HODDER DARGAUD PRESENTS

BOOK 15

TEXT: GOSCINNY
DRAWINGS: UDERZO

and the GOLDEN SICKLE
Asterix and the Golden Sickle

THE FIERCELY INDEPENDENT LITTLE VILLAGE WHERE ASTERIX AND THE OTHER GAULS LIVE IS AT PEACE...

GOOD HUNTING, ASTERIX?

NOTHING MUCH TODAY...

OBELIX IS HAPPILY AT WORK, CARVING OUT A MENHIR...

CALORONIX THE BARD IS GIVING THE CHILDREN LESSONS...

WELL, YOUNG MAN, AND INTO HOW MANY PARTS IS GAUL DIVIDED?

VIII + V + XL

III + VI

IP + TV

IN SHORT, EVERYONE IS CONTENTED, ALL IS PEACE AND PLENTY...

ANOTHER BOAR, OBELIX?

YES, PLEASE!

WHEN SUDDENLY...

OH, BY TOUTATIS!
It couldn’t be worse timed! I have to start soon for the forest of the carnutites to attend the Great Annual Conference of Gaulish Druids. I can’t go without a sickle!

All you have to do is buy another one!

Good sickles don’t grow on trees!

This is terrible! My blade must be cut with a golden sickle if it is to have magic powers!

The best, indeed the only ones I consider worth using, are made by the famous Metallurgix, in faraway Lutetia!

He’s right. It’s well known that Metallurgix makes the best sickles...

I am prepared to go to Lutetia, O Druid!
THANK YOU FOR OFFERING, ASTERIX, BUT I REALLY COULDN'T LET YOU GO OFF TO LUTETIA...

INSIST, O DRUID.

IT'S TOO FAR, TOO DANGEROUS!

OH, WELL, IN THAT CASE !

ER... RIGHT ! 
I ACCEPT !

I'M COMING TOO !
METALLURGIX IS A DISTANT COUSIN OF MINE. HE'S THE BIG SUCCESS IN OUR FAMILY.

LET'S GET GOING STRAIGHT AWAY !
I'LL TELL THE OTHERS!

BY TOUTATIS AND BÉLENOS, I WISH YOU A GOOD JOURNEY AND A STEADY RETURN WITH A FINE GOLDEN SICKLE FOR OUR DRUID.

YOU CAN COUNT ON US, O CHIEF VITALSTATISTIX !

HERE'S A SPOT OF MAGIC POTION. IT WILL MAKE YOU INVINCIBLE EVERY TIME YOU DRINK IT!

I WILL NOW GIVE YOU A SONG OF FAREWELL...

GOODBYE !

IT'S GETTING LATE...

I'VE GOT A WILD BEAR ON THE SPIT...

LATER... IT'S A PRESENT FOR METALLURGIX. JUST A LITTLE GIFT AS A TOKEN OF FRIENDSHIP...
NIGHT IS FALLING, OBELIX. THERE'S AN INN NEAR HERE CALLED THE CONTRITE BARBARIAN. WE'LL STOP THERE...

ROAST OR JUST SERVED RAW AS A SIMPLE LITTLE SALAD. BOAR IS MY FAVOURITE FOOD!

**Welcome!**
**You want a room?**

THAT'S RIGHT, AND TWO BOARS, TWO FOR ME TOO!

**You can take our luggage to our room.**

AND WHERE ARE YOU GOING LIKE THAT?

TO LUTETIA!!!

Ahah! Lutetia!

I'VE JUST COME FROM LUTETIA!!!

HAVE YOU?

A BEAUTIFUL CITY, LUTETIA, BUT DANGEROUS. VERY DANGEROUS!

A SICKLE? SICKLES ARE IN SHORT SUPPLY IN LUTETIA JUST NOW.

DON'T WORRY, WE KNOW WHERE TO GO!

OH, COME! WE'RE ONLY GOING THERE TO BUY A SICKLE.
NEXT MORNING...

Auf wiedersehen!

Hey, Asterix, why do you think that traveler told us sickles were in short supply in Lutetia?

No idea, Obelix.

Let's enjoy our journey; we can worry about that later.

The Romans are ruling the landscape with all these modern buildings!

Our friends' journey proceeds without much incident, apart from a few skirmishes with bandits.

At Sutindiun, Asterix and Obelix are unable to find a bed as it happens to be the day of the great ox-cart race: the Sutindiun 24 hours.

But at last, one day...

Look! Obelix!

Sutetia!

Isn't it big!
What a lot of people! Fancy living here! Talk about pollution!

Let's find Metallurgik's house as fast as we can!

