Asterix and the Magic Carpet

Written and illustrated by Uderzo

Hodder & Stoughton
Oh, what a beautiful morning, oh, what a beautiful day... and the Gauls have got a wonderful feeling everything's going their way in their brand-new village...

For as you may remember... the Romans burned our village to the ground. Caesar, ashamed of what they had done, told his men to rebuild it... fair enough, but that doesn't mean we're all square. And so, dear friends...

Yes, I really liked watching the Romans rebuild our village, Asterix!

Yes, especially when they were going slow and you threw menhirs at them to show you could stonewall too!

I say to you now... well, they did get the job done ahead of schedule!

Fear is sometimes a remarkable stimulus, Obelix!

How nice to have brand-new huts to live in!

Yes, but I wouldn't have minded a spot of modern architecture while they were about it. For instance, villas in the Gallo-Roman style!

Roman columns are a terrible price... simply ruinous!

That's funny... I don't seem to see Cacofonix the Bard anywhere!
SILENCE WHILE I PROPOSE A HEALTH! AND HE THAT WOULD THIS HEALTH DENY...

DON gün AMONG THE LEGIONARIES LET HIM LIE...

WITH A HEY DOWN, DERRY DOWN, DOWN!

AND DOWN'S THE WORD! YOU JUST PIPE DOWN... OR YOU COME DOWN!

OH, SO I CAN'T EVEN TRY THE ACOUSTICS OF MY NEW HUT?

THIS WOULD TRY THE PATIENCE OF TOUTATIS HIMSELF! RIGHT! I SAID, YOU COME DOWN!

CHOP! CHOP!

WHO ARE YOU? WHERE DO YOU COME FROM?

I'M WATZIZNEHM, THE FAKIR. I WAS FLYING OVER WHEN I HEARD INHUMAN NOISES, BECAME UNBALANCED AND HAD TO CRASH YOUR PARTY.

YOU WERE FLYING OVER OUR VILLAGE?

THese FAKIRS ARE CRAZY!

WELL, YES! HE FELL ON HIS HEAD!

AND NOT FOR THE FIRST TIME, JUDGING BY THAT BANDAGE ON IT!

OH, PIGGYWIGGY, LOOK WHAT I'VE JUST FOUND OUT SIDE OUR DOOR
QUICK BACTERIA! FETCH ME OUR RESERVE STOCKS OF LAST YEAR’S FISH!

YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT I SAY TO THE CHIEF’S WIFE?

YOU AND YOUR SENILE OLD HUSBAND!!

WELL, AT LEAST HE DOESN’T HAVE TO BE CARRIED AROUND EVERYWHERE!

YOU THINK IT’S FUNNY, DO YOU?

OUCH!

PAF!

THE GODS ARE WITH ME! I’VE DROPPED IN ON THE VILLAGE I WAS LOOKING FOR... THE VILLAGE OF MADMEN WHERE A VOICE MAKES RAIN!

KEEPS FALLING ON MY HEAD...
WHY WERE YOU LOOKING FOR OUR VILLAGE IN PARTICULAR?
I COME FROM A DISTANT EASTERN COUNTRY, WHERE AN EX-LEGIONARY WHO IS NOW A MERCHANT TOLD ME ABOUT YOUR FAMOUS DEEDS. SO I'VE COME ALL THIS WAY TO ASK YOU FOR HELP. IT'S VERY IMPORTANT!

BUT BEFORE I TELL YOU ANY MORE, I'LL JUST RETRIEVE MY CARPET, IF I MAY.

LADIES: THAT CARPET IS MINE, AND I CAN PROVE IT.

THIS CARPET IS MINE, AND I'M NOT BUDGING!

IF YOU SAY SO!

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR OUR VILLAGE IN PARTICULAR?

HOW Did HE DO THAT, GETAFIX? I'VE HEARD TELL OF THE STRANGE POWERS OF THESE BEFORE. THEY CAN CONCENTRATE HARD ENOUGH TO LEVITATE WHATEVER THEY LIKE.

MUMMYYYYY!
I'M CALLING A MEETING OF THE COUNCIL AT MY HOUSE. OUR GUEST CAN TELL US WHY HE HAS COME TO OUR VILLAGE.

THAT'S AN AMAZING TRICK WITH YOUR CARPET!

OHH, IT'S ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK FOR A FAIR!

OHH, GIVE ME A RIDE WE COULD HAVE A BOAR HUNTING PARTY! HOW'S THAT FOR AN OFFER?

A STOUT PARTY FOR MY CARPET, BUT MAYBE I'LL TAKE YOU UP ON IT...

OBELIX: CALM DOWN!

I'M CALLING A MEETING OF THE COUNCIL AT MY HOUSE. OUR GUEST CAN TELL US WHY HE HAS COME TO OUR VILLAGE.

STOUT I MAY BE, BUT LOOK HOW THIN HE IS! MAYBE WE OUGHT TO FEED HIM A FEW BOARS?

YOU'RE RIGHT, OBELIX! WE'RE FORGETTING OUR DUTY AS HOSTS!

PERHAPS YOU'RE HUNGRY... I HAD A BITE TO EAT JUST BEFORE I LEFT.

AND WHEN DID YOU LEAVE?

OH, ONLY THREE WEEKS AGO!

BONG!

IS YOUR FRIEND UNWELL?

JUST OVERCOME BY THE THOUGHT OF GOING THREE WEEKS WITHOUT FOOD, I EXPECT!
I come from a kingdom which lies in the valley of the Ganges. Our climate is hot and dry, except for a few months every year when the rains fall, watering our crops. That is the monsoon season.

I hope he hasn't come all this way just to talk about the weather!

But we must have offended the god Indra*, because the monsoon season will soon be over, and we haven't had a drop of rain yet. The dry season will be back, bringing with it famine and hardship for our people.

Our good king, Rajah Watzit, has a daughter, the sweet and lovely Princess Orinjade...

But if even your rajah doesn't hold the rains of power, I don't quite see how we can help you:

I think I do, though. I fancy our visitor wants to borrow the bard. His singing will bring rain even in an Indian summer.

