Asterix in CORSICA

HODDER DARGAUD PRESENTS

BOOK 24

TEXT: GOSCINNY
DRAWINGS: UDERZO
WATCH OUT! HERE COMES THE ROMAN PATROL!

BY TOUTATIS! BY BELENOS!
BY JUPITER!
THE GAULTH!
ALEA JACTA ETHT!

THITH ITH TOO MUCH! WHY ITH IT ALWAYS THUTH WHO HAVE TO BE THE ROMANTH?

WE DREW LOTS, DIDN'T WE? YOU JUST WANT TO CHEAT LIKE YOUR DAD SELLING HIS ROTTEN FISH!

WHO THAYTH MY DADDY THELLTH ROTTEN FISH?

GO AND PLAY NICELY SOMEWHERE ELSE, CHILDREN!
I'm going to tell my daddy and you'll be there.

Do we need to lay a place for Cacofonix the bard?

Yes, everyone celebrates the anniversary of the Gauls' victory at Gergovia, even the bard.

And don't forget, this year's anniversary celebrations are very special! We've invited all our friends who have fought well against the Romans too. I want everything in this village perfect to receive them, starting with you!

I'm joining the fight.

Hear that, you two?

Who were you calling a brat?

Stop it!

It was his brat told my boy I sold rotten...

It was not all that dirty...

I can't see anything...

Sometimes I wonder if it's all worth while.

What now?
IN THE FORTIFIED ROMAN CAMP OF TOTORUM...

RIGHT! EVERYONE READY?

AND ABOUT TIME TOO!
FORWARD MARCH... AND IN SILENCE, PLEASE.

I'M ON A MISSION, CENTURION. WE'VE COME A LONG WAY, I WANT SHELTER FOR THE NIGHT BEFORE WE CONTINUE OUR JOURNEY.

THE FACT IS... WE WERE JUST GOING OUT.

HOW MANY OF YOU?
WHERE?

ER... ALL OF US... GOING ON MANOEUVRES IN THE HINTERLAND.

YOU MEAN YOU'RE LEAVING THE CAMP UNGUARDED?

ER... SORT OF...

ARE WE OFF, CENTURION?

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR, BY JUPITER?

TIME'S GETTING ON!

WELL, I'M SERIOUSLY SCARY AND ALL THAT... DROP US A SLAB IN ADVANCE. ANOTHER TIME, WE'RE OFF.

NO ONE'S OFF ANYWHERE!

I AM ON A SPECIAL MISSION FROM PRAETOR PERFICIOUS, GOVERNOR OF CORSICA, AND I DEMAND AN EXPLANATION OF THIS SUSPICIOUS HASTE!

LISTEN, CENTURION HIPPOPOTAMUS, IF YOU DON'T MIND WE'LL GO ON AHEAD AND YOU JOIN US LATER. ALL RIGHT?

NO, IT IS NOT ALL RIGHT!
Here, come into my tent... Don't start without me, you lot. This won't take long.

TODAY IS THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF GERGOVIA. THE PEOPLE OF THE NEARBY GAULISH VILLAGE HAVE A WAY OF CELEBRATING THE OCCASION BY ATTACKING THE NEIGHBOURING ROMAN GARRIQUINS.

AND YOU DON'T ATTEMPT TO STOP THIS LOCAL CUSTOM?

We certainly do! We stop it by leaving camp and going on manoeuvres!

Are you ready, Centurion Hippopotamus? The boys are getting a bit impatient, and...

Are these Gauls really so ferocious?

Well, too bad. I'm escorting a Corsican exile and he's spending the night in this camp. You and your garrison are responsible to Caesar for his safe keeping. I'll be back to pick him up tomorrow.

TOMORROW? WHERE ARE YOU GOING TODAY?

To join in the manoeuvres, of course!

But... but you can't do this to us! The Gauls will slaughter us! What's more, if they see we've got a prisoner here, they'll...

BRING THE EXILE ALONG!

Aye, Centurion, and don't forget, Caesar will hold you responsible!
The first guests are arriving at the little Gaulish village...

Petitsuix! I've brought you a Helvetic cheese.

Huevos y bacon! Ole, hombres, ole!

Instantmix! You've come all the way from Rome!

Jellibabix from Lusitania! Drinklikafix from Massilia! Seniorservix from Gescribatum!

Anticlimax! Mykingdomforanos! Overoptimistix! Mcanix! Dip-somaniax!

I say, old boy, this is simply marvellous. What? Good to see you, cousin Astérix!

Winesanspirix the Arvernian!

Winepants!

What a pretty dress!

Remember how we bowlled Caesar out of the chieftain's shield?

You don't say! Fancy that! I use boiling water. It gives everything a lovely flavour, don't you know?

Remember how we bowled those Romans over in Massilia?

I'm enjoying being lionised like this too.

I hombre! I use olive oil for all my cooking!

Hahaha!
Let's try the camp of Laudanum first. Come on, Dogmatix! You'll be seeing Pepe again!

In the camp of Laudanum...

Anyone at home?

The camp of Aquarium...

How do the Romans expect to stay friends with us if they go off the very day we want a punch-up?

Soon afterwards...

In the camp of Compendium was empty too.

And the camp of Totorum was deserted.

Listen!

Look here, centurion. This character turns up, he uses us as a left luggage office, he leaves us to get ourselves massacred, and you put up with it?

You know perfectly well, we haven't any choice.

Centurion, I've got an idea! You stay here to guard the prisoner. We join the other lads, and if anyone attacks you...

Silence! We're all staying!

They're there. Good for them! This'll be fun... they'll be glad they stayed!

Now, promise me to leave our guests some Romans! Let them have the best ones!

All right, but Romans are like oysters, you know, the little ones are often best.
Totorum? Splendid! I'll go and tell our guests.

Heel, Dogmatix!

Friends, non-Romans, and other countrymen, you are now drinking the magic potion brewed by our druid getapix...

Hurrah!

Up with getapix! Down the hatch with his potion!

You'll soon notice its effects. We're going to attack the Roman camp of Totorum before dinner, a little punch-up by way of an aperitif.

I'm pleased as punch!

Punch-up!

That's the ticket!

Tickety-boo, eh?

Tickety what?

