may say that X-FLR6 is no different from other rockets already launched... But my reply to that is: our rocket's unique because it's the first...

It's about time someone took an interest in me!



... to be driven by a nuclear motor ... And I, Professor Calculus perfected it! ... How does it work? ... Well, think of a nuclear bomb: but instead of an instantaneous explosion, the force is spread over several days.



Of course, for launching and landing we shall use another engine, a simple jet, using a mixture of nitric acid and aniline... Why?... Because if we used the nuclear motor then, the radioactive blast from the exhausts ...



... would be a frightful hazard at the launching and landing sites... You may argue that the intense heat engendered by the nuclear fission would melt the motor itself! No! Because I have invented a new substance, calculon. It has a silicon base, and can resist even the highest temperatures. Thanks to these two inventions - the nuclear motor and calculon - we shall soon set foot on the Moon.



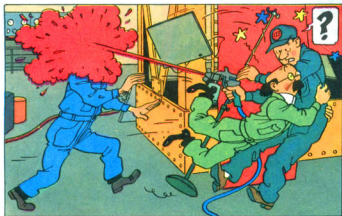
Ah, the very thought of it makes me walk on air...



Look out!



LOOK OUT!



A week goes by. Then, one night...

Radar to Control! Emergency!... Aircraft from South violating Security Area!...





Attention please!... Control calling!... Emergency!... Aircraft from South violating Security Area...Fighters and A.A. personnel to action stations



Sprock Control to unidentified aircraft. Are you receiving me?... You are violating a Security Area... If you proceed you are liable to be forced down



They've spotted us!...They're ordering us to turn back!

At all costs don't answer them: we aren't over the right place yet.

Sprody Control to unidentified aircraft. I repeat, if you do not clear Security Area, we will open fire.



We hadn't bargained for this! They say they'll shoot!

Answer with a few odd words to make them think we're in trouble... We must play for time...



We hadn't bargained for this! They say they'll shoot!

Answer with a few odd words to make them think we're in trouble... We must play for time...



... craft... F...
R... receive...
lost... course...
please... our...
posi...



A plane must have lost its way. Their radio is intermittent. They're trying to answer us. What shall we do?



The top panel shows a speech bubble from a character saying, "This is it! Jump!". Below the speech bubble, a small airplane is shown jumping out of a cloud. The bottom panel shows the airplane with a large parachute deployed, falling through the clouds. A speech bubble from the character below says, "That's a relief!".



Control calling!
...Order the
Ack-Ack to
open fire!



Great snakes! It went off in the Professor's room! Quick! I must hurry!



Who is it? Did someone knock?

Next morning...

Attention please! All personnel in category A please report at once to Mr Baxter for an important announcement.



Category "A"?... That's us!

Yes. Come on!

Gentlemen, there have been serious incidents during the night... An unidentified aircraft flew over the Security Area. It eluded our fighters and anti-aircraft fire, and dropped three parachutists. The parachute of one failed to open and he was killed. His body was found this morning. He was carrying rations, arms, and a radio set, but of course no identification papers...



Till now the other two parachutists have evaded capture. Needless to say everything is being done to find them. They will undoubtedly be caught forthwith. Meanwhile, gentlemen, I ask for your co-operation...



Operation?... Who's he talking about, having an operation?... Is somebody ill?



... and would like to impress on you, my senior executives, the need for constant vigilance. This daring raid proves that even the strictest precautions cannot stop desperate men.

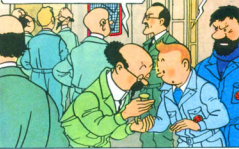


Thank you, gentlemen, that will be all. May I just have a word with the X-FLR6 team...



Perhaps your ear-trumpet is blocked?

Not in the least: it's just blocked, that's all.



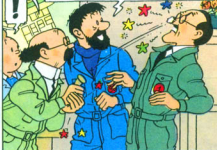
You see? It's plaster... from that explosion last night... No, it won't come out like this...



Let's see, perhaps if I shake it... Well, Professor, what are you up to now?



OH! Blistering barnacles! I thought that sort of thing only happened to me!



I'm terribly sorry... Don't mention it!



Hello... Yes... What?... Captured the parachutists?... Both of them?... Splendid!... Greeks, you say?... That's odd. Bring them here immediately. I'll question them myself.



A few minutes later

... You've got the strong end of the wick... no, I mean...

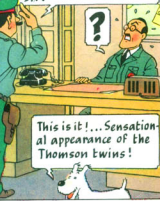
Silence!



To be precise: the stick!



These are the two birds, sir.



This is it!... Sensational appearance of the Thomson twins!



So the game's up, eh, my friends?... You can start by explaining this get-up...

Get-up? You call Syldavian costumes a get-up?... Your own national dress?

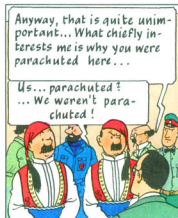


Syldavian national dress? That?... This is no laughing matter... You know as well as I do those are Greek costumes.



Greek costumes?... But we certainly asked the costumer for Syldavian ones...

I told you he didn't seem very bright.



Anyway, that is quite unimportant... What chiefly interests me is why you were parachuted here...

Us... parachuted?... We weren't parachuted!



Excuse me, Mr. Baxter, but there must be some mistake... I know these gentlemen. Far from being spies - they are police officers, and above suspicion. I can vouch for them.

Tintin! Him! Policemen! Them?...



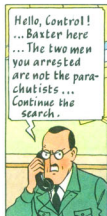
Yes, us!... On a special mission. Our government sent us to protect our countrymen.

So it was you I was told about. But in that case you should have some papers...



Papers?... Yes, of course we had papers. But they were stolen on the train!

You can believe them, Mr. Baxter. I'm sure they're telling the truth.



Hello, Control!... Baxter here!... The two men you arrested are not the parachutists... Continue the search.



You're free now, gentlemen. Please excuse our mistake.

It's nothing. Just one of the risks of our job!



Now to get back to X-FLR 6. I'd like to say a few words... The trial rocket will soon be ready. I'm sure that's where the spies will concentrate their efforts. So please be especially alert...



If it were possible, Mr. Baxter, I'd very much like permission to leave the Centre for a few days - to make a trip into the mountains. I feel I'd like to stretch my legs.

But of course!... I quite understand your wanting to have a little relaxation.



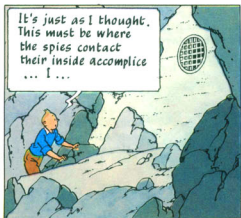
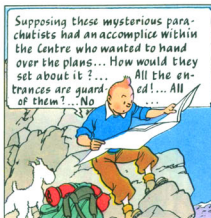
A few hours later...

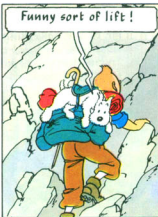


Humping a rucksack on your back, blistering your feet with heavy boots, clambering over piles of rock: that's called relaxation!



Aha!... From here there's an unrestricted view... so now to work!





At that moment, inside the Centre...

That's a shot!

From outside!
... I... Hey, I've got someone! ...
Oh, I've lost him!

Wooa-aa-aa-aah ...

