



Troll Land was
a gentle paradise where
shaggy horned trolls
lived among green fields
and pink flowers.



Its rivers flowed uphill,
its mountains touched
the sky, and every
family believed
peace would last.



This strange beautiful
land was worth saving
before anyone knew
it was in danger.



Above the tallest peak lived The Master, the ghostly white god who guarded the trolls.



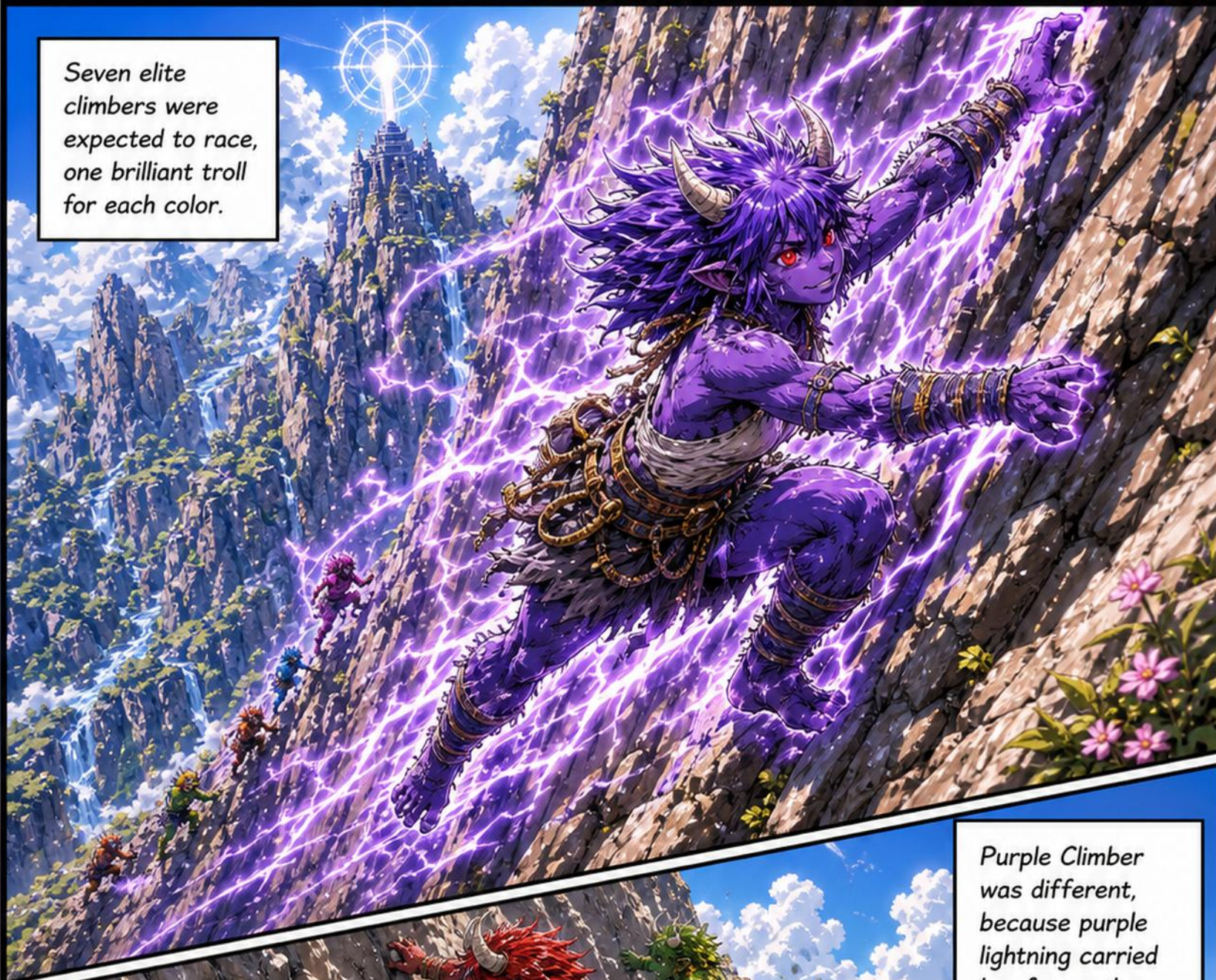
He promised that one race up Mount Master would decide who claimed his lightning staff.



The Master Rod held divine power, so every climber trained for the day it descended.



Seven elite
climbers were
expected to race,
one brilliant troll
for each color.



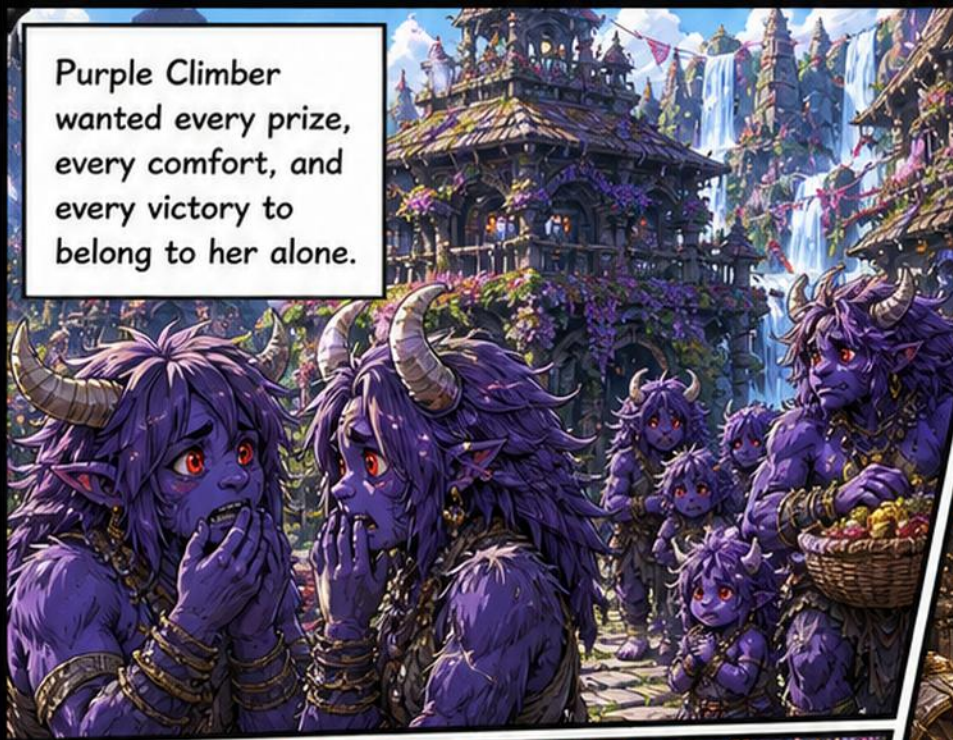
Purple Climber
was different,
because purple
lightning carried
her faster than
training ever could.



The others could
practice forever,
but her magic
made the promised
race unfair.



Purple Climber wanted every prize, every comfort, and every victory to belong to her alone.



If she claimed the Master Rod while ruled by greed, she could turn paradise into a private hoard.



The trolls did not fear her speed by itself; they feared what selfish power would do.



The climb elders
searched for a fair
answer that would
protect the land.



