HERGÉ
THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN
THE SHOOTING STAR
What a wonderful night!

A shooting star! Quick, Snowy, wish!

And there's the Great Bear...

Yes, but jolly hot! You'd think it was mid-summer.

If I were you, I'd stop wishing and look where I was going.

Hey, Snowy, just look at that big star.

How extraordinary... there's a star too many in the Great Bear!

A star too many in the Great Bear... It beats me!

I'm intrigued. As soon as I get home I'll ring up the Observatory.

Which one?

A bear? I'm not scared... Where?

You know, Tintin, there are millions and millions of stars. What's one more or less?

Hello? Is that the observatory? Can you tell me... I've just noticed a very large, bright star in the Great Bear... I wonder...

Ask him why it's so hot, too.

Hello?... What?... You have the phenomenon under observation? I see... And... Hello?... Hello?... Hello?... They've hung up!
Very odd! Why did they ring off so abruptly? ... Crumbs, how hot it is! Phew!...

I can't believe my eyes! It's getting bigger every minute!

All very peculiar... and I'm going to get to the bottom of it. Come on, Snowy... to the Observatory.

Certainly, it's bigger than ever!

I'd like to have a word with the Director, please. Impossible. The Director is engaged.

That's the limit! Slamming the door in my face!

You again? I told you before, the Director's engaged. He can't... Good gracious! Where? Here, come and look...

What a nerve!
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!
Good heavens, sir! It’s horrible ... horrible!
Yes, in one sense it’s horrible...

Come and see for yourself!

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

You see now!

It’s enormous! Simply enormous!

And it's hairy legs! ... It makes me shiver to think of them!

Enormous, yes!

Its legs? ... What legs?

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

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

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...

Come and look now...

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

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 08:12 hours and 30 seconds precisely.

The end of the world... At 8:12:30 a.m. That's good... and I, Decimus Phostle, have determined the moment at which the cataclysm will fall upon 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!

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

Snowy!
The tyres... they've burst, from the terrific heat... The end of the world is at hand!

The end of the world is at hand!

Oh, so there you are! Well? What are you doing there? Why don't you come when I call you!

Confound the star!

Great snakes! He... he can't move... It looks... It looks as if he's paralysed!

Help, Tintin, Help!

My poor Snowy!

What on earth...? Oh, now I see! This frightful heat has melted the tar...

Poor things!... If only they knew!...

Judgement is upon us! Repent! The end of the world is at hand!

I am Philippus the prophet! I proclaim the day of terror!... The end of the world is nigh! All men will perish!... And the survivors will die of hunger and cold!... There will be pestilence, and famine, and measles!
Look here Mr. Prophet, why don't you go home? You'd better off in bed! ...

You hear that? He dares to set himself up against Philippulus the prophet... An advocate of the devil! ... A son of Satan! ... A tool of Belzebub!

Get back to Satan, your Master!

Oyez, there will be a plague! Bubonic plague! ... and fever! The end of the world is upon us, servant of Satan!

That fellow gets on my nerves!

Here we are, home at last!

What a blinding light!

OWW!

Crumbs! The window frame is so hot! I burnt myself! ...

Poor old Snowy... dying for a drink. And that poor little plant's all wilted.

The end of the world, Snowy! ... The END of the world! ... The end of the WORLD! Do you understand, Snowy?

Return to your Master, the Prince of Darkness!

There!... Now I hope he'll leave me in peace!

I think I'll have a bit of a rest. I'm absolutely worn out...

Pshaw! ... I've had enough of this...
How did you get in here?

Prophets come and go as they please!

I don't know how you got in, but I know jolly well how you're going out! And get a move on!

Using threats now, eh!

You sit down! And take a look at what I've brought you.

Yea! Behold the judgement! An enormous spider!

Get out! Leave me alone!

Great snakes! I was dreaming... the clock woke me up!

Exactly eight o'clock! Twelve minutes more... At least... Now I come to think of it, my clock loses...

Quick, let's dial TIM and check the time...

... seconds... pip... pip... pip... At the third stroke it will be eight twelve and twenty seconds. Pip... pip... pip... At the third stroke it will be eight twelve and thirty seconds... pip... pip...

Help!

This is it! The end of the world!!
We're dead!...

No!... On second thoughts, we aren't dead... and it isn't the end of the world... It's nothing... but an earthquake!

Oh?... Is THAT all it is?

