At the time of the Roman occupation of Gaul, there were two kinds of Gauls...

First, those who accepted the Pax Romana and were trying to adapt to the powerful civilisation of the invaders...

What are these pillars for?

They make the house look Gallo-Roman...

If you ask me, it looks more Gallo-Greek...

What a gall!

He's always been that way. It's very galling!

And then there were the other Gauls, indomitable, brave and tough, who liked their food and drink, a good fight and a bit of fun, the finest specimens being found in a small tribe already known to us...

Hey, here are Asterix and Obelix back from hunting!

Well, boys.

Any news?

No. We got a roar each.

But I had Dogmatix to help me. He's a great boarhound!!!

Oh yes. I forgot... We met a Roman patrol.

These Romans are crazy!
Meanwhile, in the
former Roman camp
of Totorum...

THE...THE PATROLS’ BACK.
JOCENTURION
NEBULUS NABRUS

BY JUPITER!!!
WHAT HAPPENED
TO YOU?

WHAT HAPPENED
TO YOU?

THESE GAULS
KEEP ON MAKING
FOOLS OF US!

THE BIG
FIGHT?

ALL RIGHT, BUT
WHAT CHIEF WOULD
BE CRAZY ENOUGH
TO CHALLENGE THE
TERRIBLE VITAL-
STATISTIX? HIS DRUID’S
MAGIC POTION
MAKES HIM
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TERRIBLE VITAL-
STATISTIX? HIS DRUID’S
MAGIC POTION
MAKES HIM
INVINCIBLE!
BY MINerva! Let's go AND see this chief of yours right away!

He lives in the village of linoleum and his name is cassius ceres was.

And make the Romans get off literally carried away...

In the village of linoleum...

By Jupiter and Toucatis! I told you before I wanted short back and sides and toga's! We're gallo-romans!

But it makes me feel cold all over, chief!

Then we'll divert the course of the river! Aqueducts are more roman!

But, Chief Cassius Ceres, we don't need an aqueduct... the river flows right through our village and our fields...

Right! For a start, were going to build an aqueduct!

And that's about enough arguing!

Paf!

What did I tell you?

By Jupiter! If all the Gauls were like that, we'd be Romano-Gauls!
TERRIBLY SORRY TO INVADE YOU LIKE THIS, BUT CENTURION NEBULUS HABBUS AND I WOULD LIKE A TALK WITH YOU.

THIS IS MY HOUSE... I MEAN MY DโนVS, WOULDN'T YOU COME IN PLEASE?

DELIATED, I'M SURE.

YOU KNOW THE CUSTOM OF THE BIG FIGHT... WE'D LIKE YOU TO FIGHT ANOTHER CHIEF AND TAKE OVER HIS TRIBE WHEN YOU'VE BEATEN HIM.

THAT'S A BIG ORDER FOR A SMALL CHIEF!

NOTHING EASIER! WHO IS THIS UNFORTUNATE CHIEF? IT'LL BE SHEER MURDER!

NO ONE WOULD DREAM OF CHALLENGING VITALSTATISTIX! HE GETS HIS SUPER-HUMAN STRENGTH FROM THE MAGIC POTION BREWED BY THE DRUID CERAMIX!

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT...LET'S CHANGE THE SUBJECT!

SINCE THE PROBLEM IS THE DRUID'S POTION, LET'S DISPOSE OF THE DRUID! NO MORE DRUID, NO MORE POTION, NO MORE PROBLEM!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING, O DRUID GETAFIX?

I'M RIGHT OUT OF MAGIC POTION, ASTERIX. I'M OFF TO THE FOREST TO PICK MORE INGREDIENTS.

I FEEL WORRIED EVERY TIME OUR DRUID GOES OFF TO THE FOREST ON HIS OWN... BUT HE DOESN'T LIKE COMPANY...

I'M GOING TO FOLLOW OUR DRUID. THE FOREST'S NOT SAFE JUST NOW. THE ROMANS SEEM A BIT JUMPY....

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, ASTERIX?

THOSE ROMANS ARE CRAZY... I'LL COME WITH YOU. I CAN TAKE THIS MINI-HR ROLL AND LATER IT'S NOT EXPRESS DELIVERY.

I THINK I'LL FOLLOW HIM AT A DISTANCE...

YOU COULD HAVE LEFT YOUR MENHIR IN THE VILLAGE... WHAT, AND HAVE SOME KID PUNCH IT?

EXCELLENT, BY MARS AND JUNO! NOW WHO DARES SAY THE ART OF CAMOUFLAGE IS DYING OUT IN THE ROMAN ARMY?

COMING!

THE CAMOUFLAGED DETACHMENT IS READY TO RECEIVE YOUR ORDERS, О NEBULUS NAIBUS.

ER... NEBULUS NAIBUS...

THAT'S THE GARDEN HEDGE... THE CAMOUFLAGED DETACHMENT....

... IS OVER THERE!
CAPTURE THE DRUIDS, DEAD OR ALIVE! PATROL THE FOREST UNTIL YOU FIND HIM. HE OFTEN GOES TO LOOK FOR HERBS THERE. IF YOU SUCCEED, YOU GET A BONUS. IF NOT YOU'LL FIND YOURSELVES IN JUG.

ER...CENTURIION... IF WE GET A CHOICE, I'D AS SOON FIND MYSELF IN JUG STRAIGHT AWAY...

YOU 'ORRIBLE MAN! RUN LIKE A HARE, AND YOU'D BETTER COME BACK VICTORIOUS, BY MARS!

TRIY TO LOOK AS BOTANICAL AS POSSIBLE...

WHAT THE... WE'RE TOO BIG TO PLAY COPSE AND ROBBERS...

IF YOU ASK ME, WE'RE ALL SUCKERS!

I'M TREMBLING LIKE A LEAF!

