

R. GOSCINNY **Asterix** A. UDERZO

the **Asterix** *and*
MISSING SCROLL

Written by Jean-Yves FERRI

Illustrated by Didier CONRAD



GOSCINNY AND UDERZO

PRESENT

An Asterix Adventure

ASTERIX AND THE MISSING SCROLL

Written by JEAN-YVES FERRI

Illustrated by DIDIER CONRAD

Translated by ANTHEA BELL



Colour by THIERRY MÉBARKI

Orion

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1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

ASTERIX*-OBELIX*

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GAULISH VILLAGE

COMPENDIUM

AQUARIUM

LAUDANUM

TOTORUM

ARMORICA

GAUL
(ROMAN CONQUEST)
50 BC

CELTICA

AQUITANIA

BELGICA

LUTETIA

PROVINCIA

THE YEAR IS 50 BC. GAUL IS ENTIRELY OCCUPIED BY THE ROMANS. WELL, NOT ENTIRELY ... ONE SMALL VILLAGE OF INDOMITABLE GAULS STILL HOLDS OUT AGAINST THE INVADERS. AND LIFE IS NOT EASY FOR THE ROMAN LEGIONARIES WHO GARRISON THE FORTIFIED CAMPS OF TOTORUM, AQUARIUM, LAUDANUM AND COMPENDIUM ...



ASTERIX, THE HERO OF THESE ADVENTURES. A SHREWD, CUNNING LITTLE WARRIOR, ALL PERILOUS MISSIONS ARE IMMEDIATELY ENTRUSTED TO HIM. ASTERIX GETS HIS SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH FROM THE MAGIC POTION BREWED BY THE DRUID GETAFIX . . .



OBELIX, ASTERIX'S INSEPARABLE FRIEND. A MENHIR DELIVERY MAN BY TRADE, ADDICTED TO WILD BOAR. OBELIX IS ALWAYS READY TO DROP EVERYTHING AND GO OFF ON A NEW ADVENTURE WITH ASTERIX - SO LONG AS THERE'S WILD BOAR TO EAT, AND PLENTY OF FIGHTING. HIS CONSTANT COMPANION IS DOGMATIX, THE ONLY KNOWN CANINE ECOLOGIST, WHO HOWLS WITH DESPAIR WHEN A TREE IS CUT DOWN.



GETAFIX, THE VENERABLE VILLAGE DRUID, GATHERS MISTLETOE AND BREWS MAGIC POTIONS. HIS SPECIALITY IS THE POTION WHICH GIVES THE DRINKER SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH. BUT GETAFIX ALSO HAS OTHER RECIPES UP HIS SLEEVE . . .

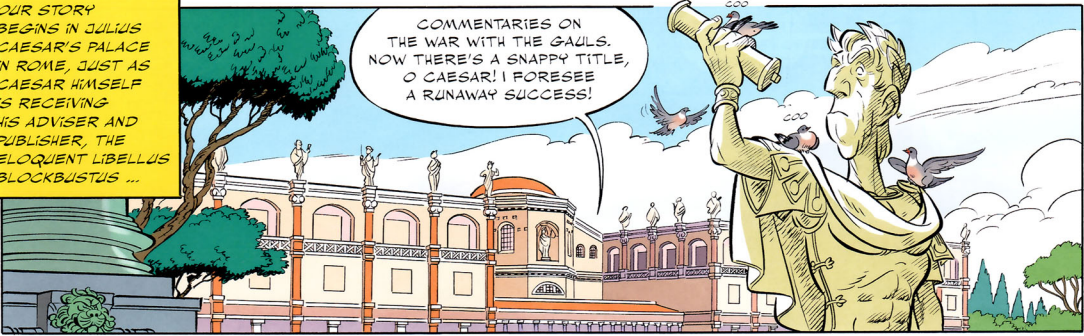


CACOFONIX, THE BARD. OPINION IS DIVIDED AS TO HIS MUSICAL GIFTS. CACOFONIX THINKS HE'S A GENIUS. EVERYONE ELSE THINKS HE'S UNSPEAKABLE. BUT SO LONG AS HE DOESN'T SPEAK, LET ALONE SING, EVERYBODY LIKES HIM . . .

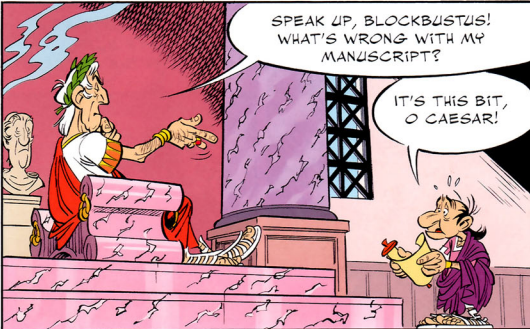


FINALLY, VITALSTATISTIX, THE CHIEF OF THE TRIBE. MAJESTIC, BRAVE AND HOT-TEMPERED, THE OLD WARRIOR IS RESPECTED BY HIS MEN AND FEARED BY HIS ENEMIES. VITALSTATISTIX HIMSELF HAS ONLY ONE FEAR, HE IS AFRAID THE SKY MAY FALL ON HIS HEAD TOMORROW. BUT AS HE ALWAYS SAYS, TOMORROW NEVER COMES.

OUR STORY BEGINS IN JULIUS CAESAR'S PALACE IN ROME, JUST AS CAESAR HIMSELF IS RECEIVING HIS ADVISER AND PUBLISHER, THE ELOQUENT LIBELLUS BLOCKBUSTUS ...

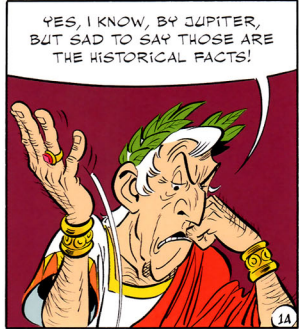
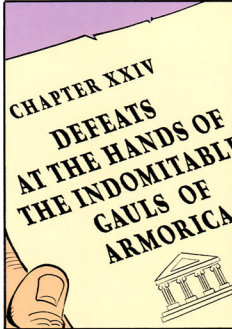


COMMENTARIES ON THE WAR WITH THE GAULS. NOW THERE'S A SNAPPY TITLE, O CAESAR! I FORESEE A RUNAWAY SUCCESS!



SPEAK UP, BLOCKBUSTUS! WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY MANUSCRIPT?

IT'S THIS BIT, O CAESAR!



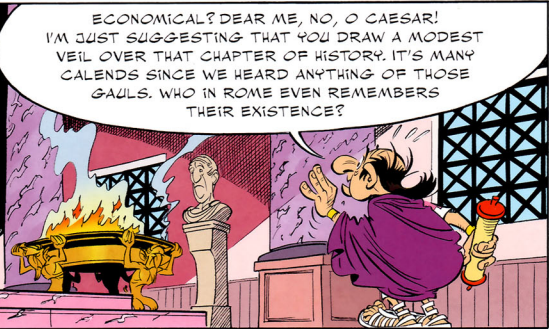
YES, I KNOW, BY JUPITER, BUT SAD TO SAY THOSE ARE THE HISTORICAL FACTS!



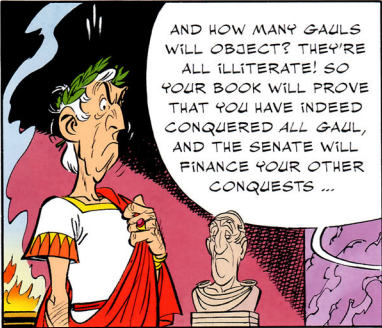
CUT THE CHAPTER, O CAESAR! IT'S A STAIN ON YOUR CURRICULUM VITAE.



YOU WANT CAESAR TO BE ECONOMICAL WITH THE TRUTH?



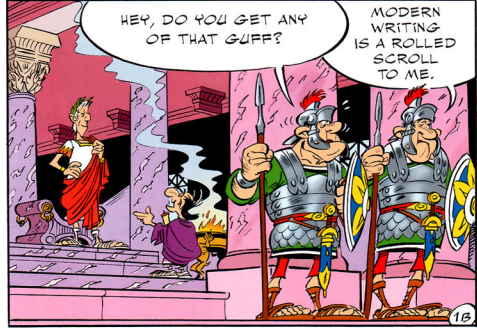
ECONOMICAL? DEAR ME, NO, O CAESAR! I'M JUST SUGGESTING THAT YOU DRAW A MODEST VEIL OVER THAT CHAPTER OF HISTORY. IT'S MANY CALENDIS SINCE WE HEARD ANYTHING OF THOSE GAULS. WHO IN ROME EVEN REMEMBERS THEIR EXISTENCE?



AND HOW MANY GAULS WILL OBJECT? THEY'RE ALL ILLITERATE! SO YOUR BOOK WILL PROVE THAT YOU HAVE INDEED CONQUERED ALL GAUL, AND THE SENATE WILL FINANCE YOUR OTHER CONQUESTS ...

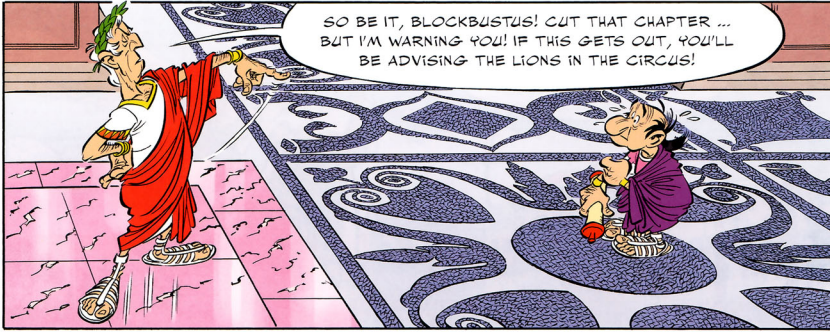


DEVILISHLY CLEVER, BLOCKBUSTUS! IT'S TEMPTING ...

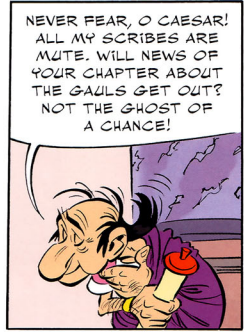


HEY, DO YOU GET ANY OF THAT GUFF?

MODERN WRITING IS A ROLLED SCROLL TO ME.

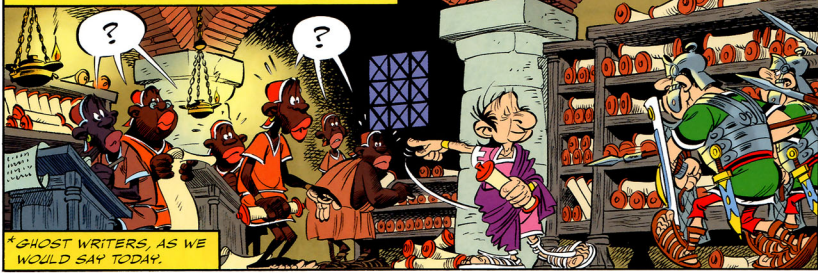


SO BE IT, BLOCKBUSTUS! CUT THAT CHAPTER ... BUT I'M WARNING YOU! IF THIS GETS OUT, YOU'LL BE ADVISING THE LIONS IN THE CIRCUS!



NEVER FEAR, O CAESAR! ALL MY SCRIBES ARE MUTE. WILL NEWS OF YOUR CHAPTER ABOUT THE GAULS GET OUT? NOT THE GHOST OF A CHANCE!

THE MUTE NUMIDIAN SCRIBES* ARE LET INTO THE SECRET AT ONCE, AND ALL COPIES OF THE CHAPTER ARE SEIZED ...

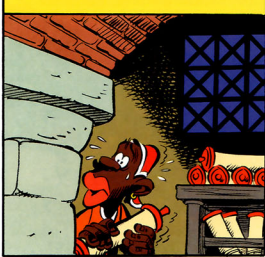


*GHOST WRITERS, AS WE WOULD SAY TODAY.

PROTESTS FALL ON DEAF EARS. A MUTE SCRIBE HAS NO VOICE IN THE MATTER.



BUT ONE OF THEM, BIGDATHA, ESCAPES WITH A COPY OF THE CHAPTER ...



... LEAVING THE GUARDS ON DUTY HIGH AND DRY.

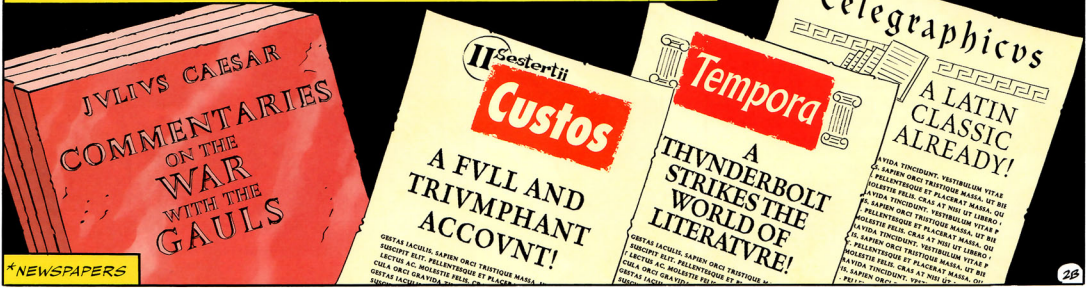


I'M PARCHED. WE NEED A HUMIDIFIER!



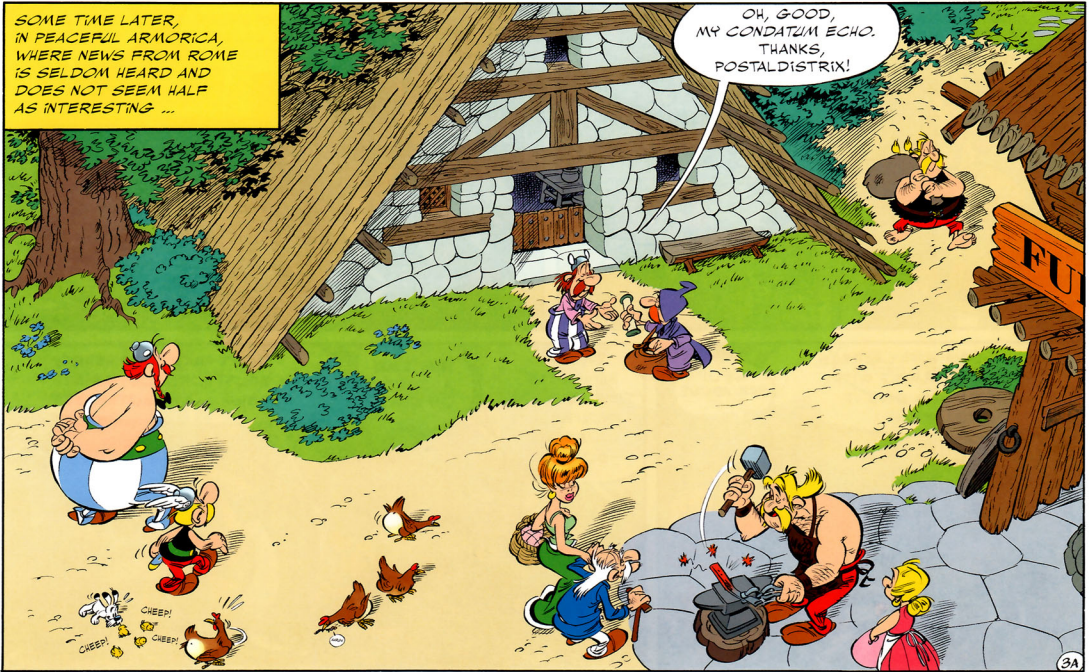
HO, HO! A HUMIDIFIER! HEY - WHERE DID THAT SCRIBE GO?

WE KNOW THE REST: CAESAR'S BOOK, IN ITS EXPURGATED VERSION, IS A HUGE HIT. THE ACTA DIURNA* OF ROME ALL AGREE ...

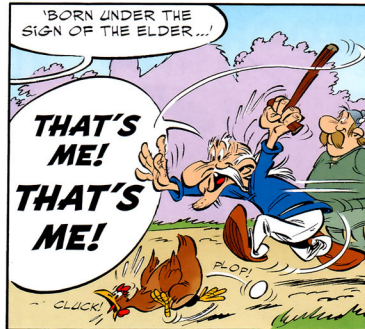
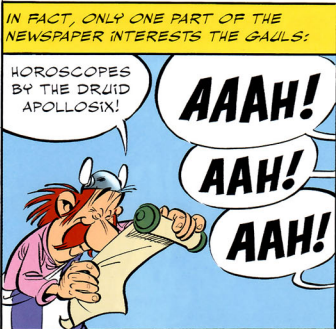
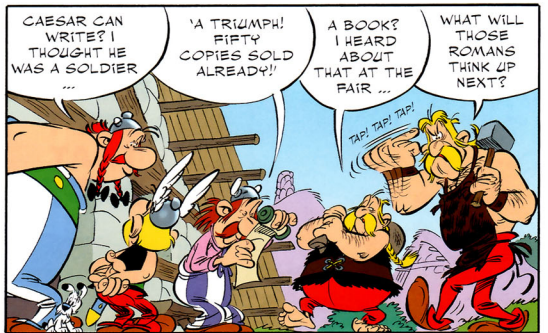
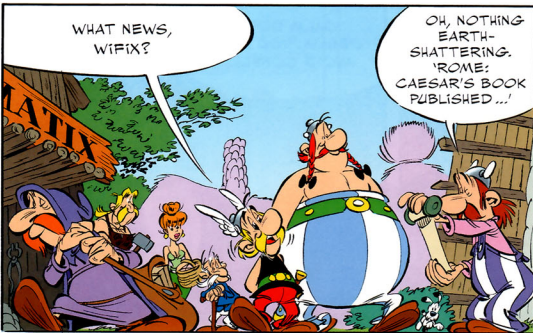


*NEWSPAPERS

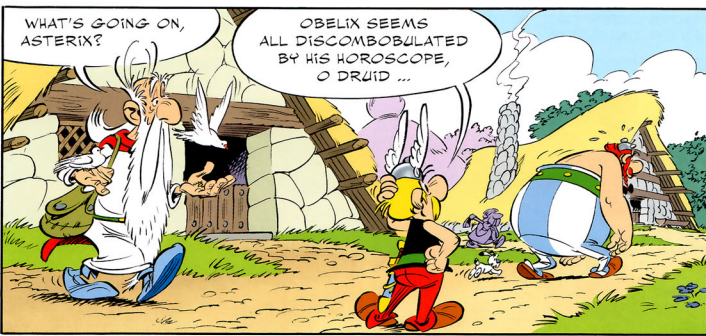
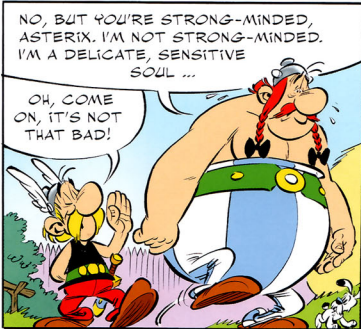
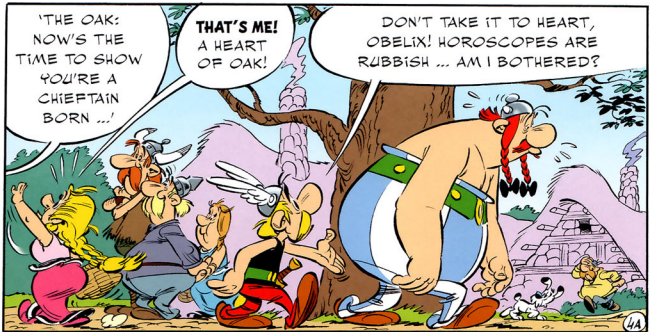
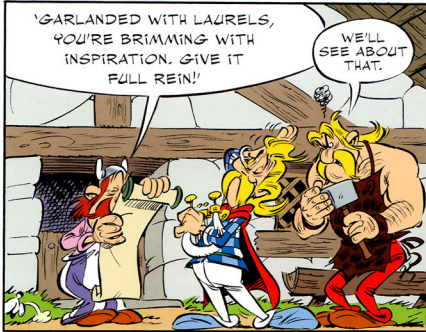
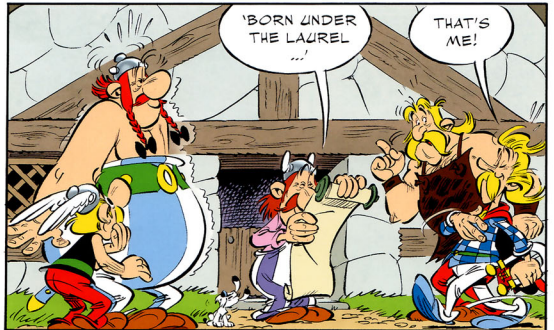
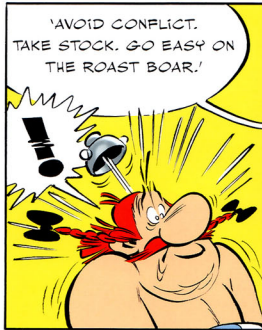
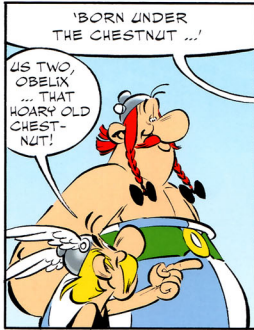
SOME TIME LATER, IN PEACEFUL ARMORICA, WHERE NEWS FROM ROME IS SELDOM HEARD AND DOES NOT SEEM HALF AS INTERESTING ...

