The French publisher's note

During the 1960s, when René Goscinny and Albert Uderzo had time to spare from writing and drawing the *Asterix* adventures... which was not very often... they produced some little masterpieces in the form of complete short stories. The French magazine *Pilote*, enjoyed by a whole generation of children, in which the *Asterix* stories first appeared, published most but not all of them. Others appeared in such places as American newspapers, a women's magazine, and as part of a bid for the Olympic Games to be held in Paris. It seemed a good idea to collect all these short stories in a special *Asterix* album— in fact here at Les Éditions Albert René, we were receiving such terrible threats that we absolutely had to do it. If we didn't publish them, said readers, they would make us eat roast bear for breakfast! So we gave in to the outrageous demands of certain blackmailers whose identity we shall have to reveal one of these days.

But for the moment, having brought these lost treasures to light, we hope you will enjoy reading them. Some of the stories in this book are both written and illustrated by Albert on his own, because they were created after the death in 1977 of his friend and colleague, the other half of the most famous strip cartoon team in the world: René Goscinny and Albert Uderzo.

None of these stories had been published in English before, although several were included in our 1993 collection (see page 47 for the full story).

Seeing his publishers absorbed in the difficult but fascinating task of collecting the stories and improving the original picture quality for "*Asterix and the Czar Act*", Albert set to work again. And in the spring of 2003 he produced the cover design and the words and drawings for a brand-new five-page story, about a cockerel with amazing powers. Will the rooster who wakes the Gauls every morning cause the children of today to get up and go to school for their own class act?
THE YEAR IS 50 BC. GAUL IS ENTIRELY OCCUPIED BY THE ROMANS. WELL, NOT ENTIRELY... ONE SMALL VILLAGE OF THE INDOMITABLE GAULS STILL HOLDS OUT AGAINST THE INVADERS. AND LIFE IS NOT EASY FOR THE ROMAN LEGIONARIES WHO GARRISON THE FORTIFIED CAMPS OF TOTORUM, AQUARIUM, LAUDANUM AND COMPENDIUM...
ASTERIX, THE HERO OF THESE ADVENTURES, A SHREWDED, CUNNING LITTLE WARRIOR, ALL PERILOUS MISSIONS ARE IMMEDIATELY ENTRUSTED TO HIM. ASTERIX GETS HIS SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH FROM THE MAGIC POTION BREWED BY THE DRUID GETAFIX...

GETAFIX, THE VENERABLE VILLAGE DRUID, GATHERS MISTLETOE AND BREWS MAGIC POTIONS. HIS SPECIALITY IS THE POTION WHICH GIVES THE DRINKER SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH. BUT GETAFIX ALSO HAS OTHER RECIPES UP HIS SLEEVE...

CACOFONIX, THE BARD. OPINION IS DIVIDED AS TO HIS MUSICAL GIFTS. CACOFONIX THINKS HE'S A GENIUS. EVERYONE ELSE THINKS HE'S UNSPEAKABLE. BUT SO LONG AS HE DOESN'T SPEAK, LET ALONE SING, EVERYBODY LIKES HIM...

OBELIX, ASTERIX'S INSEPARABLE FRIEND. A MENHIR DELIVERY MAN BY TRADE, ADDICTED TO WILD BOAR. OBELIX IS ALWAYS READY TO DROP EVERYTHING AND GO OFF ON A NEW ADVENTURE WITH ASTERIX — SO LONG AS THERE'S WILD BOAR TO EAT, AND PLENTY OF FIGHTING. HIS CONSTANT COMPANION IS DOGMATIX, THE ONLY KNOWN CANINE ECOLOGIST, WHO HOWLS WITH DESPAIR WHEN A TREE IS CUT DOWN.

Dear readers, I am delighted to see so many of you here. I know some of you want to put a few questions to me, Chief Statistix. So fire away!

Will it be as funny and exciting as the other stories? Will the Romans get a good thumping?

Right... You want to know where the story will take place. If I shall play a leading part, and if the Romans will get a good thumping...

Is that all?

Did I hear someone ask when our adventures will begin?

As soon as you take the trouble to turn this page! Thank you for your kind attention!

This is a collection of several stories taking place in and around our beloved village... As your leader, of course I shall play a statistically vital part and, yes, the Romans will certainly get a good thumping!
The magazine "Pilote" published 52 issues a year, so the editorial team had to rack its brains to think up new stories every week.

When the beginning of the new school year came round, it seemed an ideal subject. René and Albert thought about the logistical problems facing the Gauls in getting their children to school. Here we see them, rather in advance of their time, using the equivalent of the school bus in the year 50 BC. René sat down at his typewriter and soon sent Albert the text. "One of René's talents," Albert Uderzo still remembers, "was a gift for adapting his stories for different artists. Morris hated wordplay, so René didn't use it in the "Lucky Luke" cowboy stories that Morris illustrated. Toary, who illustrated René's stories about the wicked Arabian Nights vizier "Iznogoud" loved puns, so those books are full of them."

There was total sympathy and understanding between René and Albert, who were great friends and equal partners. They never felt the slightest anxiety about the quality of each other's work. The cover of the magazine "Pilote" was created by Albert.

"Pilote"; n°363
Oh yes, Obélix! You know you put your menhir down on this day every year!

The fact is, I feel a little weak, Asterix, and...

And you know, Cacafaix wants us to pick up kids, not menhirs, so don't grouse!

Groooovin'! Grrrroooovin'!

Ah! There's someone in those bushes!

Aaaaah! Nooo! Male chauvinist boar!

Brutal misogynist!

Such language/ Where do they pick it up?

Everything okay, Obélix?

You bet! We're a real class act!

One more trip and that'll be all the tiny tots.

Hey! Come here, will you?

Come down! Come down this minute! By Blulends!

Won't, by Jotatatis, so there!
IT'S SOOO UNFAIR! WE'RE THE YOOF CULTURE! LET US DO OUR THING!

SO WHY DON'T ASTERIX AND OBLIX GO TO SCHOOL, O DRUID?

THEY DID AT YOUR AGE, AND THEN WORKED HARD. RIGHT, THIS IS CLASSROOM CHALLENGE!

THE BATTLE WE WON!

THE BATTLE WE WON!

MDNV! WOULD IT BE MDNV?

NO, IT WOULD NOT BE MDNV!

THE BATTLE OF GERGROVIA ...

COME ON, COME ON! I WANT AN ANSWER.
To celebrate 35 years of Asterix stories, we decided to publish an Asterix Special for the little Gaul’s birthday, a one-off magazine in the spirit of "Pilote" in the 1960s. We got together famous names and European authors who wanted to pay tribute to Asterix and his friends. As part of our project, of course, we hoped for a new Asterix story.

It was in a plane bound for Copenhagen in the spring of 1994 that Albert Uderzo told us, with relish, about his idea for an original story to celebrate the birthday. He was already looking forward to revealing the secret of the birth of Asterix and Obelix, and at the same time he told us the names of the older generation: Astérix’s parents Astronomix and Sarsaparilla, and Obelix’s father and mother Obeliscoïditix and Vanilla.

