The Gaulish village where our heroes live, awaits the pumpkins to be brought back from the forest of the Gallic wrestlers. The pumpkins help the villagers to celebrate the autumn season and elect the Druid of the year! Tralala! Tralala!

I'm worried, Getafix. It's a long and dangerous road to the forest of the Carnutes...

Nonsense!

Let me escort you, Getafix!

Asterix, you know quite well that non-Gauls aren't allowed at the conference!

I'll go to the edge of the forest with you and wait for you there...

Oh, very well, if you insist.

Can I come too? Menhirs are out of season at the moment.

I will now sing a song of farewell!

Oh no, you won't! Oh no, you won't! Oh no, you won't!
Far now, on the Eastern frontier of Gaul, two legionaries are on guard duty...

When I count three!

Hold it, I thought I heard someone screaming Goths over there!

You are now leaving the Roman empire.

You're imagining things, Artexios Cleovius!

But, Quintus Titus, I could have sworn...

The barbarian Visigoths, Ostrogoths, or any other Goths would never dare to intrude Roman territory with their dirty feet, by Jupiter!

Three! Jump to it!

You are now leaving the empire.

Bang! Paf!

Wlal! Tschac!

What did I just say? Errare humanum est...

Well done, Tatius! Astigmatic, Protohistoric, and Esoteric! And now in the forest of the Carpetae!

Long live our chief, Choleric!!!
WHERE THESE SERIOUS FRONTIER INCIDENTS ARE TAKING PLACE, OUR FRIENDS ARE ON THEIR WAY TO THE FOREST OF THE CARNUTES...

WELL, SOON BE THERE, YOU SEE, IT WAS QUITE AN UNEXPECTED JOURNEY!

BETTER SAFE THAN SORRY...

I'M A BIT PECKISH...

OH! WHAT A PLEASANT SURPRISE!

A WILD BOAR?

FRIENDS, LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO MY OLD FRIEND AND COLLEAGUE, THE BRITISH DRUID VALUADETAR.

OH! IAN DELIGHTED, I'M SURE!

COME ALONG, VALUADETAR! I'M GOING TO AMAZON YOU WITH MY DRUIDICAL PROWESS!

WAIT TILL YOU SEE MINE, OLD BOY!

HALT! WHO GOES THERE?

A ROMAN PATROL!

SHALL WE GET THEM?

NO, NO, OBELIX. WHILE THE CONFERENCE IS ON, THERE'S A TRUCE WITH THE ROMANS.

LET US PASS, BALBURY, WE ARE DRUIDS GOING TO THE FOREST OF THE CARNUTES.

THAT'S YOUR STORY, JUST PROVE IT!
Prove that we're real druids? Nothing simpler! We'll show you our magic powers...

Legionary Cadaverius! You're volunteering!

Well, where's this here magic, then?

Just ask your legionary to say something...

Say something!

Hee-haw!

Ha-ha! He can't speak any more. He can only bray! Ho! Ho! Ho!

It hasn't made that much difference!

All right, you can pass. You're real druids. We're checking up because a number of goths has crossed the frontier. They've been seen in this area.

Hee-haw!

Silence in the ranks! Forward march!
IT'S A JOLLY GOODJOB WE DID COME WIN YOU SEPARATE WITH ALL THESE BARBARIANS DRUMMING AROUND!

Huh! War between Barbarians and Normans is no concern of ours...

FOREST OF THE CARNUTES NON-DRUIDS KEEP OUT

AH, WERE THERE!

RIGHT, WELL WAIT HERE UNTIL THE CONFERENCE IS OVER

VERY WELL

GOOD LUCK IN THE COMPETITION!

LET'S MAKE OURSELVES COMFORTABLE.

I WONDERS THE BARBARIANS ARE DOING AROUND HERE...

THIS IS A GOOD SPOT... PLENTY OF WILD BOAR ABOUT!

AND NOT FAR AWAY...

Well men, you know why we're here...

Our mission is to capture the best Gaulish druid. We'll take him back across the border and then, with the help of his magic, we'll plan the invasion of Gaul and Rome...

To the greater glory of the Visigoths, the Ostrogoths and any other sort of Goths!

Long live Choleric, our chief!

Silence! Let's eavesdrop on the conference and capture the druid who wins first prize!

Do you know Valandraut, I feel sure I'm going to win first prize and be elected druid of the year!
The forest of the Carnutes is swarming with Druids in merry mood, all delighted to see each other again...

Every oak tree is full of Druids hard at work cutting mistletoe with their sickles...

Eeek! That's my finger!

Oh, dear fellow, look at this sickle in my little shop in Pannonia! Look, it's got a safety catch!

