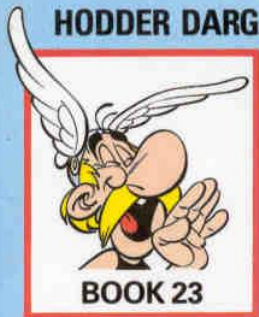


HODDER DARGAUD PRESENTS



TEXT: GOSCINNY
DRAWINGS: UDERZO

Asterix

and the BANQUET





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...

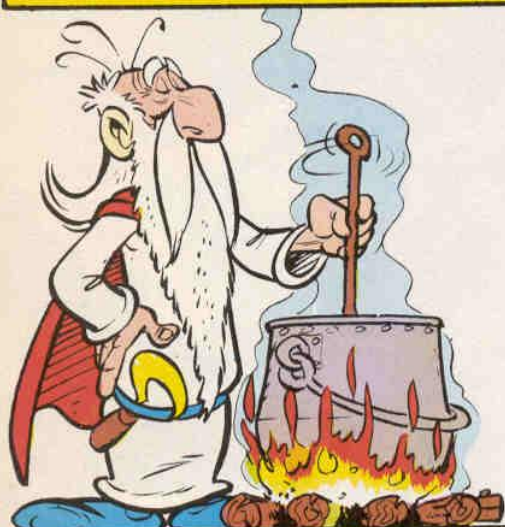


a few of the Gauls

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.



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.'

PEACE REIGNS IN THE
FORTIFIED ROMAN CAMP
OF COMPENDIUM...



UNTIL...

O CENTURION LOT-
USEATUS, THERE'S A
VISITOR FROM ROME
FOR YOU. LOOKS LIKE
TOP BRASS!

HE
DOES?



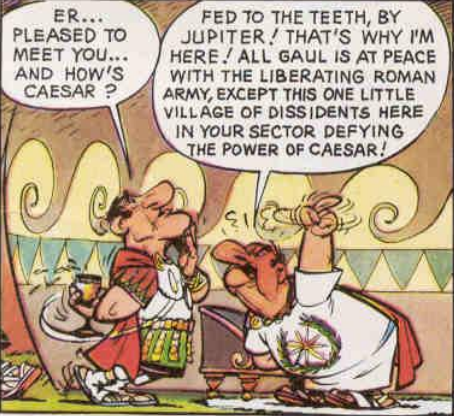
AVE! I AM INSPECTOR
GENERAL OVERANXIOUS, WITH
THE RANK OF PREFECT, ON A
SPECIAL MISSION FROM
JULIUS CAESAR!

AVE.



ER...
PLEASED TO
MEET YOU...
AND HOW'S
CAESAR?

FED TO THE TEETH, BY
JUPITER! THAT'S WHY I'M
HERE! ALL GAUL IS AT PEACE
WITH THE LIBERATING ROMAN
ARMY, EXCEPT THIS ONE LITTLE
VILLAGE OF DISSIDENTS HERE
IN YOUR SECTOR DEFYING
THE POWER OF CAESAR!



S...
SO?

SO I AM GOING
TO LEAD YOUR MEN
AGAINST THE VILLAGERS.
I'LL SOON GET THEM
INTO LINE!



BUT... BUT THOSE GAULS
ARE DANGEROUS! THEY HAVE
MAGICAL POWERS...

NONSENSE!
SOUND THE
ASSEMBLY!



WE'RE ENTERING THE
LISTS! HOLD THE
GAULS AT BAY, AND
IT WILL BE ANOTHER
BAYLEAF IN CAESAR'S
WREATH! *

**THE
GAULS?!**



* WE WOULD SAY:
ANOTHER FEATHER
IN HIS CAP.

DIRECTLY
AFTERWARDS...

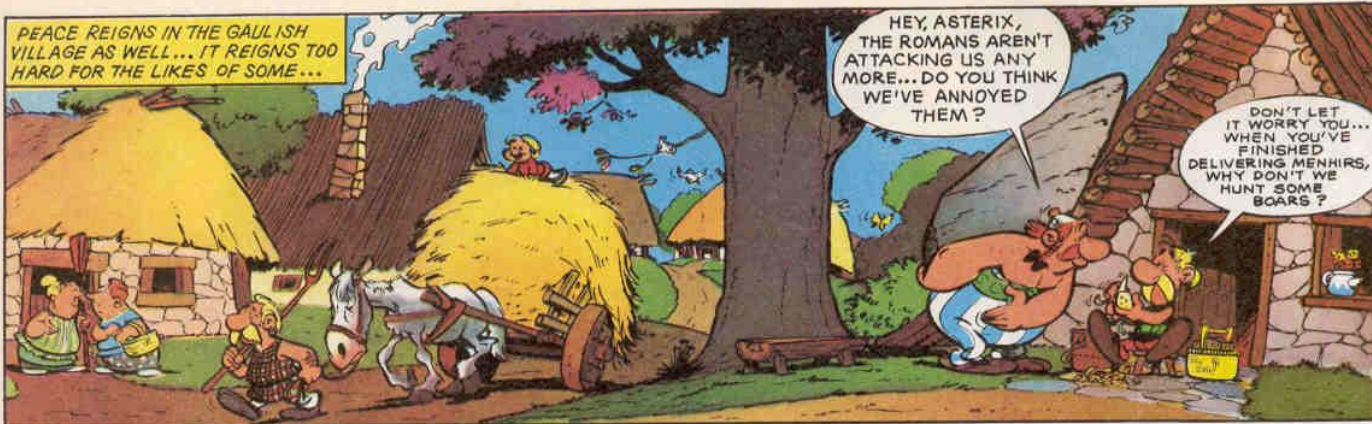
I DIDN'T
MEAN THE
SICK BAY!
WHERE'S
YOUR
PILUM?

SICK BAY

IT MAY
BE A BITTER PILUM,
BUT WE PREFER THE
SICK LISTS.



PEACE REIGNS IN THE GAULISH VILLAGE AS WELL... IT REIGNS TOO HARD FOR THE LIKES OF SOME...



HEY, ASTERIX, THE ROMANS AREN'T ATTACKING US ANY MORE... DO YOU THINK WE'VE ANNOYED THEM?

DON'T LET IT WORRY YOU... WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED DELIVERING MENHIRS, WHY DON'T WE HUNT SOME BEARS?

SOON AFTERWARDS, IN THE FOREST...

SUPPOSE WE WROTE TO THE ROMANS?



WE COULD EXPLAIN THAT...

SSH!

YOU COWARDLY LOT! YOU EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THAT A HANDFUL OF GAULS COULD RESIST YOU?



DON'T MAKE SO MUCH NOISE, O OVERANXIUS, OR YOU'LL ALERT THE WHOLE HANDFUL!

IT'S THE ROMANS!!!

GOODY!

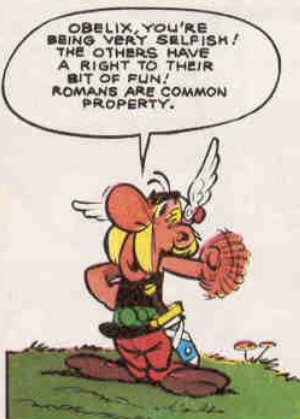


COME ON, WE MUST TELL THE OTHERS!

MUST WE? WHY NOT JUST DIVIDE THEM BETWEEN US? NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW...



OBELIX, YOU'RE BEING VERY SELFISH! THE OTHERS HAVE A RIGHT TO THEIR BIT OF FUN! ROMANS ARE COMMON PROPERTY.



SO COME ALONG!

IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME! IT'S NOT FAIR, IT JUST ISN'T FAIR... IF THEY WANT ROMANS, WHY CAN'T THEY GO AND FIND SOME OF THEIR OWN...?



A LITTLE LATER...

NOW THEN, NO SHOVING! STAND IN LINE LIKE EVERYONE ELSE!

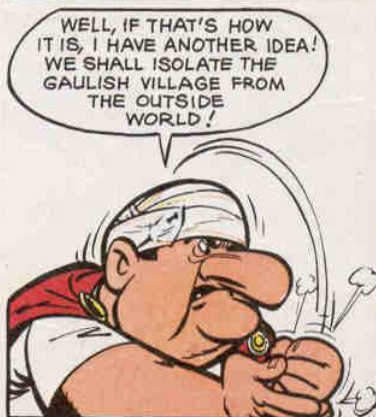
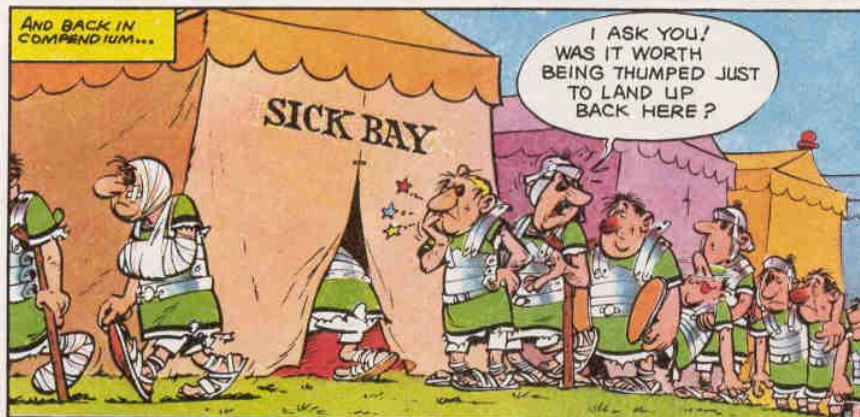
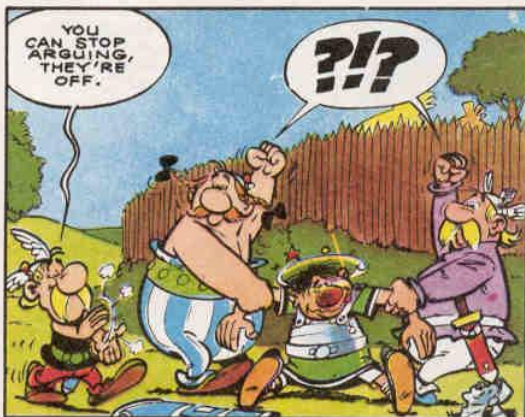
THERE'S NO NEED TO PUSH... THERE'LL BE PLENTY TO GO ROUND.

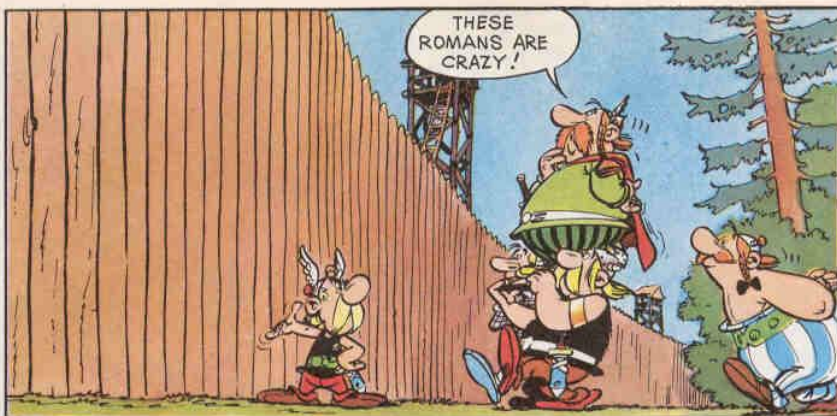
ONLY THREE OR FOUR EACH, THAT'S ALL... WILL YOU LEND ME YOURS, ASTERIX?

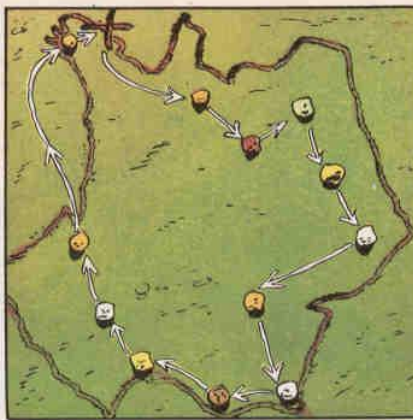
COME ON, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? CHARGE, MEN! CHARGE!

