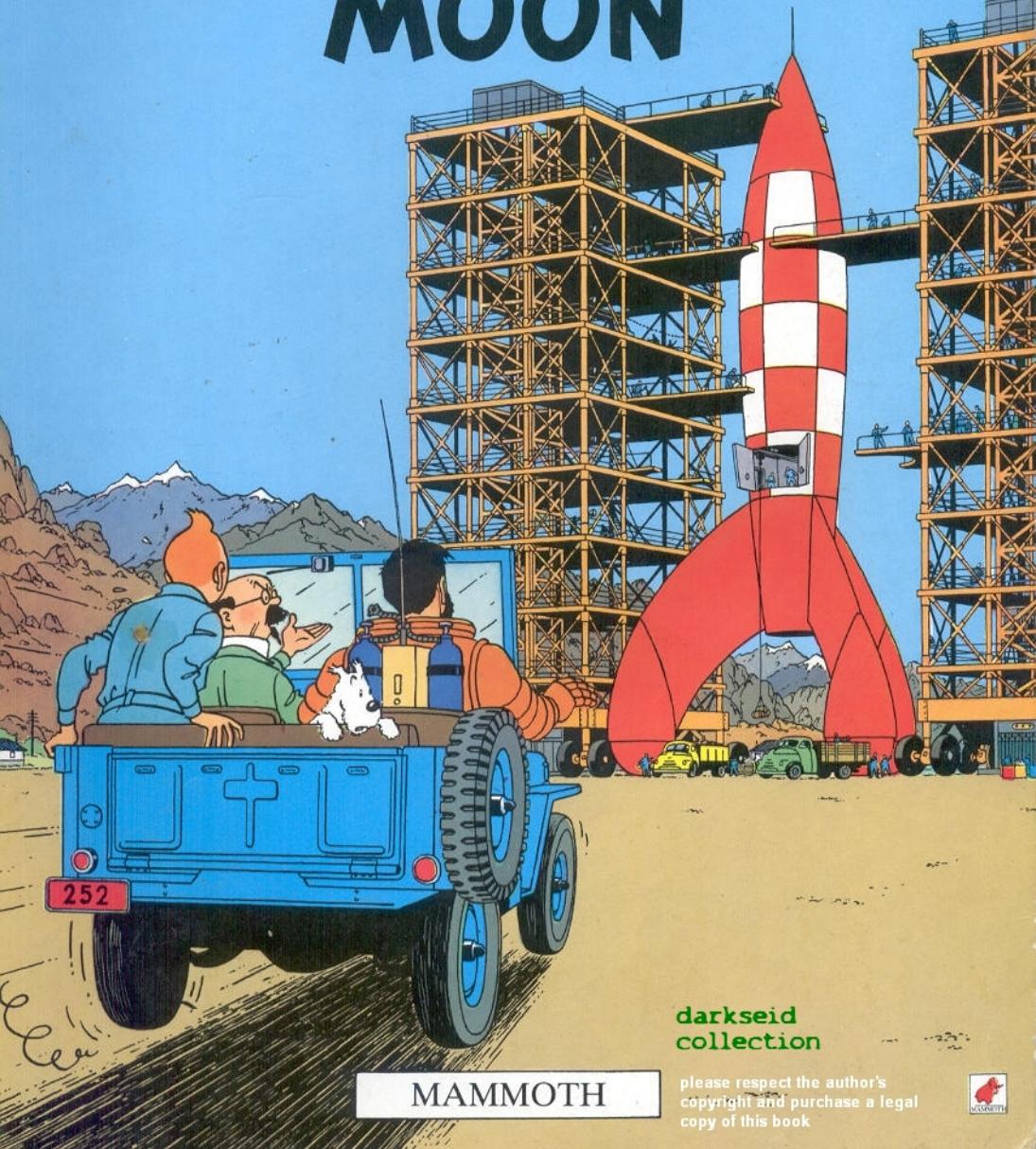


HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF

TINTIN

# DESTINATION MOON



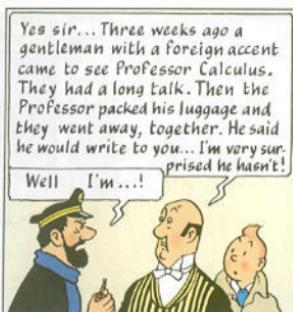
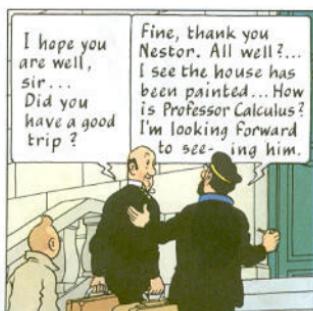
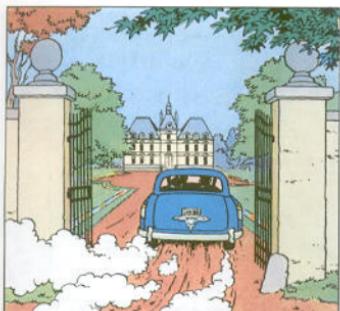
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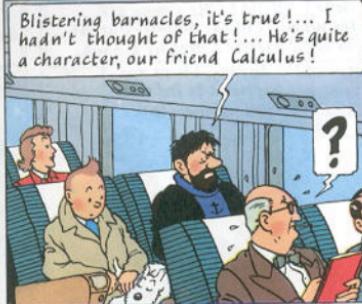
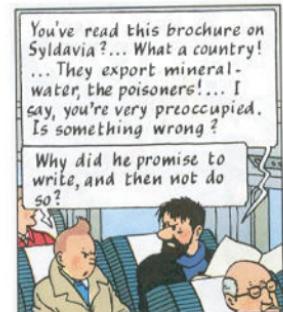
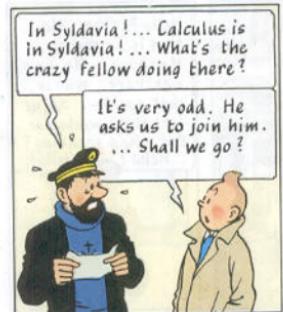
MAMMOTH

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# DESTINATION MOON





Your whisky, sir...

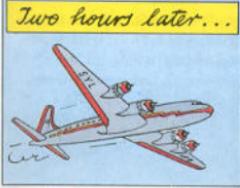
Ah, that's very kind.

Stop, woman! Don't do that!

What are you doing?... Not one drop of that disgusting mineral-water in my whisky!



Two hours later...



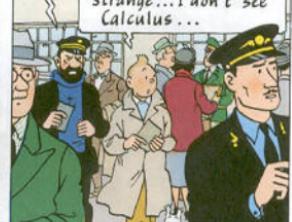
No, I don't see him anywhere... He must have received our telegram by now. Well, we shall see. Here we are at the Customs. Anything to declare, Captain?

Me?... Nothing at all!

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

875 Khors import duty! Bunch of pirates! In our money that'd be...

Strange... I don't see Calculus...



All passports, please.



You Captain Haddock?... And him Tintin?

Yes.

Your friend...er...not able to come...he send car... You please come with me...

Oh, Calculus has sent a car for us. That's kind of him... Good: we'll follow you.

Wait... What about our luggage?

Already in the car, zir.

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



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

Maybe...



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

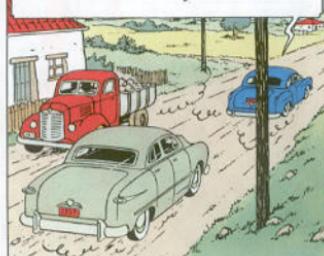


I'm watching that car... It's been following us from the airport

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



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



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



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

Sprodj!



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

Sprodj, zir. Your friend there...



ЮЕРХВЕН  
ВЕРТРАГЗ

SLOW  
ROAD WORKS



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

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



Two hours later...

That other car is still following us...



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



Captain, just look at that signboard.



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



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

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

Ah?... Döszt?

Vladimir!... Eh! Vladimir! On flász Klowaswa vüh dzapei.. Eih döszt!...

Ah, he's understood... About time too!



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



By thunder! It's landing in the road!...  
Here, Sprodj, what does this mean?

Check-post, zir.

Another check-point?



Gudd... Zrädzimo...  
Zsálu endzoekhoszd.



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

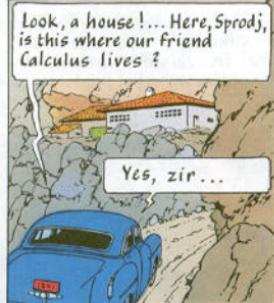
B.H.15 calling Control... B.H.15 calling Control... Expedition "Bluebell" passed check-point... All in order...

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

That's what  
I'm wondering.

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

Yes, zir...



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

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

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

P.K.1 calling Control  
...P.K.1 calling Control...  
Expedition "Bluebell"  
has arrived... All in order... Open  
the doors...



