

the little prince

Antoine de Saint-Exupéry

about the author

Antoine de Saint-Exupéry was a writer from Lyon in France.
He worked as a pilot.

A pilot flies airplanes.

He died in 1944 when his plane crashed.

The drawings are from the author.

The new words are explained with drawings from Joanna Dubiel.

preface

The little prince lives on a planet.

He sweeps his volcanoes and waters his flowers.

The little prince loves to watch the sun set.

The fox and the birds are his friends.

He travels in space.

He travels to earth and meets people.

One day, an aircraft lands in the Sahara Desert.

The little prince is there.

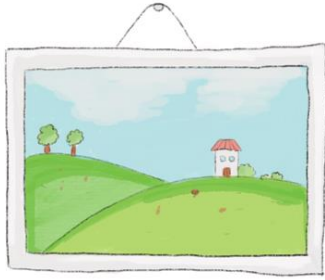
The little prince and the pilot speak to each other.

The little prince tells of the people he meets.

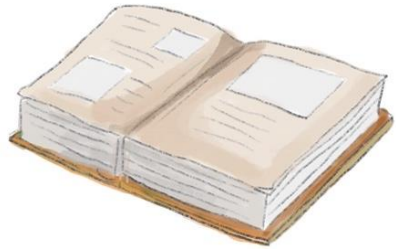
They talk about life and death, about love and friendship.

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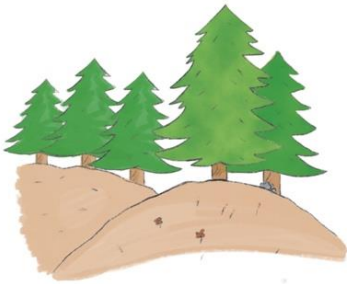
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picture



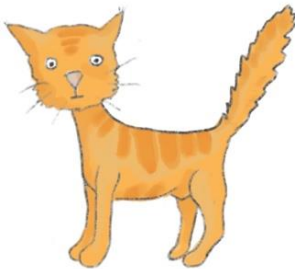
book



forest



snake



animal



month

my drawing

I am six years old.
I see a *picture*.
It is a picture in a *book* about a *forest*.

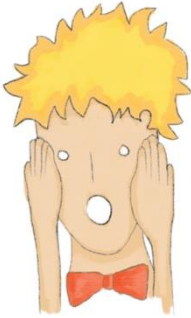
It is a picture of a big *snake*.
The big snake is a *boa*.
The *boa* eats an *animal*.

Here is the picture.



The book says,
"A snake eats the whole animal and then it sleeps for six
months."

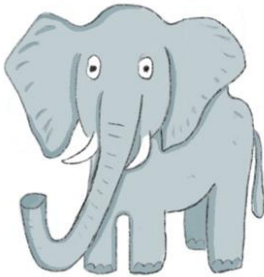
I think about the picture from the book.



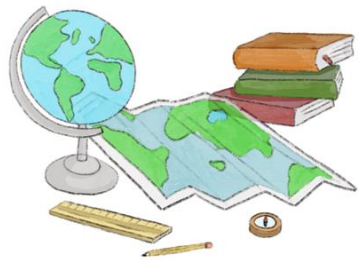
afraid



hat



elephant



geography

I make a drawing.
This is my drawing number one.



I show my drawing to an adult.
"Are you *afraid*?"
"I am not afraid of a *hat*", the adult says.

It is not a hat.
It is a picture of a boa with an *elephant inside*.

Then I make my drawing number two.
It is the inside of the snake.



Now the adult understands.

The adult tells me that it is not good to make drawings.
The adults tell me that it is good to learn to *read* and *write*.
The adult tells me to learn *geography*.

I stop making drawings.
I stop showing my drawings to adults.

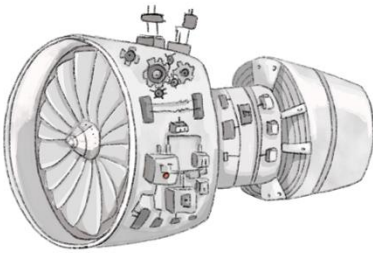
Adults don't understand my drawings.
Adults don't understand easy things.



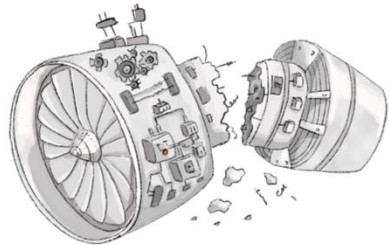
alone



countries



engine



broken



desert



week

a boy in the desert

I live *alone*.
I don't speak to people.
They don't understand.

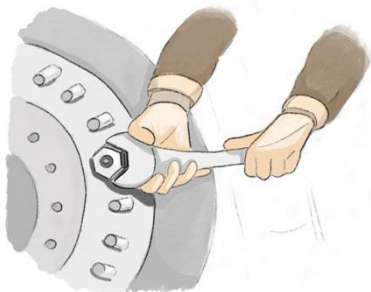
I fly my airplane alone.
I fly over many *countries*.
I fly around the world.

One day, the airplanes *engine* stops.
The engine is *broken*.
I am lost in the *desert*.

I only have water for a *week*.

I try to *fix* the engine.
It takes a long time.
At night, I go to sleep.

When I *wake up*,
someone says, "Draw me a *sheep*."
"What?"
"Draw me a sheep."



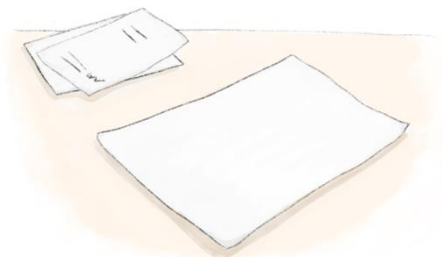
fix



wake up



sheep



paper

In front of me is a boy.

Here is a picture.



He stands and looks at me.
He doesn't look hungry or afraid.
He doesn't look lost.

"What are you doing here alone in the desert?" I ask.
He doesn't answer.
"Draw a sheep for me," he says.

I pick up *paper* and a pencil.
I understand geography.
I can read and write.

But I can only draw two things.
I make my drawing number one.





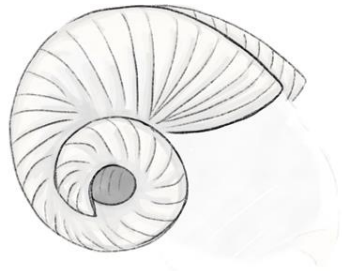
ill



laugh



ram



horns

"No, I don't want a boa with an elephant inside.
I am afraid of snakes," the boy says.

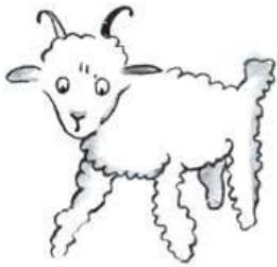
"And elephants are very big.
A sheep is what I need.
Draw a sheep for me," he says.

So, I draw a sheep.



The boy watches, then he says,
"That sheep looks *ill*.
Draw another sheep."

So, I draw another sheep.



My new friend *laughs*.
"That's not a sheep.
That is a *ram*.
It has *horns*," he says.

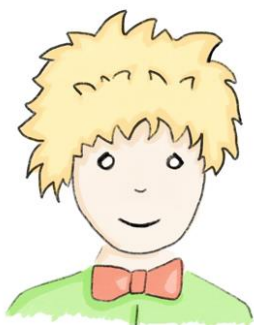
I make a new drawing.



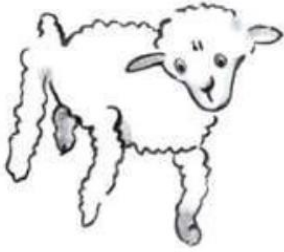
box



grass



smile



But this drawing is also not good.

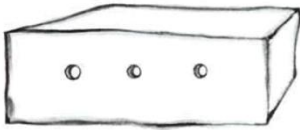
"This sheep is too old.

I want a sheep that will live a long time," he says.

I don't have time for this.

I must fix the engine.

I quickly make another drawing.



"Here is a *box*.

Your sheep is in this box," I say.

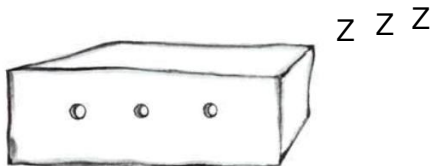
"Where I come from everything is so small."

"No, it will not eat a lot of *grass*."

The sheep is very small," I say.

The boy *smiles*.

"Look, now the sheep sleeps," he says.



This is how I meet the little prince.

another planet

I want to know more about the little prince.
I don't understand where he is from.
The little prince asks a lot of questions,
but he doesn't answer mine.

"What is that?" asks the little prince when he sees my plane.
"This is an airplane.
It flies.
It is my plane," I say.
I tell him that I can fly in my plane.

"What?
"Are you from the sky?"
"Yes", I say.

The little prince laughs.
"That is funny, I am also from the sky.
What planet do you come from?" he asks.

Now I understand.
He comes from another planet.
"What planet do you come from?" I ask.
He doesn't answer.

He looks at my plane

Then he shakes his head.

"With this plane you can't come from very far," he says.

Then he thinks for a long time.

He takes out the drawing and looks at it.

I want to know more.

