

HERGE THE ADVENTURES OF

TINTIN PRISONERS OF THE SUN



LITTLE, BROWN

PRISONERS OF THE SUN



At Police Headquarters in Callao, Peru...



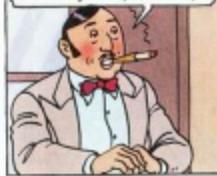
Haddock, a retired ship's captain, and Tintin, the reporter? Oh, yes, Interpol warned me they'd be coming. Send them in.



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?



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.



Kilikilikili!...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?



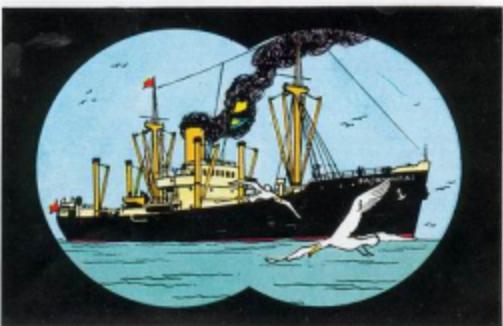
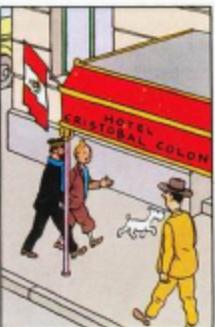
When llama is angry, señor, he always do that.

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"

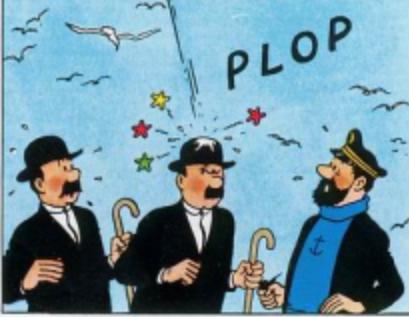


Well... we can only wait until they've finished.



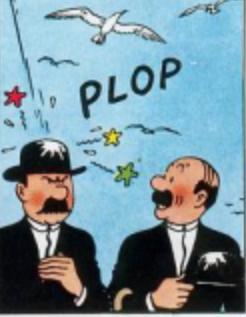
I say, Captain, just what is that stuff, guano?

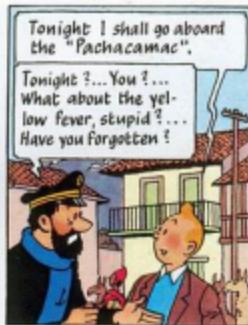
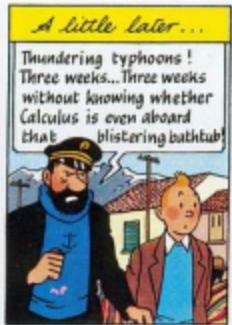
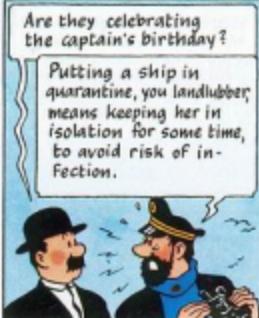
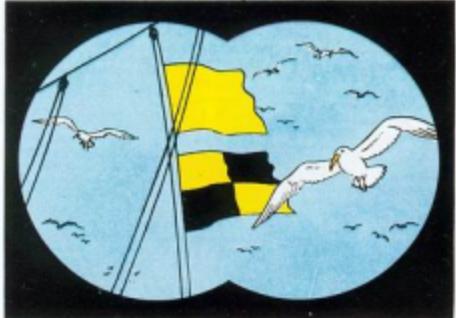
Guano?... Er... How shall I put it?...



