

HODDER DARGAUD PRESENTS



BOOK 24

TEXT: GOSCINNY
DRAWINGS: UDERZO

Asterix

in CORSICA

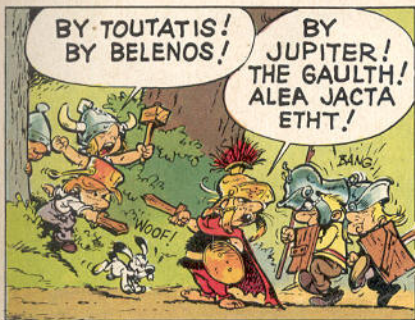


WATCH OUT!
HERE COMES THE
ROMAN PATROL!

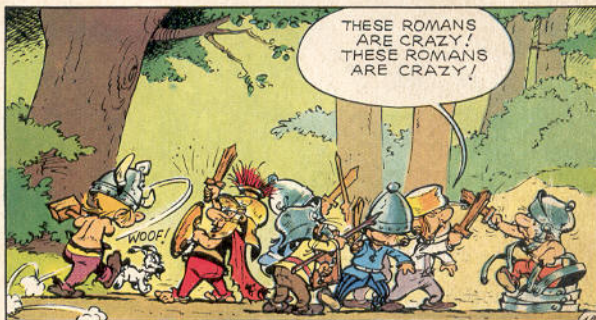


BY TOUTATIS!
BY BELENOS!

BY JUPITER!
THE GAULTH!
ALEA JACTA
ETHT!



THESE ROMANS
ARE CRAZY!
THESE ROMANS
ARE CRAZY!

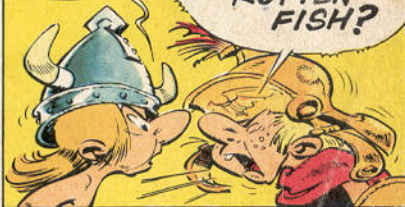


THITH ITH
TOO MUCH! WHY
ITH IT ALWAYS
UTH WHO HAVE
TO BE THE
ROMANTH?



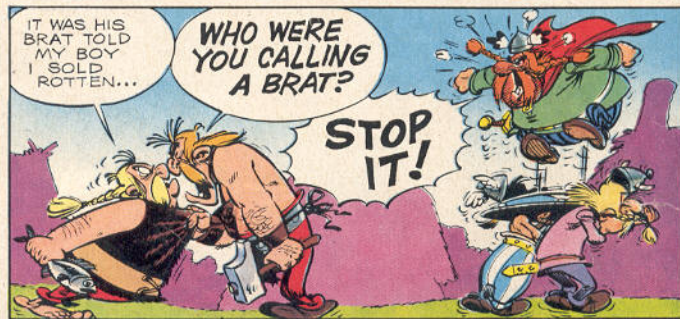
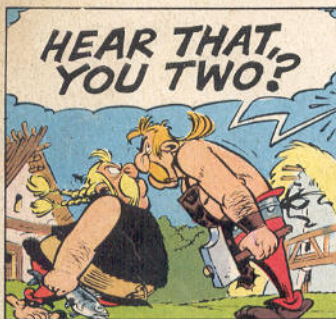
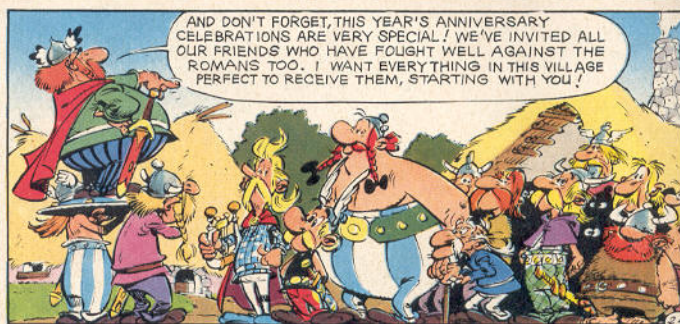
WE DREW LOTS,
DIDN'T WE? YOU
JUST WANT TO
CHEAT, LIKE YOUR
DAD SELLING HIS
ROTTEN FISH!

WHO THAYTH
MY DADDY
THELLTH
ROTTEN
FISH?



GO AND
PLAY NICELY
SOMEWHERE
ELSE
CHILDREN!





IN THE FORTIFIED ROMAN
CAMP OF TOTORUM...

RIGHT!
EVERYONE
READY?



AND ABOUT TIME TOO!
FORWARD MARCH... AND
IN SILENCE, PLEASE.



I'M ON A MISSION,
CENTURION. WE'VE COME
A LONG WAY. I WANT
SHELTER FOR THE
NIGHT BEFORE
WE CONTINUE
OUR JOURNEY.

THE FACT
IS... WE
WERE JUST
GOING OUT.



HOW
MANY OF
YOU?
WHERE?

ER... ALL OF
US. GOING ON
MANOEUVRES
IN THE
HINTERLAND.



YOU MEAN
YOU'RE LEAVING
THE CAMP UN-
GUARDED?

ER...
SORT
OF...

ARE WE OFF,
CENTURION?

WHAT ARE
WE WAITING
FOR, BY
JUPITER?

TIME'S
GETTING
ON!



WELL, I'M
AWFULLY
SORRY AND
ALL THAT...
DROP US A
SLAB IN
ADVANCE
ANOTHER TIME.
AWE'RE
OFF.

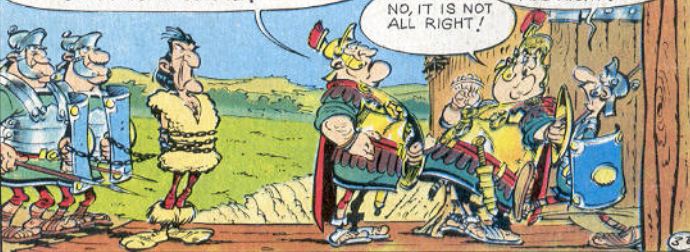
**NO
ONE'S OFF
ANY-
WHERE!**

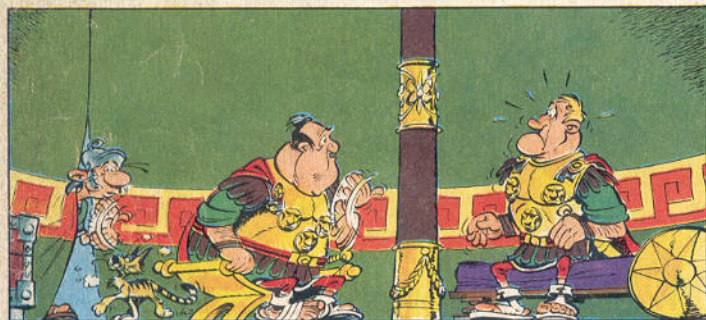
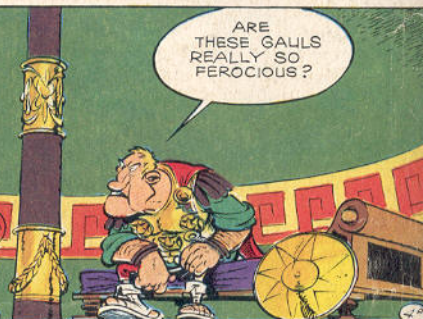
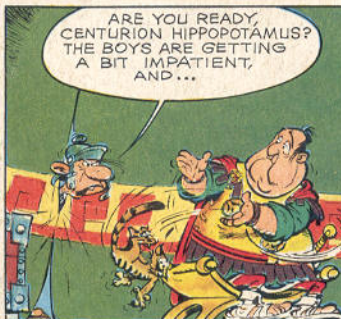
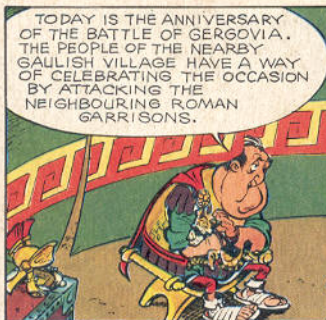


I AM ON A SPECIAL MISSION FROM PRAETOR
PERFIDIUS, GOVERNOR OF CORSICA, AND
I DEMAND AN EXPLANATION OF THIS
SUSPICIOUS HASTE!

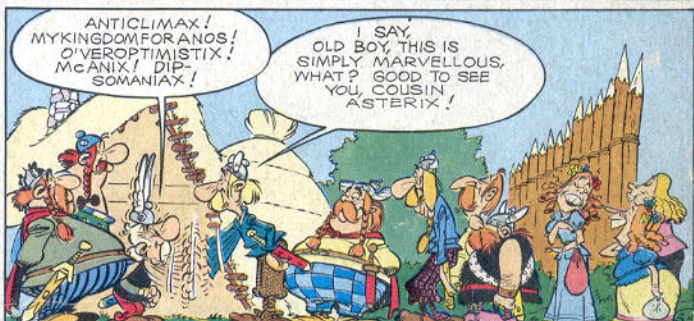
LISTEN, CENTURION HIPPOPOTAMUS,
IF YOU DON'T MIND WE'LL GO ON
AHEAD AND YOU JOIN US LATER.
ALL RIGHT?

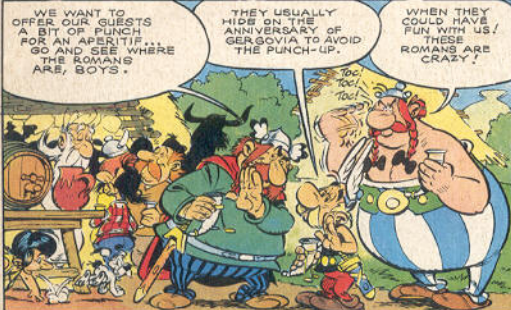
NO, IT IS NOT
ALL RIGHT!





THE FIRST GUESTS ARE ARRIVING AT THE LITTLE GAULISH VILLAGE...

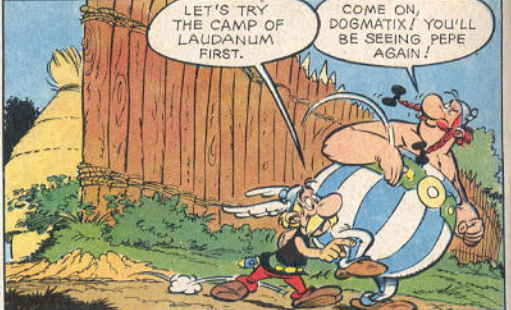




WE WANT TO OFFER OUR GUESTS A BIT OF PUNCH FOR AN APERITIF... GO AND SEE WHERE THE ROMANS ARE, BOYS.

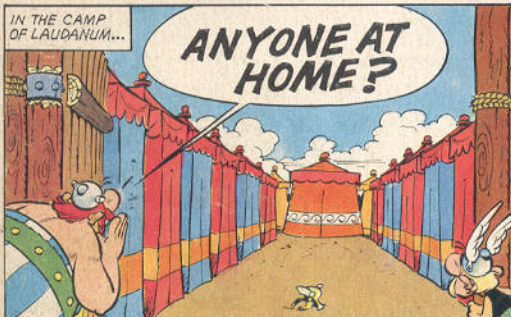
THEY USUALLY HIDE ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF GERGOVIA TO AVOID THE PUNCH-UP.

WHEN THEY COULD HAVE FUN WITH US! THESE ROMANS ARE CRAZY!



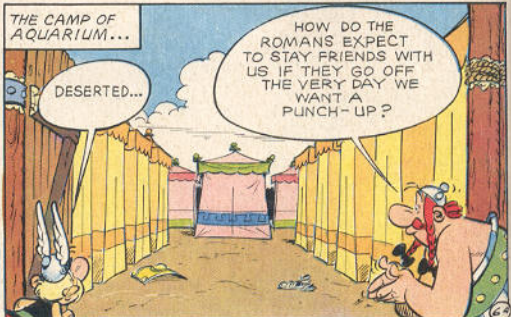
LET'S TRY THE CAMP OF LAUDANUM FIRST.

COME ON, DOGMATIX! YOU'LL BE SEEING PEPE AGAIN!



IN THE CAMP OF LAUDANUM...

ANYONE AT HOME?



THE CAMP OF AQUARIUM...

DESERTED...

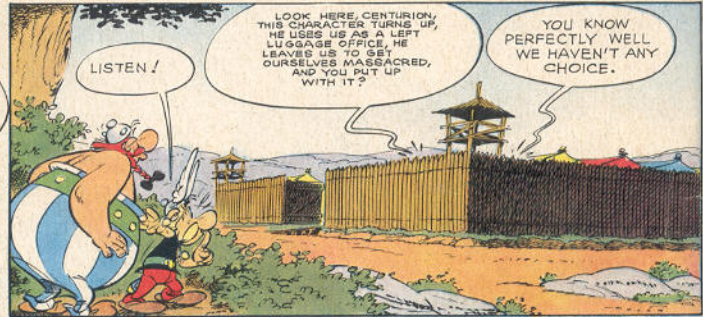
HOW DO THE ROMANS EXPECT TO STAY FRIENDS WITH US IF THEY GO OFF THE VERY DAY WE WANT A PUNCH-UP?