"Where are you from?

Where do you live?

Where are you going with your sheep?" I ask.

He thinks.

"It's good that there is a box.

The sheep can sleep in it at night," he says.

"Yes", I say.

"And I can give you a rope and you can tie it up during the day."

"Tie up the sheep?

Why?" asks the little prince.

"If you don't tie up the sheep,
it may get lost," I say.

My friend laughs.

"Where do you think the sheep can go?

"Left or right", I say.

"Or straight on maybe?"

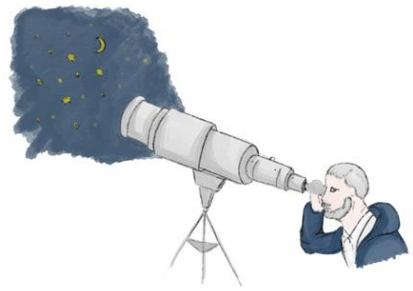
"Where I come from, everything is so small," says the little prince.

Then he looks a little sad.

"Where I come from you can't get very far."



asteroids



astronomer



Turkey



conference



listen



strange clothes

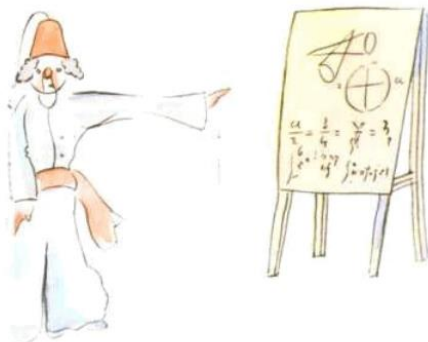
the prince's planet

The little prince says his planet is small.
The little prince says his planet is not bigger than a house.

There are many small planets.
Small planets don't have a name.
They only have a number.
Small planets are *asteroids*.

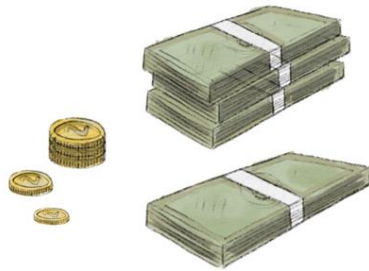
I think the little prince comes from Asteroid B612.

Only one person has seen this asteroid.
He is an *astronomer* from *Turkey*.
He speaks about the asteroid at a *conference*.
The adults don't *listen* to him because he wears *strange clothes*.

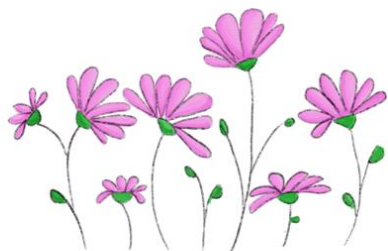




butterfly



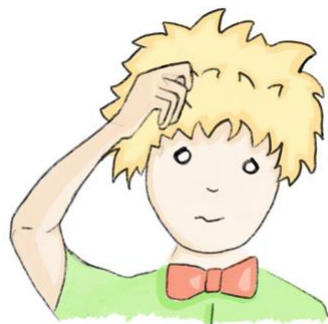
money



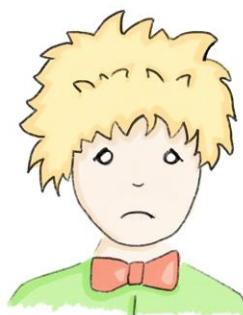
flowers



beautiful



forget



sad

When they have the answers,
they think they understand.

You can't tell adults that you see a pink house with red
flowers on the windows and birds on the roof.
They don't understand.

You have to say, "I see a house that costs a hundred thousand
dollars."

Then they reply, "How *beautiful*."

If you tell adults,
"The little prince is nice.
He laughs.
He wants a sheep",
then they don't listen.

But if you say that he is from Asteroid B612,
they think they understand.
That's how adults think.
Let them be how they are.

If you understand life,
you don't think about numbers.

Then you want to hear a nice story.
Then you want to hear that the little prince is from a small
planet.
That the planet is not bigger than a house.
That the little prince is alone on his planet and that he wants a
friend.

I met the little prince six years ago.
I write about the little prince so that I don't *forget* him.
It is *sad* to forget a friend.
It is good to have friends.



buy



wrong / right

I think I am like the adults now.
That I only care about numbers.

That's why I *buy* color pencils.
That's why I make drawings again.

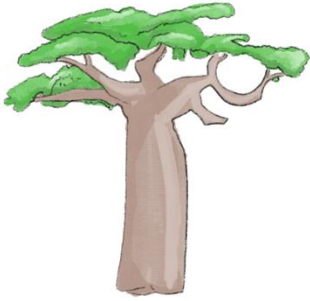
Some drawings are good,
some drawings are not good.

In some drawings the little prince is too tall,
In some drawings he is too short.

In some drawings the colors of his clothes are too light,
In some drawings they are too dark.

I get important things *wrong*.
I want to get them *right*.

The little prince thought I understand,
but I can't see a sheep through a box.
I'm a bit like the adults now.



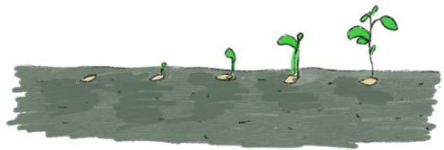
baobab



bushes



church



grow

baobab

The little prince tells me more about his planet.
One day I hear about the *baobab tree*.

The little prince asks, "Do sheep eat *bushes*?"
"Yes, they do." I say.
"Good, then I'm happy," says the little prince.

I don't understand why it's good that sheep eat bushes.
"Do they eat baobab trees?" asks the little prince.

I say that the baobab is not a bush.
Baobabs are trees that are tall, like *churches*.
Not even nine elephants can eat a baobab tree.

The little prince laughs when he thinks of all the elephants.
"On my planet, the elephants must stand on top of each other," he says.

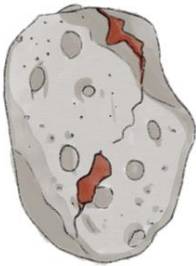
Then he says something wise.
"A baobab is small before it *grows* and gets tall."



seed in the ground



shoot



burst



You can't even see the *seed*.
A seed sleeps in the *ground* until it wakes up.
Then it comes out of the ground as a small *shoot* into the air.

On the little prince's planet,
there are baobab seeds everywhere.
But the planet *bursts* if there are too many trees.
The roots of the tree are dangerous to the little planet.

You can remove the shoot of the baobab tree easily.
You must remove a baobab before it gets too big.



rose



travels



But if you leave the shoot of a baobab too long,
you can't remove the tree.

Small baobabs look like *rose* bushes.
And you don't want to remove rose bushes.

One day, the little prince tells me to make a drawing so that the
children on his planet understand what to do.
They must understand that they must remove the baobab when
they are small.

"If the children go away on *travels* one day, it's important to
remember.
Sometimes a job can wait until later.
But you can't wait with a baobab.



lazy

I know a planet where there's a *lazy* person.
He did not remember to remove three bushes..."

I draw the planet as the little prince wants it.
Few people are aware of the danger of baobab.



The picture must say, "Child, be careful with baobab trees."

I work hard on the drawing to make it good.
It is very important.



sunset



wait



surprised

the sun is setting

The little prince likes *sunsets*.

He likes to sit and watch the sun go down in the evenings.
One day, the little prince says, "I like it when the sun goes down.

Let's go and look at it."

"But then we have to *wait*," I say.

"Wait for what?" he asks.

"Wait for the sun to go down," I say.

"It is not evening yet."

He looks very *surprised*.

Then he laughs, "I forget that I'm not on my planet."

"I understand," I say.

On his little planet,
you can watch the sun go down whenever you want.

"One day, I saw the sun go down forty-four times.

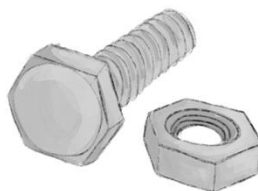
When I'm sad, it's good see the sun set," he says.

"Were you very sad that day?" I ask.

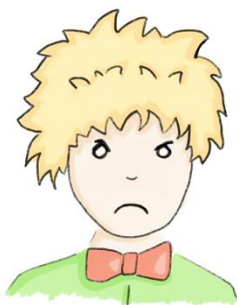
The little prince doesn't answer.



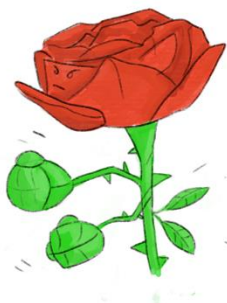
thorns



bolt



angry



mean



weak



protect

the prince's flower

One day the little prince asks, "Do sheep eat flowers?"

"They eat everything," I say.

"Do they eat flowers with *thorns*?" he asks.

"Yes," I say.

"But then why do flowers have thorns?" asks the little prince.

"I don't know."

I'm trying to remove a *bolt* that's stuck in my engine.

I understand that there's a big problem with my engine.

I don't have much water.

"Why do some flowers have thorns?" the little prince asks until he gets an answer.

I'm *angry* about the bolt,
so, I simply say, "The thorns are not nice.
Flowers have thorns because they are *mean*."

After a few minutes, the little prince says,

"You are wrong.

Flowers are not mean.

Flowers are *weak*.

They are just trying to *protect* themselves.

