Story written by Erika Stockholm

Thousands of years ago, in the mountainous tropics, way up at the top, Shallap Glacier looked splendid. She was peacefully seated on a fan of multicolored rocks rich in metals.

Save was magnificent, and everyone believed that if we would be choosier. However, nothing good grows anything. Five years ago (a blink of an eye in the life of a glacier), from north to south, and from east to west, the temperature rose, little by little, two degrees warmer than normal. That may sound like it's not much, but for Shallap Glacier, it is the difference between melting and not melting.

...the difference between... to be or not to be.

And what is raising temperatures? There are one thousand, two thousand, three thousand... more than eighteen thousand airplanes flying... constantly. And millions of cars moving... airplanes flying... constantly. And more are manufactured every day, airplanes flying... constantly. And millions of cars moving... airplanes flying... constantly. And more are manufactured every day, airplanes flying... constantly. And millions of cars moving... airplanes flying... constantly. And more are manufactured every day, airplanes flying... constantly. And millions of cars moving... airplanes flying... constantly. And more are manufactured every day, airplanes flying... constantly. And millions of cars moving...

So Shallap Glacier Wheeler of sorts is on, and shark hunted the forests, consuming lake and river, for thousands of years. These rocks contained many, dangerous metals, such as arsenic, and lead, and water touched the metals, oxidizing them, and turning them into acids. Therefore, the valley received the poisoned rocks and everything ran into the Shallap Lagoon, continuing its passage to the river.

The rain Washed away the pollution, and the metals were safely stored away, deep down in the earth, to be properly handled and disposed of.

But if the surrounding air continues to heat up...

And life will disappear with it. There will be no river. Without a river, water will disappear, and the valley will be dry. Shallap Lagoon will be dry. Shallap River. Rust red. The fish will not be shining splendidly at the top of the Cordillera Blanca so perhaps, her icy sisters will not share her terrible fate, and still

Shallap Glacier may still see dawn in the tropics. She may perhaps see her icy sisters, one by one. Dawn will never again shine on snow in the tropics. Shallap Glacier will be followed by her icy sisters, one by one. Dawn will never again shine on snow in the tropics.

The Cordillera Blanca will be white only in name. One. Dawn will never again shine on snow in the tropics.

I am the mother of the land, the source of life. I am Shallap Glacier!

Who do you think caused this tragedy?

Do you really want this? Do you prefer a happy ending?

If we stop carbon emissions, perhaps the end of the century
Shallap Glacier may still see dawn in the tropics. She may perhaps see her icy sisters, one by one. Dawn will never again shine on snow in the tropics.