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

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





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

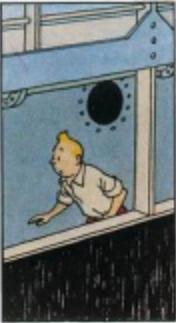
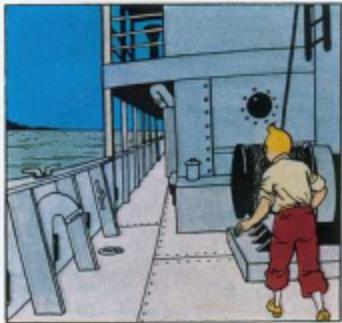
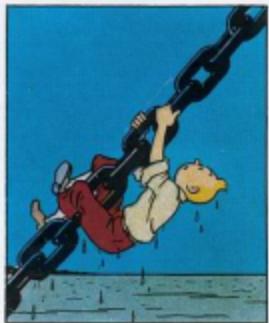
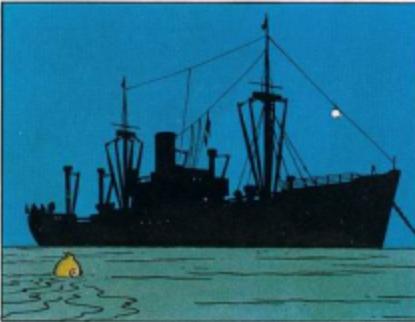
Right... You're quite sure?
I told you, there are
sharks around here...

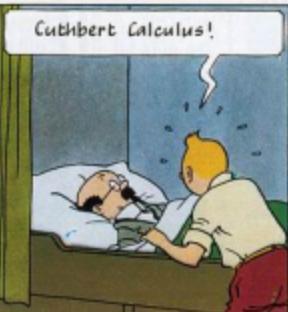
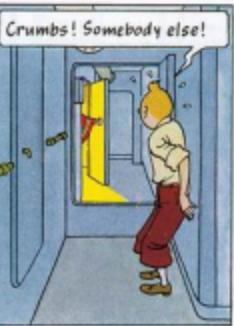
Nuts to the sharks! Anyway,
they should be fast asleep at
this hour, like everyone else!

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.





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!

?

BANG

?

BANG

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!



?

Wooh! Wooh!

Blistering barnacles!

Wooh! Wooh!

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

Ah, there's Tintin.

BANG

Wooh!

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 senior Chief Inspector?... At this hour?... Have you gone crazy?... The senior 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 senior 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!



RRRING

Are you going to answer it?

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



Taking their time, the baboons!



RRRING

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, Thomson?... 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 ...

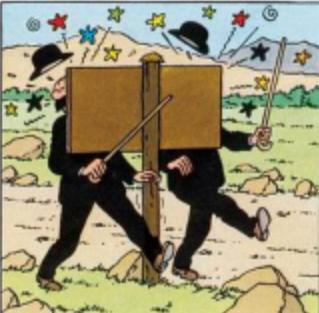
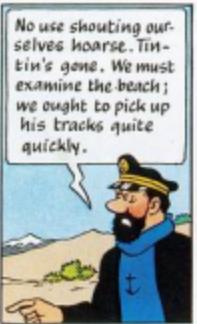
Half an hour later...

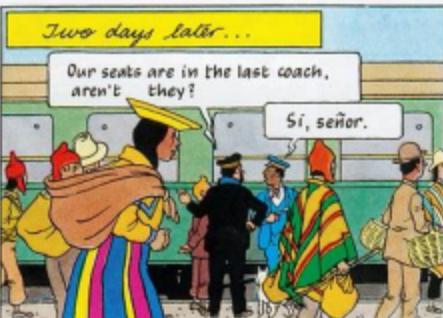
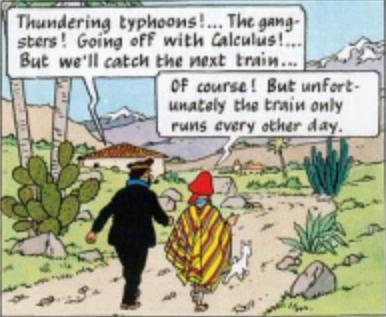
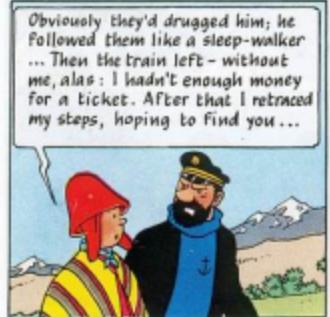
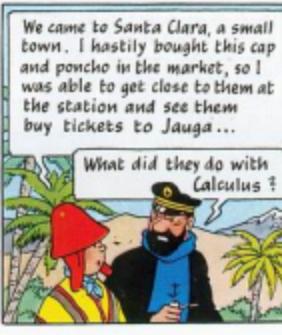
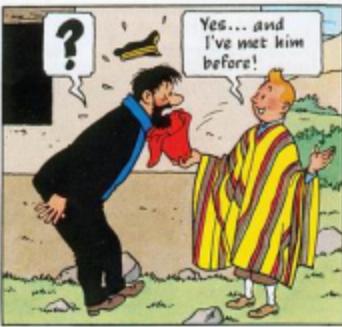
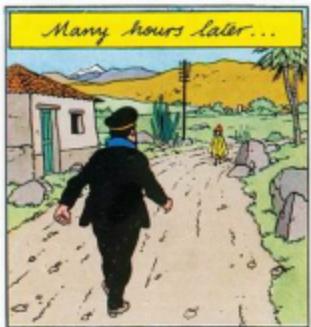
Nearly two hours since I left him... I hope he's all right.



