SHIP TO PORT, CAP'N!
ARE THEY GAULS? MY TOUTATS?

NO! ROMAN SHIP TO PORT, BY JUPITER!
HARH! HARH! HARH! A GOOD PORTENT.

CAP'N... IT'S A WHOLE ROMAN FLEET TO PORT!

WHAT THE... WE MUST FLEE!
AND FAST... BE FLEET ABOUT IT!
TOO LATE!

WE WEREN'T FLEET ENOUGH, CAP'N!
O PORTUNATOR, NUNUM, GUA SI BONA NOBIS AGRICOLAE!
YOU MIGHT TELL ME WHAT ALL THAT WAS INSTEAD OF MAKING SILLY JOKES, YOUNG HELLINGER-MCDADDY!

THAT WAS IT HAPPENED, YAV JULIUS CAESAR WITH HIS ENTIRE ARMY AND NAVY, OFF TO INVADE BRITAIN.
Rostan had often helped Gaul fight the Romans, so now that the Gauls were conquered, Julius Caesar had decided to take ship at Portus Itius (Boulogne) and invade the British Isles...

The Britons were rather like the Gauls. Many of them being descended from Gaullish tribes who had settled in Britain, they spoke the same language, but with some peculiar expressions of their own...

Goodness gracious! This is a jolly rum thing, eh, what?

I say rather, old fruit!

The Britons were led by their chief Cassivellanus...

But in spite of their gallantry, the Britons had some strange customs which were rather a drawback in battle....

I say, old chap, I think it's getting on for time. Time? Time for what?

Awfully sorry! Where are they going, by Jupiter? No idea, by Mercury! Letting us down like this in mid-fight! It's not done!

...They stopped at five o'clock every day to drink hot water.

Just a spot of music, please.

Rarity-oh, luv!

Please may I have some marmalade?

Marmalade's off!

Moreover, they stopped fighting two days out of every seven....

Awfully sorry! It's the weekend, I know!

This is really getting me down!!

According to Julius Caesar, a cunning strategist, decided to fight only at five o'clock on weekdays and all day at the weekend.

Attack by Juno!

Oh, I say, the cads!

So Cassivellanus soon had to surrender. All Britain was occupied....
I'M BORED, ASTERIX! THERE ARE HARDLY ANY ROMANS LEFT AT ALL.

OBELIX, YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL MOST OF THE ROMANS ARE IN BRITAIN.

IT'S NOT FAIR! WHY CAN'T THE BRITONS COME HERE IF THEY WANT SOME FUN WITH ROMANS INSTEAD OF TAKING THEM OVER TO BRITAIN?

FOR THE LAST TIME, OBELIX, THE BRITONS DID NOT TAKE ANY ROMANS OVER TO...

AHEM!

I SAY, GENTLEMEN, COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE MR. ASTERIX LIVES, WHAT?

AHEM!

OH, I SAY, WHAT A BIT OF LUCK, I'M ANTICLIMAX, LET'S SHAKE HANDS, OLD BOY.

ANTICLIMAX: MY FIRST COUSIN ONCE REMOVED?

AND THIS IS MY BEST FRIEND OBELIX.

ANY FRIEND OF ASTERIX IS A FRIEND OF MINE! SHE SHOULD BE VERY PROUD IF YOU WOULD SHAKE HER BY THE HAND!

OBELIX!

BUT HE'S BEEN REMOVED ONCE ANYWAY, AND HE ASKED ME TO...

HE'S MY FIRST COUSIN ONCE REMOVED FROM BRITAIN, AND THEY DON'T TALK QUITE THE SAME AS US!

Jolly good show what!
What strength! Suppose you get it from the magic potion, what?

Yes, Obelix fell into the magic potion when he was a baby...

I'll never hear the end of that!

Actually, Cousin Asterix, your magic potion is just what we need to fight the Romans, what?

Come on, Anticlimax, let's go and talk to our chief Vitalstatistix.

What do you keep on saying what for?

I say, sir, don't you know what that is?

Once Asterix has explained matters rather more clearly than Obelix...

We'll help you! I will ask our drug Gatherer to make some magic potion... lots of magic potion!

Come and see round my house and garden while we're waiting. Anticlimax.

A garden is a lovely thing. God not!

What's not, what?

What can I offer you, Anticlimax? A boar? Goat's milk? Beer?

A cup of hot water with a spot of milk, please.

???

I like your clothes! Scrunch, scrunch...!

This material comes from Caledonia. It's called Taceq.

Slipy, slipy. Does it cost a lot to make up?

