

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF  
TINTIN

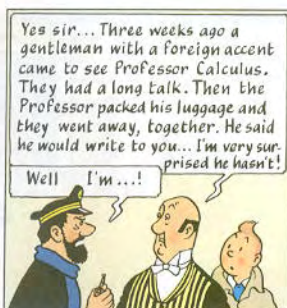
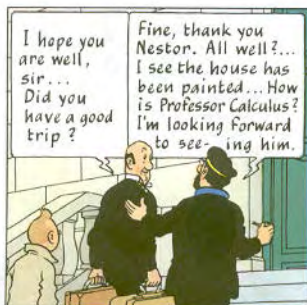
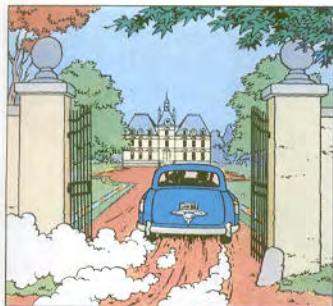
# DESTINATION MOON

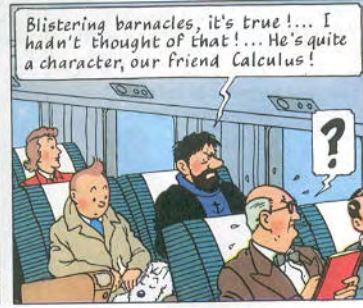
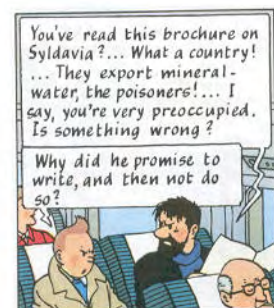
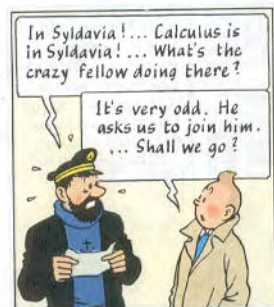


MAMMOTH



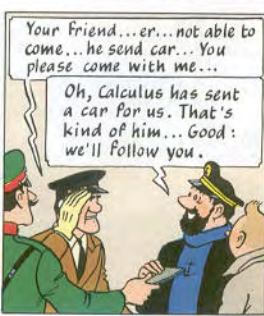
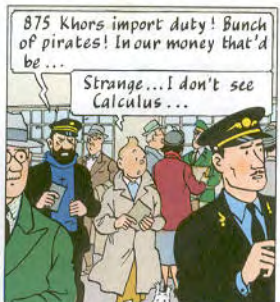
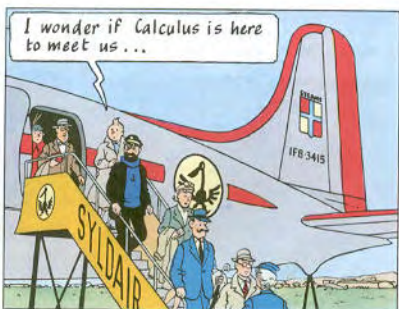
# DESTINATION MOON







Two hours later...



Calculus is doing things in style, eh?... With a chauffeur and a flunkey, by thunder!

Maybe...



What lovely country... It's a pity they only drink mineral-water. Eugh! and they like it. Why do you keep turning round? ...

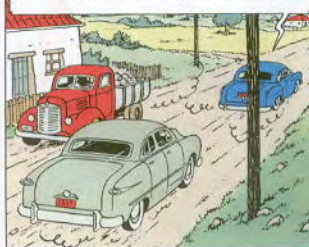


I'm watching that car... It's been following us from the airport ...

I expect it's going to Klow, like us.



Perhaps... Anyway we'll soon be there... We're coming to a town.



Hi! What's happening? We're not on the Klow road!



Hey, driver what's the meaning of this?... Where are you taking us?

Sprodj!



Sprodj yourself, you Bashi-bazouk! You were asked where we're going. Tell us!

Sprodj, zir. Your friend there...



НОРХВН  
БЕРТРАТЗ  
SLOW  
ROAD WORKS



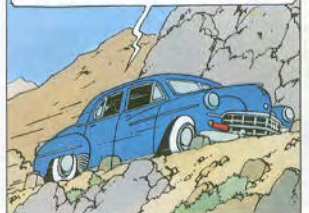
Billions of blistering barnacles! Why didn't you slow down, ectoplasm!

You speak me, zir?... I not see... We go...



Two hours later...

That other car is still following us...



The country is getting wilder and wilder. I wonder... Why, whatever's this?



Captain, just look at that signboard.





By thunder, I'm thirsty! I'm going to get a drink... And while I'm about it I'll see just what that car's doing behind us.



Hält!... Inn dzehoujchz blavch!



What?... Is this how you treat tourists in this thundering country of mineral-water-drinkers?



Thundering typhoons, I'm thirsty... Thirsty! You understand? No? Er... J'ai soif... Ich bin durstig, blistering barnacles! Drink.. glug-glug Ah?... Döszt?



Vladimir!... Eh! Vladimir! On fläsz Klowaswa vüh dzapeih... Eih döszt!... Ah, he's understood... About time too!



Billions of blue blistering barnacles! Mineral-water! And you think I'll drink a single drop of that nauseating liquid?



?



Sea-gherkin!... Pirate!... Logarithm!... Ectoplasm!... Baboon! You call yourself a policeman and you can't open a bottle properly!

Captain, come on! We're going!



Tribe of Polynesians!

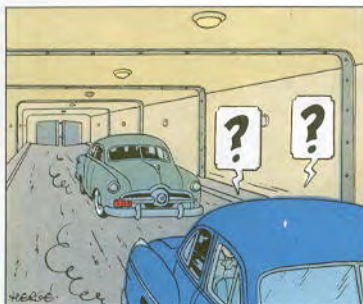


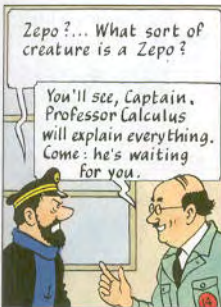
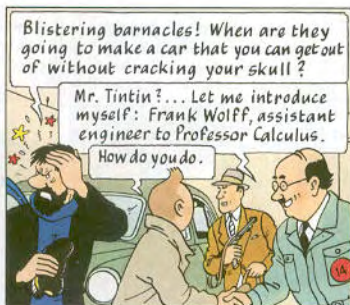
Half an hour later...

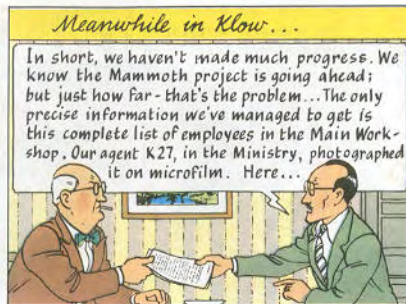


BH 015

Captain!... Look!... A helicopter!...







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, Captain?



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! Risenggers 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?...

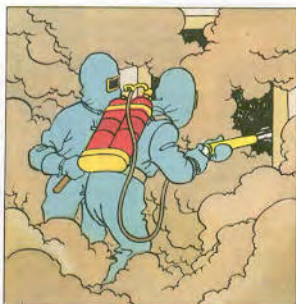
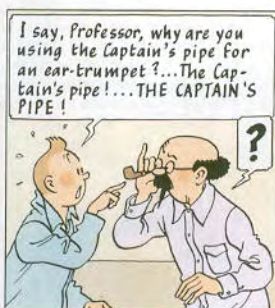
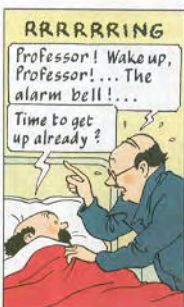
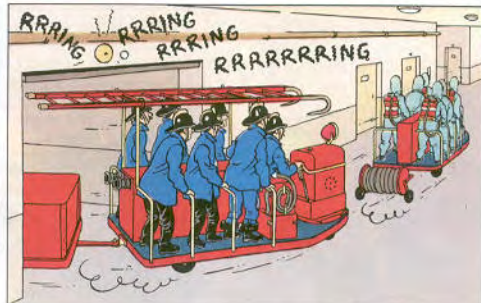




Patrol 14 calling Control!...  
Patrol 14 calling Control!...  
Emergency!... Dense brown smoke  
filling corridors in H Sector...  
Send security squads at once!

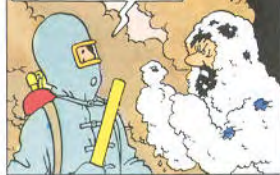


Control calling Security... Emergency!  
Dense smoke reported  
in corridors, H Sector...



You Polynesians, you! You've been smart, haven't you? You Ku-Klux-Klan! Just when I was putting it out myself...

Putting out what?



This confounded ear-trumpet! I filled it and lit it, thinking it was my pipe. It started to burn: no flame: just this blistering smoke!

Oh I see: it's made of ebonite!



The next morning...

The professor asked me to give you this... He's rather busy himself this morning, so he suggested that I take you round the Centre... You'd better put on these overalls; then you can go round without being stopped continually by ZEPO.



The Zepo again?... Look here, just what is a Zepo?

The ZEPO?... ZE-PO... Zekret Politz... They are the special police responsible for guarding the atomic area, for anti-sabotage precautions and for counter-espionage.



On that score the ZEPO have plenty to do... Despite all our precautions, certain powers know that we are building a moon-rocket and their spies are actively interested. Happily for us they can only succeed if they have inside men. And even these would have to be senior staff... But we need have no worries about that... Now I'll leave you to put on your overalls.



Meanwhile...

Send this in code, my dear Baron: "A.K.R. 12 to N.W.3. R. In contact at top level with Main Workshop..."



We are now in the central laboratories where the natural uranium - which comes to us in thin metal rods - is converted into plutonium... Plutonium will be used to power Professor Calculus's rock- et.