WE'RE NOT OUT OF THE WOOD YET!

I'D AS LIEF NOT BE HERE EITHER. OLD BEAN!

STOP MAKING HORRIBLE JOKES... WE'VE GOT ENOUGH WORRIES ALREADY!

WHERE ARE THEY? WHERE ARE THEY?

WELL, YOU SAID... SO WE DECIDED TO PLANT OURSELVES HERE AND...

ONE MORE TRICK LIKE THAT, YOU WEEDS, AND YOU'LL BE TURFED OUT OF THE ARMY!

SIR! SOMEONE'S COMING!

DO WE FORM A SQUARE?

NO! FORM A SPINNEY! AND QUIETLY! I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANY TEETH CHATTERING. GET IT?
I'm sure to find four-leaf clovers in that spinney...

Fancy that! Not a four-leaf clover, a five-toed foot?

A foot?

There he is! Get him! Quick!

Our druid, surrounded by Romans! We must rescue him!

I'll get rid of them for you!

No, Obelix! Nooooo!

Bravo, Obelix! Oh, very well done!

Well, I do get rid of those Romans, didn't I?
HERE COMES THE PATROL!

AHA!

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED.
WE GOT THE DRUID!

WITH A PILUM?

ER... NO...
WITH A MENHIR...

AND WE LEFT HIM UNDER THE MENHIR.
NO HUMAN BEING COULD SURVIVE A SLOW LIKE THAT!

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT... BUT I SOMETIMES WONDER IF THOSE GALS ARE HUMAN... ANYWAY, WE'LL LET CASSIUS CERAMIX KNOW HE CAN COME AND CHALLENGE VITALSTATISTIX!

MEANWHILE...

ALL THE SAME, A LITTLE TAP WITH A MENHIR COULDN'T HAVE DONE HIM ANY HARM... MAYBE HE ATE SOMETHING HEAVY FOR LUNCH...

WE'RE COMING TO THE VILLAGE... I'M GOING TO TRY AND REVIVE HIM!

DONE IT!
HE'S COMING BACK TO HIS SENSES! HE'S VERY STRONG, OUR DRUID, ESPECIALLY IN THE HEAD.

HOW ARE YOU FEELING?

VERY WELL, THANK YOU... AND WHO MIGHT YOU BE, MY DEAR SHE?
HA! HA! HA! Ho! Ho! Ho!

YOU TAKE THE DRUG BACK TO THE HUT OBVIOUSLY, I'M GOING TO TALK TO OUR CHIEF.

AS I HAVE BEEN ASKED FOR AN ENCORE...

THAT WILL DO!!

HOW ARE WE GOING TO CURE HIM, ASTERIX?

TO THINK HOW EASILY HE COULD HAVE MADE POTIONS TO CURE HIMSELF LIKE A SHOT...

THE POTION! THE MAGIC POTION THAT GIVES US SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH!

LET'S HOPE HE CAN REMEMBER THE FORMULA! IF HE DOESN'T, THOSE ROMANS ARE GOING TO GET THE BETTER OF US.

THEY OUTFUNDED US A HUNDRED TO ONE, AND THEY'RE BETTER EQUIPPED TOO.

WHAT MAGIC POTION? YOU MUST LET ME HAVE A LOOK AT THIS, Mr. ASTERIX... IT SOUNDS INTERESTING!

WE MUST WARN THE WHOLE VILLAGE. THIS IS SERIOUS!

YOU KNOW... THE POTION I HAD TO MIX IT WHEN I WAS A BABY...

HO! HO! HO! I CAN SEE I'M REALLY GOING TO ENJOY MYSELF HERE... IT'S ALL SO QUAIN'T AND FUNNY... YIPPEEE!
FRIENDS, COUNTRYMEN: I HAVE A SERIOUS ANNOUNCEMENT TO MAKE!
OUR DRUID HAS LOST HIS MEMORY AND CAN NO LONGER MAKE THE MAGIC POTION.
THE SECRET OF OUR STRENGTH... OUR STOCKS ON POTION ARE EXHAUSTED, SO NOW
WE ARE VULNERABLE, WE MUST KEEP THIS DISASTER SECRET, AND HOPE NO ONE
CHALLENGES US BEFORE OUR BELOVED DRUID IS CURED!

IN ANY CASE, NEVER FORGET THAT WE HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR EXCEPT THE SKY
FALLING ON OUR HEADS!

BUT THE SKIES ARE LONGERING... A ROMAN
MESSENGER ARRIVES AT THE VILLAGE OF
LINCOLN...

WHERE DO I FIND YOUR CHIEF
CAESAR CERAMIX?

HE'S INSPECTING PROSECI'S SCHOOL OF MODERN
LANGUAGES AT THE MOMENT.

COME ON, COPY LITTLE PROSECI! WHO
SALUTED OUR ROMAN FRIEND SO NICE?

I HAVE AN
IMPORTANT MESSAGE
FOR YOU ROMAN:
NEBULUS NASBUS, C
CAESAR CERAMIX!

RIGHT, LET'S LEAVE
THE ROOM!

VERY GOOD,
PROSECI! YOU'LL
GET A STAR BUT YOU
MUSTN'T GO ON SALUTING,
THEY'VE LEFT THE
ROOM!

I'M NOT SALUTING!
I WANT TO LEAVE
THE ROOM TOO!!!
I'VE COME TO TELL YOU THE DRUID GASTAFIX HAS BEEN DISPOSED OF. YOU CAN CHALLENGE CHIEF VITALSTATISTIX.

YOU'RE... YOU'RE QUITE SURE THE DRUID'S GONE?

QUITE SURE! WE DEFEATED HIM! IT WAS A FAMOUS VICTORY!

WELL THEN, TELL YOUR CENTURION, I'LL CHALLENGE MY ROYAL TOMORROW!