Oh, yes... I was forgetting Cacofonix has a new string to his lyre these days!

All right, fakir! We'll lend you our bard, and Asterix and Obelix will go with you too.

How dare you say I make it rain? It's not true! Listen to this!

The rain in Gaul...

...falls mainly down the wall...

Hey! It's raining down the inside of the wall!
IT'S NOT EVERY GAULISH HUT THAT HAS RUNNING WATER LAYED ON!

CACOFONIX, YOU'VE GOT WATER ON THE BRAIN...

BUT, 'PEDIAMENTA... OUCH!

IT'S NOT EVERY GAULISH HUT THAT HAS RUNNING WATER LAYED ON!

AND LATER...

I PROMISE TO BRING YOUR BARD BACK VERY SOON!

OH, THERE'S NO HURRY.

YOUR SINGING WILL TAKE THEM BY STORM, CACOFONIX!

YOU THINK SO?

IT'LL BE A SMASH HIT, AS USUAL!

HERE, ASTERIX, TAKE THIS SOUR OF MAGIC POTION. IT MAY COME IN USEFUL.

THANKS, GETAFIX. ANY IDEA WHERE OBELIX IS?

MAKE WAY THERE!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THOSE?

JUST LAYING IN A FEW IN-FLIGHT PROVISIONS...

WOOF! WOOF!

MY CARPET WILL NEVER CARRY ALL THAT! BUT WE CAN STOP OFF TO EAT WHENEVER YOU WANT, OBELIX.

LATER...

I ALREADY FEEL THERE'S SOMETHING MISSING!
I feel inspired now.
I'm airborne! I will now give you an air on...

No, cacofonix, don't! This is not the time to sing!
If the carpet gets unbalanced it might let us all down!

Look, obelix: Gaul is even more beautiful from above!
I'm hungry!

What a lovely view!
You can even see the little wild boar gambolling happily about!

Wild boar? Where? Where?

Tell that great fat pachyderm to stop it, or else!!!
Pachyderm I may be, but I am not fat!

Man overboard! We've lost cacofonix!

I can see him! Down there!

If the carpet gets unbalanced, he said...
I'M HUNGRY!

I THOUGHT I'D NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN!

PHEW!

YOU KNOW WE'VE NEVER LET YOU DOWN... OH, SORRY!

HUh! PACHYDERM! PACHYDERM YOURSELF!

I'M HUNGRY!

I CAN SEE A LITTLE CHEF DOWN THERE!

AND THE SAME AGAIN FOR US, PLEASE, CHEF!

!?!

PHew:

I thought I'd never see you again!

TRY OUR ROAST BOAR, AND THEN YOU WON'T EVEN MIND IF THE SKY DOES FALL ON YOUR HEADS!

RESTAURANT

THESE SELF-SERVICE PLACES ARE A GOOD NOTION!

WouLD YOU LIKE A SLICE OF BOAR, WATZINEHM?

SCRUNCH!

I'M AN ASCETIC. ASCETICS NEVER EAT MEAT.

CRUNCH!

OVER THREE WEEKS, AND HE STILL ISN'T EATING, IF YOU ASK ME; ASTERIX, HE'S NOT NORMAL!

AH, A ROMAN CAMP! I'LL JUST MAKE SURE WE'RE FLYING THE RIGHT WAY.

HEY, IS THIS THE WAY TO ROME?

YUP... Hic!

ANYWAY... Haec! ALL ROADS LEAD TO ROME!

THANKS!

WELL, INCAUTIUS, GAULISH WINE TOO MUCH FOR YOU, EH?

TOO TRUE! I SWEAR, I'LL NEVER BE TO OVER THE VIII AGAIN!
Meanwhile, far away...

DEAR ORINJADE, IF THE FAITHFUL WATZIZNEHM DOESN'T ARRIVE IN TIME, WITH THE ANSWER TO ALL OUR PROBLEMS, THE INFAMOUS HOODUNNIT WILL CARRY OUT HIS THREAT. THE PEOPLE, FEARING FAMINE, WILL SUPPORT HIM!

WRETCH! WE KNOW THAT THE SOLE AIM OF YOUR EVIL PLOTS IS TO BECOME RULER OF THIS KINGDOM, ONCE YOU HAVE DISPOSED OF THE ONLY TRUE HEIR TO THE THRONE. BUT YOU HAVEN'T DONE IT YET!

YOUR GRIEF DELUDES YOU, GREAT RAJAH! THE GOD INDRA HIMSELF TOLD ME HIS WILL!

MEANWHILE, HALF OF THOSE THOUSAND AND ONE HOURS ARE UP ALREADY, AND IT'S STILL NOT RAINING, O DIVINE PRINCESS!

SEE THAT CLOUDLESS SKY, AND THE PITILESS SUN BEATING DOWN ON YOUR WHOLE KINGDOM? ISN'T THAT A SIGN THAT THE GODS THINK YOU'RE A HAS-BEEN?

THE GODS ARE NOT AS CRUEL AS YOU SAY. THEY WILL GUIDE THE SAVIOURS OF THE PEOPLE SAFELY TO US. THEY MUST BE ON THEIR WAY NOW!

JUST AT THE MOMENT, THE SAVIOURS OF THE PEOPLE ARE PREPARING FOR THEIR FIRST NIGHT IN THE AIR.

SOON AFTERWARDS...

IT WILL SOON BE DARK, WHERE ARE WE GOING TO STOP OVER TONIGHT, WATZIZNEHM?

THERE'S NO TIME TO STOP: YOU CAN SLEEP ON THE CARPET. IT'S VERY COMFORTABLE.

AREN'T YOU GOING TO SLEEP?

I'M USED TO STAYING AWAKE ALL NIGHT ANYWAY, I CAN ONLY SLEEP ON A BED OF NAILS!

MEANWHILE, WATZIZNEHM, FATHER! HE WILL RETURN WITH THE GAULISH MIRACLE-WORKER BEFORE THE THOUSAND AND ONE HOURS ARE UP!
WE ARE NOW ABOVE THE TYRRHENIAN SEA. SOON WE'LL BE FLYING OVER ITALY, AND THEN GREECE, MESOPOTAMIA, PERSIA, THE VALLEY OF THE INDUS, AND FINALLY WE SHALL REACH THE GANGES.

