Vercingetorix, defeated at the Siege of Alesia, throws his arms at Caesar's feet... and officially, all Gaul is conquered.

**OUCH!**

After this melancholy ceremony, Caesar sets off in search of fresh conquests...

... and the arms of the Averian captain lie where they have fallen. No one dares touch them...

... until sunset, when a Roman Archer succumbs to temptation and makes off with a magnificent shield...

**Hey, how about a game of Rubic et Nuber?**

... which he loses at once in a game of chance.

The winner, a Legionary out without a pass, finds the present tense when trying to sneak into camp. He is picked up by a centurion with an active voice.

**Diei peridi! You can quote me on that too!**

**Hey, you there! Quo Vadis, lad?**

**O tempora! O mores!**

The centurion, having spent all his pay, shops the precious shield for an amphora of wine at a wine and charcoal merchants...

... and the shopkeeper subsequently agrees to hand it over to a Gallic warrior who has escaped from Alesia...

... and is trying to drown his sorrows in drink...

Well, if it gives you any satisfaction...
GO ALL GAIL IS OCCUPIED.
ALL? NO! ONE LITTLE GAILISH
VILLAGE IS STILL HOLDING OUT
AGAINST THE INVASERS. A
LITTLE VILLAGE WE KNOW VERY
WELL, WHERE MORALE IS HIGH, AND
ANY EXCUSE WILL DO TO HOLD A
BANQUET WITH LOTS TO EAT AND
DRINK. AS IT HAPPENS, THE LAST
SUCH BANQUET HAS HAD SOME
UNFORTUNATE CONSEQUENCES...

OOOWW!
OOOOOH!
OH! OH! OH!

IS SOMEONE
SLAUGHTERING
A WILD BOAR?

NO, IT'S OUR
BARDS SINGING
A LULLABY!

MAKE WAY FOR THE
DRUID! CHIEF VITALSTATIK
IS ILL!

IT'S THE SAME OLD
STORY: THE DAY AFTER HE'S
BEEN EATING AND DRINKING
AND MAKING MERRY WITH THOSE
BARBARIANS HE FEELS AS IF
THE SKY HAD FALLEN ON
HIS HEAD!

IT ISN'T MY
HEAD THAT
HURTS!

DOES IT HURT
 THERE, THEN?

AH, YES,
HE'S GOT
LIVER
TROUBLE.
I NEVER KNEW
ANYONE COULD
GET LIVER
TROUBLE...

OUUCH!

I WISH
I WAS
DEAD!

YOUR WIFE IMPEDIMENTA
IS RIGHT, O CHIEF. I'M
AFRAID YOU ATE AND DRANK
RATHER TOO MUCH AT OUR
LAST BANQUET.

I NEVER KNEW ANYONE
COULD EAT TOO MUCH.
O DRUID GETAFIX, MAKE ME ONE OF YOUR SECRET POTIONS TO CURE ME.

MY POTIONS WON'T DO THE TRICK ON THEIR OWN. YOU'LL HAVE TO GO ON A DIET... TAKE A COURSE OF TREATMENT AT A HEALTH FARM OR A HYDRO.

WHAT DID I TELL YOU?

DIET? HEALTH FARM? NEVER! ANYWAY, I'M FEELING BETTER NOW.

DOESN'T IT HURT THERE ANY MORE?

OEUW!

CAN I HAVE A GO TOO?

OUUUUCH!

OBELIX, DON'T TOUCH! DON'T TOUCH WHAT?

THAT! ONNFFF!

OUUUUUUCH!

GO EASY, BOYS; THE POOR MAN'S LIVER ISN'T A ROMAN ROAD...

NO BY TOUTatis! I DON'T WANT ANYONE ELSE TO...

OOOOOOoOoOoOoOuch!

COME TO MY ARMS, DOGSATY.

ALL RIGHT, BY BLENOS, I GIVE IN, I'LL TAKE A COURSE OF TREATMENT.

GOOD, I THINK THE BEST THING WOULD BE FOR YOU TO DO AND DRINK THE WATERS AT AQUA CALDAS NEAR THE ARMERMAN COUNTRY.

VICHY
I WOULDN'T MIND A HOLIDAY IN THOSE PARTS...

RIGHT. I'M GOING TO SEND YOU TO SEE THE DRUID DIAGNOSTIX, WHO RUNS THE FAMOUS HYDRO AT AURAE CALDAE.

AND WE'LL GO WITH YOU, O VITAL-STATISTIX! A CHIEF OUGHT TO HAVE AN ESCORT!

YES, AND DOGMATIC CAN COME TOO! A SLIMMING CURE MIGHT DO HIM GOOD. HE'S GETTING FAT.

THE CHIEF'S LIVER IS BURNED SOOTHED BY SOME INFUSIONS BREWN BY GESTA, PREPARATIONS FOR THE JOURNEY ARE GOING AHEAD. ASTERIX HAS BEEN GIVEN HIS GOURD OF MAGIC POTION AND OBELIX IS SICKING SLIGHTLY...

I KNOW, I KNOW, I DON'T GET ANY BECAUSE I'M AN ORGAN...

I'M A BIT SORRY TO LEAVE THE VILLAGE, BUT WE CAN HAVE A GREAT BANQUET TO CELEBRATE OUR DEPARTURE AND...

... WHO DOESN'T SHOW ME THE LEAST CONSIDERATION AFTER I'VE GIVEN HIM THE BEST YEARS OF MY LIFE...

COME ON, BOYS, LET'S GO.

THEY'RE... THEY'RE GOING! WITHOUT TELLING ANYONE!

CACOFONIX! CACOFONIX!

THE CHIEF'S OFF WITH ASTERIX AND OBELIX!

NMPH? WHAT?

QUICK! I WILL NOW GIVE THEM A SONG OF...

OH NO, YOU WON'T! OH NO, YOU WON'T!
Got the itinerary? Yes, Asterix, and this slab lists all the best inns along our way.

—but aren't you supposed to be on a diet?

