Asterix in CORSICA

TEXT: GOSCINNY
DRAWINGS: UDERZO

BOOK 24
I'm going to tell my daddy and you'll be sorry, too, there.

Do we need to lay a place for Cacophonix the Bard?

Yes, everyone celebrates the anniversary of the Gauls' victory at Gergovia, even the Bard.

And don't forget, this year's anniversary celebrations are very special! We've invited all our friends who have fought well against the Romans too. I want everything in this village perfect to receive them, starting with you!

Hear that, you two?

It was his brat told my boy I sold rotten...

Who were you calling a brat?

Stop it!

I want everything spotlessly clean, including my shield... it's filthy! Just look at it!

It's not all that dirty...

I can't see anything...

Sometimes I wonder if it's all worth...

What now?
IN THE FORTIFIED ROMAN CAMP OF TOTORUM...

RIGHT! EVERYONE READY?

AND ABOUT TIME TOO! FORWARD MARCH... AND IN SILENCE, PLEASE.

I'M ON A MISSION, CENTURION. WE'VE COME A LONG WAY. I WANT SHOOTER FOR THE NIGHT BEFORE WE CONTINUE OUR JOURNEY.

THE FACT IS... WE WERE JUST GOING OUT.

HOW MANY OF YOU WHERE?

ER... ALL OF US, GOING ON MANOEUVRES IN THE HINTERLAND.

YOU MEAN YOU'RE LEAVING THE CAMP UNGUARDED?

ER... SORT OF...

ARE WE OFF, CENTURION?

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR, BY JUPITER?

TIME'S GETTING ON!

WELL, I'M AWKWARDLY SORRY AND ALL THAT, DROP UIS A BLAST IN ADVANCE. ANYWAY, WE'RE OFF.

NO ONE'S OFF ANYWHERE!

I AM ON A SPECIAL MISSION FROM PRAETOR PERDULUS, GOVERNOR OF CORSICA, AND DEMAND AN EXPLANATION OF THIS SUSPICIOUS HASTE!

LISTEN, CENTURION HIPPOPOTAMUS, IF YOU DON'T MIND WE'LL GO ON AHEAD AND YOU JOIN US LATER ALL RIGHT?

NO, IT IS NOT ALL RIGHT!
Here, come into my tent... don't start without me, you lot. This won't take long.

Today is the anniversary of the battle of Sergovia. The people of the nearby Gaulish village have a way of celebrating the occasion by attacking the neighbouring Roman garrisons.

And you don't attempt to stop this local custom?

We certainly do! We stop it by leaving camp and going on manoeuvres!

Are you ready, centurion Hippopotamus? The boys are getting a bit impatient, and...

Are these Gauls really so ferocious?

Well, too bad. I'm escorting a consular exilarch and he's spending the night in this camp. You and your garrison are responsible to Caesar for his safe keeping. I'll be back to pick him up tomorrow.

Tomorrow? Where are you going today?

To join in the manoeuvres, of course!

But... but you can't do this to us! The Gauls will slaughter us! What's more, if they see we've got a prisoner here, they'll...

Bring the exile along!

Ave, centurion, and don't forget, Caesar will hold you responsible!
THE FIRST GUESTS ARE ARRIVING AT THE LITTLE GAULISH VILLAGE...

PETITSUIX!

I'VE BROUGHT YOU A HELVETIAN CHEESE.

HUEVOS Y BACON!

I OLE, HOMBRES, OLE!

I'VE JUST COME ALL THE WAY FROM ROME!

INSTANTMIX!

I JUST HAD TO HEAR THE SOUND OF YOUR VOICE AGAIN!

ANTICLIMAX!

MY KINGDOM FOR ANOS!

O'VEROPTIMISTIX!

MY ANXIOUS!

DIP-SOMANIX!

I SAY,O' OLD BOY,THIS IS SIMPLY MARVELLOUS, WHAT? GOOD TO SEE YOU, COUSIN ASTERIX!

JELLIBABIX FROM LUGDUNUM! DRINK LIKE A FIX FROM MASGILLA!

GENIORSERVIX FROM GESOCRIBATUM!

WINESANSPIRIX THE ARVERNIAN!

REMEMBER HOW WE BOWLED CAESAR OUT OF THE CHIEF'S SWORD?

WHAT A PRETTY DRESS!

YES, IT'S MADE OF OUR OWN LUGDUNUM SILK.

LYONS

I'M ENJOYING BEING LIONISED LIKE THIS, TOO.

HOMBRE!

I USE OLIVE OIL FOR ALL MY COOKING!

YOU DON'T SAY!

FAVORITISM THAT! I USE BOILING WATER. IT GIVES EVERYTHING A LOVELY FLAVOUR, DON'T YOU KNOW?

REMEMBER WHEN YOU BOWLED THOSE ROMANS OVER IN MASGILLA?

HAHAHAHA!

REMEMBER WHEN YOU WERE EATING HOLES IN CHEESE IN THAT GENEVA BANK VAULT?
We want to offer our guests a bit of punch for an appetitizer so and see where the Romans are, boys.

They usually hide on the anniversary of Gerovia to avoid the punch-up. These Romans are crazy!

