

**BOOK 5**

**GOSCINNY AND UDERZO**

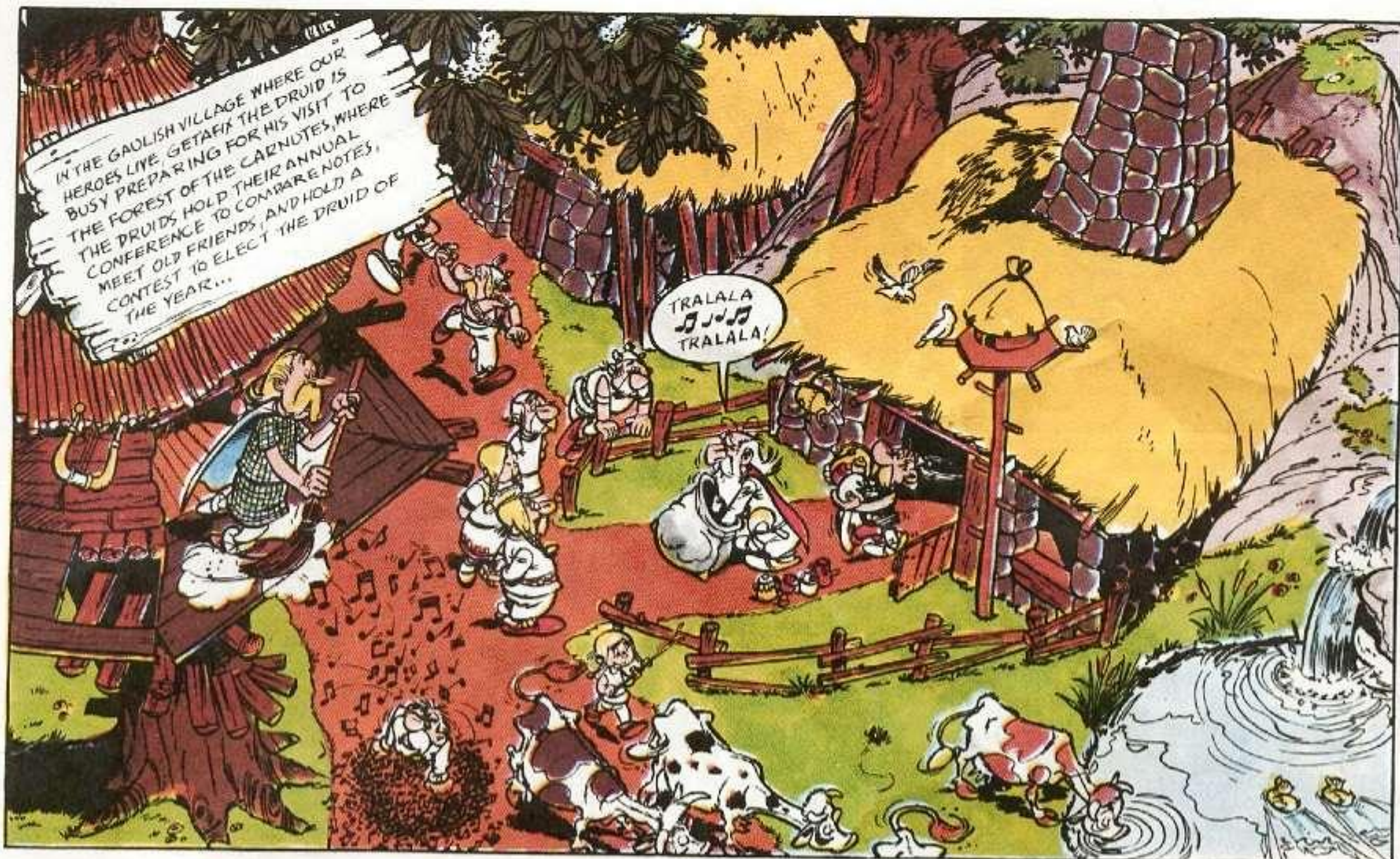
# Asterix

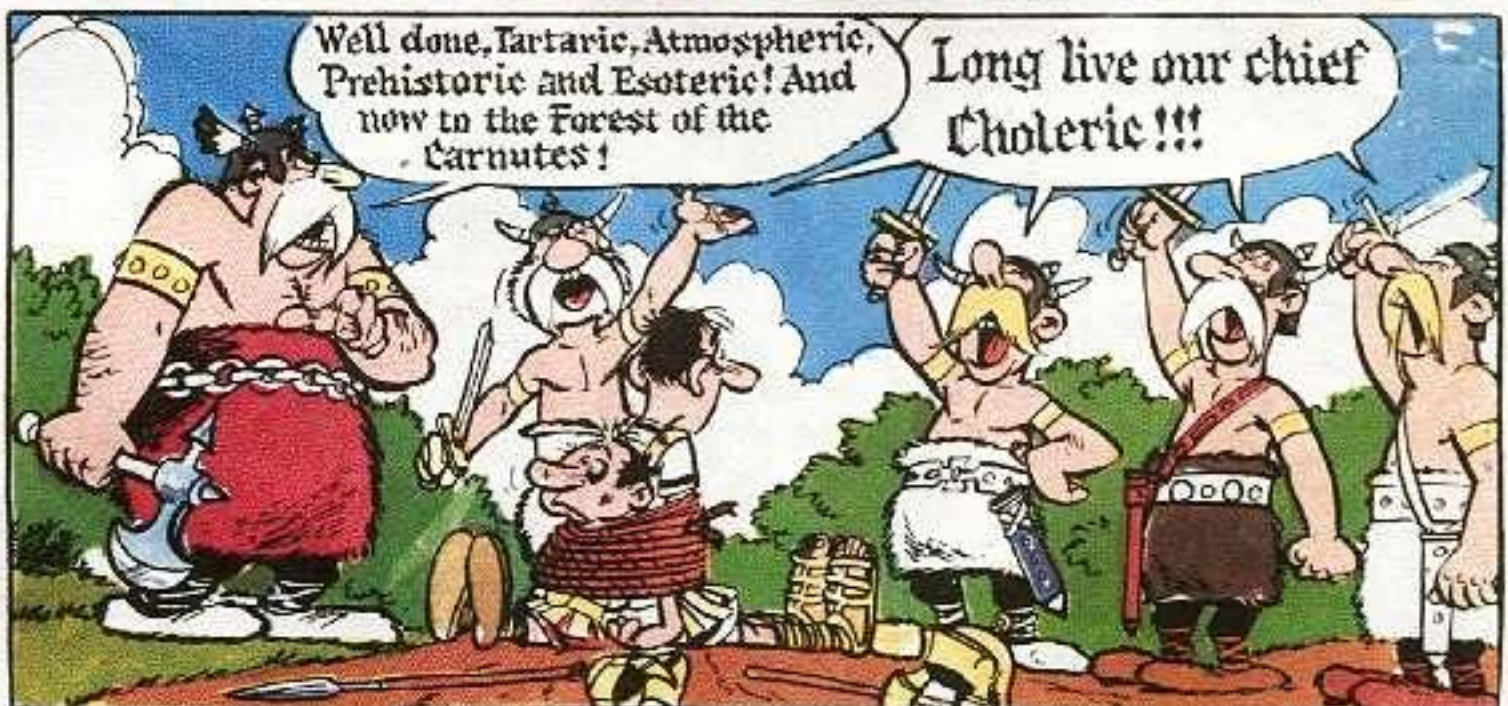
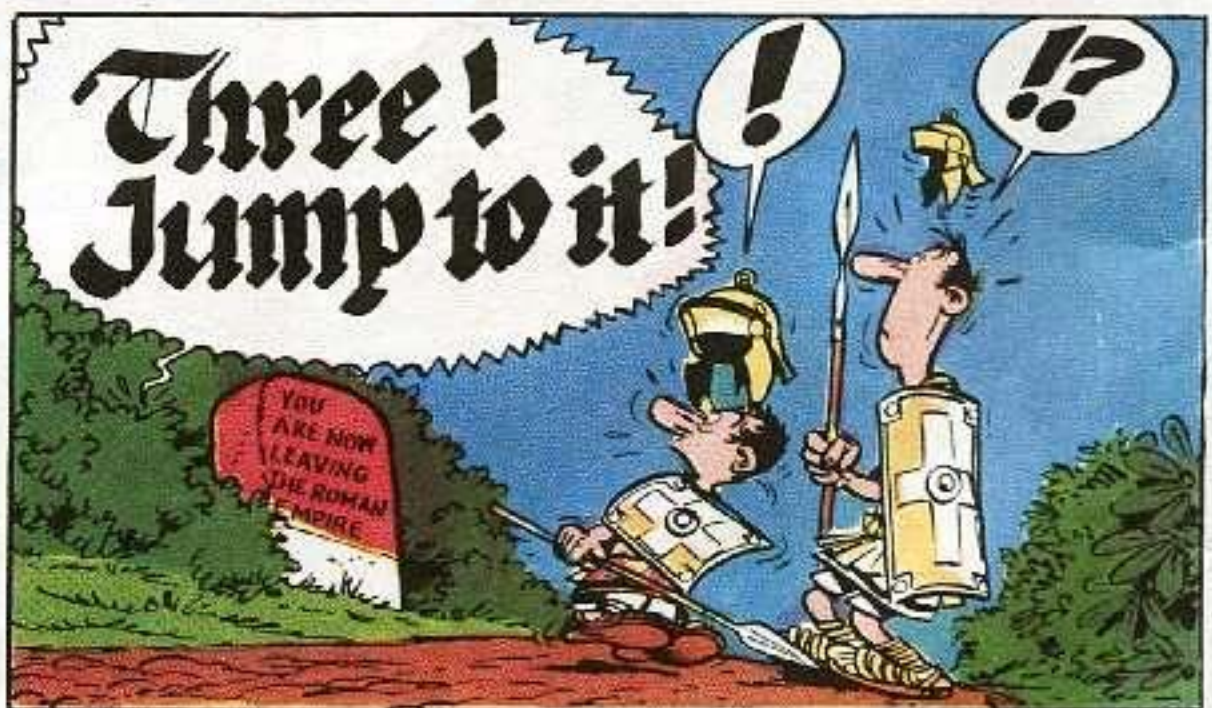
**AND THE GOTHS**

# ASTRIX



**HODDER DARGAUD**





WHILE THESE SERIOUS FRONTIER INCIDENTS ARE TAKING PLACE, OUR FRIENDS ARE ON THEIR WAY TO THE FOREST OF THE CARNUTES...



