RIGHT! WE'VE MANAGED TO SAIL UP ENOUGH TO BUY THIS BOAT, BUT WATCH OUT! STAY CLEAR OF THE GAULS!

A PIRATE SHIP IS SAILING CAUTIOUSLY ALONG THE WALES BOUNDARY THE CHANNEL SEPARATING BRITAIN FROM THE CONTINENT.

SHIP TO PORT, CAP'N!

ARE THEY GAULS, BY JUPITER?

NO! ROMAN SHIP TO PORT, BY JUPITER!

HARRH! HARRH! HARRH! A GOOD OMEN!

CAP'N... IT'S A WHOLE ROMAN FLEET TO PORT!

WHAT THE... WE MUST FLEE! AND FAST... BE FLEET ABOUT IT!

TOO LATE!

WE WEREN'T FLEET ENOUGH, CAP'N!

O FORTUNATUS! HICUM, SUA SI DONA NORINT AGRICOLAM!

YOU MIGHT TELL ME WHAT ALL THAT WAS INSTEAD OF MAKING SULLY JOKES, YOUNG FELLER-ME-LAD!

THUS AS IT HAPPENED, THIS JULIUS CAESAR WITH HIS ENTIRE ARMY AND NAVY, OFF TO INVADE BRITAIN.
Britain had often helped Gaul fight the Romans, so now that the Gauls were conquered 
Julius Caesar had decided to take ship 
at Portus Itius (Sousou) and invade 
the British Isles...

The Britons were rather 
like the Gauls, many of 
them being descended 
from Gallic tribes 
who had settled in 
Britain. They spoke the 
same language, but 
with some peculiar 
expressions of their 
own...

Goodness gracious! 
This is a jolly rum 
th ing, eh, what? 
I say, rather, 
old fruit!

...they stopped at five 
o'clock every day to 
drink hot water...

Just a spot 
of milk, 
please!

Swifty-ho, 
Lucy!
The small village still holding out successfully against the Roman aggressors is inhabited by a tough tribe of Britons commanded by their chief, my king combraciscus.

Celts from all over Britain meet here, united by their love of liberty, among them Hibernians and Caledonians...

Ooh, are, antilucian! Overoptimistic and myself were driven here by you, Lord.

Sure enough... We can't hold out against the Romans much longer, we need help! Nae sugar, mon, just a wee drappie o' milk.

Antilucian, you'd better go to Gaul to see your cousin and bring back some of this magic potion!

Oh, say, jolly good show! This is my chance to see my dear cousin Asterix, man! I haven't seen him for ages, what?

To the success of your mission!

And after dark... Jolly good luck, old boy, and all that sort of thing...

The winkle Antilucian manages to slip through the Roman lines...

All quiet tonight. There's no foe! The Britons won't try anything.

...and reaches the coast, where he sets off for Gaul in a little jolly-boat.

Antilucian was brought up in the tribe of the Overcusions, famed for their skill in roving.
PEACE REIGNS IN THE LITTLE COUNTRY VILLAGE WE KNOW SO WELL. IN FACT IT’S REIGNING SO HARD THAT...

I’M BORED, ASTERIX! THERE ARE HARDLY ANY ROMANS LEFT AT ALL. OBELIX, YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL MOST OF THE ROMANS ARE IN BRITAIN.

IT’S NOT FAIR! WHY CAN’T THE BRITONS COME HERE IF THEY WANT SOME FUN WITH ROMANS INSTEAD OF TAKING THEM OVER TO BRITAIN?

FOR THE LAST TIME, OBELIX, THE BRITONS DID NOT TAKE ANY ROMANS OVER TO...

AHIM!

I SAY, GENTLEMEN, COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE MR. ASTERIX LIVES, WHAT?

I’M ASTERIX!

OH I SAY, WHAT A RIT OF LUCK! I’M ANTICLAX, MY FIRST COUSIN ONCE REMOVED!

ANY FRIEND OF ASTERIX IS A FRIEND OF MINE GIR, I SHOULD BE VERY PROUD IF YOU WOULD SHAKE ME BY THE HAND...

ANTICLAX!

LET’S SHAKE HANDS, OLD BOY.

AND THIS IS MY BEST FRIEND OBELIX.

RIGHT!

HE’S MY FIRST COUSIN ONCE REMOVED FROM BRITAIN, AND THEY DON’T TALK QUITE THE SAME AS US!

OBELIX!

BUT HE’S BEEN REMOVED ONCE ANYWAY, AND HE ASKED ME TO...
WHAT STRENGTH! I SUPPOSE YOU GET IT FROM THE MAGIC POTION, WHAT? YEY OBESEK FELL INTO THE MAGIC POTION WHEN HE WAS A BABY...

ACTUALLY, COUSIN ASTERIX, YOUR MAGIC POTION IS JUST WHAT WE NEED TO HELP US FIGHT THE ROMANS, WHAT!

GO ON, ANTICIMAX, LET'S GO AND TALK TO OUR CHIEF VITALSTATISTAX.

WHAT DO YOU KEEP ON SAYING WHAT FOR? I SAY, BOY, DON'T YOU KNOW WHATS WHAT?

HE WAS ONLY REMINDED, BUT YOU WANTED SOME MAGIC POTION EVEN IF HE ASK YOU TO

COME AND SEE ROUND MY HOUSE AND GARDEN WHILE WE'RE WAITING, ANTICIMAX.

