Gaul was divided into three parts

No, four parts
for one small
village of
indomitable
Gauls still held
out against the
Roman invaders...

by
GOSCINNY
and
UDERZO



ASTERIX THE GAUL

TEXT BY GOSCINNY

DRAWINGS BY UDERZO

TRANSLATED BY ANTHEA BELL AND DEREK HOCKRIDGE



HODDER AND STOUGHTON LONDON SYDNEY AUCKLAND TORONTO





Asterix, the hero of these adventures. A shrewd, cunning little warrior; all perilous missions are immediately entrusted to him. Asterix gets his superhuman strength from the magic potion brewed by the druid Getafix...



Obelix, Asterix's inseparable friend. A menhir delivery-man by trade; addicted to wild boar. Obelix is always ready to drop everything and go off on a new adventure with Asterix – so long as there's wild boar to eat, and plenty of fighting.

Getafix, the venerable village druid. Gathers mistletoe and brews magic potions. His speciality is the potion which gives the drinker superhuman strength. But Getafix also has other recipes up his sleeve...



Cacofonix, the bard. Opinion is divided as to his musical gifts. Cacofonix thinks he's a genius. Everyone else thinks he's unspeakable. But so long as he doesn't speak, let alone sing, everybody likes him...

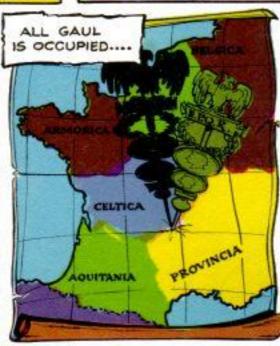


Finally, Vitalstatistix, the chief of the tribe. Majestic, brave and hot-tempered, the old warrior is respected by his men and feared by his enemies. Vitalstatistix himself has only one fear; he is afraid the sky may fall on his head tomorrow. But as he always says, 'Tomorrow never comes.'

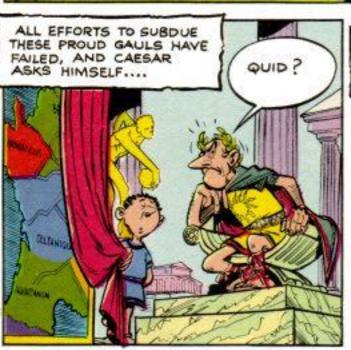










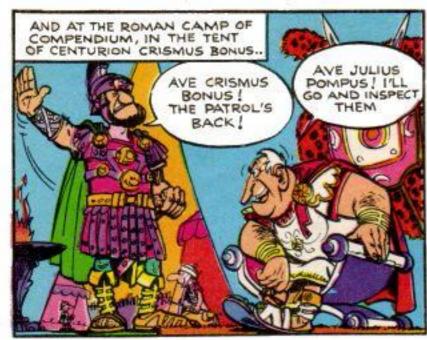




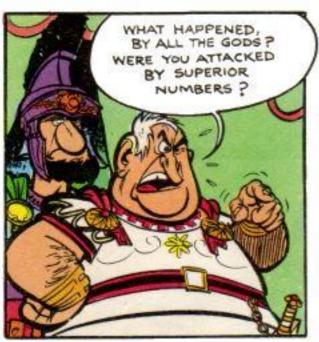






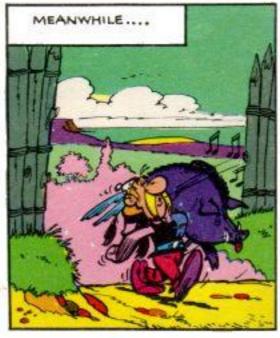


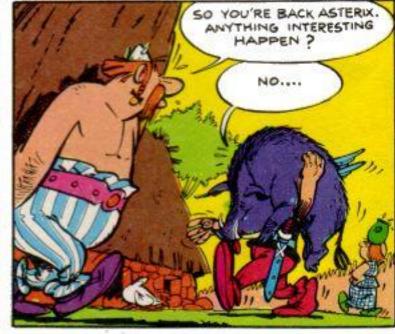








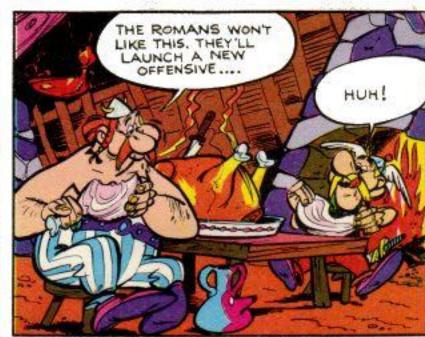












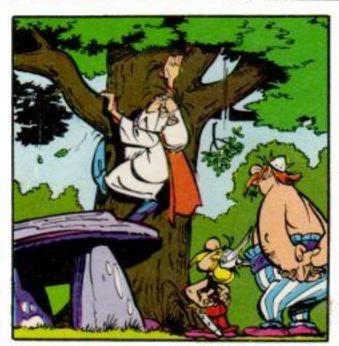
SO LONG AS OUR DRUID GETAFIX KEEPS BREWING HIS MAGIC POTION, THE ROMANS CAN'T DO A THING





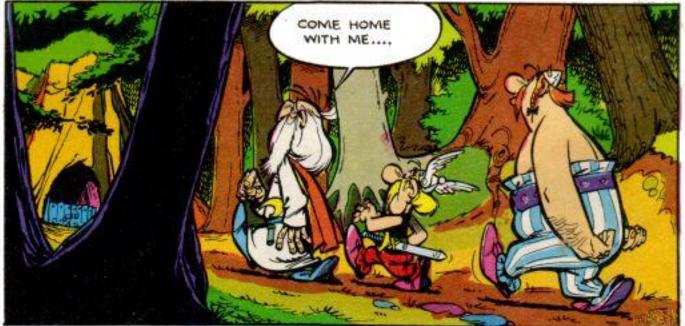














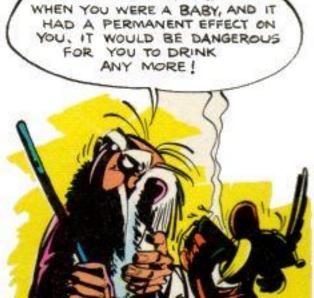












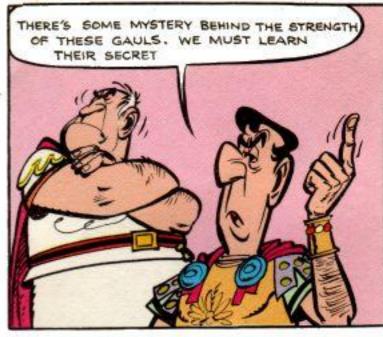
YOU FELL INTO THE CAULDRON















AS THERE ARE SO MANY VOLUNTEERS, WE'LL HAVE TO PLAY MUSICAL CHAIRS TO PICK THE SPY!



