

Carlos The 3rd

The Wondering Monarch

Kings Landing

Where you can experience History



Darkwood Woodcarving
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Carlos was once again pushing his wings extremely hard to gain as much altitude as possible before turning westward towards Fredericton and Kings Landing, which is located on the central-west region of New Brunswick. He could feel the southern summer winds starting to change as the cooler northern winds moved in. Carlos noticed changes in weather patterns during his two-week stay in Parlee Beach. It was a gradual but steady change that set his instincts into action. He now felt the need to start travelling southward towards the mountains in Mexico. He did not know why or what was even there; he just knew it was the right thing to do.

It would only take Carlos a couple of hours to reach Kings Landing, one of the most magnificent historical attractions in New Brunswick. With its Saint John River views, or should I say Wolastoq River. Kings Landing is a small historical village where you can experience life from the 1820s to the 1920s. Kings Landing village would provide lots of wildflowers still in bloom and a very interesting environment.



Carlos was now 400 m in the air and would ride the southern winds, making his trip even shorter, provided there were no predators along the way. He was quite confident that this would be a safe trip since wasps only fly up to 30 meters from the ground. Most of the birds stay close to their food source; the ground. He looked out over the horizon, and there were no eagles or hawks between him and Kings Landing that he could see in the distance...At least none he could see; that does not mean there are not any that will pop up during his trip west. It was going to be a good day, finally an easy trip riding the wind.

Two hours later, Carlos could see Kings Landing off in the distance. He had been following the Wolastoq River for the past 30 minutes, watching the humans fishing along the river banks and in their curious things they call boats. It seems they always create things to help them go where they normally can't, such as cars that let them travel faster, boats that let them travel on water, and giant metal birds with wings that don't flap so they can fly.

He could make out the village along the shore-

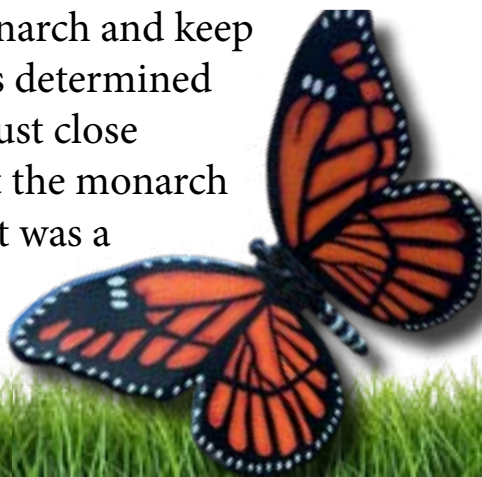
line. Its old-style homes were set in a typical 1820 village, enclosed by gardens, pastures, and farmland. There was just so much to see that two weeks might not be enough. He could see the farm animals in the open area just back from one of the main gravel roads. There were horses, cows and pigs, to name a few, in the fields.

As Carlos flew up the shoreline, he could see what looked like a blacksmith working the forge. He decided he would spend a little time resting under a very large Maple Tree across the road from the Blacksmith shop and watch the action. In the back of his mind, he could not understand how someone could work that close to a red-hot fire and turn something so hard into something completely different. The Blacksmith was forging horseshoe nails to be used in the village. He watched as many humans wandered in and out of the forge, each given one nail.

Carlos was contemplating just what that meant; what would they do with just one nail, he considered. Suddenly, a large, deep sound came from the field behind the Blacksmith shop. Several massive cows were wandering around the field.

The noise was startling at first to Carlos, but after hearing it several times, it just seemed to be what these massive creatures do. Carlos looked behind the farm wildlife and could make out what looked to be Goldenrod flowers along with several milkweed plants. He could also see what looked, from this distance, like another monarch.

Carlos leaped from the Maple tree's branch and darted around the left side of the blacksmith shop, a one-story, one-room building with aged timber. He was heading into the open field directly for the monarch that he had seen. He must know: is it one of his kind? Is it male or female? Are they also a super monarch? So many questions... He needed the answer to all of them. He was now darting left and right around bushes and small shrubs that spotted the open farm field. Every time he flew above a small bush, he would realign himself with the monarch and keep on a direct line for it; he was determined to meet it. Carlos was now just close enough to get a clear look at the monarch when he suddenly realized it was a Viceroy butterfly, a looka-



like monarch, same colours but slightly different pattern. Disappointment washed over him; he slowed down and took his time getting over to the Goldenrods. At least there was that; he could have a good meal, as there were lots of Goldenrod and milkweed along the edge of the field. At least it wasn't a Painted Lady butterfly, as he had seen loads of them around this year. That said, if the Viceroy gets near the milkweed, he would put the run to him. Milkweed, after all, it is sacred ground or, in this case, a sacred plant that belongs to the Monarch species.



