

Carlos The 3rd

The Wondering Monarch

Magnetic Hill
Wharf Village

where memories are made!

Darkwood Woodcarving

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Carlos once again pushed his wings to their limits to gain as much altitude as possible before turning northwards towards Moncton and the Magnetic Hill Wharf Village, located in central New Brunswick. He could feel the southern winds as he climbed, pushing him northward as he gained more altitude. He knew he would be riding the wind again very soon.

Along the way he would stop off and spend some time at the Irving Nature Park and visit their new monarch waystation before moving on to the Magnetic Hill Wharf Village. The new waystation is full of native plants such as milkweed, plus you never know who you will meet at the local waystation.

Carlos was now hitting 450m, and the warm south winds were pushing him along faster than expected. From this height, he could see all the birds and humans flying and scurry around like they had somewhere to go; he could never understand why they did not just get off the ground and ride the wind like him. Carlos considered this as he made incredible time; at this speed,



he would be at the Magnetic Hill wharf by mid-day with little effort, thanks to the warm wind. Along the way, he would see several magnificent Bald Eagles doing the same as he was, just riding the wind... he would avoid them; it was better to see them at a distance than up close. Given that he was such a small creature compared to the eagles, it was better to keep his distance.

After his quick stop at the Irving Nature Park, he was off riding the wind again northward. He had a feeling he would be coming back to the Park again this summer. For the rest of the trip, it was smooth flying while avoiding several large eagles and hawks; there seemed to be more of them as he pushed north.

He could smell the salt water in the air as he glided above the shoreline. He did not understand why it felt so good being in New Brunswick, but he did; you could say it was in his DNA. The landscape mixed with the warm winds and mild salt air that came off the Bay of Fundy this time of year, and it just felt so right; he knew he was home.

As Carlos flew up over the open farmland surrounding Salisbury, just south of Moncton, he could just make out in the distance his final destination for the day; The Magnetic Wharf Village. An incredible, authentic-looking maritime wharf village nestled between the zoo and a huge, colorful water park.



The Magnetic Hill Wharf Village is a very cool location with its large pond and authentic wharf village. The pond was usually full of ducks and other aquatic creatures which Carlos would have to avoid, such as the frog. This creature normally lurked just below the surface of the pond.



To Carlos, the frog was a massive, green, dark-eyed demon that would come out of the water in a fury of splashing, with its huge maw wide open, its tongue lashing out to snatch its victims from the air and take them to the briny deep as it devoured them. The thought of this sent shivers up and down his long thorax. He would have to avoid the water as much as possible. On a positive note, there were



loads of New Brunswick wildflowers surrounding the pond. The area was very friendly to nature, so his stay in the village would be memorable. Little did Carlos know it would be very memorable indeed.

Carlos was slowly descending into the Magnetic Hill Wharf Village, taking in all the sights as he looked for the best spot to land, when he caught a scent he recognized as nectar. It looked as if it was coming from the covered bridge area near the park entrance. As he came in low, skimming above the wild flowers, he could taste the nectar in the air. He could see Marsh Blue Violet, Goldenrod and yes, some Swamp Milkweed. He would first hit the Blue Violet, then move on to the Swamp Milkweed. It was going to be a good day!

After a time, Carlos had his fill of nectar and was ready to check out the rest of the pond before finding a spot to rest for the night. With luck, he would find the local roosting area used by all the local monarchs. Monarchs like to roost together during the night in trees and shrubs. But for now, it was time to have some fun.

Carlos took to the air, climbing some 50m, then rolled over into what is called a hammer-head stall position and slowly let gravity take over, pulling him down towards the pond. As he dived down, he increased his speed, pulling up just in the nick of time and skimmed across the calm water, which resembled glass. He was forgetting about the possibility of predators in the area. After all, this was all about having a little fun. And at the speed he was traveling, he would be on the other side of the pond in a couple of seconds, avoiding any predators in the area.

Halfway across the pond, the water erupted just in front of him in a great geyser. Something very large was coming out of the water just in front of him. He turned to the left to avoid it when his wing caught the surface of the water, causing him to tumble and land in the water. As he floated there, he could see it was a duck coming up from feeding on the bottom of the pond. Carlos started to panic, flapping his wings trying to get airborne again. He knew that if he stayed on the surface for too long, he would become someone's dinner. The duck had not noticed him yet, but would shortly if he did not get up in the air soon. Just then, he

looked into the calm water and saw a large green creature moving beneath him. It had large, dark predator eyes. Carlos considered that it could be a fish or something else. He was still flapping his wings, trying to get airborne and off the water's surface. However, on clear glass water surfaces, he was also telling every predator in the area that he was stuck on the surface.

