

"YOU SEE, 'T WAS  
THE SUN THAT WAS HIS  
OWN LINDOIN'..."



COMICS

# "... STRANGERS BEARING GIFTS"

A TALE OF THE BLACK PEARL

"AND SO HE  
FLAPPED HIS BARE  
ARMS, AND BEING  
WITHOUT WINGS HE  
GOT A GRIP OF  
NO BREEZES..."

... AND HIS  
MOUTH SHOUTING  
HIS FATHER'S NAME  
WAS RECEIVED BY  
THE DARK BLUE  
WATER..."

... WHICH HAS  
DRAWN HIS NAME  
FROM HIM."

THE BLACK  
PEARL.

CREW...  
CURSED...

THE ELEMENTS  
KILLED HIM... BUT TO  
FEEL WHAT HE FELT,  
EVEN FOR A BRIEF  
MOMENT...

WARMTH...

AIN'T  
THAT THE  
TALE OF...  
OF...







ICHABOD!  
IT'S THE LEGEND  
OF ICHABOD.

IT BE THE  
STORY OF  
ICARUS.



LOVE TO HAVE  
ME WINGS OF  
WAX.

SO I COULD  
FLY.

WHY WOULD  
YOU WANT WINGS  
OF WAX?

OH,  
YEAH.



WAIT -- WHY  
NOT WINGS OF  
FEATHERS?

OR CANVAS,  
LIKE SAILS ON  
YOUR ARMS?

SIGH!  
IT'S MORE A  
METAPHOR.



YE NOT BE VERY  
WELL READ IN THE  
CLASSICS.





YOU 'EARD 'IM -- WE SHOULD BE MORE WELL READ.

CAREFUL -- ALMOST POKED MY EYE OUT.

"ALMOST POKED MY EYE OUT" -- WAH-WAH!

BESIDES, READIN' WASN'T EXACTLY A PREREQUISITE, FOR BEIN' A PIRATE, NOW WAS IT?



HOW DID WE BECOME PIRATES, ANYWAY?

CASTAWAY...



NAH -- PRETTY SURE WE WAS RECRUITED...

NO, WE WAS...



MAN OVERBOARD!



**MERE MINUTES  
LATER...**

HE'S BREATHIN', RIGHT  
ENOUGH. WONDER IF LITTLE  
SPANISH BOYS DREAM  
IN SPANISH...

BO'SUN --  
GET HIM  
BELOW.

HNGH!

RAGETTI --  
STOP YER BLATHERIN'  
AND FIND SOMETHIN'  
FROM THE GALLEY TO  
GET 'IS STRENGTH  
BACK.



BUT I WAS THE  
ONE WHO DID THE  
FINDIN'!

AYE --  
AND NOW WE'VE  
ALTERED COURSE  
TO ACCOMMODATE  
YER FINDIN'.

SO UNLESS YOU WANT  
TO BE THE ONE THROWIN'  
A WEE LITTLE BOY BACK  
OVERBOARD SO WE CAN  
GET UNDERWAY...

THINK I'LL  
MAKE... A  
STEW?

AYE.  
MAKE A STEW.



THE REST  
OF YA --

-- GET  
BACK TO  
WORK!

AYE!

