



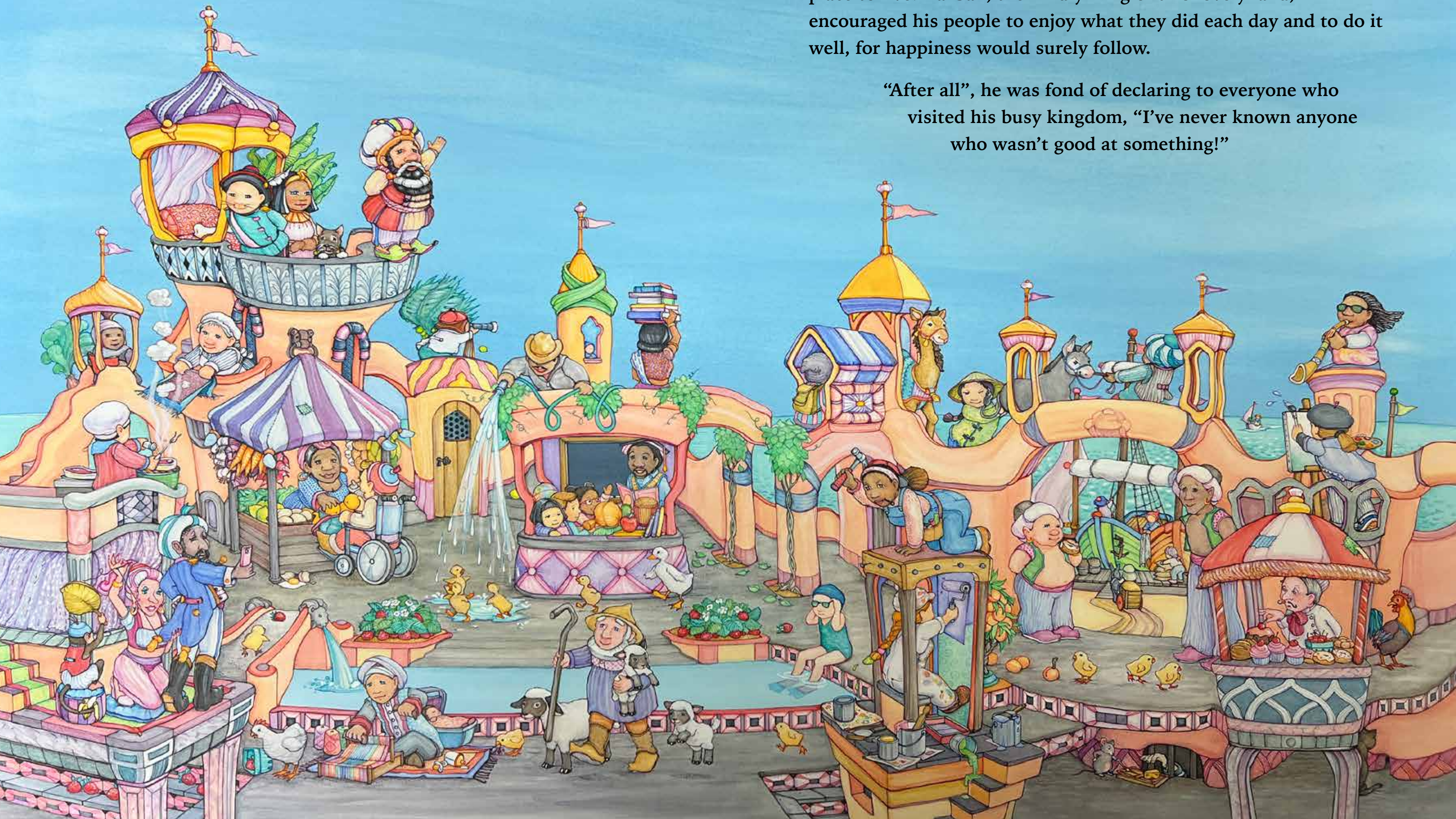
The Adventures of Finbad

By Louise Satterfield

Adapted from the original story
by Robert Wexelblatt

From the brightly painted palace perched high on a hill down to the bustling docks by the sea, Jabba Kandoo was a delightful place to live. Kazbah, the kindly King of this lovely land, encouraged his people to enjoy what they did each day and to do it well, for happiness would surely follow.

