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He asked them, drugged. We're roses, said roses. Ah! said the little prince. And he felt very unhappy. His flower had told him that he was the only one like him in the universe. And there were five thousand in one garden, all in the same room! He'd be very upset, he'd think to himself if he saw it... He coughed enormously and pretended to die to escape ridiculously. And I have to pretend to treat her, because otherwise, to humiliate me, she'd really let herself die... Then he said to himself again: I thought I was rich with one flower, and I only have a regular rose. This and my three volcanoes that come to my knee, and one of which, perhaps, has ended forever, it does not make me a great prince... And lying on the grass, she cried. CHAPTER XXI That's when the fox appeared. Hello, said the fox. Hi, answered the little prince politely, who turned but saw nothing. I'm here, said a voice, under an apple tree. Who are you? asked the little prince. I'm a freshman, says a fox. Come play with me, the little prince offered him. I'm so sad... I can't play with you, said the fox. I'm not tame. I don't know what you're doing. I'm sorry, said the little prince. But on reflection, he added: What does it mean to tame? You're not here, said the fox, what are you looking for? I'm looking for men, said the little prince. What does tame mean? The men, said the fox, they have guns and they're hunting. It's embarrassing! They raise kales. It's their only interest. Are you looking for chickens? No, said the little prince. I'm looking for friends. What does tame mean? It's too forgotten, said the fox. That means creating links... -Creating links? Sure, said the fox. You're still a little boy with me like a hundred thousand little boys. And I don't need you. And you don't need me, do. I'm just a fox like a hundred thousand foxes. But if you tame me, we need each other. You're the only one in the world for me. I'm the only one in the world for you... There's a flower... I think he tamed me... You see all kinds of things in the country... It's not on Earth, says the little prince. The fox seemed very intrigued: - On another planet? Yes. Are there any hunters on this planet? No, no, - That's interesting! What about chickens? No, no, nothing's perfect. Fox. But the fox came back to his idea: - My life is monotonous. I'm after chickens, men are after me. All the chickens look the same, and all the men are the same. So I'm a little bored. But if you tame me, my life will be just as sunny. I hear footsteps that are different from the others. The others won't take me underground. Yours calls me out of the burrow like music. And then look! See, there, wheat fields? I don't eat bread. Wheat for me is useless. Wheat fields don't remind me of anything. And it's sad! But you have golden hair. Then it's great when you've tamed me! Wheat, which is golden, reminds me of you. And I'd like the sound of the wind in wheat... The fox remained silent and looked at the little prince for a long time: tame me!, he said. I'm going to do it, the little prince answered, but I don't have much time. I have friends to discover and know a lot about. You only know things you tame, said the fox. Men don't have time to know anything anymore. They buy things made from merchants. But because there are no merchants friends, men are no longer friends. If you want a friend, tame me! What are we supposed to do? asked the little prince. You have to be very patient, the fox replied. You're sitting a little away from me, like this, in the grass. I look at you from the corner of my eye, and you don't say anything. Language is a source of misunderstanding. But every day you can sit a little closer... The next day came the little prince. It would have been better to come back at the same time, said the fox. If you come at four o'clock in the afternoon, starting at 3:00, I'm going to be happy. The more the class progresses, the happier I feel. At four am I already upset and worried; I'm going to discover the price of happiness! But if you come sometime, I'll never know what time to dress my heart... You need rituals. What is a rite? asked the little prince. It's something too forgotten, said the fox. That's what makes the day different from other days, hours, other hours. There's a rite, like my hunters. They're dancing with the village girls on Thursday. So Thursday is a great day! I'm walking into the vineyard. If hunters danced at any time, all the days would look the same, and I wouldn't have a break. So the little prince tamed the fox. And when the time for departure was near: -Ah! said fox... I'm crying. It's your fault, said the little prince, I didn't mean to hurt you, but you wanted me to tame you... But you're going to cry!, said the little prince. - Of course, Fox. Then you can't get anything out of it! I'm going to win, said the fox, because of the color of the wheat. Then he added, Go and look at the roses again. You realize yours is unique in the world. You come back to say goodbye, and I'll give you a secret. The little prince saw the roses again. You're not at all like my rose, you're nothing yet, he said. No one's tamed you, and you haven't tamed anyone. You're like my fox. It was just a fox that resembled 100,000 people. But I made him my friend, and he's unique in the world now. And the roses were ashamed. You're beautiful, but you're empty, she said. We can't die for you. Of course, my rose, a regular passer-by would believe he looks like you. But he alone is more important than you, because he's the one I watered. Because it was him that I protected