

Owl's Fables

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 Owl and the Field Mouse	1
0.2	The Mirror and the Crow	4
0.3	The Candle and the Moth	7
0.4	The Carpenter and the Tree	10
0.5	The Fisherman and the Starfish	13
0.6	The Spider and the Fly	16
0.7	The Lantern and the Firefly	19
0.8	The Goat and the Bridge	22
0.9	The Clockmaker and the Sparrow	25
0.10	The River and the Stone	28
0.11	The Whispering Willow	31
0.12	The Sculptor and the Marble	34
0.13	The Nightingale and the Echo	37
0.14	The Mask and the Man	40
0.15	The Lighthouse and the Fog	43
0.16	The Weaver and the Thread	46
0.17	The Shadow and the Candle	49
0.18	The Fox and the Vine	52
0.19	The River and the Reflection	55
0.20	The Clock and the Gears	58
0.21	The Hollow Healer	61
0.22	The Weaver's Paradox	66
0.23	The Lumberjack's Gift	72
0.24	The Snake That Shed No Skin	78

CONTENTS

0.1 The Owl and the Field Mouse



A field mouse approached an owl perched silently in the forest. “You are wise,” said the mouse. “Tell me how to live a long and safe life.”

The owl turned its head slowly. “Stay hidden, move swiftly, and always be watchful.”

The mouse thanked the owl and followed the advice faithfully. It darted from shadow to shadow, avoiding danger at every turn. Years passed, and the mouse grew old, its fur thin and its movements slow.

One moonlit night, the owl returned. “Did my wisdom serve you well?”

“Yes,” the mouse replied. “I am still alive.”

“Good,” said the owl, “for I have been watching.”

The owl spread its wings, and the shadows consumed the mouse.

Moral: Some advice comes with a price.

0.1.1 中文版本 (Mandarin Translation)

田鼠走近一只安静栖息在森林中的猫头鹰。“你很聪明，”田鼠说，“告诉我怎样才能过上长寿而安全的生活。”

猫头鹰慢慢转动头。“保持隐蔽，迅速行动，时刻保持警觉。”

田鼠感谢猫头鹰，并忠实地遵循了这些建议。它从一个阴影跳到另一个阴影，避免每一次的危险。岁月流逝，田鼠变老了，皮毛变得稀薄，动作也变得缓慢。

一个月光皎洁的夜晚，猫头鹰再次出现。“我的智慧对你有帮助吗？”

“是的，”田鼠回答，“我还活着。”

“好，”猫头鹰说，“因为我一直在观察。”

猫头鹰展开翅膀，阴影吞噬了田鼠。

道德: 一些建议是有代价的。

0.1.2 拼音版本 (Pinyin Transliteration)

Tián shǔ zǒu jìn yī zhī ān jìng qīxī zài sēnlín zhōng de mātóuyīng.
“Nǐ hěn cōngmíng,” tián shǔ shuō, “gàosù wǒ zěn yàng cái néng
guò shàng chángshòu ér ānquán de shēnghuó.”

Mātóuyīng mǎn man zhuǎn dòng tóu. “Bǎochí yǐnbì, xùnsù xíngdòng,
shíkè bǎochí jǐngjué.”

Tián shǔ gǎnxiè mātóuyīng, bìng zhōngshí dì zūnxúnle zhèxiē jiànyì.
Tā cóng yī gè yīnyǐng tiàodào lìng yī gè yīnyǐng, bìmiǎn méi yī cì
de wēixié. Suìyuè liúshì, tián shǔ biàn lǎo le, pímáo biàn dé xībào,
dòngzuò yě biàn dé huǎnmàn.

Yī gè yuèguāng jiǎojié de yèwǎn, mātóuyīng zài cì chūxiànn. “Wǒ
de zhìhuì duì nǐ yǒu bāngzhù ma?”

“Shì de,” tián shǔ huídá, “wǒ hái huózhe.”

“Hǎo,” mātóuyīng shuō, “yīnwèi wǒ yīzhí zài guāncará.”

Mātóuyīng zhǎn kāi chìbǎng, yīnyǐng tūnshīle tián shǔ.

Dàodé: Yīxiē jiànyì shì yǒu dàiijià de.

0.2 The Mirror and the Crow

A crow found a mirror discarded in the woods. Seeing its reflection, the crow marveled at its black feathers. “How sleek and beautiful I am!” it croaked.

The mirror replied, “Indeed, you are magnificent. But there is more to you than you see.”

Intrigued, the crow asked, “What do you mean?”

The mirror’s surface rippled, revealing a pale, brittle skeleton beneath the crow’s feathers. “This is also you,” the mirror whispered.

Startled, the crow shattered the mirror with its beak, but its reflection lingered in every shard.

Moral: True beauty reveals more than we wish to see.



0.2.1 中文版本 (Mandarin Translation)

一只乌鸦在树林中发现了一面丢弃的镜子。看到自己的倒影，乌鸦惊叹于它的黑色羽毛。“我多么光滑、美丽！”它叫道。

镜子回答说：“的确，你是壮丽的。但是你看到的不仅仅是你的一部分。”

乌鸦好奇地问：“你是什么意思？”

镜子表面微微波动，露出了乌鸦羽毛下的苍白脆弱的骨架。“这也是你，”镜子低语道。

乌鸦吃惊地用喙打破了镜子，但它的倒影依然停留在每一片碎片上。

道德：真正的美丽揭示了我们不愿看到的更多。

0.2.2 拼音版本 (Pinyin Transliteration)

Yī zhī wūyā zài shùlín zhōng fāxiànlé yī miàn diūqì de jìngzi. Kàn dào zìjǐ de dǎoyǐng, wūyā jīngtàn yú tā de hēisè yǔmáo. “Wǒ duōme guānghuá, měilì!” tā jiàodào.

Jìngzi huídá shuō: “Díquè, nǐ shì zhuànglì de. Dànshì nǐ kàn dào de bù jǐn jǐn shì nǐ de yī bùfèn.”

Wūyā hàoqí dì wèn: “Nǐ shì shénme yìsi?”

Jìngzi biǎomiàn wēiwēi bōdòng, lùchūlè wūyā yǔmáo xià de cāngbái cuìruò de gǔjià. “Zhè yě shì nǐ,” jìngzi dī yú dào.