“After all”, he was fond of declaring to everyone who visited his busy kingdom, “I’ve never known anyone who wasn’t good at something!”





Kazbah was thinking this very thought one day when the throne room doors flew open and in marched Faisal the Fisherman carrying a wet and ragged little boy.

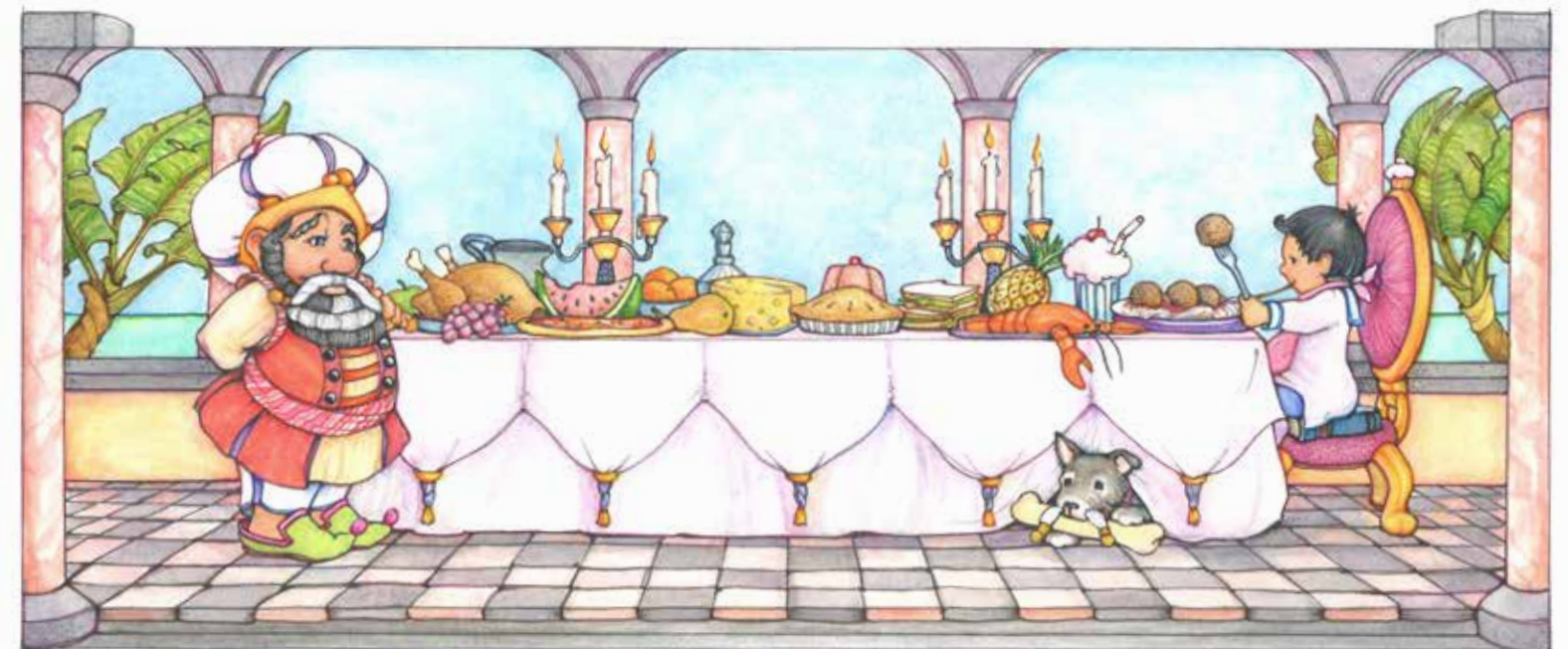
“Your Highness,” said Faisal, “I found this wee bit landing his boat on the beach this morning. He seems quite hungry and could use a good scrubbing. The boy did indeed look miserable.



Kazbah promptly ordered a warm bath for the lad, followed by a healthy snack. Afterward, a spotless and well fed little fellow was returned to the throne room and presented to the King who asked, “What is your name my boy, and where do you come from?”

