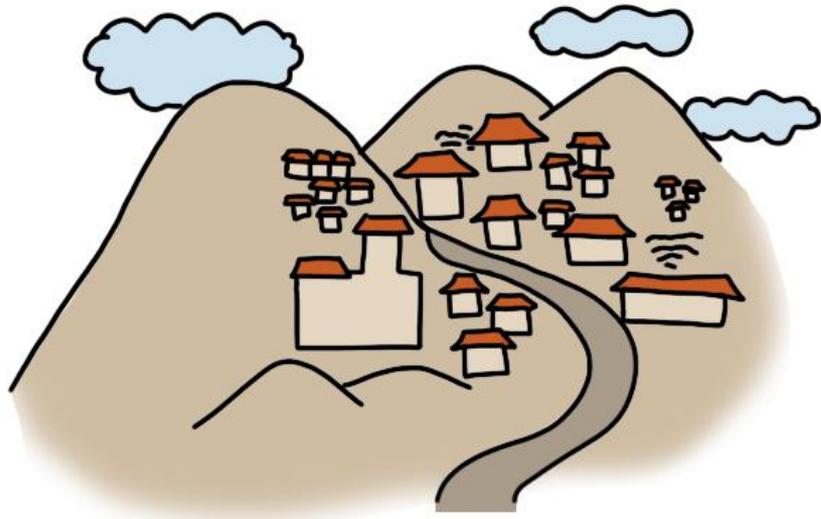


GOOD LUCK OR BAD LUCK?

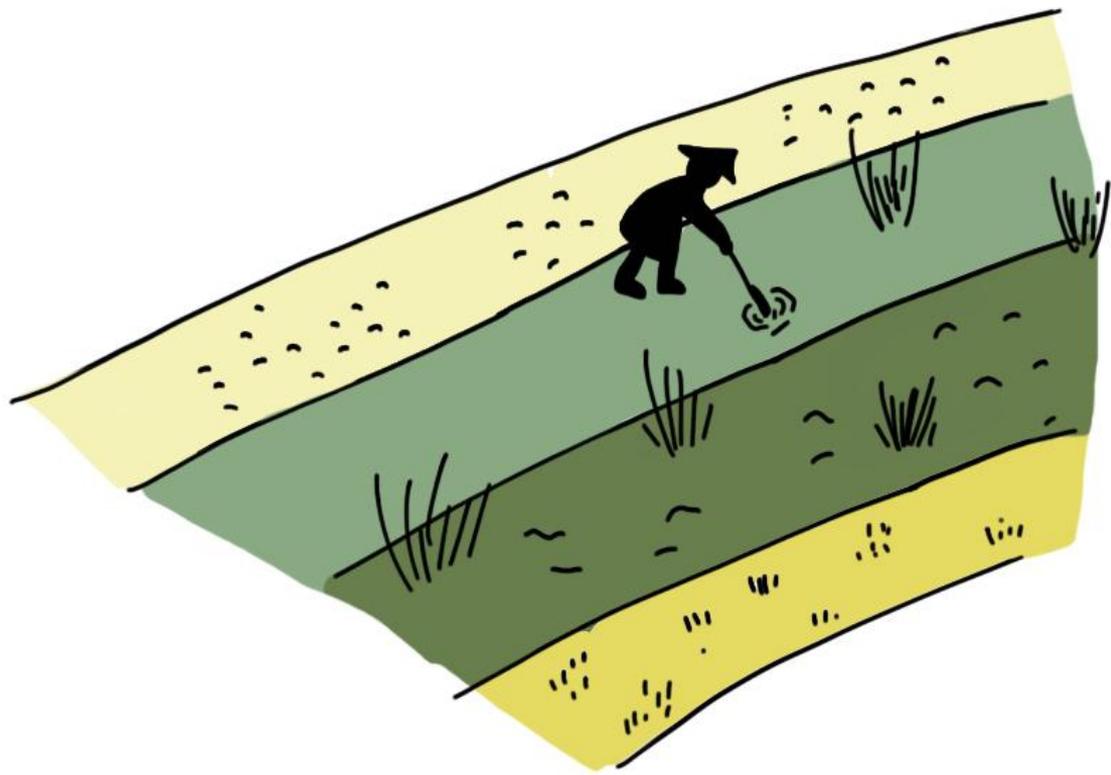
Vivadi



A LONG TIME AGO AN OLD MAN LIVED
IN A SMALL VILLAGE IN THE
MOUNTAINS, IN THE MIDDLE OF CHINA.



HE HAD A SON THAT HE LOVED VERY
MUCH, BUT THIS SON WAS A STUDENT
IN A CITY VERY FAR FROM HIS
FATHER'S VILLAGE. AND SO THE OLD
MAN LIVED AND WORKED ALONE.



EVERY DAY HE WORKED FOR LONG
HOURS ON HIS FARM. THERE WAS
ALWAYS A LOT TO DO THERE.



