Asterix and the Great Crossing
by Goscinny and Uderzo
WOOF! WOOF!

TOWN, HUNTINGBEÅSSON! GO TO BYE-BYES, LITTLE DOGGY!

YOU WAIT AND SEE! YOU'LL ALL FIND OUT I'M RIGHT!

AND NOW SHUT UP!

YOU WERE A VISIONARY, HERENDETHELESS!

FUNNY SORT OF IDEA, TAKING THAT DOG ALONG!

ER... HERENDETHELESS...

WORLD THAT WHITE THING OVER TO STARBOARD BE AN ICEBERG, BY ANY CHANCE?

OVER TO PORT JUST A WHISKER!

I SEE...

(BUT LET US LEAVE THESE ICY SEAS, VEILED IN DENSE, IMPENETRABLE MISTS...)
...AND MAKE FOR A LITTLE GAULISH VILLAGE BASKING IN THE SUN.

THIS IS THE LIMIT!

THE ABSOLUTE LIMIT!

I WAS EXPECTING A DELIVERY, BUT THE OX CARTS BRINGING FISH FROM LITTÉRÀRE 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, sardine, whiting...

DID YOU SAY SARDINE?

Splatch!

Paf!

Bang!

Bloing!

Bloing!

A fight! That's not very nice of them. We don't hunt and they have some fun behind our backs!

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 DECISION IS CORRECT: ANGER IS A BRIEF MADNESS...

I ASK YOU! THE MOMENT I START THEY ALL STOP! SULKING IS A BAD HABIT.

ANYWAY, WHY HAVEN'T YOU GOT ANY FRESH FISH?

OH, DON'T START THAT ALL OVER AGAIN! I'VE ALREADY TOLD YOU I WAS EXPECTING A DELIVERY!

BUT THERE'S THE SEA RIGHT NEXT TO THIS VILLAGE. THE SEA? WHAT'S THE SEA GOT TO DO WITH MY FISH?

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS GO FISHING FOR FISH IN THE SEA!

LET ME TELL YOU, MY GOOD SIR, I SELL TOP QUALITY FISH FROM LUTERIA! MY CUSTOMERS TRUST ME!

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!

IF YOU WANT FRESH FISH YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR IT!
No, I can't wait.

So in the interests of security, someone has to go fishing.

We'll go fishing.

Oh yes, we'll go.

D'you think?

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 bit longer. I don't like the look of the sky.

Oh, well, so long as it doesn't rain 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 Belenos protect you!
Pull it in? But I've thrown it out!

You mean to say you didn't tie it to something first?

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 mehur delivery-man. I am! Not a fisherman!

All right, calm down. We'll just have to go back for another net.

Huh! He laughs at me and he can't even sail a boat!

I don't need any mehur delivery-man giving me advice!

The wind's too strong! We can't go about!
LET'S KEEP CALM, OBELIX. THIS BOAT SEEMS VERY SEAWARETHY! PERHAPS THE WIND WILL HAVE DIED DOWN TOMORROW... GOOD NIGHT, ASTERIX! GOOD NIGHT, DOGMATIX!

WOOF!

ZZZZ

ZZZ...SNIFF?

ASTERIX! DOGMATIX HAS PICKED UP A SCENT!

TELL HIM TO GO TO SLEEP. THERE'S NOTHING AROUND HERE EXCEPT US.

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

GRAWRARR!

DID YOU HEAR THAT, ASTERIX?

YES...

TAKING IT EASY, OBELIX!!!

WE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THIS. HERENDETHESSEN... HERENDETHESSEN? HERENDETHESSEN!!!

OH! I THOUGHT YOU'D LEFT.

STOP UP YOUR EARS AND SHUT UP!!!

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

BUT EVEN THE DARKEST NIGHTS COME TO AN END, AND THE SUN RISES FAR AWAY FROM THESE MYSTERIOUS INCIDENTS...
 Asterix! I'm hungry! I'm hungry too! It's you making me hungry, going on about menhirs with onions?

We'll turn back home as soon as we get a favourable breeze. We've just got to wait.

You see? We haven't come to the edge of the sea, there aren't any monsters, and the winds died down.

We can't see land any more.

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 had thought of something else... think of your menhirs.

With that sauce, Impérimenta makes, I could eat a menhir... remember that sauce?

Mmm, yes!... Very good. specially when she puts in those little onions and bits of bacon...

Look! A ship!
There's a sight for sore eyes, my boy!

It's very nice of you to think of celebrating my birthday!

Why don't you stop making silly remarks and come on deck to summon the crew instead? Then we'll start the party!

Donc Eris Felix, multos venerabilis amicos.