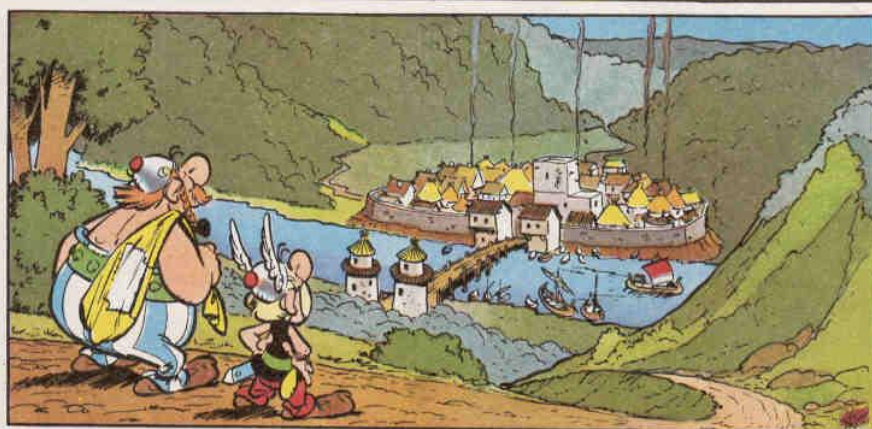
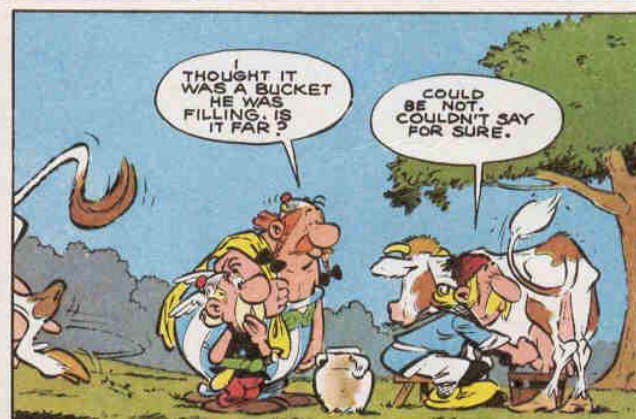
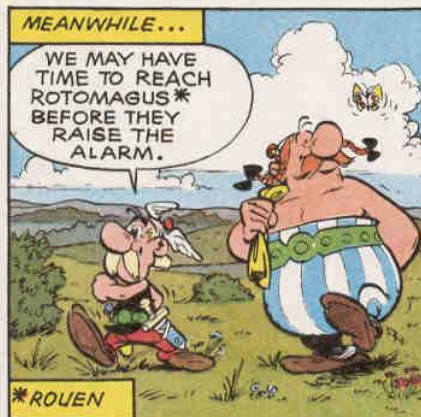
MUMMY!





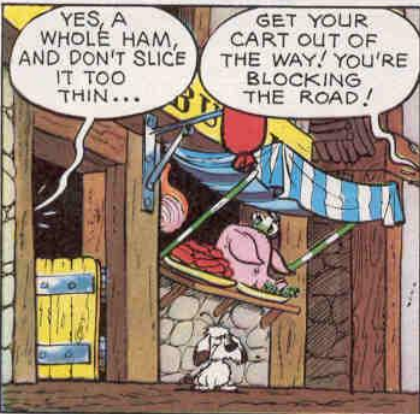
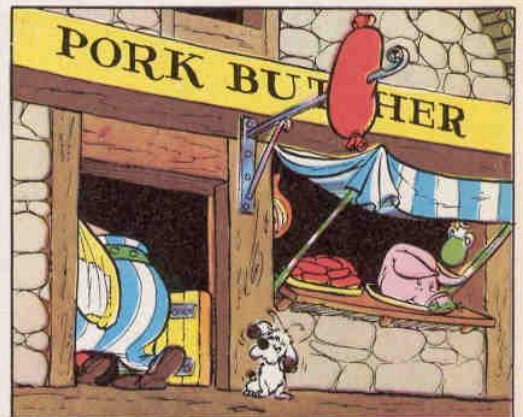
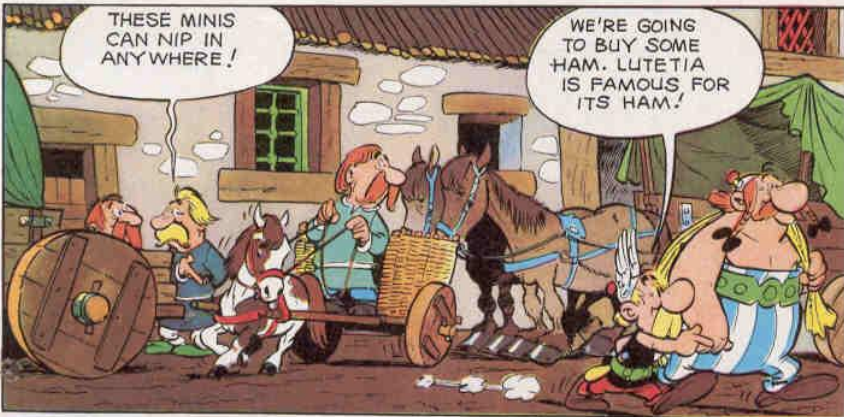
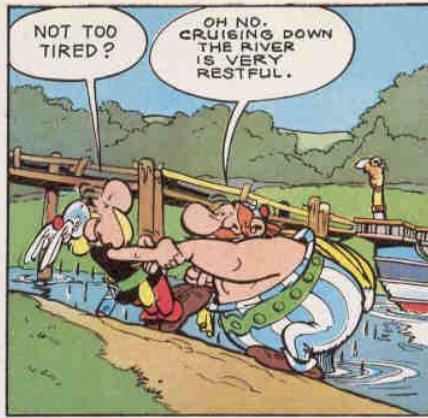


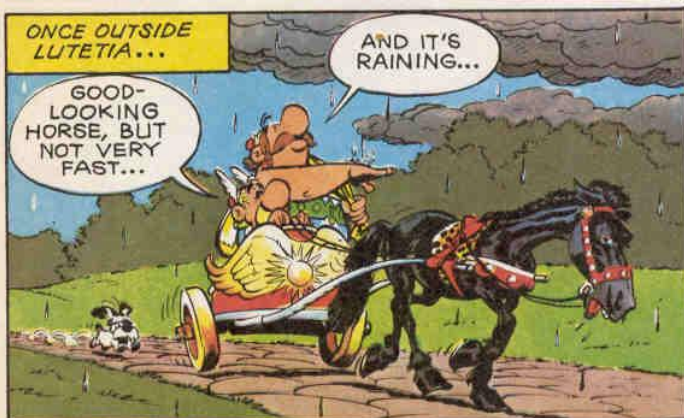
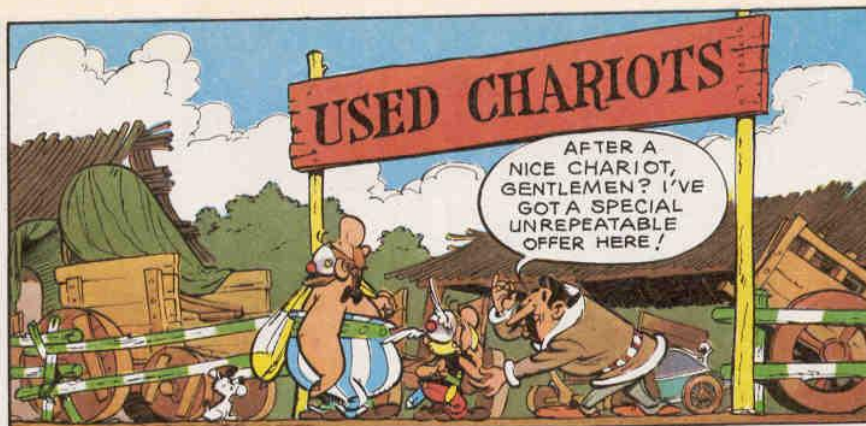
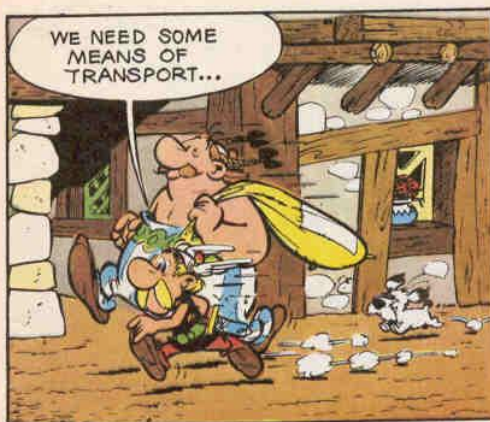


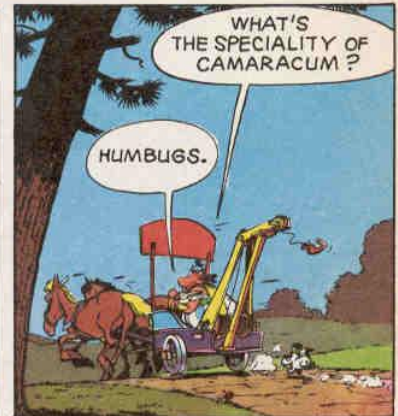
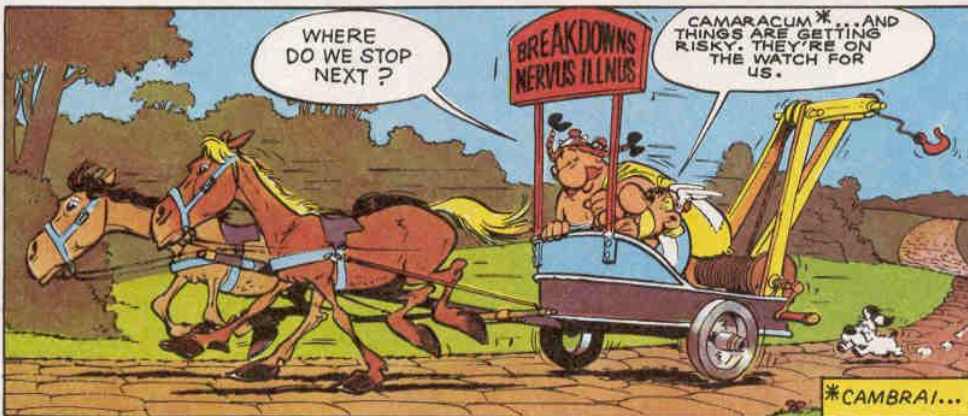
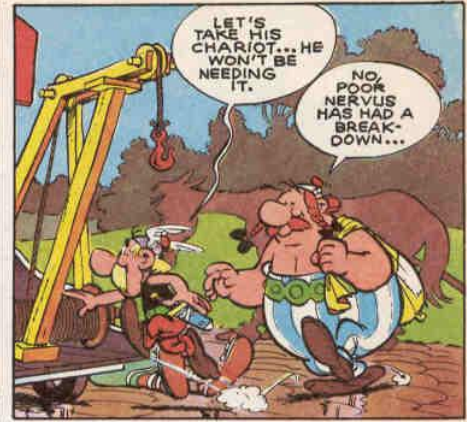
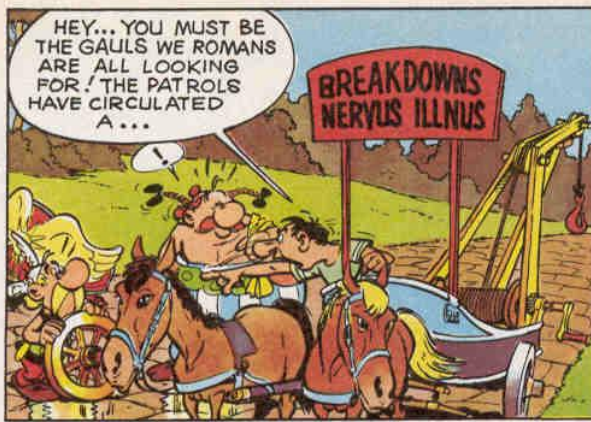