Out of the way there, barbarian!

Who do you think you are, Ben Hur?

We'll ask that fisherman. He doesn't look too busy.

Are they biting?

What with all the muck people are throwing into the river, there aren't any fish left. I've caught nothing but empty amphoras all morning.

Do you know the way to Metallurgik's house, please?

The sickle dealer? Third on the right.

Looks as if no one's at home!

Who are you looking for?

BANG! BANG! BANG!

He's not there any more! And if you take my advice you won't hang around either.

Come on! Let's break down the door!

Careful! There are Roman patrols about.

We're here to buy a sickle, not to get into trouble!

Let's ask the landlord in there.

What'll it be? Two mugs of beer, well drawn.
WHAT DO YOU WANT? I'VE COME TO WARN YOU THERE ARE TWO MEN LOOKING FOR METALLURGIX.

METALLURGIX? WELL, WELL... AND WHAT ARE THESE MEN LIKE?

NO SPECIAL DISTINGUISHING MARKS, A FAT GAUL AND A LITTLE GAUL.

OH YES, I FORGOT, ONE OF THEM CARRIES A MENHIR ABOUT WITH HIM.

A MENHIR?

RIGHT. CLEAR OFF AND KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT IF YOU WANT TO STAY ALIVE!

DON'T WORRY, I'LL BE JUMPING AS A TOLMEN!

NOW TO TRY AND FIND THOSE TWO NOSEY PARKERS...

BY BELENOS, I THINK I'M IN LUCK!

THIS IS SERIOUS, IF OUR DRUID IS TO ATTEND THE CONFERENCE IN THE FOREST OF THE CARNIX WE MUST GET HOLD OF A SICKLE FOR HIM, IT'S URGENT!

AND WE MUST GET HOLD OF A BOAR FOR ME, THAT'S URGENT TOO...

YOU MAKE ME SICK, GOING ON ABOUT BOARS ALL THE TIME!

AND YOU BORE ME GOING ON ABOUT SICKLES!
SO SORRY, HOW CLUMSY OF ME!

DON'T MENTION IT!

IT WAS NOTHING!

YOU LOOK LIKE STRANGERS TO OUR GREAT CITY. PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU?

WE'RE LOOKING FOR METALLURGISX...

METALLURGISX? WHY HE'S MY BEST FRIEND! AND WHAT DO YOU WANT HIM FOR? WHAT A LUCKY COINCIDENCE!

WE WANT TO BUY A GOLDEN SICKLE FROM HIM.

EXCELLENT, EXCELLENT!

METALLURGISX HAS RETIRED AND LEFT LUTETIA.

BUT NEVER MIND. YOU COME WITH ME. I CAN GET YOU A SICKLE AT A VERY COMPETITIVE PRICE.

OH DEAR!

WELL, THE THING IS...

AND WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WITH MY MENHIR?

WOULD YOU LIKE TO LEAVE YOUR THINGS?
A TABLE FOR THREE, NOT TOO NEAR THE BURDS...

BY ALL MEANS, FOLLOW ME, PLEASE...

SORRY, BOAR'S OFF, SO IS THE GOAT'S MILK.

NEVER MIND...

WHERE ARE THE SICKLES?

NEVER MIND...

WAIT A MOMENT, I'LL BE BACK DIRECTLY...

I AM NAVISHTRIX, THE OWNER OF THIS ESTABLISHMENT. MY FRIEND CLAUDOCHIN HERE TELLS ME YOU'RE LOOKING FOR GOLDEN SICKLES?

AS A MATTER OF FACT...

I CAN GET YOU A REALLY TOP QUALITY SICKLE... 3,000 GOLD COINS, RIGHT?

WHAT? I'VE ONLY GOT 100 GOLD COINS, THAT'S A FAIR PRICE FOR A SICKLE!

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT! WITH THE DRUIDS' CONFERENCE SO CLOSE, SICKLES CAN'T BE HAD FOR LOVE OR MONEY IN LATRIA.

IT'S BARE-FACED ROBBERY, THAT'S WHAT!

YOU CAN'T BRING ANYMORE SMALL-TIMERS INTO THIS ESTABLISHMENT!
WHO'S A SMALL-TIMER?
YOU'RE A SMALL-TIMER, THAT'S WHO!
WAIT FOR ME, WAIT FOR ME!

CLAK!

MY MENHIR, PLEASE...
THAT'LL BE TWO BRONZE COINS...

COME ON, THEN!
CARRY ON PLAYING, BARDS!

ASTERIX, CAN YOU LEND ME TWO BRONZE COINS, PLEASE?

BOF!