Let's try the camp of Laudanium first...

Come on, Dogmatix! You'll be seeing Pepe again!

In the camp of Laudanium...

Anyone at home?

The camp of Aquarium...

Deserted...

How do the Romans expect to stay friends with us if they go off the very day we want a punch-up?

Soon afterwards...

And the camp of compendium was empty too.

Let's try Totorum, and if there's no one there we'll just have to play charades instead.

Look here, centurion, this character turns up, he uses us as a left luggage office, he leaves us to get ourselves massacred, and you put up with it?

Listen!

You know perfectly well we haven't any choice.

Centurion, I've got an idea: you stay here to guard the prisoner, we join the other lads, and if anyone attacks you...

Silence! We're all staying!

They're there. Good for them! This'll be fun... they'll be glad they stayed!

Now, promise me to leave our guests some Romans! Let them have the best ones!

All right, but Romans are like oysters, you know, the little ones are often best!
Totorum! I'll go and tell our guests.

Heel, Dogmatix!

Hee.

Friends, non-Romans, and other countrymen, you are now drinking the magic potion brewed by our Druid Getafix...

HURRAH!

Up with Getafix! Down the hatch with his potion!

You'll soon notice its effects. We're going to attack the Roman camp of Totorum before dinner. A little punch-up by way of an aperitif.

Punch-up!

I'm pleased as punch!

That's the ticket!

Tickety-boo, eh?

Tickety what?

This is what makes us tick.

Ah, punching Romans! They're the ticket!

Not a bad punch line.

And don't be back too late. Romans can wait, but roast boar can't.

Do you like oysters? The thing about oysters is, the little ones are the best!
AN ARMED VIGIL IS IN PROGRESS AT TOTORUM...

...AND THERE'LL BE THE GREAT BIG BRUTE, AND THE DREADFUL LITTLE MIDGET, ALL STUFFED WITH MAGIC POTION, AND THEY WON'T LIKE IT WHEN THEY SEE WE'VE GOT A PRISONER EITHER...

OH NO, BY JUPITER! THIS IS TOO MUCH!

CHATTER CHATTER

LISTEN, I'M GOING TO UNLOCK YOUR CHAINS...

IF THEY RECAPTURE YOU, YOU MUST PROMISE TO SAY YOU ESCAPED ON YOUR OWN AND NO ONE HELPED YOU... DON'T ASK WHY I'M DOING THIS FOR YOU...

CLICK!

YOU CAN GO! YOU'RE FREE!

I SAID: YOU CAN GO! YOU'RE FREE!

LISTEN, WILL YOU? YOU'RE FREE!

LISTEN, WILL YOU? YOU'RE FREE!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, AFTER YOUR SIESTA?

IT'S GETTING LATE, ROMAN. IF I DON'T HAVE MY SIESTA NOW, I SHAN'T HAVE TIME TO HAVE IT BEFORE BEDTIME, SO LEAVE ME ALONE OR I MIGHT loose MY TEMPER.

LOOK, ARE YOU OR ARE YOU NOT GOING TO ESCAPE?!

THEY'RE COMING, SATURUS RAPIDUS, AND THEY'VE GOT SOME FRIENDS WITH THEM. WE WOULDN'T LIKE YOU TO MISS THE START.
A PRISONER?

YES, BUT YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT NOW! YOU'VE BASHED US UP ALREADY! TRICKED YOU THAT TIME, DIDN'T WE?

WHAT'S YOUR NAME? WHY WERE YOU EXILED?

MY NAME IS BONEY-WASA WARRIOR WAYAYIX, AND I COME FROM CORSICA.

CORICA IS THE ROMANS' BUGBEAR! GET THAT, FATTY?

I AM NOT FAT AND I'M THE ROMANS' BUGBEAR TOO!

YOU'RE TOUGH... I LIKE YOU!

WELL, WELLINGTON-WASA...

BONEY-WASA.

SORRY, WELL, BONEY-WASA WARRIOR WAYAYIX, COME TO OUR VILLAGE SHARE OUR BANQUET...

... AND TELL US ALL ABOUT IT.

DOGMATIX HEEL!
DON'T YOU LIKE BOAR
BONEY WAS A WARRIOR
WAYAYIX?

FUNNY THAT MAU'S NAME
INSPIRES ME. I'VE GOT AN
ALARM FOR A SONG...
MAYBE A SHANTY...

YES, I LIKE BOAR
BUT I CAN SEE
YOU'RE JUST
SERVING IT TO
ME OUT OF
PITY.

NOT A
BIT OF
IT!

IF YOU DON'T
WANT IT, I'LL
TAKE IT OFF
YOUR HANDS...

I HAVE UPSET
YOU! YOU'RE
PROUD AND
TOUCHY. I LIKE
YOU, LITTLE
MAN.

VERY WELL, I'LL EAT THIS BOAR.

YOU'VE UPSET
ME NOW ALL
RIGHT!

TELL US
ABOUT YOUR COUNTRY,
BONEY WASHA-
WARRIOR WAYAYIX.

