Asterix
AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES
It is late spring, and everything is peaceful in the little Gaulish village we know so well. Obelix and his apprentice, Dogmatix, are out delivering merchies. Asterix is slumbering inside his hut, people are about enjoying a siesta. Yes, by Toliatha, the little Gaulish village is very peaceful...

Whereas the Roman camp of Aquariu seems to be in a state of great excitement...

By Jupiter! By Mercury!

Good Old Caesar!

Good Old Gluteus!

You'll Never Run Alone!

What's all the noise about?

A messenger has just come from Rome with the good news. Gluteus Maximus has been selected to represent Rome at the Olympic Games!

Gluteus Maximus? Who's he?

You're pretty green, aren't you, Bilius? Gluteus Maximus is our champion! He's one of our garrison, and a credit to us all!

O Gluteus Maximus, how right I was to send you to Rome for the trials! You've been selected, along with the best athletes of the whole Roman world!

Well, that's not surprising. O Centurion Gaulus Verambius. I'm the greatest!
I was near aqueduct picking mushrooms — they're good over there — when I heard cheering. The Romans seem to be in a very good mood!

Hnn... That's odd, Geri aquairki. I don't know what to make of them...

Soup?!... Is that all you can think of, Obelix?!

But, Chief Vitalstatistix... Not another word — I do the ordering round here! We'll have an omelette!

I was thinking... Perhaps on toast...

When you get mushrooms you should make an omelette. That's how the real gourmet eats them!

Sometimes I get the impression our friends don't take things seriously enough... It may be a bad sign for us if the Romans are in a good mood.

So what do you suggest, O Druid?

Let them stew in their own juice!

It brings out the flavour

???
AT AQUARIUM, WHILE THE DUTY BIANIST IS BLOWING COME 'TO THE COOK-HOUSE DOOR, BOYS'... "TAKA TARA-

A MORE SOPHISTICATED BLOW-OUT HAS BEEN PROVIDED FOR LEGIONARY GLUTEUS MAXIMUS

HERE'S YOUR SUPPER, I HOPE IT WILL DO

NOT BAD, O CENTURION GAULS VERAMBIITUS. ARMY RATIONS ARE IMPROVING: WHAT ARE THESE LITTLE BLACK THINGS?

THEY'RE STURGEON'S EGGS, SENT FROM PERSIA TO OUR COMMANDING OFFICER - CAVAR TO THE GENERAL, SO TO SPEAK!

IF YOU WIN THE GOLD PALM AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES THERE'LL BE EXTRA PASSES FOR THE CIRCUS AND PROMOTION ALL AROUND

SPORTING PRESTIGE IS A MATTER OF SUCH NATIONAL IMPORTANCE THAT IF YOU WIN I COULD EVEN BECOME PREFECT OF GAUL! DON'T LET ME DOWN!

STOP WORRYING - I WON'T FAIL YOU, VERAMBIITUS!

I'LL BE A PUSHOVER. I'M THE GREATEST! NOW I'M OFF TO THE FOREST TO DO SOME TRAINING

HIS MORALE IS MARVELLOUS. WITH CONFIDENCE LIKE THAT HE CAN'T LOSE!

FIRST A BIT OF SPRINTING - I'M THE FASTEST MAN IN THE WORLD!

MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST...

I KNOW, I KNOW, AND I DIDN'T GET ANY SEEING AS I...

ONE! TWO!

I FELL ON TOP FORM FOR A SPOT OF BOAR-HUNTING. GEPAY GAVE ME SOME OF THE MAGIC POTION WHICH MAKES ME INVINCIBLE!
WHAT'S THE MATTER
WITH THAT ROMAN?
I HAVEN'T A CLUE,
PERHAPS SOMEONE'S AFTER HIM.
I'LL GO AND ASK HIM.
ONE TWO! I'M THE FASTEST!
ONE!...
EXCUSE ME...

IS SOMEONE...
... AFTER YOU?
OBElix!
LEAVE THAT ROMAN
ALONE...

... AND LET'S GO
AND FIND SOME
ROARS!
ALL RIGHT.

THEY OVERTOOK ME!
BOTH OF THEM!

ANYWAY, WHEN
IT COMES TO
THROWING THE
JAVELIN...

I'M THE
GREATEST!

