



The Guardians of Green Village

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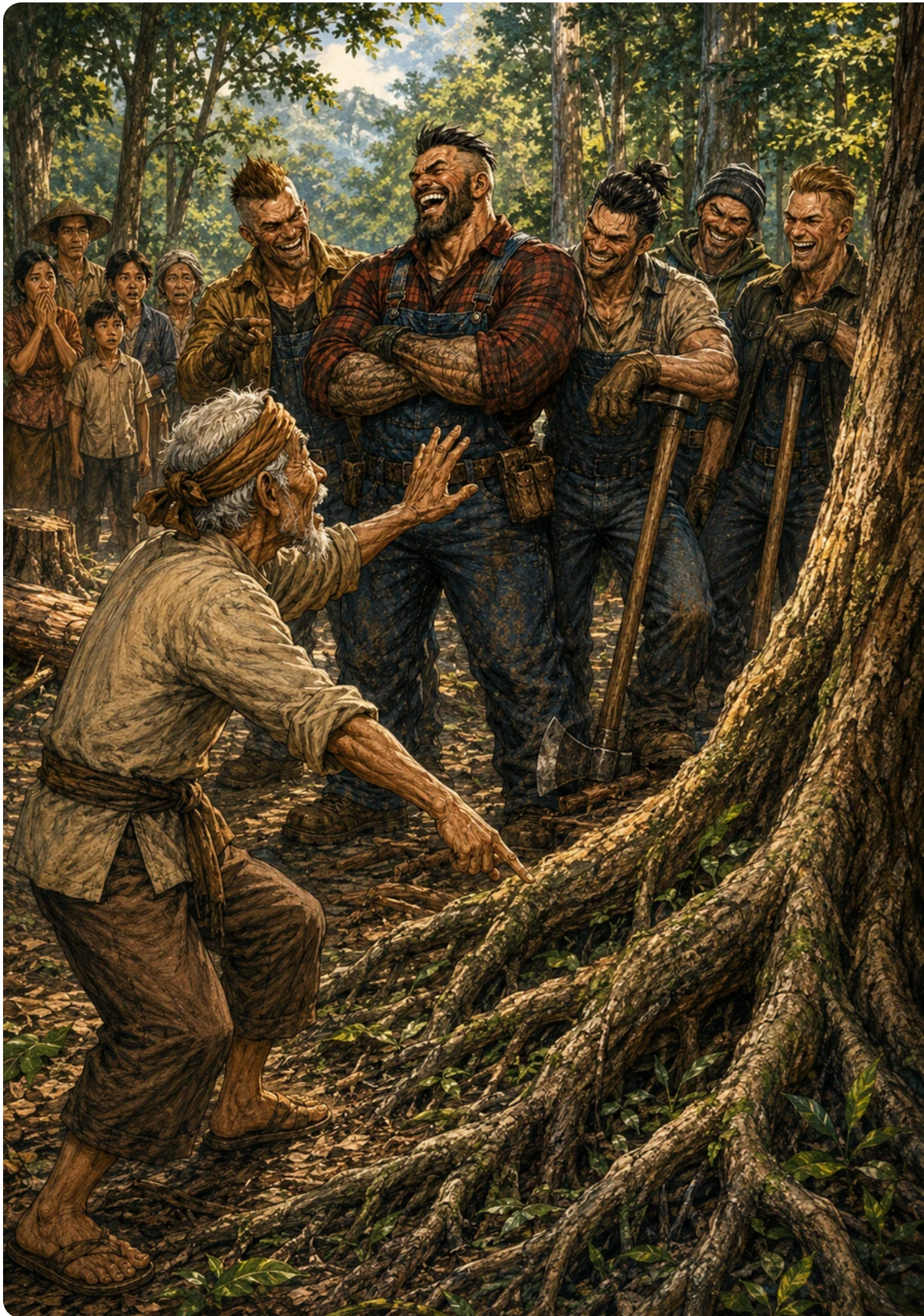
In a beautiful valley lies Makmur Village, a place of peace and natural wonder. It is surrounded by a dense, emerald forest with towering trees that provide shade and a sense of calm to everyone who lives there.