Wūyā chíjīng de yòng huì dǎpòle jìngzi, dàn tā de dǎoyǐng yīrán tíngliú zài měi yī piàn suìpiàn shàng.

Dàodé: Zhēnzhèng de měilì jiēshìle wǒmen bù yuàn kàn dào de gèng duō.

0.3 The Candle and the Moth

A moth was drawn to the light of a candle burning brightly in the dark. “Your glow is enchanting,” said the moth, circling closer.

The candle replied, “Do not mistake my warmth for kindness.”

“But you bring comfort to the night,” the moth said, spiraling nearer.

“Then come closer, little one,” the candle whispered. “Let me share my glow.”

The moth obeyed and was consumed in a sudden flare of heat. The candle burned lower, a faint whisper escaping its flame: “Comfort is a fleeting gift.”

Moral: Some warmth is meant only to be watched.



0.3.1 中文版本 (Mandarin Translation)

一只飞蛾被黑暗中燃烧的蜡烛光吸引。“你的光芒真迷人，”飞蛾说，围绕着蜡烛飞近。

蜡烛回答道：“不要误把我的温暖当作善意。”

“但是你给夜晚带来安慰，”飞蛾说，螺旋着飞近。

“那就更近点，亲爱的小家伙，”蜡烛低语道，“让我分享我的光辉。”

飞蛾听从了，突然被一股热浪吞噬。蜡烛燃烧得更低，火焰中传来微弱的低语：“安慰是短暂的礼物。”

道德：有些温暖仅仅是用来观赏的。

0.3.2 拼音版本 (Pinyin Transliteration)

Yī zhī fēi' é bèi hēi' àn zhōng ránshāo de làzhú guāng xīyǐn. “Nǐ de guāngmáang zhēn mírén,” fēi' é shuō, wéirào zhe làzhú fēi jìn.

Làzhú huídá dào: “Bùyào wù bǎ wǒ de wēnnuǎn dàngzuò shàngyì.”

“Dànshì nǐ gěi yèwǎn dàiilái ānwèi,” fēi' é shuō, luóxuán zhe fēi jìn.

“Nà jiù gèng jìn diǎn, qīn' ài de xiǎo jiāhuo,” làzhú dī yǔ dào, “ràng wǒ fēnxiāng wǒ de guānghuī.”

Fēi' é tīngcóngle, túrán bèi yī gǔ rè làng tūnshì. Làzhú ránshāo dé gèng dī, huōyàn zhōng chuán lái wēiruò de dīyǔ: “Ānwèi shì duǎnzàn de lǐwù.”

Dàodé: Yǒuxiē wēnnuǎn jǐn jǐn shì yòng lái guānshǎng de.

0.4 The Carpenter and the Tree

A carpenter found an old, gnarled tree in the forest. “This wood is too twisted for use,” he said and began to chop it down.

The tree creaked as the axe bit into its bark. “Why do you cut what does not serve you?” it asked.

“To clear space for something better,” the carpenter replied.

The tree fell with a final groan, its roots tearing into the earth. Years later, the carpenter returned to find the soil barren and lifeless.

“I made space,” he muttered, “but for nothing to grow.”

Moral: Removing what seems useless may leave a void.



0.4.1 中文版本 (Mandarin Translation)

一位木匠在森林中发现了一棵古老的、扭曲的树。“这木材太扭曲了，无法使用，”他说着，开始砍伐它。

树发出嘎吱声，斧头劈进了树皮。“为什么要砍掉那些对你没有用的东西？”它问道。

“为了腾出空间，容纳更好的东西，”木匠回答。

树发出最后一声呻吟，根部撕裂了大地。多年后，木匠回来发现土壤贫瘠而死气沉沉。

“我腾出了空间，”他说，“但没有什么能在这里生长。”

道德：移除看似无用的东西可能会留下空洞。

0.4.2 拼音版本 (Pinyin Transliteration)

Yī wèi mùjiàng zài sēnlín zhōng fāxiànlé yī kē gǔlǎo de, niǔqū de shù. “Zhè mùcái tài niǔqūle, wúfǎ shǐyòng,” tā shuōzhe, kāishǐ kǎn fá tā.

Shù fāchū gāzhī shēng, fǔtóu pī jìnle shùpí. “Wèishéme yào kǎn diào nàxiē duì nǐ méiyǒu yòng de dōngxī?” tā wèn dào.

“Wèile téng chū kōngjiān, róngnà gèng hǎo de dōngxī,” mùjiàng huídá.

Shù fāchū zuìhòu yī shēng yín, gēnbù sīlièlè dàdì. Duō nián hòu, mùjiàng huílái fāxiàn tǔrǎng pínxí ér sǐqì chénchén.

“Wǒ téng chūlē kōngjiān,” tā shuō, “dàn méiyǒu shénme néng zài zhè lǐ shēngzhǎng.”

Dàodé: Yíchú kànshì wúyòng de dōngxī kěnéng huì liú xià kōngdòng.

0.5 The Fisherman and the Starfish

A fisherman walked along the shore at dawn, finding a starfish stranded in the sand. “Poor creature,” he said, tossing it back into the sea.

The next morning, he returned to find dozens more starfish washed ashore. He threw as many as he could back into the waves, but the tide only brought more.

By the third day, the beach was thick with starfish, their stillness unnerving. The fisherman stood paralyzed as they turned their many arms skyward, their surfaces glistening faintly in the light.

He never went to the shore again.

Moral: Acts of kindness can awaken what lies dormant.



0.5.1 中文版本 (Mandarin Translation)

一位渔夫在黎明时分沿着海岸走，发现一只海星被困在沙滩上。“可怜的生物，”他说着，将它扔回大海。

第二天早上，他回来发现更多的海星被冲上海滩。他尽可能地将它们扔回大海，但潮水又带来了更多的海星。

到第三天，沙滩上布满了海星，它们静止的样子让人不安。渔夫愣住了，看到它们把许多手臂转向天空，表面在光线下微微闪烁。

他再也没有走到海滩。

道德：善意的行为能唤醒沉睡的东西。

0.5.2 拼音版本 (Pinyin Transliteration)

Yī wèi yúfū zài límíng shífēn yánzhe hǎi' àn zǒu, fāxiàn yī zhī hǎixīng bìe kùn zài shātān shàng. "Kělián de shēngwù," tā shuōzhe, jiāng tā rēng huí dàhǎi.