WE'LL SOON BE THERE. YOU SEE, IT WAS QUITE AN UNEVENTFUL JOURNEY!

BETTER SAFE THAN SORRY...

I'M A BIT PECKISH...



OH! WHAT A PLEASANT SURPRISE!

A WILD BOAR?!



FRIENDS, LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO MY OLD FRIEND AND COLLEAGUE, THE BRITISH DRUID VALUADDETAX!

OH, ISAY! DELIGHTED, I'M SURE!



COME ALONG, VALUADDETAX! I'M GOING TO AMAZE YOU WITH MY DRUIDICAL PROWESS!

WAIT TILL YOU SEE MINE, OLD BOY!



**HALT!  
WHO GOES THERE?**



A ROMAN PATROL!

SHALL WE GET THEM?

NO, NO, OBELEX. WHILE THE CONFERENCE IS ON THERE'S A TRUCE WITH THE ROMANS.



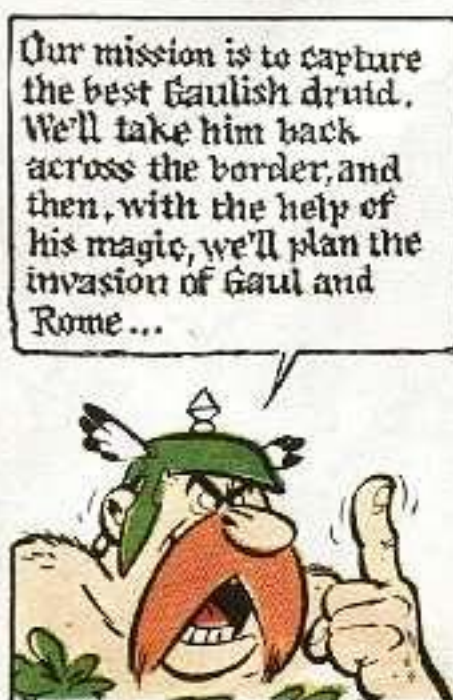
LET US PASS, DECURION. WE ARE DRUIDS GOING TO THE FOREST OF THE CARNUTES.



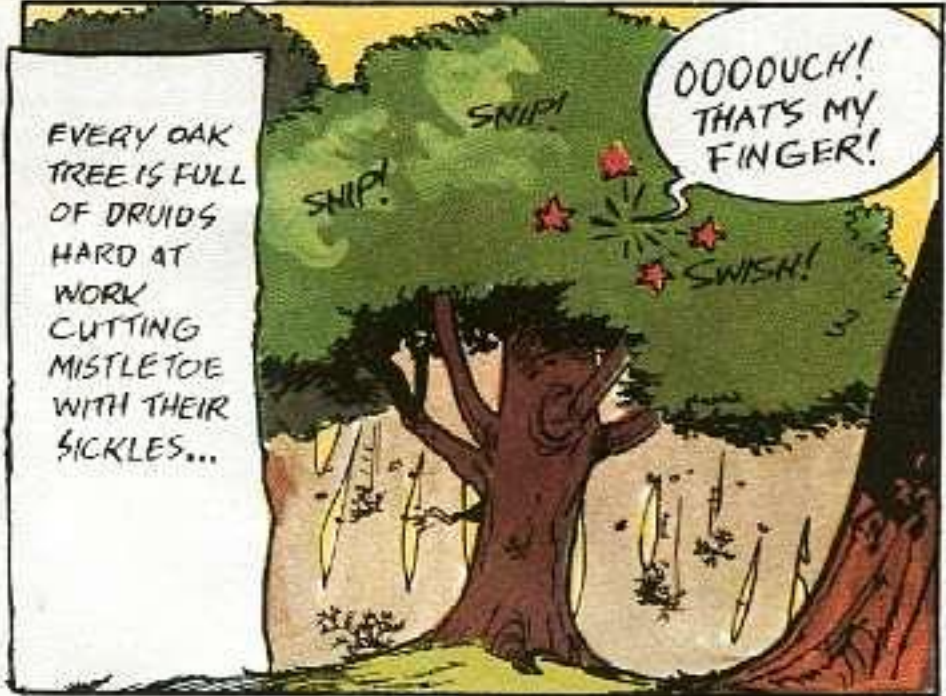
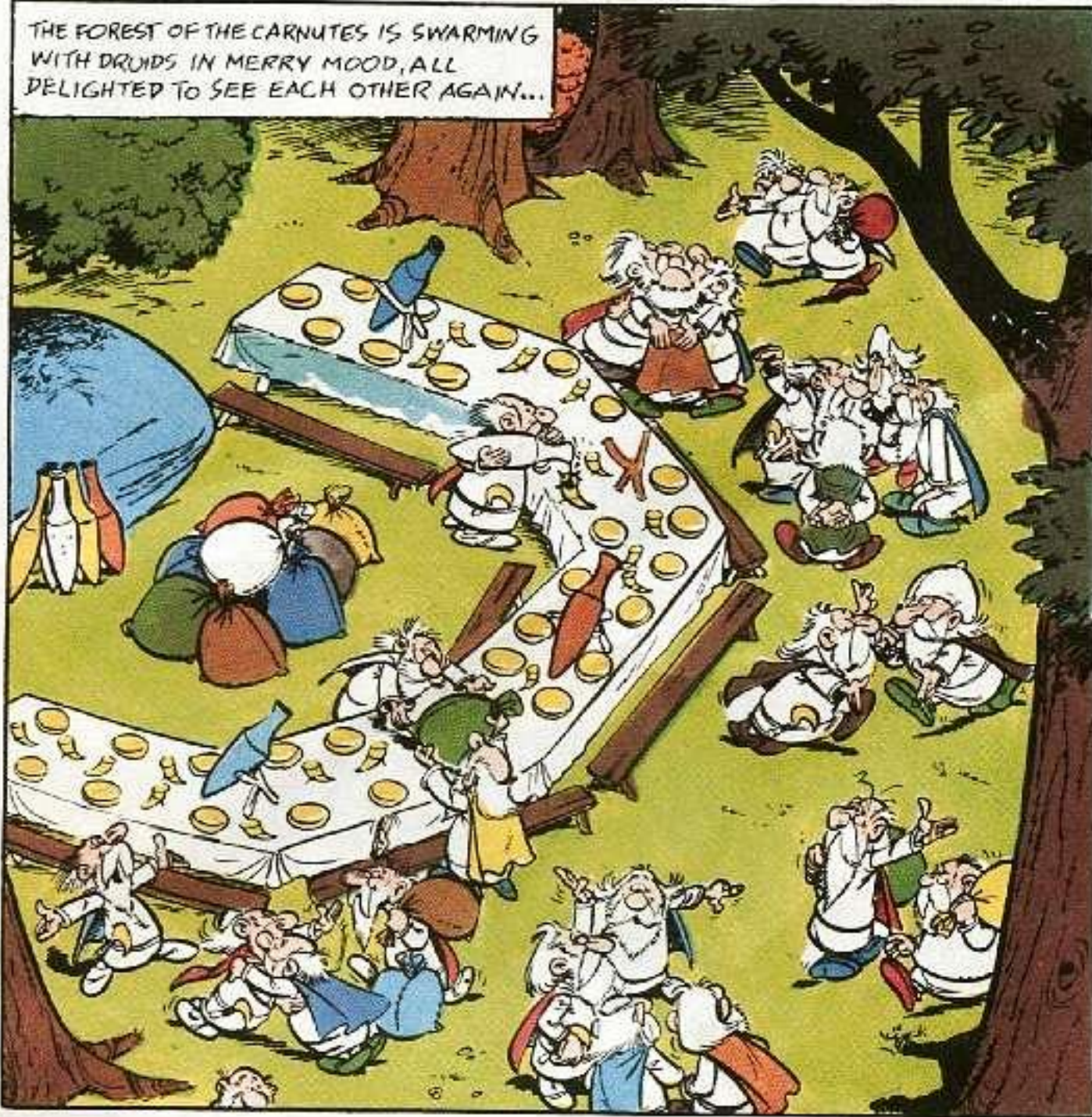
THAT'S YOUR STORY. JUST PROVE IT!







THE FOREST OF THE CARNUTES IS SWARMING WITH DRUIDS IN MERRY MOOD, ALL DELIGHTED TO SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN...



EVERY OAK TREE IS FULL OF DRUIDS HARD AT WORK CUTTING MISTLETOE WITH THEIR SICKLES...

SNIP!  
SNIP!  
SWISH!

OOOOUCH! THAT'S MY FINGER!



THEY TALK SHOP, THEY DISCUSS SPELLS...

YES, MY DEAR FELLOW, I PICKED UP THIS SICKLE IN A LITTLE SHOP IN DARIORIGUM! LOOK, IT'S GOT A SAFETY-CATCH.

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

THEY EVEN INDULGE IN JOKES AND PUNS... IN SHORT, THEY ARE HAVING A GOOD TIME.



THIS FOOD'S A BIT SICKLE-Y!

PASS ME THE CELT!

IT MUST BE HIS GAUL BLADDER!

