

Asterix IN BELGIUM

by GOSCINNY and UDERZO



a Hodder Dargaud
presentation

IT IS A FINE, SUNNY DAY, AND LIFE IS AS CALM AND TRANQUIL AS EVER IN THE PEACE-LOVING LITTLE GAULISH VILLAGE...

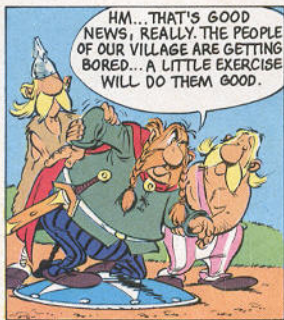
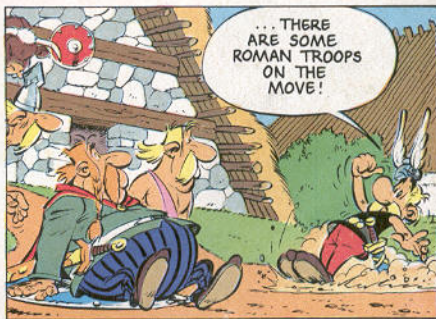
AND YOU KNOW WHAT MY FISH HAVE TO SAY ABOUT THAT?

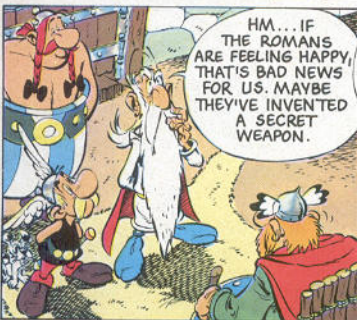
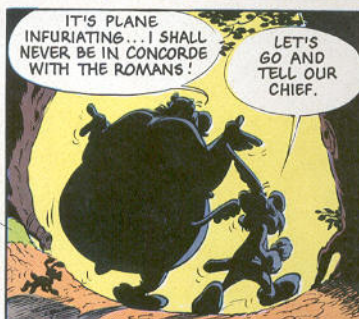
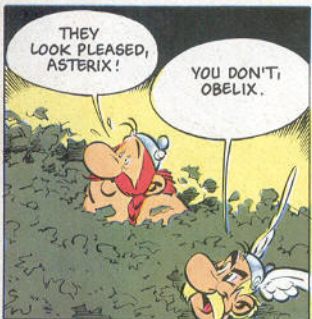
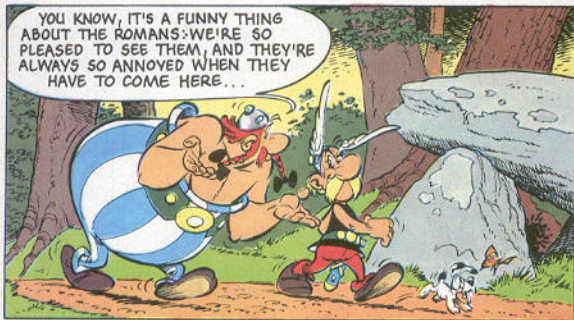
YES, I DO, AND I WISH THEY'D KEEP THEIR MOUTHS SHUT! THEIR BEST FRIENDS OUGHT TO TELL THEM...

GERIATRIK, SWEETIEPIE, COME HOME AT ONCE! YOU'LL CATCH YOUR DEATH OF COLD!

HEY! YOU FORGOT TO UNTIE ME AFTER THE LAST BANQUET!

WHEN I TOLD THEM TO DROP EVERYTHING, I DIDN'T MEAN YOU TOO!





THE FORTIFIED
ROMAN CAMP OF
CAUDANUM...

WE'RE
GOING TO HANG OUT
ON THE
WASHING ON THE
ARMORICAN LINE...

HEY, LADS, KNOW
WHAT THIS IS?

NO.

WELL, IT'S A
LEGIONARY SQUASHING
A FLY AGAINST
A WALL.

AND YOU
KNOW WHAT
THIS IS?

YOU JUST
TOLD US: IT'S A
LEGIONARY...

NO, NO, IT'S
A BELGIAN KNOCKING
A NAIL INTO A STONE
WALL! TEE HEE!

OH,
SHUT UP
ABOUT THE
BELGIANS!

WE'VE
HEARD QUITE
ENOUGH BELGIAN
JOKES.

JUST ONE MORE:
YOU KNOW HOW A
BELGIAN GETS A BIT
OF GRIT OUT OF A
ROMAN'S EYE?

OH,
SO THEY DID
KNOW THAT
ONE.

I'M OFF FOR A LITTLE
STROLL IN THE FOREST ON
MY OWN. AVE, MATES.

AVE! MIND YOU DON'T
GET INTO ANY TROUBLE
OUT THERE!

HAHAHAHAHA!

THIS IS
INCREDIBLE!

YOU'RE
RIGHT. I THINK
THOSE ROMANS
HAVE FINALLY
GONE CRAZY!



LET'S GO AFTER HIM AND QUESTION HIM.



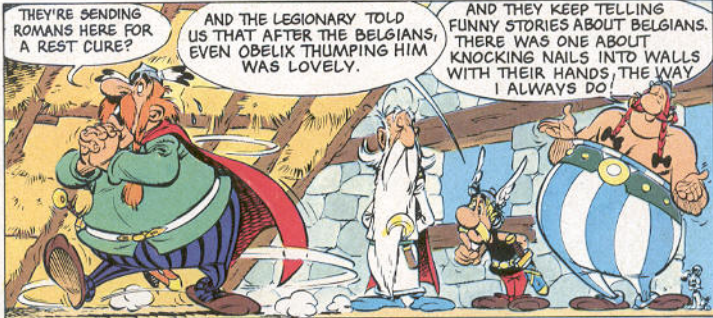
A REST CURE?



THEY'RE SENDING ROMANS HERE FOR A REST CURE?

AND THE LEGIONARY TOLD US THAT AFTER THE BELGIANS, EVEN OBELIX THUMPING HIM WAS LOVELY.

AND THEY KEEP TELLING FUNNY STORIES ABOUT BELGIANS. THERE WAS ONE ABOUT KNOCKING NAILS INTO WALLS WITH THEIR HANDS, THE WAY I ALWAYS DO!



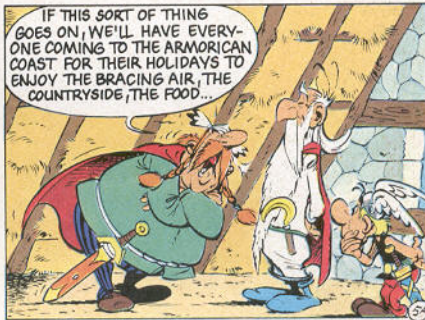
THERE'S NO NEED TO GET UPSET; I THINK IT'S RATHER PLEASING TO KNOW THE ROMANS COME HERE FOR A REST CURE.



RATHER PLEASING?

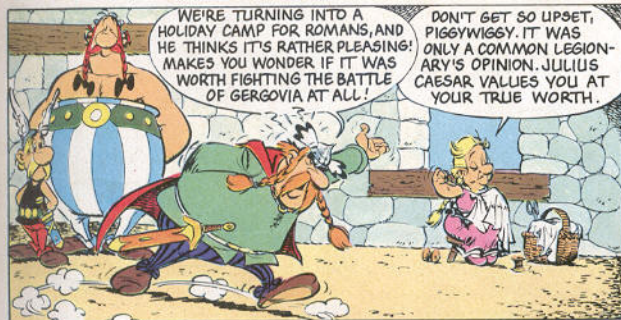


IF THIS SORT OF THING GOES ON, WE'LL HAVE EVERY-ONE COMING TO THE ARMORICAN COAST FOR THEIR HOLIDAYS TO ENJOY THE BRACING AIR, THE COUNTRYSIDE, THE FOOD...



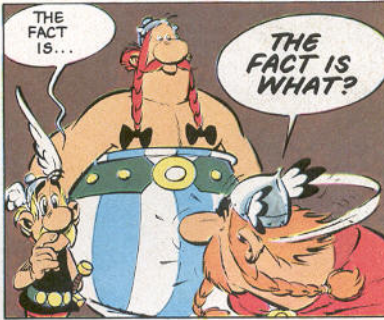
WE'RE TURNING INTO A HOLIDAY CAMP FOR ROMANS, AND HE THINKS IT'S RATHER PLEASING! MAKES YOU WONDER IF IT WAS WORTH FIGHTING THE BATTLE OF GERGOVIA AT ALL!

DON'T GET SO UPSET, PIGGYWIGGY. IT WAS ONLY A COMMON LEGIONARY'S OPINION. JULIUS CAESAR VALUES YOU AT YOUR TRUE WORTH.



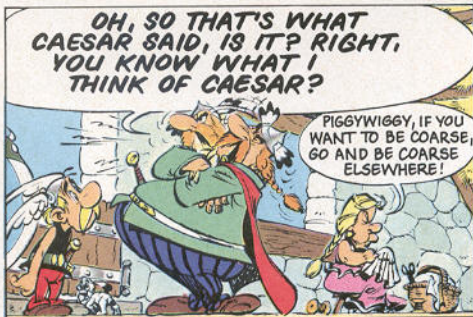
THE FACT IS...

THE FACT IS WHAT?



JULIUS CAESAR SAID THE BELGIANS WERE THE BRAVEST OF ALL THE GAULISH PEOPLES.

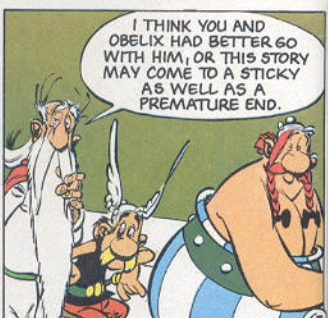
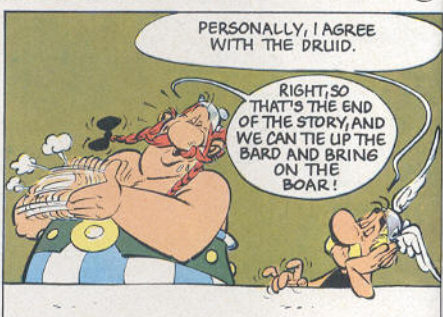
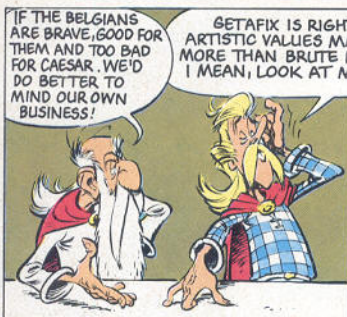
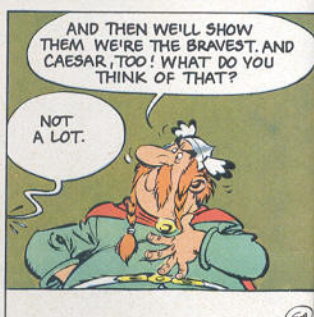
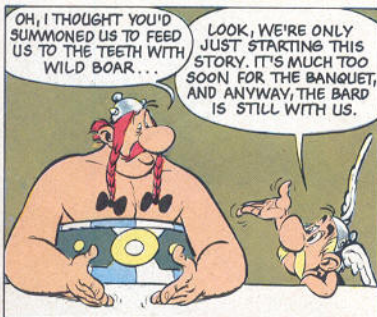
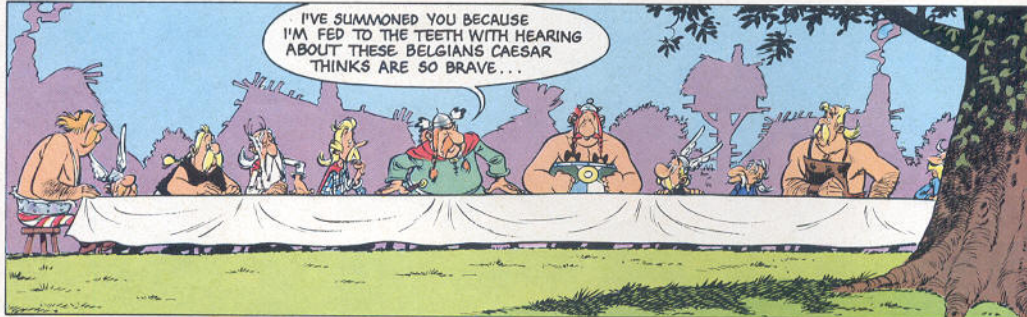
OH, SO THAT'S WHAT CAESAR SAID, IS IT? RIGHT, YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK OF CAESAR!