"Le Journal exceptionnel d’Astérix"
Gaul is entirely occupied... with enjoying a period of peace and prosperity, and does not hold out against living the life of Riley. Such was the case in one small village in Armorica, which would make news later, after the Roman conquest.

Coming out to play, Vitalstatistix?

All right, but remember I'm the chief!

Why, I'm the chief! Who plans the chief?

Because my dad is the chief of this village. He's the boss! That's why!

What was that?

Say that again if you dare!

I'm about to lose my temper. Thou watch out!

He's right!

No, he's wrong!

He's right!

No, he's wrong!

 Aren't you ashamed of yourselves, fighting like little barbarians?

Cluck!

Squawk!

Put that chicken down, you foul pests!

Bang! Bang!
FOLLOW YOUR PARENTS' EXAMPLE! SEE HOW THEY RESPECT THE PEACE OF OUR LAW-ABIDING VILLAGE!

I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU NOT TO FIGHT YOUR LITTLE FRIENDS!!

A CHIEF'S SON SHOULD SET AN EXAMPLE, BT TOUTATI'S!

WELL THE FACT IS ...

THE FACT IS WHAT? WHAT??

WELL ... IT WAS FULL-AUTOMATIC'S FAULT SHE'S DEAD! AUTOMATIC'S SON ... HE SANG HIS DAD SANG YOU OUGHT TO BE MASTER IN YOUR OWN HOUSE BEFORE ROBBING THE VILLAGE ABOUT!

AND JUST WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

FOR A LITTLE WALK ... WON'T BE LONG!

SO I HEAR YOU SAY I OUGHT TO BE MASTER IN MY OWN HOUSE, IS THAT RIGHT?

COULD BE. SO WHAT?

SO THIS!

TONG!

WELL DONE, CHIEF! YOU SCORED A HIT!

SCHTONG!

MISSED!

Fish UNHEALTHYX Mitchell
AND HERE WE SEE THE VERY FIRST IN A LONG SERIES OF FISH FIGHTS IN THE GAULISH VILLAGE.

MEANWHILE...

OFF YOU GO, ASTRONOMIX! THIS IS NO PLACE FOR YOU! LEAVE IT ALL TO USE!

YOU SHOULD BEASHAMED OF YOURSELVES, FIGHTING IN FRONT OF YOUR CHILDREN!

IT'S GALLING FOR A GAUL TO BE SO HELPLESS AT A TIME LIKE THIS. DON'T YOU THINK, OBELISCOIDIX?

"UP... AND WHEN I FEEL GALLLED I GET HUNGRY!"

SPATCH!

FOLLOW ME! THIS WILL CALM US DOWN!

STOP THAT! THIS IS NO DAY FOR VULGAR BRAWLS!
I have a son!!!

Me too!!!

His name is Asterix and he'll be as bold and strong as his dad!

Mine is called Obelix and he'll be as shrewd and cunning as his father!

Born at the same time and on the same day, by Toutatis! It's a sign that they'll be best friends for ever!

A few days after the birth of the two babies, the whole village meets to celebrate the happy event. There is a banquet, with plenty of roast wild boar.

When I grow up I shall sing odes in their praise.

Oh yes! Well then about that?

He's not fat, just well covered, that's all!

Funnily, he seems to like the smell of roast boar already!

One of them's a lot fatter than the other.

And 35 years later the adventures of Asterix and his faithful companion Obelix begin. Later still they will be told by two other firm friends, hoping only to provide a little fun for readers both large and small.
Georges Dargaud, the publisher of "Pilote" and the Asterix books, wanted to see his leading series reach the American market. The head of an American syndicate visited Paris to meet the creators of the phenomenally successful character Asterix, and they soon came to an agreement. An Asterix album would be published in daily instalments in a number of American papers. René and Albert were delighted but cautious, and thought it might be a good idea to present the world of Asterix to the Americans in an original, condensed form before embarking on the publication of a whole story. The result was these three pages, which for a long time were unknown even in France. Enjoy!

It was the famous "National Geographic" magazine that published them in May 1977, when it was running a major piece about the Gauls. However, the authors' efforts went unrewarded. Publication in American strip cartoon format meant reducing the size of the pictures, which made it difficult to read the speech bubbles. As the authors did not want to have their original work modified beyond the adaptations usual in translation, the experiment ended after the first album — since René and Albert declined an offer for them to go and live in the USA so as to suit their work to the "American format".

"National Geographic"
IN 50 BC.
THE ROMAN ARMY
HAD OCCUPIED THE
ENTIRE KNOWN WORLD...

IN ROME, JULIUS CAESAR WENT
FROM TRIUMPH TO TRIUMPH...

AMONG THOSE DEFEATED
NATIONS WAS GAUL.

THERE WERE TWO KINDS OF
GAULS. SOME HAD ACCEPTED THE
RULE OF THE ROMAN INVADER...

... AND Imitated their conquerors' language and behaviour...

... AND THE LOVERS OF LIBERTY
WHO STILL HELD OUT AGAINST
THE INVADERS.

THEM GENERAL JULIUS CAESAR, NOW AT
THE HEIGHT OF HIS POWER, WAS STILL
DREAMING OF NEW CONQUESTS...

ARE YOU QUITE SURE THERE'S NOTHING OVER THERE?

NO. DO YOU SEE THE PRICE?

NICE TOWN, I SAY. WHAT...
BUT A BIT TOO LATIN FOR MY TASTE!

TO VISIT IT ISN'T BAD,
BUT TO LIFT IN I WOULD IT NOT LIKE.

HOW ARE YOU, SIR?

MUSTN'T GRUMBLE WHILST IT STAYS FINE.

HOW ARE YOU, SIR?

MUSTN'T GRUMBLE WHILE THE SKY Doesn'T FALL ON OUR HEADS.

QUO VADIS, DOMINE?

ALEA JACTA EST...
ONE SUCH GROUP OF GAULS WAS HOLDING OUT IN A TINY VILLAGE ON THE WEST COAST OF THE COUNTRY.

OF ALL THE VILLAGE WARRIORS, ASTERIX WAS THE MOST INTELLIGENT ...

AND THE BEST AT UNMASKING ROMAN SPIES.

HEROIC DELIVERY MAN ON TRADE IS ASTERIX'S BEST FRIEND.

HISTORIANS HAVE NOT YET FOUND OUT WHAT MENHIRS WERE ACTUALLY FOR.

AND AS FOR THE USE OBERIX OFTEN MAKES OF THEM, THE ROMANS AS WELL AS HISTORIANS ARE AT CROSS PURPOSES.

LOOK, ASTERIX! I'VE TAUGHT DOGMATIX A NEW TRICK!

THIS MAY SEEM STRANGE, BUT REMEMBER THAT DOG BISCUITS HAD NOT YET BEEN INVENTED IN 50 BC.
Like the other villagers, Dogmatix detects an amazing strength from the magic potion brewed by the druid Berta.