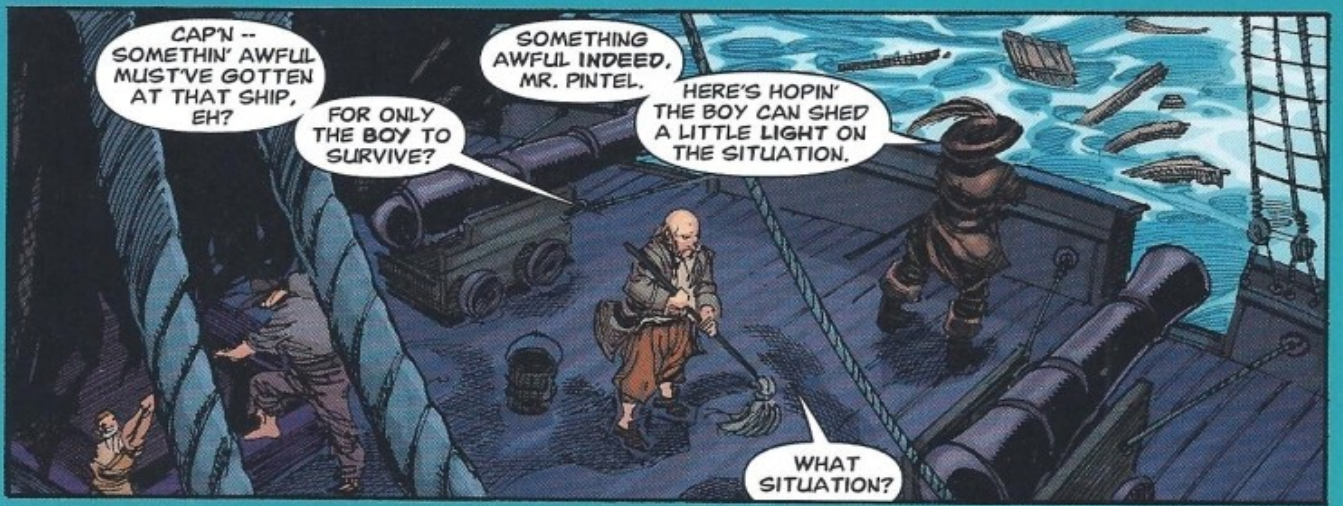
AYE!

AYE!

HNGH.









LATER...

<I MEAN NO OFFENSE, SIR, BUT THIS STEW IS...>

<IT'S DREADFUL.>

<MY COOK'S TASTE BUDS BE A LITTLE OUT OF FORM, AS IT WERE.>

<AND NOW THAT YOU GOT SOME SUSTENANCE OF SORTS IN YOUR BELLY, I THINK YOU SHOULD BE UP FOR A MILD BIT OF QUESTIONIN'...>

\* TRANSLATED FROM SPANISH.

<THE WRECK BE MY FIRST BIT OF CURIOSITY.>

<WE WERE ATTACKED. SPANISH ARMADA.>

SLURP

<THE DELFIN WAS CHARTERED AS A FISHING VESSEL...>

<NOW WHY WOULD THE ARMADA UNLEASH HELL ON A SHIP UNDER ITS OWN FLAG, HMM?>

<PERHAPS IT HAS A LITTLE SOMETHIN' TO DO WITH THEM SHACKLES -->

<WHICH BE MY SECOND CURIOSITY. YER BEIN' ALIVE, MY THIRD.>

<THOUGH NOT NECESSARILY IN THAT ORDER.>

SLURP

<I WAS PRISONER ON THAT SHIP.>

<IF YOU DON'T MIND MY ASKING -->

<-- WHAT MAKES YOU VALUABLE ENOUGH TO TURN THE SPANIARDS AGAINST THEMSELVES?>

<I DON'T THINK YOU'D EVER BELIEVE ME.>





<REST ASSURED, EXPERIENCE GIVES ME A STAGGERINGLY HIGH ABILITY TO SUSPEND DISBELIEF.>

WHAT ARE THEY SAYIN'?

IT'S SPANISH.

DON'T KNOW -- S'ALL GREEK TO ME.

<COURSE I MEANT SPANISH -- IT'S CALLED A "TURN OF PHRASE.">



<I KNOW WHERE THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH IS.>

<THAT FABLE BE A FACT, CAPTAIN. I'VE SEEN IT WITH MY OWN EYES.>

<LOST MY SHIP AND CREW IN THE PROCESS.>

<THE FOUNTAIN BE JUST A FABLE.>

<NOW YE' BEST START TELLIN' ME THE TRUTH A'FOR THE SHARKS BE THE ONES ASKIN' WHY YOU'RE WEARIN' THOSE SHACKLES.>

CLANG

<THE FOOD!>

<NOW YE BE TRYIN' MY PATIENCE, LAD!>



<ENOUGH GAMES!>

GAH!

TWANG WANG WANG WANG WANG





«BOY...  
WHAT BE YOUR  
NAME?»

