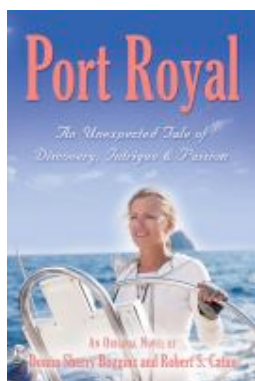


# Port Royal

*An Unexpected Tale of  
Discovery, Intrigue & Passion*

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a white sailing jacket and a grey glove, is smiling while steering a boat. The background shows a blue sea and a clear sky with a small island in the distance.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL BY  
**Donna Sherry Boggins and Robert S. Catan**



*The She Quester, a magnificent vintage schooner, along with her crew, has vanished. Captain Sam O'Doole is left to ponder the fate of his prized ship and her valuable cargo, his two sons. O'Doole's adventurous passengers, brilliant archaeologist Dr. Kate and her CIA Operative husband, William Shepherd, are drawn into his plight. They devise a plan to locate the majestic schooner, then unearth the complex scheme behind its capture.*

# **Port Royal: The Unexpected Tale of Discovery, Intrigue & Passion**

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The Unexpected Tale  
of

Discovery, Intrigue &  
Passion

An Original Novel by  
Donna Sherry Boggins  
&

Robert S. Catan

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First Edition

## Historic Port Royal

“Did you know that four hundred years ago, only Boston rivaled Port Royal in size and stature?” Kate lay across the bed, her head resting against Bill’s solid frame. “In 1690, Boston’s population was around six thousand and Port Royal topped out at anywhere from sixty-five hundred to ten thousand. The city had as many as two thousand buildings.”

“I had no idea that Port Royal was that successful a port for the English.” Bill stroked her blond hair as she spoke. In the faint light entering through the porthole, Kate’s skin shone bronze and her hair sparkled like pure gold.

“Yes. It was the most successful colonized city in the Seventeenth Century, English New World. But it was much different than other colonies, like Boston, Mass. I’d say it was a very strange place, all things considered. Tolerance and diversity were accepted and perversely, pirating and looting helped build emerging plantations in the New World. Just think how thievery, slavery and corruption benefitted a newly discovered continent. Sadly, it was a very disturbing scenario. Then poof, all that was came to a sudden and violent end.”

“Tell me about it, darling.” He loved the lilt of her voice, especially when she passionately expressed her

field of study. She exposed the auspicious school girl, who perpetually overflowed with curiosity and spectacle.

“At precisely eleven forty-three AM, on the seventh of June, 1692, during a catastrophic earthquake, thirty-three acres or approximately sixty-six percent of the so-called *‘storehouse and treasury of the West Indies’*, abruptly sank into Kingston Harbor. An estimated two thousand people were swept to their deaths. Another three thousand died from their injuries or related diseases.

Shepherd brushed a lock of hair from her eyes. “We seem to flirt with quakes, don’t we. Just look at New Zealand and Christchurch. We were witnesses to history.”

“I know, darling. Unfortunately, both earthquakes and volcanoes were common occurrences at many archeological sites. Around the globe, ancient civilizations have been brutally preserved by layers of suffocating volcanic ash. The excavation sites’ community lay at peace under layers of natural preservatives. But their deaths were anything but peaceful. When I close my eyes, I can visualize the agony imprinted on their perfectly preserved faces.”

“Pompeii’s eruption was cataclysmic and it was more terrifying than anyone could possibly imagine and sadly, it will happen again. We live our days on a sleeping giant. The Earth is a living and breathing organism. The Ring of Fire encircles much of the modern world and various plates are continually shifting and changing the Earth’s

continental surface. We subtly move as the Earth's crust constantly shifts."

"On our North American Continent, dormant volcanoes virtually line the Eastern Sierra mountain ranges. There are many distinct signs of past eruptions. Lava flows and cinder cones are brilliant reminders of the areas volatility. Mt. St. Helens was a baby by comparison to what the other resting volcanoes are capable of. Beautiful Yellowstone National Park is one massive caldera that could blow and end life as we know it. We enjoy it as a Wonder of the World yet Yellowstone Valley possesses more seismic power than any volcanic caldera on the planet. "

"The Madras fault changed the direction of the Mississippi River and when it made its move, the shaking and rolling was experienced more than a thousand miles. And of course, you know, New York City could slip right into the Atlantic and Miami Beach could become "The Lost City of Atlantis."

