Woof! Woof!

Down huntingseasssen! Go to bye-bye, little doggy!

Funny sort of idea, taking that dog along! Funny sort of idea, taking this voyage anyway, you're a visionary, herendethelessen!

You wait and see! You'll all find out in right!

And now shut up!

Er... herendethelessen. Would that white thing over to starboard be an iceberg, by any chance?

Over to Pørt just å whisker!

I see...

But let us leave these icy seas, veiled in dense, impenetrable mists...
...AND MAKE FOR A LITTLE GALLOIS VILLAGE BASKING IN THE SUN.

THIS IS THE LIMIT!

THE ABSOLUTE LIMIT!

MY TWO SHIELD-BEARERS ATE SOME OF YOUR FISH YESTERDAY, AND NOW THEY'RE WRITHING IN AGONY, HALF POISONED! AND I HAVE TO DO THEIR WORK FOR THEM!

I'M AFRAID THIS IS THE END OF MY STOCK...

I WAS EXPECTING A DELIVERY, BUT THE OX CARS BRINGING FISH FROM LUTTETIA ARE ON STRIKE. THEY'RE GOING SLOW ALONG THE ROMAN ROADS IN PROTEST AGAINST THE PRICE OF HAY.
Huh! You'd be crazy to eat anything this poisoner sells!

You never did appreciate any of my fish: haddock, herring, smelt, whiting...

Did you say smell?

SPLATCH!

PAF!

BANG!

BLOING!

BLOING!

A fight! That's not very nice of them. We go out hunting and they have some fun behind our backs!

BLOING!

BANG!

PAFF!

What's going on?

It's those fish again!

Why don't they eat boar instead? Personally I never eat fish.

Well, you ought to! Fish is good for the brain!

Who said that?
The decurion is correct; anger is a brief madness...

However, my good sir, I sell top quality fish from Luténia. My customers trust me!

Let me tell you, I've already told you I was expecting a delivery!

But there's the sea right next to this village. What's the sea got to do with my fish?

The decurion is correct; anger is a brief madness...

I ask you! The moment I start, they all stop! Sulkiness is a bad habit.

If you want fresh fish you'll have to wait for it!

All you have to do is go fishing for fish in the sea.

I get my fish from the best wholesalers. I'm not selling any old fish just out of the water! You never know where they've been!

Tchrrrrkk!...
NO, I CAN’T WAIT.

I NEED A BIT OF REASONABLY FRESH FISH TO MAKE MY MAGIC POTION. THERE’S HARDLY ANY LEFT.

SO IN THE INTERESTS OF SECURITY, SOMEONE HAS TO GO FISHING.

WE’LL GO FISHING.

OHH YES, WE’LL GO, WON’T WE, DOGMATRIX?

I FELT SURE YOU WOULD, BOYS!

MY FISHING BOATS ON THE BEACH. THE ONE I USED TO USE AS A BOY.

YOU OUGHT TO WAIT FOR A BRIGHT PERIOD… I DON’T LIKE THE LOOK OF THE SKY!

OH, WELL, SO LONG AS IT DOESN’T FALL ON OUR HEADS!

TAKE A DROP OF MAGIC POTION. YOU NEVER KNOW!

IS THAT REALLY NECESSARY? WE’RE NOT GOING FAR, AND THERE’S NO ONE ELSE OUT THERE.

MAY BELLENS PROTECT YOU!
THROW OUT THE NET, OBELIX!
AYE, AYE, SIR!

HOW DO WE GET THE NET BACK NOW?
JUST PULL IT IN.

YOU MUST BE CRAZY, THROWING A NET OUT LIKE THAT!
YOU TOLD ME TO THROW IT OUT, SO I DID THROW IT OUT!

I'M A MENHIR DELIVERY-MAN. I AM! NOT A FISHERMAN!

CALM DOWN. WE'LL JUST HAVE TO GO BACK FOR ANOTHER NET.

YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU DIDN'T TIE IT TO SOMETHING FIRST?
PULL IT IN? BUT I'VE THROWN IT OUT!