HE WAS A KIND, FRIENDLY MAN, AND ALL THE PEOPLE IN THE VILLAGE LIKED HIM. THEY KNEW THAT THE OLD FARMER NEEDED THE HELP OF HIS SON, A STRONG YOUNG MAN WHO WAS NOT AFRAID OF HARD WORK, BUT THE OLD FARMER NEVER COMPLAINED. THE VILLAGERS OFTEN CAME OVER TO THE OLD MAN'S HOUSE AND TOLD HIM HOW SORRY THEY WERE THAT HIS SON WAS NOT THERE TO HELP HIM.



'WHEN WILL YOUR SON COME BACK HOME?
IT'S BAD LUCK FOR YOU TO LIVE ALONE, SO FAR
AWAY FROM YOUR ONLY SON,' THEY SAID
BUT THE OLD FARMER ALWAYS REPLIED IN THE
SAME WORDS, 'BAD LUCK OR GOOD LUCK, WHO
KNOWS?'



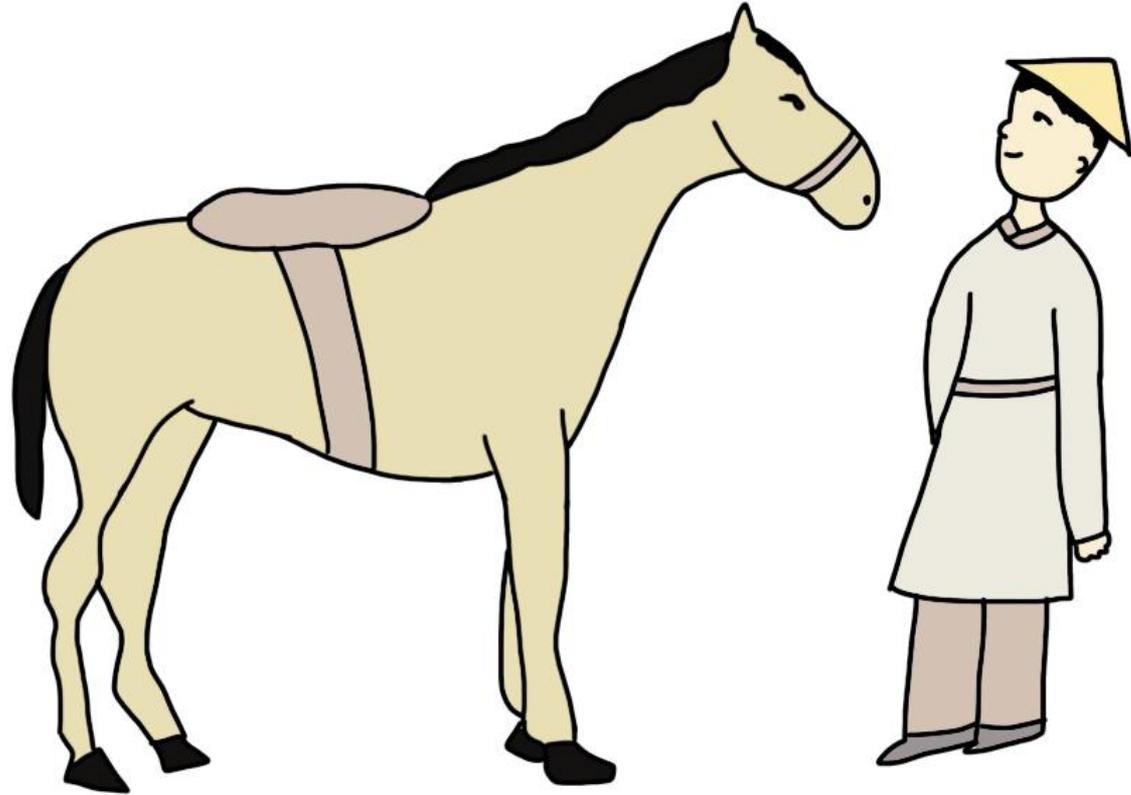
ONE DAY, THE OLD MAN'S SON CAME BACK TO
THE VILLAGE. THE PEOPLE IN THE VILLAGE
WERE VERY HAPPY FOR THE OLD MAN, AND
THEY ALL CAME TO HIS HOUSE.

'NOW THAT YOUR SON HAS COME BACK, YOUR
HOUSE WILL BE FULL OF GOOD LUCK AGAIN,'
THEY SAID.

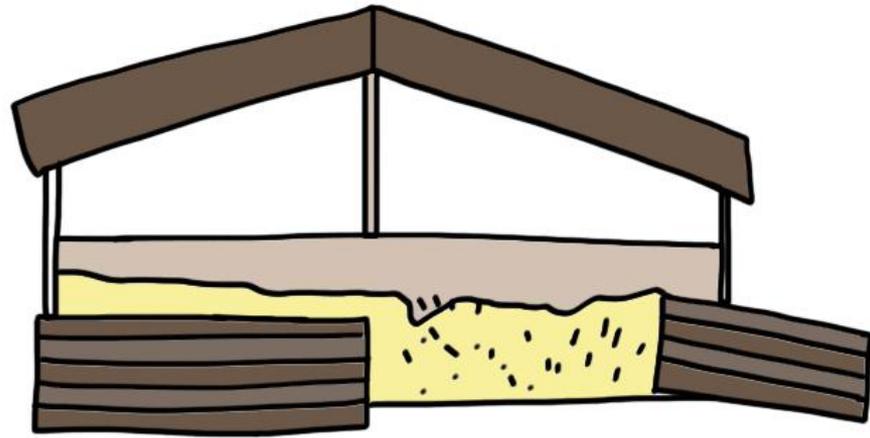


BUT THE OLD FARMER ONLY SMILED, AND
REPLIED, 'GOOD LUCK OR BAD LUCK, WHO
KNOWS?'