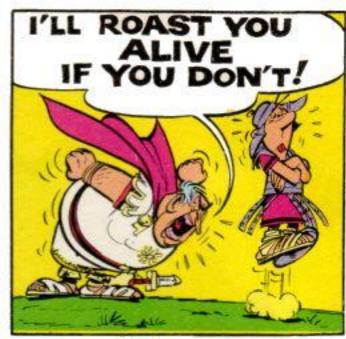












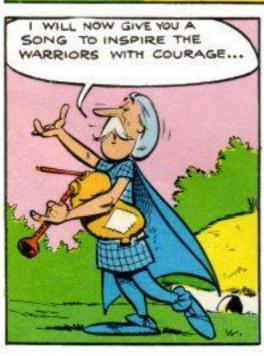




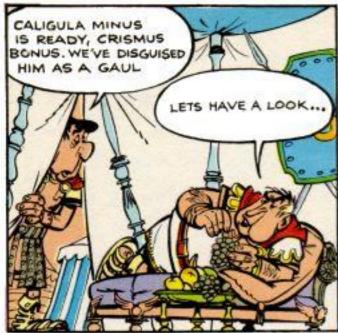








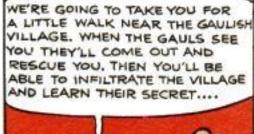














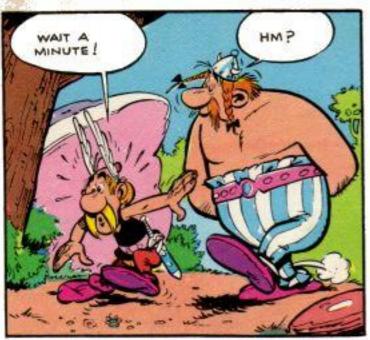


















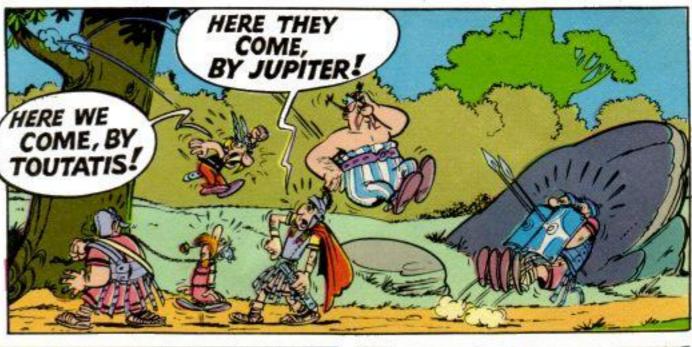


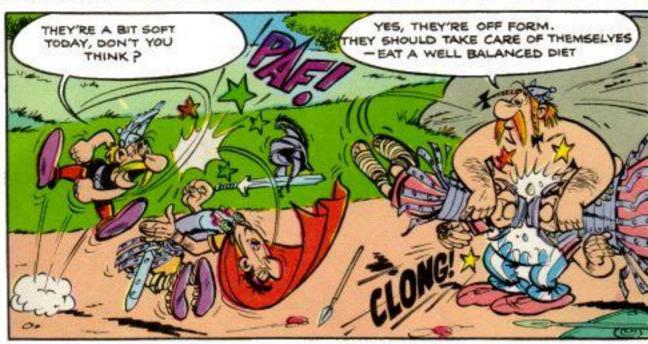










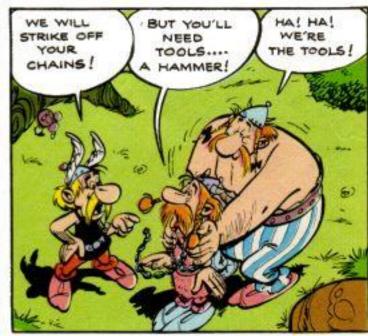




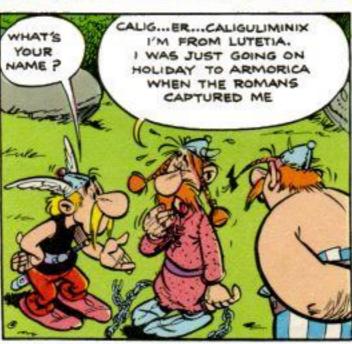












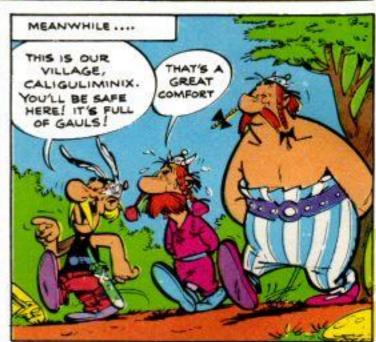












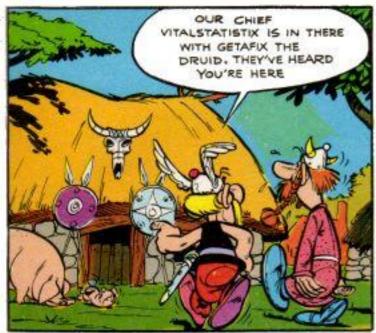