HUH? HE LAUGHS AT ME AND HE CAN'T EVEN SAIL A BOAT!
I DON'T NEED ANY MENHIR DELIVERY-MAIL GIVING ME ADVICE!

THE WIND'S TOO STRONG! WE CAN'T GO ABOUT!
LET'S KEEP CALM, OBELIX. THIS BOAT SEEMS VERY SEAWORTHY; PERHAPS THE WIND WILL HAVE DIED DOWN TONIGHT.

GOOD NIGHT, ASTERIX!
GOOD NIGHT, DOGMATIX!

ZZZZ
ZZZZ
ZZZ... SNIFF?

ASTERIX! DOGMATIX HAS PICKED UP A SCENT!
TELL HIM TO GO TO SLEEP: THERE'S NOTHING AROUND HERE EXCEPT US.

GRRRRRR!

GRRROOOAAARRR!

PERHAPS IT'S A MONSTER! WE'VE COME TO THE EDGE OF THE SEA, WHERE CREATURES FROM THE DEPTHS OF HELL...

TAKING IT EASY, OBELIX!!!

BY ALL THE ODDS! VOICES! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT US INTO, HERENDETHELSEN? STEADY, STEPTÅNSSSEN! PERHAPS IT'S THE SIRENS TRYING TO LURE US WITH THEIR MELODIOUS SONG. LET'S STOP UP OUR EARS!

WE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THIS, HERENDETHELSEN... HERENDETHELSEN?!

WHAT?

STOP UP YOUR EARS AND SHUT UP!!!

BUT EVEN THE DARKEST NIGHTS COME TO AN END, AND THE SUN RISES FAR AWAY FROM THESE MYSTERIOUS INCIDENTS...
WE'LL TURN BACK HOME AS SOON AS WE GET A FAVOURABLE BREEZE. WE'VE JUST GOT TO WAIT.

I'M HUNGRY! THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE.

IF YOU HADN'T TOLD ME TO THROW OUT THE NET, WE COULD HAVE CAUGHT SOME FISH... I'D RATHER EAT A BOAR, OF COURSE.

I SAW THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE... THINK OF YOUR MENHIRS.

WITH THAT SAUCE IMPERIMENTA MAKES, I COULD EAT A MENHIR... REMEMBER THAT SAUCE?

MMM, YES!... VERY GOOD SPECTACULAR WHEN SHE PUSHER THOSE LITTLE ONIONS AND BITS OF BACON...

ASTERIX! I'M HUNGRY! I'M HUNGRY TOO! IT'S YOU MAKING ME HUNGRY, GOING ON ABOUT MENHIRS WITH ONIONS!

LOOK! A SHIP!
SAIL ON THE STARBOARD TACK!

OH, NEVER MIND WHAT TACK SHE'S ON! WE'RE OFF THE HARD TACK FOR ONCE. COME ON, TUCK IN, ME HEARTIES!

HELP! LOOK! THAT REALLY TAKES THE BISCUIT! IT'S THEM!

THEY'RE NOT BOtherING TO STOP!

COME ON, WE'LL CATCH THEM UP. THERE'S NO WIND, SO YOU'LL HAVE TO PUSH.
Soon afterwards...

Obelix: You really are the limit! I told you we should ration ourselves!

Well, I have...

I’ve kept this for later...

Oh, perhaps you’re right... now we’ve eaten, let’s have a little snooze.

Maybe you were wrong to leave them the sausage.

So to sleep!

BRAOUMMA!

This storm is blowing us still farther from home! It’s driving us towards the setting sun!

I just feel like an apple now!
Doomatix! You greedy dog! You’ve swallowed your ration in one gulp!

They’re absolutely crazy!

Wild boar! Heaps of wild boar! I can see them! I’m going to get them! Come on, Dogmatix!

Obelix! Dogmatix! Nooo!

Plouf!

Our boat!!!

Let it go... Dogmatix and I would rather stay here. Perhaps the boars will come back...

Meanwhile we’ll just hang on to this branch.

Branch? What branch?
That branch, of course!

