WATCH OUT!
HERE COMES THE
ROMAN PATROL!

BY TOUTATIS!
BY BELENOS!
BY JUPITER!
The Gaulh!
ALEA JACTA
ETHT!

THESE ROMANS
ARE CRAZY!
THESE ROMANS
ARE CRAZY!

THITH ITH
TOO MUCH! WHY
ITH IT ALWAYTH
LITH WHO HAVE
TO BE THE
ROMANTH?

WE DREW LOTS,
DIDN'T WE? YOU
JUST WANT TO
CHEAT LIKE YOUR
DAD SELLING HIS
ROTEN FISH!

WHO THAYTH
MY DADDY
THELLTH
ROTEN
FISH?

THONGK!

PAF!

RIF!

CHAC!
I'm going to tell my daddy and you'll be thirsty 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.

What, now?

It's not all that dirty...

I can't see anything...

Sometimes I wonder if it's all worth while...
I AM ON A SPECIAL MISSION FROM PRAETOR PERCIDIUS, GOVERNOR OF CORSICA, AND I 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!

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

The fact is... we were just going out.

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!

No one's off anywhere!

Well, I'm awfully sorry and all that... drop us a line in advance. Another time, we're off.
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 GERGÖVIA. THE PEOPLE OF THE NEARBY GAULISH VILLAGE HAVE A WAY OF CELEBRATING THE OCCASION BY ATTACKING THE NEIGHBOURING ROMAN GARRIIONS.

AND YOU DON'T ATTEMPT TO STOP THIS LOCAL CUSTOM?

WE CERTAINLY DO! WE'LL STOP IT BY LEAVING CAMP AND GOING ON MANOEUVRES!

ARE YOU READY, CENTURION HIPPOCOTAMUS? THE BOYS ARE GETTING A BIT IMPATIENT, AND...

ARE THESE GAULS REALLY SO FEROCIOUS?

WELL, TOO BAD, I'M ESCORTING A CORSICAN EXILE, 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!

AHEM, CENTURION, AND DON'T FORGET, CAESAR WILL HOLD YOU RESPONSIBLE!
THE FIRST GUESTS ARE ARRIVING AT THE LITTLE GAULISH VILLAGE...

PETITSIUX!

I'VE BROUGHT YOU A HELVETIAN CHEESE.

HUEVOS Y BACON!

OLE, HOMBRES, OLE!

INSTANTMIX!

YOU'VE COME ALL THE WAY FROM ROME!

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

ANTICLIMAX!

MY KINGDOM FOR ANOS.

OVEROPTIMISTIX!

MCANIX! DIP-SOMANIA!

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

JELLIBABIX FROM LUGDUNUM! DRINKLIKAFIX FROM MASSILIA!

SENIORSERVIX FROM GESOCRIBATUM!

WINESANSPRIX THE ARVERNIAN!

WHAT A PRETTY DRESS!

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

I'M ENJOYING BEING LIONISED LIKE THIS TOO.

HOMBRE!

I USE OLIVE OIL FOR ALL MY COOKING!

YOU DON'T SAY?

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

REMEMBER HOW WE BOWLED THOSE ROMANS OVER IN MASSILIA?

HAHAHAHA!

REMEMBER WHEN YOU WERE BATING HOLES IN CHEESE IN THAT GENEVA BANK VAULT?
WE WANT TO OFFER OUR GUESTS A BIT OF PUNCH FOR AN APERTIF... GO AND SEE WHERE THE ROMANS ARE, BOYS.

THEM USUALLY HIDE ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF GERRONIA TO AVOID THE PUNCH-UP.

WHEN THEY COULD HAVE FUN WITH US! THESE ROMANS ARE CRAZY!

LET'S TRY THE CAMP OF LAUDANUM FIRST.

COME ON, DOMATIX! YOU'LL BE SEEING PEPE AGAIN!

IN THE CAMP OF LAUDANUM...

