

The Little Prince

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THE LITTLE PRINCE

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FIRST CHAPTER

When I was six I saw once, a beautiful picture in a book on the Virgin Forest named "Stories Lived ". It was a boa constrictor swallowing an fawn. Here is a copy of the drawing.

It was said in the book: "Boa constrictors swallow their prey whole, without chewing. Then they can not move, and they sleep through the six months of their digestion. "

I pondered deeply, then, over the adventures of the jungle and, in turn, I managed, with a crayon to draw my first drawing. My Drawing Number 1. It looked like this:

I showed my masterpiece to the grown-ups and I

I asked them whether the drawing frightened them.

They replied: "Why would he a hat

fear? " My drawing was not a hat. He represented

a boa constrictor digesting an elephant. I then drew

inside the boa constrictor, so that adults can

understand. They always need explanations. My

Drawing Number 2 looked like this:

Great people have advised me to ignore the

drawings of snakes open or closed boas, and devote myself

instead to geography, history, arithmetic and grammar.

The Little Prince

So I gave up at the age of six, a beautiful career as a painter. I was disheartened by the failure of my drawing number 1 and number 2 of my drawing. Big people never understand anything by themselves, and it is tiresome for children to be always and always give them explanations. So I had to choose another profession, and I learned to fly aircraft. I flew around the world. And geography, That's right, served me a lot. I can distinguish first glance, China Arizona. This is very useful if one is lost during the night. I have had during my life, lots of contacts with lots of serious people. I lived in many big people. I have seen very closely. It has not much improved my opinion. When I met one who seemed a bit lucid I experienced it on my drawing number 1 that I have always kept. I wanted to know if it was really understanding. But still she replied: "It is a hat. "So I never talk to that person about boa constrictors, or forests virgin, or stars. I started to reach. I spoke to him bridge, golf, politics, and neckties. And great person was glad to have met such a sensible man.

The Little Prince

CHAPTER II

And I lived alone, with no one to really talk to, to a breakdown in the Sahara Desert, there are six years. Something was broken in my engine. And as I had with me neither a mechanic nor any passengers, I set myself to try to succeed alone, a difficult repair. This was for me a matter of life or death. I barely drinking water for eight days.

The first night I went to sleep on the sand, a thousand miles from any human habitation. I was more isolated than a shipwrecked on a raft in the middle of the ocean. So you can imagine my amazement, at sunrise, when a funny little voice woke me up. She said:

- Please ... draw me a sheep!

- Huh!

- Draw me a sheep ...

I jumped to my feet as if I was struck by the lightning. I have rubbed my eyes. I watched. And I saw a little guy quite extraordinary that saw me seriously. This is the best portrait that, later, I managed to do with him. But my drawing is certainly very much less charming the model. It's not my fault. I was discouraged in my career as a painter by the great people at the age of six, and I had learned to draw anything, except boas closed and open boa.

The Little Prince

I stared at this sudden apparition with round eyes
astonishment. Do not forget that I was a thousand miles from
any inhabited region. And yet my little man seemed
neither lost nor dead tired or starved or died of thirst or
scared to death. There was nothing in the appearance of a child lost in
middle of the desert, a thousand miles from any inhabited region. When
I was able to speak, I said:

- But ... what are you doing here?

And then he repeated, very slowly, like a thing
very serious:

- Please ... draw me a sheep ...

When a mystery is too overpowering, one dare not disobey.

As absurd as it seemed to me, a thousand miles from any
places inhabited and in danger of death, I went out of my pocket
a sheet of paper and a stylus. But then I remembered
especially when I was studying geography, history, arithmetic
and grammar, and I told the little chap (a little
bad mood) that I could not draw. He answered:

- It does not matter. Draw me a sheep.

As I had never drawn a sheep I drew for
him, one of the two pictures I could. The boa
closed. And I was astounded to hear the little fellow greet:

- No! No! I do not want an elephant inside a boa constrictor.

A boa constrictor is a very dangerous, and an elephant is very cumbersome.

My home is very small. I need a sheep. Draw

The Little Prince

me a sheep.

So I drew.

He looked carefully, then:

- No! It is already very sick. Make another one.

I drew:

My friend smiled gently and indulgently

- You see ... this is not a sheep, it is a ram. He horns ...

I even redid my drawing

But it was rejected, as the previous ones:

- This one is too old. I want a sheep that live long.

So, lack of patience, as I was eager to start

taking my engine, I tossed off this drawing.

And I threw

- That's the case. The sheep you asked for is inside.

But I was very surprised to see a light in my face

young judge:

- It is quite how I wanted it! Do you think

fault much grass to sheep?

- Why?

- Because where I live everything is very small ...

- It will surely suffice. I gave you a little sheep.

He bent his head over the drawing:

- Not so small it ... Hey! He fell asleep ...

And so I made the acquaintance of the little prince.

This is the best portrait that, later, I managed to make him

The Little Prince

CHAPTER III

It took me long to figure out where it came from. The little prince, who asked me many questions, seemed never hear mine. These are words spoken by chance that, little by little, everything was revealed to me. So when he saw for the first time my plane (I do not draw my plane is drawing far too complicated for me) it me asked:

- What is that this thing?

- It is not a thing. It flies. It's a plane. This is my plane.

And I was proud to tell him that I was flying. Then he cried:

- How! you fell from heaven?

- Yes, I said modestly.

- Ah! That is funny ...

And the little prince broke into a lovely peal of laughter, which irritated me much. I wish that we take seriously my misfortunes.

Then he added:

- So, you also come from the sky! What planet are you from?

Moment I caught a glimpse into the mystery of his presence, and I asked abruptly:

- Do you come from another planet?

But he did not answer me. He shook his head slowly while watching my plane:

- It is true that, on it, you can not go well far ...

And he sank into a reverie, which lasted a long time. Then taking my sheep out of his pocket, he buried himself in the

The Little Prince

contemplation his treasure.

You can imagine how I had been intrigued by this

half-confidence on "other planets." So I tried

to learn more:

- Where are you from, my little man? Where is "home

you "? Where do you take your sheep?

He replied after a meditative silence

- What is so good about the box you have given me is

that night, it will serve as a home.

- Of course. And if you're nice, I'll also give you a string

to tie in the day. And a picket.

The proposal seemed shocked by the little prince

- The focus? What a strange idea!

- But if you do not tie, it will go anywhere, and he lose ...

And my friend broke into another peal of laughter:

- Where do you want it to go!

- Anywhere. Straight ahead ...

Then the little prince said, earnestly:

- It does not matter, it's so small, at home!

And with a bit of melancholy, perhaps, he added:

- Right in front of you can not go far ...

The Little Prince

CHAPTER IV

I had thus learned a second very important thing:

This is his home planet was barely larger than a home!

It did not really surprise me. I knew

that outside of large planets like Earth, Jupiter,

Mars, Venus, which have been given names, there are hundreds

others who are sometimes so small that a lot

hard to see them through a telescope. When an astronomer discovers

one of them, he gives her name to a number. It

calls such as "the asteroid 3251. "

I have serious reasons to believe that the planet from whence

the little prince is Asteroid B-612. This asteroid has been sighted

once the telescope in 1909 by a Turkish astronomer.

He had a great demonstration of his discovery

an International Astronomical Congress. But nobody

was previously thought because of his costume. Big people

are like that.

Fortunately for the reputation of Asteroid B-612, a

Turkish dictator to his people, under pain of death,

dress to the European. The astronomer gave his demonstration

in 1920, in a very elegant dress. And this time all the

world was with him.

If I told you these details about the asteroid B-612 and if I

you have given her number is because of the great people.

