

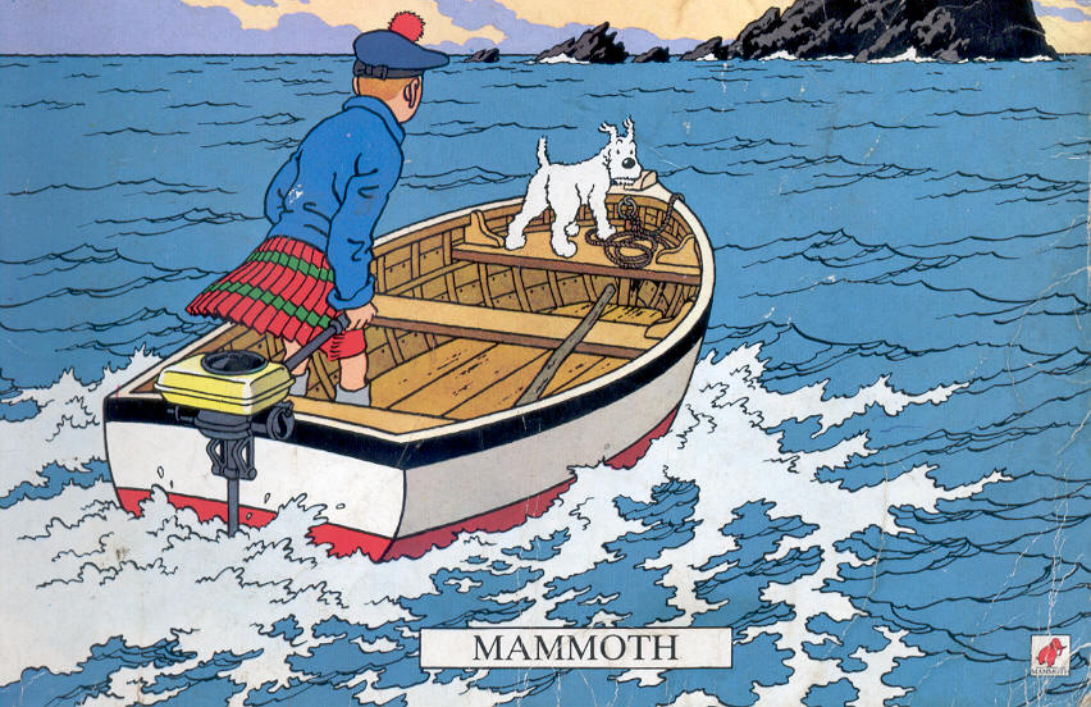
HERGÉ

2



THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

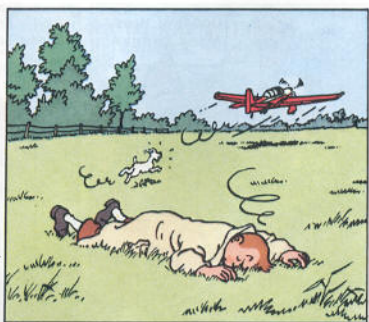
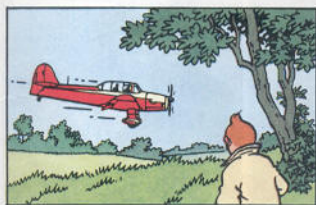
# THE BLACK ISLAND

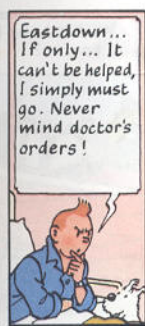
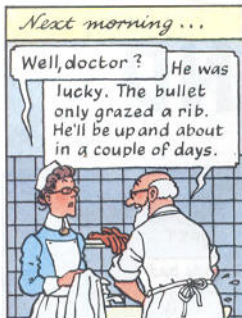


MAMMOTH



# THE BLACK ISLAND







Aha! A cosh! Useful for knocking people on the head.



Robbery, too! Here's the poor man's wallet, in your other pocket.



I'm innocent, I tell you! It's a trick. Someone planted the cosh and the wallet in my pockets while I was asleep... I've never seen them before.



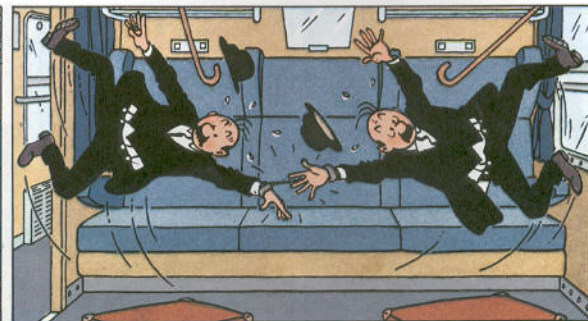
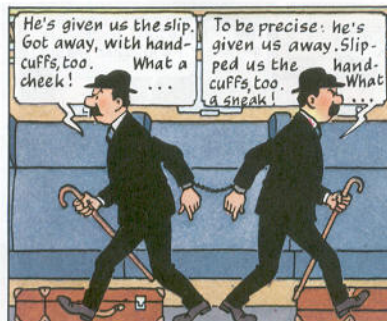
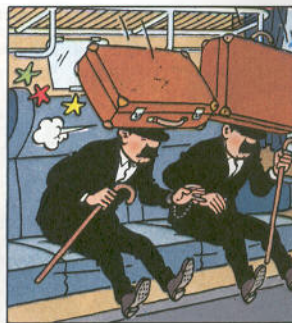
What else can we do Tintin? The evidence is all against you.



It's true. Everything points to my guilt. And the guard can swear I was trying to get away. Very neatly planned. But why? And by whom?



The key to the handcuffs! Well done, Snowy. Bring it here!



An hour later...

Good! A village.  
Perhaps I can hire a  
car to take me to the  
coast.



Just wait till I  
get my hands on him!

To be precise:...er  
... just wait till  
we get our hands!



Hello!

Tintin!



You!

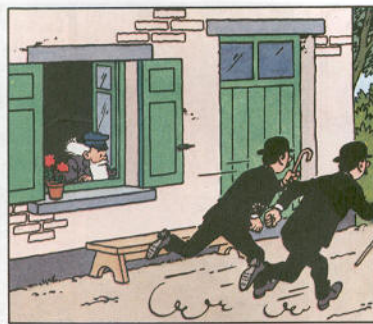


Hey, stop!

That's what they call  
putting your head  
in the lion's mouth!



Stop him! Stop him!



Where's he gone?



Excuse me, sir. Have you seen a  
young man running past your house?



