

HERGÉ
THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN
**THE SEVEN
CRYSTAL BALLS**



ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN

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THE SEVEN CRYSTAL BALLS



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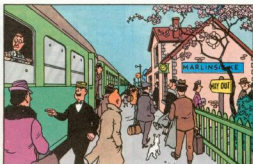
THE SEVEN CRYSTAL BALLS

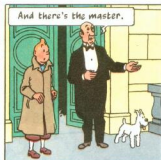


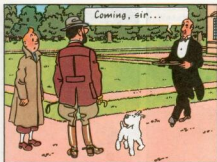
HOME AFTER TWO YEARS

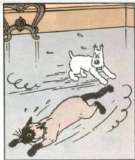
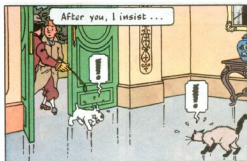
Sanders-Hardiman Expedition Returns

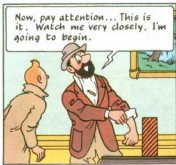
LIVERPOOL, *Thursday.* The seven members of the Sanders-Hardiman Ethnographic Expedition landed at Liverpool today. Back in Europe after a fruitful two-year trip through Peru and Bolivia, the scientists report that their travels took them deep into little-known territory. They discovered several Inca tombs, one of which contained a mummy still wearing a 'borla' or royal crown of solid gold. Funerary inscriptions establish beyond doubt that the tomb belonged to the Inca Rascar Capac.

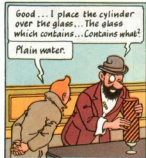












But what on earth did you expect it to be?

Whisky, by thunder!
... Whisky!

Whisky?... Come now, Captain, you can't be serious. How in the world could water turn itself into whisky!...It's impossible!

Impossible! Impossible!...No, blistering barnacles, it's not impossible. He manages it every time!

Who's he?

Bruno, the master magician! He's appearing at the Hippodrome. I've studied his act for a solid fortnight, trying to discover how he does it...

Yesterday I thought I'd solved it at last. Blistering barnacles, what do I get? Water; water, and still more water! But I'm going back again tonight, and you're coming too! This time I'll get the answer!

You must watch carefully to see exactly what he does...

We've got plenty of time. There are several other turns before he comes on.

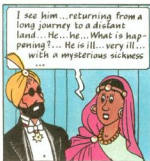
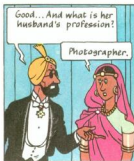
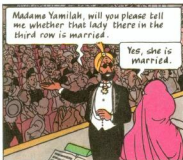
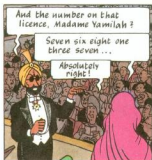
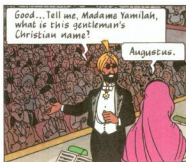
First we have Ragdalah the fakir, with Yamilah, the amazing clairvoyante. Then Ramon Zarate, the knife-thrower. Next...

Ssh! Here comes Ragdalah the fakir. He's incredible too.

Ladies and gentlemen, I have much pleasure in inviting you to participate in a remarkable experiment: an experiment I honour to had the conduct...

... before his Highness the Maharajah of Hambalapur, and for which he invested me with the Order of the Grand Naja...The secret of the mysterious power at my command was entrusted to me by the famous yogi, Chandram Patnagar Rahad...And now, ladies and gentlemen, it is my privilege to introduce to you one of the most amazing personalities of the twentieth century...

I present: Madame Yamilah!



Look here, if this is a joke it's in very poor taste!... My husband is perfectly fit... This is absurd!

It is a deadly sickness... The vengeance of the Sun God is terrible indeed... His curse is upon him!

EEEEEEK!

!

Ladies and gentlemen, we are interrupting the programme for a moment as we have an urgent message for a member of the audience... Will Mrs. Clarkson, who is believed to be here tonight, please return home immediately, as her husband has just been taken seriously ill.

No, it's impossible!... It must be a put-up job!

