Walt Disney The Rain God of Uxmal

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Any sign of him yet, Louie?

Nope. D’you think we ought to send out search parties?

It’s almost two weeks since he started chasing Uncle Scrooge for his overtime pay. You’d think he’d realize he’s on a wild goose chase!

The old skinflint’s obviously decamped, done a bunk, vanished into thin air... he’ll do anything to wriggle out of paying up!

But if Uncle Donald doesn’t get his overtime pay, we can say goodbye to our new bikes!

Here he is! And he’s looking very hot under the collar!

Perfidious penny-pincher! What’s a paltry three months’ overtime to him? Peanuts!

Bye-bye, bicycles!

But I’ll catch up with him sooner or later. And, by golly, when I do he’s going to pay for this!
But supposing he's been kidnapped? Shouldn't we alert Interpol?

We did that the first time he pulled this trick. They weren't amused.

Maybe he's fled the country. Grown a beard. Changed his name...?

Look, the postman's delivering a letter!

Hmm. Doesn't say who it's from...

Uncle Donald! We've got a letter from Mexico!

I'll bet it's a ransom note from the kidnappers!

It's not. It's from Uncle Scrooge himself — he's in Mexico at the moment!

Whatever for?

Dear Nephews,

Am on the trail of another fortune! I have bought a plot of land down here, DIRT CHEAP, in the middle of the jungle. It's a little overgrown at the moment...

The sooner we start, the bigger the profits, so get down here A.S.A.P. Have arranged transport for you already. It will be waiting for you at the airport.

P.S. You can leave the suntan oil and swimming trunks behind!

Yippee!

...but it's actually the site of an ancient Maya city. I intend to excavate it and bring it back, stone by stone, to Duckburg. Then I'll reconstruct it as a museum. People will come from far and wide to see it, and I'll charge a hefty entrance fee...
What a cheek! He hasn’t even enclosed a cheque for my overtime, and he already expects me to do even more work for him!

Good-day to you, kiddo! Is the world-weary wage slave at home?

The what? Oh, you mean our Uncle Donald...

That’s my boy! I’d have recognized him a mile off! Seamus O’Droole at your service!

Dear-oh-dear-oh-dear! A classic case! Furrowed brow, tell-tale wrinkles, pasty face, thin on top — yes, yet another victim of the rat race!

...And he looks dumb enough to fall for it. Great!

Who the heck are you, anyway?

I’ve come to set you free, Mr. Duck. To end all those years of bondage!

Overworked and underpaid, that’s your trouble! Haven’t you ever longed to leave behind the daily grind — for ever? You can, you know!

Here! The answer to your dreams. Your own private paradise!
Soft white sands... shimmering sea... constant sunshine... no work!

Hmm. I’ll have to think it over. It sounds like bliss. Pure bliss!

Work, the mortgage, bills will all be things of the past. Freedom beckons!

Ask him what the catch is, Uncle Donald!

Don’t disturb your uncle while he’s thinking, children. And don’t forget, he’s old enough to make up his own mind!

Hah! No one hoodwinks D. Duck Esq! I know already what the catch will be... the price!

He’s fallen for it!

No problem! If you can’t come up with the cash, I’m prepared to do a deal. I’ll swap my island for your house. Okay?

Let’s look at that contract!

This is so vague it isn’t worth the paper it’s written on, Uncle Donald. And when you get down to the small print...

Are you quite sure, boys? Too bad. It sounded so good!

If there’s one thing I hate, it’s a smart kid!

Of course. Read it yourself.
The boys are right. It's too vague. Tell me, exactly how many days of "constant sunshine" d'you personally guarantee?

Look, buddy, don't waste my time. If you don't want it someone else will snap it up, that's for sure!

I don't believe it! You're a rotten salesman! I bet you couldn't sell icecream in a heatwave!

Don't let him leave till he tells us who he sold it to, Uncle Donald!

Come back here, you swindler! Who was it?

Oh, rats!

I can't hear you! What was the name of the "sucker" you sold the "ruin" to? Come on. Speak up!

Uncle Scrooge???
Lady Luck was smiling down on me for who should I come across but Scrooge McDuck. If I played my cards right, I could fleece him for a fortune...

