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restrictions at all. You can copy, give it away or reuse it according to the Project Gutenberg Australia License, what you can watch online at Community Project Gutenberg Australia go to Le Petit Prince by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry 1943 Dedication Chapitre IIChapitre IIChapitre IVChapitre VChapitre
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XXviChapitre XXviChapitre XXviChapitre XXviChapitre I apologize to children That I dedicated this book to a wonderful person. I have a serious excuse: this great person understands everything, even children's books. I have a
third excuse: this great person lives in France, where he is hungry and cold. It must be comforted. If all these excuses are not enough, I would like to dedicate this book to the child that this great person once was. All the great people were the first children. (But few of them remember it.) So I'm improving
my dedication: LEON WERTHQUAND THIS IS PETIT GARON FIRST CHAPTER When I was six years old I once saw a beautiful picture in a book about the Virgin Forest called Livedne Stories. It represented a boa snake absorbing fawn. Here's a copy of the drawing. The book said: Boa snakes absorb
all their prey, without chewing it. Then they can't move and they sleep for six months with their digestion. Then I reflected on a lot of the adventures of the jungle and in my turn I managed, with a colored pencil, to draw my first drawing. My drawing number one. It was this way: I showed my masterpiece to
great people and asked them if my drawing scared them. They asked: Why would a hat be scary? My drawing didn't represented a boa snake that Elephant. Then I drew inside a boa snake so great people could understand. They always need explanations. My drawing number 2 was
this: great people advised me to leave out drawings of boa snakes open or closed, and focus instead on geography, history, calculation and grammar. So I gave up a wonderful painting career when I was six. I was intimidated by the failure of my number 1 drawing and drawing number 2. Great people
never understand anything themselves, and it's exhausting for children to always explain to them. So I had to choose another trade and learned to fly planes. I've flown all over the world. And geography, that's right, has served me well. I knew at first glance I knew China from Arizona. It's useful if you're
lost at night. I've had a lot of contact with a lot of serious people in my life. I've lived a lot in big people. I've seen them very closely. It didn't improve my opinion too much. When I met one that seemed a little clear, I experimented with him with my drawing No 1, which I've always kept. I wanted to know if
he was very understanding. But he always said, It's a hat. So I didn't talk to him about boa snakes, virgin forests or stars. I was at his fingertips. I talked to him about bridge, golf, politics and connections. And the great person was very happy to know such a reasonable man. Chapter II I lived alone without
anyone talking in fact until the decomposition of the Sahara desert six years ago. Nothing was broken in my engine, and since I had no mechanic or passengers with me, I prepared to try to make a hard repair of my own. It was a matter of my life and death. I barely drank water for eight days. The first
night I stayed on the sand 1,000 miles from every inhabited land. I was much more isolated than a castaway on a raft in the middle of the ocean. So you can imagine my surprise at dawn when a funny little voice woke me up. He said, Please... Draw me a sheep! Hey, hey! Draw me a sheep... I jumped on
my feet like lightning hit me. I rubbed my eyes. I looked closely. And I saw a very extraordinary little man who thought I was serious. It's the best portrait I have to make of him. But my drawing, of course, is much less delightful than the model. This is not It's my fault. I had been discouraged from my career
as a painter by great people, at the age of six, and I had not learned anything to draw except closed boas and open boas. So I watched this revelation with roundly amazement eyes. Don't forget, I was a thousand miles away from every inhabited area. But my little man didn't seem to be missing, neither
death fatigue, nor hunger for death, nor the thirst for death or the fear of death. He didn't mind like a kid who lost in the middle of the desert, a thousand miles from every populated area. When I finally manage to talk, I'll tell him, But what are you doing here? And then he repeated to me very gently, if very
serious: - Please... Draw me a sheep... If the mystery is too impressive, no one dares not obey. So absurd, as it seemed to me a thousand miles away from all the inhabited and life-threatening places, I took a piece of paper and a pencil graph out of my pocket. But I remember then that I had mainly
studied geography, history, calculation and grammar and I told a little guy (with a bit of bad temper) that I didn't know how to manage. He said, It doesn't matter. Draw me a sheep. Like I'd never drawn sheep, I made one of the only two drawings I'm capable of. The one whose boa is closed. And I was
amazed when I heard a little man say to me, No! I don't want an elephant in the boa. The boa is very dangerous and the elephant is very large. It's very small at home. I need sheep. Draw me a sheep. That's how I drew. So he looked closely. It's already very sick. Make another one. I drew: My friend
smiled kindly, relentlessly: -You see ... It's not a sheep, it's a ram. He's got horns... So I again revisit my drawing: But it was rejected as the previous one: -This one is too old. I want sheep that live a long time. So, because of a lack of patience, because I was eager to start dismantling my engine, I wrote
this drawing. And I said, It's a cash register. The sheep you want are there. But I was very surprised to see the face of my young judge light up: That's pretty how I wanted it! Do you think this sheep needs a lot of grass? Why? - That's enough. I gave you a little sheep. He bent his head towards the
drawing: - Not so small ... There you are! He fell asleep... And so I found out about the little prince. CHAPTER III It took me a long time to understand where it came from. The little prince, who asked me a lot of questions, never seemed to hear mine. These are randomly spoken words that little by little, all
exposed. So when he first saw my plane (I didn't pull my plane, it's drawing too complicated for me) he asked me: -What is it? It's not a thing. It's a plane. And I was proud to tell him I flew. So he cried out, How! You fell out of the sky! Yes, I said modestly. I don't know what
you're doing. It's funny... And the little prince laughed at me very well. I want my misfortune to be taken seriously. Then he added, Then you come from heaven too! What planet are you from? I immediately blinked, in the mystery of his presence, and wondered abruptly: So you're coming from another
planet? But he didn't answer me. He was picking slowly, looking at my plane. And he dived into a long-lasting reverse. Then, taking my sheep out of his pocket, ie it's going to be in the contemplation of his treasure. You can imagine how intrigued I could have been by the trust of that side on other planets.