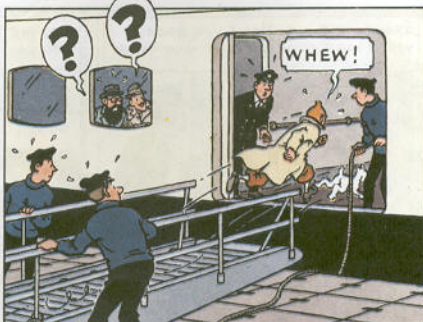
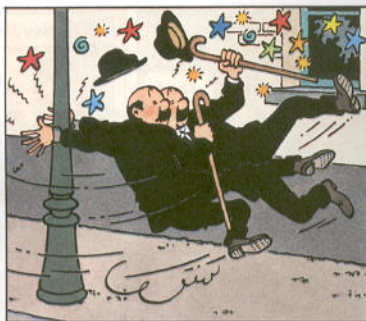
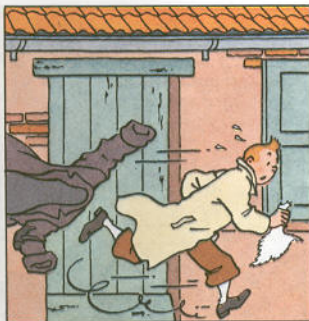
Let me see. A young man,  
you say. That'd be him I  
saw, with a little white  
dog. Going like the wind,  
he was. Hid himself among  
those trees, over there.

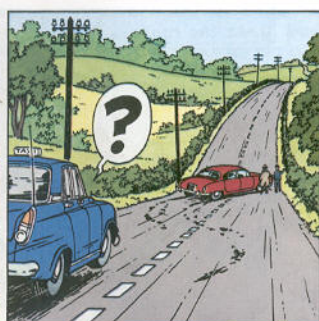
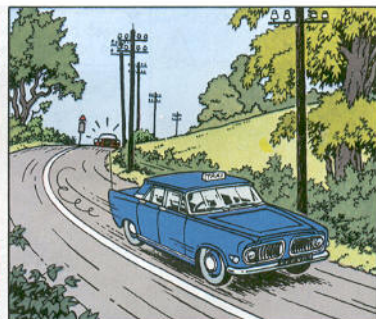
Aha! We've  
got him!

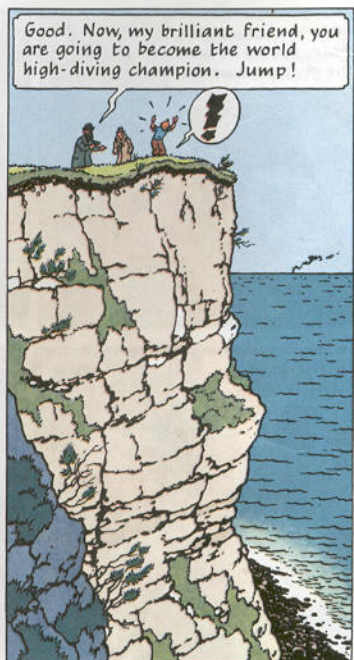


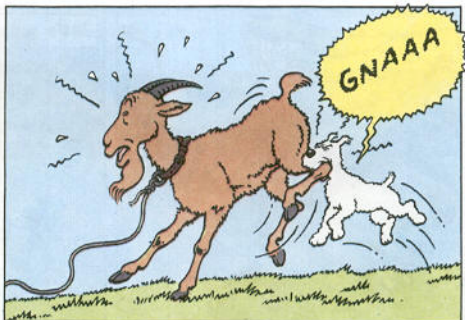
Snowy!

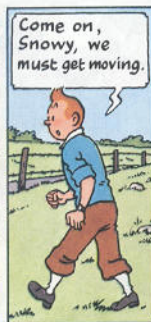
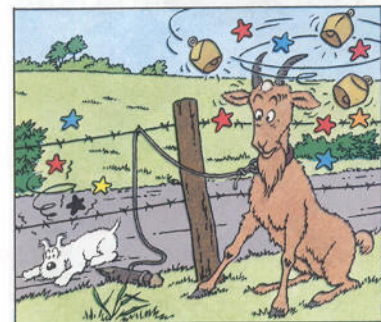
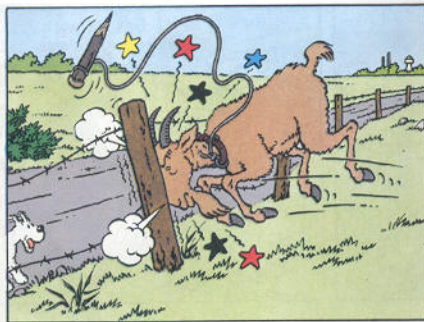
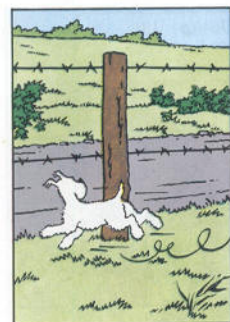
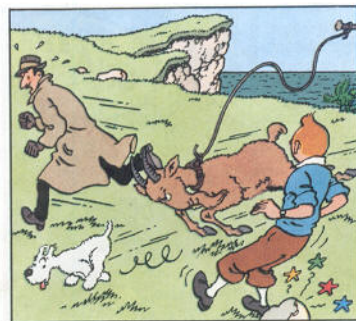


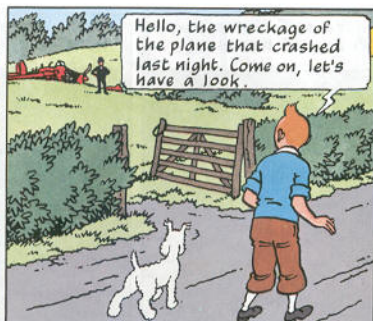
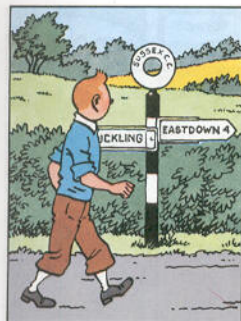












Hello, the wreckage of the plane that crashed last night. Come on, let's have a look.



What a mess. What happened to the pilot?

Don't know, sir. We found this lot this morning. No sign of the crew. They must have baled out when they ran into trouble.



It's the plane I saw yesterday. Definitely. But I shan't learn much from this pile of scrap-metal.



Snowy!



Snowy's on to something!



He's picked up a scent; it must be the crew.



There isn't a dog in the world like him. He can smell out a crook a mile away.



Better be on our guard; we must getting close.



Careful... Mustn't take any risks.



Here we go! He's found something.



Aren't you ashamed, wasting our time bone-hunting. Here, give it to me.



