

Antoine de Saint-Exupery

# The Little Prince



Экзюпери Антуан

**The Little Prince**

«Мультимедийное издательство Стрельбицкого»

## Антуан Э.

The Little Prince / Э. Антуан — «Мультимедийное издательство Стрельбицкого»,

The Little Prince (French: Le Petit Prince) – is an allegorical fable and the most famous work of Antoine de Saint-Exupery. It was first published in April 1943 by publisher “Reynal & Hitchcock” in both English and French. Saint-Exupery wrote the novella while living in New York City; a city he fled to after the occupation of his native France by Nazi Germany. The literary roots of the fable are based on the wandering plot of the rejected prince; while the emotional – on a child’s view of the world. The story line is built around the travels of the Little Prince who hails from the tiny planet B-612. Gradually, his journey becomes not just the literal movement from planet to planet, but more of a way to discover life and the world. Thanks to Saint-Exupery’s artistic methods, adult readers see in the fable, a transcript of a conversation of two old friends; while children get a vivid and easily understandable description of the world that surrounds them. Due mostly to these two factors, The Little Prince has achieved such high levels of recognition and popularity.

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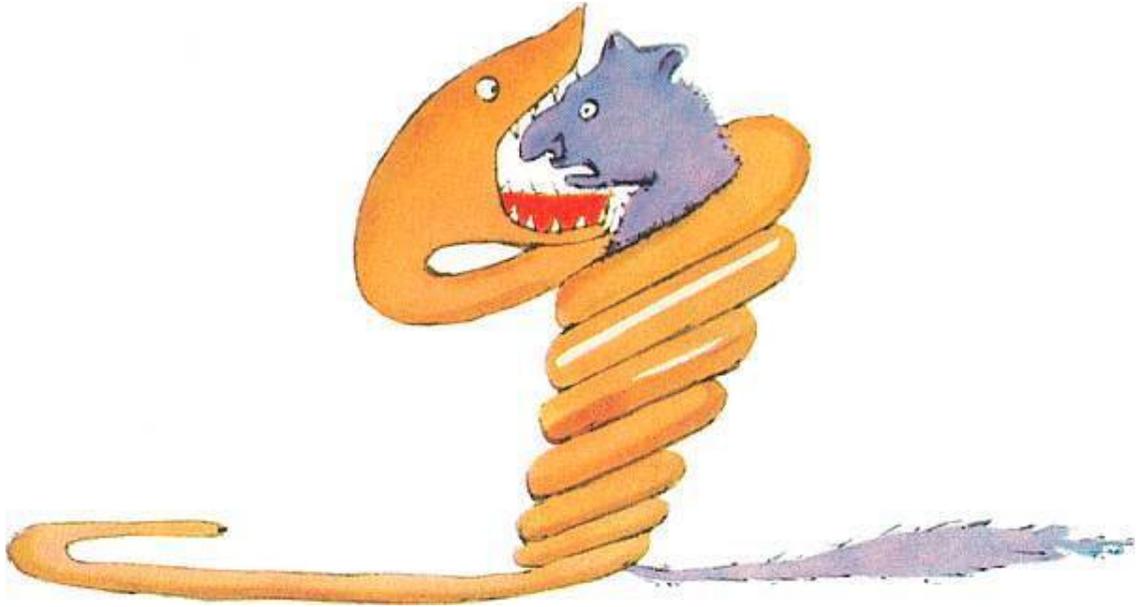
# Antoine de Saint-Exupery The Little Prince



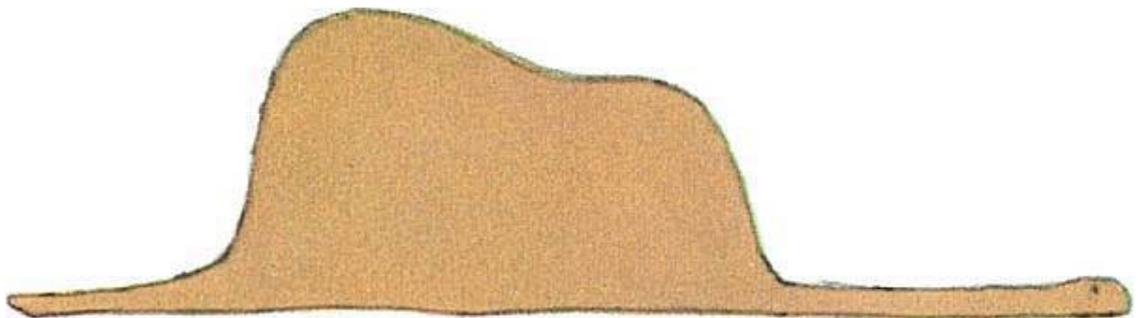


## Chapter I

When I was six years old I saw a picture that had a great impact on me. It was in a book called *The real nature stories* where an ancient forest was described. There was a picture of a boa constrictor that was swallowing an animal. This is how it looked:



It said: “Boa constrictors swallow their catch without chewing. After that, they cannot move and will sleep for up to six months, which they need to digest the food.” Back then I was fascinated by jungle adventures. It didn't take me long to draw my first picture. My picture number one looked like this:

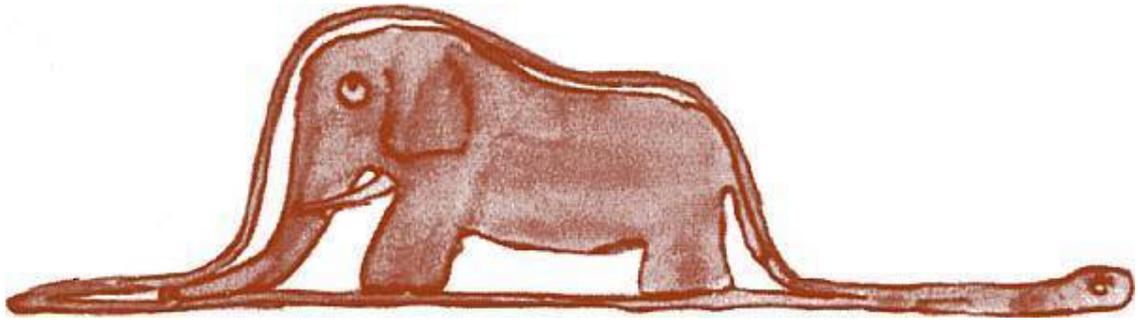


I showed my masterpiece to adults and asked whether they were scared.

“Are we scared? Who is afraid of a hat?” they answered.

But I didn't draw the hat. It was the boa constrictor digesting an elephant. But because the adults couldn't understand this I made another picture: I showed what was inside the boa constrictor so the adults were able to see it clearly. They always need everything explaining.

My picture number two looked like this:



This time the adults advised me to leave the pictures of the boa constrictor, inside or outside, and dedicate myself to Geography, Arithmetic and Grammar. So, at the age of six, I gave up the thing that could bring me a successful career as an artist. I lost inspiration because of the failures with both my pictures. Adults will never get the point, and it's too tiring for children to explain everything to them.

Later I chose another occupation. I learned to fly a plane. I travelled to all parts of the world; geography was really useful. I can tell the difference between China and Arizona at first sight. If you get lost at night, this knowledge is very valuable. During my life, I had to meet a lot of people who were busy with very important things. For a long time, I lived among adults. They were clearly visible and I was able to watch them closely. But this didn't make my opinion about them better.

When I met someone who seemed smart I used to experiment. I showed my picture number one that I always carried with me. This way, I tried to find out whether a person could really understand everything correctly. But whether it was a man or a woman, everybody always said, "This is a hat." After such an answer, I never discussed boa constrictors, ancient life or stars with them. I came down to their level. I talked to them about bridges, golf, politics and ties. And adults were very happy to meet such an intelligent person.



## Chapter II

I was rather lonely. I had nobody to talk to honestly until I had an accident while flying my plane. It happened in the Sahara Desert. Something went wrong with the engine. As there were no passengers or a mechanic with me, I decided to fix it myself. It was a matter of life or death for me: I hardly had enough water to survive for a week.

During the first night, I had to sleep on the sand thousands of miles from any civilisation. I was more isolated than a sailor in a lifeboat after a shipwreck in the middle of the ocean. So you can imagine how amazed I was when a miraculous childish voice woke me up at dawn.

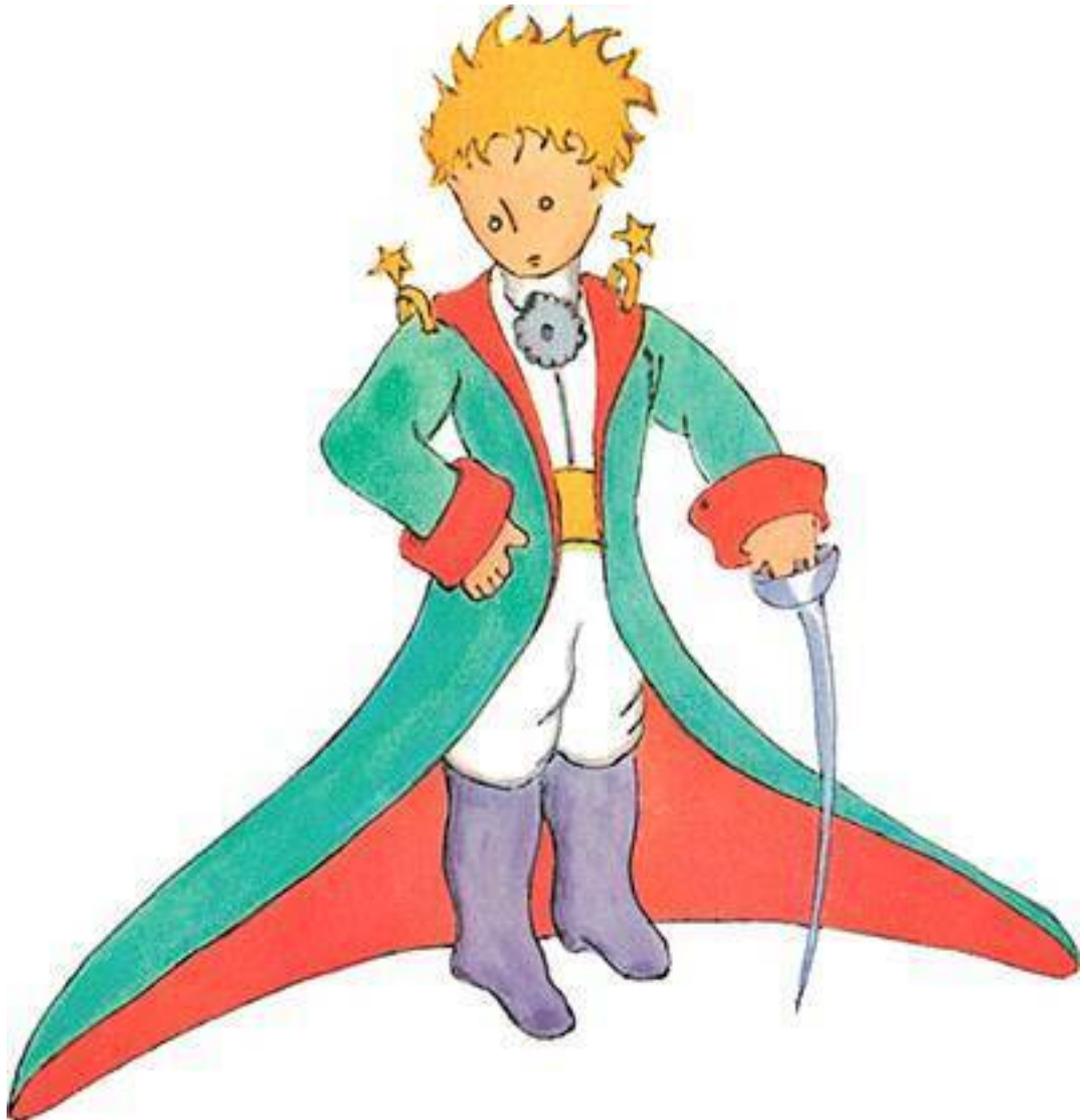
“Could you draw me a lamb?” it spoke.

”Excuse me?”

”Draw me a lamb!”

I jumped up wide awake. I blinked repeatedly. I looked around carefully. I saw the most astonishing creature that was looking at me with imperturbable seriousness. Here you can see the best picture of him I managed to draw. Without a doubt, my picture lacks the charm that the original character possessed.

However, this is not my fault. Because of the adults, I had lost my inspiration to become an artist when I was six, and never tried to draw anything else except the boa constrictor, inside and outside.



Now, when I was looking at this unexpected appearance, my eyes popped out of the head in amazement. May I remind you that I'd had an accident in the desert, thousands of miles from any settlement. And still, my little man wasn't wandering in sands exhausted from hunger, thirst or fear. Nothing about him pointed out a child lost in the desert, thousands of miles from any civilisation.

"What are you doing here?" I said to him finally when I found my voice.

"Could you draw me a lamb..." he answered very slowly as if it was a matter of high importance.