SOON AFTERWARDS...

AND THE CAMP OF COMPENDIUM WAS EMPTY TOO.

LET'S TRY TOTOTUM, AND IF THERE'S NO ONE THERE WE'LL JUST HAVE TO PLAY CHARADES INSTEAD.



LISTEN!

LOOK HERE, CENTURION, THIS CHARACTER TURNS UP, HE USES US AS A LEFT LUGGAGE OFFICE, HE LEAVES US TO SET OURSELVES MASSACRED, AND YOU PUT UP WITH IT?

YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL WE HAVEN'T ANY CHOICE.

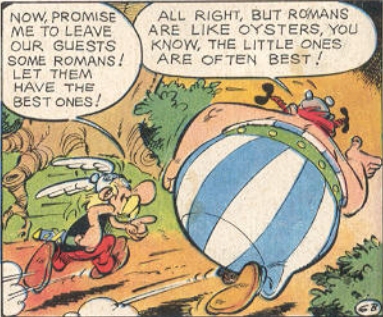


CENTURION, I'VE GOT AN IDEA: YOU STAY HERE TO GUARD THE PRISONER, WE JOIN THE OTHER LADS, AND IF ANYONE ATTACKS YOU...

SILENCE! WE'RE ALL STAYING!

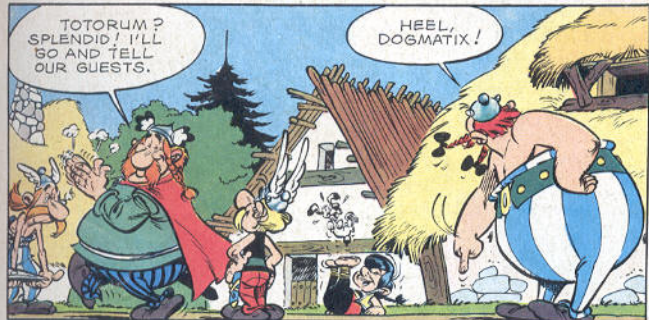


THEY'RE THERE! GOOD FOR THEM! THIS'LL BE FUN... THEY'LL BE GLAD THEY STAYED!



NOW, PROMISE ME TO LEAVE OUR GUESTS SOME ROMANS! LET THEM HAVE THE BEST ONES!

ALL RIGHT, BUT ROMANS ARE LIKE OYSTERS, YOU KNOW, THE LITTLE ONES ARE OFTEN BEST!



TOTORUM?
SPLENDID! I'LL
GO AND TELL
OUR GUESTS.

HEEL,
DOGMATIX!



HURRAH!

UP WITH
GETAFIX!
DOWN THE
HATCH
WITH HIS
POTION!

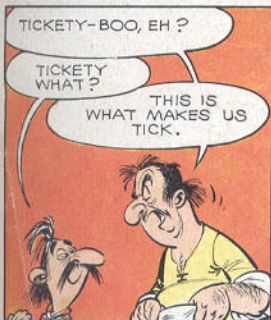


YOU'LL SOON NOTICE ITS EFFECTS.
WE'RE GOING TO ATTACK THE ROMAN
CAMP OF TOTORUM BEFORE
DINNER. A LITTLE PUNCH-
UP BY WAY OF AN
APERITIF.

PUNCH-
UP!

I'M
PLEASED
AS
PUNCH!

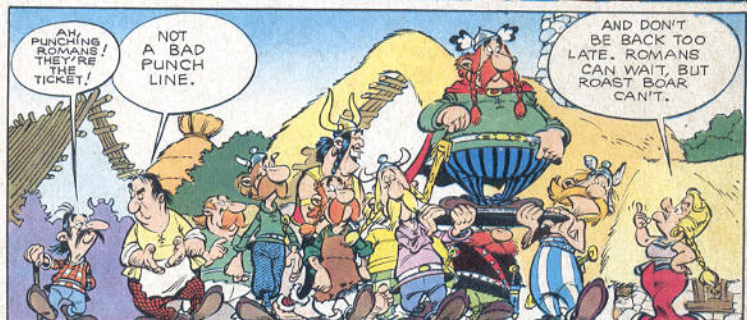
THAT'S THE
TICKET!



TICKETY-BOO, EH?

TICKETY
WHAT?

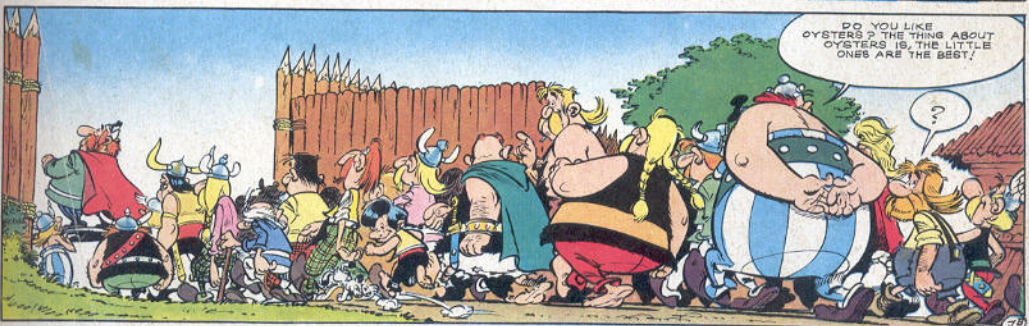
THIS IS
WHAT MAKES US
TICK.



AH,
PUNCHING
ROMANS!
THEY'RE
THE
TICKET!

NOT
A BAD
PUNCH
LINE.

AND DON'T
BE BACK TOO
LATE. ROMANS
CAN WAIT, BUT
ROAST BOAR
CAN'T.

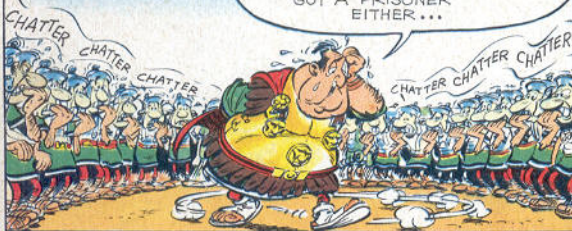


DO YOU LIKE
OYSTERS? THE THING ABOUT
OYSTERS IS, THE LITTLE
ONES ARE THE BEST!

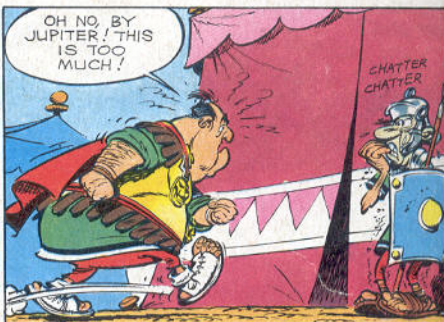
?

AN ARMED VIGIL IS IN
PROGRESS AT
TOTORUM ...

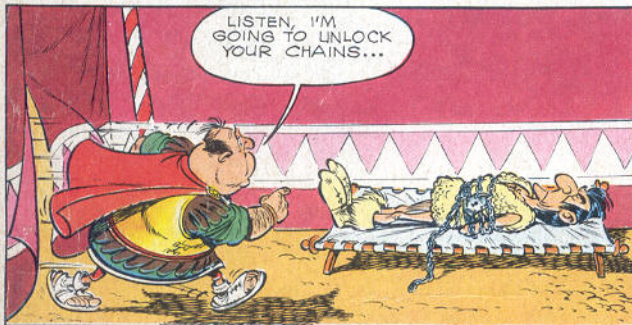
...AND THERE'LL BE THE GREAT
BIG BRUTE, AND THE DREADFUL
LITTLE MIDGET, ALL STUFFED WITH
MAGIC POTION, AND THEY WON'T
LIKE IT WHEN THEY SEE WE'VE
GOT A PRISONER
EITHER...



OH NO, BY
JUPITER! THIS
IS TOO
MUCH!



LISTEN, I'M
GOING TO UNLOCK
YOUR CHAINS...



IF THEY RECAPTURE
YOU, YOU MUST
PROMISE TO SAY
YOU ESCAPED ON
YOUR OWN AND NO
ONE HELPED YOU...
DON'T ASK WHY
I'M DOING THIS
FOR YOU...



YOU CAN
GO! YOU'RE
FREE!



I SAID : YOU
CAN GO! YOU'RE
FREE!



LISTEN, WILL
YOU? YOU'RE FREE!
YOU CAN GO!



AFTER
MY
SIESTA.

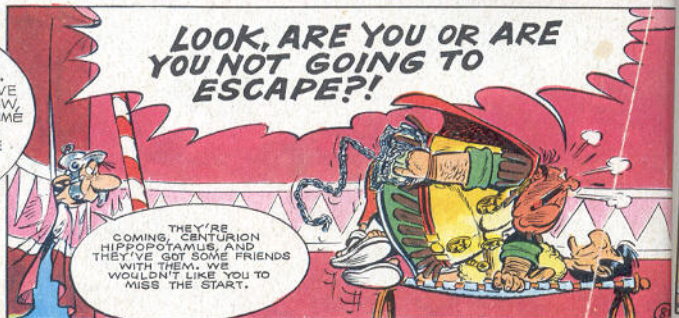
WHAT DO
YOU MEAN,
AFTER YOUR
SIESTA?

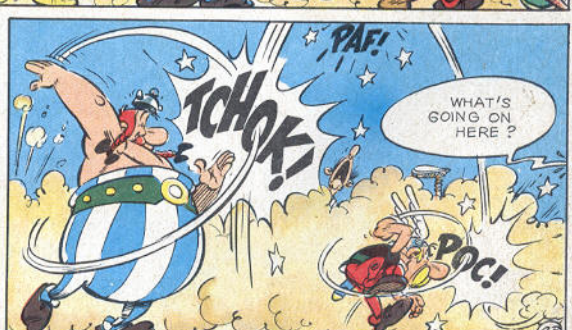
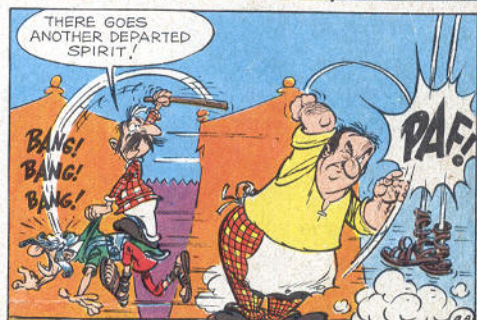
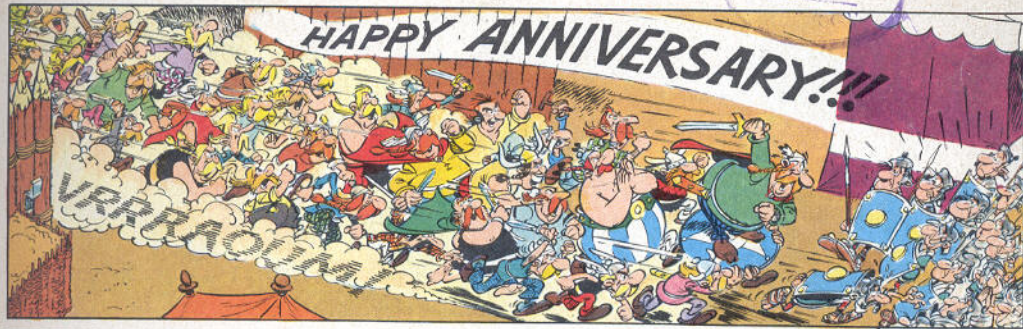
IT'S
GETTING
LATE, ROMAN.
IF I DON'T HAVE
MY SIESTA NOW,
I SHAN'T HAVE TIME
TO HAVE IT BEFORE
BEDTIME, SO LEAVE
ME ALONE OR I
MIGHT LOSE MY
TEMPER.