Dì èr tiān zǎoshang, tā huílái fāxiàn gèng duō de hǎixīng bìe chōng shàng hǎitān. Tā jǐn kěnéng de jiāng tāmen rēng huí dàhǎi, dàn cháboshi yòu dài lái le gèng duō de hǎixīng.

Dào dì sān tiān, shātān shàng bù mǎnle hǎixīng, tāmen jìngzhǐ de yàngzi ràng rén bù' ān. Yúfū lèng zhùle, kàn dào tāmen bǎ xǔduō shǒubì zhuǎn xiàng tiānkōng, biǎomiàn zài guāngxiànn xià wēiwēi shǎnshuò.

Tā zài yě méiyǒu zǒu dào hǎitān.

Dàodé: Shàngyì de xíngwéi néng huànxǐng chénshuì de dōngxī.

0.6 The Spider and the Fly

A spider once encountered a fly trapped in another spider's web. "How careless of you," said the spider as it approached. "You must learn to avoid traps."

The fly buzzed weakly, pleading for help. But instead of releasing it, the spider spun a new web over the trapped fly. "Now you are doubly caught," it said, "and that makes you mine."

"You're cruel," said the fly. "You do the same to others."

The spider paused, then whispered, "No, I do worse."

Moral: Those who criticize others' missteps may be hiding their own web of deceit.



0.6.1 中文版本 (Mandarin Translation)

一只蜘蛛遇到了一只被另一只蜘蛛的网困住的苍蝇。“你真不小心，”蜘蛛走近时说道，“你必须学会避开陷阱。”

苍蝇虚弱地嗡嗡作响，恳求帮助。但蜘蛛并没有放它，而是又在被困的苍蝇身上织了一个新网。“现在你被双重困住了，”蜘蛛说，“这意味着你是我的。”

“你太残忍了，”苍蝇说，“你对别人也做同样的事。”

蜘蛛停顿了一下，低声说：“不，我做得更坏。”

道德：批评别人错误的人，可能隐藏着自己编织的欺骗之网。

0.6.2 拼音版本 (Pinyin Transliteration)

Yī zhī zhīzhū yù dào le yī zhī bēi lìng yī zhī zhīzhū de wǎng kùn zhù de cāngyíng. “Nǐ zhēn bù xiǎoxīn,” zhīzhū zǒu jìn shí shuōdào, “nǐ bìxū xué huì bì kāi xiànjǐng.”

Cāngyíng xūruò de wēngwēng zuòxiǎng, kěnqiú bāngzhù. Dàn zhīzhū bìng méiyǒu fàng tā, ér shì yòu zài bēi kùn de cāngyíng shēnshàng zhīle yī gè xīn wǎng. “Xiànzài nǐ bēi shuāngchóng kùn zhùle,” zhīzhū shuō, “zhè yìwèi zhe nǐ shì wǒ de.”

“Nǐ tài cánréng le,” cāngyíng shuō, “nǐ duì biérén yě zuò tóngyàng de shì.”

Zhīzhū tíngdùnle yīxià, dīshēng shuō: “Bù, wǒ zuò dé gèng huài.”

Dàodé: Pípíng biérén cuòwù de rén, kěnéng yǐn cángzhe zìjǐ biānzhī de qīpiàn zhī wǎng.

0.7 The Lantern and the Firefly

A firefly admired a lantern that burned brightly in the night. “How grand you are,” said the firefly, “to shine so long and steady.”

The lantern replied, “My light is not my own; it comes from the flame within.”

Envious, the firefly asked, “Could I take your flame to burn as you do?”

The lantern flickered. “You could try,” it said, “but beware: what burns within me also consumes me.”

Later, the villagers found the firefly, still glowing faintly, its wings charred black.

Moral: Some lights are not meant to be borrowed.



0.7.1 中文版本 (Mandarin Translation)

一只萤火虫欣赏着一盏夜晚明亮燃烧的灯笼。“你真是太宏伟了，”萤火虫说，“能发光如此长久且稳定。”

灯笼回答道：“我的光并非属于我；它来自内心的火焰。”

心生嫉妒，萤火虫问：“我可以借用你的火焰像你一样燃烧吗？”

灯笼闪烁了一下。“你可以试试，”它说，“但小心：在我体内燃烧的东西也会吞噬我。”

之后，村民们发现那只萤火虫，仍然微弱地发光，翅膀被烧焦变黑。

道德：有些光并不适合借用。

0.7.2 拼音版本 (Pinyin Transliteration)

Yī zhī yínghuǒchóng xīnshǎngzhe yī zhǎn yèwǎn míngliàng ránshāo de dēnglóng. “Nǐ zhēn shì tài hóngwěi le,” yínghuǒchóng shuō, “néng fāguāng rúcǐ chángjiǔ qiě wěndìng.”

Dēnglóng huídá dào: “Wǒ de guāng bìng fēi shùyú wǒ; tā láizì nèixīn de huōyàn.”

Xīn shēng jìdù, yínghuǒchóng wèn: “Wǒ kěyǐ jiè yòng nǐ de huōyàn xiàng nǐ yīyàng ránshāo ma?”

Dēnglóng shǎnshuòle yīxià. “Nǐ kěyǐ shìshì,” tā shuō, “dàn xiǎoxīn: zài wǒ tǐnèi ránshāo de dōngxī yě huì tūnshì wǒ.”

Zhīhòu, cūnmínmen fāxiàn nà zhī yínghuǒchóng, réngrán wēiruò de fāguāng, chìbǎng bèi shāojiāo biàn héi.

Dàodé: Yǒuxiē guāng bìng bù shìhé jiè yòng.

0.8 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.



0.8.1 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。

0.8.2 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 jùjuéle. “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 zěnme 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.

0.9 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.