There are two principal stages in the production of plutonium: first the "cooking" of the uranium rods in the atomic pile which you will see in a minute; then the chemical extraction of the plutonium produced in the rods by the "cooking"... You follow me?

Of course!... I'm right behind you.



Through this entrance is the bay housing the atomic pile... Have your passes ready.

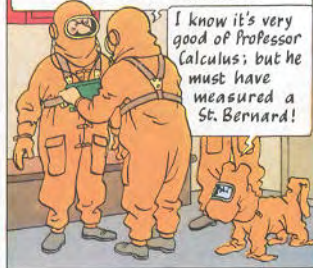


That's that. Now we'll go and put on the special clothing to protect us against radioactivity... By the way, with his usual thoughtfulness Professor Calculus remembered your dog; he's had a suit made for him - just the right size.

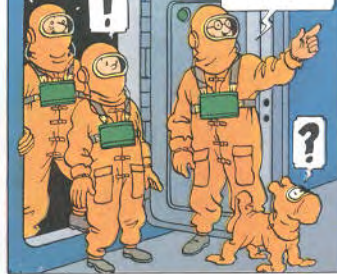


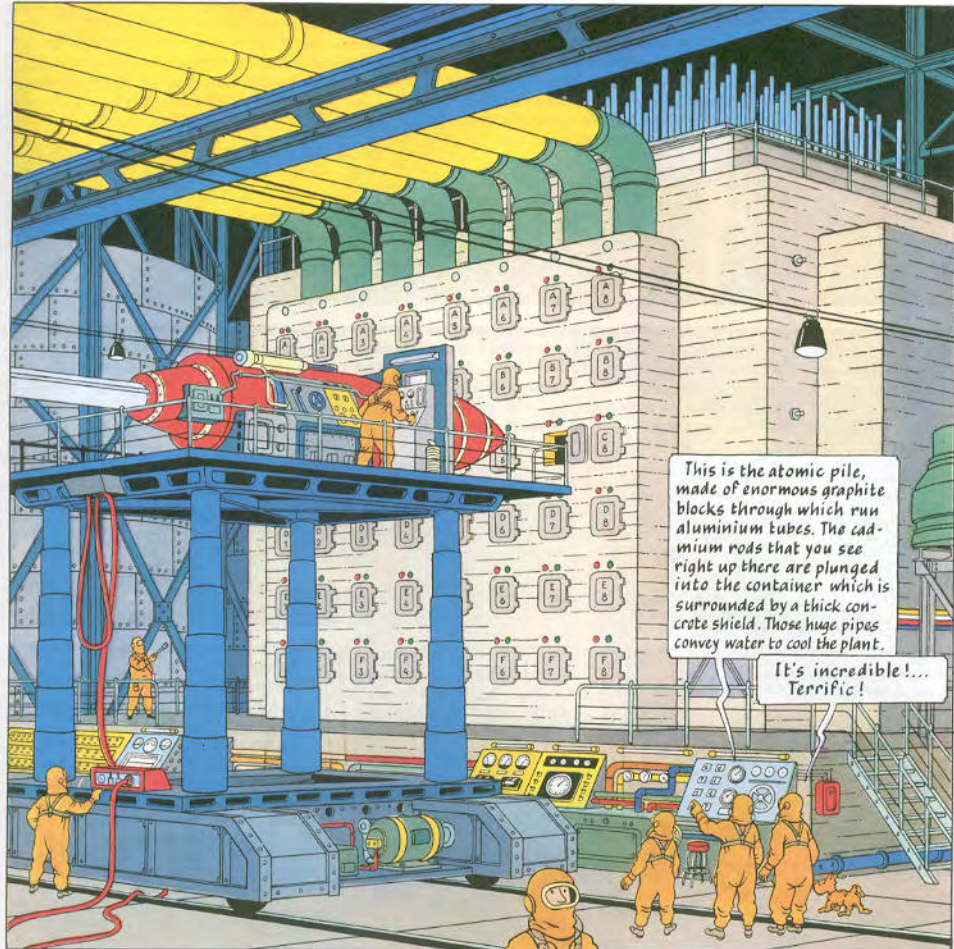
There... Now we can go in...

I know it's very good of Professor Calculus; but he must have measured a St. Bernard!



Look...





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...



!!!

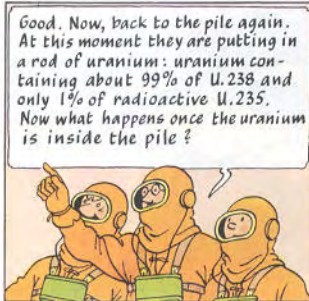


Bowls you over! That's what you were going to say, wasn't it, Captain?

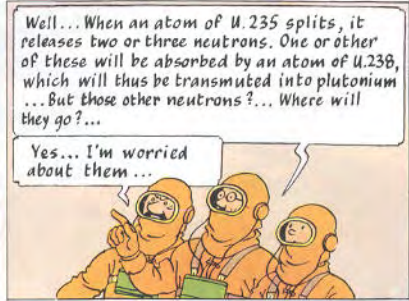


I hope you aren't hurt? ...

Hurt?... Oh no! ... Nothing at all!



Good. Now, back to the pile again. At this moment they are putting in a rod of uranium: uranium containing about 99% of U.238 and only 1% of radioactive U.235. Now what happens once the uranium is inside the pile?



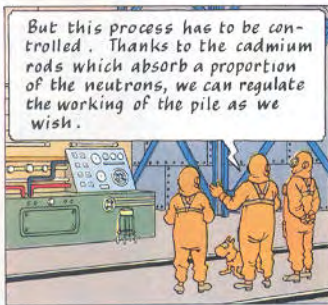
Well... When an atom of U.235 splits, it releases two or three neutrons. One or other of these will be absorbed by an atom of U.238, which will thus be transmuted into plutonium... But those other neutrons?... Where will they go?...

Yes... I'm worried about them...

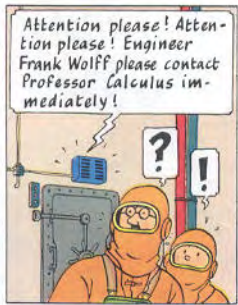


Restricted by the graphite that surrounds them, they continue through the pile, and end up by hitting one of the rare atoms of U.235. These in their turn split and release two or three neutrons again... You see?

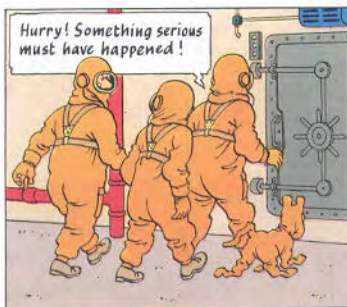
Of course! It's child's play...



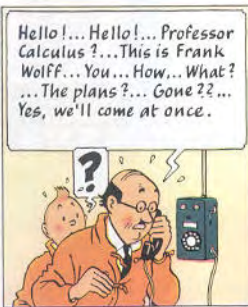
But this process has to be controlled. Thanks to the cadmium rods which absorb a proportion of the neutrons, we can regulate the working of the pile as we wish.



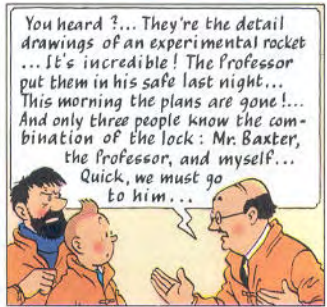
Attention please! Attention please! Engineer Frank Wolff please contact Professor Calculus immediately!



Hurry! Something serious must have happened!



Hello!... Hello!... Professor Calculus?... This is Frank Wolff... You... How... What?... The plans?... Gone??... Yes, we'll come at once.



You heard?... They're the detail drawings of an experimental rocket... It's incredible! The Professor put them in his safe last night... This morning the plans are gone!... And only three people know the combination of the lock: Mr. Baxter, the Professor, and myself... Quick, we must go to him...



Just when is someone going to let me out of this fancy - dress?



*A few minutes later...*  
And this morning when I opened the safe, look what I found: old newspapers instead of the plans...

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!



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...



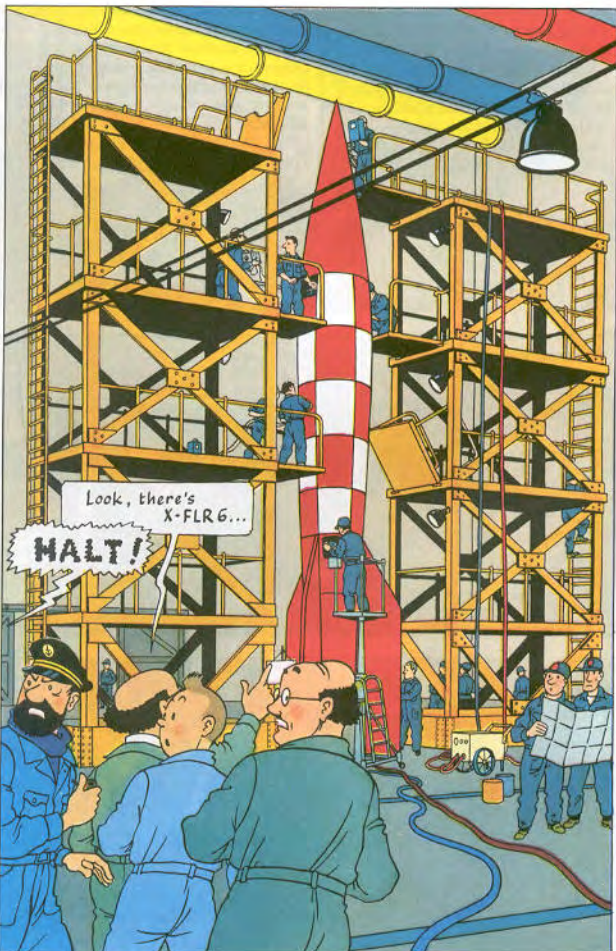
As you know, the Moon travels round the Earth, always showing the one face. The other side is completely unknown. The radio-controlled rocket we are going to launch will circumnavigate the Moon...