Got him again!
... Quick, help me hold him!

Where are you?
... Ah, there!

Let me go! Here, let me go! ... It's me, Frank Wolff!

Ah, the lights have gone on again... Why it's Mr. Wolff!

That's what I tried to tell you! ... Meanwhile he's got away...

OH!

Great Scotland Yard! Who's that?

The Captain! He's been knocked out!

Now then, what's the meaning of all this hullabaloo?

Mr. Baxter!

That's Snowy howling, Mr. Baxter. Something must have happened to Tintin. Hurry! He's out there, near the ventilator grid.

Hello, Control? ... Baxter here... Send a search party at once to look for Tintin... Outside... J Sector... Corridor 7... Ventilator 3... Hurry! ... Keep me informed at Post 18.

Now Captain, tell me what happened to you.

It's like this... Tintin went off this morning, saying he was going to try to catch the parachutists... About five o'clock he called me by radio: he was convinced he'd found the place where the intruders...

... would try to contact their accomplices. According to him it was the ventilator grid in this corridor. Events proved him right! ... In the evening I lay in wait here... It was well on into the night when the lights suddenly went out, leaving the corridor in total darkness. I heard a rustling beside me, and that moment I thought my head had burst!

And you, Wolff?

Well, I happened to see the Captain as he left his quarters... There was something... er... odd about him and it intrigued me... I followed him. When he hid, I did the same... Time passed... Then, as he said, the current went off. I heard a dull thud, and the sound of a body falling... I leapt forward... There was a shot outside... then shouts... Someone jostled me in the dark... And then I found myself in the hands of these men.

Very odd...

And what are you doing here at this hour gentle men?

In all sincerity Director-General, I can solemnly and truthfully say...

BHOOP BHOOP

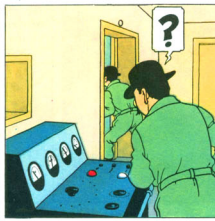
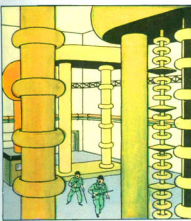
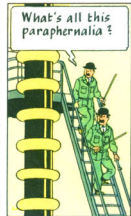
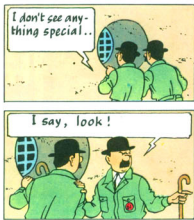
RRRRING

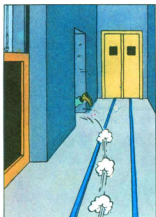
Oh! The telephone...

Hello! ... Yes... You've found him? He's hurt?... What did he say?... Oh, he's unconscious... In the sick-bay?... You're waiting for the doctor?... All right. I'm coming at once.

Forgive us... It's some extraordinary pills we once took... in Arabia¹... Their effect recurs sometimes.

¹ See Tintin in the Land of Black Gold





What's the matter?... You're white as a sheet!... Here, tell me. And stop your teeth chattering!... Now, what is it?



A sss... a sss... a skeleton!... I saw a skeleton!... There, behind that screen!

A skeleton? My poor friend, you're talking through your hat!



I... I assure you...

Now then, don't be silly. You come with me!



There... you see? Where's your skeleton now, eh?



But I'm quite sure...

You are?... Oh well, if you see it again, give it my love!



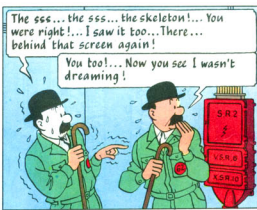
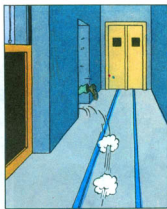
A skeleton!... Ha! ha! ha! Poor old Thomson, he's off his rocker!...



Oh, my stick!



EEEEEEEEK!



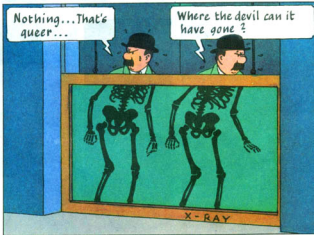
The sss... the sss... the skeleton!... You were right!... I saw it too... There... behind that screen again!

You too!... Now you see I wasn't dreaming!



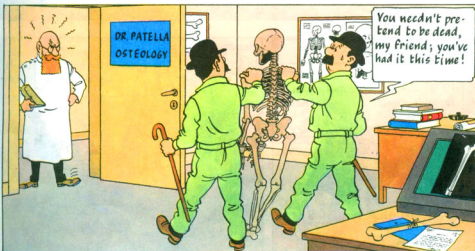
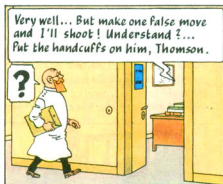
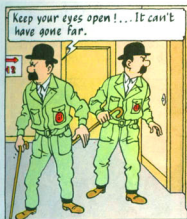
Now keep calm!... No one leave the room!... And don't picnic... I mean panic... We'll proceed with caution... and look around...

That's... that's it... We'll look around...



Nothing... That's queer...

Where the devil can it have gone?



Meanwhile...

No, luckily it's nothing serious. The bullet only grazed the skull... Of course, it was a violent blow. But he's come round completely now, and you can question him.



...Then I leapt forward and shouted "Hands up!"... He obeyed... At that moment I heard an explosion, and instantly I felt a terrific crack on my head... It was the parachutist, whom I hadn't seen. To save his accomplice he fired at me.



The gangsters!... The pirates! ... If I get my hands on those crooks, I'll tear them apart like... like... like...



I... Forgive me, Mr. Baxter... I'm terribly sorry... Wait... I'll get you another chair.



No need, thank you! ... Where were we?... Oh yes... The next thing is to find out which documents are missing. And above all, we must unmask the traitor in our midst, spying on all our activities.



I'm afraid that won't be easy. Now the fellow has achieved his object he will try to be inconspicuous. As for our discovering which documents he gave to his accomplices. I'm certain he won't have been foolish enough to steal the originals, and so help us to narrow our search.



To my mind he would simply have made copies. If I hadn't been there tonight the spy would have handed over his stuff to his accomplice, quite quietly, with no one any the wiser.



You're right... But still, we'll continue our inquiry. Meanwhile I'll ask Calculus to speed up preparations for launching the trial rocket... With that I'll leave you... Get well soon.



Are you coming, Captain?

If I may, I'll stay with Tintin.



Look Captain, it's late and...

None of that!... I'm staying here!... A full pipe and a comfortable chair, that's all I ask...



Some weeks later. The day for the launching of the trial rocket has arrived.

Well, Professor?

Everything is ready, Mr. Baxter. The last guide rails are in place ... The gantries have been removed. The technicians are now...

... completing the fuelling - up.

Hello, Mr. Baxter... Look who's here...

See! They've almost finished.

Tintin! You?... I thought you were still confined to your room.

I am, in theory! But I wouldn't miss the launching of the trial rocket for anything.

Look, Mr. Baxter. Tintin's better!

Finished!

Finished!... Everything's ready. I'll clear the bay.

Good idea... But don't forget to clear the bay!

Oh! I'm sorry!

All very well to apologise! Why doesn't he look where he's going!

Woah!

At any rate, I'll be safe up here!

Ah, peace at last!