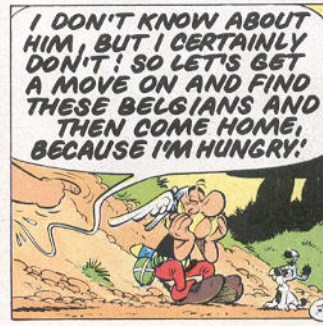
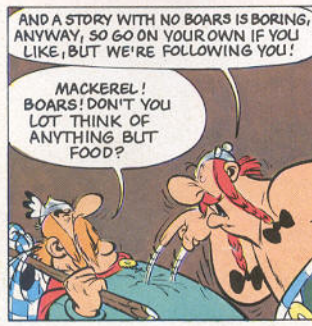
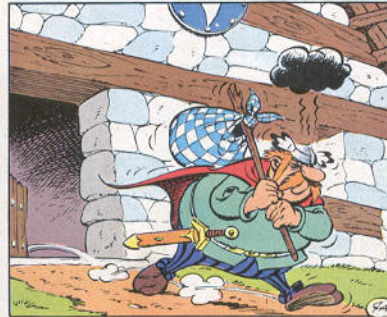
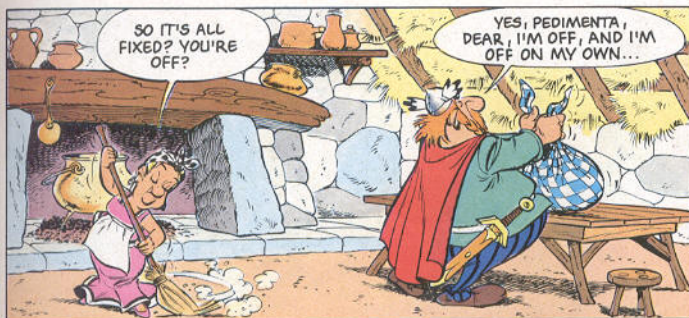


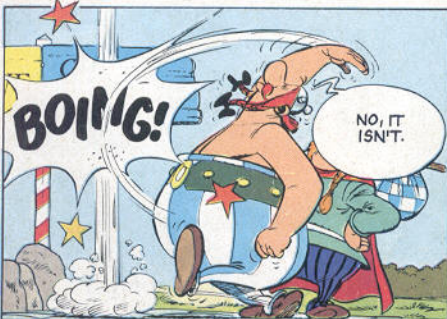
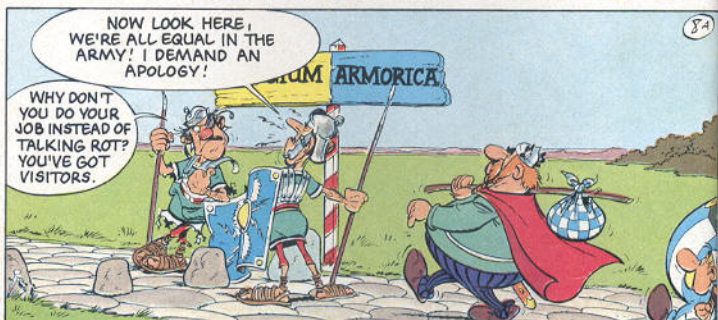
PIGGYWIGGY, IF YOU WANT TO BE COARSE, GO AND BE COARSE ELSEWHERE!

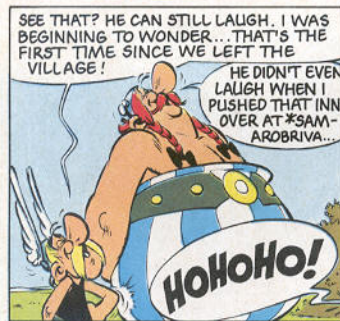
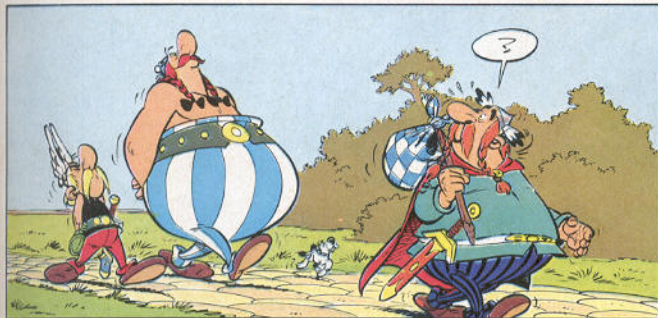
YOU BET I WILL! I'M CALLING A VILLAGE COUNCIL MEETING STRAIGHT AWAY!



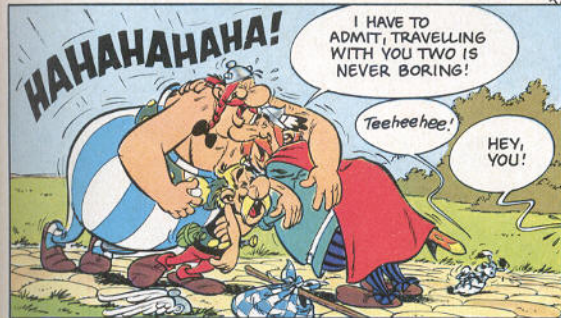


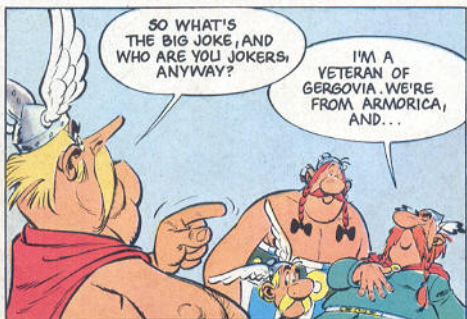


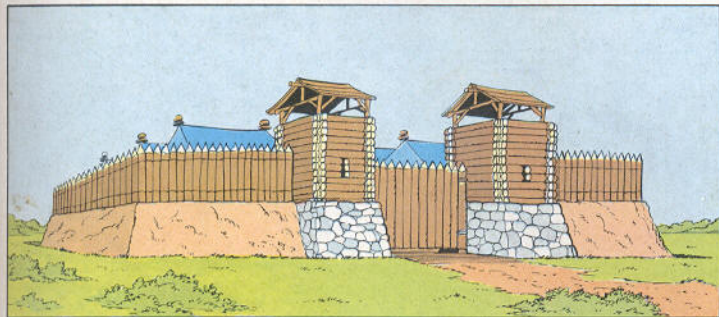




*Amiens









WELL, DID YOU ENJOY IT?



ACTUALLY, THAT WAS JUST TO ANNOY THEM A BIT. WE LET THE GARRISON GO FREE; SO THEY CAN TELL THEIR FRIENDS; AND IT WON'T DO THEIR MORALE A BIT OF GOOD!



HM, YES, NOT BAD AT ALL.

NOT BAD!



SAY THAT AGAIN! YOU THINK YOU LOT COULD DO ANY BETTER??

NO NEED TO FLY OFF THE HANDLE...



I MEAN YOU HANDED THAT LITTLE ATTACK QUITE WELL! OF COURSE WE COULD DO BETTER.



OH YES? RIGHT, IF YOU THINK YOU CAN DO BETTER, I'D JUST LIKE TO SEE YOU TRY!!!



GOT ANOTHER LITTLE ROMAN CAMP AROUND HERE?

YES, PLENTY. WE'LL GIVE YOU ONE, WON'T WE, MATES?

TEEHEEHEE!



COMING?

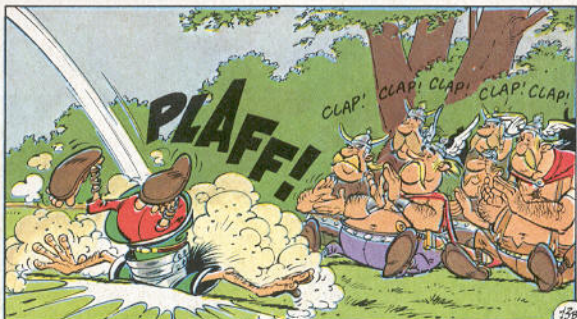
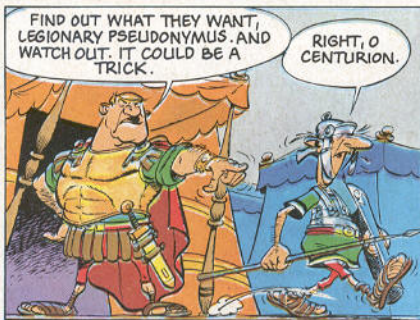
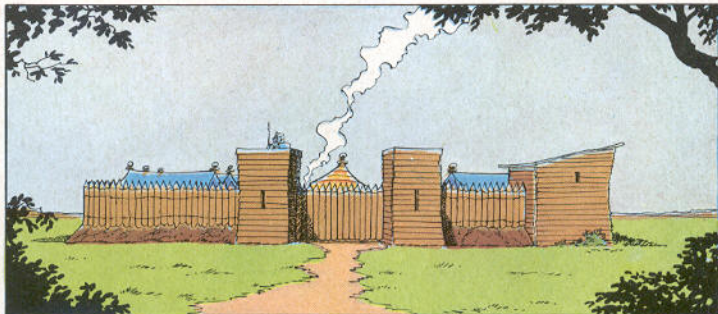
YOU'RE VERY HOSPITABLE!

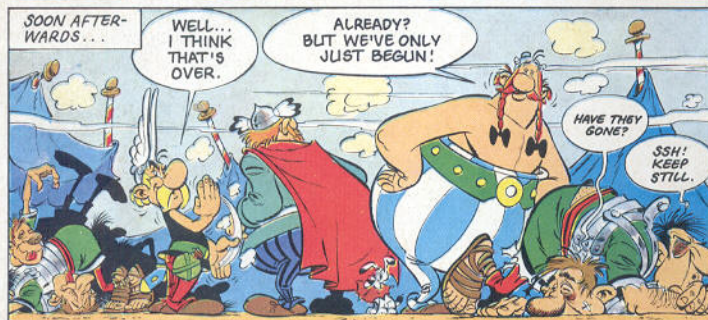
CHEERS, O CHIEF VITAL-STATISTIX!

HM? OH, YES!



GLUG GLUG GLUG GLUG





BUT WE SMASHED THE WHOLE PLACE UP!

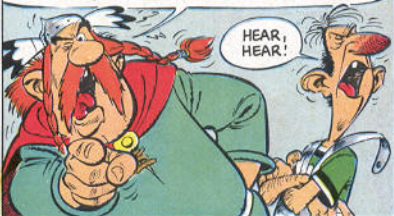
NOW THEN, DON'T FLY OFF THE HANDLE YES, YOU SMASHED THE WHOLE PLACE UP, BUT IT WAS PLAIN SAILING. THE CAMP WAS ONLY MADE OF WOOD AND CANVAS. YOU GOT UNDER THEIR GUARD QUITE EASILY.

LISTEN, THERE WERE ONLY THREE OF THEM...



PLAIN SAILING UNDER CANVAS, EH? RIGHT, SHOW US A STONE CAMP, AND THEN WE'LL CANVASS YOUR OPINION!

HEAR, HEAR!



YOU ARMORICANS ARE CERTAINLY UP IN ARMS! THINK YOU'RE THE GREATEST, EH?

I NEVER MET SUCH A BAD LOSER IN MY LIFE!

I'M RIGHT THERE WITH YOU!



NO, NO, I'M ONLY HAVING YOU ON! YOU AND YOUR MEN REALLY PUT ON A GOOD SHOW FOR US!



LET ME INTRODUCE MYSELF: I'M BEEFIX OF THE NERVII, AND I'M LEADER OF THIS BAND, ALONG WITH BRAWNIX OF THE MENAPII...

AND I'M VITALSTATISTIX THE GAUL...



I'M MELANCHOLIX.

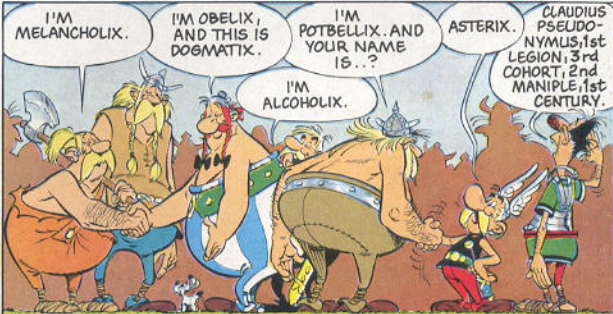
I'M OBELIX, AND THIS IS DOGMATIX..

