HEGÉ
THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN
DESTINATION MOON

MAMMOTH
Ah! It's the master!... And Mr. Tintin! How good to see you home again! Hello there, Nestor!

I hope you are well, sir... Did you have a good trip?

Fine, thank you Nestor. All well?... I see the house has been painted... How is Professor Calculus? I'm looking forward to seeing him.

Professor Calculus?... Hasn't he written to you?... He left here three weeks ago...

Calculus has gone?

Yes sir... Three weeks ago a gentleman with a foreign accent came to see Professor Calculus. They had a long talk. Then the Professor packed his luggage and they went away, together. He said he would write to you... I'm very surprised he hasn't!

Well, I'm...!

Hello?... Yes... No, this is Captain Haddock... No, he's not here... Who is that speak... No, he left three weeks ago... But who's speaking?... Hello?... Hello?...

Hello?... Hello?... He's rung off... the nitwit talked double-Dutch!... Hello?... Hello?... No, he's gone.

How odd!... Anyway, I hope nothing has happened to Professor Calculus... Shall we have a look round his room?

When I went in this morning to air the room, I noticed nothing unusual...

We'd better look...

Look at Snowy!...
You've read this brochure on Syltdavia?... What a country! ... They export mineral water, the poisoners! ... I say, you're very preoccupied. Is something wrong?

Why did he promise to write, and then not do so?

He wired us: it comes to the same thing.

I'm not sure. What proof have we that he sent the telegram? Then, remember that mysterious telephone call? Perhaps someone wanted to get us out of the house...

In Syltdavia!... Calculus is in Syltdavia!... What's the crazy fellow doing there?

It's very odd. He asks us to join him. Shall we go?

Of course!... No need to take the bags upstairs, Nestor. We're leaving at once.

Two days later...

Blistering barnacles, it's true!... I hadn't thought of that!... He's quite a character, our friend Calculus!
Your whisky, sir...
Ah, that's very kind.

Stop, woman! Don't do that!
What are you doing? Not one drop of that disgusting mineral-water in my whisky!

Two hours later...

Klow, ladies and gentlemen. Please fasten safety belts.

No, I don't see him anywhere... He must have received our telegram by now. Well, we shall see. Here we are at the Customs. Anything to declare, Captain?
Me?...Nothing at all!

And this?...Spirits!...There's a heavy import duty, zir. Only mineral-water here in Sylavia...

875 Khors import duty! Bunch of pirates! In our money that'd be...
Strange...I don't see Calculus...

All passports, please.

Your Friend...er...not able to come...he send car...You please come with me...
Oh, Calculus has sent a car for us. That's kind of him...Good: we'll follow you.

Wait...What about our luggage?
Already in the car, zir.

Take a good look at those two...They're joining the Mammoth. You see, Zep have picked them up already...

You Captain Haddock?...And him Tintin?
Yes.
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 yourself, you Bashir-bazouk! You were asked where we're going. Tell us!

Sprodj, zir. Your friend there...

Sprodj, zir. Your friend there...

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.

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

You speak me, zir!... I not see... we go...
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 going behind us.

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 hin durstig, blistering barnacles! Drink... glug-glug... Ah!... Dössz?

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...

Look!... A helicopter...
By thunder! It's landing in the road!... Here, Sprody, what does this mean?

Well, it's the First time I've ever seen that... It's incredible! A flying check-point!

B. H. 15 calling Control... B. H. 15 Calling Control... Expedition "Bluebell" passed check-point... All in order...

What's all this checking business? Where are we, and where are they taking us?

That's what I'm wondering.

Look, a house!... Here, Sprody, is this where our friend Calculus lives?

Yes, zir...

What's possessed him to come and nest up here? I simply... Blistering barnacles! Another check-point!

Thundering typhoons! What's going on in this country! Anyone would think there's a war on!

And now that baboon's gone off with our papers! What's he doing with them?

