

TALES FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

SINBAD'S FIRST VOYAGE



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Sinbad's First Voyage



An illustrated edition by Pewitos

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Sinbad had spent almost all his inheritance. Only rugs, cloth, and a few coins remained. He would not wait for someone else to solve his problems. “I will sell some and learn to trade,” he decided, checking his accounts.



He chose sturdy cloth, tied the bundles, and wrote down what each had cost. Then he traveled from Baghdad to Basra. He was no longer carrying money to spend carelessly: his goods had to pay for the journey and help him begin again.

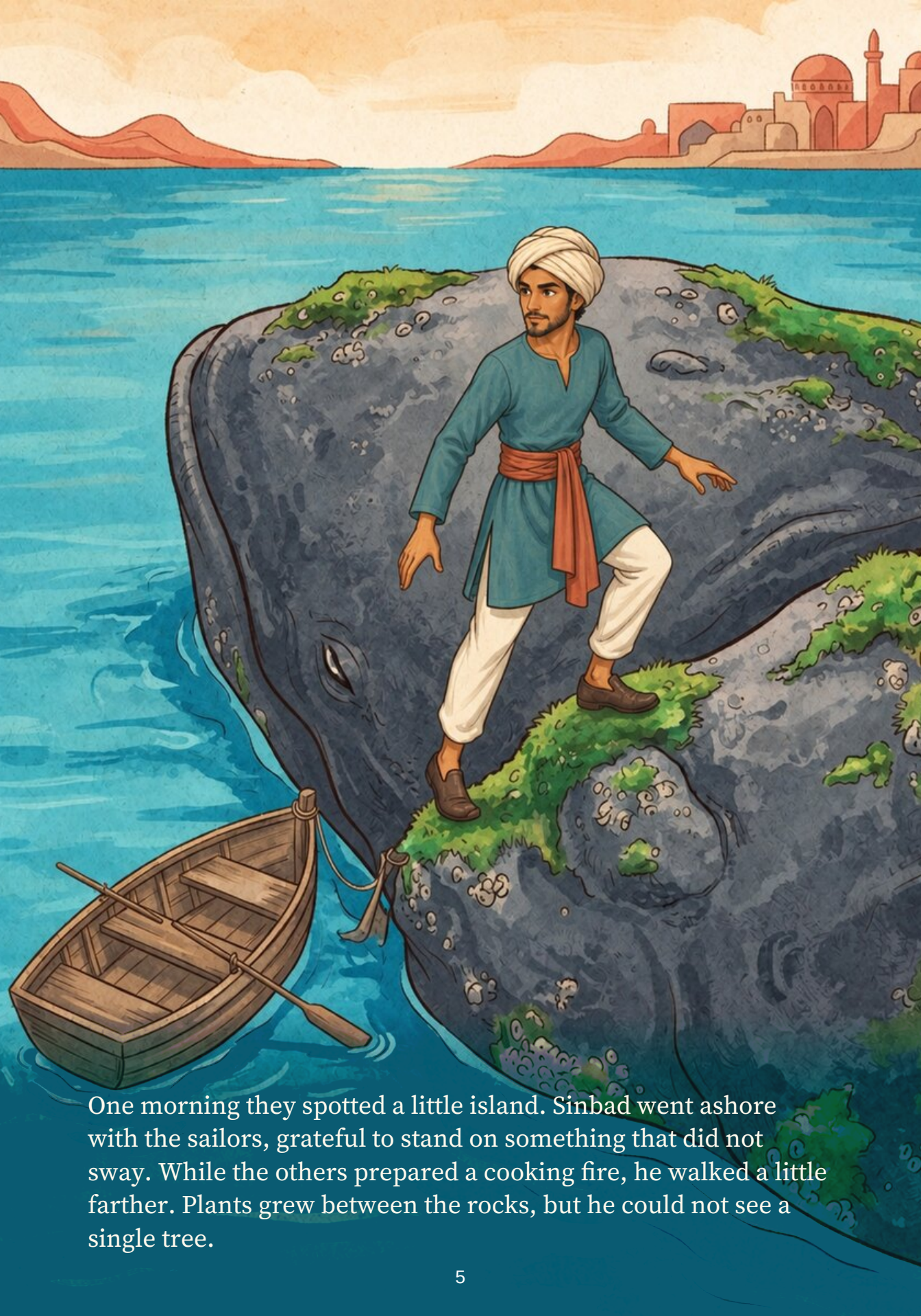




Aboard the ship he met Captain Qasim. "Have you sailed before?" "Never," Sinbad admitted. "Then listen to the crew and secure your bundles." As the harbor faded, Sinbad realized that buying goods had only been the first step.