A GARDEN IS A LOVING THING, GOD NOT!

WHAT'S NOT WHAT?

WHAT CAN I OFFER YOU, ANTICIMAX? A BOAR? GOAT'S MILK? BEER?

A CUP OF HOT WATER WITH A SPOT OF MILK, PLEASE

STOP! STOP! DOES IT COST A LOT TO MAKE UP?

RATHER! I'M TALOC MAKES A GOOD THING OUT OF IT.

COME ALONG TO MY PLACE, THE MAGIC POTION'S READY, IT'S TO TAKE AWAY, ISN'T IT?

I LIKE YOUR CLOTHES! SCRUNCH SCRUNCH!

THEM MATERIAL COMES FROM CALEDONIA, IT'S CALLED TWEED

SLURP! SLURP! DOPE IT COST A LOT TO MAKE UP?
This barrel will give your whole tribe superhuman strength, and the Romans a real headache.

I say, I'm most heartily grateful, O Druid Utark!

But how am I to get this huge barrel home to Britain all by myself?

Well, of course you could drink some of the potion to make you strong enough to carry it, but that would be a waste of potion... rather!

Right, Anticlimax! If our chief says yes, we'll go back to Britain with you!

Oh, jolly good show, old fruit!

Look here, comes the chief!

Oh, I say, what a bit of luck!

We're going to see the Romans! We're going to see the Romans! Tra-la-la-la!

Right, Asterix, I agree! You can make a landing in Britain. There are so few Romans left in these parts we can do without you for a bit.

Oh, they come from very far away. I haven't found out what they're for yet. You can take some if you like.

Wait a minute. I'll give you some pounds of potion for the journey.

What are these strange herbs, Utark?
Our friends have pushed packing and said goodbye....

You'll be a good little don while I'm away, won't you, Dugwash?

And the whole village gathers to see the brave travellers off.

Jules? What are you doing? Dear me! d'you know? I haven't seen your julex!

But how am I to save my parent's song, then?

We should have brought some food with us.

Good gracious, me old chap, what for? British food's delicious, you're sure to like it, what!

There's my little jolly-boat.

It's a jolly little boat!

It is smaller than the garden of my uncle...

But it is larger than the pen of my aunt.

At this very moment a Roman galley is leaving Duro (Sover) for Gaul, with part of the garrison of the fortified camp of Aquincum on board...

You'll be glad to get back to your quiet fortified camp at Aquincum after your tough campaign against the Britons, O Tullius, Strato, Cunulus.

There is a village of lunatics in my district, and by Jupiter, I'd rather any sort of campaign than run into them again!

Little Jolly-Boat right ahead!
OH, I SAY, THIS IS A BIT OF A BORE! A ROMAN GALLEY, WHAT? WHERE? WHERE?

OH, COME ON, ASTERIX! DO LET'S BOARD THAT ROMAN GALLEY!

WELL, WE CAN'T DOUZE THEN NOW. THEY'RE HAVING STRAIGHT FOR US.

THAT'S A JOLLY LITTLE JOLLY-BOAT! THEY MUST BE GAULISH FISHERMEN... LET'S HAVE A BIT OF FUN PUTTING THE WIND UP THEM!

BETTER NOT TAKE ANY RISKS.

DID THEY SAY BOARD US???

HAHAHAHAHA!

HA! HA! HA! HA!

WAIT AND SEE WHAT YOUR GAULS SAY WHEN THEY SEE US COMING!

IT WOULD BREAK THE MONOTONY OF THE VOYAGE, BUT PERHAPS WE OUGHT TO STEER CLEAR OF RIGHT ON ACCOUNT OF THE BARELS.

THERE'S A FULLY ARMED GALLEY AGAINST A TINY LITTLE JOLLY-BOAT?

A TINY LITTLE JOLLY-BOAT FULL OF GAULS!

TAKE A FEW DROPS OF MAGIC POISON, ANTICLIMAX.

BUT IT'S NEARLY NOT WATER TIME!

BOARD THEM BY TOUTATIS!
AHA, BY BELISAMA! HERE WE COME!

BUT WHAT ARE THEY DOING?
WHAT ARE THEY...

...DOING?

THIS IS A DAMNED MAGIC POTION!
JUST WATCH ME WEIGH THIS
ROMAN LEGIONARY!

COME HERE!
COME HERE! WILL YOU?

NO! NO!
NO! NO!

I SAY ASTERIX,
WHY DON'T WE
BROOK ON THIS
JEEPS TO GET
THE POTION TO
BRITAIN?

KEEP QUIET ABOUT THE POTION!
GAWK ON TALK, COSTS LIVES!
ANYWAY,
OUR BOAT'S LESS WORRYING
AND EASIER TO HANDLE THAN
THIS JEEPS!

HERE! WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

IT'S RUG ASTERIX.
RUG COVERS DOWN VERY
QUICKLY IN THESE PARTS.
SOON WE SHAN'T BE ABLE
TO SEE A THING.

IS THAT YOU,
ASTERIX?

ER... Y...
YES

OH, IT IS, IS IT?
THEN WHERE'S YOUR
MOUSTACHE, EH?

BIFF!* BIFF!
BIFF!* BIFF!

MERCY!
MERCY!

RIGHT! WE'VE HAD
OUR FUN.
ANTICIPATE OREXIN.
LET'S GET BACK TO OUR
BOAT, WE'VE OUSTED
OUR WELCOME.