THANKS!
WAIT FOR ME, WON'T YOU?

HERE YOU ARE.

CLOAKS

CLOAKS

BANG!

BING!

BONG!

I'M COMING! ARE THERE ANY LEFT?

DON'T FORGET THAT I OWE YOU A COUPLE OF BRONZE COINS...

OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, BETWEEN FRIENDS...

CAVE! A ROMAN RAID! & TO I THEY'RE AFTER US!
AND ALL RAIDS LEAD TO ROME AND THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

WHAT'S UP? IS IT OVER ALREADY?

BY JUPITER! ANYONE MIGHT THINK WE WERE IN POMPEII!

SHALL WE CARRY ON?

NO, IT WOULD BE BETTER TO EXPLAIN!

DID YOU DO ALL THIS?

YES, AND WE WERE VERY RESTRAINED!

FOLLOW ME. YOU CAN GIVE AN ACCOUNT OF YOURSELVES TO THE CENTURION.

VADE RETRO! MOVE ALONG THERE! VADE RETRO!
Ave, centurion! Ave, Decurion! What's going on?

These two men have broken up Navisatrix's place...

Hey, if I get it right, a centurion is higher up than a decurion?

Ten times higher up!

That's a good job well done! Throw these two Gauls into prison. We may pass sentence on them, if we ever get round to it...

By Toutatis! I've had about enough of this! Look here!

I fear I am about to break the Pax Romana!!!

Silence, Gaul!

Oh, do you? Yes, I do!!!

Shall we get them? Shall we get them?

Pax, gentlemen, Pax!

All this shouting is upsetting the prefect's dinner. He wants you to go and explain what's up...

Now look what you've done! You've upset the prefect of Lutetia! Now you'll have to explain yourselves to him!

I suppose the next one up from a centurion is a millurion?
I'm tired of Gauls, they're always fighting. It's such a bore...

Ave, old chap Ave...

Who are these people disturbing my meal?

Ave, O surplus, taxiprodus

These two Gauls have broken up Navishtrix's place.

Had a drop too much beer, eh?

No, we were just trying to buy a golden sickle for our Druid.

I always thought Navishtrix was mixed up in this sickle-trafficking business...

How very perspicacious of you, surplus taxiprodus.

All right, all right, release these Gauls, I find them tiring... What a bore, what a bore...

What is all this about a sickle-trafficking business?

Oh, there's a gang of golden sickle-traffickers in Utetia. Sickles are in great demand, because of the conference in the forest of the Carnutes.

What did he mean, what a bore? I can't see one anywhere...

So now they have the monopoly, especially as metallurgix disappeared without leaving any forwarding address...

But then... perhaps they've kidnapped metallurgix?

Kidnapped or murdered... well, off you go, and I don't want to see any more of you!

Boo hooooo! Poor cousin metallurgix! 
WE'LL FIND HIM, OBELIX. FOR A START, WHAT DOES YOUR COUSIN LOOK LIKE?

WHAT DOES HE LOOK LIKE? I'VE NO IDEA, I'VE NEVER SET EYES ON HIM.

LET'S GO BACK TO HIS HOUSE. WE MIGHT FIND A CLUE THERE.

SO WE MIGHT. HOW CAN I BE EXPECTED TO KNOW WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE WHEN I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM? SOMETIMES, ASTERIX, JUST DOESN'T STOP TO THINK.

THE DOOR'S LOCKED, OF COURSE... LEAVE IT TO ME, I'LL OPEN IT.

CRAAASH!

THERE YOU ARE!

WHAT A MESS! THAT'S FUNNY; WE'RE RATHER TIDY IN MY FAMILY...

THERE'S BEEN A FIGHT HERE. LOOK, METALLURGIX HAS LEFT HIS PERSONAL BELONGINGS AND HIS KITCHEN UTENSILS BEHIND.

BUT HIS TOOLS, HIS SICKLES AND HIS MONEY ARE ALL MISSING. OBELIX, YOUR COUSIN'S BEEN KIDNAPPED BY THE SICKLE-TRAFFICKERS!

WELL, THIS PROVES METALLURGIX IS STILL ALIVE: WE'LL FIND HIM, BY TONTATIS!

OH GOODY!

LET'S MOVE IN HERE, AND FIRST, LET'S GO AND DO SOME SHOPPING.

GOOD IDEA!

LATER...

WHAT A PRICE BOAR IS IN LUTETIA!

AND THE BUTCHER SAID PRICES WERE GOING TO RISE EVEN HIGHER. IT'S A POOR LOOKOUT FOR GAIUS!
WE'LL CATCH UP WITH THE ARVERNIAN ON THE WAY TO GERGONIA.