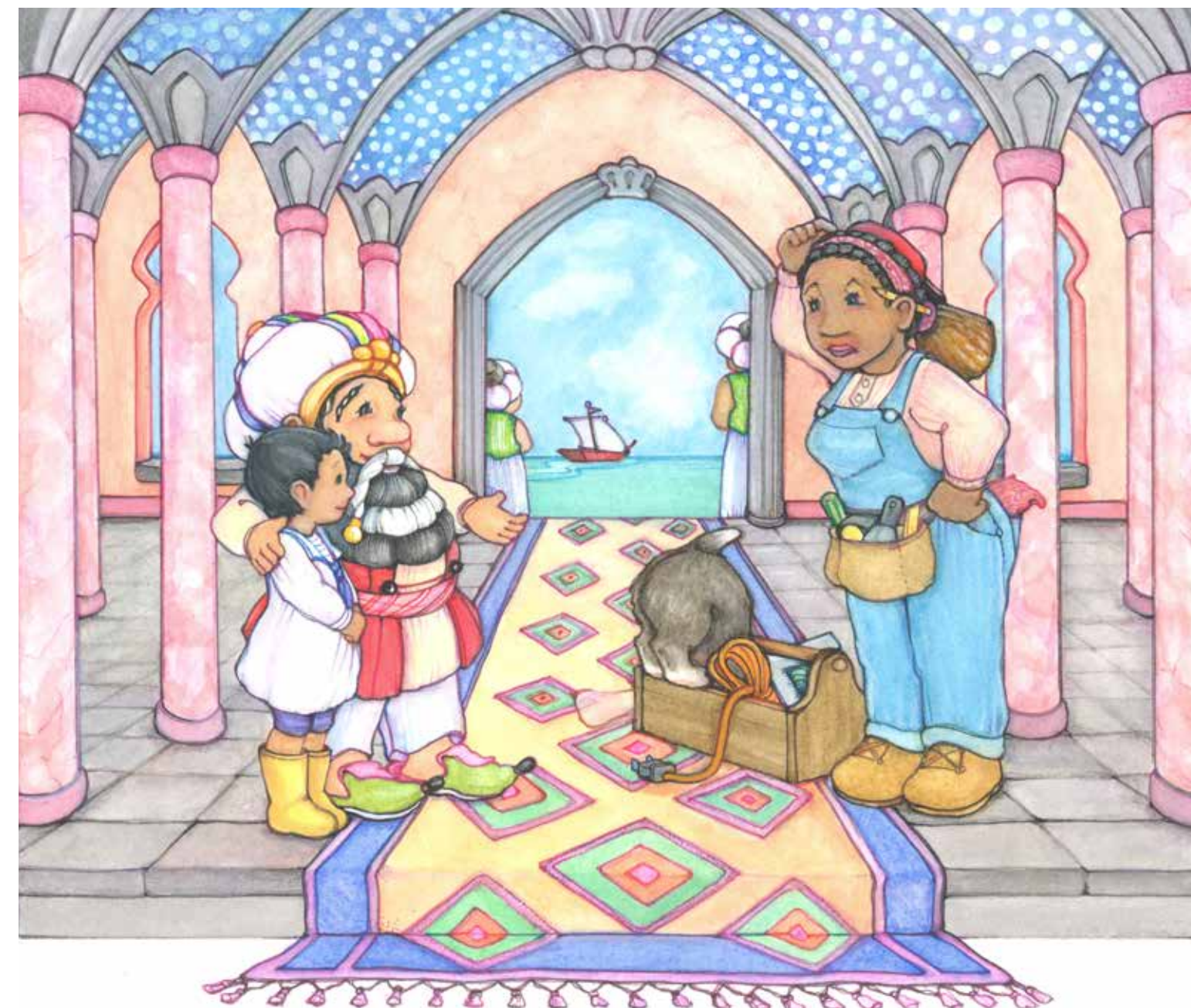
“My name, Your Highness, is Finbad,” the child answered softly. “Finbad the Failer. I come from a land far away where they call me that because I fail at everything I do.”

“Nonsense!” snorted Kazbah, “I’ve never known anyone who wasn’t good at something!”





“I’m afraid you do now, Your Highness,” replied Finbad. “There are so many things I’ve failed at that they can’t be counted. I cannot tie my shoes, I cannot whistle, and I cannot learn to skip no matter how hard I try. Tired of failing, I decided to run away in my little boat and search for the Edge of the World. For seven days and seven nights I crossed the Seven Seas until reaching your splendid kingdom. This clearly is not the Edge of the World, so it would appear that I have failed again.”