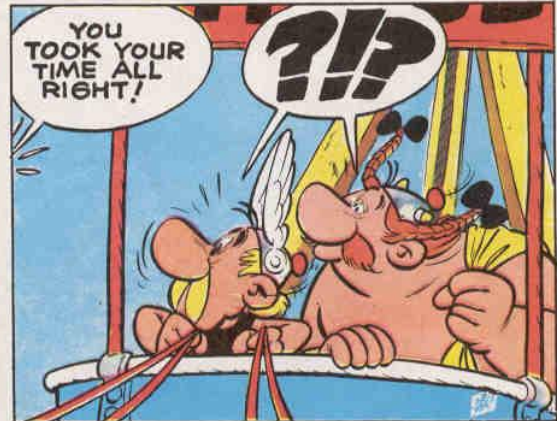
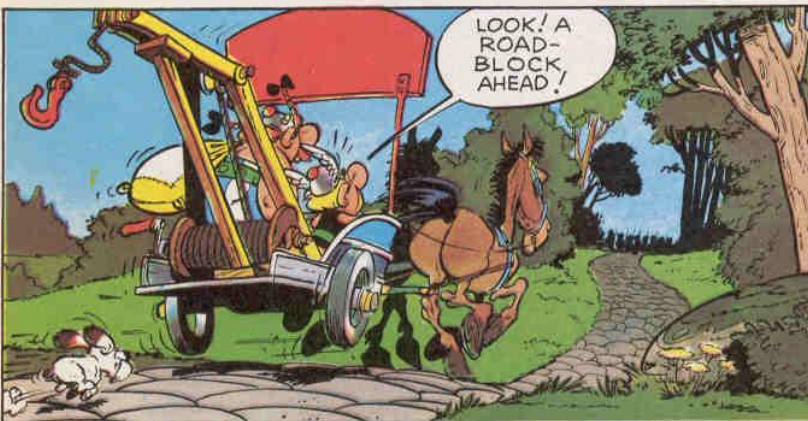
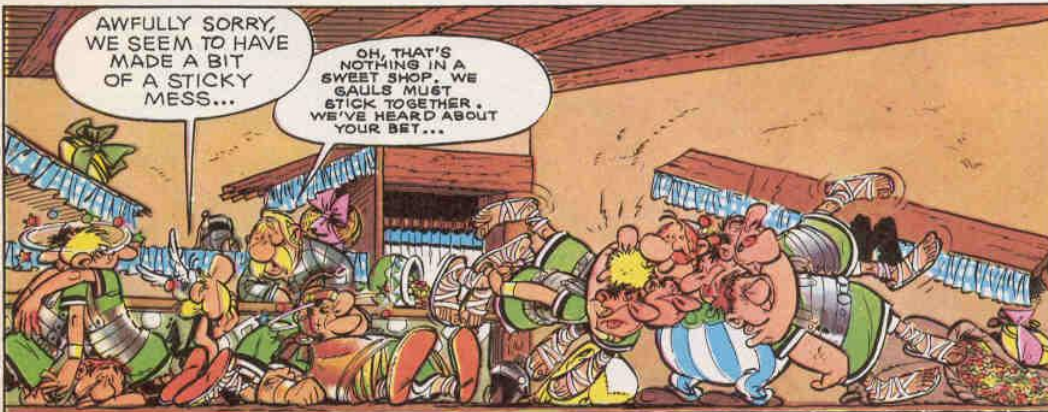
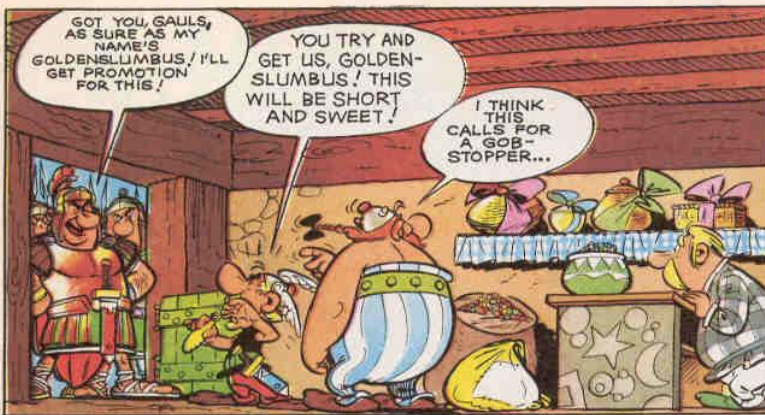


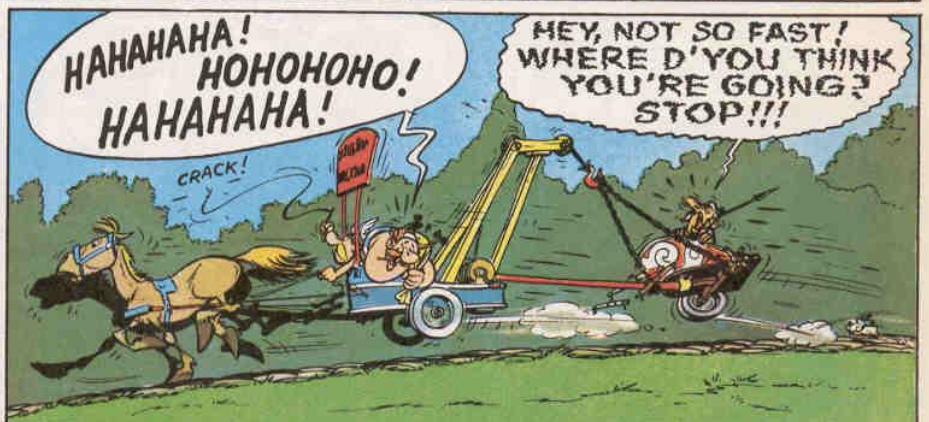
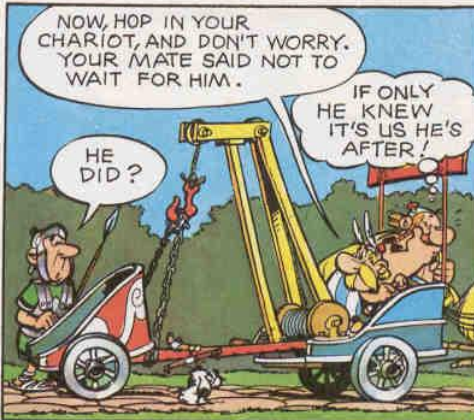
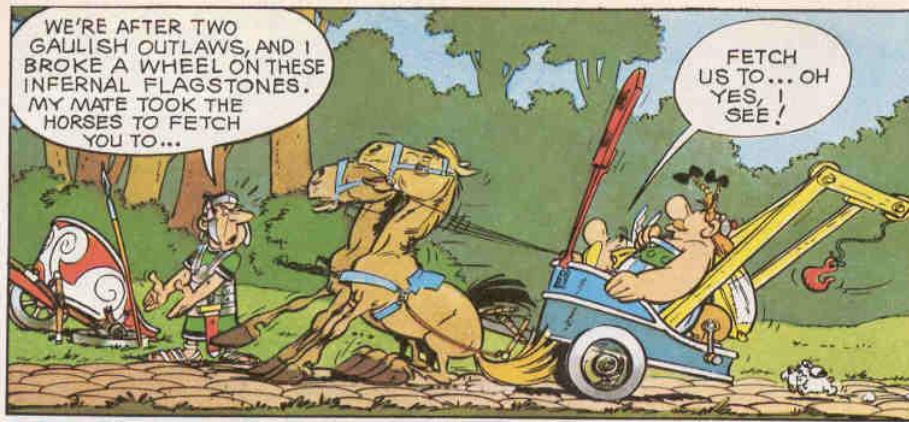










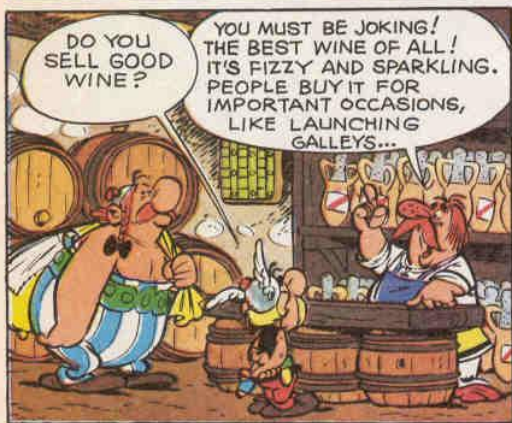




WE'LL LEAVE THE CHARIOT HERE. IT'S A BIT TOO CONSPICUOUS.



WE MUSTN'T SPEND TOO LONG IN DUROCORTORUM. OUR PURSUERS CAN'T BE FAR BEHIND...



DO YOU SELL GOOD WINE?

YOU MUST BE JOKING! THE BEST WINE OF ALL! IT'S FIZZY AND SPARKLING. PEOPLE BUY IT FOR IMPORTANT OCCASIONS, LIKE LAUNCHING GALLEYS...



YOU WANT BRUT, SEC, DEMI-SEC, OR DOUX?

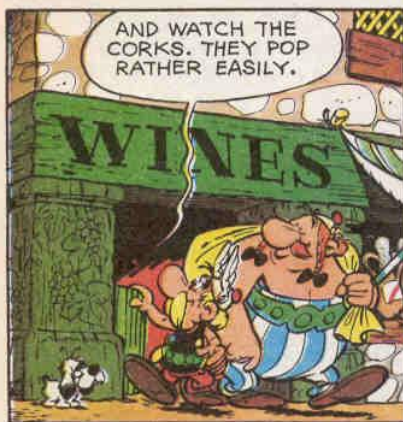
?!?

?!?



WELL, TAKE AN AMPHORA OF EACH! WE KNOW ABOUT YOUR BET... BUT MUMM'S THE WORD!

THANK YOU VERY MUCH!

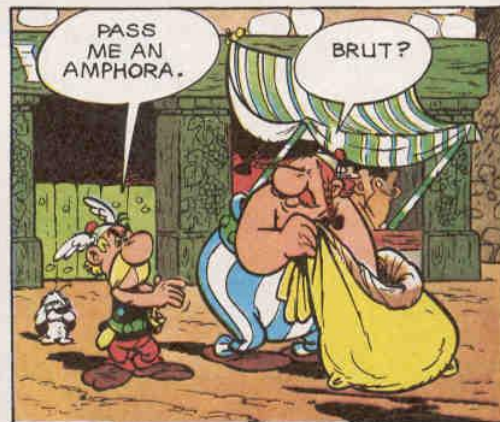


AND WATCH THE CORKS. THEY POP RATHER EASILY.



?!?

WE MEET AGAIN, GAULS! AND NOW I KNOW WHO YOU ARE! STAY PUT, OR YOU GET MY PILUM IN YOUR STERNUM!



PASS ME AN AMPHORA.

BRUT?

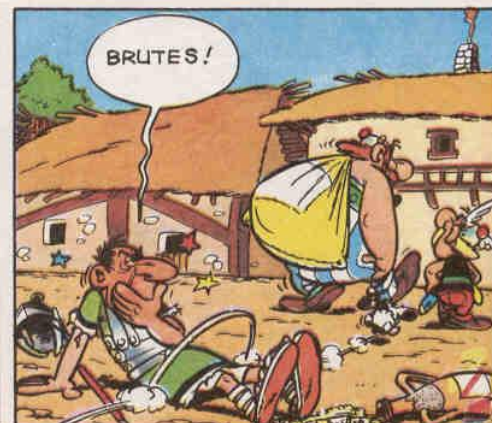


BRUT.

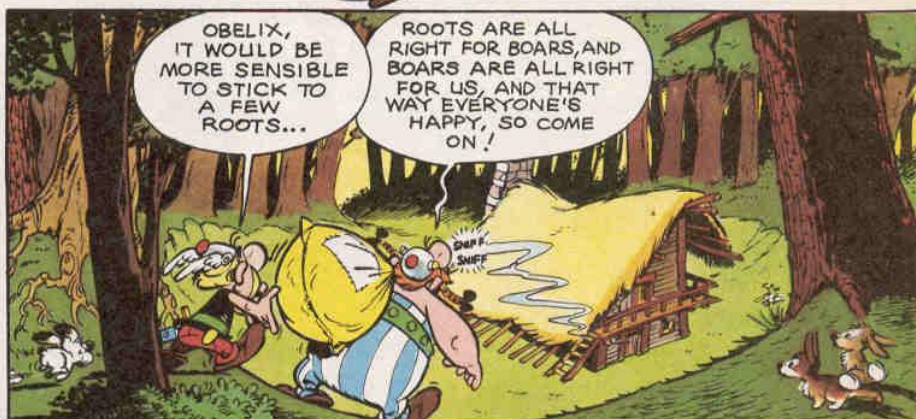
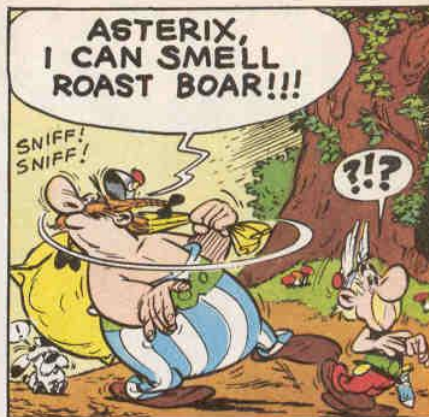
POP!

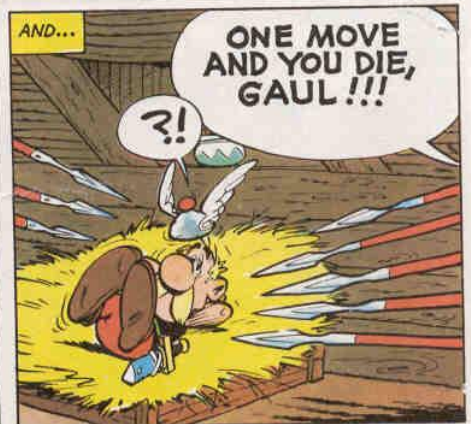
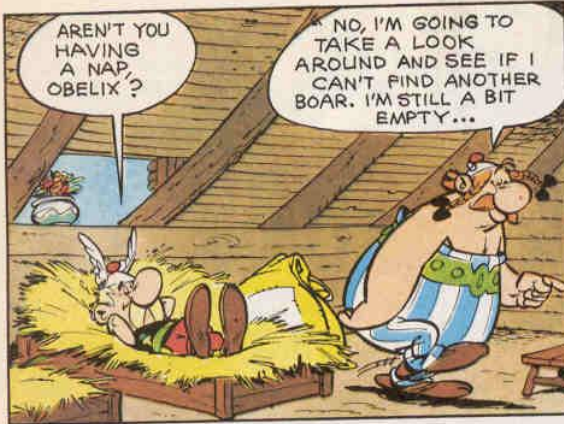
WHOOOSH!