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... NO ONE THERE WE'LL JUST HAVE TO PLAY CHARADES INSTEAD.

LISTEN!

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?

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 WILL 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?
Splendid! I'll go and tell our guests.

Heel, Dogmatix!

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 MIJET, 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!

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

YOU CAN GO! YOU'RE FREE!

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

LISTEN, WILL YOU? YOU'RE FREE!

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!

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 LOSE MY TEMPER.

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

THEY'RE COMING, CENTURION HIPPOPOTAMUS, AND THEY'VE GOT SOME FRIENDS WITH THEM. WE WOULDN'T LIKE YOU TO MISS THE START.
I OLÉ, OLÉ, HOMBRES!

GOOD PARTY SPIRIT, HERE? ISN'T THERE?

NEVER TOUCH SPIRITS, FOR MY PART.

THERE GOES ANOTHER DEPARTED SPIRIT!

PAF!

I SAY, THIS MAGIC POTION IS A BIT OF ALL RIGHT, WHAT?

YES, BUT TOO MUCH GARLIC... NEVER COULD STAND THAT FANCY FOREIGN MUCK.

TONC!

YOU DON'T WANT THIS ONE, DO YOU? IT'S A BIT FATTY.

OBELIX! YOU PROMISED ME!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, ASTERIX. WHEN I GET ROMANS SERVED UP TO ME ON A PLATE LIKE THIS, I THINK I COULD NEVER HAVE TOO MANY, BUT THEN I STOP BEFORE I'VE FINISHED A DOZEN.

LOOK, ARE YOU GOING TO FINISH ME OFF?

PAF!

TCHOK!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
A PRISONER?

WHO ARE YOU? YOU'RE NOT A ROMAN!

CERTAINLY NOT, I'M AN EXILED PRISONER SLEEPING OVERNIGHT IN THIS CAMP, THOUGH I DON'T KNOW THAT MY RESORTS HAVE PICKED THE RIGHT SPOT FOR A GOOD NIGHT'S REST.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME? WHY WERE YOU EXILED?

MY NAME IS BONEY-WASAWARRIORWAYAYIX, AND I COME FROM CORSICA.

BONEY-WASA.

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

...AND TELL US ALL ABOUT IT.

DOGMATIX HEEL!

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

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

YOU'RE TOUCHY... I LIKE YOU!

WELL, WELLINGTON-WASA...

WHAT'S CORSICA?
DON'T YOU LIKE BOAR, BONEY WASHA WARRIOR WAYAYIX?

YES, LIKE BOAR... BUT I CAN SEE YOU'RE JUST OFFERING 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, YOURS PROUD AND TOUGH. LIKE YOU, LITTLE MAN.

VERY WELL, I'LL EAT THIS BOAR.

YOU'VE UPSET ME NOW ALL RIGHT!

CORSICA IS A ROMAN PROVINCE GOVERNED BY A Praetor APPOINTED ANNUALLY. DURING HIS YEAR IN OFFICE, THE PRaeTOR MANAGES CORSICA, CLAIMING TO BE LEVYING TAXES, BUT HE REALLY WANTS TO BE IN JULIUS CAESAR'S GOOD BOOKS WHEN HE RETURNS TO ROME.

FORTY'S SAKE, A BOAR!

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

THE PRESENT PRaeTOR, PERFIDIOUS, IS THE GREAMTEST AND CRUELEST WE'VE HAD YET. AN ENEMY BETRAYED ME TO HIM AT RILLA TIME, AND HE CONDEMNED 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 THE ROMANS!

SCRUNCH! SCRUNCH! SCRUNCH!

WELL, WHY NOT COME WITH ME, ASTERIX? D'YOU WANT TO TELL YOUR FRIENDS HOW IT'S ALL GOING OUT HERE IN CORSICA, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY IN THE WORLD?