I don't think so... Clarkson was the name of the photographer who accompanied the Sanders-Hardiman expedition.

Ladies and gentlemen, this unfortunate incident has so upset Madame Yamilah that we are going straight on to the next number... It is our pleasure to bring to you the world-famous knife-thrower, Ramon Zarate!

You'll see: he's a remarkable fellow.

Haven't I seen that face somewhere before?...

Señores and señoras, the performance I make for you is extremely peligroso... Por favor, I ask if you so kindly keep absoluto silencio...

May I borrow your glasses for a moment, Captain?



Great snakes! It's General Alcazar! ...

General who?

Alcazar... You remember, he used to be President of the Republic of San Theodoros. I wonder what's landed him on the music-hall stage.

Now, is muy difícil!

Is more difícil!

Now, is mucho more difícil!

And now, señores and señoras, I perform for you, the first time done in Europe, the knife-throw with the eyes blindfold... For favor, I ask someone come on to the stage to bandage for me the eyes.

There, that's it.

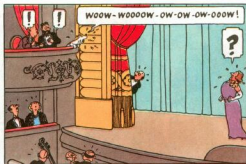
Muchas gracias, señor ...

It almost went wrong three nights ago! The knife landed just on the edge of the target. Half an inch further and that Indian would have been skewered!

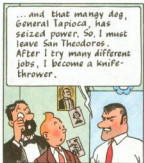
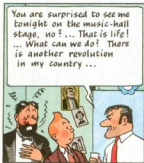
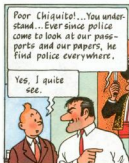
¿Esta usted?

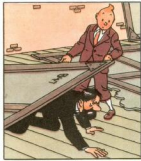
¡Si!

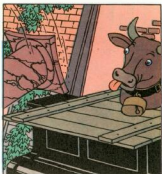


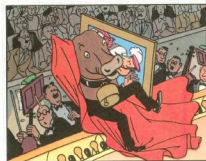
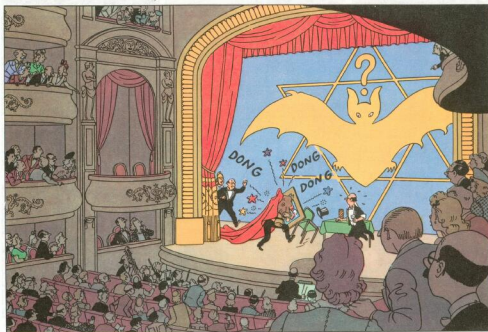


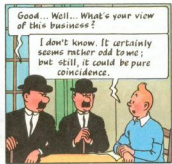
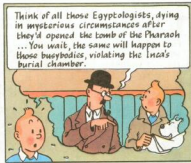


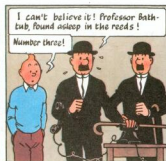
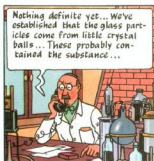
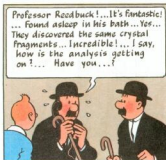
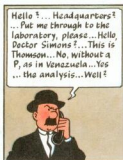
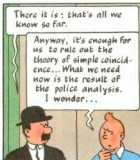
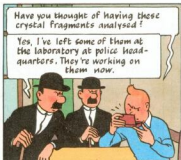
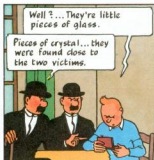
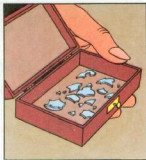












We must warn the other members of the expedition at once! And we must get police protection for them.

Why?... You don't think that they... that we... that it...?

Of course! There's no reason why this should stop. Everyone who took part in the expedition is in danger. Let's see... Sanders-Hardiman, Clarkson, Reedbeck: that's three... Who were the others?... Oh, yes! Mark Falconer. Ring up Mark Falconer.

Hello?... Hello?... Hello?... Hello?!

It's always the same with the telephone: whenever you need it, it's guaranteed to be out of order!

There's no reply?