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







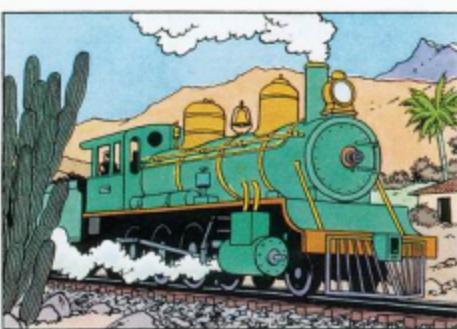
Lucky we arrived in good time : the train's going to be crammed.



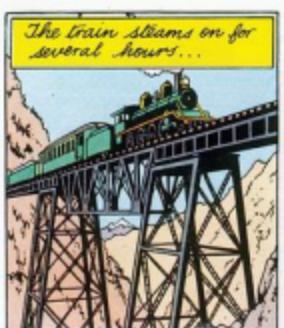
We're off... How odd : all that crowd of passengers, but not a soul has got into our compartment.



Have a good trip, señores!



The train steams on for several hours...



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.

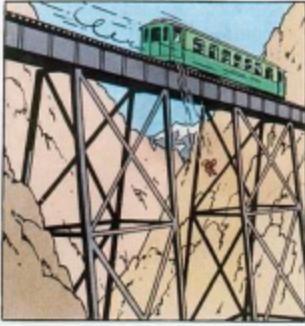
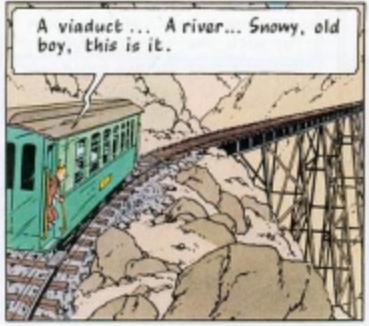
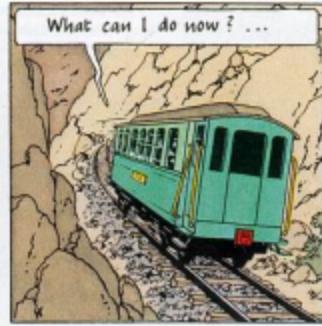
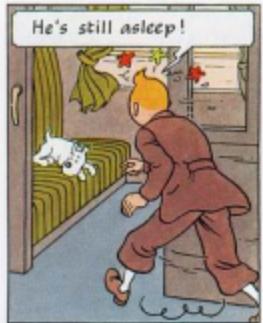


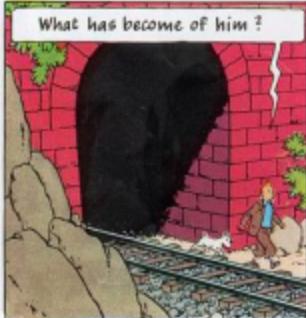
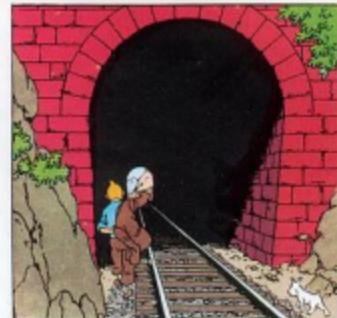
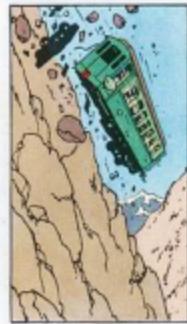
I'm not surprised : we've been going up steadily.