PEOPLE KNEW THAT THE FARMER WAS A MAN
WHO USED FEW WORDS. THEY DIDN'T ASK HIM
WHAT HE MEANT WHEN HE SAID THINGS LIKE
THIS



LIFE WAS HARD IN THE VILLAGE AND NEARLY EVERYBODY THERE WAS POOR. BUT THE OLD FARMER AND HIS SON WERE NOT AS POOR AS SOME OTHERS. THEY HAD A HORSE, AND ON A FARM A HORSE CAN DO THE WORK OF FOUR MEN.



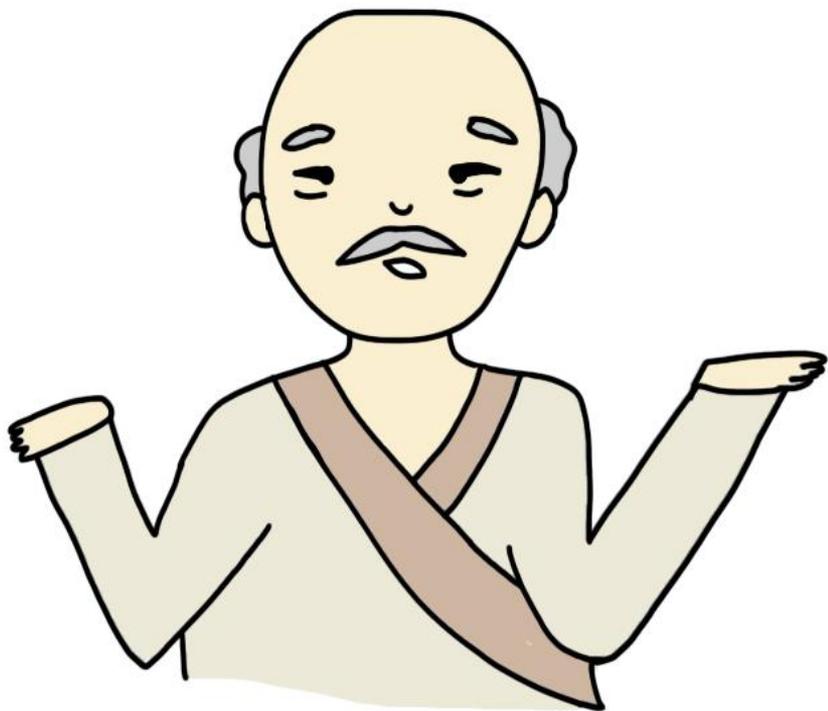
BUT ONE MORNING THE FARMER'S SON LEFT
THE STABLE DOOR OPEN AND THE HORSE RAN
AWAY.



THE SON FELT TERRIBLE.

'WHAT HAVE I DONE? WORK ON THE FARM WITHOUT A HORSE WILL BE REALLY HARD.

WHAT WILL WE DO NOW?' HE ASKED HIS FATHER. AND THE PEOPLE OF THE VILLAGE AGAIN FELT SORRY FOR THE OLD FARMER AND HIS SON.