I'M GOING TO BEAT VITALSTATISTIX! I'M THE GREATEST! AND THEN, WITH THE HELP OF THE ROMANS, I SHALL BEAT ALL THE OTHER CHIEFS AND I'LL BE THE ONLY CHIEF LEFT IN GALLI!

I WILL MAKE GAIL A NEW ROME! I'LL BUILD ROMAN BATHS. I'LL COMMAND THE GALLS TO WASH ALL OVER EVERY DAY IN STRICT ROTATION. IT WILL BE CALLED THE ORDER OF THE BATH!

BACK IN THE GAULISH VILLAGE, OUR FRIENDS LONG NOEL & DRAWINE ARE A CLOSE...

ANYWAY, IT GOT HIM INTO A GOOD MOOD... A TINY LITTLE MENHIR LIKE THAT... IT ONLY TICKLED HIM!

CRESUX, MY FRIEND, YOU'RE BEGINNING TO GET ON MY NERVES!

WHAT'S THAT?

SOUND LIKE CAUCHONX SINGING.

I'LL GO AND SEE.

BOOAAAAAHOOO........

I HAVE COME TO ANNOUNCE THE ARRIVAL OF MY CHIEF CASSIUS CERAMIX. HE WANTS TO TALK TO YOUR CHIEF VITALSTATISTIX. AVE!

HM... CERAMIX... I DON'T MUCH LIKE THE SOUND OF THIS. HE'S A BRUTAL, AMBITIOUS, LUGUBRIOUS RENEGADE.

ASTERIX, TELL HIM TO STOP LAUGHING WHENEVER HE LOOKS AT ME!
OBERAX: COMING, CHIEF!
COME ON, HURRY UP!
THEY'RE CALLING ME!
IF YOU WILL KEEP
DELIGHTING...

GET DOWN!
THEY'RE COMING!

 THERE YOU ARE!

WHAT A ROW!
IT HAS A CERTAIN
SOMETHING...

BAAAAAHOOOOOO...
BAAAAAAAOWWW...

AVE!
WITCHER!

THIS IS A
SUMMIT
CONFERENCE!

I HAVE COME TO THROWN
DOWN THE GAUNTLET! I AM
CHALLENGING YOU TO
SINGLE COMBAT?

A CHALLENGE!
A CHALLENGE!

YES, BUT...

ACCORDING TO OUR LAW,
THE WINNER WILL BECOME
CHIEF OF THE LOSER'S TRIBE!
THE FIGHT WILL TAKE
PLACE NEXT CALENDAR!
ME! NOT YOU! IF WE ALL TURN OUR BACKS I GET BACK WHERE I STARTED!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHAT ARE THOSE TWO DOING UP THERE?

THIS IS NO TIME TO BE CLEVER! IF I COME DOWN THERE YOU'D BETTER WATCH OUT!

THIS IS A NICE WBGZ THAT BRUTES AS STRONG AS ME, OUR DUDDYS IN NO STATE TO MAKE THE MAGIC POTION AND THE FUTURE OF THE TRIBE DEPENDS ON THE RESULT OF THIS FIGHT!

LETS HOPE OUR DRUID WILL SOON BE FEELING BETTER!
IN THE FORTIFIED
CAMP OF TOTORUM...

YOU TOLD ME GETAFIX THE DRUID
HAD BEEN DISPOSED OF! NOT ONLY HAS HE
NOT BEEN DISPOSED OF, HE'S IN A VERY
GOOD MOOD! HE CAN'T STOP LAUGHING!

THANKS VERY MUCH FOR YOUR ADVICE,
FELONIUS CAUCUS! SO NOW I LOOK LIKE
HAVING TWO REBEL VILLAGES ON MY
HANDS INSTEAD OF ONE! OH, WON'T
CAESAR BE PLEASED!

IT'S CHALLENGED VILOCRAPIS.
AND NOW I CAN'T WITHDRAW
WITHOUT SUBMITTING TO HIM.
I'M NOT SURE I WOULDN'T RATHER
THAN GE THE MYSELF
MURDERED...

DON'T LET'S GET UPSET. WE
STILL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO
SEND PATROLS OUT TO THE
FOREST TO CAPTURE
THE DRUID...

QUO, BRAT
DEMONSTRANDUM

OH, QUITE
EASILY DONE!

MEANWHILE, IN
THE GAULISH
VILLAGE...

GETAFIX, YOU MUST LISTEN TO
ME!: YOU HAVE TO PREPARE THE
MAGIC POTION TO GIVE OUR
CHIEF SUPERHUMAN
STRENGTH.

LOOK, WHO
IS THIS JERPHIN? YOU
KEEP ON
ABOUT?

WOOAHAAAAA!

THAT FAT MAN IS
PRICELESS!

ASTERIX, IF YOU DON'T TELL
ME TO STOP DRUID OR NO
DRUID, I SHALL TAKE THIS
CAULDRON AND I'LL...

YOU'VE ALREADY
DONE THAT WITH A
MEHRI, OBELIX!

LET'S GET EVERYTHING
READY. PERHAPS HIS
MEMORY WILL COME BACK.
OBELIX, YOU GO AND
FETCH THE INGREDIENTS
FROM GETAFIX'S HUT,
AND A
CAULDRON.
AND WHAT DO I DO NOW?

WELL, YOU PUT THE INGREDIENTS IN THE CAULDRON... THEN YOU MAKE THE POTION.

HA! HA! HA! THIS IS FUN!

LOOKS AS THOUGH HE REMEMBERS THE FORMULA!

DO I PUT THIS IN TOO?

OK... IF YOU LIKE...

HA! HA! HA! THIS IS A NICE GAME! COME ON! LET'S START AGAIN!

BOOM!

SOON AFTERWARDS...