MENHIR, A TRUE WORD IS SPOKEN IN JEST!



THEN, AFTER THE GREAT BANQUET...

SILENCE, BROTHERS, SILENCE!

CLANG!  
CLANG!



BROTHER DRUIDS, THE TIME HAS COME FOR US TO BEGIN OUR GREAT CONTEST TO EVALUATE NEW METHODS AND ELECT THE DRUID OF THE YEAR...



AND WHILE THE DRUIDS PREPARE THEIR MAGIC POTIONS...



...GREEDY EYES ARE WATCHING THEM...

Now comes the interesting part!







AND NOW WE COME TO THE NEXT CANDIDATE, VALUADDETAX!



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



GLUG!  
GLUG!  
GLUG!



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

VERY PRACTICAL!

GREAT

CLAP!  
CLAP!

CLAP!  
CLAP!  
CLAP!  
CLAP!



AND NOW OUR LAST CANDIDATE... DRUID GETAFIX!

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



I NEED THE HELP OF A FEEBLE DRUID!

I'M A FEEBLE DRUID...



DRINK THIS, AND THEN GO AND UPROOT AN OAK TREE, FEEBLE DRUID!



THIS ONE?



EEEEEEK!  
OOOOOH!

ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?

CRAACK!



HEY, CAN'T YOU LET US GOT MISTLETOE IN PEACE?!!

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

CAN I GO NOW?

HURRAH! HE'S THE WINNER!



That's the one we want!









THINGS ARE GETTING COMPLICATED. NOT ONLY HAVE WE LOST TIME, BUT THE ROMANS WILL BE AFTER US NOW!



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

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



AYE, GENERAL! THE PATROL IS BACK!

SEND THE LEADER IN!



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



TELL ME WHAT THIS HORDE WAS LIKE.



THERE WAS A FAT ONE AND A LITTLE ONE!



I'LL DRAW YOU A PICTURE...



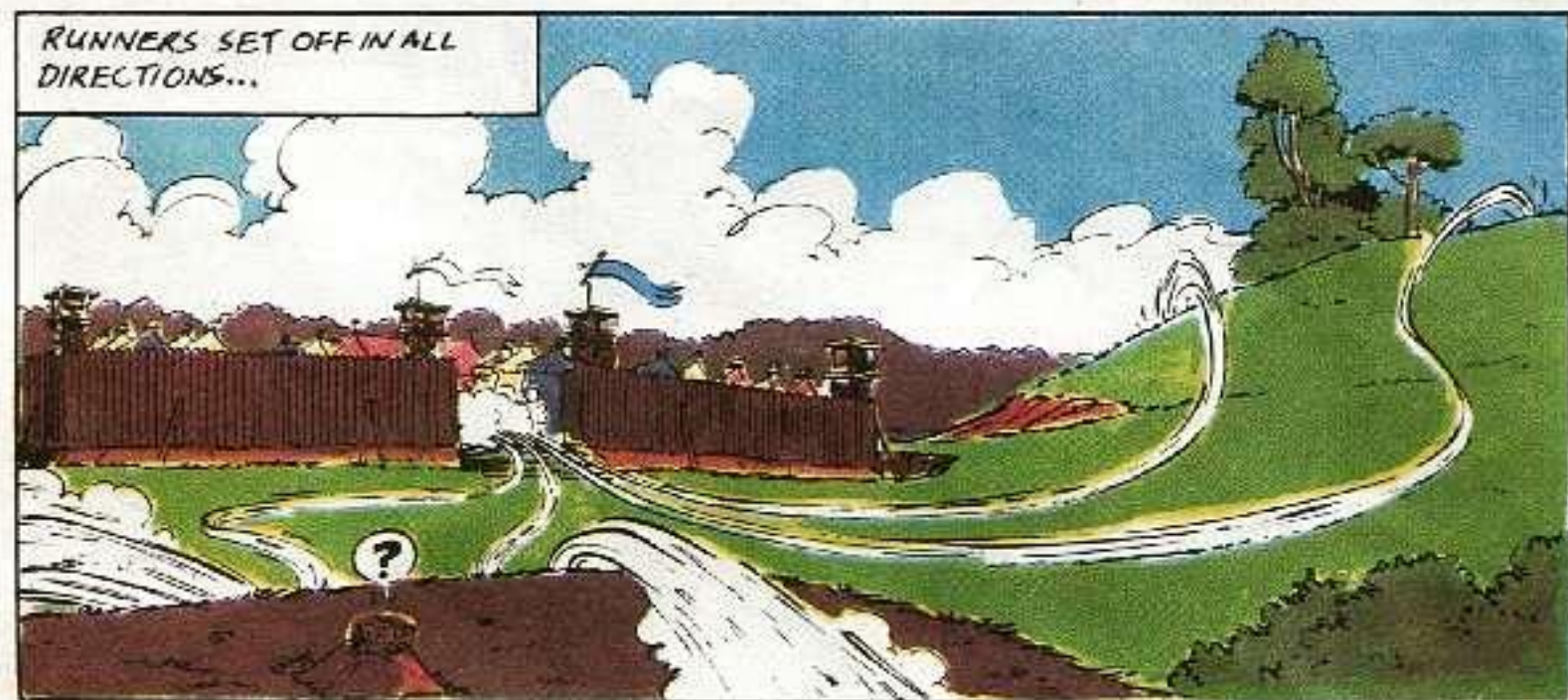
GET COPIES OF THIS PICTURE MADE AND HAVE THEM SENT TO EVERY CAMP IN THE AREA!



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



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



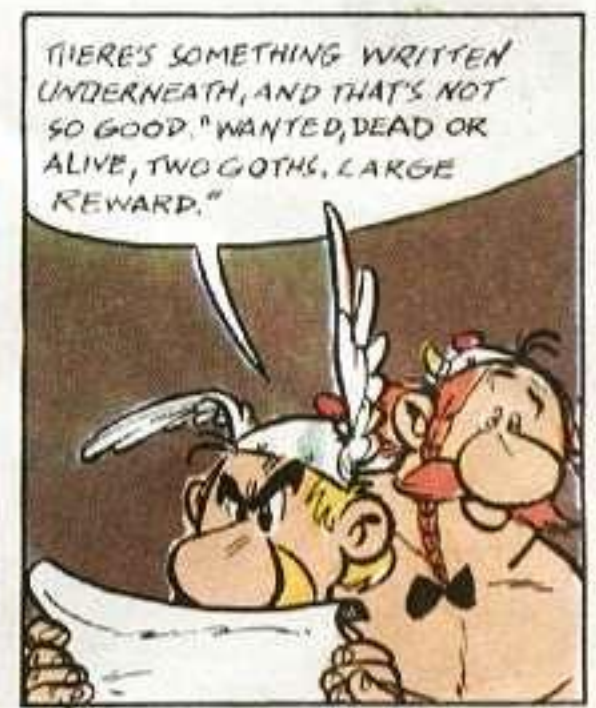
RUNNERS SET OFF IN ALL DIRECTIONS...



... AND SOON AFTERWARDS

SOMEONE'S COMING!

LET'S CLIMB THIS TREE!







AND JUST REMEMBER, OBELIX, IF WE MEET ANY ROMANS, YOU'RE LEGIONARY OBELUS AND I'M LEGIONARY ASTERUS. YOU MUST SAY "BY JUPITER" AND "AVE"...

HO'HO'HO' HOW FUNNY!



LOOK OUT! LEGIONARIES!!!

HMEGGHMMMHONHO!



AVE, COMRADES! HAVE YOU SEEN ANY SIGN OF THE TWO GOTHS?

AVE AND BY JUPITER... HMEGGHMMMHONHO!



HOHOHOAAAHHHAHAHA!

?



I MUST APOLOGIZE FOR MY FRIEND OBELUS. HE'S VERY MERRY...

HEE! HEE! HA! HA!

HE'S LUCKY IF HE FINDS IT AMUSING TO TAKE ON TWO FEROCIOUS GOTHS...



WELL, WE MUST BE OFF, AVE.

NO! NO! HAHANA! AVE! HEE! HEE! HEE!



I SAY, DID YOU NOTICE THEIR HAIR AND WHISKERS?

YES, IT'S AGAINST REGULATIONS. THEY'LL GET PUT ON A CHARGE.



OH!

QUID? QUID?



!

HMMMMMM!

HMMMMMM!





LOOK!! A FAT ONE AND A LITTLE ONE!  
**VISIGOTHS!!!**

VISI GOTHS?  
WHY THE PAST TENSE?

**HMM?**  
HMMMMMMMMMMM!!!



YES, I SEE IT ALL!  
THOSE TWO GOTHS HAVE  
BEEN CAPTURED BY A  
LEGIONARY. HE'S GONE  
FOR REINFORCEMENTS  
TO TAKE THEM TO CAMP  
AND COLLECT THE  
REWARD!

**AH, VISIGOTHS!**



WE'LL TAKE OVER FROM  
HERE THEY'RE ALL READY  
FOR US, BOUND AND  
GAGGED...

AND WE'LL COLLECT  
THE REWARD!

**HMMMM**



DISHONESTY  
IS THE BEST  
POLICY...

HMMMMMMMMMMMM!

VIDEO MELIORA  
PROBOQUE  
DETERIORA SEQUOR.



MEANWHILE...

LET'S GET A MOVE ON!  
I'M AFRAID OUR TRICK  
WILL SOON BE  
DISCOVERED!

HIC! I'VE GOT HICCUPS  
NOW... HIC! GIVE ME A  
FRIGHT, ASTER... HIC!...  
ASTERIX!



AS FOR THE GOTHS, THEY ARE  
GETTING MORE PUZZLED ALL  
THE TIME...

EXCUSE ME MY GOOD MEN YOU  
HAVEN'T BY ANY CHANCE SEEN  
THESE TWO?