RIGHT!

HE CAN'T HAVE GOTTEN FAR AND ON FOOT WERE AS FAST AS ANY OX-CART!

OF COURSE WE ARE! THE OXEN ARE ON FOOT TOO!

CAN YOU TELL ME THE WAY TO GERGONIA PLEASE?

TAKE ROMAN ROAD VII.

WHAT A LOT OF TRAFFIC!

THERE MUST OFTEN BE AMPHORA-NECKS ON FINE DAYS!

SLOW! SLAVES AT WORK

THAT'S WHAT I CALL REAL DRIVING!

THEY'RE CRAZY! JUST KEEP AN EYE ON YOUR OXEN, ACCIDENTS CAN HAPPEN SO QUICKLY!

I STILL DON'T SEE OUR ARVERNIAN FRIEND...

MAYBE THAT CART AT THE TOP OF THE HILL THERE...

IT'S... IT'S THEM!
THE ARVERNIAN!
IN FRONT THERE!
LET'S GO!

AND THE GREAT RACE IS ON!
GEE UP! GEE UP!

I'M GOING TO
OVERTAKE!

WHAT'S THE
MATTER? WHAT DO
YOU WANT?
WHERE'S METALLURGIX?
TELL US ALL YOU
KNOW!

One day some men came and
took Metallurgix away... I
happened to be passing,
and they were going to
take me too...

But one of the men called
Cloogarlix, let me go on
condition I told him if
anyone came looking for
Metallurgix. They forced
me to be their accomplice,
but I'm innocent really!

STOP!
STOP!

LEAVE HIM TO ME,
ASTÉRIX! LET
ME HAVE AGO!

RIGHT! THE
ARVERNIAN HAS
GIVEN US
Cloogarlix's
ADDRESS. WE'LL
GO THERE!

WE OUGHT TO HAVE
KEPT ONE OF THE
OXEN FOR A
SNACK...

I'LL NEVER SET
FOOT IN
LUTETIA AGAIN!
According to what the Arverni told us, this should be Clovogarlix's house.

Open up, Clovogarlix! Open up, by Toutatis!

Shall we bash it in?

Boom! Boom!

Yes, let's bash it in!

Good!

Craash!

Nobody at home.

Let's search the place!

By Minerva! You again!

Come on! Move!

Shall we bash him in?

No, Obelix, not just now.

Soon afterwards...

To think we only came to buy a sickle!
LONG LIVE VERGINE...

...HIC!... TORIX!

HULLO. WHAT ARE YOU INSIDE FOR?

...HIC!

WE'RE LOOKING FOR A MAN CALLED CLOWGARLYN...

I KNOW HIM. HE... HIC!

...ASKED TO WORK AT NAVISHTRIX'S PLACE!

NAVISHTRIX HAD A LOVELY LITTLE WINE FROM GALLIA MARBONENSIS... HIC!... LOVELY LITTLE WINE... ALL DONE FOR NOW... HIC!... ALL OVER!

T'SH BAD...

SAAAD!...

BOOMOO... HIC!...

HOOOOO... ANY IDEA WHERE NAVISHTRIX AND CLOWGARLYN MIGHT HAVE GONE?

NO... SNIF!... BUT I OFTEN HEARD THEM ARRANGING TO MEET UNDER THE DOLMEN... HIC!

IT'S A CLUE. ONLY A SLIGHT CLUE, BUT A CLUE! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

UNDER THE DOLMEN?

RIGHT.

CRAASSHH!

?...

LONG LIVE VERGINE... VERCEGIN...

...HIC!... VERCEGIN TORIX!
HELP! RAISE THE ALARM! THE PRISONERS ARE ESCAPING!

TEHEEEHEE!

THIS IS NO TIME FOR FOOLING, OBELIX. WE'VE GOT A LOT OF IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO!

STOP, BY MERCURY! MY MASTER THE PREFECT IS COMPLAINING ABOUT THE NOISE. HE ORDERS YOU TO GO AND EXPLAIN WHAT'S HAPPENING!

BING!
PAF!

YOU GAULS DISTURBING ME AGAIN? JUST WHEN I WAS SO NICE AND BORED!

THEY'VE DEMOLISHED A HOUSE, THE PRISON DOOR, AND SEVEN LEGIONARIES!

I FIND THAT ALMOST AMUSING. IT'S QUITE GOOD! AS A REWARD, I SHALL SET THESE TWO GAULS FREE!

SUN AFTERNOON...