I've told you dozens of times, you're not to chew filthy old bones.



Here, Snowy! Come here at once!



WOOAH



WOOAH!  
WOOAH!



!?



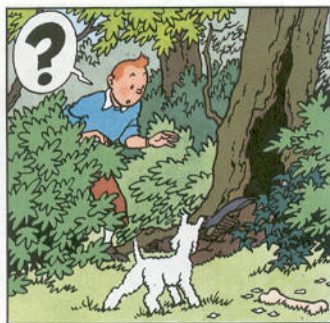
Strange...He really does want me to follow him.



I'll come. But woe betide you if it's just another bone.



?



Flying jackets! Those thugs from the plane must have hidden them.



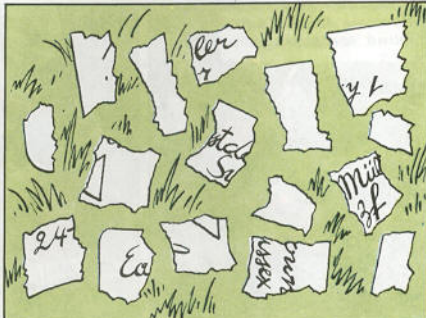
Too much to hope they'd leave anything in the pockets.

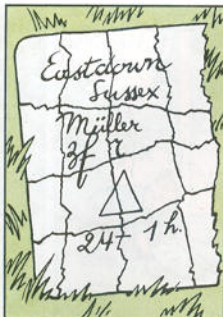


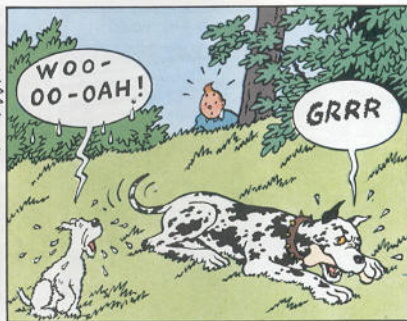
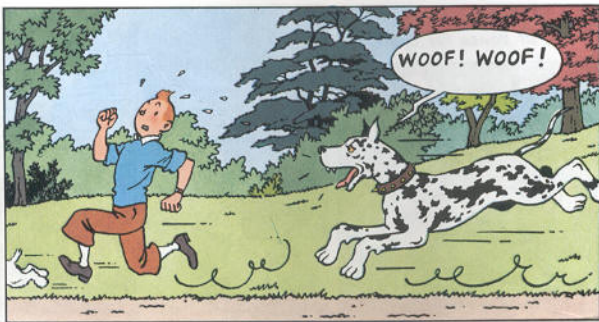
Aha! Look there! Some scraps of paper. Something's been torn up. Perhaps this will give us a lead.

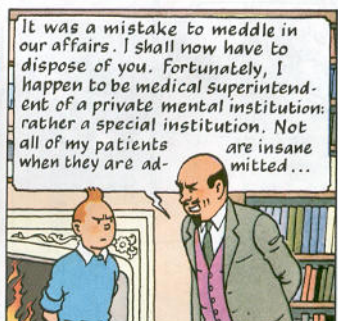
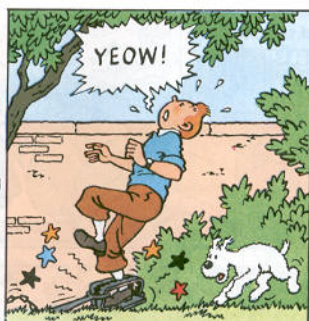


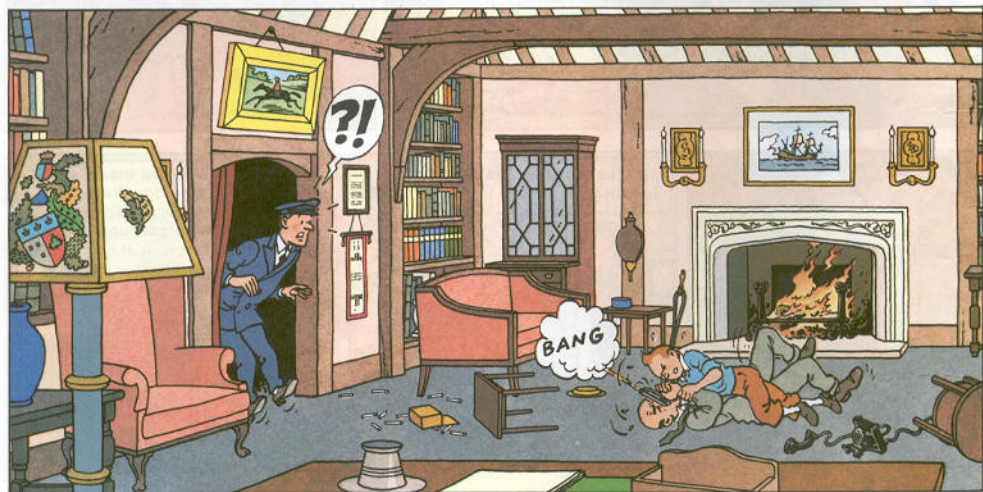
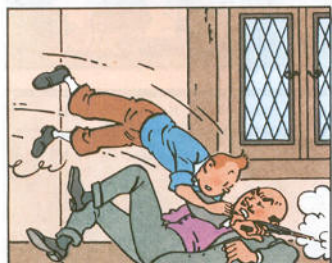
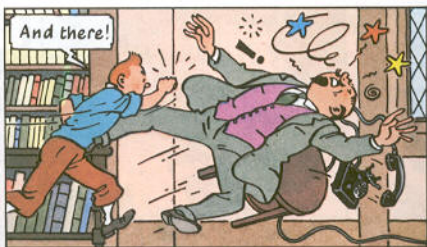
I've always liked puzzles, and this time I've got a real one!