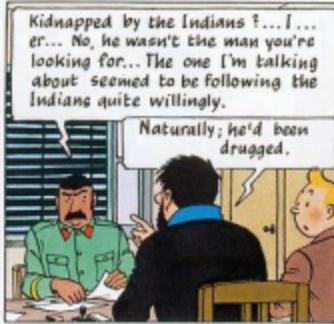


Half an hour later...









A short man, with a little beard, and wearing glasses... You see him?

No sé!

Short man... little beard... glasses... You see him?

No sé!

You see him?

No sé!

No sé! No sé!... They're the only words they know, the stubborn South American centipedes!



Aren't you ashamed? ...
Bullying a child like that?



O.K.! Take that!



Young swine, so
you'd... There!



You little rat, take
that!



I'll get you this time,
smart guy!



YEOW!

I never meant...



YEOW!

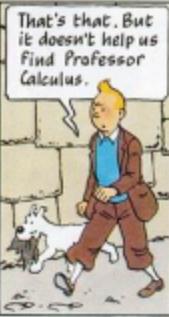
Wooh!
Wooh!



Snowy! ... Here,
Snowy! ... Enough!



That's that. But
it doesn't help us
Find Professor
Calculus.



Pssst!... Señor!... You
stop, señor... You listen
to me...



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 ...

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 ... Pssst !

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 per-
ambulating 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 eat-
ing out of my hand!



Like that ... there!



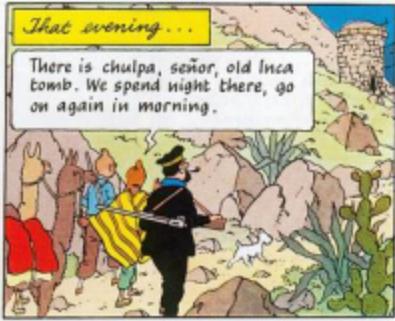
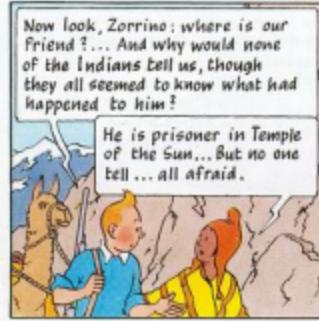
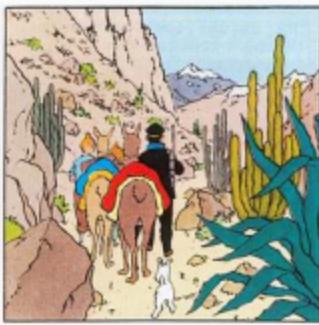
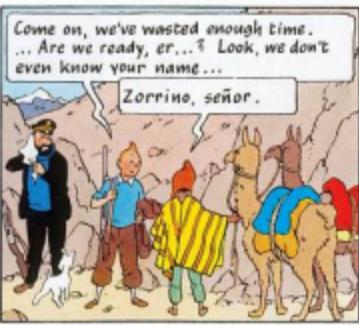
YEEEEOW!

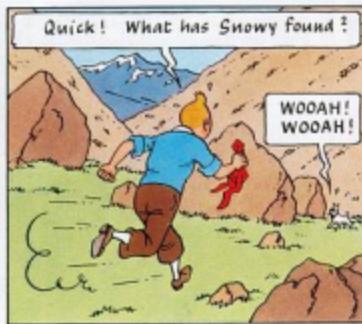


You miserable
iconoclast!

You not hit
him, señor.







Captain! What in the world...

Cut the gaggle and get me out of this before I go crazy!



Now, Captain, what happened?