**This magic potion has a spectacular effect on the Gauls...**

```
YOU KNOW DOGMArx HATES PEOPLE TO PULL UP TREES!
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**But I only gave it a tiny tap!**

```
AND THE ROMANS TOO
```

```
BY JUPITER, THAT GAULISH BREW PAKES A PUNCH!
```

The bard Gacoponix is another prominent villager...

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OH TO BE IN ARMORICA NOW THAT APPLES
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The village chief is the majestic Vitalstatistix.

```
There's no discipline in this village any more! No respect! You are all to bow to me and my authority!
```

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But chief, you said yourself...
```

```
I wanted the others to bow, you fools, not you!
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As there is nothing the Romans can do about the superhuman strength of the Gaulish villagers...

```
By Jupiter, to think there's eight years to go before I'm demobbed!
```

The Gauls (or most of them) remain free and happy.
Never before published, this five-page story was finished in May 2003 and is about the village cockerel. It adds to Albert Uderzo’s carnival of animals. He has always been particularly fond of chickens. Every Asterix album contains hens and cockerels leading their private and obviously harmonious family lives in the corners of the pictures. The idea for this story came from a projected film spin-off. With René Goscinny, Albert Uderzo once planned a pilot for an animated cartoon film starring Dogmatix—a rarity which has remained unknown. But when he looked at it again 30 years later, Albert thought he would like to write a new story about the birds who share the village with the indomitable Gauls. You might think that the magical forest of Brocéliande, not far from the Gaulish village, had given them new powers—but don’t tell Obelix!
CHALLENGE!

THE

Gaulish
Cockerel

IT IS OFTEN
THOUGHT THAT
ANIMALS HAVE
THEIR OWN
LANGUAGE AND
UNDERSTAND
ONE ANOTHER. WE
SEE THE PROOF
OF IT IN THE
FOLLOWING STORY,
WHICH BEGINS IN
THE SKIES OF
ARMAERICA, JUST
ABOVE A LITTLE
VILLAGE THAT WE
KNOW WELL.

THEREFORE!
THOSE GAULS
HAVE PROVIDED AN
IMPRESSIVE EXAMPLE
OF A FINE APPETIZER!

CHILDREN!
QUICK!
GET UNDER
COVER!

WHAT
IS IT,
MOTHER?
IT'S A NASTY
BIRD WHO CARRIES
OFF BABY CHICKS
TO EAT THEM;
THAT'S WHAT
IT IS!

AHA!
A BLACK CHICK
STILL IN THE OPEN!
HE'S GOING CHEAP!

NONE OF THAT!
SHUT YOUR BIG BEAK
OR YOU'LL FEEL MINE
IN SHORT PECKING
ORDER!!!

HO, HO, HO! YOU THINK A FOWL
LIKE YOU SCARES ME? WELL, YOU CAN'T EVEN PUH!

WE'ME NOT.
BUT I AM THE
EAGLE OF THE
GAULS. I'LL HAVE YOU
KNOW, MISTER!

THAT I AM THE
EMBLEM OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE!

YOU KNOW WHAT
GALLICRINGHAN MILES
SAYS TO HOUT?

GO BOIL AN
EGG AND YOUR
IMPERIAL HEAD
TOO!
HEH! DOGMATIX! ARE YOU AT HOME?

NIGHT HAS FALLEN AND EVERYONE IN THE VILLAGE IS ASLEEP! WELL, NOT QUITE EVERYONE... ONE SMALL FOWL STILL HOLDS OUT AGAINST THE INVASION OF SLEEP...
LET'S GO OUT IN THE FOREST AND PICK A FEW NICE BOARS FOR BREAKFAST.

OCH, YES! I LOVE PICKING THEM OFF WITH THE MORNING DAWN STILL ON THEM.

THAT'S OD. OBELIX. DOGMATIX HASN'T COME HUNTING WITH US!

YES, HE'LL BE BARKING MAD WHEN HE FINDS OUT!

THE MAGIC POTION!!! YOU DID IT, DOGMATIX!

WHERE'S CHANTI-CLEERIX?

FOLLOW ME! HE'S HIDING BEHIND THE HENHOUSE DOING PRESS-UPS!

DOGMATIX HAS BROUGHT YOU A SECRET WEAPON, YOU CAN DEFEAT YOUR IMPERIAL ENEMY WITH IT!

THIRTY-TWO, TWENTY-THREE... WHAT IS IT? TWENTY-THREE, TWENTY...

MAGIC POTION!

ER... ARE YOU SURE POTION GOES WELL WITH CHICKEN?

DUNNO... IT'S A RISK YOU HAVE TO TAKE!

HEY... NO SKIING OFF! THE VILLAGERS NEED THEIR ALARM CALL!

OKAY, OKAY... COCKADOODOO DO! THAT DO YOU?

I'LL TAKE THE Gourd BACK BEFORE ASTERIX NOTICES THAT IT'S GONE!
SEEMS TO BE WORKING!
YEP, IT SEEMS...

OCH, ISN'T HE HANDSOME! AND HE'S FLYING!
YEP, THAT'S NORMAL WHEN YOU'RE ON THE POTION! SHE NOW, HENNA!

I STILL DON'T SEE THAT GAULISH CHAMPION! HAS HE CHICKENED OUT?

WH... WHAT HAPPENED? I'VE BEEN PLUCKED!

SPLATCH!
Meanwhile...

Oh, there you are. You little rascal! What were you doing while we were getting breakfast?

Just giving the village cockerel a helping paw!

Oh, nothing! Dogmatix just told me he'd been giving the village cockerel a helping paw.

Sometines I wonder if Obelix acts stupid just to annoy me!
The issue of “Pilote” published at the end of the year always had to be about New Year customs.

This time René thought it would be a good idea if the Gauls joined in. He suggested to Albert reinventing an old custom dating back to Druid traditions: kissing under the mistletoe. In “Asterix the Legionary” Obelix fell in love with the beautiful Panacea, so the authors enjoyed going back to the subject. This time Obelix actually dares to try snatching a kiss, a very unusual situation for him... but a skilful move thwarts his intentions. In condensed form, this story expresses all René Goscinny’s delicacy of feeling and sense of humour, and the tender, beautiful line of Albert Uderzo’s drawing.

“Pilote”, n° 423
for Gaul Lang Syne

THE ANCIENT GAULS HAD SOME CHARMING NEW YEAR CUSTOMS.

WHEN TWO GAULS MET UNDER THE Mistletoe THEY KISSED EACH OTHER.

IN FACT IT WAS COMPULSORY FOR GAULS TO KISS WHEN THEY MET.

BUT I WAS SINGING, SO I...

ENDING - YOU COULD HAVE POISONED ME! WELL, THAT WAS YOUR KISMET.

THESE PLEASING ENCOUNTERS WERE SHEER COINCIDENCE.

GO AND PLAN DODRATIN' GO ON, PLAN WITH ASTERIX! I'M BUSY! THIS IS NOT FOR THE EYES OF LITTLE DOGS!

GOOD, HERE COMES PANACEA OFF WE GO!

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, PANACEA?

I'M JUST TAKING OUR DRUID GETAFIX SOME DRY FIREWOOD.

I'M GOING THAT WAY! I'LL TAKE IT FOR YOU.

OH, THANKS, SCARLATA!

OH, I SAID, OBELIX!