LONG LIVE VERGETOCETRIGE...
WE MUST FIND THE DOLMEN WHERE
CLOVIGARLY AND NAISHTRIX MEET!

IT WOULDN'T BE
EASY...

YOU NEVER KNOW,
THE LUTETIANS CAN'T
HAVE MANY DOLMENS...

POOR THINGS!

WE SHOULD BE ABLE
TO GET SOME
INFORMATION OVER
THERE!

DO YOU WANT TO
SEE OUR BEAUTIFUL CITY?

NO, WE WANT TO SEE
SOME DOLMENS!

WE HAVEN'T ANY
DOLMENS AROUND
HERE!

(SIGH)
POOR THINGS!

SURELY THERE MUST
BE AT LEAST ONE!

JUST A MINUTE... NOW I
COME TO THINK OF IT,
I HAVE HEARD OF A
DOLMEN IN THE FOREST...
THE FOREST OVER
WHERE THE SUN SETS...

JUST THE JOB!
TAKE US TO THAT
FOREST!

NO!
THERE ARE
WOLVES AND BANDITS
IN THAT FOREST!

WOULDN'T YOU RATHER
SEE A SHOW AT THE FAMOUS
MOLA RUBRA? 3 SESTERTI
AND AS MUCH BEER AS
YOU CAN DRINK!

NO, THANK YOU!

LET'S GO AND FIND
THAT FOREST OVER
WHERE THE SUN SETS!

ONE SINGLE,
SOLITARY
DOLMEN...
POOR THINGS!
The sun god, Belenos himself, is showing us the way!

That's nice of him!

You're not afraid of coming across wolves, are you?

No, but I hope we come across some bears as well, because I'm hungry and I don't like wolf...

We'll probably come across bandits too!

No thanks, I don't fancy bandit either.

Our two friends make their way towards the thick forest, as yet unaware that it will become the Bois de Somme...

Where are you off to?

The forest!

The forest's dangerous at night, what with wolves and bandits!

Huh! We Gauls don't know the meaning of fear!

Speak for yourselves! I'm a Gaul, and I'm afraid!

Which shall we come across first, wolves or bandits?

Shall we have a bet?

If it's wolves, you buy a round of beer, if it's bandits, I will.

Done!

Wolves! I've won!

Beastly animals!
The hooling's coming from over there... It's always me who loses bets! It's not fair!

What did I tell you?

Oh, of course, Mister Asterix is the clever one. Mister Asterix knows everything!

There must be something to eat up there.

Help!

What did I tell you?

You've still lost the bet, Smurk!

That bet wasn't fair! It was you who thought of it!

Don't be such a rotten sport, Obelix!

Sorry to interrupt, but could you possibly see your way to helping me?

We're coming!

Very kind of you!

Beastly animals! Beastly animals! And we can't even eat you!

Bad wolfie! Back to your kennel!

You can come down now, they've all gone.

Really? Boo!
THANK YOU VERY MUCH, GENTLEMEN.

WHO ARE YOU?

I'M A BANDIT...

COULDN'T YOU HAVE COME ON THE SCENE A BIT SOONER? THEN I'D HAVE WON MY BET!

PUT ME DOWN!

OH, VERY WELL!

TELL ME, BANDIT, DO YOU KNOW OF A DOLMEN NEAR THE BIG OAK TREE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FOREST?

THERE'S A DOLMEN NEAR THE BIG OAK TREE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FOREST...

GOOD! YOU CAN TAKE US THERE!

GO INTO THE FOREST? AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?

!!

I MAY BE A BANDIT, BUT I'M NOT CRAZY!!!

SHALL WE GET HIM BACK?

THERE'S NO NEED, WE'LL FIND IT OURSELVES QUITE EASILY.

BRAOUm!

I CAN'T SEE A THING, AND IT'S RAINING!

YOU'RE RIGHT, OBELIX, I'M COMPLETELY LOST! LET'S SHELTER HERE...
The rain's stopping and the moon's coming out.

Yes, but we're lost.

I'm starting to wonder whether we shall ever find that dolmen...

Boohoo!

Poor Metallurgix! We'll never be able to rescue him now!

Boohoo!

Wait a minute...
What's this?

Sniff!

It's the dolmen, Obelix! We've found it!

This dolmen is a rendezvous for sickle-traffickers. We're going to lie in wait and watch.

Time passes, and the sun god returns to his place in the sky...

Wakeup, Obelix! Someone's coming!
IT'S CONOGRAP! SHALL WE GET HIM?

NO, OBELIX! QUIET!

WHY DON'T WE GET HIM?

SSSH, OBELIX!