PAAAF!
**DON'T TAKE ANY NOTICE OF MY FRIEND, ROMAN...**

**OBEUX! WHY DID YOU DO THAT? HE WASN'T BOtherING US**

**WHAT D'YOU MEAN? I THREW THAT BIT OF MOOD AT MY HEAD, SO I THREW ONE BACK AT HIM. WE'RE QUITE NOW**

**YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET AWAY WITH THIS, BY JUPITER!**

**YOU, FATTY! I'LL TAKE YOU ON AT ORDINARY WRESTLING, ALL-IN WRESTLING, BOXING! I'LL WALLOP YOU AT THOSE! I'M THE GREATEST!**

**I'M NOT FAT!**

**PAFFF!**

**TELL ME STRAIGHT, ASTERIX. ONCE AND FOR ALL: DO YOU THINK I'M FAT?**

**OF COURSE NOT. OBEUX. YOUR CHEST HAS SLIPPED A BIT, THAT'S ALL. COME ON, ARE WE GOING TO GET THOSE BOARS?**

**WHAT D'YOU MEAN, HOPELESS?!!**

**WHO SAID YOU WERE HOPELESS?**

**I SAID I WAS HOPELESS. EVERYONE IS BETTER THAN ME. I'VE BEEN BEATEN BY ALL THE GAULS I MET, A LITTLE TITCH AND A FAT ONE WITH A PUNCH. EVERYONE.**

**THE GAULS, BY JUPITER! IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE WE HAD ANY TROUBLE WITH THEM!**
BACK TO YOUR TENT, CHAMP. HAVE A REST
I'M NOT A CHAMP. I'M HOPELESS
I'M GOING ON FATIGUES. I WANT A BROOM - NOT TOO HEAVY
AND I'M GOING TO SEE THESE GAULS

THE ENTRY OF CENTURION GALS VERANIMITUS INTO THE GAULISH VILLAGE DOES NOT GO UNNOTICED
FANCKY THAT! A ROMAN

TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER
HE'S BUSY

TELL HIM IT'S URGENT! OFFICIAL BUSINESS!
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, KEEP YOUR HAIR ON, THE SKY ISN'T FALLING ON ANYONE'S HEAD!

IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME! SOMEONE COMES AND DISTURBS ME WHEN I'M IN MY BATH LAST YEAR, AND THE YEAR BEFORE THAT, IT NEVER FAILS!

VERY WELL, SINCE IT'S AN OFFICIAL VISIT, LET'S OBSERVE THE CORRECT PROTOCOL

!!!
I'm listening, o Roman.

It's like this: one of my men has been selected to represent my garrison at the Olympic games...

... and some of your Gauls entirely unprovoked, have gone and put him off his stride!

All I ask is that he should be allowed to train in peace.

I'll think about it, Roman, and I'll let you have my answer.

Cheerio!

Ave!

This is important! Inpedments! My clothes! I'll finish my bath next year. Put me down, you two, and don't spill anything!

Soon afterwards...

What exactly are the Olympic games?

The sacred games, including track and field events, are held under the auspice of Zeus. They take place every four years at Olympia in Greece, where the Hellenes live in the month of Hecatombeion.

These games constitute a sacred truce and last for five days. Great is the glory of the victor and his people!

Chef, we'll have to cook something up!

I know what.

Mushroom soup?!
WAIT A MINUTE, GAUL! WAIT!

HANG ON, BOYS!

YOU CAN'T ENTER FOR THE OLYMPIC GAMES! THEY'RE RESERVED EXCLUSIVELY FOR GREEKS - FREE HELLENIC CITIZENS. THE ONLY OUTSIDERS ALLOWED ARE ROMANS. YOU GAULS CAN'T GO!

YOU'RE NOT HAVING ME ON?

YOU FIND OUT, GAUL, AND YOU'LL SEE I'M ON THE LEVEL!

HIT THEM HARDER, GAUL! HIT THEM HARDER!

FEELING BETTER?

I'LL GET STRAIGHT BACK INTO TRAINING, BY JUPITER!

SOON AFTERWARDS... THAT ROMAN'S QUITE RIGHT. I HADN'T THOUGHT OF IT. ONLY GREEKS AND ROMANS HAVE THE RIGHT TO ENTER THE SACRED GAMES...

BUT, BY TOUTATIS....

... WE ARE ROMANS!
US, ROMANS?
SINCE WHEN?
OLD JULIUS
CONQUERED GALL!
HE'S COMMENTED ON
THE SUBJECT AT LENGTH,
HASN'T HE?
AM I
A ROMAN?
OF COURSE!
ASTERIX IS RIGHT,
WE'RE PART OF
THE ROMAN WORLD!

IN THE CAMP OF
AQUARIUM...
I SHOULDN'T BE
SURPRISED IF THOSE
GALLS WERE UP TO
SOMETHING...

...I DON'T
TRUST THEM AN
INCH...

I THINK I'LL
GO AND SCOUT
ROUND NEAR
THEIR VILLAGE

CARRY ON
TRAINING,
GLUTEUS MAXIMUS.
I'LL BE BACK
SOON

JOIN THE ARMY,
THEY SAID. AN
ATMOSPHERE OF
HEALTHY
COMRADESHP
THEY SAID...