When everything is impossibly mysterious we just can't resist. No matter how ridiculous it looked, thousands of miles from human civilization, I took a piece of paper and a pen out of my pocket.

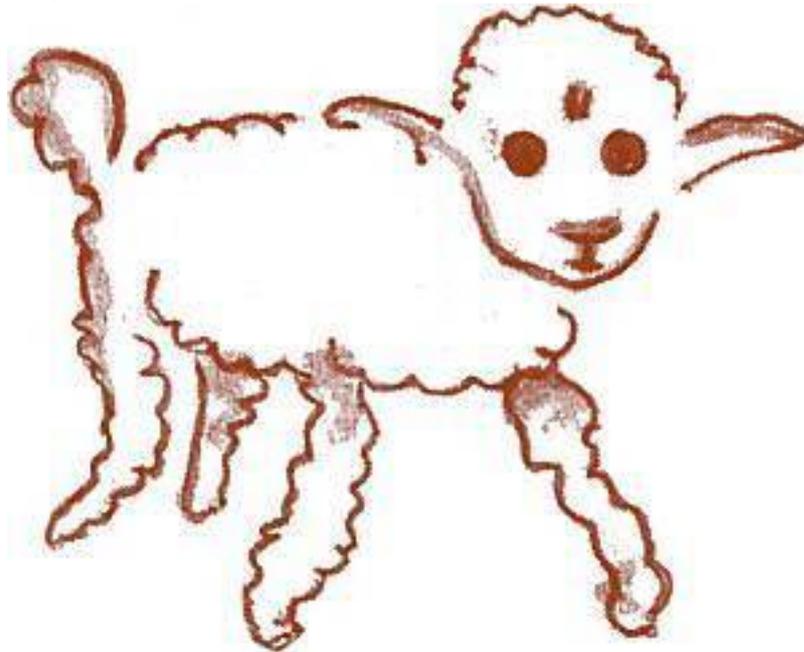
But then I remembered that my education was focused on Geography, History, Arithmetic and Grammar and I said to a little boy (though a bit sharply) that I couldn't draw.

"It doesn't matter. Draw me a lamb..." he replied.

But I have never drawn lambs. So I drew him on a paper one of the two pictures that I used to demonstrate so often. The Boa constrictor, inside. I was petrified when the little boy reacted with words.

"No, no, no! I don't want an elephant inside a boa constrictor. Boa constrictors are very dangerous animals, and elephants are huge. Everything is very small where I live. I just need a lamb. Draw me the lamb."

I drew another picture.



"No. This lamb looks very weak. Draw another one," he looked carefully and said. I made another picture.



My friend laughed gently.

“You can see yourself,” he said patiently. “This is not a lamb, this is a sheep. It has horns.”

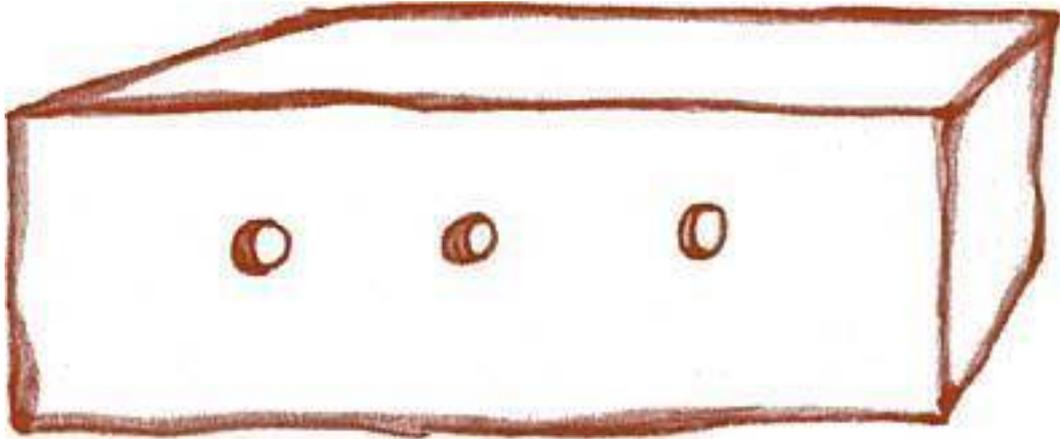
Then I remade the picture again.



But it was rejected like the previous ones.

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

By this time I'd had just about enough because I was in a hurry to sort out the engine. So I drew this picture.



In addition, I explained.

“This is only a box. The lamb, you were asking for, is inside.”

I was surprised when I spotted the enlightenment in a young judge’s face.

“This is exactly what I wanted. How much grass do you think this lamb will need?”

“Why are you asking?”

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

“I am sure there will be enough grass for him,” I said. “I drew you a very small lamb.”

He bent over the picture.

“It is not so small. Look! It went to sleep...”

That’s how I met the Little Prince.



## Chapter III

I had to spend a long time to find out where he was from. It seemed that the Little Prince who was asking me so many questions didn't hear mine. Only due to some accidentally spilt phrases, little by little I discovered the truth.

For example, when he saw my plane (I won't draw the plane, it's too hard for me).

"What kind of object is this?" he asked.

"This is not an object. It can fly. This is a plane. This is my plane."

I was proud to tell him that I could fly a plane.

"What? Did you fall from the sky?" he cried then.

"I did", I replied quietly.

"Oh, that's funny!" the Little Prince broke into gentle laughter. It made me furious because I prefer when my failures are treated seriously.

"So you also came down from above! What planet are you from?" he added then.

At that moment I saw the light in the impenetrable darkness of his presence.

"Are you from another planet?" I asked suddenly.

He didn't answer. He slightly shook his head leaving his eyes on the plane.

"That's true; it wouldn't be possible to fly from far away in this."

And he was lost in thought for a while. Then he took my lamb out of his pocket and carefully examined his treasure.

You can imagine how intrigued I was by his confidence that other planets exist. So I tried really hard to find out as much as possible about this.

"My little man, where are you from? Where is this "where I live" you talk about? Where do you want to take your lamb?"



“The advantage of the box you gave me is that at night he can use it as a house”, he replied after a thoughtful silence.

“That’s right. If you behave I will give you a rope so you could tie him during the day, and a peg to tie the rope to.”

The Little Prince seemed to be taken aback by this offer.

“To tie him up! What a weird idea”

“But if you don’t tie him up he will go somewhere and get lost”, I said.

My friend broke into impetuous laughter.

“Where do you think he will go?”

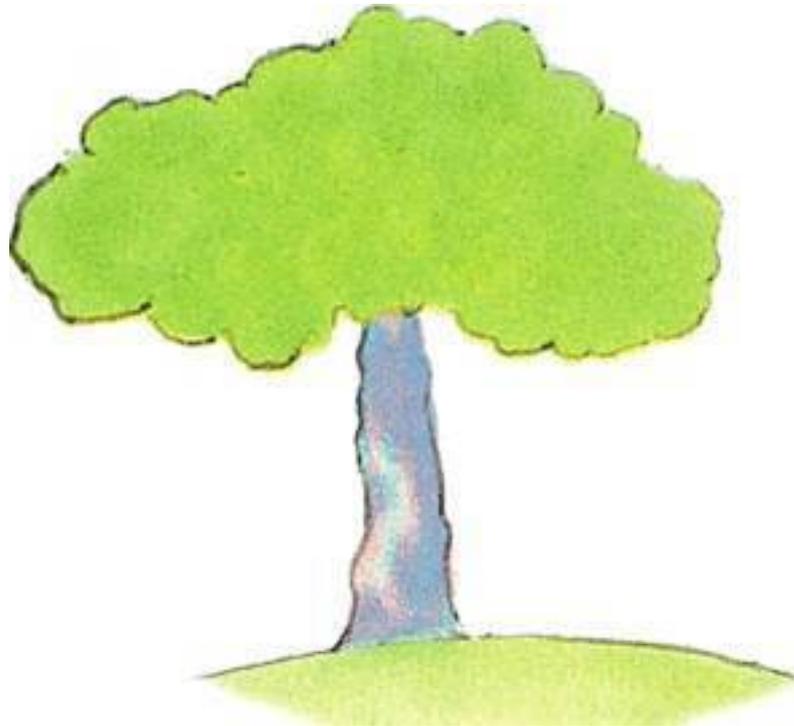
“Anywhere. Just over the hills and far away.”

Then the Little Prince said very seriously.

“It doesn’t matter. Everything is very small where I live!”

And then he added sadly.

“You just won’t be able to go far away...”



## Chapter IV

This way, I learned the second important fact, that the planet the Little Prince came from, is a little bigger than a house! But I wasn't very surprised. I knew that apart from big planets such as Earth, Jupiter, Mars and Venus that we have named, there are hundreds of others. Some of them are so small they can hardly even be seen with a telescope.

When an astronomer discovers one of them he doesn't name it but gives it a number. Let's say, he could name it Asteroid 325.

I have serious grounds to believe that the planet the Little Prince came from is known as asteroid B-612. It was seen by a telescope only once. A Turkish astronomer managed to do it in 1909.

The astronomer presented his discovery at the International astronomic Congress. But he was wearing a Turkish outfit so nobody believed him. Adults are like this...

However, fortunately for the reputation of Asteroid-612, the Turkish dictator passed the law dictating that citizens had to wear European outfits under penalty of death. As a result, the astronomer, dressed with exquisite style and elegance, held another demonstration in 1920. This time everybody took his presentation seriously.

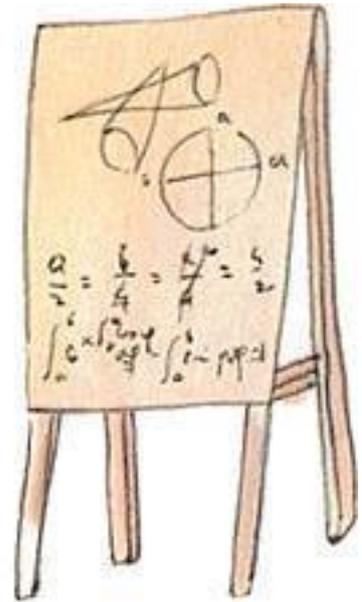


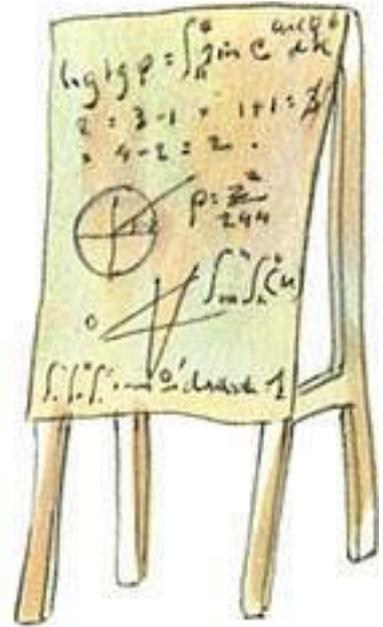
I only described you details about the asteroid and its number with the adults in mind. When you tell them that you found a new friend, they never ask you important questions. “How does his voice sound? What games does he love to play the most? Does he collect butterflies?” Instead, they try to find out. “How old is he? How many brothers does he have? How much does his father earn?”

On the basis of these numbers, they assume they know everything about him.

If you tell adults that you saw a beautiful house made from pink brick with geraniums in the window and pigeons on the roof, they won't be able to imagine the house.

They need to be told that you were in a house that costs 20000 dollars. Then they will exclaim, “What a wonderful house!”





With the same result, you can tell them, “The evidence that the Little Prince existed is the fact that he was charming, he laughed and looked for a lamb. If someone needs a lamb this means he exists.” And what result do you expect? They will just shrug their shoulders and treat you as a child. But if you tell them that the planet he came from is called Asteroid-612, then you will convince them and they won’t ask you a lot of questions. They are like this. You shouldn’t take their behaviour personally. Children always need to be patient with adults. However, we who understand life don’t care about the numbers.

I would like to begin this story as a fairy-tale. I would say with pleasure,

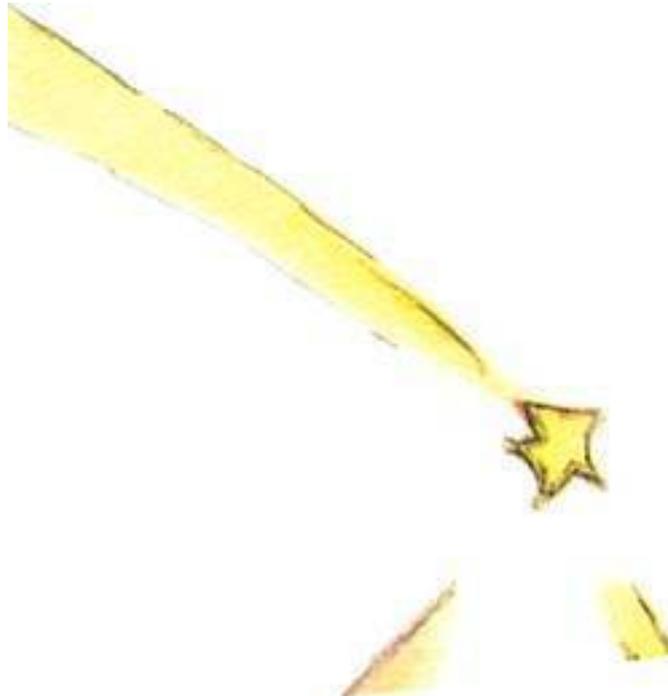
“Once upon a time there was a Little Prince who lived on a planet that was hardly bigger than him, and he needed a lamb...”



