

EPILOGUE

It was the most terrible battle that the indomitable academic village had ever witnessed. Bruised and battered soldiers, Gauls and Romans alike, lay strewn across the campus.

As the world melted into a blur of movement outside his speeding chariot, Justforkix realised that he was the last surviving soldier. Aided, no doubt, by his fast ride he had endured beyond all others. In the thrill of victory, he lashed harder at his horse, goading it into a frenzy of whirring hooves. Determined to find the magic potion, he struck out faster and faster with his whip. Unfortunately, as he neared the smithery of Fulliautomatix his chariot hit some rubble, causing the axle to shatter with a resounding *CRACK!*. Rider, horse, and chariot tumbled head over heels, hooves, and wheels (respectively), until they all (collectively) ground to a halt.

Team Ceteram censeo elephantēs esse dēlendōs would have surveyed the wreckage but they had more pressing matters at hand. They had to retrieve the Magic Potion, not to mention any plans of elephantine destruction. As they held the potion up to the light, they heard the clatter of wheels and hooves. The Roman reinforcements were arriving!

Romans from Perthium, the Praetorian Guard from the West!

Romans from Adelaidium, the Centurions of Churches!

Romans from Brisbaneum, equal parts tanned and sunburnt!

Romans from Sydnum, specialist legionaries set to wage their own war in October!

"By Toutatis!"

The entire squad of Ceteram censeo elephantēs esse dēlendōs spun around in unison. A small man was sprinting toward them, closely followed by a man about four times his size.

"Hello! I'm Asterix, and this is my friend, Obelix. We went on a wine tour of the Yarra Valley at the start of the week, and we were too drunk to check our phones until this morning. We came as soon as we could!"

Obelix offered a resonant belch by way of punctuation.

"I see that you have found the Magic Potion. Well done! You have saved our village."

Without another word he grabbed the potion from Team Ceteram, et cetera. As he glugged it down, Obelix spoke up.

"May I please have some potion, Asterix? Just a bit, to counteract the effects of the Sauvignon."

Asterix lowered the vial and wiped his mouth.

"No Obelix, you know full well that you fell into the cauldron when you were a baby and it had a permanent effect on you. No Magic Potion for you!"

"It's not fair, by Belenos!" exclaimed Obelix.

Any potential admonishment was cut off by the thunderous arrival of the Roman army. Obelix glanced at Asterix and immediately, as if pulled by the same invisible elastic, they shot off towards the Romans masses.

It is hard to recount what exactly happened in there, due to the enormous dust cloud that was conjured, as required by comic book convention. It is, however, possible to describe the aftermath: a thoroughly flattened carpet of Roman soldiers, chariots, and horses, framed one side by team Ceteram censeo elephantēs esse dēlendōs on one side, and by Asterix and Obelix on the other side, gazing proudly at their indomitable village, defended once more from Roman attack.

A great banquet was held on South Lawn that evening, as the village celebrated the heroes who had found the Magic Potion and saved the village. At least, until next year ...