A pirate ship is sailing cautiously along the Mare Britannicum, the Channel separating Britain from the Continent.

Right! We've managed to save up enough to buy this boat, but watch out! Steer clear of the Gauls!

Ship to port, Cap'n! Are they Gauls, by Tontans?

No! Roman ship to port, by Jupiter!

Harr! Harr! Harr! A good port-tent!

What the... we must flee! And fast... be fleet about it!

Too late!

We weren't fleet enough, Cap'n!

O Fortunator! Nimium, sua si bona norint agricolae!

You must tell me what all that was instead of making silly jokes, young killer—no need.

What then happened, was Julius Caesar with his entire army and navy, off to invade Britain.
The Britons were led by their chief Cassivellaunos... but in spite of their gallantry, the Britons had some strange customs which were rather a drawback in battle...

I say, old chap, I think it's getting on for time...

Bang!

Awfully sorry! Will be back later.

Where are they going, by Jupiter?

No idea, by Mercury! Letting us down like this in mid-fight! It's not done!

...they stopped at five o'clock every day to drink hot water...

Just a spot of milk, please!

Huh?

I say, the cads!

Please may I have some marmalade?

Marmalade's off!

Moreover, they stopped fighting two days out of every seven...

Awfully sorry! It's the weekend, you know!

Accordingly Julius Caesar, a cunning strategist, decided to fight only at five o'clock on weekdays and all day at the weekend...

Oh, I say, the cads!

This is really getting me down!!!

ATTACK BY JUNO!
"Sure enough...

We can't hold out against the Romans much longer, we need help.

Was sugar, mon, just a wee drap of 'O'milk.

Oh, I say, Jolly Good Luck! This is my chance to see my dear Cousin Asterix again. Haven't seen him for ages, waaas!

To the success of your mission!

And after dark...

Jolly Good Luck, old boy, and all that sort of thing..."

"Ooh aye, Anticułax! I overoptimistic and myself were broken here by ye!"

"I say, Macon, we're in a bit of a fix, old boy!"

"I've got a first cousin once removed living in Gaul, his village's been holding out against the Romans for ages. I heard they've got a magic potion which gives them superhuman strength."

"A quick, Anticułax, you'd better go to Gaul to see your cousin and bring back some of this magic potion!"

"Pshh..."

"I say, Jolly Good Luck! This is my chance to see my dear Cousin Asterix again. Haven't seen him for ages, waaas!

To the success of your mission!"

"All quiet tonight. There's no fog; the Britons won't try anything."

"...And reaches the coast, where he sets off for Gaul, in a little Jolly-boat."

"Anticuła was brought up in the tribe of the Over-Heroes, famed for their skill in rowing."

"The small village still holding out successfully against the Romans, addressing it inhabited by a tough tribe of Britons commanded by their chief, my King Conmorgenza!"

"Chefs from all over Britain went here, united by their love of liberty. Among them, Hibernians and Caledonians..."
OBELOX!

I'M ASTERIX!

OR, SAY WHAT A BIT OF LUCK, I'M ANTICLAX. LET'S SHAKE HANDS, OLD BOY

ANTICLAX!

MY FIRST COUSIN ONCE REMOVED!

AND THIS IS MY BEST FRIEND OBELOX.

ANY FRIEND OF ASTERIX IS A FRIEND OF MINE! OR, I SHOULD BE VERY PROUD IF YOU WOULD SHAKE ME BY THE HAND!

OBELIX!

HE'S MY FIRST COUSIN ONCE REMOVED FROM BRITAIN, AND THEY DON'T TALK QUITE THE SAME AS US!

BUT HE'S BEEN REMOVED ONCE ANYWAY, AND HE ASKED ME TO...

OBELIX!

JOLLY GOOD SHOW, WHAT!
THE BARREL WILL GIVE YOUR WHOLE TRIBE SUPERMAN STRENGTH, AND THE ROMANS A REAL HEADACHE.

I SAY, I'M MOST FEETFULLY GRATEFUL, O DRUID-GETARIA!

BUT HOW AM I TO GET THIS HUGE BARREL HOME TO BRITAIN ALL BY MYSELF?

WELL, OF COURSE YOU COULDrink some of the potion to make you strong enough to carry it, but that would be a waste of potion....

RATHER!

ARE YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING, O JULIUS CAESAR?

OH, DO LET'S, ASTERIX. THE ROMANS HAVE COME TO BRITAIN, SO LET'S GO AND MAKE SOME FUN WITH THEM IN BRITAIN!

RIGHT, ANTICLAMAX! IF OUR CHEF SAYS YES, WE'LL GO BACK TO BRITAIN WITH YOU!

OH, JOLLY GOOD SHOW, OLD FRUIT!

