In the Gaulish village, where our heroes live, the Druids are busy preparing for their maths test. The forest of the Carnutes, where the Druids hold their annual conference, is being fortified by our friends. We presently meet the Druid of the year...

I'm worried, get out of the way! It's a long and dangerous road to the forest of the Carnutes...

Nonsense! Let me escort you, Asterix!

Asterix, you know quite well that non-Druids 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 AWAY ON THE EASTERN FRONTIER OF GALLE, TWO LEGIONARIES ARE ON GUARD DUTY...

When I count three!

YOU'RE IMAGINING THINGS, ARTICIONECLEROSUS!

BUT CASTADENTERIUS, I COULD HAVE SWORN...

THE BARBARIAN VISIGOTH, OSTROGOTH, OR ANY OTHER GOITR WOULD NEVER DARE TO SULLY ROMAN TERRITORY WITH THEIR DIRTY FEET.

BY JUPITER!

Hold it! I thought I heard someone speaking Gothic over there!

Three! Jump to it!

BANG!

PAF!

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

Well done, Tertarius, Atmospheric, Prehistoric and Exoteric! And now to the Forest of the Carnutes!

Long live our chief Choleric!!!
While these serious frontier incidents are taking place, our friends are on their way to the forest of the Carnutes... 

Will soon be there, you see, it was quite an unchanged 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 Valuadhwy... Oh! Say, delights, I'm sure! 

Come along, Valuadhwy! I'm going to amaze 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, obey, while the conference is on there's a truce with the Romans. 

Let us pass, Decurion, 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...

LET ME, GETHAPY! BE A SPORT!

OH, VERY WELL... I NEED A VOLUNTEER.

LEGIONARY, CADAVERUS! YOU'RE VOLUNTEERING!

WOULD YOU EAT THESE HERBS, PLEASE?

WELL, WHERE'S THIS 'ERE MAGIC, THEN?

JUST ASK YOUR LEGIONARY TO SAY SOMETHING...

SAY SOMETHING!

HEE-HAW!

HA! HA! HE CAN'T SPEAK ANY MORE. HE CAN ONLY BAY "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 HORDE OF GOTHS HAS CROSSED THE FRONTIER. THEY'VE BEEN SEEN IN THIS AREA.

HEE-HAW!

SILENCE IN THE RANKS! FORWARD MARCH!
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 Visigods, 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 Valuabbedar, 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...

THEY TALK SHOP, THEY DISCUSS SPELLS...

YES, MY DEAR FELLOW, PICK UP THIS SICKLE IN A LITTLE SHOP IN BRITANGLUM! LOOK, IT'S GOT A SAFETY CATCH!

SO THEN, OLD MAN, HEY PRESTO, I TURNED HIM INTO A MENhir!

THEY EVEN INULZUGE IN JOKES AND FUNS... IN SHORT THEY ARE HAVING A GOOD TIME.

THIS FOODS A BIT SICKLE-ISH... YASS ME THE CULT!

IT MUST BE HIS GROUL BLADDER! MENDAR A TRUE WORD IS SPOKEN IN JEST!

THEN, AFTER THE GREAT BANQUET... SILENCE, BROTHERS, SILENCE!

CLANG! CLANG!

AND WHILE THE DRUIDS PREPARE THEIR MAGIC POISON...

...GREEDY MEN ARE WATCHING THEM...

NOW COMES THE INTERESTING PART!
Shut up, you idiot!

What's up? I am like flowers even if I am a barbarian, can't I?

Candidate number two: Druid Suffix!

I have invented a method of making powdered soup so that it can be carried about in little packets. Much less bother than a cauldron!

But to make it into soup you still need a cauldron...

I've thought of everything, a venerable Chief Druid.

I've invented a method of making powdered cauldrons too!
AND NOW WE COME TO THE NEXT CANDIDATE, VALLADETAIX!

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

...AND NOW I CAN TAKE CHIPS OUT OF BOILING ON WITH MY BARE HANDS.

