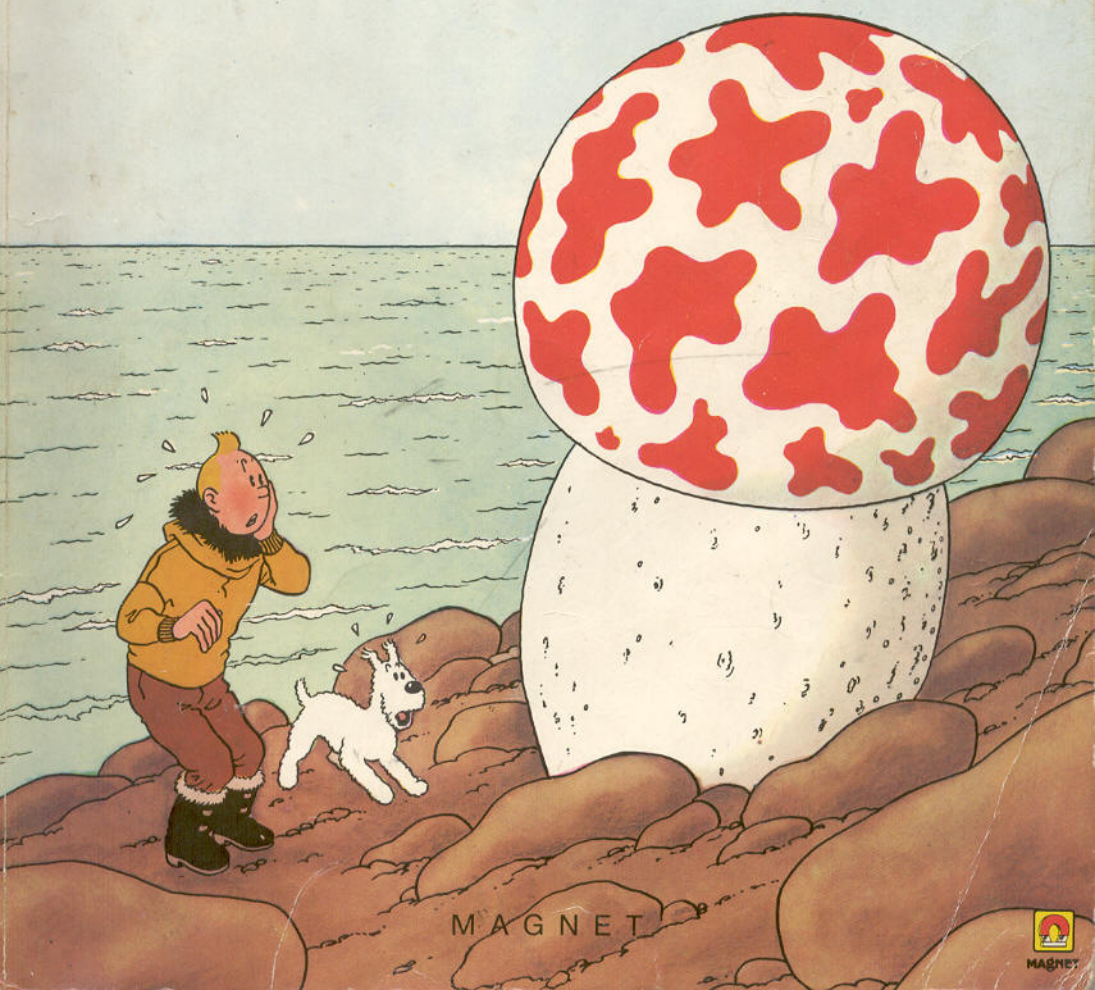


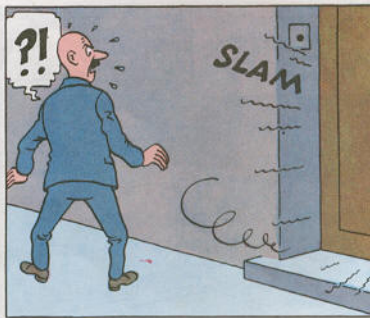
HERGÉ
THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN

THE SHOOTING STAR



THE SHOOTING STAR





How strangely quiet and empty it all is... as if there weren't a soul...



Ah, there's somebody.



A judgement! Woe!

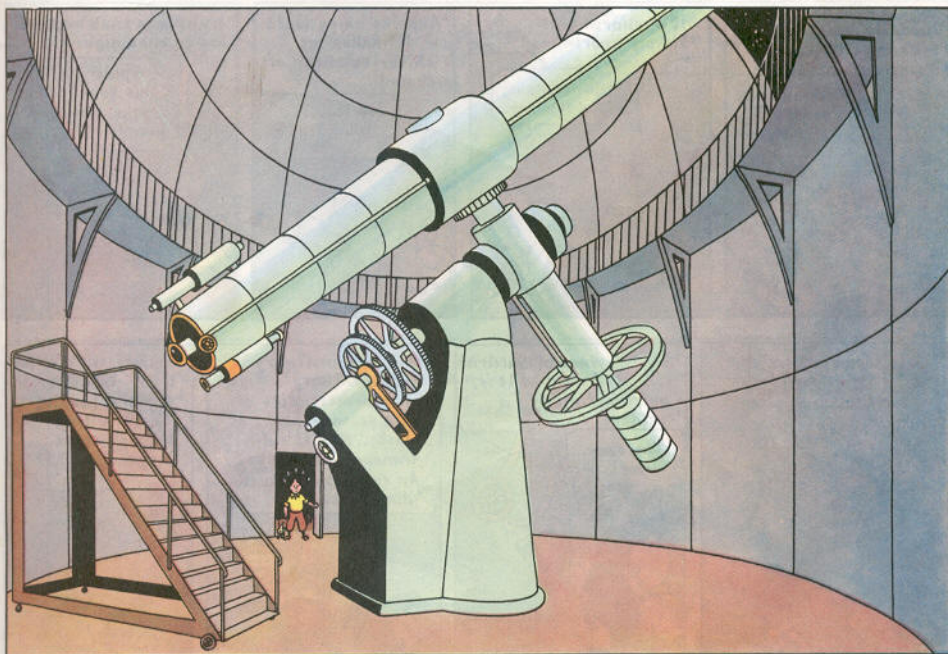


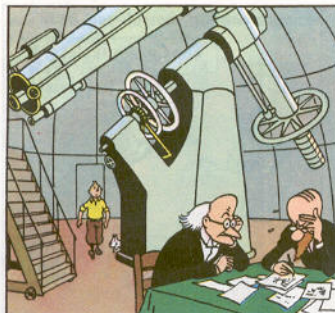
Excuse me, sir, could you tell me ...

