

Isle Royale  
Tonya Roe



Between the border of Canada and Northern Michigan sits a remote Island of ecological wonder. Alone in a lake that is so superior it creates its own highway system when the weather is cold enough and removes it with the warming of the Spring sun. Packs of hungry wolves set out on foot to the frozen roads and race by each other as they enter the Island. As the Island's only predator they've come to an enchanted temperate forest, with winding crystal clear streams, snow covered spruce, and prey large enough to feed the pack for a week. This keystone species keeps the biota in symbiosis, and everything from the decomposing fungi to the the tall treetops depends upon their arrival. For a billion years the Island remained in complete balance without the assistance of humans but now, even without humans inhabiting the Island, their influence has become apparent. The natural roadways, if they appear at all, are not strong enough to support the husky four-legged-visitors because the air and water is too warm. Moose populations have grown at such an exponential rate that the plants cannot recover, and any wolves on the land are now too old and tired to chase the massive animals. Will this island adapt to the changing environment and continue to strive or will humans need to intervene? Wolves have been introduced back on the island, but this time they travel sedated by helicopter.