So I was trying to find out more: Where do you come from my little man? Where's home? Where do you want to take my sheep? He said after a meditative silence: What's good, with the box you gave me, is that at night it's his home. Course. And if you're nice, I'll give you a rope to tie it up during the day.
And at stake. The proposal seemed to shock the little prince: -Tie him up? What a funny idea! - But if you don't tie him up, he's going to get lost... And my friend laughed again: -But where do you want him to go? Anywhere. Right in front of him... Then the little prince said it
didn't matter, it's so small, in my house! And with a little melancholy, maybe, he added, Right in front of you, you can't go very far... CHAPTER IV I had learned another and very important thing: It is that his home planet was hardly bigger than the house! I wouldn't be too surprised. I knew well that apart
from large planets like Earth, Jupiter, Mars, Venus, to which we have given names, there are hundreds of others that are sometimes so small that it is very difficult to see them in a telescope. If an astronomer discovers one of them, he'll give it zero. He calls it, for example, asteroid 3251. I have serious
reason to believe that the planet from which the little prince came from is asteroid B 612. This asteroid was seen by a telescope in 1909. He then made a major demonstration of his discovery at the International Congress of Astronomy. But She didn't believe him because of her costume. Great people are
like that. Fortunately, the Turkish dictator imposed the reputation of asteroid B 612 on his people in the pain of death in order to dress up as European. Astronomer is suitable for the 1920s. And this time, everyone agreed. If I told you those details about asteroid B 612 and I give you that number, it's
because of the big people. Big people like numbers. When you tell them about a new friend, they never ask for the basics. They never tell you: What is the voice of his voice? What are his favorite games? Does he collect butterflies? They ask: How old is he? How many brothers do you have? How much
does it weigh? How much does his father make? Only then do they think they know him. When you tell the big people, I saw a beautiful house made of pink bricks, geraniums on windows and doves on the roof... They can't imagine this house. You have to tell them, I saw 100,000 francs. Then they shout:
How beautiful! So when you tell them: Proof that the little prince exists, that he was delightful, and that he wanted sheep, it's proof that you exist they shrug and call you a child! But if you tell them, the planet it came from is asteroid B 612, they're convinced, and they'll leave you alone
with their guestions. They're like that. You can't blame them. Children must be very forgiving to adults. But of course, we who understand life, we laugh at the numbers! I wish I'd started this story like fairy tales. I would have liked to have said, Once upon a time, there was a little prince who lived on a
planet that was barely bigger than him and who needed a friend... For those who understand life, it would have seemed much more true. Because I don't like people reading my book lightly. I feel so sad about talking about those memories. It's been six years since my friend left with his sheep. If I'm trying
to describe it here, it's just to not forget it. It's sad to forget about a friend. Not everyone had a friend. And I can become like great people who are only interested in numbers. That's why I bought a box of colors and pencils. At my age, it's hard to draw back when you haven't done any tests other than a
closed boa and an open boa at the age of six! Of course, I would try to make the portrait as similar as possible. But I'm not quite sure. Succeed. One drawing goes and the other one doesn't look like that anymore. I'm a little wrong about its size, too. Here, the little prince is too big. Now he's too small. I
also hesitate the color of his suit. So I touch like that and so much. In the end, I'm wrong about some of the most important details. But it must be forgiven. My friend never explained. Maybe he thought I was like him. But unfortunately I don't know how to see sheep through boxes. Maybe I'm a little bit like
big people. I think I got older. Chapter V Every day I learned something about the planet, about travel. It came slowly, randomly from reflections. Thus, on the third day, I experienced the drama of baobabs. This time it was again thanks to the sheep, because suddenly the little prince
