

Owl's Fables

Volume V

Lessons you wish weren't true



The **owl speaks** when dusk is deep,
Where **truths** are sown, but none dare reap.
A **tale** once told will **haunt the mind**,
For those who **look**, but **still are blind**.

Volume V

The Hollow Healer

The Weaver's Paradox

The Lumberjack's Gift

The Snake That Shed No Skin

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0.1 The Hollow Healer

Once, in a village nestled between two rivers, there stood a grand Hall of Menders. It was said that anyone who entered, no matter how sick, would leave whole again. The Menders asked for no coin, only that the villagers keep the lamps lit in gratitude, so that no one seeking aid would ever stumble in darkness.

For generations, the lamps burned. The sick were mended, the wounded healed, and the weary made strong. The villagers, in turn, tended the flames, never questioning their duty.

One autumn, a whisper slithered through the streets.

“Why should we burn our oil for another? The strong should stand, and the weak should fall.”

At first, only a few listened. A lamp here, a lantern there, left unlit. The Hall remained bright enough. But as winter came, the whispers grew bolder.

“What did the Menders do to earn our flame?”

“Let each man light his own way.”

One by one, the lamps died.

The Menders, their hands still skilled, their minds still sharp, found their tools growing cold and their medicines bitter. The Hall of Menders stood silent, its doors open, its rooms empty. Those who arrived in need saw only shadow.

Then the sickness came. First, a fever in the baker’s child. Then the cobbler’s cough. Then the elder with bones like dry twigs.

The villagers lit their own lamps, alone in their homes, hoping the light would warm them as the sickness spread. But the Hall remained dark.

One night, the whisper returned—no longer a voice, but a presence. It coiled through the village, lingering outside every door, watching the dim, solitary flames.

“Light only for yourself is no light at all.”

And so, one by one, the lamps burned out.

Moral: A light that is not shared cannot keep the darkness away.



0.1.1 中文版本 (Mandarin Translation)

从前，在两条河流之间的村庄里，矗立着一座宏伟的医者之堂。据说，无论多么病重的人，只要踏入其中，便可痊愈。医者们不收取金钱，只希望村民们点燃灯火，以示感激，这样来求医的人便不会在黑暗中跌倒。

世代相传，灯光长明。病者被治愈，伤者被修复，疲惫者被扶持。村民们守护着火焰，从未质疑自己的责任。

某年秋天，一个低语声在街道上游走。

“为何我们要燃烧自己的油来照亮他人？强者应当站立，弱者应当倒下。”

起初，只有少数人听从。这里一盏灯熄灭，那里一盏灯未点燃。大厅依旧明亮。可是，冬天到来时，低语声更加响亮。

“医者做了什么来赢得我们的火焰？”

“让每个人点亮自己的路。”

灯光一个接一个地熄灭。

医者们依旧技艺高超，思维敏锐，但他们的工具逐渐冰冷，药草变得苦涩。医者之堂沉默地矗立着，大门敞开，房间空荡荡的。那些前来寻求帮助的人，只看到了一片阴影。

然后，疾病降临了。先是面包师的孩子发烧。然后是鞋匠的咳嗽。接着是骨瘦如柴的长者。

村民们各自点燃自己的灯，希望光亮能温暖他们，但疾病仍在蔓延。而医者之堂，依然黑暗。

某个夜晚，那个低语声回来了——这一次，不再是声音，而是一种存在。它游走在村庄中，盘旋在每一扇门外，凝视着那摇曳的微光。

“只为自己点燃的光，终究照不亮黑暗。”

最终，一盏盏灯光相继熄灭。

道德：无法共享的光，终究无法驱散黑暗。

0.1.2 拼音版本 (Pinyin Transliteration)

Cóngqián, zài liǎng tiáo héliú zhījiān de cūnzhuāng lǐ, chùlìzhe yī zuò hóngwěi de yīzhě zhī táng. Jùshuō, wúlùn duōme bìngzhòng de rén, zhǐyào tàrù qízhōng, biàn kě quányù. Yīzhěmen bù shōuqǔ jīnqián, zhǐ xīwàng cūnmínmen diǎnrán dēnghuǒ, yǐ shì gǎnjī, zhèyàng lái qíu yī de rén biàn bù huì zài hēi' àn zhōng diédǎo.