For those who understand life, my story would seem more honest. You know I don't want anyone to read my story frivolously. I suffered too much to recollect and put everything down. It's been six years since my friend left me together with his lamb. When I try to describe him here it's only in order to make sure I will remember him. It's sad to forget a friend. Not everyone has a friend. If I forget him I will be like adults who are only interested in numbers... Once again, I bought colours and pencils for this reason in particular.

It's difficult to draw a picture again at my age if I haven't drawn anything, except boa constrictors inside and boa constrictors outside, from when I was six. I will try my best to make my portraits as

close to reality as possible. But I am not sure I will be successful. One picture turns out to be good, and another one is far from realistic. I can also be mistaken how tall the Little Prince is: he is too tall in one picture and too short in another one. I have also some doubts about the colour of his outfit. I tried my best but it can be good here and bad there, however, I hope the final result is good. I can make mistakes in some details that are more important. But it's not my fault. My friend has never explained anything to me. He possibly thought we were the same. Unfortunately, I don't know how to see a lamb through a box. I may be an adult a little. I had to grow up.



## Chapter V

Every day during our conversations, I found out more about the Little Prince's planet, how he left it and about his journeys. The information came slowly as it accidentally emerged from his thoughts. That's how on the third day, I learned about the danger from baobab trees.

This time, I need to thank the lamb again. Unexpectedly, the Little Prince asked me dubiously.

“Is it true that lambs eat small bushes?”

“That is true.”

“Good. I am glad.”

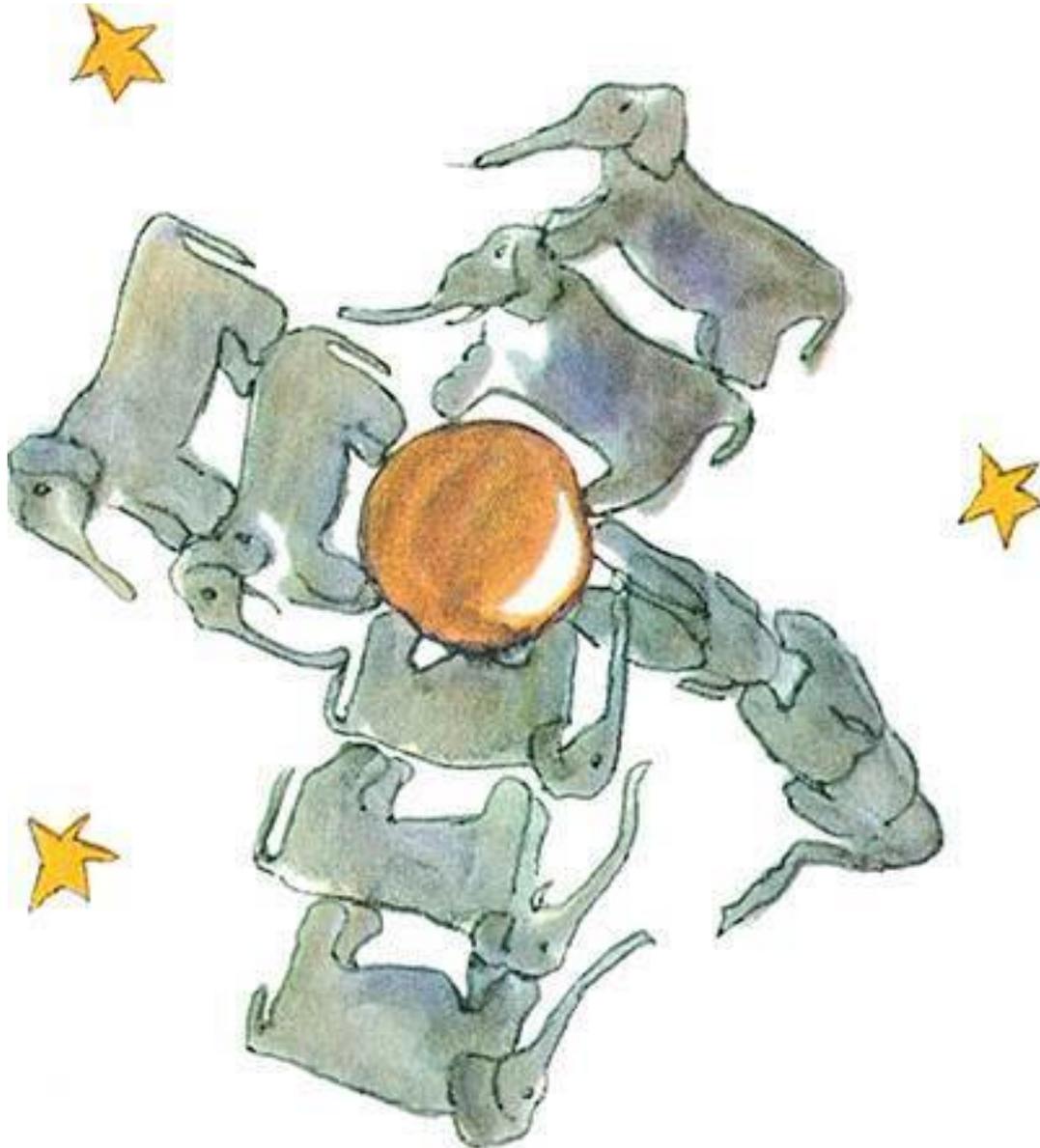
I couldn't understand why it was important for the lamb to eat small bushes. But the Little Prince added.

“It means they eat baobabs as well, doesn't it?”

I pointed out that baobabs are not small bushes, they are trees as big as a castle, and even if he takes a herd of elephants they won't eat a single baobab tree.

My idea about the herd of elephants made the Little Prince laugh.

“We will have to put them on top of one another”, he said.



But he also commented wisely.

“Before becoming so big baobabs were small.”

“That’s absolutely true”, I said. “But why do you need lambs to eat small baobabs?”

He replied immediately.

“What do you mean why!?”

As if he was talking about obvious things. And I had to think hard to solve this riddle myself.

I found out that the planet the Little Prince lived on, as any other planet had both good and bad plants. As a result, there were good seeds from good plants and bad seeds from bad plants. But the seeds are invisible. They sleep deep below the ground until one of them decides to wake up. Then this little seed shyly at first, but later more confidently begins to push its small sprout up towards the sun. If it’s a radish or rose it is allowed to grow as it wishes. But if it turns out to be a bad plant it should be destroyed the moment you identify it.

There were awful seeds of baobab trees on the planet that was the Little Prince’s home. The ground of this planet was contaminated with them. You will never get rid of baobabs unless you catch them in time. It covers the whole planet. It penetrates the ground with its roots. And if a planet is too small and the number of baobabs is large they can break it into pieces...



“It’s all about discipline”, the Little Prince told me later. “After making yourself tidy in the morning it’s time to clean your planet very carefully. You need to make sure that baobabs are extracted in time and on a regular basis, just at the moment when you can distinguish them from the roses that they are so similar to in the early stages.”

“It’s very painstaking work”, the Little Prince added. “But it is very easy.”

Once he said to me.

“You should draw a beautiful picture so children where you live can recognise what my planet really looks like. It would be useful for them if they decide to go on a journey.”

He added.

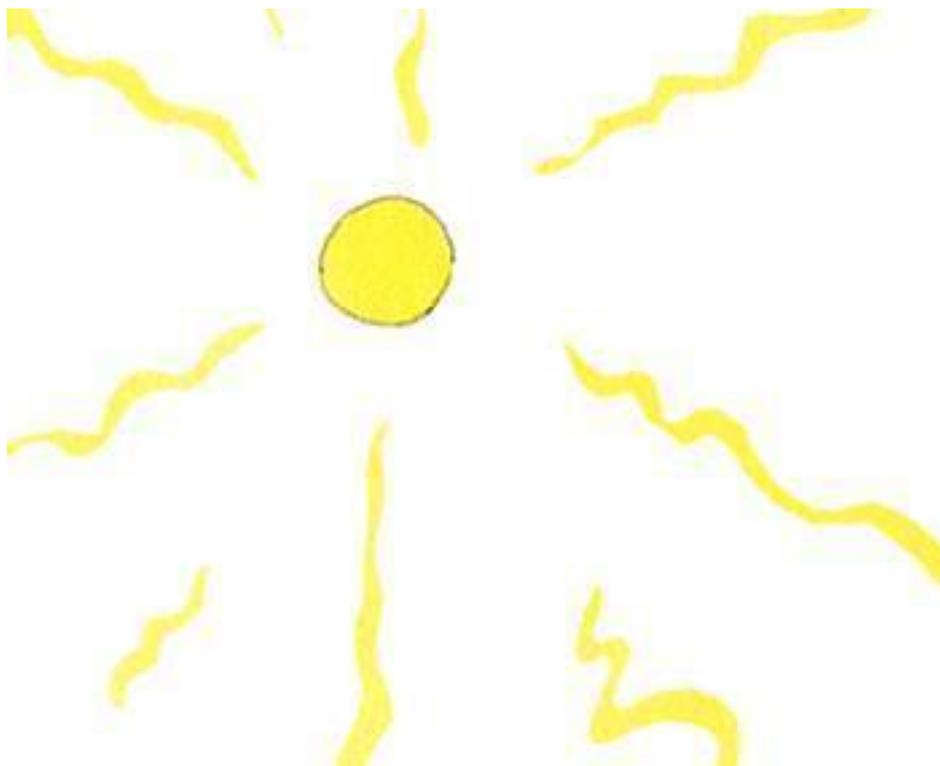
“Sometimes there is nothing wrong in putting off some of the work for the next day. But when it comes to baobabs it always leads to a catastrophe. I used to know a planet where a lazy man lived. He neglected three small bushes...”



I did a painting of the planet according to the description of the Little Prince. I don't want to lecture but the danger from baobabs is not fully realized, and it can be very harmful to someone who gets lost on the asteroid, so I have to explain properly.

“Children, be aware of baobabs! My friends like me, have been avoiding this problem for a long time without realising it. So for their sake, I tried hard while drawing this picture.”

The lesson I learned was worth the effort. You may ask me, “Why are there no other such beautiful pictures as of baobabs in this book?” The answer is easy. I tried. But I wasn't so lucky with others. When I was drawing baobabs I excelled myself due to the inspiration and realisation of its importance.



## Chapter VI

Oh, Little Prince. Step by step, I begin to understand the secrets of your sad little life... For a long time, you have only entertained yourself by watching the sunset.

I learned this detail on the morning of the fourth day. You told me.

“I love sunsets a lot. Let’s go and watch the sunset now.

“But we have to wait”, I said.

“Wait for what?”

“For the sunset. We need to wait for the right time.”



At first, you seemed to be surprised. Then you started laughing at yourself. You said to me.

“I keep thinking I am at home!”

That’s right. Everyone knows when it’s midday in the United States of America it’s time for the sunset in France. If you could reach France in a minute you would catch the sunset right from the midday. Unfortunately, France is too far. My Little Prince, all you need to do on your tiny planet is to move a chair further. You can see the end of the day and the twilight whenever you wish...

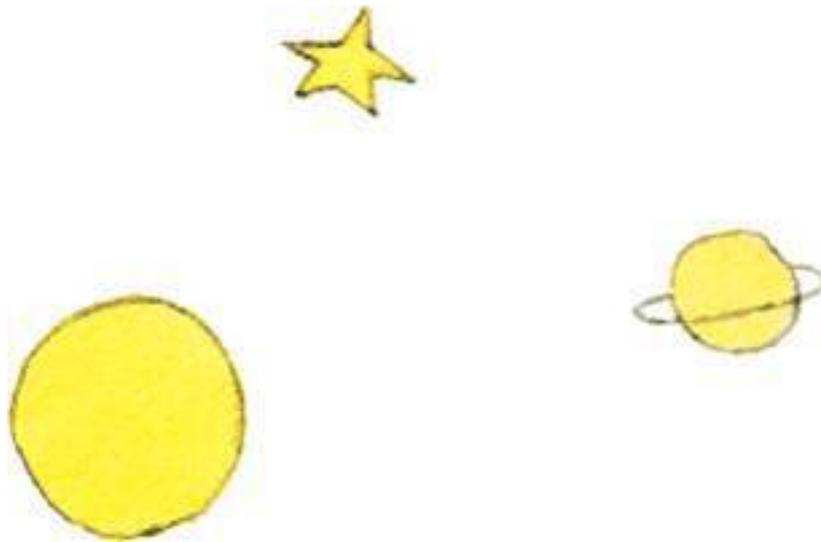
“Once I watched the sunset forty-four times”, you said to me.