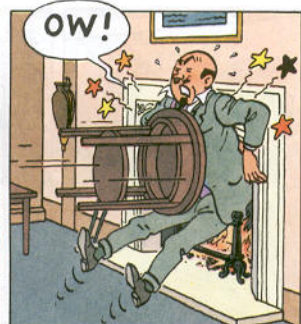


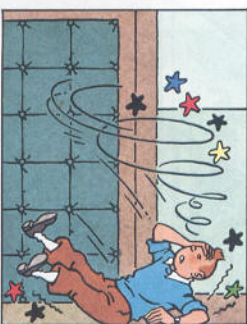
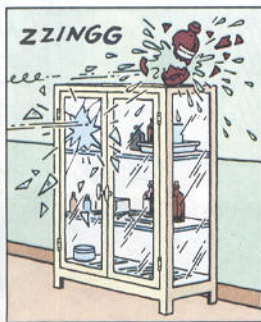
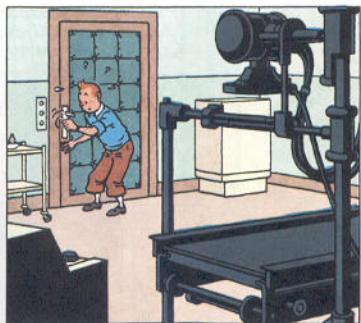




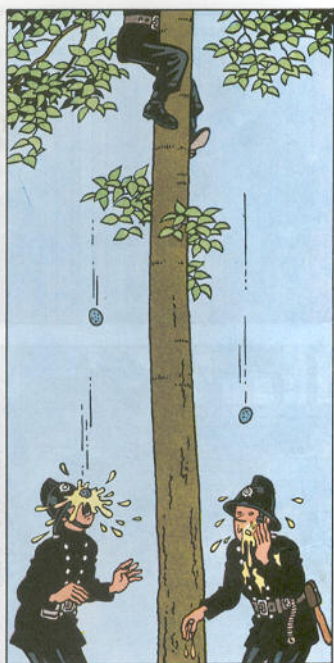


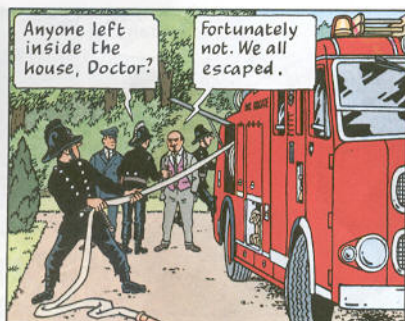
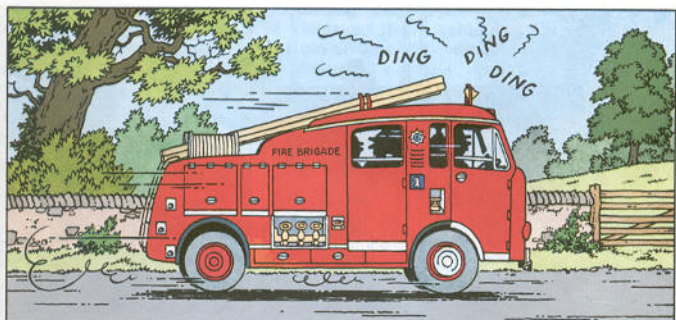














Next morning...

... And what happened to Doctor Müller?

I'm afraid my men couldn't catch him. His car was standing just by the house. He hopped in, with his driver, and they went off at top speed. We hadn't a chance.

A pity. I'd give a lot to know ... why were they so anxious to get rid of me? Never mind. Perhaps I'll find a clue at the house, to put me on their track again ... The fire can't have destroyed everything ...

You're not getting out of bed?

Of course. I feel absolutely all right.

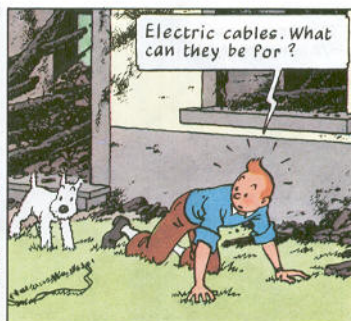


Heavens! There isn't much left of Dr. Müller's house: it's gutted.

I shan't find anything useful here ...



Electric cables. What can they be for?

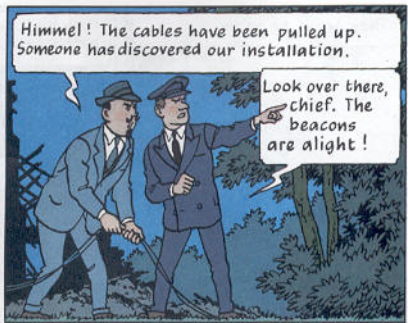
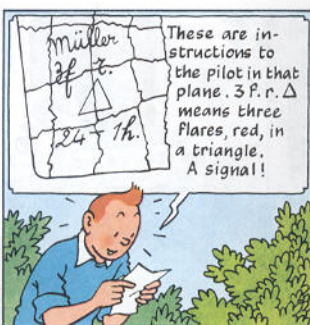


They seem to go on ...



How odd. Where on earth can they lead?





Someone else is waiting for the plane!  
... If they drop the load now we are  
finished! ... We have got to stop them.  
We must put out those lights. Here,  
help me to cut the wires.



But...but chief...the  
lights are still burning!



I wonder if they'll  
come tonight.



O.K. to drop. I  
can see the  
lights.



Too late! There  
is the plane.



One out!



Great snakes—they've  
dropped something!



Let's see!



Tintin, confound him!



Two away!



Another!



That fell quite close.  
It should be easier  
to spot than the  
first one.



I wonder what I'm  
going to find!









They're getting away!



I'm an idiot! When they struggled, they caused a short-circuit, and the wires burned.



Hurry!



The car! They're getting away. Not a hope of stopping them... Unless...

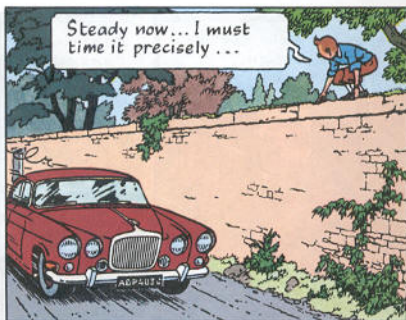


It's my only chance ... If they come this way, it's still possible ...

He'll break his neck!



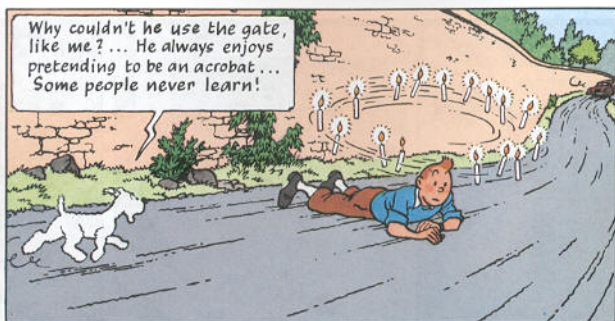
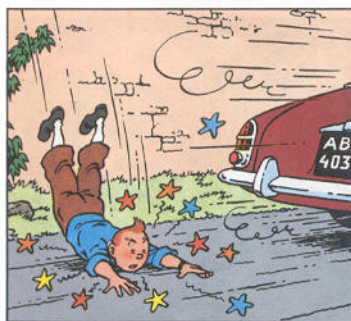
Aha! ...



