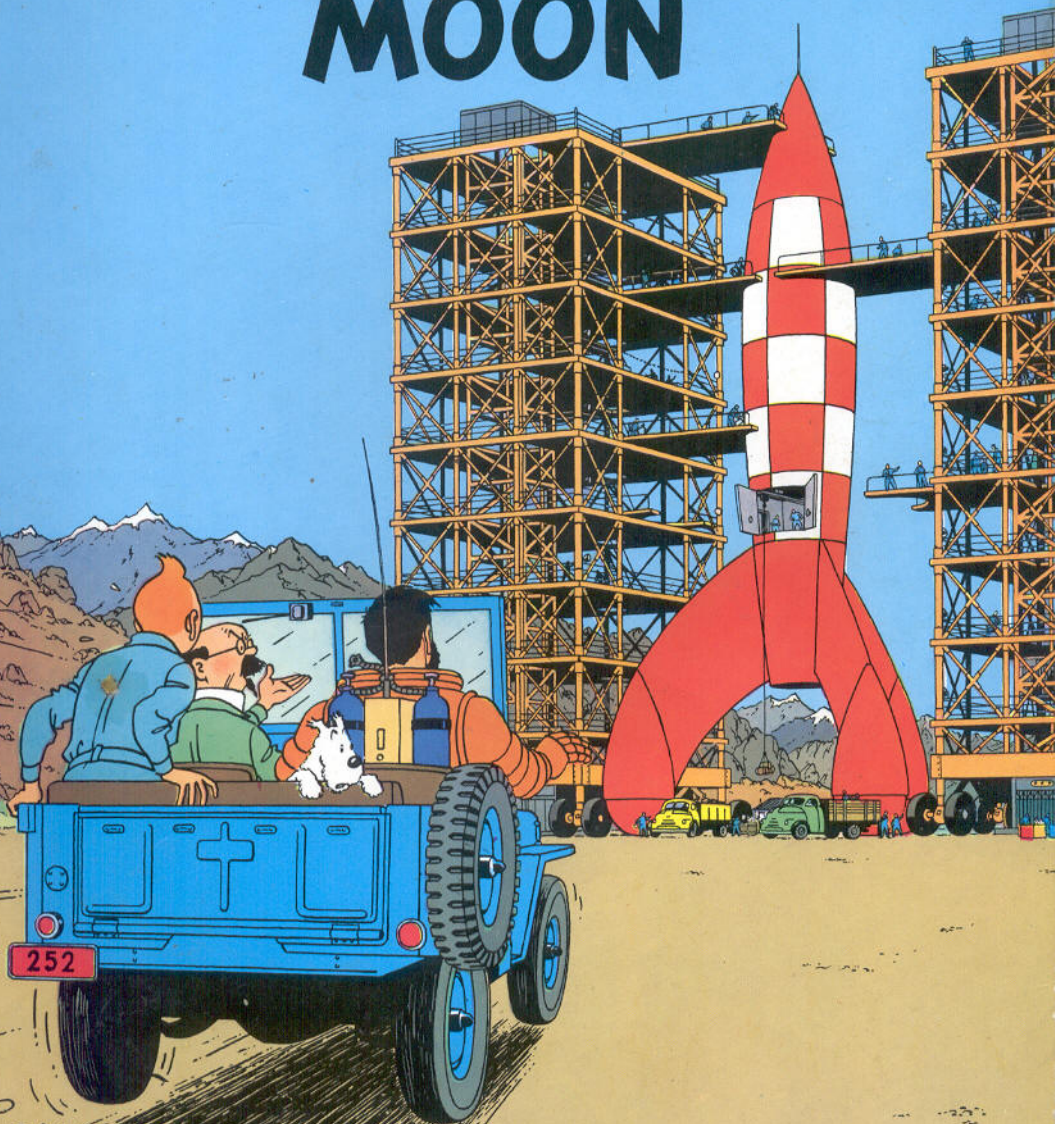


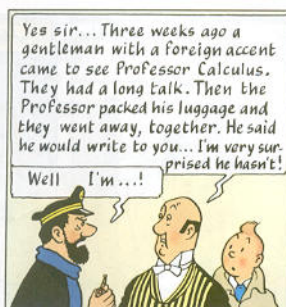
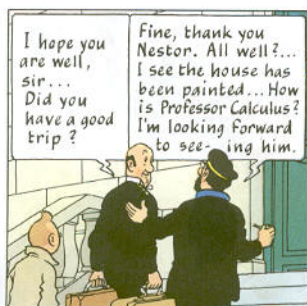
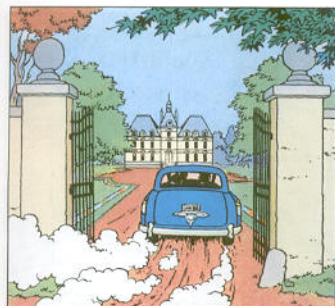
HERGÉ
THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN
**DESTINATION
MOON**

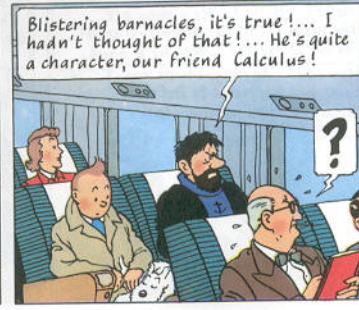
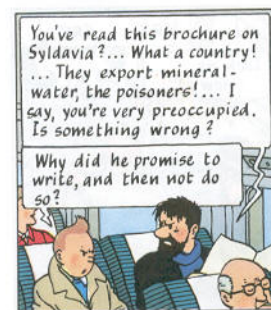
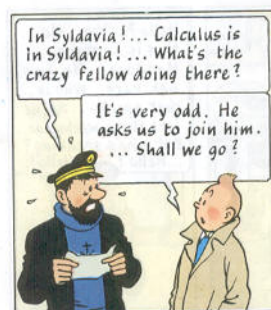


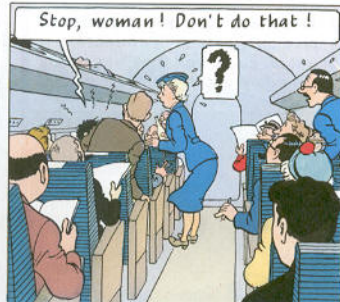
MAMMOTH



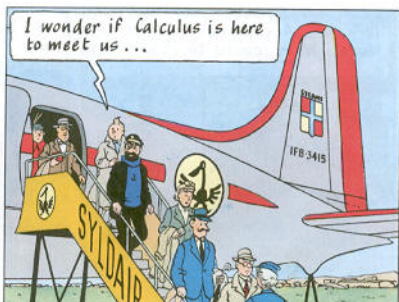
DESTINATION MOON

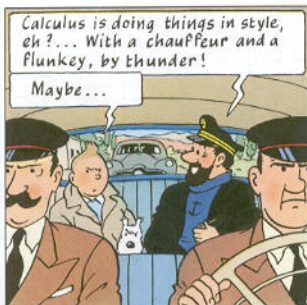




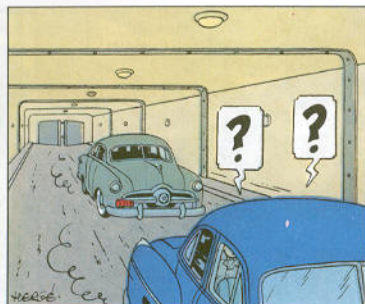
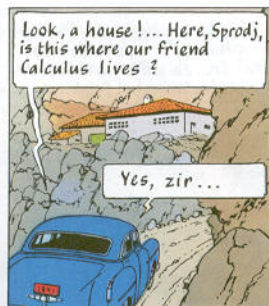
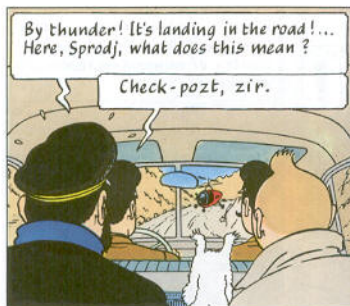


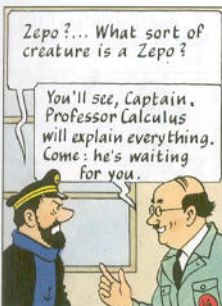
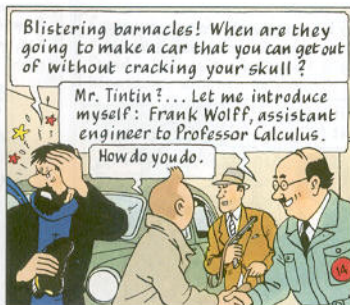
Two hours later...

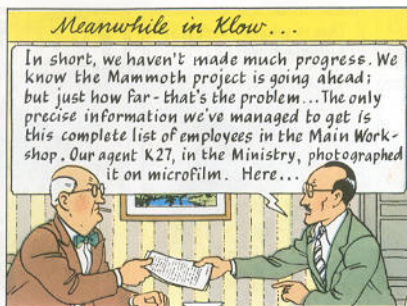
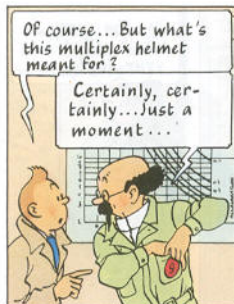












Come in here: I want to show you something...

What on earth is that ??

That, Captain, is a part - and only a part - of the Sprodj Atomic Research Centre.

An atomic research centre in this land of savages?

Certainly!... Four years ago rich uranium deposits were found in the heart of the Zmyhipathian 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?

Certainly!... Four years ago rich uranium deposits were found in the heart of the Zmyhipathian mountains - that is, here... The Syldavian Government immediately embarked on the building of an atomic research centre... But let's sit down. Will you have a drink, Captain?

Specialists in nuclear physics were recruited from many countries, and work began. It goes without saying that all the research is for humanitarian purposes... No question of making atomic bombs here... In fact, we are seeking a way to protect mankind from the dangers of these weapons...

Then the Syldavian Government invited me to work here. I have been put in charge of the astronomical section, as that is the field with which I am most familiar
...

I have been very ably supported, by my engineer, Frank Wolff. You met him earlier. And I'm just completing plans for a nuclear-powered rocket in which I propose to land ON THE MOON...

