

Owl's Fables

The Weaver's Paradox

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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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.



0.1.1 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。

0.1.2 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。