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

AND NOW OUR LAST CANDIDATE... DRUID GATAFIX!

VERY PRACTICAL!

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

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

I NEED THE HELP OF A FEEBLE DRUID!

I'M A FEEBLE DRUID...

EEEEEK! OOOOOH!

ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?

THIS ONE?

CRAM...

HEY, CAN'T YOU LET US GET MISTER TOE IN PEACE?!

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

CAN I GO NOW?

HURRAH! HE'S THE WINNER!

That's the one we want!
I DECLARE, ASTERIX INVENTOR OF THE YEAR, AND HAVE GREAT PLEASURE IN PRESENTING HIM WITH THE PRESTIGIOUS MENHIR!

WORDS FAIL ME!

CONGRATULATIONS!

IT WAS SO UNEXPECTED.

THE CONFERENCE IS OVER, LET'S GO! WE CAN SET OFF TOGETHER, IF YOU LIKE!

WITH PLEASURE, VALLAUX-RAY. I'LL JUST GO AND GET MY THINGS.

I'M THE GREATEST!

I'M THE GREATEST!

I'M THE GREATEST!

I'M THE GREATEST!

NOW LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!!

Mmmmm.

WHAH? 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, OKAY? LET'S GO AND FIND HIM!
OH, THERE YOU ARE, YOU CHAPS! I'M FRIGHTFULLY WORRIED. GETAPLY HAS DISAPPEARED!

HE WENT THAT WAY...

LET'S GO AND SEE!

OH, YES, WE WILL! WE'LL SNATCH HIM FROM THE CLUTCHES OF THE BARBARIANS!

I THOUGHT THEY HAD VISigoths?

LOOK AT THIS!

THAT'S A VISIGOth HELMET! WHAT A TERRIBLE CALAMITY! WE'LL NEVER SEE OUR FRIEND AGAIN!

GOOD SHOW! I'M COMING WITH YOU! THANK YOU, VALLADREX! BUT OBELIX AND I WILL MANAGE ON OUR OWYN.

JUST SHOW ME THE CAULDRON WHERE OUR ENEMY MADE HIS MAGIC POTION!

IT'S THAT ONE OVER THERE!

WHERE ARE WE OFF TO NOW?

TO THE BORDER! EAST, TO THE COUNTRY OF THE VISigoths!

SO THE VISigoths ARE GOTHs FROM THE EAST! NE, THE VISigoths ARE GOTHs FROM THE WEST. THE GOTHs FROM THE EAST AND THE GOTHs FROM THE WEST LIVE IN THE EAST...

NO!

SO YOU SEE?
LOOK FOR CLUES, OBEIX!

CLUES TO WHAT ASTERIX?

HALT? WHO GOES THERE?

HULLO! HERE'S THE ROMANS!

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

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

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

A VISIGOTH HELMET! YOU'RE A HORDE OF GOTHs!!! WHO, US?

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

SHALL WE GET THEM, ASTERIX?

LET'S GET THEM OBEIX!

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!
AND IN A NEARBY ROMAN CAMP, IN THE TENT OF GENERAL CANTHILERICUS...

BY JUPITER! IT SEEMS INCREDIBLE! BARBARIANS WANDERING ABOUT ON ROMAN TERRITORY AND GETTING AWAY WITH IT! IF JULIUS CAESAR HEARD OF THIS, WE'LL ALL BE SERVED UP IN THE CIRCUS AS THE LIONS' DINNER!

AYE, GENERAL! THE PATROL IS BACK!

SEND THE LEADER IN!

AYE, GENERAL! WE FOUND THE HOARD OF BARBARIANS, BUT WE WERE DEFEATED.

TELL ME WHAT THIS HOUSE WAS LIKE.

THERE WAS A FAT ONE AND A LITTLE ONE!

I'LL DRAW YOU A PICTURE...

GET COPIES OF THIS PICTURE MADE AND HAVE THEM SENT TO EVERY CAMP IN THE AREA!

