Asterix and the Big Fight

Book 9

GOSCINNY AND UDERZO

HÖODER DARGAUD
The year is 50 B.C. Gaul is entirely occupied by the Romans. Well, not entirely... One small village of 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...
a few of the Gauls

Asterix, the hero of these adventures. A shrewd, 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...

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 new adventure with Asterix - so long as there’s wild boar to eat, and plenty of fighting.

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...

Finally, Vitalstatistix, the chief of the tribe. Majestic, brave and hot-tempered, the old warrior is respected by his men and feared by his enemies. Vitalstatistix himself has only one fear; he is afraid the sky may fall on his head tomorrow. But as he always says, ‘Tomorrow never comes.’

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

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

What are these pillars for? They make the house look Gallo-Roman.

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

What a Gall!

He's always been that way... it's very galling.

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

Hey, here are Asterix and Obelix back from hunting!

Well, boys, any news? No. We got a boar each. But I had Dogmatix to help me. He's a great boarhound.

Oh yes, I forgot... we met a Roman patrol.

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

THE Patrol's back, O Centurion Nebulus Nimbus

By Jupiter!!! What happened to you?

Er... We met a couple of Gauls... and they did have a dog with them...

AND TWO BOARS!

So that made five!

These Gauls keep on making fools of us!

We have to find a solution, O Nebulus Nimbus... if they get too near, you'll be under a cloud!

So what do you suggest, O Felonius Caucus, my right-hand man?

Well...

I've been stationed in this country a long time. I know the Gaulish customs, and there's one custom that might come in very useful... it's called the Big Fight

The Big Fight?

Yes... when the chief of a Gaulish tribe wants to become the chief of two Gaulish tribes, he challenges another chief to single combat. The loser and his whole tribe submit to the winner...

... if both chiefs are equally strong, they have the right to throw bales of straw at each other. Thus the result is said to be decided by a straw vote... if we had a chief who supported us in command of those inimitable Gauls, there'd be no problem...

Bonk! Biff!

All right, but what chief would be crazy enough to challenge the Terrible Vitalstatistix? His Druid's magic potion makes him invincible!

I know just the man. He's a collaborator, and as colossal as the Colosseum!
BY MINERVA! LET'S GO AND SEE THIS CHIEF OF YOURS RIGHT AWAY!

IN THE VILLAGE OF LINOLEUM...

BY JUPITER AND TOUTATHS! I TOLD YOU BEFORE I WANTED SHORT BACK AND SIDES AND TOGAS! WE'RE GALLO-ROMANS!

RIGHT! FOR A START, WE'RE GOING TO BUILD AN AQUEDUCT!

BUT, CHIEF CASSIUS CERAMIX, WE DON'T NEED AN AQUEDUCT... THE RIVER FLOWS RIGHT THROUGH OUR VILLAGE AND OUR FIELDS...

AND THAT'S ABOUT ENOUGH ARGUING!

WHAT DID I TELL YOU?

FLOC!

THEN WE'LL DIVERT THE COURSE OF THE RIVER! AQUEDUCTS ARE MORE ROMAN!

BY JUPITER! IF ALL THE GAULS WERE LIKE THAT, WE'D BE ROMANO-GAULS!
O CASSIUS CERAMIX!

Ave Caesar! Welcome to our beloved invaders!

Terribly sorry to invade you like this, but centurion Nebulus Nimbus and I would like a talk with you.

This is my house... I mean, my domus. Won't you come in, please?

Delighted, I'm sure.

You know the custom of the big fight... we'd like you to fight another chief and take over his tribe when you've beaten him.

Nothing easier! Who is this unfortunate chief? It'll be sheer murder!

Vitalstatistix!

Vitalstatistix! He gets his superhuman strength from the magic potion brewed by the druid Cetafix!

All right, all right... let's change the subject!

No, don't let's change the subject!

Since the problem is the druid's potion, let's dispose of the druid! No more druid, no more potion, no more problem!
NEXT DAY...

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, O DRUID GETAFIX?

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

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

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

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, ASTERIX?

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

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, JUNO!

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

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

... IS OVER THERE!

IN THE CAMP OF TOTORUM...

THE CAMOUFLAGED DETACHMENT IS READY TO RECEIVE YOUR ORDERS, O NEBULUS NIMBUS.

WHAT, AND HAVE SOME KID PINCH IT?
HMM. RIGHT!
WHO'S IN COMMAND
OF THIS DETACHMENT?

RIGHT!
GIVE HIM HIS
ORDERS!

