

HERGÉ

2



THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

THE BLACK ISLAND



MAMMOTH



THE BLACK ISLAND



Next morning ...

Well, doctor? He was lucky. The bullet only grazed a rib. He'll be up and about in a couple of days.

Excuse me, nurse.

Can we see Tintin, please?

You can go in.

Look here: are you absolutely sure the plane had no registration marks?

Quite certain.

It all looks very fishy to me.

To be precise: the whole thing looks like me, very fishy.

Telephone, please, for Mr Thomson or Mr Thompson.

Hello?... Yes... Interpol?... Yes sir, Thompson, with a p as in psychology... From Scotland Yard?... Eastdown? Last night?... Yes sir, I understand. We'll leave at once.

We're going back to England. An unregistered plane crashed last night near a place called Eastdown, in Sussex. Goodbye.

Goodbye, and watch your step!

Thanks!

CRASH

Why can't you look where you're going?

To be precise: speak for yourself.

Eastdown... If only... It can't be helped, I simply must go. Never mind doctor's orders!

Goodbye, nurse. Many thanks!

Ach! The silly fools! Who d'you think they shot at last night? Tintin himself!

Fity they didn't finish him off while they were about it.

Look!!



Why have we stopped ?



Let's look in the corridor.



There's a door open, and someone's getting out. Come on, Snowy!



There he goes!



What do you think you're doing?

Eek!



Let me go! A man just jumped off the train. We must follow him!

You can't fool me.



Everybody stay where you are!



No one is to leave the train.



He's coming round.

Tintin! Aren't you in bed?



There he is! I'd know him anywhere. He knocked me out!

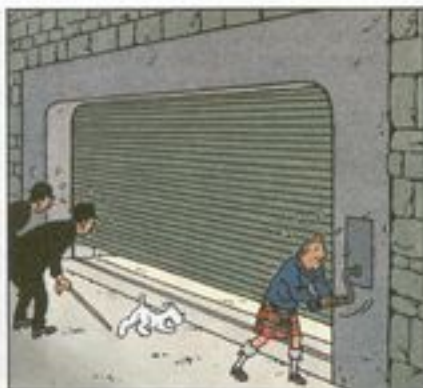
Me??











Ready... Steady...



Wait for me!



Go!



If you'd done as I said ...



Mind the bump! ...



Drop your guns!



The police!
We've had it!



Tintin! You can come out now. It's all right...
It's us!



Come on, Snowy,
our troubles are over... Down we go!







I mustn't waste time... Let's see what else they've got...



A radio transmitter! I'm in luck!



SOS... SOS... Calling the police... Calling the police... This is an emergency... Are you receiving me? ...



Police control... Police control... We are receiving you loud and clear... Come in please.

It's that secret transmitter... The one we've been hunting for the past three months...



They can hear me!



Tintin calling the police... Tintin calling... I'm on the Black Island, off Kiltloch, I've rounded up a gang of forgers and am holding them here. Can you send a squad to pick them up?... Over!



Police control... Police control... Message received and understood. We will send help at once. Good luck, Tintin!... We'll keep in touch with you... Over and out!



Well, that's that! The police will be here soon, then we'll be able to say goodbye to the Black Island.

About time too. I've had enough of this medieval menagerie!



Crumbs! He's managed to free himself!



Now we're for it!... The others will all be loose, as well; we shall have the whole gang after us!



Quietly... Quietly... Here, load your guns. I don't want any mistakes this time!

Don't worry, we'll make him pay for what he did to us!



Seeh!



Now the plane comes roaring down, skims over the field and shoots up like a rocket ...



Stop! We want to get down, d'you hear?



Now he's heading for the ground again...and into another flawless loop he goes, then... Good heavens! one of the passengers has slipped out of his seat... This is terrible!



Whew! What a stunt! That really had us fooled!

And this time he really is coming down... He's going to land... He's cut the motor...

