

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF

TINTIN

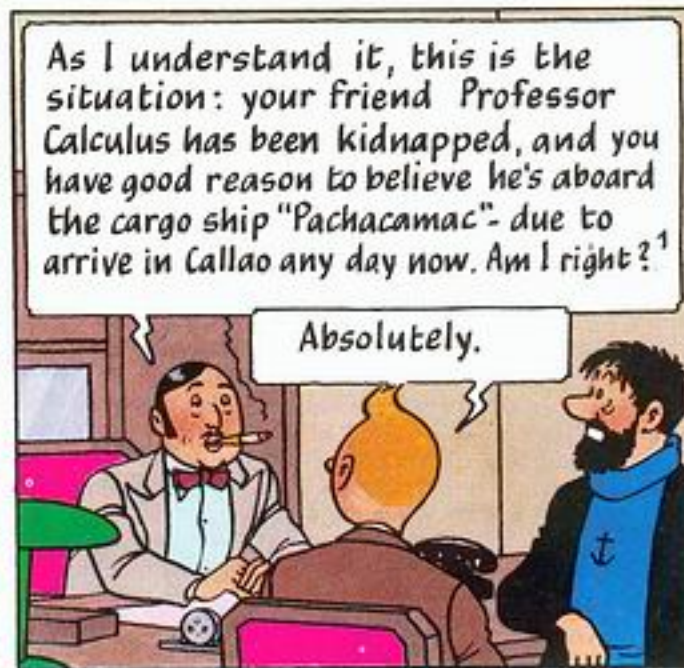
PRISONERS OF THE SUN

HERGÉ



LITTLE, BROWN

PRISONERS OF THE SUN



¹ See The Seven Crystal Balls

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!

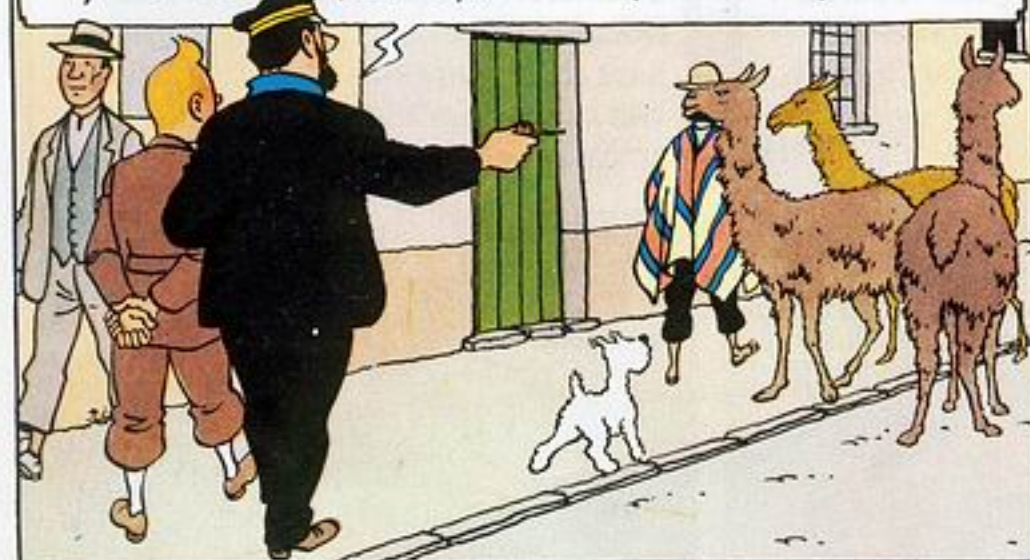


Perk up, don't look so gloomy. We'll soon see Cuthbert again. Things are looking up!

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 ...



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.

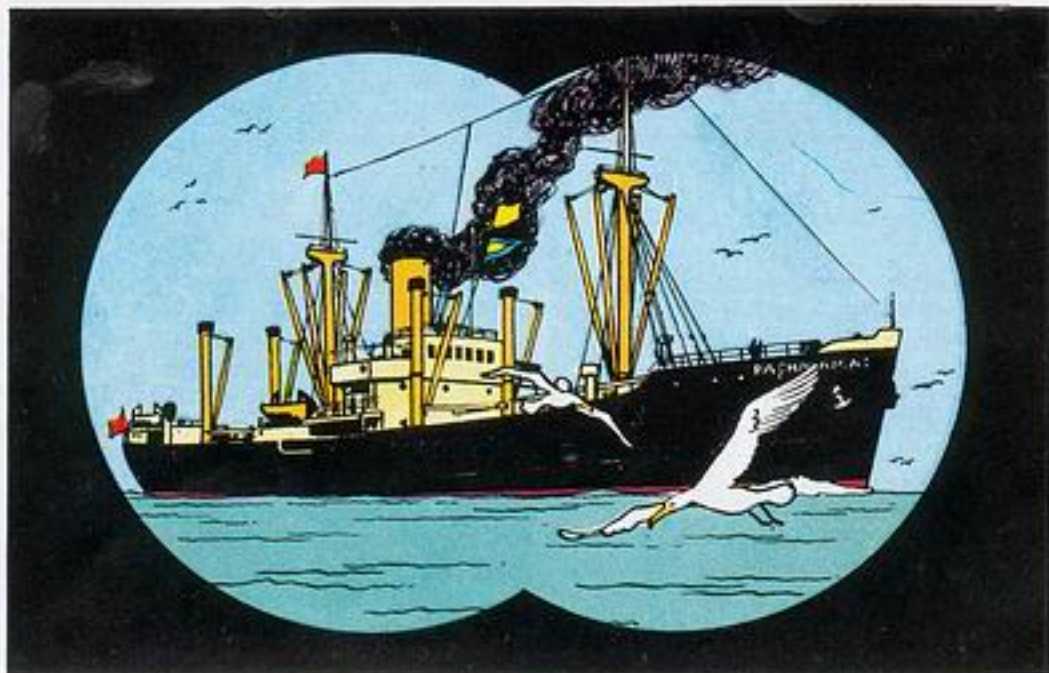


Now for the "Pachacamac". Where is she?

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

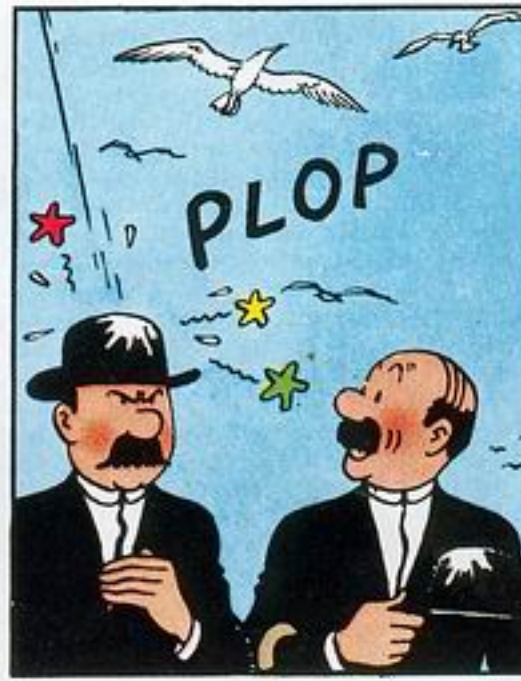
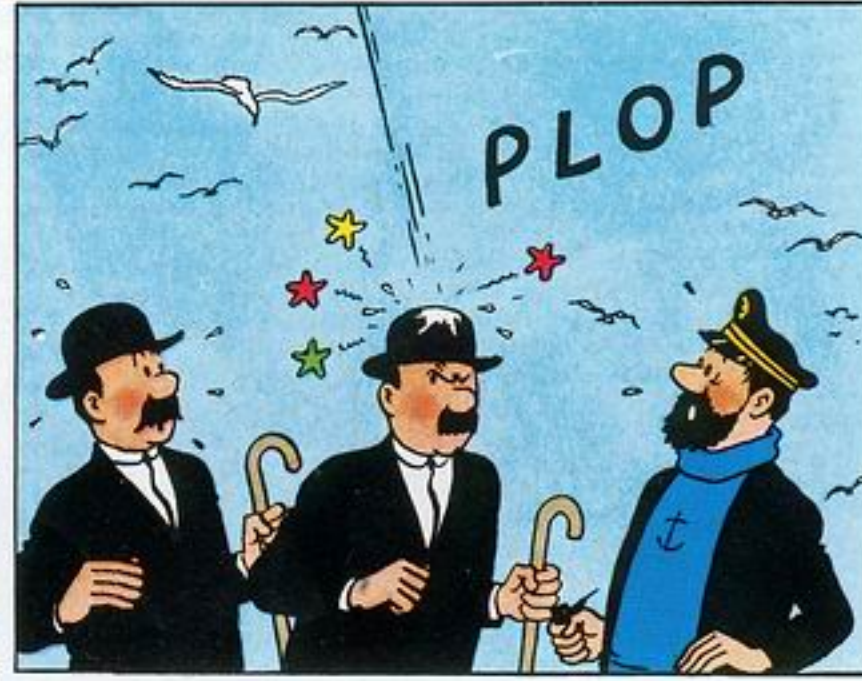


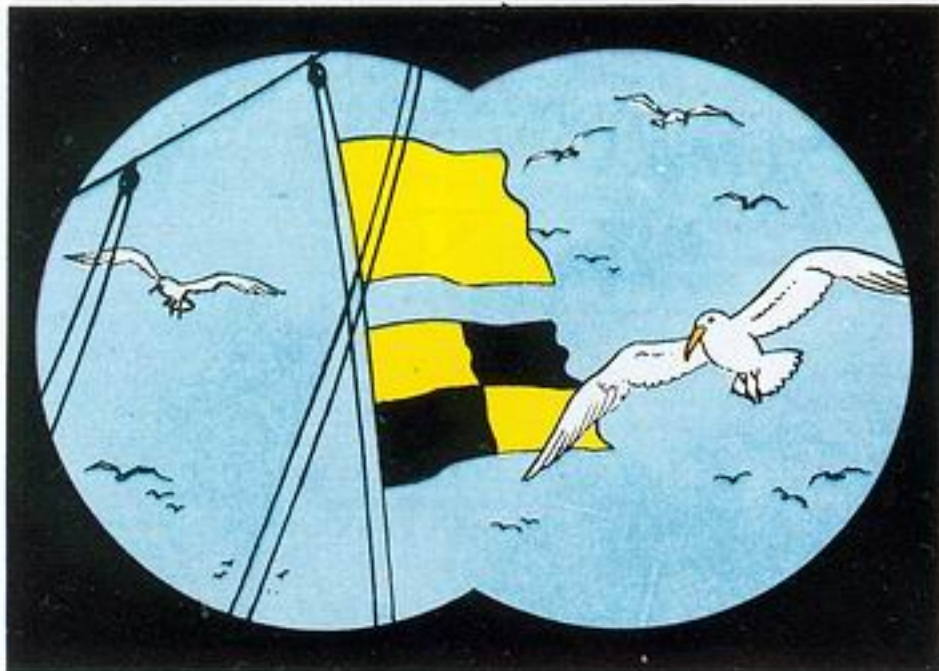
Ah, now I've got it... There she is... it's her all right... "Pachacamac"... Let's hope old Calculus is on board!



Thundering typhoons!







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



Are they celebrating the captain's birthday?

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



There's the launch coming back...



Well, doctor?

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



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

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



A Quichua, as a matter of fact. Why?

Oh, no reason. I just wondered.



A little later...

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



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

What do you mean, tonight?



Tonight I shall go aboard the "Pachacamac".

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



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



But thundering typhoons, the doctor definitely said...

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



Night has fallen...



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

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

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

Just as you
like...

