



opening extract from

The Adventures of Tintin: Volume Five

written by

Hergé

published by

Egmont Children's Books

Red Rackham's Treasure

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Alsacien	CASTERMAN
Basque	ELKAR
Bengali	ANANDA
Bernese	EMMENTALER DRUCK
Breton	AN HERE
Catalan	CASTERMAN
Chinese	CASTERMAN/CHINA CHILDREN'S PUBLISHING
Corsican	CASTERMAN
Danish	CARLSEN
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English	EGMONT UK LIMITED/LITTLE, BROWN & CO
Esperanto	ESPERANTIX/CASTERMAN
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TRANSLATED BY LESLIE LONSDALE-COOPER AND MICHAEL TURNER

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First published in this edition 2007 by Egmont UK Limited
239 Kensington High Street, London W8 6SA

ISBN 978 1 4052 2898 5

Printed in Spain
3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

RED RACKHAM'S TREASURE



* See The Secret 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 'berla' 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?



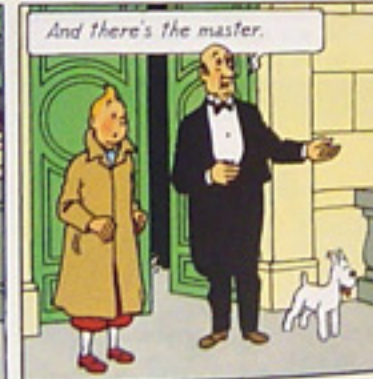
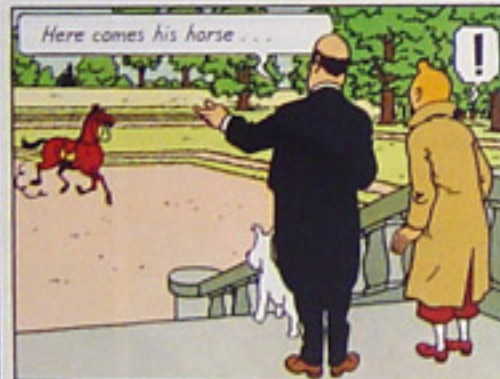
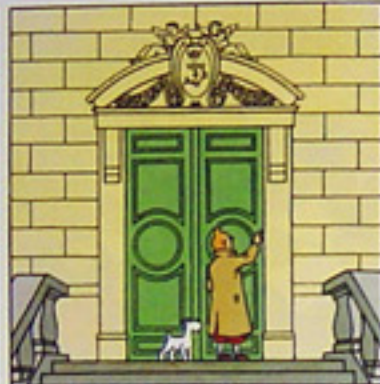
I'm sure of it! ... Anyway, why
can't they leave them in peace? ...
What'd we say if the Egyptians or
the Peruvians came over here and
started digging up our kings? ...
What'd we say then, eh?

Well, I ...



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





PRISONERS OF THE SUN



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?



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...



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.



