

Owl's Fables

The Lumberjack's Gift

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**.

Contents

0.1 The Lumberjack’s Gift 1

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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.*

0.1.1 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。

0.1.2 拼音版本 (Pinyin Transliteration)

Zài sēnlín shēn chù, shùmù dī yǔ zhe gǔlǎo de shíguāng, 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 guāngxìan 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.*