0.9.1 中文版本 (Mandarin Translation)

一只麻雀看着钟表匠在镇广场上修理一只古老的钟。“你真聪明，”麻雀说，“能修好这么破旧的东西。”

钟表匠微笑着回答：“这是我的工艺，让东西重新运转。”

麻雀歪着头问：“那如果修不好呢？”

钟表匠的笑容更大了：“那我就让它倒转。”

当天晚上，镇上的人们聚集在一起，发现钟表倒计时——而他们所有的影子都朝着东方。

道德：有时，修复破损的东西会造成更糟糕的结果。

0.9.2 拼音版本 (Pinyin Transliteration)

Yī zhī máquè kànzhé zhōngbiǎo jiàng zài zhèn guǎngchǎng shàng xiūlǐ yī zhī gǔlǎo de zhōng. “Nǐ zhēn cōgmíng,” máquè shuō, “néng xiū hǎo zhème pòjiù de dōngxī.”

Zhōngbiǎo jiàng wéixiào zhe huídá: “Zhè shì wǒ de gōngyì, ràng dōngxī chóngxīn yùnzhùn.”

Máquè wāi zhe tóu wèn: “Nà rúguǒ xiū bù hǎo ne?”

Zhōngbiǎo jiàng de xiàoróng gèng dà le: “Nà wǒ jiù ràng tā dào zhuǎn.”

Dāngtiān wǎnshàng, zhèn shàng de rénmen jùjí zài yīqǐ, fāxiàn zhōngbiǎo dào jìshí——ér tāmen suǒyǒu de yǐngzi dōu cháo zhe dōngfāng.

Dàodé: Yǒu shí, xiūfù pòsǔn de dōngxī huì zàochéng gèng zāogāo de jiéguǒ.

0.10 The River and the Stone

A stone sat in a riverbed for centuries, unmoving, while the water rushed around it. One day, the river spoke. “Why do you resist me?”

The stone replied, “Because I endure while you erode.”

The river laughed. “Endurance is no virtue. Watch what it brings you.”

The stone remained silent, even as the river wore it down to nothing. Years later, the river dried up, leaving a hollow where the stone once was.

Travelers whispered of the strange emptiness, for no grass grew there, and no water returned.

Moral: To endure too long is to be hollowed out.



0.10.1 中文版本 (Mandarin Translation)

一块石头静静地躺在河床上，几百年来不曾动弹，而水流则绕过它奔流。一天，河水开口了。“你为什么抵抗我？”

石头回答：“因为我能忍耐，而你在侵蚀我。”

河水笑了。“忍耐并非美德。看它带给你什么。”

石头依然保持沉默，尽管河水将它一点一点磨蚀。多年后，河水干涸，留下了一个空洞，原来石头所在的地方。

旅行者们低语着，谈论着那奇异的空虚，因为那里没有草长出，也没有水再流回来。

道德：忍受得太久，终究会被掏空。

0.10.2 拼音版本 (Pinyin Transliteration)

Yī kuài shítou jìng jìng de tǎng zài héchuáng shàng, jǐ bǎi nián lái bùcéng dòngtán, ér shuiliú zé rào guò tā bēnliú. Yītiān, héshuǐ kāikǒu le. “Nǐ wèishéme dǐkàng wǒ?”

Shítou huídá: “Yīnwèi wǒ néng rěnnài, ér nǐ zài qīnshí wǒ.”

Héshuǐ xiàole. “Rěnnài bìngfēi měidé. Kàn tā dàigei nǐ shénme.”

Shítou yīnrán bǎochí chénmò, jǐnguǎn héshuǐ jiāng tā yīdiǎn yīdiǎn móshí. Duōnián hòu, héshuǐ gānhé, liúxiàle yīgè kòngdòng, yuánlái shítou suǒzài de dǐfāng.

Lǚxíng zhěmen dīyǔzhe, tánlùn zhe nà qíyì de kèngxū, yīnwèi nàlǐ méiyǒu cǎo zhǎngchū, yě méiyǒu shuǐ zài liú huílái.

Dàodé: Rěnshòu dé tài jiǔ, zhōngjiù huì bèi tāo kōng.

0.11 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.



© The University of Texas at Austin Library Special Collections ©

0.11.1 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。

0.11.2 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, dàiilái le tā tīng bù dǒng de dīyǔ shēng.

Tiānmíng shí, niǎo ér shítú 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。

0.12 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.



0.12.1 中文版本 (Mandarin Translation)

一位雕刻家在一个被遗忘的采石场找到了一个完美无瑕的大理石块。“我将从你身上创造一件杰作，”雕刻家宣布道。

当凿子打到大理石上时，微小的裂缝开始出现。雕刻家继续雕刻，试图绕开裂缝，但每一下击打裂缝都变得更深。

“你为什么抵抗？”雕刻家质问道。

大理石发出呻吟声。“因为我已经是完整的。”

雕刻家更加努力地工作，但当最后的作品揭开时，它化作了尘土。空荡荡的基座静默无声。

道德：并非所有的改变都能揭示美丽。

0.12.2 拼音版本 (Pinyin Transliteration)

Yī wèi diāokè jiā zài yīgè bèi yíwàng de cǎishí chǎng zhǎodàole yīgè wánměi wúxiá de dàlishí kuài. “Wǒ jiāng cóng nǐ shēnshàng chuàngzào yī jiàn jiézuò,” diāokè jiā xuānbù dào.

Dāng záozī dǎ dào dàlishí shàng shí, wēixiǎo de lièfèng kāishǐ chūxiàn. Diāokè jiā jìxù diāokè, shìtú rào kāi lièfèng, dàn měi yīxià jídǎ lièfèng dōu biàn dé gèng shēn.

“Nǐ wèishéme dǐkàng?” Diāokè jiā zhìwèn dào.

Dàlishí fāchū shēn yín shēng. “Yīnwèi wǒ yǐjīng shì wánzhěng de.”

Diāokè jiā gèngjiā nǔlì de gōngzuò, dàn dāng zuìhòu de zuòpǐn jiēkāi shí, tā huà zuòle chéntū. Kōngdàngdàng de jīzuò jìngmò wúshēng.

Dàodé: 并非所有的改变都能揭示美丽。

0.13 The Nightingale and the Echo

A nightingale sang beautifully in a deep canyon, and an echo returned its song. “What a lovely companion you are,” the nightingale said. “Let us sing together.”

