Asterix and the Golden Sickle

The fiercely independent little village where Asterix and the other Gauls live is at peace...

Good hunting, Asterix?

Nothing much today...

Obelix is happily at work, carving out a menhir...

Caledon's the bard is giving the children lessons...

VIII v. XL

Well, young man, and into how many parts is Gaul divided?

In short, everyone is contented. All is peace and plenty...

Another boar, Obelix?

Yes, please!

When suddenly...

Oh, by Toutatis! 😲
WHAT'S ALL THAT SHOUTING? IT'S THE VOICE OF OUR DRUID GETAFIX!

SCRUNG GMONR... ARCHGHGH... GNEUGNH...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, O DRUID?

BY BELENCY, TONTATIS AND BELISANA! I'VE BROKEN MY GOLDEN SICKLE!

THIS IS TERRIBLE! MY SICKLE MUST BE CUT WITH A GOLDEN SICKLE IF IT IS TO HAVE MAGIC POWERS!

IT COULDN'T BE WORSE TIMED! I HAVE TO START SOON FOR THE FOREST OF THE CARNUTES TO ATTEND THE GREAT ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF GALLISH DRUIDS. I CAN'T GO WITHOUT A SICKLE!

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS BUY ANOTHER ONE!

GOOD SICKLES DON'T GROW ON TREES!

THE BEST, INDEED THE ONLY ONES I CONSIDER WORTH USING, ARE MADE BY THE FAMOUS METALLURGIX, IN FARAWAY LATETIA...

HE'S RIGHT, IT'S WELL KNOWN THAT METALLURGIX MAKES THE BEST SICKLES...

YOU'RE RIGHT THERE...

AND LATETIA IS A LONG WAY OFF... YOU HAVE TO PASS THROUGH FORESTS, ALL OF BARBARIANS AND BANDITS TO GET THERE!

I AM PREPARED TO GO TO LATETIA O DRUID!
Thank you for offering, Asterix, but I really couldn't let you... Go off to Lutetia...

I insist, O Druid.

It's too far too dangerous!

Oh, well, in that case...

Er... Right! I accept!

I'm coming too! Metallurgix is a distant cousin of mine. He's the big success in our family.

Let's get going straight away!

I'll tell the others!

By Toutatis and Belenos, I wish you a good journey and a speedy return with a fine golden sickle for our Druid.

You can count on us, O Chief Vitalstatistix!

Here's a spot of magic potion. It will make you invincible every time you drink it!

Thanks...

I will now give you a song of farewell...

Goodbye...

It's getting late...

I've got a wild boar on the spit...

Later... What's that Menhir for?

It's a present for Metallurgix. Just a little gift as a token of friendship...
Welcome! You want a room?

That's right. And two boars. Two for me too!

You can take our luggage to our room.

You're going like that? To Lutetia!!

Aaah! Lutetia!

I've just come from Lutetia...

I have you?

A beautiful city, Lutetia, but dangerous. Very dangerous!

A sickle? Sickles are in short supply in Lutetia just now.

Don't worry, we know where to go!

Oh, come! We're only going there to buy a sickle.
Next morning...

Aa! wiederscheiden! The Cont Barbar

Hey, Asterix, why do you think that traveler told us silexes were in short supply in Lutetia?

No idea, Obelix.

Let's enjoy our journey; we can worry about that later.

The Romans are ruining the landscape with all these modern buildings!

Our friends' journey proceeds without much incident, apart from a few scuffles with bandits...

At Sudinum, Asterix and Obelix are unable to find a bed as it happens to be the day of the Great ox-cart race, the Sudinum 24 hours...

But at last one day...

Look! Obelix!

Lutetia!

Isn't it big!
WHAT A LOT OF PEOPLE! FANCY LIVING HERE! TALK ABOUT POLLUTION!

LET'S FIND METALLURGIX'S HOUSE AS FAST AS WE CAN!