I'LL SAY YOU HAVE,
BY JUPITER!
THE FOG LIFTS
REVEALING A SORRY SIGHT...

OH YES, WE WILL MENTION IT AGAIN! THOSE INDOCTINATE GALLOPS ARE ON THEIR WAY TO BRITAIN WITH A BARREL OF MAGIC POTION! I HEARD THEN SAY SO! WE MUST WARN OUR LEADERS IN BRITAIN!

GO... GO BACK TO BRITAIN!

OH, ALL RIGHT, ALAS JACTA EST, WE'LL GO BACK TO BRITAIN

MEANWHILE OUR FRIENDS ARE NEARING THE BRITISH COAST...

SOON AFTERWARDS...


WE'VE BEEN THINKING OF A TUNNEL OURSELVES, WE'VE EVEN STARTED DIGGING ONE, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE TAKING A JOLLY LONG TIME, WHAT?

NO, CAPTAIN THEY ARE NOT!
At last! I was getting really hungry.

I hope they've got boar.

Can't you see the sign?

That doesn't mean a thing. I once knew a place called the Warm Welcome, and they...

Ooh, Obelix!

Hello, landlord! Goodness me, it's Anticlimax!

Pss, pss, pss, pss, pss!

Oh, say!

Anticlimax says you're friends. Pleased to meet you! I'm sure you can do with a good meal....

But then you'll have to leave. The Romans are keeping tabs on closing time.

Three beers while we're waiting, old chap!

Eeagh... Isn't it warm enough? I can get them to take the chill off...

Right! The boar's ready!

Aha!

This is a bit of a jolly old buns, what?

Eat up, Obelix, and don't pass remarks. In Britain you must do as the Britons do

But boiled, with mint sauce, Asterix. Poor thing!
Hey! You over there! Wait a minute. By Jupiter, what have you got in that barrel?

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Hey! You over there! Wait a minute. By Jupiter, what have you got in that barrel?

Hey! You over there! Wait a minute. By Jupiter, what have you got in that barrel?
Oh, I say, what a bit of luck!

Off we go to London... I see up!

Oh no, you're the ones who drive on the wrong side! Old boy! Anyway, we'll have to change over on the continent once we've finished hacking our channel under the Marse Ottoman!

These Britons are crazy!

Hi, you're driving on the wrong side of the road, Anticman.

Come on! Let's charge through them, what?

No, we'll try to get past undetected! About turn!

Well, I think we could perfectly well have charged them, I think...

Oh, I say! Another Roman patrol, what?

It's them, by Minerva!

They've spotted us, by Toutatis! Quick... cut across country!

Yoicks!

A little way off, across country...
ANOTHER 2,000 YEARS OF LOVING CARE AND I THINK IT'LL MAKE QUITE A DECENT BIT OF TURF!

OH, I SAY! THAT'S A BIT OFF!

GOT THEM!
THEY'RE TRAPPED!

BY JUPITER, BRITON!
HOW DARE YOU BAR THE WAY OF THE EMISSARIES OF ROME?

MY GARDEN IS SMALLER THAN YOUR ROME, BUT MY PILUM IS HARDER THAN YOUR STERNUM.

THEY'RE NOT FOLLOWING! IS IT FAR TO LONDONIUM?

NO, ONLY A FEW HUNDRED THOUSAND FEET... YOU MEASURE DISTANCE IN METRES, WE DO IT IN FEET.

HEH, YOU... FIND IT QUITE EASY ONCE YOU GET YOUR HAND IN.

THESE BRITONS ARE CRAZY!
LONDINIUM, THE
PALACE OF THE
ROMAN GOVERNOR...

...IN HIS OWN OFFICE THE
ATMOSPHERE IS NOT
EXACTLY CORDIAL.

THEM TO GET PAST
OUR PATROLS, O ENCYCLOPÆDICUS,
BRITANNICUS. THEY'RE MAKING
FOR LONDINIUM.

THEY MUST BE CAPTURED
BY JUNO! THIS IS VITAL!
I MUST HAVE THAT BARREL
OF MAGIC POTION!

THEY'LL PROBABLY TAKE
REFUGE IN A PUBLIC HOUSE.
SEARCH THEM ALL AND
CONFISCATE EVERY
BARREL.

AND IF YOU
DON'T FIND IT I'LL
HAVE YOU BOILED
AND SERVED
TO THE LIONS!
WITH MINT
SAUCE!

OH NO, OLD BOY!
FENG COMES DOWN
JOLLY FAST AT
THIS...

...TIME
OF YEAR

BUT THAT
NIGHT TAKE
AWES!

THE CITY GATES
WILL BE GUARDED...
WE'D BETTER WAIT
FOR THE FOG,
THEN WE CAN
S... PAST

MEANWHILE, IN A
LITTLE WOOD NEAR
LONDINIUM...

THESE BRITONS
ARE CRAZY!

JUST WHAT I WAS
GOING TO SAY,
ASTERIX!

COME ON!

HERE
WE ARE!

WAIT...
THAT'S A RACE GOING ON OVER
THERE!

THAT'S NOT A RACE, I SAY.
YOU'RE IN LUCK,
THAT'S A VERY POPULAR GROUP.
THEY'RE TOP OF THE BALDWIN CHARTS.

IF ONLY CAECOROMUS
COULD SEE THIS!

EEEEE
ON IT'S YOU AND THE GAULS, ANTICLUMAX. YOU CAN COME IN, THERE AREN'T ANY ROMANS ABOUT.