CAESAR'S GIVEN ORDERS. WE'RE TO RESPECT THE LOCAL CUSTOMS OF OCCUPIED COUNTRIES, SO I'M RESPECTING THEM.

KISSE KISS SMACK!
You shouldn't have thumped that poor Roman, a custom is a custom!

O Druid! Getafix!

I've brought you some dry wood, O Druid!
Oh, there you are, Obelix!

Yes! Here I am! That's right, here I am! Now you see me!

Kissy kissy!

Now you don't! This is too much! I'm kissing off now by Toutatis!

What's the matter, Obelix? I was going to tell you I found Dogmatix and he...

Oh, the little scamp!

Smack!

THE END
In view of the huge success of Asterix and his friends, the weekly magazine "Elle" asked the authors to provide a story on a women's subject for one of their summer issues.

Although it is true that the village of indomitable Gauls is rather a male society, the authors progressively introduced heroines into the story as regular characters, for instance Impedimenta, the chief's wife, Mrs Geriatrix (the star of this two-page story), Panacea and Cleopatra.

So it would be wrong to call the authors of the Asterix books anti-feminist! In fact, women play a much more important part than in many other famous series! And if the humour sometimes gently mocks them, it certainly doesn't spare the men either. Look at the rather unflattering pictures of Chief Vitalstatistix, Unhygienix the fishmonger or Fultiautomatix the village blacksmith! Thank you!
IT HAS OFTEN BEEN CLAIMED THAT THE ANCIENT GAULS WERE BARBARIANS. NOTHING COULD BE FURTHER FROM THE TRUTH. VERCINGETORIX WAS PROUD, WARRIOR-HONED, UNDERSTOOD COURTLY REFINEMENT AND THEIR LOVELY LADY FRIENDS DIDN'T BOther WITH ALL THAT LOUD-MOUTHED "Veni, Vidi, Vici" STUFF THEY WERE MORE INTERESTED IN THE QUESTION OF MINI, MIDI, OR MAXI...

NOTICE THE NATURAL ELEGANCE OF HER FIGURE...

AND THE INFINITE CARE SHE HAS TAKEN WITH HER HAIRSTYLE.

AND NOW TO STUDY GAULISH FASHIONS.

I MEAN, I'M THE CHIEF'S WIFE!

GAULISH WOMEN WORE A Tunic ...

LOOK, IMPEDIMENTA, WOULD YOU AND LEAVING US ALONE? CAN'T YOU SEE WE'RE BUSY!

WHAT WAS THAT?

SOMETIMES WITH A SECOND Tunic HORNED OVER IT...

YOU LITTLE MADAM! WHO SAYS YOU CAN TALK TO ME LIKE THAT?

GERMANTHES, SWEETIE!

IN AN ELEGANTLY MATCHING COLOUR

WHAT'S THE MATTER, DOROTHY?

POPSY HERE IS A PROPER LITTLE MADAM, THAT'S WHAT!

THE CLOSE-FITTING ATTRACTIVE LOW-CUT BODICE...

GERMANTHES, HONEYBUN, ARE YOU GOING TO LET HER SAY THOSE THINGS?

WELL... ER... NO... LISTEN...

VITAL STATISTICS!

WAS CAUGHT IN AT THE WAIST BY A BELT WITH AN ELABORATELY DESIGNED BUCKLE.

DID YOU CALL ME, IMPEDIMENTA DEAR? THAT OLD WRECK INSULTED ME!

WHO ARE YOU CALLING AN OLD WRECK?!
THE GAULISH WOMAN OFTEN WEARS DRAPERIES IN THE ROMAN STYLE, THUS ADDING AN ARISTOCRATIC TOUCH TO HER OUTFIT.

GET DOWN OFF THERE IF YOU'RE A MAN!

WHAT?!

WHAT'S ALL THIS SHOUTING ABOUT?

THIS LITTLE MADAM TOOK MY PLACE...

LETS US ALSO ADMIRE HER JEWELLERY.

TELL ME HONESTLY, BACTERIA, DO YOU THINK SHE'S PRETTIER THAN ME?

HAS-BEEN! FOSSIL! DILAPIDATED OLD CODGER!

WANT TO FEEL THE WRONG END OF MY STICK?

... WHICH IS ALWAYS IN ENGLISH TASTE.

UNHYGIENIX!

IT IS MADE OF METAL, BONE OR GLASS...

WHAT BUSINESS IS IT OF YOURS, YOU GREAT GOOF?

CALM DOWN, CALM DOWN!

ELEGANT GAULISH LADIES LOVE NECKLACES, BRACELETS AND BROOCHES.

EVEN THE CHIEF HAS NO RIGHT TO CALL ME A GREAT GOOF!

SPLATCH!

... WHICH ARE MASTERPIECES OF BEAUTY AND DISTINCTION.

COME ON, QUICK, OBELIX! THERE'S A BRAWL-LUP GOING ON!

... WHICH SYMBOLIZE THE REFINEMENT OF THOSE WHOM HISTORIANS HAVE UNTHOUGHTENLY DESCRIBED AS BARBARIANS.

THE GAULISH LADY TAKES GREAT CARE WITH HER MAKE-UP.

I'M THE CHIEF AROUND HERE AND I CAN CALL ANYONE I LIKE A GREAT GOOF!

I DUCKED! I DUCKED! YAH BOO SUCKS TO YOU!

THE END

—DERO & GOSCUNY
These three pages of anthology pieces, which have kept all their force and originality, are very much in the spirit of “Pilote” magazine in the 1960s. The texts make their points tellingly and are very funny, while the drawings—or rather drawings—show a breathtaking mastery of many different graphic styles. How can an artist change his own style to caricature other strip cartoon illustrators so cleverly? There is a touch of the famous American “Mad” magazine here. The author has fun showing us what his imagination has come up with—for by agreement with René Goscinny, Albert both wrote and drew these three amazing pages by himself. A treat to be (re)discovered.
Since the birth of Asterix, many of our readers and certain specialist strip cartoon magazines, not to mention the critics, have suggested ideas to us. We would like to thank them for their kind contributions, and we thought it would be interesting to adapt Asterix in line with some of their suggestions.

**Suggestion 1**
"Why don't you like, you know have the Druid inventing modern gadgets? The characters don't talk, like, natural, and even worse, the drawings just for kids like Mickey Mouse stuff. Signed, a pal."

**Suggestion 2**
"Stories too long - stop - too much dialogue - stop - not enough simplicity in drawing - stop - why not take Asterix to America? - stop - signed, professor Heded, Université of Nantes."

---

Hi there, getty, Asterix talking, like, your magic things don't work, and worse, like, I dunno what they're for.

You seen, like, Monte Carlo?

No, I've seen sort of Monte Carlo.

Me, I've seen the full month, like.

Asty, yes, like, 'know, the phone war to make phone calls.

Druid's magic boat - stop - off to discover virgin territory for the rix of Gall - stop.

Soon after, wars - stop.

Virgin territory - stop.

Our rix will be disappointed - stop - not to get America - stop.

Bang bang - STOP.
**SUGGESTION 3**

“The latest Asterix book was not too bad, unattractive and muddled as the drawing was on the other hand! We were pleased to re-read the wonderful collection of the adventures of the high-flying crash-crew in the amazing world of deep space.”

