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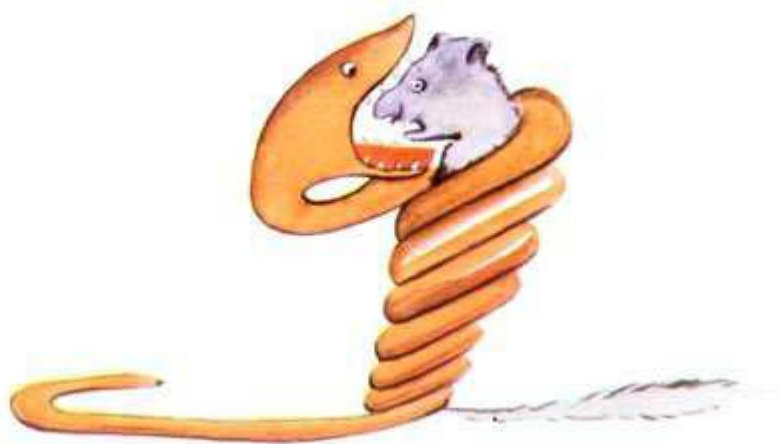
THE LITTLE PRINCE – LEVEL 3

Adapted by englishinlevels.com



CHAPTER 1 – SHEEP

When I was six years old, I saw an amazing picture in a book. It was a picture of a snake that was eating a big animal. Here is a copy of the drawing.



In the book it said, “Snakes eat the whole animal. Then they are not able to move. And they sleep for the six months.”

I thought a lot about the adventures in the jungle. Then I made my first drawing. I did it with a coloured pencil. My drawing number one looked like this.

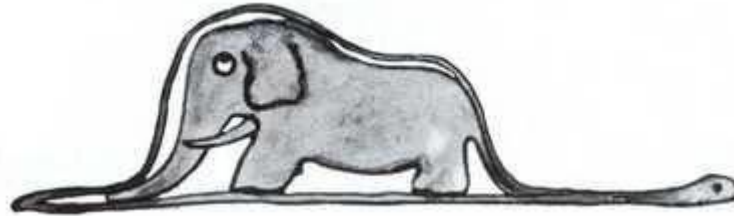


I showed my great drawing to the adults, and I asked them if my drawing scared them.

But they answered, “Why should anyone be scared of a hat?”

My drawing was not a picture of a hat. It was a picture of a big snake with an elephant inside. I then drew the inside of the big snake, so that

the adults could understand. They always need explanations. My drawing number two looked like this.



The adults advised me to stop drawing snakes, from the inside or the outside. They advised me to be interested more in geography, history, maths and grammar. That's why, at the age of six, I left an amazing career as a painter. I did it because my picture number one and picture number two were not successful when adults saw them. Adults never understand anything alone, and it is **tiring** for children to always give them explanations.

So I had to choose another profession and I learnt to fly planes. I flew all over the world. And it's true geography was very useful to me. I can recognise China from Arizona at first look. It is very useful if you are lost at night.

During my life, I had lots of contact with many serious people. I lived a lot among the adults. I could see them from a close distance. It did not really improve my opinion of them.

When I met one of them who seemed to me a little normal, I tried the experiment of showing him or her my drawing number one which I have always kept. I wanted to know if this was a person of true understanding. But the person always said, "It's a hat." Then I never spoke to this person about big snakes or forests or stars. I went to his or her level and I talked

about bridges, golf, politics and **ties**. And the adult was **glad** to know such a reasonable man.

So I lived alone, without anyone I could really talk to, until I had an accident in the Sahara Desert. It was six years ago. Something was broken in my engine. I didn't have any mechanic or any passenger in the plane with me. I was preparing to do the difficult repair job by myself. It was a question of life or death for me. I had only enough drinking water for a week.

The first night I **fell asleep** on the sand a thousand miles from any land with people. I was more isolated than a sailor on a raft in the middle of the ocean. So you can imagine my surprise, when a funny little voice woke me up in the morning. It said, "Please, draw me a sheep!"

"What?"

"Draw me a sheep!"

I jumped to my feet as if I was hit by lightning. I **rubbed** my eyes. I looked around. And I saw a very unusual little man who was looking at me very seriously. This is the best picture I later managed to make of him.



But my drawing, of course, is much less fascinating than the original model. It's not my fault. I was discouraged in my career as a painter by the adults at the age of six. And I never learnt to draw anything, except snakes from the outside and snakes from the inside.

I looked at this figure with my eyes full of surprise. Do not forget that I was a thousand miles from any land with people. And yet this little man didn't seem to be tired, hungry, thirsty or scared. He didn't look like a child lost in the middle of the desert, a thousand miles from any land with people.

When I finally managed to speak, I said to him, "What are you doing here?"

He repeated, very slowly and very seriously, "Please draw me a sheep."

When a mystery is so great, it is hard to say no. As absurd as it seemed to me, a thousand miles from any land with people, and in danger of death, I took a sheet of paper and a pen out of my pocket. But then I remembered that I mostly studied geography, history, maths and grammar, and I told the little man that I did not know how to draw.

He replied, "It doesn't matter. Draw me a sheep."

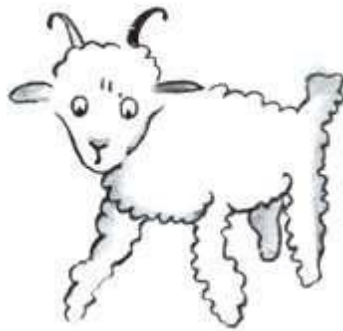
But I had never drawn a sheep. So I drew him one of only two drawings which I was able to draw. It was a big snake from the outside. And I was shocked to hear the little man reply, "No, no, no! I don't want an elephant inside a big snake. A big snake is a very dangerous creature, and an elephant takes a lot of space. Where I live, everything is very small. I need a sheep. Draw me a sheep."

So then I made a drawing.



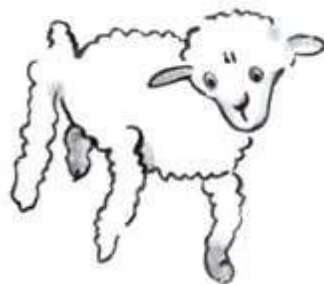
He looked at it carefully, then he said, “No. This sheep is already very ill. Make me another.”

So I made another drawing.



My friend smiled gently at me, “You have to see it too. This isn’t a sheep. It’s a **ram**. It has **horns**.”

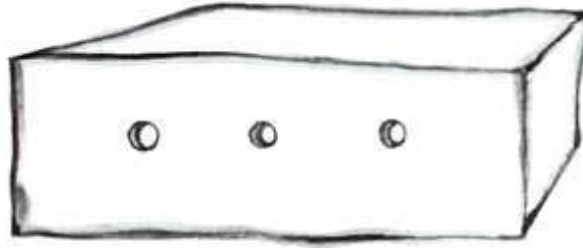
So then I made another drawing.



But it was rejected too, just like the others.

“This one is too old. I want a sheep that will live a long time.”

Then, for lack of patience, because I was in a hurry to start repairing my engine, I quickly drew this drawing.



And I said, “That’s a box. The sheep you want is inside.”

I was very surprised to see the face of my young judge get lighter, “That’s exactly how I wanted it! Do you think the sheep will need a lot of grass?”

“Why?”

“Because where I live, everything is very small.”

„There will surely be enough grass for it. I gave you a very small sheep.“

He **bent** his head over the drawing, “Not so small. Look! It has gone to sleep.”

And that is how I met the little prince.

CHAPTER 2 – ASTEROID

It took me a long time to understand where he came from. The little prince, who asked me many questions, never seemed to hear mine. But as he was speaking, step by step everything was shown to me.

For example, when he first saw my plane (I will not draw my plane here, it would be too complicated for me), he asked, “What’s that thing?”

“That isn’t a thing. It flies. It’s a plane. It’s my plane.”

And I was proud to tell him I could fly.

Then he shouted, “What! You fell from the sky?”

“Yes,” I said not very loudly.

“Oh! That’s funny!”

And the little prince started to laugh very loudly, which made me very angry. People should take my bad situation seriously.

Then he added, “So you also fell from the sky like me. What planet are you from?”

At that moment I started to understand a little bit more about him, and I questioned him quickly, “Do you come from another planet?”

But he didn’t answer me. He only moved his head gently. He kept looking at my plane.

“Of course, on that thing you couldn’t come from very far.”

And he started to think deeply. It lasted a long time. Then he took his sheep out of his pocket, and he got lost in observing it.



You can imagine how my **curiosity** increased when I learnt about the other planets. I decided to learn more.

“Where do you come from? Where is your home? Where do you want to take your sheep?”

After a long silence he answered, “The good thing about the box is that at night it will **serve** as a house for the sheep.”

“Of course. And if you are good, I’ll also give you a **rope**, so that you can tie the sheep during the day.”

But the little prince seemed shocked by this offer, “Tie the sheep. What a funny idea!”

“But if you don’t tie the sheep, it will run away. It will get lost.”

My friend started to laugh loudly again.

“But where do you think the sheep would go?”

“Anywhere. Straight ahead.”

Then the little prince said seriously, “Even if the sheep went away, it doesn’t matter. Where I live, everything is so small.” And, with a little sadness, he added, “Straight ahead, nobody can go very far.”



So, this way, I learnt a second very important thing. The planet that the little prince came from was hardly bigger than a house.

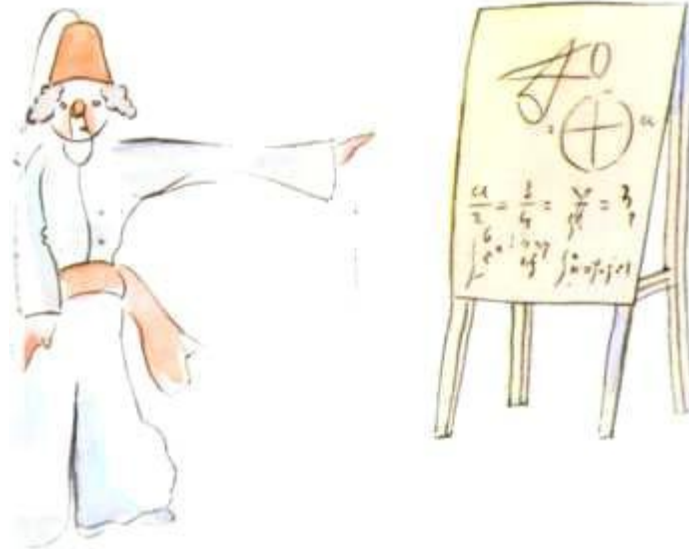
But that didn't really surprise me much. I knew very well that we don't only have planets like Earth, Jupiter, Mars, and Venus, which have names. There are also hundreds of others that are sometimes so small that it's difficult to see them through the telescope. When an astronomer discovers one of them, he doesn't give it a name, but only a number. He calls it, for example, Asteroid 3251.

