

 **Proof You Survived...**



...goes here

 **Ship's Log & Plunder Notes**

Date/grog o'clock: _____

Moon munchies (eerie glow, snacks visible?): _____

Snack + chills rating: _____

Kiddnappers in trees? _____

Shanties sung? _____

Freak-out factor, 1 to scream: _____

 **A Haunted View, Not a Hike**

This 14-acre feathered paradise—dubbed “thrice damned”—is a birdie day care lovingly preserved by the State of Connecticut. Access is strictly forbidden from May 1 through early September to protect nesting herons, egrets, and other threatened species. Even outside nesting season, the tombolo sandbar is treacherous—a fast, dangerous undertow has caused multiple drownings. Stay mindful of the signs and tide clock. Lingering mid-crossing could mean joining a haunted pirate band. And no more snacks...ever.

 **Six Leagues Under**

Charles Island's reputation as a damned treasure trove is mostly a mix of tall tales, imagination, and a pinch of wishful thinking. It's seen resorts and plantations wither, a fish-fertilizer plant tanked, a religious retreat give up the ghost, and a nuclear power plant plan melt down—all undone under mysterious or disastrous circumstances. Denizens dub it “Hard Luck Island,” blaming everything from ancient malware to poor business feng shui. Stories of unlucky ventures and an eerie atmosphere add flair to a day by the shore at least as well as supernatural forces.

One tale from 1838 recounts how treasure-seeking boys dug beside a rock, unearthing an iron box lid. A headless figure gleefully materialized to scare their pantaloons off. The next day, dropped tools had vanished, disturbed ground neatened (Pickyplank or Miffline ghost suspected). A good yarn to upsell and re-tell.

 **The Treasure**

Despite countless treasure hunts and persistent local lore, no documented pirate booty has ever been found here. The Captain Kidd story is a classic example of folklore growing up around a place—fueled by the man's real-life piracy and Connecticut's fanciful maritime history.

 **The Right Kind of Wild**

Owned by the state, access is banned during nesting season, which only adds to the “we only want you sometimes” vibe. Charles Island is a wildlife sanctuary—meaning you can't legally set foot on it much of the year without visiting the brig of the DEEP or a spirited security team. The view from shore can be hair-raising enough. Try squinting at dusk and imagining lanterns swaying on the sand, while hearing the faint clink of doubloons under the tide.



 **What to Do Nearby (Safely)**

 Bring binoculars, take eerie shoreline photos, and swap pirate ghost stories while eating fried clams. Extra points for wearing an eyepatch and whispering “Arrr, Matey”.

 Walk the Silver Sands boardwalk or beach trails—great for birdwatching, shell-gathering, and getting hauntingly close to the lore without drowning in it

 Stonebridge Restaurant, a haunted snackery just a short drive away. Built in an old mill, it's rumored to have its own gentle resident spirit—and their crab cakes are far less spooky than whatever's lurking offshore.

 **Pinned on the Phantom Map:** Charles Island parking: 1 Silver Sands Parkway, Milford, CT. For a "Keep Out...most of the year" kinda place, it's easily accessed and loaded with amenities. (Boardwalk! Marked trails! Porta potties!).