The Little Prince

Grown-ups like numbers. When you talk to them a new friend, they never ask you any questions about essential. They never say to you: "What is the sound of his voice? What games does he love best? Is it collects butterflies? " They ask: " How old is he? How has he brothers? How heavy is he? How much his father? "So they only think they know. If you tell the grown-ups: "I saw a beautiful house pink bricks, with geraniums in the windows and doves on the roof ... "they fail to imagine this house. It should say: "I saw a house a hundred thousand francs. "Then they would exclaim," How pretty! " So if you tell them: "The proof that the little prince existed is that he was charming, that he laughed, and he wanted a sheep. If anybody wants a sheep, that is proof that are "they shrug their shoulders and treat you like a child! But if you tell them: "The planet he came from is Asteroid B-612, "then they would be convinced, and leave you peace from their questions. They are like that. Do not blame them. Children must be very lenient great people.

But, of course, we understand that life, we do not care many numbers! I would have liked to begin this story in the manner of fairy tales. I would like to say:

"There once was a little prince who lived on a planet

The Little Prince

barely bigger than him, and he needed a friend ... "For those who understand life, it would have looked much more true. Because I do not like to read my book lightly. I feel much grief in setting down these memories. There are six years since My friend went away with his sheep. If I try to describe him here, This is not to forget. It's sad to forget a friend. Everyone has had a friend. And I can become like great people who are more interested than numbers. So why have I bought a box of paints and pencils. It's hard to get back to drawing, at my age, when it has never been more attempts than a boa closed and that a boa constrictor at the age of six! I will try, of course, make the most lifelike portraits possible. But I'm not quite sure of success. A drawing will and the other is more like. I'm wrong a little too on the size. The little prince is too big. There it is too small. I also doubts about the color of his costume. So I fumble this way and that way, somehow. I make mistakes, In certain more important details. But it will require me forgive. My friend never gave explanations. It me maybe like him believed. But I, alas, I do not know how to see sheep through the crates. I am perhaps a bit like the grownups. I had older.

The Little Prince

CHAPTER V

Every day I learned something about the world, about starting on the trip. It came slowly, randomly reflections. Thus, on the third day, about the catastrophe baobabs.

This time again it was thanks to the sheep, for suddenly the little prince asked me, as if seized by doubt serious:

- It's true, is not it, that sheep eat shrubs?

- Yes. This is true.

- Ah! I'm happy.

I do not understand why it was so important that sheep eat little bushes. But the little prince added:

- That they also eat baobabs?

I pointed out to the little prince that baobabs are not shrubs, but large trees such as churches and that even if he took with him a herd of elephants, the herd would not defeat a single baobab.

The idea of the herd of elephants made the little prince laugh:

- Should be put on top of each other ...

But he made a wise comment:

- The baobabs, before growing, it starts small.

- That's right! But why do you want the sheep eat the little baobabs?

He replied: "Well! See! "As if this was a highlight. And it took me a great mental effort to understand this problem myself.

The Little Prince

And indeed, on the planet the little prince, there were as on all planets, good plants and bad herbs. Therefore good seeds from good plants and bad weed seeds. But the seeds are invisible. They sleep in the depths of the earth to it takes a fancy to one of them to wake up. Then she stretches, and pushes first timidly into the sun a beautiful harmless little twig. If it is a twig radish rose or you can let it grow wherever she wants. But if it is a bad plant, one must destroy plant immediately, as soon as one recognizes. But there were seeds terrible on the planet the little prince ... they were seeds baobabs. The soil of the planet was infested. A baobab if one goes about it too late, you can never get rid of. It spreads over the entire planet. It bores roots. And if the planet is too small, and the baobabs are too many, they make it burst.

"It's a matter of discipline, I was told later the small prince. When you have finished your own toilet in the morning, you have to carefully the toilet on the planet. We must compel regularly to wrest from the baobabs that distinguishes them from with the rosebushes which they resemble when they are very young. It is very tedious work, but very easy. "

And one day he advised me to apply myself to make a beautiful drawing, well bring it into the heads of children in

The Little Prince

Me. "When traveling one day, he told me, that they may serve.

There is no harm in postponing its

work. But, in the case of baobabs, that always means a catastrophe.

I knew a planet inhabited by a lazy man. It

had neglected three little bushes ... "

And on the little prince, I drew this planet

there. I would like to take the tone of a moralist. But the

danger of the baobabs is so little known, and the risks to

who might get lost on an asteroid so large,

that for once I am breaking through my reserve. I said, "Children

! Watch out for the baobabs! "This is to warn my

Friends of danger they brushed long as

myself, without knowing that I worked so hard over this drawing.

The lesson I gave was worth it. You wonder

perhaps: Why is there not in this book, other

drawings as grand as the drawing of the baobabs? The answer

is simple: I tried but I could not succeed. When

I drew the baobabs I was animated by a sense of

urgency.

The Little Prince

CHAPTER VI

Ah! little prince, I realized gradually and your little life melancholy. You did not have long to distraction that soft sunsets. I learned that new detail on the fourth day in the morning, when you told me:

- I like sunsets. Will see a sunset sun ...

- But we must wait ...

- Wait, what?

- Wait until the sun goes down.

You were very surprised at first air, and then you laughed to toimême.

And you told me:

- I always believe in me!

Indeed. When it is noon in the United States, the sun, everything everyone knows, is setting over France. It would suffice to go to France in one minute, at sunset.

Unfortunately, France is too far away. But on your so small planet, all you need do is move your chair a few steps.

And you watched the twilight falling whenever you like ...

- One day I saw the sunset forty-three times!

And a little later you added:

- You know ... when you're so sad you love sunsets sun ...

- The day of the forty-three times you were so so sad?

But the little prince made no reply.

The Little Prince

CHAPTER VII

On the fifth day, always with the sheep, that secret the little prince's life was revealed to me. He asked abruptly, without preamble, as the result of a problem long meditated in silence

- A sheep, if it eats little bushes, he eats also flowers?

- A sheep eats everything it encounters.

- Even flowers that have thorns?

- Yes. Even flowers that have thorns.

- Then the thorns, what are they?

I do not know. I was very busy trying to unscrew a bolt tightened my engine. I was very anxious for my failure began to appear to me as very serious, and drinking water that was exhausting me fear the worst.

- Spines, what are they?

The little prince never let go of a question once he had asked. I was angry with my bolt and I answered anything:

- The thorns, it is useless, it is pure evil from the flowers!

- Oh!

But after a pause, he looked at me with a sort of grudge:

- I do not believe you! The flowers are small. They are naive. They reassure themselves as best they can. They believe that terrible with their spines ...

I said nothing. At that moment I thought: "If this

The Little Prince

resists bolt again, I'll break a hammer. "

The little prince disturbed my thoughts:

- And you actually believe that the flowers ...

- But no! But no! I do not believe it! I answered

anything. I am very busy, serious stuff!

He looked at me stunned.

- Serious stuff!

He saw me, my hammer in my hand and fingers black

grease, bending down over an object which seemed to him extremely ugly.

- You sound like great people!

It made me a little ashamed. But ruthless, he added:

- You confuse everything ... you mix everything!

He was really angry. He shook his hair in the wind

all gold:

- I know a planet where there is a red-faced gentleman. It

has never smelled a flower. He never looked at a star. It

never loved anyone. He has never done anything other than

additions. And all day he says like you: "I am a

serious man! I am a serious man! "And that makes him swell

pride. But this is not a man, it is a fungus!

- A what?

- A fungus!

The little prince was now white with rage.

- There are millions of years flowers produce

spines. There are millions of years that sheep eat

The Little Prince

still the flowers. And it is not serious to seek
why they take so much trouble to grow
thorns which are never used for anything? This is not
major war sheep and the flowers? This is no more
serious and important additions of a stout gentleman
red? And if I know myself, a single flower in the world,
exists nowhere but on my planet, and a little sheep
can wipe out all of a sudden like that, one morning, without
realize what he's doing is not important that!

He blushed, then continued:

- If someone loves a flower of which just one copy
in millions and millions of stars, that's enough for
he is happy when he looks. He said: "My flower is
somewhere ... 'But if the sheep eats the flower, it is for him
as if, suddenly, all the stars went out! And it is not important!
He could not say anything more. He suddenly burst into tears.