—Well, if I'm going to have a course of treatment I might as well make it worth while. Anyway, that's all rot; I feel fine. I was suffering from a set of mental fatigue, that's all.

—There! I always knew eating couldn't make anyone ill!

And the journey becomes a gastronomic tour, with banquet following banquet...

—Good food never hurt anyone, my lads...

—Punctuated by the wise and morally elevating maxims of Vital Statix...

—So long as you don't go too heavy on the sauces...

—Many of them still current today among people on a strict diet.

—Use a little wine for thy stomach's sake!

And so, in due course...

—Let good digestion wait on appetite...

—Our friends arrive at the gates of Aquincum caldarium, the end of their journey...

—And cheese is an aid to digestion.

—I'll just have a little nap under that tree, boys. My head feels a bit heavy...

—Brrr!!

—Ooowww!!
AND SO OUR FRIENDS ENTER THE TOWN OF AQUAS CALDAS, FAMOUS AMONG BOTH GAULS AND ROMANS FOR ITS HOT SPRINGS AND MINERAL WATERS.

OHHHHH! I WISH I WAS DEAD!

DIAGNOSE THE DRUID? THAT WAY, TELL HIM ABOUT YOUR CONDITION: WHATEVER SPRINGS TO MIND, I’VE GOT TO MIND THE SPRINGS.

OUR DRUID GETAFIX HAS SENT US. IT'S ABOUT YOUR COURSE OF TREATMENT.

AH, EXCELLENT! AND WHICH OF YOU IS THE INVALID?

NO! FOR THE ANSWER, PRESS HERE...

EXCELLENT, VERY GOOD! I WILL EXAMINE THE PATIENT.

Nooooo! Don’t touch me! Don’t look at me! It hurts!

Hmm... a very severe case. Diet n?!

And what about you? I'm fine.

YOUR FAT FRIEND HERE OBVIOUSLY OVEREATS. I Doubted his liver is in a healthy state.

He isn't fat and his liver is in a very good state!

He is fat, and we'll soon see about the state of his liver!

Who are you talking about?

OHHHHH!

Druid, quick! Our chief has fainted!

???
VITALSTATISTIX STARTS HIS TREATMENT. HE PONDS THE WATER OF THE SPRINGS AT REGULAR INTERVALS...

...USES THE SOPHISTICATED MODERN SHOWER SYSTEM...

...AND STICKS TO A STRICT DIET BASED ON BOILED VEGETABLES.

AND THIS IS WHERE THE TROUBLE BEGINS, SINCE ASTERIX AND OBEIX, AS THE CHIEF'S ESCORT, HAVE PERMISSION TO SHARE HIS TABLE AT MEAL TIMES.

SEXY THERE! ANOTHER BOAR! SNAP! AND MORE BEER!

AND SERIOUS INCIDENTS ARE ONLY JUST AVERTED.

IF YOU DO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF HIM TO STEAL HIS BONE BECAUSE HE'S SO SMALL, I SHALL PUNISH YOU IN THE ANGER WITH MY FINGER!

THE TREATMENT INCLUDES BATHING IN WATER FROM THE HOT SPRINGS.

IS IT NICE?

HEH, ASTERIX, I'D LIKE TO TAKE A DIVE!

OBEIX, NOOOO!

SPLOSH!
By Jupiter, this won't do! This is the end! We're going to complain to the Druid!

They've got a point, boys, you're beginning to get me down too.

Don't make such a fuss about it. Have a nice swim, Obelix, but no diving! There was once a Greek called Archimedes who said, 'These Greeks are crazy!'

By Mercury, those barbarians must go!

By Juno, if I see them eat one more boar I shall do myself in!

Water, water, everywhere except where we need it!

Vitalstatistik! What have your Gauls been doing?

Pooling your resources.

They've got to go for the good of the establishment. You can rejoin them after your treatments over.

He's right, boys. Why not have an Averian holiday? See the beautiful countryside...

Take a trip to Sergovia, scene of our immortal victory...

How about Alesia?

What do you mean, Alesia? I don't even know where Alesia is! Nobody knows where Alesia is!
WE'VE COME TO SAY GOODBYE, CHIEF.
WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A NICE HOLIDAY!

WELL, WE'RE OFF, CHIEF. LOOK AFTER YOURSELF. WE'LL SEE YOU IN BERGÖVIA WHEN YOUR TREATMENT'S OVER.

AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT US. WE'RE GOING TO EXPLORE THE COUNTRYSIDE. I HEAR THE AVERNIANS HAVE SOME GOOD LOCAL SPECIALTIES... WILD BEAR IN JUNE...

AND VEGETABLE SOUP!
AND SAUSAGES!

GET OUT!
...AND THERE'S AVERNIAN BLUE CHEESE...
COME ON, OBLIX! I THINK WE'D BETTER GET GOING!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IN THE KITCHENS OF THE HYDRO...

FANNY... THE PATIENTS SEEM RATHER QUIET!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S COME OVER THEM! WHEN I TOOK THE BULLY VEGETABLES IN THEY STARTED ACTING LIKE MADMEN! TWO OR THREE OF THEM EVEN BIT ME!

MEANWHILE OUR FRIENDS ARE STROLLING THROUGH THE BEAUTIFUL AVERNIAN COUNTRYSIDE...

MARVELLOUS AIR UP HERE, OBLIX!

YES BUT THERE'S ONE THING MISSING... WE HAVEN'T SEEN MANY ROMAN LEGIONARIES LATELY.

MOVE ASIDE THERE, GAULS! MAKE WAY FOR TRIBUTE NOXIA VAPAS, SPECIAL ENVOY OF JULIUS CAESAR!
DID YOU HEAR ME, GAULS? MAKE WAY FOR TRIBUNE NONIUS VAPHS, SPECIAL ENVOY OF JULIUS CAESAR!

OH, GOODY! I LIKE THIS PLACE. ASTERIX. THEY'VE GOT EVERYTHING Laid ON! DO WE MAKE WAY?

WAIT A MOMENT... I'LL JUST TAKE A SPOT OF MAGIC POTION....