And then you added.

“You know, people like sunsets when they are sad...”

“Were you very sad when you watched the sunset forty-four times?”

But the Little Prince didn’t reply.



## Chapter VII

On the fifth day, again thanks to the lamb I discovered a secret from the Little Prince's life. Unexpectedly, without any introduction and as if the question appeared as a result of a long and silent meditation, he asked.

"If a lamb eats small bushes he eats flowers as well, doesn't he?"

"Lambs eat everything they can reach", I replied.

"Even flowers with thorns?"

"Yes, even flowers with thorns."

"What's the point of thorns then?"

I didn't know.

I was very busy unbolting my engine at that moment. I was very nervous as it had become obvious that the damage to my plane was serious. And I had so little water I expected the worst.

"What's the point of thorns then?"

I didn't know.

The Little Prince had never left the question he asked. As for me, I was very upset because of the bolt. I replied the first thing I could think of.

"There is no point in thorns. Flowers show them just out of spite."

"Ah", there was a silence for some time.

Then the Little Prince, shocked and offended, attacked me.

"I don't believe you! Flowers are weak creatures. They are naïve. They take care of themselves as much as they can. They assume their thorns are a dangerous weapon..."

I didn't answer. I was thinking about myself at that moment.

"If I don't unscrew this bolt I am going to beat it with a hammer."

The Little Prince interrupted my thoughts again.

"Do you really believe that flowers...?"

"No, no and no! I don't believe in anything. I told you the first thing I could think of. Can't you see I am busy with important stuff?"

He was staring at me as if he had been struck by lightning.

"Important stuff..."

He looked at me. I was standing with a hammer in my black, from the engine oil, hands and bending over the object that he found ugly.

"You are talking like adults!"

It made me ashamed. Without mercy, he went on.

"You are mixing everything together..."

He got really angry. He tossed his golden locks and the wind caught them.

"I know the planet where a red-faced gentleman used to live. He had never smelled flowers. He had never looked at a star. He had never loved anyone. He had never done anything in his life except adding numbers. And every day he used to repeat just like you, "I am busy with very important stuff!" He was very proud of himself. But in reality, he is a mushroom, not a man. He is a mushroom!"

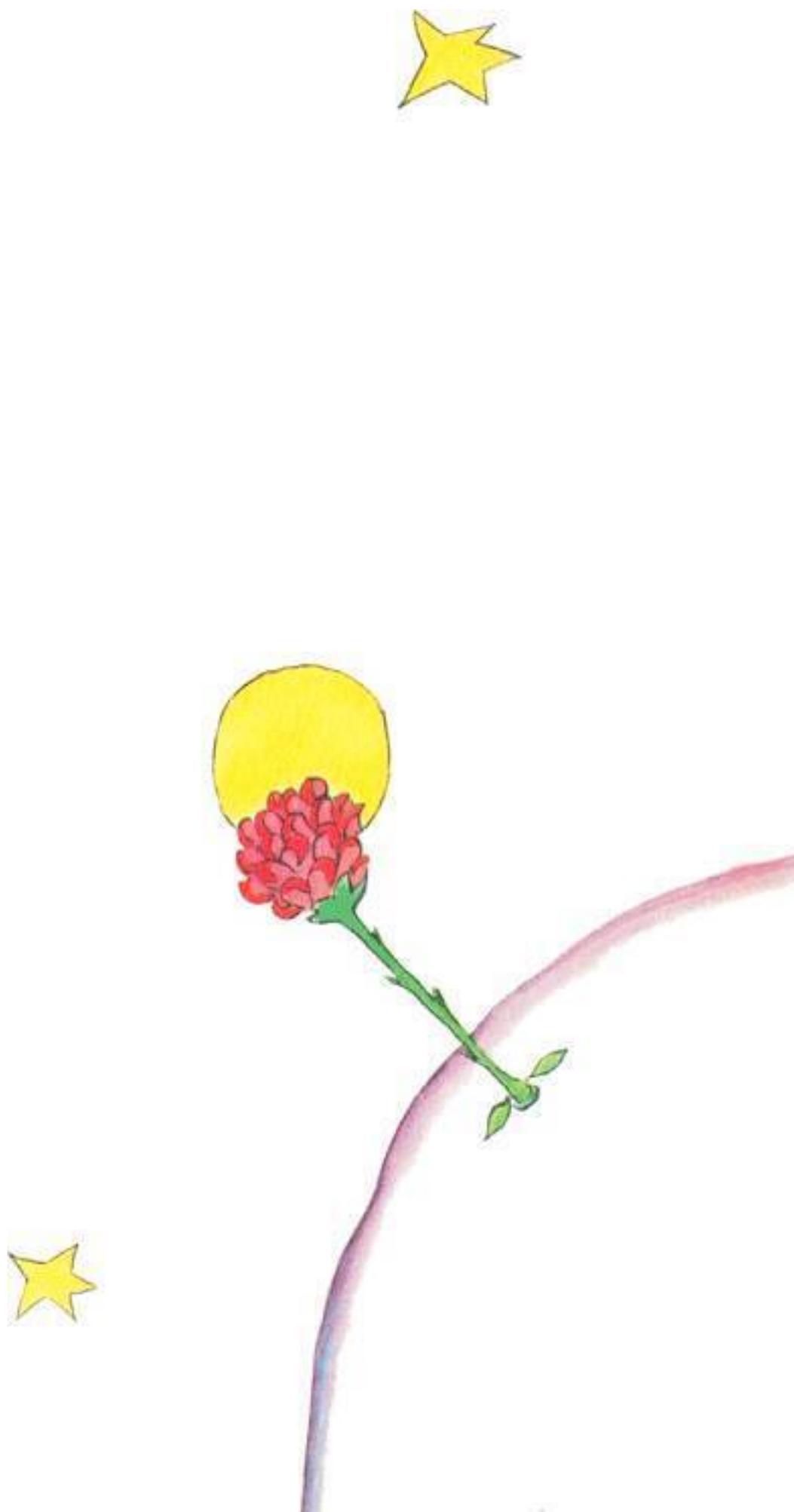
"What?"

"A mushroom!"

The Little Prince was white with anger now.

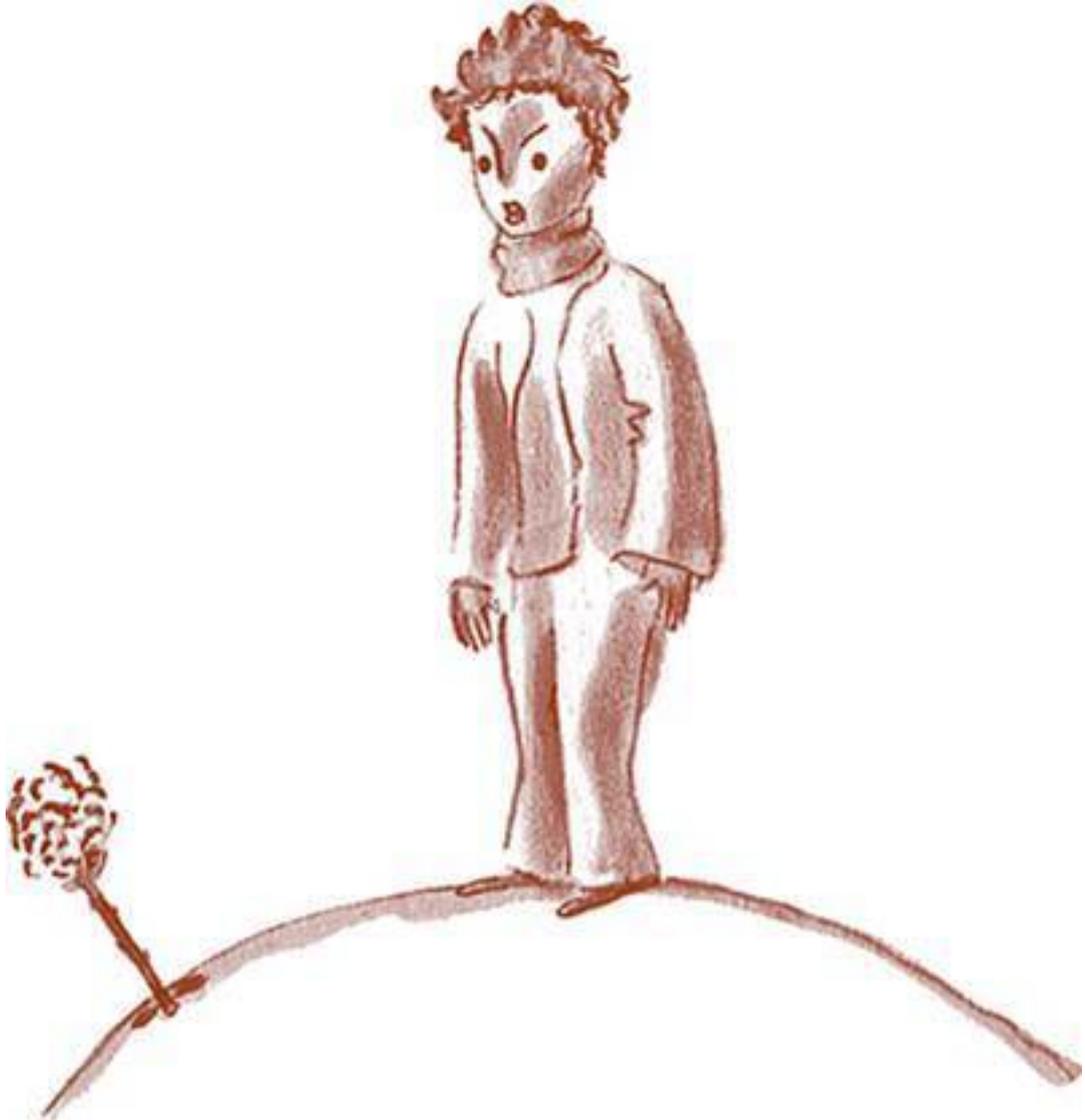
"For millions of years, flowers have been growing thorns. The same as lambs have been eating them. Isn't it an important thing to know why the flowers try so hard to grow the thorns if there is no point? Isn't it more important than the adding process of the red-faced gentleman? If I personally know one little flower that grows only on my planet and nowhere else, and it can be destroyed by

one lamb that will swallow it one morning without noticing what he had done. Ah! Do you think it's not important!?”



As he continued, his face was getting red.

“If someone loves the flower that exists in a single sample in millions of stars, it’s enough for him to look at stars and be happy. He can say to himself. “My flower is somewhere there...” But if a lamb eats the flower, all the stars will instantly fade. Do you think it’s not important?”



He wasn’t able to say anything more. His words were interrupted by sobbing. The night fell. Tools dropped out of my hands. What is the point now in my bolt, my hammer, thirst or death? On one planet, my planet Earth, there was the Little Prince who needed to be calmed down. I hugged him. And then I told him.

“There is no danger to the flower you love so much. I will draw a lead for your lamb and a fence that you can put around the flower. I...”

I didn’t know what to say. I felt awkward and guilty. I had no idea how to reach him, catch up with what I missed and walk further together.

What an unreachable place is this land of tears.

## Chapter VIII

Soon I found out more about this flower. Flowers on the planet of the Little Prince were always very plain. They had one layer of petals; they didn't occupy territories or hurt anyone. They broke out in the grass in the morning and faded peacefully in the evening. Once, a new flower grew up from an unknown seed, and the Little Prince watched very carefully a new sprout that was so unlike any other on the planet.

You know, it could be a new sort of baobab trees. Soon, the bush stopped growing and prepared for a flower to appear. The Little Prince, who was present during the first breaking open of a huge bud, knew immediately it would be something marvellous. But the flower didn't want to stop beautifying itself in the shadows of the grass. The beauty was choosing colours very carefully. It was improving its petals one by one. It didn't want to arrive ragged as field poppies, it wanted to be beautiful. Oh, yes! It was a teasing flower! And its mysterious improvement had been happening for days. Then one morning, at dawn, it showed itself at last. And after such a hard work it yawned and said.

“Ah! I just woke up. Excuse me. My lapels are a mess...”

“You look so beautiful!”

“Do I?” the flower replied kindly. “I was born at the moment when the sun...”

The Little Prince realised at once that it wasn't modest at all, but it was so touching and alluring!

“I think it's time to have breakfast”, it added in a minute. “Would you be so kind and take care of me.”

The completely bewildered Little Prince went to look for a watering can.



So he looked after the flower. In no time, it started to exhaust him with its self-admiration that was hard to deal with.

For example, once, when it was talking about its four thorns, it said to the Little Prince.

“Tigers had better not come to me with their claws!”

“There are no tigers on my planet”, the Little Prince objected. “Anyway, tigers don’t eat weeds.”

“I am not a weed”, the flower replied softly.

“Please, excuse me.”

“I am not afraid of tigers at all”, it continued. “But I am horrified by draughts. I hope you will cover me with a screen.”



“Fear of draughts is a very bad quality for a flower”, the Little Prince pointed out. He added to himself. “This flower is a very complicated creature.”