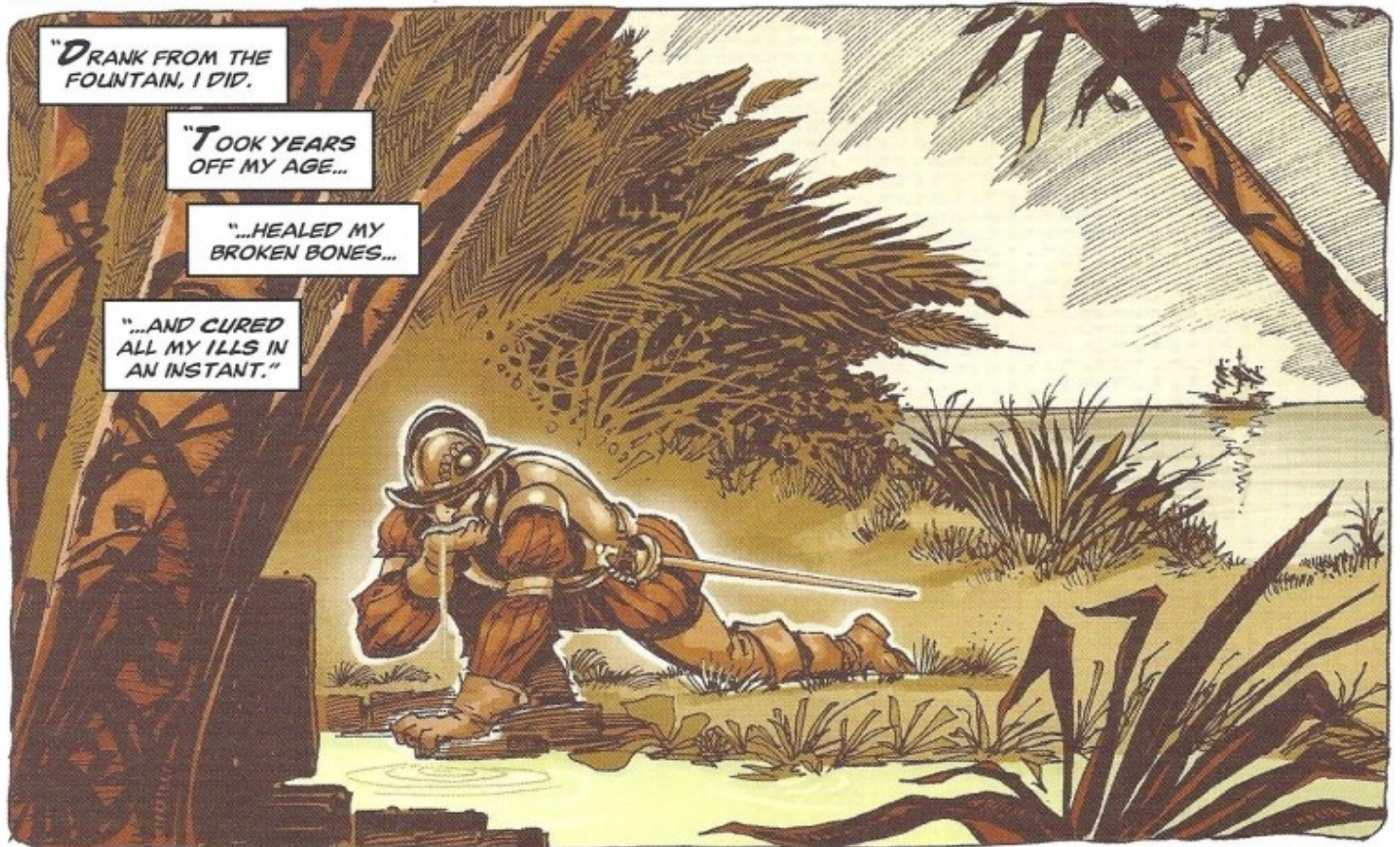
JUAN...

JUAN  
PONCE DE  
LEON.

THAT NOT  
BE POSSIBLE. HE BE  
DEAD FOR OVER A  
HUNDRED YEARS...



WELL, HERE  
I AM. AND I'D LIKE  
TO MAKE YOU  
AN OFFER.  
LISTEN...



"DRANK FROM THE  
FOUNTAIN, I DID.