NO, WE DO NOT MAKE WAY! THEY DON'T ASK NICELY, SO WHY SHOULD WE?

YOU MOVE ASIDE, ROMANS! MAKE WAY FOR OBERIX, ASTERIX....

WOOF!

AND DAGMAVINX, SPECIAL ENVOYS OF VITAL-STATITIX!

SLAUGHTER THOSE THREE IDIOTS, BY JUPITER, AND LET'S GET ON WITH OUR JOURNEY!

WHAT ARE THE OTHERS WAITING FOR?

YOU STARTED TOO SOON! THAT WAS THE HEAD OF THE SQUAD PEOPLE WHO LOSE THEIR HEADS DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!

OH, WELL, ONCE MORE UNTIL THE BREACH... COME ON, MEN, CHARGE!

GOOD IDEA... CHARGE!

CHARGE!

CHARGE!

You know, Obelix, if only everyone acted like this it would increase international understanding no end.
SOON
AFTERWARDS...

ANYONE FOR
SECONDS?

HOLD ON, I'M GOING
TO LOOK FOR
REINFORCEMENTS.

HEY, YOU IN
THERE! WHY
DON'T YOU COME
to the aid of
YOUR MEN?

YOU JUST WAIT, YOU
BANDIT! YOU BLACKGUARD.
YOU BARBARIAN! YOU'LL
SEE WHAT COMES OF
ATTACKING NOXYUS VAPEUS,
SPECIAL ENVOY OF
JULIUS CAESAR!

VADE RETRO!
AUDACES FORTUNA
JUVAT!

DEAR, DEAR, WHAT LANGUAGE!
NOW IT'S NO GOOD GETTING ALL
WORKED UP, IS IT? CALM DOWN,
LIKE A GOOD BOY!

PAT PAT PAT PAT PAT!

OBELIX, LEAVE THE MAN ALONE.
DON'T THINK HE SEES THE JOKE. HE
LOOKS CRACKED TO ME... A BIT OF
A NUT-CASE.

RIGHT.

WELL, WELL!
THEY'VE GOT VAPEUS!

WHO'S GOT THE
VAPOURS?

NO ONE; THAT'S HIS NAME.
YOU'VE BEEN HITTING NOXYUS
VAPEUS, A SPECIAL ENVOY FROM ROME.
DON'T LET'S HANG AROUND HERE;
THERE'LL BE TROUBLE.
Thats right, Im taking you to my place in Bergovia. Vaphe is a very important man. He has been sent to make sure none of us Arverni rebels. He could make a lot of trouble. Hes a nasty character... a road-hog, too.

DID HE SAY HOG? Im HU.  
Oh, HAGNASH, OBEIX!

Er... isn't the competition bad for trade?

Oh no, its a closed shop. We buy wine and charcoal from each other, and we can always have a nice chat about the old days in Lutetia.

And what did you do in Lutetia?

We sold wine and charcoal.

Come in!

Tap! Tap! Tap!

These are two friends of mine, dear. Theyve just taught Vaphe a good lesson! Go and tell the others, and well celebrate.

Soup's up!

At a boar?  
Add cabbage, carrots, beans, boil it all up and take pot luck.

Well, first you take a pot...

Soon afterwards... Its very good soup, how do you make it?
Bet you Averniands would like to see the Romans in the soup!

Yes, the whole boiling of them! They’re driving us potty!

They levy money on every wine vat.

It’s very taxing... hard on us shopkeepers and what do we get in return? Not a sausage.

Hi! Sausages for afters, everyone!

Why did he slam the door so loud?

What sort are these?

Wild boar sausages.

We Averniands are very fond of bangers.

But while our friends are enjoying the story of their Averniand holiday, Tribunus Novus Vapio, exchanging his litter for a fast chariot, takes one of the many roads that lead to Rome...

O Caesar, I’ve come to report on my mission. The Averniands are as rebellious as ever. I was attacked and beaten up by Jupiter!

Where, by Minerva?

At Obergavia, by Saturn!

This is getting to be a habit, by Vulcan!
I'LL SHOW THOSE WRETCHED GAULS! VENI, VIDI, VICI, AND ALL THEY DO IS LAUGH. I'LL SHOW THEM WHO'S BOSS!

I'LL GIVE THEM A DAZZLING DEMONSTRATION OF MY POWER! I'LL HAVE A TRIUMPH AT GERMANIA, ITSELF, THE PLACE THAT IS THE PRIDE OF ALL GAUL. A GENUINE GAULISH TRIUMPH!

GENUINE GAULISH TRIUMPH?

YES! I SHALL MAKE THE ARVERNIANS APPLAUD ME AS I AM CARRIED PAST THEM ON A SHIELD, THEIR OWN CHIEFTAINS' SHIELD! THE SHIELD OF VERGINGETORIX!

BRAVO, CAESAR, AB INO PECTORE! OFF YOU GO AND FETCH ME THE CHIEFTAIN'S SHIELD!

THIS IS WHERE THEY KEEP THE LOOT FROM J.C.'S CAMPAIGNS!

NO, I DON'T SEEM TO HAVE IT... I'VE GOT A HELVETIAN WATER-CLOCK WHICH GOES CUCKOO, AN AMPHORA OF WARM BEER FROM BRITAIN, AN AMPHORA OF CHILLED BEER FROM BELGIUM, A FEW LITTLE SOUVENIRS FROM EGYPT AND GERMANIA, BUT NO ARVERNIAN CHIEFTAIN'S SHIELD...

VERGINGETORIX MUST HAVE LEFT HIS ARMS IN GAUL.

FINDING THEM COULD BE QUITE A FEAT.

THE FACT IS, O CAESAR, WE DON'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY LITTLE MEMORABILIA OF YOUR GALIC WARS.

NO COMMENTARY.

18
WELL, MY DEAR VAPUS, YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO GO BACK TO GALL AND LOOK FOR THE SHIELD VERGILIA TORCH THROW AT MY FEET.

ER... CAESAR... IT MIGHT SAVE TIME TO USE SOME OTHER SHIELD... A NICE NEW ONE. I HAPPEN TO KNOW A LITTLE ARMOURER WHO...