I have serious reason to believe that the planet from which the little prince came is Asteroid B-612.

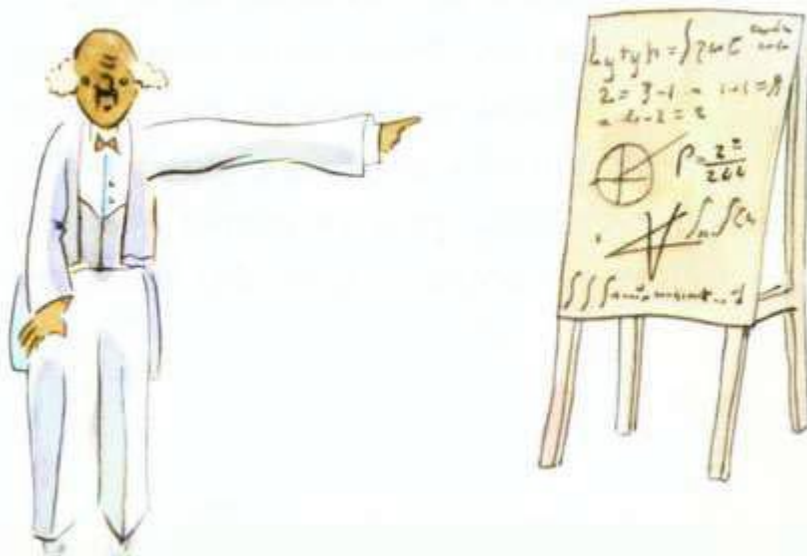
This asteroid was seen only once through the telescope. That was by a Turkish astronomer, in 1909.



He made a great demonstration of his discovery at the International Astronomical Congress. But nobody believed him because he was wearing Turkish clothes. Adults are like that.



Fortunately for the reputation of Asteroid B-612, a Turkish dictator made a law, under penalty of death, that people should dress like Europeans. The astronomer made his demonstration for the second time in 1920. He was wearing a very elegant suit. And this time everybody accepted his news.



I am telling you these details about Asteroid B-612 and I am telling you its number because adults like numbers. When you tell them that you have a new friend, they never ask you questions about important things. They never ask you, “What does his voice sound like? What games does he prefer? Does he collect butterflies?” They ask, “How old is he? How

many brothers does he have? How much does he weigh? How much money does his father make?” Only from these numbers they think that they have learnt anything about him.

If you say to the adults, “I saw a beautiful house made of red brick, with beautiful flowers in the windows and birds on the roof,” they can’t imagine the house. You have to say to them, “I saw a house that cost one hundred thousand francs.” Then they would say, “That’s a pretty house.”

So if you say to the adults, “The proof that the little prince existed is that he was cute, that he laughed, and that he wanted a sheep. If you want a sheep, it’s proof that you exist,” it won’t help them. They will shake their heads, and treat you like a child. But if you tell them, “The planet he came from is Asteroid B-612,” then they will be convinced. And they won’t ask you any questions.

They're like that. We mustn’t blame them. Children should be very patient towards adults.

But, of course, we who understand life, we don’t care about numbers. We like to tell a story like a fairy tale. We like to say, “Once upon a time there was a little prince who lived on a planet hardly bigger than himself, and who needed a friend.” For those who understand life, it would sound much truer.

The fact is, I don’t want anyone to take my book lightly. I feel so sad when I look at these memories. It’s been six years since my friend went away with his sheep. If I try to describe him here, it is because I don’t want to forget him. It’s sad to forget a friend. Not everyone has had a friend. And if I forget him, I can become like the adults who are only interested in numbers.

So that’s why I bought a box of paints and some pencils. It’s hard to go back to drawing, at my age, when no other attempt has ever been

made except those of the big snake from the outside and the big snake from the inside.

I will try, of course, to make my portraits as true to life as possible. But I'm not quite sure if I'm going to succeed. One drawing is alright, and another doesn't look like what I was trying to draw. I make some errors on the size too. Here the little prince is too tall. Here he is too short. I also feel some doubts about the colour of his clothes. But I will try to do my best.

In some other details I will make mistakes too. But here you have to forgive me. It's not my fault. My friend never explained anything to me. Maybe he thought I was like him. But I, unfortunately, don't know how to see the sheep through the walls of a box. I may be a little like the adults. I have probably grown old.

CHAPTER 3 – TREES

Every day I learnt something about the little prince's planet, about his departure from it, about his journey. The information came very slowly, usually during moments when the little prince was thinking about his past.

On the third day, I learnt about the problem with the baobabs. Baobabs are big trees. I learnt about the problem thanks to a question about the sheep that the little prince suddenly asked me. It looked like the question came from a sad thought.

“Is it true that sheep eat little **bushes**?”

“Yes. That's true.”

“Ah! I am glad.”

I didn't understand why it was so important that the sheep ate little bushes. But the little prince added,

“So they also eat baobabs?”

I told the little prince that baobabs aren't little bushes, right the opposite, they are trees as large as churches. And that even if he took a whole **herd** of elephants back to his planet that a herd couldn't eat one single baobab.

The idea of the herd of elephants made the little prince laugh, “We would have to put them one on top of the other.”



But he made a **wise** comment, “The baobabs, before they grow so big, they begin by being small.”

“That’s right,” I said. “But why do you want your sheep to eat the little baobabs?”

He replied, “Oh, come on! You know,” as if we were talking about something quite **obvious**. And then it was up to me to use my intelligence and solve the problem, without any assistance.

So it came to me that on the planet where the little prince lived, there were, as on all planets, good plants and bad plants. Therefore there were good **seeds** of good plants and bad seeds of bad plants. But the seeds are invisible. They sleep deep in the ground until one of them has the desire to wake up. Then it **stretches**, and it begins, first with a bit of shyness, to grow toward the sun.

When it's very small, you don't know if it is a carrot seed or a rose seed. And you can let it grow as it wants. But if it is a bad plant, it is necessary to destroy the plant immediately, as soon as you can recognize it.

And the truth was that there were some terrible seeds on the planet of the little prince. These were the seeds of baobabs. The **soil** of the planet was full of them. If you recognize a baobab too late, you will never be able to **get rid** of it. It **spreads** over the entire planet. Its roots go right through it. And if the planet is too small, and if the baobabs are too many, they tear the planet **apart**.



“It’s a question of discipline,” the little prince later told me.

“When you finish washing and dressing each morning, then it’s time to clean your planet very carefully. It’s necessary to pull up the baobabs regularly, as soon as you can recognize them. Sometimes it isn’t easy because they are similar to roses when they are very young. It’s a very boring job, but very easy.”

And one day he said to me, “You should make a beautiful drawing that would show all this to the children where you live. That information would be useful to them if they travel one day.

It’s sometimes OK to leave your work for later. But when you do it with baobabs, it’s always a catastrophe. I knew a planet that was inhabited by a lazy man. He forgot to pull up three little bushes.”

And, as the little prince described it to me, I drew this planet.

I don’t want to be a moralist. But the danger of baobabs is so little known, and there is a great possibility that if you get lost on an asteroid, you will meet such danger, that now I am going to tell you what you must do. I will say it in simple words.

“Children, watch out for baobabs!”

I worked so hard on this drawing because I wanted to warn my friends of a danger that they didn’t pay attention to for a long time, like myself, without ever knowing it. The lesson I am teaching is worth all the hard work.

You may ask yourself, “Why are there no other drawings in this book as big as the drawing of the baobabs?”

The answer is very simple. I have tried but I couldn’t succeed. When I drew the baobabs, I was so driven by the force of great urgency to give you the message.



Oh, little prince! **Gradually**, I came to understand the secrets of your sad little life. For a long time your only **entertainment** was looking at beautiful sunsets.

I learnt this new detail on the fourth day in the morning, when you said to me, “I really like sunsets. Let’s go look at a sunset now.”

“But we have to wait,” I said.

“Wait? Wait for what?”

“Wait until the sun goes down.”

At first, you seemed very surprised. Then you laughed. And you said to me, “I’m always thinking that I’m at home.”

Everybody knows this. When it’s noon in the United States, the sun is going down in France. If you could fly to France in one minute, you could watch the sunset.

But on your little planet, my little prince, all you need to do is pull your chair a few steps. And you can watch the sun going down whenever you wish.

“One day I saw the sunset forty-three times.” And a little later you added, “When you are very sad, sunsets are wonderful.”

“On the day of the forty-three sunsets, were you feeling very sad?” I asked. But the little prince didn’t answer.



On the fifth day, again thanks to the sheep, another secret of the little prince's life was revealed to me. He asked me suddenly, "If a sheep eats little bushes, does it eat flowers, too?"

"A sheep eats whatever it finds," I answered.

"Even flowers that have thorns?"

"Yes. Even flowers that have thorns."

"Then what are the thorns good for?"

I didn't know. At that moment I was very busy trying to repair my engine. I was quite worried because my situation began to appear to me very serious. I had so little drinking water left that I had to fear the worst.

"What are the thorns good for?"

The little prince never let go of a question once he asked it. But at that moment I was **upset** because I couldn't repair my engine. I answered without thinking, "Thorns are no good for anything. Flowers have thorns just to make others upset."

"Oh!"

The little prince was thinking for a while and then he said a little angrily, "I don't believe you! Flowers are weak. They are naive. The thorns give them power. Flowers believe their thorns are terrible weapons."

I made no reply. I was very busy repairing my engine.

CHAPTER 4 – FLOWER

The little prince again disturbed my thoughts, “And you actually believe that the flowers have thorns just to make others upset?”

“No! Not at all. I don’t believe anything! I answered you with the first thing that came to my mind. I am busy with serious things!”

He looked at me shocked.

“Serious things!”

He saw me with my dirty hands, trying to do something with the engine, an object that seemed extremely ugly to him.

“You talk like the adults!”