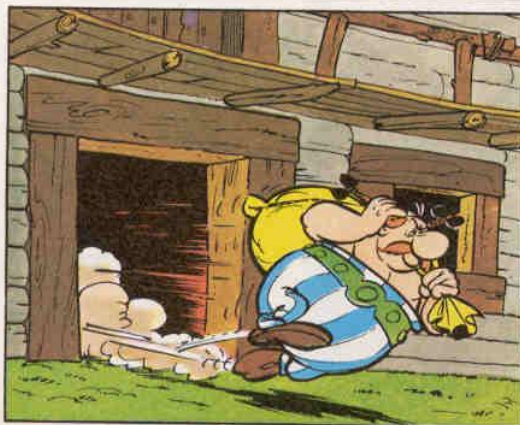
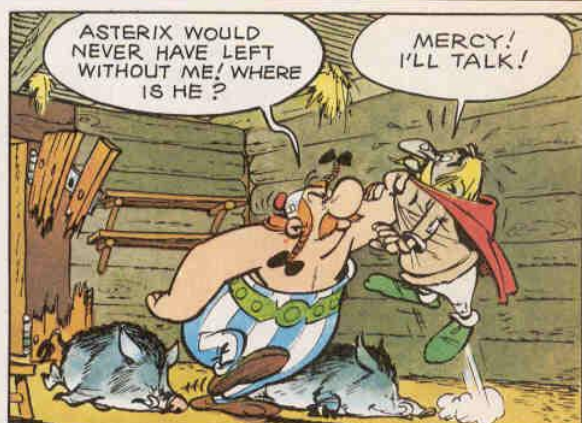
PAF!

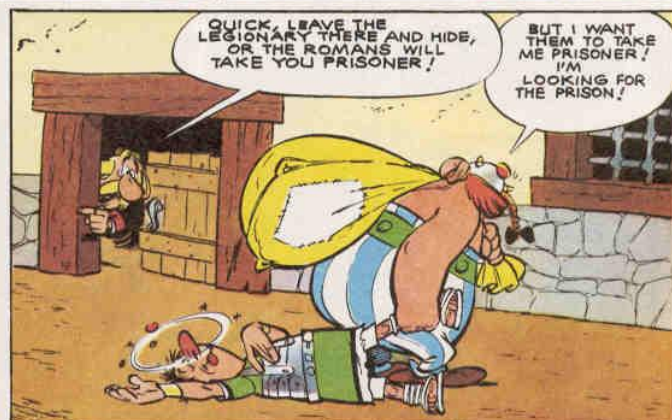
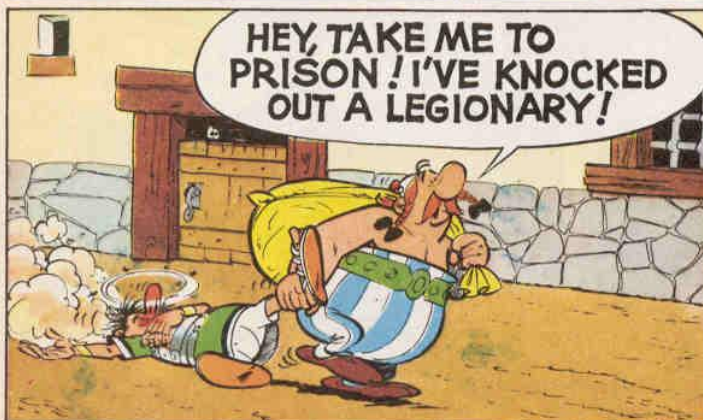


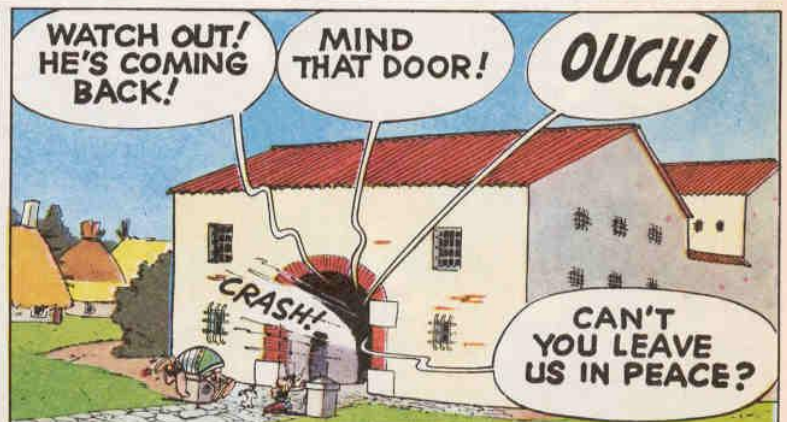
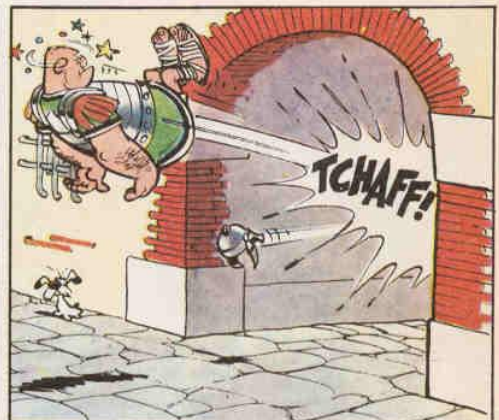
BRUTES!

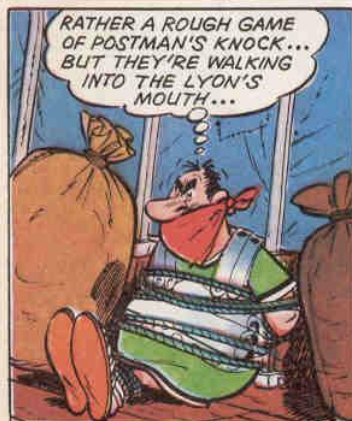
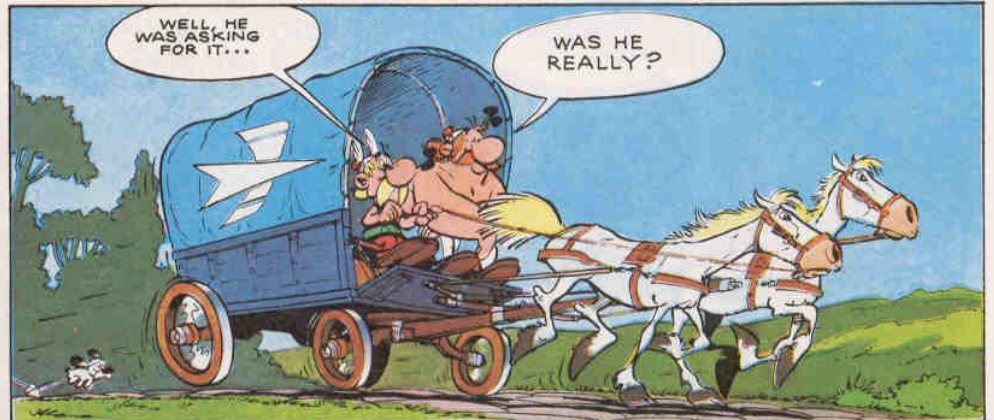
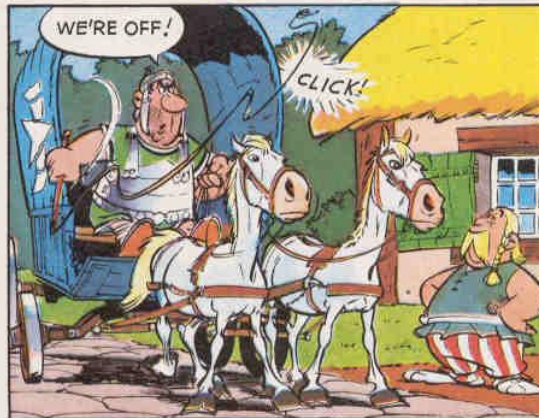
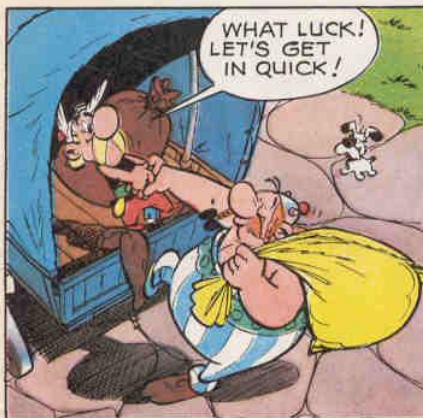
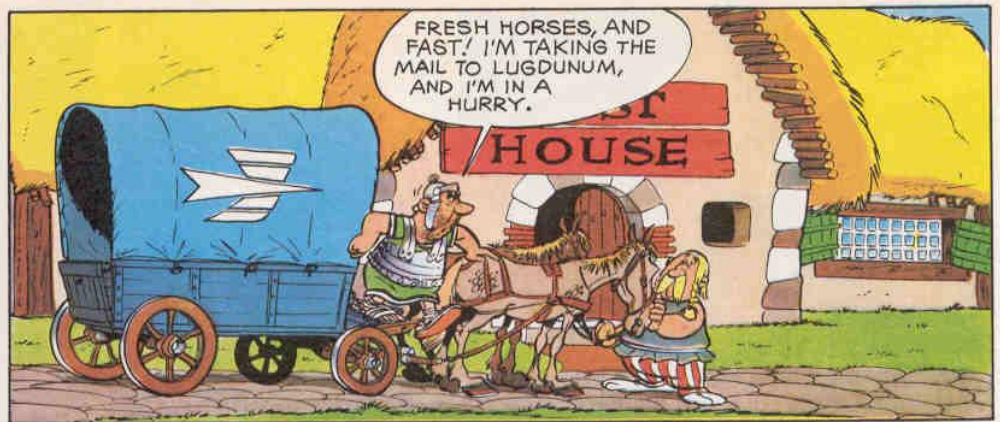


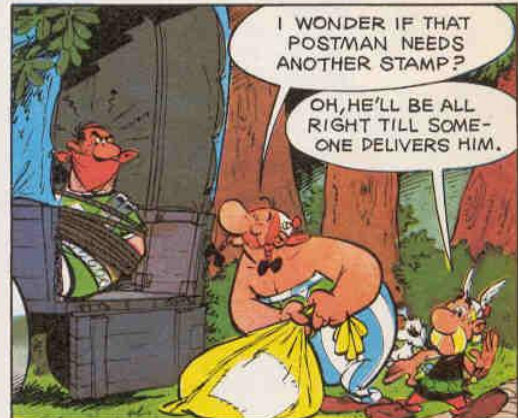
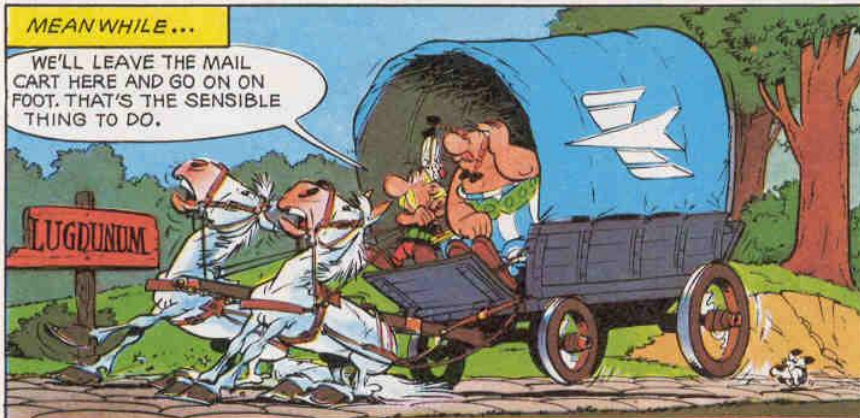
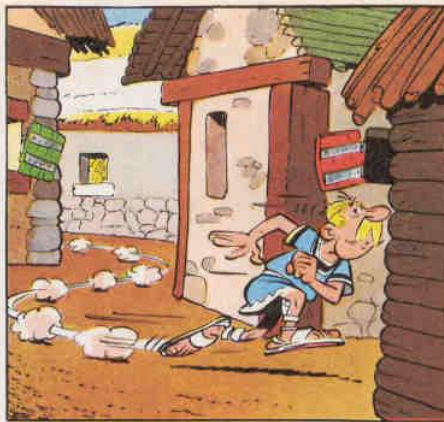
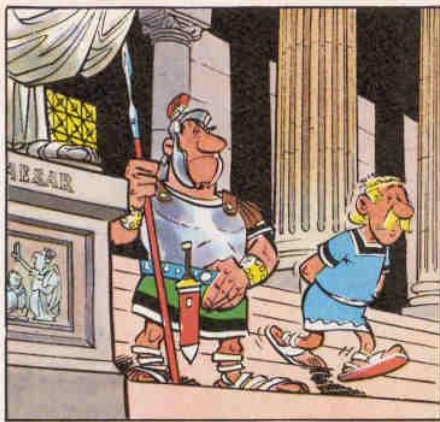