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

COME TO MY ARMS, LITTLE MAN! YES, I REALLY DO LIKE YOU!
RIGHT, THAT'S SETTLED! TOMORROW MORNING, ASTERIX AND OBELIX WILL LEAVE FOR CORSICA WITH YOU. WHEN THEY COME BACK, THEY CAN TELL US WHAT METHODS YOU CORSICANS USE AND WHAT YOUR COUNTRY IS LIKE.

NEXT MORNING...

I SAY, OLD FRUIT, YOU DO A GOOD LINE IN PARTIES!

YES, MARVELLOUS PARTY LINE!

SUCH LIBERTY! OUR TASTES ARE CONSERVATIVE, BUT YOU DIDN'T labour IN VAIN!

AND JUST WHY SHOULDN'T I TAKE HIM?

HERE WE GO AGAIN! BECAUSE HE'S TOO SMALL, THAT'S WHY!

WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU EVERYWHERE, BOYS. YOU'D BETTER LEAVE BEFORE THE ROMANS COME BACK. DON'T FORGET, OUR CORSICAN FRIEND IS IN GREAT DEMAND.

GRUMBLE-GRUMBLE-GRAUGH!

SNAGGLA-SNAGGLA...

AND HERE'S A GOURD OF MAGIC POTION FOR YOU TOO, BONEY WASA WARRIOR-WAYWAYIX. A USEFUL LITTLE GIFT AS A MEMENTO OF YOUR VISIT TO US.

JUST A MINUTE! I'VE GOT A USEFUL LITTLE GIFT FOR YOU TOO!

A LITTLE DOG? I'M VERY FOND OF DOGS!

IT MEANS I CAN TRAVEL LIGHT, TOO. WELL, I'LL HAVE TO CARRY DOGMATIX, AND DOGMATIX HAS BEEN PUTTING ON A Bit OF WEIGHT LATELY...

OH, VERY CLEVER, OBELIX!

YOU DON'T CATCH US, BONY CHARACTERS NAPPING, ASTERIX-OCELLIX!
I MUST FIND A BOAT TO TAKE US TO CORSICA. I HAVE FRIENDS IN MASSILIA, WHO'LL HELP ME, BUT I'LL BETTER GO ON MY OWN.

WE'LL MEET HERE IN AN HOUR'S TIME. HOLD THIS DOG FOR ME, I'M RATHER TIRED.

VIMECULLIUS, THE SIGHT OF YOU FILLS ME WITH PLEASURE.

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. WELL, THAT'SENOUGH 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.

I'D LIKE TO MAKE YOU AN OFFER — WILL YOU TAKE SOME "HEN IN BORDO FOR CORSICA'S VERY DISCREETLY, NAME YOUR PRICE.

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

SOON AFTERWARDS...

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.
THAT NIGHT...

WHO GOES THERE?

CORSICAN, WITH FRIENDS, CAN HE COME ON BOARD?

'COURSE HE CAN.

SEEMS WE'RE ON THE RIGHT COURSE...

SO IT DOES.

YOUR CABIN IS BETWEEN DECKS. YOU CAN GO TO BED NOW, WE'RE LEAVING AT ONCE.

RIGHT, ME HEARTIES, WE'RE FAR ENOUGH FROM SHORE NOW, LET'S PLUCK OUR THREE PIGEONS.

'THEY'RE ASLEEP. GOOD! EXCELLENT, EX...

CAP'N! HELP! CAP'N!

WHAT?

SSSH! L... LOOK! THE GAU... THE GAU... GAU....

LOOK ON THIS JUST AS A MATTER OF COURSE, LADS! AFTER ALL, THEY DIDN'T WAKE UP THERE'S ALWAYS THAT.

ERRARE HUMANUM EST.
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! VERMICEILLIX GAVE ME A CORSICAN CHEESE. YOU’LL FIND IT’S QUITE SOMETHING.

TAKE A SNIFF AT THAT, FRIENDS!

I... 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, RED TREES, CHESTNUT TREES... AND THEN AGAIN, THE PAINTER HINT OF PINES, 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.

Splash! Splash!