HELLO, DR ROMANAX!

THE ROMANS ARE ON YOUR TRACK. YOU'D BETTER STAY HIDEN IN LONDONUM UNTIL THE FUGS HAS DIED DOWN. THEN YOU CAN GO ON TO THE REBEL VILLAGE LATER.

I'LL HIDE YOUR BARREL IN MY CELLAR WITH MY BARRELS OF GALLISH WINE.

SOON AFTERWARDS.

WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO WASH DOWN YOUR BOILED JUAR P HOT WATER, WARM BEER, ICE RED WINE...

ON THE HOUSE, OF COURSE.

BY THE WAY, WHAT SORT OF MONEY DO YOU USE HERE?

IT'S REALLY AWULLY SIMPLE OLD BOY...

WE HAVE IRON INSUGS WEIGHING A POUND WHICH ARE WORTH THREE AND A HALF BRITESTH COINS EACH, AND FIVE NEW BRONZE COINS WHICH ARE WORTH TWELVE OLD BRONZE COINS. BRITESTH ARE EACH WORTH TWELVE BRONZE COINS AND...

THESE BRITESTH ARE...

DRUNK UP YOUR BEER BEFORE IT GETS COLD.

OPEN IN THE NAME OF CAESAR!

POM POM!

POM!
ARE YOU OPENING UP OR AREN'T YOU, BY JUPITER?

SAY, A ROMAN PATROL, DON'T YOU KNOW! QUICK, HIDE!

COMING! COMING!

I SAY, THIS IS A BIT THICK. WHAT? YOU'LL RUIN ME!

POOR SHOW, WHAT!

RATHER TRYING

BIT OF A BORE!

I SAY, IT IS A BIT!

POOR, ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT. WE'RE LOOKING FOR THREE MEN.

START SEARCHING, MEN!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

WE DIDN'T FIND ANYONE, DECURION, BUT THE CELLARS' FULL OF BARRELS.

RIGHT! CONFISCATE THE LOT!

THOSE ARE OUR ORDERS, LANDLORDS. WE'RE TO CONFISCATE ALL BARRELS. WE'RE LOOKING FOR A SECRET WEAPON.

YOUR NAMES ON THOSE BARRELS, AND IF IN ANY CHANCE IT'S ON THE ONE WE'RE AFTER... YOU GET MY MEANING? AYE!

WHY DON'T WE START THINKING HOW TO GET OUR BARREL BACK BEFORE THE ROMANS OPEN IT, INSTEAD OF GETTING ALL STEAMED UP?
THERE'S NO ONE ABOUT AT NIGHT, BUT ROMAN SOLDIERS, OLD BOY! YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING TILL TOMORROW.

WELL, WE'LL TAKE THE CHANCE TO GET A BIT OF SLEEP.

A LITTLE LATER, AFTER DARK, STRANGE ACTIVITIES MAY BE OBSERVED OUTSIDE THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE...

ALL THE BARRELS IN THE CELLARS OF THE CITY HAVE BEEN CONSPIRED AGAINST AND ARE NOW IN THE CELLARS OF THE PALACE, O ENCYCLOPÆDIEUS BRITANNICUS!

EXCELLENT! NOW I WANT ALL THE MEN TO START TASTING THE BARRELS...

THAT WAY WE MAY BE LUCKY ENOUGH TO FIND THE BARREL OF MAGIC POTION! ACTION STATIONS!

AND IN THE PALACE CELLAR WE ARE ONCE MORE PRIVILEGED TO WATCH THAT ASTONISHING SIGHT, A ROMAN LEGION ENGAGED IN MANOEUVRES...

ON THE COMMAND! ONE BARREL PER LEGIONARY! NOTIFY YOUR COMMANDING OFFICER IF IT TASTES FUNNY! NO FALLING OUT OF LINE! ATTENTION!

CASGS... BROACH!

TCHAC!
AND THE MANOEUVRE IS CARRIED OUT IN AN ORDERLY AND WELL-DRIED MANNER.

...FOR HOURS...

...AND HOARDS.

...AND HIC!

HIC!

HIC!

HIC!

HIC!

HIC!

HIC!

HIC!

HIC!

HIC!

HIC!

HIC!

HIC!

HIC!

HIC!

HIC!

HIC!

HIC!

HIC!

HIC!

HIC!

HIC!

HIC!
Hey, you! Come over this way!

Hi!... Yeah?

SPLATCH!

Early next morning...

Now, try and get back the barrel, or potion, what Roman will lend us his cart. He's a jolly good chap, don't you know?

I say Asterix, I think this bridge is falling down

We're getting near the palace. How shall we manage to slip past the sentries?

We haven't got time to be clever, by Totaatis! If they stop us we bash them.

Jolly good show!

What a funny double-decker chariot

It's a gosh-awful two-ox-power numerius quartus run by Londonium transport.

And what are those little portable rooms? They're to stop the sky falling on our heads!

Oh, so this melon's bad is it?

But the sentries are not quite their usual alert and upright selves...

 sis! 
YOU WAIT HERE FOR US. ANTILUMAX. IF WE DON'T COME OUT GO AND GET RENFORCEMENTS!

RIGHT HO!

ER...WE'RE PLUMBERS... COME TO SEE ABOUT THE PIPES...

HIC!

WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON HERE?

SCLONK!