I wonder how they'll explain this one at the Observatory!... Hello?... Hello?... Hello?... The telephone's not working... Come on Snowy, we're going along there.

Hooray!... Hooray! It's only an earthquake!...

All right! All right! I'm coming!

Hooray! Hooray!... The end of the world has been postponed.

Hooray! Hooray!... It's good to be alive!

Bungler!... Dunderhead!

What has he done?
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?

That group of lines, in the centre? Uranium? Not on your life!... By the rings of Saturn! It's prodigious!

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?
Answer me. Do you or do you not like bull's-eyes?

... or... Bull's-eyes?...

I... Yes, thank you... but...

Go out and buy ten penny-worth of bull's eyes! We must have a fitting celebration of my discovery!

You were asking about the earthquake?... Oh, yes... It was caused by part of the meteor crashing to earth. As soon as we know where it fell, there we shall find phostlite!

The polar station on Cape Morris (on the northern coast of Greenland) reports that a meteorite has undoubtedly fallen in the Arctic Ocean. Seal-hunters saw a ball of fire cross the sky and disappear over the horizon. A few seconds later the earth shook violently and icebergs cracked...

By the rings of Saturn!

It has fallen into the sea!... It has been engulfed by the waves! And with it, my discovery! Proof of the existence of phostlite.

So...that's that, Snowy. The phostlite's sunk.

This is the end! My meteorite! My phostlite!

Come on, Snowy. we'll leave him.

Poor Professor Phostile. He's terribly upset because his meteorite's fallen into the sea.

Now what's up? Floods, this time? Or is it just a water main cracked by the earthquake?

These bricks will make stepping stones to keep my feet dry.

Great snakes! Why on earth didn't we think of it before?

You see this brick, Snowy? Of course I can see it...

Watch!...
We must make a search and find the meteorite. We must organize an expedition. I'm sure we shall be able to obtain the capital we need from the European foundation for Scientific Research.

We must get down to organizing the expedition at once. Will you help me?

I'd be glad to.

The meteorite that came down would be enormous, wouldn't it?

Of course! The violence of the earthquake proved that.

Then there's still hope. Part of such a huge mass would surely stick out of the water?

By the rings of Saturn, you're right!

A scientific expedition including leading European experts is leaving shortly on a voyage of discovery in Arctic waters. Its objective is to find the meteorite which recently fell in the Arctic region. It is believed that a part of the meteorite may be protruding above the surface of the water and the ice...
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:

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

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

... Senhor Porfirio Bolcero 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 Joao dos Santos, a renowned physicist, of the University of Coimbra;

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

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

Three days later...

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

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

Well, Snowy, the "Aurora" sails tomorrow.

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

Stop!...
Confused...
... He's vanished...
Now, I wonder what that fellow was doing aboard ship.

Are you on watch? Yes.

You haven't seen anyone prowling around the deck? No.

Oh! ... Good! ... Er... Is Captain Haddock in his cabin? Yes.

Yes... No... Not very communicative!

Hello, where's Snowy got to? ... Snowy... Snowy! SNOWY!

! ?

Hello, Captain! I've just seen a man bolting off the ship. He made off when I challenged him!

RAT TAT TAT TAT

Come in.

Woah! ... Woah! ... Woah!...
Dynamite! ... Lucky for us someone put out the fuse!

Good old Snowy! ... He... well, he did his best, Captain...

Someone wanted to blow up the ship, or at least damage it badly. But why?

One thing, if I ever lay hands on that Pyromaniac, he'll see a good display of fireworks!

Anyway, we must be on our guard. I suggest you go the rounds.

A good idea...

Yes, we must keep our eyes open.

You gangster, you! ... You won't escape me!

Come on out, centipede! Let's see you in the daylight!

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Anyway, we must be on our guard. I suggest you go the rounds.

A good idea...

Yes, we must keep our eyes open.

You gangster, you! ... You won't escape me!

Come on out, centipede! Let's see you in the daylight!

I've got you, you rat!

Help!

Help!

DYNAMITER!

SHIPWRECKER!

Good gracious! It's Professor Phostle!

I shall complain! I shall complain to the Captain!

Professor Phostle, allow me to introduce Captain Haddock... You must excuse him, but we've just discovered an attempt at sabotage...

Professor Phostle, allow me to introduce Captain Haddock... You must excuse him, but we've just discovered an attempt at sabotage...

An attempt at sabotage? Can that be possible?