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 around the shores of the islands, 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.

Yeah... 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! COME ON! WE'LL GO UP THE MOUNTAIN TO MY VILLAGE.

SOON AFTERWARDS...

AVES, 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'S ABANDONED. RIGHT BACK WE GO TO WRITE THE REPORT.

SOON AFTERWARDS...

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 FIRM 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...

THEY COULD STILL BE HIDDEN ON BOARD. FELIX QUI POTUIT ARVUM COSIODUCARE CAUSA, IF YOU'LL PARDON MY LATIN.
CORSAIR MY FOOT! YOU'RE ALL COMING TOO AS A MATTER OF COURSE!

YOU'LL PAY, CAP'n, LIKE THE OLD CORSAIR YOU ARE...

SOON AFTER, HARKS...

WE'VE SEARCHED THE SHIP, NO GAULS!

HARD CHEESE FOR THEM!

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

I WANT A VOLUNTEER TO...

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

VLABA DABOOOM!
RIGHT, THERE'S NOTHING LEFT FOR US TO DO HERE. WE'RE OFF.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, WE'RE OFF? WHAT ABOUT THIS?

WELL, WHAT ABOUT IT? A SHIP ARRIVES, THOSE CHARACTERS DIVE INTO THE SEA, THE SHIP'S ABANDONED, IT BLOWS UP, ANOTHER SET OF CHARACTERS COME SWIMMING ASHORE...

MERE COMMONPLACE, HARDLY WORTH WRITING A REPORT AT ALL.

I DISAGREE, CAUTIOUS, WE OUGHT TO WARN PRISTOR PERFICILUS AT ALERIA!

BY JUPITER AND MERCURY! ARE YOU LOOKING FOR TROUBLE, COURTING DISASTER? WELL, YOU CAN HAVE IT! YOU CAN ESCORT THESE IDIOTS TO ALERIA!

MEANWHILE...

MY VILLAGE IS QUITE CLOSE. IS HE FROM YOUR VILLAGE?

YES, THAT'S LETHARGIC SIR DRUID. HE'S BUSY GATHERING MISTLETOE.

THAT'S THE WAY HE GATHERS MISTLETOE?

YES, HE'S WAITING FOR IT TO FALL OFF THE TREE.
Isn't that little Boney Wasa-Warrior-Wayawayix? Who went to the continent?

Yes, I knew they wouldn't want to keep him.

The others aren't locals, look at that dog. He's no bigger than a blackbird.

He doesn't get enough siesta.

Oh, look! Tame boars!

No, those are wild pigs.

Chief Boney Wasa-Warrior-Wayawayix! You're back!

Pleased to see you, Carferrix. 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 null before the election's held?

Yes, but we threw them into the sea without opening them, and then the strongest man wing. It's an old Carferrix custom.

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 PERIDUS 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 INOLABELLAMARGARITIX'S VILLAGE.

OLABELLA MARGARITIX?

MY CLAN AND OLABELLAMARGARITIX'S CLAN HAVE A VENDETTA GOING, BUT I NEVER THOUGHT HE'D BETRAY ME TO THE ROMANS.

THERE'S NO PROOF HE DID...

THE OLABELLAMARGARITIX CLAN ARE CAPABLE OF ANYTHING!

WHAT'S THE VENDETTA ABOUT?

NO ONE'S TOO SURE ANY MORE...

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 CLOSE FRIEND OF THE BONEYWARWARIORWAYAYIX CLAN, CLAIMING THAT HE WAS LAME (THE DONKEY, NOT THE BONEYWARWARIORWAYAYIX). FRIEND'S BROTHER-IN-LAW, ...

ANYWAY, IT'S VERY SERIOUS.
ALERIA...

A LEGIONARY TO SEE YOU, O PRAETOR PERFIDIOUS. 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?

ANYWAY ONE OF THE PASSENGERS WAS CORSICAN... THEY CALLED HIM BONYWASA-WARRIOR.