Gudd... Zrädzimo!...  
Zsöe gnounh dzoeuteuh  
ebb touuh...

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

Gudd!

Thundering typhoons, what's happening?  
Are we driving straight into the garage?  
...That's an odd sort of welcome!



The doors have closed automatically behind us!

And the other doors are opening automatically in front!

Here you are, gentlemen.

At last! And it's about time too!



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

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

Fifth Floor. We'll take the lift.



After you, gentlemen...



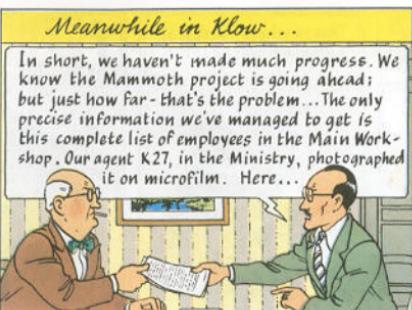
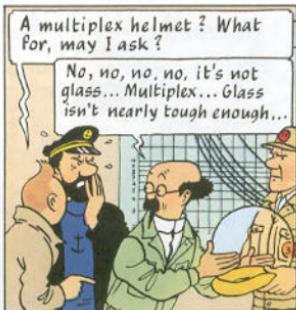
How do you do... But I'd like to know where we are... And what these gangsters are who followed us from the airport...

Gangsters, Captain? These are ZEPO men!



This is where Professor Calculus works...





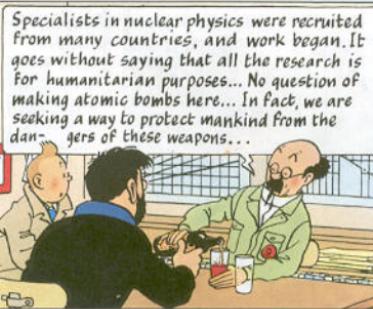
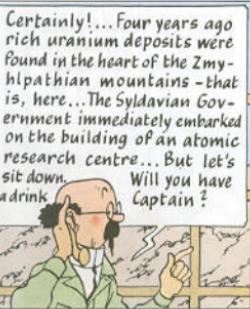
Come in here : I want to show you something ...

Well, what do you think of it ? What on earth is that ??



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

An atomic research centre in this land of savages ?



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



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



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



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



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



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



Eh?...What?... What are you saying?



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



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



Good evening, gentlemen.



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



How do you do, Captain. The best of luck! The Professor told me that you were a man of remarkable capacity: I see he wasn't exaggerating.

Mr. Baxter is the Director General of the Centre

But I ...



No, no, don't be modest: a character such as yours is rare, all too rare... I congratulate you, and I envy you. ... You will have a unique privilege: the first man to set foot on our great satellite... the Moon!



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

That's splendid...

Yes...er... No...  
I mean...



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

...



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



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

All the same, "They"  
go a bit far... This  
inspection is absurd...  
Who could possibly  
get in here?...



By St. Vladimir!



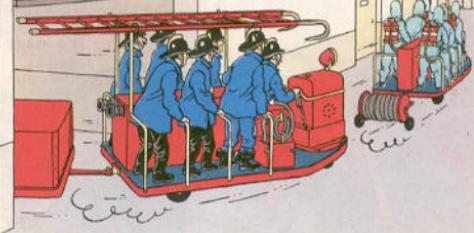
Patrol 14 calling Control!...  
Patrol 14 calling Control!...  
Emergency!... Dense brown smoke  
filling corridors in H Sector...  
Send security squads at once!



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



RRRING RRRING RRRRING RRRRRRING



RRRING  
RRRING  
RRRING



RRRRRING

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



What's happening?

Fire!... All out!



This looks  
serious...  
All out!... All out!



Ah, there's Professor Calculus...



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



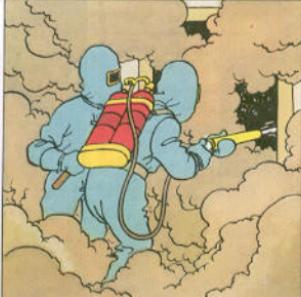
I say, Professor, why are you  
using the Captain's pipe for  
an ear-trumpet?... The Cap-  
tain's pipe!... THE CAPTAIN'S  
PIPE!



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



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

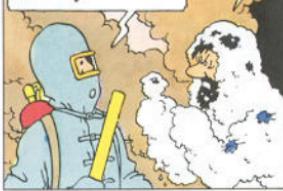


You thundering nitwitted sea-gherkins!



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

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



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' rock- et.



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.



The next morning...

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

ZEPO.



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



Meanwhile...

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



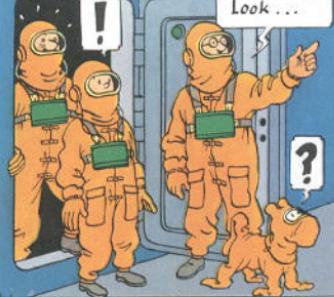
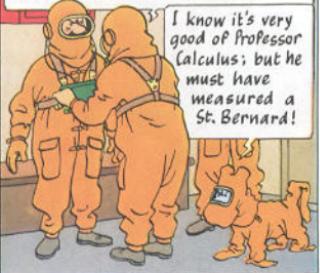
There are two principal stages in the production of plutonium: first the "cooking" of the uranium rods in the atomic pile which you will see in a minute; then the chemical extraction of the plutonium produced in the rods by the "cooking" ... You follow me?

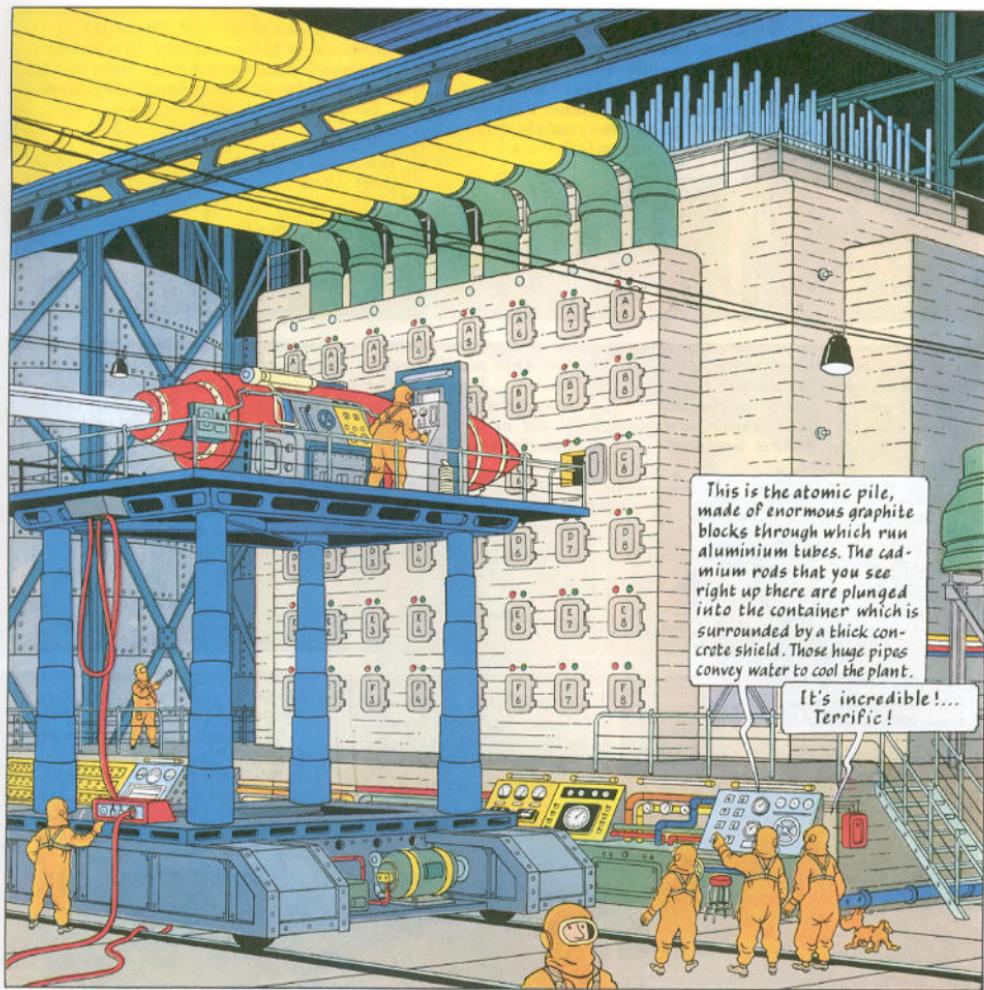


Through this entrance is the bay housing the atomic pile... Have your passes ready.



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





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 con-  
taining 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 con-  
trolled... 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! Atten-  
tion please! Engineer  
Frank Wolff please contact  
Professor Calculus im-  
mediately!