A lonely tear ran down to the tip of Finbad’s nose and Kazbah was moved to make a bold decision.

“My boy,” he announced, “together we will find out just what it is that you can do. Katifah the Royal Carpenter has asked for an apprentice, and we will start by teaching you the tools of her trade.”

Katifah was summoned and appeared at once. She looked doubtfully at her new helper but led him away to begin his training.

Two days later Katina and Finbad stood before the King. “Oh please, Your Highness,” begged the carpenter, “Please relieve me of this senseless boy!”

“Senseless?” asked Kaszbah with a frown, “How senseless could he be?”

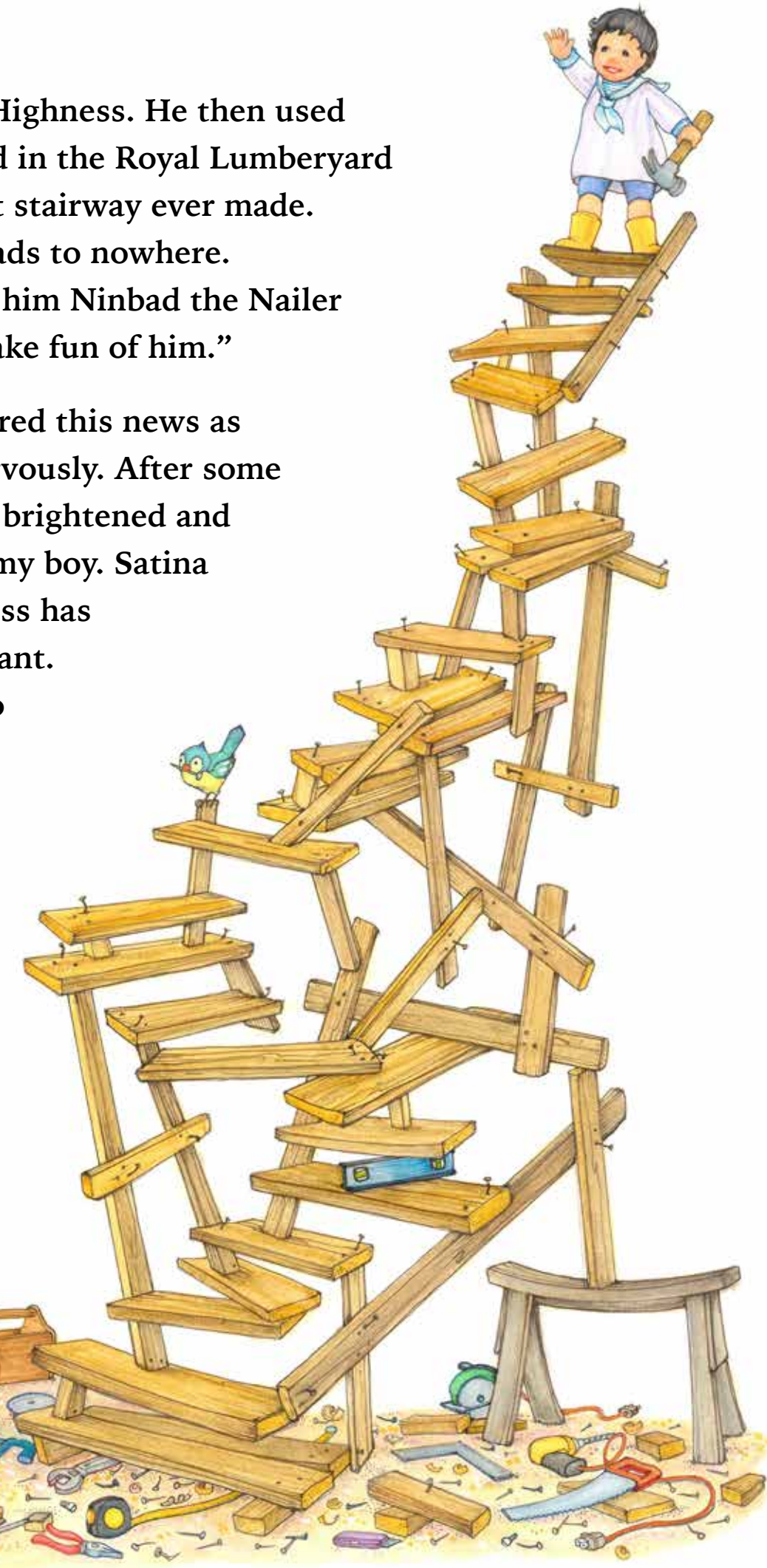


“Where do I begin Your Highness?” cried Katifah. “First he built a door that wouldn’t open. And then a window that wouldn’t close!”