the screen. Because it's him whose caterpillars I killed (except two or three butterflies). Because it's her that I've listened to complain, or brag, or even sometimes shut up. Because it's my rose. And he came back to the fox: Goodbye, he said. Here's my secret. It's very simple: you can only see with your heart. The basics are invisible to the eyes. It's important to have invisible eyes, echoed by the little prince, to remember. - It's the time you lost because of your rose that makes your rose so important. - This is the time I lost because of my rose... made a little prince to remember. People have forgotten the truth, said the fox. But you can't forget that. You will forever be held accountable for what you've tamed. You're in charge of your rose... repeated the little prince to remember it. CHAPTER XXII - Hello, says the little prince. Hi, said the shifter. What are you doing here? asked the little prince. I sort the passengers, packs a thousand, said the switch. I ship trains that take them, sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left. And a quick, lit man who growls like thunder made the changing booth tremble. They're in a hurry, said the little prince. What are they looking for? The man on the locomotive doesn't know himself, said the shifter. And scolded, on the contrary, another quick lit. They're coming back yet? The little prince asked... They're not the same, said the shifter. It's a shift. They weren't happy where they were? You're never happy where you are, said the shifter. And scolded by thunder third fast lit. They're following the first traveler, the little prince asked. They're not following anything, said the shifter. They're sleeping there or yawning. Lonely children crush against the windows. The only kids know what they're looking for, said the little prince. They're wasting time on a rag doll, and it becomes very important, and if you take it away from them, they cry... Chapter XXIII - Hello, says the little prince. Hi, said the merchant developed pills that soothe thirst. You swallow for one week and you don't feel the need to drink anymore. Why are you selling it? asked the little prince. It's a big time saver, said the merchant. Experts have made calculations. We save 53 minutes a week. - And what do we do in 53 minutes? - We do what we want... Me, the little prince told himself that if I had 53 minutes to spend, I would walk slowly to the fountain... CHAPTER XXIV We were on the eighth day of my distribution in the desert, and I had listened to the merchant's story while drinking the last drop in my water supply: -Ah! I say little prince, they are very beautiful, in their memories, but I have not yet repaired my plane, I have something to drink, and I too would be happy if I could walk slowly towards the fountain! My friend the fox, he told me... Why? - Because we're going to die of thirst... He didn't understand my reasoning, he said, It's good to have a friend, even if someone dies. I'm glad I had a friend, Fox... I tell myself he doesn't measure danger. He's never hungry or thirsty. A little sun is enough for him... But he looked at me and answered my thought, I'm thirsty too... look well ... I had a gesture of fatigue: it's absurd to look for a well, coincidentally, in the expansiveness of the desert. But we're on our way. As we walked for hours, in silence, the night fell, and the stars began to light up. I saw them like a dream, a little fever after a man. The little prince's words danced in my memory: -So you're thirsty too? I asked him. But he didn't answer my question. He just tells me, Water can be good for the heart too... I didn't understand his answer, but I was silent... I knew he shouldn't be questioned. He was tired. He sat down. I was sitting next to him. And after the silence, he says again: -The stars are beautiful because of the flower that we can see ... I answered the course and watched, not to mention, at the folds of sand under the moon. The desert is beautiful, she added. And it was true. I've always liked the desert. We sit on the sand dunes. We can't see anything. You can't hear anything. And yet something radiates in silence... Share... I was suddenly surprised to understand this mysterious sand radiation. When I was a little boy, I lived in an old house, and according to legend, a treasure was buried there. Of course, no one has ever been able to find out, or perhaps even looked for it. But he charmed the whole house. My house hid a secret in his heart... I'm glad you agreed with my fox. When the little prince fell asleep, I took him into my arms and started again. I was moved. I thought it was carrying fragile treasures. I even felt there was nothing more fragile on Earth. I looked at that pale, even in the light of the moon, those closed eyes, those hair fibers that were shaking in the wind, and I thought to myself: what I can see is only cream. The most important thing is the invisible... As her lips open to the side of the smile I still say to myself: What moves me so strongly about this little sleeping prince is his fidelity flower, it is the image of a rose that radiates him like a flame lamp, even when he sleeps... And I thought he was even more fragile. We have to protect the lamps: a gust of wind can erase them... And walking like this, I discovered a well at sunrise. CHAPTER XXV - Men, says the little prince, they sink into rapids, but they no longer know what they're looking for. So they get irritated and go around in circles... And he added, It's not worth it... The bowl we had reached was not like the other wells in the Sahara. Sahara wells are simple holes dug in the