P. K. I calling Control... P. K. I calling Control... Expedition "Bluebell" has arrived... All in order... Open the doors...

Güdd!... Zrículzmo!... Zsoegounh, dzoezehnh... ebb tounh...

Ah, all's well... We can go on.

Güdd!... Thundering typhoons, what's happening? Are we driving straight into the garage?... That's an odd sort of welcome!
The doors have closed automatically behind us!

And the other doors are opening automatically in front!

Here you are, gentlemen.

At last! And it's about time too!

Blistering barnacles! When are they going to make a car that you can get out of without cracking your skull?

Mr. Tintin... Let me introduce myself: Frank Wolff, assistant engineer to Professor Calculus. How do you do.

Zepo?... What sort of creature is a Zepo?

You'll see, Captain. Professor Calculus will explain everything. Come: he's waiting for you.

Fifth floor. We'll take the lift.

After you, gentlemen...

How do you do... But I'd like to know where we are... And what are these gangsters who followed us from the air-port... Gangsters, Captain! These are ZEPO men!

Oh! I'm sorry. I didn't notice your dog!

This is where Professor Calculus works...

Here we are...
I'm so sorry! I completely forgot my helmet... It's a new model in multiplex; we were testing it for strength...

Believe me, it's strong all right!

Of course... But what's this multiplex helmet meant for?
Certainly, certainly... Just a moment...

What did you say?
Ah, you're using an ear-trumpet now! But why not a hearing aid - one of those little instruments fitting into the ear? They're almost invisible.

Oh yes, I know what you mean... But they're meant for deaf people...

...and I'm only a little hard of hearing in one ear...

Now look, Mr. Hard-of-Hearing, when am I going to get an answer to my question: WHERE ARE WE?

Didn't Mr. Wolff tell you?... Well, I'll explain...

Meanwhile in Klov...

In short, we haven't made much progress. We know the Mammoth project is going ahead; but just how far - that's the problem... The only precise information we've managed to get is this complete list of employees in the Main Workshop. Our agent K.27, in the Ministry, photographed it on microfilm. Here...

K.27 has not wasted his time, my dear Baron...
That, Captain, is a part—and only a part—of the Sprod 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 Zmy-hilpathian 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?

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!... 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 on the Moon!... Ha! ha! ha!

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

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

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

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

Well, what do you think of it?

What on earth is that??
Eh?... What?... What are you saying?

Me?... On the Moon!... With you?... Blistering barnacles! Your brain’s gone radioactive! On the Moon!... You’d just push me around, like that, without a word!... On the Moon!!! I’ll never set foot in your infernal rocket, d’you hear me? Thundering typhoons!... Never!

Oh, thank you, Captain... thank you!... I knew I could count on you.

Good evening, gentlemen.

Ah, Mr. Baxter. May I introduce Captain Haddock? Mr. Baxter, the Captain is most enthusiastic. He says he and our good friend Tintin will be delighted to travel with me to the Moon.

Excuse me...

I congratulate you, too, young man. In this perilous venture you will represent the eager spirit of youth. That’s splendid...

But it is getting late, gentlemen, and you’ve had a tiring day. We’ll show you your rooms, and tomorrow the Professor will take you round the Centre... This will be the first time outsiders have been admitted... As you can imagine, we cannot be too careful about spies and saboteurs...

Night falls. All is quiet. Down the long, silent corridors, guards are on patrol...

Patrol 14 calling Control... Nothing to report...
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...

RRRING RRRRING RRRRING

Professor! Wake up, Professor!...The alarm bell!...Time to get up already?

What's happening?

Fire!...All out!

Well, this is a fine start!

This looks serious...

All out!...All out!

Ah, there's Professor Calculus...

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

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

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

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

You thundering nitwitted sea-gherkins!
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.

Meanwhile...

