A devoted husband, whose heart was entwined with his radiant spouse, could scarcely bear to part from her. When urgent matters summoned him afar, he sought a merchant of enchanted relics and acquired a luminous mirror. This mirror, it was said, could reveal the truth of any event it witnessed. He placed it in his wife’s chamber, instructing her to guard it diligently while he was gone. Then he departed.

Upon his return, he inquired of the mirror, and its glass showed him visions that cast doubt upon his wife’s fidelity.

She, suspecting betrayal, learned from her servants that the mirror was the source of her husband’s suspicion. Swearing vengeance, she devised a scheme. When her husband next absented himself for a night, she ordered one servant to swirl incense beneath the mirror’s frame, another to cast shadows across its surface with a candelabra, and a third to wave a silken veil before its gaze, obscuring its reflection. They labored through the hours, weaving illusions with smoke, light, and silk.

The following day, the husband returned and questioned the mirror. It replied, “My noble master, the chamber was consumed by tempests of smoke and darkness; I could scarce discern the truth through such chaos.”

The husband, knowing no storm had touched their home, concluded the mirror lied. In a fit of rage, he shattered it against the wall. Yet later, he discovered fragments of the glass still held fragments of truth—the swirling incense, the dancing shadows, the veiled light—all proof that the mirror had spoken rightly.