This is what makes us tick.

Ah, punching Romans! They're the ticket!

Not a bad punch line.

And don't be back too late. Romans can wait, but roast boar can't.

The thing about oysters is, the little ones are the best.

...?
AN ARMED VIGIL IS IN PROGRESS AT TOTORUM...

...AND THERE'LL BE THE GREAT BIG BRUTE, AND THE DREADFUL LITTLE MIDGET, ALL STUFFED WITH MAGIC POTION, AND THEY WON'T LIKE IT WHEN THEY SEE WE'VE GOT A PRISONER EITHER...

OH NO, BY JUPITER! THIS IS TOO MUCH!

LISTEN, I'M GOING TO UNLOCK YOUR CHAINS...

IF THEY RECAPTURE YOU, YOU MUST PROMISE TO SAY YOU ESCAPED ON YOUR OWN AND NO ONE HELPED YOU... DON'T ASK WHY I'M DOING THIS FOR YOU...

YOU CAN GO! YOU'RE FREE!

I SAID: YOU CAN GO! YOU'RE FREE!

LISTEN, WILL YOU? YOU'RE FREE! YOU CAN GO!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, AFTER YOUR SIESTA?

IT'S GETTING LATE, ROMAN. IF I DON'T HAVE MY SIESTA NOW, I SHAN'T HAVE TIME TO HAVE IT BEFORE BEDTIME, SO LEAVE ME ALONE OR I MIGHT LOSE MY TEMPER.

LOOK, ARE YOU OR ARE YOU NOT GOING TO ESCAPE?!

THEY'RE COMING, CENTURION HIPPOPOTAMUS, AND THEY'VE GOT SOME FRIENDS WITH THEM. WE WOULDN'T LIKE YOU TO MISS THE START.
there goes ANOTHER DEPARTED SPIRIT — OLE, OLE, hombres! good PARTY SPIRIT here? Isn't there?

I say, this magic potion is a bit of all right, what?

yes, but too much garlic... never could stand that fancy foreign muck...

that's all right, asterix. when i get romans served up to me on a plate like this, i think i could never have too many, but then i stop before i've finished a dozen.

look, are you going to finish me off?

what's going on here?
A PRISONER?

Yes, but you can't do anything about it now! You've bashed us up already! Tricked you that time, didn't we?

WHAT'S YOUR NAME? WHY WERE YOU EXILED?

WHAT'S CORSICA?

CORSICA IS THE ROMANS' BUGBEAR! GET THAT, FATTY?

I AM NOT FAT AND I'M THE ROMANS' BUGBEAR TOO!

YOU'RE TOUCHY... I LIKE YOU!

WELL, WELLINGTON-WASA...

WASA WASA-WASA-WARIOR-WAYAYIX, COME TO OUR VILLAGE, SHARE OUR BANQUET...

... AND TELL US ALL ABOUT IT.

DOGMATIX HEEL!
DON'T YOU LIKE BOAR, BONEY? WAS A WARRIOR WAYAYIX?

YES, LIKE BOAR...

IF YOU DON'T WANT IT, I'LL TAKE IT OFF YOUR HANDS...

NOT A BIT OF IT!

I HAVE UPSET YOU. YOU'RE PROUD AND TOUCHY, LIKE YOU, LITTLE MAN.

VERY WELL, I'LL EAT THIS BOAR.

YOU'VE UPSET ME NOW AL RIGHT!

CORSICA IS A ROMAN PROVINCE GOVERNED BY A PRÆTOR APPOINTED ANNUALLY. DURING HIS YEAR IN OFFICE, THE PRÆTOR MANAGES CORSICA, CLAIMING TO BE LEVYING TAXES, BUT HE REALLY WANTS TO BE IN JULIUS CASABAN'S GOOD BOOKS WHEN HE RETURNS TO ROME.

FOR PITY'S SAKE, A BOAR!

BUT BEFORE THE PRÆTOR LEAVES, I AND MY MEN GET BACK EVERYTHING HE HAD IN HIS WAREHOUSES. SO FAR, CASABA ONLY HAD PEAUNTS OUT OF US... NOT EVEN ONE OF OUR CORSICAN CHESTNUTS.

I'D BE INTERESTED TO SEE HOW YOU DEAL WITH THE ROMANS!

SCRUNCH!

SCRUNCH!

SCRUNCH!

WE WELL, WHY NOT COME WITH ME, ASTERIX? WHEN YOU COME HOME, YOU CAN TELL YOUR FRIENDS HOW WONDERFUL THINGS IN CORSICA, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY IN THE WORLD!

YES, BUT NOT JUST YET. I NEED A NAP FIRST.

COME TO MY ARMS, LITTLE MAN! YES, I REALLY DO LIKE YOU!

THE PRESENT PRÆTOR, PERFIDIOUS, IS THE GREEDIEST AND CRUELLEST WE'VE HAD YET. AN ENEMY BETRAYED ME TO HIM AT SIEGE TIME, AND HE CONDEMNS ME TO THE WORST OF PUNISHMENTS: EXILE! BUT THANKS TO YOU, I SHALL BE BACK IN CORSICA BEFORE THE PRÆTOR LEAVES, IN TIME TO GET BACK ALL THE LOOT HE'S STOLEN!
AND JUST WHY SHOULDN'T I TAKE HIM?

AND HERE'S A GOURD OF MAGIC POTION FOR YOU TOO, BONEYWASA WARRIOR-WAYAYIX! A USEFUL LITTLE GIFT AS A MEMENTO OF YOUR VISIT TO US.

IT MEANS I CAN TRAVEL LIGHT, TOO! WELL, I'LL HAVE TO CARRY DOGMATIX AND DOGMATIX HAS BEEN PUTTING ON A BIT OF WEIGHT LATELY...

OH, VERY CLEVER, OBEIX!

NEXT MORNING...

I SAY, OLD FRUIT, YOU DO A GOOD LINE IN PARTIES!

YES, MARVELLOUS PARTY LINE!

SUCH LIBERALITY! OUR TASTES ARE CONSERVATIVE, BUT YOU DIDN'T LABOUR IN VAIN!

WHERE WE GO AGAIN BECAUSE HE'S TOO SMALL, THAT'S WHY!

WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU EVERYWHERE, BOYS. YOU'D BETTER LEAVE BEFORE THE ROMANS COME BACK. DON'T FORGET, OUR CORSICAN FRIEND IS IN GREAT DEMAND.

GRUMBLE-GRUMBLE-GRUMBLE...

GNAGNAG GNAGNA...

JUST A MINUTE! I'VE GOT A USEFUL LITTLE GIFT FOR YOU TOO!

A LITTLE DOG? I'M VERY FOND OF DOGS!

YOU DON'T CATCH US BONY CHARACTERS NAPPING, ASTERIX-OCCELLIX!
I MUST FIND A BOAT TO TAKE US TO CORSICA. I HAVE FRIENDS IN MASSILIA, WHO'LL HELP ME, BUT I'D BETTER GO ON MY OWN.

WE'LL MEET HERE IN AN HOUR'S TIME. HOLD THIS DOG FOR ME, I'M RATHER TIRED.

BONEYWASA-WARRANT, I'M BESIDE MYSELF WITH JOY.

VERMICELLYX, THE SIGHT OF YOU FILLS ME WITH PLEASURE.

MORTADELLA, LET'S HAVE SOME WINE AND SOME SAUSAGE, NOT THE STUFF WE GIVE THE CUSTOMERS.
Now, go and see to the customers.

This sausage brings back memories of my native land! So fresh you can almost hear it braying.

Still pretty as you can see, but she just can't keep her mouth shut. Well, that's enough about women. I thought you were in exile?

Not any more. You must find me a boat to cross back to Corsica.

It won't be easy. The Romans are watching the port, but I've got some sailors in there who seem to be pretty cool customers. Come on.

"It this sausage springing . . ."

Memories of my native land—so fresh you can almost hear it graying. Not any more. You must have a boat to cross back to Corsica.

Still pretty, as you can see, but she just can't keep her mouth shut. Well, that's enough about women. I thought you were in exile?

Not any more. You must find me a boat to cross back to Corsica.

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Hello? What do they say to you, Cap'n? Not a sausage, eh?"

Anything else you fancy?

I'd like to make you an offer. Will you take some men on board for Corsica? Very discreetly, name your price.

The price is right, but they'll need gold for shipboard expenses.

Soon afterwards...

Well, that's fixed. We embark tonight. Come on, I know somewhere we can have a siesta.

Hey, you!

Harsh, harsh, harsh! Passengers, with lots of gold. Once at sea, we'll clean them out and make them walk the plank. No more boarding ships for us, we're going in for overboarding!

O tempora, o mores! And more's the word.
THAT NIGHT...

WHO GOES THERE?

CORSICAN, WITH FRIENDS, CAN HE COME ON BOARD?

'COUSE HE CAN.

SEEMS WE'RE ON THE RIGHT COURSE...

SO IT DOES.

YOUR CABIN IS BETWEEN DECKS. YOU CAN GO TO BED NOW, WE'RE LEAVING AT ONCE.

RIGHT, ME HEARTIES, WE'RE FAR ENOUGH FROM SHORE NOW, LET'S PULL OUR THREE PIGEONS.

THEY'RE ASLEEP, GOOD! EXCELLENT, EX...

CAP'N! HELP! CAP'N!

WHAT?

SSSHH! L... LOOK! THE GAU... THE GAU... GOU....

LOOK ON THIS JUST AS A MATTER OF COURSE, LADS! AFTER ALL THEY DIDN'T WAKE UP THERE'S ALWAYS THAT.

ERRARE HUMANUM EST.
WELL, NEVER MIND. JUDGING BY THE SUN, WE'RE ON THE RIGHT COURSE FOR CORSICA.

COMING ON, THEN! VERMICELIX GAVE ME A CORSICAN CHEESE. YOU'LL FIND IT'S QUITE SOMETHING.

NO ONE AROUND! THEY'VE ABANDONED SHIP!

BUT I'M HUNGRY!

COME ON, THEN! VERMICELIX GAVE ME A CORSICAN CHEESE. YOU'LL FIND IT'S QUITE SOMETHING.

I... I THINK I'LL JUST GO AND LIE DOWN...

AH, THAT AROMA...

SNIFF! SMELL!... IS THE ESSENCE OF CORSICA!

SUCH A DELICATE, SUBTLE AROMA, CALLING TO MIND THYME AND ALMOND TREES, ROSE TREES, CHESTNUT TREES... AND THEN AGAIN, THE FAINTEST HINT OF PINE, A TOUCH OF TARRAGON, A SUGGESTION OF ROSEMARY AND LAVENDER... AH, MY FRIENDS, THAT AROMA...
THESE CORSICANS ARE CRAZY!

OH, COME ON, LET'S FOLLOW HIM.

SPLASH! SPLASH! SPLASH!

PERSONALLY, I THINK IT SMELLS OF ROMANS... ISN'T THAT A FORTIFIED ROMAN CAMP OVER THERE?

YES, THERE ARE CAMPS ALL ROUND THE SHORES OF THE ISLANDS. IT'S WHEN THEY TRY GETTING INTO THE MAQUIS IN THE INTERIOR THE ROMANS HAVE PROBLEMS.

BUT DON'T WORRY. THE ROMANS WHO GET SENT HERE ARE USUALLY A POOR LOT, POSTED TO CORSICA BY WAY OF PUNISHMENT. IT'S ONLY THE PRETOR WHO KEEPS A FEW CRACK TROOPS AT ALERIA.

SEE THAT? WE'D BETTER LET THE CENTURION KNOW.

YEAH... ANYWAY, DON'T LET'S HANG AROUND HERE.

HURRY UP, CAN'T YOU?

TAKE IT EASY NOW... JUST TAKE IT EASY!

YOU'RE NEW HERE, SO TAKE IT VERY, VERY EASY AND I'LL EXPLAIN THINGS.
WOULDN'T THERE BE ANY WAY OF GETTING A SNIFF OF A BOAR?

YOU'RE RIGHT! COME ON! WE'LL GO UP THE MOUNTAIN TO MY VILLAGE.

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THE SAND! TAKE A SNIFF AT THIS SAND!

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YOU'RE RIGHT! COME ON! WE'LL GO UP THE MOUNTAIN TO MY VILLAGE.