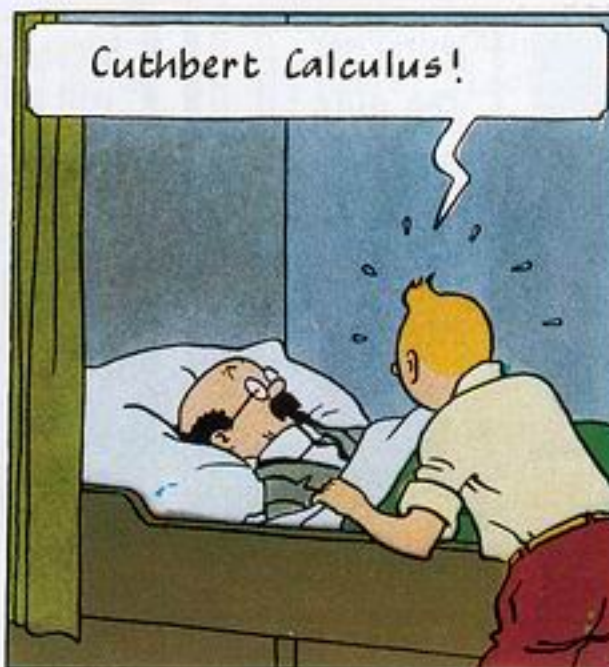
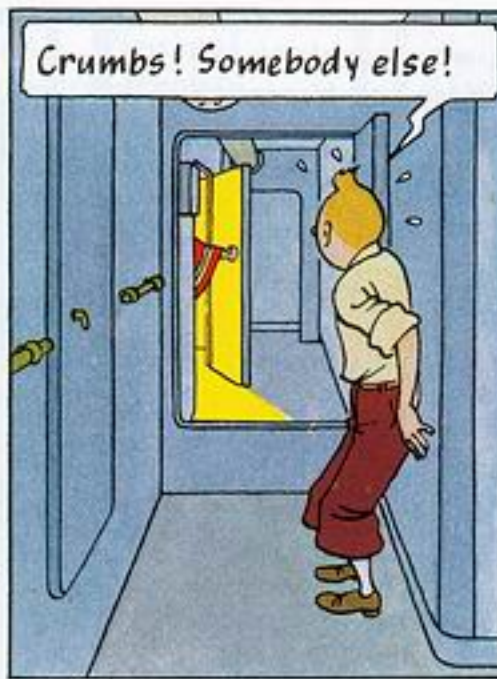
There... You know the drill, don't you:
if I'm not back in a couple of hours,
inform the police... Goodbye, Captain.
And you be a good boy, Snowy.

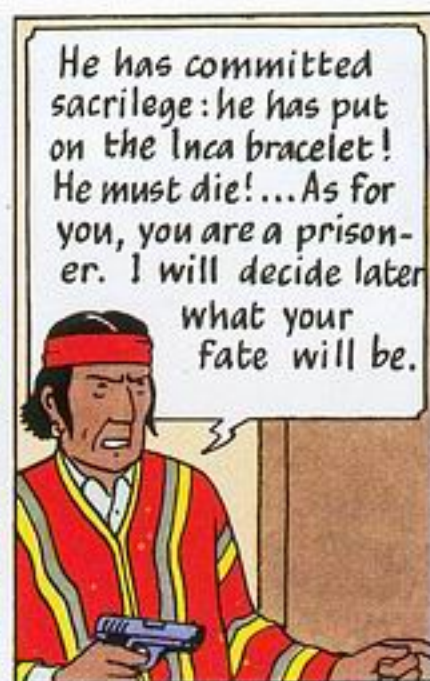
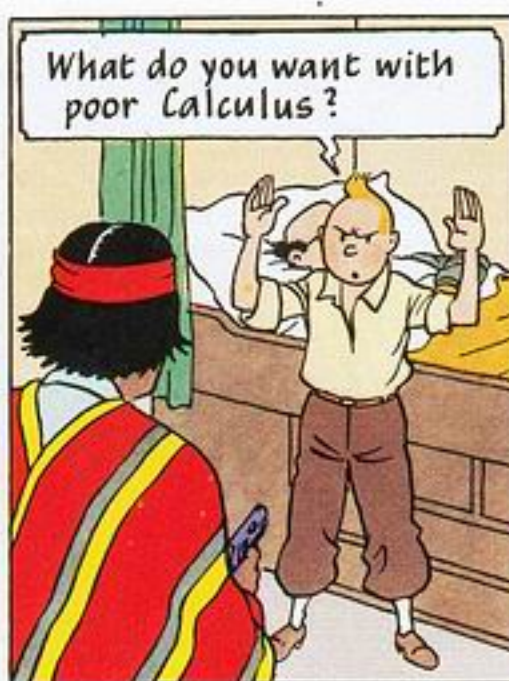
Good luck,
Tintin.

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

Now comes the most
difficult part...

¿Qué pasa,
ahí abajo?...
!





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



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



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



?



Wooah! Wooah! Blistering barnacles!



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



Ah, there's Tintin.



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

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



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



Back to the shore! We must get reinforcements!



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



No sleep for us tonight, Snowy.



I might've guessed!

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



A 'phone box, at last!



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



Thundering typhoons, I know that! If he wasn't asleep you 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.



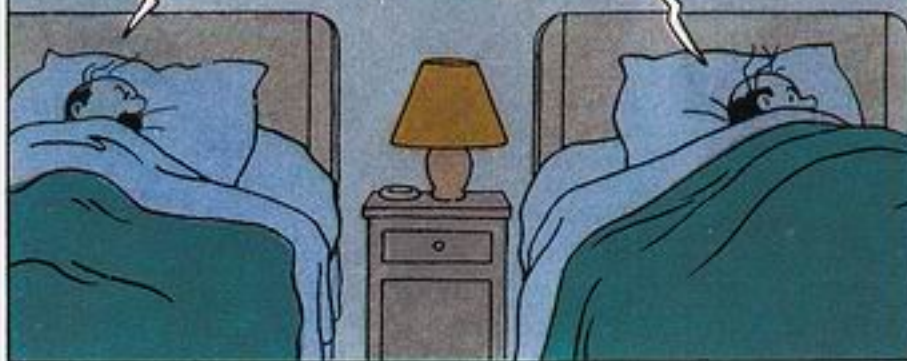
Great snakes... They're carrying Calculus ashore!



RRRRRING

Are you going to answer it?

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



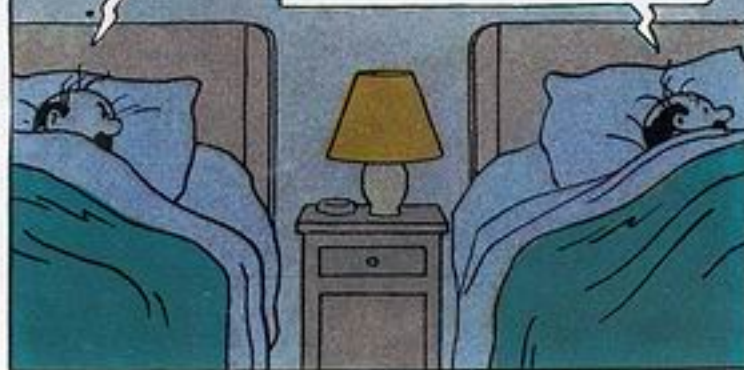
Taking their time, the baboons!



RRRRRING

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 ...



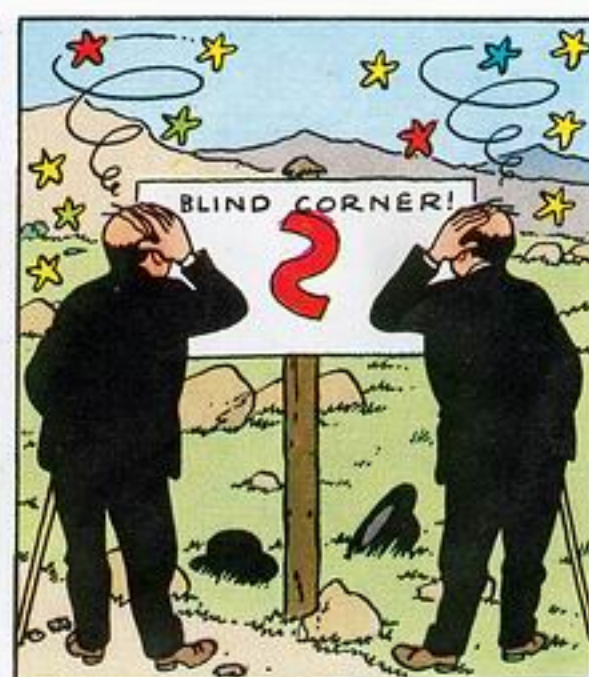
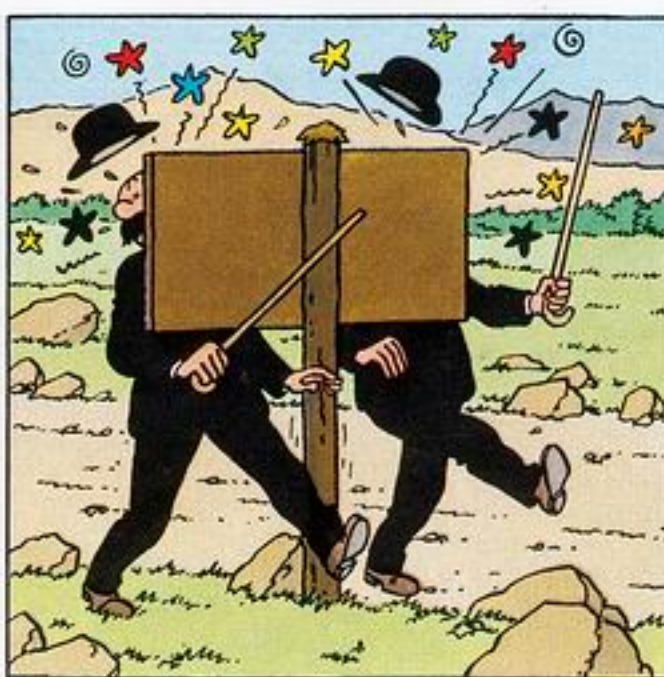
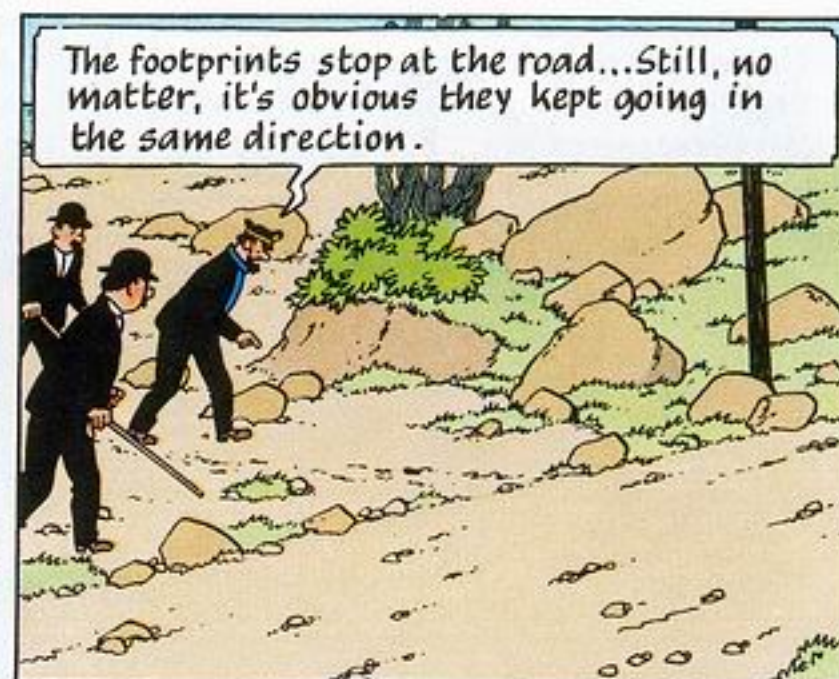
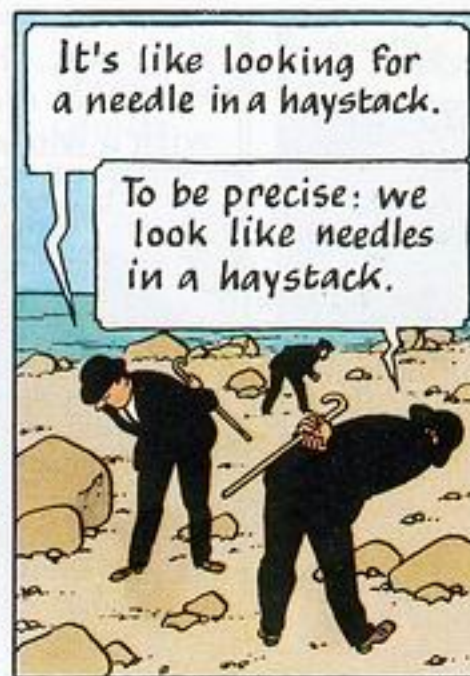
Half an hour later ...

