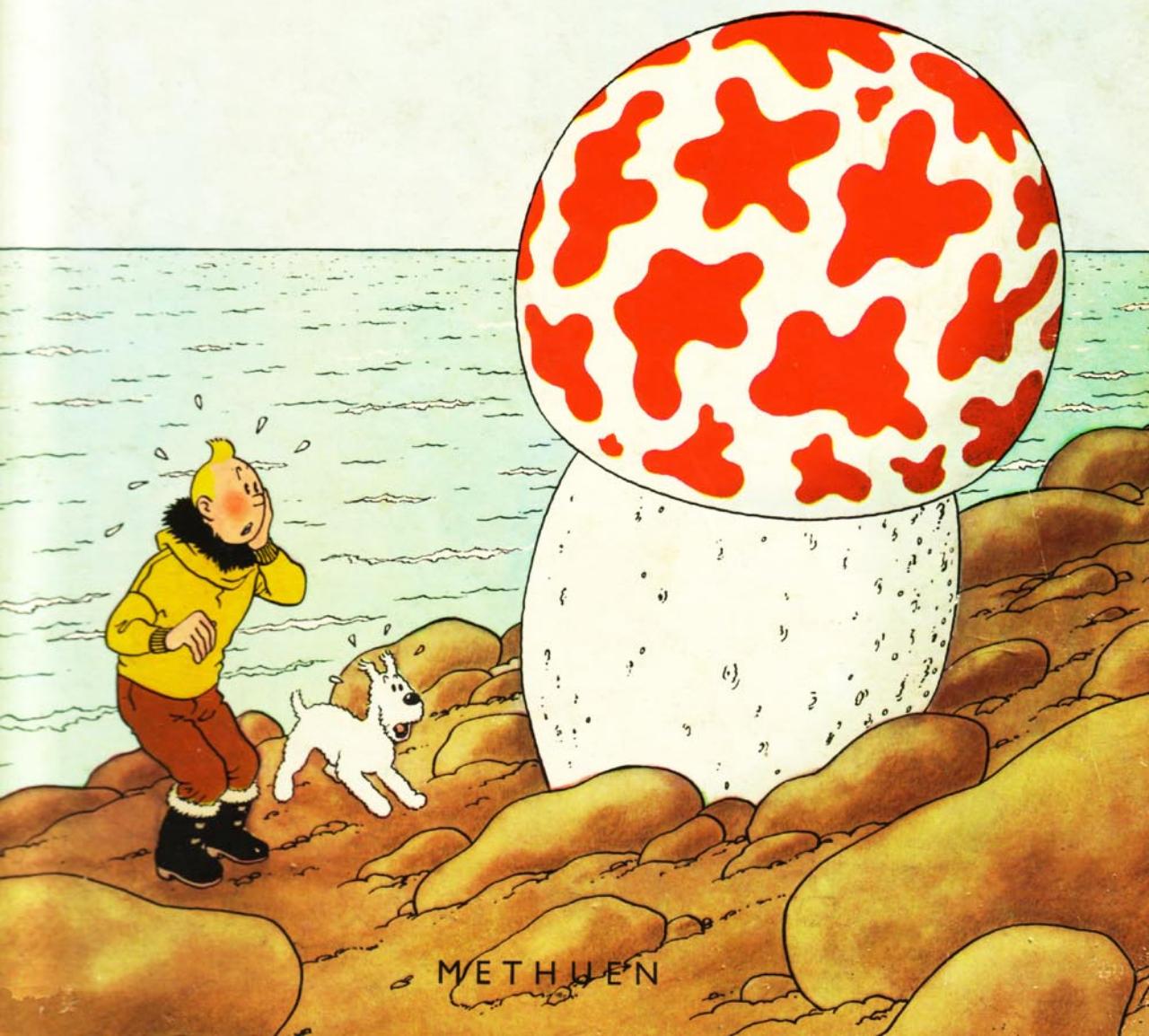


HERGÉ
THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN

THE SHOOTING STAR

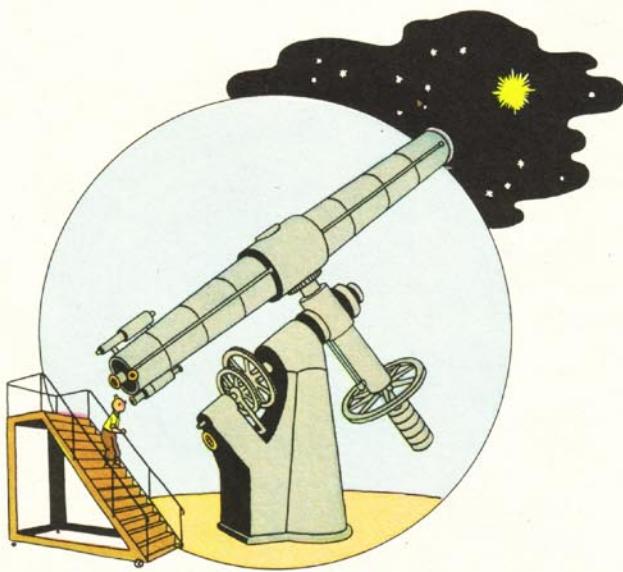


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HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

THE SHOOTING STAR

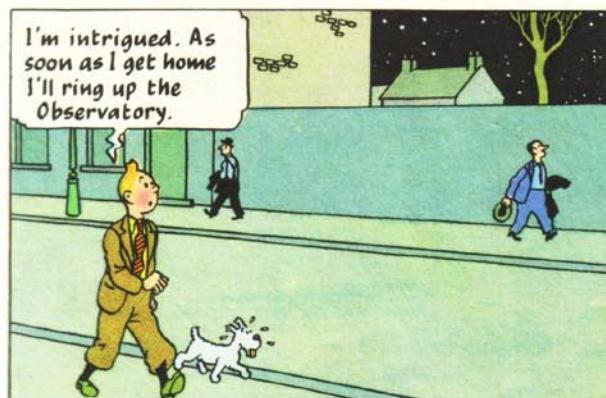


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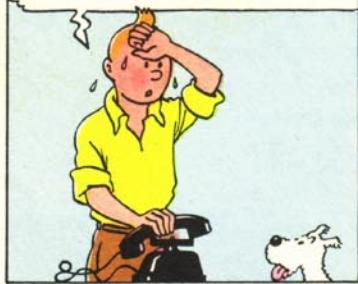
Translated by Leslie Lonsdale-Cooper
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THE SHOOTING STAR



Very odd! Why did they ring off so abruptly? ...
Crumbs, how hot it is!
Phew! ...

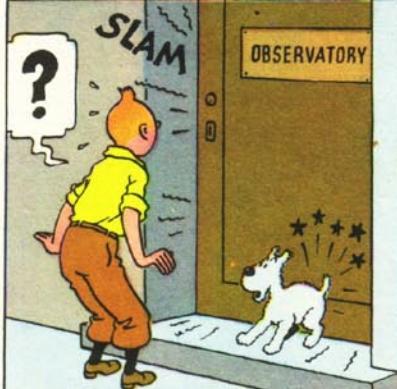


All very peculiar... and I'm going to get to the bottom of it. Come on, Snowy... to the Observatory.



I'd like to have a word with the Director, please.

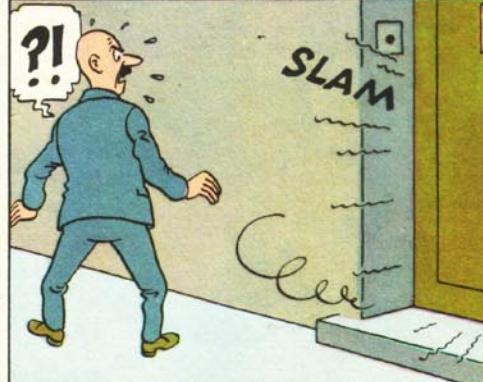
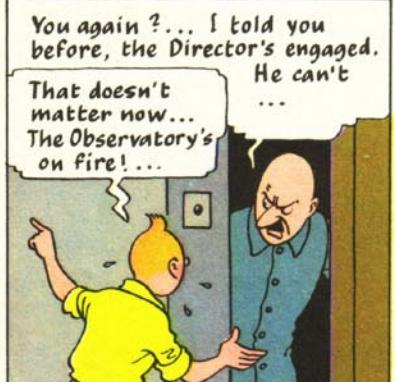
Impossible. The Director is engaged.

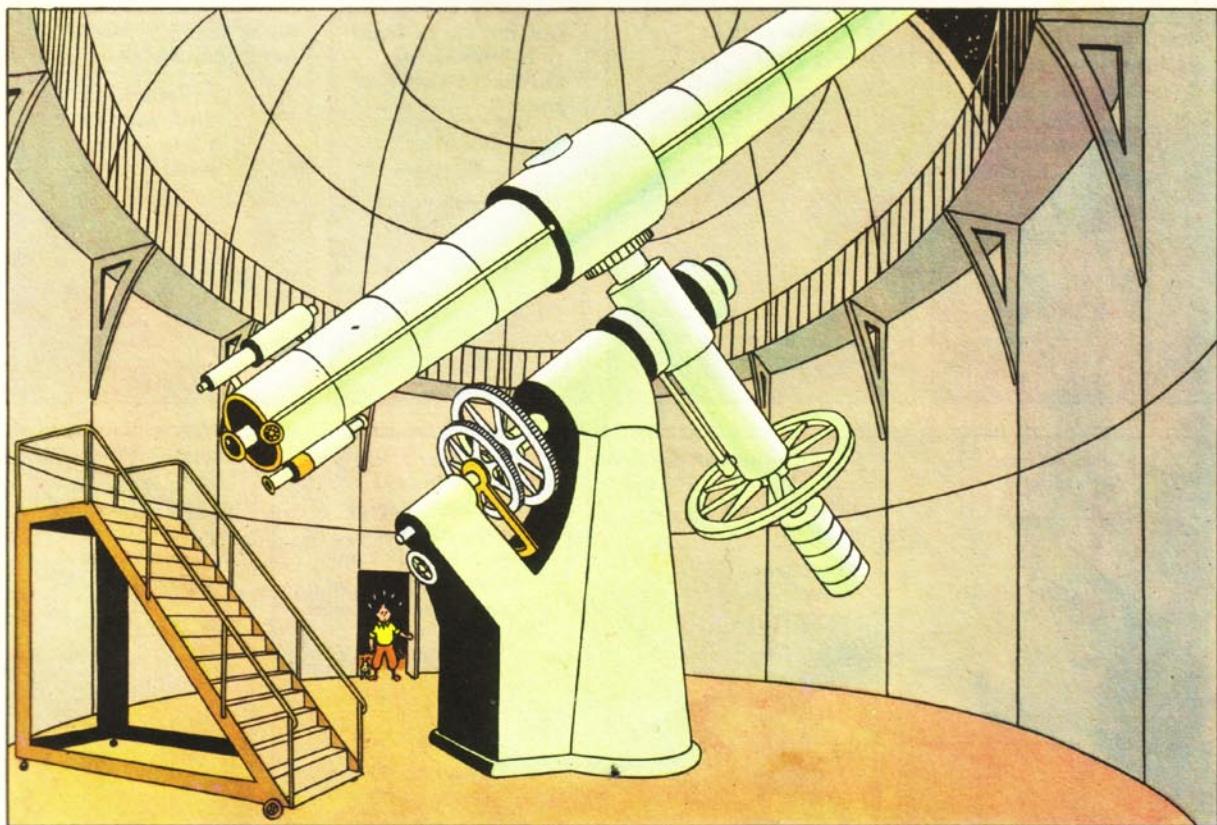
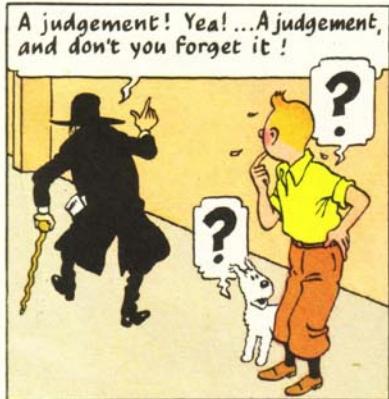


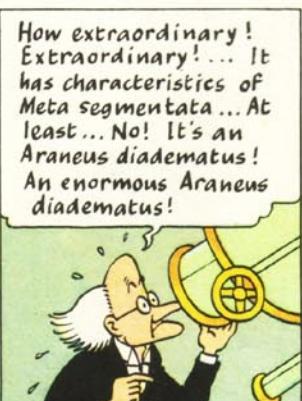
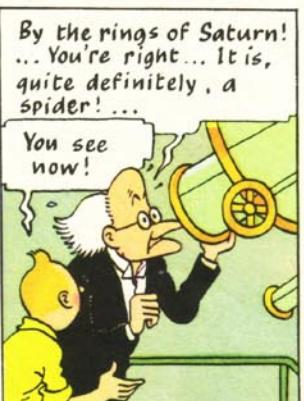
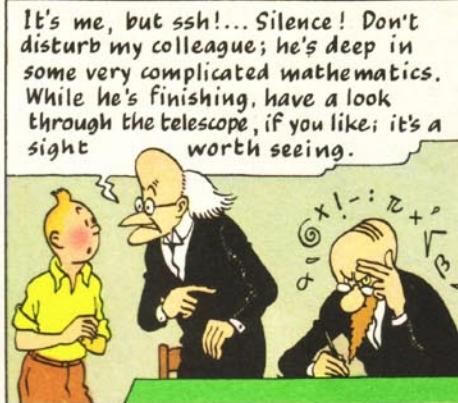
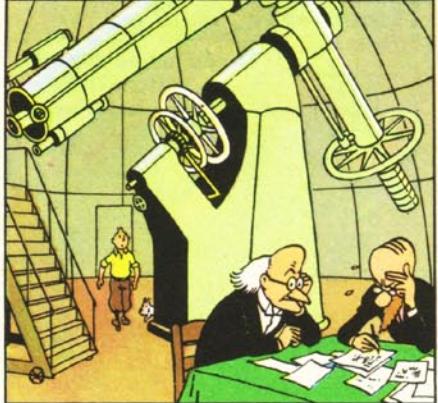
You again? ... I told you before, the Director's engaged.