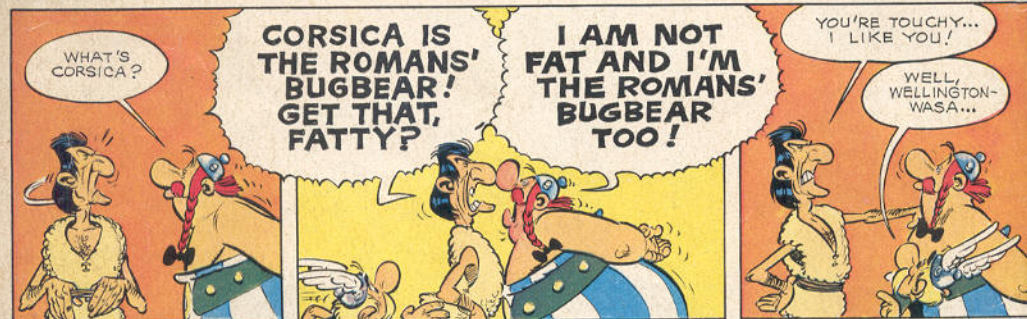
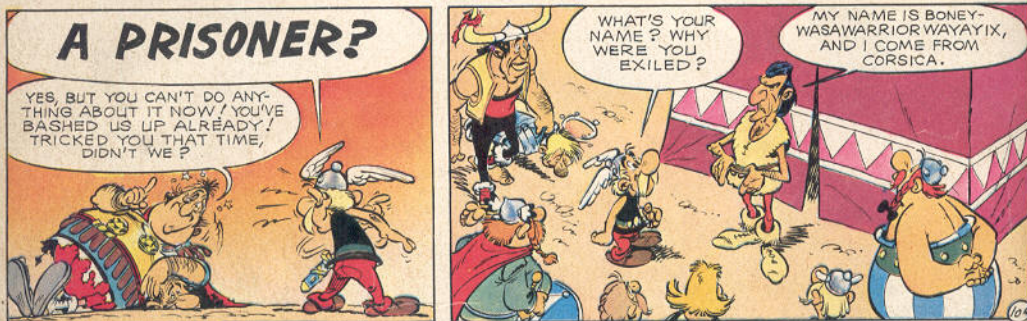
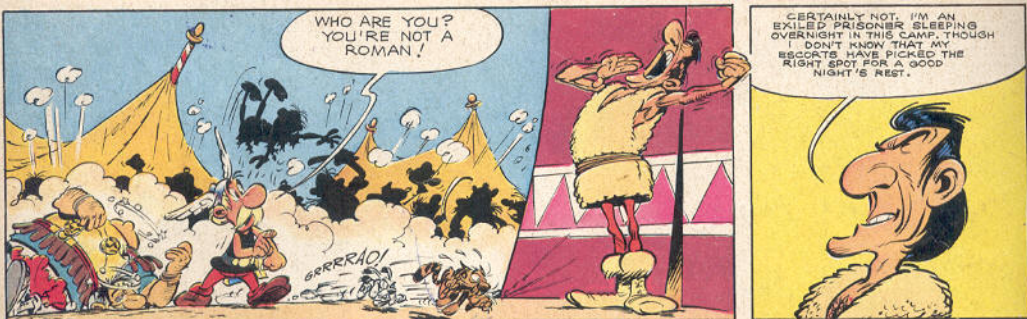


LOOK, ARE YOU OR ARE
YOU NOT GOING TO
ESCAPE?!

THEY'RE
COMING, CENTURION
HIPPOPOTAMUS, AND
THEY'VE GOT SOME FRIENDS
WITH THEM... WE
WOULDN'T LIKE YOU TO
MISS THE START.

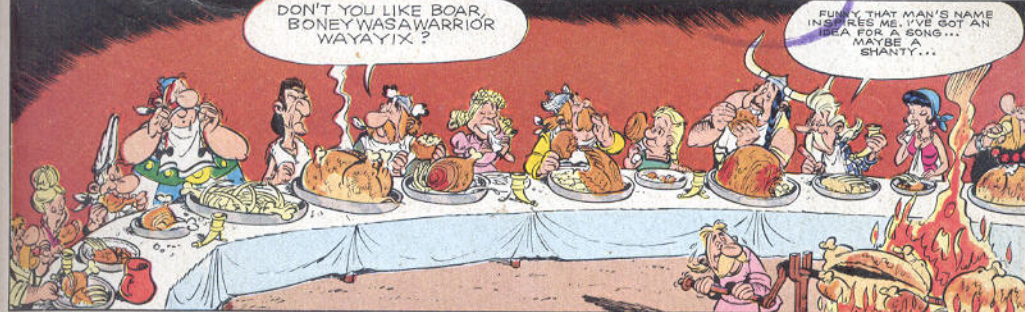






DON'T YOU LIKE BOAR,
BONEY WAS A WARRIOR
WAYAYIX?

FUNNY THAT MAN'S NAME
INSPIRES ME, I'VE GOT AN
IDEA FOR A SONG...
MAYBE A
SHANTY...



YES, I LIKE BOAR
... BUT I CAN SEE
YOU'RE JUST
OFFERING IT TO
ME OUT OF
PITY.

NOT A
BIT OF
IT!

IF YOU DON'T
WANT IT, I'LL
TAKE IT OFF
YOUR HANDS...

I HAVE UPSET
YOU, YOU'RE
PROUD AND
TOUGH, I LIKE
YOU, LITTLE
MAN.

VERY WELL, I'LL EAT THIS BOAR.

YOU'VE UPSET
ME NOW ALL
RIGHT!

TELL US
ABOUT YOUR COUNTRY,
BONEY WAS A
WARRIOR WAYAYIX.

CORSICA IS A ROMAN PROVINCE
GOVERNED BY A PRAETOR
APPOINTED ANNUALLY. DURING HIS
YEAR IN OFFICE, THE PRAETOR
RANCKS CORSICAL CLAIMING
TO BE LEVYING TAXES, BUT HE
REALLY WANTS TO BE IN
JULIUS CAESAR'S GOOD
BOOKS WHEN HE RETURNS
TO ROME.

FOR
PITY'S
SAKE, A
BOAR!

BUT BEFORE THE
PRAETOR LEAVES, I AND
MY MEN GET BACK
EVERYTHING HE HAD IN
HIS WAREHOUSES.
SO FAR CAESAR'S ONLY
HAD PEANUTS OUT
OF US... NOT EVEN
ONE OF OUR CORSICAN
CHESTNUTS.

THE PRESENT PRAETOR, PERFIDIOUS, IS THE
GREEDIEST AND CRUELLEST WE'VE HAD YET.
AN ENEMY BETRAYED ME TO HIM AT
SIESTA TIME, AND HE CONDEMNED ME TO
THE WORST OF PUNISHMENTS: EXILE!
BUT THANKS TO YOU, I
SHALL BE BACK IN
CORSICA BEFORE THE
PRAETOR LEAVES,
IN TIME TO GET
BACK ALL THE
LOOT HE'S
STOLEN!

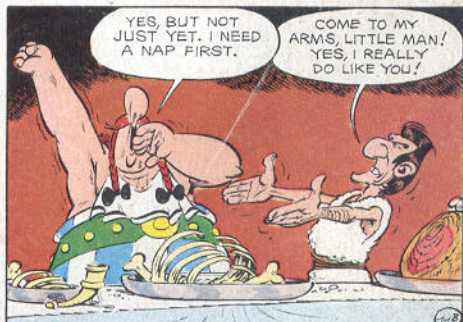
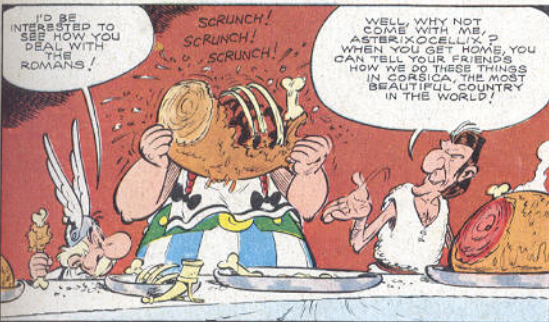
I'D BE
INTERESTED TO
SEE HOW YOU
DEAL WITH
THE
ROMANS!

SCRUNCH!
SCRUNCH!
SCRUNCH!

WELL, WHY NOT
COME WITH ME,
ASTERIXOCCELLIX?
WHEN YOU GET HOME, YOU
CAN TELL YOUR FRIENDS
HOW WE DO THESE THINGS
IN CORSICA, THE MOST
BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY
IN THE WORLD!

YES, BUT NOT
JUST YET. I NEED
A NAP FIRST.

COME TO MY
ARMS, LITTLE MAN!
YES, I REALLY
DO LIKE YOU!



RIGHT, THAT'S SETTLED! TOMORROW MORNING ASTERIX AND OBELIX WILL LEAVE FOR CORSEICA WITH YOU. WHEN THEY COME BACK THEY CAN TELL US WHAT METHODS YOU CORSIANS USE, AND WHAT YOUR COUNTRY'S LIKE!



NEXT MORNING...



AND JUST WHY SHOULDN'T I TAKE HIM?

HERE WE GO AGAIN! BECAUSE HE'S TOO SMALL, THAT'S WHY!

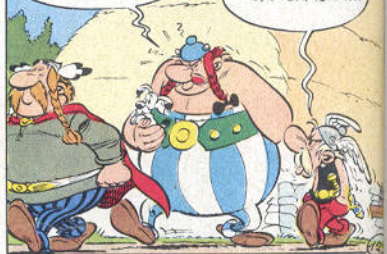


WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU EVERYWHERE, BOYS. YOU'D BETTER LEAVE BEFORE THE ROMANS COME BACK. DON'T FORGET, OUR CORSIAN FRIEND IS IN GREAT DEMAND.

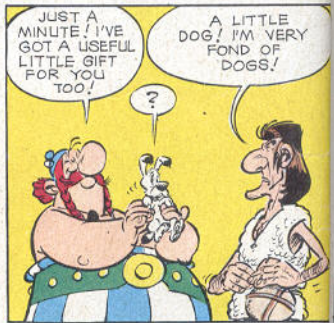


GRUMBLE-GRUMBLE-GRUMBLE...

GNAGNAGNA GNAGNAGNA...

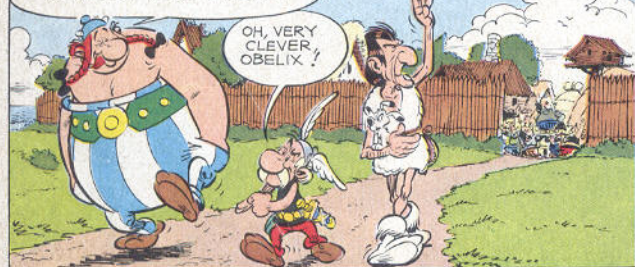


AND HERE'S A GOURD OF MAGIC POTION FOR YOU TOO, BONEYWASAWARRIOR-WAYAYIX. A USEFUL LITTLE GIFT AS A MEMENTO OF YOUR VISIT TO US.



IT MEANS I CAN TRAVEL LIGHT, TOO. HE'LL HAVE TO CARRY DOGMATIX, AND DOGMATIX HAS BEEN PUTTING ON A BIT OF WEIGHT LATELY...

OH, VERY CLEVER, OBELIX!



YOU DON'T CATCH US BONY CHARACTERS NAPPING, ASTERIX-OCELLIX!

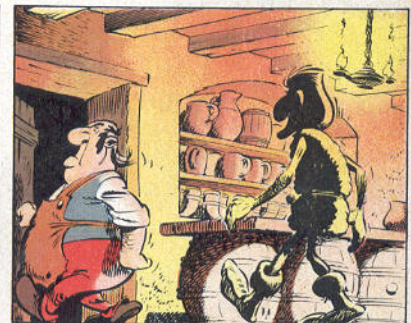
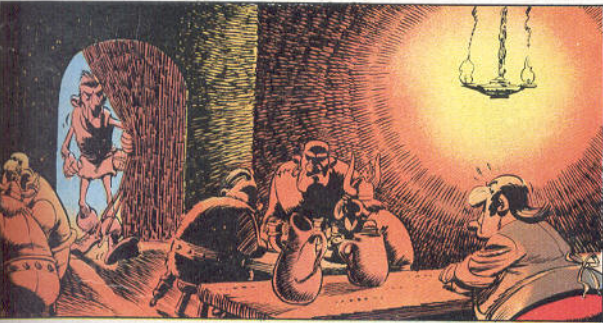
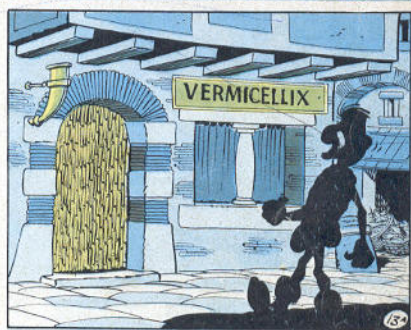




I MUST FIND A BOAT TO TAKE US TO CORSICA. I HAVE FRIENDS IN MASSILIA. WHO'LL HELP ME, BUT I'D BETTER GO ON MY OWN.



WE'LL MEET HERE IN AN HOUR'S TIME. HOLD THIS DOG FOR ME, I'M RATHER TIRED.

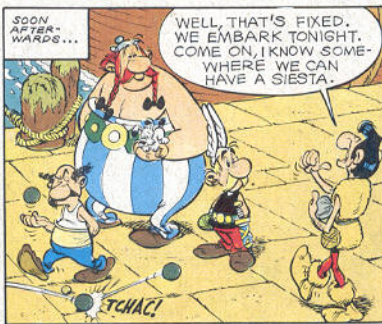
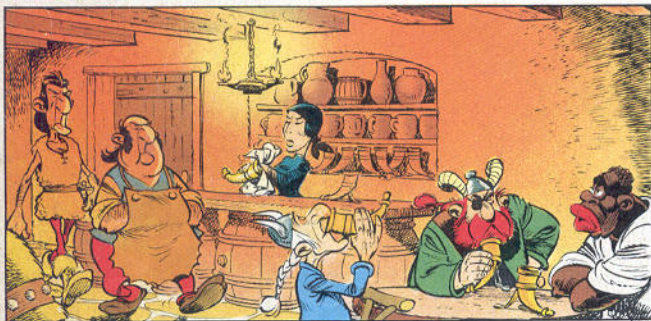


BONEY WAS A WARRIOR WAYAYIX, I AM BESIDE MYSELF WITH JOY.