LOOK, HERE COMES THE CHEF!

ALL RIGHT, ASTERIX. I AGREE. YOU CAN MAKE A LANDING IN BRITAIN. THERE ARE SO FEW ROMANS LEFT IN THERE THAT WE CAN DO WITHOUT YOU FOR A BIT.

OH, I SAY, WHAT A BIT OF LUCK!

WE'RE GOING TO SEE THE ROMANS! WE'RE GOING TO SEE THE ROMANS! TRALALA!

WAIT A MINUTE. I'LL GIVE YOU SOME GOURS OF POTION FOR THE JOURNEY.

WHAT ARE THESE STRANGE HERBS, GETARIA?

OH, THEY COME FROM VERY FAR AWAY. I HAVEN'T FOUND OUT WHAT THEY'RE FOR YET. YOU CAN TAKE SOME IF YOU LIKE.
Our friends have finished packing and said goodbye...

You'll be a good little boy while I'm away, won't you, Dugwash?

And the whole village gathers to see the brave travellers off.

Lyke, why are we no closer? I haven't seen your lyre!

But how am I to sing my farewell song, then?

We should have brought some food with us.

Good gracious, we're old chap, what sort of British food's delicious you're sure to like it, what?

There's my little jolly-boat.

It's a jolly little boat.

It is smaller than the garden of my uncle...

But it is larger than the pen of my aunt.

At this very moment a Roman galley is leaving Durrac ( Dover) for Gaul with part of the garrison of the fortified camp of aquarium on board...

You'll be glad to get back to your quiet fort bird camp at aquarium after your tough campaign against the britons.

Aull'or stratagium!

There's a village of lunatics in my district, and by Jupiter, I'd rather any sort of campaign than run into them again!

Little jolly-boat right ahead!

?!
**OH, ROMANS! LET'S SET THEM, ASTERIX!**

**WHERE? WHERE?**

**IT WOULD BREAK THE MONOTONY OF THE VOYAGE. BUT PERHAPS WE OUGHT TO CLEAR UP RIGHTS OR ACCORD OF THE BARREL.**

**HA! HA! HA! HA!**
**WAIT AND SEE WHAT YOUR GAUDY SAY WHEN THEY SEE US COMING!**

**OH, I SAY, THIS IS A BIT OF A SPOIL. A ROMAN GALLEY, WHAT?**

**WHERE? WHERE?**

**WHERE? WHERE?**

**OH, COME ON, ASTERIX! DO LET'S BOARD THAT ROMAN GALLEY!**

**WE'LL CANNOT DOUDGE THEM NOW. THEY ARE MAKING STRAIGHT FOR US. TAKE A FEW DOSES OF MAGIC POTION, ANTICUMAX.**

**BUT IT'S NEARLY HOT WATER TIME!**

**THAT'S A JOLLY LITTLE JOLLY-BOAT! THEY MUST BE GALLIC FISHERMEN... LET'S HAVE A BIT OF FUN PUTTING THE WIND UP THEM!**

**BETTER NOT TAKE ANY RISKS.**

**RISKS FOR A FULLY ARMED GALLEY AGAINST A TINY LITTLE JOLLY-BOAT? A TINY LITTLE JOLLY-BOAT FULL OF GAUDS!**

**BOARD THEM BY TOUTATIS!**

**D-DID THEY SAY BOARD US ?!!**
THE ROG LIFS
REVEALING A SORRY
SIGHT...

NEAR-HEZ?
NERBY, NERBY.
WILD FLAG.

RIGHT THEY’VE GONE, LET’S GET
EVERYTHING SHIPSHAPE AND... ER
WE WON’T MENTION IT AGAIN, WILL WE?

OH YES, WE WILL MENTION IT AGAIN, THOSE
INCONSIDERABLE GALLS ARE ON THEIR WAY TO BRITAIN
WITH A BARREL OF MAGIC POTION! I HEARD
THEN SAY SO! WE MUST WARN OUR LEADERS
IN BRITAIN!

GO... GO BACK TO
BRITAIN?

JUST FOR A LITTLE MAGIC
POTION? ANYWAY, AIN’T THEY
LIVING IT ON A BIT
THICK ABOUT THIS
POTION?

NO, CAPTAIN
THEY ARE
NOT!

OH, ALL RIGHT, ALBA
JACTA EST, WELL GO
BACK TO BRITAIN

MEANWHILE OUR FRIENDS
ARE NEARING THE
BRITISH COAST...

DO YOU OFTEN
GET RUG
LIKE THAT?

GOODNESS, NO, OLD
CHAP! ONLY WHEN IT
ISN’T RAINING

SOON AFTERWARDS...