SOON
AFTERWARDS...
I'LL TAKE
A PECK THROUGH
THAT CRACK OVER
THERE...

WE'RE
ROMANS!
UP WITH US
ROMANS!

I ASK YOU!
YOU FIGHT PEOPLE!
YOU MASSACRE
THEM, YOU INVADE
AND OCCUPY THEIR
TERRITORY, AND
THEN THEY TURN
AGAINST YOU FOR
NO REASON AT
ALL!
ET NUNC, REGES, INTELIGITE... ERUDIMINI QUI JUDICATIS TERRAM... EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL? CANTUSON? ???

IN THE GAULISH VILLAGE, MORALE IS HIGH...

WITH THE MAGIC POTION TO MAKE US INVINCIBLE, WE'RE SURE TO WIN! THAT'S WHAT I CALL SPORT - NOTHING LEFT TO CHANCE!

THAT REMINDS ME, WE MUST SELECT THE CHAMPIONS TO REPRESENT OUR VILLAGE.

COME ALONG! EVERYONE TAKE HIS MAGIC POTION BEFORE THE HEATS!

ON YOUR MARKS! THE FINISHING LINE IS OVER THERE BY CACOFONIX.

HE SAID EVERYONE.

NOT YOU, OBSUIK. YOU FELL INTO IT WHEN YOU WERE A BABY!

QUESTION PROVES DIFFICULT! SINCE ALL THE COMPETITORS HAVE MAGIC POTION COMING OUT OF THEIR EARS, THEY ALL SHOW THE SAME PATTERN OF SPEED.

MIGHT HAVE KNOWN YOU'D SAY THAT. SHUT UP AND RUN! IRRATS! LET YOUR ELDERS AND BETTERS PASS!

YOUTH MUST HAVE ITS FLAG!

WANT A POKE UP YOUR HOOTER?

GRANDPA!
THE OLDEST INHABITANT SHOULD REPRESENT THE VILLAGE!

NO! I SHALL GO TO THE OLYMPIC GAMES!

HUM! MIGHT JUST AS WELL SEND DOGMATIX, HE'S BETTER THAN YOU!

BETTER THAN ME?

WELL, CAN YOU SCRATCH YOUR EAR WITH YOUR HIND LEG?

ORDER! ORDER!
THE OLYMPIC COMMITTEE HAS CHOSEN OUR TEAM.

ASTERIX, BECAUSE HE'S THE MOST INTELLIGENT AND BECAUSE WITHOUT HIM WE WOULDN'T BE COMPETING IN THE GAMES AT ALL, AND OBELEX BECAUSE THE POTION HAD A PERMANENT EFFECT ON HIM.

EXACTLY! I FELL IN WHEN I WAS A BABY!

GET AWAY! DO TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT...

AND NOW, I'VE GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU! WE SHALL ALL ACCOMPANY OUR TEAM TO OLYMPIA TO CHEER THEM ON!

GOOD OLD VITALSTATISTIX!
GOOD OLD ASTERIX!
GOOD OLD OBELEX!

OBSERVATION! I DON'T AGREE! LOOK!

???
WHAT ARE YOU
MOANING ABOUT?
ONE CLASS ONLY AS AGREED.
AS FOR DECK GAMES AND SPORT,
YOU'RE GOING TO GET
PLENTY OF THAT.

AND I ADVISE YOU TO GET
ROWING. FOR A START WE
MUST SAIL WITH THE TIDE.

WHAT ABOUT THE
ATMOSPHERE?
YOU HAVE A POINT
THERE. LET THE MUSIC
BEGIN.

BONG!

AND DON'T MAKE ANY
PASSENGERS, YOU'LL GETTING
LUXURY CLASSES. ON THE
USUAL CRUISES, THE
PASSENGERS ARE
CHAINED UP AND
WHIPPED. THERE'S A
LONG WAITING LIST.
EVERYONE WANTS TO
GET TO THE
'Olympic'
GAMES!

THE GALLEY SETS OFF FOR ITS DISTANT DESTINATION,
THE FASCINATING LAND OF GREECE, WITH ITS
PASSENGERS IN THAT DELIGHTFUL SHIPBOARD MOOD WHICH MAKES YOU
FORGET ALL YOUR WORRIES.

BOM! BOM! BOM! BOM! BOM!

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE
A SEA VOYAGE TO
RELAX YOU IS THERE?

NO. IT'S THE
STOPS THAT ARE SO
TIRING.

A PIRATE
GALLEY!

WHERE?

NOW AND THEN SOME INCIDENT OR
CHANCE MEETING MAKES A PLEASANT
CHANGE.
THE VOYAGE PROCEEDS CALMLY...

