

Around the year 1680, a ship full of pirates crossed the waters of the Caribbean Sea. The captain of that ship was Henry Morgan, a British buccaneer who became a sailor in order to raid and plunder far-away places and get rich in the process.

Commanded by Morgan, the pirates had been sailing for months now, rocked by the swaying of the waves. One of the men was a tall, lanky red-haired fellow named William. He was in charge of mending torn sails, replacing damaged planks and fixing the rigging. Unlike other pirates, skilled with sword and combat techniques, William was an expert with the chisel, hammer and saw. He was the ship's carpenter.

When he wasn't busy fixing something, William would sculpt wood figurines, mostly ships. Using black ink, he would also draw pictures of islands he saw, birds and the sea. The drawings were very similar, because everything was very monotonous most of the time: the clouds always white, the sea always blue, the profiles of remote islands always so alike.

One morning, after dreaming that he'd gone back home, William woke up, readied his tools and climbed up the sails very high, to fix some damage. At first he did not see the waters around him, but then he almost fell off the mast when he looked up and saw a sight he would never forget.

The boat, he noticed, was sailing through a multi-colored sea of transparent waters.

William looked at the magical landscape:

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven.... Seven colors! A sea of seven colors!" He said.

After months of seeing the same thing: the pirates' dirty rags, the endless blue of the ocean, the sun and the moon, William suddenly beheld the brightest tones of blue illuminating everything around him.

William swam in those warm waters, with temperatures above 20 degrees Celsius





where colorful fi sh darted through the corals. Because in those days there were no masks or goggles to see underwater, William watched the tiny fi sh caressing his feet on the whitest sand he had ever seen, the same sand that surrounded the army of palm trees on the island.

William did not have the colors to paint that landscape. Even so, he drew what he saw in a coarse black color, and he promised that upon returning home he would paint the sea of seven colors that had so amazed him.

When they left the island, little by little, one by one, the seven colors of the sea faded and the water once again turned to a monochromatic blue.

William went back to England, married and had children. Upon his arrival, he took the black and white drawing he had made, and working from memory, painted each of the seven colors that surrounded those Caribbean islands. When he finished, he hung the painting from a wall, and any time a visitor came by, William would tell the story of the multi-colored sea he had seen from atop the mast. Some believed him, others didn't.

Today, that island where Morgan's ship moored, and where according to legend his treasure is buried, is called San Andres. It is in Colombia, and it still has those seven colors that the carpenter on the pirate ship saw with awed eyes.



The archipelago of San Andres, Providencia and Santa Catalina is considered a biosphere reserve. In the Seaflower area, the third largest coral reef in the world, there are over 400 species of fi sh, mollusks, jelly fi sh, birds and reptiles, as well as hard and soft corals that feed oxygen into Earth's atmosphere.

William's tales about the sea of seven colors were true. That sea does exist, and it is as dazzling as it was four hundred years ago when the English carpenter saved it in his memory forever.

Fact Sheet:

http://www.coralina.gov.co/coralina/ordenacionterritorial/areas/seaflower

http://www.nationalgeographic.com.es/historia/grandes-reportajes/henry-morgan-corsario-y-pirata-del-caribe_6314

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