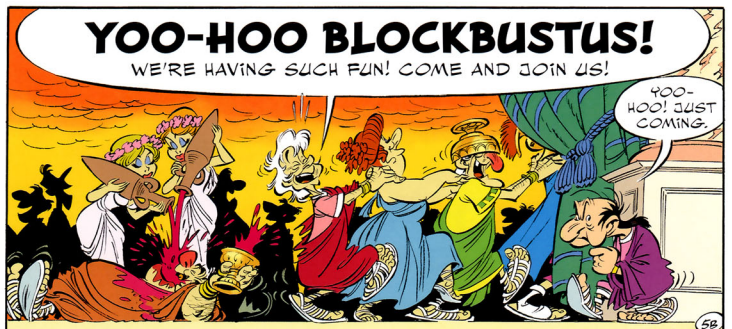
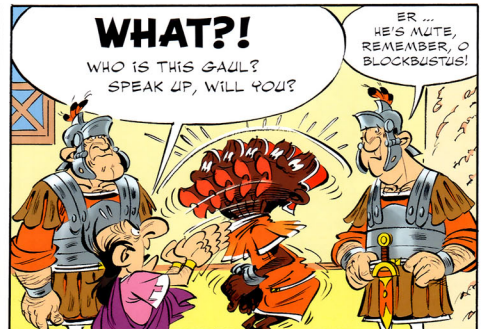
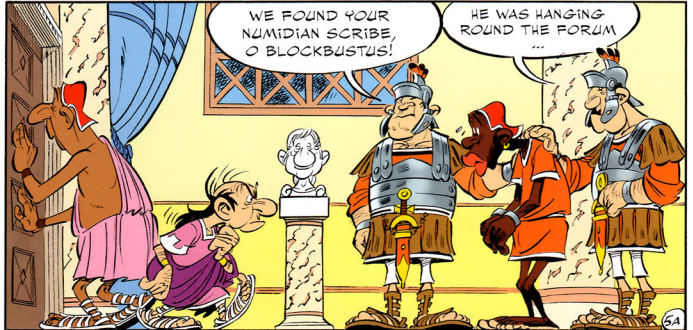
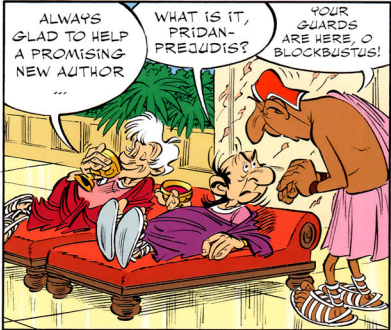
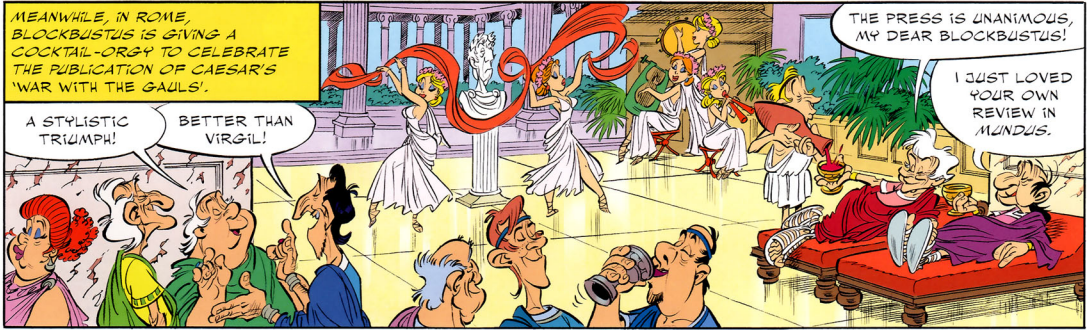


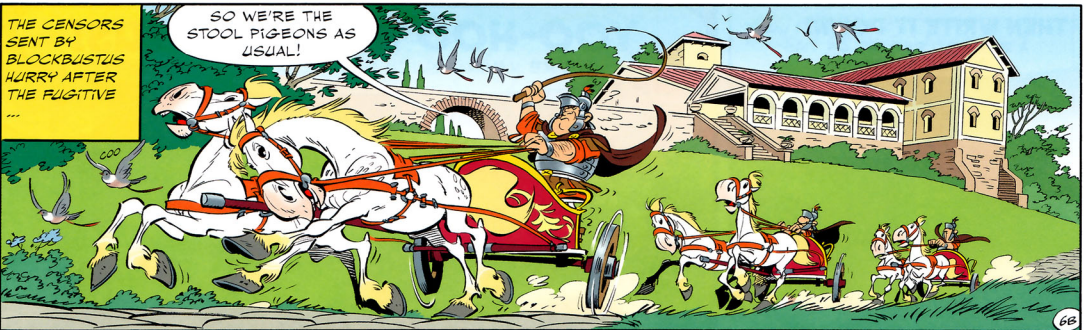
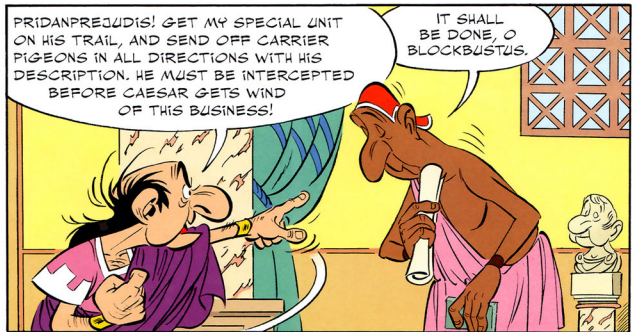
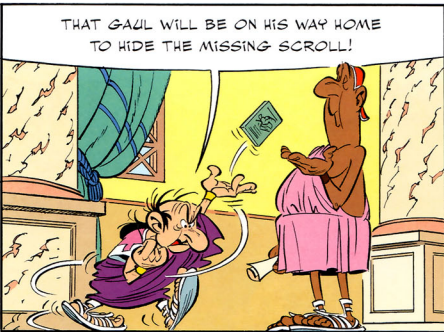
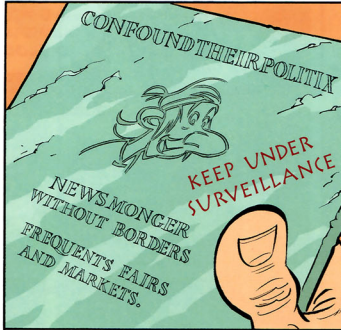
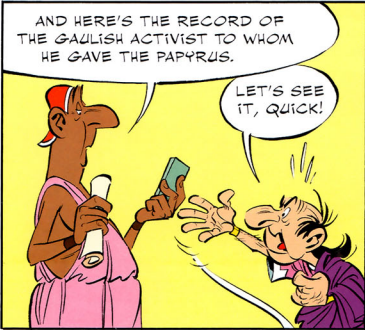
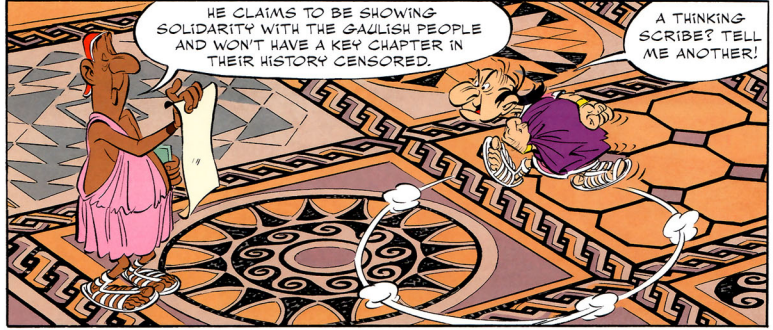
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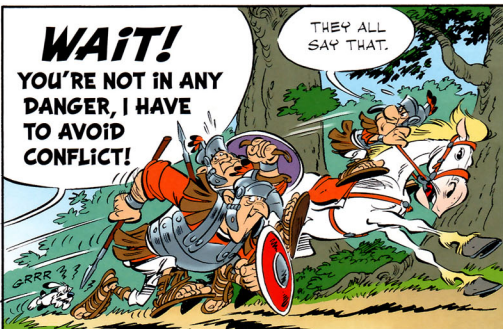
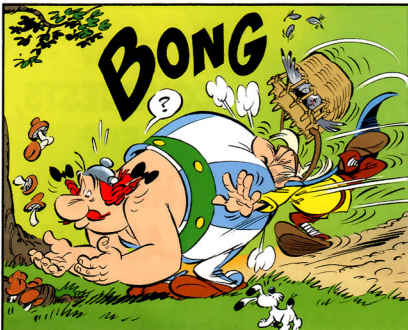
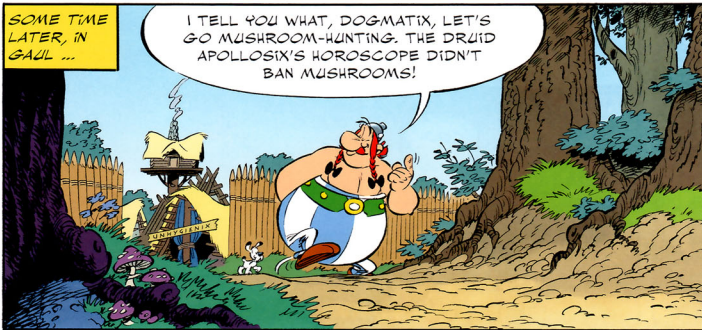


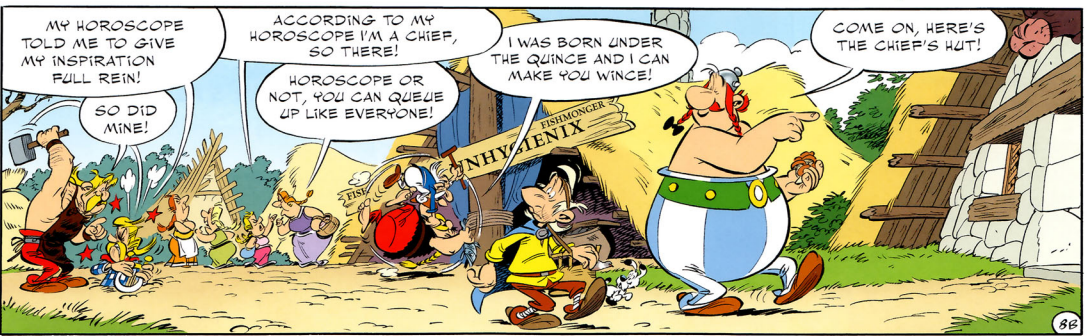
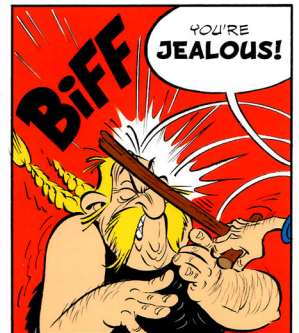
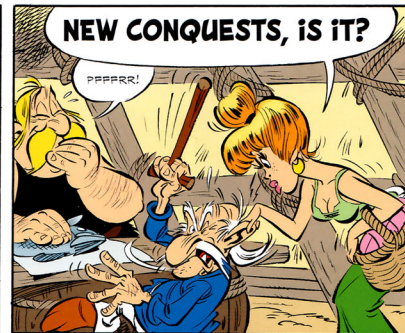
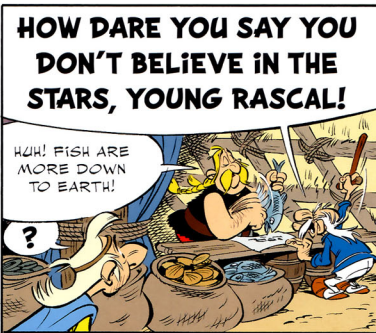
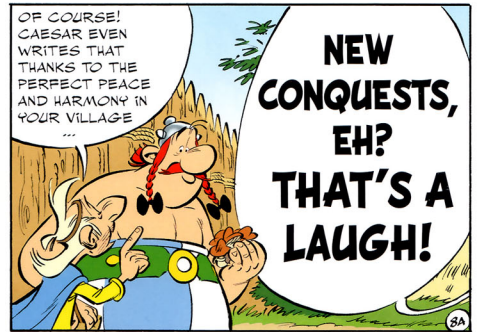
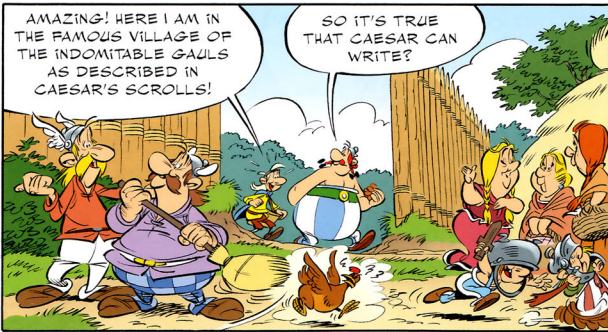
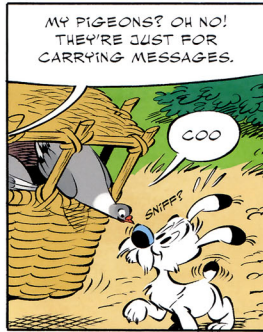
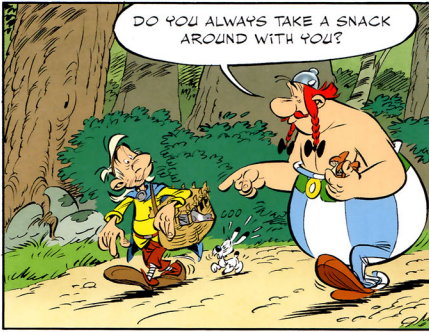
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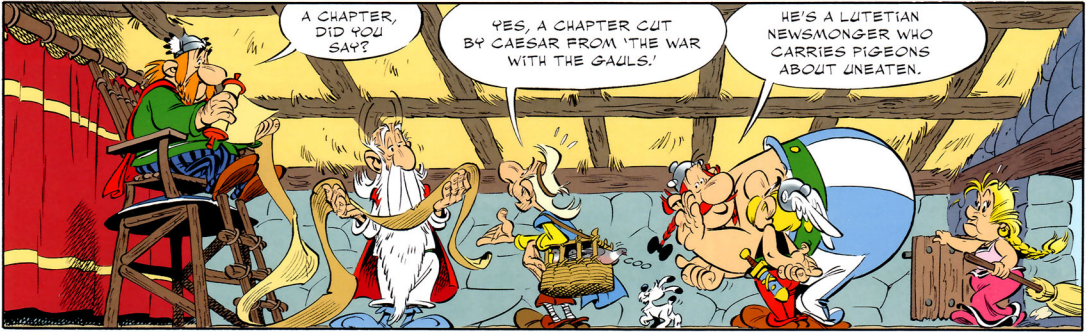




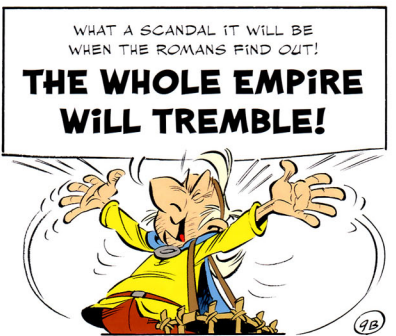
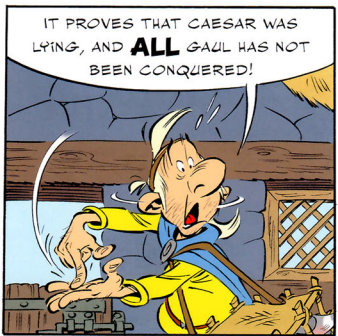
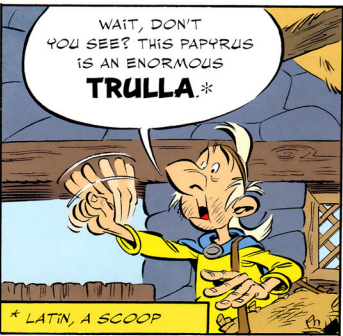
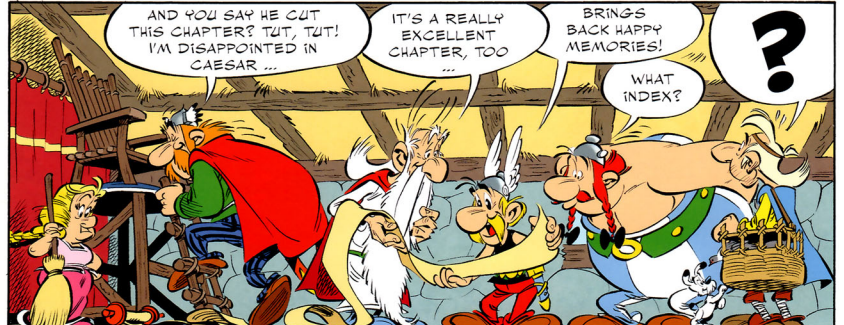


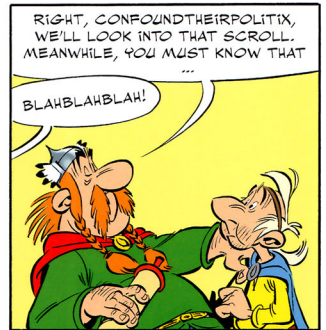
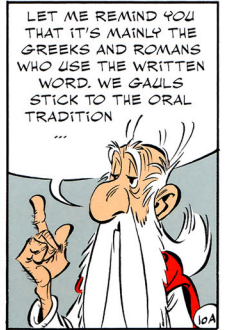
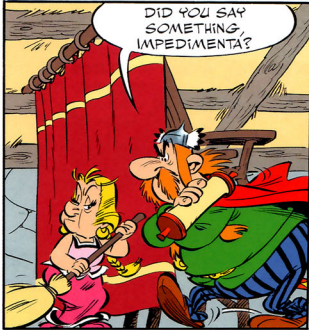
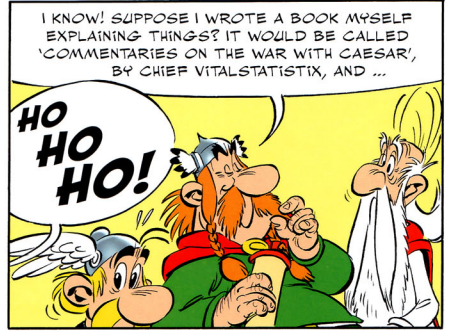
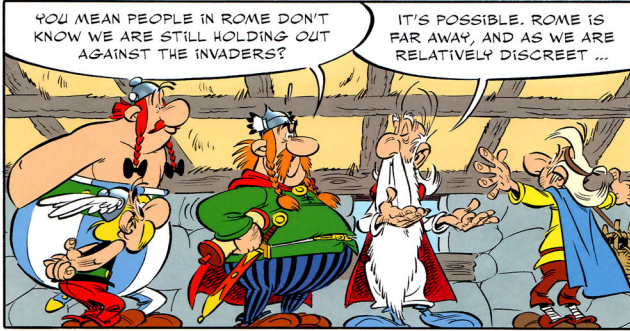






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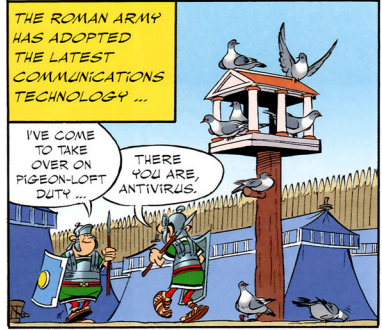




MEANWHILE, IN THE CAMP OF TOTORUM ...