Help! Look! That really takes the biscuit! It's them!

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 hearty's!

They're not bothering to stop!

Come on, we'll catch them up. There's no wind, so you'll have to push.
WELL, WELL, WEL! IT'S OUR OLD FRIENDS!

SHALL WE GET THEM?
SHALL WE GET THEM?

JUST A MOMENT, HOW ABOUT A CHANGE IN THE SCRIPT? IT'S MY BIRTHDAY TODAY... YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO SPOIL MY BIRTHDAY, WOULD YOU? JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT AND THEN GO AWAY THIS ONCE WITHOUT SINKING ANYTHING.

OH, WE'RE ONLY LOOKING FOR A BITE TO EAT!

ASTERIX!
LOOK WHAT I'VE FOUND!

WE DON'T WANT TO BE TOO GREEDY; WE'LL LEAVE YOU THIS SAUSAGE, HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU. HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU...

ALL RIGHT, DON'T OVERDO IT!
WE MUST RATION OURSELVES.
I THINK THE STORM BLEW US
A LONG WAY FROM HOME.

OH, VERY WELL!

SOMewhere...

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!

BRAOUMMM!

THIS STORM IS
BLOWING US STILL
FARTHER FROM HOME!
IT'S DRIVING US TOWARDS
THE SETTING SUN!

I JUST FEEL LIKE AN APPLE
NOW!
HERE'S TODAY'S RATION, OBLIX. CHEW IT WELL.

THERE'S STILL A DROP OF RAINWATER IF YOU'RE THIRSTY.

WILD BOAR! HEAPS OF WILD BOAR! I CAN SEE THEM! I'M GOING TO GET THEM! COME ON, DOGMATIX!

OBELIX! DOGMATIX!

NOOO!

PLOUF!

THEY'RE ABSOLUTELY CRAZY!

PLAF!

OUR BOAT!!!

LET IT GO... DOGMATIX AND I WOULD RATHER STAY HERE. PERHAPS THE BOARS WILL COME BACK...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT CAME OVER ME... I WAS SEEING BOARS; I WAS EVEN SEEING ROMANS...

LET'S GET BACK ON BOARD OUR...

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 BARD SING!

DON'T OVERDO IT...

YOHOHO! WE'RE BACK, BOYS, WE'RE BACK!

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.

GOBBLE! GOBBLE! GOBBLE!
Funny looking 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. We'll have something to eat while we wait for the boar to turn up.

Grrr! Woof!

Soon afterwards...

It's good!

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

Grrrr! 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!
A LITTLE LATER...

OH, WELL LET'S HAVE A REST... WE'LL SEE LATER.

GOOD IDEA!

DOGMATIK: HE PICKED UP ANOTHER SCENT!

OH, GOODY, SOMETHING ELSE TO EAT! I REALLY AM RAVENOUS.

RAVENOUS? YOU'VE ONLY EATEN TWO GOBBLERS AND A LOT OF BEARS TO MAKE ME FORGET THAT APPLE!

IT'LL TAKE A LOT OF GOBBLERS AND A LOT OF BEARS TO MAKE ME FORGET THAT APPLE!

ASTERIX! COME AND LOOK! ROMANS!
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...

YOOHOO! ROMANS! WHERE ARE YOU, ROMANS?

SEH! 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!

Well, so who told me to throw out the net?!

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!

GOING!

Yes, well, our Romans can't be far away. Let's try to find them.

But how?

We only have to follow the arrow in the opposite direction from the way it's pointing. That's logical.

That's logical?
PIECEFULLY CLEVER, THESE ROMANS. I CAN'T HEAR THEM OR SEE THEM...

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

SOBBLE GOSBBLE GOSBBLE!

WHILE I THINK OF IT, I'LL JUST GO AND PICK UP A FEW GOPPERS 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!

WHERE HAVE THEY GOT TO? THOSE GADBBLELS ARE GETTING AS WILD AS THE ROMANS THESE DAYS...

A LITTLE WAY OFF...
I'm going to teach you a hunter's trick. You imitate the cry of your quarry. Listen!

Gobble gobble gobble!

Gobble!

Over 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 it's feathers! Now to get hold of it!

Over here! Toot, toot, toot...

Kerplonk!

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...
LET'S SEE... ASTERIX NEVER TAKES HIS HELMET OFF EXCEPT TO EAT AND SLEEP...

... AND HE WASN'T EATING, BECAUSE HE WAS WAITING FOR ME AND THE GOGGLEEKS, AND IF HE WAS ASLEEP HE'D BE HERE... SO SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED TO HIM.

YOU, ROMAN! WHERE'S ASTERIX?