... 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...



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

Heavens! I quite forgot!



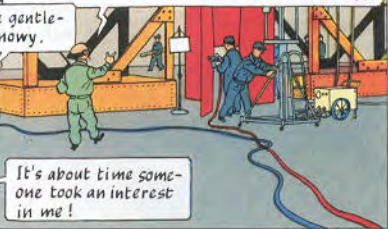
I'll go back with him. Here, good dog; come with me...

Follow the gentleman, Snowy.



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

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...



... 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.



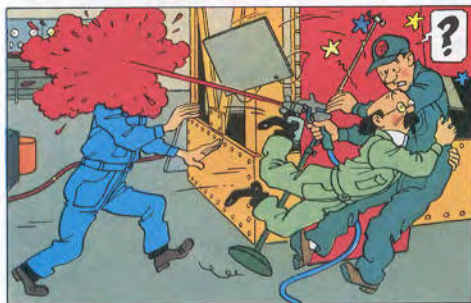
Ah, the very thought of it makes me walk on air...



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



Sprodj 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.

Sprodj 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...



... 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?



This is it! Jump!



Radar to Control!... Three parachutists have just jumped from the plane!



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



BOOM BOOM BOOM

Crumbs! It wasn't a dream: that's Ack-Ack fire!



THUD THUD THUD

That's an unexploded shell coming down!



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



*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*

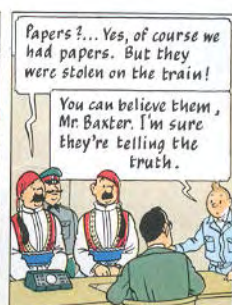
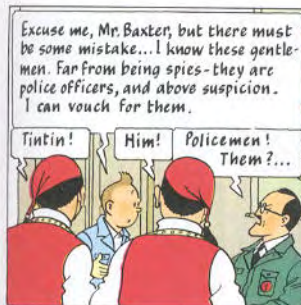
... You've got the strong end of the wick... no, I mean... Silence!

RAT  
TAT  
TAT

To be precise: the stick!

These are the two birds, sir.

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







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-aaa ...

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!... Mean-  
while 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 venti-  
lator grid.

Hello, Control?... Bax-  
ter 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 accom-  
plices. 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!

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 my-  
self in the hands of these men.

And you,  
Wolff?

Very odd...

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

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

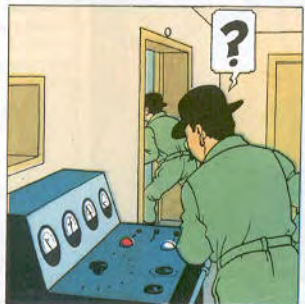
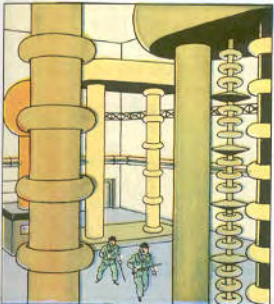
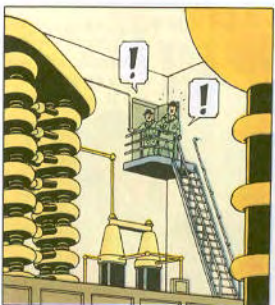
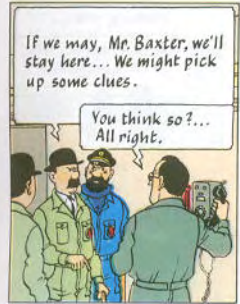
BHOPP BHOPP

Forgive us... It's some extraordinary  
pills we once took... in Arabia!... Their  
effect recurs some-  
times.

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.





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!



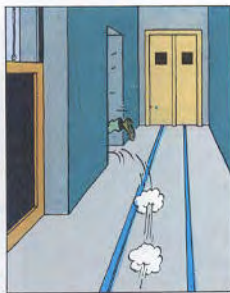
A skeleton!... Ha! ha! ha! Poor old Thomson, he's off his rocker!...



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!



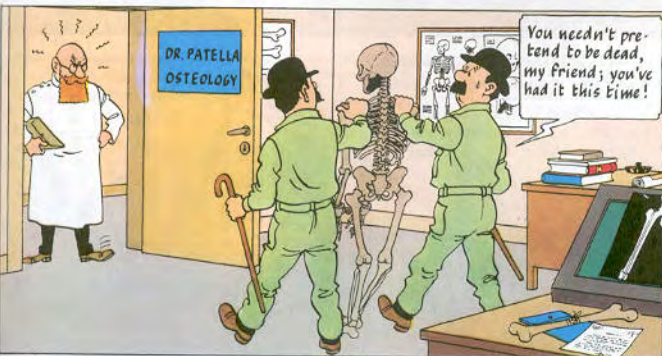
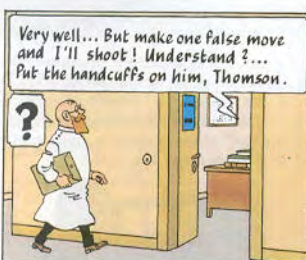
Now keep calm!... No one leave the room!... And don't picnic... I mean panic... We'll proceed with caution... and look around...

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



Nothing... That's queer...

Where the devil can it have gone?



*Meanwhile...*

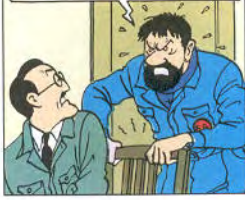
No, luckily it's nothing serious. The bullet only grazed the skull... Of course, it was a violent blow. But he's come round completely now, and you can question him.



...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 other 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!

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

Ah, peace at last!

Woah!

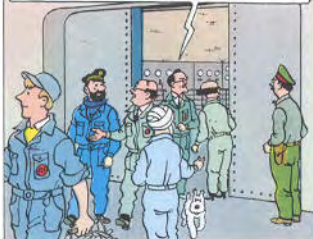
Attention please!... Clear the launching bay... Attention please!... Clear the bay...

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.



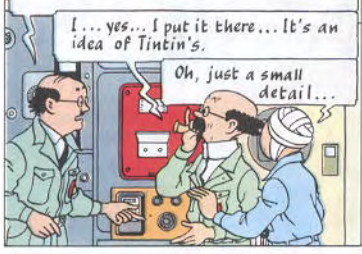
Yes, Radar here... Yes, Mr. Baxter, we're all ready...



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.

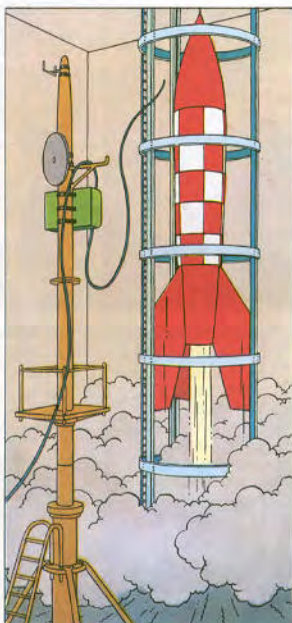
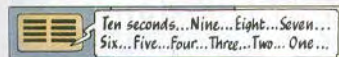
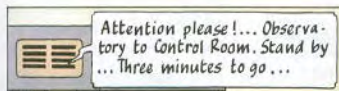
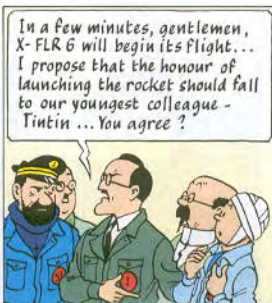
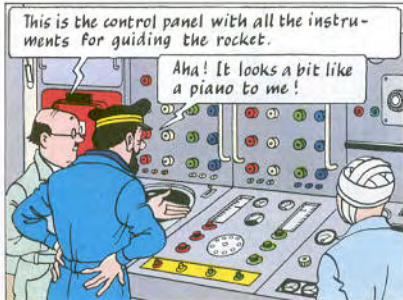


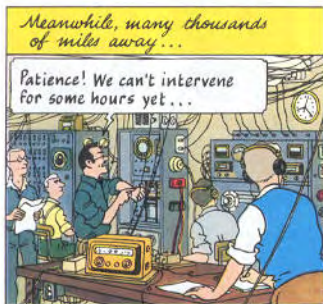
All the same, be careful.



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

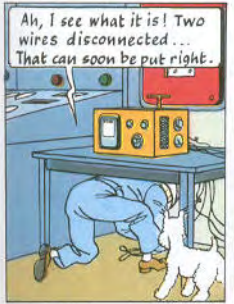
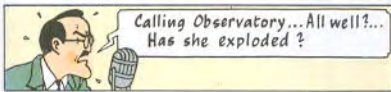
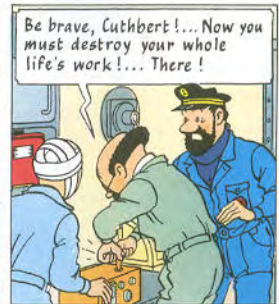
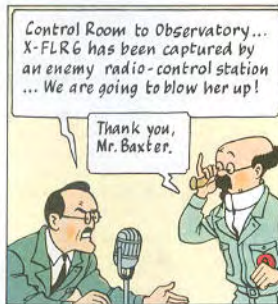
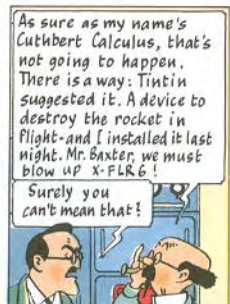