“I want you to cover me with a glass-shade at night. It’s very cold here. The place I went from...”

But it interrupted itself. It arrived here as a seed. It couldn’t know anything about other worlds.

The flower was confused to be caught while nearly lying, so it coughed two or three times in order to distract the Little Prince.

“Screen?”

“I was just going to look for it when you started talking to me...”

Then it coughed louder on purpose so he would feel guilty.



The Little prince started to doubt the beauty in spite of his love for the flower. He took the words seriously that were not important and because of this, he felt unhappy.

“I shouldn’t have listened to her”, he confessed once. “Flowers shouldn’t be listened to. They should be looked at and smelled. The smell of my beauty could be felt all over the planet. But I didn’t know how to enjoy its gracefulness. This story about claws, that was bothering me, had filled my heart with tenderness and sympathy.”

He continued his confession.

“The thing is, I didn’t know how to react! I should have judged actions, not words. It attracted me with its fragrance and gorgeousness. I should have never run away from it. I should have seen the love that was hiding under its tiny unhappy tricks and games. Flowers are so contradictory! But I was too young to know how I should love her...”

## Chapter IX

I believe that he left his asteroid in the same way as a flock of birds would do. One morning after his discovery, he cleaned his planet thoroughly. He scrubbed his volcanos carefully. He had two active volcanos; they were very useful for heating his breakfast. He had one dead volcano as well, but as he said, “You never know for sure.” That’s why he scrubbed the dead volcano, too. When volcanos are well scrubbed they burn slowly and consistently, without eruptions. An eruption of a volcano is like a fire in a house where a chimney is blocked with soot.

On our planet Earth, we are clearly too small to clean volcanos. That is why they cause us endless problems. The Little Prince, rather melancholically, extracted the last baobab sprouts. He thought he would never want to come back. But during the last day, all those habitual actions seemed so precious to him. When he was watering the flower for the last time and about to cover it with the glass shade, he realised he was going to cry.



“Goodbye”, he said to the flower. But it didn’t reply.

“Goodbye”, he repeated.

The flower coughed, but not because of a cold.

“I behaved stupidly”, the beauty said at last. “I am sorry. Try to be happy...”

He was surprised that it didn’t blame him. The Little Prince was confused whilst he was holding the glass shade. He didn’t understand its calm good nature.

“Of course, I love you”, said the flower. “It is my fault you didn’t know about this. It doesn’t matter. But you behaved as stupidly as I did. Try to be happy... and leave the glass shade. I don’t need it any more.”

“But the wind...”

“My cold is not so dangerous. A cold night wind is useful for me. I am a flower.”

“But animals...”

“Well, I need to accept two or three caterpillars if I want to get to know butterflies. They seem to be very beautiful. Who will speak to me if there are no caterpillars or butterflies? You will be far away... as to big animals, I am not afraid of them. I have my own claws.” It showed its four thorns naively.

It added then.

“Don’t hesitate. You decided to leave. So leave!”

Because the flower didn’t want him to see how it was crying. It was a very proud flower...



## Chapter X

He found himself surrounded by asteroids 325, 326, 327, 328, 329 and 330. He decided to visit them in order to broaden his horizons. A king lived on the first one. Wearing royal purple fur, he was sitting on his throne that looked both plain and majestic.

“Here is the citizen”, exclaimed the King when he saw the approaching Little Prince. And the Little Prince thought to himself, “How could he recognise me considering that we have never met before?”

He didn't know that the world was very simple to kings. The King thought that all people were citizens.

“Come closer so I can see you better”, he said, proud to be finally someone's king.

The Little Prince looked around searching for a place to sit, but the whole planet was covered with the king's majestic fur gown. He kept standing, but as he felt tired he yawned.

“According to the etiquette, it's not allowed to yawn in front of the king”, spoke the monarch. “I forbid you to yawn.”

“But I can't stop it”, the surprised Little Prince replied. “I have come from far away. I haven't slept at all.”

“In that case”, the king said. “I order you to yawn. I haven't seen anyone yawning for many years. Yawning is a very interesting subject for me. Yawn one more time! That's an order.”

“It scares me... I can't yawn any more”, mumbled the Little Prince who was completely confused.

“Hm! Hm!” the king replied. “Then I order you to yawn from time to time...”

He mumbled something unclear and seemed to be annoyed with himself. The most important thing for the king was to be respected as an authority. He couldn't bear disobedience. He was an absolute monarch. But because he was a good man, his orders were fair.

He explained as an example.

“If I ordered a general to turn himself into a seabird and he disobeyed, it would be my fault, not his.”

“May I sit down?” a request from the Little Prince sounded modest.

“I order you to sit down” the king replied and rolled his fur gown grandly. The Little Prince couldn't figure out... The planet was tiny. Who was reined by the King?

“Your Majesty”, he said. “May I ask You a question?”

“I order you to ask me a question”, the King hurried to assure the Little Prince.



“Your Majesty, who do You rein?”

“Everyone and everything”, the King answered very simply.

The King gestured around his planet, other planets and all the stars.

“All of these?” the Little Prince asked.

“All of these”, confirmed the King. His authority was not only absolute, but total as well.

“Do the stars obey you?”

“Of course”, the King said. “They obey immediately. I don’t tolerate the disobedience”

This power astonished the Little Prince. If he had such an unshakable authority he could enjoy the sunset not only forty-four times per day, but seventy-two or even two hundred times without moving his chair. As he got sad when he remembered the planet he had left, he found the courage to ask the King for a favour.

“I would like to watch the sunset. Would you do me a favour? Order the sun to go down.”

“If I order a general to fly from one flower to another like a butterfly, or to write a drama, or to turn himself into a seabird, and the general doesn’t do it, which of us will be wrong?” the King asked. “General or me?”

“You”, the Little Prince replied firmly.

“Correct. You can demand to fulfil only those responsibilities that a person can cope with”, the King continued. “An acceptable power is based, first of all, on a reason. If you order your people to jump into the sea it will lead to a revolution. I have the right to demand obedience because my orders are reasonable.”

“What about my sunset?” the Little Prince reminded him. Because he had never left a question he asked.

“You will have the sunset. I will give an order. But taking into account my ability to govern wisely, I can assure that you will need to wait for more favourable conditions.”

“When will it happen?” the Little Prince asked.

“Hm! Hm!” the King answered. And before saying anything else, he looked into a thick almanac. “Hm! Hm! It will happen approximately... approximately... It will happen tonight, approximately at twenty minutes past seven. And you will see that my orders are executed in full obedience.”

The Little Prince yawned. He was upset that he couldn't watch the sunset. He was getting bored as well.

“I don't have anything else to do here”, he said to the King. “I will continue my journey.”

“Don't go. I will appoint you to the position of a Minister!”

“A Minister of what?”

“The Justice Minister”

“But there is nobody to judge!”

“We don't know that”, the King replied. “I haven't examined my whole kingdom yet. I am too old. There is no place for a carriage. I get tired of walking.”

“I have already examined!” the Little Prince said and turned in such a way so he could look at the other side of the planet. There was nobody at the other side, as well as here...

“Then you should judge yourself”, the King told. “It is the most difficult thing. It's much harder to judge yourself than to judge others. If you manage to give a fair trial to yourself, you are indeed a very wise person.”

“Yes”, the Little Prince said. “But I can judge myself anywhere. I don't need to live on your planet for this purpose.”

“Hm! Hm!” said the King. “I have good grounds to hypothesize that there is an old rat somewhere on my planet. I can hear it at night. You can judge this old rat. From time to time, you will sentence it to death penalty. In this case, its life will depend on your judgement. But you will grant it a pardon every time. You need to treat it carefully. Because this rat is the only one we have got.”

“I don't want to sentence anyone to death”, the Little Prince replied. “I think I will leave now.”

“No”, said the King.

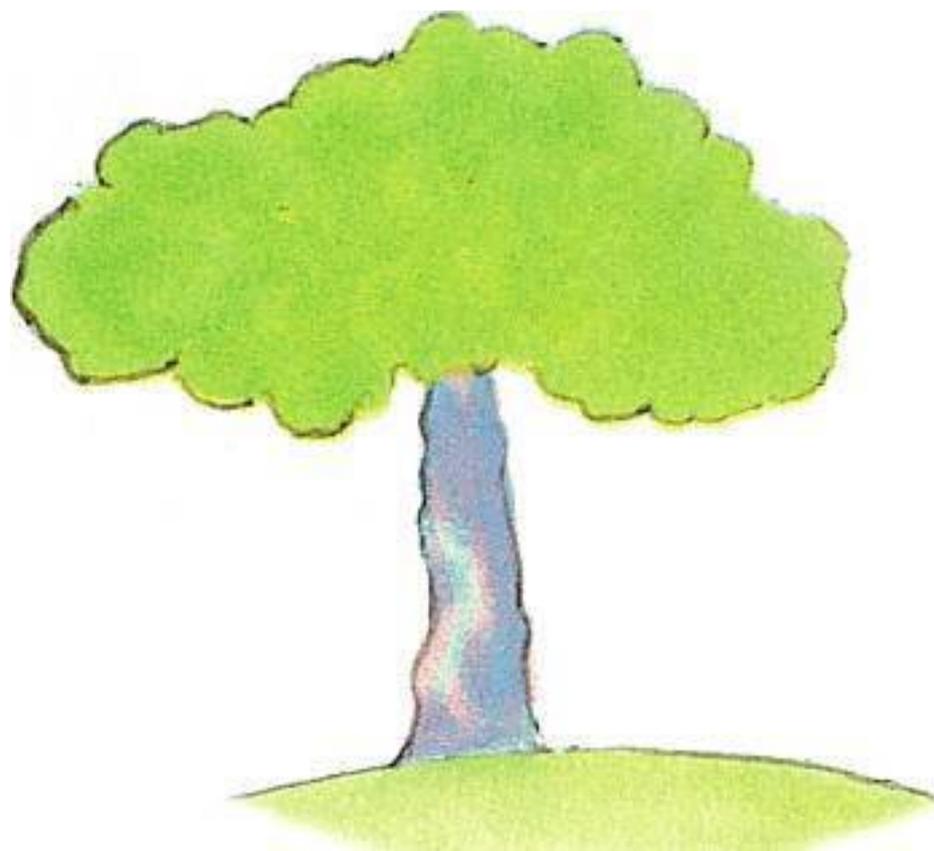
But the Little Prince, who was ready to leave, didn't want to upset the old monarch.

“If Your Majesty wishes for me to obey immediately, you will need to give me a fair order. For example, You can order me to disappear in a minute. I think the conditions are favourable...” he said.

The King didn't answer, so the Little Prince hesitated for a while. Then he sighed and left the planet.

“I am appointing you to be my ambassador”, the King exclaimed in a hurry. He sounded very authoritative.

“Adults are rather strange”, the Little Prince thought to himself and carried on his journey.

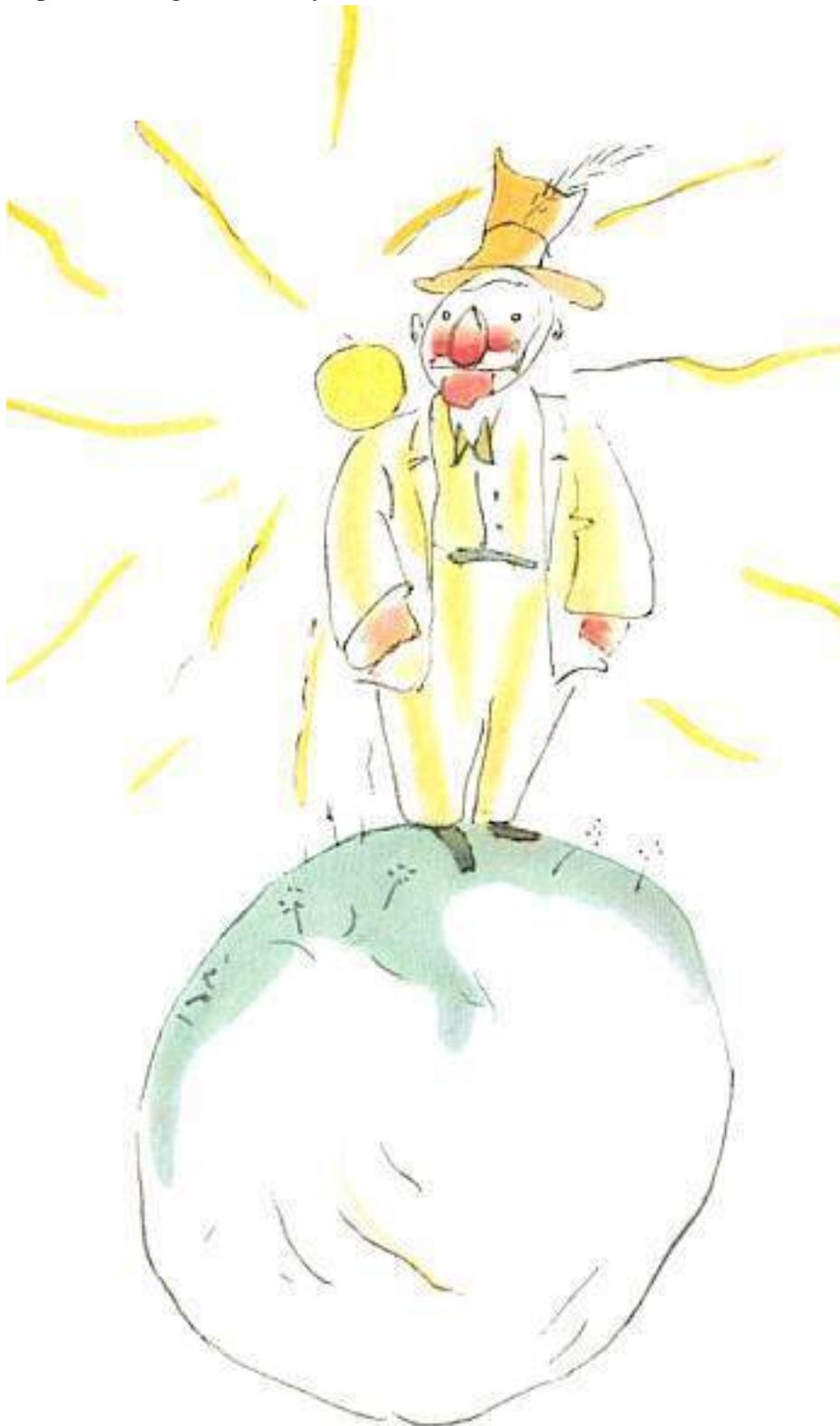


## Chapter XI

A vain man lived on the second planet.