About a week ago I was passing through the park on the lookout, as always, for likely customers.

By golly, he drove a hard bargain! He wasn't happy till he'd beaten me down to a quarter of my original price...

But eventually he signed on the dotted line and became the proud possessor of a prime plot in Uxmal. Ideal for a holiday hacienda...

...in the middle of the jungle! Ha-ha-ha! I threw in the bit about the Maya ruins for good measure. People expect a "free gift with every purchase"!

Well, well! So yours truly isn't the only one who's gullible, after all!

Poor Uncle Scrooge! Now he's in the middle of the Mexican jungle...

...searching for a ruin that doesn't even exist!

Come back, thief! You've got our letter box!

Forget it! At least we got what we wanted out of him.

Come on, boys. Let's get packing. I'm looking forward to seeing Uncle Scrooge.

D'you think we'll find him in the jungle?
Of course. And when we do, you’re not to mention a word about the shameless Seamus O’Droole and how he completely conned your poor uncle — no, you can leave that pleasure to me! Ha-ha!

And no ruins = no work! So, thanks to Seamus, we’ll get a holiday after all! Now where exactly is this place Uxmal??

It’s pronounced...

...“Uxmal”, and it’s...

...in the Yucatan Peninsula!

Here it is! Hm. It looks a bit of a step from the sea!

Now go and pack, and don’t forget the suntan oil!

We’re on our way!

Following Uncle Scrooge’s instructions, they set off for the airport...

Uncle Scrooge said there’d be a plane waiting for us here. That must be it over there!

Bags I sit in front with Uncle Donald!

Great! He’s splashed out on something decent for once. We’ll be travelling in style!

Yoo-hoo! Donald!
Hi, folks! Is this what you're looking for?

Gyro! It most certainly is not.

Does this mean we won't be going in that yellow plane after all?

No, this is yours.

Your Uncle asked me to arrange your transport to Uxmal. It had to be an economy flight, naturally. I thought you might like to be the first to fly my new airbus. She's the ultimate in economic air transport!

I'll bet!

Apart from that, she's First Class. And she's a dream to handle. A child of four could fly her — though you mustn't take that personally!

I won't, Gyro!

You had to cut back on wings, too, did you?

Of course not. They're the only "hidden extras" in the whole deal, though.

Hah! No fuel! What do I do, pedal?

No.

This is all the "fuel" you'll need. One small bottle of water for the whole trip!

You can't get cheaper than that!

Are we ready for take-off? Okay. Let's roll!!

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I love Gyro’s inventions. They’re always full of surprises! Isn’t it great?

Bon Voyage! And Good Luck!

The strange pink bird soars southwards, in search of sunshine... and Uncle Scrooge!
Meanwhile, back on terra firma, in the depths of the Mexican jungle, the intrepid Scrooge McDuck forges on, blissfully unaware that he’s already been led up the garden path!

Señor Duck, please believe me. This cannot be the right path!

Pipe down! My second name’s not “Livingstone” for nothing. I can read a map!

Actually my second name’s not Livingstone at all, but never mind. As soon as we find the ruins, I’ll give these two their marching orders.

We’ll find the ruined city behind those trees over there!

Oh, boy! I don’t believe it. I must be dreaming!

But, Señor Duck, I told you the footpath led to the Uxmal Holiday Inn — but you just wouldn’t believe me!

But the map... the city’s here! Don’t tell me! The map’s a fake. I’ve been taken for a ride!

A Holiday Inn?

I’ve been barking up the wrong tree all along! How could I have been so gullible?

That’s what I call a hard-headed businessman.
Excuse, please, Señor Duck. Before you do that again, please would you pay us, then we can go.

Now I'm right out of pocket! This is a disaster. No money. No ruins! I'm ruined!

I must get back to town pronto. Donald and the boys will be arriving soon. But how will I get there? I've no money for a taxi... or even a bus.

But first I need a drink! A glass of water, please, waiter... on the rocks!

I can just picture the smirk on Donald's face when he finds out about this. Boy, is he going to gloat!

