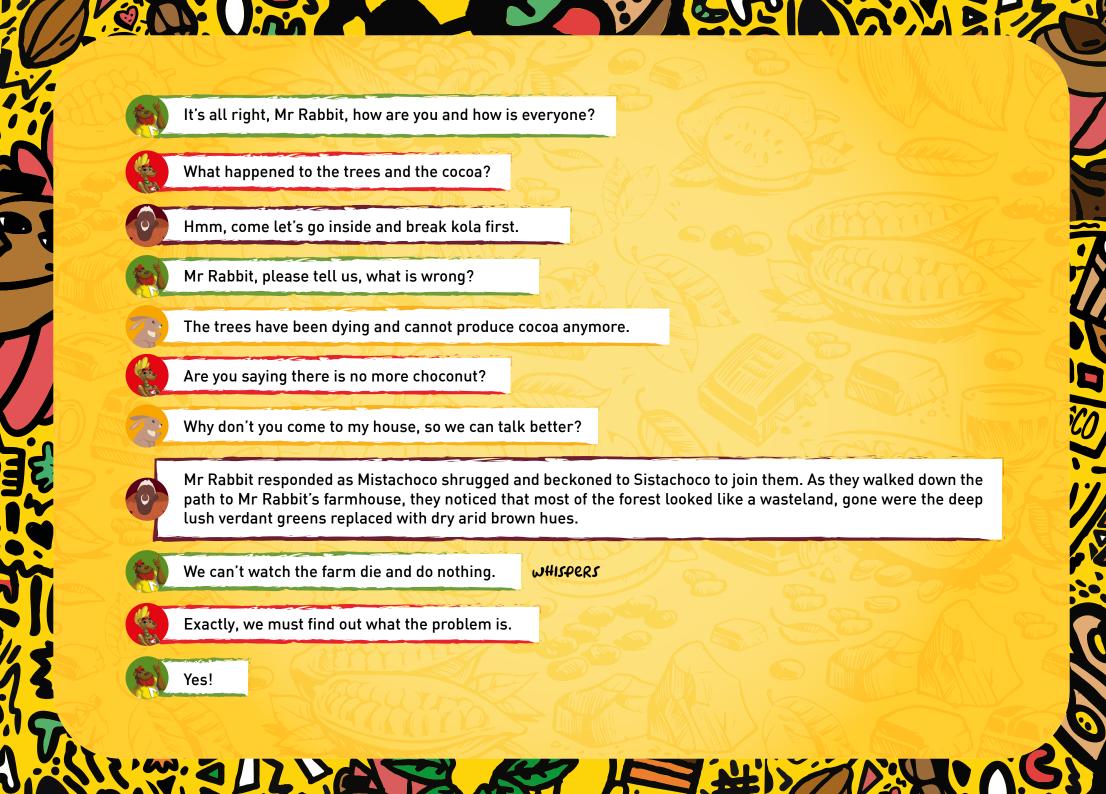


Ser Mark Not very long ago, deep in the forests of Ondo, two lions, Mistachoco and Sistachoco were visiting the Cocoa farm where their delicious cocoa comes from. Now the farm is known to be a beehive of activity. The Monkeys pluck the cocoa pods from the trees; the squirrels crack the pods and extract the cocoa seeds, the birds spread the seeds to dry and later take it to the mill, where the elephants work to process the cocoa into powder. But on this fateful day, when Mistachoco and Sistachoco arrived, the farm was not busy as expected. The leaves on the trees were pale and falling off. The cocoa was going rotten, and some pods had fallen and splattered on the ground. The forest suddenly went quiet, the birds were silent, even the squirrels who usually sucrried about were nowhere to be found. There was an eerie silence hanging over the forest. Sistachoco, being a cheeky, mischievous girl. The first to make a joke out of an otherwise bad situation looked at Mistachoco and asked. Is everyone playing a prank, or are they throwing a surprise party for us? Mistachoco being the serious but kind-hearted one said, Ohhh, this is so sad. What's wrong with our poor forest? At that exact moment, they heard the snapping of twigs behind them. Sistachoco scampered behind Mistachoco frightfully as they both turned to see Mr Rabbit, the overseer of the farm. Oga Mistachoco, Sistachoco, when did you just arrive? Sorry I wasn't here to welcome you.



S GUE MANN Sistachoco's eyes lit up, and she was giddy with excitement. Mistachoco urged her to calm down as they took another path away from Mr Rabbit, who had gone on ahead of them, whistling in his unique way. Mistachoco and Sistachoco continued down the path, scanning the dead forest with their heightened senses of observation. Mistachoco suddenly stopped in his tracks, sniffing the air as Sistachoco bumped into him. He stumbled and turned in another direction still sniffing, he beckoned at Sistachoco to follow him, and they both walked down the path to the end. After several twists and turns, Sistachoco came to a sudden stop. Mmm, what's that smell, where is it coming from? Sistachoco crouched with her muzzle to the ground, she picked the smell, followed it and stumbled on a trail of litter. Right in front of them was a heap of candy bar wrappers, biscuit packets, plastic cans, bottles, left-over food and all kinds of trash imaginable with flies buzzing all around it. The two lions stopped in their tracks, stared at each other as they approached the heap of trash, grimacing at the stench coming from the garbage. All the plants around the heap were dead. The rot was slowly spreading to the other areas of the forest. What's the problem? I think this is the cause of the problem. The trash and litter has damaged the forest by contaminating the environment.