HOW DO YOU MANAGE TO FIND YOUR WAY SO EASILY?

SIMPLE! I JUST DO AS THE CARRIER PIGEONS DO!

A LITTLE BOW-WOW WANTS HIS DIN-DINS, DIDDUMS THEN, DOGMATIX?

I SEE A SHIP! MAYBE THEY'LL HAVE DIN-DINS FOR A BIG CHUBBYCHOPS ON BOARD TOO!

YOU IN THE CROW'S NEST! SEE ANY SAILS AT SEA?

NOT A BLESSED SAIL, CAP'N...

... IT'S A VACANT SEE!

GOOD! SPLENDID!

HO, HO, HO! RIGHT, ME HEARTIES, BRING UP ALL THE LOOT FROM THIS SEASON'S PIRACY, AND WE'LL HAVE A NICE QUIET SLOAT!

I... I... I SEE A SKY PILOT!

YOU SEE WHAT?

WHY, IF IT ISN'T OUR DEAR OLD FRIENDS!

FLYING A CARPET! STRAIGHT AHEAD!
WHAT THE...!!!

THERE'S NOTHING TO EAT ON THIS SHIP, ASTERIX! ONLY A LOAD OF OLD JUNK!

PLEASE: SINK THIS OLD JUNK IF YOU LIKE, BUT TELL YOUR FRIEND TO STOP THROWING OUR MONEY OVERBOARD!

HE'S HUNGRY, AND WHEN HE'S HUNGRY THERE'S NO HOLDING HIM!

QUICK! TURN OUT THE GALLEY! BRING EVERYTHING EDIBLE UP ON DECK!!!

SOON AFTERWARDS...

WE'RE HONEST MEN, HERE'S PAYMENT FOR OUR MEAL.

OH, WELL, BETTER THAN NOTHING: AFTER ALL, THEY MIGHT HAVE SCUTTLED THE SHIP!

THEY WON'T GET US DOWN SO EASILY, CAP'N! OUR HONOUR IS SAVED: I'VE SCUTTLED THE SHIP!

THEY SOAKED US AGAIN: ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU SICK!

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI.
AFTER NINETY-SIX HOURS FLYING TIME...

WE ARE NOW APPROACHING ROME!

I'LL COME DOWN SO THAT WE CAN GET A CLOSER VIEW OF THIS GREAT AND MAGNIFICENT CITY!

GREAT? HUH! IT'S NOT THAT MUCH BIGGER THAN OUR VILLAGE!

WE ARE NOW APPROACHING ROME!

GREAT? HUH! IT'S NOT THAT MUCH BIGGER THAN OUR VILLAGE!

We're now approaching Rome!

Great? Huh! It's not that much bigger than our village!

Aesculapius was watching over you, O Caesar, just a case of grave disease.

Come out on the terrace and breathe the fresh air wafting over Rome, and you'll feel better!

In my fevered delirium, I kept seeing those indomitable Gauls from Armorica, all over the place! It was like a nightmare!

That fever has left me very weak!

Aesculapius was watching over you, O Caesar, just a case of grave disease.

Come out on the terrace and breathe the fresh air wafting over Rome, and you'll feel better!

In my fevered delirium, I kept seeing those indomitable Gauls from Armorica, all over the place! It was like a nightmare!

Well, I never! Hi, Julius, old chap!

Aesculapius was watching over you, O Caesar, just a case of grave disease.

Come out on the terrace and breathe the fresh air wafting over Rome, and you'll feel better!

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In my fevered delirium, I kept seeing those indomitable Gauls from Armorica, all over the place! It was like a nightmare!

CAESAR AND HIS DOCTOR HAVE GONE TO BED. IN THEIR FEVERED DELIRIUM, THEY KEEP SAYING THEY SAW INDOMITABLE GAULS AND AN ASIAN FAKIR!

WELL, I NEVER! HI, JULIUS, OLD CHAP!

CAESAR AND HIS DOCTOR HAVE GONE TO BED. IN THEIR FEVERED DELIRIUM, THEY KEEP SAYING THEY SAW INDOMITABLE GAULS AND AN ASIAN FAKIR!

AND THE GAULS AND THE ASIAN FLEW!
I'm hungry! We'll soon be flying over Greece. We'll touch down there.

Of course, when Mister Obelix is hungry, he gets his nourishment all right.

Meaning what?

Meaning there's no justice on this carpet!

What do you want then, cacofonix?

My genius needs nourishment! I want to sing my poetic compositions!

He fancies himself as a high-flying poet now!

Insult a bard, would you? How could you sink so low?

Sing and you'll find out... We'll be needing a hire-carpet then!

There's no justice on this carpet!!

We'll soon be flying over Greece. We'll touch down at Thule.

I am about to lose my temper!!!

Our bard is as high as an elephant's thigh, and I think he is going right up to the sky.

Stop it, will you? You make me feel ready to drop!!!

Come Bacchus, fill the flow bowl until it doth run over...

I know this adventure would come to a bad end.

...for tonight we'll merry, merry be...

What about I can't imagine!

Watziznehm has fallen off the carpet!!!
WELCOME ABOARD. I'M ON THE PREMISES, A GREEK MERCHANT!

I'M ASTERIX THE GALL. YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ANY FAKIRS FALLING, HAVE YOU?

NO, IT'S BEEN RAINING CATS AND DOGS, WHICH THE ORACLE METOFFIS AS USUAL FAILED TO FORECAST, BUT NO FAKIRS.

THEN HE'S LOST AT SEA. WE'RE DONE FOR!

WHILE THE RAGING SEAS DID ROAR AND THE STORMY WINDS DID BLOW...

AND WE JOLLY FAKIR-BOYS WERE ALL UP... HIC! ALOFT...

THAT'S WATZIGNEHM'S VOICE!

WHAT'S HIS NAME... WATZIGNEHM?