Send this in code, my dear Baron: "A.K.R. 12" to N.W.C. 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-...
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?
Good. Now, back to the pile again. At this moment they are putting in a rod of uranium; uranium containing about 99% of U.235 and only 1% of radioactive U.233. 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...

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

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?

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.

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

Hurry! Something serious must have happened!


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...

A few minutes later . . .

And this morning when I opened the safe, look what I found: old newspapers instead of the plans...
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-FLR6, 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...

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

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

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

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

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

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

LOOK OUT! CAUTION! WET PAINT

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

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

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

Let's see, perhaps if I shake it...

Well, Professor, what are you up to now?

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

A few minutes later

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

Silence!

To be precise: the stick!

RAT TAT TAT

These are the two birds, sir.

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

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...

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

Perhaps your ear-trumpet is blocked?

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

I'm terribly sorry...

Don't mention it!

Excuse me: the telephone...

RRRMRING
So the game’s up, eh, my friends? You can start by explaining this set-up... Get-up? You called Syldavian costumes a set-up? Your own national dress?

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

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

I told you he didn’t seem very bright.

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

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

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

Tintin! Him! Policemen! Them?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A few hours later...

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

Aha!... From here there’s an unrestricted view... so now to work!
Supposing these mysterious parachutists had an accomplice within the Centre who wanted to hand over the plans... How would they set about it?... All the entrances are guarded!... All of them?... No.

You see, Snowy, before we left, I spent a long time studying a plan of the Centre. And I found two ventilators, no one bothers to guard. They think they're inaccessible... Well, I believe there's a way of getting at them...

Let's see, where's the first one?... There it is!... Yes, that's it... No, you can't reach that; it's a sheer drop... Where's the other one...

There it is!... Well, I think there's a way to approach that one... Come on, Snowy, we'll take a closer look.

So there's our ventilator!

I'm going to look. You guard my rucksack, Snowy — and no noise! Those parachutists can't be far away.

There you go! Acrobatics again! You'll break every bone in your body one day!

It's just as I thought. This must be where the spies contact their inside accomplice... I...

A BEAR CUB!

WOOAH! WOOAH!

Well, if you like them, take one. Enjoy yourself, little greedy-guts!

There he goes, without waiting for more... And he didn't even say thank you!

That's that, eh, Snowy? My boy? Here's a piece for you.

Hey, Snowy, what's the matter?
Steady! Steady! You bunch of gluttons!

Crumbs! Here come the parents! That's gonna be it!

There! Those are for you! Go and get them!

Quick, Snowy! Now's our chance to give them the slip. We'll make our way up there.

Funny sort of lift!

Here we are... The first thing is to warn the Captain.

The first thing is to let me down!

Hello, hello... Hello, Captain? Yes, it's me. I think I've got it... Yes... J Sector... Corridor 3... Ventilator 3... Yes... I can count on you?

Trust me!... You said J Sector, Corridor 3, Ventilator 3... Right? No, no, not a word to a soul!

Well... all we can do is await events... Here, Snowy. We must wrap up well; it's a chilly night.

Some hours later...

That's one of the parachutists!... But where's the other?

What's that?... I heard a noise!

He's approaching the grating... Someone's handing him papers... Now's my moment to join in!

Hands up!

Well done, Jim!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* See Tintin in the Land of Black Gold
If we may, Mr. Baxter, we'll stay here... We might pick up some clues.

You think so?... All right.

I don't know why, but it strikes me that Baxter and Wolff are behaving suspiciously.

To be precise: most suspiciously.

We'll take care of them later. Meanwhile, let's have a look at this famous ventilator...

I don't see anything special...

I say, look!

That door: it's ajar... perhaps that's where...

Wait, I'll switch on the light.

You're right: let's see.

What's all this paraphernalia?

You stay here... I'm going to see what's behind that door.

EEEEEEEK!
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!

The see... 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 panic... 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?
Keep your eyes open!...It can't have gone far.

In here, perhaps?