From a review in “Phoebus”, The Journal of Consciousness and Deep Cartoon Information Interchange.

And with their first step on Martin's moon, the moment comes.

**ASTERYX! LOOK! THERE! WE'RE SAVED!**

Thanks to the Druid’s Magic Amphora, our heroes arrive on Mars by way of Jupiter, Juno and Mercury.

**AT LAST! LOTS AND LOTS OF ROMANS! LOTS OF LOVELY ROMANS!**

AND, BY TOLIPAT! MARS IS OUR LAST CHANCE TO FIND THE VERY ESSENCE OF LIFE... OBVIOUSLY!

**SUGGESTION 4**

“I am a scaphophant ambling to promote clandestinely necromantic symbiosis. My ego rebels against your work and urges deoration. The cretinoid microcephal of your phylactero-logical text together with the monstrous spaciosity of empiricist graphics suggesting retrospective delirium is an insult to the intellect and to the study of universals as envisaged and carried out by the mind.” Hubert Blether, editor, “The Literary Scaphophant” (Authors’ Note: This suggestion is obviously for a weightier and more intellectual text.)

You say a great many things in attempting to seem to contradict me. He is more likely to say nothing that contradicts me since you come to the same conclusion as I do. Nonetheless you interpose in certain passages several remarks to which I cannot agree, for instance that the axiom there is nothing in an effect which is not previously in its cause should be understood as denoting the material cause rather than the efficacy, for it is impossible to conceive of perfection in a form pre-existing in the material cause, only in the sole efficacious cause, and also you say that...

... the formal reality of an idea is a substance, with several other similar remarks. If you had any evidence of the existence of material things then no doubt you would have set it down here, but since you ask only, “if it is therefore true that I am not certain of the existence of anything besides myself in the world,” and since you pretend there is no need to look for reasons for something so obvious, and thus you are reporting only your old prejudices, you make it all the more clear that you have no reasons...

... proving what you say, any more than if you had never said anything at all. As for what you say about ideas, it needs no reply because you confine the term of idea solely to images depicted in the imagination, while I understand it as all that we conceive of in our thoughts. However, I will ask, in passing, what argument you cite to prove that “nothing acts upon itself”, for it is not your habit to use arguments in evidence of what you say. You may say you prove it by the example of the finger which cannot strike itself, and the eye which cannot see itself except in a mirror, to which it is easy to reply that it is by no means the eye which sees itself or the mirror, but the mind, which alone knows both the mirror and the eye and itself, one may even cite further examples drawn from corporeal matters... considering the action a thing may have upon itself, as when a curved plane turns in upon itself, for it is not that conversion an action energised upon itself?"
SUGGESTION 5  "I'D LIKE TO SEE ASTERIX A BIT MORE TRENDY. A PISCHEDELIC ASTERIX, FOR INSTANCE! AND WHY DON'T WOMEN FEATURE MORE IN YOUR STORIES? YOU'RE NOT ANTI-FEMINISTS ARE YOU? AVE, FRIENDS! SIGNED: A FAN!"

THANKS TO THE DRUID'S MAGIC FLOWERS, WE CAN NOW DO A PROPER JOB OF FIGHTING THE WILD WOMEN WARRIORS LED BY PROCONSUL DEODORA OBEIX!

WE HAVE OCHI TO BRUSH THEM GENTLY WITH THESE FLOWERS, SO GASTAFIX TOLD ME, WATCH OUT! THEY'RE ATTACKING!

IF YOU ASK ME, ASTERIX, THIS ISN'T AS MUCH FUN AS A GOOD PUNCH-UP!

AND HERE IS THE LAST SUGGESTION, THE ONE WHICH WE AS THE AUTHORS WOULD LIKE TO PUT TO YOU OUR READERS; IT'S A QUESTION OF AESTHETICS, WHICH JUST SUDDENLY CAME TO US. A DARING IDEA, WE ADMIT, BUT ALL THE SAME WE KNOW OUR CHARACTERS WELL, I MEAN WE MADE THEM UP, DIDN'T WE? SO WE HAVE A RIGHT TO HAVE IDEAS TOO, OH YES WE DO! OH, REALLY, WE DON'T BELIEVE IT?!?! SHUT UP! WE'RE FREE AGENTS, AREN'T WE? VERY WELL, IF THAT'S HOW YOU FEEL, IN FUTURE ASTERIX AND OBEIX WILL WEAR PLUS-FOURS...

HONESTLY! I MEAN, I ASK YOU! THESE AUTHORS ARE CRAZY!

TAP! TAP! TAP!
In the mid-1980s the mayor of Paris turned to Asterix for help in its Olympic bid. Jacques Chirac and his municipal team wanted Paris (the former city of Lutetia) to stage the AD 1992 Games.

Albert Uderzo was asked to create a poster and a small four-page strip cartoon story to win support from the Parisii tribe of Lutetia. He liked the idea, and designed a poster which went up all over the capital in 1986. The story was published in "Jours de France", a popular magazine of the last century. In the end the Olympic Committee did not award the Games to Paris, but obviously not everyone lost out, since just for the record, the original of the poster was never returned to the artist! But never mind: here you can see the Eiffel Tower turned into a huge, magnificent dovecote, and a really nasty villain is added to the rogues' gallery of the Asterix stories.

"Jours de France", n°1660
IT WAS ONLY A FIGURE OF SPEECH, YOU FOOLS!!!

Right, you two sissies! Listen to this message signed by Partipolitix, Chief of the Parisii tribe in Lutetia!

"Exactly 100 years ago a Gallish athlete called Pierre Decoubertix won at the Olympic games in Greece. It was the first time a non-Greek athlete had ever been crowned with the laurel wreath of victory. To commemorate this event, the Olympic Committee has decided to hold its next games outside Greece!!"

"Several great cities of the ancient world have put in bids to host the games. It would be only right for them to be held in Lutetia, the Gallish capital. We must therefore persuade the delegates of the Olympic Committee who are coming to visit us to award the city that honour!"

