

R. GOSCINNY **Asterix** A. UDERZO

Asterix and the MISSING SCROLL

Written by Jean-Yves FERRI

Illustrated by Didier CONRAD



GOSCINNY AND UDERZO
PRESENT
An Asterix Adventure

ASTERIX AND THE MISSING SCROLL

Written by JEAN-YVES FERRI

Illustrated by DIDIER CONRAD

Translated by ANTHEA BELL



Colour by THIERRY MÉBARKI

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THE YEAR IS 50 BC. GAUL IS ENTIRELY OCCUPIED BY THE ROMANS. WELL, NOT ENTIRELY ... ONE SMALL VILLAGE OF INDOMITABLE GAULS STILL HOLDS OUT AGAINST THE INVADERS. AND LIFE IS NOT EASY FOR THE ROMAN LEGIONARIES WHO GARRISON THE FORTIFIED CAMPS OF TOTORUM, AQUARIUM, LAUDANUM AND COMPENDIUM ...



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. HIS CONSTANT COMPANION IS DOGMATIX, THE ONLY KNOWN CANINE ECOLOGIST, WHO HOWLS WITH DESPAIR WHEN A TREE IS CUT DOWN.



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 . . .



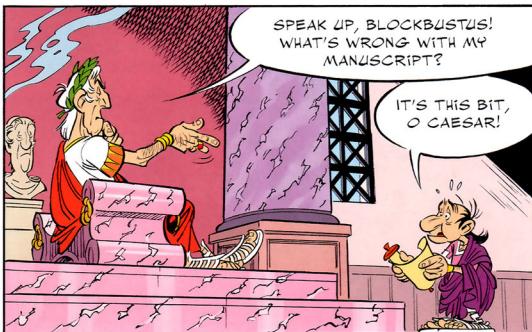
CACOFONIX, THE BARD. OPINION IS DIVIDED AS TO HIS MUSICAL GIFTS. CACOFONIX THINKS HE'S A GENIUS. EVERYONE ELSE THINKS HE'S UNSPEAKABLE. BUT SO LONG AS HE DOESN'T SPEAK, LET ALONE SING, EVERYBODY LIKES HIM . . .



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.

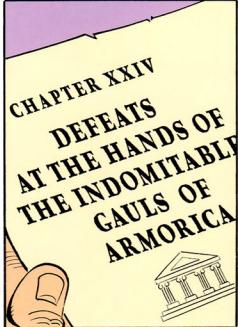
OUR STORY BEGINS IN JULIUS CAESAR'S PALACE IN ROME, JUST AS CAESAR HIMSELF IS RECEIVING HIS ADVISER AND PUBLISHER, THE ELOQUENT LIBELLUS BLOCKBUSTUS ...

COMMENTARIES ON THE WAR WITH THE GAULS. NOW THERE'S A SNAPPY TITLE, O CAESAR! I FORESEE A RUNAWAY SUCCESS!



SPEAK UP, BLOCKBUSTUS! WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY MANUSCRIPT?

IT'S THIS BIT, O CAESAR!



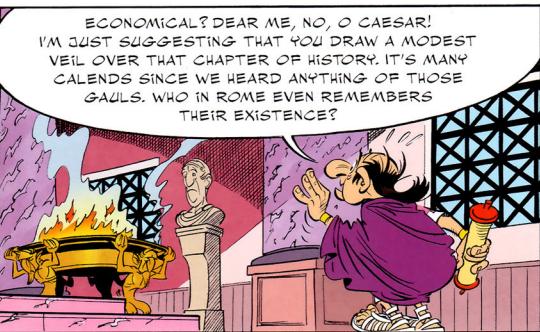
YES, I KNOW, BY JUPITER, BUT SAD TO SAY THOSE ARE THE HISTORICAL FACTS!



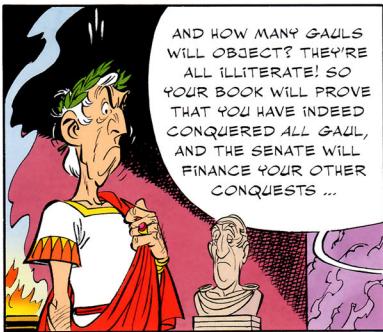
CUT THE CHAPTER, O CAESAR! IT'S A STAIN ON YOUR CURRICULUM VITAE.



YOU WANT CAESAR TO BE ECONOMICAL WITH THE TRUTH?



ECONOMICAL? DEAR ME, NO, O CAESAR! I'M JUST SUGGESTING THAT YOU DRAW A MODEST VEIL OVER THAT CHAPTER OF HISTORY. IT'S MANY CALENDS SINCE WE HEARD ANYTHING OF THOSE GAULS. WHO IN ROME EVEN REMEMBERS THEIR EXISTENCE?



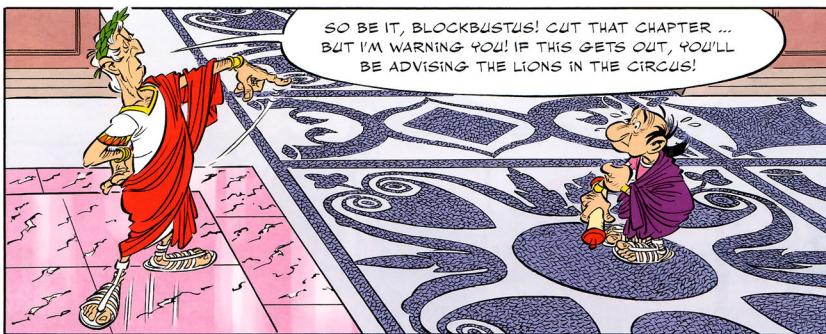
AND HOW MANY GAULS WILL OBJECT? THEY'RE ALL ILLITERATE! SO YOUR BOOK WILL PROVE THAT YOU HAVE INDEED CONQUERED ALL GAUL, AND THE SENATE WILL FINANCE YOUR OTHER CONQUESTS ...



DEVILISHLY CLEVER, BLOCKBUSTUS! IT'S TEMPTING ...



MODERN WRITING IS A ROLLED SCROLL TO ME.



NEVER FEAR, O CAESAR!
ALL MY SCRIBES ARE
MUTE. NOT NEWS OF
YOUR CHAPTER ABOUT
THE GAULS GET OUT?
NOT THE GHOST OF
A CHANCE!

THE MUTE NUMIDIAN SCRIBES* ARE LET
INTO THE SECRET AT ONCE, AND ALL
COPIES OF THE CHAPTER ARE SEIZED ...

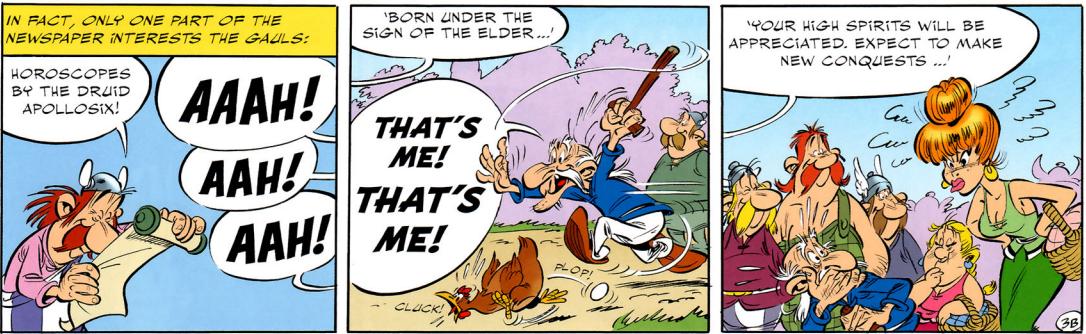
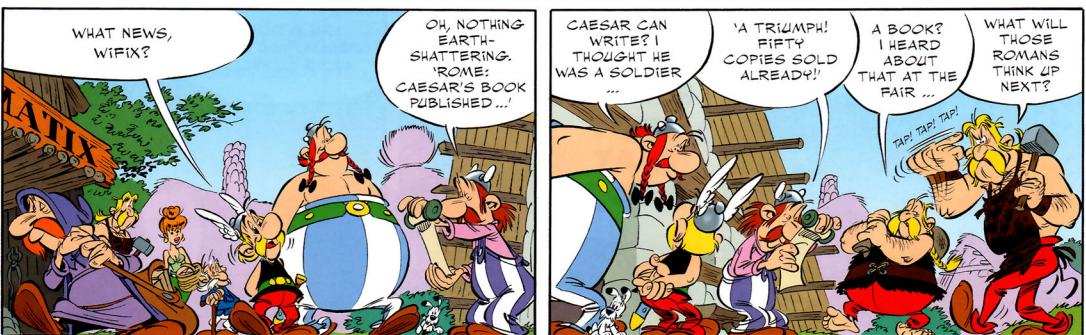
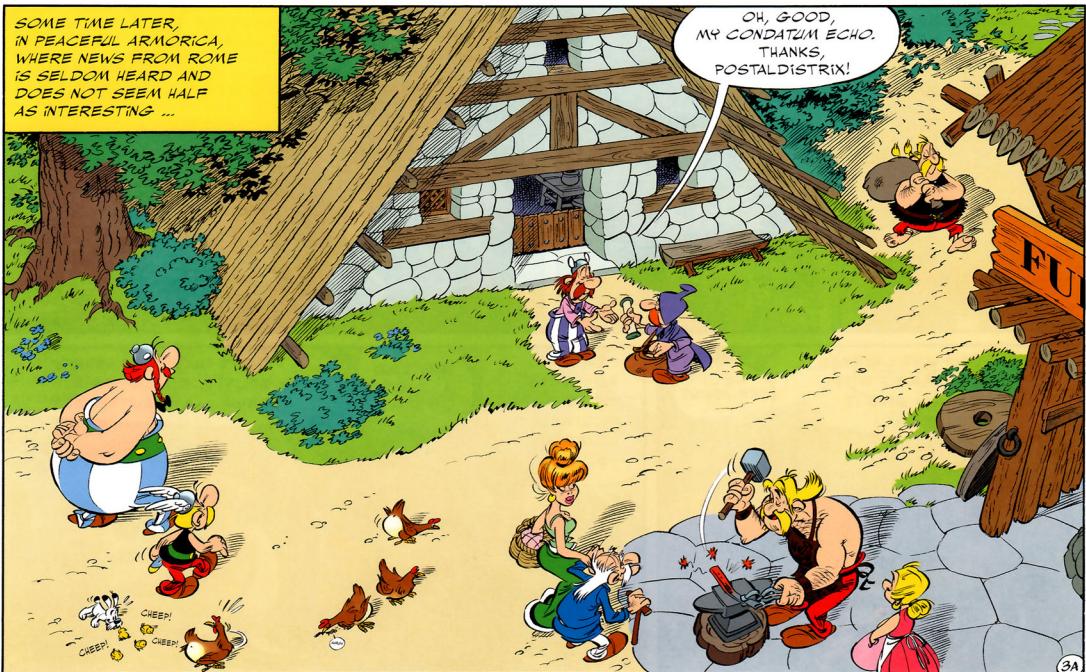


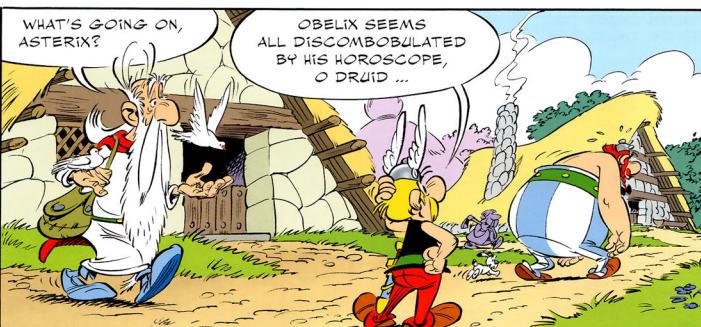
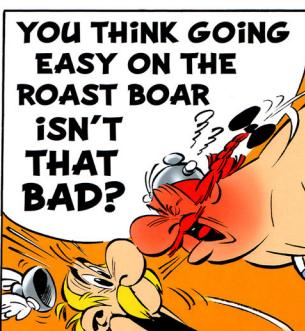
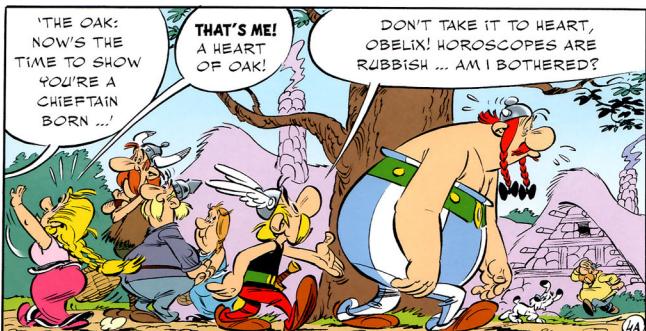
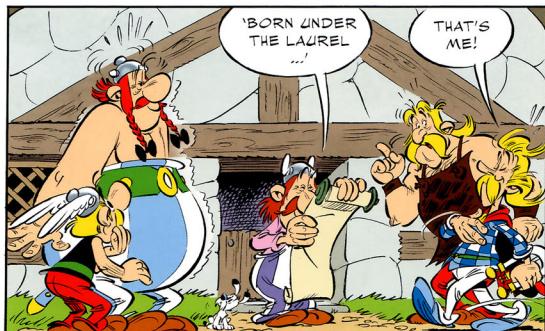
PROTESTS FALL ON DEAF
EARS. A MUTE SCRIBE HAS
NO VOICE IN THE MATTER.