I hate to interfere, but if I were you I'd try using that.

Is that Mark Falconer?

Yes, Falconer speaking...

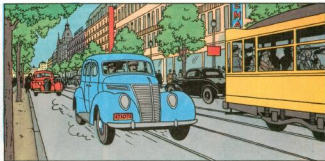
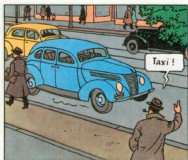
Yes... yes... yes, I was just reading the paper... What? Professor Reedbeck too?... And... no... What's that? Crystal fragments!... By Jupiter, so he was telling the truth!

Who?... An old Indian, who got drunk on coca one night. He told me... No, I can't explain over the telephone... No, I'll come along and see you... Where?... Good!

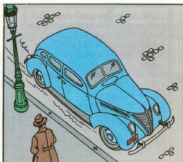
I'll pick up a taxi and be with you right away. Meanwhile, warn Cantonneau, Midge and Tarragon. Tell them to stay indoors. And above all to keep away from the windows... Yes, windows... Me! Don't worry, I shall be on my guard... Goodbye for now. I'll be with you soon.

He's coming here. He seemed to know all about it... He said we should warn the other explorers, telling them not to go out, and to keep away from the windows.

Good, I'll warn Professor Cantonneau...



Something's happened to Professor Cantonneau!... I'm going straight round there... You stay here and warn the other two explorers at once.



There's a taxi pulling up outside the door.

I expect it's brought Mr Falconer... I'll take it on.



Hurry, Snowy! Hurry!



Here we are, sir: sixty-five pence...

?



!

The same crystal fragments!



Your passenger - he's been attacked! Tell me, did you stop anywhere on the way?

No... oh, yes. Once, at a junction, when the lights were against me.

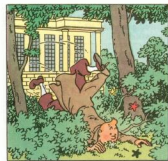
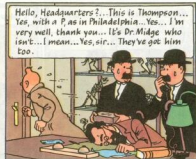
Now I remember! It must have happened then... Another taxi drew up alongside mine, and I heard a faint sound of glass breaking. I didn't think much of it at the time. The lights changed, and we moved off.

I see. Go into the house and up to the first floor, where you'll find two police officers. Tell them your story. I'm off to warn Doctor Midge.

Righto!







The next morning...



Extraordinary!... Quite extraordinary!... Another victim... It's amazing!

No, I think it's a little to the left.



No, I said: another victim. Here in the newspaper... The Director of the Darwin Museum... Doctor Midge.

Not yet, but I'm sure to get there in the end.



Yes. Good. There. Read it yourself... It's simpler that way...



Extraordinary!... Quite extraordinary!... Have you read this?... No?... I'm surprised... The headlines are printed quite large... Never mind: I'll read it to you myself...



"The Mystery of the Crystal Balls, as it is now generally known, continues to hit the front page. Is this the vengeance of a fanatical Indian? Has he sworn to punish those who were bold enough to disturb the tomb of the Inca king, Rascar Capac? All the evidence...



...points that way, and this dramatic theory cannot be discounted. But it poses new questions. Why did the mysterious avenger not kill his victims on the spot? Why, instead, plunge them into a profound sleep?...



RRRING

...a sleep which, says medical opinion, could be prolonged for an indefinite period without imperilling their lives. Readers are already familiar with the details of the...



Good morning, Nestor. Is the Captain at home?

Yes, sir... Come in.



Woahh! Woahh!



PPFFT!



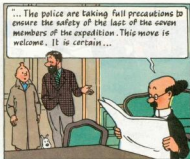


Tintin, my dear fellow!
... How very nice!

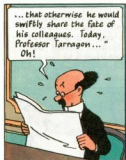


How are you? And how's
Professor Calculus?

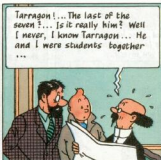
Very well. He's
busy reading the
paper to me ...



... The police are taking full precautions to
ensure the safety of the last of the seven
members of the expedition. This move is
welcome. It is certain ...