THAT'S FUNNY. I'D HAVE THOUGHT SOMEONE WOULD SAY SOMETHING, BUT I SUPPOSE IT'S ALL GREEK TO THEM.

WHO IS PIRAEUS?

PIRAEUS, AS EVERYONE KNOWS NOWADAYS, IS THE HARBOUR OF ATHENS. THE NIGHT BEFORE ARRIVING, AS USUAL, THERE IS A FAREWELL PARTY ON BOARD SHIP.

WHEN FATHER PAPERED THE PARthenon...

AND AT LAST...

BONG! BONG!
RIGHT, BOYS! WE REPRESENT GUALI: LET US BE WORTHY OF HER! WE WON'T DRAW ATTENTION TO OURSELVES, OR MAKE FUN OF THE NATIVES, EVEN IF THEY DON'T HAVE ALL THE ADVANTAGES OF OUR GLORIOUS CULTURAL HERITAGE!

OFF WE GO! AND DON'T FORGET THE BOARS

HEY, ASTERIX!

WHAT IS IT?

HAVE YOU SEEN THEIR PROFILES?

SSH, OBELIX. YOU'LL PUT THEIR NOSES OUT OF JOINT!

I AM DIABETES, A GUIDE. I CAN TAKE YOU TO ATHENS BY CHARIOT AND SHOW YOU AROUND THE CITY, IF YOU LIKE.

WE'VE GOT A LITTLE TIME TO SPARE BEFORE WE LEAVE FOR OLYMPIA. IT WOULD BE A PITY NOT TO VISIT ATHENS.

SHALL WE GO, BOYS?

YERRSS!

YOU CAN EXCHANGE YOUR SESTERTII FOR OBOLS, DRACHMAS AND DRACHMAS AT MACALO'S PLACE. YOU'RE QUITE SANE: HE'S A COUSIN OF MINE.

YOU CAN FEEL QUITE SAFE WITH THE CHARIOT DRIVER TOO. HE'S KUDOS, ANOTHER COUSIN OF MINE.

JUST A MINUTE. SOMEONE'S MISSING.

TEEHEEEE!

NERIATRIX!

ALL RIGHT. ALL RIGHT! THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH THESE ORGANIZED TRIPS, YOU'RE NEVER FREE TO DO YOUR OWN THING!
UP GAUL! WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS!

DON'T YOU THINK WE SHOULD ASK THEM TO BE A LITTLE QUIETER?

HUU! WE'RE GONNA WIN THE GAMES, SO WE MAY AS WELL MAKE A SPLASH.

I'LL DRIVE YOU TO A GOOD HOTEL IN ATHENS. MY COUSIN PHALLINTODSULES IS THE MANAGER.

THESE HORSES ARE GOOD.

YES, THEY'RE AN EXCELLENT TEAM... THEY'RE ALL COUSINS.

I'LL SHOW YOU THE ACROPOLIS!

NO OBELISK, NOT ANOTHER COUSIN!

I DIDN'T SAY A WORD! WHO IS THIS THEA CROPOLIS?

THERE SHE IS!
In a cheap room at a small Athens hotel...

For Jupiter's sake! Stop carrying on like that!

You're right; I must try and calm down.

That's it! Forget about those Gauls!

Hooray! We're here, boys!

Hello? What's that noise?

Let's see!

What is it?

You'll be very comfortable here, by Zeus. The hotel is very crowded, so you'll have to share rooms.

What about the boars?

You can keep pets in your rooms. We have to fix it a bit when the place is so full.

Mind your own business! And don't forget to sweep out the corners.

Oink!
EXCEPT FOR THE BOARS WHO ARE VERY FUSSY ANIMALS, EVERYONE IS VERY PLEASED WITH THE ACCOMMODATION.

I'M WARNING YOU, SLEEP WITH THE WINDOW CLOSED!

COME ALONG, BOYS! DIABETES IS GOING TO SHOW US THE ACRROPOLIS!


IT REMINDS ME OF BURDIGALA...

NO THERE'S A LITTLE SQUARE IN MASSILIA...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

WHAT, NO DOLMENS?

NOT BAD, IF YOU LIKE COLUMNS...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

NO THERE'S A LITTLE SQUARE IN MASSILIA...

NOT BAD, IF YOU LIKE COLUMNS...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

HOLD IT THERE!

WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?

MAGNIFICENT!

YES, IT'S QUITE GOOD FOR FOREIGNERS.

SPEAKING OF FOREIGNERS, HERE COME OUR Fellow COUNTRYMEN!
I AM NOT YOUR FELLOW COUNTRYMAN! IF I HAD MY WAY I'D GIVE YOU BACK GAUL AND REPATRIATE EVERYBODY!

SERIOUSLY NOW. YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO TAKE PART IN THE GAMES?

