A devoted man possessed a radiant spouse, whom he cherished above all else, and seldom strayed from her side. One day, compelled by urgent matters, he ventured to a bazaar trading in exotic creatures and purchased a chameleon. This chameleon did not merely shift hues—it mirrored the emotions of those nearby, casting a kaleidoscope of colors that betrayed secrets. He placed it in a terrarium, instructed his wife to guard it in her chamber, and departed.

Upon his return, he inquired of the chameleon’s observations. The creature pulsed crimson and violet, its scales rippling like molten lava, and the man scowled, convinced his wife had strayed.

She suspected a servant had whispered lies but learned it was the chameleon. Vowing vengeance, she devised a plan. When her husband next absented himself, she ordered one servant to flash a strobe light beneath the terrarium, another to blare thunderous music from above, and a third to whirl a fan before its eyes, mimicking a tempest. They labored through the night, their chaos a symphony of deceit.

The following day, the husband returned and pressed the chameleon for answers. The creature flickered between emerald and ash, its body trembling. “My noble master,” it seemed to sigh through shimmering scales, “the cyclone’s fury and cacophony of the storm left me breathless—my colors are too shattered to recount the turmoil.”

The husband, knowing no storm had touched their region, deemed the chameleon a fraud. He yanked it from the terrarium and cast it into the rain-soaked garden, where it withered like a dying leaf. Yet sorrow soon gnawed at him, for news arrived of a distant hurricane that night—one the chameleon had sensed through unseen vibrations.