... that otherwise he would
swiftly share the fate of
his colleagues. Today,
Professor Tarragon ...
Oh!



Tarragon! ... The last of the
seven? ... Is it really him? Well
I never, I know Tarragon ... He
and I were students together
...



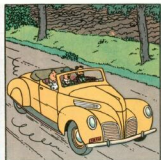
You know Professor Tarragon, the expert
on ancient America? ... Isn't he the one
with the Rascar Capac mummy in his
possession?

Oh, no! On the contrary, he's
most kind ... I'll introduce you
to him if you like.



I'd enjoy meeting him.
Thank you.

You'd like to go
now? ... Certainly ...
Come along ...



Look, visitors for
Professor Tarragon.



We'd like to see
Professor Tarragon ...

Have you a
pass?



Haddock, Tintin and Calculus ...
Right. Wait here,
and I'll see if you
can go in.



It's like trying to get into
a fortress!

We have our
orders ...



O.K., these gentlemen
can come in.



HA - HA - HA - HA - HA !



Here's the culprit... Our friend Rascar Capac frightened your dog... Rascar Capac: he-who-unleashes-the-fire-of-heaven.



BOOM



What about that! We were just talking about Rascar Capac, he-who-unleashes-the-fire-of-heaven, and I think he's going to oblige: look ...



You have an open car, I believe... If I were you, I'd put it under cover right away. These summer storms can be very violent ... an absolute downpour...



Did you hear that?... Sounded like a shot outside...

BANG



Over there... a man running... It's one of the detectives guarding the house ...

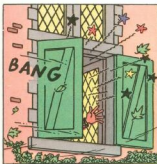


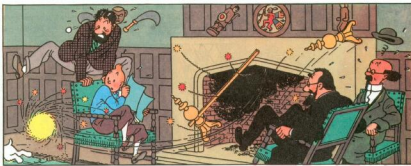
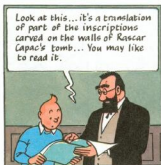
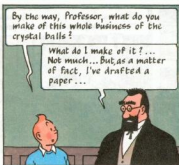
Quick, let's see what's happening...

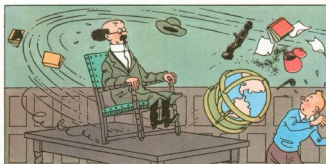
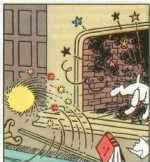


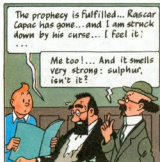
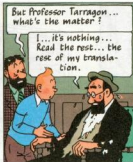
That came from the direction of the gates.













Whew! What a relief... It was only a dream ... The gale blew the window open!



Still, it was a horrible nightmare!



HELP!... HELP!



That's the Captain's voice!



What's happened, Captain?... I thought I heard you shouting.



Yes, I... I had a frightful nightmare! ... Rascarlapac came into my room... He had a huge crystal ball in his hand... he hurled it down on the floor...

Incredible! ... The same dream as mine!



OOH OOH

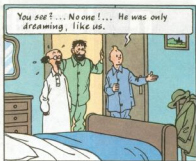
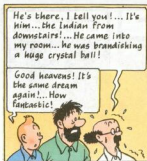


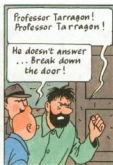
Now what is it?

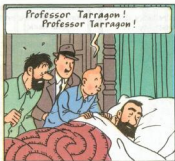


Look out!... He's there!... He's after me!... He's coming! ...









Well, now we know! He did use the chimney!



The roof! ... Search the roof!



Very good, sir!

Over there! ... Look! ... There's a man running away!



Got him!

He's fallen!
Quick, let's see...



He fell somewhere about here ...



Seek, Snowy!
Seek him out!



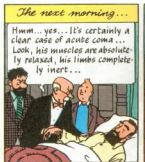
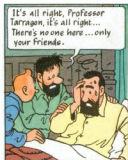
There's nothing I'd like better, but...