That made me a little **ashamed**. But then, with the same tone in his voice, he continued, “You confuse everything. You mix everything together!”

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

“I know a planet where there is a gentleman with a red face. He has never smelled a flower. He’s never looked at a star. He’s never loved anyone. He’s never done anything other than counting numbers. And all day he repeats again and again, just like you, ‘I am a serious man! I am a serious man!’ And it makes him very proud. But he’s not a man at all, he’s a mushroom!”

“He’s a what?”

“A mushroom!”

The little prince was now white with anger.

“Flowers have been growing thorns for millions of years. For millions of years, sheep have been eating them. And you think that it’s not serious to try to understand why flowers go to so much trouble to grow thorns that are never used for anything? Is the war between the

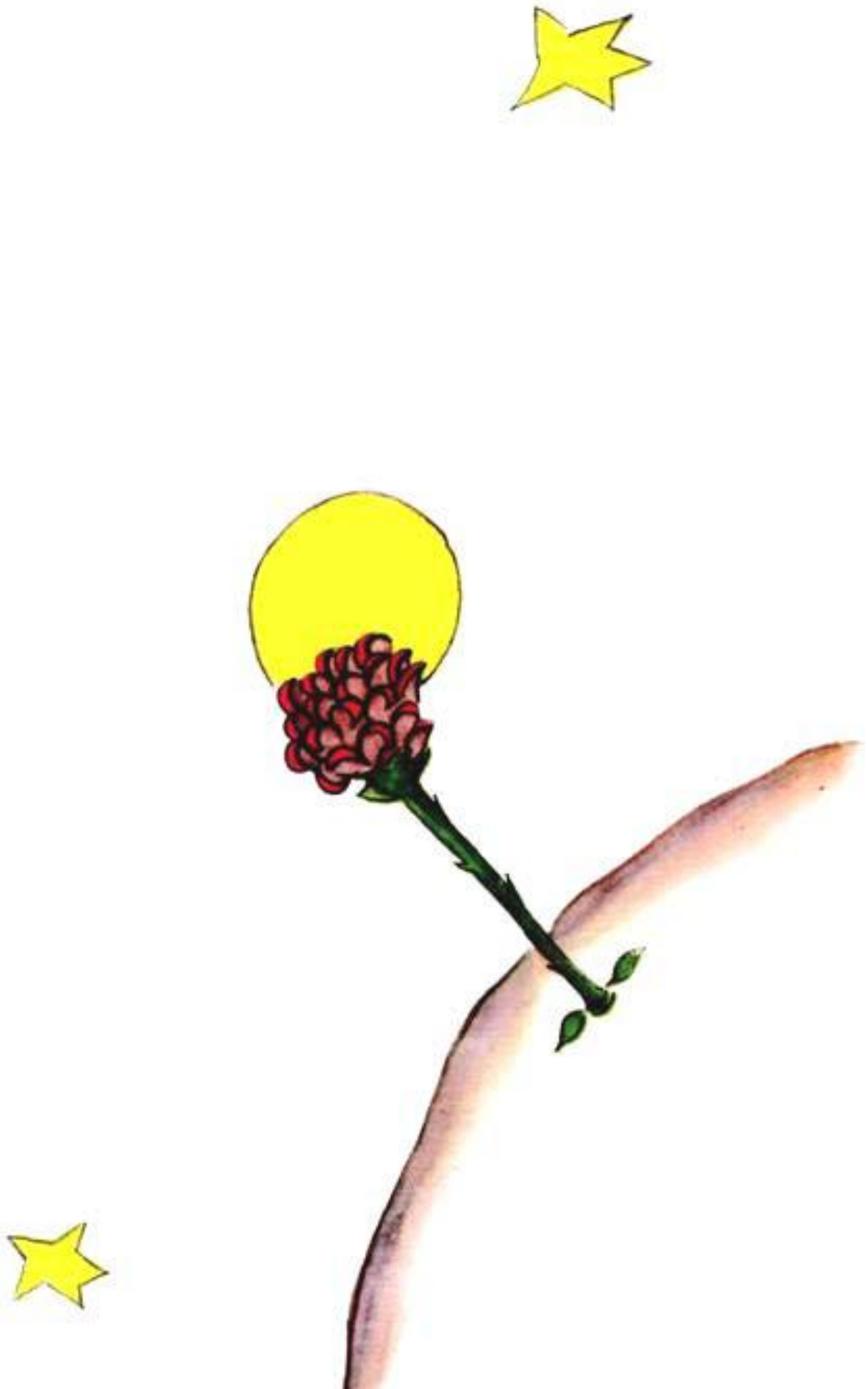
sheep and the flowers not important? Is this not more serious and more important than the counting of the gentleman with a red face? And if I know a flower which is unique in the world, which exists nowhere, except on my planet, a flower that a little sheep can destroy in a single bite one morning, without even realizing what it is doing, you think that this is not important?”

His face turned from white to red and he continued.

“If someone loves a flower that exists only one among all the millions and millions of stars, that’s enough for this person to be happy when he looks at the stars and he says to himself, ‘My flower is somewhere up there.’ But if the sheep eats the flower, then for him it’s as if suddenly, all the stars were gone. And you think that’s not important?”

He couldn’t say another word. He suddenly started to cry. The night had fallen. I let my tools drop from my hands. How important could my tools, my engine, my thirst or death be now? On one star, on one planet, on my planet, the Earth, there was a little prince who needed my attention. I took him in my arms. I held him gently. I said to him, “The flower you love is not in danger. I will draw you something to protect your flower. I will draw you a **fence** you can put around you flower. I will...”

I didn’t know what to say to him. I felt uncomfortable. I didn’t know how to talk to him, where to join him again. It’s so mysterious, the land of tears.



I soon learnt more about the flower. On the little prince's planet the flowers were always very simple. They were small and they didn't disturb anyone. They appeared in the grass in the morning, and they were peacefully gone by night.

But it all changed one day. From a seed brought from nobody knew where, a new flower started to grow. First she was very small. The little prince watched her very closely. The flower wasn't like any other small flowers on his planet.

The flower could be a new kind of baobab. But she soon stopped growing, and began to prepare for opening. The preparation for this moment took a long time. The flower didn't want to show her colours immediately. The preparation lasted days and days. Then one morning, exactly at sunrise, the flower showed herself.

And after all her preparation for this moment, she **yawned** and said, "Ah! I am hardly awake. Please, excuse me. It will take same time before I am perfect."



But the little prince couldn't hide his admiration, "Oh! How beautiful you are!"

"Yes, I am. Look at me," the flower replied softly. "And I was born at the same moment as the sun."

The little prince realized that she wasn't too modest, but she was so beautiful.

"I think it's time for breakfast," she soon added, "Would you be so kind and water me?"

And the little prince, surprised by the whole situation, started to look for a **can** of fresh water. After finding it, he served the flower.



Soon, she began playing with the little prince in a way that wasn't always pleasant.

One day, for example, when she was speaking about her four thorns, she said to the little prince, "I'm ready for tigers with all their claws."



"There are no tigers on my planet," the little prince objected, "And besides tigers don't eat grass."

"I'm not a grass," the flower sweetly replied, "I'm not at all afraid of tigers, but I'm afraid of drafts. Do you have something to protect me from drafts?"

"Being afraid of drafts isn't good for a plant," said the little prince, and he added to himself, "This flower is very complicated."

"At night I want you to put me under glass. It's very cold here where you live. It's quite uncomfortable. Where I come from..."

But she interrupted herself at that point. She came here as a seed. She couldn't have known anything about other worlds. She was **embarrassed** because she let herself to be caught at preparing such a naive lie. She quickly **coughed** two or three times, in order to made the little prince feel bad.

“The glass? I was just going to look for it but you were speaking to me,” said the little prince.

Then she started to cough a little more so that the little prince would feel bad again.

So the little prince, in spite of all the good will that came from his love, soon started to mistrust her. He took seriously when somebody used words which were without importance, and it made him very unhappy.



“I shouldn’t have listened to her,” he told me one day. “You must never listen to flowers. You must look at them and smell them. My flower perfumed all my planet, but I didn’t know how to enjoy it. The story about the tiger claws, which annoyed me so much, should only have filled my heart with love.”

He then continued, “At that time I didn’t understand anything. I should have judged her by her actions not her words. She perfumed my planet. She made my life more beautiful. I should have never left her. I should have seen the love that was behind her little tricks. Flowers are so complicated. But I was too young to know how to love her.”

CHAPTER 5 – KING

I believe that for his **escape** he used the **migration** of wild birds.



On the morning of his departure he put his planet in perfect **order**. He carefully cleaned out his active volcanoes. There were two active volcanoes on his planet. And they were very **convenient** for warming his breakfast in the morning.

He also had one volcano that was **extinct**. But, as he said, “You never know!” So he cleaned out the extinct volcano too. If they are properly cleaned out, volcanoes burn gently and regularly, without eruptions. Volcanic eruptions are like fires in a **chimney**.

Of course, on our Earth we are much too small to clean out our volcanoes. That’s why they’re causing us a lot of trouble.



The little prince also pulled out, a little sadly, the last little baobabs. He thought he would never want to return. But all these familiar tasks seemed very sweet to him on this last morning. And when he watered the flower one last time, and put her under glass, he realised that he was very close to tears.

“Goodbye,” he said to the flower. But she didn’t answer him.

“Goodbye,” he repeated. The flower coughed. But it wasn’t because she had a cold.

“I have been silly,” she said at last. “I want to apologize. Try to be happy.”

He was surprised that there were no complaints. He stood there quite confused, holding the glass in his hand. He didn’t understand this calm sweetness.

“Of course, I love you,” the flower told him. “It was my fault you never knew. It doesn’t matter. But you were just as **silly** as I was. Try to be happy. Put that glass down. I don’t want it **anymore**.”

“But the wind...”

“The wind isn’t that bad. The night air will do me good. I am a flower.”

“But the animals...”

“I have to be able survive two or three caterpillars if I want to see the butterflies. It seems that they are very beautiful. If there are no butterflies here, who will visit me? You will be far away. When it comes to big animals, I’m not afraid of them. I have my **claws**.” And she naively showed her four **thorns**.

Then she added, “Don’t stand here like this, it’s **annoying**. You decided to leave. So, now go!”

She said it because she didn't want him to see her cry. She was such a proud flower.

The little prince was close to the asteroids 325, 326, 327, 328, 329 and 330. So he began by visiting them. He wanted to stay busy and learn something.

