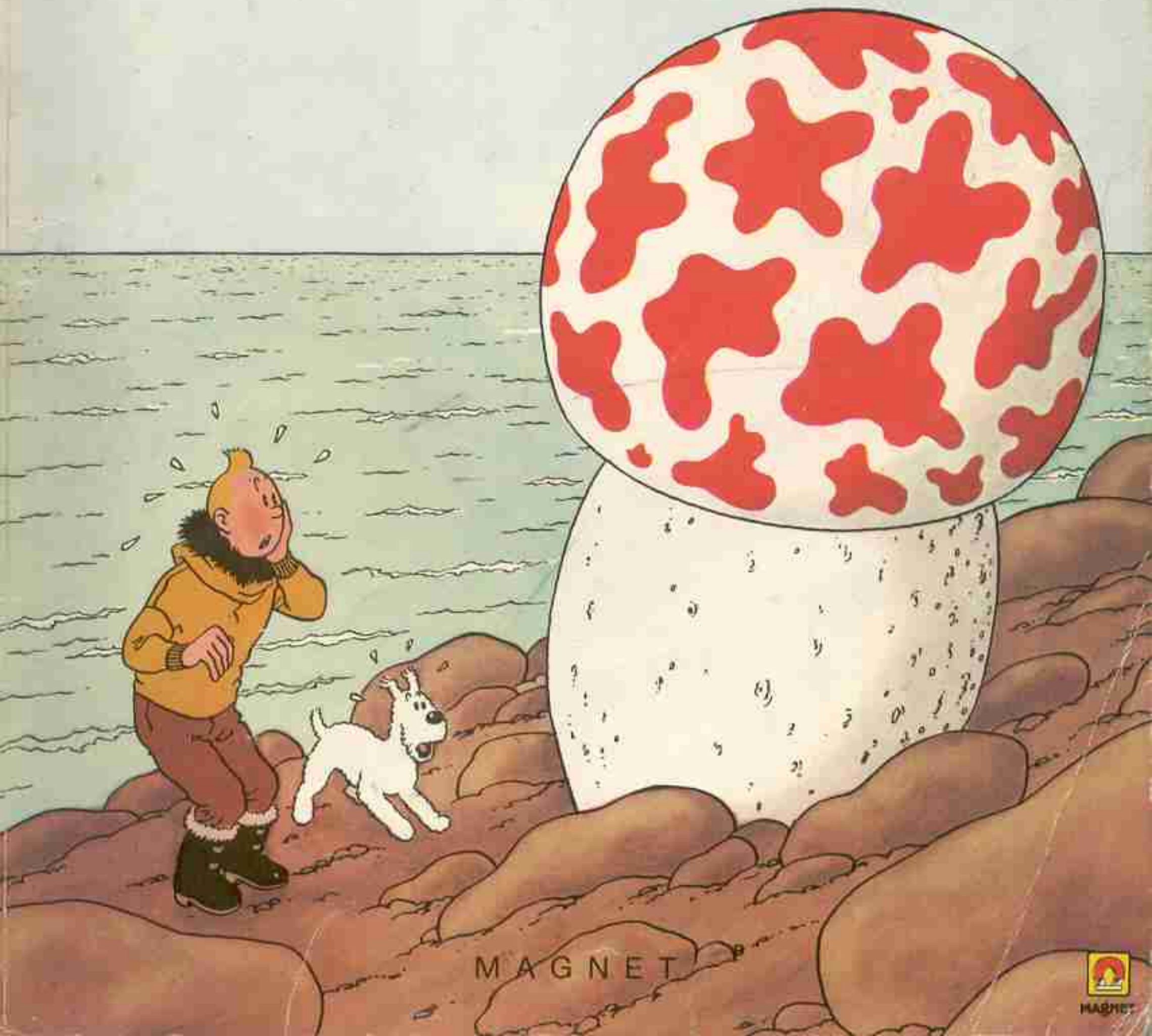


HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF

TINTIN

THE SHOOTING STAR



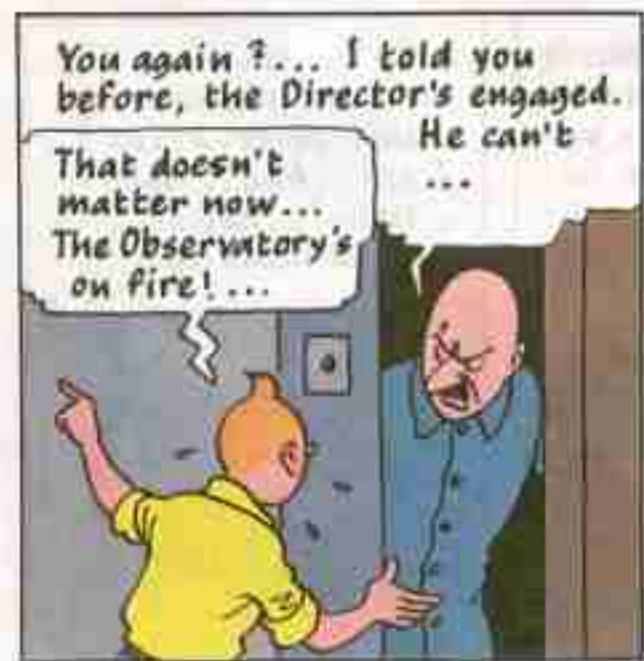
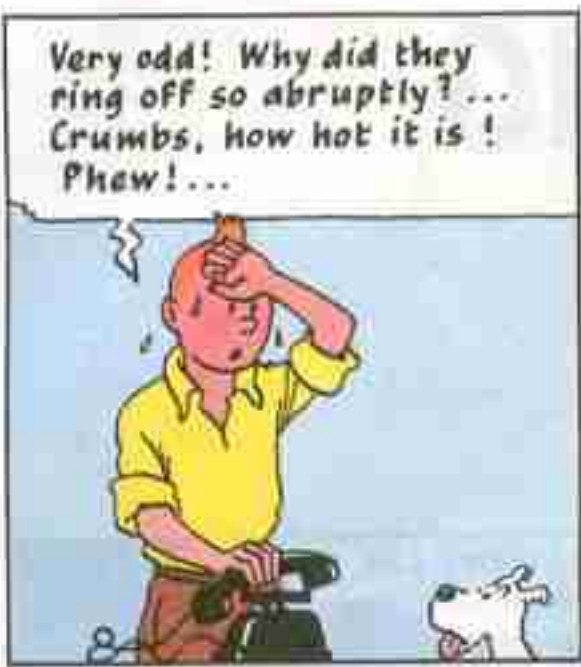
MAGNET



MAGNET

THE SHOOTING STAR







How strangely quiet and empty it all is... as if there weren't a soul...



Ah, there's somebody.

A judgement! Woe!

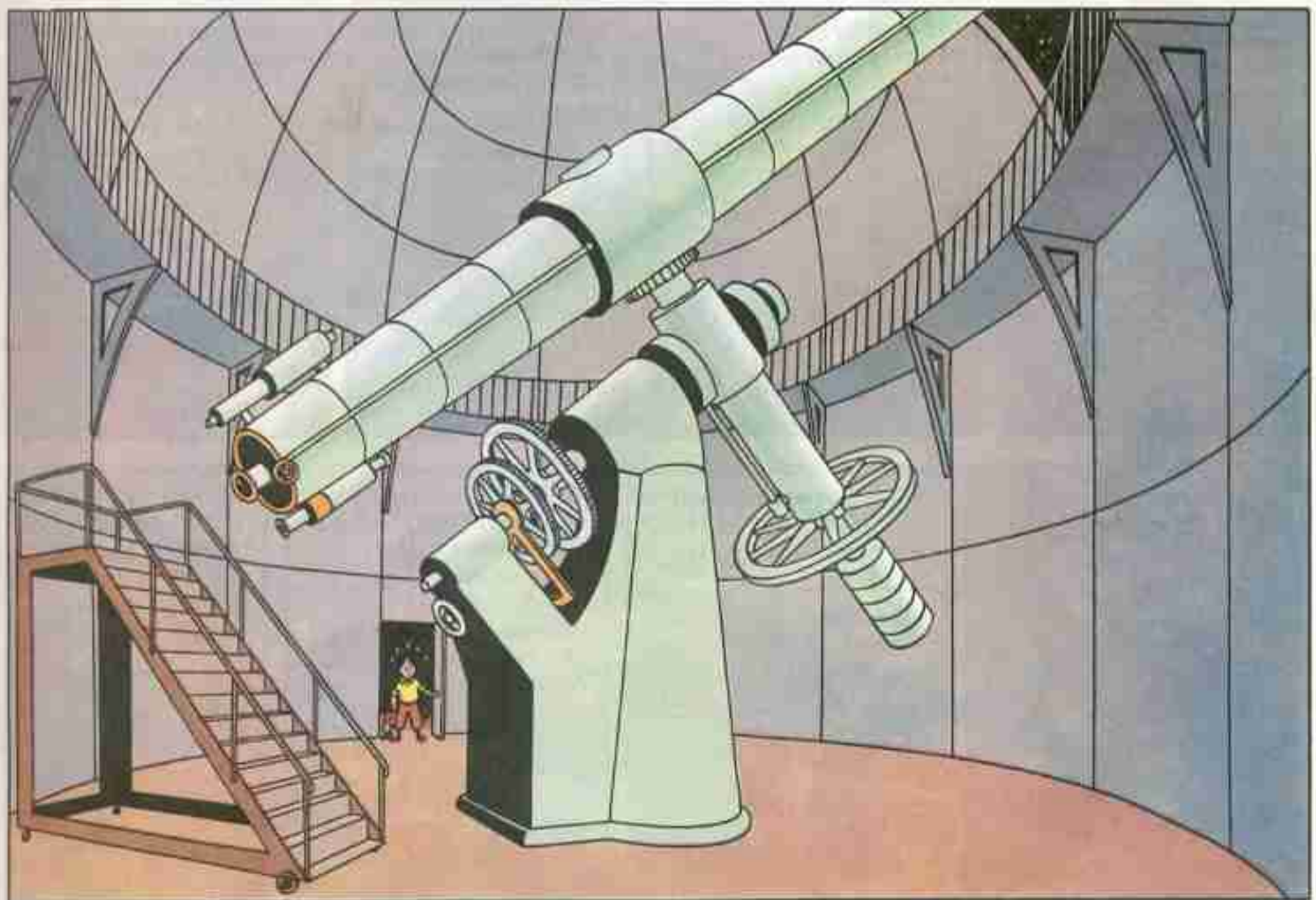


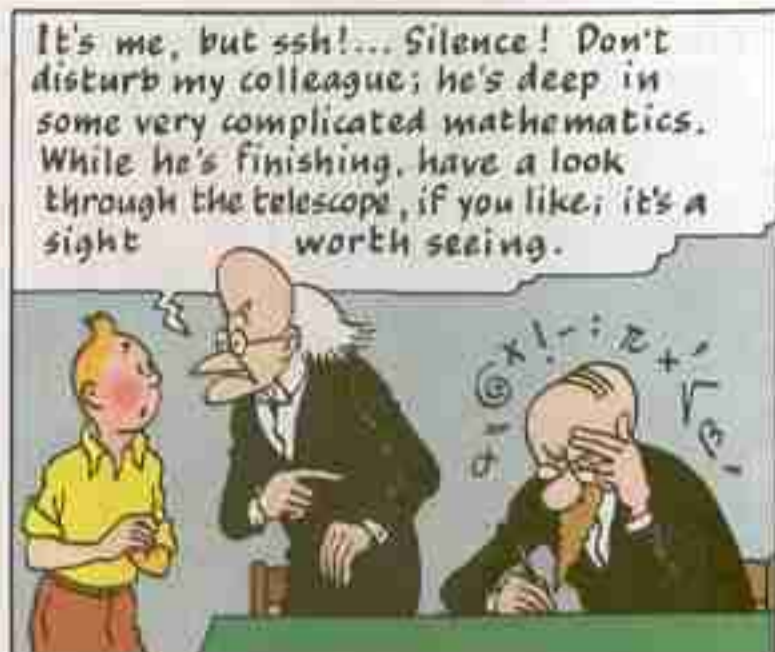
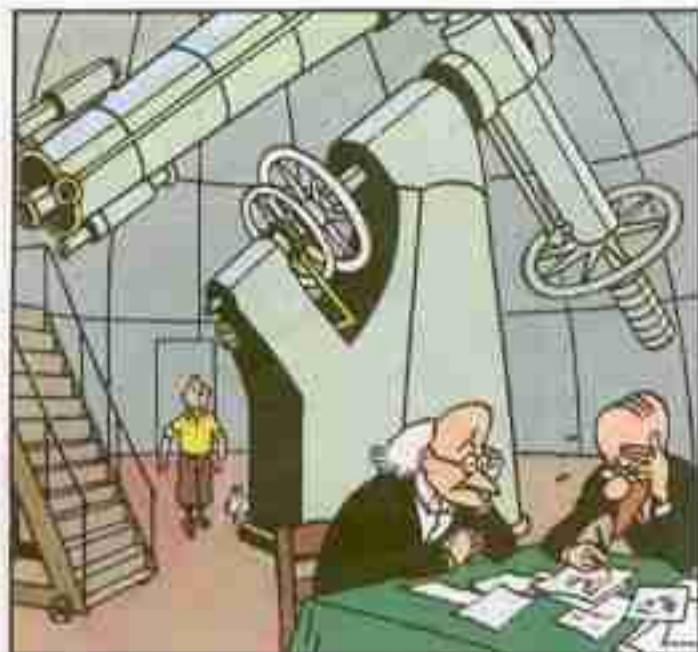
Excuse me, sir, could you tell me...

That's what I told them: "It's a judgement!"



A judgement! Yea! ...A judgement, and don't you forget it!





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.

ah!



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...??



Hello, Professor... I've found the answer... It was a spider walking across the lens!... It's gone now...



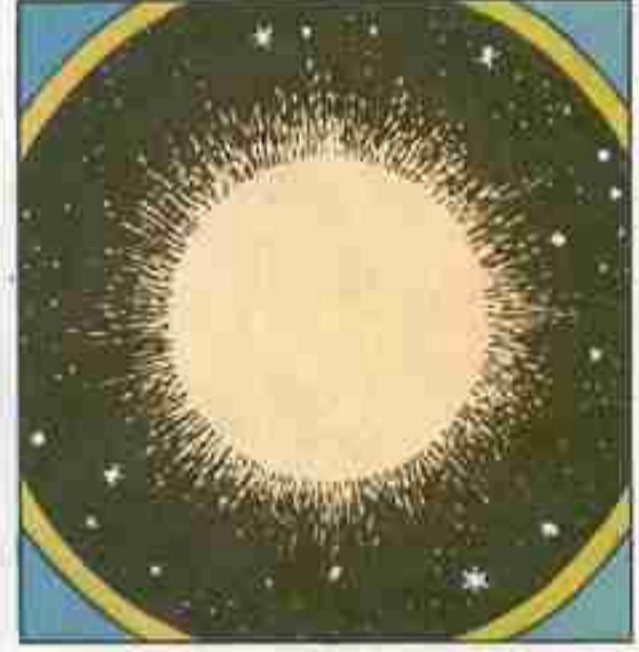
A spider!... A harmless little spider! That's all it was, scaring them out of their wits!... This'll kill me!



Come and look now...



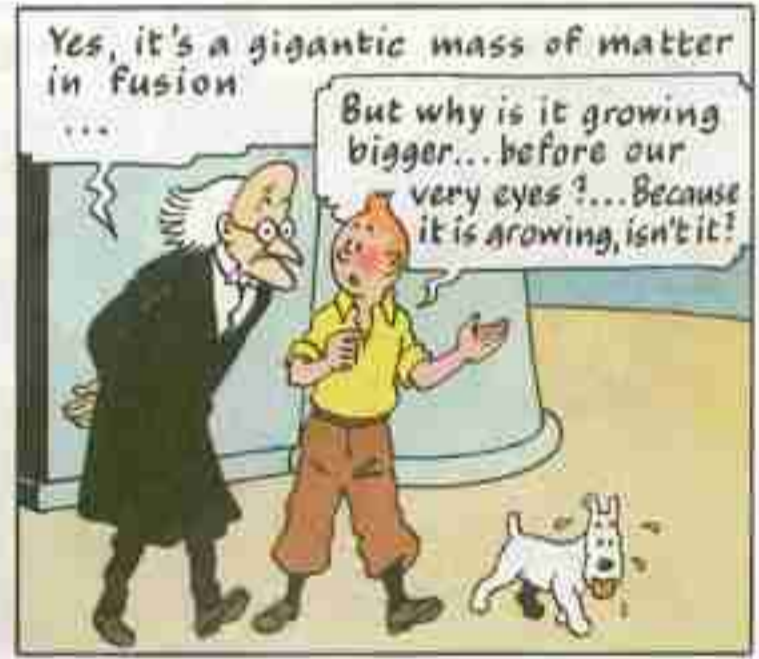
Well?