Ha! ha! ha! ha!... The Moon!... Old Calculus on the Moon! Ha! ha! ha!... The things you think of!... The Moon!... That's a good one!...

Ha! ha! ha!... The Moon!... As easy as pie!... A man on the Moon!... You'll be the man in the Moon! ... Ha! ha! ha!

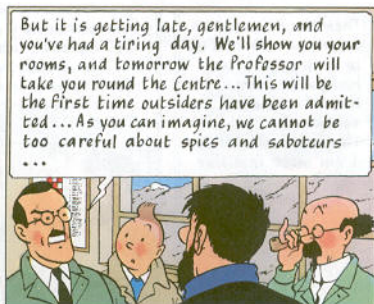


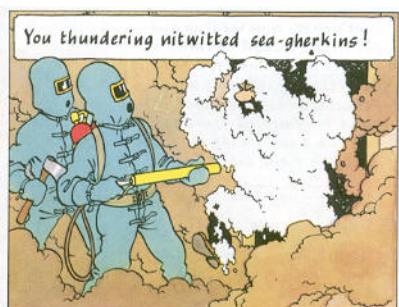
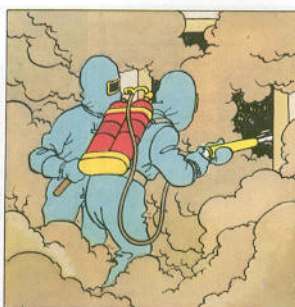
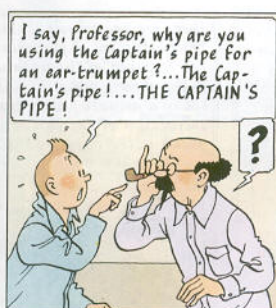
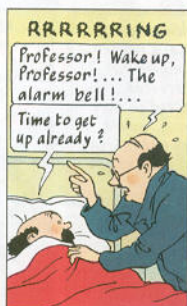
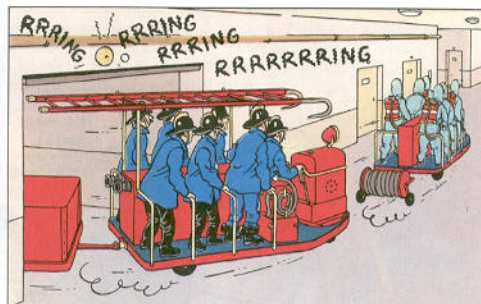
A man with a beard and a blue scarf is laughing hysterically, covering his face with his right hand. He is wearing a dark jacket. The background is a simple yellow wall.

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! Passen-
gers for the Moon, all
aboard the bus!...
Sorry, the rocket!...
You are taking passen-
gers, I hope?

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





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

Putting out what?



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

Oh I see: it's made of ebonite!



The next morning...

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



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

The ZÉPO?... ZÉ-PO... Zekrett Politz... They are the special police responsible for guarding the atomic area, for anti-sabotage precautions and for counter-espionage.



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



Meanwhile...

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



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



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

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



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

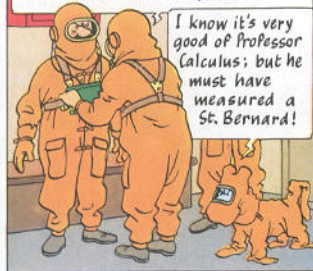


That's that. Now we'll go and put on the special clothing to protect us against radioactivity... By the way, with his usual thoughtfulness Professor Calculus remembered your dog; he's had a suit made for him - just the right size.

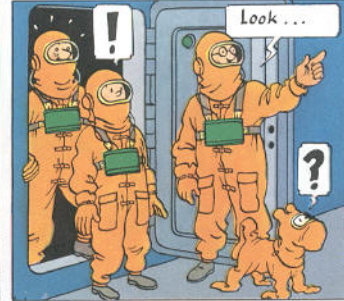


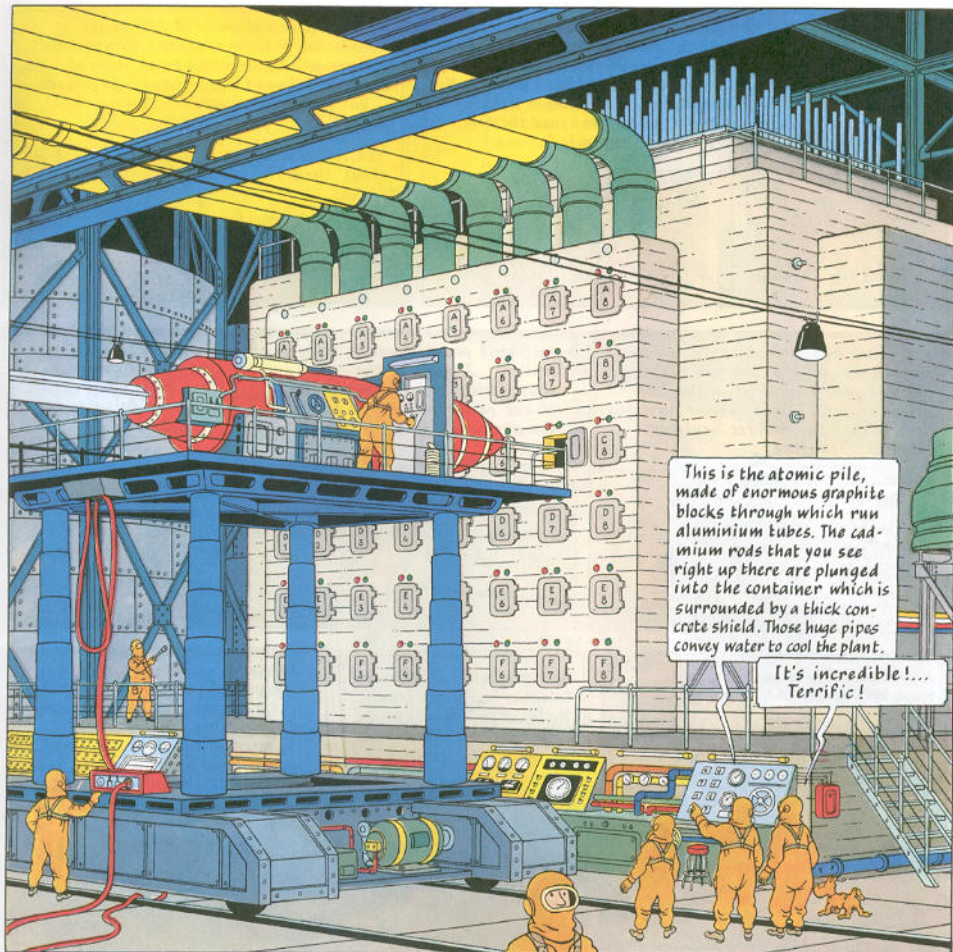
There... Now we can go in...

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



Look...

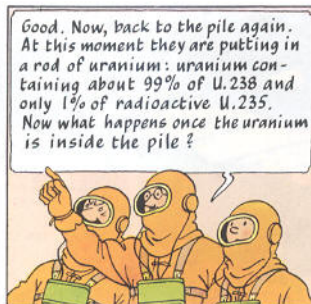




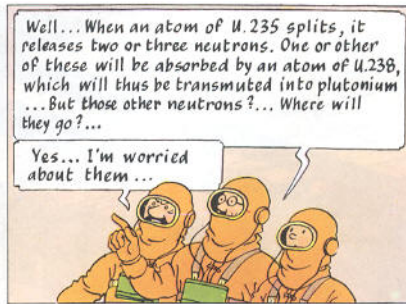


I hope you aren't hurt? ...

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

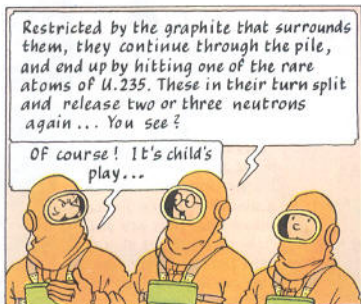


Good. Now, back to the pile again. At this moment they are putting in a rod of uranium: uranium containing about 99% of U.238 and only 1% of radioactive U.235. Now what happens once the uranium is inside the pile?



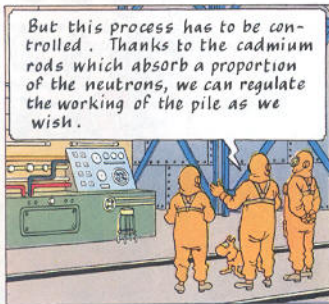
Well... When an atom of U.235 splits, it releases two or three neutrons. One or other of these will be absorbed by an atom of U.238, which will thus be transmuted into plutonium... But those other neutrons?... Where will they go?...

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

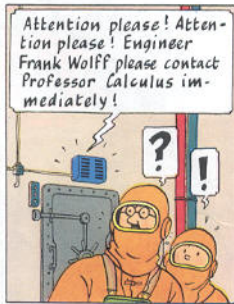


Restricted by the graphite that surrounds them, they continue through the pile, and end up by hitting one of the rare atoms of U.235. These in their turn split and release two or three neutrons again... You see?

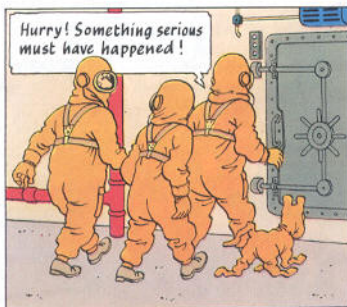
Of course! It's child's play...



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



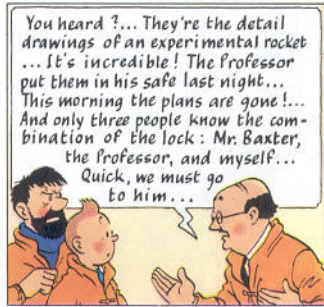
Attention please! Attention please! Engineer Frank Wolff please contact Professor Calculus immediately!



Hurry! Something serious must have happened!



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



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



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



A few minutes later...

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

We'd never hear the end of it if I rummaged in a dustbin! You'd do better to let me out of this duffle coat with a windscreen!



Excuse me, Professor, I may be mistaken, but I found these in the waste-paper basket. Aren't they the plans you're looking for?

Well I never!



