

IN THE DAYS WHEN MEN BELIEVED IN LEGENDS (FOR LEGENDS TRULY LIVED), THERE WERE FEW WHO WOULD DARE TO CHART A COURSE THRU UNKNOWN WATERS FOR FEAR OF FALLING OFF THE EDGE OF THE EARTH -- OR WORSE! BUT THOSE FEW WHO WOULD DARE... AH, THEY BECAME LEGENDS THEMSELVES... AND 'TIS THE GREATEST OF THESE LIVING LEGENDS WE SHALL TELL YOU OF NOW.
 COME WITH US THEN ON A JOURNEY TO WORLDS UNDREAMED IN YOUR VILEST NIGHTMARE!
 SAIL WITH US ON...

The GOLDEN VOYAGE of **SINBAD!**



Stan Lee
 presents:

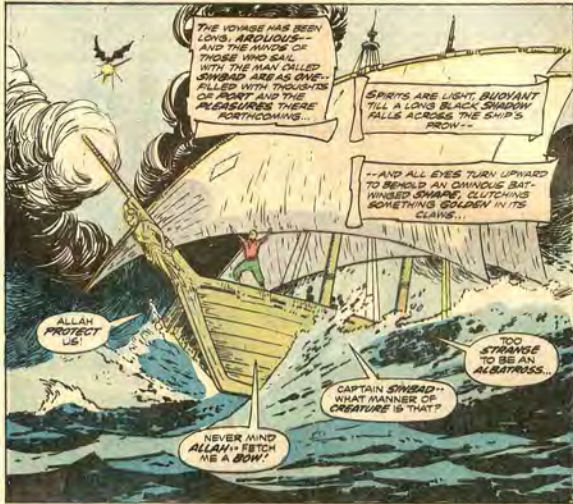
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FREELY ADAPTED FROM
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THE VOYAGE HAS BEEN LONG, ARDUOUS-- AND THE MINDS OF THOSE WHO SAIL WITH THE MAN CALLED SHIBAD ARE AS ONE-- FILLED WITH THOUGHTS OF PORT AND THE PLEASURES THERE FORTHCOMING...

SPIRITS ARE LIGHT, BUOYANT TILL A LONG BLACK SHADOW FALLS ACROSS THE SHIP'S PROW--

--AND ALL EYES TURN UPWARD TO BEHOLD AN OMINOUS BAT-WINGED SHAPE, CLUTCHING SOMETHING GOLDEN IN ITS CLAWS...

ALLAH PROTECT US!

TOO STRANGE TO BE AN ALBATROSS...

CAPTAIN SHIBAD-- WHAT MANNER OF CREATURE IS THAT?

NEVER MIND ALLAH-- FETCH ME A BOW!



A JACK-DAW? THEY STEAL BRIGHT AND PRETTY THINGS.

TOO BIG FOR ANY JACK-DAW, RACHID. PERHAPS A



WHATEVER MANNER OF CREATURE IT IS, CAPTAIN-- I'LL FETCH IT DOWN!

OWH-- NO!

CURSES, I MISSED-- BUT I MADE IT DROP! WHAT IT CARRIED!



FOOL-- DO YOU WANT TO BRING BAD LUCK UPON US ALL?

BY ALLAH-- IT'S A GOLDEN AMULET OF SOME SORT--!



CAPTAIN, CAST
IT OVER THE
SIDE!

IT'S
EVIL...
...I CAN
FEEL IT...!



THE MAN CALLED SINBAD STARES
AT THE GOLDEN OBJECT IN HIS
HAND-- FOR IT SEEMS TO GLOW--
WITH AN UNEARTHLY, ALMOST
HYPNOTIC LIGHT--



--AND WHEN THE ADVENTUROUS SEAMAN
GLANCES UP AGAIN AT HIS CREW,
HE CAN SCARCE BELIEVE HIS EYES--

--FOR A GHOSTLY VISAGE
OF UNIMAGINABLE BEAUTY
SEEMS TO STRIDE FROM THEIR
MIDST, REACHING--REACHING--



--BUT SINBAD DOES NOT
WANDER AT THIS PHENOMENON
LONG--FOR SUDDENLY--

THE
CREATURE,
RACHID--
STOP IT--!



TOO
LATE,
CAPTAIN--IT
HAS FLOWN
OUT OF
ARROW
RANGE.