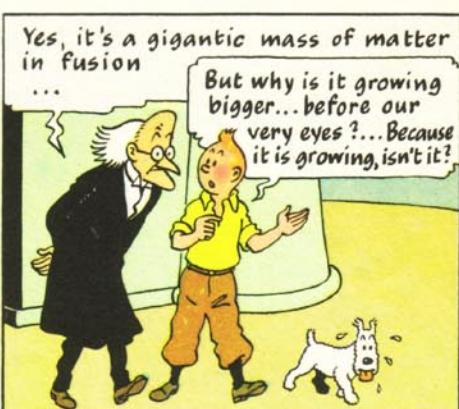
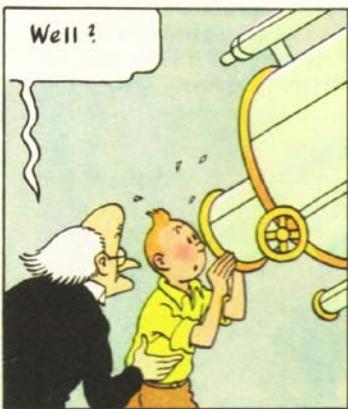
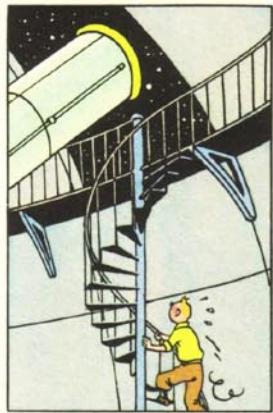
He can't
...
...

That doesn't matter now...
The Observatory's on fire! ...

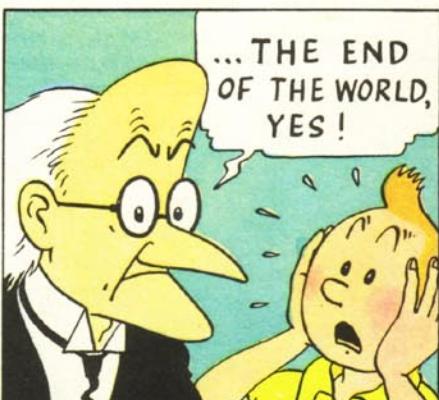








But why is it growing bigger... before our very eyes?... Because it is growing, isn't it?



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

The end of the world

... At 8.12½ a.m.... That's

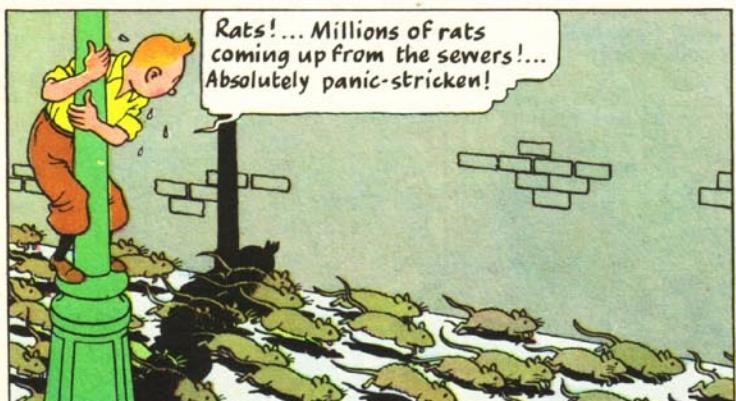
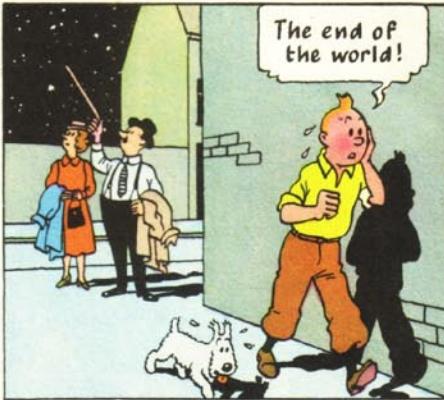
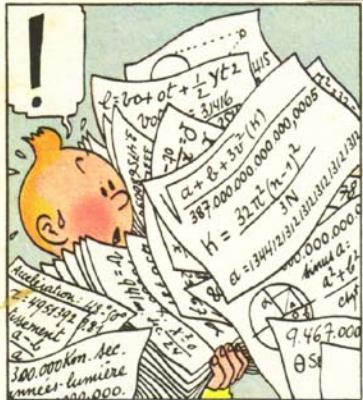
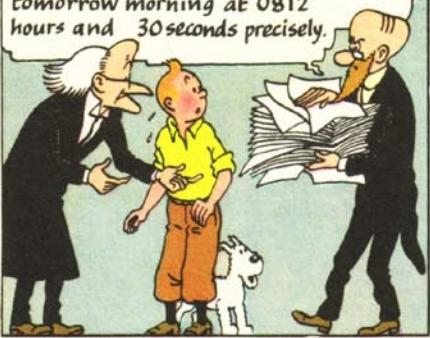
good... and I, Decimus Phostle, have determined the moment at which the cataclysm will befall us! Tomorrow I shall be famous!

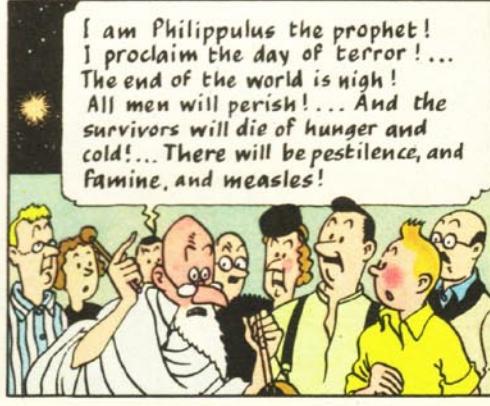
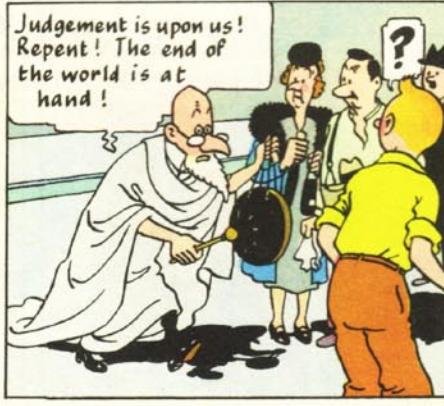
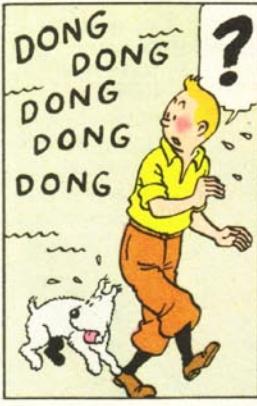
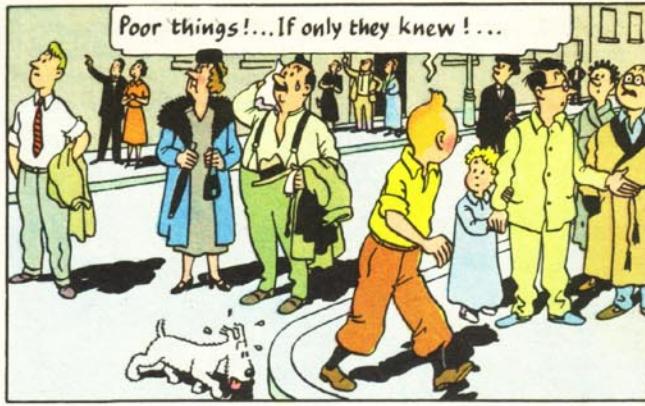
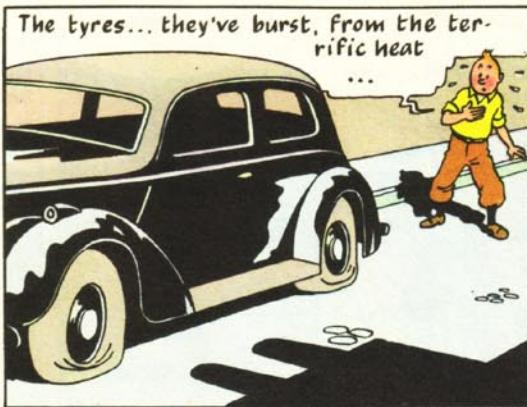
But... It's impossible... You... I mean...

Perhaps you made a mistake in your calculations

Sir!!!

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





Look here Mr. Prophet, why don't you go home? You'd be better off in bed! ...

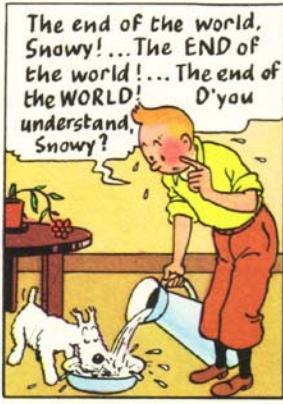
You hear that? He dares to set himself up against Philippulus the prophet... An advocate of the devil! ... A son of Satan! ... A tool of Beelzebub!

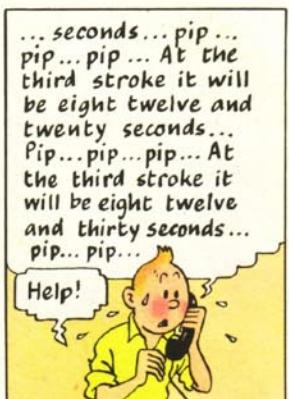
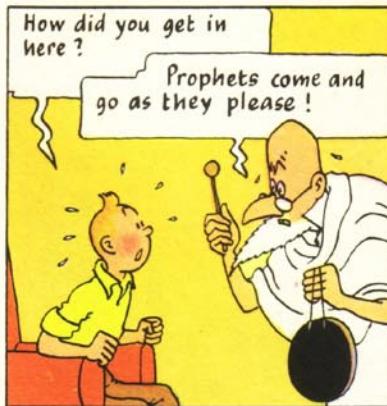
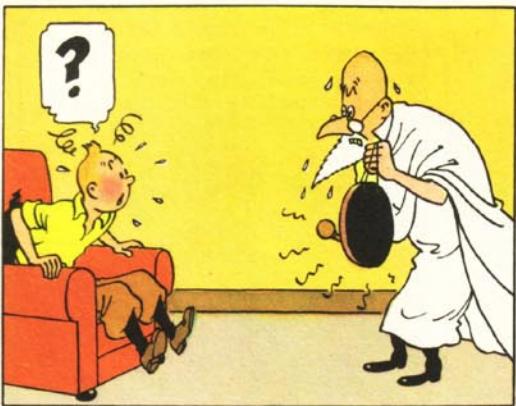
Get back to Satan, your Master!