So then, old man, hey presto! I turned him into a menhir!

They talk shop, they discuss spells...

Yes, my dear fellow, look at this sickle in my little shop in Pannonia! Look, it's got a safety catch!

So then, old man, hey presto! I turned him into a menhir!

They even indulge in jokes and funs... in short, they are having a good time.

This food is a bit sickly!

Pass me the cent!

It must be his Gaul bradish!

Menhir! A true word is spoken in jest!

Then after the great banquet...

Silence, brothers, silence!

Clang! Clang!

Brother Druids, the time has come for us to begin our great contest to evaluate new methods and elect the Druid of the year...

And while the Druids imbibe their magic potions...

...creepy eyes are watching them...

Now comes the interesting part!
FIRST CANDIDATE:
DRUID BOTANIST?

JUST A FEW DROPS OF POISON ON THE
GROUND...

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!
AND THERE YOU HAVE MAGNIFICENT
OUT-OF-SEASON FLOWERS!

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!
QUITE CHARMING!

CLAP! CLAP!
NEW DRUID!

SHUT UP, YOU
IDIOT!

WHAT'S UP? I CAN LIKE
FLOWERS EVEN IF I
AM A BARBARIAN,
CAN'T I?

CANDIDATE NUMBER
THEO DRUID PRIEST!

I JUST THROW SOME
POWDER IN THE AIR...

AND I MAKE IT RAIN!

NOT BAD!
THE WEATHER'S ALL
USUALLY TERRIBLE
THESE DAYS!

DRUID MAGIC!

ALL THE HUMANS...

PARP!

BUT TO MAKE IT
INTO SOUP YOU
STILL NEED A
CAULDRON...

I'VE THOUGHT OF
EVERYTHING, A
VENOMOUS DRUID
CAULDRON...

I'VE INVENTED A METHOD
OF MAKING POWDERED
CAULDRONS TOO!

WELL DONED! INGENIOUS!

THE COMPETITIONS
BEGIN THEY SEEM TO
BE EXCITING
THEMSELVES!

NON-DRUIDS
KEEP OUT

YOU MARK MY
WORDS, PRIEST!
I'M CERTAIN MY
DRUID WILL WIN FIRST
PRIZE WITH HIS MAGIC
POISON.
AND NOW WE COME TO THE NEXT CANDIDATE, VALADDEPAY!

I HAVE BREWED A POTION WHICH MAKES YOU IMMUNE TO PAIN! JUST WATCH THIS...

...AND NOW I CAN TAKE CHIPS OUT OF BOILING OIL WITH MY BARE HANDS! VERY PRACTICAL!

AND NOW OUR LAST CANDIDATE... DAVID GETAFIX!

I SHOULD LIKE TO DEMONSTRATE MY POTION WHICH GIVES A MAN SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH!

I NEED THE HELP OF A FEEBLE DRUID!

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

GREAT

AND NOW I CAN TAKE CHIPS OUT OF BOILING OIL WITH MY BARE HANDS! VERY PRACTICAL!

CLAP! CLAP!

VERY PRACTICAL!

IT'S THIS ONE?

EEEK! OOOOOOH!

YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?

HEY, CAN'T YOU LET US CUT WISTERIA IN PEACE??!

I HAD ALREADY HEARD ABOUT YOUR POISON, GETAFIX, BUT IT'S EVEN MORE IMPRESSIVE THAN I'D BEEN LED TO BELIEVE!

HURRAH! HE'S THE WINNER!

That's the one we want!
I DECLARE OBERHAR DUMBS OF THE YEAR AND HAVE GREAT PLEASURE IN PRESENTING HIM WITH THE OBERHAR MENHIR!

WORDS FAIL ME!

CONGRATULATIONS!

IT WAS SO UNEXPECTED.

BRAVO!

HURRAY!

THE CONFERENCE IS OVER, GETAFIX. WE CAN SET OFF TOGETHER, IF YOU LIKE.

WITH PLEASURE, VALADER-FA, I'LL JUST GO AND GET MY THINGS.

I'M THE GREATEST!

ON THE GREATEST?

I'M THE GREATEST?

Ready? Ready!

Now let's get out of here!!!

WHAT THE...!

HUMMMMM HUMMMMM!

Meanwhile... Where on earth is Getafix?

The conference is over, but there's no sign of Getafix anywhere...

Did you hear? It seems that he won the competition!

I'm worried, Obelix. Let's go and find him!
LOOK FOR CLUES, OBELEX!

CIUPE TO WHAT ASTERIX?

HALT! WHO GOES THERE?

HULL! HERE'S THE ROMANS!