“Is that all?” asked the King.

“Alas no, Your Highness. He then used every piece of wood in the Royal Lumberyard to build the longest stairway ever made. Unfortunately it leads to nowhere. Everyone is calling him Ninbad the Nailer to mock me and make fun of him.”

Kazbah considered this news as Finbad shuffled nervously. After some thought he quickly brightened and said “Don’t worry my boy. Satina the Royal Seamstress has requested an assistant. Perhaps you will do better at sewing than you did at sawing.”





Two days later, Satina and Finbad stood before the King as she pleaded to be relieved of her new assistant. “All he had to do was sew on a button, Your Highness, a button for General Jingo’s new uniform!!”

“And?” asked Kazbah impatiently.

“And, instead, this useless boy sewed the Generals sleeves together and stuck the General with a needle in the (ahem)... process. I’ve lost my best customer and people now call the boy Tinbad the Tailor to shame me and make fun of him!” Finbad hung his head.



“I see,” sighed Kazbah with a hint of disappointment. But after some thought he brightened and said “Never fear my boy. Dohbal, the Royal Dungeon Keeper is always looking for an extra hand, so off you go.”

As Finbad headed toward the damp and gloomy dungeon the King gently drew him aside. “My boy you must be more careful this time,” he urged.

“Remember, I’ve never known anyone who wasn’t good at something...”



But Kazbah was a man of his word. He tried for many days to find something that Finbad might enjoy and do well.



Finbad was sent to work at the Royal Post Office. But after losing three hundred letters and getting stuck in a mailbox, he was promptly dismissed known as Minbad the Mailer.”



Finbad was then sent to the Royal Dairy where he was quickly swept up by a haying machine, leaving the farm known as Binbad the Baler.”



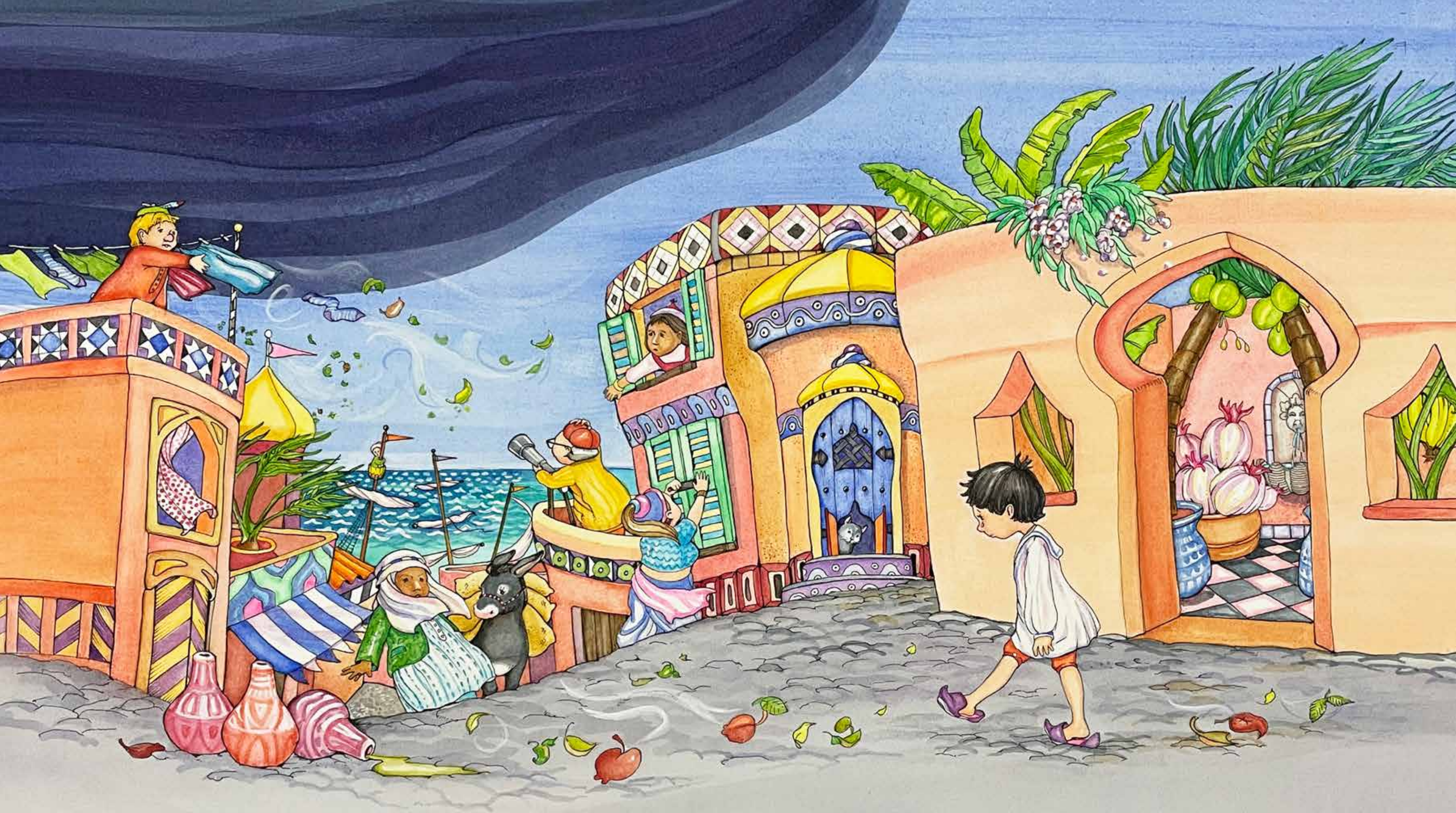
Kazbah even let Finbad join the Royal Opera Company. Sadly, his voice was so off key that everyone cringed and laughed, naming him Winbad the Wailer.”