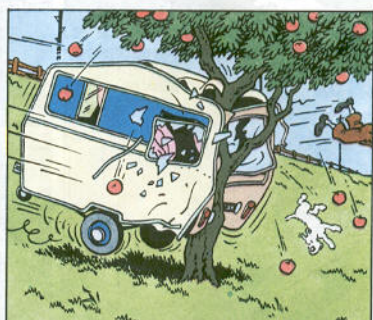
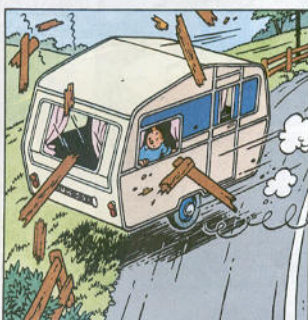
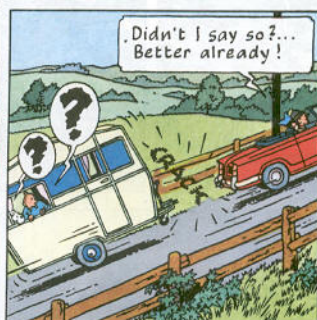
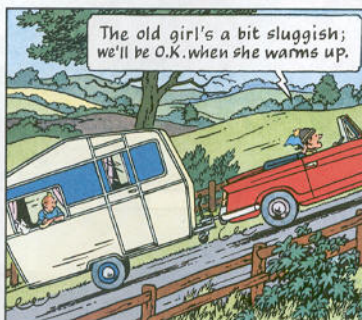
Steady now... I must time it precisely ...

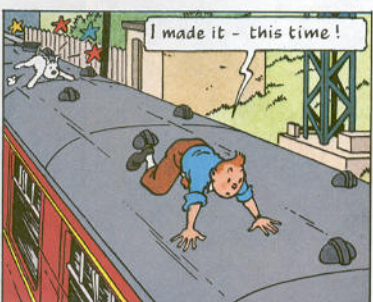
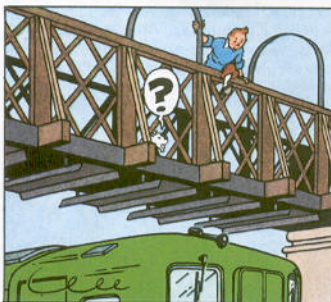
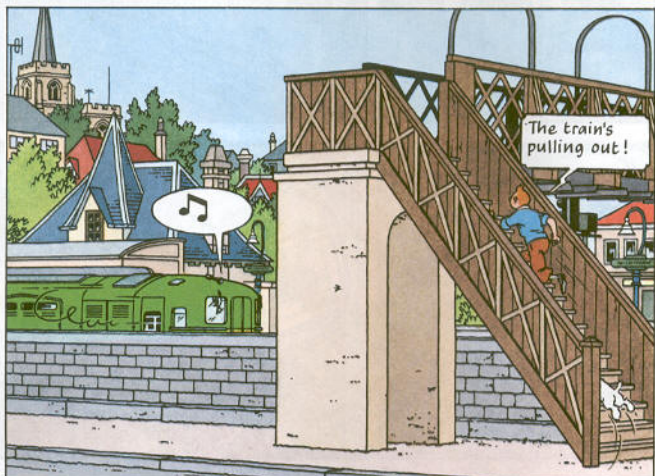
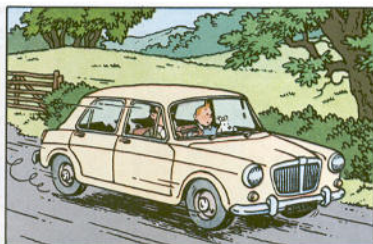


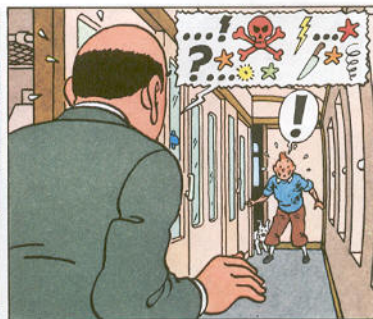
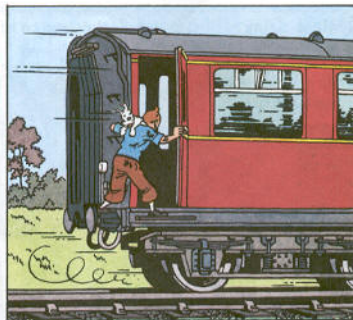
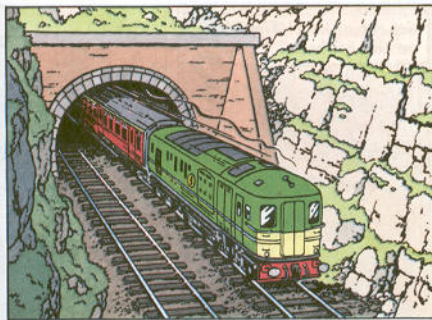
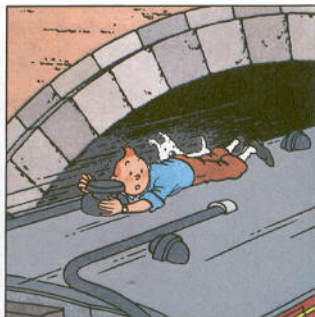
Whoops!

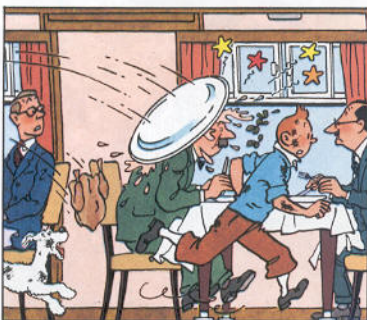
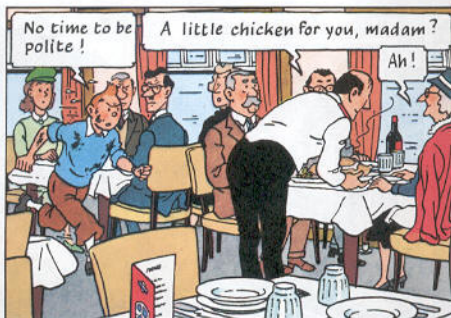
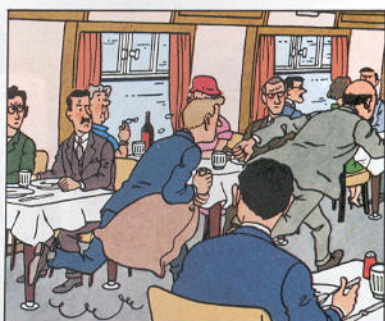


