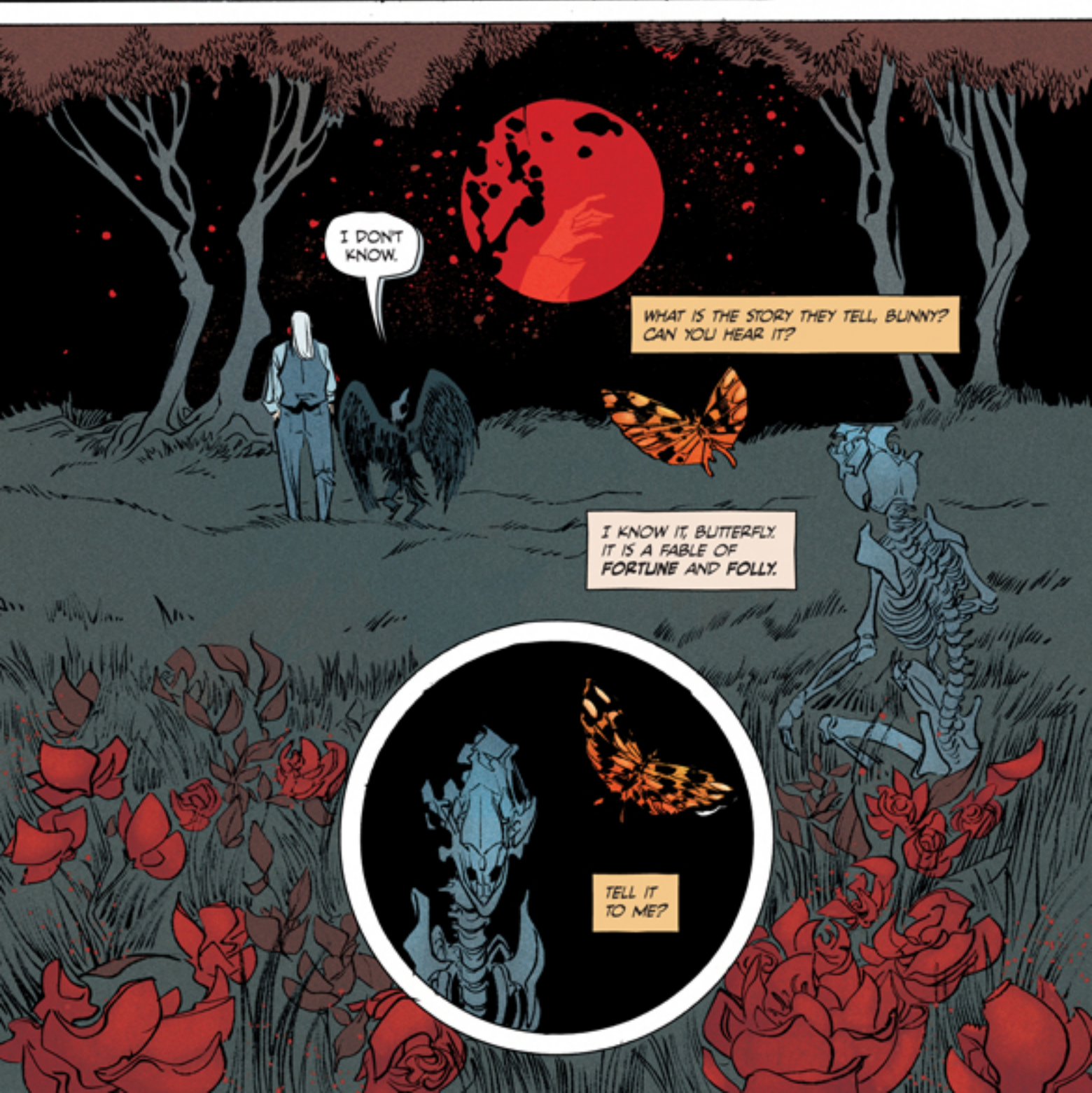




GOOD LUCK, BAD LUCK?



I DONT KNOW.