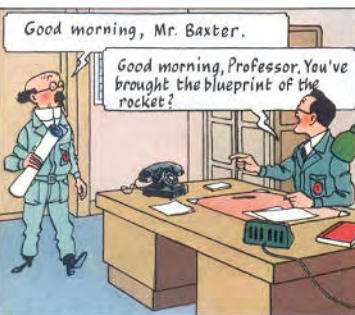
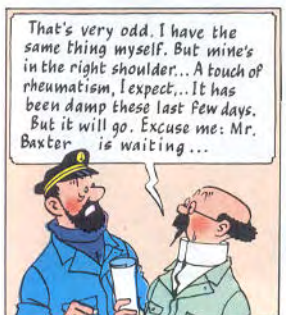
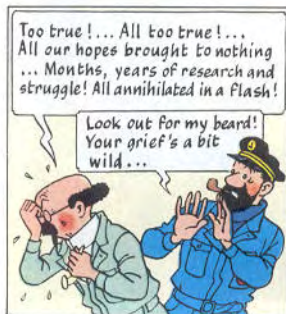
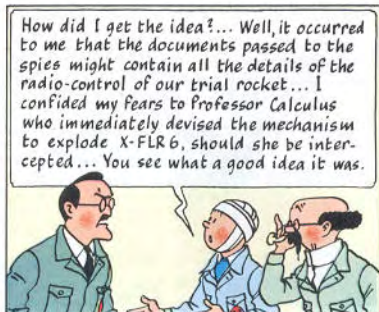


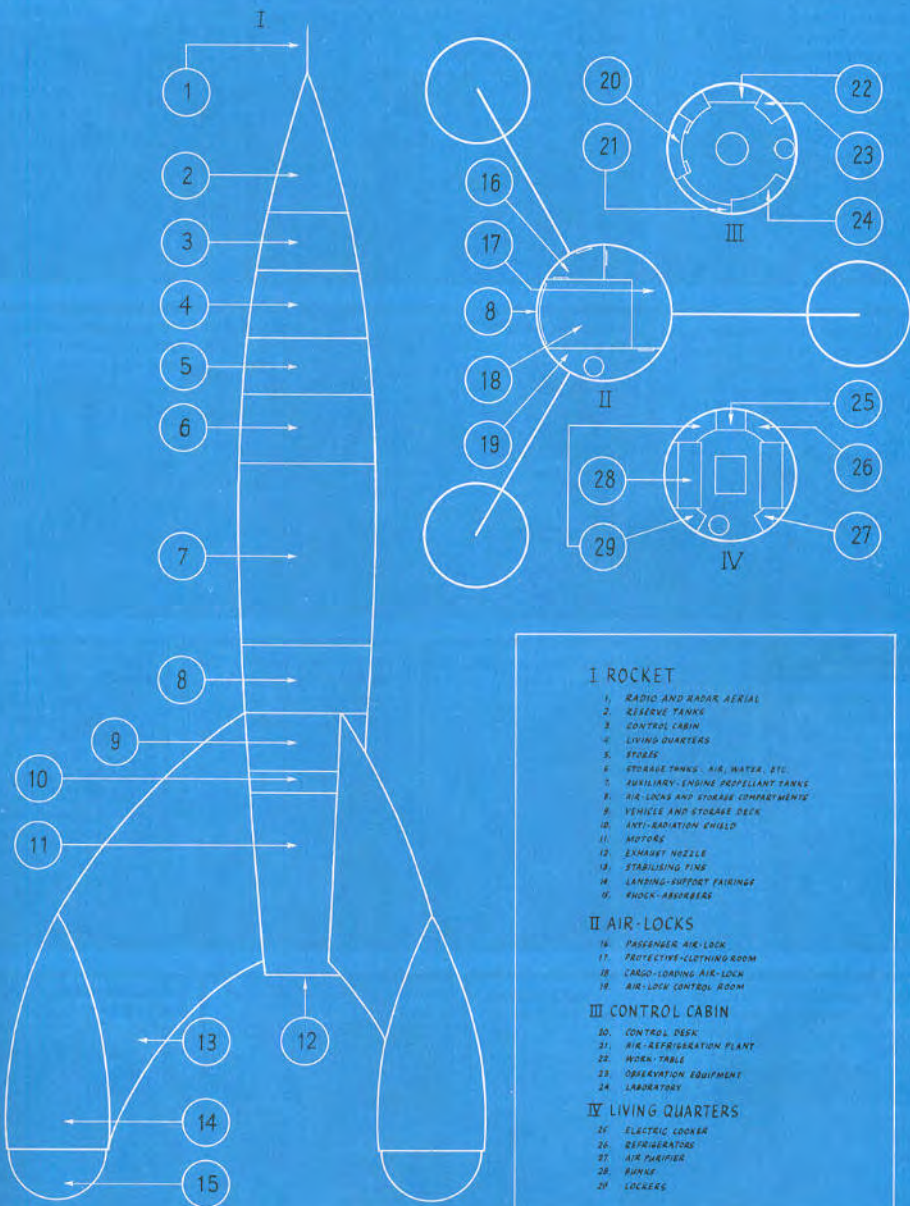


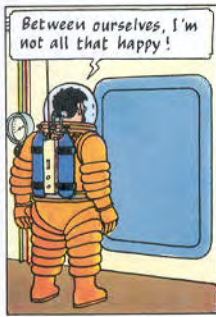
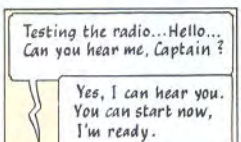


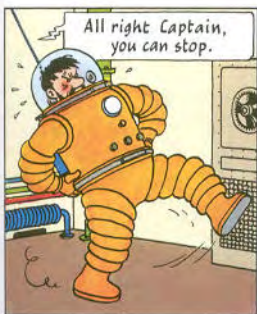
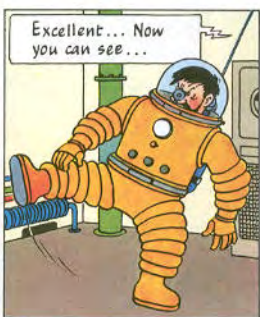
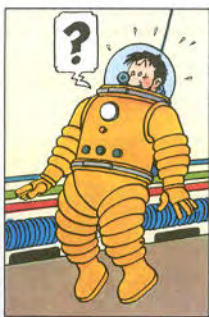
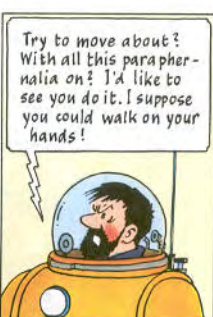
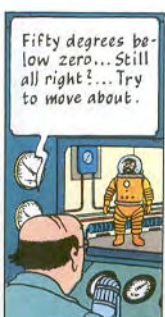
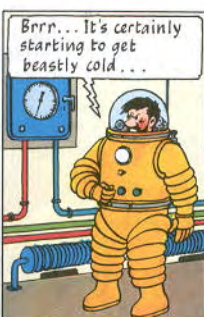
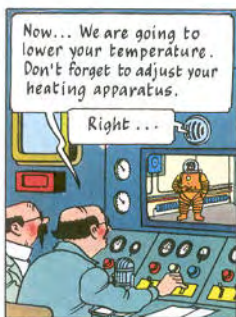
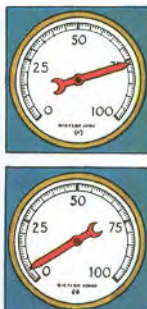
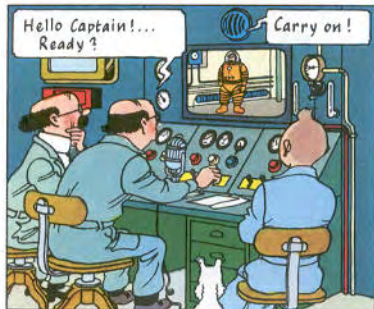


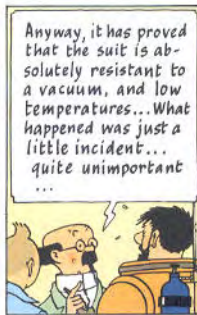
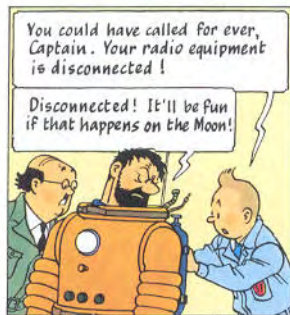
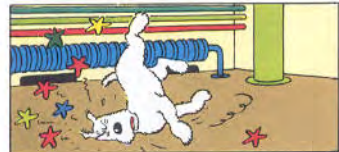
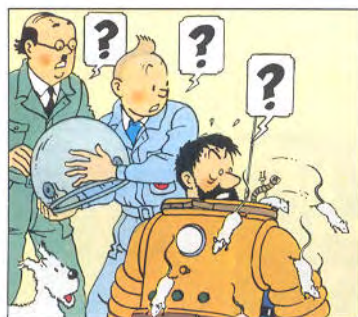














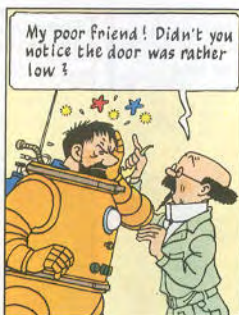
That's the Thomsons! Hurry, we must see ...



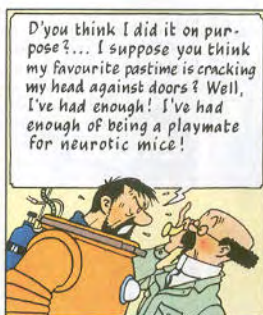
M-m-m... m-mice!... It's alive with mice in here!



Now what's happened to that pair of sea-gherkins?



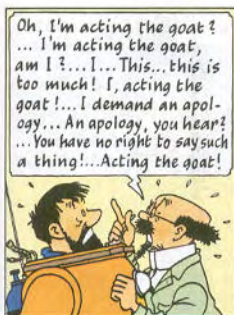
My poor friend! Didn't you notice the door was rather low?



D'you think I did it on purpose?... I suppose you think my favourite pastime is cracking my head against doors? Well, I've had enough! I've had enough of being a playmate for neurotic mice!