AND THE LANDLUBBERS LYING DOWN BELOW... HIC!

WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN THOSE JARS?

CAN'T YOU TELL? WINE, IF THERE'S ANY LEFT.

IS THIS BY ANY CHANCE YOUR FAKIR?

...BELOW, BELOW...

...BELOW!

BY TOUTATIG, HE'S GOT A FEW JARS INSIDE HIM!

SO MUCH FOR THE ASCETIC LIFE! AS A FAKIR HE'S A FAKER!

AND HE CALLS HIMSELF A POET!
IF IT TAKES HIM LONG TO SLEEP THIS OFF, WE'LL ARRIVE TOO LATE TO SAVE THE LOVELY ORINJADE!

NEVER MIND THE ORANGKADE, WHAT ABOUT MY WINE?

ZZZ... RRRR... ZZZZ... RRRR!

WE MUST DO SOMETHING!

YES, LET'S HAVE LUNCH!

A FAT LOT OF HELP I GET! ONE OBSESSED WITH FOOD, ONE WITH SINGING!

THAT'S AN IDEA, WHY DON'T I SING?

OH NO! HERE WE GO AGAIN!

NO; LISTEN, ASTERIX! MY SINGING DOES SEEM TO TAKE EFFECT ON WATZINEHM. MAYBE I CAN ROUSE HIM FROM HIS DRUNKEN STUPOR.

HMM, NO HARD IN TRYING. CAN HARDLY FIND LOWER THAN SEA LEVEL.

ZZZ! RRR.

...OVER THE SEA TO INDIA...

STOP IT, YOU IDIOT. YOU'LL SINK US!

TOO LATE! WE ARE SINKING!
GOOD THING WE WERE NEAR THE COAST!

OH, WOULDN'T THIS MAKE THE PIRATES LAUGH!

I KNEW I COULD WAKE HIM UP!

YES, BUT HE'S NOT IN GREAT SHAPE. HARDLY SURPRISING AFTER SUCH A LONG FAST!

SAME AS ME! I FEEL A BIT WEAK AND FEEBLE TOO!

AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT MY SHIP?

WEAK AND FEEBLE AS HE MAY BE, OBERIX IS GOING TO HELP ME RE-FLOAT IT, ON THE PREMISES!

SHUT UP AND PUSH, OBERIX!

WHEN I TELL ODYSSEUS MY OWN ODYSSEY, HE'LL NEVER BELIEVE ME!

OH! SO I'M NOT EVEN ALLOWED A MOMENT'S WEAKNESS, RIGHT?

WELL, I'LL BE GLAD TO BE BACK ON THE COMFORT OF THE FLYING CARPET!

THE CARPET? WE'VE LOST THE CARPET!!!
MAYBE HE FOUND A BOAR!

We'll be hungry. We're going to find the carpet...

Dogmatix is calling us...

Maybe he's found the carpet!

Maybe he's found a boar!

It's the carpet all right!

Huh!

We must take off again at once, Watziznehm, or we'll never be in time to save Princess Orinade!

The Princess... Hic! Quick...

Do you think it's wise in his present state?

There's no time to waste!

Gannah...

Hic!

Who was it... Mentioned... The comfort of...

The flying carpet?

...here we go, here we go, here we go... Hic!
I HAVE COMMITTED THE SIN OF GLUTTONY!
NET RESULT: A SPLITTING HEADACHE AND A FRIGHTFUL WASTE OF TIME.
I'M A FOOL AND I'VE GOT A TERRIBLE HUNGER!
WELL, I'M NO FOOL, BUT I'VE GOT A TERRIBLE HUNGER!
WHY BLAME YOURSELF? IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT!
I HAVE COMMITTED THE SIN OF GLUTTONY!
NET RESULT: A SPLITTING HEADACHE AND A FRIGHTFUL WASTE OF TIME!
SURE ENOUGH, AFTER A HUNDRED AND FIFTY HOURS' FLYING TIME....
REMEMBER OUR TRIP TO THE OLYMPIC GAMES, OBELIX?
YES, SPECIALLY THERMOS'S LITTLE RESTAURANT AND HIS STUFFED VINE LEAVES, KEBABS, OLIVES, WATER MELON AND RESINATED WINE! *(SIGH)*

MEANWHILE, VERY FAR AWAY...
THE ANSWER IS A LEMON*
WELL, OWZAT, MY WICKED HENCHMAN, THE HEIR OF THIS KINGDOM WILL SOON BREATHE HER LAST OF THE AIR OF THIS KINGDOM! RATHER, BY KAI HERE'S TO THE SUCCESS OF OUR PLANS!
YOU ALWAYS DID HAVE A PAVE WIT O DIVINE MASTER, CHEERS AND MAY THE FORCES OF EVIL MAKE THAT TALKATIVE FOOL WATZINHEM DRY UP FOR EVER!

*FRUITLESS

WELL, WE'LL SOON BE FLYING OVER ATHENS AND THEN WE LEAVE GREECE BEHIND!

*see ASTERIX AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES.
THE HOURS PASS INEXORABLY BY... THEREFORE HANGS MANY A TALE.

WE SHALL SOON BE LEAVING THE SEA FOR THE LAST TIME AND FLYING OVER THE LANDS OF THE ORIENT!

GOOD! WE CAN COME DOWN AND HAVE SOME DINNER AT LAST!

OBEIX!

YOWL! YOWL! YOWL!

QUICK! HE'S FALLING!!!

I CAN STILL SEE HIM! I'LL TRY FLYING UNDERNEATH HIM!

POF!

ALL RIGHT, OBEIX? WHAT HAPPENED TO ME? WHAT HAPPENED TO ME?

VOOF! VOOF!

THEY'RE STILL SHOOTING AT US! BY TOUTATIS!

WE'RE OVER TYRE*. YES, IT IS RATHER TIRESOME.

LET'S GET SHOT OF THIS LOT, QUICK!!!

I DON'T LIKE IT A BIT!

