

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



MAGNET



THE SEVEN CRYSTAL BALLS

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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.

This will lead to trouble...
You see if it doesn't!

?



What'll lead to trouble?

All this mummy business. Remember, young man, what happened with Tut-Ankh-Amen!



Think of all those Egyptologists, dying in mysterious circumstances after they'd opened the tomb of the Pharaoh... You wait, the same will happen to those busy-bodies, violating the Inca's burial chamber.

You think so?

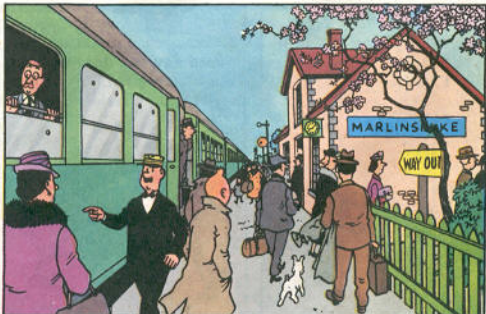


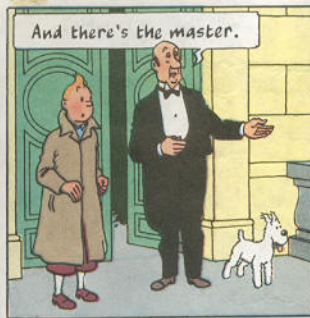
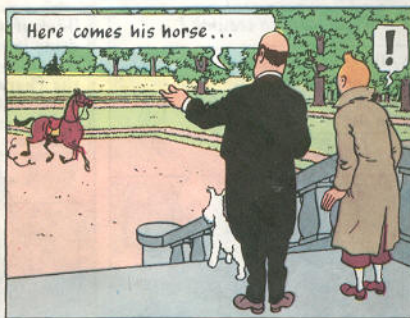
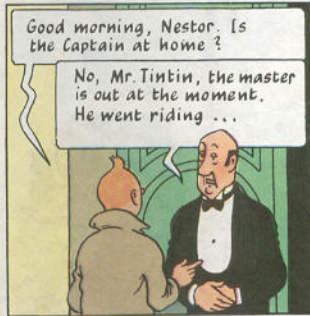
I'm sure of it!... Anyway, why can't they leave them in peace?... What'd we say if the Egyptians or the Peruvians came over here and started digging up our kings!... What'd we say then, eh?

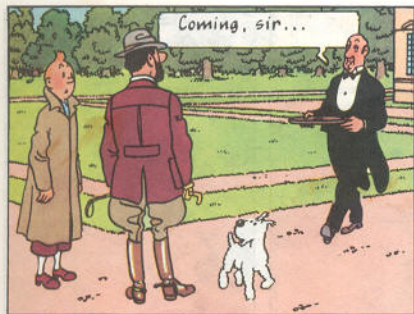
Well, I...

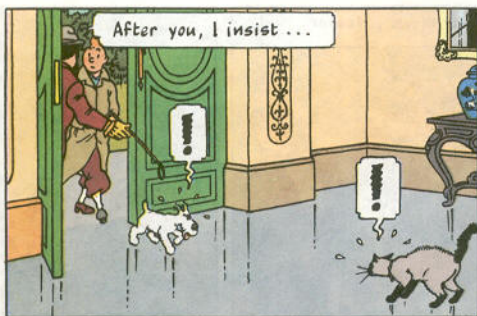


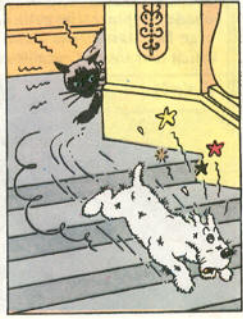
Oh... excuse me. I see we're coming to my station... I must go.

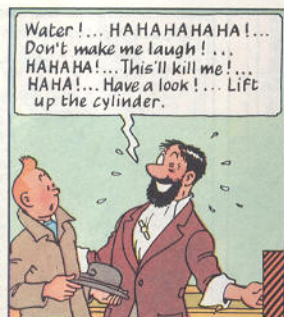


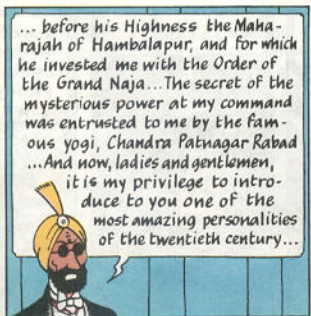
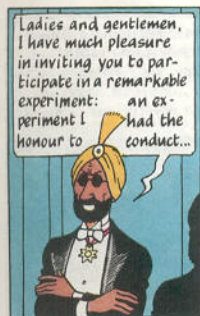
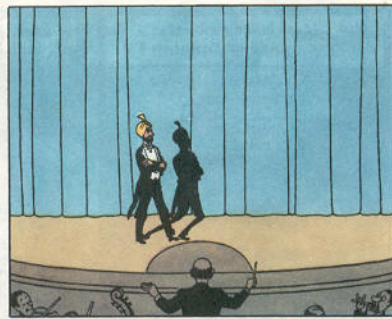
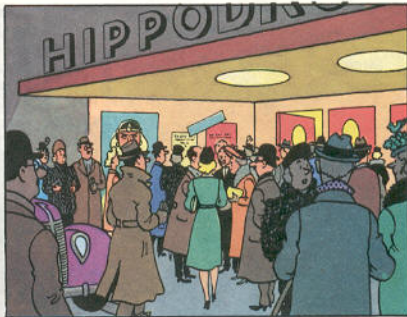
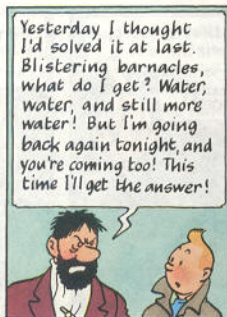


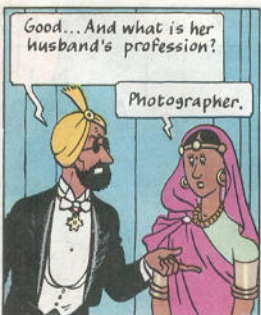
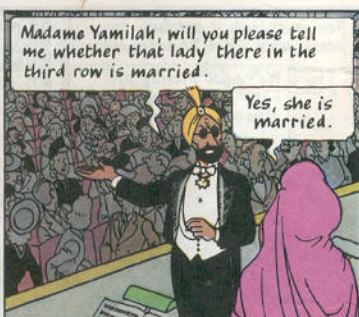
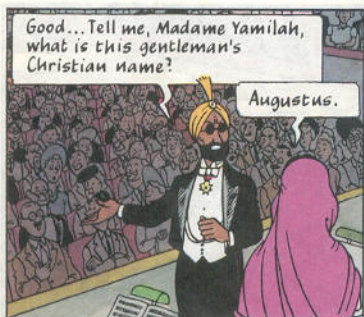