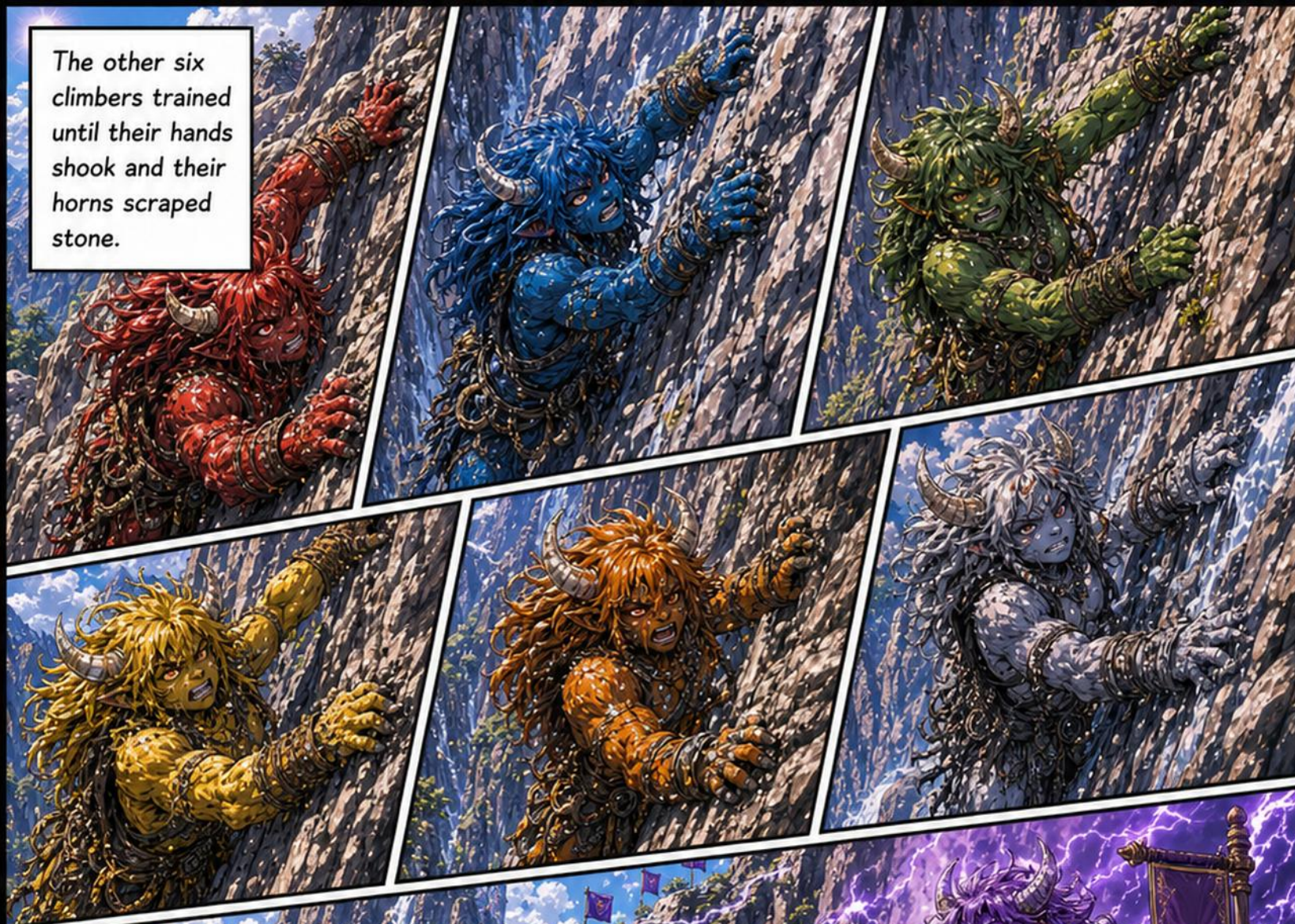
They could not cancel
the race, and they could
not break The Master's
public promise.



Their laws were
honorable, but
honorable laws
could not remove
Purple's lightning.



The other six climbers trained until their hands shook and their horns scraped stone.



They became stronger, braver, and more skillful, but Purple still reached every finish first.

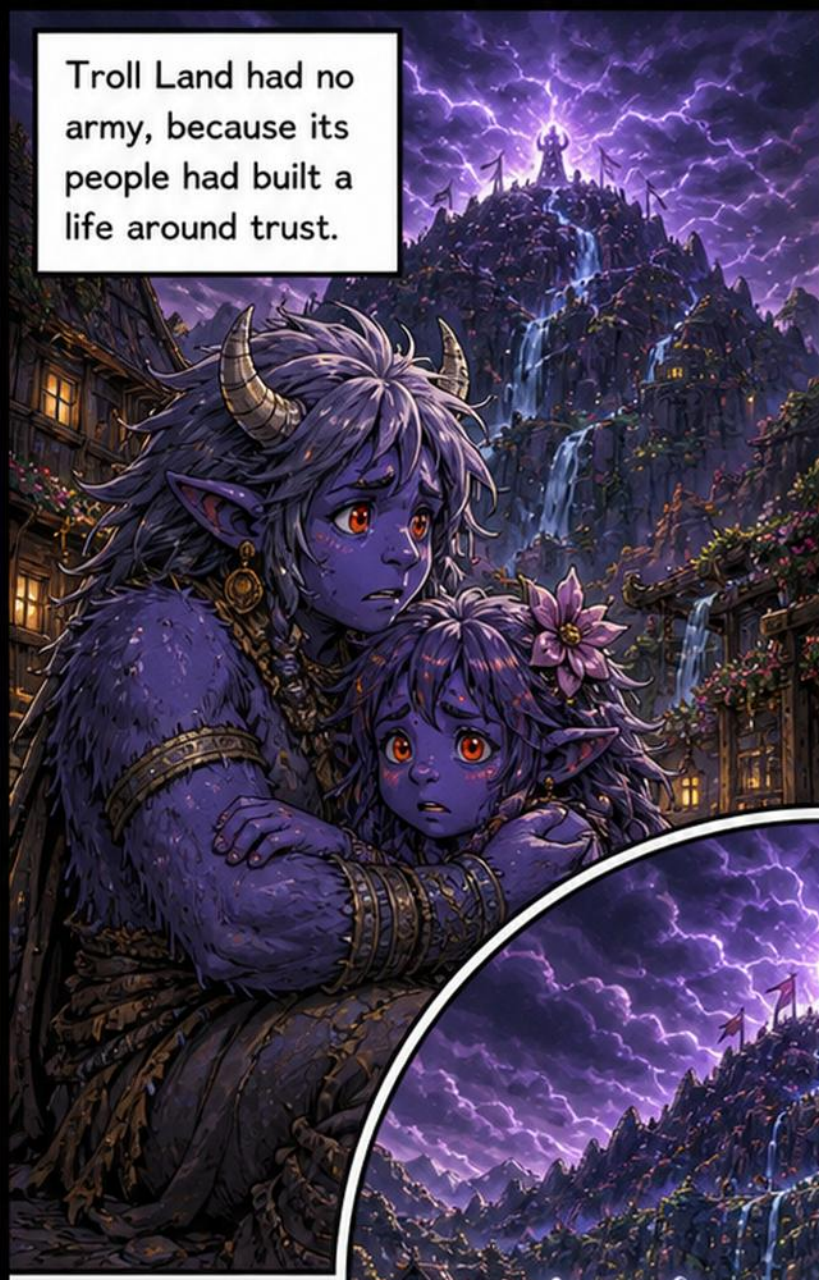


Tradition had produced champions, yet none of them could stop the champion who scared them.



Troll Land had no army, because its people had built a life around trust.