They think others are afraid when they see the thorns."



hammer



stupid



dirty



red-faced



mushroom

I don't answer.

"If I can't get the bolt out,
then I'll hit it with the *hammer*" I think.

The little prince interrupts my thoughts.

"You believe flowers are..."

"No, I don't believe anything."

Then I say something *stupid*,

"I'm doing something important here."

"You think that is important?", the little prince is angry.

"You talk like the adults," he says.

He looks at me.

I stand there with the hammer in my hand.

The engine is *dirty*.

I am dirty.

I am just trying to get rid of the bolt.

The little prince doesn't like the engine.

"You're wrong," he says.

"I know a planet with a *red-faced man*.

He never sees a flower or a star.

He doesn't like anyone.

He does nothing but count.

Like you,

he says, "I'm doing something important here."

But he is not a person.

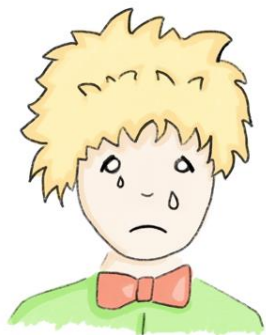
He is a *mushroom*," says the prince.

"What?" I ask.

"A mushroom."

The little prince is very angry.

He says, "If you know that there is a special flower on a planet,



crying

it makes you happy to look at the stars.
You think that somewhere out there is this special flower.

But if a sheep eats the flower,
then you are very sad.
And you don't want to look at the stars anymore.
Is not that important?"

The little prince is *crying* now.

It gets dark.
I don't think about the hammer, or the bolt, or the water
anymore.

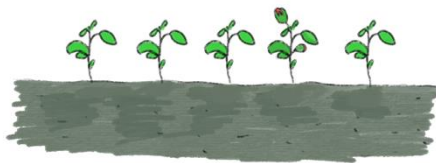
The little prince needs a friend.
I hug him.

I say, "Your special flower will be safe.
I will draw a fence that you can put around the flower.
Then your sheep can't eat it."

I don't know what to say.
It is strange when someone cries.



disappear



different



bud

a beautiful bud

I find out more about the flower.

On the little prince's planet flowers shoot up in the grass in the morning and *disappear* in the evening.

But one shoot is *different*.

It doesn't disappear in the evening.

The little prince looks at it.

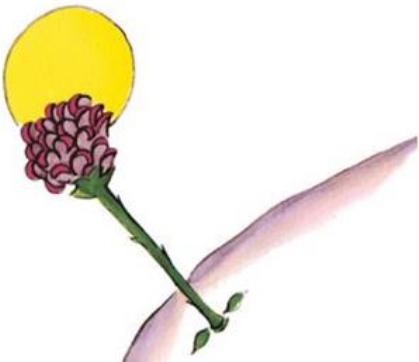
It could be a new baobab.

But the shoot stops growing.

A big *bud* appears.

The little prince can watch something very beautiful.

The bud turns into a flower.





hair



tiger



claws

It takes a long time.

One day, the bud opens and the flower says, "I'm awake now. Sorry, I still need to do my *hair*."

The little prince likes the flower.

"You are very beautiful," he says.

"Yes, I am.

But I think I need some breakfast," says the flower.

The little prince brings water for the flower.



The flower talks a lot.

She talks about her thorns.

One day, she says to the little prince,

"The *tigers* with their *claws* can come now.

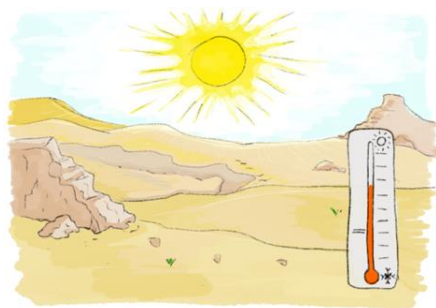
I am not afraid."



wind



cough



warm



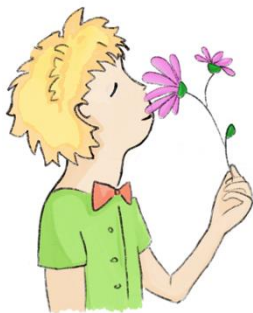
"There are no tigers on my planet.
And tigers don't eat grass," says the little prince.
"I'm not grass," says the flower.

"I'm not afraid of tigers,
but I don't like the wind.
Do you have anything that can protect me?"

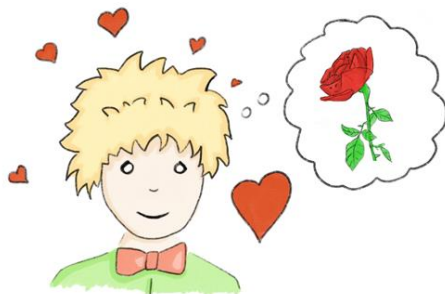
"A flower that doesn't like the *wind*?
This flower is difficult,"
the little prince thinks to himself.

"At night, it is very cold," says the flower.
She *coughs* a few times.
"The planet where I come from is *warm*."

The little prince looks at her.
Flowers grow from seeds.
This flower grew on his planet.
She can't know about other planets.

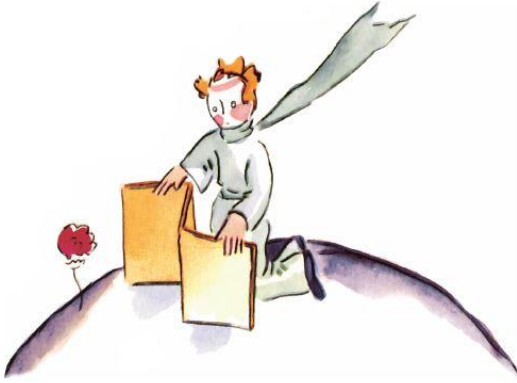


smell



love

"I'll get you something to keep you warm,"
says the little prince and walks away.



He is sad now.
The flower lied to him.

"Never listen to flowers," he says to me.
"Just *smell* them and look at them."

He is thinking for a long time.
Then he says, "I was too young to understand.
I *love* my flower, but I left it alone.



leave



sweep



volcano

the prince leaves his planet

The little prince wants to *leave* his planet.

He cleans the planet before the trip.

First, he *sweeps* his *volcanoes*.
He has two active volcanoes.
They are good to have.
They heat up the water for tea.





calmly



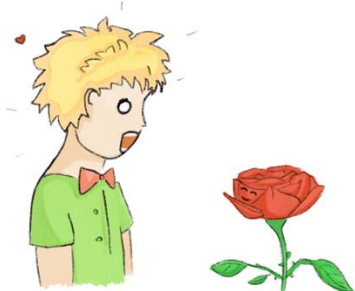
erupt



fire



chimney



amaze

If you sweep them,
they burn *calmly* and don't *erupt*.

Eruptions in a volcano are like the *fire in a chimney*.

On earth, we are too small to sweep the volcanos.
That's why they erupt.

The little prince doesn't think he will go back to his planet.
The little prince also removes the baobab shoots.

He is very sad when he gives the flower water
and puts the cover over it.

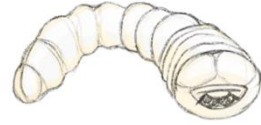


"Goodbye," he says to the flower.
She doesn't answer.
"Goodbye." he says again.
The flower coughs.
Finally, she says, "I'm stupid.
I'm sorry."

The flower *amazes* the prince.
He doesn't know how she really is.
"I like you a lot.
You don't know and that's my fault.
You're as stupid as me,"



air



larvae



proud

says the flower.
"I'll try to be happy,"
she says.

"But the wind?"
says the prince.
"The *air* at night is good for me.
I'm a flower."

"And the animals?"
"I'll have to talk with *larvae* if I want to get to know some
butterflies.
Butterflies are certainly very beautiful.
Who should I meet if not the butterflies?

You will be far away.
And I'm not afraid of big animals.
I have my thorns,"
says the flower.
She shows him her four thorns.

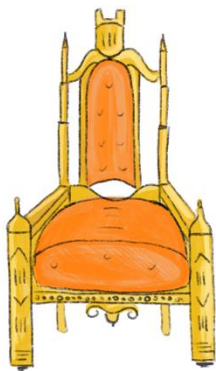
"If you're going to go, you should just leave,"
she says.
She doesn't want the prince to see her cry.
She is a very *proud* flower.



king



rule



throne



shout

the king's planet

The little prince lives not far from the Asteroids 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, and 330.
He goes to them first.

There is a *king* on the first planet.
A king *rules* over other people.
He has nice clothes and sits on a *throne*.



"Look, a subject,"
shouts the king when he sees the little prince.



cover



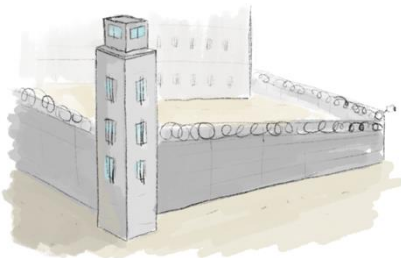
yawn



command



Justice Minister



prison

For a king, all people are subjects.
"Come closer so that I can see you better,"
says the king.

He is very proud to be king over someone.

The little prince is tired.
He wants to sit down,
but the whole planet is *covered* with the king's clothes.

