

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF

TINTIN

PRISONERS OF THE SUN

MAGNET



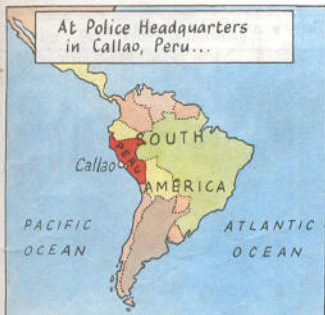
MAGNET



PRISONERS OF THE SUN

B. C. ROY HALL LIBRARY
11, T. V. KHARASIPUR

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At Police Headquarters in Callao, Peru...

Haddock, a retired ship's captain, and Tintin, the reporter? Oh, yes, Interpol warned me they'd be coming. Send them in.



As I understand it, this is the situation: your friend Professor Calculus has been kidnapped, and you have good reason to believe he's aboard the cargo ship "Pachacamac", due to arrive in Callao any day now. Am I right?!

Absolutely.



Well, gentlemen, as soon as the "Pachacamac" comes into port we will search the ship. If your friend really is aboard, then he will be restored to you immediately. Now, we can only...



Look down there; an Indian running away!... Someone was spying on us!



Surely you're mistaken ...

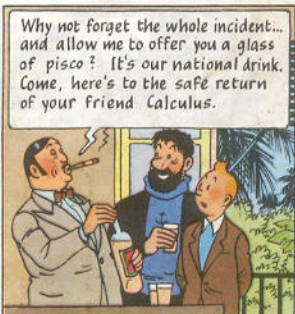
No, no, I saw him quite clearly: an Indian, peering through the railings. He disappeared behind those bushes.



Bah! What does it matter? There was nothing confidential in what we said.



Why not forget the whole incident... and allow me to offer you a glass of pisco? It's our national drink. Come, here's to the safe return of your friend Calculus.



A few minutes later...



Our lucky day! Just think, we're going to see old Cuthbert again! ... This is the happiest day of my life! ... Hurrah for pisco! It's all right! ... Everything's going to be all right!



Perk up, don't look so gloomy. We'll soon see Cuthbert again. Things are looking up!

Yes, things are looking up... But you know, it doesn't alter the fact that we're being watched.



Pooh, that doesn't matter! Enjoy yourself. Look around you: the Indians, the clothes, the colours, the llamas.



Kilikilili!... There's a nice little llama...



You be careful, señor...

Be careful? ... Why?... I'm not going to eat your precious llama, am I? ...



You're a nice little llama, aren't you?... You don't mind old Captain Haddock, do you?



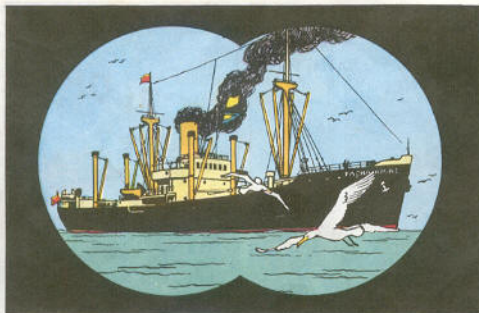
When llama is angry, señor, he always do that.

And what manners!



Ungrateful brute! Animals like that shouldn't be allowed!





Blistering barnacles!
The "Pachacamac" is running up the yellow flag and a yellow and blue pennant: infectious disease on board!



Goodness gracious! And we've got to go on board to search the ship.

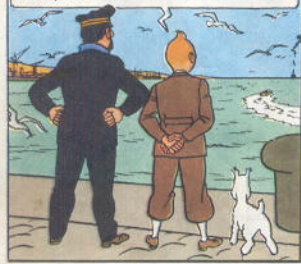
It's out of the question till the port health authorities have cleared her ...



There goes the doctor's launch now, heading for the "Pachacamac" ...

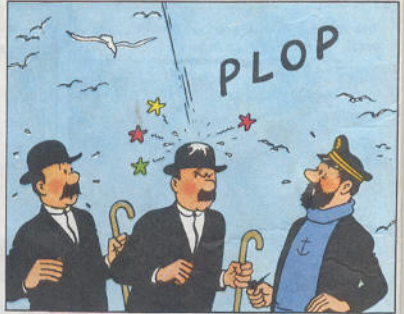


Well... we can only wait until they've finished.



I say, Captain, just what is that stuff, guano?

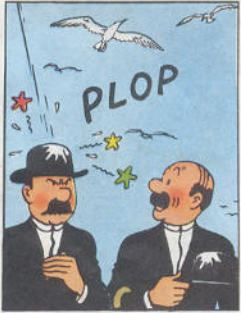
Guano?... Er... How shall I put it?...



Guano?... Well, there's a free sample!



So you think that's funny, eh?... A brand new hat!... Ha ha; very amusing.



Captain... The "Pachacamac" is hoisting more flags!





Billions of blue bubonic barnacles! She'll be quarantined!



Are they celebrating the captain's birthday?

Putting a ship in quarantine, you landlubber, means keeping her in isolation for some time, to avoid risk of infection.



There's the launch coming back...



Well, doctor?

Two cases of yellow fever on board. I've ordered three weeks' quarantine.



You heard?... I'm terribly sorry about that... You'll just have to be patient.

Yes... obviously. Tell me, isn't that doctor an Indian?



A Quichua, as a matter of fact. Why?

Oh, no reason. I just wondered.



A little later...

Thundering typhoons! Three weeks... Three weeks without knowing whether Calculus is even aboard that blistering bathtub!



There's no question of waiting three weeks... We're going to find out tonight!

What do you mean, tonight?



Tonight! I shall go aboard the "Pachacamac".

Tonight?... You?... What about the yellow fever, stupid?... Have you forgotten?



Captain, I'll bet anything you like that every man aboard the "Pachacamac" is as fit as you and me.



But thundering typhoons, the doctor definitely said...

The doctor is an Indian, Captain... a Quichua Indian... Doesn't that mean anything to you?...



Night has fallen...

Stop! We won't go any further...
We might be seen.

Right... You're quite sure?
I told you, there are
sharks around here...



Nuts to the sharks! Anyway,
they should be fast asleep at
this hour, like everyone else!

Just as you
like...



There... You know the drill, don't you:
if I'm not back in a couple of hours,
inform the police... Goodbye, Captain.
And you be a good boy, Snowy.

Good luck,
Tintin.



Thundering typhoons!...
There's no stopping him!