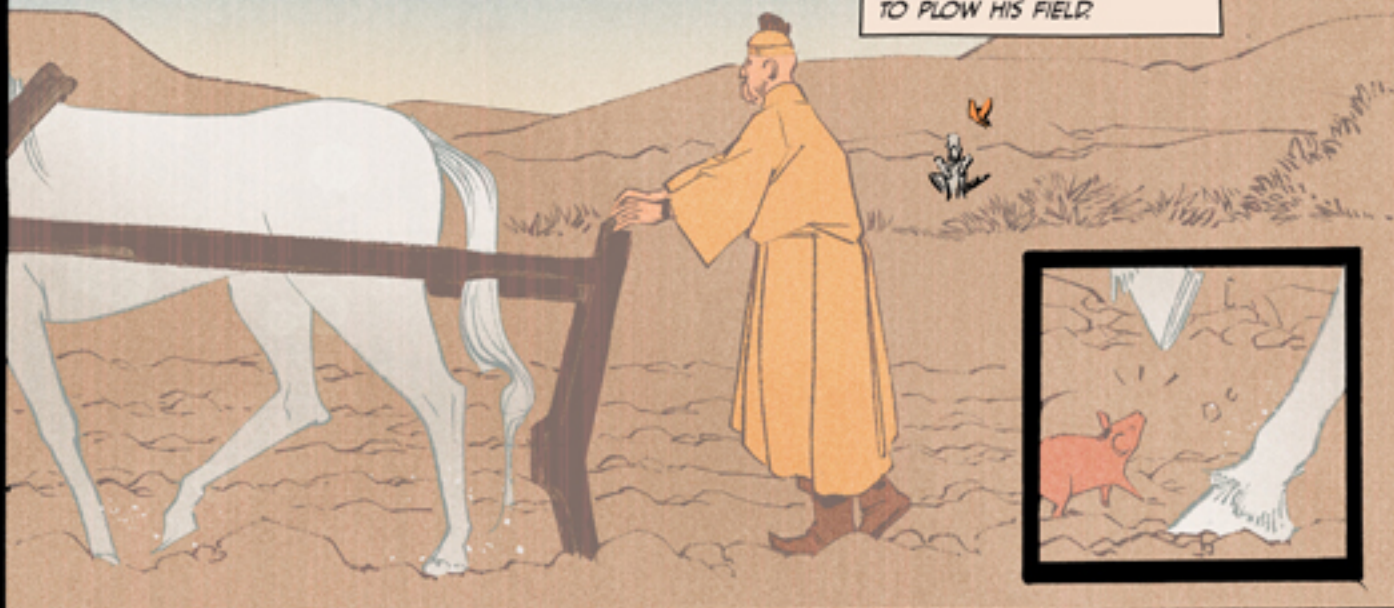
WHAT IS THE STORY THEY TELL, BUNNY? CAN YOU HEAR IT?

I KNOW IT, BUTTERFLY. IT IS A FABLE OF FORTUNE AND FOLLY.



TELL IT TO ME?