I'M POTBELLIX, AND YOUR NAME IS...?

ASTERIX.

CLAUDIUS PSEUDONYMUS, 1st LEGION, 3rd COHORT, 2nd MANIPLE, 1st CENTURY.

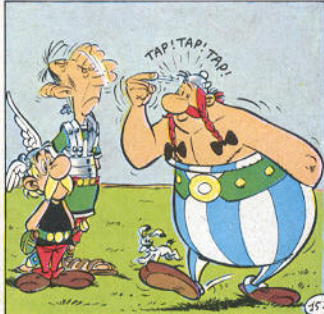
I'M ALCOHOLIX.

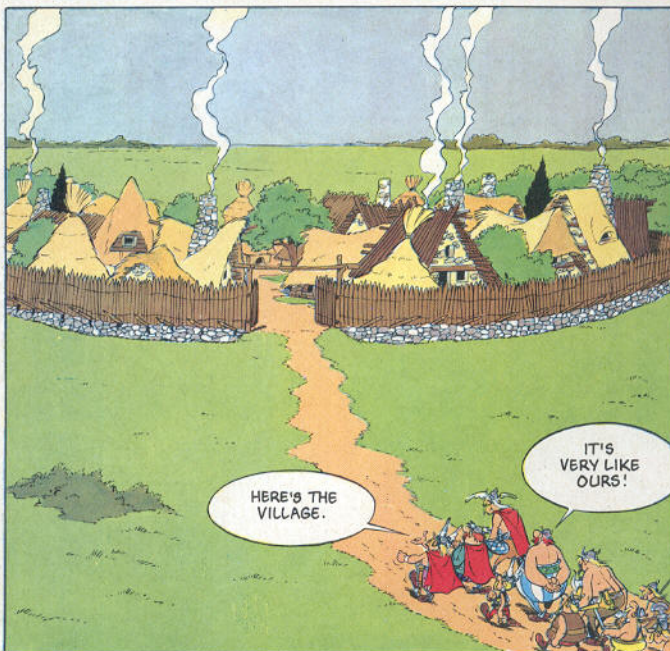


IT'S NEARLY NOON. WE'LL TAKE YOU BACK TO OUR VILLAGE FOR DINNER.

YOU HAVE DINNER EARLY... WHAT TIME DO YOU HAVE LUNCH?

JUST AFTER BREAKFAST, OF COURSE!





IF THAT ISN'T JUST LIKE YOU, BEEFIX! BRINGING HOME GUESTS WITHOUT WARNING, WHEN I DON'T HAVE A THING IN THE LARDER!

THIS IS MY WIFE, BONANZA.

COME ON, BONANZA, GIVE US A KISS AND RUSTLE SOMETHING UP! SURELY YOU CAN FIND A FEW ODDS AND ENDS.

I SUPPOSE I CAN SCRAPE UP A BOAR OR SO, AND SOME PÂTE AND BEER... ENOUGH FOR A SNACK, BUT NOTHING LAVISH, I'M AFRAID.

NOTHING LAVISH?!

IT'S A REAL PLEASURE TO SEE SOMEONE WHO DOESN'T JUST PICK AT HIS FOOD, OBELIX!

SCRUNCH!
SCRUNCH!

LEAVE THAT ALONE! IT'S THE CHIEF'S PORTION! THAT'S MINE, THAT IS!

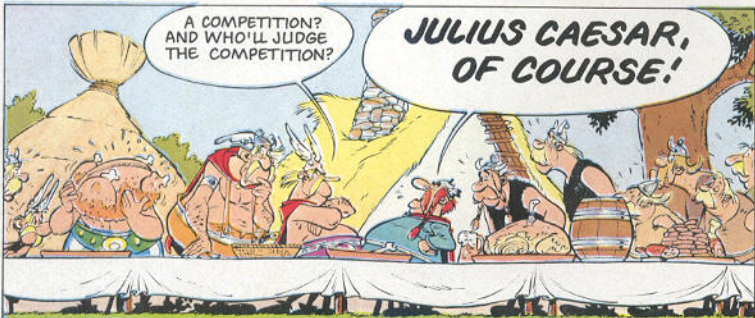
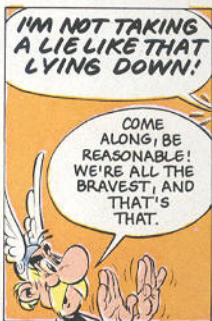
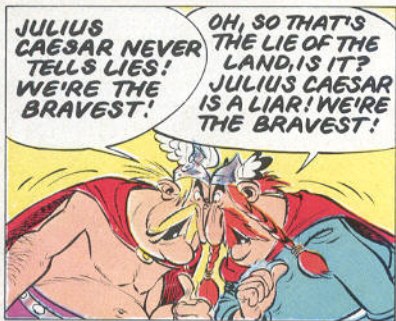
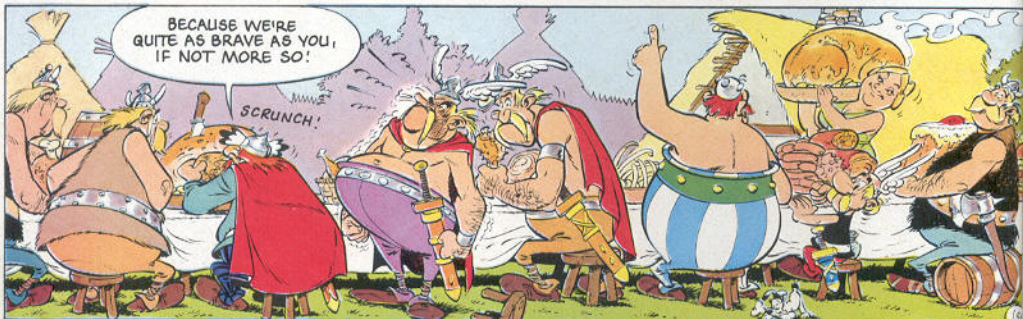
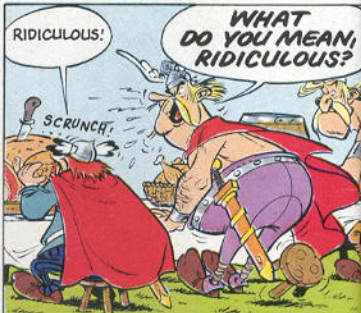
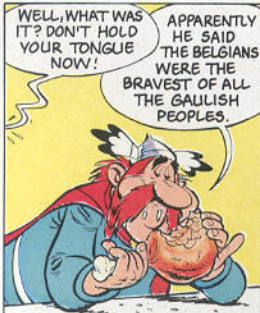
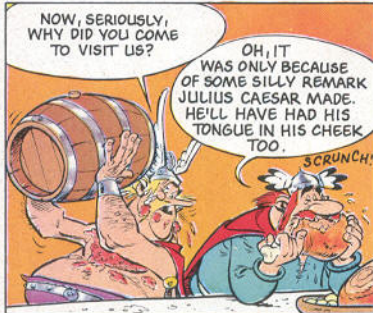
I KNOW IT'S THE CHIEF'S PORTION. WE'RE BOTH THE CHIEFS!

YOU WANT A PUNCH ON THE NOSE, BRAUNNIX?

YOU WANT A KICK UP THE BACKSIDE, BEEFIX?

DON'T QUARREL! THERE'S ENOUGH OX TONGUE FOR EVERYONE!

THAT BRAUNNY COUPLE ARE ALWAYS BEEFIXING, BUT THEY'VE GOT THEIR TONGUES IN THEIR CHEEKS REALLY!



THAT NIGHT...

I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF THIS COMPETITION TOO MUCH. IT COULD BE A STICKY BUSINESS AFTER ALL.

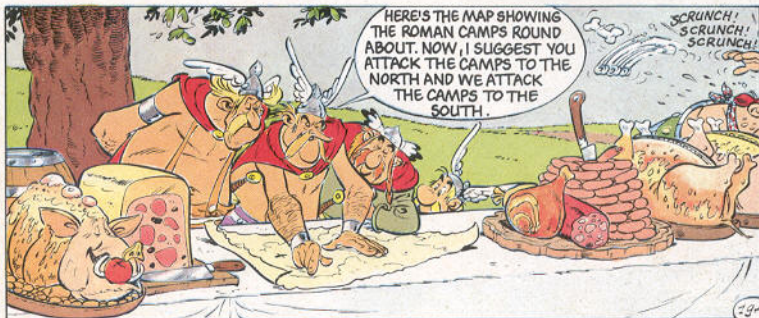
I LIKE THIS COUNTRY, AND I LIKE THE PEOPLE TOO. THEY STICK AT NOTHING! LET'S GO TO SLEEP. I DON'T WANT TO BE LATE FOR BREAKFAST-AND-LUNCH.

GOOD NIGHT, ASTERIX!

GOOD NIGHT, IDIOTIX!

NEXT MORNING...

COME AND GET IT!



HERE'S THE MAP SHOWING THE ROMAN CAMPS ROUND ABOUT. NOW, I SUGGEST YOU ATTACK THE CAMPS TO THE NORTH AND WE ATTACK THE CAMPS TO THE SOUTH.

SCRUNCH! SCRUNCH! SCRUNCH!

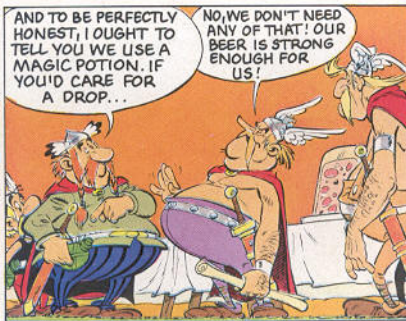
AND WE'LL SEE WHO KNOCKS DOWN THE MOST!

IF CAESAR'S GOING TO REFEREE THE MATCH, WE MUST MAKE SURE WE IDENTIFY OURSELVES TO THE ROMANS.



AND TO BE PERFECTLY HONEST, I OUGHT TO TELL YOU WE USE A MAGIC POTION. IF YOU'D CARE FOR A DROP...

NO, WE DON'T NEED ANY OF THAT! OUR BEER IS STRONG ENOUGH FOR US!



I'LL MAKE SOME SANDWICHES. YOU CAN'T GO OFF FIGHTING WITHOUT A PACKED LUNCH, DINNER AND SUPPER.

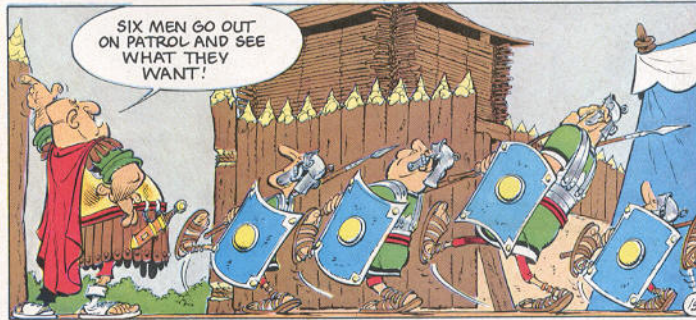


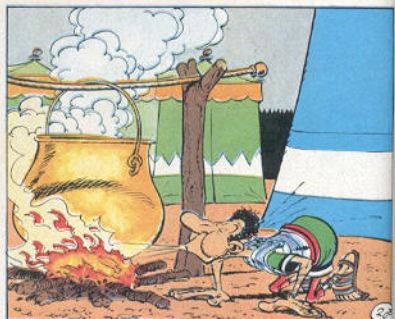
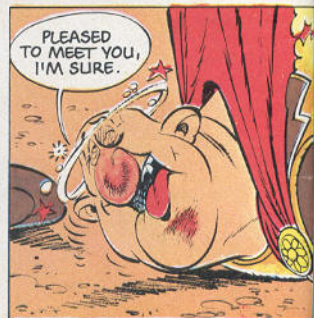
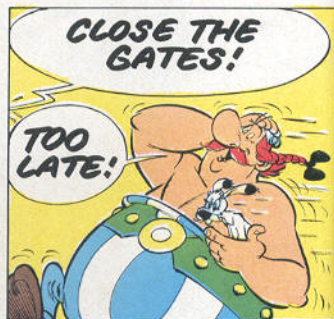
LATER, IN A ROMAN CAMP TO THE NORTH OF THE BELGIAN VILLAGE...

THERE ARE THREE MEN AND A DOG APPROACHING THE CAMP!