Rather, my tailor makes a good thing out of it.

Come along to my place, the magic potion's ready! It's to take away, isn't it?
THIS BARREL WILL GIVE YOUR WHOLE TRIBE SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH, AND THE ROMANS A REAL HEADACHE.

SAY, I'M MOST FEEELINGLY GRATEFUL... O DRUID ETANIX!

BUT HOW AM I TO GET THIS HUGE BARREL HOME TO BRITAIN, ALL BY MYSELF?

WELL, OF COURSE YOU COULD DRINK SOME OF THE POTION TO MAKE YOU STRONG ENOUGH TO CARRY IT, BUT THAT WOULD BE A WASTE OF POTION... RATHER!

ARE YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING, ORE...A?

OH, DO LET'S ASTORIX, THE ROMANS HAVE GONE TO BRITAIN, SO LET'S GO AND HAVE SOME FUN WITH THEM IN BRITAIN.

RIGHT, ASTORIX, IF OUR CHIEF SAYS YES, WE'LL GO BACK TO BRITAIN WITH YOU!

OH, JOLLY GOOD SHOW, OLD BOUNT!

LOOK, HERE COMES THE CHIEF!

ALL RIGHT, ASTORIX, I AGREE! YOU CAN MAKE A LANDING IN BRITAIN, THERE ARE SO FEW ROMANS LEFT IN THESE PARTS WE CAN DO WITHOUT YOU FOR A BIT.

OH, I SAY, WHAT A BIT OF LUCK!

WE'RE GOING TO SEE THE ROMANS, WE'RE GOING TO SEE THE ROMANS... TRALALA!

WAIT A MINUTE, I'LL GIVE YOU SOME SOURCE OF POTION FOR THE JOURNEY.

WHAT ARE THESE STRANGE HERBS, ETANIX?

OH, THEY COME FROM VERY FAR AWAY, I HAVEN'T ROUNDED OUT WHAT THEY'RE FOR YET. YOU CAN TAKE SOME IF YOU LIKE.
AHA, BY BELISAMA! HERE WE COME!

BUT WHAT ARE THEY DOING? WHAT ARE THEY...

...DOING?

THIS IS A SMASHING MAGIC POTION! JUST WATCH ME WITH THIS ROMAN LEGIONARY!

SUNK!

COME HERE! COME HERE, WILL YOU?

NO! NO! NO! NO! NO!

SAY ASTERIX, WHY DON'T WE BORROW THIS BELL TO SET THE POTION TO RETAIN?

KEEP QUIET ABOUT THE POTION! CARELESS TALK COSTS LIVES! ANYWAY OUR BOAT'S LESS DISCOURAGED AND EASIER TO HANDLE THAN THIS GALLEY.

NOT IN YOUR WAY, AM I?

HERE, WHAT'S HAPPENING?

IT'S FOG, ASTERIX. ROG COMES DOWN VERY QUICKLY IN THESE PARTS. SOON WE SHAN'T BE ABLE TO SEE A THING.

AS THAT YOU, ASTERIX?

ER... Y... YES

OH, IT IS, IS IT? THEN WHERE'S YOUR Moustache, EH?

Biff! Biff! Biff! Biff! Biff! Biff! Biff! Biff!

MERCY! MERCY!

RIGHT! WE'VE HAD OUR PUN! ANTICLAMAN! OBEUX! LET'S GET BACK TO OUR BOAT! WE'RE OUTSTANDING OUR WELCOME!

I'LL SAY YOU HAVE, BY JUPITER!
The fog lifts, revealing a sorry sight...

No, Captain, they are not!

Oh, all right! Alba Jacta Est, we'll go back to Britain.

Meanwhile our firends are nearing the British coast...

You know what, Asterix? I think a tunnel between Gall and Britain would be a good idea, then people could keep out of the rain and the fog on the crossing.

Goodness, no, old chap! Only when it isn't raining.

We've been thinking of a tunnel ourselves. We've even started digging one, but it looks like taking a jolly long time, what?
I'LL TAKE YOU TO A FRIENDLY PUB WHERE THEY'LL GIVE YOU YOUR FIRST BRITISH MEAL.

AT LAST! I WAS GETTING REALLY HUNGRY.

I HOPE THEY'VE GOT BEER.

CAN'T YOU SEE THE SIGN?

THAT DOESN'T MEAN A THING. I ONCE KNEW A PLACE CALLED THE WARM WELCOME, AND THEY...

SHH, OBELIX!

HELLO, LANDLORD!

GOODNESS ME, IT'S ANTICIPATION.