Shìdài xiāngchuán, dēngguāng chángmíng. Bìngzhě bèi zhìyù, shāngzhě bèi xiūfù, píbèi zhě bèi fúchí. Cūnmínmen shǒuhùzhe huǒyàn, cóngwèi zhìyí zìjǐ de zérèn.

Mǒunián qiūtiān, yīgè dī yǔ shēng zài jiēdào shàng yóuzǒu.

“Wèihé wǒmen yào ránshāo zìjǐ de yóu lái zhàoliàng tārén? Qiángzhě yīngdāng zhàn lì, ruòzhě yīngdāng dǎoxià.”

Qíchū, zhǐyǒu shǎoshù rén tīngcóng. Zhèlǐ yī zhǎn dēng xīmiè, nǎi yī zhǎn dēng wèi diǎnrán. Dàtīng yǐjiù míngliàng. Kèshì, dōngtiān dàolái shí, dī yǔ shēng gèngjiā xiǎngliàng.

“Yīzhě zuòle shénme lái yīngdé wǒmen de huǒyàn?”

“Ràng měi gèrén diǎnliàng zìjǐ de lù.”

Dēngguāng yīgè jiē yīgè de xīmiè.

Yīzhěmen yǐjiù jìyì gāochāo, sīwéi mǐnrui, dàn tāmen de gōngjù zhújiàn bīnglěng, yàocǎo biàndé kǔsè. Yīzhě zhī táng chénmò de chùlìzhe, dāmén chǎngkāi, fángjiān kōngdàngdàng de. Nàxiē qián-lái xúnqíu bāngzhù de rén, zhǐ kàndào le yīpiàn yīnyǐng.

Ránhòu, jíbing jiànglínle. Xiān shì miànbào shī de hái zi fāshāo. Ránhòu shì xiéjiàng de kèsòu. Jiēzhe shì gǔshòu rú chái de zhǎngzhě.

Cūnmínmen gèzì diǎn rán zìjǐ de dēng, xīwàng guāngliàng néng wēnnuǎn tāmen, dàn jíbing réng zài màn yán. Ér yīzhě zhī táng, yīrán hēi' àn.

Mǒu gè yèwǎn, nàgè dī yǔ shēng huíláile——zhè yīcì, bù zài shì shēngyīn, ér shì yī zhǒng cúnzài.

“Zhǐ wèi zìjǐ diǎn rán de guāng, zhōngjiù zhào bù liàng hēi' àn.”

Zuìzhōng, yī zhǎn zhǎn dēngguāng xiāngjì xīmiè.

**Dàodé: Wúfǎ gòngxiǎng de guāng, zhōngjiù wúfǎ qū sàn
hēi' àn.**

0.2 The Weaver' s Paradox

Alara wove.

That was all she had ever done.

Her loom stood in the highest room of the oldest house, its threads stretching into the unseen. The villagers below did not question her, nor did they speak of her often. But when the river ran dry, when the wolves came too close, when the crops withered in the field, they whispered to one another:

“She will weave it right.”

And so she did.

The river filled again.

The wolves turned away.

The fields grew heavy with grain.

Alara wove.

Then came the storm.

It did not begin with clouds, nor with wind. It began with silence. The birds forgot their songs. The trees held their breath. The river stilled, as though waiting for something to arrive.

The villagers climbed the hill to Alara' s door.

“The storm is coming,” they said. *“We will not survive it.”*

Alara looked down at them and nodded.

Then she wove.

She wove strong roofs and unshaken walls.

She wove unbroken fields and unbent trees.

She wove a village untouched.

Outside, the sky split open. The wind screamed. The world collapsed beneath the storm' s fury.

But within her tapestry, all was safe.

And so, as the first of the floodwaters licked at her doorstep, Alara did what she had always done.

She climbed into the tapestry.

She slipped between the threads, where the sky was calm and the air was warm. She walked among the villagers, who smiled and laughed in a world where the storm had never come.

And outside, the storm raged.

And outside, the village drowned.

And outside, the loom stood empty.

Moral: Some will weave a perfect world, but not for you.