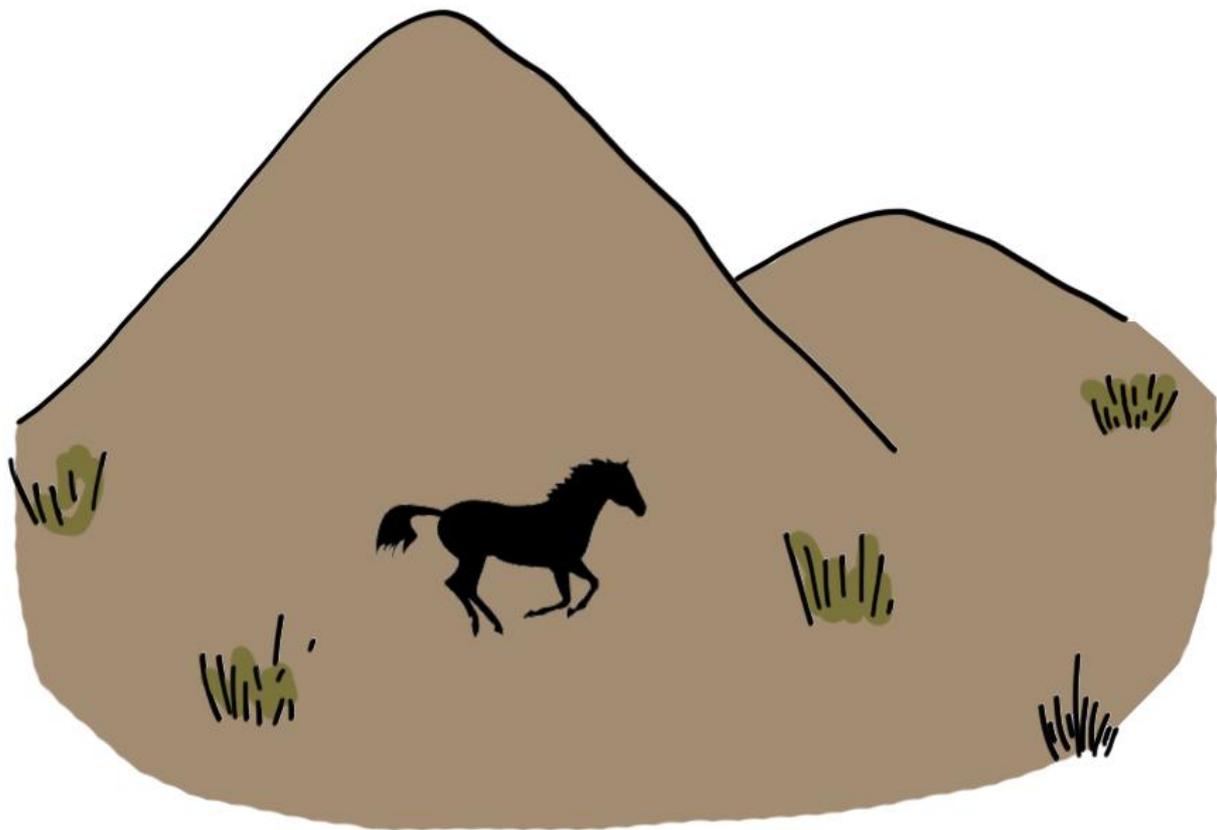


'THIS IS VERY BAD LUCK,' THEY ALL SAID.

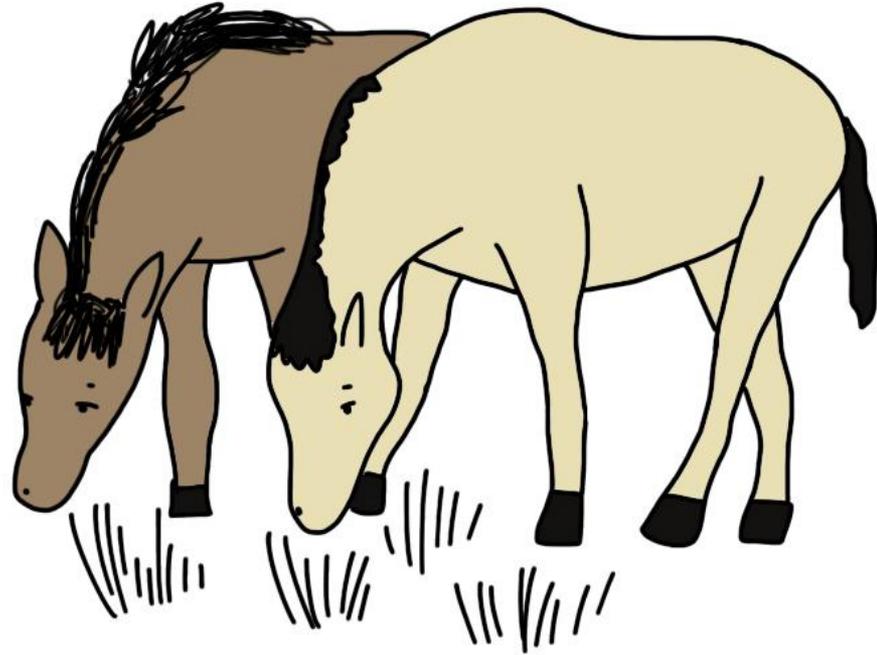
BUT AGAIN THE OLD FARMER SMILED QUIETLY.

HE DIDN'T LOOK WORRIED ABOUT THE HORSE.