It looks like... It looks like a huge ball of fire...



It IS a ball of fire! ... A VA-A-A-A-AST ball of fire!



Yes, it's a gigantic mass of matter in fusion ...

But why is it growing bigger... before our very eyes?... Because it is growing, isn't it?



Naturally it's growing bigger - it's heading towards us, at an incredible speed.

Heading towards us?... But if it keeps on coming...?

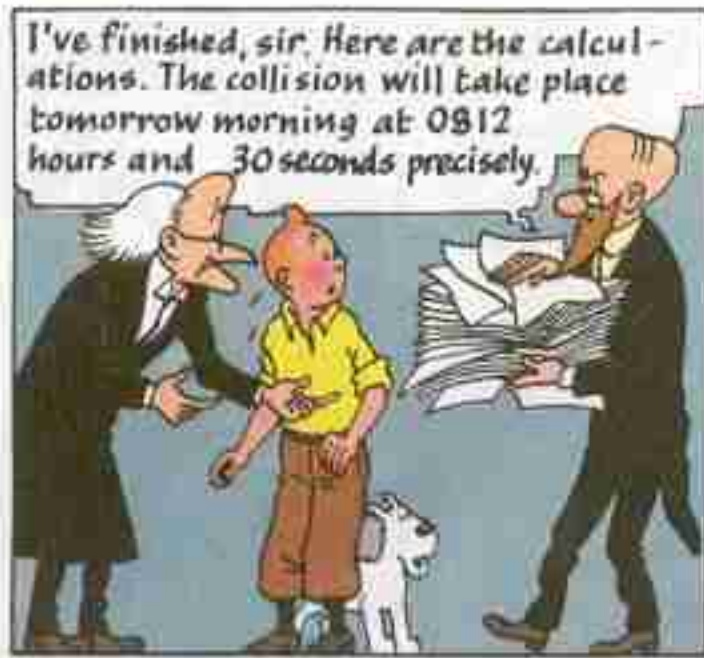


Yes!... That fire-ball is going to collide with the Earth!

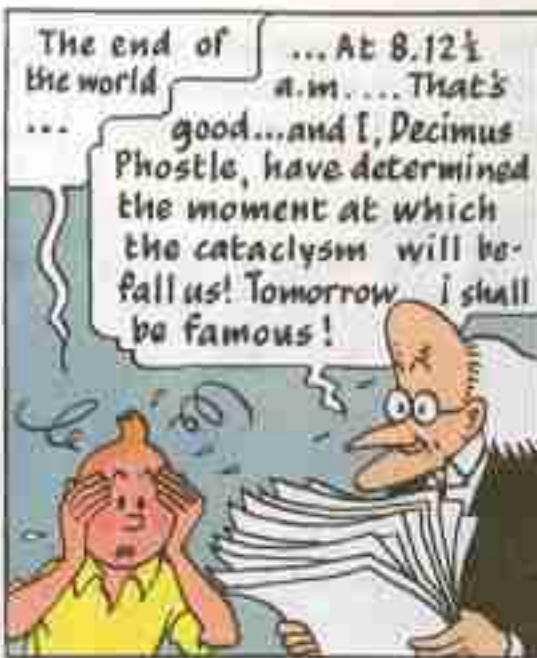
Great heavens! But that'll mean...



... THE END OF THE WORLD, YES!



I've finished, sir. Here are the calculations. The collision will take place tomorrow morning at 0812 hours and 30 seconds precisely.



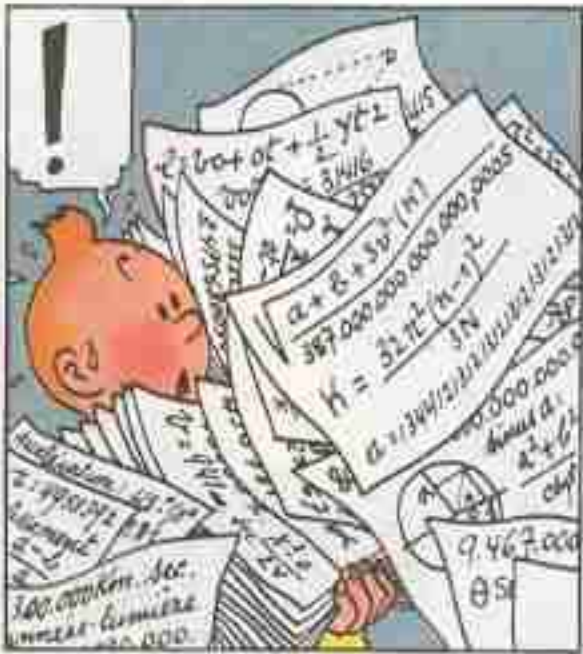
The end of the world ... At 8.12 1/2 a.m. ... That's good...and I, Decimus Phostle, have determined the moment at which the cataclysm will befall us! Tomorrow I shall be famous!



But... It's impossible... You... I mean... Perhaps you made a mistake in your calculations

Sir!!!

Made a mistake! Us? You presume to...? Very well! Check them!



I... I'm sure they're all correct Professor!... I'll take your word for it! Goodbye!



The end of the world!



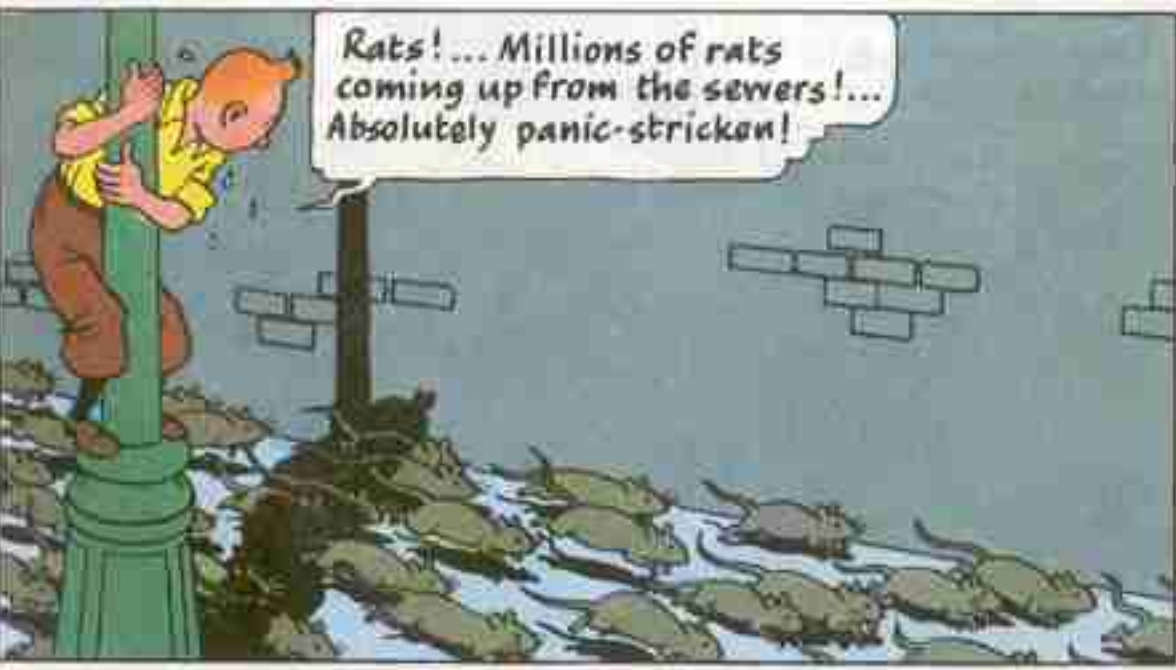
Hey, Snowy? What's the matter?



HELP!



Just in time!



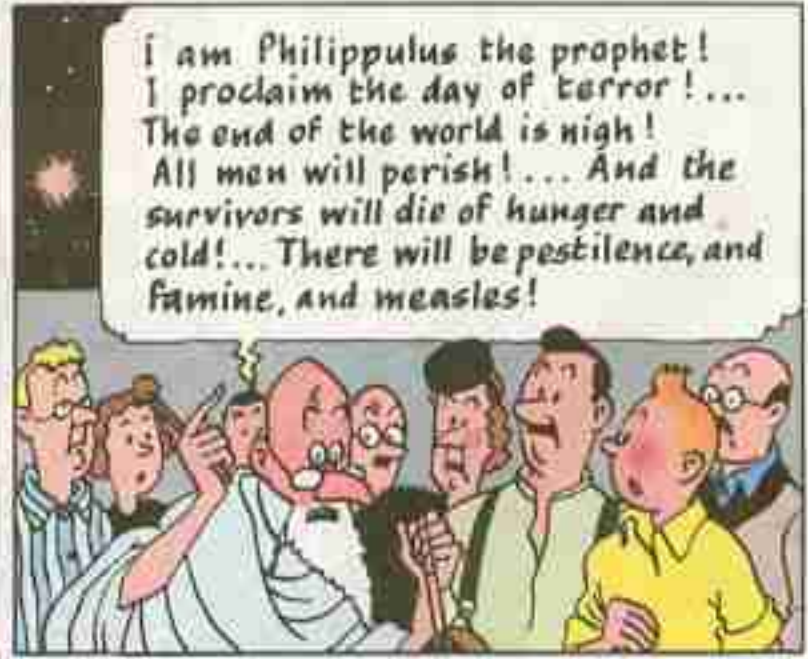
Rats! ... Millions of rats coming up from the sewers!... Absolutely panic-stricken!



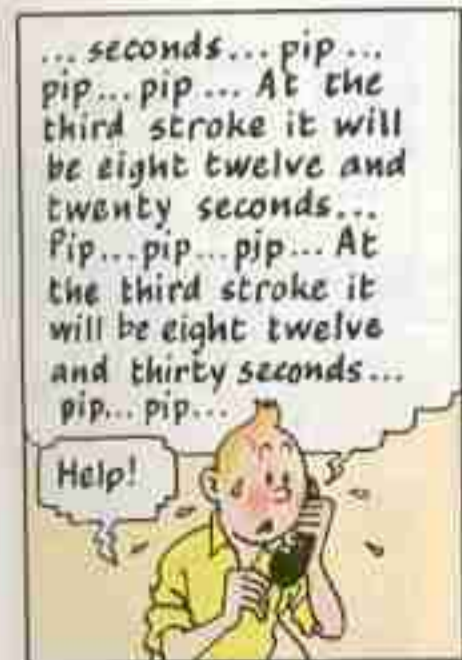
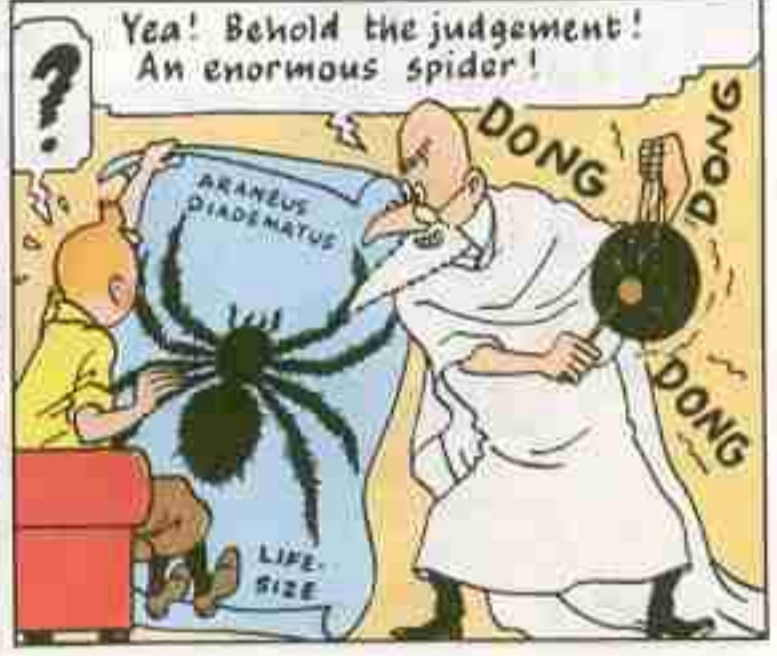
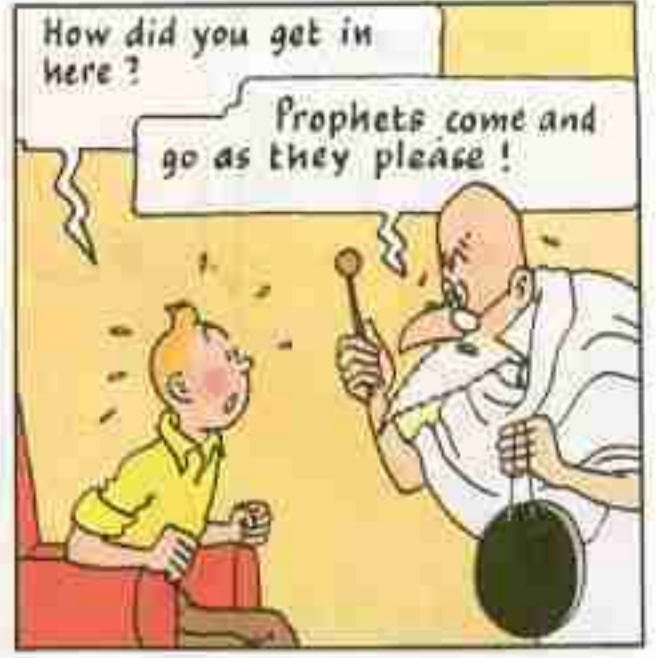
Whew!... They've gone!... What about Snowy. What's happened to him?



Snowy!









The idiot! He made a mistake in his calculations! The meteor passed 48,000 km 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?

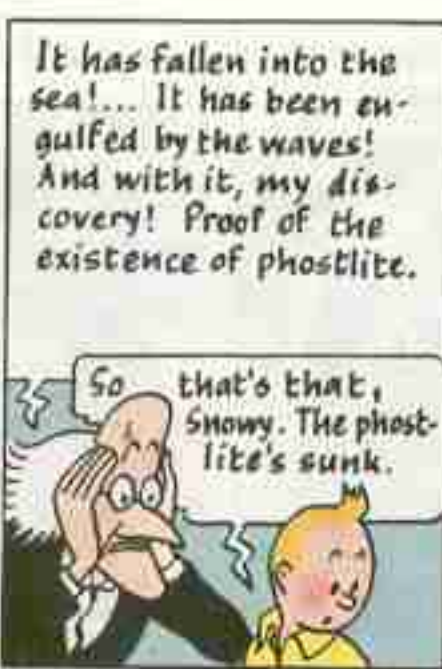
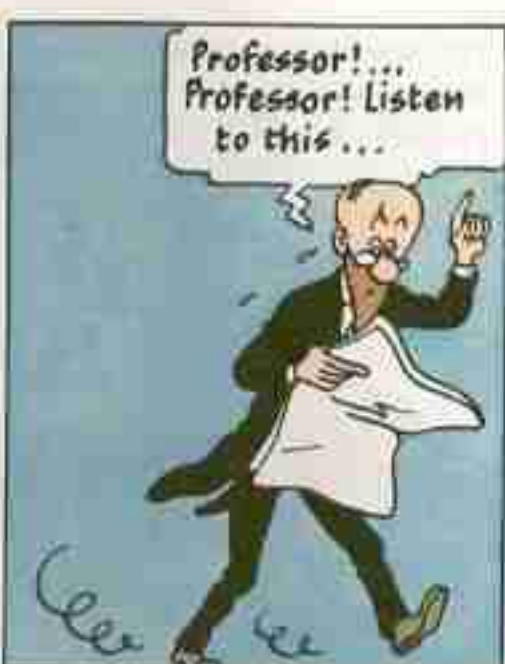
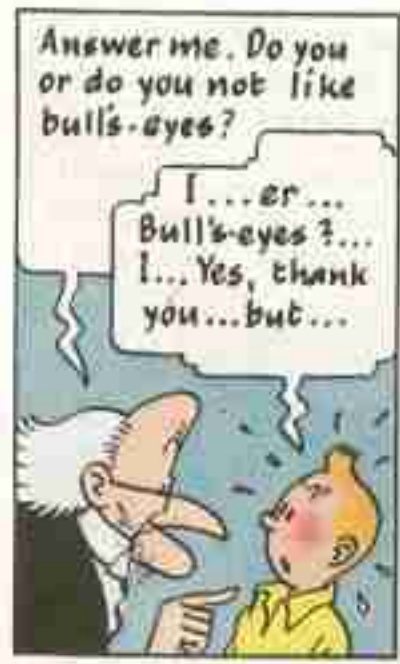
Er... more or less

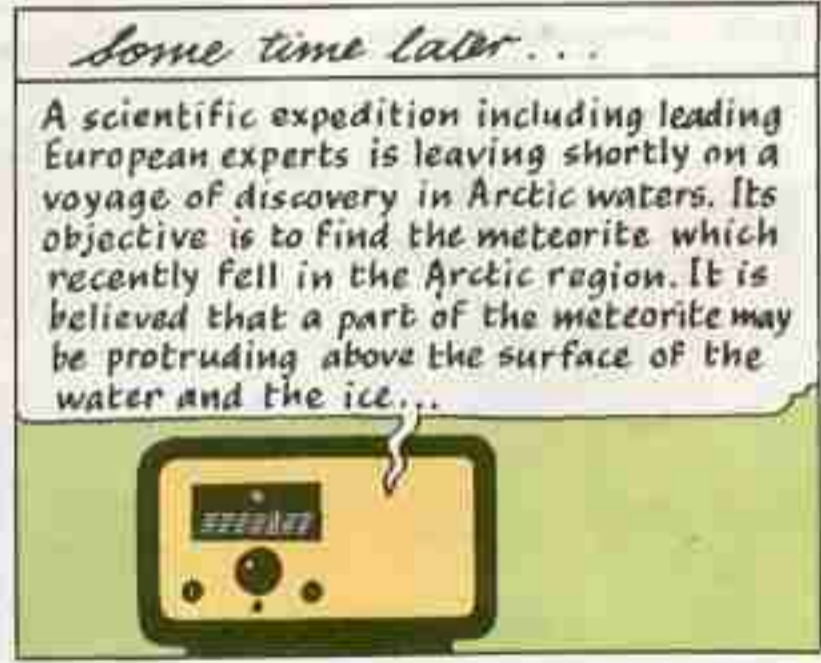
I, Decimus Phostle, have discovered a new metal! I shall give my name to it: phostlite.