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

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

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

THAT
DIDN'T WORK!

NO, THE
HARE DIDN'T
GET JUGGED

TRY TO LOOK
AS BOTANICAL
AS POSSIBLE....

THE BIG SAP...WE'RE
TOO BIG TO PLAY
CORPS AND
ROBBERKS.

IF YOU ASK
ME, WE'RE
ALL SUCKERS!

I'M TREMBLING
LIKE A LEAF!

WE'RE NOT
OUT OF THE
WOOD YET!

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

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

A LITTLE...

WHERE ARE
THEY? WHERE
ARE THEY?

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

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

SIR!
SOMEONE'S
COMING!

DO WE FORM A SQUARE?

NOW FORM A SPINNEY!
AND QUIETLY!
I DON'T WANT TO HEAR
ANY TEETH CHATTERING,
GET IT?

NO
I’m sure to find four-leaved clovers in that spinney...

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

A foot?

There he is! Get him! Quick!

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

I’ll get rid of them for you!

No, Obelix! Nooooo!

Bravo, Obelix! Oh, very well done!

Well, I did get rid of those Romans, didn’t I?
WITH A PILUM?

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

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

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

MEANWHILE...

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

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

JUST A LITTLE TAP ON THE HEAD WITH A MENHİR... NOTHING TO SPEAK OF...

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

HOW ARE YOU FEELING?

VERY WELL, THANK YOU... AND WHO MIGHT YOU BE, MY DEAR SIR?
Haha, hohoho! You really are funny, fatty! Heeheeheehee!

Haha, hohoho! He really has lost his memory!

And his mind, he sees fat men when there aren't any!

What exactly is going on?

The druid doesn't recognize anyone!

Let me play him a tune... he'll recognize my genius.

We could try... it's rather violent treatment, but sometimes a shock...

If you were the only Gaul in the world...

Long, sling...

Heeheeheehee! Don't stop, my dear Sir, it's very nice! Encore! Encore!

He's crazy! He's crazy! Told you so!

He's crazy! He's crazy! He's crazy! He's crazy!
HA! HA! HA!
HO! HO! HO!

You take the druid back to his hut, Obelix. I'm going to talk to our chief.

As I have been asked for an encore...

That will do!!

How are we going to cure him, Asterix?

To think how easily he could have made potions to cure himself like a shot...

The potion! The magic potion that gives us superhuman strength!

Plac!

Let's hope he can remember the formula! If not, those Romans are going to get the better of us! They outnumber us a hundred to one, and they're better equipped too!

O getark, can you remember the formula of the magic potion?

Magic potion?

What magic potion? You must let me have a look at this, my dear sir... It sounds interesting.

We must warn the whole village. This is serious!

You know... The potion! I fell into it when I was a baby!

HO! HO! HO!
I can see I'm really going to enjoy myself here... It's all so quaint and funny... YIPPEEEE!
Friends, Gauls, Countrymen! I have a serious announcement to make! Our Druid has lost his memory and can no longer make the magic potion, the secret of our strength... Our stocks of potion are exhausted, so now we are vulnerable, we must keep this disaster secret, and hope no one challenges us before our beloved Druid is cured!

In any case, never forget that we have nothing to fear except the sky falling on our heads!

But the skies are lowering... A Roman messenger arrives at the village of Uculeleum...

Where do I find your chief Cassius Ceramix?

He's inspecting Professor Bérlix's School of Modern Languages at the moment.

Nensa, Nensa, Nensa, Mensa, Mensa...

Ave!

I have an important message for you from Centurion Nebulis Nimbus, O Cassius Ceramix!

Right, let's leave the room!

Very good, Prawnsinaspix! You'll get a star. But you needn't go on saluting, they've left the room!

I'm not saluting! I want to leave the room too!!!
I’VE COME TO TELL YOU THE DURLGETARIX HAS BEEN DISPOSED OF. YOU CAN CHALLENGE CHIEF VITALSTATISTIX.

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

QUIT SURE! WE DEFEATED HIM! IT WAS A PAINFUL VICTORY!

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

I'M GOING TO BEAT VITALSTATISTIX. I'VE THE GREATSTAND, AND THEN, WITH THE HELP OF THE ROMANS, I SHALL BEAT ALL THE OTHER CHIEFS AND I'LL BE THE ONLY CHEF LEFT IN GAIL!