I... Why, so they are!... But how could I? I'm terribly sorry... In a moment of absent-mindedness last night I must have put the plans in the basket, and locked up these old newspapers...



How lucky to have found them! These are plans of an experimental rocket we are just getting ready. Come, I'll show you... It's a model of the rocket which will, one day, take us to the Moon...



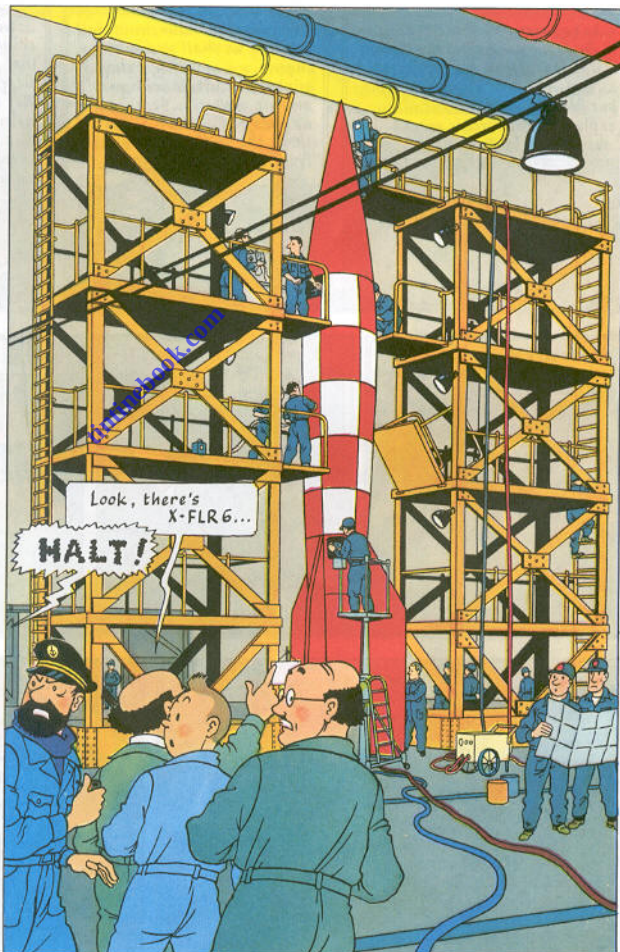
As you know, the Moon travels round the Earth, always showing the one face. The other side is completely unknown. The radio-controlled rocket we are going to launch will circumnavigate the Moon...



... and take photographs of the other side - the face which is, and always will be, invisible from the Earth. If only from the point of view of astronomy this will be of tremendous interest. But that is not our only objective. Needless to say the rocket...



... X-FLR 6, as we have called it, will carry a full range of instruments. When these are recovered they will give us invaluable information for our own trip to the Moon...



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

Heavens! I quite forgot!



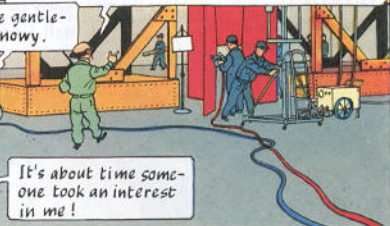
I'll go back with him. Here, good dog; come with me...

Follow the gentleman, Snowy.



You may say that X-FLR6 is no different from other rockets already launched... But my reply to that is: our rocket's unique because it's the first...

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.



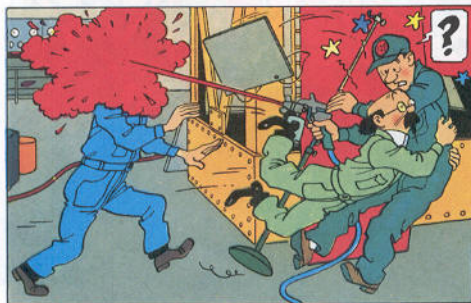
Ah, the very thought of it makes me walk on air...



Look out!



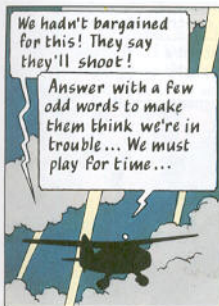
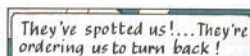
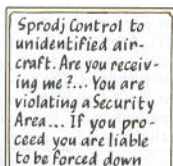
LOOK OUT!



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!

Gentlemen, there have been serious incidents during the night... An unidentified aircraft flew over the Security Area. It eluded our fighters and anti-aircraft fire, and dropped three parachutists. The parachute of one failed to open and he was killed. His body was found this morning. He was carrying rations, arms, and a radio set, but of course no identification papers...

Till now the other two parachutists have evaded capture. Needless to say everything is being done to find them. They will undoubtedly be caught forthwith. Meanwhile, gentlemen, I ask for your co-operation...

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

...and would like to impress on you, my senior executives, the need for constant vigilance. This daring raid proves that even the strictest precautions cannot stop desperate men.

Thank you, gentlemen, that will be all. May I just have a word with the X-FLR6 team...

Perhaps your ear-trumpet is blocked?

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

You see? It's plaster... from that explosion last night... No, it won't come out like this...

Let's see, perhaps if I shake it... Well, Professor, what are you up to now?

OH! Blistering barnacles! I thought that sort of thing only happened to me!

I'm terribly sorry... Don't mention it!

Excuse me: the telephone...
RRRRING

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

A few minutes later

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

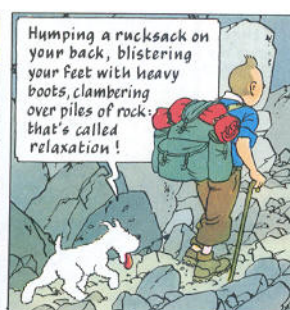
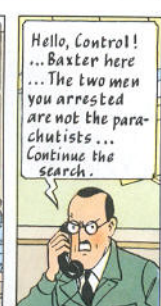
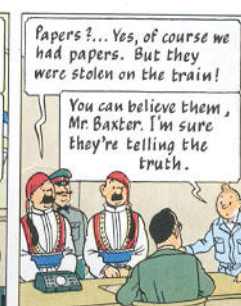
Silence!

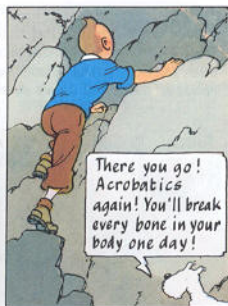
RAT
TAT
TAT

To be precise: the stick!

These are the two birds, sir.

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







At that moment,
inside the Centre...

That's a
shot!

From outside!
... I... Hey, I've
got someone! ...
Oh, I've lost
him!

Wooa-aa-aa-ahh ...

Got him again!
... Quick, help
me hold him!

Where are you?
... Ah, there!

Let me go! Here,
let me go! ... It's
me, Frank Wolff!

Ah, the lights have gone
on again... Why it's Mr. Wolff!

That's what I tried
to tell you! ... Mean-
while he's got away...

OH!

Great Scotland
Yard! Who's that?

The Captain! He's been
knocked out!

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

Mr. Baxter!

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

Hello, Control?... 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.

Now Captain, tell me what
happened to you.

It's like this... Tintin went
off this morning, saying he
was going to try to catch
the parachutists... About
five o'clock he called me by
radio: he was convinced he'd
found the place where the
intruders...

... would try to contact their accom-
plices. According to him it was the
ventilator grid in this corridor. Events
proved him right!... In the evening I
lay in wait here... It was well on into
the night when the lights suddenly
went out, leaving the corridor in
total darkness. I heard a rustling
beside me, and that moment I
thought my head had burst!

And you,
Wolff?

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

Very odd...

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

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

BHOOP BHOOP

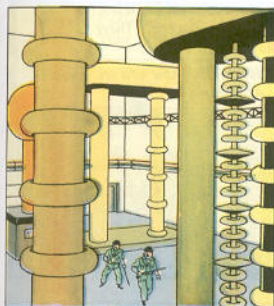
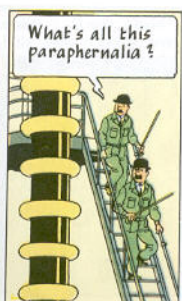
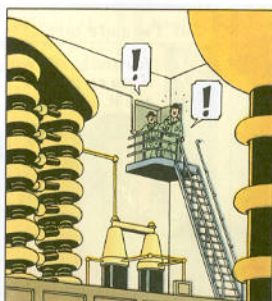
Forgive us... It's some extraordinary
pills we once took... in Arabia!... Their
effect recurs some-
times.

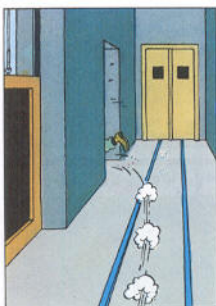
RRRRING

Oh! The
telephone...

Hello!... Yes... You've found him?
He's hurt?... What did he say?...
Oh, he's unconscious... In the
sick-bay?... You're waiting for the
doctor?... All right. I'm coming at once.

¹ See Tintin in the Land of Black Gold





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!



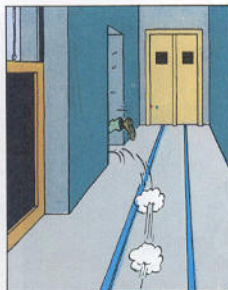
A skeleton!... Ha! ha! ha! Poor old Thomson, he's off his rocker!...



Oh, my stick!



EEEEEEEEEEK!



The sss... the sss... the skeleton!... You were right!... I saw it too... There... behind that screen again!

You too!... Now you see I wasn't dreaming!



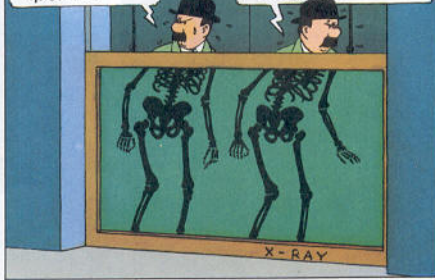
Now keep calm!... No one leave the room!... And don't picnic... I mean panic... We'll proceed with caution... and look around...