OUT OF THE WAY THERE, BARBARIAN!

WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, BEN HUR?

WE'LL ASK THAT FISHERMAN, HE DOESN'T LOOK TOO BUSY.

ARE THEY BITING?

WHAT WITH ALL THE MUCK PEOPLE ARE THROWING INTO THE RIVER, THERE AREN'T ANY FISH LEFT. I'VE CAUGHT NOTHING BUT EMPTY AMPHORAS ALL MORNING.

DO YOU KNOW THE WAY TO METALLURGIX'S HOUSE, PLEASE?

THE SICKLE DEALER? THIRD ON THE RIGHT.

METALLURGIX SICKLES. DRUIDS SPECIALLY CATERED FOR LATEST LUTETIA FASHIONS ANTIQUES.
THE MERRY ARVERNIAN

Our Asterix Bistro

What'll it be? Two mugs of beer well drawn.

The landlord in there...

We're here to buy a sickle, not to get into trouble!

Let's ask the landlord in there...

We looks as if no one's at home!

Who are you looking for?

Come on! Let's break down the door!

Careful! There are Roman patrols about...

He's not there any more! And if you take my advice you won't hang around either!

尤其是猫的最新哑巴手工艺品和文物

舞动吧，波纹......
You must be from the seaside up north. How can you tell?
From your menhir, I've got a good eye for these little details.

I'm Arvernan myself. I come from near Gerovia...
Gergovia?

Tell me, friend, do you know Metallurgix? The sickle dealer?
Metallurgix?!!

I don't know anyone of that name! Drink up! It's closing time!

The Merry Arvernan Beer

The Mc Aquitanian Wings

Bang! Bang!
I've come to warn you there are two men looking for Metallurgix. No special distinguishing marks. A fat Gaul and a little Gaul.

Oh yes, I forgot. One of them carries a menhir about with him. A menhir?

Right, clear off and keep your mouth shut if you want to stay alive!

Don't worry. I'll be dumb as a dolmen.

Now to try and find those two nosy parkers...

By Belenos, I think I'm in luck!

This is serious. If our druid is to attend the conference in the forests of the Carnutes, we must get hold of a boar for him. That's urgent, too...

And we must get hold of a sickle for him. That's urgent, too...

You make me sick, going on about boars all the time!

And you bore me going on about sickles!
So sorry, how clumsy of me!

Don't mention it!

It was nothing!

You look like strangers to our great city. Perhaps I can help you?

We're looking for Metallurgix.

Metallurgix? Why, he's my best friend! And what do you want him for?

What a lucky coincidence!

We want to buy a golden sickle from him.

Excellent, excellent.

Metallurgix has retired and left Lutetia.

But never mind. You come with me, I can get you a sickle at a very competitive price!

Well, the thing is...

And what am I going to do with my sickle?

Would you like to leave your things?
A TABLE FOR THREE, NOT TOO NEAR THE BARDs...

BY ALL MEANS, FOLLOW ME, PLEASE...

SORRY, BOARs OFF, SO IS THE GOATs MILK.

NEVER MIND...

WAIT A MOMENT. I'Ll BE BACK DIRECTLY...

WHERE ARE THE SICKLES?

I AM NAISHTRY, THE OWNER OF THIS ESTABLISHMENT. MY FRIEND CYRODONAL, HERE TELLS ME YOU'RE LOOKING FOR GOLDEN SICKLES?

AS A MATTER OF FACT...

I CAN GET YOU A REALLY TOP QUALITY SICKLE... 3,000 GOLD COINS, RIGHT?

WHAT? I'VE ONLY GOT 100 GOLD COINS. THAT'S A FAIR PRICE FOR A SICKLE!

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT! WITH THE DRUIDS' CONFERENCE SO CLOSE, SICKLES CAN'T BE HAD FOR LOVE OR MONEY IN LUTRIA.

IT'S BARE-FACED ROBBERY, THAT'S WHAT!