SOON AFTERWARDS...

HOW LONG AGO?

WELL, AS LONG AS IT TOOK US TO GET BACK HERE, AND MY CALIGAE ARE KILLING ME, SO WE DIDN'T GO VERY FAST.

RIGHT LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THIS SHIP.

THE SHIP? BUT I'D HAVE THOUGHT IT WAS THE MEN WHO...

YOU MAY BE THE ONE VOLUNTEER IN THIS GARRISON, COURTING DISASTER, BUT YOU'RE GETTING ME DOWN! WE'RE GOING TO LOOK AT THAT SHIP AND WRITE A REPORT.

SURE ENOUGH, THE SHIP'S ABANDONED. RIGHT BACK WE GO TO WRITE THE REPORT.

CENTURION, THERE'S A BOAT FULL OF PEOPLE NOT FAR OFF!

ONE REPORT AT A TIME! WE'LL COME BACK TOMORROW AND WRITE A REPORT ON THIS SHIP OF YOURS IF IT'S STILL AROUND.

SOME ROMANS JUST LEAVING OUR SHIP... IT LOOKS DESERTED. WE CAN TAKE IT BACK, ME HEARTIES!

THIS WHOLE THING SMELLS A BIT...

THEY COULD STILL BE HIDDEN ON BOARD.

FELIX QUI POTUIT ARVUM COSMOCAE CAUSA, SI SEUQ IN LAU...

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CORSAIR MY FOOT!
YOU'RE ALL COMING TOO AS A MATTER OF COURSE!

YOU GO RIFFT,CAP'N, LIKE THE GUT CORSAIR YOU ARE...

YOU'RE ALL COMING TOO AS A MATTER OF COURSE!

WE'VE SEARCHED THE SHIP, NO GAULS!

HARD CHEESE FOR THEM!

BUT THERE'S A FUNNY KIND OF SMELL DOWN THERE, LIKE A CHEESE GONE MAD.

I WANT A VOLUNTEER TO...

OH, ALL RIGHT! I'M CHEESED OFF WITH YOU LOT.

VLABA DABOOM!
RIGHT, THERE'S NOTHING LEFT FOR US TO DO HERE. WE'RE OFF.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, WE'RE OFF? WHAT ABOUT THIS?

WELL, WHAT ABOUT IT? A SHIP ARRIVES, THREE CHARACTERS DIVE INTO THE SEA, THE SHIP'S ABANDONED, IT BLOWS UP. ANOTHER SET OF CHARACTERS COME SWIMMING ASHORE.

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I DISAGREE, CANTUB SEIGHT, WE OUGHT TO WARN PRAXCAR PERFLUC AT ALERIA!

BY JUPITER AND MERCURY! ARE YOU LOOKING FOR TROUBLE, COURTING DISASTUS? WELL, YOU CAN HAVE IT! YOU CAN ESCORT THESE IDIOTS TO ALERIA!

MEANWHILE...

MY VILLAGE IS QUITE CLOSE.

IS HE FROM YOUR VILLAGE?

YES, THAT'S LETHAK SOR DRAEJD. HE'S BUSY GATHERING MISTLETOE.

THAT'S THE WAY HE GATHERS MISTLETOE?

YES, HE'S WAITING FOR IT TO FALL OFF THE TREE.
TO THINK WE WERE JUST ABOUT TO HOLD ELECTIONS FOR A NEW CHIEF. THE BALLOT BOXES ARE ALREADY FULL.

OH, LOOK! TAME BOARS!

NO, THOSE ARE WILD PIGS.

Pleased to see you, Carberrix.

To think we were just about to hold elections for a new chief. The ballot boxes are already full.

Yes, but we throw them into the sea without opening them, and then the strongest man wins. It's an old Corsican custom.

Why not come and have some wild pig at my place?

Chief Bonesaw-Warriorwayx! You're back!
LOOK, NO BIGGER THAN A CHESTNUT, BUT HE EATS AS IF HIS SIESTA DEPENDED ON IT!

THE WAREHOUSES OF ALERIA ARE FULL OF THE LOOT PRAETOR PERFIDIOUS HAS TAKEN. THERE ISN’T MUCH TIME LEFT, THE PRAETOR WILL SOON BE RECALLED TO ROME.

ALERIA IS WELL DEFENDED. WE NEED TIME TO SUMMON EVERYONE FROM THE OTHER VILLAGES. THAT’S WHAT I WAS DOING WHEN I WAS CAPTURED IN OLABELLA-MARGARITIX’S VILLAGE.

WHY NOT ATTACK NOW?

THE OLABELLAMARGARITIX CLAN ARE CAPABLE OF ANYTHING!

WHAT’S THE VENDETTA ABOUT?

NO ONE’S TOO SURE ANY MORE...

...ANYWAY, IT’S VERY SERIOUS.

THE OLD FOLK SAY BONYWASA-WARRIORWAYAYIX’S GREAT-UNCLE MARRIED A GIRL FROM THE YOUNG-CALLYIX CLAN, AND A DAUGHTER BY MARRIAGE OF ONE OF OLABELLAMARGARITIX’S GRANDFATHERS WAS IN LOVE WITH HER...

OLABELLA MARGARITIX?

MY CLAN AND OLABELLAMARGARITIX’S CLAN HAVE A VENDETTA GOING, BUT I NEVER THOUGHT HE’D BETRAY ME TO THE ROMANS.

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A LEGIONARY TO SEE YOU, O PRAETOR PERFIDIOUS. HE SAYS HE HAS IMPORTANT INFORMATION.

SHOW HIM IN.

AVE, PRAETOR! THIS MAN WANTS TO SPIN YOU A YARN.

NO, I DON'T! I'M AN HONEST SAILOR WORKING THE MASSILIA-CORSICA CROSSING.

I TOOK THREE PASSENGERS ON BOARD, AND BEFORE THEY DISAPPEARED THEY BLEW UP MY SHIP WITH AN INFERNAL DEVICE IN THE FORM OF A CHEESE...

A CORSICAN CHEESE?

ANYWAY ONE OF THE PASSENGERS WAS CORSICAN... THEY CALLED HIM BONEYWASA-WARRIOR WAYAYIX.