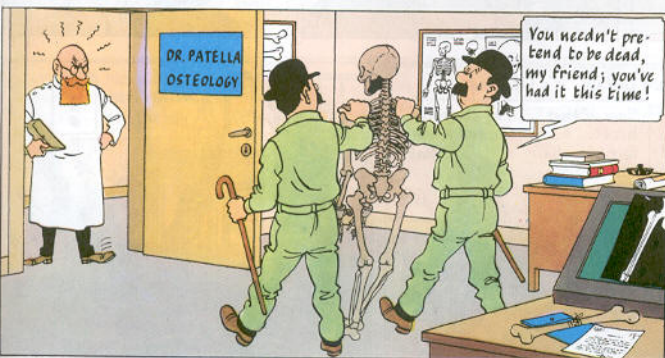
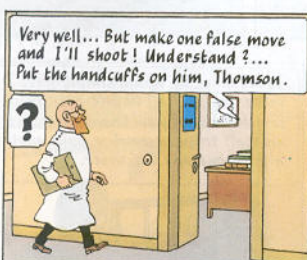
That's... that's it... We'll look around...



Nothing... That's queer...

Where the devil can it have gone?





Meanwhile...

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



...Then I leapt forward and shouted "Hands up!" ... He obeyed... At that moment I heard an explosion, and instantly I felt a terrific crack on my head... It was the parachutist, whom I hadn't seen. To save his accomplice he fired at me.



The gangsters!...The pirates! ... If I get my hands on those crooks, I'll tear them apart like... like... like...



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



No need, thank you! ... Where were we?... Oh yes... The next thing is to find out which documents are missing. And above all, we must unmask the traitor in our midst, spying on all our activities.



I'm afraid that won't be easy. Now the fellow has achieved his object he will try to be inconspicuous. As for our discovering which documents he gave to his accomplices. I'm certain he won't have been foolish enough to steal the originals, and so help us to narrow our search.



To my mind he would simply have made copies. IF I hadn't been there tonight the spy would have handed over his stuff to his accomplice, quite quietly, with no one any the wiser.



You're right!.. But still, we'll continue our inquiry. Meanwhile I'll ask Calculus to speed up preparations for launching the trial rocket... With that I'll leave you... Get well soon.



Are you coming, Captain?

If I may, I'll stay with Tin-tin.



Look Captain, it's late and...

None of that!... I'm staying here!... A full pipe and a comfortable chair, that's all I ask...



Some weeks later. The day for the launching of the trial rocket has arrived.

Well, Professor?

Everything is ready, Mr. Baxter. The last guide rails are in place ... The gantries have been removed. The technicians are now...

... completing the fuelling - up.

Hello, Mr. Baxter... Look who's here...

See! They've almost finished.

Tintin! You?... I thought you were still confined to your room.

I am, in theory! But I wouldn't miss the launching of the trial rocket for anything.

Look, Mr. Baxter. Tintin's better!

Finished!

Finished!... Everything's ready. I'll clear the bay.

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

Oh! I'm sorry!

Woah!

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

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

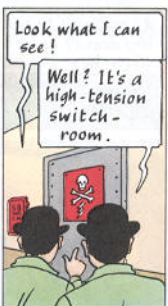
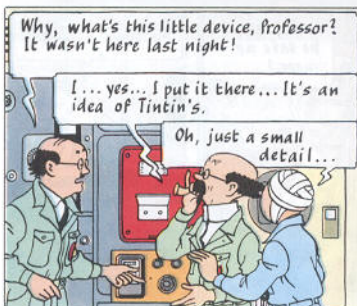
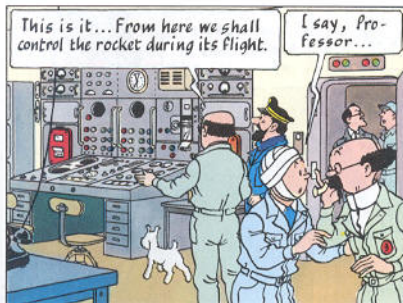
Ah, peace at last!

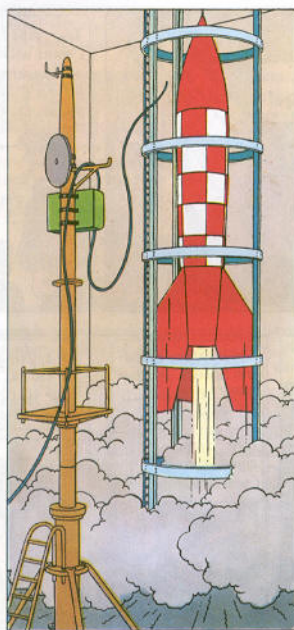
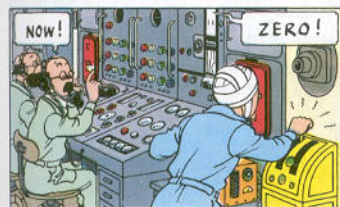
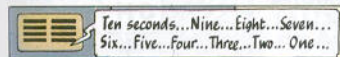
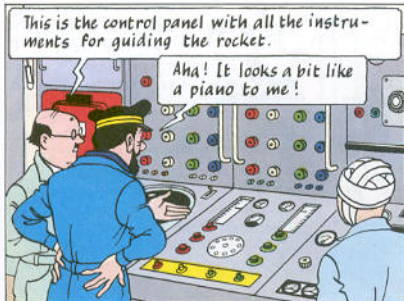
Attention please!... Clear the launching bay... Attention please!... Clear the bay...

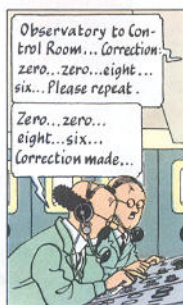
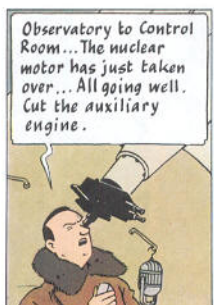
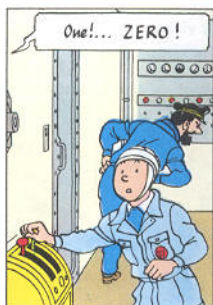
Clear the launching bay!

I repeat...

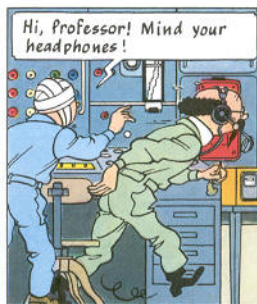
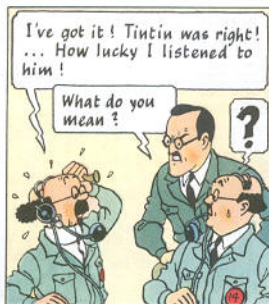
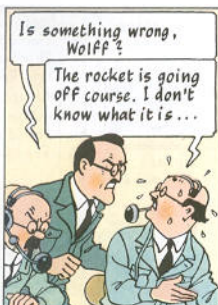
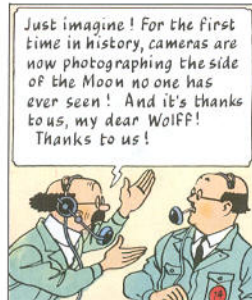
All right! I heard!











Now!...the fruit is ripe: we have only to pluck it!...In a few hours our work will be complete.

Well done!

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!

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

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

All right!

Control Room to Observatory... X-FLRG has been captured by an enemy radio-control station ... We are going to blow her up!

Thank you, Mr. Baxter.

Be brave, Cuthbert!... Now you must destroy your whole life's work!... There!



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

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!

OW!



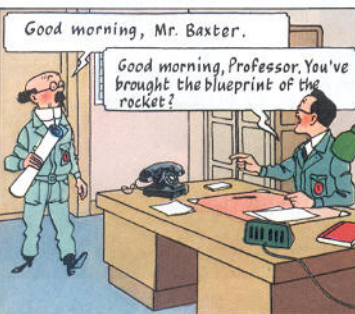
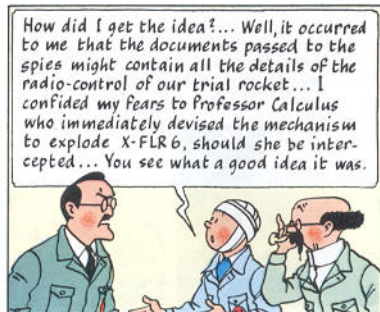
Ah, I see what it is! Two wires disconnected... That can soon be put right.