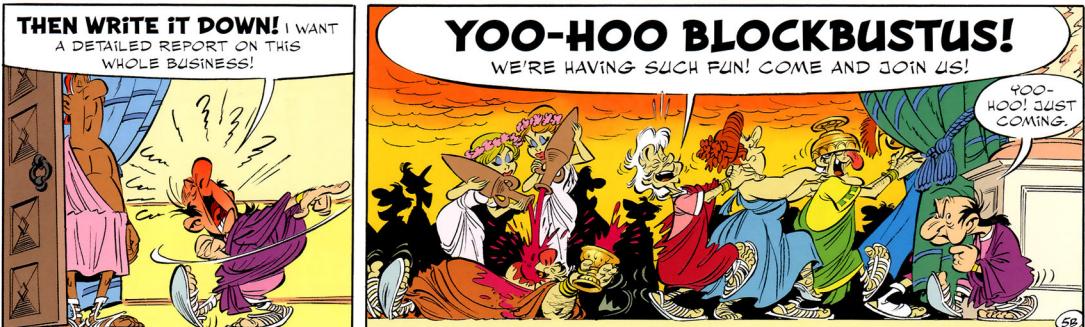
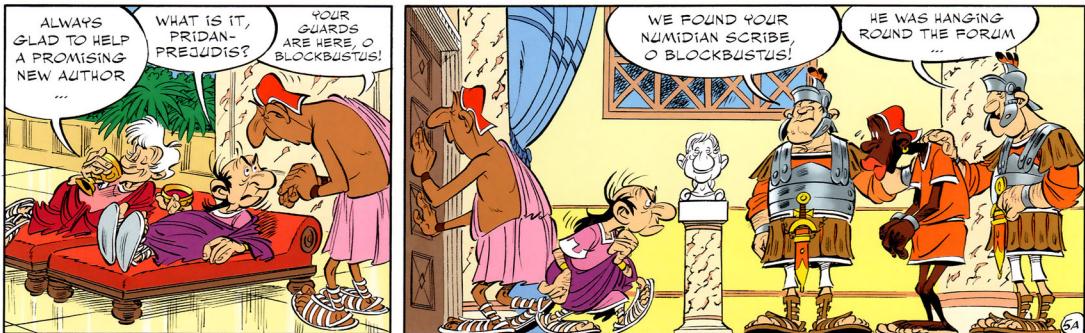


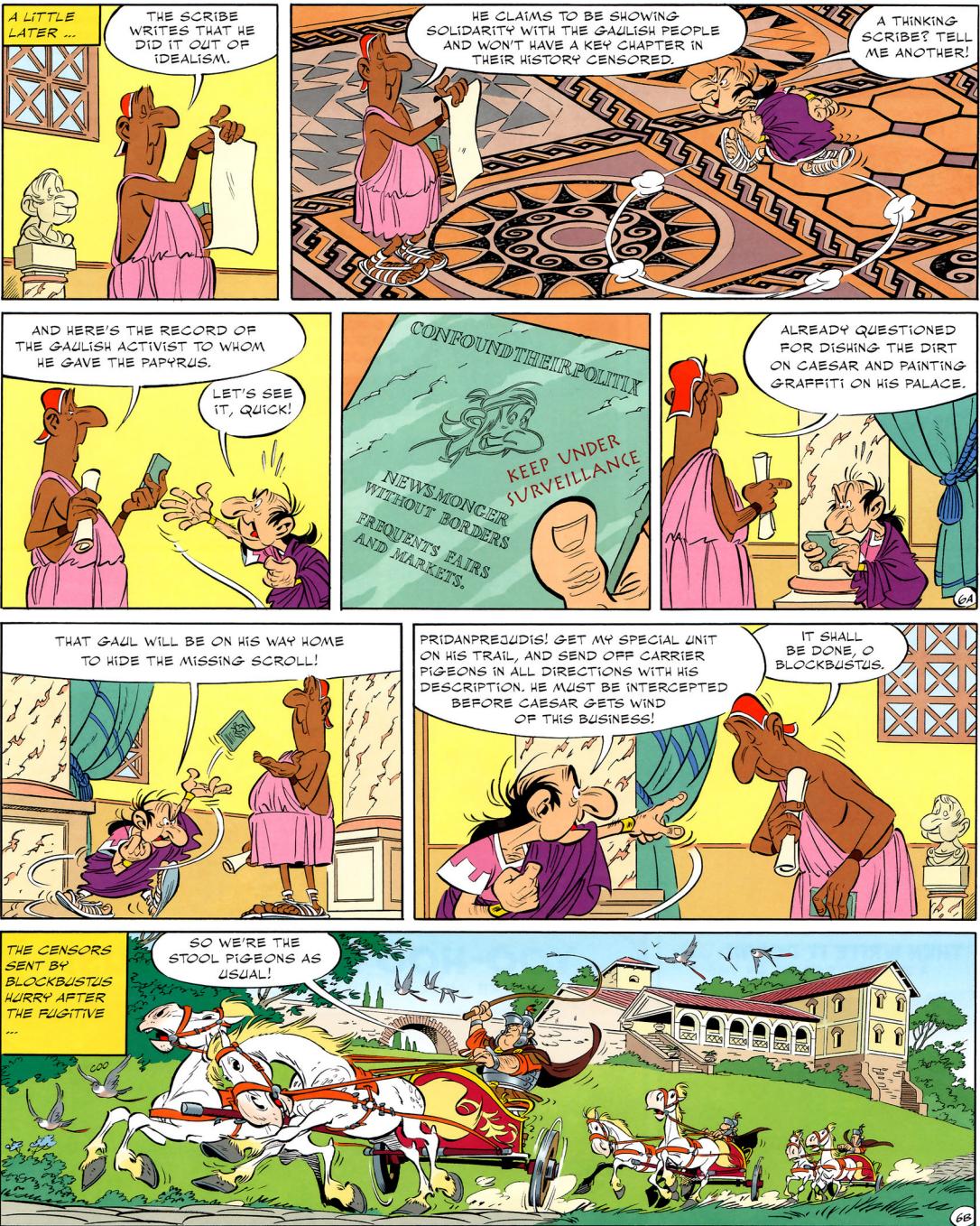
WE KNOW THE REST: CAESAR'S BOOK, IN ITS EXPURGATED VERSION,
IS A HUGE HIT. THE ACTA DIURNARIA OF ROME ALL AGREE ...





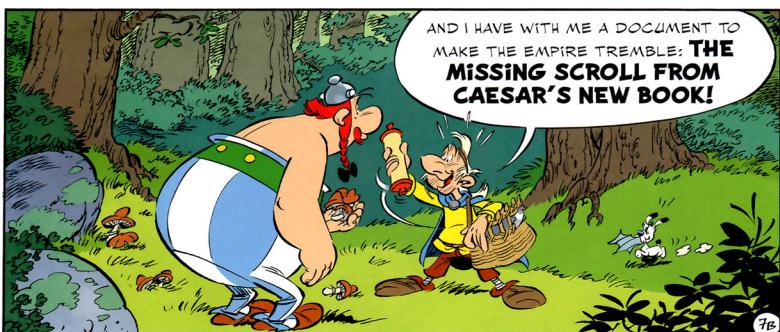
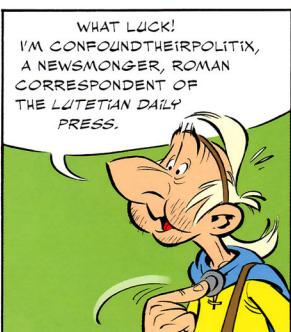
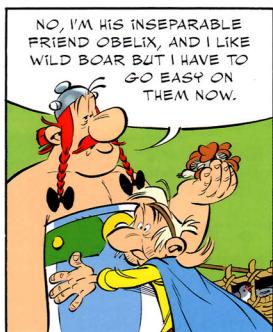


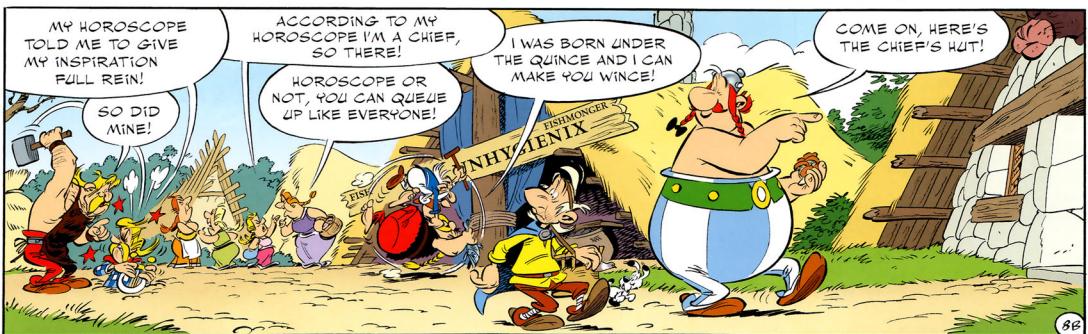
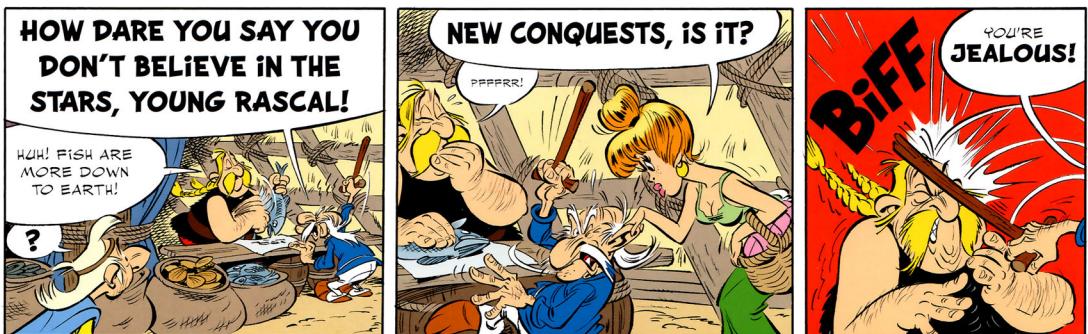
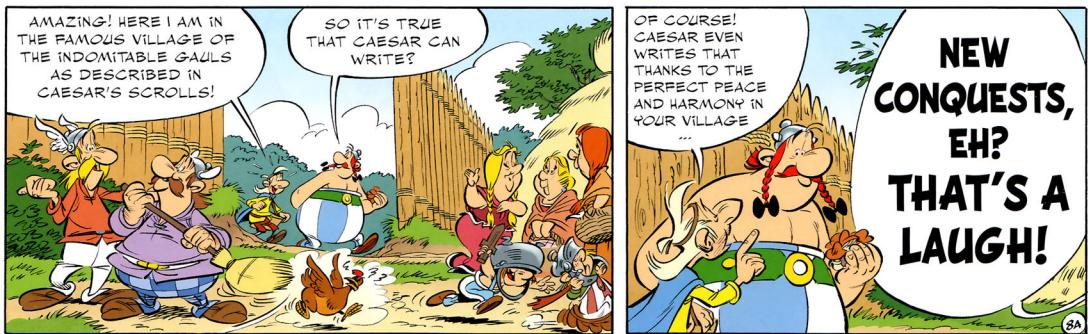
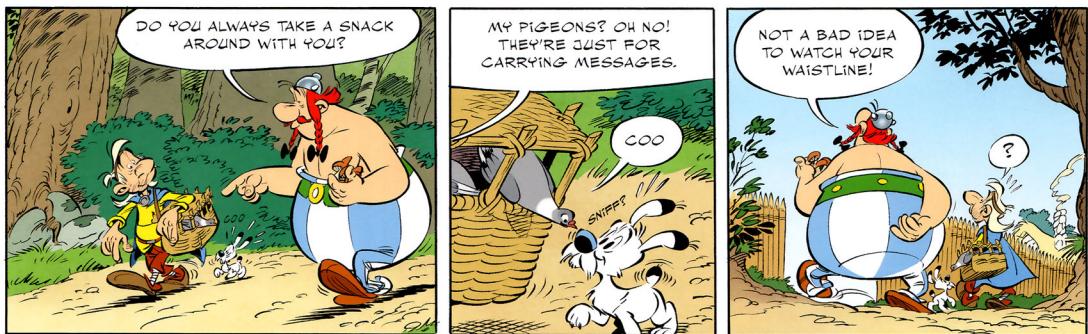