The prince stands there and *yawns*.
"It's not good to yawn in front of a king.
I don't allow it," says the king.

"I am tired.
I traveled far and I didn't sleep,"
says the prince.
"Then I *command* you to yawn.
I never get to see a yawn here.
Do it again.
I command you." says the king.

The little prince tries to yawn again,
but he can't.
"I can't do it again," says the little prince.

The king is not happy.
His subjects must do what he wants.

But he is a good king,
his orders are not too difficult for his subjects.
He understands.

"Can I sit down?" asks the little prince.
"I command you to sit down," says the king.

He moves some of his clothes to make room for the little prince.

The little prince sits down and looks around.
The planet is very small.
What does the king rule over?

"Can I ask you a question?" says the little prince.
"I command you to ask," says the king.
"What do you rule over?" asks the prince.
"Over everything," says the king.

"Everything?" asks the prince.
The king points to his planet, to the other planets, and to the stars.
"Yes, I am the king of everything," says the king.

"Can you command the stars?" asks the little prince.
"Yes, they do what I want," says the king.
"And can you command the sun?"
"Yes, I can command everything," says the king.

The little prince thinks.
If he could command the sun,
he could see a hundred sunsets without moving his chair.
He thinks about his little planet and he is sad.

"I want to see the sun go down.
Can you command it?" asks the prince.
"Yes, I can command it.
But we must wait until later," says the king.

"When does it happen?" asks the little prince.
"Hm, ...," says the king as he looks at a big paper.
"It happens tonight at twenty minutes to eight."

The little prince yawns again.
He doesn't want to wait.
He wants to see the sun go down now.

"I have nothing to do here.

I'm going to another planet," says the little prince.

"No, don't go.

You can become a *Justice Minister*," says the king.

"What does a Justice Minister do?" asks the prince.

"Justice Ministers judge people," says the king.

"But there's nobody here to judge," says the little prince.

"We don't know that.

I don't travel.

I'm very old.

There's no space for a car on my planet.

And I get tired from walking," says the king.

"There could be someone on the other side of the planet."

"But I can already see that there is no one over there," says the little prince.

He leans forward to look at the other side of the planet.

"I think there is a mouse on my planet.

I hear it at night.

You can judge the mouse.

You can send it to *prison* for stealing my cheese," says the king.

"I don't want to send a mouse to prison.

I think I must go now," says the little prince.

"No," says the king.

The little prince thinks.

He doesn't want to make the king sad.

"You can command me to leave in a minute," says the little prince.

The king doesn't answer.

The little prince waits for the order.

When the king doesn't say anything, he starts to leave.

"You're my ambassador." shouts the king.

"Adults are very strange," thinks the little prince as he flies away from the planet.

a vain man

On the next planet lives a *vain man*.

He loves himself very much.





vain



admirer



clap



fall off

"Look, an *admirer*,"
he shouts when he sees the little prince.

For vain people, everyone is an admirer.
"Hello.
You have a funny hat," says the little prince.

"I use my hat when I greet people who admire me,"
says the vain man.
"But not many people visit me," he says.

"Really?" says the little prince.

"Really. Now *clap* your hands." says the vain man.

The little prince claps his hands.
The handsome man lifts his hat.
"This is more fun than being with the king,"
says the little prince to himself.

He continues to clap his hands.
And the man continues to lift his hat in greeting.

After five minutes, the little prince becomes tired of the game.
"What do I have to do for the hat to *fall off*?"
asks the little prince.

But the vain man doesn't answer.
He only listens when someone admires him.

"Do you admire me?" asks the vain man.
"What does that mean?" asks the little prince.

"To admire me is to say that I'm the most beautiful, the richest, and the wisest person on the planet," says the vain man.

"But you're alone on your planet," says the little prince.

"Admire me anyway," says the man.

"I admire you," say the little prince, "but why is that so important to you?"

The little prince has nothing else to do on this planet.

He wants to leave.

"Adults are very strange," he thinks when he flies away from the planet.

the alcoholic

On the next planet lives *an alcoholic*.

An alcoholic drinks too much *alcohol*.





alcoholic



empty and full bottles



ashamed

The little prince only stays for a short time on this planet and it makes him very sad.

"What are you doing here?" asks the little prince.
The alcoholic doesn't answer.

He just sits in front of many *empty* and many *full bottles*.

"What are you doing here?" asks the little prince again.
"I'm drinking," the alcoholic says sadly.

"Why are you drinking?" asks the little prince.
"To forget," says the alcoholic.

"To forget what?" the prince asks, feeling sorry for him.
"To forget that I'm *ashamed*," says the alcoholic.

He looks down at his shoes.

"Ashamed of what?" asks the little prince.
He wants to help the man.

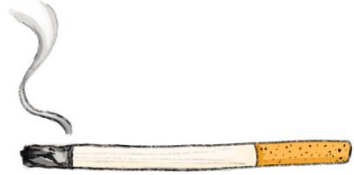
"I'm ashamed of drinking," the alcoholic says in the end.
Then he doesn't speak anymore.

The little prince has nothing else to do on this planet.

"Adults are very strange," he thinks when he flies away.



cigarette



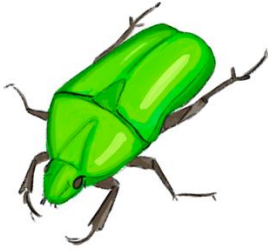
lit

the businessman

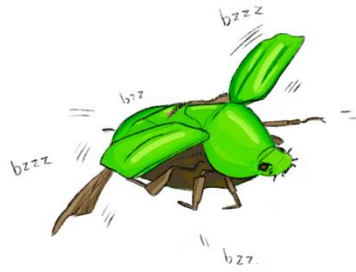
The little prince arrives on a new planet.
On this planet lives a businessman.
The businessman has a lot to do.
He doesn't look up when the little prince comes.

"Good day.
Your *cigarette* is not *lit*," says the little prince.





insect



buzz



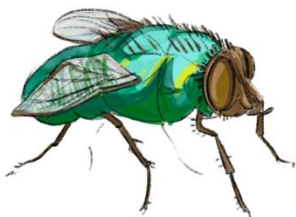
exercise

"Three plus two is five.
Five and seven is twelve.
Twelve and three is fifteen.
Good day.
Fifteen and seven is twenty-two.
Twenty-two and six is twenty-eight.
I don't have time to light it.
Twenty-five and six is thirty-one.
It's 501 622 731," says the businessman.

"500 million what?" asks the prince.
"You're still there?
501 million and ...
I don't remember.
I have so much work.
I'm important, I am.
I don't talk about stupid things.
Two plus five is seven," says the businessman.

"501 million what?" asks the little prince again.
He always wants answers to his questions.
The businessman looks up.

"During my 54 years on this planet
I was disturbed only three times.
22 years ago, an *insect* fell down here.
Insects *buzz* a lot, so I make four mistakes as I count.
Eleven years ago, I became ill.
I don't do enough *exercise*.
I don't have time to walk.
I'm an important person.
This time...



fly



bee



dream



rich

Yes, here we are now.

Is it 501 million?" asks the businessman.

"501 million what?" asks the prince.

The businessman understands that he must answer.

"501 million of the things we see in the sky," says the businessman.

"*Flies?*" asks the prince.

"No, little things that shine," says the businessman.

"*Bees?*" asks the prince.

"No, little things that make lazy people *dream*.

But I'm an important person.

I don't have time to dream," says the businessman.

"Stars?" asks the prince.

"Yes, stars," says the businessman.

"What are you doing with 500 million stars?" asks the prince.

"501 622 731 stars," says the businessman.

"What are you doing with the stars?" asks the prince.

"What am I doing?" asks the businessman.

"Yes," replies the prince.

"Nothing. I own them," says the businessman.

"You own the stars?" asks the prince.

"Yes," says the businessman.

"But I know a king...", says the prince.

"The king doesn't own anything.

He rules over things," says the businessman.

"What's good about owning stars?" asks the prince

"It makes me *rich*," says the businessman.



diamond



island

"What is good about being rich?" asks the prince.

"I can buy more stars," says the businessman.

"He sounds a bit like the alcoholic," thinks the little prince.

The prince asks more questions.

"How can you own the stars?" he asks the businessman.

"Who owns the stars, then?" the businessman asks in response.

He is a bit angry.

"I don't know.

No one," says the prince.

"Then they are my stars.

I'm the first to have this thought,"

says the businessman.

"Is that enough?" asks the prince.

"Yes.

When you find a *diamond* that nobody owns, it's yours.

When you find an *island* that nobody owns, it's yours.

When you are the first to have an idea, it's yours.

And me, I own the stars.

No one else thinks to make them their own," says the businessman.

"Okay, but what do you do with the stars?" asks the prince.

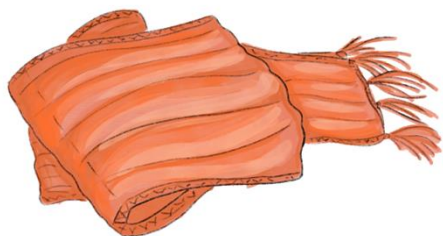
"I count them.

And count them again.

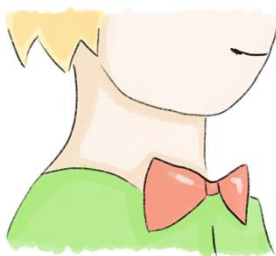
It's hard, but I'm a serious man," says the businessman.