?



AND STILL  
MEANWHILE...

WE'RE COMING  
TO THE CAMP...

HOW PLEASED  
THE GENERAL WILL BE!



AVE, GENERAL! TWO  
LEGIONARIES WANT TO SEE  
YOU. THEY'VE CAPTURED  
SOME PRISONERS... GOTHS!

SEND 'EM IN, BY MERCURY!  
SEND 'EM IN!  
I'M DELIGHTED WITH THEM!



AS SOON AS THE ROMANS KNOW THAT THE GOTHs THEY ARE LOOKING FOR ARE DISGUISED AS ROMANS, THERE IS COMPLETE CHAOS... THE ROMANS GO ABOUT CAPTURING ONE ANOTHER...

I'M A ROMAN!  
I'M A ROMAN!  
I'M A ROMAN!

GOT YOU, YOU BARBARIAN!

THE UNHAPPY GENERAL CANTANKERUS IS NEARLY OUT OF HIS MIND...

THEY'RE ALL QUITE THICK, AND I'M THEIR LEADER!  
(SOB! SOB!)



BUT SOME PEOPLE ARE MAKING THE MOST OF THE SITUATION, FOR INSTANCE, ASTERYX AND OBELIX, WHO HAVE PUT THEIR OWN CLOTHES ON AGAIN...

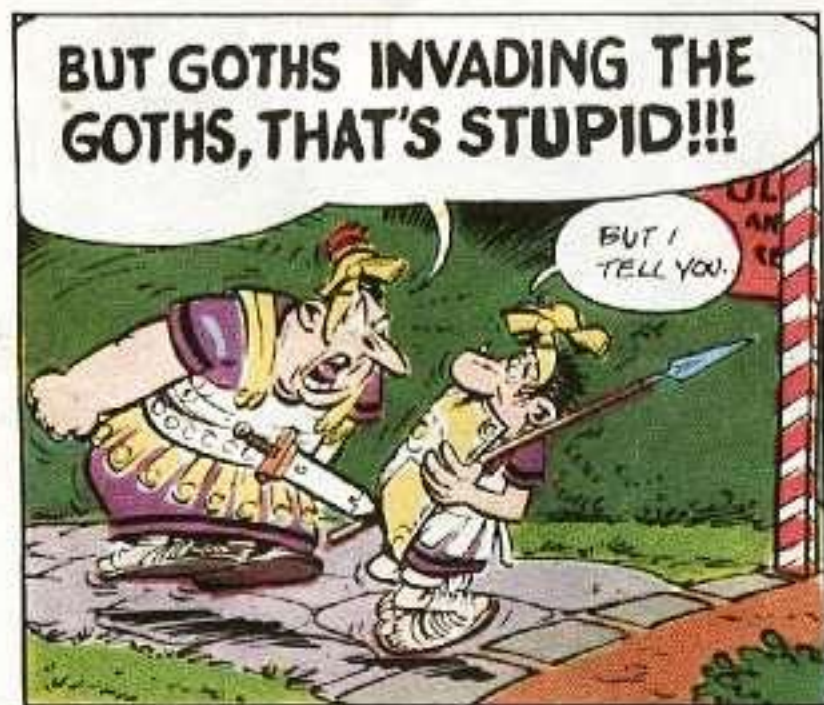
... AND THE GOTHs, THE ROOT OF ALL THE TROUBLE, WHO ARE PROCEEDING UNEVENTFULLY TOWARDS THEIR OWN COUNTRY OF GERMANIA.

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



A HEAVY RESPONSIBILITY WEIGHS ON THOSE WHO GUARD THE FRONTIER AGAINST FOREIGN INVADERS...







HEY!

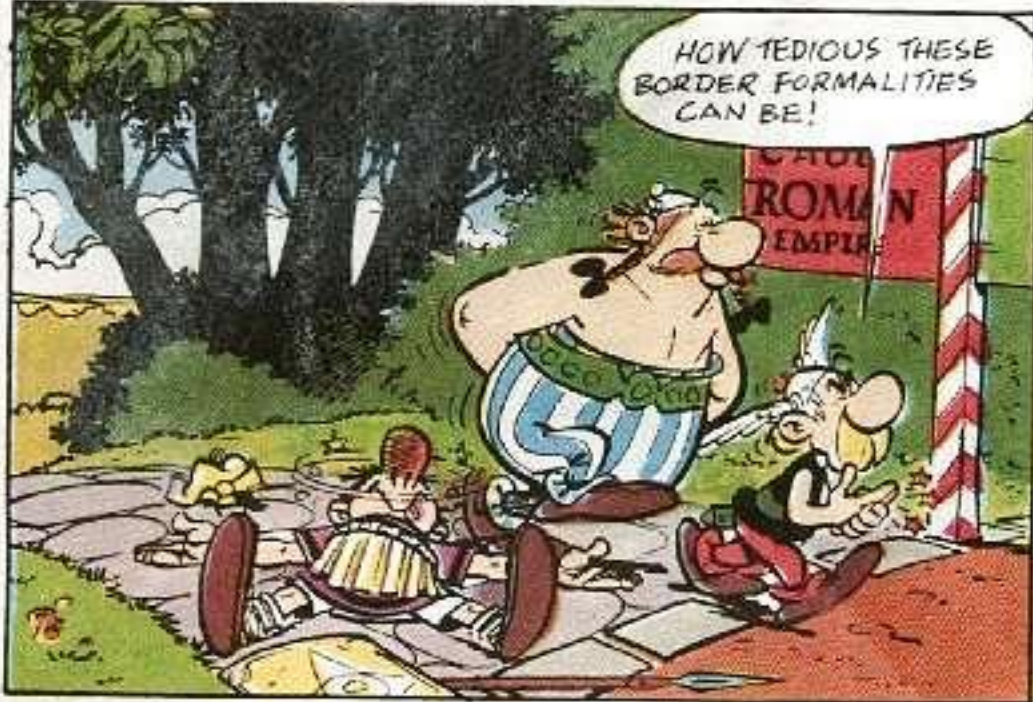
GAUL  
ROMAN  
EMPIRE



HMMM?



BANG!



HOW TEDIOUS THESE  
BORDER FORMALITIES  
CAN BE!

GAUL  
ROMAN  
EMPIRE



SIR! SIR! IT'S HAPPENED!  
THIS TIME IT'S A REAL  
INVASION!!!

!?!



AN INVASION?!  
WHERE?  
WHERE?

TWO GAULS,  
CROSSING THE  
BORDER INTO  
GERMANIA!



NO! NO!  
AN INVASION IS WHEN  
PEOPLE CROSS THE BORDER  
INTO OUR COUNTRY, NOT  
THE OTHER WAYROUND!

BUT SIR,  
YOU SAID...



AND YOU WILL DO FOUR  
DAYS INSIDE. THAT'LL  
TEACH YOU TO TRY  
AND BE CLEVER!!!

WELL, I ASK YOU!



MEANWHILE,  
THE GOTHS HAVE  
MANAGED TO GET  
OVER THEIR OWN  
ADMINISTRATIVE  
DIFFICULTIES...



O great chief Metric, we have brought you the champion  
druid, whose magic will help us conquer Gaul and the  
whole of the Roman Empire!



Well done! Have him  
put in the cage. We'll  
interrogate him  
later!











Come 'ere, you two - follow me!

?



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



LOOK HERE, ASTERIX, WE DIDN'T COME ALL THIS WAY TO SWEEP THEIR COUNTRY FOR THEM!

WE MUST BIDE OUR TIME, OBELIX!



BOOOOO  
BOOOOO



WHERE ARE THEY OFF TOO?



You two! Get on parade like everyone else!



Shooououlder... lances!



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



BAAA0000  
BOOOAAA



I'M NOT REALLY ALL THAT FOND OF CABBAGE ... I DO PREFER BOARS. DO YOU THINK IF I ASKED THEM NICELY...?

WE MUST ESCAPE TONIGHT AND FIND THE DRUID.



ASTERIX AND OBELIX ARE NOT THE ONLY ONES WITH ESCAPE IN MIND, FOR IN ANOTHER PART OF THE TOWN...