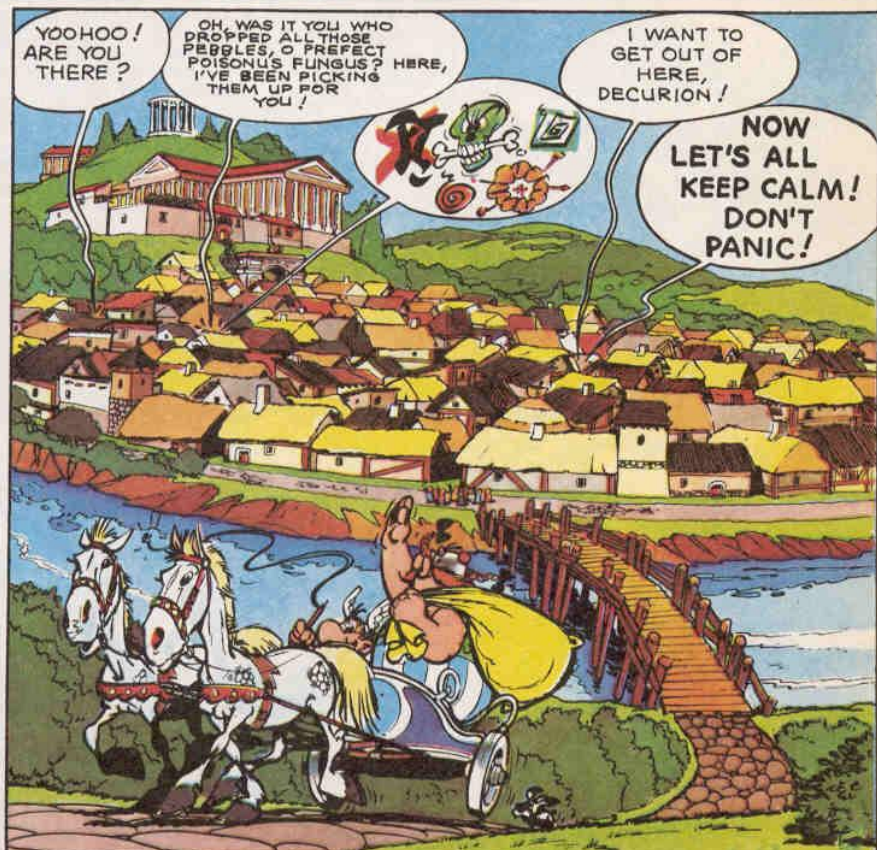
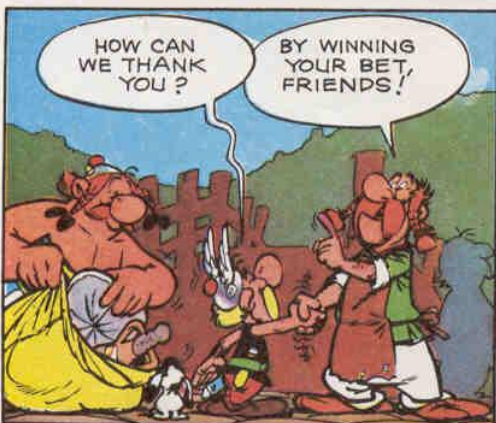


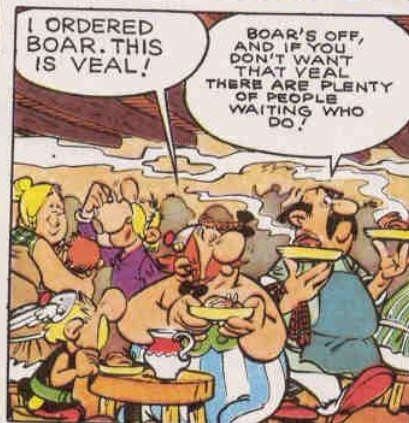
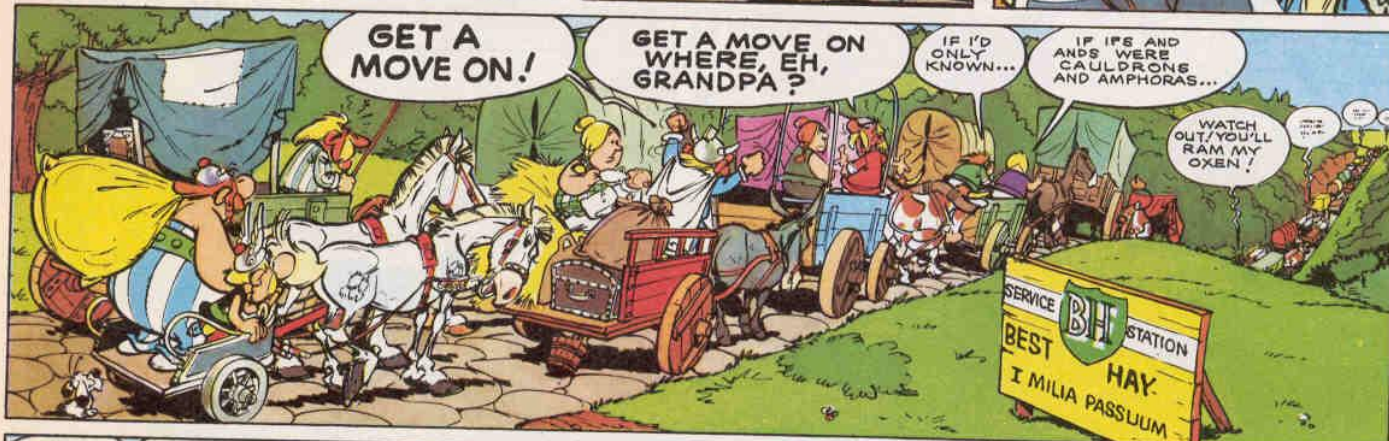
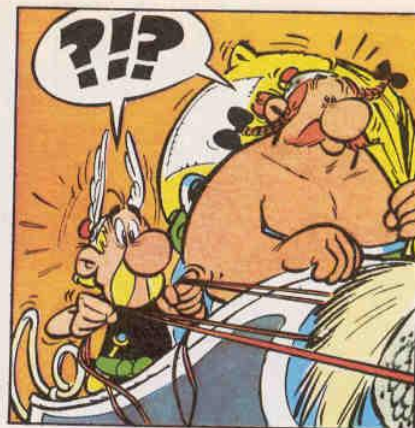
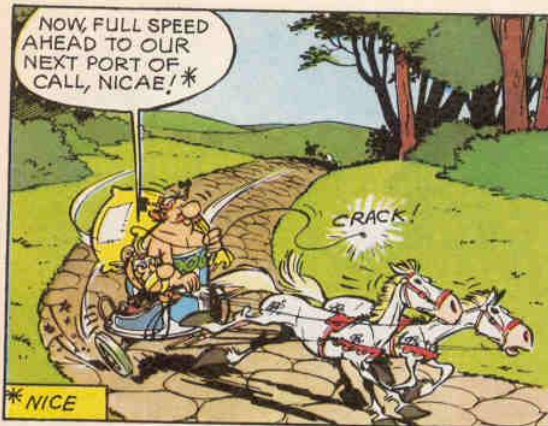


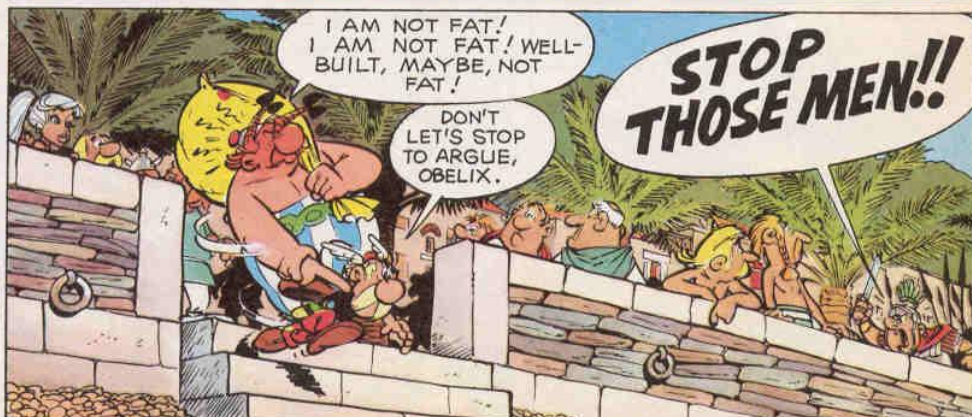




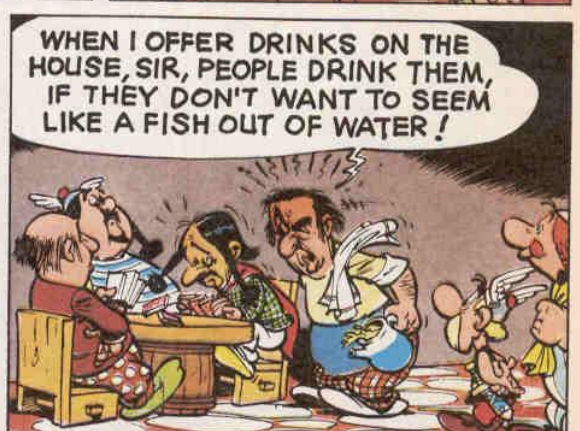
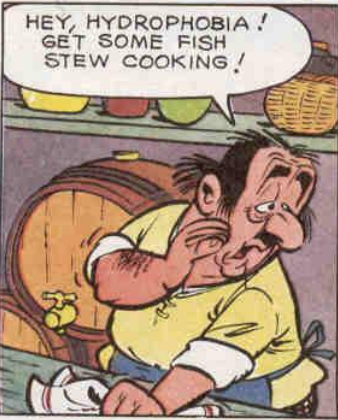
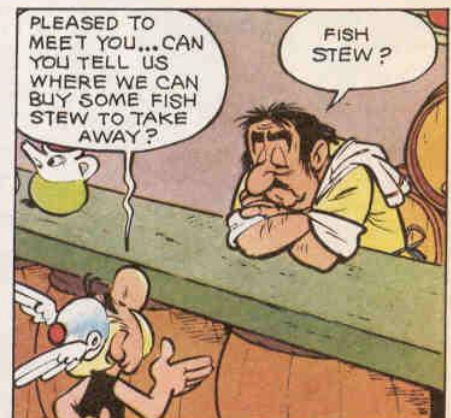
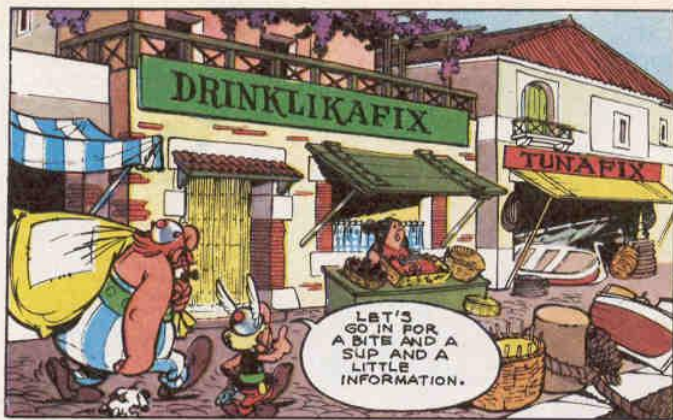
*AN IDEA LATER TAKEN UP BY A FAMOUS TELLER OF FAIRY TALES WHICH GOES TO SHOW THAT IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY.