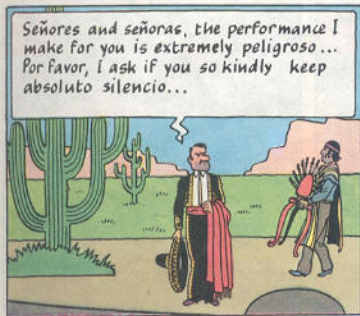
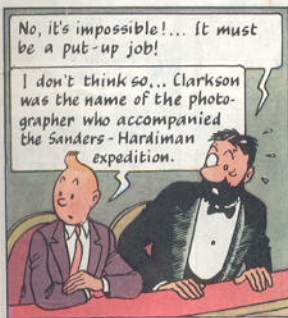
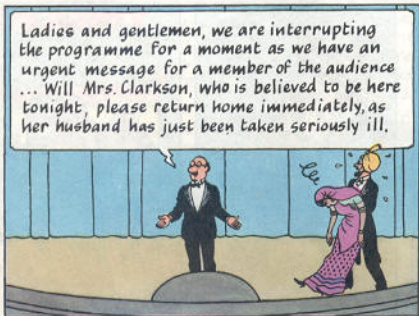


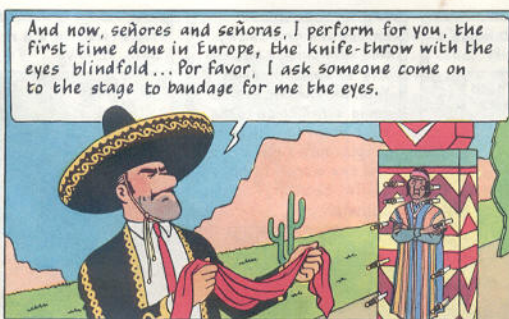
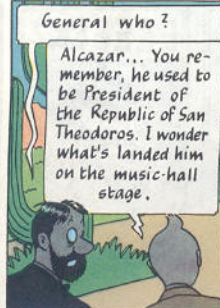




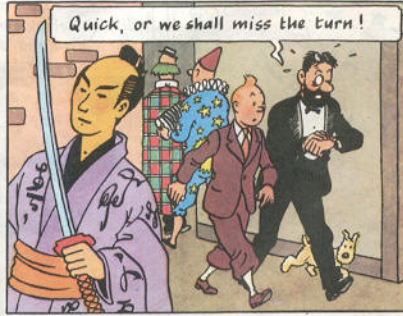
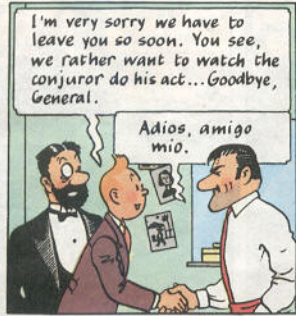
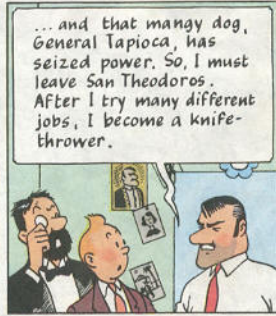
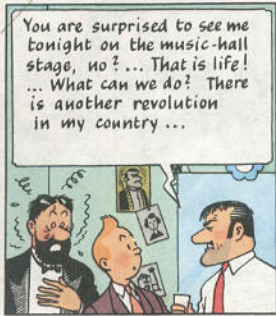




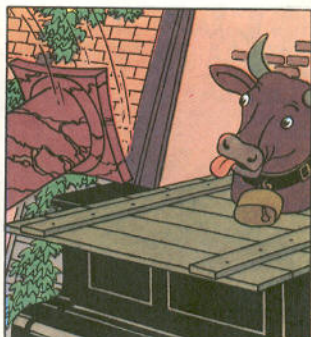


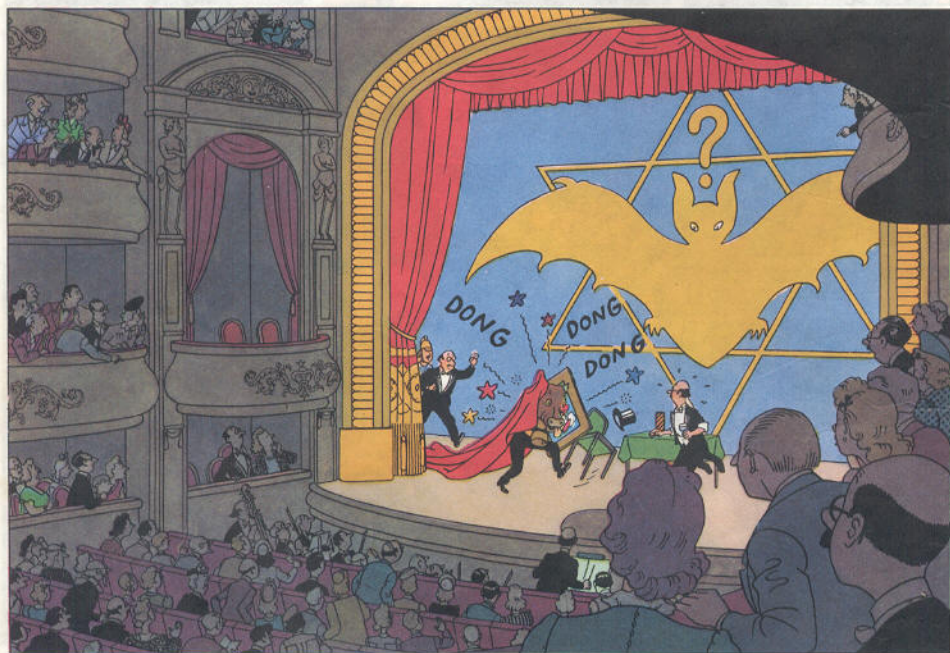


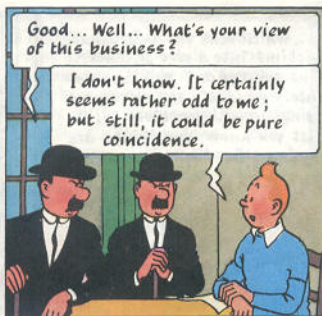
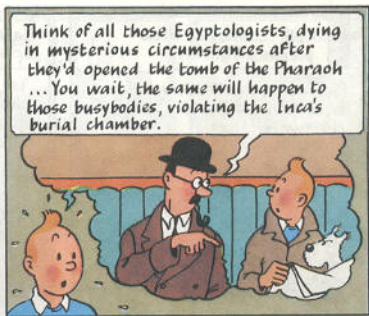
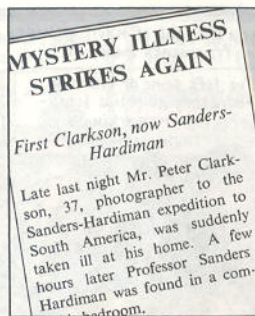
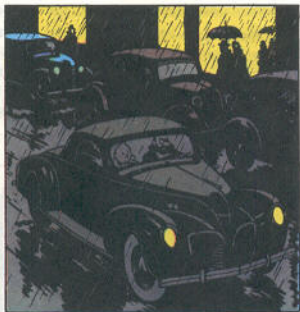