“Oh! Ah! An admirer is going to visit me soon!” he exclaimed when he saw the Little Prince from a distance.

The vain person thought that everyone was an admirer.



“Good morning”, said the Little Prince. “What a strange hat you are wearing!”

“I need this hat to make a bow. You should lift it when you bow to people who applaud you vigorously. Unfortunately, nobody comes here.”

“Really?” the Little Prince said. He didn’t understand what the vain man was talking about.

“Clap one hand against another”, the vain man guided him. The Little man clapped his hands. The vain man lifted his hat and bowed modestly.

“It’s much funnier than the visit to the king”, the Little Prince thought to himself. And he started clapping again, one hand against another. Again, the vain man lifted his hat in appreciation. After five minutes, the Little Prince was bored with this repetitious entertainment.

“What should I do so you will put the hat down?” he asked.

But the vain man didn’t hear him. Vain people never notice anything except compliments.

“Do you really admire me?” the vain man enquired the Little Prince closely.

“What does “admire” mean?”

“It means that you find me to be the most handsome, smartest, wealthiest, and most intelligent person on this planet.”

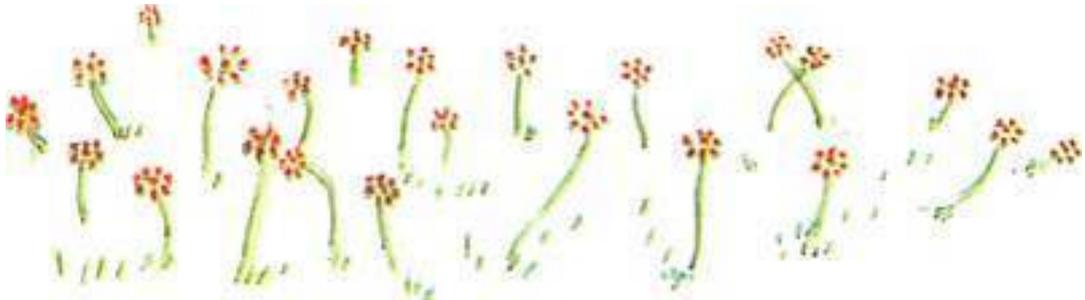
“But you are the only person on this planet.”

“Do me a favour. Don’t admire me less because of this.”

“I admire you”, the Little Prince said slightly shrugging his shoulders. “But what is the point?”

The Little prince left.

“Adults are indeed very strange”, he thought to himself and continued his travelling.



## Chapter XII

A drunkard lived on the next planet.

It was a very short visit, but it upset the Little Prince a lot.

“What are you doing here?” he asked the drunkard who was sitting quietly among the empty and full bottles.



“I am drinking alcohol”, said the drunkard gloomily.

“Why are you drinking it?” asked the Little Prince.

“In order to forget”, answered the drunkard.

“In order to forget what?” the Little Prince couldn’t calm down because he felt sorry for him.

“To forget that I am ashamed”, the drunkard admitted hanging down his head.

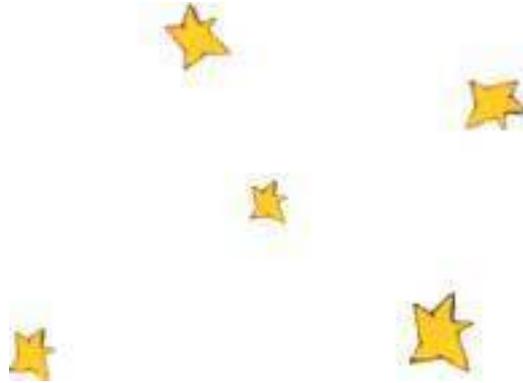
“Ashamed of what?” the Little Prince went on. He wanted to help so much.

“I am ashamed that I drink alcohol!”

The drunkard finished his speech and became silent.

The perplexed Little Prince left.

“Adults are indeed extremely strange”, he thought to himself and carried on his journey.



## Chapter XIII

The fourth planet belonged to a businessman.

This man was so busy that he even didn't raise his head when the Little Prince arrived.

"Good morning", the Little Prince said. "Your cigarette has gone out."

"Three and two make five. Five and seven make twelve. Twelve and three make fifteen. Good morning. Fifteen and seven make twenty-two. Twenty-two and six make twenty-eight. I didn't have time to light my cigarette. Twenty-eight and five make thirty-three. Phew! In total, it's five hundred million six hundred and twenty-two thousand seven hundred and one."

"Five hundred million of what?" the Little Prince asked.

"Ah? Are you still here? Five hundred million, I can't stop... I have a lot to do! I am busy with very important stuff. I can't waste my time. Two and five make seven..."

"Five hundred million of what?" the Little Prince asked because he never left the question he asked.



The businessman raised his head.

"I have been living on this planet for fifty-four years, and I was interrupted only three times. The first time was when a light-minded goose fell out of nowhere. He made the most disgusting sound that echoed all over the planet, and as a result I made four mistakes in my estimations. The second time was when a rheumatic disease distracted me eleven years ago. I don't move enough. I don't have time to lounge. And the third time is you! I said then, five hundred and one million."

"Millions of what?"

The businessman realised he didn't have any chance to be left alone until he answered the question.

"Millions of these small objects that you can see in the sky sometimes", he said.

"Flies?"

"No. Small lights."

"Bees?"

"No, small golden objects that make lazy people dream. As to me, I am busy with very important stuff. I don't have time for careless dreaming."

"Ah! Do you mean stars?"

"Yes, stars."

"What do you do with five hundred thousand of stars?"

"Five hundred million six hundred and twenty-two thousand seven hundred and one. I am busy with very important stuff. I am very accurate."

"What do you do with these stars?"

"What do I do with them?"

"Yes."

"Nothing. I possess them."

"Do you possess the stars?"

"I do."

"But I have met a king that..."

"Kings don't possess, they rein. It's completely different"

"Why are you possessing them?"

"Due to them I am becoming richer."

"Why do you need to be rich?"

"To buy more stars if they are discovered."

"In a way, this man is talking like my poor drunkard", the Little Prince thought to himself.

However, he had more questions.

"How is it possible to possess stars?"

"Who do they belong to?" the businessman muttered.

"I don't know. To nobody."

"In this case, they belong to me because I was the first one to come up with this idea."

"Is that all you need?"

"Certainly. When you find a diamond that doesn't belong to anybody, it is yours. If you discover no one's island, it is yours. If you have an idea that nobody had before, you patent it and it is yours. In my case, I possess the stars because nobody thought about this earlier than me."

"That's true", the Little Prince said. "What do you do with them?"

"I record them", the businessman answered. "I count them and then count them again. It is hard. But I am naturally interested in stuff of great importance."

But the Little Prince wasn't satisfied with this answer.

"If I have a silk scarf, I can tie it around my neck and go out with it. If I have a flower, I can pick it up and take with me. But you can't take stars with you", he said.

"No, but I can put them into a bank."

"What does it mean?"

"It means I will write the number of stars on paper, and then I will put it in a box and lock it."

"Is that all?"

"That is enough", the businessman said.

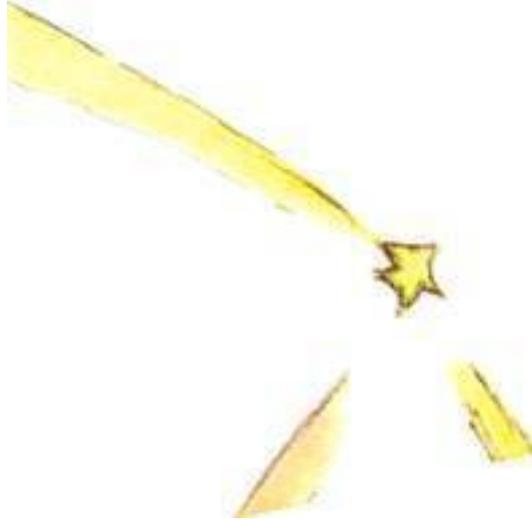
"That's funny. It's even rather poetical. But it is not very important."

To the Little Prince important stuff was something different than what it was to adults.

“I have a flower which I water every day”, he continued his conversation with the businessman. “I have three volcanos as well that I scrub every week (I also scrub the dead volcano because you never know). My volcanos as well as my flower benefit from being possessed by me. But it makes no difference to the stars whether you possess them or not...”

The businessman was just going to open his mouth but he had nothing to reply to it. And the Little Prince left.

“All the adults are definitely strange”, he said to himself simply and went on his travelling.



## Chapter XIV

The fifth planet was very strange. It seemed to be very small. There was a place only for a lamp and a man who lit it – a lamplighter.

The Little Prince couldn't understand the necessity of the lamp and lamplighter in space if there were no people or houses.

However, he said to himself.

“It is entirely possible that this person is absurd, too. But not to such extent as the king, the vain man, the drunkard or the businessman. At least his job is reasonable. When he switches the lamp on it's as if he brings to life another star or flower. When he switches the lamp off he sends the flower or the star to sleep. It's beautiful work. As long as it's beautiful it will be useful.”

When he arrived at a planet he greeted the lamplighter respectfully.

“Good morning. Why did you switch the lamp off a moment ago?”

“This is a regular procedure”, the lamplighter answered. “Good morning.”

“What kind of regular procedure is this?”

“The procedure when you have to switch off the lamp. Good evening.”

And he switched the lamp on again.

“But why did you switch it on again?”

“This is the regular procedure.”



“I don’t understand”, the Little Prince said.

“There is nothing to understand”, the lamplighter. “A procedure is a procedure. Good morning.”

He switched the lamp off. Then he dried his forehead with a red checked handkerchief.

“I keep doing an awful job. It used to be reasonable. I switched the lamp off in the morning and switched it on in the evening. I rested during the day and slept at night.”

“Did it change?”

“The procedure didn’t change”, the lamplighter told. “That’s the tragedy! The planet turns around faster and faster every year, but the procedure does not change!”

“And what now?” the Little Prince asked.

“Now the planet makes a complete turn in a minute, and I don’t have time to rest. I need to switch the lamp on and switch it off every minute!”

“What a joke! Here, where you live, the day lasts only one minute!”

“It’s not funny!” the lamplighter said. “A month has passed while we have been talking.”

“A month?”

“Yes, a month. Thirty minutes. Thirty days. Good evening.”

And he switched the lamp on again. Whilst the Little Prince was watching him, he felt sympathy for this lamplighter who performed his duties so scrupulously. He remembered the sunsets he used to watch only by moving his chair, so he decided to help his friend.

“You know, I can tell how you can rest whenever you wish”, he said.

“I want to rest all the time”, the lamplighter said. A person can be responsible and lazy at the same time.

The Little Prince explained.

“Your planet is so small that you can make three steps and walk around it. In order to stay in the sun all the time, all you need is to walk slowly forward. When you need to have a rest, you will walk and the day will last as long as you wish.”

“It won’t help me greatly”, the lamplighter said. “I like sleeping.”

“Then you are not lucky”, the Little Prince said.

“I am not lucky”, the lamplighter said. “Good morning.”

And he switched the lamp off.

“Everyone would laugh at this man”, the Little Prince thought when he continued his journey. “The king, the vain man, the drunkard and the businessman would laugh at him. However, he is the only one among them who doesn’t seem ludicrous. It is possibly because he thinks about something else except himself.”

He sighed pitifully and said.

“This man is the only one who I would like to be my friend. But his planet is indeed too small. There is no place for two...”