PSS PSS PSS PSS PSS PSS PSS PSS.

OH, SAY!

ANTICUMAN SAYS YOU'RE FRIENDS, PLEASED TO TOAST YOU. I'M SURE YOU CAN DO WITH A GOOD MEAL...

BUT THEN YOU'LL HAVE TO LEAVE. THE ROMANS ARE KEEPING TABS ON CLOSING TIME.

THREE BEERS WHILE WE'RE WAITING, OLD CHAP!

EEAH...

ISN'T IT WARM ENOUGH? I CAN GET THEM TO TAKE THE COLD OFF...

RIGHT! THE BOARDS READY.

AHA!

THIS IS A BIT OF A JOKE, OLD BORE, WHAT!

EAT UP, OBELIX, AND DON'T PESTER REWARDS. IN BRITAIN YOU MUST DO AS THE BRITONS DO.

BUT BOLED, WITH WINT SAUCE, ASTERIX. POOR THING!
NEARLY CLOSING THIS LANDLORD.
FOUR BEERS WHILE
WERE WAITING?

COMING SIR!
I WAS JUST TELLING THESE
GENTLEMEN TO
DRINK UP.

HEY! YOU OVER THERE!
WAIT A MINUTE, BY
JUPITER, WHAT HAVE YOU
GOT IN THAT BARREL?

RUM CHAP! HE DOESN'T
SEEM TO LIKE WARM BEER.

FANCY THAT!

WHAT A ROMAN!

FANCY THAT!

THE JOLLY BOAR

LET'S GET MOVING! THERE
ARE LARGE GARRIIONS
STATIONED ALL ALONG THE
COAST. WE HAVE TO GET
TO LONDINIUM, IT'S A BIG
CITY, AND WE HAVE FRIENDS
THERE.

MEANWHILE:
BACK IN THE JOLLY
BOAR...

DECURION!

MESSAGE FROM THE
PREFECT! ALL GARRIIONS
TO BE ALERTED! THERE'S
A SEARCH ON FOR THREE
DANGEROUS MEN: ONE
BRITON AND TWO
SAXONS.

BY MERCURY!

THEY HAVE A
SECRET WEAPON
WITH THEM; IT'S IN
A BARREL.

WARM BEER!

THAT WEAPON'S NO SECRET!
THIS ONE'S SUPPOSED TO
BE A MAGIC POTION.
OH, I SAY, WHAT A BIT OF LUCK!

OFF WE GO TO LONDON! SEE YOU!

OH, YOU'RE THE ONES WHO DROVE ON THE WRONG SIDE, OLD BOY! ANYWAY, YOU'LL HAVE TO CHANGE OVER ON THE CONTINENT ONCE WE'VE FINISHED DUGGING OUR TUNNEL UNDER THE MAMMUT ANICINAN!

A ROMAN PATROL!

...YOU'RE DRIVING ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE ROAD, ANTICINAN!

COME ON, LET'S CHARGE THROUGH THEM, WHAT!

WE'LL TRY TO GET PAST UNOBSERVED! ABOUT TURN!

WELL, I THINK WE COULD PERFECTLY WELL HAVE CHANGED THEN, I THINK...

OH, I SAY! ANOTHER ROMAN PATROL, WHAT?

IT'S THEM, BY MINERVA!

THEY'VE SPOTTED US, BY TOUTATIS! QUICK... CUT ACROSS COUNTRY!

YOICKS!

A LITTLE WAY OFF, ACROSS COUNTRY...
ANOTHER 2,000 YEARS OF LOVING CARE AND I THINK IT'LL MAKE QUITE A DECENT BIT OF TURF.

OH, I SAY! THAT'S A BIT OFF!

GOT THEM! THEY'RE TRAPPED!

BACK!

BRAWN!

BACK!

HERE, I SAY, SR. PLEASE KEEP OFF THE GRASS!

BY JUPITER, BRITON! HOW DARE YOU BAR THE WAY OF THE EMISSARIES OF ROME?

MY GARDEN IS SMALLER THAN YOUR ROME, BUT MY PLUM IS HARDER THAN YOUR STERNUM.

THEY'RE NOT FOLLOWING IT FAR TO LONDON, ARE THEY?

NO, ONLY A FEW HUNDRED THOUSAND FEET... YOU MEASURE DISTANCE IN STEPS, WE DO IT IN FEET.

YES, YOU'LL FIND IT QUITE EASY WHEN YOU PUT YOUR HANDS IN THESE BRITONS ARE CRAZY!
Continuum, the palace of the Roman governor...