questioned me, as if taken serious doubts: -It's true, isn't it that sheep eat shrubs? Yes, It's true, isn't it that sheep eat shrubs? Yes, It's true, isn't it that sheep eat shrubs? I pointed out to the little prince that
baobabs are not shrubs, but trees as big as churches, and that even if he carried with him a whole herd of elephants, this herd of elephants made the little prince laugh. But he wisely remarked: -Baobabs, before they grow, it starts with a small one. That's
it! But why do you want your sheep to eat little baobabs? He said, Ben! Watching! if it was a no-brainer. And it took a lot of effort for intelligence to understand this problem of mine. And indeed, the little prince on the planet, like all planets, had good herbs and stuffy. Therefore, good umbod seeds and bad
umbod seeds. But the seeds are invisible. They sleep in the secret of the earth until they need a fantasy for one of them to wake up. So he stretches, and the first timidly pushes towards the sun with a lovely little branch of radish or rose bushes, we can let it grow if he wants to. But if it is a bad plant, the
plant should be removed immediately as soon as it is recognized. The little prince was a terrible seed... these were the seeds of baobabs. The earth's soil was infected with it. But baobab fruit, if you do it too late, you will never get rid of it again. It's interfering with the entire planet. He sticks it out of his
roots. And if the planet is too small, and if baobabs Too much, they're going to blow it up. It's a matter of discipline, the little prince later told me. When you're done with the bathroom in the morning, you're going to have to clean up the planet. It is necessary to regularly remove baobabs as soon as they are
distinguished from roses, where they collect a lot when they are very young. It's a very boring job, but very simple. And one day, he advised me to apply myself to be successful in a beautiful drawing to get it right into the minds of my homechildren. If they ever travel, he told me, it could be useful to them.
Sometimes there is no way to delay your work. But if it's baobabs, it's always a disaster. I know a planet where a sloth lives. He had neglected three bushes... And according to the little prince's instructions, I drew this planet. I don't like to take a moralist tone. But the risk of baobabs is so little known, and
the risks to anyone who strays into an asteroid are so great that once, I'm an exception to my reserve. I say, Kids! Watch out for baobabs! It was to warn my friends of the danger that they were approaching for a long time, like me, without knowing him that I worked so this drawing. The lesson I gave was
worth it. You can ask yourself: Why are there no other drawings in this book as grandiose as drawing baobabs? The answer is guite simple: I tried, but I could not succeed. When I drew baobabs I was animated with a sense of urgency. CHAPTER VI Ah! Little prince, I understand, little by little, so your
little life of melancholy. You had a long time to distract from the sunset. I learned that new detail the fourth day in the morning when you said to me, I still believe in myself at
home! Indeed. When it's noon in the United States, the sun, everyone knows, goes down to France. You must be able to go to France is too far away. But on your little planet, all you have to do is pull your chair a few steps. And you watched
dusk every time you wanted it... And a little later, you added, You know... If you're so sad, you love sunsets... But the little prince didn't answer. VII on the sheep, this secret little prince's life appeared to me. He asked me abruptly, without preamble, as the fruit of the problem,
which was long pondered in silence: Sheep, when he eats shrubs, he also eats flowers? - Even flowers with thorns. - Thorns, what are they for? I didn't know. I was then very busy trying to loosen the screw bolt too tight for my engine. I was very concerned because my
failure was starting to be very serious, and the water drink that had run out made me fear the worst. - Thorns, what are they for? The little prince never gave up the question when he asked. I was upset by my bolt and I answered something: - Thorns, it's useless, it's pure wickedness part of the flowers!