"TOOK YEARS  
OFF MY AGE..."

"...HEALED MY  
BROKEN BONES..."

"...AND CURED  
ALL MY ILLS IN  
AN INSTANT."



I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE  
FOUNTAIN IN EXCHANGE  
FOR SAFE PASSAGE  
HOME...



DROP THE MAIN  
SAIL AND CHANGE  
COURSE!

A CURE  
FOR OUR ILLS  
AWAITS!

SLAM

SLAM

HURRAH!

HURRAH!









"IT MOST CERTAINLY IS..."

IF I MIGHT HAVE A WORD, "MR. DE LEON."

YES, CAPTAIN BARBOSSA?

TELL ME, WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT GREEK MYTHOLOGY?

I'M... FAMILIAR, YOU COULD SAY.

AYE, AS AM I. YOU SEE THAT STATUE THERE, WAY UP HIGH?

'TIS A YOUNG BOY NAMED MELIKERTES.

OOH, I LOVE A GOOD STORY!

SHUT UP, YOU.

"YOU SEE, HE AND HIS MOTHER, LONG AGO, INCURRED THE WRATH OF HERA."

"SO, THEY RAN, JUMPED OFF A CLIFF INTO THE SEA FOR PROTECTION."

BECAME POWERFUL AS GODS, THEY DID.

FABLE SAYS THE BOY DIDN'T GO BY "MELIKERTES" ANY LONGER AFTER THAT...





FACT SAYS  
THEY CALL HIM  
"PALAIMON"  
NOW.



WHO KNEW PONCE DE LEON  
WAS A SEA GOD?

PRETTY SURE  
THE SEA GOD TOOK  
ADVANTAGE OF OUR  
NAIVETE, RAGETTI.

TYPICAL.



NEED SAILORS'  
BLOOD TO KEEP  
YOU ALIVE  
THEN?

NO. I LOVE  
SAILORS...

... BUT  
PIRATE SOULS  
FEED MY  
FIRE.



"Pity..."





...CAUSE  
OUR SOULS BE  
SPOKEN FOR!

YAR!

YAR!

YAR!

YAR!

YAR!

YOUR SOULS  
WILL JOIN OUR  
RANKS!

FOR THE  
SACRIFICE!



DEFEND  
YOURSELVES,  
LADS!



YOU MIGHT  
HAVE MENTIONED  
BEING CURSED,  
BARBOSSA.

NASTY LITTLE BIT  
OF BUSINESS WITH  
THE AZTECS.

THEN WHY  
EVEN FOLLOW ME  
INTO MY TRAP?  
I AM A GOD,  
AFTER ALL.

WE ALREADY BE  
DAMNED, SO EVEN A SLIM  
CHANCE AT FINDIN' A CURE  
IS BETTER THAN NO  
CHANCE.

AND FOR A  
"GOD" YOU SEEM  
TO BE AWFULLY ...

...LIMITED.





ON THREE...

ONE...

PIRATES!

...TWO...

HISS

SWIPE

WE CANNOT HURT DEM!

...THREE!

PLUNK

SWIPE

WHAT DID HE JUST SAY?

YOU HAD TO TRICK US INTO COMIN' HERE... JUST LIKE THE REST OF THIS LOT.

SACRIFICE OF WILLING MARITIME SOULS... KEEPS ME ALIVE.

SQUISH SQUISH SQUISH

...NOT MY EYE...



<YAWN>

SWING!

REELIN' IN  
CREW AFTER CREW  
WITH THAT COCK-EYED  
FOUNTAIN PROMISE.

KEEPS YOU  
IMMORTAL.  
AGELESS...

ANYTHING ELSE  
YOU'D LIKE TO TELL  
ME THAT I ALREADY  
KNOW?

YOU MEAN ASIDE  
FROM YOU NOT LETTIN'  
US LEAVE, SEEN' AS WE  
KNOW HOW YOUR LITTLE  
GAME WORKS?

ENLIGHTEN  
ME.

WE FOUND  
YOU CLINGIN' TO  
THE DRIFTWOOD  
LIKE YOUR ETERNAL  
LIFE DEPENDED  
ON IT.

CLANG

NO!

