

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF

TINTIN

PRISONERS OF THE SUN

MAGNET



MAGNET

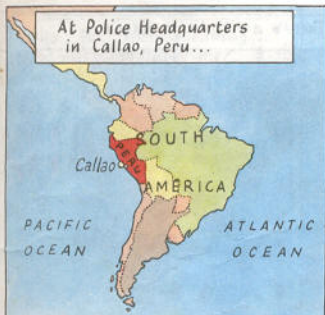
PRISONERS OF THE SUN

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At Police Headquarters in Callao, Peru...

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



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

Absolutely.



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



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



Surely you're mistaken...

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



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



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



A few minutes later...



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



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

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



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



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?



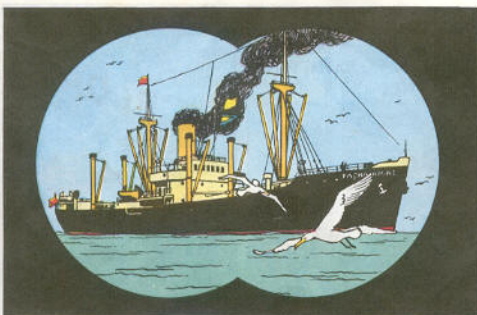
When llama is angry, señor, he always do that.

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!

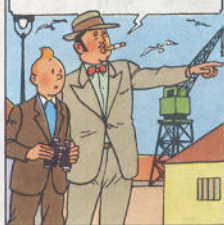


Goodness gracious! And we've got to go on board to search the ship.



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" ...

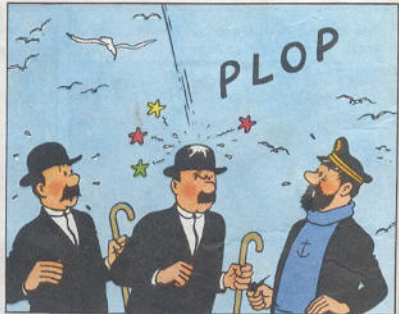


Well... we can only wait until they've finished.



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.



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





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



Are they celebrating the captain's birthday?

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



There's the launch coming back...



Well, doctor?

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



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

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



A Quichua, as a matter of fact. Why?

Oh, no reason. I just wondered.



A little later...

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



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

What do you mean, tonight?



Tonight! I shall go aboard the "Pachacamac".

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



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



But thundering typhoons, the doctor definitely said...

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



Night has fallen...



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

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



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

Just as you
like...



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

Good luck,
Tintin.



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

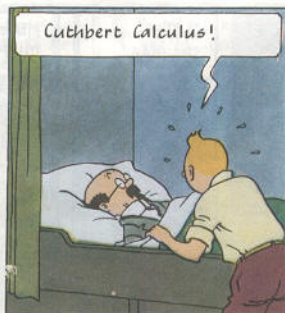


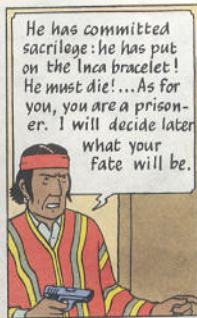
Now comes the most
difficult part ...



¿Qué pasa,
ahí abajo?...
!!!









Meanwhile ...

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



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



That sounds like the telephone.

To be precise: the telephone.



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



RRRRING

Are you going to answer it?

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



Taking their time, the baboons!



RRRRING

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

You know very well that I talk in my sleep!



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



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



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



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



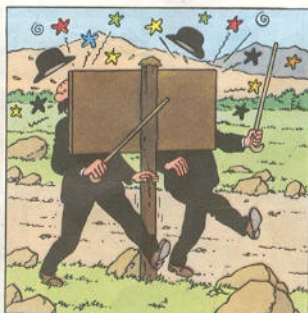
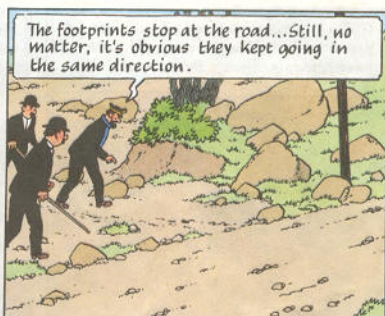
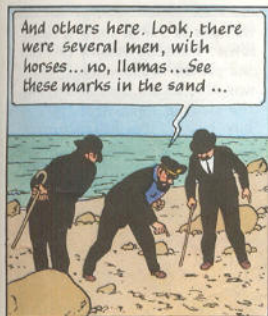
Half an hour later...