Now comes the most
difficult part ...



¿Qué pasa,
ahí abajo?...





¿Quiénes?



Crumbs! Somebody else!



There's nothing for it... into this cabin, quick!



All's well, he didn't see me... He's going past...



¿Qué ha pasado, Chiquito? ...

No es nada, debe de ser el gato...



Fine! They think it's a cat!



He's going back into his cabin... He's shut the door... Whew! ...



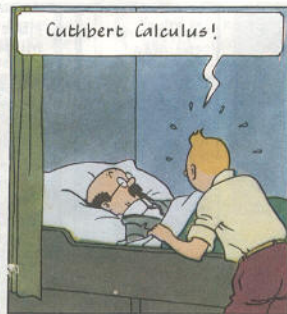
Someone's in that bunk. I must get out of here!



Excuse me... A little further to the west!



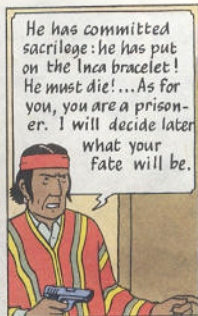
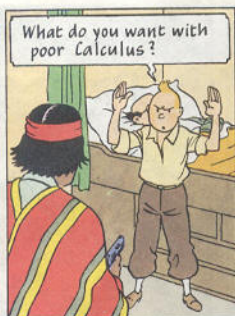
There's only one person in the world who talks like that ...and that is ...



Cuthbert Calculus!



Professor!... Professor! ... Wake up!... It's me, Tintin! Please, please wake up!



Thundering typhoons!... Those guano-gatherers are murdering Tintin!



Iconoclasts!... Pirates!... Just a few more strokes...



... and someone's going to get it in the neck!



Wooah! Wooah! Blistering barnacles!



Wooah! Wooah! And you shut up, you sea-lion, you!



Ah, there's Tintin.



Quick, climb aboard... Not hurt, are you?



No, not a scratch... But let's get out of here, fast!

Calculus is on board, Captain, I saw him. They're going to put him to death. They say he committed sacrilege by wearing an Inca bracelet.



Back to the shore! We must get reinforcements!



You dash back to the town and alert the police. I'll stay here and keep watch.



No sleep for us tonight, Snowy.



I might've guessed!

All quiet. But after what's happened they're bound to make a move... Yes, they're launching a boat. I hope the Captain gets help quickly...



A 'phone box, at last!



Hello... Yes... Police Headquarters... What?... You want to talk to the señor Chief Inspector?... At this hour? Have you gone crazy?... The señor Chief Inspector is asleep!



Thundering typhoons, I know that! If he wasn't asleep you would n't have to wake him up!... Tell him it's very, very urgent!

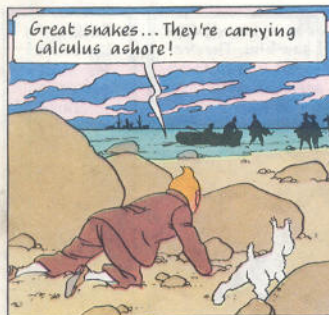


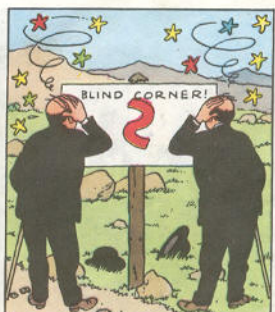
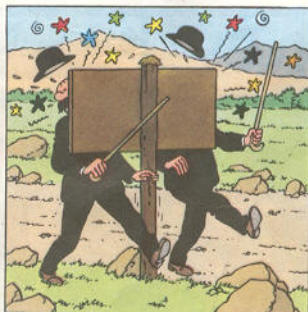
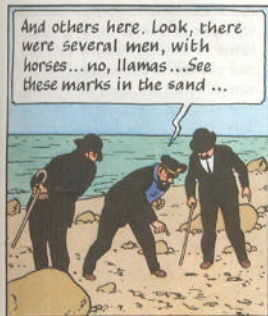
You're breaking my heart!... Look, it may be urgent, but nobody wakes the señor Chief Inspector at four a.m.!

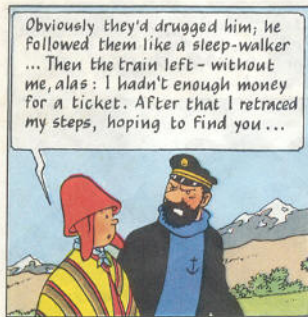
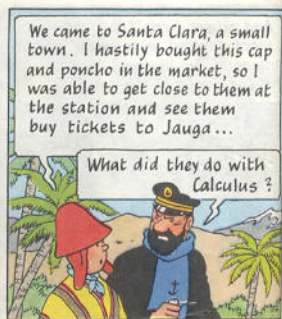
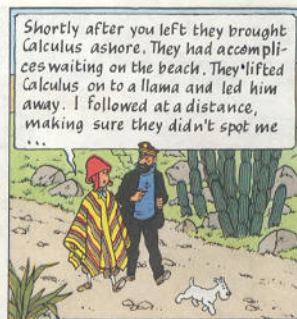


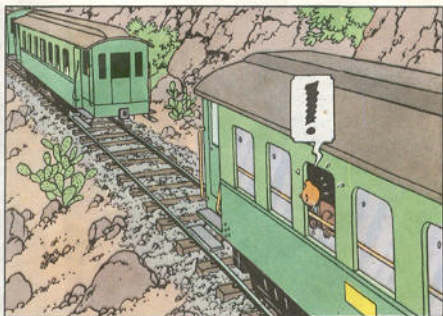
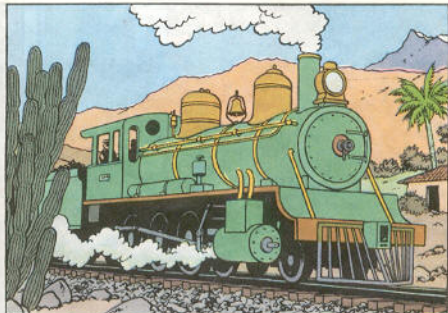
But you must wake him, I tell you, it's... Hello... Hello... Hello... The blistering blundering bird-brain, he's hung up!