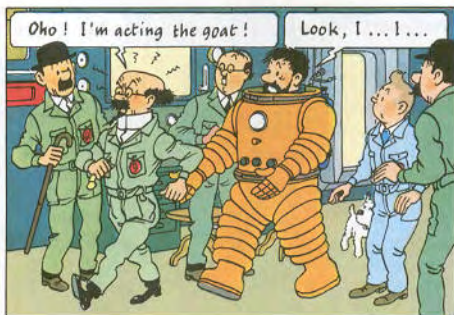
I've had enough, d'you understand?... You want to go to the Moon?... Well go! But without me! I'm going home to Marlinspike!... And you can go on acting the goat here for as long as you like!



Oh, I'm acting the goat? ... I'm acting the goat, am I?... I... This... this is too much! I, acting the goat!... I demand an apology... An apology, you hear?... You have no right to say such a thing!... Acting the goat!



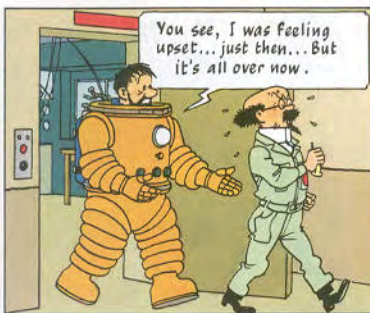
To dare say such a thing to me!... You!... You!... You follow me... I'll show you just how I act the goat!... Come along!



Oho! I'm acting the goat! Look, I...!...



So, I act the goat? I didn't mean anything...



You see, I was feeling upset... just then... But it's all over now.

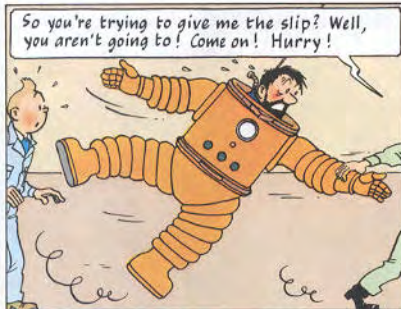


PIONNNG



Billions of blue blistering barnacles! [F ever! Find the pirate who did that I'll make him dance, I promise you!

It was your aerial, Captain... You...



So you're trying to give me the slip? Well, you aren't going to! Come on! Hurry!



So I act the goat!



Slaying for two months non-stop, working myself to the bone, all to hear myself called a goat!... It's too much!

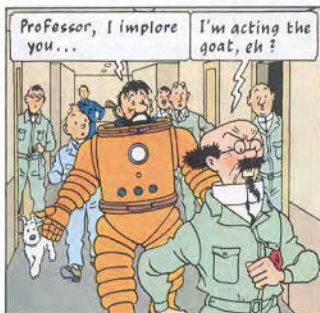


Excuse me Professor, but your companion is not wearing regulation clothing... I'm afraid I must ask him to go back...

That's true... He's right... I ought to...



Behone, you worm! Out of my sight! I'm acting the goat, d'you hear?

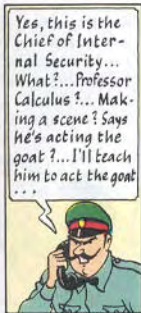


Professor, I implore you...

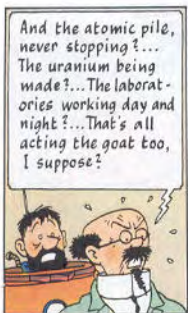
I'm acting the goat, eh?



And I suppose these people are acting the goat, eh?



Yes, this is the Chief of Internal Security... What?... Professor Calculus?... Making a scene? Says he's acting the goat?... I'll teach him to act the goat...



And the atomic pile, never stopping?... The uranium being made?... The laboratories working day and night?... That's all acting the goat too, I suppose?



Well, Professor, what's all this about? I hear someone's acting the goat.



?!  
CRRR  
ORRR  
KRRRR



For heaven's sake, Cutbert, calm yourself!

For months, teams of experts have been worked to death... acting the goat, of course!



Come on!... Sit down there and don't argue ... We're leaving!

But...



Good morning, Professor. Will you sign the dispatch book, please ?

For the love of heaven don't let him go!



Stand aside, microbe!... Let me pass! I'm acting the goat, d'you hear?... I'm acting the goat!



Stop them!... They've no exit permit!



Hello!... Garage here... A jeep driven by Professor Calculus has left without permission ... Stop it!



Quick, clear the entrance and close the doors. There's a jeep coming ...



Halt!

Hey!... Stop!



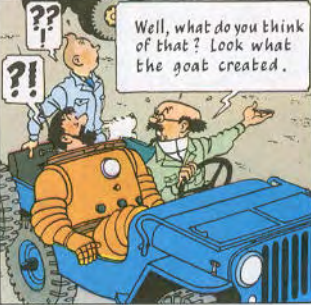
Make way for the goat!

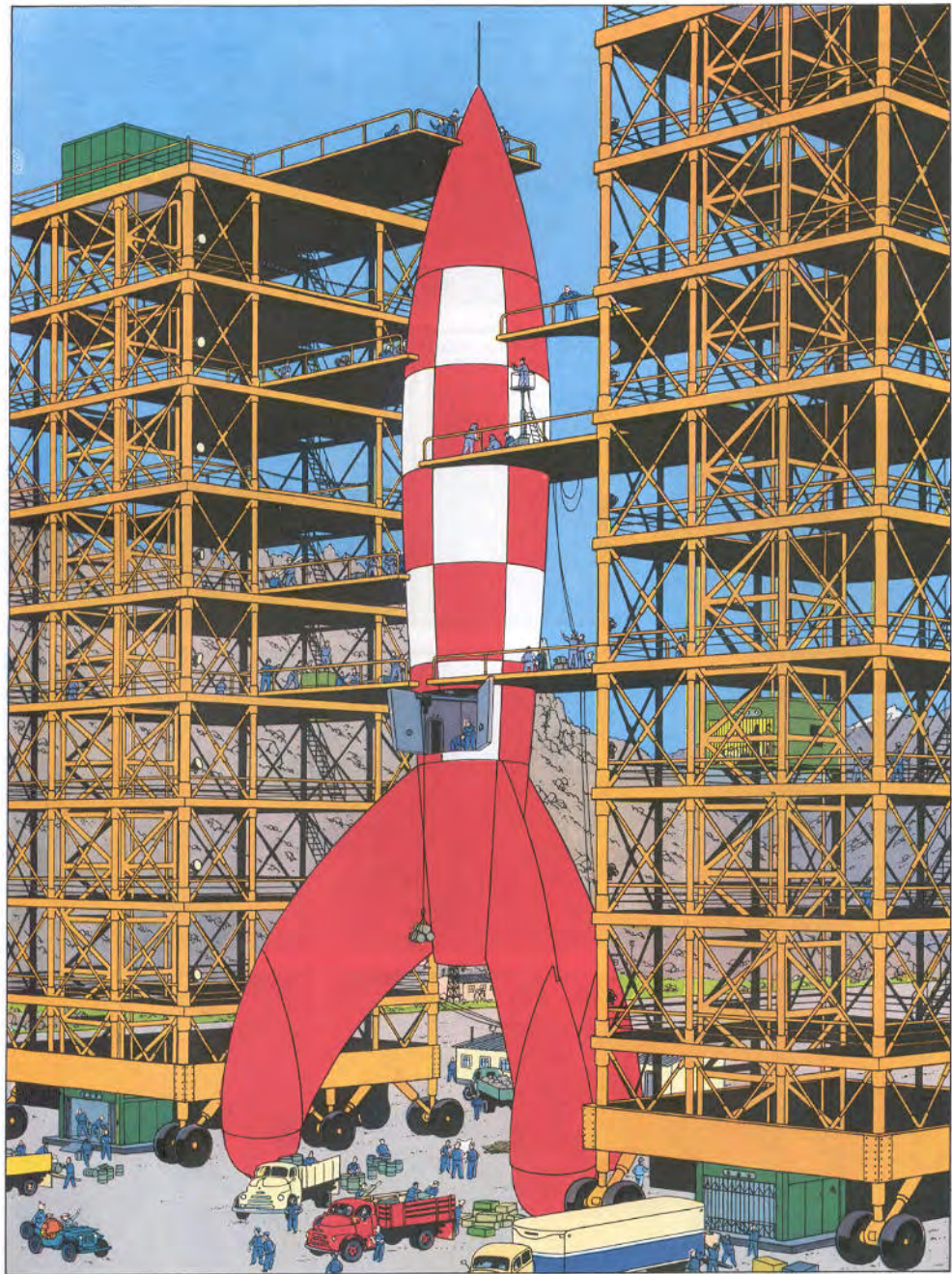


I often say to myself: one of these days I'll learn to drive! Nowadays everyone should be able to drive a car!



Stop! We're here.





Well, what about it?... Look what I created - I, Cuthbert Calculus!... And that, I suppose, is what you call "acting the goat"?



You think this... this crackpot contraction will take you to the Moon? ...



This crackpot contraction, as you call it, is taking you to the Moon, as well ... Understand? Meanwhile, you're going to look over it... And put your aerial down!



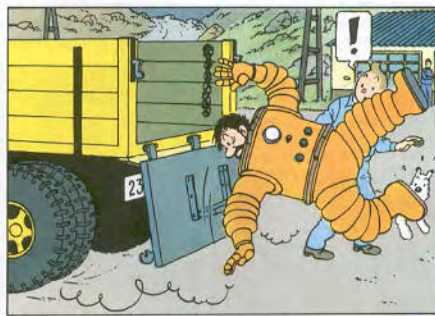
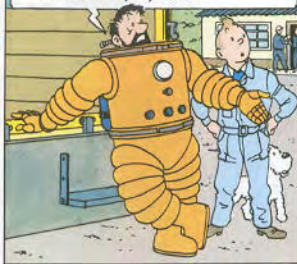
LIFT!...



