

R. GOSCINNY **Asterix** A. UDERZO

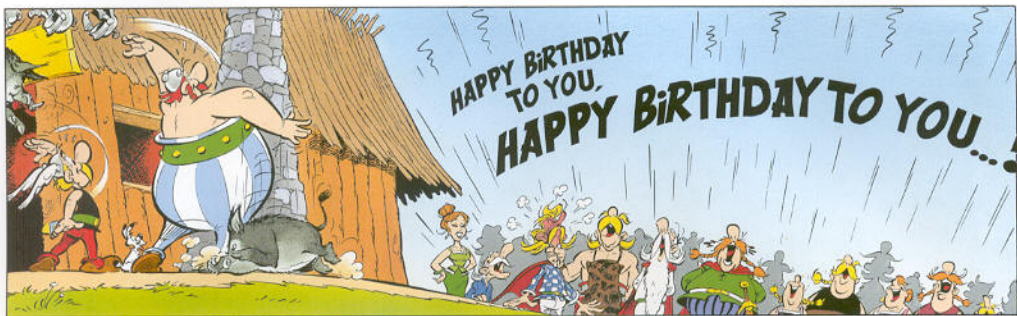
Asterix and The Actress

Written and illustrated
by Albert UDERZO



UDERZO



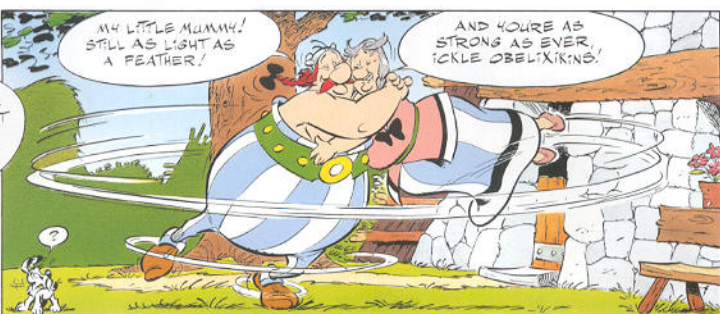


YOU CAME FROM CONDATUMTM SPECIALLY FOR MY BIRTHDAY?



YES, YOU LITTLE RASCAL... SINCE YOU DON'T VISIT YOUR MUM, YOUR MUM HAS TO VISIT YOU!

MY LITTLE MUMMY! STILL AS LIGHT AS A FEATHER!



AND YOU'RE AS STRONG AS EVER, TICKLE OBELIXIKINS!

A GREAT BIRTHDAY BANQUET IS HELD IN THE GAULISH VILLAGE.

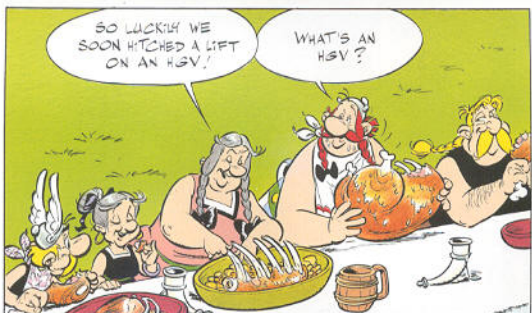


HOW DID YOU GET HERE? IT MUST HAVE BEEN A TIRING JOURNEY.

NOT SO MUCH TIRING AS INCONVENIENT!

SCRUNCH! SCRUNCH! SCRUNCH!

YES, WE WERE OFFERED CUTPRICE TICKETS ON A LITETIAN DELIVERY CART CARRYING POW FOR UNHANSIENX! THEY WERE GOING FOR A RONG!



SO LUCKILY WE SOON HITCHED A LIFT ON AN HSV!

WHAT'S AN HSV?



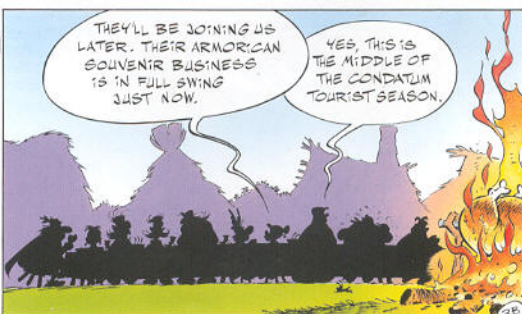
A HEAVY GAULISH VEHICLE, TICKLE OBELIXIKINS!



AND JUST HOW HEAVY DO YOU THINK THIS GAULISH FIST IS?

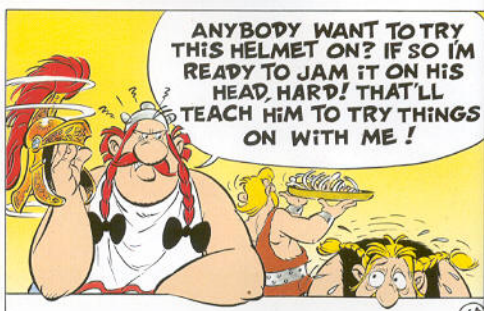
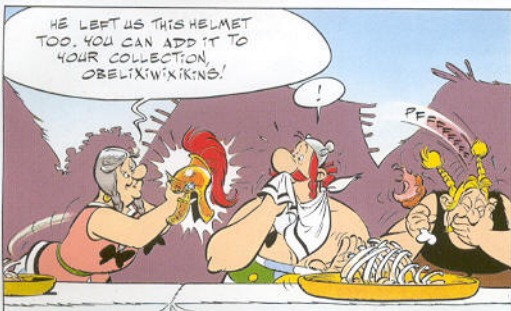
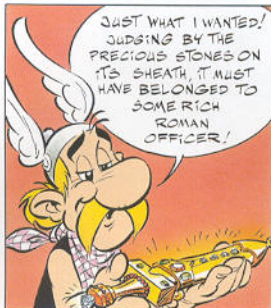


WHY DIDNT OUR DADS COME WITH YOU?



THEY'LL BE JOINING US LATER. THEIR AMERICAN SOUVENIR BUSINESS IS IN FULL SWING JUST NOW.

YES, THIS IS THE MIDDLE OF THE CONDATUM TOURIST SEASON.



LATER...

A GOOD DAY'S SALES! WE DID WELL TO STAY ON IN CONDATUM FOR A BIT, OBELIXCOIDIX!

YOU'RE RIGHT, ASTRONOMIX! AND NO REASON WHY WE SHOULDN'T HAVE A BIRTHDAY PARTY WITH OUR LADS LATER!

HOW ABOUT CRACKING OPEN A BARREL OF BARLEY BEER?

GOOD IDEA ... WITH A COUPLE OF CRACKING GOOD ROAST WILD BOAR TOO!

LOOK ... HIC! I KEEP TELLING YOU ... HIC, HIC, HIC, HIC ... IT'S THEM! YOU MUST BE AS DRUNK AS A SHRUNK ... I MEAN DEAF AS A POSHT!

BACK IN THE VILLAGE.

NO ONE'S DONE ANY HOUSE-WORK AROUND THIS HUT IN DONKEY'S YEARS! NOW LISTEN ASTERIX, SON, WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO FIND A NICE WIFE?

UM ... ER ... OH, MUM, I DON'T SEE WHY I'D WANT A WIFE!!

STUFF AND NONSENSE! YOU DON'T LOOK WELL EITHER! TIME YOU STOPPED LEADING THIS WILD LIFE, MY BOY!

OBELIXIKINS! 400HOO! DINNER'S READY!

COMING COMING! MMM, YUM, YUM!

YOUR DIET ISN'T VARIED ENOUGH, SO I'VE MADE YOU SOME GOOD NOURISHING SOUP TO GIVE YOU A LITTLE SURPRISE!

PROBABLY NOT A NICE ONE EITHER!

WELL OBELIXIKINS WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO GET YOURSELF A NICE WIFE TO COOK YOU HEALTHY WELL-BALANCED MEALS?

SPLUTTER! SPLUTTER! SPLUTTER!

AND IN CONDATUM...



A BRIGHT IDEA SHETTING UP BUSINESS IN CONDATUM, DONT YOU... THINK, HIC... OBELISCODIX?

YUP... AND YOU GET SOME- THING A BIT STRONGER THAN GOAT'SH MILK HERE...HEEHEE!



MIND YOU I SHOMETIMESH MISS THE VILLAGE OF OUR CHILDHOOD... HIC!

THAT SH RIGHT ... HIC! ... THE VILLAGE OF OUR YOUTH...

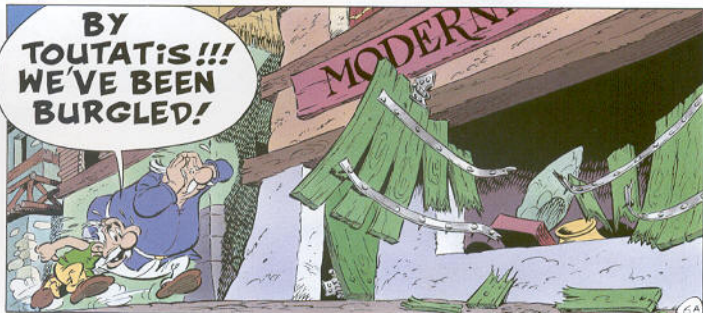


IT'S WHERE OUR LADS LIVE TOO... HIC!

OH DONT OBE! JUST THINKING OF IT MAKES ME ALL WEEPY...HIC!



?!?!?



BY TOUTATIS!!! WE'VE BEEN BURGLED!



THEY'VE TURNED THE PLACE OVER, BUT I DONT SEE ANYTHING MISSING!

THAT'S ODD. MAYBE THEY WERE AFTER SOMETHING SPECIAL.



DEAD RIGHT! AND WE DIDNT FIND IT!

?!?



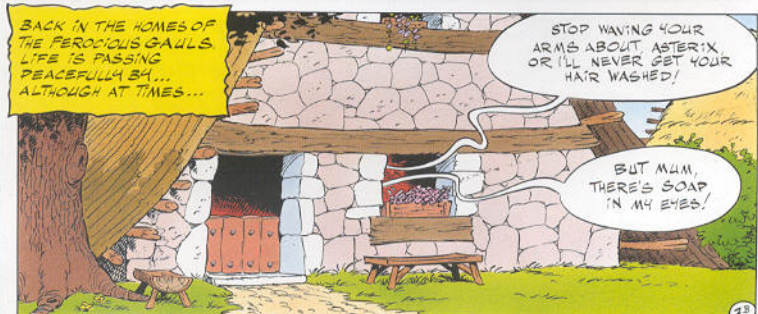
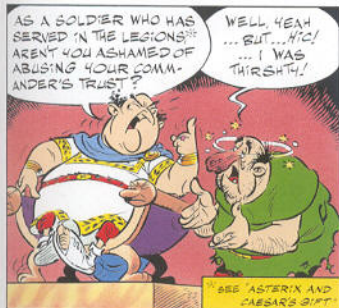
YOU'RE COMING WITH US TO PAY A CALL ON PERFECT BOGUS GENUS!

IT'S LUCKY FOR YOU WERE A COUPLE OF OLD WRECKS NOWADAYS, LITTLE TITCH!