Yes, a stick of dynamite on the deck!
Fortunately Snowy had the sense to put out the fuse. But come and see...

What is it?

The dynamite! It's gone!...

Thundering typhoons!

It was there only two minutes ago!... I simply can't understand it. Extraordinary!

DING DING DING DING DING DING

Hey! The ship's bell!

Did you pick something up from the deck there?

No...

Nobody here!

Ahoy there! Captain...

Someone's calling.

I am Professor Cantonneau. I would like to speak to the Captain.

That's me. I'll come down.
Professor Cantonneau! What has happened to him?

Tell us, professor: what happened?

I... I... don’t know... A... frightful blow... like some huge weight falling on my head...

He’s alive!

HA! HA! HA! HA!

He did it! ...He dropped the suitcase!

It is the judgement come upon you! Philippulus the prophet gave you warning!

The dynamite! The crazy fool! He’s taken the dynamite!... We’ll all blow up!

There’s not a moment to lose!

And here is a pretty rocket I found. Now we’ll have a beautiful fireworks display!...

There!... In half a minute this will go “whoosh”!
You speak not in the name of heaven... but of hell! You will never cast me down!

Higher and higher! That is my watchword!

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

Poor old man! He'll kill himself!

Please, my dear Philip-pulvis! 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!
Come down, by thunder, or
I'll have you clapped in irons!

Don't argue any more. I
know how to bring him down.

You'll see. He'll come down at once...

Hello, hello, Philippus
the prophet! This is
your guardian angel,
speaking from heaven.
I order you to return
to earth. And be care-
ful: don't break your neck!

Yes, sir. At once, sir.
Don't be angry, sir....

There he is!

He's a patient from the mental hospital. We've
been looking for him all day.

Next morning...

There's quite a crowd to
see the "Aurora"
sail.

And so, listeners, the moment of
departure approaches. In a few min-
utes the "Aurora" will sail away, head-
ing northwards, bound for Arctic
waters. A little farewell ceremony
is now taking place. The committee
of the Society of Sober Sailors have
just presented a truly magnificent
bouquet of flowers to Captain
Haddock, their Honorary
President...

Beg pardon, Captain. Shall
we put them in your
cabin?

Pub what, my lad?

Goodbye, Captain, most worthy
President. Never forget, the eyes
of the whole world and the S.S.
will be upon you. Good luck!
... and here's the President of the European Foundation for Scientific Research with the leader of the expedition, Professor Phosté, handing over the flag to be planted on the meteorite.

"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..."

"They've stolen a march on us! They'll take possession of the meteorite! All is lost... Hold on, they haven't found it yet!"

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

"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...

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...

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

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...

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!

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

Yes, you can smell the fish...

We're on our way, Snowy...
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.

Ahoy 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?
That night...

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

Meanwhile, in Sato Rice...

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!
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.

Is that the "Kentucky Star" this time?

Yes, coming in now Mr. Bohl... winkle. 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!

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

Aaah!... I feel better already.

Do as you please... Just let me die in peace.
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 refuelling. All well on board.

Here, Mr. Bohliwinkel! 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.

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. Very good. What's the name of your vessel?

Polar research ship Aurora, Captain Haddock.

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?

I assure you that I can't... I mean, I haven't got any oil!

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 sale of fuel oil through the country.

But that means... We're stuck here?
Yes, stuck. And in the meantime...

...The "Peary" 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!

Aye, aye, aye! aye! aye!

Aye, aye, aye! aye!

Aye, aye, aye!

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.

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

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

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

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

Let me go! I'm going to exterminate those crooks! The twisters!

Haddock, listen to me.

Calm down, Captain!

An idea? About getting fuel oil?

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

Barman! A bottle of whisky, and three glasses. No whisky for me, thanks.

I'll have tonic water. Two glasses, barman. And some tonic water for the lad.

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

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

That's enough!... Thanks.

Here's to you, Haddock!

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

Only a drop... A thimbleful...

That's enough... Thanks!
Just astern of the "Aurora".

That's fine!... And you're refuelling tomorrow morning?... Splendid!... Now, listen... Li-li-listen carefully, Chester. This boy always has ex-x-x-xcellent ideas.

The next morning...

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

O.K., O.K... They're big once, 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 kroner.

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

It's not the "Sirius"!

... It's the "Aurora"!!
Goodbye, old man!... Sorry to be leaving you!

So, we’re on our way again. Now for some lunch.