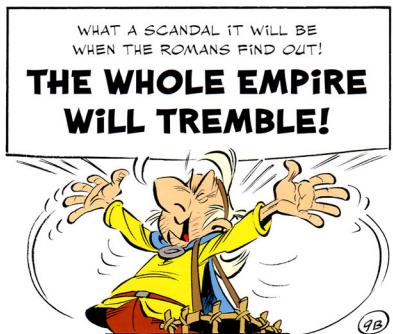
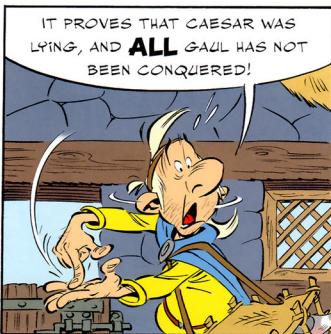
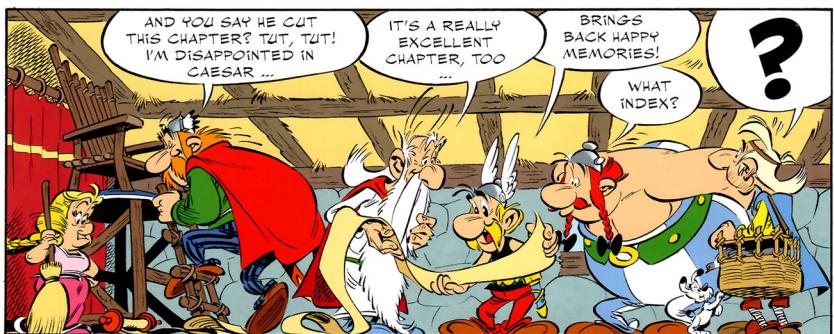
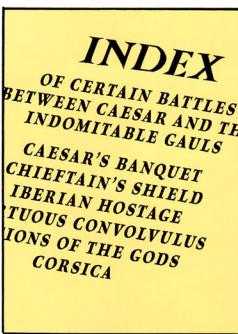
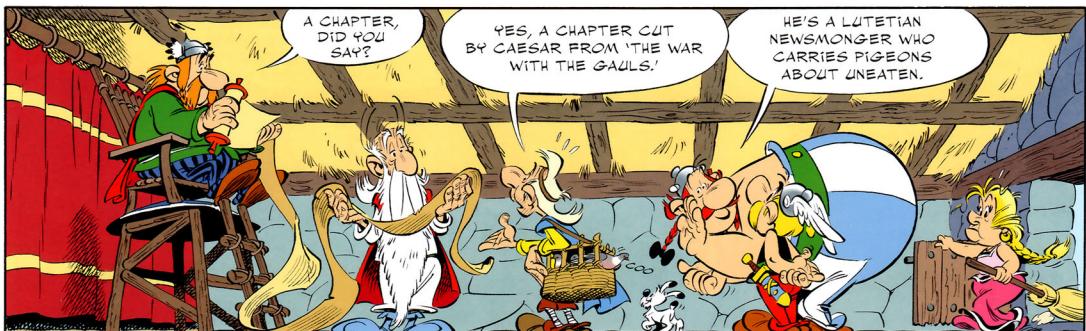


SOME TIME
LATER, IN
GAUL ...

I TELL YOU WHAT, DOGMATIX, LET'S GO MUSHROOM-HUNTING. THE DRUID APOLLOSIX'S HOROSCOPE DIDN'T BAN MUSHROOMS!



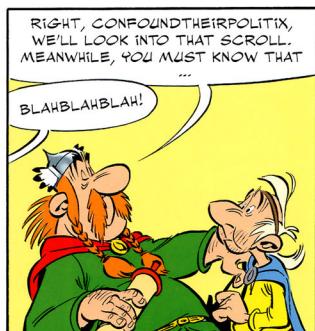
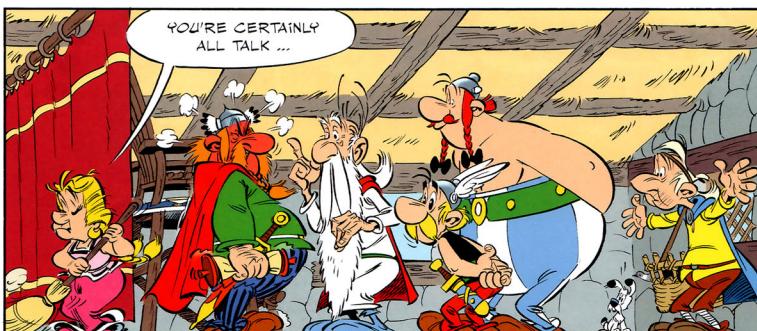
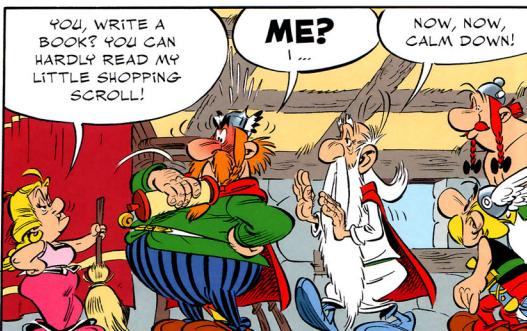
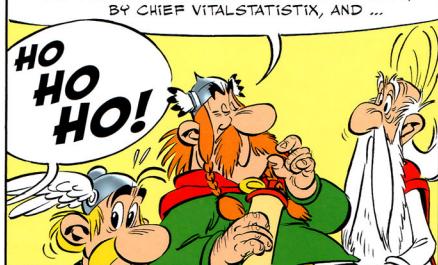




YOU MEAN PEOPLE IN ROME DON'T KNOW WE ARE STILL HOLDING OUT AGAINST THE INVADERS?

IT'S POSSIBLE. ROME IS FAR AWAY, AND AS WE ARE RELATIVELY DISCREET ...

I KNOW! SUPPOSE I WROTE A BOOK MYSELF EXPLAINING THINGS? IT WOULD BE CALLED 'COMMENTARIES ON THE WAR WITH CAESAR', BY CHIEF VITALSTATISTIX, AND ...



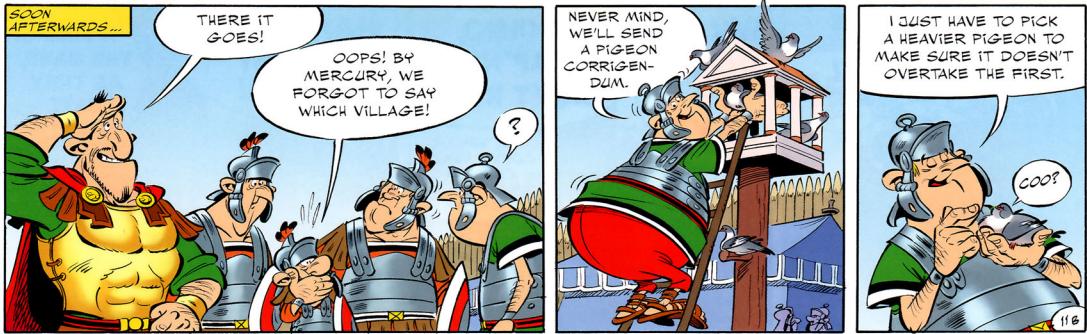
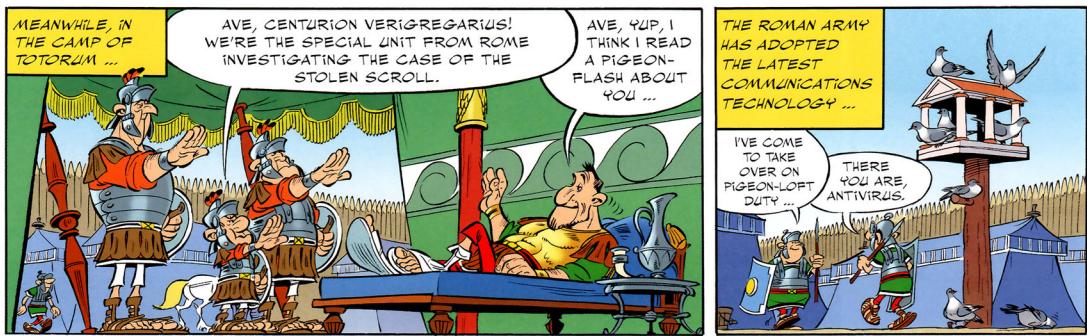
IMPEDIMENTA! I'M THE CHIEF AROUND HERE, AND WHEN THE CHIEF IS SPEAKING ...

HOW ABOUT ME? WHAT DO I DO NOW?

YOU STAY HERE WITH US WHILE THE ROMANS FORGET ABOUT THAT SCROLL ...

I HAD NO IDEA THE ROMANS WERE SO FOND OF READING!

**BLAH
BLAH
BLAH!**



THE TIME HAS COME TO
SAY A LITTLE ABOUT THIS
MODERN METHOD OF
COMMUNICATION ...



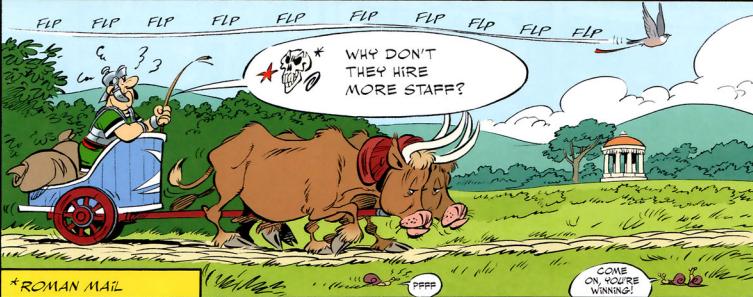
THE CARRIER PIGEON REACHES A STAGING POINT ...



... WHERE ITS MESSAGE IS TAKEN
OVER BY ANOTHER PIGEON ...



... THIS VERY RELIABLE SYSTEM IS REPLACING THE MUCH SLOWER 'CURSUS PUBLICUM' *

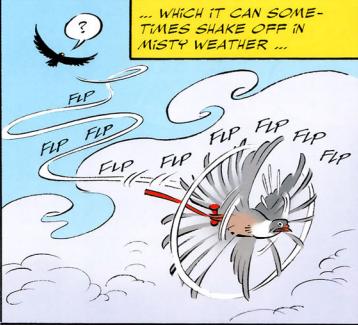


*ROMAN MAIL

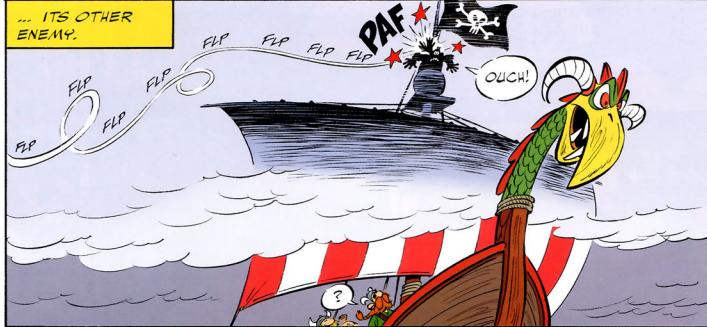
ITS MAIN ENEMY IS
STILL THE HAWK ...