YOU NEEDN'T BRING ANY MORE SMALL-TIMERS INTO THIS ESTABLISHMENT!
WHO'S A SMALL-TIMER? YOU'RE A SMALL-TIMER THAT'S WHO!
WAIT FOR ME! WAIT FOR ME!

CLAK!

MY MENHIR, PLEASE... THAT'LL BE TWO BRONZE COINS...

COME ON, THEN! CARRY ON PLAYING, BAKPS!

ASTERIX, CAN YOU LEND ME TWO BRONZE COINS, PLEASE?

BOF!

THANKS! WAIT FOR ME, WON'T YOU?

HERE YOU ARE!

CLOAKS

BANG!

I'M COMING! ARE THERE ANY LEFT?

DON'T FORGET THAT I OWE YOU A COUPLE OF BRONZE COINS...

OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, BETWEEN FRIENDS...

CAVE! A ROMAN RAID! X TO 1 THEY'RE AFTER US!

CRACK!

TCHAC! TCHAC!
AND ALL RAID LEAD TO ROME AND THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.

WHAT'S UP? IS IT OVER ALREADY?

BY JUPITER! ANYONE MIGHT THINK WE WERE IN POMPEII!

SHALL WE CARRY ON?

NO, IT WOULD BE BETTER TO EXPLAIN!

DID YOU DO ALL THIS?

YES, AND WE WERE VERY RESTRAINED!

FOLLOW ME. YOU CAN GIVE AN ACCOUNT OF YOURSELVES TO THE CENTURION.

VADE RETRO! MOVE ALONG THERE! VADE RETRO!

DID YOU DO ALL THIS?

YES, AND WE WERE VERY RESTRAINED!

FOLLOW ME. YOU CAN GIVE AN ACCOUNT OF YOURSELVES TO THE CENTURION.

VADE RETRO! MOVE ALONG THERE! VADE RETRO!
Ave, centurion! What's going on?

These two men have broken up Navishtrix's place...

Hey, if I get it right, a centurion is higher up than a decurion?

Ten times higher up!

That's a good job well done! Throw these two Gauls into prison. We may pass sentence on them, if we ever get round to it...

By Toundatz! I've had about enough of this! Look here!

Silence, Gaul! I fear I am about to break the Pax Romana!!!

Oh, do you? Yes, I do!!!

Shall we get them? Shall we get them?

Pax, gentlemen, Pax!

All this shouting is upsetting the prefect's dinner. He wants you to go and explain what's up...

Now look what you've done! You've upset the prefect of Lutetia! Now you'll have to explain yourselves to him!

I suppose the next one up from a centurion is a millurion?
Ave, o surplus Dairppadus. Ave, old chap Ave...

Who are these people disturbing my meal?

Gauls, some Gauls have been having a punchup

I'm tired of Gauls, they're always fighting. It's such a bore...

These two Gauls have broken up Naishtrik's place.

Had a drop too much beer, eh?

No, we were just trying to buy a golden sickle for our druid.

I always thought Naishtrik was mixed up in this sickle-trafficking business...

How very perspicacious of you, a surplus Dairppadus.

All right, all right, release these Gauls, I find them tiring... what a bore, what a bore...

What is all this about a sickle-trafficking business?

Oh, there's a gang of golden-sickle-traffickers in Lutetia. Sickle-are in great demand. Because of the conference in the forest of the Carnutes...

What did he mean, what a bore? I can't see one anywhere...

So now they have the monopoly, especially as metallurgix disappeared without leaving any forwarding address...

But then... perhaps they've kidnapped metallurgix?

Kidnapped or murdered? Well, off you go, and I don't want to see any more of you!

Boooohoooo! Poor cousin metallurgix!
BOOOO! POOR COUSIN METALLURGIX!

WE'LL FIND HIM, OBELIX. FOR A START, WHAT DOES YOUR COUSIN LOOK LIKE?