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...

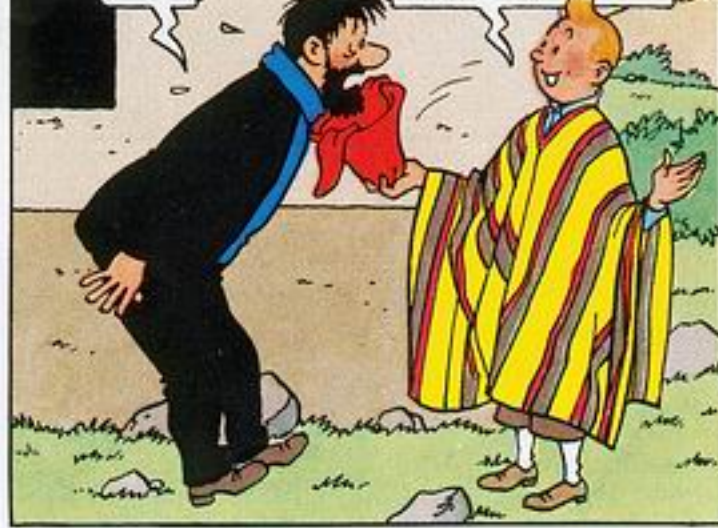


Here, boy... Have you met anyone along this road - a young European, with a white dog?



?

Yes... and I've met him before!



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...

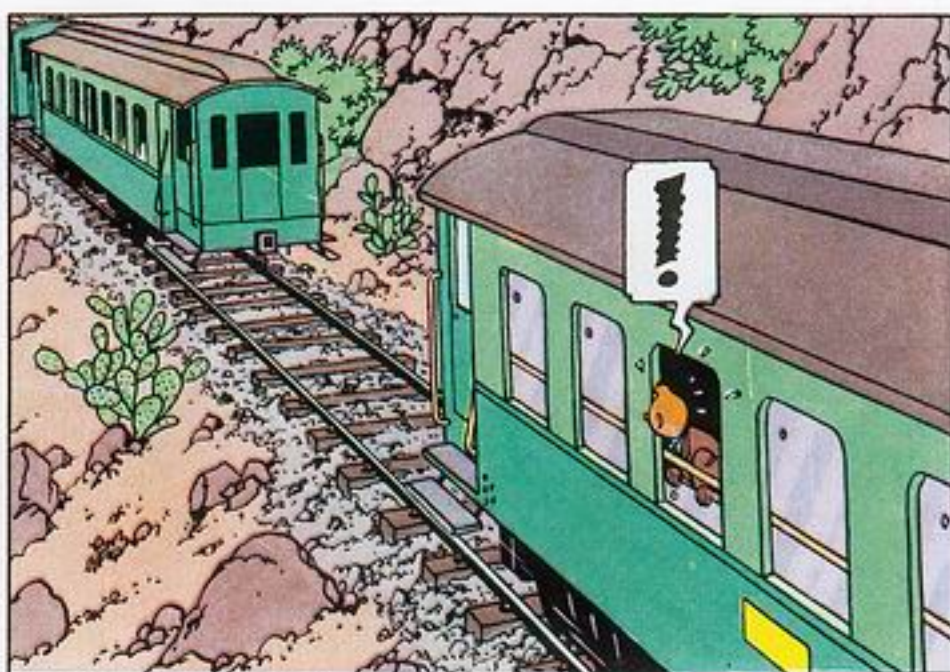
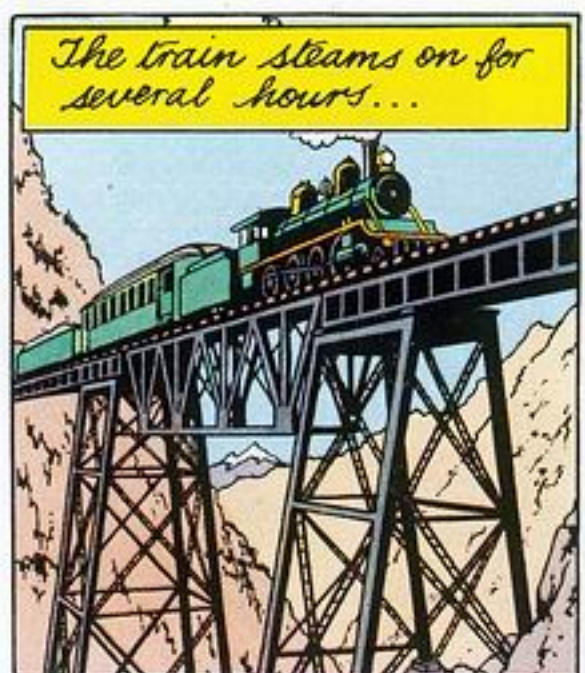
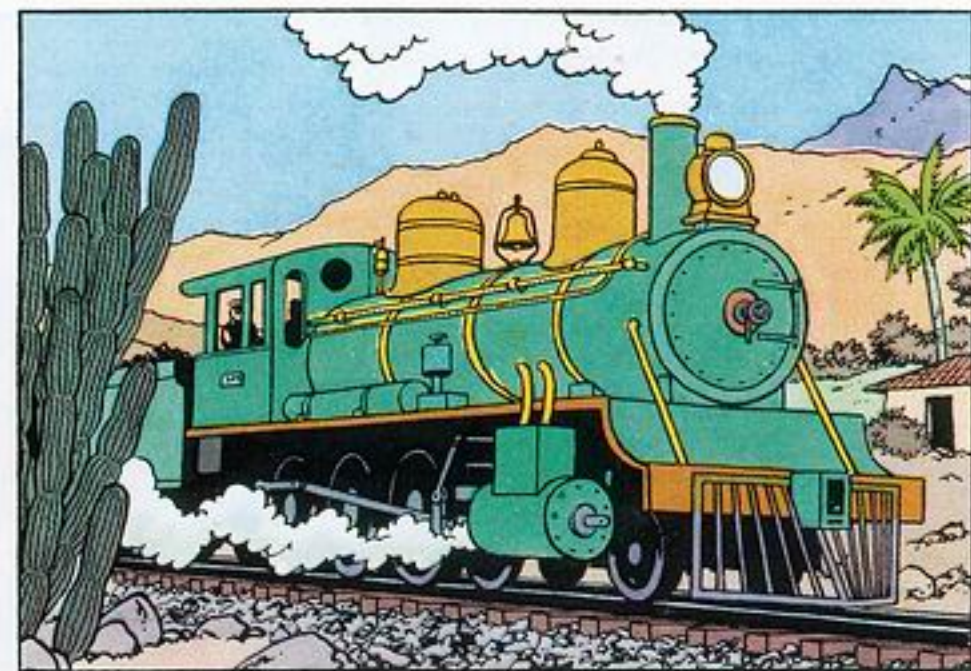
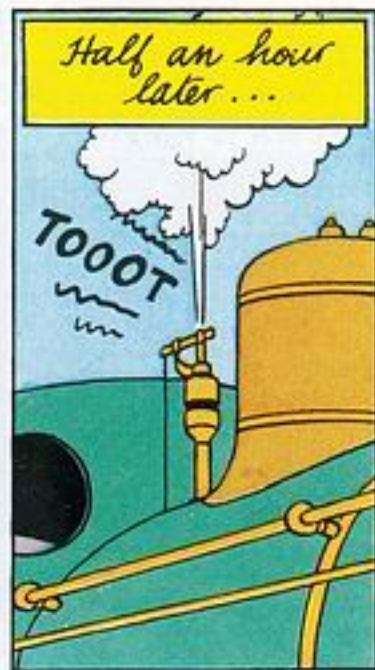


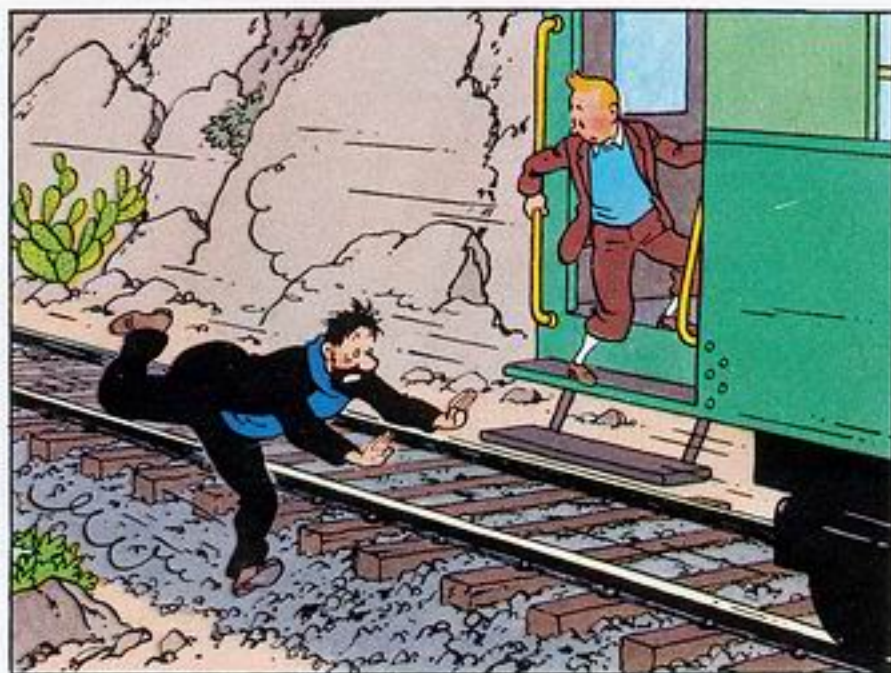
Two days later...

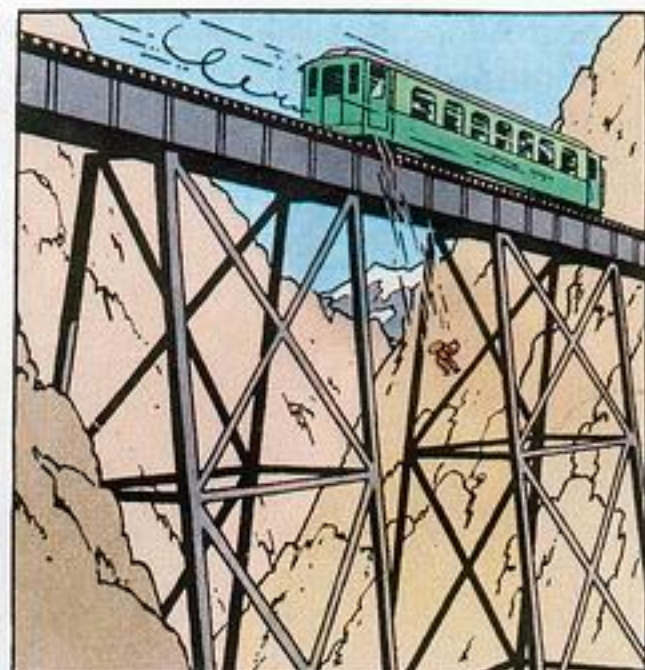
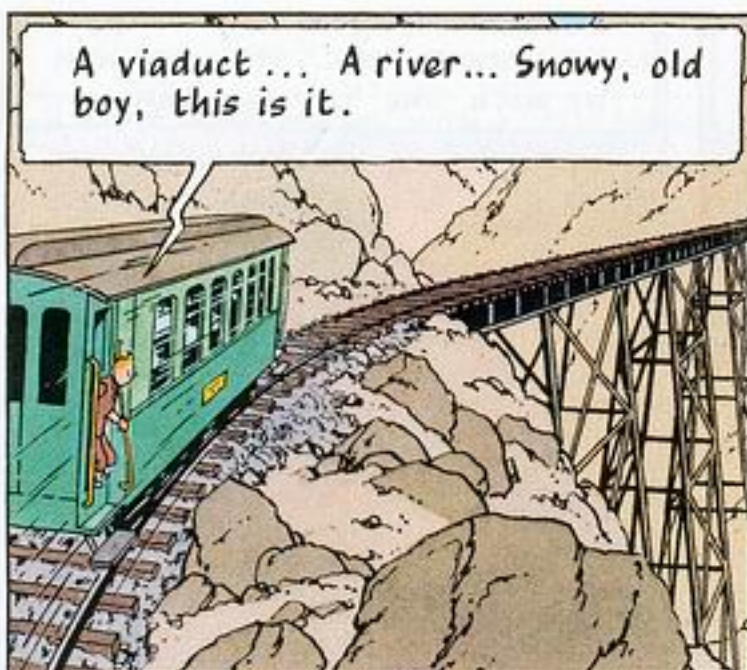
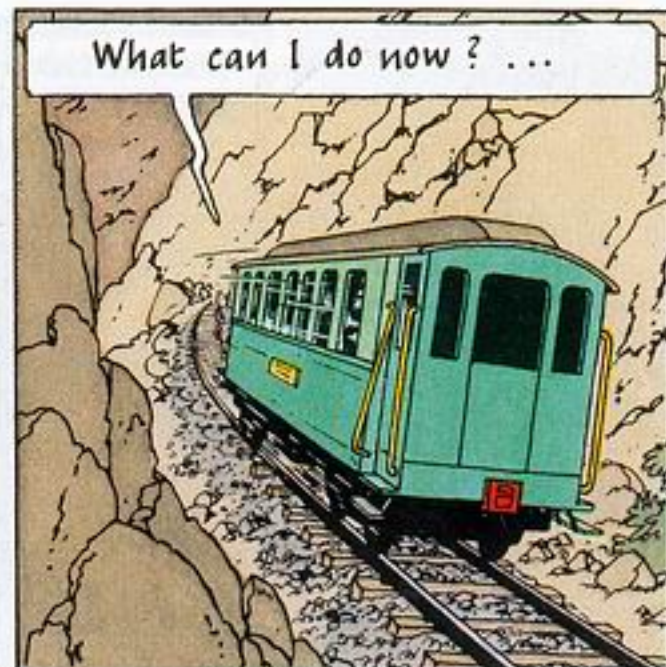
Our seats are in the last coach, aren't they?