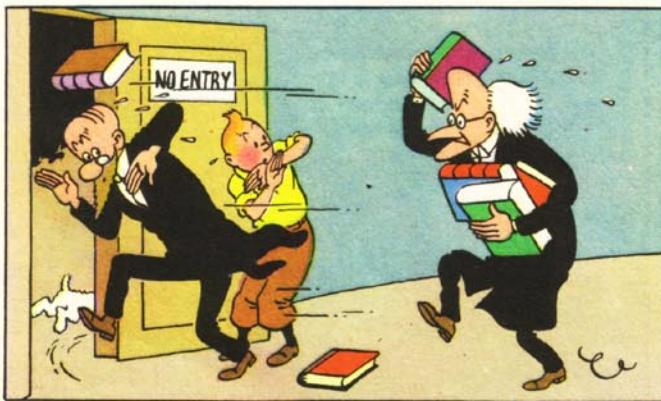
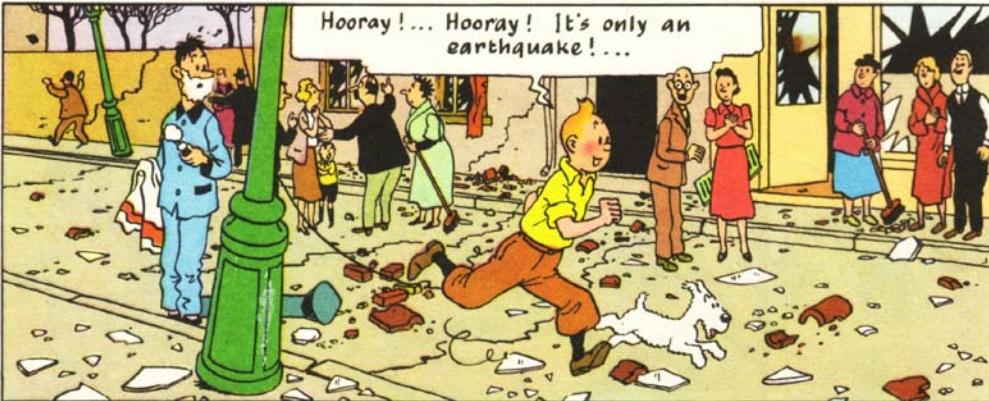
Oyez, there will be a plague!

Bubonic plague!
...and Fever! The end of the world is upon us, servant of Satan!

That fellow gets on my nerves!







The idiot! He made a mistake in his calculations! The meteor passed 30,000 miles away from the earth, instead of colliding with it and causing the magnificent cataclysm I'd hoped for.

Never mind, Professor; you've still got it in store... But tell me: what about the earthquake?

Professor! ... Professor ! ... ?



It has just been developed, sir. It is indeed remarkable, don't you agree, sir?

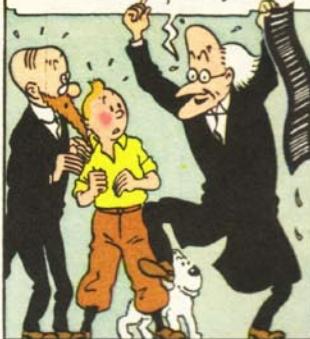
Excellent!... Excellent! ... But, look there. How very extraordinary!

That group of lines, in the centre? Uranium, I presume.

Uranium? Not on your life!...



By the rings of Saturn! It's prodigious!



Tralala ♫ - la ♫



It's prodigious!... Incredible!... Fantastic!... Stupefying!



My friends, I have made a sensational discovery! I have just detected a new metal!... A metal hitherto entirely unknown!



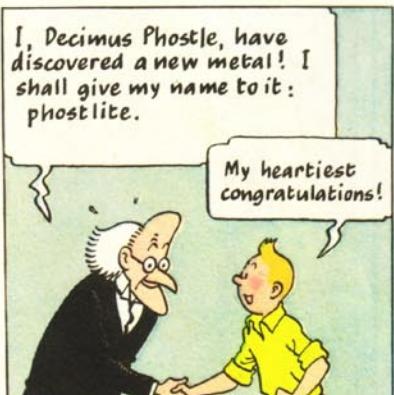
You've heard of the spectroscope. It's the instrument that enables us to discover elements in stars, elements not yet isolated here on the earth. This is a spectroscopic photograph of the meteor which brushed past us today. Each of these lines, or each group of lines is characteristic of a metal. Those lines in the centre represent an unknown metal, which exists in the meteor.

Er... more or less ...

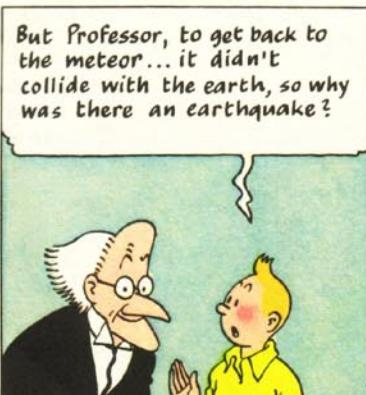


I, Decimus Phostle, have discovered a new metal! I shall give my name to it: phostlite.

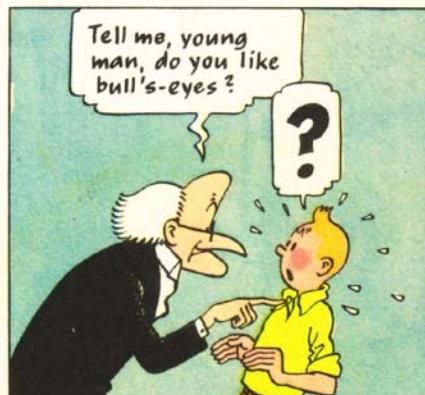
My heartiest congratulations!



But Professor, to get back to the meteor... it didn't collide with the earth, so why was there an earthquake?



Tell me, young man, do you like bull's-eyes?



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

I...er...
Bull's-eyes?...
I...Yes, thank
you...but...

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

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

Professor!...
Professor! Listen to this...

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

By the rings of Saturn!

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

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

This is the end! My meteorite! My phostlite!

Come on, Snowy, we'll leave him.

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

He's even forgotten to give us a bull's-eye.

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

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

SPLASH

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

You see this brick, Snowy?

Of course I can see it...

Watch!...

Well? What d'you say?



I think that's a pretty silly joke!

Look at it, Snowy... sticking out of the water!



I can see: it's sticking out. So what?

That brick is the meteorite. The water is the Arctic Ocean. Now d'you see what I mean, Snowy?



Well?... What is it this time?



Professor! Professor!



I've suddenly had an idea, Professor.

An idea?



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

Of course! The violence of the earthquake proved that.



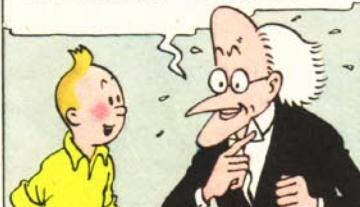
Then there's still hope. Part of such a huge mass would surely stick out of the water?

...

By the rings of Saturn, you're right!



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



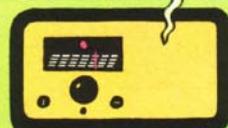
We must get down to organizing the expedition at once. Will you help me?

I'd be glad to.



Some time later...

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

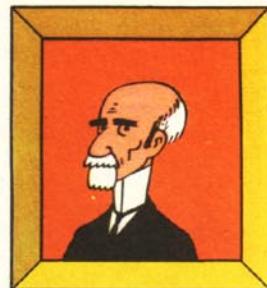




The expedition will be led by Professor Phostle, who has revealed the presence of an unknown metal in the meteorite. The other members of the party are:



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



... Señor Porfirio Bolero y Calamares, of the University of Salamanca;



... Herr Doktor Otto Schulze, of the University of Munich;



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



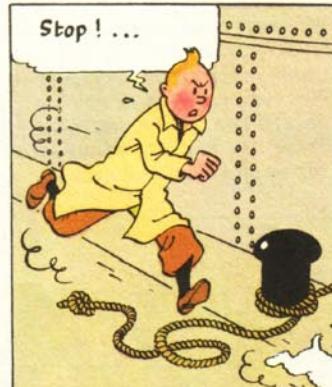
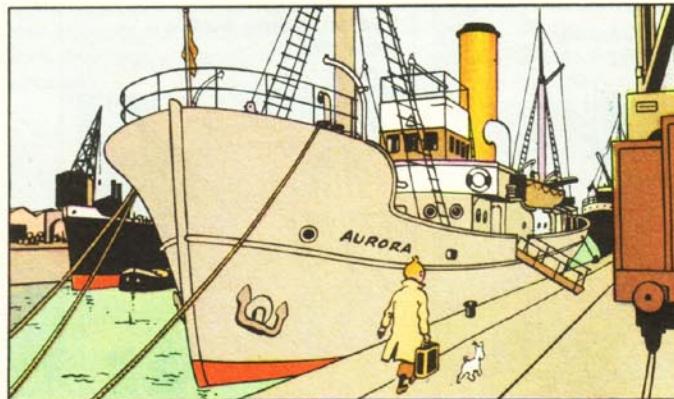
... Senhor Pedro Joás Dos Santos, a renowned physicist, of the University of Coimbra;

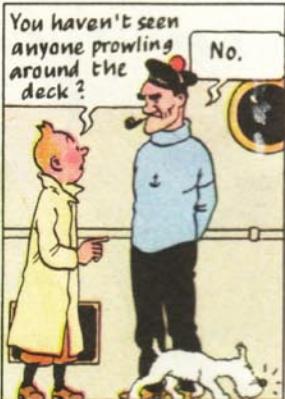
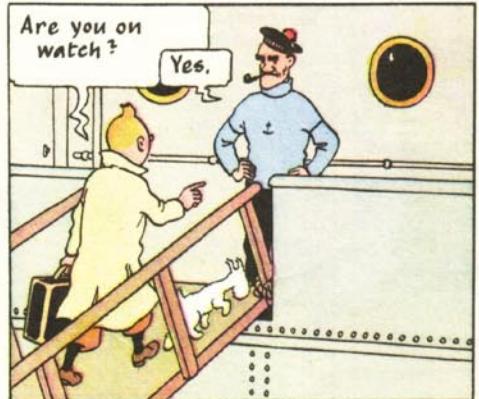
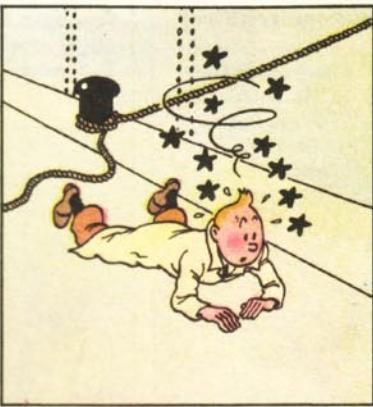
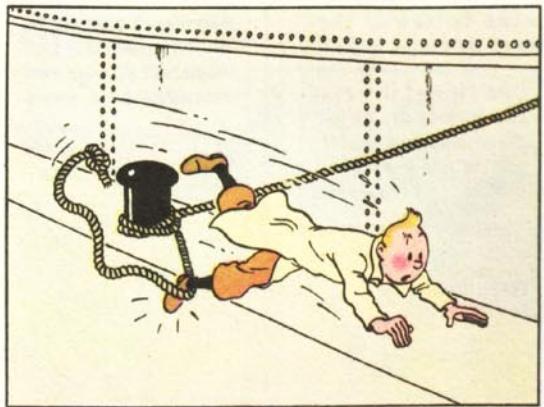


... Tintin, the young reporter, who will represent the press;



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





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

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

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

...

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

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

A good idea...

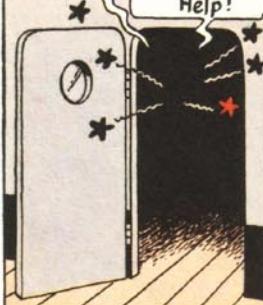
Yes, we must keep our eyes open.



I've got you, you rat!

Help!
Help!

DYNAMITER!
SHIPWRECKER!



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



Good gracious!
It's Professor Phostle!

I shall complain! I shall complain to the Captain!

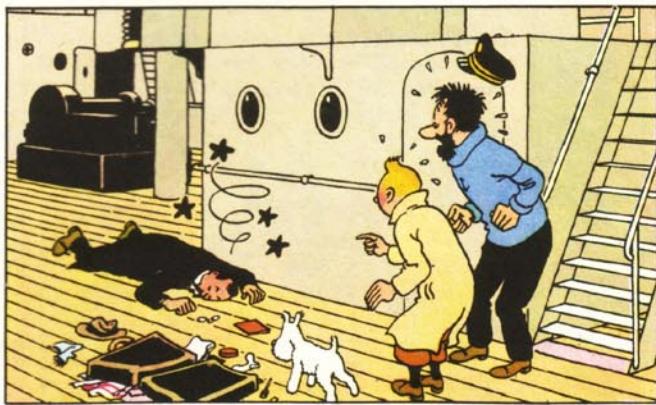
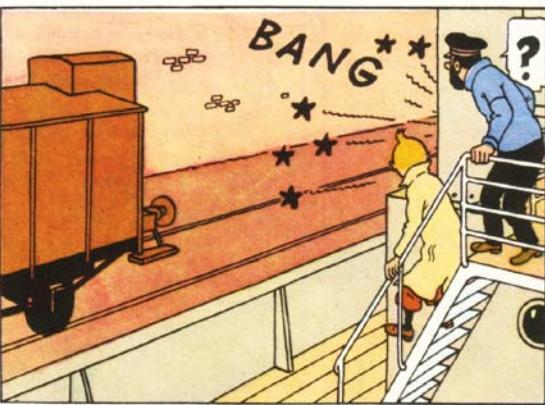
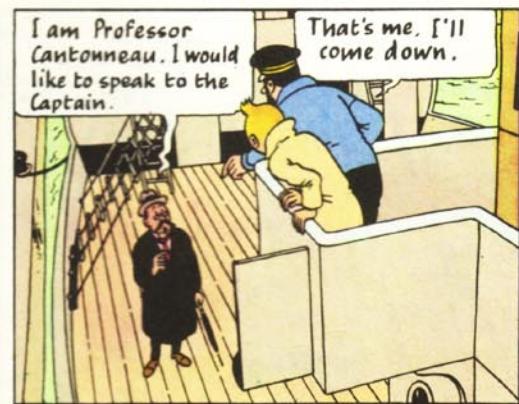
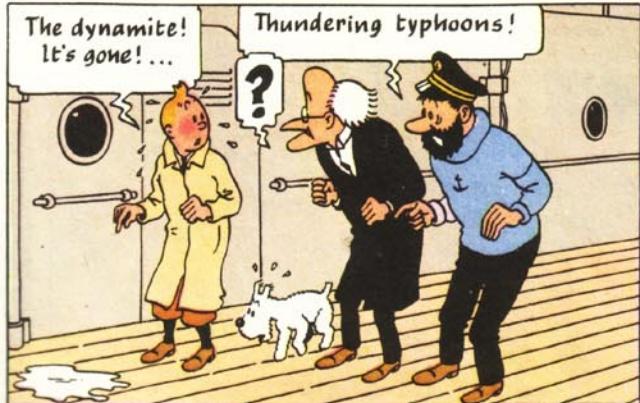


Professor Phostle, allow me to introduce Captain Haddock... You must excuse him, but we've just discovered an attempt at sabotage...

