

Asterix IN BELGIUM

by GOSCINNY and UDERZO



a Hodder Dargaud
presentation

UDERZO

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

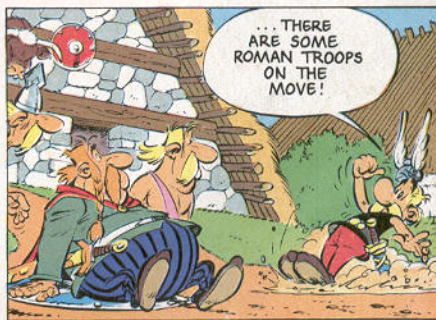
AND YOU KNOW WHAT MY FISH HAVE TO SAY ABOUT THAT?

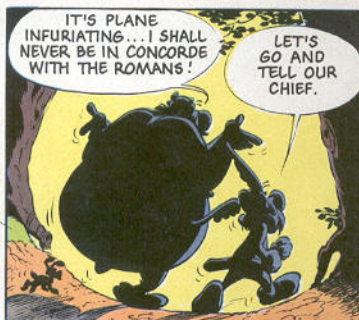
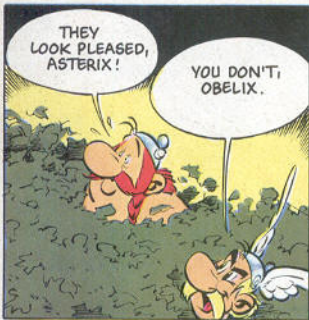
YES, I DO, AND I WISH THEY'D KEEP THEIR MOUTHS SHUT! THEIR BEST FRIENDS OUGHT TO TELL THEM...

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.

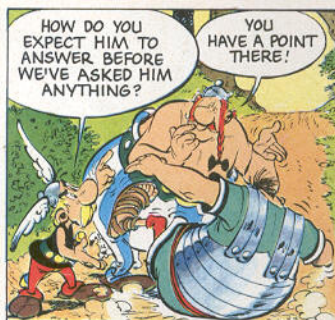
I'M OFF FOR A LITTLE
STROLL IN THE FOREST ON
MY OWN. AVE, MATES.

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!



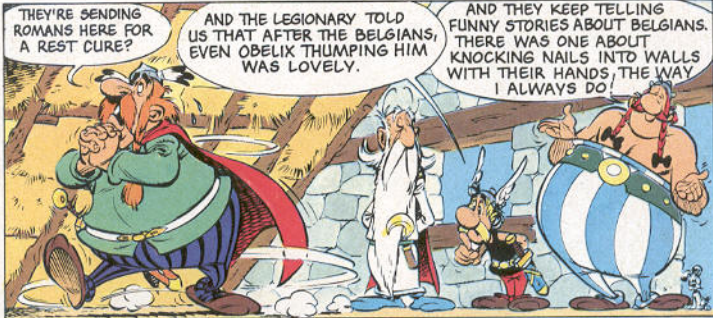
A REST CURE?



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!



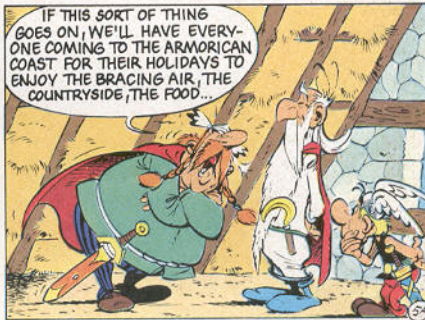
THERE'S NO NEED TO GET UPSET; I THINK IT'S RATHER PLEASING TO KNOW THE ROMANS COME HERE FOR A REST CURE.



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...

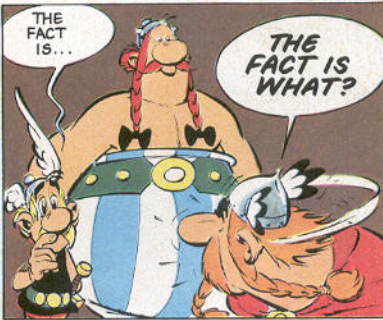


WE'RE TURNING INTO A HOLIDAY CAMP FOR ROMANS, AND HE THINKS IT'S RATHER PLEASING! MAKES YOU WONDER IF IT WAS WORTH FIGHTING THE BATTLE OF GERGOVIA AT ALL!

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...

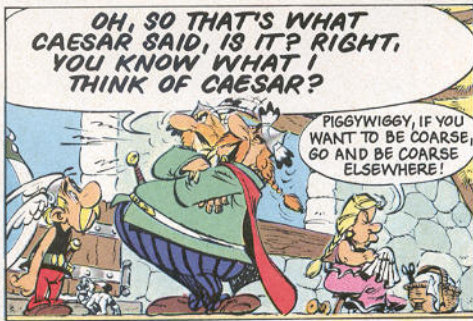
THE FACT IS WHAT?



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



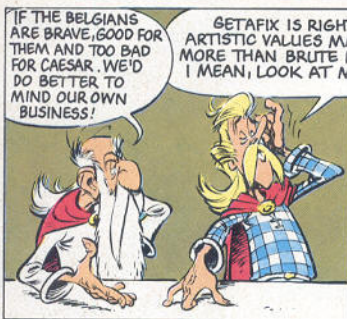
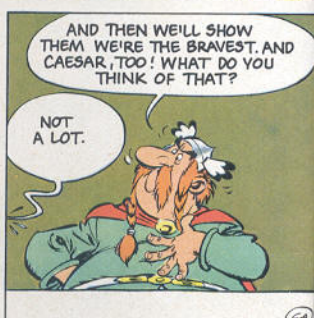
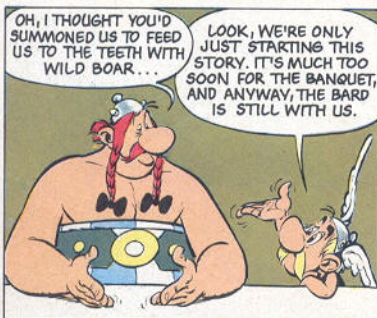
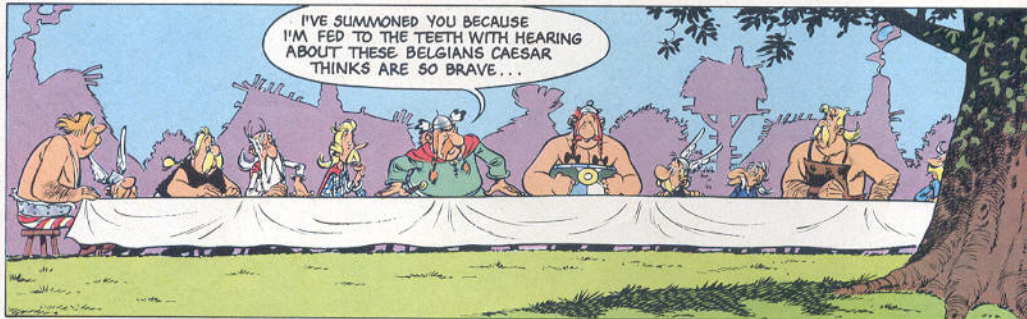
OH, SO THAT'S WHAT CAESAR SAID, IS IT? RIGHT, YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK OF CAESAR?