SIX MEN GO OUT ON PATROL AND SEE WHAT THEY WANT!





HEY, SAINTLOUISBLUS!
THEY'RE NEARLY HERE.
HOW'S THE OIL COMING
ALONG?

GETTING
HOT.

IT'S GETTING
PRETTY HOT
HERE, TOO!!!



WHAT'S THAT OIL
FOR, THEN?

WELL...

EEEEEEEEK!



WHAT SORT OF
FRY-UP WOULD
THAT BE?

NO IDEA. I WAS JUST ASKING THAT
ROMAN, BUT HE SEEMED TO HAVE A CHIP
ON HIS SHOULDER, NOW HE'S A MERE VEG-
ETABLE, ROOTED TO THE SPOT.

CHIP...
VEGETABLE... I HAVE
AN IDEA! I MUST
SUGGEST IT TO
BONANZA.

THESE ROMANS
ARE CRAZY. OH,
I'D BETTER HAVE A
WORD WITH THE
CENTURION.

I'M BELGIAN,
JUST FOR THE
SCORE.

WELL, YOU SCORED
OFF US. GALLANT LITTLE
BELGIAN, EH?

NEAR THE BELGIAN SHORE...

CAP'IN, NON LICET OMNIBUS ADIRE CORINTHUM AND ALL THAT, BUT DO YOU REALLY THINK IT'S WISE TO SAIL SO NEAR THE WIND? WE'RE RATHER CLOSE TO THE SHORE.

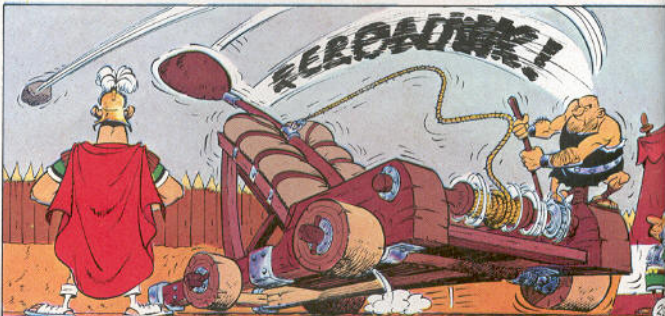
WELL, WHAT ABOUT IT?

THERE'S A WAR ON HERE!

OH, WE'RE ONLY PEACEFUL PIRATICAL NEUTRALS. A SPOT OF TROUBLE BETWEEN BELGIANS AND ROMANS IS NONE OF OUR BUSINESS.

BUT NOT FAR OFF...

THREE MEN COMING TOWARDS THE CAMP? BY JUPITER, LET'S CRUSH THEM WITH THE CATAPULT! THAT'LL SHUT THEM UP!



BONK!

TOO FAR, YOU THREW IT RIGHT OVER THE ROMAN CAMP.

WELL, NEVER MIND. LET'S FINISH THEM OFF BY HAND.

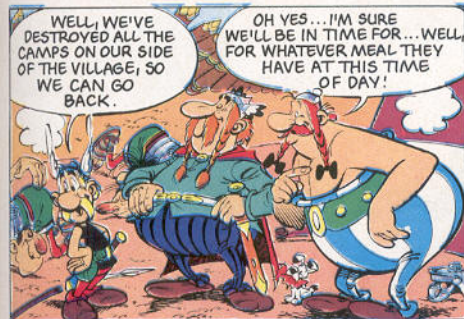
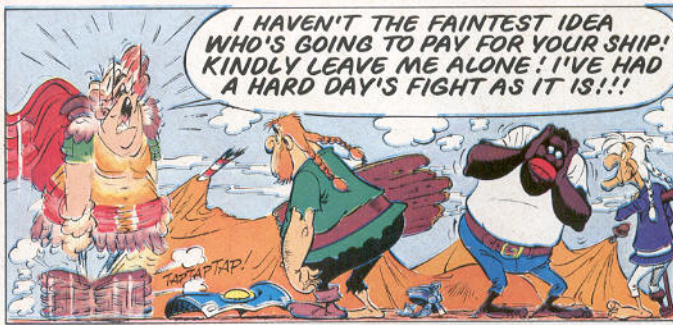
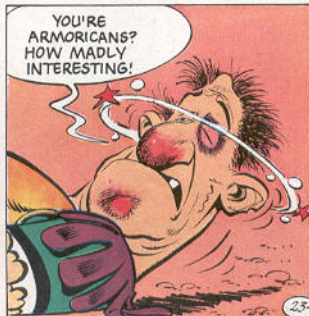
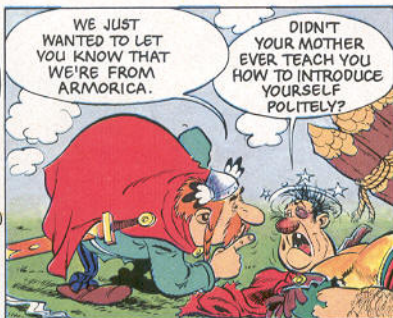
ALL RIGHT DOWN THERE, CAP'IN?

JUST ABOUT, SPEAKING FOR MYSELF, BUT WE'RE HOLED IN THE HOLD AND WE'VE GOT THAT SINKING FEELING YET AGAIN.

THEY'LL HAVE TO PAY ME DAMAGES FOR MY SHIP AND GEAR! THEY HAD NO RIGHT TO SINK MY SHIP!

NO, WE WERE IN NEUTRAL GEAR.

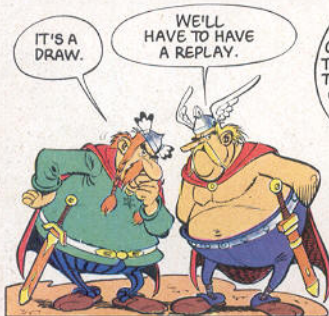
AND THE STRANGE COMPETITION GOES ON, TRYING TO CHALK UP AS MANY VICTORIES AS POSSIBLE SO AS TO COME OUT THE WINNERS, THE GAULS AND THE BELGIANS SPREAD TERROR THROUGH THE LOCAL ROMAN FORTIFIED CAMPS.





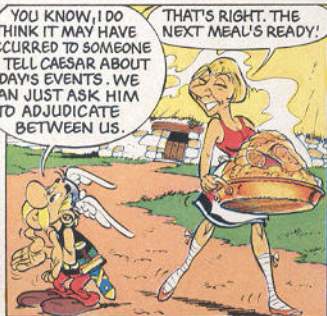
AH, WE'RE JUST THIS MINUTE BACK! WE'VE DESTROYED ALL THE CAMPS ON OUR SIDE OF THE VILLAGE!

YOU TOO?



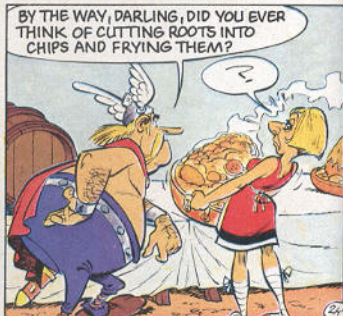
IT'S A DRAW.

WE'LL HAVE TO HAVE A REPLAY.

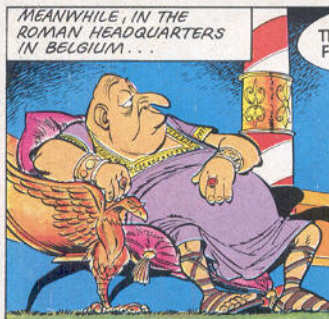


YOU KNOW, I DO THINK IT MAY HAVE OCCURRED TO SOMEONE TO TELL CAESAR ABOUT TODAY'S EVENTS. WE CAN JUST ASK HIM TO ADJUDICATE BETWEEN US.

THAT'S RIGHT. THE NEXT MEAL'S READY!



BY THE WAY, DARLING, DID YOU EVER THINK OF CUTTING ROOTS INTO CHIPS AND FRYING THEM?



MEANWHILE, IN THE ROMAN HEADQUARTERS IN BELGIUM...



YES, O LEGATE WOLFGANGAMADELUS, THERE HAS BEEN A RENEWED OUTBREAK OF FIGHTING. A NUMBER OF CAMPS HAVE BEEN DESTROYED.



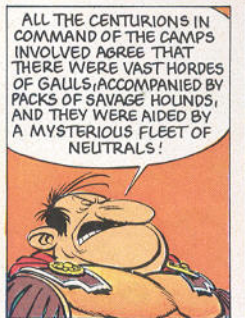
AND SEVERAL OF THOSE CAMPS... HALF OF THEM, TO BE EXACT... WERE ATTACKED BY ARMORICAN GAULS.

GAU... ARE YOU SURE OF YOUR FACTS, TRIBUNE?



YES, O LEGATE. THEY EVEN PUT THEIR SIGNATURE TO THE DAMAGE THEY INFLICT BEFORE SIGNING OFF.

AND ARE THERE MANY OF THESE GAULS?



ALL THE CENTURIONS IN COMMAND OF THE CAMPS INVOLVED AGREE THAT THERE WERE VAST Hordes OF GAULS, ACCOMPANIED BY PACKS OF SAVAGE HOUNDS, AND THEY WERE AIDED BY A MYSTERIOUS FLEET OF NEUTRALS!



THIS IS VERY SERIOUS INDEED! I SHALL START FOR ROME STRAIGHT AWAY TO TELL JULIUS CAESAR!

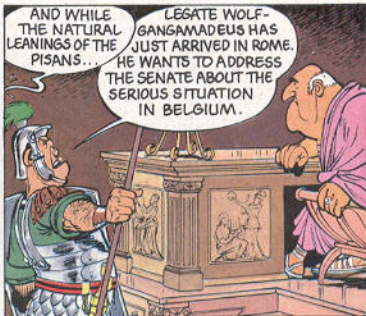
IN ROME, THE SENATE IS SITTING.



SENATOR
MONOTONUS MAY
SPEAK.

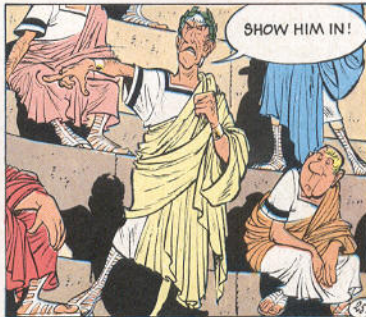
FRIENDS, ROMANS,
COUNTRYMEN, OWING TO
THE PERSISTENT DROUGHT THE
BRASSICA OLERACEA CAPITATA*
GROWERS OF THE PISAE
ARE IN TROUBLE.

*CABBAGE



AND WHILE
THE NATURAL
LEANINGS OF THE
PISANS...

LEGATE WOLFGANGMAEDEUS HAS
JUST ARRIVED IN ROME.
HE WANTS TO ADDRESS
THE SENATE ABOUT THE
SERIOUS SITUATION
IN BELGIUM.



SHOW HIM IN!



OH NO, YOU DON'T!
THE RULES FORBID ANYONE
TO INTERRUPT THE SPEAKER
...AS I WAS SAYING, THE
NATURAL LEANINGS OF THE
BRASSICA GROWERS...

YES, SHOW
HIM IN, DO! JULIUS
CAESAR IS BLEEDING ROME
WHITE WITH HIS CAMPAIGNS.
I'D BE INTERESTED TO
KNOW WHERE ALL THAT
MONEY GOES!



...ARE
TOWARDS THE
CULTIVATION OF
BRASSICA
OLERACEA...

I AM NOT AFRAID
TO HEAR LEGATE
WOLFGANGMAEDEUS
SPEAK IN PUBLIC!
LET HIM IN!



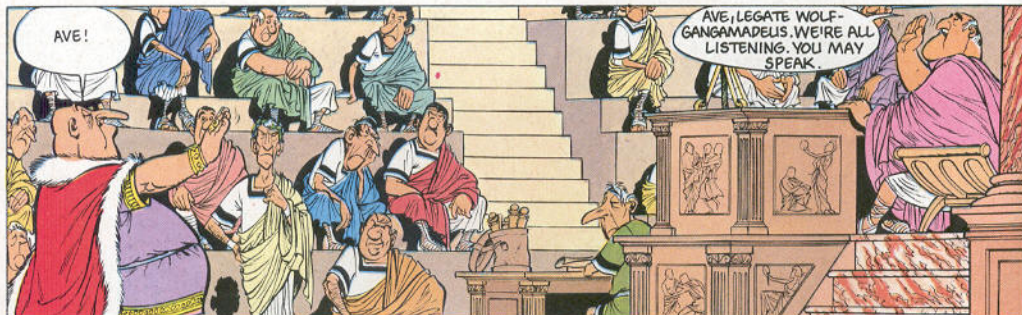
BUT THE
BRASSICA OLERACEA
CAPITATA...