YOU KNOW WHAT, ASTERIX? I THINK
A TUNNEL BETWEEN GAIL AND
BRITAIN WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA, THEN
PEOPLE COULD KEEP OUT OF THE RAIN
AND THE RUG ON THE CROSSING

WE’VE BEEN THINKING OF
A TUNNEL, OURSELVES, WE’VE
EVEN STARTED DIGGING ONE,
BUT IT LOOKS LIKE TAKING A
JOLLY LONG TIME, WHAT?
I'LL TAKE YOU TO A FRIENDLY PUB WHERE THEY'LL GIVE YOU YOUR FIRST BRITISH MEAL.

AT LAST! I WAS GETTING REALLY HUNGRY!

I HOPE THEY'VE GOT BOAR!

can't you see the sign?

That doesn't mean a thing, I once knew a place called 'the Warm Welcome', and they...

OHH, OBELIX!

GODDNESS ME, ITS ANCLIMAX!

Hello, landlord.

OH, I SAY!

Antimac says you're friends. Pleased to meet you! I'm sure you can do with a good meal...

But then you'll have to leave, the Romans are keeping tabs on closing time.

Three beers, while we're waiting, old chap!

Beach...

aren't it warm enough? I can get them to take the chill off...

Right! The boar's ready!

AHA!

This is a bit of a jolly old bustle, what?

Eat up, Obelix, and don't pass remarks. In Britain you must do as the Britons do.

But boiled, with mint sauce, Asterix. Poor thing!
Nearly closing time, landlord.
Four beers while we're waiting.

Hey! You over there!
Wait a minute, by Jupiter! What have you got in that barrel?

What a run! Chap! He doesn't seem to like warm beer.

Fancy that?

These Romans are crazy.

The Jolly Boar.

Let's get moving! There are large garrisons stationed all along the coast. We have to get to Lutetia. It's a big city, and we have friends there.

Meanwhile, back in the Jolly Boar...

Decurion!

Message from the prefect! All garrisons to be alerted! There's a search on for three dangerous men: one Briton and two Gauls.

By Mercury!

They have a secret weapon with them. It's in a barrel.

Warm beer!

That weapon's no secret! This one's supposed to be a magic potion.
OH, I SAY, WHAT A BIT OF LUCK!

OFF WE GO TO LONDON! SEE UP!

OH NO, YOU'RE THE ONES WHO DREW ON THE WRONG SIDE, SO SORRY LADYMAN, WE'LL HAVE TO CHANGE OVER ON THE CONTINENT ONCE WE'VE FINISHED DRAWING OUR COMIC UNDER THE NAME BRITANNICA!

THESE BRITONS ARE WEIRD!

A ROMAN PATROL!

OMG, YOU'RE DRAWING ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE ROAD, ANTICLUMAN!

COME ON! LET'S CHARGE THROUGH THEM, WHAT!

NO, WE'LL TRY TO GET PAST ANOTHER ROMAN ABOUT TOWN!

WELL, I THINK WE COULD PROBABLY WELL HAVE CHARGED THEM, I THINK...

OH, I SAY! ANOTHER ROMAN PATROL, WHAT?

IT'S THEM, BY MINEVA!

THEY'VE SPOTTED US, BY TOUTATIS! QUICK... CUT ACROSS COUNTRY!

YOICKS!

A LITTLE WAY OFF ACROSS COUNTRY...
Another 2,000 years of loving care and I think it'll make quite a decent bit of turf.

Oh, I say! That's a bit off!

Here, sir, please keep off the grass!

My garden is smaller than your Rome, but my pillum is harder than your sternum.

They're not following; is it far to Londonum?

No, only a few hundred thousand feet... You measure distance in metres, we do it in feet?

Yes, you'll find it quite easy once you get your hand in.

By Jupiter, Briton! How dare you bar the way of the emissaries of Rome?
Londinium, the Palace of the Roman Governor...

...in whose office the atmosphere is not exactly cordial.

They managed to get past our fearless conquering Britannics. They're making for Londinium!

They must be captured by Claudius! This is vital! I must have that barrel of magic potion!

They'll probably take refuge in a public house. Search them all and confiscate every barrel.

And if you don't find it I'll have you boiled and served to the lions! With mint sauce!

Yes, poor creatures!

How horrible!

Meanwhile, in a little wood near Londinium...

The city gates will be guarded... we'd better wait for the fowl, then we can slip past.

But that might take ages!

Oh no, old boy! fog comes down jolly fast at this... Time of year!

These Britons are crazy!

Just what I was going to say, Asterix!

Come on!

Soon afterwards...

Here we are!

Wait... there's a riot going on over there!

That's not a riot. Say, you're in luck! That's a very popular group. They're top of the bardic charts!