Carlos would hang around the milkweed garden for the rest of the day, hoping that another monarch would come along at any time; unfortunately, that was not to be, but perhaps tomorrow, as tomorrow is a new day and anything can happen. But for now, he would feed on nectar and roost in the local Maple Tree for the night.

As the morning August sun peeked above the trees, lighting up the day and bringing Carlos out of his resting cycle, the warm sun's rays were bringing him back from his night's rest. He could

feel his wings moving up and down slowly, as if coming back to life. It would soon be time to wander around Kings Landing checking out everything from the lumber mill to the printing shop, and if given time, he would land on one of the horses that walked around the Landing pulling a cart full of humans. It was going to be a good day.

Carlos looked out over the field at all the milkweed and goldenrod plants that were covered in light dew after the cold summer night, as his wings were not ready yet to take flight. The sun needed to go a little higher, as he had roosted lower in the tree than normal last night. Suddenly, a bright orange and black female monarch flew past him. She was magnificent with her bright colours and her ability to manipulate the airflow around her incredibly large wings; she must be a super monarch like him. She flew past and kept on flying out over the farmer's pasture without even giving him a second glance. To Carlos, his world turned into slow motion as she vanished from his view. His wings were still not warm enough; he would have to wait several more minutes before making his move and following her path... He may be able to catch up with her; now that would be nice.

Several minutes passed, seeming like an eternity to Carlos. Every minute that passed seemed to go on forever; this waiting was excruciating. Then, finally, the wait was over... he took to the air and headed in the same direction as the female monarch. He was determined to track her down, as she was the only monarch he had seen since arriving at the park, and he felt an incredible urge to find other monarchs, both male and female, so that they could make their way to the mountains in Mexico together; it was almost time.

Carlos was now heading for what looked like the humans' print shop. This shop was something to see; they had machines that could take something humans called paper, much like birch bark, just more refined and with ink made from crushed plants; they could create wondrous things. With that, Carlos smiled and thought to himself, "Yes, they can create wonderful things, but they can still not fly or roost in a tall tree. They were still trapped on the ground with all the other predators." Carlos landed on the old cedar fence across from the print shop. The fence ran down each side of a gravel road. He was in a position that allowed

him to see directly into the print shop's front door and stay out of everyone's way as they came and went from the shop. From there, he could see that the building was full of people watching the print master in action. Carlos looked up and down the old gravel road and could see no sign of the other elusive monarch.



Carlos decided to make a run over to the local human store. The corner store was not what you think; it was stocked with items that would normally have been sold in the 1840s, as well as modern candy and items for visitors to pick up as mementos of their visit. As Carlos made his way across the open pasture, he had to avoid being eaten by a rather large cow. Not that he believed the cow had any real intentions to eat him, but rather saw him as a toy. The cow was more playful than hungry; it considered Carlos a flying toy as he made his way across the field.

Just as Carlos made his way around the right side of an older building, which he knew to be the old general store, he could see a couple of



Canadian Tiger Swallowtails hanging around what looked like a watering trough with fresh water running into a carved-out log. But he could not see any monarchs in the area. He decided to head over to the trough as the ground around it was extremely wet from splashing water. He would stop off and have a drink.



Now monarchs do not drink from standing water, such as lakes, rivers, or even troughs. Instead, they do what is called puddling. They land on wet ground that has been saturated with water, and they drink from the wet soil/mud. The rest of the time they find water when they collect nectar or when they find a flower full of morning dew.

Once Carlos was full of water, it was time to make his way over to the wood mill where he was confident he would find a monarch or two. It was the perfect location: lots of wildflowers, and the large upper pond used to run the mill would be full of wildlife and other bugs. He lifted off the ground and gained a little altitude so he could see the mill from a distance; it made it simpler to get directions and get from point A to point B. After

all, it's not like he carried a map with him or had a GPS.

Carlos looked out over the trees, and he could make out the mill in the distance. He started off flying in a straight line to the mill pond and would be there in no time. Just then, he could see another monarch flying around the horse-drawn wagon that the humans used to get around the park. He dived down and met the female monarch just behind the wagon. As soon as they met in the air, it became an aerial dance with Carlos nudging and knocking her in mid-flight. This was an instinctive reaction when a male and female monarch meet in the air.



Carlos and his new friend would spend the next two weeks exploring Kings Landing, with its numerous gardens and so much to see. At the end of their time at Kings Landing, they would both start the migration southward towards the mountains in Mexico. But before they leave their summer home, they would stop off at the Fredericton Botanic Gardens and Saint John, New Brunswick



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