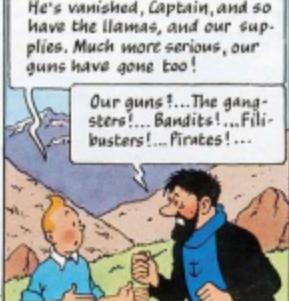
Well, it was getting on towards midnight and I was walking up and down to keep warm. Suddenly a shadow rose up in front of me. There wasn't time to move a muscle before ... Wham! ... I felt a violent blow on the head ... Next thing I knew, I was where you found me: tied up and gagged, with that lizard down my neck. What about Zorrino?

He's vanished, Captain, and so have the llamas, and our supplies. Much more serious, our guns have gone too!

Our guns?...The gangsters?... Bandits?... Fili-busters?... Pirates?...

Thundering typhoons, what do we do now?

First of all, we must try to find Zorrino ... Then tackle whoever's kid-napped him.



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!

WOOAH!
WOOAH!

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!

We'll break our
necks, that's
a certainty!

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

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

HELP!



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?

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

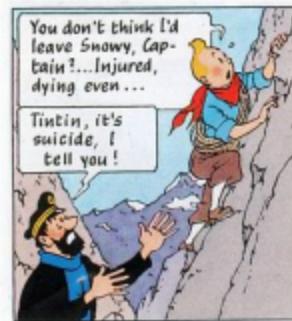
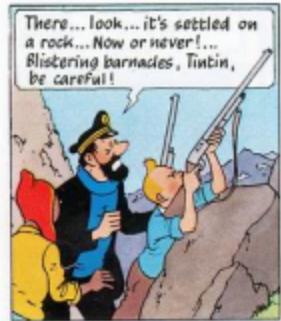
Glad to see you, little'un.

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...

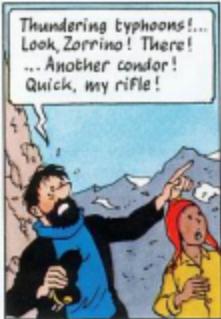
Why couldn't you have
answered, eh?... You're
irrigitable!... Now,
sit still!

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

Oooh! 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!

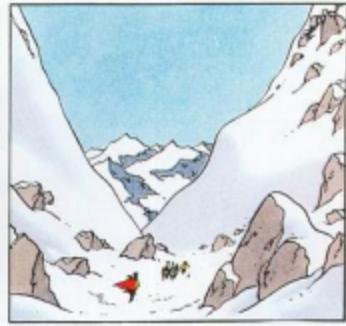


Oh, Tintin! Tintin!
... He'll be forced
to let go!



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







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...



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



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



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

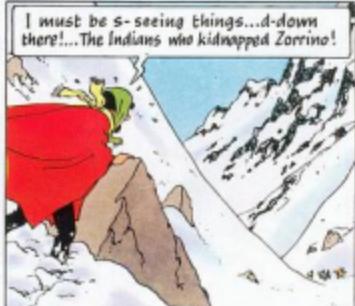


As if he hasn't done enough damage already!



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!

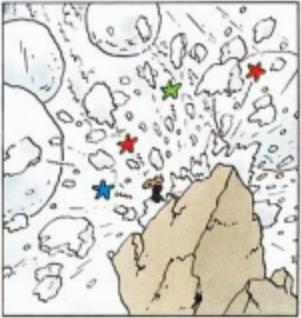
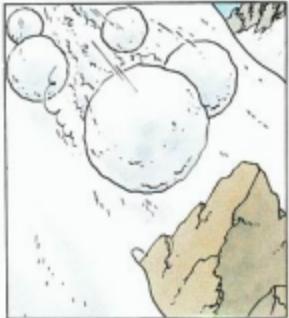
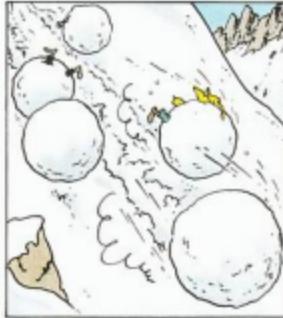
What's he shouting at now?
Let's see.

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

Go on!... Fire!

Wait till he gets closer.

Great snakes! Those Indians again! ... Bolt-ing like rabbits! ... But the Captain... He's done for!



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?