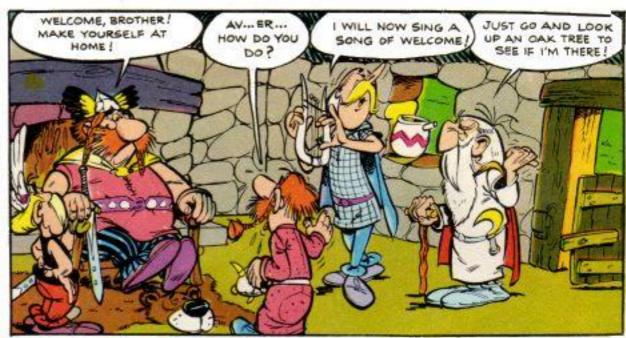


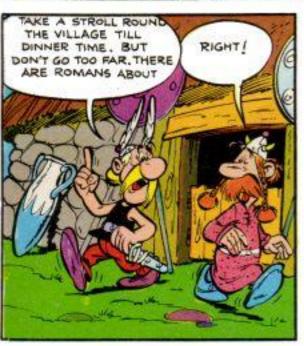


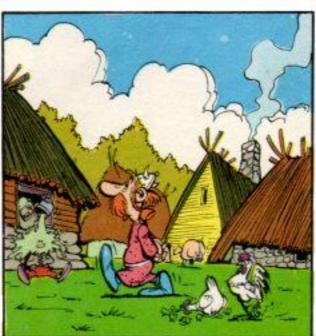


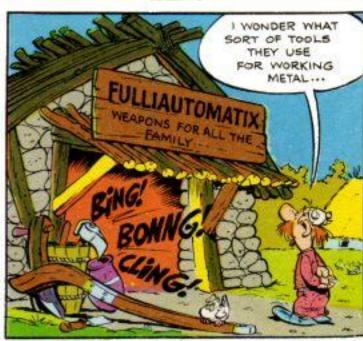


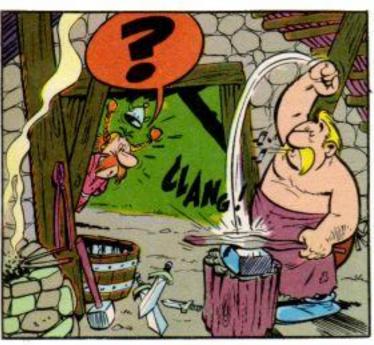






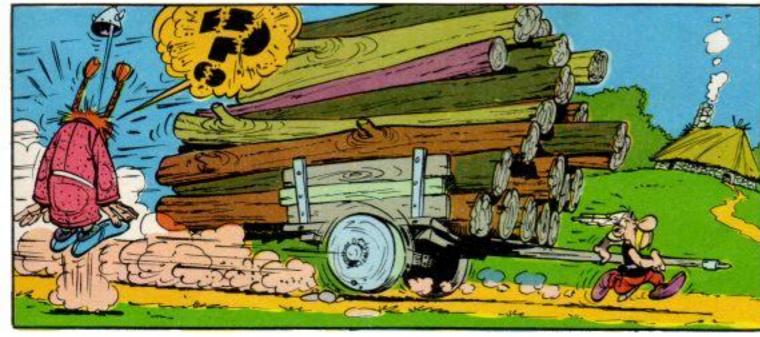






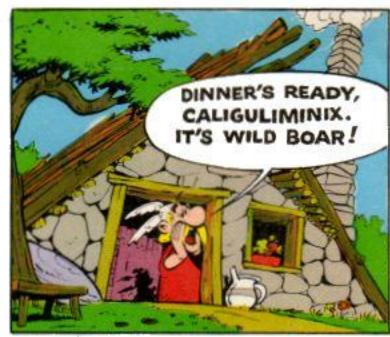


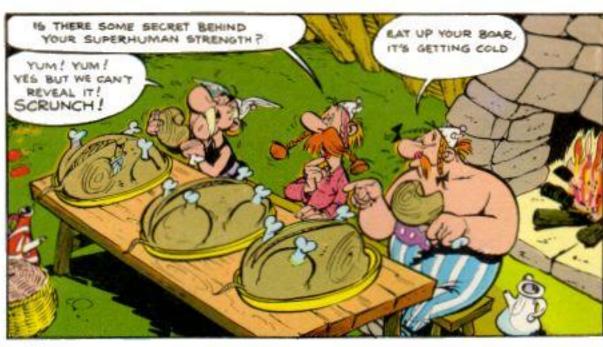




THEY CERTAINLY ARE
VERY STRONG ... MAYBE
CRISMUS BONUS WAS
RIGHT. THEY MUST HAVE
SOME SECRET!



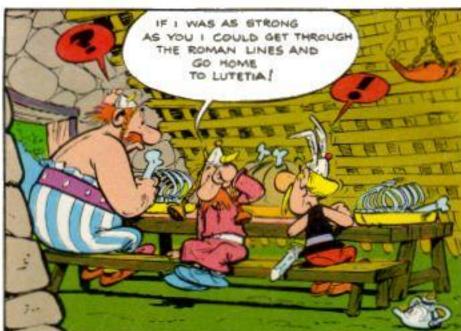






THAT'S NOT FAIR! WHAT ARE THINGS COMING TO IF ONE GAUL CAN'T TRUST ANOTHER?