CAPTAIN, THAT
AMULET IS AN
EVIL OMEN!
FOR THE LOVE
OF ALLAH--
CAST IT OVER--
BOARD!

NO, RACHID...
I DON'T THINK
I CAN.

THAT NIGHT, SINBAD SLEEPS UNREST-- HIS DREAMS FILLED WITH STRANGE UNDECIPHERABLE IMAGES-- OF GOLDEN MASKS AND AMULETS-- OF BLACK-WINGED FIGURES ENVELOPING HELPLESS INNOCENCE--

--AND THROUGH IT ALL, HE HEARS HIS NAME-- CALLED FIRST IN SOFT, LILTING ECHOES--

SINBAD

--THEN IN A GROWL AS COLD AS THE FITS OF HELL--

Sinbad

SINBAD!

--AND, LASTLY, BY HIS FIRST MATE, RACHID-- A CALL WHICH ROUSES HIM FROM HIS FITFUL SLEEP ENTIRELY..

CAPTAIN SINBAD-- QUICKLY-- TO THE DECK--!

--AND WITHOUT HESITATION, SINBAD RUSHES TOPSIDE TO DISCOVER..

--A STORM! MY MEN CAN'T HOLD THE SHIP! SHE'S RUNNING WITH THE WIND--!

LASH THAT SAIL,
RACHID-- CUT IT
ADRIFT IF YOU
HAVE TO--!



I'LL MAN THE
TILLER!

WITH UNBRIDLED FURY, THE FRAIL
VESSEL IS PUNNELLED BY THE
RAGING WAVES--



--AS HER VALIANT CAPTAIN STRAINS
DESPERATELY TO FURNY HER FROM
THE HUNGRY ROCKS THAT LOOM
AHEAD--

--AND THE FOUND-
ING SURF SEEMS
TO BECOME A
VOICE-- A GROWL-
ING VOICE--CALLING
SINBAD'S NAME--



ALLAH,
GIVE ME
STRENGTH--!

MORE BY INSTINCT THAN BY SKILL,
SINBAD GUIDES HIS SHIP BETWEEN
THE JUTTING MONOLITHS, HIS WEIGHT
THROWN AGAINST THE TILLER, HIS
MOUTH SET IN A FIRM, GRIM LINE--



--AND SLOWLY, THE
HARSH GROWL
WHICH SUMMONS
HIM BECOMES
ONCE MORE THE
LILTING SONG--



--AS THE WHITE-CRESTED CHAOS
HIS SMALL CRAFT BOBS UPON
SEEMS SUDDENLY TO SOFTEN--

--UNTIL THE SEA HAS
GROWN DEATHLY CALM--

--AND THE
BECKONING
VOICES ARE--
GONE!



THE STORM HAS
ENDED, CAPTAIN--
AS ABRUPTLY
AS IT BEGAN.

AND THINK YOU SOME
UNNATURAL PURPOSE
BEHIND THIS, ABDUL?



I KNOW ONLY
WHAT I KNOW,
CAPTAIN.

AND AT THIS POINT,
ABDUL-- AS WITH THE
REST OF US-- THAT IS
PRECISELY NOTHING.



BUT WHEN THE FIRST RAYS OF DAWN MARK THE HORIZON WITH GOLD...

THAT CITY-- IT MUST BE MARABIA, WE'RE WAY OFF COURSE.

NO, RACHID. THE DREAM I HAD-- THIS IS PART OF IT SOMEHOW.

WE WERE BROUGHT HERE BY SOME MYSTERIOUS FORCE--

-- AND IS IT NOT WRITTEN THAT A WISE MAN WILL TRY TO REALIZE HIS DREAM-- FOLLOW IT?



CAPTAIN-- ONLY HE WHO TREADS ON FIRE FEELS IT.

PERHAPS, I'M GOING ASHORE, RACHID. I WILL MEET YOU WHEN YOU LAY ANCHOR.



AND WHEN SINBAD'S POWERFUL MUSCLES HAVE PULLED HIM TO THE SHORE...

I WILL DRY MY BOOTS, THEN BE OFF, THERE IS MUCH THAT I MUST LEARN IN MARABIA IF I HOPE TO --



YOU ARE CAPTAIN SINBAD?

WHAT--? THAT SHADOW-- LIKE A GREAT BLACK BAT--!