WHAT DOES HE LOOK LIKE? I'VE NO IDEA, I'VE NEVER SET EYES ON HIM.

LET'S GO BACK TO HIS HOUSE. WE MIGHT FIND A CLUE THERE!

SO WE MIGHT, HOW CAN I BE EXPECTED TO KNOW WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE WHEN I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM... SOMETIMES, ASTERIX JUST DOESN'T STOP TO THINK!

THE DOOR'S LOCKED, OF COURSE... LEAVE IT TO ME, I'LL OPEN IT...

CRAAASH!

THERE YOU ARE!

WHAT A MESS! THAT'S FUNNY, WE'RE RATHER TIDY IN MY FAMILY...

BUT HIS TOOLS, HIS SICKLES AND HIS MONEY ARE ALL MISSING. OBELIX, YOUR COUSIN IS BEEN KIDNAPPED BY THE SICKLE-TRAFFICKERS!

WELL, THIS PROVES METALLURGIX IS STILL ALIVE! WE'LL FIND HIM, BY TONTATIS!

OH GOODY!

LET'S MOVE IN HERE, AND REST. LET'S GO AND DO SOME SHOPPING.

GOOD IDEA!

LATER...

WHAT A PRICE BOAR IS IN LATETIA!

AND THE BUTCHER SAID PRICES WERE GOING TO RISE EVEN HIGHER. IT'S A POOR LOOKOUT FOR GRAIN!
WE'LL CATCH UP WITH THE ARVERNIAN ON THE WAY TO GERPONTA.

RIGHT!

HE CAN'T HAVE GOTTEN AWAY ON FOOT WE'RE AS FAST AS ANY OX-CART!

OF COURSE WE ARE! THE OXEN ARE ON FOOT TOO!

CAN YOU TELL ME THE WAY TO GERPONTA, PLEASE?

TAKE ROMAN ROAD VI.

WHAT A LOT OF TRAFFIC!

THERE MUST OFTEN BE ALPHORA-NECKS ON FINE DAYS!

SLOW! SLAVES AT WORK.

THAT'S WHAT I CALL REAL DRIVING!

THEY'RE CRAZY! JUST KEEP AN EYE ON YOUR OXEN, ACCIDENTS CAN HAPPEN SO QUICKLY!

I STILL DON'T SEE OUR ARVERNIAN FRIEND...

MAYBE THAT CART AT THE TOP OF THE HILL THERE...

IT'S... IT'S THEM!
THE ARVERNIAN! IN FRONT THERE!
LET'S GO!

AND THE GREAT RACE IS ON!

GEE UP! GEE UP!

I'M GOING TO OVERTAKE!

WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
WHERE'S METALLURGISIX? TELL US ALL YOU KNOW!

NOT TALKING, EH?
STOP! STOP!

BONG!

ONE DAY SOME MEN CAME AND TOOK METALLURGISIX AWAY... I HAPPENED TO BE PASSING, AND THEY WERE GOING TO TAKE ME TOO...

BUT ONE OF THE MEN, CALLED CLOVGARLINX, LET ME GO ON CONDITION I TOLD HIM IF ANYONE CAME LOOKING FOR METALLURGISIX, I'D FORCED ME TO BE THEIR ACCOMPLICE, BUT I'M INNOCENT REALLY!

RIGHT! THE ARVERNIAN HAS GIVEN US CLOVGARLINX'S ADDRESS... WE'LL GO THERE!

WE OUGHT TO HAVE KEPT ONE OF THE OXEN FOR A SNACK...

I'LL NEVER SET FOOT IN LUTETIA AGAIN!
According to what the Arverian told us, this should be Clovogarlix's house.

Open up, Clovogarlix! Open up, by Toutatis!

Shall we bash it in?

Boom! Boom!

Yes let's bash it in!

Good!

Nobody at home!

Let's search the place!

Craash!

Blang! Blang!

Badaablong! Crash!