THERE WAS AN OLD FARMER,  
WHO HAD ONLY ONE HORSE  
TO PLOW HIS FIELD

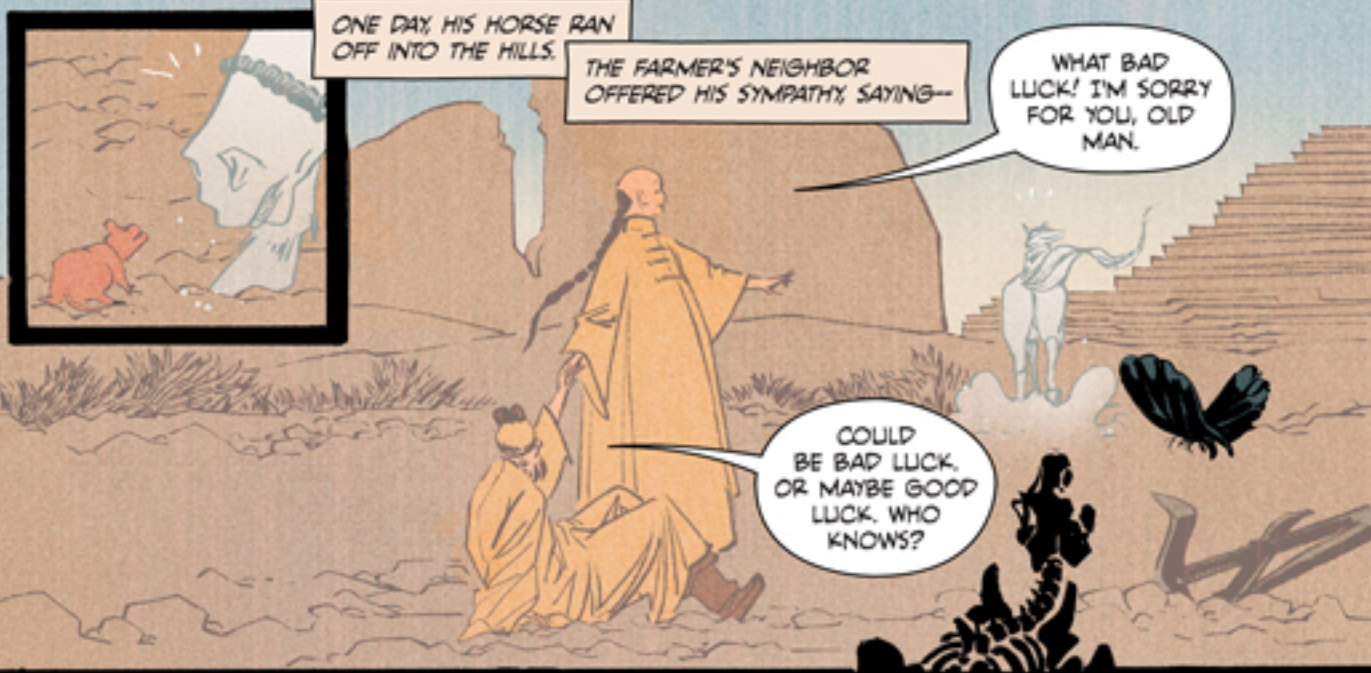


ONE DAY, HIS HORSE RAN  
OFF INTO THE HILLS.

THE FARMER'S NEIGHBOR  
OFFERED HIS SYMPATHY, SAYING--

WHAT BAD  
LUCK! I'M SORRY  
FOR YOU, OLD  
MAN.

COULD  
BE BAD LUCK,  
OR MAYBE GOOD  
LUCK. WHO  
KNOWS?