LET US PASS, ROMANS. WE'RE IN A HURRY!

WE'RE LOOKING FOR A HORDE OF GOTHs. THEY'VE BEEN SPOTTED IN THIS AREA.

A VISIGOTH HELMET? YOU'RE A HORDE OF GOTHs!!

HO, HO! WE'RE LOOKING FOR THEM TOO, THE FREE GOTHs FROM THE WEST WHO ARE IN THE EAST?

AND US?

CALL THAT A HORDE, DECURION? THERE'S ONLY TWO OF THEM!

SHALL WE GET THEM, ASTERIX?

LET'S GET THEM, OBELEX!

PAF!

IT WAS A GOOD IDEA TO DRINK SOME OF THAT POTION!

COME ON YOU ROMANS! DO SOMETHING! PUT UP A FIGHT!

SOON AFTERWARDS...

YOU WERE RIGHT, DECURION, THAT WAS A HORDE!
A Roman Legionary!

How do you know that?

Let's capture him and find out why he's running.

Right!

Here's something written underneath, and that's not so good. Wegf's dead or alive, two GOUTH large reward.

CRUNCH...

?? It's a picture of us!!

Hey! Isn't it Goody?

Those idiots will be after us now, instead of looking for the barbarians!

Sure enough, total disorder reigns in the forest. The Romans can't see the wood for the trees, and the only ones who are not worried are the barbarians...

Yes, they'll be chasing Gauls from the west instead of Gauls from the east. They're all up the pole.

Ours not to reason why!
LET'S GET BACK UP THERE. THERE ARE TOO MANY ROMANS AROUND HERE!

WHATSOEVER YOU SAY.

I'VE GOT AN IDEA LET'S DISGUISE OURSELVES AS ROMANS.

YOU'RE AN ABSOLUTE GENIUS, ASTERIX!

KEEP A SNAPPY LOOK-OUT, OBELIX. WE NEED TWO OF OUR OWN SIZE!

ONE SMALL AND ONE MEDIUM...

WHAT A BIT OF LUCK IT WOULD BE IF WE COULD CAPTURE THESE TWO GODS!

YES, IF ONLY THE GODS WOULD MAKE THEM CROSS OUR PATH...

BY TOUTATIS!

BY BELENOS!

BONK!

BIFF!

BANG!

SPLASH!

HEY ASTERIX! MINE DOESN'T WANT TO FIGHT ANY MORE.

STOP FOOLING AROUND, OBELIX! WE'RE IN A HURRY!

I'LL TAKE THE BIG ONES CLOTHES, AND YOU TAKE THE LITTLE ONES.

THAT SOUNDS MORE LIKE IT...

WE'LL TAKE OUR OWN CLOTHES WITH US...

YOU'D NEVER KNOW THE DIFFERENCE!
AND JUST REMEMBER, OBELIX, IF WE MEET ANY ROMANS, YOU'RE LEGIONARY OBELIX AND I'M LEGIONARY ASTERIX, YOU MUST SAY 'BY JUPITER' AND 'AWE...'

HO! HO! HOW FUNKY!

LOOK OUT! LEGIONARIES!!!

HNGGHMMNNNGH!!

AWE, COMRADES! HAVE YOU SEEN ANY SIGN OF THE TWO GOTHIS?

AYE AND BY JUPITER... HNGGHMMNNNGH!!

HOOHOAAAAAHAAAAAA!

HOOHHOOOHOOO! HOOHOOO!

HEEHHEEHHEE! HA! HA!

HEHHEEHHEE! HEE! HEE! HEE!

HEHHEEHHEE! HEE! HEE! HEE!

I MUST APOLOGIZE FOR MY FRIEND OBELIX. HE'S VERY HEEHHEHHHEE!

HEHHEEHHEE! HEE! HEE! HEE!

HEHHEEHHEE! HEE! HEE! HEE!

HEHHEEHHEE! HEE! HEE! HEE!

I SAY, DID YOU NOTICE THEIR HAIR AND WHISKERS?

YES, IT'S AGAINST REGULATIONS. THEY'LL GET PUT ON A CHARGE.

OH!

WHRMRMRMRMRMM!

WHRMRMRMRMRMM!
LOOK!! A PATROL AND A LITTLE ONE!

VISIGOThS!!!

HMM?

HMMMMMMMMM!!!

YES, I SEE IT ALL!
THOSE TWO GUTS HAVE BEEN CAPTURED BY A LEGIONNAIRE, WHO'S GONE FOR REINFORCEMENTS TO TAKE THEM TO CAMP AND COLLECT THE REWARD!

AH, VISIGOThS!