An attempt at sabotage?
Can that be possible?



Fortunately Snowy had the sense to put out the fuse. But come and see...



Professor Cantonneau!
What has happened
to him?

I've no idea. Perhaps he
tripped over. His suitcase
is smashed to bits...

He's alive!

But... that's my suitcase!... MY suitcase.
I left it in your cabin.

Tell us,
Professor;
what hap-
pened?

I... I... don't know...
A... frightful
blow... like
some huge
weight fall-
ing on my
head...



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

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

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

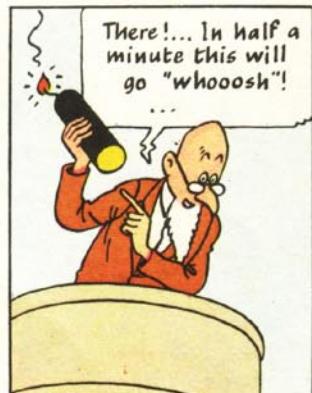
And here is a pretty
rocket I found.
Now we'll have a
beautiful fire-
works display!...

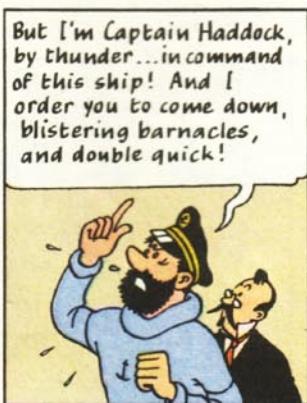
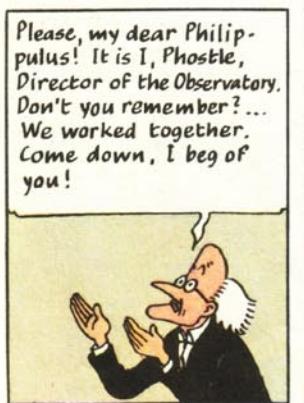
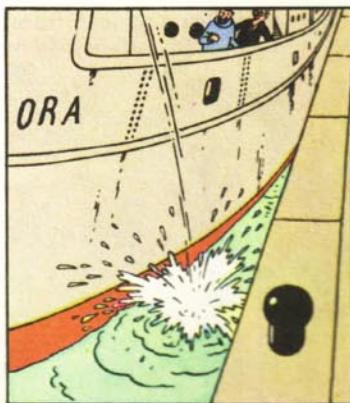
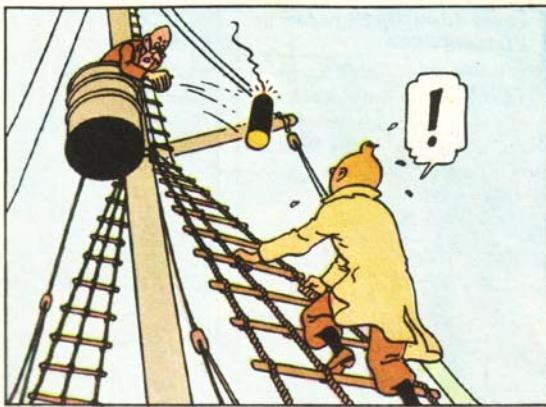


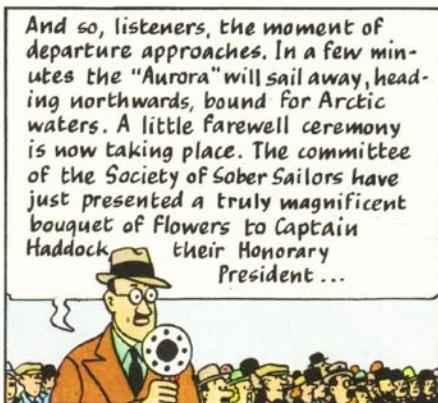
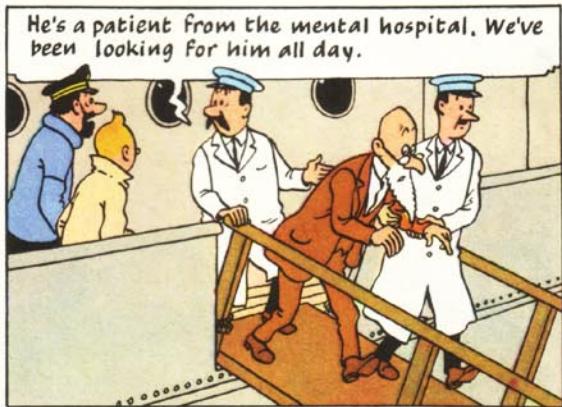
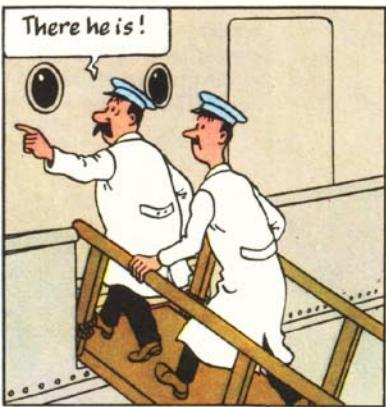
There's not a
moment to lose!



There!... In half a
minute this will
go "whooosh!"



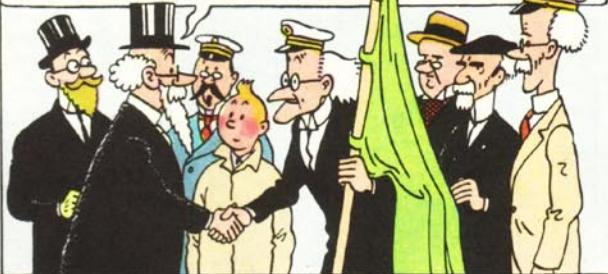




...and here's the President of the European Foundation for Scientific Research with the leader of the expedition, Professor Phostle, handing over the Flag to be planted on the meteorite.

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

Captain! Captain! ...

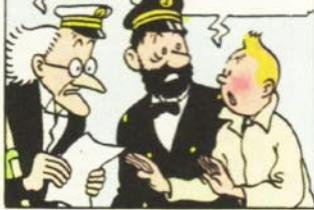


São Rico. The polar ship "Peary" sailed from São Rico yesterday evening on a voyage of exploration in Arctic waters. The "Peary" will try to find the meteorite which fell in that area and which, according to experts, contains an unknown metal...

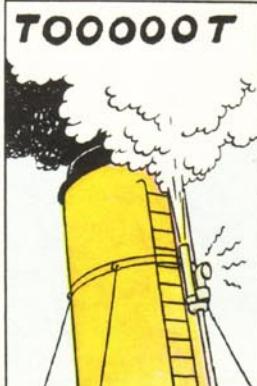


They've stolen a march on us! They'll take possession of the meteorite! All is lost...

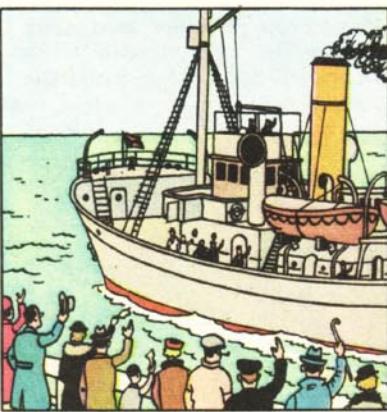
Hold on, they haven't found it yet!



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



The last moorings have been cast off. This is the moment of departure... The ship is moving slowly away from the quay. The "Aurora" has sailed... Sailed away in search of a shooting star...



You have been listening to an eyewitness account of the departure of the polar research ship "Aurora". The programme was relayed through all European networks.

Ha! ha! ha! I wish them the best of luck!

You're quite sure that they won't succeed? ...



My dear fellow, you've been my secretary long enough to know that if the Bohlwinkel Bank has financed the "Peary" expedition, there is no question of failure. Believe me: the "Aurora" hasn't a chance.

I hope so, Mr. Bohlwinkel. But still...

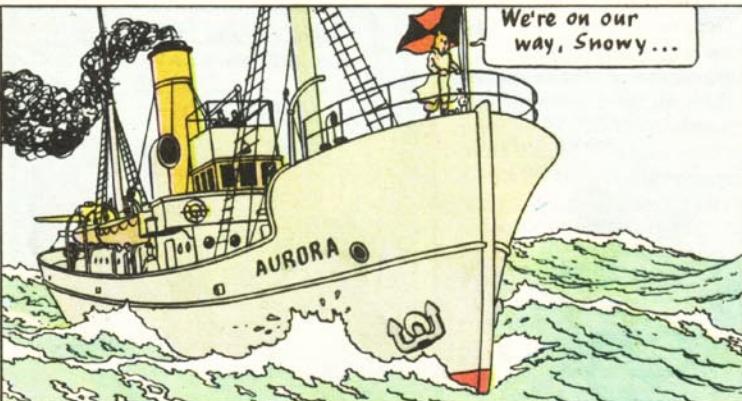


Yes, I know the "Aurora" sailed sooner than I anticipated... The fault of that fool Hayward, bungling his job. But don't worry, I've taken care of everything...

Ah, good, good...



You see, my dear fellow, the scientific expedition is just a cover for my plan to take possession of this meteorite... and the unknown metal Professor Phostle was naive enough to tell us about. There's a colossal fortune waiting there for us. A colossal fortune, and I don't intend to lose it!



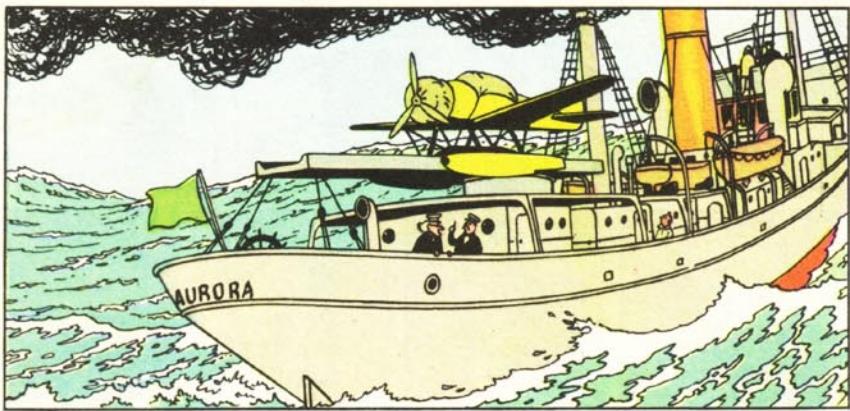
This will blow away the cobwebs, eh, Snowy? What wonderful air... the real tang of the sea!



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



Let's go aft to the stern,
Snowy. Anyway, it'll soon
be time for lunch ...



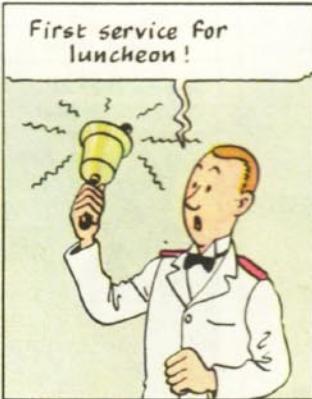
Look, Snowy, there's our seaplane up
there, on its catapult. It will help in
our search for the meteorite.



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



First service for
luncheon!