Attention please!... Clear the launching bay... Attention please!... Clear the bay...

Clear the launching bay!

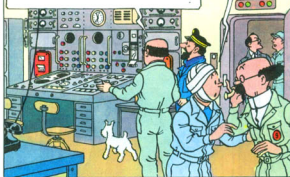
I repeat...

All right! I heard!

All out?... Splendid!... We can go to the Control Room.



This is it... From here we shall control the rocket during its flight.



I say, Professor...

... Did you remember the gadget I mentioned to you when you came to see me in the sick-bay?

The gadget?... Oh, yes, it's done. I fixed it this evening...



Hello? Observatory?... Is that you, Michael?... Baxter here. I'm in the Control Room. All ready?



Absolutely ready, Mr. Baxter... Everybody standing by.



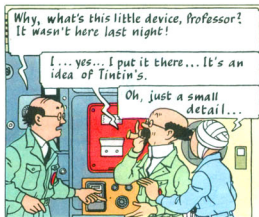
Yes, Radar here... Yes, Mr. Baxter, we're all ready...



Well, now we can only wait for zero hour... Another twenty minutes.



Why, what's this little device, Professor? It wasn't here last night!



I... yes... I put it there... It's an idea of Tintin's.

Oh, just a small detail...

Meanwhile...

All the same it was fishy about that skeleton...



Look what I can see!



Well? It's a high-tension switch-room.

It may look like a power switch-room. But supposing it isn't, eh? We'll investigate. Here's my master key.

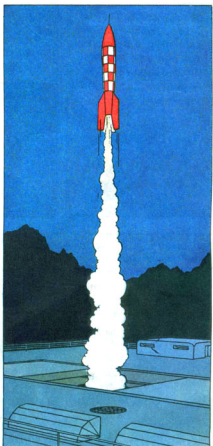
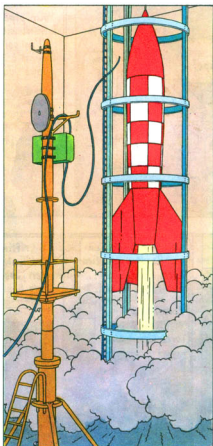
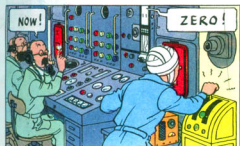
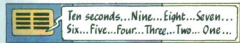
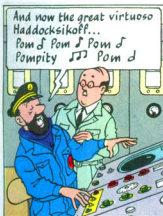
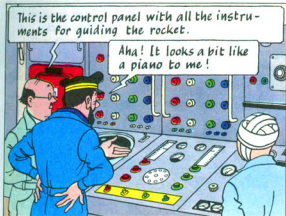


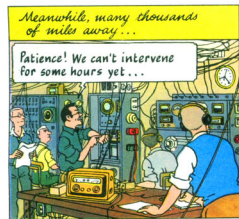
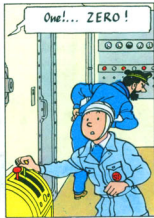
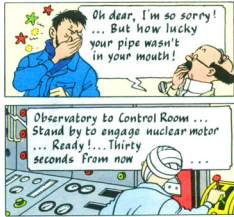
All the same, be careful.

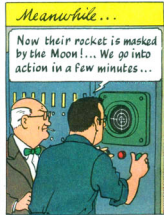
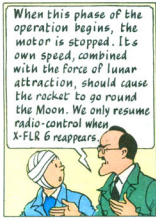


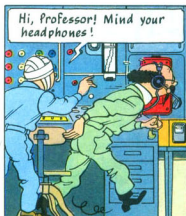
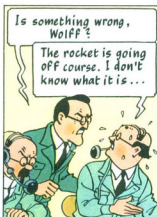
I'm not a child, am I?... Anyway, I...

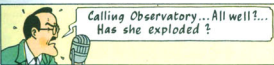
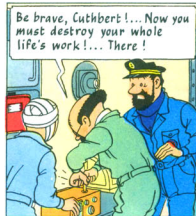
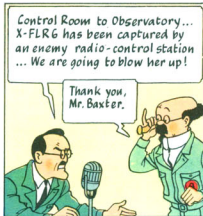
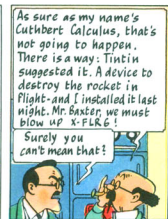
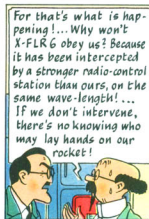
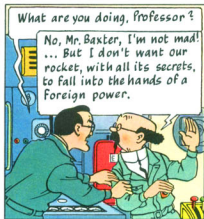


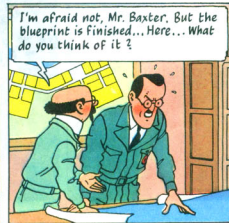
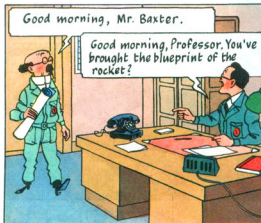
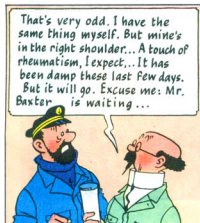
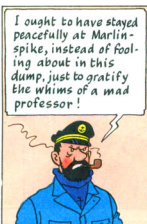
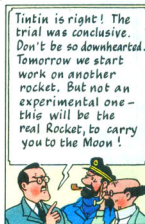
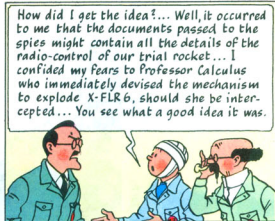