Finally, Kazbah had to admit that he was stumped and summoned Finbad to the Royal garden.

“Finbad,” said the King more sadly than severely, “You are the only one I’ve ever known who isn’t good at *anything*.” His elegant mustache twitched with frustration.

“This afternoon I am taking the Royal Rowboat for a tour of the harbor where I will decide what is to be done with you. In the meantime, *please* stay out of trouble!” Deeply discouraged, the King turned and left the garden.



Finbad left the garden as well. With a heavy heart, he made his way down to the waterfront where his boat was kept. There was nothing left for him to do but run away again and search for the Edge of the World.

Should he find it this time, he would gladly jump off. The poor boy was so lost in despair that he didn't hear the angry clouds rumbling overhead.



The wind began to howl as Finbad pushed his boat toward the crashing surf. A bolt of lightning lit up the sky and he suddenly noticed a large crowd gathered on a nearby dock.

They were shouting and pointing at something out in the harbor. Finbad looked up to see the Royal Rowboat being wildly tossed by a raging sea. It was about to sink!



In a flash, Finbad was launched and headed straight for the struggling King. Using all of the skills he had learned while crossing the Seven Seas, he rode expertly up and down the towering waves, reaching a frightened and floundering Kazbah just as he was about to disappear beneath the swirling water.



Finbad firmly grabbed the King's sash and pulled with all of his might. With a great SPLOSH, the King landed safely in the little boat.



As quickly as it came, the mighty storm blew over and Finbad was able to head swiftly back to shore.



“Hooray!” cried the people as they hoisted Kazbah onto the dock. “Hooray for Finbad!” some shouted, while others cried, “Hooray for Ninbad, Tinbad, or Jinbad!” for nobody knew just what to call the little fellow after all of his mishaps.