WE'LL TAKE OVER FROM HERE THEY'RE ALREADY FOR US, ELONG AND GONZALEZ...

AND WE'LL COLLECT THE REWARD!

DISHONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY...

HMMMM

VIDEO MELICRA PROBOQUE PETER CIURA SEGVOR

MEANWHILE...

NIC! THE GUT HICCUPS NOW... NIC! GIVE ME A FIGHT, ASTER... NIC!

NIC! ASTERI!

AS FOR THE GUTS... THEY'RE GETTING MORE PUZZLED ALL THE TIME... EXCUSE ME MY GOOD MEN, YOU HAVEN'T BY ANY CHANCE SEEN THESE TWO?

AND STILL MEANWHILE...

WE'RE COMING TO THE CAMP...

HOW PLEASED THE GENERAL WILL BE!

AW, GENERAL! TWO LEGIONNAIRES WANT TO SEE YOU THEY'VE CAPTURED SOME PRISONERS, GUTS!

SEND 'EM IN, BY MERCURY! SEND 'EM IN!

I'M DELIGHTED WITH THEM!
LEGIONARIES, AS A REWARD FOR THIS BRILLIANT PIECE OF WORK, YOU WILL RECEIVE SEATS FOR THE CIRCUS!

BY JUPITER! HAVE YOU QUITE FINISHED FOOLING ABOUT!!!

THAT'S FUNNY! I CAN UNDERSTAND GOTHIC NOW!

WHAT THE... WHO ARE YOU?

MARCUS UBIQUITUS AND JULIUS MONOTONUS, LEGIONARIES OF THE THIRD COHORT!

WHO THE... WHAT THE... LEGIONARIES??? I'M JUST WONDERING WHETHER WE HAVEN'T GONE AND PUT OUR FOOT IN IT...

WE WERE OUTNUMBERED BY TWO GAULS WHO TOOK OUR CLOTHES!

SEND OUT INTELLIGENCE TO THE EFFECT THAT THE GAULS ARE DISGUISED AS ROMANS... AND GET THEM CAPTURED!!!

NOW... ABOUT OUR SEATS AT THE CIRCUS...

CERTAINLY... IN THE BEST POSSIBLE POSITION...

IN THE ARENA WITH THE LIONS!
As soon as the Romans know that the Goths they are looking for are disguised as Romans, there is complete chaos... The Romans go about capturing one another...

I'm a Roman!
I'm a Roman!
I'm a Roman!

Got you, you barbarian!

The unhappy General Cantankerous is nearly out of his mind...

They're all quite thick, and I'm their leader! (Shut up!)

But some people are making the most of the situation, for instance, as boy and girl, who have put their own clothes on again.

... and the Goths, the root of all the trouble, who are proceeding uneventfully towards their own country of Germania.

Watch out! The frontier's ahead. We've got to cross it!

A heavy responsibility weighing on those who guard the frontier against Germanic invaders.

Gaul-Roman Empire
Germania

Hey!

Victory is ours! We'll be given a hero's welcome by our own people!

Anything to declare?
You bet we've got something to declare! the druid!

Will you open the parcel, please.

You realise you're importing foreign goods...

That was our mission—to bring back a druid to help us get ready for the next invasion. Let us through, you stupid Ostrogoth!

Oh no! You'll have to see the C.O.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the border...

What's all this, Lega...? akeep on guard duty!

I was attacked from the rear by some Ostrogoth who were invading the Goths.

A likely story: Ostrogoths invading Gaul. All right, Gaul's invading the Ostrogoths. All right.

But Goths invading the Goths, that's stupid!!!

Soon afterwards, come on, we must cross the border and invade Germany!

I hope they've got more than we've got.

The centurion just doesn't want to know!
Hey!

Gaul Roman Empire

Hmm?

Bang!

How tedious these border formalities can be.

Sir! Sir! It's happened! This time it's a real invasion!!

An invasion? Where? Where?

Two Gauls, crossing the border into Germania!

No! No! An invasion is when people cross the border into our country, not the other way round!

But Sir, you said...

And you will do four days inside, that'll teach you to try and be clever!!

Well, I ask you!

Meanwhile, the gods have managed to get over their own administrative difficulties...

O great chief! Merrie, we have brought you the champion druid, whose magic will help us conquer Gaul and the whole of the Roman Empire!

Well done! Have him put in the cage. We will interrogate him later!
Watch out! Someone's coming.

Who are you? I don't understand Goths, but I think he's asking who we are.

One, by Jupiter! I'm Legawai Obe! E wha! My friend is Legawai Asterus!

If I'm not much mistaken, these are Romans coming to invade us. Let's get them!