OH, YOU SOO GET USED TO

*PHOENICIAN PORT, SPH APATHE AND THE BLACK GOLD
THE SKY OVER RAJAH WATZIZI'S KINGDOM IS STILL RELENTLESSLY CLEAR, AND WE ARE NOW ONLY THREE HUNDRED HOURS FROM ZERO HOUR, THE TIME SET FOR THE SACRIFICE OF PRINCESS DRINUJADE.

LEMUHNADE, LEINUHNADE, DO YOU SEE ANYONE COMING?

THE ANSWER'S STILL A LEMON...

YOUR WEATHER FORECASTS HAVE BEEN ACCURATE SO FAR, OWZAT? NOT A CLOUD ON THE HORIZON, BUT SUPPOSE WATZIZI NEHMA BRINGS THAT GALE BACK IN TIME TO MAKE IT RAIN?

I DON'T BELIEVE IN THAT KIND OF MIRACLE, O DIVINE MASTER. FLYING CARPETS ARE ONE THING, BUT RAIN-MAKING IS SHEER SCIENCE FICTION!

I'M HUNGRY!

FOR YOUR INFORMATION, WE ARE NOW FLYING OVER PERSIA, AND TELL YOUR FRIEND HE MUST LIVE ON HIS HUMP A LITTLE LONGER, WE'VE NO TIME TO WASTE!

EATING IS NEVER A WASTE OF TIME! ARE YOU SURPRISED I'VE GOT THE HUMP?

LOOK, IT'S NOTHING WHATSOEVER TO DO WITH ME!!!

WATCH OUT! THE CARPET'S ON FIRE!

THE CARPET'S BEEN HOLED! I CAN'T HOLD IT STEADY!
That's torn it! We can't go on. I should have brought a spare carpet along.

Maybe we can get it mended?

We've had the rug pulled out from under us. We've washed up! What luck. I managed to divert our flight path towards this river!

This pours cold water on our plans!

What time is passing. We're done for now. And time is passing. We're done for now.

We've had the rug pulled out from under us. I'm hungry. Look... a village over there!

Hello. I see you have some very fine carpets!

I'm a carpet maker. I'm washing the one I've just finished weaving.

What is wash? Nobody around here would agree to mend a carpet that wasn't made in Persia!

If you want a well-washed carpet, I've got one!

Could you mend this?

Sorry, can't be done!

Because I only mend the carpets I make and sell myself! What's more, nobody around here would agree to mend a carpet that wasn't made in Persia!
LEMUHNADE, LEMUHNADE, DO YOU SEE ANYONE COMING?

THE ANSWER'S STILL A LEM...

OH, FORGET IT!

TEEHEE! IF THE CLEPSYDRA* IS KEEPING GOOD TIME, WE'RE ONLY A HUNDRED AND EIGHTY HOURS FROM ZERO HOUR!

WHEN YOU CAN ZERO IN ON THE THRONE OF DIVINE MASTER ... TEEHEE!

*ANCIENT WATER CLOCK.

MEANWHILE...

OH, SO YOU CAN'T MEND FOREIGN HOLES, IS THAT IT?

FOR A START, WE'RE NOT FOREIGNERS; WE'RE GAULS!

YES; YES, OF COURSE! BUT I REALLY CAN'T MEND YOUR CARPET. I DON'T HAVE THE NECESSARY SPARE PART.

NOW MUCH WOULD ONE OF YOUR OWN CARPETS COST?

TO YOU, ONLY ONE SILVER TALENT*!

ONE SILVER TALENT DOESN'T SEEM VERY MUCH FOR A CARPET!

PERSEAN TALENTS WEIGH THIRTY KILOS EACH! YOU NEED A TALENT FOR MAKING MONEY TO GET ONE!

*CURRENCY OF THE ANCIENT PERSIANS.

OUR CARPETS IN HOLES, AND WE DON'T HAVE ANY TALENT FOR SETTING ANOTHER. ALL IS COST!

OH, I DON'T KNOW, WE COULDN'T HELP OURSELVES TO ONE.

OBELIX IS RIGHT: NO USE BEING HOLIER THAN THOU IN A HOLE LIKE THIS.

NO! WE CAN'T STEAL AWAY ON A STOLEN CARPET!

WELL, I'LL JUST GO ON BRUSHING MY CARPETS.

TAP! TAP! TAP!

THESE PERSIANS ARE CRAZY!

THE SCYTHIANS*!!! THE SCYTHIAN PIRATES ARE COMING!!!

*PEOPLE ORIGINATING FROM THE CRIMEA.
THE PIRATES WILL STEAL OUR CARPETS AND BURN OUR HOUSES DOWN AGAIN!!!

I BEG YOU: IF YOU HAVE ANY POWERS, HELP US TO MEND MATTERS, OR IT WILL BE THE END OF OUR VILLAGE!!!

SORRY, CAN'T BE DONE!

WHY NOT?

BECAUSE YOUR PROBLEMS ARE FOREIGN TO US, AND WE DON'T HAVE THE NECESSARY SPARE PART EITHER!

WHAT'S THAT?

A CARPET!

TAKE THIS ONE, BY AHURA MAZDA!

DONE, BY TOUTATIS

*GOD OF THE ANCIENT PERSIANS

CACOFONIX, YOU WAIT HERE WITH DOGMATIX. THIS WON'T TAKE LONG!

A BIT OF ACTION AT LAST!

WATZIHNEM, CAN YOU FLY THROUGH THE RANKS OF THE SCYTHIANS QUITE LOW?

PLANNING TO SCYTHE THROUGH THEM?
BY THE GREAT GODDESS*! WE MUST FLY FROM THESE DEMONS OF THE SKY!

*PRINCIPAL DEITY OF THE SCYTHIANS.

OVER ALREADY? I PREFER ROMANS. THEY LAST LONGER!

WE OWE YOU A LOT! WHAT CAN WE GIVE YOU BESIDES THE CARPET?

SOMETHING TO EAT!

AND THEY DID IT WITH MY CARPET, TOO!

AND SO, A LITTLE LATER...

THESE LITTLE GREY THINGS ARE VERY NICE!

ONLY POOR MAN'S FARE! FISH EGGS... WE CALL THEM KHAVIAR. THEY'RE VERY NOURISHING, THOUGH!