WITH THE MAGIC POTION THAT MAKES US INVINCIBLE, YOU MUST ADMIT WE'D BE STUPID NOT TO!

BUT IT'S NOT FAIR! WHAT'S GOING TO BECOME OF US?

WE'RE NOT STOPPING YOU ENTERING... IT'S JUST THAT WE'RE GOING TO WIN...

THAT'S THE POINT!

I'M TAKING YOU TO HAVE LUNCH AT MY COUSIN'S RESTAURANT. HIS NAME'S THERMOYS

THERE'S NO DEPOSIT ON THE AMPHORA. WHAT DO I DO WITH IT?

KEEP IT. IT'LL MAKE A NICE SOUVENIR.

SO OUR TOURIST FRIENDS ARE INTRODUCED TO THE JONG OF STUFFED VINE LEAVES, KEBABS, OLIVES, WATER MELON AND RESINATED WINE.

I HAD ONE WITH ME, BUT I LEFT HIM OUTSIDE. YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BRING YOUR OWN FOOD.

WHAT ON EARTH DO THEY PUT IN THEIR WINE?

OH, FOR A DROP OF AQUITANIAN WINE.

D'YOU REMEMBER THAT LITTLE RESTAURANT NEAR LUCERNUM WHERE WE HAD THAT DELICIOUS VEAL?

IT'S NOT A PIG ON BOAR!

OINK!

OINK!
This is our last night in Athens. Diabetes told me about a good place to eat. One of his cousins is the manager...

They seem to be having a good time in there. They're fond of dancing... I hear Greek dances are very interesting...

Come on, boys! I'm giving them a demonstration of Gaulish dancing!

As the night goes on, our friends are introduced to the art of Greek dancing...

And finally...

Come along, Geratrix. The sun will soon be rising!

One last... hic! horn!

I feel... hic! ten years younger!

What's that?

It's our opponents, training!

Up with the Greeks!

Well, that makes you eighty-three, and it's time you were in bed.
OLYMPIA! OLYMPIA, WITH ITS TEMPLES OF ZEUS AND PHIDIAS'S STATUE OF THE GOD, ONE OF THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

... And the Prytaneion, which houses the magistrates, or Prytanes...

... the Bouleuterion, where the Olympian Senate sits...

... and finally, the stadium! The track is 192.27 metres long, that is to say 600 times the length of the foot of Heracles.

... which allows us to calculate that the demi-god took about size 11 in shoes.

Passing through the narrow, vaulted passage leading from the stadium, we come to the gymnasia, where the athletes are training, and where we find members of the Roman teams.

DON'T BOther, boys. We've had it!

They'll make a clean sweep of us!
BY JUPITER, CENTURION, HOW DARE YOU TALK LIKE THAT?

WELL THERE'S THIS LITTLE GALLE, AND THIS OTHER FAT ONE WITH A CHEST THAT'S SLIPPED A BIT...

AND THEY'RE STUFFED WITH MAGIC POTION! AR-RO-LITUR-INVINCIBLE!

CAESAR WON'T BE PLEASED IF WE DON'T BRING BACK ONE OR TWO PALMS OF VICTORY!

CAESAR WON'T BE PLEASED!

AND AT THAT MOMENT, AT THE REGISTRATION DESK...

FOR HERMES' SAKE WHAT'S THAT?

WERE ROMANS, WE'VE COME TO ENTER FOR THE GAMES... ROMANS?

ARE ARE YOU ALL ATHLETES?

OH NO! THOSE ARE THE ATHLETES - THE LITTLE FELLOW AND THE GENEROUSLY BUILT ONE.

FICKERING TAPERO

ANCIENT ROME IS REALLY GETTING DECENT...

I'LL SAY!
ARE THOSE YOUR PROVISIONS?

NO, IT'S MY LUGGAGE

UP GAULS AND AT 'EM!

WE'RE RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

IT'S THEM! IT'S THEM!

JUST A MOMENT! LET ME BY!

I'M PUKHNATUS! I REPRESENT ROME IN ALL THE WRESTLING EVENTS...

I HEAR YOU'RE VERY STRONG, GAUL. I DON'T BELIEVE IT! COME ON, PROVE IT, BY MINERVA!

COMING?

COMING!

CRACK!

CAN I PROVE IT TOO, ASTERIX?

I DON'T KNOW. ASK HIM!

HE WON'T TELL ME, ASTERIX

CAESAR... CAESAR REALLY IS NOT GOING TO BE PLEASED, IS HE?
While the Greek athletes are training energetically, under the vigilant eye of their trainers, the Alpietes...

...The Gauls are having a nap between meals...

...And the Romans have given up trying as well as hope.

There is a Taberna in the town...

Which surprises the Olympic magistrates more than somewhat.