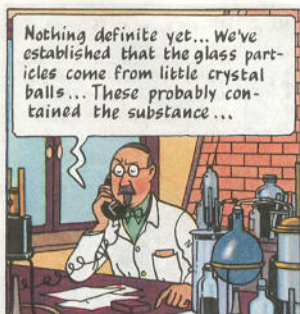
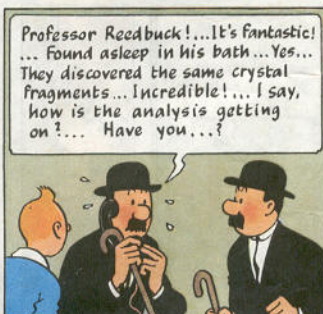
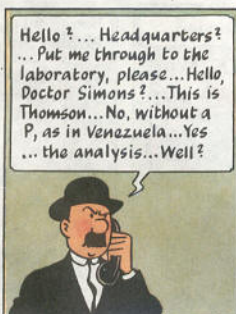
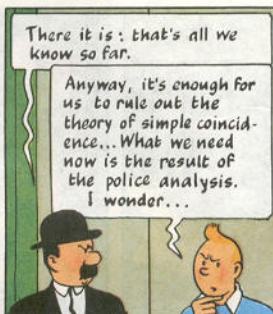
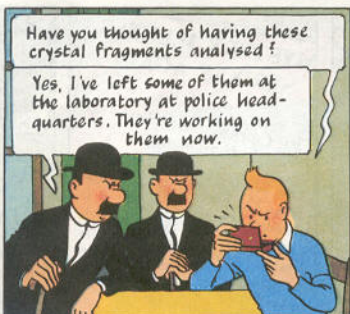
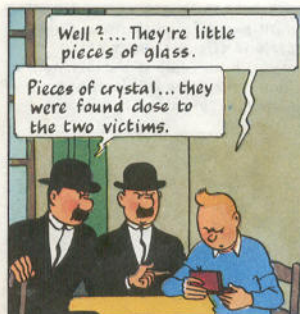












We must warn the other members of the expedition at once! And we must get police protection for them.

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, Reedbuck: 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 ...

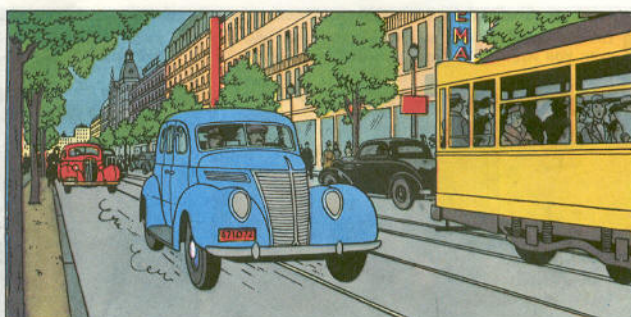
Yes... yes... yes, I was just reading the paper... What? Professor Reedbuck too?... And... no... What's that! Crystal fragments! ... By Jupiter, so he was telling the truth!

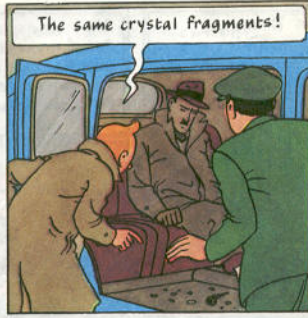
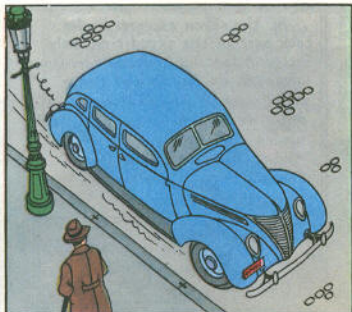
Who?... An old Indian, who got drunk on coca one night. He told me... No, I can't explain over the telephone... No, I'll come along and see you... Where?... Good!

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 ...

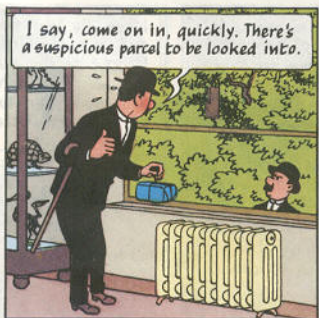
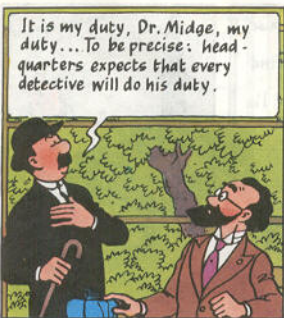


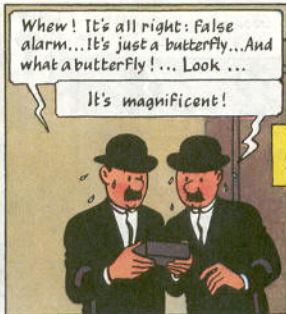


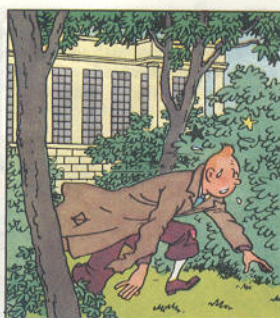
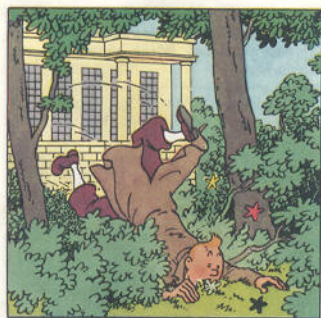
SALES