The Little Prince didn’t dare to admit that a real reason why he hesitated to leave the planet was the fact that it had 1440 sunsets per day!

## Chapter XV

The sixth planet was ten times larger than the previous one. An elderly man, who had been writing voluminous books, lived there.

“Look! Here is our discoverer!” he exclaimed when he spotted the Little Prince. The Little prince sat at the table and took a breath. He had travelled so much and been so far!

“Where are you from?” the elderly gentleman asked him.

“What is this huge book?” the Little Prince said. “What are you doing?”

“I am a geographer”, the gentleman told him.

“What is a geographer?” the Little Prince asked.

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

“Very interesting!” the Little Prince exclaimed. “At last, I meet a man who has a real profession!”

He looked around the geographer’s planet. It was the most stunning and magnificent planet he had ever seen.



“Your planet is very beautiful”, he said. “Are there any oceans here?”

“I can’t tell”, the geographer replied.

“Ah!” the Little Prince was disappointed. “Are there any mountains?”

“I can’t tell”, the geographer answered.

“Are there any cities, rivers or deserts?”

“I can’t tell this as well”

“But you are a geographer!”

“That’s true”, the geographer said. “But I am not an explorer. There aren’t any explorers on my planet. It’s not the geographer’s task to count cities, rivers, mountains, seas or deserts. The geographer’s work is too important to just wander around. He doesn’t leave his place. But he sees explorers for his studies. He asks questions and writes down everything, they tell him about their travelling. If the geographer is interested in someone’s story, he wants to receive a reference about this person.

“Why?”

“If an explorer lied it could be very bad for the geographer’s books. The same would happen if the explorer had too much alcohol.”

“Why?”

“Everything is divided in two for drunken people. In that case, a geographer will mark two mountains where there is only one.”

“I know someone who would be a poor explorer”, the Little Prince said.

“You may be right. If a letter of recommendation for the explorer is positive, the inquiries about his discovery will be made.”

“Will you go and look at him?”

“No. It would be too difficult. The explorer has to show the evidence. For example, if it is a case of a big mountain, a geographer asks him to bring him huge stones from there.”

Suddenly, the geographer fussed.

“You have come from far away, haven’t you? You are an explorer! You have to describe your planet for me!”

The geographer opened his big record book and sharpened a pencil.

“At first. The description of a place by the explorer is written with a pencil. Until the explorer shows the evidence, nothing is written in ink. So?” the anticipating geographer asked.

“Oh”, said the Little Prince. “There is nothing really interesting where I live. Everything is rather tiny. I have three volcanos. Two of them are active, one is dead. But you never know for sure.”

“You never know for sure”, confirmed the geographer.

“I have a flower as well.”

“We don’t take records of flowers”, the geographer said.

“Why? The flower is the most beautiful thing on my planet!”

“We don’t take records of them because they don’t last long”, the geographer said.

“What does it mean?”

“Geography is the most important book among other books. It never ages. It happens very rarely when a mountain changes its position. An ocean dries out very rarely. We write about timeless things.”

“But dead volcanos can come to life again”, the Little Prince interrupted him. “What do you mean things don’t last long?”

“It doesn’t matter to us whether the volcano is active or dead”, the geographer said. “The fact that it’s a mountain is important to us. The mountain doesn’t change.”

“What do you mean when you say that they don’t last long?”

“It means that they are in danger of a quick extinction.”

“Is my flower in danger of a quick extinction?”

“Certainly.”

“My flower won’t live for a long time”, he said to himself. “The beauty has only four thorns to defend itself from this world and I have left it alone on the planet!”

At that moment, he felt sorrow for the first time. But he took a deep breath and asked.

“What place would you recommend me to visit next?”

“The planet Earth”, the geographer said. “It has a good record.”

Although he was still thinking about his flower, the Little Prince continued his journey.



## Chapter XVI

The seventh planet was Earth.

Earth is not a simple planet!

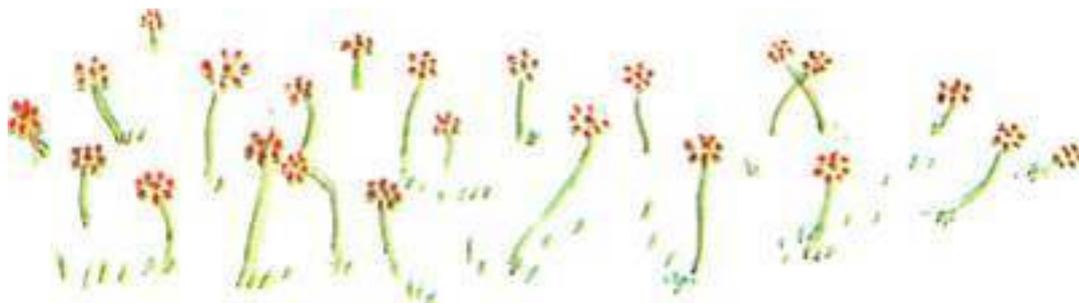
There are 111 kings (of course, you can't forget to mention the kings from African countries), 7,000 geographers, 900,000 businessmen, 7,500,000 drunkards and 311,000,000 vain men. In total, there are about 2,000,000,000 adults.



I will tell you how you can picture the size of Earth. Before electricity was discovered a whole army of 462,511 lamplighters had been needed on six continents. If you could look at it closer it would be the most amazing scene.

The army of lamplighter's actions would be led as a ballet performance in an opera house. First would be the lamplighters from New Zealand and Australia. After switching the lamps on they would go to bed. Then the lamplighters from China and Siberia would join the performance with their moves. Later they would hide behind the scenes giving the stage to the lamplighters from Russia and India; then Africa and Europe; then South America and then North America. They would never make any mistakes in the order of their entrances. It would be charming.

And only a man responsible for the lamp in the North Pole and his colleague in the South Pole would live carelessly; they would have to work only twice a year.



## Chapter XVII

When you dream you usually lose the reality.

I wasn't completely honest when I told you about the lamplighters. I am afraid, I can give a wrong impression about our planet to those who don't know it.

People do not occupy a lot of space on Earth. If the two billion people inhabiting our planet are put close to each other, like it happens at social meetings, they will easily fit in a territory of twenty miles lengthwise and twenty miles widthwise. All mankind can be gathered on a small island in the Pacific.

Adults would definitely not believe you if you said this to them. It seems to them that people need a lot of space. They think of themselves as much as baobab trees do. Advise them to count themselves. They love numbers, they will like it. But don't waste your time doing this unnecessary job yourself. There is no point. I know, believe me.

When the Little Prince found himself on the planet Earth he was surprised that he couldn't see anybody. He was worried he had arrived at the wrong planet. Unexpectedly, something golden slipped along the sand and coiled in a shape of a moon.

"Good evening", the Little Prince spoke politely.

"Good evening", said the snake.

"What is the name of the planet I have arrived on?" the Little Prince asked.

"Earth; Africa", the snake replied.

"Ah! There are no people on Earth, aren't they?"

"This is a desert. There are no people in a desert. Earth is huge", the snake said.

The Little Prince sat down on a rock and raised his eyes to the sky.

"This is interesting", he said. "The stars glow in the sky so everyone can find his star... Look at my planet. It's straight above us. But it's so far!"

"It's beautiful", said the snake. "What brought you here?"

"I fell out with the flower", the Little Prince said.

"Ah!" the snake said. And they were both silent.

"Where are the people?" the Little Prince decided to reopen the conversation. "It's so lonely in a desert..."

"It's very lonely among people as well", the snake told.

The Little Prince scrutinized the snake for some time.

"You are a cute animal", he said at last. "You are not thicker than a finger..."



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

The Little Prince laughed.

“You are not very powerful. You don’t even have legs. You won’t even be able to travel...”

“I can transport you further than any ship will do”, the snake said.

It wound itself twice round the Little Prince’s ankle like a golden bracelet.

“Anyone I touch goes back to the place where he came from”, the snake talked again. “But you are innocent and honest and you have come from a star...”

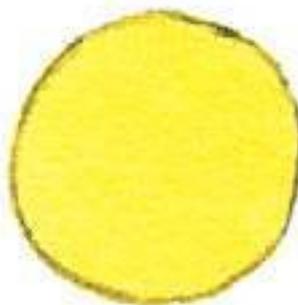
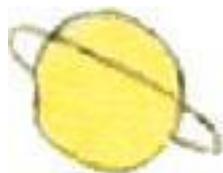
The Little Prince didn’t reply.

“I feel sorry for you. You are so unprotected on this hard granitic planet Earth”, the snake said.

“One day, I will be able to help you if you anxiously miss your planet. I can...”

“Oh! I perfectly understand you”, the Little Prince said. “But why are you constantly speaking in riddles?”

“I solve them all”, said the snake. And they both went silent.



## Chapter XVIII

The Little Prince had crossed the desert and seen only one flower.

It was a rather unattractive flower with three petals.

“Good morning”, said the Little Prince.

“Good morning”, answered the flower.

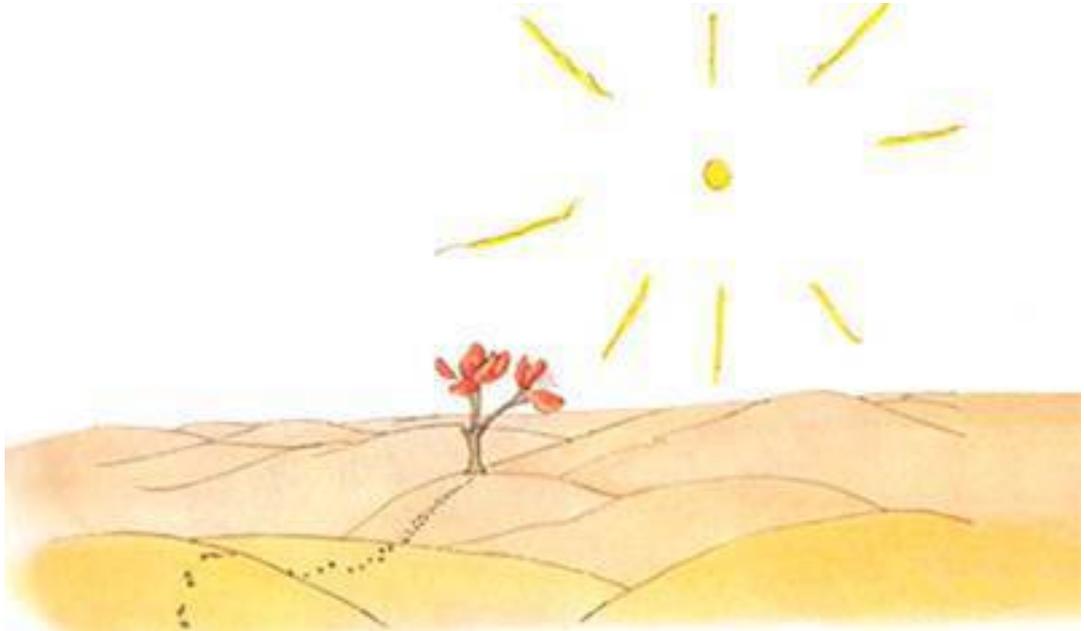
“Are there any people?” the Little Prince enquired politely.

The flower saw a passing caravan once.

“People?” the flower echoed. “I think there are only six or seven of them. I saw them several years ago. You never know where to look for them. The wind blows them away. They don’t have roots so their life is very difficult.”

“Goodbye”, the Little Prince said.

“Goodbye”, said the flower.