... WHICH IT CAN SOME-TIMES SHAKE OFF IN MISTY WEATHER ...



... ITS OTHER ENEMY.



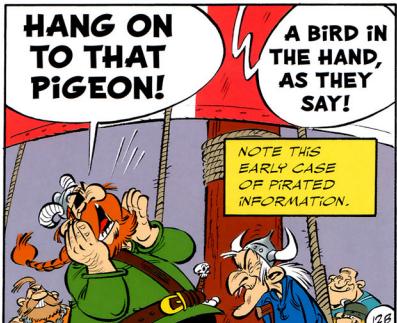
CAP'N, A PIGEON
MESSAGE JUST
CAUGHT MY EYE!

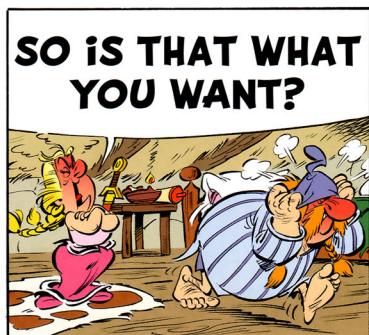
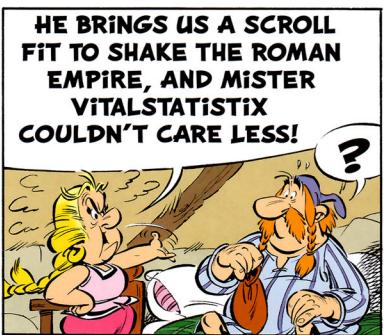
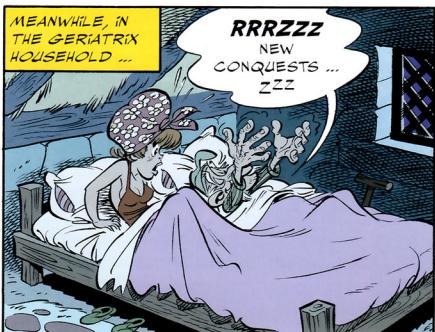


WHAT
DOES
IT
SAY?



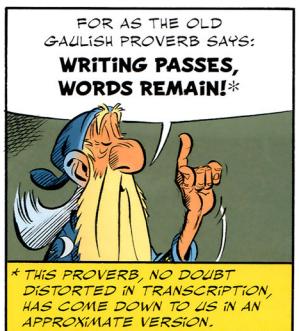
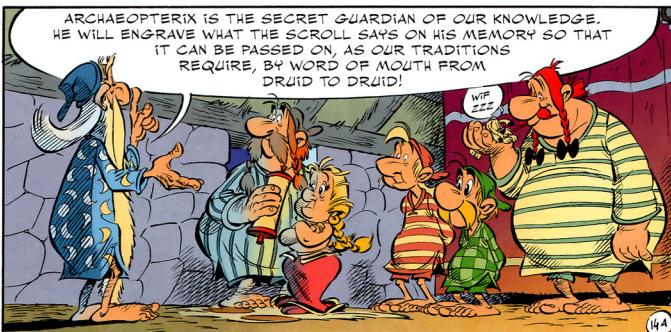
HANG ON
TO THAT
PIGEON!

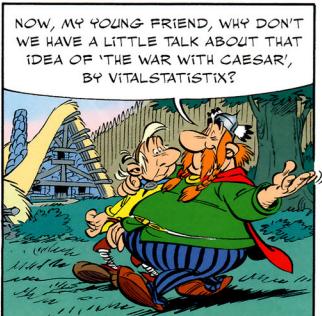
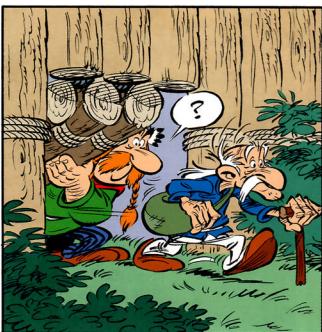
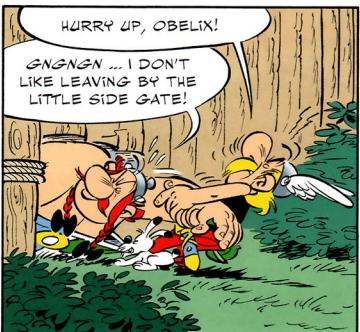


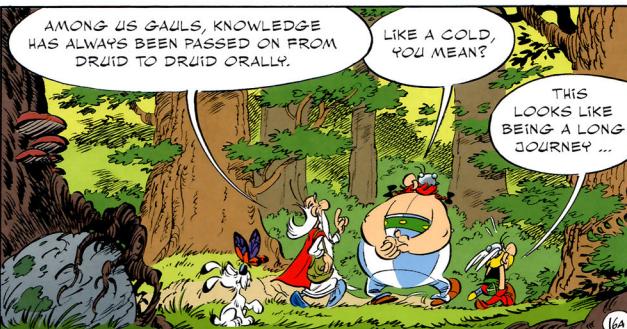
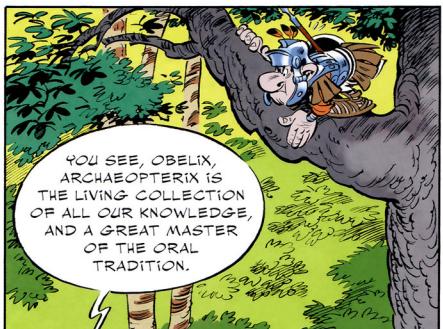
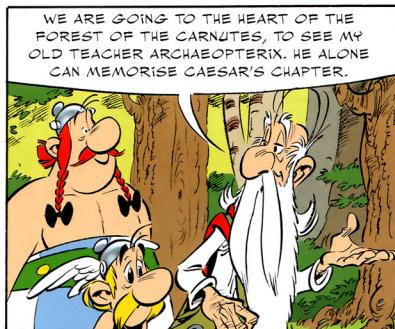


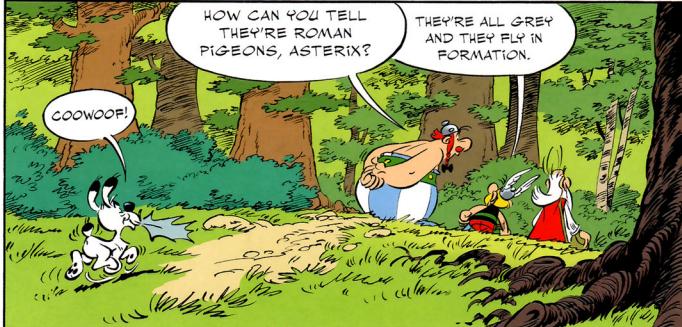
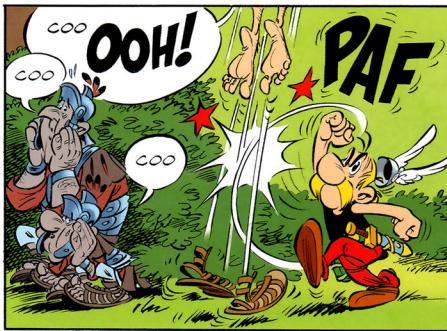
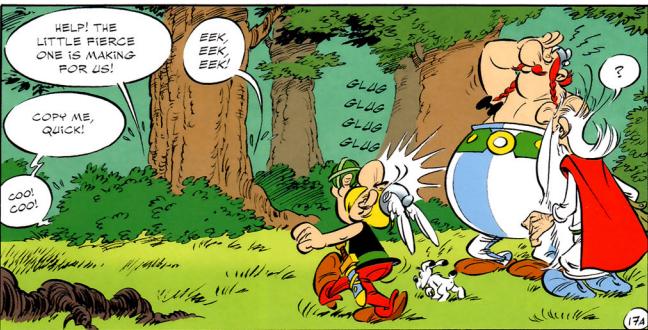
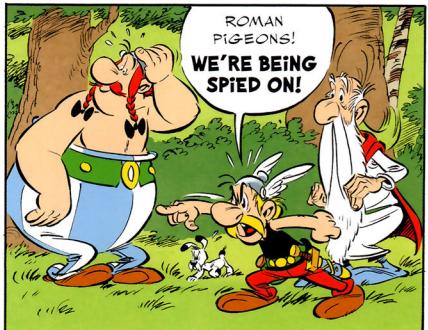
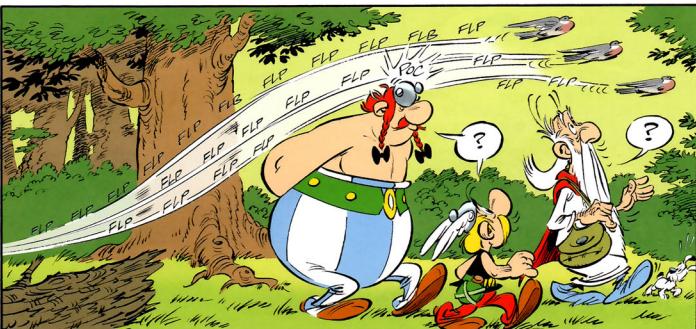


THEN THERE'S ONLY ONE SOLUTION: WE MUST
TURN TO THE DRUID ARCHAEOPTERIX WHO LIVES
IN THE FOREST OF THE CARNUTES!

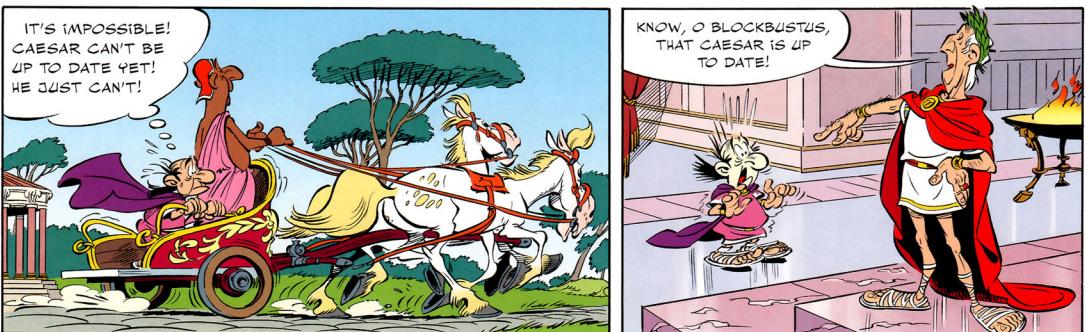


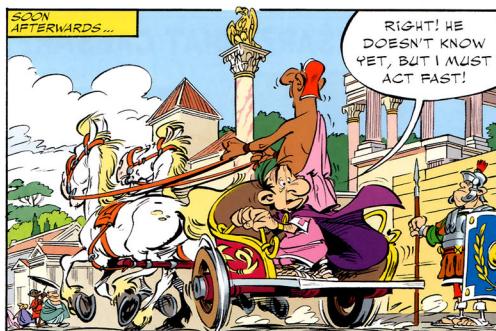
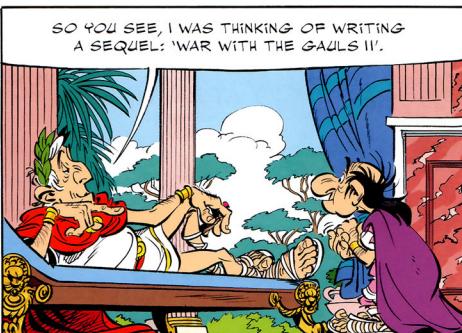
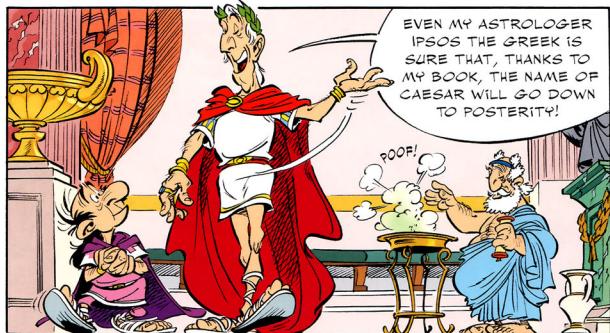