...in whose office the atmosphere is not exactly cordial.

They managed to get past our patrols & encyclopaedic Britannicus. They're making for Londinium!

They must be captured, by Jup! The e-Ital! I must have that barrel of magic potion!

They'll probably take refuge in a public house. Search them all and confiscate every barrel.

And if you don't find it, I'll have you boiled and served to the lions! With mint sauce!

Meanwhile, in a little wood near Londinium...

The city gates will be guarded. We'd better wait for the rush then we can slip past.

But that night take ages!

Oh no, old boy! Rollo comes down jolly fast at this...

...time of year.

These Britons are crazy!

Just what I was going to say, Asterix!

Come on!

Soon afterwards...

Here we are!

Wait... there's a riot going on over there!

That's not a riot! I say, you're in luck! That's a very popular group they're top of the burlesque charts!

If only Cacofonix could see this!
WELL FIND FRIENDS IN HERE

ON IT'S YOU AND THE GAUS, ANTICIPAX, YOU CAN COME IN, THERE AREN'T ANY ROMANS ABOUT.

HELLO DIPROMANAX!

THE ROMANS ARE ON YOUR TRACK, YOU'D BETTER STAY HIDDEN IN THE LINCOLNUM UNTIL THE RUSH HAS DIED DOWN THEN YOU CAN GO ON TO THE REBEL VILLAGE LATER.

I'LL HIDE YOUR BARREL IN MY CELLAR WITH MY BARRELS OF GALLUSH WINE.

GOOD AFTERWARDS.

WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO WASH DOWN YOUR BOILED BOSAS? HOT WATER, WARM BEER, RED WINE...

ON THE HOUSE, OF COURSE.

BY THE WAY, WHAT SORT OF MONEY DO YOU USE HERE?

IT'S REALLY AWFULLY SIMPLE OLD BOY...

OPEN IN THE NAME OF CAESAR!

POM POM! POM!

WE HAVE IRON INGOTS WEIGHING A POUND WHICH ARE WORTH THREE AND A HALF SESTERTI EACH, AND FIVE NEW BRONZE COINS WHICH ARE WORTH TWELVE OLD BRONZE COINS. SESTERTI ARE EACH WORTH TWELVE BRONZE COINS AND...

THESE BROTONS ARE...

DRINK UP YOUR BEER BEFORE IT GETS COLD.
ARE YOU OPENING UP OR AREN'T YOU, BY JUPITER?

COMING COMING!

FRIGHTFULLY SORRY, I HAD SOMETHING ON THE SOIL.

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, WE'RE LOOKING FOR THREE MEN.

START SEARCHING, MEN!

A FEW MINUTES LATER ...

WE DON'T FIND ANYONE, DECLARATION, BUT THE CELLAR'S FULL OF BARRELS.

RIGHT! CONFISCATE THE LOT!

I SAY, A ROMAN PATROL, DON'T YOU THINK, HERE?

POOR SHAD, WHAT!

RATHER TRYING!

BIT OF A BORE!

I SAY, IT IS A BIT!

WHAT DON'T WE START THINKING HOW TO GET OUR BARREL BACK BEFORE THE ROMANS OPEN IT INSTEAD OF GETTING ALL STEAMED UP?
There's no one about at night but Roman soldiers. Old boy, you can't do anything all tomorrow.

Well, we'll take the chance to get a bit of sleep.

A little later, after dark. Strange activities may be observed outside the governor's palace...

All the barrels in the cellars of the city kings have been confiscated and are now in the cellars of the palace. O Encyclopaedia Britannica!

Excellent! Now I want all the men to start tasting the barrels...

That way we may be lucky enough to find the barrel of magic potion! Action stations!

And in the palace cellar we are once more privileged to watch that astounding sight: a Roman Legion engaged in manoeuvres...

On the command: one barrel per legionary! Notify your commanding officer if it tastes funny! No falling out of line! Attén-shûn!

Casks... broach!

Tchac!
BY THE LEFT- QUICK-

DRINK!

AND MARK THE BARREL. YOU'VE JUST TASTED WITH A CROSE. NOW I'LL LEAVE YOU TO IT. CARRY ON!

AND THE MANOEUVRES IS SHED OUT IN AN ORDERLY AND WELL DRILLED MANNER...

...FOR HOURS...

...AND HOURS...

...AND HOURS...

AND SUCH THE WELL DRILLED PRECISION OF THE START IS ONLY A DISTANT MEMORY!

ROLL OUT THE BARREL

WHO WANT TO FIGHT, EH? WHO WANT TO FIGHT?

