

Owl's Fables

The Goat and the Bridge

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**.

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0.1 The Goat and the Bridge

A goat came to a narrow bridge and found another goat approaching from the opposite side. “Step aside,” said the first goat, “lest one of us falls.”

The second goat refused. “We are equals. Why should I step aside?”

They argued until a third goat emerged from below the bridge. “There is no need for quarrel,” it said, climbing onto the bridge.

The two goats looked at each other, confused. “How did you get here?”

The third goat smiled. “There are paths you will never see—until you fall.”

Moral: Pride blinds us to the paths beneath our feet.



0.1.1 中文版本 (Mandarin Translation)

一只山羊来到了一座狭窄的桥，发现另一只山羊从对面走来。“让开，”第一只山羊说，“否则我们其中一个会掉下去。”

第二只山羊拒绝了。“我们是平等的，我为什么要让开？”

它们争论不休，直到第三只山羊从桥下走出来。“不必争吵，”它说，爬上了桥。

两只山羊相视而立，迷惑不解。“你是怎么来的？”

第三只山羊笑了笑。“有些路你永远也看不见——直到你跌倒。”

道德：骄傲使我们看不见脚下的路。

0.1.2 拼音版本 (Pinyin Transliteration)

Yī zhī shānyáng lái dào le yīzuò xiázhǎi de qiáo, fāxiàn lìng yī zhī shānyáng cóng duìmiàn zǒu lái. “Ràng kāi,” dì yī zhī shānyáng shuō, “fǒuzé wǒmen qízhōng yī gè huì diào xiàqù.”

Dì èr zhī shānyáng jùjué. “Wǒmen shì píngděng de, wǒ wèishéme yào ràng kāi?”

Tāmen zhēnglùn bùxiū, zhídào dì sān zhī shānyáng cóng qiáo xià zǒu chūlái. “Bùbì zhēngchǎo,” tā shuō, pá shàngle qiáo.

Liǎng zhī shānyáng xiāngshì ér lì, míhuò bùjiě. “Nǐ shì zěnmé lái de?”

Dì sān zhī shānyáng xiàole xiào. “Yǒuxiē lù nǐ yǒngyuǎn yě kàn bùjiàn——zhídào nǐ diédǎo.”

Dàodé: Jiāo’ ào shǐ wǒmen kàn bùjiàn jiǎoxià de lù.

0.2 The Clockmaker and the Sparrow

A sparrow watched a clockmaker repair an ancient clock in the town square. “How clever you are,” said the sparrow, “to fix something so broken.”

The clockmaker smiled. “It is my craft to make things tick again.”

The sparrow tilted its head. “And what happens when it cannot be fixed?”

The clockmaker’s smile grew wider. “Then I wind it backward.”

When the townspeople gathered that evening, they found the clock ticking in reverse—and all their shadows facing east.

Moral: Sometimes, fixing what is broken creates something worse.