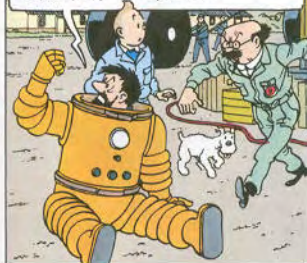
Poor Calculus, he must have a screw loose... How do you suppose that monument could go up in the air?... You might just as well play a penny whistle in front of Nelson's Column and expect it to dance a samba!



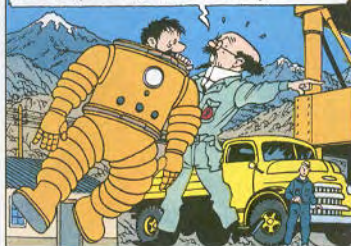
Not a hope, you know! It wouldn't even stand up by itself!



You road-hog!... Bully!... Steam-roller!... Cyclotron!



Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Making a scene in front of everybody?... Stand up!... The lift is waiting!



In you go!... Hurry up!

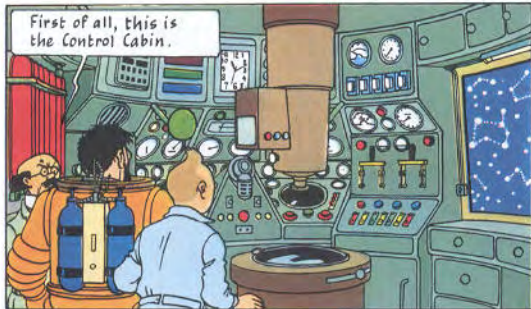
You... you're sure it won't take off without warning?



Meanwhile...

Hello... Hello... yes... I've just had a message from our new agent... The launching takes place in a month: June the 3rd., at 1:34 a.m.... Yes, that's it. Send Col... onel Jorgen to me.





First of all, this is the Control Cabin.



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

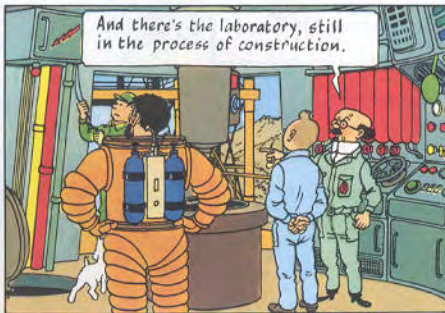
Fantastic!... Er... what are all these bits and pieces for?



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.

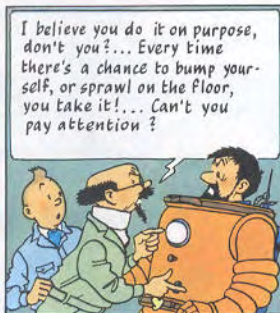


Amazing!... Astonishing!...

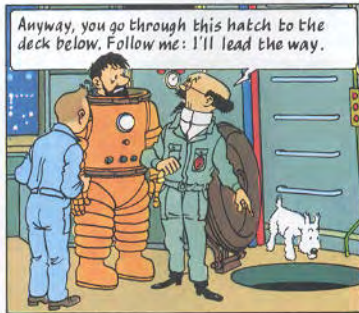
Will he?... Won't he?...



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!



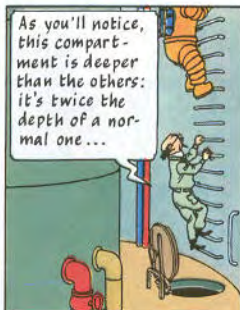
Whew! That was near!



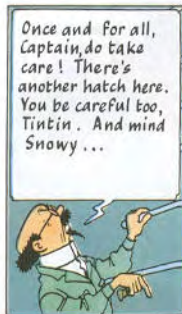
I almost fell down that confounded hole. Luckily I just managed to save myself.



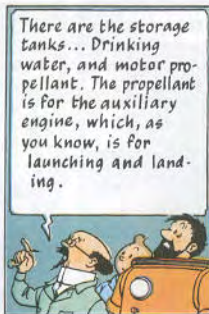
You see? ... Even after I told you to be careful! ... I know I may act the goat, but at least I look where I am going! ... Now we'll go down to the next deck.



As you'll notice, this compartment is deeper than the others: it's twice the depth of a normal one...



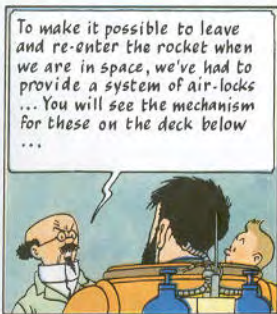
Once and for all, Captain, do take care! There's another hatch here. You be careful too, Tintin. And mind Snowy ...



There are the storage tanks... Drinking water, and motor propellant. The propellant is for the auxiliary engine, which, as you know, is for launching and landing.



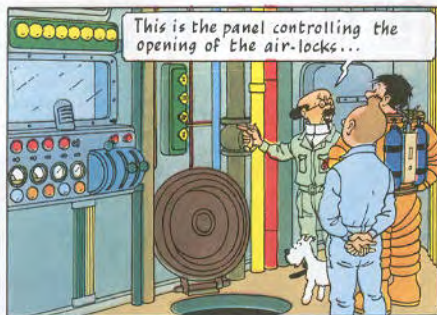
Stars above, Captain! Don't stand so near that hole! Are you trying to break your neck?



To make it possible to leave and re-enter the rocket when we are in space, we've had to provide a system of air-locks ... You will see the mechanism for these on the deck below ...



I warn you, Captain, there's another hatch ... I beg you to take care!



This is the panel controlling the opening of the air-locks ...



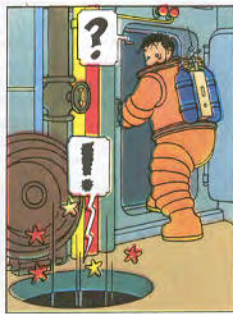
Attention please! ... Professor Calculus to report to the Centre immediately ... Listen!

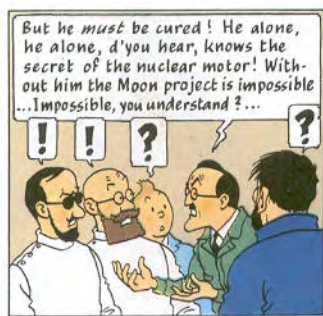
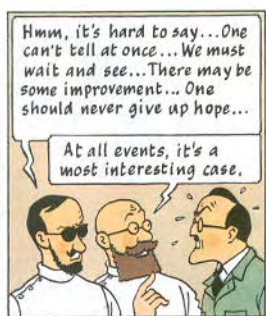
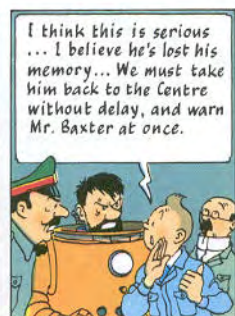
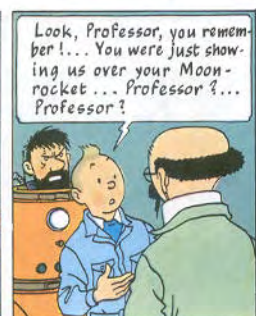
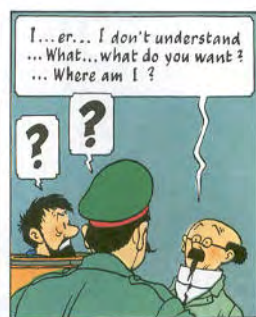
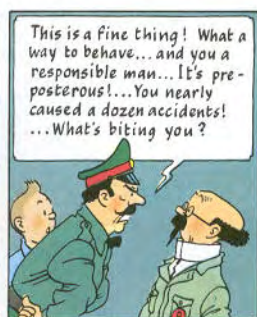
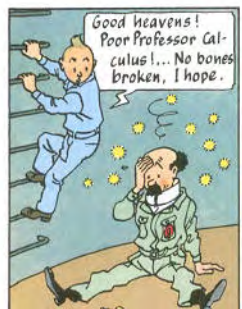


Right, I'll go ... You can look round the large storage compartment, through that door... I'll come straight back.



And look where you're going, Captain ... There's a step!





Hmm...yes... I see... Well, we'll do all we can... But try to amuse him yourselves, to arouse some memory... That sometimes works... It is also possible that a violent shock might bring back his memory.



*Some days later...*

Marlinspike...Marlinspike Hall... Our butler, Nestor... Remember Marlin-spike...The Captain...



That's no good... Let me try... The doctor told us to amuse him... A fortnight ago we had that fancy-dress party at the Centre... You remember the guard on horse-back... Well, you'll see...



Tarantantararaa... Guards, prepare to attack!...



CHAAARGE!



CLIPPETYCLOP CLIPPETYCLOP

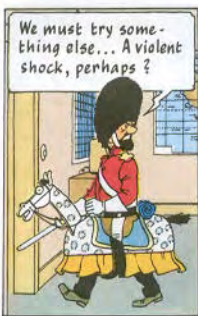


Nothing!.. Not a Flicker!

Nothing at all!



We must try something else... A violent shock, perhaps?



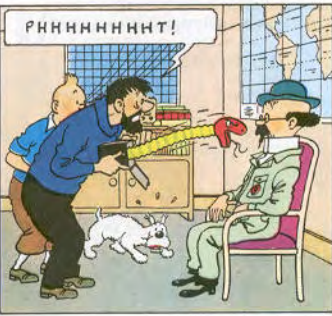
Look here, Tintin, Let's try this... It's a trick camera I managed to borrow. That'll wake him up!



A pretty picture of our little Cuthbert?... Now then, smile please!... Watch the birdie!



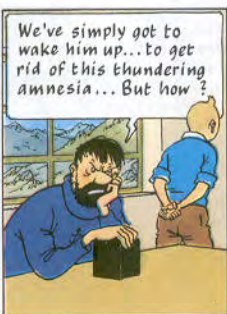
PHHHHHHHT!