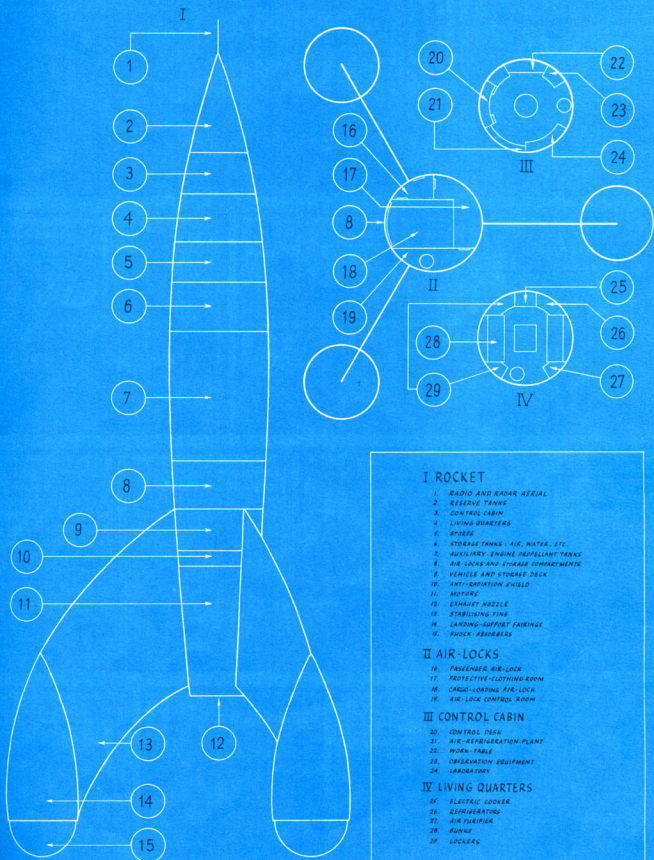


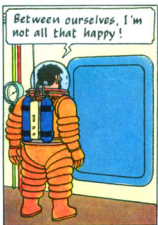
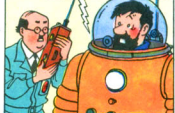
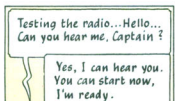
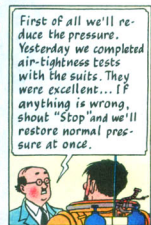
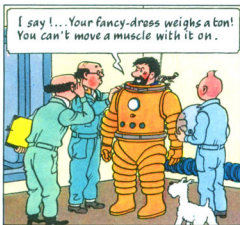
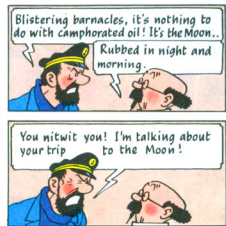
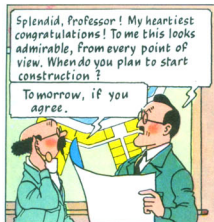


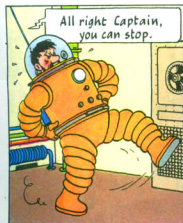
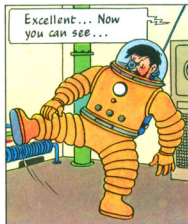
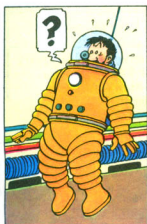
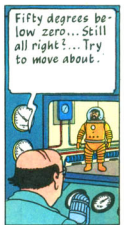
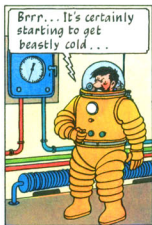
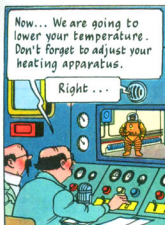
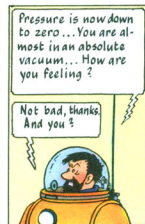
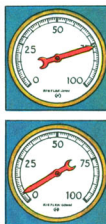
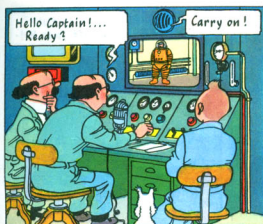


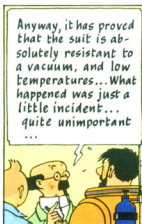
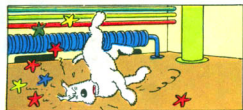
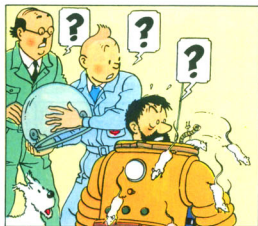
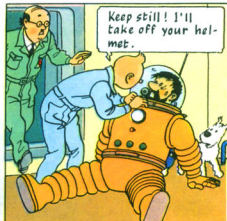
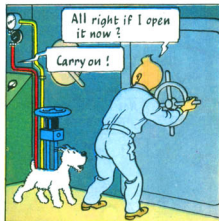


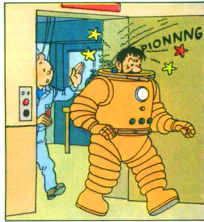
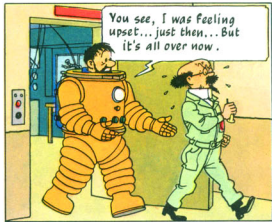
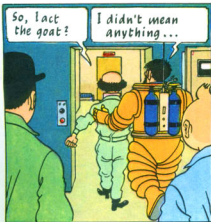
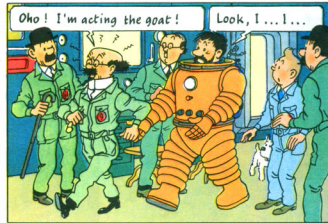
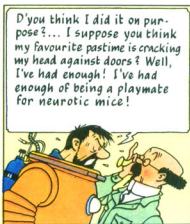
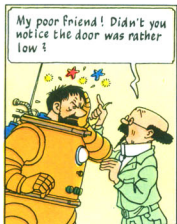
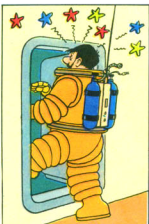
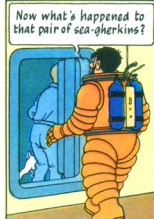


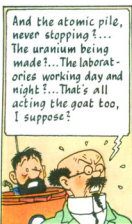
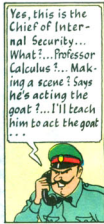
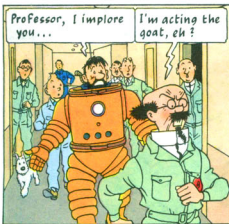
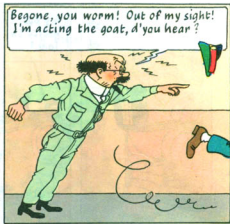
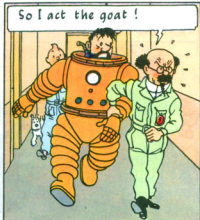
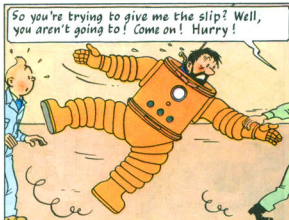


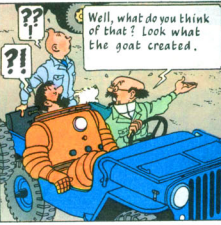
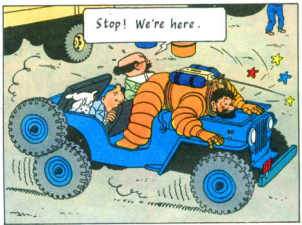
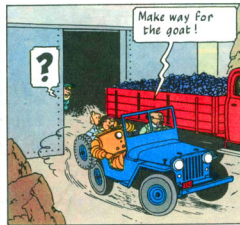
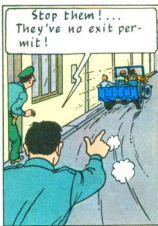