WAYAYIX!?

WHERE DID THEY GO?

OUTLAWS? BONEYWASA-WARRIOR WAYAYIX IS THE WORST OF BANDITS! HE'S AFTER 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.

O PRAETOR, I WILL RECAPTURE BONEYWASA-WARRIOR HEYNONNYNO!

WAYAYIX.
YES, I VOLUNTEERED TO COME TO CORSICA. I HEARD CHANCES OF PROMOTION WERE GOOD.

RIGHT! I APPOINT YOU LEADER OF THE PATROL WHICH IS GOING AFTER THE BANDIT. HIS VILLAGE IS THE FIRST ON THE LEFT AS YOU GO UP THE VALLEY.

I'LL NEED SOME MEN.

EASY! TRUMPETER, BLOW THE CALL TO FETCH 'EM...

EXCELLENT! THE FIRST TEN MEN HAVE VOLUNTEERED TO GO AND RECAPTURE BONEY WAABA-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, AVE!

FORWARD MARCH, MEN!

CAESAR WARNED ME... IF I DIDN'T BRING PLenty OF LOOT BACK TO ROME, HE'D SEND ME TO GAUL... 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 SUBURBS, EITHER!
I WAS COURT- MARCHALED BACK IN ROME, GIVEN A CHOICE OF THE CIRCUS OR CORSICA... YOU KNOW WHAT THE ARMY'S LIKE, YOU ONLY HAVE TO ASK. FOR ONE THING TO GET THE OPPOSITE.

THERE WAS THIS OPTIO WHO DRANK IN A TAVERN IN SENA ... WHEN I WOKE UP I WAS HERE. I'VE NEVER TOUCHED A DROP SINCE.

SILENCE IN THE RANKS! WE MUST TAKE THE BANDIT BY SURPRISE!

BY SURPRISE! DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH.

HEE HAW! HEE HAW!

FURTHER OFF...

BINK!

BINK!

GO TO THE VILLAGE, WILL YOU, AND TELL THEM THERE'S A PATROL OF ELEVEN ROMANS COMING THIS WAY.

CAN'T EVEN FISH IN PEACE THESE DAYS. EVERY SIX MONTHS IT'S THE SAME OLD STORY.
Chipolata! Pour us some more wine!

Tell your friend to watch out. Carrefrix doesn't like people being disrespectful to his sister.

But he didn't do anything disrespectful.

Yes, he did. He spoke to her. He smiled, too. So watch out!

Boney was a warrior. Way, way, there are some Romans coming.

Right! We'll be off to the Maquis.

The Maquis? Yes, the Romans will get lost there. You wait and see.

GET READY TO PICK HIM UP. HE WON'T BE EXPECTING THIS!

He certainly won't.

I take no further interest in the matter.

Same here. It's none of my business.

See that? The village is peaceful... we'll start with the first house, over there...

Their leader must be new.

Hey, I heard of Sallamix, who fell out of a chestnut tree and landed on his head.

I heard he joined the Roman army after that.

Yes, he'd gone so half-witted you had time to stone his donkey to death with ripe figs before you could get through to him.
HAVE A WARRANT TO SEARCH, IN THE NAME OF PRAETOR PERFINDIUS, REPRESENTATIVE OF JULIUS CAESAR, IN CORSICA!

CHIPOLATA, GET BACK INTO THE HOUSE.

ER ... WELL, I WAS SAYING AVE, AND IN THE NAME OF PRAETOR PERFINDIUS, REPRESENTATIVE OF JULIUS CAESAR...

YOU SPOKE TO MY SISTER?

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

I DON'T LIKE PEOPLE SPEAKING TO MY SISTER.

BETTER WATCH OUT, MATES.
BUT... BUT I'M NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR SISTER. I ONLY WANTED TO...

YOU DON'T LIKE MY SISTER?

YES, YES, OF COURSE I LIKE YOUR SISTER...

