

Waves of Gold

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 8:

Waves of Gold

Based on: The Asterix comics

Creators: Goscinny & Uderzo

Song performed by Lisa Kelly.

Part 8

An enormous bonfire blazed in the center of the village square, making the air tremble with warmth and giving off a sharp scent of burning wood. The villagers sat around it in a semi-circle, laughing, eating, drinking and doing their best to ignore Vitalstatistix's pompous speech. Eventually he gave up, poured himself a generous measure of ale and joined in. Even Cacophonix, sworn to musical abstinence and strictly watched by Fulliautomatix, had been allowed to attend the feast. Everyone was having fun...with two exceptions: Obelix and Panacea.

"Twenty-five trees, my dear, imagine that!" said Impedimenta, her eyes gleaming with excitement. Panacea, who had seen the destruction with her own eyes, listened with a growing feeling of dread. "Some knocked down, some lifted clear up and thrown, taking others with them – however did it happen? No one knows!"

Panacea said nothing. She had an uneasy suspicion as to how it had happened, and she prayed she was wrong.

"Could've been a storm – but what a strange storm, to concentrate itself in one area like that - the anger of the gods, or even one of us under the influence of the potion. Getafix swears no one came near the kettle last night, that he's hidden it in a safe place, but we all know the old man's been slipping a bit lately. And come to think of it, whom do we know who doesn't need the potion to uproot trees?"

The First Lady sent a meaningful look down the table at Obelix, who was single-mindedly and mechanically chewing away on his fifth boar. Asterix was saying something, but Obelix barely looked at him. The scowl on his face did not encourage conversation.

"My, my," Impedimenta remarked. "Someone got up on the wrong side of the bed. This wouldn't have anything to do with you, now would it?"

Panacea squirmed. She hadn't told him her feelings yet. Besides, maybe it was something else – it would be too vain to suppose that if Obelix was upset, it had to be because of her.

Apparently Impedimenta thought so too, however, and she was good at reading people.

Panacea checked to make sure no one was listening – on her other side, Unhygienix and Fulliautomatix were having a shouting match – and whispered: “Impedimenta? Would it really bother you? If Obelix and I, you know...”

The older woman looked startled. “You mean it? Well, child, I suppose...not really. After all, there’s no doubt he would treat you well. But are you sure? He’s so...”

“I’m sure.” Panacea smiled. Honestly, though she would have chosen Obelix even if all her friends and family forbade it, it was still a load off her mind to know her mentor approved.

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Later on, the dancing began. Cacofonix, whose lyre playing was much better than his voice, twanged away with enthusiasm, accompanied by drum and tambourine players. When a singing voice was needed, Panacea stepped in; her voice was untrained, but she could at least carry a tune. Besides, there was no man in the village who didn’t enjoy seeing her onstage.

Obelix did his best not to look at her, but couldn’t help glancing up now and then. She wore a light blue dress with flared sleeves and a long skirt that swirled around her as she walked along the stage. Her small white hands tapped out the beat of the song on a tambourine. She flipped back her hair – ripples of fire, cascades of sunshine, shimmering waves of gold. And her voice...he could hardly stick his fingers in his ears in public, but even if he did, he’d keep on hearing it. A voice like honey and silk and glossy spring leaves.

“My true love sits in a forest glade
in the springtime's golden light.
The flowers, they dance in the gentle breeze
and the warm sun shines so bright.
And of all the flowers in the forest
and all trees that do abound,
the ones that please my heart the most
are green the whole year 'round.

Green the whole year 'round,
green the whole year 'round:
The holly, yew, and the ivy tree
are green the whole year 'round.”

Could she be thinking of that day in the clearing where the violets grew? No, of course not. The song was Cacofonix’s choice anyway.

This situation as sadly fitting, thought Obelix: Panacea onstage, with admiring eyes on her, glowing with beauty as she sang. He himself alone in a dark corner, looking up at her and knowing that was all he could ever do.

“When summer comes and the days are hot
and the birds are full of song:
in the quiet shade of that leafy glade,
that is where my heart belongs.
For I know whenever I look for you,
that is where you can be found
as you take your ease 'neath your favorite trees

that are green the whole year 'round."

Their eyes met.

It was mortifying – like knocking someone over or smashing a door by accident. Obelix looked down abruptly at his empty plate. She'd caught him staring – the last thing he needed. Did she know about the trees yet? Oh, but of course – nobody could keep a secret in this place.

Panacea almost forgot her next line and came in a beat too late. Cacophonix raised an eyebrow at her; she shrugged an apology and kept on. These lyrics were just a shade too personal. To be exact, the real trees were not green the whole year 'round, but it was rather uncomfortable singing about her 'true love' right in front of said person, who wouldn't even look at her. Was it just shyness again or something else?

Once the song was ended, she excused herself on the grounds of a sore throat and left the stage. Her throat was fine – it was her hands that were cold and sweaty, her head that was spinning, and her feet that felt like lumps of lead as she walked over to the table where Obelix sat. It was like being about to take her exams at school in Condatum, only harder.

To her relief, she found that Asterix was gone. He always left parties as soon as possible, to avoid being targeted by flirtatious women. Obelix, who stayed as long as there was food and drink, was working on his sixth boar. A bit too much, even for someone with superhuman strength who required extreme amounts of energy. Panacea's stomach hurt just watching him eat; he really needed looking after.

Someone tapped her on the shoulder; she turned around. It was Fulliautomatix, looking her up and down with what was meant to be an inviting smile.

"Hello there, Panacea," he slurred. "Wanna dance?"