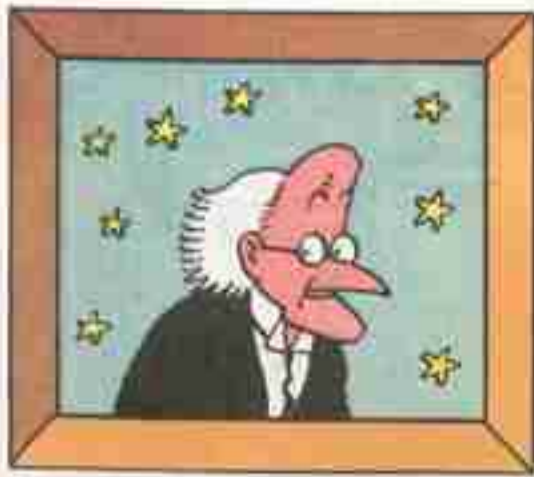
My heartiest congratulations!

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?



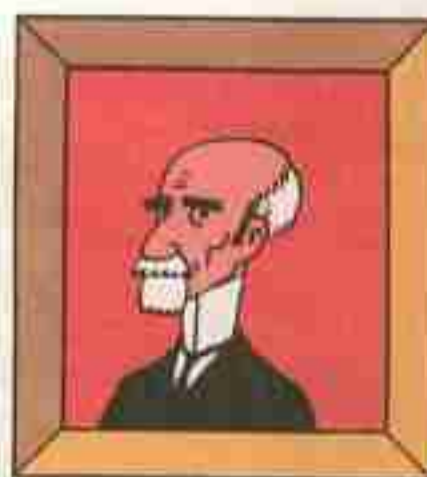




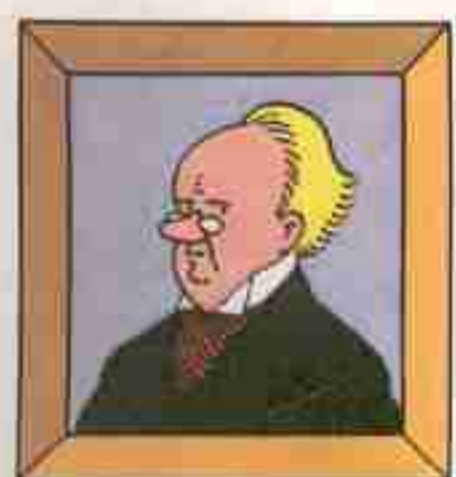
The expedition will be led by Professor Phostle, who has revealed the presence of an unknown metal in the meteorite. The other members of the party are:



... 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 Cantonneau, of the University of Paris;



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

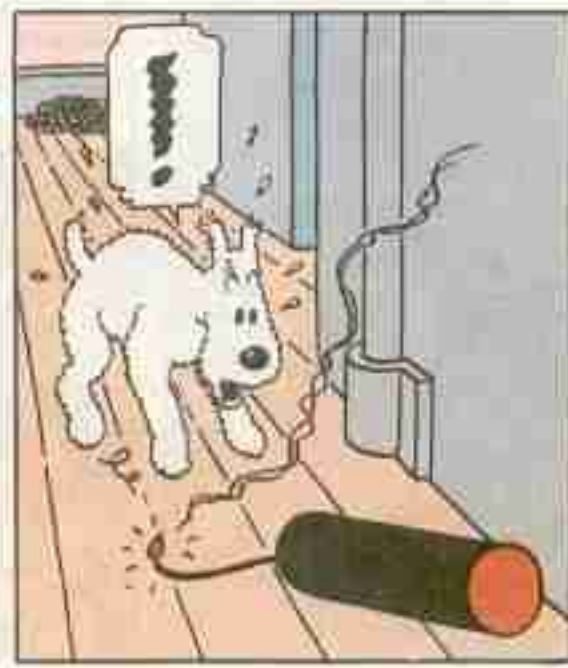
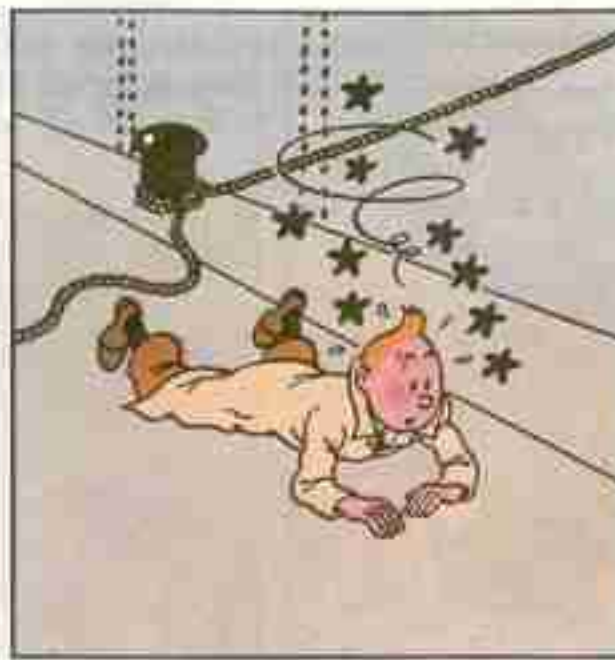
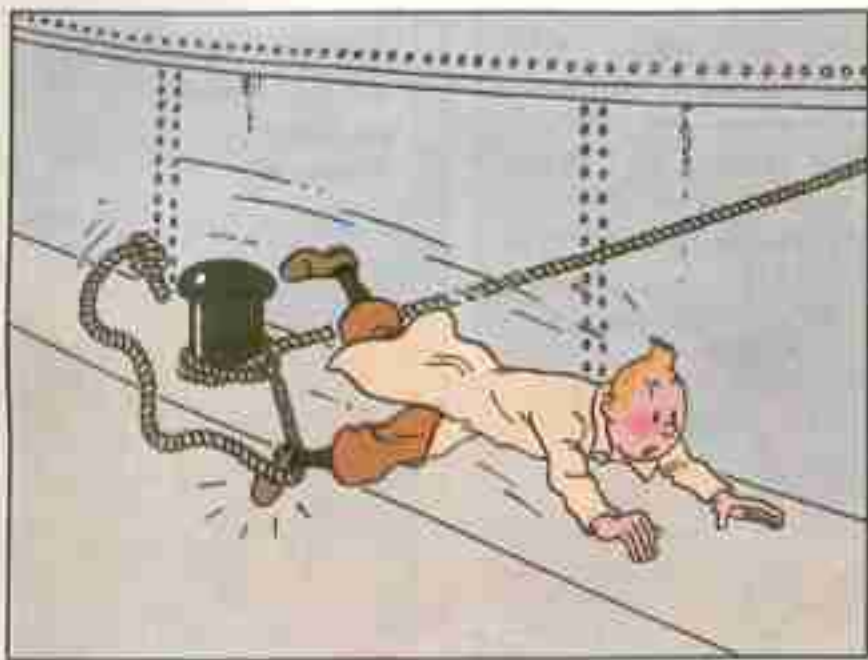


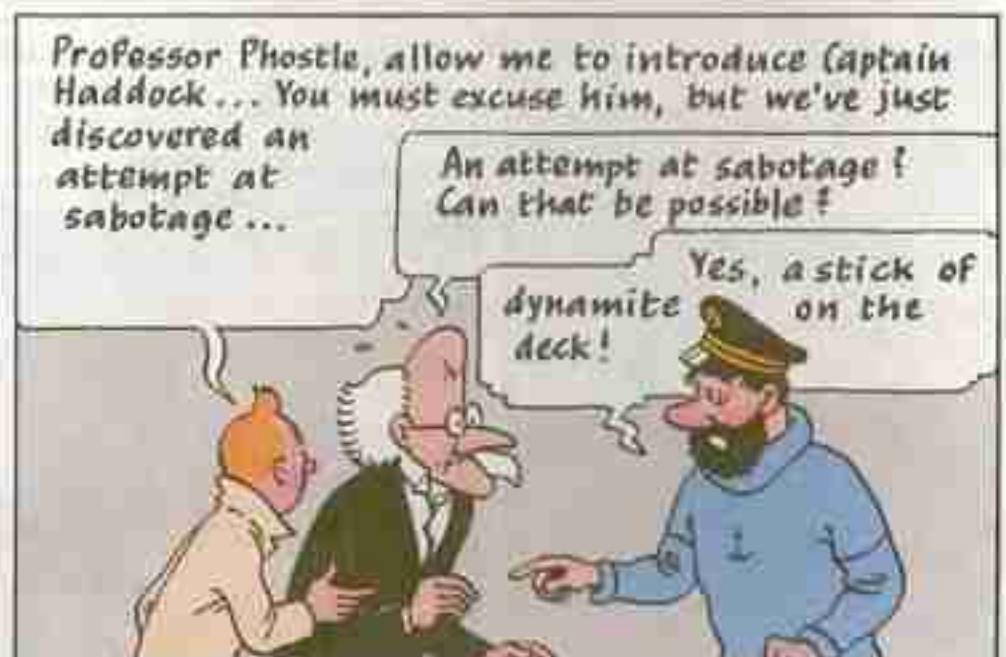
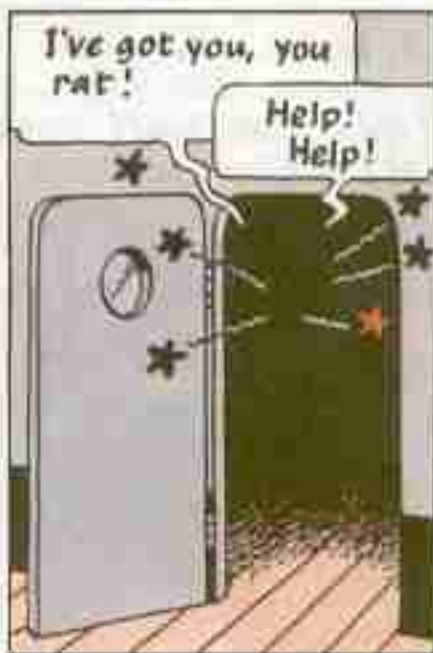
... Tintin, the young reporter, who will represent the press;

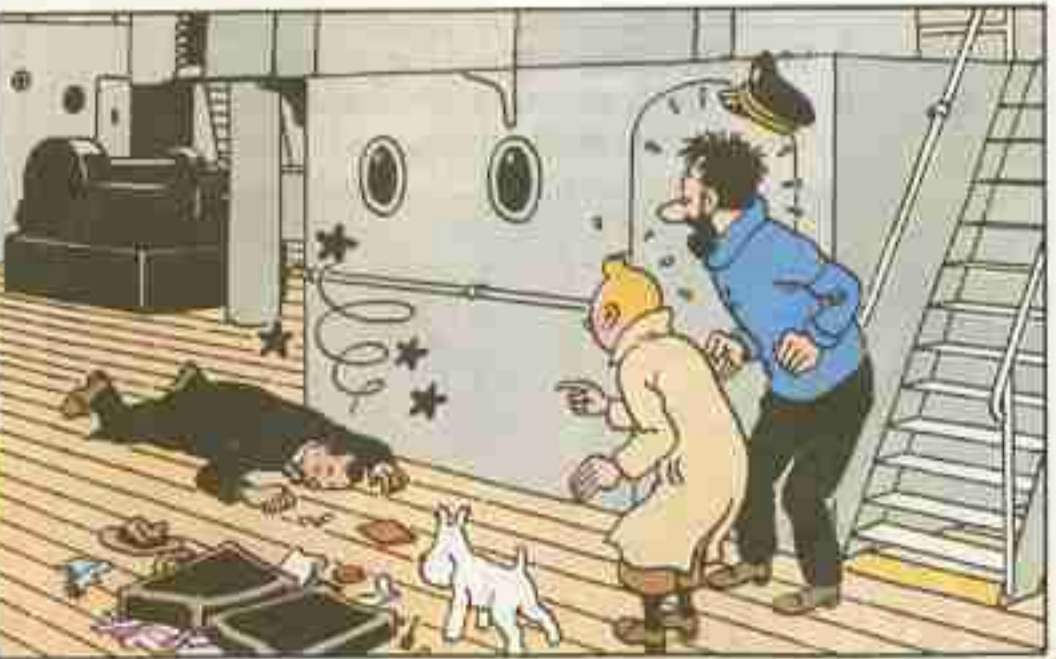
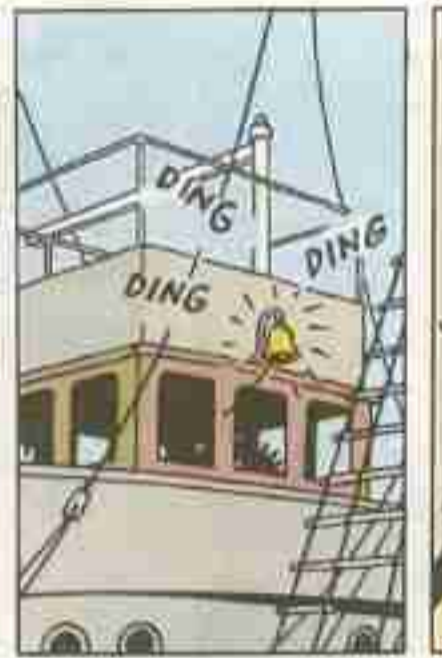


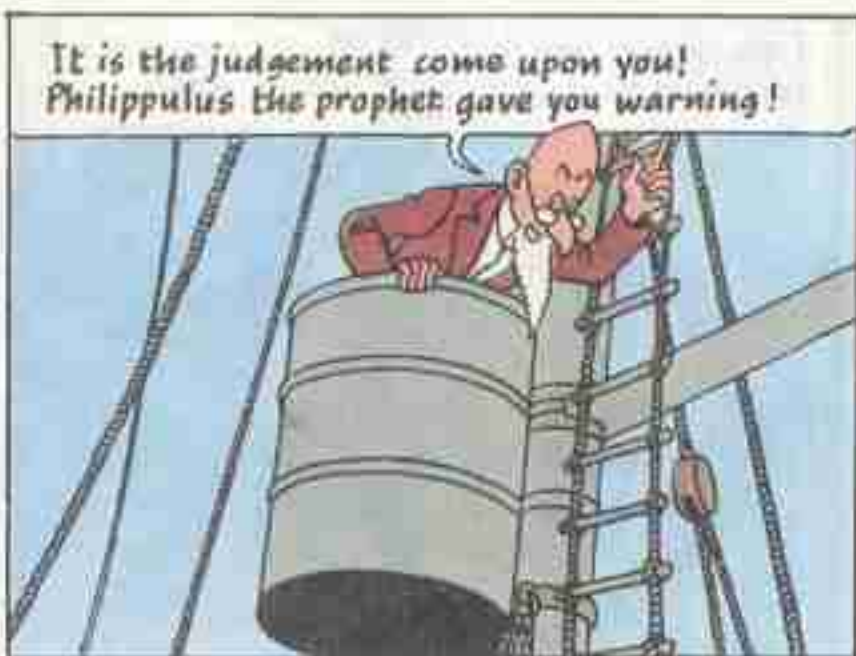
...and lastly, Captain Haddock, President of the S.S.S. (Society of Sober Sailors) who will command the "Aurora", the vessel in which the expedition will embark.









