

HERGE

THE ADVENTURES OF

TINTIN

# PRISONERS OF THE SUN

HERGE



LITTLE, BROWN

# PRISONERS OF THE SUN



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?<sup>1</sup>

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.



<sup>1</sup> See The Seven Crystal Balls

A few minutes later...



Our lucky day! Just think, we're going to see old Cutbert 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 Cutbert again. Things are looking up!

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



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



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



Hoity toity! Aren't we grand!

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!



Perk up, Captain, don't look so gloomy. Remember, you said it yourself just now: things are looking up, we're going to see old Cuthbert again.



Hotel Cristobal Colon. Bueno ...



The next morning...

RRRING



Hello... yes, Tintin speaking ... Good morning, señor Chief Inspector... What? ... The "Pachacamac" is in sight? ... Fine! ... Quay No. 24 ... We'll be there right away.



A few minutes later ...

There's the Chief Inspector with his men, down on the quayside...



But... I must be seeing things ... Look!

Thomson and Thompson! What are those nitwits doing here?



You asked about your friends ... well, here they come.



What a coincidence!

Not at all. These gentlemen were sent out by the C.I.D. to help in the search for your friend.

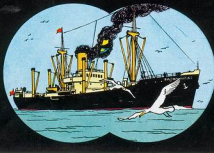


Now for the "Pachacamac". Where is she?

Out there, to the left of that little tug with the red funnel ...



Ah, now I've got it ... There she is... it's her all right... "Pachacamac" ... Let's hope old Calculus is on board!



Thundering typhoons!



Blistering barnacles!  
The "Fachacamac" 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.

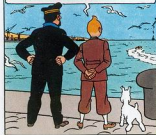
It's out of the question  
till the port  
health authorities  
have cleared her  
...



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

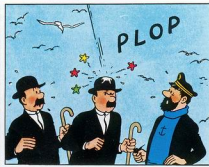


Well... we can only wait until  
they've finished.



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

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



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

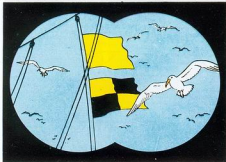


So you think that's  
funny, eh?... A brand  
new hat!... Ha ha; very  
amusing.



Captain... The  
"Fachacamac" 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.

Yee... 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?

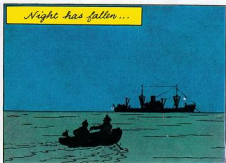


Captain, I'll bet anything you like that every man aboard the "Pachacamac" is as fit as you and me.



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...

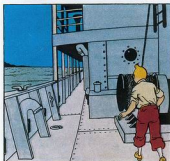
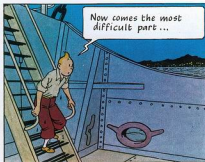
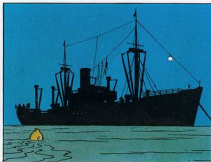
Nuts to the sharks! Anyway,  
they should be fast asleep at  
this hour, like everyone else!

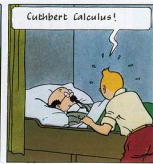
Just as you  
like...

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!









Nothing I can do... He's obviously been drugged!



Hello, whatever's that?... What's he got there, round his wrist?



The bracelet from the mummy!

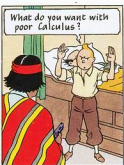


Si, the bracelet of Rascar Capac!



Why, it's... it's Chiquito!

Si, Chiquito.



What do you want with poor Calculus?



He has committed sacrilege: he has put on the Inca bracelet! He must die!... As for you, you are a prisoner. I will decide later what your fate will be.



Alonzo!



You there! Stop!



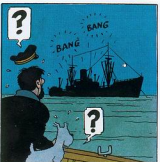
Great snakes, another!



Quick, over the side!



Little devil, you will pay for this!



?

?

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.



Wooah!

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 wouldn'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!