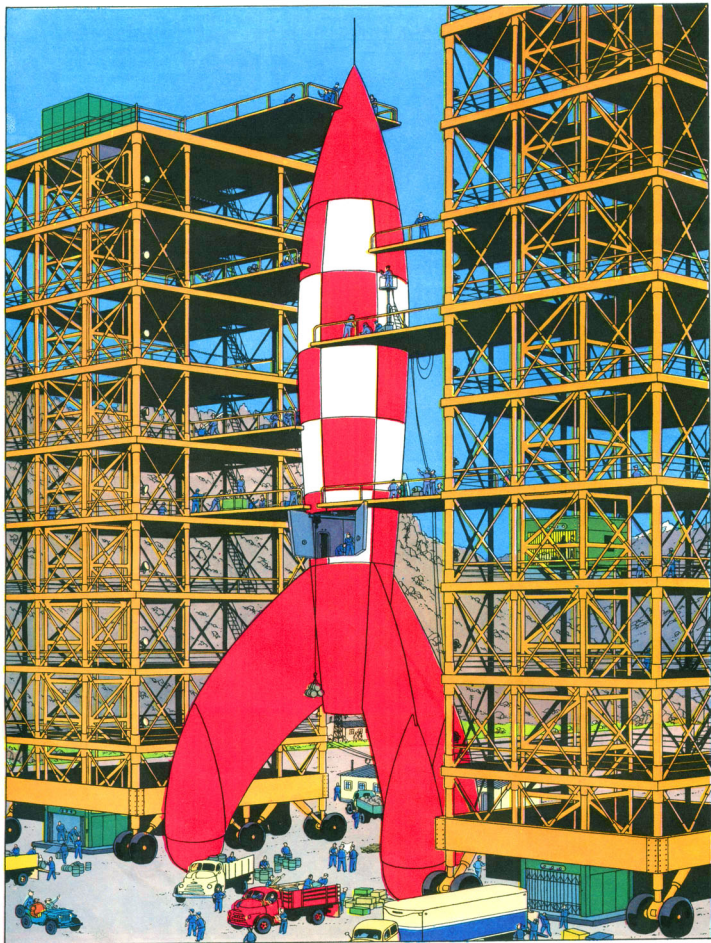


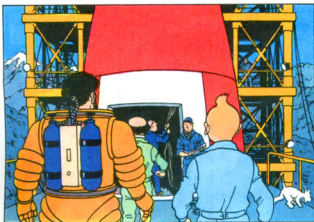
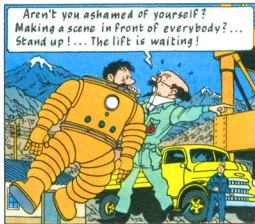
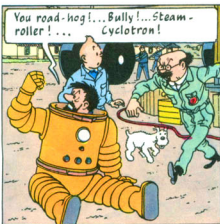
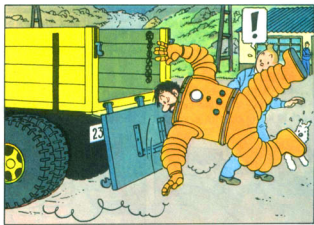
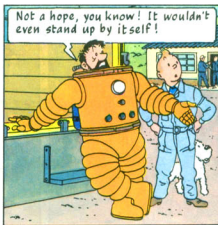
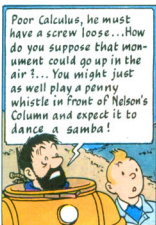
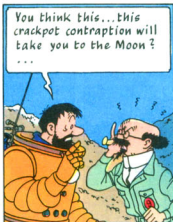
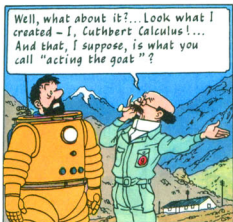


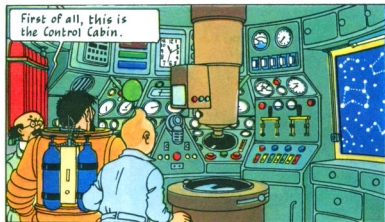










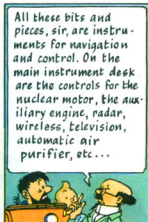


First of all, this is the Control Cabin.

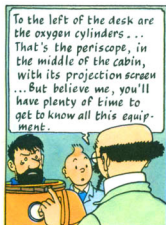


Well, what do you think of it?... You can't call this acting the goat, eh?

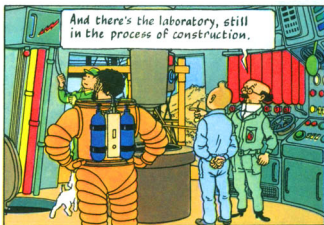
Fantastic!... Er... what are all these bits and pieces for?



All these bits and pieces, sir, are instruments for navigation and control. On the main instrument desk are the controls for the nuclear motor, the auxiliary engine, radar, wireless, television, automatic air purifier, etc...



To the left of the desk are the oxygen cylinders... That's the periscope, in the middle of the cabin, with its projection screen... But believe me, you'll have plenty of time to get to know all this equipment.

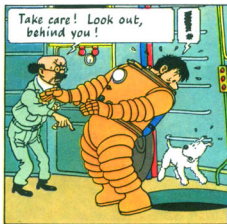


And there's the laboratory, still in the process of construction.

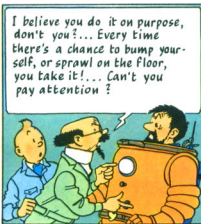


Amazing!... Astonishing!...

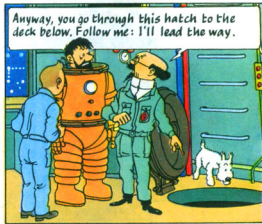
Will he?... Won't he?...



Take care! Look out, behind you!



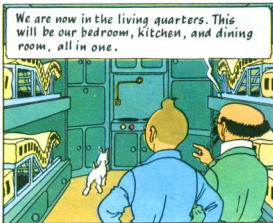
I believe you do it on purpose, don't you?... Every time there's a chance to bump yourself, or sprawl on the floor, you take it!... Can't you pay attention?



Anyway, you go through this hatch to the deck below. Follow me: I'll lead the way.



And mind out! There's another hatchway to the left of the ladder...

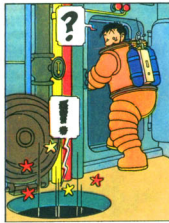
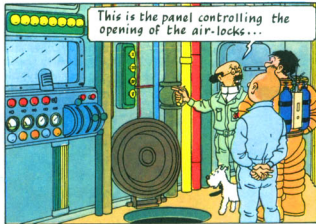
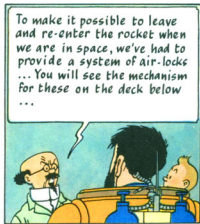
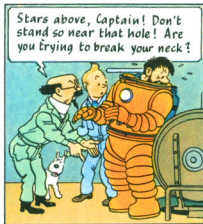
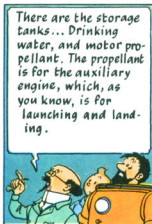
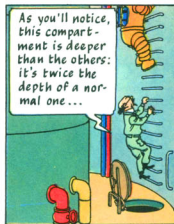
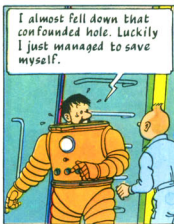


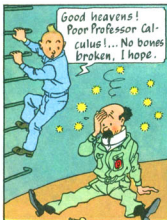
We are now in the living quarters. This will be our bedroom, kitchen, and dining room, all in one.



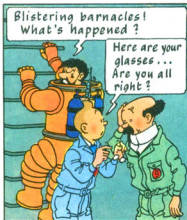
And there are the bunks we lie on when...

Blistering barnacles!





Good heavens!
Poor Professor Calculus!... No bones broken, I hope.



Blistering barnacles!
What's happened?