VERMICELLIX, THE SIGHT OF YOU FILLS ME WITH PLEASURE.



MORTADELLA, LET'S HAVE SOME WINE AND SOME SAUSAGE. NOT THE STUFF WE GIVE THE CUSTOMERS.



THAT NIGHT...

WHO GOES THERE?

CORSICAN, WITH FRIENDS, CAN HE COME ON BOARD?

'COURSE HE CAN.

SEEMS WE'RE ON THE RIGHT COURSE...

SO IT DOES.

YOUR CABIN IS BETWEEN DECKS. YOU CAN GO TO BED NOW, WE'RE LEAVING AT ONCE.



RIGHT, ME HEARTIES, WE'RE FAR ENOUGH FROM SHORE NOW, LET'S PLUCK OUR THREE PIGEONS.

THEY'RE ASLEEP, GOOD! EXCELLENT, EX...

CAP'N! HELP! CAP'N!

WHAT?

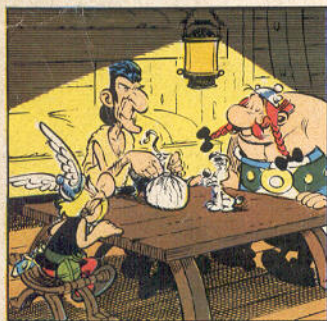
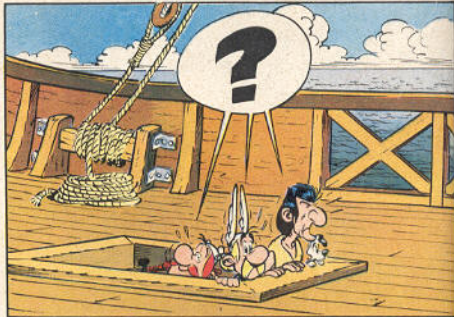
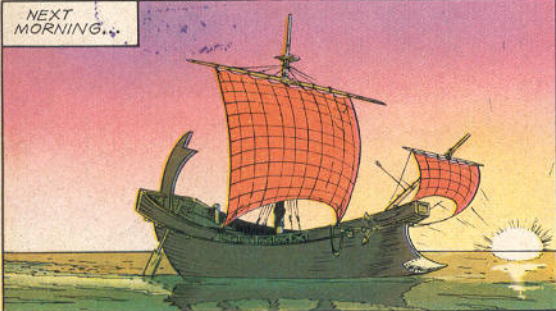
SSSH! ...LOOK! THE GAU... THE GAU...

LOOK ON THIS JUST AS A MATTER OF COURAGE, LADS! AFTER ALL, THEY DIDN'T WAKE UP, THERE'S ALWAYS THAT!

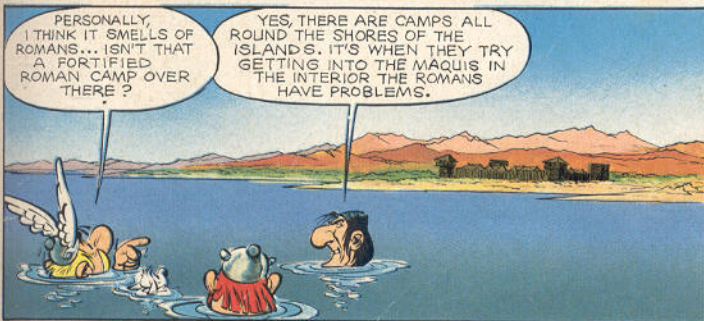
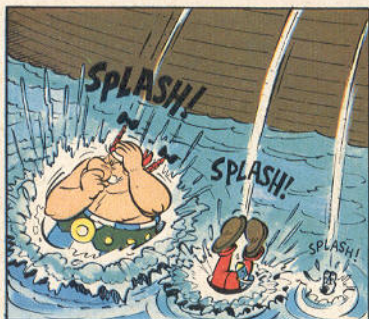
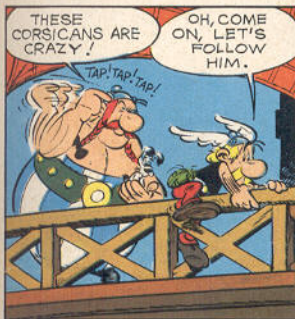
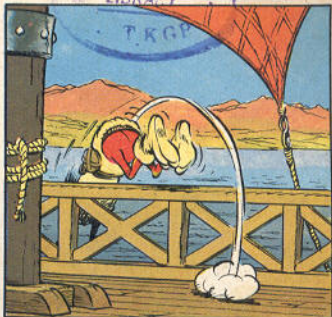
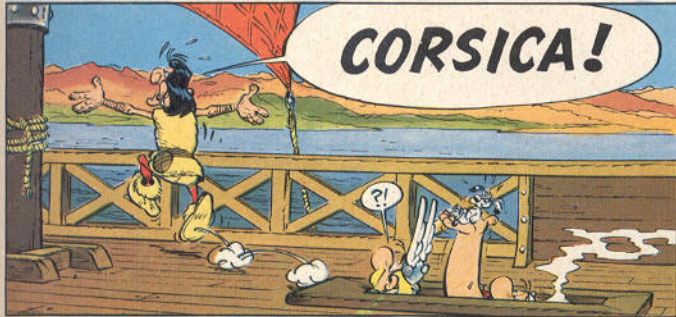
ERRARE HUMANUM EST.

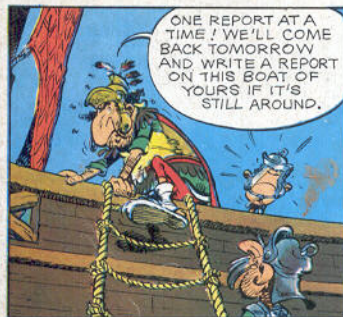
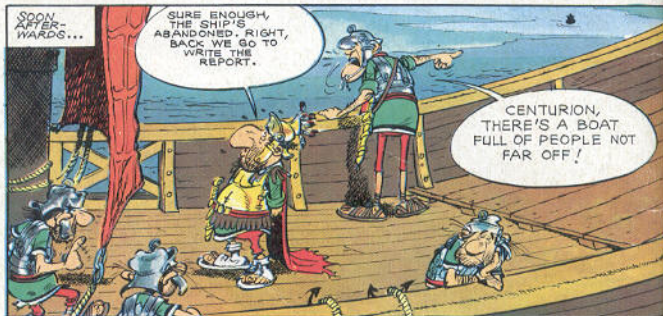
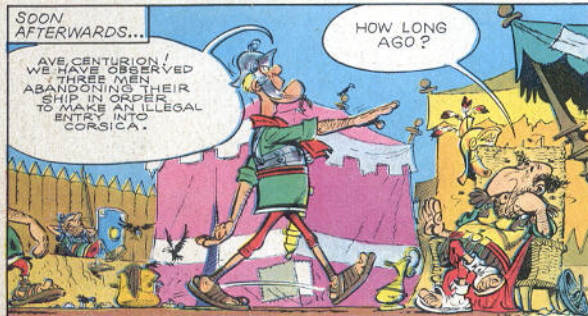
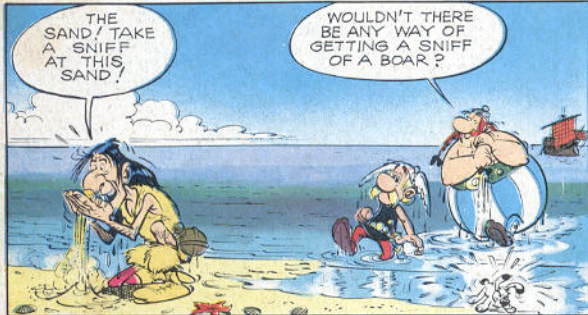


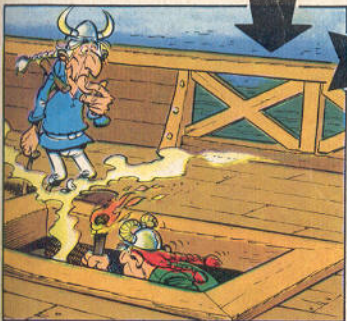
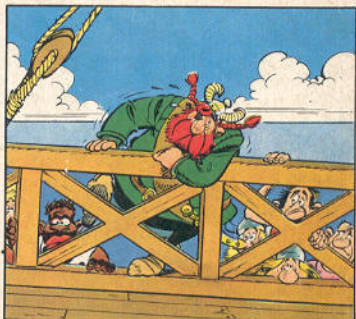
NEXT MORNING...

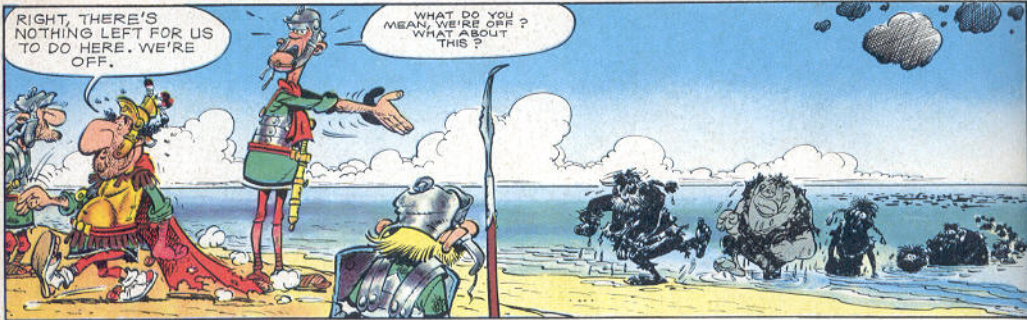


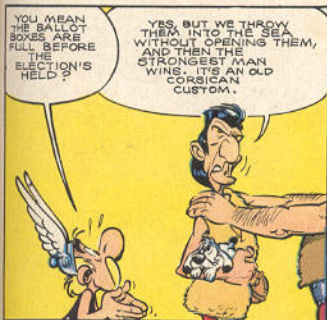
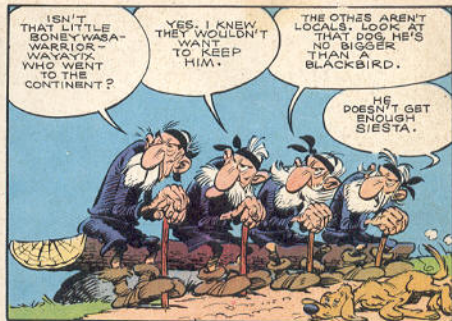
CORSICA!

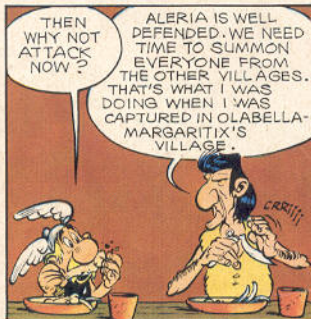
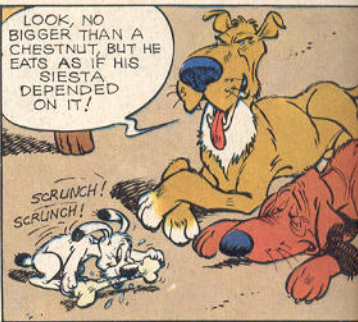












ALERIA...

A LEGIONARY TO
SEE YOU, O PRAETOR
PERFIDIUS. HE
SAYS HE HAS
IMPORTANT
INFORMATION.

SHOW
HIM IN.



AVE, PRAETOR!
THIS MAN WANTS
TO SPIN YOU A
YARN.

NO, I DON'T!
I'M AN HONEST
SAILOR WORKING THE
MASSILIA-CORSICA
CROSSING...



I TOOK THREE PASSENGERS ON
BOARD, AND BEFORE THEY DISAPPEARED
THEY BLEW UP MY SHIP WITH AN
INFERNAL DEVICE IN THE FORM
OF A CHEESE...

**A
CORSICAN
CHEESE?**



ANYWAY ONE
OF THE
PASSENGERS WAS
CORSICAN... THEY
CALLED HIM
BONEYWASAWARRIOR
PONTIDLYPOM.

WAYAYIX?!



YES, THAT'S RIGHT. NOT
PONTIDLYPOM, WAYAYIX.
THERE WERE TWO GAULS
WITH HIM, TWO REAL
THREATS TO SHIPPING
WHO...