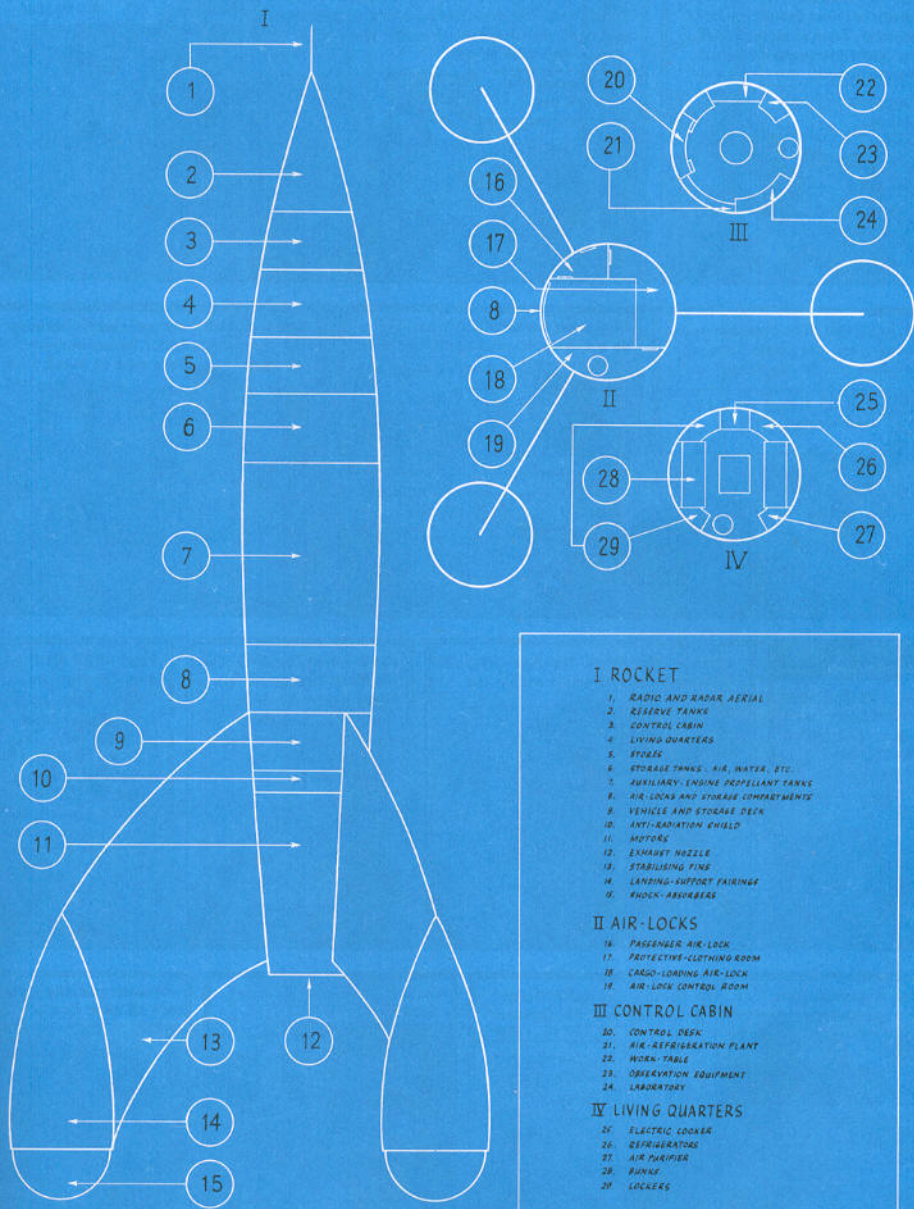


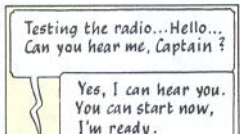
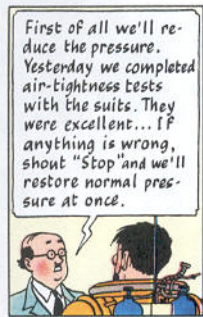
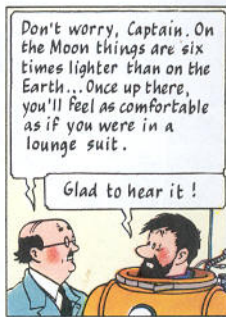
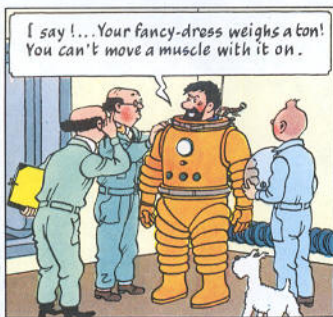
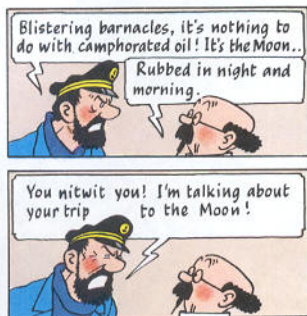
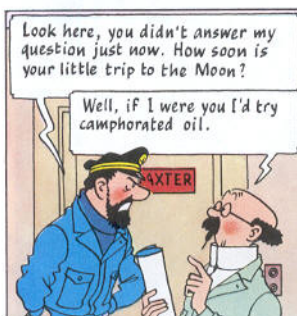
This time I think it will work ... There!

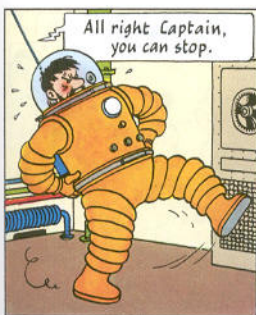
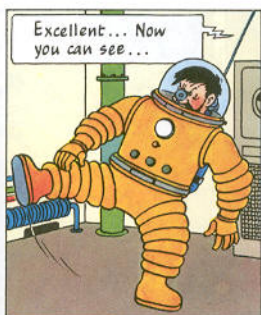
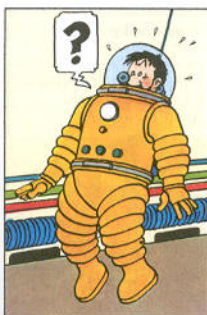
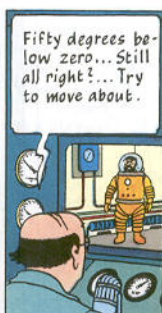
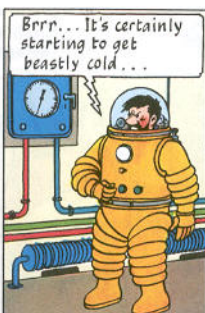
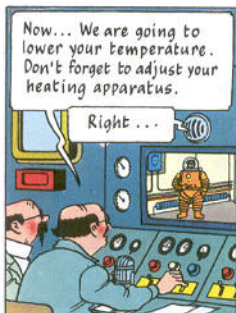
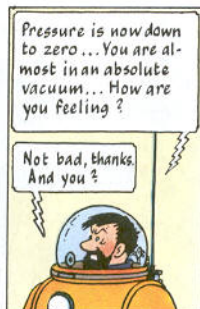
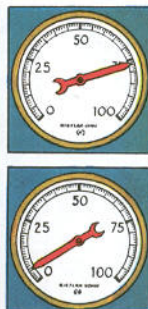
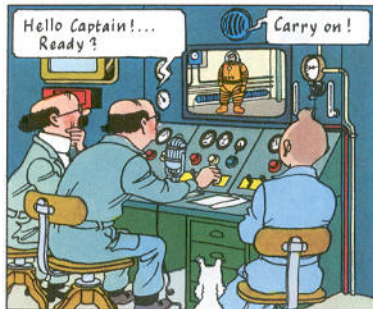
So sorry!... I thought I was tearing MY hair!

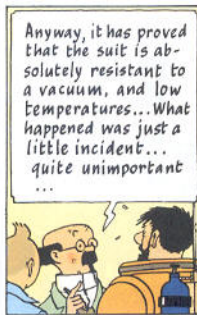
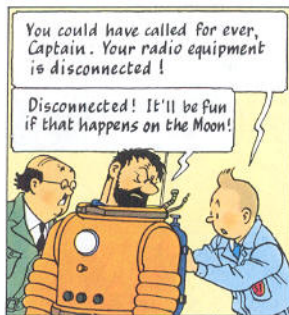
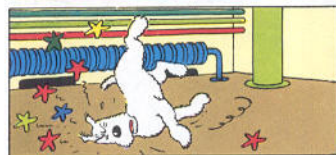
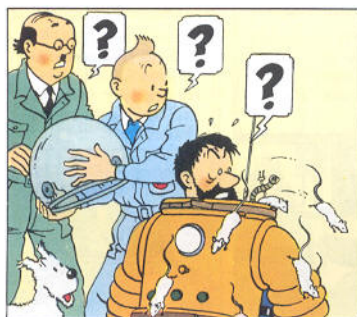
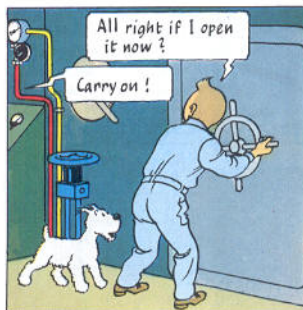


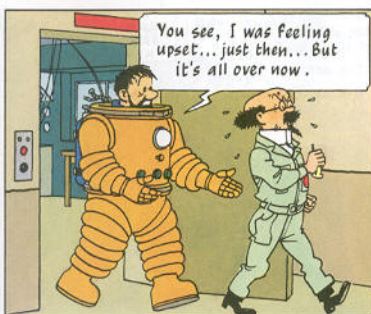
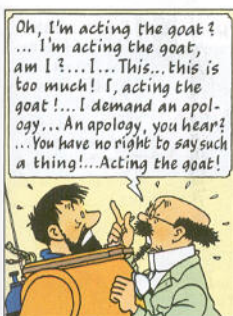
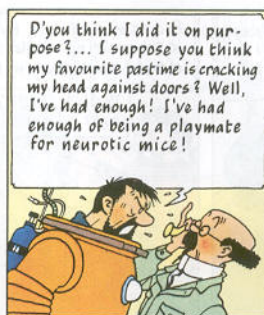
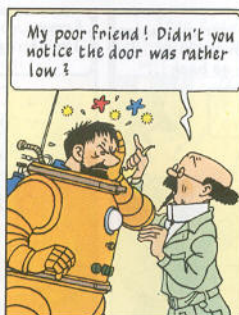
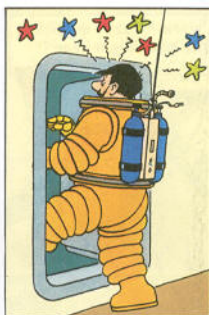


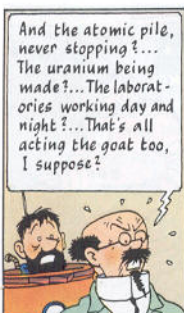
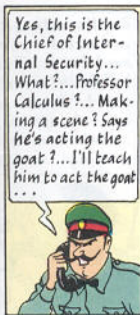
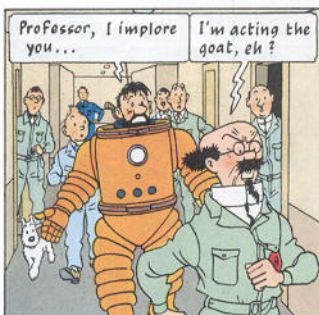
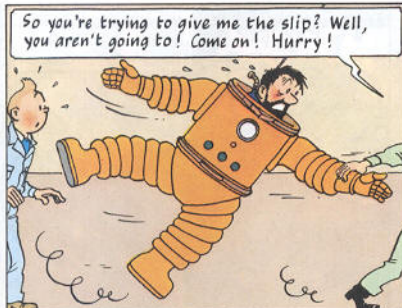


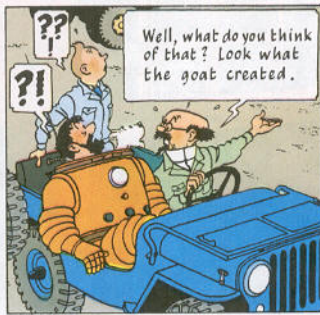
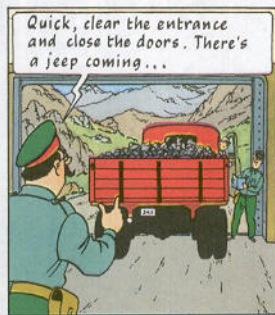