THIS BARREL... HIC!

NO ONE HAS TASTED THIS BARREL YET.

THIS IS BY MARREL.... HIC!

GIVE US A TASTE!

KEEP OUT!

SHO THERE!

HIC!
I say, Asterix, I think this bridge is falling down.

We're getting near the palace.

Hey, you! Come over this way!

I say, what a funny double-decker chariot.

What are those little portable rooms?

They're to stop the sky falling on our heads!

Oh, so this melon's bail is it?

And what is this goad-assisted two-on-power nayerus quartus run by Londonium transport?

It's a goad-assisted two-on-power nayerus quartus run by Londonium transport.

I say, Asterix, I think this bridge is falling down.

How shall we manage to get past the sentries?

I say, how shall we manage to get past the sentries?

We haven't got time to be clever, by Toot-Atoot! If they stop us we bash them.

Jolly good show!

But the sentries are not quite the usual alert and upright selves...

Ho!
TASTING ALL THESE BARRELS WILL TAKE TOO LONG; WE MUSTN’T HANG AROUND THE PALACE, IT’S DANGEROUS

DANGEROUS...

... HIC! ... BUT NISHE!

OBEUX! AREN’T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF? STOP DRINKING AND HELP ME GET THESE BARRELS OUT TO THE CART

OBEUX!

WE’LL HAVE TO MAKE SEVERAL JOURNEYS

HURRY! SOON AFTERWARDS...

THAT’S THE LOT, OFF WE GO, ANICLAVIX, WE MUST TRY TO LOOK INCONSPICUOUS

JEE UP!

HA HA HA

HEE HEE HEE

LITTLE BROWN CASHK
DON’T I LOVE THEE

OBEUX!

SHUT UP! PEOPLE WILL STARE!

BOOHOHOHOO! YOU DON’T LOVE ME, ASTERIX!

BOOHOHOO!

OF COURSE I LOVE YOU, OBEUX, BUT YOU’RE GOING TO BRING THE ROMAN PATROL DOWN ON US...

I LOVE YOU, ASTERIX, AND IF ANY ROMAN PATROL...

... HIC! ... TOUCHES A... HIC... HAIR OF YOUR HEAD...

OH, I SAY, A ROMAN PATROL, WHAT?
CALM DOWN, CICERON!

IT MUST BE ONE OF THOSE GALLS WE'RE AFTER. HE'S JUST LIKE HIS DESCRIPTION, BY JUPITER! LET'S GET HIM!

IN THE NAME OF ROME, I...

WE MUST GO AND HELP OREIX! HE'S NOT IN HIS NORMAL STATE OF MIND!

I SAY, HAS HE GOT A NORMAL STATE OF MIND?

BIIFF! BANG!

SOCK! CLONK!

AN UNATTENDED CART? WHAT A BIT OF LUCK FOR AN UNATTENDED CART THIEF!

SEE UP!

AGHtérix... I DO FEEL SLEEPY...

POUR CUD CICERON! ALL HE USUALLY DRINKS IS GOAT'S MILK, SO THAT MADE REALLY WENT TO HIS HEAD. HE'LL FEEL TERRIBLE WHEN HE WAKES UP!

GOODNESS GRACIOUS! THE CART'S DISAPPEARED!
LET'S GET OBELIX BACK TO DOPSOMANIX'S PUB, THEN WE'LL GO AND LOOK FOR THE CART.

SOON AFTERWARDS...

THE DUG AND AMPHORA

WE MUST GET OUR BARREL OF POTION BACK!

OH, RATHER, WHAT!

NEARANCE IN THE COURTYARD OF THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE...

LEGIONARIES, I'M ASHAMED OF YOU! YOU'VE BEEN ACTING LIKE BARBARIANS, DECLINING AND FALLING ALL OVER THE PLACE! IF JULIUS CAESAR HEARS OF THIS YOU'LL BE HAVING A ROMAN HOLIDAY WITH THE LIONS IN THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS!

GET IT?

I WOULDN'T MIND BEING EATEN IF ONLY RED SHUT UP...

THE ONLY BARRELS THAT HAVE GONE BELONG TO DOPSOMANIX!

RIGHT! SEARCH THAT PUB AND ARREST EVERYONE PRESENT!!

WE'RE OFF TO LOOK FOR THE GAULS.

WE FOUND THEM.
Hey! Look at Dipsomaniax's place!
Oh, I say, my goodness!

We'll get them both back! We'll get Obelix and the magic potion back, by Toutatis!