Hey, post!...Quick, Thomson, come and look!

Hands up, I said! Oh, so you won't!
...Well, in that case I'll...I'll...

W-w-we must act...at...at once! At once! T-t-take him b-b-b-by surprise!
...Now, keep calm!...Get your gun out: he may be armed.

All...all...all... all right!

Very well... But make one false move and I'll shoot! Understand?
Put the handcuffs on him, Thomson.

Now, get going!...Quick march!...
You don't want to?...Passive resistance, eh?...Grab him, Thomson!

Meanwhile...

Calling KM 2...Calling KM 2...
First mission completed...
First mission completed...

O.K.,! We'll have their rocket now!
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.

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

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.

Finished!

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

No, Mr. Baxter. Tintin’s better!

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

At any rate, I’ll be safe up here!

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

Clear the launching bay!

Ah, peace at last!

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...

I...
This is the control panel with all the instruments for guiding the rocket.

Aha! It looks a bit like a piano to me!

And here is the celebrated vocalist, Bianca Castafiore of La Scala, Milan, to sing you the famous jewel song from “Faust”: “Ah, my beauty, I want you to compare these jewels... I wear...”

**AH THESE JEWELS**

Shh! Quiet... Isn’t that the alarm siren?

And now the great virtuoso Haddocksikoff... Pom! Pom! Pom! Pom!

Congratulations Captain! You have remarkable talent... But we’ve other things to think of besides chamber music!

In a few minutes, gentlemen, X-FLR 6 will begin its flight... I propose that the honour of launching the rocket should fall to our youngest colleague - Tintin... You agree?

The left-hand lever controls the auxiliary engine - used only at the outset. The other controls the nuclear motor which takes over later.

Attention please!... Observatory to Control Room. Stand by... Three minutes to go...

Action stations!

Two minutes to go...

One minute to go...

Thirty seconds to go...

Ten seconds... Nine... Eight... Seven... Six... Five... Four... Three... Two... One...

NOW! ZERO!
There she goes! For the first time in history man is sending a rocket to the Moon and back!

The Moon and back!... Do you realise what those little words mean: THE MOON AND BACK!

Oh dear, I'm so sorry!... But how lucky your pipe wasn't in your mouth!

Twenty seconds to go...
Ten seconds to go... Nine...
Eight... Seven...

Have you seen my pipe anywhere?

I'm sorry, not now...

Blistering barnacles, where's my pipe?

Six... Five... Four... three... two...

One!... ZERO!

Observatory to Control Room... Stand by to engage nuclear motor... Ready!... Thirty seconds from now

Observatory to Control Room... The nuclear motor has just taken over... All going well. Cut the auxiliary engine.

Have you seen my pipe?

Your pipe? What would I want with your pipe?... I'm sorry but I haven't time to worry about your pipe now!

Observatory to Control Room... How's the radar working?

Perfectly! All going well!

Meanwhile, many thousands of miles away...

Patience! We can't intervene for some hours yet...

Observatory to Control Room... Correction zero... zero... eight... six... Please repeat.

Zero... zero... eight... six... Correction made...

A trifling correction. I think. But I'd better just check with my tables...

OH!
Goodness gracious, Captain! It's you!

Mind out or you'll bump your head!

Have you lost something?
What do you think I'm doing down here? Picking four-leaf clover?

That goat Calculus! Where did he knock my pipe to?

Quiet Snowy!... Be quiet!...

Blistering barnacles, will you be quiet!

Captain, do please be sensible... Stop teasing the dog.

It's not me... It's him...

Woah!

Attention please! Observatory calling! What was that shout we heard?

Don't worry... Captain Haddock's just found his pipe.

Attention please! In thirty seconds cut the nuclear motor! Ready!... Ten seconds to go... Nine... Eight... Seven... Six... Five... Four...

Three... Two... One... ZERO!

Observatory to Control Room... All in order... X-FLR 6 is safely in orbit round the Moon...