VADE RETRO, VAPUS! I SHALL HAVE MY TRIUMPH ON THAT ARMOURAN SHIELD AND NONE OTHER! AND DON'T TRY TO DECEIVE ME! TO DECEIVE CAESAR IS TO DECEIVE THE GODS, AND THE ANGER OF THE GODS WOULD BE TERRIBLE!

AND AS TRIBUNE NOVUS VAPUS RELUCTANTLY SETS OFF FOR GALL AGAIN, OUR HEROES ARE ENJOYING THEIR HOLIDAY... THEY VISIT THE FAMOUS PAVI BE ISAGUE (HERE BEEN LOOKING SOUTH, TO SEE IT LOOKING NORTH, THEN ROUND.)

... AND THE TEMPLE OF LUCAN, GOD OF BUSINESS AND INDUSTRY...

OUR VERY OWN GOD!

... AND THE TOWNS OF NEMESIS, PEROMAS, 
SORS, AND CALENEST, BAJAB.

AND WHAT ABOUT Alesia?

ALE gia?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, Alesia? EH??? WHY BRING Alesia INTO IT?

WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE Alesia IS, SO THERE!

A MONCTO - FERRAND © NEGIS © LA BARBEBOULE © CHARGES - AIGUES

OUR FRIENDS RETURN TO GERGOWA. EVERYONE KNOWS WHERE GERGOWA IS. YOU'LL STAY AT OUR PLACE AGAIN? SUMMER TODAY, HOW ABOUT SOME BOARS?

DON'T BE RASHER THAN YOU MUST. WE'RE NEVER HAM-HANDED!

I HOPE THAT'S NOT JUST BARMAN!

AN ATTITUDE WHICH HAS PERSISTED DOWN THE CENTURIES, WITH THE RESULT THAT THE SCIENCE OF THE GAULS REMAINS IN CAESAR'S UNHAPPY RAPPORT, A REGRETTABLY CHARVINIST STATE OF AFFAIRS!
I wonder if boar would taste nice in that soup?

Move aside, Gauls! Make way for Tribune Nonius Vaprus, special envoy of Julius Caesar!

Wasn't that the name of that Roman nut-case, Asterix?

If so, we've had a crack at him before.

Want to go and see?

Why not? After all, we're on holiday.

Soon afterwards...

Yes, that was him all right.

It's always nice to meet an old friend on holiday.

Most Romans come to these parts to take the waters... I seem to be the only one who comes here to take punishment!

Nice little place you've got here... and everything laid on in these forests: boars, nuts, the lot.

And speaking of nuts, we ran into that Roman friend of yours, by Lug and Togutatis.

Vaprus? Vaprus is back? I don't like the sound of that... We must keep our noses to the ground.
VAPORE IS NOTORIOUS IN THESE PARTS. CAESAR SENDS HIM TO KEEP US DOWN. IF HE'S BACK, WE'RE IN FOR A BAD TIME!

OH, DON'T LET'S BOTHER ABOUT A LITTLE THING LIKE THAT!

IT'S A REAL PLEASURE TO COOK FOR A MAN WHO ENJOYS HIS FOOD!

OH, I SAY!

MEANWHILE, TRIBUNE NOXUS VAPORE ARRIVES AT THE PREFECT'S PALACE...

AVE, NOXUS VAPORE!

I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU BACK SO SOON... ER... DID YOU HAVE A GOOD JOURNEY?

SUMMON ALL THE COMMANDING OFFICERS OF THE LOCAL GARRISONS AT ONCE. ALL LEAVE IS CANCELLED!

HEAR THAT?

JOIN UP, THEY SAID. IT'S A MAN'S LIFE, THEY SAID...

SON AFTERWARDS...

WELL, THESE ARE YOUR ORDERS: FIND THE CHIEFTAIN'S SHIELD SO THAT CAESAR CAN HOLD HIS TRIUMPH IN GERSOVIA!

A LOT OF ALESIANS CAME TO LIVE IN GERSOVIA AFTER THEIR DEFEAT. THAT GIVES US A GOOD OPENING. SEARCH EVERY HOUSE! AND GET MOVING, BY JUPITER!
OPEN UP, IN THE NAME OF CAESAR!

BONG! BONG! BONG!

WE'VE GOT A WARRANT TO BREAK AND ENTER, BY ORDER OF TRIBUNUS NOXIVUS VAPIS!

RIGHT, BUT PUT THE BRAKES ON! I DON'T WANT ANY BREAKAGES.

AND JUST WHAT DO YOU EXPECT TO FIND IN THERE?

WELL... A DROP OF SOUP... MIGHT MAKE AN INTERMISSION FROM OUR USUAL DIET.

YOM, AVERNIAN! WHAT'S BEHIND THAT DOOR?

MY STOCK OF CHARCOAL. I SELL IT. YOU CAN LOOK, BUT MIND YOU DON'T MAKE ANY MESS.

COME ON, MEN! SEARCH THE WHOLE PLACE!

Hey! You! You THERE!

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SCRUNCH!
They didn’t find anything. Talk about dirty looks!

Hahaha! Hahaha!

I may not have found anything, but I’ve got my eye on you!

Hahaha! Hahaha!

Dirty looks!

Hohoho!

Shall we black his eye?

No, better not. You never know with these barbarian blackguards. He looks harmless, but he could be a dark horse.

As for you, you skiver. You’re confined to barracks!

I wonder who can have told on me?

A little later. In the prefect’s palace...

Ave, noxius Vapitis! Patrol leaders reporting. To make a clean breast of it...

??

Well? We got a dusty answer.
Why don't we send Caesar another shield? We could tell him it was the chief's shield and... Caesar would spot the fraud at once. As a matter of course we'd be served up on the fake shield to the lions in the circus! You're right... we'd get there just desserts.

I'm sure there must be someone in Serviana who could give us information.

The Arvernians are a careful, cagey lot.

Let's send a spy. Pick me a volunteer!