The first one was **inhabited** by a king. The king was wearing **royal** clothes. He was sitting on a simple but majestic throne.



“Ah! Here is a **subject**,” the king said when he saw the little prince.

And the little prince asked himself, “How can he know who I am? He’s never seen me before.”

The little prince didn’t realize that for kings, the world is extremely simplified. All men are subjects.

“Come closer to me. I want to see you better,” said the king. He was very proud to be a king for someone at last.

The little prince looked around for a place to sit down, but the planet was covered by the magnificent clothes of the king. So he remained standing. And because he was tired, he **yawned**.

“It’s a violation of etiquette to yawn in the presence of a king,” the king told him. “I **forbid** you to do so.”

“I can’t help it,” replied the little prince, quite **embarrassed**. “I’ve made a long journey, and I haven’t had any sleep.”

“Then I **order** you to yawn,” said the king, “I haven’t seen anyone yawn for years. For me yawns are a curiosity. Come on! Yawn again! It’s an order.”

“That **frightens** me. I can’t do it now,” said the little prince, **turning red**.

“Oh, well!” the king replied, “Then I order you to yawn sometimes and then to...” He was confused a little and he looked **annoyed** because the king always insisted that his orders would be respected. He wouldn’t tolerate if somebody didn’t follow his orders. But, because he was a very good man, all his orders were reasonable.

“If I ordered a general,” he liked to give this example, “if I ordered a general to change into a sea bird, and if the general didn’t do it, it wouldn’t be the general’s fault. It would be my fault.”

“May I sit down?” the little prince asked quietly.

“I order you to sit down,” the king replied. And he pulled a piece of his clothes so that there was some space for the little prince to sit down.

But the little prince was thinking about one thing. The planet was tiny. The king didn’t control a big area.

“Sir,” said the little prince, “Can I ask you a question?”

“I order you to ask me a question,” the king said.

“Sir, what do you control?”

“I control everything,” said the king.

“Everything?”

The king **pointed to** his planet, then to the other planets, and all the stars.

“Are you the king of all that?” asked the little prince.

“I am the king of all,” replied the king. He didn’t control only his planet. He was the king of all the universe.

“And do the stars do what you want?”

“Of course,” said the king. “They do it immediately. They do what I want them to do.”

Such power impressed the little prince. If he had such power, he would have been able to watch the sunset, not forty-four times, but seventy-two, or even a hundred, or even two hundred times on the same day, without ever having to move his chair.

At that moment he remembered his little planet which he left, and he felt a little sad. That’s why he took his courage and asked the king for a favour, “I’d like to see a sunset. Do me a favour, please. Order the sun to set.”

“If I ordered a general to fly from one flower to another like a butterfly, or to write a tragedy, or to change into a sea bird, and if the general didn’t **carry out** my order, **whose fault** would it be?” asked the king, “the general’s or mine?”

“Your fault,” said the little prince quite firmly.

“Exactly. We must ask from others what others can do,” the king continued. “The control is first based on **reason**. If you order your people to jump into the sea, they will start a revolution. I have the right to control because my orders are reasonable.”

“And my sunset?” reminded the little prince, who never forgot a question once he asked it.

“You will have your sunset. I will order it. But according to my rules, I will wait until the conditions are right.”

“When will it be?” asked the little prince.

“Well! Well!” replied the king, and before saying anything he took a large calendar. “Well! Well! It will be, about, about, it will be this evening at about twenty minutes to eight. And you’ll see that everything happens as I order.

The little prince yawned. He was sad that the conditions weren’t right for his sunset. Then he started to be a little bored.

“I have nothing more to do here,” he said to the king. “I’m going to continue on my journey.”

CHAPTER 6 – PEOPLE

“Don’t go,” said the king, who was very proud of having a subject. “Don’t leave, I’ll make you my minister!”

“Minister of what?”

“Minister of **justice**.”

“But there is no one here to judge.”

“You never know,” said the king. “I have’t explored the whole kingdom yet. I am very old, I have no room for a carriage. I am soon tired when I walk.”

“Oh, but I have already seen your kingdom,” said the little prince. He looked once more around the whole planet. “There’s nobody else on the planet.”

“Then you will judge yourself,” replied the king, “That’s the most difficult. It’s much more difficult to judge yourself than to judge others. If you manage to judge yourself well, it’s because you are really a wise man.

“But I can judge myself anywhere,” said the little prince. “I don’t need to live here.”

“Well! Well!” said the king. “I believe that somewhere on my planet there is an old rat. I hear him at night. You can judge that old rat. You will **condemn** him to death from time to time. And his life will depend on your justice. But you will pardon him every time to save his life because he is the only one we have.”

“I don’t like to condemn anyone to death. And now I think I am going.”

“No,” said the king.

But the little prince, having now completed his preparations for departure, had no wish to make the old king sad.

“If you wish to control others, you should give me a reasonable order,” said the little prince. “For example, you could order me to be gone by the end of this minute. It seems to me that the conditions are favourable.”

The king didn't reply and the little prince **hesitated** at first. Then, with a **sigh**, he started to leave.

“I make you my **ambassador**,” the king quickly shouted after him. His control was really great.

“Adults are very strange,” the little prince said to himself as he continued on his journey.

The second planet was **inhabited** by another strange man. He was a **vain** man.

“Ah! A visit from an **admirer!**” said the man when he saw the little prince.



To him, all the other people were admirers.

“Good morning,” said the little prince. “You have a funny hat.”

“It’s a hat to **greet** people who come to visit me and admire me. Unfortunately, nobody **passes** this way.”

“Really?” said the little prince, who didn’t understand what the man was talking about.

“**Clap** your hands,” **ordered** the vain man.

The little prince clapped his hands and the man moved his hat with a **gentle** touch to greet the little prince.

“This is more fun than the visit to the king,” the little prince said to himself. And he continued clapping. The vain man continued touching his hat.

After five minutes of this exercise the little prince started to be tired of this game.

“What would make the hat go down?” he asked.

But the vain man didn’t hear him. Vain people never hear anything. They hear only **praise**.

“Do you really admire me very much?” he asked the little prince.

“What does it mean – admire?”

“To admire means to **acknowledge** that I am the most **handsome**, the best dressed, the richest and the most intelligent man on the planet.”

“But you are the only man on your planet!”

“Do me this **favour**. Admire me **even if** I’m the only man on this planet.”

“I admire you,” said the little prince, moving his shoulders up and down a little, “but I don’t understand why my **admiration** is so interesting to you.”

The little prince had nothing to do on this planet anymore and he went away.

“Adults are **certainly** very strange,” he told himself, as he continued on his journey.

The next planet was **inhabited** by a man who drank a lot.

This was a very short visit, but it put the little prince into a deep **depression**.



“What are you doing?” he asked the drunk man, who was sitting in **silence** before a **collection** of empty bottles and also a collection of full bottles.

“I’m drinking,” replied the drunk man, with an unhappy **expression** on his face.

“Why are you drinking?” the little prince asked.

“To forget,” replied the drunk man.

“To forget what?” asked the little prince, who was already **feeling sorry** for him.

“To forget that I am **ashamed**,” said the drunk man, putting his head down.

“Ashamed of what?” asked the little prince who wanted to help him.

“Ashamed of drinking!” said the drunk man who then stopped talking and it looked like he didn’t want to say another word.

And the little prince left, **confused**.

“The adults are **certainly** very, very strange,” he told himself as he continued on his journey.

The fourth planet **belonged** to a businessman. This man was so busy that he didn’t even **raise** his head when the little prince arrived.



“Good morning,” said the little prince. “Your cigarette is finished.”

“Three and two make five. Five and seven make twelve. Twelve and three make fifteen. Hello. Fifteen and seven make twenty-two. Twenty-two and six make twenty-eight. I have no time to **light** it again.

Twenty-six and five make thirty-one. Wow! It's five hundred and one million, six hundred and twenty-two thousand, seven hundred and thirty-one.”

“Five hundred million what?” asked the little prince.

“Eh? Are you still there? Five hundred and one million... I don't remember. I have so much work to do! I am a serious man. I don't want to **waste** my time with unimportant things. Two and five make seven...”

“Five hundred million what?” repeated the little prince who never in his life let go a question once he asked it.

The businessman raised his head, “For the fifty-four years I have lived on this planet, I have been **disturbed** only three times.

The first time it was twenty-two years ago, by a bird that fell onto my desk from god knows where. He made a terrible noise, and I made four mistakes in my calculation.

The second time, eleven years ago, I was disturbed by **rheumatism**. I don't get enough exercise. I have no time for such unproductive activity. I'm a serious man.

The third time is right now! Where was I? Five hundred and one million...”

“Million what?”

The businessman **realized** that if he wanted to be **left** in peace, he had to answer this question.

“Millions of those little things that you sometimes see in the sky.”

“Flies?”

“No, the little things that **shine**.”

“**Bees**?”

“Oh, no. The little golden things that make the lazy people dream. But I am a serious man! I have no time to dream.”

“Ah! You **mean** the stars?”

“Yes, the stars.”

“And what do you do with five hundred million stars?”

“Five hundred and one million, six hundred and twenty-two thousand, seven hundred and thirty-one. I am a serious person. I am **accurate**.”

“And what do you do with those stars?”

“What do I do with them?”

“Yes.”

“Nothing. I own them.”

“You own the stars?”

“Yes.”

“But I’ve already seen a king who...”

“Kings don’t own. They control. It’s very different.”

“And what is owning the stars good for?”

“It’s making me rich.”

“And why is it good to be rich?”

“It makes it possible for me to buy more stars, if somebody **discovers** them.”

The little prince said to himself, “This man **argues** a little like my **poor** drunk man.”

Nevertheless, he asked more questions. “How can someone own the stars?”

“Who do they belong to?” asked the businessman who was by now quite irritated.

“I don’t know. To nobody.”

“Then they belong to me because I was the first person to think of it.”

“That’s enough?”

“Of course. When you find a diamond that belongs to nobody, it’s yours. When you find an island that belongs to nobody, it’s yours. When you have an idea before anyone else, you **patent** it and it’s yours. Now I own the stars, because no one before me **ever** thought of owning them.”

“That’s true,” said the little prince. “And what do you do with them?”

“I **manage** them. I count them and **recount** them,” said the businessman. “It’s difficult. But I’m a serious man!”