By Poseidon! That's a funny way to train!

By Hephaistos! Our athletes will beat these barbarians easily too!

Look at that! They're stuffing themselves!

While our virtuous athletes are living on pigs, olives...

A-roming, a-roming, since Roning's been my ru-i-in...

Raw meat and water!

But the Greeks get wind of something...

Which leads to regrettable incidents in the Olympic village.

I'm not eating this!
But back home in Sparta we don't have savages next door, stuffing themselves with delicious things all day long!

But they're declining! And suppose I want to decline too, by Artemis!

That's right! We decline! We decline to eat this muck!

If you want games you'll have to give us bread!

And kebabs! And wine!

How about a mammoth steak?

Do you want to hear my last word?

Soon afterwards...

Our sublime Olympic games are verging on the ridiculous, all because of these Romans declining and falling about all we shall see in the stadium is a set of fat, decrepit athletes!

I suggest sending Saint Pancras to the barbarians to reason with them.
That's them!

Yes, that's right.

Such procedures are strictly forbidden!

Strictly?

Strictly!

Er...in the circumstances, I'd like to apply for permission to leave the sacred enclosure and consult our friends.

Granted!

Ho, ho, ho! I'm off to give the others the good news!

Get up, everyone! Stand to attention! To work! You barbaric lot! Gluteus maximus! Pull your socks up! And jump to it!

But this is only the eighth course...

So much for the eighth course!

Ah, the Discobolus have started training again at last.
WELL HAVE TO CONSULT CHIEF VITALSTATISTA.
OUR FRIENDS MUST BE SOMEWHERE IN THE OLYMPIC VILLAGE.
WHAT EXACTLY IS GOING ON, ASTERIX?

NO, YOU ARE NOT GOING TO SING!

HUM! IF I HADN'T SANG THOSE FIFTEEN VISOIGHS WOULDN'T HAVE LEFT THE ROOM WE GOT IN OLYMPIA'S ONLY HOTEL!

THERE THEY ARE!

HEY, IT'S OUR CHAMPIONS! WHAT'S IN THE WIND, BOYS?

IT TURNS OUT THAT THERE IS SOMETHING VERY NASTY IN THE WIND, WHICH QUITE TAKES EVERYONE'S APPETITE AWAY.

IF THAT'S SO...

All we can do is WITHDRAW!

NO!

WE HAVE NO RIGHT TO GIVE UP, BY TOSSTATIS! WE'LL MANAGE WITHOUT THE MAGIC POTION!

SPOKEN LIKE A VETERAN! THE BOYS RIGHT? IT'S JUST LIKE 52 B.C. ALL OVER AGAIN, LADS!

MAKE HIM SHUT UP SOMEONE!

*The Battle of Corunova, 52 B.C.*
Obelix could compete on his own...  Why? On my own?

No, no! It wouldn't be fair.

What wouldn't be fair?

He fell into the cauldron of magic potion when he was a baby...

!?!

You mean I'm not allowed to compete in the games because I fell into a cauldron when I was a baby?

Precisely! That was all I wanted to know!

Just a minute!

No one ever explains anything to me.

Well then, this is what we'll do. We keep Asterix entered for the games. Getafix and Obelix will act as his trainers... and we must trust in the gods!

Have no fear, boys! With us to cheer him on, Asterix can't lose!

Won't someone please make him shut up?

One palm of victory would do... you'll compete only in the track events.

Let's get back to the enclosure, fast. I'm in a hurry to start training.

Funny, all the same, this discriminatory anti-pot rule!
I'll spend round the track, will you?

Hm... not bad, but is it good enough to beat those highly trained athletes?

How about using finer sand?

Let's go to bed, the games begin tomorrow... I feel full of confidence!

And how about telling them I fell into an anephrora instead of a caldron?

That night, in the sacred enclosure, all the athletes dream of honour and victory...

The great day dawns! Spectators arrive from all over the civilized world... men only, for women are forbidden to watch the Olympic games.

One of these days you'll see women will take part in the games, not just as spectators, either!

Yes, and I suppose they'll be driving chariots too!
AR, HERE ARE OUR SEATS.

RIGHT! IT'S ALL SETTLED, THEN—WE ACT IN A CALM AND DISCERNED WAY AND RESPECT OUR OPPONENTS; WE'LL BE GOOD SPORTS AND NOT MAKE OURSELVES CONSPICUOUS AS IF WE WOULD!

AFTER TAKING THE OLYMPIC OATH ON THE ALTAR OF ZEUS HERKIDS...

WE ARE FREE MEN OF PURE HELLENIC BLOOD WHO HAVE NEVER COMMITTED ANY CRIMINAL OR SACRILEGIOUS ACTS. WE SWEAR TO ABIDE BY THE RULES OF THE GAMES...