He learned to watch the wind and ask questions before making a bargain. At every port he recorded costs and sales. "Not everything you receive is profit," Qasim reminded him. Sinbad subtracted the cost of the cloth, food, and passage.



One morning they spotted a little island. Sinbad went ashore with the sailors, grateful to stand on something that did not sway. While the others prepared a cooking fire, he walked a little farther. Plants grew between the rocks, but he could not see a single tree.

The sailors stacked the firewood they had brought from the ship and lit a fire on the dark stone. While some readied the cooking pot, others called Sinbad back. Heat spread beneath their feet as if the ground were breathing. Then a cup rolled by itself and the water began to tremble.



He bent to examine the ground. A tremor traveled through the soles of his feet. At first he thought it was a wave; then the rocks seemed to rise. A shout came from the ship: “Come back! That is not an island!” Sinbad began to run.



The fire had awakened a gigantic sea creature. What had looked like land was its back. As it sank, a wall of water rose. The sailors reached the ship, but a wave swept Sinbad away from its side. "Qasim!" he shouted before falling into the sea.



He tried to swim toward the white sail. Each time he raised his head, the ship was farther away. Then he saw a plank among the foam. He changed direction, reached it, and held on with both arms. For now, he only had to stay afloat.



The current carried him toward the beach. He released the plank only when he could touch the bottom. Later he found fresh water and rested in the shade. A neigh made him sit up: where there was a horse, perhaps someone could help him.





Beside a white horse he found its keeper. "I have lost my ship," Sinbad explained. The man offered water and listened without interrupting. "These horses belong to King Mihrage. Come with me; first you need food and rest." Sinbad accepted his outstretched hand.

On the way to the palace, Sinbad asked how he could return to Basra. "Ships arrive from many places," the keeper replied. It was no promise of a journey home, but it was a possibility. Sinbad began thinking of what he could do while he waited.





King Mihrage heard his adventure. “What can you do?” “Keep accounts and recognize cloth. I am still learning.” The king offered him work with the harbor records. Sinbad would have a bed and somewhere to seek news.

A few months passed. Sinbad recorded cargoes and asked new arrivals about Qasim's vessel. Some knew Basra; none had news of his captain. One morning a familiar sail entered the harbor. He ran to the quay and found his own markings among the bundles being unloaded.