TERRIBLY SORRY, GENTLEMEN, NOTHINGS HAPPENING THIS TIME... IT'S A DUD.

MAYBE HE'S DONE IT, LET'S GO AND SEE.

BOOP! BLOP! BLOP!

BOOM!

TEEHEEEHEE!

IT WORKED!

I WONDER IF WE'RE GOING TO GET ANYWHERE THIS WAY?

WE'LL JUST HAVE TO TAKE FORT LUCK!
This is odd... Where are the Gauls? One of them ought to have knocked us over the head by now!

They're making horrible noises in that village, and firing cauldrons at great distances, very hard... CAULDRONS? HOW DARE THEY TAKE POT SHOTS AT MY LEGIONARIES?!

What's more, this one's been used to make fish soup!

Oh, so that's the way it is? Right, Winkle, the idiot out of there and tell him he's volunteered to go and spy on the Gauls!

This is a pretty kettle of fish!

In the Gaulish village... That one didn't go off bang! If it didn't go off bang, perhaps he's done it?

Let's have a look...
Nobody ought to taste it to find out if it is the magic potion...

Yes, but if it isn't right, it might be indigestible...

I will taste it... After all, the Druids may be off-colour because of my menas...

BLEEP!

BLEEP!

The hee-hee, hee-hee!

No, Obelix? I am the chief. It's my job to taste it!

But if you go off bang, Caramel will become our chief and he won't even have to fight for it!

We really want a Roman to taste it... We're sure to find a Roman somewhere to do this little job for us!

Meanwhile in the fortified camp of Titorum...

Has infirmofpurpuss gone yet?

No, he won't come out of his cauldron.

Are you going to come out of there?

No!

I'd rather be here inside a cauldron smelling of fish than in the Gaulish village outside a cauldron smelling of fish!

I'll poach you alive in your cauldron smelling of fish!

Aren't you ashamed of yourself, hiding in a cauldron smelling of fish?

No. I am not ashamed of myself, hiding in a cauldron smelling of fish!

All right, not too much salt, please.
DON'T TRY MY PATIENCE TOO FAR! I WARN YOU I'M AT BOILING POINT!

NOW, ARE YOU COMING OUT OR AREN'T YOU?

I CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR UNSOLICITED HEROISM! NOW YOU ARE GOING TO SPY ON THE GAULS... YOU'LL BE IN NO DANGER, WELL CAMouflAGED!

AND HE SMELLS OF FISH!

IT MUST BE A CRAB APPLE TREE!

THE GALLANT LEGIONARY REACHES THE FOREST...

I'M NEAR ENOUGH THE GAULISH VILLAGE, NOW I'LL JUST PLANT MYSELF HERE...

I CONGRATULATE YOU ON KEEPING YOUR COOL AND NOT GIVING IN TO THE FLAMING HURRY.

ALL RIGHT THEN, JUST TO KEEP BODY AND SOUL TOGETHER... BUT IT'S UNDUE PROTEST... WHY THE FLAMING HURRY?

YOUR UNSOLICITED HEROISM*

NOW YOU ARE GOING TO SPY ON THE GAULS... YOU'LL BE IN NO DANGER, WELL CAMouflAGED!

IT MUST BE A CRAB APPLE TREE!

GET OUT, YOU REASLY BIRD, YOU'LL DRAW ATTENTION TO ME. SHOO, YOU TWIT!

SHOO! YOU SHOO!

TO-WHO? TO-WHO?

TO-WHO? TO-WHO?

TO-WHO? TO-WHO?

A TALKING TREE! IT SMELLS OF FISH TOO! VERY REMARKABLE! I WILL NEVER LEAVE THE PLACE!

LOOK! HERE COMES INTEPROPERUS!

HE LOOKS A BIT SOUR!
WE POSITIVELY
MUST HAVE A
ROMAN TO TASTE
OUR DRUIDS'
POISON.

OH, YOU CAN FIND
THEN ANYWHERE IN
THE WOODS AT THIS
TIME OF YEAR.

HELP!
THE GALLUS!
I'LL TRY TO
LOOK INCORPOROUS.

TO-WHIT,
TO-WHOO!

SOMEONE'S
CALLING TO US!

TO WHO?

TO-WHIT, TO-WHOO!

OVER THERE!
LET'S HAVE A LOOK!

IT'S AN OWL!
TO-WHIT, TO-WHOO!

TO-WHIT,
TO-WHOO!

HELP!

YOU CAN'T EAT
IT, BUT IT'S AMAZING.
I THINK I'LL TAKE IT
HOME TO DOGMARX.
THEN WE'LL HAVE A
LITTLE FRIEND.

WOULDN'T HE
GROWL AT AN
OWL?

ANYWAY,
WE'RE NOT HERE
FOR FUN...
COME ON!

PHEW!

PHEW? DID YOU
HEAR SOMEONE
SAY THAT?

PHEW? WHO?

NO! IT WASN'T ME! I NEVER
SAID PHREW! IT WAS TO-WHOO!
THAT WAS THE OWL. HE SAID
TO-WHOO! NOT PHREW!

MUMMY!

THIS REALL Y IS
A MOST
ENTERTAINING TRE
AN ENTIRELY
NEW VARIETY!
Don't hurt me! I'm a warrior like you, even if I am an enemy... You wouldn't want to fight an enemy warrior, would you?

We're not going to hurt you, we're offering you a spot of soup. That's all we're going to do to you.

That's all you're going to do to me.

To wait to wait!

Blah! Blah! Blah!

Huh? He's gone green!

How do you do that?

Who...what's happening to me?

No luck yet... We'll have to make another potion...

Don't worry, Roman, we'll see to it.

Runny... he turns green after they dig him up...

Soon afterwards...

Hahaha! I am having a nice time here!

My body lies a murderous in the goose.

But his sole goes marching on...

WOOF!