BUT JUST YOU WAIT TILL OUR SONS HEAR ABOUT THIS!

EVER BEEN HIT ON THE HEAD WITH A MENTIR BEFORE?





LATER
IN THE
VILLAGE.

RIGHT! VANILLA AND I HAVE DECIDED
TO HAVE A REAL BIRTHDAY
PARTY FOR YOU TWO!

BUT...

...BUT WE'VE
ALREADY
HAD A BIRTHDAY
BANQUET FOR THE
WHOLE VILLAGE!

IF YOU
ASK ME, THAT
WAS JUST AN
EXCUSE FOR
THE USUAL
BINGE!

I LIKE A
BINGE EVEN
WHEN IT ISN'T
MY BIRTHDAY!

WELL THIS TIME WE'RE
GOING TO INVITE ALL THE BARDS
FROM THE SURROUNDING VILLAGES
TO PLAY MUSIC SO THAT
THE YOUNG PEOPLE OF OUR
OWN VILLAGE CAN DANCE!

INCLUDING
YOU TWO,
OF COURSE!

MEANWHILE,
YOU CAN MAKE
YOURSELVES
USEFUL...

...BY PICKING
SOME PRETTY FLOWERS
TO DECORATE THE
VILLAGE!

I STILL SAY THERE'S NOTHING I
LIKE BETTER THAN A BANQUET
ON MY BIRTHDAY!

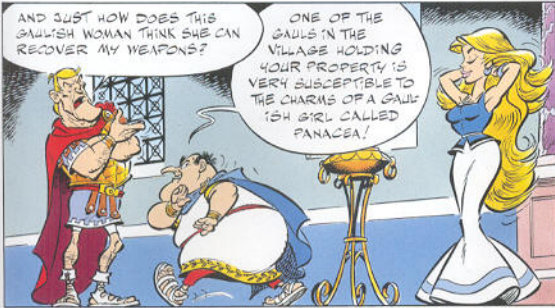
YES, AND I BET
I KNOW TWO
PEOPLE ENJOYING
PLENTY OF
BANQUETS!!!

BY BELENOS! WHAT ARE OUR
BOYS WAITING FOR? WHY DON'T
THEY COME TO THE RESCUE?

THEY'D HAVE TO
KNOW WHERE WE
ARE FIRST!

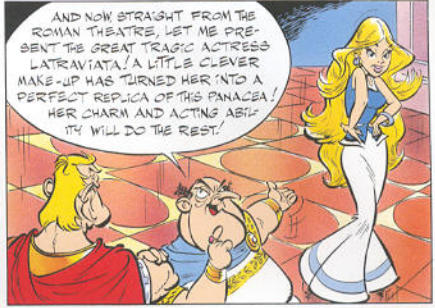
WELL, BOGUS GENIUS,
SO WHAT'S THIS
SOLUTION OF YOURS?

HERE
IT IS!!



AND JUST HOW DOES THIS GAULISH WOMAN THINK SHE CAN RECOVER MY WEAPONS?

ONE OF THE GAULS IN THE VILLAGE HOLDING YOUR PROPERTY IS VERY SUSCEPTIBLE TO THE CHARMS OF A GAULISH GIRL CALLED PANACEA!



AND NOW STRAIGHT FROM THE ROMAN THEATRE, LET ME PRESENT THE GREAT TRAGIC ACTRESS LATRAVIATA! A LITTLE CLEVER MAKE-UP HAS TURNED HER INTO A PERFECT REPLICIA OF THIS PANACEA! HER CHARM AND ACTING ABILITY WILL DO THE REST!

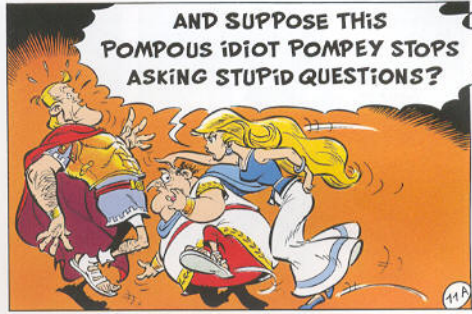


BUT SUPPOSE THE REAL PANACEA TURNS UP IN THE VILLAGE?

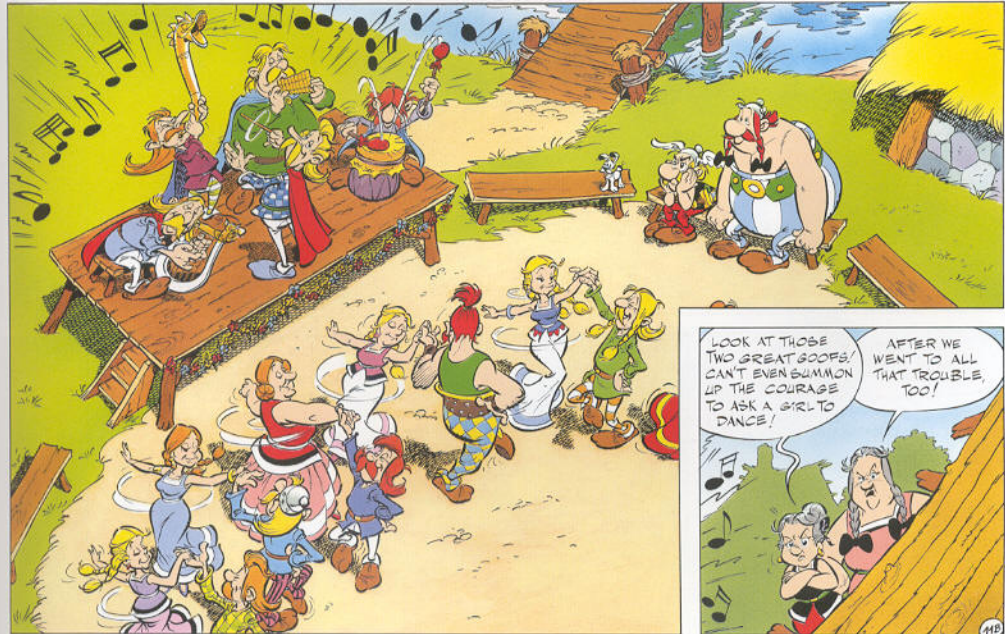
NEVER FEAR! THE REAL PANACEA LIVES HERE IN CON-DATUM WITH HER HUSBAND!



BUT SUPPOSE LATRAVIATA'S CHARM DOESN'T WORK?

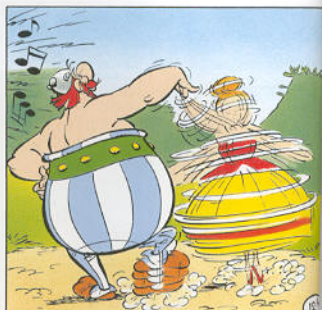


AND SUPPOSE THIS POMPOUS IDIOT POMPEY STOPS ASKING STUPID QUESTIONS?



LOOK AT THOSE TWO GREAT GOOFS! CAN'T EVEN SUMMON UP THE COURAGE TO ASK A GIRL TO DANCE!

AFTER WE WENT TO ALL THAT TROUBLE, TOO!



RIGHT, LATRAVIATA, REMEMBER YOU WERE WANDERING ABOUT! YOU'VE LOST YOUR MEMORY, AND CAN'T RECALL ANYTHING EXCEPT THE NAME OF OBELIX!



DON'T YOU WORRY, FASTANDFURIOUS. THIS WILL BE AN EASY ROLE FOR AN ACTRESS OF MY STATURE!

HALT! WHO ARE YOU AND WHERE ARE YOU GOING, ROMAN?

?!



FASTANDFURIOUS AT YOUR SERVICE, LEGIONARY! I'M A MERCHANT TRADING IN THE GAULISH COUNTRYSIDE.

AND WHO'S THIS PRETTY YOUNG GAULISH GIRL?



SHE'S ASKED ME TO TAKE HER TO HER NATIVE VILLAGE!

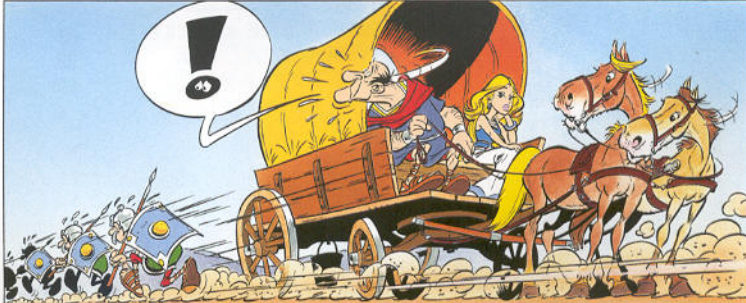
SO WHAT WILL AGE WOULD THAT BE?



THE PLACE WHERE HER TENDER EYES A MAN CALLED OBELIX LIVES.



EEEK!... RIGHT! PAYS MERCHANT AND YOU NEVER SET EYES ON US!



WONDER IF IT WAS WISE OF ME TO ACCEPT THIS MISSION!

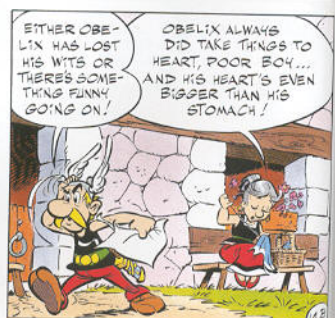
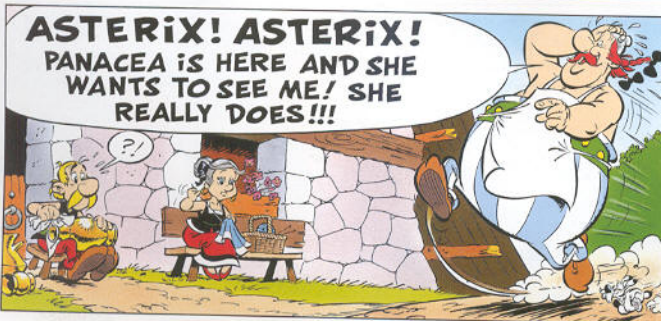
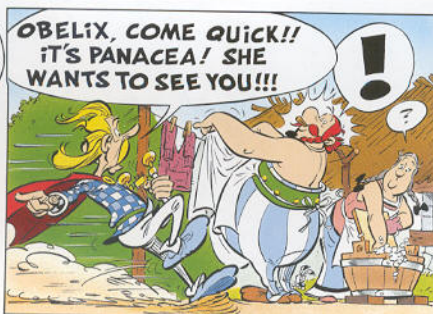
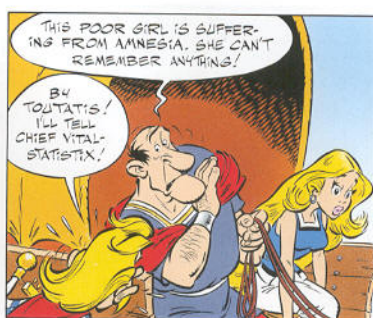
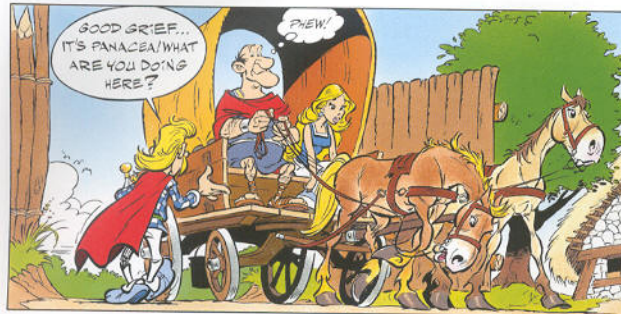
YOU LOOK VERY PREOCCUPIED FASTANDFURIOUS!?