"The Earth is a very dangerous place to live, but thank God, we are fortunate enough to thrive on our evolving, living and churning planet, rather than on a dead or dying chunk of basalt. If Earth didn't contain her molten center, there would be no atmosphere and no life at all. Simply speaking, she would be a speck of dense, vacant rock, destined to endlessly encircle a burning yet dying star. "

“I’ve never visited Pompeii but the photos in National Geographic were frightening to see.” Bill closed his eyes to sharpen the image. “An awful death, I’m sure. Seared and burned by hot ash and gasses. Pure Hell raining down on every man, woman and child. Natural events can be pretty damn cruel.”

“But understanding and accepting that it will happen again when another volcano comes to life, we are humbled by its raw power over us. Yes, sobering. Extinctions brought about by similar cataclysmic events are only a matter of time. So we better take advantage of each day. No one knows what tomorrow will bring.” Agent Shepherd was blessed to have Kate in his life. If it all ended tomorrow, he would die a happy man.

Kate was touched by her husband’s sensitivity to natural events that took place millennia ago. He genuinely encouraged her to continue.

“Pompeii was a horrendous disaster. Port Royal’s history is quite dissimilar for a number of reasons. Don’t get me wrong. They were equally horrible to the victims who were caught in the fury. Port Royal’s catastrophic earthquake was only the beginning. Encompassing many generations, Jamaicans have experienced deadly fires, the most deadly fire in 1703 and they also suffered through a total of sixteen major hurricanes that habitually devastated the island between 1712 and 1951.”



“Today, there is little of value remaining , considering all the plundering that’s taken place since those early destructive events. The island seems to be cursed. Of course I don’t believe in curses but when one tragedy after another occurs, it’s time to relocate.” Kate tried a little humor to break the serious mood. “Sorry about that. Sadly, Port Royal was a despicable stopping off point that fed the new Colonies’ dehumanizing slave trade that ultimately led to our bloody Civil War. There is little to joke about.”

“You’re right but history is often lost on the beauty that is today.” Shepherd focused on the swells of aqua water and tropical breezes. “We have no authority over the past. But we can influence the present and the future.”

“I’m afraid I was getting a little carried away.” They had exhausted the topic. “It took place a long time ago.”

“Sam O’Doole had mentioned how divers continue to uncover ancient salvage. He also said it’s not much of a city anymore. I imagine there was so little left after the quake and fires. Incentive to preserve and rebuild had to be lacking. Islanders who did survive must have been totally demoralized. They faced difficult times. Regardless, I’m looking forward to diving with Cory. We’ll find you a souvenir or maybe a genuine artifact. ”

“I’d like that, my dear. I’m pleased you’ll have time to spend with Cory while I check out a few promising land

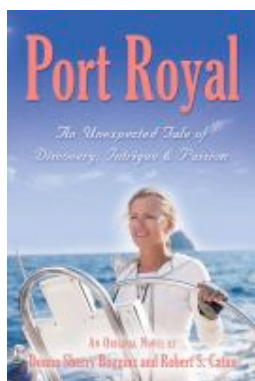
sites. I researched the name of a local historian. I'm hoping I can interest him on a walking tour so I can gather a few local tales. The sites may be in shambles but they're still worth a look. Fresh eyes and ears, you know."

"If you want to join us on the dive, you can. We'd enjoy your company."

"Thanks, darlin', but I want to explore on my own and try to better understand the place. Maybe, we can snorkel before we arrive in Port Royal. The water is so beautiful. I'd love to see the coral reefs and swim among the brilliant fish. I'd enjoy spending time with O'Doole's sons, Dan and Kevin. We have a few days before we rendezvous with Cory. How about that? Does that suit your schedule?" Kate planted a sweet kiss on his lips.

Bill returned the favor then pulled Kate away from her studies, " Sounds wonderful, but right now I'd like to see more of you." He took his lovely lady in his arms and held her close. "We've earned our little vacation and I hope we can do this every day."

Their bodies merged into a perfect unit and he held his breath and thanked his lucky stars for his good fortune. He was alive and wrapped in the arms of the woman he loved.



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