I guess I can't put it off much longer. I'd better start back...

It is him, I tell you. Only one person can decide — our noble cacique.*

So — my treasure trail led me up a blind alley. And I was already planning building the first Maya-style Money Bin in the world...

*Leader
We've got him!

Did you hear that strange noise just then?

Yes. Something's wrong. We're losing height!

Can this be a canopy I see before me? If so, why?

Get lost, you lazy flock of freeloaders! You're overloading my plane!

That's why! Stowaway seagulls! They think it's a flying carpet!

But Scrooge's "idiot nephew" is still some way from Uxmal—a very long way in fact...

That's why! Stowaway seagulls! They think it's a flying carpet!

You heard what I said. Buzz off!

Uncle Donald, you're supposed to be flying the plane!

Okay. Hit the road, before I hit the roof!

I've been kidnapped! The McDuck millions are in jeopardy! Let's hope that idiot nephew of mine doesn't agree to pay the ransom!
Hold tight, Uncle Donald! We’re going into a roll!

Heeeelp!

Whatever you do, don’t let go!

Oh, heck. He let go!

Why doesn’t he ever listen??

We’ll have to try to break his fall. You take over the steering, Huey!

Heeeellppp!

Look! He’s down there!

Hang on! We’re coming!

We’ll catch you with the canopy, Uncle Donald!

Don’t miss, boys!

BOI-OI-OINNGGG!

It makes a terrific trampoline!
Get ready, fellas. He'll be back soon. I'll try to lasso him with this rope.

That's right! Anchor it there to be on the safe side.

It worked. We've got him!

Okay, the joke's over! Stop pulling my leg and take me back on board!

C'mon, Uncle Donald! It's one up on waterskiing, you have to admit! Don't be a spoil sport!

They may think this is amusing. I'm at the end of my tether!

Meanwhile, the richest duck in the world is being given a free lift through the Mexican jungle...

Set me free. Put me down. If it's money you want, you'll have to talk to my nephew, Donald. He'll be in Uxmal soon...

Be patient. We're almost there.

Eventually they leave the jungle behind and begin to climb...
You won't get a penny out of me till you tell me where I am.

But there is a secret way through the apparently impenetrable wall of rock...

We're here. You can come out now.

This is the secret entrance to the only surviving city of our people!

Your people? Which people?

That's what everyone believes. But I can assure you - they did not die out completely. We are their sole survivors, living here in isolation, completely removed from so-called civilisation. Our existence is a heavily-guarded secret.

He almost sounds plausible...

Follow us!

You will know in time. Please be patient.

If you didn't want my money, why have you brought me here?

I don't seem to have much option.

The Mayas!

You're a little behind the times, young man! Didn't they teach you in school that the Mayas died out ages ago?

...until the path peters out against a rock face.

...and the path peters out against a rock face.
That is the secret city of Uxmal!
It is completely encircled and hidden by those vast walls of rock!

It's amazing. If my feet weren't hurting so much I'd think I was dreaming. Though never in my wildest dreams could I have imagined this!
A Maya city — preserved intact. It doesn’t need digging up like the one I originally came for! This has distinct possibilities!

This has distinct possibilities!

He has come back!

He’s come, at last!

He’s come!

We pay you homage, O munificent! What’s up? Do they want money?

If so, why don’t they say so? They never seem to get to the point round here.

Hang on! This is the twentieth century! Where’s the lift?

Uh-oh. He looks like one of the “big-wigs”. Maybe he’ll talk sense.

Welcome, o great one! We have not waited in vain. At last you have come!

He’s as batty as the rest of them.

Will you stop talking gibberish and tell me why I’ve been brought here. What do you want from me?

Surely you know that, o exalted one!
Money? Whoever mentioned money? Your noble ancestor never sullied his lips with that word!

Ruin? If it's money you're after, you'll have to ask my nephew. I'm skint.

Many moons have passed and now he has returned to save our people from ruin!

Well, I'm a twentieth-century trillionaire, and I talk about it all the time.

We will forget this incident. Come, let's get down to business.

Please do not shout. Our leader detests it. He is very sensitive.