"Rome has also made a bid for the games. Julius Caesar is sure to cause trouble to ensure that Rome gets chosen. So I am asking the village of indomitable Gauls to help us. Please send your most courageous warriors! The honour of Gaul is at stake!!"

"We are your most courageous warriors, O Chief Vitalstatistix! True, Asterix, but tell your courageous friend to stop laughing in that bilious way! The honour of the village is at stake!!"

"MESSAGE BY EXPRESS CARRIER! LET US BEND..."

"...our minds to its contents!"

"Clang!"

"Gallus living in Lutetia who later gave their name to Paris."

Peace temporarily reigns between the Gauls of Asterix's little village and the Romans garrisoning the nearby fortified camps.
AND OUR FRIENDS SET OFF FOR LUTETIA.

LET ME DOWN AGAIN AND I'LL BE THE ONE DROPING YOU. YOU'LL BE SACKED, MSE.

AT THE SAME TIME, IN ROME...

INGLORIOUS PITHÉCANTHROPUS, YOU'RE HEAD OF MY SECRET SERVICE. I AM ENTRESTING A VERY DELICATE MISSION TO YOU. YOU START FOR LUTETIA AT ONCE!

ONCE IN LUTETIA, YOU WILL SPY ON THE OLYMPIC COMMITTEE VISITING THE CELTIC CAPITAL. IF YOU DETECT THE SLIGHTEST HINT OF SATISFACTION ON THEIR PART, THE LEAST TRACE OF A FAVOURABLE OPINION, YOU HAVE MY PERMISSION TO ACT.

FOR ONLY ROME MUST BE RECOGNIZED AS THE OLYMPIC CAPITAL!

YOUR WORD IS MY COMMAND, GREAT CAESAR!

AFTER SEVERAL DAYS ON THE ROAD, OUR HEROES ARRIVE IN LUTETIA, THE CITY OF LIGHT.

YES, I WAS EXPECTING YOU. MY NAME IS CIVILSERVIX, AND I AM PERMANENT SECRETARY TO PARTIPOLTIX, WHO ASKS YOU TO EXCUSE HIM. HE'S BUSY DEBATING VARIOUS PROBLEMS WITH OTHER TRIBAL CHIEFTAINS.

COME WITH ME! I WAS JUST ABOUT TO WELCOME THE OLYMPIC COMMITTEE. THEY'RE ARRIVING BY R. E. R.

WHAT ARE WE?

REGIONAL EUROPEAN ROUTES!
As you see, Lutetia is at the cutting edge of new technology!!

Yeah.

If you'll be kind enough to follow me, I'll show you round...

Yeah.

... our great city of art and literature!

Yeah.

Dogmatik seems to have sniffed a rat!

Better keep our eyes open.

The high cultural reputation of Lutetia makes it the crossroads of the ancient world.

Yeah.

Lutetia is also famous for the warmth of its welcome, its hotels and its fine food!

Yeah.

Oh, Asterix. I'm hungry!

This is the carrier pigeon tower, which has given Lutetia a reputation for running the fastest communications system in the ancient world...

Yeah.

... with only the occasional fowl-up.

Oh yeah?

Here are the Lutetian arenas, situated close to the heart of the city and able to hold the maximum number of spectators.

All the Olympic sports can be staged here!

Yeah.

I have a cunning plan! Let's kidnap the president of the Olympic Committee! Lutetia will be disgraced and lose any chance of being picked for the games. Tchhehehe!
WE DON'T WANT YOUR OLYMPIC GAMES IN LUTETIA,
AND YOU DON'T GET YOUR PRESIDENT BACK UNTIL YOU
LEAVE THE COUNTRY FOR GOOD. GREEKS GO HOME!

OH, YEAH, ASTERIX!

TIME WE STEPPED IN, OBLIX!

I HOPE WE DIDN'T ALARM YOU! THAT WAS JUST
A LITTLE EXERCISE TO DEMONSTRATE THE
EFFICIENCY OF OUR SECURITY SERVICE!

PIF! PAF!

THAT WAS FANTASTIC!

LUTETIA SHALL BE
THE NEXT OLYMPIC
CAPITAL!!

THE EFFICIENCY OF YOUR
SECURITY SERVICE HAS
WINN YOU THE GAMES!

OH, IT WAS ONLY
A ROUTINE
EXERCISE!

PHEW... WHAT WOULD IT HAVE BEEN
LIKE FOR MEHT?

AND LATER, IN CAESAR'S PALACE
IN ROME...

RIGHT.
INGLORIOUS PITHECANTHROPLUS, YOU
TOO WILL TAKE PART IN THE GAMES...

IN THE CIRCUS! PLAYING
WITH THE LIONS!

YEAH！！！

AFTER THE SUCCESS
OF THE LUTETIA GAMES,
TOUTATIS TELLS ME THAT
THE PARIS III OF THE FUTURE
WILL BE STAGING ANOTHER
OLYMPIC GAMES IN THEIR
BEAUTIFUL CYTH TOO!
René Goscinny, overworked at the time, asked Albert if he had any ideas for a story about spring. For the second time Albert wrote a little story of his own and showed it to his colleague before he drew the pictures.

René was delighted with the magical seasons, so Albert created this two-page story on his own, as well as the cover picture of the magazine. Albert was inspired by his childhood, when he loved walking from the Faubourg Saint-Antoine to Alixre market near the Bastille in Paris, where the eastermangers sold fruit and vegetables from their barrows.

René simply suggested to his friend the part played by Obelix in the final delightful gag.

"Pilote", n°334
LOOK
OBELIX!!!

A LITTLE MAN IN A BAD WAY!

JUDGING BY HIS SIZE, IT'S A LONG TIME SINCE HE WAS PULLED UP!

LET'S TAKE HIM TO GETAFIX. OUR DRUID WILL BE ABLE TO CURE HIM...

IT WOULD BE HANDY IF WE COULD CALL A MOBILE DRUID...

AND A LITTLE LATER, THANKS TO THE EXPERT CARE OF GETAFIX THE DRUID...

I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!

WHO ARE YOU, O LITTLE MAN?

YOU THINK THESE LITTLE THINGS CAN TALK?

OF COURSE, THEN CAN EVERY BIT AS WELL AS THOSE BIG FAT THINGS! I AM SPRING!

FAVOURITE SON OF THE GREAT BARROW-GIANT IN THE SKY WHO SENDS SEASONAL PRECIPITATION DOWN TO EARTH!

WATCH OUT, SON! WINTER'S BEEN PARTICULARLY HARD THIS YEAR!

DON'T WORRY, BY TOTATARY, I SHALL DEFEAT HIM, SAME AS USUAL!

FULL OF CONFIDENCE, I DROPPED TO EARTH...

HERE I COME! WE'LL SEE WHO'S THE MOST SEASONED FIGHTER!

WHERE ARE YOU, WINTER? I'M GOING TO MAKE IT HOT FOR YOU!

TBEEE! DON'T LOSE YOUR COOL!
Who's a big fat thought? Oh, leave it out, Obelix! We must do something to help spring. Magic potion? You two bring me an big cauldron!

Drink this!

Thanks!

One swallow makes me spring... it's back to winter quarters for you!

No more Mr Ice Guy!

Tchac!

Spring has sprung! Having put winter to flight for many months he happy gets down to work.

Wherever he goes buds open, grass stones and everything in sight is full of the songs of spring.

And with sunshine and spring showers that springtime in Gaul is the best ever!