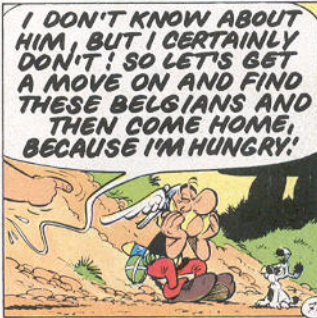
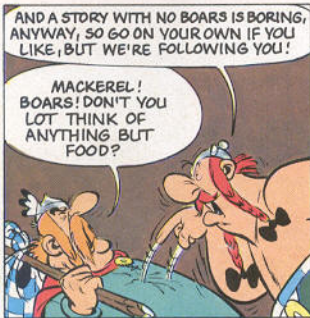
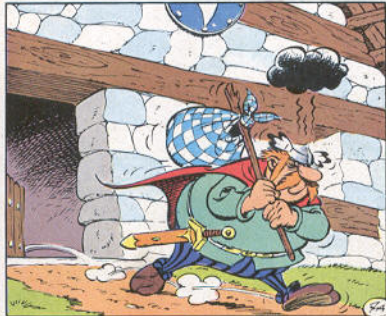
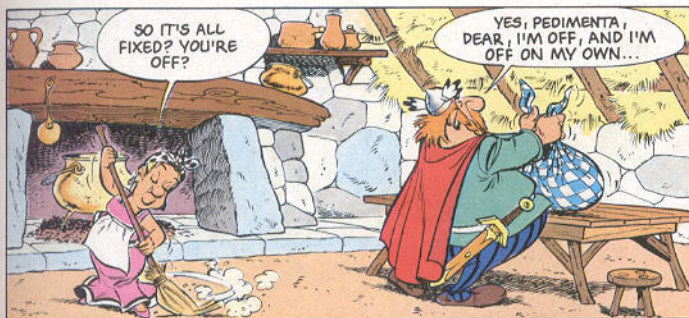


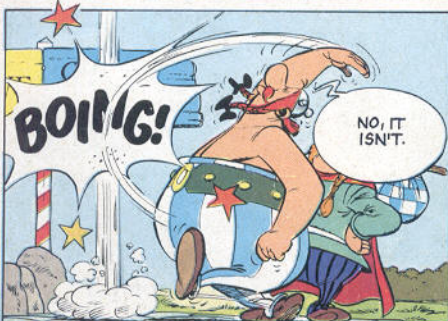
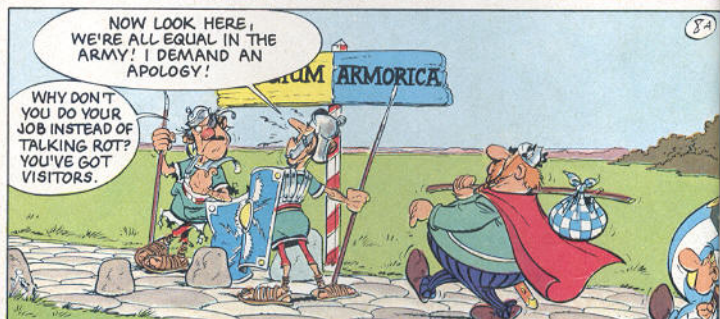
PIGGYWIGGY, IF YOU WANT TO BE COARSE, GO AND BE COARSE ELSEWHERE!

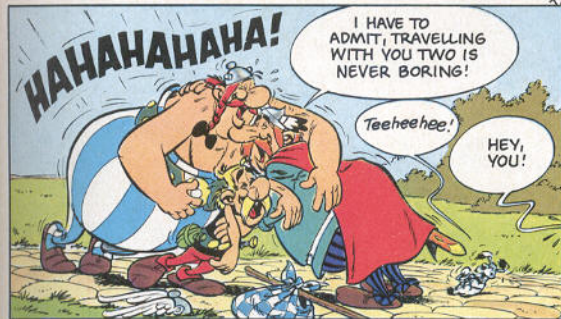
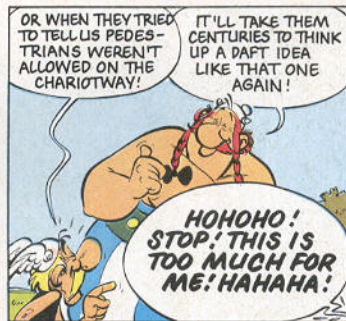
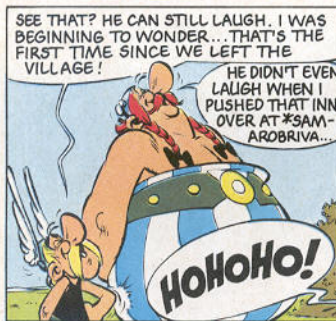
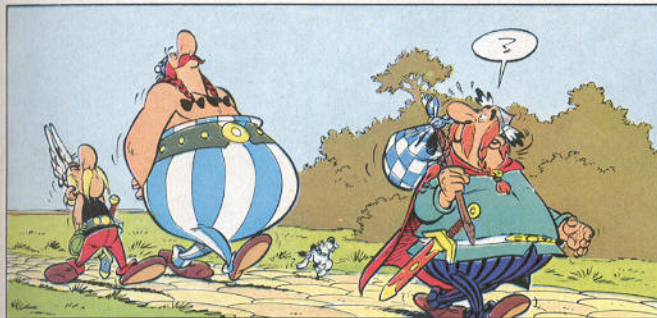
YOU BET I WILL! I'M CALLING A VILLAGE COUNCIL MEETING STRAIGHT AWAY!

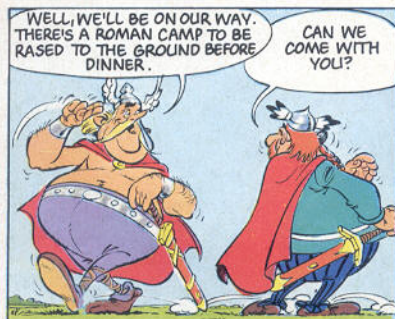
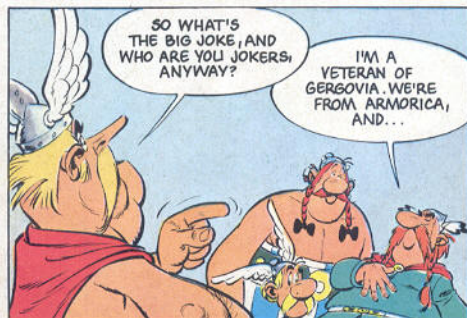
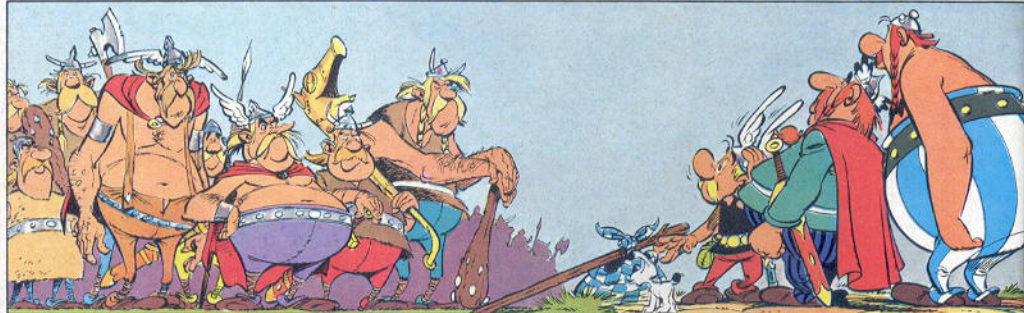