ASTERIX WOULD KNOW HOW TO MAKE HIM TALK... SO FIRST I MUST FIND ASTERIX!

SEEK! SEEK! DOGMATIX!
DRUMS! WE MUST BE NEAR THE ROMAN CAMP. WELL DONE, DOGMATIX!

Fuzzy sort of camp!

TOM TOM TOM!

YOOHOO!
HERE WE ARE, ASTERIX!

WHY HAVE THEY TIED YOU TO THAT THING, ASTERIX?

NO IDEA... THESE ARE RATHER FUNNY ROMANS, YOU KNOW...

PROBABLY MERCENARIES... HAMIDANS 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 THRAICAN CUSTOM OR SOMETHING?

???
How?

Gobble Gobble

Toot Toot Toot

These Thracians are crazy!

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

PAF!

PAT PAT
I think he wants to know who we are.

Does he, though?

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!

He gets the idea!

...but we love our friends!
I THINK HE'S CHALLENGING YOU!

YOU DO?

I'VE FINISHED MINE.

MY TURN, THEN.

PAFE!

HOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHO

I THINK HE WANTS US TO STAY HERE.

LOOK, I'M NOT JOINING UP IN THE ROMAN ARMY!

WELL, LET'S ACCEPT THAT MAY BE MAY FINALLY FIND OUT WHERE WE ARE.
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 CRETEAN GIRLS? I WOULDN'T MIND BEING IN THIS CRETE WITH A FEW LIKE THAT...

WELL, DON'T GO BEING INDIRECT HERE.

Gobble gobble? Woof woof.

Lunch!
NEXT MORNING...

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!

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

OLÉ! OLÉ!

CLACK! CLACK!

SSSHH, OBELIX!

OLÉ! OLÉ! OLÉ! SEE?

OLÉ! OLÉ! OLÉ!
I'd like to keep this as a souvenir of our days hunting.

Especially as the Iberians seemed quite impressed with our technique!

Sigh! Oh, how kind!

??

What?

I think it's his daughter, and he's pleased she likes you.
Hey, this fat Iberian girl is following me around.

Ugh!

Teeheehee!

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 to get the Welsh on our hosts!

Two Welsh? What, with all these Cretans and Iberians around the place already?
That night...

He's heard us!

Hang on!

Gobble!

GoBBLe!

I've never seen a boat like this before!

That was a good trick!

Yes, that hole to let the water in is rather unusual.

I sure have learnt a thing or two home on this range!
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!

Maybe hunting is the only... Purt purt purt!

What land, nevertheless?

I shall discover this land, and take home some of the natives to prove it!

Look! Look, by Odin!

You never believe anything, Hjalmar. I'm sure there's land ahead! It may even be inhabited!

Let's turn back while there's still time! What do you say, Hjalmar?
A ship!

Roman, Gothic, Egyptian or what?

Who cares? 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... specially you!

How right you are! Let's signal to them!

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...
LAND!
INHABITED,
AT THAT!
PULL HARD,
BOYS!

THEY'VE
SEEN US!
THEY'RE
COMING!

ONE SMALL STEP
FOR ME, A GIANT
LEAP FOR MANKIND!

WHAT WAS ALL
THAT ABOUT?

IT JUST SOMET
CAME TO ME... HAND ME
THE BEADS... WE'LL
SAFETY THEM UP!

WHAT'S ALL THIS
HUNK IN AID OF?

THEY MUST BE
DOOR-TO-DOOR
SALESMEN TRYING
FLOG THEIR STUFF.

NATIVES, YOU COME
WITH US IN OUR SHIP?

WHAT'S
HE SAYING?

I'VE NO IDEA,
I'LL TRY AND
TALK TO HIM.

MERCHANTS, YOU TAKE US
IN YOUR SHIP?

WHAT?
LET'S TRY TO GET ACQUAINTED. I'LL DO THE INTRODUCTIONS. ME HERENDOELENSEN THE ADVENTURÉS...

HIM NGØODBÆSSEN THE NUCASE... YEAH!
ME STEPØNØSEN SHIFTEEYES...
ME HÅRÁLDWIESSEN THE INTELLEKTUAL. YOU WHAT?

I THINK THEY WANT TO KNOW WHO WE ARE.

WE LL LET'S PUT ON THE SHOW WE GAVE THOSE ROMAN COLONIALS AGAIN.

IT'S ALL RIGHT, ASTÉRIX. THEY GET THE IDEA.
You're the brains of our expedition, Haraldswissen. You'd be writing the Saga... what do you think about these names?

They show great variety of racial characteristics except for their noses. That is...

Ugh! How! Ole!

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?