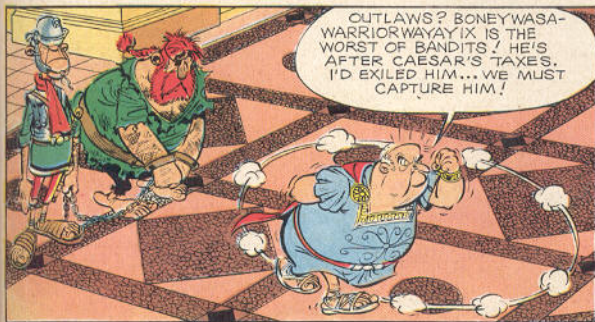
**WHERE
DID THEY
GO?**



I SAW THEM MAKE OFF
INLAND, TOWARDS THE
MOUNTAINS. I REQUEST THE
HONOUR OF PARTICIPATING IN
THE SEARCH IF THESE MEN
ARE OUTLAWS.

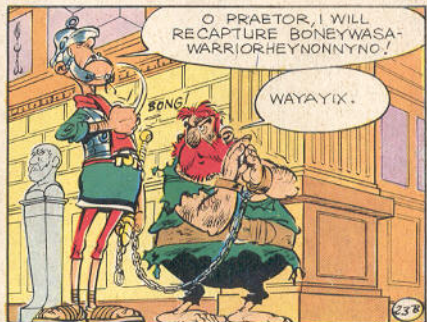


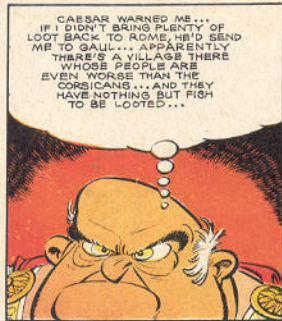
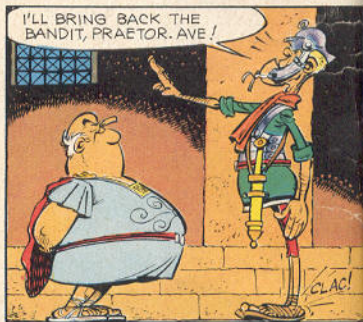
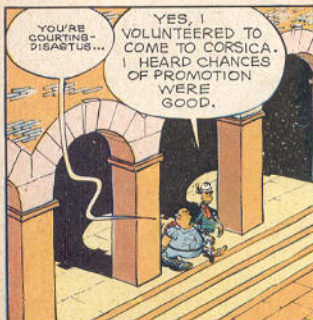
OUTLAWS? BONEYWASA-
WARRIORWAYAYIX IS THE
WORST OF BANDITS! HE'S
AFTER CAESAR'S TAXES.
I'D EXILED HIM... WE MUST
CAPTURE HIM!

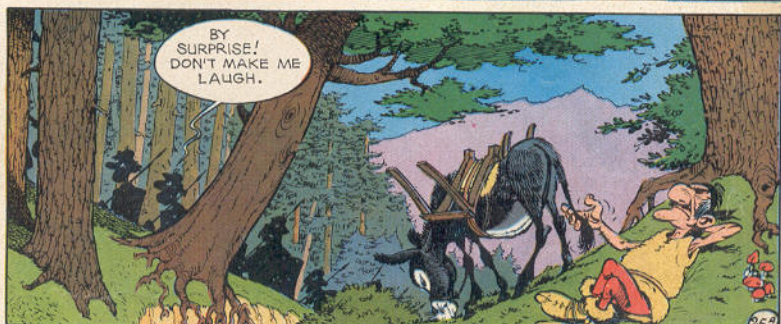


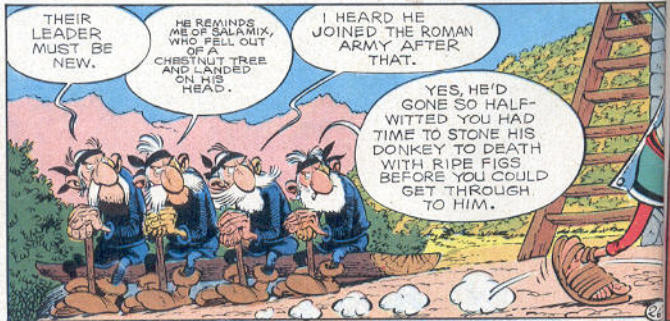
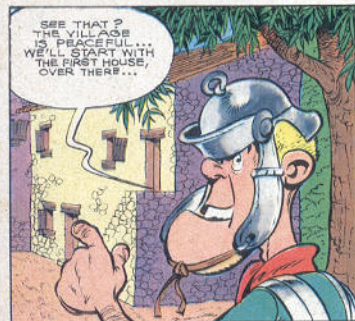
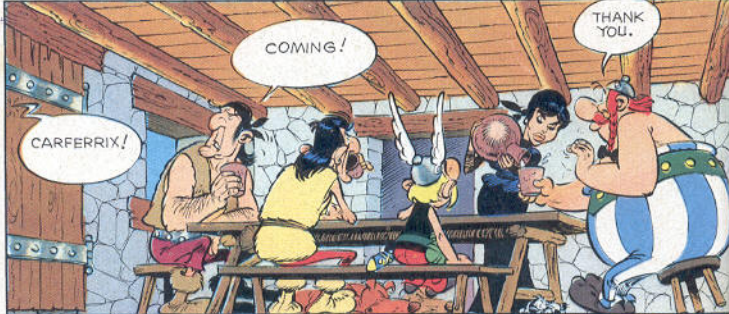
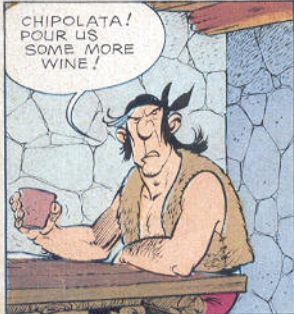
O PRAETOR, I WILL
RECAPTURE BONEYWASA-
WARRIORHEYNONNYNO!

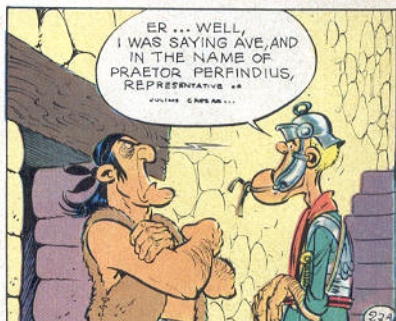
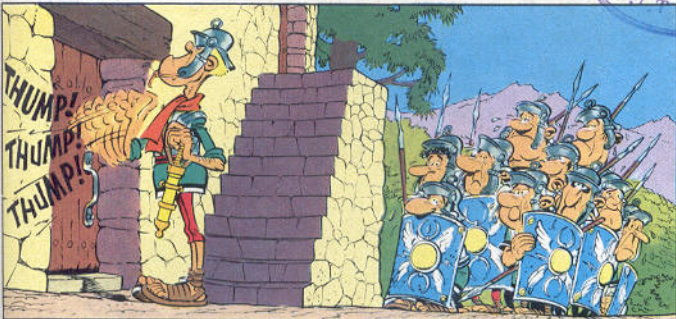
WAYAYIX.

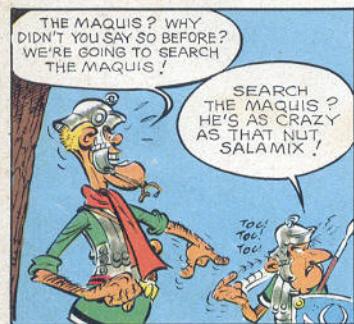
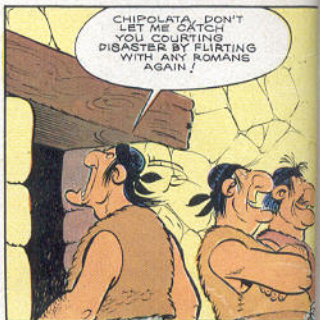
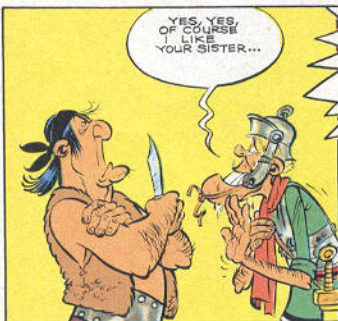
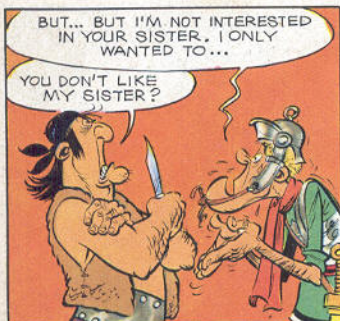


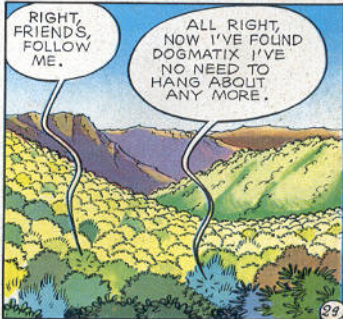
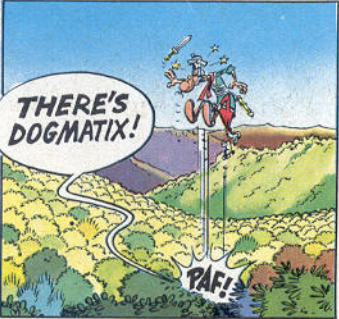
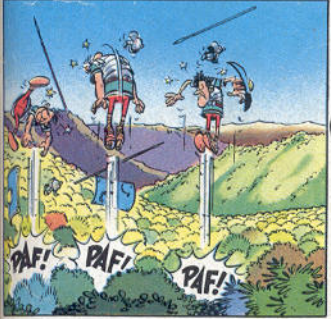
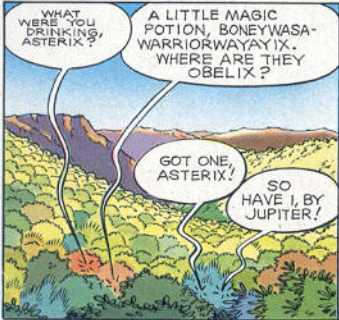
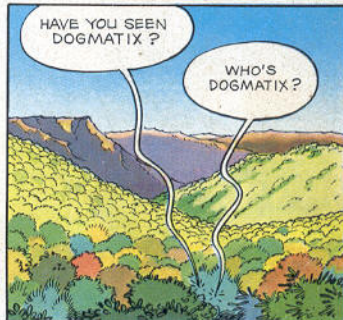
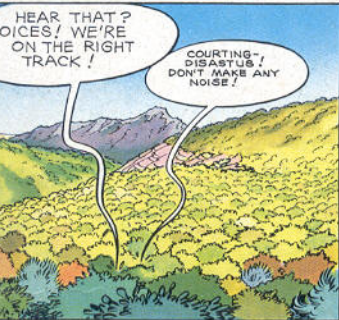
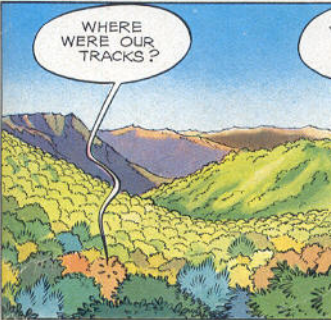
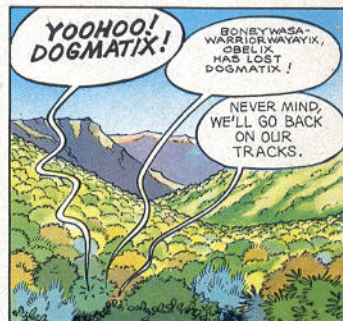
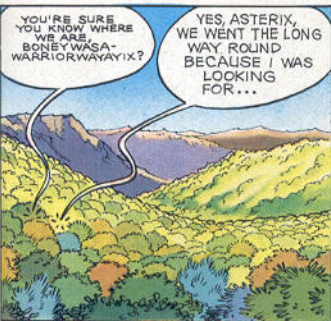