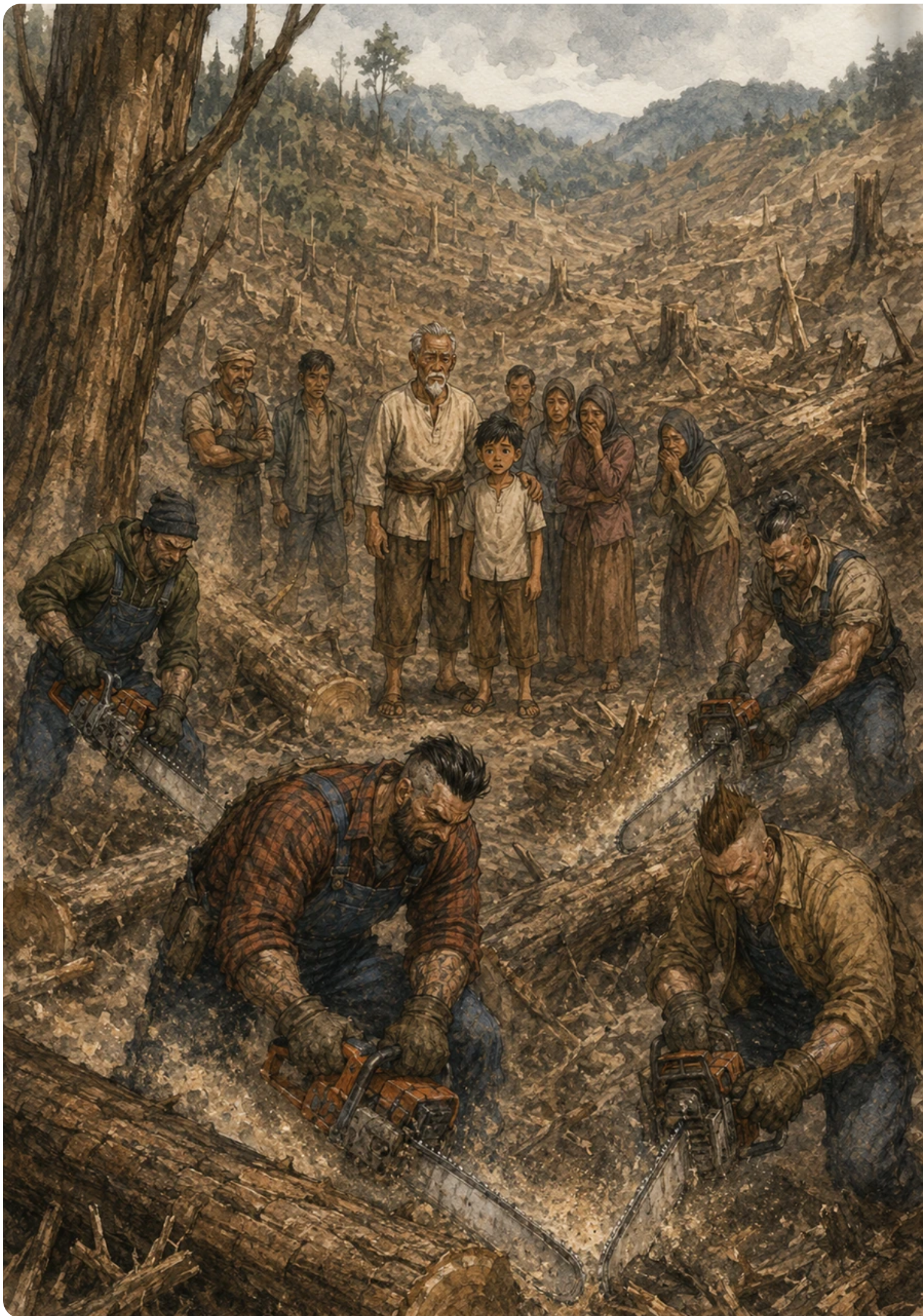
The air in the village is always cool and fresh, carrying the scent of pine and damp earth. Children laugh as they play under the wide branches of ancient trees, while colorful birds sing joyful melodies from above, and the ground remains rich with clean, abundant water.



The peace is shattered when a group of outsiders arrives from the city, carrying heavy chainsaws that glint in the sun. They look at the lush forest not as a sanctuary, but as a mountain of gold and profit waiting to be harvested.



Grandpa Danu, the wise elder of the village, approaches the workers with a look of deep concern. He warns them that the tree roots are the village's only defense against the rain, but the greedy men only laugh and ignore his plea.



Day by day, the roar of chainsaws echoes through the valley as the great giants of the forest fall one by one. The once vibrant and green hillsides slowly turn into a barren, brown wasteland of stumps and dry earth.



As the dry season ends, heavy black clouds gather ominously over the valley. A relentless storm begins, pouring rain for days on end, and the villagers watch with growing fear as the river water rises toward their doorsteps.



With no tree roots left to soak up the water, the rain rushes down the bare hills like a tidal wave. A massive flood of chocolate-colored water slams into Makmur Village, submerging streets and homes in a terrifying surge.



Possessions are swept away and families are forced to flee to the cold, high ground. The loggers sit among the villagers in the shelter, realizing too late that the money they made cannot replace the homes and safety they destroyed.



When the waters finally recede, they leave behind thick mud and broken dreams. The villagers and the now-repentant workers pick up shovels and brooms, working side by side to clean the wreckage and promising to heal the land they wounded.



The community returns to the barren hills, but this time they bring thousands of small green saplings. As the sun rises over the horizon, adults and children plant the seeds of a new forest, knowing that protecting these trees is the only way to secure their future.