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

BACK IN THE GALLISH VILLAGE, OUR FRIENDS' LONG VIGIL IS DRAWING TO A CLOSE... ANYWAY, IT GOT HIM INTO A GOOD MOOD... A TINY LITTLE MESSIR LIKE THAT... IT ONLY PICKLED HIM!

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

WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS LIKE CACOFONIX SINGING! I'LL GO AND SEE!

BOOOAAAHOOOOOOO

BAAAAAHOOO

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

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

ASTERIX, TELL HIM TO STOP LAUGHING WHENEVER HE LOOKS AT ME!
CERAMIX IS COMING, CHIEF!
COME ON, HURRY UP!
THEY'VE CALLING ME!
IF YOU WILL KEEP
DOGETING...

GET DOWN!
THEY'RE COMING!

THERE YOU ARE!

WHAT A ROW!

IT HAS A CERTAIN
SOMETHING...

BAAAAAHOOOOOOOOOOOUUUUHHH!
BAAAAAOOOOOUUUUUUULUHHAH!

AEE!

WATCHER!

THIS IS A
SUMMIT
CONFERENCE!

I HAVE COME TO THROW
DOWN THE GALAILET! I AM
CHALLENGING YOU TO
SINGLE COMBAT!

A CHALLENGE!

A CHALLENGE!

YES, BUT...

ACCORDING TO OUR LAWS,
THE WINNER WILL BECOME
CHIEF OF THE LOSER'S TRIBE!
THE FIGHT WILL TAKE
PLACE NEXT CALENDAYS!
LISTEN CERAMIX.
NOT ANOTHER WORD! VICTORUS TE SALUS! I TURN MY BACK ON YOU!

ME! NOT YOU! IF WE ALL TURN OUR BACKS I GET BACK WHERE I STARTED!

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

?!?

HEY, THAT'S...
ABOUT TURN! AND FAST!

US OR YOU?

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

THIS IS A NICE MESS! THAT BRUTE'S AS STRONG AS ME, OUR DRUIDS IN NO STATE TO MAKE THE MAGIC POTION AND THE FUTURE OF THE TRIBE DEPENDS ON THE RESULT OF THIS FIGHT!

WOAAAHAAAA HEEHEEHEE!

LET'S HOPE OUR DRUID WILL SOON BE FEELING BETTER!

HOHOOO HEEHEEHEE!
IN THE FORTIFIED CAMP OF TOTORUM...

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

I'VE CHALLENGED VITALSTATISTA AND NOW I CAN'T WITHDRAW WITHOUT SUBMITTING TO HIM. I'M NOT SURE I WON'T, RATHER THAN GET MYSELF MURDERED...

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

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

QUOD ERAT DEMONSTRANDUM

OH, QUITE EASILY DONE!

MEANWHILE, IN THE GAULISH VILLAGE...

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

LOOK, WHO IS THIS GETFAX YOU KEEP ON ABOUT?

LET'S GET EVERYTHING READY. PERHAPS HIS MEMORY WILL COME BACK. OBELEIX, YOU GO AND FETCH THE INGREDIENTS FROM GETFAX'S HUT, AND A CAULDRON

WOAHAAAAH!

THAT FAT MAN IS PRICELESS!

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

YOU'VE ALREADY DONE THAT WITH A MENHIR, OBELEIX!
HA! HA! HA! this is fun! Looks as though he remembers the formula!

SPLOSH!

BOOM!

Soon afterwards...

Terribly sorry, gentlemen. Nothing's happening this time... it's a dud.

BLOP! BLOP! BLOP!

Maybe he's done it. Let's go and see.

BLOP! BLOP! BLOP!

TEEHEEHEE! It worked! It worked!

I wonder if we're going to get anywhere this way?

We'll just have to take pot luck!

AND WHAT DO I DO NOW?

Will you put the ingredients in the cauldron... then you make the potion.

HA! HA! HA! This is fun! Looks as though he remembers the formula!

ER... IF YOU LIKE...

OBElix, go and find another cauldron!
Commanded by Legionary Infirmo Purpurus, a patrol ventures into the forest...

This is odd... where are the Gauls? One of them ought to have knocked us over the head by now!

Booom!

Hear that? What are they up to? What on earth are they up to?

Look! A cauldron!

Where?

Clonck

Back to the camp, quick!

They're making horrible noises in that village, and firing cauldrons' great distances, very hard...

Cauldrons? How dare they take pot shots at my legionaries?!

What's more, this isn't used to make fish soup!

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

This is a pretty kettle of fish!

Splat!

In the Gaulish village...

That one didn't go off bang, perhaps he's done it?