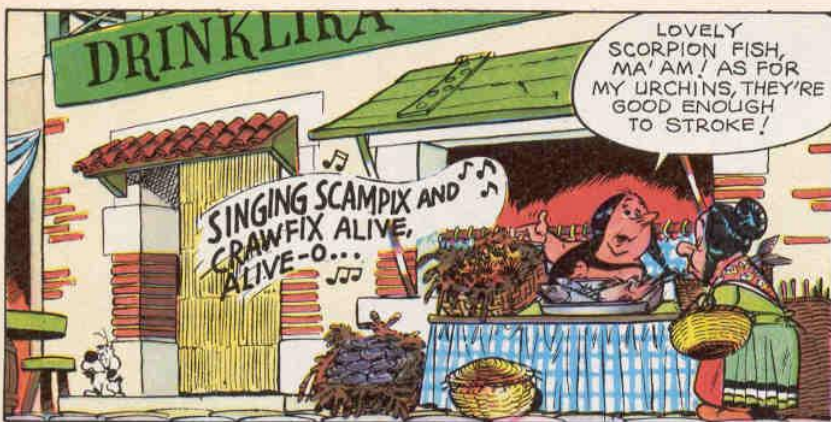


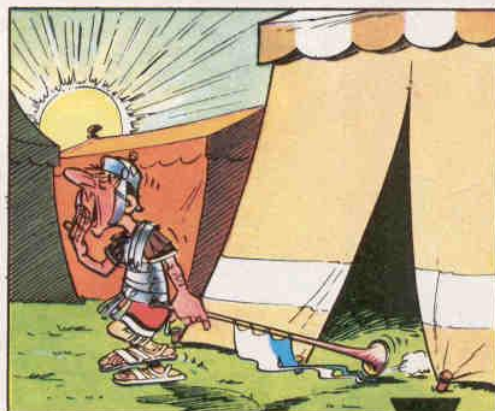


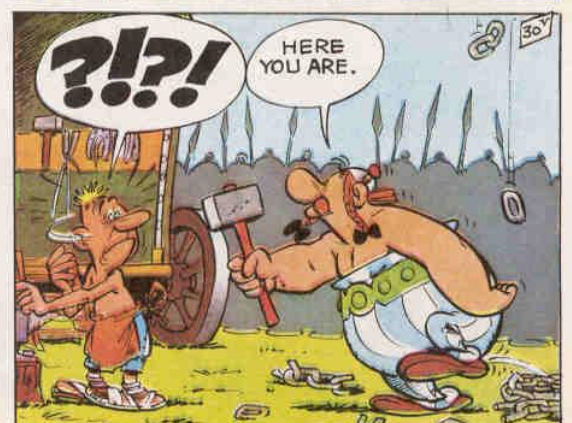
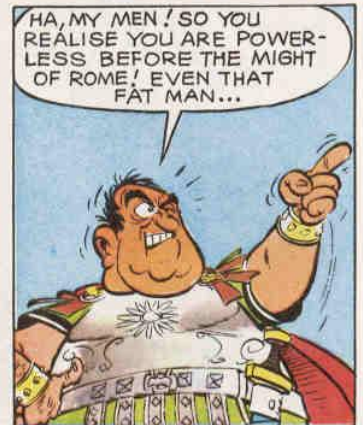
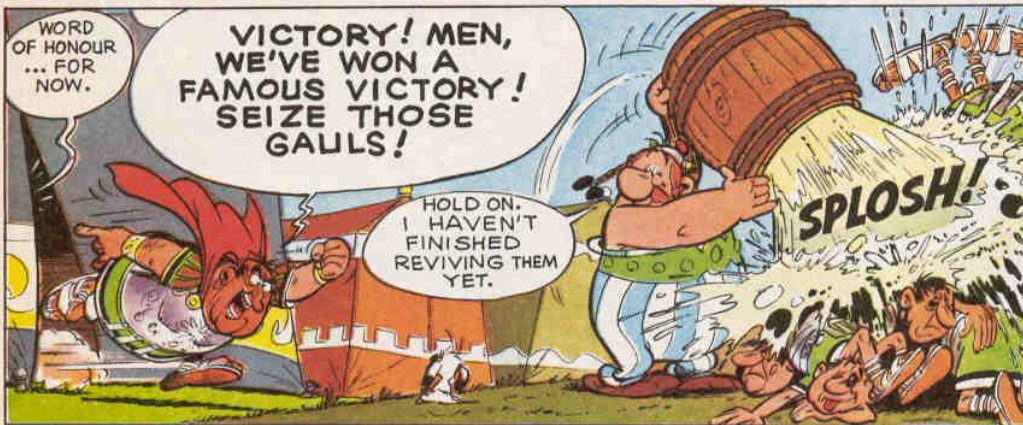


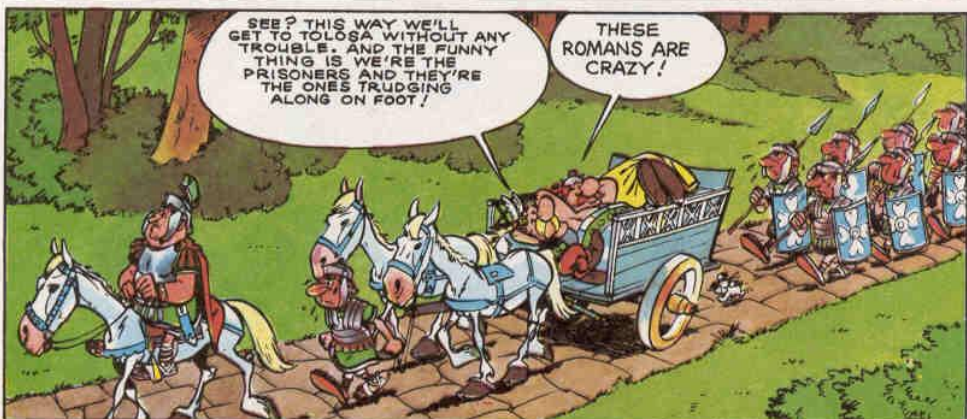


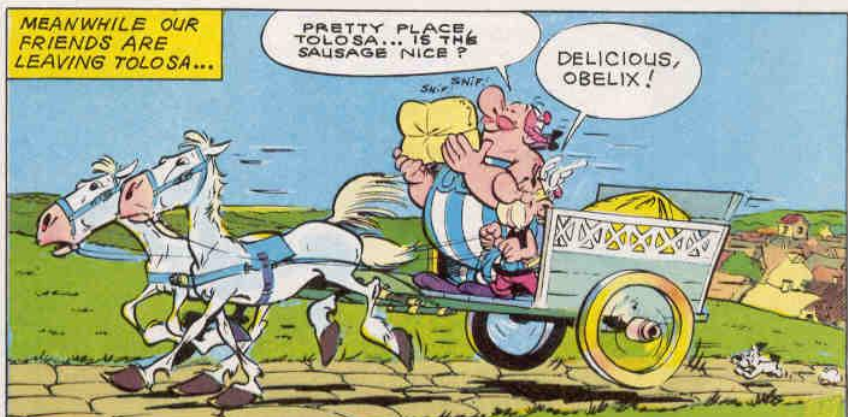
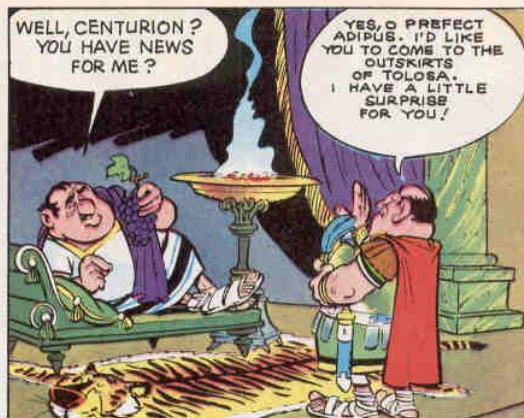
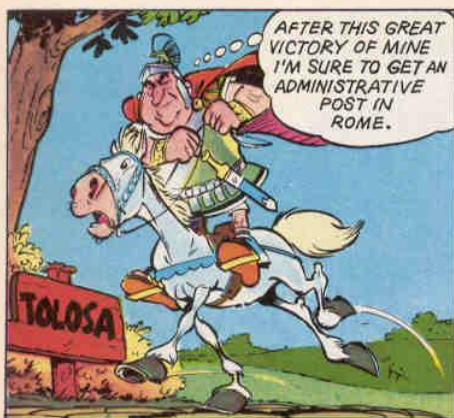


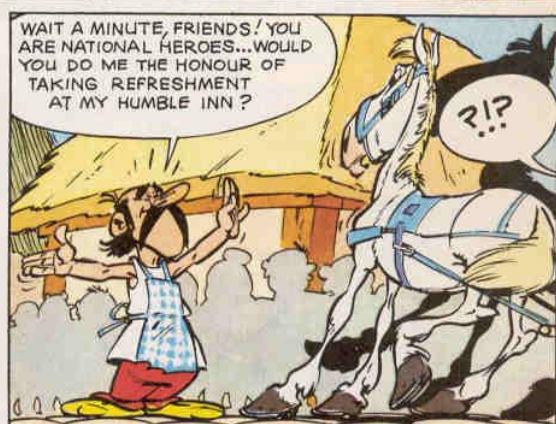
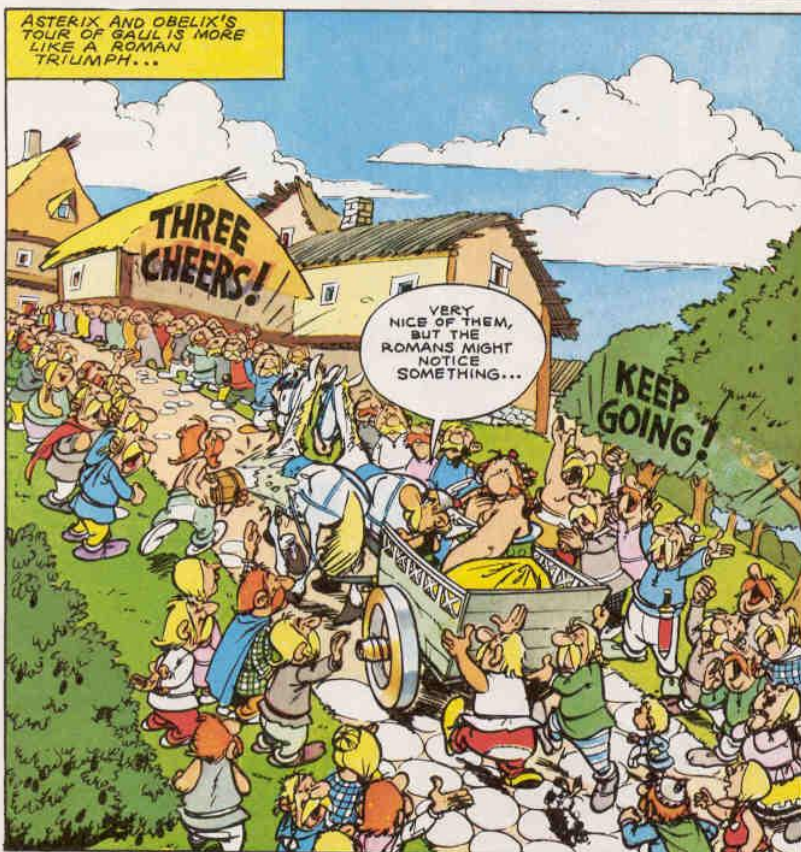
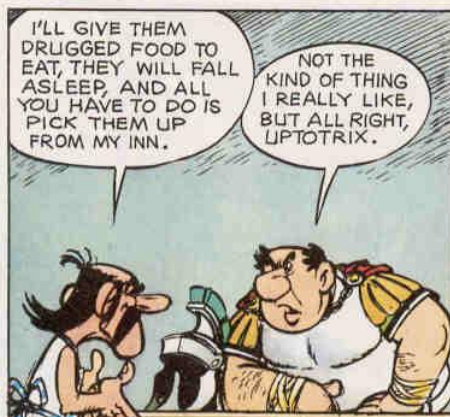
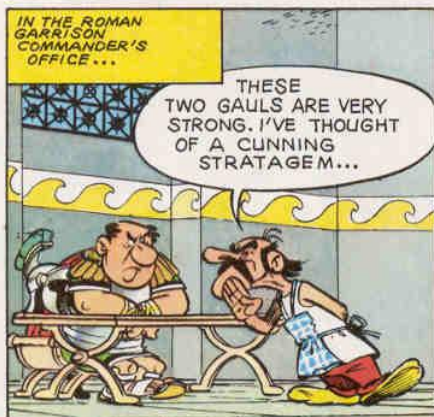
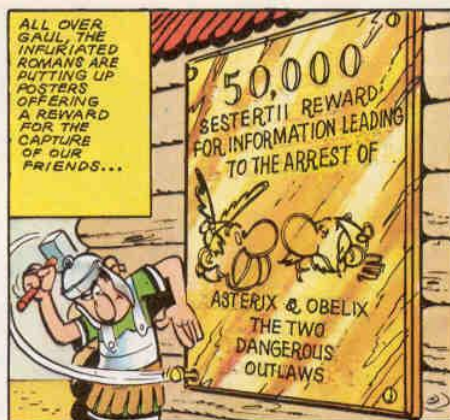