This is fishy, too!

Let's hope it's not a red herring!

D turnover the tree...

What is this?
THE UNHAPPY HERMOFULPURUS DRINKS SEVERAL HIGHLY-COLOURED POTIONS ONE AFTER ANOTHER...

...WITH RESULTS THAT...

...WHILE DECORATIVE...

...ARE NOT...

THE RESULTS...

...DESIRABLE!

THIS MUST BE A VERY HEALTHY DRINK... IT GIVES YOU A GOOD COLOUR!

WOOAHAAHAHAHA HAHAHAHA!

STOP IT! I'VE HAD ENOUGH! I WANT MY SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION BACK THAT MADE ME SO MANY CONQUESTS ON THE APPIAN WAY!

YIPPEEE!

DON'T BE SO COLOURFUL... I THINK CHANGING... IT MAKES YOU GO PURPLE, WERE GOING TO HAVE ONE LAST SHOT AND THEN WE'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE.

I AM FEELING BLUE!

SOON AFTERWARDS...

LOOK, ASTERIX, HE'S SKY-BLUE...

THAT'S BECAUSE HE'S TURNED PALE... COME ON, DRINK THIS!
How are you feeling Roman?

Rene... in the pink...

positively buoyant...

very buoyant!

Catch me!

Catch him! He's flying away!!!

What's more he can fly! Now that's what I call a real friend!

I've got my pink and white complexion back!

MAYBE this is the right potion, Asterix!

MAYBE...

Oooooh!

Towhoooo!

Shall I bring him down? I can get him with my arrow from here...

No! He's gone with the wind... well, the potion's no good. We'll have to think of something else.
THE FORTIFIED FRENCH CAMP OF
Totoria...

HE WHO WANT, THEY NEED TO KNOW,
AND WHAT HAVE YOU
GOT AT THE END OF
THAT ROPE?

SOON
AFTERWARDS...

WHAT DO YOU WANT,
AND WHAT HAVE YOU
GOT AT THE END OF
THAT ROPE?

COME AND SEE FOR
YOURSELF, O SENTURION....
YOU'D NEVER BELIEVE IT,
BY JUPITER!

THAT'S NO WAY
TO APPEAR
BEFORE YOUR
COMMANDING
OFFICER! COME
DOWN HERE
AT ONCE!!!

FEATHER-BRAINED,
MORE LIKE! GET
HIM DOWN!

NOW THEY'VE SHOWN
THEIR TRUE COLOURS...
I'D SAY THEIR BRAIN HAS
GONE CRAZY! HE'S FORGOTTEN
HOW TO PREPARE THE
MAGIC POTION!

I CAN'T! I'M AS LIGHT
AS A FEATHER!

WELL, WELL,
VERY INTERESTING!

YOU CAN
LET HIM GO
NOW!
ALL IS WELL! THE WIZARD OBVIOUSLY MADE SOME IMPACT ON THE DRUID: HE HAS LOST HIS POWERS FOR MAKING MAGIC POTION.

LET'S GET AT THE GAULS! THERE ARE A LOT MORE OF US THAN THEM!

IT'S QUITE UNNECESSARY TO RISK INJURY... LET CASSIUS CERVARUS DO THE DIRTY WORK FOR US. WE'LL ATTACK ONLY IF HE LOSES.

GNNWEE HEHEHE! HOHA HAHA!

DON'T WORRY! THE EFFECTS OF THESE GAULISH POTIONS ARE ONLY TEMPORARY! IT WILL SOON WEAR OFF. HAVE A GOOD NIGHT!

WHAT'S UP WITH YOU?

SURE ENOUGH, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT...

BAOUM!

HM... THE POTION'S WORN OFF.

I KNOW A DRUID LIVING NEAR HERE. HIS SPECIALITY IS CURING THE MENTALLY DISTURBED. HE'S CALLED PSYCHOANALYST.
WE DON'T WANT TO FETCH PSYCHOANALYTIX!

WE HAVEN'T COME ACROSS ANY ROMAN PATROLS THAT SPY MUST HAVE SAVED WE'D RUN OUT OF MAGIC POISON, SO THERE'S NO NEED TO WATCH US

THERE'S NO PRO IN TRAVELLING THESE DAYS, THE ROADS ARE SO SAFE

AFTER AN UNEVENTFUL JOURNEY... HERE WE ARE

PSYCHOANALYTIX DRUID

WE'D LIKE TO SEE THE DRUID!

DO YOU HAVE AN APPOINTMENT? IF NOT, YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT

Not in the way, am I?

PEOPLE COME FROM ALL OVER THE PLACE TO BE TREATED BY THE DRUID...

WAITING GLADE

THAT'S A SHY BARBARIAN. IT'S A GREAT DRAWBACK IN HIS LINE

THIS ONE THINKS HE'S A WILD BOAR!

OBELIX!

GRRRRRUNK! GRRRRRUNK!

NO ONE KNOWS WHO THIS ONE THINKS HE IS
NEXT. PLEASE. MISS CORSARONAT- ORSODA.

DON'T YOU THINK HE'S A WILD BOAR ANY MORE?

WELL, HE DOES, A BIT, BUT THE DRUID HAS TAUGHT HIM TO BEG, SO IT DOESN'T SHOW SO MUCH!

SOON AFTERWARDS....

I'M CURSED! I'M NOT FRIGHTENED OF THE SKY FALLING ON MY HEAD ANY MORE!

THE DRUIDS ARE AMAZING. I'M SURE HE'LL CURE GETAFIX.

IT'S YOUR TURN!

COME IN!

LIE DOWN, PLEASE.

WHO ME?
NOW THEN, WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE? ... DON'T TELL ME, I KNOW ...