ONE EGG WILL DO FOR ME, THEN!

WHAT'S THAT?

ROAST CAMEL! AS GOOD AS DROMEDARY, BUT A BETTER BUY, BECAUSE IT HAS TWO HUMPS!

SCRUNCH! SCRUNCH!
IT WON'T MATTER A BIT, BECAUSE BY THEN PUL BE RAJAH MYSELF.
HO, HO, HO!

AS SCENERY GOES, THIS LEAVES ME COLD!

A ROAST CAMEL MAY BE A GOOD BUY, BUT IT'S NOT UP TO A GOOD ROAST BOAR.

NO ONE WOULD EVER KNOW, SEEING THE AMOUNT YOU ATE!

I WILL NOT SEE YOU DIE, DEAR ORINJADE! I'D RATHER ABDICATE IN FAVOUR OF HOODUNNIT.

DONT WORRY, FATHER! WATZIZNEHM ISN'T JUST ANYONE!

O HOODUNNIT, DIVINE MASTER, SUPPOSE THERE'S STILL NO RAIN WHEN YOU'VE EXECUTED THE PRINCESS?

INDRA WILL CALL FOR MORE ROYAL BLOOD... AND IT'LL BE OFF WITH THE RAJAH'S HEAD!

BUT SUPPOSE IT STILL DOESN'T RAIN?

NO; IT WOULD TAKE A THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS TO SAVE HIM AND THE PRINCESS NOW!

I WILL NOT SEE YOU DIE, PEAR ORINJADE! I'D RATHER ABDICATE IN FAVOUR OF HOODUNNIT.

I'D RATHER ABDICATE IN FAVOUR OF HOODUNNIT.

NO KNIGHTS IN SHINING ARMOUR RIDING TO WATZIZ'S AID AS THE THOUSAND AND ONE HOURS TICK BY, OWZAT!

IT WON'T MATTER A BIT, BECAUSE BY THEN I'LL BE RAJAH MYSELF, HO; HO, HO!

HOWEVER, THE VALIANT PERSIAN CARPET FLIES TRACELESSLY ON, WHETHER CROSSING BAKING DESERTS...

OR FACING THE BITTER WEATHER OF THE MOUNTAIN PEAKS...
AT LAST, 30 HOURS, 30 MINUTES AND 30 SECONDS FROM ZERO HOUR...

HERE WE ARE: THE RIVER GANGES!

LOOKS A BIT SUNGY, AS RIVERS GO!

WHAT ARE ALL THOSE PEOPLE DOING, SQUELCHING ABOUT IN THE MUD?

THE GANGES IS A SACRED RIVER, EVEN IN THIS DROUGHT, THE PEOPLE STILL COME HERE TO WASH, THUS PURIFYING THEIR SOULS AND BODIES, SEE?

CLEAR AS MUD! THESE INDIANS ARE CRAZY!

I SEE WATZIZNEHM’S CARPET COMING IN ... HE’S ABOUT TO BRAKE...

AND HERE IS RAJAH WATZIT’S PALACE!

HE’S GOT THE GAULS ON BOARD!!! IS THIS OUR LUCKY BREAK?

CURSES!
THE GAULISH MIRACLE-WORKER WILL MAKE IT RAIN THIS AFTERNOON. ALL THE RAJAH'S SUBJECTS ARE SUMMONED TO THE PALACE TO WITNESS THE MIRACLE.

THE 1001 HOURS ARE RUNNING OUT, AND OUR NUMBER WILL SOON BE UP, BUT WOULD YOU LIKE SOME REFRESHMENTS BEFORE YOU TRY WORKING YOUR MIRACLE?

OUR BARD'S THE ONE WHO CAN MAKE IT RAIN WHEN HE SINGS!

OUCH! I SHOULD HAVE WATCHED MY STEP!

AS PROMISED, GREAT RAJAH, I BRING YOU THE GAULS WHO CAN MAKE IT RAIN!

MAY THE THIRTY MILLION VEDIC GODS CARRY THEM TO NIRVANA* FOR THE MIRACLE THEY ARE ABOUT TO WORK!

OUR BARD'S THE OKIE WHO CAN MAKE IT RAIN WHEN HE SINGS!

*INDIAN PARADISE

A MIRACULOUSLY REFRESHING IDEA!

THE GAULISH MIRACLE-WORKER WILL MAKE IT RAIN THIS AFTERNOON. ALL THE RAJAH'S SUBJECTS ARE SUMMONED TO THE PALACE TO WITNESS THE MIRACLE.

MAKING HEAVY WEATHER OF IT AS USUAL! THEY'RE ALWAYS PROMISING RAIN, AND IT ALWAYS TURNS OUT FINE!

OOF, FOR A PATCH OF GREY SKY AGAIN! OH, TO WASH IN RAIN, NOT MUD!

IF WATZINEHMAH IS RIGHT, THOSE GAULS WILL PUT A DAMPER ON OUR PLANS!

WATZINEHMAH, WASN'T I RIGHT TO TRUST THE FAITHFUL WATZINEHMAH?

OH, FOR A PATCH OF GREY SKY AGAIN! OH, TO WASH IN RAIN, NOT MUD!

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Here is the Gaul who will invoke the gods in song to persuade them to send rain from heaven to water our crops.

Why are you playing up now?

Oh no... don't say you've lost your voice!

I ask you: when we don't want him to sing, he sings, and when we do want him to sing, he can't! Now we'll really have to face the music!

I'm afraid it always does.

You never had an audience like this before! Cacophonix! Play up!

Why are you playing up now?

By all the Avatars! Those Gauls will have to change their tune!

*Incarinations and Metamorphoses of the Indian Gods.*
WE'D BETTER GO TO HOWDOO'S ON FOOT, SO AS NOT TO AROUSE THE EVIL HOODUUN'T'S SUSPICIONS!

I SAY... THOSE COWS...
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO ASK: COWS ARE SACRED HERE. THEY'RE FREE TO GO WHERE THEY LIKE, AND NO ONE MAY HARM THEM. ANYWAY, WE DON'T CARE MUCH FOR MEAT HERE!