Nominate Caesar Pisillaniumus. The worst skiver in the whole legion. I've just confined him to barracks.

Right... go and get this classic case of yours!

Pisillaniumus? He's on fatigue, sweeping the yard.

Is this your idea of sweeping a yard, Pisillaniumus?

Hmph?

Look, I've swept half the first flagstone. I'm just taking a breather. Then I'll sweep the other half of the first flagstone...

...then I'll take a breather and go on to the first half of the second flagstone. Take a...

Take a breather and come with me! The tribune wants to see you!

I don't like leaving a job unfinished...
LEGIONARY, I CONGRATULATE YOU! YOU'VE JUST BEEN CHOSEN VOLUNTEER TO GO AND SPY ON THE GAULS.

OH, AWFULLY SORRY, BUT I STILL GOT HALF A FLAGSTONE TO SWEEP BEFORE CURFEW!

IF YOU REFUSE TO VOLUNTEER I'LL HAVE YOU SWEEPING EVERY HALF FLAGSTONE FROM HERE TO THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS!

THAT'S RATHER A LOT OF HALF FLAGSTONES...

HOW RIGHT YOU ARE! NOW, WE SHALL DISGUISE YOU AS AN ARVERNIAN. YOU'RE TO TRY AND GET INFORMATION FROM THE LOCAL INHABITANTS AS TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF VERCINGETORIX'S SWORD!

OH, WELL... AVE...

FOR JUPITER'S SAKE PUT THAT BROOM DOWN!

ONE THING, HE LOOKS SUCH A FOOL THE ARVERNANS WILL NEVER SUSPECT HIM.

NO, BUT I DO WONDER WHETHER WE CAN RELY ON HIM... I WOULDN'T MIND A DROP MORE WINE.

CAREFUL, OBERIX. YOU KNOW YOU Aren'T USED TO IT.

HE'S NOT ALL THAT BRIGHT; FIFTEEN YEARS IN THE ARMY AND NEVER GOT PROMOTION. ALL HE'S INTERESTED IN IS WINE.

SEE THAT? IT'S CAUSUS!

YOU'D HARDLY KNOW HIM WITHOUT HIS BROOM.

OH, LET HIM, ASTERIX! A LITTLE WINE WON'T DO HIM ANY HARM.

THIS SOUNDS AN EXCELLENT SPOT TO START MY ENQUIRIES BY JUPITER!

25
WELL, EVENING ALL!
I MIGHT GET ON WITH
MY ENQUIRIES! HIC!

WINE
CHARCOAL

EVENING, ALL!
ANY CHANCE OF A
DRINK? HAE! HO!

DO YOU HEAR THAT SPY?
The Romans are looking for
the shield of Vercingetorix!
They must not find it!

OH, DON'T WORRY...
That idiot was absolutely signed...

IT'S UP TO US TO
FIND IT! THE TRIUMPH
WILL BE OURS,
BY TOUTATIS!

ASTERIX, THAT'S ALL ANCIENT
HISTORY! WE'RE AT PEACE NOW...

COME ALONG, OBELIX.
WE'RE OFF TO NEMESIS
STRIGHT AWAY TO FIND
THIS CIRCUMBENDIBUS.

BUT I HAVEN'T
FINISHED EATING!

BACK FROM HIS SECRET MISSION.
LEGENDARY CAESAR OBELLANUMUS
MURKS HIS Report...

WELL? WHAT
NEWS?

THEY DON'T KNOW A THING
ABOUT ALESHA... HIC... BUT
THEY KNOW A THING OR TWO
ABOUT MAKING WINE,
BY SHIPWIT!

NO GOOD BEING
KEEN IN THE ARMY.
WHAT'S THE USE OF
FLAG-WAGGING? BESH!
KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT.
MAYER 'SH THE WORD!

WINE
CHARCOAL

EVENING, ALL!
MEANWHILE, OUR FRIENDS HAVE ARRIVED AT THE LARGE AERVENIAN TOWN OF NEMESSOS...  

BUT HOW DO WE SET ABOUT FINDING CIRCUMBENDIBUS, ASTERIX?  

HE MAKES WHEELS... IT SHOULD BE EASY TO SPOT A WHEEL FACTORY...  

THERE, LOOK! THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT SQUARE WITH THE STATUE OF JULIUS CAESAR!

COME ALONG!

CIRCUMBENDIBUS' WHEELS

CAN I HELP YOU?  

WE WANT TO SEE CIRCUMBENDIBUS.

THE BOSS? WHAT ABOUT?

IT'S LIKE THIS... WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE SH...

PRIVATE BUSINESS. OUR NAMES ARE ASTERIX AND OBELIX.

AND DOGMATIX.

ASTERIX AND OBELIX WOULD LIKE TO SEE THE BOSS ON PRIVATE BUSINESS.

THAT'S OUR INTERCOM SYSTEM... NOW, IF YOU'D LIKE TO GO INTO THE WAITING ATRIUM...
Posh sort of place, this!

Yes, Circumendibus must be quite a wheeler-dealer...

Lucius Circumendibus's personal assistant, Anastasia will see you now. If you'll just come this way...

This is our carving pool. The firm sells wheels all over the known world, so there's a lot of stonework...

Come in!

Do you think I should have a carving pool to sell my menhirs?

I might get to sell my menhirs all over the known world, and...

Belt up!

These are the gentlemen!

Thank you, Memoranda. You may go. Now, what can I do for you, gentlemen?

We've come to see Circumendibus. Sorry, he's in a meeting and cannot be disturbed. Can I help you?

We want to see Circumendibus in person at once!

Quite out of the question.

Is this his door?

Yes, that's the door of his office, but...
COME ON, OBELIX! COME ON, DINGMATX! BUT YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE!!!

Hmm? What...? What do you want, by Jupiter?

Very sorry to interrupt your meeting, but we'd like to ask you a few questions about Alesia and a certain shield...

I've picked up the message, Asterix!

Well done! Now go outside the door and stop anyone coming in.

Lucius Circumbendibus! What's happening?

You can't come in...