The little prince was still not **satisfied**.

“If I own a **scarf**, I can put it around my neck and take it with me. If I own a flower, I can **pick** it and take it with me. But you can’t pick the stars!”

“No, but I can put them in the bank.”

“What does that **mean**?”

“That means that I write the number of my stars on a little paper. And then I **lock** that paper in a **drawer**.”

“And that’s all?”

“That’s enough,” said the businessman.

“It’s **entertaining**,” thought the little prince. “But it’s not very serious.”

The little prince had very different ideas about serious things from the ideas of the adults.

“I own a flower,” he continued. “I **water** her every day. I own three volcanoes that I clean out every week. I even clean out the **extinct** one. You never know. It’s useful to my volcanoes, and it’s useful to my flower that I own them. But you’re not useful to the stars.

The businessman opened his mouth but couldn’t find anything to say.
And the little prince left.

“The adults are **certainly** very interesting,” he said to himself as he continued on his journey.

CHAPTER 7 – WORK

The fifth planet was very strange. It was the smallest of all. There was **just** enough room for a street lamp and a **lamplighter**. The little prince couldn't understand the reason for a street lamp and a lamplighter on a planet, under so many stars, which had no people, and not even one house.



However, he said to himself, “It’s quite possible that this man is **absurd**, but he’s less absurd than the king, the **vain** man, the businessman and the drunk man. **At least** his work has some meaning. When he lights his lamp, it’s as if he’s bringing one more star to life, or one more flower. When he **puts out** his lamp, he sends the flower, or the star to sleep. It’s a beautiful job. And because it’s beautiful, it’s really **useful.**”

When the little prince arrived on the planet, he **greeted** the lamplighter respectfully, “Good morning. Why did you just put out your lamp?”

“That’s an **order**,” replied the lamplighter. “Good morning.”

“What’s the order?”

“The order is to put out my street lamp. Good evening.” And he lit his lamp again.

“But why have you just lit your lamp again?”

“That’s the order,” replied the lamplighter.

“I don’t understand,” said the little prince.

“There’s nothing to understand,” said the lamplighter. “The order is the order. Good morning.”

And he put out his lamp. Then he **wiped** his **forehead**.

“It’s a terrible job I have. It used to be reasonable in the past. I put the lamp out in the morning and in the evening I lit it again. I had the **rest** of the day for myself, and the rest of the night to sleeping.”

“And since that time the order has changed?”

“The order hasn’t changed,” said the lamplighter. “That’s the problem! Year by year the planet is turning faster and faster, and the order hasn’t changed!”

“Which means?” asked the little prince.

“Which means that now the planet makes a complete **turn** every minute and I have no time to **rest**. I light my lamp and put it out once every minute.”

“That’s funny! Your days last only one minute.”

“It’s not funny at all,” said the lamplighter. “You and I have already been talking to each other for a month.”

“A month?”

“Yes. Thirty minutes. Thirty days. Good evening.” And he lit his lamp again.

The little prince watched him and he liked more and more this lamplighter who was so **faithful** to his order. He remembered the days when he saw many sunsets just by pulling his chair. He wanted to help his new friend.

“You know. I can show you a way to stop your work **whenever** you want to.”

“I always want to stop my work,” said the lamplighter.

The little prince continued, “Your planet is so small that you can walk around it in three long steps. All you have to do is walk more slowly and you’ll always be in the sun. When you don’t want to work, just walk and the day will last as long you want it to.”

“How could that help me?” said the lamplighter. “The one thing that I love in life is to sleep.”

“Then you’re **unlucky**,” said the little prince.

“I am,” said the lamplighter. “Good morning.” And he put out his lamp.

“That man,” the little prince said to himself,” as he continued on his journey, “that man would be laughed at by all the others, by the king, by the vain man, by the drunk man, by the businessman. However, he’s the only one that doesn’t seem **ridiculous** to me. Maybe, it’s because he cares about something else, not just himself.

That man is the only one of them all who could be my friend. But his planet is really too small. There is no **room** for two people.”

What the little prince didn’t want to **admit** was that he **regretted** leaving that planet for one even more important reason. He didn’t want to leave because the planet was **blessed** with one thousand four hundred and forty **sunsets** every twenty-four hours!

The sixth planet was ten times bigger than the last one. It was inhabited by an old gentleman who wrote huge books.



“Oh, here comes an **explorer**,” he said when he saw the little prince coming.

The little prince sat down on the table and he was breathing fast. He was tired from travelling so much and so far.

“Where do you come from?” the old gentleman asked him.

“What’s that big book?” said the little prince. “What are you doing here?”

“I am a geographer,” the old gentleman answered.

“What’s a geographer?”

“A geographer is a scientist who knows where the seas are, and rivers, cities, mountains and deserts.”

“That’s very interesting,” said the little prince. “Here at last is a man who has a real job,” he thought. And he looked around at the geographer’s planet. The planet was amazing.

“Your planet is very beautiful,” he said. “Does it have any oceans?”

“I can’t say,” said the geographer.

“Ah!” the little prince was disappointed. “And mountains?”

“I can’t say,” said the geographer.

“And cities and rivers and deserts?”

“I can’t tell you that **either**,” said the geographer.

“But you are a geographer!”

“You’re right,” said the geographer, “but I’m not an explorer. There’s no explorer on my planet. It’s not the geographer who goes out to discover cities, rivers, mountains, seas, oceans and deserts. The geographer is too important to just travel around. He doesn’t leave his office. But the explorers visit him there. He questions them, and he

writes down what they remember. And if the memories of one of the explorers seem interesting to him, then the geographer has to **find out** if the explorer is an **honest** person.”

“Why is that?”

“Because an explorer who lies would **cause** disasters in the books of geography. And also an explorer who drank too much.”

“Why is that?” asked the little prince.

“Because drunk people see double. Then the geographer would write down two mountains in a place where there is only one.”

“I know someone,” said the little prince, “who would be a bad explorer.

“It’s possible. So when the character of the explorer seems good, then I have to **confirm** his **discovery**.”

“Do you visit the place?”

“No. That would be too complicated. But the explorer is **required** to **provide evidence**. For example, if the discovery is a large mountain, the explorer is required to bring large stones from it.”

The geographer suddenly smiled. “But you come from far away! You’re an explorer! You must describe your planet for me!”

And the geographer opened his big book and **sharpened** his **pencil**. Explorers’ words are first written down in pencil. **Ink** is used only after there is a **proof** of their words.

“Well?” said the geographer.

“Oh, where I live,” said the little prince, “it’s not very interesting. It’s very small. I have three volcanoes. Two volcanoes are active, and one is **extinct**. But you never know.”

“You never know,” said the geographer.

“I also have a flower.”

“We don’t record flowers,” said the geographer.

“Why not? The flower is the most beautiful thing on my planet!”

“Because flowers don’t last very long. In geography we have the most **exact** books of all. They never become **old-fashioned**. It’s very rare for a mountain to change position. It’s very rare for an ocean to lose its water. We write **eternal** things.”

“But **extinct** volcanoes can come back to life,” the little prince **interrupted**.

“Whether volcanoes are extinct or active, it is the same for us,” said the geographer. “What **matters** to us is the mountain. That doesn’t change. Your flower is different. It can disappear soon.”

“My flower can disappear soon?”

“Of course.”

“My flower can disappear soon,” thought the little prince, “and she has only four thorns to defend herself against the world! And I left her alone!”

That was the first time he regretted leaving his planet. But he took his courage again. “Where would you advise me to visit?” he asked.

“The planet Earth,” the geographer answered. “It has a good reputation.”

And the little prince went on his way, still thinking about his flower.

CHAPTER 8 – EARTH

The seventh planet was the Earth. The Earth is not just another planet. There are a hundred and eleven kings, including of course the African kings, seven thousand geographers, nine hundred thousand businessmen, seven and a half million drunk men, three hundred and eleven million vain men, all together about two **billion** adults.

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 keep an army of four hundred and sixty-two thousand, five hundred and eleven lamplighters to maintain all the street lamps on six continents.

Seen from some distance, this made a wonderful effect. The **movements** of this army were similar to the movements of the dancers in the opera who come on **stage** and then leave one by one in perfect **order**.

First came the lamplighters of New Zealand and Australia. Then, after lighting their lamps, they went home to sleep. Then came the lamplighters of China and Siberia. Then they also went **backstage**. Then came the lamplighters of Russia and India. Then those of Africa and Europe. Then those of South America and of North America. And they never made a mistake. They always came in the right order. It was wonderful.

Only the lamplighter of the single lamp at the North Pole, and his colleague of the single lamp at the South Pole, had **carefree** lazy lives. They worked twice a year.

When somebody tries to **sound** interesting, he sometimes goes away a little from the truth. What I have just told you about lamplighters isn't completely true. And I realize that I risk giving a **false** idea of our planet to those who don't know it. People occupy very little space on Earth.

If the two **billion** inhabitants of the globe all stood close together, they could be easily put into one square twenty miles long and twenty miles wide. You could put all humanity on a small Pacific island.

Of course, adults won't believe you. They imagine they fill a lot of space. They consider themselves as important as the baobabs. You should advise them to make their own calculation. They love numbers and they'll enjoy it.

But don't waste your time on this extra task. It's unnecessary. Trust me.

When the little prince arrived on Earth, he was quite surprised not to see any people.



He was beginning to fear he came to the wrong planet, but then he saw something move in the sand.

“Good evening,” said the little prince.

“Good evening,” said the snake.

“What planet have I landed on?” asked the little prince.

“On the planet Earth, in Africa,” the snake replied.

“Ah, are there no people on Earth?”

“This is the desert. There are no people in the desert. The Earth is very big,” said the snake.

The little prince sat down on a rock, and he looked up into the sky.

“I **wonder**,” he said, “if the stars are **lit up** so that each of us can find his own some day. Look at my planet. It’s just above us. But how far it is.”

“It’s beautiful,” the snake said. “What have you come here for?”

“I have been having some trouble with a flower,” said the little prince.

“Ah!” said the snake. And they were both **silent**.

“Where are the people?” the little prince finally continued in the conversation. “It’s a little **lonely** in the desert.”

“It’s also lonely with people,” said the snake.

The little prince looked at him for a long time. “You are a funny **creature**,” he said at last, “You’re no **thicker** than a finger.



“But I’m more powerful than the finger of a king,” said the snake.

