

THE LEGEND OF THE GOLDEN ISLE

Early in the 17th century, the King of England sent his Navy on an expedition to search for fabled untold riches, lying buried off the Americas. Admiral Blake commanded the Fleet Royal on its perilous voyage across the Atlantic, a convoy of seven sails led by the King's flagship, the HMS Dreadnought.

After many weeks at sea, the fleet dropped anchor in Long Island Sound, five nautical miles from New York Harbour. In Blake's possession, was a roughly-drawn map snatched 9 months earlier from the pocket of a drunken accomplice of the infamous buccaneer, Captain William

villainous mates climbed aboard the Dreadnought under the cover of darkness.

A vicious battle ensued and much blood was spilt. Morgan's attempt to retake the treasure had failed, and he and his cohorts lay dead or dying. Before throwing the corpses overboard, Blake commanded his men to snatch the slain pirates' earrings which, according to legend, would deny them access to the afterlife and condemn them to eternal damnation. The pirates' galleon was set alight and, as the flames lit up the night sky, the ship went down with all hands.

Following the battle, it took Blake and his men three weeks to repair the Dreadnought and make it seaworthy for the long journey home. But as they set sail, a terrible enemy was stirring again twenty fathoms beneath them. The tortured souls of

the pirates were rising, intent only on recapturing the precious cargo. The sunken galleon and its ghostly crew began its deadly ascent to the surface.

Unaware of the pursuing marauders, the British fleet was suddenly shrouded in a mysterious thick fog. The wind dropped and the becalmed ships floated aimlessly. Soon, the Dreadnought became separated from the other vessels. The crew waited helplessly, until a lookout spotted a break in the murky mist, and land dead ahead.

A lush, tropical island appeared before them, a strange land uncharted on any map. Curious as to what they might find, the Dreadnought headed toward the

island, oblivious of the tragedy that would befall them. As the ship sailed into deceptively shallow waters, a deafening crash of shattered, splintered wood echoed around the bay as it grounded on a submerged reef.

The Admiral and his men were sitting ducks. Stranded just a few hundred yards from the shore, they could only look on in horror as Morgan's ghostly galleon rounded the Point and brought its cannons to bear on the stricken clipper, blasting it to kingdom come.

The phantom pirates ravaged the ship's hold and



dragged the treasure and the soldiers' remains to the bottom of the sea. But for all the gold and jewels they had captured, not a single earring was ever found. So, destined to spend forever in limbo, the pirates while away the hours, counting their gold doubloons and playing golf - with sabres as clubs and skulls instead of golf balls, amongst the kelp and the wrecks on the seabed off the coast of the Golden Isle, - where they still play to this day.

Kidd. The map purported to show the exact location of Kidd's vast plundered legacy.

Blake ordered 50 men to row ashore and begin the search. One hundred paces due east, from the tallest of the pine trees lining the cove, they dug nine feet down and discovered Kidd's fabulous pirate hoard. The treasure, contained in twenty-four chests, was hauled aboard the Dreadnought, carefully inventoried and listed precisely as 1,375 ounces of gold, silver and precious stones.

Secretly watching the King's men unearthing the ill-gotten gains, was Captain Kidd's determined and blood-thirsty rival, Henry Morgan. At long last, he had been led to wealth he had always dreamt of. That night, whilst Blake and his army were celebrating their famous discovery, Morgan and his