The little prince is not sure.

He continues to talk.



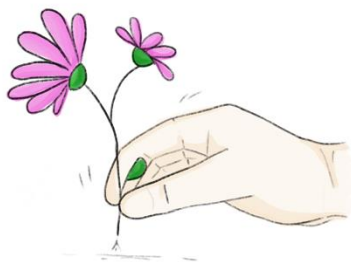
scarf



neck



carry



pick

"If I own a *scarf*, I put it around my *neck* and *carry* it with me.
If I have a flower, I can *pick* the flower and take it with me.
But you can't pick the stars," he says.

"No, but I can put them in the bank," says the businessman.
"How do you do that?" asks the prince.

"I write down on paper how many stars I have.
Then I lock up the paper in a box."
"That's all?" asks the prince.
"That's all," says the businessman.

"Strange.
Why is that so important?" thinks the little prince to himself.

The little prince doesn't think like adults on serious things.

"I own a flower.
I give the flower water.
I own three volcanoes that I sweep once a week.
I want to know that the volcano won't erupt.
It's good for the flower and the volcanoes that I own them.
But you do nothing for the stars," says the little prince.

The businessman opens his mouth,
but he doesn't know what to say.

The little prince leaves.
"Adults are very strange," he thinks as he flies away from the
businessman's planet.



lamp post

Job

Tasks:

- ☐ light the lamp
- ☐ turn off the lamp

job

the lamp post

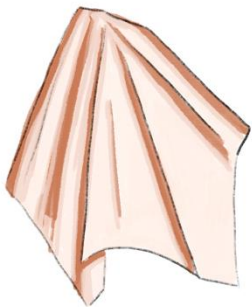
The little prince travels to another planet.
This planet is the smallest of all.
There's room for a *lamp post* and a man who lights the lamp.
The little prince doesn't understand why the lamp post is here.
There are no houses and no other people on the planet.

Here is a lamp post and a man who lights the lamp.
The prince thinks that he is less strange than the king, the vain man, the alcoholic, and the businessman.

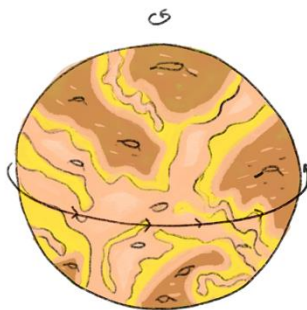
The man's work is important.
When he turns off the lamp,
it is as though a flower, or a star goes to sleep.
It's a beautiful job.

When the prince lands on the planet,
he greets the man who lights the lamp.

"Good day.
Why do you turn off the lamp?" asks the prince.
"Good day.
It's my *job*," the man replies.



tissue



spin



"What is your job?" asks the prince.

"To turn off my lamp.

Good evening," he says and turns it on again.

"But why do you light it again?" asks the prince.

"It's my job," says the man.

"I don't understand," says the prince.

"There's nothing to understand.

A job is a job, good day," says the man.

He turns off the lamp.

He wipes his face with a red and white *tissue*.

"I have a bad job.

In the past, it was good.

I turn off the lamp in the morning and light it in the evening.

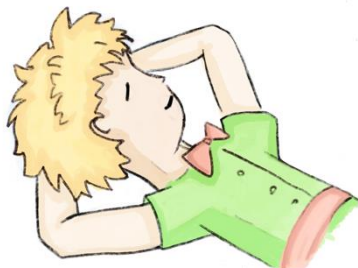
In the day I would relax and at night I would sleep.

But the planet keeps spinning faster.

Now the planet *spins* around every minute.



conversation



rest

"It's funny.

Your days are one minute long,"
says the prince.

"It's not funny.

This *conversation* lasts thirty days.

Good evening," says the man.

He lights the lamp.

The little prince looks at the man.

The prince likes the man.

The little prince thinks of how he moves his chair to watch the
sun go down many times.

He wants to help his friend.

"I know how to get *rest* whenever you want to, he says.

"I always want to rest," the man replies.

"If you take three steps around your planet,
you stay in the sun the whole time.

Then you can rest as you go.

The day will be as long as you want it to be," says the prince.

"That doesn't help me.

What I like in life is to sleep," says the man.

"What bad luck," says the little prince.

"Yes. What bad luck, good day," says the man.

He puts out the lamp.

"The king, the vain man, the businessman, and the alcoholic
would look down on the man with the lamp,"
thinks the prince.

"But to me he is less strange than the others.

The man with the lamp doesn't only think about himself."

The little prince thinks the man with the lamp is the only one of the five he would want as a friend.

“But the planet with the lamp is too small.

There’s no space for two people here,” the prince says to himself.

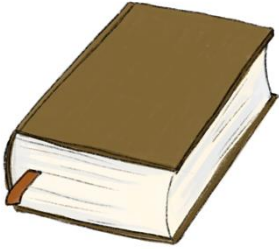
But on the small planet the sun sets 1440 times every day.

The little prince doesn’t want to think about that.

the geographer

The little prince comes to another planet.
It is ten times as big as the planet with the lamp post.
An old man lives here.
The old man writes books.





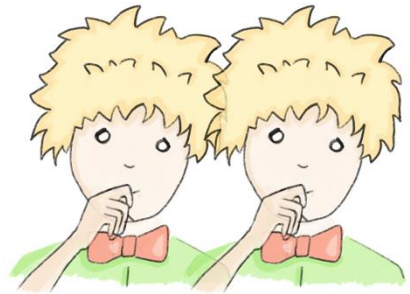
thick



office



truth



double



stone

"Look, a boy who travels to see something new," says the man.

The little prince sits on the man's table.

He is tired from his long journey.

"Where do you come from?" asks the old man.

The prince doesn't answer.

"What is that *thick* book?

What are you doing?" he asks.

"I'm a geographer," says the old man.

"What is a geographer?"

"It is a person who knows where to find all the seas, rivers, cities, mountains, and deserts," replies the old man.

"Very interesting," says the little prince.

He looks at the planet.

"Your planet is very beautiful.

Is there a sea here?" he asks the geographer.

"I don't know," replies the old man.

"Are there mountains?" asks the little prince.

"I don't know," replies the old man.

"Are there cities, rivers, or deserts?" asks the prince.

"I don't know," answers the old man.

"But you're a geographer?" says the prince.

He is sad.

"Yes, but I don't travel around to find rivers, mountains, seas, and deserts.

A geographer is too important to do that.

The geographer stays in his *office*.

But he meets people who travel.
He asks them to visit him and writes down what they remember from their travels.

If a traveler speaks of something interesting,
I have to find out if he tells the *truth*," says the geographer.
"Why?" asks the prince.

"The geography books will be wrong if the traveler tells lies.
It will also be wrong if the traveler drinks too much," says the geographer.

"Why?" asks the prince.

"You see things twice if you drink.
Then you tell me that there are two mountains,
when there is only one," says the geographer.

"I know a person who sees *double*," says the little prince.

"I have to find out if the traveler tells the truth," says the geographer.

"Do you go there and see for yourself?" asks the prince.

"No, it's not possible.

The traveler must have proof.

If he finds a large mountain,
he must bring large *stones* back."

"You come from a place far away.

You are a person who travels.

Tell me about your planet," says the geographer.

He opens his book and takes out a pen.

"Oh, my planet is very small.

I have three volcanoes.

One of the volcanoes doesn't erupt.

But one can never be sure," says the prince.

"No, one never can really be sure," says the geographer.

"I have a flower, too," says the prince.

"We don't write about flowers," says the geographer.

"Why not?" asks the prince.

"There's nothing more beautiful than flowers."

"Because flowers are ephemeral,"
says the geographer.

"What does ephemeral mean?" asks the prince.

The old man doesn't say.

"The most important books are books about geography.
They never go out of date.

A mountain doesn't move.

A large sea doesn't disappear," says the geographer.

What does ephemeral mean?" asks the prince again.

"It means that something has a short life," says the geographer.

"Does my flower have a short life?" asks the prince.

"Yes," says the geographer.

"My flower is ephemeral.

She has four thorns to protect her from the world.

And I left her alone," says the little prince to himself.

He misses his planet.

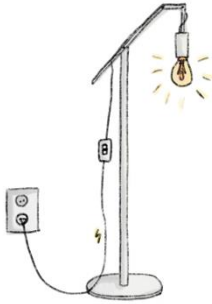
"Where should I go on with my travels?" the little prince asks.

"To the planet Earth.

People say good things about it," says the geographer.

The little prince leaves.

He worries about his flower.



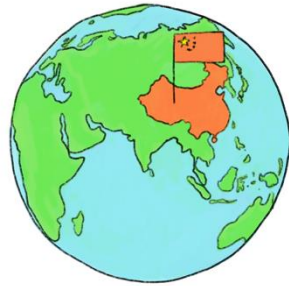
electricity



lantern



dance



China



Siberia



Russia

lamp post ballet

Earth is not like other planets.

There are one thousand one hundred kings, seven thousand geographers, nine hundred thousand businessmen, seven million alcoholics, and three hundred million important people. There are two billion adults in total.

The earth is big.

It is so big,

that you need 462 511 men to light the lamps on the ground.