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 rum-maged in a dustbin! You'd do better to let me out of this duffle coat with a windscreens!



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!



...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...



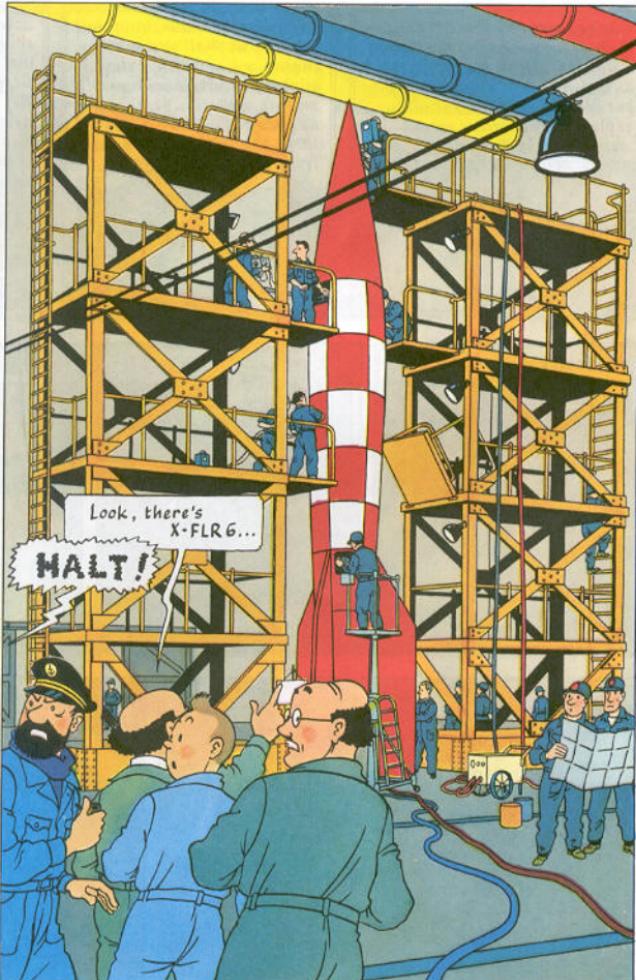
As you know, the Moon travels round the Earth, always showing the one face. The other side is completely unknown. The radio-controlled rocket we're going to launch will circum-navigate the Moon...



...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...



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

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

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

Follow the gentle-man, Snowy.

It's about time some-one took an interest in me!



...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...



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

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



Attention please!... Control calling!... Emergency!... Air-craft from South violating Security Area... Fighters and A.A. personnel to action stations



Sprodj Control to unidentified aircraft. Are you receiving me?... You are violating a Security Area... If you proceed you are liable to be forced down



They've spotted us!... They're ordering us to turn back!

At all costs don't answer them: we aren't over the right place yet.



Sprodj Control to unidentified aircraft. I repeat, if you do not clear Security Area, we will open fire.



We hadn't bargained for this! They say they'll shoot!

Answer with a few odd words to make them think we're in trouble... We must play for time...



... craft... F.R... receive... lost... course... please... our... pos...



A plane must have lost its way. Their radio is intermittent. They're trying to answer us. What shall we do?



This is it! Jump!



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



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



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



Zzzzzzz...  
Zzzzzz...



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



Who is it? Did someone knock?

## Next morning...

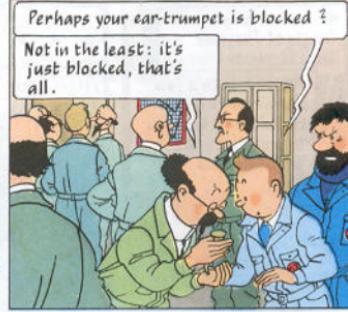
Attention please! All personnel in category A please report at once to Mr. Baxter for an important announcement.

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. Need less to say everything is being done to find them. They will undoubtedly be caught forthwith. Meanwhile, gentlemen, I ask for your co-operation...



So the game's up, eh, my friends?... You can start by explaining this get-up...

Get-up? You call Syldavian costumes a get-up?... Your own national dress?

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

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

I told you he didn't seem very bright.

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

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

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

Tintin! Him! Policemen! Them?...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A few hours later...

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

Aha!... From here there's an unrestricted view... so now to work!

Supposing these mysterious parachutists had an accomplice within the Centre who wanted to hand over the plans... How would they set about it?... All the entrances are guarded!... All of them?... No...



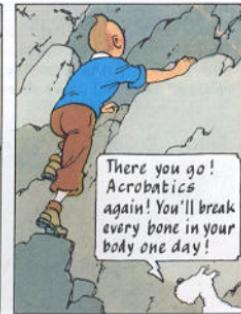
You see, Snowy, before we left I spent a long time studying a plan of the Centre. And I found two ventilators no one bothers to guard. They think they're inaccessible... Well, I believe there's a way of getting at them...



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



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



Steady ! Steady ! You bunch  
of gluttons !



Crumbs ! Here come the  
parents ! That crowns it !



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



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



Funny sort of lift !



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



The First  
thing is to  
let me down !

Hello, hello!... Hello, Cap-  
tain ?... Yes, it's me. I  
think I've got it... Yes...  
J Sector... Corridor 7...  
Ventilator 3... Yes... I  
can count on you ?



Trust me!... You  
said J Sector, Corri-  
dor 7, Ventilator 3...  
Right! No, no, not  
a word to a soul !



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



Some hours later ...



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



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



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



Hands up !



Well done, Jim !



At that moment,  
inside the centre...

That's a  
shot!

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

Woo-aa-aa-aaah...

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...

The Captain! He's been  
knocked out!

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

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

Hello, Control 2... Bax-  
ter here... Send a  
search party at once  
to look for Tintin...  
Outside... J Sector...  
Corridor 7... Ventilator  
3... Hurry!... Keep me  
informed at Post 18.

Now Captain, tell me what  
happened to you.

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

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

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 myself  
in the hands of th-

Very odd...

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

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

BHOPP BHOPP

RRRRING

Oh! The  
telephone...

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

Forgive us... It's some extraordinary  
pills we once took... in Arabia<sup>1</sup>... Their  
effect recurs some-  
times.

<sup>1</sup> See Tintin in the Land of Black Gold

If we may, Mr. Baxter, we'll stay here... We might pick up some clues.

You think so?... All right.

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

To be precise: most auspiciously

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

I don't see anything special...

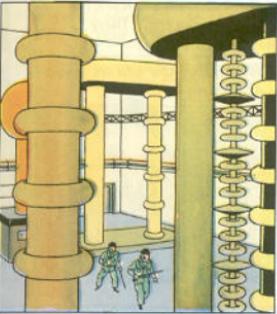
I say, look!

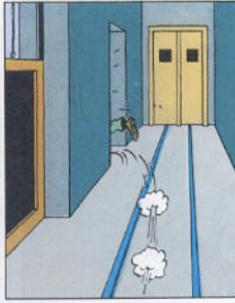
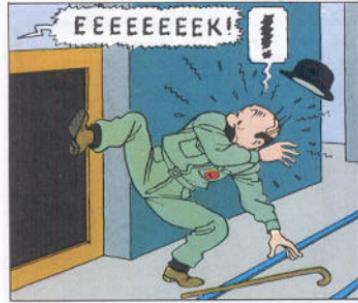
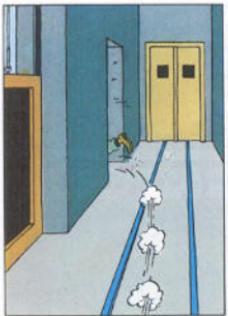
That door: it's ajar... perhaps that's where...

You're right: let's see.

Wait, I'll switch on the light.

What's all this paraphernalia?





Keep your eyes open!... It can't have gone far.

In here, perhaps?

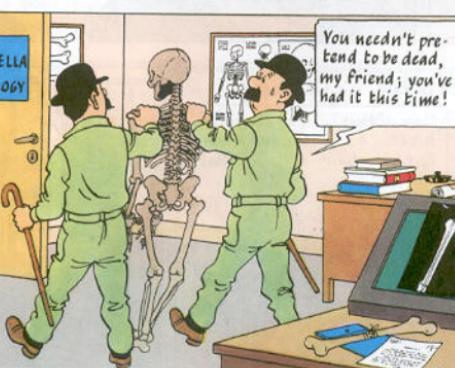
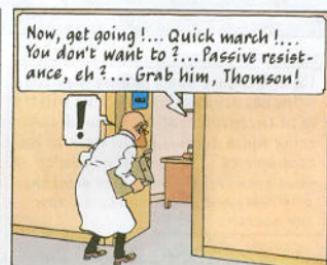
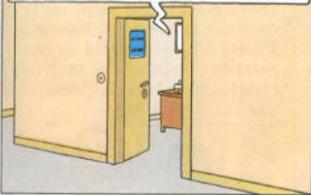
Hey, psst!... Quick, Thompson, come and look!