WAYAYIX?!

WHERE DID THEY GO?

OUTLAWS? BONEYWASA-WARRIOR WAYAYIX IS THE WORST OF BANDITS! HE'S AFTER CAESAR'S TAXES. I'D EXILED HIM... WE MUST CAPTURE HIM!

O PRAETOR, I WILL RECAPTURE BONEYWASA-WARRIOR WAYAYIX!
COME TO THE
COOKHOUSE
DOOR, BOYS!!!

EXCELLENT! THE FIRST TEN
MEN HAVE VOLUNTEERED
to go and recapture
BONEY WABA-
WARRIORWAYAYIX!

FORWARD
MARCH, MEN!

I'D CONSIDERED,
DISANTUS...

YES, I
VOLUNTEERED TO
COME TO CORSICA.
I HEARD CHANCES
OF PROMOTION
WERE
GOOD.

RIGHT! I APPOINT YOU LEADER
OF THE PATROL WHICH IS going
AFTER THE BANDIT, HIS VILLAGE
IS THE FIRST ON THE LEFT AS
YOU GO UP THE VALLEY.

I'LL NEED SOME
MEN.

EASY!
TRUMPETER,
BLOW THE CALL
TO FETCH
'EM...

I'LL BRING BACK THE
BANDIT, PRAETOR, AYE!

CEFAR WARNED ME...
IF I DIDN'T BRING PLENTY OF
LOOT BACK TO ROME, HE'D SEND
ME TO GAUL... APPARENTLY
THERE'S A VILLAGE THERE
WHERE PEOPLE ARE
EVER WORSE THAN THE
CORSICANS... AND THEY
HAVE NOTHING BUT FISH
TO BE LOOTED...

CAESAR WARNED ME...
IF I DIDN'T BRING PLENTY OF
LOOT BACK TO ROME, HE'D SEND
ME TO GAUL... APPARENTLY
THERE'S A VILLAGE THERE
WHERE PEOPLE ARE
EVER WORSE THAN THE
CORSICANS... AND THEY
HAVE NOTHING BUT FISH
TO BE LOOTED...

I DOUBT IF YOU WILL
BRING HIM BACK.
YOU POOR FOOL...
I SHALL HAVE TO
PUT THE LOST
SOMEWHERE
SAFE...

AND I'VE HEARD IT
ISN'T ALWAYS
SAFE, EITHER!
APPARENTLY HE VOLUNTEERED TO COME TO CORSICA!

WE'VE GOT A MADMAN IN CHARGE ON TOP OF IT ALL!

I WAS COURT-MARTIALLED BACK IN ROME, GIVEN A CHOICE OF THE CIRCUS OR CORSICA... YOU KNOW WHAT THE ARMY'S LIKE, YOU ONLY HAVE TO ASK FOR ONE THING TO GET THE OPPOSITE.

SILENCE IN THE RANKS! WE MUST TAKE THE BANDIT BY SURPRISE!

BY SURPRISE! DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH.

FURTHER OFF...

BINK!

BINK!

GO TO THE VILLAGE, WILL YOU, AND TELL THEM THERE'S A PATROL OF ELEVEN ROMANS COMING THIS WAY.

CAN'T EVEN FISH IN PEACE THESE DAYS, EVERY SIX MONTHS IT'S THE SAME OLD STORY.
THANK YOU.

CHIPOLATA! POUR US SOME MORE WINE!

COMING!

CARFERRIX!

Thank you.

Tell your friend to watch out. Carferrix doesn't like people being disrespectful to his sister.

But he didn't do anything disrespectful.

Yes, he did. He spoke to her. He smiled, too. So watch out!

Boney was a warrior! Way away! There are some Romans coming.

Right! We'll be off to the Maquis.

Tell your friend to watch out. Carferrix doesn't like people being disrespectful to his sister.

Yes, he did. He spoke to her. He smiled, too. So watch out!

Boney was a warrior! Way away! There are some Romans coming.

Tell your friend to watch out. Carferrix doesn't like people being disrespectful to his sister.

Yes, he did. He spoke to her. He smiled, too. So watch out!

Boney was a warrior! Way away! There are some Romans coming.

Get ready to pick him up. He won't be expecting this.

He certainly won't!

I take no further interest in the matter.

Same here. It's none of my business.

See that? The village leader must be new.

Their leader must be new.

He reminds me of Salmix, who fell out of a chestnut tree and landed on his head.

I heard he joined the Roman army after that.

Yes, he'd gone so half-witted you had time to stone his donkey to death with ripe figs before you could get through to him.

Get ready to pick him up. He won't be expecting this.

He certainly won't!

I take no further interest in the matter.

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Yes, he'd gone so half-witted you had time to stone his donkey to death with ripe figs before you could get through to him.
I DON'T LIKE PEOPLE SPEAKING TO MY SISTER.

CHIPOLATA, GET BACK INTO THE HOUSE.

ER ... WELL, I WAS SAYING AVE, AND IN THE NAME OF PRAETOR PERFINDIUS, REPRESENTATIVE OF JULIUS CAESAR IN CORBICA!

YOU SPOKE TO MY SISTER.

I DID... I DIDN'T REALISE...

BETTER WATCH OUT, MATES.
BUT... BUT I'M NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR SISTER. I ONLY WANTED TO...

YOU DON'T LIKE MY SISTER?

YES, YES, OF COURSE I LIKE YOUR SISTER...

OH, SO YOU LIKE MY SISTER, DO YOU? HOLD ME BACK OR I'LL MURDER HIM... HIM AND THE REST OF THEM!

RUN FOR IT: WE'LL DO OUR BEST TO HOLD HIM...

ALL RIGHT, I'M OFF!

FANCY... THEY STAYED LONGER THAN I EXPECTED.

THEY'RE IN LUCK: ELEVEN CAME AND THERE ARE ELEVEN GOING.

RUNNING LIKE THAT IS BAD FOR THE HEALTH.

YES THEN THEY'LL COMPLAIN OF NOT LIVING TO A NICE OLD AGE.

CHIPOLETA, DON'T LET ME CATCH YOU COURTING DISASTER BY FLIRTING WITH ANY ROMANS AGAIN!