The little prince smiled, “You’re not very powerful. You don’t even have feet. You can’t travel very far.”

“I can take you further than a ship,” the snake said.

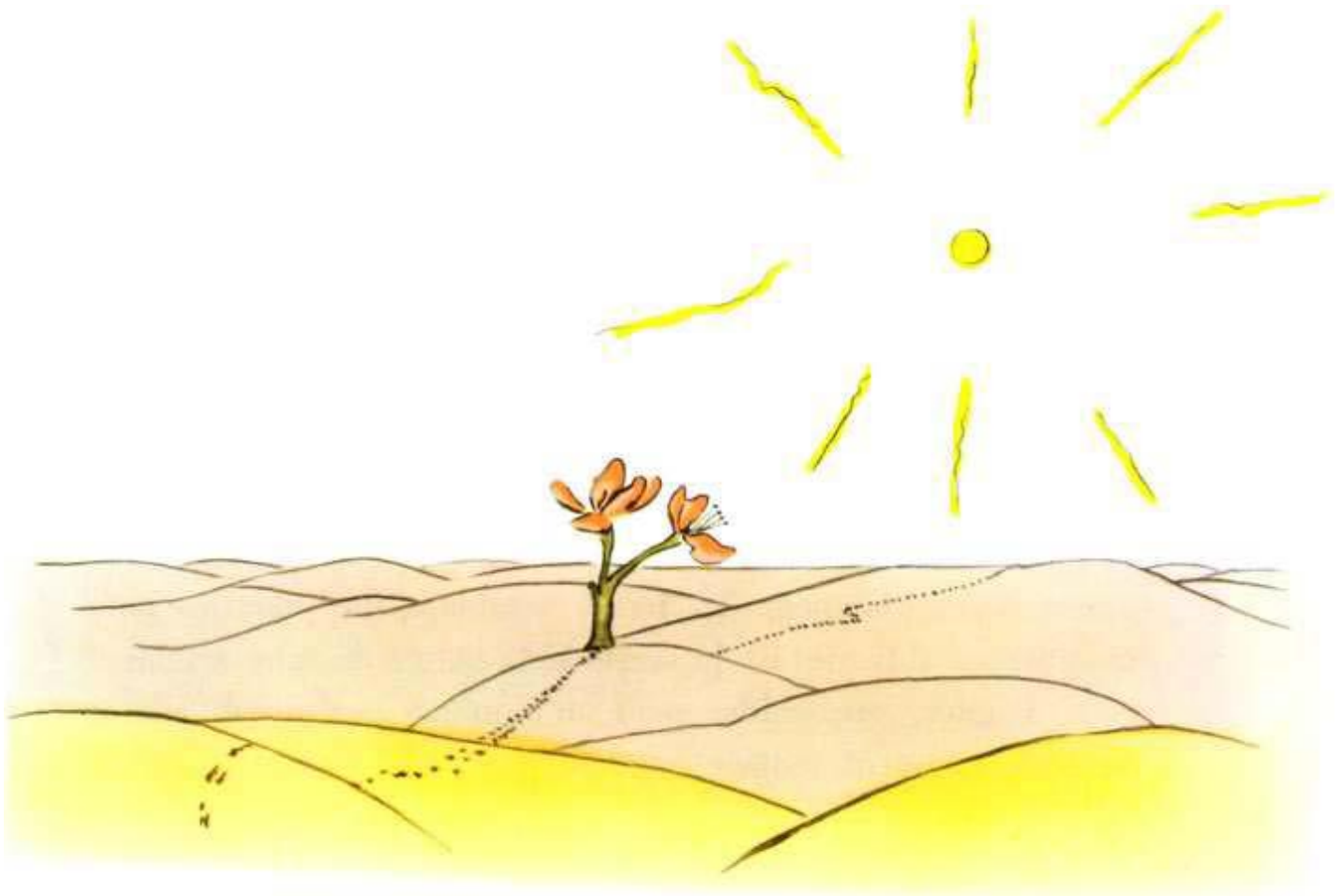
He turned around the little prince's ankle, like a golden bracelet. "Anyone I touch, I send back to the land from which he came," the snake went on. "But you're innocent, and you come from a star."

The little prince made no reply. "I feel sorry for you. You're so weak on this planet," said the snake. "I can help you some day if you become too **homesick** for your planet. I can..."

"Oh! I understand you very well," said the little prince. "But why do you always speak in mysteries?"

"I **solve** them all," said the snake. And they were both silent.

The little prince crossed the desert and met with only one flower.



“Good morning,” said the little prince.

“Good morning,” said the flower.

“Where are the people?” the little prince asked politely.

The flower saw a caravan passing one day.

“People?” I believe there are six or seven of them. I saw them years ago. But you never know where to find them. The wind blows them away. They have no roots, and that makes their life very difficult.

“Goodbye,” said the little prince.

“Goodbye,” said the flower.

The little prince climbed a high mountain. The only mountains he knew were the three volcanoes which came up to his knees.

He said to himself, “From a mountain as high as this one, I will be able to see the whole planet and all the people.”

But he only saw other mountains around.



“Hello,” he said.

“Hello, hello, hello,” the **echo** answered.

“Who are you?” asked the little prince.

“Who are you? Who are you? Who are you?” the echo answered.

“Let’s be friends, I am lonely,” he said.

“I am lonely, I am lonely, I am lonely,” the echo answered.

“What a strange planet!” he thought. “It’s all dry and sharp and hard. And people here have no imagination. They repeat whatever you say to them. On my planet I had a flower. She always spoke first.”

The little prince was walking for a long time through sand and rocks, and then he finally discovered a road. And all roads lead to people.

“Good morning,” he said. He was standing before a garden full of roses.

“Good morning,” said the roses.



The little prince was examining them carefully. They all looked like his flower.

“Who are you?” he asked, surprised.

“We are roses,” the roses said.

“Ah!” said the little prince. And he felt very unhappy. His flower told him that she was the only one of her kind in the whole universe. And here were five thousand of them, all **alike**, in just one garden!

“She would be very **annoyed**,” he said to himself. “If she saw this, she would **cough terribly** and pretend to be dying to **avoid humiliation**.”

And I would have to pretend to look after her, because **otherwise** she would really let herself die to **humiliate** me.

Then he said to himself, “I thought I was rich because I had this one unique flower, and all I had was an ordinary rose.

So I have an ordinary rose and three volcanoes that come up to my knees, one of which may be extinct forever. That doesn’t make me a very great prince.”

And, he lay down in the grass and he was very sad.



CHAPTER 9 – FOX

Then the fox **appeared**.



“Good morning,” said the fox.

“Good morning,” the little prince replied politely. “Who are you? You’re very pretty.”

“I’m a fox,” said the fox.

“Play with me,” the little prince **proposed**, “I’m so sad.”

“I can’t play with you. I’m not **tamed**,” the fox said.

“Ah! I’m sorry,” said the little prince. But after some thought, he added, “What does tamed mean?”

“You’re not from here,” said the fox. “What are you looking for?”

“I’m looking for people,” said the little prince. “What does tamed mean?”

“People,” said the fox, “have guns and they **hunt**. It’s a problem for me. They also keep chickens. That’s the only interesting thing about them. Are you looking for chickens?”

“No,” said the little prince. “I’m looking for friends. What does tamed mean?”

“It means to create **ties**.”

“To create ties?”

“That’s right,” the fox said. “For me you’re only a little boy, just like a hundred thousand other little boys. And I don’t need you. And you don’t need me either. For you I’m only a fox like a hundred thousand other foxes. But if you tame me, we’ll need each other. You’ll be the only boy in the world for me. I’ll be the only fox in the world for you.”

“I’m beginning to understand,” the little prince said. “There’s a flower. I think she has tamed me.”

“It’s possible,” said the fox. “On Earth we can see all sorts of things.”

“Oh, my flower is not on Earth,” the little prince said.

The fox seemed quite fascinated. “On another planet?”

“Yes.”

“Are there hunters on that planet?”



“No.”

“That’s interesting. And chickens?”

“No.”

“Nothing is perfect,” **sighed** the fox. But he came back to his idea. “My life is **monotonous**. I hunt chickens. Men hunt me. All the chickens are similar, and all the men are similar. So, I’m a little bored.

But if you tame me, my life will be filled with sunshine. I’ll know the sound of footsteps that will be different from all the others. The other footsteps will send me back underground. Yours will call me out of hiding like music. And then, look! Do you see the corn fields over there?

I don't eat bread. For me corn is not useful. The corn fields say nothing to me. And that's sad.

But you have golden hair. I think it would be wonderful if you tamed me. The corn which is also golden will remind me of you. And I'll love the sound of the wind in the corn."

The fox became silent and looked at the little prince for a long time. "Please, tame me!" he said.

"I'd like to tame you," replied the little prince. "But I don't have much time. I want to find friends and learn new things."

"We only learn about things which we tame," said the fox. "People don't have time to learn anything. They buy things from shops. But because there are no shops where you can buy friends, people don't have friends any more. If you want a friend, tame me!"

"What do I have to do to tame you?" asked the little prince.

"You have to be very patient," replied the fox. "First, you'll sit down at a little distance from me, over there in the grass. I'll watch you with one eye and you won't say anything. Words are the source of misunderstanding. But every day you'll be able to sit a little closer."

The next day the little prince returned.

"It would be better to return at the same hour," said the fox. "If you come, for example, at four in the afternoon, then at three I'll begin to be happy. I'll feel happier and happier, the closer it is to four. At four I'll be very excited. I will show you how happy I am.

But if you come at any time, I'll never know at what time my heart should be ready to **look forward to** you. There have to be some rules."



“Why?”

“The rules are important. They make one day different from other days, one hour from other hours. For example, hunters have their rules too. They dance with the village girls every Thursday. So Thursday is a wonderful day. I can walk into the village easily. If the hunters danced at any time, the days would all be the same for me, and I would have no holiday.

So the little prince tamed the fox. And when the hour of his departure was near, the fox said, “Ah! I’m sad. I will cry.”

“It’s your fault,” said the little prince, “I never wanted to do you any **harm**, but you wanted me to tame you.”

“Yes, of course,” said the fox.

“But you’re going to cry!” said the little prince.

“Yes, of course,” said the fox.

“Then you get nothing out of it!”

“I get something,” said the fox, “because of the colour of the corn.”

Then he added, “Go and look again at the roses. You’ll understand now that yours is unique in all the world. Then come back to say goodbye to me, and I’ll give you a present. The present will be a secret.