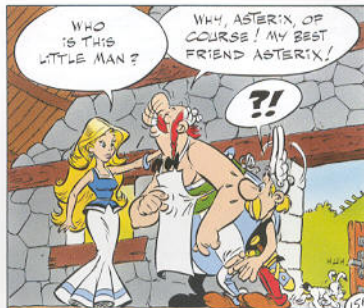
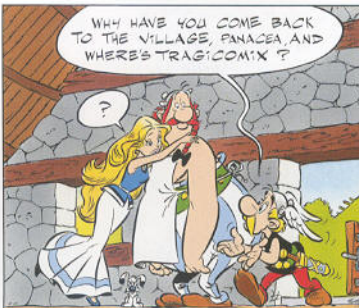
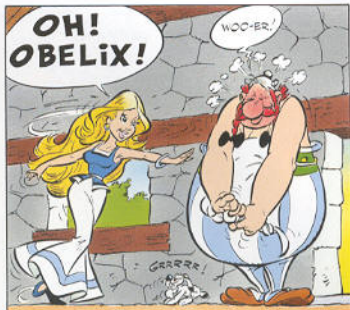


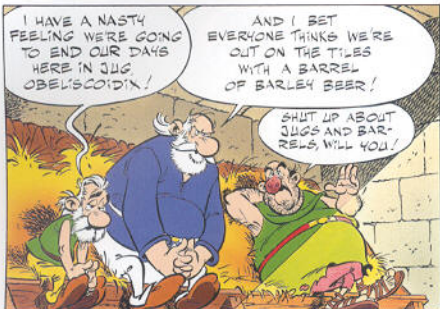
I HOPE THEY RECOGNISE YOU LATRA... I MEAN PANACEA!

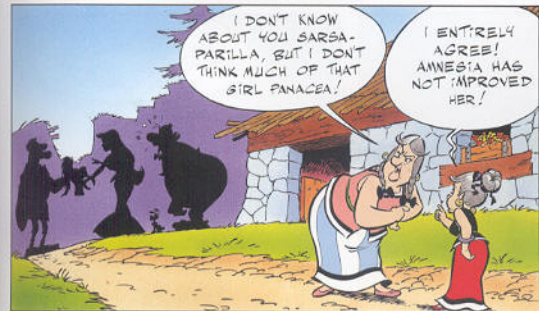
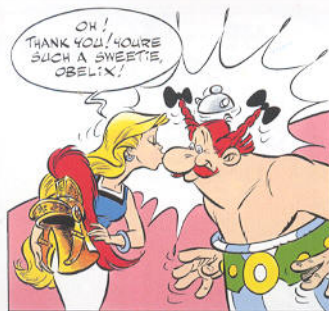
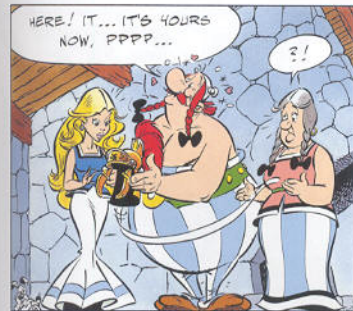
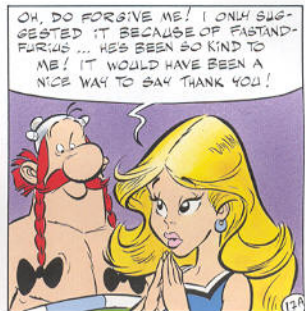
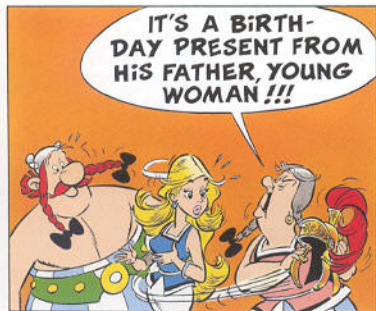
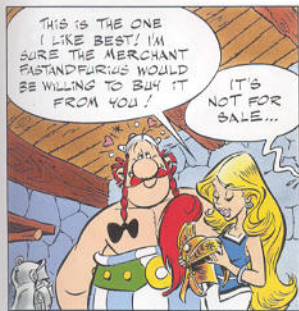
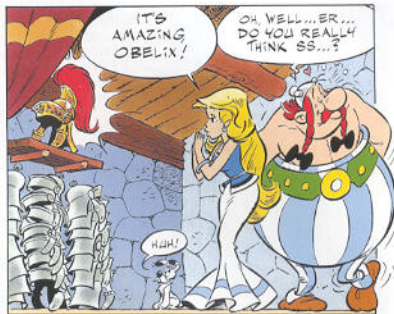
IT'S MY TALENT THEY WILL RECOGNISE!

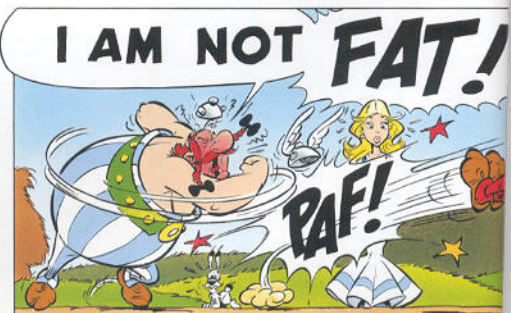
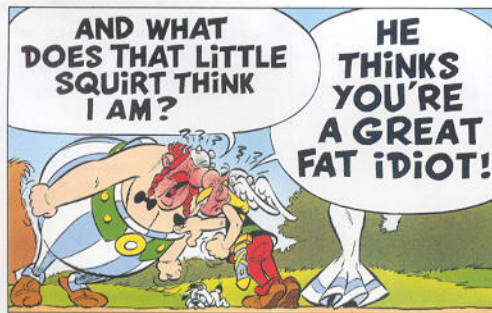
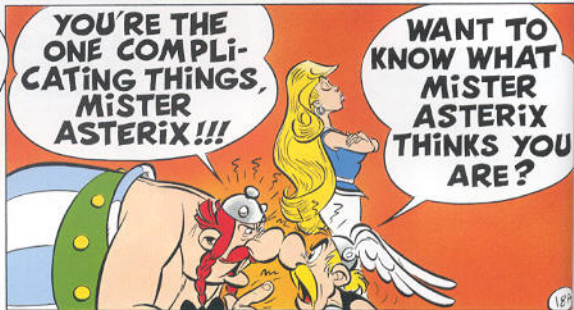












COME ALONG, ASTERIX, YOU POOR LITTLE THING! WE DON'T WANT ANYTHING MORE TO DO WITH HIM!

WOO-ER!



COME ALONG, DOGMATIX, WE DON'T WANT ANYTHING MORE TO DO WITH THEM!



YOU KNOW, ASTERIX REALLY GETS ME DOWN! HE ALWAYS HAS TO BE RIGHT!



BUT I OUGHT NOT TO HAVE LOST MY TEMPER!



I'M VERY UNHAPPY, DOGMATIX! I WENT AND HIT MY BEST FRIEND.

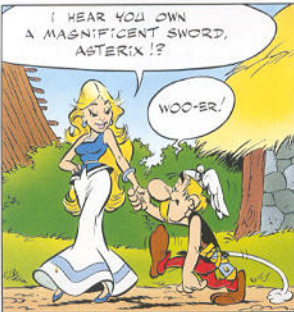


...AND PANACEA DOESN'T LIKE ME ANY MORE!
BOOHOOHO!



I HEAR YOU OWN A MAGNIFICENT SWORD, ASTERIX!?

WOO-ER!



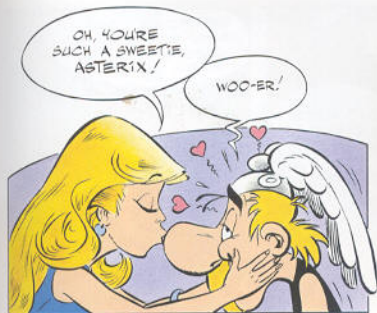
SUPPOSE I ASKED YOU FOR THAT SWORD, WOULD YOU GIVE IT TO ME?

WOO-ER!



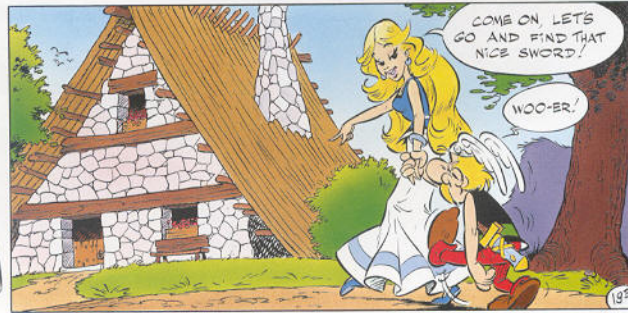
OH, YOU'RE SUCH A SWEETIE, ASTERIX!

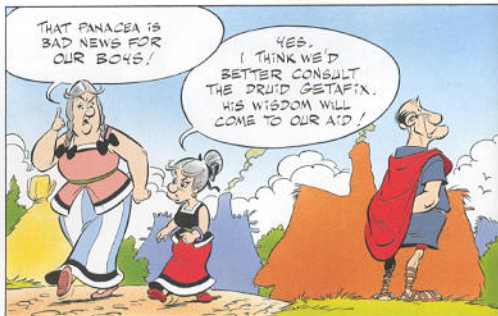
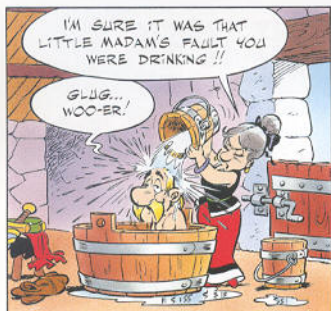
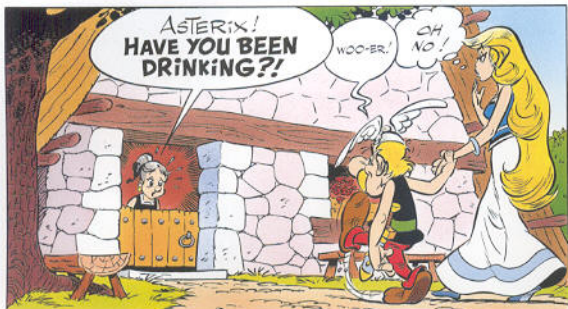
WOO-ER!