Oh, so that's it! Snowy's nose is still caked with soot... He can't possibly smell anything else!



AAAAAAAAAAAAAH!





They're coming back!... They'll start again - tormenting me!... Help, help!



They're coming!... Get away, you torturers!... Help me!... Help!

RAT
TAT
TAT

Who is
it?



Oh, it's you?... Good morning... Is Hercules there?

Yes, he's there, in bed, ill. The doctor is here... He sounds in a bad state.



Going round the estate?... Good, I'll join him.



Where is he?



I can't see him.



Still, that's easy, I'll find him with my pendulum.



Hello, what's happening?



Peculiar, very peculiar! I wonder...

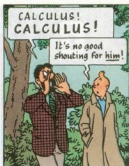
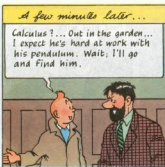


Hat, umbrella, spectacles, pendulum, that's the lot: on we go!...



Goodness gracious! How extraordinary! There must be something behind these bushes.





Captain!... Captain!
Look up there!



Bloodstains! The im-
print of a hand!...What
does that mean? Who
could have ...



Who?...The intruder last
night, I'll bet...No wonder we
couldn't find him...Wounded,
and chased like that, he didn't
know which way to turn...so he
took refuge in the top of this
tree...



But... he could still be
up there...

You're right... I'm going
to see for my-
self...



Do be careful... Take my gun
with you.

Good idea.
Thanks...



Any luck?



No, I still can't
see anything ...



I'm all right, Captain
... only a rotten
branch breaking...



You're
What
all right, eh?
about me?

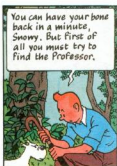
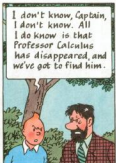


There's no one here
now. I'm coming down.



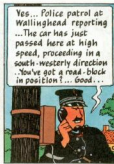
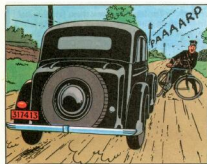
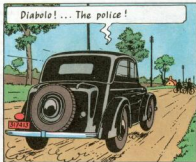
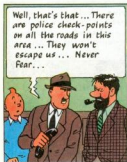
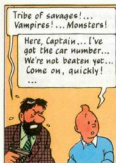
Captain!... Over
there, to your right,
look! ... More to the
right... more... There,
you've got it!











Look, there's a car coming ...



Excuse me, sir, but have you seen a black saloon car on the road ?

A black saloon?... I don't think so ... I wasn't paying much attention.



Here comes another...



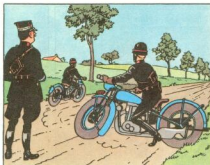
A black Opel saloon?... No... no ... I don't recall seeing one ...

Carry on, sir.

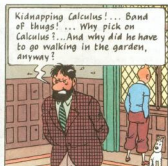


Odd!... Where can they have gone?

We'll soon find out!... We'll make a reconnaissance ..



Kidnapping Calculus!... Band of thugs! ... Why pick on Calculus?... And why did he have to go walking in the garden, anyway?



Ah! Now we'll know.



What? You haven't seen them?... But it's ages since they went past us!... They almost ran us down!



It beats me!... Which way did they go?... Ah, a workman. I'll have a word with him.

A black car?... I don't know if it's the one you're looking for, but a car turned down there about three-quarters of an hour ago... to the right, into the wood.

Good. Thanks.



RRRING
RRRING

Hello, yes...yes...
Well?...You've found it! That's splen...
What?... Empty!

Quick, Captain, we'll hop in the car... We might learn something over there...



Nest of rattlesnakes! ...
Pirates! ... Bashi-bazouks!



You found it here? Abandoned, like this?

Yes. But the occupants won't get far. The whole area is cordoned off, and we're beating the wood. The man they've kidnapped - is he a friend of yours?