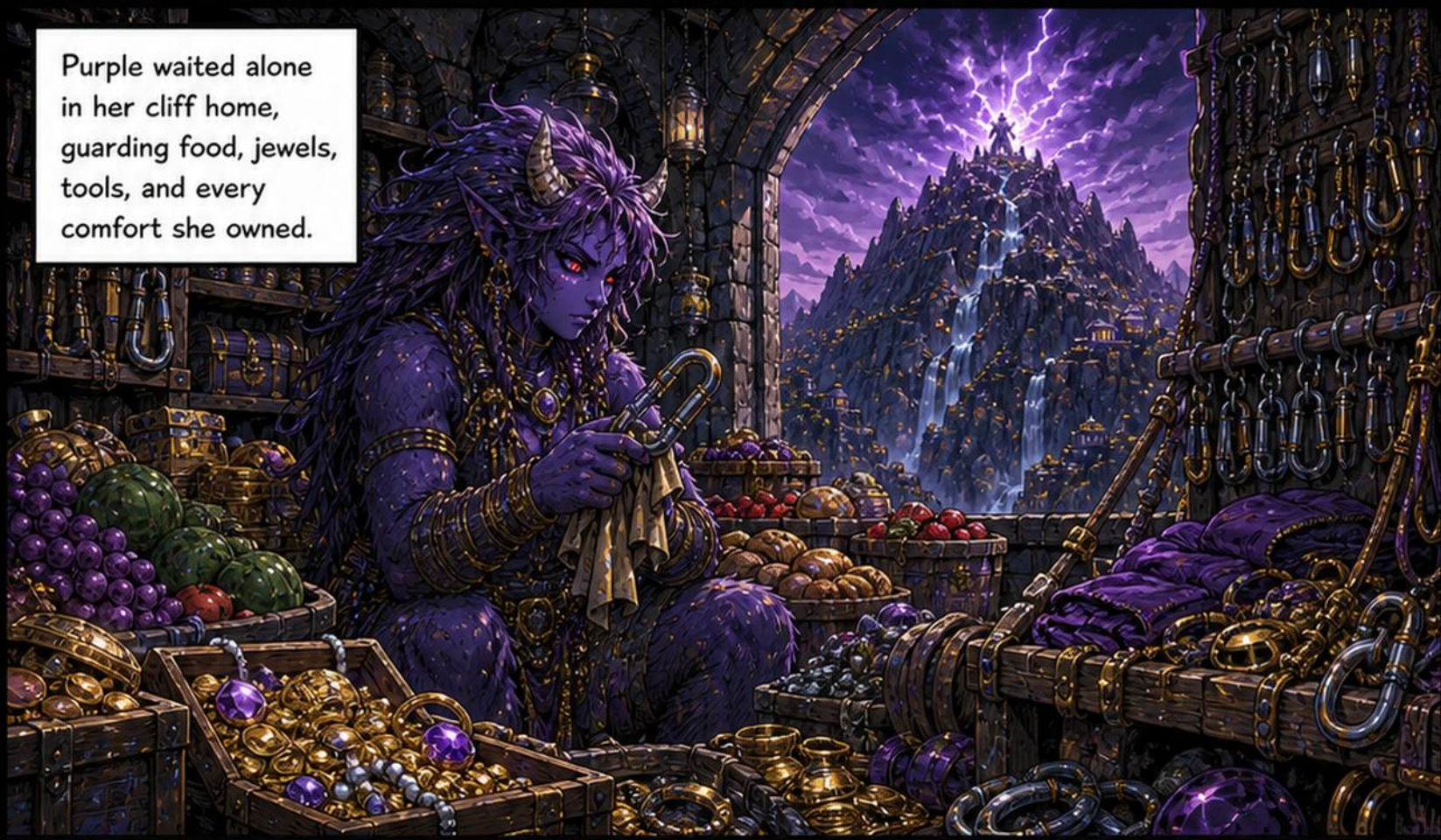
Farmers, river keepers, children, and elders all understood the same terrible possibility.



If greed reached the Master Rod, every peaceful home would live beneath that greed.



Purple waited alone
in her cliff home,
guarding food, jewels,
tools, and every
comfort she owned.



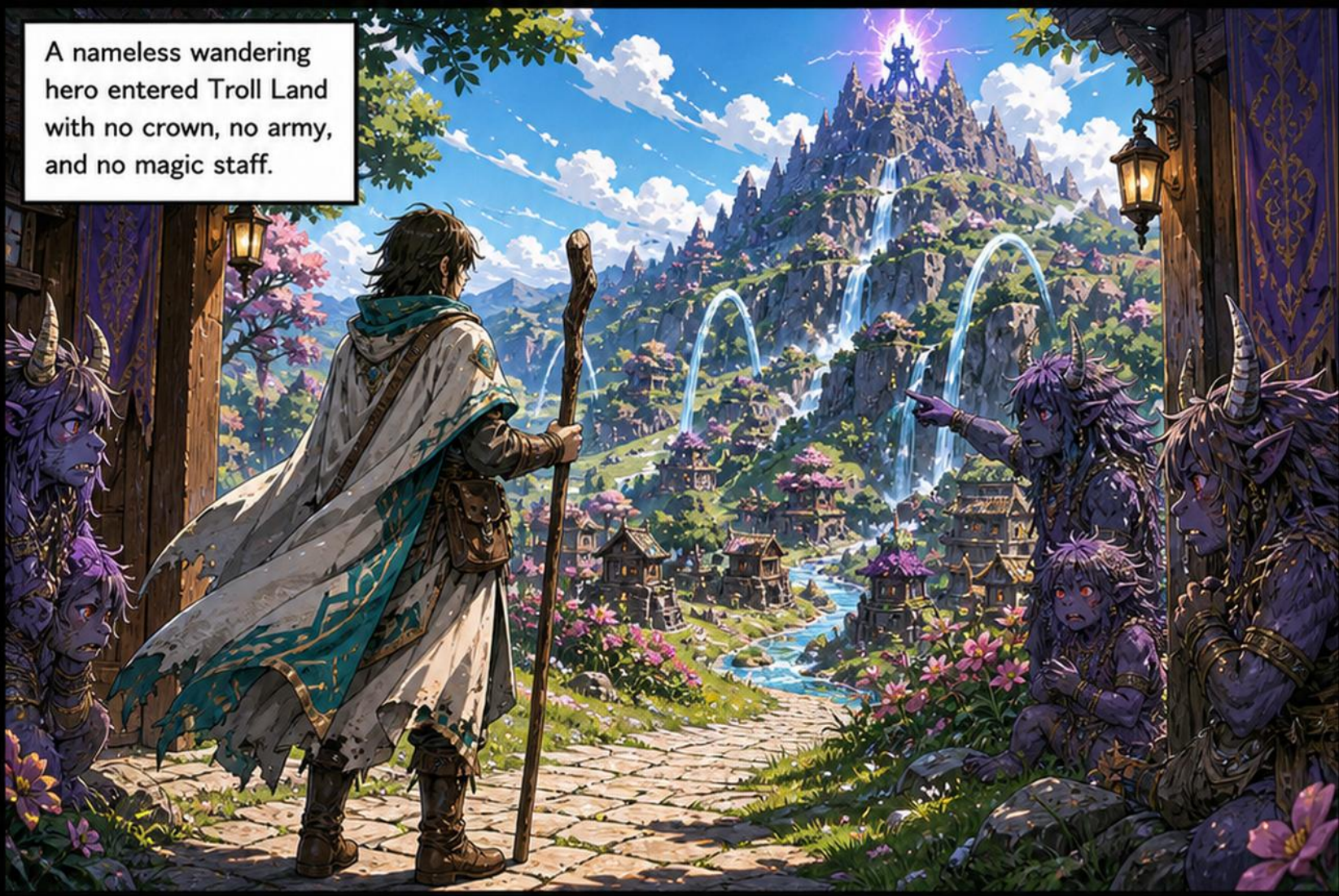
She watched
Mount Master for
the starting lightning
and trusted her
hoard more than
any friend.