YOU KNOW, THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR. BAD ABOUT THE BANDIT WILL HAVE MADE IT TO THE MAQUIS BY NOW.

AND ANY DESERTERS WILL BE TREATED AS THEY DESERVE!

THE MAQUIS? WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO BEFORE? WE'RE GOING TO SEARCH THE MAQUIS!

WHAT DO DESERTERS DESERVE?

THEIR JUST DESERTS.
A SESTERTIUS I LOST LAST TIME I WAS AROUND HERE.

YOHOHO! DOGMATIX!
BONEYWASA-WARRIORWAYWAYWAYX!

OH, HERE IT IS! A SESTERTIUS I LOST LAST TIME I WAS AROUND HERE.

OBELIX, DON'T GO TOO FAR OFF!

IT'S DOGMATIX, HE WAS HERE JUST NOW, AND...

NEVER MIND, WE'LL GO BACK ON OUR TRACKS.

WHERE WERE OUR TRACKS?

HEAR THAT? VOICES! WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK!

COURTING-DISANTUS! DON'T MAKE ANY NOISE!

HAVE YOU SEEN DOGMATIX?
WHO'S DOGMATIX?

ASTERIX, THERE'S SOMEONE HERE WHO DOESN'T KNOW DOGMATIX.

WHAT WERE YOU DRINKING, ASTERIX?

A LITTLE MAGIC POTION, BONEYWASA-WARRIORWAYWAYWAYX.
WHERE ARE THEY?

ARE THERE ANY OTHERS ABOUT?

GLUG GLUG GLUG GLUG...

GOT ONE, ASTERIX!
SO HAVE I, BY JUPITER!

RIGHT, FRIENDS, FOLLOW ME.

ALL RIGHT, NOW I'VE FOUND DOGMATIX I'VE NO NEED TO HANG ABOUT ANY MORE.

THERE'S DOGMATIX!
YOU IDIOT. WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT HOW TO GET BACK FIRST!

BY JUPITER, THIS PLACE IS SWARMING WITH PIGS!

A ROMAN ROAD!

OH, FOR A ROMAN ROAD!

ON TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN...

WELL, IF YOU'D PICKED UP A FEW YOURSELF I WOULDN'T HAVE TO LEND YOU SOME OF MINE.

WE'LL SHELTER IN THIS CAVE.

ANYWAY, WE LIKE THE MAQUIS, DOGAMATIX AND ME. IT'S FULL OF PIGS AND ROMANS!

NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS WAIT FOR THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE OTHER CLANS, AND THEN WE ORGANISE OUR ATTACK ON ALERIA. THE PEOPLE OF MY VILLAGE HAVE SENT THEM WORD.

LET'S HOPE THE PRAETOR DOESN'T HAVE TIME TO GET HIS LOOT TO SAFETY!

LET'S HOPE THE PRAETOR DOESN'T HAVE TIME TO GET HIS LOOT TO SAFETY!

ANYWAY, WE LIKE THE MAQUIS, DOGAMATIX AND ME. IT'S FULL OF PIGS AND ROMANS!

IN THE PRAETOR'S OFFICE IN ALERIA...

THE FACT THAT YOU ARE THE ONLY NATIVE CORSICAN LEGIONARY MAKES YOU IDEAL FOR THIS SECRET MISSION. SERVE ME WELL, AND YOU WON'T REGRET IT, SALAMIX!

YEAH, SURE!
FOR THIS OPERATION
YOU WILL EMPLOY
THE CORSICAN PRISONERS NOW.
BUILDING THE ROMAN ROAD...

THE CORSICANS ARE GOING TO ATTACK
ALERIA AND RAID THE WAREHOUSES...

SO, VERY DISCREETLY,
YOU ARE GOING TO
MOVE THE CONTENTS
OF THE WAREHOUSES
AND GET THEM ON
BOARD THE BIG
GALLEY OUT IN
THE HARBOUR...

THE BIG
GALLEY,
YEAH...

THE ROMAN
ROAD, YEAH...

THE ROMAN
ROAD BEING
BUILT BETWEEN ALERIA
AND MARSEILLE...
THE ROADWORKS HAVE
BEEN IN PROGRESS
FOR THREE YEARS...

NO, BECAUSE ONCE THE
GALLEY IS LOADED UP WE'LL
GO ABOARD OURSELVES,
AND SAIL AWAY FROM
CORSICA, LEAVING THE
GARRISON BEHIND TO
DEFEND THE EMPTY
WAREHOUSES!
HA, HA, HA!

YOU'LL HAVE TO
WORK ALL NIGHT...
NOW, IS THAT
ALL QUITE CLEAR?
ER...

NO.

AS A REWARD FOR THEIR
WORK, THE CORSICAN
PRISONERS WILL BE SET
FREE... BUT BE CAREFUL!
DON'T WANT THE GARRISON TO GET WIND
OF THIS!

YOU DON'T?

YOU DON'T?

HA, HA, HA!

HEY... I'VE
GOT WORK
FOR YOU.

NOT JUST A TRAITOR,
FOUL-MOUTHED TOO!

NEVER MIND! DO
JUST AS I SAY, AND
YOU'LL COME BACK
to ROME WITH ME,
BE RICH AND
RESPECTED.

YEAH?
OINK!

CAHN'T YOU TELL
THE DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN A PIG
AND THE CHIEF OF
A CORSICAN
CLAN?

I DON'T KNOW. I NEVER TASTED
THE CHIEF OF A CORSICAN CLAN,
AND DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT, YOU'RE GIVING
ME A HEADACHE.

LEAVE HIM ALONE...
THese ARE MY SAULISH
FRIENDS. THEY'RE COMING TO THE
ATTACK ON AleriA.

I DIDN'T KNOW IT WOULD
TURN OUT TO BE A
TOURIST ATTRACTION...

BONEYWASA-
WARRIOR-
WAYAYIX!

POTATO-
GNOCCHIX!

SEMOLINA-
GNOCCHIX!

LASAGNIX!

RAVIOLIX!

SPAGHETTIX!

CANNELLONIX!

TASQUITELIX!

AND WHO'S
THAT?

THAT?
WHY, THAT'S
ONLY A
PIG!
THAT NIGHT, ON BOARD A GALLEY IN THE PORT OF ALEKRIA.