0.2.1 中文版本 (Mandarin Translation)

阿拉拉在织布。

她一生都在织布。

她的织机立于最古老的房屋之巅，丝线延伸至未知的深处。村民们不曾质疑她，也很少提起她。但当河水干涸，当狼群逼近，当庄稼枯萎，他们便低声耳语：

“她会织好一切。”

于是，她织了。

河水再次流淌。
狼群悄然退去。
田野果实累累。

阿拉拉在织布。

然后，风暴降临。

它的开端不是乌云，不是狂风，而是沉默。鸟儿遗忘了歌声，树木屏住了呼吸，河流静止，仿佛在等待某种即将到来的存在。

村民们攀上山丘，叩响她的门。

“风暴要来了，”他们说，“我们无法存活。”

阿拉拉俯视着他们，轻轻点头。

然后，她织了。

她织下坚固的屋顶，不曾倾塌的墙壁。
她织下未曾破碎的田野，未曾弯折的树木。
她织下一个风暴无法触及的村庄。

屋外，天空裂开，狂风咆哮，世界在风暴的怒火下崩溃。

但在她的织布之中，一切安然无恙。

于是，当洪水首次舔上她的门槛，阿拉拉做出了她一生中最自然的决定。

她走进了挂毯。

她滑入丝线之间，进入那片无风、温暖的世界。她在村庄中漫步，村民们在织布的世界里微笑、欢笑，那里从未有过风暴。

而屋外，风暴肆虐。

而屋外，村庄淹没。

而屋外，织机空空荡荡。

道德：有人会织出完美的世界，但不会为你而织。

0.2.2 拼音版本 (Pinyin Transliteration)

Ālālā zài zhībù。

Tā yīshēng dōu zài zhībù。

Tā de zhījī lì yú zuì gǔlǎo de fángwū zhī diān, sīxiàn yánshēn zhì wèizhī de shēn chù。 Cūnmínmen bùcéng zhìyí tā, yě hěn shǎo tíqǐ tā。 Dàn dāng héliú gānhé, dāng lángqún bījìn, dāng zhuāngjià kūwěi, tāmen biàn dīshēng ěryǔ:

“Tā huì zhī hǎo yīqiè。”

Yúshì, tā zhīle。

Héliú zàicì liútǎng。

Lángqún qiǎorán tuìqù。

Tiányě guōshí lěilěi。

Ālālā zài zhībù。

Ránhòu, fēngbào jiànglín。

Tā de kāiduān bùshì wūyún, bùshì kuángfēng, ér shì chénmò。 Niǎor yíwàngle gēshēng, shù mù píngzhùle hūxī, héliú jìngzhǐ, fǎngfú zài dēngdài mǒu zhǒng jíjiāng dàolái de cúnzài。

Cūnmínmen pān shàng shānqiū, kòuxiǎng tā de mén。

“Fēngbào yào láile,” tāmen shuō, “wǒmen wúfǎ cúnhuó。”

Ālālā fǔshìzhe tāmen, qīngqīng diàntóu。

Ránhòu, tā zhīle。

Tā zhī xià jiāngù de wūdǐng, bùcéng qīngtǎ de qiángbì。

Tā zhī xià wèi céng pòsuì de tiányě, wèi céng wānzhé de shù mù。

Tā zhī xià yīgè fēngbào wúfǎ chùjí de cūnzhuāng。

Wūwài, tiānkōng lièkai, kuángfēng páoxiāo, shìjiè zài fēngbào de nùhuǒ xià bēngkuì。

Dàn zài tā de zhībù zhī zhōng, yīqiè ānrán wúyàng。

Yúshì, dāng hóngshuǐ shǒucì tiǎn shàng tā de ménkǎn, Ālālā zuòchūle tā yīshēng zhōng zuì zìrán de juédìng。

Tā zǒujìnle guàtǎn。

Tā huásì sīxiàn zhī jiān, jìn rù nà piàn wúfēng, wēnnuǎn de shìjiè。
Tā zài cūnzhuāng zhōng màn bù, cūnmínmen zài zhībù de shìjiè lǐ wēixiào, huānlǎo, nàlǐ cóng wèi yǒuguò fēngbào。

Ér wūwài, fēngbào sìnüè。

Ér wūwài, cūnzhuāng yānmò。

Ér wūwài, zhījī kōngkōng dàng dàng。

Dàodé: Yǒurén huì zhī chū wánměi de shìjiè, dàn bù huì wèi nǐ ér zhī。

0.3 The Lumberjack' s Gift

Deep in the forest, where the trees whispered of ancient days, there was a clearing that no creature dared enter. It had been silent for years, save for the wind. But one day, a man arrived with a chainsaw slung over his back, its metal teeth gleaming in the fading light.