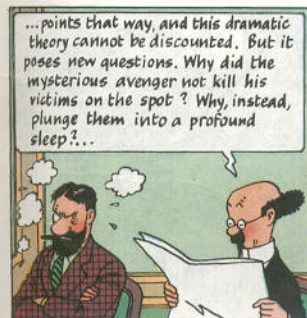
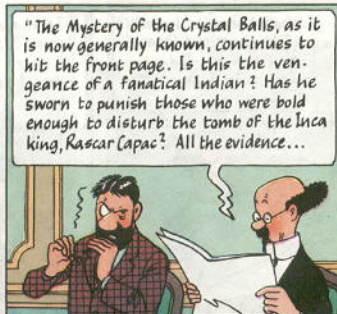
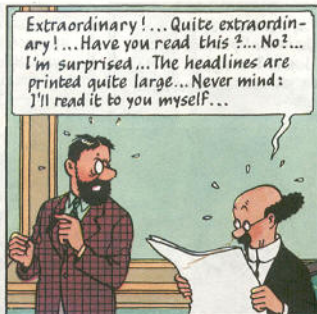
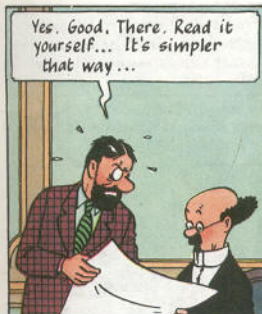
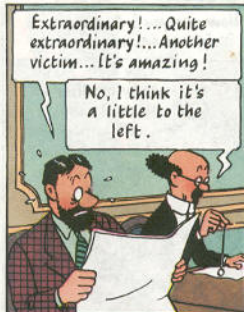
The Plot Thickens. Mark Falcon collapses in the...
MYSTERY OF THE CRYSTAL BALLS
 new victims. The Police are...
 intensive enquiries into the...
 the attack on members...
 human expedition...
 led to this...
AN INCA TUT-ANKH-AMEN!
 Professor Cantonneau, Mr. Mark Falcon, Mr. Peter Clarkson...
THE VENGEANCE OF RASCAR CAPAC
 tragic story lies behind the South American...
ARE THERE SEVEN CRYSTAL BALLS?

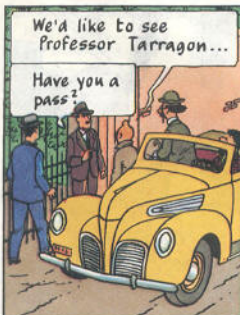
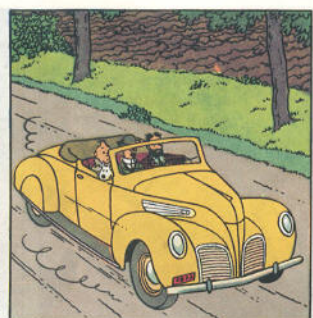
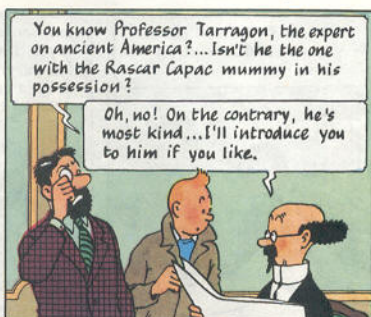
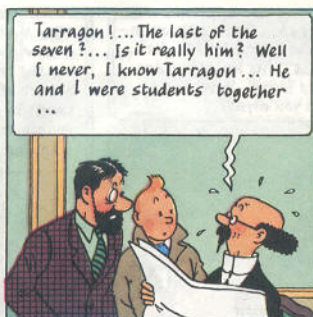
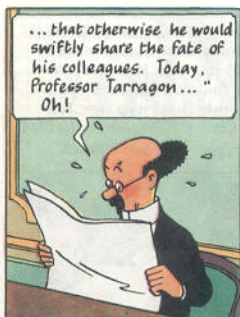
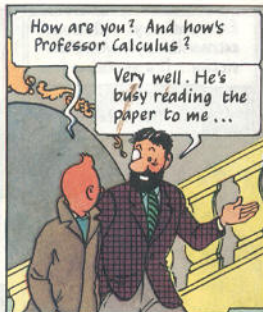
... of the seven explorers who took part in the expedition, only Doctor Midge and Professor Iarragon have escaped the fate of their colleagues. A day-and-night police watch is being kept on their homes, and on the office of Dr. Midge, Director of the Darwin Museum













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...



Thanks. May I put it in the garage?

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

BANG



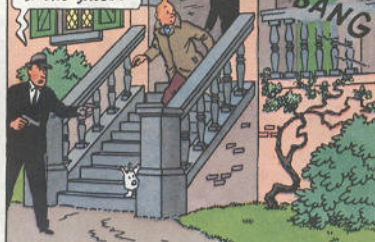
Over there... a man running... It's one of the detectives guarding the house...



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

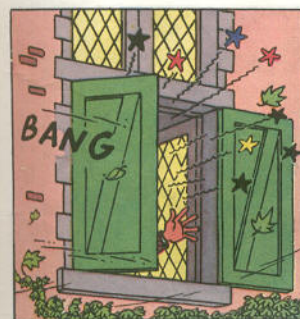


That came from the direction of the gates.



BANG





Everything all right?...Good, good...
At any rate, the false alarm did
prove that the house is well
guarded.

Yes, it certainly seems
to be. But still, we
must be very care-
ful.



By the way, Professor, what do you
make of this whole business of the
crystal balls?

What do I make of it?...
Not much... But, as a matter
of fact, I've drafted a
paper...



...on the occult practices
of ancient Peru. It seems
to have some bearing,
but I doubt if it will
solve our problem.



Look at this... it's a translation
of part of the inscriptions
carved on the walls of Rascar
Capac's tomb... You may like
to read it.