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

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

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



## Meanwhile...

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



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



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



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



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



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



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



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



Are you coming, Captain?

If I may, I'll stay with Tintin.



Look Captain, it's late and...

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



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

Well, Professor?

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



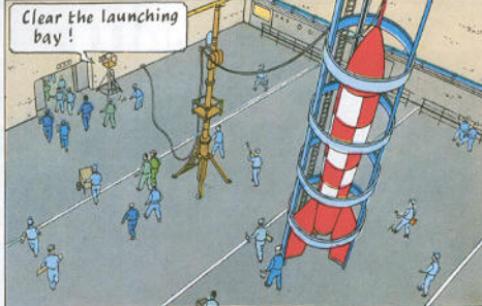
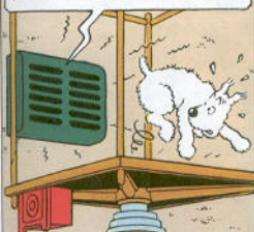
Tintin! You?... I thought you were still confined to your room.

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

Look, Mr. Baxter. Tintin's better!



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



All out?... Splendid!... We can go to the Control Room.



This is it... From here we shall control the rocket during its flight.



I say, Professor...

... Did you remember the gadget I mentioned to you when you came to see me in the sick-bay?

The gadget?... Oh, yes, it's done. I fixed it this evening...



Hello? Observatory?... Is that you, Michael?... Baxter here. I'm in the Control Room. All ready?

Absolutely ready, Mr. Baxter... Everybody standing by.



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

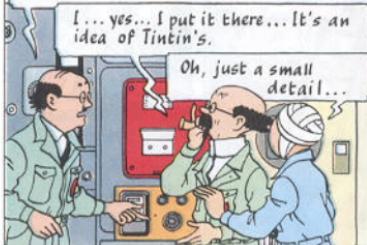
Well, now we can only wait for zero hour... Another twenty minutes.



Why, what's this little device, Professor? It wasn't here last night!

I... yes... I put it there... It's an idea of Tintin's.

Oh, just a small detail...



Meanwhile...

All the same it was fishy about that skeleton...



Look what I can see!

Well? It's a high-tension switch-room.



It may look like a power switch-room. But supposing it isn't, eh? We'll investigate. Here's my master key.



All the same, be careful.

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



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

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

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

AH THESE JEWELS

Sh! Quiet!... Isn't that the alarm siren?

And now the great virtuoso Haddockskoff...

Pom & Pom & Pom & Pompy & Pom d

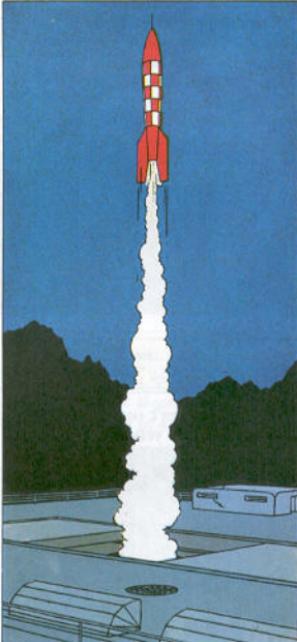
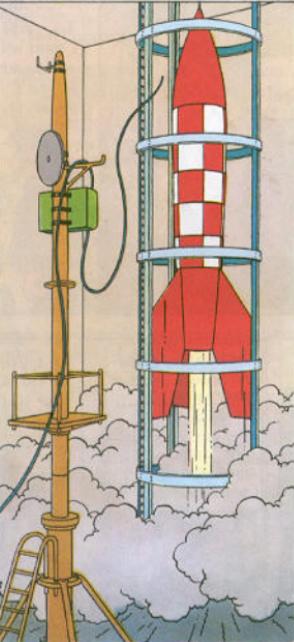
Congratulations Captain! You have remarkable talent... But we've other things to think of besides chamber music!

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

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



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



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



Twenty seconds to go...



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



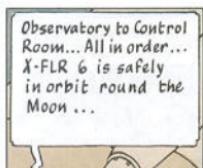
Meanwhile, many thousands of miles away...



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

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





Just imagine! For the first time in history, cameras are now photographing the side of the Moon no one has ever seen! And it's thanks to us, my dear WOLFF! Thanks to us!



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



THERE SHE IS!



Yes indeed, there she is!

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



D'you think I could do it?

Of course.

Observatory to Control Room... Ten seconds to go... Nine... Eight... Seven... Six... Five... Four... Three... Two... One... ZERO!



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



Observatory to Control Room... Correction: zero, zero, nine, eight... Repeat...

Zero, zero, nine, eight. Correction made.



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

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



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



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



Is something wrong, Wolff?

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



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

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



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



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

But surely that's impossible!



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

What do you mean?



Hi, Professor! Mind your headphones!



New!...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 hap-  
pening!... Why won't  
X-FLR 6 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-FLR 6!

Surely you  
can't mean that!

Observatory to Control  
Room...The rocket is com-  
pletely beyond our radio control.

You hear that Mr. Bax-  
ter. What do you say?

All right!

Control Room to Observatory...  
X-FLR 6 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 con-  
trary, she's getting further  
and further away.

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

Here, calm yourself, Pro-  
fessor!... Cuthbert, I im-  
plore 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!

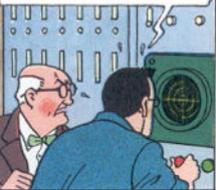
So sorry!... I  
thought I was  
tearing MY hair!



Observatory to Control Room...  
X-FLR 6 has exploded. There's  
nothing more to see.



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



How did I get the idea?... Well, it occurred  
to me that the documents passed to the  
spies might contain all the details of the  
radio-control of our trial rocket... I  
confided my fears to Professor Calculus  
who immediately devised the mechanism  
to explode X-FLR 6, should she be inter-  
cepted... You see what a good idea it was.



Too true!... All too true!...  
All our hopes brought to nothing  
... Months, years of research and  
struggle! All annihilated in a flash!

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



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



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



To the Moon!...  
Hooray!



A fortnight later...

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



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



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



Look here, I've had enough of  
going round in circles in this con-  
founded Centre! How soon do you  
propose this little week-end trip to the  
Moon?

Really?... You too?... Do you?



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



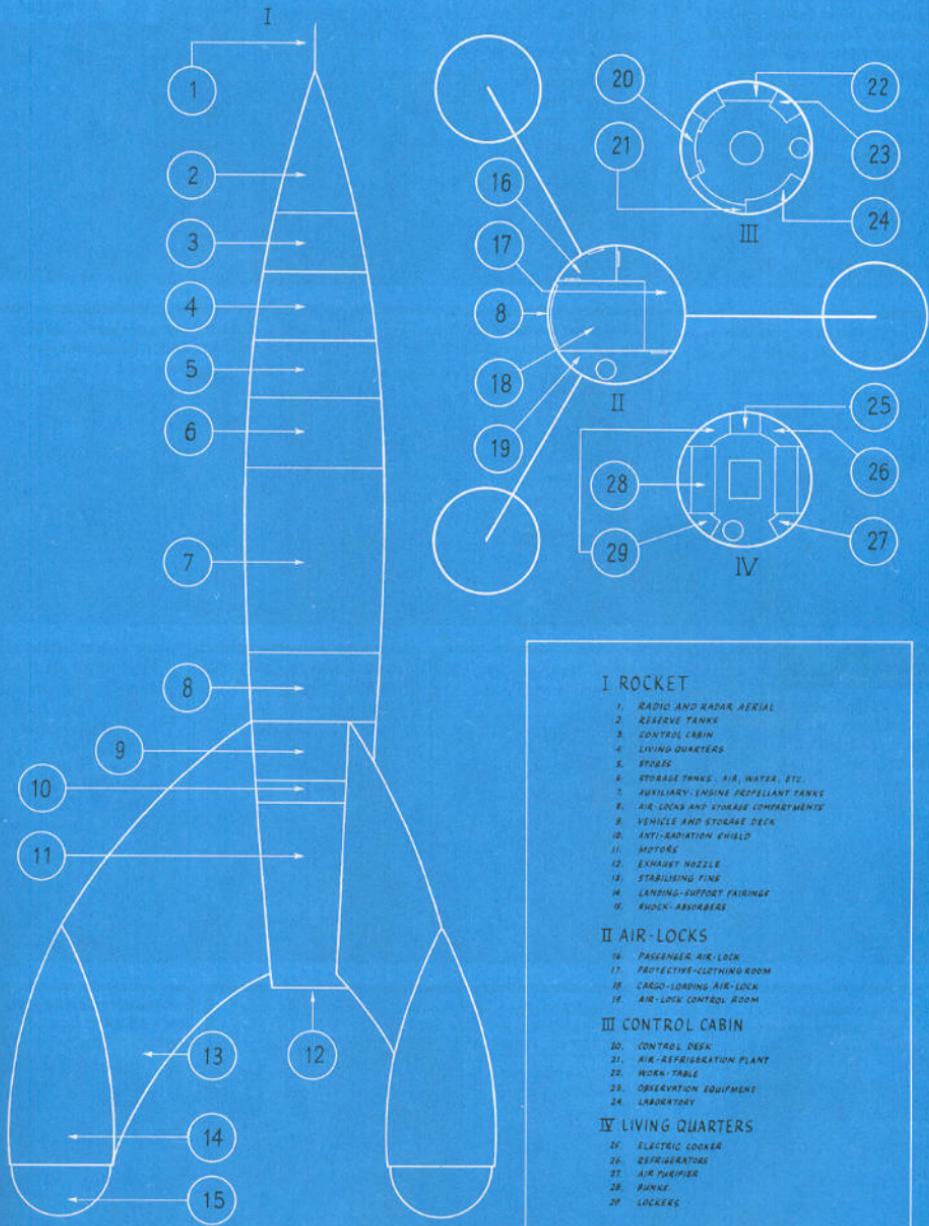
Good morning, Mr. Baxter.