AVE, CENTURION VERIGREGARIUS! WE'RE THE SPECIAL UNIT FROM ROME INVESTIGATING THE CASE OF THE STOLEN SCROLL.

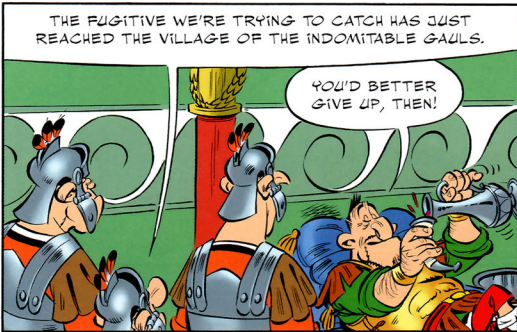
AVE, YUP, I THINK I READ A PIGEON-FLASH ABOUT YOU ...



THE ROMAN ARMY HAS ADOPTED THE LATEST COMMUNICATIONS TECHNOLOGY ...

I'VE COME TO TAKE OVER ON PIGEON-LOFT DUTY ...

THERE YOU ARE, ANTIVIRUS.



THE FUGITIVE WE'RE TRYING TO CATCH HAS JUST REACHED THE VILLAGE OF THE INDOMITABLE GAULS.

YOU'D BETTER GIVE UP, THEN!



WHAT? THERE'S NO ARGUING WITH THOSE GAULS. YOU'LL NEVER SEE YOUR SCROLL AGAIN.



ER ... THEN WE MUST REFER BACK TO ROME. MAY WE USE ONE OF YOUR PIGEONS?

SURE, GO AHEAD.



OUR SUPPLIER GIVES US AN UNLIMITED PIGEON PACKAGE...



WRITE: SCR. FND. VILL.

YES, BETTER KEEP IT SHORT.

ADD THE RECIPIENT'S ADDRESS.

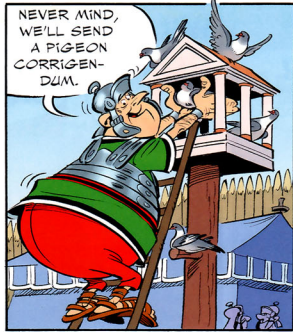


SOON AFTERWARDS...

THERE IT GOES!

OOPS! BY MERCURY, WE FORGOT TO SAY WHICH VILLAGE!

?



NEVER MIND, WE'LL SEND A PIGEON CORRIGENDUM.



I JUST HAVE TO PICK A HEAVIER PIGEON TO MAKE SURE IT DOESN'T OVERTAKE THE FIRST.

COO?

THE TIME HAS COME TO SAY A LITTLE ABOUT THIS MODERN METHOD OF COMMUNICATION ...



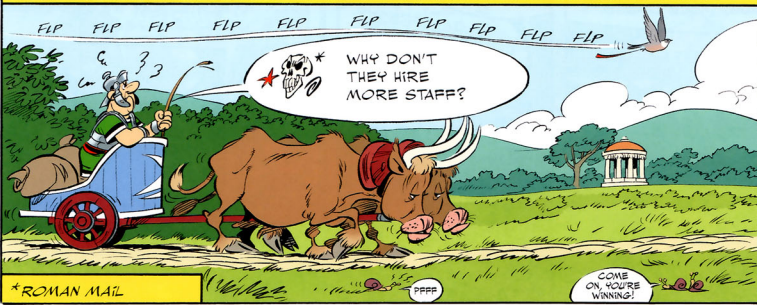
THE CARRIER PIGEON REACHES A STAGING POINT ...



... WHERE ITS MESSAGE IS TAKEN OVER BY ANOTHER PIGEON ...



... THIS VERY RELIABLE SYSTEM IS REPLACING THE MUCH SLOWER 'CURSUS PUBLICUS'*

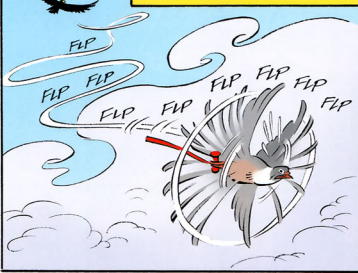


*ROMAN MAIL

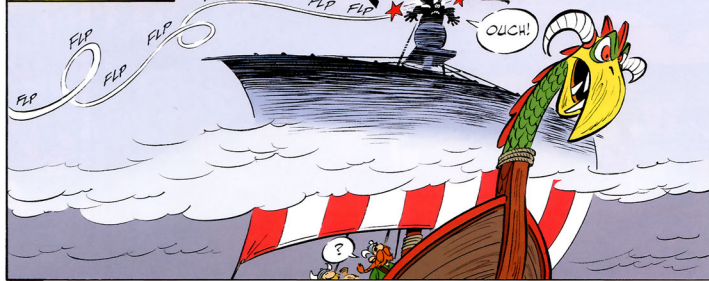
ITS MAIN ENEMY IS STILL THE HAWK ...



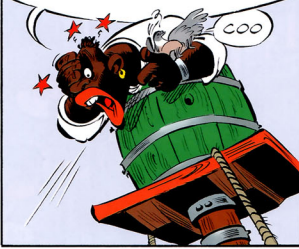
... WHICH IT CAN SOMETIMES SHAKE OFF IN MISTY WEATHER ...



... ITS OTHER ENEMY.



CAP'N, A PIGEON MESSAGE JUST CAUGHT MY EYE!



WHAT DOES IT SAY?



DUNNO, CAP'N! I CAN'T READ!

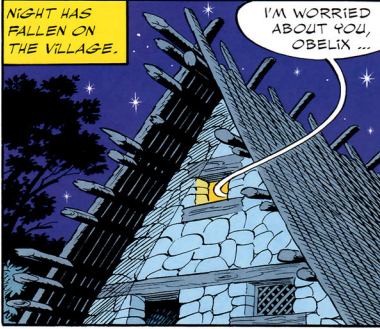


HANG ON TO THAT PIGEON!

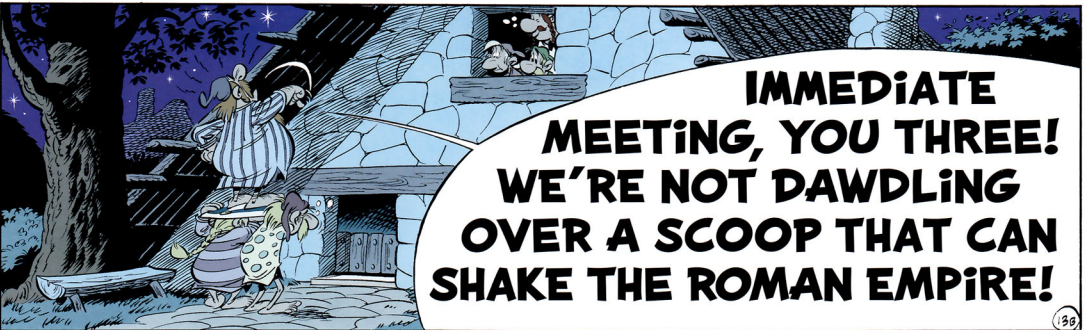
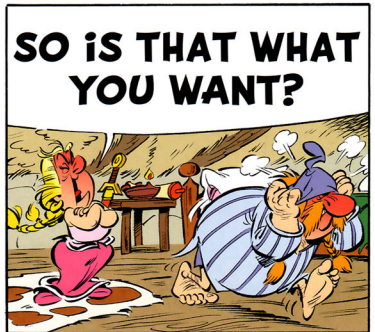
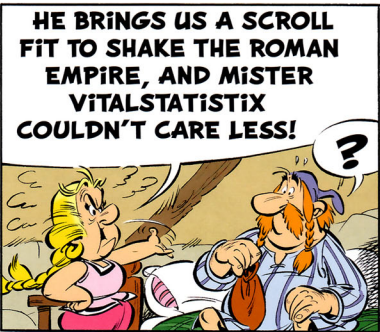
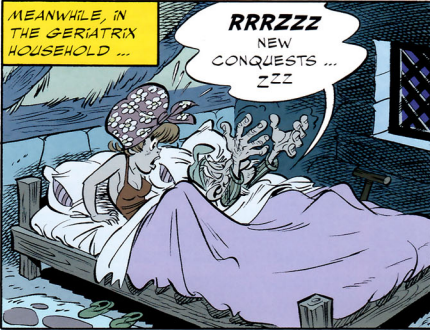
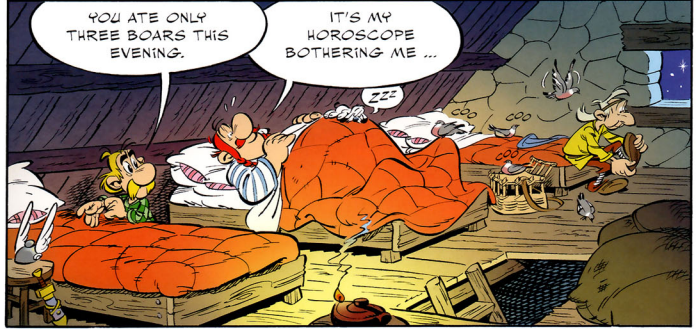


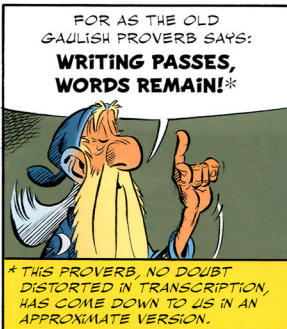
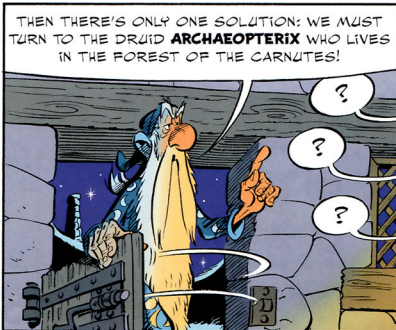
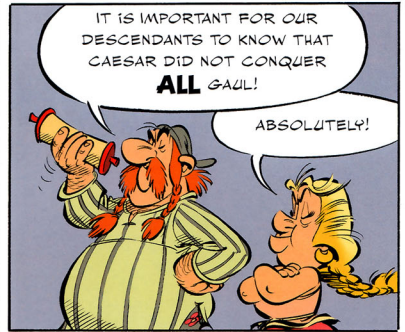
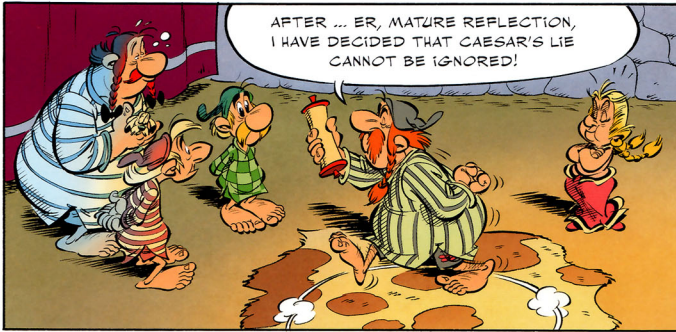
A BIRD IN THE HAND, AS THEY SAY!

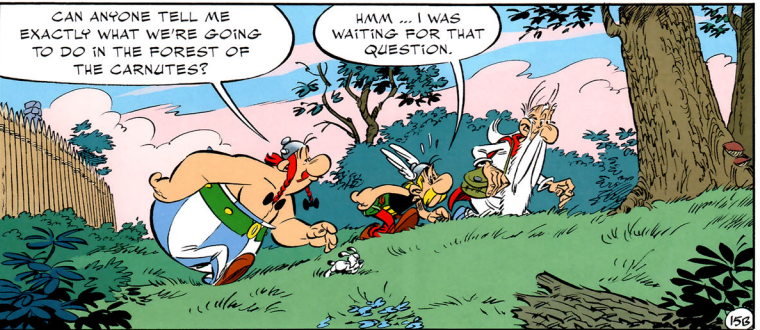
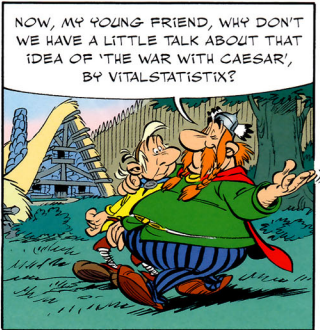
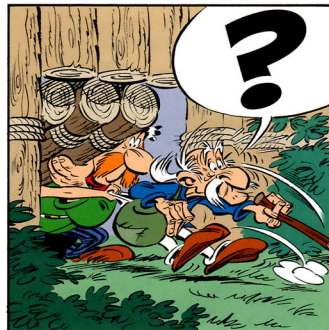
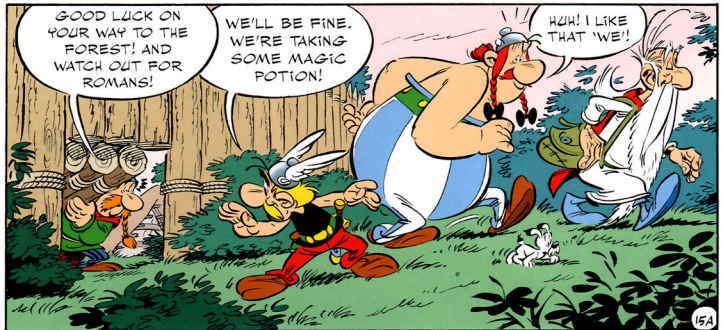
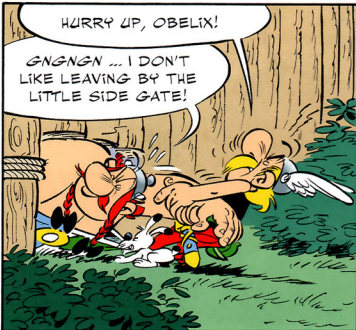
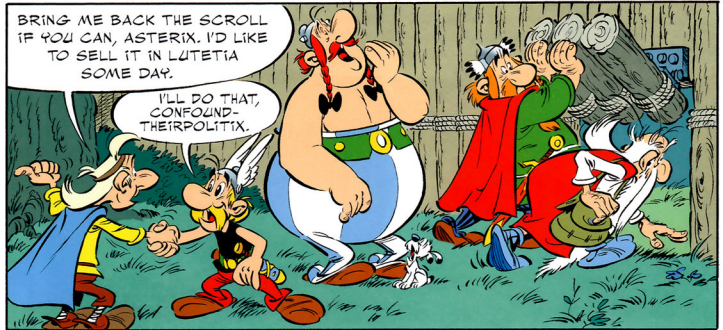
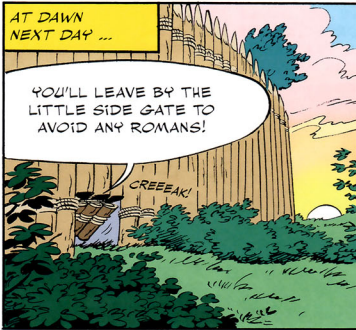
NOTE THIS EARLY CASE OF PIRATED INFORMATION.