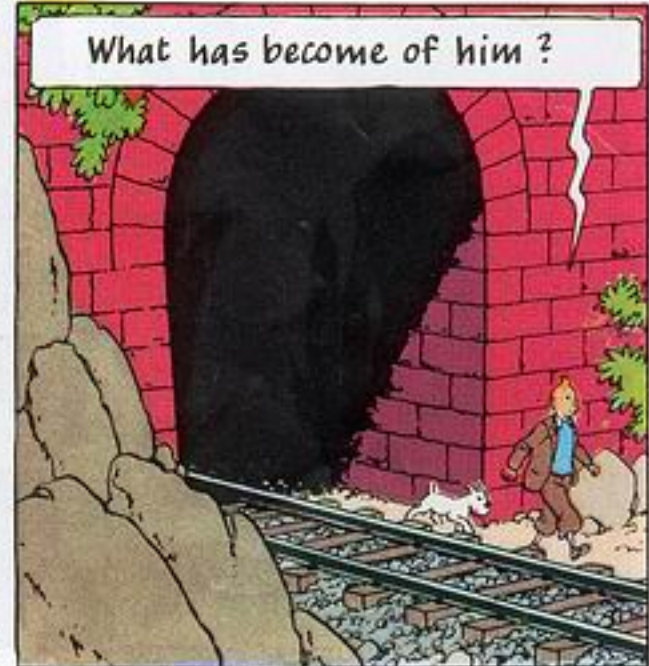
Sí, señor.













Hooray!

Hooray!



Safe and sound!
What an escape!



TOOOOT



Hey, stop!
...Arrêtez!
... 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.



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.



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.



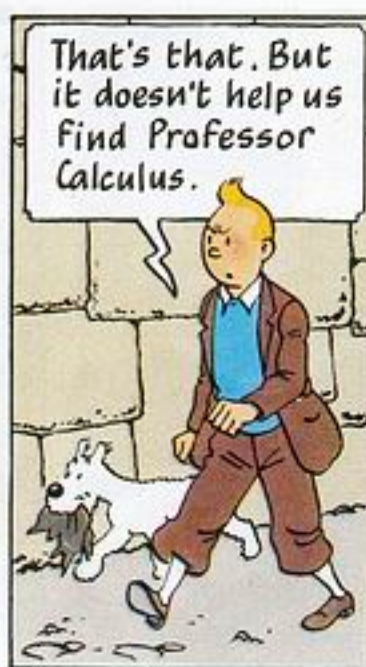
You think so?... That is not
very likely... But now I come
to think of it, the man... yes,
the man I saw was tall, and
fair... and clean-shaven.

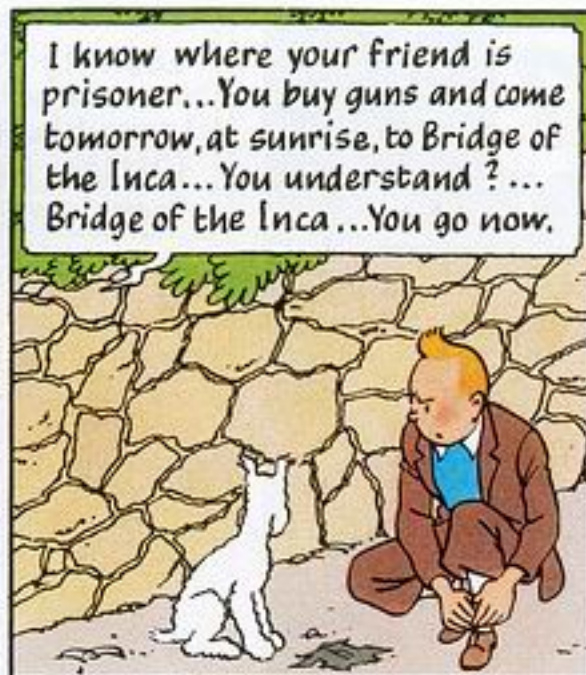
But you told us your-
self, just a moment
ago...



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









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



So it was you ...

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

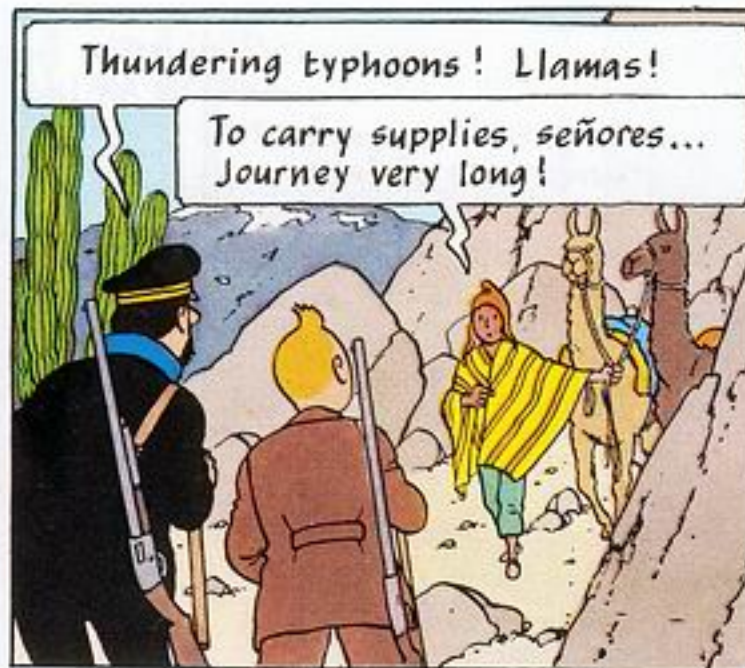


You wait for me on other side of bridge ... I come back quick.



Where's he off to?

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



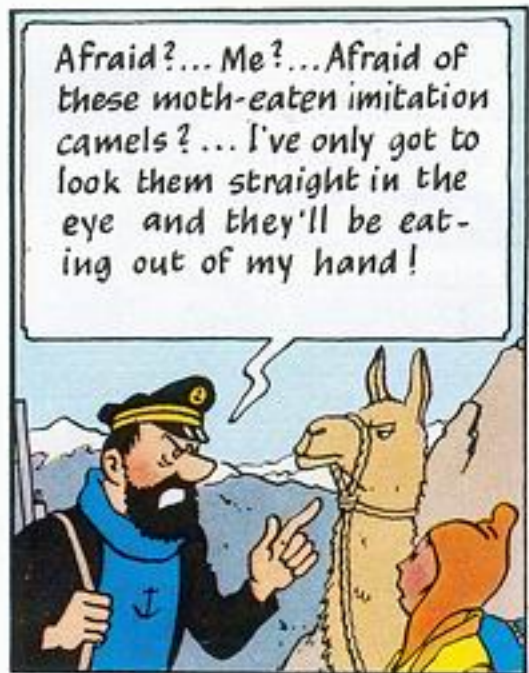
Thundering typhoons! Llamas!

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



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

Llamas very gentle, señor. You not be afraid.



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



Like that ... there!



YEEEEOW!

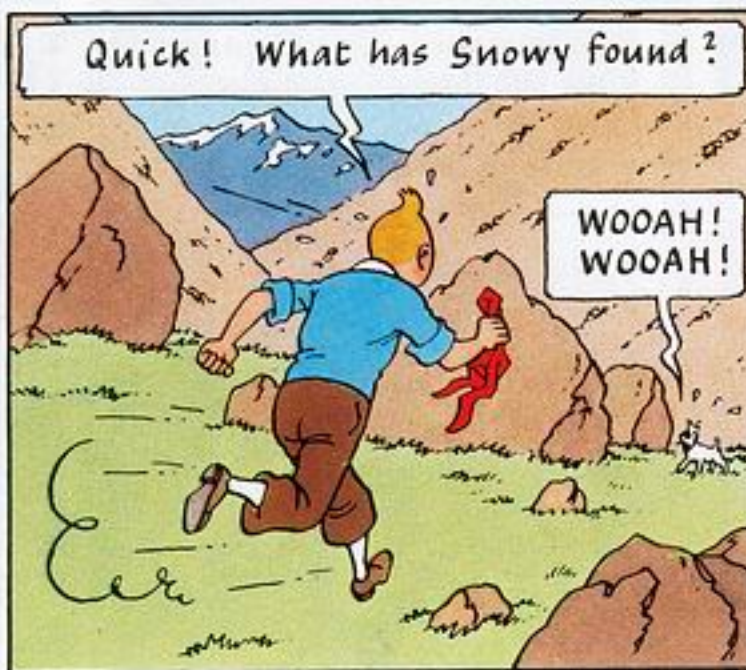


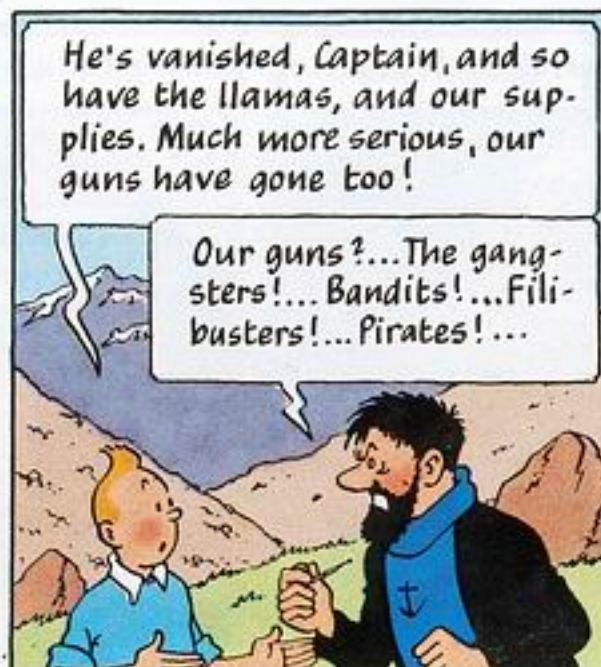
You miserable iconoclast!

You not hit him, señor.











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!



WOOAH!
WOOAH!



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



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.

