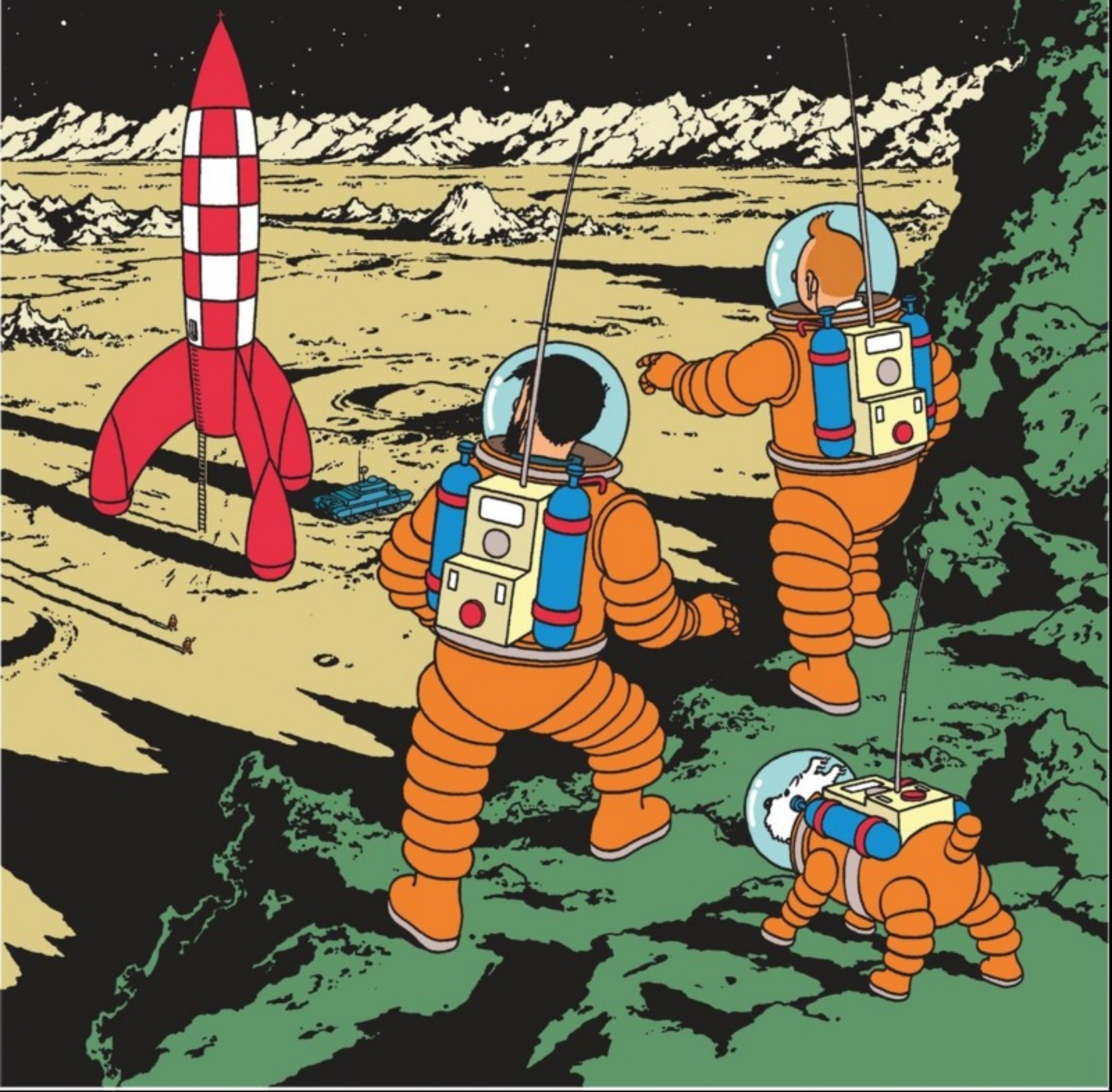


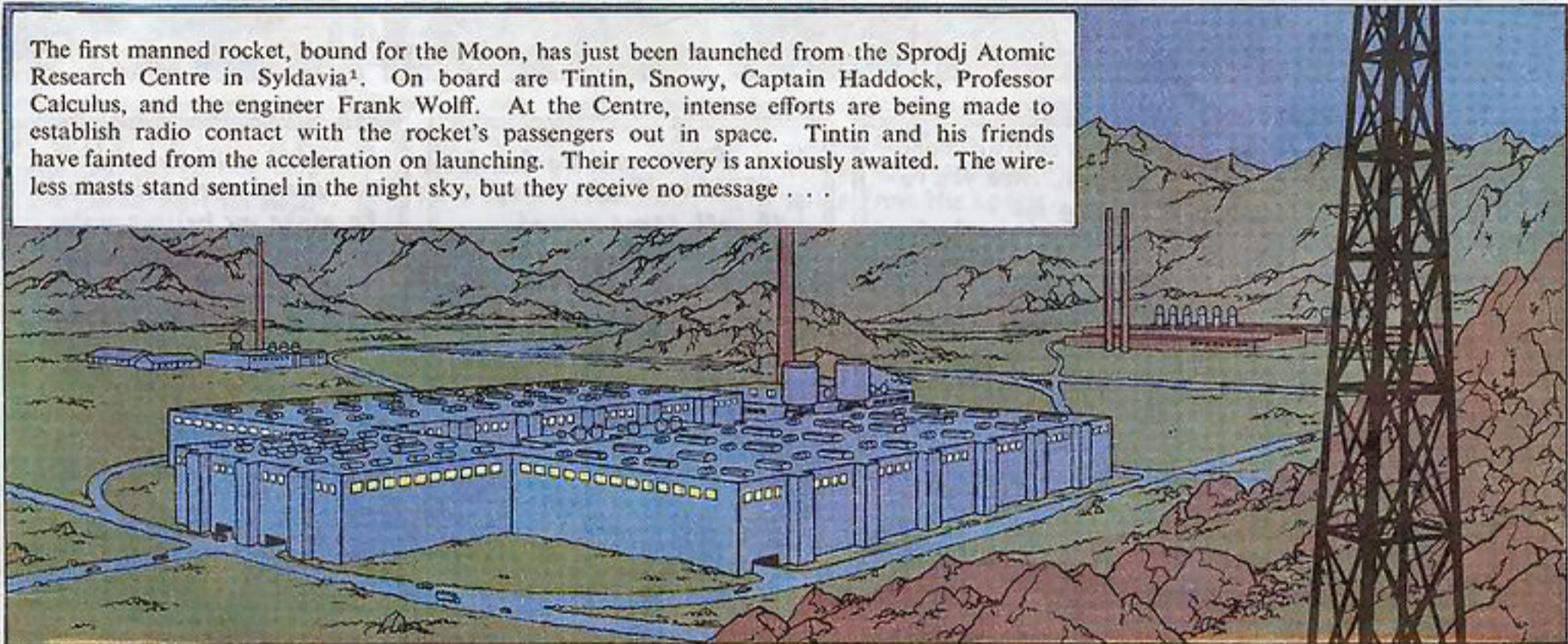
- HERGÉ -  
★  
THE ADVENTURES OF  
**TINTIN**  
★

# EXPLORERS ON THE MOON



# EXPLORERS ON THE MOON

The first manned rocket, bound for the Moon, has just been launched from the Sprodj Atomic Research Centre in Syldavia<sup>1</sup>. On board are Tintin, Snowy, Captain Haddock, Professor Calculus, and the engineer Frank Wolff. At the Centre, intense efforts are being made to establish radio contact with the rocket's passengers out in space. Tintin and his friends have fainted from the acceleration on launching. Their recovery is anxiously awaited. The wireless masts stand sentinel in the night sky, but they receive no message . . .



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



Suppose we've made a mistake in our calculations!... That would be appalling!

Earth calling Moon-Rocket... Earth calling...



Meanwhile, unknown to the Centre, others far away are also listening in...

Earth calling Moon-Rocket...

By Lucifer, it's a bad blow for us if they're all dead!



<sup>1</sup> See Destination Moon