CORSICA IS A ROMAN PROVINCE
GOVERNED BY A PRAETOR
ANNUALLY. DURING HIS
YEAR IN OFFICE, THE PRAETOR
RAINS OVER CORSICA, CLAIMING
TO BE ELYING TAXES, BUT HE
REALLY WANTS TO BE IN
JULIUS CAESAR'S GOOD
BOOKS WHEN HE RETURNS
TO ROME.

FOR PITY'S
SAKE, A BOAR!

BUT BEFORE
THE PRAETOR
LEAVES, I AND
MY MEN SET BACK
EVERYTHING HE HAD IN
HIS WAREHOUSES.
SO NOW CAESAR'S ONLY
HAD PEANUTS OUT OF US... NOT EVEN
ONE OF OUR CORSICAN
CHESTNUTS.

THE PRESENT PRAETOR, PERIFIDUS, IS THE
GREEDIEST AND CRUELLEST WE'VE HAD YET.
AN ENEMY BETRAYED ME TO HIM AT
SIESTA TIME, AND HE CONDEMNS ME TO
THE WORST OF PUNISHMENTS: EXILE!
BUT THANKS TO YOU, I
SHALL BE BACK IN
CORSICA BEFORE THE
PRAETOR LEAVES,
IN TIME TO GET
BACK ALL THE
LOOT HE'S
STOLEN!

I'D BE INTERESTED TO
SEE HOW YOU DEAL WITH
ROMANS!

SCRUNCH!
SCRUNCH!

WELL, WHY NOT
COME WITH ME?
ASTERIXOCELIX?
WHEN YOU GET HOME, YOU
CAN TELL YOUR FRIENDS
HOW I PULLED THINGS
IN CORSICA, THE MOST
BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY
IN THE WORLD!

YES, BUT NOT
JUST YET. I NEED
A NAP FIRST.

YES, BUT NOT
COME TO MY
ARMS, LITTLE MAN!
YES, I REALLY
DO LIKE YOU!
The Port of Massilia...

I must find a boat to take us to Corsica. I have friends in Massilia who'll help me, but I'd better go on my own.

We'll meet here in an hour's time. Hold this dog for me. I'm rather tired.

VermicelliX

VermicelliX, the sight of you riles me with joy.

Boneywasa-Warior-Wayyix, am beside myself with joy.

Mortadella, let's have some wine and some sausage, not the stuff we give the customers.
NOW, GO AND SEE TO THE CUSTOMERS.

MPH.

THIS SAUSAGE BRINGS BACK MEMORIES OF MY NATIVE LAND! SO FRESH YOU CAN ALMOST HEAR IT BRAYING.

STILL PRETTY AS YOU CAN SEE, BUT SHE JUST CAN'T KEEP HER MOUTH SHUT. YEAH, THAT'S ENOUGH ABOUT WOMEN. I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN EXILE?

NOT ANY MORE. YOU MUST FIND ME A BOAT TO CROSS BACK TO CORSICA.

IT WON'T BE EASY. THE ROMANS ARE WATCHING THE PORT. BUT I'VE GOT SOME SAILORS IN THERE WHO SEEM TO BE PRETTY COOL CUSTOMERS. COME ON.

ANYTHING ELSE YOU FANCY?

NOT A SAUSAGE, EH, CAP'N?

I'D LIKE TO MAKE YOU AN OFFER. IF YOU TAKE SOME MEN ON BOARD FOR CORSICA, I'LL NEED GOLD FOR SHIPBOARD EXPENSES.

THE PRICE IS RIGHT, BUT THEY'LL SOON NEED GOLD FOR SHIPBOARD EXPENSES.

WELL, THAT'S FIXED. WE EMBARK TONIGHT. COME ON, I KNOW SOMEWHERE WE CAN HAVE A SIESTA.

HEY, YOU!

HARRGH HARRGH HARRGH! PASSENGERS, WITH LOTS OF GOLD. ONCE AT SEA, WE'LL CLEAN THEM OUT AND MAKE THEM WALK THE PLANK. NO MORE BOARDING SHIPS FOR US, WE'RE GOING IN FOR OVERBOARDING!

O TEMPORA, O Mores!

AND More's THE Word.
NEXT MORNING...

NO ONE AROUND! THEY'VE ABANDONED SHIP!

WELL, NEVER MIND. JUDGING BY THE SUN, WE'RE ON THE RIGHT COURSE FOR CORSICA.

BUT I'M HUNGRY!

COME ON, THEN! VERMICELIX GAVE ME A CORSIAN CHEESE. YOU'LL FIND IT'S QUITE SOMETHING.

THERE'S A TRICK TO MAKING A GOOD CHEESE...

...I THINK I'LL JUST GO AND LIE DOWN...

AH, THAT AROMA...

SNIFF! SNIFF!

SUCH A DELICATE, SUBTLE AROMA, CALLING TO MIND THYME AND ALMOND TREES, PO TRESS, CHESTNUT TREES... AND THEN AGAIN, THE Faintest Hint OF PINE, A TOUCH OF TARRAGON, A SUGGESTION OF ROSEMARY AND LAVENDER... AH, MY FRIENDS, THAT AROMA...

...IS THE ESSENCE OF CORSICA!
CORSICA!