What happened? It was the Romans! They searched the place, broke everything, and went off with two prisoners, Dipsomaniax and a fat man who was asleep under a lot of helmets.

Poor old Obelix! Taken prisoner by the Romans! I say, cheer up, Asterix, old boy! Keep a stiff upper lip, what?

We'll get them both back! We'll get Obelix and the magic potion back, by Toutatis!

Where would they have taken them? To the tower of Londinium, I should think. It's the maximum security prison. There are only two gates and they're heavily guarded.

Grrrrrrr. Grrrrrrr. The sinister tower of Londinium!

Right! Now to drink the last of our magic potion, and off we go!

But even if they boil us alive and serve us with mint sauce, we won't talk, what!

In the tower of Londinium... I'm afraid we've had it.
Ooh! Ouch! No! Stop!

Help! Help!

By Jupiter!

Obelix! Where are you?

Here I am, Asterix! I'm coming up!

Obelix! I'm coming down!

Either come in or go out, but for Jupiter's sake stop hitting us!

Stop! No!

That's Asterix up there! Let's go up and find him!

You mean you're going back inside the tower?

I'm ever so sorry about what happened, Asterix.

Oh, it was nothing, Obelix!

That's the best one yet!

Soon afterwards in the governor's palace...

What do you mean, escaped?

Get them back or I'll have the whole garrison drowned in warm beer!!!

Britons! Galli! Drunkards! I'm fed up with the whole boiling! Sors!
AHA!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?

THAT BARREL!

I... I BOUGHT IT LEGALLY...

NO, IT'S NOT THE MAGIC POTION

THIEF!

YOU'LL TALK, BY BELENOS!

CRACK!

I SAY, WHAT A LOT OF NOISE THEY'RE MAKING NEXT DOOR, BOADICEA, WHAT?

THEY ARE A BIT... A SPOT OF MILK IN YOUR HOT WATER?

TALK, WILL YOU! TALK!

WELL, ARE YOU GOING TO TALK, BY TOUTATIS?

I SAY, BOADICEA, I DO WISH THAT FELLER NEXT DOOR WOULD TALK AND LET ME GET ON WITH MY GLAB IN PEACE

I'LL TALK!

OH, JOLLY GOOD!

I'LL TALK!

I STOLE YOUR CART AND I SOLD ALL THE GADGETS EXCEPT THIS ONE, AND I'VE GOT THE NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF ALL MY CUSTOMERS, AND I WOULD ALSO LIKE TO HAVE A LIST OF EVERYTHING I STOLE LAST MONTH TAKEN INTO CONSIDERATION...
We're going to visit all the pubs on this list. The landlords have all bought stolen barrels, and one of them has got the magic potion!

Soon afterwards... What'll it be gentlemen?

Did you buy any barrels of wine handled with the name Dipsomaniak?

Yes, one. The Romans have confiscated all my other barrels, what can I get you?

One cup between the three of you? You must be Caledonians. What?

A cup of wine, please.

Sniff... Sniff! Sniff! Sniff! Sniff!

That's nine all right.

Goodness gracious! Of course it's wine! It's perfectly safe to drink it!

No, thank you! We were just looking.

The Angle's Rest. There they are!

Shall we have them?

No. I want to find out what they were doing in that pub!

They wanted to look at my wine. Funny ways you've got on the continent!

Very funny...

I've got it, by Jupiter! Those Gauls have mistrad the barrel and they're looking for it. We've only got to follow them and they'll lead us to the magic potion!
WE WANT TO SEE THE CAMULODUNUM TEAM.

YOU GO AND BUY YOUR TICKETS LIKE EVERYONE ELSE, MY FRIEND, THEN YOU CAN SEE BOTH TEAMS!

ANYONE FOR MINT SAUCE?

NICE WARM BEER!

HOT WATER! HOT WATER!

GET YOUR TEAM'S COLOURS HERE!

STAND SEATS

PLAYERS ENTERING NO ADMISSION

HERE ARE OUR SEATS, OLD BOY! WILL YOU EXPLAIN THE RULES OF THE GAME, ANTICUMAN?

IT'S REALLY FRIGHTFULLY SIMPLE. YOU CAN DO ALMOST ANYTHING TO CARRY THE BLADDER OVER THE OTHER TEAM'S GOAL LINE, ANYTHING'S ALLOWED EXCEPT USING WEAPONS WITHOUT PREVIOUS AGREEMENT....

HERE COME THE CAMULODUNUM BARD'S...

BOOM! BOOM!

 HERE'S CAMULODUNUM'S SACRED GOOSE...

UP CAMULODUNUM!