Circumbendibus is in a meeting.
IF YOU'RE AFTER MY GOLD, IT'S IN A CHARCOAL CELLAR IN HELVETIA.

I'M NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR GOLD.

I'VE TOLD YOU WHAT I WANT, BY TUTTAT! THE CHIEF'S SHIELD YOU GOT AT ALESIA!

I'M A BIG WHEEL, YOU KNOW; IN MY LINE TIMES (EASTER), SO LET'S COME TO THE HUB OF THE MATTER, ARE YOU THREATENING ME?

YES.

I THOUGHT SO, I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING. I HAVEN'T GOT THE SHIELD ANYMORE.

YOU'RE RIGHT, I DID GET HOLD OF IT AFTER THE DEFEAT OF VERINGETORIX.

...BUT IN MY YOUTH I WAS CONSUMED BY THE URSE TO GAMBLE (I JOINED THE LEGION AS THE RESULT OF A SILLY BET)...

HEY, HOW ABOUT A GAME OF RUBBER AT NIBER?

DIEM PERDIDI!

YOU CAN SHOVE ME ON THAT TOO!

...I LOST THE SHIELD TO A LEGIONARY CALLED MARCUS CARNIVERUS IN A GAME OF CHANCE.

WHEN I WAS DEMOBBED I STAYED IN THESE PARTS AND MADE MY PILE. THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE TURNED MY WAY...

WHERE'S THE CARNIVERUS NOW?

I THINK HE'S A BATH ATTENDANT AT THE HYDRO IN BORVO X.

? SHE CALLED THESE PEOPLE, AND THEY WOULDN'T BELIEVE CIRCUMBENDIBULUS WAS IN A MEETING, SO I HAD TO DEAL WITH THEM, LOOKING HANDS.
WE'RE GOING TO TAKE A COURSE OF TREATMENT!

TREATMENT? WHAT TREATMENT? WHAT FOR?

WE HAVE TO FIND A BATH ATTENDANT AT BORVO, SO DON'T ARGUE. LET'S FIND A FAST CHARIOT TO GET US THERE.

MEANWHILE...

ANAESTHESIA!

YOU GOT THE NAMES OF THOSE BARBARIANS? RIGHT, CARVE A LETTER TO THE OFFICER COMMANDING THE GARRISON OF BERGONA AND HAVE IT SENT BY EXPRESS COURIER.

USE A SLAB WITHOUT OUR TABLET-HEAD AND TAKE JUST ONE COPY FOR MY PERSONAL FILES. THIS MESSAGE MUST REMAIN ANONYMOUS AND CONFIDENTIAL.

HERE WE ARE AT BORVO.

LISTEN, ASTERIX... DOGMAFIX AND I HAVE DECIDED NOT TO HAVE ANY TREATMENT BECAUSE...

OBELIX, THIS IS THE ONLY WAY WE CAN GET INTO THE BATHS AND FIND CARNIVORUS AND THE SHIELD WITHOUT arousING suspicion!

SO TRY TO LOOK ILL!

IF I DON'T GET A BEAR TO EAT SOON I SHAN'T HAVE TO TRY!

WE'D LIKE TO SEE THE DRUID WHO RUNS THIS HYDRO.

THERAPEUTA? THIS WAY.
Now then, don't forget to look ill.

All right, all right, don't go on about it! I get the idea!

Good morning, gentlemen. Good morning, O Druid.

Ouch.

What seems to be the trouble?

He's ill, I'm ill. Even our dog is ill. We want the full treatment!

Let's see... Does it hurt there?

Ouch.

And there?

Ouch.

Well, that's clear! Let's say baths and showers, massage and saunas...

Ouch.

...and of course a strict diet.

Ouch!

Right, the full treatment for both of you. Not the dog, though. The science of hydrotherapy is still in its infancy, and we don't know if it's good for animals.

And so in the course of treatment, our friends are able to make discreet enquiries...

What's your name?

AppleJus.

CarrotJus.

PruneJus.

TomatoJus.

The treatment is particularly painful at mealtimes...
HERE'S YOUR GRAPE FOR AFTER.

ASTERIX, I DON'T WANT HIS GRAPE! I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER, ASTERIX! I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER! TAKE AWAY THAT GRAPE!

DON'T GRIPE, OBELIX! TAKE IT EASY, I'VE HAD A BELLYFUL TOO! LET'S TRY A DIRECT QUESTION.

YES, HE WAS HERE FOR YEARS. HE SAVVED UP AND OPENED HIS OWN RESTAURANT, NOT FAR OFF. YOU CAN FIND IT EASILY...

...IT'S CALLED: THE BOAR IN WINE.

WELL, I WASN'T TO KNOW, OBELIX, WAS I? THE TREATMENT MUST HAVE BEEN GOOD FOR YOU, AND...

OH, MISTER ASTERIX KNOWS BETTER THAN ANYONE ELSE! MISTER ASTERIX IS ALWAYS RIGHT! IF MISTER ASTERIX HADN'T BEEN SO CLEVER WE COULDN'T HAVE MADE OUR ENQUIRIES EATING BOAR IN WINE!

COME ALONG, DOGMATIKS! WE'RE NOT SPEAKING TO HIM!

AND I'VE HAD JUST ABOUT ENOUGH OF YOUR TEMPER! YOU'RE ALWAYS PATTING YOUR STOMACH FIRST! BOOZE, ROMANS TO BASH, THAT'S ALL YOU EVER THINK OF! BREAD AND CIRCUSES! I DON'T KNOW WHAT ANCIENT GAUL IS COMING TO!

THE GAUL IN THE STREET—HUM! A FINE SPECIMEN, I MUST SAY!

HEAR THAT, DOGMATIKS? HE'S STARTED PREACHING SERMONS NOW!
Dogmatix, tell your master that in my opinion he's an obstinate pig!

Well... I was hungry, wasn't I?

HA! HA! GRMMMPH!

COME ALONG, BEFORE WE CARRY ON WITH OUR ENQUIRIES LET'S GO AND HAVE SOME BOAR IN WINE!