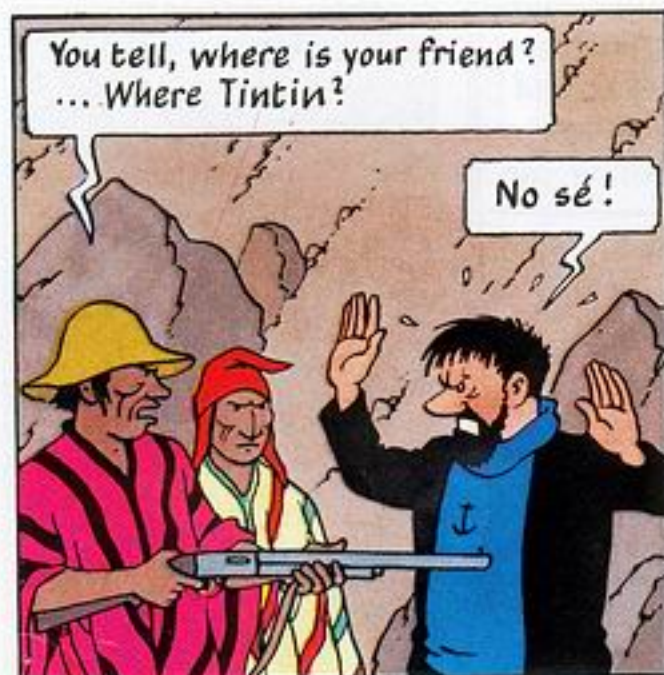
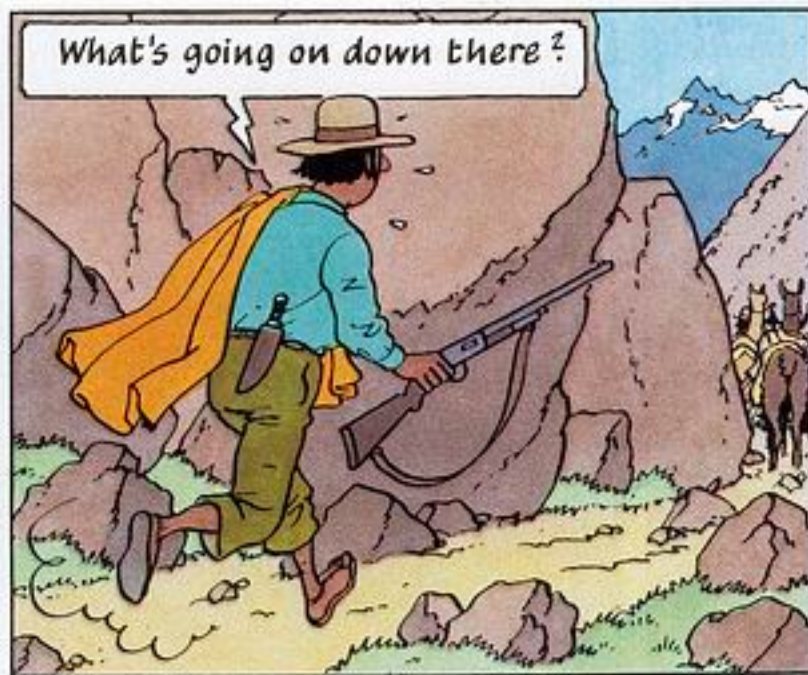


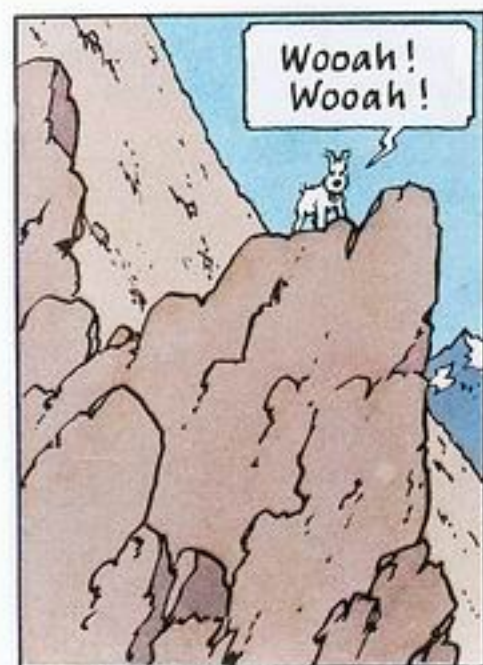
Just in time! ... Here they come! ... Care-
ful, not a sound now ...

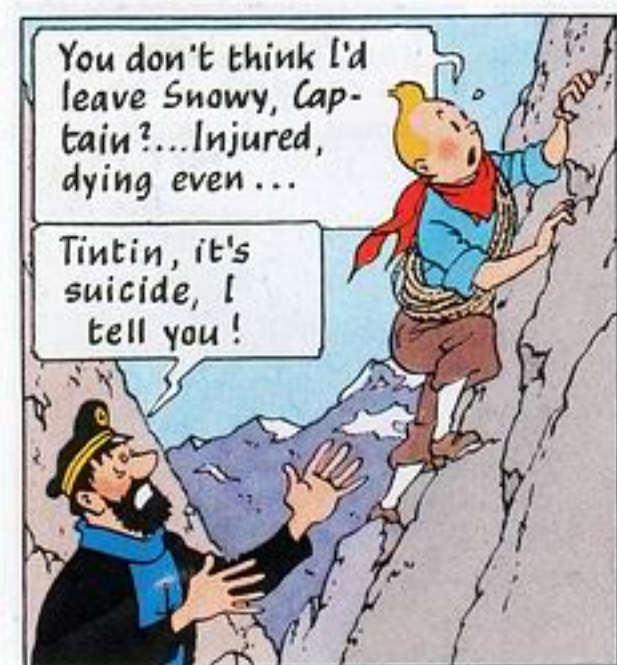
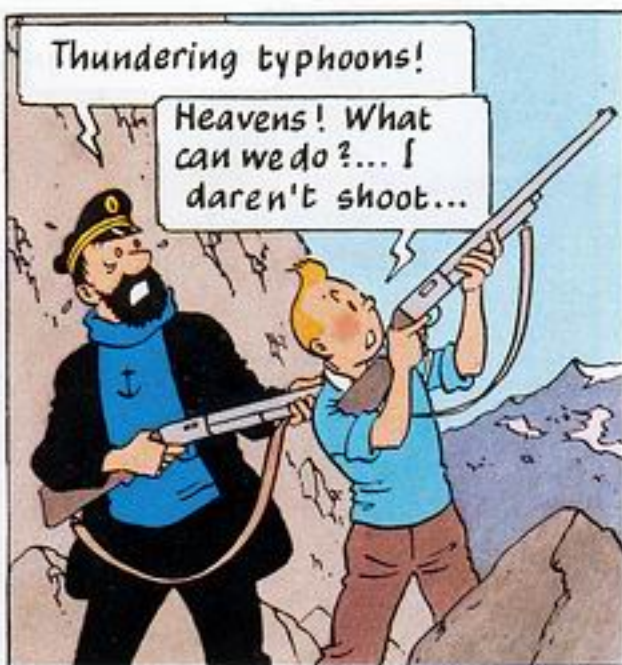


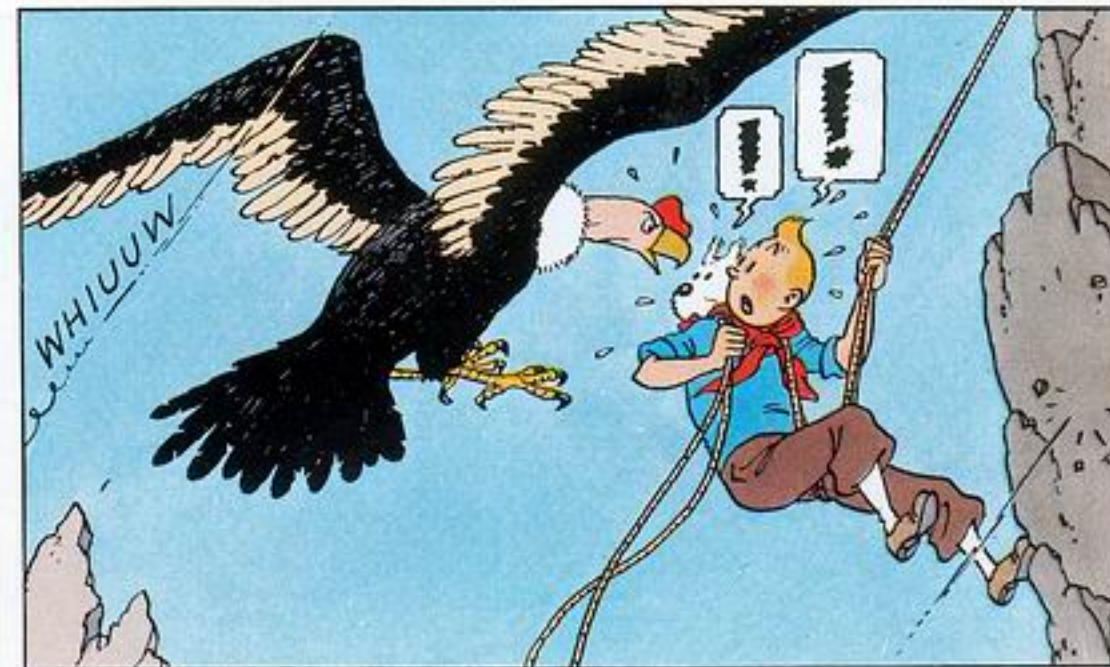
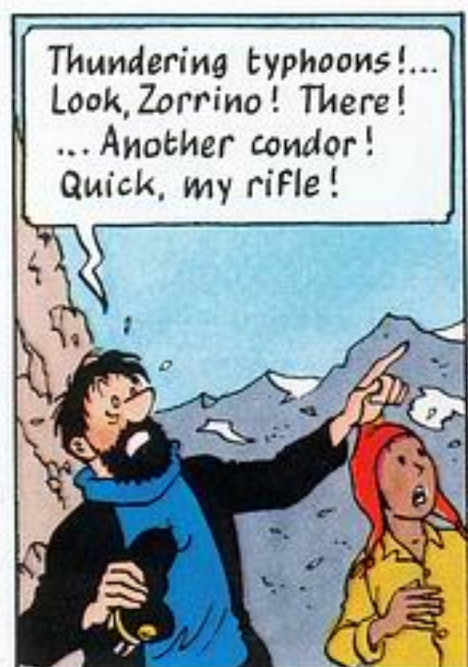
HELP!















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



There ... I knew it!



Let's see now...



Whisky... fine!



???



!!!



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



See, señores... Llamas not dead!



Good!... Hic... Fine! ... I... I... I'll f-f-fetch them.

No, no, Captain! I'll go!



Y-you shut up, or I'll s-s-sneeze 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-taggle ruminants! ... H-here!



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



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

As if he hasn't done enough damage already!



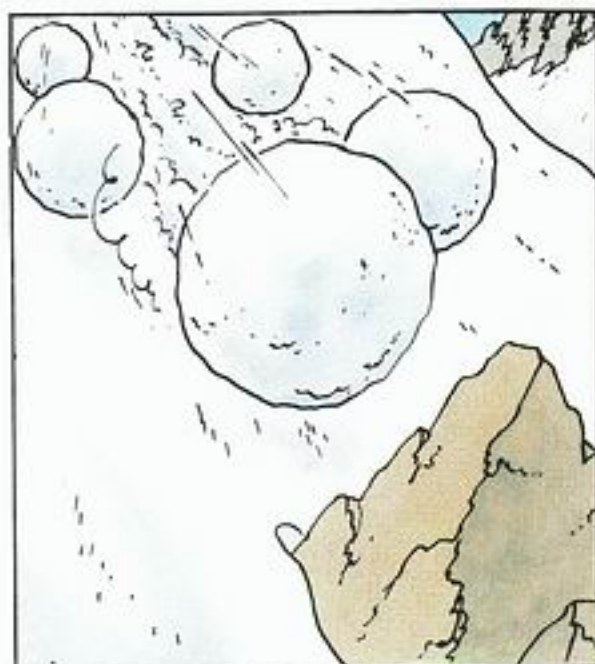
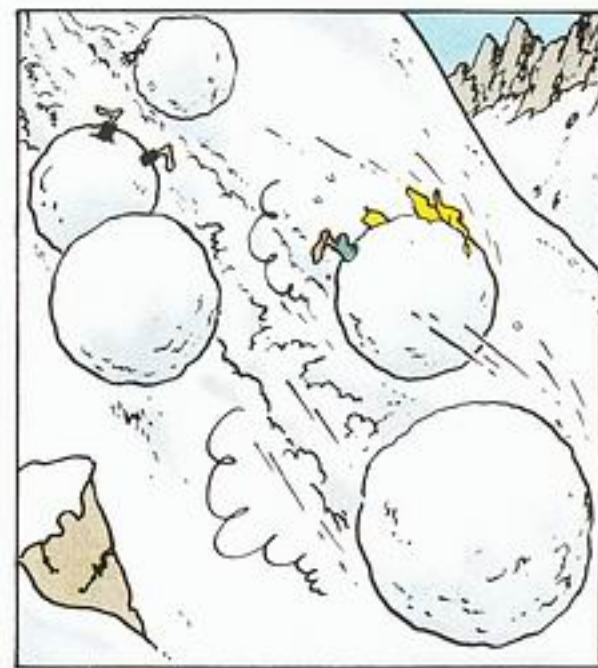
Look, there!... They must have been caught in an avalanche: only two of them left.