I'M THE STRONGEST! ANYONE WANT THIS TASTE MY BARREL? COME ON THEN! HIC!

SHO'THERE!

COME ON, YOU TWO fatsysh... let's have fight!

THERE ARE NOT TWO FATTIES! THERE'S ONLY ONE, AND HE ISN'T FAT!

Paf!

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT, JOSLUIN. THAT LEGIONARY MIGHT HAVE HELPED US FIND OUR BARREL. OR MAGIC POTION...

HERE ARE THE BARRELS THEY GOT FROM DUGROMENAX'S PUB... But WHICH IS THE RIGHT ONE?

WE'LL HAVE TO TASTE THEM!
TASTING ALL THESE BARRELS WILL TAKE TOO LONG. WE MUSTN'T HANG AROUND THE PALACE. IT'S DANGEROUS.

DANGEROUSH ...

... HIC! ... BUT NISHE!

OBLAIN! AREN'T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF? STOP DRINKING AND HELP ME GET THESE BARRELS OUT TO THE CART.

HURRY! WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE SEVERAL JOURNEYS.

SOON AFTERWARDS...

THAT'S THE LOT OFF WE GO. ANTICIPEX, WE MUST TRY TO LOOK INCONSPICUOUS.

LITTLE BROWN CASHK

DON'T I LOVE THEE...

OBLAIN! SHUT UP! PEOPLE WILL STARE!

HA HA HA!

HEE HEE HEE!

BOOHOOHOO! YOU DON'T LOVE ME, ASTERIX!

BOOHOO!

I LOVE YOU, ASTERIX, AND IF ANY ROMAN PATROL ...

... HIC! ... TOUCHES A ... HIC! ...

HAIR OF YOUR HEAD...

OF COURSE, I LOVE YOU OBELAIN, BUT YOU'RE GOING TO BRING THE ROMAN PATROLS DOWN ON US...

OH, I SAY, A ROMAN PATROL... WHAT!
NASHTY ROTTEN OLD ROMAN PATROL! HANDSH OFF MY FRIEND ASHERIX, EH, WHAT? HIC!

NOOOO!

IT MUST BE ONE OF THOSE GAULS WE'RE AFTER. HE'S JUST LIKE HIS DESCRIPTION, BY JUPITER! LET'S GET HIM!

IN THE NAME OF ROME, I...

WE MUST GO AND HELP ASHERIX. HE'S NOT IN HIS NORMAL STATE OF MIND.

I SAY, HAS HE GOT A NORMAL STATE OF MIND?

BIFF! BANG!

SOCK! CLONK!

AN UNATTENDED CART? WHAT A BIT OF LUCK FOR AN UNATTENDED CART THEFT!

GEE UP!

ASHERIX... I DO FEEL SLEEPY...

POOR OLD ASHERIX! ALL HE USUALLY DRINKS IS GOAT'S MILK, SO THAT WINE REALLY WENT TO HIS HEAD. HE'LL FEEL TERRIBLE WHEN HE WAKES UP!

GOODNESS GRACIOUS! THE CART'S DISAPPEARED!
Let's get Obelix back to Dipsomania's pub, then we'll go and look for the cart.

Meanwhile, in the courtyard of the governor's palace...

Legionaries, I'm ashamed of you! You've been acting like barbarians, declaiming and falling all over the place! If Julius Caesar heard of this, you'll be having a Roman holiday in the circus Maximus.

We must get our barrel of potion back.

Oh, rather, what?

The only barrels that have gone belong to Dipsomania.

Right! Search that pub and arrest everyone present!!!

We're off to look for the Gauls.

We found them.

Get it?
WE'VE BEEN CHASING ROUND LONDINIUM FOR HOURS... NO SIGN OF THAT CART!

IT'S LIKE LOOKING FOR A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK, WHAT!

HEY! LOOK AT DIPSOMANIAK'S PLACE!

OH, I SAY, MY GOODNESS!

WHAT HAPPENED?

IT WAS THE ROMANS! THEY SEARCHED THE PLACE, BROKE EVERYTHING AND WENT OFF WITH TWO PRISONERS, DIPSOMANIAK AND A FAT MAN WHO WAS ASLEEP UNDER A LOT OF HELMETS.

POOR OLD OBELEX TAKEN PRISONER BY THE ROMANS!

I SAY, CHEER UP, ASTERIX, OLD BOY! KEEP A STIFF UPPER LIP, WHAT!

WE'LL GET THEM BOTH BACK!

WE'LL GET OBELEX AND THE MAGIC POTION BACK, BY TOUTATIS!

WHERE WOULD THEY HAVE TAKEN THEM?

TO THE TOWER OF LONDINIUM! I SHOULD THINK. IT'S THE MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON. THERE ARE ONLY TWO GATES AND THEY'RE HEAVILY GUARDED.

CROAAAK!

AND IN A CELL HIGH UP IN THE TOWER...

WH...WHERE AM I?

IN THE TOWER OF LONDINIUM... I'M AFRAID WE'VE HAD IT.

THE SINISTER TOWER OF LONDINIUM!

RIGHT! NOW TO DRINK THE LAST OF OUR MAGIC POTION, AND OFF WE GO!

BUT EVEN IF THEY BOIL US ALIVE AND SERVE US WITH MINT SAUCE, WE WON'T TALK, WHAT!

DON'T JEST ABOUT ANYWAY.
Well, we can't stop here! Asterix will be worried.