That's what I told them: "It's a judgement."



A judgement! Yea! ...A judgement, and don't you forget it!

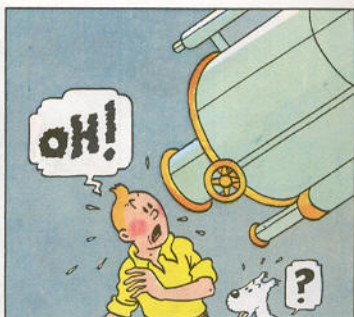




Excuse me, I'm looking for the Director of the Observatory.

Ssh! It's me!

It's me, but ssh!... Silence! Don't disturb my colleague; he's deep in some very complicated mathematics. While he's finishing, have a look through the telescope, if you like; it's a sight worth seeing.



Good heavens, sir! It's horrible ... horrible!

Yes, in one sense it's horrible...

It's enormous! Simply enormous!

Enormous, yes!

And its hairy legs! ... It makes me shiver to think of them!

Its legs? ... What legs?

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

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

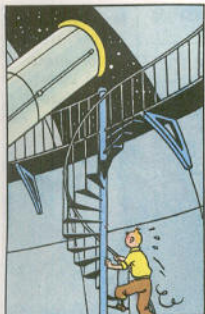
Come and see for yourself!

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

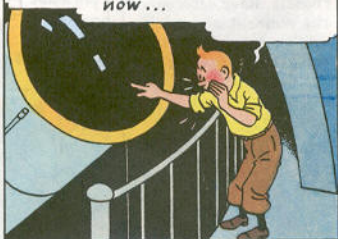
You see now!

How extraordinary! Extraordinary! ... It has characteristics of *Meta segmentata* ... At least ... No! It's an *Araneus diadematus*! An enormous *Araneus diadematus*!

Anyway, it's a spider! Ugh! What a monster! ... And it's travelling through space ... Supposing it...??



Hello, Professor... I've found the answer... It was a spider walking across the lens!... It's gone now...



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



WOOAH!



Come and look now...



Well?



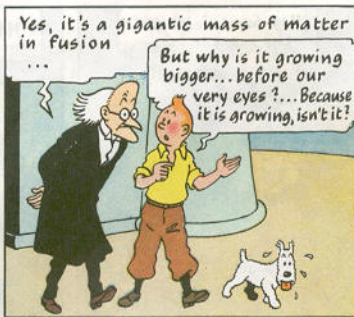
It looks like... It looks like a huge ball of fire...



It IS a ball of fire! ... A VA-A-A-A-AST ball of fire!

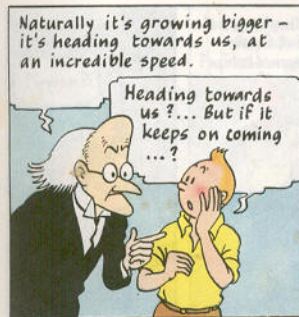


Yes, it's a gigantic mass of matter in fusion



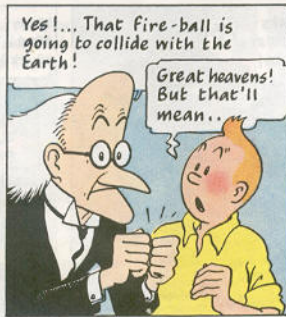
But why is it growing bigger... before our very eyes?... Because it is growing, isn't it?

Naturally it's growing bigger - it's heading towards us, at an incredible speed.



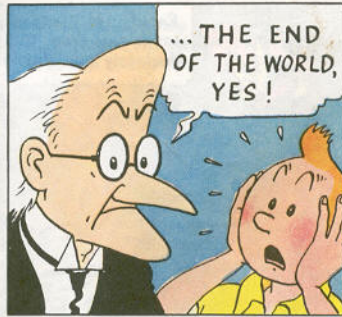
Heading towards us?... But if it keeps on coming...?

Yes!... That Fire-ball is going to collide with the Earth!



Great heavens! But that'll mean...

...THE END OF THE WORLD, YES!



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



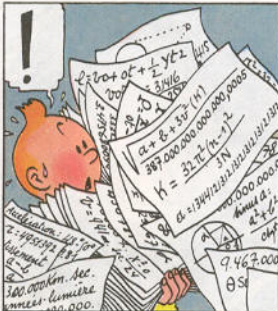
The end of the world ... At 8.12½ a.m. ... That's good ... and I, Decimus Postle, have determined the moment at which the cataclysm will befall us! Tomorrow I shall be famous!



But ... It's impossible ... You ... I mean ... Perhaps you made a mistake in your calculations



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



I ... I'm sure they're all correct Professor! ... I'll take your word for it! Goodbye!



The end of the world!



Hey, Snowy? What's the matter?



HELP!



Just in time!



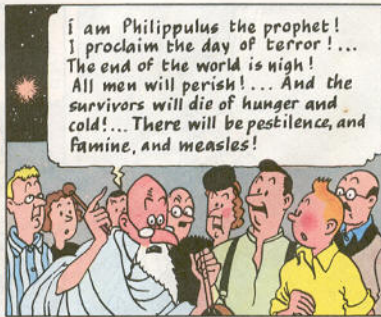
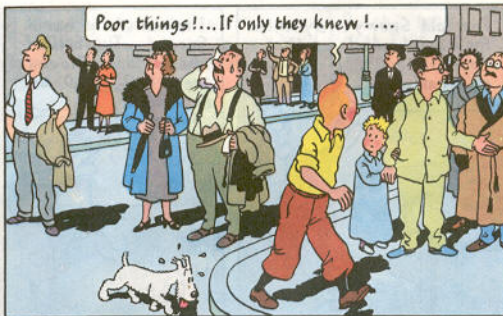
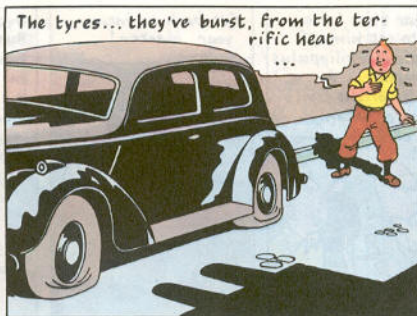
Rats! ... Millions of rats coming up from the sewers! ... Absolutely panic-stricken!