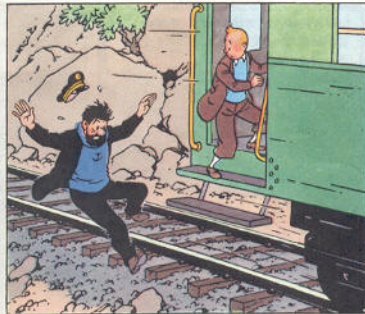




Captain, get out, quick! The coupling has broken and our coach is running away!



Quick, jump!



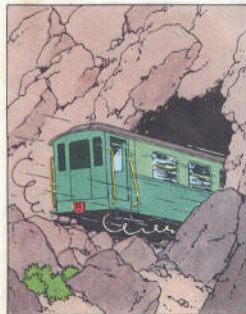
My turn ... Now for it!



Great snakes! I've forgotten...



Billions of blistering barnacles! Why doesn't he jump?



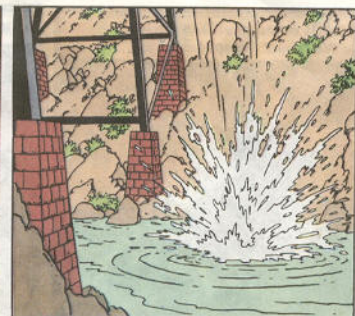
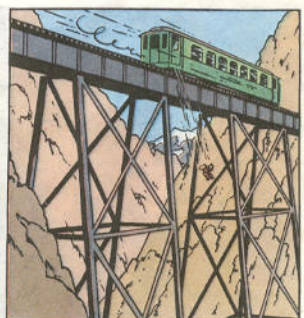
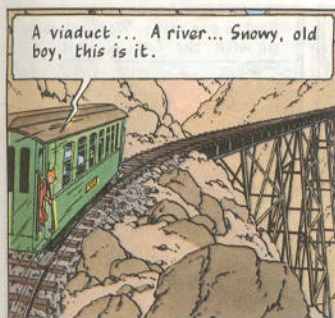
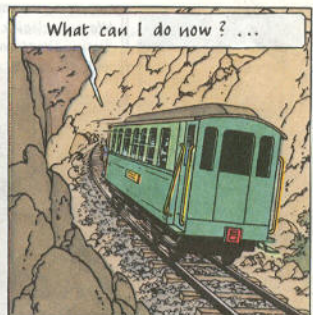
Crumbs! A tunnel! Snowy! Snowy!

Oww!



Snowy! ... Snowy!







Tintin!... Where is Tintin?

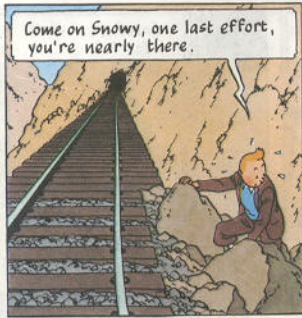


We can thank our lucky stars we got out of that, Snowy!

You're telling me!



First let's get dry... Then we must try to find the Captain...



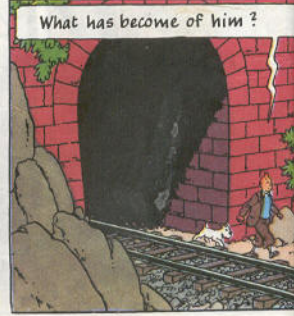
Come on Snowy, one last effort, you're nearly there.



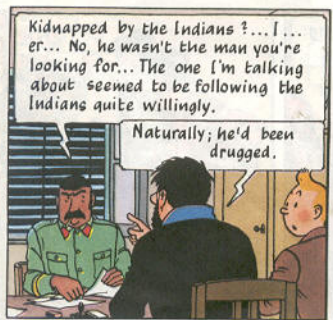
Now, on our way. We must join up with the Captain.

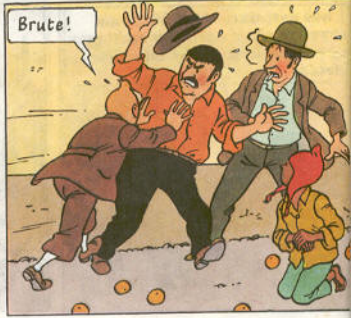
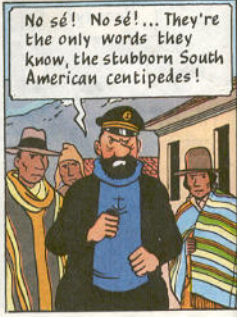


Still no sign... Was he hurt when he jumped?



What has become of him?







You not look this way ... You tie up your shoelace ...



I know where your friend is prisoner... You buy guns and come tomorrow, at sunrise, to Bridge of the Inca... You understand?... Bridge of the Inca... You go now.



Fantastic! A guide, straight out of the blue!



What if it's a trap?



You listen to me, señor ...



I see you go to help Indian boy... You are good... You are brave ...



Er... I ... Who are you?

I speak wise words ... You not go in search of your friend, otherwise you meet many dangers.



How do you know?

I know, señor... You remember train that ran away... You have good luck that time... But you not always have good luck... You listen to me: you not go...



I can't abandon my friend - but thank you, anyway.

That is very foolish choice... You still then take this... Very good, help you in danger ...



A little medal ... a talisman. What do you ...



Next morning, at dawn ...



Blistering barnacles, why doesn't he show up, this guide of yours?

Pssst... Psssst!



Quick, señores! ... You come now!



Careful, be on your guard!



Why, it's the little orange-seller ... the one I told you about.



So it was you ...

Yes, I talk to you yesterday, from behind wall ... If Indians see me speak to you, they kill me at once ... You come now ...



You wait for me on other side of bridge ... I come back quick.



Where's he off to?

I don't know. He told us to wait.



Thundering typhoons! Llamas!

To carry supplies, señores ... Journey very long!



This is too much! ... If you think I'm travelling around with this pair of perambulating fire-pumps, you're very much mistaken!

Llamas very gentle, señor. You not be afraid.



Afraid?... Me?... Afraid of these moth-eaten imitation camels?... I've only got to look them straight in the eye and they'll be eating out of my hand!



Like that... there!



YEEEEOW!



You miserable iconoclast!

You not hit him, señor.





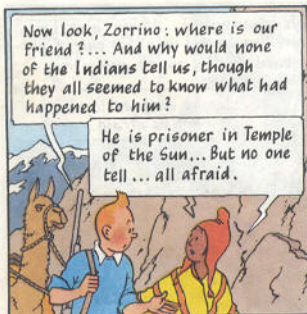
When llama angry ...

B blistering barnacles, I know! ... When llama angry, he always do that!