OH, NEVER MIND THE BORING WINE...
YOU'LL BE MARCUS CARNIVERUS, RIGHT?

ER... ER... YES.

WELL, FIRST OF ALL, TWO BOARS IN WINE!

AND TWO FOR ME TOO. V... VERY WELL.

I ARREST YOU IN THE NAME OF TRIBUNE NOXILUS VAPUS, SPECIAL ENVOY OF JULIUS CAESAR.

WHAT A DAY!... IT WAS SUCH A PRETTY RESTAURANT.

AFTER WE'VE HAD THESE FOR STARTERS, CARNIVERUS, YOU CAN SERVE THE BOARS.

WHAT A ROW! THEY SEEM TO BE HAVING QUITE A FLING.

DANCING THE GAULISH FLING TOO, BY THE SOUNDS OF IT. A FULL HOUSE, I'D THINK.

ACK!

YES, THERE YOU ARE... THEY'RE TURNING PEOPLE AWAY.

NOW, WHERE ARE THOSE BOARS?
Ah! And about time too! We're the last to get what's coming to us!

Good! Come and join us, Carnivorous, old chap.

It wasn't my doing... an anonymous message warned them you were coming, and they were expecting you...

Never mind that! Just hand over the chieftain's shield and we'll call it quits!

That's right... munch... anyone who has a way with a boar like you can't be all bad!

But I haven't got the shield any more... I already told them...

You're right. I did win it in a game of chance when I was a legionary...

Hey! You there! Quo vadis, ladgie?

...But as I'd left camp without a pass, I had to give the shield to centurion Titus Grappleus in return for his silence.

O temora, o mores!

Right! Where's this Titus Grappleus then?

Not in a watering place, I hope?

That great wineskin in a watering place? Ha!

No, he stayed in the army. The others will find him easily when they consult the army lists; I gave them his name.

How much do we owe you?

12 sestertii for the boars. The restaurant's on me. Just promise you'll never come back.
LATER, AFTER BORROWING A ROMAN CHARIOT WHICH WAS JUST PASSING...

WE MUST GET TO GESONA BEFORE CRAPULUS, TO STOP HIM GIVING THE SHIELD TO THE ROMANS...

IF HE GETS THERE FIRST WE'VE HAD IT. WE CAN'T FIGHT THE WHOLE GARRISON!

WHY NOT? IS IT OUT OF BOUNDS?

LATE THAT NIGHT...

COME IN, QUICK! THE SKY HAS FALLEN ON OUR HEADS!

WHO... WHO'S THERE?

IT'S US! OBELIX, ASTÉRIX...

...AND DOGMAK!

AND THERE'S A PRICE ON YOURS, BY THE WAY... THE ROMANS HAVE GONE CRAZY! THEY'RE SEARCHING EVERYWHERE, AND THE WORST OF IT IS...

...MY WINESANSPIRK HAS DISAPPEARED! NOSUS VAPEUS MUST HAVE TAKEN HIM PRISONER!

BOOMOOOO!

NEVER MIND THE SHIELD! WE'LL FIND YOUR WINESANSPIRK BY TUTATIS!

YOU CAN BE BOUND WE WILL, EVEN IF THE GARRISON IS OUT OF BOUNDS, BY BELENOS!

AND SO THE OUTLAWED ASTÈRIX, OBELIX (AND DOGMAK) SPEND THE NIGHT HIDDEN IN A HEAP OF CHARCOAL...

GOOD NIGHT, OBELIX. YOU'RE A WHITE MAN, ASTÈRIX!

SNIFF!
Wake up, me old cock! You're going to pot!

Hmph?

That's where you'll end up too, me block of a boy!

Cockadoodledoo!

Come on, Obelix.

Let's go and have a wash. We've got a lot to do today.

Caaah!

I'm going to find out how we can get into the prefect's palace unobserved.

...if we make a forced entry, we risk getting Vincks spirited executed before we can free him.

Right. I'm just finishing my bath.

Everyone's bath!

Yelp! Yelp! Yelp! Yelp! Pff! Pff!

It's all fixed, Obelix! I've found a way of jettisoning into the palace.

This is thermostatix, Vincks' spirited brother-in-law. He's delivering some charcoal to the palace.

We can hide in the charcoal.

Well, I wasn't to know, was I?
**It's the charcoal.**

**You're right. Drive on, then.**

**It's working nicely! Now I'm going to unload you into the cellar down a chute. Good luck!**

**Meanwhile, in a room in the palace...**

**YOOOWL! SH!**

**The thing is... I gave it to a wine merchant long ago, only I can't remember his name...**

**Well, Caius, we traced you to the garrison of Sepposium. Your weakness for the amphora has stood in the way of your promotion...**

**Paaff! ??!**
WH... WHO ARE YOU???

WE'RE LOOKING FOR WINESANSPIRIX.

WINESANSPIRIX!
THAT'S IT! THAT'S THE NAME OF THE WINE MERCHANT WHO HAD THE CHIEFTAIN'S SHIELD FROM ME!

WINESANSPIRIX!
I WANT THIS WINESANSPIRIX!

WINESANSPIRIX!
NO, WE WANT WINESANSPIRIX!

WINESANSPIRIX!
YOHOHO! I WAS THE ONE WHO REMEMBERED THE NAME! DON'T FORGET MY PROMOTION!

CALL OUT THE GUARD...

COME IN, OBEIX. WINESANSPIRIX DOESN'T SEEM TO BE IN HERE. LET'S GO AND LOOK FOR HIM SOMEWHERE ELSE.

ALL RIGHT, ASTERIX.

OBEIX? ASTERIX? THEN YOU'RE THE TWO GALLS WHO ARE AFTER THE CHIEFTAIN'S SHIELD...?

COMING, OBEIX?

PAB!

SURE ENOUGH, CARAMUS DOES SEE TO IT... TANTAN TARA!

THAT'S FUNNY. THE SENTRIES ARE LEAVING THEIR POSTS...

HEY, WHAT ABOUT MY PROMOTION, THEN?

THOSE MEN... STOP THOSE MEN!