Paff!

Boom!

Bimk!

Let's go and hide in the undergrowth. Obe! E wha! There are one or two things I must explain.

We don't have to pretend to be Romans any more. Obe! E wha! We'd be better off disguised as Goths.

Why?

Are you ready, Obe! E wha! Here's your size coming!

Hey!

One hour later...

At last! I thought this one was never going to turn up!
Ouch!

Let's put the Gothic helmets over our cauldron, and that will help us look more convincing!

Just remember, we don't know their language, so don't account speak to any of them. We can catch them, though, can we?!

Meanwhile...

Show him in!

If this druid refuses my demands, I shall be very angry, Rhetoric. I shall have the druid killed, and you along with him. Understand?

Y... yes!

Ask him if he's prepared to use his magic powers in our cause...

Are you prepared to use your magic powers in our cause?

Never!

Perhaps...

Tell him to say yes or no!

In a week's time, at the full moon!

Yes or no?

No!

Yes!

Excellent! When will he show us his magic?

Well, that gives me a breathing space!
Left, Right! Left, Right!
Oh! Grand old Alaric, he had ten thousand men....

Left! Right! Left! Right!

Let's follow those men! Something tells me we'll find our Druid if we can get to their chief.

Left! Right! Left! Right!
He marched them up to the gates of Rome, and...

Hey! You there!
No breaking ranks! Keep in step! You're both on a charge! Left! Right! Left! Right!

What's he saying?
Keep quiet, Obelix. Don't let reason sway...

We'll get away tonight, tell them, we... didn't make ourselves conspicuous we don't want them nothing-wert gaulets!

Left! Right! Left! Right!
Look here, Asterix! We didn't come all this way to sweep their country for them! We must ride our time, obey!

Boooooo booooo

Where are they off too?

You two! Get on parade like everyone else!

Shooocoulder... lances!

Any more funny business, you 'rrible men, and I'll have you inside!

Baaaooo boooaaa

I'm not really all that fond of cabbage... I do prefer bowls, do you think if I asked them nicely?

I must escape tonight and find the druid.
ASTORIE AND OBELIX ARE NOT THE ONLY ONES WITH ESCAPE IN MIND, FOR IN ANOTHER PART OF THE TOWN...

I'LL GO TO CALL WITH MY KNOWLEDGE OF MODERN LANGUAGES TO TRY TO GET A JOB THERE...

Halt! Who goes there?

THE PATROL!

Well, if it isn't Rheso the Interpreter! And where might you be off to at this time of night?

Well, I... er... the fact is... well, it was like this... you see...

No, I don't! It's the guardroom for you! You can explain yourself tomorrow!

No, No! You're making a big mistake! I've got friends in high places!!!

I'm done for! The Chief will never forgive me for deceiving him about what that pig-headed Druid said...

Meanwhile...

GOT IT! NO FIGHTING, AND NO TALKING TO ANYONE.

Right!

FEEK! That's corn it!

Hello, hello, hello! Who have we here? You're for the guardroom too!
In there!

Well, let's go on then. We've had just about enough of this! Come on, let's go!

How about him? I'll gag him and take him along, he may know something useful.

Gaulish spies, if I can capture them, it may save my bacon!

I'm on to a good thing!

Are we off then?

We're on!

CRAAASH!

Not a soul!

Let's get out of town and into the forest.

Talk about a stroke of luck!

Well be all right here and now to question the Goth!

It's gold!

This really is incredible!

Do you know where the Gaulish droid is?

Carry on, ask away!

He doesn't speak Gaulish... I never thought of that!

AAA-TISHOO!

Bless you.

Thanks.
YOU DO SPEAK GAULISH!

NO! NO! IT'S ALL A MISTAKE! I DON'T SPEAK GAULISH! NOT A WORD OF GAULISH! I DON'T HAVE ANY GIFT FOR LANGUAGES!

AND I WOULDN'T SAY A WORD EITHER, SO THERE!

CARRY ON, OBELIX!

GOODY, GOODY!

(VERY FAST) THE DRUID IS BEING KEPT PRISONER BY OUR CHIEF METRIC. HE HAS TO PROVE HE CAN WORK MAGIC. AT THE TIME OF THE NEW MOON, OR HE'LL BE EXECUTED...

HE GAVE YOU THE ADDRESS, BUT LET ME GO. I'M IN DANGER, BEING EXECUTED TOO!

TALKATIVE, ISN'T HE. WHEN HE FEELS LIKE IT...

LET'S GET BACK TO THE TOWN!

I ORDER YOU TO LET ME GO!

WELL, LET YOU GO WHEN WE FIND OUR DRUID, AND NOT BEFORE!