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



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







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.



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!



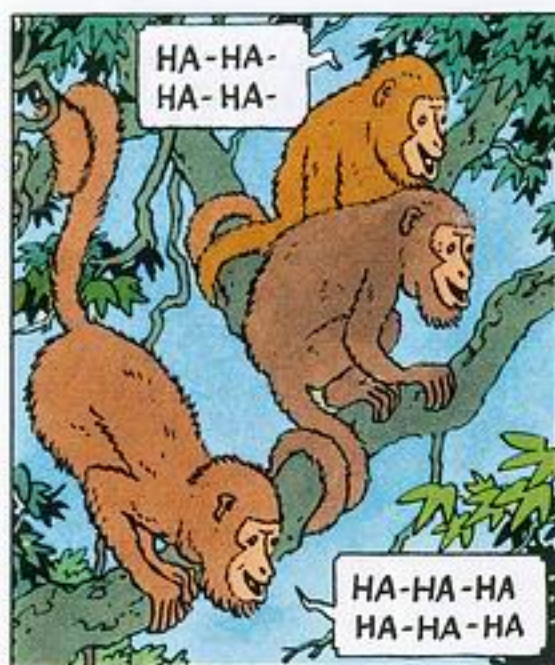
Stop!... Look, there's a cave!... Why don't we spend the night here?

Perhaps, but...



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











Next morning...

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

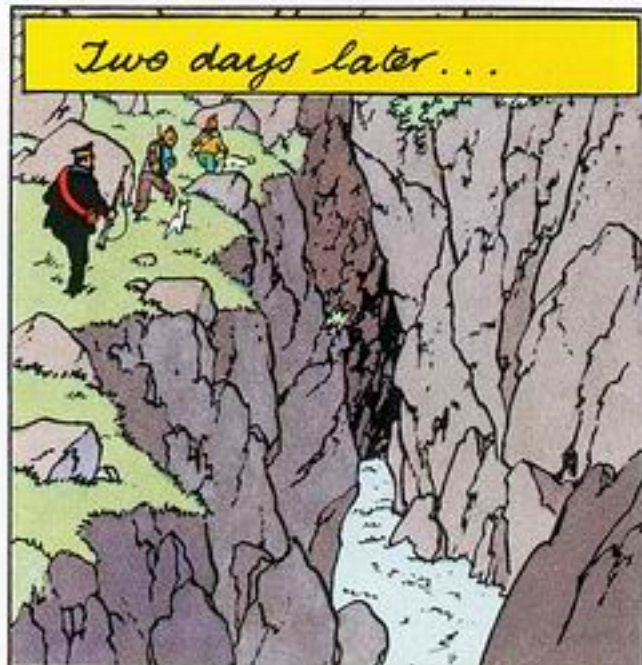
For certain we need ropes...
I make them from
jungle creepers.



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!



Hooray!
Got it!

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



Zorrino, with señor Tintin's gun



He's got guts, that boy!
Be careful, Zorrino!



Is O.K.!

Fine... my turn next...

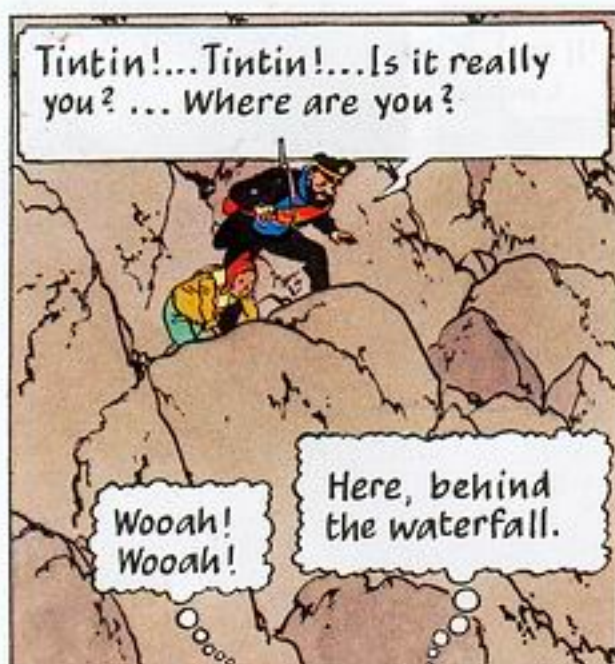
Thundering typhoons! You need a cool head for this!



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 stum-
bled 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...

Wooah!
Wooah!



I've found
the emerg-
ency exit!



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



Any good?

I hope so.





You give me guns,
señor Captain.

Here you are.



Here guns, Tintin.

Thanks,
Zorrino.



Oh! Place of dead
men, here!

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



It's my turn
now...



Crumbs! That noise
came from Snowy!
What happened?

Golly! What-
ever next? A
musical bone!



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

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



Hey, Captain,
where are you?



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

There wasn't
any other way
through, Captain.



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



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

What a
hope!



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



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





Sacrilege! ... Seize them!



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

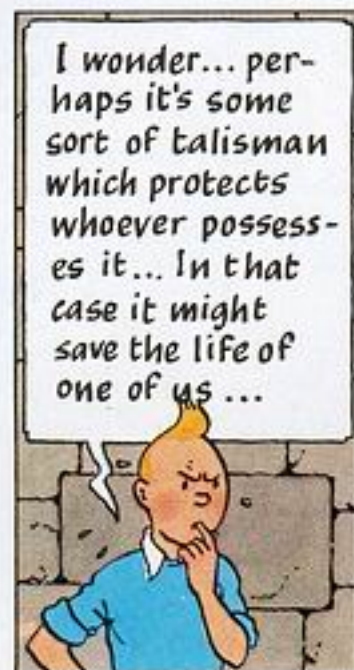


Tramps! ... Zapotecs! ... Pockmarks! ... Pithecanthropuses! ... Bashi-bazouks! ... Let me go, you savages!



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





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

Captain, please! Keep quiet!



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



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



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



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



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



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

Grrr!...



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



Where did you steal that, little viper?



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



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



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



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



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



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



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



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



Nevertheless, I will grant them one favour...

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



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



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



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



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

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



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



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



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

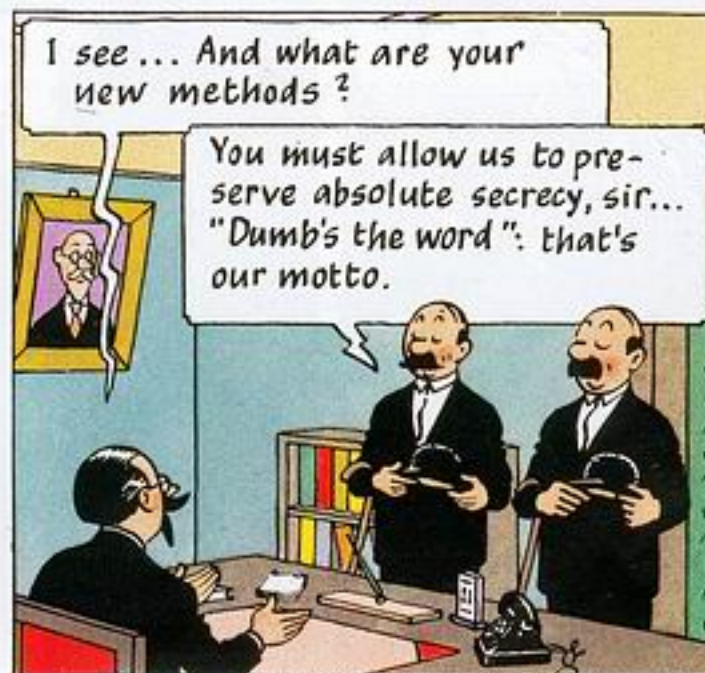
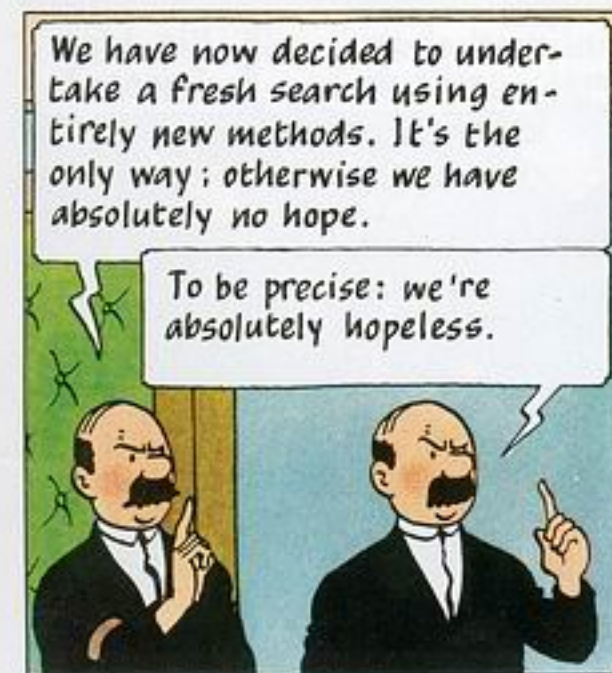
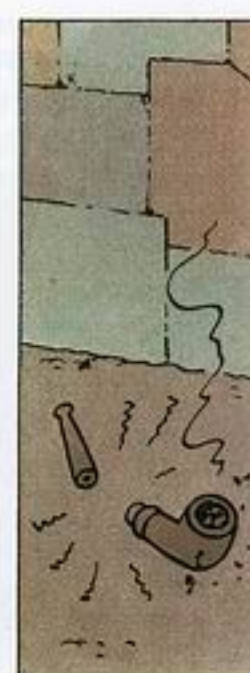


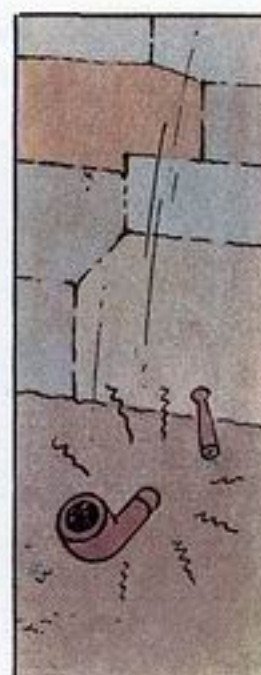
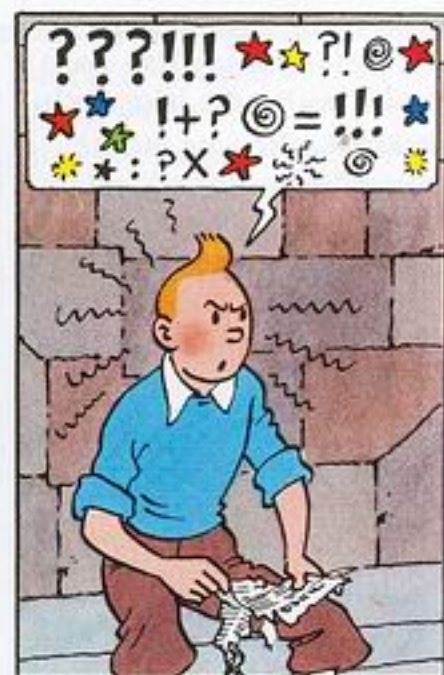
But, thundering typhoons, we shan't be lighting it!