Goodness knows what he'll be thinking. He may be afraid I'm in danger... Asterix is always worrying about me!

And well, he may, old fruit, well, he may!

There you are, then, we must go and set him mind at rest. Besides, I need some fresh air and a drink of water.

I've got a mouth like sandpaper, and I feel quite weak, let's get out of here.

Poor fellow... He's gone completely bonkers!

Craack!

Let me help you.

Crack

Oh! Open up if you value your door, we're coming out, we are!

Ouch! By Jupiter!

What the...

Nooo!

Halt...

Interesting little tour of the Tower of Londinium, that!

And at the same time, at the other gate...
Ooh! Ouch! No! Help! Help!

OBEIX! WHERE ARE YOU?

BY JUPITER!

HERE I AM, ASTERIX! I'M COMING UP!

OBELIX! I'M COMING DOWN!

EITHER COME IN OR GO OUT, BUT FOR JUPITER'S SAKE STOP HITTING US!

STOP!

Ouch!

THAT'S ASTERIX UP THERE! LET'S GO UP AND FIND HIM!

YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING BACK INSIDE THE TOWER?

Ouch!

NO!

AND FINALLY...

I'M EVER SO SORRY ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED, ASTERIX.

OH, IT WAS NOTHING, OBELIX!

THAT'S THE BEST ONE YET!

SOON AFTERWARDS IN THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, ESCAPED?

GET THEM BACK OR I'LL HAVE THE WHOLE GARRISON DROWNED IN WARM BEER!!!

BRUTONS! GAULS! DRUNKARDS! I'M FED UP WITH THE WHOLE BOILING SOBBS!
AHA! WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?

THAT BARREL! I... I BOUGHT IT LEGALLY...

NO, IT'S NOT THE MAGIC POTION THIEF!

YOU'LL TALK, BY BELENOS!

CRACK!

I SAY WHAT A LOT OF NOISE THEY'RE MAKING NEXT DOOR, BOADICEA. WHAT? THEY ARE A BIT!

A SPOT OF MILK IN YOUR HOT WATER?

JUST A SPOT TALK, WILL YOU! TALK!

WELL, ARE YOU GOING TO TALK, BY TOUTATIS?

I SAY, BOADICEA, I DO WISH THAT FELLOW NEXT DOOR WOULD CALM DOWN AND LET ME GET ON WITH MY SLAG IN PEACE

I'LL TALK!

I'LL TALK!

OH, JOLLY GOOD!

I STELE YOUR CART AND I SOLD ALL THE BARRELS EXCEPT THIS ONE, AND I'VE GOT THE NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF ALL MY CUSTOMERS, AND I WOULD ALSO LIKE TO HAVE A LIST OF EVERYTHING I STELE LAST MONTH TAKEN INTO CONSIDERATION...
We're going to visit all the pubs on this list... the landlords have all bought stolen barrels, and one of them has got the magic potion!

Soon afterwards... what'll it be, gentlemen?

Did you buy any barrels of wine marked with the name Dipsosvania?

Yes, one. The Romans have confiscated all my other barrels. What can I get you?

One cup between the three of you? You must be Caledonians, what?

That's wine all right.

Sniff! Sniff! Sniff! Sniff! Sniff!
We've visited nearly all the pubs on our list. Nothing so far... Let's just try here.

I've never set eyes on so much wine before.

Drinking only with wine eyes is all very well, but it does get a bit tedious!

Yes, I did buy a barrel of gallic wine, but I sold it to the Camulodunum team. They're playing Durovernum tomorrow. You know what!

What's he on about?

Oh, it's a game. We're mad on it in Britain! You play it with a bladder and XXX shots are divided into 11 teams of XV.

There's a match for the tribal crown near Londinium tomorrow.

I'm duly proud to have sold a barrel to the Camulodunum team...

UP, CAMULODUNUM!!!

I hope it's good wine and it helps them to win. What!

If it's the barrel, I think it is, they just can't lose!

Next day our friends set off for the ground where the match between Camulodunum and Durovernum is to take place.

What a crowd!

Yes, it's quite a popular game, old boy, rather!

But the Romans are not far away!

Right! Got it, by Mercury? Mangle with the crowd and keep your eyes open!

The decurion said in mufti, idiot!

Well, I am in mufti, aren't I?
WE WANT TO SEE THE CAMULODUNUM TEAM!

YOU GO AND BUY YOUR TICKETS LIKE EVERYONE ELSE. MY FRIEND, THEN YOU CAN SEE BOTH TEAMS!

ANYONE FOR HOT WATER?

HOT WATER!

HOT WATER!

GET YOUR TEAM'S COLOURS HERE!

???

HERE ARE OUR SEATS, OLD BOY!

WILL YOU EXPLAIN THE RULES OF THE GAME, ANTICUMA?

IT'S REALLY FRIGHTFULLY SIMPLE. YOU CAN DO ALMOST ANYTHING TO CARRY THE BLADDER OVER THE OTHER TEAM'S GOAL LINE. ANYTHING'S ALLOWED EXCEPT USING WEAPONS WITHOUT PREVIOUS AGREEMENT....

HERE COME THE CALEDONIAN BARDS....

BOOM!

BOOM!

HERE'S CAMULODUNUM'S SACRED GOOSE...

UP CAMULODUNUM!

... AND DUROVERNUM'S HEN....

COME ON DUROVERNUM!

AND HERE COME THE PLAYERS !!!!
COME ON CAMULODUNUM! UP DUROVERNUM!