Ah, here’s the cook!... What have you dished up for us today?

Spaghetti, Captain.

Just keep your sense of humour...

One must always keep one’s sense of humour...

Billions of blue blistering barnacles!... Dratted animal!... Wait till I catch the little pirate!
A week later...

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

Right.

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

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

There they go...

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

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

The meteorite?

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

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.

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

All right, we're returning.

Look down there!...
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...

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!

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

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 6 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...

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

All right... or... 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...

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 J-J-J-jiffy-livered J-J-J-land lubbers!

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.
Gentlemen,

Vd 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 ICEBERG... TAKING WATER IN FORM... \ REQUEST ASSISTANCE URGED...

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

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

Polar research ship Aurora to Cita... 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...

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...

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

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.

Yes, unless...

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.

All night. Yes, I know.
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...

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”.

Sch!... There’s another signal coming through.

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

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!

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

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

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

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

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

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

A fake S.O.S.! A fake S.O.S.!... What about the expedition’s sponsors?...

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

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!... Twist... Traitors!... Woodlice!... Turn... coats... Shipwreckers!... Mountebanks!... Moguls! 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.

Snowy!... Come on, Snowy.

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

Snowy?... Are you coming?
"I'm too fagged out to undress. I'm asleep on my feet..."

Still, you might remove my best bib and tucker.

"Well, Snowy old boy, here's one who's going to sleep like a leg."

Yes!

"It's me! Open up, quick!..."

"All right, coming..."

Read this: it's a signal we've intercepted, from the "Peary."


They've beaten us!... We're Finished!

No, we're not Finished yet... The seaplane, Captain! Have the seaplane made ready...

"...and warn the pilot. We're leaving right away."

"O.K. Hey! What about our sleep?"

Now, Snowy, you've got to stay here till I come back...

Don't be silly, Snowy; I'll soon be back."
WOW-OW-OW-OW-OW!
Come on, Snowy. He won't be long.

WOW-OW-OW-OW-OW-OW-OW-OW-OW-OW

Howling for the dead.
A bad amen...

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.

OFF we go!

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

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

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!

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...

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!
Faster!... Faster!...

Here comes the ground!

Pull!... Pull!... Harder!... Harder!... He'll get there before us!

What are you doing, Frank? Have you gone crazy?

Help! The wind has carried me too far!

What are you doing, Frank? Have you gone crazy?

Hooray! One more pull on the ones and we're there!
Quick! Quick!

I can't do it. The cord won't come undone...

Look! He's planted his flag!

Victory! Our flag is flying over the meteorite!

Victory!!

There he is, landing.

Snowy's coming to join you. He won't stay with me any longer.

Come on then, Snowy...

? Wooooah!
The "Aurora" has developed engine trouble and has had to reduce speed. She won't be here for three days. We can't wait: we have no supplies. So we must get back and rejoin her. Anyway, our mission is accomplished. Are you coming?

It's impossible. Someone must stay here to guard the island: that's only sense. So, what's to be done?

There's only one answer: I'll stay here and wait for you to come back with supplies. All right?

There...

Goodbye. And good luck, I'll be back in the morning.

Right... I've got my emergency rations: a few biscuits, an apple and a flask of fresh water. I'll leave them with you.

There goes.

I'll be glad when he's back!
Now, Snowy, we’ll have something to eat...

An apple, ship’s biscuits and water: starvation, Snowy!

Starvation... that reminds me of Philippus the prophet, with his predictions of hunger and cold!

And that nightmare when he was threatening me: the judgement!... Yea!... Behold the judgement!

And the judgement was an enormous spider. Brrrr! I still go cold at the thought of it...

A Spider!

A Spider!

A Spider!

Squash it. Tintin!

It’s disappeared among the rocks.

Leave it. Come on, Snowy...

A Spider!

A Spider!

A Spider!

Squash it. Tintin!

It’s disappeared among the rocks.

Leave it. Come on, Snowy...

A Spider!

A Spider!

A Spider!

Squash it. Tintin!

It’s disappeared among the rocks.

Leave it. Come on, Snowy...

Enjoy your supper, Snowy. Let’s forget that prophet of doom, with his spiders and his “dong-dong-dong”.

Dong Dong Dong Dong Dong Dong Dong Dong Dong Dong

What nonsense I am. It’s the bell on the “Peary”.

Dong Dong Dong Dong Dong Dong Dong Dong Dong Dong

It’s their supper-time too, I expect...