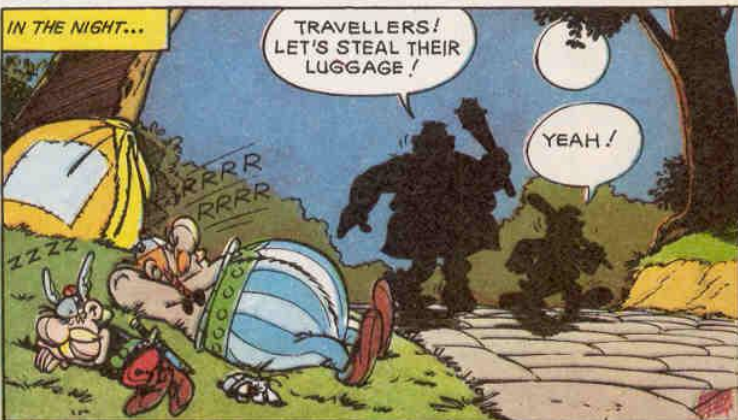
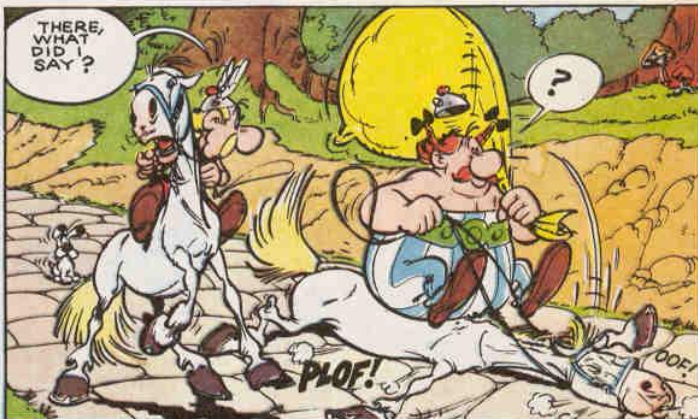
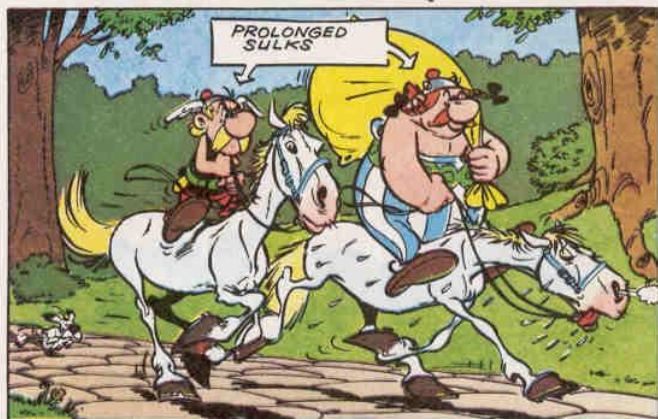
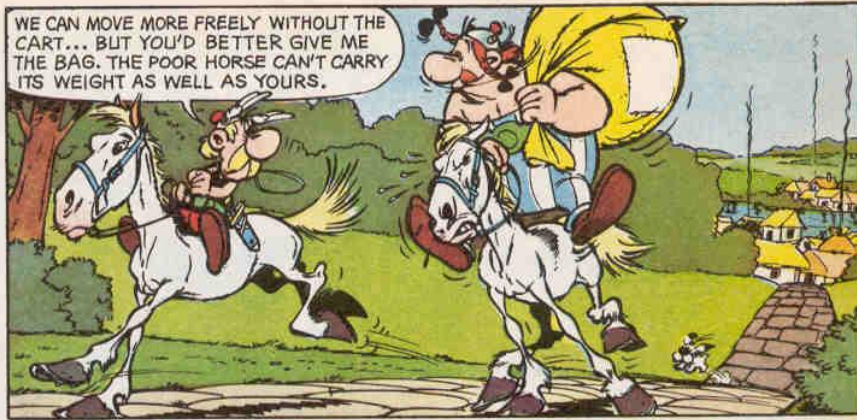














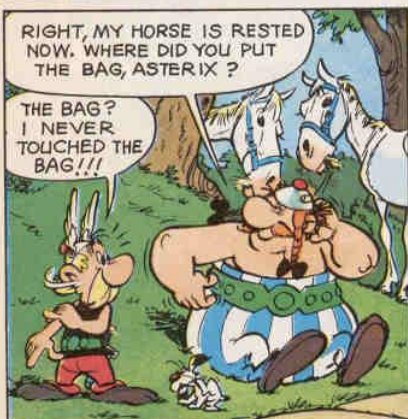
PSST!
WAKE-UP!
COCK-A-DOODLE-
DO! COCK-A-
DOODLE-
DO!

WHAT?



COME ON,
OBELIX. TIME
TO GET UP!

JUST A
FEW MORE
MINUTES!



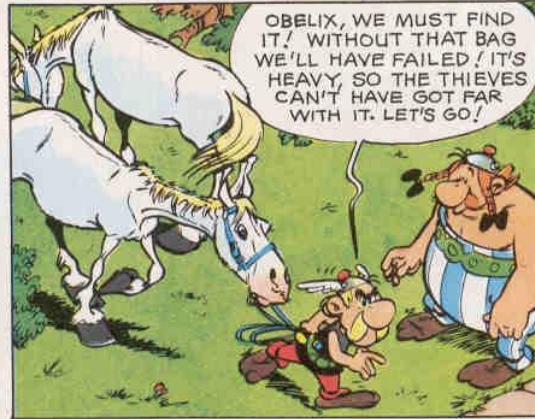
RIGHT, MY HORSE IS RESTED
NOW. WHERE DID YOU PUT
THE BAG, ASTERIX?

THE BAG?
I NEVER
TOUCHED THE
BAG!!!

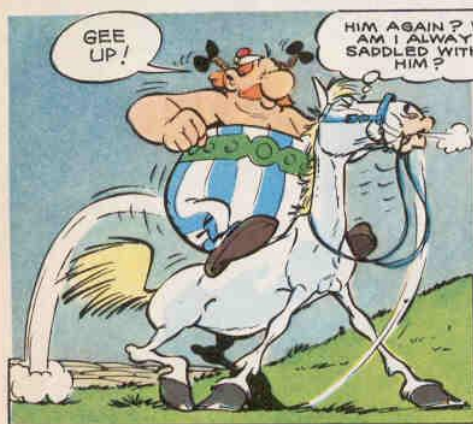


BUT I
LEFT IT
HERE!

LET'S FACE IT,
OBELIX, SOMEONE
HAS STOLEN
OUR
SHOPPING!



OBELIX, WE MUST FIND
IT! WITHOUT THAT BAG
WE'LL HAVE FAILED! IT'S
HEAVY, SO THE THIEVES
CAN'T HAVE GOT FAR
WITH IT. LET'S GO!



GEE
UP!

HIM AGAIN? WHY
AM I ALWAYS
SADDLED WITH
HIM?



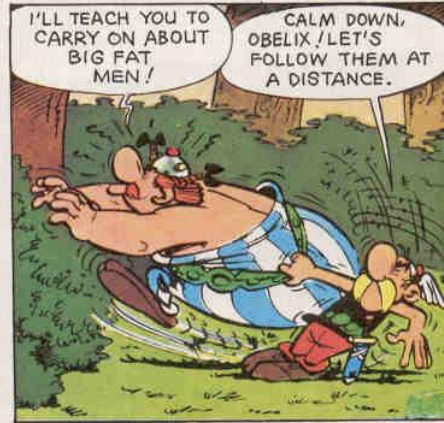
GOT
YOU NOW,
GAULS!

QUICK,
OBELIX,
LET'S HIDE!



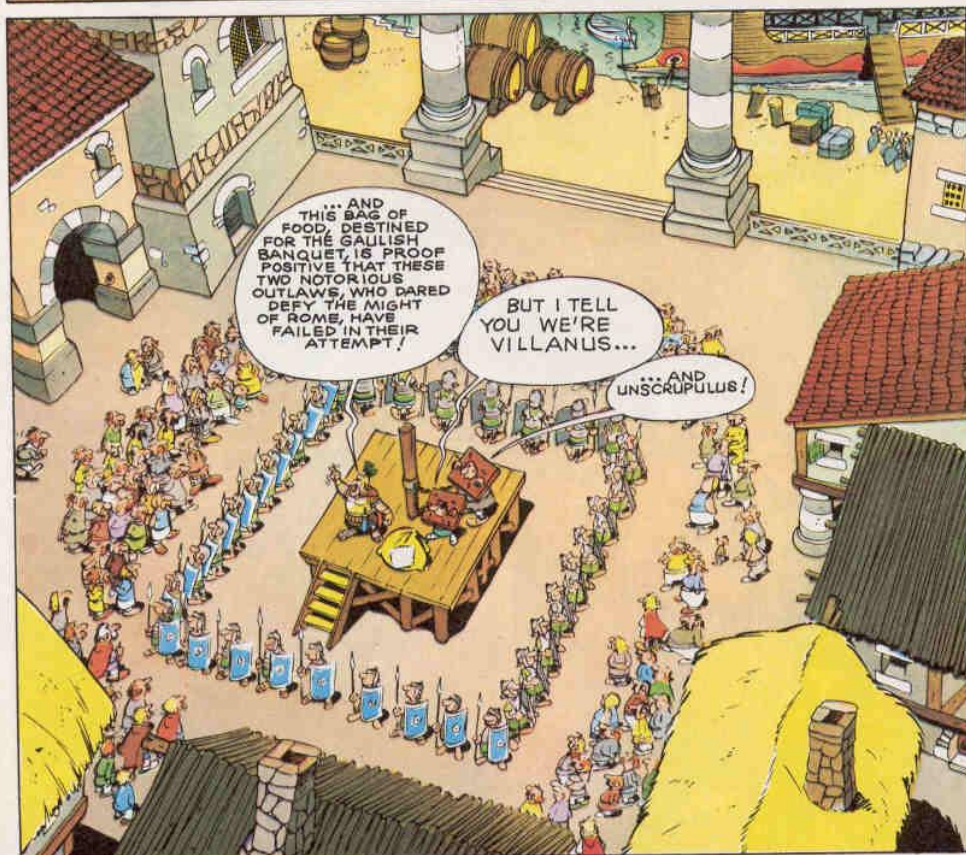
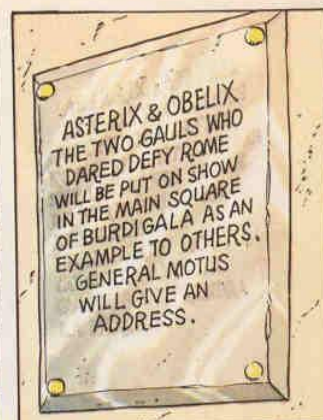
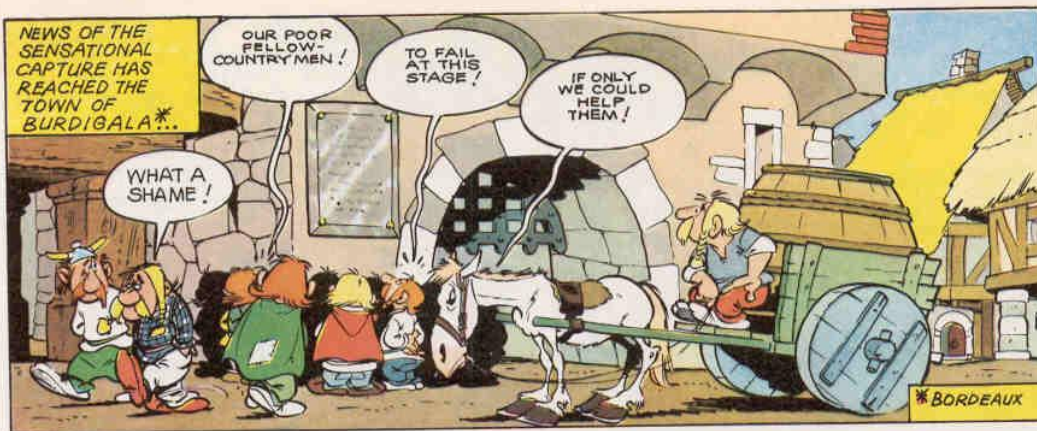
BUT I TELL YOU WE
AREN'T ASTERIX AND
OBELIX! WE MAY BE
HIGHWAYMEN, BUT WE'RE
ROMAN HIGHWAYMEN.
OUR NAMES ARE
VILLANUS AND UN-
SCRIPULUS.

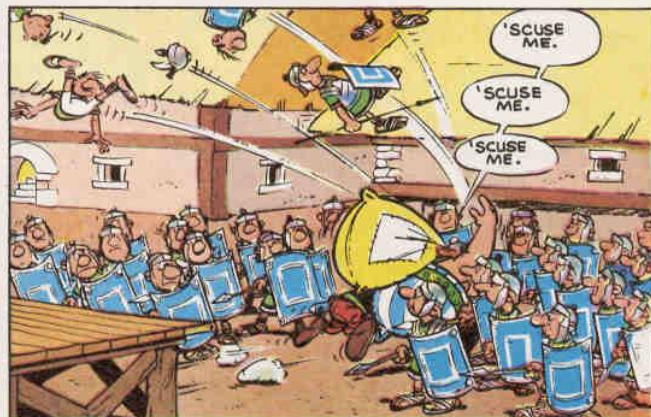
DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH,
BY SATURN! YOU FIT
THE DESCRIPTION:
A LITTLE MAN AND
A BIG FAT MAN
CARRYING A
BAG.