The creatures of the forest watched from the shadows. The man was old, his hands calloused from years of work. He stood in the center of the clearing, staring at a single, towering tree—the last of its kind.

“This one,” he murmured.

He pulled the cord, and the chainsaw roared to life, splitting the silence with a scream of metal against wood. Birds scattered. The earth trembled. The tree, proud and unyielding, shuddered under the assault.

But then, the saw **stopped**.

The man staggered back, staring at the blade. It was sharp. The fuel was fresh. There was no reason it should have failed.

And then, something **breathed**.

A gust of wind rushed through the branches, but it did not howl—it spoke, in a voice not meant for human ears.

“You have taken so much. Why have you come for the last of us?”

The man gritted his teeth. “It’ s not for me.”

He gestured toward the horizon, where a village sat at the forest’ s edge. A village he had built. Homes that needed warmth. People that needed shelter.

The tree was silent.

Then, it laughed.

It was not a sound of malice, nor kindness. It was something older than both.

“You have already cut me down,” it said.



The man frowned. “No, I—”

But as he turned, he saw them. **Stumps.** Dozens, hundreds, stretching into the distance. The clearing had once been a forest. Now, it was a graveyard.

And in that moment, the man understood. He had not come to take the last tree. He had come to **witness it.**

For it was not the tree that had been felled—it was the forest itself. And the last tree was merely the monument left behind.

The chainsaw felt heavy in his hands.

The tree whispered one final thing before the wind carried it away:

“A man does not hear the last tree fall. He only hears the first, and forgets the rest.”

The man left the clearing.

His village would have to find another way.

Moral: Destruction is loud, but loss is silent. By the time you hear it, it has already happened.

0.3.1 中文版本 (Mandarin Translation)

在森林深处，树木低语着古老的时光，有一片空地，没有任何生物敢踏入。多年来，它一直寂静无声，除了风声。但有一天，一个人来了，背上背着一把电锯，金属的齿闪烁在渐暗的光线下。

森林里的生物在阴影中观察着。那人年迈，双手因多年的劳动而布满老茧。他站在空地中央，凝视着一棵高耸入云的树——它是最后的一棵。

“就是这棵，”他低声说道。

他拉动绳索，电锯轰然启动，金属撕裂木头的尖叫声打破了寂静。鸟群四散。大地颤抖。那棵自豪而坚韧的树在攻击下颤抖着。

然而，电锯 **停了**。

那人踉跄后退，盯着锯片。它很锋利。燃料充足。没有任何理由它会失效。

然后，**某种东西呼吸了**。

一阵风冲进树梢，但它没有嚎叫——它在说话，声音不属于人类的耳朵。

“你已经夺走了那么多。为什么你还要来取走我们的最后一个？”

那人咬紧牙关。“这不是为了我。”

他指向地平线，森林边缘坐落着一个村庄。一个他建造的村庄。需要温暖的家园。需要庇护的人们。

树木沉默了。

然后，它笑了。

那笑声既不是恶意，也不是善意。它超越了这两者，来自更古老的存在。

“你已经砍倒了我。”它说。

那人皱起眉头。“不，我——”

但当他转身时，他看到了。**树桩**。数十个，数百个，绵延至远方。这片空地曾经是森林。现在，它是一座坟场。

就在那一刻，他明白了。他不是来砍倒最后一棵树的。他是来**见证它的消逝**。

因为被砍倒的并不是这棵树，而是整片森林。而这棵最后的树，不过是留存的墓碑。

电锯在他手中变得沉重。

风将树的最后一句话吹入空气中：

“人们不会听见最后一棵树倒下。他们只会听见第一棵，接着遗忘其余的。”

那人离开了空地。

他的村庄必须找到另一种方法。

道德：毁灭是喧嚣的，但失去是沉默的。当你听到它时，它早已发生。

0.3.2 拼音版本 (Pinyin Transliteration)

Zài sēnlín shēn chù, shùmù dī yǔ zhe gǔlǎo de shígūāng, yǒu yīpiàn kōngdì, méiyǒu rènhe shēngwù gǎn tàrù. Duō nián lái, tā yīzhí jìjìng wúshēng, chúlè fēngshēng. Dàn yǒu yītiān, yīgè rén lái, bēi shàng bèizhe yī bǎ diànjù, jīnshǔ de chǐ shǎnshuò zài jiàn àn de guāngxìàn xià.