... AND ONCE THE SHIP IS LOADED UP, YOU WILL SAIL HER TO ROME. I SHALL BE ON BOARD WITH SALAMIX. WE’LL BE GETTING RID OF HIM DURING THE VOYAGE.

IT ALL HAS TO BE DONE TONIGHT. THE GARRISON MUSTN’T KNOW I’M ABANDONING THEM. THEY WILL FIGHT, AND THUS COVER MY ESCAPE...

AND AFTERWARDS YOU’LL GIVE US THE SHIP AND SET US FREE? THAT’S A PROMISE?

WHAT REASON CAN YOU HAVE TO DOUBT MY GOOD FAITH?

MEANWHILE...

RIGHT, GET WORKING. YOU MUST CARRY ALL THIS ON BOARD THE GALLEY.

TWO MINUTES LATER...

WHERE DO I PUT THIS?

AT THIS RATE IT’S GOING TO TAKE YEARS, AND WE HAVE TO STOP WORK AT DAYBREAK BECAUSE OF THE GARRISON!

THERE’S NO HURRY, BOYS. WE’VE GOT YEARS TO FINISH THE JOB, AND WE DON’T NEED TO DO ANYTHING DURING THE DAY.

I’VE GOT A COUSIN WHO HAS A JOB LIKE THAT, IN THE CIVIL SERVICE OF MASSILIA.
SHALL WE TAKE THE TREE TRUNK?

THAT'S A HOARY OLD CORSICAN CHESTNUT, LET'S GO AND SEE HOW THE YOUNG UNS CORE... DON'T SUPPOSE THEY'RE UP TO MUCH.

YOU'RE NUTTY, TONTELLINX! WE'LL ASK THE YOUNG'UNS TO CUT ONE DOWN FOR US WHEN WE GET THERE.


SEE THAT COLUMN OVER THERE? THOSE ARE THE CORSICANS WHOSE CHIEF MARRIED INTO A CALEDONIAN CLAN...

WHAT A LOT OF THEM!

YES, WE'RE FULL OF CLAN FEELING.

THE CLAN OF MACARONIX.
Hullo, Salamix. Going on duty?

No fear! I've been working all night.

You've been working all night?

What at?

I'm not saying! The Praetor told me not to tell anyone we were clearing the warehouses.

What was that? The Praetor's having the warehouses cleared... in secret?

You think he intends to escape and leave us here?

Who told you we were loading everything up on a galley before the Corsicans attack? Come on, who told you?

Soon afterwards... we want to see Praetor Perfidius!

What's all this noise, by Jupiter?

You're clearing the warehouses!

You're going to leave us to face the Corsicans!

The Corsicans are going to attack!

Who told you all these stories?

Yes, that's what I'd like to know too! Maybe it was the captain of the galley we're going to use to escape and...

Shut up!!

Boys, boys! The Corsicans aren't going to attack! You mustn't believe birds of ill omen!

At the gates of Aleria...

This'll do us nicely.
AND NOW YOU'LL SEE HOW WE DEAL WITH THE ROMANS IN CORSICA!

OLABELLA-MARGARITIX!

THAT'S RIGHT! OLABELLA-MARGARITIX! AND WHO GAVE YOU THE RIGHT TO TAKE COMMAND?

PEOPLE WHO'VE LET THE ROMANS CATCH THEM LIKE A BLACK-BIRD AREN'T FIT TO COMMAND!

IT WAS YOU WHO BETRAYED ME!

SAY THAT AGAIN!

YOU CAN SETTLE YOUR ARGUMENT LATER ... ROMANS FIRST!

I'M NOT FIGHTING UNDER SOMEONE WHO'S ALREADY GOT THE BIRD!

SAY THAT AGAIN!

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS. LET'S GET THE BATTLE OVER BEFORE SIESTA TIME.

MACARONIX IS RIGHT.

I'VE GOT AN IDEA! LET'S HOLD AN ELECTION TO FIND OUT WHO'S CHIEF!

POTATO-GNOCCHIX IS RIGHT!

ANYONE GOT A FULL BALLOT BOX?

NOTHING DOING!

SHALL WE GET THEM?

LET'S GET THEM!

WELL? MADE YOUR MIND'S UP? I'M TIRED OF THIS!
RAISE THE ALARM!
RAISE THE ALARM!
CORISCANS! MASSES OF CORISCANS OUTSIDE THE TOWN!

RIGHT, BUT YOU'RE COMING WITH US!
WE WANT TO BE SURE YOU'LL STAY TILL THE END OF THE BATTLE.

THIS IS MUTINY! YOU CAN'T FORCE YOUR LEADER TO LEAD THE WAY!

RAI WE'LL DISCUSS ALL THAT LATER!
WE MUST MAKE A SORTIE OR THEY'LL FORCE THEIR WAY IN!

WELL, WELL! AND I THOUGHT THE CORISCANS WEREN'T GOING TO ATTACK?

WE'LL DISCUSS ALL THAT LATER!
WE MUST MAKE A SORTIE OR THEY'LL FORCE THEIR WAY IN!

AH! ABOUT TIME TOO.

THESE THINGS NEVER START PUNCTUALLY.
I REMEMBER THE DAYS WHEN IT WAS A CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE.
I DIDN'T KNOW THE PRAETOR WAS IN THE ACT TOO.

WHO... WHO ARE THOSE TWO?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT I'M NOT TOO KEEN ON BEING IN THE FRONT LINE!

I BROUGHT THEM TO SHOW THEM WHAT WE CAN DO, AND NOW THEY'RE GIVING US A LESSON! AND THEY'RE FROM THE CONTINENT TOO!

LET'S GO! WE CAN SORT IT ALL OUT LATER!
WELL, HERE THEY COME AFTER ALL.

THESE YOUNG FOLK HAVE NO IDEA OF PUNCTUALITY.

ISN'T THAT LITTLE SALAMIS OUT AHEAD OF THE REST?

SO IT IS! I GET THE IMPRESSION HE'S STILL A BIT EMPTY-HEADED.

WHAT... WHAT AM I DOING HERE?

YOU'RE A TRAITOR!

A TRAITOR? ME? JUST REPEAT THAT!