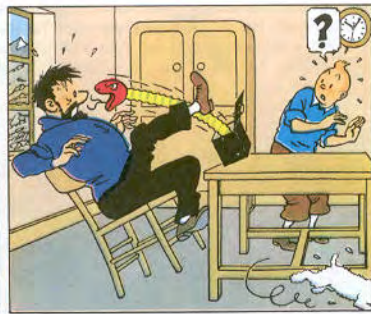
Blistering barnacles, that's no use! He reacted about as much as a tomb-stone!



We've simply got to wake him up... to get rid of this thundering amnesia... But how?



Amusing him did no good, nor did a shock... Still, this little snake going PHHHT wouldn't scare anybody.





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 frightened, could you? You moth-eaten marmot!



I suppose you think I'm enjoying myself, 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 ...*

Oh, Captain, Captain, what a debt we all owe you!... Thanks to you Calculus has recovered!... This is splendid news!

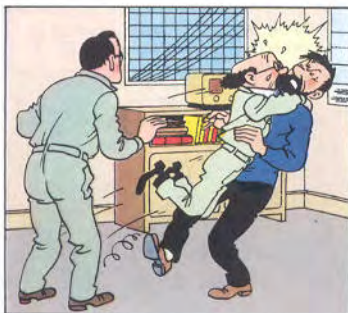
Er... I didn't do much.

Not much?... My dear Captain, without your help, the journey to the Moon would have been impossible... Don't you realise?

Thundering typhoons! I'd forgotten that!

And here is the Professor to thank you himself.

Oh, Captain!... Give me your hand!



They've told me everything: about my loss of memory, and your devoted care... I thank you, Captain, from the bottom of my heart!

I'm... I'm very touched.

I thank you too in the name of Science! You have made possible the journey to the Moon... I shall never forget that!

And neither shall I!

*The same evening...*

Here's a signal from K.23, sir!

Oh, news from the Main Workshop? Let's hope it is better than last time.

"M. 23.301... Mammoth has recovered memory, thanks to Whale." Good old Whale! Without knowing it, he's done us a really good turn... Reply: "M.23.301 received. Operation *Ulysses* will proceed according to plan."

*The days go by...*



... And in one week's time, gentlemen, on the night of the 2nd and 3rd at 1.34 a.m., the launching will take place... Is everything up to schedule?



You, Wolff, are in charge of provisioning and equipment. How are you getting along?

The loading is going ahead. Food supplies, and all the components for our reconnaissance tank are already stowed aboard. I'm just waiting for some optical instruments we need to establish an observatory on the Moon.

Unfortunately the factory at Oberkochen tells me there's been a delay in production. But they've definitely promised delivery of the consignment on the eve of our departure... In that case I...

Excuse me one moment.



Hello... Yes... What? Inside the Security Area? ... Three?... You're questioning them?... All right. Keep me informed.



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 Zstophnole, 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?



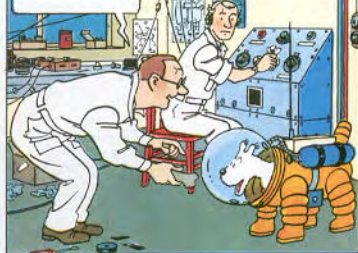
Everything is ready, Mr. Baxter, except for Snowy's space-suit. That is just being finished now.



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



Who's this nice bone for, Snowy?



Golly, what a bone!



Woah!... Woah!



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



Billions of blue blistering barnacles!... And all through looking at our wonder-boy Calculus! Thundering typhoons!



And just why were you looking at the wonder-boy?



There, you see?... He isn't deaf any more! He can hear as well as you and me!



Oh, now I understand.

In the first place, I never was deaf... Just a little hard of hearing in one ear... But for the Moon journey I need to hear the radio signals perfectly... So that's why I obtained a hearing aid...



You couldn't have told us before, could you?... And stopped me from bumping into that door!... And of all the crazy things...



But...

He's right: let's close this door.

... to keep leaving doors open...



Billions of blue blistering barnacles!... Who's the joker who shut this door?... Why couldn't he wait till I'd gone out?...



Thundering typhoons! I forgot to pick up my pipe.



They've left that door open again!



Poor Captain Haddock... Never any luck!



Billions of blue blistering barnacles!... Did you do that on purpose?

I'm awfully sorry, but how could I know you were coming back?



That's the last time a door wallops me!... Ah, here's my pipe... Lucky it isn't broken!



Good news, Mr. Baxter!

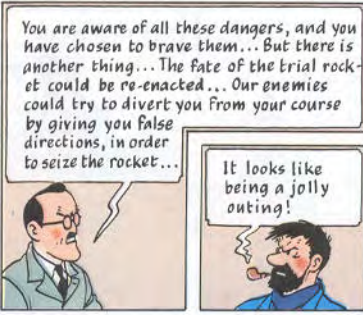
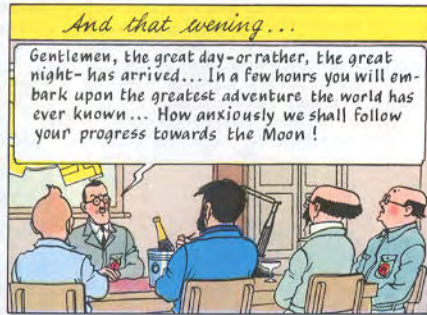
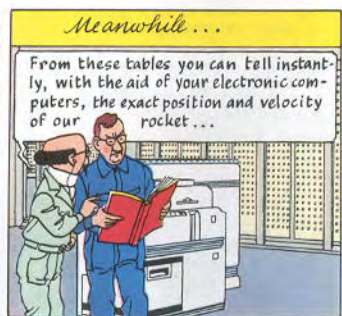
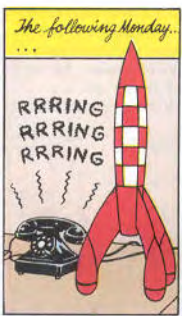
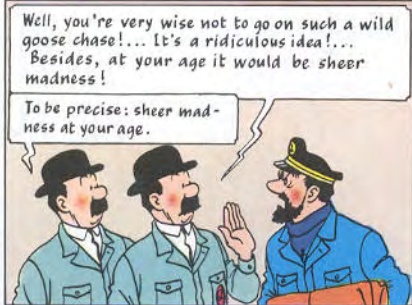


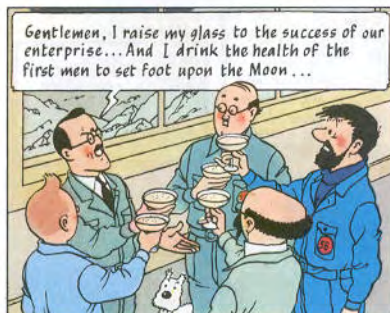
Meanwhile...

Your mind's made up, Colonel?

Absolutely!... Don't forget that I have an old score to settle with our young friend Tintin!









I must say you don't look very happy, Captain.

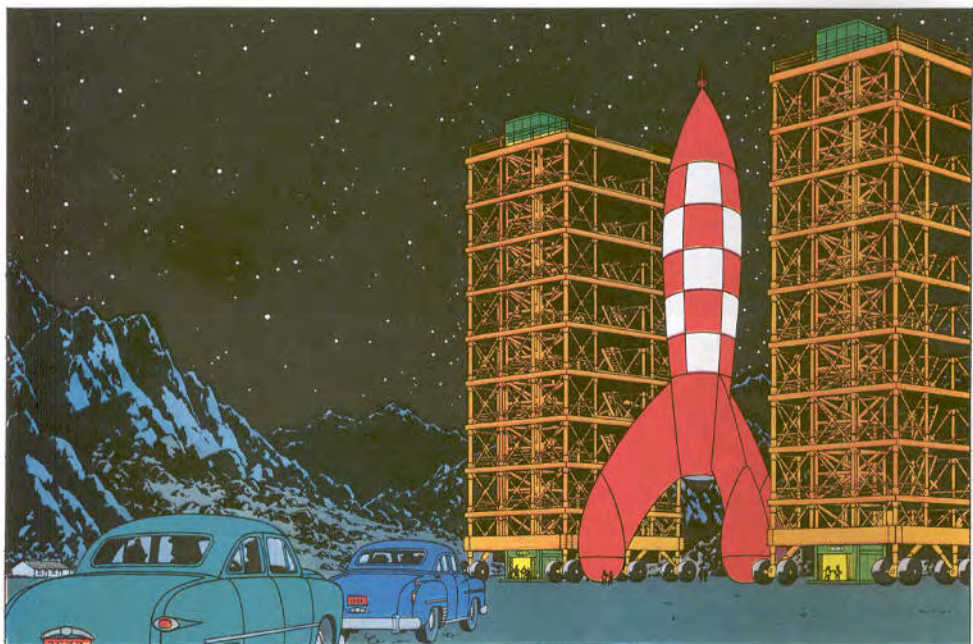
Why on earth should I look happy? Because we're off to the Moon?



To the Moon!... Don't make me laugh!... If that honky-tonk Calculus-machine doesn't blow up at the start, we'll find ourselves roaming around between the Great Bear and Jupiter, and never come back! You can hoot with laughter about that if you like!

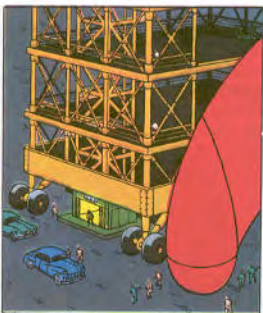


No, I meant... Oh look, Captain! We're there!



Look! The gantries are floodlit; the rocket is ready for launching! It's like magic!

Yes, very pretty... For the spectators!



So there's the machine to which we're entrusting our lives!... It's sheer lunacy!... Just think: through me Calculus recovered his memory, and completed this crazy scheme! I'll never for... give myself!