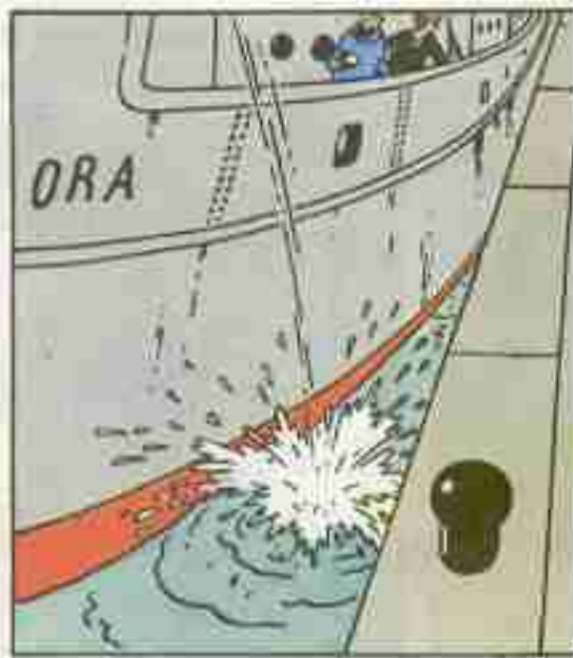




You! I recognise you!
You're the servant of
Satan! Keep your distance,
fiend!



!



ORA



Whew! That was a
close shave! I thought
it would explode before
it hit the water! ...



Great snakes!
What's he doing?...
In heaven's name
come down!



You speak not in the name
of heaven... but of hell! You
will never cast me down!



Higher and
higher! That
is my watch-
word!

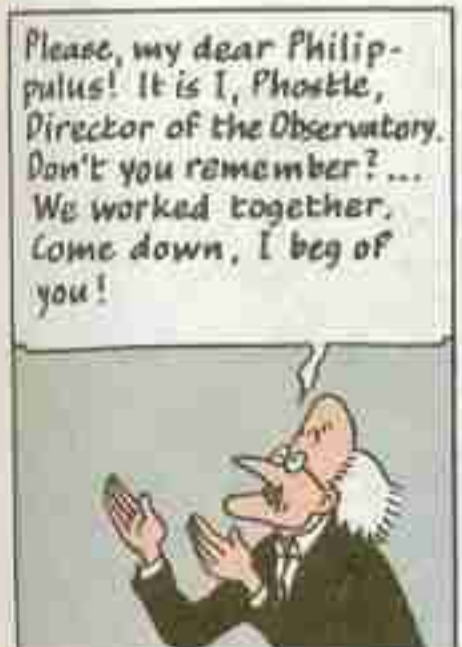
Poor old man!
He'll kill
himself!



Look here, Mr.
Prophet, do be
sensible. Come on
down. Look, I'm
going down,
too...



Yes! Go down!
Return to the shades
of hell, whence you
should never have
strayed!



Please, my dear Philip-
palus! It is I, Phostle,
Director of the Observatory.
Don't you remember?...
We worked together.
Come down, I beg of
you!



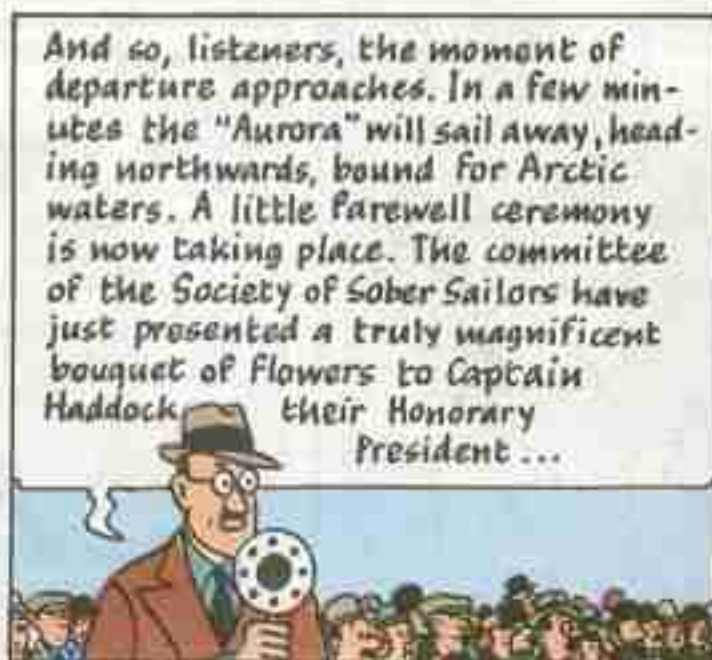
You are not Phostle!
You have assumed
his shape, but
you are a fiend!...
You are not Phostle!



But I'm Captain Haddock,
by thunder... in command
of this ship! And I
order you to come down,
blistering barnacles,
and double quick!



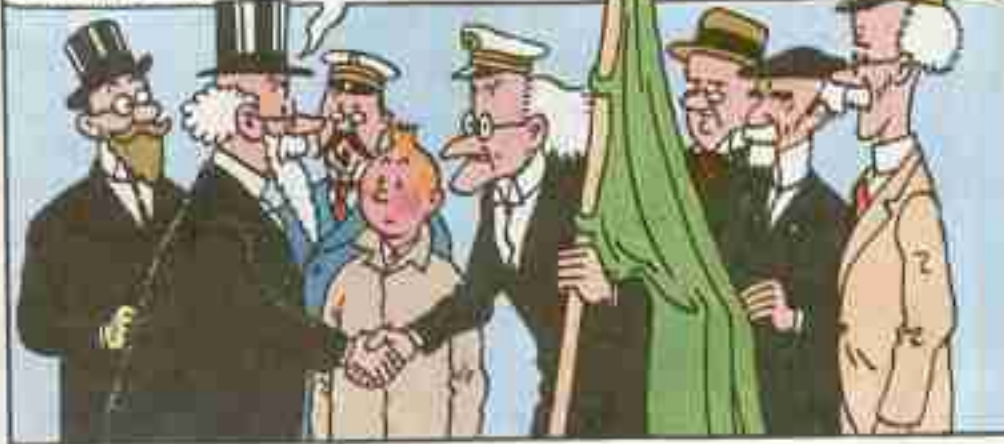
I'm sorry. I take
no orders, except
from above! I'm
staying here!



... and here's the President of the European Foundation for Scientific Research with the leader of the expedition, Professor Phostle, handing over the flag to be planted on the meteorite.

... I entrust this flag to you, Professor, confident that it will soon fly from the summit of the meteorite. I am sure you will find now metal, whose existence you have already announced.

Captain! Captain! ...



There's something funny going on...

Thundering typhoons!

Read this, Professor. My radio operator has just picked up this signal... He intercepted it quite by accident, while he was testing his equipment...

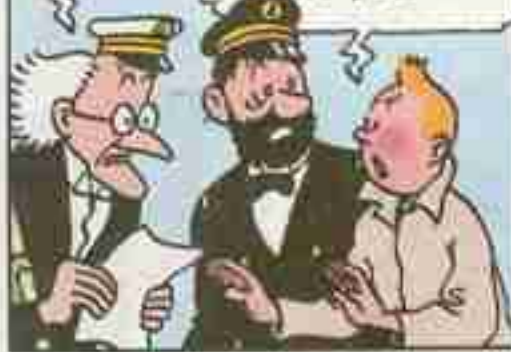


São Rico. The polar ship "Peary" sailed from São Rico yesterday evening on a voyage of exploration in Arctic waters. The "Peary" will try to find the meteorite which fell in that area and which, according to experts, contains an unknown metal...

They've stolen a march on us! They'll take possession of the meteorite! All is lost...

Tintin's right. We've still got a chance...

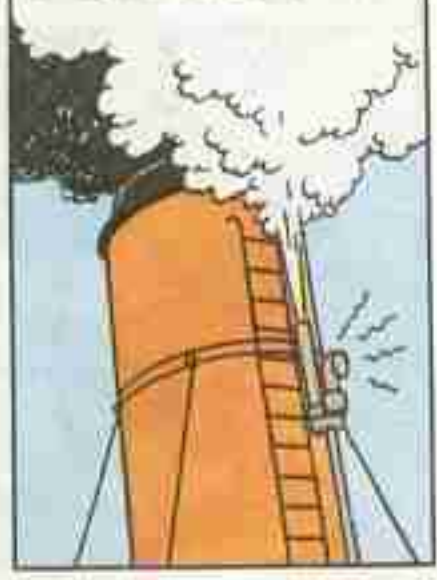
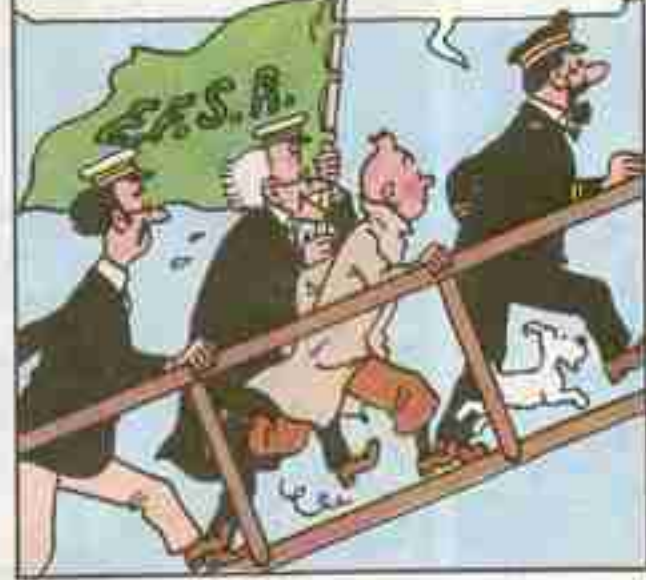
Hold on, they haven't found it yet!



ALL HANDS ABOARD SHIP!... We sail at once!

Stand by to cast off!

TOOOOOT



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...



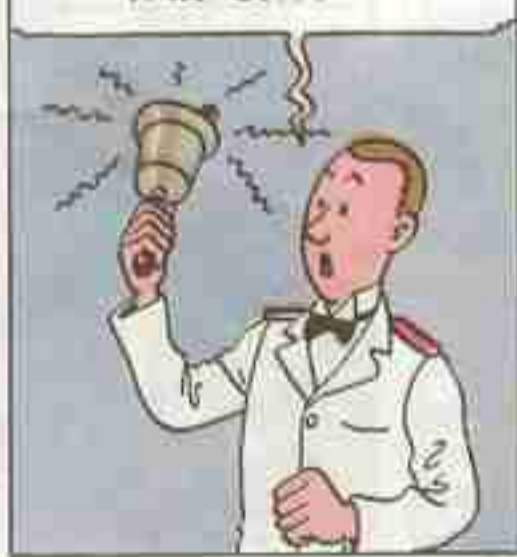
Look, Snowy, there's our seaplane up there, on its catapult. It will help in our search for the meteorite.



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



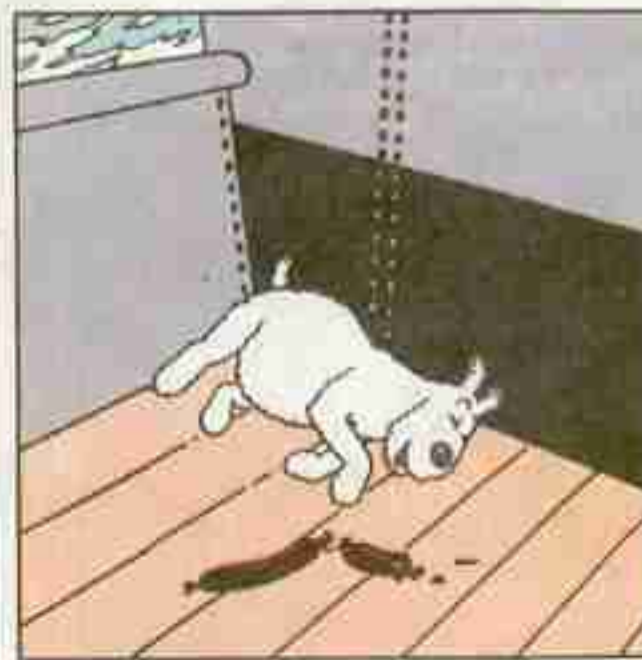
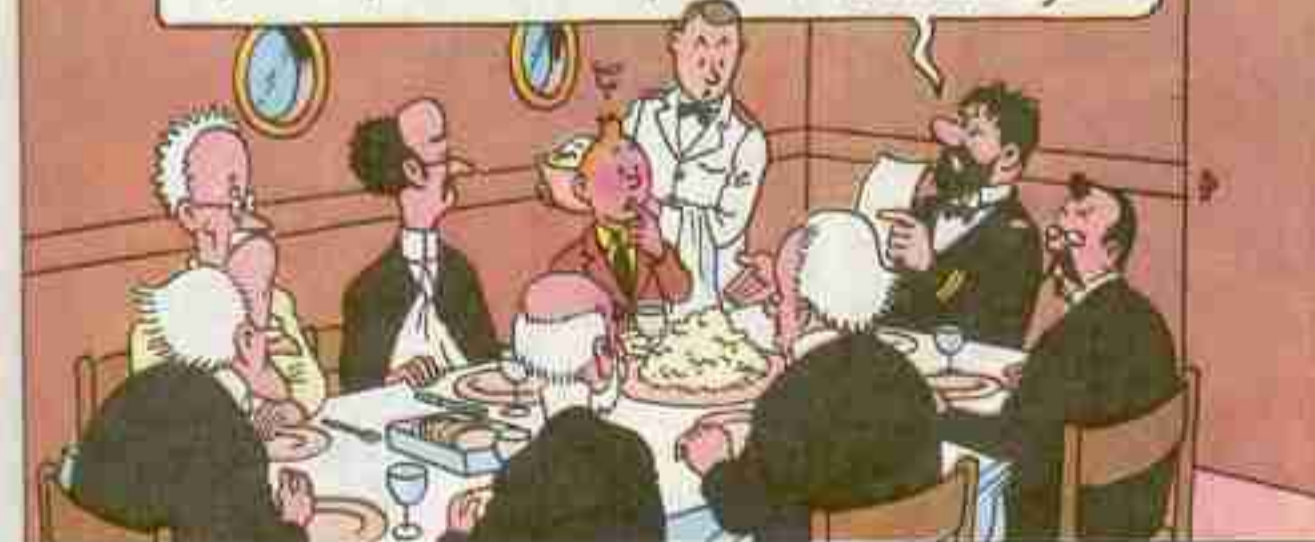
First service for luncheon!