YOU'VE GOT THE IDEA YOU'RE FAT, AND THAT HE'S MAKING YOU ILL, YOU'RE WRONG, THERE'S NO NEED TO PEEIL ILL BECAUSE YOU'RE TOO FAT ...

BUT I'M NOT ILL!!!

NO, O BRAHMA, HE'S NOT ILL....

GOOD HEAVENS! IF I WAS AS FAT AS THAT IT WOULD MAKE ME ILL

WE CAME TO TELL YOU TO CURE GETAFIX, HE'S THE ONE WHO'S ILL

GETAFIX? DEAR OLD GETAFIX, WHO TAUGHT US EVERYTHING, WE KNOW? GETAFIX, WHO HAS SECRETS KNOWN ONLY TO HIMSELF? WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

BUCKARONTOFDON, I'M GOING AWAY FOR A FEW DAYS ... PASS ME THE CALLIDION OVER THERE ...

QU? WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON HERE?

IT'S THAT BARBARIAN YOU CURSED OF SHYNESS, HE SAW HE NEEDED TO CATCH UP WITH HIS WORK

BOOHOHOHOHO!

I'M TOO FAT!

I'M TOO FAAAAAT!
NONSENSE, OBELUX, YOU'RE NOT TOO FAT AT ALL...

YOU'RE ONLY SAYING THAT TO CHEER ME UP!

BOOHOHOHO!

YOU MUST BRING HIM TO SEE ME... I'LL CURE HIM FOR YOU.

SOON... AFTERWARDS... AH, HERE YOU ARE AT LAST! I COME ALONGS, I'LL TAKE YOU TO GETAPAX!

GETAPAX, MY DEAR OLD FRIEND!

WOAHAAAHAHOHOHO!

WHO'S THIS LITTLE SHRIMP?

HOOOO! HEEHEEE!

THAT'S IT, A SHRIMP! HE'S A REAL LITTLE SHRIMP!

I'D RATHER BE BUILT ON GENEROUS LINES THAN A LITTLE SHRIMP WOULDN'T YOU, ASTERIX?

OF COURSE, OBELUX, NATURALLY... LET THE DJED GET ON WITH HIS WORK...

RIGHT! NOW I'VE CURED THE FAT ONE, I CAN HAVE A LOOK AT GETAPAX.

HEEEEEE! HOHOHO!

TELL THAT ELEPHANT TO SHUT UP, OR I SHALL GO ALL TO POT!

OBELUX, YOU MUST HAVE A MENHIR TO DRIVE? DON'T KEEP YOUR CUSTOMERS WAITING!

HERE! I'D RATHER BE AN ELEPHANT THAN A SHRIMP...

ESPECIALLY A PUTTED SHRIMP!
PUT MY CAULDRON ON TO BOIL... IT LOOKS AS THOUGH I'LL HAVE TO MAKE SOME POTIONS.

OBEIX, 50 AND DELIVER YOUR MENHIR AND LEAVE US ALONE.

WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM? SOME SORT OF A SHOCK?

YES, IT WAS A MENHIR GOT HIM DOWN.

I DON'T THINK IT WAS THAT AT ALL. YOU ALWAYS MAKE OUT IT WAS MY FAULT. CAN'T YOU JUST TELL ME THAT A LITTLE TAP WITH A MENHIR?

EXCUSE ME, BUT IT DOES TAKE A DRUID TO BE ABLE TO JUDGE THESE THINGS... HOW EXACTLY DID HE GET THIS TAP WITH A MENHIR?

LIKE THAT...

OBELIX!

BONG!

OBELIX, GO AND DELIVER YOUR MENHIR AND LEAVE US ALONE!!!

WELL, HE DID ASK...

IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE LIKE THAT, I SHAN'T HELP YOU ANY MORE. SORT IT OUT BY YOURSELVES!

HE'S COMING TO...

HOW ARE YOU, O DRUID?

I BEG YOUR PARDON, MY DEAR SIR?
HE DOESN'T REMEMBER A THING!
HE'S IN THE SAME STATE AS GETAFIX!

LOOK, MY DEAR SIR, I CAN PREPARE SOME VERY INTERESTING CONCOCTIONS!

LET ME HAVE A GO TOO!

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR IT, A VITAL STATISTICA... YOU MUST GET INTO TRAINING FOR YOUR RITE WITH CERANIA.

QUITE RIGHT, I DON'T THINK WE CAN RELY ON THE DRUIDS.

JUST TRY THIS, MY DEAR SIR!

WHAT A PITI OBERIX ISN'T CHEF INSTEAD OF ME!

HEE HEE HEE!
YOUR TURN NOW, MY DEAR SIR!

HE FELL INTO A CALDATION OF POISON WHEN HE WAS A BABY, AND IT HAD A PERMANENT EFFECT ON HIM...

HOHOOHO!

IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO ABSCONCE IN FAVOUR OF HAM... SO THAT'S NO GOOD.

HAHAAHA!

ASTERIX, I APPRENTICE YOU MY TRAINER FOR THE BIG FIGHT!

HEHEHEHE!
HOOHOO!

OUR FIRST SESSION WILL BE TOMORROW, AT THE CRACK OF DAWN... YOU'RE ON A DIET... NO MORE MEAT, NO MORE BEEF, NOTHING BUT GOAT'S MILK.

WHAT A LOVELY BLUE!

WHAT A LOVELY RED!
ONE, TWO, THREE! COME ON, BOYS. PUT SOME DEEP INTO IT, BY TOUTAPS!

NO, NO... THAT'S NOT THE WAY... VITALSTATIKA! LET ME SHOW YOU!

THA'T'S BETTER. MUCH BETTER. VERY MUCH BETTER.

AH! HE'S NOT BITING SO MUCH NOW.

NON YOU MUST HAVE SOME RIGHT TRAINING. YOU NEED A SPARRING PARTNER...

I CAN DO THAT JOB... I'M NOT SURE ANYTHING...