The echo mimicked the nightingale perfectly, and for a time, they harmonized. But the longer they sang, the more the nightingale noticed the echo’s timing was slightly off.

“Why do you falter?” the nightingale asked.

“I do not falter,” said the echo. “I am waiting for your voice to fade so that I may continue.”

The nightingale sang one last note and was never heard again.

Moral: Those who reflect us may outlast us.



0.13.1 中文版本 (Mandarin Translation)

一只夜莺在深谷中唱着美丽的歌声，回音回应了它的歌声。“你真是美妙的伴侣，”夜莺说，“让我们一起唱歌吧。”

回音完美地模仿了夜莺的声音，他们一度和谐地合唱。但是，他们唱得越久，夜莺渐渐注意到回音的时机稍有偏差。

“你为什么犹豫？”夜莺问道。

“我没有犹豫，”回音回答，“我在等你的声音消失，好让我继续。”

夜莺唱出了最后一个音符，然后再也没有被听见。

道德: 反射我们的人或事，可能比我们存在得更久。

0.13.2 拼音版本 (Pinyin Transliteration)

Yī zhī yèyīng zài shēn gǔ zhōng chàngzhe měilì de gēshēng, huíyīn huíyìngle tā de gēshēng. “Nǐ zhēn shì měimiào de bànlǚ,” yèyīng shuō, “ràng wǒmen yīqǐ chànggē ba.”

Huíyīn wánměi de mófǎngle yèyīng de shēngyīn, tāmen yīdù héxié de héchàng. Dànshì, tāmen chàng dé yuè jiǔ, yèyīng jiànjiàn zhùyì dào huíyīn de shíjī shāo yǒu piānchā.

“Nǐ wèishéme yóuyù?” Yèyīng wèn dào.

“Wǒ méiyǒu yóuyù,” huíyīn huídá, “wǒ zài děng nǐ de shēngyīn xiāoshī, hǎo ràng wǒ jìxù.”

Yèyīng chàng chūle zuìhòu yīgè yīnfú, ránhòu zài yě méiyǒu bèi tīngjiàn.

Dàodé: 反射我们的人或事，可能比我们存在得更久。

0.14 The Mask and the Man

A man found an exquisite mask at a market, its features flawless and serene. “This will show the world my best face,” he said and wore it every day.

Over time, the mask began to change, smiling when he felt anger, frowning when he felt joy. “I am the one wearing you,” the man said, trying to remove it.

But the mask clung tightly. “Are you sure of that?” it whispered.

The man looked into a mirror, and the face beneath was no longer his own.

Moral: What we wear too long becomes part of us.



0.14.1 中文版本 (Mandarin Translation)

一位男子在市场上发现了一张精致的面具，面具的特征完美且安详。“这将展示给世界我最美的一面，”他说，并每天佩戴它。

随着时间的推移，面具开始变化，当他感到愤怒时面具微笑，当他感到快乐时面具皱眉。“是我戴着你，”男子说，试图把它拿下来。

但面具紧紧地粘住了他。“你确定吗？”它低声说。

男子看进镜子，发现镜子中的脸不再是他自己的脸。

道德：我们戴得太久的东西最终成为了我们的一部分。

0.14.2 拼音版本 (Pinyin Transliteration)

Yī wèi nánzǐ zài shìchǎng shàng fāxiànlé yī zhāng jīngzhì de miànjiù, miànjiù de tèzhēng wánměi qiě ānxiáng. “Zhè jiāng zhǎnshì gěi shìjiè wǒ zuì měi de yī miàn,” tā shuō, bìng měitiān pèidài tā.

Suízhe shíjiān de tuīyí, miànjiù kāishǐ biànghuà, dāng tā gǎndào fēnnù shí miànjiù wēixiào, dāng tā gǎndào kuàilè shí miànjiù zhòuméi. “Shì wǒ dàiżhe nǐ,” nánzǐ shuō, shìtú bǎ tā ná xiàlái.

Dàn miànjiù jǐn jǐn de zhānzhùlè tā. “Nǐ quèdìng ma?” tā dīshēng shuō.

Nánzǐ kàn jìn jìngzi, fāxiànlé jìngzi zhōng de liǎn bù zàishì tā zìjǐ de liǎn.

Dàodé: 我们戴得太久的东西最终成为了我们的一部分。

0.15 The Lighthouse and the Fog

A lighthouse stood steadfast on a rocky shore, warning ships of danger with its steady beam. One night, a thick fog rolled in, muffling the light.

“Why do you obscure me?” the lighthouse called to the fog.

“I only show what is truly there,” the fog replied.

When the morning sun burned the fog away, the lighthouse was no longer standing—only jagged rocks and empty sea remained.

Moral: Illusions often feel safer than truth.



0.15.1 中文版本 (Mandarin Translation)

一座灯塔坚定地矗立在岩石的海岸上，用稳定的光束警告着驶来的船只。一天夜晚，一股浓雾涌来，掩盖了光芒。

“你为什么遮掩我？”灯塔对雾说。

“我只展示真实的事物，”雾回答。

当晨曦的阳光将雾气驱散时，灯塔不再屹立——只剩下参差不齐的岩石和空荡荡的大海。

道德：幻觉往往比真相让人感觉更安全。

0.15.2 拼音版本 (Pinyin Transliteration)

Yī zuò dēngtǎ jiāndìng de chǔlì zài yánshí de hǎi’ àn shàng, yòng wěndìng de guāngshù jǐnggào zhe shǐ lái de chuáanzhī. Yītiān yèwǎn, yī gǔ nóng wù yǒng lái, yǎn’ gài le guāngmáng.

“Nǐ wèishéme zhéyǎn wǒ?” Dēngtǎ duì wù shuō.

“Wǒ zhī zhǎnshì zhēnshí de shìwù,” wù huídá.

Dāng chénxī de yángguāng jiāng wùqì qūsàn shí, dēngtǎ bù zài yìlì ——zhī shèng xià cēncī bùqí de yánshí hé kōng dàng dàng de dàhǎi.

Dàodé: 幻觉往往比真相让人感觉更安全。

0.16 The Weaver and the Thread

A weaver sat at her loom, crafting a tapestry of unmatched beauty. One day, a single thread snapped. “You must replace me,” said the thread.