If only Caligula could see this!
Oh, it's you and the Gauls, Anticuman. You can come in, there aren't any Romans about.

Hello, Anticuman!

The Romans are on your track, you'd better stay hidden in Londinium until the fuss has died down. Then you can go on to the rebel village later.

I'll hide your barrel in my cellar with my barrels of Gallish wine.

Soon afterwards, what would you like to wash down your boiled boar? Hot water, warm beer, red red wine...

On the house, of course. By the way, what sort of money do you use here? It's really awfully simple old boy...

We have iron ingots weighing a pound which are worth three and a half sesterii each. And five new bronze coins which are worth twelve old bronze coins. Sesterii are each worth twelve bronze coins and...

These sesterii are... drink up your beer before it gets cold.

Open in the name of Caesar! Pom Pom Pom!
ARE YOU OPENING UP OR AREN'T YOU, BY JUPITER?

SAY, A ROMAN PATROL... DON'T YOU KNOW! QUICK, HOE!

FRIGHTFULLY SORRY, I HAD SOMETHING ON THE ROOF.

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT. WE'RE LOOKING FOR THREE MEN.

START SEARCHING, MEN!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

WE DON'T FIND ANYTHING, DECURION, BUT THE CELLARS ARE FULL OF BARRELS.

RIGHT? CONFISCATE THE LOT!

I SAY, THIS IS A BIT THICK, WHAT? YOU'LL RUIN ME!

THOSE ARE OUR ORDERS, LANDLORDS. WE'RE TO CONFISCATE ALL BARRELS. WE'RE LOOKING FOR A SECRET WEAPON.

YOUR NAMES ON THOSE BARRELS, AND IF BY ANY CHANCE IT'S ON THE ONE WE'RE AFTER... YOU GET MY MEANING?

POOR SHOW, WHAT!

BIT OF A BORE!

I SAY, IT IS A BIT!

WHY DON'T WE START THINKING HOW TO GET OUR BARREL BACK BEFORE THE ROMANS OPEN IT INSTEAD OF GETTING ALL STEAMED UP?
There's no one about at night, but Roman soldiers, old boy! You can't do anything till tomorrow.

Well, we'll take the chance to get a bit of sleep.

A little later, after dark, strange activities may be observed outside the governor's palace...

All the barrels in the cellars of the city walls have been confiscated and are now in the cellars of the palace by Encyclopaedius Britannicus.

Excellent! Now I want all the men to start tasting the barrels.

That way we may be lucky enough to find the barrel of magic potion! Action stations!

And in the palace cellar we are once more privileged to watch that astonishing sight, a Roman legion engaged in manoeuvres...

On the command! One barrel per legionary! Notify your commanding officer if it tastes funny! No falling out of line! Attention—shin!

Casks... broach!

Tchac!
TASTING ALL THESE BARRELS WILL TAKE TOO LONG. WE MUSTN'T HANG AROUND THE PALACE. IT'S DANGEROUS.

DANGEROUS ...
... HIC! ... BUT NISHE!

OBEIX, AREN'T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF? STOP DRINKING AND HELP ME GET THESE BARRELS OUT TO THE CART.

HURRY! WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE SEVERAL JOURNEYS.

SOON AFTERWARDS...

THAT'S THE LOT. OFF WE GO. ANTICLUNIUS, WE MUST TRY TO LOOK INCONSPICUOUS.

HA HA HA!
HEE HEE HEE

LITTLE BROWN CASHK
DON'T I LOVE THEE?

OBEXIX, SHUT UP! PEOPLE WILL STARE!

BOOHOOHOO! YOU DON'T LOVE ME, ASTERIX! BOOHOO!

I LOVE YOU, ASTERIX, AND IF ANY ROMAN PATROL ... HIC! ... TOUCHES A ... HIC! ... HAIR OF YOUR HEAD...

OH, I SAY, A ROMAN PATROL, WHAT!
NASHTY ROTTEN OLD ROMAN PATROL! HANDSH OFF MY FRIEND ASHTERIX, EH, WHAT! HIC!

IT MUST BE ONE OF THOSE GALLA'S WE'RE AFTER. SHE'S JUST LIKE HIS DESCRIPTION, BY JUPITER! LET'S GET HIM!

IN THE NAME OF ROME, I...

BIFF! BANG! SOCK! CLONK!

AN UNATTENDED CART! WHAT A BIT OF LUCK FOR AN UNATTENDED CART THEIF!

GEE, UP!

ASHTERIX... I DO FEEL SLEEPY...

POOR OLD OBELIX! ALL HE USUALLY DRINKS IS GOAT'S MILK. SO THAT HAD REALLY GONE TO HIS HEAD. HELL FEEL TERRIBLE WHEN HE WAKES UP!