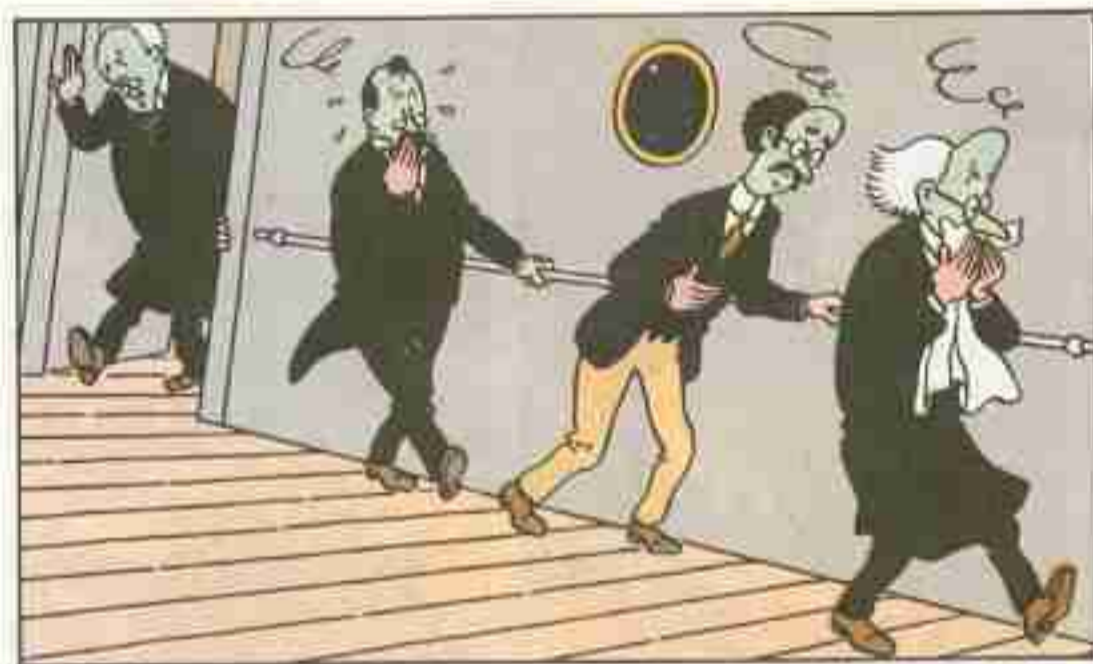
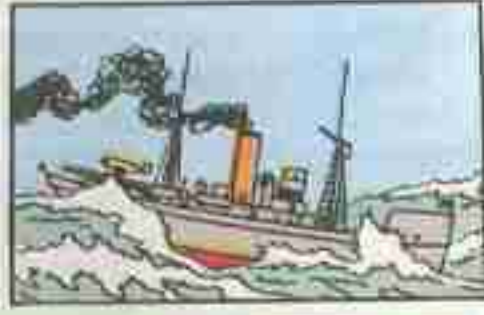


Where's Snowy got to? I don't see him about.

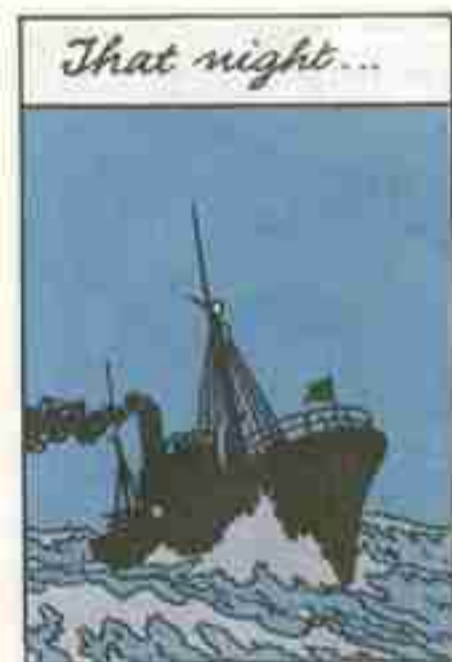


Hey, steward, what's the meaning of this? The menu says "Sausages and mash"! Right: where are the sausages?





They'll find their sea-legs in a day or two...



That night...



Impossible to sleep a wink... She's rolling worse than ever... Fairly dancing a jig!



Meanwhile, in São Rico...

Any further news of the "Kentucky Star"?

Nothing more, Mr. Bohlwinkel...



I've a good mind to go and join the Captain on the bridge.



Come on, Snowy we'll go to the bridge.



Great snakes!... It's blowing a real gale!



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?



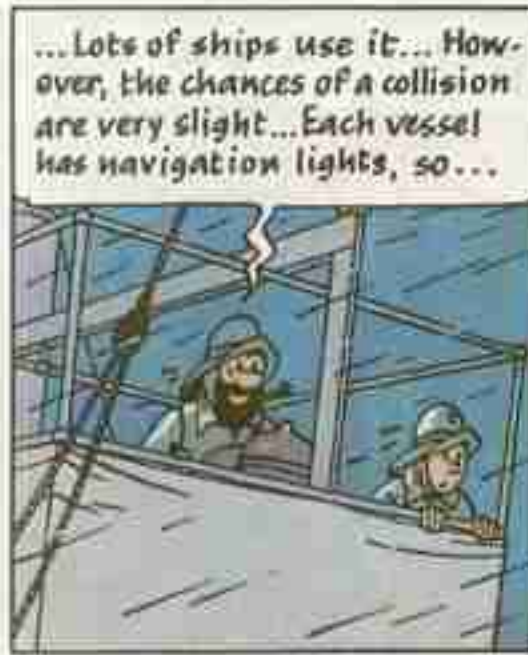
What?... A breeze? Isn't this a gale?

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



So we aren't in any 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!...



AURORA



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...

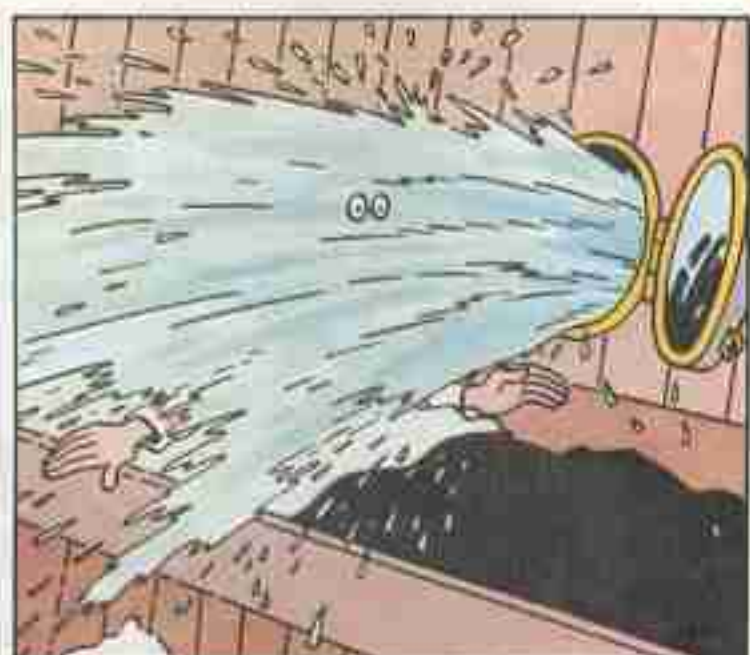


Would you mind if I opened the window a little bit? Some fresh air would do us good.

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



Aaah!... I feel better already.



Some days later...

Brrr! It's cold this morning. It feels as if we're approaching the Arctic region.



Have you noticed? It froze last night.



You ought to put on warm clothes: you'll catch cold going about like that.



You're quite right.

Come along, Snowy. We need our coats on.



I should have told him to be careful on the deck. This sheet-ice is really...



... dangerous!



Now we'll go and say good morning to the Captain.



I'm going to cause a sensation!

Here, send this by radio.



Aye, aye, Captain.

M.S. Aurora to President, E.F.S.R. In sight of Iceland. Putting into port at Akureyri, in Eyjafjördur, for re-fuelling. All well on board.



Here, Mr. Bohlwinkel: it's a message sent by the "Aurora" to the European Foundation for Scientific Research. Our wireless operator just intercepted it.



Give it me.

Aha!... They're putting in at an Icelandic port! Excellent! Excellent! I think, my dear Johnson, that their stay will be a long one... Let us begin by sending a short note. Take this down, Johnson...

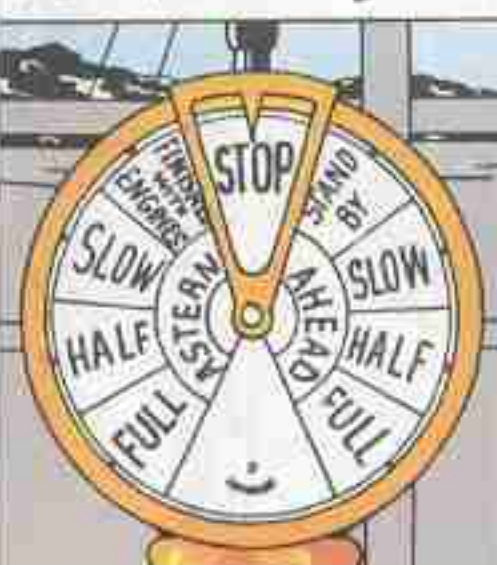


I'm ready, sir...

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"?



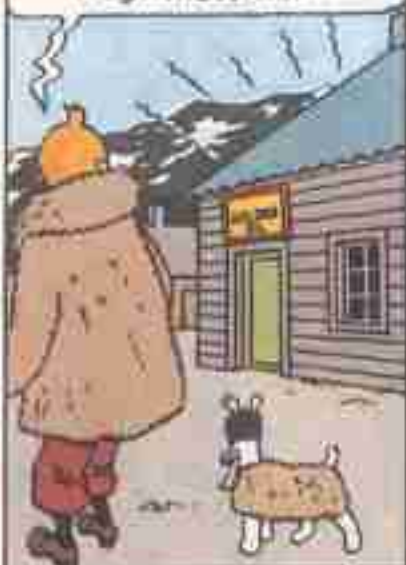
Oh!... I... I've bad news for you, Captain. I suddenly remembered, we haven't a drop of fuel oil in stock...



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!



Well?... Well?...
What happened?

There's no fuel to be had from Golden Oil. Not a drop!

So what? We'll ask someone else, that's all.

Someone else? Golden Oil have a monopoly of the fuel oil throughout the country.

But that means... We're stuck here?

Yes, stuck. And in the meantime...

...The "feary" continues her voyage!

Can't you look what you're doing, you seismic semaphore?

Me? A semaphore? ... You, why you're nothing but a...

Oh!

Fidgy! ... Fidgy!... Fidgy!

Fidgy! ... Fidgy! ... Fidgy!...

Boodle, boodle, boodle!

Boodle, boodle, boodle!

Aye, aye, ayeyeee!

Aye, aye, ayeyeee!

Dear old Chester!... Just the same as ever!

My dear Captain Haddock! You haven't changed a bit!

Tintin, let me introduce you to an old friend: Captain Chester, a shipmate of mine for more than twenty years.

I'm glad to hear it. I thought you were going to kill each other!

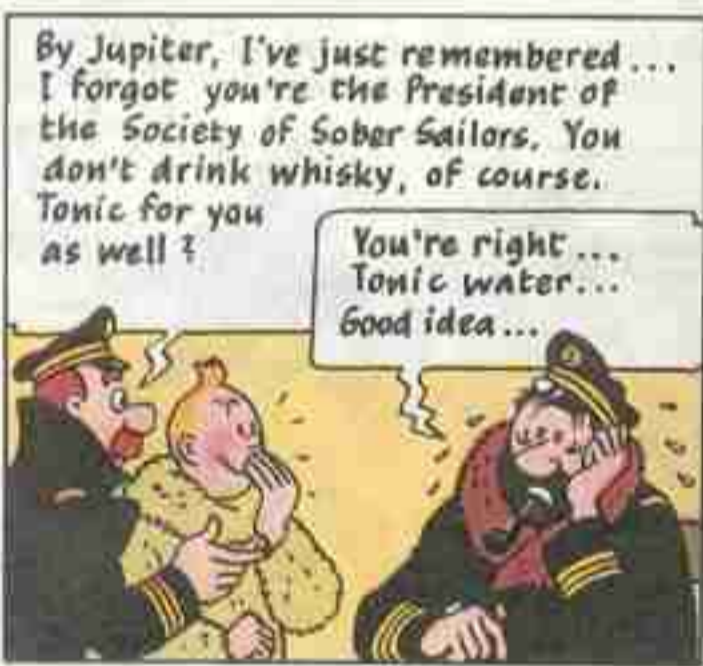
You're waiting to refuel?

You've said it!... What a country!... Not a drop of oil in the whole of this one-horse island!

No fuel?... But they've got plenty at Golden Oil. I was there just now. They're filling up my trawler "Sirius" tomorrow morning.

What? Someone's been having me on!

Ten thousand thundering typhoons! - I'll teach those pirates to play fast and loose with Captain Haddock!





Aaaaaaaah! ...
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?

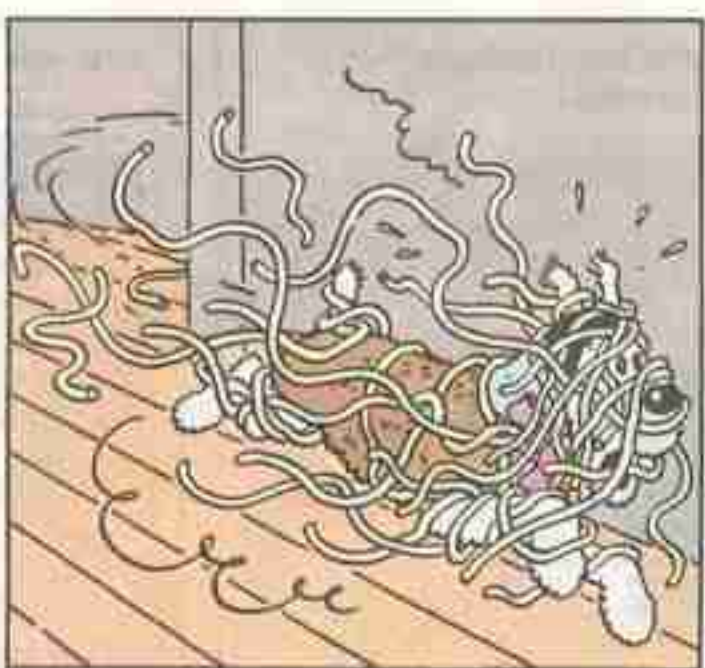
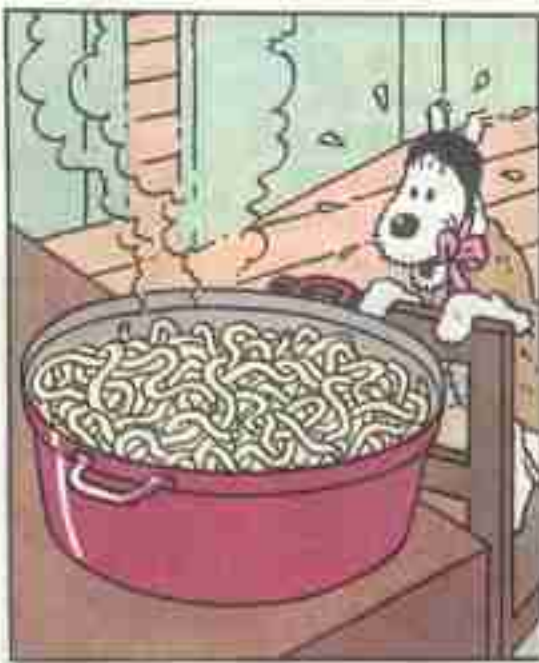
"Smithers, Golden Oil, Reykjavik.
Your orders carried out. Aurora
stays here until new instructions
received. Signed: Payne." That'll
be seven krón- ur.



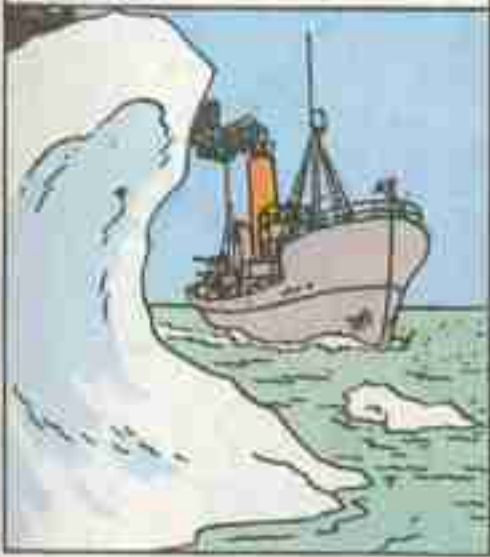
Good. That's the
"Sirius" going out...



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?... Hello?...



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.





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.

Blistering barnacles!



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?...