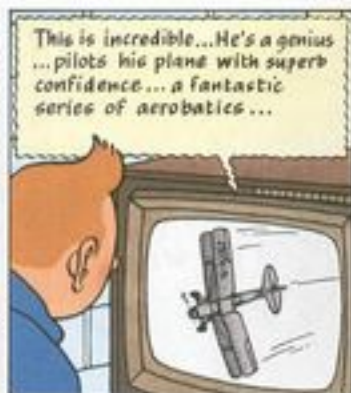
He touches down... the plane bounces ...

...and does one last, hair-raising somersault before it comes to rest in the centre of the field.



A clear victory! The judges are unanimous...the aerobatic championship is yours!











Quick! An ink roller... One of those will be more effective than an empty gun.



?

!



No one here!

We're too late, he's gone.



This is Tintin's handiwork, and no mistake! The schweinhund made off when he heard us coming. Go and warn the boss... And hurry!

My old friends... Dr Müller... and his man Ivan!



Ivan!... I...

?

THUD



What is it, chief?



Any more?... Doesn't look like it... Good! That gives me a chance to take care of this lot!



There, that'll do. And be good boys while I'm away!



WOOAAH



Fully loaded: that's better. Still, I hope I shan't need to use it... Now, let's go...

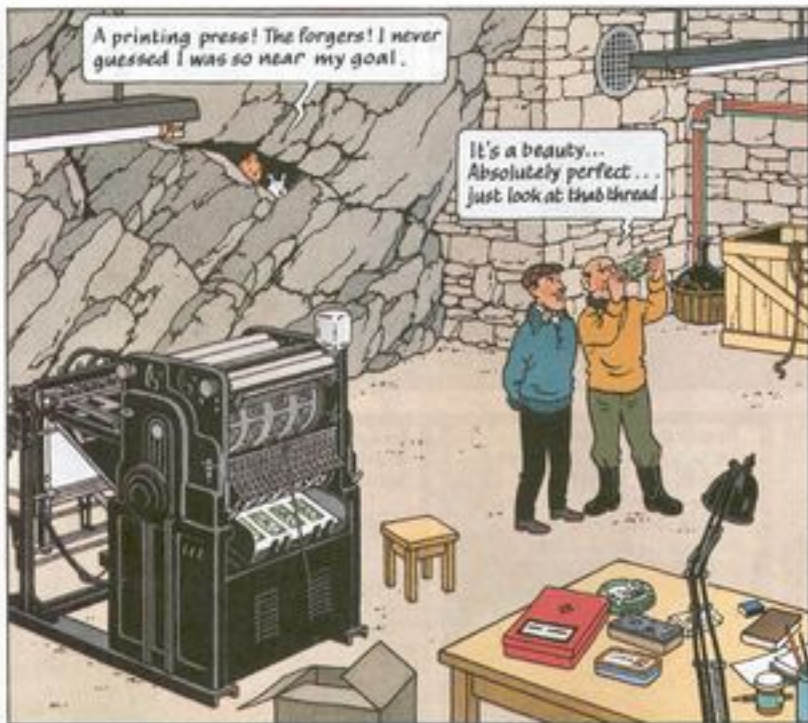
O.K. But mind what you're doing this time!



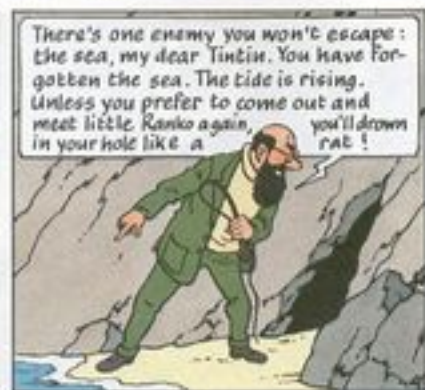
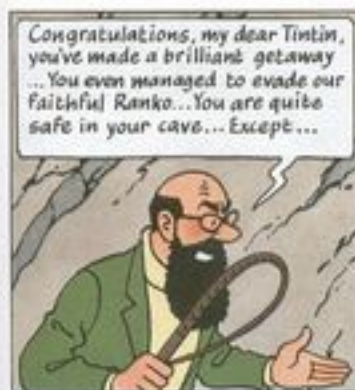
?