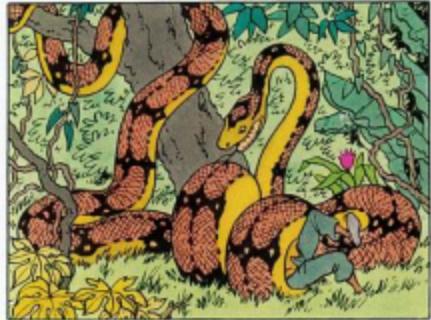
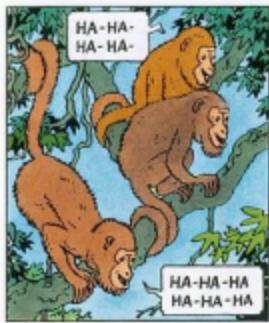


Perhaps, but ...

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











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

You come,
senores. I
find canoe.

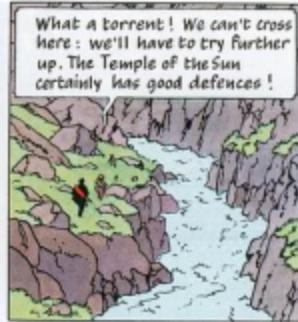


Next morning ...

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!

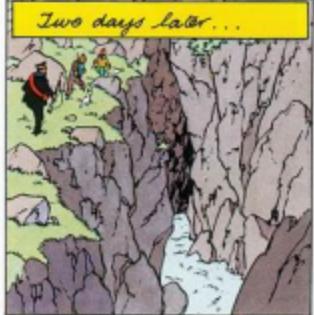


Two days later ...

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!



Fine ... my turn next...

Is O.K.!

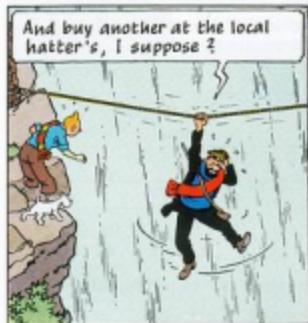


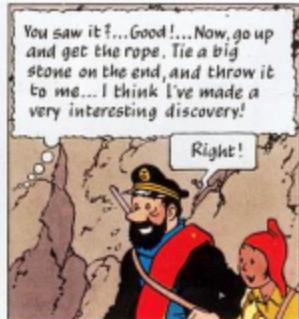
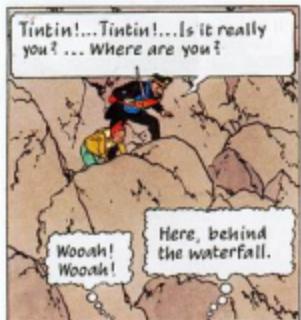
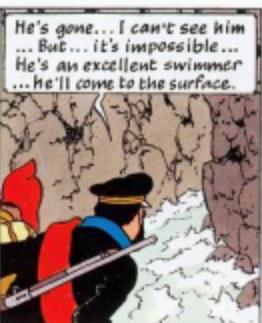
Thundering typhoons! You need a cool head for this!



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 Zorino ...



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

Your turn,
Zorino !



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...

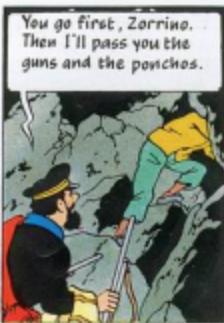
Wooh! Wooh!

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,
senor Captain.

Here you are.

Here guns, Tintin.

Thanks,
Zorrino.

Oh! Place of dead
men, here!

It's my turn
now...

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





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

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

Get out? Easter 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 posses-
ses 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.

One! 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 Chequito,
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!



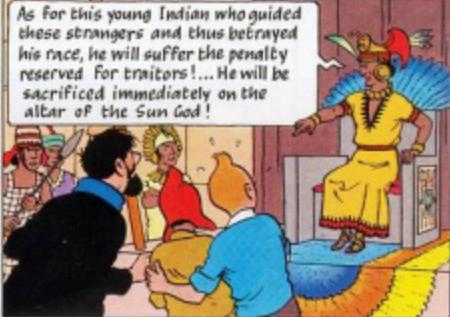
Blistering barnacles, you've no right to kill him! No more than you have a right to kill us, thundering typhoons! It's murder, pure and simple!