THAT'S THE DRUIDICAL REFEREE BLOWING HIS HORN FOR THE KICK-OFF...

WE MUST TAKE THIS NICE GAME BACK TO GAUL. YES BUT CAMULODUNUM DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ON TOP... AND IF THE PLAYERS HAD DRUNK THE MAGIC POTION...

PARP!

NO... HE'S NOT PUTTING IT ON... STRETCHERS!
THAT'S THE END OF THE SEASON FOR HIM, EH, WHAT?

RATHER!

LOOK AT THAT BARREL!

NOW WELL SEE IF IT REALLY IS THE MAGIC POTION!

HIPHIPHURRAX! HIPHIPHURRAX! HIPHIPHURRAX!

HIPHIPHURRAX? THAT'S HIS NAME

SCREEECH!!!
I SAW, OLD CHAP, WAS THAT YOU STAMPING ON MY FACE, EH, WHAT?

LET'S NOT GET WORKED UP OLD BOY! IT'S ONLY A GAME, AND ALL THAT SORT OF THING!

HEH, PHIRASAX! YOU'VE SCORED A TRY. NOW HE'S GOING TO TRY TO CONVERT IT.

THAT'S THE MAGIC POTION. ALL RIGHT. COME ON!

SHIVER ME TIMBERS, BOY! WHAT BRINGS YOU DOWN FROM THE CROW'S NEST, EH?

THIS BLADDER, CAP'N! OH, MY STARS!
WE'LL HAVE TO CROSS THE PITCH TO GET OUR BARREL OF MAGIC POTION BACK!

LEGIONARIES IN NIFTY... FOLLOW THOSE MEN!

YES, BUT WHAT ABOUT ME?

NO! NO! THERE'S QUITE ENOUGH GOING ON ALREADY! ALL NON-PLAYERS OFF THE FIELD!

OUT OF THE WAY IN THE NAME OF ROME!

THAT'S RIGHT! WE'RE LEGIONARIES, WE ARE!

WE'D LIKE TO BUY THAT BARREL.

GOODNESS GRACIOUS, NO! CAN'T BE DONE, OLD SOON! WE NEED IT FOR THE PLAYERS.

SEIZE THAT BARREL!

THE ROMANS!

OBELIX! TO THE RESCUE, BY TOUTATIS!!!

JUST COMING!

THIS ONE WON'T GET THROUGH...

OH, I SAY!

BLAM!
MY BARREL!

I had to try for a try! Come on Gaul!

You might give them back the bladder so they can get on with the game.

PAAARP!

L...L...LEGIONARIES...HELP!

AND AT THE END OF THE GAME...

SCORE
CAMVLOXVUM vs. DVROVERXVUM
DCCCI
III

WHERE'S THAT FAT MAN, MY JUPITER? THE ONE WITH THE BARREL?

I DON'T KNOW, MY... WE'D SIGN HIM ON LIKE A SHOT. WHAT A PROOF!

THE GAULS... WHERE ARE THE GAULS?
WHICH WAY DO WE GO, ANTICLIMAX?

THE RIVER'S RIGHT AHEAD. WE'LL ESCAPE THAT WAY.

THE ROMAN LEGIONARIES ARE AFTER US!

DO WE WAIT FOR THEM, ASTERIX?

NO! QUICK, LET'S GRAB ONE OF THESE BOATS!

DO WE GO AFTER THEM, DRACON?

NO NEED! THEY'RE CAUGHT LIKE RATS IN A TRAP! WE THOUGHT THEY MIGHT TAKE TO THE RIVER; OUR SHIPS ARE LOOKING OUT FOR THEM. THEY'LL GET THEM!

SURE ENOUGH...

I SAY, A ROMAN GALLEY! WHAT ROTTEN LUCK!

SURRENDER, BY JUPITER!!!

NEVER, BY TOUTATIS!!!

I DON'T WANT TO CAST THE FIRST STONE, BUT YOU'RE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE...

FIRE!!!

BANG!

THAC!

OCULLUS TALK! ?!

WE DIDN'T GET THEIR MAGIC POTION, BUT WE GOT RID OF THOSE GALLS! LET'S GO AND TELL GOVERNOR ENCYCLOPAEDIOUS BRITANNICUS THE GOOD NEWS!

SPLOSH!

BULL'S EYE
COME ON, OBELIX, DON'T BE SO WET. I NEVER MIND ABOUT THE MAGIC POTION. WE CAN STILL GO AND HELP ANTICLUMAN AND HIS VILLAGE FIGHT THE ROMANS.

AND SO, UNAFFECTED BY THE ROMANS, WHO THINK THEM MOLLIFIED, PRETENDED DEAD. OUR THREE FRIENDS SET OFF FOR THE LITTLE VILLAGE IN CANTUM WHICH STILL HOLDS OUT AGAINST THE INVADERS. AS FOR THE MAGIC POTION, IT MIXES WITH THE GREENWATER'S OF THE THAMES...

...CAUSING ANGLERS TO HAVE SOME DISTINCTLY FISHY EXPERIENCES THAT SEASON...

...WHEN EVEN THE SMALLEST MINNOWS PULL THEM INTO THE DRINK...

...THUS ENABLING THOSE ANGLERS WHO HAVE DRUNK THE DRINK TO SILENCE ANY OF THEIR COMPANIONS WHO HAPPENED TO THINK IT BAKY...