IF YOU DON'T EXPLAIN I'M GOING TO GET HIM, AND THEN I'M GOING TO BULK!

I WANT TO KNOW WHERE HE'S GONE, OBELIX! NOW SHUT UP! LET'S WORK HIM!

OH!

HE'S DISAPPEARED!

IT'S YOUR FAULT, OBELIX! YOU STOPPED ME WATCHING HIM!

YOU SHOULD HAVE LET ME GET HIM!

THESE FOOTPRINTS LEAD NOWHERE...

PERHAPS THERE'S SOME SORT OF TRAPDOOR...

I'LL HAVE A LOOK...

I'VE FOUND IT!!
WAIT FOR ME, OBELIX! I'LL JUST TAKE A SWIG OF MAGIC POTION...

AND HERE I COME!

BY TOUTATIS!

SHALL WE TAKE THE SUBWAY?
LET'S DO THAT!

THERE'S A LIGHT DOWN THERE...

BY BELENO!
YE GODS AND LITTLE BOARLETS!

MAY THE SKY FALL ON MY HEAD! GOLDEN SICKLES!
THOUSANDS OF GOLDEN SICKLES!

I'D EVEN SAY DOZENS OF GOLDEN SICKLES!

INTERESTED IN OUR SICKLE DEPOT, EH?

SEIZE THEM!

THAT'S RIGHT! SEIZE US!

GOODY, GOODY, GUNDERS!
Warm rays of brilliant sunshine light up a cloudless sky...

Little birds warble on the leafy branches...

Squirrels play on the mossy ground...

While underneath the mossy ground...

Get them Obelix!

You Bet I will, Asterix!

Bow Plaf! Ouch! Boum!

Are there any left, Asterix?

No, Obelix, you're just finishing off the last one...

Let's get out of here and warn the boss!

Obelix, I'm a bit worried... I can't find Naughtrix!

He can't have come to any harm, he was here just now!

Anyway, I've got Clovagarlix.

That's something...
YOU LOT, HOP IT! WE WON'T NEED YOU ANY MORE!

WHAT HAPPENED? WOULD SOMEONE PLEASE ELUCIDATE ME?

NOT YOU, YOU'VE GOT SOME TALKING TO DO!

I WILL TELL YOU NOTHING!

RIGHT! OFF YOU GO, OBELIX!

I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING!

I DON'T KNOW A GREAT DEAL. THIS IS JUST AN UNDERGROUND STORE FOR THE SICKLES. METALLURGIK MADE THEM. AND NAISHTRIX USED TO BRING THEM HERE...

MY COUSIN METALLURGIK! WHERE'S METALLURGIK?

THE BIG BOSS IS KEEPING HIM PRISONER!

SO NAISHTRIX ISN'T THE BIG BOSS?

NO, BUT NAISHTRIX KNOWS HIS IDENTITY. BY TOOTARS, MAY THE SKY FALL ON MY HEAD IF I TELL A LIE!

LET'S GO AND TRY TO FIND THIS BIG BOSS!

RIGHT!

WHAT ABOUT ME? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME?

YOU STAY HERE TO LOOK AFTER THE SICKLES. THEY BELONG TO METALLURGIK!

OF COURSE! WITH PLEASURE!

POOR IDIOT! AS SOON AS THEIR BACKS ARE TURNED, I'LL BE OFF WITH THE SICKLES!

I'VE ALREADY TOLD YOU... THE STONE OVER THE TRAPDOOR WILL HELP OUR FRIEND CLEO GARLIN RESIST TEMPTATION...

HE DOESN'T KNOW SOME NASTY SWEAR WORDS!
LET'S GET BACK TO LATETIA QUICKLY AND TRY TO FIND NAVISHTRIX! HE CAN LEAD US TO THE TRAFFICKERS' BOSS.

A LITTLE LATER...

OLIVE OIL FROM GREECE!

SAUSAGE, LUSDUNIA.

YOU KNOW, ASTERIX, I THINK IT'S MARKET DAY TODAY...

...AND A LITTLE FARTHER ON.

I WANT A STEAK PLEASE.

A NICE PRIME STEAK.

AH! THAT'S BETTER.

THIS IS VERY GOOD MEAT.

OBELIX, LOOK!! THERE HE IS!!!!

THAT'LL BE TWO SESTERTIIS...

WHAT THE... IT'S NOT AS DEAR AS ALL THAT?

THERE HE IS!

RUNNING THAT WAY!

STOP THIEF!
MY STEAK!
MY PRIME STEAK!!!!

WHICH WAY DID HEGO?

WHAT'S ALL THAT COMMOTION?