The little prince went to look at the roses again.

“You’re not at all like my rose. You’re nothing at all yet,” he told them. “No one has tamed you and you haven’t tamed anyone. You’re like my fox was when I first met him. He was only a fox like a hundred thousand others. But I made him my friend, and now he’s unique in all the world.”

And the roses were very embarrassed.

“You’re lovely, but you are empty,” he continued. “Nobody would die for you. Of course, to somebody who just passed by, my rose would look just like you. But my rose all alone is more important than all the hundreds of other roses because she’s the one that I watered. She’s the one that I put under glass. For her I killed the **caterpillars**, except two or three that we saved to become butterflies. Because she’s the one I listened to when she complained, or when she was proud, or when she said nothing. Because she is my rose.”

And he returned to the fox.

“Goodbye,” he said.

“Goodbye,” said the fox. “Here is my secret. It’s quite simple. You can see clearly only with the heart. What is **essential** is **invisible** to the eyes.”

“What is essential is invisible to the eyes,” repeated the little prince, **in order to** remember.

“It’s the time you spent with your rose that makes your rose so important.”

“It’s the time I spent with my rose...” said the little prince, in order to remember.

“People have forgotten this truth,” said the fox. “But you mustn’t forget it. You become responsible, forever, for what you’ve tamed. You’re responsible for your rose.”

“I’m responsible for my rose,” the little prince repeated, in order to remember.

CHAPTER 10 – WELL

“Good morning,” said the little prince.

“Good morning,” said the railway **switchman**.

“What do you do here?” the little prince asked.

“I **sort out** the travellers,” said the switchman. “I **send off** the trains that carry them. I send some to the right, some to the left.

And a **brightly lit** express train shook the switchman’s cabin as it passed by at high speed.

“They are in a great hurry,” said the little prince. “What are they looking for?”

“Not even the locomotive engineer knows that,” said the switchman.

And a second brightly lit express train passed by, in the opposite direction.

“Are they coming back already?” asked the little prince.

“They’re not the same,” said the switchman. “These are different people. They’re coming back.”

“They weren’t satisfied where they were?”

“People are never satisfied where they are,” said the switchman.

And a third brightly lit express train passed by.

“Are they chasing the first travellers?” asked the little prince.

“They aren’t chasing anything,” said the switchman. “They’re sleeping or they’re **yawning**. Only the children are pressing their noses against the windows.”

“Only the children know what they are looking for,” said the little prince. “They spend their time playing with toys, and they become very

important to them. And if anybody takes the toys away from them, they cry.”

“They’re lucky,” the switchman said.

The little prince continued on his journey.

“Good morning,” said the little prince when he met a businessman.

“Good morning,” said the businessman. He was a businessman who sold pills that helped you when you were thirsty. If you swallowed one pill a week, you wouldn’t feel any need to drink.

“Why are you selling these pills?” asked the little prince.

“Because they save a lot of time,” said the businessman. “Experts have calculated that these pills can save fifty-three minutes a week.”

“And what do you do with those fifty-three minutes?”

“Whatever you like.”

“If I had fifty-three minutes to spend as I liked,” the little prince said to himself, “I’d walk very slowly **toward** a fountain.”



It was now the eighth day since I had my accident in the desert. I listened to the story about the businessman as I was drinking the last drop of my water **supply**.

“Ah, your memories are very pleasant,” I said to the little prince, “but I haven’t yet repaired my plane. I have nothing left to drink, and I would also be happy if I could walk very slowly toward a fountain.”

“My friend, the fox, told me...”

“My dear little man, this has nothing to do with the fox.”

“Why not?”

“Because we’re going to die of thirst.”

The little prince didn’t follow my reasoning. He replied, “It’s good to have a friend, even if you are going to die. I am very glad to have a fox as a friend.”

“He doesn’t realize the danger,” I said to myself. “He’s never hungry or thirsty. A little sunshine is all he needs.”

But he looked at me and answered my thought, “I’m thirsty too. Let’s look for a well.”

It seemed absurd to me to look for a well, at random, in this vast desert. Nevertheless, we started walking.

After we walked for several hours, in **silence**, night fell, and the stars began to come out. I saw them as in a dream. I had a little fever because of my thirst. The last words of the little prince danced in my memory.

“So, you are thirsty, too?” I asked him.

But he didn’t answer my question. He only said to me, “Water can also be good for the heart.”

I didn’t understand his answer, but I said nothing. I knew by this time that it was no use questioning him. He was tired. He sat down. I sat down

next to him. And after a silence, he spoke again, “The stars are beautiful because of a flower that can’t be seen.”

“Sure,” I replied. And without saying anything else, I looked at the hills of sand that were stretching out before us in the moonlight.

“The desert is beautiful,” he added.

And it was true. I’ve always loved the desert. You sit down on a sand **dune**. You see nothing. You hear nothing. And yet something beats and **shines** in that silence.

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

I was surprised to suddenly understand this **mysterious** shine of the sand. When I was a little boy I lived in an old house, and there was a legend that it had a **treasure** buried somewhere. Of course, no one was ever able to find the treasure. Perhaps, no one even searched. But that treasure made the house special. My home was hiding a secret in the depths of his heart.”

“Yes,” I said to the little prince, “whether it’s a house or the stars or the desert, what makes them beautiful, is invisible!”

“I’m glad,” he said, “that you agree with my fox.”

When the little prince fell asleep, I took him in my arms and I started walking again. I was **moved**. It seemed to me that I was carrying a **fragile** treasure. It even seemed to me that there was nothing more fragile on Earth. In the light of the moon, I looked at his **pale** face, his closed eyes, his golden hair that moved in the wind, and I said to myself, “What I see here is only a shell. What is most important is **invisible**.”

And as his lips opened slightly with a little smile, I said to myself again, “What moves me so deeply about this sleeping little prince is his

loyalty to a flower, the image of a rose that shines through him like a flame in a lamp, even when he sleeps.”

And I realized that he was even more **fragile** than I thought. I felt I had to protect this light. The wind could blow it out.

We continued walking like that and, at **dawn**, we found the well.

The little prince woke up and he said, “People get on their express trains, but they don’t know what they are looking for. Then they get excited and hurry around in circles. It’s not worth the trouble.”

The well that we came to wasn’t like the wells of the Sahara. The wells of the Sahara are only holes dug in the sand. This one looked more like a village well. But there was no village here, and I thought I was dreaming.

“It’s strange,” I said to the little prince, “everything is ready, the bucket, the **rope**.”

He laughed, he took the rope, and let the bucket go down the well. As the bucket went down, we heard some interesting sounds.

“Can you hear it?” said the little prince. “We have woken up the well and it’s singing.”



I didn't want him to tire himself with the rope. So I said, "Leave it to me. It's too heavy for you."

Slowly I pulled up the bucket to the **edge** of the well and left it there. I was tired but happy. The song of the well was still in my ears. When I looked at the bucket, I could see the sun's reflection in the water.

"I'm thirsty for that water," said the little prince. "Let me drink some."

And I understood what he was looking for. I **raised** the bucket to his lips. He drank with his eyes closed. It was as nice as some special celebration. That water was more than **merely** a drink. It was born of our walk under the stars, the song of the well, the effort of my arms. It was good for the heart, like a present.

CHAPTER 11 – SNAKE

When I was a little boy, the light of the Christmas tree, the music of the midnight **mass**, the love in the people’s smiles, all these things made the Christmas presents special.

“The people where you live,” said the little prince, “**grow** five thousand roses in one garden, **yet** they don’t find in it what they are looking for.”

“They don’t find it,” I replied.

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

“Yes, that’s true,” I replied.

And the little prince added, “But the eyes are blind. You have to look with the heart.”

I finished drinking water. I could breathe well now. The sand at sunrise is the colour of honey. And that colour was making me happy, too. Why then did I also feel so sad?

“You must keep your promise,” said the little prince when he sat down beside me.

“What promise?”

“You know, a fence to protect my flower from my sheep. I am responsible for this flower.”

I took my drawings out of my pocket. The little prince looked at them, and he laughed when he saw the baobabs.

“Your baobabs look a little like **cabbages**.”

“Oh!”

I was so proud of my baobabs.

“Your fox, his ears, they look a little like horns, and they are too long!”

And he laughed again.

“You aren’t fair, little prince,” I said, “I didn’t know how to draw anything **except** snakes from the outside and snakes from the inside.”

“Oh, that’ll be alright,” he said, “children will understand.”

So then I drew a fence. And I gave it to him with a heavy heart.

“You have plans I don’t know about. Maybe something is ending here.”

But he didn’t answer me. He said to me, instead, “You must work now. You must go back to your plane. I’ll wait here. Come back tomorrow night.”

But I wasn’t sure about it. Again, I had a sense of sadness in my heart.

I remembered the fox. When we let ourselves be tamed, we risk tears when saying goodbye.

Beside the well there was a ruin of an old stone wall. When I came back from my work the next evening, I saw the little prince from some distance. He was sitting on top of the wall. His legs were hanging in the air. He was talking to someone.

“Don’t you remember?” he said. “This is not exactly the place.”

Another voice must have answered him because he replied to it, “Yes, yes, this is the right day, but it’s not the right place.”

I continued my walk toward the wall. I still couldn’t see or hear anyone. However, the little prince replied again, “Sure. You will see where my footprints begin in the sand. You just have to follow me to that place. I’ll be there tonight. I’ll be waiting for you.