A FEW DAYS LATER, OUR FRIENDS ARRIVE IN ANTICLUMAN'S VILLAGE, WHERE THEY ARE WELCOMED BY CHIEF MYKINGDOMOFRANDOS AND HIS RIGHT HAND MEN, OVEROPTIMISTIK AND VLAMAT...
YOU’VE LOST THE MAGIC POTION? THEN WE’RE DONE FOR! WHEN THE ROMANS HEAR ABOUT IT THEY’LL ATTACK, WHAT?

DIANA! FASH, WE’LL DIE IN OUR BOOTS ON!

SURE AND BÉGÓDROM, WE’LL MULL!

WE’RE NOT BEATEN YET, BY JUPITER! I’VE FOUND SOME HERBS I Brought FROM HOME IN MY POCKET. WE CAN USE THEM TO MAKE THE MAGIC POTION!

BRING ME A CAULDRON OF HOT WATER! I’M GOING TO PREPARE THE MAGIC POTION!

I SAY, WE’RE SAVER! VERY DECENT OF YOU!

DO YOU KNOW HOW TO MAKE THE MAGIC POTION, ASTÉRIX?

NO, OBÉLIX, ONLY OUR DRUID GÉRÔFILX KNOWS THE SECRET OF THE MAGIC POTION...

WHEN WE LEFT OUR VILLAGE GÉRÔFILX SAW ME THESE HERBS. THEY MAY HAVE QUALITIES WE DON’T KNOW ABOUT. ANYWAY THEY’LL ENCOURAGE OUR BRITISH FRIENDS.

HERE’S THE HOT WATER!

I SAY, I’M MOST PROUDLY GLAD YOU CAN MAKE THE MAGIC POTION, DON’T YOU KNOW!

WILL IT TAKE LONG?

IT’S READY!

WHY, IT’S AS SIMPLE AS OUR OWN BRITISH RECIPES! I’LL CALL MY WARRIORS!

I DON’T TRUST THIS DANDY GAULISH COOKING!

THERE ISN’T ANY GARLIC IN THIS MAGIC POTION, IS THERE?

I SAY CAN I HAVE A SPOT OF MILK WITH MY MAGIC POTION?

THESE BRITONS ARE CRAZY!

AND NOW TO FIT BACK AND WAIT FOR THE ROMANS TO ATTACK!
But if Asterix's trick has inspired the Britons with fresh courage, some good news has raised the Romans' morale too.

SUPER-GENNIAL, GOVERNOR! The Britannicus has sent me to tell you that the magic potion is at the bottom of the river, together with its Gallish escort!

And yet again we are privileged to view the fantastic sight of a Roman legion engaged in manoeuvres...

...in square formation...

Centurions, decurions and other ranks! The enemy have lost their magic potion and their Gallish allies at one fell swoop! It's perfectly safe now!

...in triangular formation...

Legionaries! This is to let you know we're here, and so is the magic potion! There's still time to surrender!

...and in circular formation...

I know him! I was stationed at Aquitaine, that's Asterix, that is!

AND IF ASTERIX IS THERE HIS FRIEND OBELIX CAN'T BE FAR AWAY!

Which Obelix? NOT THE MAD ONE?!?

And they've given the Britons some magic potion!

What's happened to your discipline by Toutatis? Kindly attack!

When you've quite finished... ATTACK!!!

Come on then, attack! Do as the man says!
GET OUT IF YOU CAN!

I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN, BUT I'M GOING TO HAVE A BASH!

THE FINAL PHASE OF THE MAGNIFICENT ROMAN MANEUVER... A RETREAT IN DISORDER

THEY'RE RUNNING AWAY!

VICTORY!

LET HIM GO! WHAT DO YOU WANT HIM FOR?

WELL, I THOUGHT I COULD FINISH HIM OFF LATER IN PEACE AND QUIET.

THANK YOU VERY MUCH, ASTERIX! THANKS TO YOUR HELP WE'VE DEFEATED THE ROMANS. I INTEND TO PURSUE THEM AND LIBERATE THE WHOLE OF BRITAIN!

GOODRINE, COUSIN ANCILLARIUS. WE'RE GOING BACK TO GAUL. OUR MISSIONS IS ACCOMPLISHED!

OH, I SAY, DON'T GO JUST YET. WE'LL HOLD A FEAST IN YOUR HONOUR TO SHOW OUR GRATITUDE! THERE'LL BE BOILED SOAR, BOILED BEEF, BOILED...

COME ON! WE'VE GOT TO GET HOME.

IT WAS JOLLY NICE HAVING YOU HERE, OLD BOY, WHAT!

COME AND SEE US SOME TIME!

[Cartoon panel with characters from Asterix and Obelix, discussing a battle and a feast.]
I'm so keen to get back to Gaul, I suggest we don't stop even if we meet the pirates. I'm in a hurry too... but don't you think it might hurt their feelings?

This is a brand new ship. I don't want to be reckless. Let's see who's on board this little boat...

Scrunchnch!

Our conquering heroes are welcomed home by their village. A great banquet is organised to celebrate their return. Asterix has told the tale of his visit to Britain, and Obelix has been reunited with two dear old friends...

I May have run aground, but they didn't sink me!

End of Act One

No!! It's them again! Let's get out of here! Full speed ahead!

Those herbs I picked up at your house before I left getara... what were they?

My little dogmata and roast bock! Up Gaul!

And what's it called?

Tea!

Clunk!