Come on, we've wasted enough time. ... Are we ready, er...? Look, we don't even know your name ...

Zorrino, señor.



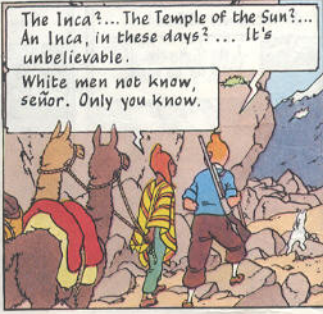
Now look, Zorrino: where is our friend?... And why would none of the Indians tell us, though they all seemed to know what had happened to him?

He is prisoner in Temple of the Sun... But no one tell ... all afraid.



Afraid? Of whom?

Afraid of Inca, señor. Vengeance of Inca terrible when Indian tell white man what white man must not know.



The Inca?... The Temple of the Sun?... An Inca, in these days?... It's unbelievable.

White men not know, señor. Only you know.



Thanks to you, Zorrino; but aren't you afraid of the Inca, too?

Alone, I afraid; with you, I not afraid!



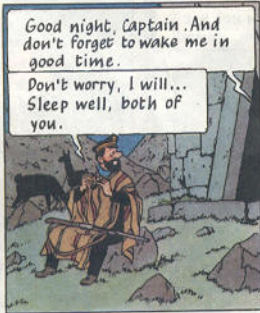
That evening ...

There is chulpa, señor, old Inca tomb. We spend night there, go on again in morning.



I'll stand the first watch. At about midnight I'll wake you, and you can take over.

Right.



Good night, Captain. And don't forget to wake me in good time.

Don't worry, I will... Sleep well, both of you.

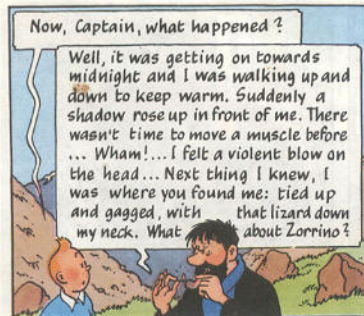


Good night, Zorrino.

Good night, señor Tintin.









Help! he's fallen!... Ah, he's getting up... But they caught him!



Here comes the last one... The others are out of sight... Now!



What's going on down there?



You tell, where is your friend? ... Where Tintin?



No sé!

You know... You tell us; otherwise, you die.



Fiddle-de-dee to you ... and abracadabra ... and hocus pocus...

And fee-fi-fo-fum... And since you're so worried about my friend Tintin, take a look behind you!



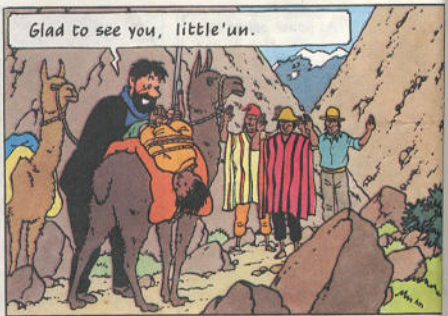
All right, you thugs... Hands up!



Captain, will you disarm that Indian?... That's fine... Now if you'll untie Zorrino, I'll keep an eye on them...



Glad to see you, little'un.



All right?



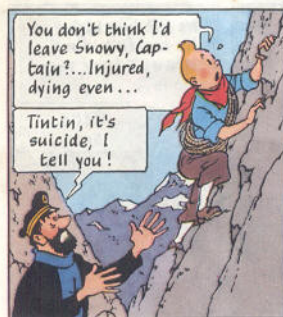
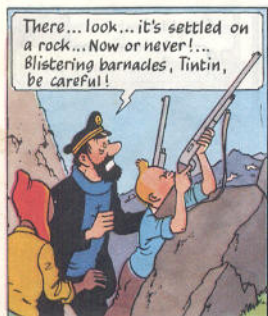
Good!... That's disposed of them!



Señor!!







Whew! What a relief!
He's safe... for the
moment at least. Now
he's got to come down...



Why couldn't you have
answered, eh?... You're
incorrigible! ... Now,
sit still!



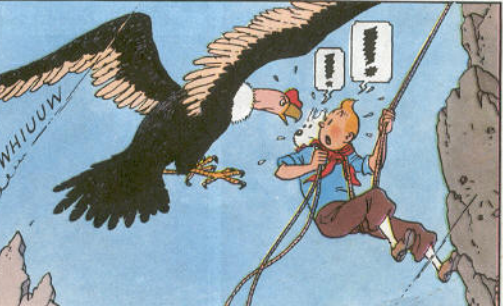
This is it ... down we go,
gently now...



Dooh! I feel so
giddy! ... Why
did I look?



Thundering typhoons!...
Look, Zorrino! There!
... Another condor!
Quick, my rifle!



Missed, by thunder!
... And I can't fire
again now: the
condor has got
him!



Oh, Tintin! Tintin!
... He'll be forced
to let go!



It's all or nothing ...
I've no choice...



Blistering barnades,
what's going on?...
He's hanging on to the
condor's legs! ... By
thunder, what next?



Golly, a
helicopter!







We ought to rub him briskly with alcohol... if we had some!... Ah, I'll bet he has a flask in his hip-pocket.



There ... I knew it!



Let's see now...



Whisky... Fine!



?



!!!



?



Wait, Captain, not so fast! ... Don't drink it all!



See, señores... Llamas not dead!



Good!... Hic... Fine! ... I... I... I'll P-F-Fetch them.

No, no, Captain! I'll go!



Y-you shut up, or I'll s-s-squeeze the mountain down! I... I... I s-s-started...hic...all this...hic... s-s-s... so I'll P-F-Finish it!



But...

C-come here, you raggle-taggle ruminants!... H-here!



Y-you cushion-footed quadrupeds!... They run off as soon as I get near!... But I'll fix them!



C-come here you morons, and jump to it!...

As if he hasn't done enough damage already!



Look, there!... They must have been caught in an avalanche: only two of them left.

All the better: easier for us to deal with them! Come on!



I must be s-s-seeing things...d-down there!...The Indians who kidnapped Zorrino!



Get going, filibusters! ... Buzz off, you weevils!



Be off with you, slubberdegullions!

What's he shouting at now? Let's see.



Patagonians! ... Bashi-bazouks! ... Carpet-sellers! ... Kleptomaniacs! ...

Go on! ... Fire!

Wait till he gets closer.