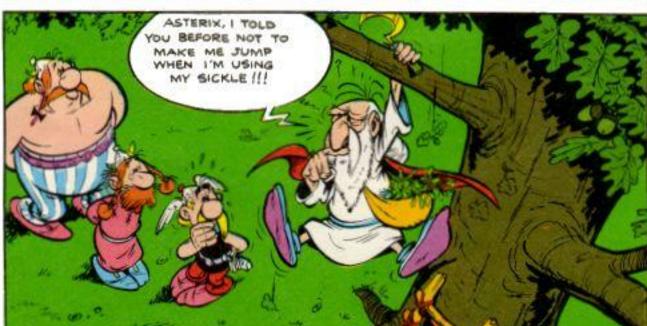








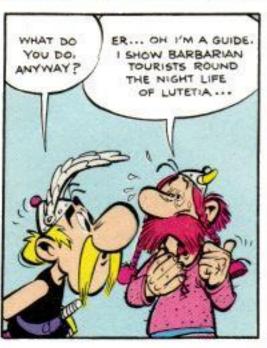


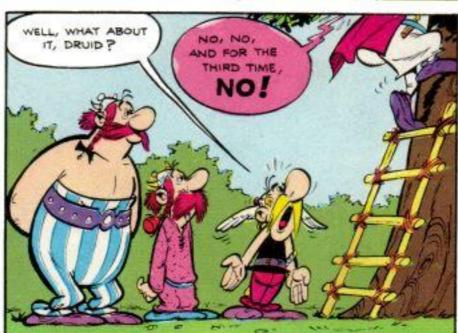




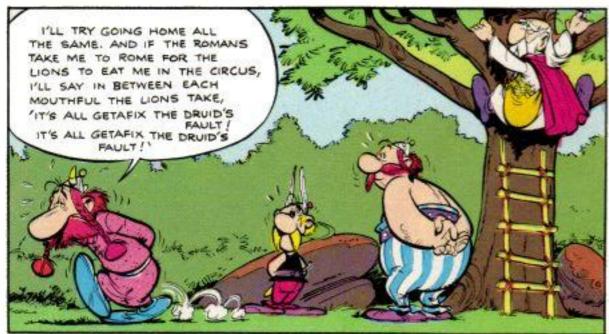


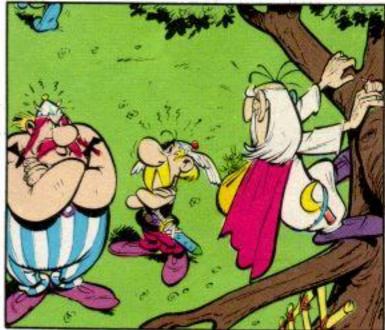






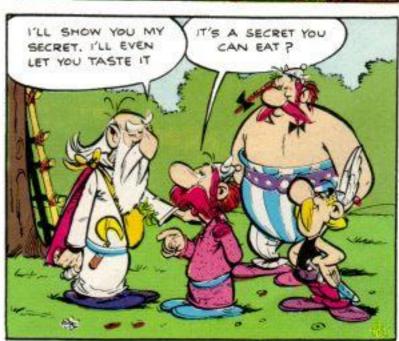


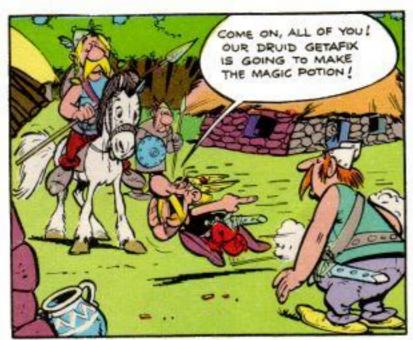




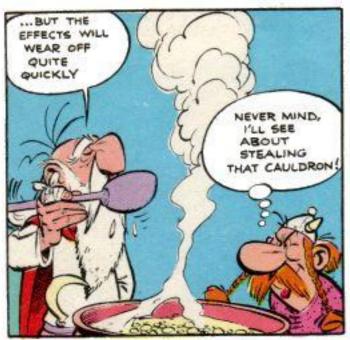


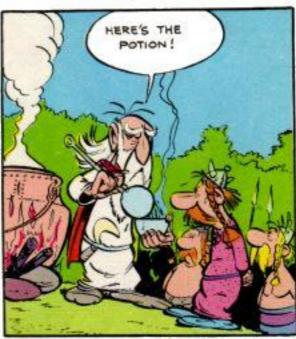








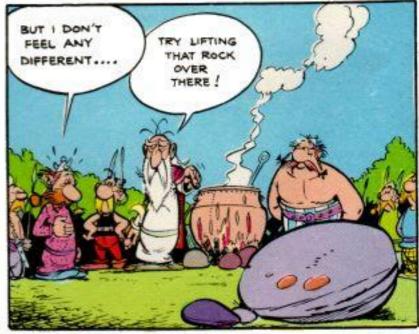


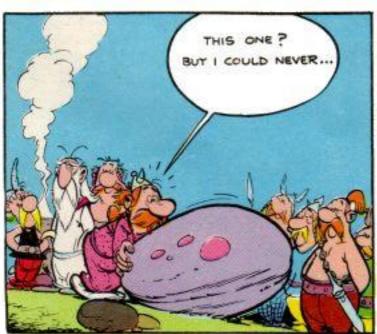










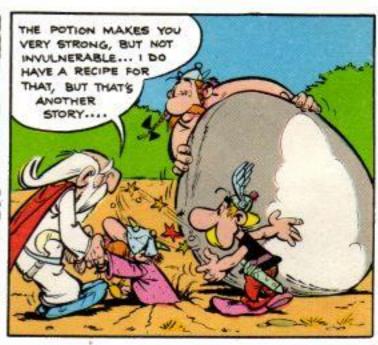