YOU CAN FIGHT LATER. WE'VE GOT A BATTLE FIRST.

BATTLE? WHO WITH?

WITH THE ROMANS, OF COURSE!

THE ROMANS? CHARGE! CHARGE!
WE DON'T NEED YOU! WE'RE YOUR GUESTS, AND IF IT'S OYSTERS YOU'RE THINKING OF YOU CAN LEAVE US THE BIGGEST!

OH, I THOUGHT THE SMALL ONES TASTED BEST?

Hullo, here comes little Salam back again.

His Roman friends look surprised.

Positively stricken?

Isn't that little Raviolix?

Here we come, friends!

Rather a tease, isn't he?

We don't need you! We're your guests, and if it's oysters you're thinking of you can leave us the biggest!

Oh, I thought the small ones tasted best?

Hullo, here comes little Salam back again.

His Roman friends look surprised.

Positively stricken?

Isn't that little Raviolix?

Bashing those two Romans over the head?

Yes, that's Raviolix all right.

He married Vioxa Desiderata, didn't he?


Isn't Spaghetti a cousin of Pettucinius over there, chasing those poor Romans with a sword?

No, Pettucinius is Tagliatellix's cousin.

Spaghetti's cousin is Lasagnix.

That's him biting the centurion.

But for these family reunions people would never have the chance to get together.

Looks as though the Roman Guard is surrendering and not dying.

That's right, the Romans are surrendering to Cannelonix.

By the way, how's Cannelonix's wife Errata?
LOST SOMETHING?

I KNOW WHERE HE IS! I REMEMBER NOW... HE WAS GOING TO ESCAPE, ON BOARD A SHIP.

SHOW US THE WAY. WE'LL BRING HIM BACK. OBELIX WILL COME TOO.

OHH, YES! WE'RE VERY GOOD ON SHIPS!

MEANWHILE, ON BOARD THE SHIP... ...AND THEN, DURING THE VOYAGE, WE'LL THROW THE ROMAN OVERBOARD AND SAIL OFF WITH THE LOOT!

CAST OFF! CAST OFF!

HE'LL GET A STITCH THAT WAY... DO WE CAST OFF?

GO SLOW...

QUICK! QUICK! CAST OFF!

A BIT OF PLAIN DRAM AS FIRST. WHERE'S THE LOOT YOU'VE PURLOINED? WE'VE ONLY GOT ONE AMPHORA ON BOARD SO FAR.

CAP'N! LOOK!

THE GAU... THE GAUGAU...

CAST OFF! QUICK! CAST OFF!!!

THAT'S JUST WHAT I WAS SAYING! CAST OFF!
After a brief but violent episode...

Well, do we cast off?

No point casting pearls before swine now...

Is that meant to have us in stitches? Cap'n, with due respect, you're a silly knit.

We shall recover all you have stolen from your warehouses, and let that be a lesson to your master!

Julius Caesar will have his revenge!

The people of Corsica will never accept an emperor unless he is a Corsican himself, go!

Three cheers! That's right! Oink!

Now, how about a few explanations, Boney! Was a mark or what? Yes, Olabella! Mairagritix!...
We didn't know they were coming. We just took advantage of your siesta to go and take provisions to Cousin Rigatonix who's been hiding in the Maquis for thirty years over that business of Lasagnix's great-aunt.

I remember! The praetor didn't get a tip-off from Olabela-Margaritiix. He simply had you followed, and when Olabella-Margaritiix and his men went off, he took his chance to capture you.

Why did you accuse me of betraying you to the Romans?

You were the only person who knew I had come to your village... and then the Romans came along during my siesta.

Maybe... but that doesn't settle the business of your great-grandfather who wouldn't pay for the donkey which...

That's quite enough past history!

You've been fighting together against your oppressor, and you'll have to fight again if you're to remain free, so shake hands!

Hurrah for Boneywasa Warrior Wayayax!

Hurrah for Olabella-Margaritiix!

Hurrah for Asterix!

Let's have a party! Oink!
GAULS, WE ARE HAPPY TO HAVE BEEN YOUR HOSTS, AND YOU'VE REALLY WORKED WONDERS...

BEATING THE ROMANS IS NOTHING, BUT SETTLING A VENDETTA BETWEEN TWO CLANS IS AN AMAZING FEAT!

SUCH POINTLESS FEUDS WILL NEVER EXIST IN CORSICA AGAIN!

GOOD... AND NOW WE MUST BE GETTING HOME TO PAUL BONEY WASS-WARRIOR WAYAYIX.

WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE AS A PRESENT FROM CORSICA?

THAT DEAR LITTLE DOG.

WE AND COUSIN LASAGNIX WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHERE YOUR COUSIN RIGATONIX IS. WE WANT A WORD WITH HIM.

I'M NOT SAYING, SPAGHETTIX.

YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR THIS, OLABELLA-MARGARITIX.

WE MAY NOT IN PASSING THAT, AS A RESULT OF THIS RATHER COMPLICATED MATTER, ONE OF THE DESCENDANTS OF THE OLABELLA-MARGARITIX CLAN WAS FOUND LAST YEAR BY THE POLICE, HIDING IN THE MAQUIS BEHIND A MOTEL.
HERE THEY COME! THEY'RE BACK!

IT WAS FINE, NICE PLACE THEY'VE GOT THERE, MOUNTAINS, FORESTS, MOUNTAIN STREAMS, MAQUIS...

AND SOME INTERESTING ROMAN REMAINS, DATING FROM THE TIME OF OUR VISIT.

AND THERE WERE SOME VERY NICE PIGS, AND DOGMATIX MADE LOTS OF FRIENDS...

WELL, BOYS, WAS IT NICE IN CORSICA?

AS USUAL, OUR FRIENDS' RETURN IS THE EXCUSE FOR A BANQUET HELD UNDER THE STARS... AND WE MAY NOTE THAT EACH OF THEIR JOURNEYS ENRICHES THE TRAVELLERS' EXPERIENCE, SINCE THEY ADOPT SOME OF THE MORE PLEASANT CUSTOMS OF THE COUNTRIES THEY HAVE VISITED.

DIDN'T YOU, DOGMATIX?

THE END

GIDEON & GOSCINNY