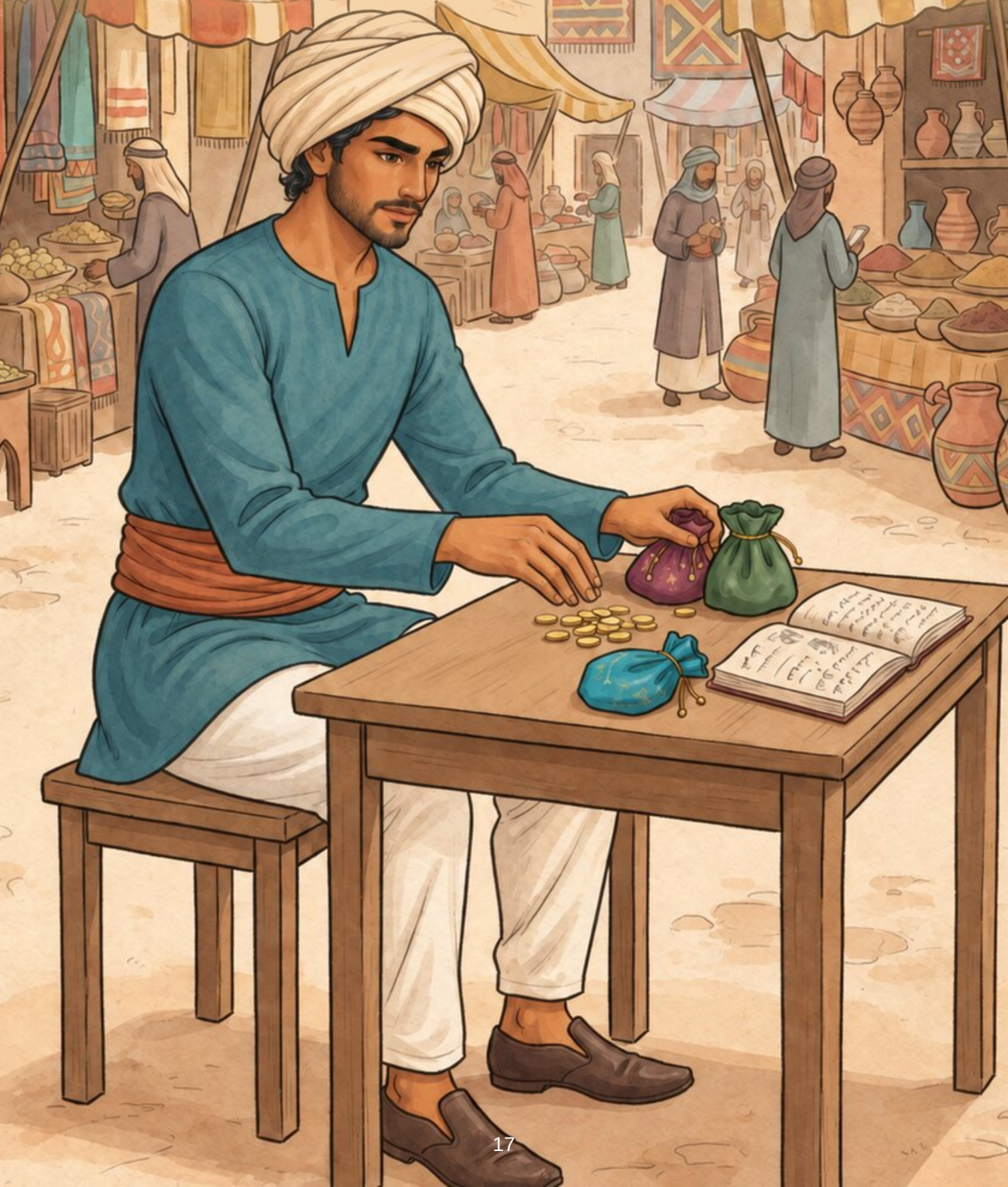
“Those bundles are mine!” Sinbad said. The harbor registrar shook his head. “They belonged to a merchant lost at sea. I cannot release them without proof.” Sinbad described the cloth and its quantities, but the man replied, “We will wait for the captain.”





At that moment Qasim arrived. When he saw Sinbad, his eyes widened in astonishment. “Sinbad! We thought you had not survived!” The captain confirmed his identity to the registrar and returned his goods; he had kept them safe for Sinbad’s family.

Before leaving, he sold some of his cloth at that port. This time he checked every account patiently. He set aside the fare home and saved a reserve. With what remained he prepared thank-you gifts: he would not leave without acknowledging the help he had received.



“I have found my ship,” Sinbad told the king. “Then have a safe journey home,” Mihrage replied. He also thanked the horsekeeper. He had arrived with nothing; he was leaving with his goods and people he hoped to see again.





From the deck he waved until the quay grew small. Qasim set course for Basra. Sinbad carried a profit, but no longer planned to spend it all at once. He wanted to return to Baghdad, pay what he owed, and keep enough for the next difficult day.

That was how his first voyage ended. Back home, he set aside his savings, helped people in need, and told the story of the false island. When asked how he had returned, he spoke of the plank, his patience, and the helping hands that had opened a way home.



About this edition

Sinbad's First Voyage

Sinbad's first voyage belongs to the seafaring tale cycle associated with The Thousand and One Nights, transmitted over centuries without a single known author. This is a Pewitos adaptation.



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After spending nearly all his inheritance, Sinbad learns to trade and sails into the unknown. A false island and the sea force him to rely on resourcefulness and the help of others.

This classic adventure explores patience, gratitude, and learning to care for what we have, with vivid voyage scenes made for shared reading.



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