And I'm pretty sensitive when it comes to talk of money. "Sullied", indeed!

At last. There are a couple of highly profitable deals I'd like to discuss with him.

Now - what do you say to that?

That is Quaxc-Quaxc, Rain God of the Mayas!

It is hardly surprising there's a family likeness!

Extraordinary! He looks just like me!

He's never a McDuck!
Your noble ancestor promised that one day one of his descendants would return to bring us rain in our hour of need. If you do not do this, we will perish!

We implore you, o great one. Do not pour cold water on our hopes.

Who? Me?

This is all we ask of you. That is why you are here.

Perish the thought! What's the latest weather forecast?

Well, I hate to be a wet blanket, but I'm off home!

You do not understand. Only you can help us! Rest first — rain later!

I won't stand for this. No one tells me what to do. If I say I'm going, I'm going!

You stay. You make rain!

Early tomorrow morning you will perform the Rain Dance before the Temple. If you make rain, that will be proof that you are the descendant of Quaxc-Quax. Then you will reign over our people.

...But if you fail to make rain, then we will know you are an impostor. And the penalty for posing as the deity is... severe!

Oh, heck!

In you go. If you turn out to be the Rain God, I'll beg forgiveness tomorrow!
Even if I were your rotten Rain God, you wouldn't get a drop out of me, d'you hear? Not a drop!

You'll end up parched — and water's very hard to come by at the moment! Who are you?

It's no use ranting and raving!

Muchasgracias is the name. Professor Muchasgracias. I used to be Scientific Director of the Museum of Mankind in Mexico City...

...Until one day on an expedition, I had the misfortune to come across a cleft in a rock face. I was about to explore behind it when the Mayas took me prisoner. They've kept me locked up here ever since, so the outside world will never hear of my discovery.

Do you know what they'll do with me?

Not really. If I were you, I'd get some shuteye — but before that, I'd pray for rain!

Hah! A fat lot of comfort you are!

You should conserve your energy, you know. You're going to have to do an awful lot of dancing tomorrow.

Dancing? I've never danced in my life!

Oh dear. The outlook couldn't be blacker! The only remote ray of hope is Donald...
If Scrooge could see his nephews' present plight, he would abandon hope altogether!

What's wrong with this crate now? Has one of the elastic bands snapped?

Don't be funny, Uncle Donald. It sounds serious.

KLING!

DOING!

BOING!

KLING!

It is serious. We're out of gas!

That is the very last drop! Now what are we going to do?

Well, at least we don't need much...

...just a drop in the ocean, really. Who's gonna fetch it?

No way. Any hankering I've ever had to try my hand at skydiving has already been amply satisfied on this flight!

Just another couple of feet, Dewey, I'm almost there!
One of these days I'm gonna treat myself to a nice quiet, safe, uneventful, really boring holiday...

Uncle Donald!

Look behind you!

It's a shark!

SLURP!

Haul me back! Hurry — or I'm a gonner!

You're okay, Uncle Donald. We've got you!

KRAK!

BONG!

BOING!

KLUNK!
...And the gentleman wins a coconut!!

Next time find yourselves another stuntman!

You were great, Uncle Donald. A real knockout!

Let’s fill her up quickly!

I hope salt water won’t do it any harm — I s’pose we should’ve checked that with Gyro.

Hmm. She’s not running quite so smoothly as before...

We’re in for a bumpy ride!

And no little brown bags!

Night has fallen over Uxmal — the hour of the Rain God, sorry, Scrooge McDuck, draws nearer...

The situation seems hopeless...

Your time has come!

Already?
First you must adorn yourself in the traditional Rain Dance robes.

What the heck's this? One of Tarzan's cast-offs?

Señor McDuck, you are the spitting image of the Rain God!

You think so? I'd feel a lot more at home in a kilt!

Come. The people await you.

Let them wait! I wouldn't be seen dead in this gear!

Okay. You win. I take your point!

Good luck, Señor McDuck. I'll keep my fingers crossed for you!

A full house! Looks like this show will run and run!

Hail, o mighty Rain God. Your people bow before you!
I knew it. Clear as crystal! Not a cloud in sight!