Oh, so here you all are. ... Whatever happened? ... An earthquake?



Where in heaven's name have you sprung from?

From the hold. We decided to inspect the rocket before it goes. What's the time?



The time? ... It's two o'clock in the morning!

Good... and the launching is set for 1.34? So we've plenty of time.

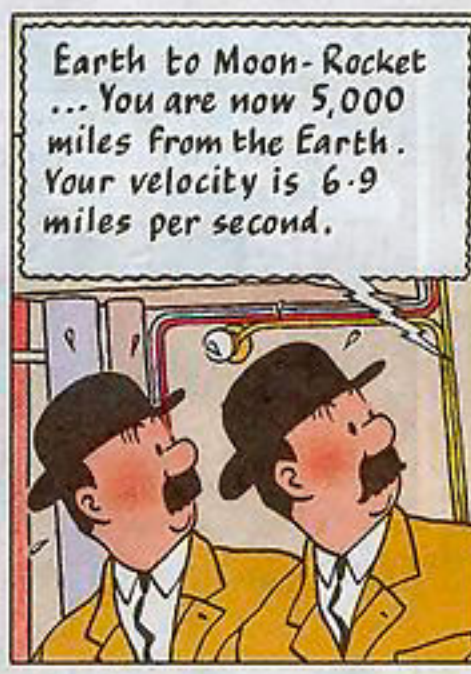


Plenty of time! ... My poor friends, the rocket left the Earth half an hour ago. We are on our way to the Moon!



Ha! ha! ha! That's a good one! Always ready for a laugh, Professor!

To be precise: Ha! ha! ha!



Earth to Moon-Rocket ... You are now 5,000 miles from the Earth. Your velocity is 6.9 miles per second.



This... this is a joke, isn't it? ... You're just trying to frighten us? The launching really was fixed for 1.34?

1.34 a.m., yes! ... Not 1.34 p.m.!



1.34 a.m.? ... Not 1.34 p.m.? ... Great Scotland Yard! We thought it was 1.34 in the afternoon!



Moon-Rocket to Earth. We have sensational news: the two Thompsons are on board. They decided to spend the night in the rocket, thinking the launching was at 1.34 in the afternoon.