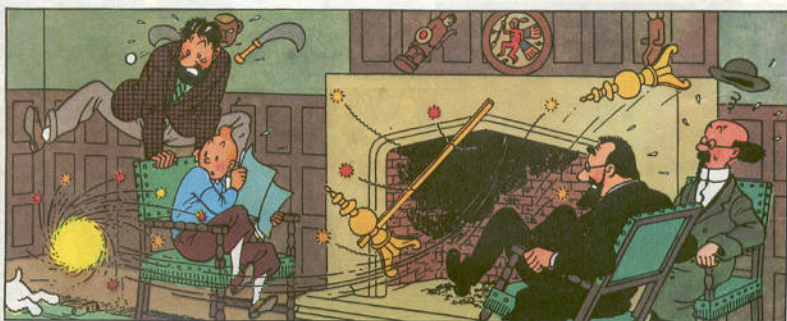


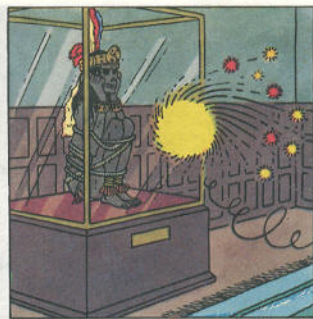
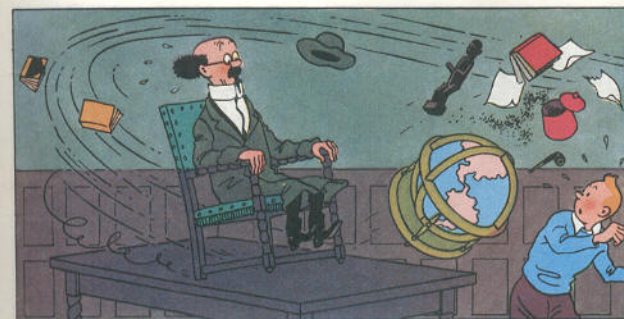
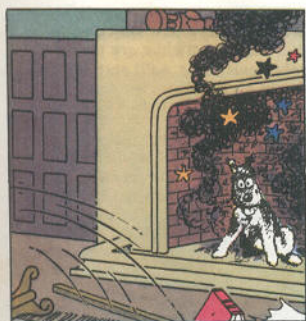
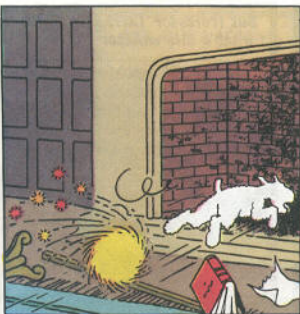
"After many moons will come seven strang-
ers with pale faces; they will profane the
sacred dwellings of he-who-unleashes-
the-fire-of-heaven. These vandals will
carry the body of the Inca to their own
far country. But the curse of the gods
will be as their shadow and pursue
them over land and sea..."



But...but... this is quite
extraordinary!

Isn't it?... But
read the next
bit...





Rascar Capac's disappeared! ... Vaporized! ... Vanished into thin air! ... There's nothing left but the jewels!



But Professor Tarragon ... what's the matter?



I... it's nothing ... Read the rest... the rest of my translation.

"There will come a day when Rascar Capac will bring down upon himself the cleansing fire. In one moment of flame he will return to his true element; on that day will punishment descend upon the desecrators."



Excuse me, Hercules.

The prophecy is fulfilled... Rascar Capac has gone... and I am struck down by his curse... I feel it! ...



Me too! ... And it smells very strong: sulphur, isn't it?

Don't give in! The house is well guarded; you know that. Where do you sleep?



In the next room. There are no windows.

Good. And there are shutters in here... What's more, we are upstairs. To make doubly sure, we'll station two policemen outside these windows... You see, there's absolutely no danger.

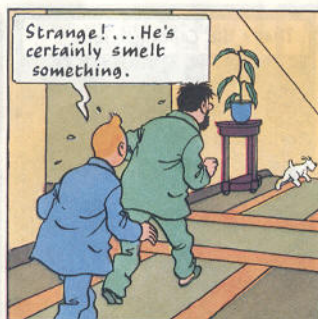
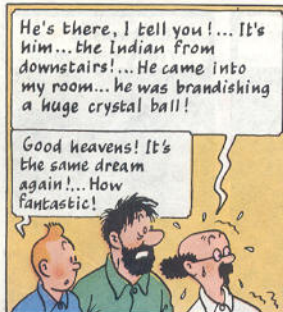


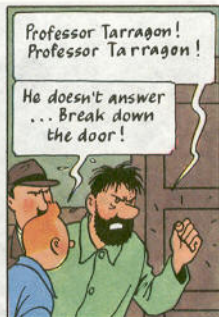
You're right ... I'm being absurd ... Let me show you to your rooms, then I'll bid you good-night.

Some hours later...









But it's impossible...
every single exit is
guarded...



Professor Tarragon!
Professor Tarragon!



There's nothing we can do...The
crystal ball has done its work...and
claimed the last of the seven.



Quick, the window!...The intruder
must have gone that way!



But no... the window and
the shutter are closed tight
... it's incredible!



Has anyone gone
past you?



This absolutely beats
me... How did the
fellow make his
getaway?



Oh! Look over there!
Rascar Capac's jewels
have disappeared!



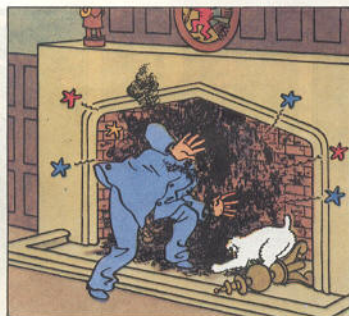
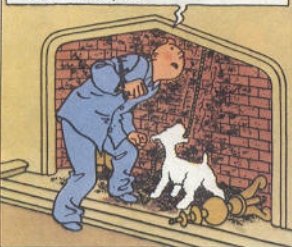
WOOAH!
WOOAH!

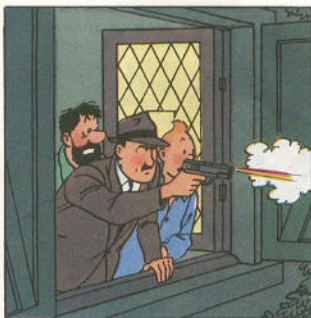


There! That's how it was
done... the attacker came
and went by the chimney!

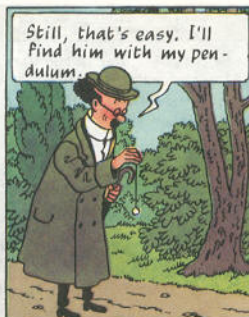


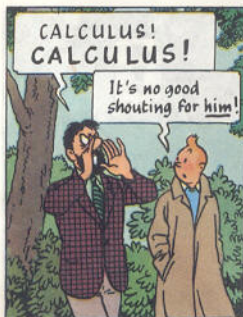
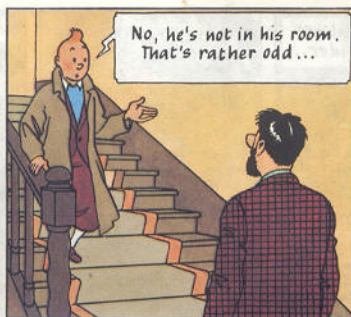
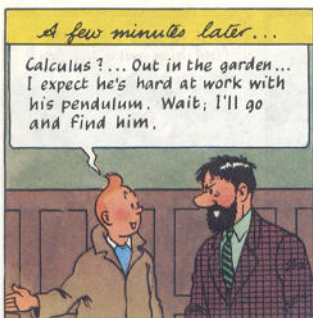
Well, if he went up here, there's
still time - he can't have got
clean away...