OH, SO YOU LIKE MY SISTER, DO YOU? HOLD ME BACK OR I'LL MURDER HIM... HIM AND THE REST OF THEM!

RUN FOR IT! WE'LL DO OUR BEST TO HOLD HIM...

...JUST LONG ENOUGH FOR A CHESTNUT TO FALL!

ALL RIGHT, I'M OFF!

CHIPOLATA, DON'T LET ME CATCH YOU COURTING DISASTER BY FLIRTATION WITH ANY ROMANS AGAIN!

FANCY... THEY STAYED LONGER THAN I EXPECTED.

THEY'RE IN LUCK. ELEVEN CAME AND THERE ARE ELEVEN GOING.

RUNNING LIKE THAT IS BAD FOR THE HEALTH.

YES, THEN THEY'LL COMPLAIN OF NOT LIVING TO A NICE OLD AGE.

YOU KNOW, THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR BAD ABOUT. THE BANDIT 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 DESEATS.
Asterix, there's someone here who doesn't know Dogmatix.

Yes, Asterix, we went the long way round because I was looking for...

Aah, here it is! A sesterctius! I lost last time I was around here.

Oblivix, 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!

Courtine, don't make any noise!

Have you seen Dogmatix?

Who's Dogmatix?

A little magic potion, Boneywasa-Warriorwaywaytax.

Where are they?

Are there any others about?

Glug 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 MAKE OUR REPORT TO PRAETOR PERFIDIOUS, AND THEN WE'LL BE BACK IN FORCE TO PICK UP THESE BANDITS!

ON TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN...

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

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

WE'VE GOT 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.

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

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

ANY WAY, WE LIKE THE MAQUIS, DOGZATAX AND ME, IT'S FULL OF PIGS AND ROMANS!

IN THE PRAETOR'S OFFICE IN AERIA...

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!

THANK YOU, SIR!
THE CORSCANS ARE GOING TO ATTACK ALERIA AND RAID 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 CORSCAN PRISONERS NOW BUILDING THE ROMAN ROAD...

THE ROMAN ROAD, YEAH...

AS A REWARD FOR THEIR WORK, THE CORSCAN 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!

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

ER...

NO.

THE ROMAN ROAD BEING BUILT BETWEEN ALERIA AND BARBAHALA... 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 JUST AS I SAY, AND YOU'LL COME BACK TO ROME WITH ME, BE RICH AND RESPECTED.

YEAH?
ANOTHER PIG!

NO, THAT'S POTATOGNOCCHIX, ONE OF THE CLAN CHIEFS.

OINK!

BONEYWASA-WARRIOR-WAYAYIX!

POTATO-GNOCCHIX!

SEMOLINAGNOCCHIX!

BONEYWASA-WARRIOR-WAYAYIX!

POTATO-GNOCCHIX!

SEMOLINAGNOCCHIX!

THAT'S SEMOLINAGNOCCHIX! COME IN!

OINK!

RAVIOLIX!

SPASHETTIX!

LASAGNIX!

BONEYWASA-WARRIOR-WAYAYIX!

POTATO-GNOCCHIX!

SEMOLINAGNOCCHIX!

CANNELLONIX!

TASLIATELLIX!

AND WHO'S THAT?

THAT? WHY, THAT'S ONLY A PIG!

OINK!

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.

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

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

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

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...

It all has to be done tonight. The garrison mustn't know I'm abandoning them. They will fight, and thus cover my escape...

And afterwards, you'll give us the ship and set us free? That's a promise?

What reason can you have to doubt my good faith?

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 had 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 NOGOLD CORRIGAN CHESTNUT. LET'S GO AND SEE HOW THE YOUNG'UNS CORD... DON'T SUPPOSE THEY'RE UP TO MUCH.

YOU'RE KIDDING, TERRILLIX! WE'LL ASK THE YOUNG'UNS TO CUT ONE 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.

COMING FROM THE VILLAGES, THE MOUNTAINS AND THE MAQUIS, THE CORSICANS MAKE FOR THE BLEAK PLAIN OF ALERIA....