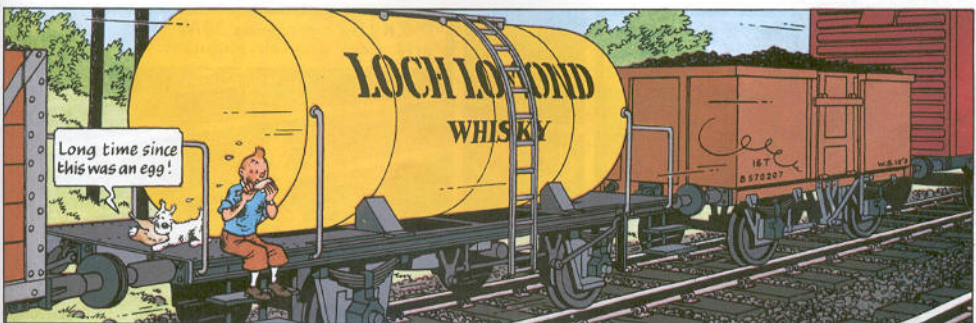
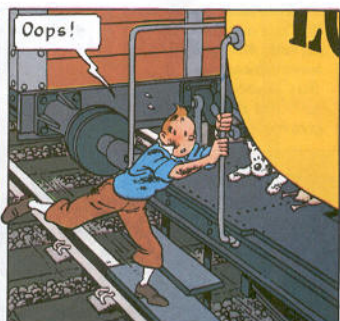
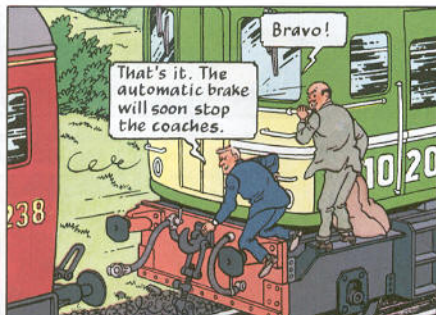
Why couldn't he use the gate, like me? ... He always enjoys pretending to be an acrobat ... Some people never learn!





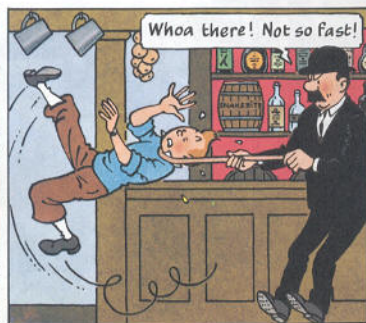
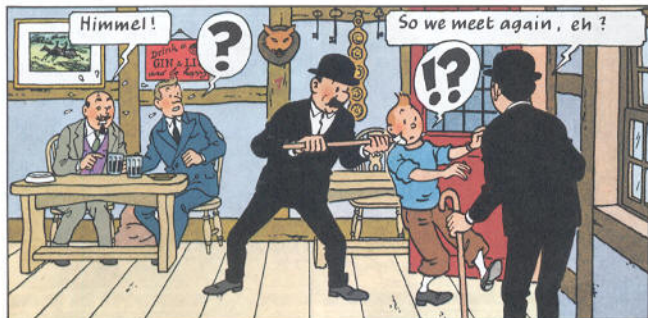


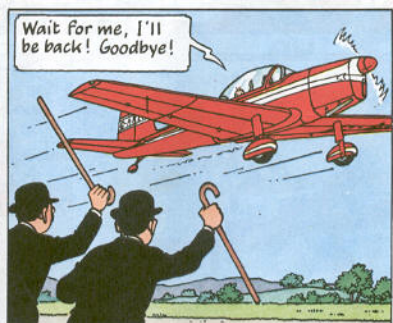
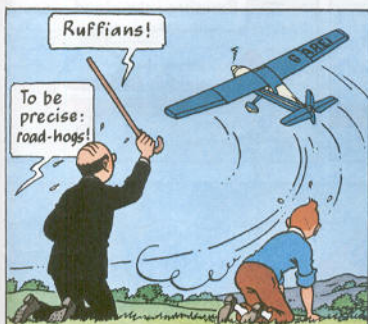


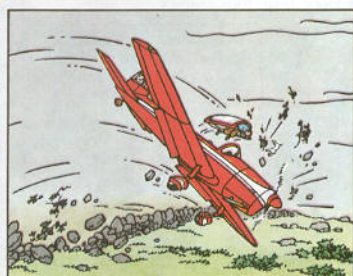
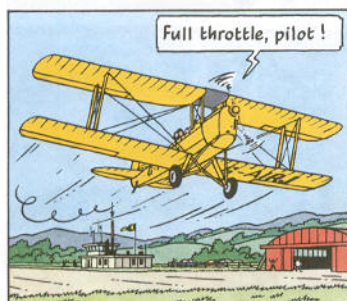


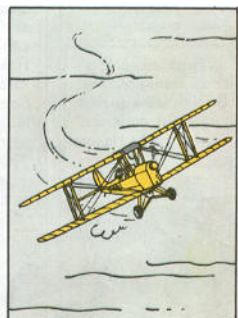












Snowy! Up to your old tricks again!



That certainly seems to be the best solution...



...And let this be a lesson, you drunken, disobedient dog!

Our friend has suggested that we spend the night here. It's getting late.



That's an invitation we'll certainly accept. How very kind of you.

Next morning...

...The dense fog that blanketed the British Isles during the night caused a number of accidents...



Off the Scottish coast this morning, fishermen from Kiltloch discovered floating wreckage of a light aircraft registration G-AREI. There was no trace of the crew, who are presumed drowned.



G-AREI!... The plane we followed: the same registration... Well, that puts paid to that. They're dead, poor devils.



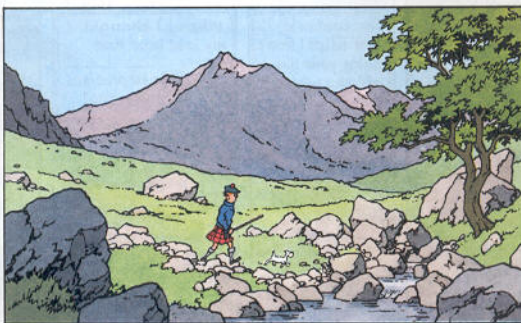
Maybe, but I'd like to be absolutely sure. I'm going to Kiltloch ...to look around.

It's no above fifteen miles tae Kiltloch. But mind ye keep tae the path thra' the glen.