Sēnlín lǐ de shēngwù zài yīnyǐng zhōng guānchá zhe. Nà rén nián-mài, shuāngshǒu yīn duōnián de láodòng ér bùmǎn lǎojiǎn. Tā zhàn zài kōngdì zhōngyāng, níngshì zhe yīkē gāozǒng rùyún de shù—tā shì zuìhòu de yīkē.

Dàn dāng tā zhuǎn shēn, tā kàn dào le. **Shùzhuāng.** Shù shí gè, shù bǎi gè, miányán zhì yuǎnfāng. Zhè piàn kōngdì céngjīng shì sēnlín. Xiànzài, tā shì yī zuò féngchǎng.

Zài nà yīkè, tā míngbáile. Tā bìng bù shì lái kǎndǎo zuìhòu yī kē shù de. Tā shì lái **jiànzhèng tā de xiāoshì.**

Yīnwèi bēi kǎndǎo de bìng bù shì zhè kē shù, ér shì zhèng piàn sēnlín. Ér zhè kē zuìhòu de shù, bùguò shì liúxún de mùbēi.

Fēng jiāng shù de zuìhòu yījù huà chū rù kōngqì zhōng:

“Rénmen bù huì tīngjiàn zuìhòu yīkē shù dǎoxià. Tāmen zhǐ huì tīngjiàn dì yī kē, jiēzhe yíwàng qíyú de.”

Nà rén líkāile kōngdì.

Tā de cūnzhuāng bìxū zhǎodào líng yī zhǒng fāngfǎ.

Dàodé: *Huǐmiè shì xuānxiāo de, dàn shíqù shì chénmò de. Dāng nǐ tīngdào tā shí, tā zǎoyǐ fāshēng.*

0.4 The Snake That Shed No Skin

There was once a snake who never shed its skin.

Other snakes in the marsh would molt, leaving behind brittle husks, growing stronger and sleeker each time. But this snake remained unchanged, its scales gleaming like polished stone. It slithered with an eerie smoothness, its eyes always watching.

“Why do you not shed like the rest of us?” a younger snake asked.

The old snake coiled itself, smiling in the way only a serpent can. “Because I have no need to. I do not grow old, nor do I grow weak.”

The others were envious. They had seen how shedding left them vulnerable—soft and slow until their new skin hardened. This snake never had such weakness.

One by one, the young snakes came to it.

“Teach us,” they pleaded. “Teach us how to never shed.”

And so, the old snake whispered its secret.

It told them to drink from the dark pool at the heart of the marsh, a place where even the moon refused to cast its light. It told them that the water would make them strong, unchanging like itself.

Many listened. They drank from the dark pool.

At first, nothing changed.

Then, their scales hardened, their movements grew stiff. They could not molt, could not grow. They became brittle, their once-flexible bodies cracking like old bark.

And in time, they could no longer move at all.

One by one, they lay still, their shimmering scales now just empty shells.

The old snake slithered through the marsh, weaving between the statues of those who had trusted it.

It never shed.

It never aged.

It had never needed to.

Moral: That which does not change does not grow. That which does not grow is already dead.



0.4.1 中文版本 (Mandarin Translation)

从前有一条蛇，它从不蜕皮。

沼泽里的其他蛇都会蜕皮，留下干枯的旧壳，每次蜕变都会变得更强壮、更光滑。但这条蛇始终没有改变，它的鳞片像打磨过的石头一样闪闪发光。它滑行得异常流畅，眼睛总是在注视着。

“你为什么不像我们一样蜕皮？”一条年轻的蛇问道。

老蛇盘起身体，以只有蛇能做到的方式微笑着。“因为我不需要。我不会变老，也不会变弱。”

其他蛇都很羡慕。它们知道蜕皮会让自己变得脆弱——在新皮变硬之前，它们会变得柔软而迟缓。而这条蛇从未有过这种弱点。

一条接一条的年轻蛇向它靠近。

“教教我们，”它们恳求道，“教我们如何永不蜕皮。”