♪♪♪

















The Black Island!



They were quite right in Kiltloch... It is a sinister place...



I think we'll explore the castle first.



That must be the staircase to the tower.



What a marvellous view!







Snowy! Up to your old tricks again!



That certainly seems to be the best solution...

...And let this be a lesson, you drunken, disobedient dog!



Our friend has suggested that we spend the night here. It's getting late.

That's an invitation we'll certainly accept. How very kind of you.



Next morning...

...The dense fog that blanketed the British Isles during the night caused a number of accidents...



Off the Scottish coast this morning, fishermen from Kiltloch discovered floating wreckage of a light aircraft registration G-AREI. There was no trace of the crew, who are presumed drowned.



G-AREI!... The plane we followed: the same registration... Well, that puts paid to that. They're dead, poor devils.

Maybe, but I'd like to be absolutely sure. I'm going to Kiltloch... to look around.



It's no above fifteen miles to Kiltloch. But mind ye keep the path thro' the glen.

Thanks!



Fifteen miles: that's quite a steep. We shan't get to Kiltloch before evening.



Snowy! Come here!

Wooh!

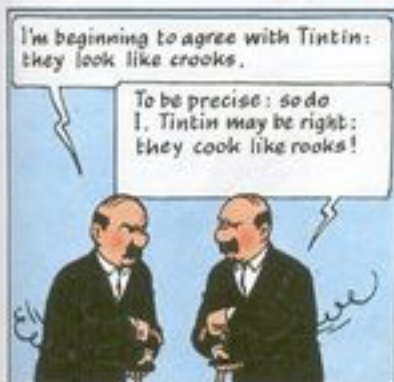


Wooh!
Wooh!















Hello, it's raining.



Golly, that's not water! But it's got a certain something, all the same!



Aha! There must be a leak ...

Better try to clean myself up.



A station?... No... Then I wonder why they've stopped.



What in the world...? An engine, just sitting there...



It's the one they hijacked. Müller must have abandoned it ... But where did they go? The driver may give me a lead ...



Bert! Are you all right? What happened?



A couple of thugs... climbed into the cab... made us drive on ... then ordered me to stop. One of 'em got behind us, clobbered me with a spanner... I went out like a light. Didn't see which way they went ...



That's all right. My dog will pick up their trail in a flash... Snowy!



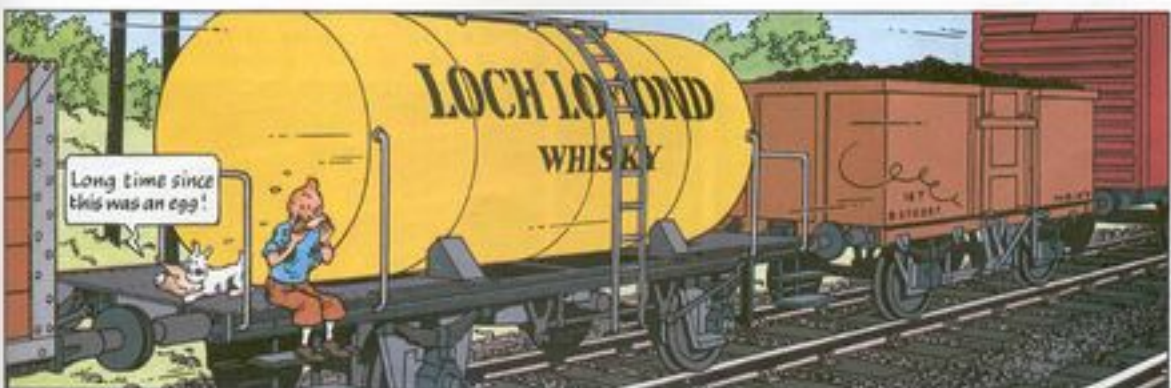
Now where's he gone?... Snowy!... Hey, Snowy!