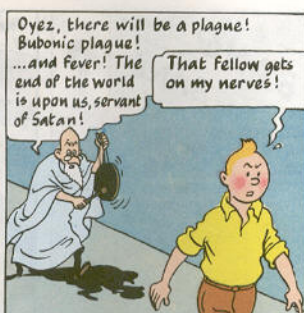


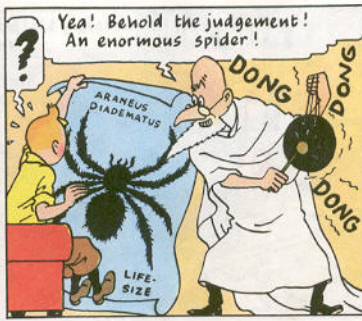
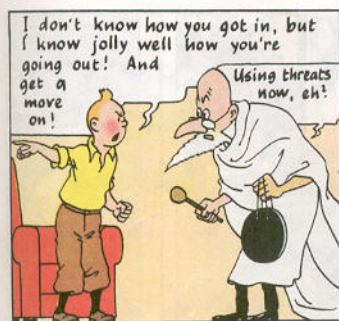
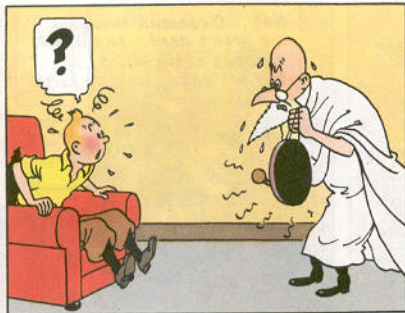
Where! ... They've gone! ... What about Snowy. What's happened to him?



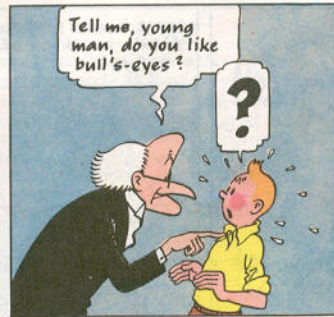
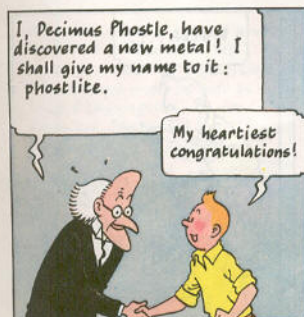
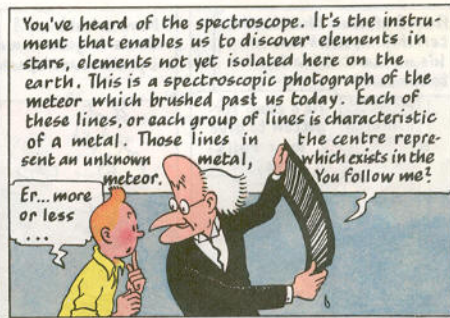
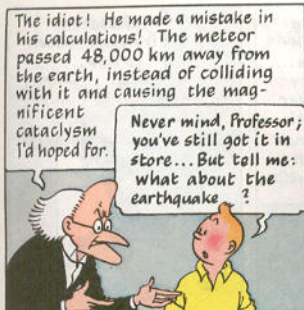
Snowy!

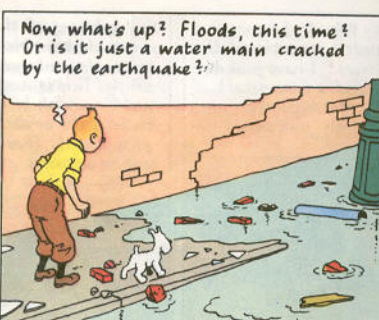
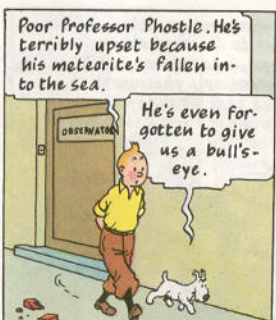
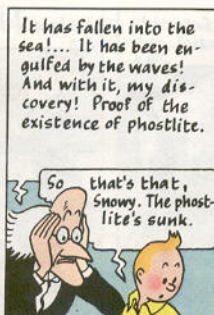


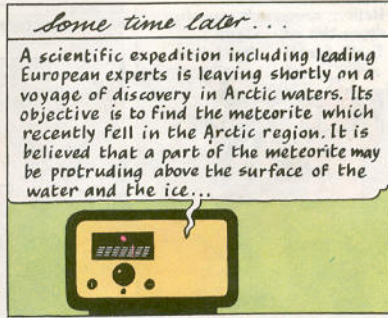
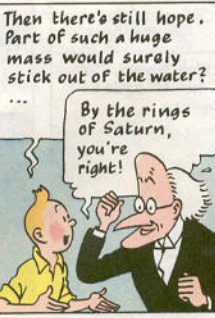
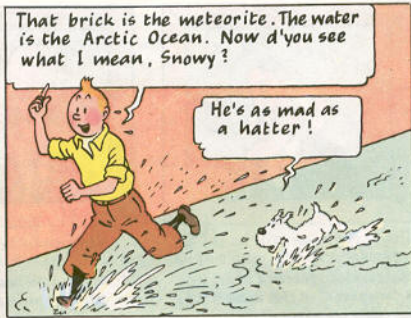










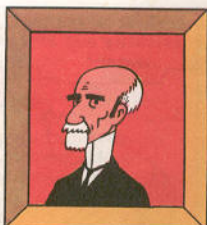




The expedition will be led by Professor Phostle, who has revealed the presence of an unknown metal in the meteorite. The other members of the party are:



... 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 Cantonneau, of the University of Paris;



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

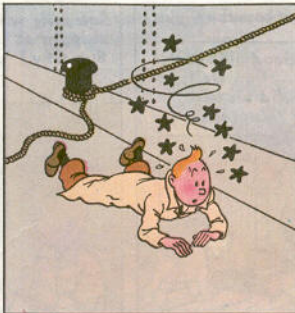
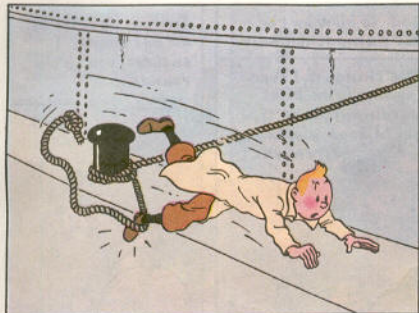


... Tintin, the young reporter, who will represent the press;

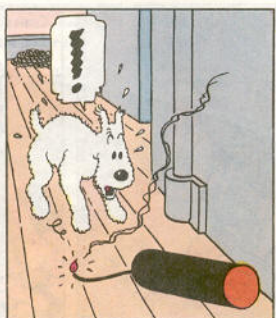
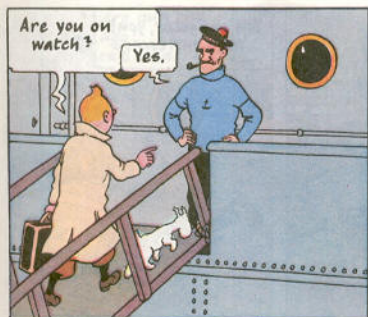


... and lastly, Captain Haddock, President of the S.S.S. (Society of Sober Sailors) who will command the "Aurora", the vessel in which the expedition will embark.