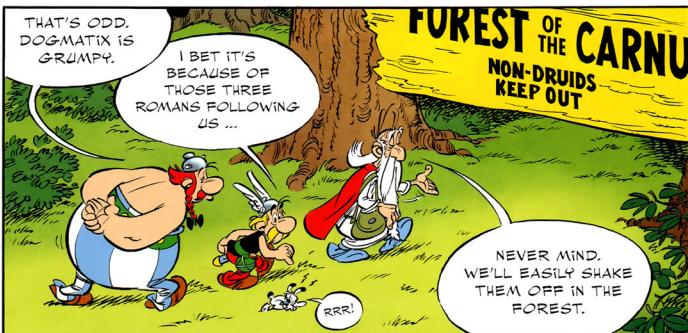
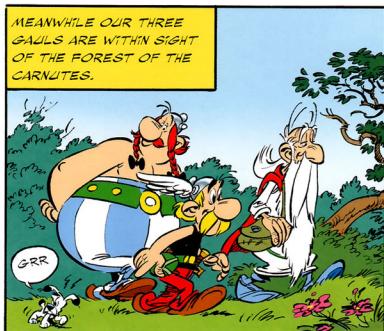


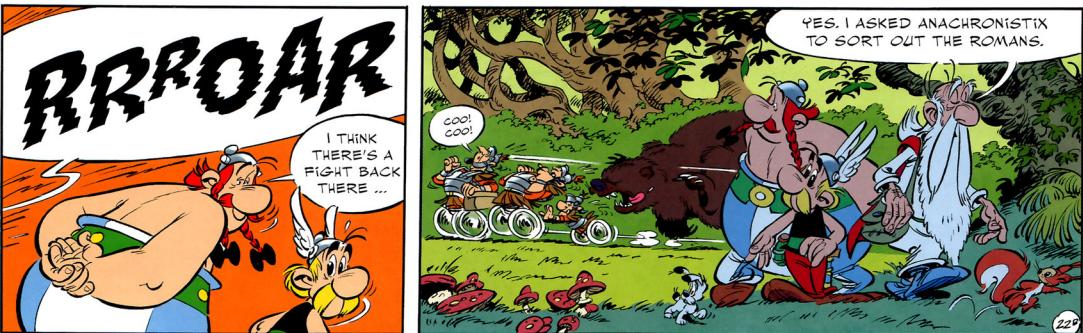
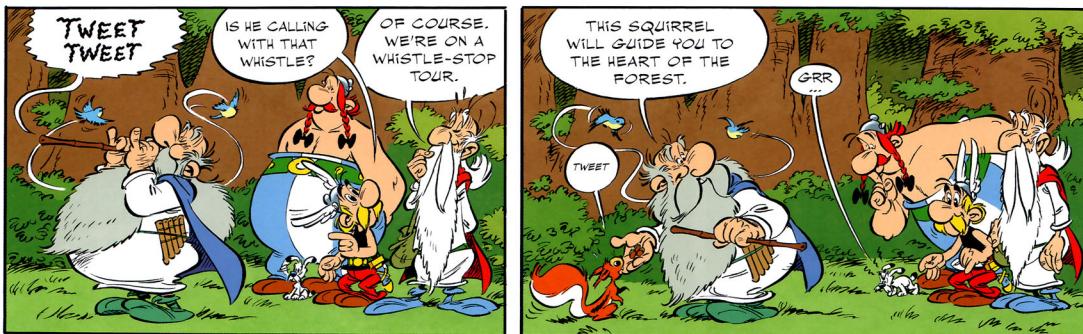


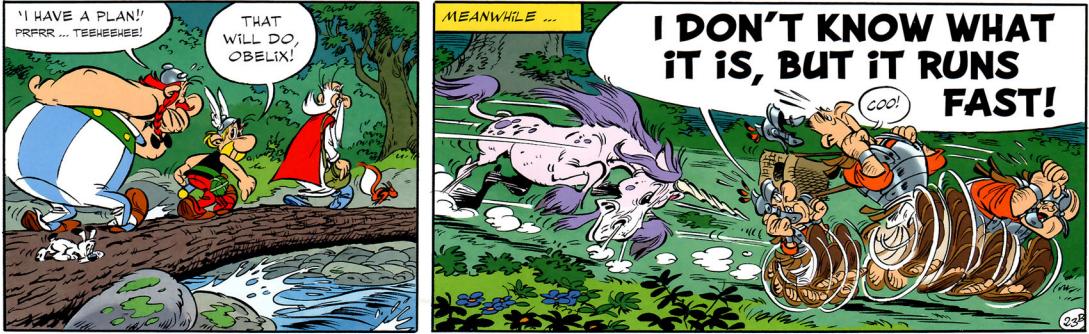
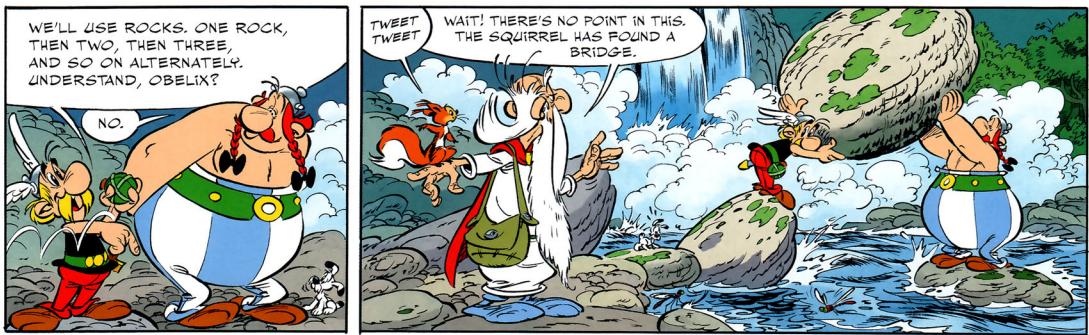
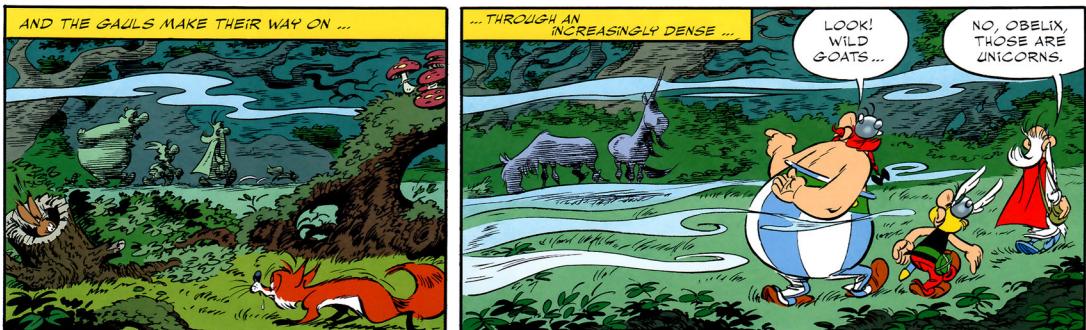


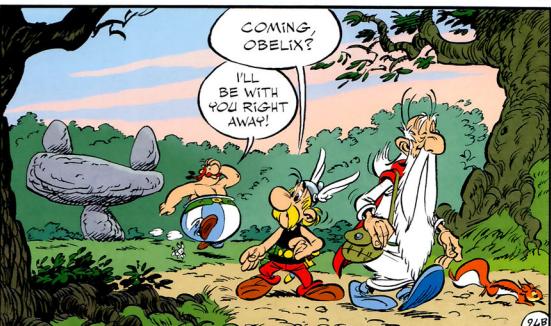
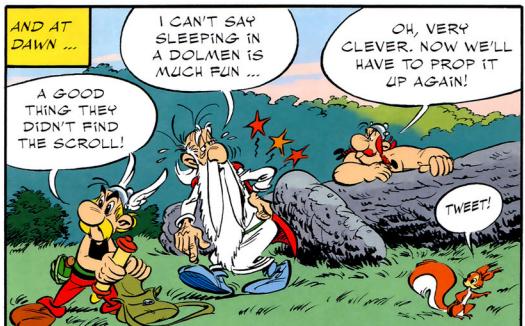
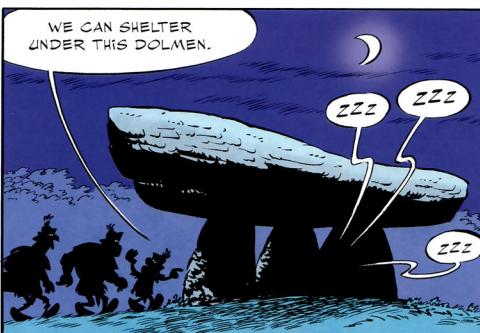
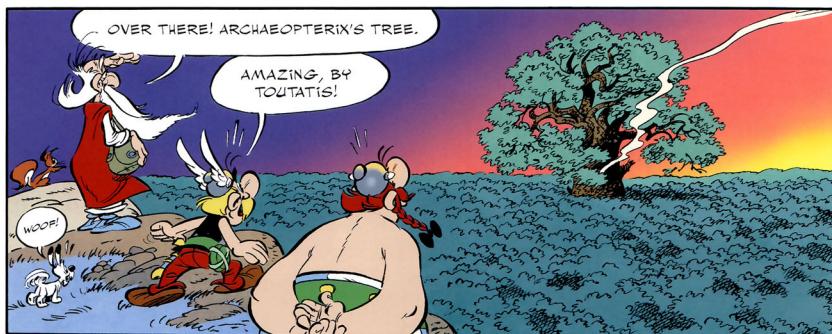