By Minerva! You again!

Come on! Move!

Shall we bash him in?

No, Obelix, not just now.

Soon afterwards... to think we only came to buy a sickle!
LONG LIVE VERCINGETORIX!

HIC!

HELLO. WHAT ARE YOU INSIDE FOR? HIC!

WE'RE LOOKING FOR A MAN CALLED CLYOGARLY.

I KNOW HIM. HE... HIC!

I WAS TOLD TO WORK AT NAVISHTRIX'S PLACE!

NAVISHTRIX HAD A LOVELY LITTLE WINE FROM GALLIA NARBONENSIS... HIC!... LOVELY LITTLE WINE... ALL DONE FOR NOW... HIC!... ALL OVER!

'CH SAD... SAAAADH.

BOO-HOO... HIC!

HOOOOO...

ANY IDEA WHERE NAVISHTRIX AND CLYOGARLY MIGHT HAVE GONE?

NO... SNIFF!... BUT I OFTEN HEARD THEM ARRANGING TO MEET UNDER THE DOLMEN... HIC!

UNDER THE DOLMEN?

IT'S A CLUE. ONLY A SLIGHT CLUE, BUT A CLUE! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.

RIGHT.

CRAAASH!

LONG LIVE VERCINGETORIX... VERCEGIN... HIC!... VERCEGIN...
HELP! RAISE THE ALARM! THE PRISONERS ARE ESCAPING!

TEEEHEEE!
THIS IS NO TIME FOR FOOLING, OBELIX. WE'VE GOT A LOT OF IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO!

STOP, BY MERCURY! MY MASTER, THE PREFECT IS COMPLAINING ABOUT THE NOISE. HE ORDERS YOU TO GO AND EXPLAIN WHAT'S HAPPENING!

BING!
PAF!

YOU GAULS DISTURBING ME AGAIN? JUST WHEN I WAS SO NICE AND BORED!

THEY'VE DEMOLISHED A HOUSE, THE PRISON DOOR, AND SEVEN LEGIONARIES!

I FIND THAT ALMOST AMUSING. IT'S QUITE GOOD! AS A REWARD, I SHALL SET THESE TWO GAULS FREE!

LONG LIVE VERGETOCETRIGE...
We must find the dolmen where Clovis Garly and Navishtrik meet,

It won't be easy...

You never know, the Latetians can't have many dolmens...

Poor things!

We should be able to get some information over there...

Do you want to see our beautiful city?

No, we want to see some dolmens!

We haven't any dolmens around here!

(Sigh)

Poor things!

Surely there must be at least one!

Just a minute... Now I come to think of it, I have heard of a dolmen in the forest, the forest over where the sun sets...

Just this job! Take us to that forest!

No! There are wolves and bandits in that forest!

Wouldn't you rather see a show at the famous Nola Rubra? 3 sisteth! And as much beer as you can drink!

No, thank you!

Let's go and find that forest over where the sun sets!

One single, solitary dolmen... Poor things!
The Sun God, Belenos himself, is showing us the way!

That's nice of him!

You're not afraid of coming across wolves, are you?

No, but I hope we come across some boars as well, because I'm hungry and I don't like wolf...

We'll probably come across bandits too!

No thanks, I don't fancy bandit either.

Our two friends make their way towards the thick forest, as yet unaware that it will become the bos de Rouzoune...

Where are you off to?

The forest!

The forest's dangerous at night, what with wolves and bandits!

Hah! We Gauls don't know the meaning of fear!

Speak for yourselves! I'm a Gaul, and I'm afraid!

Which shall we come across first, wolves or bandits?

Shall we have a bet?

If it's wolves, you buy a round of beer, if it's bandits I will.

Done!

Wolves! I've won!

Woo woo woo!
TINTIN: Thank you very much, gentlemen.

ALICE: Who are you?

TINTIN: I’m a bandit...

TINTIN: That’s a dolmen near the big oak tree in the middle of the forest...