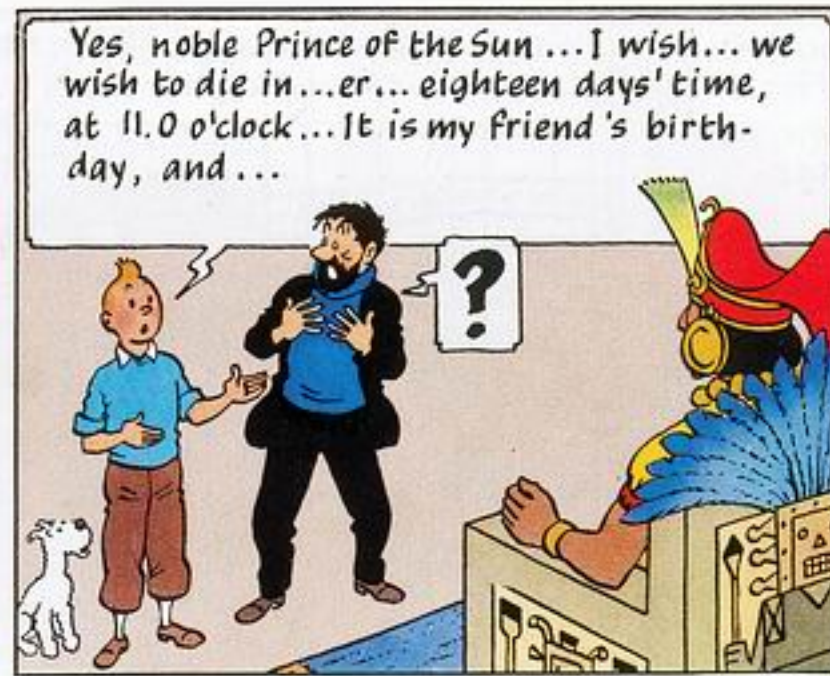
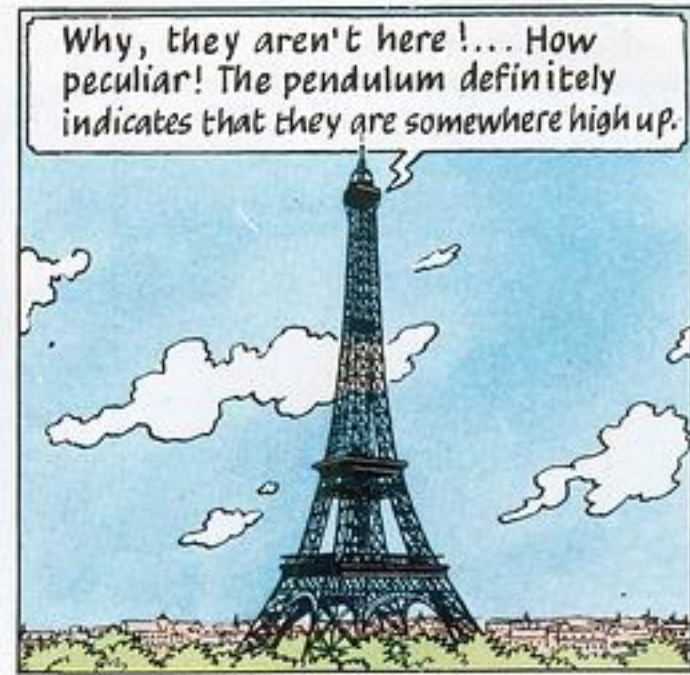
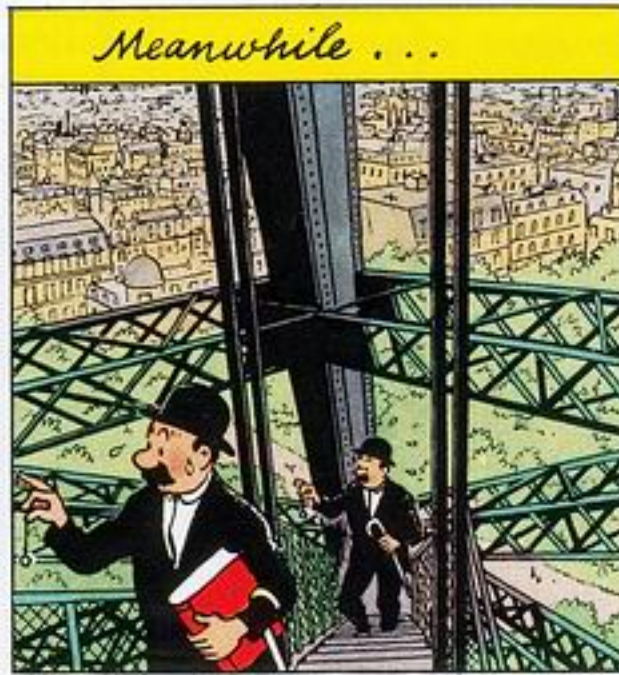
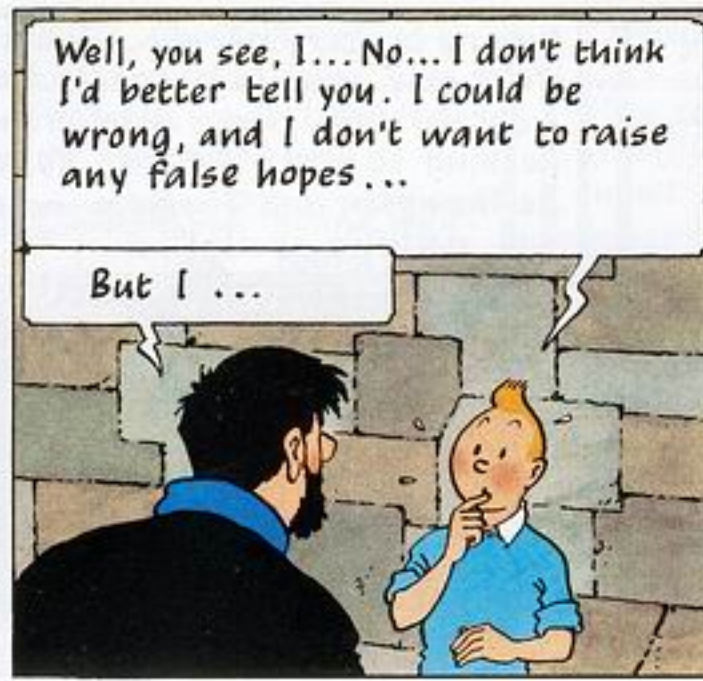


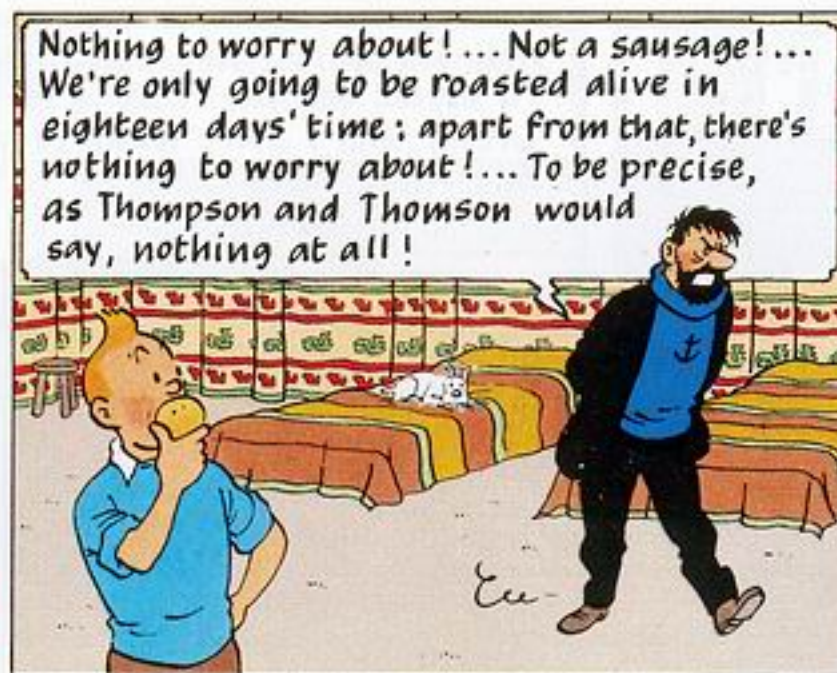
How do we get out of here?











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...

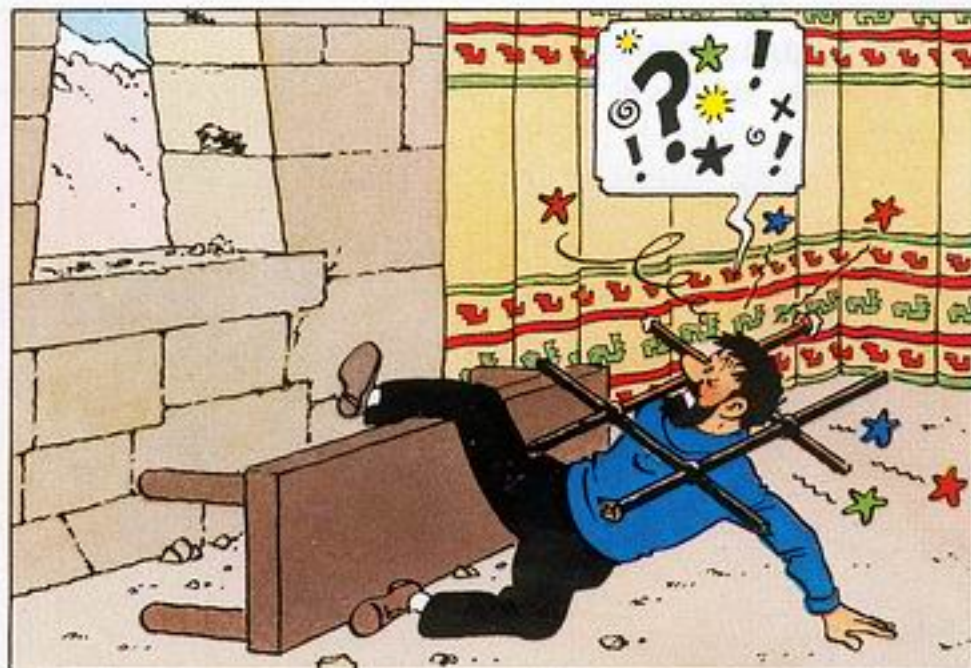
Only a few hours to live, and all you can do is read that bit of newspaper for the hundredth time!



"...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!

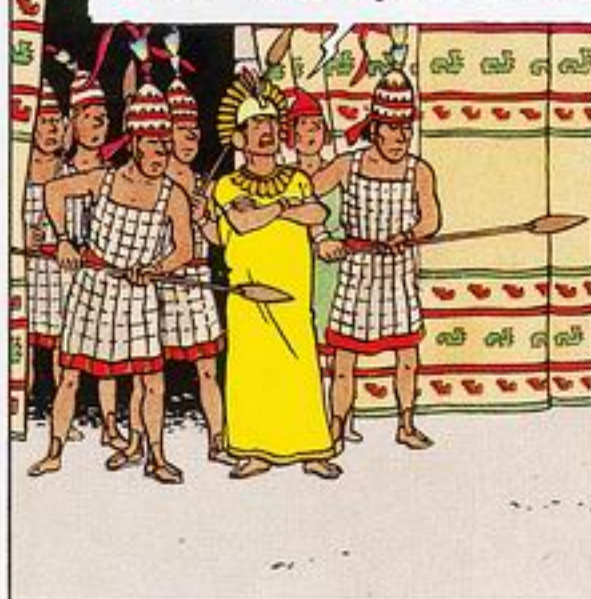


We're free!... Tintin, we're free!... Come on quickly, hurry! ... Out!