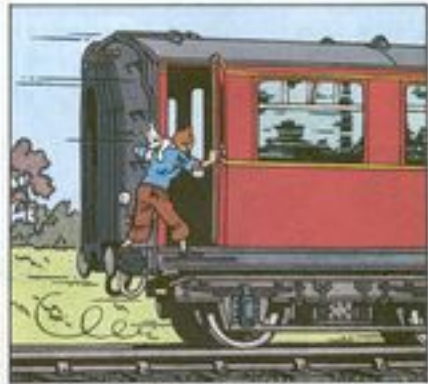
SNOWY!



S'O.K., I'm c-c-coming... Give... hic... give a dog a sh-sh-shance...

















Someone else is waiting for the plane!
... If they drop the load now we are
finished! ... We have got to stop them.
We must put out those lights. Here,
help me to cut the wires.

But ... but chief ... the
lights are still burning!

I wonder if they'll
come tonight.

ARRRRRR

?

O.K. to drop. I
can see the
lights.

Too late! There
is the plane.

One out!

Great snakes—they've
dropped something!

Let's see!

Tintin, confound him!

Two away!

Another!

THUMP

That fell quite close.
It should be easier
to spot than the
first one.

I wonder what I'm
going to find!



Next morning...

... And what happened to Doctor Müller?

I'm afraid my men couldn't catch him. His car was standing just by the house. He hopped in, with his driver, and they went off at top speed. We hadn't a chance.

A pity. I'd give a lot to know ... why were they so anxious to get rid of me? Never mind. Perhaps I'll find a clue at the house, to put me on their track again... The fire can't have destroyed everything...

You're not getting out of bed?

Of course. I feel absolutely all right.

Heavens! There isn't much left of Dr. Müller's house: it's gutted.

I shan't find anything useful here...

Electric cables. What can they be for?

They seem to go on...

How odd. Where on earth can they lead?



Hey! You cut the hose!



We've had it, chief! Come on, run!



It beats me why he cut it ...



Now don't you start! What's the matter?

Wooah!



I wonder... He wants something... Good heavens, there can't be someone inside?

Wooah!



I'd better make quite certain...

Wooah!



Wooah!



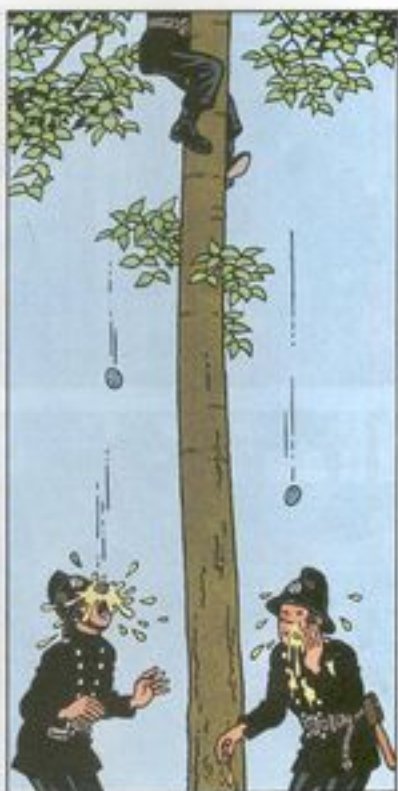
Wooah!

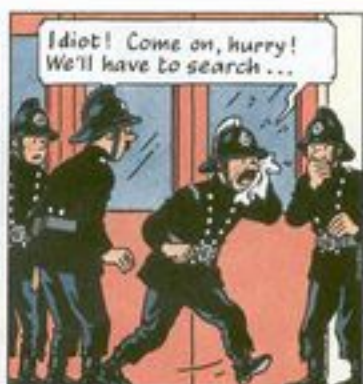


Why doesn't he come back?