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

GRONN!

GRONN!

GRONN!

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?

We want to see praetor Perfidius!

What's all this noise, by Jupiter?

Soon afterwards...

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!!

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?

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!

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 BLACK-BIRD 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 GET THE BATTLE OVER BEFORE SIESTA TIME.

MAC-AARINIX IS RIGHT.

I'VE GOT AN IDEA! LET'S HOLD AN ELECTION TO FIND OUT WHO'S CHIEF!

POTATO-GNOCCIX IS RIGHT!

ANYONE GOT A FULL BALLOT BOX?

NOTHING DOING!

GOOD IDEA!

WELL? MADE YOUR MIND'S 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!

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.

AH! ABOUT TIME TOO.

INSANITY! YOU CAN'T FORCE YOUR LEADER TO LEAD THE WAY!

THESE THINGS NEVER START PUNCTUALLY.

I REMEMBER THE DAYS WHEN IT WAS A CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE.

I DON'T KNOW, BUT I'M NOT TOO KEEN ON BEING IN THE FRONT LINE!

I DON'T KNOW, BUT I'M NOT TOO KEEN ON BEING IN THE FRONT LINE!

WHO... WHO ARE THOSE TWO?

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

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!
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 ONES TASTED BEST?

HEAR THAT? RATHER A TEASE, ISN'T HE?

TEASE?

PAF!

BONG!

TCHONC!

BING!

BASHING THOSE TWO ROMANS OVER THE HEAD?

YES, THAT'S RAVIOLIX ALL RIGHT.

HE MARRIED VIGNON DESCEDERATA, DIDN'T HE?

SEMolina-ghnocchi's SISTER? THAT'S SEMolina-ghnocchi, HELPING SPAGHETTI TEAR DOWN THE PRÆTOR'S PALACE.

ISN'T SPAGHETTI A COUSIN OF PETTUCINIX OVER THERE, CHASING THOSE POOR ROMANS WITH A SWORD?

NO, PETTUCINIX IS TAGLIETELLIU'S COUSIN.

SPAGHETTI'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 TO CANNELLONIX.

BY THE WAY, HOW'S CANNELLONIX'S WIFE ERRATA?
LOST SOMETHING?
PRAETOR Perfidius, I've got a word or so to say to him.
I KNOW WHERE HE IS! I REMEMBER NOW... HE WAS GOING TO ESCAPE, ON BOARD A SHIP!
SHOW US THE WAY, WE'LL BRING HIM BACK. OBELIX WILL COME TOO.
OOH, YES! WE'RE VERY GOOD ON SHIPS!

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

CAST OFF! CAST OFF!

HE'LL GET A STITCH THAT WAY... DO WE CAST OFF?
GO SLOW...

QUICK! QUICK! CAST OFF!

A BIT OF PLAIN DEALING 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 silly knikt.

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!

Julius Caesar will have his revenge!

Tell Caesar that, no matter what his ambitions, he will never rule us...

The people of Corsica will never accept an emperor unless he is a Corsican himself, go!

That's right! Oink!

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 OLABELLA-MARGARITIX. HE SIMPLY HAD YOU FOLLOWED, AND WHEN OLABELLA-MARGARITIX AND HIS MEN WENT OFF, HE TOOK HIS CHANCE TO CAPTURE YOU.

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 BONEYWASA! WARRIORWAYAYIX!
HURRAH FOR OLABELLA-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 RAUL BONNYWASA-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 THIS RATHER COMPLICATED MATTER, ONE OF THE DESCENDANTS OF THE OLABELLA-MARGARITIX CLAN WAS FOUND LAST YEAR BY THE POLICE, HIDDING IN THE MAQUIS BEHIND A MOTEL.
HERE THEY COME! THEY'RE BACK!

WELL, BOYS, WAS IT NICE IN CORSICA?

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

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...

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

- UDERZO
- GOSCINNY