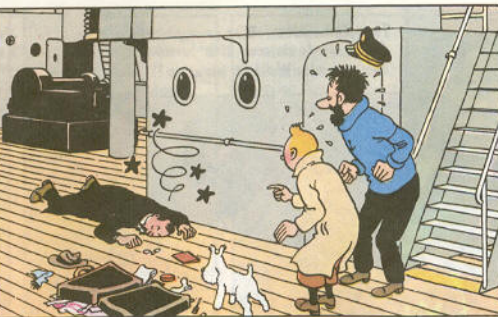
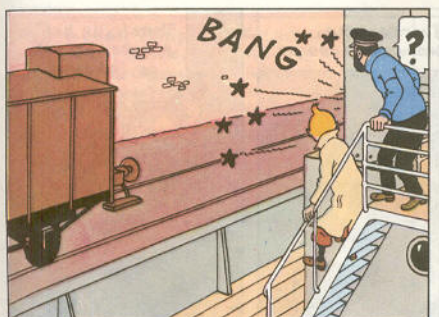
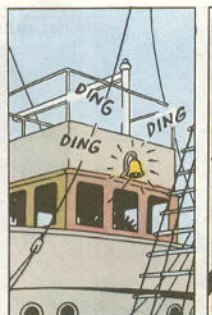


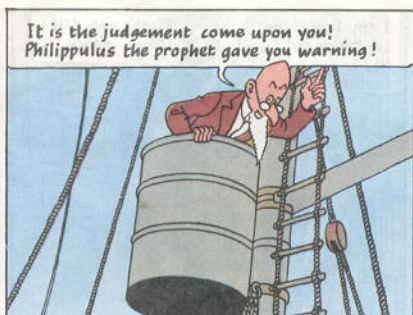


Confound that rope!
... He's vanished ...
Now, I wonder what
that fellow was doing
aboard ship



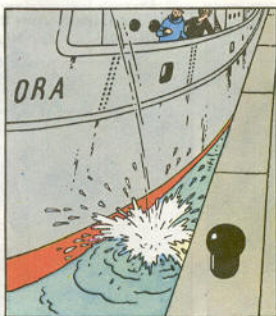
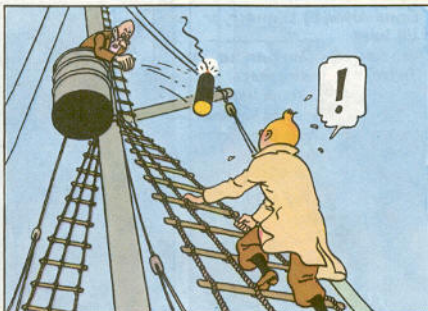








You! I recognise you!
You're the servant of
Satan! Keep your distance,
Fiend!



Whew! That was a
close shave! I thought
it would explode before
it hit the water! ...



Great snakes!
What's he doing?...
In heaven's name
come down!



You speak not in the name
of heaven... but of hell! You
will never cast me down!



Higher and
higher! That
is my watch-
word!



Poor old man!
He'll kill
himself!

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



Yes! Go down!
Return to the shades
of hell, whence you
should never have
strayed!



Please, my dear Philip-
pulus! It is I, Phostle,
Director of the Observatory.
Don't you remember?...
We worked together.
Come down, I beg of
you!



You are not Phostle!
You have assumed
his shape, but
you are a Fiend! ...
You are not Phostle!

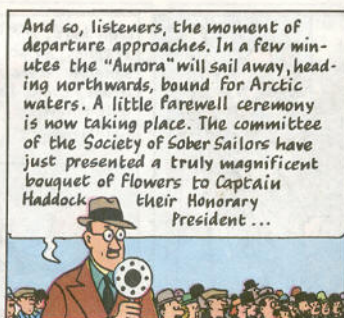


But I'm Captain Haddock,
by thunder... in command
of this ship! And I
order you to come down,
blistering barnacles,
and double quick!



I'm sorry. I take
no orders, except
from above! I'm
staying here!





...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!...



There's something funny going on...



Thundering typhoons!



Read this, Professor. My radio operator has just picked up this signal... He interpreted it quite by accident, while he was testing his equipment...



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!

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



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



Stand by to cast off!



TOOOOOT



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



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.



My dear fellow, you've been my secretary long enough to know that if the Bohlwinkel Bank has financed the "Pearly" 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...



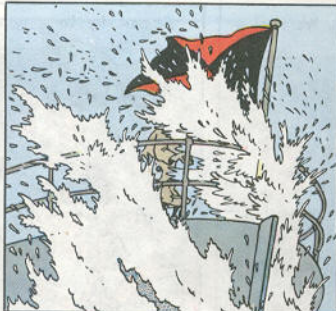
You see, my dear fellow, the scientific expedition is just a cover for my plan to take possession of this meteorite... and the unknown metal Professor Phostle was naive enough to tell us about. There's a colossal fortune waiting there for us. A colossal fortune, and I don't intend to lose it!



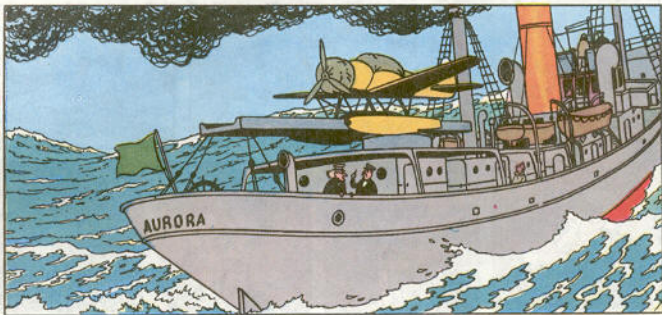
This will blow away the cobwebs, eh, Snowy? What wonderful air... the real tang of the sea!



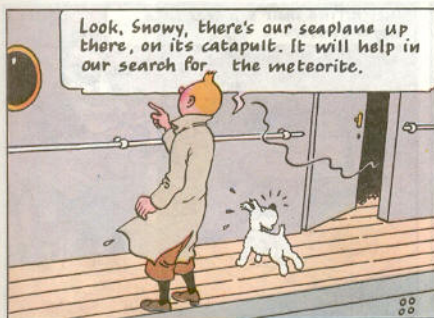
Do as I do, Snowy. Breathe deeply. Fill your lungs with fresh air.