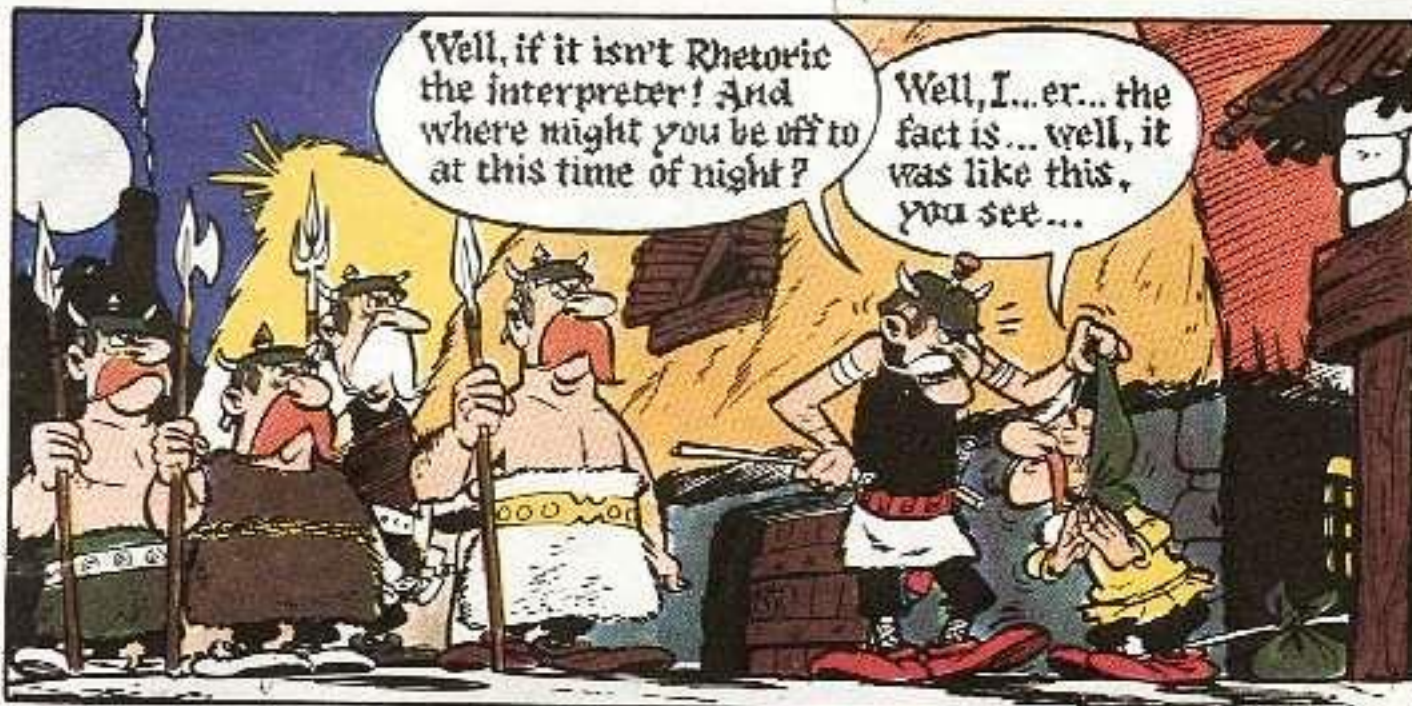


I'LL GO TO GAUL WITH MY KNOWLEDGE OF MODERN LANGUAGES I'LL BE ABLE TO GET A JOB THERE...



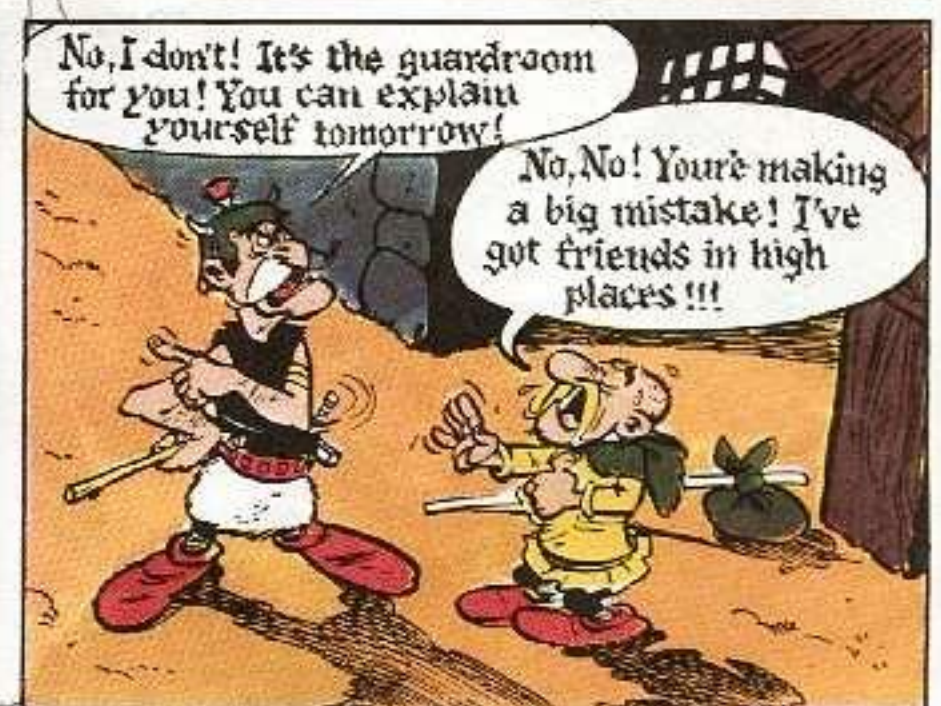
Halt! Who goes there?

THE PATROL!



Well, if it isn't Rhetoric the interpreter! And where might you be off to at this time of night?

Well, I... er... the fact is... well, it was like this, you see...



No, I don't! It's the guardroom for you! You can explain yourself tomorrow!

No, No! You're making a big mistake! I've got friends in high places!!!



I'M DONE FOR! THE CHIEF WILL NEVER FORGIVE ME FOR DECEIVING HIM ABOUT WHAT THAT PIG-HEADED DRUID SAID...



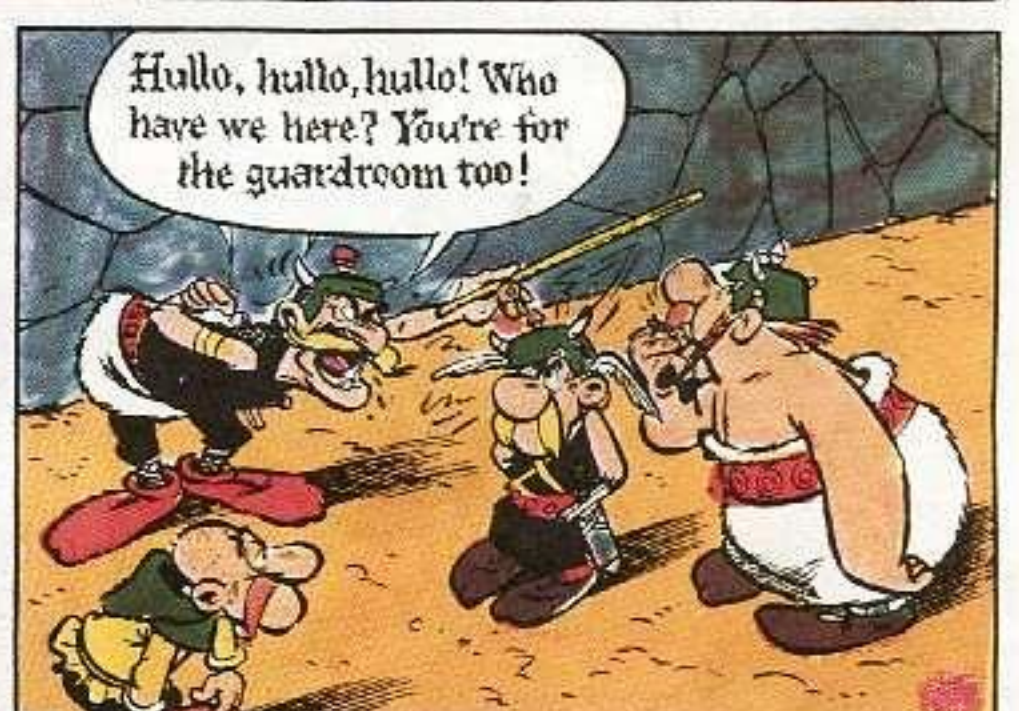
MEANWHILE...

GOT IT? NO FIGHTING, AND NO TALKING TO ANY GOTHS.

RIGHT!



EEEK! THAT'S TORN IT!



Hullo, hullo, hullo! Who have we here? You're for the guardroom too!





YOU DO SPEAK GAULISH!



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

TELL US WHERE OUR DRUID GETAFIX IS.



AND I WON'T SAY A WORD EITHER, SO THERE!

CARRY ON, OBELIX!

GOODY, GOODY!



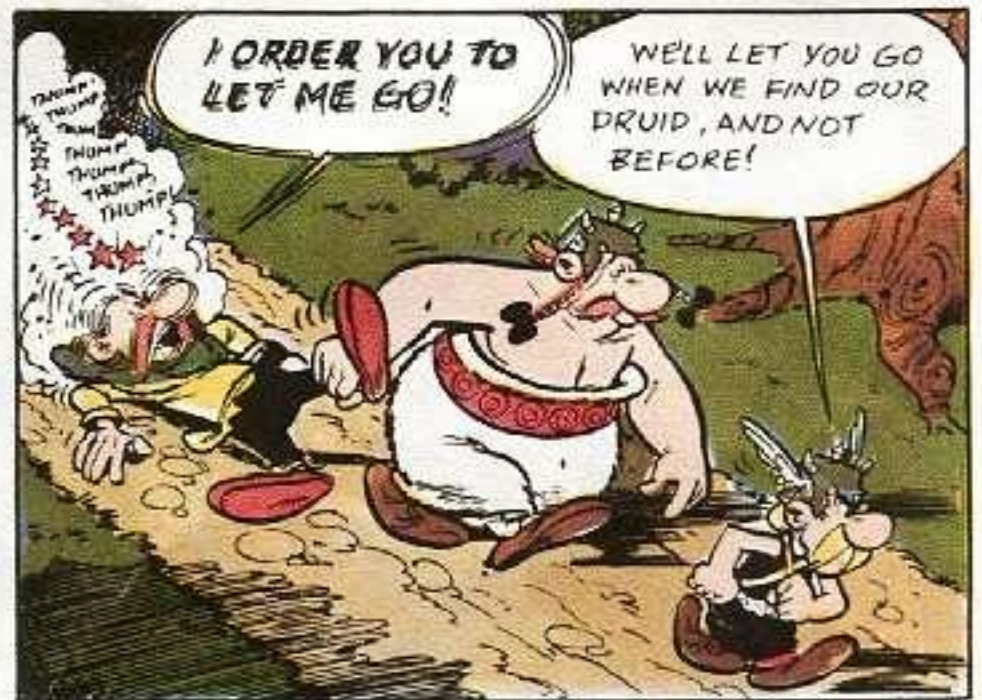
(VERY FAST) THE DRUID IS BEING KEPT PRISONER BY OUR CHIEF METRIC. HE HAS TO PROVE HE CAN WORK MAGIC AT THE TIME OF THE NEW MOON, OR HE'LL BE EXECUTED...