GOODNESS GRACIOUS! THE CARTS DISAPPEARED!
LET'S GET OBELIX BACK TO DIPSIONIANIAK'S PUB, THEN WE'LL GO AND LOOK FOR THE CART.

SOON AFTERWARDS...

WE MUST GET OUR BARREL OF POTION BACK!

OH, RATHER, WHAT!

MEANWHILE, IN THE COURTYARD OF THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE...

LEGIONARIES, I'M ASHAMED OF YOU! YOU'VE BEEN ACTING LIKE BOREANS AND DECLINING AND FALLING ALL OVER THE PLATE! IF JULIUS CAESAR HEARS OF THIS YOU'LL BE HAVING A ROMAN HOLIDAY WITH THE LIONS IN THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS.

GET IT?

THE ONLY BARRELS THAT HAVE GONG BELONG TO DIPSIONIANIAK

RIGHT! SEARCH THAT PUB AND ARREST EVERYONE PRESENT!!!

WE'RE OFF TO LOOK FOR THE GAULS!

WE FOUND THEM!

I WOULDN'T MIND BEING EATEN IF ONLY I'D SHUT UP...
We've been chasing round London for hours... no sign of that cart!

It's like looking for a needle in a haystack, what?

Hey! Look at Dipsomaniac's place!

Oh, I say, my goodness!

What happened?

It was the Romans! They searched the place, broke everything and aren't off with two prisoners, Dipsomaniac and a fat man who has a lisp, under a lot of helmets.

Poor old Obelix, taken prisoner by the Romans!

I say, Cheek up, Asterix, old boy! Keep a stiff upper lip, what!

We'll get them both back! We'll get Obelix and the magic potion back, by Toutatis!

Where would they have taken them?

To the Tower of London, I should think. It's the maximum-security prison. There are only two gates, and they're heavily guarded.

Croaaark! Croaaark! Croaaark!

The sinister Tower of London!

Right! Now to drink the last of our magic potion... and off we go!

And in a cell high up in the tower...

Wh... where am I?

In the Tower of London... I'm afraid we've had it.

But even if they boil us alive and serve us with mint sauce, we won't talk, what!

Don't let's shout anymore!
Well, we can't stop here! Asterix will be worried.

Goodness knows what will be thinking. He may be afraid I'm in danger... Asterix is always worrying about me!

And well he may. Old fruit, well he may!

There you are then. We must go and set him free at once. Besides I need some fresh air and a drink of water.

I've got a mouth like sandpaper, and I feel quite weak. Let's get out of here.

Poor fellow... He's gone completely bonkers.

Craaack!

Let me help you.

Ouch!

By Jupiter!

What the...?

Biff!

Boff!

Boing!

Bong!

Wham!

Clonk!

Interesting little tour of the Tower of London, that!

And at the same time at the other gate...
OHH!
OUCH!
NO!
STOP!

BY JUPITER!
HELP! HELP!

OBELIX! WHERE ARE YOU?

HERE I AM, ASTERIX! I'M COMING UP!

OBELIX! I'M COMING DOWN!

OHH!
OUCH!

EITHER COME IN OR GO OUT, BUT FOR JUPITER'S SAKE STOP HITTING US!

STOP!

NO!

THAT'S ASTERIX UP THERE! LET'S GO UP AND FIND HIM!

YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING BACK INSIDE THE TOWER!

AND FINALLY...

GATE II

I'M EVER SO SORRY ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED, ASTERIX.

OH, IT WAS NOTHING, OBELIX!

THAT'S THE BEST ONE YET!

SOON AFTERWARDS IN THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, ESCAPED?

GET THEM BACK OR I'LL HAVE THE WHOLE GARRISON DROWNED IN WARM BEER!!!

BRITONS! GAULS! DRUNKARDS! I'M FED UP WITH THE WHOLE BOILING!
"SORBS"!
I'm taking you to see a cousin of mine. He keeps a pub, too. His name's Surtax. He may be able to help us.

Jolly good, wheee, what!

I say, cousin Dagon! I'm fearfully pleased to see you! I heard about the Romans arresting you. It gave me quite a turn.

I say, I'm fearfully pleased too, Surtax!

We mustn't let our emotions run away with us. I've got something to show you.

I had a visitor who was a shady character, though he said he was British! He sold me a barrel with your name on it!

One of the stolen barrels?

I'm afraid it's not the magic potion.

I had the chap followed. I've got his address. Lytten Park Lane.

Is that far?

Quite a way. You'd better have some boiled roar before you start out.

Let's get after the thief straight away!

Some time later...

Here we are...

Now... No. LVII...

It's a good job we've got the number. We might not have been able to tell the hut just from its description.
This is number LVII

Coming, Asterix?