*Meanwhile ...*

The boat's getting nearer... Come on, Snowy, but don't show yourself. We're going to take a closer look at them...



I've got an idea ... I'll ring up the Thompsons... Four, two, eight ... That's it ...



That sounds like the telephone.

To be precise: the telephone.



Great snakes ... They're carrying Calculus ashore!



**RRRRING**

Are you going to answer it!

Me?... Certainly not ... how can I? I'm asleep!



Taking their time, the baboons!



**RRRRING**

You can't be asleep, you're talking to me!

You know very well that I talk in my sleep!



Blue blistering barnacles! I can't stand here all night!



Very well, I'll go. But next time, it's your turn!



Hello?... Hello, Thompson?... And about time too!... This is Captain Haddock ...



What?... Who?... Oh, yes, Captain Haddock... I ... What?... Calculus?... Where?... Yes... Right ... We'll come at once ...



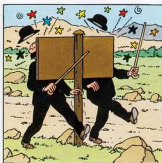
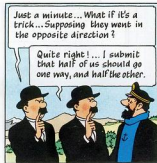
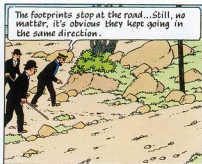
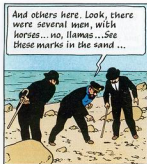
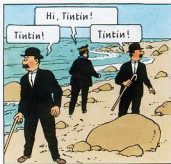
*Half an hour later...*

Nearly two hours since I left him... I hope he's all right.



There's our boat... I left Tintin here... But where is he?

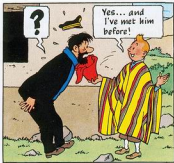




Many hours later...



Here, boy... Have you met anyone along this road - a young European, with a white dog?



Tintin!... You young rascal, you had me properly fooled!... Honestly, I'd never have recognised you... But why the disguise?

Come along... I'll explain.



Shortly after you left they brought Calculus ashore. They had accomplices waiting on the beach. They lifted Calculus on to a llama and led him away. I followed at a distance, making sure they didn't spot me...



We came to Santa Clara, a small town. I hastily bought this cap and poncho in the market, so I was able to get close to them at the station and see them buy tickets to Jauga...

What did they do with Calculus?



Obviously they'd drugged him; he followed them like a sleep-walker... Then the train left - without me, alas: I hadn't enough money for a ticket. After that I retraced my steps, hoping to find you...



Thundering typhoons!... The gangsters! Going off with Calculus!... But we'll catch the next train...

Of course! But unfortunately the train only runs every other day.



But why are you by yourself? Where are the police? Didn't you telephone them?

Still in bed... And the Thompsons are hot on your trail, somewhere...



Two days later...

Our seats are in the last coach, aren't they?

Sí, señor.



Lucky we arrived in good time: the train's going to be crammed.



No, no - it is impossible... You ask too much... [sighs] ...

It is big order - and you know what happens to those who disobey him...



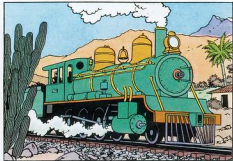
Half an hour later...



We're off... How odd: all that crowd of passengers, but not a soul has got into our compartment.



Have a good trip, señores!



The train steams on for several hours...



Excuse me: I'll be back in a minute.



It's a funny thing... D'you know, we're absolutely alone in this carriage.



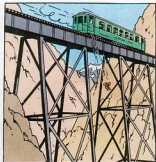
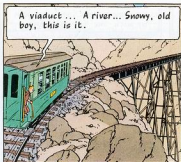
Strange... I say, while you were away I was looking at this travel guide. Imagine, on this line the train climbs to 15,865 feet over a distance of 108 miles... the highest railway in the world.



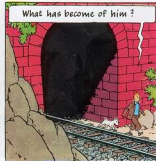
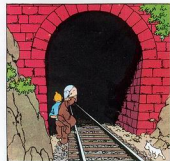
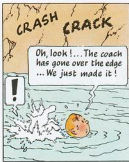
Hello, we're slowing down... I expect we're coming to a station.