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

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

LET'S GET BACK TO THE TOWN!

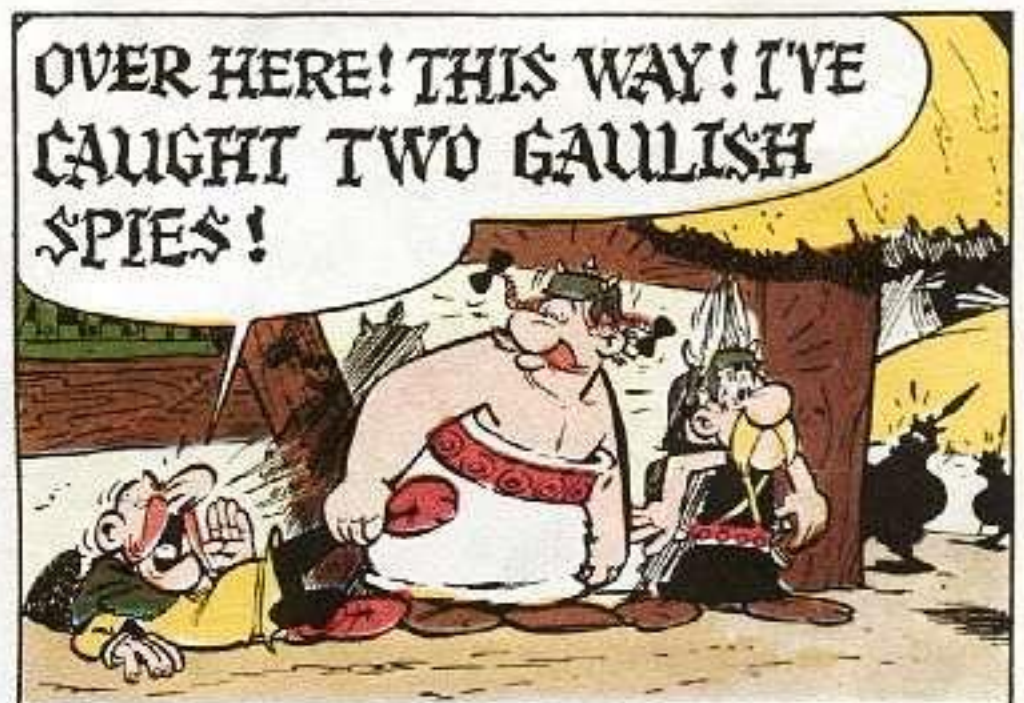


I ORDER YOU TO LET ME GO!

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



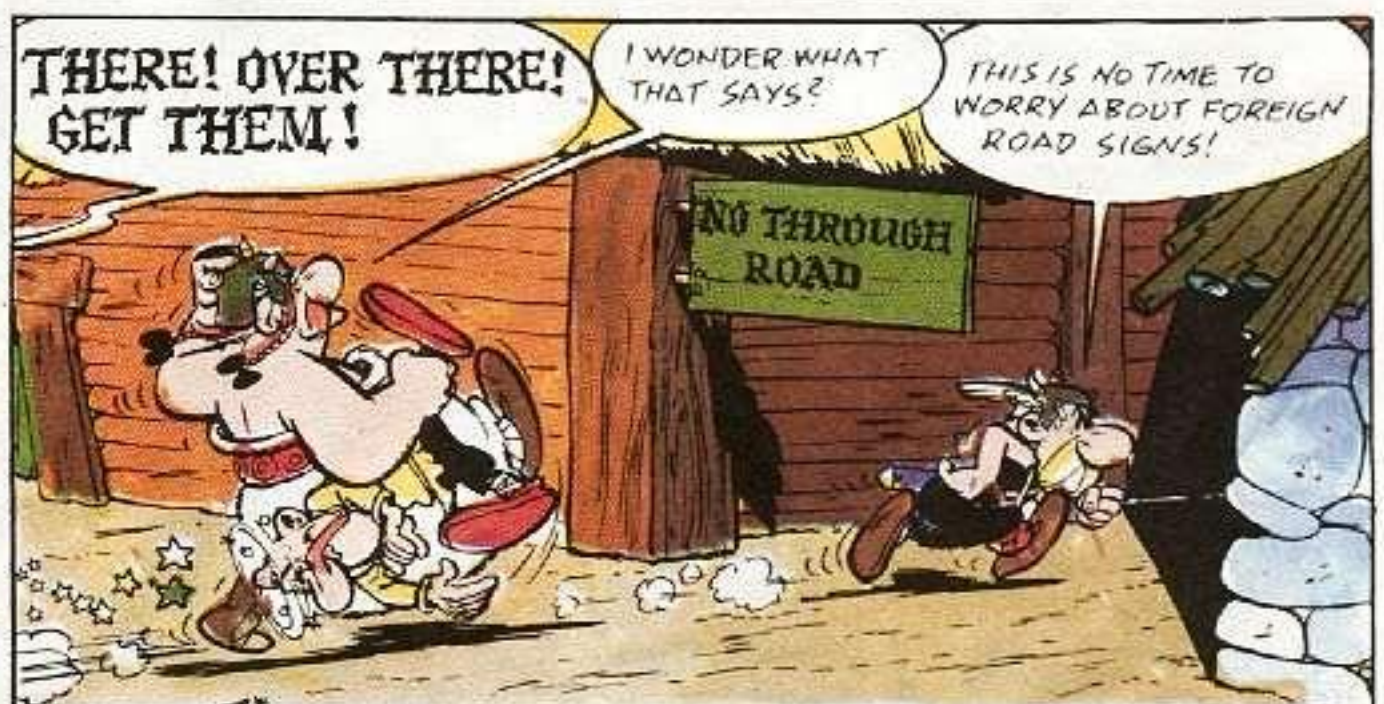
PATROLS EVERYWHERE! THEY'VE DISCOVERED THAT WE'VE GONE!



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



QUICK, OBELIX! COME ON!



THERE! OVER THERE! GET THEM!

I WONDER WHAT THAT SAYS?

THIS IS NO TIME TO WORRY ABOUT FOREIGN ROAD SIGNS!



WE'RE UP AGAINST A STONE WALL!

THEY'LL BE SORRY FOR THIS!



We've got them!!!

Caught like rats in a trap!

Come on, boys!



PAFF!  
PIE!  
WHAMI!



I THINK THAT'S THE LOT...

THERE'S A LITTLE ONE LEFT OVER THERE...



WAIT A MINUTE! PUT HIM DOWN! HE CAN TAKE US TO HIS CHIEF!

RIGHT!



WE SURRENDER!

?!?



MEANWHILE, IN METRIC'S HOUSE...

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



HE'D BLOW HIS TOP IF HE KNEW I SPEAK GOTHIC FLUENTLY... WITH A SLIGHT GAULISH ACCENT, I ADMIT.



Chief! Chief! I've captured two savage Gauls!

It's a lie, chief! I'm the one who risked my life in unmasking these two spies.

?

?!?



These two Gaulish spies will be executed! Rhetoric, ask the druid if he's still willing to show us his magic!

MY DEAR FRIENDS! WHAT RASHNESS... PUTTING YOUR HEADS INTO THE LION'S JAWS!

TOO BAD FOR THE LION!



OH, DO SAY YOU'LL SHOW HIM YOUR MAGIC, DRUID! I'LL... I'LL COVER YOU WITH GOLD!

IT LOOKS LIKE IT DOESN'T IT?



He... he still says yes...

Excellent!



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

?!



I never had any intention of showing you my magic!



HE SPEAKS GOTHIC! HE SPEAKS GOTHIC!



You will be executed tomorrow along with the others, with every refinement of torture!



TO THE DUNGEONS! ALL OF THEM!