Night had fallen. I dropped my tools. I laughed
my hammer, my bolt, or thirst and
death. There was a star, a planet, my planet, the Earth,
a little prince to be comforted! I took him in my arms. I rocked him.
I said: "The flower that you love is not in danger ... I told him
draw you a muzzle for your sheep ... I'll draw you a
armor for your flower ... I ... "I did not know what to say. I
felt very awkward. I did not know how to reach, where
join ... It's so mysterious, the land of tears.

The Little Prince

CHAPTER VIII

I soon learned to know this flower. There was always been on the planet the little prince, flowers very simple, decorated with a single row of petals, which are held point site, and did not bother anyone. They appeared one morning in the grass, and then they died out in the evening. But this one had sprouted one day, from a seed blown from no knows where, and the little prince had watched very closely over this small sprout which was not like the other twigs. It could be a new kind of baobab. The shrub soon stopped growing, and began to prepare a flower. The little prince, who attended the installation of a huge bud, felt that come of a miraculous apparition, but the flower no end not prepare to be beautiful, away from the green room. She chose the colors carefully. She dressed slowly, She adjusted her petals one by one. She did not want to leave any wrinkled like poppies. She would appear that in the full radiance of her beauty. Eh! yes. She was very coquette! Her mysterious adornment lasted for days and days. Then one morning, exactly at Sunrise the sun, she had been. And she, who had worked with such precision, yawned: - Ah! I wake up just ... I beg your pardon ... I'm still all disheveled ... The little prince could not restrain his admiration:

The Little Prince

- How beautiful you are!

- Is not the flower replied softly. And I was born together with the sun ...

The little prince could guess that she was not too modest but it was so moving!

- It's time, I believe, breakfast, she had soon added, would you be so kind to think of me ...

And the little prince, completely abashed, went to look for a sprinkling fresh water, had served the flower.

So had she soon tormented by his vanity a little suspicious. One day, for example, speaking of her four thorns, she said to the little prince:

- They can come, tigers, with their claws!

- There are no tigers on my planet, had objected small prince, and then the tigers do not eat grass.

- I'm not a weed, gently answered the flower.

- Forgive me ...

- I'm afraid of tigers, but I hate current air. You do not have a screen?

"Horror drafts ... it is not likely to plant, had noticed the little prince. This flower is complicated ... "

- At night you put me under glass. It is very cold in you. It is incorrectly installed. Where I come from ...

But it was interrupted. It came in the form seed. She could not know anything about the other worlds.

The Little Prince

Humiliated at having been caught on a lie
also naive, she coughed two or three times to put the little
prince in the wrong:

- The screen ...?

- I was going to get but you tell me!

Then she forced her cough still inflict remorse.

So the little prince, despite the goodwill of its
love, had soon come to doubt her. He had taken seriously words
unimportant, and became very unhappy.

"I should not listen to him, he told me one day it
should never listen to the flowers. We must look at them and breathe.
Mine perfumed all my planet, but I did not know me
rejoice. This tale of claws, which had so annoyed me, would
had softened me ... "

He even told me:

"I could not have been able to understand anything! I should be judged on
deeds and not by words. She smelled me and lit me. I
should not have run away! I should have guessed his tenderness
behind her poor little stratagems. Flowers are so inconsistent!
But I was too young to know love. "

The Little Prince

CHAPTER IX

I think he took advantage for his escape, migration of wild birds. On the morning of his departure he put his planet in order. He carefully cleaned out his active volcanoes. He had two active volcanoes. And it was very convenient for

heat the breakfast in the morning. He also had a extinct volcano. But, as he said, "You never know! "It then cleaned out the extinct volcano. If they are well cleaned, volcanoes burn slowly and steadily, without any eruptions.

Volcanic eruptions are like fires.

Obviously our earth we are much too small to clean out our volcanoes. That is why they we cause a lot of trouble.

The little prince also pulled up, with a bit of melancholy, the last shoots of the baobabs. He believed never to have return. But all these familiar tasks seemed him, morning, extremely soft. And when he watered the last time flower, and prepared to take shelter under the globe, he discovered want to cry.

- Farewell, he said to the flower.

But she did not answer him.

- Goodbye, 'he repeated.

The flower coughed. But it was not because of her cold.

- I was stupid, 'she said finally. I beg your pardon.

Strive to be happy.

The Little Prince

He was surprised by the absence of reproaches. He stood there all baffled the globe in the air. He did not understand that softness calm.

- Yes, I love you, said the flower. You did not know anything, by my fault. It does not matter. But you have been so stupid than me. Try to be happy ... Let the glass globe. I do not want it.

- But the wind ...

- I'm not so hoarse that ... The cool night air will do me good. I am a flower.

- But the beasts ...

- It is necessary that I support two or three caterpillars if I want to know the butterflies. It seems that it's so beautiful. Otherwise who will visit me? You will be far away. As for large animals, I fear nothing. I have my claws.

And naively showed her four thorns. Then she added:

- Do not linger like this, it's annoying. You have decided to from. Go away.

Because she did not want him to see her cry. It was a flower so proud ...

CHAPTER X

He was in the neighborhood of the asteroids 325, 326, 327, 328, 329 and 330. He began by visiting them occupation and to learn.

The first was inhabited by a king. The king sat, dressed purple and ermine, on a very simple and yet throne majestic.

- Ah! This is a subject, said the king when he saw the little prince.

And the little prince asked himself:

"How can he recognize me when he had me again ever seen! "

He did not know that, for kings, the world is simplified.

All men are subjects.

- Come here that I may see you better, 'said the king, who was all proud to be a king over somebody.

The little prince looked everywhere to sit, but the planet was very crowded by the beautiful coat ermine. So he stood, and as he was tired, he yawned.

- It is contrary to etiquette to yawn in the presence of a King said the monarch. I'll forbid it.

- I can not help myself, 'replied the little prince all confused. I had a long journey and I have not slept ...

- Then said the king, I order you to yawn. I have not seen anyone yawn years. The Yawns, to me curiosities. Come on! yawned again. That's an order.

- It frightens me ... I can not ... said the little prince all blushing.

The Little Prince

- Hmm! Hum! replied the king. So I ... I order you sometimes to yawn and sometimes ...

He sputtered a little, and seemed vexed.

For the king fundamentally insisted upon was that his authority should be respected. He tolerated no disobedience. It was a monarch absolute. But, as it was very good, he gave reasonable orders.

"If I ordered, he said currently, if I ordered a general to change himself into a sea bird, and if the general obeyed not, it would not be the fault of the general. That would be my fault. "

- Can I sit down? timidly inquired the little prince.

- I command you to sit, replied the king, who brought majestically a fold of his ermine mantle.

But the little prince was wondering. The planet was tiny.

What could this king really rule?

- Sire, he said ... I'm sorry to question you ...

- I order you to ask me, hastened to tell the king.

- Sir ... on what do you rule?

- In all, said the king, with magnificent simplicity.

- On all?

The king made a gesture, which his planet, the other planets and stars.

- Over all that? said the little prince.

- Over all that ... the king answered.

Not only because it was an absolute monarch, but it was

The Little Prince

a universal monarch.

- And the stars obey you?

- Of course, said the king. They obey instantly. I will not tolerate not insubordination.

Such power marveled the little prince. If he had held himself, he could attend, not forty-four, but seventy-two, or even a hundred or even two hundred sunsets sun in the same day, without ever having to take his chair! And as he felt a bit sad because of the memory its small abandoned planet, he ventured to ask the king a favor:

- I want to see a sunset ... Do me a favor ...

Order the sun to set ...

- If I ordered a general to fly from one flower to another the manner of a butterfly, a tragedy or write, or to change into a sea bird, and if the general did not carry out the order received, that, him or me, would be in the wrong?

- That would be you, said the little prince firmly.

- Right. We must demand that each one can give replied the king. The authority rests first on the right. If you ordered your people to go into the sea, it will make the revolution. I have the right to require obedience because my orders are reasonable.