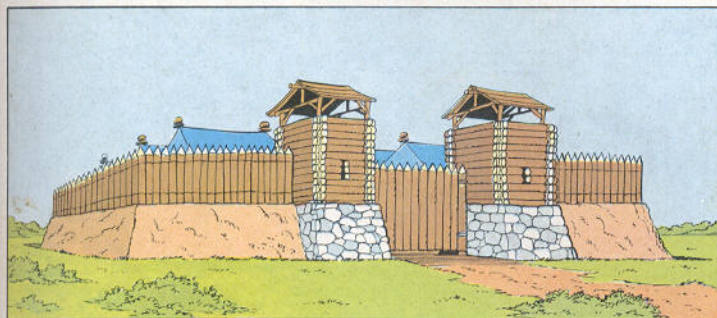


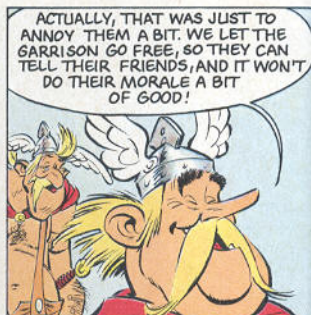


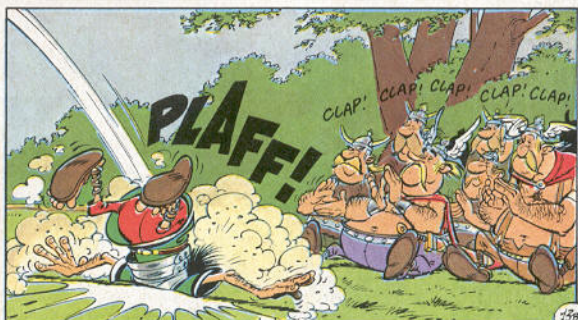
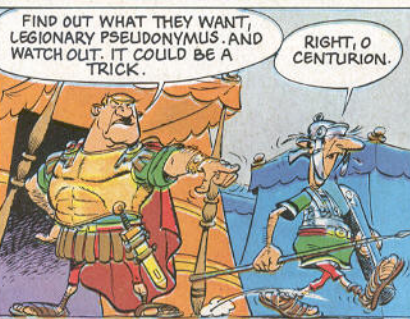
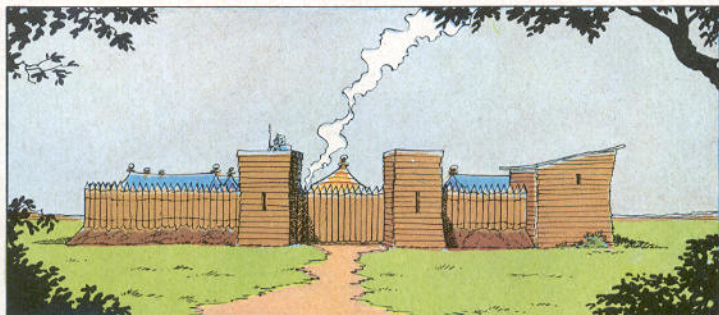


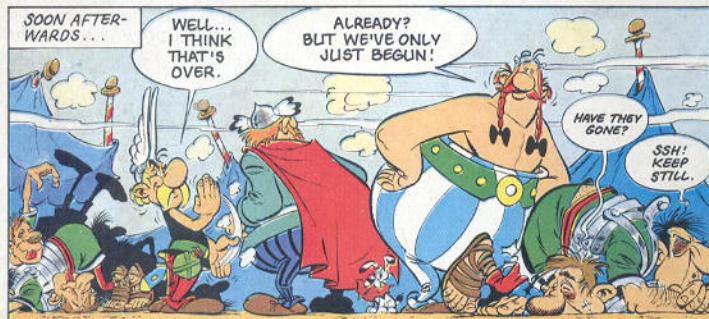












BUT WE SMASHED THE WHOLE PLACE UP!

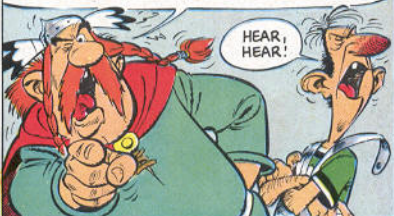
NOW THEN, DON'T FLY OFF THE HANDLE YES, YOU SMASHED THE WHOLE PLACE UP, BUT IT WAS PLAIN SAILING: THE CAMP WAS ONLY MADE OF WOOD AND CANVAS. YOU GOT UNDER THEIR GUARD QUITE EASILY.

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.

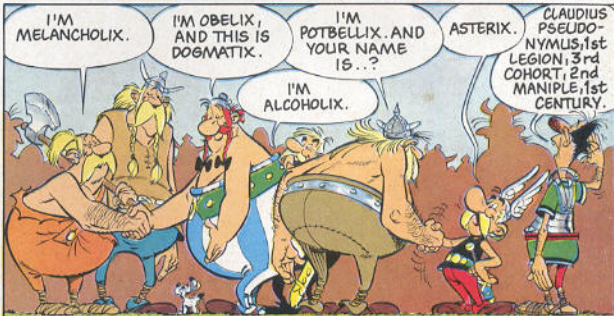
I'M OBELIX, AND THIS IS DOGMATIX.

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!



TAP! TAP! TAP!





WELL,
COMING?

WE DON'T
LIKE TO IMPOSE
ON YOU...



TRUE GAULISH GALLANTRY! BUT IT'S NO TROUBLE...YOU'LL
JUST GET POT LUCK. THE ROAST BOAR OF OLD BELGIUM...
NONE OF YOUR FANCY LUTETIAN COOKING HERE!

RIGHT.
AVE. SEE
YOU SOON.

?



NOT MUCH
IN THE WAY OF
LANDSCAPE FEATURES
HERE!

NO, THE
ONLY HILLS IN OUR
FLAT COUNTRYSIDE ARE
CALLED OPIDDUMS.



HERE'S THE
VILLAGE.

IT'S
VERY LIKE
OURS!



LADIES, WE HAVE VISITORS!
LET'S LAY ON THE WHOLE WORKS!
BURNISH UP THE BRASS! PUT ON
YOUR BEST BIBS AND TUCKERS!



YES, THIS IS A REAL
HOME FROM HOME, COMPLETE
WITH REAL ROMANS
FROM ROME!

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
BRAWN 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!