These Corsicans are crazy! Oh, come on, let's follow him.

Smell that water? That marvellous scent of lobster, sea urchin and shrimp?

Personally, I think it smells of Romans... isn't that a fortified Roman camp over there?

Yes, there are camps all round the shores of the island. It's when they try getting into the Maquis in the interior the Romans have problems.

But don't worry: the Romans who get sent here are usually a poor lot, posted to Corsica by way of punishment. It's only the Praetor who keeps a few crack troops at Aleria.

See that? We'd better let the centurion know! Anyway, don't let's hang around here.

Hurry up, can't you? Take it easy now... just take it easy!

You're new here, so take it very, very easy and I'll explain things.
THE SAND! TAKE A SNIFF AT THIS SAND!

WOULDN'T THERE BE ANY WAY OF GETTING A SNIFF OF A BOAR?

YOU'RE RIGHT! WE'LL GO UP THE MOUNTAIN TO MY VILLAGE.

SOON AFTERWARDS...

AVE CENTURION! WE HAVE OBSERVED THREE MEN ABANDONING THEIR SHIP IN ORDER TO MAKE AN ILLEGAL ENTRY INTO CORSICA.

HOW LONG AGO?

WELL, AS LONG AS IT TOOK US TO GET BACK HERE, AND MY CALIGAE ARE KILLING ME, SO WE DIDN'T GO VERY FAST.

RIGHT! LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THIS SHIP.

THE SHIP? BUT I'D HAVE THOUGHT IT WAS THE MEN WHO...

YOU MAY BE THE ONE VOLUNTEER IN THIS GARRISON, COURTING DISASTER, BUT YOU'RE GETTING ME DOWN. WE'RE GOING TO LOOK AT THAT SHIP AND WRITE A REPORT!

SURE ENOUGH, THE SHIP IS ABANDONED. RIGHT BACK WE GO TO WRITE THE REPORT.

CENTURION, THERE'S A BOAT FULL OF PEOPLE NOT FAR OFF!

ONE REPORT AT A TIME! WE'LL COME BACK TOMORROW AND WRITE A REPORT ON THIS SUBJECT OF YOURS IF IT'S STILL AROUND.

SOME ROMANS JUST LEAVING OUR SHIP... IT LOOKS DESERTED. WE CAN TAKE IT BACK, ME HEARTIES!

THIS WHOLE THING SMELLS A BIT...

THEM COULD STILL BE HIDDEN ON BOARD. FELIX QUI POTUIT RENUNCIARE CAUSAS, IF YOU'LL PARLON MY LATIN.
CORSAIR MY FOOT! YOU'RE ALL COMING TOO AS A MATTER OF COURSE!

SOON AFTERWARDS...

WE'VE SEARCHED THE SHIP. NO GALLEYS!

HARD CHEESE FOR THEM!

BUT THERE'S A FUNNY KIND OF SMELL DOWN THERE, LIKE A CHEESE GONE MAD.

OH, ALL RIGHT! I'M CHEESED OFF WITH YOU LOT.

I WANT A VOLUNTEER TO...

VLABA DABOOOM!
Right. There's nothing left for us to do here. We're off.

Well, what about it? A ship arrives. These characters dive into the sea. The ship's abandoned. It blows up. Another set of characters come swimming ashore...

Meanwhile...

By Jupiter and Mercury! Are you looking for trouble, Courting Disastus? Well, you can have it! You can escort these idiots to Aleria!

My village is quite close. Is he from your village?

Yes, that's Lethargix, our Druid. He's busy gathering mistletoe.

That's the way he gathers mistletoe?

Yes, he's waiting for it to fall off the tree.
OH, LOOK! TAME BOARS!
NO, THOSE ARE WILD PIGS.

CHIEF BONEYWASA-WAYAYIX!
YOU'RE BACK!

PLEASE BE SEE YOU, CARFERR IX.
TO THINK WE WERE JUST ABOUT TO HOLD ELECTIONS
FOR A NEW CHIEF. THE BALLOT BOXES ARE ALREADY FULL.

YOU MEAN THE BALLOT BOXES ARE FULL BEFORE THE
ELECTION'S HELD?

YES, BUT WE THROW THEM INTO THE SEA
WITHOUT OPENING THEM, AND THEN THE
STRONGEST MAN WINS. IT'S AN OLD CROMIACAN
CUSTOM.

MET ANGERUX, GRELIX, AND DOMATIX. THEY'VE COME TO SEE HOW WE
COMICAN DEAL WITH THE ROMANS.

WHY NOT COME AND HAVE SOME WILD
PIG AT MY PLACE?
Well, how are things going? The warehouses of Aleria are full of the loot Praetor Perfidus has taken. There isn't much time left. The Praetor will soon be recalled to Rome.

Then why not attack now? Aleria is well defended. We need time to summon everyone from the other villages. That's what I was doing when I was captured in Olabella-Margaritix's village.

Olabella-Margaritix? My clan and Olabella-Margaritix's clan have a vendetta going. But I never thought he'd betray me to the Romans.

There's no proof he did... The Olabella-Margaritix clan are capable of anything!

What's the vendetta about? No one's too sure any more...