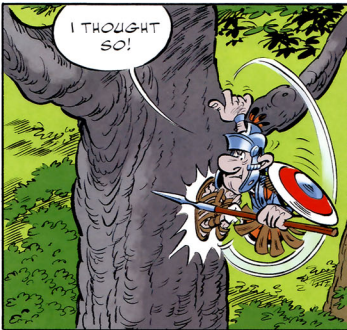
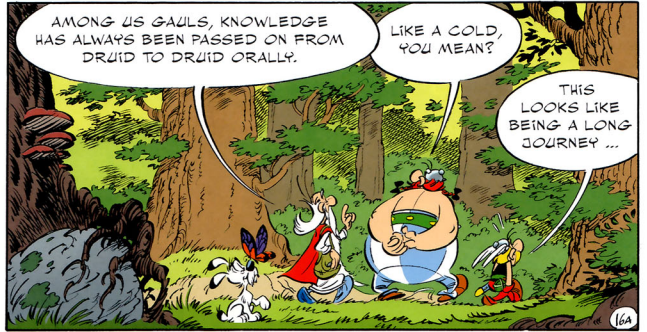
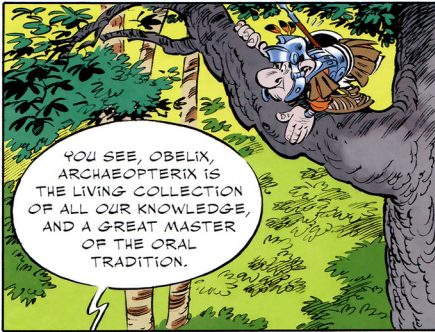
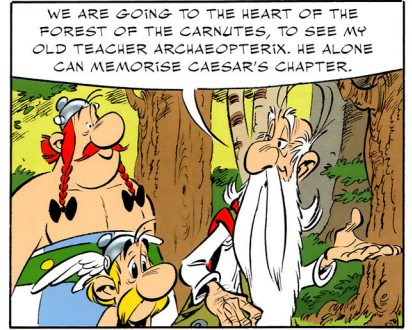
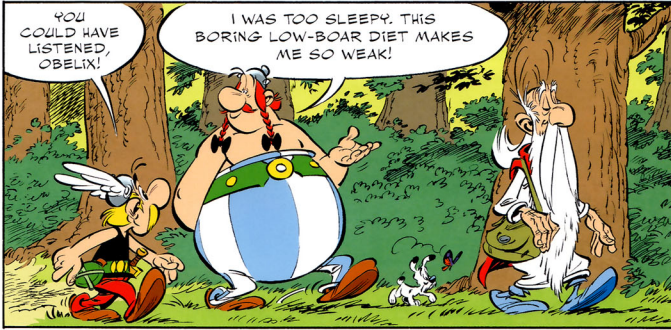


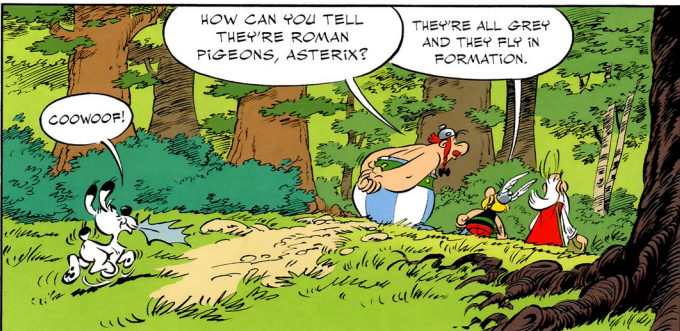
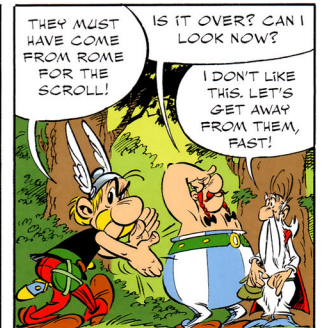
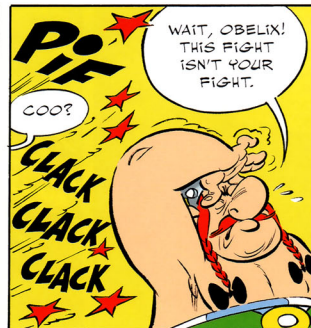
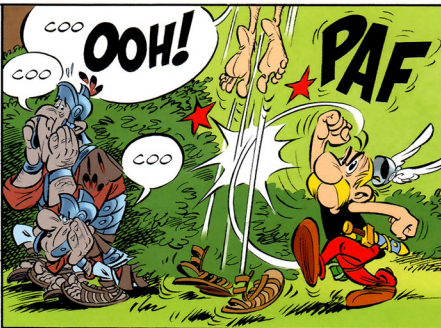
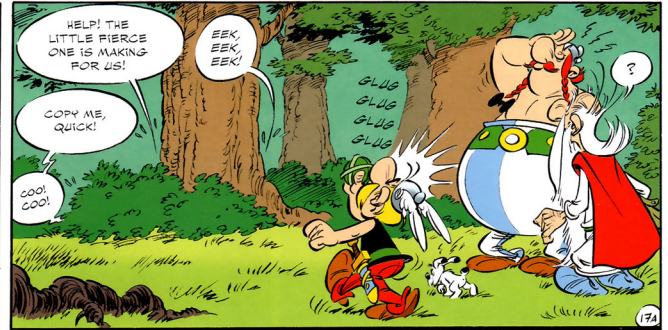
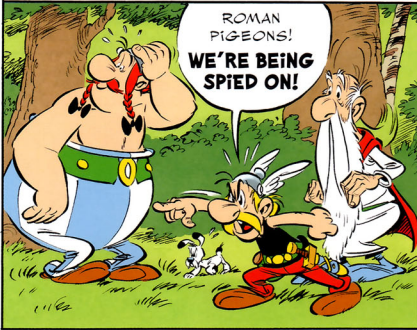
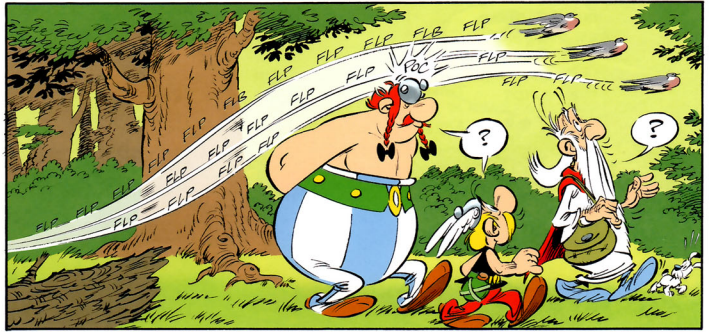
I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOU, OBELIX ...

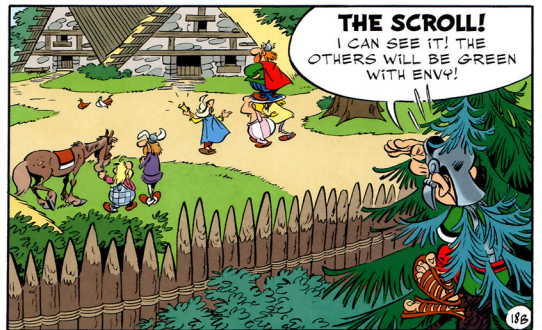
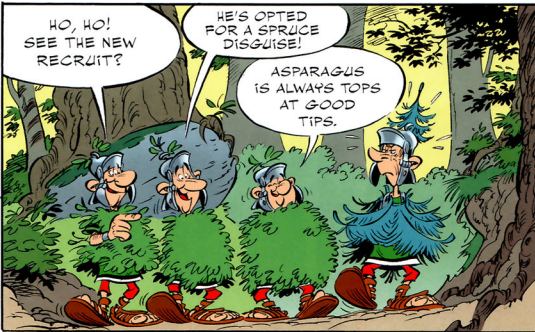
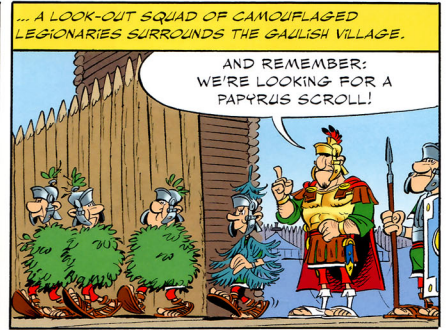
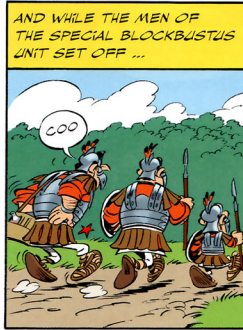
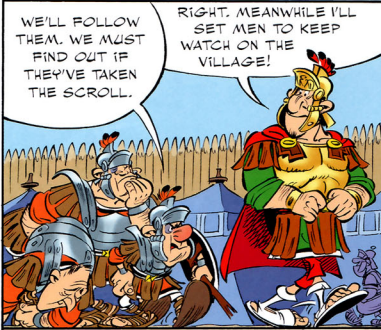
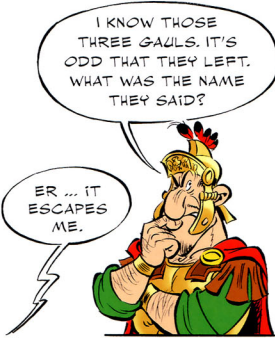










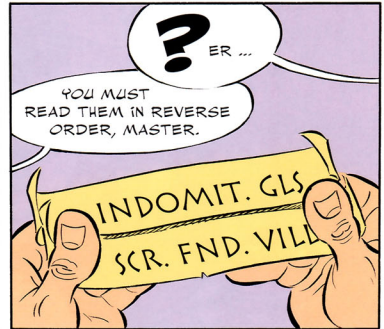




MEANWHILE, IN ROME

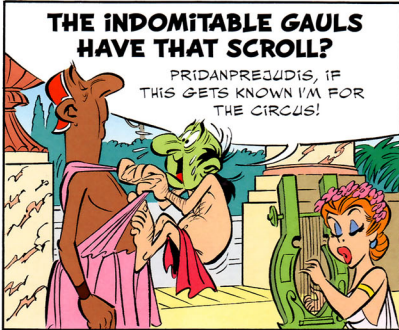
TWO MESSAGES FROM GAUL, MASTER!

AT LAST! SHOW ME, QUICK!



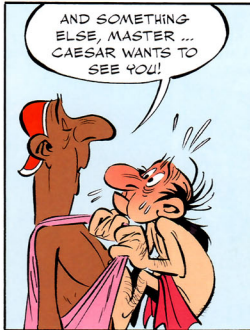
ER ...

YOU MUST READ THEM IN REVERSE ORDER, MASTER.

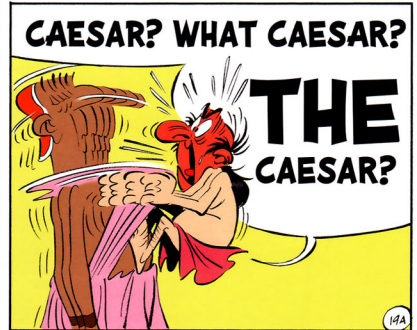


THE INDOMITABLE GAULS HAVE THAT SCROLL?

PRIDANPREJUDIS, IF THIS GETS KNOWN I'M FOR THE CIRCUS!

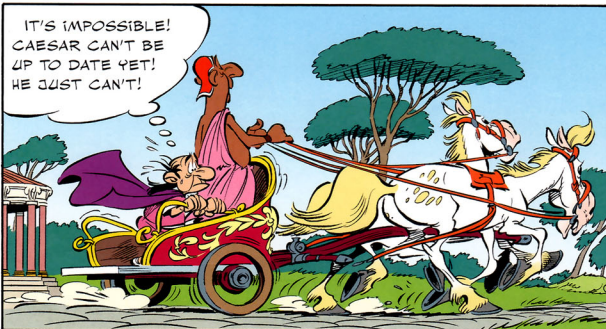


AND SOMETHING ELSE, MASTER ... CAESAR WANTS TO SEE YOU!

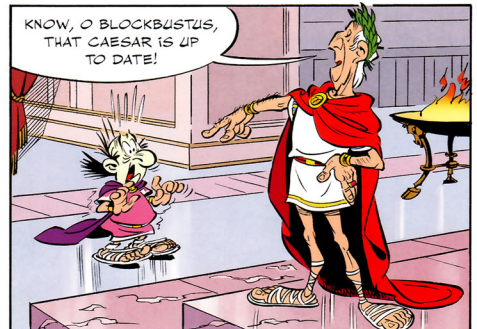


CAESAR? WHAT CAESAR?

THE CAESAR?



IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! CAESAR CAN'T BE UP TO DATE YET! HE JUST CAN'T!



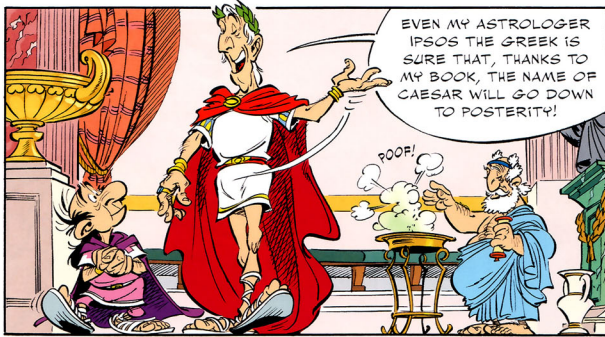
KNOW, O BLOCKBUSTUS, THAT CAESAR IS UP TO DATE!



HE REALISES THAT HE OWES HIS TRIUMPH TO YOUR GOOD ADVICE!

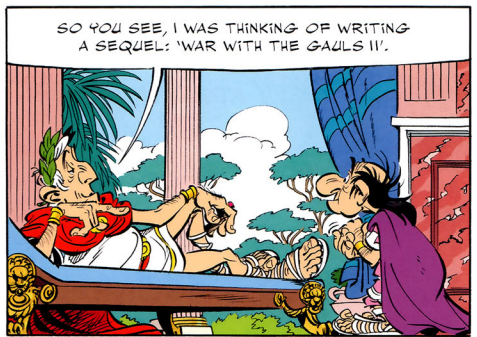


LOOK! REQUESTS FOR MY SIGNATURE FLOODING IN FROM ALL OVER THE EMPIRE!



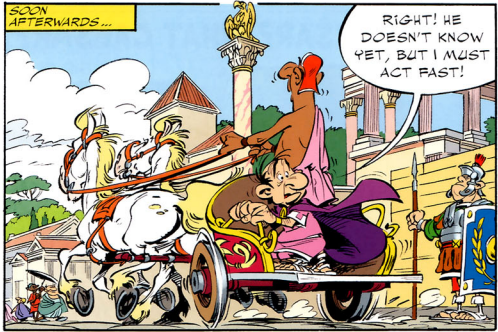
EVEN MY ASTROLOGER IPSOS THE GREEK IS SURE THAT, THANKS TO MY BOOK, THE NAME OF CAESAR WILL GO DOWN TO POSTERITY!

POOF!



SO YOU SEE, I WAS THINKING OF WRITING A SEQUEL: 'WAR WITH THE GAULS II'.

SOON AFTERWARDS...



RIGHT! HE DOESN'T KNOW YET, BUT I MUST ACT FAST!



PRIDANPREJUDIS, CLEAR MY DIARY. I'M OFF TOMORROW ON A LIGHTNING VISIT TO GAUL!

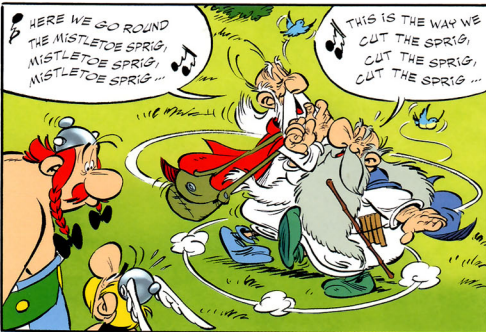
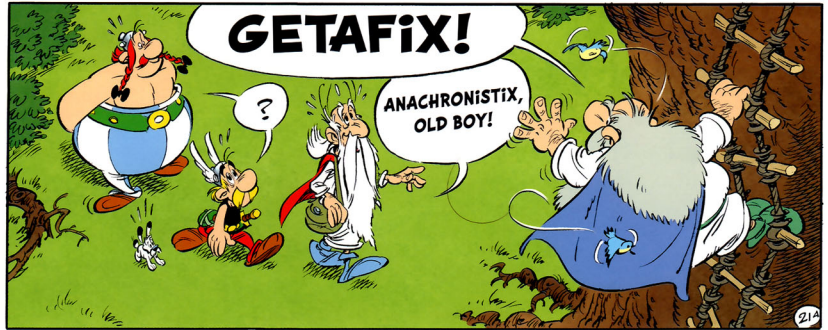
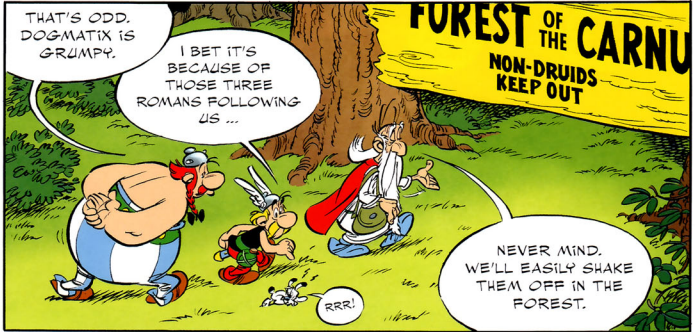
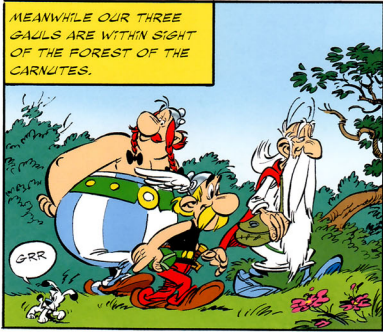
YES, MASTER!