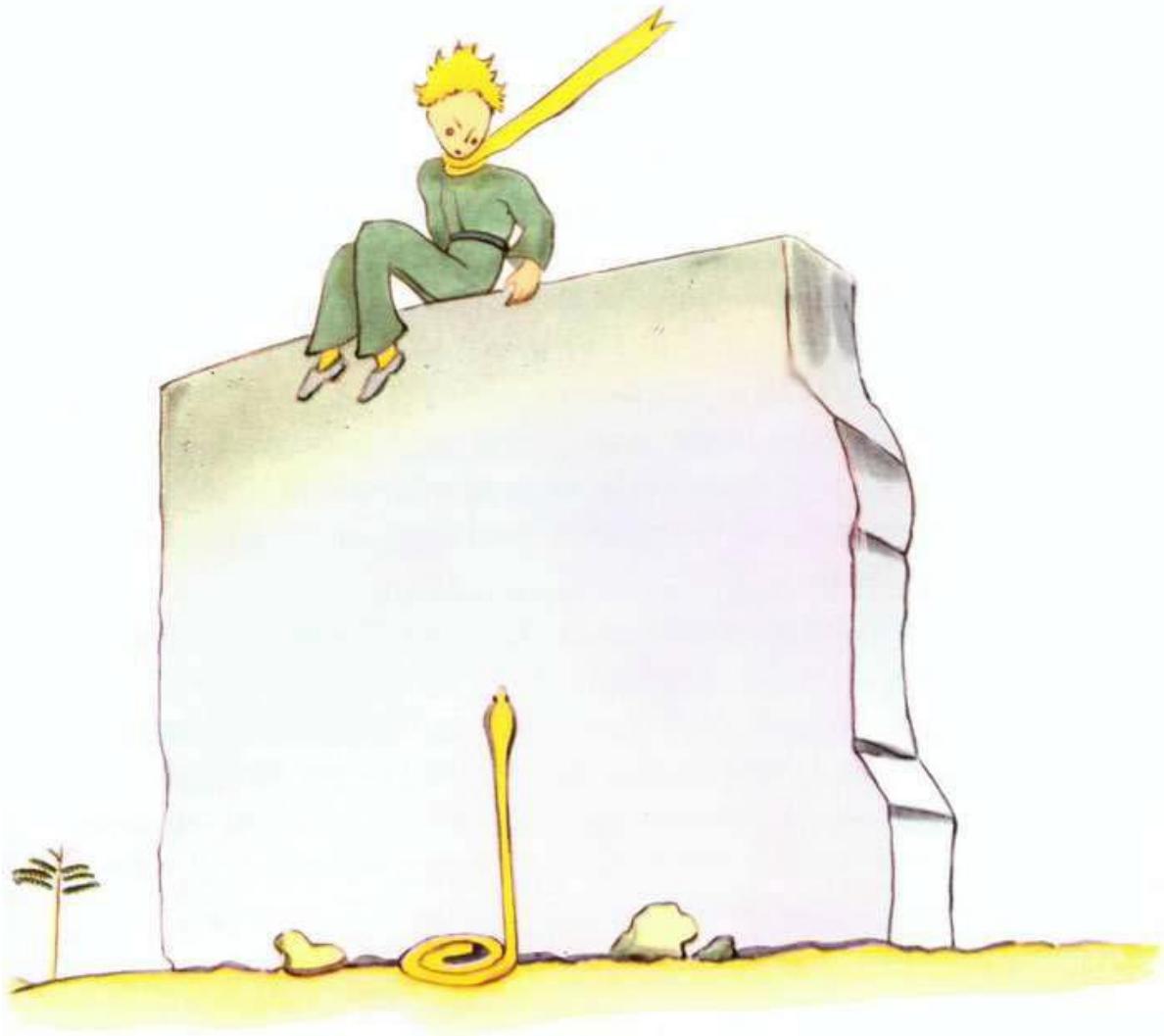
I was twenty meters from the wall and I still couldn't see anything. The little prince said again, after a pause. "Do you have good **poison**?" Are you sure it won't make me suffer too long?"

I stopped. My heart was beating strongly, but I still didn't understand.

"Now go away," said the little prince. "I want to get down from the wall".

Then I looked down at the bottom of the wall, and I was shocked.

There was one of those yellow snakes that can kill you in thirty seconds.



I was going to take my revolver out, but when I was trying to reach it, I also made a step back. The snake heard it. He started to move and quickly disappeared among the stones. I still heard him but he was no longer visible.

I reached the wall just in time to catch my little prince in my arms. His face was as white as snow.

“What’s going on here?” I wanted to know. “Why are you talking with snakes?”

He looked at me. His eyes were sad. He put his arms around my neck. I felt his heart beating like the heart of a dying bird, shot with someone’s gun.

He said to me, “I’m glad you have found what the problem with your plane was. Now you can go home.”

“How do you know that?”

I was just coming to tell him that my work was successful.

He didn’t answer my question, but he said, “I’m going back home today, too. It’s much further. It’s much more difficult.”

I realized that something strange was happening. I was holding him in my arms like a little child, and yet it seemed to me that he was falling down into a big hole and I couldn’t do anything to help him.

His face was very serious now. He looked like someone whose mind was very far away.

“I have your sheep. And I have the box for the sheep. And I have the fence.” And he gave me a sad smile.

I waited a long time. I could see that he was feeling a little better. Then I said, “Dear little man, you are afraid.”

Yes, he was afraid, but he laughed lightly, “I’ll be much more afraid tonight.”

I felt frozen because I knew that it wasn’t possible to prevent what was going to happen in the evening. And I knew that I couldn’t stand the thought of never hearing his laugh again. For me, it was like a fountain in the desert.

“Little man,” I said, “I want to hear you laugh again.

But he said to me, “Tonight it’ll be a year. My star will be just above the place where I fell last year.

“My little friend, is this only a bad dream, the meeting with the snake, the star, the plan for tonight?”

But he didn’t answer my question. He said to me, “What’s important is not visible.”

“Yes, I know.”

“It’s the same with the flower. If you love a flower that lives on a star, it’s good to look at the sky at night. Then all the stars have flowers.”

“Yes, I know.”

“It’s the same with the water. The water you gave me to drink was like music, because of the bucket and the rope and the pulling. Do you remember how good it was?”

“Of course, I remember.”

“And at night, you’ll watch the stars. It’s too small where I live and I can’t show you where my star is. It’s better like that. My star will be one of the stars for you. So, you’ll like looking at all of them. They’ll all be your friends.

CHAPTER 12 – PRESENT

I have a present for you,” said the little prince and he laughed again.

“Ah, little prince, dear little prince! I love to hear you laugh,” I said.

“That’s my present. My laugh,” said the little prince.

“I’m not sure if I understand.”

“People look at stars, but the stars mean different things to different people. For those who travel, the stars are guides. For others they are nothing, only small lights in the sky. For those who are scientists, they are problems. For my businessman, they were important because they made him rich. But all these stars are silent stars. For you, it’ll be different. You will have stars like no one else. When you look at the sky at night, there will be one star I will live on. And because I will laugh on one of these stars, it’ll be for you as if all the stars are laughing. You will have stars that can laugh.” And he laughed again.

“And when your sadness is smaller, and believe me time makes all the sadness smaller, you’ll be glad you have known me. You will always be my friend. You’ll want to laugh with me. And sometimes you’ll open your window just for the fun of it. And your friends will be surprised to see you laughing when you look up at the sky. Then you will say to them, ‘Yes, the stars always make me laugh!’ And they’ll think you’re crazy. It’s a little trick that I’ll play on you.”

And he laughed again.

“It’ll be as if I have given you, instead of stars, a lot of little bells that know how to laugh.” And he laughed again.

Then he became serious again, “Tonight, don’t stay with me.”

“I won’t leave you,” I said.

“Tonight, I’ll look as if I’m suffering. I’ll look a little as if I’m dying. It’ll look like that. Don’t come to see that. It’s not worth it.”

“I won’t leave you.”

But he was worried. He said, “It’s also because of the snake. He mustn’t **bite** you. Snakes are bad sometimes. They can bite you just for fun.”

“I won’t leave you.”

Then he said, “It’s also true that snakes have no poison for the second bite.”

That night I didn’t see him leave. He got away from me without making a sound. When I **caught up with** him, he was walking fast with **determination**.

He only said to me, “Ah! You are here.” And he took me by the hand. But he was still worrying.

“It’s wrong that you came. You’ll **suffer**. I’ll look as if I’m dead, and that won’t be true.”

I was silent.



“You understand. It’s too far. I can’t carry this body with me. It’s too heavy.”

I was silent.

“But it’ll be like an old empty shell. There is nothing sad about old shells.”

I kept silent.

He was a little **discouraged**. But he made one more **effort**, “It’ll be very nice, you know, I’ll look at the stars too. All the stars will be wells with a rope and a bucket. All the stars will pour out fresh water for me to drink.”

I was silent.

“It’ll be so much fun! You will have five hundred million little bells, and I’ll have five hundred million fountains.”

And he was silent too because he was crying.

“Here is the place. Let me continue by myself.”

And he sat down because he was afraid.



Then he said, “You know, my flower. I am responsible for her. And she’s so weak! She’s so naive. She has four thorns that can’t protect her enough from the world.”

I sat down too because I couldn’t stand any longer.

“That’s all,” he said.

He still **hesitated** a little. Then he stood up. He took one step. I couldn’t move.

I saw something yellow that moved quickly near his **ankle**. He stood still for a moment. He didn’t cry. Then he fell down gently as a tree falls. There wasn’t even any sound, because of the sand.



And now, six years have already gone by. I've never told this story before. The people who I met on my return were happy to see me alive. I was sad to lose the little prince but I said to them that I was just tired.

Now the sadness is not so big. I know that he has returned to his planet, because I didn't find his body at sunrise.

And at night, I love to listen to the stars. It's like five hundred million little bells.

But here's something interesting. The fence I drew for the little prince wasn't very big.

So sometimes I ask myself, "What's happening on his planet? Maybe the sheep has jumped over the fence and eaten the flower."

But sometimes I think, "Of course not. The little prince puts his flower under glass every night and he watches his sheep well."

Then I am happy. And all the stars laugh gently.

Sometimes I say to myself, "Everybody can get **distracted** sometimes, and that's enough to forget to put the glass over the flower on some evening. And the sheep can come to the flower in the night and..." Then the bells are changed to tears.

It's all a great mystery. For you who also love the little prince and for me, nothing in the universe can be the same if somewhere, we don't know where, a sheep that we never saw has or has not eaten a rose...

Look up at the sky. Ask yourself, "Has the sheep eaten the flower or not?" And you'll see how everything changes.

And no adult will ever understand that this is so important.

For me, this is the most beautiful and saddest land in the world. I want to make another picture of it. It's the same as the previous one, but I drew the land once more so that you can remember it better. It's here

where the little prince appeared on Earth, and disappeared. Look at it carefully so that you'll be sure to recognize it if you travel some day in Africa, in the desert. And, if you come to this place, I am asking you, please don't hurry. Wait a little when you're under the star.

Then if a little man appears who laughs, who has golden hair and who refuses to answer your questions, you'll know who he is. If this happens, please, be so kind, don't let me be sad, write to me quickly that he is back.



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