In thirty seconds she will be out of our sight.

There... We can't see her any more.

Many hours later...

Observatory to Control Room... In three minutes the rocket will enter its orbit round the Moon... Stand by...

Don't worry... Captain Haddock's just found his pipe.

When this phase of the operation begins, the motor is stopped. It's own speed, combined with the force of lunar attraction, should cause the rocket to go round the Moon. We only resume radio-control when X-FLR 6 reappears.

Meanwhile...

Now their rocket is masked by the Moon!... We go into action in a few minutes...
Just imagine! For the first time in history, cameras are now photographing the side of the Moon no one has ever seen! And it's thanks to us, my dear Wolff! Thanks to us!

Observatory to Control Room... In three minutes the rocket will reappear... Stand by to resume radio - control...

For heaven's sake make these corrections! You're taking no notice of the figures we're giving!

I beg your pardon, but I've followed you exactly! I'm not deaf, am I?

Is something wrong, Wolff?

The rocket is going off course. I don't know what it is...

Correction: seven, eight, five, two. Correct it, this time!

That's what I'm doing, confound it!

I can't understand it. The rocket is right out of control!

But surely that's impossible!

I've got it! Tintin was right!... How lucky I listened to him!

What do you mean?

Hi, Professor! Mind your headphones!

Observatory to Control Room... Stand by... Restart the nuclear motor in thirty seconds...

D'you think I could do it?

Of course.

Observatory to Control Room... Correction: three, two, seven, six... Repeat...

Correction made.

Observatory to Control Room... Correction: three, two, seven, six... Repeat...

Three, two, seven, six... Correction made.

Thundering typhoons, you wretched rocket! Will you get back on your course! You wait! I'll get you!

The wonders of modern science! Just an ordinary lever, and click!... Hundreds of thousands of miles away an engine starts up!... It's fantastic!

Correction: zero, zero, nine, eight... Repeat...

Zero, zero, nine, eight. Correction made.

Correction: seven, eight, five, two. Correct it, this time!

Thundering typhoons, you wretched rocket! Will you get back on your course! You wait! I'll get you!
Now... the fruit is ripe: we have only to pluck it!... In a few hours our work will be complete.

What are you doing, Professor?

No, Mr. Baxter, I'm not mad!... But I don't want our rocket, with all its secrets, to fall into the hands of a foreign power.

For that's what is happening!... Why won't X-FLRG obey us? Because it has been intercepted by a stronger radio-control station than ours, on the same wave-length!... If we don't intervene, there's no knowing who may lay hands on our rocket!

As sure as my name's Cuthbert Calculus, that's not going to happen. There is a way. Tintin suggested it: A device to destroy the rocket in flight and I installed it last night, Mr. Baxter, we must blow up X-FLRG!

Surely you can't mean that?

Well done!

Observatory to Control Room... The rocket is completely beyond our radio control.

You hear that Mr. Baxter. What do you say?

All right!

Calling Observatory... All well?... Has she exploded?

Exploded?... No!... On the contrary, she's getting further and further away.

Exploded?... No!... On the contrary, she's getting further and further away.

Oh misery!... Misery!... All is lost!... Our secrets, our discoveries, lost!... Everything will drop into foreign hands!... This is appalling!

Here, calm yourself, Professor!... Cuthbert, I implore you!

And the photographs!... The first photographs of the other side of the Moon!... All lost!... Oh, this is disaster!

Ah, I see what it is! Two wires disconnected... That can soon be put right.

This time I think it will work... There!

So sorry!... I thought I was tearing my hair!

Ah, I see what it is! Two wires disconnected... That can soon be put right.
Too true! ... All too true! ... All our hopes brought to nothing ... Months, years of research and struggle! All annihilated in a flash!

Look out for my beard! Your grief's a bit wild...

A fortnight later...

I'm fed up with hanging about here, doing nothing.

