





# GULLIVER

## THE GULL WHO LOVED BALD HEAD ISLAND

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**A GULL IS BORN** The day Gulliver hatched was a normal one in the giant resort town of Bonkers Beach. It was busy, noisy and smelly. Gulliver came into the world with bright lights blinking in his eyes and car sounds blaring in his ears.

“This is no way to spend a life,” thought Gulliver. Seagulls are smart birds, and Gulliver was especially intelligent, even from birth.

As soon as he was old enough, Gulliver set out to find the perfect place to live. He flew north and he flew south. He flew high and he flew low. Gulliver was determined to get as far as possible from Bonkers Beach.

**GULLIVER’S TRAVELS** The first place Gulliver visited was a lot like Bonkers Beach, only noisier and smellier. He circled the boardwalk once and quickly flew away.

The second one was better, but there were no trees and a lot of cars. When Gulliver tried to land on the beach, a red truck with wide tires almost ran into him. He hopped out of the way just in time, barely escaping with tail feathers flying.

Gulliver was discouraged, but he didn’t give up.

One bright, sunny day as he flew along the southern tip of North Carolina, he saw some land that stuck out into the ocean and came to a point.

“Hmmm,” thought Gulliver, “this is different. Most of the time the coastline just goes straight.” He decided to check it out.

Gulliver soared toward the beach, coming in for a landing where some of the waves came from the east and some came from the south. Gulliver thought it was awesome. He had never seen the ocean do that.

On the beach, there were families sitting in the sun and wading in the shallows. Boys and girls were dipping small nets into tidal pools, coming up with little fishes and crabs that made Gulliver realize he was hungry from all of his travels. He settled on a large piece of driftwood and looked around.

He saw no blinking lights, only the glistening sun on the water. He heard no loud car noises; in fact, he saw no cars at all. The air smelled salty and fresh, the way the ocean should. Gulliver smiled, his beak opening wide as he let out a happy squawk. He knew he had found his new home.

Gulliver brought his whole family to live on Bald Head Island, at the point known as Cape Fear. They built their nests in the dunes near the Shoals Club, where all shorebirds are protected. Gulliver and his family spent their days breathing the fresh air, and enjoying the water and sunshine.

“Now this,” thought Gulliver, “is the best way to live.” He was, after all, an especially smart bird.