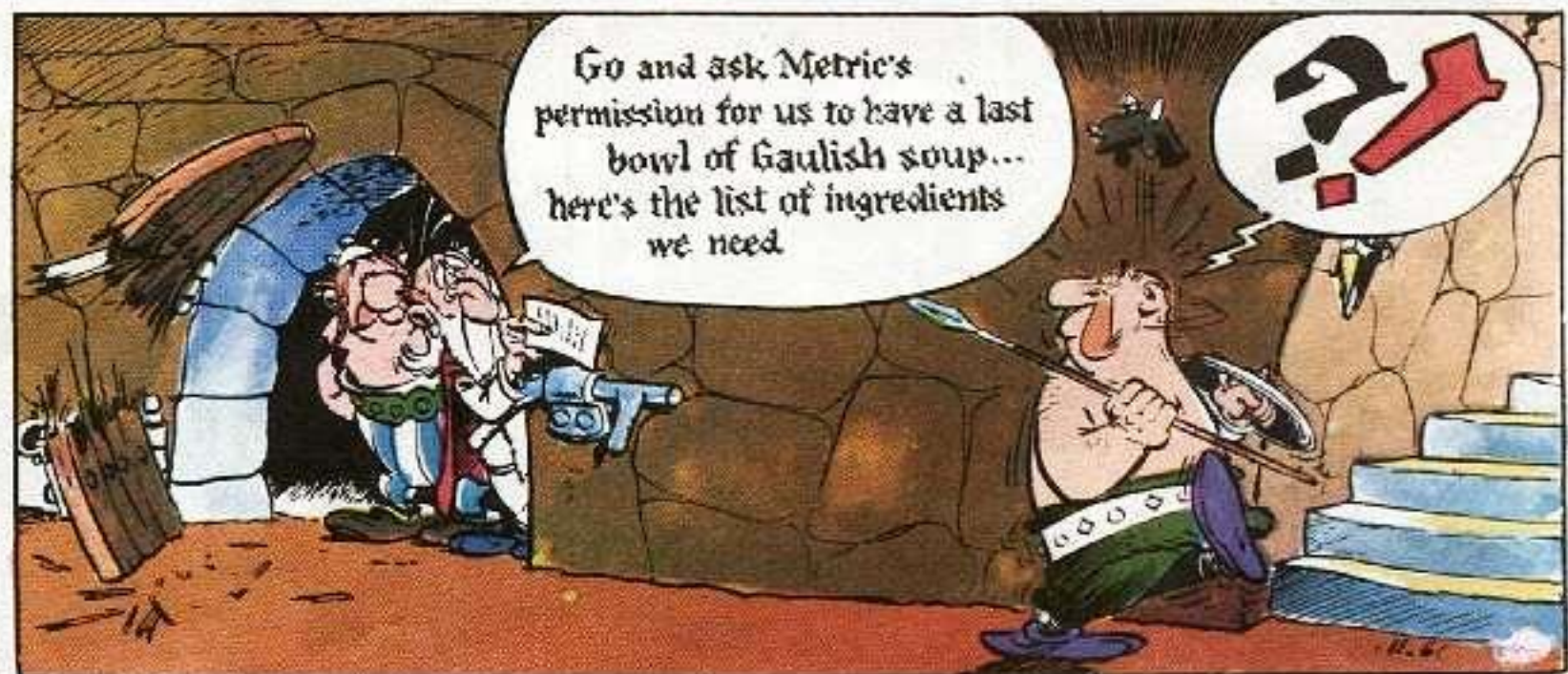
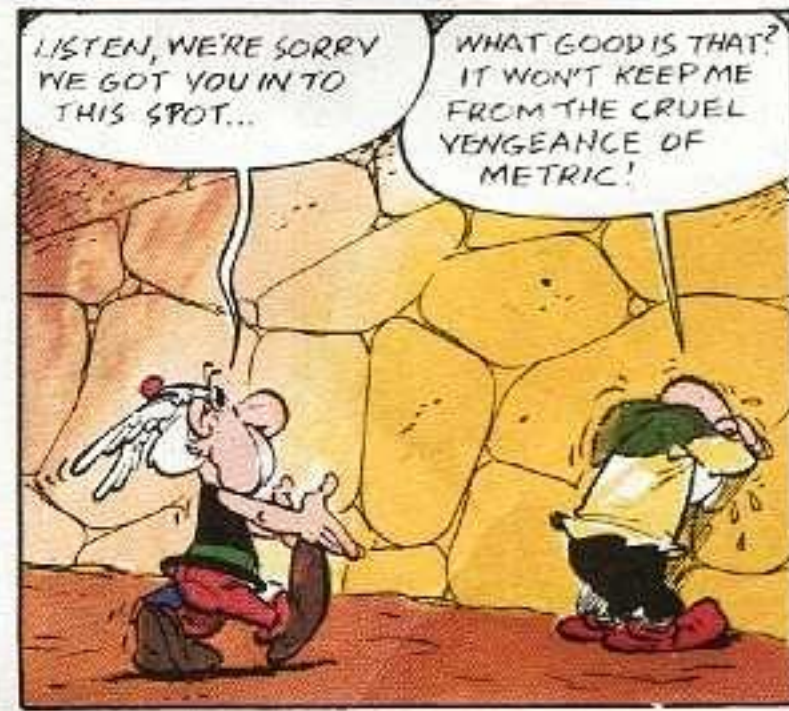
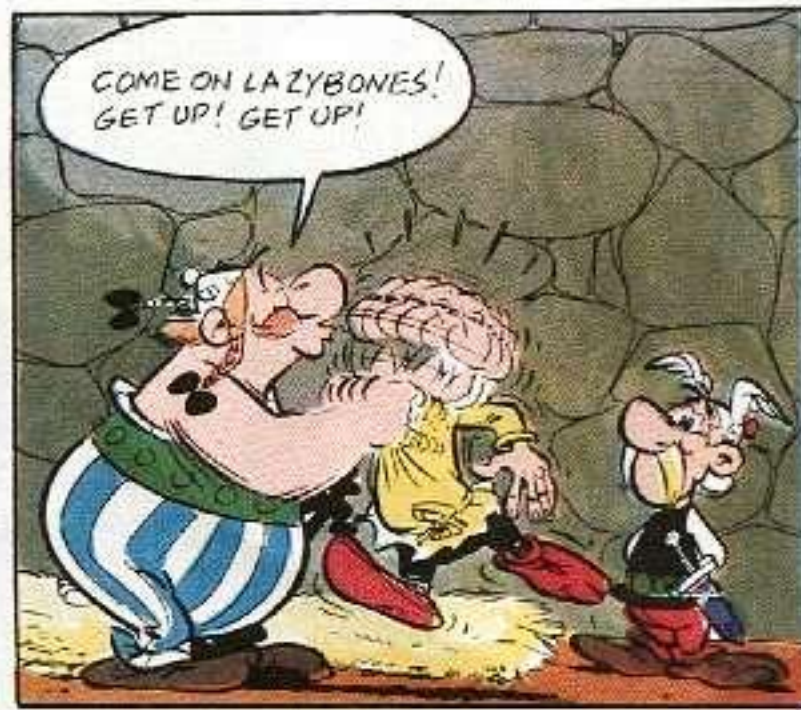
SOON AFTERWARDS...

WHAM!



BOOHOOHOO! YOU BEASTLY, HORRID GAULS! I'M GOING TO BE FLAYED, IMPALED, HUNG, DRAWN AND QUARTERED, ALL BECAUSE OF YOU! ME, WITH MY DELICATE CONSTITUTION! WHY, EVEN DAMP WEATHER AND TOASTED CHEESE MAKE ME FEEL ILL!