That's very odd. I have the same thing myself. But mine's in the right shoulder... A touch of rheumatism, I expect... It has been damp these last few days. But it will go. Excuse me; Mr. Baxter is waiting...

Observatory to Control Room... X-FLR6 has exploded. There's nothing more to see.

Accursed luck! They've foreseen everything! They'd sooner blow up their rocket than let it fall into our hands!

How did I get the idea? ... Well, it occurred to me that the documents passed to the spies might contain all the details of the radio-control of our trial rocket... I confided my fears to Professor Calculus who immediately devised the mechanism to explode X-FLR6, should she be intercepted... You see what a good idea it was.

No, professor Calculus, all is not lost! On the contrary, this is a triumph for you... Didn't your nuclear motor work perfectly? Didn't the rocket go to the Moon, and circle it?

Tintin is right! The trial was conclusive. Don't be so downhearted. Tomorrow we start work on another rocket. But not an experimental one — this will be the real Rocket, to carry you to the Moon!

I ought to have stayed peacefully at Marmaduke, instead of fooling about in this dump, just to gratify the whims of a mad professor!

There he goes now... I'll tell him a thing or two! ... Hi, Professor!

Good morning, Mr. Baxter.

Good morning, Professor. You've brought the blueprint of the rocket!

I'm afraid not, Mr. Baxter. But the blueprint is finished... Here... What do you think of it?
Splendid, Professor! My heartiest congratulations! To me this looks admirable, from every point of view. When do you plan to start construction?

Tomorrow, if you agree.

Right!... I'll go and give the necessary instructions. The services of every skilled man will be at your disposal at once. Work will go on day and night.

That's wonderful. Thank you!

Look here, you didn't answer my question just now. How soon is your little trip to the Moon?

Well, if I were you I'd try camphorated oil.

Blistering barnacles, it's nothing to do with camphorated oil! It's the Moon...

Rubbed in night and morning.

You nitwit you! I'm talking about your trip to the Moon!

Maybe... But believe me, there's nothing like camphorated oil... Excuse me now. I'm up to my eyes in work.

Hello... Yes Mr. Baxter, we're going ahead with the space-suit trials... Captain Haddock is our guinea-pig... Yes, I'll keep you informed.

I say!... Your fancy-dress weighs a ton! You can't move a muscle with it on.

Don't worry, Captain. On the Moon things are six times lighter than on the Earth... Once up there, you'll feel as comfortable as if you were in a lounge suit.

Glad to hear it!

First of all we'll reduce the pressure. Yesterday we completed air-tightness tests with the suits. They were excellent... If anything is wrong, shout "Stop" and we'll restore normal pressure at once.

Here's your helmet.

Testing the radio... Hello... Can you hear me, Captain?

Yes, I can hear you. You can start now. I'm ready.

Good!... Goodbye for now. Good luck!

Thanks.

Between ourselves, I'm not all that happy!

I feel like a goldfish in its bowl!
Hello Captain!... Ready?

Carry on!

Now... We are going to lower your temperature. Don't forget to adjust your heating apparatus.

Right...

Hello Captain... That's fine!... Carry on!

Excellent... Now you can see...

...that it's not so difficult after all!

All right Captain, you can stop.

Hello Captain, what are you doing?... Hello!

For heaven's sake Mr. Wolff, bring the pressure and temperature back to normal at once! Something's wrong!

We'll start by creating a vacuum... Don't forget, if you feel the least discomfort don't hesitate to call us... We'll stop the test at once.

Brrr... It's certainly starting to get beastly cold...

Fifty degrees below zero... Still all right?... Try to move about.

Try to move about? With all this paraphernalia on? I'd like to see you do it. I suppose you could walk on your hands?

Pressure is now down to zero... You are almost in an absolute vacuum... How are you feeling?

Not bad, thanks. And you?
All right if I open it now?
Carry on!

Great snakes!

Keep still! I'll take off your helmet.