don't know who you are. But after the silence he threw me, some grudge: I don't believe you! The flowers are weak. They're as much as they can. They think they're terrible with their thorns... I didn't answer anything. That's when I thought, If that bolt resists ago
I'm going to blow it up with a hammer. The little prince was bothering my thoughts again. Of course not! I don't believe anything. I'il take care of serious things! He looked at me shocked. - Serious things! He saw me, my hammer in his hand and the black stains, rubbery over an
object that seemed very ugly to him. You sound like nice people! I was a little embarrassed about myself. But mercilessly, he added: You confuse everything... You're going to mix it up! He was very, very upset. - I know a planet with a red gentleman. He never breathed a flower. He never looked at the
star. He's never loved anyone. He's never done anything but upgrades. And all day he repeats like you: I'm a serious man! I'm a serious man! it's a fungus! - What are you doing? - A seed! The little prince was now fiercely pale. - Flowers have been
making thorns for millions of years. Sheep have been eating flowers for millions of years. And it's not serious to try to understand why they go to so much trouble to make thorns that are never useless? It doesn't matter the war on sheep and flowers? This is not serious and more important than the
additions of the great Red Gentleman? And if I know a flower that's unique in the world, it doesn't exist. Except on my planet, and that a little sheep can be wiped out in one fella, like that one morning without realizing what he's doing, doesn't it matter? He blushed, then went on: -If someone loves a flower
that only exists in one copy of millions of letters, it's enough for him to be happy when he looks at them. He said to himself, My flower is out there somewhere... But when sheep eat a flower, it's for him, like all of a sudden, all the stars go out! And it doesn't matter! He couldn't say anything else. She
suddenly burst into tears. It was dark. I dropped my tools. I didn't care about my hammer, my bolt, my thirst and my death. There was a star, a planet, me, Earth, a little prince in the console! I took him into my arms. I shook him. I told him, The flower you love is not in danger... I'm going to draw him a
muzzle with your sheep... I'm going to draw you a tread for your flower... I... I wasn't sure what to say. I felt very uncomfortable. I didn't know how to reach him... It's so mysterious, the land of tears. CHAPTER VIII I soon found out this flower better. There had always been very simple
flowers on the little prince's planet, decorated with one petal, which did not last and did not bother anyone. They showed up in the grass one morning, and then they went out tonight. But this one was germinated one day, from the seed brought somewhere, and the little prince had been watching very
closely this branch, which does not resemble other branches. It could be a new type of baobab. But the shrub soon stopped growing, and began to prepare the flower. The little prince, who witnessed the installation of a large button, sensed that a wonderful revelation would come out of it, but the flower.
kept preparing to be beautiful, protected from his green room. He carefully chose his colors. She dressed slowly, adjusting her petals one by one. He didn't want to get out of the way like poppies. All he wanted to do was show off his beauty. Chow! Yes. He was very flirtatious! His mysterious toilet was
thus going on for days and days. And then one morning, just at sunrise, he showed up. And he, who had worked so accurately, said, vawning: Ah! I barely wake up... I'm still out of my hair... Little prince, you couldn't contain your admiration: -How beautiful are you! Isn't that right? opposite the
flower softly. And I was born while the sun... The little prince didn't think he was too modest. She was so touching! It's time. I think, for breakfast, he added, would you be kind enough to think about me... And the little prince, confused, having brought a can of fresh water, had served a flower. So he had
soon tormented her with his somewhat shady vanity. One day, for example, when he spoke of his four thorns, he had told the little prince, and then the tigers don't eat grass. I'm not a herb, the flower
answered softly. I'm not afraid of tigers, but I hate attraction. Don't you have a screen? The horror of the drafts... it is unhappy because the plant, was celebrated by a small prince. This flower is very complicated... It's very cold in your house. That's not right. Where I come from... But it had stopped. It
came in seed form. He wasn't able to know anything about other worlds. Humiliated to be surprised to prepare such a naïve lie, he had coughed two or three times to put the little prince on his lie: - This screen?... -i went to get it, but you talked to me! So she was forced to have her cough to cause remorse
for him anyway. So the little prince, despite the goodwill of his love, had guickly doubted him. He had taken irrelevant words seriously and he became very unhappy. I shouldn't have listened to him, he once told me, never listen to the flowers. You have to look at them and breathe. Mine embalmed my
planet, but I didn't know how to rejoice. The story of the claws that bothered me so much should have softened me... He said, I didn't understand anything! I should have judged him, not by his words. He would embrace and enlighten me. I shouldn't have run away! I should have thought his tenderness
behind his poor tricks. Flowers are so controversial! But I was too young to know how to love her. Chapter IX I believe he took advantage of the migration of wild birds to escape. On the morning of his departure, he put his planet in order. He rammed carefully his active volcanoes. He had two active
volcanoes. The breakfast was good. It also had an extinct volcano. But as he said, you never know! So he also wiped out an extinct volcanic eruptions are like chimney fires. We're probably too small on our land to comb through
volcanoes. why they're causing us so much trouble. The little prince also caught up, a little melancholy, past shoots of baobabs. He thought he'd never have to come back. But all the familiar work made him very sweet that morning. And as he sang the flower one last time and prepared to hide it