Coming, Obelix!

I say! Don't you know a Briton's hut is his castle?

Calm down, Boadicea! Doubtless these gentlemen will explain their behaviour.

I say! This is No. LVII, isn't it?

No, it's not. This is No. LVIII, but one fell off.

Our mistake! We'll pay for your door. Do excuse us, won't you?

Rather, old boy! What!

Boadicea, do remind me to put back that missing lid. How about putting the caldron on for a cup of hot water?

I think we were right this time.

Coming, Asterix?

Coming, Obelix!

Crash!

Is this No. LVII?

You haven't got a missing lid?

Y...yes...I mean n...no. But what might you have...
AHA! WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?

THAT BARREL!
I... I BOUGHT IT LEGALLY...

NO, IT'S NOT THE MAGIC ROTION
THEF!

YOU'LL TALK, BY BELENOS!

CRACK!

I SAY WHAT A LOT OF NOISE
THEY'RE MAKING NEXT DOOR,
BAVOCIA, WHAT?

THEY ARE A BIT!
A SPIT OF MILK IN
YOUR HOT WATER?

CLACK!

TALK, WILL YOU! TALK!

WELL, ARE YOU GOING TO
TALK, BY TOUTATIS?

JUST A SPOT

I SAY, BAVOCIA,
I DO WISH THAT FELLOW NEXT
DOOR WOULD TALK AND LET
ME GET ON WITH MY SLUG
IN PEACE

I'LL TALK!

I'LL TALK!

I'LL TALK!

OH, JOLLY GOOD!

I STOLE YOUR CART AND I SOLD ALL
THE BARRELS EXCEPT THIS ONE, AND I'VE
GOT THE NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF ALL
MY CUSTOMERS, AND I WOULD ALSO LIKE TO
MAKE A LIST OF EVERYTHING I STOLE LAST
MONTH TAKEN INTO CONSIDERATION...
WE'RE GOING TO VISIT ALL THE PUBS ON THIS LIST... THE LANDLORDS HAVE ALL Bought STOLEN BARRELS, AND ONE OF THEM HAS GOT THE MAGIC POTION!

SOON AFTERWARDS,

WHAT'LL IT BE, GENTLEMEN?

DO YOU BUY ANY BARRELS OF WINE MARKED WITH THE NAME DIPSTOONIA?

YES, ONE. THE ROMANS HAVE COMPROMISED ALL MY OTHER BARRELS, WHAT CAN I GET YOU?

A CUP OF WINE, PLEASE

ONE CUP BETWEEN THE THREE OF YOU? YOU MUST BE CALEDONIANS, WHAT?

THAT'S WINE ALL RIGHT

SNIFF! SNIFF! SNIFF!

GOODNESS GRACIOUS! OF COURSE IT'S WINE! IT'S PERFECTLY SAFE TO DRINK IT!

NO, THANK YOU. WE WERE JUST LOOKING

THE ANGLE'S REST

NO, I WANT TO FIND OUT WHAT THEY WERE DOING IN THAT PUB!

THEY WANTED TO LOOK AT MY WINE. FUNNY, WHY YOU'VE GOT ON THE CONTINENT!

VERY FUNNY...

I'VE GOT IT BY JUPITER! THOSE GAULS HAVE MISLaid THEIR BARREL AND THEY'RE LOOKING FOR IT. WE'VE ONLY GOT TO FOLLOW THEM AND THEY'LL LEAD US TO THE MAGIC POTION!
WE'VE VISTED NEARLY ALL THE PUBS ON OUR LIST, NOTHING SO FAR... LET'S JUST TRY HERE.

I'VE NEVER SEEN EYES ON SO MUCH WINE BEFORE.

DRINKING ONLY WITH THREE EYES IS ALL VERY WELL, BUT IT DOES GET A BIT TENDOUS!

YES! I DID BUY A BARREL OF GALLIAWINE, BUT I SOLD IT TO THE CAMULODUNUM TEAM! THEY'RE PLAYING DUXEROBONUM TOMORROW, YOU KNOW. WHAT!

WHAT'S HE ON ABOUT?

OH, IT'S A GAME. WE'RE MAD ON IT IN BRIECON! YOU PLAY IT WITH A BLASER AND 20 X 20 ROUNDS DIVIDED INTO 10 TEAMS OF 4!

THERE'S A MATCH FOR THE TRIBAL CROWN NEAR LONDONUM TOMORROW.

I'M JOLLY PROUD TO HAVE SOLD ANOTHER BARREL TO THE CAMULODUNUM TEAM...

UP, CAMULODUNUM!!!

I HOPE IT'S GOOD WINE AND IT HELPS THEM TO WIN WHAT!

IF IT'S THE BARREL I THINK IT IS, THEY JUST CAN'T LOSE!