OVER HERE! THIS WAY! I'VE CAUGHT TWO GAULISH SPIES!

PATROLS EVERYWHERE! THE VILLAGE DISCOVERED THAT WE'VE GONE!

QUICK, OBELIX! COME ON!

THERE! OVER THERE! GET THEM!

I WONDER WHAT THAT SAYS?

THIS IS NO TIME TO WORRY ABOUT FOREIGN ROAD SIGNS!
We've got them!!! Caught like rats in a trap!
Come on, boys!

I think that's the lot...
There's a little one left over there...

Wait a minute! Put him down! He can take us to his chief!
Right!

We surrender!

Meanwhile, in Metro's house...
I can't wait to see you work your magic... what a pity you don't understand me!

He'd blow his top if he knew I speak Gothic fluently... with a slight Gaulish accent, I admit.

Chief! Chief! I've captured two savage Gauls!

It's a lie, chief! I'm the one who risked my life in unmasking these two spies.
These two Gaulish spics will be executed! Rhetoric, ask the druid if he's still willing to show us his magic!

My dear friends! What rashness... putting your heads into the lion's jaws!

Too bad for the lion!

Oh, do say you'll show him your magic, Druid! We'll cover you with gold!

It looks like it doesn't it?

He... he still says yes... Excellent!

O Gothic chief, your interpreter is deceiving you!!!

I never had any intention of showing you my magic!

You will be executed tomorrow along with the others, with every refinement of torture!

To the dungeons! All of them!

SOON AFTERWARDS...

BONJOUR! You beastly, horrid Gauls! I'm going to be played, impaled, hung, drawn and quartered, all because of you? Me, with my delicate constitution! Why, even damp weather and toasted cheese were no trouble.
He's gone to sleep! We can talk.

We have to escape at once and get back to Gaul!

Yes, but before leaving the country, we must discourage the Goths from invading us... and make sure they stay discouraged!

How are you going to manage that?  We'll spread a bit of disorder and confusion!

And this cowardly, greedy, two-sailed interpreter will come in useful. He's absolutely ideal for our purposes! Now then, this is my plan...

Ha ha ha! Ho! Ho! That's funny! The prisoners are laughing...

They wouldn't be feeling so cheerful if they knew the tortures that are in store for them!

Ha ha ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! It really is a very happy prison!
WAKE HIM UP

RIGHT!

COME ON, LAZYBONES! GET UP! GET UP!

O0000000!
SO IT WASN'T ALL A NIGHTMARE!

CONDEMNED TO DEATH!
JUST WHEN I WAS GOING TO GET MARRIED AND HAVE
LOTS OF LITTLE BARBARIANS...

LISTEN, WE'RE SORRY
WE GOT YOU INTO
THIS SPOT...

WHAT GOOD IS THAT?
IT WOULDN'T KEEP ME
FROM THE CRUEL
VENGEANCE OF
METHOC!

AH, BUT IT WILL! I'M GOING
TO MAKE YOU A PRESENT OF
SOME OF MY MAGIC, YOU'LL
BE THE STRONGEST OF ALL
THE GOATS, NO ONE WILL BE
ABLE TO STAND UP TO YOU!

QUICK! QUICK! LET'S
HAVE A LOOK AT
THIS MAGIC!

I NEED CERTAIN
INGREDIENTS...

CALL THE GUARD,
OBELIX!

UH... IS HE
JOINING?

NOT AT
ALL!

YO-HOO!
ANYONE THERE?

CRAAASH!

Go and ask Metre's
permission for us to have a last
bowl of Cauldron soup...
here's the list of ingredients
we need.
Metro is listening to the programme for the next opera production, as suggested by his entertainment manager.

Now suppose we start by having them torn apart by wild horses...

Hum... not very original, but the audience likes it. It always gets a laugh...

And then we could chop them up into little bits.

Not too little. We want everyone to be able to see.

O Metric, the prisoners' last dying wish is to make and drink some bawdy soup!

Granted! We want them to be on top form tomorrow!

I think it's all here.

Crash!

A pinch of salt please...

Crash!

Crash!

Sorry. I forgot to say thank you...

Will you leave that door alone!
Asterix, you'd better have some too I think you're going to need it.

What about me?

How many times do I have to tell you you haven't needed any ever since you fell into a cauldron full of potion when you were a baby. You know perfectly well that it had a permanent effect on you!

It's not fair! It's just not fair!

It's ready, drink up.

It hasn't had any effect on me...

You think not? Try your strength on that door!

Will you kindly leave that door alone!!

Crraaaash!