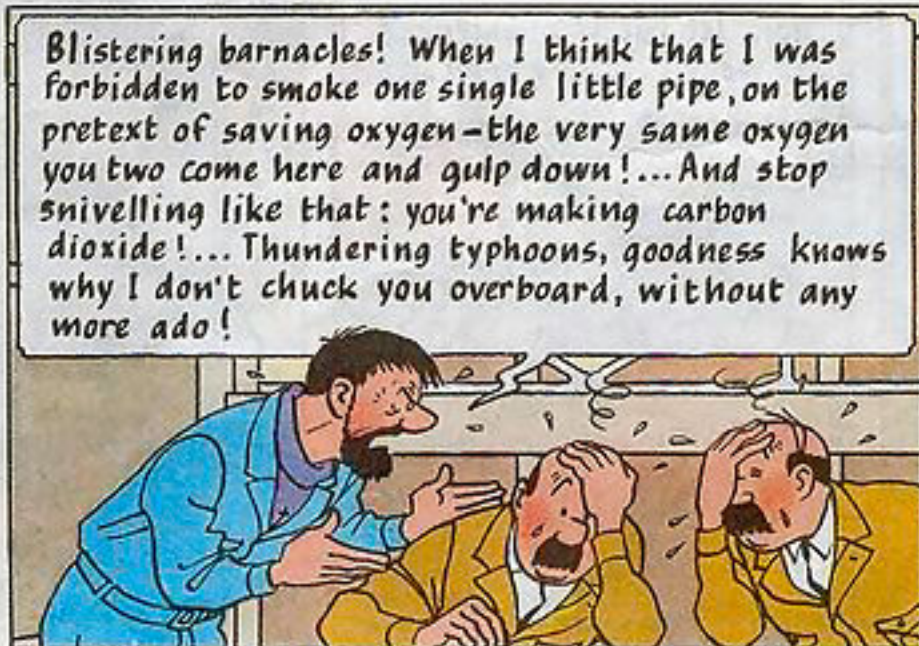
But this creates a grave problem! We assessed our oxygen supplies for four people; now we have six on board, not counting Snowy. Will our oxygen last out?



You hear that, you brontosaurus? All this because at your age you don't know the difference between 1.34 a.m. and 1.34 p.m.!



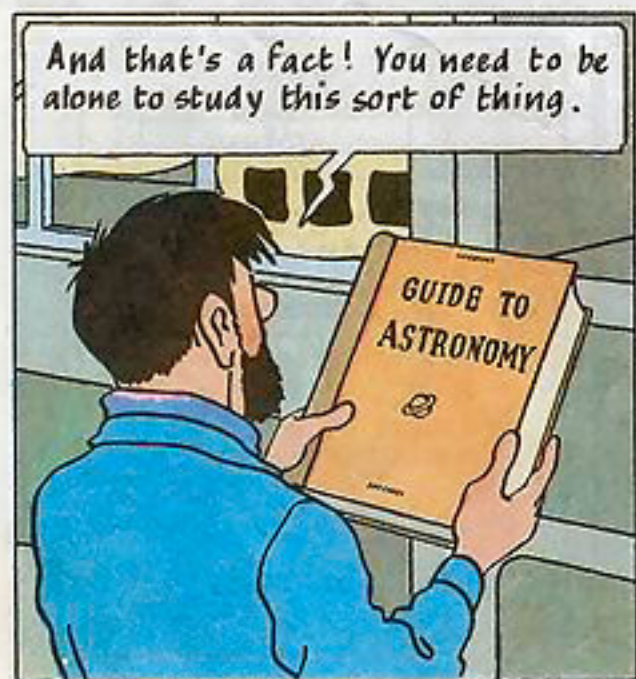
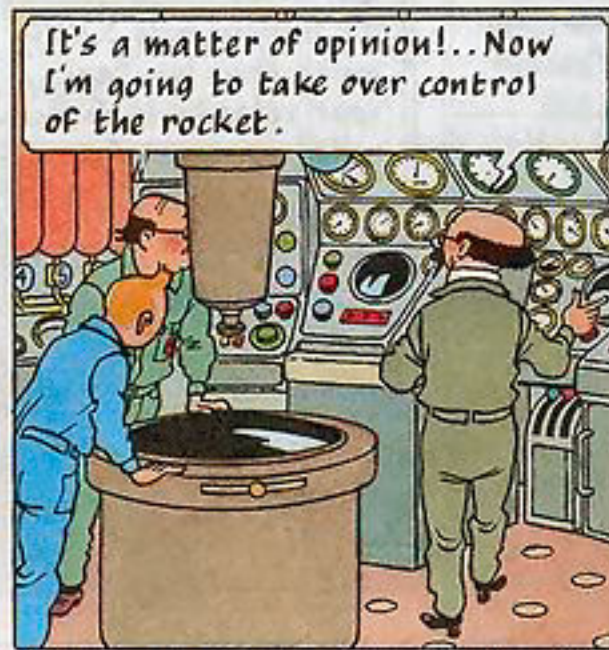
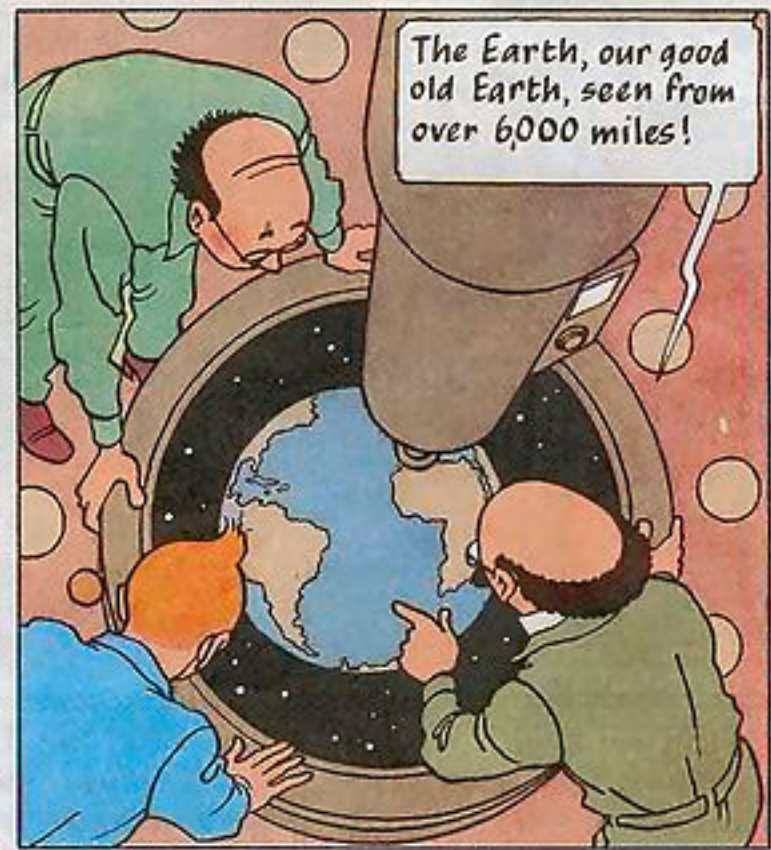
Anyway, I must go up and take over the controls from the automatic pilot.