If it didn't go off bang, perhaps he's done it?

Let's have a look...
Someone ought to taste it to find out if it is the magic potion...

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

I will taste it... after all, the druid may be off colour because of my menhir!

Blip! Blip! Blip!

Tee hee hee, tee hee hee!

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

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

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

Meanwhile in the fortified camp of Totorum...

Has Infirmeippurpus gone yet?

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

Are you going to come out of there?

No!

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

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

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

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

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

WE OUGHT TO STIR HIM, OR ELSE HE'LL STICK...

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

I... I'M NOT QUITE READY YET...

ALL RIGHT THEN, JUST TO KEEP Body AND SOLE TOGETHER... BUT IT'S UNDER PROTEST... WHY THE FLAMING HURRY?

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

SOON AFTERWARDS...

LOOK! HERE COMES AFRICOMOPHRUPUS!

HE LOOKS A BIT SOUR!

AND HE SMELLS OF FISH!

IT MUST BE A CRAB APPLE TREE!

HOHOHOHO!

HAHAHA!

IDIOTS!

THE GALLANT LEGIONARY REACHES THE FOREST...

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

TO-WHIT! TO-WHOO!

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

TO-WHIT?

SHOO!

TO-WHOO! TO-WHOO!

A TALKING TREE! IT SMELLS OF FISH TOO! VERY REMARKABLE! I WILL NEVER LEAVE THIS PLACE!
WE POSITIVELY MUST HAVE A ROMAN TO TASTE OUR DRUID'S POTION!

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

HELP!
THE GAULS!
I'LL TRY TO LOOK INCONSPICUOUS!

TO-WHIT, TO-WHOO!

SOMEONE'S CALLING TO US!

TO WHO?

TO-WHIT, TO-WHOO!

T SOMETHING OVER THERE! LET'S HAVE A LOOK!

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

TO-WHIT, TO-WHOO!

HELP!

YOU CAN'T EAT IT, BUT IT'S AMUSING. I THINK I'LL TAKE IT HOME TO DOMITIAL, THEN HE'LL HAVE A LITTLE FRIEND.

WOULD HE GROW AT AN OWL?

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

PHEW!

PHEW? DID YOU HEAR SOMEBODY SAY PHEW?

PHEW? WHO?

TO-WHOO!

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

MUMMY!

THIS REALLY IS A MOST ENTERTAINING TREE... AN ENTIRELY NEW VARIETY!
CONBO'S BODY LIES A MOLLUSC IN THE GRAVE...

DON'T HURT ME! I'M A WARRIOR LIKE YOU, EVEN IF I AM AN ENEMY!... YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO HURT AN ENEMY WARRIOR, WOULD YOU?

BUT HIS SOLE GOES WALKING ON...

WE'RE NOT GOING TO HURT YOU. WE'RE OFFERING YOU A SPOT OF SOUP. THAT'S ALL YOU'RE GOING TO DO?

THAT'S ALL WE'RE GOING TO DO!

TO-WAIT, TO-WHOO!

BLOW BLOW BLOW!

WOOHAHAHA!

HOW DO YOU DO THAT?

NIH... WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?

NO LUCK YET... WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE ANOTHER POTION...

DON'T WORRY, ROMAN. WE'LL SEE TO IT

FUNNY... HE TURNS GREEN AFTER THEY DIG HIM UP...

SOON AFTERWARDS...

HOOHOHO! I AM HAVING A NICE TIME HERE!
The unhappy Inermopurples draws several highly-coloured potions one after another... Glomp! Glomp!

...with results that... while decorative...

...are not...

The results... desired!

This must be a very healthy drink... it gives you a good colour.

Wooahahahaha! Haahahaha!

Stop it! I've had enough! I want my schoolgirl complexion back that made me so many conquests on the Appian Way!

Yippee!

Don't be so colourful... I mean choleric... it makes you go purple... we're going to have one last shot and then we'll leave you alone.

I am feeling blue!

Soon afterwards...

Look, Asterix, he's sky-blue... that's because he's turned pale... come on, drink this!
How are you feeling, Roman?
Fine... in the pink...

Positively buoyant...

... Very buoyant!

CATCH ME!
CATCH HIM! HE'S FLYING AWAY!!!

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

Ooooooh!

Tomhooooo!

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

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

Hey!

Send up an anchor... and none of your clever remarks!

Soon afterwards...

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

COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF, O CENTURION... YOU WOULD NEVER BELIEVE IT, BY JUPITER!

??!