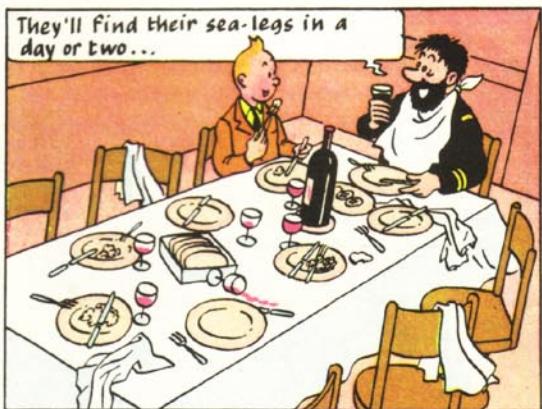
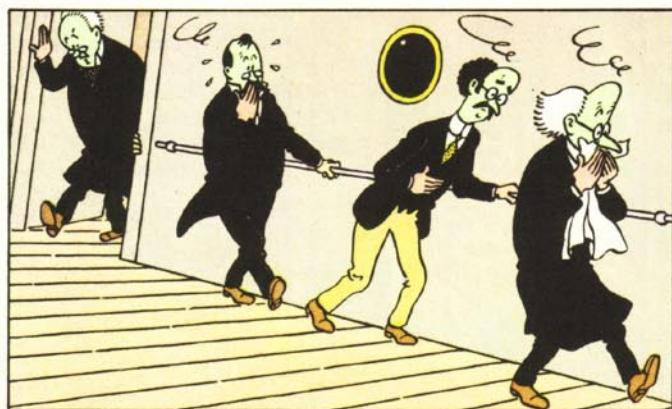
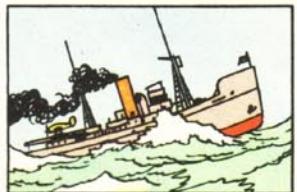
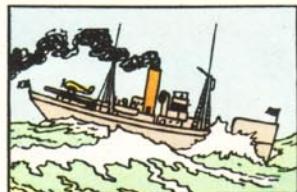
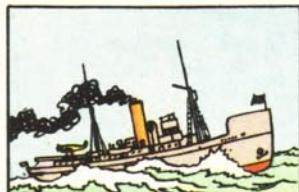


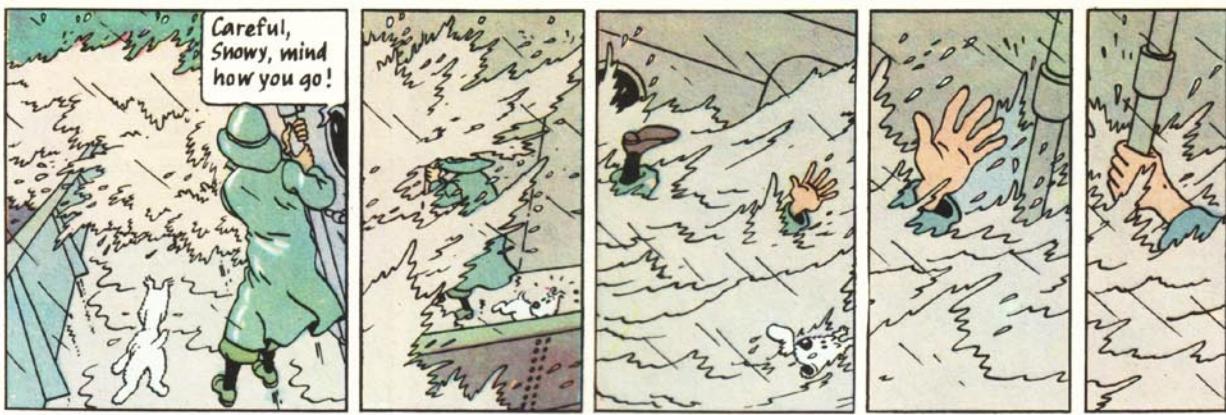
Where's Snowy got to?
I don't see him about.



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







Whew! ... I... honestly, I thought I'd been swept overboard. But Snowy? ... Where's Snowy?



That was a near thing, Snowy! ... Heavens, what a storm! What a frightful storm!





The lunatic! A little bit closer and he'd have cut us in two... He must be crazy sailing like that, without any lights... He couldn't have judged it better if he'd meant to sink us.



What do you mean? I mean, Captain, that someone's already tried to sabotage the "Aurora"... the night before we sailed. The accident we just avoided looks remarkably like another attempt ...



Thundering typhoons! ... You're right! ... But who on earth ...?

Is that the "Kentucky Star" this time?



S.S. Kentucky Star. Obeying orders received, attempted to sink Aurora. Operation mis-carried. Awaiting instructions.



They've failed! The bungling Fools! Now we're back where we started! ... But I'll get them yet!



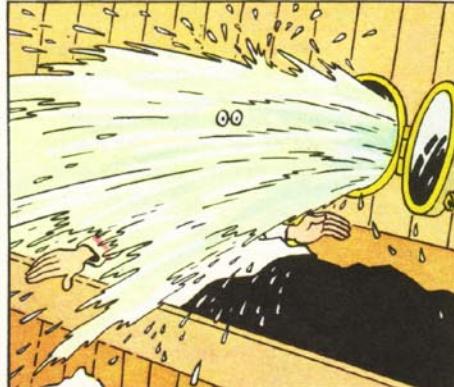
Oh, misery! I feel so ill! I feel horribly ill!



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



Aaaah! ... I feel better already.



Some days later...

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



Have you noticed? It froze last night.

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

You're quite right.



Come along, Snowy. We need our coats on.



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



... dangerous!



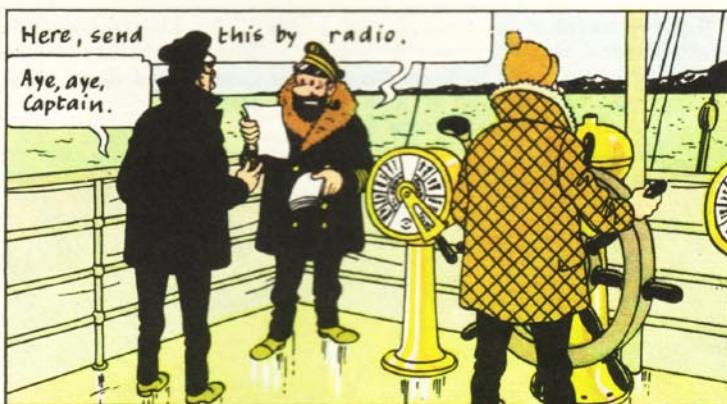
Now we'll go and say good morning to the Captain.

I'm going to cause a sensation!

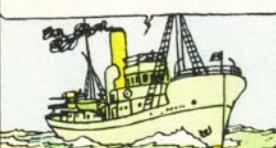


Here, send this by radio.

Aye, aye, Captain.



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



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



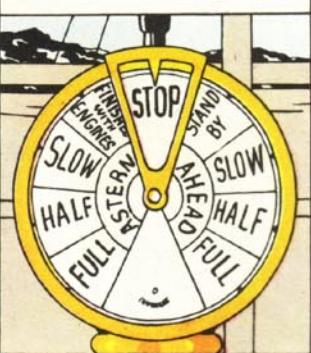
Aha! ... They're putting in at an Icelandic port! Excellent! Excellent! I think, my dear Johnson, that their stay will be a long one... Let us begin by sending a short note. Take this down, Johnson...



Bohlwinkel Bank to Smithers, general agent for Golden Oil, Reykjavik, Iceland. Circulate following order immediately to all agents for Golden Oil in Iceland: Absolute prohibition against refuelling polar vessel Aurora... There! Have that sent in the secret code.



The next morning...



So here we are in Akureyri. Shall we be staying here long, Captain?

Oh, no...



Just long enough to fill up with oil. Then we set out for Greenland.



There, I'm going to order the fuel. It won't take a minute.



Good morning. I want my ship refuelled with oil.



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

Polar research ship "Aurora".
Captain Haddock.

Oh?... You're the Captain of... of the "Aurora"?



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



What's that you say? No fuel oil?... That's absurd! I've got to have oil, d'you hear?

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



That sounds like an argument...



It's disgraceful, I tell you!
Disgraceful!



Remember!
On your own head be it!



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

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

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

Someone else? Golden Oil
have a
sale of
out
monopoly of the
fuel oil through-
the country.

But that means...

We're
stuck
here?

Yes, stuck. And
in the mean-
time...

...The "Peary" con-
tinues her voyage!

Can't you look what you're
doing, you seismic sema-
phone?

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

Fidgy! ... Fidgy!
Fidgy!

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

Boodle,
boodle,
boodle!
...
Boo-

Boo-

Aye, aye,
ayeyeee!

Aye, aye,
ayeyeee!

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

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

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

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

You're waiting to
refuel?

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

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

What? Some-
one's been hav-
ing me on!

Ten thousand
thundering
typhoons! I'll
teach those
pirates to play
fast and loose
with Cap-
tain Had-
dock!



Gang of thieves! ... Black
marketeers! ... Mono-
polizers! ... Turncoats! ...
Ophicleides! ... Colocynths!

Haddock!

Don't stop me! I'm going to exter-
minate those crooks! ...
The twisters!

Haddock,
listen to me.

Calm down,
Cap-
tain!

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

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

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



Let me go! ... I'm go-
ing to tear those
cater- pillars into
little pieces!

Wait, Captain,
I've got an
idea!

An idea?
About get-
ting fuel
oil?

Yes.

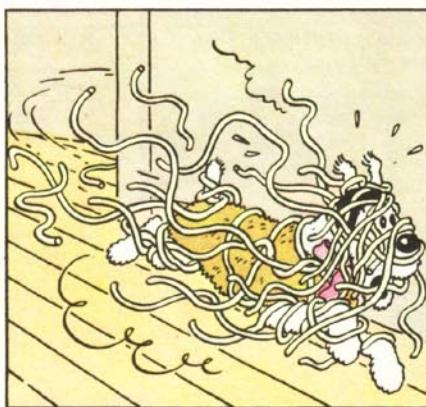
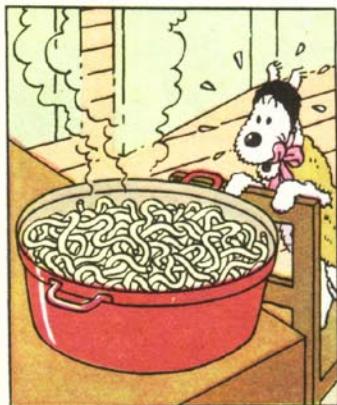
Come on, we'll dis-
cuss this over a
glass of whisky.
Let's go into this
bar.





Yes, where's she
moored, the
"Sisi"... the
"Sirius"?





A week later ...



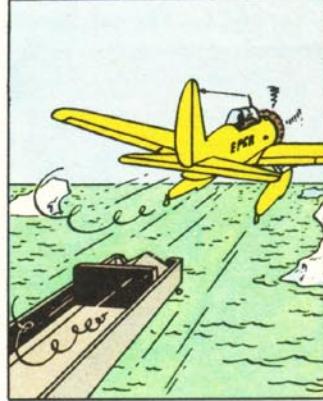
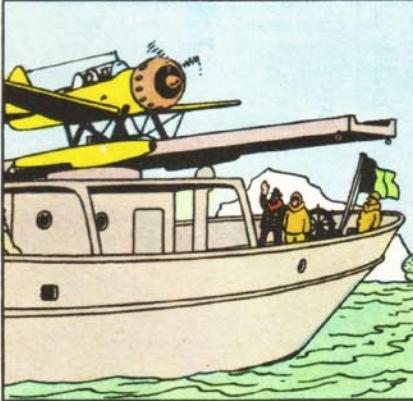
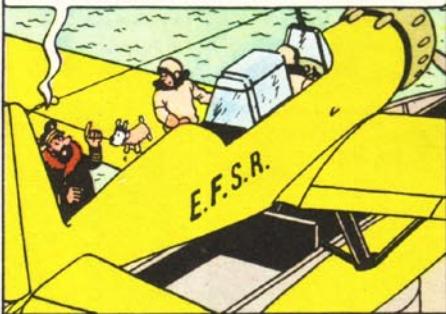
This is where we are. We've crossed the 72nd parallel. You will confine your search to an area between 73 and 78 North, and 8 and 13 West ... You understand?



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



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



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

The meteorite?



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



How extraordinary. They've seen a great column of white vapour on the horizon.

Quick!... Give me the microphone.

This is Professor Phostle. Tell me, does the column of vapour seem to be coming from a definite point? ... You say there are no other clouds in sight? The sky is clear?

That's it!... They've found the meteorite!!

Careful!... The earphones...

Forgive me. I forgot! Yes, Captain, it's the meteorite causing the column of vapour. The heat emitted from it has already melted the ice. Gradually the water surrounding it is warming up.

Thus water-vapour is created, and this is rising up to form the clouds which they have seen.

Hello? Hello?... You have found the meteorite!... Hooray!... Hello?... Are you receiving me?