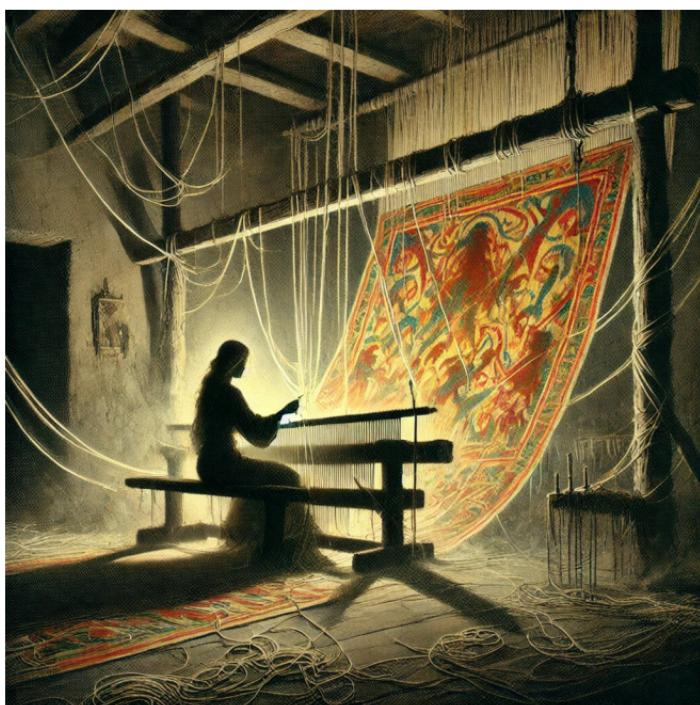
The weaver ignored it and continued. Soon, another thread snapped, then another, until the tapestry began to unravel.

“Why do you destroy my work?” the weaver demanded.

“We are not destroying it,” whispered the threads. “We are showing you its weakness.”

By the next morning, nothing remained but loose threads on the loom.

Moral: Ignoring small flaws invites greater unraveling.



0.16.1 中文版本 (Mandarin Translation)

一位织工坐在她的织布机前，织出了一幅无与伦比的美丽挂毯。一天，一根线断了。“你必须替我换上另一根，”那根线说。

织工不理会它，继续工作。很快，又一根线断了，然后是另一根，直到整个挂毯开始解开。

“为什么要摧毁我的作品？”织工问。

“我们并没有摧毁它，”线们低声说，“我们是在向你展示它的弱点。”

到第二天早晨，织布机上只剩下松散的线头。

道德：忽视小瑕疵会招致更大的解体。

0.16.2 拼音版本 (Pinyin Transliteration)

Yī wèi zhīgōng zuò zài tā de zhī bù jī qián, zhī chūle yī fú wú yǔ lín bǐ de měilì guà tǎn. Yītiān, yī gēn xiàn duànle. “Nǐ bìxū tì wǒ huàn shàng lìng yī gēn,” nà gēn xiàn shuō.

Zhīgōng bù lǐhuì tā, jìxù gōngzuò. Hěn kuài, yòu yī gēn xiàn duànle, ránhòu shì lìng yī gēn, zhídào zhěnggè guà tǎn kāishǐ jiěkāi.

“Wèishéme yào cuīhuǐ wǒ de zuòpǐn?” Zhīgōng wèn.

“Wǒmen bìng méiyǒu cuīhuǐ tā,” xiàn men dī shēng shuō, “wǒmen shì zài xiàng nǐ zhǎnshì tā de ruòdiǎn.”

Dào dì èr tiān zǎoshang, zhī bù jī shàng zhǐ shèng xià sōngsàn de xiàntóu.

Dàodé: Hūshì xiǎo xiá cī huì zhāo zhì gèng dà de jiětǐ.

0.17 The Shadow and the Candle

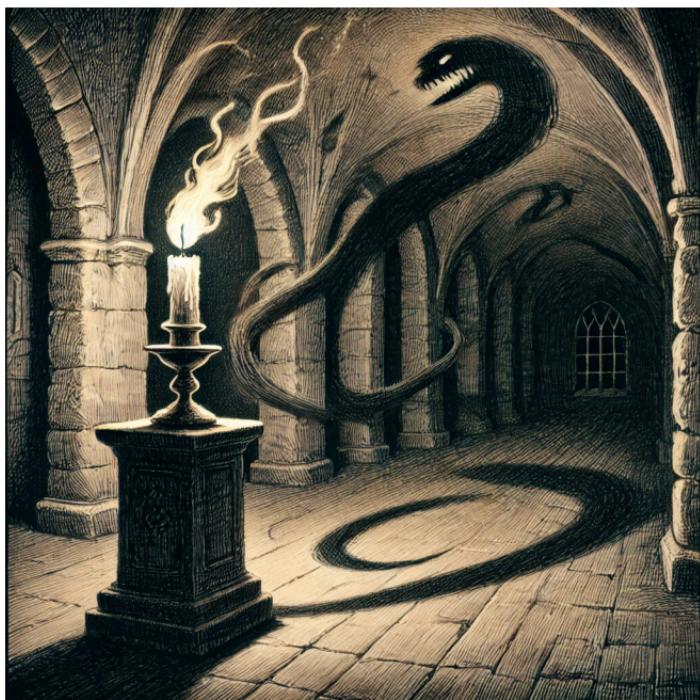
A shadow stretched across the wall, cast by a solitary candle. “You owe your existence to me,” said the candle.

The shadow wavered. “Perhaps. But who sees you without me?”

The candle flared angrily, casting the shadow larger and darker. It grew until it engulfed the room, swallowing the candle’s light.

When the light was gone, the shadow remained.

Moral: What seems dependent may outlast its source.



0.17.1 中文版本 (Mandarin Translation)

一束光影映射在墙壁上，来自一只孤独的蜡烛。“你是因为我才存在的，”蜡烛说。

影子动了动。“也许吧。但没有我，谁还能看到你？”

蜡烛愤怒地燃烧起来，将影子投射得更大更暗。它渐渐地扩展，直到整个房间都被吞噬，蜡烛的光芒被吞噬殆尽。

当光线消失时，影子依然存在。

道德：看似依赖的东西可能比它的源头更持久。

0.17.2 拼音版本 (Pinyin Transliteration)

Yī shù guāngyǐng yìngshè zài qiángbì shàng, láizì yī zhī gūdú de làzhú. “Nǐ shì yīnwèi wǒ cái cúnzài de,” làzhú shuō.