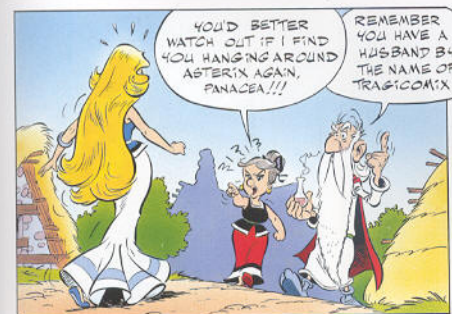
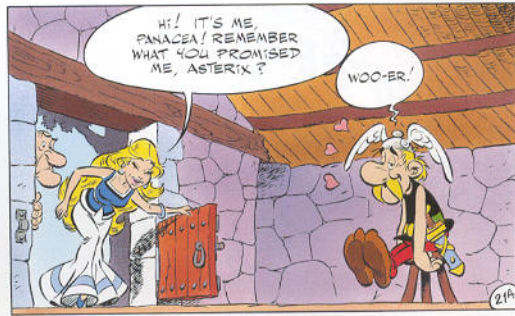
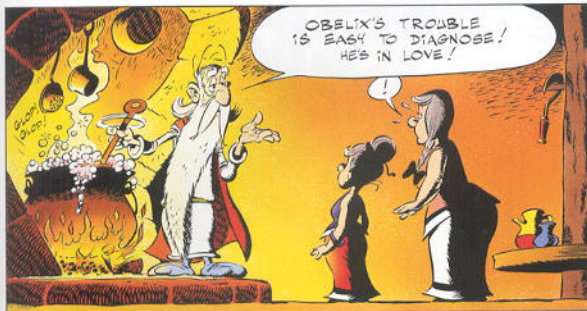


COME ON, LET'S GO AND FIND THAT NICE SWORD!

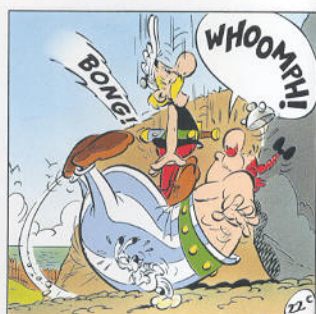
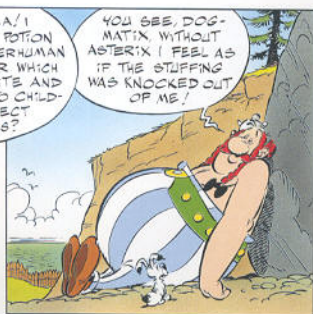
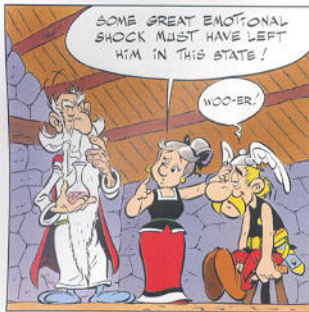
WOO-ER!

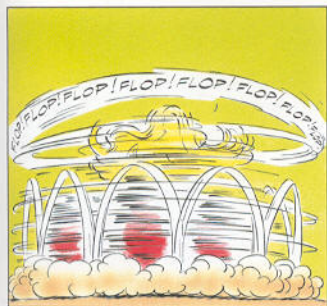
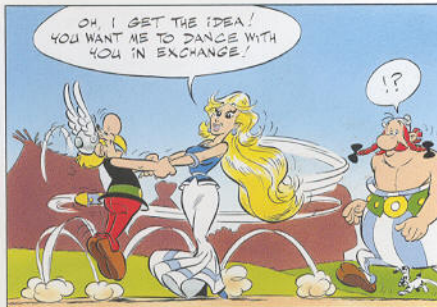
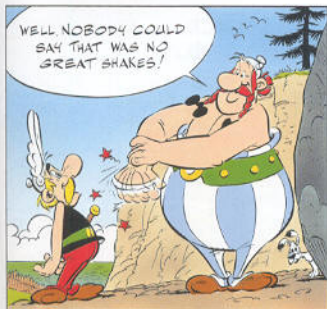


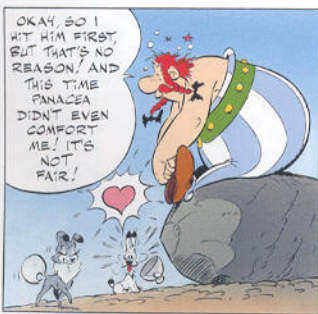
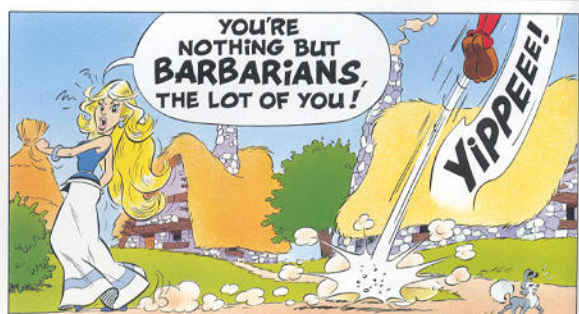
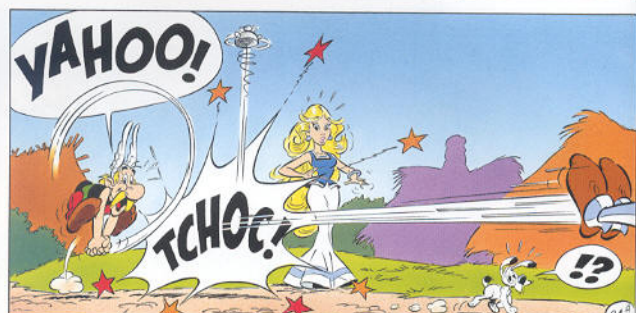
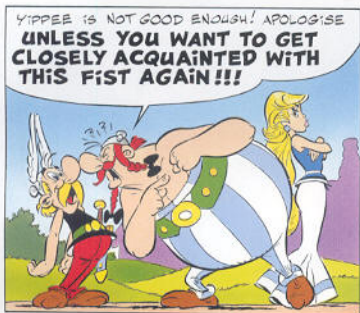




* FOOTWEAR OF ROMAN ACTORS ON STAGE







WERE A LONG WAY FROM THE COAST WHERE THAT CANTANKEROUS LITTLE GAUL LIVES BUT WE'D BETTER BE CAREFUL ALL THE SAME!

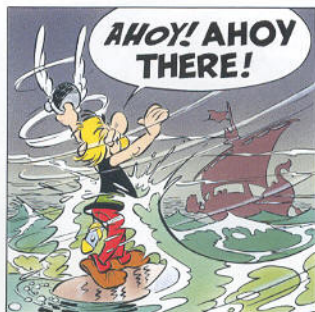
CETERARUM RERUM PRUDENS!



I SEE A SHIP OVER THERE! I'M SAVED!



AHOY! AHOY THERE!



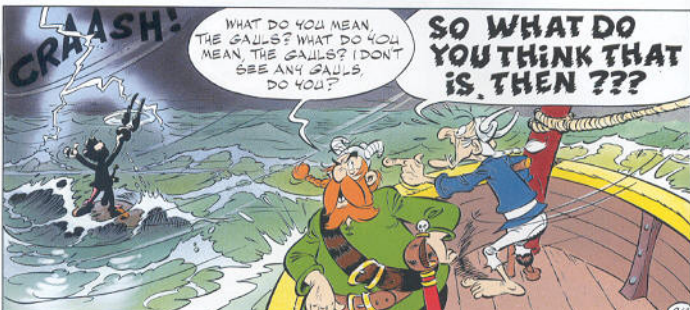
THE GAU... THE GAUGAU...



CRASH!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, THE GAULS? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, THE GAULS? I DONT SEE ANY GAULS DO YOU?

SO WHAT DO YOU THINK THAT IS, THEN ???



IT'S A GHOST!

I SPY A SPOOK!

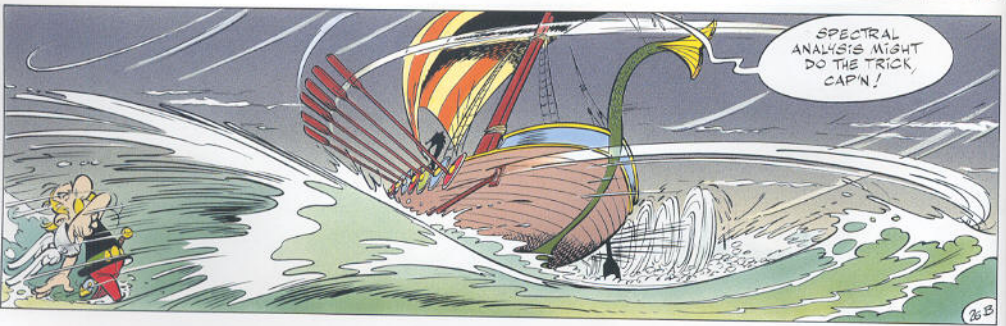


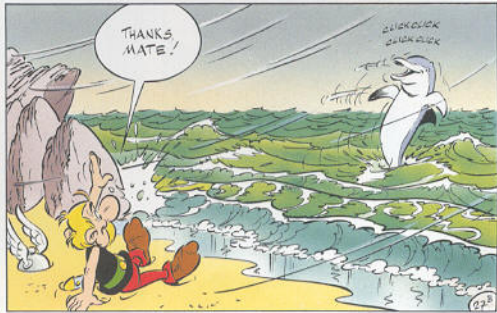
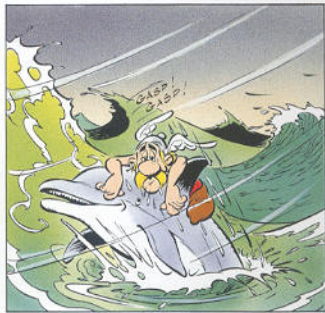
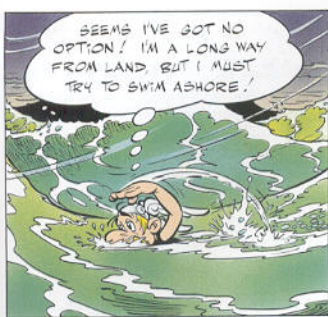
BEAR HARD TO STARBOARD!!!