Come! The dance must be performed in front of the great Temple.

I wonder if they'd recognize the Highland Fling?

I see the chief's already there...

At last, o great Maya People, our tribulations are about to end. He has returned to us...

Son of Quaxc-Quaxc — the Rain God!

Gulp!

Okay? All clear? First rain — then you reign. Or else...

Oh boy! It never rains but it pours!

Let the ceremony begin!

I'd hate to start off on the wrong foot... er, is it left or right first?

BOOM! BA-BA! BOOM!
Thirty years ago I'd have taken all this in my stride... Oh well, here goes!

BOOM! BA! BOOM!

I'll jump in with both feet!

Eeeeouch!

That's fancy footwork for someone his age!

Aaargh! Auu! Aaargh!

Meanwhile, on a higher plane...

Uxmal's over there, I tell you!

The compass is kaputt!

We've lost our bearings completely!

Maybe if we flew a little lower we'd get a better idea of where we are.
Look! Over there! Lights! Maybe it’s a city!

It might even be an airport. Let’s go and see!

Try landing here, Huey!

Aye, aye, Cap’n. The wheels are down.

We must have been mistaken. There’s no sign of a city over there.

Nor an airport. There’s nothing but a vast crater in the mountains.

Take her down a little further.

But we’re already skimming the trees, it’s much too dangerous!

The tail wheel is caught on a liana.

Omigolly! We’ll be catapulted to Kingdom Come!
E Oooerr! I left my stomach behind there!  

Yoohoo! Lulu! Boohoo! The sooner I can hot foot it out of here, the better! By thunder! It's worked! I don't believe it!

He is in truth the descendant of Quaxc-Quaxc. The heavens are about to open! What on earth????

A plane. With no pilot... no passengers...

My nephews! Uncle Scrooge!
Donald, my dear boy! I’ve never been so pleased to see you in my whole life!

Huh! It’s just like Huey said. You fled the country and changed your identity — just to avoid paying my overtime!

Overtime? What do you mean?

What? More descendants of Quaxc-Quaxc? Stop the ceremony immediately!

According to tradition there is only one descendant of the Rain God — not five! Take them prisoner! They’re impostors!

What kind of welcome is this for heaven’s sake?

What are you doing dressed up in that ridiculous costume, then?

Shut up!

Welcome to our private apartments.

Flop!

Uncle Scrooge, will you please explain what’s going on here?

I’ll try, Donald. But you’re never going to believe it.
Scrooge tries to explain...

I know why. Because you owed me money, that's why. But you couldn't pay up on time, could you? So I had to come chasing you for it...

How can you talk of money at a time like this? I sometimes think you have a one-track mind, Donald.

What about you? You don't think about anything but money day and night. If you weren't obsessed with it, we wouldn't all be in this mess now!

Like how we get out of here. There must be a way!

I'm afraid there's no way of escape. The city is very heavily guarded.

Nothing ventured, nothing gained, Professor.

We'll...

I made a mental note of the route we took to get here, so I could lead the way out again!

That's how they do it in the movies...

That's great, Uncle Scrooge!

First, someone will have to distract the guards...

That's right, boys. Never say die!
You just have to make a dash for the plane and get it started.

What if it won’t start?

Of course it will start! Gyro built it! It will have the usual Gear-loose guarantee! Don’t worry!

Okay, let’s go. Are you ready?

Sure thing!

La cucuracha, la cucuracha... la, la, la, la, la, la!

What’s all this noise about?

There’s one missing. There should be six of them?

Where is he? Where have you hidden him?
Now, Uncle Donald! Move it!

Why me? Why do they always pick on me?

Stop him!

Come back!

Everyone follow me!

Quickly!

I'm gonna make it! I've gotta make it!

I made it!

Knock it off, will you? This is a plane, not a pincushion!
There's a good little engine, start for Donald—please!

Not exactly a "flying start", but it will do!

After him! He must not get away from here. This is some kind of trick!
I'm whacked. I can't go a step further!

Don't give up now!

Look at Uncle Donald! That's a step in the right direction!

But will he be able to pick us up?

They're hot on our heels!

Come on, everyone! This way — and step on it!