Carlos could now see the creature below him clearly... it was a large green frog looking right at him. Carlos started to panic, now thrashing, trying to get out of the water. The frog was almost within striking range. Luckily, it was below the water surface and could not use its main weapon... its long, deadly tongue. Suddenly, Carlos felt a large wave hit him that came from the duck that was surfacing beside him. You see, the duck considered eating Carlos, but once he saw that big plump frog coming up to the surface, he turned his attention to the frog.

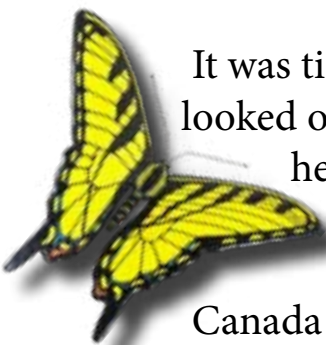
The wave from the duck pushed Carlos upward, giving him the boost he was looking for. With a few hard flaps of his powerful wings, he was airborne and started to turn away from the

frog that was now just breaking the surface of the pond. The next few seconds would be critical to his survival. The huge green frog of death broke the surface of the pond and launched its massive tongue upward, directed at Carlos. Carlos dodged to the left as the tongue flew past him on the right. The duck quickly snatched the frog from mid air before he could even pull in his tongue and swallowed him whole. Carlos kept gaining altitude, looking for a safe location to rest and dry out his wings. He could see in the distance a roost of large monarchs over by the village deck. He turned and headed to the roost, knowing he would be safe there. As he moved closer, he could see that it wasn't a roost after all, but a large sculpture of a monarch roost. Nevertheless, it was a perfect place to dry out, with loads of sun, and he would blend in with all the monarchs, becoming invisible to most predators. He was safe now; it was time to rest and dry out before searching for more nectar.



Several hours later, Carlos could feel the cool night air coming in; it was time to find the local monarch roost in the trees around the pond. After a couple of minutes, Carlos noticed a large

tree over by the covered bridge, which would be a perfect place to roost for the night; it was sheltered and ideal for catching the morning sun as it came up. Carlos jumped from the top of one of the sculpture's monarch wings and started to make his way up towards the tree. He could now see several other monarchs heading to the same location. Carlos landed on a branch about 2 thirds up the large tree between two other monarchs. As he settled in, he could see more monarchs making their way up to the roost.



It was time to chill for the night, and as he looked over the Magnetic Hill Wharf Village, he could see some Canadian Tiger Swallowtails on the next tree over.

Interesting butterflies, they stay in Canada over the winter and never go south to Mexico. Most of them have a very unique colour pattern, loads of yellow and black with dabs of blue, orange and red. To a monarch, the Canadian Tiger Swallowtail was friendly, but they were not monarchs; they tried to be...but evolution had decided differently. After all, they lay their eggs on deciduous trees and shrubs, not milkweed. To a mon-



arch, laying your eggs on a tree was so weird, not to mention their lack of orange, I mean whats up with that.

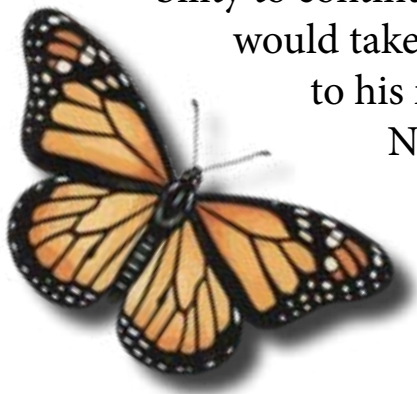
Carlos was safe for now and with his own kind, with friends and family. Tomorrow would bring a new day, hopefully without all the drama and danger that he had today. After all, he has had enough excitement for today; Carlos was now 6 weeks old, and very soon he would have to rest, allowing his children to take up the mantle and keep the species thriving. Like all things, time will pass, and the world will move on; it is the way of things.

At the same time as Carlos was settling down for the night, several chrysalises were opening in Kingsbrae Garden. Carlos the 4th was emerging, from his chrysalises along with all his brothers and sisters, keeping the monarch species alive. They would soon take to the sky and start riding the wind, as all monarchs are destined to do, and the circle of life for the monarchs continues.



Carlos would spend the next few days living the life of a typical monarch. He would find a new mate and start another line of monarchs at the Wharf Village. He would land on the monarch sculpture at the end of each day, enjoying the last of the day's sun. Life was good for Carlos; he had all the nectar he needed, and he had family by his side.

On day 3 of week 6, Carlos would meet his young son and daughter from Kingsbrae Garden. By the end of day 3 of that week, Carlos would pass the mantle to his children. Carlos the 4th would assume his father's name, Carlos. As the summer wind changed, he felt the urge to return to the waystation where he was created. For like his father before him, he now had the responsibility to continue the monarch species. He would take to the sky, riding the wind to his next destination, the Irving Nature Park.





If you have never visited the Magnetic Hill Wharf Village, you should consider the village as one of your summer locations to visit this year; put it on your bucket list.

Check out the link below.

www.magnetichillwharfvillage.ca



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