I ONLY HOPE WILD BOAR AREN'T SACRED HERE TOO!

HERE WE ARE! HOW DO, HOWDOO?

SAME TO YOU, WATZINEHMA! YOU'RE WELCOME TOO, NOBLE STRANGERS!
HOWDOO, MEET MY GAULISH FRIENDS, WHO URGENTLY NEED YOUR HELP.

SAME TO YOU! HOWDOO IS THE BEST ELEPHANT TRAINER AROUND. HE SETS HIS BEASTS TO PERFORM AMAZING FEATS!

IT'S EASY TO PICK UP!

OH, SORRY, DOGMATIK. I FORGOT YOU HATE TO SEE ANYONE PICK THE PRETTY TREES!

HOOOOO WIIII
HUH! NOT MUCH LIKE ME, IS IT?

THAT'S NOT WHAT WE'RE HERE FOR, HOWDOO. THE GAULISH BARD HAS LOST HIS VOICE AND CAN'T SING. THE DOCTORS HAVE PRESCRIBED A BATH OF ELEPHANT'S MILK MIXED WITH ELEPHANT DUNG AND ELEPHANT HAIR!

THAT IS LIKE ME, IS IT?

BOther that! I know a much quicker cure! I had an elephant who couldn't trumpet because his trunk was stuffed up. I only had to blow down it very hard!

Since when he's tended to get wind, but he can blow his own trumpet now!

I can do the same for him if you like?

No, thanks. I think he'd prefer the first prescription!

What a shame... it would have been easy with another like that!

Later...

We'll leave you now, Cacofonix, but we'll be back tomorrow morning!

When you're ready to work miracles again!

The Gaulish bard is at Howdoos. He'll be on his own tonight!

Excellent! Now this is what you have to do...
When night has fallen, eighteen hours from zero hour...

I can stand most things... the night, the jungle, the jungle by night, but this stink is too much for me!

There's a time and a place for everything.

I can't wait to see if the cure has worked!

What about my breakfast?

What about my breakfast?

They're off to fetch the bard! Try to delay them, Owzat!

That's easy... my carpet's parked quite close.

Now for the showdown, Watziznehm!
YOU SHALL NOT PASS, WATZIZNEHM!!

SCREECH!

BY VAYU***

OWZAT!!!

NOT OUT, I'M AFRAID.

AGNI*

CONSUME YOU IN THE FIRE OF HELL!!!

KALA**

TURN YOU TO STONE TILL THE END OF TIME!!!

TOUTATIS HELP US! THIS CARPET'S TOO HIGH FOR US TO JUMP OFF!

*GREAT VEDIC DEITY OF INDIA.

GETAFIX WAS RIGHT... THESE PEOPLE DO HAVE STRANGE POWERS!

DO THEY? IT'S ONLY A ROPE HANGING UP!

WATZIZNEHM'S AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE. I'M AN INDIAN ROPE TRICKSTER AND SNAKE CHARMER!

CHARMED TO MEET YOU!

WATZIZNEHM

CONSUME YOUR BONES!!!

THANKS FOR THROWING US A ROPE!

SURYA*

CONSUME YOU BONES!!!

VAKH**

TURN YOUR TONGUE TO STONE!

*GOD OF THE SUN, **GOD OF SPEECH.
I DON'T LIKE THIS!
THERE'S NO REPLY FROM
CACOFONIX, AND IF
THERE'S NO REPLY, THAT
MEANS HE'S STILL LOST
HIS VOICE.

WHAT
THE...?? HE'S
GONE!!!

HOW'DOOG, OUR
FRIEND'S BEEN KID-
NAPPED! HE'D NEVER
HAVE LEFT WITHOUT
HIS LYRE AND HIS
CLOTHES!

AND I'VE HAD
AN ELEPHANT
STOLEN! THE ONE
WHOSE TRUNK I
UNBLOCKED!

I THINK THE
SAME PEOPLE STOLE
OUR BARD AND YOUR
ELEPHANT!

DOSMATIX
HAS PICKED UP
A SCENT!!

LET'S FOLLOW
HIM, QUICK!

I'LL COME WITH
YOU! I WANT
MY ELEPHANT
BACK!

I'M SURE CACOFONIX
IS IN DANGER, I ONLY HOPE
WE CAN GET THERE
IN TIME!

SURE ENOUGH: NINE
HOURS FROM ZERO HOUR...

LET'S CLEAR
OFF! THE AIR HERE
ISN'T VERY
HEALTHY!

SPECIALY
NOT NEAR THIS
STinker! IT'S A
HEAVEN-SCENT
CHANCE TO DUMP
HIM!
I HAVE AN IDEA WE'RE ON THE PATH LEADING TO THE ELEPHANTS' GRAVEYARD. IF SO, YOUR FRIEND'S HAD IT.

WHY?

OLD ELEPHANTS GO TO DIE IN A SACRED SPOT, JEALOUSLY GUARDED BY THE LOCAL HERDS. WOE BETIDE ANYONE WHO SETS FOOT THERE, HE WILL BE TRAMPLED TO DEATH AT ONCE!

PAF!

IT'S THOSE WRETCHED MONKEYS BOMBARDING US!

DOGMATIX!

STOP MONKEYING ABOUT, WILL YOU?

I CAN SEE HIM!!! HE'S IN THE ARMS OF THE MONKEY AT THE TOP OF THAT TREE!

HERE HE COMES, OBELIX! I'LL CATCH HIM!

THERE, YOU SEE, DOGMATIX? I WAS THINKING OF YOU THIS TIME... I DIDN'T PULL THE TREE UP!
A NASTY LOT YOU GET IN THESE INDIAN JUNGLES!

TWENTY ELEPHANTS!
HOWDOO, YOU'RE GETTING ME DOWN!

WHERE'S OUR BARD?

THE GURU HOODUNNIT TOLD US TO TAKE YOUR SMELLY BARD TO THE ELEPHANT'S GRAVEYARD, HE PROMISED TO MAKE US STINKING RICH...