Blistering barnacles! When I think that I was forbidden to smoke one single little pipe, on the pretext of saving oxygen—the very same oxygen you two come here and gulp down! ... And stop snivelling like that: you're making carbon dioxide! ... Thundering typhoons, goodness knows why I don't chuck you overboard, without any more ado!



I say! Come and look! Come and look!



Earth to Moon-Rocket  
... You have just attained  
a velocity of over 8 miles  
per second. You are no  
longer subject to normal  
gravitational pull.



Now then, here we  
go! We'll tackle the  
first chapter.



Aaaaaaaaah!  
I've learnt some-  
thing al- ready!



Courage, Haddock! On  
to Chapter Two!



Sit down and watch. Look, there's the Moon  
in all her glory!



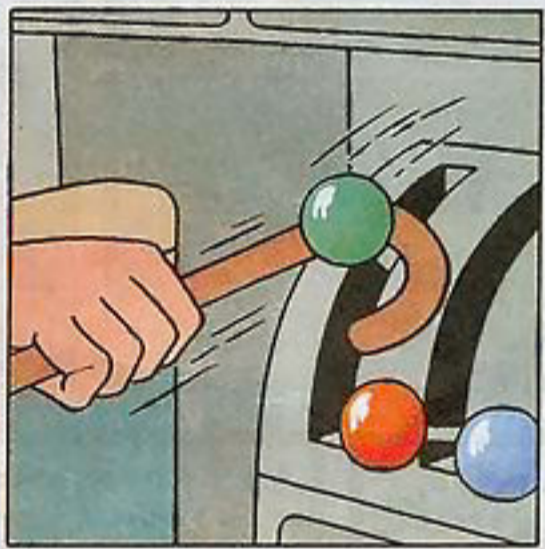
Is that really the Moon? That  
funny ball riddled with little  
holes?



It's amazing!  
Thompson, come  
and see this!



Mind out! Your stick's  
hooked up! For heaven's  
sake don't pull it!...  
Help!



At that moment,  
down below...  
Here's to y-y-you,  
up th- th-there!



G-g-goodness g-g-gracious!...  
M-m-my whisky's r-r-rolled  
itself into a b-b-ball!...  
That's impossible!... Have I  
d-d-drunk too m-m-much already?



W-w-whisky, stop f-f-fooling  
about! Get b-b-back in my  
glass this m-m-minute!



Too m-m-much or n-n-  
not... a decent whisky  
d-d-doesn't behave l-l-  
like this... C-c-come  
here at once!

