



Insider's Look at Grand Canyon

Webisode – Sample of Mooseterpiece theater from Banff National Park Transcript

Ranger Patrick: Communications Officer Laurie from Banff National Park has a little something to share with us here.

Narrator/Laurie: Tonight on Mooseterpiece Theater we proudly present “For tooth, I am Castor,” William Shakesbear’s lost play about a beaver and his struggle to finally give a dam. Two species, both alike in industry, in Rocky Mountains where we play our scene. From forth the fertile valleys down below to sub-alpine forests of green, this landscape, shaped by water, nourished by the melt of snow, shall give to us a beaver named Castor, if you’d know.

Castor: Oh, happy am I in my wetland home to eat and gnaw on poplar so divine. As a busy beaver I shall carve a mighty path through brush and shrub and tree and block that creek as surely as can be to change the landscape. Dam the babbling flow for purifying sake, now water- slow.

Narrator: Not only Castor living here, another plots and plans, a migratory species- road builders known as Man.

Man: In valley bottoms green, we make our homes. This scenery we love so well to see. ‘Tis in our summer nature, then to roam. Roads wide enough to handle my RV. (*engine noises*) Alack! What is’t? A dam? A dam! Castor, thou destroy me! Thou stream blocker, thou!

Narrator: The waters did expand toward the road and lo! The flood of the highway did ensue, sending motor traffic into rage!

Man: Yahhhh! Down with Castor! Seize your axe, will you? And we’ll strike this dam to bits! You! Strike! Cleave! (*sploosh*)

Castor: (*gasps*) O! That a beaver such as I should aim so high to build a home, which should be struck so low! (*cries*) To beave, or not to beave. That is the question. Whether ‘tis nobler in the marsh to suffer the singing of sparrows and in stick a massive fortune or to take a vixen at the arms of man! And to by supposing defeat. And us! Nay, once more! Run to the birch, dear friends. Once more! And shore the walls up with our aspen and mud! In past, they did attack with dynamite, blowing our dams to smithereens. Alas! But forcing beavers to rebuild again they find us tireless *fools*! We will persist! There is not one of you with toes still webbed who will not gnaw down trees and tink with muck. Follow your instinct! And upon this bank cry, “Build for beavers! Wetland habitaaaaat!”

Narrator: And with that cry, Castor rebuilt the pond (*sploosh*), which fish did like. And with them came the toads, bugs in legions, birds behind, to feast on such delicacies as larvae of the caddisfly and mosquito. A hatchery this pond became. Then, following this food supply, came eagle, kingfisher, heron, the wapiti, the moose, the bear...all profited from greens found here- a lush oasis, a gathering place. The legacy of our Castor!

Man: (*engine noises and braking*) Zounds! Such a host of life I have not seen. Would I destroy so fair and good a place? I’ve come to know the value of this aquifer and marsh as a threatened area unique! If we could slow the flooding just enough, we’d have all three- wetland, road, and creek!

Narrator: Now, entertain a more enlightened time, when man and beaver live in harmony. When dams of inconvenience are not spoiled, but understood and cherished for their worth.

Man: There is a way to stop the flood of roads *and* maintain beaver's wetland habitat. Castor kind are next only to man in their ability to rearrange their world, encouraging biodiversity in the building of their dams.

Castor: Ahem. If we beavers have offended, think but this and all is mended: that we build our marshes here to make your waters clean and clear. Gentles, leave or dams to be. Our wetlands are the world's kidneys. Give us our space and we'll be friends.

Man: And our protection never ends. Thank you very much.

Patrick: Here, take a bow. (*clapping and laughing*) That was wonderful.