- Then my sunset? the little prince reminded that never forgot a question once he had asked it.

The Little Prince

- Your sunset in the bush. I command it. But

I will wait in my science of government, that the conditions are favorable.

- When it is there? inquired the little prince.

- Hem! hum replied the king, who consulted a

Wholesale calendar, hum hum That will be about ... about ... it will be tonight

to twenty minutes to eight And you will see how well I am obeyed.

The little prince yawned. He regretted his sunset

missed. And then he was already a little bored:

- I have nothing more to do here, he told the king. I'm going back!

- Do not go, 'said the king, who was so proud of having a subject.

Do not go, I'll make you a Minister!

- Minister of what?

- From ... of Justice!

- But there is nobody here to judge!

- We do not know, 'said the king. I did not even turn

my kingdom. I am very old, I do not have room for a carriage, and it tires me to walk.

- Oh! But I've seen said the little prince, turning

to further take a look at the other side of the planet. It

no one there either ...

- You judge yourself so, replied the king. This is the

more difficult. It is much more difficult to judge oneself than

to judge others. If you succeed in judging yourself, it's because you're a

truly wise.

The Little Prince

- I said the little prince, I can judge myself

anywhere. I do not need to live here.

- Hem! Hem! said the king, I think that on my planet there

there is somewhere an old rat. I hear the night. You can

judge this old rat. You will condemn him to death time

time. Thus his life will depend on your justice. But you will pardon

each time for the save. There is only one.

- I, said the little prince, I do not like to condemn

death, and I think I'm going.

- No, said the king.

But the little prince, having now completed his preparations, would not

grieve the old monarch

- If Your Majesty wishes to be promptly obeyed, she

could give me a reasonable order. It could

Order me, for example, the end of one minute. It me

seems that conditions are favorable ...

The king made no answer, the little prince hesitated at first,

then, with a sigh, he took his leave.

- I give you my Ambassador, then hastened to shout the king.

He had a great air of authority.

"Grown-ups are very strange," said the little

Prince itself, during his trip.

The Little Prince

CHAPTER XI

The second planet was inhabited by a conceited

- Ah! Ah! This is the visit from an admirer! exclaimed from afar the conceited when he saw the little prince.

For, to conceited men, all other men are admirers.

- Hello, said the little prince. You have a funny hat.

- This is to acknowledge, the conceited man replied. This is to acknowledge when people acclaim me. Unfortunately it never goes person here.

- Really? said the little prince, who did not understand.

- Clap your hands, one against the other, so advised the conceited.

The little prince clapped his hands against each other. The vain modest salute by raising his hat.

"That's more fun than a visit to the king," said he in himself the little prince. And he began to clap his hands against each other. The conceited man again salute by raising his hat.

After five minutes of this exercise the little prince grew tired of the monotony of the game:

- And for the hat falls, he asked, what does it do?

But the conceited man did not hear. Conceited never hear anything but praise.

- Do you really admire me very much? demandat- it to the little prince.

- What does it mean to see?

The Little Prince

- Admire mean that I'm the man most beautiful, best dressed, the richest and most intelligent of the planet.

- But you're only on your planet!

- Give me the pleasure. Admire me anyway!

- I admire you, 'said the little prince, shrugging a little shoulders, but how can this much interest to you?

And the little prince went away.

"Grown-ups are certainly very odd"

he said simply himself during his journey.

The Little Prince

CHAPTER XII

The next planet was inhabited by a tippler. The visit was very short, but it plunged the little prince into deep melancholy:

- What are you doing here? he said to the tippler, whom he found settled in silence before a collection of empty bottles and a collection full bottles.

- I drink, replied the tippler, with a lugubrious air.

- Why do you drink? asked the little prince.

- To forget, replied the tippler.

- Forget what? inquired the little prince, who already complained.

- Forget that I am ashamed, confessed drinker lowering head.

- Ashamed of what? inquired the little prince, who wanted rescue.

- Ashamed of drinking! completed the drinker who permanently locked in silence.

And the little prince went away, puzzled.

"Grown-ups are certainly very, very odd

"He thought to himself during the trip.

The Little Prince

CHAPTER XIII

The fourth planet belonged to a businessman. This man was so busy he did not even look up at the finish the little prince.

- Hello, 'said one. Your cigarette is extinguished.

- Three and two make five. Five and 12 September. Twelve and three

fifteen. Hello. Fifteen and 22 September. Twenty-two and six

twenty-eight. No time to relight. Twenty-six and thirty five

and a. Phew! It is therefore five hundred and one million six hundred twenty-two

thousand seven hundred thirty-one.

- Five hundred million what?

- Huh? Are you still there? Five hundred and one million ... I do

know more ... I have so much work! I'm serious, I do

not amuse myself with balderdash! Two and 5 September ...

- Five hundred and one million what? repeated the little prince

Never in his life had let go of a question once he

had asked.

The businessman raised his head:

- For fifty-four years I have lived this planèteci,

I have been disturbed only three times. The first time was there

twenty-two years, when some giddy goose fell from goodness knows

where. He made the most frightful noise, and I made four mistakes

in addition. The second time it's been there eleven years,

by an attack of rheumatism. I lack of exercise. I do not have

time to wander. I'm serious, me. The third time the ...

The Little Prince

here! I said five hundred and one million ...

- Millions of what?

The businessman realized he was no hope of Peace:

- Millions of those little things that we sometimes see
in the sky.

- Flies?

- No, the little things that shine.

- Bees?

- But no. Little things that make gold the daydream
lazy. But I'm serious, me! I do not have time to daydream.

- Ah! the stars?

- That's right. Stars.

- And what are you doing five hundred millions of stars?

- Five 101.622 million seven hundred
thirty-one. I'm serious, I'm accurate.

- And these stars are you doing?

- What do I do?

- Yes.

- Nothing. I own them.

- You own the stars?

- Yes.

- But I've seen a king who ...

- The Kings do not own. They "reign" on. It is very different.

- And what good does it do you to own the stars?

- It helps me to be rich.

The Little Prince

- And what good does it do you to be rich?

- To buy more stars, if any are discovered.

"That one says to himself the little prince, he reasons a
like my drunk. "

However he asked further questions:

- How can we have the stars?

- Who are they? retorted, grumpy, the businessman.

- I do not know. In person.

- So they are to me, because I thought there first.

- Enough?

- Of course. When you find a diamond that belongs to nobody,
it is yours. When you discover an island that belongs to nobody,
it is yours. When you get an idea first, you take out a patent:

It is yours. And I own the stars, because nobody
person before me ever thought of owning them.

- That's true, 'said the little prince. And what do you do?

- I administer. I count and I recount, said the businessman.

It is difficult. But I'm a serious man!

The little prince was still not satisfied.

- If I owned a silk scarf, I can put it around
my neck and win. If I owned a flower, I can
pluck that flower and take it. But you can not pick Stars!

- No, but I can put them in the bank.

- What does that mean?

- That means I write on a piece of paper the number of

The Little Prince

my stars. And then I put in this key paper in a drawer.

- And that's it?

- Enough!

"It's fun, thought the little prince. It's rather poetic.

But it is not very serious. "

The little prince had serious things very ideas

different ideas of great people.

- Me, he said again, I have a flower I sprayed all

day. I own three volcanoes, which I clean out every week.

For I also clean out the one that is turned off. You never know.

It is useful to my volcanoes, and it is useful to my flower, that I
possesses. But you're not use to the stars ...

The businessman opened his mouth but found nothing to answer,
and the little prince went away.

"Grown-ups are certainly altogether extraordinary

"He said to himself simply by itself during the travel.

CHAPTER XIV

The fifth planet was very strange. It was the smallest all. There was just enough room for a street lamp and a lamplighter. The little prince was able not to explain what could be used somewhere in the sky on a planet without a home, or population, a lamppost and a lamplighter. But he said to himself:

"Maybe this man is absurd. However it is so absurd as the king, the conceited man, the businessman and the drinker. At least his work he makes sense.