Hooray!

Hooray!



Safe and sound!  
What an escape!



TOOOOT



Hey, stop!  
...Arrêbez!  
... Whoa!



You were in the runaway coach?  
... You were able to jump in  
time! ... How fortunate!



I am in charge at the next  
station... When the train arrived  
we found a coach missing ... I was  
most upset: it is the first  
accident we have had on this  
line ...

Accident? ... You  
mean attempted  
murder!



Attempted murder?...But  
that is impossible!

All the same, it's true.  
But don't let's waste  
time. We were going to  
Jauga ... Will you take  
us there ?



*Some hours later, in Jauga*

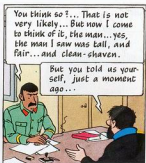
A short man, you say, with a little black  
beard, and glasses?... Yes, I think ...  
Wait... He was accompanied by some  
Indians, wasn't he?

You mean he was a prisoner  
of the Indians. Our friend  
has been kidnapped.



Kidnapped by the Indians?... I ...  
er... No, he wasn't the man you're  
looking for... The one I'm talking  
about seemed to be following the  
Indians quite willingly.

Naturally; he'd been  
drugged.

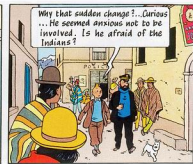


You think so?... That is not  
very likely... But now I come  
to think of it, the man... yes,  
the man I saw was tall, and  
fair... and clean-shaven.

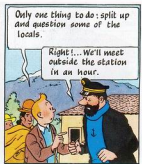
But you told us your-  
self, just a moment  
ago...



I was mistaken, that's all... I am  
sorry I can be of no further  
assistance to you, gentlemen... The  
interview is closed!



Why that sudden change?... Curious  
... He seemed anxious not to be  
involved. Is he afraid of the  
Indians?



Only one thing to do: split up  
and question some of the  
locals.

Right!... We'll meet  
outside the station  
in an hour.





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 go, 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 ...

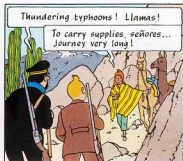


You wait for me on other side of bridge ... I come back quick.



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 those 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!



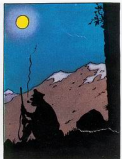
YEEEEOW!

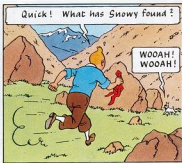


You miserable iconoclast!

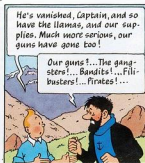
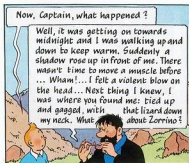
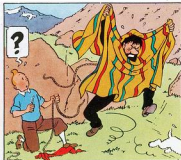
You not hit him, señor.











Snowy! ...  
Here, Snowy!



It's up to you now, Snowy  
... We've got to find Zorrino.  
Look, here's his cap ...  
Go on! ... Seek him!



Come on! ... AFTER him!



Hey, not so fast,  
you mountain  
goat, you!



Two hours later ...

Stop! There  
they are!



The path doubles back down  
there ... They'll pass  
directly below us ...



If we took a short cut  
down the cliff we could  
surprise them ... Stay  
here, Snowy ... Come on, Cap-  
tain!



Find some other way,  
Captain: this is too  
steep.



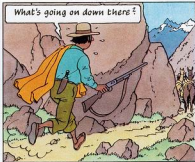
Just in time! ... Here they come! ... Care-  
ful, not a sound now ...



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

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

What's going on down there?





Come past me, Captain, while I cover you. You lot stay put!



Now then, get going down that path... Fast! The first one who stops or comes back is a dead duck!... O.K.?... On your way... and take your pal with you!



I said fast!

Is no hurry ...