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...

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 magnifying-
glass?



Why, it's alright!

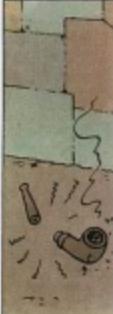
Yes, look... that's done it.



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 parabolic mirrors, like Archimedes when he burnt the Roman ships besieging Syracuse.

My pipe!



My pipe!... My poor pipe!...
Blistering barnacles, 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 entirely 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 preserve 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.



What's this bit of newspaper ?

You told me to keep it, remember ? In case we needed it ... to light a fire !

Come on, give it back !

Hello, that's interesting ... But I wonder...

!?

Woah ! Woah !



Snowy ! ... Here, Snowy ! Put that paper down !

Snowy, d'you hear me ?

Snowy ! Snowy ! Give me that newspaper !

Snowy ! For heaven's sake !



Snowy ! ... Stop fooling around ... That's enough ! ... Come here !

Ah, with any luck I can put it together.

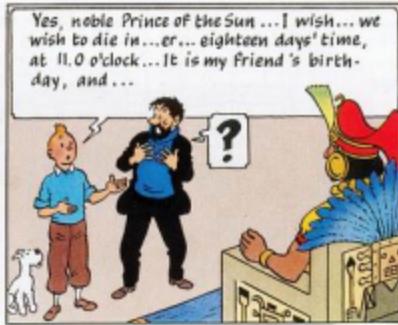
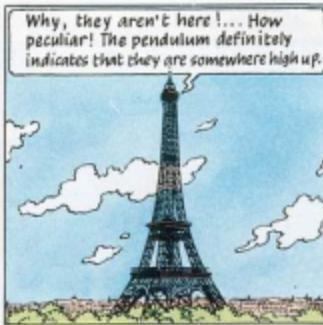
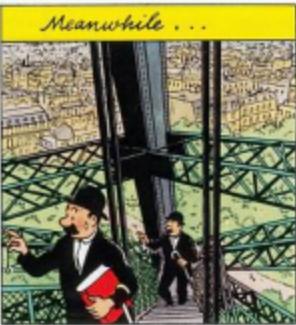
How very odd ! ... What an extraordinary coincidence !



There, it's mend-ed ! Tintin, can you please ...

EUREKA !





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...

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 tornaway.



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!



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

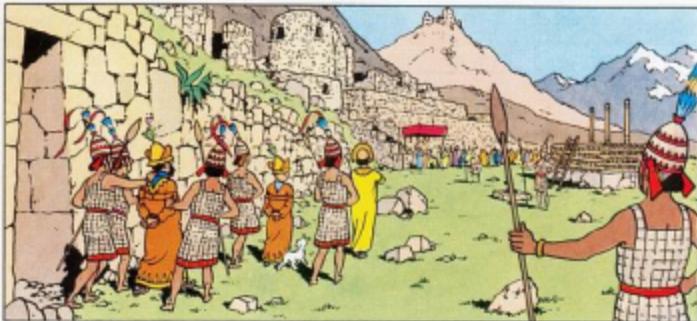
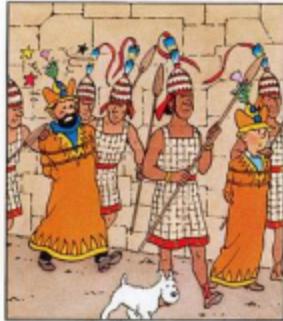
Me? Put on that Patagonian petticoat? Never!

It is our law. You must obey!

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

Let him be robed for the sacrifice.

Never!



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

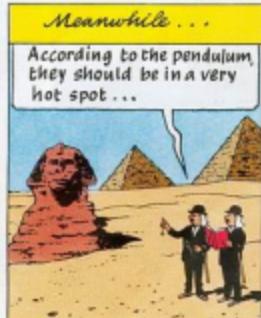
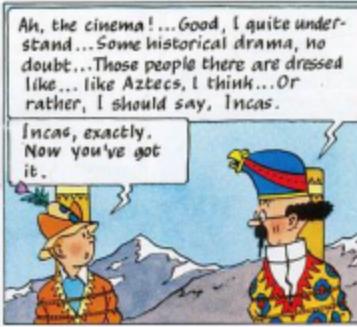
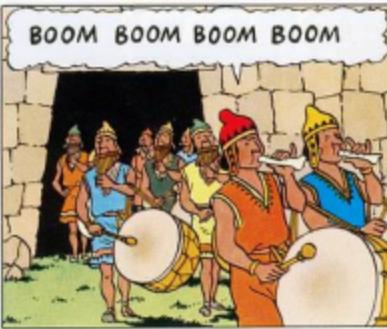


Whatever happens, I'm getting out of this madhouse!