The old folk say Boneywasa-Warriorwayti's great-uncle married a girl from the Vigonella clan, and a cousin by marriage of one of Olabella-Margaritix's Grandfather's was in love with her.

But others say it was because of a donkey which Olabella-Margaritix's great-grandfather refused to pay for when he got him from the brother-in-law of a clan friend of the Boneywasa-Warriorwayti clan, claiming that he was lame. Not the Boneywasa-Warriorwayti's friend's brother-in-law...

Anyway, it's very serious.
A legionary to see you, O praetor Perfidius. He says he has important information.

Show him in.

Ave, praetor! This man wants to spin you a yarn.

No, I don't! I'm an honest sailor working the Massilia-Corsica crossing...

I took three passengers on board, and before they disappeared they blew up my ship with an infernal device in the form of a cheese...

A corsican cheese?

Any way, one of the passengers was corsican... They called him Boneysaga-Warrior. Powtiddlypow! Wayayix!

Yes, that's right, hot powtiddlypow, wayayix. There were two Gauls with him. Two real threats to shipping who...

Where did they go?

O praetor, I will recapture Boneysaga-Warrior. Heynonyno!

Outlaws? Boneysaga-Warrior wayayix is the worst of bandits! He's aft Caesar's taxes, I'd exiled him, we must capture him!

I saw them make off inland, towards the mountains. I request the honour of participating in the search if these men are outlaws.

Wayayix.
COMING TO THE COOKHOUSE DOOR, BOYS!!

EXCELLENT! THE FIRST TEN MEN HAVE VOLUNTEERED TO GO AND RECAPTURE BONEY WABA-WARRIOR WAYAYIX!

I TOLD YOU, YOU FOOL, DIDN’T I? WE’D ONLY JUST HAD A MEAL!

YOU WERE RIGHT....I HADN’T EVEN FINISHED EATING.

I’LL BRING BACK THE BANDIT, PRAETOR, AYE!

CAESAR WARNED ME... IF I DIDN’T BRING PLENTY OF LOOT BACK TO ROME, HE'D GUESS I TO GAIL... APPARENTLY THERE'S A VILLAGE THERE WHOSE PEOPLE ARE EVEN WORSE THAN THE CORSICANS... AND THEY HAVE NOTHING BUT FISH TO BE LOOTED...

AND I'VE HEARD IT ISN'T ALWAYS MEAT EITHER.

FORWARD MARCH, MEN!

I DOUBT IF YOU WILL BRING HIM BACK, YOU POOR FOOL... I SHALL HAVE TO PUT THE LOOT SOMEWHERE SAFE...
HAVE A WARRANT TO SEARCH IN THE NAME OF PRAETOR PERPIDIUS, REPRESENTATIVE OF JULIUS CAESAR IN CORSICA!

CHIPOLA, SET BACK INTO THE HOUSE.

ER... WELL, I WAS SAYING AVE, AND IN THE NAME OF PRAETOR PERPIDIUS, REPRESENTATIVE OF

YOU SPOKE TO MY SISTER.

I DID?... I DIDN'T REALISE...

I DON'T LIKE PEOPLE SPEAKING TO MY SISTER.

BETTER WATCH OUT, MATES.
...just long enough for a chestnut to fall!

All right, I'm off!

Run for it! We've got to hold him...

Chapolata, don't let him catch you courting disaster with any Roman girls again!

Fancy... they stayed longer than I expected.

They're in luck. Eleven came and there are eleven going.

They'll complain of not living to a ripe old age.

You know, there's nothing to feel bad about. The barbute will have made it to the maquis by now.

The maquis? Why didn't you say so before? We're going to search the maquis!

Search the maquis? He's as crazy as that nut Salamix!

And any deserters will be treated as they deserve!

What do deserters deserve? Their just deserts.
YOU'RE SURE YOU KNOW WHERE WE ARE?

YES, ASTERIX. WE WENT THE LONG WAY ROUND BECAUSE I WAS LOOKING FOR...

AH, HERE IT IS! A SESTERTIUS I LOST LAST TIME I WAS AROUND HERE.

obelix, don't go too far off!

It's Dogmatix! He was here just now, and...

Where were our tracks?

Hear that? Voices! We're on the right track!

Courting Dogmatix! Don't make any noise!

Have you seen Dogmatix?

Who's Dogmatix?

Asterix, there's someone here who doesn't know Dogmatix.

What were you drinking, Asterix?

A little magic potion, Boneywasa-Wariorwaywayix. Where are they obelix?

Are there any others about?

Glug glug glug...

Got one, Asterix! So have I, by Jupiter.

Right, friends, follow me.

All right, now I've found Dogmatix! I've no need to hang about any more.
YOU IDIOT, WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT HOW TO GET BACK FIRST!

LET'S HOLD HANDS, BOYS.

BY JUPITER, THIS PLACE IS SWARMING WITH PIGS!

A ROMAN ROAD! OH, FOR A ROMAN ROAD!

ON TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN...

WELL, IF YOU'D PICKED UP A FEW YOURSELF, I WOULDN'T HAVE TO LEND YOU SOME OF MINE.

WE'LL SHELTER IN THIS CAVE.

NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS WAIT FOR THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE OTHER CLANS, AND THEN WE ORGANISE OUR ATTACK ON ALERIA. THE PEOPLE OF MY VILLAGE HAVE SENT THEM WORD.

LET'S HOPE THE PRÆTOR DOESN'T HAVE TIME TO GET HIS LOOT TO SAFETY!

ANYWAY, WE LIKE THE MAQUIS, DOGMATIX AND ME. IT'S FULL OF PIGS AND ROMANS!

IN THE PRÆTOR'S OFFICE IN ALERIA...

THE FACT THAT YOU ARE THE ONLY NATIVE CORSICAN LEGIONARY MAKES YOU IDEAL FOR THIS SECRET MISSION. SERVE ME WELL AND YOU WON'T REGRET IT, SALAMIX.

Yeah, sure!
THE CORSICANS ARE GOING TO ATTACK ALERIA AND SACK THE WAREHOUSES...

YEAH?

SO, VERY DISCREETLY, YOU ARE GOING TO MOVE THE CONTENTS OF THE WAREHOUSES AND SET THEM ON BOARD THE BIG GALLEY OUT IN THE HARBOUR...

THE BIG GALLEY, YEAH...

FOR THIS OPERATION YOU WILL EMPLOY THE CORSICAN PRISONERS NOW BUILDING THE ROMAN ROAD...

THE ROMAN ROAD, YEAH...

AS A REWARD FOR THEIR WORK, THE CORSICAN PRISONERS WILL BE SET FREE... BUT BE CAREFUL! I DON'T WANT THE GARRISON TO GET WIND OF THIS!

NO, BECAUSE ONCE THE GALLEY IS LOADED UP WE'LL GO ABOARD OURSELVES, AND SAIL AWAY FROM CORSICA, LEAVING THE GARRISON BEHIND TO DEFEND THE EMPTY WAREHOUSES!

HA, HA, HA!

YOU'LL HAVE TO WORK ALL NIGHT... NOW, IS THAT ALL QUITE CLEAR?

ER...

NO.

THE ROMAN ROAD BEING BUILT BETWEEN ALERIA AND ARRAVIATA, THE ROADWORKS HAVE BEEN IN PROGRESS FOR THREE YEARS...

HEY... I'VE GOT WORK FOR YOU.

NOT JUST A TRAITOR, FOUL-MOUTHED TOO!

NEVER MIND! DO AS I SAY, AND YOU'LL COME BACK TO ROME WITH ME, BE RICH AND RESPECTED.

YEAH?
NO, THAT’S POTATOGNOCCHIX, ONE OF THE CLAN CHIEFS.

THAT’S SEMOLINAGNOCCHIX! COME IN!

AND WHO’S THAT?

CAN’T YOU TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A PIG AND THE CHIEF OF A CORSICAN CLAN?

I DON’T KNOW. I NEVER TASTED THE CHIEF OF A CORSICAN CLAN, AND DON’T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT, YOU’RE GIVING ME A HEADACHE.

LEAVE HIM ALONE... THESE ARE MY GAULISH FRIENDS, THEY’RE COMING TO THE ATTACK ON ALERTA.

I DIDN’T KNOW IT WOULD TURN OUT TO BE A TOURIST ATTRACTION...
That night on board a galley in the port of Aleria...

...and once the ship is loaded up, you will sail her to Rome. I shall be on board with Salamix, we'll be getting rid of him during the voyage.

Meanwhile...

Right, get working. You must carry all this on board the galley.

Twenty minutes later...

Where do I put this? At this rate it's going to take years, and we have to stop work at daybreak because of the garrison.

There's no hurry, boys. We've got years to finish the job, and we don't need to do anything during the day.

I've got a cousin who has a job like that, in the civil service Massilia.
AT DAYBREAK...

LOOKS LIKE THE ROMANS WILL FIND OUR LADS TOUGH NUTS TO CRACK!

THAT'S A HOARY OLD CORISCAN CHESTNUT, LET'S GO AND SEE HOW THE YOUNG'UNS Cope... DON'T SUPPOSE THEY'RE UP TO MUCH.

YOU'RE NUTS, TOTELLINIX, WE'LL ASK THE YOUNG'UNS TO CRY DRAWS DOWN FOR US WHEN WE GET THERE.

SHALL WE TAKE THE TREE TRUNK?

WHAT A LOT OF THEM!

YES, WE'RE FULL OF CLAN FEELING.


SEE THAT COLUMN OVER THERE? THOSE ARE THE CORISCANS WHOSE CHIEF MARRIED INTO A CALEDONIAN CLAN...

GROINK! GROINK! GROINK!

THE CLAN OF MACARONIX.
Hullo, Salamix. Going on duty?

No fear! I've been working all night.

You've been working all night?

What at?

I'm not saying! The praetor told me not to tell anyone we were clearing the warehouses.

What was that? The praetor's having the warehouses cleared... in secret?

You think he intends to escape and leave us here?

Who told you we were loading everything up on a galley before the Corsicans attack? Come on, who told you?

Soon afterwards...

We want to see Praetor Perfidius!

What's all this noise, by Jupiter?

You're clearing the warehouses!