Thanks!

Fifteen miles: that's quite a step. We shan't get to Kiltloch before evening.



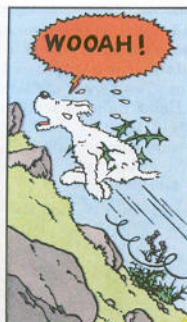
Snowy! Come here!

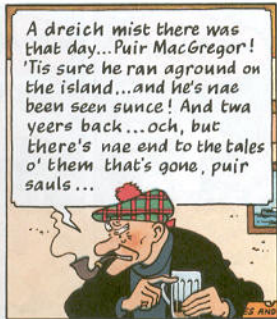


Wooah!

Wooah! Wooah!

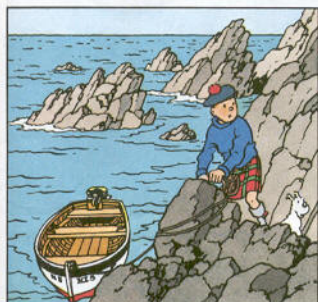
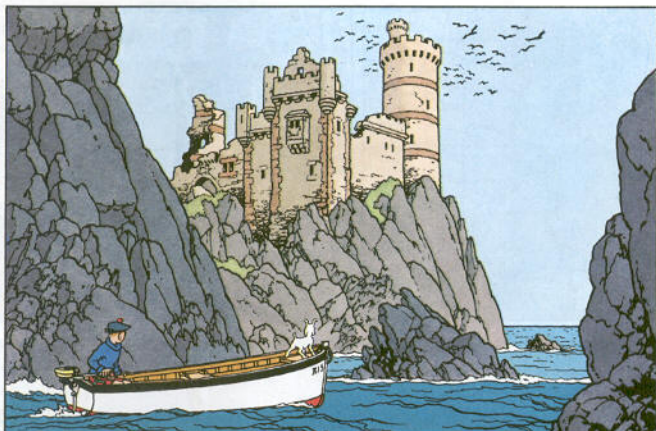








The Black Island!



They were quite right in Kiltloch... It is a sinister place...



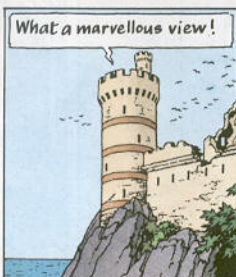
I think we'll explore the castle first.

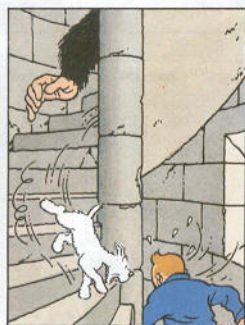


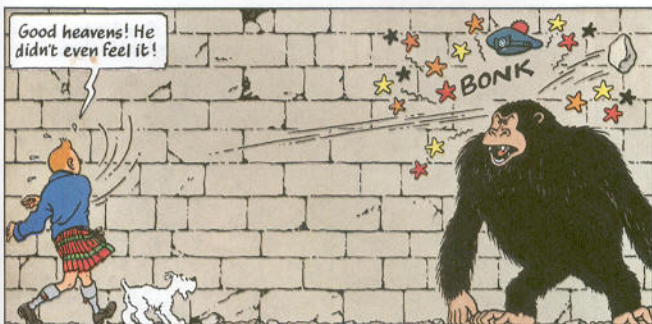
That must be the staircase to the tower.

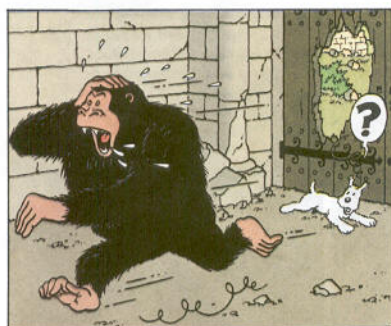
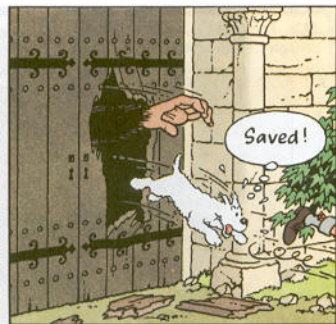
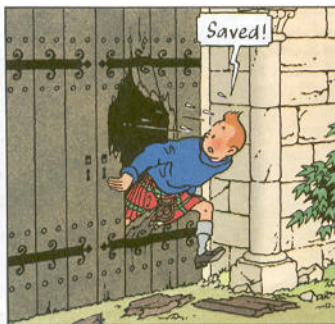


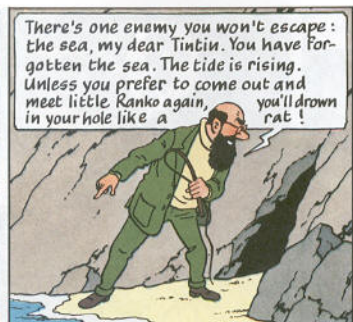
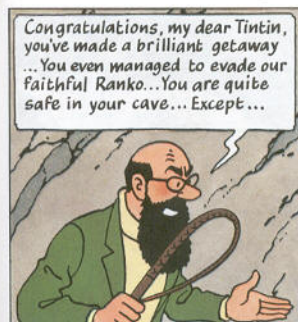
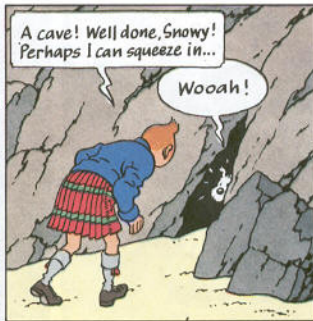
What a marvellous view!