The land feared her,
but no one yet
understood why she
feared having too little.



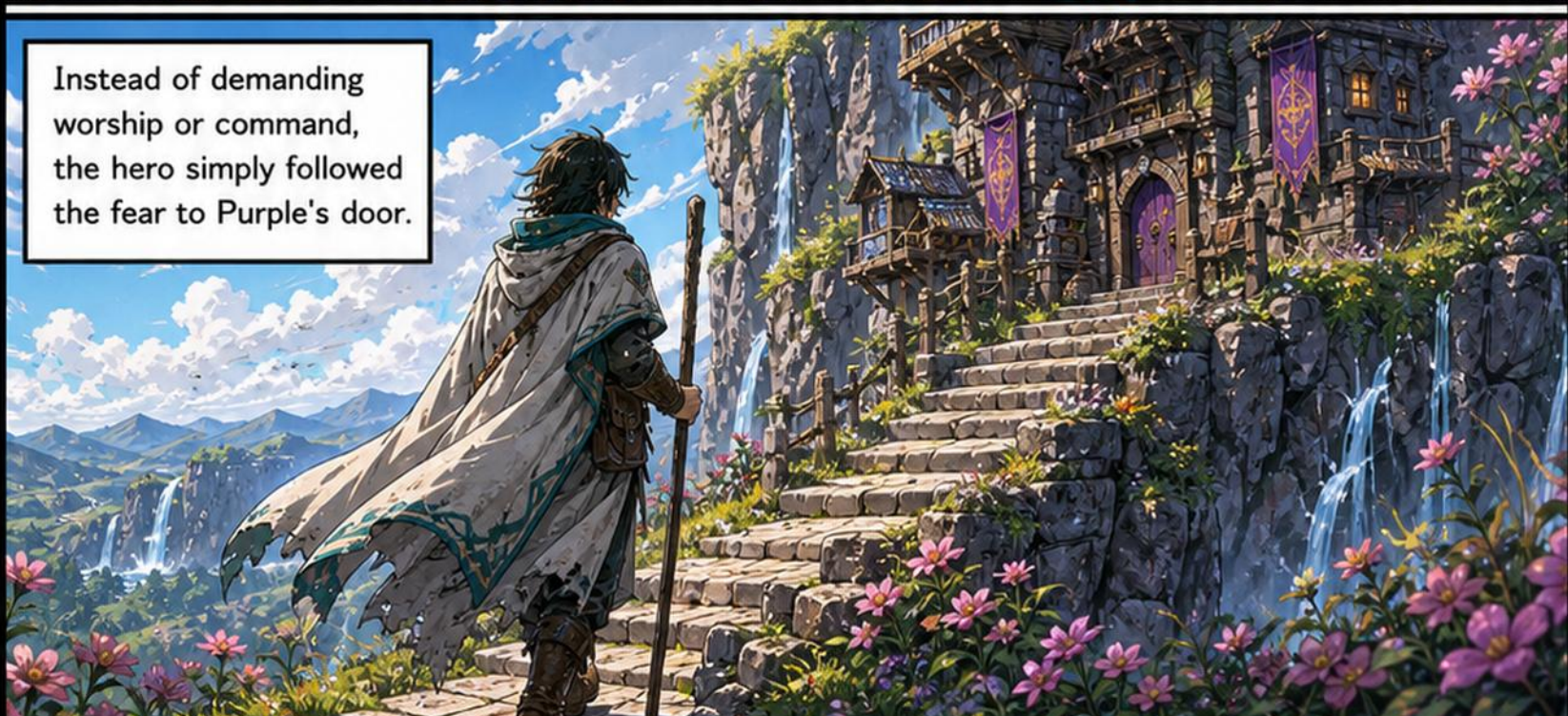
A nameless wandering hero entered Troll Land with no crown, no army, and no magic staff.



The hero heard every frightened whisper about Purple Climber and the race no one could stop.



Instead of demanding worship or command, the hero simply followed the fear to Purple's door.



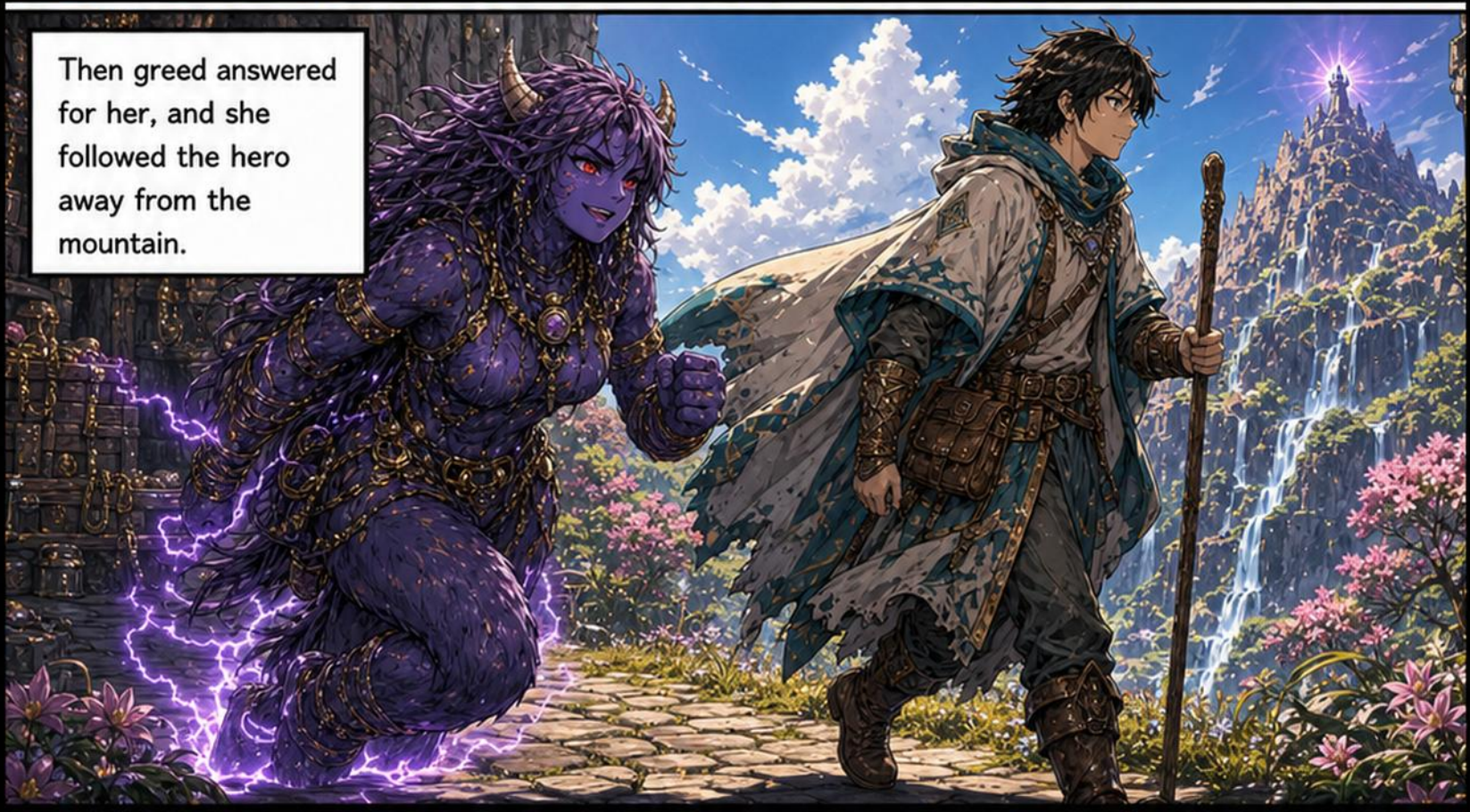
The hero told Purple about a distant race with a prize supposedly greater than the Master Rod.