underground, he discovered the urge to cry. Good-bye, he said to the flower. But he didn't answer her. Goodbye, he repeated. The flower coughed. But it wasn't because of his cold. I was stupid, he finally said. I am sorry. Try to be happy. He was surprised that there was no reproach. There he was all
met, the earth in the air. He didn't understand the peaceful sweetness. Yes, I love you, said the flower. You didn't know about me. It doesn't matter. But you've been as stupid as I am. Try to be happy... Leave that ball alone. I don't want to anymore. - I'm not that cold... Fresh air at night is good for me. I
have to support two or three caterpillars if I want to know butterflies. I hear it's so beautiful. Who else is going to visit me? You're far away. When it comes to the big beasts, I'm not afraid of anything. I have my claws. And he naïvely showed his four thorns. Then he added, Don't hang around like that, it's
annoying. You decided to leave. Leave. Because she didn't want her to see her crying. It was inhabited by the king. The
king sat, dressed in purple and ermine, on a very simple but majestic throne. I don't know what you're doing. This is the subject, cried the king when he saw the little prince asked himself, How can he know me because he's never seen me before? He didn't know the world was very
simplistic for kings. All men are subjects. Come closer, I can see you better, said the king, who was proud to be the king of someone. The little prince was looking for an eye for where to sit, but a magnificent ermine mine full of the planet. So he stood, and as he was tired, he yawned. This contradicts
the etiquette of yawning in the presence of the king, said the monarch. I forbid it. I can't help, replied the confused little prince. I've been making a long trip, and I haven't seen anyone yawn in years. Yawning is a curiosity to me. Will, can you hear me? yawn again. That's an order. That's
right. I can't do this anymore... Made the little prince blush. I can't believe you did this. Hum! the king answered. So I... Sometimes... He was a bit sleoing and seemed offended. Because the king was essentially interested in his authority being respected. He can't stand
disobedience. He was a total monarch. But because he was very good, he gave reasonable orders. When I ordered the general to turn into a seabird, and if the general didn't obey, it wouldn't be the general's fault. It would be my fault. - Can I sit down? asked shyly for the
little prince. I command you to sit, opposite the king, who brought back majestically part of his ermine cape. But the little prince was amazed. The planet was small. What would the king rule? Sire, he said. Ma vabandan, et sind küsitlesin... - Sire... What do you rule over? In everything, the king answered
with great simplicity. - The inside of everything? The king in a discreet gesture pointed to his planet, other planets and stars. All this... the king answered. Because he was not only an absolute monarch, but also a universal monarch. And the stars obey you? Of course, said
the king. They obey immediately. I can't stand indiscipline. Such power amazed the little prince. If he had kept it himself, he could have taken part, not forty-four, but seventy-two, or even a hundred or even two hundred sunsets on the same day, without ever having to pull his chair! And when he felt a little
sad about the memory of his little deserted planet, he became emboldened to ask the king for clemency: I'd like to see a sunset... That would be you, said the little prince for sure. - That's right. We must demand from all that anyone can give, said the king. body is based
primarily on reason. If you tell your people to go to sea, they're going to revolutionize. I have the right to demand obedience, because my orders are reasonable. - So my sunset? recalled the little prince, who never forgot the question when he had asked. - Your sunset, you're going to get it. I demand it.
But I expect my government's science to be favorable. When is this going to happen? asked the little prince. - I don't know. Hem! was answered by the king, who consulted great calendar, hem! Hem! it's going to be, towards ... That... It's about seven forty tonight! And you'll see how well I've obeyed. The
little prince vawned. He regretted his forgotten sunset. And then he was a little bored: I have nothing left to do here, he told the king answered, who was so proud to have a theme. Don't go, I'll make you minister! - What minister? - Since... Right! - But there's no one to
appreciate! We don't know, said the king. I haven't toured my kingdom yet. I'm very old, I don't have room for a coach, and I'm tired of walking. I don't know who you are. But I've already seen it, said the little prince, who was looking over the other side of the planet. There's no one there... That's the
hardest part. It's much harder to judge yourself than it's to judge others. If you manage to judge yourself well, that's because you're a real sage. I, said the little prince, I can decide for myself anywhere. I don't have to live here. - I don't know. Hem! Said king, I think there's an old rat on my planet
somewhere. I hear it at night. You can judge that old rat. You'll sentence him to death from time to time. So his life depends on your justice. But you forgive it every time you save money. There's only one. I, the little prince, answered, I don't like to understand death, and I believe I'm leaving. No, said the
king. But the little prince, who had finished his preparations, did not want to bother the old monarch: If Your Majesty wanted to obey him from time to time, he could give me reasonable order. He could tell me to leave before a minute, for example. I think the conditions are favorable... The king didn't
answer anything, the little prince hesitated at first, and then, sighed, took the start. I'm going to make you my ambassador, then the king rushed to scream. He had a great air of power. Great people are very strange, says the little prince, himself, during his journey. CHAPTER XI Another planet was
inhabited by concee: -Ah! Ah! It's an admirer's visit! cried, cried as soon as he saw the little prince. For concee, other men are admirers. Hi, said the little prince. You got a funny hat. It's a salute, replied smug. It's a welcome when I'm cheered. Unfortunately, no one comes through here. Oh, yes? asked
the little prince who didn't understand. Hit your hands at each other, suggested smug. The little prince slapped his hands on each other against each other again.