TINTIN: Good! You can take me there.

TINTIN: Go into the forest? At this time of night?

TINTIN: Oh, very well.

TINTIN: Tell me, bandit. Do you know of a dolmen in this forest?

TINTIN: I may be a bandit, but I’m not crazy!!

TINTIN: Shall we get him back?

TINTIN: There’s no need. We’ll find it ourselves quite easily.

TINTIN: Braoum!

TINTIN: I can’t see a thing, and it’s raining!

TINTIN: You’re right, Obelix. I’m completely lost. Let’s shelter here...
Yes, but we're lost.

I'm starting to wonder whether we shall ever find that dolmen...

Boohoo! Pry metalurgik! We'll never be able to rescue him now! Boohoo!

Wait a minute... What's this?

Sniff.

It's the Dolmen, Obelix! We've found it!

This is it! Look! The big oak tree!

Metalurgik is rescued! We've rescued Metalurgik!

Now what do we do, Asterix?

This dolmen is a rendezvous for sickle-traffickers. We're going to lie in wait and watch!

Time passes, and the Sun God returns to his place in the sky...

Wake up Obelix! Someone's coming!
It's Cunogarly! Shall we get him?

No Obelix! Quiet!

Why don't we get him?

Sshh, Obelix!

If you don't explain I'm going to get him, and then I'm going to SULK!

I want to know where he is going, Obelix. Now shut up! Let's wake him!

Oh!

He's disappeared!

It's your fault, Obelix! You stopped me watching him!

You should have let me get him!

These footprints lead nowhere...

Perhaps there's some sort of trapdoor...

I'll have a look...

I've found it!!
Wait for me, Obelix! I'll just take a swig of magic potion!

AND HERE! COME!

BY TOUTATIS!

Shall we take the subway?

Let's do that!

There's a light down there...

BY BELENO!

YE GODS AND LITTLE BOARLETS!

May the sky fall on my head! Golden jickles! Thousands of Golden sickles!

I'd even say dozens of Golden sickles!

Interested in our sickle depot, eh?

Seize them!

That's right! Seize us!

Goody goody gumdrops!
Get them Obelix!
You bet I will, Asterix!
Bong Plaf! Ouch! Boum!

Are there any left, Asterix?
No, Obelix, you're just finishing off the last one...

Let's get out of here and warn the boss!
Obelix, I'm a bit worried... I can't find Niamstrix!

Anyway, I've got cavo garlix.
That's something...
YOU LOT, HOP IT! WE WON'T NEED YOU ANY MORE!

WHAT HAPPENED? WOULD SOMEONE PLEASE ENLIGHTEN ME?

NOT YOU, YOU'VE GOT SOME TALKING TO DO!

I WILL TELL YOU NOTHING!

RIGHT! OFF YOU GO, OBELIX!

I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING!

I DON'T KNOW A GREAT DEAL.
THIS IS JUST AN UNDERGROUND STORE FOR THE SICKLES.
METALLURGIX MADE THEM, AND NAVISHTRIX USED TO BRING THEM HERE...

MY COUSIN METALLURGIX! WHERE'S METALLURGIX?

THE BIG BOSS IS KEEPING HIM PRISONER!

SO NAVISHTRIX ISN'T THE BIG BOSS?

NO, BUT NAVISHTRIX IS THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS HIS IDENTITY.
BY JOTAPE, MAY THE SKY FALL ON MY HEAD IF I TELL A LIE!

LET'S GO AND TRY TO FIND THIS BIG BOSS!

WHAT ABOUT ME? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME?

YOU STAY HERE TO LOOK AFTER THE SICKLES. THEY BELONG TO METALLURGIX!

OF COURSE! WITH PLEASURE!

SOME STUPID FOOL! AS SOON AS THEIR RACKS ARE DONE, I'LL BE OK WITH THE SICKLES!