If there's a branch floating around we can't be far from land!

There! Look! Goody! We're home again!

You know something? I'm even looking forward to hearing our island sing!

Shut up. We want to go carefully.

What for? Do you think they'll be cross with us for not bringing any fish home?

Let's have a few boars for a start. Dogmatix has picked up a scent.

Yoohoo! We're back, boys, we're back!

Don't overdo it...
**Howwwl!**

Funny sort of creature... Let's find out what it tastes like... I'll catch it while you light the fire!

*Hey, Asterix!*

That gobbler has lots of friends. You have something to eat while we wait for the boars to turn up.

Grrr! Woof!

Let's hope it's edible.

Soon afterwards...

It's good!

Yes, but it might be even better stuffed... scrunch... with boar, for instance...

Talk of the devil... there must be a boar over there. I'll go after it. We can use it to stuff the third gobbler.

Just look at this!

Be careful!
WHERE?

HERE!

THEY MAY NOT
BE ROMANS.

OF COURSE THEY ARE!
JUST LIKE ROMANS TO BE
OUT IN THE FOREST SPYING
ON US, TOO FRIGHTENED TO
SHOW THEIR FACES.

LET'S GO AND LOOK FOR THEM.
IF WE CATCH ANY THEY CAN TELL
US THE WAY TO THE VILLAGE.

ALL RIGHT, BUT
TREAD VERY QUIETLY.
YOU NEVER KNOW...

YOHOHO! ROMANS!
WHERE ARE YOU,
ROMANS?

SSH!
I TOLD YOU TO
TREAD QUIETLY!

I AM TREADING QUIETLY,
I'M NOT MAKING A BIT OF
NOISE WITH MY FEET!

WON'T YOU EVER
UNDERSTAND
ANYTHING!

WHAT'S
THE NET
GOT TO DO
WITH THIS?

IF YOU HADN'T TOLD ME
TO THROW OUT THE NET AND
IF YOU'D KNOWN HOW TO
SAIL A BOAT, WE WOULDN'T
BE PLAYING HIDE AND SEEK
ROUND THIS FOREST WITH A
BUNCH OF HALF-WIT ROMANS!

WELL, SO
WHO TOLD ME
TO THROW
OUT THE NET?!

DOING!

YES, WELL,
OUR ROMANS CAN'T
BE FAR AWAY.
LET'S TRY TO
FIND THEM.

BUT HOW?

WE ONLY HAVE
TO FOLLOW THE
NERVOUS IN THE
OPPOSITE DIRECTION
FROM THE WAY IT'S
POINTING. THAT'S
LOGICAL.
FIERCELY CLEVER, THESE ROMANS. I CAN'T SEE THEM...

MAYBE THEY'VE SENT FOR SOME CRACK TROOPS FROM ROME...

Gobble Gobble Gobble!

While I think of it, I'll just go and pick up a few gobblers for dinner.

All right, you greedy pig, but don't go too far.

It's like a new world...

A place where something might happen to you any moment...

Clonk!

A little way off... Where have they got to? Those gobblers are getting as wild as the Romans these days...
I'm going to teach you a hunter's trick! You imitate the cry of your quarry. Listen!

Gobble gobble gobble! Gobble!

Oyer in that tree... Of course, those gobblers are birds, so they must have nests. That's the difference between gobblers and boars.

Yes, I can see its feathers! Now to get hold of it!

Tweet! Tweet! Tweet...

Kerplunk!

It's a Roman disguised as a gobbler... We can't eat him, but he can tell us the way to the village!

Look, Asterix! Julius Caesar has started disguising his legionaries as gobblers! These Romans are...

Asterix?
Drums! We must be near the Roman camp. Well done, Dogmatik!

Funny sort of camp!

Tomtom! Tom!

Tomtomtom!

Tomtomtom!

Yooohoo! Here we are, Asterix!

Why have they tied you to that thing, Asterix?

No idea... These are rather funny Romans, you know...

Probably mercenaries... Numidians or Greeks or Thracians...

How!