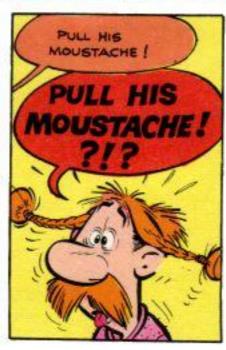


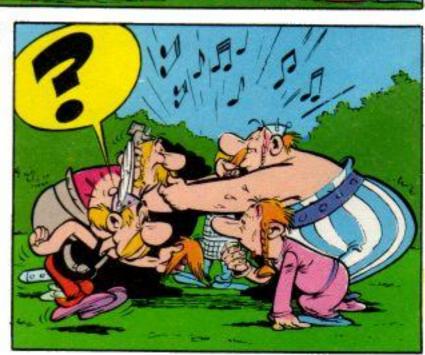


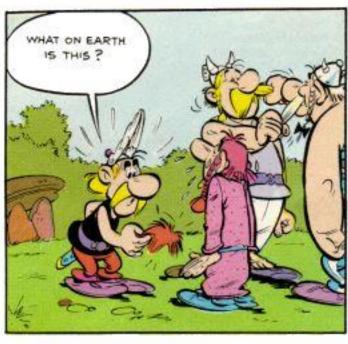






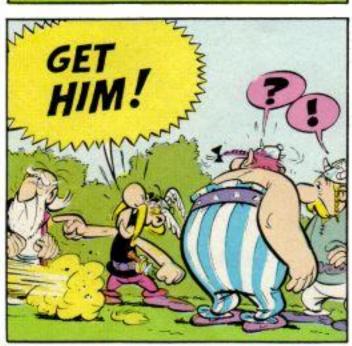




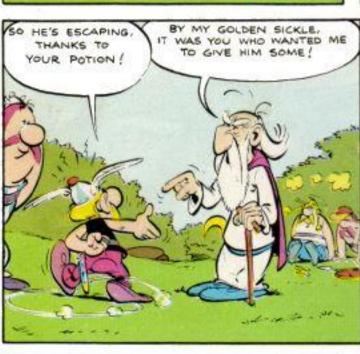














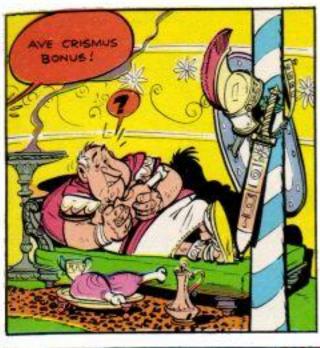


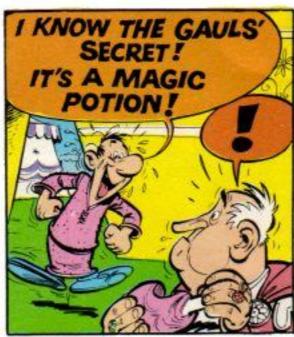




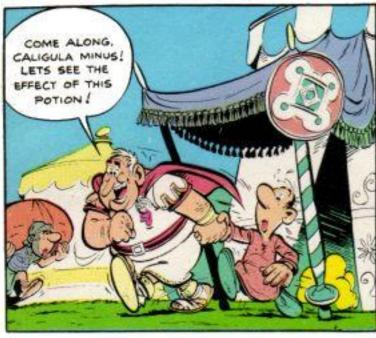










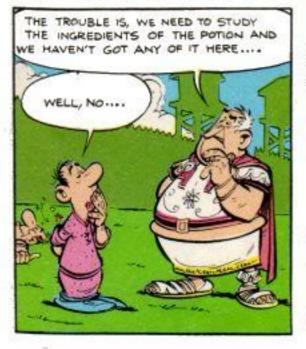






















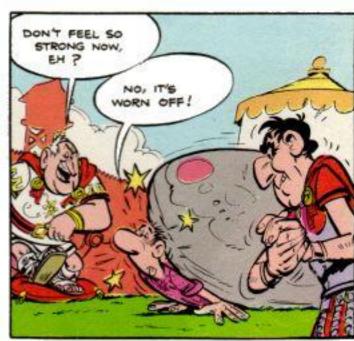
JUST KEEP HOLDING THAT ROCK, CALIGULA MINUS. WHEN IT GETS TOO HEAVY WE'LL KNOW THE POTION HAS WORN OFF.....