Purple hesitated because leaving could cost her the chance to become the goddess of the trolls.



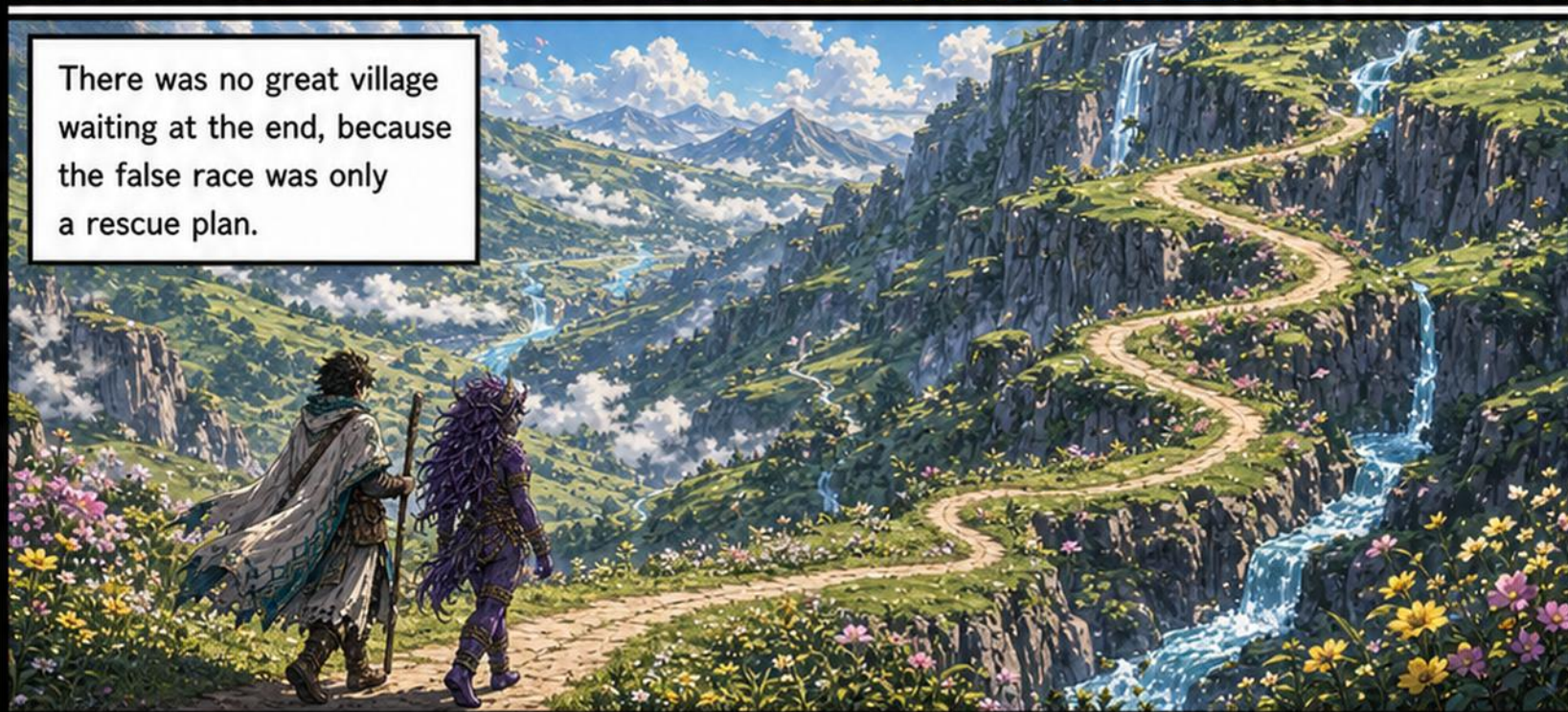
Then greed answered for her, and she followed the hero away from the mountain.



The hero led Purple along a winding road that crossed fields, rivers, valleys, and empty horizons.



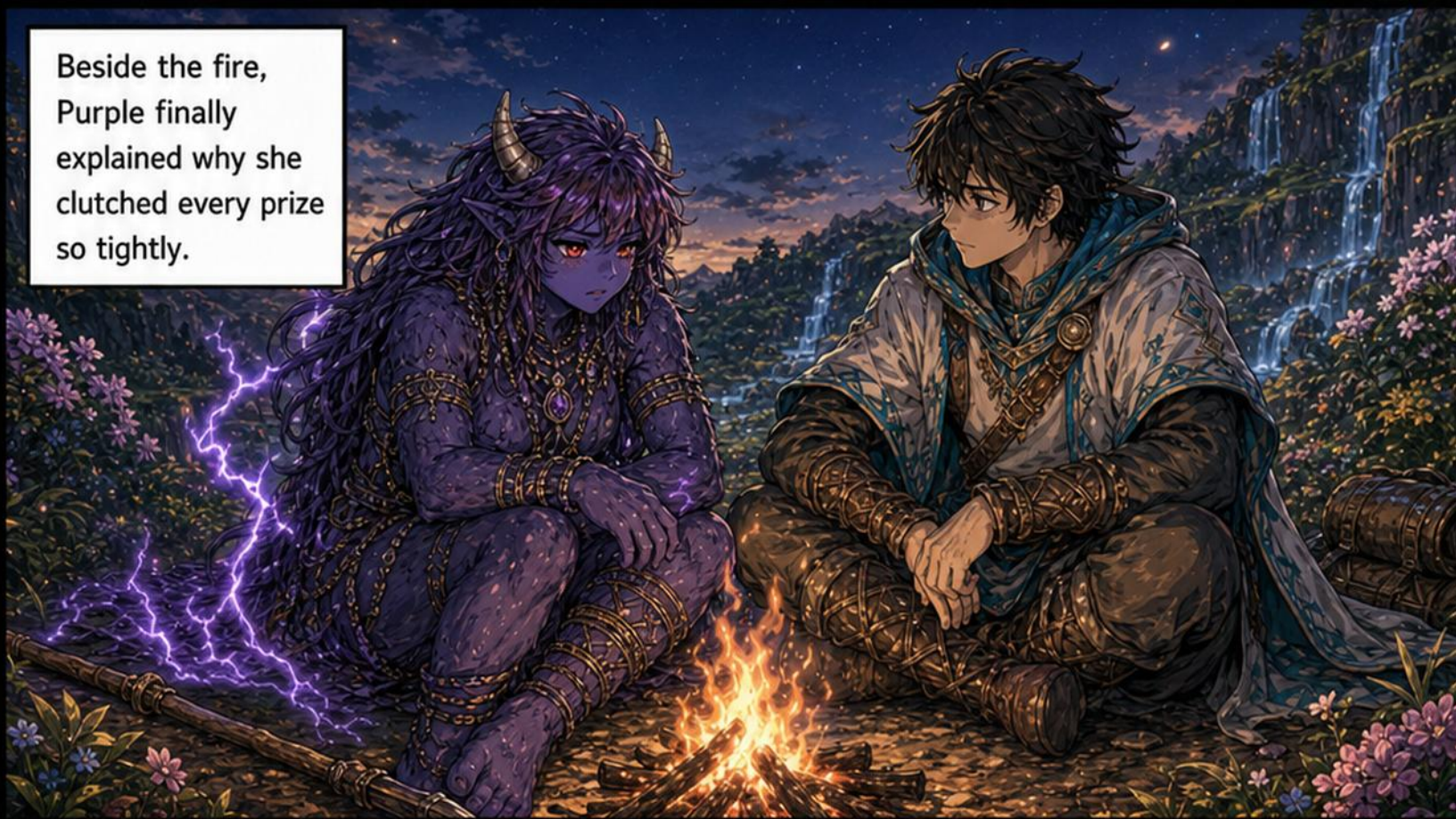
There was no great village waiting at the end, because the false race was only a rescue plan.