Here are your glasses...
Are you all right?



Before you start preaching at others to be careful, you'd do better to watch your own feet, sea-ghorkin! You're lucky to be still in one piece!



Who... who are you? And what's that fancy dress?



Fancy dress?... Look here, don't begin acting the... er... I mean, don't try pulling my leg! We've had enough of that!...



Ah, I've found you at last, Professor.



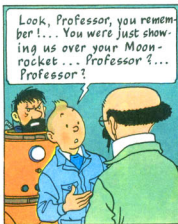
This is a fine thing! What a way to behave... and you a responsible man... It's preposterous!... You nearly caused a dozen accidents!... What's biting you?



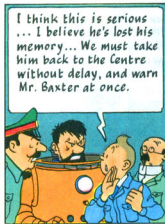
I... er... I don't understand... What... what do you want?... Where am I?



Where are you?... Billions of blue blistering barnacles, you know as well as we do where you are, you anacoluton!



Look, Professor, you remember!... You were just showing us over your Moon-rocket... Professor?... Professor?

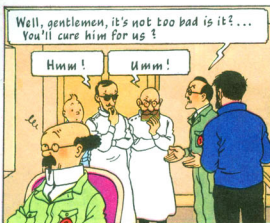


I think this is serious... I believe he's lost his memory... We must take him back to the Centre without delay, and warn Mr. Baxter at once.



Calculus?... Amnesia?

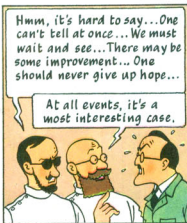
I'm afraid so... The doctors are examining him now.



Well, gentlemen, it's not too bad is it?... You'll cure him for us?

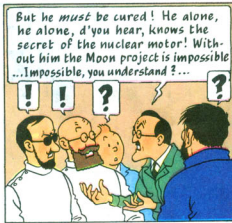
Hm!

Umm!

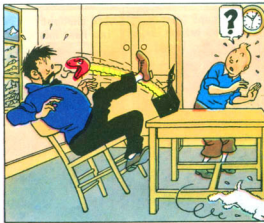
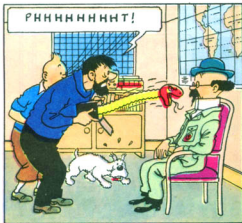
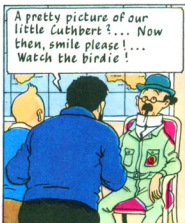
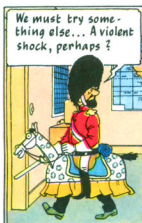
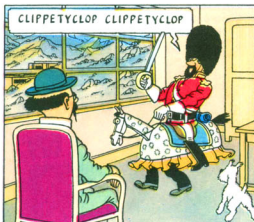
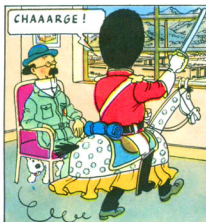


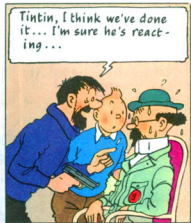
Hm, it's hard to say... One can't tell at once... We must wait and see... There may be some improvement... One should never give up hope...

At all events, it's a most interesting case.



But he must be cured! He alone, he alone, d'you hear, knows the secret of the nuclear motor! Without him the Moon project is impossible... Impossible, you understand?... ! ! ?





The same evening...

So he needs a shock, eh?...
Well this time he'll get one,
blistering barnacles!



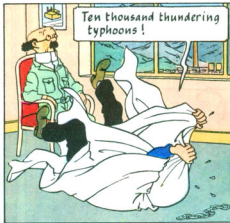
Whoooo!... Whoooo!... Beware,
Cuthbert, I am a gho-o-ost!



Ho-ho-ho! Shake in your sho-o-oes!
I have come for your soul!



Ten thousand thundering
typhoons!



Blistering barnacles!... What possessed me
to dress myself up as a ghost?



And he just sits there looking at me,
the jelly-fish! You couldn't be fright-
ened, could you? You moth-eaten mar-
mot!



I suppose you think I'm enjoying my-
self, acting the goat!



You won't catch me trying to cure
loss of memory again!



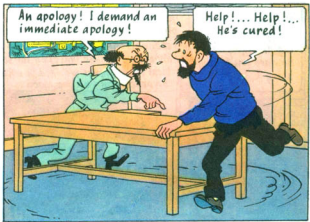
A GOAT?... ME!...



A goat!... A goat!...
You dare call me a goat!
...This is too much!
You're not getting
away with that!



An apology! I demand an
immediate apology!

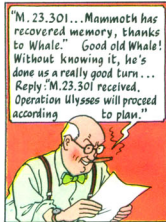


Help!... Help!...
He's cured!

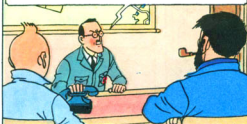
A few minutes Later ...



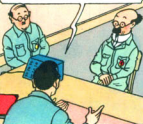
The same evening...



You heard that, gentlemen? The ZEPO have just arrested three people wandering inside the Security Area. Of course they said they wanted to climb Mount Zstophole, and had lost their way... Whenever they arrest anybody it's the same story...



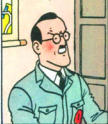
You see, despite all the precautions we take, a determined man can always find a way through the defences.



But where were we?... Oh yes... So on your side, Wolff, everything is in order, except for the delay with the optical instruments... What about you Captain? Air supply, temperature, safety equipment...



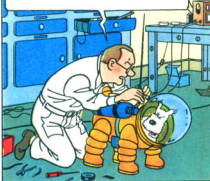
And you, Professor?



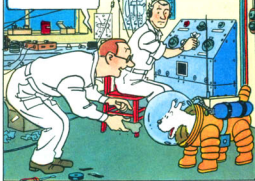
Everything is ready, Mr. Baxter, except for Snowy's space-suit. That is just being finished now.



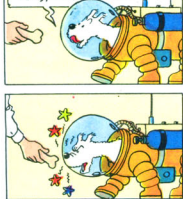
There we are... Nothing more except to test the radio...



Who's this nice bone for, Snowy?

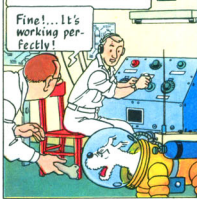


Golly, what a bone!

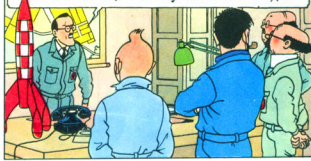


Wooh!... Wooh!

Fine!... It's working perfectly!

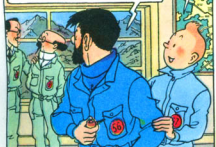


Now, gentlemen, it only remains for me to thank you, and congratulate you. For you have managed to surmount all the obstacles that seemed to stand in the way of making rockets of this type.



Are you coming, Captain?... We'll go and find Snowy in the laboratory...

Coming... Coming...