This is before there was *electricity*.

From far away, it is beautiful.

The men who light the lamps move like they are in a ballet.

First, they light the lamps in Australia.

When the lamps are lit,

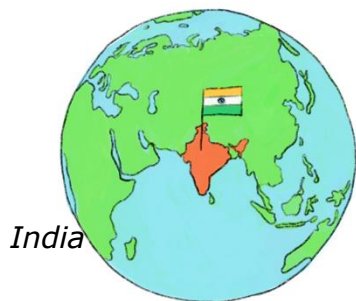
the men can go to bed.

Those who light *lanterns* in *China* and *Siberia* begin their *dance*.

They light the lamps and disappear into their houses.

Now it's time to light lamps in *Russia* and *India*.

Then all of them in *Africa* and *Europe*.
And finally, those in *America*.



India



Africa



Europe



America

They always come in this order.
It is fantastic.

Only the man on the North Pole and the man on the South Pole
who don't light lamps every day.
They only work two times a year.

a place on Earth

Sometimes you have to lie to have fun.
I lie a little about the man who light lamps.
I give you a false picture of Earth.
People take up little space on Earth.
Two billion people live on Earth.
All people can stand next to each other in a place that is twenty thousand meters long and twenty thousand meters wide.
All people can fit on a small island in the ocean.

The adults don't believe this.
They think they need a lot of space.
They think they are important,
like baobab trees.
Tell them to look at the numbers.
They like that a lot.
But you don't need to do that.
It's not helpful.
Believe me.

The little prince lands on Earth.
He is surprised that he doesn't see any people.
He thinks he is on the wrong planet.
Then he sees a ring move in the sand.

It's a snake.

"Good evening," says the little prince.

"Good evening," says the snake.

"Which planet am I on?" asks the prince.

"You're on Earth.

You're in Africa," answers the snake.

"Are there no people on Earth?" asks the prince.

"This is the desert.

There are no people in the desert.

The earth is big," says the snake.

The little prince sits down on a rock.

He looks at the sky.

"I think the stars shine,

so that we can all find one that is ours one day.

Look at my planet.

It's just above us,

but it's so far away," says the little prince.

"It is beautiful.

What are you doing here?" asks the snake.

"I have problems with a flower," says the prince.

They don't speak.

"Where are the people?

It is a bit lonely in the desert," says the prince after a few minutes.

"It's lonely with people too," says the snake.

The little prince looks for a long time at the snake.

"What a strange animal you are.

You're thin, like a finger," he says.

"But I'm stronger than a king's finger," says the snake.

The little prince laughs.



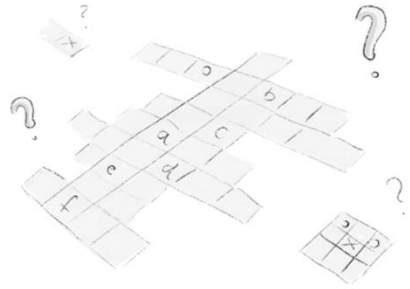
legs



boat



ring



riddles

"You're not strong.

You don't have any *legs*.

You can't go anywhere."

"I can take you further than a *boat* can," says the snake.

The snake slides around the leg of the little prince.

It is like a *ring of gold*.

"The ones I touch go back to the land they come from.

But you're so weak on this earth of hard rock.

I can help you if you want to return to your planet.

I can...", says the snake.

"Oh, I understand.

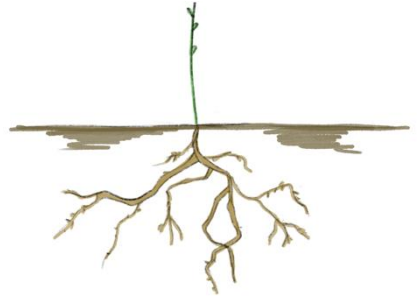
But why do you speak in *riddles*?" asks the prince.

"I have answers to all the riddles," says the snake.

Then they are quiet.



plain



roots

the flower in the desert

The little prince walks through the desert.

He meets a flower.

It is a *plain* flower.

"Good day," says the flower.

"Where are the people?" asks the prince.

"The people?

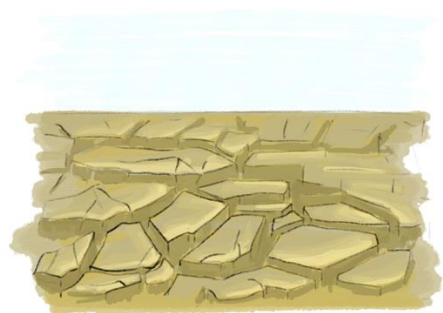
There are six or seven people, I think ...

But it's hard to say where you can find them.

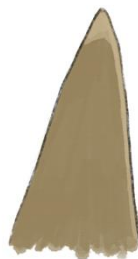
They travel with the wind.

They have no *roots*," says the flower.

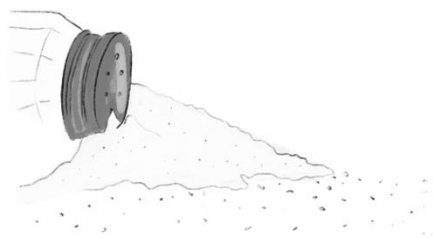
"Goodbye," says the little prince.



dry



pointed



salty

people

The little prince walks up a high mountain.

The only mountains he knows are the three little volcanoes on his planet.

"From a high mountain I can see the whole planet and all the people," thinks the prince.

But all he sees from the mountain top are more mountains.

"Good day," he says.

"Good day...

Good day...

Good day..." he hears.

"Be my friend,

I'm alone," says the prince.

"I'm alone...

I'm alone...

I'm alone..."

"What a strange planet," thinks the prince.

"It's quite *dry*, *pointed*, and *salty*."

The people say everything I say.
On my planet I have a flower.
She always speaks with me."



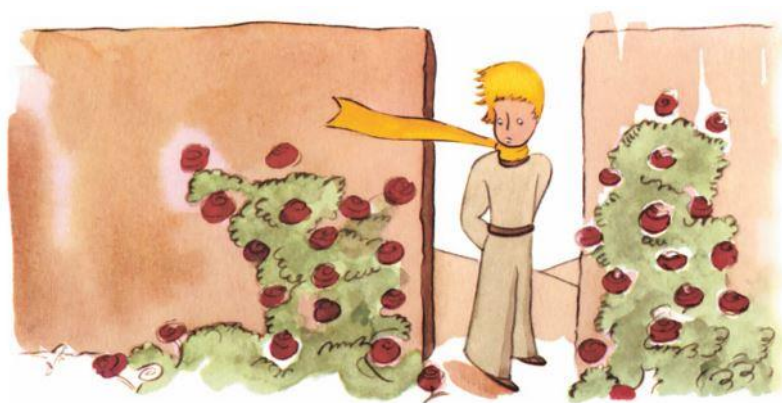
the roses

The little prince walks a long way in the sand, over *cliffs* and through *snow*.

He finds his way.

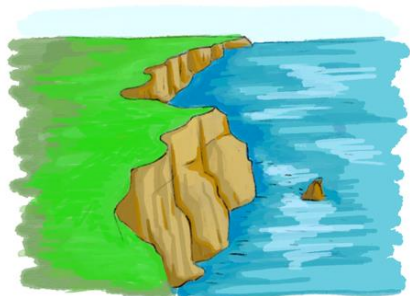
Roads always go to a place where there are people.

The prince sees some flowers,
they are roses.



"Good day," he says.

"Good day," say the roses.



cliff



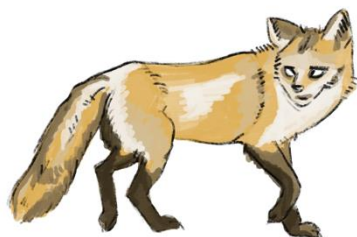
snow



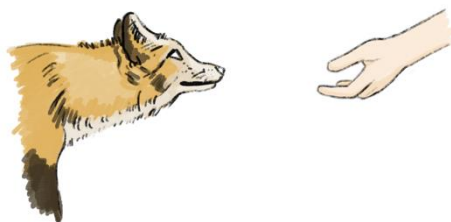
road



lie



fox



tame

The little prince looks at the roses.

They look like his flower.

The prince is surprised.

"Who are you?" he asks.

"We are roses," say the roses.

"Oh," says the little prince.

He is sad.

His flower is not the only rose.

Here in this garden are five thousand roses like her.

"My flower will be very sad when she hears this.

She will cough a lot and look angry.

I will have to care for her," thinks the prince.

"My flower is not special.

She is a normal rose.

I have the rose and the three volcanoes.

They don't make me an important prince," he thinks.

He *lies* in the grass and cries.

Then the prince hears something.

"Good day," someone says.

"Good day," answers the little prince and looks around.

There is no one there.

"I'm here, under the tree," someone says.

"Who are you?" asks the prince

"I'm a *fox*," says the animal under the tree.

"Come and play with me,

I am sad," says the little prince.

"I can't play with you.

I'm not *tame*.", says the fox.



hunt



chicken

The little prince thinks.

"What does it mean to be tame?" he asks.

"What are you looking for here?" asks the fox.

"I'm looking for people.

What does 'tame' mean?" asks the prince again

"People *hunt*.