Every mile carried Purple farther from the rod, but also closer to being understood.



Beside the fire,
Purple finally
explained why she
clutched every prize
so tightly.



Her parents had given
away food, tools,
blankets, and shelter
until they had too
little left to live.



Purple became greedy
because she believed
generosity had killed
the people she loved.



The hero did not tell Purple that wanting food, safety, and comfort was wrong.

The hero also did not pretend that giving everything away was wise or harmless.

The truth was balance: keep enough to live, and share enough to keep others living too.

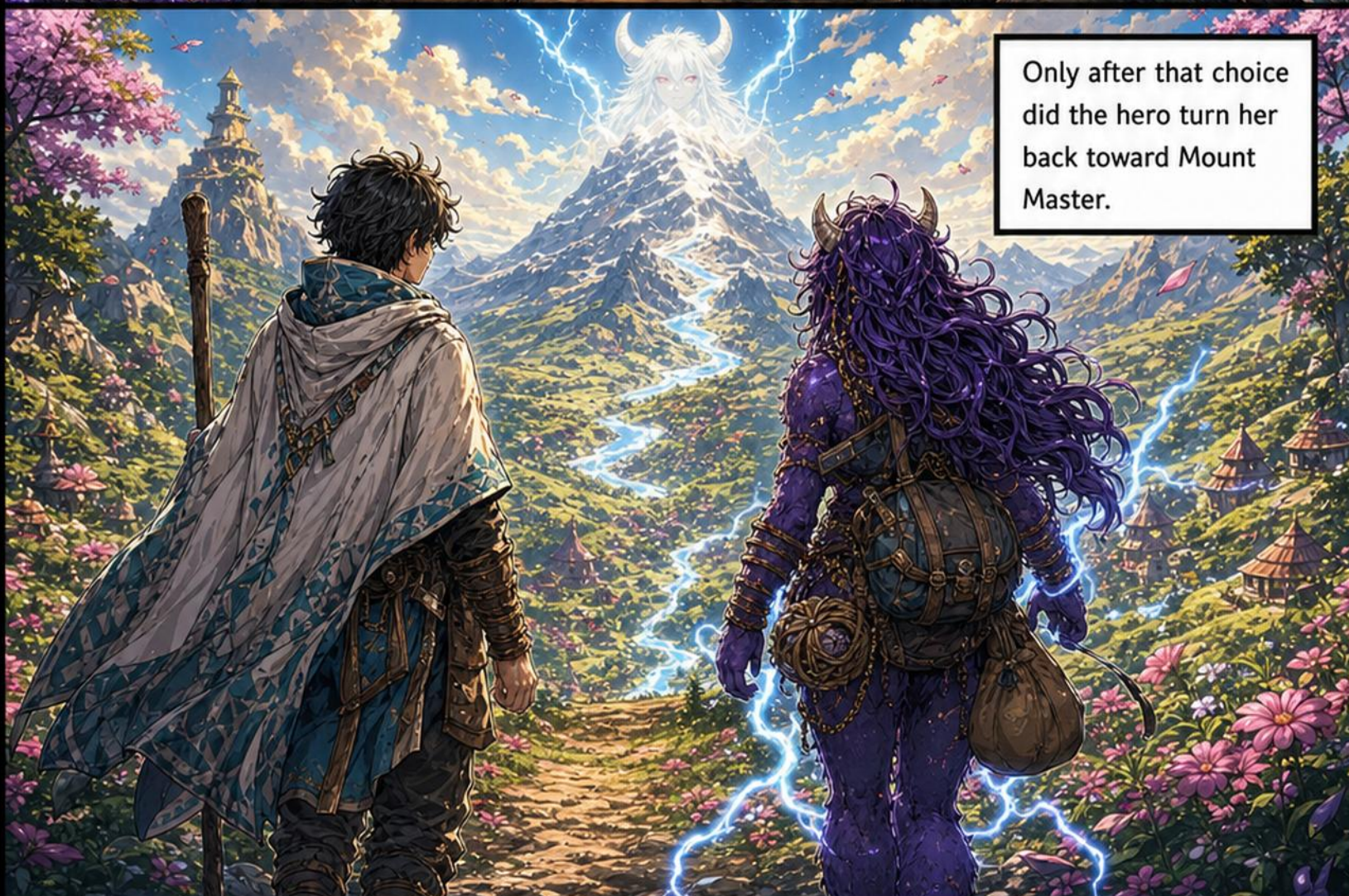




Purple divided her food for the first time without emptying her own pack.



She kept enough to survive, and she gave enough to prove fear no longer ruled her.



Only after that choice did the hero turn her back toward Mount Master.