Stop them! They must not escape!

Daredevil Donald to the Rescue!

We're here, Uncle Donald. Can you pick us up?

BRUMM!

Not this time round! But I'll be back! Just leave it to me!

In that case, we've had our chips. He'll never make it!
I'll see if I can head these guys off in the opposite direction! Which movie was it had a scene just like this?

Maybe I could be a stuntman after all!

Quite a stunning performance, don't you agree?

Oh, heck!

What's that? The Voice of Doom?

Why does Uncle Donald always have to show off? Now the plane's a write-off!

KABOOM!

The writing's on the wall! We've had it. That's plain to see...

It's a rockfall. The cavern's caving in! Take cover!

Trust Donald! He never goes for anything less than total chaos!

CRASSH!
Run for your lives! There's a bouncing boulder bearing down on us! We'll never make it. It's moving too quickly!

It would be better to be prisoners than squashed like flies!

Fall flat on your faces — and fast!

Hmm. A hole in one. And what a hole! That's fantastic! Let's go and take a look.

That's fantastic! I must be dreaming. It can't be true!

Come and look!
An underground lake!
Hidden behind that wall of rock. Would you believe it?

It seems the answer to all our problems was just a stone's throw away after all! Oh, well, that's life!

You're not forgetting the Mayas still have Uncle Donald, are you?

Oh, dear! Yes, I was... They'll probably have taken him back to their city.

What do you mean, Uncle Scrooge?

Scrooge is right...

You tried to trick the Mayas, to make fools of us. That is a serious crime and you must pay for it.

I will call on the gods to decide how you should be punished!

Looks like this is the very last time I'll ever be roped in on anything...

One moment, noble chief. We have something here that might interest you!
You sound surprised, Donald! Sorry I'm a little late getting here.

In exchange for my nephew's freedom I can offer you something you need rather desperately.

Water! He's got water!

Don't snatch! It's rude!

Where did you find this? You must tell me!

All in good time. First we have to talk business.

Oh, boy! Doesn't he ever pass up an opportunity to make a fast buck?

I tell you what... we'll swap! My water supply for your treasure. I bet you've got stacks of it stashed away in those chests!

You can see for yourself!

They were once full to overflowing. Now they are empty. I have nothing to offer you in exchange.

What a horrendous sight!

Ha-ha! Another fortune's gone up in smoke — too bad!

Grrr!
The new-found "Costa Uxmal" proves enormously popular...

You may not be the descendant of Quaxc-Quaxc, but you have given us water. My people will be forever Heel Yoebt. =

Hmm. A very lucky find! And now you have your own subterranean "Mediterranean"!

I should like to offer you a small token of our thanks before you leave us.

How kind! (I was hoping you might say that!)

Our treasure chests may be empty, but I know you will treasure this souvenir of your time with us — the Rain God's costume!

That's what I call workmanship! Pure gold — it will last for years!

And look at all those rubies, emeralds...

So, Mister Clever Clogs — all a waste of time, was it?

From now on, I'll hold my tongue, no matter what it costs!
...And so you are free to go. Remember your promise never to tell that we are here.

Our lips are sealed. You can rely on us.

Of course it doesn’t mean we couldn’t write about our experiences...

But, Uncle Scrooge, you gave your word! Break it at your peril!

The Mayas have sealed the entrance to their city — for ever.

Their secret will be safe now.

Now there’s no way you can prove they exist. And without proof no one would believe you!

Too bad. The story could have been a bestseller!

Tomorrow, my friends, we will reach Merida. From there we can get a flight to Mexico City.

And so...

Mexico City is just down there, boys!

We’ll be landing any minute now.
It's great to be back in the twentieth century! I can't wait to get back home to take a dip in my Money Bin!

I'll just settle for a hot bath!

Before you fly on to Duckburg you have to be cleared by Customs. Anything to declare?

No, nothing. We've just come straight from the jungle.

Even so, Rules are Rules. I'm only doing my duty. All bags have to be checked.

Here you are, then.

He's in for a shock.

But, Señor, this is real! It's going to cost you a fortune in duty!