... AND DUROVERNUM'S HEN...

COME ON DUROVERNUM!

AND HERE COME THE PLAYERS !!!!
COME ON CAMULODUNUM!

UP DUROVERNUM!

THAT'S THE DRUIDICAL REFEREE BLOWING HIS HORN FOR THE KICK-OFF...

WE MUST TAKE THIS MUC GAME BACK TO BULL!

YES BUT CAMULODUNUM DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ON TOP...

AND IF THE PLAYERS HAD DRUNK THE MAGIC POTION...

PARP!

BONE! BONE! BONE!

NO... HE'S NOT PUTTING IT ON... STRETCHERS!

BONE! BONE! BONE!
THAT'S THE END OF THE SEASON FOR HIM, EH, WHAT?

RATHER!

LOOK AT THAT BARREL!

NOW WE'LL SEE IF IT REALLY IS THE MAGIC POTION!

YAHOOOO!

HIPIPHERRAX!

HIPIPHERRAX!

HIPIPHERRAX!

HIPIPHERRAX?

THAT'S HIS NAME

SCREEECH!!

SCORE

CAMELVORDUM VERSUS DVRTERVORUM

III

III
WE'LL HAVE TO CROSS THE PITCH TO GET OUR BARREL OF MAGIC POTION BACK!

LEGIONARIES IN MUNDI... FOLLOW THESE MEN!

YES BUT WHAT ABOUT ME?

NO! NO! THERE'S QUITE ENOUGH GOING ON ALREADY! ALL NON-PLAYERS OFF THE FIELD.

OUT OF THE WAY, IN THE NAME OF ROMA!

THAT'S RIGHT, WE'RE LEGIONARIES, WE ARE!

SCORE
CAMULOBUNUM VERSUS
DAROVERNUM
LVII III

WE'D LIKE TO BUY THAT BARREL.

GOODNESS GRACIOUS, NO! CAN'T BE DONE, OLD BOY, WE NEED IT FOR THE PLAYERS!

SEIZE THAT BARREL!

THE ROMANS!

OBELIX! TO THE RESCUE, BY TOUTATIS!!!

JUST COMING!

THIS ONE WON'T GET THROUGH...

OH, I SAY!

BLAM!
MY BARREL!

I had to try for a try!
COME ON GAUL!

You might give them back the bladder so they can get on with the game!

PAAARP!

L...L...LEGIONARIES...HELP!

AND AT THE END OF THE GAME...

SCORE
CAMULINUM VERSUS BEROVERNUM
DCCCIV III

THE CALLS...
WHERE ARE THE GAULS?

WHERE'S THAT FAT MAN, BY JUPITER? THE ONE WITH THE BARREL?

I DON'T KNOW, M'Y... WE'D SIGN HIM ON LIKE A SHOT. WHAT A PROOF!
AHOI WAY DO WE GO, ANTICLOMAX?

THE RIVER'S RIGHT AHEAD. WE'LL ESCAPE THAT WAY.

THE ROMAN LEGIONARIES ARE AFTER US!

DO WE WAIT FOR THEM, ASTERIX?

NO! QUICK, LET'S GRAB ONE OF THESE BOATS!

DO WE GO AFTER THEM, DECEMBION?

NO NEEDY, THEY'RE CAUGHT LIKE RATS IN A TRAP! WE THOUGHT THEY MIGHT TAKE TO THE RIVER. OUR SHIPS ARE LOOKING OUT FOR THEM. THEY'LL GET THEM!

SURE ENOUGH...

I SAY, A ROMAN GALLEY? WHAT RUTTEN LUCK!

SURRENDER, BY JUPITER!!!

NEVER, BY TOUTATIS!!!

I DON'T WANT TO CAST THE FIRST STONE, BUT YOU'RE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE... FIRE!!!

WE DON'T GET THEIR MAGIC POTION, BUT WE GET RID OF THOSE GAULS! LET'S GO AND TELL GLACIUS, ENCYCLOPAEDICUS, BRITANNICUS, THE GOOD NEWS!

SPLOSH!

OCCULUS TALIA! X
They're rowing off. We can get back to the bank now.

Their vessel fell right on the barrel of magic potion!

Those Romans didn't even give us time to have a go at them!

I say, that's not cricket!

Come on, Obélix, don't be so fast! Never mind about the magic potion. We can still go and help Anténor and his village fight the Romans!

Welcome, old priest!

...calling anglers to have some distinctly fishy experiences that season...

I say! A bite!

...when even the smallest minnows pull them into the drink...