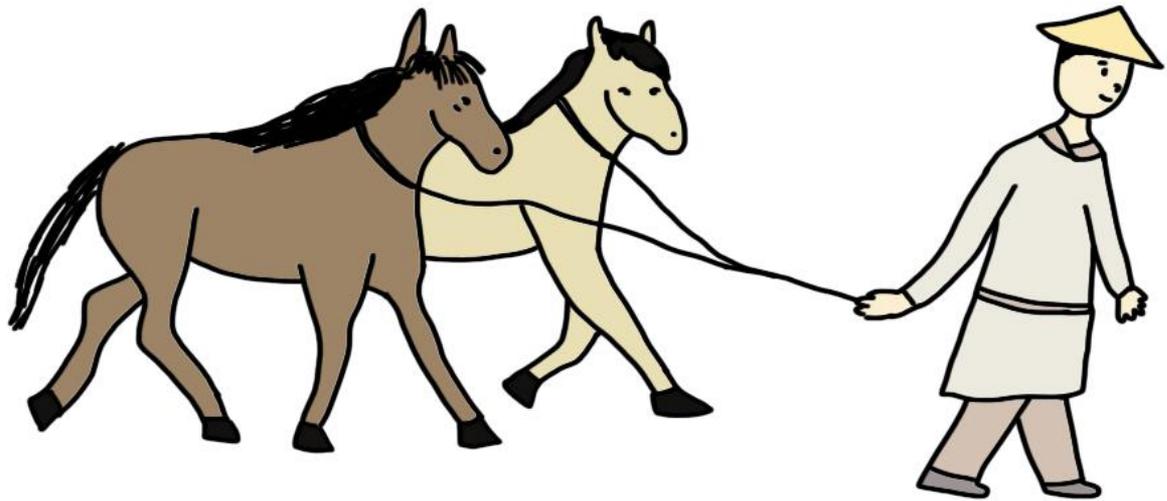
'BAD LUCK OR GOOD LUCK, WHO KNOWS?' HE
SAID.



THAT AFTERNOON SOME PEOPLE IN THE
VILLAGE THOUGHT THAT THEY SAW THE OLD
MAN'S HORSE RUNNING ACROSS THE HILLS
NEAR THE FARM. SO THAT EVENING THE SON
WENT TO LOOK FOR IT.



AFTER A FEW HOURS HE FOUND THEIR
HORSE, QUIETLY EATING GRASS NEXT
TO A WILD HORSE.



THE SON WAS ABLE TO BRING BOTH
HORSES BACK TO HIS FATHER'S FARM.

WHEN THE PEOPLE OF THE VILLAGE
HEARD THIS NEWS, THEY WERE VERY
HAPPY FOR THE FARMER.



'FIRST YOU HAD ONE HORSE. THEN YOU HAD
NO HORSE. NOW YOU HAVE TWO HORSES!'

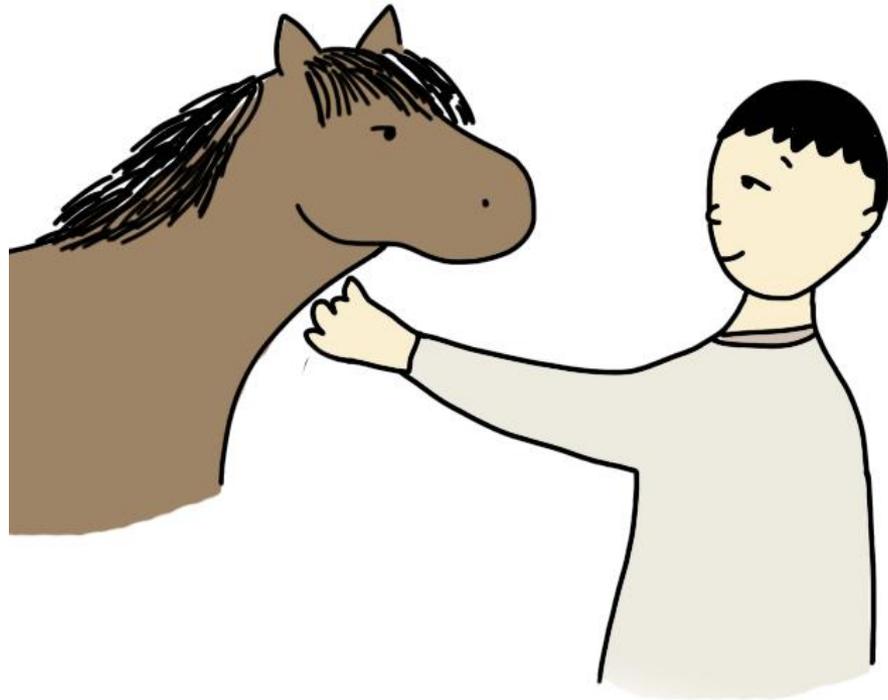
THEY SHOUTED HAPPILY.

'YOUR GOOD LUCK HAS COME BACK AGAIN!'