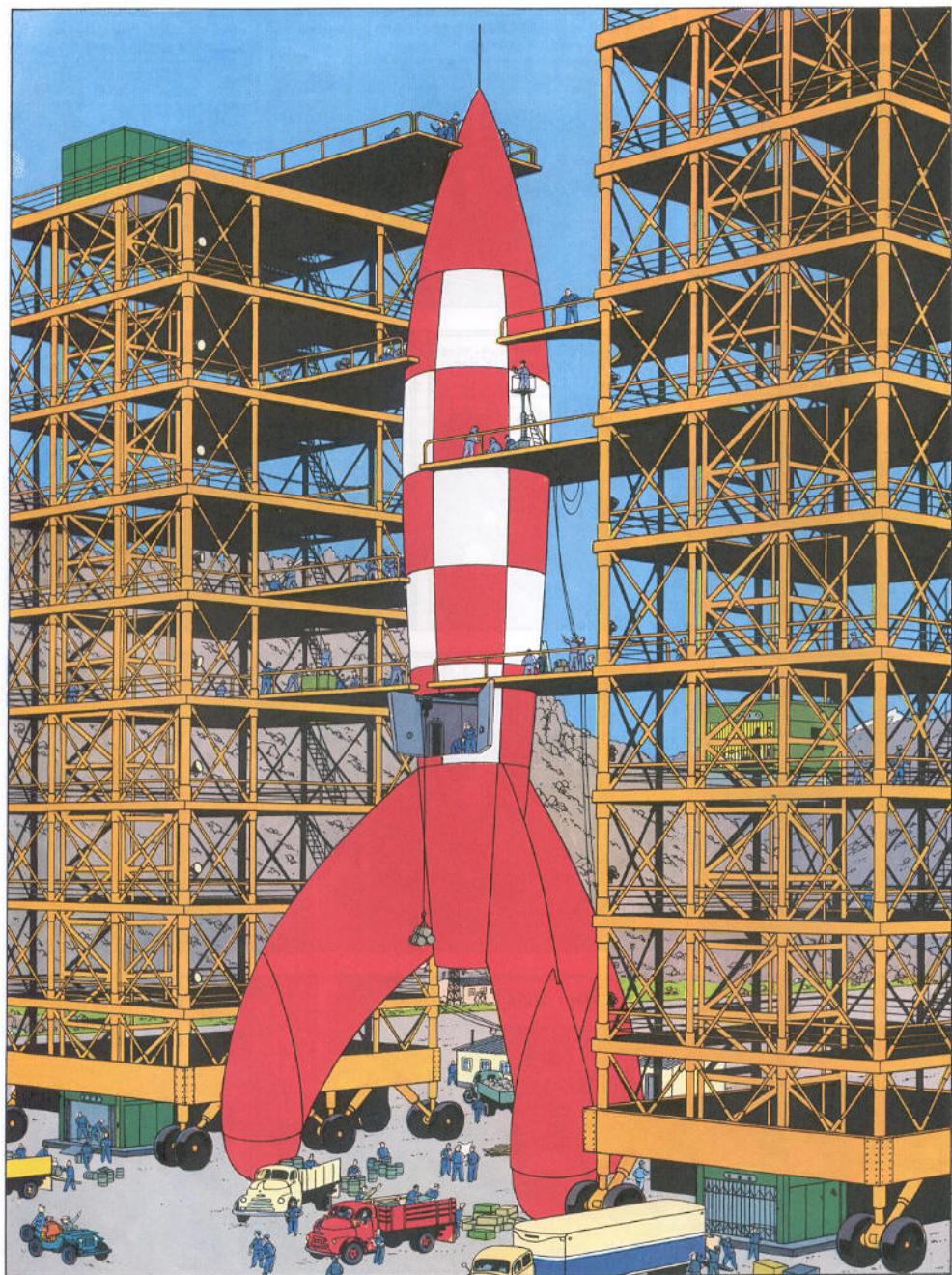












Well, what about it?... Look what I created - I, Cuthbert Calculus!... And that, I suppose, is what you call "acting the goat"?



You think this... this crackpot 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!



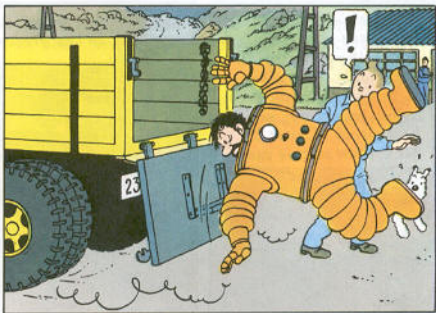
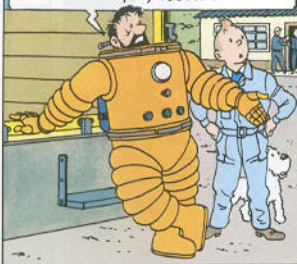
LIFT!...



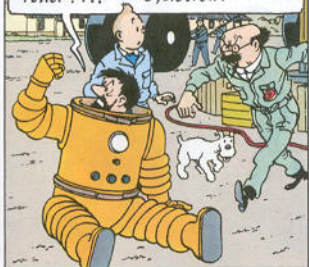
Poor Calculus, he must have a screw loose... How do you suppose that monument could go up in the air?... You might just as well play a penny whistle in front of Nelson's Column and expect it to dance a samba!



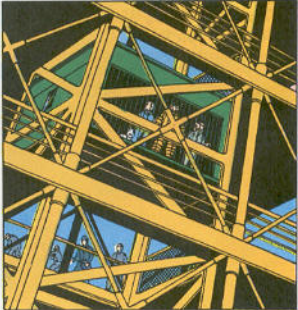
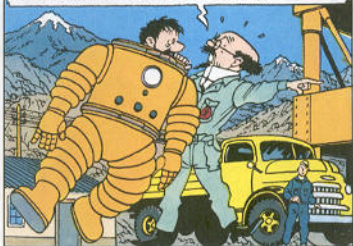
Not a hope, you know! It wouldn't even stand up by itself!



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



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



In you go!... Hurry up!

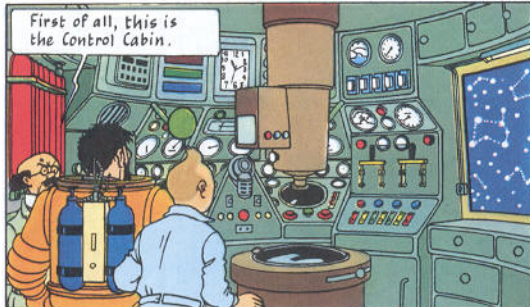
You... you're sure it won't take off without warning?



Meanwhile...

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





First of all, this is the Control Cabin.



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

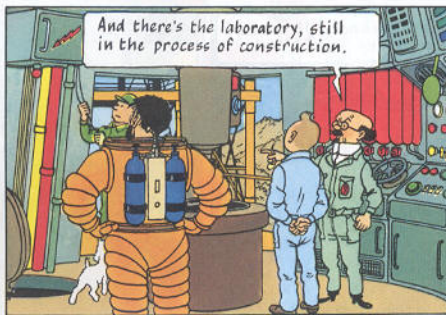
Fantastic!... Er... what are all these bits and pieces for?



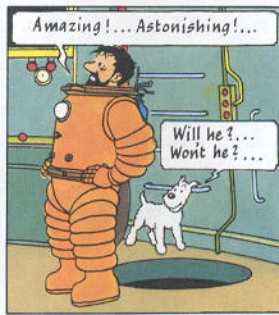
All these bits and pieces, sir, are instruments for navigation and control. On the main instrument desk are the controls for the nuclear motor, the auxiliary engine, radar, wireless, television, automatic air purifier, etc...



To the left of the desk are the oxygen cylinders... That's the periscope, in the middle of the cabin, with its projection screen... But believe me, you'll have plenty of time to get to know all this equipment.



And there's the laboratory, still in the process of construction.

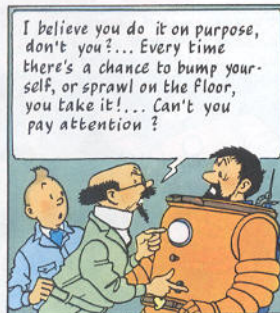


Amazing!... Astonishing!...

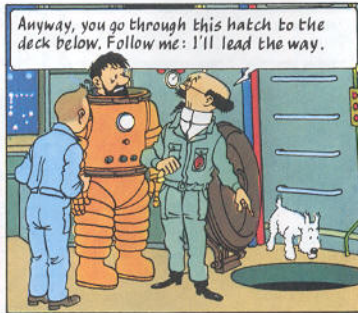
Will he?... Won't he?...



Take care! Look out, behind you!



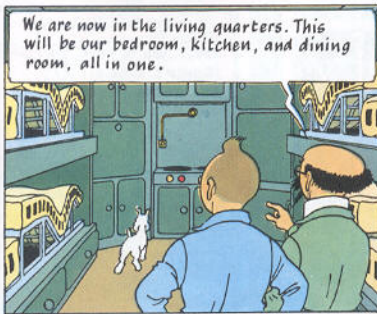
I believe you do it on purpose, don't you?... Every time there's a chance to bump yourself, or sprawl on the floor, you take it!... Can't you pay attention?



Anyway, you go through this hatch to the deck below. Follow me: I'll lead the way.



And mind out! There's another hatchway to the left of the ladder...