I think they've got the idea! Now I'll rejoin the others.



You see, Zorrino, we didn't abandon you.

I know you save me. Where is Snowy?



We left him higher up: he couldn't climb down ... Look, there he is.

Hello, Snowy!



Woah!  
Woah!



Woah!  
Woah!



I've got a real bird's eye view!



Ooh! A Condor!



Wooaaah!



Thundering typhoons!

Heavens! What can we do?... I daren't shoot...



WOOAH!

Snowy! Oh, poor, poor Snowy!



There... look... it's settled on a rock... Now or never!... Blistering barnabeds, Tintin, be careful!



BANG

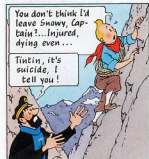


Hooray!



Quickly now! Ropes, and my scarf... I must go after Snowy ...

You can't go up there!



You don't think I'd leave Snowy, Captain?... Injured, dying even ...

Tintin, it's suicide, I tell you!



Snowy!... Snowy! ...No answer!



Snowy!... Snowy!



Not a sound!



Oh, it's you?... I say, these birds certainly know how to treat a guest!

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  
incurable! ... Now,  
sit still!



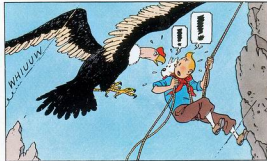
This is it... down we go,  
gently now...



Oook! 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!  
... He'll be forced  
to let go!



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



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



Golly, a  
helicopter!





Pirate! ... Doryphore! ... Gobbledygook!  
Just wait till I get you to the taxidermist,  
you bald-headed budgerigar!



*A little later ...*

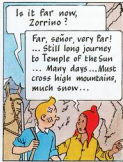


Blistering barnacles,  
what a country! ... Is  
there no end to this  
mountainous menagerie!



Is it far now,  
Zorrino?

Far, señor, very far!  
... Still long journey  
to Temple of the Sun  
... Many days ... Must  
cross high mountains,  
much snow ...



*Days go by ...*



*One morning ...*



Narrow gully, señor ...  
Is very dangerous ... You  
not make noise, you not  
speak ... otherwise  
avalanche come ...

O.K., little 'un.  
We'll watch it.



Brrr! It's freezing! ...  
You bet I'll catch a  
cold ... There, what did I  
say? ... Aaaaah! ...  
Aaaaah! ...



AAAAAAH ...



TCHOO



BRROOM  
BRROOM

An avalanche!









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!



Whisky... Fine!



Let's see now...



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



See, señores... Llamas not dead!



Good! ... Hic... Fine! ... I... I... I'll F-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-so I'll F-F-finish it!

But...



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



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



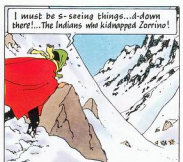
C-come here you morons, and jump to it! ...

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-seeing things...d-down there! ... The Indians who kidnapped Zorrino!

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



Be off with you, slubberdegullions!

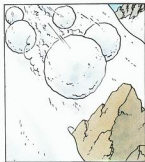
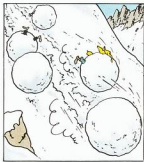
What's he shouting at now? Let's see.



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

Go on! ... Fire!

Wait till he gets closer.



You know, Zorrino, the Captain's guardian angel has a full-time job!



Nothing broken, Captain?... That's lucky... Well, I reckon we've seen the last of those ruffians... Now, let's get back to the path...



Yes, yes...

I say, where's Snowy?... I don't remember seeing him around for quite a while...

Snowy!... Snowy!...



Snowy!... Snowy!!... Where has he got to?



Good old Snowy! You've managed to dig out the Captain's cap.



We've found your cap; that's fine. But I'm afraid we've lost the llamas, and that means no more food, and no more ammunition...

No more ammunition?



You needn't worry about that. Look: two boxes of cartridges, here in my pocket.

What a bit of luck! If needs be we can shoot for the pot... And take care of that newspaper: we might need it to light a fire.