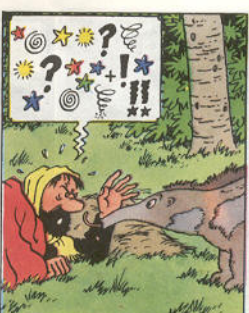






Blistering barnacles!...
Howling monkeys!... So
you think
that's funny,
eh, pithec-
anthropic
mountebanks!







It's all right... It was only Zorrino breaking a dead branch.

You come, señores. I find canoe.



Watch out, shipmates, this is going to be hot! ...Here they come! They've spotted us!



Loathsome brutes! Let me polish them off!

No, no! It's a waste of ammunition.



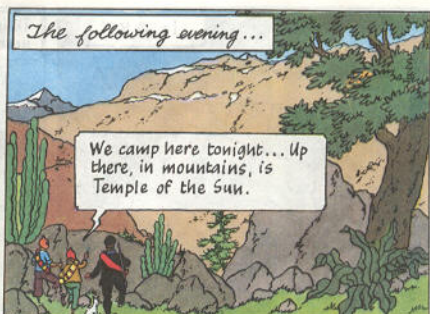
This beastly steaming jungle! ... Will it never end?

Tomorrow we leave forest, señor Captain.



The following evening...

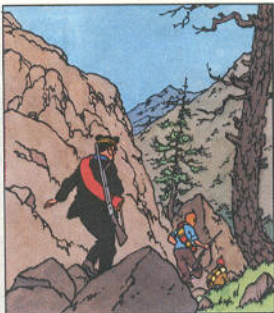
We camp here tonight... Up there, in mountains, is Temple of the Sun.



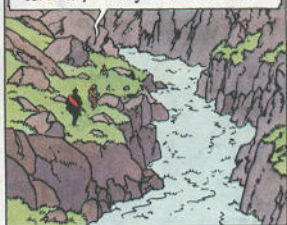
Next morning ...

OFF we go! ... I say, where did you find that rope?

For certain we need ropes ... I make them from jungle creepers.



What a torrent! We can't cross here: we'll have to try further up. The Temple of the Sun certainly has good defences!



Two days later ...



There's nothing for it, Captain: this is the only place... You see that spike of rock over there ... We must try to lasso it with a rope.

Right!



Here goes!



O.K. I've fastened this end to a tree ... Now, who's first?



Hooray! Got it!

Zorrino, with señor Tintin's gun, to test rope!



He's got guts, that boy!

Be careful, Zorrino!



Is O.K.!

Fine ... my turn next ...

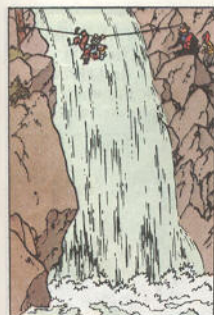


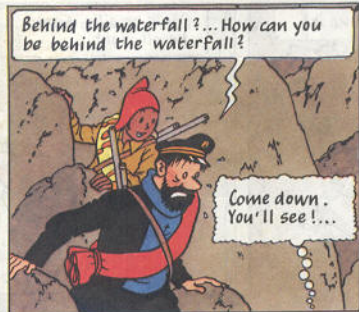
Thundering typhoons! You need a cool head for this!



Blue blistering barnacles!









That's tight enough...
I'll sling it to you.



Splendid!



Secure the end of the rope to a rock.
I'll do the same at this end.

O.K.



All Fast here!



Fine! Now, come on
and join me here.



W-w-what?... We join you?... Don't
you mean the other way round?

No, no! Hang on tight
to the rope and
plunge through the
waterfall... You'll
see, it's only a
thin curtain of
water.



But... but... you're quite sure...

Yes, yes!
Come on!



Davy Jones, here I come!



You see?



Blistering barnacles!
Where are we?

Wait while I
call Zorrino...



It's incredible!... Extraordinary!...
Amazing!... Fantastic!

Your turn,
Zorrino!



There you
are!

All together again, Zorrino!

Tintin!... Oh, Tintin!
... Zorrino was so
afraid. You not hurt?



No, not a scratch... I fell into the water and was sucked under... Then I don't know what happened... I was whirled around, and when I came to the surface I found myself in here.



It seems incredible, but I think I've stumbled on an entrance to the Temple of the Sun... so ancient that even the Incas themselves have probably forgotten all about it... Anyway, we'll soon see.



Blistering barnacles! It'll be as dark as the belly of a whale in there!

I thought so too. But I had a look. The rock is covered with some sort of phosphorescence which gives a little light. Shall we go?



No noise, now! ... Careful!
... I've got a hunch we're nearly at the end of our journey.



Calculus, here we come!



Where's this leading us?



If we keep going we'll soon see...



Now we're in trouble... The passage is blocked... There's no way of getting through.



The roof-fall was probably caused by an earthquake: they're pretty frequent in South America... Anyway, we're sunk now... unless...

Woah!
Woah!



I've found the emergency exit!



Snowy seems to be on to something... It looks as though there's a way through there. Hold these, Zorrino, I'm going to try...



Any good?

I hope so.







You give me guns, señor Captain.

Here you are.



Here guns, Tintin.

Thanks, Zorrino.



Oh! Place of dead man, here!

Yes, Zorrino, there is no other way ...



It's my turn now...



! ? TOOOOT



Crumbs! That noise came from Snowy! What happened?

Golly! What-ever next? A musical bone!



Dead man's flute, Tintin ... Incas make pipes from bones and put in tomb.

A flute carved out of a tibia... And Snowy blew it by mistake...



Hey, Captain, where are you?



Blistering barnacles! A tomb!...This is cheerful, I must say!

There wasn't any other way through, Captain.



Look here, did you drag me along just to meet these two jolly zombies?



No, no, Captain. There's something else. I'm sure we're nearly there. You see this slab? We must try to push it over. Behind it there might be ...

What a hope!