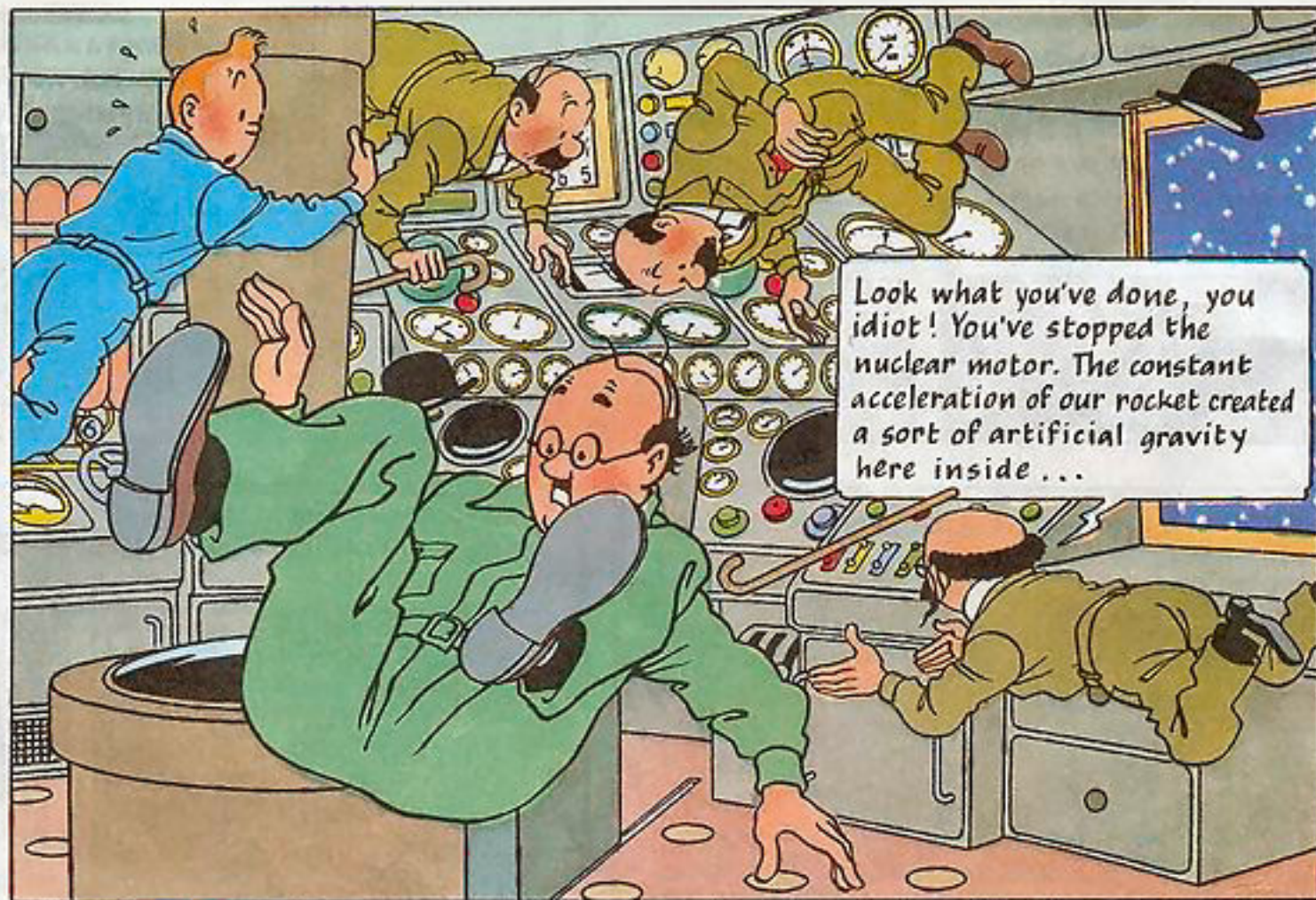




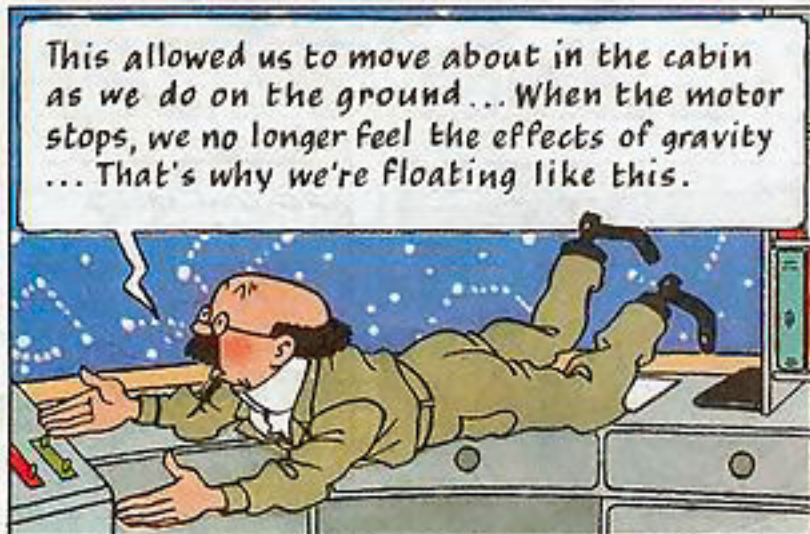
Blistering barnacles, what's the matter?



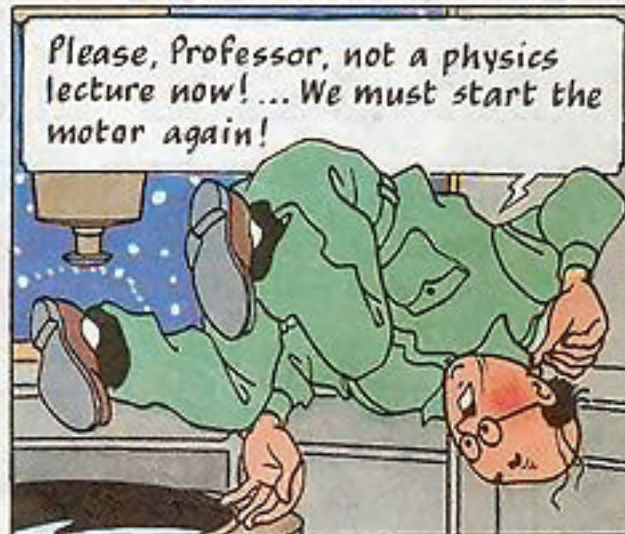
Something's happened: Snowy doesn't usually walk upside down like that.



Look what you've done, you idiot! You've stopped the nuclear motor. The constant acceleration of our rocket created a sort of artificial gravity here inside...