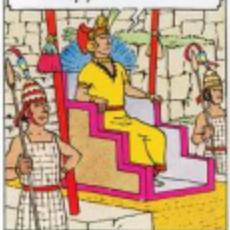


Nothing broken, I hope, Captain?





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



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!



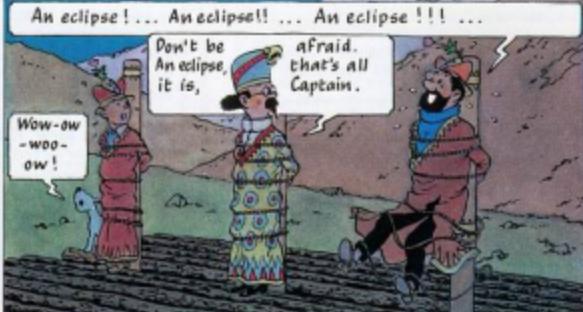
I thank thee,
supreme majes-
ty! My prayer
is answered;
the darkness
moves across
thy face.



But... blistering
barbarians, 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!



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



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



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



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!



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.

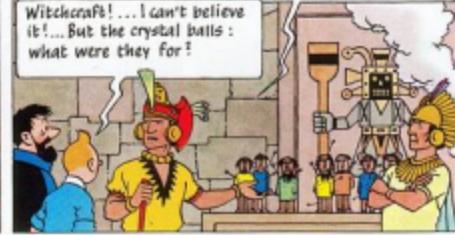


So be it. I think you speak truth... It shall be done. Follow me, noble strangers, and in your presence I will put an end to their torment.



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.



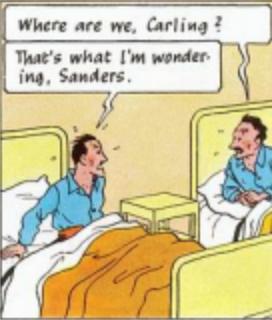
Now I see it all!... That explains the seven crystal balls, and the extraordinary illness of the explorers. Each time the High Priest tortured the wax images the explorers suffered those terrible agonies.

Destroy the images, Huaco!



At that moment, in Europe...

What am I doing here?



Where are we, Carling? That's what I'm wondering, Sanders.



You here, Reedbuck?

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 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.

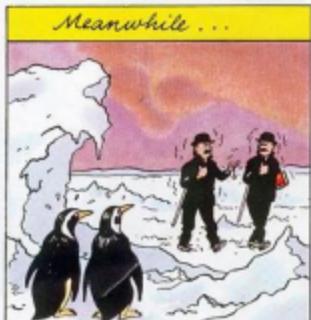
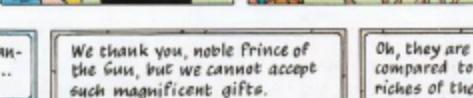


I know I can trust you. Ah, your guides ...

Blistering barnacles! More llamas!



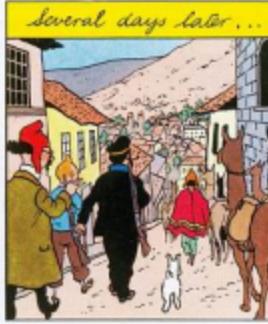
! !



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



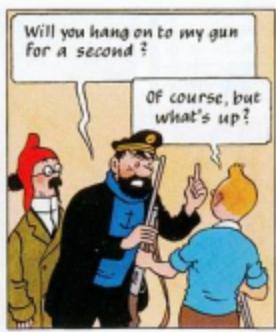
It seems unlikely, but there is gold around here somewhere. My pendulum never lies.



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!



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