Yǐngzi dòngle dòng. “Yěxǔ ba. Dàn méiyǒu wǒ, shuí hái néng kàn dào nǐ?”

Làzhú fēnnù de ránshāo qǐlái, jiāng yǐngzi tóushè de gèng dà gèng àn. Tā jiànjiàn de kuòzhǎn, zhídào zhénggè fángjiān dōu bèi tūnshì, làzhú de guāngmáng bèi tūnshì dài jìn.

Dāng guāngxiàn xiāoshī shí, yǐngzi yīrán cúnzài.

Dàodé: Kànshì yǐlài de dōngxī kěnéng bǐ tā de yuántóu gèng chíjiǔ.

0.18 The Fox and the Vine

A thirsty fox found a vine laden with ripe grapes. "What fortune," said the fox, leaping to reach them.

But each leap was in vain, and the fox grew frustrated. "These grapes are likely sour anyway," it scoffed, turning to leave.

As it walked away, the vine whispered, "You were never meant to taste them."

The fox paused. "Why not?"

The vine's leaves shivered. "Because you cannot see what grows behind me."

The fox looked back, but the vine had vanished.

Moral: Some pursuits hide more than they reveal.



0.18.1 中文版本 (Mandarin Translation)

一只口渴的狐狸发现了一根藤蔓，上面挂满了成熟的葡萄。“真是幸运，”狐狸说着，跳跃着去够这些葡萄。

然而每次跳跃都徒劳无功，狐狸变得越来越沮丧。“这些葡萄反正可能是酸的，”它嘲笑道，转身准备离开。

当它走开时，藤蔓低声说：“你从来不该尝试这些。”

狐狸停下脚步。“为什么？”

藤蔓的叶子轻轻颤抖。“因为你无法看到我背后长出的东西。”

狐狸回头看去，但藤蔓已经消失了。

道德：有些追求隐藏的比它们揭示的更多。

0.18.2 拼音版本 (Pinyin Transliteration)

Yī zhī kǒukě de húlí fāxiànlé yī gēn téngmàn, shàngmiàn guà mǎnle chéngshú de pútáo. “Zhēn shì xìngyùn,” húlí shuōzhe, tiàoyuèzhe qù gòu zhèxiē pútáo.

Rán’ ér měi cì tiào yuè dōu túláo wúgōng, húlí biàn dé yuè lái yuè jǔsàng. “Zhèxiē pútáo fǎnzhèng kěnéngh shì suān de,” tā cháoxiào dào, zhuǎnshēn zhǔnbèi líkāi.

Dāng tā zǒu kāi shí, téngmàn dī shēng shuō: “Nǐ cónglái bù gāi chángshì zhèxiē.”

Húlí tíngxià jiāobù. “Wèishéme?”

Téngmàn de yèzi qīngqīng zhàndǒu. “Yīnwèi nǐ wúfǎ kàn dào wǒ bēihòu zhǎng chū de dōngxī.”

Húlí huítóu kàn qù, dàn téngmàn yǐjīng xiāoshīle.

Dàodé: Yǒuxiē zhuīqiú yǐncáng de bǐ tāmen jiēshì de gèng duō.

0.19 The River and the Reflection

A deer stood at the edge of a river, admiring its reflection in the still water. “How graceful I am,” said the deer, lowering its head to drink.

As the water rippled, the reflection distorted, revealing antlers sharper and more twisted than the deer’s own.

Alarmed, the deer stepped back. “What is this?”

The river stilled. “Only what lies beneath you.”

The deer fled, but its shadow on the ground carried the twisted antlers it had seen.

Moral: We cannot always escape what we hide from ourselves.



0.19.1 中文版本 (Mandarin Translation)

一只鹿站在河岸边，欣赏着自己在平静水面上的倒影。“我多么优雅啊，”鹿说，低下头准备饮水。

水面泛起涟漪，倒影发生了扭曲，显现出比鹿自己还要锋利且扭曲的角。

鹿惊慌失措，后退了一步。“这是什么？”

河水平静下来。“只是你脚下的东西。”

鹿逃跑了，但它在地上的影子依然带着它看到的扭曲角。

道德: 我们无法永远逃避自己隐藏的东西。

0.19.2 拼音版本 (Pinyin Transliteration)

Yī zhī lù zhàn zài hé'àn biān, xīnshǎngzhe zìjǐ zài píngjìng shuǐmiàn shàng de dǎoyǐng. “Wǒ duōme yōuyă a,” lù shuō, dī xià tóu zhǔnbèi yǐnshuǐ.

Shuǐmiàn fànqǐ liányī, dǎoyǐng fāshēngle niǔqū, xiǎnxiàn chū bǐ lù zìjǐ hái yào fēnglì qǐe niǔqū de jiǎo.

Lù jīnghuāng shīcuò, hòutuìle yī bù. “Zhè shì shénme?”

Hé shuǐ píngjìng xiàlái. “Zhǐshì nǐ jiǎoxià de dōngxī.”

Lù táopǎo le, dàn tā zài dìshàng de yǐngzi yīrán dàizhe tā kàn dào de niǔqū jiǎo.

Dàodé: Wǒmen wúfǎ yǒngyuǎn táobì zìjǐ yǐncáng de dōngxī.

0.20 The Clock and the Gears

A clock hung proudly in a town square, its hands ticking with precision. One night, a tiny gear deep inside the mechanism spoke up. “I grow tired,” it said. “Let someone else turn for a while.”

The other gears shushed it. “If you stop, we all stop.”

The tiny gear paused and said no more. By dawn, the clock had stopped ticking. The townspeople gathered, confused.

Inside, the tiny gear had vanished, and the rest sat still, unsure how to move without it.

Moral: The smallest part may hold the greatest weight.