This allowed us to move about in the cabin as we do on the ground... When the motor stops, we no longer feel the effects of gravity... That's why we're floating like this.



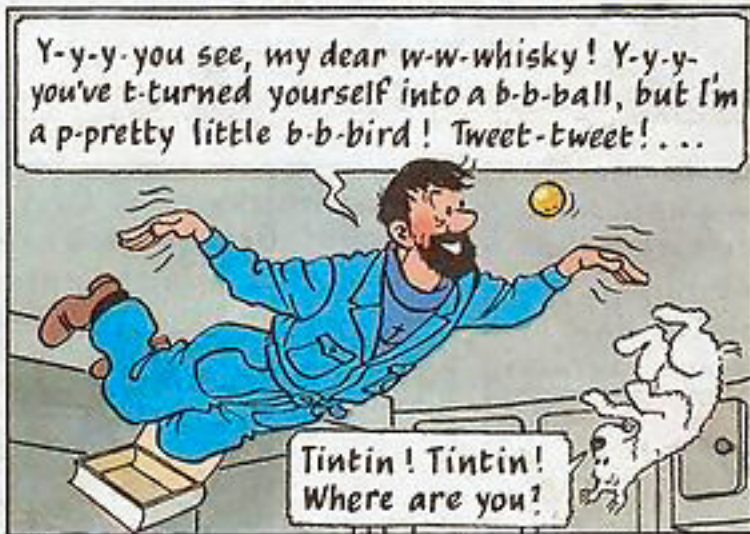
Please, Professor, not a physics lecture now!... We must start the motor again!



Wait... I'll try to get to the controls...



If I touch you, Snowy, you're it!



Y-y-y-you see, my dear w-w-whisky! Y-y-y-you've t-turned yourself into a b-b-ball, but I'm a p-pretty little b-b-bird! Tweet-tweet!...

Tintin! Tintin! Where are you?



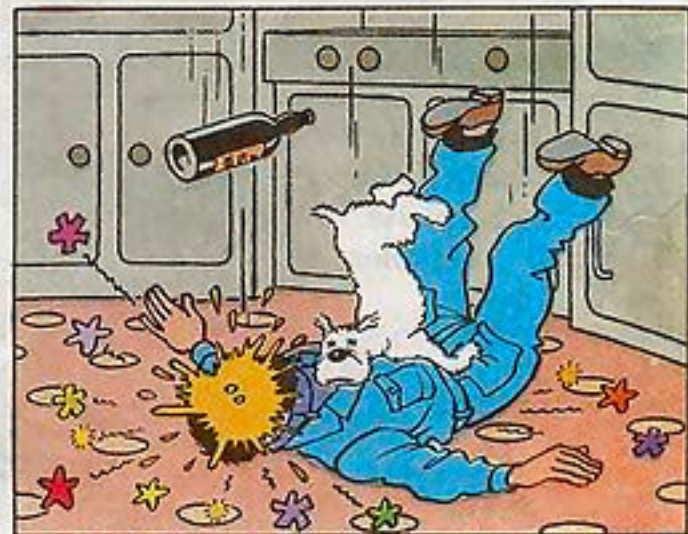
Watch out!... I'm going to restart the nuclear motor!... Hang on!



Carry on... We're holding tight!



L-l-look, Snowy!... I can even glide on my back! Th-th-this is f-fun!



Earth to Moon-Rocket  
... What's going on?  
... Why have you stopped  
the nuclear motor?



Moon-Rocket to Earth... One of the two detectives accidentally  
closed the motor throttle... But we've just started her up again.

It's funny, we held on  
very tight!

Yes, but  
what to?



To be on the safe side I'm  
issuing everyone with  
magnetic-soled boots...

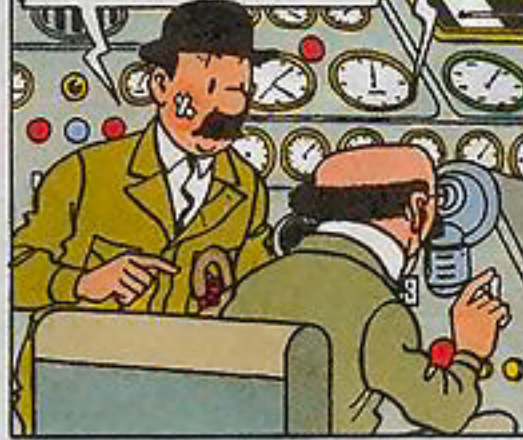


The Professor's right. If the nuclear motor  
stops again for any reason, these soles will  
hold us down to the cabin floor. Then we  
shan't float about like balloons.



Unless I'm dreaming, there's Adonis!

Who's Adonis? A  
friend of yours liv-  
ing near here?



The asteroid Adonis is a dwarf planet  
which orbits between Mars and Jupiter.  
It is a rock-like mass, about a mile in  
diameter... Take my place and watch,  
while I put on my boots... but for  
goodness sake don't touch anything!



There, that's that... But how do  
you account for one pair left over?  
... Has someone not put on his boots?

Crumbs, it's the Captain...  
he stayed below... I'll take  
them down to him.