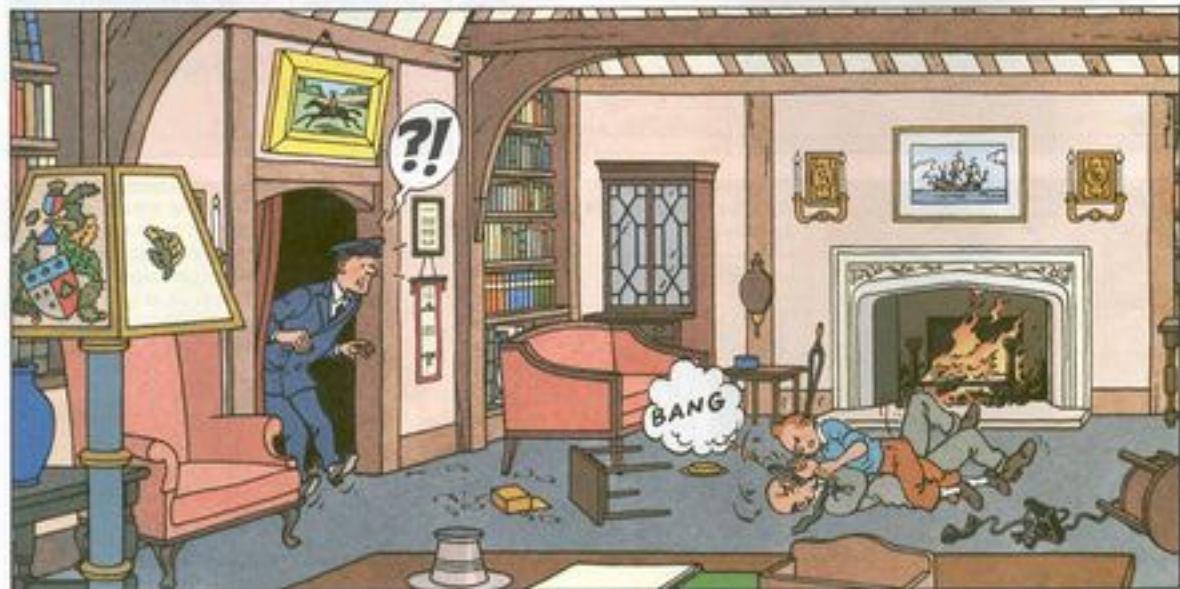


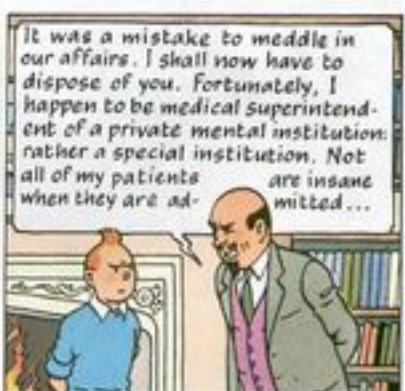




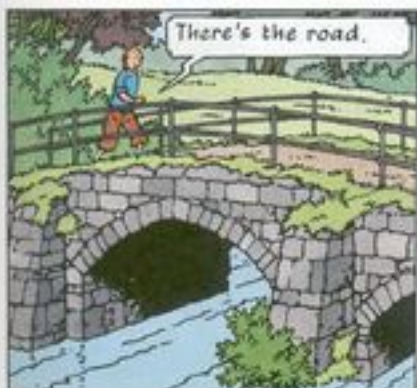












Aren't you ashamed, wasting our time bone-hunting. Here, give it to me.



I've told you dozens of times, you're not to chew filthy old bones.



Here, Snowy! Come here at once!



WOOAH



WOOAH! WOOAH!



!?



Strange... He really does want me to follow him.



I'll come. But woe betide you if it's just another bone.



?



Flying jackets! Those thugs from the plane must have hidden them.



Too much to hope they'd leave anything in the pockets.