NEXT DAY OUR FRIENDS SET OFF FOR THE GROUND WHERE THE MATCH BETWEEN CAMULODUNUM AND DUXEROBONUM IS TO TAKE PLACE.

WHAT A CROWD!

YES, IT'S QUITE A POPULAR GAME, OLD BOY, RATHER!

COME ON CAMULODUNUM, CAMULODUNUM

WHAT WORRIES ME IS THAT THE ROMANS AREN'T DISTURBING US.

Perhaps they've had enough of being knocked about. There are plenty like that you knock them about and then they've had enough.

BUT THE ROMANS ARE NOT FAR AWAY!

RIGHT! GOT IT, BY MERCURY? MANGLE WITH THE CROWD AND KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN!

THE DECURION SAW IN NUIFT, NOT!

WELL, I AM IN NUIFT, AREN'T I?
COME ON CAMULODUNUM! UP DUROVERNUM!

THAT'S THE DRUIDICAL REFEREE BLUING HIS HORN FOR THE KICK-OFF...

WE MUST TAKE THIS NICE GAME BACK TO BALL!

YES BUT CAMULODUNUM DON'T KNOW TO BE ON TOP...

AND IF THE PLAYERS HAD DRUNK THE MAGIC POTION...

PARP! PARP!

NO... HE'S NOT PUTTING IT ON STRETCHER!!

BOING BOING BOINGS!
THAT'S THE END OF THE SEASON FOR HIM, EH, WHAT?

RAHHIIII!

NOW WE'LL SEE IF IT REALLY IS THE MAGIC POTION!

HIPIPHURRAX! HIPIPHURRAX! HIPIPHURRAX!

YOIIII!

BOING!

HIPHIPHURRAX? THAT'S HIS NAME

SCREEECH!!!
BIFF!

"I say old chap, was that you stomping on my face, eh, what?"

"Let's not get worked up old boy! It's only a game, and all that sort of thing!"

"Clap! Clap! Clap!"

"Hipp hurrah! Has scored a try. Now he's going to try to convert it."

"That's the magic potion, all right. Come on!"

"Shiver me timbers, boy! What brings you down from the crow's nest, eh?"

"This bladder, Cap'n! Oh, my stars!"
We'll have to cross the pitch to get our barrel of magic potion back!

Clap! Clap!

Legionaries in misti... follow those men!

Yes, but what about me?

No! No! There's quite enough going on already! All non-players off the field!

Out of the way in the name of Rome!

That's right! We're legionaries, we are!

We'd like to run that barrel.

Goodness gracious, no! Can't be done, old son. I'm needing it for the players.

Seize that barrel!

The Romans!

Obelix! To the rescue, by Toutatis!!!

Just coming!

This one won't get through...

Oh, I say!

Blam!
MY BARREL!

I had to try for a try!

COME ON GAUL!

You might give them back the bladder so they can get on with the game.

PAAARP!

L...L...LEGIONARIES...HELP!

And at the end of the game...

SCORE

CATHOLONUM VERSUS DVRIOVERNUM

DCCCIV III

PAAARP

The Gauls...

Where are the Gauls?

WHERE'S THAT FAT MAN, BY JUPITER? THE ONE WITH THE BARREL?

I don't know, pity we send him on like a gherkin. What a prop!
Which way do we go, Anticlimax?

The river's right ahead. We'll escape that way.

The Roman legionaries are after us!

Do we wait for them, Asterix?

No! Quick, let's grab one of these boats!

Do we go after them, Decurion?

No need! They're caught like rats in a trap! We thought they might take to the river, our ships are looking out for them. They'll get them!

Surrender, by Jupiter!!!

Never, by Toutatis!!!

Guys enough... I say, a Roman galley? What rotten luck!

I don't want to cast the first stone, but you're making a big mistake... Fire!!!

We didn't get their magic potion, but we got rid of those Gauls! Let's go and tell Governor Encyclopedicus Britannicus the good news!

Tchac!

Oculus talut?!

Bang!

Splosh!

Bull's eye.
Come on, Obelix, don't be so mist! I never mind about the magic potion. We can still go and help Anticoman and his village fight the Romans.

You'll be jolly welcome, old fruit!

And so, unappreciated by the Romans, who think them missing, presumed dead, our three friends set off for the little village in Cantium which still holds out against the invaders. As for the magic potion, it wiggles with the green waters of the Thames...

...causing anglers to have some distinctly fiery experiences this season...

I say, a bite!

...when even the smallest minnows pull them into the drink...

Thus enabling those anglers who have drunk the drink to silence any of their companions who happened to think it funny.

Wham!

A few days later our friends arrive in Anticoman's village. Where they are welcomed by Chief Myronchirano and his right-hand men, Overoptimists and Manka.