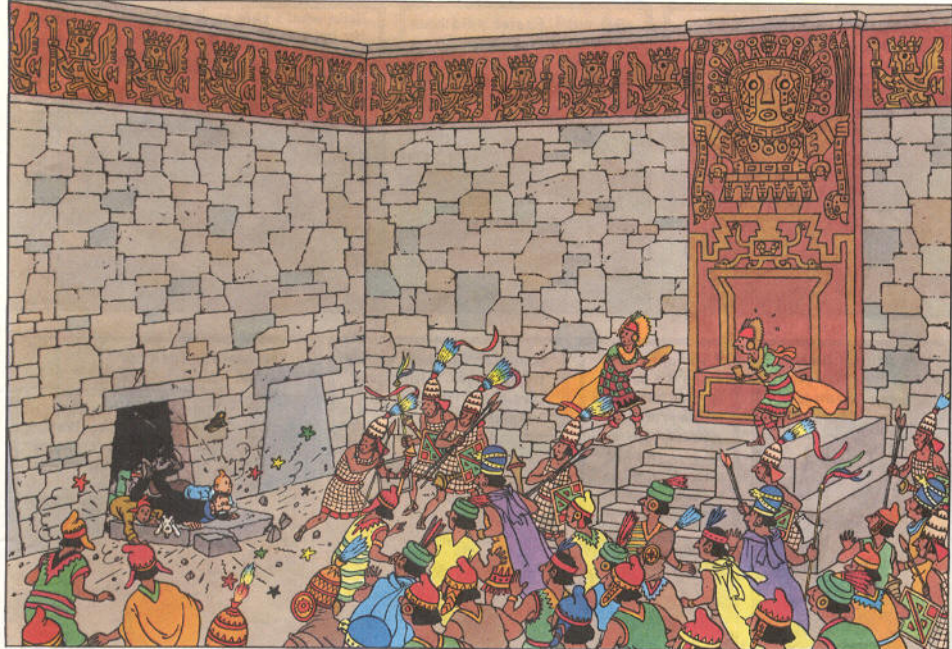
Come on now... One...two...three... Heave!



Splendid!... It moved!... Again: One...two...three... Heave!



!



Sacrilege! ... Seize them!



Stand back, anachronisms! ... Keep off, you imitation Incas, you!



Tramps! ... Zapotecs! ... Pockmarks! ... Pithecanthropuses! ... Bashi-bazouks! ... Let me go, you savages!



Good! Now, hold them prisoner until we bring them before the Inca!



Sea-gherkins!... Ectoplasms!...
Potroons!... Politicians!.. Dory-
phores!... Terrorists!

Don't cry, Zorrino... We'll
get out of this, you'll see...

Get out? Easier said than
done... Poor Zorrino!

Hello, what's this at
the bottom of my
pocket?

Ah, yes, the little
coin that Indian
gave me in Jauga
... I'd forgotten all
about it.

"You still go, then
take this... Very good,
help you in danger!"

I wonder... per-
haps it's some
sort of talisman
which protects
whoever possess-
es it... In that
case it might
save the life of
one of us...

Look, Zorrino, here's some-
thing for you... Take good
care of it: it might be
very useful.

You come... The Inca
waits.

Oh! He waits,
does he?... Well,
I've got a thing or
two to say to his
lordship!

Keep calm, Captain! Keep calm, I
implore you...

Great snakes!
The Inca!

Look at that
Indian on the left
... It's Chiquito,
General Alcazar's
music-hall partner
... The man I saw on
the Pachacamac."

Strangers, it is our
command that you re-
veal by what trickery
you have entered the
Temple of the Sun.

I... er... Noble
Prince of the
Sun, we found
the entrance
quite by chance,
when I was swept
into a waterfall.

Be that as it may, our laws
decree but one penalty.
Those who violate the
sacred temple where we pre-
serve the ancient rites of the
Sun God shall be put to death!

Be put to death! ... D'you really think we'll let ourselves be massacred, just like that, you tin-hatted tyrant?!

Captain, please! Keep quiet!



Noble Prince of the Sun, I crave your indulgence. Let me tell you our story. We have never sought to commit sacrilege. We were simply looking for our Friend, Professor Calculus...



Your friend dared to wear the sacred bracelet of Rascar Capac. Your friend will likewise be put to death!



Blistering barnacles, you've no right to kill him! No more than you have a right to kill us, thundering typhoons! It's murder, pure and simple!



But it is not we who will put you to death. It is the Sun himself, for his rays will set alight the pyre for which you are destined.



As for this young Indian who guided these strangers and thus betrayed his race, he will suffer the penalty reserved for traitors! ... He will be sacrificed immediately on the altar of the Sun God!



Billions of blue blistering barnacles! The first one who touches a hair of that boy's head is a dead duck!

Grrr!...



Great snakes! I just remembered! Your medal, Zorrino! ... Show them!



Where did you steal that, little viper?



I not steal, noble Prince of the Sun, I not steal! ... He give me this medal! ... I not steal!



And you, Foreign dog, where did you get it? Like others of your kind, you robbed the tombs of our ancestors no doubt!



Noble Prince of the Sun, I beg leave to speak...



It is I, noble Prince of the Sun, who gave the sacred token to this young stranger.



You, Huascar? ... A high priest of the Sun God, you committed sacrilege and gave this talisman to an enemy of our race?



He is not an enemy of our race, noble Prince of the Sun... with my own eyes I saw him go alone to the defence of this boy, when the child was being ill-treated by two of those vile foreigners whom we hate. For that reason, knowing that he would face other great dangers, I gave him the token. Did I do wrong, illustrious Prince?



No, Huascar, you did nobly. But your action will save only this young Indian, for his life is protected by the talisman.



It will not save the young stranger; by his generosity he forfeited his only safeguard. Our laws are explicit: he will be put to death with his companion.



Nevertheless, I will grant them one favour...

I knew it: his bark's worse than his bite!



It is this: Within the next thirty days, they must die. But they may choose the day and the hour when the rays of the sacred Sun will light their pyre.



...They must give their answer tomorrow. As for this young Indian, he will be separated from his companions and his life will be spared. But he will stay within our temple until he dies, lest our secrets be divulged.



Now, let the strangers be taken away and kept in close confinement until tomorrow. The Prince of the Sun has spoken!



Well, we're in up to our necks, this time!

I know... But I'm glad Zorrino's safe, anyway.



Bunch of savages! ... What I need is a pipe to calm my nerves... Where is it?... Ah, got it... Hello, what's this?



Oh yes, I remember... the newspaper we saved to light a fire.



Well, we shouldn't be needing that now... There'll be a fire all right...



But, thundering typhoons, we shouldn't be lighting it!



How do we get out of here?



These bars, perhaps? ...
No, they're firmly fixed...



Anyway, even if
we did manage to
shift them, this
window overlooks
a precipice.



Blistering barnacles! I've
lost my matches!



Give me your pipe, Captain.
I've got a little magnify-
ing-glass.

A magnifying-
glass?



Why, it's alright!