BUT THE OLD FARMER JUST SMILED HIS QUIET

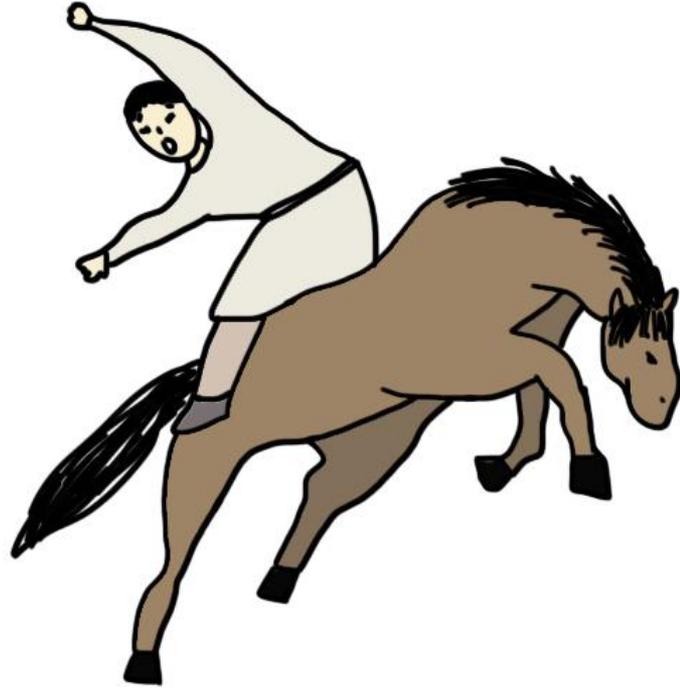
SMILE AND SAID, 'GOOD LUCK OR BAD LUCK,

WHO KNOWS?'

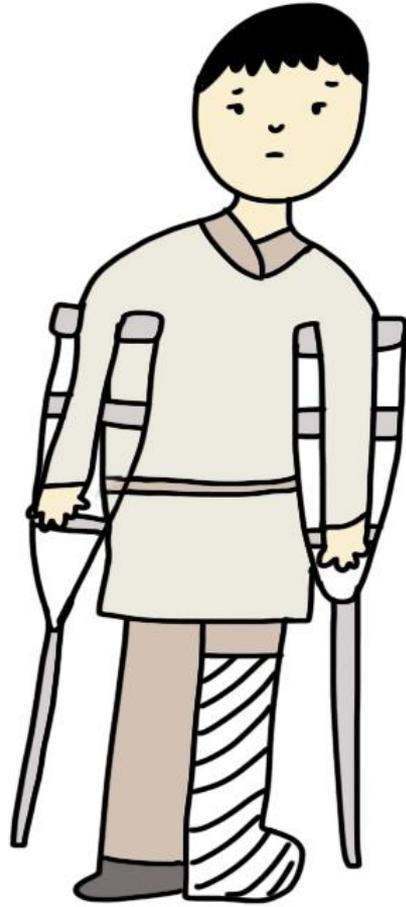


THE SON LIKED THE NEW HORSE VERY MUCH,
AND HE DECIDED TO TAME IT.

'BE CAREFUL, SON. YOU'VE LIVED IN THE CITY
FOR MANY YEARS. YOU DON'T KNOW VERY
MUCH ABOUT TAMING WILD HORSES,' SAID THE
OLD FARMER WORRIEDLY.



DON'T WORRY, FATHER. I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING,' REPLIED THE SON. 'WHEN I'VE TAMED THIS HORSE, WE'LL HAVE TWO HORSES TO HELP US ON THE FARM, AND LIFE WILL BE BETTER.' BUT THE NEXT DAY, THE OLD MAN'S SON FELL FROM THE WILD HORSE'S BACK TO THE GROUND AND BROKE HIS LEG.



NOW THIS WAS A BIG PROBLEM. A MAN WITH A BAD LEG
NEEDS TO EAT, BUT CANNOT WORK.

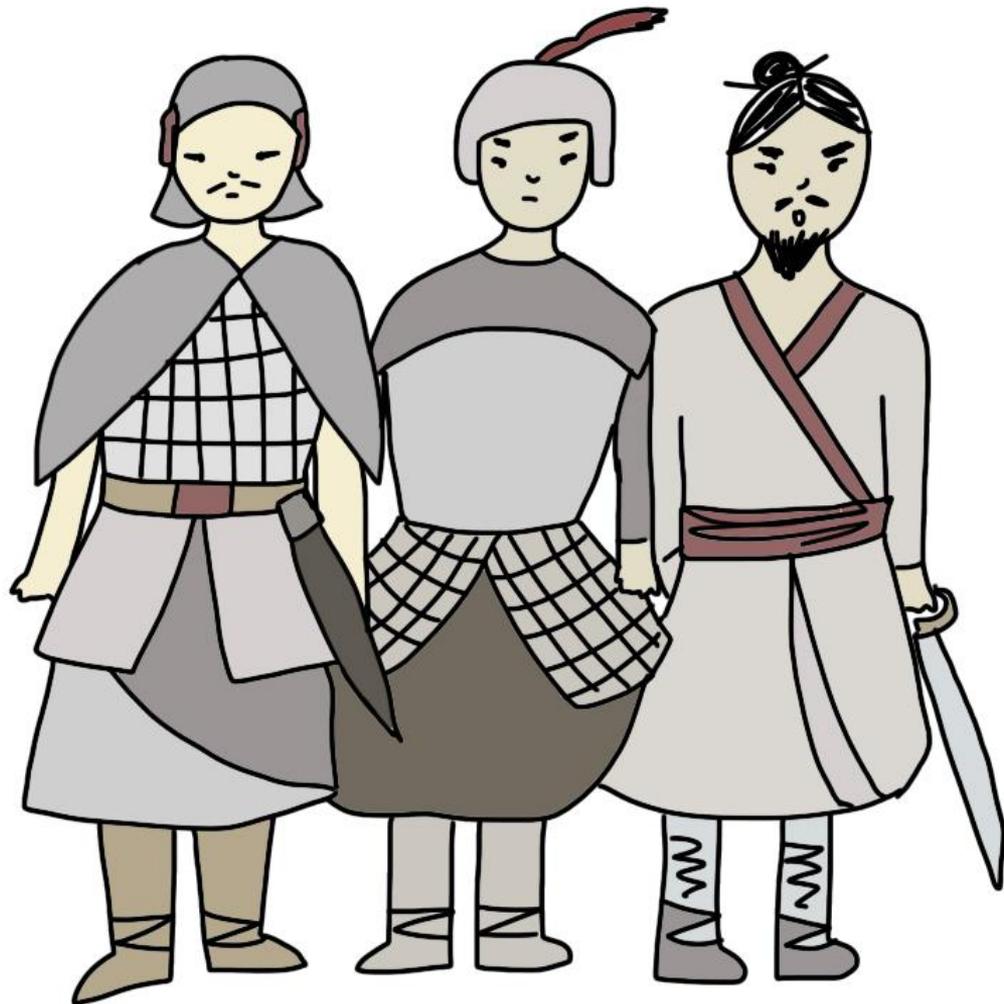
ONCE AGAIN THE PEOPLE OF THE VILLAGE CAME TO THE
FARMER'S HOUSE TO SAY HOW SORRY THEY WERE.