Did you manage to get through the enemy lines?

Yes, they seemed very sure of themselves. We were only challenged by one patrol.

Not that I really felt like a bit of fun.

44
YOU'VE LOST THE MAGIC POTION? THEN WE'RE DONE FOR! WHEN THE ROMANS HEAR ABOUT IT THEY'LL ATTACK, WHAT?

DIANA, DASH, WE'LL DIE IN OUR BOOTS ON!

SURE AND SECRERION WEE WILL!

WERE NOT BEATEN YET, BY YOURS, IVE FOUND SOME HERBS I PRATTLE FROM HOME IN MY POCKET, WE CAN USE THEM TO MAKE THE MAGIC POTION!

BRING ME A CALDROWN OF HOT WATER! I'M GOING TO PREPARE THE MAGIC POTION!

I SAY, WE'RE SAVED! VERY DECENT OF YOU!

DO YOU KNOW HOW TO MAKE THE MAGIC POTION, ASTERIX?

NO, OBELIX, ONLY OUR DRUID GETAIFF KNOWS THE SECRET OF THE MAGIC POTION...

WHEN WE LEFT OUR VILLAGE GETAFFI GAVE ME THESE HERBS. THEY MAY HAVE QUALITIES WE DON'T KNOW ABOUT. ANYWAY, THEY'LL ENCOURAGE OUR BRITISH FRIENDS.

HERE'S THE HOT WATER!

I SAY, I'M MOST FORTUNATE! GLAD YOU CAN MAKE THE MAGIC POTION DON'T YOU KNOW!

WILL IT TAKE LONG?

IT'S READY! WHY, IT'S AS EASY AS OUR OWN BRITISH RECIPES! I'LL CALL MY WARRIORS!

I DON'T TRUST THIS RAPID GAULISH COOKING!

THERE ISN'T ANY GARLIC IN THE MAGIC POTION, IS THERE?

I SAY CAN I HAVE A SPOT OF MILK WITH MY MAGIC POTION?

THESE BOTTLES ARE CRACKY!

AND NOW TO SET BACK AND WAIT FOR THE ROMANS TO ATTACK!
But if Asterix's trick has inspired the Britons with fresh courage, some good news has raised the Romans' morale too.

---

**Ave, general!**

Your Britannicus has sent me to tell you that the magic potion is at the bottom of the river, together with its Gaulish escort!

---

**Yet again, we are prohibited to view the fantastic sight of a Roman legion engaged in manoeuvres...**

Centurions, decurions and other ranks! The enemy have lost their magic potion and their Gaulish allies at one fell swoop! It's perfectly safe now!

---

**In square formation...**

Then initiate the action of the Tiber! Oh, oh, you noblest Romans!

---

**In triangular formation...**

Legionaries! This is to let you know we're here, and so is the magic potion! There's still time to surrender!

---

...and in circular formation...

And if Asterix is there his friend Obelix can't be far away!

---

When you've quite finished... attack!!!

Come on then, attack! Do as the man says!

---

What's happened to your discipline by Toutatis! Kindly attack!

Shall we go, Asterix?

Let's go, my kingdom, friendly!
Looks like their innings now!

Quite an outing!

The final phase of the magnificent Roman manoeuvre... a retreat in disorder.

Get out if you can!

Craaaaash!!!

I don't know if I can, but I'm going to have a bash!

I guessed as much... but your brew gave my warriors courage. Send us some more of those herbs when you get back to Gaul, and I'll make it our national drink!

Goodbye, cousin Cœlanius. We're going back to Gaul, our missions accomplished.

Oh, I say. Don't go just yet. We'll hold a feast in your honour to show our gratitude! There'll be boiled boar, boiled beef, boiled...

Come on! It was jolly nice having you here, old boy. What's up?

Come and see us some time!
I'm so keen to get back to Gaul I suggest we don't stop even if we meet the pirates.

I'm in a hurry too... but don't you think it might hurt their feelings?

Little Jolly boat, to starboard, Cap'n!

This is a brand new ship. I don't want to be reckless. Let's see who's on board this little boat...

No!! It's them again! Let's get out of here! Full speed ahead!

And later...

I'm happy! So happy! I've diddled them this time! I was faster than them! They didn't sink me!

Crunnch!

I may have run aground, but they didn't sink me!

You didn't want to be wreckless either.

Our conquering heroes are welcomed home by their village. A great banquet is organized to celebrate their return. Asterix has told the tale of his visit to Britain and Obelix has been reunited with two dear old friends...

My little Roman tax and roast boar! Up Gaul!

Those herbs I picked up at your house before I left, Generic... What were they?

And what's it called? Tea!

Elle?