Yes, look... that's
done it.



Easy as winking!...
It's amazing!...
Marvellous!



Marvellous, yes... And that's precisely how
the Incas will light up their bonfire
when they set about roasting us.



...Unless they use para-
bolic mirrors, like Archi-
medes when he burnt
the Roman ships besieging
Syracuse.

My pipe!



My pipe!... My
poor pipe!...
Blistering barna-
cles, it's
broken!



Hello, Showy, what are
you doing? Where did you
find that paper?



Meanwhile, in Europe...

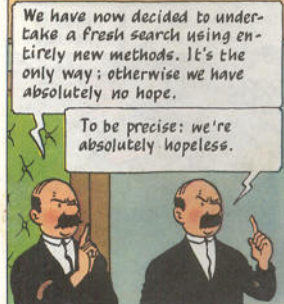
We've searched South America from top
to bottom, sir, without result. We
lost all trace of Tintin, the Captain
and the Professor.



To be precise: we
got lost.

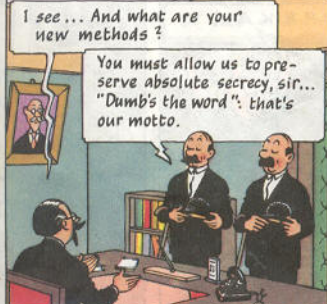
We have now decided to under-
take a fresh search using en-
tirely new methods. It's the
only way; otherwise we have
absolutely no hope.

To be precise: we're
absolutely hopeless.



I see... And what are your
new methods?

You must allow us to pre-
serve absolute secrecy, sir...
"Dumb's the word": that's
our motto.



Dowsing, my dear Thompson, like
Professor Calculus; that'll put us
on their track.





Now, will you kindly explain what this is all about?

Not yet, Captain, not yet. But you can be sure of one thing: there's nothing to worry about!



Nothing to worry about! ... Not a sausage! ... We're only going to be roasted alive in eighteen days' time; apart from that, there's nothing to worry about! ... To be precise, as Thompson and Thomson would say, nothing at all!



Time goes by...

Only seven more days... Thundering typhoons, we're in a real jam!



Next morning...

How can we get out?... Who can help us?... Zorrino, perhaps...



The next day...



It's a fine time for gymnastics! Blistering barnacles, here we are with five days to live, and you do morning exercises!



Why not, Captain? One must keep fit.



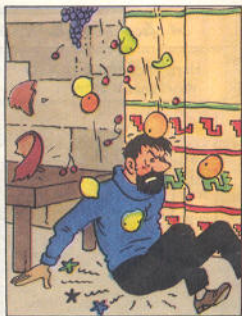
Keep fit! Keep fit! ... Thundering typhoons! I don't need exercises to keep me fit! ... I'll show you just how fit I am: at my age, too!



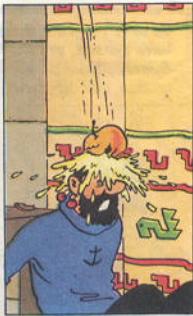
Watch this: a standing jump, feet together, clean over the table.



HUP!



So you think that's funny, eh?



Only four days left...

No one's going to say that I allowed myself to be roasted like a turkey on a spit! ... We must do something!

You know quite well that's impossible.



Only three days...

What can we do, thundering typhoons!?

Round and round...he's making me giddy!



Only two days to go...

How can you lie there, just lounging around! ... Billions of blistering barnacles! We must do something!

Trust me, Captain. In two days' time we'll be free.



One day left...

It's all over! ... Nothing to hope for! I never knew things could look so black!



At that moment...

According to the pendulum they're very low...



Next morning...

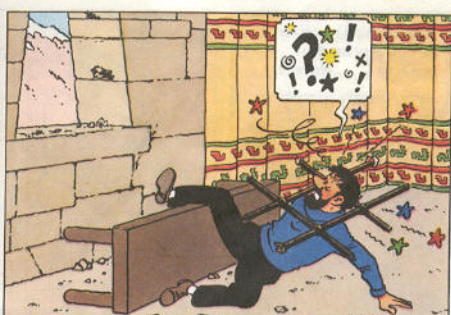
Only a few hours to live, and all you can do is read that bit of newspaper for the hundredth time!



"... The Swiss expedition is on its way to the Western Cordillera in the Andes. It will... The rest is torn away."



Blistering barnacles! If it weren't for these compounded bars I'd soon be out of here!



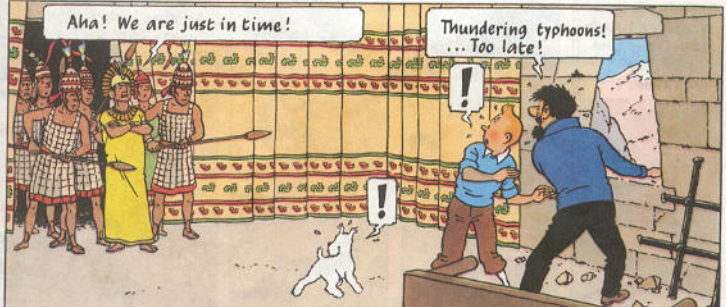
We're free! ... Tintin, we're free! ... Come on quickly, hurry! ... Out!

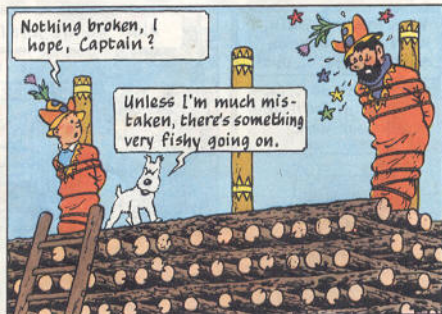
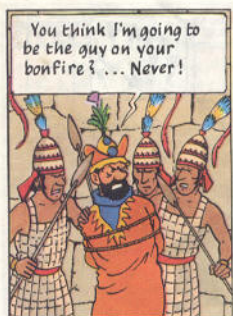
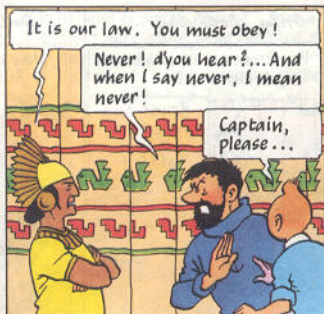
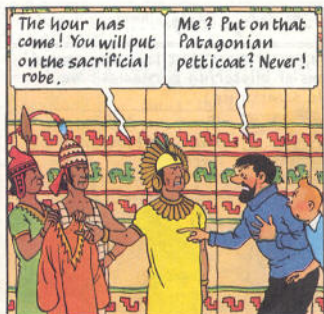
Don't do it, Captain! You'll break your neck!