QUICK, HOWDOO, TAKE US TO THE ELEPHANT'S GRAVEYARD BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

THIS IS IT! WE'LL SOON FIND OUT IF THERE'S ANYTHING LEFT OF YOUR BARD!
THANKS TO THE SMELL LUNGING TO HIM, THE ELEPHANTS HUGHT HE WAS ONE OF THEM! WHAT LUCK FOR HIM!

I KNEW I HAD NOTHING IN COMMON WITH THOSE PACHYDERMS!

YOU'VE STILL LOST YOUR VOICE, BUT YOU'RE ALIVE, THAT'S THE MAIN THING!

BUT WE ARE NOW ONLY TWO HOURS FROM ZERO HOUR, AND PREPARATIONS FOR THE SACRIFICE ARE ALREADY UNDER WAY.

WHAT CAN THE GAULS BE DOING? WHERE IS WATZINEHM?

WATZINEHM IS STILL BUSY WITH HIS SUMMIT MEETING WHICH OF THE TWO FAKIRS WILL WIN? WATZINEHM? OWZAT? IT'S ALL STILL IN THE AIR...

SKAMBHA* BRING THE SKY DOWN ON YOUR HEAD!!

I SHALL DISPOSE OF THE DAUGHTER FIRST, THEN THE FATHER, AND THEN, LIKE MY COUSIN IZNOGOUD, I SHALL BE RAJAH INSTEAD OF THE RAJAH!

PUSHAN** TURN YOU INTO AN OLD GOAT!

* COSMIC PILLAR GOD HOLDING UP THE SKY, ** GOD OF DOMESTIC ANIMALS.
Meanwhile...

Not only can he blow his own trumpet, he can give you a shower too!

Thanks and goodbye, Howdoo. We're going to try to rescue the princess even though our bard's still lost his voice.

I must find Gauls, quick!

Here, Cacofonix, you take a little magic potion too. We'll need all the fighting forces we can muster.

We must hurry if we're to rescue Princess Orinjade from the clutches of the evil Hoodunnit.

So there you are! Quick, jump aboard!

SPLATCH!

AND THIRTY MINUTES BEFORE ZERO HOUR...

I think I know a way to outwit him!
At five minutes to zero hour...

Better resign yourself, Princess! Still no rain! Your last hour has come!

May Vishnu, God with many arms

May my sacrifice persuade Heaven to shower its blessings on you once again! If it does not, beware of those serpents who are tricking you for their own evil ends!

Long live our Princess who is about to die for us!!!

Five... Four... Three...

Two... One...

Zero! Tchac!
ALL RIGHT, PRINCESS?

I KNEW I WAS RIGHT TO TRUST YOU! QUICK, I MUST GO AND REASSURE MY FATHER THE RAJA!

GUARDS! SEIZE THOSE BLASPHEMOUS MEN!!!

LET ME GO!

I ORDER YOU TO LET ME GO!

JUST WHAT I WAS PLANNING TO DO!

THE MAGIC POTION REALLY DOES WORK WONDERS, ASTERIX!

YOU SAID IT!

WAIT A MINUTE... SO YOU DID: YOU'RE TALKING!!!

SO I AM! AND IF I'M TALKING, I CAN SING TOO!

PHEW! AND TO THINK IT ONLY TOOK A LITTLE MAGIC POTION!!!

WITH A HEY, HO, THE WIND AND THE RAIN...

*SONG BY A FAMOUS BRITISH BARD.*
FOR THE RAIN IT RAINETH EVERY DAY...

DON'T BE SO WET!!!

AND THE GAULISH MIRACLE HAS BROUGHT THE MONSOON ON AT LAST. THE CROPS ARE SAVED, THE WATERS OF THE GANGES HAVE RISEN AGAIN AND ALL THE INDIANS ARE HAPPY...

YOU HAVE GIVEN US SO MUCH! WHAT CAN WE EVER GIVE YOU IN RETURN?

...WITH A FEW EXCEPTIONS!

THE GAULISH MIRACLE!

SOMETHING TO EAT!!!

GOING TO BE RAJAH INSTEAD OF THE RAJAH, THAT CROOK SAID!

SHEER SCIENCE FICTION, THAT IDIOT SAID!

YOU HAVE GIVEN US SO MUCH! WHAT CAN WE EVER GIVE YOU IN RETURN?
YOU'LL BE GLAD
THE BOAR IS NOT A
HOLY AND INEDIBLE
ANIMAL TO US,
OBELIX!

YUM! SCRUNCH!
IT'S A WHOLLY
EDIBLE ANIMAL
TO ME!

I COULD HEAR YOU
SING FOR EVER,
GALI!

DON'T PUSH YOUR
LUCK, PRINCESS! YOU
MIGHT GET FLOODS
AS BAD AS THE
DROUGHT!

FEELING
BETTER,
OBELIX?

I'M FED
UP, ASTERIX!
SCRUNCH!

FED UP?
WHY?

BECAUSE I'VE AN
IDEA THEY MAY BE
HAVING A BANQUET IN
OUR VILLAGE AT THIS
VERY MOMENT! I CAN
ALMOST SMELL IT! AND
IF THEY ARE, THEY'RE
HAVING IT WITHOUT
US! THAT'S WHY!
SCRUNCH!

OBELIX DOES INDEED HAVE A GOOD
NOSE; FOR SURE ENOUGH, A FEW
HUNDRED CARPET FLYING
HOURS FROM THE VALLEY OF THE
GANES...

AND SO I RAISE
MY SOUBLET TO OUR
GREAT WARRIORS, OUR
OWN LADS WHO WENT
EAST TO DISTANT LANDS,
TO BRING AID AND THE
IMAGE OF OUR GREAT AND
BEAUTIFUL GAULISH NATION
TO STRANGERS, AND
I SAY TO YOU
NOW...

IT'S A LONG
TIME SINCE WE
HAD ANY RAIN IN
OUR VILLAGE,
GETAFIX!

YES...
PERHAPS WE
OUGHT TO HOPE
OUR BARD COMES
HOME SOON!

TU-
WHOOP!

THE END