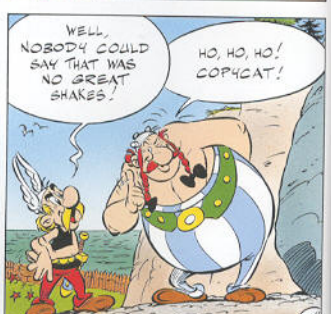
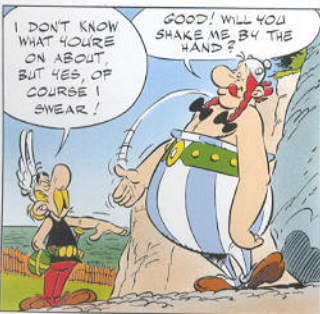
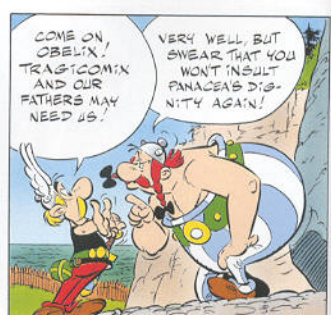
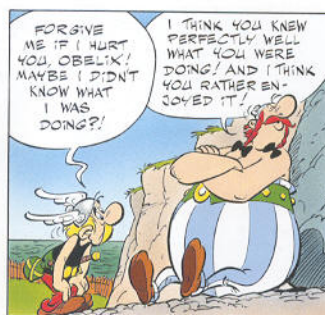
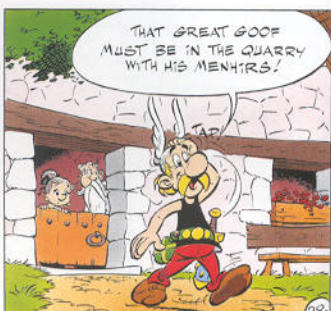
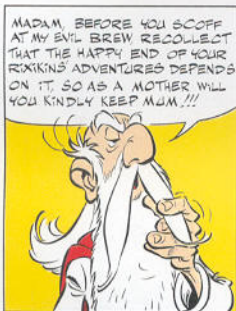
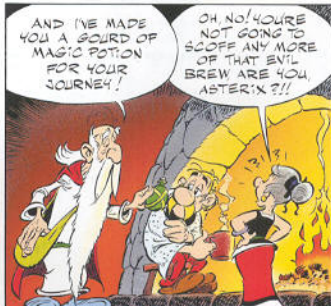
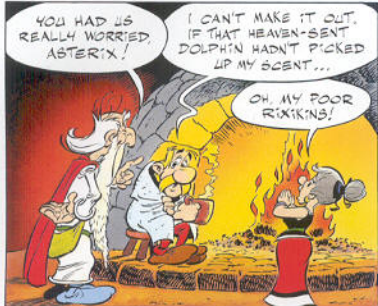
I'M GOING ASHORE FOR PSYCHOANALYSIS!



SPECTRAL ANALYSIS MIGHT DO THE TRICK, CAP'N!







IN CONDATUS, WHERE NIGHT HAS FALLEN...

WOW DID I EVER HAVE A THIRST ON ME... *HIC*... *HAEC*, *HO!*... BACK IN THE PREFECT'S PRISON!



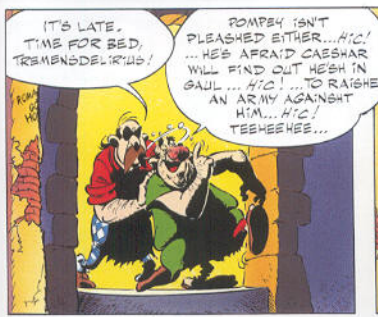
FACT IS, THEY WERENT PLEASHED I DID A DEAL WITH POMPEY'S SWORD AND... *HIC*... HELMET... BOTTOMSH UP! HEE HEE HEE!



IT'S LATE. TIME FOR BED, TREMBELDELIRIUS!

POMPEY ISNT PLEASHED EITHER... *HIC!* ... HE'S AFRAID CAESAR WILL FIND OUT HESH IN GAUL... *HIC!* ... TO RAISHE AN ARMY AGAINST HIM... *HIC!* TEEHEEHEE...

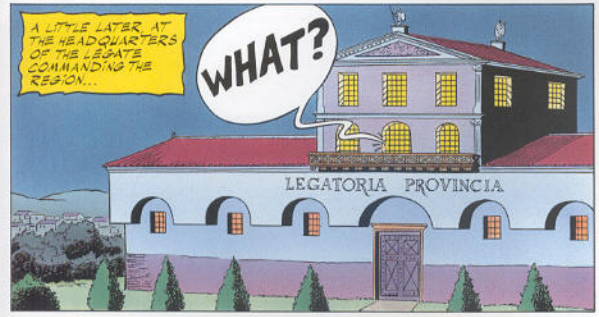
I SHEEM TO REMEMBER (I WAS SHUPPOSHED TO WARN SHOMEONE... *HIC!*... CANT REMEMBER WHO... *HIC!*... BOUT CANT REMEMBER WHAT! *HIC!*



A LITTLE LATER AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE LEGATE COMMANDING THE REGION...

WHAT?

LEGATORIA PROVINCIA



QUICK! I WANT A MESSENGER SENT TO CAESAR IN ROME!

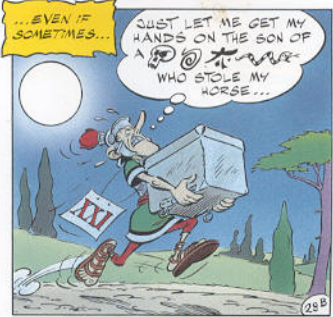
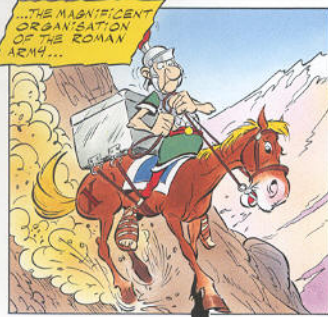
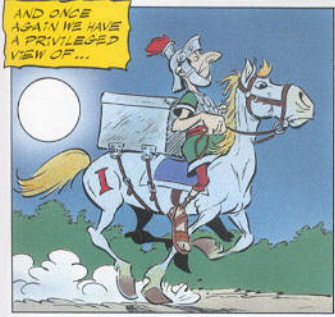


AND ONCE AGAIN WE HAVE A PRIVILEGED VIEW OF...

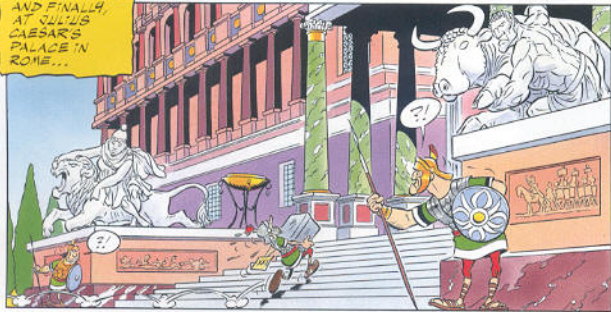
...THE MOST EFFICIENT ORGANISATION OF THE ROMAN ARMY...

...EVEN IF SOMETIMES...

JUST LET ME GET MY HANDS ON THE SON OF A *PO* WHO STOLE MY HORSE...



AND FINALLY
AT QUINUS
CAESAR'S
PALACE IN
ROME...



**AN URGENT
MESSAGE FOR
CAESAR!**

**BY JUPITER!
POMPEY!!!
NOT HIM AGAIN?**



**AN URGENT MESSAGE
FOR THE LEGATE IN
CONDATUM!**

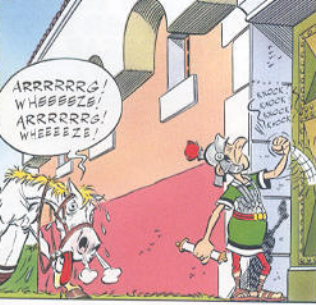


AND YET AGAIN WE CAN
ADMIRE THE EFFICIENCY
OF THE ROMAN POSTAL
SERVICE IN ACTION IN
THE OTHER DIRECTION.

THEY'RE GOING
TO STOP THE PRICE OF
A NEW HORSE FROM
MY FARM! TALK
ABOUT A RUN OF
BAD LUCK!

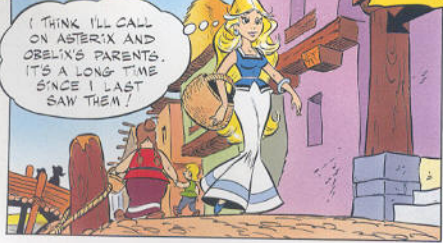


THE LAST
RUNNER FINALLY
RELAYS
CAESAR'S
MESSAGE TO
THE LEGATE
IN CONDATUM.

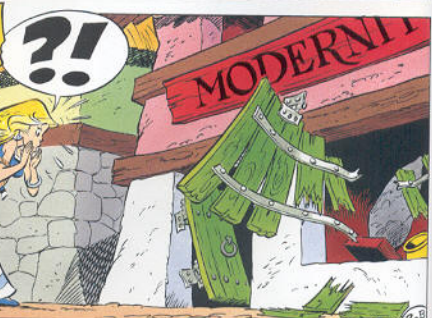


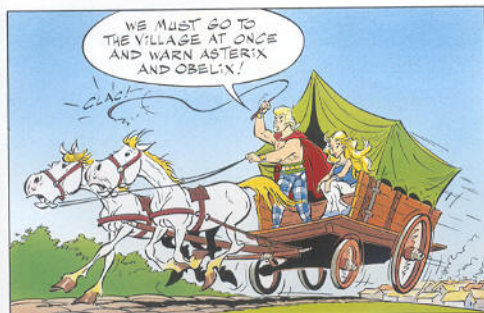
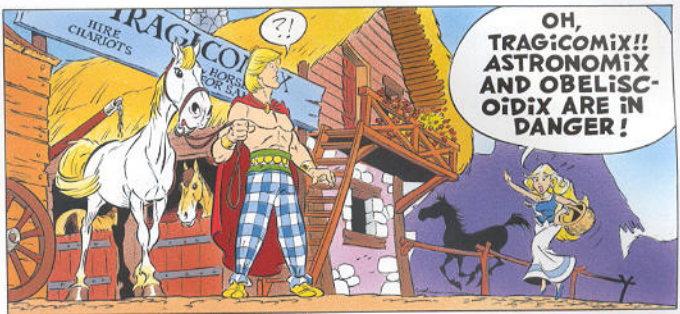
GENTLEMEN, YOU WILL NOW BE AWARE THAT POMPEY
IS HERE IN GAUL TO RAISE AN ARMY AGAINST CAESAR,
WHO ORDERS US TO INVESTIGATE ALL THE GARRISONS
AND FIND THE TRAITORS!
SO GET MOVING!

MEANWHILE
STILL IN
CONDATUM...



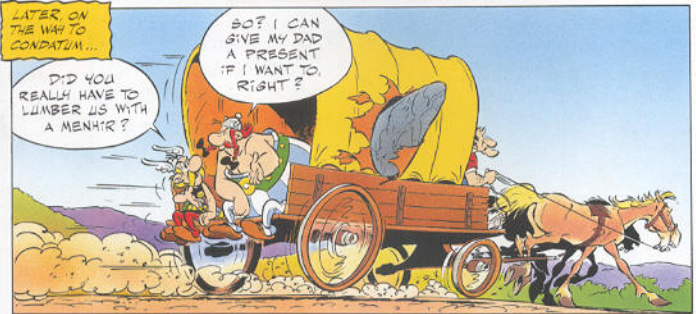
FOR THIS IS THE
**REAL
PANACEA!**





AT THIS VERY MOMENT IN THE VILLAGE...

I FINALLY MANAGED TO MAKE OFF WITH THE SWORD WHILE ASTERIX AND HIS MOTHER WERE OUT!



IN ONE OF THE MANY ROMAN BARRISONS ON OCCUPIED ARMORICAN SOIL...