Let's get a move on!

Let's get them moving!

Creake!

Ploof!
OLÉ! OLÉ! OLÉ!
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... farewel and adieu to you ladies... OF... UM... ER...
SURE ENOUGH, IT IS A FAST CROSSING, AND SOON A TRICK FOG COVERS THE ICY SEA...

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

OH, THERE YOU ARE AT LAST, HERENDETHOLESEN! YOU LAZY BLIGHTER! BY ODIN, WHERE THE NIFLHEIM HAVE YOU BEEN?

IT'S... IT'S ODINSKOMPÁRSSEN, THE TERRIFYING, THE CHIEF OF OUR TRIBE!

OF COURSE IT'S ODINSKOMPÁRSSEN! DID YOU THINK IT WAS A DEAR LITTLE MERMAID?

I SALUTE YOU, CHIEF ODINSKOMPÁRSSEN!

AND I DON'T SALUTE YOU!

WHILE WE WERE ALL OUT ON A RAIDING EXPEDITION, MR HERENDETHOLESEN WENT FOR A CRUISE!

WE HAVE PILLAGED AND BURNED, WE'VE BROUGHT BACK PLUNDER, SLAVES, WHILE YOU...

WHILE I'VE BEEN DISCOVERING A NEW WORLD!
À WÔRLD?

HÔHÔHÔHÔHÔ! À NEW WÔRLD! JUST HÄRK ÂT HIM!

HÄVE YOU GÔT ÂNY PRÔOF ÔF THIS?

ÀND I DÔN'T MEÄN THE BLÄTHÉRINGS ÔF THAT LÄZY LÔT WHO WENT WITH YOU!

HERE ÂRE MY PRÅGS COMING ÂSHORE.

EXCUSE ME, SIR, COULD YOU POSSIBLY HELP US? WE'RE LOOKING FOR A LITTLE GAULISH VILLAGE WHICH...

WHO ÂRE THESE ClÔWNS ÂND WHAT ÂRE THEY SAYING?

THEY'RE INHÂBITANTS ÔF THE NEW WÔRLD. UNFORTUNÂTELY NO ÔNE CAN UNDERSTÂND THEIR LÂNGUAGE.

THEY DÔN'T LÔÔK VERY EXÔTIC...

SEE HOW DIFFERENT THEIR DÔG IS FROMours.

THIS GAULISH VILLAGE I WAS TALKING ABOUT.

HMMM...

YOU LÔT, BÂCK TÔ MY PLACE! I WÂNT TÔ HEAR MORE ÂBOUT THIS!
RIGHT, LET'S HEAR THIS SAGA!

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

THE HEROES AND OUR IMMEDIATE DEPARTURE FOR THE NEW WORLD!
WE'LL EAT, DRINK AND MAKE MERRY AND HAVE A NICE FIGHT!

YOUR NATIVES CAN JOIN THE FUN TOO! AFTERWARDS WE'LL SACRIFICE THEM TO THE GODS. IT IS AN HONOUR RICHLY DESERVED!

DON'T DRINK TOO MUCH.

OH, COME ON, LET'S HAVE A BIT OF FUN. I LIKE THESE PEOPLE.

WHY, YOU'RE GAULS!

WHAT? YOU, SLAVE! COME HERE!

CAN YOU TALK TO THESE PEOPLE FROM THE NEW WORLD?

NEW WORLD?... BUT THEY'RE GAULS THE SAME AS ME... SORRY, THE SAME AS ME.

THIS SLAVE WITH THE AWFUL ACCENT IS WING. HE MUST BE A NATIVE OF THE NEW WORLD TOO!

NEW WORLD? MUH! YOU'VE BEEN SLOPING OFF TO GAUL. THAT'S WHAT! CHASING THE LUTETIAN GIRLS, EH!
YOU'RE LYING! ADMIT IT, OR I SHALL CHOP YOU IN HALF!

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

LEAVE THAT GAUL ALONE!

PAF!

GLUG! GLUG!

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 Gauls? You bet! They captured my boat too... it's tied 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, HERENDETHELESS?

TO BE OR NOT TO BE, THAT IS THE QUESTION...

SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

THEY’RE BACK! THEY’RE BACK!
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.

OVER THERE... A KIND OF ISLAND... WELL, WELL, WELL!

HOWEVER, SUCH CONSIDERATIONS DO NOT WORRY OUR GALLISH FRIENDS FOR LONG. FEASTING UNDER THE STARRY SKY, THEY SAVOUR ONCE MORE IN THE WARMTH OF FRIENDSHIP, AND FALL BACK INTO THEIR OLD WAYS AGAIN.

YIK!

THE END