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The Adventures of Tintin: Volume Five

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Hergé

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Red Rackham's Treasure

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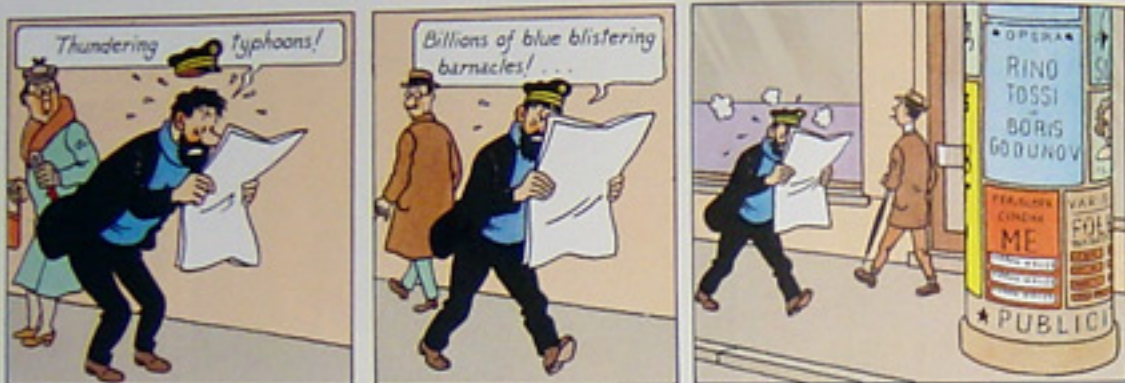
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RED RACKHAM'S TREASURE



* See The Secret of the Unicorn



Red Rackham's Treasure

THE forthcoming departure of the trawler *Sirius* is arousing speculation in sea-faring circles. Despite the close secrecy which is being maintained, our correspondent understands that the object of the voyage is nothing less than a search for treasure.

This treasure, once the hoard of the pirate Red Rackham, lies in the ship *Unicorn*, sunk at the end of the seventeenth century. Tintin, the famous reporter—whose sensational intervention in the Bird case made headline news—and his friend Captain Haddock, have discovered the exact resting-place of the *Unicorn*.



THE SEVEN CRYSTAL BALLS



HOME AFTER TWO YEARS

Sanders-Hardiman Expedition Returns

LIVERPOOL, Thursday. The seven members of the Sanders-Hardiman Ethnographic Expedition landed at Liverpool today. Back in Europe after a fruitful two-year trip through Peru and Bolivia, the scientists report that their travels took them deep into little-known territory. They discovered several Inca tombs, one of which contained a mummy still wearing a 'borela' 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?



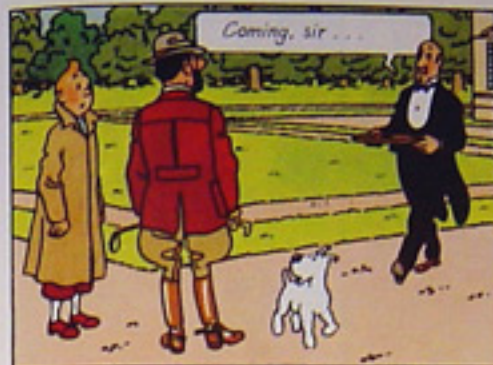
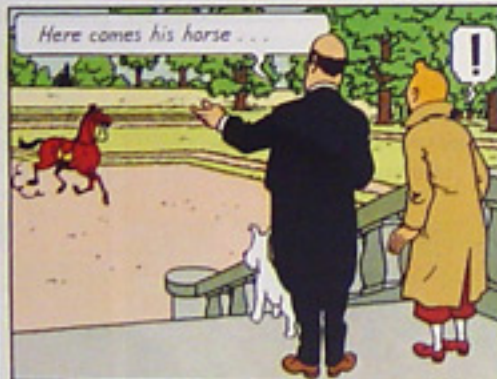
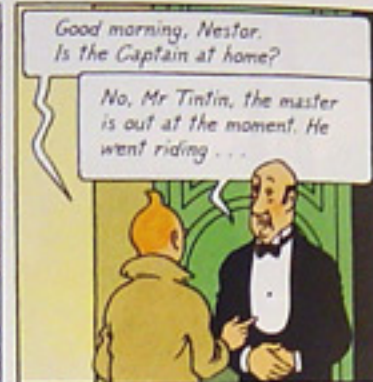
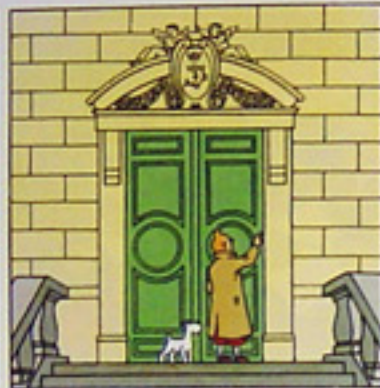
I'm sure of it! . . . Anyway, why can't they leave them in peace? . . . What'd we say if the Egyptians or the Peruvians came over here and started digging up our kings? . . . What'd we say then, eh?

Well, I . . .



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





PRISONERS OF THE SUN



At Police Headquarters in Callao, Peru...

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



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



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



Pook, 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 ...



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!
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