When he lights his street lamp, it is as if he brought another star, or a flower. When he puts out his lamp, he sends the flower or star. It is a beautiful occupation.

It is truly useful since it is beautiful. "

When he arrived on the planet he respectfully saluted Lighter:

- Hello. Why have you just put out your lamp?

- This is the point, replied the lamplighter. Hello.

- What is the point?

- It is put out my lamp. Good evening.

And he rekindled.

- But why do you come on again?

- This is the point, replied the lamplighter.

- I do not understand, 'said the little prince.

- There is nothing to understand, said the lamplighter. The setpoint this is the point. Hello.

The Little Prince

And he put out his lamp.

Then he mopped his brow with a handkerchief red.

- I follow a terrible profession. It was reasonable once.

I turned off the morning and lit at night. I had the rest of the day to rest, and the rest of the night to sleep ...

- And since that time, the set has changed?

- The set has not changed, said the lamplighter. This is indeed the drama! The world each year has turned increasingly fast, and the orders have not been changed!

- So? said the little prince.

- So now it makes one revolution per minute, I have plus one second of rest. I turn and I turn once per minute!

- That's funny! The days with you last a minute!

- This is not funny at all, said the lamplighter. It's been a month as we talk together.

- A month?

- Yes. Thirty minutes. Thirty days! Good evening.

And he lighted his lamp again.

The little prince looked at him and he loved this lamplighter who was so faithful to his orders. He remembered the sunsets that he had gone to seek, drawing his chair. It wanted to help his friend:

- You know ... I know a way you can rest when you wilt ...

- I always want to, said the lamplighter.

The Little Prince

Because it can be both faithful and lazy.

The little prince went on:

- Your planet is so small that you do with the tower
three strides. You only have to walk slowly enough
always stay in the sun. When you want to rest, you will go ...
and the last day as long as you want.

- It does not move me much, said the lamplighter. What
I love in life is sleep.

- It is not likely, said the little prince.

- It is not likely, said the lamplighter. Hello.

And he put out his lamp.

"This one, said the little prince, as he continued
farther on his journey, it would be scorned by all the others,
by the king, by the conceited man, by the tippler, by the businessman.
However this is the only one who does not seem to me ridiculous. That is,
perhaps because they focus on something other than oneself. "

He breathed a sigh of regret, and said again:

"This one is the only one I could have made my friend. But his
planet is really too small. There is no room for two ... "

What the little prince did not dare confess was that he regretted
this blessed planet because, above all, one thousand four hundred
forty sunsets every twenty-four hours!

CHAPTER XV

The sixth planet was ten times larger than Earth. It was inhabited by an old gentleman who wrote voluminous books.

- Hey! Here is an explorer! he cried when he saw the little prince.

The little prince sat down on the table and panted a little. He had already traveled so much!

- Where are you from? said the old gentleman.

- What is that big book? said the little prince. What do you do here?

- I am a geographer, said the old gentleman.

- What is a geographer?

- This is a scholar who knows the location of the seas, rivers, towns, mountains and deserts.

- That's very interesting, said the little prince. It is finally a real job! And he cast a look around him at the planet of the geographer. He had never seen another planet as majestic.

- It is very beautiful, your planet. Is there oceans?

- I can not know, said the geographer.

- Ah! (The little prince was disappointed.) And the mountains?

- I can not know, said the geographer.

- And cities and rivers, and deserts?

- I can not know either, said the geographer.

- But you are a geographer!

The Little Prince

- That's right, said the geographer, but I am not an explorer.

I absolutely lack of explorers. It is not the geographer that will make on behalf of cities, rivers, mountains, seas, oceans and deserts. The geographer too important to go loafing. He does not leave his office. But there receives the explorers. He asked, and he takes note of their memories. And if the recollections of any one of them seemed to him interesting, the geographer to investigate morality the explorer.

- Why is that?

- Because an explorer who told lies would result in disasters in geography books. And an explorer who drank too much.

- Why is that? said the little prince.

- Because drunks see double. Then the geographer note down two mountains where there is only one.

- I know someone said the little prince, that would be bad explorer.

- It is possible. So when the character of the explorer looks good, we conducted a survey of its discovery.

- We'll see?

- No. It's too complicated. But one requires the explorer furnish evidence. If, for example, the discovery a large mountain, one requires that it relates large stones.

The geographer was suddenly roused.

The Little Prince

But you - you come from far away! You're browser! You're going
describe your planet!

And geographer, having opened its register, sharpened his
pencil. We first note to the accounts of explorers pencil.

We are waiting for the ink to note that the explorer has furnished evidence.

- So? said the geographer.

- Oh! home, said the little prince, is not very interesting,
it is very small. I have three volcanoes. Two active volcanoes,
and an extinct volcano. But you never know.

- You never know, said the geographer.

- I also have a flower.

- We do not record flowers, said the geographer.

- Why is that? this is the prettiest!

- Because flowers are ephemeral.

- What means "ephemeral"?

- Geographies, said the geographer, are the books
precious of all books. They never go out of style. There is
very rarely that a mountain changes its position. It is very rare that
ocean empties its water. We write of eternal things.

- But extinct volcanoes may wake up, interrupted
the little prince. What does "ephemeral"?

- Whether volcanoes are extinct or alive, it comes
the same for us, said the geographer. What
counts for us is the mountain. It does not change.

- But what does it mean "ephemeral"? repeated the little

The Little Prince

prince, who never in his life had given to a question, once he had asked.

- It means "who is in danger of speedy disappearance."

- My flower in danger of speedy disappearance?

- Of course.

My flower is ephemeral, said the little prince, and she did that four thorns to defend herself against the world! And I left alone at home!

That was his first moment of regret. But he went courage

- What do you advise me to visit now? he asked.

- Planet Earth, replied the geographer. It has a good reputation ...

And the little prince went away, thinking of his flower.

The Little Prince

CHAPTER XVI

The seventh planet was the Earth so.

The Earth is not a planet! It has

hundred and eleven kings (not forgetting, of course, the Negro kings), seven

thousand geographers, nine hundred thousand businessmen, seven million and

half drunken, three hundred eleven million vain, that is to say

about two grown-ups.

To give you an idea of the size of the Earth I

will tell you that before the invention of electricity it was necessary to maintain,

on all six continents, a veritable army of

four hundred sixty-two thousand five hundred eleven lighters streetlights.

Seen from a distance it was a splendid effect. Movements

this army would be regulated like those of a ballet

opera. First came the turn of lamplighters

New Zealand and Australia. Then they, having lit

their lanterns were going to sleep. Then came their turn

in the dance lamplighters of China and Siberia.

Can also be waved in the background. Then came

around the lamplighters Russia and India.

Then those of Africa and Europe. Then those of America

South. Then those of North America. And they never will

mistaken in their order of appearance. It was great.

Only the charge of the single lamp at the North Pole, and

Brother of the single lamp at the South Pole, led lives

idleness and indifference: they worked twice a year.

The Little Prince

CHAPTER XVII

When one wants to be witty, sometimes a lie is little. I have not been very honest with you about the lighters streetlights. I might give a false idea of our planet those who do not know. Men occupy very little space on earth. If the two billion inhabitants who inhabit the earth and stood a little tight, as for a meeting, they could easily be put in a public place twenty miles long and twenty miles wide. Could pile of humanity on the smallest island in the Pacific.

Great people, of course, do not believe you.

They imagine that they much space. They fancy themselves as important as baobabs. You should advise them to calculation. They love numbers that will please them. But do not lose not your time on this extra task. It is useless. You trust in me.

The little prince arrived on the Earth, was so surprised to see nobody. He had fear of having the wrong planet, when a moon ring color flashed across the sand.

- Good night, said the little prince courteously.

- Good night, said the snake.

- On what planet have I fallen? asked the little prince.

- On Earth, Africa, replied the snake.