sand. It looked like it did. But there wasn't a village, and I thought I was dreaming. It's strange, I told the little prince, everything's ready: pulley, bucket and rope... He laughed, touched the rope, put the pulley on. And the pulley groaned like the old weather when the wind slept for a long time. Listen, said little prince, we wake up so well and he sings... I didn't want him to overdo it. Slowly I raised the bucket stock. I installed it well with aplomb. There was a pulley song in my ears, and I was shaking in the water, I could see the sun shaking. I'm thirsty for this water, said the little prince, give me a drink. And I understood what he was looking for! I put a bucket on his lips. He's aiming, his eyes closed. It was as sweet as a party. It was born of walking under the stars, singing pulleys, the exerts of my hands. It was good for the heart, like a gift. When I was a little boy, the light of the Christmas tree, Midnight Mass music, the sweetness of smiles made me shine the whole Christmas present I got. The men in his house, said the little prince, grow five thousand roses in the same garden ... And they won't find what they're looking for... And the little prince added, But the eyes are blind. You have to look with your heart. I had been drinking. I was breathing well. At sunrise, the sand is meth-colored. I was happy with the color of the mes. - Why I should have had a problem... you have to keep your promise, say the little prince who sat next to me again. - What promise? You know... Muzzle for my sheep... I'm in charge of this flower! I took out the drawing visuals out of my pocket. The little prince saw them and said, laughing, Your baobabs, they look like cabbage... I was so proud of the baobabs! - Your fox... His ears... They look like horns... And they're too long! And he's still laughing. You're dishonest, little man, I didn't know how to draw anything but closed boas and open boas. I don't know who you are. He says it's going to be okay, the kids know. So I penciled in a muzzle. And I had a tense heart, giving it to him: - You have projects I don't know... But he didn't answer me. He said to me, You know, my fall on Earth... It's the anniversary tomorrow... After the silence, he said again: I had fallen very close... And he blushed. And again, without realizing why, I felt a strange sadness. But the question came to me: -It's no coincidence that in the morning I met you, eight days ago, you walked so, alone, a thousand miles from all the inhabited areas! Are you going back to the point where you fell? The little prince blushed again. He didn't answer questions, but if you blush, that means yes, doesn't it? I don't know what you're doing. I told him, I'm afraid... But he said, You have to work now. You need to get back to your machine. I'll wait here for you. Come back tomorrow night... But I wasn't sure. I remember a fox. We can cry a little when we've let us be tamed... CHAPTER XXVI Next to the well was the destruction of an old stone wall. When I returned from work the next night, I saw my little prince sitting there with my feet dying. And I heard him talk. He said. It's not quite here! Another voice undoubtedly answered him because he replied: Sil! If! It's a day, but it's not the place... I continued my march to the wall. I didn't always see or hear anyone. Yet The little prince answered again: -... Course. You'll see where my path begins in the sand. You just have to wait for it. I'll be there tonight... I was 20 years old in the sand. I and I still didn't see anything. The little prince says again, after the silence: Do you have good poison? Are you sure you won't make me suffer long? I stopped with a strong heart, but I still didn't get it. Now go away, he said. I want to go down! So I lowered my eyes at the foot of the wall and jumped! There he was, standing in front of the little prince, one of those yellow snakes that doomed you in 30 seconds. Looking in my pocket to get my revolver, I took the course, but the sound I made, the snake let itself flow gently into the sand, like a jet of water dying, and, without much haste, crept between the stones with a light sound of metal. I reached the wall just in time to get in my arms my little prince, pale like snow. - What a story it is! You're talking to snakes now! I had unmasked him as an eternal golden nose mask. I had his temples wet and I made him drink. And now I didn't dare ask him anything. He looked at me hard and wrapped his arms around my neck. I could feel his heart beating like the heart of a dying bird when he was shot with a gun. He said to me, I'm glad you found out what's missing from your machine. You can go home... I came to tell him that, with all hope, I succeeded in my work! He didn't answer my question, but he added, I'm going home tonight too... Then, melancholy: - It's much further away... It's a lot harder... I felt something extraordinary was going on. I hugged her like a little baby, but I felt like she sank vertically into the shed without being allowed to hold her back... He had a serious look that was very far away. - I have your sheep. And I have a box of sheep. And I have a muzzle... And he smiles melancholy. I waited a long time. I felt like he was warming up little by little. He was scared, of course! But he laughs softly. Again, I felt an icy feeling irreparable. And I realized I couldn't bear the thought of never hearing that laugh again. It was like a fountain in the desert to me. Little man, I still want to hear you laugh... But he said to me, Today is going to be a year. My star is right where I fell last year... However, it does not