

Pacific Rim

One sunny, misty, British Columbia morning Brett Morris was preparing his breakfast of rations. He and his fellow researchers were camping on the coast of B.C in the only rainforest in the northern hemisphere. The all Canadian team of biologists and environmentalists were there to help Protect the environmentally precious rainforest. Dripping with moisture and lush with plant life, it is truly a rainforest. Soon enough, everybody was up; Dave Saunders, Gordon King, Tom MacLeod, and Paul Brown. A loud splash from the ocean suggested that a pod of orcas was nearby. "Well, here we are" Paul said. They had already reached the main path.

"Here's what I don't get" Brett inquired. "They give the most fragile park in Canada a catchy name meant to attract anybody. Pacific Rim? Not in my



books. It should be 'No Polluting Park' or something. The others chuckled dismissively. "Okay, gear out" Dave ordered. We're scaling this tree. In utter amazement, the small group craned their necks back to look up at the Giant Sequoia they were about to climb.

There were mixed emotions about this. "Sweet! Let's get to it!" "Oh, come on, seriously?" After the interesting comments, there was a moment of silence. Gathering his adventurous spirit, Tom encouraged, "One way or another, the treasure lies in the canopy." With only minor complaints, the researchers rummaged through their packs and found their new and colorful climbing equipment.

The ascent was slow but very eventful. A herd of White Tailed Deer galloped along underneath them while a Grey Squirrel hopped along the



branches of a Red Wood Cedar. A low loud mooing suggested that a Humpback Whale was near the coastline. "Here comes the canopy" Gordon alerted. The incredible line of sight was getting obscured by thick, spindly branches the thickness of a horse while the sunlight was

replaced with dappled shade. The mammal sightings were getting less and less and the bird sightings were getting more and more. A well-built Great Grey Owl nest almost had Paul knocked on the head soon before a Mountain Blue Bird fluttered extremely close to Brett's leg. Only slightly more noticeable was a Stellar Jay landing on a twig and calling. "Now here's the important part" Dave announced. "We've got to find out whether or not-" "There is a species of insect that is infecting the Sequoias" Paul continued. "Well, the bugs need humidity to stick around; we have to find a way to get that message across. The more we pollute, the more the trees die."

They had to contact the authorities at the visitor center quickly. After all, they had managed to collect some last-minute evidence of potential tree-destroying bugs. Since the trip to the visitor center was faster by boat, they were lucky to hitch a ride with a vacationing family who were coincidentally also going to the main part of the park. Once they docked and got out, they thanked the tourists, and the son, who was a nature enthusiast, asked for

everybody's signature. The owner of the park was now striding confidently towards them. He waited for the large family to leave before speaking. "Are you that group of researchers I've been hearing about? If so, to what do I owe the pleasure?" "Well, we need a warning. Maybe even a law." "About?" "Smoking. You see those beautiful Sequoias you've got out there?" Brett jabbed his thumb towards the forest. "They're in trouble from bugs if we keep smoking here." "Fair enough. I will arrange with the government for a law to be put in place."

Feeling good about themselves, the researchers headed back to camp. "Well, good night boys." "Good night."