That's no way to appear before your commanding officer! Come down here at once!!!

FEATHER-BRAINED, MORE LIKE! GET HIM DOWN!

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

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

WELL, WELL, VERY INTERESTING!

YOU CAN LET HIM GO NOW!
Let's get at the Gauls! There are a lot more of us than them!

It's quite unnecessary to risk injury... let Cassius Ceranix do the dirty work for us. We'll attack only if he loses.

Gnnnee Héhéhé! Hóha Haha! Hey... what about me?

He fues at night just like me! He's the nicest tree I ever lighted upon!

What's to become of me? You're starting to get me down... I hope!

Don't worry! The effects of these Gaulish potions are only temporary! It will soon wear off, have a good night!

What's up with you?

Sure enough, in the middle of the night... Baaom!

Hmm... the potion's worn off.

While the Romans are dead to the world, the Gauls pass a sleepless night...

We need another Druid to curse our Druid!

What a good idea, by Toutatis!

I know a Druid living near here. His specialty is curing the mentally disturbed. He's called Psychoanalytix.
WE'RE GOING TO FETCH PSYCHOANALYTIX!

WE HAVEN'T CROSSED ANY ROMAN PATROLS. THAT SPY MUST HAVE SAID WE'VE RUN OUT OF MAGIC POTION, SO THERE'S NO NEED TO WATCH US.

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

AFTER AN UNEVENTFUL JOURNEY...

HERE WE ARE.

PSYCHOANALYTIX DRUID.

WE'D LIKE TO SEE THE DRUID!

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

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

WAITING GLADE.

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

Not in the way, am I?

THIS ONE'S AFRAID THE SKY MAY FALL ON HIS HEAD.

THIS ONE THINKS HE'S A WILD BOAR!

OBEIX!

GREOUINX! GRRROUINX!

UTLISING HUT.

NO ONE KNOWS WHO THIS ONE THINKS HE IS.

?
NEXT, PLEASE MISS RICCARONAT-ORSCA!

GRRRO'INNNK!
GROUINNNN!

SOMETHING HAPPENED?

NEXT!

DOESN'T HE THINK HE'S A WILD BEAR ANY MORE?

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

GROUINNKK!

SOON AFTERWARDS...

I'M CURED! I'M CURED! I'M NOT FRIGHTENED OR THE SKY FALLING ON MY HEAD ANY MORE!

THIS DRUID'S AMAZING, I'M SURE! HE'LL CURE GETAFIX!

IT'S YOUR TURN!

COME IN! COME IN!

LIE DOWN, PLEASE.
WHO ME?

IT'S YOUR TURN!
NOW THEN, WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE?... DON'T TELL ME, I KNOW...

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

BUT I'M NOT ILL!!!
NO, O DRUID, HE'S NOT ILL...

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

WE CAME TO FETCH YOU TO CURE GETAFIX. HE'S THE ONE WHO'S ILL

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

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

CO-HUT

?!! WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON HERE?

IT'S THAT BARBARIAN YOU CURED OF SHYNESS. HE SAID HE WANTED TO CATCH UP WITH HIS WORK

SOON AFTERWARDS...
BOOHOOOOOO!

BOOHOOOOOOOHOOO!
I'M TOO FAT!
I'M TOO FAAAAAT!
NONSENSE, OBELIX. YOU'RE NOT TOO EAT AT ALL...

YOU'RE ONLY SAYING THAT TO CHEER ME UP?

BOOHOHOHO!

SOON AFTERWARDS...

AH, HERE YOU ARE AT LAST! COME ALONG, I'LL TAKE YOU TO GETAFIX!

GETAFIX, MY DEAR OLD FRIEND!

WOHAHAHAHAHOHOHO!

WHO'S THIS LITTLE SHRIMP?

HOHO! HEHEHE!

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

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

OF COURSE, OBELIX, NATURALLY... LET THE DRIED GET ON WITH HIS WORK...

RIGHT! NOW I'VE CLEARED THE PATTERN, I CAN HAVE A LOOK AT GETAFIX

HEHEHE! HOHO!

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

OBELIX, YOU MUST HAVE A MEANAIR TO DELIVER! DON'T KEEP YOUR CUSTOMERS WAITING!

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

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

SOON AFTERWARDS...

I KNOW SOME VERY CLEVER TRICKS WITH A CAULDRON TOO!

NOW REMEMBER, WHATEVER YOU DO DON'T CONTRADICT THE PATIENT.

WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM? SOME SORT OF A SHOCK?