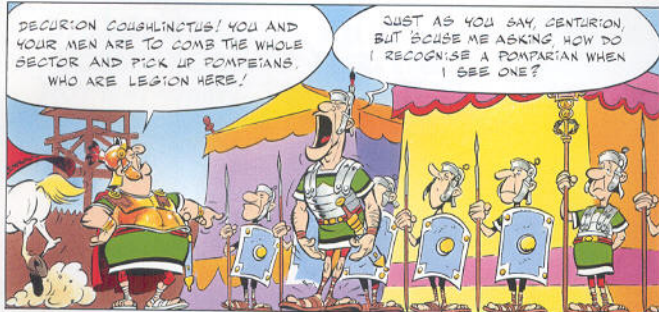
CENTURION GYMNASTICAPPARTUS, YOUR ORDERS ARE TO INVESTIGATE THE WHOLE SECTOR IN ORDER TO IDENTIFY AND EXPOSE THE LEGIONS IN POMPEY'S PAY!

IT WON'T BE EASY IF THEY DON'T HAVE ANY DISTINGUISHING MARKS, GENERAL!



NEVER MIND THAT! GET MOVING!!!

?! ?!



DECURION COUSHLINCTUS! YOU AND YOUR MEN ARE TO COMB THE WHOLE SECTOR AND PICK UP POMPEIANS. WHO ARE LEGION HERE!

JUST AS YOU SAY, CENTURION, BUT BECAUSE ME ASKING HOW DO I RECOGNISE A POMPEARIAN WHEN I SEE ONE?



NEVER MIND THAT! GET MOVING!!!

POP!



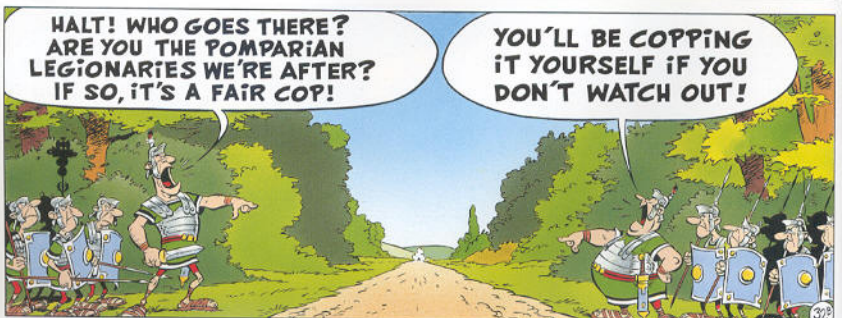
GOT IT, YOU BUNCH OF SKIVERS? WE COMB THE SECTOR, WE PICK UP ALL THE POMPEARIANS WE FIND, AND WE REPORT BACK. ANY QUESTIONS?



NEVER MIND THAT! GET MOVING!!!

?! ?!
?! ?!
?! ?!
?! ?!
?! ?!
?! ?!

AND FROM THIS POINT ON THE MAGNIFICENT ORGANISATION OF THE ROMAN LEGIONS BEGINS TO COLLAPSE INTO TOTAL DISORDER AND CONFUSION ...



HALT! WHO GOES THERE? ARE YOU THE POMPEARIAN LEGIONARIES WE'RE AFTER? IF SO, IT'S A FAIR COP!

YOU'LL BE COPPING IT YOURSELF IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT!

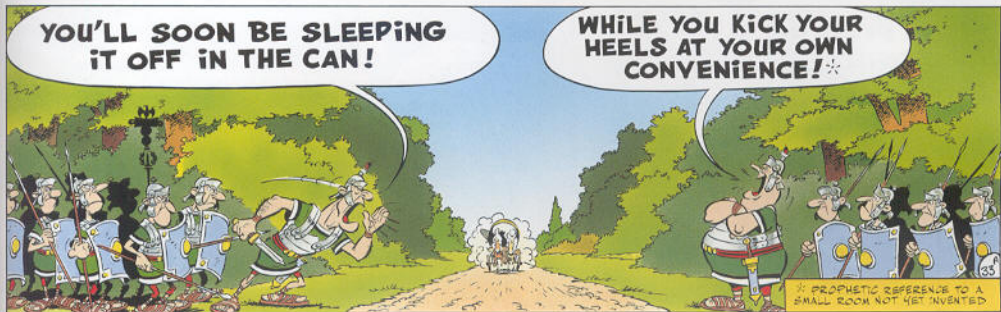
**MIND YOUR MANNERS,
YOU GREAT FAT
WINESKIN!**

**GREAT FAT WINESKIN
YOURSELF!**



**YOU'LL SOON BE SLEEPING
IT OFF IN THE CAN!**

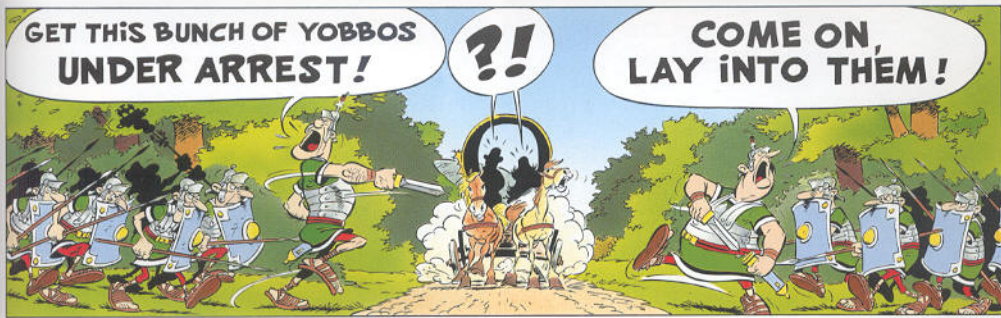
**WHILE YOU KICK YOUR
HEELS AT YOUR OWN
CONVENIENCE!***



**GET THIS BUNCH OF YOBBOBS
UNDER ARREST!**

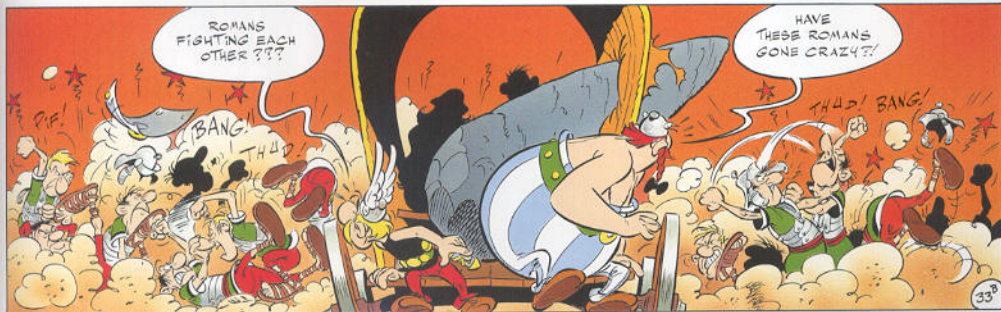
?!

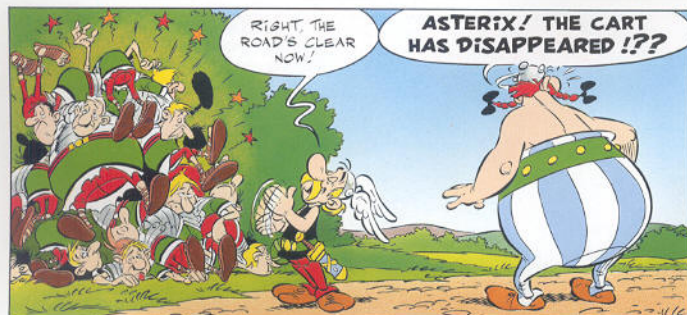
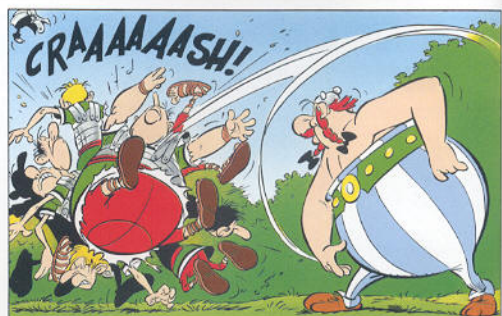
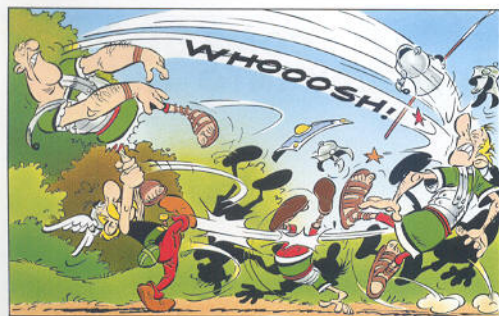
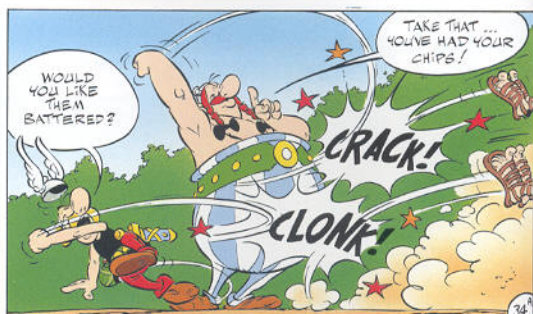
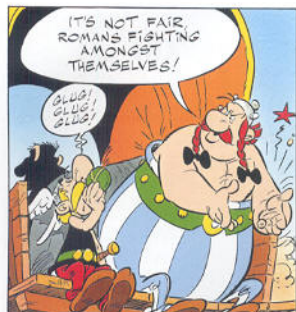
**COME ON,
LAY INTO THEM!**

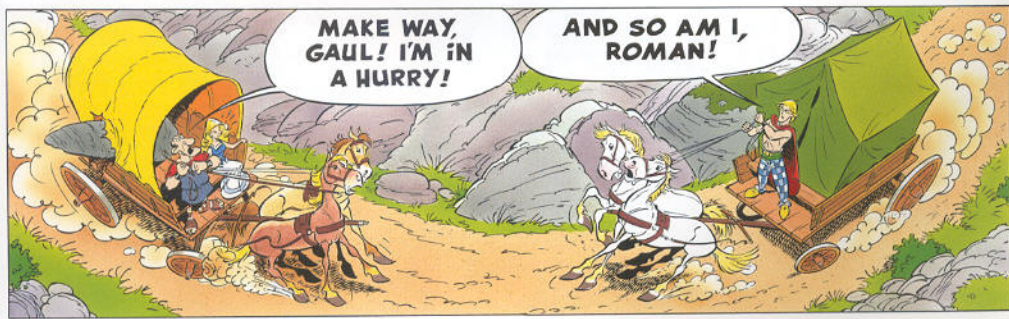
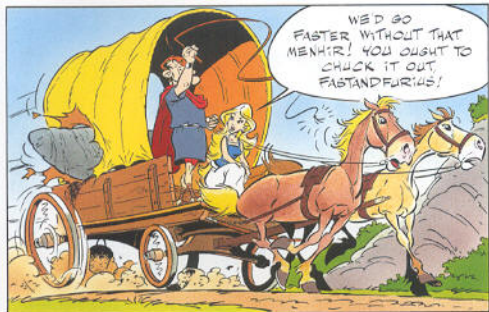
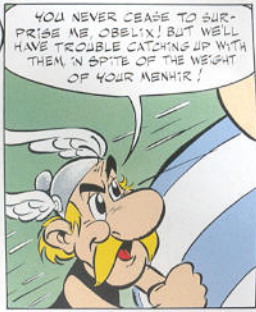
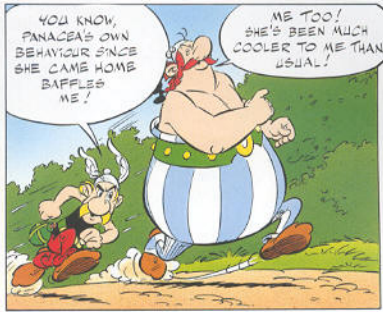
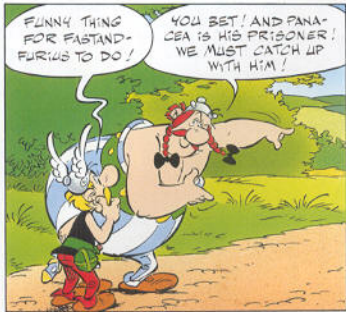