- Ah ... So there is no one on Earth?

- Here is the desert. There are people in the desert. The Earth is large, said the snake.

The Little Prince

The little prince sat down on a stone and looked up at the sky:

- I wonder, he said, if the stars are lit to

that everyone can one day find his. Look at my planet.

It is right above us ... But as it is far!

- She is beautiful, said the snake. What are you doing here?

- I have trouble with a flower, said the little prince.

- Ah! said the snake.

And they were silent.

- Where are the men? finally said the little prince. It is

a little lonely in the desert ...

- It is also lonely among men, said the snake.

The little prince looked long:

- You are a funny animal, he said finally, as thin as a finger ...

- But I am more powerful than the finger of a king, said the snake.

The little prince smiled:

- You're not very powerful ... you do not even have a leg ...

you can not even travel ...

- I can carry you farther than any ship, said the snake.

It wrapped around the little prince's ankle, like a

golden bracelet

- Whomever I touch, I send back to the earth from whence he came,

he said again. But you're clean and you come from a star ...

The little prince made no reply.

- I pity you, you are so weak on this Earth granite. I

can help you one day if you grow too homesick for your own planet. I can ...

The Little Prince

- Oh! I understood very well, said the little prince, but why
do you always speak in riddles?

- I solve them all, said the snake.

And they were silent.

The Little Prince

CHAPTER XVIII

The little prince crossed the desert and met a flower. A flower with three petals, a flower of nothing ...

- Hello, said the little prince.

- Hello, said the flower.

- Where are the men? politely asked the little prince.

The flower had once seen a caravan passing

- Men? There are, I think, six or seven I have seen there years. But you never know where to find them.

The wind blows them away. They have no roots, it bothers a lot.

- Goodbye said the little prince.

- Goodbye, said the flower.

The Little Prince

CHAPTER XIX

The little prince climbed a high mountain. The only mountains he had ever known were the three volcanoes who came up to his knee. And he used the extinct volcano as a stool. "From a mountain as high as this one, he said then, I shall see at once the whole planet and all men ... "But he saw nothing but rock needles well sharpened.

- Good morning, he said courteously.

- Hello ... Hello ... Hello ... answered the echo.

- Who are you? said the little prince.

- Who are you ... who are you ... who are you said ... echo.

- Be my friend, I am alone, he said.

- I'm alone ... I'm alone ... I'm alone ... answered the echo.

"What a strange planet! he thought then. It's all dry, and altogether pointed, and altogether harsh. And the people have imagination. They repeat what they are told ... At home I a flower she always spoke first ... "

The Little Prince

CHAPTER XX

But it happened that the little prince, having long market through the sand, rocks, and snow, finally found a road. And all roads lead men.

- Good morning, he said.

It was a flower garden of roses.

- Hello, said the roses.

The little prince gazed. They all looked like his flower.

- Who are you? he asked them, stunned.

- We are roses, said the roses.

- Ah! said the little prince ...

And he felt very unhappy. His flower had told him she was one of its kind in the world. And here he was five miles, all alike, in one single garden!

"It would be very much annoyed, he said, if she saw it ... She would cough enormously and would pretend to die to escape ridicule. And I should be obliged to pretend to care, because otherwise, to humble myself also, she would leave really die ... "

Then he said: "I thought I was rich in flowers unique, and I have an ordinary rose. That and my three volcanoes that come up to my knee, and of which, perhaps, is off forever, it does not make me a great good prince ... "And he lay down in the grass and cried.

The Little Prince

CHAPTER XXI

It was then that the fox appeared.

- Hello, said the fox.

- Hello, politely replied the little prince, who turned but saw nothing.

- I am here, 'said the voice, under the apple tree.

- Who are you? said the little prince. You are very pretty ...

- I am a fox, the fox said.

- Come play with me, proposed the little prince. I so sad ...

- I can not play with you, said the fox. I'm not tamed.

- Ah! forgiveness, said the little prince.

But upon reflection, he added:

- What it means to "tame"?

- You're not from here, said the fox, what are you looking for?

- Looking for men, said the little prince. What means "tame"?

- Men, said the fox, they have guns, and they hunt.

It is very disturbing! They also raise chickens. It is their interest only. You looking for chickens?

- No, said the little prince. I'm looking for friends. What what does "tame"?

- It is too often neglected, said the fox. It means

"Create relationships ..."

- Create links?

- Of course, said the fox. You're still a little for me

The Little Prince

boy just like a hundred thousand other little boys. And I have not need you. And you do not need me either. I am for you that like a hundred thousand other foxes fox. But if you tame me, then we shall need each other. You will be for me unique. I will be the one you world ...

- I begin to understand, 'said the little prince. There is a flower ... I think that she has tamed me ...

- It is possible, said the fox. It is seen in all Earth sorts of things ...

- Oh! it is not on Earth, said the little prince.

The fox seemed perplexed, and very curious

- On another planet?

- Yes.

- Are there hunters on that planet?

- No.

- That's interesting! And chickens?

- No.

- Nothing is perfect, sighed the fox.

- 80 -

But he came back to his idea

- My life is monotonous. I hunt chickens, men

hunt me. All chickens are just alike, and all

men alike. I am a little bored. But if you

tame me, my life will be sunny. I shall know

footsteps that will be different from all the others. Others not

The Little Prince

make me cringe. Yours will call me out of the burrow,
like music. And look! You see, there, the
wheat fields? I do not eat bread. Wheat for me is
useless. The fields of wheat remind me. And that is
sad! But you have hair the color of gold. So it will be wonderful
when you have tamed me! Wheat, which is golden, me
will remember you. And I love the sound of the wind in the wheat ...

The fox gazed at the little prince for a long time:

- Please ... tame me! he says.

- I will, 'replied the little prince, but I did not
lot of time. I have friends to discover, and many
things to know.

- We do not know the things that one tames, says
fox. Men have no more time to understand anything. They
buy things all ready made at the shops. But
as there exists no merchants of friends, men have
more friends. If you want a friend, tame me!

- What does it do? said the little prince.

- You must be very patient, answered the fox. You'll sit
First a little away from me, like that, in the grass. I'll watch you
the corner of the eye and you will say nothing. The language is
source of misunderstanding. But every day, you can sit
a little closer ...

The next day the little prince came back.

- It would have been better to come back at the same time, said the fox.

The Little Prince

If you come, for example, at four o'clock in the afternoon, when three o'clock I shall begin to be happy. More time progresses, I feel more happy. At four o'clock, I shall already brandish and I will worry me, I will find the price of happiness!

But if you come at just any time, I will never know what Time to dress the heart ... It takes rites.

- What is a rite? said the little prince.

- This is something too often forgotten, said the fox.

This is what make one day different from other days, one hour from other hours. There is a rite, for example, in my hunters. Every Thursday they dance with the village girls. Then the Thursday is a wonderful day! I'll walk up to the vine. But if the hunters danced at just any time, every day is all look like, and I never have any vacation.

So the little prince tamed the fox. And when the hour of his departure drew near

- Ah! said the fox ... I cry.

- It's your fault, 'said the little prince, I never wished you wrong, but you wanted me to tame you ...

- Of course, said the fox.

- But you'll cry! said the little prince.

- Of course, said the fox.

- Then you will win nothing!

- I will win, said the fox, because of the color of wheat.

Then he added:

The Little Prince

- Go and look again at the roses. You understand now that yours is unique. Come back to say goodbye to me, and I will gift a secret.

The little prince went away again at the roses.

- You're not at all like my rose, you are nothing yet, 'he said. No one has tamed you, and you have tamed no one. You are like my fox was.

It was only a fox like a hundred thousand others. But I did my friend, and now he is unique in the world.

And the roses were very much embarrassed.

- You are beautiful, but you are empty, he said to them.