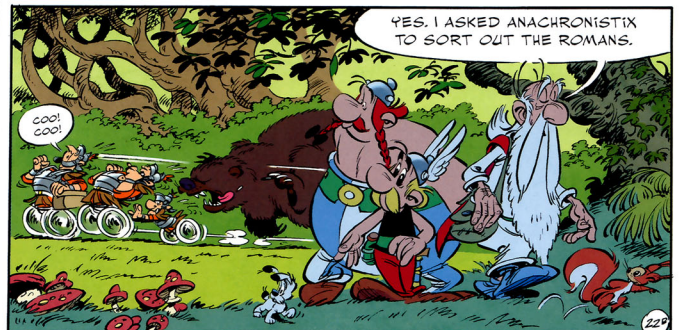
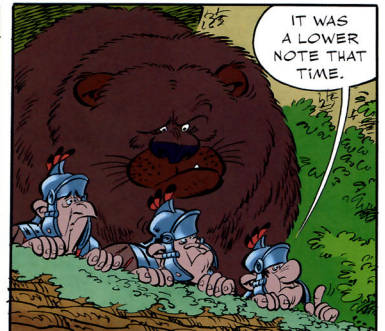
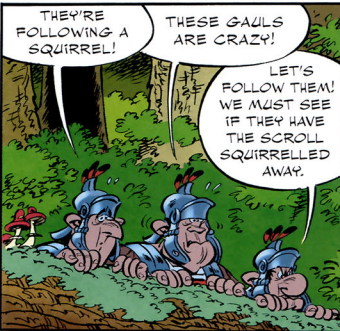
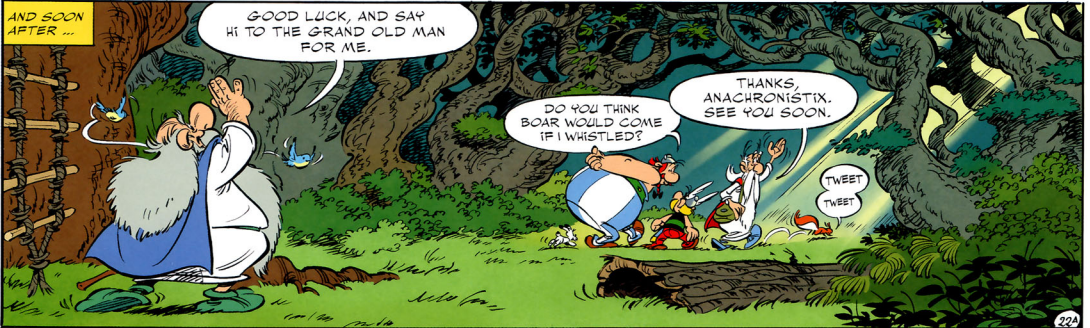
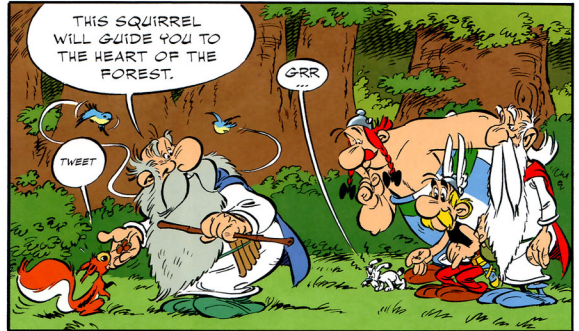
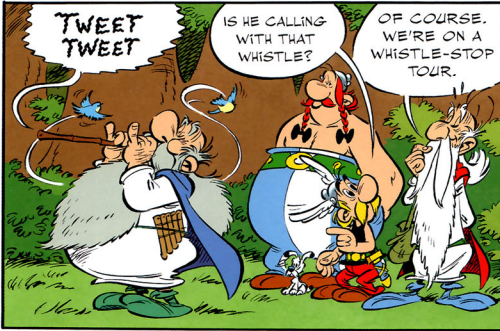


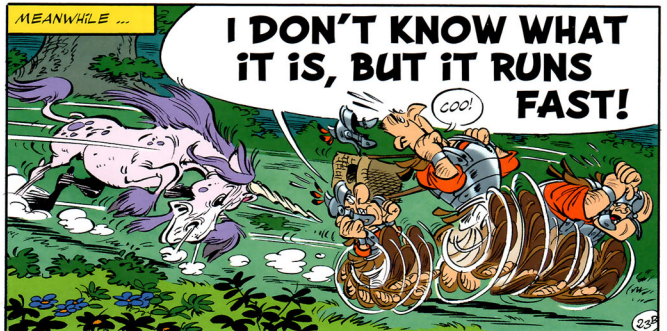
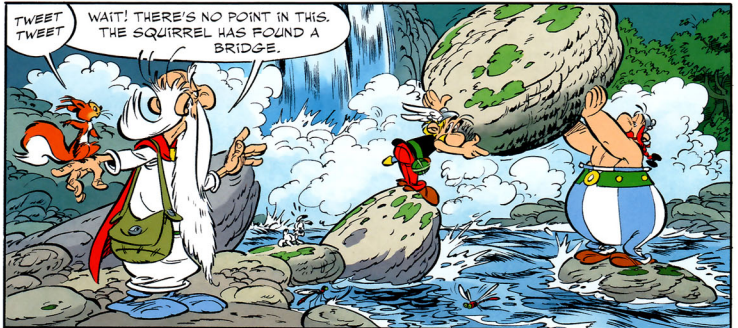
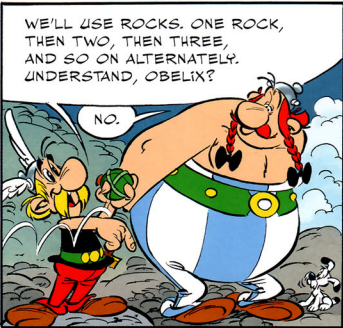
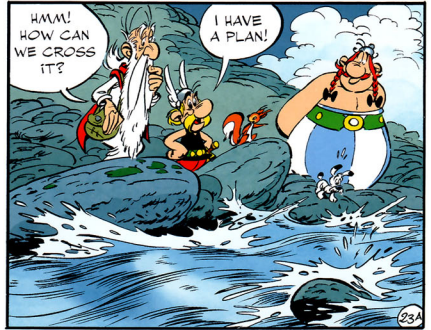
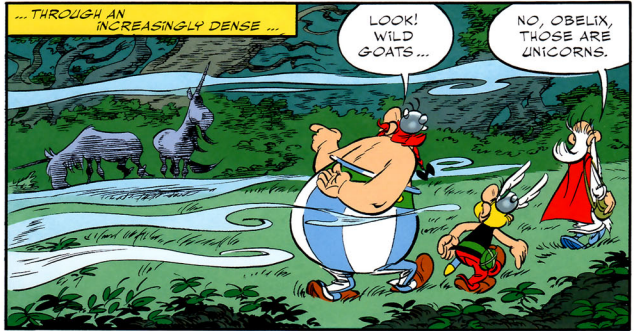
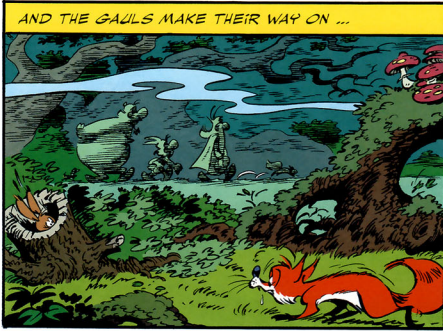
KEEP IT DISCREET. THIS MUST LOOK LIKE ANY OTHER BUSINESS TRIP.

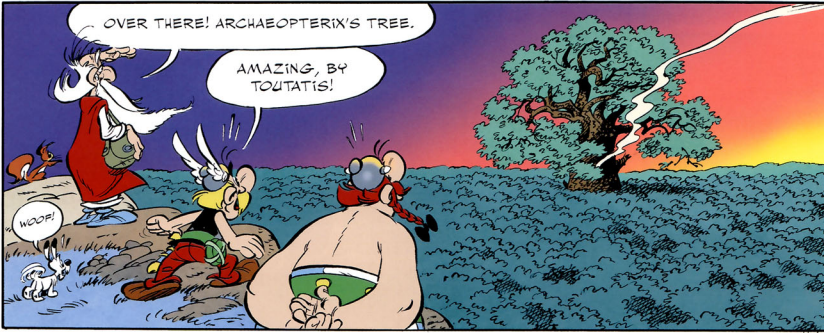
AND NEXT DAY ...











... OVER THERE! ARCHAEOPTERIX'S TREE.

AMAZING, BY TOUTATIS!

WOOF!



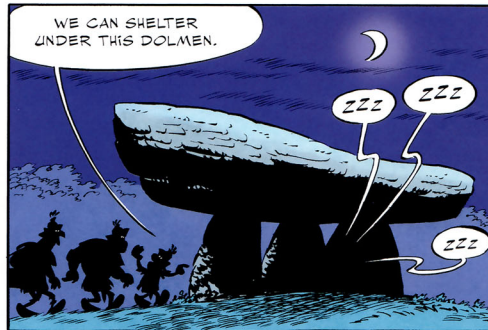
NIGHT IS FALLING. LET'S CAMP UNDER THAT DOLMEN!



AS NIGHT FALLS ...

CROSSING THE RIVER WAS A GOOD IDEA ...

YES, THIS BANK LOOKS MORE NORMAL.



WE CAN SHELTER UNDER THIS DOLMEN.

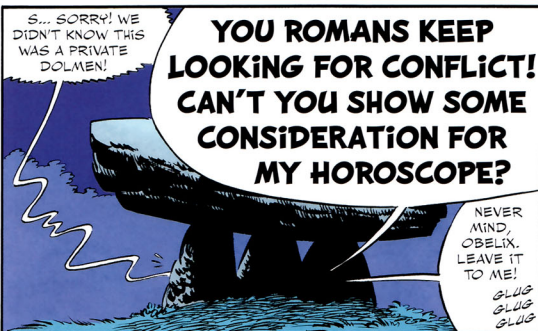
ZZZ ZZZ ZZZ



RRR ...
WOOF! WOOF!

WHAT'S UP, OBELIX?

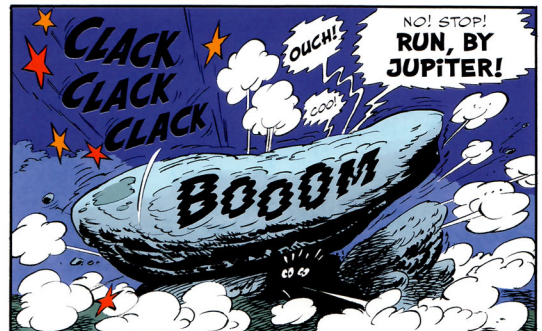
I'M NOT SURE, BUT I THINK THERE'S SOMEONE HERE ...



S... SORRY! WE DIDN'T KNOW THIS WAS A PRIVATE DOLMEN!

YOU ROMANS KEEP LOOKING FOR CONFLICT! CAN'T YOU SHOW SOME CONSIDERATION FOR MY HOROSCOPE?

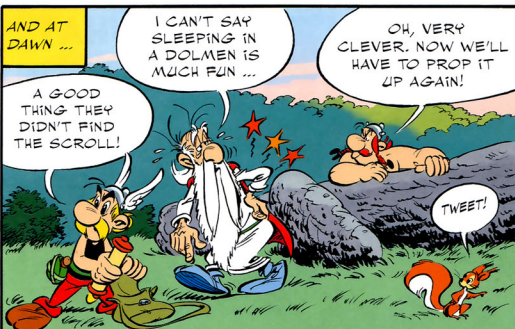
NEVER MIND, OBELIX. LEAVE IT TO ME!
SLUG SLUG SLUG



CLACK CLACK CLACK

OUCH!
BOOM!

NO! STOP! RUN, BY JUPITER!



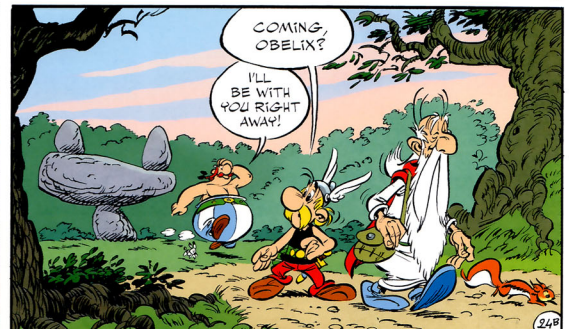
AND AT DAWN ...

I CAN'T SAY SLEEPING IN A DOLMEN IS MUCH FUN ...

OH, VERY CLEVER. NOW WE'LL HAVE TO PROP IT UP AGAIN!

A GOOD THING THEY DIDN'T FIND THE SCROLL!

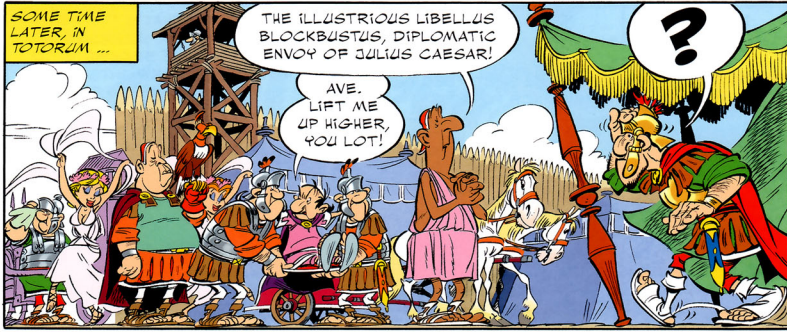
TWEET!



COMING, OBELIX?

I'LL BE WITH YOU RIGHT AWAY!

SOME TIME LATER, IN TOTORUM ...



THE ILLUSTRIOUS LIBELLUS BLOCKBUSTUS, DIPLOMATIC ENVOY OF JULIUS CAESAR!

AVE. LIFT ME UP HIGHER, YOU LOT!

?

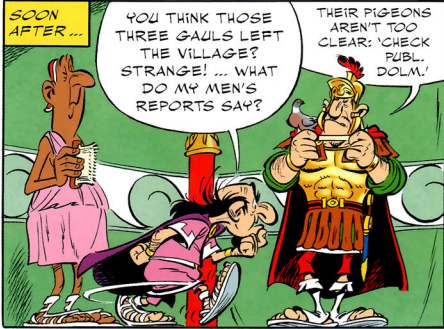


AVE, BLOCKBUSTUS. WELCOME TO ...?

YUK! I HATE THE COUNTRY! CONTACT WITH GRASS GIVES ME THE WILLIES!

RUB RUB

SOON AFTER ...

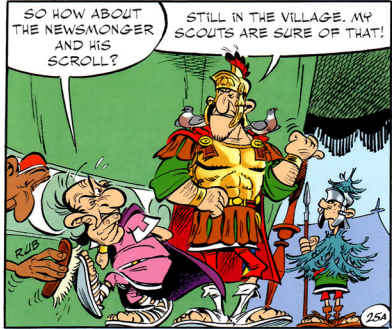


YOU THINK THOSE THREE GAULS LEFT THE VILLAGE? STRANGE! ... WHAT DO MY MEN'S REPORTS SAY?

THEIR PIGEONS AREN'T TOO CLEAR: 'CHECK PUBL. DOLA!'



... AND THIS IS ABOUT A BEAR, BUT TOO SMUDGED TO READ.



SO HOW ABOUT THE NEWSMONGER AND HIS SCROLL?

STILL IN THE VILLAGE. MY SCOUTS ARE SURE OF THAT!

RUB RUB

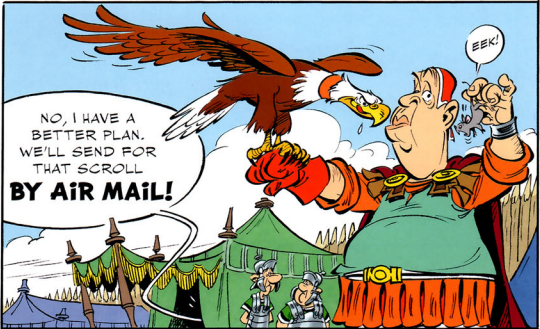
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MINUS ITS DRUID AND ITS TWO STRONGEST WARRIORS, THE VILLAGE IS VULNERABLE! WE COULD MOUNT AN ATTACK IN FORCE AND ...

JUST LIKE THAT, RUNNING OVER THE GRASS? YUK, YUK AND YUK AGAIN!

DZING



NO, I HAVE A BETTER PLAN. WE'LL SEND FOR THAT SCROLL BY AIR MAIL!

EKK!

AND IN THE GAULISH VILLAGE ...

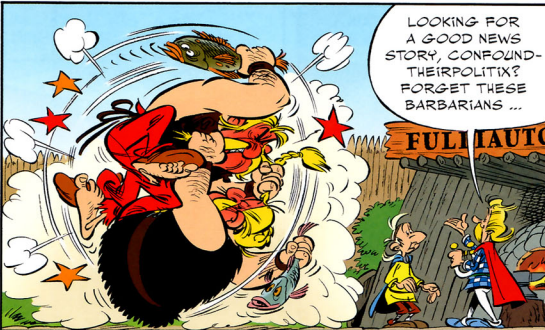
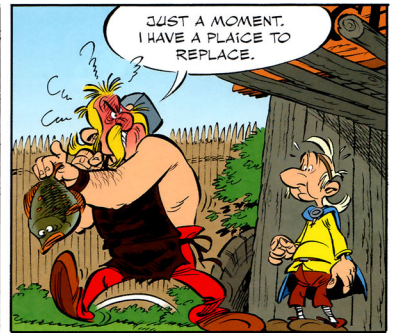
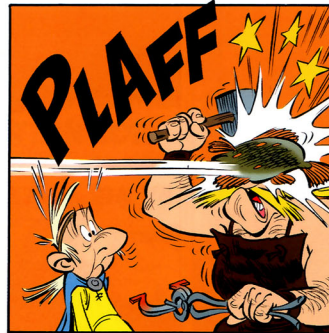
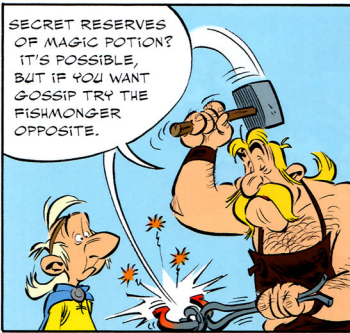
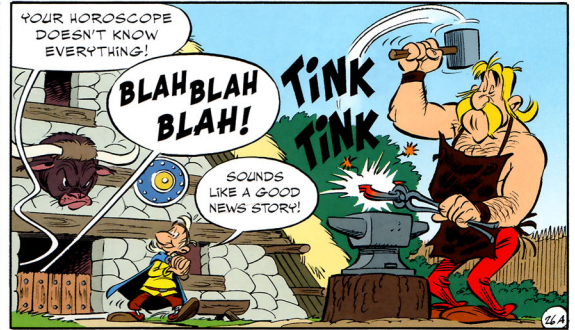
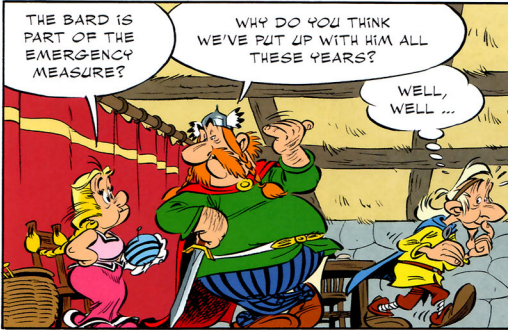
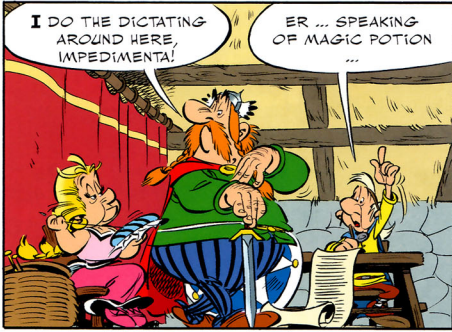


... AND SO IT WAS THAT I, VITALSTATISTIX, GAULISH CHIEFTAIN, GLORIOUSLY STOOD UP TO CAESAR'S ARMIES FOR YEARS ON END ...



HMM, YES ... ALL THANKS TO THE DRUID'S MAGIC POTION, DON'T FORGET!

256

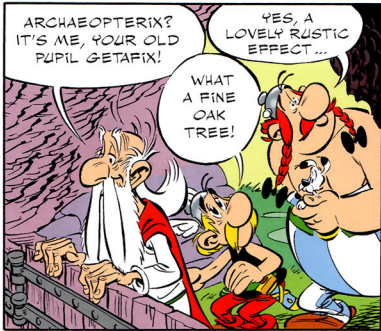


SOON
AFTERWARDS...



MEANWHILE
IN THE FOREST OF
THE CARNITES ...





ARCHAEOPTERIX?
IT'S ME, YOUR OLD
PUPIL GETAFIX!

YES, A
LOVELY RUSTIC
EFFECT ...

WHAT
A FINE
OAK
TREE!



GETASIX? GETSOMETRIX?

GETAFIX, MASTER! MEET
ASTERIX AND OBELIX!

AND
DOG-
MATIX!

WIF!



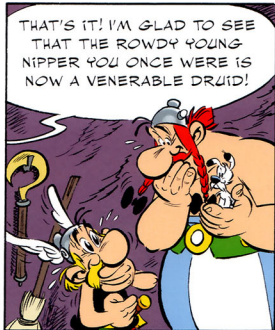
GEOGRAFIX, OF COURSE!
IT'S MY MEMORY PLAYING
TRICKS THESE DAYS!

THE
MAGIC LOTION,
MASTER!