It's not nice at all," says the fox.

"They have *chickens*.

That's all they think about.

Are you looking for chickens?" asks the fox.

"No.

I'm looking for friends.

What does 'tame' mean?" asks the little prince.

"It's something that many forget.

To be tame is to make a friend," says the fox.

"To me you are just a boy.

The same as one hundred other boys.

I don't need you and you don't need me.

I'm just a fox like one hundred other foxes.

But if I'm tame, we are friends.

You will be the only one in the world for me.

And I will be the only one in the world for you," says the fox.

"I think I understand.

There's a flower...

I think she makes me tame," says the prince.

"That doesn't happen here on Earth," says the fox.

"The flower is not on earth," says the little prince.

The fox is curious.

"Is it on another planet?" asks the fox.

"Yes," says the prince.



chase



hide underground



field



wheat

"Is there a hunter on that planet?" asks the fox.

"No," says the prince.

"Interesting.

Are there any chickens?" asks the fox.

"No," says the little prince.

"Nothing is perfect.

My life is boring.

I *chase* chickens.

People chase me.

All chickens are the same.

All people are the same.

But if you make me tame,
my life will be bright like the sun.

I will remember the sound of your steps.

Other steps make me *hide underground*.

But your steps make me come up into the light," says the fox.

"Do you see the *field* over there?

I don't eat bread.

Wheat doesn't interest me.

So, the field means nothing to me.

But your hair is yellow, like gold.

The field is also yellow, like gold.

If I'm tame, the field will make me think of you," says the fox.

The fox is quiet.

He looks for a long time at the little prince.

"Make me tame," says the fox.

"I want to, but I don't have much time.

I have to find friends," says the prince.



learn



shop



closer

"You can only get to know those who are tame.
People don't have time *to learn* anything.
They buy everything from *shops*.
But there are no friends in shops.
People have no friends.
So, if you want a friend,
make me tame." says the fox.

"How should I do that?" asks the prince.
"It takes time.
You sit next to me in the grass.
I look at you and you say nothing.
To speak doesn't help.
But every day you sit a little *closer* to me...", says the fox.

July						
Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

Thursday



village

a tame fox

The next day, the little prince comes back to the fox.



"It's better if you come at the same time every day.
If you come at four o'clock in the afternoon,

then I'm happy at three o'clock.
I feel happier with time.

When it's four, I worry that you don't come.
That's the price of happiness.

We need a ritual," says the fox.

"What is a ritual?" asks the little prince.

"It's what makes one day different from other days and one hour
different from other hours.

Hunters have a ritual.

Every *Thursday* they dance with the girls from the *village*.

On Thursdays, I go wherever I want.
If the hunters don't dance on a Thursday,
every day is the same.
Then I can never go where I want," says the fox.

The little prince makes the fox tame.
But when the little prince leaves, the fox is sad.
"I will cry," says the fox.
"It's your fault.
I want to be good to you, but you want to be tame..." says the
little prince.

"Yes," says the fox.
"Go and see the roses.
You will see, there's no flower in the world that is like your
flower.
Come back after that, and I will tell you something," says the
fox.

The little prince goes to the roses.
"You're not like my flower.
You're not tame.
You are as my fox once was.
He was just like one hundred other foxes.
Now the fox is my friend.
There's no one in the world like that fox now," says the prince to
the roses.

"You're beautiful, but nobody loves you.
You look like my flower,
but she is the most important.
I give water to her.
I keep her warm.
I listen when she is happy.

I listen when she is sad.

Because she is my flower," says the little prince.

The little prince goes back to the fox.

"Goodbye," he says.

"Goodbye.

You only see well with your heart.

The eyes can't see the most important things," says the fox.

"The eyes can't see the most important things,"
repeats the prince, to remember.

"Give your rose is what she needs," says the fox.

"I will give my rose what she needs," says the prince.

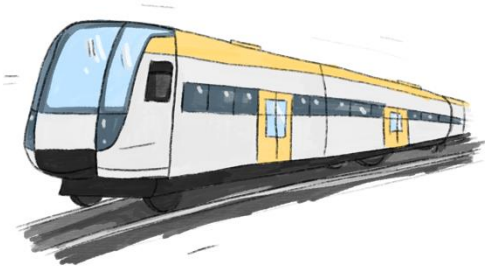
"People forget this.

But you must not forget.

When you make something tame, it's tame forever.

You have to look after your flower," says the fox.

"I have to look after my flower," says the prince, so that he
remembers.



train

fast trains

The little prince meets a new person.

He meets a switchman.

"Good day," says the little prince.

"Good day," says the switchman.

"What are you doing here?" asks the prince.

"I help people who travel.

I send off *trains* that take people to the right or to the left," says the switchman.

A train passes quickly.

"They drive so fast.

What are they looking for?" asks the prince

"The man who drives the train doesn't know that himself," says the switchman.

Another train passes quickly.

"Are they coming back already?" asks the little prince.

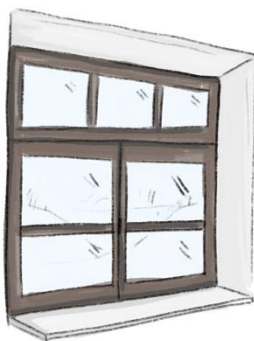
"No, it's not the same train," says the switchman.

Another train passes quickly.

"Does that train follow the first train?" asks the prince.



nose



window



doll

"No, the trains don't follow anything.

The people on the train are sleeping or yawning.

Only the children press their *noses* against the *windows*," says the switchman.

"Only the children know what they are looking for.

They give their time to a *doll*.

The doll becomes important to them.

If you take it from them, the children will cry," says the prince.

"The children are happy," says the switchman.



sell pills



pills

the salesman

The prince meets a salesman.

"Good day," says the little prince.

"Good day," says the salesman.

He *sells pills* that stop you being thirsty.

If you take one pill in a week, the need to drink goes away.

"Why do you sell these pills?" asks the prince.

"They save a lot of time.

They save fifty-three minutes a week, so the experts say,"
replies the salesman.

"What should I do with the time I save?"

"Whatever you want..." says the salesman.

"If I have fifty-three minutes extra, I will walk happily to a place
where I can get water..." thinks the little prince.

the well

I have been in the desert for a week.
I hear the story of the salesman.
I drink the last of my water.
"What you're telling me is very nice,
but I'm trying to repair my plane.
I would also be happy to walk to find water." I say.

"My friend the fox...", says the prince.
"My boy, we will die if we don't find water." I say.
He doesn't understand.

"It's good to have a friend if we die.
I'm very happy to have the fox as my friend," he says.

"He doesn't understand.
He is never hungry or thirsty.
For the little prince a little sunshine is enough," I think.

But then he looks at me.
He answers my thoughts.
"I'm thirsty too.
Let's look for a well where we can drink," he says.
"Look for a well in the desert?" I think.

We go.

We walk without speaking for several hours.

Soon it is dark.

The stars shine.

I see the stars as if in a dream.

I'm a little sick because I have no water.

I remember the words of the prince.

"Are you thirsty too?" I ask.

He doesn't answer.

"Water is good for the heart," is all he says.

I don't know what he means.

I know I get no answers if I ask him questions.

The prince is tired.

He sits down.

I sit next to him.

He is silent for a minute.

"The stars are beautiful because of a flower we can't see," he says then.

"I understand," I say, looking at the sand.

The moon is shining.

"The desert is beautiful," says the prince.

It's true.

I like the desert a lot.

To sit on the sand.

Not to see or hear anything.

"What makes the desert more beautiful is that it hides a well somewhere," says the prince.

Now I understand.

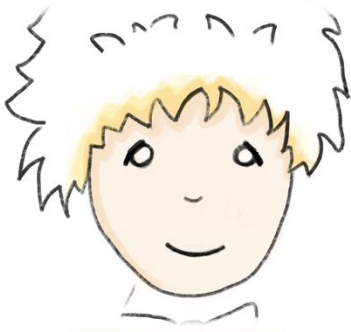
As a little boy, I lived in an old house.



hide



moon



face



eyes



mouth

People say the house *hides* a treasure.
Nobody finds it.
Nobody is looking for the treasure.
But the treasure makes the house interesting.
My house hides something in its heart.

"Yes.

You don't see what makes houses, stars, or deserts beautiful,"
I say to the little prince.

"I'm glad you think like my fox," says the prince.

The little prince sleeps.

I carry him through the desert.

The *moon* shines on his *face*, his eyes, and his hair.

"What I see of the prince is just the surface.

The most important thing can't be seen," I think.

With his *mouth* half-open, it looks as though the prince laughs.

"In this sleeping prince is the picture of a flower," I think.

"The flower shines like a lamp inside him,
even when he is asleep.

You have to look after the lamp.

The wind can make the light go out,"

I say to myself.

Early in the morning, I find a well.





bucket



rope

a hole in the sand

"People travel on fast trains.
They don't know what they're looking for.
They go one way and then come back again.
There's no reason in it," says the little prince.

A well in the desert is a hole in the sand.
This well looks like a well in a small village.
But there's no village here.
I think I'm dreaming.
There's a *bucket* and a *rope* by the well.

We hear sounds inside the well when the prince pulls the rope.





pull



honey



mouth cover

"Do you hear?

We wake up the well," says the little prince.