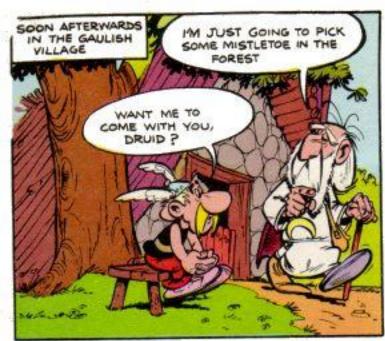


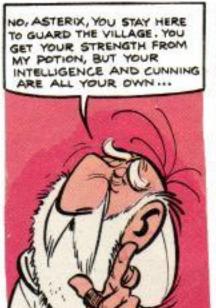




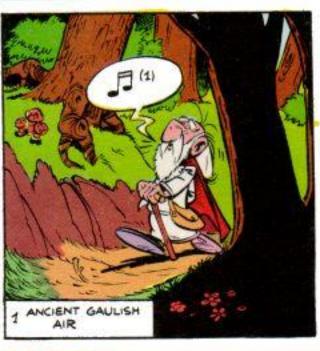








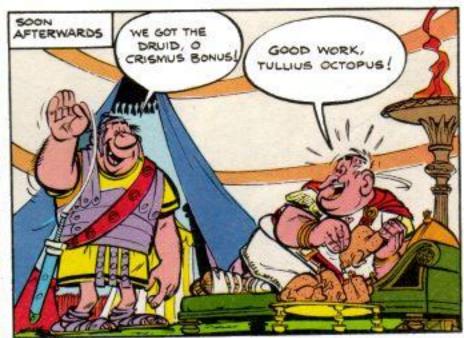








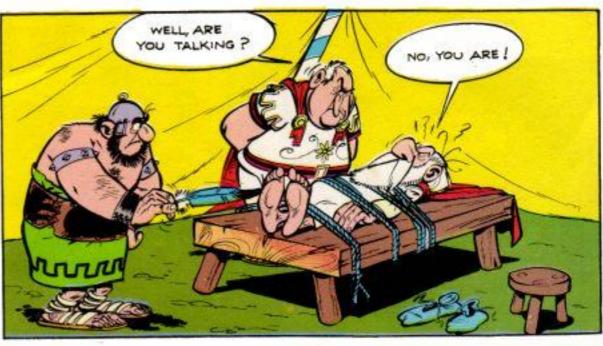




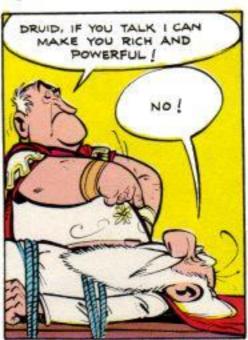


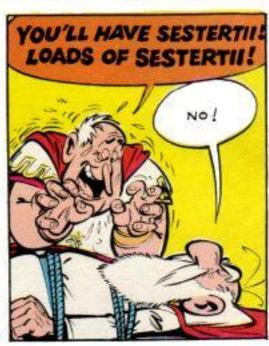






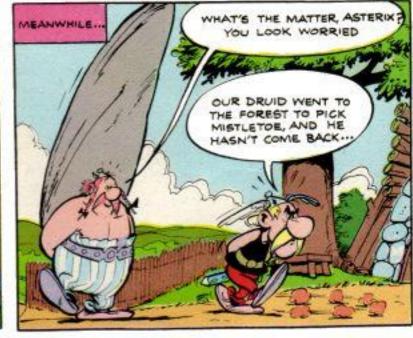


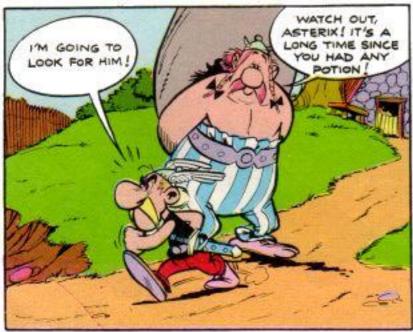


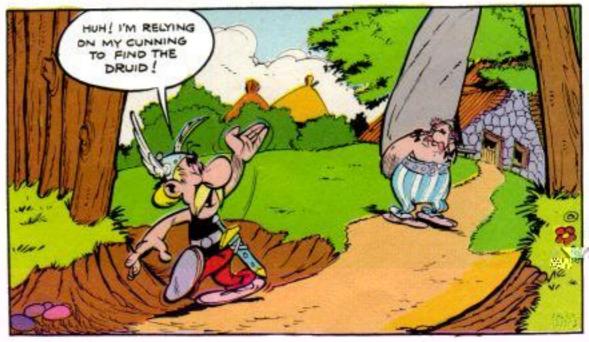


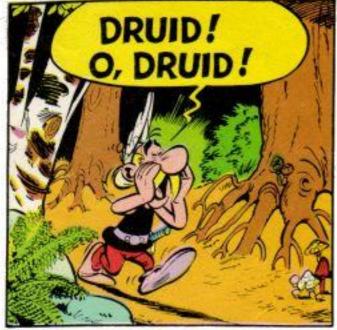






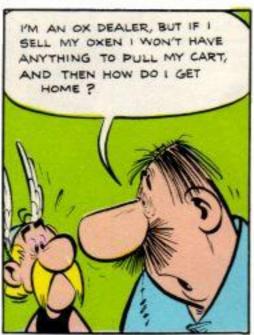


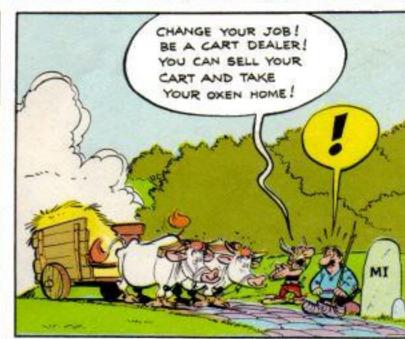






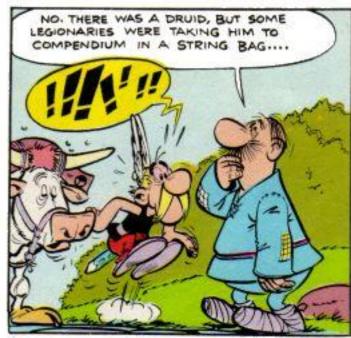








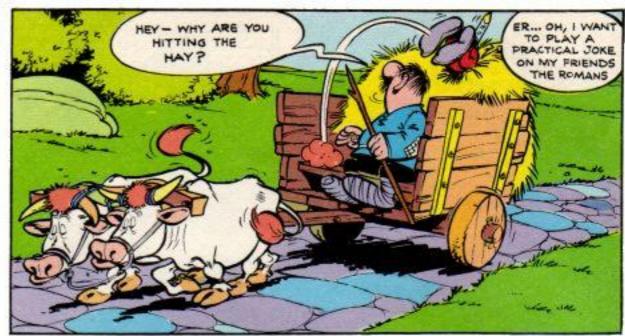






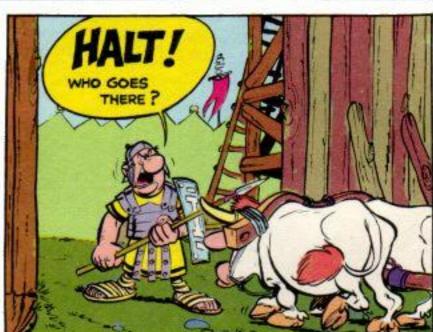