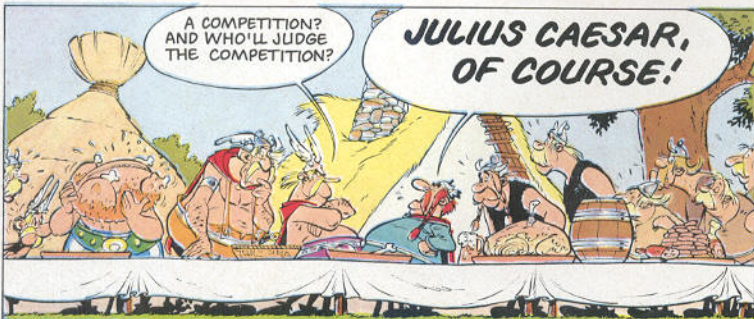
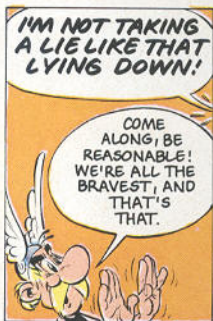
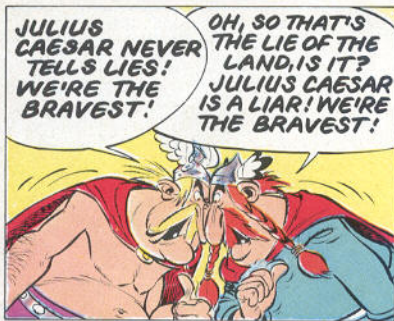
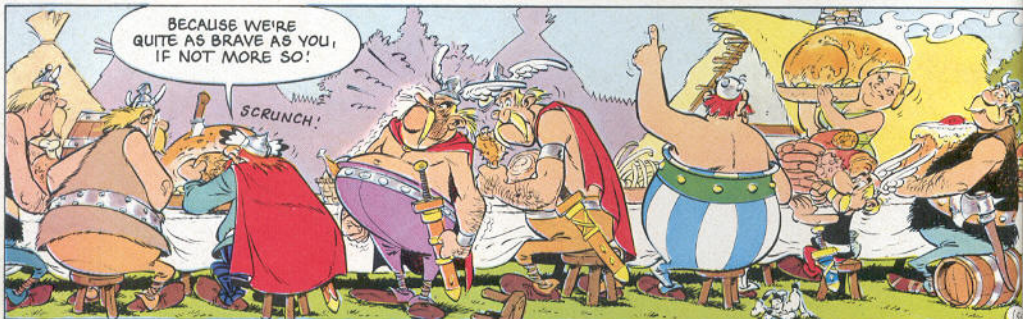
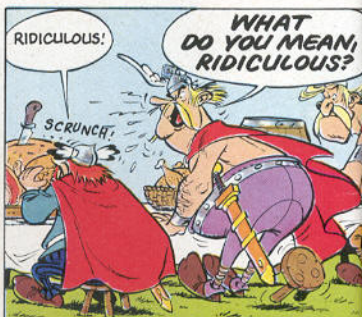
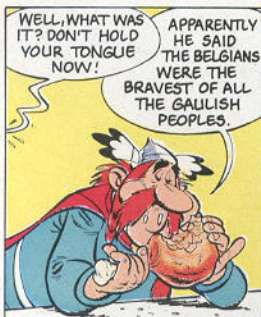
I KNOW IT'S
THE CHIEF'S PORTION.
WE'RE BOTH THE
CHIEFS!

YOU WANT
A PUNCH ON
THE NOSE,
BRAWNIX?

**YOU WANT A KICK
UP THE BACKSIDE,
BEEFIX?**

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

THAT BRAWNY COUPLE ARE
ALWAYS BEEFING, 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.

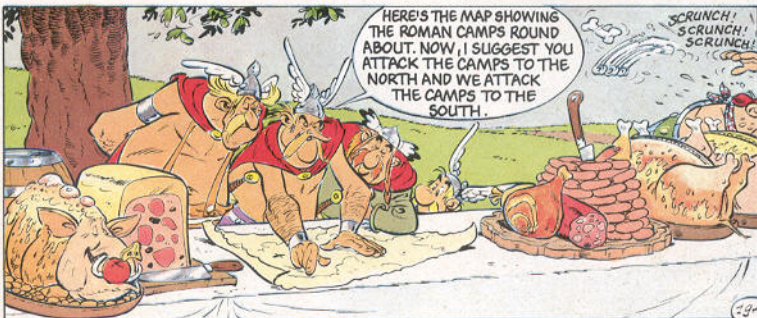
I LIKE THIS COUNTRY, AND I LIKE THE PEOPLE TOO. THEY STICK AT NOTHING! LET'S GO TO SLEEP. I DON'T WANT TO BE LATE FOR BREAKFAST-AND-LUNCH.

GOOD NIGHT, ASTERIX!

GOOD NIGHT, IDIOTIX!

NEXT MORNING...

COME AND GET IT!



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.

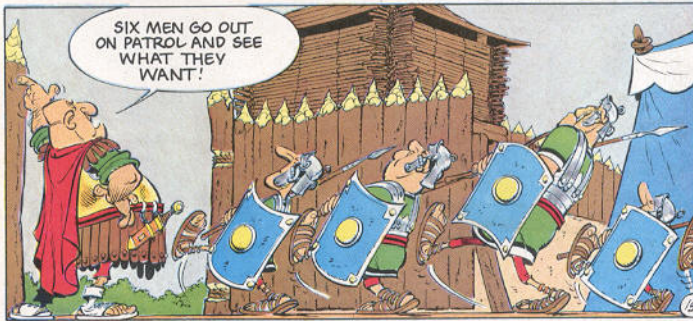


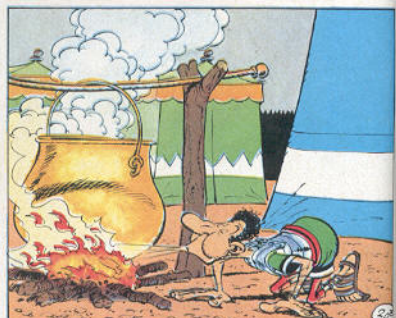
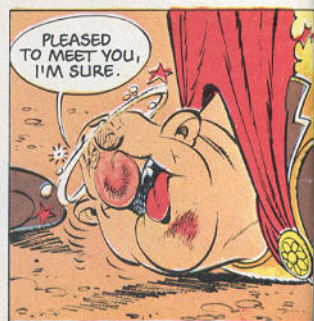
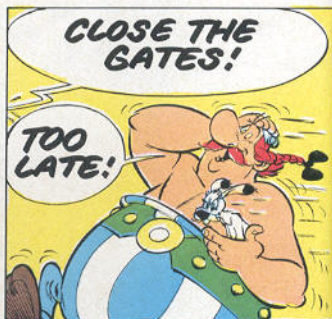
LATER, IN A ROMAN CAMP TO THE NORTH OF THE BELGIAN VILLAGE...

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.

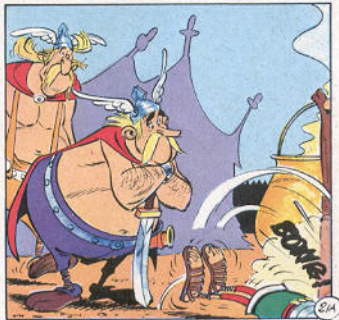
IT'S GETTING
PRETTY HOT
HERE, TOO!!!



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... ROOT
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.

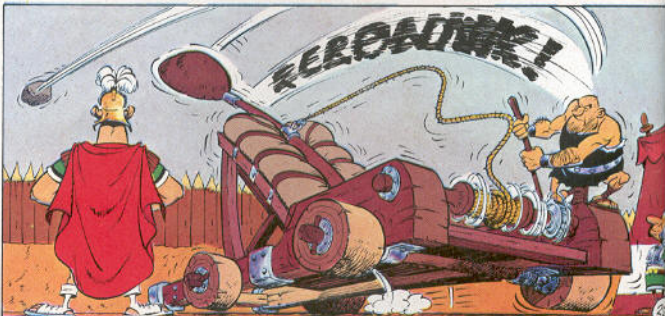
WELL,
WHAT ABOUT
IT?

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.