WE'VE GOT TO LAY HANDS ON THOSE TWO GOATHS!

HANDS WILL BE LAID ON THEM ALL RIGHT, AND IT WON'T TAKE LONG, I CAN PROMISE YOU THAT!

RUNNERS SET OFF IN ALL DIRECTIONS...

... AND SOON AFTERWARDS, SOMEONE'S COMING!

LET'S CLIMB THIS TREE!

??
A Roman Legionary!

How do you know that?

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

Right!

Rrr it's a picture of us!!!

Whoa! Isn't it good?

There's something written underneath, and that's not so good. "Hunter, dead or alive, two goats, large reward."

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 Goths from the east. They're all up the pole.

There's not to reason why!
LET'S GO BACK UP A TREE. THERE ARE TOO MANY ROMANS AROUND HERE.

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

OH, ASTERIX, MINE DOESN'T WANT TO FIGHT ANY MORE.

HEY, ASTERIX! MINI MADE ME ME IN A HURRY!

WE'LL TAKE OUR OWN CLOTHES WITH US.

YOU'D NEVER KNOW THE DIFFERENCE!
Look! A fat one and a little one! **Visigoths!!!**

**Y**es, I see it all! Those two Goths have been captured by a Legionary. He's gone for reinforcements to take them to camp and collect the reward.

**Hmm?**

**Hmm? Hmm? Hmm?**

Yes, I see it all! Those two Goths have been captured by a Legionary. He's gone for reinforcements to take them to camp and collect the reward.

**Ah, Visigoths!**

We'll take over from here. They're all ready for us, bound and gagged... AND WE'LL COLLECT THE REWARD!

**Hmm?**

Dishonesty is the best policy...

**Hmm? Hmm? Hmm?**

**Video Meliora Proboque Petri Kora Serioso.**

Meanwhile...

**Hic!** I've got hiccups now... Hic! I give me a fright, Asterix... Hic!... Asterix!

**As for the Goths, they are 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!

**Avv, General! Two Legionaries want to see you, they've captured some prisoners, Caius!**

Send 'em in, Ry Mercury! Send 'em in! I'm delighted with them!
Ave! Ave! Ave, Ave, Boys! So you've captured the Goths!

Here they are!

Legionaries, as a reward for this brilliant piece of work, you will receive seats for the circus!

Let us interrogate the barbarians!

By Jupiter! Have you quite finished fooling about!!

That's funny! I can understand Gothic now!

What the... who are you?

Marcus Ur flickus 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 are looking for a place to hide, they find a Roman! 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! (sort of!)

But some people are trying to make the most of the situation. For example, Astérix and Obélix, who have put their own clothes on again.

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

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

A heavy responsibility weighs on those who guard the frontier against foreign 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! One 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...

Wants all this, legionary? Asleep on guard duty!

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

A likely story! Goths invading Gaul, all right Gaul's invading the Goths, all right.

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

Soon afterwards. Come on! We must cross the border and invade Germania!

I hope they've got roads in Germania!

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

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 Goths have managed to get over their own administrative difficulties...

O great chief Metric, 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'll interrogate him later!
If I'm not much mistaken, these are Romans coming to invade us. Let's get them!

Let's go and hide in the undergrowth, Obelix. They're one or two things I must explain...

We don't have to pretend to be Romans any more, Obelix. We'd be better off disguised as Goths...

Are you ready, Obelix? Here's your nice 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 Gaulish ones, that'll help us look more convincing!

Just remember, we don't know their language, so on no account speak to any Goths!

We can reach them, though, can't we?!

Meanwhile...

O Metric. Rhetoric the interpreter is here!

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!

Yes or no?

No!

YES!

Excellent! When will he show us his magic?

In a week's time, at the full moon.
HOW ARE WE GOING TO FIND OUR DRUID, ASTERIX? I'M NOT SURE YET... QUICK, LET'S HIDE! THERE ARE SOME SOLDIERS COMING!