Smug began to salute again, lifting his hat. After five minutes of using the little prince tired of the monotony of the game: -And the smug didn't hear it. The streets of Conce never hear anything but praise. Do you really admire me very much? he asked the
little prince. - What does it mean to admire? Admiration means recognizing that I am the most beautiful, best dressed, richest and smartest man on the planet. - But you're alone on your planet! Make me happy, Admire me anyway! I admire you, said the little prince, shrugging his shoulders a little, but how
can you be interested in that? And the little prince left. Great people are definitely weird, he said himself during his trip. CHAPTER XII The next planet was inhabited by a drinker. This visit was very short, but this plunged little prince with great melancholy: -What are you doing there? said he was a drinker.
who he found sitting in silence in front of a collection of empty bottles and a collection full of bottles. I drink, the drinker, in the gloomy air, Why are you drinking? asked the little prince. Forget it, the drinker replied, - What to forget? asked the little prince, who was already pathetic to him. Forget I'm
ashamed, admitted the drinker, lowering his head. - About what? asked the little prince who wanted to save him. - Honte drink! ended up being a drinker who finally locked himself in silence. And the little prince was amazed. Great people are definitely very, very strange, he said himself during the trip.
Chapter XIII The fourth planet was a businessman's planet. This man was so busy, he didn't even raise his head when the little prince arrived. Hi, said it. Your cigarette's out. Three and two is five. Five and seven twelve. Twelve and three fifteen. Good morning. Fifteen and seven twenty-two. Twenty-two
and six twenty-eight. There's no time to turn it back on. 26 and 531. Phew! So that's 511 million six hundred and thirty-one. - 500 million what? Hey, don't you think it's still here? 500 million... I don't know anymore... I have so much work to do! I'm serious, I'm not
having fun! Two and five sevens... 500 million, echoed by a little prince who had never given up on the guestion in his life when he asked. The first time was, twenty-two years ago, a hanneton who had fallen god knows It spread a terrible noise, and I made four more
mistakes. The second time was a rheumatism crisis 11 years ago. I'm serious. For the third time... There he is! So I said $510 million... The businessman realized that there was no hope for peace: Millions of these little things that we sometimes see in heaven. Flies? But no, the little things that shine. -
Bees? But no. Little golden things that make a lazy dream. But I'm serious! I don't have time to dream. I don't know what you're doing with 500 million stars? - 511 million six hundred and twenty-two thousand seven hundred and thirty-one. I'm a serious
man, I'm accurate. - And what are you doing with those stars? - What am I going to do with it? Yes. Nothing. They belong to me. Do you have letters? Yes. But I've already seen a king who has no kings. They keep ruling. It's very different. - And what good is the stars? I'm good at being rich. - And what
good is being rich? - Buy other stars if anyone finds them. This one says the little prince thinks a little like my drunk. But he still asked. How can you have stars? - Who are they? Revenge, grumpy, businessman, I don't know, No one. Then they're mine because I thought of them first. Is that enough?
Course. If you find a diamond that's nobody's, it's yours. If you find an island that's nobody's, it's yours. And I own the stars because no one before me has ever thought about owning them. It's true, said the little prince. And what do you do with it? I can
handle them. I read them and read them, says the businessman. It's hard. But I'm a serious man! The little prince wasn't happy yet. - If I have a flower, I can pick my flower and take it off. But you can't pick the stars! - No, but I can put them in the bank. What
does that mean? - That means I'm writing my letter count on a small piece of paper. And then I'm going to lock it in a paper drawer. - That's it? Helps! It's fun, I thought it was a little prince. It's pretty poetic. But it's not very serious. The little prince had serious things about very different ideas ideas from
great people. I, he said, I have a flower that I chestnut every day. I have three volcanoes that I sweep every week. Because I also ramon one who Get out. You never know. It's useful for my volcanoes, and it's also useful for my flower, as I own them. But you're not good for the stars... The businessman
opened his mouth but found nothing to answer, and the little prince left. Great people are certainly guite extraordinary, he said himself during his trip. CHAPTER XIV The fifth planet was very curious. He was the smallest of them all. There was enough room to accommodate street light and lamp lighters.