OH, STUFF
YOUR BRASSICA
OLERACEA
CAPITATA!



DELETE THAT LAST
CULINARY EXPLETIVE OF
CAESAR'S. IT WOULDN'T
GO DOWN TOO WELL
AS A CLASSICAL
QUOTATION



AVE!

AVE, LEGATE WOLF-GANGAMADEUS. WE'RE ALL LISTENING. YOU MAY SPEAK.

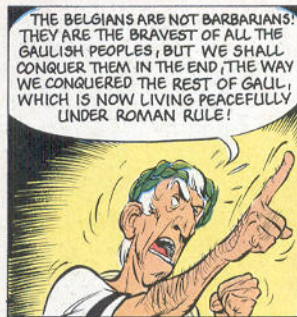


THE BELGIAN SITUATION IS VERY SERIOUS! THERE HAS BEEN A RENEWED OUTBREAK OF FIGHTING. ALL THE CAMPS AND ADVANCED POSTS OF A WHOLE DISTRICT HAVE BEEN DESTROYED!



AHA! SO THAT'S WHAT COMES OF CAESAR'S FAMOUS CAMPAIGNS! HE CAN'T EVEN CONTROL A FEW BARBARIANS!

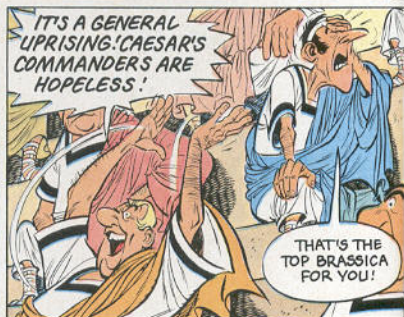
THAT'S RIGHT! HE OUGHT TO STICK TO PLANTING BRASSICA INSTEAD!



THE BELGIANS ARE NOT BARBARIANS! THEY ARE THE BRAVEST OF ALL THE GALLISH PEOPLES, BUT WE SHALL CONQUER THEM IN THE END. THE WAY WE CONQUERED THE REST OF GALL, WHICH IS NOW LIVING PEACEFULLY UNDER ROMAN RULE!



THAT'S JUST THE TROUBLE, O CAESAR. THE BELGIANS HAVE ALLIES. SAVAGE HORDES ARE POURING OUT OF ARMORICA TO LEND THEM A HAND, AND THERE IS EVEN A MYSTERIOUS FLEET HELPING THEM TOO...



IT'S A GENERAL UPRISING! CAESAR'S COMMANDERS ARE HOPELESS!

THAT'S THE TOP BRASSICA FOR YOU!



SILENCE! THIS NEWS IS CERTAINLY VERY WORRYING. I SHALL START FOR BELGIUM RIGHT AWAY...



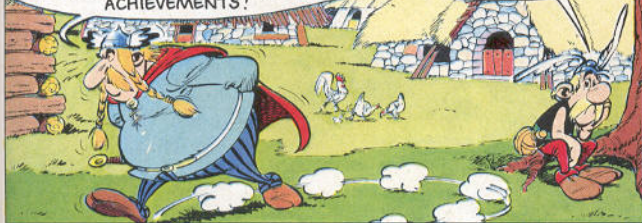
I SHALL GO, I SHALL SEE AND I SHALL CONQUER!



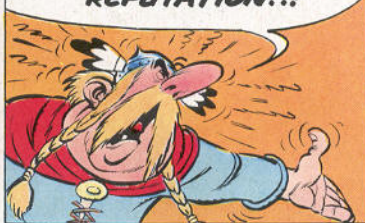
YOU CAN LEAVE THAT ONE IN.

WE'VE BEEN HERE AT A LOOSE END FOR DAYS! THERE'S NO NEWS OF CAESAR, BEEFIX AND BRAWNIX AND THEIR FRIENDS KEEP NEEDLING US, AND THEY SAY NO ONE EVEN NOTICED OUR BRILLIANT ACHIEVEMENTS!

SUPPOSE WE GO HOME? IT'S NEARLY THE MUSH-ROOM AND TRUFFLE SEASON.



TRUFFLES ARE TRIFLES COMPARED TO OUR MILITARY REPUTATION!!!



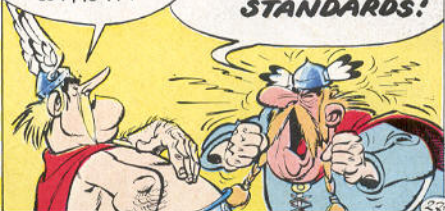
HULLO, STILL CROSS, ARMORICAN, OLD FRIEND?

I'M IN NO JOKING MOOD!



WELL, IT'S NOT OUR FAULT IF CAESAR HAS MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO THAN BOTHER ABOUT YOU LOT, IS IT?

IT SHOWS HE KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT MILITARY STANDARDS!



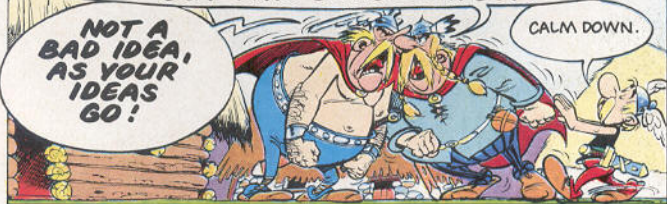
A MAN WHO SAYS WE'RE THE BRAVEST IS A REAL EXPERT WHEN IT COMES TO JUDGING MILITARY STANDARDS, YOU HEAR ME?



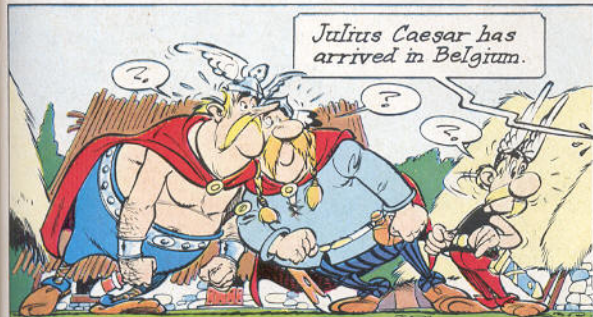
RIGHT, WHY DON'T WE FIGHT EACH OTHER INSTEAD OF THUMPING IGNORANT ROMANS WHO DON'T EVEN KNOW A BRAVE MAN WHEN THEY SEE ONE? THEN WE'LL FIND OUT WHO'S THE BRAVEST!

NOT A BAD IDEA, AS YOUR IDEAS GO!

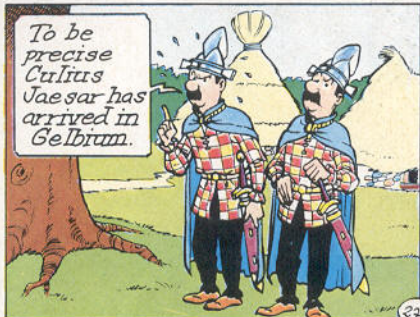
CALM DOWN.

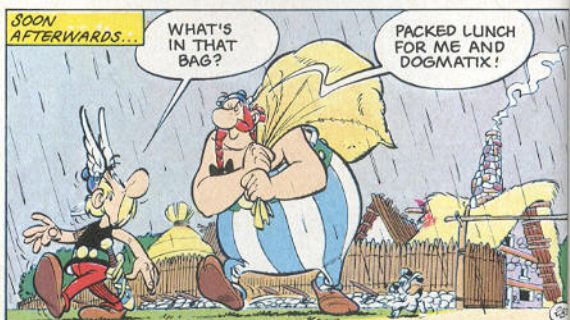
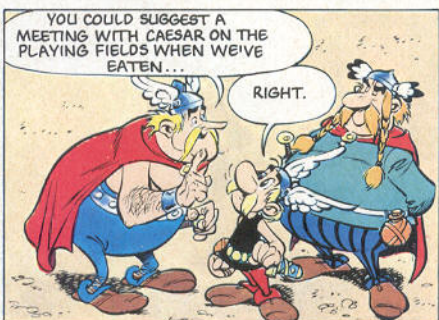
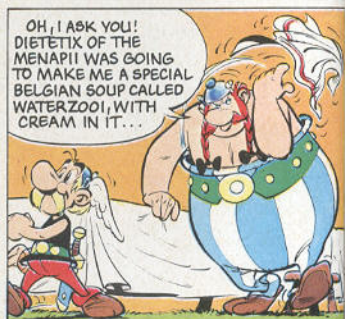
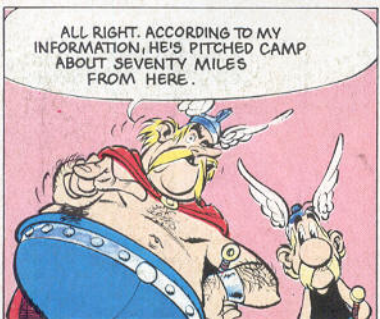
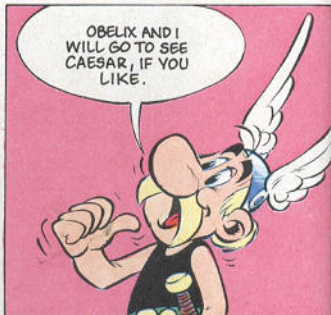


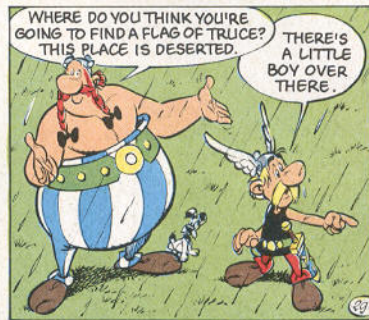
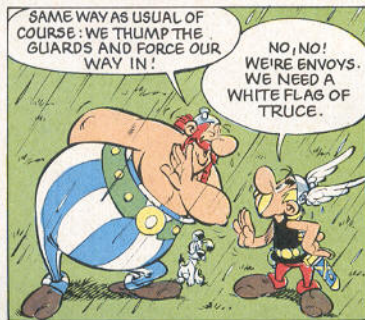
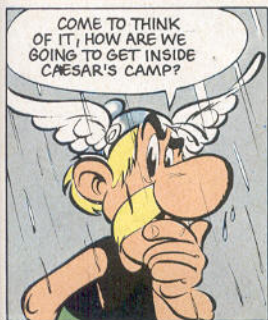
Julius Caesar has arrived in Belgium.

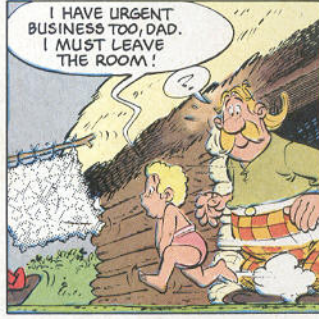
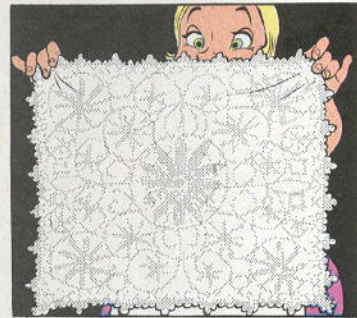
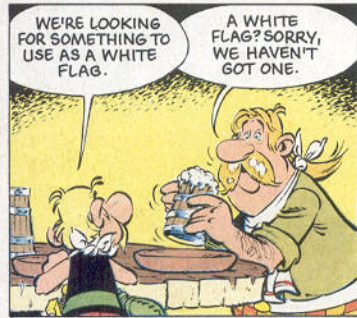
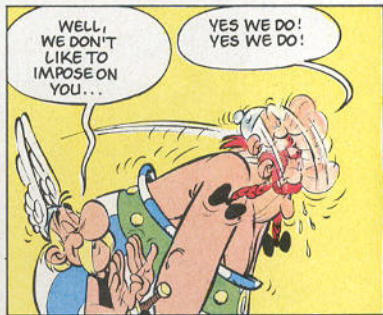
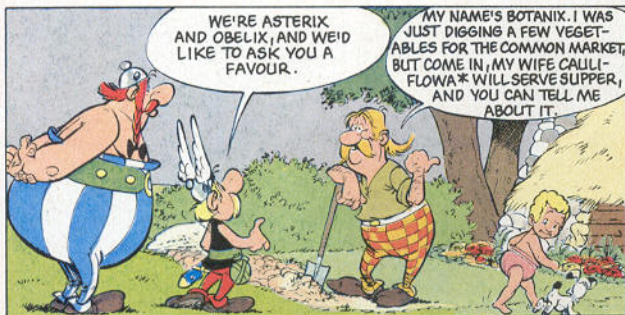


To be precise Culius Jaesar has arrived in Gelbrum.