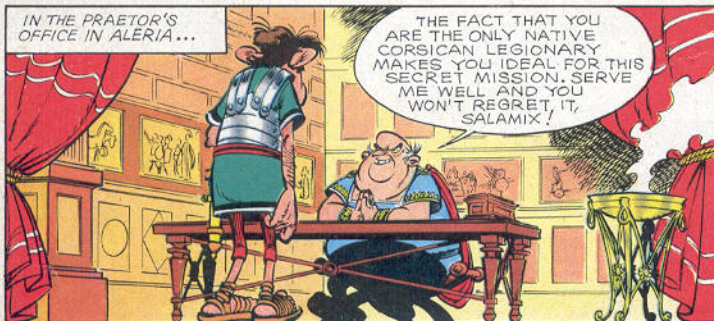
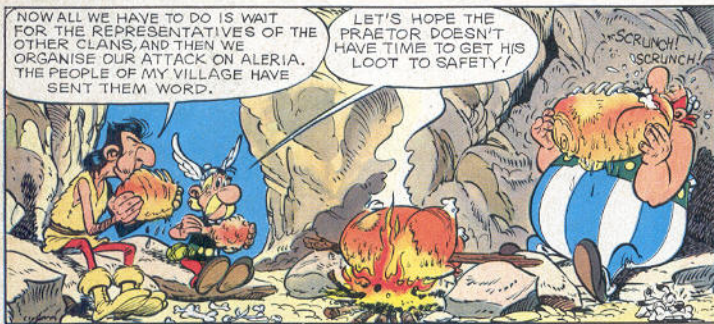
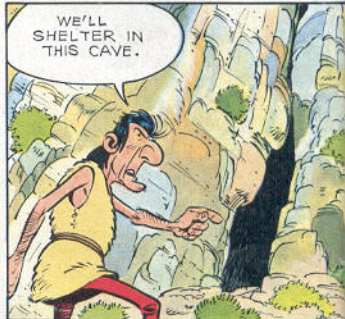
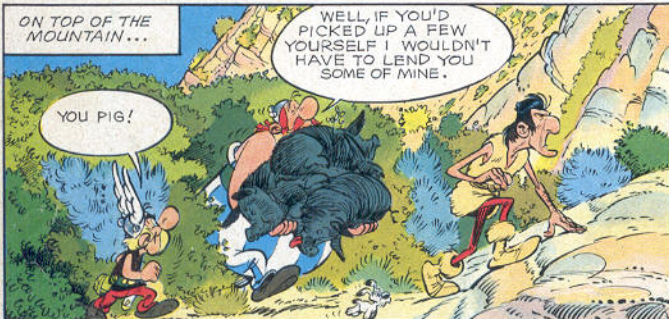
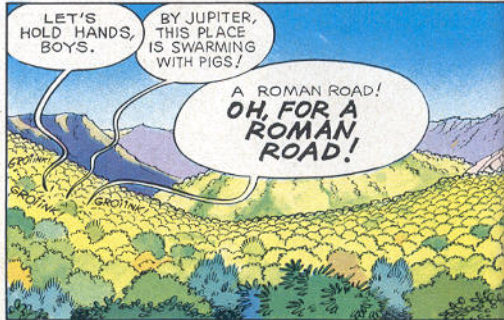
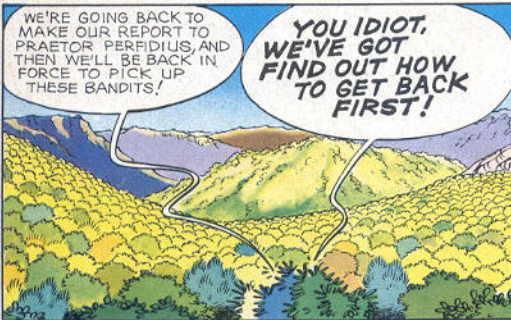


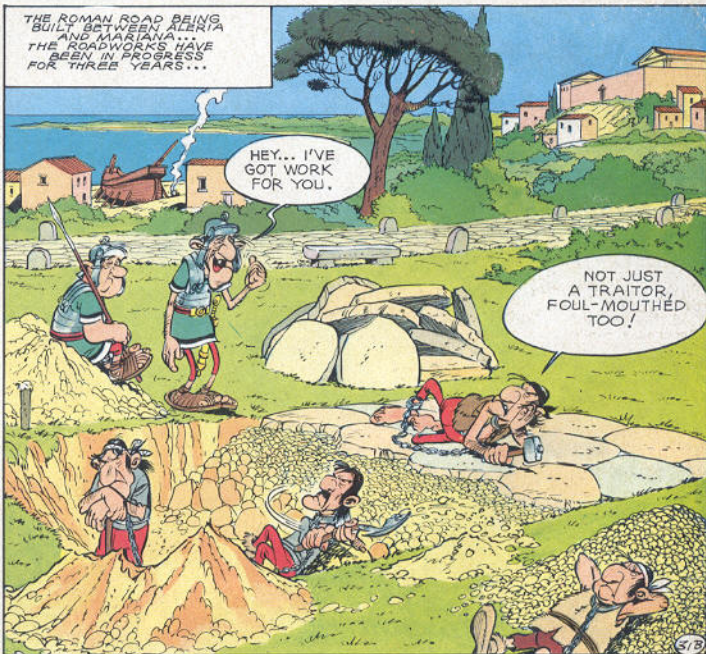
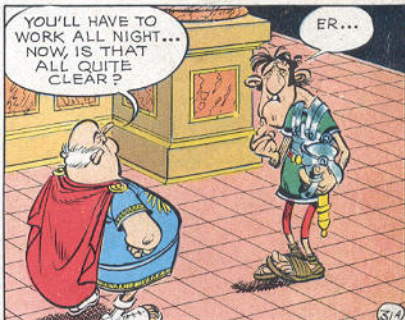
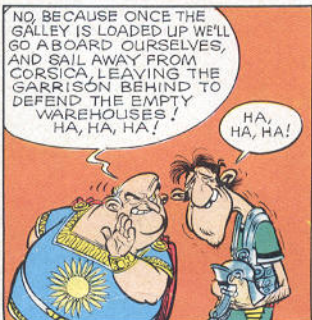
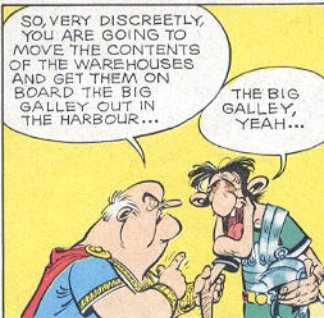


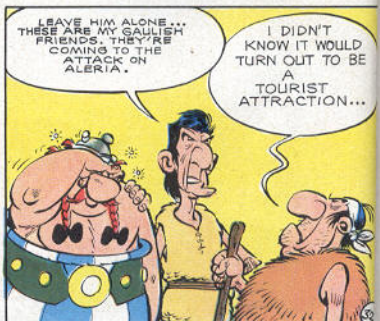
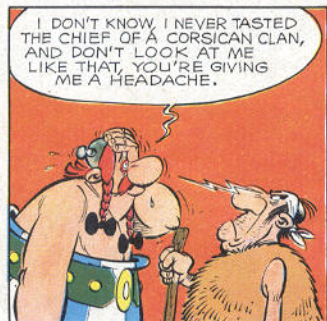
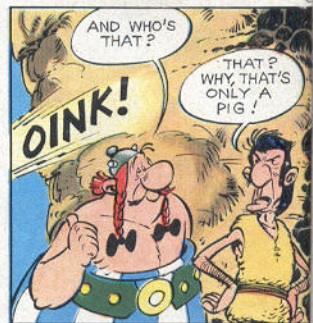
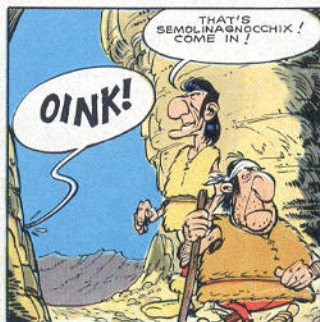
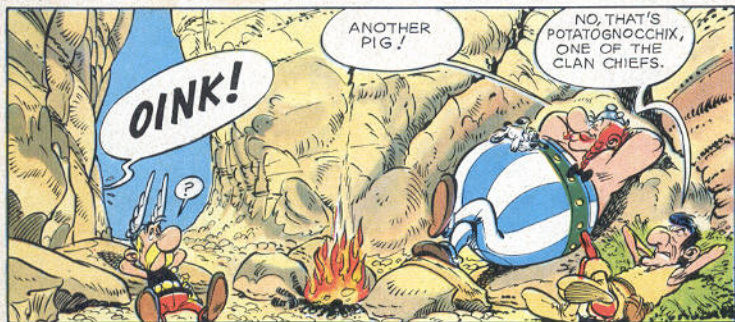






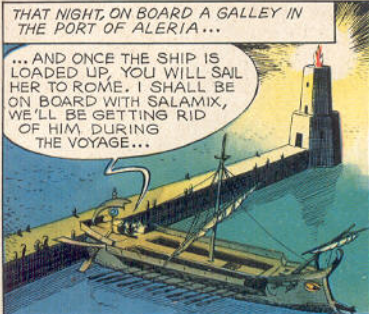






THAT NIGHT, ON BOARD A GALLEY IN THE PORT OF ALERIA...

...AND ONCE THE SHIP IS LOADED UP, YOU WILL SAIL HER TO ROME. I SHALL BE ON BOARD WITH SALAMIX, WE'LL BE GETTING RID OF HIM DURING THE VOYAGE...



IT ALL HAS TO BE DONE TONIGHT... THE GARRISON MUSTN'T KNOW I'M ABANDONING THEM. THEY WILL FIGHT, AND THUS COVER MY ESCAPE...

AND AFTERWARDS YOU'LL GIVE US THE SHIP AND SET US FREE? THAT'S A PROMISE?

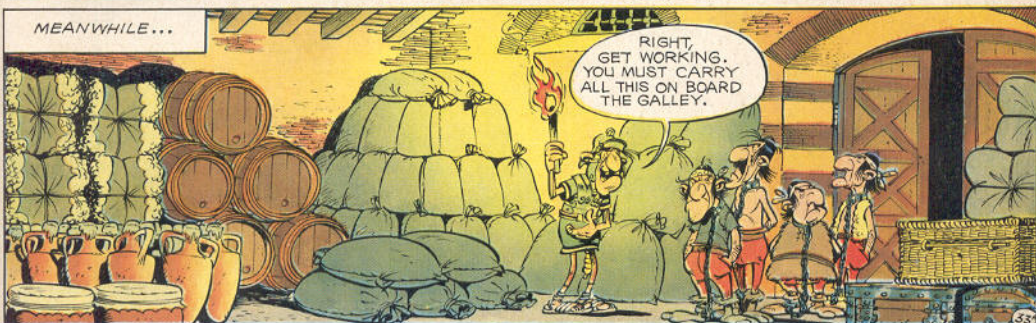


WHAT REASON CAN YOU HAVE TO DOUBT MY GOOD FAITH?

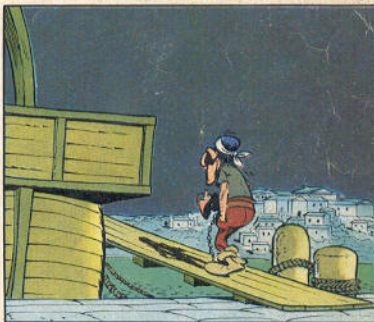


MEANWHILE...

RIGHT, GET WORKING. YOU MUST CARRY ALL THIS ON BOARD THE GALLEY.

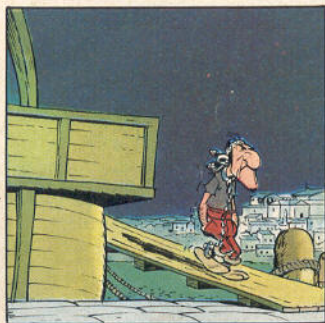


TWENTY MINUTES LATER...



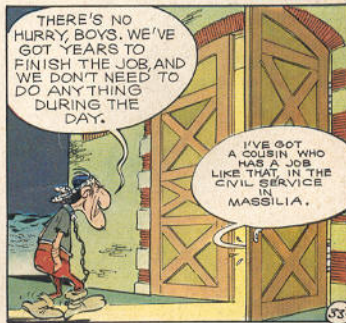
WHERE DO I PUT THIS?

AT THIS RATE IT'S GOING TO TAKE YEARS! AND WE HAVE TO STOP WORK AT DAYBREAK BECAUSE OF THE GARRISON!



THERE'S NO HURRY, BOYS. WE'VE GOT YEARS TO FINISH THE JOB AND WE DON'T NEED TO DO ANYTHING DURING THE DAY.

I'VE GOT A COUSIN WHO HAS A JOB LIKE THAT, IN THE CIVIL SERVICE IN MASSILIA.