Hello?... Hello?... Hello?... They're not answering any more!...

Tell me, Captain, should these wires be connected to anything?

Thundering typhoons!... The leads weren't plugged in!

There! That's Fixed it.

Hello?... Ah, you can hear me... Turn round and come back... The vapour is caused by the meteorite... yes... Come back, you've completed your mission.

All right, we're returning.

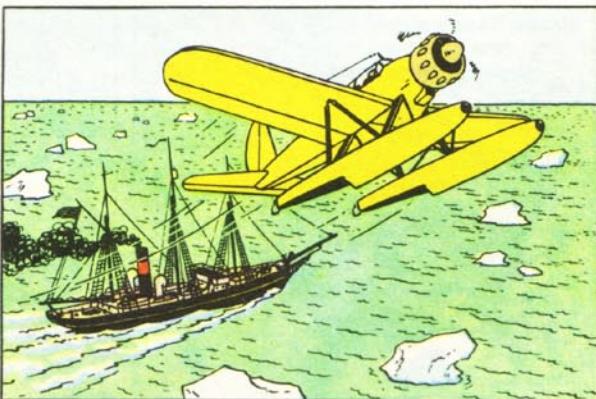
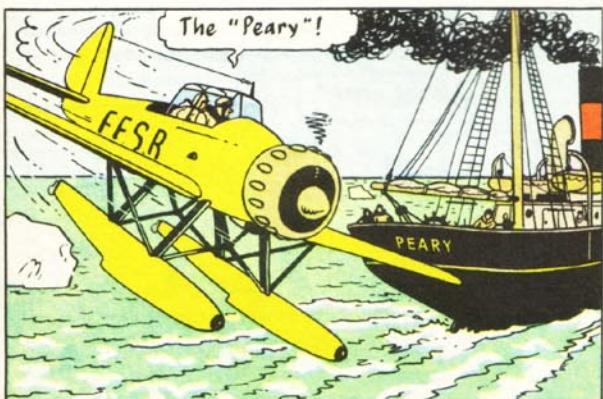
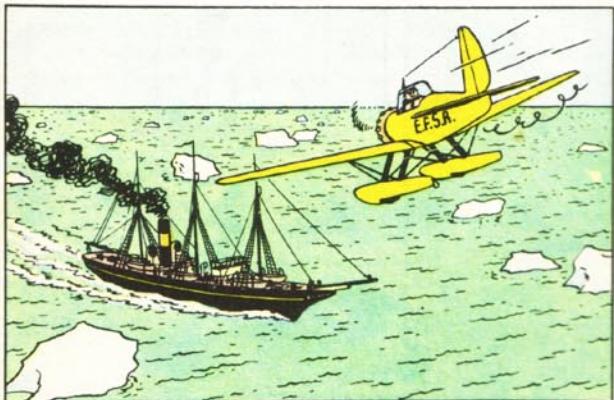
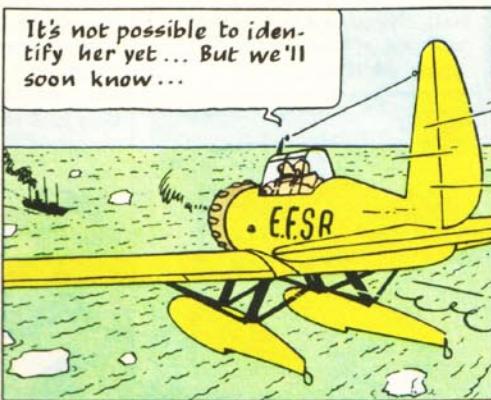
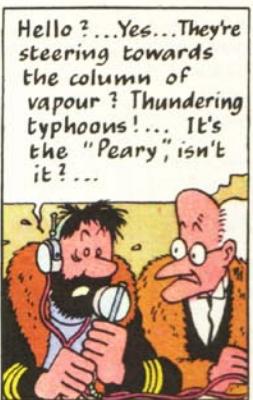
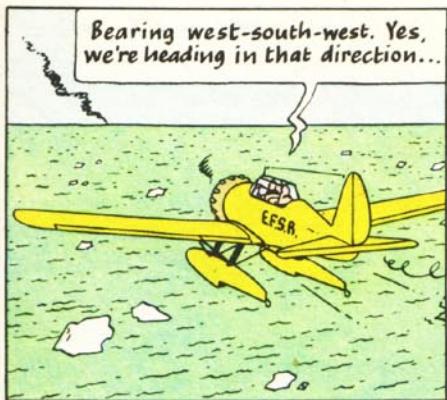


Look down there!...



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





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



Meanwhile...

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



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



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



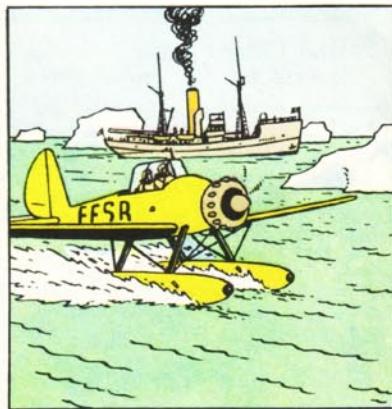
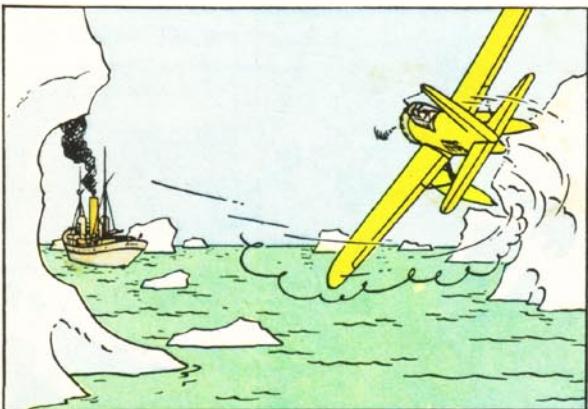
Well, Snowy old boy, if we get out of this in one piece we'll be lucky!



Thundering typhoons! ...They scraped against that one...and that one too!...Whew! they just missed it!



We're done for this time, Snowy!



Hooray! He's a real ace!



The "Peary" is a hundred and fifty miles ahead of us. We must overtake her!



This is the end
...We've lost the race.

No, Captain, we're not finished yet. Come on, let's have a look at the chart.

It's useless.



Look, the "Peary" is there... And this is our position. Our maximum speed is 16 knots. The "Peary" can't do more than 12 knots. We could therefore gain on them by 4 miles each hour. They're 150 miles ahead. So in 37½ hours we'd have caught up with the "Peary"

...

Yes, unless they'd reached the meteorite by then...



Captain, we must try to overtake the "Peary"! ... This is no moment to throw up the sponge, just when victory is in sight.

Tintin's right; we must try, Captain.

That's all very fine!... But to catch up 150 miles!...



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



All right... er... I say, Captain, I'm frozen to death after that reconnaissance flight. I think I need a little whisky

...

Some whisky? You? ... er... I'll just see if there is any...



You'll have a glass with us, won't you, Captain?

You bet I will!



On second thoughts, I really do think the game is up. It'd be far better to give up the struggle ...



Give up the struggle? ... Never! ... Blistering barnacles, this is no moment to throw up the sponge, just when victory is in sight! Thundering typhoons! ... We'll show those P-P-Patagonian p-p-pirates what we can do! ... The l-l-lily-livered l-l-l-andlubbers!



Come on! We shall see what we shall see! ... Show a leg! On deck with you!



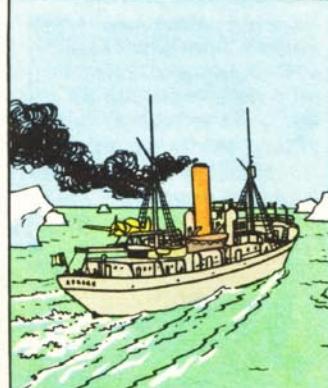
Get on with it, Chief! Thundering typhoons! jump to it! ... Full speed ahead! The enemy have 150 miles start on us: we've got to catch them up!



Cox'n at the wheel! Stick to your course. Steer North by East. And watch out for icebergs!

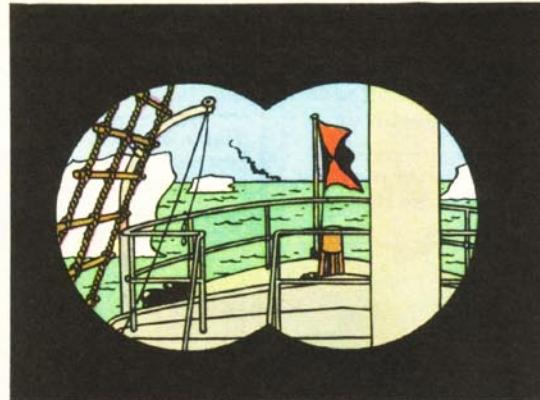


Aye, aye, sir.



Noon next day...

Hooray!... There she is!... That's smoke from the "Peary"!



We're steaming faster than she is!... We'll overtake them this evening, or during the night.



Captain!... A signal!



Read it!... This is the last straw!... What are we going to do? Blistering barnacles, what are we going to do?



Ask our scientists to come to the saloon. Tell them I have important news ...



Gentlemen, I'd like to read you a signal we've just picked up. It's a distress call. The text is disjointed, as if the transmitter was damaged. Even the name of the ship is incomplete.



S.O.S. S.O.S. S.O.S.
CIT... 70°45' N.
19°12' W. IN
COLLISION WITH
ICEB... TAKING
WATER IN FORWARD
.. QUEST
ASSISTANCE
URGE ...

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



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

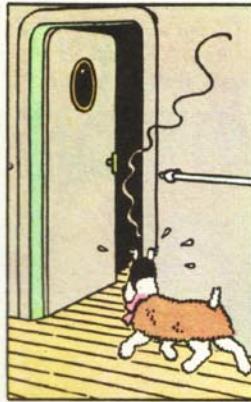
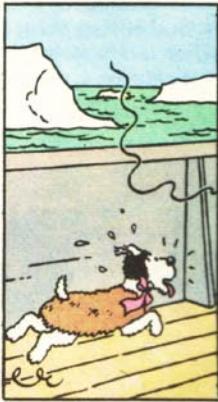


I was sure of your answer, Professor. We'll go about right away ...

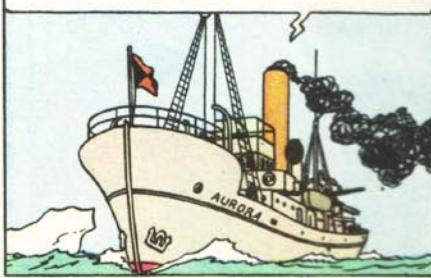
Bravo!



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



Polar research ship Aurora to C.I.T... in distress. Your message received. We are steaming towards you. Keep in touch with us. Good luck!



Well ?

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

I suppose their radio has packed up for good...



Unless they have... gone down? Is that what you mean to say?



Naturally, but...



Is that the text of what you want to send? It's absurd! What does the ship's name matter to us? ... Anyway, you'll spend all night waiting for replies.



You do as you like, but I think it's absolutely crazy. I'm going to turn in. Good night!



Polar research ship Aurora to all shipping companies. Please will all companies owning ships with name commencing "CIT" please advise us immediately of full names of these ships. Also inform us if one is in distress, position 70°45' N, 19°12' W.



The next morning...

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

RADIO

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

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

"Y": ALL WELL
NETHERLAND
NAVIGATION AND STEAM-SHIP COMPANY
CITY OF YORK: Reports all well
CITY OF BATH: " " "
CITY OF EXETER: " " "
CITY OF OXFORD: " " "
CITY OF LINCOLN: NEW ENGLAND TRANSPORT INC.
ALL STEAMSHIP
RY: Hell on board

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

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

Well?

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

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

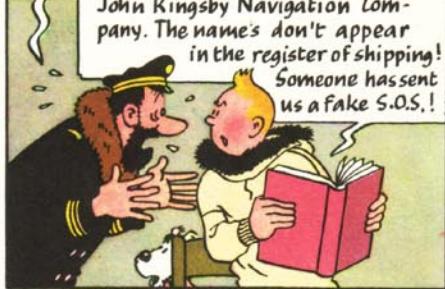
Now you've got what you want! There's your answer. She's the "Cithara" owned by the John Kingsby Company.