Mice! Snowy! Here, Snowy!

Good gracious! They're the mice we used for the first tests! We forgot to take them out of the suit!

But why didn't you call out? I told you...
Blistering barnacles, that's what I did! It was you... You didn't answer!

You could have called for ever, Captain. Your radio equipment is disconnected!
Disconnected! It'll be fun if that happens on the Moon!

Anyway, it has proved that the suit is absolutely resistant to a vacuum, and low temperatures... What happened was just a little incident... quite unimportant...

HELP! HELP!

What, Captain?
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 Martinspike! 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? 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, 1...

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

You see, I was feeling upset... just then... But it's all over now.
Billions of blue blistering bar-macles! If ever I 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!

Slaving 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...

Begone, 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? I say 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.

For heaven's sake, Cuthbert, 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 do you think of that? Look what the goat created.
Will, 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 contraption will take you to the Moon?

This crackpot contraption, 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!

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 Colt... one! 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?

All these bits and pieces 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?...

To the left of the deck are the oxygen cylinders... That's the periscope, in the middle of the cabinet, 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?...

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!

To the left of the desk are the oxygen cylinders... That's the periscope, in the middle of the cabinet, 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?...
Once and for all, Captain, do take care! There's another hatch here. You be careful too, Tintin. And mind Snowy...

I warn you, Captain, there's another hatch...

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...

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

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...

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

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

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

Blistering barnacles! What's happened?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Calculus!... Amnesia?

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

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

Hmm! Umm!

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

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

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

Marlingspike... Marlingspike Hall... Our butler, Nestor... Remember Marlingspike... 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...

Tarantara... Tarantara...

Guards, prepare to attack!...

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 Jocko?... Now then, smile please!... Watch the birdie!

Blistering barnacles, that's no use! He reacted about as much as a tombstone!

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 PHHHHHT wouldn't scare anybody.
There's nothing for it. We must try something else... Wait, I know what'll do the trick.

A violent shock? ...Well, he'll get one!

Calculus! Prepare to die!

Tintin, I think we've done it... I'm sure he's reacting...

So that's it! Well, this time I'll use strong measures...

RRRINNG!

Blistering barnacles, look out for squalls this time! When this banger goes off under his chair, he'll recover all right!

Hello... No, this is Tintin... Hello Mr. Baxter... I'm afraid not. He's just the same... The captain is still trying...

You don't think it would be better la...

Leave it to me: you'll see!

Hurry up!... Outside!

Wait!... This is going to be fun!

What's up? That banger's taking its time!

As I thought! The thundering fuse has gone out!

Look out, Captain! It's still smoking. Be careful!

Just my luck!... The fuse must be out.

BANG
The same evening...

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

Whooo!... Whoooo!... Beware, Cuthbert, I am a ghost-o-oste!

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 mar-rot!

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!

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."

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've 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.

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?

Hello... Yes... What? Inside the Security Area?... Three?... You're questioning them?... All right, keep me informed.
You heard that, gentlemen? The ZEP0 have just arrested three people wandering inside the Security Area. Of course they said they wanted to climb Mount Ztophole, 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, Wolfi, everything is in order, except for the delay with the optical instruments... What about you Captain? Air supply, temperature, safety equipment... All in order!

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 shut!
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...

... 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!
A few moments later...

Here I am... I haven't kept you waiting?

Not at all... But tell me: what's in that crate behind you?

Just two or three bottles of whisky... You know it may be freezing cold up there, so I'm just taking precautions...

I'm awfully sorry, Captain, but no alcoholic liquor is allowed on board... We've a little rum, for emergencies, but that's all... And what's in this parcel?

Er... A little tobacco for my pipe.

For me, Captain, but I have explicit instructions: no smoking on board... The oxygen supplies are more than sufficient for the journey, there and back, but we can't waste them... Believe me, I'm terribly sorry...

