

THE STORY MUSEUM

Luckily, unluckily

There was once a village and near that village was a farm. On that farm there lived a farmer, his wife, his mother and father, and his son. One day, the son was out in the fields when he caught a fantastic wild white horse. He took it home that night.

"Lucky you," said the villagers. The boy's grandfather stroked his long, white beard. "Maybe not so lucky," he said. "Maybe not."

The next day the son tried to ride the horse. It jumped and jerked until the son was thrown from its back, breaking the boy's leg in several places.

"Unlucky you," said the villagers.

His grandfather stroked his long, white beard. "Maybe not so unlucky," he said.

A few weeks later war broke out. Soldiers came to the village and rounded up all those who could fight. They did not take the boy with the broken leg.

"Lucky you," said the villagers.

His grandfather stroked his beard. "Maybe not so lucky," he said.

Sickness came to the village and many died. The boy was taken to his bed very ill.

"Unlucky you," said the villagers.

"Maybe not so unlucky," said his grandfather.

A nurse came to the house to nurse the boy. They fell in love and in time were married. "How lucky you were," everyone said. And this time his grandfather smiled, happily, and said nothing.

In time the couple had a baby boy. The baby grew into a fine man. One day, that man was in his field when he caught a fantastic wild, white horse.

"Lucky you," said the villagers.

His father stroked his long, white beard. "Maybe not so lucky," he thought. "Maybe not..."