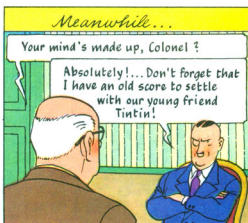
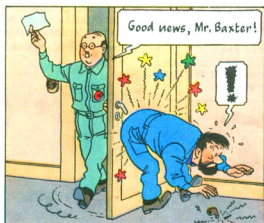
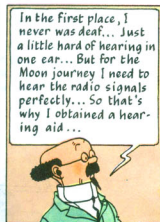
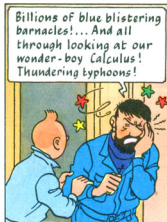
I say... Look at Calculus... Doesn't anything strike you?

No... Not at first glance.

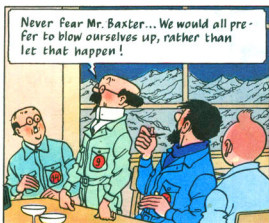
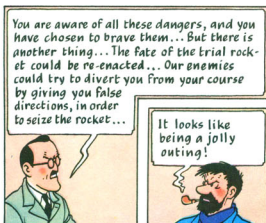
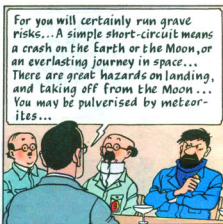
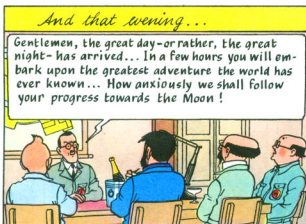
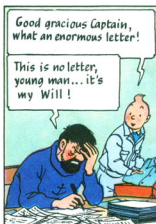
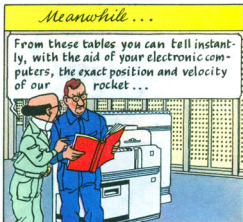
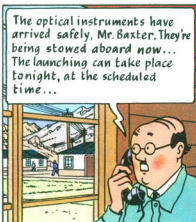
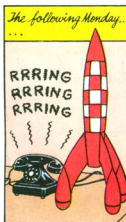
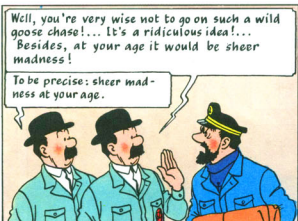


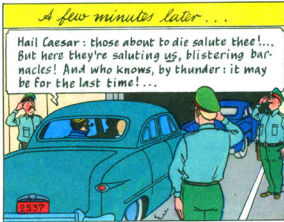
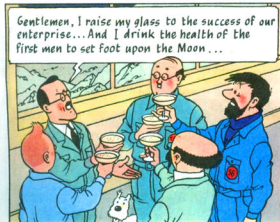
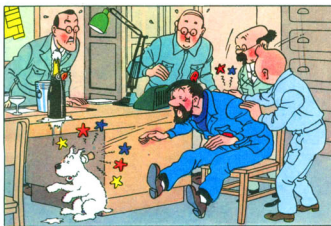
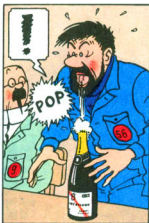
It does me!... But then I don't walk about with my eyes shut!

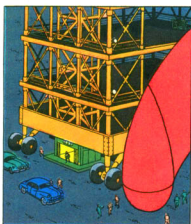
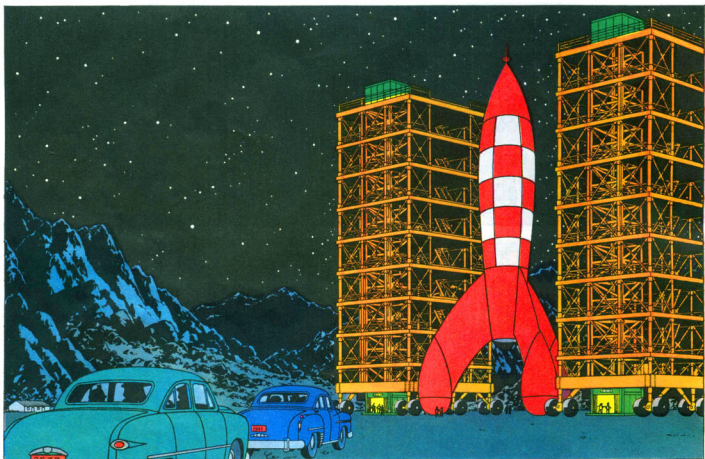
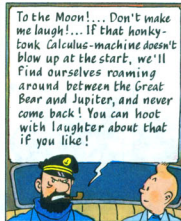
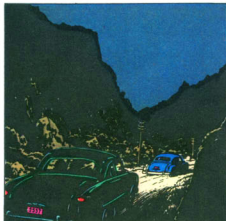












Gentlemen, the time has come for us to part. As soon as you are inside the rocket, I shall go to one of the shelters to watch the launching. Afterwards, I shall return to the Centre, and resume contact with you by radio.



Goodbye, Captain. I am delighted that a sailor should be one of the first men to set foot on the Moon!

It would have been all the same to me if a piccolo-player had gone!



Goodbye, my young friend. My good wishes go with you! I'm sorry not to be among you...



Look, Mr. Baxter, if you really mean it, I'd be happy to give up my place...

Thank you, Captain, that is most kind. But I would not ask you to make such a sacrifice!



Goodbye, Wolff, and good luck. You know my regard for you... I look to you to stand by the Professor.

Thank you, Mr. Baxter. I shall not fail you.



As for you, my dear Professor—your skill is our best guarantee of success!

Thank you, Mr. Baxter. I can only say this: we will get to the Moon or perish!



Come along. The lift is waiting for us.



Goodness, Captain! You're going to do some reading...

Yes, I want to improve myself...



Would you like some help?

No, thanks. I can manage.



In you go, gentlemen!

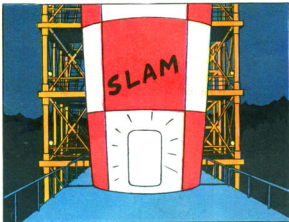
Between ourselves, Snowy my boy, I'm in a blue funk!



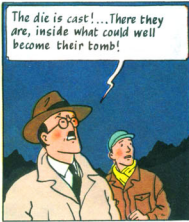
Farewell, Earth!



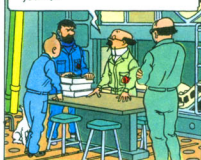
SLAM



The die is cast!...There they are, inside what could well become their tomb!



Now, I think we'd better run over it again. We all lie down on our bunks. I would remind you...



... that this is the best position during the initial acceleration. Although everything has been done to make this acceleration gradual, it is possible-even probable-that we shall black out. I assure you there's no need to be unduly worried. Naturally one can never tell, but ...



During this first phase of the ascent- I don't know how long it will last-the rocket will be automatically controlled. Afterwards, when we have regained consciousness, we will go up to the control deck and take over for ourselves.



Now, every man to his post for equipment checks.

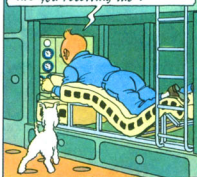


Tintin, you establish radio contact with Earth.

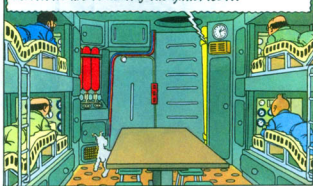


Right.