By Jupiter, these galls are a shower!

Asterix, I've got an fever... do you think a little basic potion would ...?
The story of “The mascot” was originally published in the smaller format of the “Super Pocket Pilote” series, and in a magazine commissioned by the town council of Romainville— one of the suburbs of Lutetia. With a name like that— “Roman-town”— it was not surprising that the council should invite Asterix and his friends to pay a visit. In this complete story, full of the familiar features of the Asterix adventures, Dogmatix is kidnapped. Obelix’s little friend, who first appeared in “Asterix and the Banquet”, soon became one of the favourite characters in the village. Here he is the victim of his own charms— after all, anyone would want a little dog who was so keen on preserving the environment twenty centuries ahead of his time!

It was all thanks to Dogmatix that Obelix stopped uprooting trees and became ecologically conscious!
ABSOLUTELY, ASTERIX! I TELL YOU, DOGMATIX IS A GREAT LITTLE DOG! THE TROUBLE IS YOU DON'T TRUST HIM. IT GIVES HIM AN INFERIORITY COMPLEX!

NEVER MIND THAT. LOOK WHO'S HERE!

WHY?

OUR, OUR, QUADROPHONOT, YOU'RE BEGINNING TO GET ME DOWN, YOU ARE!

I'M SURE TO FIND A LITTLE ANIMAL SOMEWHERE IN THIS FOREST.

AT THE VERY MOMENT...

WATCH THIS! THEN YOU'LL SEE WHAT A GREAT LITTLE DOG MY DOGMATIX IS!

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT YOUR GREAT LITTLE DOGMATIX TO DO?

FETCH, DOGMATIX!
A STUNNING STROKE OF LUCK! ALL OUR TROUBLES ARE OVER!

LOK, BOYS! OUR LUCKY MASCOT! WHEN I SAW HIM INSPIRATION STRUCK!

BEFORE OR AFTER YOU SAW HIM, WAS IT?

MEANWHILE...

DOGMAPIX ISN'T BACK YET... THAT'S FUNNY. I KNEW THAT MENHIR WAS TOO BIG FOR HIM!

YOU JUST DON'T TRUST DOGMATIX! OF COURSE, HE'S NOT VERY SELF-CONFIDENT YET!

NEVER MIND ARGUING, LET'S LOOK FOR HIM!

THERE'S THE MENHIR!

YES, BUT WHERE'S DOGMATIX?

HE MUST BE PLAYING WITH THE PRETTY BUTTERFLIES... DOGMATIX LIKES BUTTERFLIES, DOGMATIX... DOGMATIX!

YOYHOHO! DOGMATIX!

A ROMAN LEGIONARY'S HELMET!!!

A HELMET? BUT DOGMATIX AND THE MENHIR WERE BOTH BARE-HEADED WHEN...

DON'T YOU SEE, OBEIX? A LEGIONARY HAS KIDNAPPED DOGMATIX!!!

KIDNAPPED DOGMATIX? I'LL TEACH THEM TO GO KIDNAPPING DOGMATIX! BY TOUTATIS, I WILL!

CALM DOWN, OBEIX!
I DON'T WANT TO CALM DOWN! I WANT DOGMATIX!!!

MEANWHILE...

WHAT SHALL WE CALL OUR MASCOT?

SOMETHING ENDING IN "US"??

HERE'S A NICE BONUS FOR HIM ANYWAY!

WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE, MEN?

A MASCOT, CONJUER!

VERY SWEET... BUT HE DOESN'T LOOK VERY OBEDIENT... I'LL TRAIN HIM FOR YOU, BY JUPITER!

WHO LET THESE GAULS INTO CAMP, AND WHAT DO THEY WANT?

HE LET US INTO CAMP...

... AND WE WANT DOGMATIX!

LET THAT SENTRY GO, AND AS FOR THE DOG, COME AND GET HIM, BY MERCURY!

TCHAC!

TCHOC!

PAF!
Right, off you go to patrol the forest again, just to teach you a lesson! Quick March!

Watch out!

Woof! Woof!

The lucky mascot! Run for your lives!!!
Thirty years ago, amused by the campaign against the use of English words in French—a phenomenon known as “franglais”—René Goscinny decided to use the Gauls to poke fun at it. He replied indirectly and humorously to the famous author Maurice Druon, one of the keenest to defend the purity of French, by imagining a similar fashion for “Latinisms” in occupied Gaul, and wrote this story, drawn by Albert Uderzo. It will certainly teach you more Latin than the other stories in this collection, by Tontatin!

This story, entitled “Latinomania” or “Et cetera,” has been completely re-inked and re-coloured, like most of the stories here that date from the 1960s. Below is the cover of the first edition of the book you are now reading, published in France in 1993. Four hundred thousand copies were sold within weeks. However, it has never before been published in English, so all fourteen stories are new to readers of Asterix on the other side of the Channel.

Just for the record, on 10 August 1993, the day the first edition (in a giftbox with the videos of the first Asterix films) was released, the French publishers’ switchboards crashed. The success of the book, which sold far more copies than the most optimistic had expected, persuaded us to promise a new, improved and longer edition to the readers and booksellers who have been waiting eagerly for it. Would we ever give in to blackmail? By Tontatin, no! But here at last is the book!
Hey, you two! Keep off my geraniums!

There's no need to shout! This isn't a forum or an auditorium!

I heard all that! It's a crying shame. Speaking Latin we must preserve the purity of our beautiful Gaulish language!

Ultimatum? We'll see about that!

That's right. Auditorium. Ultimatum. Aquarium. They're all Latin words!

But what ought we to say instead, o Druids?

Oh, you two! Keep off my geraniums!

A little decorum, please, dear!

It's you shouting! Shut up and that's an ultimatum!

Speaking Latin? Glug glug glug!

That's right. Auditorium. Ultimatum. Aquarium. They're all Latin words!

But what ought we to say instead, o Druids?

Well, "Hall for public performances", "Final demand allowing no argument", "Glass container for fresh-water or salt-water fish"...
Although strip cartoons tend to be written and drawn to a standard pattern today, in the 1960s and 1970s there was more of a libertarian spirit in them, and they often ignored graphic conventions and logical time schemes. Showing the authors in the company of their own creations was almost obligatory — readers expected and wanted it, and indeed that was one of the reasons for the magical sympathy between readers and authors.

It was in this spirit that René and Albert, like many other writers and illustrators of strip cartoons, invented works of pure fantasy in which they crossed the borders of space and time, and finally revealed the true story of the creation of Asterix.