Many hours later...



You see, down there. Tomorrow we come into thick jungle.



Is the Temple of the Sun in the Forest?

No, señor, temple still far away. We go through jungle. Then more mountains.



Blistering barnacles! Is there no end to it? I've had about enough of this little jaunt, I can tell you!



Stop!... Look, there's a cave!... Why don't we spend the night here?



Perhaps, but...

Don't worry. I'll look it over first.









Tell me the truth. I can take it. I've been run over by a bus. Haven't I?

Rubbish, Captain. It was a tapir.

When tapir in hurry, señor, tapir go straight on. He not worry for things in path. But tapir is not wicked, señor, not hard to tame him.

I'm glad to hear it. All the same, I'll use my gun to tame the next joker who comes along.



I can tell you one thing. Next time I need a nice, restful holiday, I'll know exactly where to come!



Ouch! These beastly mosquitos!



Here is clearing. Good place to spend night.

Excellent idea ...



*Darkness falls...*



*Next day, at dawn ...*

ZZZZZ



ZZZZZ ZZZZZ ZZZZZ



Мммм... Snowy... Go away, Snowy... Leave me alone ...

?



EEK! HELP!



Hop it, you four-legged Tyrano!



Calm down, Captain: it's only a poor old ant-eater who wanted to say good-morning.

You covered with ants... Him look for break.



The days go by ...



Very soon, big river ... We must cross...

How? Do we swim?

Bloodsuckers!



You wait here, señor... Zorrino come back soon ...

Right.



How odd. Look at all those tree-trunks floating down the river.

Tree-trunks? Don't you believe it! They're alligators!



Alligators! ... Good heavens! I could have sworn ...

A natural mistake ... They don't fool me.



TINTIN! HELP!



I ... er ... thanks, Tintin ... er... you see, I ...

Quite, Captain! Anyway, he's quite harmless now... just like a tree-trunk.



CRACK

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.



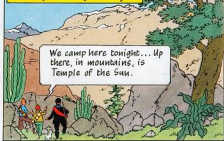
This beastly steaming jungle! ... Will it never end?!

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?

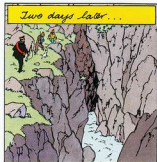
For certain we need ropes ...  
I make them from  
jungle creepers.



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...

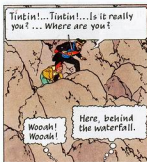
Thundering typhoons! You need a cool head for this!



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...



Wooh!  
Woook!

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.





O.K.?

So far so good...



?



I've just emerged in a sort of grotto... I'll see if there's any way of... OH!

Heavens! What's up?



!



[... um... er... Nice day, isn't it?



You... er... you speak English?... No!...  
¿Habla usted español?  
No?... Well, er... parlez-vous Français?... OH dear...



Great snakes! What a fool I've been... of course you don't speak.



?



Crumbs! Look what's tumbled down... the contents of a tomb!



My guess about an earthquake was right... Let's see what's beyond...



?



Inca mummies! We certainly are in a tomb!



[It might be possible to push this slab over... But I can't do it alone... I'll call the others...]

This chap looks pretty poorly.



Hey, Captain!... Zorrino!... Here, I need your help.

Right, we're coming.



You go first, Zorrino. Then I'll pass you the guns and the ponchos.









Sea-gherkins!... Ectoplasms!... Poltroons!... Politicians!... Doryphores!... Terrorists!

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



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



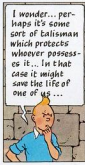
Hello, what's this at the bottom of my pocket?



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... perhaps it's some sort of talisman which protects whoever possesses it... In that case it might save the life of one of us...



Look, Zorrino, here's something 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 Clequito, General Alcazar's music-hall partner... The man I saw on the Pachacamac.



Strangers, it is our command that you reveal 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 preserve 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 Rasgar 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 shan't be needing that now... There'll be a fire all right...