Moon-Rocket calling Earth... Moon-Rocket calling Earth... Are you receiving me?



Earth calling Moon-Rocket... Receiving you loud and clear... We are removing the gantries...



Earth to Moon-Rocket... Gantries removed... We are clearing the launching site...



O. K.

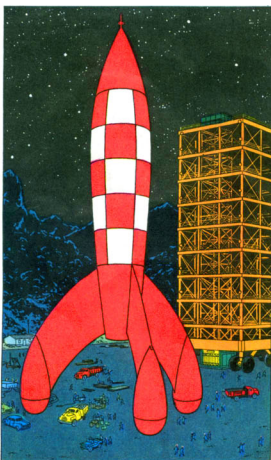
Attention please: clear the launching site!... I repeat: clear the launching site!

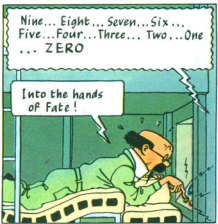
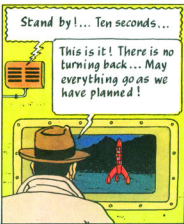
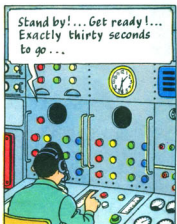
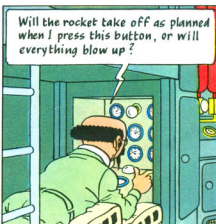
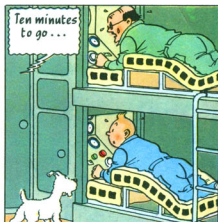
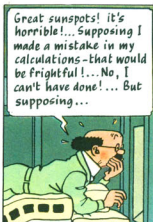
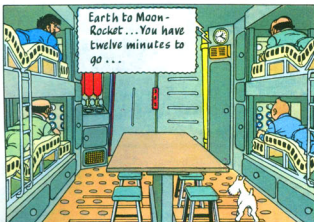


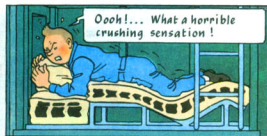
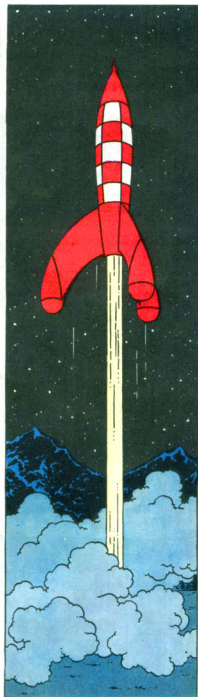
Earth to Moon-Rocket... The site is clear... Twenty-eight minutes to go... Are you ready?...

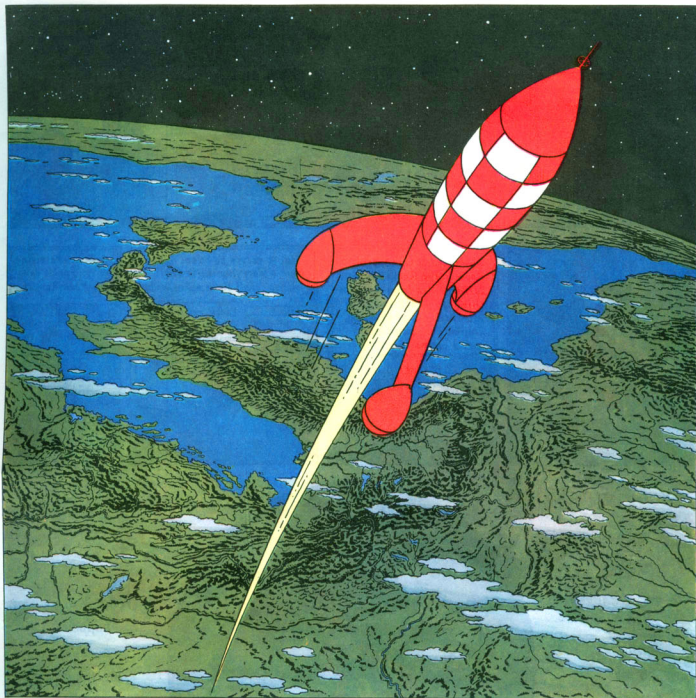


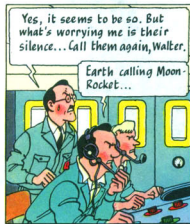
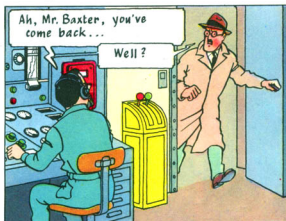
Moon-Rocket ready for launching!











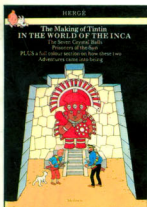
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What will happen on this perilous journey into space?

Will they ever return to Earth? You can join in the rest of their great adventure when you read

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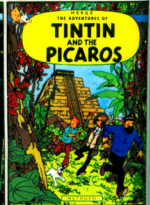
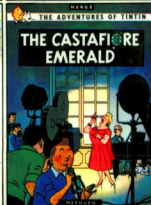
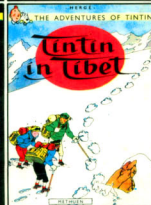
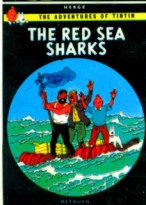
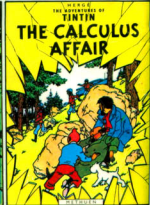
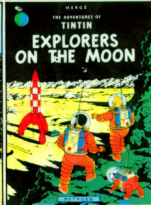
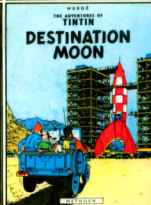
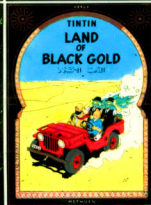
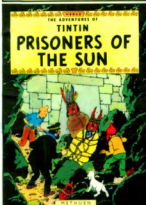
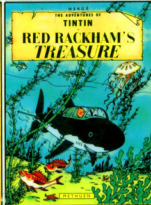
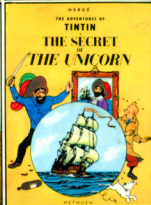
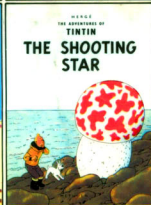
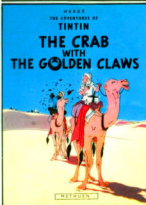
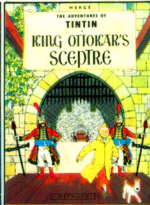
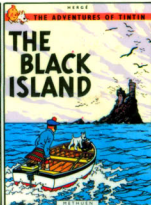
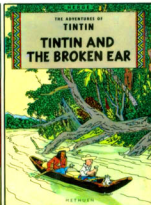
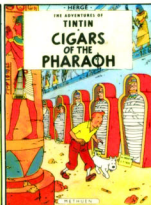
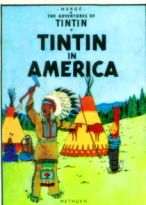
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