THE BAUBLE THAT HANGS AT YOUR THROAT, CAPTAIN-- HAND IT TO ME--

-- OR YOU WILL HAVE NO THROAT!

AND IF I CHOOSE NOT TO?



THEN YOU WILL BE DEAD!

MY SWORD--!

IT IS ACHMED'S SWORD NOW, CAPTAIN.



VERY WELL THEN. IT APPEARS I HAVE NO CHOICE.

IF YOU WANT THE AMULET SO BADLY--







VIZIER,
BEHOLD--
THE SHADOW
THROWN AGAINST
THE PAINTING
BY THE AMULETS--
COMPLETES A
NAUTICAL
CHART!

A NAUTICAL
MAP--AND YOU
ARE A SEA
CAPTAIN!

I SEE SHOALS--AN ISLAND--! THE
PAINTING IS A MAP--SHOWING THE COURSE ONE
MUST FOLLOW TO FIND YOUR SULTAN'S GREAT SECRET!

WILL YOU NOT
BELIEVE IN DESTINY
NOW, GINBAD?



OH? A
PEBBLE
FALLS FROM--

VIZIER, IN
THE NAME OF ALL
THAT'S HOLY--ON THAT
EDGE--WHAT IS IT?



THE CREATION
OF KOURA--HIS
SPY--WATCHING
US--!



NOW KOURA
KNOWS AS MUCH
AS WE, GINBAD.



UNLESS WE DESTROY
THE LITTLE CREATURE--

--BEFORE HE CAN
CARRY PILES BACK
TO HIS MASTER!



THE
CREATURE--
GONE--
TURNED TO
ASHES IN
MY HANDS--!

THEN IT IS A RACE NOW, WE
SEEK AN ISLAND--AN ULTIMATE
DESTINATION--AND KOURA
WILL BE SEEKING IT TOO--!



ACHMED, FIND ME A SHIP--
AND A CAPTAIN WHO
CAN BE TRUSTED.

HE MUST MAKE
READY TO SAIL WITH
THE NEXT TIDE.

THAT NIGHT, IN MARABIA'S MARKET PLACE, AS SINBAD PURCHASES PROVISIONS FOR THE COMING VOYAGE...

YOU WERE FOLLOWING ME, DOG-- WHY?

PLEASE-- YOU ARE SINBAD-- CAPTAIN OF THE SHIP THAT LIES OFF SHORE?

AND IF I AM, DOG?

I AM HAKIM-- PROPRIETOR OF THAT ESTABLISHMENT DOWN THE STREET.

I WISH TO EMPLOY YOU--!

SORRY-- BUT I'M ALREADY COMMISSIONED -- SAILING IMMEDIATELY--!

THIS WILL TAKE ONLY A MOMENT, CAPTAIN-- NO LONGER THAN IT TAKES TO HAVE A DRINK WITH ME.

WELL... IF YOU INSIST...

THAT IS MY SON MAROUN-- IF YOU CAN CALL THAT A SON. A WASTER-- A FOOL. TOO MUCH OF THE HASHISH-- THE SITAR-- THE WOMEN--

I ENVY HIM BUT I'M AFRAID I MUST--

TWO HUNDRED GOLD COINS IF YOU WILL TAKE HIM WITH YOU.

TAKE HIM WITH ME?!

I COULDN'T EVEN USE HIM FOR BALLAST.

THREE HUNDRED GOLD COINS-- AND WHAT AM I ASKING? I GIVE YOU A BOY, BRING ME BACK A MAN!

YOU CAN'T PICK UP TWO MELONS WITH ONE HAND AND I DON'T WORK MIRACLES. GOOD DAY AND...

PLEASE-- A MOMENT MORE. THE SERVING GIRL COMES WITH THE DRINKS.

YOU SUMMONED ME, MASTER?

YOU-- THE GIRL FROM MY DREAMS--!

BY ALLAH, CAN IT BE--?

YOUR NAME, GIRL-- WHAT IS IT?

MARGIANA.





THERE-- SINBAD'S SHIP-- PUTTING OUT TO SEA.

I WANT YOU TO FOLLOW HIM, CAPTAIN-- GENTLY, COMINGLY-- KEEPING HIM ALWAYS WITHIN SIGHT.

IT WILL BE DONE, MY LORD.



AND WHEN THE COAST OF MARABIA HAS BEEN LEFT FAR BEHIND...