于是，老蛇低声告诉它们秘密。

它告诉它们去沼泽中心的黑暗池塘饮水，那是一个连月光都不愿照耀的地方。它说，那水会让它们变得强大，不会改变，就像它自己一样。

许多蛇听从了它的话。它们喝了黑暗池塘的水。

起初，什么都没有改变。

然后，它们的鳞片变得坚硬，动作变得迟缓。它们无法蜕皮，无法成长。它们变得脆弱，曾经柔韧的身体像老树皮一样开裂。

渐渐地，它们再也无法动弹。

一条接一条，它们静静地躺在那里，闪闪发光的鳞片如今只是空壳。

老蛇在沼泽中游走，穿梭于那些信任它的雕像之间。

它从未蜕皮。

它从未衰老。

它从来不需要。

道德：无法改变的东西无法成长。无法成长的东西，早已死亡。

0.4.2 拼音版本 (Pinyin Transliteration)

Cóngqián yǒu yītiáo shé, tā cóng bù tuìpí.

Zhǎozé lǐ de qítā shé dūhuì tuìpí, liúxià gānkū de jiù ké, měi cì tuìbiàn dōu huì biàn de gèng qiángzhuàng, gèng guānghuá. Dàn zhè tiáo shé shǐzhōng méiyǒu gǎibiàn, tā de línpiàn xiàng dǎmó guò de shítou yīyàng shǎnshǎn fāguāng. Tā huáxíng de yìcháng liúchàng, yǎnjīng zǒng shì zài zhùshìzhe.

“Nǐ wèishéme bù xiàng wǒmen yīyàng tuìpí?” Yītiáo niánqīng de shé wèndào.

Lǎo shé pán qǐ shēntǐ, yǐ zhǐyǒu shé néng zuò dào de fāngshì wēixiàozhe. “Yīnwèi wǒ bù xūyào. Wǒ bù huì biànlǎo, yě bù huì biànrùo.”

Qítā shé dōu hěn xiànmù. Tāmen zhīdào tuìpí huì ràng zìjǐ biàn de cuìruò—zài xīn pí biàn yìng zhīqián, tāmen huì biàn de róuruǎn ér chípǎn. Ér zhè tiáo shé cóngwèi yǒuguò zhè zhǒng ruòdiǎn.

Yītiáo jiē yītiáo de niánqīng shé xiàng tā kàojìn.

“Jiāojiāo wǒmen,” tāmen kěnníu dào, “jiāo wǒmen rúhé yǒng bù tuìpí.”

Yúshì, lǎo shé dīshēng gàosù tāmen mìmì.

Tā gàosù tāmen qù zhǎozé zhōngxīn de hēi’ àn chítáng yǐnshuǐ, nà shì yīgè lián yuèguāng dōu bù yuàn zhàoyào de dìfāng. Tā shuō, nà shuǐ huì ràng tāmen biàn de qiángdà, bù huì gǎibiàn, jiù xiàng tā zìjǐ yīyàng.

Xǔduō shé tīngcóngle tā de huà. Tāmen hēle hēi’ àn chítáng de shuǐ.

Qǐchū, shénme dōu méiyǒu gǎibiàn.

Ránhòu, tāmen de línpiàn biàn de jiānyìng, dòngzuò biàn de chípǎn. Tāmen wúfǎ tuìpí, wúfǎ chéngzhǎng. Tāmen biàn de cuìruò, céngjīng róurèn de shēntǐ xiàng lǎo shùpí yīyàng kāiliè.

Jiànjiàn de, tāmen zài yě wúfǎ dòngtán.

Yītiáo jiē yītiáo, tāmen jìngjìng de tǎng zài nàlǐ, shǎnshǎn fāguāng
de línpiàn rújīn zhǐshì kōngké.

Lǎo shé zài zhǎozé zhōng yóuzǒu, chuānshuò yú nàxiē xīnrèn tā de
diāoxiàng zhī jiān.

Tā cóngwèi tuìpí.

Tā cóngwèi shuāilǎo.

Tā cónglái bù xūyào.

Dàodé: *Wúfǎ gǎibiàn de dōngxī wúfǎ chéngzhǎng. Wúfǎ chéngzhǎng
de dōngxī, zǎoyǐ sǐwáng.*