MY PRIME STEAK!
BY APOLLO! YOU AGAIN!

I COULD SAY THE SAME THING, ROMAN!

GRAB HOLD OF THESE TWO MEN!!!

LOOK HERE, BE REASONABLE...

SHALL WE GET THEM, ASBERIX?

NO, OBELIX... I’M SURE WE SHALL BE ABLE TO EXPLAIN EVERYTHING.

WHAT ABOUT MY PRIME STEAK? WHO’S GOING TO PAY FOR MY PRIME STEAK?

SOON AFTERWARDS, AVE CENTURION! I’VE BROUGHT IN TWO GAULS!

WHAT ABOUT MY PRIME...

NOT A WORD! PUT THEM IN CHAINS AND LOCK THEM UP SEPARATELY!

AND JUST WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT MY PRIME STEAK?

I’LL SHOW YOU WHAT I’M GOING TO DO ABOUT YOUR PRIME STEAK!!

LATER...

DID YOU CATCH THE THIEF?

NO! GIVE ME A NICE STEAK!
AEE, WE JUST GOING QUIETLY?
I THINK I'VE MADE A MISTAKE. WE'LL HAVE TO ESCAPE!

SILENCE!

WE'LL PUT THE FATT ONE IN HERE...
SEE YOU IN A MINUTE, ASTERIX...

I'LL GIVE YOU THE AHEAD, OBEUX!
RIGHT, MEANWHILE, I'LL HAVE A LITTLE SNOOZE...

RIGHT, A QUICK SWIG OF MAGIC POTION AND THEN I'LL GET RID OF THESE SILLY CHAINS...

IN YOU GO, GAUL!
DON'T BOTHER TO SHUT THE DOOR, I'M ONLY PASSING THROUGH!

OUNCH! HOW AM I GOING TO GET HOLD OF THE MAGIC POTION?

HEE ..., 'HIC? ...
I KNOW YOU!

HULLO ... YOU STILL HERE?

YES ..., I DID ... HIC! ... GET OUT! BUT THEY PUT ME BACK INSIDE!

LISTEN ... GET THIS BOURSE OUT OF MY BELT AND GIVE ME A DROP TO DRINK...

LONG LIVE 'HIC! 'HIC! VERGINCERIOTOX!

SOMETHING ... 'HIC! ...
SOMETHING TO DRINK? IS IT GOOD?

HURRY UP, BY TOUTATIS, YOU INEPTSED OVERFLOWING AMPHORA!
ARE YOU GOING TO GET THIS GOURD FOR ME?!!!

NO!...SHH!... YOU'RE NOT VERY KIND... I'M SULKING!

LISTEN... IT'S VERY GOOD STUFF, AND YOU CAN HAVE A DROP YOURSELF...

HIC!

IN THAT CASE, ALL RIGHT!

IT'S GOT A FUNNY TASTE...

CRACK!

LONG LIVE... HIC!...

VERGOGETRECIX!

SHUT UP!

YOU COMING, OBELIX? I'M COMING AFTER!

TCHAC!

CRAAACK!

LONG LIVE GEGOTRIGERIX!

WILL YOU SHUT UP?
LONG LIVE VEROGETROGERIX!
ARE YOU GOING TO SHUT UP?!
SILENCE!

LEGIONARIES, FOLLOW ME!

IT HAD TO HAPPEN. HERE THEY COME!

FORTUNATELY I'VE JUST HAD SOME MAGIC POTION... I'M FEELING VERY FIT!

CLANG!

MYSELF, I FEEL A LITTLE WEAK... IT'S THE LACK OF FOOD...

HELP!!

OH, NO! THAT'S ENOUGH, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE ME TO FINISH OFF THIS COHORT FIRST?

WE'VE GOT OTHER THINGS TO DO, OBELEK. WE MUST FIND NAISHTRIX!

MY MASTER SURPUS PARAFROOM WISHES TO KNOW THE REASON FOR THIS...

Uproar!

CHIC?
I'm thirsty... hic! That stuff I drank left me feeling thirsty!

STOP THAT MAN!

Just let me out, I'm going to have a beer and then... hic! I'll be back.

Clang!

CLONK!

Now then... Long live Vercingeto, long live Thiny! hic!

Meanwhile...

Where on earth is the way out?

HALT!

You can't go in there! Prefect Surplis Dairnprobus is in there!

Good! We've got a word or two to say to the prefect.

OOOOh!
THERE THEY ARE!!!

THAT'S THEM, BOSS!!!

YOU TALK TOO MUCH, NAISHTRIX! YOU BORE ME...

