

Voyage Into Hell

The True Story Of
An Around-The-World Sailing Rally, Somali Pirates,
And The Quest Tragedy

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Second Edition

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Front Cover

- Aspen sailing toward Bequia, with St. Vincent, Caribbean in the background

Introduction – Second Edition

Ten years – it has been that long since Phyllis, Bob, Jean and Scott were killed by Somali pirates off the coast of Somalia in the Indian Ocean. For many, it only seems like the blink of an eye with vivid, horrible memories still etched in our minds.

As I write these words from my cold, snow covered mountain home in the Colorado Rockies, piracy is still lurking in the Indian Ocean, offshore Somalia and the Gulf of Aden. The navies of the world have become stronger and smarter at suppressing piracy for commercial shipping in those areas. However, cargo ships and large vessels commonly employ heavily armed mercenaries to kill any pirates who attempt to approach their ships at sea. ‘A dead pirate tells no tales’ – an expression commonly used in waters off Somalia.

Piracy still rears its ugly head whenever there is an opportunity in that part of the world, with attacks happening when it is least expected.

Western Africa is now the world center for piracy. Pirates have moved into the Gulf of Guinea, attacking cargo ships using Somali pirates and their methods with great success. There were 130 seamen kidnapped in twenty-two separate incidents at sea during 2020. Once again, the world’s navies are starting to converge on yet another brutal part of the ocean to combat the desperate enemy.

What is new in this second edition?

It was surely a matter of fate that Maria and me on Aspen were anchored in the same bay as Quest, off the southern coast of Martinique. Yes, it was the same Quest, previously sailed and owned by Jean and Scott Adam yet with new owners.

The Epilogue in this book describes our predestined meeting and even a hidden picture taken onboard the sailboat, after the pirate attack on Quest in the Indian Ocean. It is only fitting to publish this 10th Anniversary edition of the book describing what became of the sailboat Quest.

Steven Siguaw - February 2021

In the Colorado Rockies during the COVID-19 pandemic

EPILOGUE

Quest Sails Once More

*L*ike a vision suddenly appearing in the blazing tropical sun, the unmistakable blue-hulled Quest lay at anchor, as we motored past in our dinghy. Quest??? How could that be? Yet there was no mistaking the blue hull and shape of Quest that is forever etched in the memories of Maria and myself.

St. Anne, Martinique is well known as a welcoming sailors' mecca during the winter season in the Caribbean. Sailboats and their crews flock to the large bay, enjoying the many cafes, beaches and welcoming locals, as trade winds provide dreamlike sailing conditions.

I slowed our dinghy to a crawl, as we made a large slow circle around Quest. Emblazoned on the transom was the same name we knew so well, written in script, "Quest". Maria and I just looked at each other, unable to speak.

Slowly drifting past Quest, with our dinghy engine in neutral, a man and woman appeared on the deck and waved at us. "Aspen" the woman shouted.

Shivers ran down my spine as we watched the figures waving at us. Hesitantly, I turned our dinghy toward Quest and approached her side. The same side and exact place on Quest where I last touched her, so long ago, when she was at anchor in Mumbai, India.

Memories flew into my vision of Scott, Jean, Phyllis and Bob talking with me while I hung on Quest's rail that day in the sultry heat of the Mumbai anchorage. Yet calling to us now was only an unrecognizable couple, beckoning for us to come toward Quest.

The man smiled warmly as I grabbed onto that same rail, steadying our little dinghy. There were so many questions we had, as our words flowed like sheets of rain. The man asked us to come onboard Quest and tie our dinghy on the stern. I hesitated and looked at Maria.

My memories were not something I wanted to relive. It had been seven years since the attack on Quest and their crew by Somali pirates in the Indian Ocean. That horrible incident was still as vivid as anything could possibly be in this life.

Maria quietly said we should go onboard Quest and meet this couple.

The sailor introduced himself as Roman, the new owner of Quest. Roman helped me tie our dinghy to the stern of Quest as Maria pulled herself onto the transom, followed by me. Having Maria go first and occupy Roman, I was able to visually take in what I had seen before near the stern of Quest, as she rested on land in the Norfolk boatyard during the pirate trials. Everything looked the same as then.

The repaired marks from bullet holes in the fiberglass around the transom were still oddly visible. My thoughts raced once again to images of U.S. Navy Seals storming aboard Quest and taking control of the Somali pirates.

Roman's outstretched hand quickly brought me back to reality. Smiling, Roman welcomed me onboard and asked if I would like something to drink. Clamoring into Quest's cockpit I met Ingrid, Roman's wife who Maria was already talking with.

I took a seat near the wheel inside the cockpit. The same wheel where Scott steered a course toward Somalia after being boarded by pirates at sea. The same wheel where Scott would turn around and see four mighty United States Naval warships slowly following in his wake. The same exact wheel where nineteen pirates forced Scott to command Quest during his final hours on Earth.