It's Calculus, you poor loon!... Calculus! ... The salt of the earth... with a heart of gold! He's been kidnapped by those devils!... Why? I ask you... Thundering typhoons, d'you know why?

Me?... No.



Well, Sherlock Holmes ...
Have you found anything?

Could be...



I say, officer, you were at one of the road-blocks weren't you? So you should have seen a large fawn-coloured car go by...

A large fawn car?
Just let me think...



Good heavens, you're right! A fawn car did pass us... A saloon... I stopped it myself.

You didn't think of taking the number?

No... why should I? ... But wait a bit... The driver looked like a foreigner; Spanish, or South American, or something like that... Fattish, sun-tanned, black moustache and side-boards, horn-rimmed glasses...

And the others? ... There were some others, I suppose?

Yes, there was someone sitting beside him... Another foreigner, I'd say: dark hair, bony face, hooked nose, thin lips... I think there were two other men in the back, but I only caught a glimpse of them.

Good! ... Well, you can call off the beaters... It's a waste of time. The kidnappers are far away.

Oh, yes? How do you know that?

How do I know?... Look at these tracks... Here are the tyre-marks of the Opel. But here are some others, different: tyres, Dunlop I'd say: the tyres of the car that was waiting for the Opel.

Blistering barnacles, you're right! But how did you guess that it was fawn-coloured?

Look here...

Specks of fawn paint... The lane is narrow. In turning, one of the wings of the car scraped against this tree, leaving traces of paint.

The crooks! So they switched cars!

Come on, we must pass all this on to the police at once. Perhaps they'll be able to catch them further on...

The next morning...

Let's see... Ah, here...

"The car used by the kidnappers is a large fawn saloon..."
Good... "The occupants are believed to be of South American origin..." That's right... "Any-one who can give any information is asked to get in touch with the nearest police station immediately."

Oh well, there's still some hope left...

RRRING
RRRING

Hello, this is Thomson...
Yes, without a P... I say, there's something very queer going on at the hospital where the seven explorers are detained... I think you'd better slip round there...

It's really serious?... I can't believe it!... What?... Yes... Of course... Don't worry, I'll go round at once.



Yes, it is most extraordinary. Every day, at the same time, the seven patients go into some sort of trance... It's quite inexplicable... Look, it's almost time for their seizure now... You'll see what I mean...



Some of the leading consultants in this field are in the ward now, waiting for the symptoms to appear.

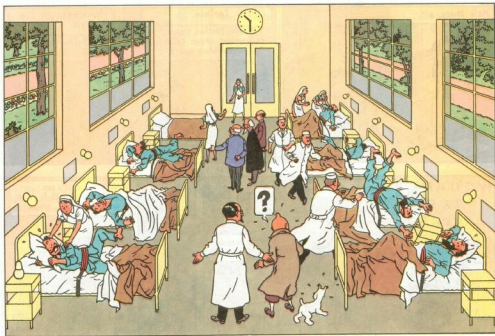


Here are the patients. You'll see...



They all look quite peaceful to me.

For the time being. But wait, it'll soon begin... There!

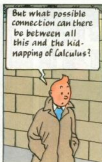




It's certainly very peculiar.



But what possible connection can there be between all this and the kidnapping of Calculus?



The next day ...



Good afternoon, Nestor. How is the Captain?

Oh sir, he's aged ten years since this trouble began... And you, sir? Have you any news?



None Nestor. Poor Professor Calculus has vanished into thin air.

Oh dear, oh dear! The master will be so disappointed.



He's there, sir.



Hello, Captain.

Ah, Tintin! Hello... Well, what about Calculus? Anything new?



Nothing at all, I'm afraid.

Thundering typhoons.



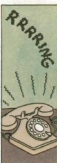
WOOAH
GRRR
FFFH



Snowy! ... Here, Snowy!



Woonh!
Woonh!

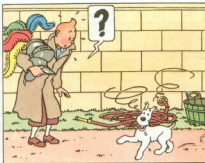


Hello... Yes, it's me... Who's that?... Oh?... Well, what news?... What?!









