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Opening extract from

Asterix At The Olympic Games

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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. EVERY-ONE 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.

I WAS NEAR AQUARIUM PICKING MUSHROOMS – THEY'RE GOOD OVER THERE – WHEN I HEARD CHEERING. THE ROMANS SEEM TO BE IN A VERY GOOD MOOD!

SQUAWK! CLUCK!

HM... THAT'S ODD, GERIATRIX. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF THEM...

SOUP. MUSHROOM SOUP IS VERY NICE.

?

SOUP?!... IS THAT ALL YOU CAN THINK OF, OBELIX?!...

WHEN YOU GET MUSHROOMS YOU SHOULD MAKE AN OMELETTE. THAT'S HOW THE REAL GOURMET EATS THEM!

24

BUT, CHIEF VITALSTATISTIX...

NOT ANOTHER WORD – I DO THE ORDERING ROUND HERE! WE'LL HAVE AN OMELETTE!

I WAS THINKING ... PERHAPS ON TOAST...

SOMETIMES I GET THE IMPRESSION OUR FRIENDS DON'T TAKE THINGS SERIOUSLY ENOUGH... IT MAY BE A BAD SIGN FOR US IF THE ROMANS ARE IN A GOOD MOOD.

SO WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST, O DRUID?

LET THEM STEW IN THEIR OWN JUICE!

IT BRINGS OUT THE FLAVOUR.

?!?

IT IS LATE SPRING AND EVERYTHING IS PEACEFUL IN THE LITTLE GAULISH VILLAGE WE KNOW SO WELL. OBELIX AND HIS APPRENTICE, DOGMATIX, ARE OUT DELIVERING MENHIRS. ASTERIX IS SUNBATHING OUTSIDE HIS HUT. PEOPLE LAZE ABOUT ENJOYING A SIESTA. YES, BY TOUTATIS, THE LITTLE GAULISH VILLAGE IS VERY PEACEFUL...

WHEREAS THE ROMAN CAMP OF AQUARIUM SEEMS TO BE IN A STATE OF GREAT EXCITEMENT...

BY JUPITER!

BY MERCURY!

GOOD OLD CAESAR!

GOOD OLD GLUTEUS!

YOU'LL NEVER RUN ALONE!

?

WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE ABOUT?

A MESSENGER HAS JUST COME FROM ROME WITH THE GOOD NEWS. GLUTEUS MAXIMUS HAS BEEN SELECTED TO REPRESENT ROME AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES!

GLUTEUS MAXIMUS? WHO'S HE?

YOU'RE PRETTY GREEN, AREN'T YOU, BILIUS? GLUTEUS MAXIMUS IS OUR CHAMPION! HE'S ONE OF OUR GARRISON, AND A CREDIT TO US ALL!

O GLUTEUS MAXIMUS, HOW RIGHT I WAS TO SEND YOU TO ROME FOR THE TRIALS! YOU'VE BEEN SELECTED, ALONG WITH THE BEST ATHLETES OF THE WHOLE ROMAN WORLD!

WELL, THAT'S NOT SURPRISING O CENTURION GAIUS VERIAMBITIUS. I'M THE GREATEST!