

# Waves of Gold

Von abgemeldet

## Kapitel 6:

Waves of Gold

Based on: The Asterix comics

Creators: Goscinny & Uderzo

### Part 6

Obelix had lost his appetite again, and not in a good way. He couldn't remember ever feeling so disgustingly fat, and at the same time too exhausted to move. It was as if he had overdosed on potion again and turned into a walking, breathing stone statue of himself. A statue knew nothing about pleasure – it could not fully appreciate a hunt with Asterix, a beautiful sunset or even a roast boar.

"I'm done," he said, pushing his plate away.

Asterix, who had been increasingly twitchy all day, slammed down his mug of beer and glared at Obelix across the table. "Okay, that's it. Whatever's bothering you, just say it. And stop moping, by Toutatis, it's driving me crazy."

Nosy little bugger, thought Obelix. He knows me too well.

"You'll only laugh at me," he snarled, remembering countless chuckles Asterix and Getafix had shared due to their friend's infatuated state.

Asterix put on his gravest face. "I won't. Word of honor. Just tell me, okay? Maybe I can help and if not, you'll feel better anyway."

"Hmph." You may be smart, but I doubt that even you can fix this.

"It's about Panacea, isn't it? Let me guess – you told her how you feel and she turned you down."

Obelix's gloom was almost lifted by a wave of astonishment at his friend's perception.

"How did you do that?"

"Easy. You're not eating, which means she's got to be involved, and you look like something Dogmatix dragged in. I'm right, aren't I?"

"Yeah." He made a face; putting it into words would be like living it all over again.

"See, I didn't mean to say it...and it came out wrong, all flowery and embarrassing...and she just looked at me and touched my hand."

"That doesn't sound like a 'no' to me," remarked Asterix.

"What else could it be? She's a nice girl and she didn't want to hurt my feelings, but...just look at me, Asterix! Look at these hands – I could break her fingers without even trying to."

Asterix's sharp face softened with concern.

"The worst part is...for a moment, I actually hoped, you know? That it was possible.

Her and me. But then I remembered who - what I am, and..."

Obelix buried his head in his hands to hide the incoming tears. It was like finding out about Panacea's engagement all over again, an iron clang of hopelessness, only worse. Telling himself that the reason why she didn't love him was because she was happy with Tragicomix was much easier than knowing it was only due to his own repulsiveness.

"What do you mean, what you are?" Asterix demanded. "Just because you fell into the potion doesn't make you some kind of monster! It's not impossible that a girl could love you, any more than making friends with me was impossible. Are you listening? Obelix!"

Obelix stumped off into his room and slammed the door so hard it shattered into fragments. He sat down on the bed; the frame groaned as if in pain, then splintered in two as it had been threatening to do for months. Dogmatix, who had been sleeping under it, gave a shrill yelp of surprise and shot out into the corner of the room.

That was the last straw. He jumped back up and stormed out of the house. The dog tried to follow, but Obelix rounded on him and shouted, in a tone he had never used towards his companion before: "Stay, Dogmatix! You won't like what you see."

Dogmatix whined and gazed after his master with beseeching black eyes until the door – the front door, not the one to his room - crashed between them.

Obelix did not return until midnight; his hair was a mess of tangles, his trousers torn and muddy, and several scratches on his face, chest and arms. He was covered in leaves and dirt from head to toe. He carefully eased himself past the ruins of the front door, only to find his best friend waiting there, looking bone-weary, as if he would have waited all night.

"You had me worried sick, you fool," said Asterix. "What on earth have you been doing out there?"

"What I do best," Obelix growled. "Wrecking things."