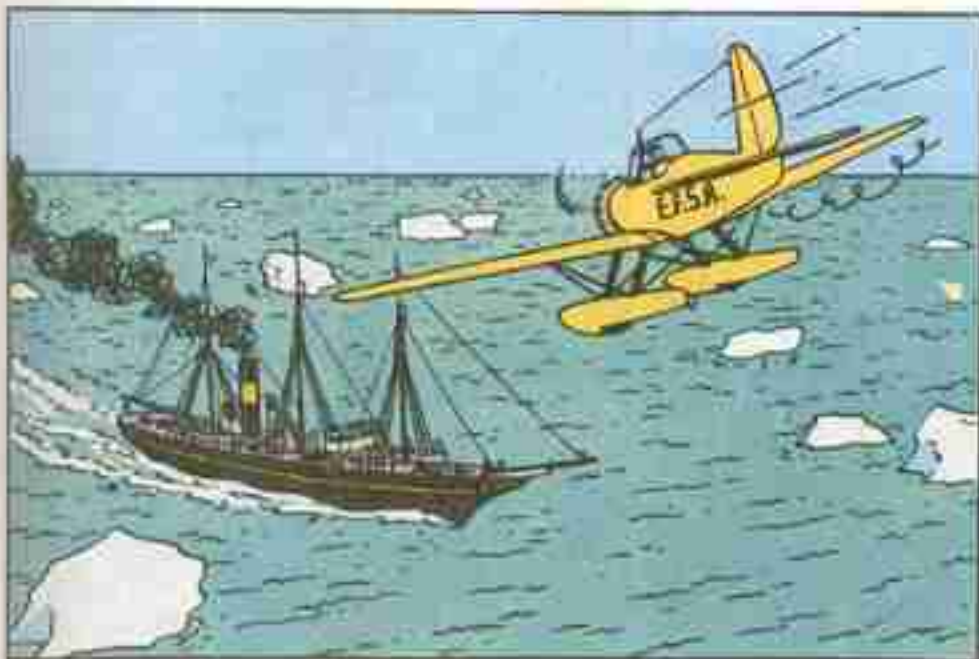
Bearing west-south-west. Yes, we're heading in that direction...



Hello?...Yes...They're steering towards the column of vapour? Thundering typhoons!... It's the "Peary", isn't it?...



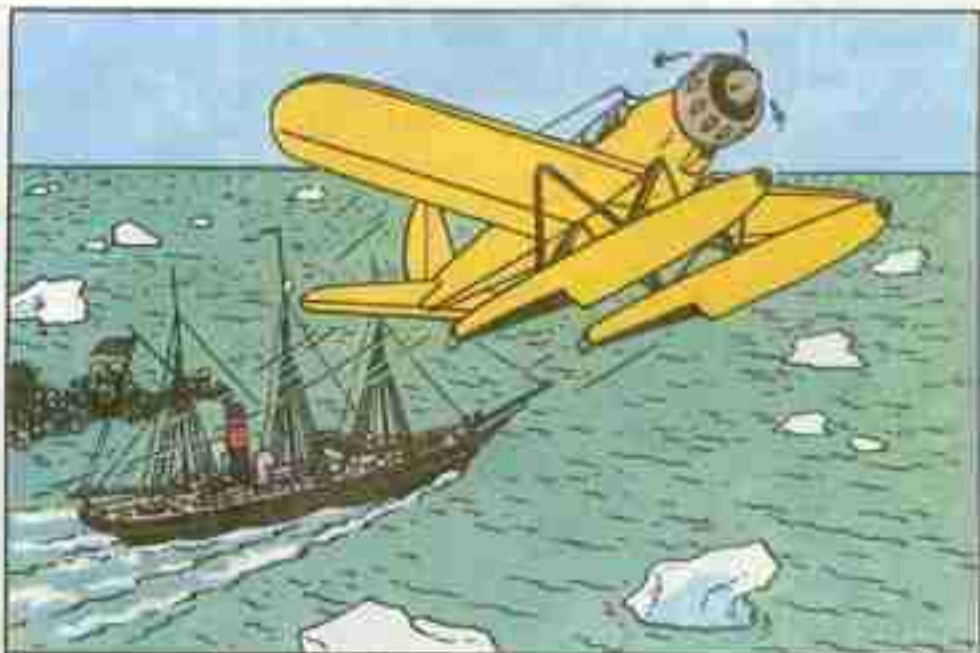
It's not possible to identify her yet... But we'll soon know...



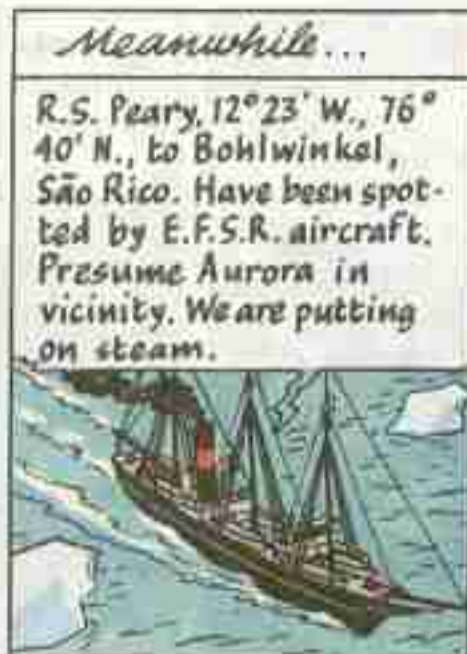
Well? What's the ship called?... Did you see?



The "Peary"!



They're heading for the meteorite... We're coming back - fast!



Meanwhile...

R.S. Peary, 12° 23' W., 76° 40' N., to Bohlwinkel, São Rico. Have been spotted by E.F.S.R. aircraft. Presume Aurora in vicinity. We are putting on steam.



I'm worried. I keep wondering how they'll manage to land without hitting one of those confounded icebergs...



There they are!



They're preparing to land... It'll be a miracle if they don't smash themselves up on an iceberg!

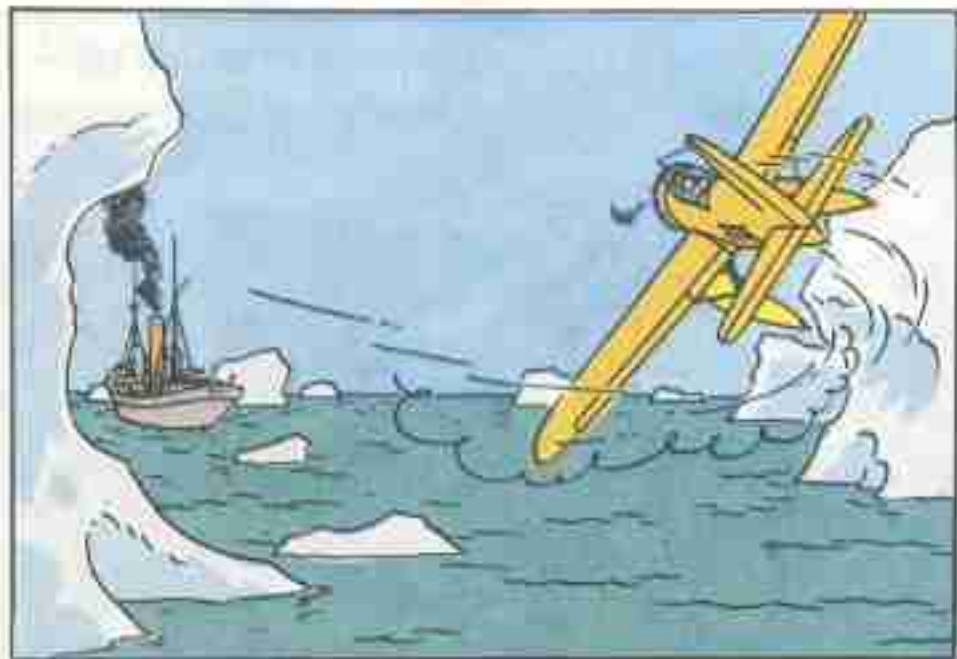
Well, Snowy old boy, if we get out of this in one piece we'll be lucky!



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 two hundred and fifty km ahead of us. We must overtake her!

Two hundred and fifty km 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 5 km each hour. They're 250 km ahead. So in 37½ 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 250 km! ...



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 250 km 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!

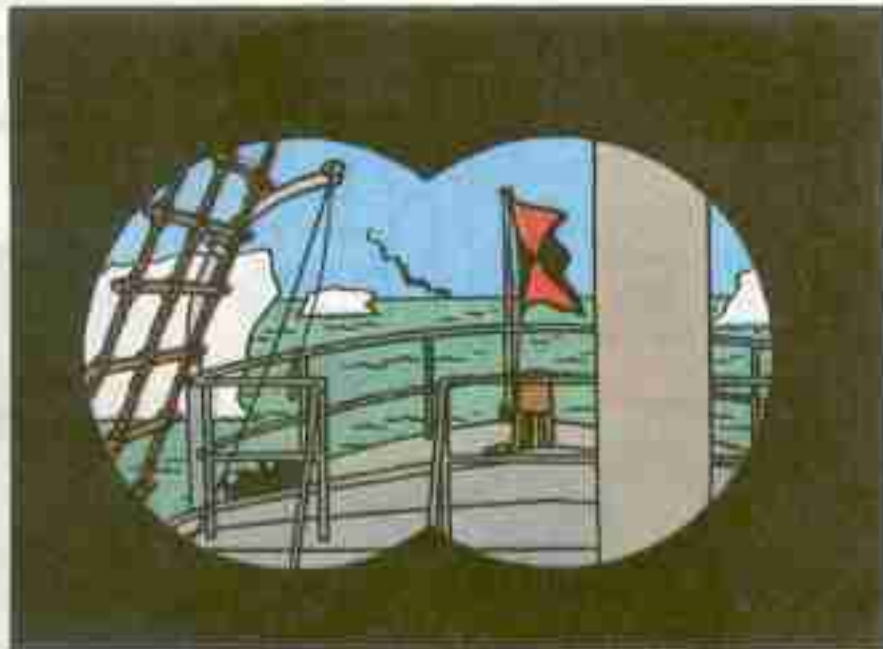


Aye, aye, sir.



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 transmitter 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 FORWARD...
..QUEST
ASSISTANCE
URGE...

There it is, gentleman. 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 decide.



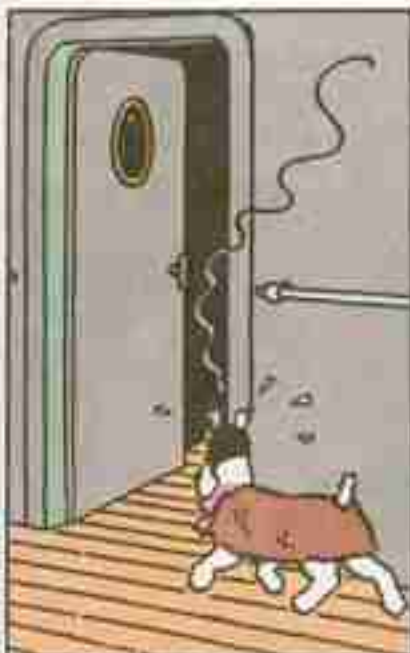
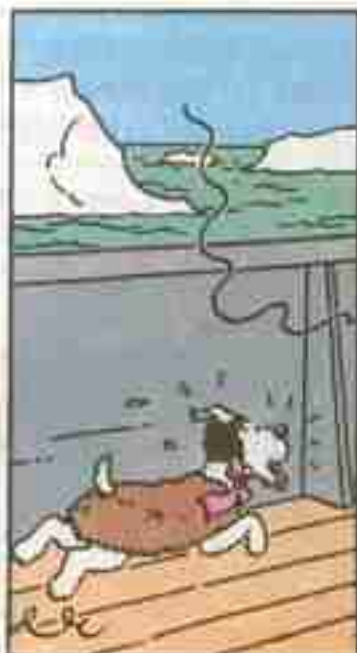
There's no question about it, Captain. Human lives are in danger. We must go to their aid, even if it does cost us our prize...

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

Bravo!



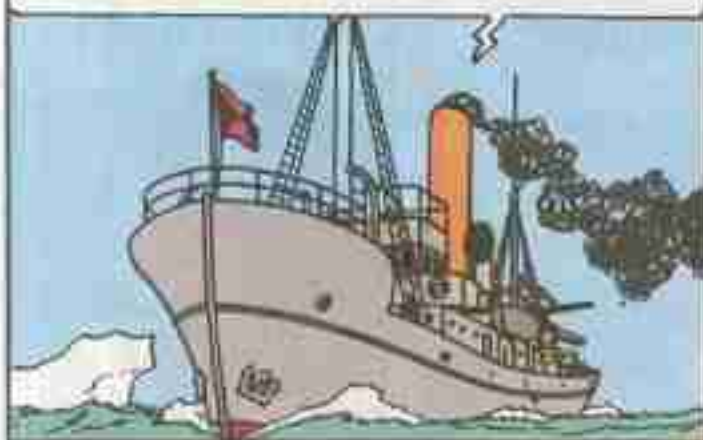
Come on. We must reply, and let them know we're coming to their assistance...



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, 14°12' W.





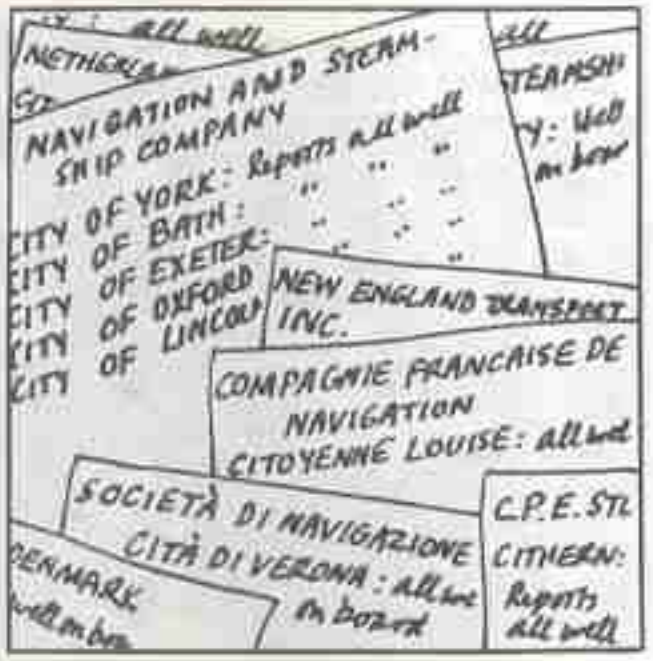
The next morning...

Good morning, boys! How goes it? Anyone answered your message?



Is that all?... Well, what is the name of the ship in distress?

I still don't know! Here, look for yourself...



ALL WELL

NETHERLANDS

NAVIGATION AND STEAMSHIP COMPANY

CITY OF YORK: Reports ALL WELL

CITY OF BATH: " " " "

CITY OF EXETER: " " " "

CITY OF OXFORD: " " " "

CITY OF LINCOLN: " " " "

NEW ENGLAND TRANSPORT INC.

COMPAGNIE FRANCAISE DE NAVIGATION CITOYENNE LOUISE: ALL WELL

SOCIETÀ DI NAVIGAZIONE CITTÀ DI VERONA: ALL WELL IN DORSET

DENMARK

C.P.E. ST. CITHERN: Reports ALL WELL



A fat lot of progress you've made! You don't even know the name...

Ssh!... There's another signal coming through.



Well?

We've got it. Here at last, the name of the ship. She's the "Cithara".



John Kingsby Navigation Company to Polar research ship Aurora. S.S. Cithara in distress 70°45' N., 19°12' W.



Now you've got what you want! There's your answer. She's the "Cithara" owned by the John Kingsby Company.



What are you looking for now? Her tonnage? Or her Captain's age?... Tell me, what more do you want to know?



Just one last detail, Captain. I think it will interest you. The "Cithara" does NOT exist!

!?



What do you mean?... Look here, that's impossible!

It's true, Captain!... The "Cithara" does not exist. Nor does the John Kingsby Navigation Company. The names don't appear in the register of shipping! Someone has sent us a fake S.O.S.!



A fake S.O.S.!... A fake S.O.S.!... Could the "Poary" have sent out the call to delay us?... No! No sailor would ever do that.

A sailor? No. But what about the expedition's sponsors?...



Billions of blue blistering barnacles! Pirates! They'll need a signal when I get hold of them!



Here. Send out the following message: Polar research ship Aurora to bogus John Kingsby Company... er... Deeply shocked by subterfuge... no... that's not strong enough... er... Gangsters!... that's it... Gangsters! Twisters! Traitors!... Woodlice!... Turn-coats!... Shipwreckers!... Mountbanks!... Moujiks! Signed: Haddock.



Quick, Captain, we must take up the chase!

And add: Rhizopods and Ectoplasm!



Helmsman ahoy! Wheel hard a starboard!



Hello, engine-room!... We're going after the "Peary" again. Increase your speed!

I wonder if we can possibly catch up with them...



Increase speed, Captain?... It's impossible... We're going all out already!



I don't care how you do it!... But we must go faster!



A fake S.O.S. ... The pirates! ... You know, if it hadn't been for you, we'd still be going south! ... By the way, what first aroused your suspicions?



Thundering typhoons! What's the matter?



I think I must have fallen asleep...

It's true, you've been up all night. Go and get some sleep now.



You're right. I'll go to my cabin for an hour or so. Have a good rest.



Snowy!... Come on, Snowy.