LATER...

CAESAR'S
CAMP!

AVE, CAESAR! TWO MEN ARE OUTSIDE
THE CAMP WITH SOMETHING BEARING A
VAGUE RESEMBLANCE TO A FLAG
OF TRUCE.

GO AND SEE WHAT THEY WANT.
IF THEY'RE REALLY CARRYING A FLAG
OF TRUCE BRING THEM TO ME.

WHAT,
ME?

YES, YOU! SINCE WHEN
HAS A ROMAN LEGION-
ARY KNOWN?

PERSONALLY, IT'LL
HAVE BEEN SINCE ABOUT
THREE MONTHS AGO,
WHEN I ARRIVED
IN BELGIUM..

... BUT I HEAR AND OBEY,
O CAESAR. AVE! MORITURUS TE
SALUTO, AND I WISH I COULD
HAVE HAD TIME TO WRITE TO
MY WIFE.

A FEW MOMENTS
LATER...

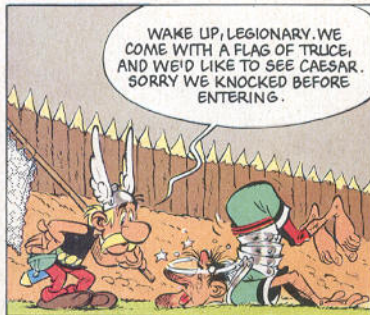
HA... HALT!

WHY DID YOU DO
THAT? WE'RE
CARRYING A FLAG
OF TRUCE.

WELL, IT ISN'T
A REAL FLAG. IT'S
RIDDLED WITH
HOLES.

THAT'S NO REASON TO KNOCK
HIM DOWN AS IF WE WANTED
TO PICK HOLES IN HIM, TOO!

PAF!



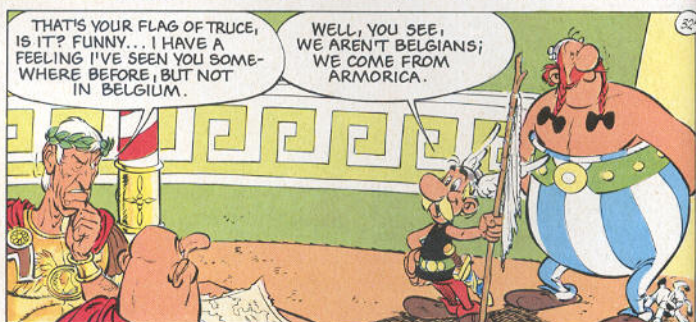
WAKE UP, LEGIONARY. WE COME WITH A FLAG OF TRUCE, AND WE'D LIKE TO SEE CAESAR. SORRY WE KNOCKED BEFORE ENTERING.



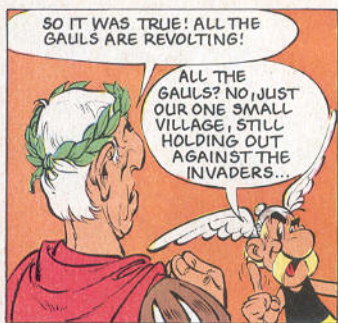
A LITTLE LATER...
YES...IT'S A FLAG OF TRUCE ALL RIGHT.



I TOLD YOU THEY WERE SAVAGES HERE!
ALL RIGHT, SEND THEM IN, AND LET'S KEEP CALM.



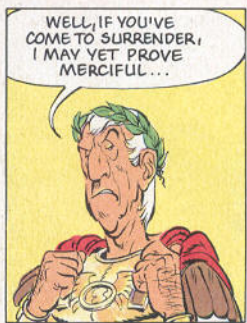
THAT'S YOUR FLAG OF TRUCE, IS IT? FUNNY... I HAVE A FEELING I'VE SEEN YOU SOMEWHERE BEFORE, BUT NOT IN BELGIUM.
WELL, YOU SEE, WE AREN'T BELGIANS; WE COME FROM ARMORICA.



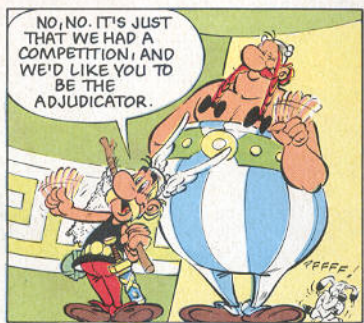
SO IT WAS TRUE! ALL THE GAULS ARE REVOLTING!
ALL THE GAULS? NO, JUST OUR ONE SMALL VILLAGE, STILL HOLDING OUT AGAINST THE INVADERS...



BUT YOUR CHIEFS SURRENDERED! IT'S TREASON! YOU'RE LIVING AT OUR EXPENSE OFF THE FAT OF THE LAND!
NO, WE'VE BEEN LIVING OFF THE BELGIANS. THEY'RE THE FAT OF THE LAND. I'M JUST WELL COVERED MYSELF.



WELL, IF YOU'VE COME TO SURRENDER, I MAY YET PROVE MERCIFUL...



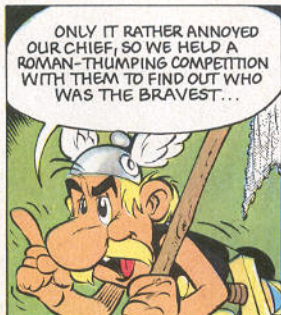
NO, NO. IT'S JUST THAT WE HAD A COMPETITION, AND WE'D LIKE YOU TO BE THE ADJUDICATOR.



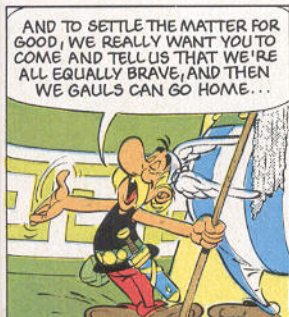
COMPETITION?!
ADJUDICATOR!?



IT'S LIKE THIS: ONE DAY YOU SAID THE BELGIANS WERE THE BRAVEST OF ALL THE GAULISH PEOPLES. JUST ONE OF THOSE SILLY REMARKS ONE MAKES WITHOUT THINKING.



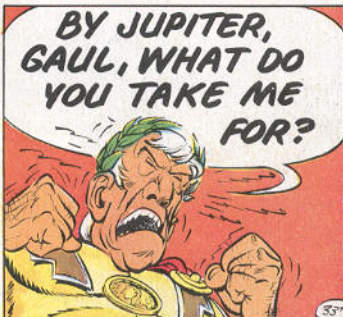
ONLY IT RATHER ANNOYED OUR CHIEF, SO WE HELD A ROMAN-THUMPING COMPETITION WITH THEM TO FIND OUT WHO WAS THE BRAVEST...



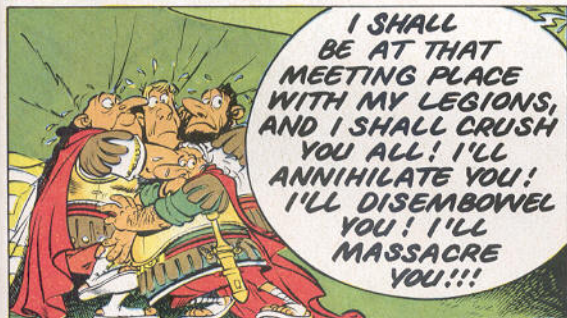
AND TO SETTLE THE MATTER FOR GOOD, WE REALLY WANT YOU TO COME AND TELL US THAT WE'RE ALL EQUALLY BRAVE; AND THEN WE GAULS CAN GO HOME...



HOW WOULD THIS SUIT YOU AS A MEETING PLACE?



BY JUPITER, GAUL, WHAT DO YOU TAKE ME FOR?



I SHALL BE AT THAT MEETING PLACE WITH MY LEGIONS, AND I SHALL CRUSH YOU ALL! I'LL ANNIHILATE YOU! I'LL DISEMBOWEL YOU! I'LL MASSACRE YOU!!!

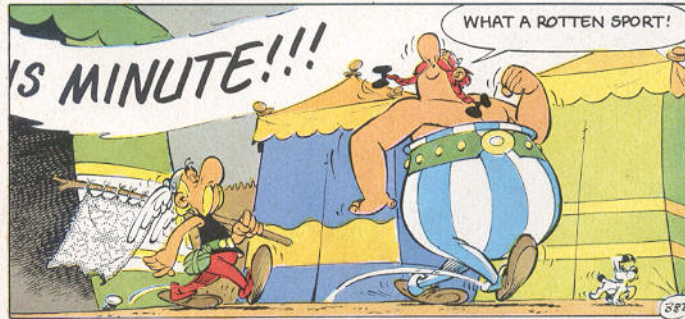


AND YOU WILL FIND OUT THAT THE BRAVEST OF ALL IS NONE OTHER THAN CAESAR HIMSELF!!!

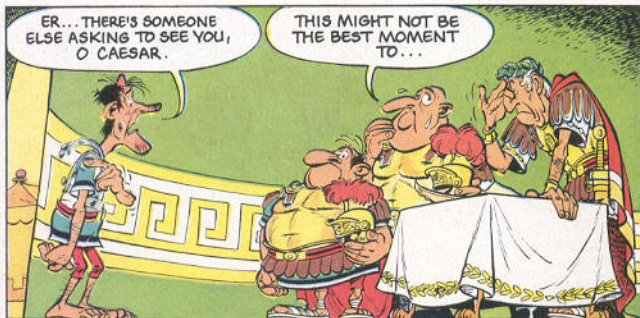
NO, SORRY. THE ADJUDICATOR ISN'T ALLOWED TO COMPETE TOO; THAT WOULDN'T BE FAIR.



GET OUT OF HERE THIS MINUTE!!!



WHAT A ROTTEN SPORT!

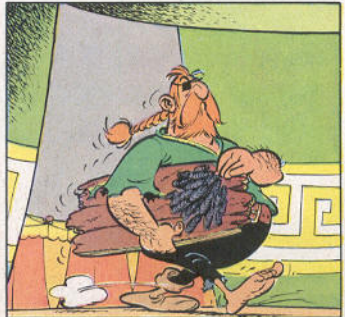


ER... THERE'S SOMEONE ELSE ASKING TO SEE YOU, O CAESAR.

THIS MIGHT NOT BE THE BEST MOMENT TO...

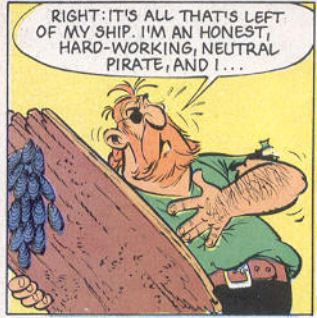


NO, NO. THIS IS OBVIOUSLY MY DAY FOR SEEING PEOPLE. LET HIM IN.

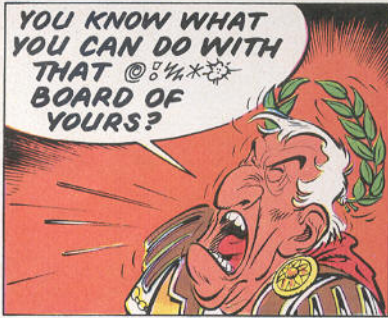


YOU KNOW WHAT THIS BOARD IS?

NO, BUT I DARE SAY YOU'LL TELL ME.



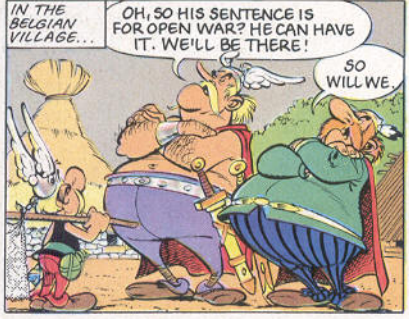
RIGHT: IT'S ALL THAT'S LEFT OF MY SHIP. I'M AN HONEST, HARD-WORKING, NEUTRAL PIRATE, AND I...



YOU KNOW WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH THAT @%/* BOARD OF YOURS?



BACK IN ROME, THEY TOLD ME HIS STANDARD OF CLASSICAL QUOTATION WAS DROPPING.