That must be their centurion. I'll have a word with him.

You! Why have you tied my friend up? Is it an old Thracian custom or something?

???
Gobble Gobble

HOW?

TOOTTOOT

These Thracians are crazy!

I'm not so sure they are Thracians... They could be Cretans, do you think?

PAF!
Ugh? Does he want to know who we are?

We are Gauls, and this is our native land! So Cretans go home to Crete, and don't be cretins! You'll never conquer us!!!

He didn't understand. Get me united and we'll do it in mime for him.

We are brave...

We have only one fear: that the sky may fall on our heads...

We like a bit of a joke!

We like our food and drink...

Sometimes we lose our tempers...

We are a rowdy lot and we like a punch-up...

We are Gauls!

But we love our friends!

In short...
I think he's challenging you!

You do?

I've finished mine.

My turn then.

Soon afterwards...

I think he wants us to stay here.

Look, I'm not joining up in the Roman army!

Well, let's accept that way we may finally find out where we are.
A LITTLE LATER... LET HIM. IT MUST MEAN WE'VE BEEN TAKEN ON AS RECRUITS.

A LITTLE LATER... LET HIM. IT MUST MEAN WE'VE BEEN TAKEN ON AS RECRUITS.

WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT I'D EVER WEAR THE UNIFORM OF A ROMAN MERCENARY?

HAVE YOU NOTICED THE LITTLE CRETAN GIRL? I WOULDN'T MIND BEING IN THIS CRETE WITH A FEW LIKE THAT...

WELL, DON'T GO BEING INDISCREET HERE.

GOBBLEGOBBLE? WOOF WOOF.
I THINK HE'S INVITING US TO GO HUNTING.

GOOD! NOW I'LL KNOW WE WON'T BE EATING HOT DOG!

DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD BE DOING THE SAME AS THEM?

I THINK WE SHOULD...

TOM! TOM! TOM!

TOM! TOM! TOM!

TOM! TOM! TOM!

TOM! TOM! TOM!

I'VE GOT IT! I SEE NOW! THEY'RE IBERIANS! IBERIANS LOVE DANCING!

OLÉ! OLÉ!

CLACK! CLACK!

ESSEH, OBELIX!

OLÉ! OLÉ! OLÉ!

OLÉ! OLÉ! OLÉ!

OLÉ! OLÉ! OLÉ!

SEE?

? OLÉ! OLÉ!

OLÉ! OLÉ! OLÉ!
Hey, this fat Iberian girl is following me around!

Ugh!

Tee hee hee!

Ole!

What does that centurion want me to do? I think he wants you to marry his daughter!

No thank you very much! I don't want to be a centurion's son-in-law!

Anyway, I'm too young! I think the time has come for us to start looking for our village again... I've an idea we're a long way from home.

While we were hunting, I noticed that we're on an island... we'll need a boat.

I saw some boats down by the river.

Good. Tonight we'll try Welsh on our hosts!

Two Welsh? What, with all these cretans and Iberians around the place already?
THAT NIGHT

CRACK

HE'S HEARD US!

HANG ON!

SAM: AFTERWARDS...

THAT WAS A GOOD TRICK!

I SURE HAVE
LEARNED A THING OR TWO HOME ON THIS RANGE!

I'VE NEVER SEEN A BOAT LIKE THIS BEFORE!

YES, THAT HOLE TO LET THE WATER IN IS RATHER UNUSUAL.

BLOP! BLOP! BLOP!
I DON'T THINK WE PICKED THE RIGHT BOAT...

SHALL WE GO BACK AND GET ANOTHER?

A BIT RISKY... YOUR FATHER-IN-LAW MIGHT CATCH US AT IT!

IN THAT CASE, NO!

LET'S MAKE FOR THAT LITTLE ISLAND.

WE'LL SPEND THE NIGHT HERE, AND TOMORROW WE'LL SEE...

GROOOAAARRR!

DOWN, HUNTINGSEÅSSEN!

LEAVE HIM ALONE; AFTER ALL, HE'S ONLY A PADDY!
MAYBE HUNTINGSEASON HAS SCENTED LAND...