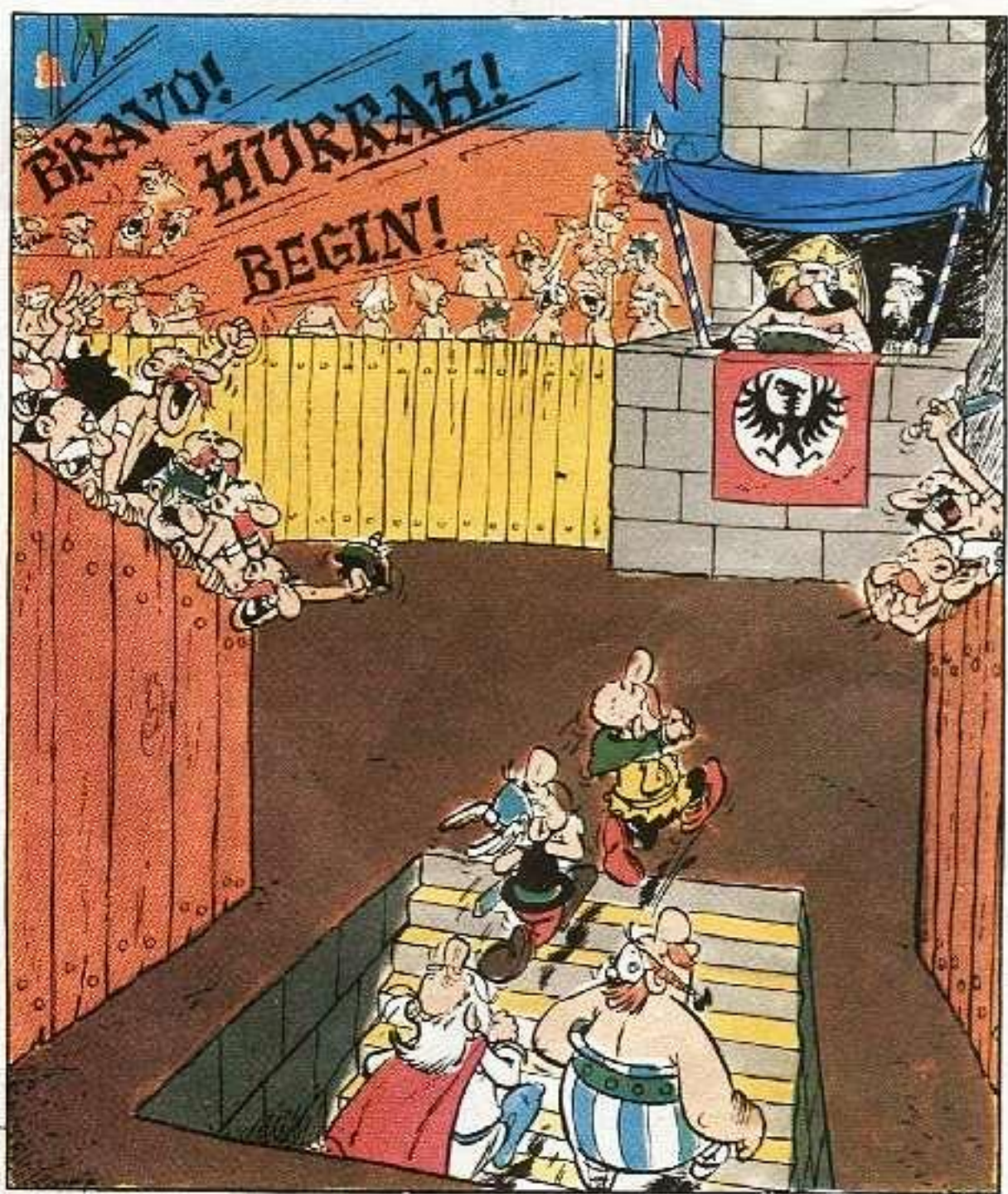




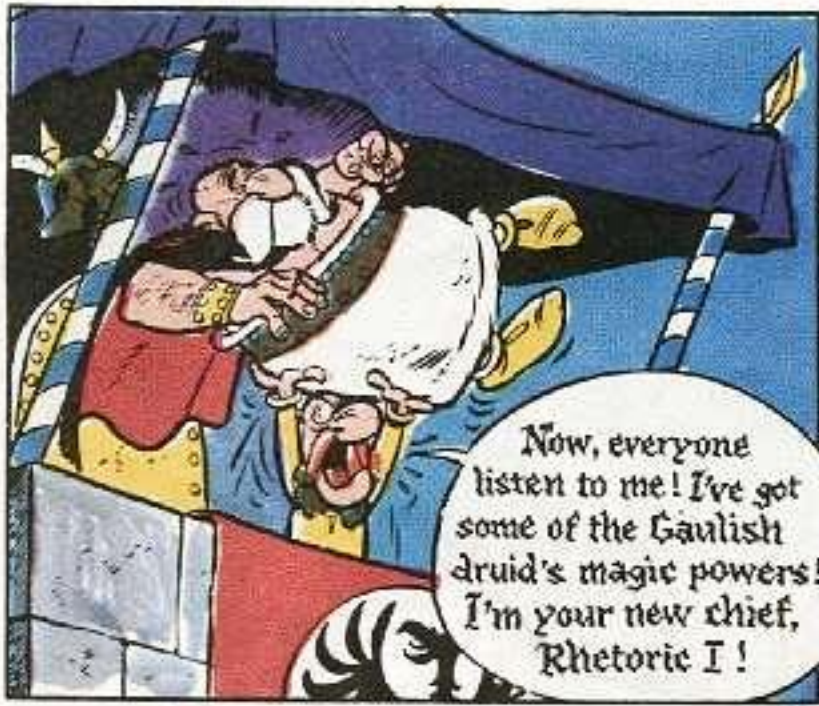












ASTERIX, GÉTAFIX AND OBELIX MAKE THEIR WAY BACK TO THE LUNGEON FOR A WORD WITH METRIC...



Metric, would you like to get your revenge on Rhetoric and return to power?

?



HE SAYS YES!

I GOT THE GENERAL IDEA!

Have a swig of this magic potion... then you'll be as strong as Rhetoric. The way you use your strength is up to you...



GLUG!  
GLUG!



CLINNNK!

HE'S GOT A FREE HAND NOW!



CRAAAAASH!



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



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



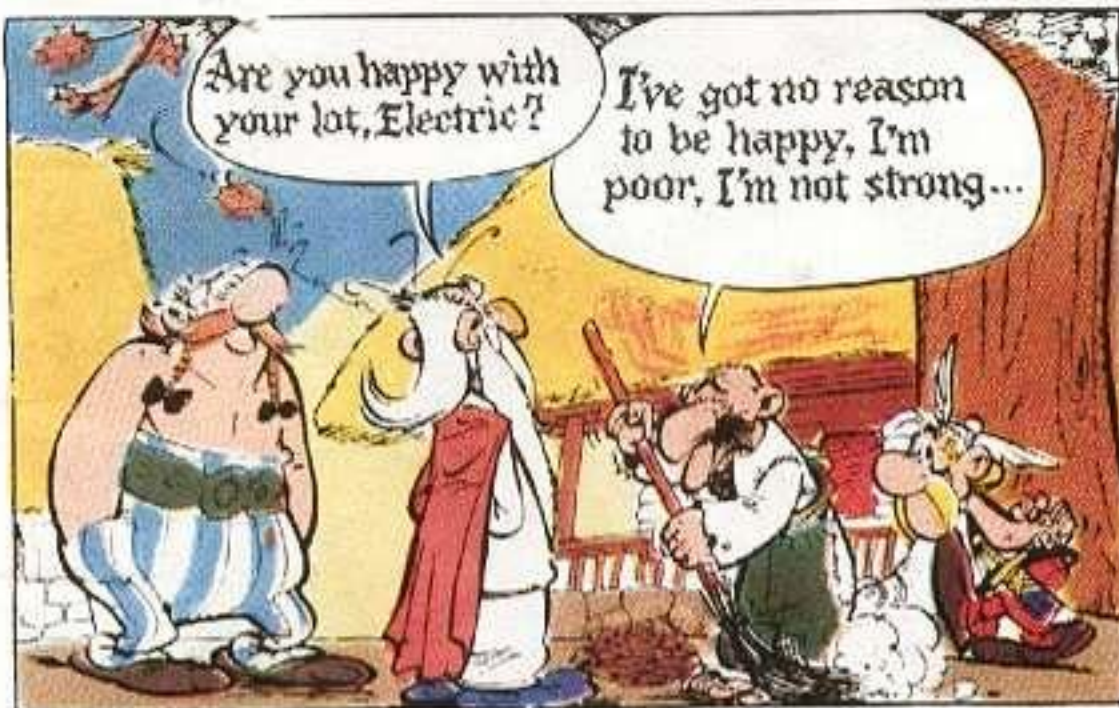
So what?

Poc!



HE'S GOT A FREE HAND! HA! HA! HA! THAT'S A GOOD ONE, THAT IS! I'VE ONLY JUST GOT IT. HO! HO! HO!









...WHILE EVERY ONE OF THEIR PATIENTS, INVINCIBLY STRONG, AND SPURRED ON BY THE REMARKS OF OUR FRIENDS, SETS OUT TO RECRUIT AN ARMY...



NOTHING THEY'LL ALL BE IN THE SAME BOAT, BEING MORE OR LESS EQUAL, THEY'LL GO ON FIGHTING EACH OTHER FOR CENTURIES... AND THEY WON'T STOP TO THINK ABOUT INVADING THEIR NEIGHBOURS.



SOME OF THE CHIEFS

# THE ASTERIXIAN WARS

## A Tangled Web . . .



Metric



Rhetoric

The ruse employed by Asterix, Getafix and Obelix succeeded beyond their wildest dreams. After drinking the druid's magic potion, the Goths fought each other tooth and nail. Here is a brief summary to help you follow the history of these famous wars.



The favourite and devastating weapon of the combatants.



Diagram indicating the course of events.



The first victory is won outright by Rhetoric, who, having surprised Metric by an outflanking movement, lets him have it - bonk! - and inflicts a crushing defeat on him. This defeat, however, is only temporary . . .



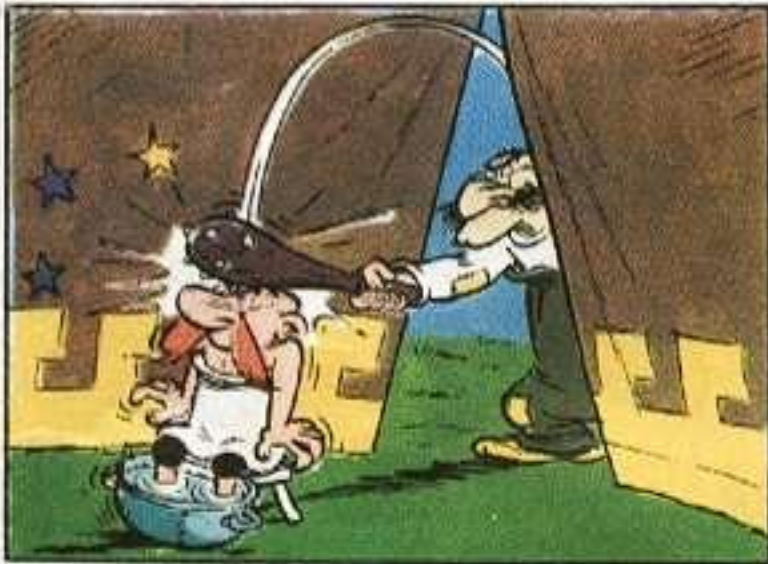
Rhetoric has no time to celebrate his victory, for, having completed his outflanking movement, he is taken in the rear by his own ally, Lyric. Lyric instantly proclaims himself supreme chief of all the Goths, much to the amusement of the other chiefs . . .



Who turn out to be right, for Lyric's brother-in-law Satiric lays an ambush for him, pretending to invite him to a family reunion and Lyric falls into the trap. It was upon this occasion that the proposition that blood is thicker than water was first put to the test . . .



Rhetoric goes after Lyric, with the avowed intention of "bashing him up" (archaic), but his rearguard is surprised by Metric's vanguard. Bonk! This manoeuvre is known as the Metric System.



General Electric manages to surprise Euphoric meditating on the conduct of his next few campaigns. Euphoric's morale is distinctly lowered, but he has the last word, with his famous remark, "I'll short-circuit him yet!"



While Electric proclaims himself supreme chief of the Goths, to the amusement of all and sundry, it is the turn of Metric's rearguard to be surprised by Rhetoric's vanguard. Bonk! "This is bad for my system," is the comment of the exasperated Metric.



In fact, it is so bad for his system that he allows himself to be surprised by Euphoric. The battle is short and sharp. Euphoric, a wily politician, instantly proclaims himself supreme chief of the Goths. The other supreme chiefs are in fits . . .



Euphoric, much annoyed, sets up camp and decides to sulk. He is surprised by Eccentric, who in his turn is attacked by Lyric, subsequently to be defeated by Electric. Electric is destined to be betrayed by Satiric, who will be beaten by Rhetoric.



Going round a corner, Rhetoric's vanguard bumps into Metric's vanguard. Bonk! Bonk! This battle is famous in the Asterixian wars as the "Battle of the Two Losers" And so the war goes on . . .



MEANWHILE, OUR THREE FRIENDS ARE APPROACHING THE FRONTIER OF GAUL, WITH THEIR MINDS AT REST . . .





AND LATE INTO THE NIGHT THERE IS FEASTING, LAUGHING AND DRINKING, AS OUR FRIENDS EAT BOAR AND TELL THE WHOLE STORY OF THEIR ADVENTURES. SINCE YOU KNOW IT ALREADY, WE THINK THE TIME HAS COME FOR US TO LEAVE YOU... BUT NOT FOR LONG!



**THE END**