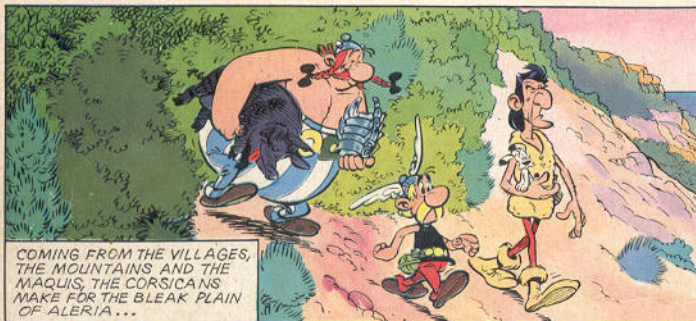
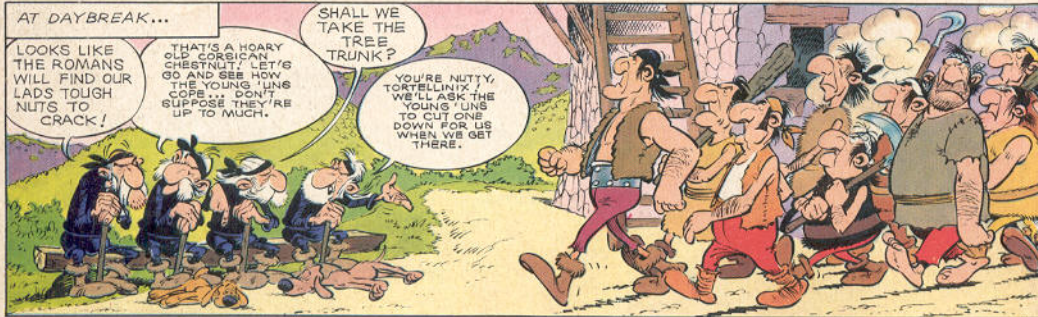
AT DAYBREAK...

LOOKS LIKE
THE ROMANS
WILL FIND OUR
LADS TOUGH
NUTS TO
CRACK!

THAT'S A HOARY
OLD CORSICAN
CHIEFTAIN! LET'S
GO AND SEE HOW
THE YOUNG 'UNS
COPED. DON'T
SUPPOSE THEY'RE
UP TO MUCH.

SHALL WE
TAKE THE
TREE
TRUNK?

YOU'RE NUTTY,
TORTELLINIX!
WE'LL ASK THE
YOUNG 'UNS
TO CUT ONE
DOWN FOR US
WHEN WE GET
THERE.

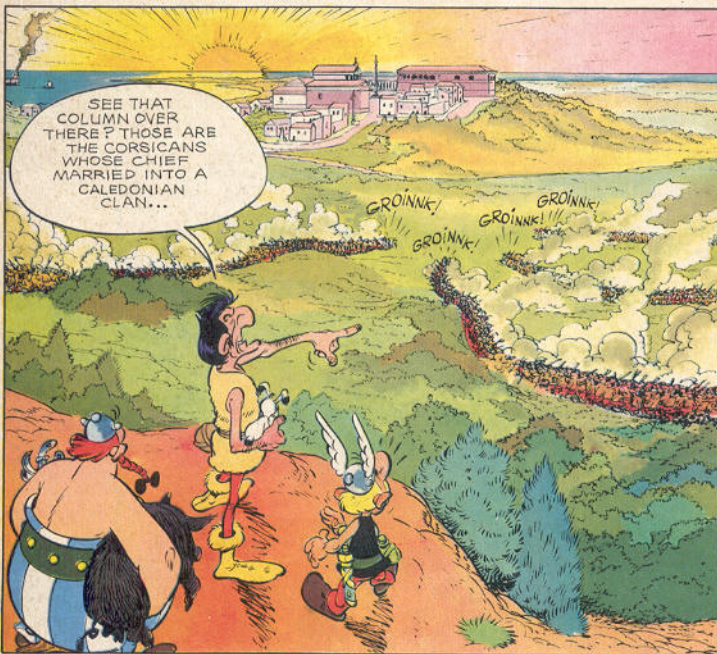


COMING FROM THE VILLAGES,
THE MOUNTAINS AND THE
MAQUIS, THE CORSICANS
MAKE FOR THE BLEAK PLAIN
OF ALER/A...



WHAT
A LOT OF
THEM!

YES, WE'RE FULL
OF CLAN
FEELING.



SEE THAT
COLUMN OVER
THERE? THOSE ARE
THE CORSICANS
WHOSE CHIEF
MARRIED INTO A
CALEDONIAN
CLAN...

GROINK!
GROINK!
GROINK!
GROINK!

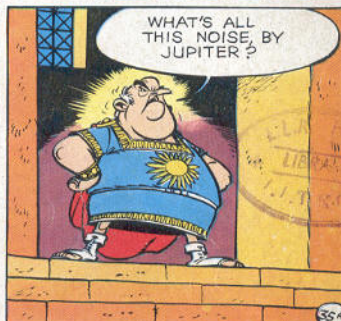
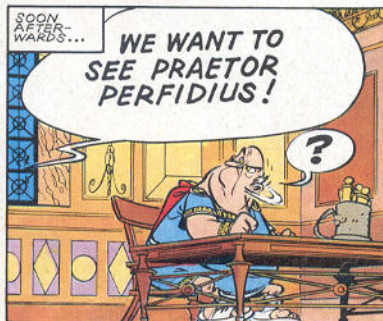
GROINK!

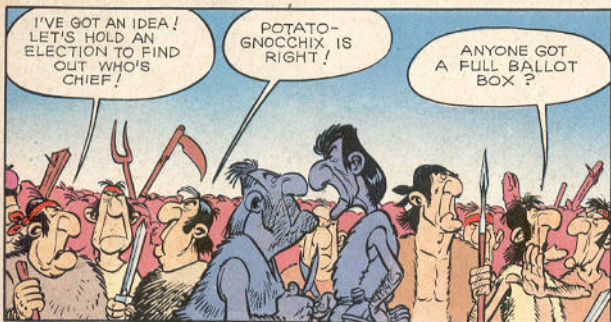
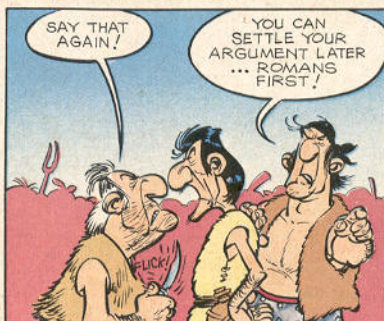
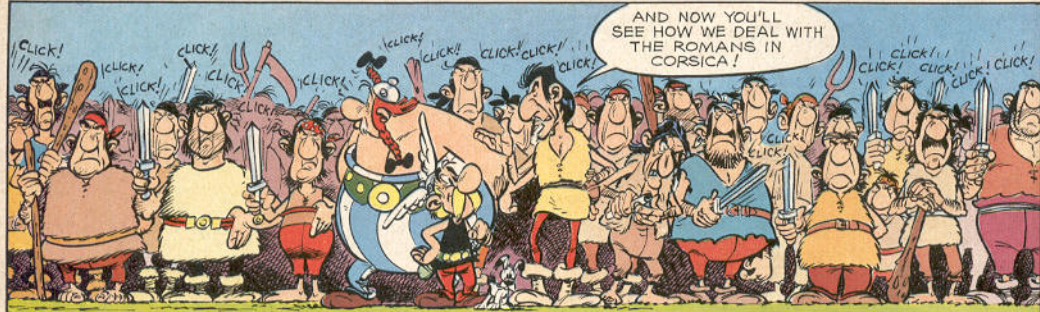


THE CLAN OF
MACARONIX.



WHO TOLD YOU WE WERE LOADING EVERYTHING UP ON A GALLEY BEFORE THE CORSICANS ATTACK? COME ON, WHO TOLD YOU?





**RAISE THE ALARM!
RAISE THE ALARM!
CORSICANS! MASSES OF
CORSICANS OUTSIDE
THE TOWN!**



WELL, WELL!
AND I THOUGHT
THE CORSICANS
WEREN'T
GOING TO
ATTACK?

**WE'LL DISCUSS
ALL THAT LATER!
WE MUST MAKE A
SORTIE OR THEY'LL
FORCE THEIR
WAY IN!**



RIGHT, BUT
YOU'RE COMING
WITH US!

WE WANT TO
BE SURE
YOU'LL STAY
TILL THE END
OF THE
BATTLE.

THIS IS
MUTINY! YOU
CAN'T FORCE
YOUR LEADER
TO LEAD
THE WAY!

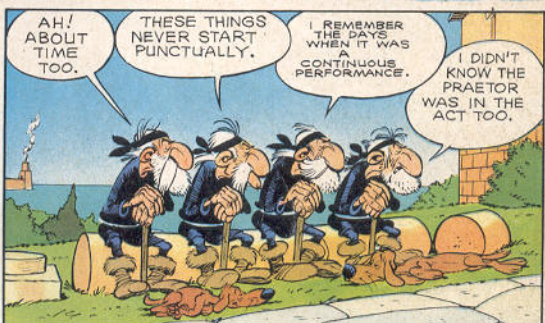


AH!
ABOUT
TIME
TOO.

THESE THINGS
NEVER START
PUNCTUALLY.

I REMEMBER
THE DAYS
WHEN IT WAS
A
CONTINUOUS
PERFORMANCE.

I DIDN'T
KNOW THE
PRAETOR
WAS IN THE
ACT TOO.



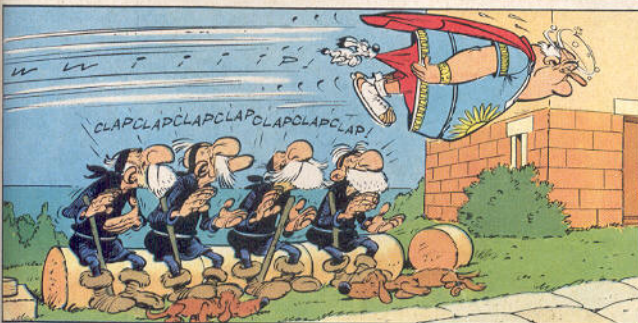
WHO...
WHO ARE
THOSE
TWO?

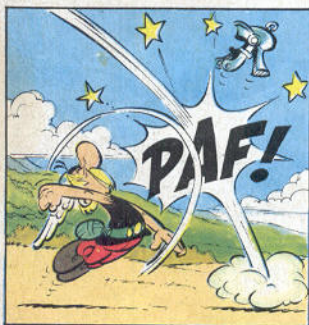
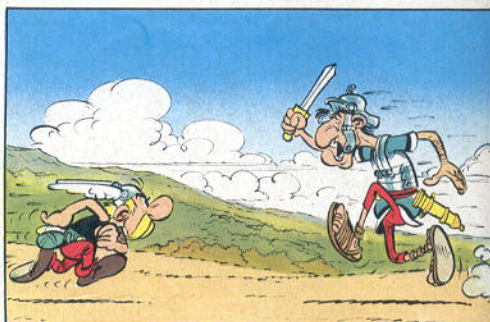
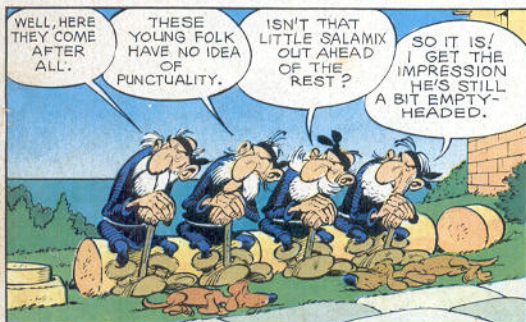
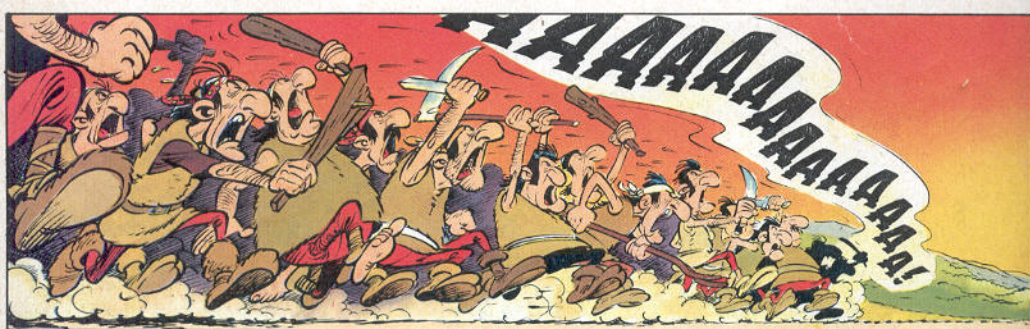
I DON'T KNOW,
BUT I'M NOT TOO
KEEN ON BEING
IN THE FRONT
LINE!