*Meanwhile...*

If there's no change of plan, it's just half an hour till their departure...



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...



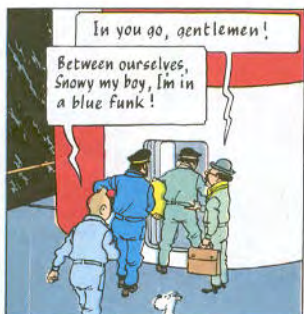
Would you like some help?

No, thanks. I can manage.



In you go, gentlemen!

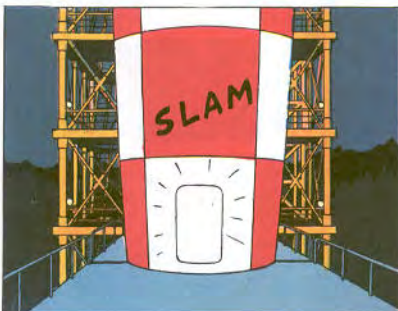
Between ourselves, Snowy my boy, I'm in a blue funk!



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.



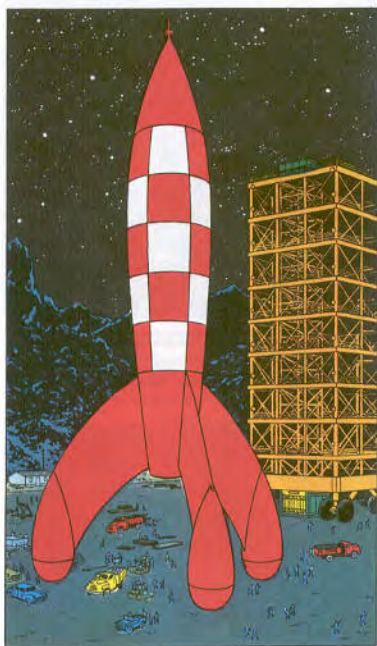
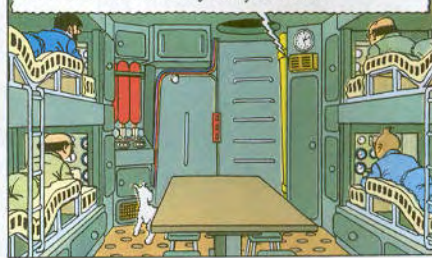
Tintin, you establish radio contact with Earth.



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.

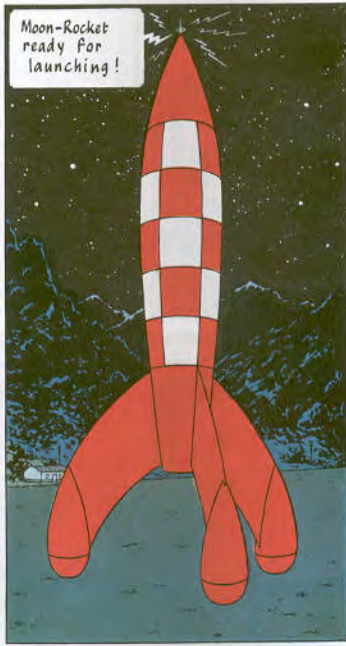
Attention please: clear the launching site!... I repeat: clear the launching site!

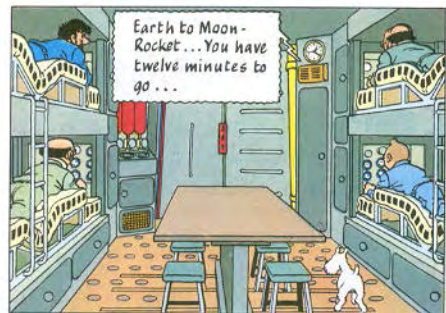


Earth to Moon-Rocket... The site is clear... Twenty-eight minutes to go... Are you ready?...

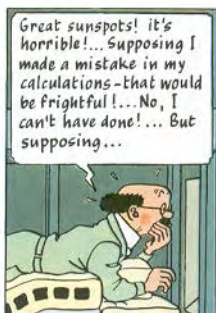


Moon-Rocket ready for launching!





Earth to Moon-Rocket... You have twelve minutes to go...



Great sunspots! it's horrible!... Supposing I made a mistake in my calculations - that would be frightful!... No, I can't have done!... But supposing...



Ten minutes to go...



Five minutes to go...

Well Tintin old man, you've lived through plenty of adventures... But I wonder if this isn't going to be your last!



Four minutes to go...

Snowy!... Snowy!... Come and lie down, quickly!

Lie down?... Why?... I'm not tired.



Three minutes to go...

What am I doing in this outfit?... And to think I gave that sea-gherkin Calculus his memory back!



Two minutes to go...

What have I done? What have I done?... How could I have let myself get entangled in this dreadful business?

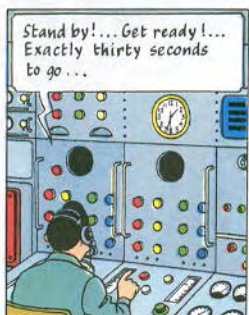


One minute to go...

One minute? Till when?



Will the rocket take off as planned when I press this button, or will everything blow up?



Stand by!... Get ready!... Exactly thirty seconds to go...



Twenty seconds...

What is that dull steady thumping noise?



It's just the sound of my own heart beating!



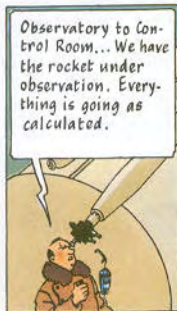
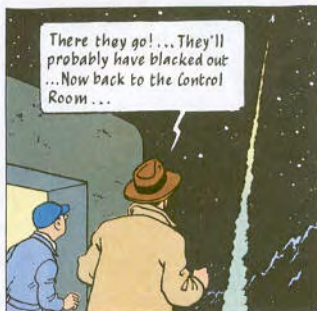
Stand by!... Ten seconds...

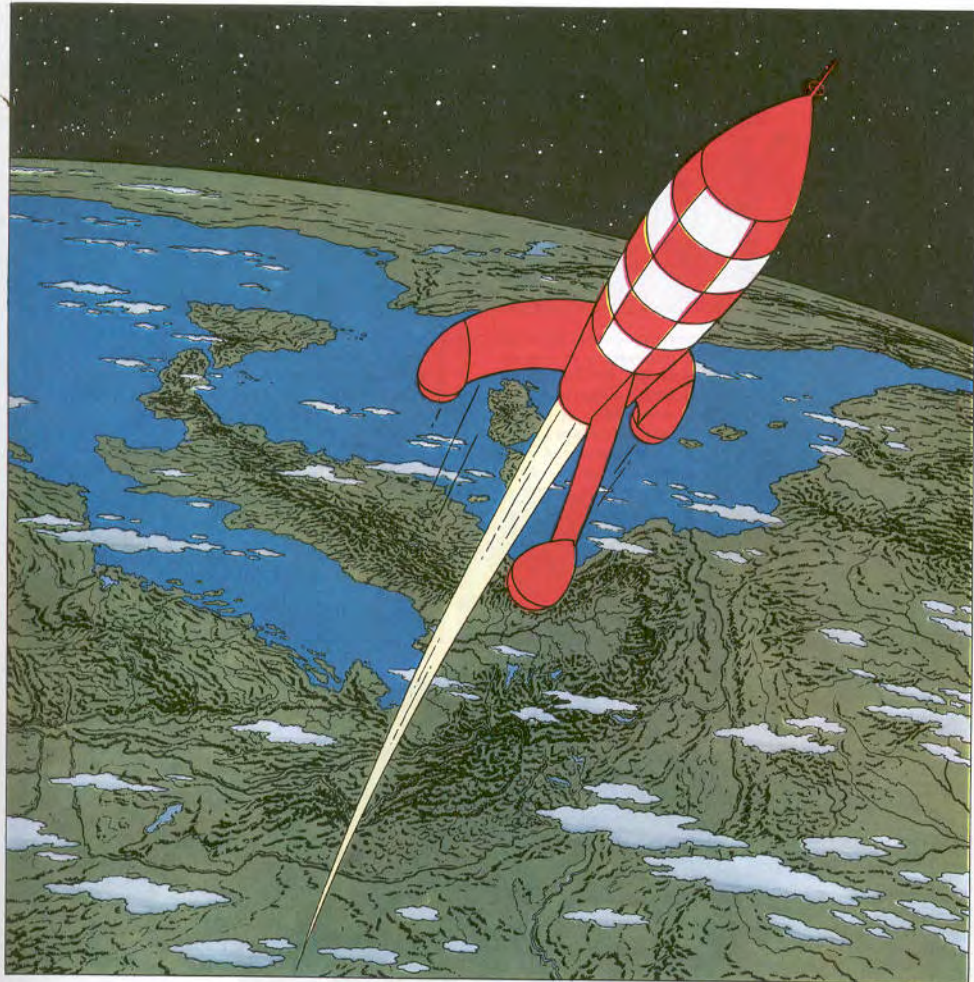
This is it! There is no turning back... May everything go as we have planned!



Nine... Eight... Seven... Six... Five... Four... Three... Two... One... ZERO

Into the hands of Fate!





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



Observatory to Control  
 Room... The rocket's  
 altitude is now 1000  
 miles. Have you suc-  
 ceeded in establishing  
 radio contact yet?  
 Please report ...



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

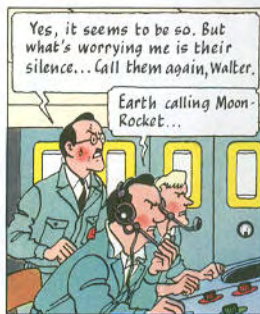
Control Room to Ob-  
 servatory... The Moon-  
 Rocket is not answering.



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

By Lucifer! Surely  
 nothing can have  
 gone wrong?





What dangers await Tintin and his friends on the Moon?



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

## EXPLORERS ON THE MOON