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

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

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

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

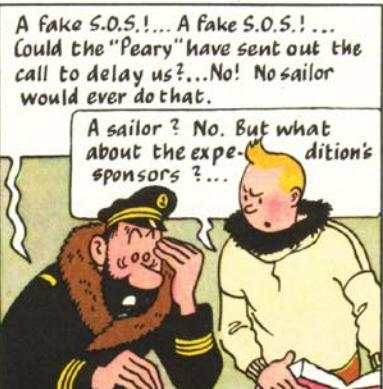


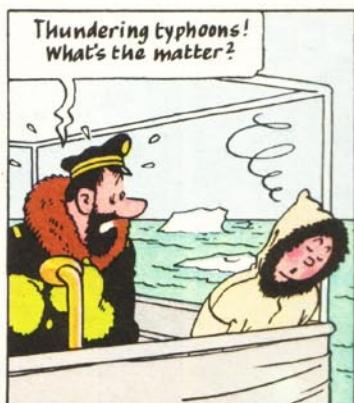
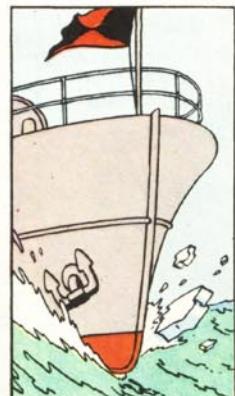
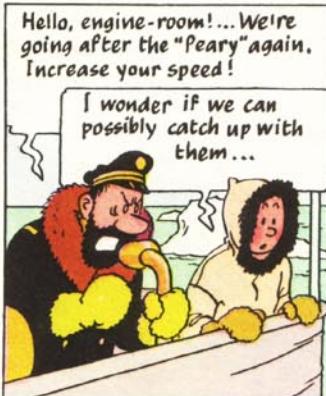
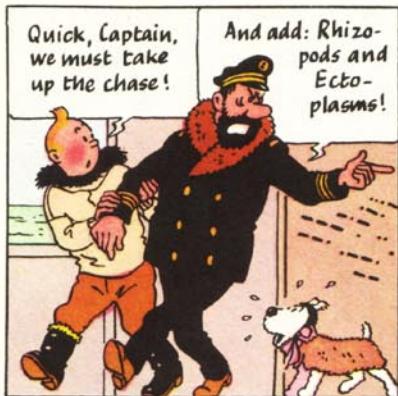
A fake S.O.S.! ... A fake S.O.S.! ... Could the "Peary" have sent out the call to delay us? ... No! No sailor would ever do that.

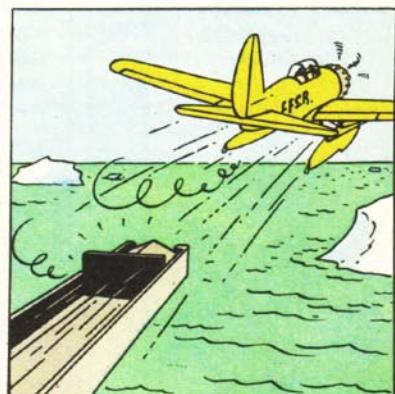
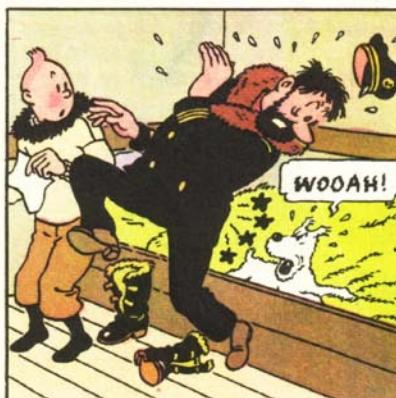
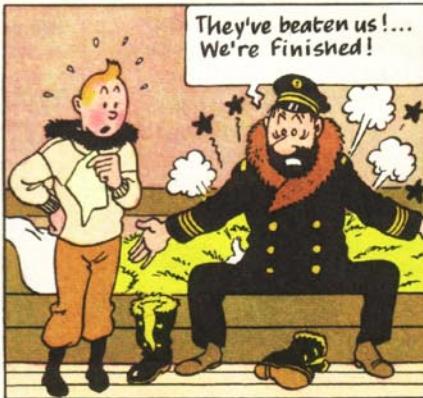
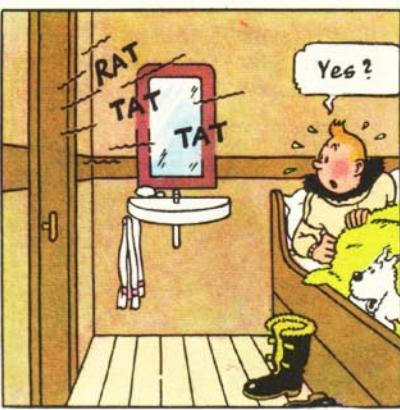
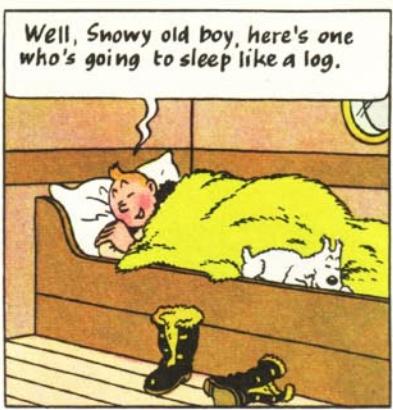
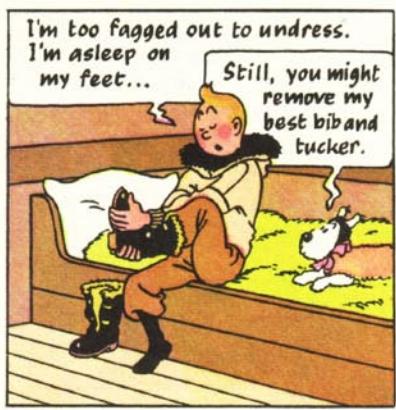
A sailor? No. But what about the expedition's sponsors?

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

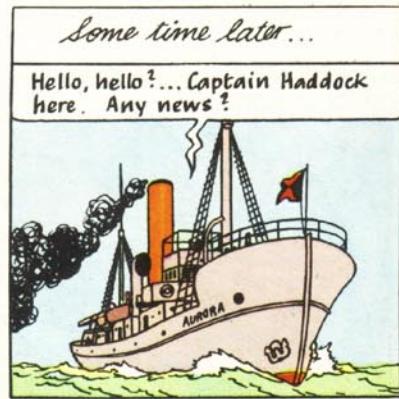
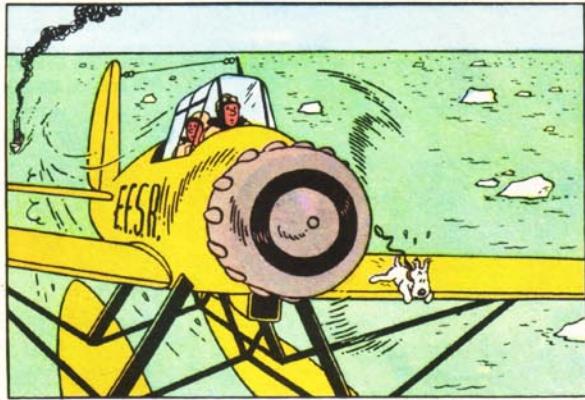
Here. Send out the following message: Polar research ship Aurora to bogus John Kingsby Company ... er ... Deeply shocked by subterfuge ... no ... that's not strong enough ... er ... Gangsters! ... that's it ... Gangsters! Twisters! Traitors! ... Woodlice! ... Turn-coats! ... Shipwreckers! ... Mountebanks!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



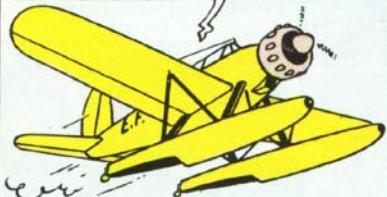








There isn't a single iceberg in sight, and the cloud of vapour is much nearer. We certainly can't be very far away now.



The meteorite! There's the meteorite!



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



Really? You mean that? ... You can see the meteorite! ... Hooray! ... What's it like?



It forms an island, sloping gently towards the west, and ... Great snakes! ... The "Peary" has beaten us to it!



The "Peary" has beaten them to it.



Tell me... I suppose their flag is already flying from the top of the meteorite?



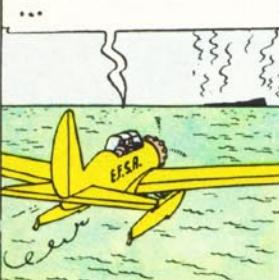
Their flag? ... Wait ... No, I can't see a flag...



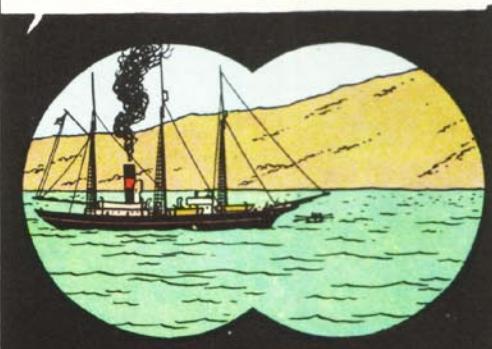
Hooray! Then there's still hope!



Perhaps, I can just make out what's happening aboard the "Peary"... it looks as if ... as if



Yes... they're just lowering a boat...



This is it! The meteorite is ours!



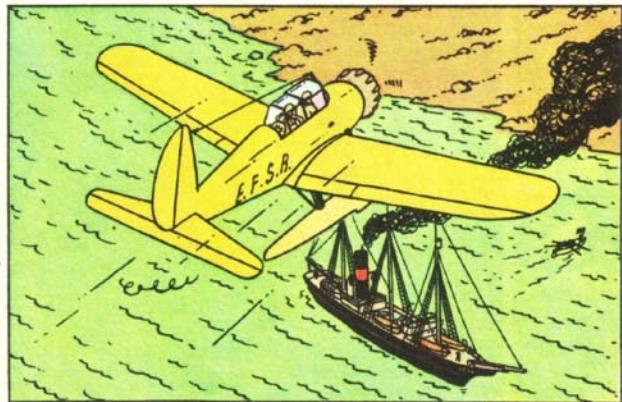
RRRRRRRRRR



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



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



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



Wooah!

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



Crumbs!... The Flag!...



That was lucky!

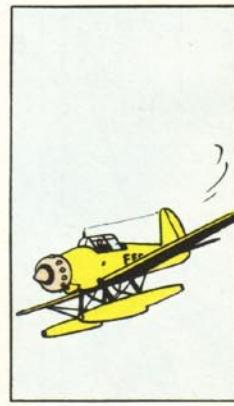
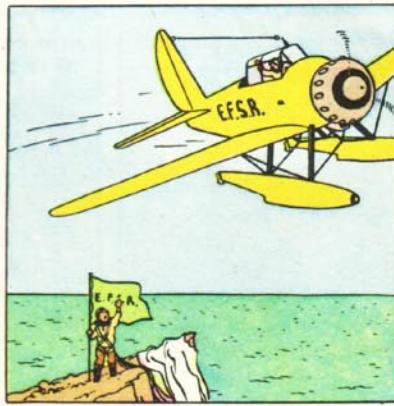
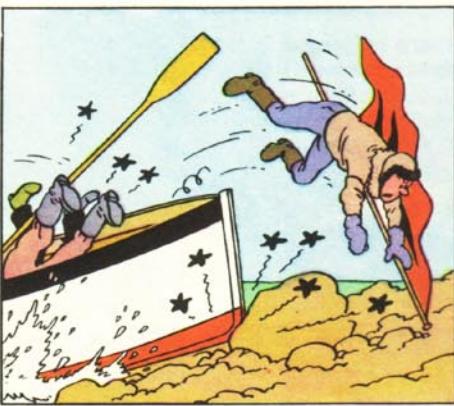


There he goes! He'll arrive before us!

No! I know how to stop him!







Snowy, my poor Snowy! ... You must have banged against a rock!

Woooooah!

OW! OWW! ...

Ow!... Yow!... Yeow!

Woaaah!

The water's boiling! ...

Hello? ...
Hello? ...
Hello? ...

Hello, I am receiving you ...
Yes... What?
Serious... three days... Yes, of course. Good. Right...

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

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

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

Tintin, you don't mean we're going to stay all by ourselves on this island?

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

There...

Thanks.

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

There he goes.

I'll be glad when he's back!

Now, Snowy, we'll have something to eat...

Good idea!

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

And how!

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

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

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

A spider!

Squash it, Tintin!

It's disappeared among the rocks.

Leave it. Come on, Snowy ...

Enjoy your supper, Snowy. Let's forget that prophet of doom, with his spiders and his "dong-dong-dong-dong"!

DONG
DONG

What an ass I am. It's the bell on the "Peary".

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

Finished already, Snowy? I'm afraid I've nothing else for you. The two biscuits left are for tomorrow.

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

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

Not a thing...

Whoops!

Are you coming, Snowy? We're going to turn in now. I'm absolutely dead beat.



Our parachute will come in handy again. We can use it for a mattress and as a blanket.

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

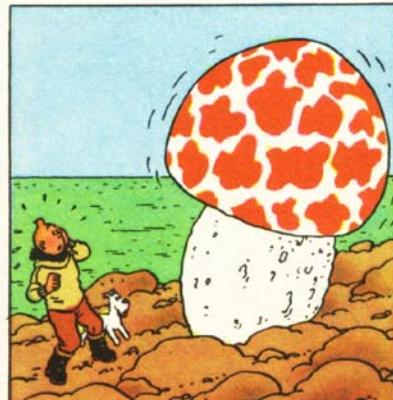
Good night, Snowy. Keep a good lookout...