WHAT LAND HERENDETHESSEN?

I DON'T BELIEVE IN THIS LAND YOU KEEP ON ABOUT! NO ONE BELIEVES IN IT. THERE ISN'T ANY LAND! WE'RE GOING TO COME TO THE EDGE OF THE SEA AND THEN FALL OFF, BY THOR.

YOU NEVER BELIEVE ANYTHING STEFANSEN. I'M SURE THERE'S LAND AHEAD! IT MAY EVEN BE INHABITED!

I SHALL DISCOVER THIS LAND, AND TAKE HOME SOME OF THE NATIVES TO PROVE IT!

LET'S TURN BACK WHILE THERE'S STILL TIME! WHAT DO YOU SAY, HARALD WILGEN? AND YOU, NØODREASEN? AND YOU, LIT?

GROS.

YERSSE!

THAT HOUND OF YOURS IS BEGINNING TO...

LOOK! LOOK, BY ODIN!
A SHIP!

ROMAN, GOTIC, EGYPTIAN OR WHAT?

WHO CARED? THAT SHIP MAY BE ABLE TO GET US HOME!

THOSE MERCENARIES MIGHT WELL CATCH UP WITH US... AND THEY WOULDN'T BE VERY PLEASED... WE GOT AWAY... SPECIALY YOU!

HOW RIGHT YOU ARE! LET'S SIGNAL TO THEM!

ON AFTERNOON!

I'VE BUILT A LITTLE HEAP OF STONES... BUT DO YOU REALLY THINK...

YOU WANT TO MARRY THE CENTAUR'S DAUGHTER?

NO FEAR! I VALUE MY LIBERTY!

WELL THEN...
Lång! Inhabited, at that! Pull hard, boys!

They've seen us! They're coming!

What was all that about?

One small step for me, a giant leap for mankind!

It just sort of came to me... hand me the beads... we'll soften them up!

What's all this junk in aid of? They must be door-to-door salesmen trying to flog their stuff.

What? Natives, you come with us in your ship?

What's he saying?

I ye no idea. I'll try and talk to him.

Merchants, you take us in your ship?
LEAVE THIS TO ME... YOU CAME IN OUR BOAT. US NO HURT YOU? RIGHT?

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD OF IT! YES, ALL THIS AND IS VERY TRICKY!

I'LL HAVE ANOTHER GO. YOU TAKE US IN YOUR BOAT?

IT'S NO GOOD. I MUST BE PUTTING THE "I" AND THE "O" IN THE WRONG PLACE.

WOOF? WOOF!

WOOF! WOOF!

HÖHÖHÖHÖ

Teeheeheehee!

I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I FIND THEM A LITTLE TRYING.

WOOF! WOOF!

WOOF! WOOF!
Let's try to get acquainted! I'll wear the introduction. We're the adventurers... him. Nogoodrassen the nutcase... yeah! me, Stępnass the shifty-eyes... me Halaudio, you intellectual. What's up?

I think they want to know who we are. Well, let's put on the show we gave those Roman colonial's again.

It's all right, Asterix. They get the idea.
You're the brains of our expedition, Haraldwissen, you'll be writing the Ságí... What do you think about these names?

Ugh! How! Ole!

They certainly have a problem over feeding their dogs.

I do believe that's your in-laws looking for you.

Let's get out of here! Suppose we forced them to take us?

Well we can't stand here talking all day... Suppose we got them on board by force?

Glug! Glug.

Let's get a move on!

Let's get them moving!

Creeeak!

Ploof!
OLE! OLE! OLE!

The colonials are coming close, Obelix! Let's get going.

Those chaps aren't bad, are they? We'll soon be home.

The visit of our Gaulish friends is to leave its mark on this strange and mysterious land, and their departure is deeply regretted.

What shall we do with the drunken Viking...?

Farewell and adieu to you fair Cretan ladies... Farewell and adieu to you ladies... Of... Um... Er...
SURE ENOUGH, IT IS A FAST CROSSEING, AND SOON A THICK FOG COVERS THE ICY SEA...