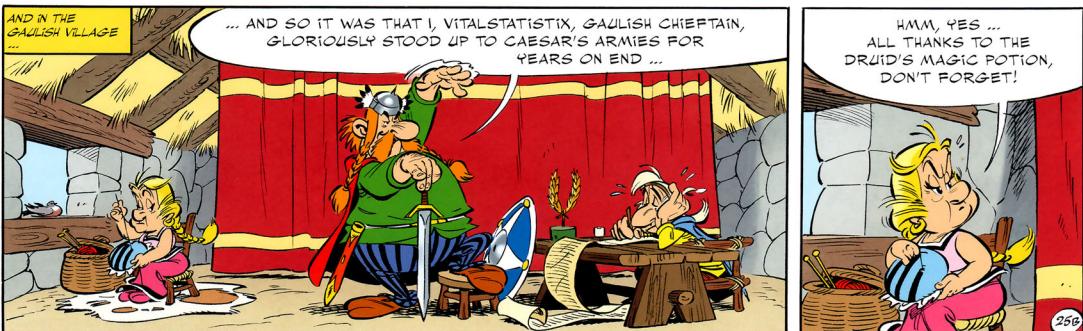


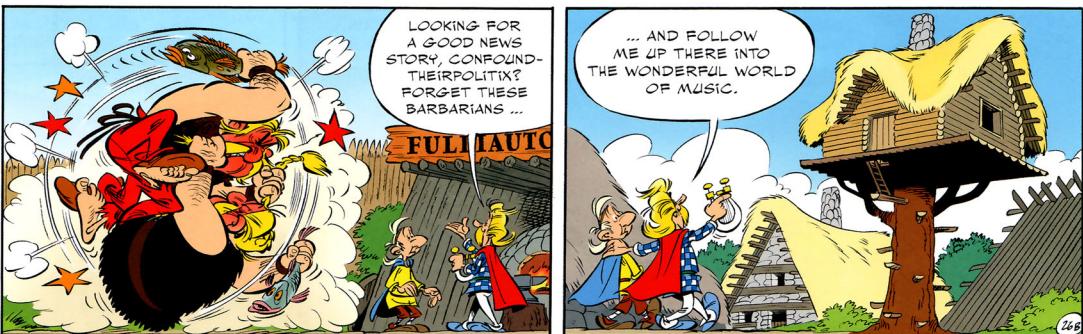
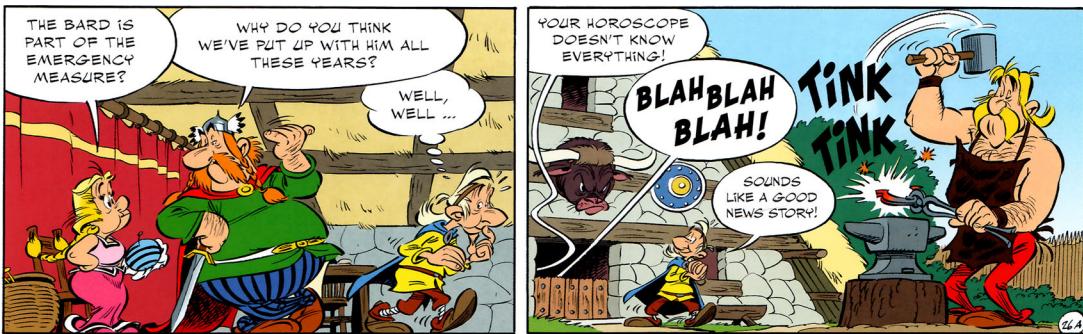
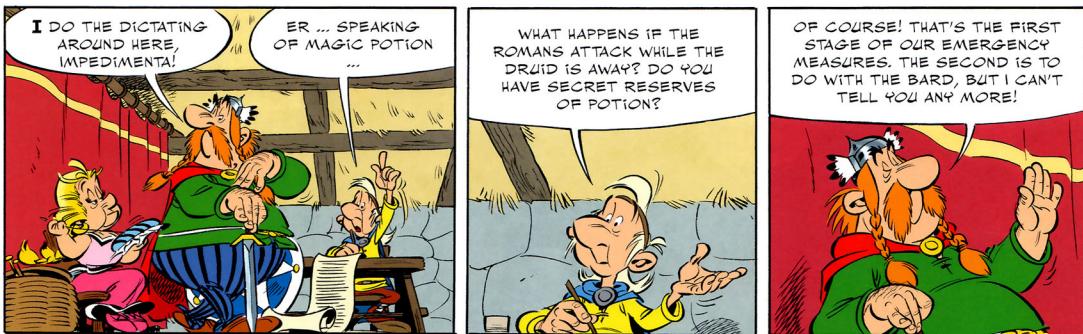






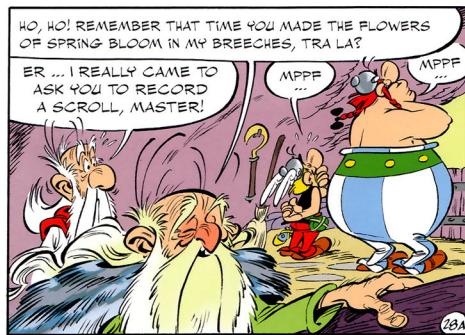
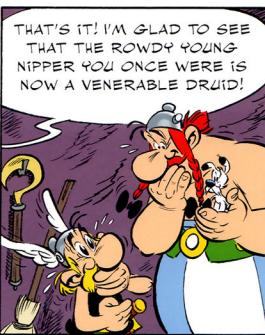
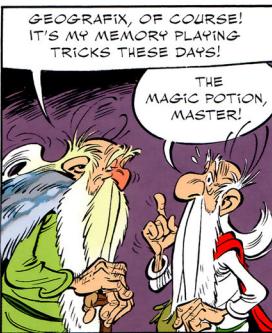






**SOON
AFTERWARDS...**

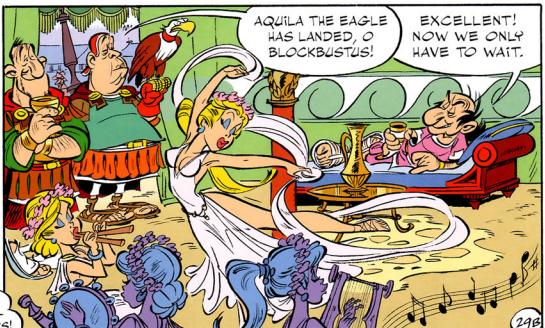


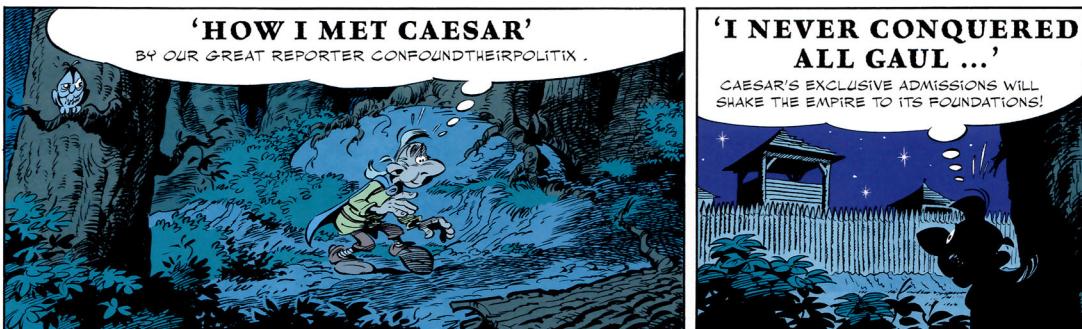
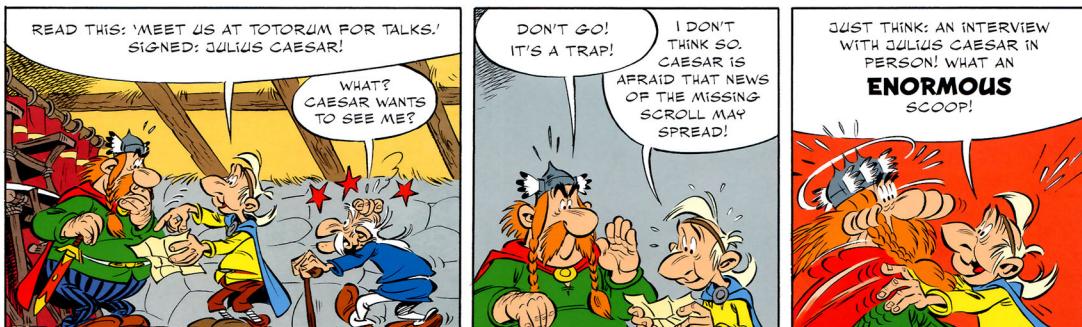


23A

SONG BY THE ANCIENT BRITISH BARD
CELTIBAN AND SCHILLARAN

23B





MEANWHILE, GETAFIX GOES ON READING THE SCROLL TO ARCHAEOPTERIX ...

'...THIS INDOMITABLE BAND CONSISTS OF UNEDUCATED AND SCRUFFY GAULS WHO KNOW NOTHING ABOUT LAW AND ORDER...'.

DOESN'T CAESAR WRITE WELL?

... 'THE BULK OF THEIR FORCES INCLUDES A FAT WARRIOR WITH RED BRAIDS CALLED OBELIX AND ...'

HONESTLY, I ASK YOU!
CAESAR WILL WRITE ANYTHING!

**BULK? FAT?
WHO IS HE CALLING FAT?**

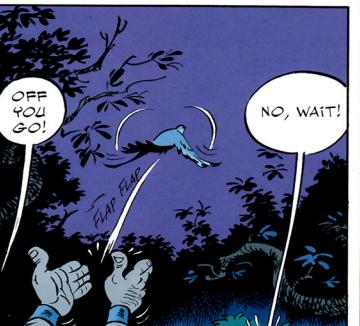
WOOF! WOOF!

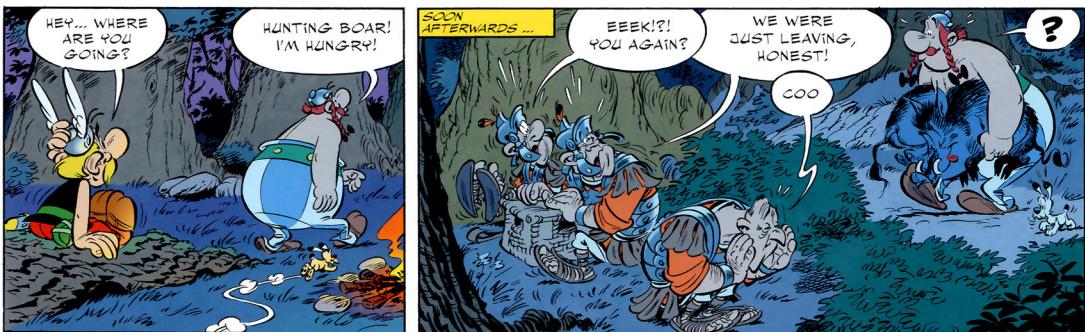
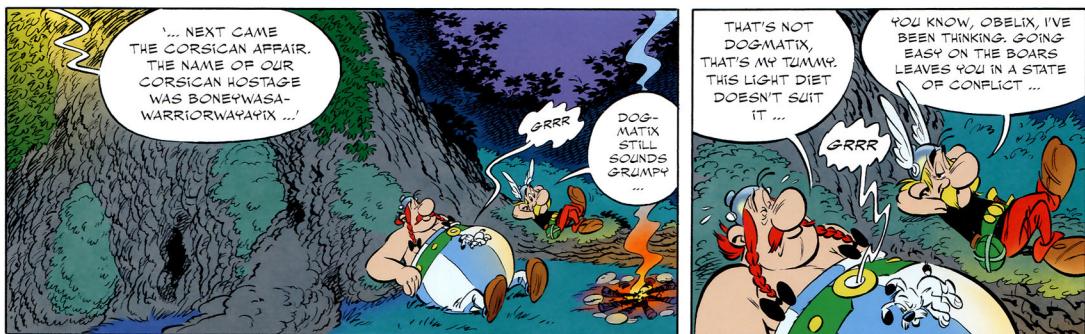
OBELIX, PLEASE KEEP QUIET! YOU'LL DISTURB OUR RECORDING OF THE SCROLL!

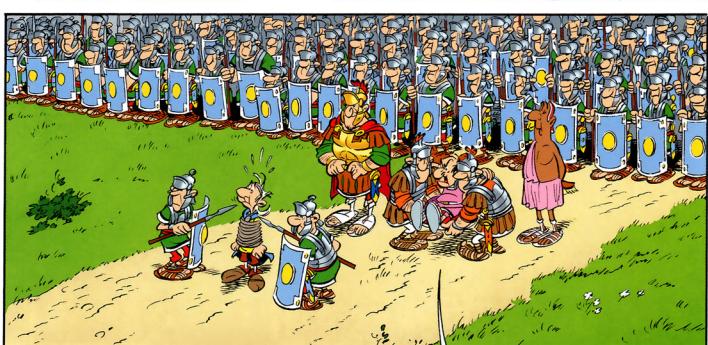
HEAR THAT? THEY DO HAVE THE SCROLL! WHAT LUCK WE GOT HERE!

WE MUST LET THEM KNOW IN TOTORUM!

THANK JUPITER, WE HAVE ONE PIGEON LEFT!

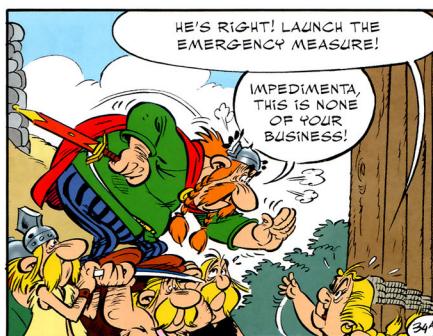








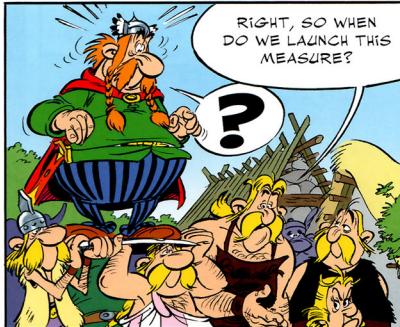
THE EMERGENCY MEASURE! LAUNCH THE EMERGENCY MEASURE!



GAULS, THERE ARE LIMITS TO MY PATIENCE!
THE MISSING SCROLL IN EXCHANGE FOR OUR HOSTAGE,
AND HURRY UP!



DON'T LISTEN
TO HIM! THIS IS
ROLLING NEWS!



I DO THE LAUNCHING AROUND HERE,
UNDERSTAND?



HURRY UP, GET TO
THE NITTY-GRITTY!

I'LL GET TO THE
NITTY-GRITTY WHEN
I SEE FIT, SO THERE!



BLAH
BLAH
BLAH!