Left! Right! Left! Right!

Left, Right! Ooh 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 CHEF.

Left! Right! Left! Right!

He marched them up to the gates of Rome, and... 🎵🎵

Hey! You there!

It's a long way to the aquarium 🎵🎵

Eee! Obelix!

No breaking ranks! Keep in step! You're both on a charge!

Left! Right! Left! Right!

We're coming to a town, let's slip away!

Hey! You there!

What's he saying?

Keep quiet, Obelix. Our druid isn't'm using a way...

WELL GET AWAY TONIGHT, TELL THEM, WE MUSTN'T MAKE OURSELVES CONFLICTIVE. WE DON'T WANT THEM NOTICING WE'RE GAAUS!

Left! Right! Left! Right!
Come 'ere, you two—follow me!

Get this camp swept out, and jump to it, or I'll have you for dumb insolence!

Look here, Aslak! We didn't come all this way to sweep their country for them!

We must ride our time, Obelix!

Where are they off too?

Boooooo

Booooo

You two! Get on parade like everyone else!

Shoooooulder... lances!

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

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

We must escape tonight and find the druid.
As you are the only one who has escaped in mind, for in another part of the town... I'll go to Gaul with my knowledge of modern languages. I'll be able to get a job there...

Halt! Who goes there?

Well, if it isn't Rhetoric 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 any goath.

Eek! That's torn it!

Hello, hello, hello! Who have we here? You're for the guardroom too!
YOU DO SPEAK GUALISH!

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

TELL US WHERE OUR DRUID GETAFIX IS.

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

CARRY ON, OBELIX.

GOOD, GOOD!

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

...I'LL GIVE YOU THE ADDRESS, BUT LET ME GO! I'M IN DANGER!

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

LET'S GET BACK TO THE TOWN!

I ORDER YOU TO LET ME GO!

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

PATROLS EVERYWHERE! THEY'VE DISCOVERED THAT WE'VE GONE!

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

QUICK, OBELIX! COME ON!

THERE! OVER THERE! GET THEM!

I WONDER WHAT THAT SAYS?

THIS IS NO TIME TO WORRY ABOUT FOREIGN ROAD SIGNS!
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.

We're up against a stone wall! They'll be sorry for this!

We've got them!!! Caught like rats in a trap!

Come on, boys!

Think that's the lot...

There's a little one left over there...

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

Right!

We surrender!

I can't wait to see you work your magic... what a pity you don't understand me!

Heid bid his top if he knew I speak Gothic fluently... with a slight Gallic accent, I admit.
These two Gaulish spies will be executed! Rhetoric, ask the druid if he's still willing to show us his magic!

"Oh, do say you'll show him your magic, druid! I'll... I'll cover you with gold!"

"My dear friends! What rashness, putting your heads into the lions' jaws!"

"Too bad for the lion!"

"It looks like it, doesn't it?"

He... he still says yes...

Excellent!

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

ünü??!

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...

WHAM!

BLOOD! You beastly, horrid Gauls! I'm going to be flayed, impaled, hung, drawn and quartered, all because of you! And, with my delicate constitution? Why, even damp weather and toasted cheese make me feel ill..."
**Asterix and Obelix:**

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 GOTHIC HARRISONS FROM INVADING US... AND MAKE SURE THEY STAY DISCOURAGED!

HOWEVER ARE YOU GOING TO MANAGE THAT?

WE'LL SPREAD A BIT OF DISORDER AND CONFUSION!

AND THIS COWARDLY, GREEDY, TWO-FACED INTERPRETER WILL COME IN USEFUL. HE'S ABSOLUTELY IDEAL FOR OUR PURPOSES...

HOW 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!

HAHAHA HAHA! HA! HA!

HA! HA! HEE! HEE! HEE! HO! HO!

HEE! HEE! HEE!

It really is a very happy prison!
WAKE HIM UP
RIGHT!
COME ON LAZYBONES!
GET UP! GET UP!
OOOOOOGH!
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 SITUATION.