LAND!

WE'RE BACK! PREPARE TO HAVE HONOURS HEAVED UPON YOU!

Oh, there you are at last, Herendetheleness! You lazy blighter! By Odin, where the Niflheim have you been?

It's... It's Odin's comparison, the terrifying Chief of the Tribe! Of course it's Odin's comparison! Did you think it was a dear little mermaid?

I salute you, Chief Odin's Comparison!

And I don't salute you!

While we were all out on a raiding expedition, Mr Herendetheleness went for a cruise!

We have pillaged and burnt, we've brought back plunder, slaves, while you...

While I've been discovering a world, a new world!
AND I DON'T MEAN THE BLATHERINGS OF THAT LAZY LOT WHO WENT WITH YOU!

HERE ARE MY PROOFS COMING ASHORE.

WHO ARE THESE CLOWNS AND WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?

THEY'RE INHABITANTS OF THE NEW WORLD. UNFORTUNATELY NO ONE CAN UNDERSTAND THEIR LANGUAGE.

THEY DON'T LOOK VERY EXOTIC...

THIS GALLOIS VILLAGE I WAS TALKING ABOUT...

HMMM...

YOU LOT, BACK TO MY PLACE! I WANT TO HEAR MORE ABOUT THIS!
RIGHT, LET'S HEAR THIS SAGA!

GET ON HÅRDWILLEN! UM... 82...

CUT IT SHORT, YOU FOOL, OR I SHALL CUT YOU SHORT WITH THIS!

FULL OF HOPE AND CARE, WE SET FORTH. ONE NIGHTY MORNING IN...

TWO MINUTES LATER...

AMAZING! AND DOES THIS LAND LOOK RICH?

SEE HOW WELL-NOURISHED THIS NATIVE IS. AND THE OTHER ONE MAY SEEM FRAIL, BUT HE HAS SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH.

WOMEN! GERTRUDE! INTRUDE! IRMGÅRD! FIREGÅRD GET A FEAST READY STRAIGHT AWAY! WE'RE GOING TO CELEBRATE THE RETURN OF OUR HEROES AND OUR IMMINENT DEPARTURE FOR THE NEW WORLD!
YOU'RE LYING! ADMIT IT, OR I SHALL CHOP YOU IN HALF!

HMM... SOMETHING IS ROTTEN IN THE STATE OF...

LEAVE THAT GAUL ALONE!

PAF!

SLUG! SLUG!

COME ON, QUICK!

BUT IT ISN'T OVER YET...

IT'S NOT VERY POLITE TO LEAVE LIKE THIS...

SSH!
I'm a Gaul, like you. My name is Catastrofix...

I'm a fisherman. I was unlucky enough to run into some Vikings out on a raid... they captured me, but you have saved my life!

We must escape while they're busy fighting. They are very cruel. They want to sacrifice you to their gods!

Do you know how we can get back to Gaul too? It's tidied up over there.

You bet. They captured my boat too... it's tidied up over there.

Look, they've even left my net in it!

Great! We'll be asking you a favour on the way home...

If he tells you to throw out your net, watch it!

Oh, lay off it, can't you?

The Gauls! Where are they?
They've made off with the slave and his boat!

You old rascal! Trying to fool me with your tales of a new world!

But I forgive you! It was a splendid fight, and we've had a lot of fun!

Bonk!

But no shirking next time! Come and have a drink!

Am I supposed to be a discoverer, or am I not...?

Coming, herendethelseen?

To be or not to be, that is the question...

Several days later...

They're back! They're back!
WELCOME HOME, BOYS! DID YOU GET A GOOD CATCH?

Hmm... Not bad... but rather lacking in aroma...

Where have you been, though?

Oh, over there...

We got to a sort of Roman colony... a kind of island...

An island full of gobblers...

O'er there... a kind of island... well, well, well!

However, such considerations do not worry our Gaulish friends for long. Feasting under the starry sky, they bask once more in the warmth of friendship, and fall back into their old ways again.

THE END