ER ... CHIEF VITALSTATISTIX, WE ALL AGREE WITH IMPEDIMENTA. WE SHOULD HURRY UP AND ...



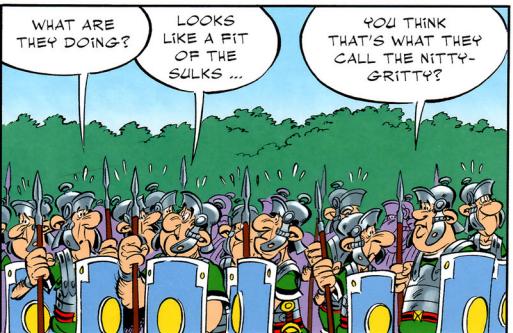
OH, YOU AGREE WITH IMPEDIMENTA? RIGHT, THEN YOU AND IMPEDIMENTA CAN FIX IT YOURSELVES! HONESTLY, I ASK YOU! I'M FED TO THE TEETH WITH THIS!



WHAT ARE THEY DOING?

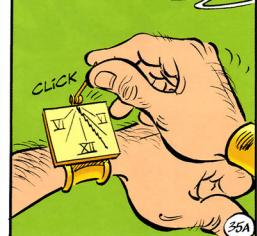
LOOKS LIKE A FIT OF THE SULKS ...

YOU THINK THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL THE NITTY-GRTTY?



THAT'S ENOUGH TALKING, GAUL!

YOU JUST HAVE TIME TO FETCH THE SCROLL!



IN A FEW MOMENTS THE CHARIOT OF PHOEBUS* WILL REACH HALF THE SKY. I SHALL THEN BRING DOWN MY SWORD, AND YOUR THINKING TIME WILL BE UP!

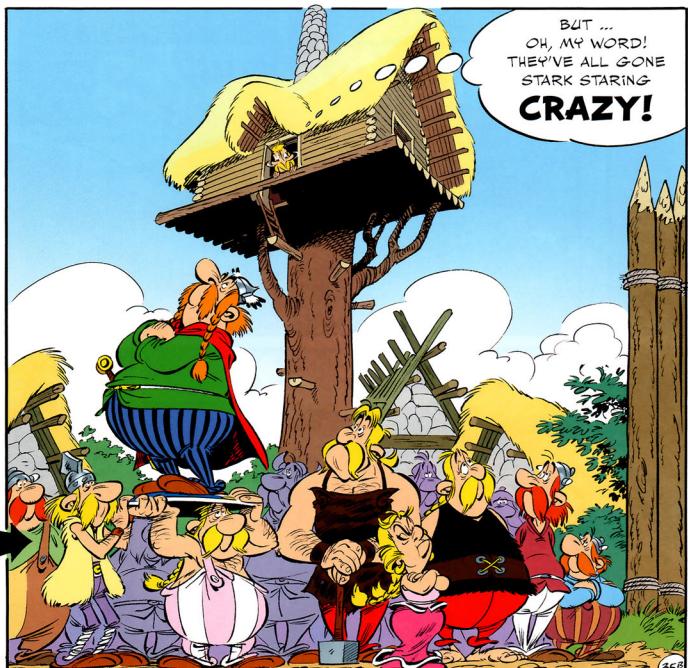


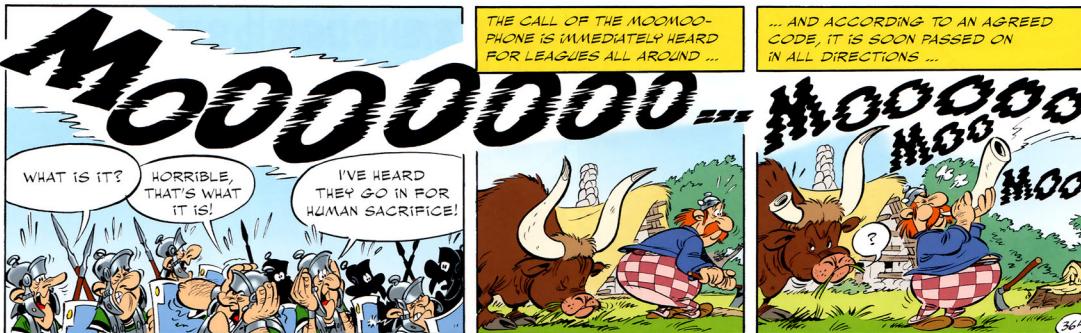
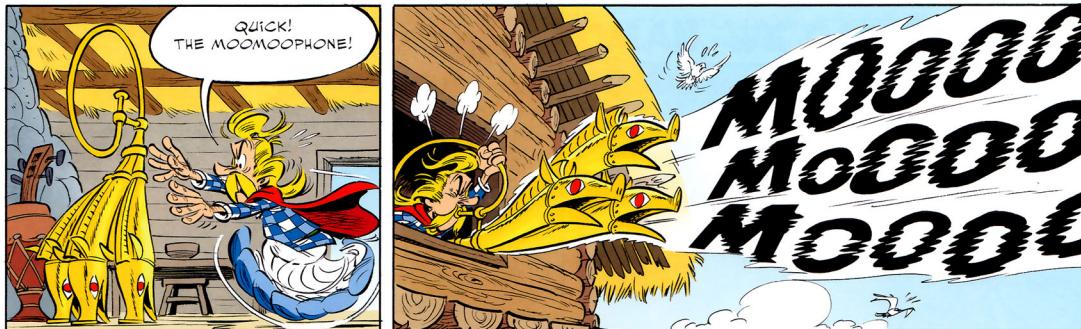
WHAT? A CHARIOT? WHERE?

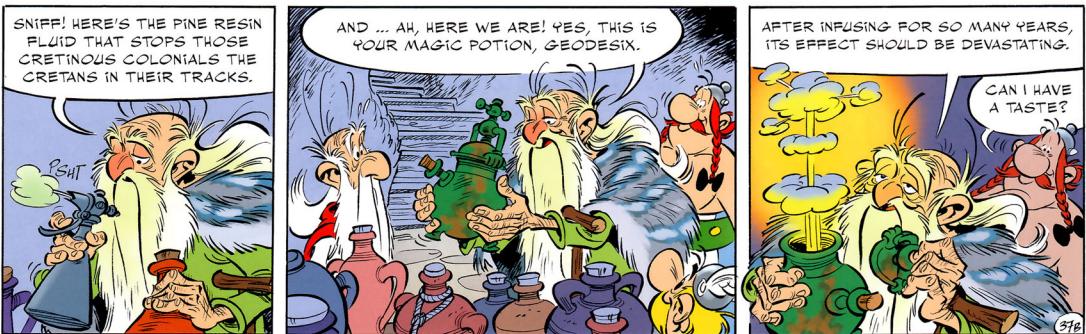
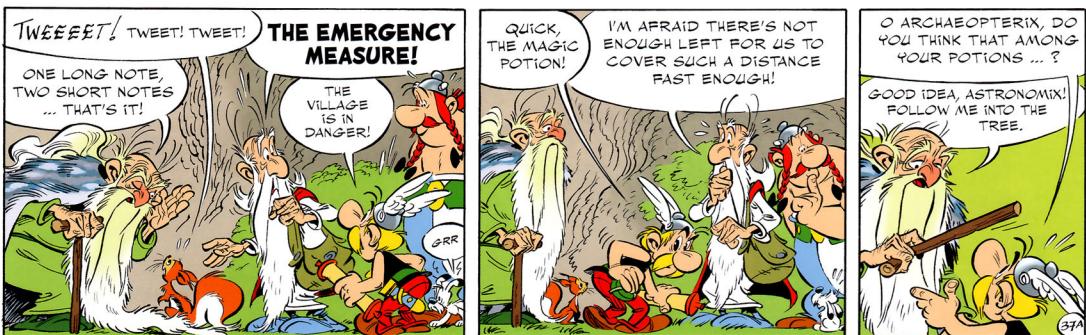
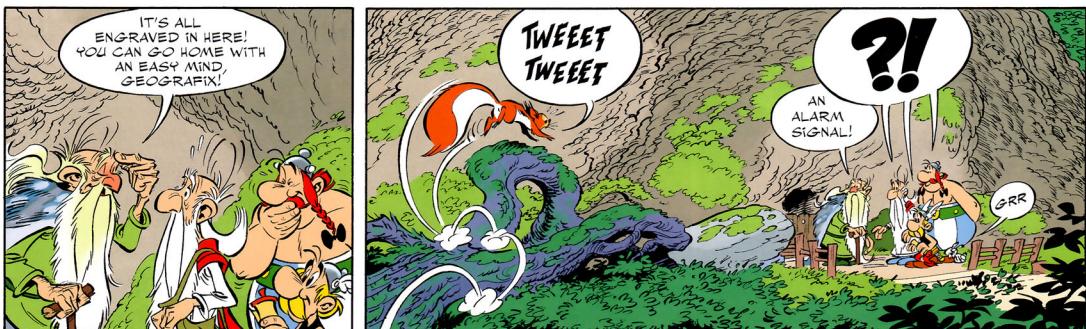
WHO'S THIS PHOEBUS?

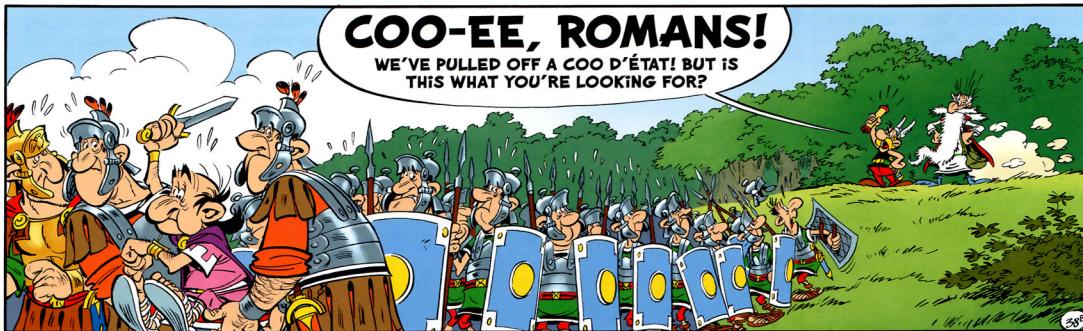
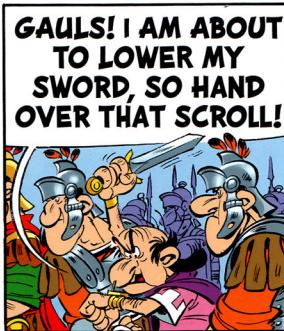
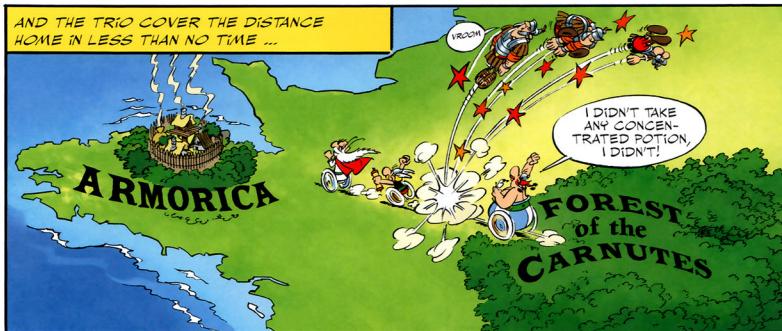
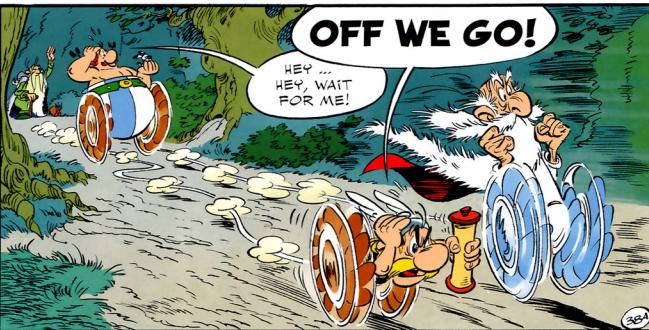
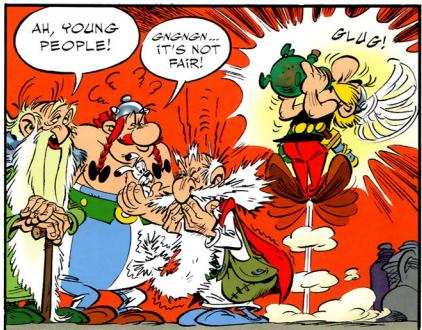


BUT ... OH, MY WORD! THEY'VE ALL GONE STARK STARING CRAZY!