You're going to leave us to face the Corsicans!

The Corsicans are going to attack!

Who told you all these stories?

Yes, that's what I'd like to know too! Maybe it was the captain of the galley we're going to use to escape and...

Shut up!!

Boys, boys! The Corsicans aren't going to attack! You mustn't believe birds of ill omen!

At the gates of Aleria...

This'll do us nicely.
AND NOW YOU'LL SEE HOW WE DEAL WITH THE ROMANS IN CORSICA!

READY? ATTA...
Wait a moment!

Olabella-Margaritix!

That's right! Olabella-Margaritix! And who gave you the right to take command?

People who've let the Romans catch them like a blackbird aren't fit to command!

It was you who betrayed me!

Say that again!

You can settle your argument later... Romans first!

I'm not fighting under someone who's already got the bird!

Say that again!

I've had enough of this. Let's see the battle over before Lisa time.

Macaronix is right.

I've got an idea! Let's hold an election to find out who's chief!

Potato-Gnocchix is right!

Anyone got a full ballot box?

Nothing doing!

Well? Made your minds up? I'm tired of this!

Shall we get them?

Let's get them!
RAISE THE ALARM!
RAISE THE ALARM!
CORSICANS! MASSES OF
CORSICANS OUTSIDE
THE TOWN!

WE'LL DISCUSS
ALL THAT LATER!
WE MUST MAKE A
SORTIE OR THEY'LL
FORCE THEIR
WAY IN!

RIGHT, BUT
YOU'RE COMING
WITH US!
WE WANT TO
BE SURE
YOU'LL STAY
TILL THE END
OF THE
BATTLE.
THIS IS
MUTINY! YOU
CAN'T FORCE
YOUR LEADER
TO LEAD THE WAY!

AH!
ABOUT
TIME TOO.
THESE THINGS
NEVER START
PUNCTUALLY.
I REMEMBER
THE DAYS
WHEN IT WAS
A CONTINUOUS
PERFORMANCE.
I DIDN'T
KNOW THE
PRAETOR
WAS IN THE
ACT TOO.

WHO...
WHO ARE
THOSE TWO?
I DON'T KNOW,
BUT I'M NOT TOO
KEEN ON BEING
IN THE FRONT
LINE!

I BROUGHT THEM TO SHOW THEM
WHAT WE CAN DO, AND NOW THEY'RE
GIVING US A LESSON / AND THEY'RE
FROM THE CONTINENT TOO!

CLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAP!

LET'S GO!
WE CAN SORT IT ALL OUT LATER!
Well, here they come after all. These young folk have no idea of punctuality. Isn’t that little Salamix out ahead of the rest? So it is! I get the impression he’s still a bit empty-headed.

What... what am I doing here?

You’re a traitor!

A traitor? Me? Just repeat that! You can fight later. We’ve got a battle first.

Battle? Who with? With the Romans, of course!

The Romans? Charge!

Charge!
HERE WE COME, FRIENDS!
WE DON'T NEED YOU! WE'RE YOUR GUESTS, AND IF IT'S OYSTERS YOU'RE THINKING OF, YOU CAN LEAVE US THE BIGGEST!
OH, I THOUGHT THE SMALL ONE'S TASTED BEST?
HEAR THAT? RATHER A TEASE, ISN'T HE?

TEASE?

PAF!
BONG!
TCHONC!
BING!

YES, THAT'S RAVIOLIX ALL RIGHT.
HE MARRIED YOURS DESIDERATA, didn't he?
SMOCLINA-GNOCCHIX'S SISTER? THAT'S SMOCLINA-GNOCCHIX HELPING SPAGHETTIK TEAR DOWN THE PRAETOR's PALACE.

ISN'T SPAGHETTIX A COUSIN OF PETTUCINIX OVER THERE, CHASING THOSE FOUR ROMANS WITH A SWORD?
NO, PETTUCINIX IS TASSOTELIX's COUSIN.
SPAGHETTIX's COUSIN IS LASAGNIX.
THAT'S HIM BITING THE CENTURION.

BUT FOR THESE FAMILY REUNIONS PEOPLE WOULD NEVER HAVE THE CHANCE TO GET TOGETHER.
LOOKS AS THOUGH THE ROMAN GUARD'S SURRENDERING AND NOT DYING.
THAT'S RIGHT, THE ROMANS ARE SURRENDERING CANNELLONIX.

BY THE WAY, HOW'S CANNELLONIX's WIFE ERRATA?
CAST OFF!  CAST OFF!

MEANWHILE, ON BOARD THE SHIP...

... AND THEN, DURING THE VOYAGE, WE'LL THROW THE ROMAN OVERBOARD AND SAIL OFF WITH THE LOOT!

HE'LL GET A STYLUS THAT WAY... DO WE CAST OFF?

GO SLOW...

QUICK! QUICK! CAST OFF!

A BIT OF PLAN DRAWING FIRST, WHERE'S THE LOOT YOU'VE PURLOINED? WE'VE ONLY GOT ONE AMPHORA ON BOARD SO FAR.

CAP'N! LOOK!

THE GAU... THE GAUGAU...

CAST OFF! QUICK! CAST OFF!!!