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

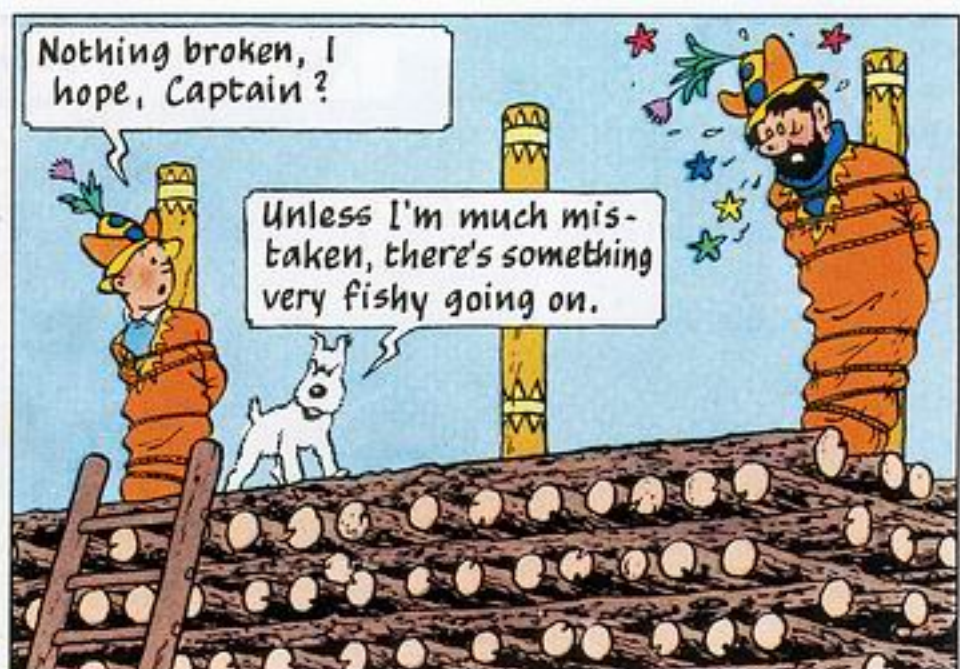
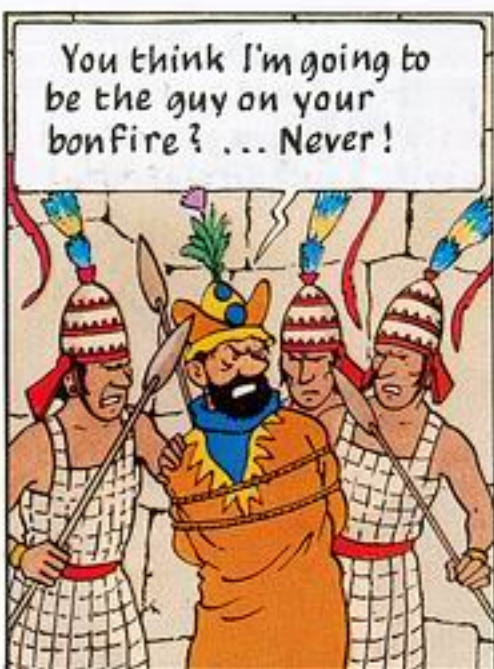


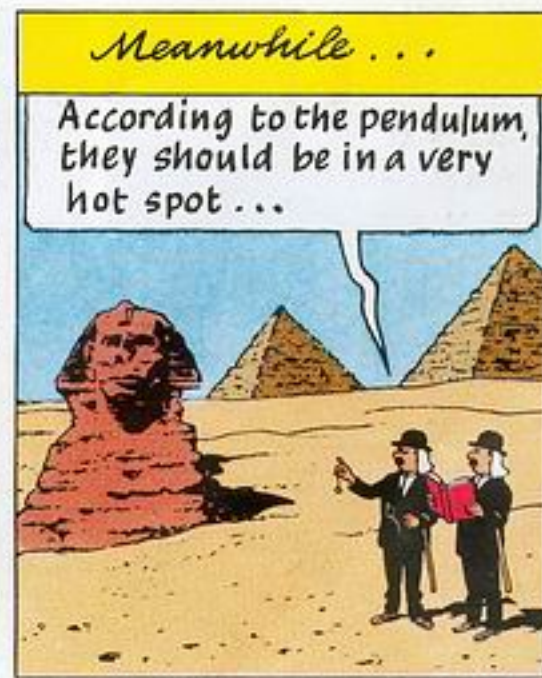
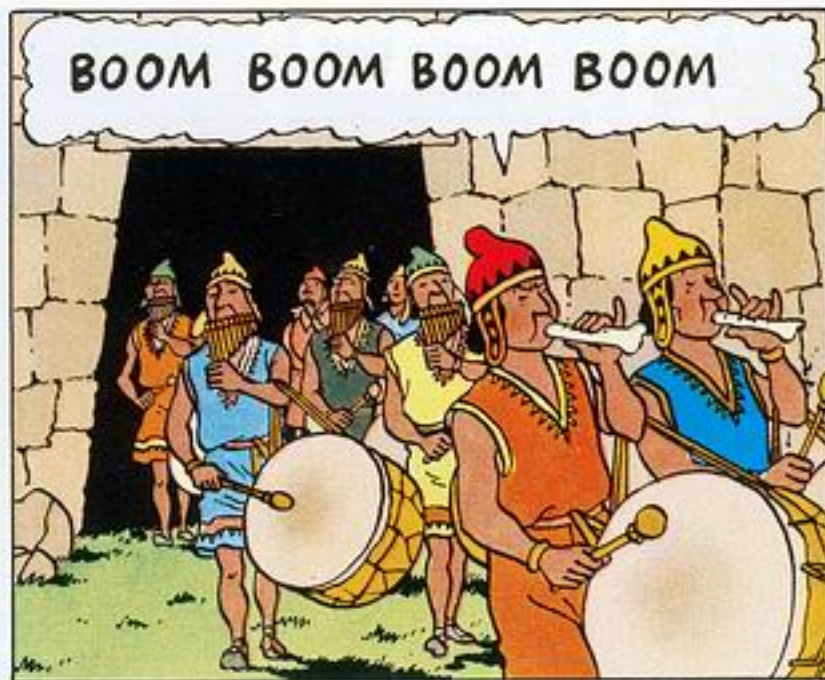
Aha! We are just in time!

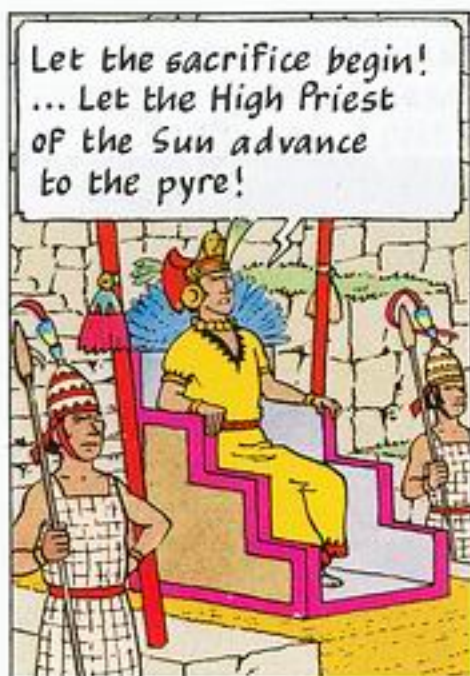


Thundering typhoons! ... Too late!









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



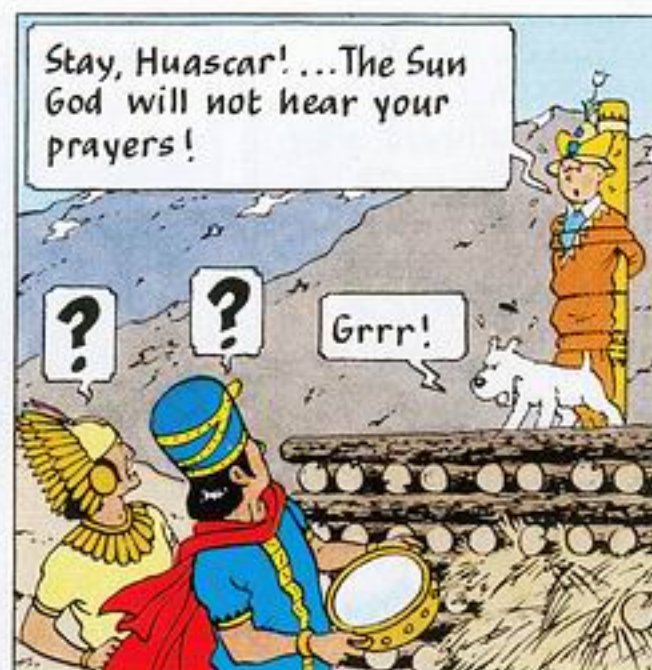
What's that thing he's got
there?
That's the burning glass
to set our bonfire
alight.



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
God will not hear your
prayers!

Grrr!



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



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



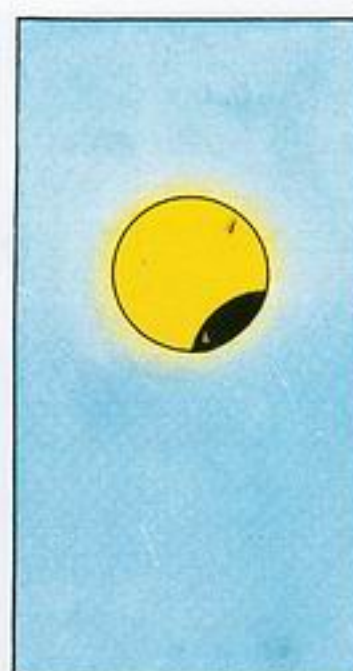
O God of the Sun, sublime
Pachacamac, display thy
power, I implore thee!
... If this sacrifice is
not thy will, hide thy
shining face from us!

Poor Tintin, he's gone
off his head!

Not at all: your
hat is very chic.



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



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



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



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

Wow-ow-
-woo-
ow!

Don't be
An eclipse,
it is,

afraid.
that's all
Captain.



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-
oowow!



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

Wow-ow-wow!

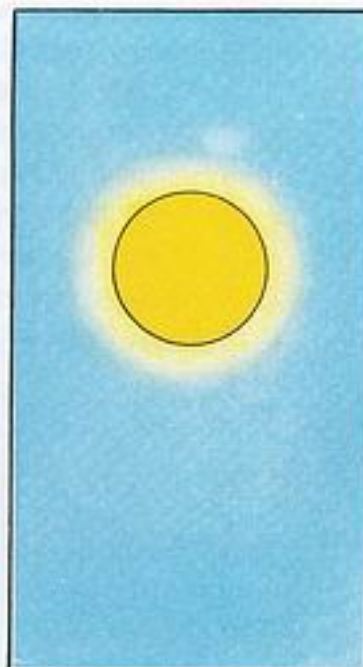


By Pachacamac!
The Sun obeys him!
... Quickly! Set
them free!



You see now, Captain?
The newspaper!

It's ... it's
miraculous!



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



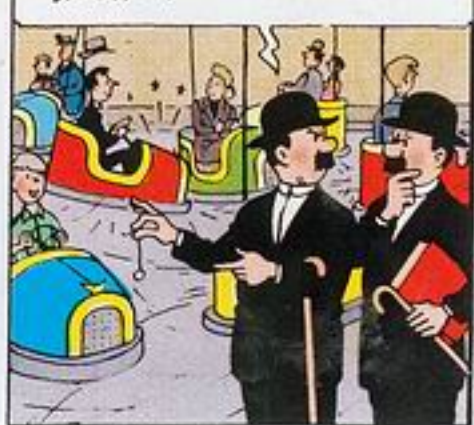
"I've got the sun in the
morning..."

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, 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 ...

Adios, amigo Tintin!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Blistering barnacles! More llamas!

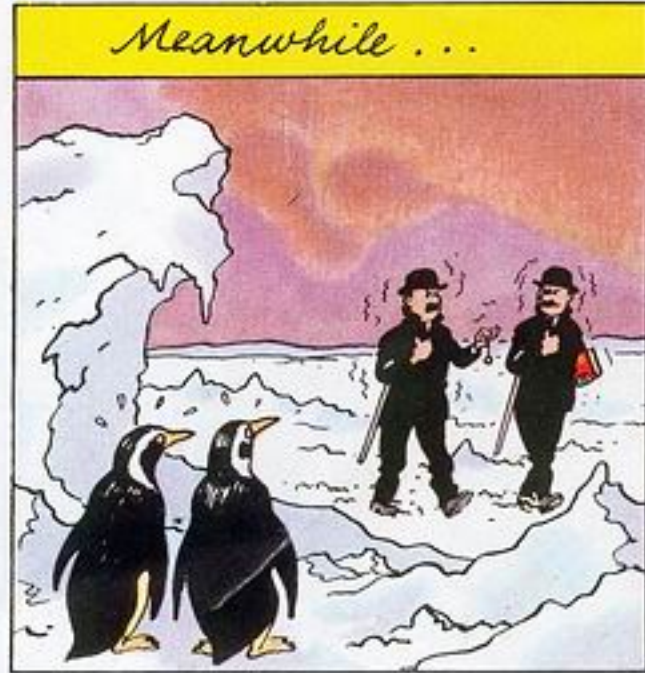
Perhaps you would like to open one of the saddle-bags?

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 ...





THE END