UP GAUL!

... THE ATHLETES ENTER THE STADIUM. THE MEN FROM THERMOPYLAE ARE THE FIRST TO PASS BY. EVERYONE IS BAREFOOT. THE ATHLETES FROM ATHENS ARE ON A MILK DIET. THE TEAM FROM COS IS ON JUICE AND EVEN THE MEN OF SALAMIS HAVE GONE VEGETARIAN...

AND THERE IS A SPARTAN ASSORTMENT WHO ARE BAREFOOT, BUT A FEW OF THE ATHLETES ARE LATE. THE MARATHON TEAM HAS HAD TO COME A LONG DISTANCE, AND SOME OF THE COMPETITORS FROM ATTICA ARE MYSTERIOUSLY ELUSIVE...

RHODES HAS SENT ONLY ONE REPRESENTATIVE, A COLOSSUS...

... AND IF THE ROMAN TEAM AS A WHOLE IS RECEIVED WITH GENERAL INDIFFERENCE, THE SAME CANNOT BE SAID FOR ONE OF ITS MEMBERS.

GAUL! GAUL! GAUL!

AS-TER-IX! AS-TER-IX! HURRAH!

SHH! LET'S BE GOOD SPORTS!

YO-SHADY! BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU!
The athletes, both Greek and Roman, set into position for the first race: 20 laps up and down the stadium. They are all, at the present, tense...

...and the starter’s mood is imperative...

GET SET! GO!

GAUL! GAUL! GAUL!

AS-TER-IX! AS-TER-IX!

GAU... L!

SPARTA

NOT BAD, ASTERIX! THOSE SPARTANS ARE STRONG. THE ROMANS ARE VERY FIT TOO.

IF YOU HADN’T MADE YOUR POTION IN A CAULDRON, I COULD HAVE ENTERED FOR THAT RACE! I’M ONLY YOU’D USED AN ORDINARY POT... JUST MY LUCK!

THIS IS NOT A QUESTION OF TAKING POT LUCK, OBERIX.

* We see here the origin of an expression which has come down to use from ancient Olympic times.
While the winners mount the podium to receive their palms...  
Hold it there!

... and the fans make their own comments  
The track's soft

There's the climate too... it's a hard climate!  
And don't forget the attitude,

Or the boars' food. The poor creatures aren't used to...

And the attitude of the crowd! In my day they showed a bit more restraint!

One event follows another: ordinary wrestling. All-in wrestling, boxing...

Crack

In these events neuroses, the Colossus of Rhodes is unbeatable
Aha! Aha! Aha!

Flatten him, our kid! Aha! Aha! Aha!

Are all your family like that?
Oh no! Our eldest brother is much stronger...

But he couldn't come. Mummy had to smack him, and he hasn't got over it yet, ha, ha, ha!

Sport keeps you fit, they said...

Jiens Sana in Cordore Sano, they said...
AT THE END OF THE DAY, THE ATHLETES RETURN TO THE SACRED ENCLOSURE TO TAKE STOCK...

WELL, IN VIEW OF YOUR BRILLIANT RESULTS, DO YOU THINK JULIUS CAESAR IS GOING TO BE PLEASED?


NORSE AND VENERABLE FRIENDS! OUR OWN ATHLETES ARE GOING TO WIN ALL THE PALMS, AS USUAL!

THAT'S RIGHT!

BY ATHENE!

BY APOLLO!

UP WITH US!

BUT WE CAN'T ASK OUR ATHLETES TO CHEAT, JUST TO LET THESE DECADENT BARBARIANS WIN!

EUREKA! I THINK I HAVE IT!

ALL ROMANS ARE SUMMONED TO THE GYMNASIUM!

THAT'S US!

I'LL NEVER GET USED TO IT!

NONE THE LESS, IF WE DON'T GIVE THESE ROMAN BARBARIANS THE CHANCE OF WINNING ONE PALM, TOURISTS WILL TAKE NO MORE INTEREST IN OUR GAMES...
Roman: The Olympic Senate has decided to fix an extra event tomorrow - a race of 2500 stadia, for Romans only!

What a pity you can't take a few drops of magic potion before the race!

Magic potion? You mean the potion in the cauldron in the shed over there...

Yes, of course... I mean the magic potion!

The cauldron in the shed over there - the shed with the door that doesn't shut properly?

Oh, but we're not allowed to drink the magic potion in the cauldron in the shed over there...

...with the door that doesn't shut properly, the one that isn't guarded by night?

Yes, the cauldron in the shed over there with the door that doesn't shut properly, the one that isn't guarded by night... would that be the one you're talking about, Obelix?

Er... yes!

Hohoho! HEE HEE, HEE!

What's going on?

Obelix, you're brighter than any of us!