You can not die for you. Of course, my pink to me, a from ordinary you think she looks like. But it alone she is more important than all of you, since it is I watered. Because it is she that I have put under the glass globe. Because it is she that I have sheltered behind the screen. Since it is her that I have killed the caterpillars (except the two or three for butterflies). Because it is she that I have listened to complain, or boasted, or even sometimes shut. Because she is my rose.

And he returned to the fox:

- Farewell, he said ...

- Goodbye, said the fox. Here is my secret. It is very simple:

One sees clearly only with the heart. The essential is invisible to the eyes.

- The essential is invisible to the eyes, repeated the little Prince to remember.

- This is the time you have wasted for your rose that makes your rose

The Little Prince

so important.

- This is the time I have wasted for my rose ... said the little Prince to remember.

- Men have forgotten this truth, 'said the fox. But you must not forget it. You become responsible, forever, what you have tamed. You are responsible for your rose ...

- I am responsible for my rose ... the little prince repeated, to remember.

The Little Prince

CHAPTER XXII

- Hello, said the little prince.

- Hello, said the switchman.

- What are you doing here? said the little prince.

- I sort out travelers, in bundles of a thousand, said the dispatcher. I send off the trains that carry them, sometimes to the right, now to the left.

And a brilliantly lighted, growling like thunder, was shook the switchman's cabin.

- They are in a great hurry, said the little prince. What they seek?

- Man of the locomotive engineer knows himself says the dispatcher.

And growled in the opposite direction, a quick second illuminated.

- They already back? asked the little prince ...

- These are not the same, said the switchman. This is a exchange.

- They were not satisfied where they were?

- We are never happy where you are, said the switchman.

And the thunder growled a third brilliantly lighted.

- They pursuing the first travelers? asked the little prince.

- They are pursuing nothing at all, said the switchman. They sleep there, or they yawn. The children are flattening their noses against the windows.

- Only the children know what they want, said the little prince. They waste their time over a rag doll and it becomes very important, and if we remove them, they cry ...

- They are lucky, said the switchman.

CHAPTER XXIII

- Hello, said the little prince.

- Hello, said the merchant.

He was a merchant advanced pills that soothe thirst. It swallows a week and we do not feel the need to drink.

- Why are you selling? said the little prince.

- This is a big savings in time, said the merchant. The Experts have calculated. We savings fifty-three minutes week.

- And what about these fifty-three minutes?

- We do what we want ...

"I, said the little prince, so I fifty-three minutes to spend, I walk slowly towards a fountain ..."

The Little Prince

CHAPTER XXIV

We were on the eighth day of my accident in the desert,
and I heard the story of the merchant drinking the last
drop of my water supply:

- Ah! I said to the little prince, they are very pretty, your memories,
but I have not fixed my plane, I have nothing more to
drink, and I'd be happy, too, if I could walk all
gently to a fountain!

- My friend the fox, he said ...

- My little guy, it is the fox!

- Why?

- Because we're going to die of thirst ...

He did not understand my reasoning, he replied:

- It's nice to have had a friend, even if you will die.

I am glad to have had a friend fox ...

"It does not measure the danger, I told myself. He never or
hunger or thirst. A little sunshine is him ... "

But he looked at me and replied to my thought:

- I'm thirsty too ... look for a well ...

I made a gesture of weariness it is absurd to seek
well, at random, in the immensity of the desert. However, we
we started walking.

When we had trudged along for hours in silence at night
fell, and the stars began to come out. I could see
as in a dream, with a slight fever, because of my thirst.

The Little Prince

The words of the little prince danced in my memory:

- You are thirsty, too? I asked.

But he did not answer my question. He just told me:

- Water may also be good for the heart ...

I did not understand his answer but I said nothing ... I knew although it was not the question.

He was tired. He sat down. I sat down beside him. And after a pause, he said:

- The stars are beautiful, because of a flower that you can not see not ...

I replied "of course" and I looked, without speaking, folds sand in the moonlight.

- The desert is beautiful, he added ...

And it was true. I have always loved the desert. It sits on a sand dune. We see nothing. One hears nothing. Yet something shines in silence ...

- What makes the desert beautiful, said the little prince, is that hides a well somewhere ...

I was astonished by a sudden understanding of that mysterious radiation sand. When I was a boy I lived an old house, and legend told us that a treasure was buried. Of course, no one has ever been able to discover, or perhaps not even sought. But he charmed the whole house.

My home was hiding a secret in his heart ...

- Yes, I said to the little prince, whether in the home, stars, the desert, making their beauty is invisible!

The Little Prince

- I'm glad, he said, whether you agree with my fox.

As the little prince slept, I took him in my arms, and handed me the way. I was moved. It seemed to wear a delicate treasure. It seemed just as there was nothing more fragile, on Earth. I looked in the light of the moon, this front pale, the eyes closed, locks of hair that trembled in wind, and said to myself: "What I see here is nothing but a shell. The most important is invisible ... "

Like his parted lips sketched a demisourire
I say again: "What moves me so deeply that little sleeping prince is his loyalty to a flower, it is the image a rose that shines through him like the flame of a lamp, even when he is asleep ... "And I felt even more fragile. It must protect the lamps: a gust of wind can off ...
And, as I walked, I found the well at dawn.

The Little Prince

CHAPTER XXV

- The men said the little prince, they cram in fast, but they do not know what they want. Then they fluttering and circling ...

And he added:

- It's not worth it ...

Well we had was not like the Saharan well. The wells of the Sahara are mere holes dug in the sand. This one looked like a village well. But there was no village, and I thought dream.

- It's strange, I said to the little prince, everything is ready: the pulley, the bucket and rope ...

He laughed, touched the rope, and the pulley. And the pulley moaned moaned as old weathervane which the wind has long slept.

- You hear, 'said the little prince, we have wakened the well and he sings ...

I did not want him to do an effort:

- Leave it to me, I said, it's too heavy for you.

I hoisted the bucket slowly to the edge. I sat there vertical. In my ears the song of the pulley and in the still trembling water, I could see the sunlight shimmer.

- I'm thirsty for this water, said the little prince, give me drink ...

And I understood what he had been looking

I raised the bucket to his lips. He drank, his eyes closed.

It was sweet like a party. This water was another

The Little Prince

a food thing. She was born of the walk under the stars,
the song of the pulley, the effort of my arms. She was good
for the heart, as a gift. When I was a boy, the
light the Christmas tree, the music of the Midnight Mass, the
sweetness and smiles were all radiation Gift
Christmas I received.

- The men where you live, said the little prince, raise five
thousand roses in one garden ... and they do not find it
they seek ...

- They do not find it, I replied ...

- And yet what they are looking for could be found
in a single rose, or a little water ...

- Of course, I replied.

And the little prince added:

- But the eyes are blind. One must look with the heart.

I drank. I breathed easily. The sand at daybreak, is
honey color. I was also happy with the color of honey.

Why was it that I had of it ...

- You must keep your promise, said gently

Little Prince, which, again, was sitting beside me.

- What promise?

- You know ... a muzzle for my sheep ... I am responsible
this flower!

I came out of my pocket my draft drawing. The small

Prince saw them and laughed:

The Little Prince

- Your baobabs, they look a little like cabbages ...

- Oh!

I had been so proud of my baobabs!

- Your fox ... ears ... they look a little like

horns ... and they are too long!

And he laughed again.

- You're wrong, little man, I know how to draw anything

the boars and open boars.

- Oh! it will, he said, children know.

I pencil sketch of a muzzle. And I had a heavy heart in

the giving:

- Do you have plans that I do not know ...

But he did not answer me. He told me:

- You know, I fell on the earth ... will be tomorrow Anniversary ...

Then, after a pause, he said:

- I fell near here ...

And he blushed.

And again, without understanding why, I had a

grief weird. However, a question came to me:

- So it is not by chance that in the morning when I first met you,

A week ago you were strolling along like that, all alone, a thousand

miles from any inhabited region? You back to the place

of your fall?

The little prince flushed again.

And I added, hesitating:

The Little Prince

- Because, perhaps, Birthday ...?