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



I'm afraid not, Mr. Baxter. But the  
blueprint is finished... Here... What  
do you think of it?





#### I. ROCKET

1. RADIO AND RADAR AERIAL
2. RESERVE TANKS
3. CONTROL CABIN
4. LIVING QUARTERS
5. STORES
6. STORAGE TANKS: AIR, WATER, ETC.
7. AUXILIARY ENGINE PROPELLANT TANKS
8. AIR-LOCKS AND STORAGE COMPARTMENTS
9. VEHICLE AND STORAGE DECK
10. ANTI-RADIATION SHIELD
11. MOTOR
12. EXHAUST NOZZLE
13. STABILISING FIN
14. LANDING-SUPPORT FAIRINGS
15. SHOCK-ABSORBERS

#### II. AIR-LOCKS

16. PASSENGER AIR-LOCK
17. PROTECTIVE-CLOTHING ROOM
18. CARGO-LOADING AIR-LOCK
19. AIR-LOCK CONTROL ROOM

#### III. CONTROL CABIN

20. CONTROL DESK
21. AIR-REFRIGERATION PLANT
22. WORK-TABLE
23. OBSERVATION EQUIPMENT
24. LABORATORY

#### IV. LIVING QUARTERS

25. ELECTRIC COOKER
26. REFRIGERATOR
27. AIR PURIFIER
28. BUNKS
29. LOCKERS

Splendid, Professor! My heartiest congratulations! To me this looks admirable, from every point of view. When do you plan to start construction?

Tomorrow, if you agree.

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

That's wonderful. Thank you!

Here he comes again!

Goodbye, Mr. Baxter.

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

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

Blistering barnacles, it's nothing to do with camphorated oil! It's the Moon.. Rubbed in night and morning.

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

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

Some months later...

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

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

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

Glad to hear it!

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

Here's your helmet.

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

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

Thanks.

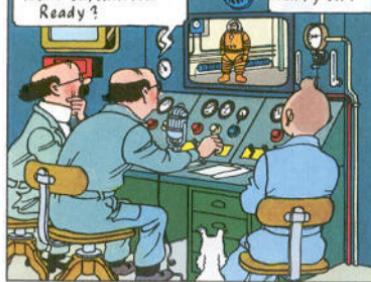
I feel like a goldfish in its bowl!

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

Between ourselves, I'm not all that happy!

Hello Captain!...  
Ready?

Carry on!



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

O.K.

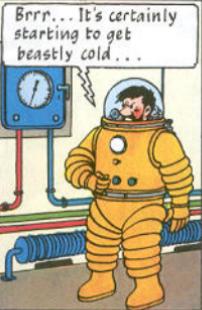
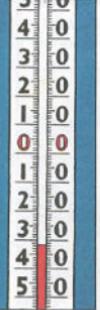
Brrr... It's certainly starting to get beastly cold...

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

Right...



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

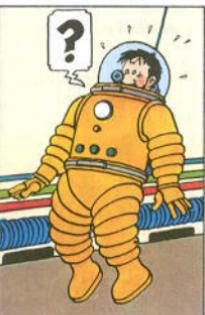


Fifty degrees below zero... Still all right?... Try to move about.

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

Not bad, thanks.  
And you?

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



Hello Captain!...  
Excellent... Now  
you can see...



Excellent... Now  
you can see...

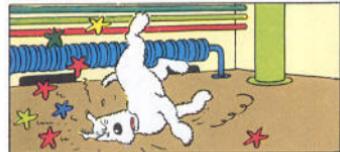
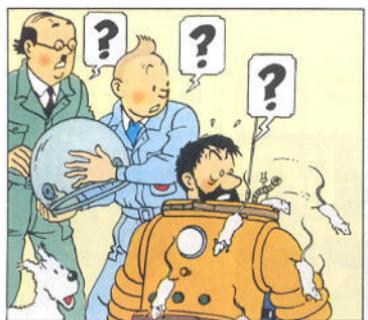


Hello Captain, what are  
you doing?... Hello!



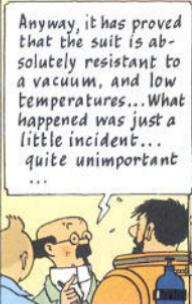
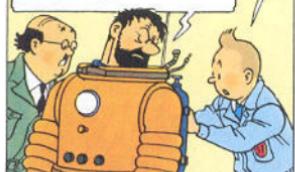
For heaven's sake Mr. Wolff, bring the pressure and temperature back to normal at once! Something's wrong!



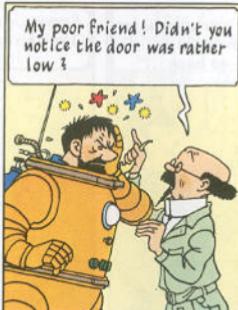


You could have called for ever, Captain. Your radio equipment is disconnected!

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



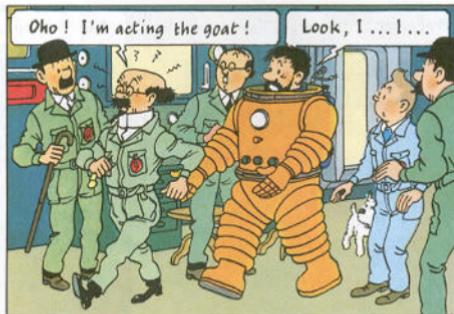
That's the Thomsons ! Hurry, we must see ...



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



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



So, I act the goat?

I didn't mean anything...



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

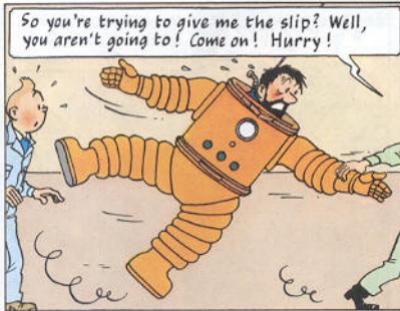


Billions of blue blistering barnacles! If ever I find the pirate who did that I'll make him dance, I promise you!

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

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

So I act the goat!



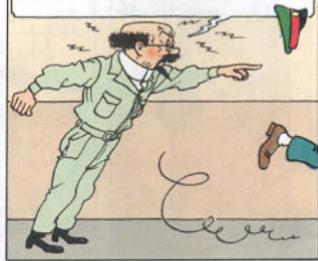
Slaving for two months non-stop, working myself to the bone, all to hear myself called a goat!... It's too much!



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

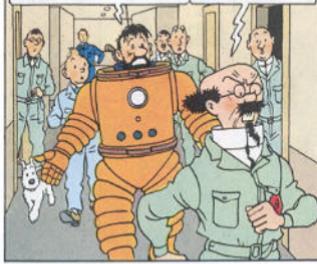


Begone, you worm! Out of my sight! I'm acting the goat, d'you hear?

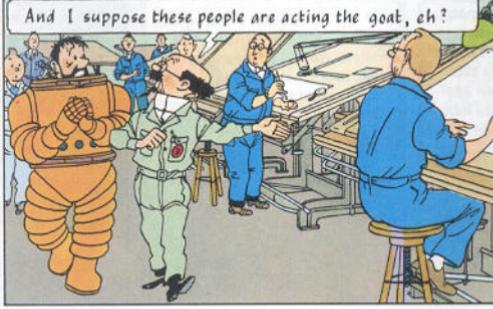


Professor, I implore you...

I'm acting the goat, eh?



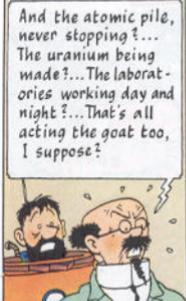
And I suppose these people are acting the goat, eh?



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



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



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



For heaven's sake, Cuthbert, calm yourself!