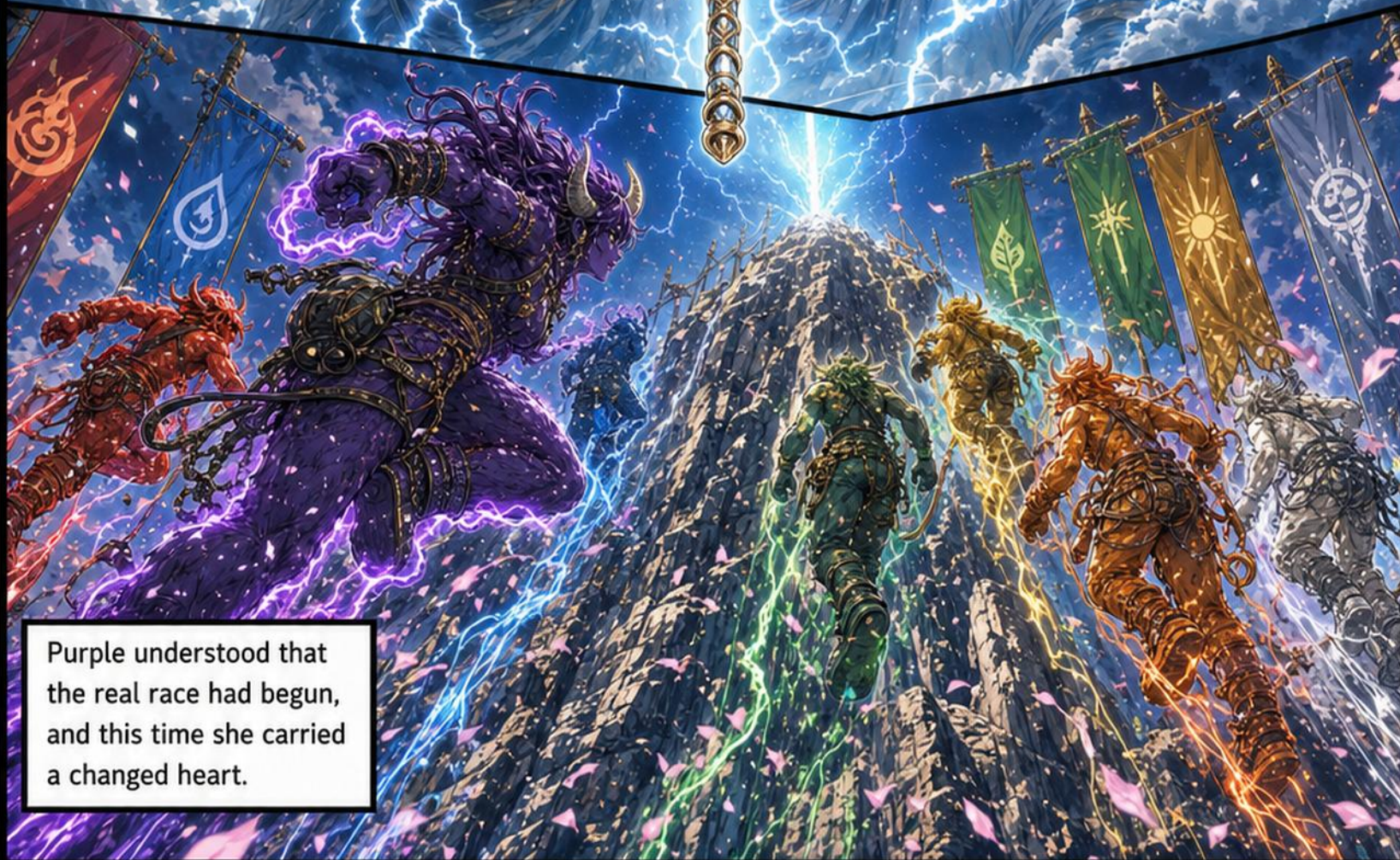
The hero brought Purple home at the exact moment the sky split open.



The Master appeared above the summit, and the Master Rod descended in blue-white lightning.



Purple understood that the real race had begun, and this time she carried a changed heart.



Purple's lightning carried her to the summit, and she claimed the Master Rod before anyone else.



The trolls below trembled because the climber they feared now held the power of their god.



Then Purple used that power to lift homes, guide rivers, and share food instead of hoarding it.



After the fear faded,
Purple searched the
summit, the village,
and the cheering
crowds for the hero.



She wanted to thank
the one person who
had seen fear beneath
her greed.



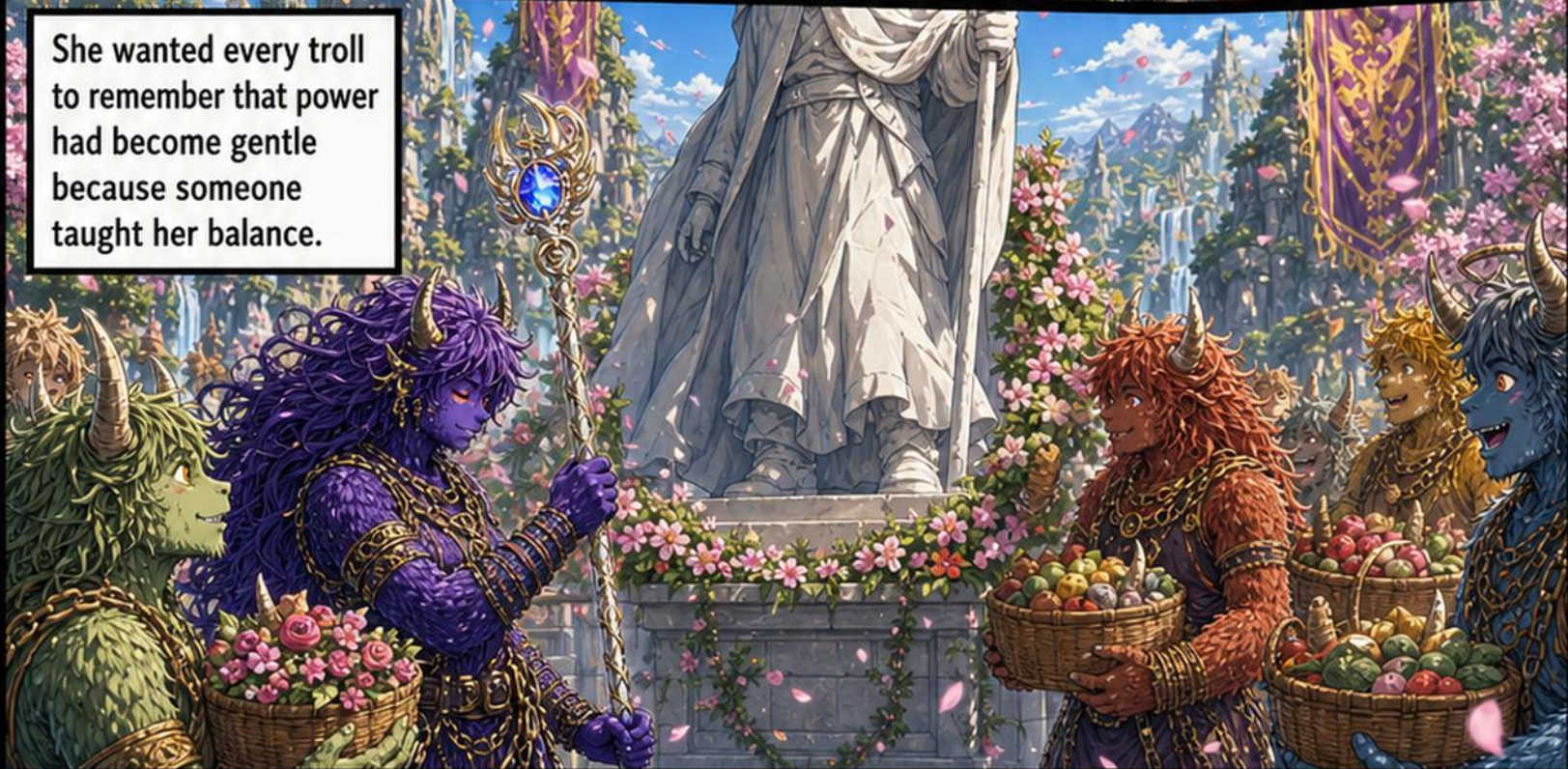
But the hero had already
left, and only footprints
pointed beyond Troll Land.



Purple could not bring the hero back, so she built a statue in the center of the land.



She wanted every troll to remember that power had become gentle because someone taught her balance.



The stone hero stood proudly, but the real hero never returned to claim a place there.



Years became generations,
and Purple passed the
Master Rod to trolls who
had learned from her
example.