HE'S RIGHT. OBELIX IS IDEAL FOR THE PART. I SHAN'T BE AFRAID OF HURTING HIM.

VERY WELL, LET'S START...

BRAVO! OH, VERY CLEVER, OBELIX! WHEN YOU'RE AROUND THERE'S NO NEED FOR ANY ROMANS IN GAUL !!!
WHILE VITALSTATISTIX goes on with his training, in the village of Ungerak, his indomitable opponent Cassius Ceramix is training just as hard...

NEXT!

YOU JUST CAN'T LOSE! WITHOUT ANY MAGIC POTION, YOUR OPPONENT WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO STAND UP TO YOU!

IT'S NOT ENOUGH FOR TODAY, CASSIUS CERAMIX!

TCHAC!

NEXT!

YOU SOMETIMES ARE QUITE BRIGHT, FELONIUS CAUCUS!

A BIT TOO BRIGHT! AFTER CASSIUS CERAMIX has won, you'll go with him to Rome and be his sparring partner in the circus!

P简单!
While the combatants are in training, the Romans build the rings for the big fight outside the camp...

And as the fight arises, a great deal of public interest, ranging Barbarians put up their side shows nearby...

The great day dawns at last, and a vast crowd masses their spoons and laughs mingling with the smell of boar and chips...

Children's comix! 3 bronze coins the slab!

A gold coin for anyone going one round with the Mirmillo!

Get your souvenir menhirs here!

Will the parents of little Icelollux please come to collect him at the lost children's tent?

Switchbax

A present from the Arvensica fun fair.
GARRISON...SHOULDER...ARMS! TO THE RINGSIDE...FORWARD...MARCH!

Hey, Invincibius! I wonder if your owl won't end up bringing us bad luck?

He's not my owl, and it's not my fault if he keeps following me!

Casus! Cæna! Arrives at the ringside...

Friends! I promise to do my utmost to win, by Jove!

Long live the chief!

Meanwhile...

O Vitalstatia, it's time to go!

Heave away, boys!

I only wanted to give them a little song of encouragement...

Our friends' village is almost deserted...only the two druids are left...

Just taste that, my dear sir! I think you'll be amused by my presumption!

I've mixed a little something myself which I think will surprise you...

...with Obelix, a quarry to remorse...
LONG LIVE VITALSTATISTIX! BRAVO! VITALSTATISTIX, BY BELENOS!

CASSIUS CERAMIX FOR EVER! CASSIUS CERAMIX, BY JUPITER!

THIS FIGHT WILL GO ON UNTIL ONE OF THEM THROWS IN THE TOWEL! THE STAKES ARE AS FOLLOWS: THE WINNER RECEIVES THE HOMAGE OF VITAL... OF THE LOSER AND HIS TRIBE!

ON MY RIGHT, THE GALLO-ROMAN CHIEF CASSIUS CERAMIX! THE GREATEST!

ON MY LEFT, THE GAULISH CHIEF VITALSTATISTIX!

INDOMITABLEST!

THIS IS AN ALL-IN CONTEST. TO YOUR CORNERS, AND WHEN YOU HEAR THE BUCINA, COME OUT FIGHTING! AND MAY CASSIUS CER... MAY THE BEST MAN WIN!

ALEA JACTA EST!

WHERE’S ORELIX?

AT HOME, HE’S SAD BECAUSE HE THINKS ALL THIS IS HIS FAULT.

GO AND GET HIM! WE'LL NEED HIM IF THINGS TURN NAUGHTY AFTER THE FIGHT!

AND SO THE BIG FIGHT BEGINS!

PAAAAA!!
A TAP WITH A MEHJR! THEN WHY SHOULDN'T ANOTHER TAP CURE OUR DRUID?

I'M CERTAIN NO ONE ELSE WOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THE SOLUTION YOU'VE GOT TO BE PRETTY INTELLIGENT TO THINK OF A SOLUTION LIKE THAT!

MEANWHILE...

WHAT SHALL WE DO NOW?

SUPPOSE WE PUT ALL THE REST OF THE INGREDIENTS INTO OUR CAULDRON? WOULDN'T THAT BE FUN?

I BET WE COME OUT IN RED AND GREEN CHECKS!

OR YELLOW WITH BLUE SPOTS! HEEHEEHEEHEE!

SPASH SPLASH!

YOU HAVEN'T SEEN MY FRIEND? THE FAT ONE?

NO, ASTERIX, I HAVEN'T SEEN OBELIX

ASTERIX! YOU CALLED ME ASTERIX! SO YOU'RE BETTER!

PAFFF!
OBELIX!... DID YOU THROW THIS MENHIR?

OF COURSE... TO CURSE OUR DRUID...

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TELL ME I'VE DONE THE WRONG THING AGAIN?!

(WITH GREAT RESTRAINT...)

LISTEN... WE HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO ARGUE...

TOUTAIS BE PRAISED!

OUR DRUID IS STILL CURED!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, STILL? I'VE JUST CURSED HIM WITH MY CAREFUL NURSING!

STOP ARGUING AND GET ME OUT OF HERE!

WHAT EXACTLY HAS BEEN HAPPENING BETWEEN THOSE TWO KNOWKS?

LET ME EXPLAIN GETAFIX...

AFTER ASTERIX'S STORY...

QUICK! EMPTY THE CAULDRON! BRING SOME HOT WATER! I'M GOING TO MAKE SOME MAGIC POTION!

I'M AFRAID THE RITUAL HAS ALREADY STARTED, AND IF CASSIODORUS WINS, WE ARE CONDEMNED TO BE HIS SUBJECTS!

NO, OBELIX, I DON'T NEED YOU TO TASTE THE MAGIC POTION! IT WOULD BE MORE USEFUL IF YOU FOUND SOMETHING TO CARRY IT IN!

