



The Magic is gone. The haunting beauty of the enchanted bone yard at Hunting Island is gone, erased, stripped clean, cut up, pushed into piles of rubble, leaving nothing but stacked pyres and an empty expanse of sand.

Gone are the hundreds of beautiful, bleached and drowned relics of trees that lay in the sand as testimony to the ancient maritime forest that once covered this island. Gone are the white, skeletal forms, roots unearthed, toppled, tangled, tethered together, whose presence evoked wonder and captivated any who walked within their fold. Gone is the elegant grace, the treasure, the soul of Hunting Island.

The eerie beauty of this enchanted seascape, the otherworldly feeling that transported us far from the