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



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





Many hours later...

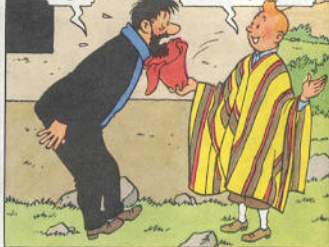


Here, boy... Have you met anyone along this road - a young European, with a white dog?



?

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...

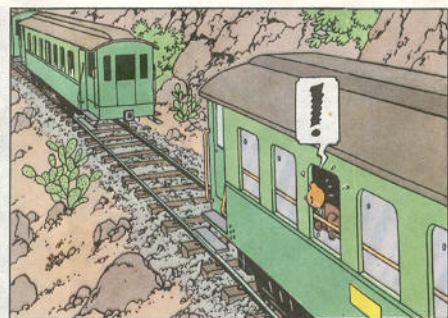
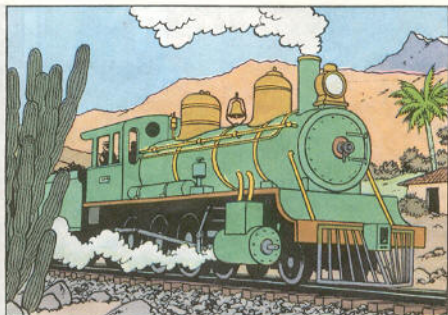
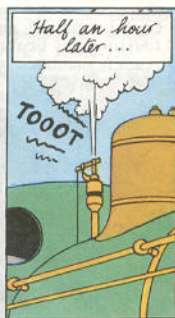
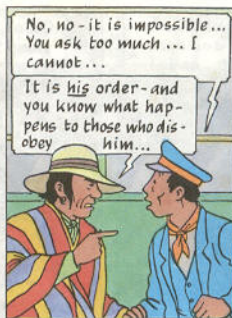


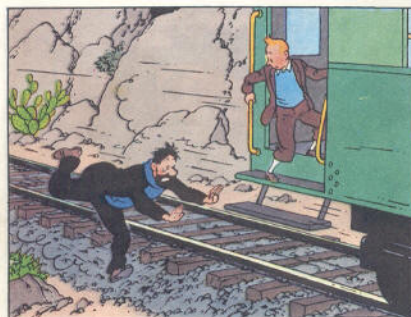
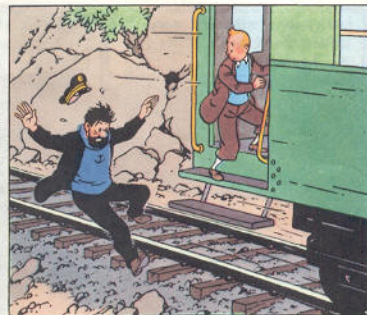
Two days later...

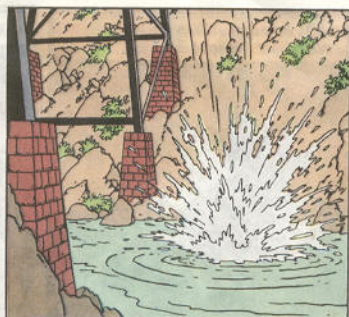
Our seats are in the last coach, aren't they?

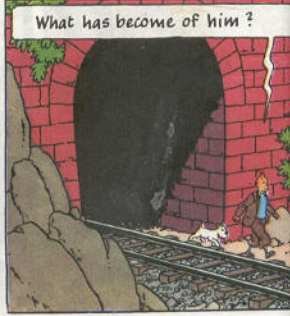
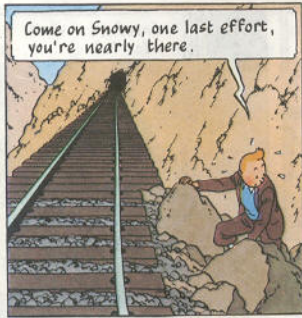
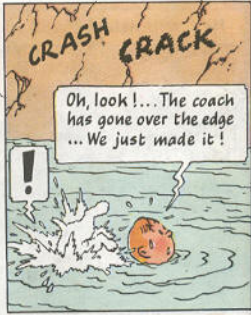
Sí, señor.













