

BOOK 5

GOSCINNY AND UDERZO

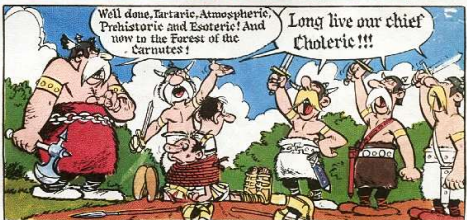
Asterix

AND THE GOTHS



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 VALUADDE TAX!

OH, I SAY! DELIGHTED, I'M SURE!



COME ALONG, VALUADDE TAX! 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, OBELIX. WHILE THE CONFERENCE IS ON THERE'S A TRUCE WITH THE ROMANS.

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



THAT'S YOUR STORY. JUST PROVE IT!







Our mission is to capture the best Gaulish druid. We'll take him back across the border, and then, with the help of his magic, we'll plan the invasion of Gaul and Rome...



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...



THEY TALK SHOP, THEY DISCUSS SPELLS...

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

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



THEY EVEN INDULGE IN JOKE'S AND RUNS... 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!



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!



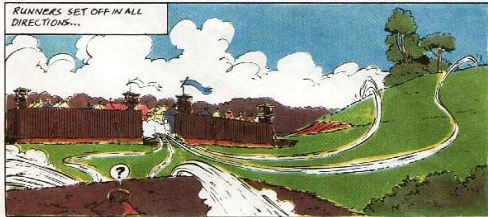






















AS SOON AS THE ROMANS KNOW THAT THE GOTHES THEY ARE LOOKING FOR ARE DISGUISED AS ROMANS, THERE IS COMPLETE CHAOS... THE ROMANS GO ABOUT CAPTURING ONE ANOTHER...

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! (SOS! SOS!)

I'M TAKING YOU IN, GOTH!

YOU OFF YOUR HEAD OR SOMETHING!

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

...AND THE GOTHES, 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...

GAUL
ROMAN
EMPIRE

Germania

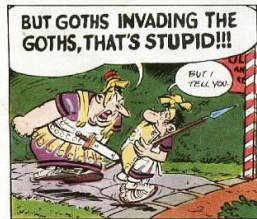
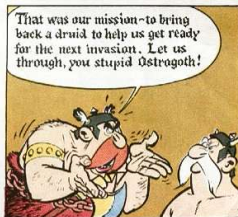
Hey!

ANNNNN?

BONG!

Victory is ours!
We'll be given a hero's welcome by our own people!

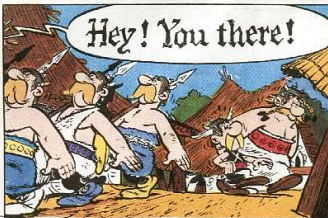
Anything to declare?



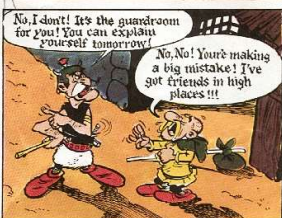




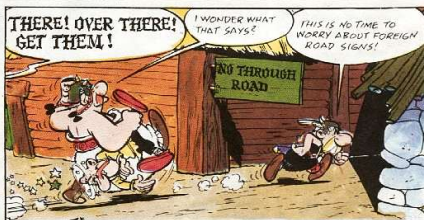


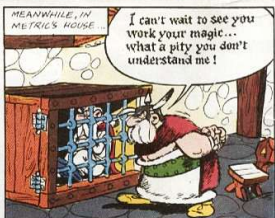
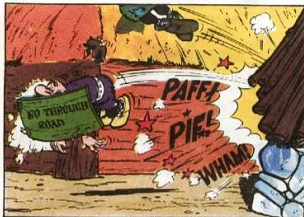




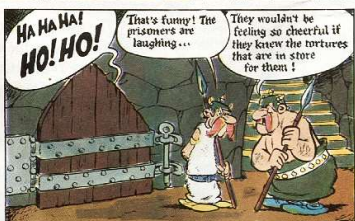


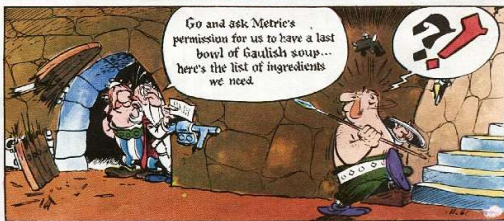
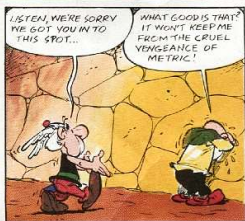












METRIC IS LISTENING TO THE PROGRAMME FOR THE NEXT DAY'S FESTIVITIES, AS SUGGESTED BY HIS ENTERTAINMENTS MANAGER

Now suppose we start by having them torn apart by wild horses...

Hmm... not very original, but the audience likes it. It always gets a laugh....



And then we could chop them up into little bits

Not too little. We want everyone to be able to see



O Metric, the prisoners' last dying wish is to make and drink some Gaulish soup!

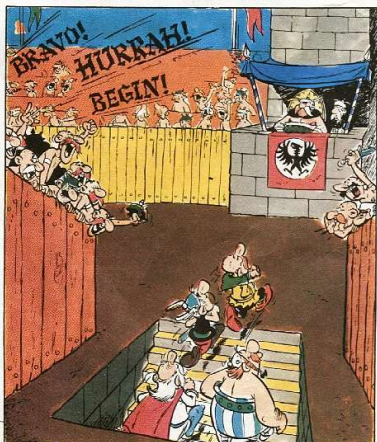
Granted! We want them to be on top form tomorrow!

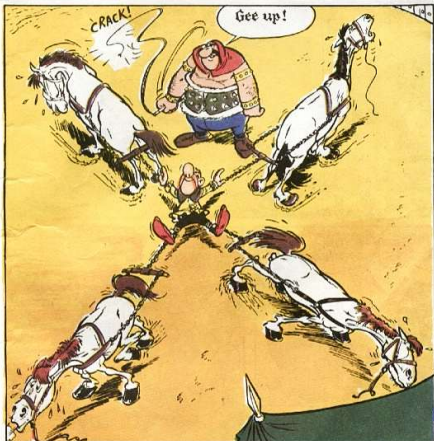
SOON AFTERWARDS...

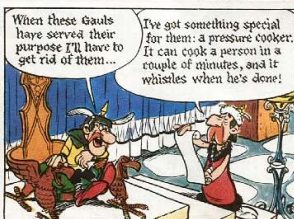
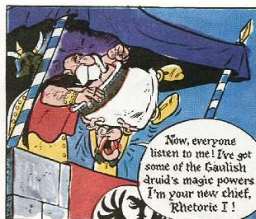
I think it's all here











ASTERIX, Getafix and Obelix make their way back to the lair of the traitor 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!



CRAAAASH!



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



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



So what?

Poa!



HE'S GOT A FREE HAND! HA! HA! HA! THAT'S A GOOD ONE, THAT IS! I'VE ONLY JUST GOT IT. NO! HO! HO!







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



Metric



Rhetoric

THE ASTERIXIAN WARS

A Tangled Web . . .

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.



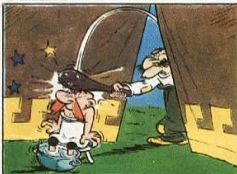
Rhetoric has no time to celebrate his victory, for, having completed his outflanking movement, he is taken in the rear by his own ally, Lyric. Lyric instantly proclaims himself supreme chief of all the Goths, much to the amusement of the other chiefs . . .



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 "hashing him up" (archaic), but his rearward 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 rearward 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 nuke. 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 rearward. 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...