The little prince couldn't explain what was being used, anywhere in the sky, on a planet without a house or population, a lamppost and a lamp lighter. As well as he says to himself: - Maybe this man is absurd. But it's less absurd than the king, vain, businessman and drinker. At least his work makes sense
When she lights her streetlight, it's like giving birth to another star or a flower. When he turns off his street light, it puts a flower or star to sleep. It's a very beautiful profession. It's really useful because it's beautiful. As he approached the planet, he respectfully greeted the lighter: - Hello. Why did you just
turn off your street light? It's instruction, opposite the lighter. Good morning. - What's an instruction? - It's to turn off my lamppost. Good evening. And he lit it again. But why did you come back? It's instruction, opposite the lighter. I don't understand, said the little prince. There's nothing to understand, said
the lighter. An instruction is an instruction is an instruction. Good morning. And he turned off his streetlight. Then he wiped his forehead with a red checkered handkerchief. I'm doing a terrible job here. That used to make sense. I'll turn it off in the morning and light up tonight. I had the rest of the day to rest and sleep the
rest of the night... The coaching has not changed, said the lighter. It's drama! the planet year after year has become faster and the order has not changed! So? asked the little prince. Now that he's doing one round a minute, I'm not free for a second. I turn on and off once a minute! - That's
funny! The days at home last a minute! It's not funny at all, said the lighter. We've been talking to each other for a month. For a month? Yes. 30 minutes. 30 days! Good evening. And he threw his lamppost again. The little prince looked at him, and he loved the lighter who was so faithful to his instructions.
He remembered the sunsets he would never bring out, pulling out his chair. He wanted to help his friend. I know how to rest whenever you want... Because we at the same time faithful and lazy. The little prince continued: -Your planet is so small that you'll go past it in three steps. All you have to do is walk
slowly to always stay in the sun. If you want to rest, you walk... and the day lasts as long as you want. It doesn't do me much good, said the little prince. It's bad luck, said the lighter. Good morning. And he turned off his streetlight. This one, the little
prince tells himself, if he went beyond his journey, it would be despised by everyone else, king, by concee, drinker, businessman. But that's the only one that doesn't seem ridiculous to me. Maybe it's because he takes care of something other than himself. He had a sigh of regret, and he said to himself
again, That's all I could have done as my friend. But his planet is really too small. There's no room for two... The little prince dared not admit that he regretted this blessed planet, for above all, a thousand four hundred and forty sunsets in 24 hours! CHAPTER XV The sixth planet was ten times larger. It
was founded by an old gentleman who wrote great books. Here! Here he is an explorer! he cried when he saw the little prince and blew a little. He'd already traveled so much! Where are you from? An old gentleman told him. What kind of big book is that? asked the little
prince. What are you doing here? I'm a geographer, said an old gentleman. - What's a geographer? - He's a scientist who knows where the seas, rivers, towns, mountains and deserts are. It's very interesting, said the little prince. It's finally a real job! And he looked around him on the geographer's planet.
He'd never seen such a majestic planet before. It's beautiful, your planet. Are there oceans? I don't know, said the geographer. I don't know, said the geog
either, said the geographer. - But you're a geographer! That's right, said the geographer, but I'm not an explorer. I don't have explorers. It is not a geographer is too important to go wandering around. He's not leaving his office. But he
becomes explorers. He'll interrogate them and take note of their memories. And if the memories of one of them seem interesting to him, the geography books. And also an explorer who ran too
much. Why did you do that?, the little prince asked. - Because drunks see double. Then the geographer shows two mountains with only one. I know someone, said the little prince, who would be a bad explorer. It's possible. So if the explorer's morale seems good, we're going to examine his discovery.
Watching? No, no, it's too complicated. But the detective has to give evidence. If, for example, this is the discovery of a large mountain, it is necessary that it bring back large rocks. The geographer moved suddenly. But you're coming a long way! You're an explorer! You're describing your planet to me!
And the geographer, having opened his till, cut the pen. The stories of explorers are marked with a pencil for the first time. Ink should indicate that the investigator has provided evidence. So what? the geographer is called into question. I don't know who you are. At home, says the little prince, it's not very
interesting, it's very small. I have three volcanoes. Two active volcanoes and an extinct volcano. But you never know, said the geographer. Why this! It's the prettiest! - Because the flowers are ephemers. - What does
the ephemers mean? -The geographer, says the geographer, is the most valuable of books in all books. They never go out of fashion. It's rare that a mountain changes places. It's very rare for the ocean to drain its water. We write boring things. But extinct volcanoes can wake up, interrupted by the little
prince. What does a ephemer say? Whether volcanoes are extinct or awake, it's the same for the rest of us, says the geographer. There's a mountain important to us. That's not going to change. - But what does a ephemer say? repeated the little prince, who had not given up the question in his life when
he had asked. - That means whoever is threatened with extinction in the near future. - My flower soon threatens to be extinct? Course, and he has only four thorns to defend himself against the world! And I left it at home alone! It was his first move of regret.