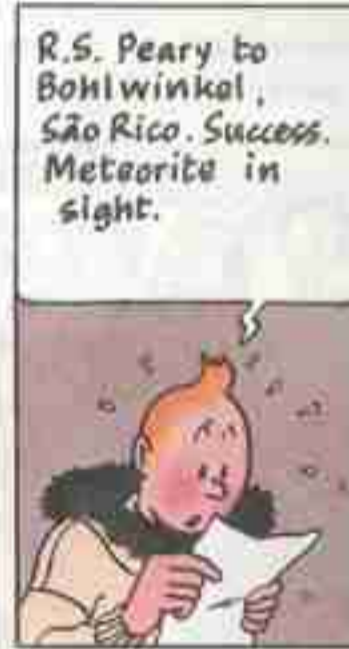


Whoever invented a ladder like this! You can see he never owned a dog!



Snowy?... Are you coming?







Howling for the dead. A bad omen...



What is it now?... He's suddenly cheered up.



Blistering barnacles! The plane's returning...



Hello, he's landing... What can that mean?



The flag!... We forgot the flag to plant on the top of the meteorite.

Thundering typhoons! So we did...



I'll go and fetch it.



There.

Thanks!



OFF we go!

Snowy!... Here, Snowy!...

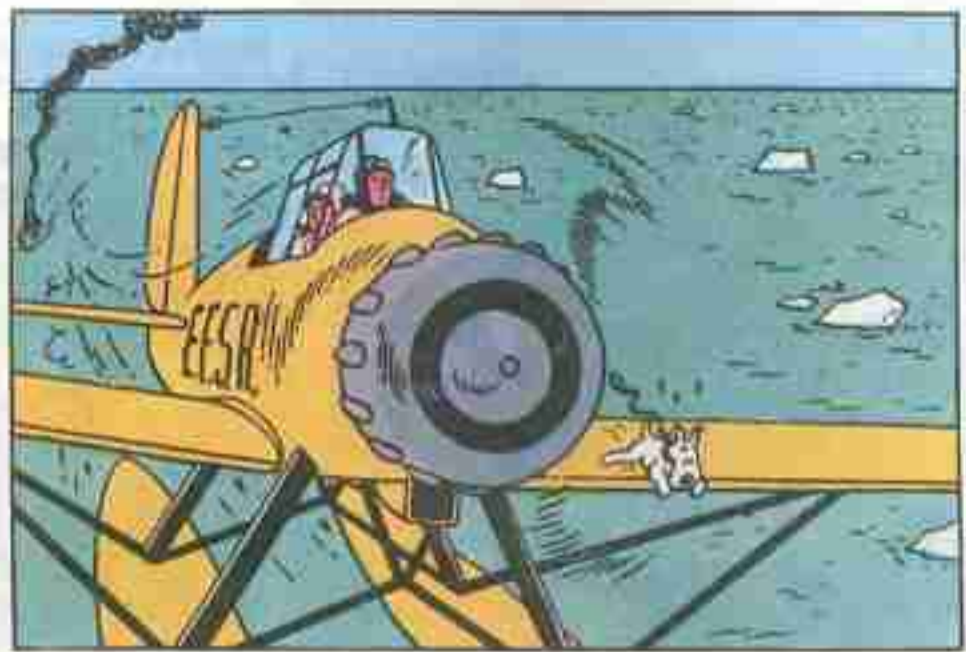


Tintin!... Look out!... You've got Snowy!



Oh Columbus!... They haven't seen him! Poor Snowy!

Oh my goodness!



The radio!... We must warn them by radio!...



Hello?!... Hello?!... Hello?!... Snowy's gone with you!... Yes, Snowy... He's clinging to the port wing of your aircraft.



We must land.

No, we've no time to lose...



Hello?!... Hello?!... Snowy is safe! Yes, I've got him here with me...



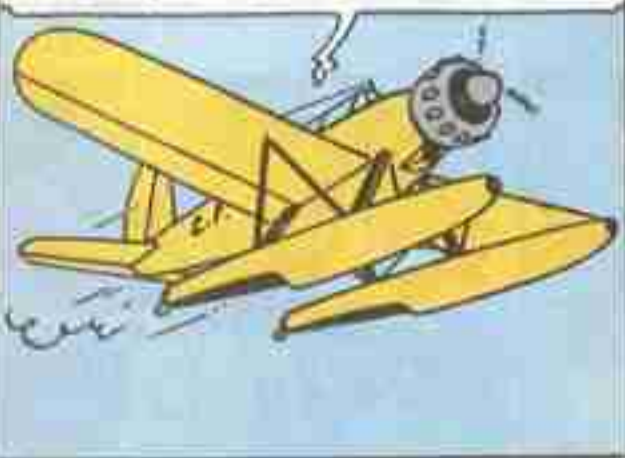
We're getting near... There's the cloud of vapour rising from the meteorite...



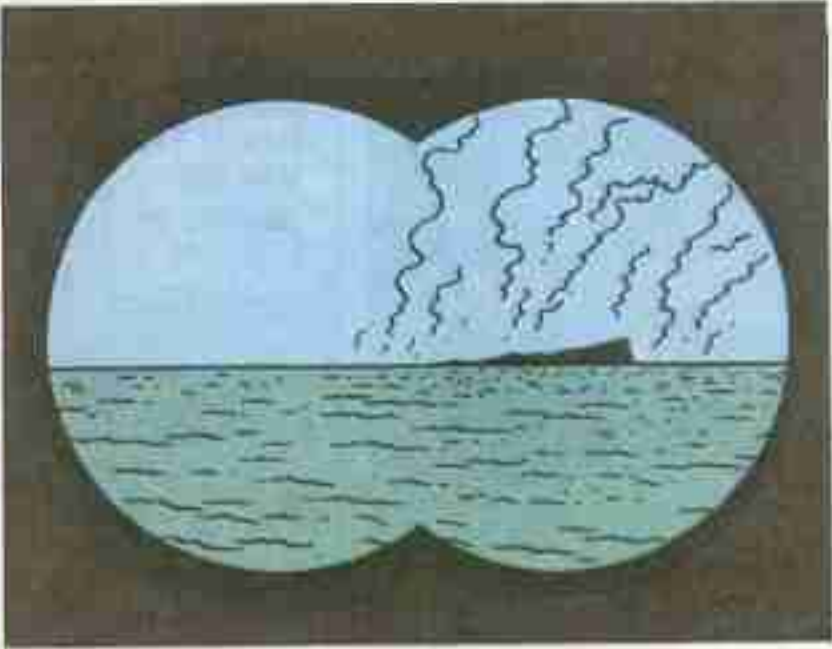
Some time later...

Hello, hello?!... Captain Haddock here. Any news?!

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!



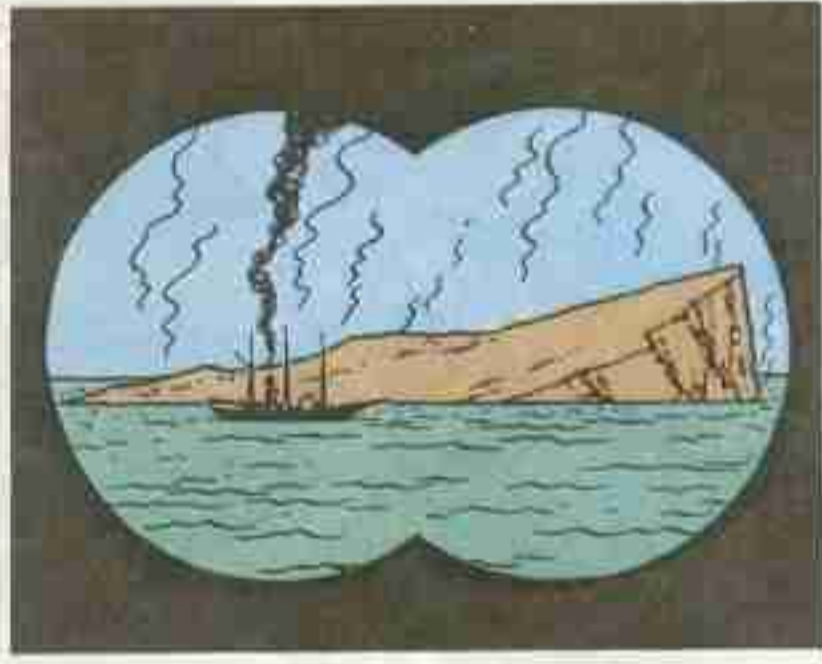
Hello... Tintin here... We can see the meteorite!!



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...

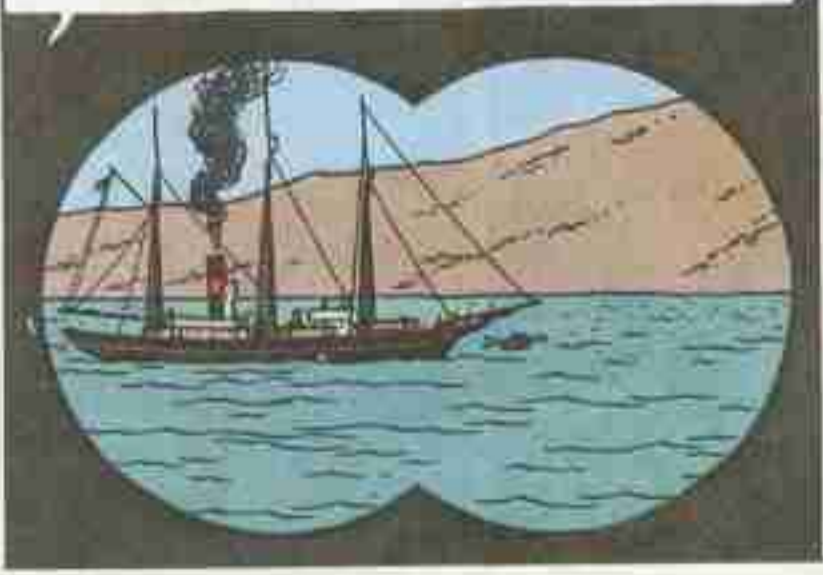
Hooray! Then there's still hope!



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...



This is it! The meteorite is ours!



RRRRRRRRRR

Hello! That sounds like an engine to me...

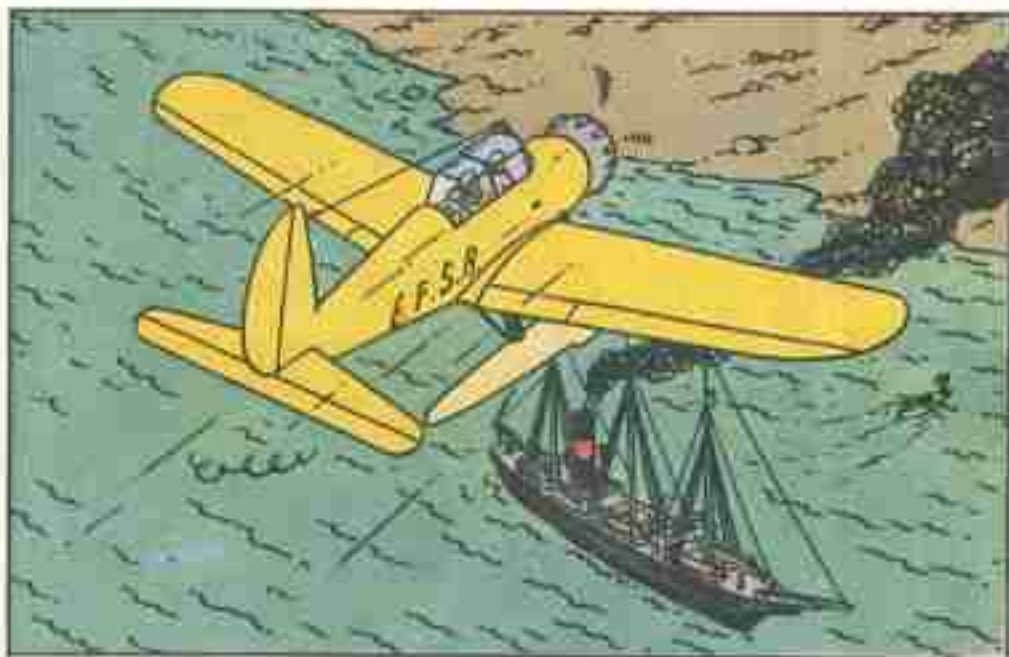
There, Captain, it's an aircraft!



It's the seaplane from the "Aurora", confound it!



Bah! By the time they've come down on the sea and launched their rubber dinghy, our men will be ashore on the meteorite.



Anyway, it doesn't look as though they intend to land. They're simply flying over the meteorite...



Woah!



Devil take it! He's jumped by parachute. He's going to land on the island and plant his flag!



Crumbs! ... The flag!...



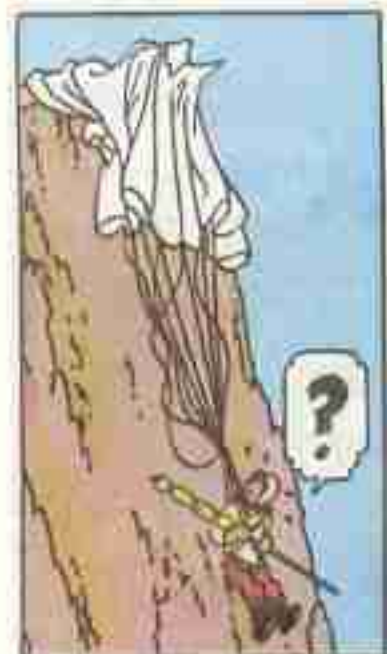
That was lucky!

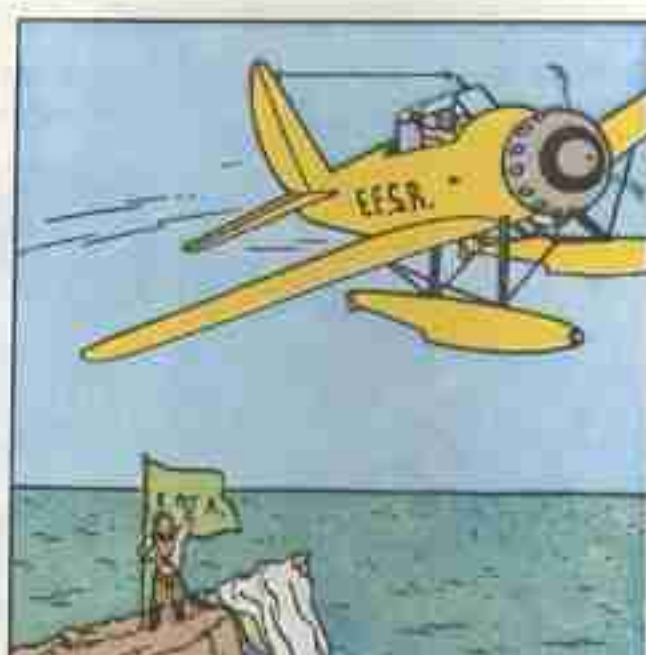


There he goes! He'll arrive before us!

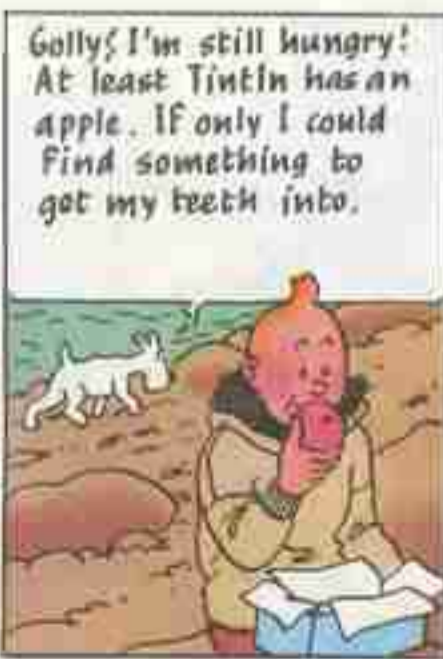
No! I know how to stop him!