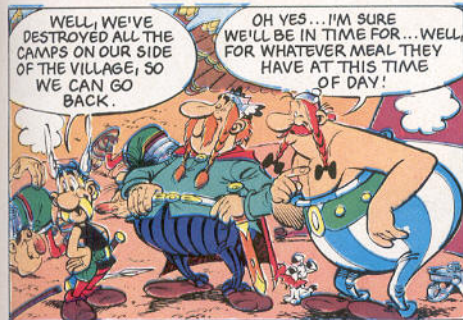
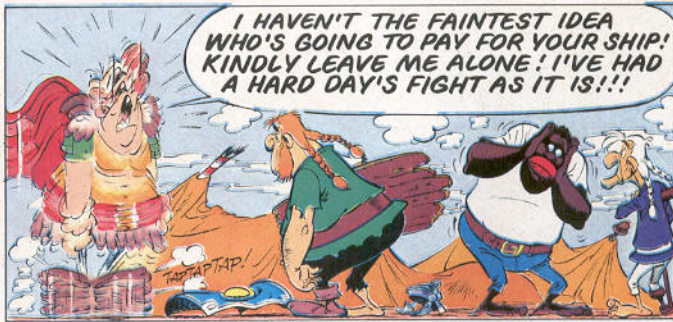
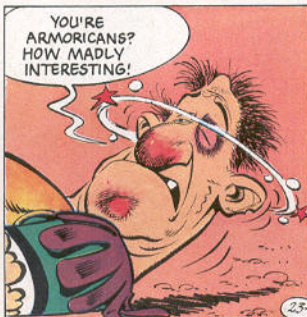
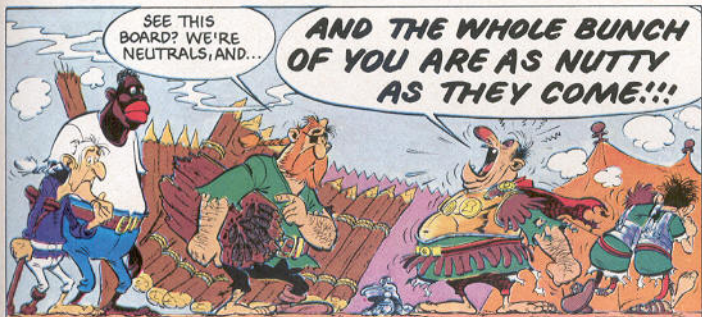
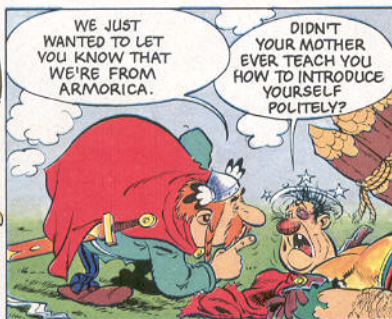
ALL RIGHT
DOWN THERE,
CAP'IN?

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 WOLFGANGAMADEUS, 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

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
WOLFSGANGAMADEUS
SPEAK IN PUBLIC!
LET HIM IN!



OH, STUFF
YOUR BRASSICA
OLERACEA
CAPITATA!

AND WHILE
THE NATURAL
LEANINGS OF THE
PISANS...



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



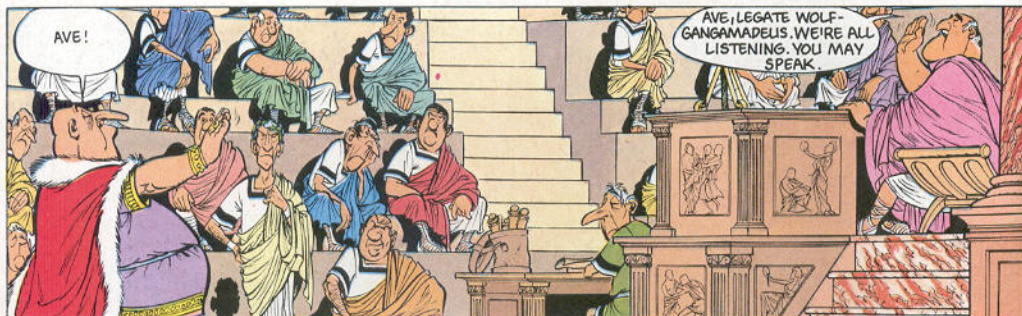
SHOW HIM IN!

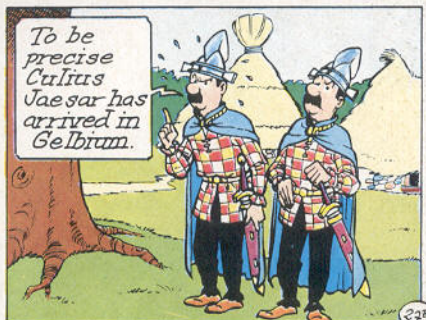
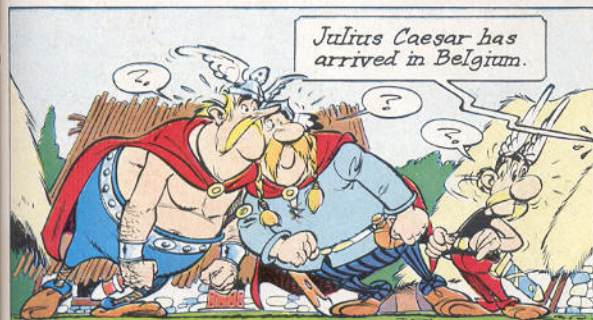
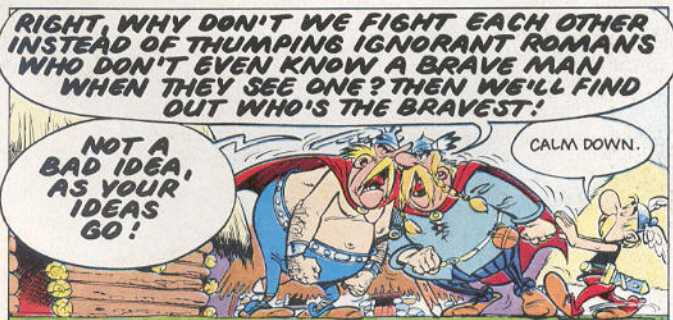
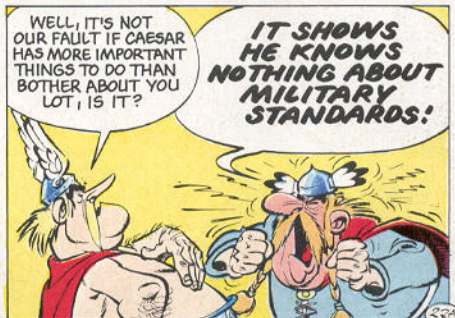
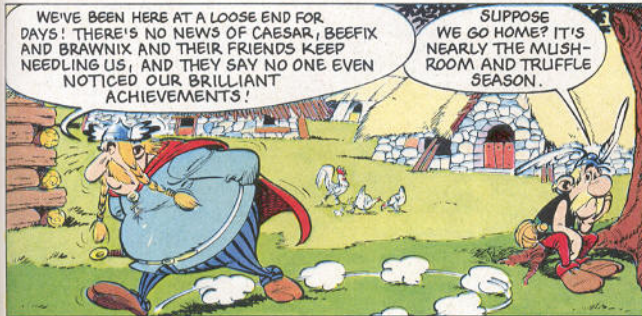


