

Owl's Fables

The Whispering Willow

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 Whispering Willow

A young bird sought refuge in the branches of an ancient willow. “You are kind to shelter me,” said the bird. “Do you shelter others as well?”

The willow’ s branches swayed gently. “Oh, many come to me, and many leave,” it whispered.

As the bird rested, it noticed something strange: no other birds sang near the tree. The wind carried faint whispers through the branches—words it could not understand.

By dawn, the bird tried to fly away, but its wings felt heavy. The willow’ s branches tightened around it.

Moral: Some offers of refuge come with unseen roots.



0.1.1 中文版本 (Mandarin Translation)

一只年轻的鸟儿在一棵古老的柳树枝上找到了庇护。“你真好，给我提供庇护，”鸟儿说，“你也庇护其他的吗？”

柳树的枝条轻轻摇动。“哦，很多人来找我，很多人离开，”它低语道。

当鸟儿休息时，它注意到了一件奇怪的事：树附近没有其他鸟儿唱歌。风轻轻地吹过枝条，带来了它听不懂的低语声。

天明时，鸟儿试图飞走，但它的翅膀感到沉重。柳树的枝条紧紧地环绕住它。

道德：有些庇护的提供带着看不见的根。

0.1.2 拼音版本 (Pinyin Transliteration)

Yī zhī niánqīng de niǎo ér zài yī kē gǔlǎo de liǔ shù zhī shàng zhǎodàole bìhù. “Nǐ zhēn hǎo, gěi wǒ tígōng bìhù,” niǎo ér shuō, “nǐ yě bìhù qítā de ma?”

Liǔ shù de zhītiáo qīngqīng yáodòng. “Ó, hěnduō rén lái zhǎo wǒ, hěnduō rén líkāi,” tā dī yǔ dào.

Dāng niǎo ér xiūxí shí, tā zhùyì dào le yī jiàn qíguài de shì: shù fùjìn méiyǒu qítā niǎo ér chànggē. Fēng qīngqīng de chuī guò zhītiáo, dàilái le tā tīng bù dòng de dīyǔ shēng.

Tiānmíng shí, niǎo ér shìtú fēi zǒu, dàn tā de chìbǎng gǎndào chénzhòng. Liǔ shù de zhītiáo jǐn jǐn de huánrào zhù tā.

Dàodé: 有些庇护的提供带着看不见的根。

0.2 The Sculptor and the Marble

A sculptor found a flawless block of marble in a forgotten quarry. “From you, I will create a masterpiece,” the sculptor declared.

As the chisel struck the marble, faint cracks began to appear. The sculptor continued, trying to carve around them, but the cracks deepened with every strike.

“Why do you resist?” the sculptor demanded.

The marble groaned. “Because I am already whole.”

The sculptor worked harder, but as the final piece was unveiled, it crumbled to dust. The empty pedestal stood silent.

Moral: Not everything that is changed reveals beauty.