YES, IT WAS A MENHIR GOT HIM DOWN.

I DON'T THINK IT WAS THAT AT ALL. YOU ALWAYS MAKE IT OUT IT WAS MY FAULT. YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TELL ME THAT A LITTLE TAP WITH A...

OBELIX, I DON'T BE SO PIG-HEADED. IT DOESN'T TAKE A DRUID TO KNOW THAT IT WAS ALL ON ACCOUNT OF YOUR MENHIR!

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

LIKE THAT...

BONG!

OBELIX!

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

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

HE'S COMING TO!

HOW ARE YOU, O DRUID?

I BES YOUR PARDON, MY DEAR SIR?

WELL, HE DID ASK...
HEEHEEHEE! HOHOHO! HAHAHA

OUR FIRST SESSION WILL BE TOMORROW AT THE CRACK OF DAWN. YOUR DIET... RED MEAT, NO MORE BEER, NOTHING BUT GOAT'S MILK

WHAT A LOVELY BLUE! WHAT A LOVELY RED!
DANNY HAS NOT YET CRACKED WHEN...

COCKADOODEDOO!

ONE, TWO, ONE, TWO. COME ON, BOYS, PUT SOME BEEF INTO IT, BY TOUTATIS!

ON YOUR FEET, CHIEF! WE'LL START YOUR TRAINING WITH A BIT OF RUNNING!

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

THAT'S BETTER

THAT'S BETTER

MUCH BETTER

VERY MUCH BETTER

VERY WELL, LET'S STAR...

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

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

HE'S RIGHT OBERIX IS IDEAL FOR THE PART. I SHAN'T BE AROUND OR HURTING HIM

BRONX!

TCHONK!

VERY WELL, LET'S STAR...

I WAS ONLY TRYING TO HELP...

BRAVO! OH, VERY CLEVER, OBERIX! WHEN YOU'RE AROUND THERE'S NO NEED FOR ANY ROMANS IN GAUL!!!
O, CHIEF VITALSTATIS, YOU HAVEN'T LOST YOUR MEMORY, I HOPE?

NOT ONLY HAVE I NOT LOST MY MEMORY, I'M IN NO DANGER OF FORGETTING THAT PUNCH EITHER!

WHILE VITALSTATIS GOES ON WITH HIS TRAINING, IN THE VILLAGE OF LINEOLEUM, HIS REDEEMABLE OPPONENT, CASSIUS CERAMIX, IS TRAINING JUST AS HARD.

NEXT!

I WISH THIS FIGHT WAS OVER!

HE'S CERTAINLY PLING IT ON!

THIS TRAINING IS GETTING ON TOP OF ME!

THAT'S ENOUGH FOR TODAY, CASSIUS CERAMIX!

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

AND NEITHER WILL THE OTHER GALLISH CHEFS! I SHALL CHALLENGE THEM ONE BY ONE AND BECOME CHEF OF ALL GALL!

(TOSSED VOGUE) INH...
THIS GALX IS A BIT TOO AMBITIOUS. HE COULD BECOME DANGEROUS.

(YOU SOMETIMES ARE QUITE BRIGHT, FELONIUS CAUCUS!

A BIT TOO BRIGHT! AFTER CASSIUS CERAMIX HAS NOW, YOU'LL GO WITH HIM TO ROME AND BE HIS SPARRING PARTNER IN THE CIRCUS!

(SOTTVOGUE) I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT THAT. AFTER HE'S NOW, I'LL SEND HIM ON A LITTLE TRIP TO ROME... IN CHAINS, HE'LL HAVE OTHER SPARRING PARTNERS IN THE CIRCUS ARENA.
While the combatants are in training, the Romans build the ring for the big fight outside the camp...

And as the fight arouses a great deal of public interest, nomadic barbarians put up their wigwams nearby...

1 Sestertius

DODGEM CHARIOTS

SHOOTING RANGE

5 Bull's-Eyes wins a Jar of Bull's-Eyes

Catapults 1 Bronze Coin a Shot
Smacks 5 Bronze Coins a Throw

1 Sestertius

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

Get your souvenir Menhirs here!

Children’s Comix! 3 Bronze Coins the Slab!

Lost Children's Tent

Switchbax

Menagerie: Sirens, Radigious Animals

W.H. Smith

L O S T C H I L D R E N

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

Boum!
GARRISON...SHOULDER...ARMS! TO THE RINGSIDE...FORWARD...MARCH!

CASSIUS CERAMIX ARRIVES AT THE RINGSIDE...