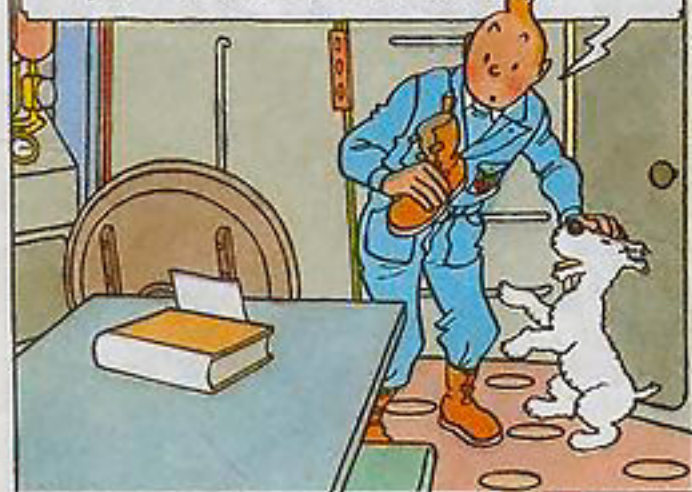


Hello, Snowy boy.  
Did you get very  
bumped about?

So there you are  
Tintin!... If only  
you knew what  
happened!



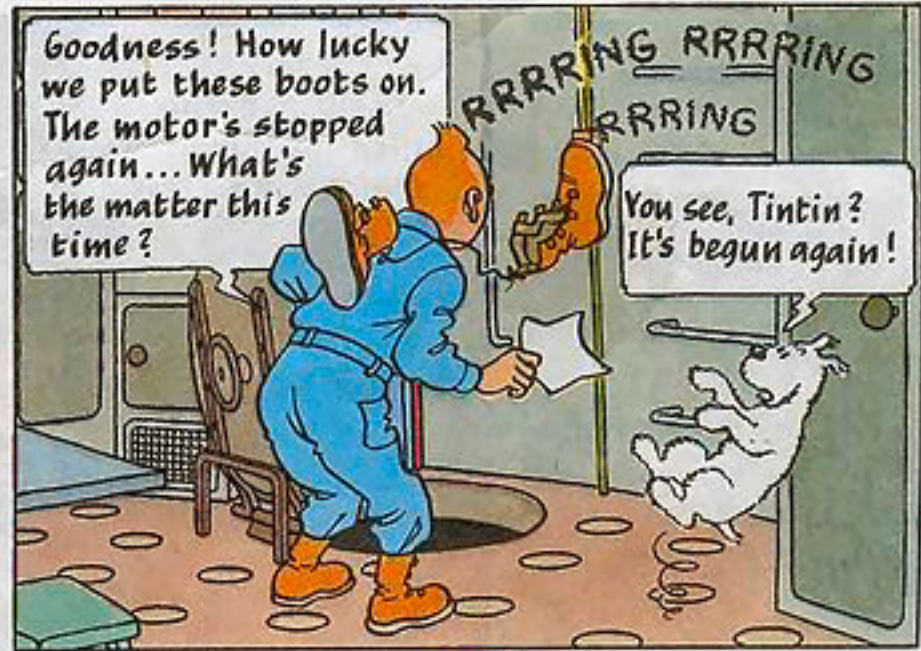
And the Captain?... Where's the Cap-  
tain?... I... Hello, what's that piece  
of paper, there on the table?



Great snakes! It's  
fantastic!... He's  
gone out of his mind!  
... Quick, the Professor  
must see this...



Goodness! How lucky  
we put these boots on.  
The motor's stopped  
again... What's  
the matter this  
time?



You see, Tintin?  
It's begun again!



Moon-Rocket to Earth... For some unknown reason the outer door has just opened. The nuclear motor stopped automatically. I'm going to see why...

Here's the answer!... Read this note I just found on the table, on the deck below...

"I'm fed up with your rotten rocket! I'm going home to Marlinspike." Signed: Haddock. ... Goodness gracious, then it was he who... Has he gone mad?

Mad? No, I think he's just soaked himself in whisky. In any case, we must look for him. If you agree, I'll put on my space-suit and go out myself...

Of course.

A few minutes later...

Moon-Rocket to Earth... The Captain has suddenly taken it into his head to jump out of the rocket... Tintin has gone out as well, to try and help him.

Ah, there he is.

Hello Captain! Hello!... Can you hear me?

Cuckoo, it's me!

Of course I c-c-can hear you... Can you hear m-m-me?... Tweet-tweet... Tweet-tweet... You see: I've turned into a little chaffinch...

Hello, Professor... Tintin calling. I can see the Captain. He's floating about ten yards from the rocket, going at the same speed as ourselves. I'll do all I possibly can to get him back on board.

All right.

Me b-b-back on b-b-board your beastly flying cigar? N-n-never in my life! I'm off h-h-home to Marlinspike!

But... Crumbs, it can't be true...

But it is!... He's getting further away from the rocket!

Poor Captain!... Now I see: he's being pulled into orbit by Adonis!... He's lost!

Hello Professor Calculus... Tintin calling... The Captain's getting further and further away... attracted by Adonis.



Getting further away?... That's only to be expected... He's become a satellite of Adonis!



This is terrible!... Surely there must be something we can do?

Of course... We must inform Earth at once, and tell them Adonis has a new satellite by the name of Haddock!