Dong Dong Dong Dong Dong Dong Dong Dong Dong Dong

Finished already. Snowy! I’m afraid I’ve nothing else for you. The two biscuits left are for tomorrow.

Golly! I’m still hungry! At least Tintin has an apple. If only I could find something to get my teeth into.

Ugh, there’s a maggot in this apple...

Whoops!

Ugh, there’s a maggot in this apple...

Whoops!

Are you coming, Snowy? We’re going to turn in now. I’m absolutely dead beat.
Our parachute will come in handy again. We can use it for a mattress and as a blanket.

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

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

BOOM

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

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

BOOM

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

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

Wooah! Hooah!

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

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

Come on, Tintin, let’s scramble it.

But... but... Unless I’m seeing things... The egg: it’s getting bigger!

It’s not an egg! It’s a mushroom!!...
Yes, it's over. Whew! If that's the effect of the new metal, we're in for some more surprises!

Ssh!

No, nothing. The sky is empty...

I thought I heard a buzzing, like the noise of an engine...

An apple tree!... Good heavens, it's an apple tree!... It must have been the core I threw away yesterday... It's incredible!... Fantast-ic!...

I'm keeping an eye open in case the tree blows up too.

It must be magic!
Where did that huge insect come from? It can't be... Yes, it must have been a maggot! I found it in the apple!

Well, Snowy old man, if everything's going to start growing bigger, we're in a fine jam!

But... but... the spider!... The spider that escaped out of the box, last night...

I say, Tintin, you don't think that will have grown, too?

If it's still alive it should be near the apple tree: that's where I was sitting yesterday.

Careful!... It might appear at any moment...

Great snakes!

THUMP

THUMP

THUMP

THUMP
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.

Ssh! Quiet!

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

Hey, what about the spider?

There Snowy! The seaplane...

Hooray! We're saved!

Oh, what a beautiful mo-o-orning!
Oh, what a tra-la-la-la-la! 🎼

Cruwibi

Tro-la-la-la-la-la-la-la

Everythings going my way!

Crumbs! What a monster!

If only I can grab a stone...

Got one!... And it hasn't budged...

Now, take a good aim...

Missed it!

Great snakes! another earthquake!
Hello? Hello?... The meteorite has just been shaken by an earthquake. The whole thing has tilted over, and is sinking slowly into the sea.

What did you say?... An earthquake?... The meteorite is sinking?... What about Tintin? Where is he? We're losing the meteorite?

Can't see him... Oh, yes... He's lying at the foot of an enormous tree, quite still. The water will soon reach him.

Try to land!... Tintin must be saved!

Impossible to get down, Captain. The sea's absolutely raging!

Tintin!... Tintin!... Wake up!

Not a flicker. And the water's still rising!... What can I do?

It's no good!... But he simply must come round!
What's got into you, Snowy? Why did you bite me?

Quick, we must get a move on!

Now what's happening?... Great snakes! The meteorite's tipping over!

Quick, up to the top. The island is settling more and more...
Here goes! It's neck or nothing! I simply must save him!

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

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

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

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

He made it! He managed to get down safely!

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

I hope to heaven he hasn't crashed. How's he hidden by the waves again again?

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

Jump in? Me? Never again!

Snowy! ... Snowy! ... Come on, come here at once!
I don't want to go in the water! ... Wow! ... Wow!

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

I'll throw you! Catch!

One... two...

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

Come on, Snowy, get in!

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

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

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

Right!

Here goes!
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!
Meanwhile...

Nothing... not a word... What’s become of them?

They’re returning!... They’re safe and sound!... Hooray!

Some hours later...

There they are! There they are!

Hello?... Yes... Yes... Yes... Good!

The meteorite? What of the meteorite?

?...

Yes, there, hanging on to the lump of phostlite... with the flag, too!

No sign of Tintin...

Here you are, I’ve brought you a lump of phostlite... wrapped in the expedition’s flag.
The polar research ship "Aurora" sailed in search of the meteorite that fell in the Arctic, which was expected to be submerged by the waves. The expedition succeeded in finding the meteorite just before it was submerged by the waves—probably as a result of some underwater upheaval.

The meteorite was then recovered by the vessel. Examination of the meteorite revealed that its metal had been divined by a young reporter named Tintin, who had been on the island at the very moment...

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! And about time, too!

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

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

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 Sáo Rico financier. He will shortly be brought to justice.

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...