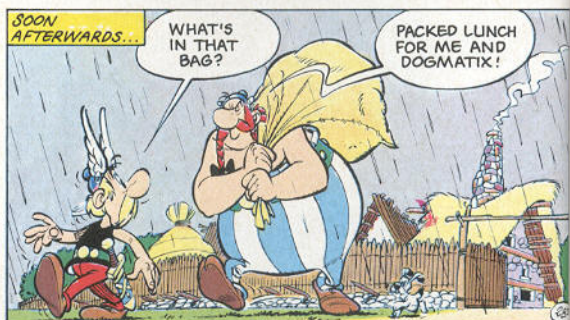
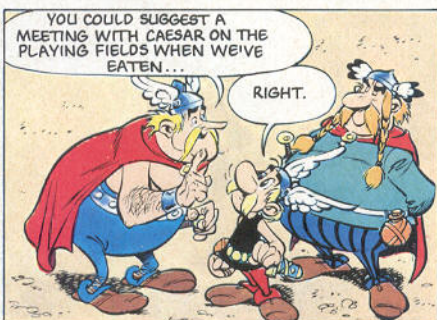
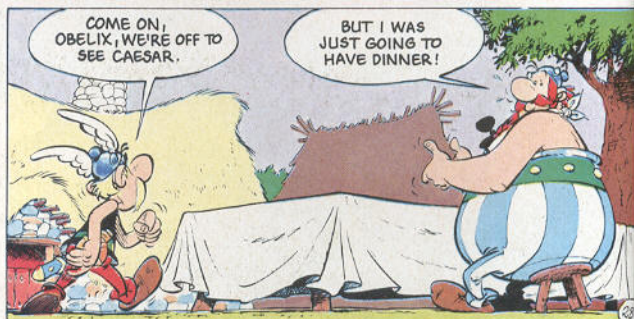
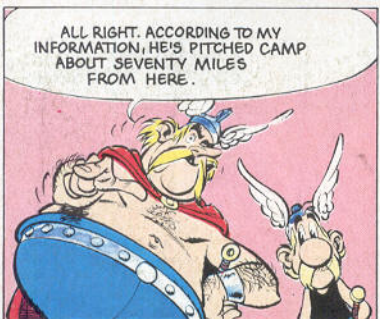
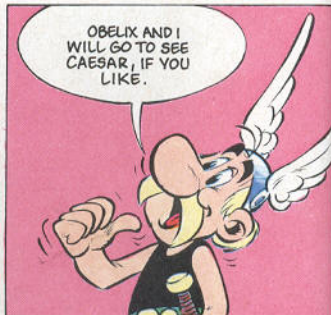
BUT THE
BRASSICA OLERACEA
CAPITATA...



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







IS IT
MUCH
FARTHER?

LOOK,
WE'VE
ONLY JUST
STARTED!

WELL,
DOGMATIX AND I
HAVE FINISHED OUR
PACKED LUNCH.

COME TO THINK
OF IT, HOW ARE WE
GOING TO GET INSIDE
CAESAR'S CAMP?

SAME WAY AS USUAL OF
COURSE: WE THUMP THE
GUARDS AND FORCE OUR
WAY IN!

NO, NO!
WE'RE ENVOYS.
WE NEED A
WHITE FLAG OF
TRUCE.

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE
GOING TO FIND A FLAG OF TRUCE?
THIS PLACE IS DESERTED.

THERE'S
A LITTLE
BOY OVER
THERE.

HE'S RATHER BUSY AT
THE MOMENT.

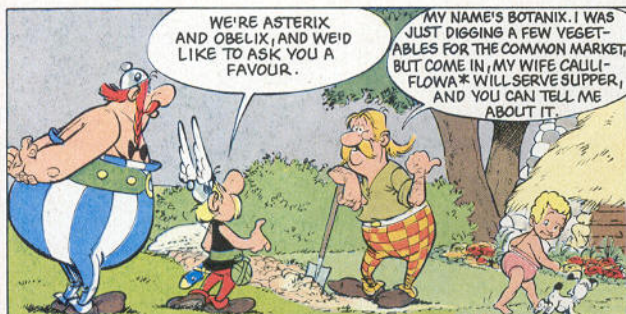
WELL,
HERE HE
COMES.

LISTEN, LITTLE BOY,
IS THERE A CITY
AROUND HERE?

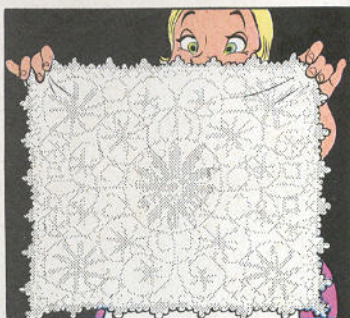
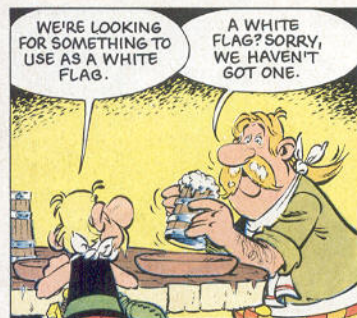
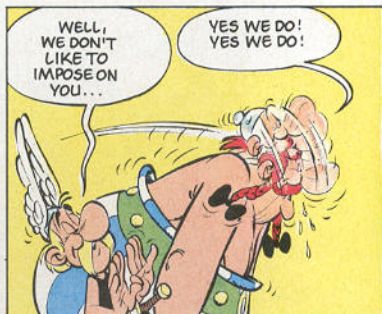
NOT YET,
ONLY A LITTLE
ECONOMIC
COMMUNITY.
COME WITH
ME.

SOON
AFTERWARDS...

WHO ARE THESE?



*BRASSICA OLERACEA BOTRYTIS



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 FEAR?**

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.

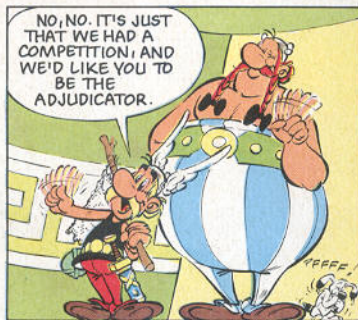
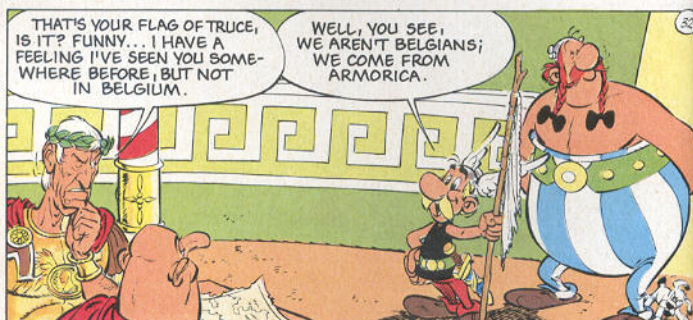
A FEW MOMENTS
LATER...

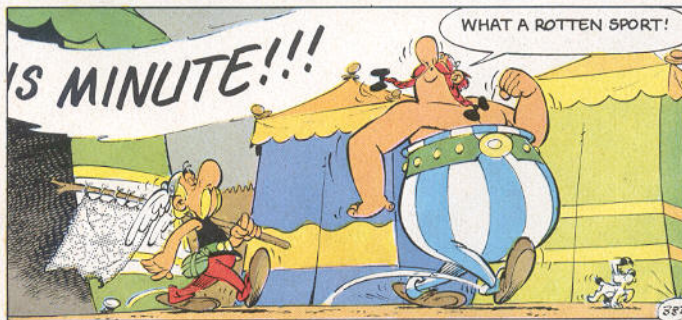
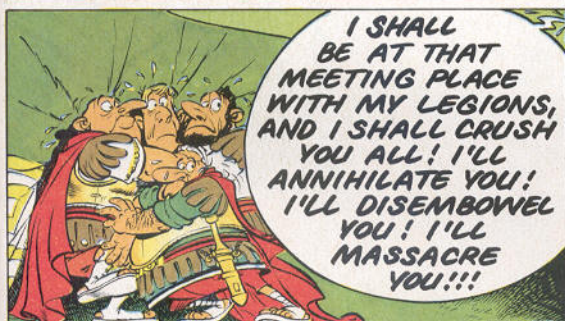
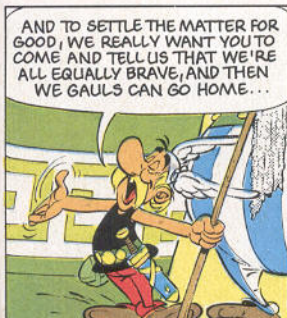
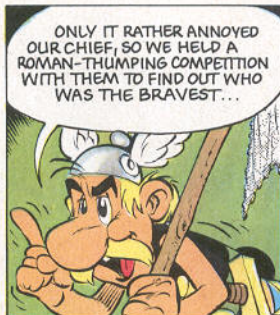
HA...HALT!