You know something, Dogmatix? Since Asterix and Getafix turned Roman, they've been crazy too!
HERE, GLUTEUS MAXIMUS...

IF WE ARE TO BE PROMOTED, AND IF JULIUS CAESAR IS TO BE PLEASED, YOU HAVE TO WIN THE RACE AND THE PALM OF VICTORY...

A CAULDRON OF MAGIC POTION!

RIGHT... ER... AYE, BOYS!

VERAMBITUS, OLD CHAP!

NOW I HAVE AN IDEA. THERE MAY BE A SHED OVER THERE, WITH A DOOR WHICH DOESN'T SHUT PROPERLY. ONE THAT ISN'T GUARDED BY NIGHT, CONTAINING...

SSSH!

QUO VADIS VERAMBITUS? IT WILL SOON BE DARK. WE MUST GO TO BED EARLY, WITH THE RACE TOMORROW...

OH, WE WERE JUST OFF FOR A LITTLE WALK.

JULIUS CAESAR WOULDN'T BE VERY PLEASED TO KNOW THAT WE ROMANS WEREN'T STICKING TOGETHER...

WOULD HE?

AND THAT NIGHT...

GRRRRRRRRR!
Hey, Dogmatix has just woken me up! There are lots of people prowling over there, by the shed with the door which doesn't shut properly, the one that isn't guarded by night, containing the cauldron of magic potion...

Dogmatix is a great watchdog!
Well you tell your great watchdog to go back to sleep and mind your own business!

But they might steal the cauldron!

Theft of cauldrons is not a crime among the Hellenes

Do you understand anything at all about the cauldron laws in these parts, Dogmatix?

These Hellenes are crazy!

Cockadoodledoo!

It is the day of the 24 stadia race, i.e. 4,614 metres, 48 centimetres, or as we might put it more simply today, 14,400 size 11 shoes laid end to end.

All competitors on the starting grooves!
Teeheehee!

SHH!

These barbarians look very sure of themselves!

O druid! I suddenly had the idea of taking a look at the shed over there. The one with the...

Yes, yes, I know!

Yes, but the cauldron is empty!

Obelix! This is no time to bother us! Go and sit in the stands with the others!

Oh, all right, I see! Come on, Dogmatix. All the same, they could really do with someone bright here!

No, you can't sit there! I'm keeping it for my brother!

This seat is not taken and I'm in no mood for fooling about!

You're not having this seat!

Have you seen my brother?

You're a glutton for punishment, aren't you?

Oh, aren't I, by Toulatis!

CLONK!
GET SET! GO!

THEY'RE OFF!

IN THE STANDS. THE
ENTHUSIASM...

UP GAUL!

AS-TER-IX!
AS-TER-IX!
COME ON,
TITCH!

AHA, AHA,
AHA!

...IS BEYOND RELIEF!

IF THEY ONLY
KNEW... BUT NO
ONE EVER LISTENS
to ME!

THE TRACK REALLY IS
SOFT!

ASTERIX MUST
HAVE EATEN A
BOAR WHICH
MUST HAVE EATEN
SOMETHING...

BRRROOM!

...FOR ONE OF THE
COMPETITORS
IS ABOUT TO BE LAPPED BY ALL THE
OTHERS, AN UNHEARD-OF EVENT!

THIS IS ALL
TOPSY-TURVY!
They reach the finishing line!  GNGNGNG!

Caesar will be pleased, won't he?

One moment! I wish to raise an objection.

Objection?

Yes! The track was too soft!

And the boars aren't well either; they must have been making pigs of themselves!

I accuse all who finished first of being full of magic potion up to the ears!

This is a very serious accusation! Can you prove it?

Quid? Quomodo? This is an outrage!

I refuse to submit to...

Cheats! YAAAH!

YAAAH YOURSELF!

Look! I added some permitted colouring matter to the caldron of magic potion... those who drank it have all got blue tongues!

By Hermes, you're right!
Asterix! Hurrah for Asterix!

I always knew the little fellow had it in him!

The crowd goes wild with enthusiasm, and it is on this note...

Aha, aha, aha!

That we leave the land of the Hellenes, our friends have a quiet cruise home...

I've got that sinking feeling again...

To their little village, where under a starry sky, they celebrate their Olympic victory—something that does a lot for any nation's prestige.

What puzzles me is the way they discriminate against cauldrons...

Eat up, do, Obelix! My dear fellow! Absolutely statuesque!

As for the Greek girls, Asterix?

Where's your palm of victory, Asterix?

Don't tell the others, but I gave it to someone whose need was greater than mine, by tontattis!

Legionary Gluteus Maximus, I make you a centurion! Centurion galus veramhitus! Promote you to tribune!

And for once... for once Caesar is pleased!

The end.