THIS STONE OVER THE TRAPDOOR WILL HELP OUR FRIEND CLOWN GARLUK OVERCOME TEMPTATION...

HE DOES KNOW SOME NASTY SWEAR WORDS!
ARE WE JUST GOING QUIETLY? I THINK I'VE MADE A MISTAKE. WE'LL HAVE TO ESCAPE!

SILENCE!

WE'LL PUT THE FAT ONE IN HERE. SEE YOU IN A MINUTE, ASTERIX.

I'LL GIVE YOU THE GO-AHEAD, OBELIX!

RIGHT, MEANWHILE I'LL HAVE A LITTLE SNOOZE...

IN YOU GO, GAUL!

DON'T BOTHER TO SHUT THE DOOR. I'M ONLY PASSING THROUGH!

RIGHT! A QUICK SING-OF MAGIC POTION AND THEN I'LL GET RID OF THESE SILLY CHAINS...

OUCH! HOW AM I GOING TO GET HOLD OF THE MAGIC POTION?

HEY... HIC!... I KNOW YOU!

HUUULLLOO... YOU STILL HERE?

YES... I DID... HIC!... GET OUT... BUT THEY PUT ME BACK INSIDE!

LISTEN... GET THIS GOURD OUT OF MY BELT AND GIVE ME A DROP TO DRINK...

LONG LIE... HIC!... VERGINCERITOX!

SOMETHING... HIC!... SOMETHING TO DRINK? IS IT GOOD?

HARRY UP, BY TOUTATI, YOU INEBRIATED OVERFLOWING AMPHORA!
Are you going to get this gourd for me?!

No!... Hic!... You're not very kind... I'm sulking!

Listen... it's very good stuff, and you can have a drop yourself...

In that case, all right!

It's got a funny taste...

Crack!

Long live Vergogetrecix!

Long live Gegotrigerix!

Will you shut up?

You coming Obelix? I'm coming Asterix!
LONG LIVE VERGETOCERIX! long live the Roman emperor!
ARE YOU GOING TO SHUT UP?!
SILENCE!

LEGIONARIES, FOLLOW ME!

IT HAD TO HAPPEN, HERCULES! THEY COME!
GOODY!

FORTUNATELY I'VE JUST HAD SOME MAGIC POTION... I'M FEELING VERY FIT!

CLANG! CLANG!
MYSELF I FEEL A LITTLE WEAK... IT'S THE LACK OF FOOD...

HELP!!

OH, NO! THAT'S ENOUGH, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE ME TO FINISH OFF THIS COHORT FIRST?

WE'VE GOT OTHER THINGS TO DO, OBELIX! WE MUST FIND NAISHTRIX!

MY MASTER SURLY PESTRIPS WISHES TO KNOW THE REASON FOR THIS...

SLAM!

...UPROAR!

CHIC?
I'm thirsty... hic... that stuff I drank left me feeling thirsty.

Stop that man!

Just let me out! I'm going to have a beer, and then... hic! I'll be back.

Ah!

Slang!

Clonk!

Now then... Long live Vercingetorix... Long live Thingy... hic!

Meanwhile... Where on earth is the way out?

Halt!

You can't go in there! Prefect surplus dair/props is in there!

Good! We've got a word or two to say to the prefect.

Ooohh!
There they are!!!

Excuse us, O Surplus. These Gauls will be punished for their effrontery in daring to disturb you!

Hear, hear!

Your prefect is a bandit! He's the boss of the golden-sickle traffickers!

Rubbish! You'll pay for your insolence, Gaul!

Just try it!

Here we go again!

Leave him alone... that man is telling the truth... I am indeed the boss of the golden-sickle traffickers...

You talk too much, Navishtrix.

Just a farcical fancy. I did it for a bit of fun. I'm so bored!

I did it for money as well... money is one of the only things that still interests me...

Acta est fabula... Pass me a chicken, Navishtrix...