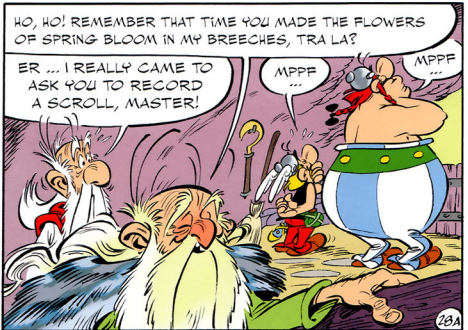


THE MAGIC LOTION
THAT MAKES YOU
INDEFENSIBLE!

THE POTION
THAT MAKES YOU
INVINCIBLE,
MASTER!



THAT'S IT! I'M GLAD TO SEE
THAT THE ROWDY YOUNG
NIPPER YOU ONCE WERE IS
NOW A VENERABLE DRUID!

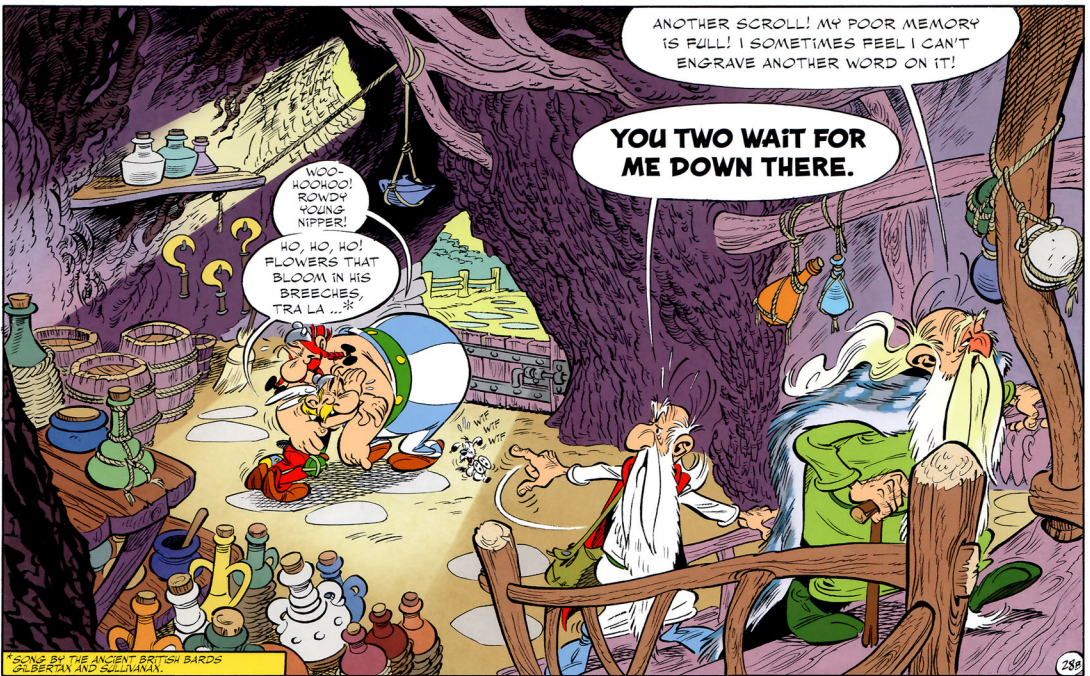


HO, HO! REMEMBER THAT TIME YOU MADE THE FLOWERS
OF SPRING BLOOM IN MY BREECHES, TRA LA?

ER ... I REALLY CAME TO
ASK YOU TO RECORD
A SCROLL, MASTER!

MPPP
...

MPPP
...



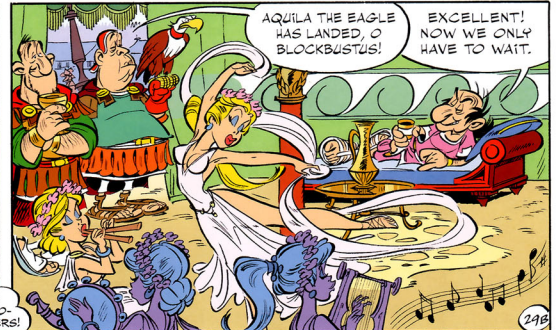
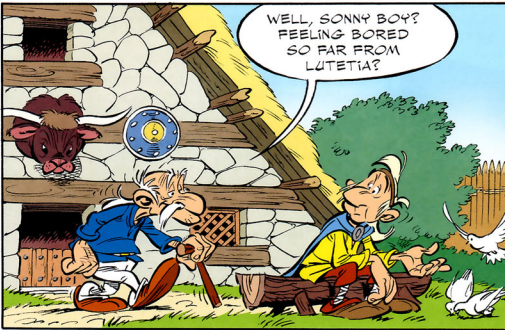
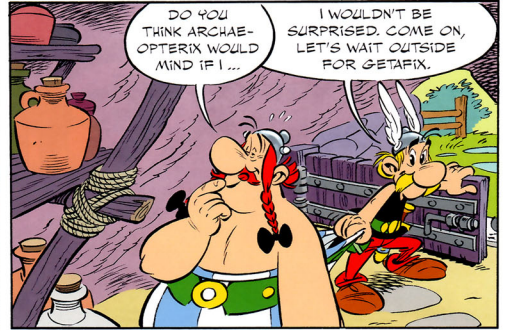
ANOTHER SCROLL! MY POOR MEMORY
IS FULL! I SOMETIMES FEEL I CAN'T
ENGRAVE ANOTHER WORD ON IT!

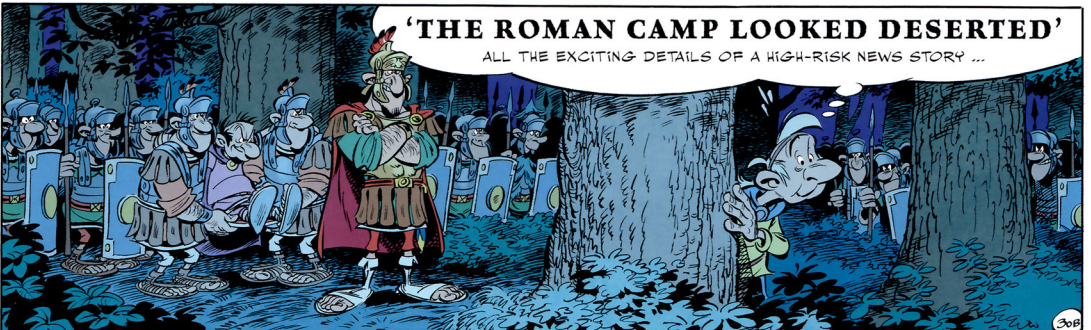
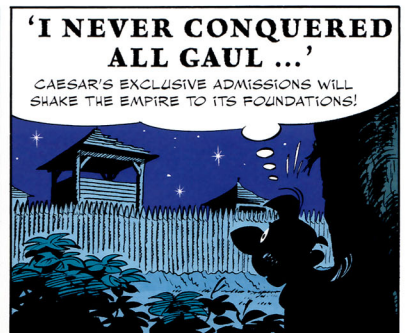
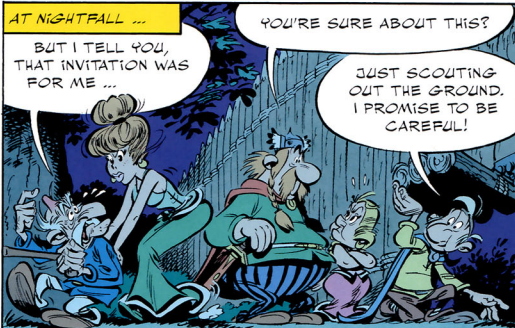
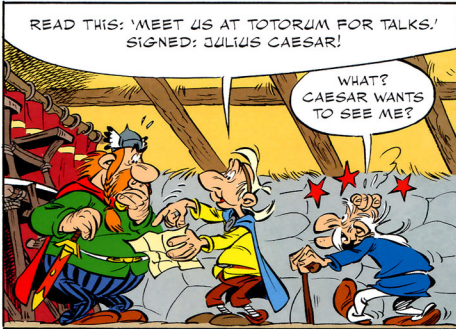
**YOU TWO WAIT FOR
ME DOWN THERE.**

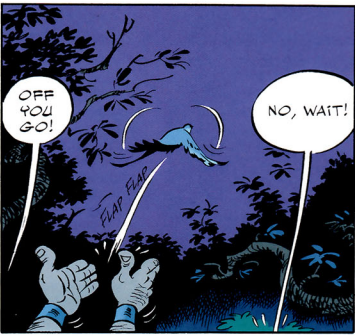
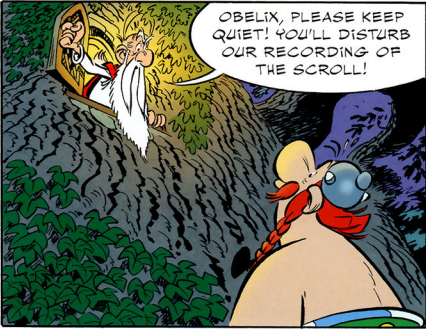
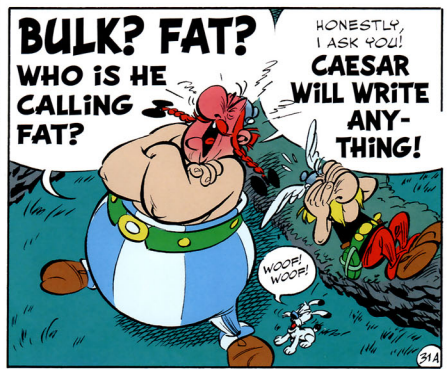
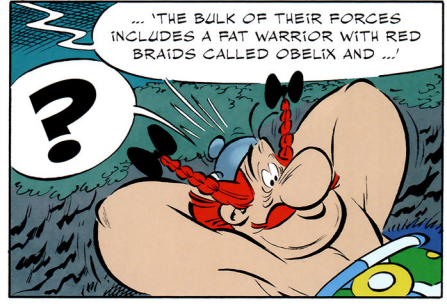
WOO-
HOHOHO!
ROWDY
YOUNG
NIPPER!

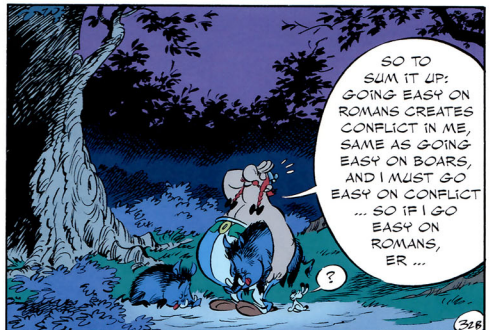
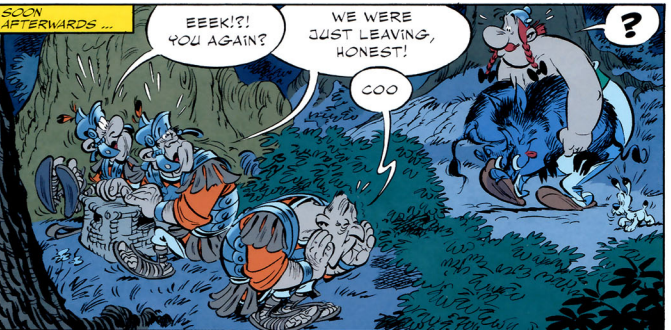
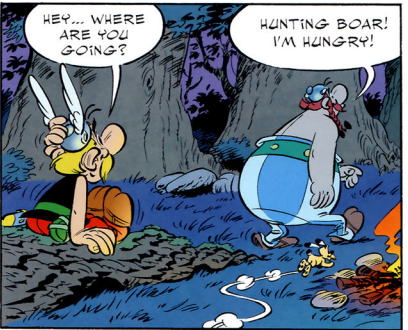
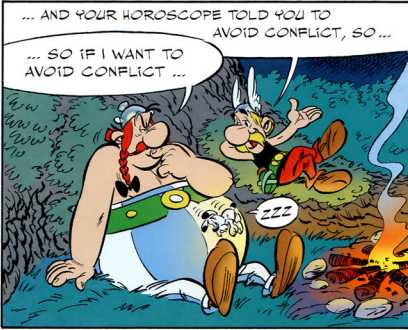
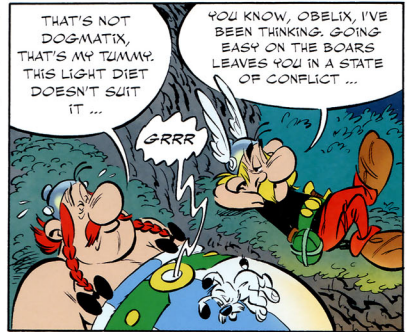
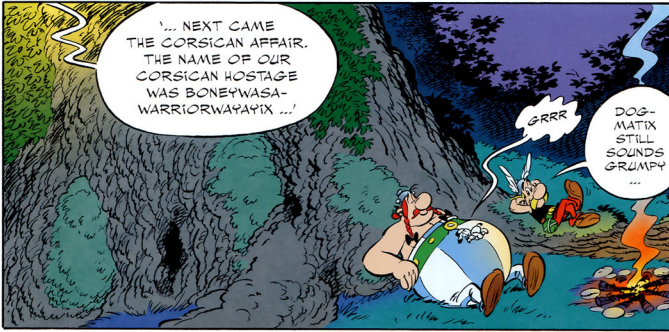
HO, HO, HO!
FLOWERS THAT
BLOOM IN HIS
BREECHES,
TRA LA ...*

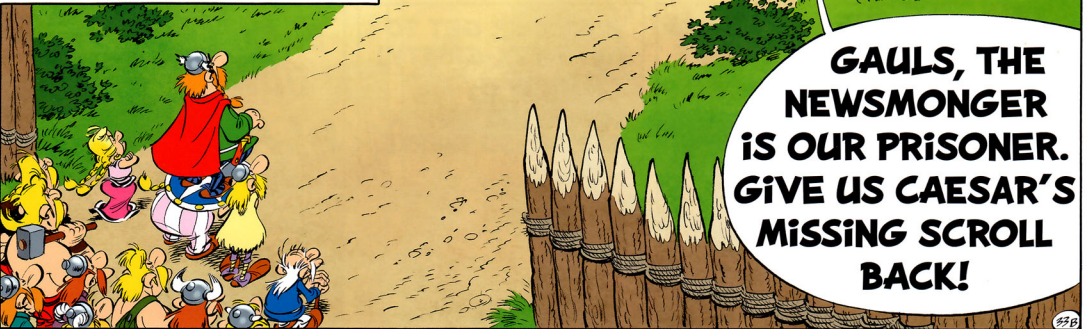
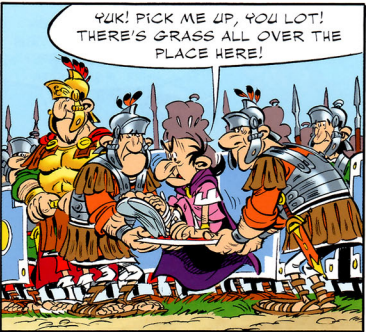
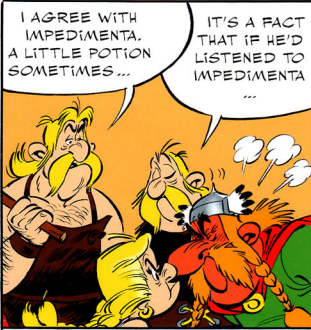
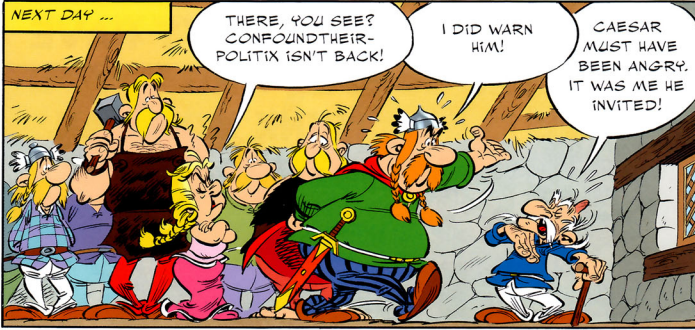
*SONG BY THE ANCIENT BRITISH BARDS
SILBERTON AND SULLIVAN.

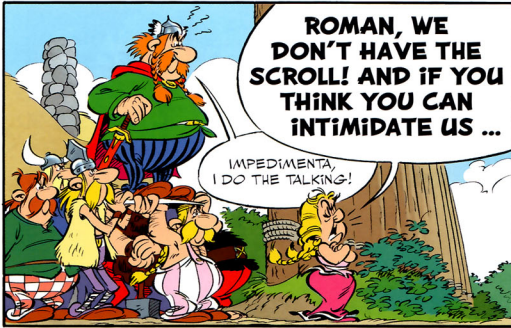






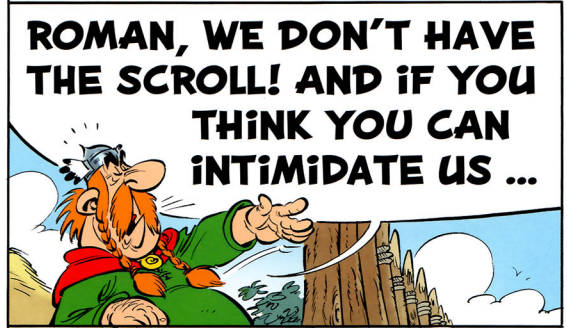




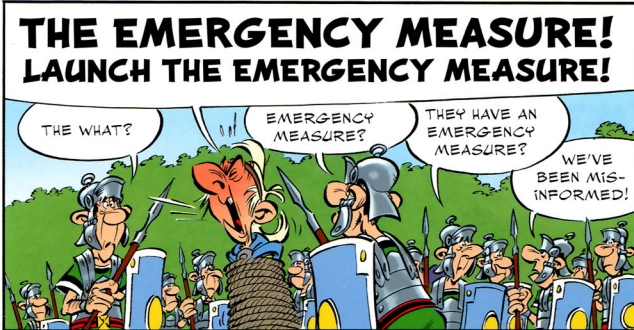


ROMAN, WE DON'T HAVE THE SCROLL! AND IF YOU THINK YOU CAN INTIMIDATE US ...

IMPEDIMENTA, I DO THE TALKING!



ROMAN, WE DON'T HAVE THE SCROLL! AND IF YOU THINK YOU CAN INTIMIDATE US ...



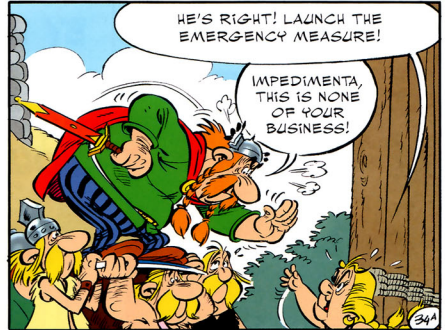
THE EMERGENCY MEASURE! LAUNCH THE EMERGENCY MEASURE!

THE WHAT?

EMERGENCY MEASURE?

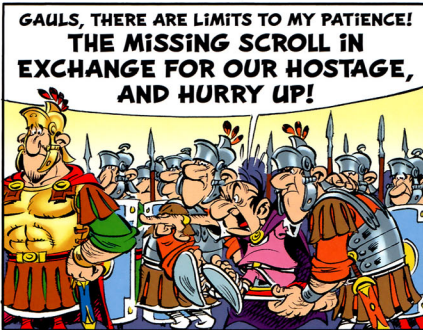
THEY HAVE AN EMERGENCY MEASURE?