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.



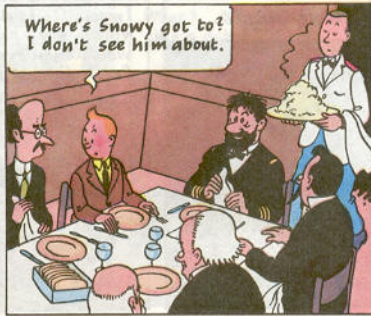
Ahoj there, steward!... You can announce lunch. Everything's ready.



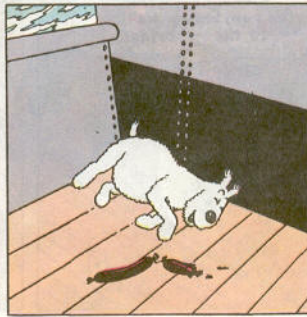
First service for luncheon!

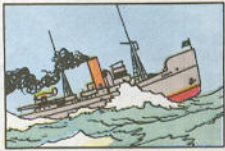


Where's Snowy got to? I don't see him about.



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





That night...



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



Meanwhile, in São Rio...

Any further news of the "Kentucky Star"?



I've a good mind to go and join the Captain on the bridge.



Come on, Snowy we'll go to the bridge.



Great snakes!... It's blowing a real gale!





Careful,
Snowy, mind
how you go!



Whew!... I...
Honestly, I
thought I'd
been swept over-
board. But Snowy?
...Where's Snowy?



Snowy!



Snowy!...



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



Oh, it's you... Nice
little breeze,
isn't it?



What?... A breeze? Isn't
this a gale?

A gale? What an
idea!... A mere
draught, that's all.



So we aren't in any danger,
then?
...

None. Still, you've got
to be careful: visibility's
almost down to zero ...
and the shipping lane
we're in now, the North
Channel, is a pretty busy
one.



... Lots of ships use it... How-
ever, the chances of a collision
are very slight... Each vessel
has navigation lights, so...

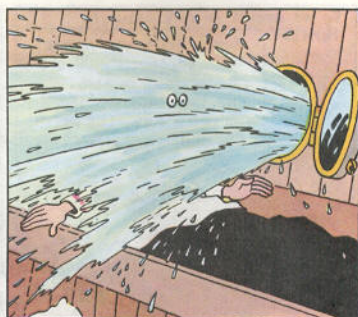


Help!

Thundering
typhoons!



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



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 Eyjafjörður, for re-fuelling. 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.

Give it me.



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

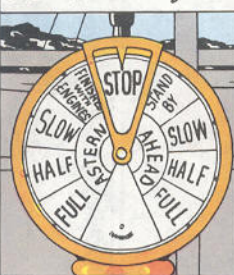
I'm ready, sir...



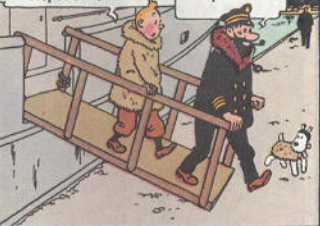
Bohlwinkel Bank to Smithers, general agent for Golden Oil, Reykjavik, Iceland. Circulate following order immediately to all agents for Golden Oil in Iceland: Absolute prohibition against refuelling polar vessel Aurora... There! Have that sent in the secret code.



The next morning ...



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



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.



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?



That sounds like an argument...



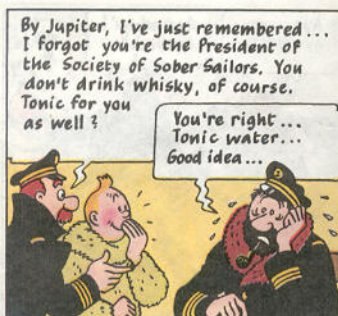
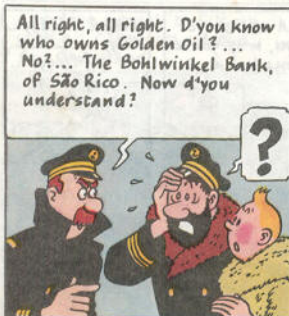
It's disgraceful, I tell you! Disgraceful!

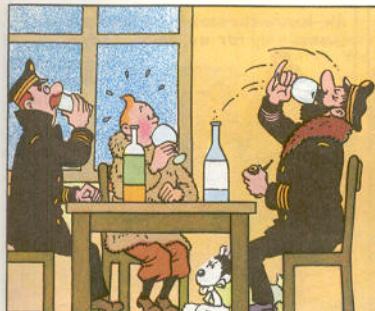


Remember! On your own head be it!









Aaaaaaaaah!...
The tonic in these parts
does you a power of
good!



Now, tell us your idea.

Look, where is your
ship moored?



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

Just astern of the "Aurora".

That's fine!... And you're
refuelling tomorrow morn-
ing?... Splendid!... Now,
listen...

Li-li-listen carefully,
Chester. This boy al-
ways has ex-x-x-
cellent ideas.



The next morning...



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

O.K., O.K...
They're big
ones, that's
all. Keep
on pumping.



That's the lot, Captain! Our
tanks are full...



Will you send off this cable?

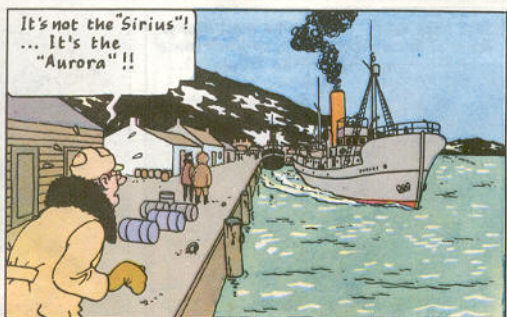
"Smithers, Golden Oil, Reykjavik.
Your orders carried out. Aurora
stays here until new instructions
received. Signed: Payne." That'll
be seven krón- ur.



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



It's not the "Sirius"!
... It's the
"Aurora"!!





Good bye, old man!... Sorry to be leaving you!

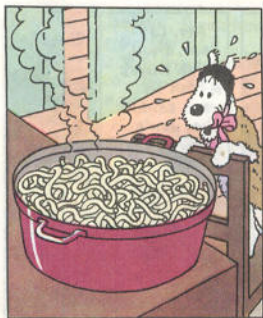


So, we're on our way again. Now for some lunch.



Ah, here's the cook!... What have you dished up for us to-day?

Spaghetti, Captain.