SOON AFTERWARDS...

IT'S NO FUN HERE ANY MORE... I'M OFF!

HEY, WAIT A BIT! I HAVEN'T HAD ANY OF THAT YET!
OUR THREE FRIENDS ARE NEARING THE SPOT WHERE THE BIG FIGHT...

...HAS BEEN GOING ON FOR HALF AN HOUR...

WILL-YOU-STOP-RUNNING!!!

YOU SHARE OUT THE POTION WHILE I GO AND TELL THE CHIEF.

Perhaps I could...

NO! YOU Fell IN IT WHEN YOU WERE A BABY!

CHIEF VITALSTATISTIX!

GETAFIX IS CURED! WE'RE FIGHTING FIT NOW!

AHA! THAT BIT OF NEWS REDoubles MY STRENGTH.

AH! PUFF! PUFF! AT LAST... PUFF! PUFF!

...YOU'VE STOPPED RUNNING!

TCHAC!

I'M THE MOST BEAUTIFUL! I'M THE GREATEST! I'M THE CHAMPION!

SPLATCH!
WE HAVE OTHER PLANS! VERY WELL, YOU MAY HAVE WON THAT FIGHT! NOW WE'RE GOING TO SEE WHETHER YOUR PEOPLE CAN DEFEAT THE INVINCIBLE ROMAN LEGIONS!

ONE MOMENT, GAUL!

IN... MAUDELE ROMAN LEGIONS... OR... IS THAT US?

WE WEREN'T EXPECTING ANYTHING ELSE FROM YOU DOUBLE-DEALING ROMANS!

VERY WELL, WE SHALL MEET YOU ON THE PLAIN!

LONG LIVE OUR CHIEF!

LONG LIVE VITALSTATISTIX!

LEGIONARIES! I AM LEADING YOU TO A VICTORY AS CERTAIN AS IT WILL BE GLORIOUS! FORWARD MARCH!

ER...

O CENTURION, WE DON'T WANT TO BE AWKWARD, BUT EVERY TIME WE ATTACK THESE SAVAGES, THEY START LAUGHING... AND THEY MAKE MINCEMEAT OF US...

THAT WILL LAUGH THE OTHER SIDE OF THEIR FACES THIS TIME, LEGIONARIES! THEIR BRAIN HAS GONE BAD... THEY HAVE NO MAGIC POTION AND WE OUTNUMBER THEM A HUNDRED TO ONE!

GOOD BOYS!

DOWN WITH THE GAULES, COMRADES, BY JUPITER!!!

FORWARD, BY JUNO!!!
FORM A CUNEOUS!

Meanwhile, the Gaels are waiting...

Suddenly... I can see one over there laughing!

He's not laughing!

I tell you he is!

I'll show you whether he's laughing!

HAHAHAHA HAHAHARA!

PAF!
NOW, BOYS,
FORWARD!

THE GALLOIS TACTICS SEEM LESS SKILFUL
THAN THOSE OF THE ROMANS...

STOP PUSHING!
THOSE FOUR ON THE LEFT ARE NINE!
SLAVE-KEEPERS MAY I ASK?
CHARGE FIRST, RIGHT LATER!
HONK! HONK!

WHAT?
HONK!

BANG!
PAF!
TCHRAAC!

I GIVE IN!

OH DEAR, OH DEAR!
IT'S TIME TO SLIP AWAY...

I SAID: GIVE IN!

WHAT?

BOING!

HALT!
THE BATTLE'S OVER!

ALREADY? WE'VE ONLY JUST BEGUN!

AND THERE FOLLOWS THE QUIET
AFTERMATH OF BATTLE...

YOU'LL HEAR
MORE ABOUT THIS,
FELONIUS CAUCUS!
I'LL REMEMBER
YOUR GOOD ADVICE!

COMMANDED BY ITS ONCE-IN-THE
ROMAN LEGION, ENJOYING UPON A
NON-MERIT-AWARE KNOWN AS "THE
HAPPY RETREAT"
LIFE HAS CHANGED IN THE GALLO-ROMAN VILLAGE. THE INHABITANTS HAVE ADAPTED TO THEIR NEW ENVIRONMENT. THEY LIKE THEIR FOOD AND DRINK, BUT THEY ARE NOT USED TO BEING RULED BY A KING.

AS FOR CERVANTES, HE HAS REMAINED AS HE WAS, THE PERFECT EXAMPLE OF THE FRENCH POLITICAL JOKER.

... AND IN ANY EVENT, HIS NAME STAYS WHERE IT STARTED, WITH THE EFFECTS OF HIS ACTIONS...

THE ADVENTURES OF ROGUES AND HUMANS IN THE EMPIRE OF THE GALLO-ROMANS...

YOU SEE, IF YOU WANT THE EMPIRE TO LAST, YOU MUST BE ABLE TO COMBINE ROGUE AND ADVENTURES.

WAIT FOR US!

LONG BESTIARY!

LIVE VITAL STATISTICS!

LONG LIVE GAUL!
THINGS ARE BACK TO NORMAL IN OUR FRIENDS' VILLAGE...

FRIENDS, WE SHALL CELEBRATE OUR VICTORY WITH A GREAT FEAST TO YOUR PLACES!

I WAS WONDERING...

LONG LIVE VITALSTATISTIX! LONG LIVE THE CHIEF!

NO!

Perhaps Psychodactylus was right after all, Asterix...

Really?

IF I'M NOT CAREFUL, I SHALL BE PUTTING ON WEIGHT ... I MUST GO ON A DIET...

I SHALL EAT JUST BISCUITS, WITH PERHAPS A LITTLE SOMETHING ON THEM!

A LITTLE SOMETHING? WHAT SORT OR LITTLE SOMETHING?

A BOAR, BY TOUTATIS!

HAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

The end