Hooray!

Hooray!



Safe and sound!
What an escape!



TOOOOOT



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.



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

Naturally, he'd been
drugged.



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

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



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

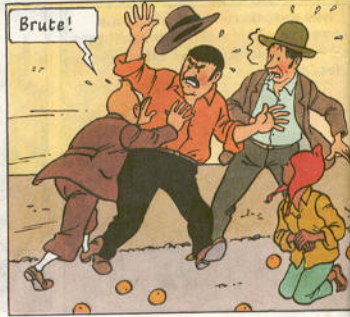
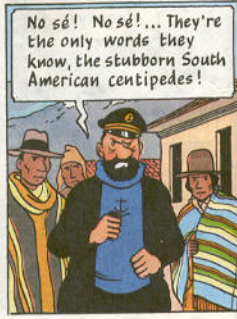


Why that sudden change?... Curious
... He seemed anxious not to be
involved. Is he afraid of the
Indians?

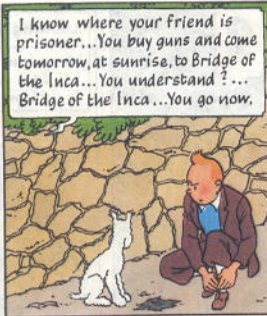


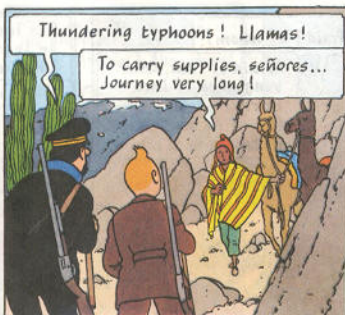
Only one thing to do: split up
and question some of the
locals.

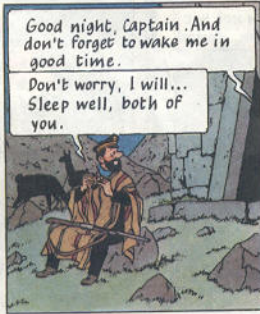
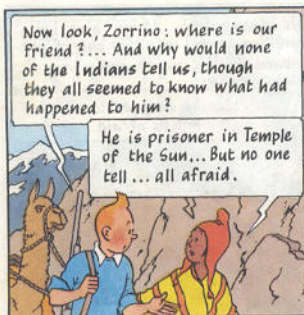
Right!... We'll meet
outside the station
in an hour.







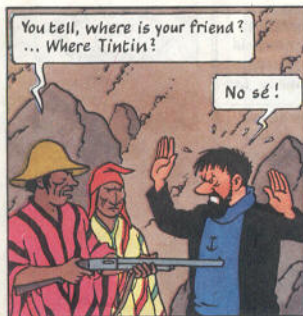




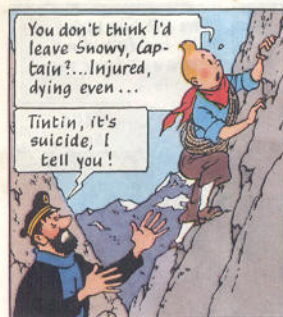


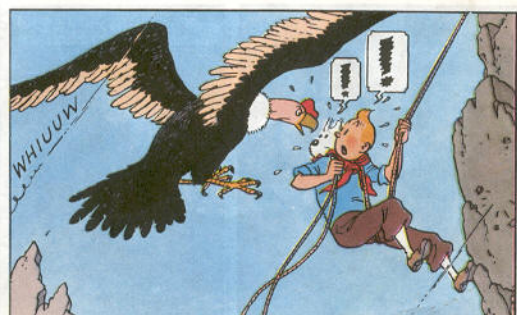














Pirate! ... Doryphore! ... Gobbledygook!
Just wait till I get you to the taxidermist,
you bald-headed budgerigar!



A little later ...



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



Is it far now,
Zorrino?

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



Days go by ...



One morning ...



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

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



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



AAAAAAH ...



TCHOOO



BRRROOM
BRRROOM
?

An avalanche!





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



There ... I knew it!