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



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

But...



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

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



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



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



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



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

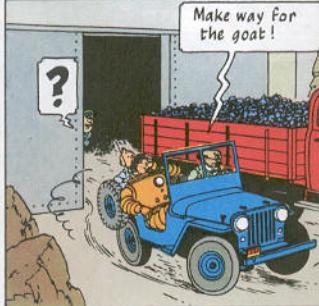


Halt!

Hey!... Stop!



Make way for the goat!



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

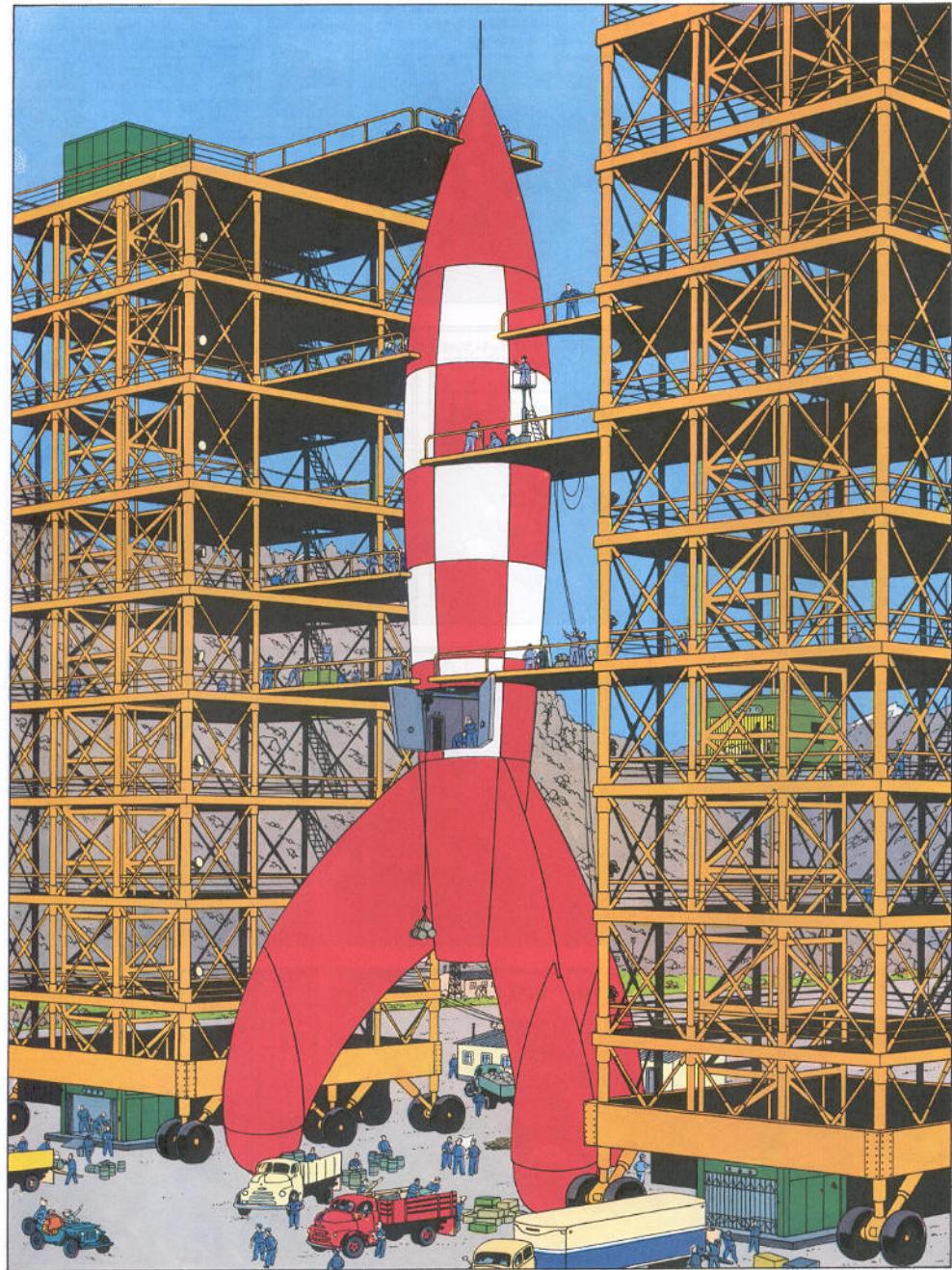


Stop! We're here.



Well, what do you think of that? Look what the goat created.



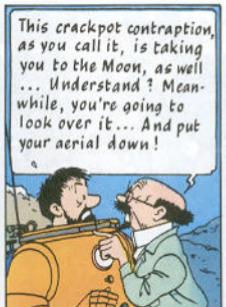


Well, what about it?...Look what I created - I, Cuthbert Calculus!... And that, I suppose, is what you call "acting the goat"?

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

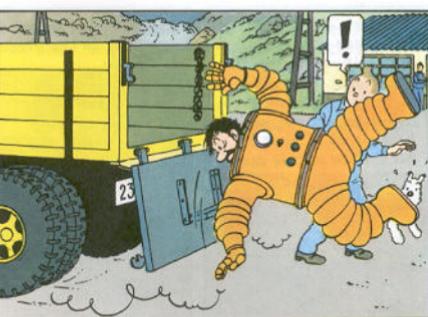
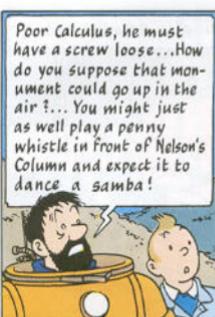
This crackpot contraption, as you call it, is taking you to the Moon, as well ... Understand? Meanwhile, you're going to look over it... And put your aerial down!

LIFT!...



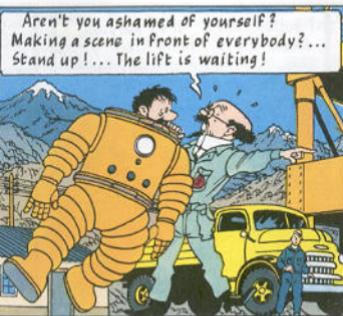
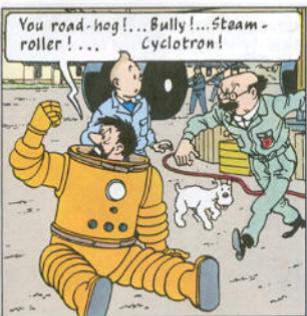
Poor Calculus, he must have a screw loose...How do you suppose that monument could go up in the air?... You might just as well play a penny whistle in front of Nelson's Column and expect it to dance a samba!

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 warn-  
ing?

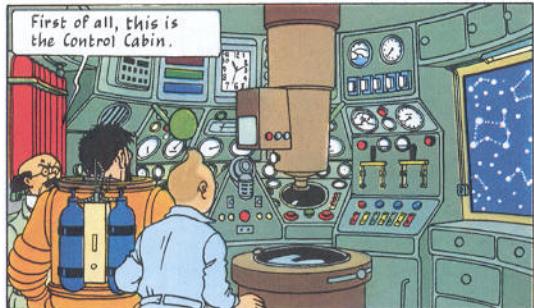


Meanwhile...

Hello... Hello... yes... I've just had a message from our new agent... The launch 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.



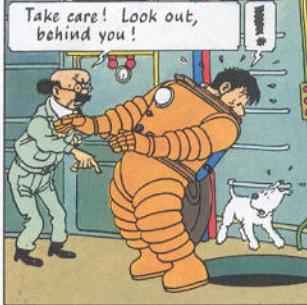
And there's the laboratory, still in the process of construction.



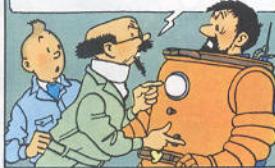
Amazing!... Astonishing!...



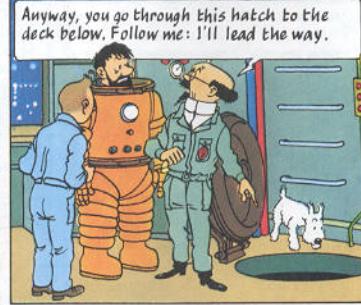
Take care! Look out, behind you!



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...



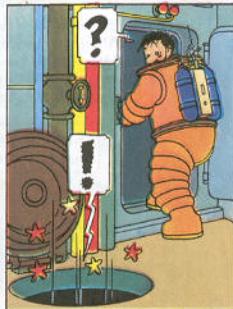
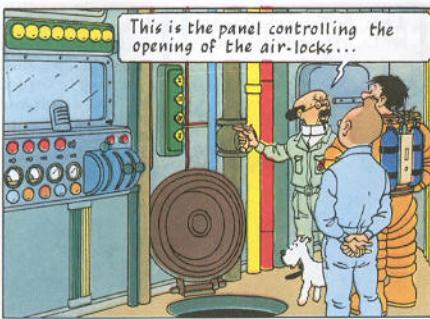
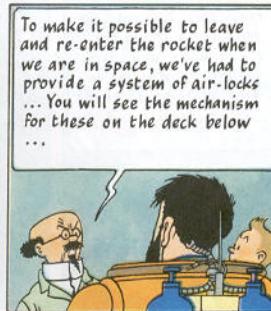
We are now in the living quarters. This will be our bedroom, kitchen, and dining room, all in one.