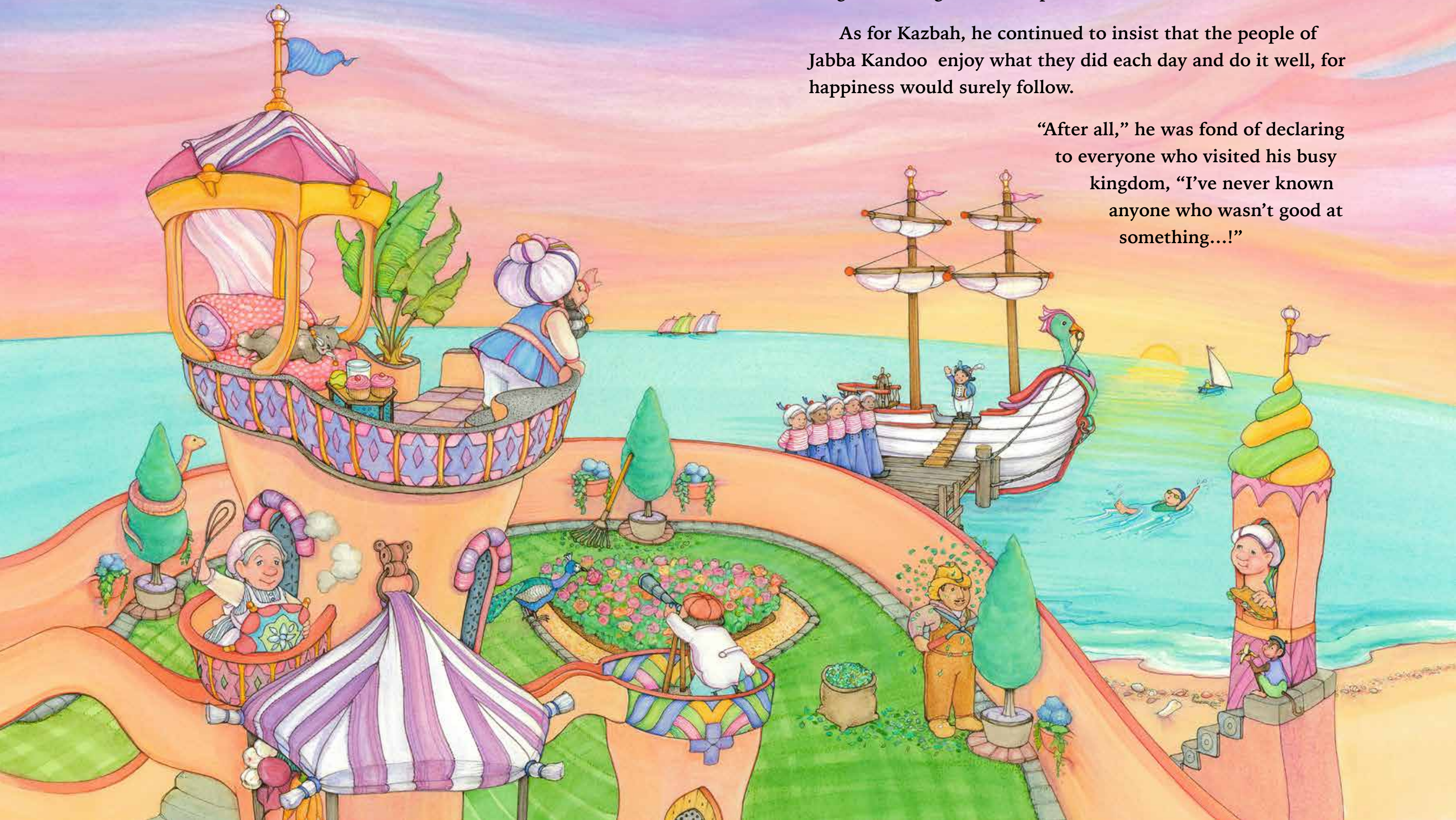
Once the water was out of his ears, Kasbah heard the cheers and drew Finbad to his side. “Silence and Attention!” he thundered. “Due to his daring and heroic rescue of Myself, I hereby declare that this brave and capable lad shall henceforth be known as Sinbad the Sailor, Lord of the High Seas and Admiral of my Royal Fleet... And anyone who calls him otherwise will have to answer to Me!



And so Finbad became Sinbad, the most famous seafarer in Jabba Kandoo, and possibly throughout the world. In time, he also learned how to tie his shoes, how to whistle, and even taught the King how to skip.

As for Kazbah, he continued to insist that the people of Jabba Kandoo enjoy what they did each day and do it well, for happiness would surely follow.

“After all,” he was fond of declaring to everyone who visited his busy kingdom, “I’ve never known anyone who wasn’t good at something...!”





The End