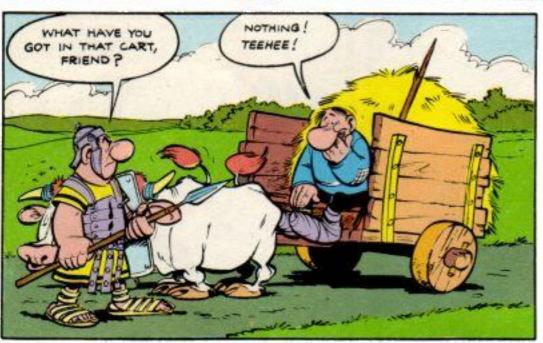










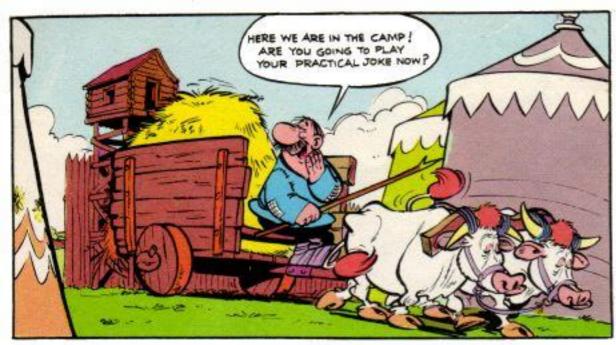


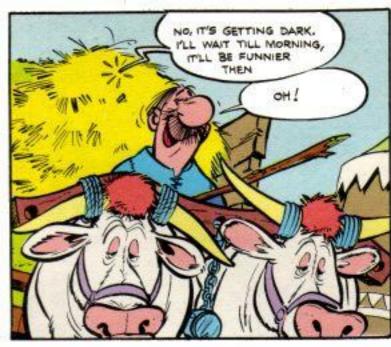












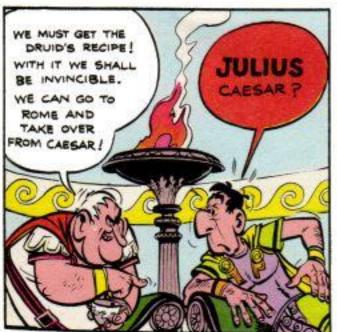




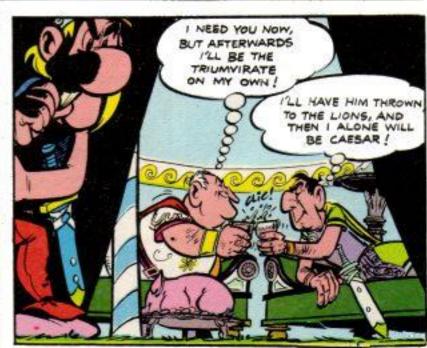






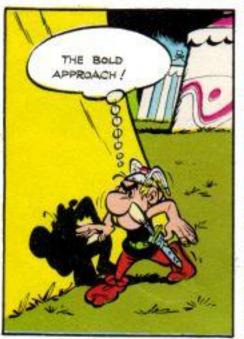


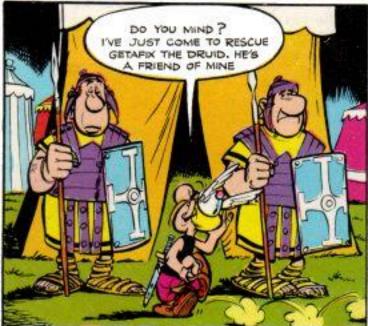








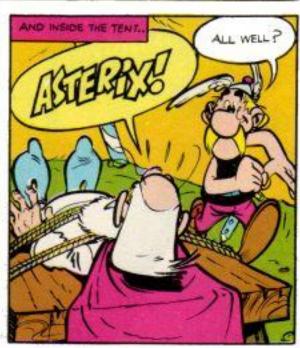


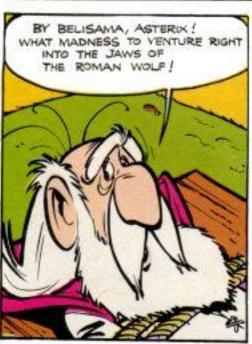


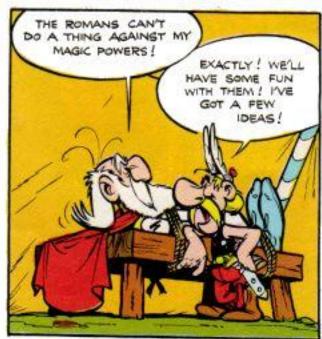




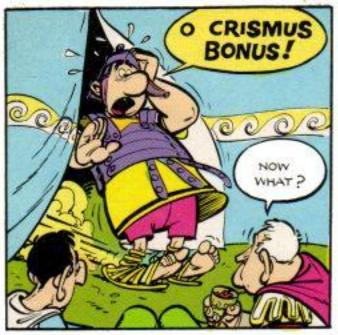


















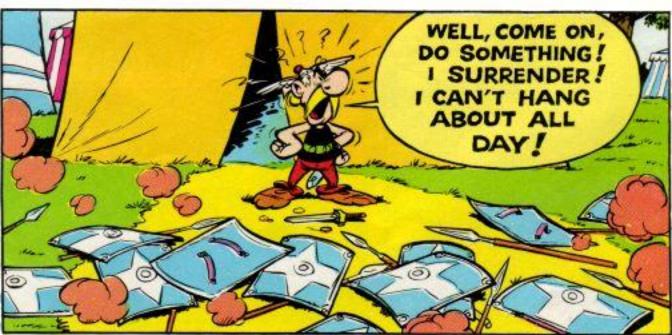






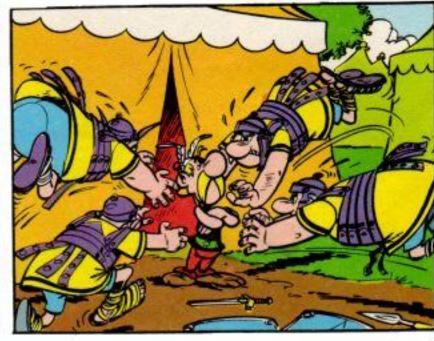










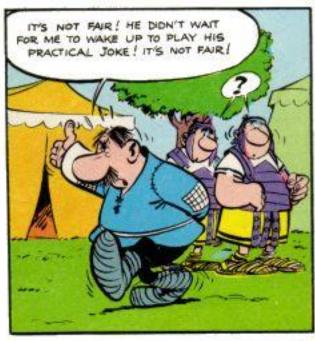






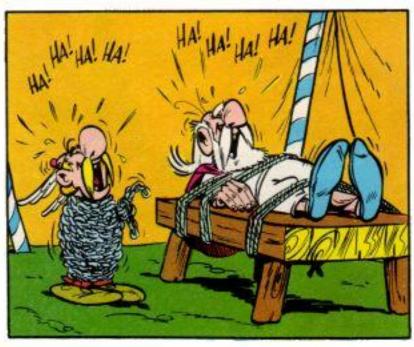