**THE SCROLL! GIVE ME THE SCROLL,
YOU IGNORANT BARBARIAN!**

YOU'RE WELCOME,
BUT FREE THE
HOSTAGE FIRST!

**SET THE
NEWSMONGER
FREE!**

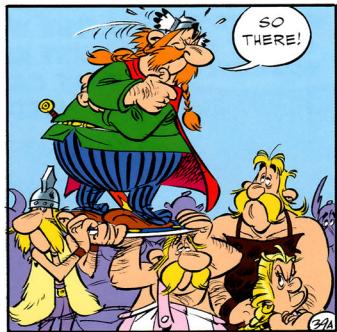
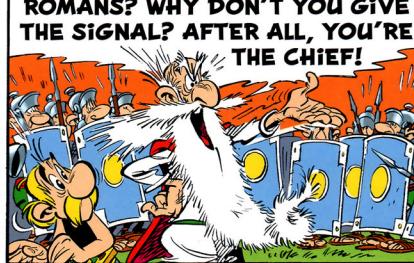


HERE YOU ARE. AND KNOW,
ROMAN, THAT THE GAULS HAVE NO
USE FOR A BIT OF PAPYRUS!

TEEHEE!
LITTLE DO YOU
KNOW! YOU'LL
SOON SEE!

**VITALSTATISTIX! WHAT'S ALL
THIS COMMOTION WITH THE
ROMANS? WHY DON'T YOU GIVE
THE SIGNAL? AFTER ALL, YOU'RE
THE CHIEF!**

SO THERE!



RIGHT, HERE GOES!
'THE KEG IS UNDER
THE FLOORBOARDS
UNDER MY SEAT.'
PASS IT ON!

AT ONCE THE FAMOUS GAULISH ORAL TRADITION COMES INTO PLAY ...

THE
WHAT?



YOU'RE HIDING
THE POTION
UNDER THE
FLOOR
NOW?

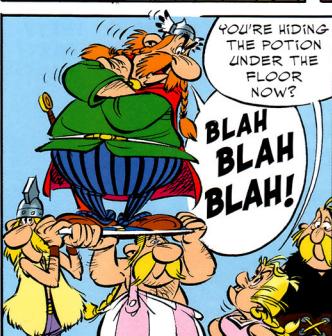
BLAH
BLAH
BLAH!

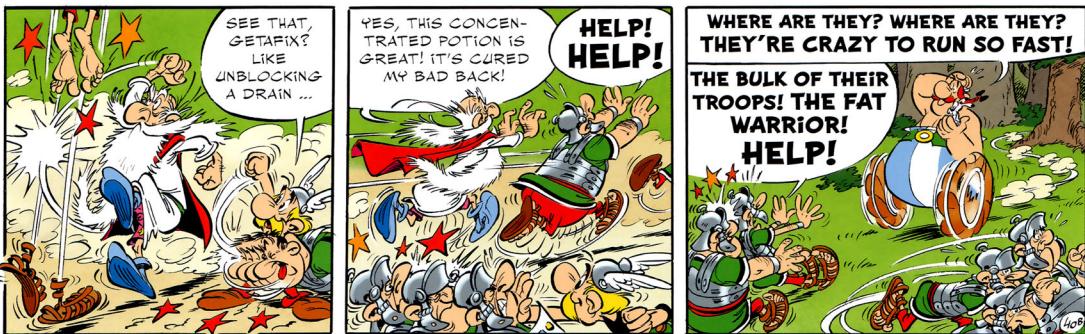
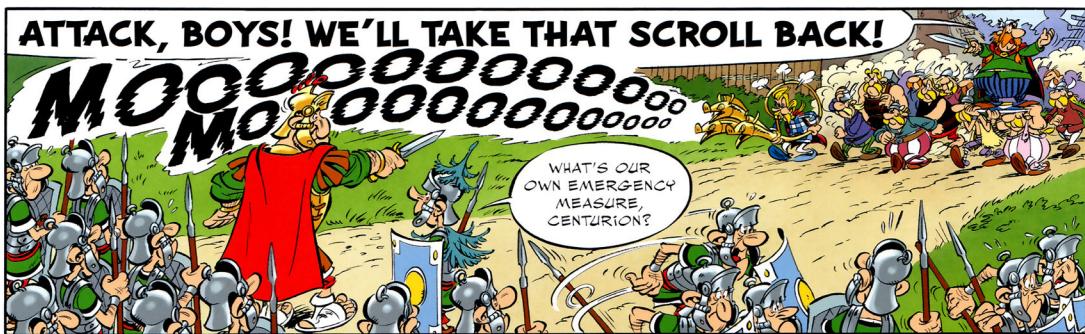
THEY'RE
TALKING ABOUT
A KEG UNDER
HIS SEAT!

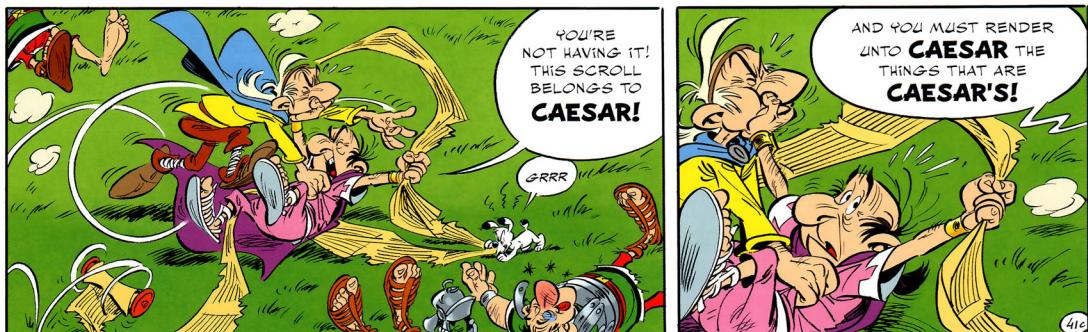
BUT I THOUGHT
WE WERE IN
THE DRIVING
SEAT?

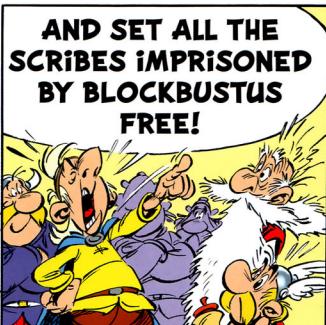
IF YOU ASK ME
IT'S A CODE.

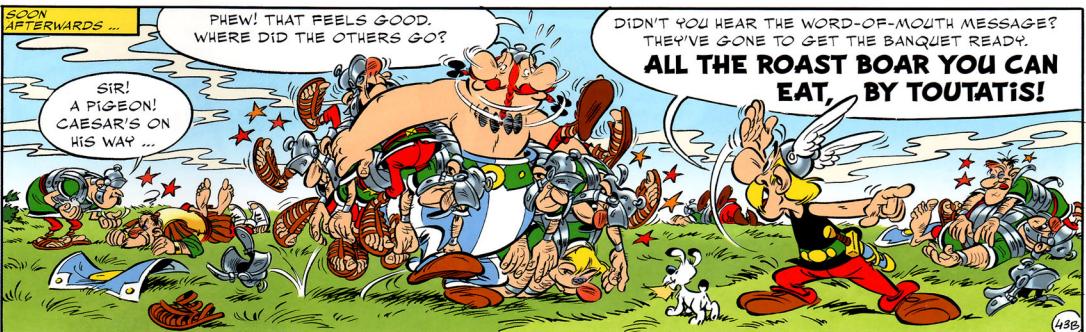
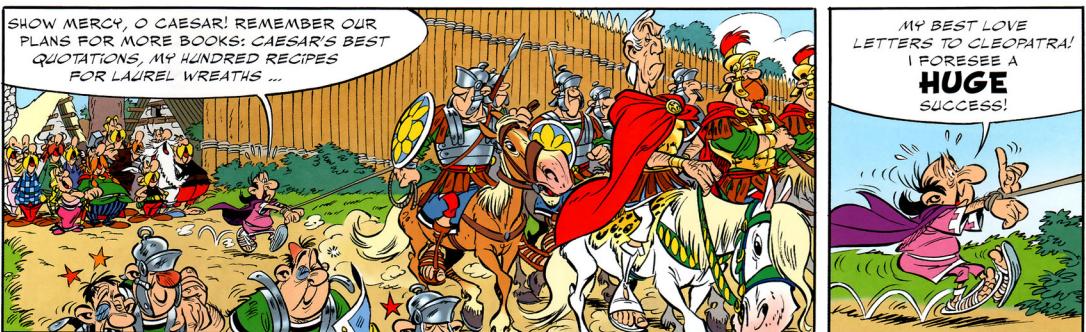
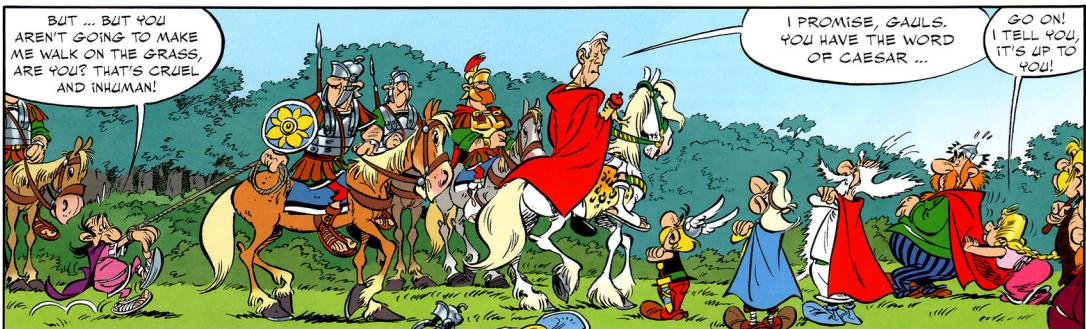
SHALL I GO CLOSER AND
TRY TO FIND OUT MORE,
CENTURION?











AND FINALLY
LET'S HEAR
OBELIX'S
COMMENTS
ON THE
COMMENTARIES
OF CAESAR ...

CAESAR WROTE
THAT I WAS A FAT MAN
COMMANDING THE BULK OF
THE GAULS ... CHOMP, CHOMP
... WHICH JUST SHOWS
YOU CAN NEVER BELIEVE
WHAT YOU SEE
IN WRITING!

RRRRR



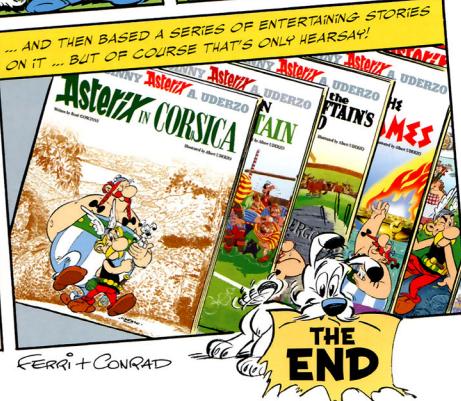
Post-Scriptum

WAS ALL MEMORY OF THAT CHAPTER ABOUT
CAESAR'S ARMED DEFEATS LOST AS TIME
WENT BY? WE'RE NOT SO SURE!

IT IS SAID THAT ITS CONTENTS WERE
PASSED ON FROM DRUID TO DRUID BY
WORD OF MOUTH, IN THE GOOD OLD WAY ...

... AND THAT IN SPITE OF
CERTAIN DISTORTIONS ...

WAS THE DRUID'S
NAME GEOGRAFIX
OR GEODESIX?



Julius Caesar
has finished
writing the history
of his campaigns
in Gaul. His
publisher, Libellus
Blockbustus, foresees
a huge success ... but
there's a snag: the
chapter about Caesar's
defeats by the indomitable
Gauls of Armorica.
Cut it, Blockbustus advises,
and everyone will believe
that Caesar conquered
all Gaul. Or will they?
Newsmonger and activist
Confoundtheirpolitix takes
the chapter to Asterix's
village. Can the Gauls make
sure the truth is revealed?