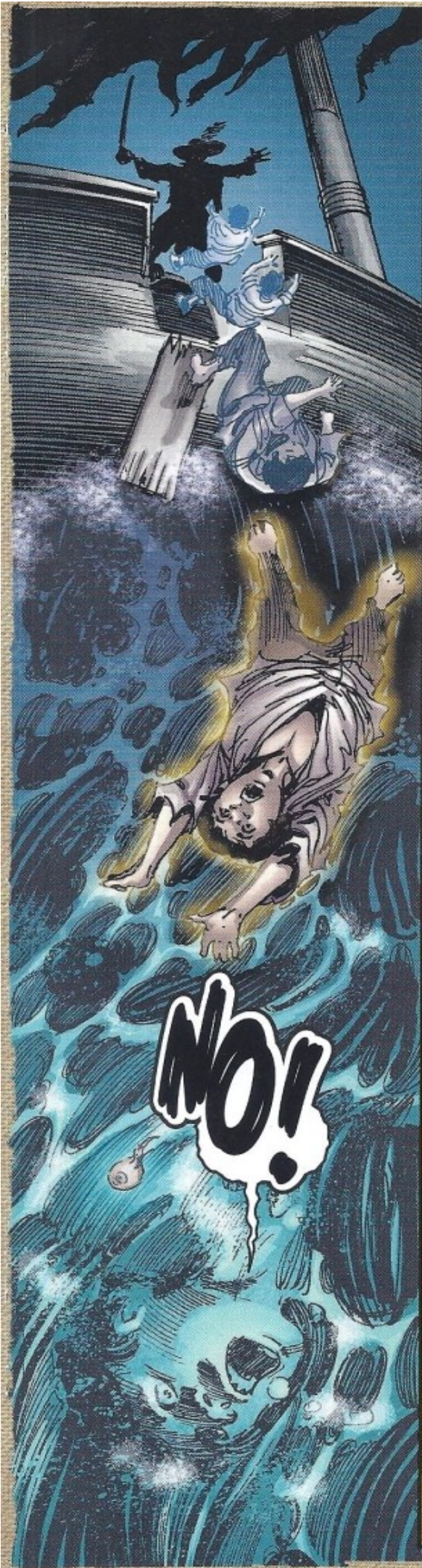
LET'S  
FIND OUT!

KER-ACK

AND?

MAKES ME  
WONDER IF  
YE CANNOT  
SWIM.





**No!**



HELP ME!!!

HISS

HISS

HISS

HISS



YOU FOLK MIGHT WANT TO BE SAVIN' YOUR MASTER, THEN.



MAKE SAIL FOR SAFER WATERS...





THAT'S IT THEN... IT'S GONE...

DON'T YOU WORRY -- WE'LL FIND YOU A NEW ONE.

I DON'T WANT A NEW ONE...

CAPTAIN -- YOU LEARNED ALL OF THAT FROM YOUR BOOKS, HOW TO DEFEAT HIM?



HIS ALTAR WAS A STATUE OF HIM RIDIN' A BLOODY DOLPHIN.

IRONIC OR NOT, A SEA GOD CAN SWIM... HE DOESN'T NEED A DOLPHIN.



YOU THINK THAT FOUNTAIN BE REAL AT ALL, CAPTAIN?

WE'RE UN-LIVING PROOF THAT TALES OF THE BE ...


BUT TALES OF HOPE...

... OF REDEMPTION...



IF THERE BE ONE THING YOU HAVEN'T QUITE GRASPED ABOUT THE ILLUSTRIOUS HECTOR BARBOSSA, IT BE...



A dramatic comic book illustration of a pirate captain on the deck of a ship at night. The captain, with a long beard and wild hair, is shown in a state of intense anger or fear, shouting with his mouth wide open. He is wearing a brown, layered coat and a wide-brimmed hat. He firmly grips the large wooden steering wheel of the ship. The deck is made of dark wooden planks, and a railing is visible in the foreground. In the background, a large, glowing full moon illuminates the dark sky, and a lantern with a warm yellow glow hangs from the rigging. The overall atmosphere is dark and suspenseful.

... I DON'T  
BELIEVE IN  
FAIRY TALES.

THE END