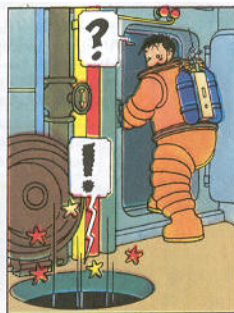
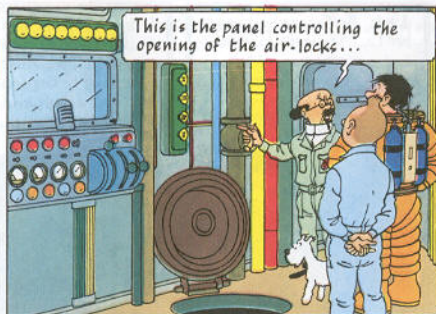
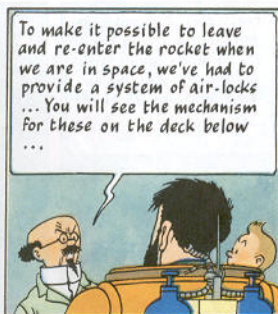


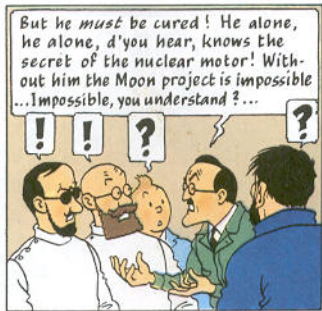
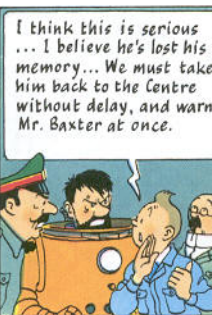
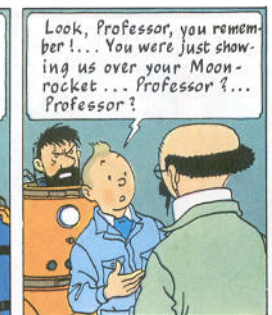
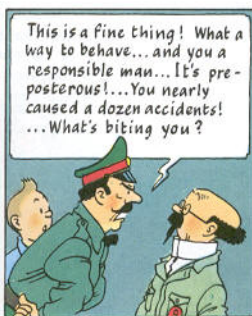
We are now in the living quarters. This will be our bedroom, kitchen, and dining room, all in one.

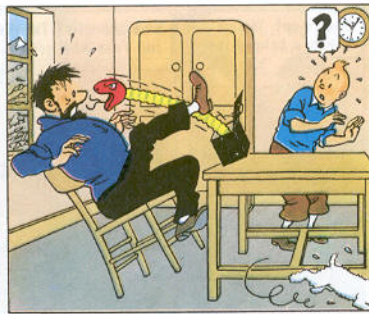


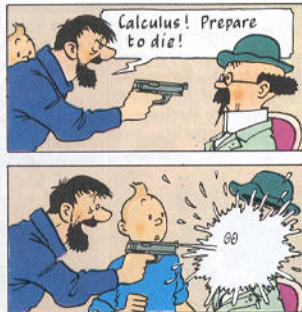
And there are the bunks we lie on when...

Blistering barnacles!









The same evening...

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



Whoooo!... Whoooo!... Beware,
Cuthbert, I am a gho-o-ost!



Ho-ho-ho! Shake in your sho-o-oes!
I have come for your soul!



Ten thousand thundering
typhoons!



Blistering barnacles!... What possessed me
to dress myself up as a ghost?



And he just sits there looking at me,
the jelly-fish! You couldn't be fright-
ened, could you? You moth-eaten mar-
mot!



I suppose you think I'm enjoying my-
self, acting
the goat!



You won't catch me trying to cure
loss of memory again!



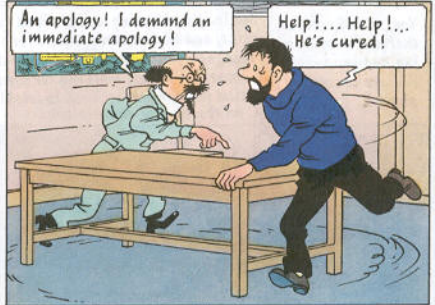
A GOAT?... ME!...



A goat!... Agoat!...
You dare call me a goat!
...This is too much!
You're not getting
away with that!



An apology! I demand an
immediate apology!



Help!... Help!...
He's cured!

A few minutes later...

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

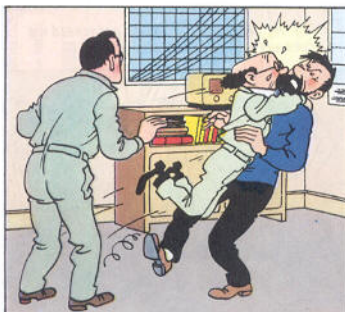
Er... I didn't do much.

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

Thundering typhoons! I'd forgotten that!

And here is the Professor to thank you himself.

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



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

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

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

And neither shall I!

The same evening...

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

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

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

The days go by...



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



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

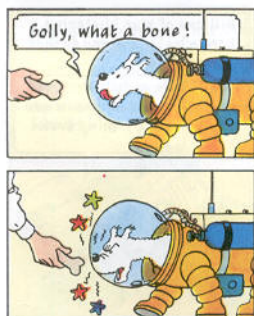
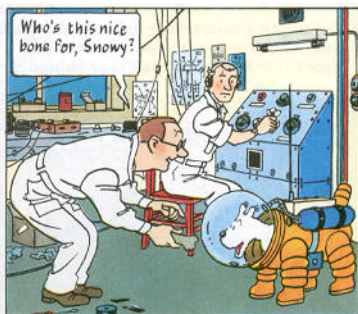
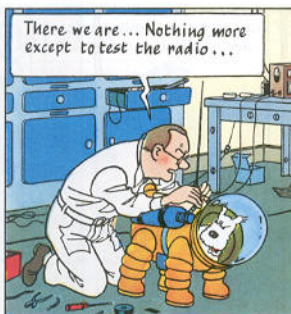
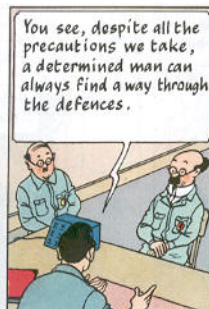
The loading is going ahead. Food supplies, and all the components for our reconnaissance tank are already stowed aboard. I'm just waiting for some optical instruments we need to establish an observatory on the Moon.

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

Excuse me one moment.

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





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!



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...



... 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?



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



Good news, Mr. Baxter!

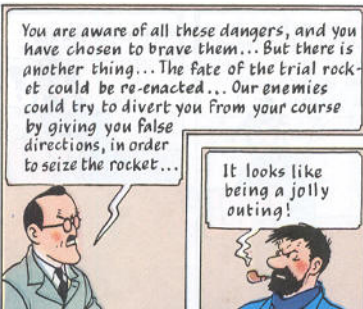
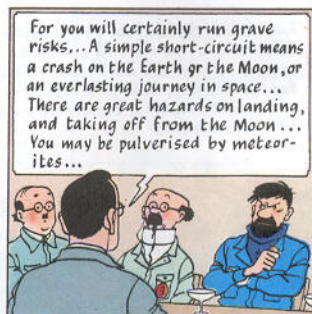
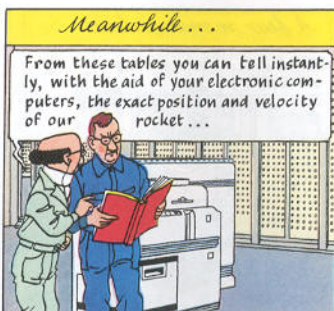
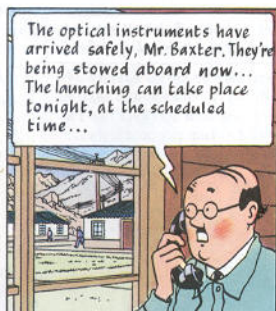
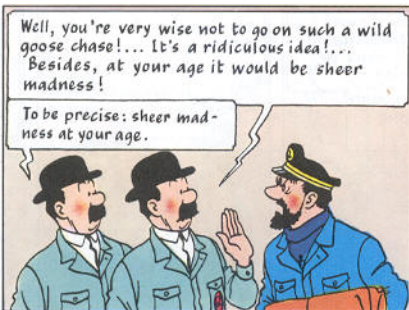


Meanwhile...

Your mind's made up, Colonel?









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...



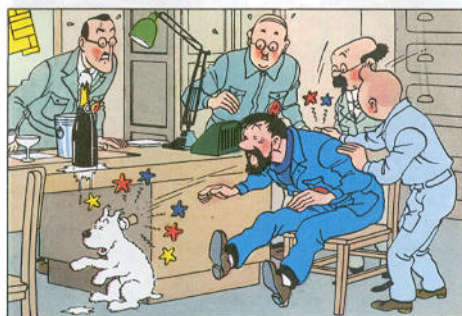
POP



The cork! He's swallowed the cork!



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



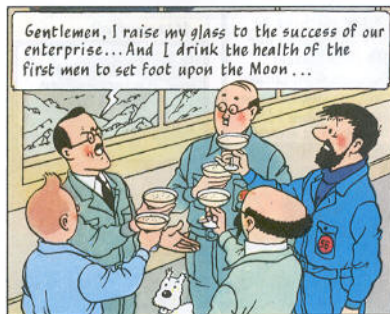
That's better, thanks! But I can't imagine how it happened... It's the first time...



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



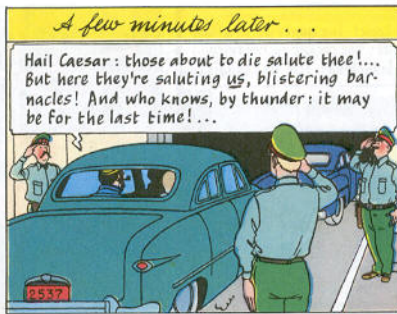
Come, gentlemen. The incident is closed... Here, Captain...



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.