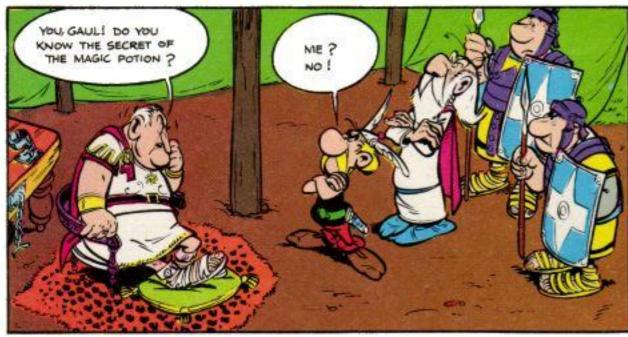




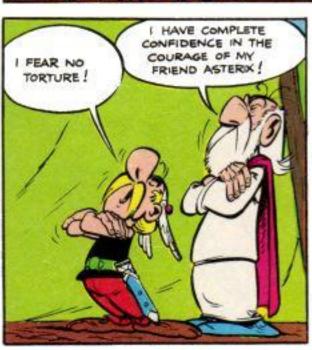


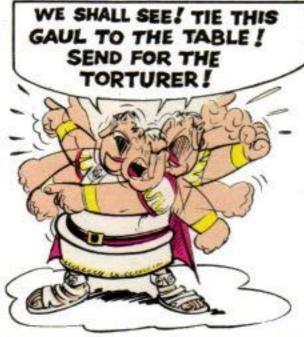




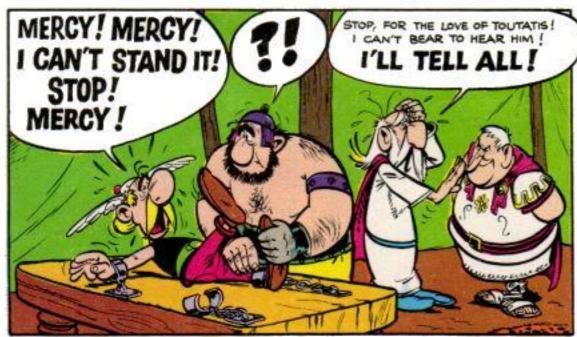


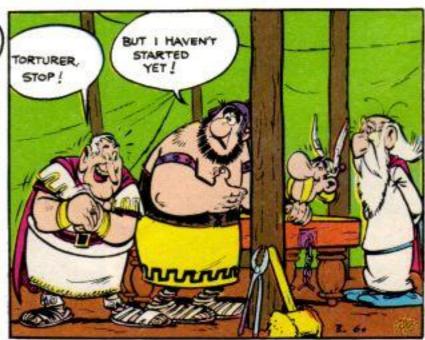


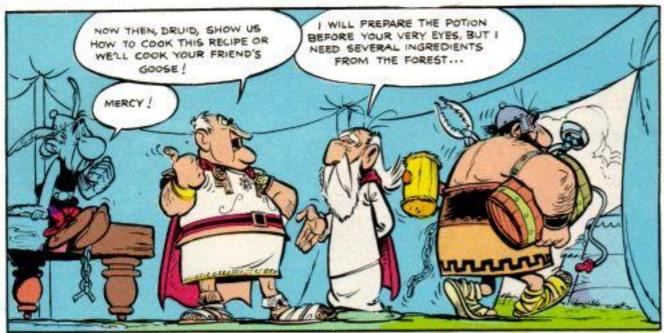
















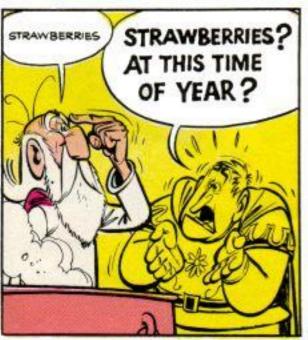














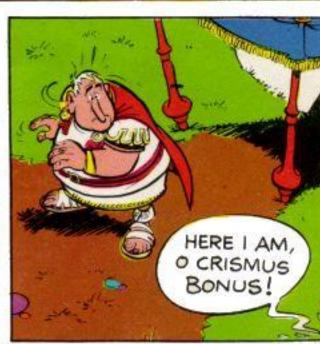
















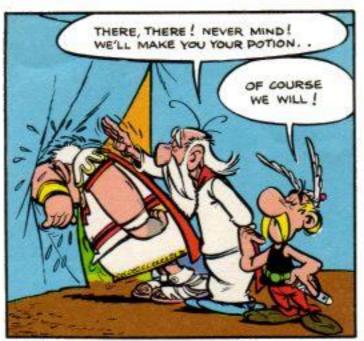










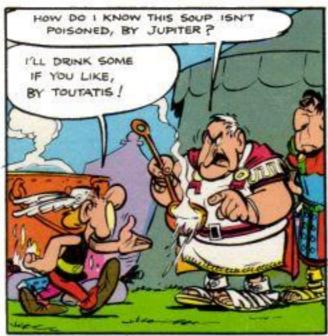


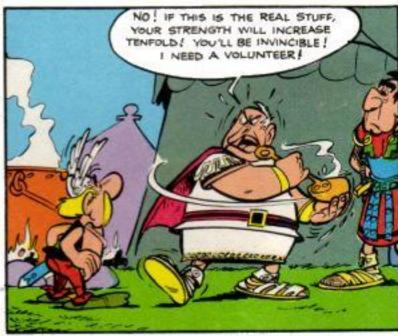








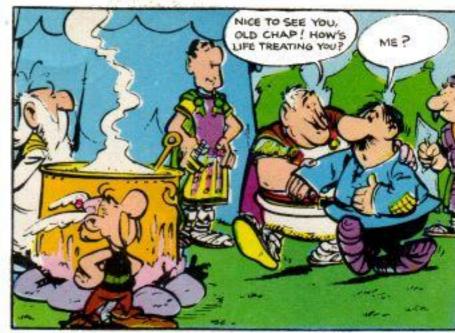












NOT TOO WELL! I MET A MAN WHO SAID I'D SELL MY CART AT COMPENDIUM AND SO HE GOT ME TO COME HERE AND NOW NO ONE WANTS TO BUY MY CART AND I NEED MY OXEN ...