CRASH



Dratted animal!... Wait till I catch him!

That's what comes of leaving doors open!



Come now, don't look so angry. It's no good getting cross: a waste of time. Anyway, someone enjoyed your spaghetti!



Just keep your sense of humour...



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



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

A week later...



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

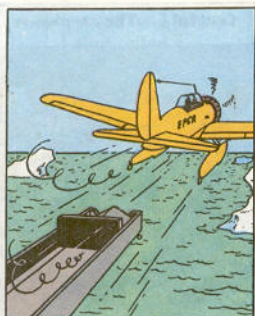


Right.

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



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

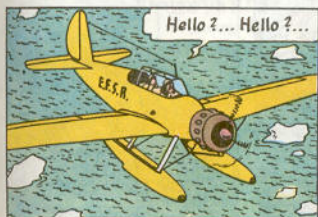


There they go...

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



Hello?... Hello?...

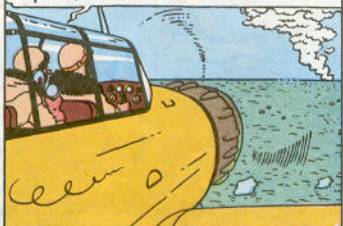


Hello?... Receiving you loud and clear... What?... You've seen something?

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?...



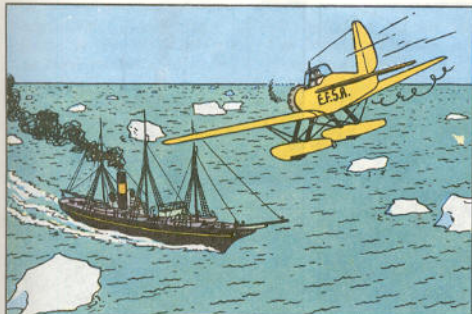
Bearing west-south-west. Yes, we're heading in that direction...



Hello? ...Yes...They're steering towards the column of vapour? Thundering typhoons!... It's the "Peary", isn't it!...



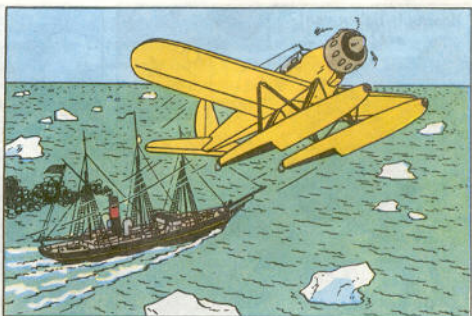
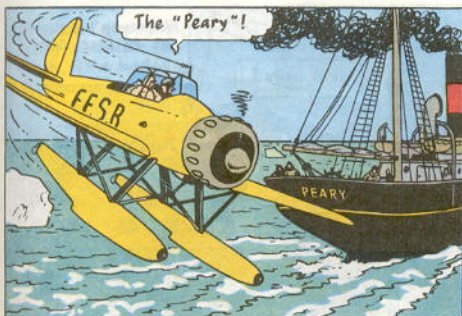
It's not possible to identify her yet... But we'll soon know...



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



The "Peary"!



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



Meanwhile...

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



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



There they are!



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



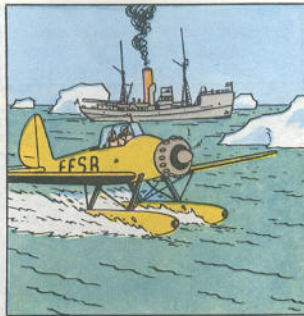
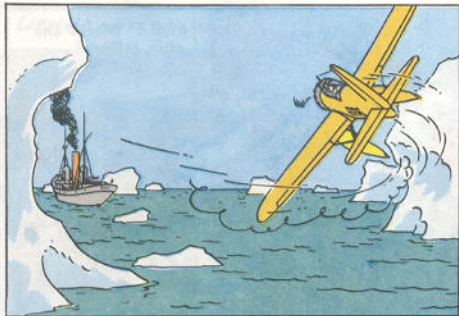
Well, Snowy old boy, if we get out of this in one piece we'll be lucky!



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



We're done for this time, Snowy!



Hooray! He's a real ace!



What news?

We haven't a moment to lose, Captain...



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

Two hundred and fifty km ahead!!



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



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

It's useless.



Look, the "Peary" is there... And this is our position. Our maximum speed is 16 knots. The "Peary" can't do more than 12 knots. We could therefore gain on them by 6 km each hour. They're 250 km ahead. So in 37½ hours we'd have caught up with the "Peary"...

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

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 250 km! ...

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 and lubbers!

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

Get on with it, Chief! Thundering typhoons! jump to it! ... Full speed ahead! The enemy have 250 km start on us: we've got to catch them up!

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

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 FORM...
...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.

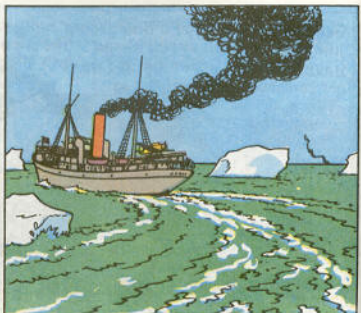


There's no question about it, Captain. Human lives are in danger. We must go to their aid, even if it does cost us our prize...

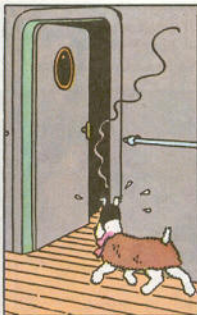


I was sure of your answer, Professor. We'll go about right away

Bravo!



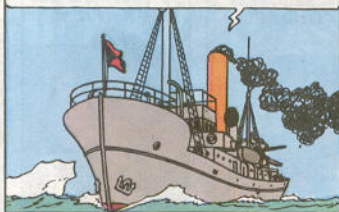
Come on. We must reply, and let them know we're coming to their assistance...



I've forgotten to shut that confounded door again...



Polar research ship Aurora to Cit... 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?



Captain, will you let me send out a message myself?

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.



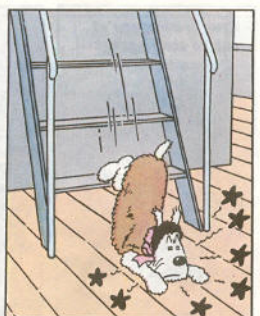
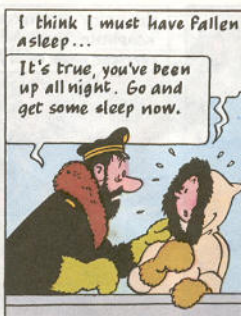
You do as you like, but I think it's absolutely crazy. I'm going to turn in. Good night!