FRIENDS! I PROMISE TO DO MY UTMOST TO WIN, BY TOUTATUS!

LONG LIVE THE CHIEF!

HEAVY, INFRAZORPURPLES, I WONDER IF YOUR OWL WON'T END UP BRINGING US BAD LUCK?

HE'S NOT MY OWL, AND IT'S NOT MY FAULT IF HE KEEPS FOLLOWING ME!

O VITALSTATISTIX, IT'S TIME TO GO!

MEANWHILE...

I ONLY WANTED TO GIVE THEM A LITTLE SONG OF ENCOURAGEMENT...

OUR FRIENDS' VILLAGE IS ALMOST DESERTED... ONLY THE TWO DRUIDS ARE LEFT...

JUST TASTE THAT, MY DEAR SIR. I THINK YOU'LL BE AMUSED BY THE PRESCRIPTION!

I'VE MIXED A LITTLE SOMETHING MYSELF WHICH I THINK WILL SURPRISE YOU...

WITH OBELIX, A QUARRY TO REMORSE

OBELIX - QUARRY
LONG LIVE VITALSTATISTIX!
BRAVO! VITALSTATISTIX,
BY BELENOS!

CASSIUS CERAMIX FOR
EVER! CASSIUS CERAMIX,
BY JUPITER!

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

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

ON MY LEFT, THE GAULISH CHIEF
VITALSTATISTIX!
INDOMITABLEST!

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

WHERE'S OBELIX?
AT HOME, HE'S
SAD BECAUSE HE
THINKS ALL THIS IS
HIS FAULT

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

AND SO THE
BIG FIGHT
BEGINS!

PAAA!
PRR
Back at the village, Obelix is at rock bottom...

It's all my fault... when I think that one little tap with a menhir...

A tap with a menhir! Then why shouldn't another tap cure our druid?

I'm certain no one else would have thought of this solution! You've got to be pretty intelligent to think of a solution like that!

Meanwhile...

What shall we do now?

Suppose we put all the rest of the ingredients into one caldron? Wouldn't that be fun?

I bet we come out in red and green checks!

Or, yellow with blue spots!

Heeheeheeheehee!

Splash! Splosh!

You haven't seen my friend? The fat one?

No, Asterix. I haven't seen Obelix

Asterix! You called me Asterix! So you're better!

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

OF COURSE. TO CURE OUR DRUID...

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

(WITH GREAT RESTRAINT) LISTEN, WE HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO ARGUE...

STOP ARGUING AND GET ME OUT OF HERE!

TOUTAIS BE PRaised! OUR DRUID IS STILL CURED!

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

WHAT EXACTLY HAS BEEN HAPPENING BETWEEN THOSE TWO KNOCKS?

LET ME EXPLAIN, GETAFIX...

AFTER ASTEROX'S STORY...

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

I'M AFRAID THE RIGHT HAS ALREADY STARTED, AND IF CASSIUS GERAMIX WAS WE ARE CONDEMNED TO BE HIS SUBJECTS!

HEY, WAIT A BIT! I HAVEN'T HAD ANY OF THAT YET!

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

SOON AFTERWARDS...

IT'S NO FUN HERE ANY MORE. I'M OFF!
OUR THREE FRIENDS ARE NEARING THE SPOT WHERE THE BIG FIGHT...

WILL-YOU-STOP-RUNNING!!!

WHAT ARE YOU BRINGING THAT MENhir, OBELIX? I DON'T LIKE TO SEE YOU WITH ONE OF THOSE THINGS ANY MORE?

IT MIGHT COME IN HANDY, ASTEROX, YOU NEVER KNOW!

CHIEF VITALSTATISTIX!

GETAFIX IS CURED, WE'RE FIGHTING PIT NOW!

YES? WHAT IS IT?

AHA! THAT BIT OF NEBS REDoubles MY STRENGTH

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

...YOU'VE STOPPED RUNNING!

TCHAC!

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

SPLATCH!
ONE MOMENT, GAUL!

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

IN... INVINCIBLE ROMAN LEGIONS... ER... IS THAT US?

WE WEREN'T EXPECTING ANYTHING ELSE FROM YOU DOUBLE-DEALING ROMANS! VERY WELL, WE SHALL MEET YOU ON THE PLAIN!

LONG LIVE OUR CHIEF!

LONG LIVE VITALSTATISTIX!

SOON AFTERWARDS...

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

ER...