IN THE BELGIAN VILLAGE...

OH, SO HIS SENTENCE IS FOR OPEN WAR? HE CAN HAVE IT. WE'LL BE THERE!

SO WILL WE



NO. THIS IS OUR AFFAIR.

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE COMPETITION?



THAT WAS MORE OF A GAME. THIS IS WAR.

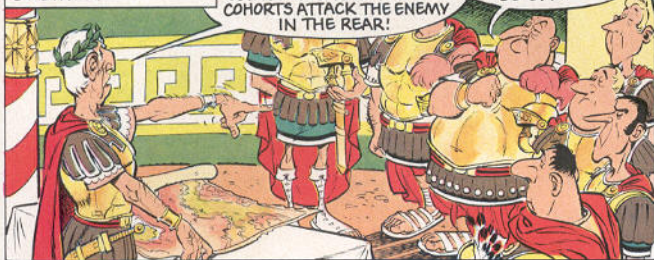
ALL RIGHT. ALL RIGHT. WE DON'T WANT TO INTRUDE. WE KNOW HOW TO BE TACTFUL.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE GREAT BATTLE BEGIN...

LEGATE WOLFANGANGMADEUS, ONCE BATTLE HAS BEEN JOINED YOU AND YOUR COHORTS ATTACK THE ENEMY IN THE REAR!

I HEAR AND OBEY, O CAESAR. I'LL BE OFF.

UMBELLIFERUS, I AM PUTTING YOU IN CHARGE OF MY IMPERIAL GUARD. THEY WILL TAKE PART ONLY IN THE LAST RESORT. WE SHALL OPEN FIRE WITH OUR CATAPULTS!



MAY THE GODS LOOK DOWN UPON US WITH FAVOUR!

ALEA JACTA EST!

AND AS FOR YOU, I'LL SEE YOU IN MY OFFICE AFTER THE BATTLE!

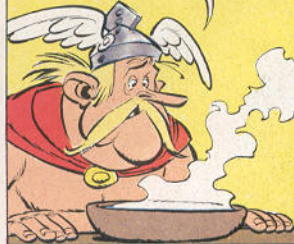


THE BELGIANS ARE GETTING READY FOR BATTLE TOO. FAST RUNNERS ARE SENT TO ROUSE THE NEIGHBOURING TRIBES...

BONANZA, DID YOU TRY THAT IDEA OF MINE ABOUT FRIED CHIPPED ROOTS?

NO, THE MENAPII INSISTED ON COOKING THE LAST MEAL BEFORE THE BATTLE. THEY WANTED A NICE WATERZOOI TO SOUP THEM UP.

WATERZOOI! WATERY STUFF FOR MEN WHO WANT CAESAR TO MEET HIS WATERLOO!



WITH JULIUS CAESAR AT THEIR HEAD, MARSHALLED IN PERFECT ORDER, THE LEGIONS, MAINTAINING STRICT MILITARY STANDARDS, MARCH OFF TO THE BATTLEFIELD.



THE BELGIANS, WITH BEEFIX AND BRAWNIX AT THEIR HEAD, ARE MAKING FOR THE FATEFUL BATTLEGROUND TOO...

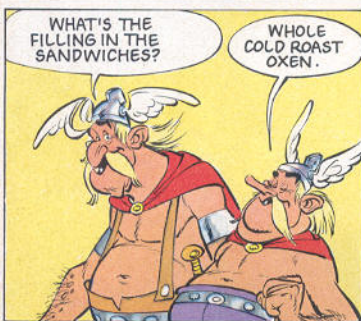
WHAT SORT OF PROVISIONS ARE THERE IN THE BAGGAGE TRAIN?

BEER AND SANDWICHES.



WHAT'S THE FILLING IN THE SANDWICHES?

WHOLE COLD ROAST OXEN.



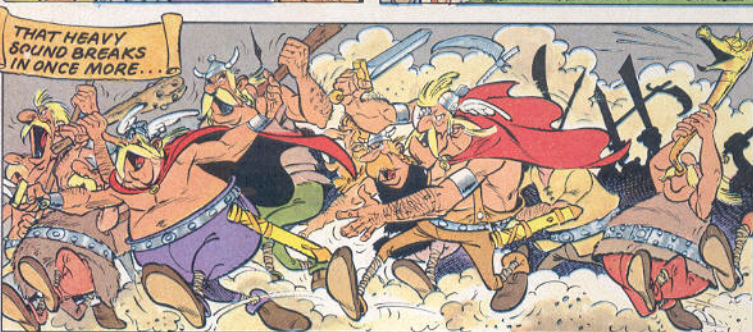
BUT HARK!

OUR TROOPS ARE IN POSITION.

OUR CATAPULTS ARE LINED UP.



THAT HEAVY SOUND BREAKS IN ONCE MORE...



FIRE!



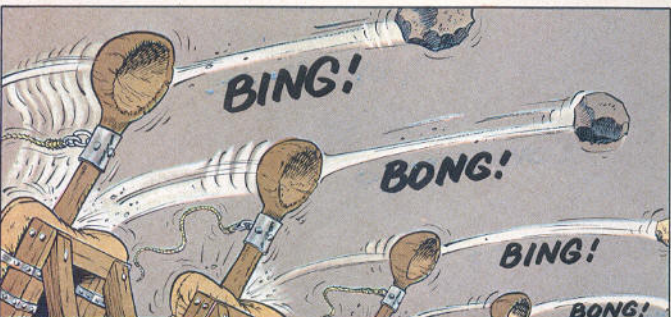
ARM! ARM! IT IS—IT IS—THE CATAPULT'S OPENING ROAR!

BING!

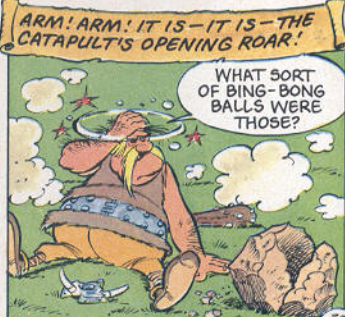
BONG!

BING!

BONG!



WHAT SORT OF BING-BONG BALLS WERE THOSE?



AND POURING FORWARD WITH NOT VERY IMPETUOUS SPEED...



BY JUPITER, LEGATE WOLFGANG-AMADEUS, DO YOU HAVE MUCH STOMACH FOR THIS FIGHT?

YOU BET I DO! WHAT ARE YOU BELLYYACHING ABOUT?

I DON'T TRUST THESE BELGIANS, AND OUR MEN AREN'T TOO HAPPY EITHER. I'M AFRAID WE MAY BE LURED INTO A TRAP.

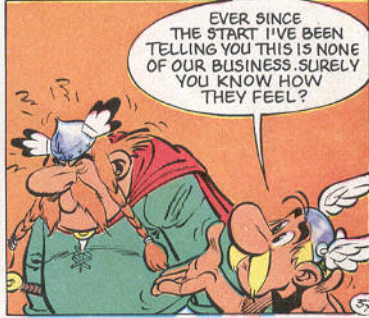


SO THEY'VE CHUCKED US OUT! OH, OF COURSE WE'RE ONLY FOREIGNERS, AREN'T WE? WE DON'T HAVE ANY RIGHT TO OUR BIT OF FUN! TALK ABOUT XENOPHOBIA!

DO CALM DOWN...



EVER SINCE THE START I'VE BEEN TELLING YOU THIS IS NONE OF OUR BUSINESS. SURELY YOU KNOW HOW THEY FEEL?



ALL I KNOW IS THAT I WANT TO BASH SOMEONE OVER THE HEAD! IT'S ALL VERY WELL BEING TACTFUL, BUT IF I CAN'T BASH SOMEONE OVER...

SSH!

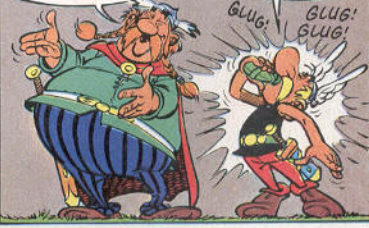


I THINK YOU MAY BE ABLE TO LET OFF STEAM AFTER ALL; THERE ARE ROMANS COMING!



THERE, SEE THAT? YOU CAN RELY ON THE ROMANS! THE ROMANS TAKE LIFE SERIOUSLY.

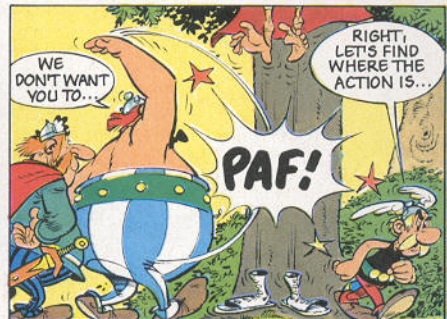
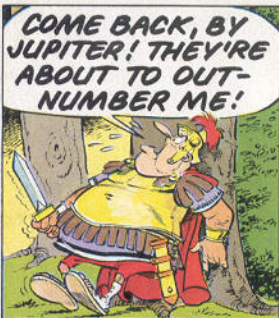
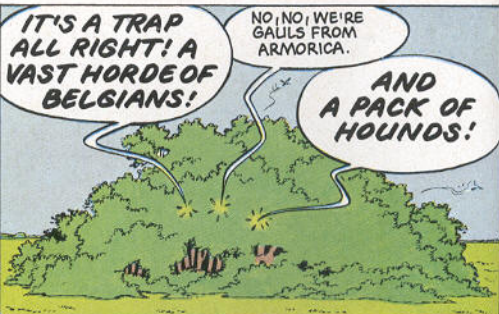
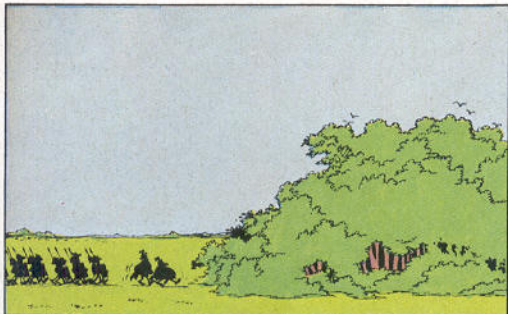
LOTS OF ROMANS TOO! WE'D BETTER FINISH UP OUR MAGIC POTION.



GLUG! GLUG! GLUG!

WE'LL MEET THEM IN THAT LITTLE WOOD OVER THERE...





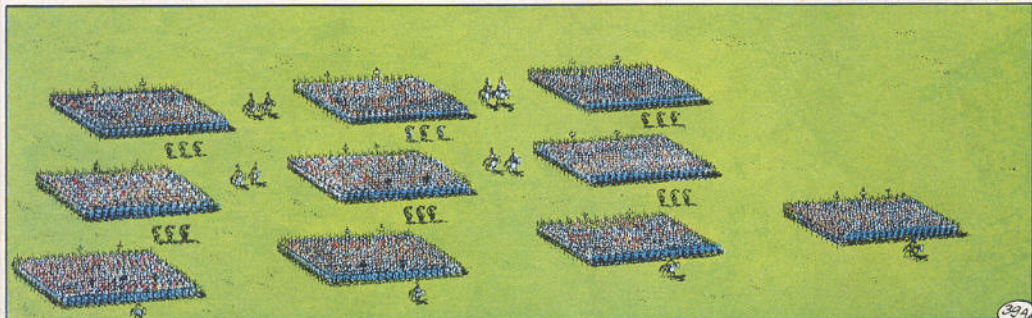
DID YE NOT HEAR IT?
- YES; 'T WAS BUT THE WIND
OF CATAPULTS FIRING O'ER
THE STONY STREET;
ON WITH THE THUMPING...

LET'S GET UNDER
COVER FOR A BIT, SOME-
WHERE MORE THAN A
STONE'S THROW
AWAY.

BONK!

THE
ENEMY IS
RETREATING!

GOOD!
SEND IN TEN
COHORTS OF THE
LEGION.



YET ANOTHER
VICTORY FOR YOU,
O CAESAR!

NOT YET!
THESE BARBARIANS
ARE TOUGH CUSTOMERS,
AND THE REINFORCEMENTS
SHOULD HAVE COME UP
BY NOW. I'M A BIT
WORRIED... GOOD,
HERE HE COMES,
I THINK!

BUT NO...
NEARER, CLEARER...

IS THAT YOU,
WOLFGANGAMADELUS?

DEADLIER THAN
BEFORE...

WHAT ARE
YOU LOT DOING
HERE?