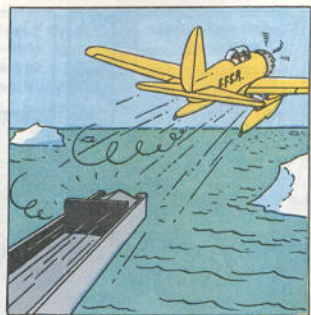


Polar research ship Aurora to all shipping companies. Please will all companies owning ships with name commencing "CIT" please advise us immediately of full names of these ships. Also inform us if one is in distress, position 70°45' N, 14°12' W.





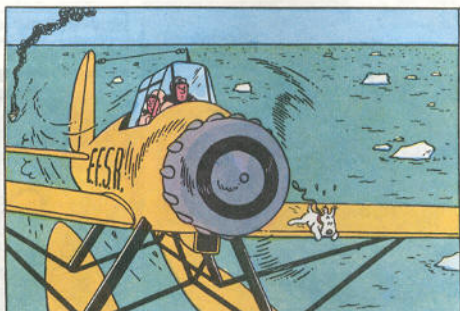






Oh Columbus!...
They haven't seen
him! Poor Snowy!

Oh my
goodness!



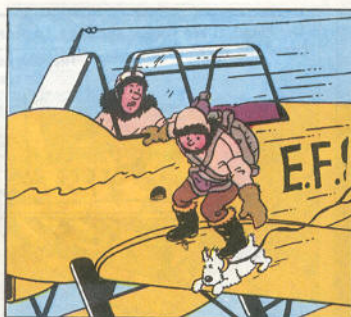
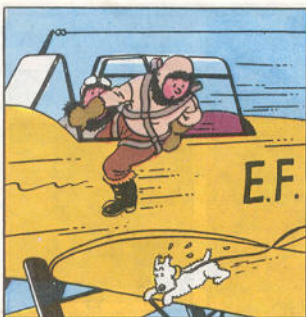
The radio!... We
must warn them
by radio!...



Hello!... Hello? ...
Hello!... Snowy's
gone with you!... Yes,
Snowy... He's clinging
to the port wing of
your aircraft.



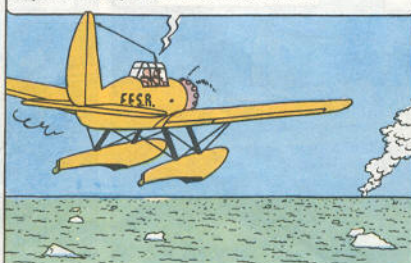
We must
land. No, we've no time
to lose...



Hello?... Hello?...
Snowy is safe! Yes,
I've got him here
with me...

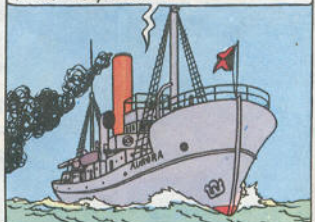


We're getting near... There's the cloud of
vapour rising from the meteorite...



Some time later...

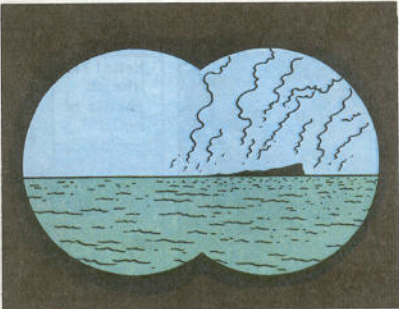
Hello, hello?... Captain Haddock
here. Any news?



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



The meteorite! There's the meteorite!



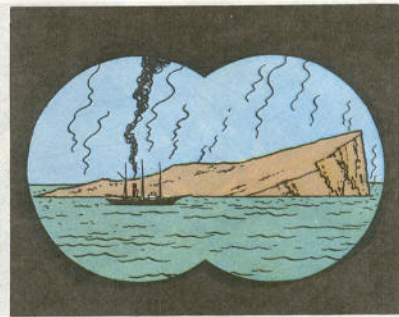
Hello... Tintin here... We can see the meteorite!!



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...



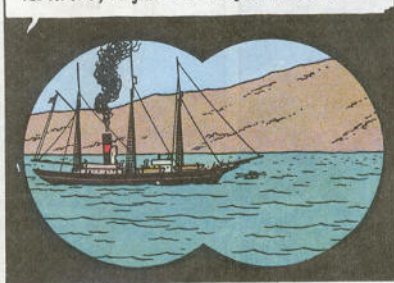
Hooray! Then there's still hope!



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!



RRRRRRRR

Hello! That sounds like an engine to me...

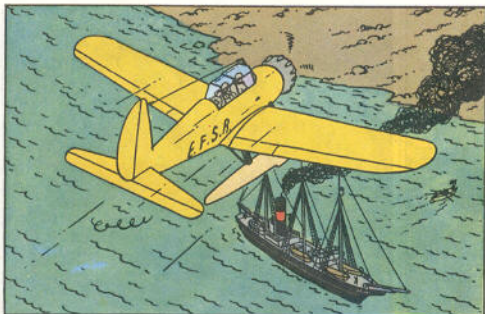
There, Captain, it's an aircraft!



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



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



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



Wooah!



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



Crumbs! ... The flag!...

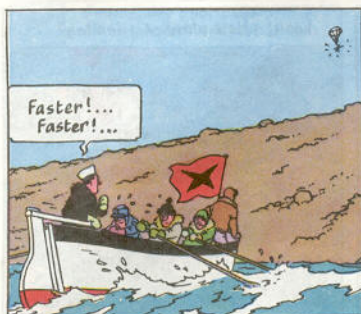


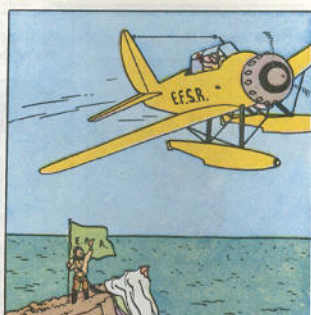
That was lucky!

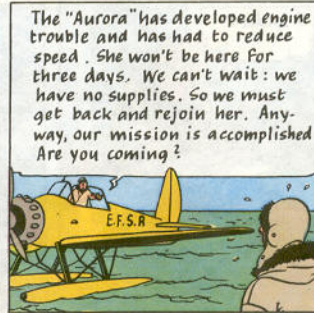


There he goes! He'll arrive before us!
No! I know how to stop him!









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. Brrrr! 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 "feary".



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 look-out...



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



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



Tintin, I'm s... scared!