A few minutes later ...

And now, Captain, will you please tell me where we're going?

To Westermouth.



The police rang me... The fawn car was seen near there two days ago by a garage-hand. They stopped at a pump for petrol, then left, heading towards the docks. Undoubtedly the kidnappers have boarded a ship with Calculus... And so will we ...



... by thunder, and snatch him from the grasp of those iconoclasts, those vampires, those ... And just think: Westermouth, docks, jetties, the ocean, the sea-breezes whipping the spray in your face ...



As for the spray, Captain, you've got your wish!



Blistering barnacles! ... Quick, the hood, or we'll be drenched!



What's up?



Thundering typhoons, it's stuck! ... Something's caught up ... I'll try to do it from inside the car ...



Billions of blistering barnacles!



That's got it!

About time too!



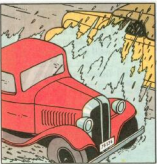
Thundering typhoons!
I'm soaked!



Everything happens to me!



Oh, well, at least I'm a bit drier now...



Gangsters! ... Road-hogs! ... Mountchinks! Steamrollers! ... Nyctalops! ... Parasites!



Sea-gherkins! ... Fock-marks! Cannibals!

Come on, Captain; hurry up, or we'll never get there.



As soon as we get to Westermouth to-morrow, we'll go straight to the police; they'll put us in the picture...



Early next morning...



I'm sorry, there's nothing fresh... It was a fawn car all right; but was it the one containing your friend? It was seen heading for Westermouth... and since then, nothing... it has simply vanished.



The search is continuing, that's all I can tell you. But in my opinion, there's very little chance... Excuse me...



Hello?... Yes, this is Inspector Jackson... Yes... Again?... What?... Where?... In one of the docks?... Well I'm...!! There's no mistake about it?... Excellent!



Well, gentlemen, you're in luck!
The fawn car has just been
recovered from one of the
docks. If you'd like to come
with me, we'll go and have
a look.

Thanks very much!



It was a trawler, coming in. She
struck an obstacle, so we dragged
the dock... And there you are.

Is there any means of
identification? ...
Number plate? ... Licence?
... Engine number?



Nothing at all, sir. There are no
number plates, and the engine and
chassis numbers have been filed
off. It's a mass-produced car,
so there isn't much chance of
ever finding out...

Yes, I see...



Anyway, we can be certain
of one thing: whoever kid-
napped Professor Calculus
embarked here, having first
tried to get rid of the
car by dumping it in the
dock.

Yes... yes...
perhaps...



We must act at once: we'll radio
a description of your friend to
all the ships that have sailed from
Westermouth since the twelfth...
Then we'll see what happens.

Thanks, Inspector—and
you'll let us know how
things are going?



All things considered, we're not
much further on.

I know.



Hello, she's leaving for South
America...and the kidnappers
could be aboard...with poor Calculus!



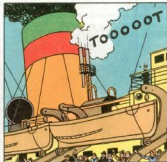
Great snakes!... That
looks like... Yes,
it is!

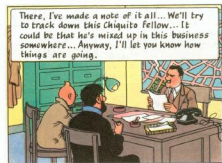
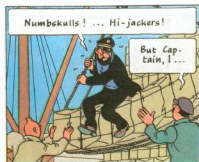
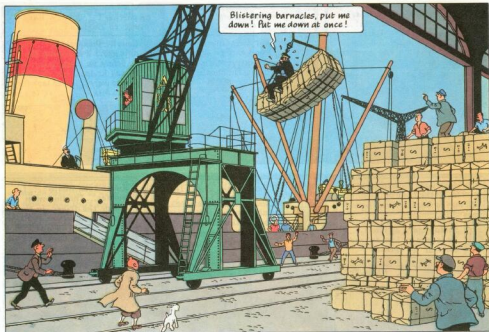


Hey!... Who are you?

Police!











Whew, that was a
near thing!



Hello, Snowy. What have
you got there?... A hat?