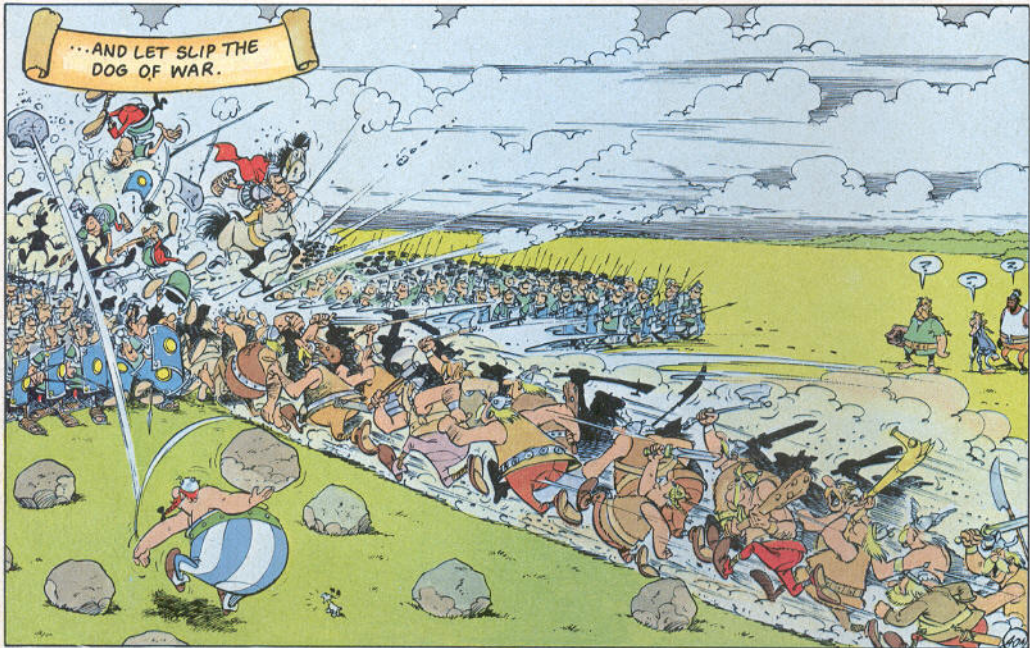
OH, WELL, IF
YOU DON'T WANT US,
WE WON'T INTRUDE. YOU
MAY BE THE BRAVEST, BUT
WE'RE THE MOST
TACTFUL.

THAT'S
QUITE ENOUGH
ARGUING!
LET'S GET
THEM!

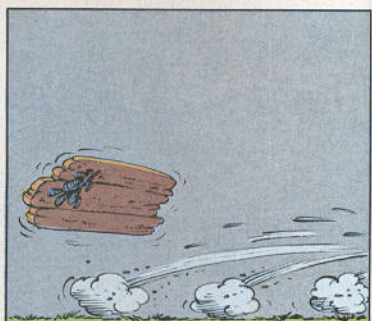
LET'S GET
THEM!

THE
ARMORICANS
ARE RIGHT!
IT'S ABOUT
TIME TO CRY
HAVOC...

...AND LET SLIP THE
DOG OF WAR.



MAYBE WE'D
BETTER LET OUR SHIP'S
BOARD GO BY THE
BOARD!



CAESAR, THIS
IS A DISASTER!
WE MUST FLEE!



NO! SEND
IN THE
GUARD!

BUT YESTERDAY THE WORD OF CAESAR MIGHT HAVE STOOD AGAINST THE WORLD... HOWEVER, THAT DAY HE DID NOT OVERCOME THE NERVII, OR THE MENAPII, OR ANYBODY ELSE. CAESAR IS NO LONGER IN A POSITION TO JUDGE ANYTHING...



IN FACT, CHAOS LIMPIRE SITS, AS THE OCCUPYING FORCES SOON REALISE:

**FAREWELL, CAESAR!
OUR OCCUPATION'S
GONE!!!**



**DO YOU
SURRENDER?**



**NO! UP
GUARDS
AND AT
'EM!**

OH
NO, WE
DON'T!

THESE
ROMANS ARE
CRAZY!

BUT
UP GUARDS
AND...



**YOU KNOW
WHAT THE GUARD
WILL BE
PUBLISHING
TO THE WORLD
ABOUT YOU?**



**PUBLISH
AND BE
DAMNED.**

RIGHT. I'M BACK OFF TO ROME.
I'M RELYING ON YOU TO KEEP THIS
LITTLE AFFAIR AS QUIET AS
POSSIBLE...

A HORSE
FOR CAESAR.



AND IT IS A CASE OF RUIN UPON RUIN, ROUT ON RUT, CONFUSION WORSE CONFOUNDED...

**RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! RUN!
RUN FOR IT!**

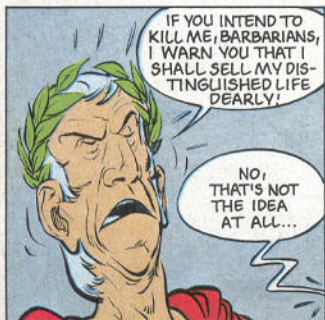
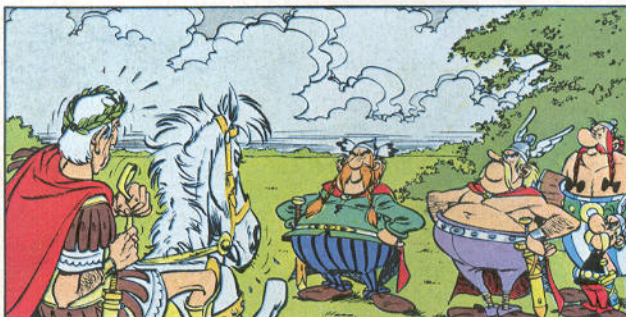


**WE'RE THE GREATEST
RUN-MAKERS! WE WON
THE MATCH! THEY'LL
NEED MORE THAN
RUNNING REPAIRS
AFTER THIS!**





THE WAY IS BARRED.



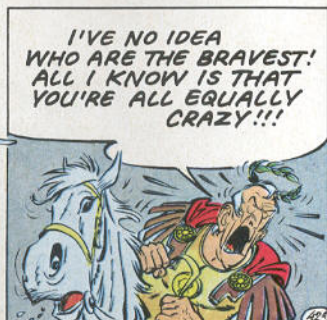
IF YOU INTEND TO KILL ME, BARBARIANS, I WARN YOU THAT I SHALL SELL MY DISTINGUISHED LIFE DEARLY!

NO, THAT'S NOT THE IDEA AT ALL...



IT'S ABOUT OUR COMPETITION...

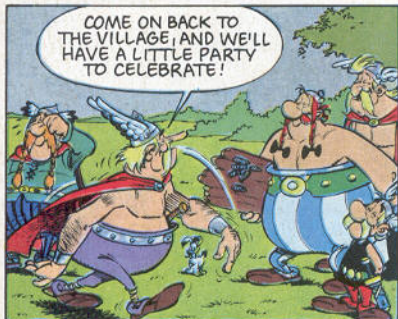
YOU'VE SEEN US IN ACTION, SO NOW WILL YOU ADJUDICATE? WHO ARE THE BRAVEST?



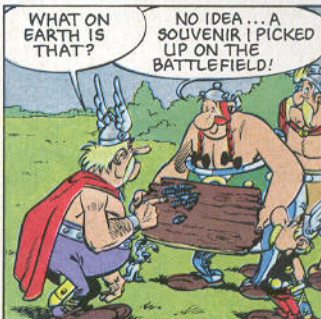
I'VE NO IDEA WHO ARE THE BRAVEST! ALL I KNOW IS THAT YOU'RE ALL EQUALLY CRAZY!!!



AND NOW I'M GOING BACK TO ROME, AND I DON'T WANT TO BE BOTHERED ANY MORE! OFF WE GO!

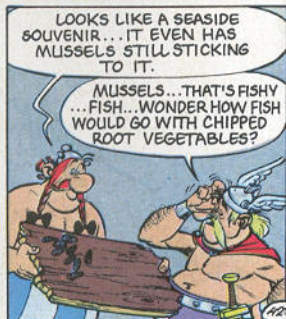


COME ON BACK TO THE VILLAGE, AND WE'LL HAVE A LITTLE PARTY TO CELEBRATE!



WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT?

NO IDEA... A SOUVENIR I PICKED UP ON THE BATTLEFIELD!



LOOKS LIKE A SEASIDE SOUVENIR... IT EVEN HAS MUSSELS STILL STICKING TO IT.

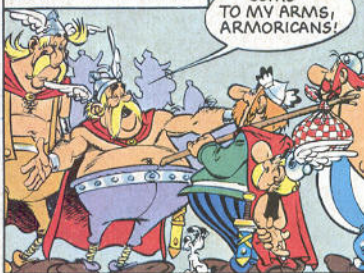
MUSSELS... THAT'S FISHY... FISH... WONDER HOW FISH WOULD GO WITH CHIPPED ROOT VEGETABLES?

AND THERE IS A SOUND
OF REVELRY BY NIGHT.



IT IS TIME FOR OUR FRIENDS TO LEAVE...

COME TO MY ARMS, ARMORICANS!

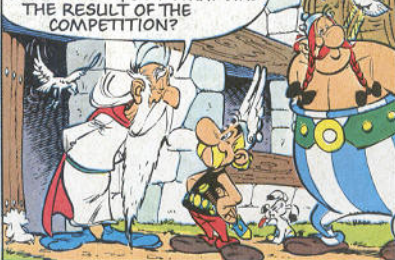


... AND RETURN HOME TO THE WELCOME DUE TO HEROES...

DID YOU REMEMBER MY MACKEREL?



WELL, YOU BROUGHT OUR FIRE-EATING CHIEF BACK IN GOOD HEALTH, BUT WHAT WAS THE RESULT OF THE COMPETITION?



YOU MIGHT SAY IT WAS A TIE BETWEEN US AND THE BELGIANS!

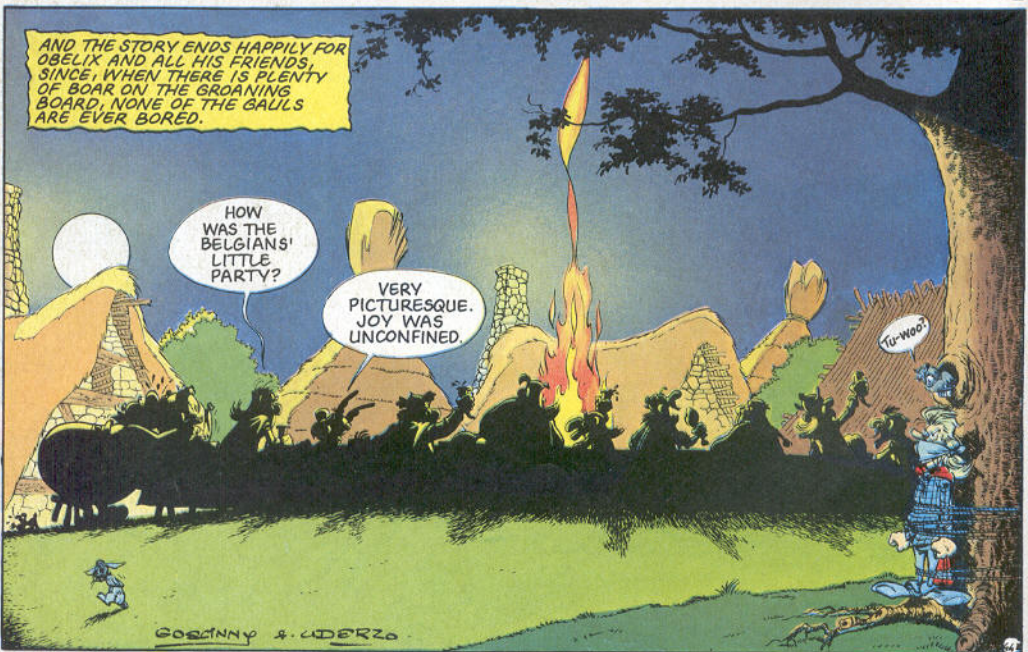


AND THE STORY ENDS HAPPILY FOR OBELIX AND ALL HIS FRIENDS, SINCE, WHEN THERE IS PLENTY OF BOAR ON THE GROANING BOARD, NONE OF THE GAULS ARE EVER BORED.

HOW WAS THE BELGIANS' LITTLE PARTY?

VERY PICTURESQUE. JOY WAS UNCONFINED.

TU-WOO!



GOSWAMY & UDERZO

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