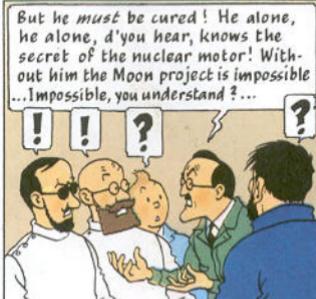
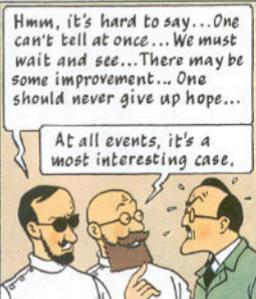
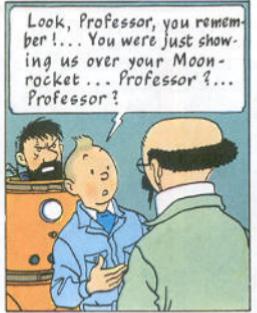
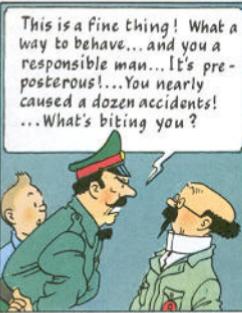


And there are the bunks we lie on when...



Blistering barnacles!





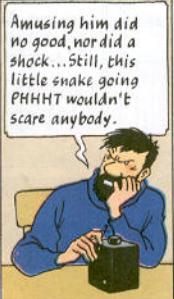
Hmm...yes...I see...Well, we'll do all we can...But try to amuse him yourselves, to arouse some memory...That sometimes works...It is also possible that a violent shock might bring back his memory.

Some days later...

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



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



There's nothing for it.  
We must try something  
else... Wait, I know  
what I'll do the trick.



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



Calculus! Prepare  
to die!



Tintin, I think we've done  
it... I'm sure he's react-  
ing...



So that's it! Well,  
this time I'll use strong  
mea-  
sures !...



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



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



You don't think it would be better to...?  
Leave it to me : you'll  
see!



Hurry up!... Outside!



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



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



As I thought! The thunder-  
ing fuse has gone out!



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



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



*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-o-ost!

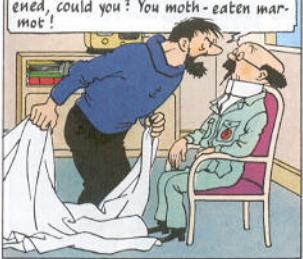
Ho-ho-ho! Shake in your sho-o-o-es! I have come for your soul!



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

I suppose you think I'm enjoying myself, acting the goat!

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



A GOAT?... ME!...

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

An apology! I demand an immediate apology!

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



### A few minutes later...

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

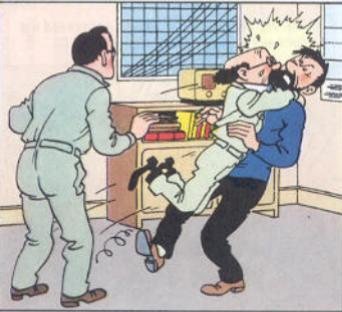
Er... I didn't do much.

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

Thundering typhoons! I'd forgotten that!

And here is the Professor to thank you himself.

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



### 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 Oberköchen 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...

Excuse me one moment.



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



You heard that, gentlemen ? The ZEPO have just arrested three people wandering inside the Security Area. Of course they said they wanted to climb Mount Ztrophone, and had lost their way... Whenever they arrest anybody it's the same story...

You see, despite all the precautions we take, a determined man can always find a way through the defences.

But where were we?... Oh yes... So on your side, Wolff, everything is in order, except for the delay with the optical instruments... What about you Captain? Air supply, temperature, safety equipment...

All in order!

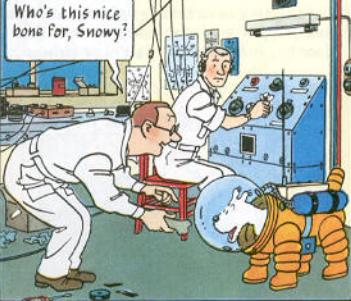
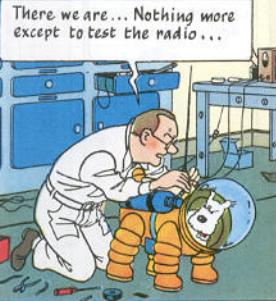
And you, Professor?



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

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

Who's this nice bone for, Snowy?



Golly, what a bone!

Wooh!... Wooh!

Now, gentlemen, it only remains for me to thank you, and congratulate you. For you have managed to surmount all the obstacles that seemed to stand in the way of making rockets of this type.



Are you coming, Captain?... We'll go and find Snowy in the laboratory...

I say... Look at Calculus... Doesn't anything strike you?

It does me!... But then I don't walk about with my eyes shut!



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



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



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



Oh, now I understand.

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



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



...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?

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



Now then Wolff... What's your news?

Why, I'd forgotten all about it, Mr. Baxter...

A telegram from the works at Oberköchen: the optical instruments will arrive on Monday morning.

Splendid!... Certainly this is excellent news.

Are you going back to the site?

Yes, I'm going to supervise the loading of equipment.

Would you mind waiting a few minutes for me? There's one small package to go in my locker on board...

Of course.

*A few moments later...*

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



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

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



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

Er... A little tobacco for my pipe.



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



So, it's like that, is it?... You don't think I'll go up in your flying cigar under such conditions, do you?... Never, you hear me, never! This is the end: I've had enough. You go to the Moon! Go to Mars, or Jupiter, or dance with the Great Bear if you want!



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



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



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



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



How right you are!



Why?... What do you mean?

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

To be precise: sheer madness at your age.



What? At my age?!... I suppose you take me for a rusty old tub, ready for the scrap-heap?... You'll see how old I am, you Bashibazouks!... I'm going, d'you hear?... And I'll send you a postcard from the Moon!



The following Monday...

...

RRRING  
RRRING  
RRRING



Hello?... Yes... Oh, it's you Wolff... What is it?...



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



Good gracious Captain, what an enormous letter!

This is no letter, young man... it's my Will!



And that evening...

Gentlemen, the great day—or rather, the great night—has arrived... In a few hours you will embark upon the greatest adventure the world has ever known... How anxiously we shall follow your progress towards the Moon!



Meanwhile...

From these tables you can tell instantly, with the aid of your electronic computers, the exact position and velocity of our rocket...



You are aware of all these dangers, and you have chosen to brave them... But there is another thing... The fate of the trial rocket could be re-enacted... Our enemies could try to divert you from your course by giving you false directions, in order to seize the rocket...

It looks like being a jolly outing!



Never Fear Mr. Baxter... We would all prefer to blow ourselves up, rather than let that happen!



Good-evening, Minister... This is Miller speaking... I've just received the following signal: "Mission completed. Operation Ulysses going ahead". All is well!



Blow yourselves up! I trust you will not bid  
en 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...



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



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



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...



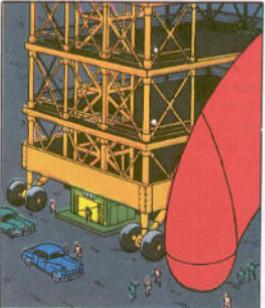
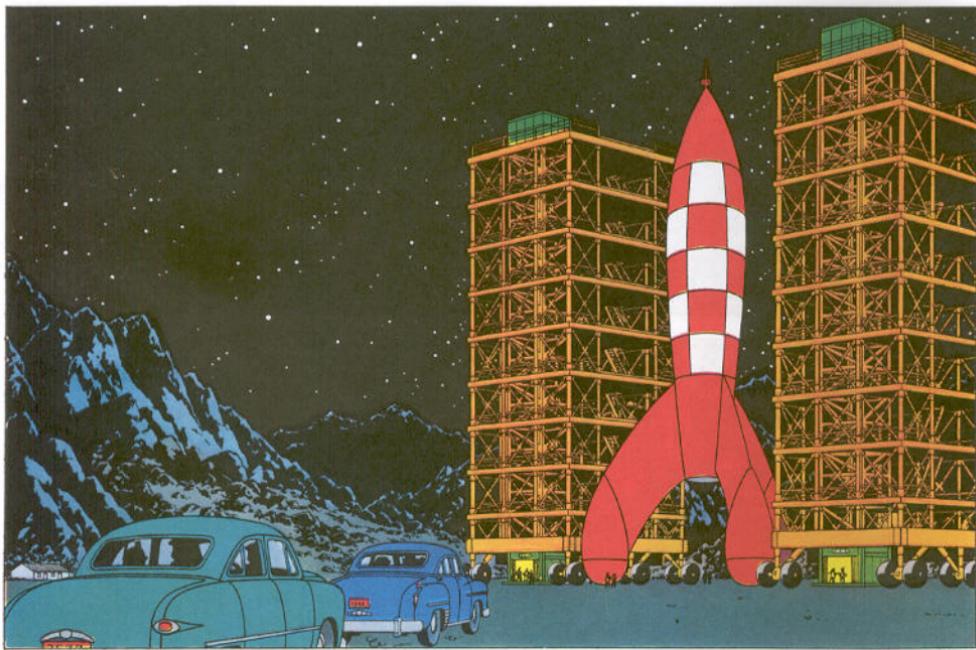
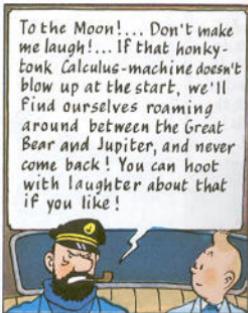
And now the hour  
of departure  
approaches... The  
cars are waiting  
to take us to the  
launching site...  
Come, gentleman!



