A noble man, devoted to his cunning spouse, sought solace in her presence above all else. When urgent matters summoned him afar, he journeyed to a market of enchanted creatures and acquired an owl, whose gaze pierced the veil of time, revealing truths both past and future. He entrusted the owl to his wife, urging her to guard it closely in his absence.

As the noble departed, his spouse devised a scheme. She summoned three servants: one to spin a labyrinth of shadows beneath the owl’s perch, another to pour moonlit illusions from above, and a third to wield a prism, refracting starlight into disorienting patterns. They labored through the night, weaving a tapestry of deceit.

Upon the noble’s return, he inquired of the owl, “What visions have you witnessed?” The owl replied, “My lord, the night was rent by spectral wolves, their howls drowned by a river of glass, and their forms blurred by a storm of fractured light.” The noble, recalling a night of stillness, deemed the owl a liar and cast it from its perch, ending its life in a fit of rage.

Days later, a servant confessed: the spouse’s trickery had been revealed by a shattered prism and a spilled vial of moon water. The noble, stricken with grief, realized the owl’s words had mirrored the servants’ deceit—a storm of light, a river of glass, and wolves of shadow.