WHAT GOOD IS THAT?
IT WON'T KEEP ME
FROM THE CRUEL
VENGEANCE OF
METRIC.

OH, BUT IT WILL! I'M GOING
TO MAKE YOUR PRESENT OF
SOME OF MY MAGIC. YOU'LL
SEE THE STRONGEST OF ALL
THE GOths MAYBE WILL BE
ABLE TO STAND UP TO YOU.

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

IS... IS HE
JOKING?
NOT AT ALL!

I NEED CERTAIN
INGREDIENTS.

CALL THE GUARD,
OBELIX!

YO-HOO!
ANYONE THERE?

CRAAASH!

Go and ask Metrié's
permission for us to have a last
bowl of Gaulish soup... here's the list of ingredients
we need.
FIRE BURN AND
cauldron bubble...

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, drunk 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!!!

Yooohooooo!

I'm strong! I'm
powerful! I'm going to smash
mistic! I'm going to conquer
the Visigoths and the Romans
and the Gauls!

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!

B! B! B! You're sunk, a galley is coming! There's someone coming!

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

They... they seem to be in a hurry!

Go on!

BRAVO! HURRAH! BEGIN!

CIRCUS STAGE DOOR
I insist on going first!
Well, if it gives you any satisfaction...
Bring on the wild horses!
Bravo!
Good idea!
Up with Metel!

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.

EEEEK!
Now, everyone listen to me! I've got some of the Gaulish druid's magic powers! I'm your new chief, 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, friends. 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 saucepan and stir 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. Do 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, Cataract 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!

He's 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...

Glug! Glug!

CLINNNK!

He's got a free hand now!

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

CRAAAASH!

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

So what?

He's got a free hand! Ha! Ha! That's a good one, that is! I've only just got it. Ho! Ho! Ho!
Where is he?
Where is he?

Guard! Go and see what's going on.
Very well, O Rhetoric.

And come back at once!
Very well, O Rhetoric.

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 plot thickens!
Haha, no! He's got a free hand now!

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 got a free hand now.

That will do, clearly, 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? And not sweep any more roads?

You bet I would!

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! HEHEHEHEE!

He'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!
ANOTHER CANDIDATE!

Drink this!

Drink this!

Drink this!

Drink this!

Drink this!

Drink this!

Drink this!

Drink this!

Drink this!

Fighting starts between the different factions.

Rhetoric for chief!

Metric for chief!

Euphoric for chief!

Up with Electric!

The goblet of potion is empty.

But what will happen when the goths find the effects of the potion wearing off?

Nothing they'll all be in the same boat again move quicker equal maybe go on fighting each other for centuries... and they won't stop to think about invading their neighbours.

Well, now that our peace-making mission is accomplished, all we have to do is go home to Gaul!

Oh! Yes! I can't wait to taste wild bear the way mother made it!
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 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 Satire lays an ambush for him, pretending to invite him to a family 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...

General Electric manages to surprise Euphoric meditating on the conduct of his next campaign. Euphoric'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 vanguard to be surprised by Rhetoric's vanguard. Bonk! "This is bad for my system," is the exasperated Metric.

In fact, it is so bad for his system that he allows himself to be surprised by Euphoric. The battle is short and sharp. Euphoric, 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...

Euphoric, much annoyed, sets up camp and decides to sink. He is surprised by Eccentric, who in his turn is attacked by Lyric, subsequently to be defeated by Electric. Electric is drawn and quartered by Satire, 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...
THERE'S THE FRONTIER!
I CAN SMELL THE BOARS ALREADY!

?!?

HALT! WHO GOES THERE?
I MUST SAY, IT'S NICE...

DAFF! ...
TO GET HOME...

... AND I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE OUR OWN VILLAGE AGAIN!

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 VILLAGE!
AND LATE INTO THE NIGHT THERE IS FEASTING, LAUGHING AND DRINKING, AS OUR FRIENDS EAT BONE 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!


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

THE END