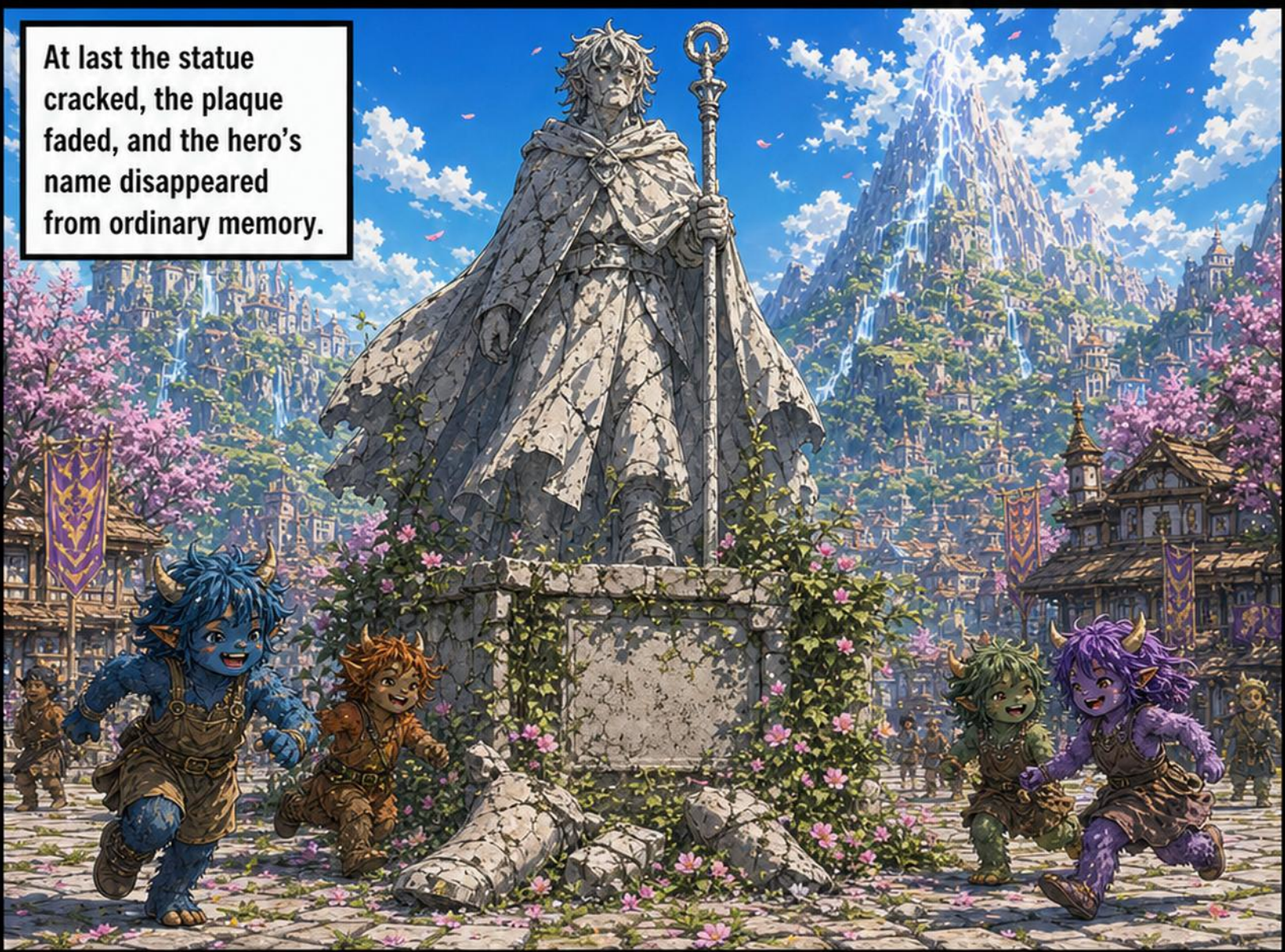


Each new wielder used
the lightning to protect
homes, guide rivers, and
keep the mountains safe.



Peace became so ordinary
that fewer children asked
who the statue showed.

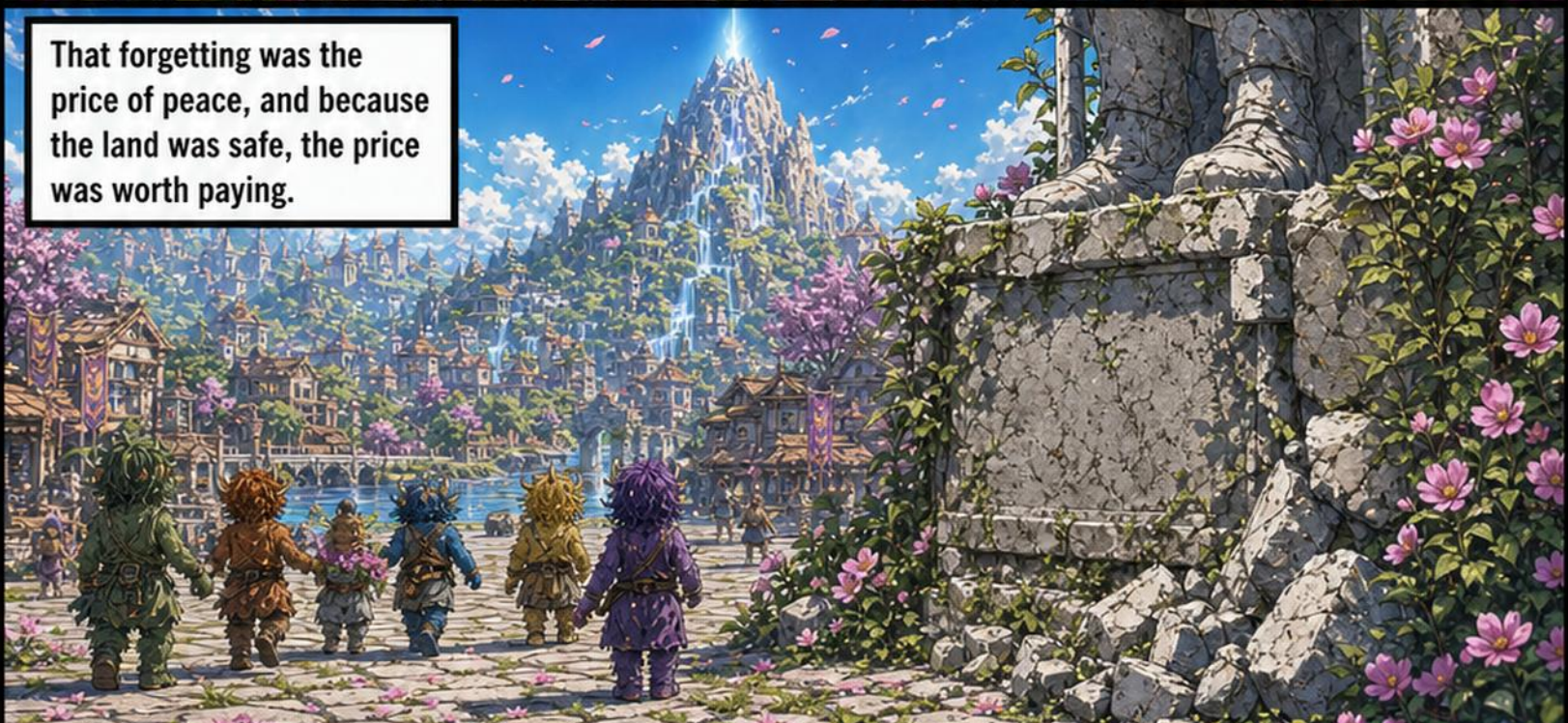
At last the statue cracked, the plaque faded, and the hero's name disappeared from ordinary memory.



The children playing nearby did not know who had saved the peace they inherited.



That forgetting was the price of peace, and because the land was safe, the price was worth paying.





**POWER CHANGED HANDS.
PEACE FORGOT THE GUIDE.**

Purple Climber learned balance, saved Troll Land,
and let a nameless hero vanish into history so peace could last.