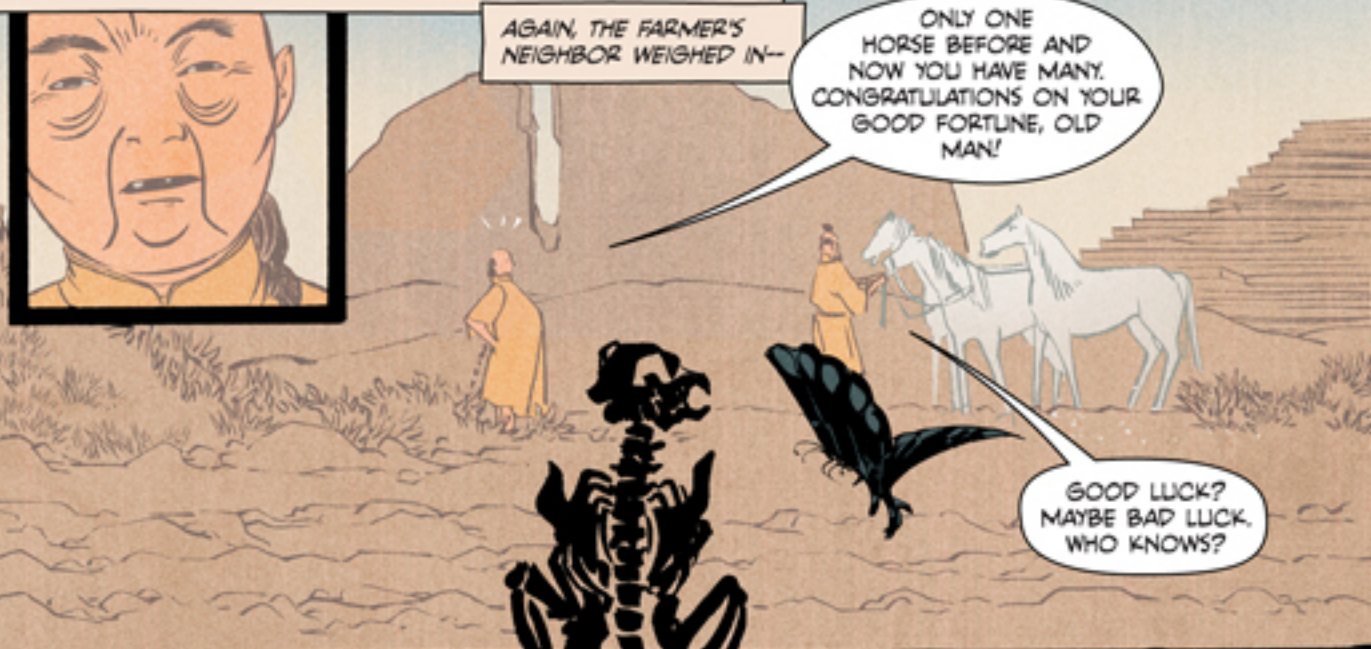


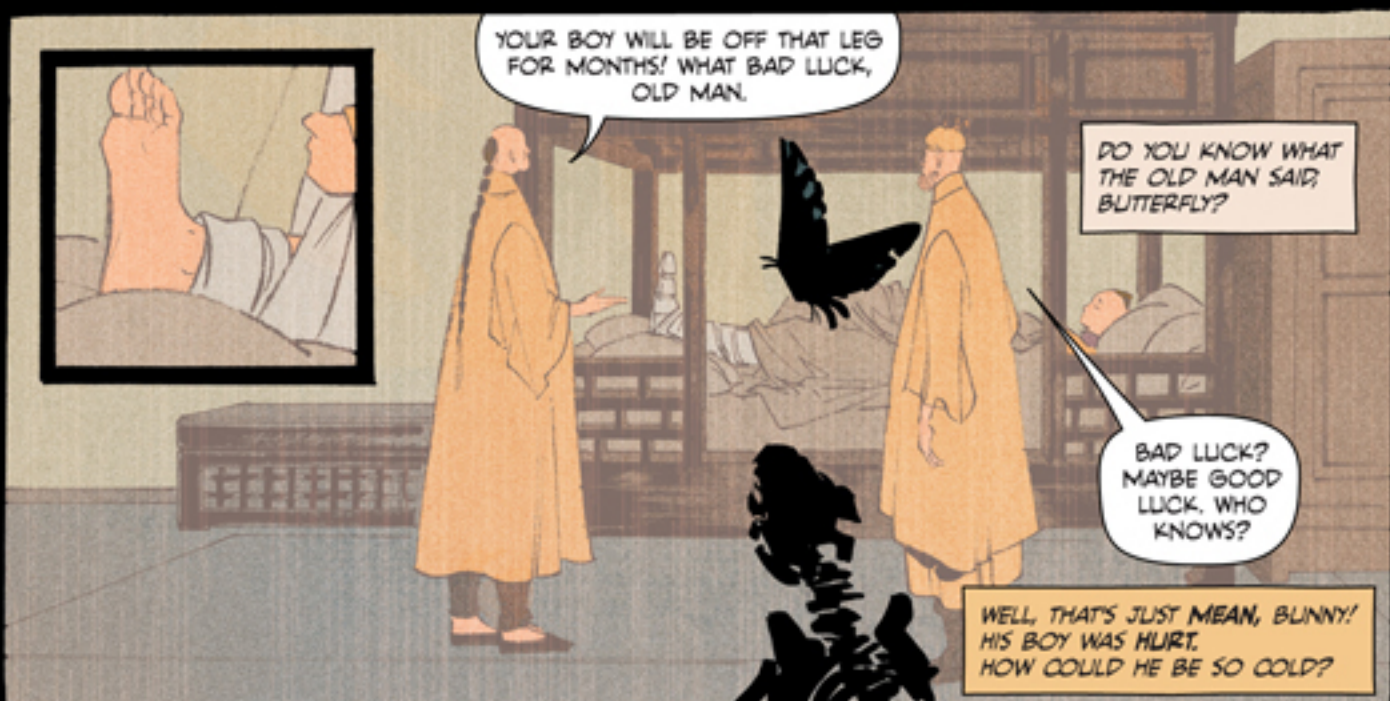
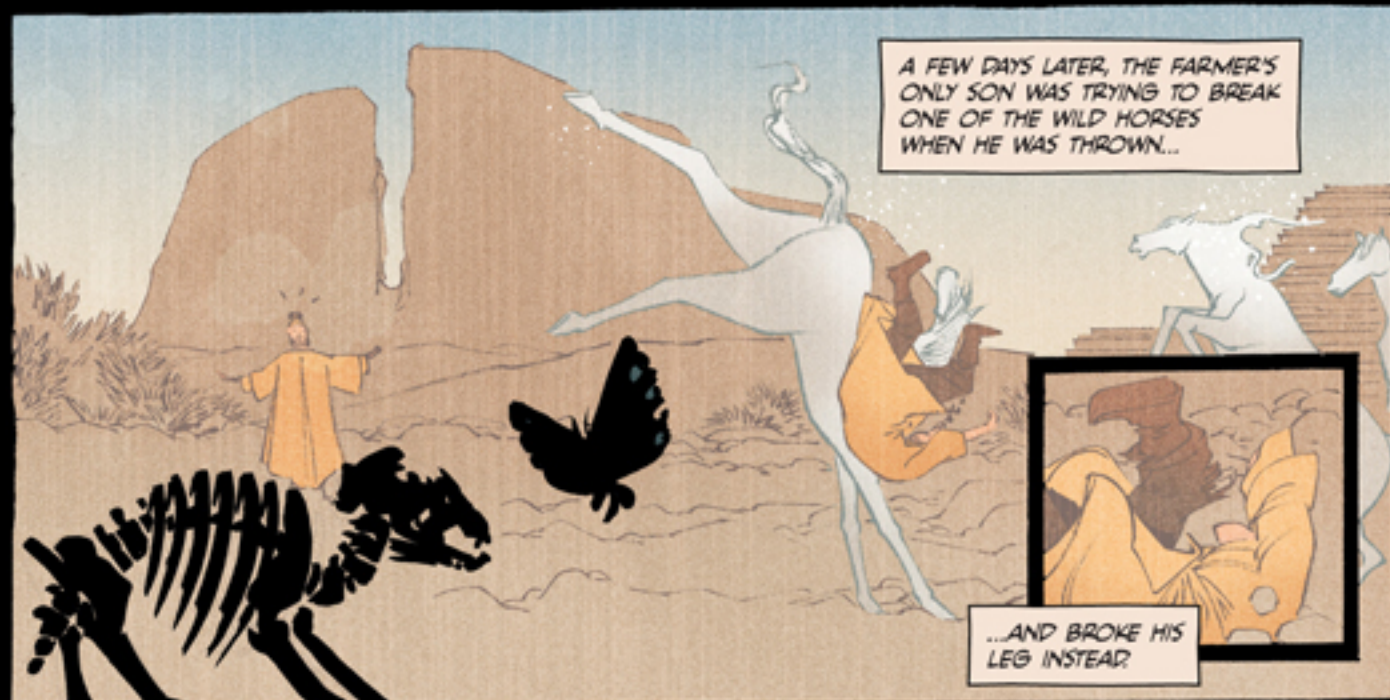
A FEW DAYS LATER, THE OLD MAN'S HORSE RETURNED FROM THE  
WILDERNESS, BRINGING A SMALL PACK OF WILD HORSES WITH HIM.

AGAIN, THE FARMER'S  
NEIGHBOR WEIGHED IN--

ONLY ONE  
HORSE BEFORE AND  
NOW YOU HAVE MANY.  
CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR  
GOOD FORTUNE, OLD  
MAN!

GOOD LUCK?  
MAYBE BAD LUCK.  
WHO KNOWS?





"WHO KNOWS?"



CYRUS!



CYRUS...



WE'RE  
TOO LATE,  
JOHNNY.



DAMMIT,  
COWBOY.