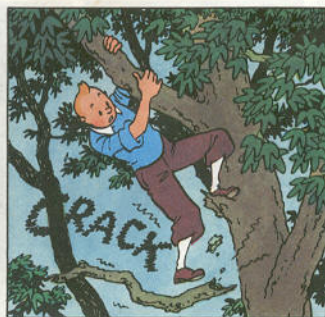
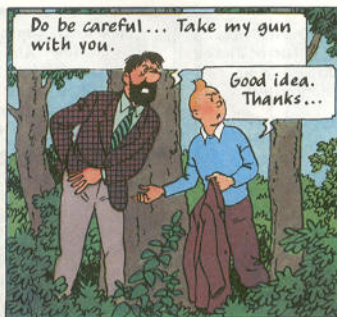


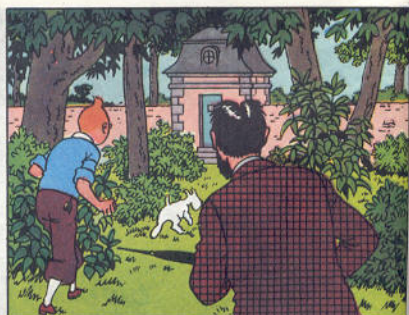
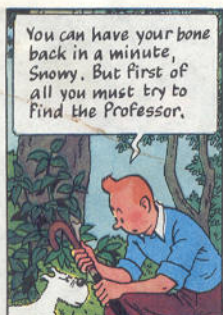
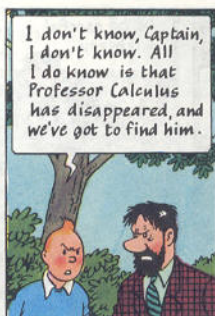


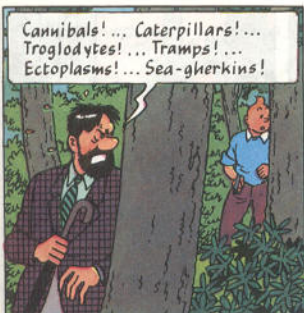


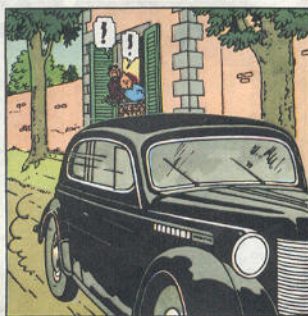
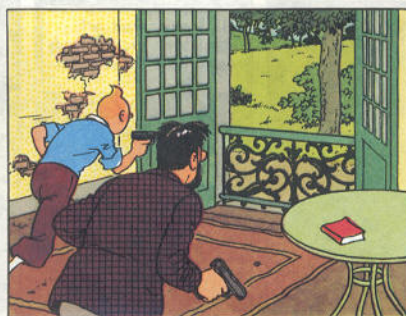
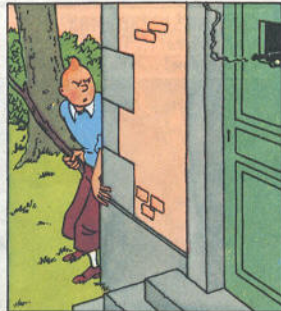
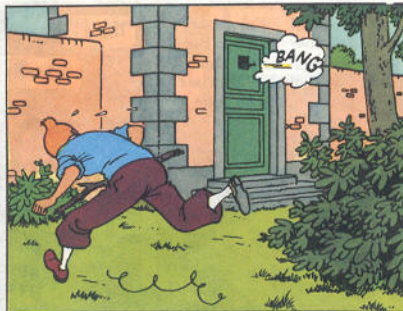


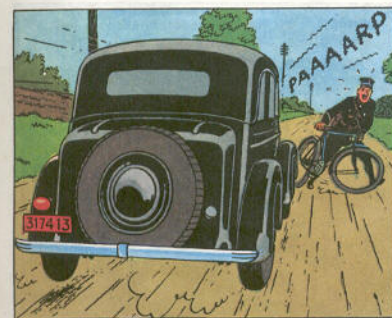
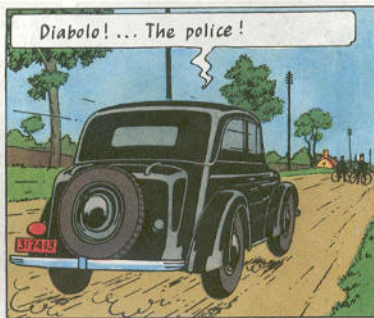
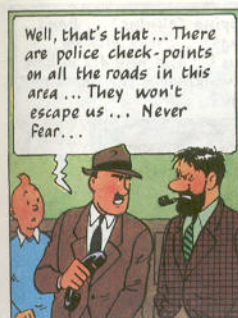
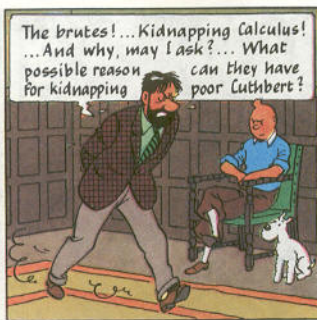
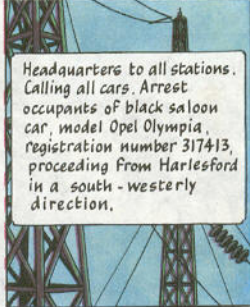
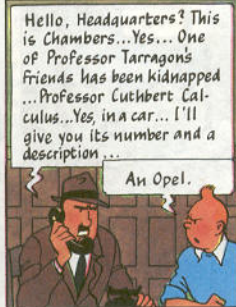
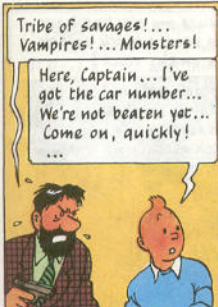