Aha! We are just in time!

Thundering typhoons! ... Too late!







I wonder what that music is?

If you call it that!



BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM



Pacharurac-Pachacamac
Viracocha



Cayhinapac Churasunqui Camasunqui



Captain, there's Professor Calculus! ... Old Cuthbert, after our long search! ... Here he comes. They're going to tie him up beside us.



Why, Captain! ... What a delightful surprise! ... How are you?

Very well, thanks, as you can see!



And you too, my dear Tintin! ... I'm so pleased to see you again! ... But tell me, what is all this performance? ... Where are we?

With the Incas ...



Ah, the cinema! ... Good, I quite understand ... Some historical drama, no doubt ... Those people there are dressed like ... like Aztecs, I think ... Or rather, I should say, Incas.

Incas, exactly. Now you've got it.



Yes, their make-up is perfect ... And look at those dancers; so natural: who'd believe they are acting.

Supposing I'm wrong ...



Noble Prince, it is the hour of sacrifice!



Meanwhile ...

According to the pendulum, they should be in a very hot spot ...

Let the sacrifice begin!
... Let the High Priest
of the Sun advance
to the pyre!



What's that thing he's got
there?

That's the burning glass
to set our bonfire
alight.

No?



Let me go! You mustn't
kill them!



O Pachacamac, blessed lord of
the day, maker of earth, god of
life, strike now with thine
avenging rays!



Stay, Huascar! ... The Sun
God will not hear your
prayers!



O magnificent
Sun, if it is
thy will that
we should
live, give us
now a sign!



Silence, foreign
dog! How dare
you call upon the Sun?



O God of the Sun, sublime
Pachacamac, display thy
power. I implore thee!
... If this sacrifice is
not thy will, hide thy
shining face from us!



Poor Tintin, he's gone
off his head!

Not at all: your
hat is very chic.

I thank thee,
supreme majes-
ty! My prayer
is answered;
the darkness
moves across
thy face.



But... blistering
barnacles, he's
right! ... Have I
gone crazy too?
... It's magic!



What superb acting!
They look genuinely
terrified... And what
an idea to wait for a
real eclipse! Brilliant!



An eclipse! ... An eclipse!! ... An eclipse!!! ...

Wow-ow-
woo-
ow!

Don't be
An eclipse,
it is,

a-fraid,
that's all
Captain.



Mercy, O stranger, I im-
plore you! ... Make the Sun
show his light again, and
I will grant whatever
desire!



So be it, noble Inca.
I accept your word...
Have no fear: I will
entreat the Sun to
reappear.

Wow-ow-
ooowow!



O Sun, lord of the day, show
mercy, I pray thee... Pity thy
children and show thy light once
more!

Wow-ow-wow!



By Pachacamac!
The Sun obeys him!
... Quickly! Set
them free!



You see now, Captain?
The newspaper!

It's... it's
miraculous!



Supreme lord of the
day, we thank
thee for thy mercy!



"I've got the sun in the
morning..." 🎵 🎵

A little more
dignity, Captain,
as befits those
who command
the sun!



Meanwhile ...

Still nothing, yet the
pendulum shows they
are getting bumped
about!



Next day...

I keep my word, noble strangers: you are free... My men will escort you to the foot of the mountains.

Thank you, noble Prince, but I have one further request...



In my country there are seven learned men who are still, I imagine, enduring terrible torture because of you. By some means you have them in your power. I beg you to end their suffering.



These men came here like hyenas, violating our tombs and plundering our sacred treasures. They deserve the punishment I have meted out.



No, they did not come to plunder, noble prince of the Sun. Their sole purpose was to wake known to the world your ancient customs and the splendours of your civilisation.



So be it. I think you speak truth... It shall be done. Follow me, noble strangers, and in your presence I will put an end to their torment.



Each of these images represents one of the men for whom you plead. Here in this chamber, by our hidden powers, we have tortured them. It is here that we will release them from their punishment.

Witchcraft! ... I can't believe it! ... But the crystal balls: what were they for?



The crystal balls contained a mystic liquid, obtained from coca, which plunged the victims into a deep sleep. The High Priest cast his spell over them... and could use them as he willed.



Now I see it all! ... That explains the seven crystal balls, and the extraordinary illness of the explorers. Each time the High Priest tortured the wax images the explorers suffered those terrible agonies.



Destroy the images, Huaco!



At that moment, in Europe...

What am I doing here?



What's happened? ... How did I get into hospital? ...



Where are we, Carling?

That's what I'm wondering, Sanders.



You here, Reedbeck?

Clarkson! ... What in the world ...

How did I get here?



Next morning ...

So you've chosen to stay here, Zorrino ... We must say goodbye, then. Perhaps one day we shall meet again ...

Adios, amigo Tintin!

Before you leave us, noble strangers, I too have a favour to ask of you.

I know, noble Prince of the Sun, and you need have no fears about that ...

I swear that I will never reveal to anyone the whereabouts of the Temple of the Sun!

Me too, old salt, I swear too! ... May my rum be rationed and my beard be barbecued if I breathe so much as a word!

Me too; I swear I will never act in another film, however glittering the contract Hollywood may offer me. You have my word.

I know I can trust you. Ah, your guides ...

B blistering barnacles! More llamas!

Perhaps you would like to open one of the saddlebags?

Thundering typhoons! ... It's fantastic! ... Gold! ... Diamonds! ... Precious stones! ...

We thank you, noble prince of the Sun, but we cannot accept such magnificent gifts.

Unless you absolutely insist ...

Oh, they are nothing compared to the riches of the temple! ... Since I have your promise of silence, come with me ...



See! The treasure of the Incas, for which the Spanish conquerors searched in vain for so long!



It seems unlikely, but there is gold around here somewhere. My pendulum never lies.



Several days later...



Now, señores, we leave you here. You take the train and return to your own country... Adios, señores, and may the sun shine upon you!



Just a minute... Don't go...

Will you hang on to my gun for a second?



Of course, but what's up?

Water?... The Captain drinking water?... I'd never have believed the day would come!



Rum?... You think so?



I've nothing against you personally, but that pays a very old debt!



THE END