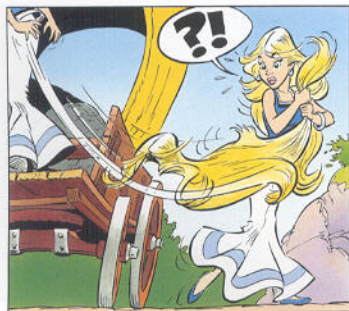
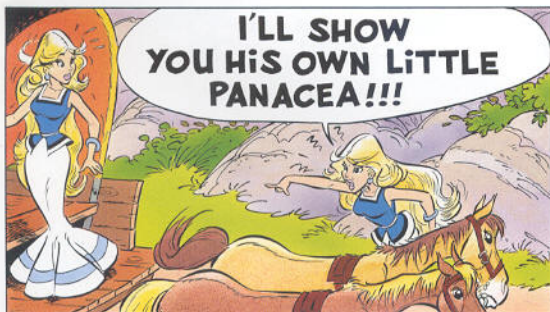
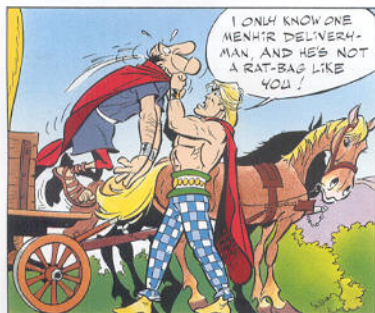
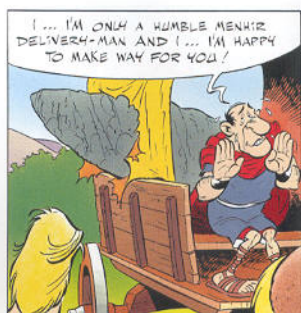
**ROMANS
FIGHTING EACH
OTHER ???**

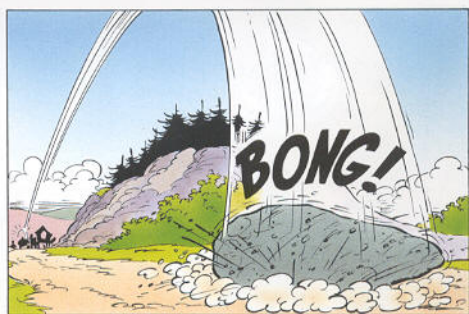
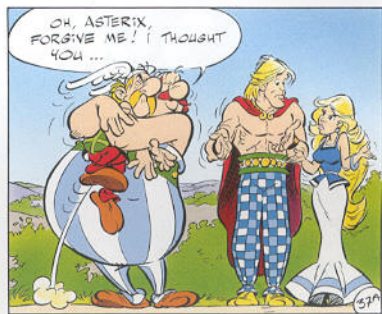
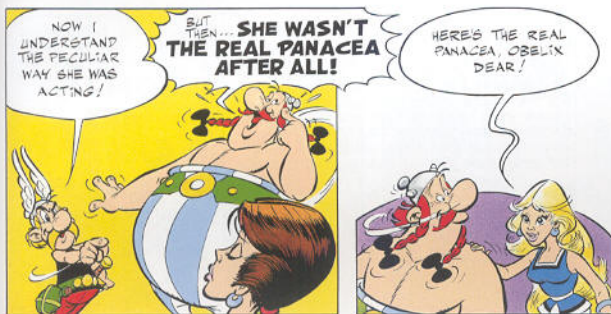
**HAVE
THESE ROMANS
GONE CRAZY?!**

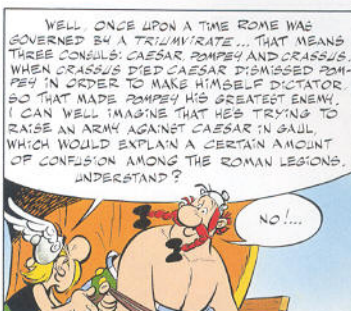
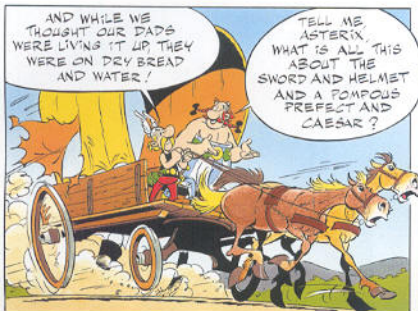
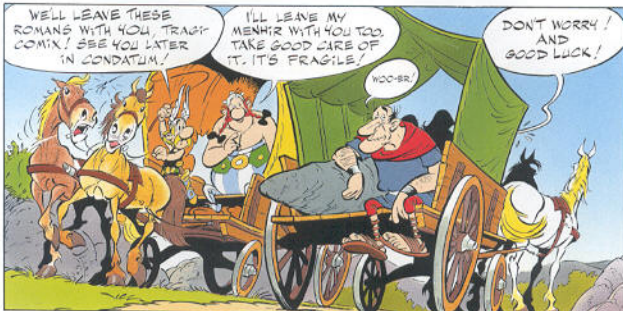




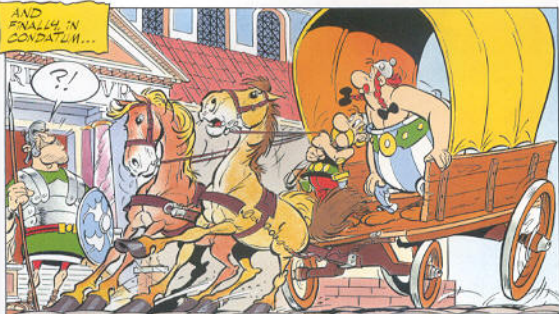








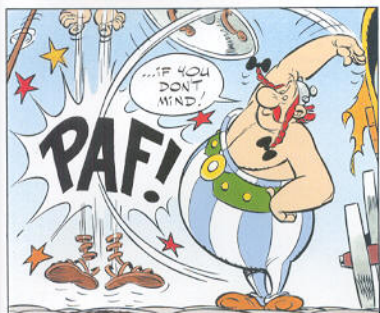
AND FINALLY IN CONDATION...



NO PARKING OUTSIDE THE PREFECTURE!

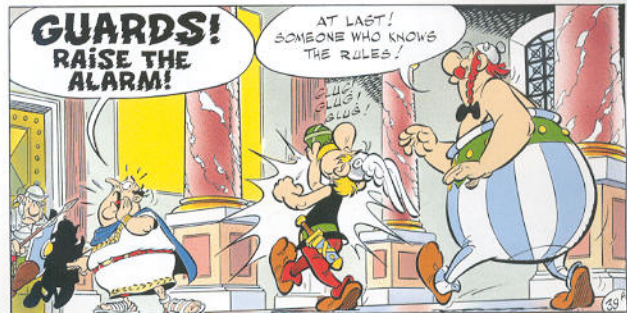
OSBELX WOULD YOU TELL THE ROMAN POLITELY THAT WE WONT BE HERE FOR LONG?

YES, OF COURSE!



...IF YOU DONT MIND!

PAF!



GUARDS! RAISE THE ALARM!

AT LAST! SOMEONE WHO KNOWS THE RULES!

GLUG! GLUG! GLUG!



YOUVE NO IDEA HOW POLITE I FEEL JUST NOW!

KERPLONK!

CRAASH!



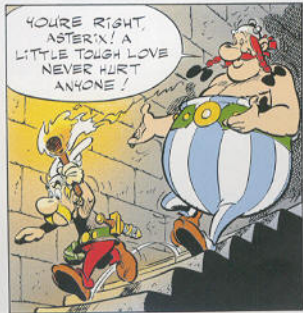
BING! PAF! PIF! BONG!

IT'S ABOUT TIME TO GET OUT OF HERE AND FIND POMPEY!

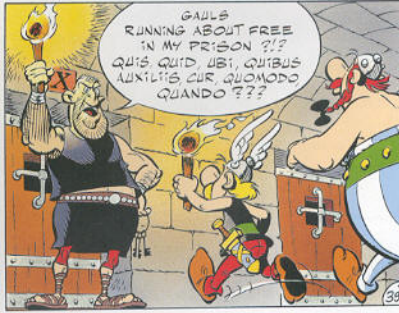


WOULD YOU BE KIND ENOUGH TO TELL ME WHERE THE PREFECT IS HOLDING THE TWO GAULISH MERCHANTS PRISONER?

WITH... WITH PLEASURE... IN THE DUNGEON, THELL X!