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-squeeze the mountain down! I... I... I s-s-started... hic... all this... hic... s-s-so I'll F-F-finish it!

But...



C-come here, you raggle-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.



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.

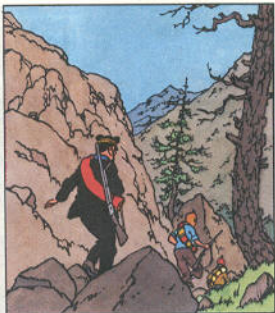




Next morning...

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

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



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



Two days later...



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



Right!

Here goes!



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



Hooray!
Got it!

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



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



Is O.K.!

Fine... my turn next...

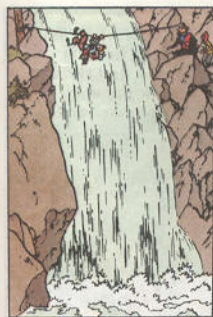


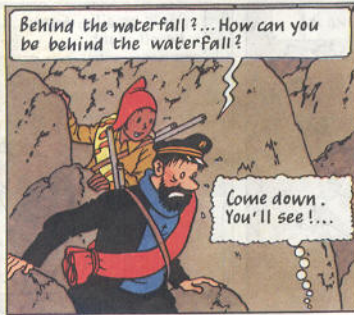
Thundering typhoons! You need a cool head for this!

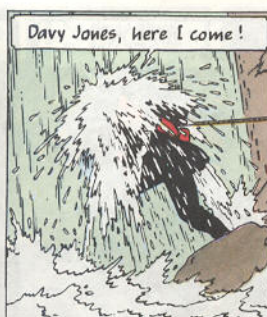


Blue blistering barnacles!









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!

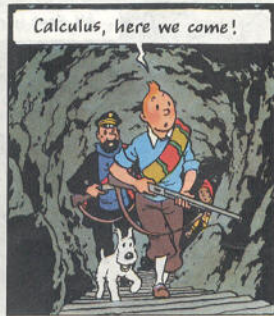
I thought so too. But I had a
look. The rock is covered with
some sort of phosphorescence
which gives a little light.
Shall we go?



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...

Woah!
Woah!



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...

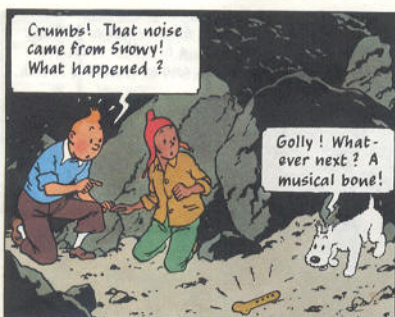


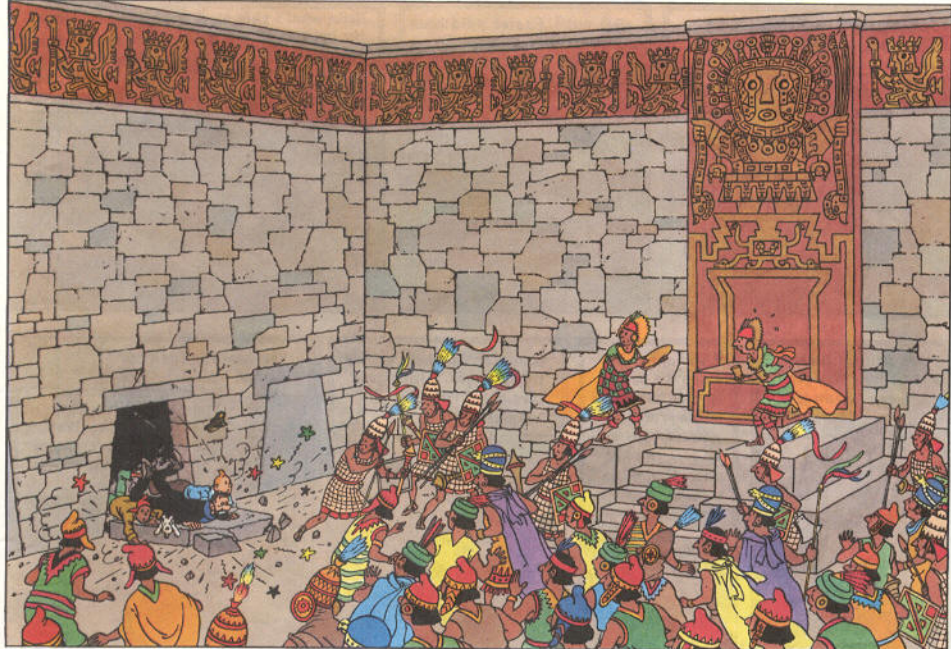
Any good?