This enabling those anglers who have drunk the drink to silence any of their companions who happened to think it funny.

Wham!

A few days later, our friends arrive in Anténor's village, where they are welcomed by Chief McKingdonforth and his right hand men, overoptimistik and macaw...

Do you manage to get through the enemy lines?

Yes, they seem very sure of themselves. We were only challenged by one patrol!

Not that I really felt like a bit of fun.
YOU'VE LOST THE MAGIC POTION? THEN WE'RE DONE FOR! WHEN THE ROMANS HEAR ABOUT IT THEY'LL ATTACK, WHAT!

DINNA FASH, WE'LL DIE W'COR BOOTS ON!

SURE AND BEGORRAH WE WILL!

WERE NOT BEATEN YET! BY TOLIATH! I'VE FOUND SOME HERBS! I BROUGHT THEM HOME IN MY POCKET. WE CAN USE THEM TO MAKE THE MAGIC POTION!

BRING ME A SAUROLRON OF HOT WATER! I'M GOING TO PREPARE THE MAGIC POTION!

I SAY, I'M MOST FRIGHTFULLY GLAD YOU CAN MAKE THE MAGIC POTION, DON'T YOU KNOW!

DO YOU KNOW HOW TO MAKE THE MAGIC POTION, ASTERN?

NO, OBELIX, ONLY OUR DRUID OBERON KNOWS THE SECRET OF THE MAGIC POTION...

WHEN WE LEFT OUR VILLAGE OBELIX GAVE ME THESE HERBS. THEY MAY HAVE QUALITIES WE DON'T KNOW ABOUT. ANYWAY THEY'LL ENCOURAGE OUR BRITISH FRIENDS.

HERES THE HOT WATER!

I SAY, I'M MOST FRIGHTFULLY GLAD YOU CAN MAKE THE MAGIC POTION, DON'T YOU KNOW!

WILL IT TAKE LONG?

IT'S READY! WAY, IT'S AS SIMPLE AS OUR OWN BRITISH RECIPES! I'LL CALL MY WARRIORS!

I DONT TRUST THIS FANCY GAULISH COOKING!

THERE ISN'T ANY GARLIC IN THIS MAGIC POTION, IS THERE?

I SAY, CAN I HAVE A SPOT OF MILK WITH MY MAGIC POTION?

THESE BRITONS ARE CRAZY!

AND NOW TO ST BACK AND WAIT FOR THE ROMANS TO ATTACK!
But if Asterix's trick has inspired the Britons with fresh courage, some good news has raised the Romans' morale too.

Ave, General! Governor Enocrypwoods, our Britannicus has sent me to tell you that the magic potion is at the bottom of the river, together with its Gaulish escort!

TANTANTARA TARAARARAAAAAAAA!

And yet again we are privileged to view the fantastic sight of a Roman legion engaged in manoeuvres...

Centurions, decurions and other ranks! The enemy have lost their magic potion and their Gaulish allies at one fell swoop! It's perfectly safe now!

...in square formation...

...in transverse formation...

...and in circular formation...

I know him! I was stationed at Aquarius. That's Asterix, that is!

And if Asterix is there, his friend Obelix can't be far away!

Which Obelix? Not the mad one! And they've given the Britons some magic potion!

When you've quite finished... attack!!!

What's happened to your discipline by Toutatis? Kindly attack!

Come on then, attack! Do as the man says!

Legionaries! This is to let you know we're here, and so is the magic potion! There's still time to surrender!

Oui! We go, Asterix?

Let's do, my good friends!
Looks like their innings now!

Obeus, you're not at home now! Let the others pass. Certainly not! Visitors first!

Tally-ho! And all that sort of thing!

Quite an outing!

The final phase of the magnificent Roman massacre... a retreat in disorder.

Get out if you can!

Graaaash!!

They're running away!

Victory! Let him go! What do you want him for? Well, I thought I could flush him off later in peace and quiet.

I don't know if I can, but I'm going to have a bash!

Thank you very much, Asterix! Thanks to your help we've defeated the Romans. I intend to pursue them and liberate the whole of Britain.

Well, it wasn't genuine magic potion I gave you, you know...

I guessed as much... but your story gave my warriors courage. Send us some more of those herbs when you get back to Gallia, and I'll make it our national drink.

Goodbye, cousin Anticam. We're going back to Gallia. Our mission's accomplished.

Oh, I say, don't go just yet! We'll hold a feast in your honour to show our gratitude! There'll be boiled boar, boiled beef, boiled...

Come on! We've got to get home.

It was jolly nice having you here, old boy, what?

Come and see us some time!