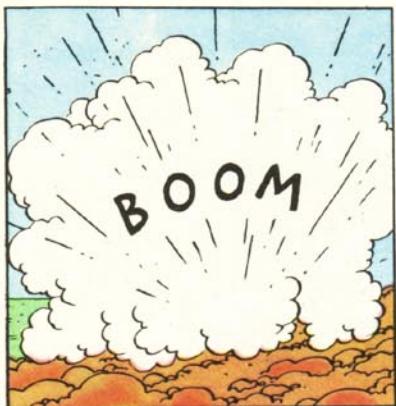
LEADER

BOOM



Come on, Tintin, let's scramble it.





Yes, it's over. Whew! If that's the effect of the new metal, we're in for some more surprises!



It must be magic!



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



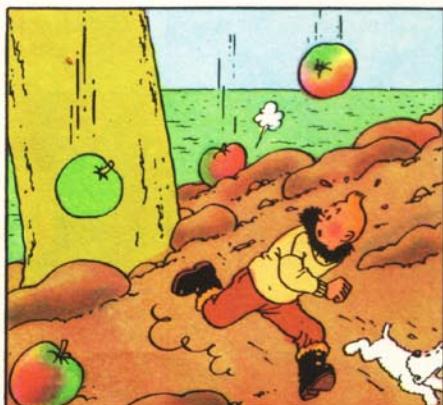
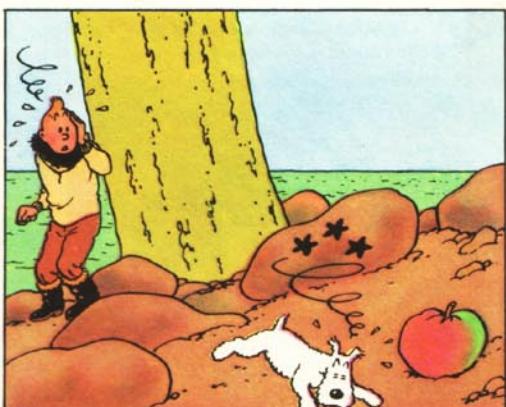
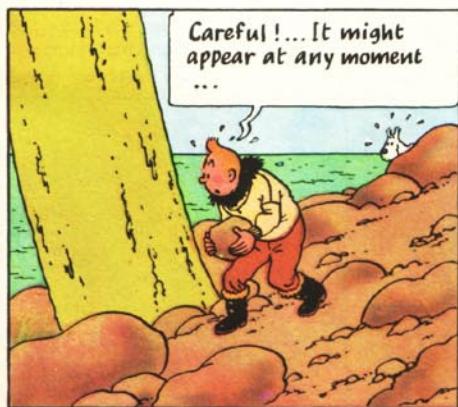
Well, Snowy old man, if everything's going to start growing bigger, we're in a fine jam!

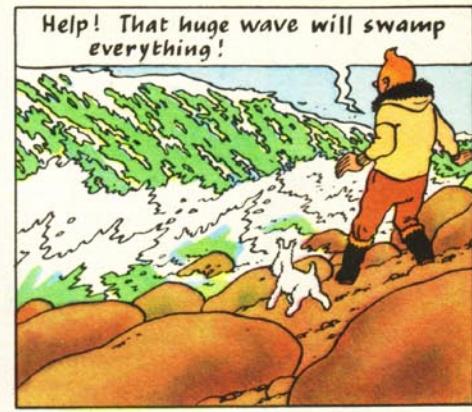
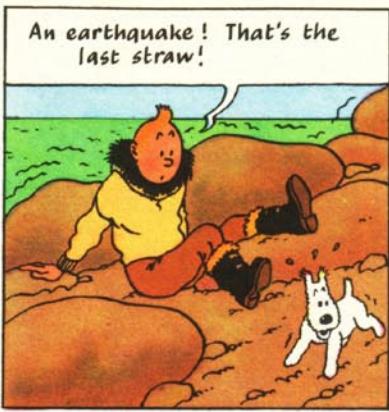


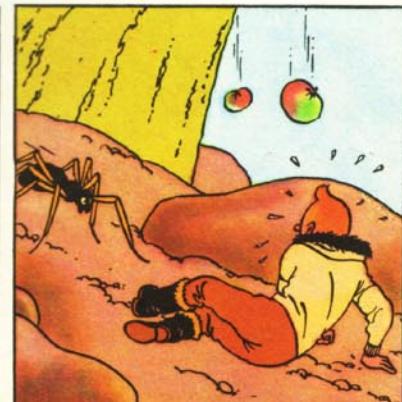
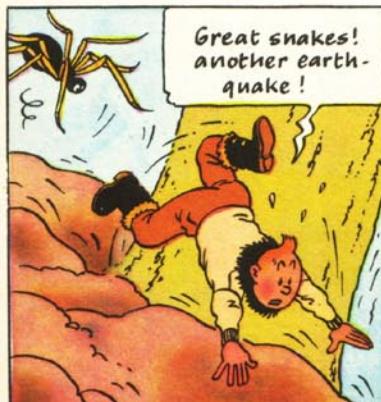
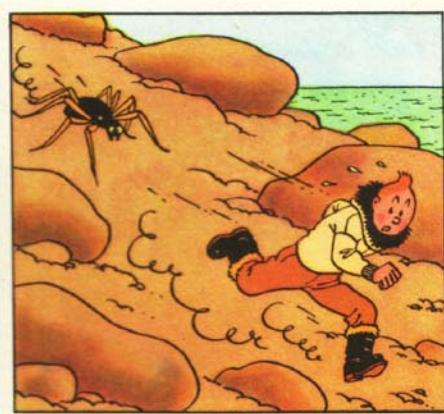
But... but... the spider!... The spider that escaped out of the box, last night ...

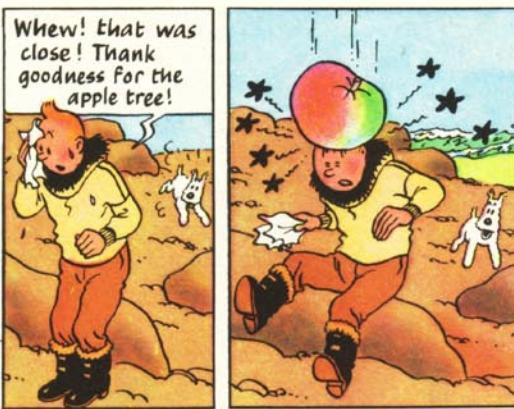


If it's still alive it should be near the apple tree: that's where I was sitting yesterday.









What did you say?... An earthquake?... The meteorite is sinking?... What about Tintin? Where is he?

We're losing the meteorite?



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



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



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



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

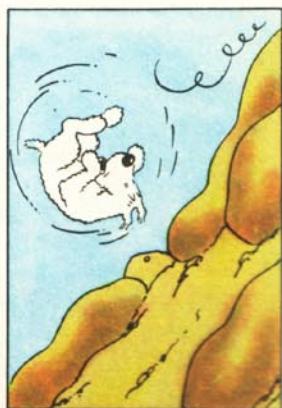
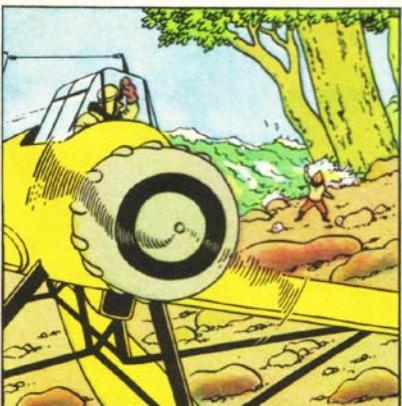


Not a flicker. And the water's still rising!... What can I do?

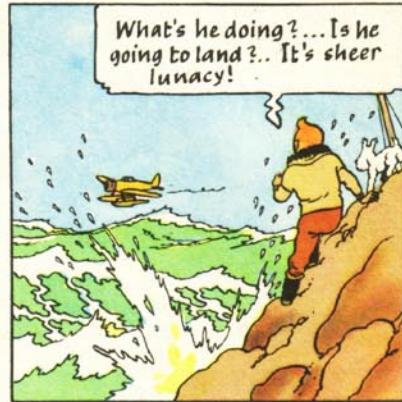


It's no good!... But he simply must come round!





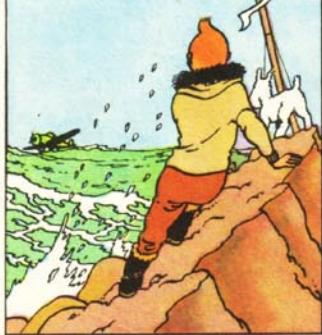
Here goes! It's neck or nothing!
I simply must save him!



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



He made it! He managed to get down safely!



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



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



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

Right!

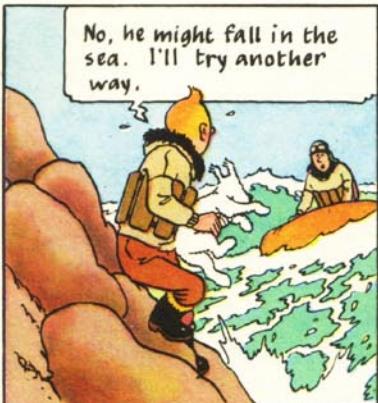


Here quickly, Snowy.
We'll try to reach the dinghy...

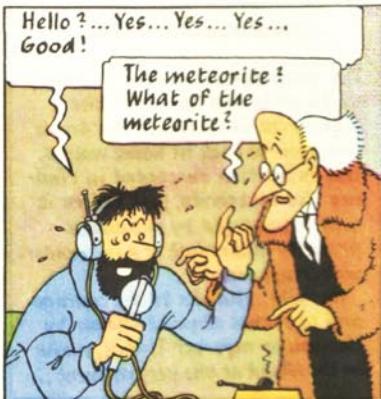
Jump in?... Me?
Never again!

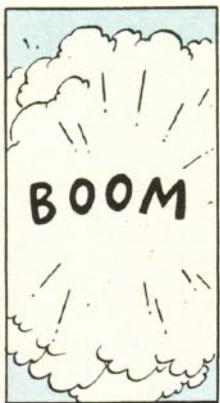
Snowy!... Snowy!
... Come on, come here at once!











Some weeks later...

The polar research ship "Aurora", which sailed in search of the meteorite that fell in the Arctic, will soon be back in home waters. The expedition succeeded in finding the meteorite, just before it was submerged by the waves - probably as a result of some underwater upheaval.

Happily, thanks to the courage and presence of mind shown by the young reporter Tintin, alone on the island at the very moment...

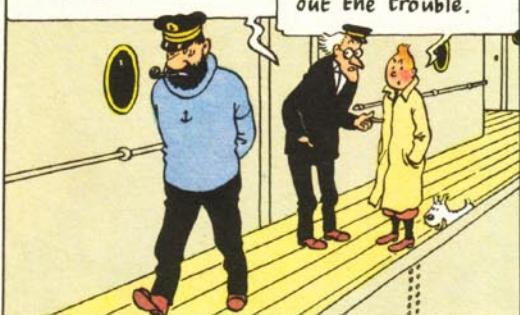
...when it was engulfed by the sea, it was possible to save a lump of the metal divined in the meteorite by Professor Phostle. Members of the expedition have already verified the remarkable properties of the metal; examination of it will undoubtedly be of extraordinary scientific interest. We may therefore look forward to more sensational disclosures.

It is now known that certain incidents that occurred during the voyage of the "Aurora" were unquestionably deliberate acts of sabotage designed to cripple the expedition. Those responsible will soon be exposed, and their leader unmasked. This master criminal is reported to be a powerful São Rico financier. He will shortly be brought to justice.



Have you noticed how preoccupied the Captain has been lately?

Yes, I'll try to find out the trouble.



What's up, Captain? ... Is something the matter?



LAND HO!
LAND HO!



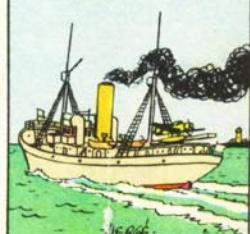
Thundering typhoons!
Land...and about time, too!



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



THE
END





THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

THE SHOOTING STAR

"It's the END of the WORLD!" declares Professor Phostle, as an enormous star hurtles towards the earth. But he is disappointed—the star brushes past, leaving only a vast meteorite which falls in Arctic waters. However, there is no mistake about the Professor's discovery of a valuable new metal in the meteorite; it is worth a colossal fortune, and in a hazardous search in polar regions Tintin, Snowy and Captain Haddock encounter some of their strangest adventures.

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(Tintin film books)

TINTIN AND THE GOLDEN FLEECE
TINTIN AND THE BLUE ORANGES