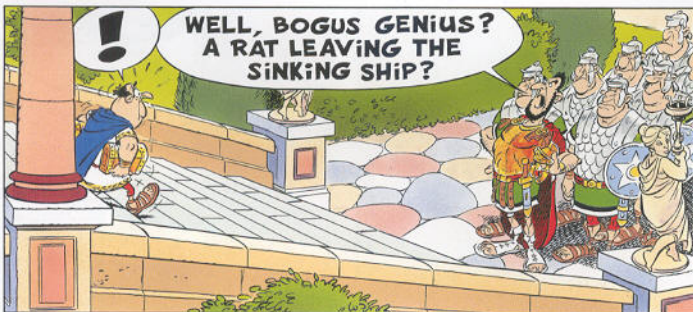
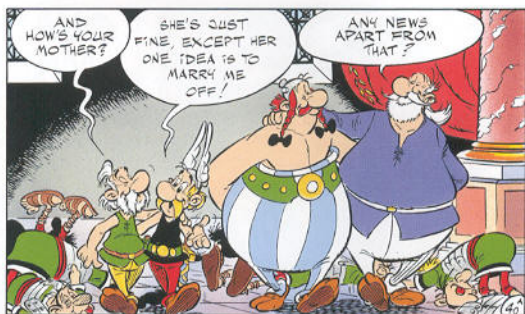


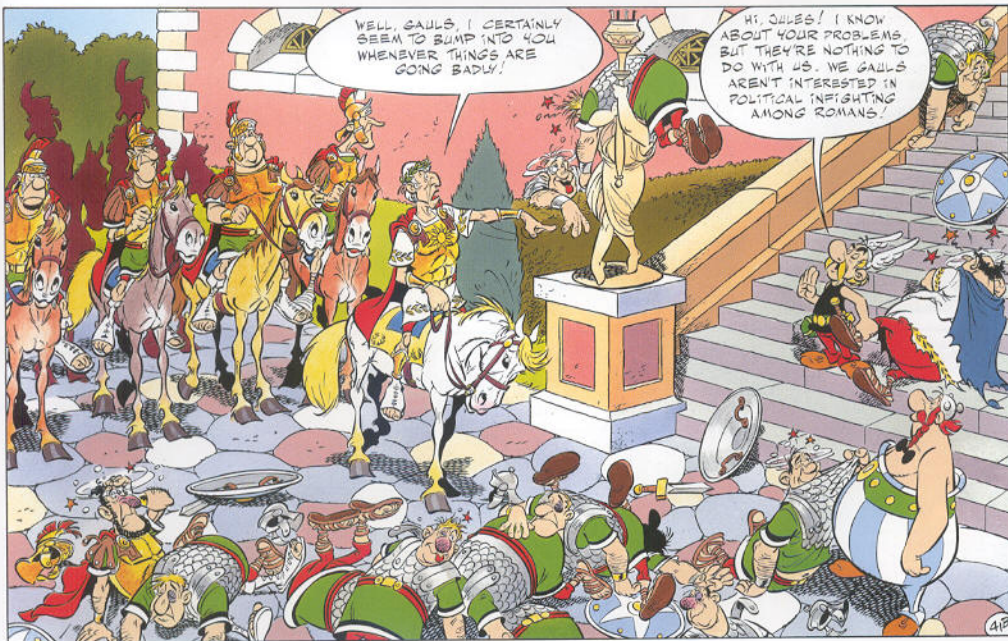
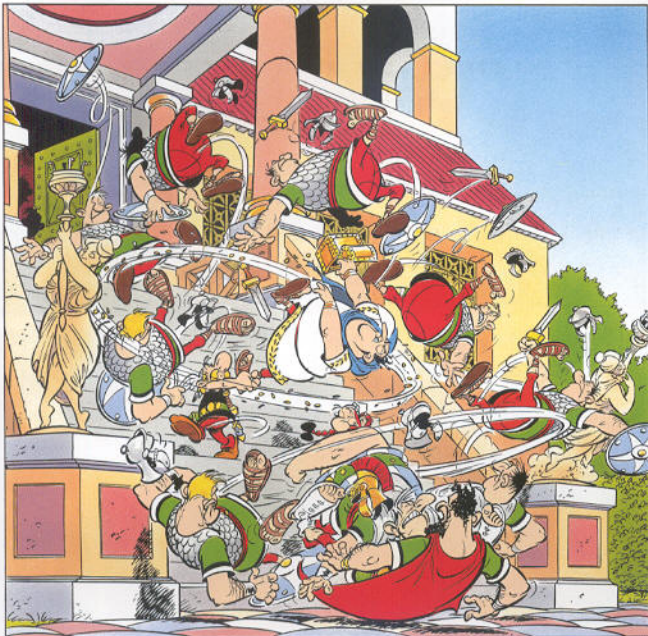
YOU'RE RIGHT, ASTERIX! A LITTLE TOUGH LOVE NEVER HURT ANYONE!



GAULS RUNNING ABOUT FREE IN MY PRISON ???

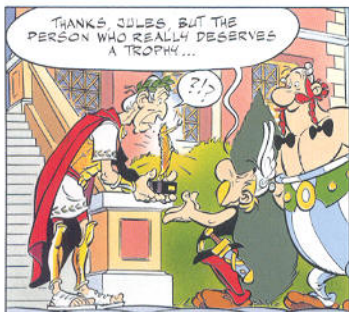
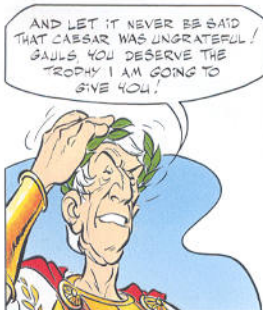
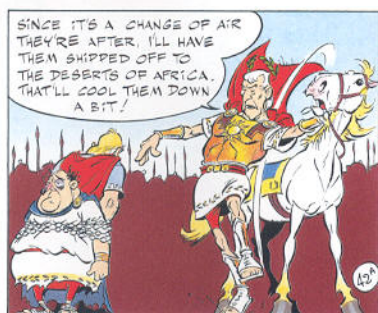
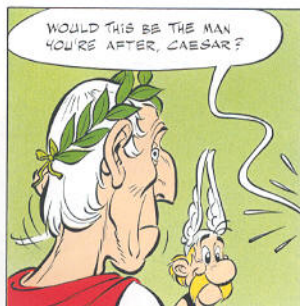
QUIS QUID USI, QUIBUS AUNLITIS CUR QUOMODO QUANDO ???





WELL, GAULS, I CERTAINLY SEEM TO BUMP INTO YOU WHENEVER THINGS ARE GOING BADLY!

HI, JULES! I KNOW ABOUT YOUR PROBLEMS BUT THEY'RE NOTHING TO DO WITH US. WE GAULS AREN'T INTERESTED IN POLITICAL FIGHTING AMONG ROMANS!





LATER...
WE'LL HAVE OUR WORK CUT OUT GETTING THIS PLACE STRAIGHT AGAIN!

OH, MANY HANDS MAKE LIGHT WORK!

I MUST ASK YOU TO FORGIVE ME FOR MY PART IN ALL THIS...



WE BEAR NO GRUDGES...

AND WE'RE GOING TO GIVE YOU...

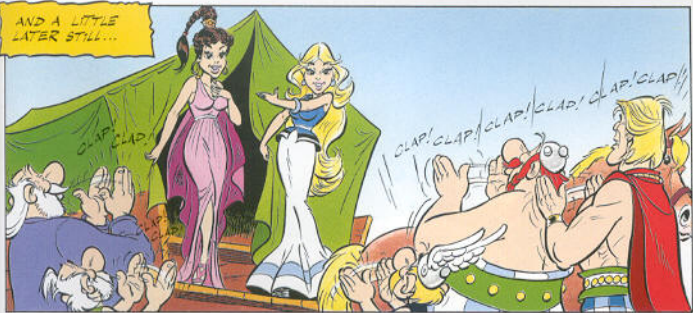
?!
...SOMETHING...



...WHICH WILL SUIT YOU DOWN TO THE GROUND!



A ROMAN LADY LEFT THIS ROBE WITH US. SHE LOST EVERYTHING BUT HER SANDALS AT DICE!

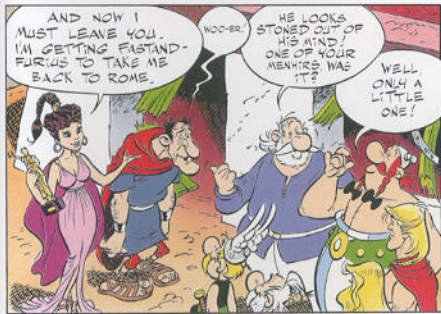


AND A LITTLE LATER STILL...

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!



I SHALL NEVER FORGET THE GENEROSITY OF THOSE SO UNJUSTLY DESCRIBED AS BARBARIANS!



AND NOW I MUST LEAVE YOU. I'M GETTING FAST-AND-FURIOUS TO TAKE ME BACK TO ROME.

WOO-BR!

HE LOOKS STONED OUT OF HIS MIND! ONE OF YOUR MEMIRS WAS IT?

WELL ONLY A LITTLE ONE!

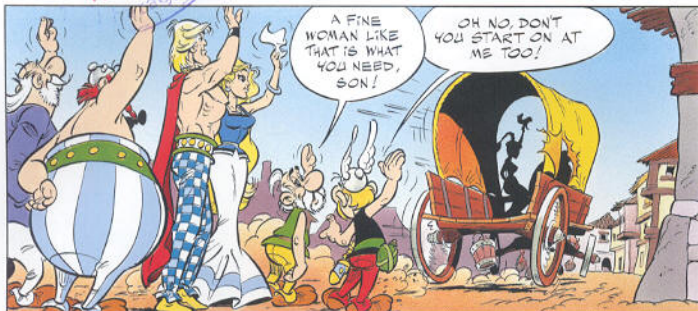


GOODBYE, ASTERIX! THANKS TO YOU, THIS GOLDEN TROPHY WILL OPEN THE DOORS OF EVERY THEATRE IN ROME TO ME!

OH, IT WAS NOTHING!



43



A FINE WOMAN LIKE THAT IS WHAT YOU NEED, SON!

OH NO, DON'T YOU START ON AT ME TOO!

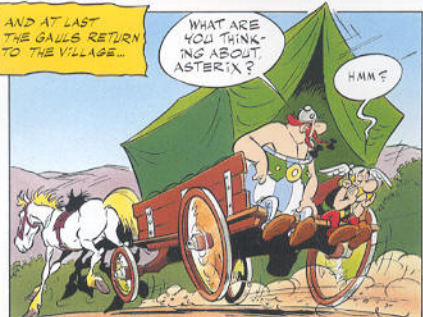


AFTER STRAIGHTENING UP THE SHOP, I SUGGEST WE DRIVE YOU ALL BACK TO THE VILLAGE TO JOIN YOUR WIVES AND MOTHERS!



THANKS, SON! YOUR MENHIR WILL MAKE A GOOD SHOP SIGN, AND WE'LL CHANGE THE NAME OF THE PLACE TO "THE FLYING MENHIR"!

WELL, KIND SOME FLY-84-NIGHT DOESN'T MAKE OFF WITH IT.



AND AT LAST THE GALLS RETURN TO THE VILLAGE...

WHAT ARE YOU THINKING ABOUT, ASTERIX?

HMM...



WHAT... ME? OH, NOTHING.

"QUID NOV?" UNDER THE STARRY SKY OF GALLS? NOTHING REALLY, JUST THE TRADITIONAL RECOGNITIONS IN THE VILLAGE TO MARK THE RETURN OF OUR HEROES, WITH A LAVISH BANQUET... PLENTY OF ROAST WILD SOARS, MUCH TO THE SATISFACTION OF A GALL WHO ISN'T FAT, JUST WELL COVERED... THE ONLY OTHER THING HE WANTS IS TO BE REUNITED WITH HIS FOUR-FOOTED FRIEND... AND THAT MOMENT IS FAST APPROACHING...

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, GALLS AND FRIENDS, I RAISE MY DRINKING HORN TO...

OBELIXCOID'N! YOU KNOW YOU OUGHT TO WATCH YOUR DIET!

DO REMEMBER THAT BARLEY BEER DOESN'T AGREE WITH YOU ASTRONOMX!

I'M SO GLAD TO HAVE OUR DADS HERE TOO, OBELIX!

I SHAN'T FEEL REALLY HAPPY UNTIL MY LITTLE DOG-MATIX TURNS UP, ASTERIX!



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