Goodness, it's the same
one... The one the Captain
kicked.



There... And leave the dirty
thing alone!



Here, Snowy!
Come here! And
put that hat down!



Why can't you do as
you're told?



We'll put a stop to
your little game...



Now!... At least you won't
go in there after it!



Come along, Snowy! ... Here!

Woah!
Woah!



SPLASH
!



Oh, so you're trying to make a
fool of me, are you?



Donkey! What do you
want me to do with
the hat? Wear it?



Then I'd look like...
Crumbs! ... No, it's
impossible!



!

Captain! ... Captain! ... I've got Calculus's hat!



Old Cuthbert's little round hat! ... That's why Snowy insisted on retrieving it! ... Look at the initials!

C.C.: Cuthbert Calculus! ... But then ...



Calculus wasn't taken aboard at Westermouth. It was here at Bridgeport ... But what ship? ... And what was her destination? ... That's what we need to know.

But how can we find out?



I've got it! We must try to find these two lads who played the trick with the hat.

Yes! I'll teach the young pirates a thing or two!



On the contrary, Captain, you'll be very nice to them ... After all, thanks to them we found the hat ... and we want them to tell us how they came by it themselves.

Oh, yes ...



Good old Snowy; because of you we've made a wonderful discovery! ... Now we want you to help us again! ... We must find those two scamps ... you ran after them, remember?



An hour later...



?



Hey, what's bitten you?



Hello there!



Don't worry, we're not looking for trouble. We just want to know where you found this hat!

That hat? ... We were down in No.17 shed this morning... where the crates were stacked for loading aboard...



... the "Black Cat" ... When they lifted one of the crates out of the shed, I saw the hat underneath, all flattened out ... Honestly, it wasn't my idea to play that trick ... it was my friend ...



Well, your friend had a jolly good idea ... Didn't he, Captain?



Now, Captain, to the harbour master's office. We'll ask them when the packing-cases came into the warehouse.



The cases? ... They arrived on the fourteenth, by rail ... This morning they were loaded aboard the "Black Cat."

And the night before they arrived, was a ship berthed opposite shed No.17?



On the thirteenth?... Let's see... Yes, the "Pachacamac" - a Peruvian merchantman. She arrived from Callao on the tenth with a cargo of guano; she sailed again for Callao on the fourteenth with a load of timber.

Fine, I'm most grateful to you.

As I see it, Calculus was kidnapped by Chiquito, a Peruvian Indian; he's aboard the "Pachacamac", a Peruvian ship, bound for a Peruvian port!

But, thundering by-phones, we must go after those gangsters at once! We must rescue him!

Agreed! We'll leave for Peru as soon as we can... Tomorrow, or the day after. Now I'm going to ring up the Inspector and tell him what we've discovered.

Good. And I'll telephone Nestor to tell him we're leaving.

Hello... yes, speaking... What? The Professor's hat?... You... Oh!... Yes... Of course... The "Pachacamac"... for Callao... It seems a very strong lead... Yes, I'll make the necessary arrangements... What? You're going to Callao? But that's absurd!... As you like... When are you leaving?... Right... Goodbye, and good luck!

The next day...

Excuse me, but that isn't the plane for South America taking off, is it?

Yes, that's her.

Oh dear! Oh dear! What a calamity! What a terrible calamity... The master! My poor, poor master!

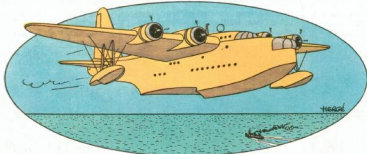
What's up? Anything serious?

It is indeed! The master has left without a single spare monecle!

!

Now off to Peru!... We shall be in Callao well before the "Pachacamac". We'll get in touch with the police there at once, and as soon as the ship arrives, we'll rescue Calculus.

Yes, that's all very fine, but I wonder if it will be as easy as you think...



What will happen in Peru? You will find out in **PRISONERS OF THE SUN**

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

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