not my question. He said to me, What's important, it's not visible... If you like a flower that is a star, it's a sweet night to look at in the sky. All the stars are flowery. It's like water. What you drank to me was like music, a pulley and a rope... Remember... That was good. - You look at the stars at night, at night. It's too small to show you where mine is. It's better that way. My star, this is one of the stars for you. So all the stars, you like to watch them... They're all your friends. And then I'm going to give you a present... He's still laughing. I don't know what you're doing. Little man, little man, I like to hear that laugh! That's my gift... It's like water... people have stars that aren't the same. Some who travel, the stars are guides. For others, it's just little lights. For others who have learned, these are problems. For my businessmen, they were gold. But all the stars they keep silent. You have stars, just like no one else has... What do you mean? If you look at the sky at night because I live in one of them because I laugh at one of them, then it's like all the stars laughed. You have stars who can laugh! And he's still laughing. -And if you are comforted (we always console ourselves) then you will be glad to have known me. You'll always be my friend. And sometimes you open your window, like this, for fun... and your friends are very surprised to see you laughing when you look at the sky. Then you tell them, yes, the stars always make me laugh! And they think you're crazy. I've played you a very naughty trick ... And he's still laughing. - It's like I gave you, instead of stars, a lot of little bells that can laugh... And he's still laughing. Then he got serious again. You know... Don't come. I'm not leaving you. I look like I'm in pain... I look a little dying. That's right. Don't come and look at this, it's not worth it... But he was worried. I'm telling you this... It's about the snake, too. Don't let him bite you... Snakes are disgusting. It can bite for fun... But something reassured him: - It's true they don't have poison for another bite... That night, I didn't see him take off. He had quietly escaped. When I managed to reach him, he walked in quick stride. All he said to me was, Oh! You're here... And he took my hand. But he tortured himself again: - You were wrong. You have to feel sorry for yourself. Looks like it's dead, and it's not true... I kept my mouth shut. You understand. It's too far. I can't take that body with me. It's too hard. I kept my mouth shut. - But it's like an old, abandoned bark. It's not sad old barks... I kept my mouth shut. He was a little intimidated. But he made another effort. I'm looking at the stars, too. All the stars are wells in a rusty pulley. All the stars pour me to drink... I kept my mouth shut. - It's going to be so much fun! You got 500 million watches, I have 500 million fountains... And she was silent too, because she cried... Let me take it one step further. And he sat down because he was scared. He said again, You know... My flower... I'm responsible for this! And he's so weak! And he's so naïve. He has nothing to protect him from the world. I sat down because I couldn't stand anymore. He said, That's right... That's all... He hesitated a little bit more, and then he stood up. He took a step. I couldn't move. There was only a yellow flash near his ankle. He stood still for a moment. He wasn't yelling. He fell gently when the tree fell. It didn't even make any noise because of the sand. CHAPTER XXVII And now, of course, it's been six years already ... I've never told this story before. The comrades who saw me again were very happy to see me alive again. I was sad, but I told them, it's fatigue... Now I comforted myself a little bit. I mean... Not exactly. But I know he's returned to his planet because at dawn I couldn't find his body. It wasn't that hard a body... And I like the night listening to the stars. It's like 500 million watches... But now something extraordinary is happening. The muzzle I designed for the little prince forgot to add a thong! He could never tie it to sheep. So I wonder: What happened to his planet? Maybe the sheep ate a flower... Sometimes I think, Definitely not! The little prince surrounds his flower every night under his glass globe and looks at his sheep well... So I'm happy. And all the stars laugh softly. Sometimes I think: We're one or the other disturbed, and that's enough! He forgot a glass one night, or the sheep came out quietly at night... Then the bells turn to tears!... It's a big mystery. For those of you who love the little prince, as well as for me, there is nothing like the universe, if anywhere, we don't know where, the sheep we don't know have, yes or no, eaten a rose... Look at the sky. Are they sheep or not to eat the flower? And you'll see how everything changes... And no great person will ever know that it matters so much! This is the most beautiful and saddest landscape in the world for me. It's the same landscape as the previous page, but I drew it again to show you. This is where the little prince appeared on earth, then disappeared. Look closely at this landscape so you can understand it if you ever travel to Africa, in the desert. And if you happen to pass by, I beg you, don't hurry, wait a while under the star! If a child comes to you, when he laughs, if he has golden hair, if he doesn't answer when questioned, then I guess who he is. So be nice! Don't leave me so sad: write to me quickly that he's back... END This site is full of free ebooks - Project Gutenberg Australia

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