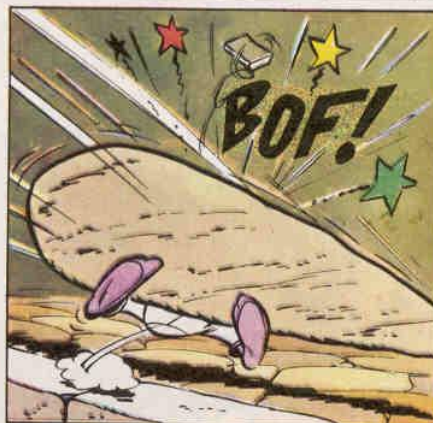


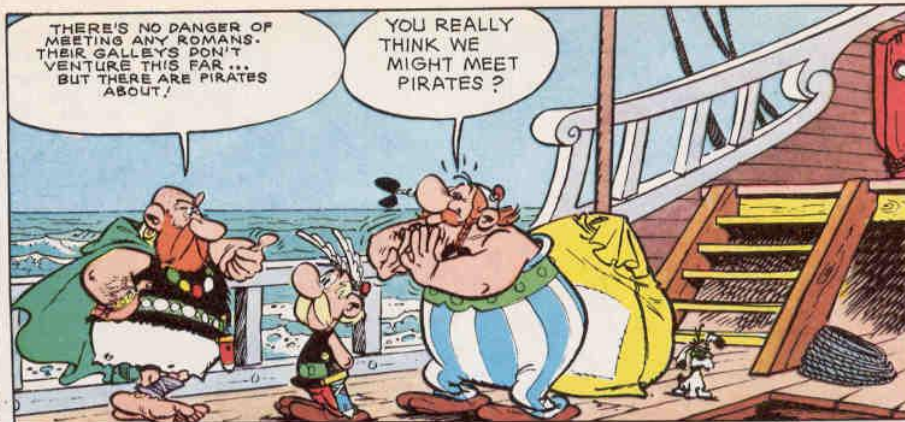
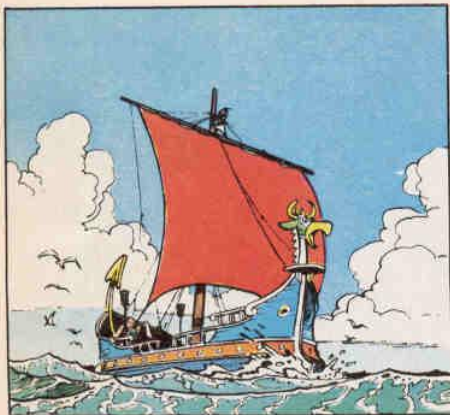
I'LL TEACH YOU TO
CARRY ON ABOUT
BIG FAT
MEN!

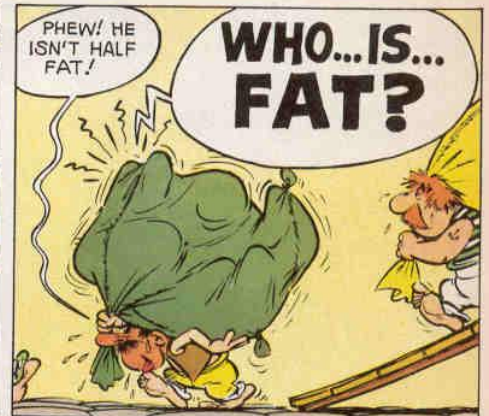
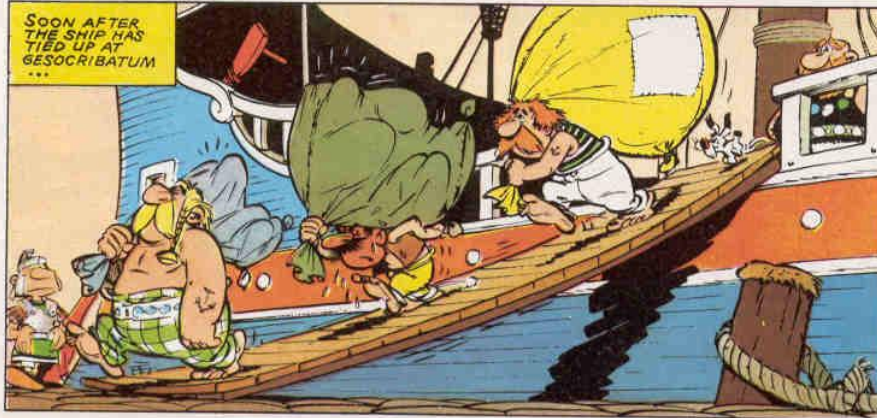
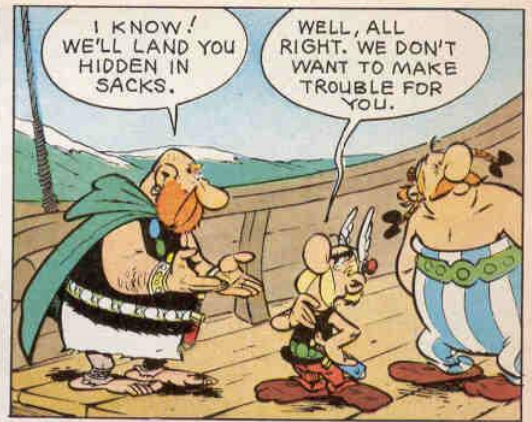
CALM DOWN,
OBELIX! LET'S
FOLLOW THEM AT
A DISTANCE.











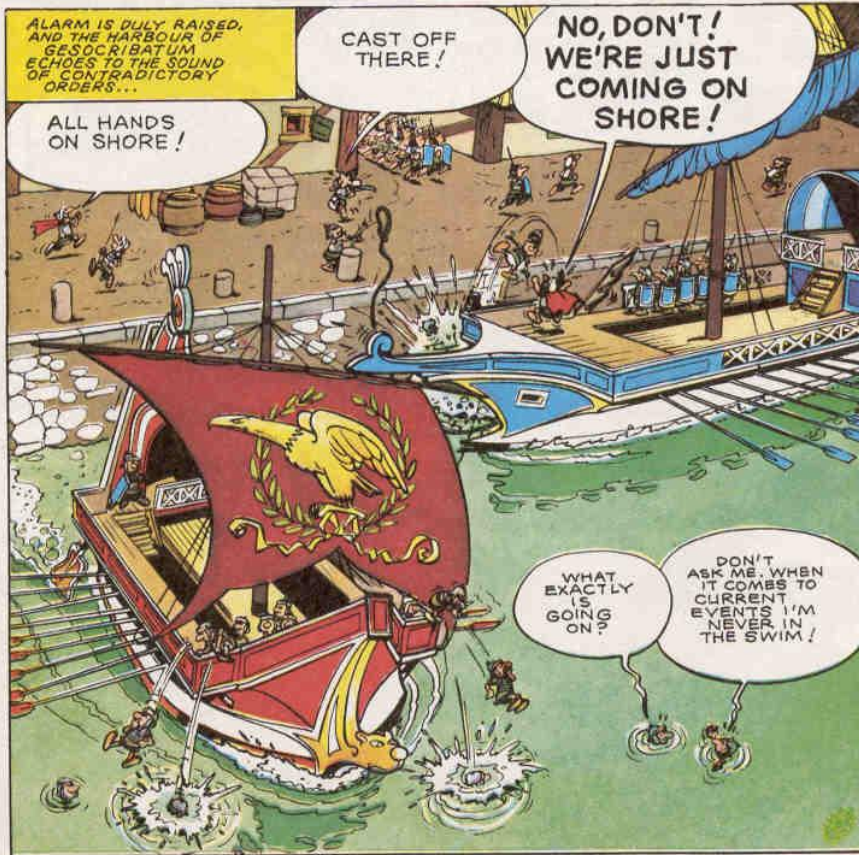


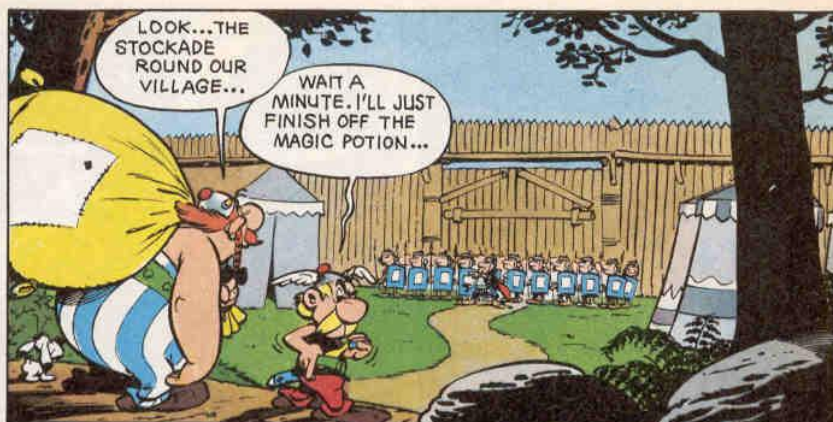
ALARM IS DULY RAISED,
AND THE HARBOUR OF
GESOCRIBATUM
ECHOES TO THE SOUND
OF CONTRADICTIONARY
ORDERS...

ALL HANDS
ON SHORE!

CAST OFF
THERE!

NO, DON'T!
WE'RE JUST
COMING ON
SHORE!

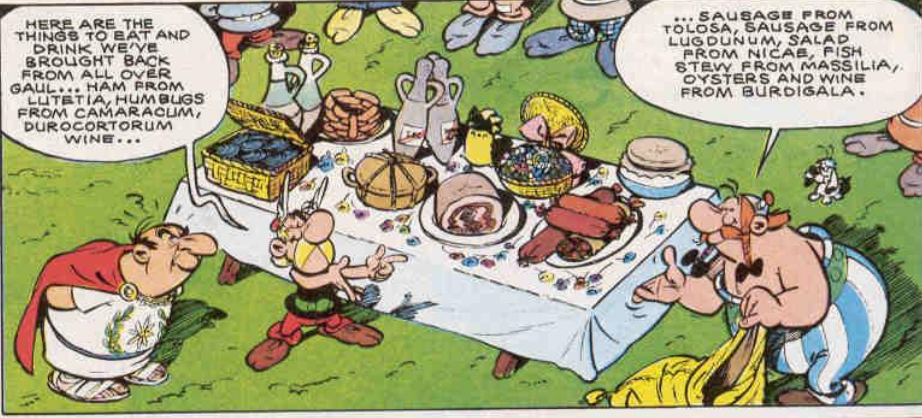




AND THAT EVENING OVER-ANXIUS COMES, GNASHING HIS TEETH, TO SINK THEM IN THE EVIDENCE...



HERE ARE THE THINGS TO EAT AND DRINK WE'VE BROUGHT BACK FROM ALL OVER GAUL... HAM FROM LUTETIA, HUMBUGS FROM CAMARACUM, DUROCORTORUM WINE...



... SAUSAGE FROM TOLOSA, SAUSAGE FROM LUGDUNUM, SALAD FROM NICAË, FISH STEW FROM MASSILIA, OYSTERS AND WINE FROM BURDIGALA.

BUT THERE'S STILL ONE COURSE MISSING... THE SPECIALITY OF THIS VILLAGE!

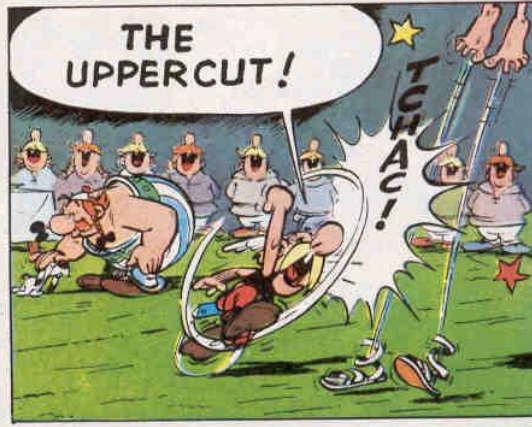


QUITE RIGHT, OBELIX!



O, OVERANXIUS. YOU KNOW WHICH CUT OF MEAT IS OUR OWN SPECIALITY?

THE UPPERCUT!



AND OUR FRIENDS HOLD A MAGNIFICENT BANQUET TO CELEBRATE THEIR TRIUMPHANT TOUR OF GAUL, PUTTING BACK ALL THE DELICIOUS FOOD AND WINE OF THEIR BEAUTIFUL AND BELOVED COUNTRY... AS INSPECTOR GENERAL OVERANXIUS COULD CONFIRM, IT IS A GENUINE THREE-STAR MEAL...



THE END