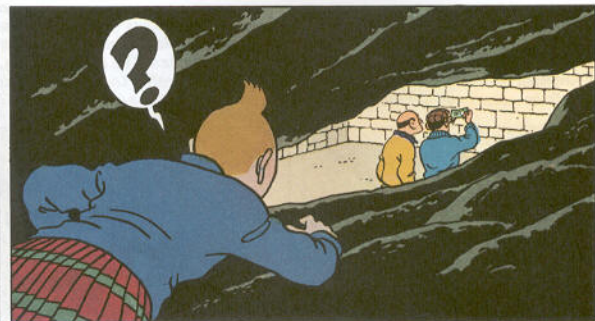


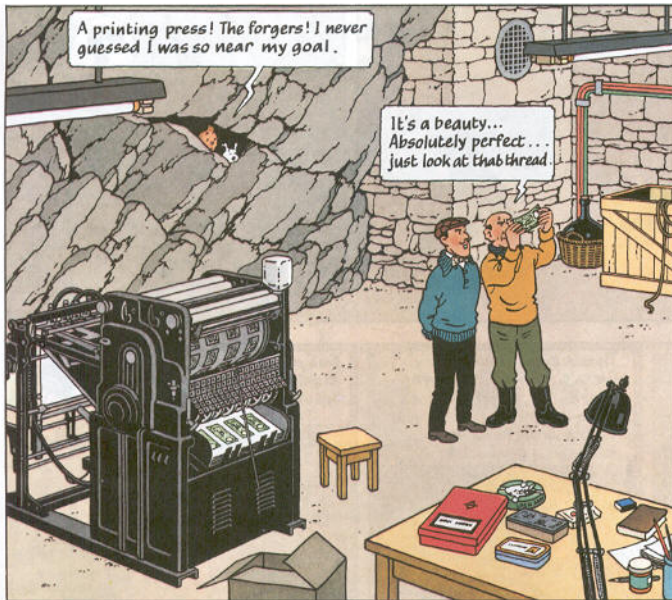




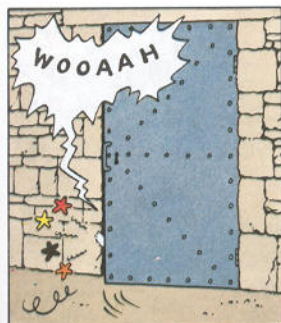






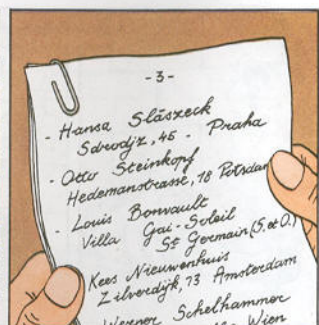
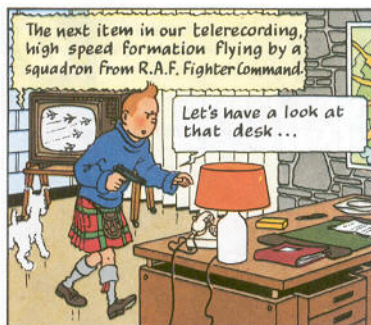












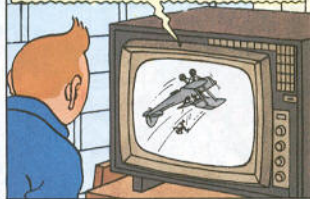
Now the plane comes roaring down, skims over the field and shoots up like a rocket ...



Stop! We want to get down, d'you hear?



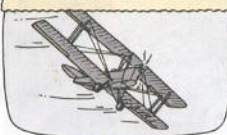
Now he's heading for the ground again... and into another flawless loop he goes, then... Good heavens! one of the passengers has slipped out of his seat... This is terrible!



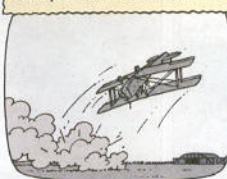
Whew! What a stunt! That really had us fooled!



And this time he really is coming down... He's going to land... He's cut the motor...



He touches down... the plane bounces ...

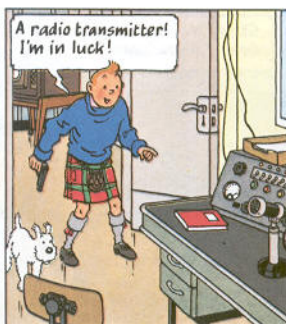


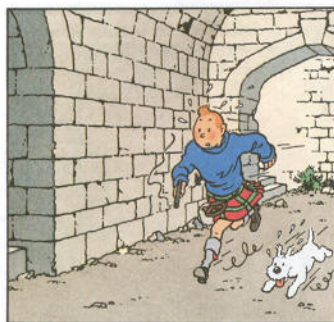
...and does one last, hair-raising somersault before it comes to rest in the centre of the field.



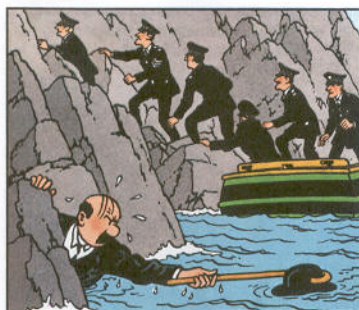
A clear victory! The judges are unanimous... the aerobatic championship is yours!

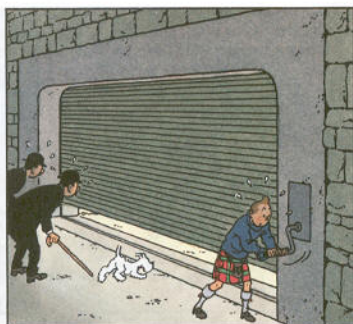
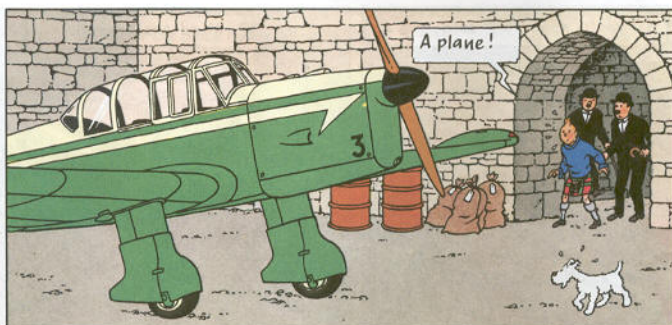


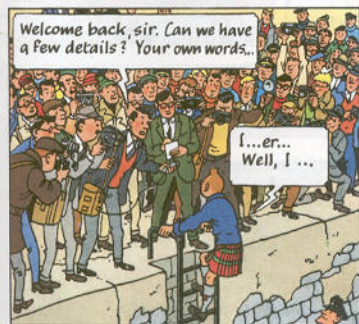












Young Reporter Hero of Black Island Drama

## FORGERS FOUND ON MYSTERY ISLE

Full story page five

### Police Swoop on International Gang

EXCLUSIVE PICTURES  
FORGED notes so perfect even bank cashiers are fooled.

At Kiltloch, handcuffed gang leaders are escorted to waiting Black Maria.

A sea dash by police ended in five arrests. Seen with hero reporter Tintin and lion-hearted dog Snowy, from left, Constables E. McGregor, T. W. Stewart, B. Robertson, A. MacLeod.

Black Island 'Beast' Ranko says goodbye to rescuer Tintin in a Glasgow zoo. Once trained to kill intruders at gang hideout, the monster gorilla, injured in battle on