WE'VE BEEN MIS-INFORMED!



HE'S RIGHT! LAUNCH THE EMERGENCY MEASURE!

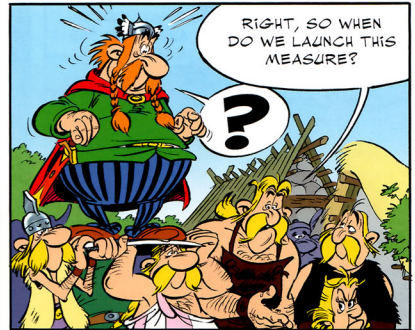
IMPEDIMENTA, THIS IS NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!



GAULS, THERE ARE LIMITS TO MY PATIENCE!
THE MISSING SCROLL IN EXCHANGE FOR OUR HOSTAGE,
AND HURRY UP!



DON'T LISTEN TO HIM! THIS IS ROLLING NEWS!



RIGHT, SO WHEN DO WE LAUNCH THIS MEASURE?

?

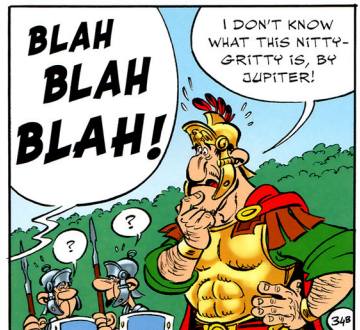


I DO THE LAUNCHING AROUND HERE, UNDERSTAND?



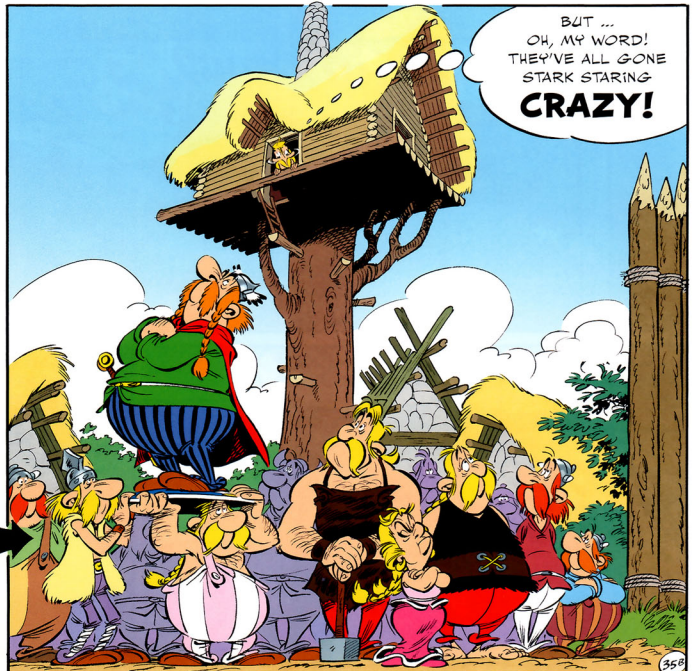
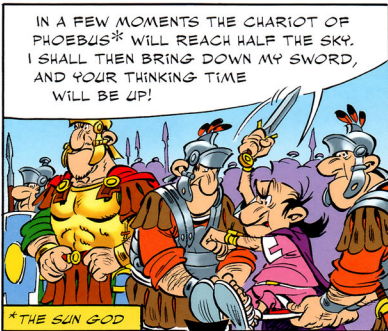
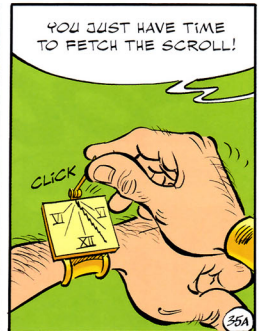
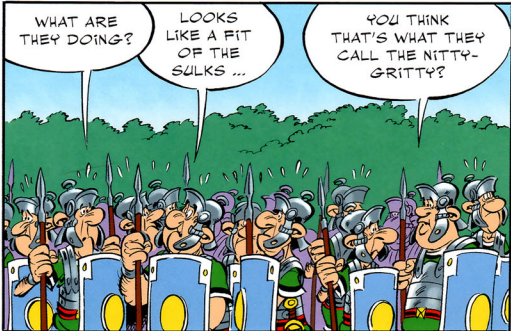
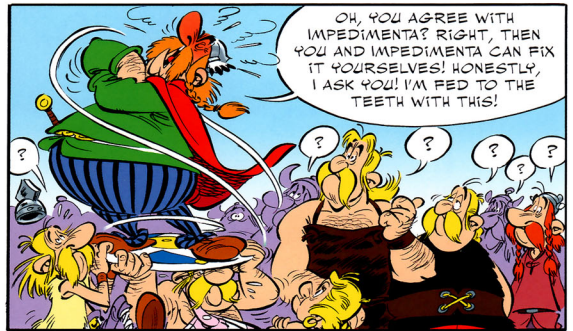
HURRY UP, GET TO THE NITTY-GRITTY!

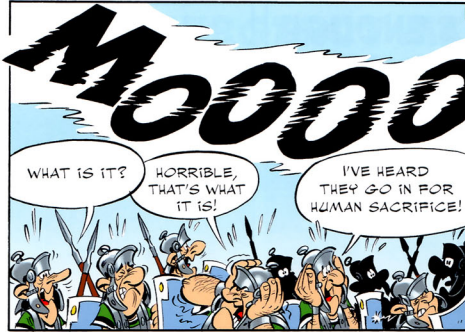
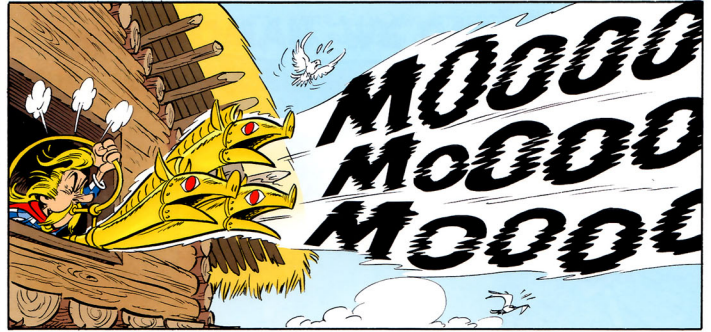
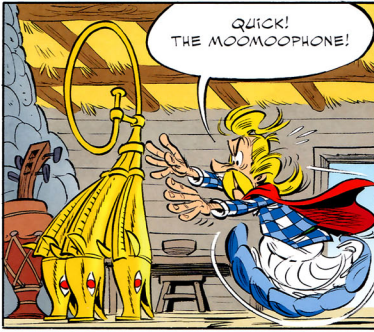
I'LL GET TO THE NITTY-GRITTY WHEN I SEE FIT, SO THERE!



BLAH BLAH BLAH!

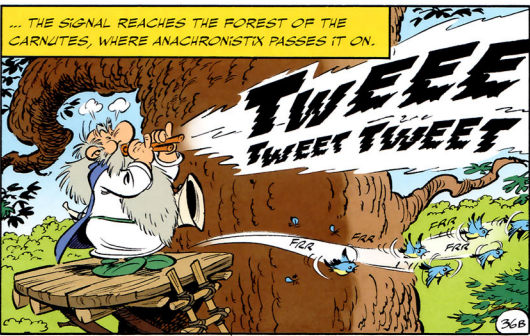
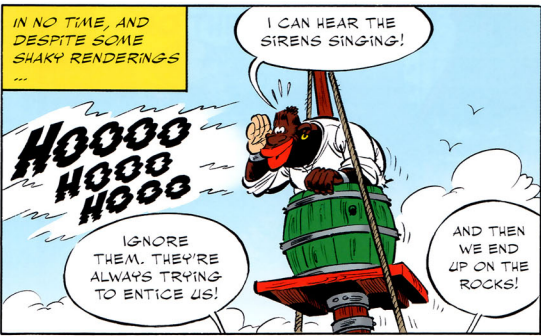
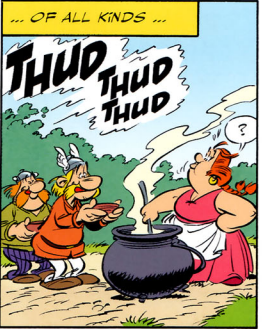
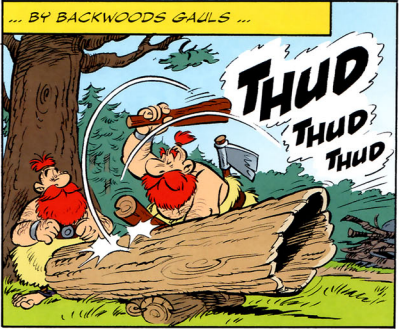
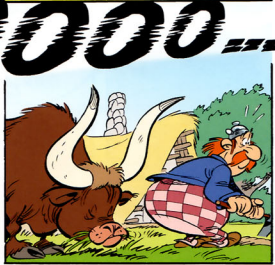
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS NITTY-GRITTY IS, BY JUPITER!

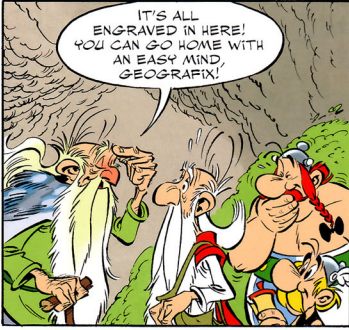




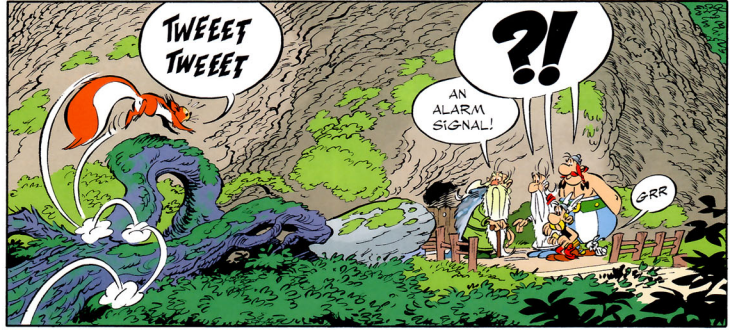
THE CALL OF THE MOOMOO-PHONE IS IMMEDIATELY HEARD FOR LEAGUES ALL AROUND ...

... AND ACCORDING TO AN AGREED CODE, IT IS SOON PASSED ON IN ALL DIRECTIONS ...





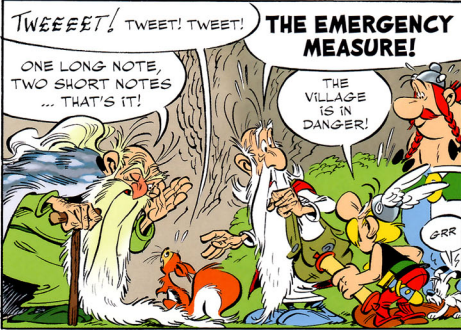
IT'S ALL ENGRAVED IN HERE!
YOU CAN GO HOME WITH
AN EASY MIND,
GEOGRAFIX!



TWEEET
TWEEET

?!
AN ALARM
SIGNAL!

GRR



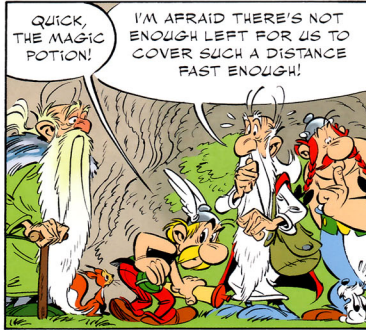
TWEEET! TWEET! TWEET!

**THE EMERGENCY
MEASURE!**

ONE LONG NOTE,
TWO SHORT NOTES
... THAT'S IT!

THE
VILLAGE
IS IN
DANGER!

GRR



QUICK,
THE MAGIC
POTION!

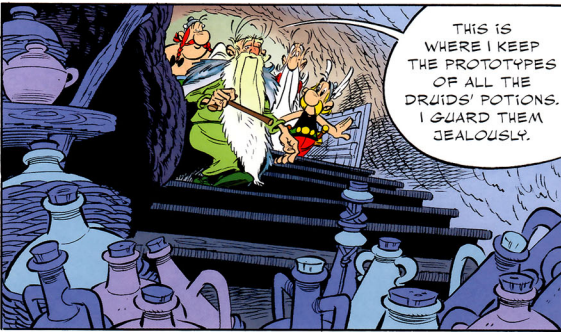
I'M AFRAID THERE'S NOT
ENOUGH LEFT FOR US TO
COVER SUCH A DISTANCE
FAST ENOUGH!



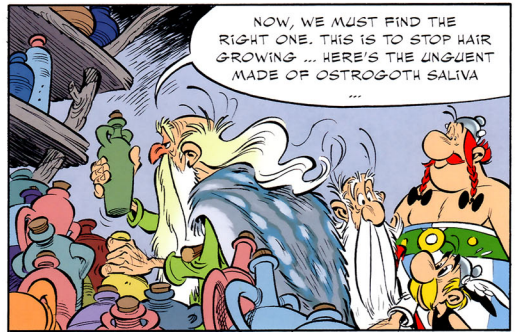
O ARCHAEOPTERIX, DO
YOU THINK THAT AMONG
YOUR POTIONS ... ?

GOOD IDEA, ASTRONOMIX!
FOLLOW ME INTO THE
TREE.

37A



THIS IS
WHERE I KEEP
THE PROTOTYPES
OF ALL THE
DRUIDS' POTIONS.
I GUARD THEM
JEALOUSLY.



NOW, WE MUST FIND THE
RIGHT ONE. THIS IS TO STOP HAIR
GROWING ... HERE'S THE UNGUENT
MADE OF OSTROGOTH SALIVA
...



SNIFF! HERE'S THE PINE RESIN
FLUID THAT STOPS THOSE
CRETINOUS COLONIALS THE
CRETANS IN THEIR TRACKS.



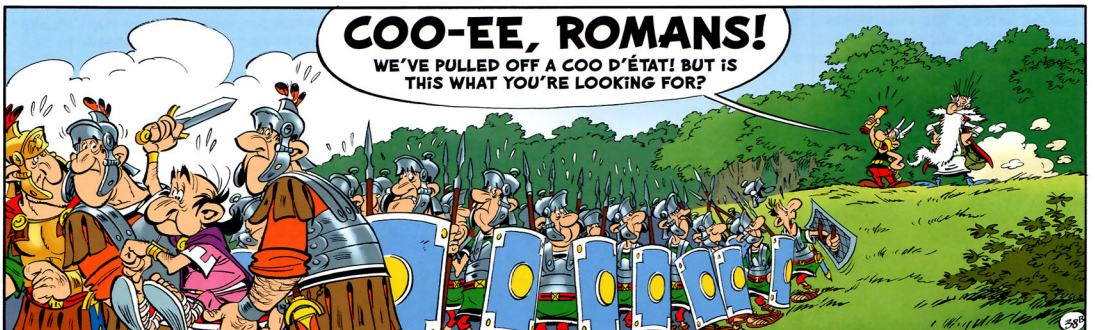
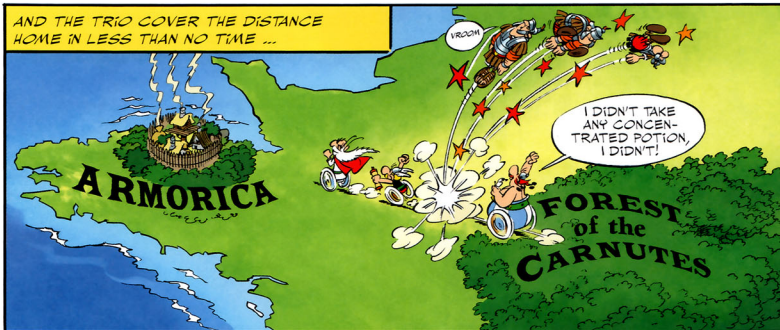
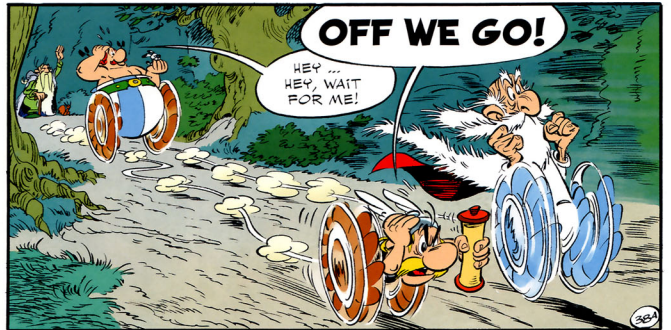
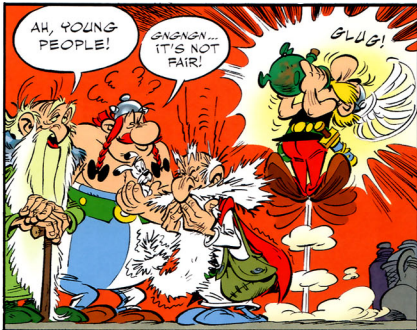
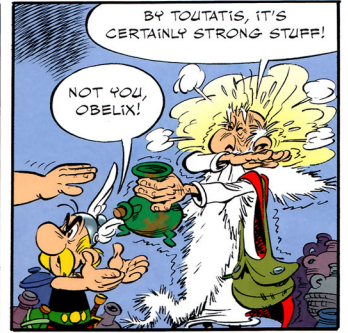
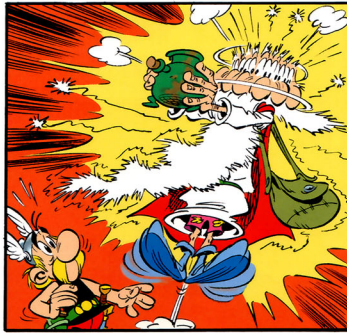
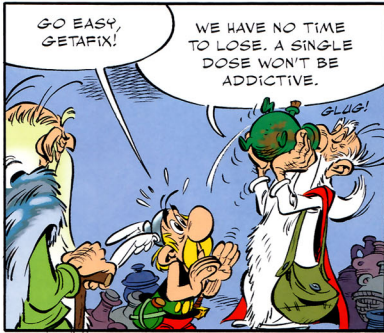
AND ... AH, HERE WE ARE! YES, THIS IS
YOUR MAGIC POTION, GEODESIX.



AFTER INFUSING FOR SO MANY YEARS,
ITS EFFECT SHOULD BE DEVASTATING.

CAN I HAVE
A TASTE?

37B



THE SCROLL! GIVE ME THE SCROLL, YOU IGNORANT BARBARIAN!

YOU'RE WELCOME, BUT FREE THE HOSTAGE FIRST!

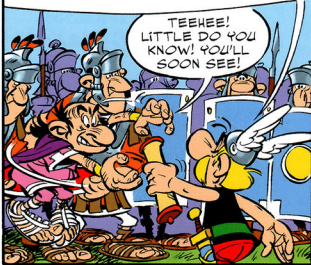


SET THE NEWSMONGER FREE!