Yoohoo! I'm strong! I'm powerful! I'm going to smash metrics! I'm going to conquer the Egyptians and the Romans and the Greeks...

Wait until it's time for our execution before you act. That will be good publicity!

Yes, that's a very good idea!

I'll be overlord of all the goths! Emperor of the world!

It's working!
Let's go and get the prisoners... it's time for the execution.

They've gone very quiet... I've never known condemned men so quiet before.

They won't be so quiet in a few minutes!

Brrrrrr... You're such a galley! There's someone coming.

Your time has come! Hurry up! Hurry up! We'll finish the game later.

You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsmart me? I'll show you! You think you can outsm
I insist on going first!

Well, if it gives you any satisfaction...

Bring on the wild horses!

Bravo! Good idea! Up with Metris!

CRACK!

Gee up!

But this is fantastic!

It... it isn't working...

Unhitch the prisoner! Fetch wilder horses!

Don't worry, it won't take long. Sorry about the delay.

EEEEEK!
Now, everyone listen to me! I've got some of the Gaulish druid's magic powers! I'm your new chief, Rhetoric I!

That's the stuff! Down with Metric! Hurrah! Long live Rhetoric I!

Just a minute! I'm the chief around here! Throw this poor fish into the dungeons! It's time you were going, Metric.

Soon afterwards in the palace...

Come along, my friends. Come along, I was just planning the programme for Metric's torture tomorrow.

What were we saying? Well, and then we could put him in a double sausage pan and sit over a slow flame...

Sorry to interrupt you, Rhetoric, but we have a favour to ask you...

Yes? Anything you like, my dear Asterix!

We want to visit Metric in his dungeon to crow over him...

An excellent idea! Off you go! Have a nice time!

It's still working!

When these Gauls have served their purpose I'll have to get rid of them...

I've got something special for them: a pressure cooker. It can cook a person in a couple of minutes, and it whistles when he's done!

Hee hee! You can't stop progress!
Asterix, Cirtyx and Obelix make their way back to the dungeon for a word with Metric...

Metric, would you like to get your revenge on Rhetoric and return to power?

He says yes!

I got the general idea!

Have a swig of this magic potion... then you'll be as strong as Rhetoric. The way you use your strength is up to you...

Clunk! Clunk!

Crraaaash!

Here we go again! They ought to replace that door by a curtain!

CLINNKK!

He's got a free hand now!

Raise the alarm! The prisoner's escaping!!!

So what?

It's got a free hand! Haha! Haha! That's a good one, that is! I've only just got it, hoiho!

Roc!
Guard! Go and see what's going on.

Very well, O'Rhetoric.

And come back at once!

Very well, O'Rhetoric.

Where is he?

Where is he?

I've a score to settle with you, usurper!

Neither of them will win, since they've both drunk the magic potion!

That's the idea, the pot thickens! No, no, he's gotta free hand now!

Sure enough, after two hours, thirty-seven minutes of single combat.

I'm going to raise an army against you?

Me too! Me too!

Those two are going to be kept busy fighting each other. But that's not enough! We must go on spreading disorder and confusion.

Ha, ha, ha! He's gotta free hand now...

That will do, Oprecy! That will do!
Are you happy with your lot, Electric? I've got no reason to be happy. I'm poor, I'm not strong...

Would you like to be powerful? Would you like to be a chief?

And not sweep any more roads?

You bet I would!

Drink this!

I feel strong! I'm going to overthrow the government! I'm going to raise an army!

I'm going to be a general. General Electric!

Just look at him, ready to make a clean sweep of everything!

THAT'S A GOOD ONE, THAT IS! TEEHEEHEE! IT'S GOT A FREE HAND NOW!

FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD...

But look here, my love...

You go and do the shopping! We'll talk about that later!
AND OUR THREE GAULS CARRY ON WITH THEIR CAMPAIGN TO DISTURB THE PEACE.

AND THAT MAKES 250- A COMPANY!

THE Gourd OF potion IS EMPTY... BUT WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN THE GOTHES FIND THE EFFECTS OF THE POTION WEARING OFF?

WELL NOW THAT OUR PEACE MAKING MISSION IS ACCOMPLISHED, ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS, GO HOME TO GAULS!

OH, YES! I CAN'T WAIT TO TASTE WILD BEAR THE WAY MOTHER MADE IT!

NOTHING THEY'LL ALL BE IN THE SAME BOAT RINGING MORE OR LESS EQUAL, THEY'LL GO ON FIGHTING EACH OTHER FOR CENTURIES... AND THEY WON'T STOP TO THINK ABOUT INVADING THEIR NEIGHBOURS.