Nonsense. I've read the list of items on which duty is payable, and Rain God's Dance Robes is not on it!

Just pay my overtime first!

Don't be clever with me, Señor! Smuggling art treasures is a very serious crime — you've got some explaining to do!

I'm not a smuggler. These were given to me as a present!

Halt! Come back here!

Follow me! I know where we'll be safe!
We'll head for the Museum. My old colleagues will hopefully be able to help us out of this scrape!

Where are you going? We've come to see Professor Lopez. He's been expecting me... for some time!

Do you see who I see...??? Christopher Columbus! It's Muchasgracias!

It's so good to be back! We'd given you up for lost!

What a happy reunion!

Boys, my colleagues will not be able to help us unless I tell them something of our adventures. I'm afraid it means partly breaking our promise...

Tell them the bare details...

Don't say where we were...

That's the most important thing.

And so the Professor relates some of the amazing story, finishing with an explanation of their present predicament...

...So we just took to our heels. We shouldn't have done, I know, but we didn't stop to think about it!
According to the Law this is Treasure Trove and it belongs to the State. We can't do anything about that.

Lopez is right. You know that as well as we do, Muchas-gracias!

This is my treasure! And after all I went through to get it, I'm keeping it. No one has more right to it than I do, after all!

Surely we can come to an arrangement, Mr. McDuck!

We can pay you a reward for your "find". You'll find it adequate compensation, I'm sure.

Now you're talking!

Then we're agreed. Please accept this.

Not as much as it's worth, but I'll be generous!

For once!

Er... there's just one small favour we'd like to ask of you first, if you don't mind.

Please say yes.

Not until I know what it is.

What if I refuse?

We should like to mount an exhibition of Quaxc-Quaxc's robes and crown... and who better to show them off to best advantage than the Rain God's living double???

We'd be willing to pay a little extra for your services, if you insist.

In that case, I can hardly refuse... as long as you don't expect me to perform a Rain Dance too!

Meanwhile, I'll take this on account!
What about me? You still owe me that overtime pay, don't forget!

Overtime? I'll have to check my records when we get back. Can't say I recall it at the moment.

Uncle Scrooge! That's a dirty trick! You know exactly what you owe him!

Don't distract me. I'm counting!

The dramatic presentation of the Rain God attracts visitors from all over the country...

Oh, c'mon, be a sport, Uncle Scrooge! Just one photo for our album — we promise we won't show it to our friends!

You should be proud. Not many people could get away with wearing a costume like that. It has to be someone with your presence, your bearing!

Huh!

Ahem. Donald... I suppose you're broke at the moment, as usual?

You know very well I am — thanks to you!

And so...

How would you like to earn yourself a few dollars for doing absolutely nothing? 

You see, boys, there is someone else with my "presence" and "bearing"... It obviously runs in the family!

Huh!

THE END
Fact and Fiction

Uxmal really does exist, and, as the boys pointed out in the early part of our story, it is actually pronounced “Ushmal”. It is in the Mexican state of Yucatan which lies in the peninsula projecting into the Gulf of Mexico in the north and west and into the Caribbean in the south and east. The capital of Yucatan is Merida – which is pronounced “Mereeda”.
If you travel south from Merida you will come to the ruined Maya city of Uxmal. The ruins are not in the vast rocky "crater" depicted in our story but rather on thickly-forested hilly ground. Many of these "hills" are in fact Maya buildings! There are literally thousands of Maya houses and temples which, over the past four or five hundred years, have been buried under deposits of earth and camouflaged with dense and rampant vegetation. The task of unearthing these treasures without doing any damage to them is daunting in its enormity as well as being highly problematical. Many of the buildings were painted and so far no one has come up with a technique for removing the earth layers from the stone buildings without also removing the layers of paint. Perhaps one of our readers might come up with a solution to this problem!? The mystery of how the Mayas irrigated their land was solved when a vast network of underground canals covering the whole of Yucatan was discovered. It was just such a canal that saved Uncle Scrooge's skin in our story. Otherwise, who knows, he might still be dancing the night away down in Uxmal!
Titles in this series:

High Jinks on the Matterhorn
The Rain God of Uxmal