The little prince flushed again. He never answered questions, but when you blush, it means "yes", does it not?

- Ah! I told him, I'm afraid ...

But he replied:

- Now you must work. You must return to your machine. I'll wait here. Come back tomorrow evening ...

But I was not reassured. I remembered the fox. It risk of weeping a little, if one has tamed ...

CHAPTER XXVI

There was, next to the well, ruin of an old stone wall.

When I returned to my work, the next evening, I saw the
away my little price sitting there, legs dangling. And I
heard him say:

- Do not you remember not so? he said. It's not all
in fact here!

Another voice answered him, for he replied:

- Yes! If! this is the day, but this is not the place ...

I continued my walk toward the wall. I saw neither
not hear anyone. But the little prince replied again:

- ... Of course. You will see where my track begins in the
sand. You just have to wait for me there. I'll be there tonight.

I was only twenty meters from the wall and I still saw nothing.

The little prince said, after a pause:

- You have good poison? You sure you do not make me suffer long?

I stopped, with a heavy heart, but I still understand not.

- Now go away, he said ... I'm down!

So I dropped my eyes to the wall, and

I leaped! It was there, facing the little prince, one of these

yellow snakes that take just thirty seconds. While

digging into my pocket to get out my revolver, I took no

race, but the noise I made, the snake let himself

sink in the sand, like a jet of water that dies, and without too

hurry, slipped between the stones with a light metallic sound.

The Little Prince

I reached the wall just in time to receive in
arms my merry prince, pale as snow.

- What is this story! Why are you talking with snakes!

I undid his eternal mufflers gold. I had wet
the temples, and had to drink. And now I do not dare
ask him anything. He looked at me seriously and around my neck
his arms. I felt her heart beat like a bird
who died when he was shot with a rifle. He told me:

- I'm glad you found what was in your
machine. You'll be able to go home ...

- How do you know!

I was just coming to tell him that, against all hope,
I managed my work!

He did not answer my question, but he added:

- Me too, now I'm going home ...

Then, sadly:

- It is much farther ... it is much more difficult ...

I felt that something was
extraordinary. I clutched in her arms like a little child,
and yet it seemed to me that he was rushing headlong
into an abyss from which I could do nothing to restrain ...

He had a serious look lost far away

- I have your sheep. And I have the cash for the sheep. And I have muzzle ...

And he smiled wistfully.

I waited a long time. I felt that he was reviving little little:

The Little Prince

- Little man, you were scared ...

He was afraid, of course! But he chuckled:

- I shall be much more afraid this evening ...

Once again I felt myself frozen by the sense of irreparable. And I realized that I could not stand the idea of not never hear that laugh. For me it was like a fountain in the desert.

- Little man, I still want to hear you laugh ...

But he told me:

- Tonight, it will be a year. My star will be just audessus the place where I fell last year ...

- Little man, is not that it is a bad dream this affair of the snake and go and star ...

But he did not answer my question. He told me:

- What is important, it does not show ...

- Sure ...

- It's like the flower. If you love a flower that in a star, it is sweet at night, staring at the sky.

All the stars are flowering.

- Sure ...

- It's like water. That you gave me to drink was like music, because of the pulley and rope ... you remember ... it was good.

- Sure ...

- You will look at night, the stars. It's too small in

The Little Prince

me I will show you where mine. It is better like that. My star will just be one of the stars for you. So all the stars you love to watch ... They will all your friends. And then I'll give you a gift ...

He laughed again.

- Ah! little guy, little guy I like to hear that laugh!

- Exactly what will be my gift ... it will be like for water ...

- What do you mean?

- People have stars that are not the same. Of some, who are travelers, the stars are guides. For other they are nothing more than little lights. For others, who are scholars, they are problems. For my businessman they were gold. But all these stars are silent. Thou will have the stars as no one else has ...

- What do you mean?

- When you look at the sky at night, since I will dwell in one of them, since I laugh in one of them, then it will to you as if all the stars were laughing. You will, you, the stars that can laugh!

And he laughed again.

- And when your sorrow is comforted (time soothes all sorrows) you will be glad to have known me. You'll always be my friend. You will want to laugh with me. And you will sometimes open your window, like that, for fun ... And your friends will be properly astonished to see you see laugh looking at the sky. Then tell them, "Yes, the

The Little Prince

stars, it always makes me laugh! "And they will think you are crazy. I

you will have played a very shabby trick ...

And he laughed again.

- It will be as if I had given you, instead of stars,

of little bells that can laugh ...

And he laughed again. Then he became serious:

- Tonight ... you know ... do not come.

- I do not leave you.

- I'll look it hurts ... I have a little air to die.

It's like that. Do not come to see that it is not worth it ...

- I do not leave you.

But he was worried.

- I'm telling you ... it's also because of the snake. It should not be

he bite you ... Snakes is bad. It can bite for fun ...

- I do not leave you.

But something reassured

- It is true that they have more poison for a second bite ...

That night I did not see him get going. He was

escaped without noise. When I managed to join he was walking

at a rapid pace. He said only:

- Ah! you're here ...

And he took me by the hand. But he was still worrying

- You were wrong. Get the penalty. I'll look like

death and it will not be true ...

I said nothing.

The Little Prince

- You understand. It's too far. I can not take
that body. It's too heavy.

I said nothing.

- But it will be like an old abandoned shell. This
There is nothing sad about old shells ...

I said nothing.

It was a little discouraged. But he made an effort:

- This will be nice, you know. I also look at the stars.

All the stars will be wells with a rusty pulley.

All the stars will pour me a drink ...

I said nothing.

- It will be so fun! You will have five hundred million
of bells, I have five hundred million springs ...

And he too said nothing, because he was crying ...

- That's it. Let me go on alone.

And he sat down because he was afraid.

He said:

- You know ... my flower ... I am responsible! And it is so
low! And she is so naive. She has four thorns
nothing at all to protect against the world ...

I sat down because I could not stand up.

He says:

- That's ... That's all ...

He hesitated a little, then he stood up. He took a step. I
could not move.

The Little Prince

There was nothing but a flash of yellow close to his ankle. He remained for a moment. He did not cry. He fell slowly as a tree falls. It does not even made noise because of sand.

The Little Prince

And now, of course, it's been six years already ... I never yet told this story. The comrades who have seen me were happy to see me alive. I was sad but I their said: "This is fatigue ..."

Now I'm a little comforted. That is not to say ... altogether. But I know he's back to his planet, because, daybreak, I have not found his body. It was not a such a heavy body ... and at night I love to listen to the stars. It is like five hundred million little bells ...

But here it goes something extraordinary. The I drew muzzle for the little prince, I forgot to add the leather strap! He has never been able to attach to sheep. So I ask myself, "What has happened on the planet ? Perhaps the sheep has eaten the flower ... "

Sometimes I say to myself: "Surely not! The little prince shuts its flower every night under his glass globe and monitors his sheep very carefully ... "Then I am happy. And all the stars laughing softly.

Sometimes I say to myself: "It is distracted at one time or another, and it enough! He forgot one night, the glass globe, or the sheep came out quietly in the night ... "Then the bells are changed to tears ...

This is a great mystery. For you who like it too the little prince, and for me, nothing in the universe is if somewhere, we do not know where, a sheep that we do know it has not, or not eaten a rose ...

Look at the sky. Ask yourself sheep yes or no?

The Little Prince

eaten the flower? And you will see how everything changes ...

And no grown-up will ever understand that this has so important!

That is, for me, the most beautiful and saddest landscape

world. This is the same as that on the previous page

but I have drawn it again to impress it on show.

It is here that the little prince appeared on Earth, and disappeared.

Look at it carefully to be sure to recognize,

if you travel some day to the African desert. And,

if you happen to pass by, I beg you, do not hurry

no, wait just a little under the stars! If then a child

comes to you, he who laughs, who has golden hair does not respond

when asked, you know who he is. So be

nice! Do not leave me so sad: email me soon he returned ...