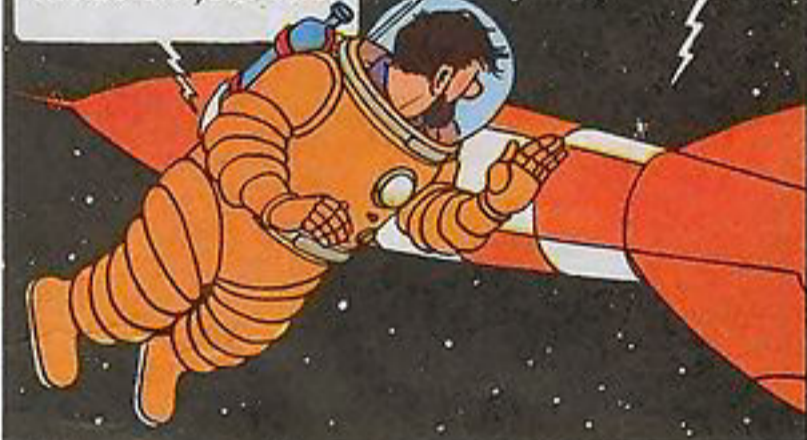
Not so fast! I have a plan: you raise the retractable ladder at once, so that I can anchor myself securely. Then, start up the motor: gently at first, but getting faster and faster...

But what are you hoping to do?



To get close enough to the Captain to throw him a line, and pull him aboard.

Pull me aboard?... Not on your life!



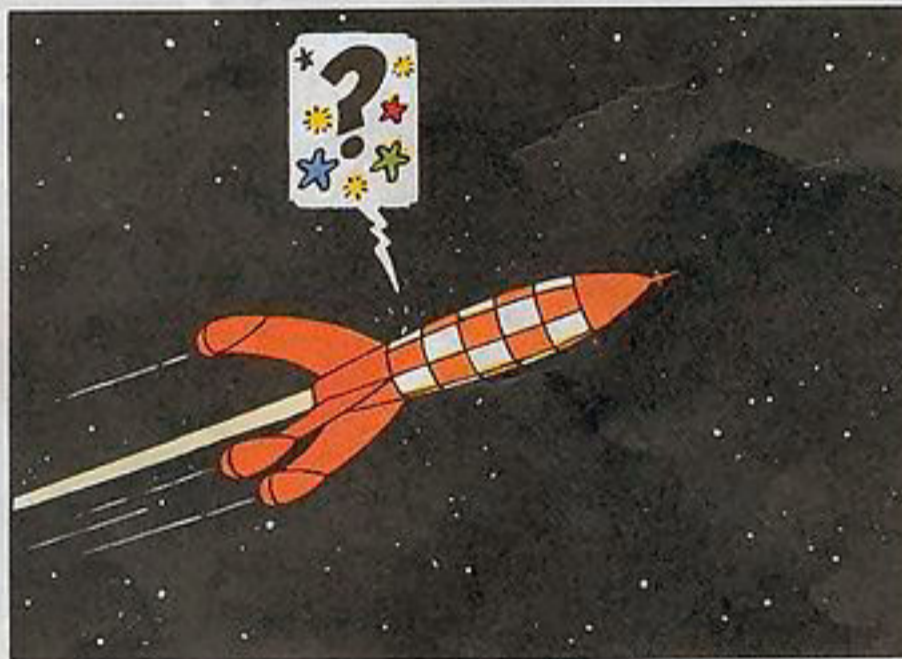
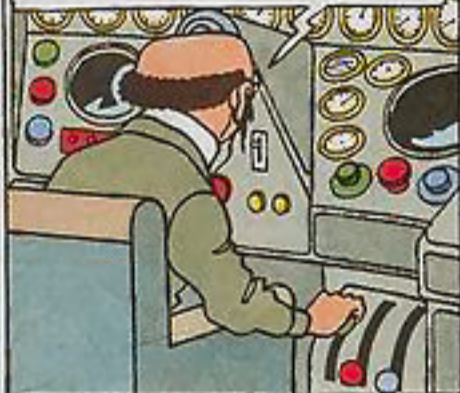
It's sheer madness!... But I admire you for wanting to try... I'll raise the retractable ladder as you said, and wait for your orders...



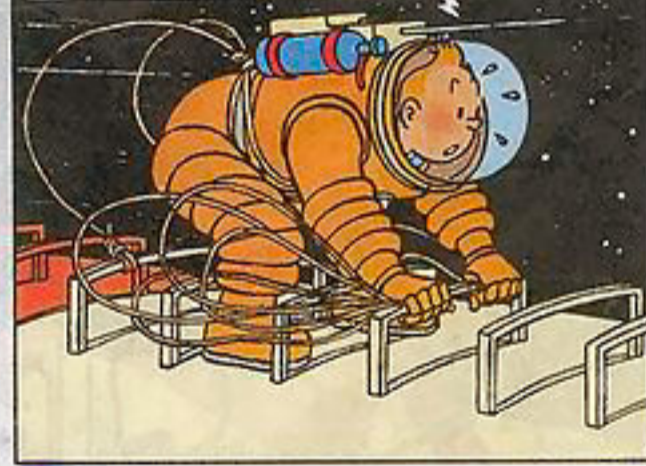
Tintin here... I'm securely anchored... You can start the motor...



All right... I... Tintin, it's terribly risky... But, good luck, anyway! Steady now: I'm starting the motor...



Tintin calling... I got a terrific jolt but I managed to hold on... You are right on course...



Yes, I can see the Captain... I'll close up to him. But for goodness' sake be quick. As soon as the motor stops Adonis will start dragging us into orbit.



I'll do my best... Steady now! Stand by to cut the motor!