YOU'RE THINKING THE SAME AS I, RACHID?

AYE, CAPTAIN-- AN ISLAND, IF IT IS WHERE YOU SAY-- CAN ONLY BE IN ONE PLACE--

--LEMURIA!



YES, RACHID-- LEMURIA, THE LOST CONTINENT-- LEGENDARY LAND OF INCALCULABLE WEALTH-- AND EVEN GREATER DANGER!

THE CREW IS WITH YOU, CAPTAIN-- AS ALWAYS-- BUT THIS TIME, I FEAR YOU LEAD US TO THE VERY SATES OF HELL!



HEEE-- MY POOR HEAD-- WHY DOES IT KEEP DANCING SO?

AND WHY DOES THE FLOOR KEEP ROLLING ABOUT LIKE A CAMEL WITH A FLIP IN ITS BAR?



NO, S--SOMEBODY MOVED THE LAND, THERE'S WATER DOWN THERE-- WATER EVERYWHERE!

WE'RE AT SEA.

BY ALLAH-- THE BOY'S A GENIUS.



THIS WAS MY FATHER'S IDEA, WASN'T IT? A QUICK RUN AROUND THE HARBOR TO SOBER ME UP.

WELL, I'M SOBER. WE CAN GO HOME NOW.

SORRY, WE'RE ALREADY ON COURSE-- AND YOU'RE WITH US ALL THE WAY.



ALL THE WAY!? THEN IT'S HOPELESS.

I SHALL SURELY BE AN OLD MAN BEFORE WE SEE MARABIA AGAIN-- ANCIENT.

WHY, I'LL BE ALMOST TWENTY-TWO.



AND WHEN A FOG-SHROUDED NIGHT HAS FALLEN...



SINBAD SAILS INTO THE SEA OF MISTS. DROP ANCHOR!

NOT YET, CAPTAIN. WE MUST PURSUE THAT SHIP.

NO, MY LORD KOURA-- IF WE CONTINUE INTO THIS FOG, WE'LL BE WRECKED!

SINBAD SALS THESE SEAS, CAPTAIN.

THEN SINBAD MUST HAVE A CHART TO FOLLOW. UNFORTUNATELY, I DO NOT.



FORGIVE ME, MY LORD-- BUT THERE IS NOTHING MORE I CAN DO.



MY PLAN IS WORKING. KOURA'S SHIP HAS FALLEN BEHIND!

AND WITH GOOD REASON: THERE ARE ENOUGH ROCKS AND SHOALS IN THESE WATERS TO SNARE A KEEL OR RIP OPEN A PROW.



BUT, SINBAD-- LURING KOURA THROUGH THESE WATERS, DO YOU NOT RUN THE SAME RISKS YOURSELF?

NOT QUITE THE SAME, VIZIER. IT'S A SHORT PASSAGE AND SINBAD HAS NAVIGATED THESE WATERS BEFORE.

ONCE BEFORE.



THE HOURS PASS, SAFELY BEYOND THE TREACHEROUS SHOALS, OUT OF REACH OF THE VESSEL THAT PURSUES IT, SINBAD'S SHIP DROPS ANCHOR FOR THE NIGHT--

-- BUT ON THE PURSUING SHIP, ALL IS NOT AT PEACE. IN HIS CABIN, PRINCE KOURA SITS, HIS EYES CLENCHED, HIS MOUTH MOVING IN SILENT INDIGNATION--



-- WHILE ON THE FOREDECK OF SINBAD'S CRAFT--



IMAGINE ME-- HARUN-- MAKING EYES AT A-- A HUNK OF PAINTED BIRCH!



CHUCKLING SOFTLY TO HIMSELF, THE YOUNG HARUN WALKS OFF-- AND THUS, HE DOES NOT HEAR THE SUDDEN GIGAW OF THE SUNDERED WOOD--



-- OR THE HIDEOUS CREAK OF PAINTED BIRCH LESS AS THE SHIP'S SIREN FIGUREHEAD LUMBERS HEAVILY ACROSS THE DECK--



NO, THE YOUNG HARUN DOES NOT HEAR THESE STRANGE, UNEARTHLY NOISES--

-- UNTIL IT IS ALMOST TOO LATE!

BY THE EYES OF ALLAH, IT IS NOT POSSIBLE--! YESTERDAY'S WINE STILL SWIMS IN MY HEAD--!