Roman went down below to get drinks for everyone while Maria talked with Ingrid. I was able to intently examine things in the cockpit. Bullet holes still penetrated stainless-steel fastenings

around the cockpit and a bullet hole was still in the fiberglass cover and another on the floor. Images of Phyllis, Bob and Jean flashed before my eyes, sitting in their respective corners of the cockpit with automatic weapons pointed at them continuously, day and night. PTSD was squeezing me again, I thought to myself.

I tried to sip my beer while sitting in the cockpit, without much luck. I was very disturbed being there with all those memories.

Roman wanted to talk about Quest, as well as about Scott, Jean, Phyllis and Bob.

Roman told us how he bought the boat where it sat in the boatyard in Norfolk, Virginia in “a very sad state”. In fact, Roman visited Quest seven times in the boatyard prior to making his decision.

The listing broker wanted a ridiculously low price for the vessel. Roman thoroughly researched Quest, knew her history and the fact that there were 129 bullet holes in the hull, before making an offer. The complete history of Quest, from how it was built in New Zealand as well as the extensive repairs made to the bullet holes in the hull was obtained by Roman during his research.

Roman knew Quest was built-well, strong and was a true blue-water sailing vessel. Roman and Ingrid had already sailed around the world on their previous sailboat, named Swiss Lady, from 1998 – 2005 so they were very knowledgeable sailors. They wanted a larger boat to sail across the oceans of the world. Roman was also familiar with the history of Scott and Jean, the previous owners of Quest.

Roman knew I had written this book and asked if he could get a copy. I offered to give him a copy of my book but Roman said he wanted to pay me for the book.

Still taking tiny sips of my beer, Roman wanted Maria and I to go down below into the main salon in order to show us something he made.

Down below, laid out on the main salon table, was a large book containing newspaper clippings about the pirate attack on Quest and her crew. Roman leafed through the book showing us newspaper reports and asking us details about the articles.

Every newspaper article he showed us was incorrect in their reporting about Quest and her crew. Everything was wrong including dates, locations, the U.S. Navy encounter with the Somali pirates and the ultimate murder of Scott, Jean, Phyllis and Bob by the pirates was totally erroneous.

Maria and I attempted to explain the facts of the piracy incident to Roman and Ingrid. But eventually, for simplicity, we both told them to read the book they were about to receive. The book contained documented proof for his many questions about Quest and her crew.

After leafing through the large book and showing us so many newspaper accounts written about Quest and her crew, Roman flipped the page and before us were startling pictures of Quest, Scott, Jean, Phyllis and Bob that we had never seen before. The pictures Roman had in his book were not presented at the trial nor among pictures the families or friends had in their possession.

Obviously surprised, Maria and I stared intently and studied the new photos. Roman saw I was excited to see the pictures and told us about them.

Roman explained he found a camera, hidden in a secret compartment on Quest. Knowing the FBI had torn Quest apart looking for evidence, Roman was surprised there was still something undiscovered and so unique hidden away. Roman went on to say he downloaded the memory card and printed the pictures for his book.

Knowing the families would obviously want to see these newly discovered pictures, I asked Roman if I could take a photo of each picture and send my photos to the families.

Roman answered immediately, saying no, I could not take pictures of the prints in his book.

I was aghast at Roman’s reply.

Before I could say anything, Roman reached into a drawer and took out the camera he found containing the memory card and photos. Roman handed the camera to me, saying I could copy anything on the camera as long as I returned the camera to him.

Resting in my hand was Scott's personal camera, hidden from everyone until Roman discovered it onboard Quest. My hand trembled with excitement, that was obvious. I was speechless for several long seconds.

I profusely thanked Roman for his offer, as did Maria. Standing in front of us was not only a fellow sailor but a man of enormous integrity and generosity. Roman completely understood what these pictures would mean to the families of Scott, Jean, Phyllis and Bob.

Roman also offered his contact information for the families, if they had any questions for him at all.

Once back onboard Aspen, I quickly copied the entire memory card and also searched the camera's internal memory for any remaining hidden information. I discovered two short video clips. One video clip was taken by the pirates, sometime during the dark of night onboard Quest. The pirates can be heard laughing and talking over the diesel engine noise.

I returned the camera, along with a copy of this book to Roman and Ingrid the next day. My excitement was still obvious as I thanked them again.

The pictures and video on the camera that Roman discovered, were sent to the families as I promised. The picture below was taken by one of the pirates, showing Bob, Phyllis and Jean in the cockpit of Quest. The picture was taken from just outside the cockpit, behind the steering pedestal. Toward the front of Quest is a Somali pirate holding a weapon.

Roman and Ingrid believe the spirits of Scott, Jean, Phyllis and Bob are now part of Quest. Roman did not change the name of the boat. Yes, the hull was painted a lighter shade of blue, yet the hull color is still very unique and very much part of Quest's mystique. It is Roman's true belief that, *"If Adam and Jean Scott are looking down from heaven, they will both be delighted that somebody is continuing their dreams."*



Bob, Phyllis and Jean (back to camera) in the cockpit of Quest while sailing toward Somalia. At the front of Quest is a Somali pirate holding a weapon. February 18, 2011.