0.20.1 中文版本 (Mandarin Translation)

一座钟表骄傲地挂在镇广场上，它的指针精准地滴答作响。一天晚上，机芯深处的一颗小齿轮发出了声音。“我感到疲倦，”它说，“让我休息一会儿，换别人来转动。”

其他齿轮安静下来。“如果你停下，我们都会停下。”

那颗小齿轮停了一下，之后再也没说话。天亮时，钟表停止了滴答声。镇上的人们聚集在一起，困惑不解。

里面，那颗小齿轮已经消失，而其他齿轮静止不动，不知道如何没有它继续转动。

道德：最小的部件可能承载最大的重量。

0.20.2 拼音版本 (Pinyin Transliteration)

Yī zuò zhōngbiǎo jiāo' ào de guà zài zhèn guǎngchǎng shàng, tā de zhǐzhēn jīngzhǔn de dīdā zuò xiǎng. Yītiān wǎnshàng, jīxīn shēnchù de yī kē xiǎo chǐyuán fāchūle shēngyīn. “Wǒ gǎndào píjuàn,”tā shuō, “ràng wǒ xiūxí yī huìr, huàn biérén lái zhuàndòng.”

Qítā chǐyuán ān jìng xiànlái. “Rúguǒ nǐ tíng xià, wǒmen dū huì tíng xià.”

Nà kē xiǎo chǐyuán tíngle yīxià, zhīhòu zài yě méi shuōhuà. Tiān liàng shí, zhōngbiǎo tíngzhíle dīdā shēng. Zhèn shàng de rénmen jùjí zài yīqǐ, kùnhuò bù jiě.

Lǐmiàn, nà kē xiǎo chǐyuán yǐjīng xiāoshī, ér qítā chǐyuán jìngzhǐ bù dòng, bù zhīdào rúhé méiyǒu tā jìxù zhuàndòng.

Dàodé: Zuì xiǎo de bùjiàn kěnénghé chéngzài zuìdà de zhòngliàng.

0.21 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.



0.21.1 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。

0.21.2 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 tārù qízhōng, biàn kě quányù. Yīzhěmen bù shǒuqǔ jīnqián, zhǐ xīwàng cūnmínmen diǎnrán dēnghuō, yǐ shì gǎnjī, zhèyàng lái quíyī de rén biàn bù huì zài hēi' àn zhōng diédǎo.

Shìdài xiāngchuán, dēngguāng chángmíng. Bìngzhě bēi zhìyù, shāngzhě bēi xiūfù, pínbèi zhě bēi fúchí. Cūnmínmen shǒuhùzhe huoyàn, cóngwèi zhìyí zìjǐ de zérèn.

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

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

Qǐchū, zhǐyǒu shǎoshù rén tīngcóng. Zhèlǐ yī zhǎn dēng xīmiè, nàlǐ yī zhǎn dēng wèi diǎnrán. Dàtīng yījiù míngliàng. Kěshì, dōngtiān dàolái shí, dī yǔ shēng gèngjiā xiǎngliàng.

“Yīzhě zuòle shénme lái yíngdé wǒmen de huoyàn?”

“Ràng měi gèrén diǎnliàng zìjǐ de lù.”

Dēngguāng yīgè jiē yīgè de xīmiè.

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

Ránhòu, jǐbìng jiànglínle. Xiān shì miànbāo shī de háizi fāshāo. Ránhòu shì xiéjiàng de késòu. Jiēzhe shì gǔshòu rú chái de zhǎngzhě.

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

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

“Zhě 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 sànl
hēi’ àn.

0.22 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.



0.22.1 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。

0.22.2 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 tíqí tā。Dàn dāng héliú gānhé, dāng lángqún bìjìn, dāng zhuāngjià kūwěi, tāmen biàn dīshēng éryǔ:

“Tā huì zhī hǎo yīqiè。”

Yúshì, tā zhīle。

Héliú zài cì liútǎng。

Lángqún qiǎorán tuìqù。

Tiányě guōshí lěiléi。

Ālālā zài zhībù。

Ránhòu, fēngbào jiànglín。

Tā de kāiduān bùshì wūyún, bùshì kuángfēng, ér shì chénmò。Niǎor yíwàngle gēshēng, shùmù píngzhùle hūxī, héliú jìngzhǐ, fǎngfú zài děngdài 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 shùmù。

Tā zhī xià yīgè fēngbào wúfǎ chūjí de cūnzhuāng。

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

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

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

Tā zǒujìnlè guàtǎn.

Tā huásì sīxiàn zhī jiān, jìnrù nà piàn wúfēng, wēnnuǎn de shìjiè. Tā zài cūnzhuāng zhōng mānbù, cūnmínmēn zài zhībù de shìjiè lǐ wēixiào, huānlào, 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.

0.23 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.

0.23.1 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。

0.23.2 拼音版本 (Pinyin Transliteration)

Zài sēnlín shēn chù, shùmù dī yǔ zhe gǔlǎo de shíguāng, yǒu yǐpiàn kōngdì, méiyǒu rènhé shēngwù gǎn tàru. Duō nián lái, tā yīzhí jìjìng wúshēng, chúle fēngshēng. Dàn yǒu yītiān, yīgè rén láile, bèi shàng běizhe yī bǎ diànjù, jīnshǔ de chǐ shǎnshuò zài jiàn àn de guāngxiàn xià.

Sēnlín lǐ de shēngwù zài yīnyǐng zhōng guānchá zhe. Nà rén niánmài, shuāngshǒu yīn duōnián de láodòng ér bùmǎn lǎojiǎn. Tā zhàn zài kōngdì zhōngyāng, níngshì zhe yīkē gāozōng 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 fenchǎng.

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

Yīnwèi bì kǎndǎo de bìng bù shì zhè kē shù, ér shì zhěng piàn sēnlín. Ér zhè kē zuìhòu de shù, bùguò shì liúcún de mùbēi.

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

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

Nà rén líkāile kōngdì.

Tā de cūnzhūāng bìxū zhǎodào lìng yī zhǒng fāngfǎ.

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

0.24 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.



0.24.1 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。

0.24.2 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 biänlǎo, yě bù huì biänruò.”

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 kàojàn.

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

Yúshì, lǎo shé dīshēng gàoosù tāmen mìmì.

Tā gàoosù tāmen qù zhǎozé zhōngxīn de héi’ 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 héle héi’ 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 xìnrèn 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.