HELP! HELP!

AHH-- IF ONLY I WERE A WOODWORM!

IN HIS TRANCE, PRINCE KOURA "HEARS" HAROUN'S DESPERATE CRY-- "SEES" THE RESPONSE OF SINBAD'S CREW AS THEY SCRAMBLE ONTO THE DECK--

-- AND IMPATIENTLY, "PRINCE KOURA" TURNS TO MEET THE ATTACK!



BY ALLAH, MEN-- WHERE ARE YOUR SWORDS? IT IS ONLY A CREATURE OF WOOD--

DESTROY IT!!

MOMENTARILY, SINBAD'S MEN SURGE FORWARD--

ITS LIMBS CREAKING WITH EVERY MOVE, THE FOUR-HEADED TURNS FROM THE CREWMEN--



-- ONLY TO LEARN MOST PAINFULLY THAT THIS CREATURE IS MADE OF FAR MORE THAN MERE WOOD!



-- SNATCHES UP A HEAVY IRON HARPON AND--

SKRAKKT!



THE SIREN HAS SHATTERED THE MASTER CABIN-- AND IT'S STEALING OUR CHARTS!

WE MUST STOP IT BEFORE--



AND ONCE AGAIN, THE DARING SEAMEN ARE TAUGHT A PUNISHING LESSON--

THIS BIRCH-CARVED CREATURE DOES NOT INTEND TO BE STOPPED!

AWAKENED BY THE COMMOTION, SINBAD MURRIES ON DECK, HIS SHARP EYES TAKING IN THE BIZARRE SITUATION IN AN INSTANT, THEN--



FIRE, MEN--
FIGHT THE THING
WITH FIRE!

SINBAD RUSHES FORWARD, TORCH IN HAND--
TO BE CAUGHT A GLANCING BLOW BY THE
HEAVY HARPOON--



-- BUT THE MOMENTARY
DISTRACTION HAS
SERVED ITS PURPOSE
WELL...



AYE, AKBAR--
THAT'S
THE WAY!

FORCE THE
CREATURE BACK--!

BACK-- BACK
BEFORE THE
RELENTLESS ASSAULT,
THE UNHOLY SIREN
IS PRESSED--



-- BACK AGAINST
THE SHIP'S RAILING--

-- AND
THROUGH!

SHE'S SUNK--
STRAIGHT TO
THE BOTTOM,



IMPOSSIBLE--
WOOD FLOATS.

BUT THE
HARPOON
IT HELD
WAS IRON!

GONE--
TAKING OUR
ONLY CHARTS
WITH IT.



OUR CHARTS' PERHAPS--
BUT NOT MY HEAD.

I STILL
CARRY
THE COURSE
--HERE.

AND IN HIS CABIN, HIS FACE BLISTERED BY THE TORCHES' SEARING FLAMES, THE ENTRANCED PRINCE KOURA CONTINUES HIS SINISTER CHANT--



RETURN...
RETURN...
RETURN NOW
TO HE WHO
BREADED
LIFE INTO
YOU...



WITH A
SHUDDERING
STIRRING OF
MUCK AND
SILT, THE
NOW-IMMOBILE
FIGUREHEAD
RISES FROM
THE OCEAN'S
FLOOR--

-- RISES
TOWARDS THE
SURFACE --



--AND
BEYOND!

RISE... RISE I
COMMAND YOU...
HEED YOUR
MASTER'S CALL...

MY LORD
KOURA,
WH-WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?
WH-WHAT
IS THE
MEANING
OF THIS?



AND WHEN THE FIGUREHEAD
HAS SETTLED GENTLY TO
THE DECK...

YOU SAID,
CAPTAIN,
THAT YOU
COULD GO
NO FARTHER
WITHOUT A
CHART!



WELL, I
GIVE
YOU THAT
CHART--
NOW!

THRAK!



NOW WEIGH ANCHOR,
CAPTAIN-- BEFORE SINBAD!
PULLS TOO FAR AHEAD!
YOU SOUGHT A COURSE--
AND SO YOU HAVE ONE--

--AND IF WE MUST, WE
SHALL FOLLOW THAT
COURSE TO THE EDGE
OF THE EARTH!

NEXT ISSUE:
INTO THE LAND OF THE LOST...
WITH SINBAD!