I hope so.









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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You come... The Inca waits.

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

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

Great snakes! The Inca!

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

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

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

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

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

Captain, please! Keep quiet!



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



Your friend dared to wear the sacred bracelet of 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!



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...

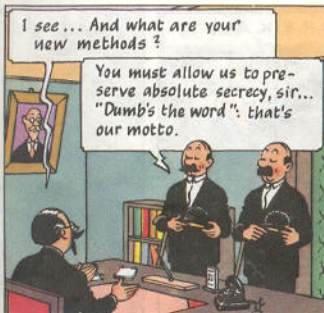
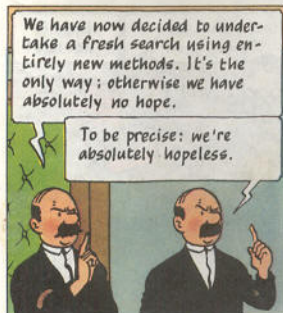


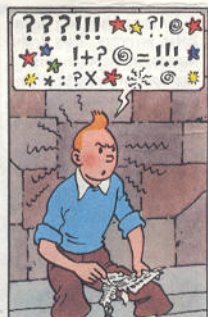
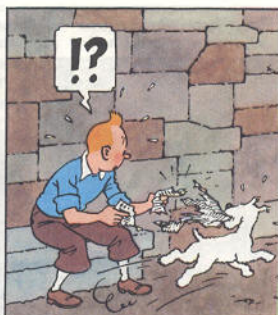
But, thundering typhoons, we shan't be lighting it!

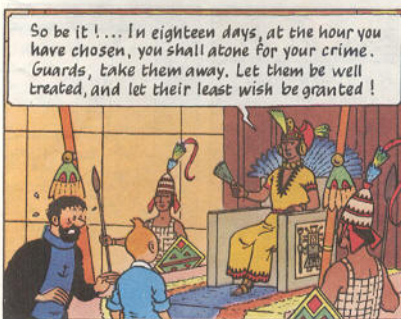


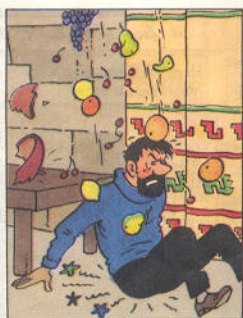
How do we get out of here?











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 compounded bars I'd soon be out of here!

CRACKS
BANG
BOOM

?

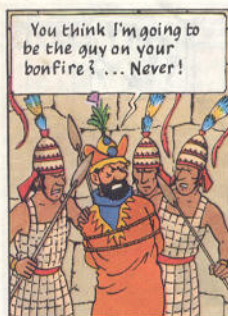
?!*!*

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!







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



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



Don't be
An eclipse,
it is,

afraid,
that's all
Captain.

Wow-ow-
woo-
ow!

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



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



Wow-ow-
ooowow!

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



Wow-ow-wow!



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



You see now, Captain?
The newspaper!

It's ... it's
miraculous!



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



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

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



Meanwhile ...

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



Next day...

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

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



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



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



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



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



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

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



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



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



Destroy the images, Huaco!



At that moment, in Europe...

What am I doing here?



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



Where are we, Carling?

That's what I'm wondering, Sanders.



You here, Reedbuck?

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

How did I get here?



Next morning ...

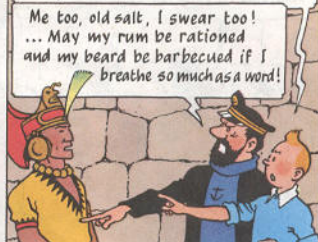
So you've chosen to stay here, Zorrino ... We must say goodbye, then. Perhaps one day we shall meet again ...



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; 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 ...



Perhaps you would like to open one of the saddlebags?



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



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



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





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

Several days later...



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

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



Will you hang on to my gun for a second?

Of course, but what's up?



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

Rum?... You think so?



THE END