HERE YOU ARE. AND KNOW, ROMAN, THAT THE GAULS HAVE NO USE FOR A BIT OF PAPPYRUS!

TEEHEE! LITTLE DO YOU KNOW! YOU'LL SOON SEE!



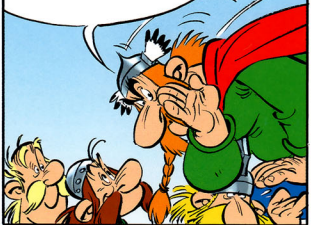
VITALSTATISTIX! WHAT'S ALL THIS COMMOTION WITH THE ROMANS? WHY DON'T YOU GIVE THE SIGNAL? AFTER ALL, YOU'RE THE CHIEF!



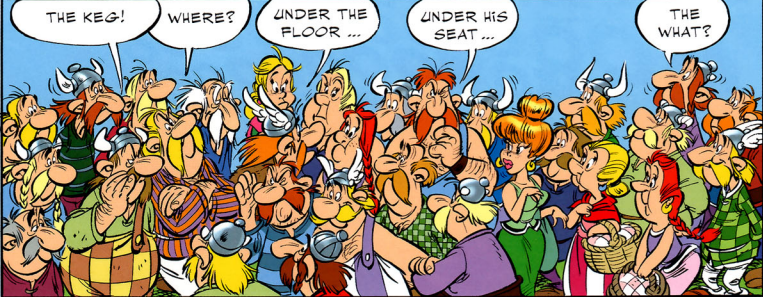
SO THERE!



RIGHT, HERE GOES! THE KEG IS UNDER THE FLOORBOARDS UNDER MY SEAT. PASS IT ON!



AT ONCE THE FAMOUS GAULISH ORAL TRADITION COMES INTO PLAY ...



THE KEG!

WHERE?

UNDER THE FLOOR ...

UNDER HIS SEAT ...

THE WHAT?

YOU'RE HIDING THE POTION UNDER THE FLOOR NOW?

BLAH BLAH BLAH!

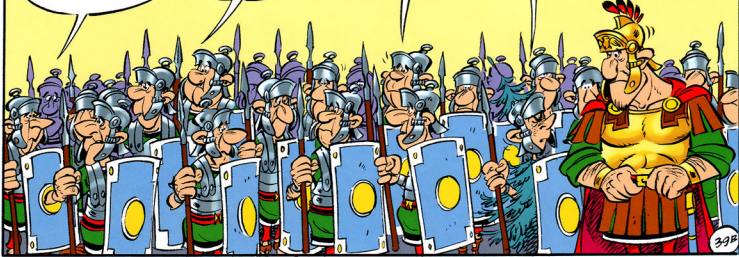


THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT A KEG UNDER HIS SEAT!

BUT I THOUGHT WE WERE IN THE DRIVING SEAT?

IF YOU ASK ME IT'S A CODE.

SHALL I GO CLOSER AND TRY TO FIND OUT MORE, CENTURION?



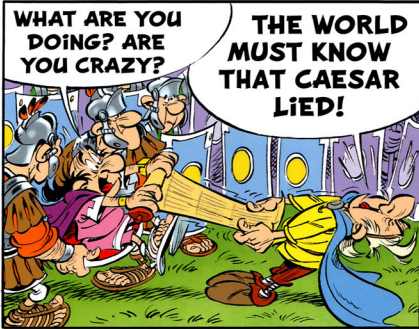


**FOUND IT!
FOUND IT!**



THE SITUATION WORRIES ME, O BLOCKBUSTUS! I SUGGEST WE SOUND THE RETREAT.

NO WAY! GIVE ME THAT SCROLL BACK FIRST!



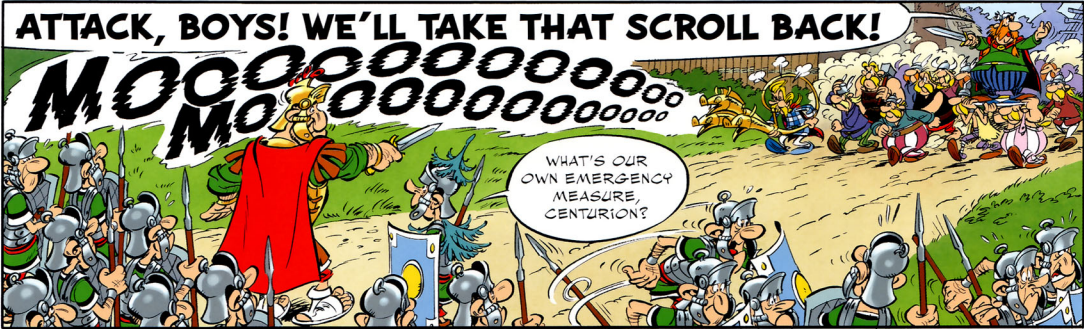
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? ARE YOU CRAZY?

THE WORLD MUST KNOW THAT CAESAR LIED!



LEGIONARIES! AT MY COMMAND!

**NO! KEEP OFF THE GRASS!
KEEP OFF THE GRAAASS!**



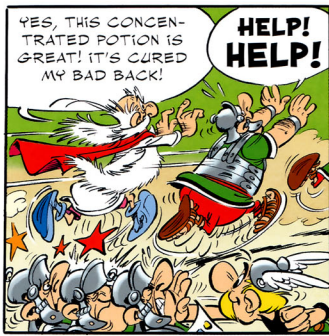
ATTACK, BOYS! WE'LL TAKE THAT SCROLL BACK!

**MOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
MOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO**

WHAT'S OUR OWN EMERGENCY MEASURE, CENTURION?



SEE THAT, GETAFIX? LIKE UNBLOCKING A DRAIN ...



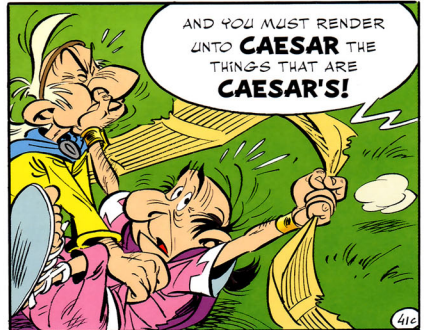
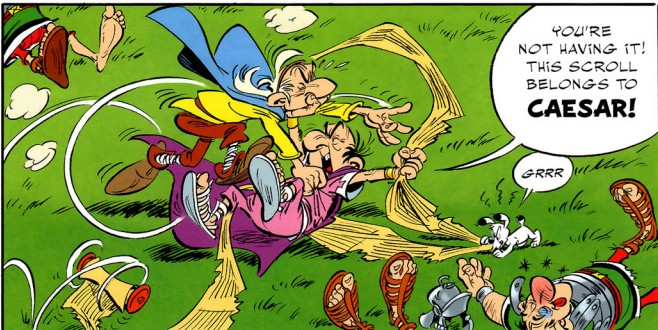
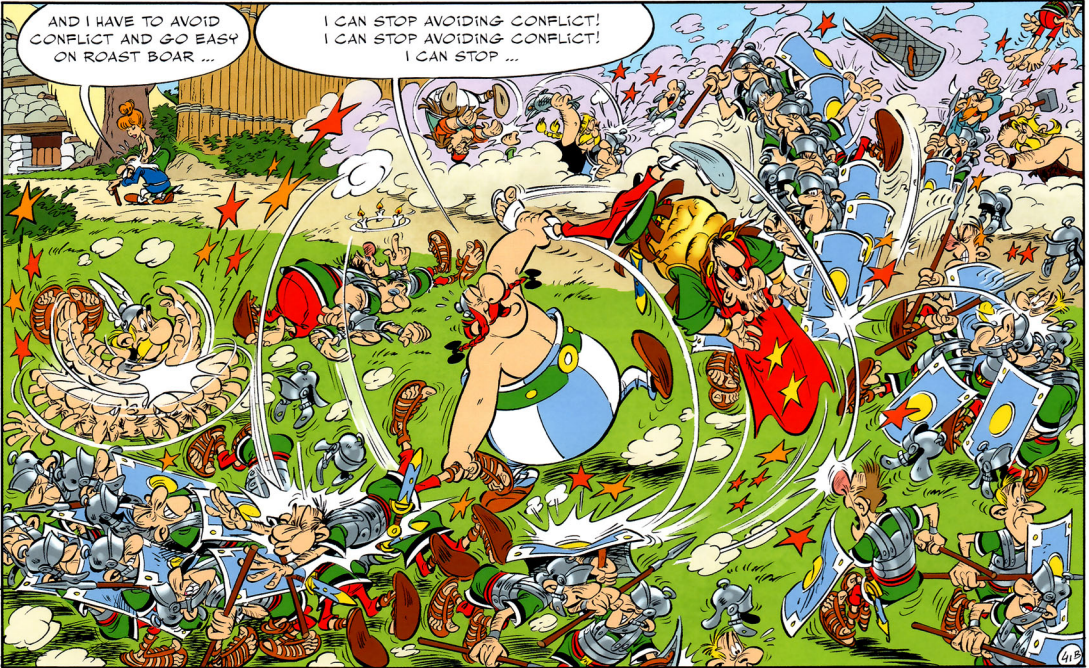
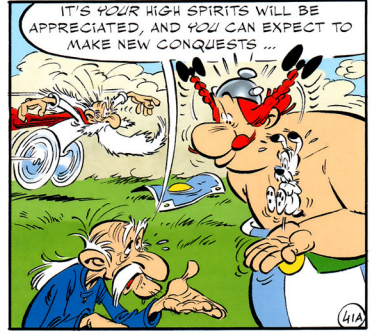
YES, THIS CONCENTRATED POTION IS GREAT! IT'S CURED MY BAD BACK!

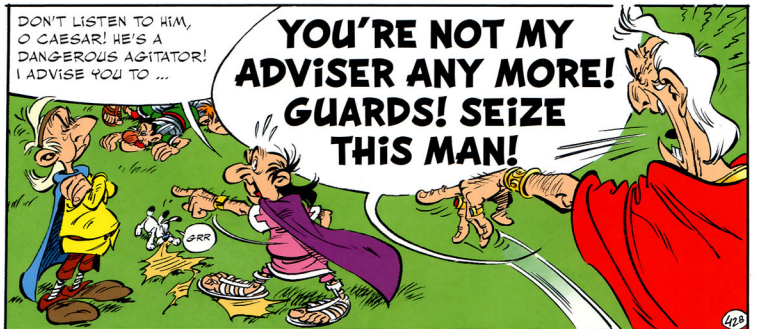
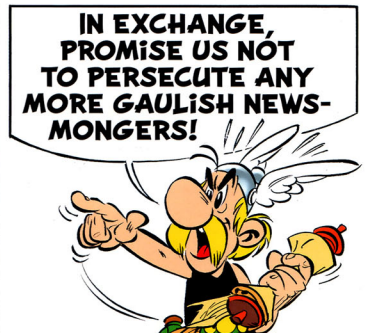
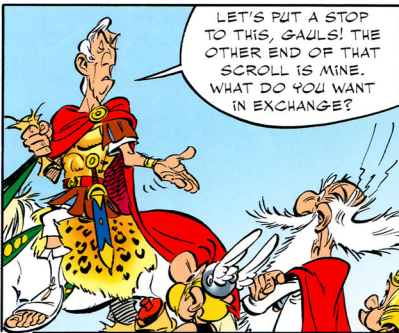
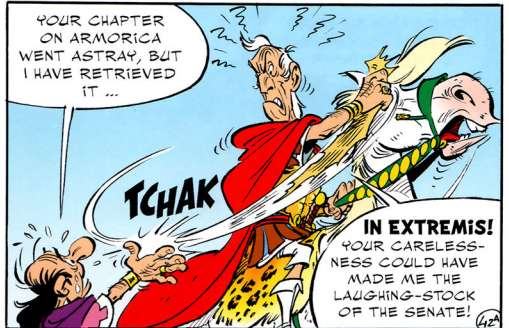
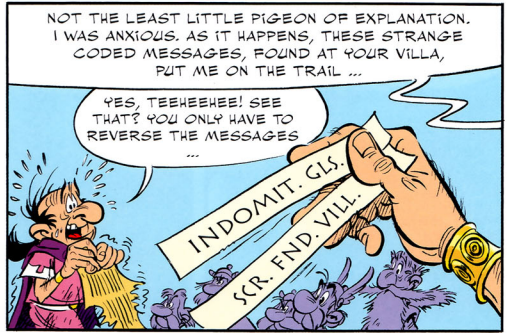
**HELP!
HELP!**

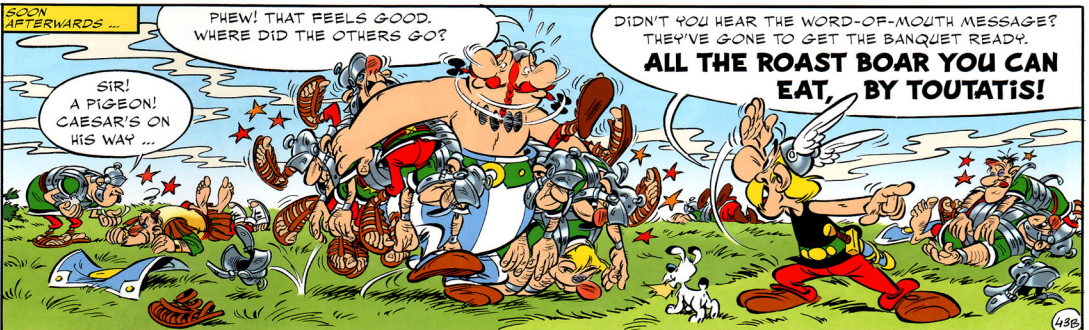
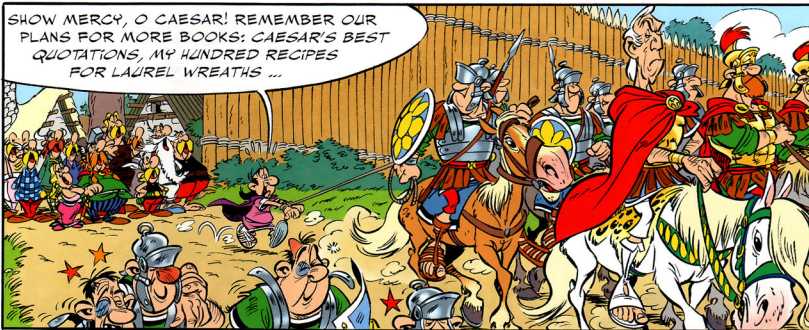
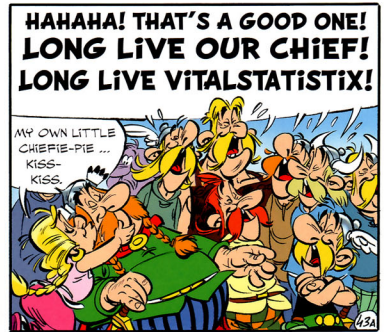
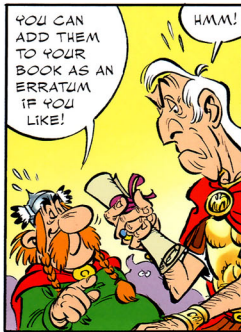
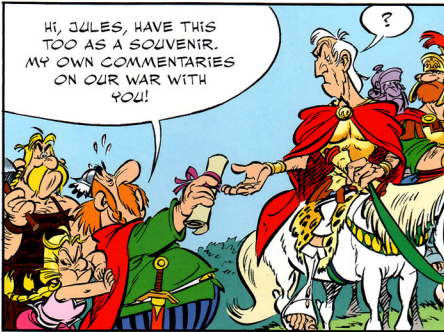
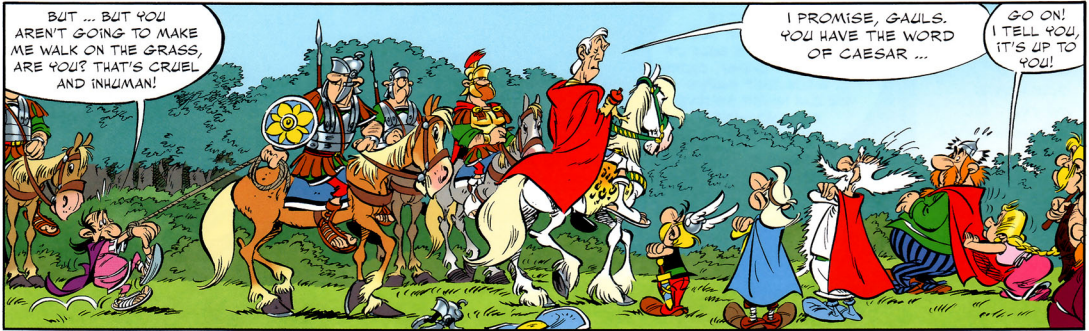


WHERE ARE THEY? WHERE ARE THEY? THEY'RE CRAZY TO RUN SO FAST!

THE BULK OF THEIR TROOPS! THE FAT WARRIOR! **HELP!**







AND FINALLY
LET'S HEAR
OBELIX'S
COMMENTS
ON THE
COMMENTARIES
OF CAESAR ...

CAESAR WROTE
THAT I WAS A FAT MAN
COMMANDING THE BULK OF
THE GAULS ... CHOMP, CHOMP
... WHICH JUST SHOWS
YOU CAN NEVER BELIEVE
WHAT YOU SEE
IN WRITING!

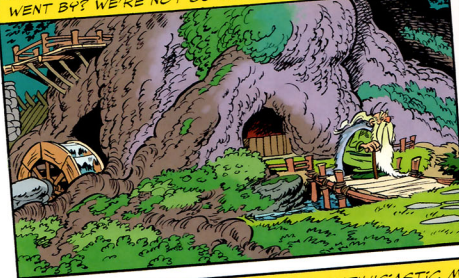
RRRRR

GRRR



Post-Scriptum

WAS ALL MEMORY OF THAT CHAPTER ABOUT
CAESAR'S ARMORICAN DEFEATS LOST AS TIME
WENT BY? WE'RE NOT SO SURE!



IT IS SAID THAT ITS CONTENTS WERE
PASSED ON FROM DRUID TO DRUID BY
WORD OF MOUTH, IN THE GOOD OLD WAY ...



... AND THAT IN SPITE OF
CERTAIN DISTORTIONS ...

WAS THE DRUID'S
NAME GEOGRAFIX
OR GEODESIX?



... IT REACHED THE EARS OF TWO ENTHUSIASTIC MODERN
SCRIBES WHO WROTE IT ALL DOWN IN DETAIL ...



DID YOU HEAR
THAT, ALBERT?

FABULOUS,
RENE!

... AND THEN BASED A SERIES OF ENTERTAINING STORIES
ON IT ... BUT OF COURSE THAT'S ONLY HEARSAY!



FERRI + CONRAD

THE END

Julius Caesar
has finished
writing the history
of his campaigns
in Gaul. His
publisher, Libellus
Blockbustus, foresees
a huge success ... but
there's a snag: the
chapter about Caesar's
defeats by the indomitable
Gauls of Armorica.
Cut it, Blockbustus advises,
and everyone will believe
that Caesar conquered
all Gaul. Or will they?
Newsmonger and activist
Confoundtheirpolitix takes
the chapter to Asterix's
village. Can the Gauls make
sure the truth is revealed?