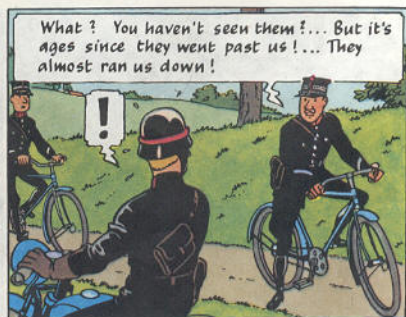
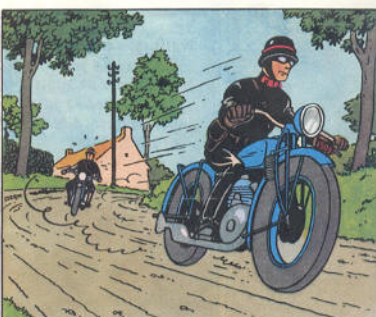
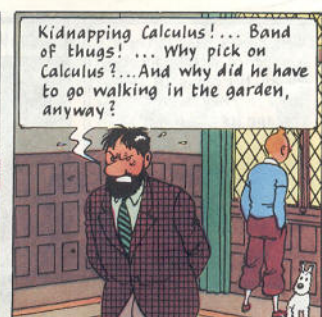
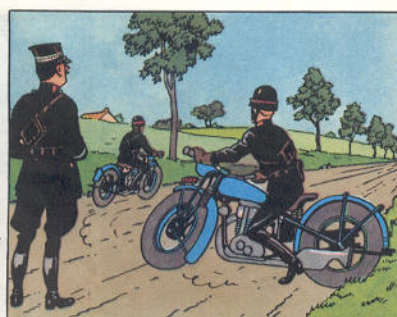
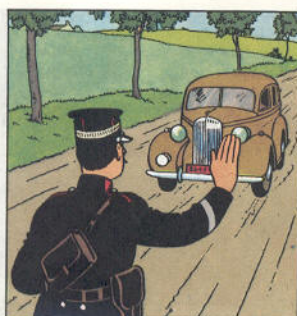
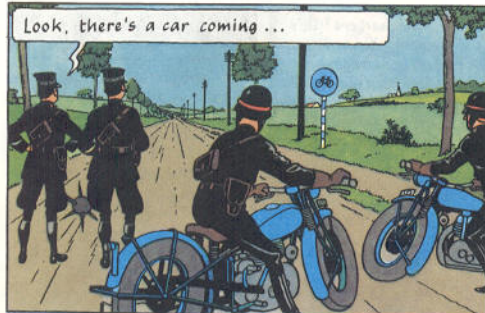


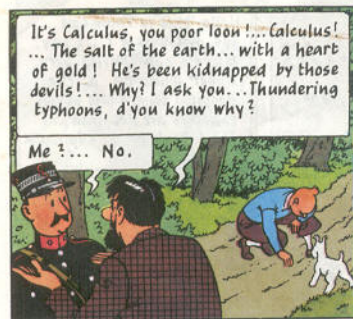
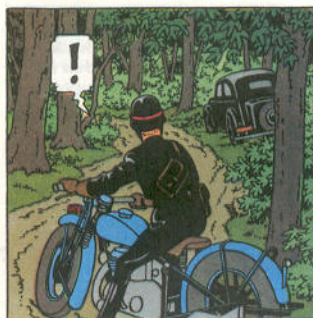












Good heavens, you're right!
A fawn car did pass us... A
saloon... I stopped it my-
self.

You didn't think of
taking the num-
ber?

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...

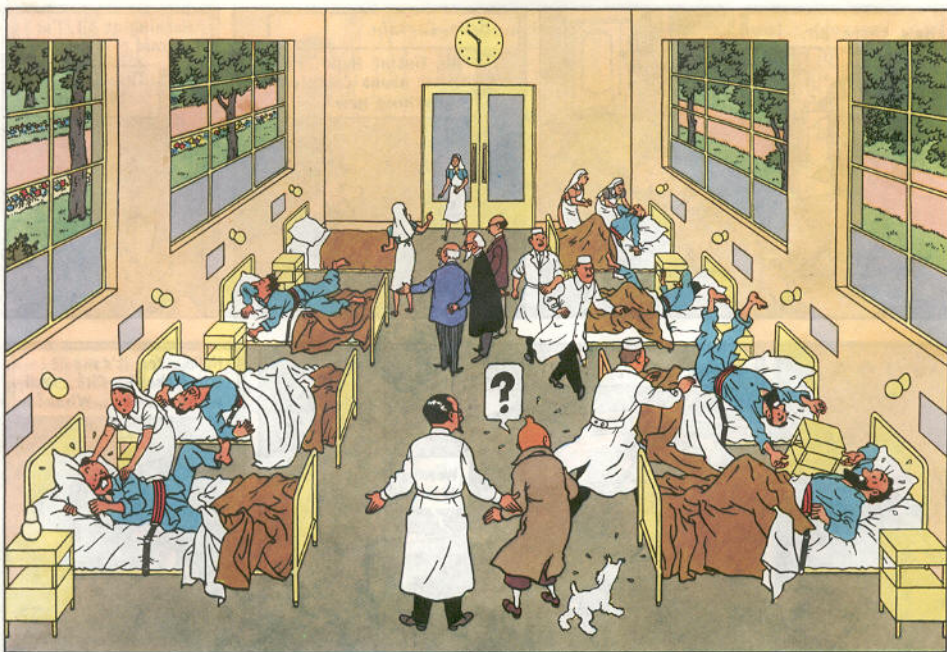
Let's see... Ah, here...

"The car used by the kidnappers
is a large fawn saloon..."
Good... "The occupants are be-
lieved to be of South American
origin..." That's right... "Any-
one who can give any infor-
mation 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...

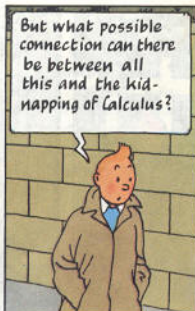




It's certainly very peculiar.



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!



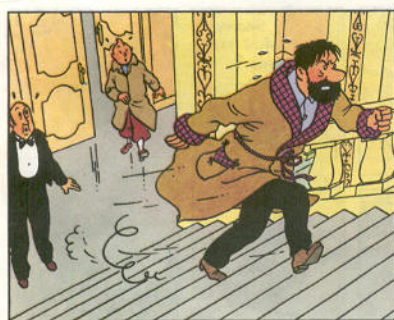
Wooah!
Wooah!

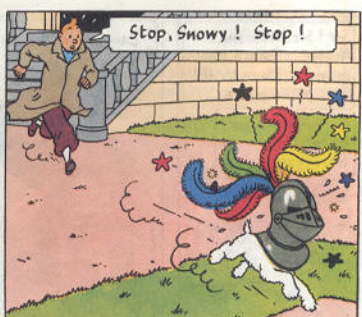
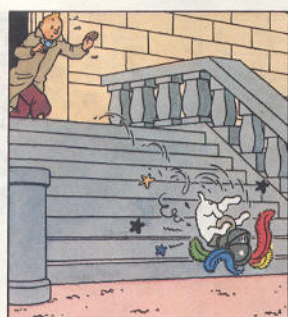
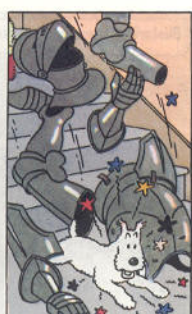
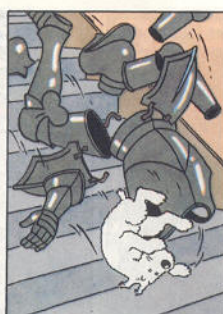
RRRRING



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







Meanwhile...



Just one more tot... the last...



My poor, poor friend. What has become of you?



Here's to you, Cuthbert old chap. We'll find you, I promise - dead or alive.