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



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



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



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

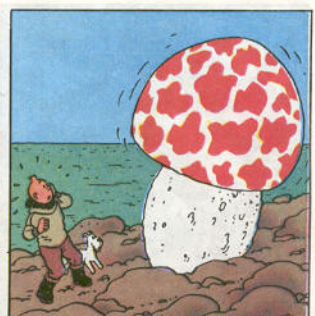
Come on, Tintin, let's scramble it.

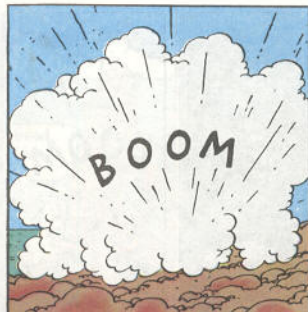


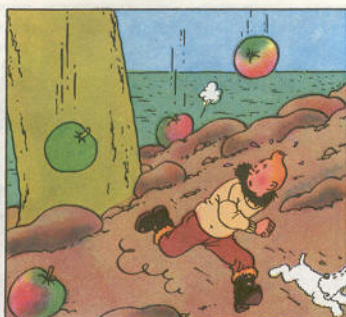
But...but...Unless I'm seeing things...The egg: it's getting bigger!

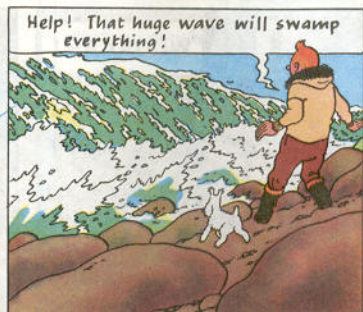


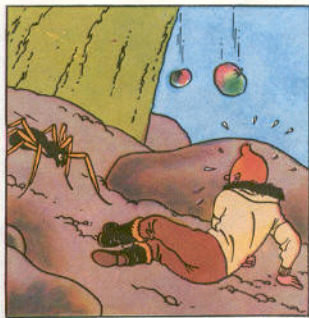
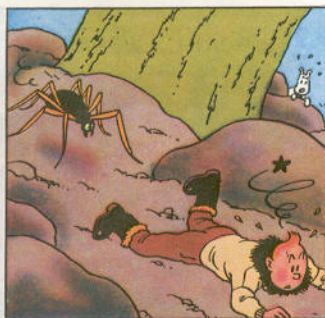
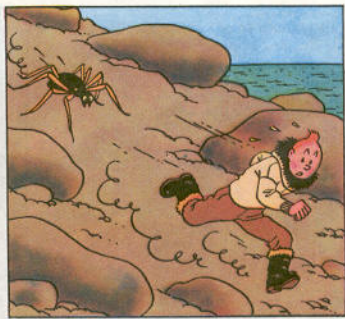
It's not an egg! It's a mushroom!...

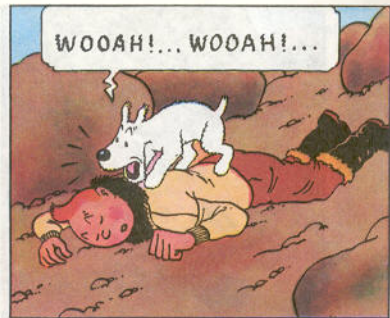
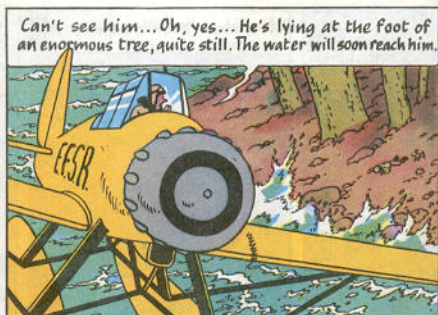


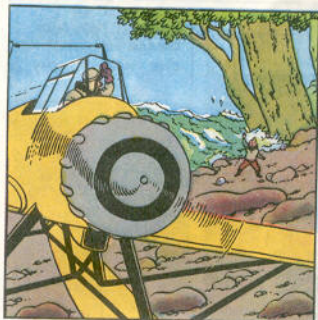


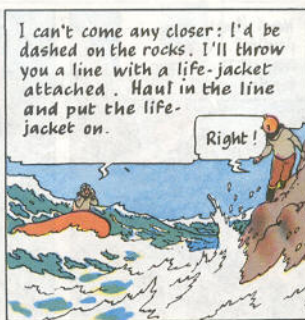
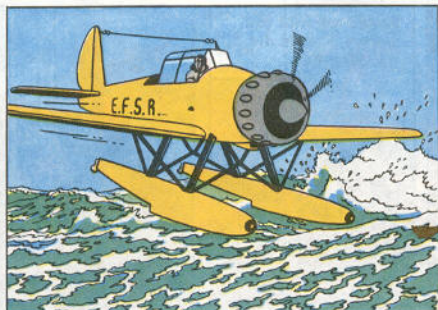
















Got you!



Safe at last!
Now, let's get out
of here, fast!



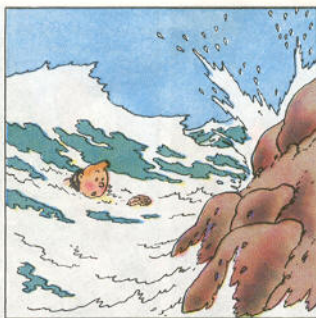
What an idiot
I am!



?



What are you doing?
It's madness to go back!



For heaven's sake come back!
You'll go down with the meteorite!



We must have a lump of the mineral...
for Professor Phostle. Otherwise
all our efforts will have been wasted!



Quick!... Catch!



Tintin!... I
can't see tintin!



Meanwhile...



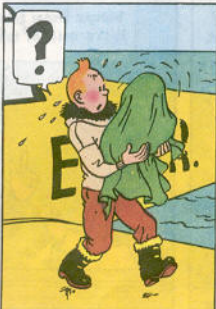
They're returning!... They're safe and sound!... Hooray!

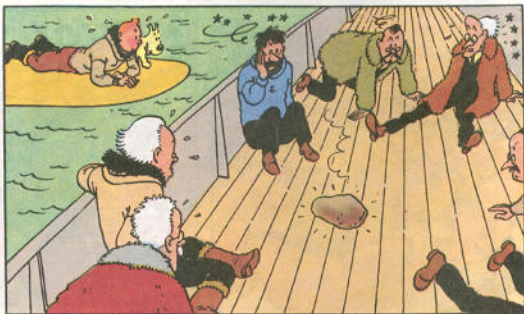


Some hours later...



Here you are, I've brought you a lump of phostlite... wrapped in the expedition's flag.





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 Phoskie. 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!

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



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



THE
END