LEAVE IT TO ME! I'LL SEE TO IT! I'LL FALL EVERYONE IN!

THAT SUITS US!
HA! I'LL SHOW THIS SPECIAL ENVOY HOW AN OLD NCO CAN DRILL HIS MEN...

ATTEN-SHUN! STAND AT-EASE! COMPANEEE 'SHUN! PAY ATTENTION, YOU LOT! AVE!

RIGHT! TWO STRANGERS MAY TRY TO BREAK OUT OF THESE CARRACKS ACCOMPANIED BY AN ANIMAL OF CANINE BREED. THE ORDER OF THE DAY IS: STOP THEM AT ANY COST...

THEY WENT THATAWAY!

WELL? HAVE YOU FOUND THEM?

AVE! CERTAIN INDICATIONS SEEM TO SHOW CLEARLY THAT THE FOREMENTIONED INDIVIDUALS AND THE ANIMAL...

... WENT THATAWAY...

QUICK! EVERYONE AFTER THEM!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE ARMY'S COMING TO! NO DISCIPLINE! NO SENSE OF TRADITION!

MEANWHILE...

THANK LUG YOU'RE SAFE! WINESANSPIRIX IS BACK!

NOT IN THE CHARCOAL. THAT'S WHERE THEY ALWAYS LOOK! GO DOWN HERE!

A FEW SECONDS LATER...

WE'RE LOOKING FOR WINESANSPIRIX AND THOSE TWO CRAZY GAULS! DON'T YOU MOVE!

SEARCH THE CHARCOAL!

3000 AFTERWARDS

LOOK AT THEM. PULSANIMUS... BEYOND THE PALE! HIC! PROBABLY FILTHY DRUNK MEN.

BLOTED ON THE LANDSCAPE... HOH!
You can come out now. The Romans think you've left Germania. They're searching the forest.

Later, after a quick wash and brush up...

Now then, what's all this about, Winzaspirix?

Well, it's like this... I was selling wine in Alesia...

... and the night after Alesia was taken a centurion came to my place... a real old soak...

... I swapped him an amphora of wine for the Chieftain's shield...

... and then a Gaulish warrior who was about to leave for home saw the shield. Let's have a look at that shield!

... and he begged me to let him have it for safe keeping.

Well, if it gives you any satisfaction...

So in a weak moment I gave that glorious shield to a stranger who didn't even come from these parts!

Cheer up, Winzaspirix. Far better from us to cast the first mehur 80.

If people without potion cast smaller stones.

And when I saw how important the shield is to you I was ashamed of myself, and I ran away. Then I was overcome with remorse and came back to confess.

Can you remember the warrior's name?

No, he was rather thin and rather unhappy. That's all I...

That's him!!!
O Chief Vitalstatistix!

Hello, boys. They said I'd find you here. I've finished my treatment. I'm well and truly cured.

That's him! That's him! That's the warrior I gave the shield to!

I recognised him straight away! He hasn't put on much weight since I last saw him!

Don't you remember? Alesia? The chieftain's shield?

Is... is he often like this?

Alesia? The chieftain sh... why of course!

The night after the battle I found the shield at a wine merchant. The man kindly gave it to me...

Hic!

And that wine merchant was you?

It was me!

And have you still got the shield, O Chief?

Of course!

I never move without it. In fact, I usually move on it!

The Romans are looking for it everywhere!

That explains why I saw so many Romans on my way here... but why are they all black?

Amazing, by Zorzo, isn't it, Obelix?

Yes, by Belenos. I didn't know anyone could get that thin!
I've got an idea, Winesanspirix. Summon all the inhabitants of Sergusia!

Meanwhile, after several fruitless searches...

Let's get back to Sergusia! We may have to back the town, but we'll find them, by Jupiter, if it's the last thing we do!

O Romans!

Here we are... waiting for you!

That's one of them! Charge!

Just a moment, Tribune!

And who might you be to stop Marcus Varrus, sent here specially by Julius Caesar?

The man who sent you. I've come incognito to see how things are going.

Jug... Julius Caesar...

Er... well... we were just about to attack Sergusia and...

Oh no! Big repetita don't always placent! Once was quite enough!
O ROMANS!

WHAT'S UP?

OH, NOTHINT...

DON'T TAKE ANY NOTICE...

THE TRIUMPH OF CHIEF VITALSTATISTIX ON THE SHIELD OF VERCINGETORIX!

TAKE A GOOD LOOK! AND YOU, BRAVE PEOPLE OF GERSOVIA, COME AND WATCH OUR TRIUMPH!

RIGHT. VENI, VIDI, AND I GET THE IDEA. NO ONE MUST EVER KNOW I SAW THIS... AND AS I CANNOT CONGRATULATE YOU ON THE CURIOUS APPEARANCE OF YOUR TROOPS...

AND SO AS TO MAKE SURE MY VISIT REMAINS A SECRET, I'M SENDING YOU AND YOUR MEN TO A GARRISON IN NUMIDIA.

AH! AT LAST! TWO CLEAN SOLDIERS!

HIC!

CENTURION! I PROMOTE YOU TO OFFICER COMMANDING THE GARRISON OF GERSOVIA! LEGIONARY, I PROMOTE YOU TO CENTURION! AND NEVER WANT TO HEAR THE NAME OF THIS DAIY AGAIN! AVE!

AVE! DON'T YOU WORRY, WE'LL KEEP ON THE BEST OF TERMS WITH THE WINE MERCHANT OF THESE PARTS, ME AND PASILLANIMUS.

CENTURION PASILLAN - HIC! - MUS!
Our friends are quite sorry to leave Gescova after their memorable triumph...

On the way home, the Chief's statistics are revitalized as he visits all the inns he patronized on the outward journey.

Our village!

And once again, our story ends with a banquet. Everyone is there. Everyone? No, someone is missing... who can it be?

Not him; he's there all right. So who can it be, then?

...Who?

But, Impedimenta, I have to sit at the head of the table! I have to go! I'm cured, my love... Impedimenta! You're not going to hit me over the head with that shield, are you?!!

The End