ENCLOSE US, O SURPLUS, PAIRIPRODUS. THESE GAULS WILL BE PUNISHED FOR THEIR EFFRONTERY IN DARING TO DISTURB YOU!

HEAR, HEAR!

YOUR PREFECT IS A BANDIT! HE'S THE BOSS OF THE GOLDEN-SICKLE TRAFFICKERS!

RUBBISH! YOU'LL PAY FOR YOUR INSOLENCE, GAUL!

JUST TRY IT!

HERE WE GO AGAIN

LEAVE HIM ALONE... THAT MAN IS TELLING THE TRUTH... I AM INDEED THE BOSS OF THE GOLDEN-SICKLE TRAFFICKERS...

QUIS, QUID, QUID! QUIDENS, AXILLIS, QUIRUS, QUOMODO, QUANDO?

JUST A PARDONABLE FANCY, I DID IT FOR A BIT OF FUN... I'M SO BORED!

I DID IT FOR MONEY AS WELL... MONEY IS ONE OF THE ONLY THINGS THAT STILL INTERESTS ME...

ACTA EST PABULA... PASS ME A CHICKEN, NAISHTRIX...

IS THIS ANY MOMENT TO SPEAK LATIN AND STUFF YOURSELF?!!
WHAT ABOUT METALLURGIX? WHERE IS HE?

YES, WHERE'S MY DEAR LITTLE COUSIN?

IF YOU MEAN THE SICKLE MANUFACTURER I HAD ARRESTED, HE'S KEEPING COOL IN THE CELLAR!!!

COME ON!

ARE YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT ANY CHICKEN, NAVARIX?

I'M NOT A BIT HUNGRY... NOT A BIT!

METALLURGIX!

I'M YOUR COUSIN OBEIX!

OBEIX?

Pleased to meet you!

And this is my friend Asterix!

Delighted, I'm sure!

Er... are you prisoners too, or have you come to set me free?

You're free, metalurgix!

FREE!

Remove his chains and put chains on these two!

A bit of fun at last! When Caesar knows I've gone to the bad he'll be furious! He'll condemn us to row in his galley's, or better still, to be eaten by the lions in the circus... we're going to have a few laughs!

If you call that a few laughs...
I know where your other sickles are, Metallurgix. Under a dolmen in the forest. Let's go and get them straight away.

Poor old Clovocarlix. He ran away as if he thought himself were after him.

A few hours later...

Tereehee! By Belenos, we won't see him back in Lutetia in a hurry. Come on, we'll celebrate that.

We haven't completed our mission yet, Metallurgix. We came to buy a golden sickle from you, for our Druid.

Scrunch! Scrunch!

I'll give you this one... the finest of them all...

But we want to pay!

No! No! I owe you so much! I wouldn't hear of it...

Well... in that case...

I've brought you a little present, too, Metallurgix.

Scrunch! Scrunch!

It's a menhir... you can put it anywhere you like...

Now we must set back to our village. The Druid's waiting for his sickle!

Goodbye, cousin Metallurgix. Come and see us soon!

Antique thanks for everything! I don't know how I can ever repay you!

Don't be silly, it was nothing...
WITH THEIR GARDEN SICKLE AT LAST OUR TWO FRIENDS LEAVE LUTETIA FOR AN UNEVENTFUL JOURNEY...

I LOVE LUTETIA IN THE SPRINGTIME!

APART FROM A FEW RASH BANDITS...

I TELL YOU, THE SKY HAS FALLEN ON OUR HEADS!

...A FEW FOOLISH BARRACOONS...

Zat vos kein nice zink to da!

Nein, it nicht vos!

AND SEVERAL CAKELESS WILD BOAR...

...THEIR JOURNEY, AS WE SAID, WAS UNEVENTFUL!

LOOK, OBELIX, THERE'S OUR VILLAGE!

GREAT!

COME ON, EVERYONE! ASTERIX AND OBELIX ARE BACK!

WELCOME BACK, BRAVE WARRIORS!

I WILL NOW COMPOSE AN ODE FOR THIS GLORIOUS OCCASION!

JUST YOU TRY IT!

HERE IS YOUR GOLDEN SICKLE, O DRUID GETAPIN!

THANK YOU, MY FRIENDS, I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T FAIL ME!

ALL OUR FRIENDS GATHER TOGETHER FOR A GREAT FEAST TO CELEBRATE THE RETURN OF THE HEROS WITH THE BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN SICKLE WHICH WILL BEING OUR ANCESTORS TO THE VILLAGE...

THAT'S FUNNY: OUR BARD CACOFOON HAVEN'T Turned UP TO SING one of his ODES!

THE END