Is this any moment to speak Latin and stuff yourself?!!
WHAT ABOUT METALLURGIX? WHERE IS HE?

YES, WHERE'S MY DEAR LITTLE COUSIN?

IF YOU MEAN THE SICKLE MANUFACTURER, I HAD ARRESTED, HE'S KEEPING COOL IN THE CELLAR.

COME ON!

ARE YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT ANY CHICKEN, NAVIS, TRIX? I'M NOT A BIT HUNGRY... NOT A BIT!

METALLURGIX!

!!!

I'M YOUR COUSIN OBELEX!

OBELEX?

PLEASED TO MEET YOU!

AND THIS IS MY FRIEND ASTERIX!

DELIGHTED, I'M SURE!

ER... ARE YOU PRISONERS TOO, OR HAVE YOU COME TO SET ME FREE?

YOU'RE FREE, METALLURGIX! FREE!

REMOVE HIS CHAINS AND PUT CHAINS ON THESE TWO!

A BIT OF FUN AT LAST! WHEN CAESAR KNOWS I'VE DONE THE BAD, HE'LL BE FURIOUS! HE'LL CONDEMN US TO RUN IN HIS GALERIES, OR BETTER STILL, TO BE EATEN BY THE LIONS IN THE CIRCUS... WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A FEW LAUGHS!

IF YOU CALL THAT A FEW LAUGHS...
YOU CAN PUT ME DOWN NOW, COUSIN OBELIX!

A FEW HOURS LATER...

YOUR OLD CLOWN ARLIUS HE RAN AWAY AS IF TROJANS HIMSELVES WERE AFTER HIM.

BEHEHE! BY BELLENS, WE WON'T SEE HIM BACK IN LUTETIA IN A HURRY... ONCE ON N, WE'LL CELEBRATE THAT.

METALLURGIX SICKLES DRUIDS SPECIAL CUCKEE LEADS MEDIA MUSIKA MUSIKER.

WHAT A GOOD APPETITE YOU'VE GOT, COUSIN OBELIX!

WE HAVEN'T COMPLETED OUR MISSION YET, METALLURGIX! WE CAME TO BUY A GOLDEN SICKLE FROM YOU, FOR OUR DRUID...

I'LL GIVE YOU THIS ONE... THE FINEST OF THEM ALL...

BUT WE WANT TO PAY!

NAH/NAH! I OWE YOU SO MUCH... I WOULDN'T HEAR OF IT...

I'VE BROUGHT YOU A LITTLE PRESENT TOO, METALLURGIX!

POLITICAL SICKLE... YOU CAN PUT IT ANYWHERE YOU LIKE...

NOW WE MUST SET BACK TO OUR VILLAGE, THE DRUID IS WAITING FOR HIS SICKLE!

GOODBYE, COUSIN METALLURGIX. COME AND SEE US SOON!

ANTIQUE THANKS FOR EVERYTHING! I DON'T KNOW HOW I CAN EVER REPAY YOU!

DON'T BE SILLY... IT WAS NOTHING!!
With their golden sickle at last our two friends leave Lutetia for an uneventful journey.

I love Lutetia in the springtime!

Apart from a few rash bandits...

I tell you, the sky has fallen on our heads!

A few foolhardy barbarians...

Zat vos kein nice zink to do!

Nein, it nicht vos!

...and several careless wild boar...

Their journey, as we said, was uneventful!

Look, Obelix, there's our village!

Great!

Come on, everyone! Asterix and Obelix are back!

Welcome back, brave warriors!

I will now compose an ode for this glorious occasion!

Just you try it!

Tell me what is being worn in Lutetia this season!

Here is your golden sickle, O Druid Getafix!

Thank you, my friends. I knew you wouldn't fail me.

All our friends gather together for a great feast to celebrate the return of the heroes with the beautiful golden sickle which will bring our rude and fanatical village...

That's funny! Our bard Cacofonix hasn't turned up to sing his ode of the odes!

The End