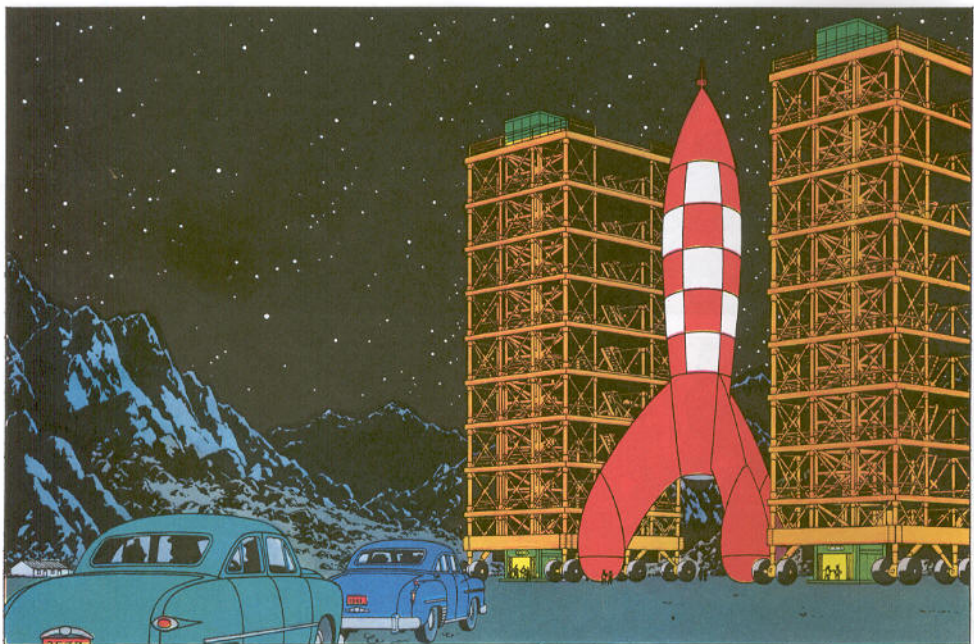
Why on earth should I look happy? Because we're off to the Moon?



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!

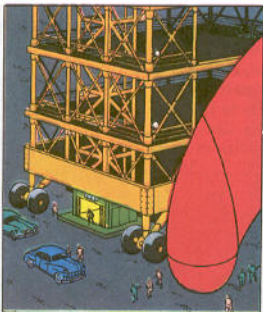


No, I meant... Oh look, Captain! We're there!



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

Yes, very pretty... for the spectators! ...



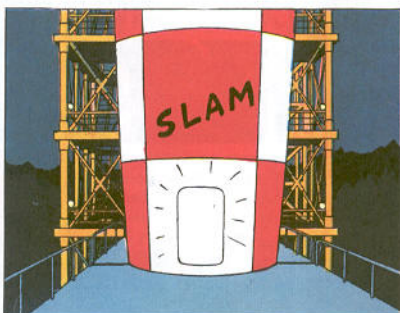
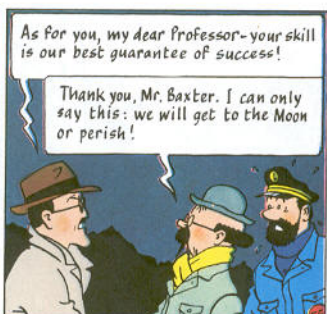
So there's the machine to which we're entrusting our lives!... It's sheer lunacy!... Just think: through me Calculus recovered his memory, and completed this crazy scheme! I'll never for... give myself!



Meanwhile...

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





Now, I think we'd better run over it again. We all lie down on our bunks. I would remind you...



... that this is the best position during the initial acceleration. Although everything has been done to make this acceleration gradual, it is possible - even probable - that we shall black out. I assure you there's no need to be unduly worried. Naturally one can never tell, but...



During this first phase of the ascent - I don't know how long it will last - the rocket will be automatically controlled. Afterwards, when we have regained consciousness, we will go up to the control deck and take over for ourselves.



Now, every man to his post for equipment checks.



Tintin, you establish radio contact with Earth.

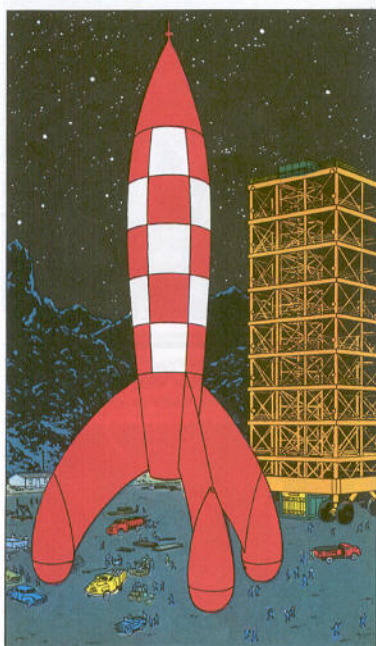
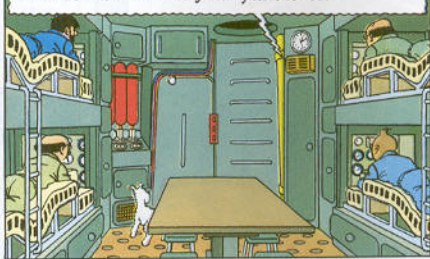


Right.

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



Earth calling Moon-Rocket... Receiving you loud and clear... We are removing the gantries...



Earth to Moon-Rocket... Gantries removed... We are clearing the launching site...



O. K.

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

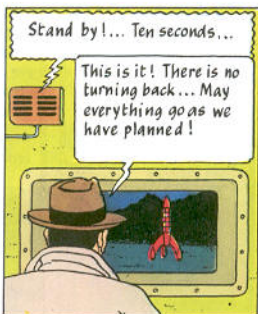
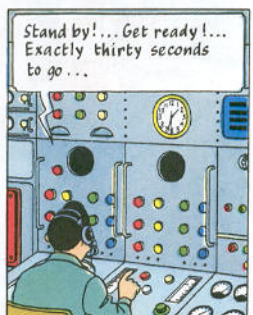
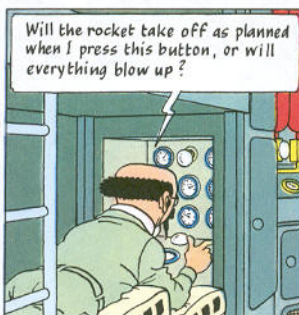
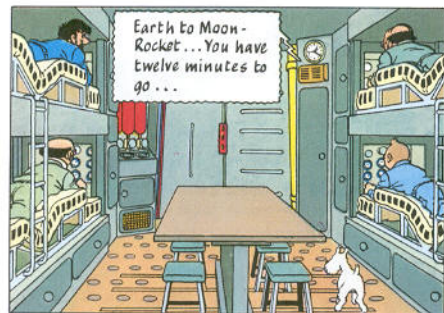


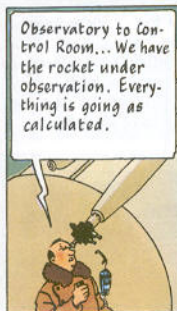
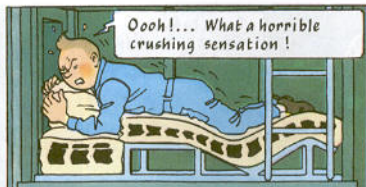
Earth to Moon-Rocket... The site is clear... Twenty-eight minutes to go... Are you ready?...

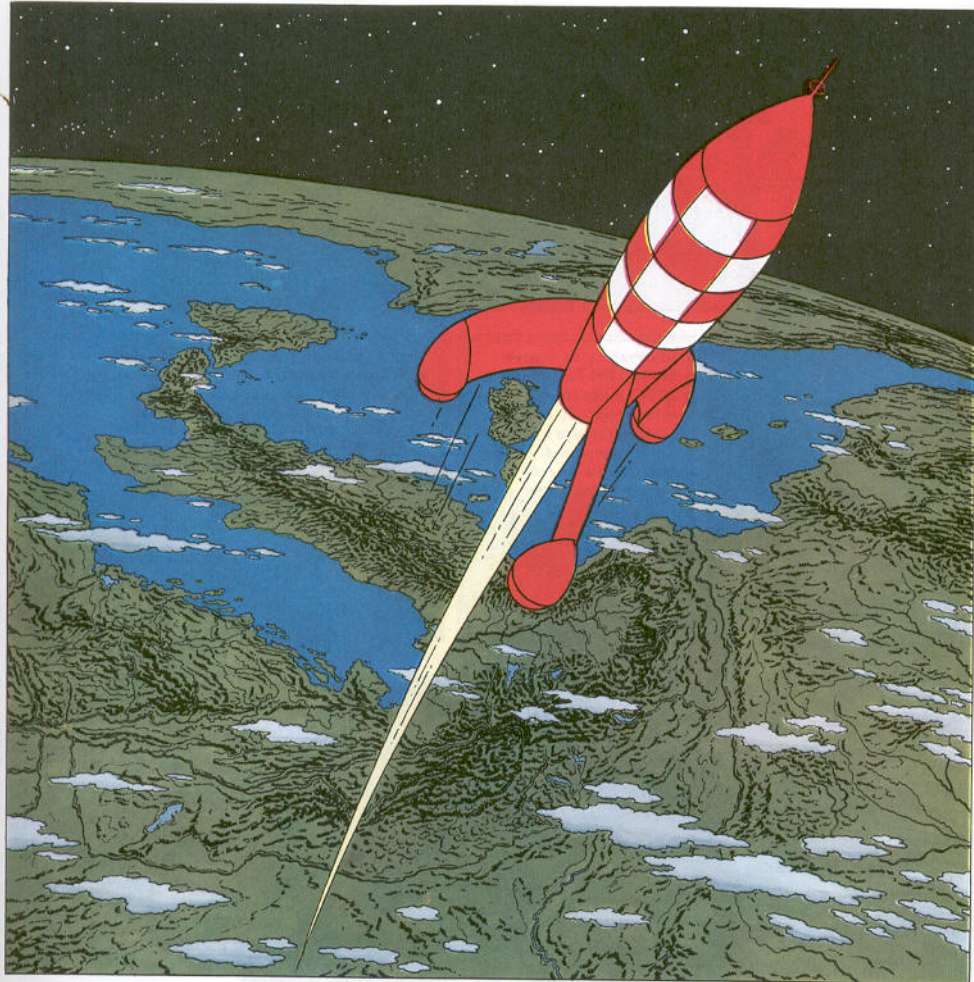


Moon-Rocket ready for launching!









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



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



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

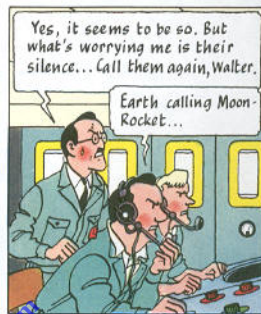
Control Room to Ob-
servatory... The Moon-
Rocket is not answering.



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

By Lucifer! Surely
nothing can have
gone wrong?





What dangers await Tintin and his friends on the Moon?



What will happen on this perilous journey into space?

Will they ever return to Earth? You can join in the rest of their great adventure when you read

EXPLORERS ON THE MOON