So, it's like that, is it?... You don't think I'll go up in your flying cigar under such conditions, do you?...

Never, you hear me, never! This is the end: I've had enough. You go to the Moon! Go to Mars, or Jupiter, or... dance with the Great Bear if you want!

As for me, my decision is final: I'm not going!

Hello, Captain... You look cross... Is anything wrong?

Anything wrong, blistering barnacles! Only that I'm not allowed to take a little whisky and a few ounces of tobacco! And under such conditions I refuse to go!... That's what's wrong!

No "ifs" or "buts" or "maybes"... Once for all, I'm not going!... And don't let me have to tell you again...

How right you are!
Well, you're very wise not to go on such a wild goose chase!... It's a ridiculous idea!... Besides, at your age it would be sheer madness!

To be precise: sheer madness at your age.

The optical instruments have arrived safely, Mr. Baxter. They're being stowed aboard now... The launching can take place tonight, at the scheduled time...

For you will certainly run grave risks... A simple short-circuit means a crash on the Earth or the Moon, or an everlasting journey in space... There are great hazards on landing, and taking off from the Moon... You may be pulverised by meteorites...

The optical instruments have arrived safely, Mr. Baxter. They're being stowed aboard now... The launching can take place tonight, at the scheduled time...

Good evening, Minister... This is Miller speaking... I've just received the following signal: "Mission completed. Operation Ulysses going ahead." All is well!
Blow yourselves up; I trust you will not be driven to that extremity! If anything has to go with a bang, let's make it the cork from this bottle! Will you, Captain?

With pleasure, Mr. Baxter... I'm an old hand...

Thundering typhoons! Why does this cork have to be so stubborn?

Would you like me to try, Captain?

Are you proposing to teach me how to open a bottle of champagne?

But...

The cork! He's swallowed the cork!

Here, Captain... Sit down... Yes, like that... Now, I'll give you a thump on the back.

That's better, thanks! But I can't imagine how it happened. It's the first time...

Come, gentlemen. The incident is closed... Here, Captain...

That's got a kick in it!... Champagne doesn't agree with me... It's making my head spin!

Here, Captain... Sit down... Yes, like that... Now, I'll give you a thump on the back.

Gentlemen, I raise my glass to the success of our enterprise... And I drink the health of the first men to set foot upon the Moon...

And now the hour of departure approaches... The cars are waiting to take us to the launching site... Come, gentlemen!

A few minutes later...

Hail Caesar: those about to die salute thee!... But here they're saluting us, blistering barnacles! And who knows, by thunder: it may be for the last time!...
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 flooded; 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 forgive 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!

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.

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

Tintin, you establish radio contact with Earth.

Right.

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!
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!

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...

Three minutes to go...

What am I doing in this outfit?... And to think I gave that sea-garbin 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...

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?

One minute?

Till when?

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!
Ooh!... What a horrible crushing sensation!

Blistering barnacles!... It's like having an elephant on my back!

Observatory to Control Room...
The rocket is now 500 miles from the Earth. The nuclear motor has just taken over automatically from the auxiliary engine.

Right. We'll try to make contact with the rocket.

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

There they go!... They'll probably have blacked out... Now back to the Control Room...
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 succeeded in establishing radio contact yet? Please report...

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

Control Room to Observatory...
The Moon-Rocket is not answering.

By Lucifer! Surely nothing can have gone wrong?
Ah, Mr. Baxter, you’ve come back...

Well?

We’ve been calling them without interruption for some time now... I can’t understand it...

Keep on trying.

Earth calling Moon-Rocket...

... Are you receiving me?

... Earth calling...

Still no reply...

Let’s hope...

Observatory to Control Room... The Rocket is now 2,000 miles from the launching point. It has just attained escape velocity, 7 miles per second. Everything seems in order.

Yes, it seems to be so. But what’s worrying me is their silence... Call them again, Walter.

Earth calling Moon-Rocket...

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

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

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