'FIRST YOUR SON WAS IN THE CITY AND THERE WAS NO
ONE TO HELP YOU. THEN YOUR SON CAME BACK TO HELP
YOU. NOW YOUR SON HAS BROKEN HIS LEG, AND YOU
MUST HELP HIM. YOUR BAD LUCK HAS COME BACK,' THEY
SAID.



ONCE AGAIN THE FATHER SMILED QUIETLY
AND REPLIED, 'BAD LUCK OR GOOD LUCK, WHO
KNOWS?'

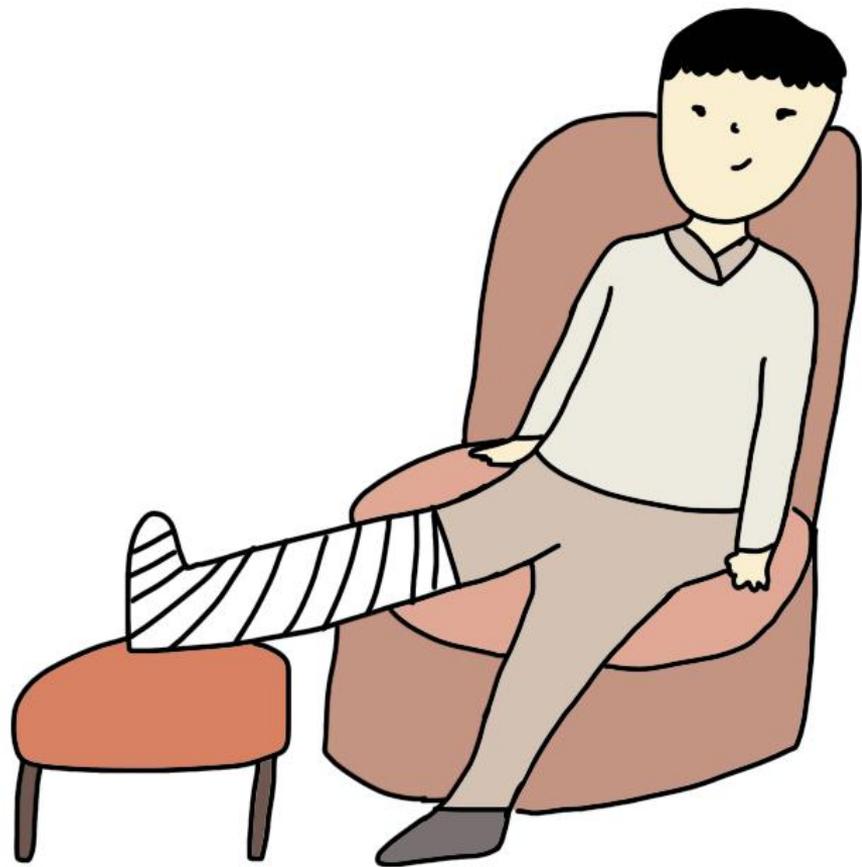
SOME OF THE VILLAGERS WERE SURPRISED TO
HEAR THIS. WHERE WAS THE GOOD LUCK IN
BREAKING YOUR LEG?



AT THAT TIME IN CHINA, THERE WAS A LONG
AND TERRIBLE WAR BETWEEN THE EAST AND
WEST OF THE COUNTRY. EVERY WEEK
HUNDREDS OF YOUNG MEN DIED IN THIS WAR.
ONE DAY SOME SOLDIERS ARRIVED IN THE
VILLAGE.