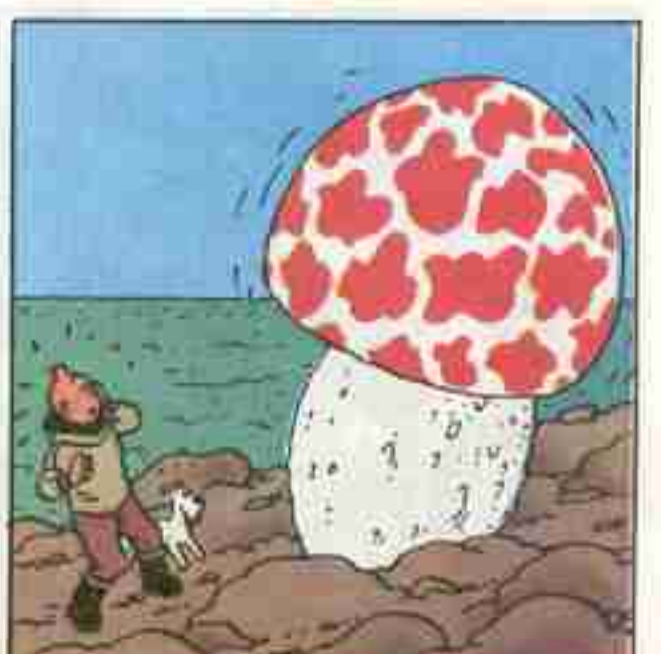
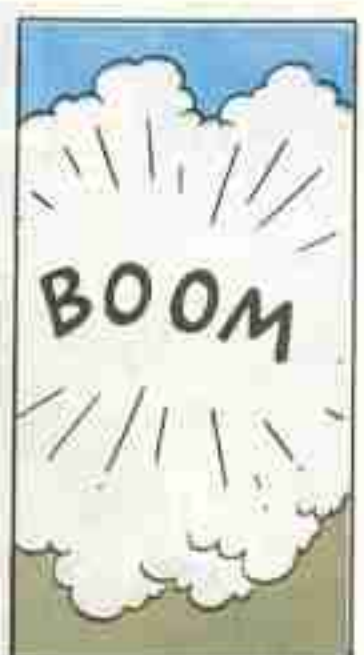


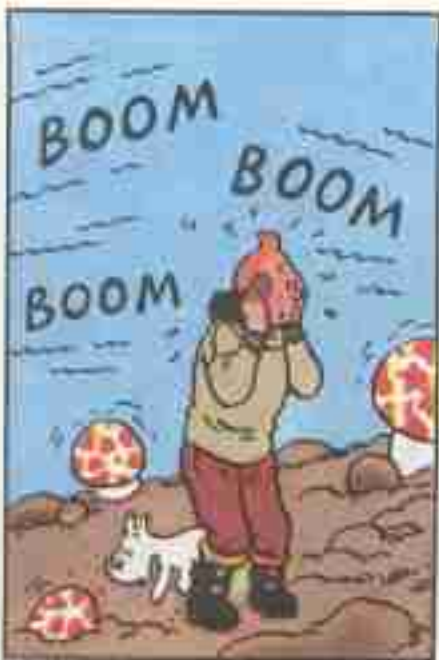


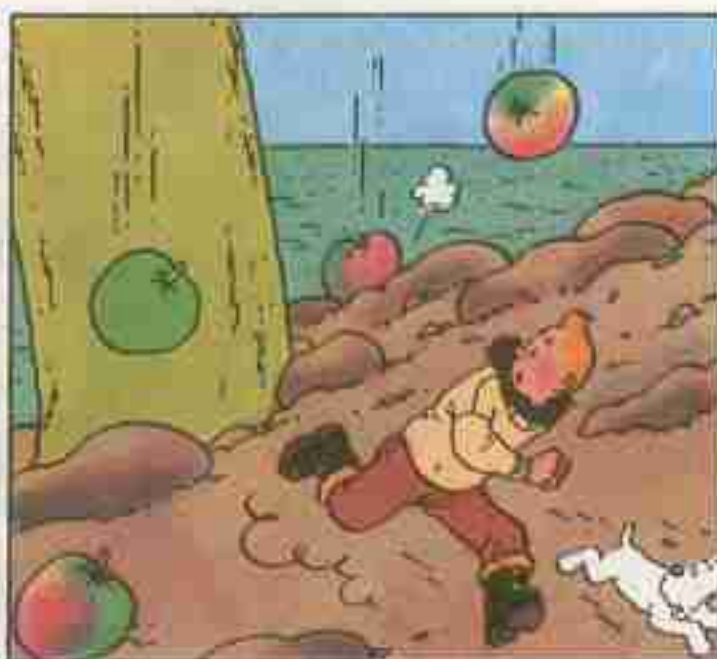












An earthquake! That's the last straw!



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?

Shh!... Quiet!...



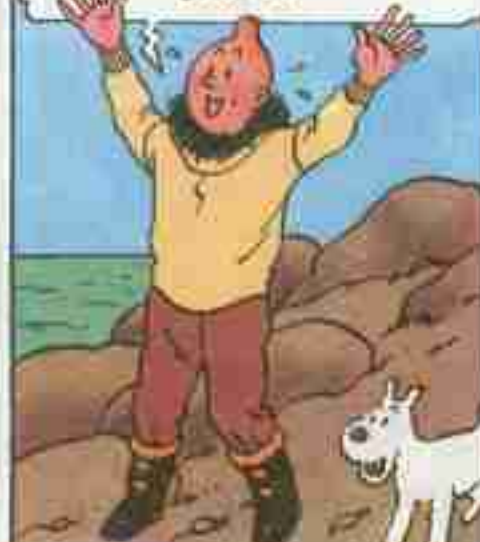
This time I'm sure of it... I can hear the sound of an engine.



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

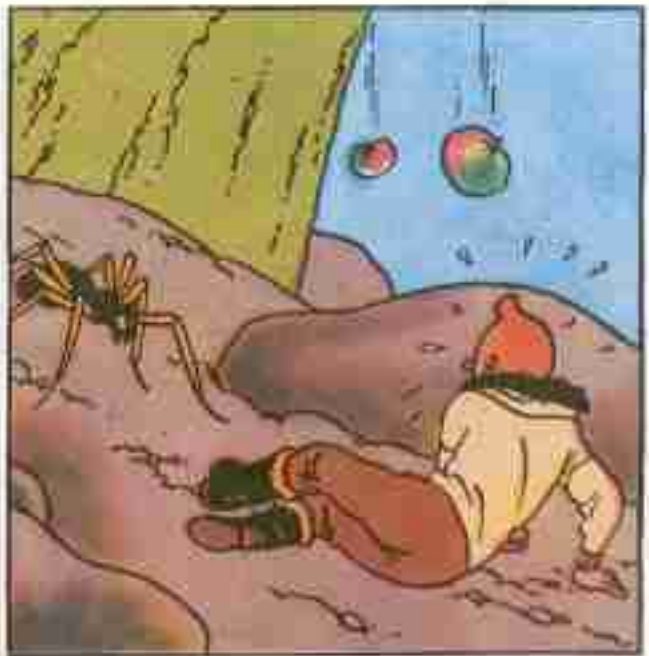
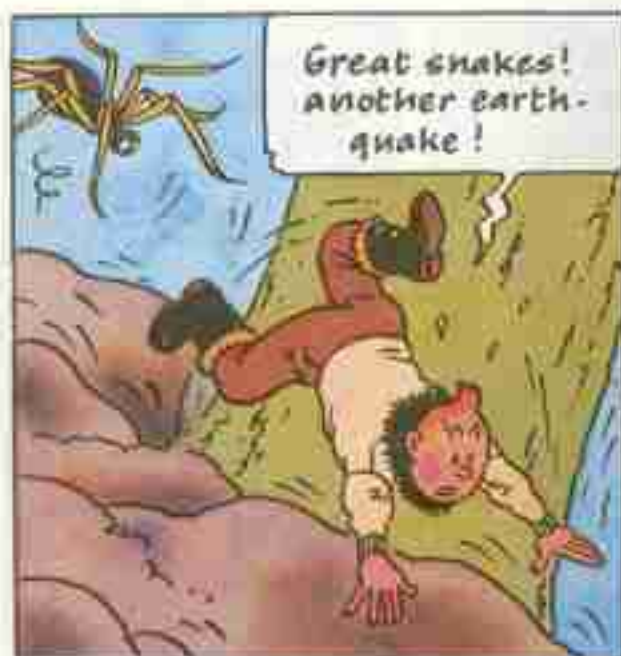
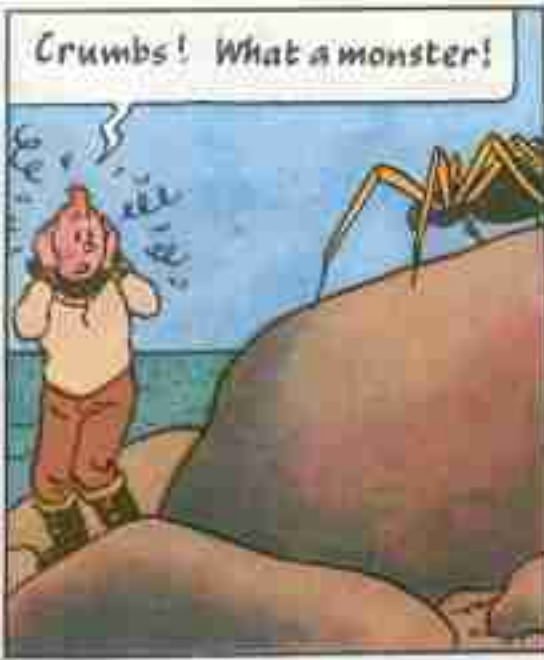


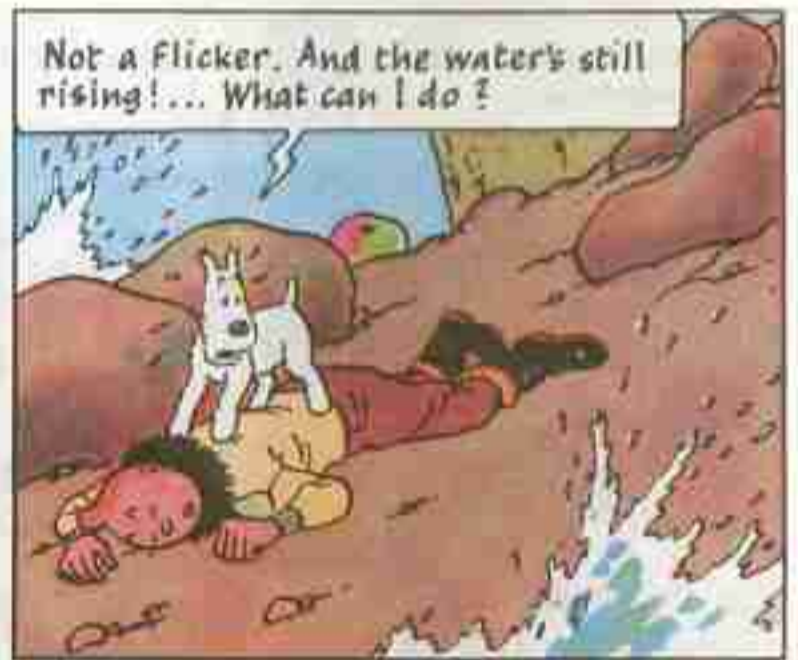
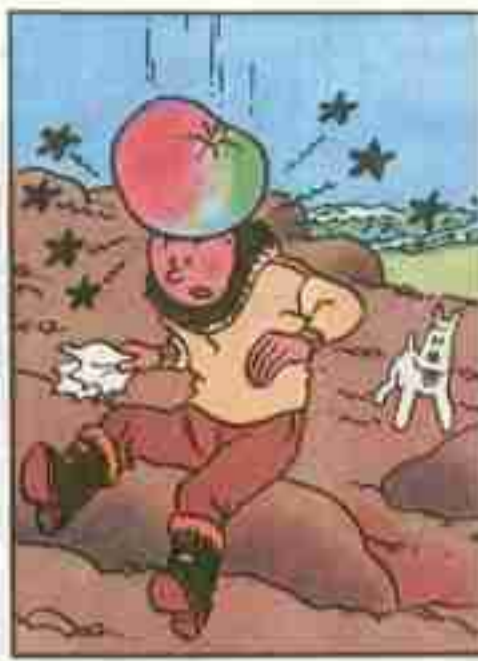
Hooray!... We're saved!

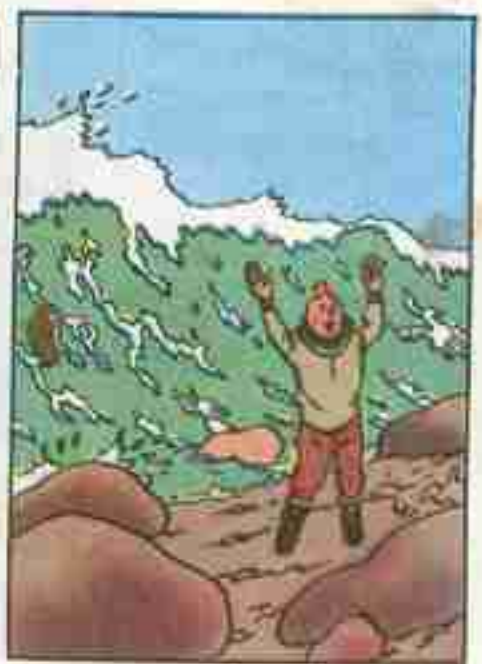


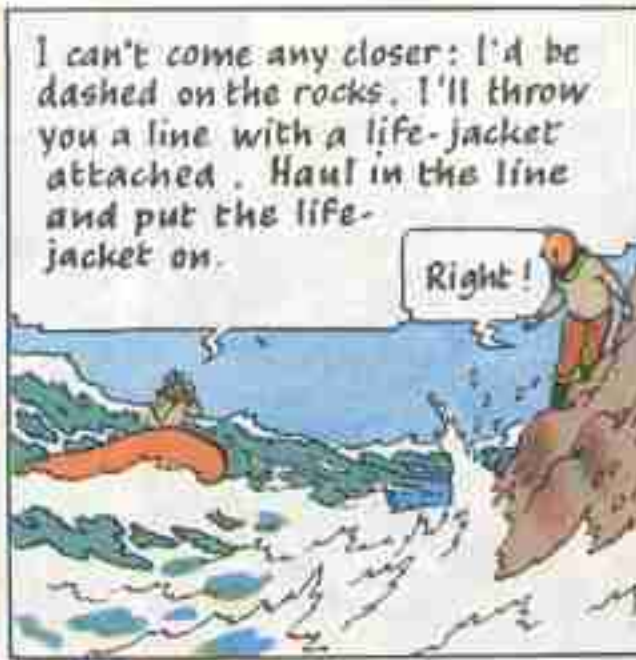
Oh, what a beautiful mo-o-orning!













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



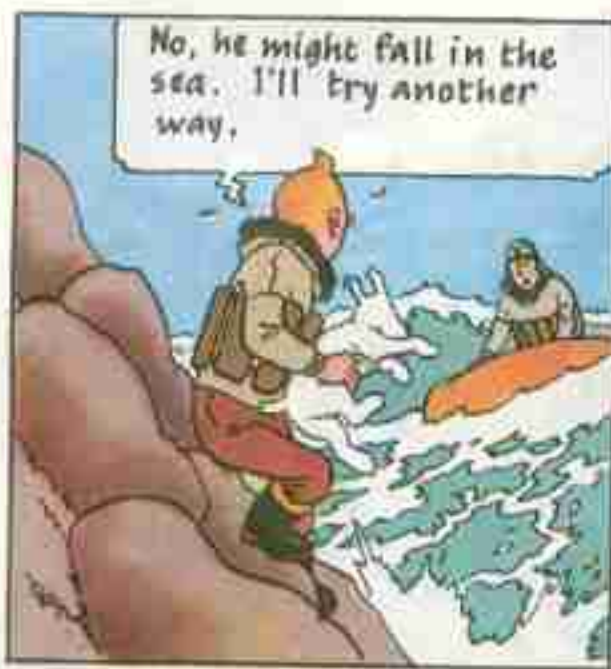
All right, stop crying. You aren't going in the water.



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!

Got you!



Safe at last!
Now, let's get out
of here, fast!



What an idiot
I am!



?



What are you doing?
It's madness to go back!



For heaven's sake come back!
You'll go down with the meteorite!



We must have a lump of the mineral...
for Professor Phostle. Otherwise
all our efforts will have been wasted!



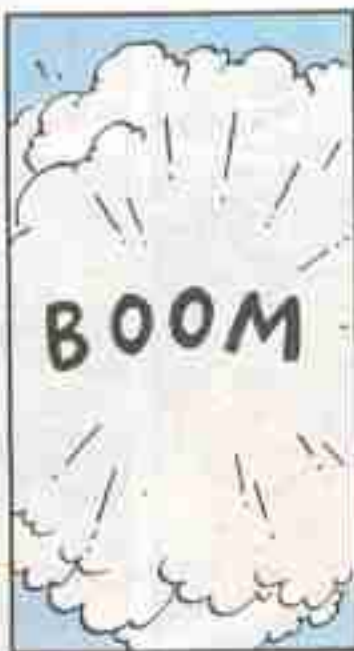
Quick!... Catch!



Tintin!... I
can't see Tintin!







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 underwater 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

