

# MILFORD - THE KIDDNAPPERS

## Charles Island, CT

### 👁️ Three Curses, One Treasure, Zero Swimming

📍 Charles Island—a name locals say slowly with a shaky breath at high tide. If Captain Kidd really did bury his loot here, he clearly picked the most unwelcoming sandbar in New England.

Milford parents warn their kids to watch out for the Kiddnappers after dark—though not for the usual reasons.

Officially, Charles Island is part of Silver Sands State Park—a vital nesting ground for threatened snowy egrets and other fascinating shorebirds. Unofficially, it's Connecticut's least successful retirement plan for William Kidd, who allegedly buried treasure here in 1699, and brewed up a curse hurricane soon after.



### 🚫 Unfair Warnings

👉 Spitting jinxes was a favorite pastime of privateer-turned-criminal Kidd. Lured into a trap and arrested, he cursed his island hoard to ward off a treasure-hunting horde. Fail.

👉 Earlier omens were reputedly laid by a Paugusset chief who aimed to protect the area's sacred magic before settlers dulled its spark. If wishes were hexes.

👉 Doom Drop Three was uttered around 1721 by sailors who buried more loot, bewitching the island and anyone seeking their ill-gotten gains...and rum.

🍷 **Seafaring Snack Pairing:** Salted caramel popcorn—sweet with a touch of ocean. Best eaten while peering nervously into the misty islet's gloom.

👁️ **Ghost Gang: The Kiddnappers**

📖 **Status:** Eternal brig time for mutiny & mayhem

👁️ **Pirate Lookout Cosplay:** Stand on the shoreline, shading your eyes as if scanning for rival buccaneers. Grip an imaginary cutlass while shouting orders in Pirate to invisible crew members having a luau on the next island over.

### 👁️ Smuggler's Curse with a Side of Shorebirds

The dark charms laid by smugglers to protect the treasure have spawned decades of witness hallucinations:

👁️ **The Kiddnappers** — shimmering, human-shaped lights that sway in the treetops like a badly wired Hallowe'en display. Some say they mark where smugglers hid their loot; others think they're just seabirds with a bad sense of humor. Foggy nights find them bobbing like misbehaving fireflies. Legends say they mark buried treasure—skeptics argue it's just disorienting reflections off tide-worn sea glass.

👁️ **The Dripping Man** — kayakers once reported a drenched figure standing at the southern shore, water cascading down his sleeves on a hot dry day. He gurgled “Turn back,” then melted into the mist—though one paddler suspects it was just a soggy tern.

👁️ **The Watchers** — on moonlit nights, three hunched shapes atop sickly branches look like tricorn-hatted smugglers. Through binoculars, they appear robustly historical. Through a phone camera, they look like the world's least impressive raccoons.

### 👁️ The Sinking Ship of Reason

Charles Isle is just off the Milford shore, and is said to be guarded by three separate curses because one just wasn't enough. Between the Kiddnappers, the lingering bad luck from an Aquinas retreat of the 1920's and 30's, and a long history of business- and shipwrecks, it's a perfect trifecta of “Pass, thanks.”

But forthcoming residents will tell you the real danger isn't the ghosts, it's the sandbar. At low tide, a shimmering causeway appears like a movie set for “Landlubber: The Swimming Home.” Stray too late and the tide cuts you off. Don't let your casual stroll become a segment called That Time We Waded Back with My Purse Over My Head and Stinging Jellyfish at My Feet.