

Good luck, bad luck

A father and his son owned a farm. They did not have many animals, but they did own a horse. One day the horse ran away.

“How terrible, what bad luck,” said the neighbours.

“Good luck, bad luck, who knows?” replied the farmer.

Several weeks later the horse returned, bringing with him four wild mares.

“What marvellous luck,” said the neighbours.

“Good luck, bad luck, who knows?” replied the farmer.

The son began to learn to ride the wild horses, but one day he was thrown and broke his leg.

“What bad luck,” said the neighbours.

“Good luck, bad luck, who knows?” replied the farmer.

The next week the army came to the village to take all the young men to war. The farmer’s son was still disabled with his broken leg, so he was spared. “Good luck, bad luck, who knows?”