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

THEY'LL LAUGH THE OTHER SIDE OF THEIR FACES THIS TIME, LEGIONARIES! THEIR DRUID HAS GONE MAD, THEY HAVE NO MAGIC POTION AND WE OUTNUMBER THEM A HUNDRED TO ONE!

NO MAGIC POTION? A HUNDRED TO ONE?

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

FORWARD, BY JUNO!!!

GOOD BOYS!
FORM A CUNEOUS!

MEANWHILE, THE GAULS ARE WAITING...

SUITENLY... I CAN SEE ONE OVER THERE, LAUGHING!

HE'S NOT LAUGHING!
I TELL YOU HE IS!

I'LL SHOW YOU WHETHER HE'S LAUGHING!

PAF!

HAAHAAAA HAAHAAAA!
NOW, BOYS, FORWARD!

THE GAULISH TACTICS SEEM LESS SKILLFUL THAN THOSE OF THE ROMANS...

STOP PUSHING AT THE BACK! THOSE FOUR ON THE LEFT ARE NINE!
SAY WHEN? MAY I ASK?
CHARGE FIRST, FIGHT LATER!
HOO-HO-HO!
HOO-HO-HO!

BANG! BING!
PAF!

WHAT?
HOO-HOO-HOO!
HOO-HO-HO!
THIS IS MORE LIKE IT!

BONG! BONG! BONG!
BONG!
BONG!

... BUT THEY SEEM STRIKINGLY EFFECTIVE!

I GIVE IN!

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

I SAID: I GIVE IN!

WHAT?

BOING!

BONG! BONG! BONG!

HALT! THE BATTLE'S OVER!
ALREADY? WE'VE ONLY JUST BEGUN!

AND THERE FOLLOWS THE QUIET AFTERMATH OF BATTLE...

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

COMMANDED BY ITS OFFICERS, THE ROMAN LEGION ENGAGES UPON A NEW MANOEUVRE KNOWN AS 'THE HASTY RETREAT'
CERANIX, THE LAW GIVES ME THE RIGHT TO TAKE COMMAND OF YOUR TRIBE AND TO TREAT YOU AS A VANQUISHED ENEMY. BUT I PREFER TO BE GENEROUS!

I AM LETTING YOU GO FREE WITH YOUR PEOPLE! I ASK ONLY THAT YOU DON'T FORGET THAT YOU ARE A GALL, AND NEVER SUPPORT THE ROMANS AGAIN. NOW GO!

WHERE TO, MY DEAR SIR?

LONG LIVE VITALSTATISTIX! LONG LIVE GAUL!

LIFE HAS CHANGED IN THE GALLO-ROMAN VILLAGE OF LINOLEM. THE INHABITANTS HAVE RETURNED TO THEIR TRADITIONAL GALLISH WAYS, THEY LIKE THEIR FOOD AND DRINK, A GOOD RIGHT AND A BIT OF RUN....

...AND OCCASIONALLY THEY ARE NOT ABOVE SENDING THE ROMAN PATROLS PACKING...

WAIT FOR US!

...YOU SEE, IF YOU WANT THE EMPIRE TO LAST YOU MUST BE ABLE TO LET THINGS DROP WHEN THE OCCASION DEMANDS IT

AS FOR CERANIX, HE HAS BECOME THE MOST COURTEOUS CHIEF IN ALL GAUL. HE WAS PROBABLY THE ORIGINATOR OF THE FAMOUS REPUTATION FOR POLITENESS THAT THE FRENCH ENJOYED... ONCE UPON A TIME...

GOOD MORNING, MY DEAR SIR!

PSYCHOANALYTIX, OUR GOOD DRUID, HAS MORE OR LESS RECOVERED FROM HIS CONTACT WITH THE MENHIR. HE HAS STARTED PRACTICING AGAIN...

...AND IN ANY EVENT HIS FAME MAKES UP FOR ANY MINOR SIDE EFFECTS

WOTCHER, CHIEF!
THINGS ARE BACK TO NORMAL IN OUR FRIENDS' VILLAGE...

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

LONG LIVE VITALSTATIX!
LONG LIVE THE CHIEF!

I WAS WONDERING...

NO!

PERHAPS PSYCHOANALYTIX WAS RIGHT AFTER ALL, ASTERIX...

REALLY?

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

I SHALL EAT JUST BISCUITS, WITH PERHAPS A LITTLE SOMETHING ON THEN...

A LITTLE SOMETHING? WHAT SORT OF LITTLE SOMETHING?

A BOAR, BY TOUTATIS!

HAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAA!

the end