As I've told you before - more to the west!



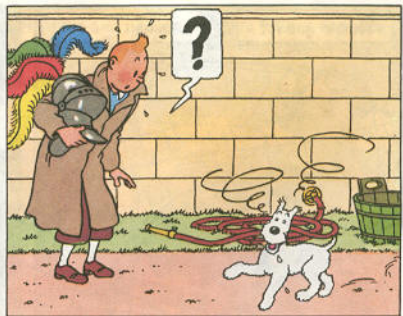
And now perhaps you'll be kind enough to behave yourself. Otherwise it's a muzzle and lead... understand?



What is it now? Oh, you're thirsty? ...All right, go on.



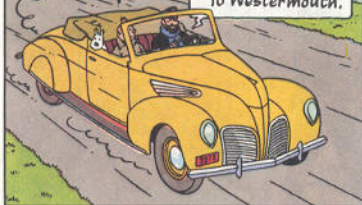
Mm-m-m-m! This is what I call water!



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...

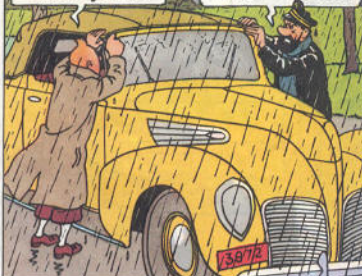


Billions of blistering barnacles!



That's got it!

About time too!





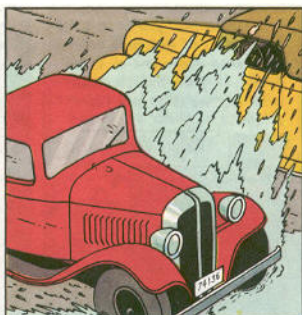
Thundering typhoons!
I'm soaked!



Everything happens to me!



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



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



Sea-gherkins!... Pock-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...



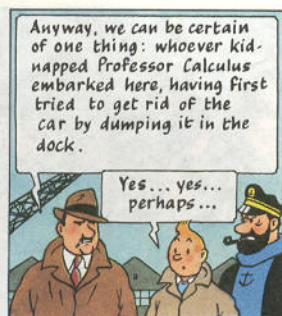
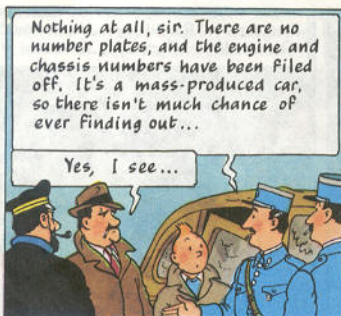
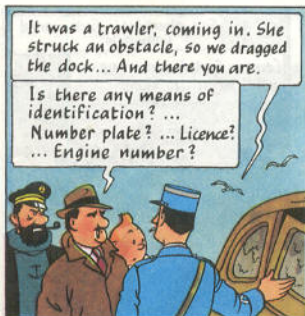
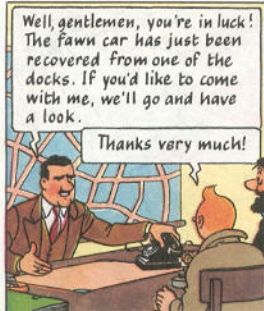
I'm sorry, there's nothing fresh... It was a
fawn car all right; but was it the one containing
your friend? It was seen heading for Westermouth... and since then, nothing... it has
simply vanished.

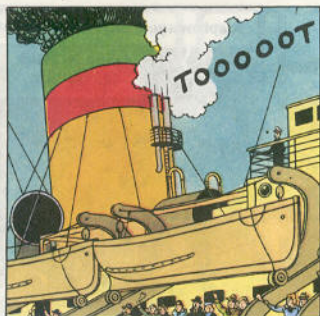
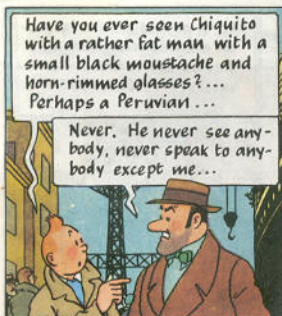
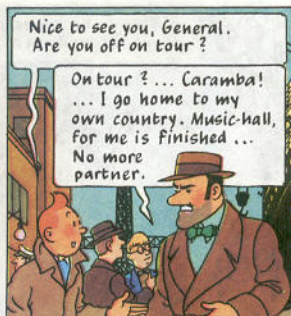


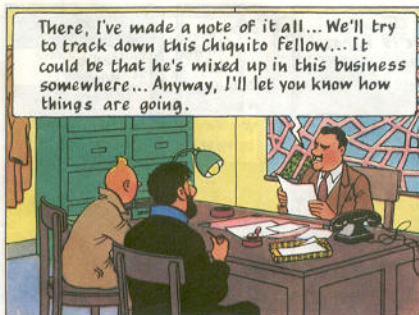
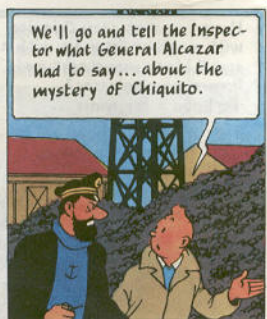
The search is continuing,
that's all I can tell you.
But in my opinion, there's
very little chance...
Excuse me...

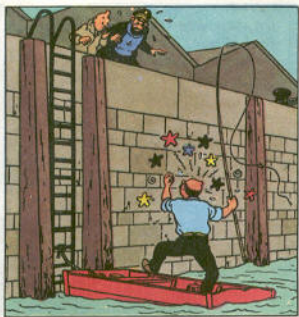


Hello?... Yes, this is Inspector
Jackson... Yes... Again?...
What?... Where?... In one
of the docks?...
Well I'm...!! There's no
mistake about it?...
Excellent!











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 Westernmouth. 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 those 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 typhoons, 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!

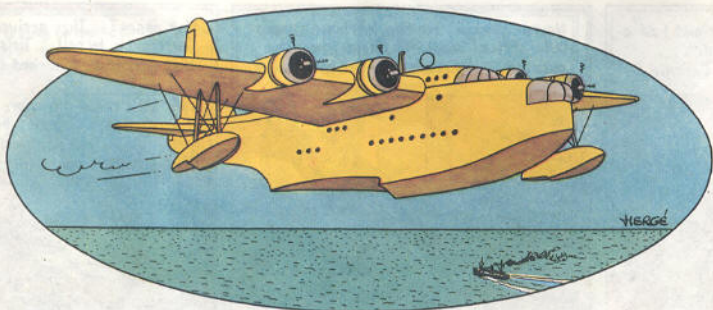
What's up? Anything serious?

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

!

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**