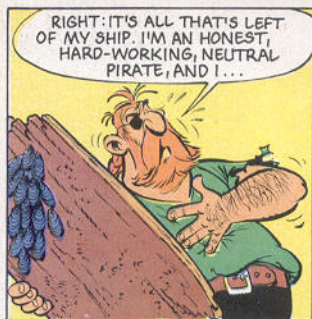
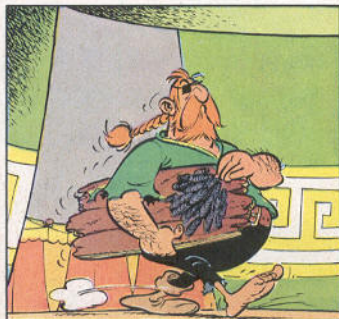
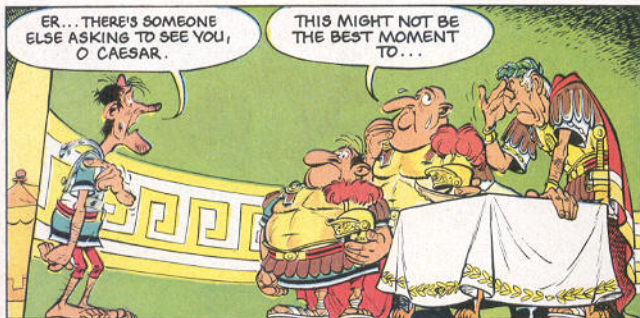
WHY DID YOU DO
THAT? WE'RE
CARRYING A FLAG
OF TRUCE.

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!







PREPARATIONS FOR THE GREAT BATTLE BEGIN...

LEGATE WOLFGANGSAMADEUS, ONCE BATTLE HAS BEEN JOINTED 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...

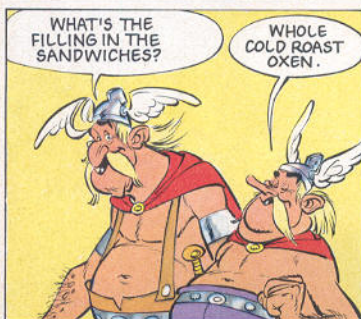
WHAT SORT OF PROVISIONS ARE THERE IN THE BAGGAGE TRAIN?

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!

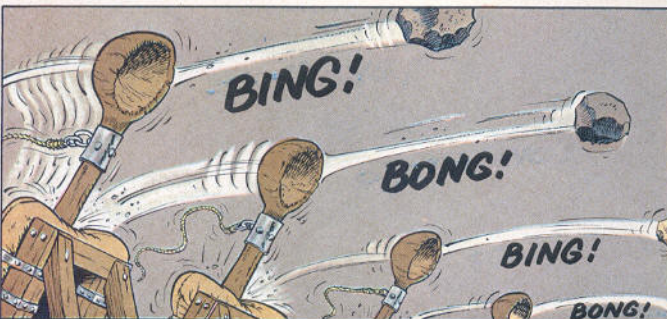


BING!

BONG!

BING!

BONG!



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

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 BELLYPACHING 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.

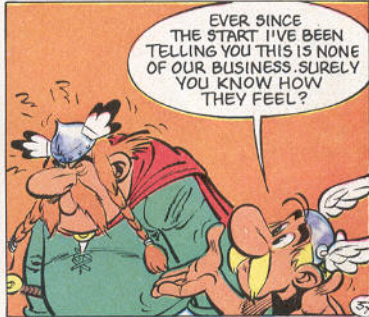


SO THEY'VE CHUCKED US OUT! OH, OF COURSE WE'RE ONLY FOREIGNERS, AREN'T WE? WE DON'T HAVE ANY RIGHT TO OUR BIT OF FUN! TALK ABOUT XENOPHOBIA!

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!

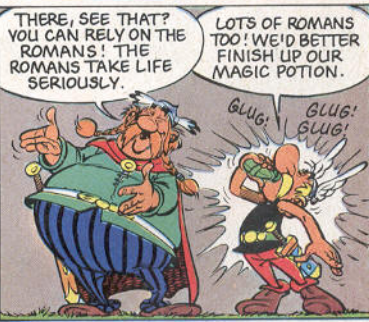


I THINK YOU MAY BE ABLE TO LET OFF STEAM AFTER ALL; THERE ARE ROMANS COMING!



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

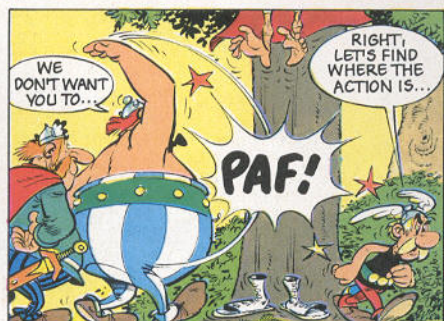
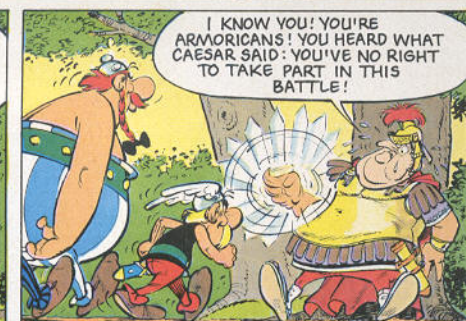
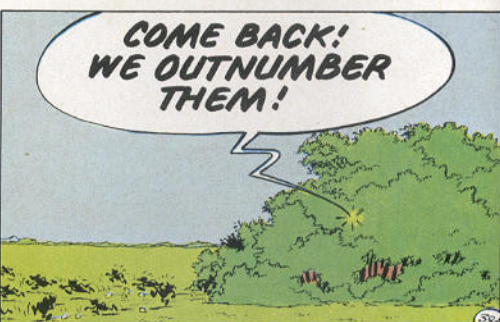
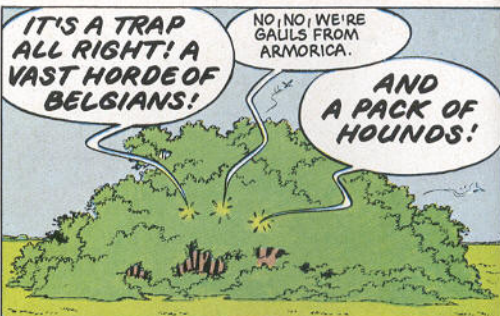
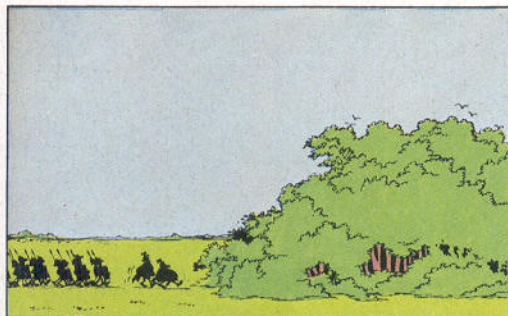
LOTS OF ROMANS TOO! WE'D BETTER FINISH UP OUR MAGIC POTION.