But he took courage: What do you suggest I visit? he asked. Planet Earth, responded by a geographer. He's got a good reputation... And the little prince left thinking about his flower. CHAPTER XVI The seventh planet was Earth. Earth is not a planet! There are a hundred and eleven kings (without
forgetting, of course, negro kings), seven thousand geographers, 100,000 businessmen, seven and a half million drunks, 320 billion great people. To give you an idea of the dimensions of earth, I'm telling you, before the electricity was invented, it had to maintain a true army on all six continents, made up
of 462,000 15 lamp lighters. To see a little bit of it was a great effect. The movement of this army was governed like an opera ballet. First came street lighting in New Zealand and Australia. Then they, having lit their lamps, went to sleep. Then, in turn, lamplighters in China and Siberia entered the dance.
Then they took the scenes, too. Then came turn lamplighters russia and India. Then they're from Africa and Europe. Then they're in North America. And they never got lost in their entry order. It was awe-inspiring. Only the ignition of the only North Pole lamppost, and his
colleague's only lamppost at the South Pole, led to life in idleness and nonchalance: They worked twice a year. CHAPTER XVII If you want to make up your mind, sometimes you lie a little. I haven't been very honest about lamplamps. I'm risking our planetary imagination for those who don't. Men occupy
very little space on earth. When two billion residents of the land stood and a little tense, like the meeting, they just stay in a public square twenty miles long 20 miles wide. We could stuff humanity into every little island in the Pacific Ocean. Great people, of course, don't believe you. They think they have a
lot of room. They see themselves as important as baobabs. You're suggesting they do math. They like numbers: they like numbers: they like it. But don't waste your time in that penit out. There's no need for that. You trust me. The little prince, once on earth, was guite surprised not to see anyone. He was already afraid of a
lost planet when the moon-colored ring was stirring in the sand. Good night, said the little prince. On earth, in Africa, the snake answered. Ah!... So there's no one in the country? - Here's the desert. There's no one
in the deserts. The earth is big, says the snake. The little prince sat on a rock and looked at the sky: I don't know, he said when the stars are lit, that everyone could one day find their own. Look at my planet. is right above us... But how far away he is! She's beautiful, said the snake. What are you doing
here? I have a flower problem, the little prince said. Ah! said the snake. And they remained silent. Where are the men? asked the little prince looked at him for a long time: You're a funny beast, he said he'll end up thin like a finger... - But I'm more
powerful than the king's finger, said the snake. The little prince smiled: -You're not very powerful... You don't even have legs... You can't even travel... He wrapped himself around the little prince's ankle like a gold bracelet. But you're clean and you come from the star... The little prince didn't answer
anything. You pity me, you're so weak in this granite country. I can help you one day if you regret your planet too much, - I can- - Oh! I understand very well, said the little prince, but why do you always tell puzzles? I'm going to solve them all, said the snake, And they remained silent, CHAPTER XVIII The
little prince crossed the desert and only met one flower. A three-pet flower, nothing like a flower, nothing like a flower, one day, had seen the caravan's miraculous passing: - Men? I think it's six or seven. I saw them years ago. But you never
know where to find them. The wind blows them. They have no roots, it bothers them a lot. Goodbye, said the little prince climbed high on the hill. The only mountains he'd ever known were the three volcanoes that reached his knee. And he used an
extinct volcano as a stool. From such a high mountain, he told himself: I can see the whole planet and all the men... But all he saw was sharp stone needles. Hi, he said by chance. - Hi, I don't know. Good morning... Good morning... the opposite. Who are you? asked the little prince. - Who are you... Who
are you... Who are you... the opposite. Be my friends, I'm alone, he said. - I'm alone... I'm al
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always spoke first... CHAPTER XX But it happened that the little prince, who had long walked through the sand, rocks and snow, finally discovered the road. And the roads go Men. Hi, he said. It was a garden full of roses. Hello, said roses. The little prince looked at them. - They all looked like his flower.

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... -Creating links? Sure, said the fox. You're still a 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 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 not 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, 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 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 guick lit. 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? - 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... 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 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 groaded 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 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 guestion 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'il 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: Si! 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'il be there tonight... I was 20 yards from the wall, 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 guestion, 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, 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, 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 businessman, 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. You want to laugh with me. 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 not true... I kept my mouth shut. You understand. It's too far. I can't take that body with me. 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 weak! And he's so weak! And he's so weak! And he's so maïve. 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 guickly that he's back... END This site is full of free ebooks - Project Gutenberg Australia

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