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!...





Gentlemen, the time has come for us to part. As soon as you are inside the shelters to watch the launching. Afterwards, I shall return to the Centre, and resume contact with you by radio.

Goodbye, Captain. I am delighted that a sailor should be one of the first men to set foot on the Moon!

It would have been all the same to me if a piccolo-player had gone!

Goodbye, my young friend. My good wishes go with you! I'm sorry not to be among you ...

Look, Mr. Baxter, if you really mean it, I'd be happy to give up my place ...

Thank you, Captain, that is most kind. But I would not ask you to make such a sacrifice!

Goodbye, Wolff, and good luck. You know my regard for you... I look to you to stand by the Professor.

Thank you, Mr. Baxter. I shall not fail you.

As for you, my dear Professor - your skill is our best guarantee of success!

Thank you, Mr. Baxter. I can only say this: we will get to the Moon or perish!

Come along. The lift is waiting for us.

Goodness, Captain! You're going to do some reading ...

Yes, I want to improve myself  
...

Would you like some help?

No, thanks. I can manage.

In you go, gentlemen!

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

Farewell, Earth!

SLAM

The die is cast!... There they are, inside what could well become their tomb!

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



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



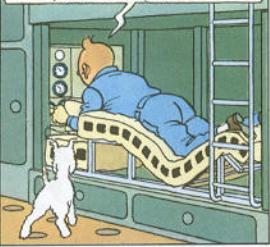
During this first phase of the ascent - I don't know how long it will last - the rocket will be automatically controlled. Afterwards, when we have regained consciousness, we will go up to the control deck and take over for ourselves.



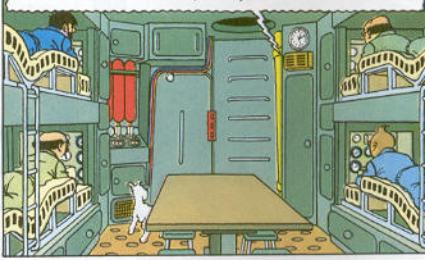
Now, every man to his post for equipment checks.



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

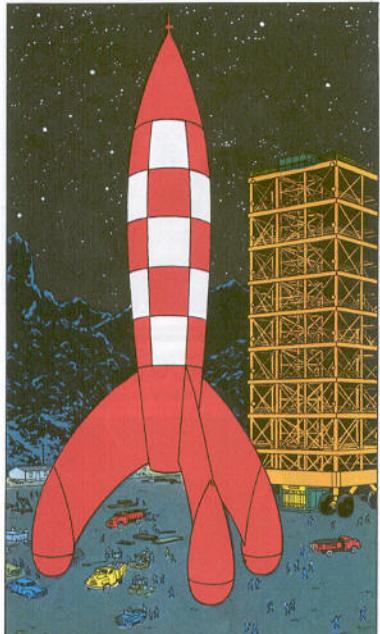


Earth calling Moon-Rocket... Receiving you loud and clear... We are removing the gantries...



Tintin, you establish radio contact with Earth.

Right.



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



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

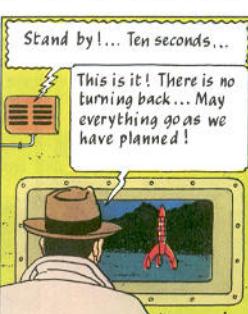
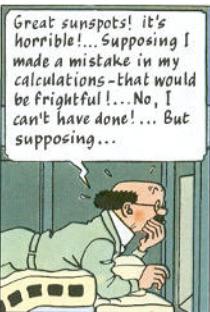


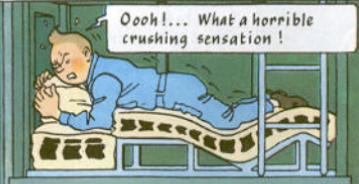
Earth to Moon-Rocket...  
The site is clear... Twenty-  
eight minutes to go... Are  
you ready?...



Moon-Rocket  
ready for  
launching!

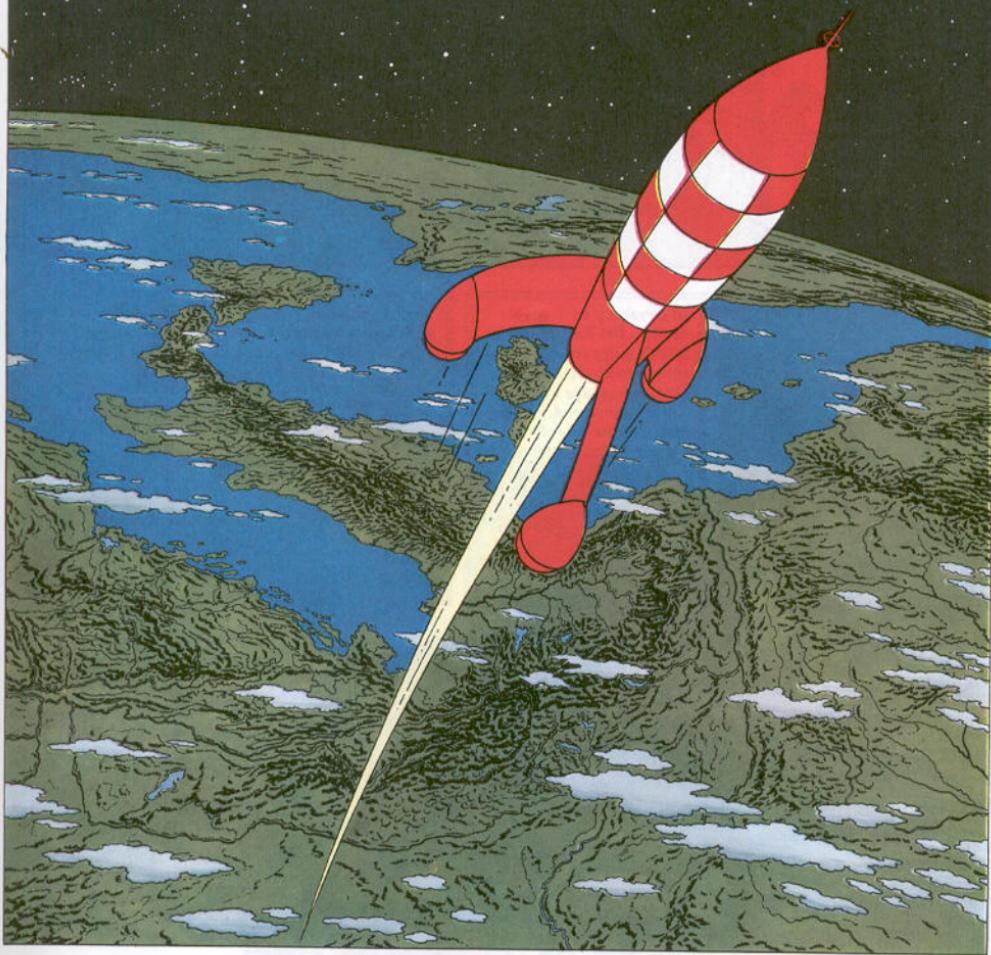






Right. We'll try to make contact with the rocket.





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



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



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

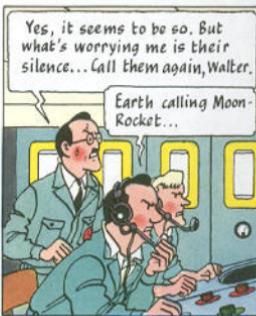
Control Room to Observatory... The Moon-Rocket is not answering.



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?



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

## EXPLORERS ON THE MOON