GLUG! GLUG! GLUG!

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





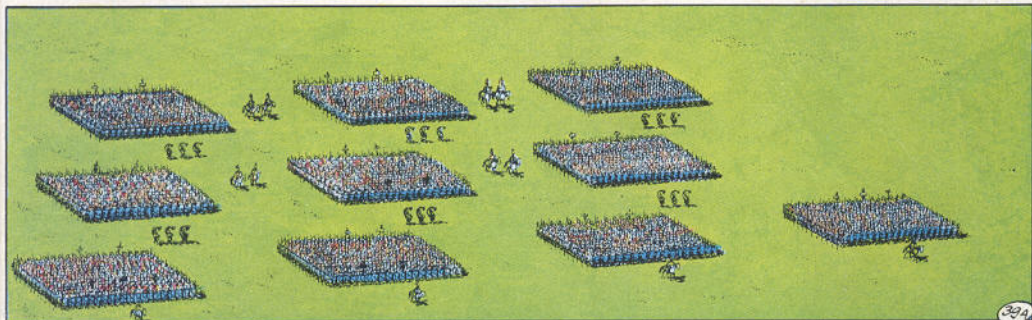
DID YE NOT HEAR IT?
- YES; 'T WAS BUT THE WIND
OF CATAPULTS FIRING O'ER
THE STONY STREET;
ON WITH THE THUMPING...

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,
WOLFGANGAMAUDEUS?

DEADLIER THAN
BEFORE...

WHAT ARE
YOU LOT DOING
HERE?

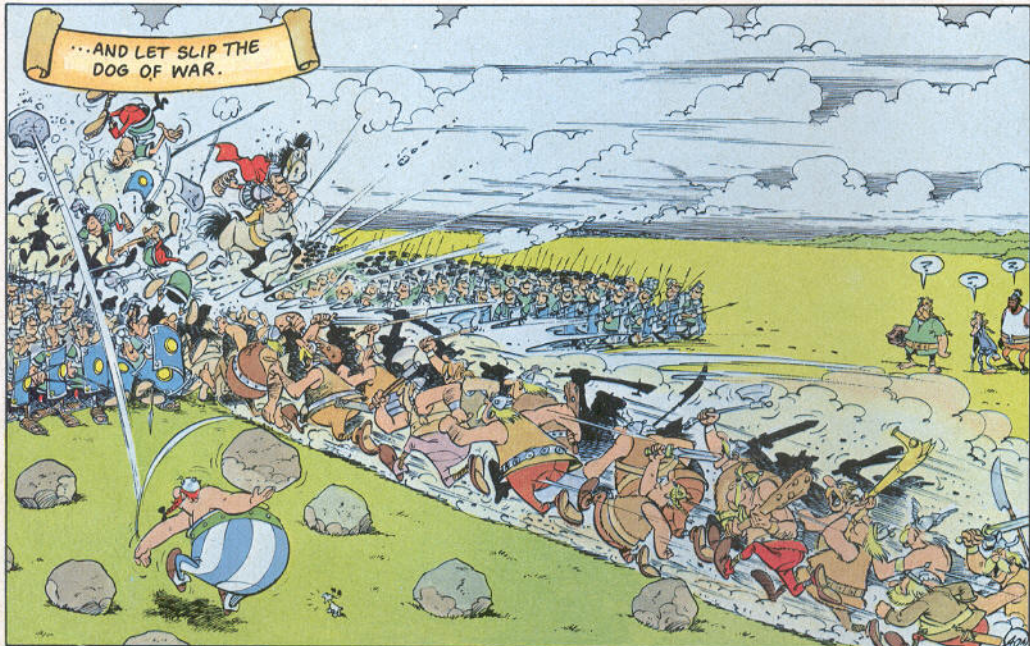
OH, WELL, IF
YOU DON'T WANT US,
WE WON'T INTRUDE. YOU
MAY BE THE BRAVEST, BUT
WE'RE THE MOST
TACTFUL.

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

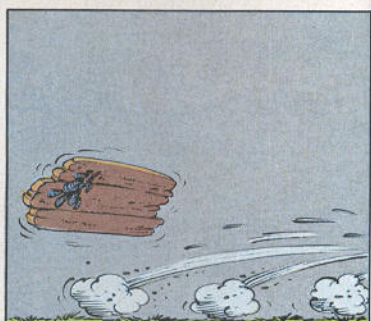
LET'S GET
THEM!

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.

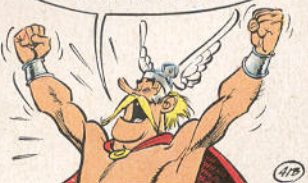


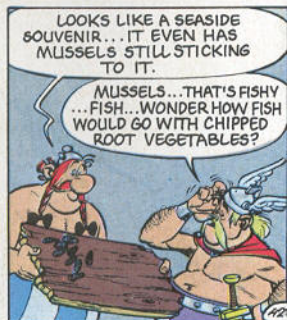
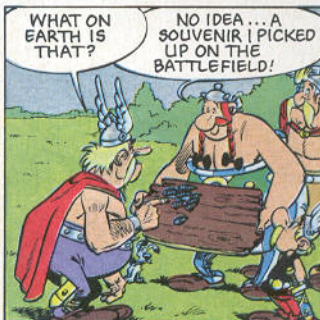
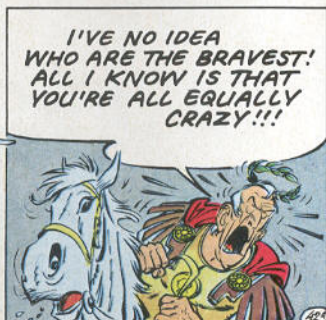
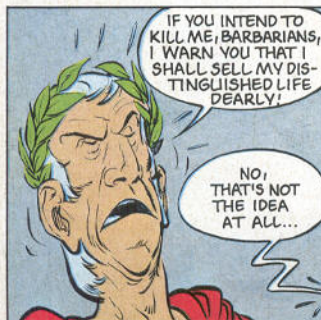
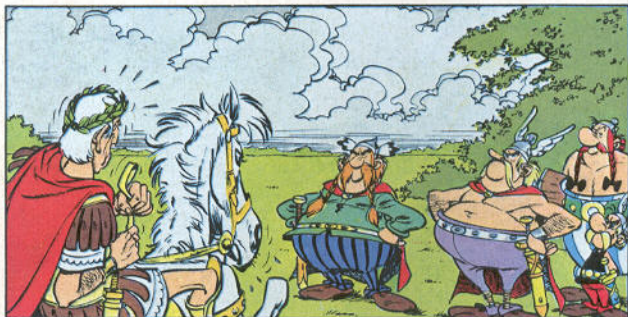
AND IT IS A CASE OF RUIN UPON RUIN, ROUT ON
ROUT; CONFUSION WORSE CONFOUNDED...

**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!**





AND THERE IS A SOUND
OF REVELRY BY NIGHT.