But, thundering typhoons, we shan'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 magnify-  
ing-glass?



Why, it's aight!

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



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



Marvelous, 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 barn-  
acles, it's  
broken!



Hello, Snowy, 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  
undertake 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?

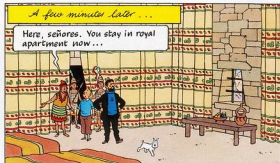
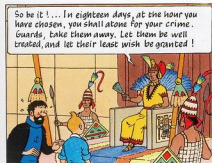
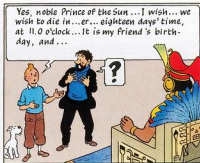
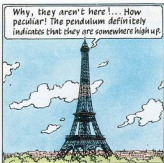
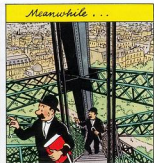
You must allow us to pre-  
serve absolute secrecy, sir...  
"Dumb's the word": that's  
our motto.



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!



My, my!



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 ...

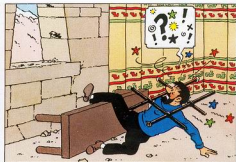
Only a few hours to live, and all you can do is read that bit of newspaper for the hundredth time!



"... 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 confounded 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!





The hour has come! You will put on the sacrificial robe.

Me? Put on that Patagonian petticoat? Never!



It is our law. You must obey!

Never! dyou hear?... And when I say never, I mean never!

Captain, please...



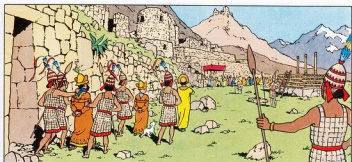
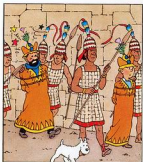
Let him be robbed for the sacrifice.



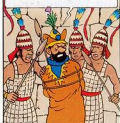
★ CRASH ★

Never!

★ CRACK BOOM ★



You think I'm going to be the guy on your bonfire? ... Never!



Whatever happens, I'm getting out of this madhouse!



Nothing broken, I hope, Captain?

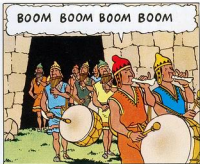
Unless I'm much mistaken, there's something very fishy going on.





I wonder what that music is?

If you call it that!



BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM



Pacharurac - Pachacamac  
Viracocha



Caythnapac Churasunqui Camasunqui



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



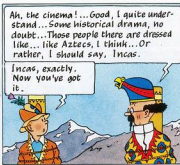
Why, Captain! ... What a delightful surprise! ... How are you?

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...



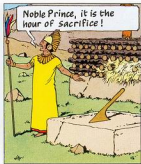
Ah, the cinema! ... Good, I quite understand ... Some historical drama, no doubt ... Those people there are dressed like ... like Aztecs, I think ... Or rather, I should say, Incas.

Incas, exactly. Now you've got it.

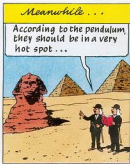


Yes, their make-up is perfect ... And look at those dancers: so natural: who'd believe they're acting.

Supposing I'm wrong ...



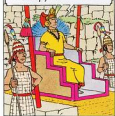
Noble Prince, it is the hour of sacrifice!



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.



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  
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!

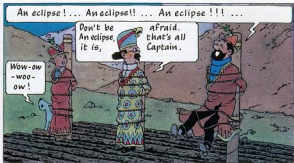


An eclipse! ... An eclipse!! ... An eclipse!!! ...

Don't be  
An eclipse,  
it is,

afraid.  
that's all  
Captain.

Wow-ow-  
woo-  
ow!



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

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 ...



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! ...

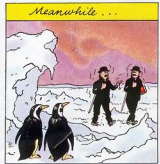


We thank you, noble Prince of the Sun, but we cannot accept such magnificent gifts.

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 Lucas, 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