THAT'S JUST WHAT I WAS SAYING! CAST OFF!
AFTER A BRIEF BUT VIOLENT EPISODE...

WELL, DO WE CAST OFF?

NO POINT CASTING PEARLS BEFORE SWINE NOW...

IS THAT MEANT TO HAVE US IN STITCHES?

CAP’N, WITH DUE RESPECT, YOU’RE A SILL KNIT.

PRAETOR, WE WILL ALLOW YOU AND YOUR MEN TO LIVE, SO THAT YOU CAN TELL CAESAR WHAT YOU HAVE SEEN!

WE SHALL RECOVER ALL YOU HAVE STOLEN FROM YOUR WAREHOUSES, AND LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOUR MASTER!

CAESAR WILL HAVE HIS REVENGE!

THE PEOPLE OF CORSICA WILL NEVER ACCEPT AN EMPEROR UNLESS HE IS A CORSICAN HIMSELF, GO!

THAT’S RIGHT! OINK!

NOW HOW ABOUT A FEW EXPLANATIONS, BONENSAWYRR, OR WHAT’S IT?

YES, OLABELLA-MARGARITIX!

THREE CHEERS!
WHY DID YOU ACCUSE ME OF BETRAYING YOU TO THE ROMANS?

YOU WERE THE ONLY PERSON WHO KNEW I HAD COME TO YOUR VILLAGE, AND THEN THE ROMANS CAME ALONG DURING MY SIESTA.

WE DIDN'T KNOW THEY WERE COMING. WE JUST TOOK ADVANTAGE OF YOUR SIESTA TO GO AND TAKE PROVISIONS TO COUSIN RIGATONIX WHO'S BEEN HIDING IN THE MAQUIS FOR THIRTY YEARS OVER THAT BUSINESS OF LASAGNIX'S GREAT-AUNT.

I REMEMBER! THE PRAETOR DIDN'T GET A TIP-OFF FROM OLABELA-MARGARITIX. HE SIMPLY HAD YOU FOLLOWED, AND WHEN OLABELA-MARGARITIX AND HIS MEN WENT OFF, HE TOOK HIS CHANCE TO CAPTURE YOU.

MAYBE... BUT THAT DOESN'T SETTLE THE BUSINESS OF YOUR GREAT-GRANDFATHER WHO WOULDN'T PAY FOR THE DONKEY WHICH...

STOP IT!

THAT'S QUITE ENOUGH PAST HISTORY!

YOU'VE BEEN FIGHTING TOGETHER AGAINST YOUR OPPRESSOR, AND YOU'LL HAVE TO FIGHT AGAIN IF YOU'RE TO REMAIN FREE, SO SHAKE HANDS!

HURRAH FOR BONEYWAHAWARRIORWAYAYIX! HURRAH FOR OLABELA-MARGARITIX! HURRAH FOR ASTERIX! LET'S HAVE A PARTY! OINK!
GAULS, WE ARE HAPPY TO HAVE BEEN YOUR HOSTS, AND YOU'VE REALLY WORKED WONDERS...

BEATING THE ROMANS IS NOTHING, BUT SETTLING A VENDETTA BETWEEN TWO CLANS IS AN AMAZING FEAT!

SUCH POINTLESS FEUDS WILL NEVER EXIST IN CORSICA AGAIN!

GOOD... AND NOW WE MUST BE GETTING HOME TO SAUL. BONE-WASA WARRIORWAYAYIX.

WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE AS A PRESENT FROM CORSICA?

THAT DEAR LITTLE DOG.

WE AND COUSIN LASAGNIX WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHERE YOUR COUSIN RIGATONIX IS. WE WANT A WORD WITH HIM.

I'M NOT SAYING, SPAGHETTIX.

YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR THIS, OLABELLA-MARGARITIX.

WE MAY NOTE IN PASSING THAT, AS A RESULT OF THE RATHER COMPLICATED MATTER, ONE OF THE DESCENDANTS OF THE OLABELLA-MARGARITIX CLAN WAS FOUND LAST YEAR BY THE POLICE, HIDING IN THE MANSIONS BEHIND A MOTEL.
HERE THEY COME! THEY'RE BACK!

AND SOME INTERESTING ROMAN REMAINS, DATING FROM THE TIME OF OUR VISIT.

AND THERE WERE SOME VERY NICE PIGS, AND DOGMATIX MADE LOTS OF FRIENDS...

IT WAS FINE. NICE PLACE THEY'VE GOT THERE. MOUNTAINS, FORESTS, MOUNTAIN STREAMS, MAQUIS...

WELL, BOYS, WAS IT NICE IN CORSICA?

DIDN'T YOU, DOGMATIX?

AS USUAL, OUR FRIENDS' RETURN IS THE EXCUSE FOR A BANQUET HELD UNDER THE STARS... AND WE MAY NOTE THAT EACH OF THEIR JOURNEYS ENRICHES THE TRAVELLERS' EXPERIENCE, SINCE THEY ADOPT SOME OF THE MORE PLEASANT CUSTOMS OF THE COUNTRIES THEY HAVE VISITED.

THE END

GERZO & GOSCINNY