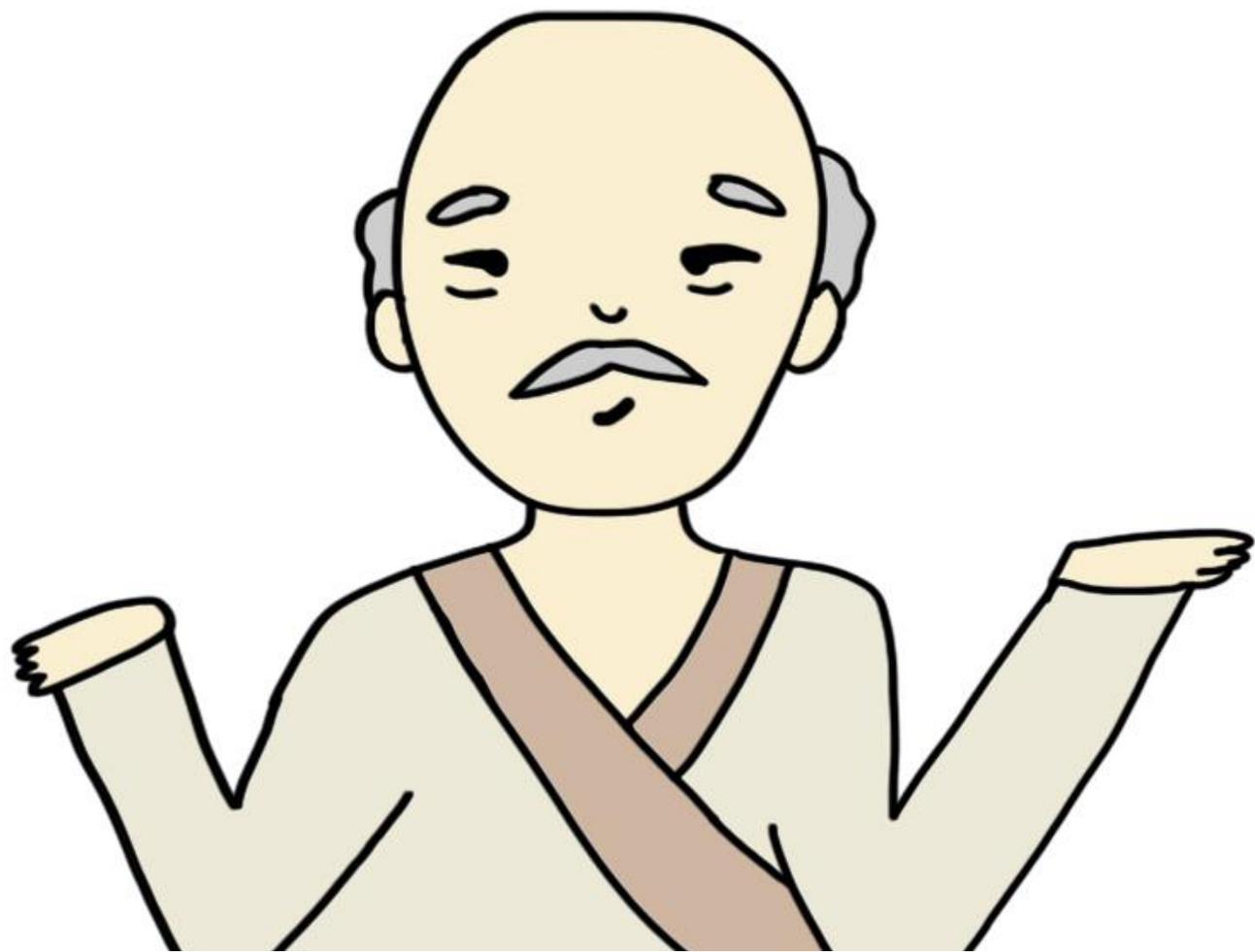
THEY WERE LOOKING FOR MORE MEN TO FIGHT
WITH THEM. ALL THE YOUNG MEN IN THE
VILLAGE HAD TO BECOME SOLDIERS IN THE
ARMY AND LEAVE FOR THE WAR. THEIR
FAMILIES CRIED WHEN THEY SAID GOODBYE.



THEY KNEW THAT MANY OF THESE YOUNG MEN WOULD BE DEAD IN A FEW DAYS. BUT THE SOLDIERS LEFT THE OLD FARMER'S SON BEHIND. WHAT GOOD TO AN ARMY WAS A SOLDIER WITH A BAD LEG?

NOW THE VILLAGERS UNDERSTOOD THE OLD FARMER'S WORDS. THEY WENT TO SEE HIM.

'YOUR SON DIDN'T HAVE TO GO WITH THE SOLDIERS BECAUSE HE BROKE HIS LEG. IT'S TRUE THAT YOUR BAD LUCK CHANGED INTO GOOD LUCK,' THEY SAID, HAPPY THAT THEY UNDERSTOOD THE OLD FARMER'S WISE WORDS.



THE OLD FARMER SMILED KINDLY AT THEM.

'GOOD LUCK OR BAD LUCK, WHO KNOWS?' HE
ANSWERED.