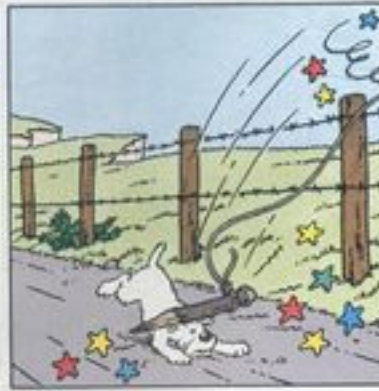
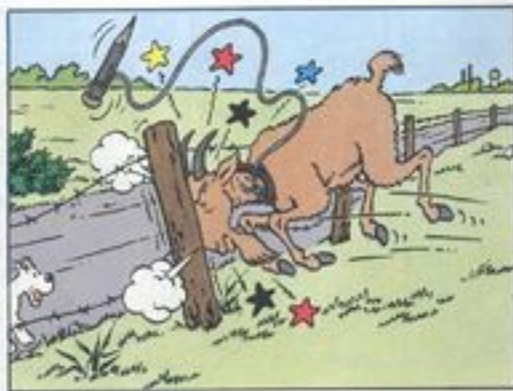
Aha! Look there! Some scraps of paper. Something's been torn up. Perhaps this will give us a lead.



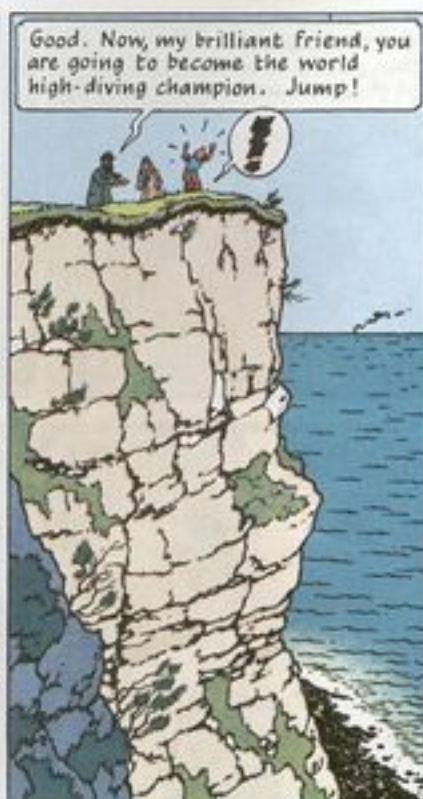
I've always liked puzzles, and this time I've got a real one!











Don't let him see us. We can't do anything here on the boat.



Let's see. We reach Dover in an hour's time. A train from there will get me to Littlegate at ten past five. Then I'll take a taxi to Eastdown from Littlegate station.



Can you drive me to Eastdown?

Yes, sir.



I'm glad to see you, Ivan... No time to explain. Follow that taxi.

Right!



Did you notice that car, Snowy... How it shot past us?



It's O.K., they're coming this way... Ready?



Going to be long, mate?

I... don't know... It's the brakes... Something wrong...



Fine!



Young Reporter Hero of Black Island Drama

FORGERS FOUND ON MYSTERY ISLE

Full story page five

Police Swoop on International Gang

EXCLUSIVE PICTURES

FORGED notes so perfect even bank cashiers are fooled.

At Kiltoch, handcuffed gang leaders are escorted to waiting Black Maria.

A sea dash by police ended in five arrests. Seen with hero reporter Tintin and lion-hearted dog Snowy, from left, Constables E. McGregor, T. W. Stewart, B. Robertson, A. MacLeod.

Black Island 'Beast' Ranko says goodbye to rescuer Tintin in a Glasgow zoo. Once trained to kill intruders at gang hideout, the monster gorilla, injured in battle on



Moscow to V
MOSCO
today jag
what it b
radio and
relay pro
The sa
(lightn)
pictures
Moscow
again.
Early B
between
St.
of
The
St. Joh
Harob
tende
A B
Mr. T
first-
St. J
Cross
into
mura
Fe
year
div
che
for
cle
T
He
Dr
by
of
9