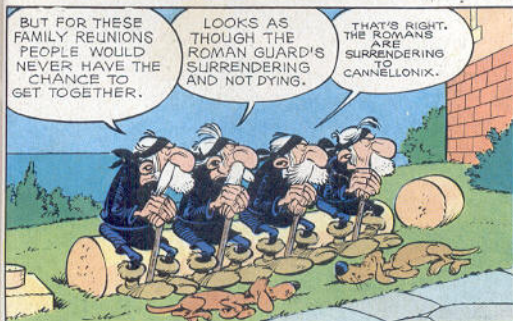
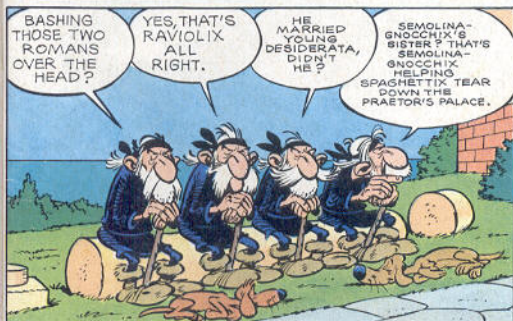
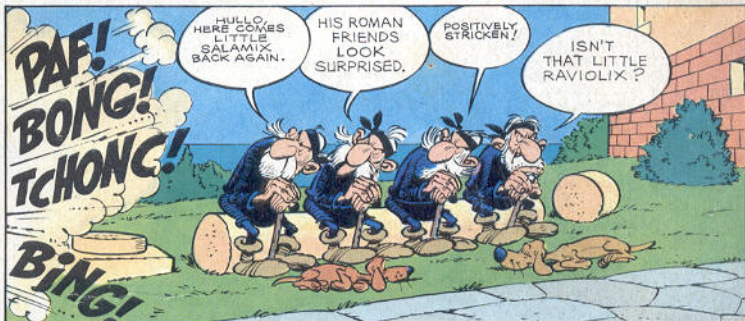
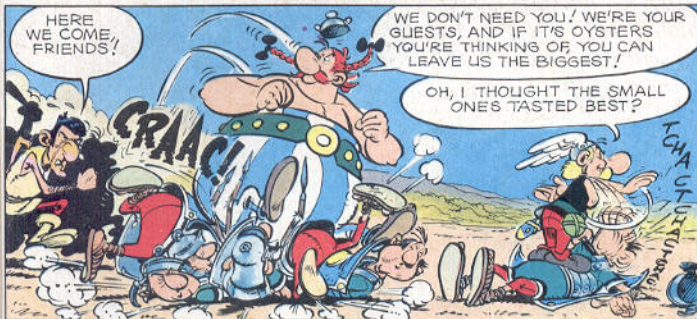


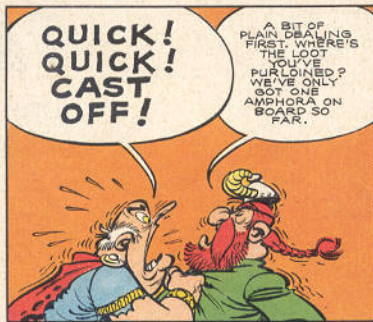
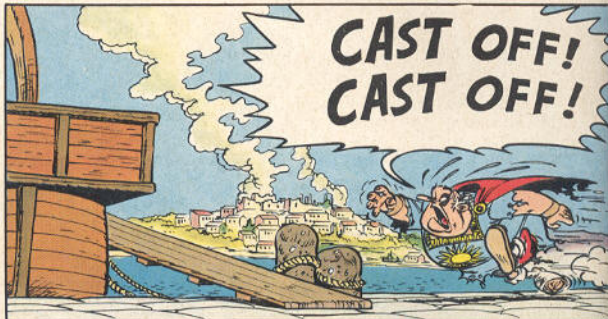
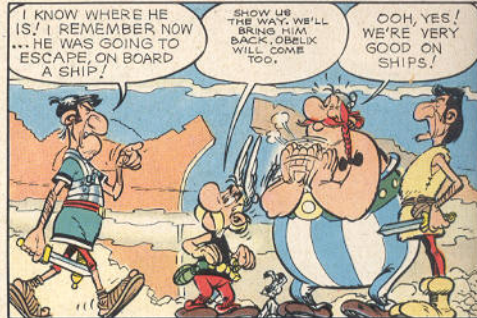
I BROUGHT THEM TO SHOW THEM
WHAT WE CAN DO, AND NOW THEY'RE
GIVING US A LESSON! AND THEY'RE
FROM THE CONTINENT TOO!

**LET'S GO!
WE CAN SORT
IT ALL
OUT LATER!**









AFTER A BRIEF
BUT VIOLENT
EPISODE...

WELL,
DO WE CAST
OFF?

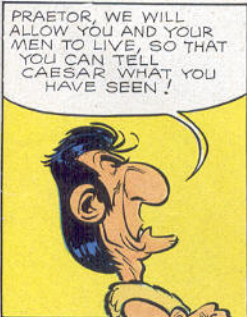
NO POINT
CASTING PEARLS
BEFORE SWINE
NOW...



IS THAT
MEANT TO HAVE
US IN STITCHES?
CAPTAIN, WITH
DUE RESPECT, YOU'RE
A SILLY
KNIT.



PRAETOR, WE WILL
ALLOW YOU AND YOUR
MEN TO LIVE, SO THAT
YOU CAN TELL
CAESAR WHAT YOU
HAVE SEEN!



WE SHALL RECOVER ALL
YOU HAVE STOLEN FROM
YOUR WAREHOUSES, AND
LET THAT BE A LESSON TO
YOUR MASTER!

JULIUS
CAESAR WILL
HAVE HIS
REVENGE!



TELL CAESAR THAT, NO
MATTER WHAT HIS AMBITIONS,
HE WILL NEVER
RULE US...



THE PEOPLE OF CORSICA
WILL NEVER ACCEPT AN
EMPEROR UNLESS HE
IS A CORSICAN
HIMSELF! GO!

THAT'S
RIGHT!
OINK!

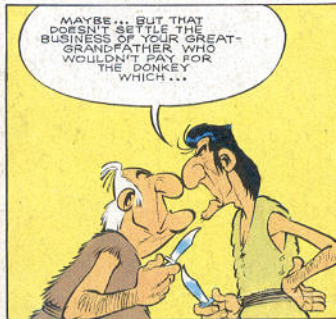
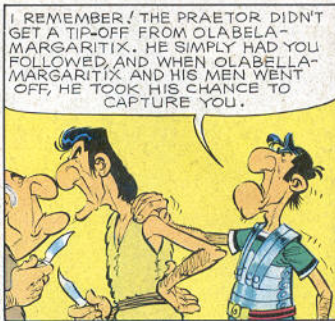
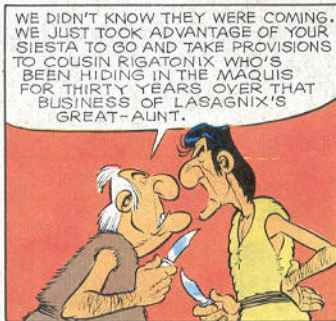
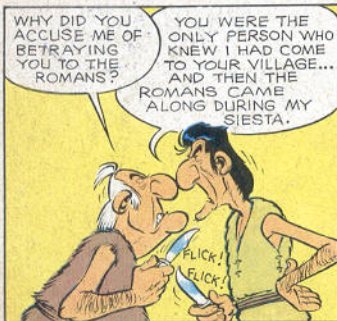
THREE
CHEERS!



NOW HOW ABOUT A
FEW EXPLANATIONS,
BONEY WASAWARRIORWAYAYIX?

YES,
GLABELLA-
MARGARITIX!







BEATING THE ROMANS IS NOTHING, BUT SETTLING A VENDETTA BETWEEN TWO CLANS IS AN AMAZING FEAT!

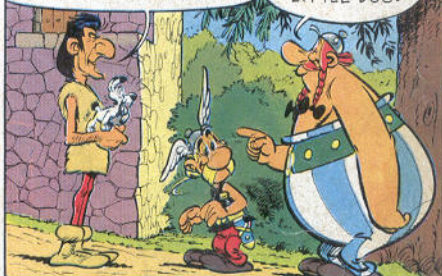


SUCH POINTLESS FEUDS WILL NEVER EXIST IN CORSICA AGAIN!



WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE AS A PRESENT FROM CORSICA?

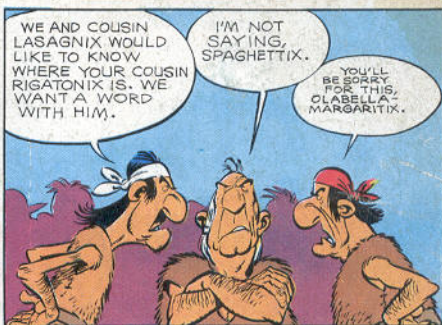
THAT DEAR LITTLE DOG.



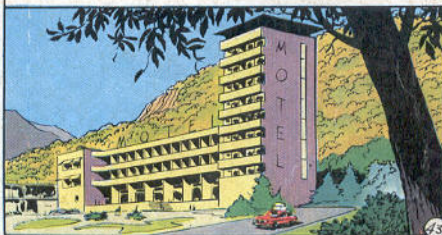
WE AND COUSIN LASAGNIX WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHERE YOUR COUSIN RIGATONIX IS. WE WANT A WORD WITH HIM.

I'M NOT SAYING, SPAGHETTIX.

YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR THIS, OLABELLA-MARGARITIX.



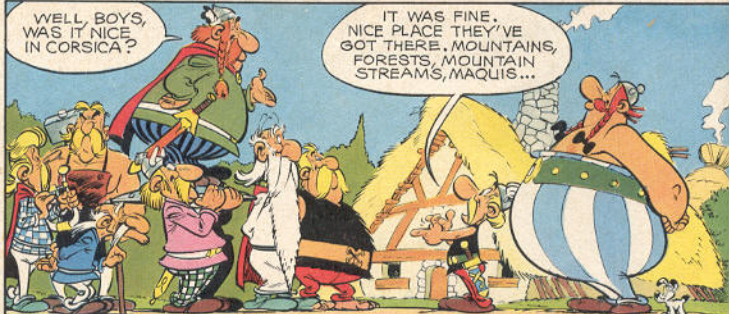
WE MAY NOTE IN PASSING THAT, AS A RESULT OF THIS RATHER COMPLICATED MATTER, ONE OF THE DESCENDANTS OF THE OLABELLAMARGARITIX CLAN WAS FOUND LAST YEAR BY THE POLICE, HIDING IN THE MAQUIS BEHIND A MOTEL.



**HERE THEY
COME! THEY'RE
BACK!**



WELL, BOYS,
WAS IT NICE
IN CORSICA?



IT WAS FINE,
NICE PLACE THEY'VE
GOT THERE, MOUNTAINS,
FORESTS, MOUNTAIN
STREAMS, MAQUIS...

AND SOME
INTERESTING ROMAN
REMAINS, DATING
FROM THE TIME OF
OUR VISIT.



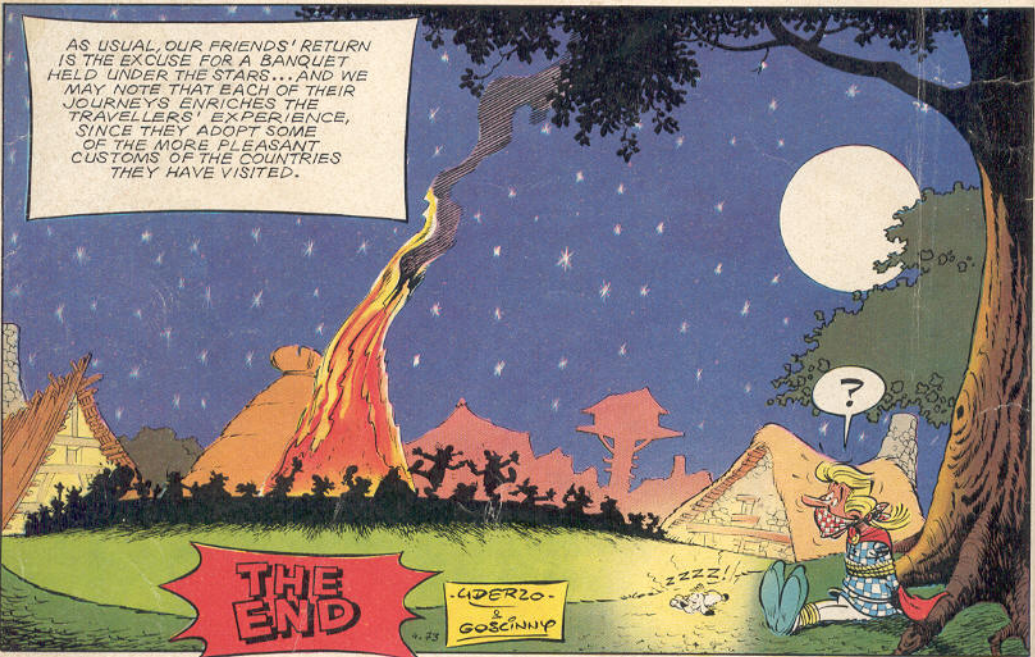
AND THERE WERE
SOME VERY NICE PIGS,
AND DOGMATIX
MADE LOTS OF
FRIENDS...



DIDN'T YOU,
DOGMATIX?



AS USUAL, OUR FRIENDS' RETURN
IS THE EXCUSE FOR A BANQUET
HELD UNDER THE STARS...AND WE
MAY NOTE THAT EACH OF THEIR
JOURNEYS ENRICHES THE
TRAVELLERS' EXPERIENCE,
SINCE THEY ADOPT SOME
OF THE MORE PLEASANT
CUSTOMS OF THE COUNTRIES
THEY HAVE VISITED.



**THE
END**

4220-
GOSCINNIP