FIGHTING STARTS BETWEEN THE DIFFERENT Factions.

METRIC for chief!

Rhetoric for chief!

Up with Electric!

Euphoric for chief!

Drink this!

Drink this!

Drink this!

Drink this!

...WHILE EVERYONE OF THEIR PATIENTS, INVINCIBLY STRONG, AND SPIKED ON BY THE REMAINS OF OUR FRIENDS, SETS OUT TO RECRUIT AN ARMY.

ANOTHER CANDIDATE!
THE ASTERIXIAN WARS
A Tangled Web...

The ruse employed by Asterix, Getafix and Obelix succeeded beyond their wildest dreams. After drinking the druid's magic potion, the Goths fought each other tooth and nail. Here is a brief summary to help you follow the history of these famous wars.

Rhetoric

The favourite and devastating weapon of the combatants.

Diagram indicating the course of events.

Rhetoric has no time to celebrate his victory, for, having completed his outflanking movement, he is taken in the rear by his own ally, Lyric. Lyric instantly proclaims himself supreme chief of all the Goths, much to the amusement of the other chiefs.

Who turn out to be right; for Lyric's brother-in-law Sartia lays an ambush for him, pretending to invite him to a friendly reunion and Lyric falls into the trap. It was upon this occasion that the proposition that blood is thicker than water was first put to the test.

Rhetoric goes after Lyric, with the avowed intention of "bashing him up". Getafix, his rearguard is surprised by Metric's vanguard. Bonk! This manoeuvre is known as the Metric System.

General Electric manages to surprise Euphonic, mediating on the conduct of his next few campaigns. Euphonic's morale is distinctly lowered, but he has the last word, with his famous remark: "I'll short-circuit him yet!"

While Electric proclaims himself supreme chief of the Goths, to the amusement of all and sundry, it is the turn of Metric's rearguard to be surprised by Rhetoric's vanguard. Bonk! "This is bad for my system," is the comment of the exasperated Metric.

In fact, it is no bad thing for his system that he allows himself to be surprised by Rhetoric. The battle is short and sharp. Euphonic, a wise politician, instantly proclaims himself supreme chief of the Goths. The other supreme chiefs are in fits...

Meanwhile, our three friends are approaching the frontier of Gaul, with their minds at rest...

Euphonic, much annoyed, sets up camp and decides to rest. He is surprised by Ecentric, who in his turn is attacked by Lyric, subsequently to be defeated by Hecate. Metric is destined to be betrayed by Satiré, who will be beaten by Rhetoric.

Going round a corner, Rhetoric's vanguard bumps into Metric's vanguard. Bonk! Bonk! This battle is famous in the Asterixian wars as the "Battle of the Two Losers" And so the war goes on...

45
Th'ere's the frontier! I can smell the foars already!

??!

Halt! Who goes there?

I must say, it's nice...

Gaul Roman Empire

Gaul Roman Empire

Paff! To get home...

... and I can't wait to see our own village again!

Gaul Roman Empire

Gaul Roman Empire

SIR! SIR! There's just been an invasion!

Goths?

No Gauls.

Gauls invading Gaul? Wonderful! As helpful as ever, I see! I suppose you still think I'm a fool...

It's VIII days confined to barracks for you, IV of them on fatigues!!!

But, sir...

And finally, having crossed Gaul from east to west...

Our union!
WHERE ON EARTH HAVE THEY GONE? IT'S ALL QUIET...

HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

ASTERIX! OBELIX! CITRAIX!

THEY'RE BACK FROM GERMANY!

ALIVE TOO!

AFTER WHAT THE DRUID VITALDUDE SAID, WE THOUGHT YOU WERE LOST FOR EVER... WE WERE IN MOURNING!

WE ARE DEEPLY TOUCHED, CHIEF VITALSTICK!

NOW FOR THE BANQUET TO CELEBRATE THE RETURN OF THE CONQUERING HEROES!

I WILL NOW COMPOSE AN ODE...

AND LATE INTO THE NIGHT THERE IS FEASTING, LAUGHING AND DRINKING, AS OUR FRIENDS SIT BESIDE US AND TELL THE WHOLE STORY OF THEIR ADVENTURES, SINCE YOU KNOW IT ALREADY, WE THINK THE TIME HAS COME FOR US TO LEAVE YOU... BUT NOT FOR LONG!

AND THEN—TEHEEEEEE—!

THEN ASTERIX SAID—HA HA!

—HEE.. HEE HEE... HE'S GOT A FREE HAND NOW! HOO HOO HOO!

SOMEONE GIVE HIM ANOTHER ROAR, OR HE'LL START TELLING US ALL OVER AGAIN!

THE END