I slowly *pull* up the bucket of water.

"I'm so thirsty, please give me water," says the prince.

I understand what he is looking for.

He closes his eyes as he drinks.

It's like a party.

This water is more than just water.

It's good for the heart.

"The people here on earth grow five thousand roses in their garden.

They still don't find what they're looking for," says the little prince.

"They still don't find what they're looking for," I say.

"But they could find what they are looking for in a single rose or in some water...", says the prince.

"Yes, that's how it is," I reply.

"The eyes can't see.

You have to look with your heart," says the prince.

I drink the water.

I breathe calmly.

As the sun rises, the sand looks like *honey*.

It makes me happy.

"You have to draw a *mouth cover* for my sheep.

I have to protect the flower," says the little prince.

I take out my drawings.

The prince sees them and laughs.

"Your baobab looks like a vegetable," he says.

I'm so proud of my baobab.

"The ears on your fox look like horns.
The ears are too long," says the little prince.
He laughs more.

"I can't draw anything but the outside and inside of the boa
snake," I say.

"It's probably fine.
Children understand," says the prince.
I quickly draw a mouth cover.
I give him the drawing.

"You have something to do that I don't know about,"
I say.

"Tomorrow it's a year since I landed on earth – not far from
here," he says.
I'm a little sad.
But I have to ask something.

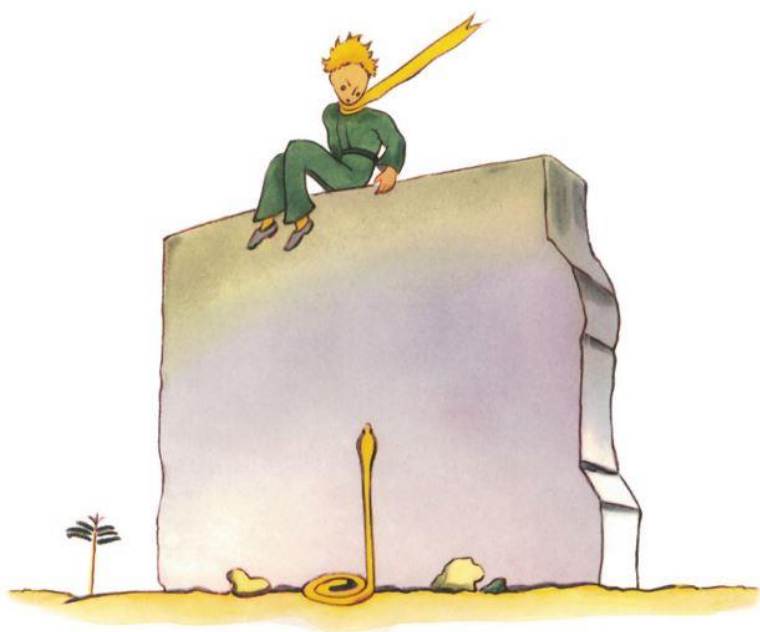
"Are you looking for the place where you landed?" I ask.
The prince's face turns red.
He never answers questions.

"You have to work.
Return to your airplane.
I'll wait here.
Come back tomorrow night," he says.

This doesn't calm me.
I think of the fox.
You might have to cry one day if you let someone tame you.

the journey

There is an old wall of stones at the well.
When I come back in the evening,
I see my little friend sitting on the wall.





foot



poison

"Don't you remember.
It's not here.

It's the right day but it's not the right place...," I hear the prince say.

I go to the wall.

I see no one but the little prince.

But the prince speaks to someone.

"You see where my *feet* have touched the sand.

Wait for me there.

I'm coming tonight," he says.

I'm twenty feet from the well, but I don't see anyone.

The little prince is silent.

"Do you have a good *poison*?

Will I die quickly?" he says then.

I'm very scared.

I don't understand anything.

"Now you can go.

I want to jump down," says the little prince.

I see a snake on the ground by the wall.

It's a yellow snake.

It's a snake that can kill you in half a minute.

I run forward.

When the snake hears me,

it drops into the sand and slides off between the stones.

"What are you doing?

Do you speak with snakes?" I ask.

I give the prince some water to drink.

I don't ask him any more questions.

He looks at me seriously.

He puts his arms around my neck.
I feel his heart beating like a bird in pain.

"It's so good that the airplane is fixed.
Now you can go home," he says.
"How did you know?" I ask.
He doesn't answer the question.

"I'm also going home today.
It's a lot more difficult...", he says, laughing sadly.
"I must wait a long time.
It's a very long and difficult journey," he says.

I understand that something is happening.
I can't hold him back.
"I have your sheep, and I have a box for the sheep,"
the little prince slowly warms up.

"My boy, where you afraid of the snake?" I ask.
"I'll be much more afraid tonight," he says.
I'll never hear his laughter again.
To me, his laughter is like water in the desert.

"Tonight, it has been a year.
My star is just above the place where I landed a year ago," he
says.
"Young man, is the snake and the star not just a bad dream?" I
ask.
He doesn't answer the question.

"What is important can't be seen.
It's like the flower.
When you love a flower on a star, it's nice to look at the sky at
night.

All stars bloom.
It's like the water.

You will look at the stars at night.
My star is too small so I can't show it to you.
For you, my star is one of many stars.
You look at all the stars and enjoy them all.

"I want to give you a present," says the prince.
He laughs.

"It's like the water," he says.

"What do you mean?" I ask.

"People have different stars.
For those who travel, stars show them the way.
For others, stars are only little lights.
For the businessman, they are gold.
But all stars stay quiet.
And your stars won't be like someone else's...", says the prince.

"What do you mean?" I ask.

"I live on one of the stars.

I sit on a star and laugh.

So, when you look at the stars at night,
it's as if they all laugh.

Your stars can laugh." says the prince.

The little prince laughs even more.

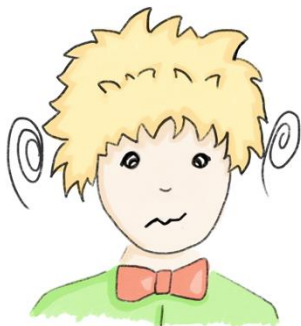
"When you need comfort,
you will be glad that you know me.

You will always be my friend.

You will want to laugh with me.

Sometimes you will open your window and your friends will be
surprised when they see how you laugh at the sky.

You can say that the stars always make you laugh.



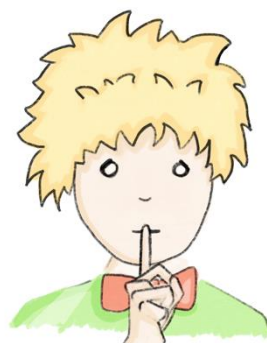
crazy



pain



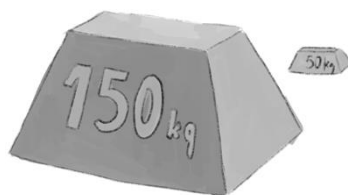
hand



quiet



body



heavy

And they will think you're *crazy*," says the prince.

"Don't come tonight," he says.

"I'm not going to leave you," I say.

"It may look like I'm in *pain*.

It may look as if I die.

Don't come and see that.

It's not good."

"I'm not going to leave you," I say.

"Imagine if the snake bites you.

Snakes are mean," says the little prince.

"I'm not going to leave you," I say.

Something makes the little prince calm.

"Snakes don't have enough poison to bite two times," he says.

I don't see him leave at night.

He goes without making a noise.

He walks quickly, but I catch up.

"Oh, you're here," says the little prince.

He takes my *hand*.

"You will be sad.

It will look as if I die but I won't." he says.

I am *quiet*.

"The journey is too long.

I can't take my *body* with me.

It's too *heavy*," he says.

I am quiet.

"My body will look like an old shell, says the little prince.
"Old shells are not sad," says the prince.
I am quiet.

"It will be nice.
I'll also look at the stars.
All stars are wells in the desert.
All stars give me water.
It will be so much fun." says the little prince.

He is quiet, because he cries.
"Here it is.
I want to go alone," he says.
He sits down, because he is afraid.

"You know, my flower...
I have to look after her.
She is so weak.
Four small thorns are nothing
to protect her against the world," he says.

He gets up.
He takes a step.
I can't move.
I see a yellow flash at his foot.
He is still.
Then he falls slowly,
like a tree.

the stars are laughing

This was six years ago.

I don't tell anyone about this.

When I meet my friends again, they are happy that I'm alive.

I'm sad, but I say I'm tired.

I know the prince is back on his planet.

In the morning his body is gone.

It's not a heavy body.

I like to listen to the stars at night.

But I remember that I did not draw a strap when I made the mouth cover for the little prince.

Therefore, it can't be tied to the sheep.

What happens on his planet, then?

Does the sheep eat the flower?

"No." I think.

"The little prince protects the flower.

He watches the sheep carefully."

Then I'm happy.

And all the stars laugh.

I draw the desert.

To me, the desert is the most beautiful and the saddest
landscape in the world.

This is where the little prince once landed on Earth.

This is where he disappeared.

Look at the landscape carefully.

One day, if you go to the desert in Africa,
you will recognize it.

If you pass this place, stay under the star.

If a young boy with yellow curls comes to you and laughs,
you will know who he is.

Be kind to him.

Write to me and tell me he is back.