*The power to make people laugh: from an epigram by Caesar on Terence, the Latin poet.*
A FEW DAYS AGO TWO FRIENDS WHO ARE ALSO COLLEAGUES WERE TAKING A QUIET WALK ALONG THE SEA FRONT IN A LITTLE HARBOUR TOWN IN BRETAGNE.

WHEN...

LOOK AT THAT! HAHAA!

INCREDIBLE!

IMPOSSIBLE!

AN AMAZING LIKENESS! WHAT A COINCIDENCE!

COINCIDENCE? MAYBE NOT... LET'S FOLLOW HIM!

(This story was first published in 15 issues of "Pilote", n° 172–186)
I HAVE TO LEAVE ON THE TIDE WITH THAT CONTAINER ABOARD!

IT'S NOT MY FAULT IF THE CRANE BROKE DOWN!

I'LL FIX IT FOR YOU!

WHERE DO I PUT THIS LITTLE PACKAGE? IN THE HOLD, PLEASE!

DID YOU SEE HIS GESTURE THAT DOESN'T IT REMIND YOU OF SOMEBODY? I'M JUST WONDERING...

LET'S NOT LOSE SIGHT OF HIM... HE'S GOING INTO THAT CAPE...

THE USUAL?

THE USUAL...

... ROAST BOAR, PLEASE!

OH... EXCUSE ME... MR... WOULD YOU TELL US YOUR NAME?

WE'RE DOING A LITTLE SURVEY.

OF COURSE... HUH... GULD?

MY NAME'S OBELISQ... SCRUNCH... SAY OBELISK... IF YOU LIKE, IT'S EASIER...

HUH...

OBELISQ!!!

WE... WE KNOW ONE OF YOUR ANCESTORS VERY WELL. HE'S A FRIEND OF OURS.

THOSE PHARISEES ARE LOCO!

I'VE GOT AN OLD DOCUMENT ABOUT MY ANCESTORS AT HOME. IF YOU'RE INTERESTED...

OH YES! YOU BET WE ARE!

HERE YOU ARE!

OH, MY WORD!
OBELIX
Gaulish warrior

COUNT OF BRITTANY
FAMOUS FOR WINNING THE FIRST BATTLE OF MARIGNAN (1569) SINGLE-HANDED.

OBELISQUE THE VALIANT
COVERED HIMSELF WITH GLORY DURING THE CRUSADES. ON HIS RETURN, HE CARRIED FRENCH CANONS AT A BITING.

OBELISQUE THE HAMMER
FLATTENED EVERY ENEMY HE MET, FORCED AT LEAST 8,000 ENEMY SOLDIERS TO FLEE AND LIT A BACKGROUND FIRE.

OBELISC'H
Count of Brittany

OBELISC'H
Lord of the Manor of the Menhir

OBELISC'H
the Fat
FRIEND OF THE PRIVATEER ROBERT CURCY. BOTH OF THEM IN THE NAPOLEON'S ARMY. HE einmal: "I AM PLEASED WITH YOU, AND NEVER DO NOT EAT WHILE I'M TAKING CARE OF YOU." SCUTTLE THEIR OWN SHIP: HIS ENEMIES SAID: "WE'VE NOT THAT SINKING FEELING AGAIN!"

OBELISC'H
the Boar
COMPANION OF THE KING'S CORSAIR RENÉ DUGUAIR-TROQUER: HIS UNPLANNED ENDLESS DECREES "BETTER SCUTTLE OUR OWN SHIP AND THEN SCUTTLE."
THIS IS GREAT SO YOU'RE DESCENDED FROM OBELIX THE MINIAR DELIVERY MAN!

"WHAT'S RIGHT?" "THAT'S RIGHT!"

YOU MUST COME BACK TO WITTICA WITH US, OR NO ONE WILL BELIEVE IT!

HE MEANS PARIS. PARIS?

"RIGHT, I'LL JUST GO AND GET MY THINGS!

AND WE'LL GO AND FETCH MY NICE NEW CAR!

THEY'LL BE ASKED BACK AT THE OFFICE! THEY SAY OUR STORIES ARE ALL MADE-UP!

IS HE COMING YET?

HERSHE IS!

WHERE CAN I PUT MY BITS AND BOBS?

ON THE LUGGAGE RACK, BUT MAY YOU DON'T BREAK THE PAINTWORK OF MY NICE NEW CAR!

BUT YOU SAID PUT IT ON THE...

DO YOU... DO YOU REALLY HAVE TO BRING THAT MINIAR?

SURE! IN MY FAMILY WE NEVER GO ANYWHERE WITHOUT A MINIAR! IT'S OUR LUCKY CHARM!

A BRAND NEW CAR! HOW AM I GOING TO EXPLAIN THIS TO THE INSURANCE COMPANY?

A MINIAR HIT THE ROOF! I SAY... HIT THE ROOF, THEY'LL ASK ON YOUR HEAD, AND THEY'LL HIT THE ROOF!

HURRY UP! THERE'S A TRAIN COMING!

CUSTOMERS AT LAST!

PORTER? PORTER?

WHAT'S UP, HOMAS? ANYONE WOULD THINK THE DEVIL WAS AFTER YOU!

SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO LEAVE YOUR MINIAR IN THE LUGGAGE VAN?

NO FEAR! HISTORICAL RECOLLECTION LIKE THIS DON'T TRAVEL IN LUGGAGE VANS!

OH NO YOU DON'T! THAT... THAT STONE THING TAKES UP AT LEAST TWO SEATS...

YOU'RE BEGINNING TO GET ME DOWN!

I KNOW MY OWN MIND, I DO!

AND TO THINK THAT MINIAR IS TRAVELLING ON A NICE SOFT SEAT!

MAKES SENSE, DOESN'T IT? YOU'RE NOT A HISTORICAL RECOLLECTION, SO YOU TRAVEL IN THE GUARD'S VAN!
Hey, everyone, look who's here!!!

And believe me, my dear Obelix...

And now, my dear Obelix, we'll show you round the office.

The office of Pilote—great!

Does he take his mehirs everywhere?

Yes, and speaking of that... you know my new car?

Who's that gentleman?

Only the boss!

The end.
"What gave you the idea of Asterix?"
"Who writes the story and who does the drawing?"
"You must have been good at Latin at school, weren't you?"
"Who are you?"

René Goscinny and I were often and regularly asked such questions, and I still have to answer them today, almost forty-five years after our character Asterix was born.

Some of the questions are not quite the same as those we were asked at first. For instance, "Do you actually make a living out of your little so-and-soos?" has become, "Hey, you must earn oodles of boodle with that lot, don't you?" Well, at least that may be a sign that our job has become more respectable.

And we have always appreciated the elegance, delicacy and attention some readers have shown towards us. Even in the 1960s, we liked responding in our own way in "Pilote", the thinking person’s strip cartoon magazine, by answering the question of how an idea is born.

Dear readers, on the next page I offer the answer for your mature consideration, asking myself as always the eternal question, "Will they like it?"

Albert Uderzo
The birth of an idea
25 October 1962
Written by Rene Goscinny
Illustrated by Albert Uderzo

"Pilote", n° 157

BANG! BING!
AND THEN ...
PAAAF!

CRAASH! THEN
BOOM! AND
TCHAC!

AND THEN ...
PATABOOM!
DEEEEEEE!
TEEHEHEE!
TEEHEHEE!

WOOHOOHHOO!
HO, HO! BOF!

HA HA HA!
HO, HO!
TEE HEE HEE!

THE END
Vintage Asterix!
14 new stories including tales of:
The day Asterix and Obelix were born (in the middle of a village fish fight);
How Obelix goes back to school;
Fashion in Ancient Gaul;
How Dogmatix helps the village cockerel win a duel;
And how he is adopted as a Roman mascot;
Asterix as you've never seen him before;
Obelix's adventures under the mistletoe;
The bid for the very first Gaulish Olympics;
The birth of an idea – the story of the creation of Asterix;
And much, much more.