



## The Story of West Rock dive site

YE OLE WOBBS

Artwork and story told by  
Richard Reading - Just in time logistics

In the late 17<sup>th</sup> and early 18<sup>th</sup> century/s when Pirates, Buccaneers and Privateers roamed the seven seas, one of the most notorious of all these swash bucklers Renegades & Rogues was Captain Arundle Pritchard,



known as The Scourge of the Eastern Mediterranean he debauched Plundered and pillaged the coast lines of Europe, Africa and Asia with a motley crew of Irish convicts, ruffians & ne' er-do-wells, lying the jolly Roger.

On one such junket to Egypt he made off with a large bounty of loot including bales of silk, gold doubloons, baubles, riches in gems, pieces of eight & a few kegs of rum.

Bent on his capture a warrant was issued. The Egyptian government commissioned a man o' war to sail the horizon scour the

Mediterranean give chase, seize, secure and bring Pritchard to justice & a proper end, ridding this Nemesis from the seas, stamping out this plague of piracy, forever.



With a ransom on his head, eager to outrun the noose & fearing his pursuers. Having no doubt that they will not waste time in parley Pritchard made way



for the coast of Cyprus in the hope of making good his escape and eluding capture.

Tracking their quarry the Egyptians came upon a castaway, a one legged Barbary Corsair the wretch claimed to

be Pritchard's quartermaster. He had been marooned because his shipmates believed he'd stolen some of the treasure.

They'd left him there with only a pistol containing a single shot.



It was rumoured that after telling all, the lame man was rewarded with a job of pirate hunter with the accord "No prey, no pay!".

Reaching the coast of Cyprus Pritchard looked for a spot to bury his hoard, amazed at the quantity & choice of items while slurping a strong drink of kill-devil, a concoction of rum laced with gunpowder, drunk in a tarred leather mug called a Blackjack.



Not keeping a weather eye open an act of folly or an unlucky eventuality as his wisdom lead to peril, the Galleon laden heavy with the fortune struck a submerged Rock so scuppering the vessel sending men & the Precious cargo to the murky depths.

He and three of the crew did manage to swim ashore taking refuge in Cyprus & latter reclaiming some of the lost Booty from the briny.

Arundel Pritchard remained in Cyprus to fritter away his proceeds on paltry pleasures, gambling dens & other houses of ill repute, singing sea shanties enjoying the prizes of wine, women and song until his peaceful death in bed of liver disease, in 1724, probably brought on by his daily binging.



He died leaving a tavern wench, several ankle biters & a string of dept's  
**Arrrrrrgh....**