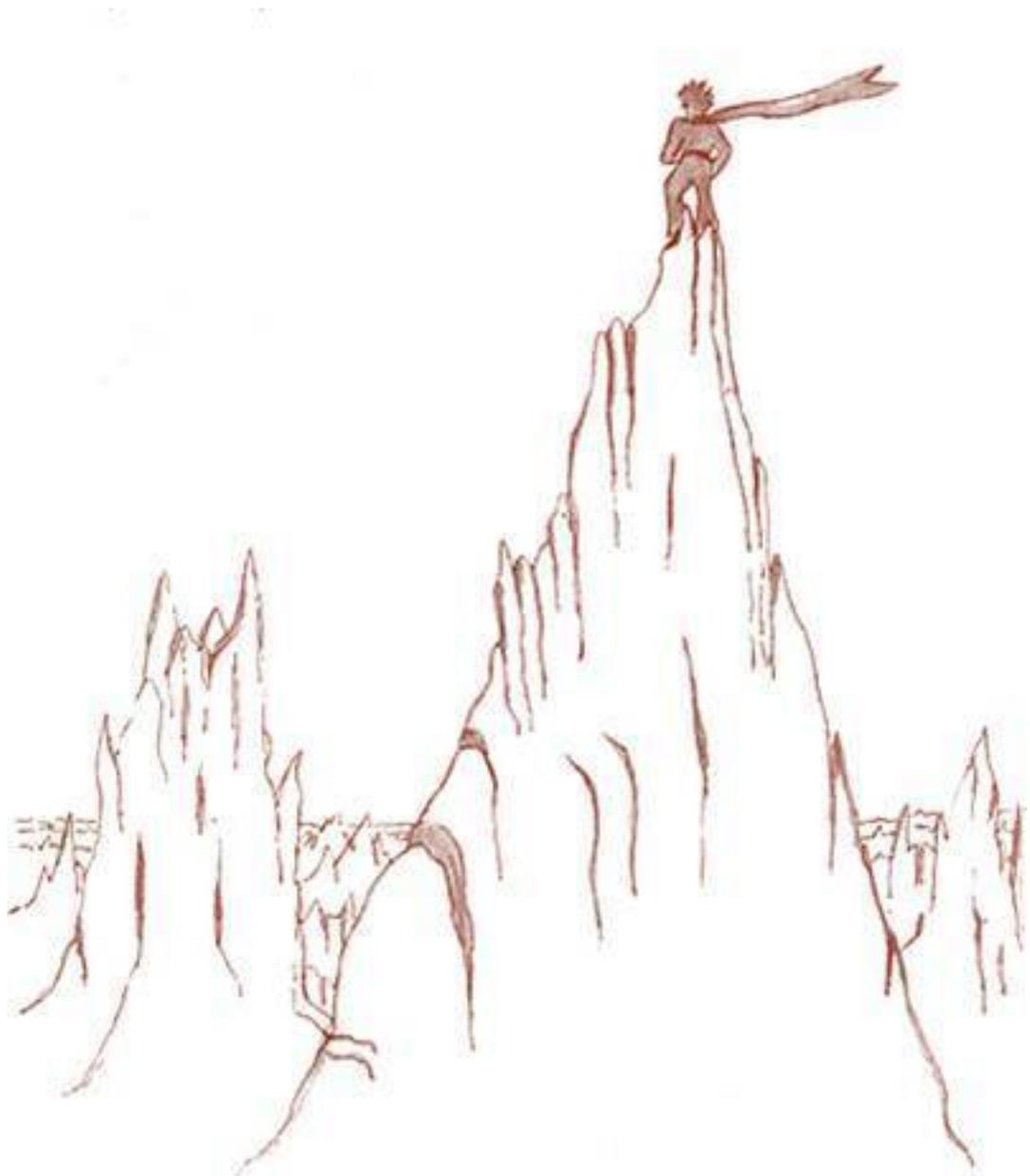


## Chapter XIX

After that, the Little Prince climbed the highest mountain. The only mountains he had ever seen were his three volcanos which could hardly reach his knees. He used the dead volcano as a stool.

“I should be able to see a whole planet with all the people on it from such a high mountain”, the Little Prince thought to himself.

He couldn't see anything except the spiny mountain tops.



“Good morning”, he said politely.

“Good morning... Good morning... Good morning”, it echoed.

“Who are you?” asked the Little Prince.

“Who are you... Who are you... Who are you?” it replied.

“Be my friends. I am very lonely”, he said.

“I am very lonely... I am very lonely... I am very lonely”, repeated the echo.

“What a strange planet!” the Little Prince thought. “It’s dry, spiny, severe and distracting. People don’t have an imagination. They repeat everything you say to them... I had a beautiful flower on my planet. It always started a conversation first...”



## Chapter XX

After long wanderings in sands, mountains and snow the Little Prince came to a road. And all roads lead to people's houses.

“Good morning”, he said in front of a garden filled with full-blown flowers.

“Good morning”, said the roses.

The Little Prince checked them carefully. They all looked like his flower.

“What are you?” he asked stunned.

“We are roses”, replied the roses.



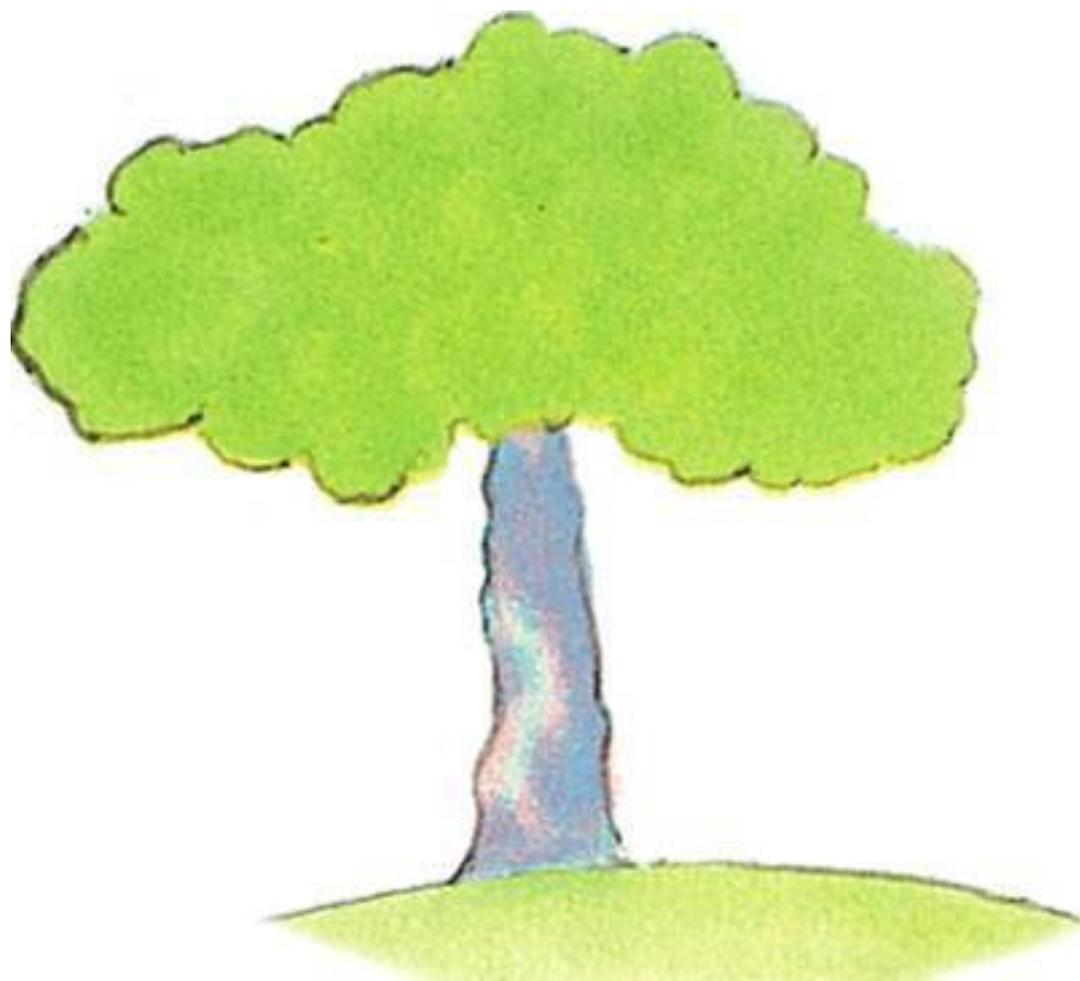
He became sad. His beauty told him it was the only one of its kind in a whole universe. There were five thousand identical roses in this garden!

“My flower would be very upset if it saw this garden”, he thought to himself. “It would cough awfully and pretend it was dying to avoid being laughed at. I would pretend to bring it to life because if I didn't do it the beauty would really die in order to humiliate me...”

He continued to share his thoughts.

“I thought I was rich because I had the most unique flower in a whole world. But all I had was a simple rose. A simple rose and three volcanos which could hardly reach my knees and one of them is most certainly dead... I am not such a prince afterwards...”

He threw himself down on the grass and started crying.



## Chapter XXI

Just then a fox approached.

“Good morning”, said the fox.

“Good morning”, the Little Prince replied politely. However, when he turned around there was nobody there.

“I am here”, said the voice, “under an apple tree.”

“Who are you?” asked the Little Prince, and then he added. “You are very beautiful.”

“I am a fox”, the fox answered.

“Let’s play”, the Little Prince offered. “I am so unhappy.”

“I can’t play with you”, said the fox. “I am not a tame animal.”

“Oh! Please, excuse me”, the Little Prince said.

Then he thought and added in a while.

“What does “tame” mean?”

“You are not local”, said the fox. “What are you looking for?”



“I am looking for people”, the Little Prince said. “What does “tame” mean?”

“People?” said the fox. “People have guns and they hunt. It’s outrageous. They also like chickens. That is all they are interested in. Are you looking for chickens?”



“No”, said the Little Prince. “I am looking for friends. What does “tame” mean?”

“It’s an action that is very often neglected”, said the fox. “It means to create ties.”

“To create ties?”

“Exactly”, the fox said. “You are an ordinary boy to me as any other thousands of boys. I don’t need you. Consequently, you don’t need me. I am just a fox to you as any other thousands of foxes. But if you tame me, we will need each other. In a whole world, you will be unique to me. And I will be unique to you.”

“I begin to understand”, said the Little Prince. “I know a beautiful flower... I think it has tamed me...”

“Probably”, the fox said. “Anything can happen on Earth.”

“Oh! It’s not on Earth!” said the Little Prince.

The fox seemed to be concerned and intrigued.

“Is it on another planet?”

“Yes.”

“Are there any hunters on that planet?”

“No.”

“Ooh! That’s interesting! Are there any chickens?”

“No.”

“There is no such ideal place”, the fox sighed.

And he was back to his previous thoughts.

“My life is rather monotonous”, said the fox. “I hunt chickens. People hunt me.” All chickens are identical, and all people are identical, too. As a result, I am a little bit bored. But if you tame me it seems to me that a sun will appear in my life and lighten it. I will recognise the sound of your steps which will be different to all the other sounds. Other people’s steps will make me hide under

the ground but yours will tempt me from my hole like music. Look at these fields of wheat! I don't eat bread. Wheat doesn't mean anything to me. Fields of wheat mean nothing to me. It's sad. Your hair is golden. Just imagine how wonderful it would be if you tamed me! The wheat, which is also of golden colour, will remind me of you. I will enjoy listening to the wind in the wheat...

The fox had been gazing carefully at the Little Prince for a long time.

"Please, tame me", it said.

"I would really like to", the Little Prince replied. "But I don't have time. I need to find friends and learn a lot more."



"We learn only those things that we tame", said the fox. "People don't have time for learning any more. They buy ready-made things in shops. But there are no shops that sell friends, so people don't have friends. If you want a friend, tame me..."

"What should I do to tame you?" the Little Prince asked.

"You should be very patient", the fox replied. "At first, you will sit some distance from me like now, in the grass. I am going to look at you out of the corner of my eye and you are going to be silent. Words are the source of misunderstanding. Every day, you are going to sit closer and closer to me..."

The Little Prince came back the next day.

"It will be better if you come at the same time", said the fox. "For example, if you come at four o'clock in the afternoon I will start looking forward to it at three o'clock. At four o'clock I will be worried and impatient. I will show how happy I am! But if you come at different times, I won't know what time my heart should be prepared to meet you... You should keep a certain order..."

"What does "order" mean?" asked the Little Prince.

"It is also an action that is often neglected", said the fox. "The thing, that distinguishes one day from another, one hour from another. For example, my hunters have some schedule. Every Thursday,

they dance with girls from a village. So Thursday is a perfect day for me! I can even reach their grapes. But if hunters danced any time, then every day would be the same to me and I would never have a holiday.”

So the Little Prince tamed the fox, and when it was time to leave...

“Ah!” the fox said. “I am going to cry.”

“It is your fault”, said the Little Prince. “I didn’t want to hurt you but you wanted to be tamed...”

“Yes, that’s true”, said the fox.

“But now you are going to cry!”

“Yes, that’s true”, said the fox.

“In this case, it didn’t bring you anything good!”

“There is something good in the golden colour of the fields of wheat.”

Then he added.

“Go and have another look at your roses. You will realise now that your flower is the most unique in a whole world. Then come back and say goodbye to me. And I will reveal a secret to you.”

The Little Prince went to look again at the roses.

“You are nothing like my rose”, he said. “At the moment, you are nothing. Nobody has tamed you, and you haven’t tamed anyone. You are like my fox when I first met him. He was like any other thousands of foxes. But we became friends and now he is the most unique fox in a whole world.

The roses got very embarrassed.

“You are beautiful but empty”, he continued. “Nobody will die for you. I am sure any stranger will think that the rose, which belongs to me, looks the same way as you do. On its own, my rose is more important than hundreds of roses like you. I watered it, covered with a glass shade, killed caterpillars for it (except those three that we left so they could become butterflies); I listened when it was grumbling, boasting or was silent sometimes. It is my rose.”

He went back to the fox.

“Goodbye”, he said.

“Goodbye”, said the fox. “And here is my secret. It is very simple: you may see the truth only with your heart. Everything that is important can’t be seen.”

“Everything that is important can’t be seen”, the Little Prince repeated to memorize it better.

“The time, that you have spent with your rose, makes it so important.”

“The time, that I have spent with the rose”, the Little Prince said to memorize it better.

“People have forgotten this truth”, said the fox. “You shouldn’t forget. We are always responsible for those who we tamed. You are responsible for your rose...”

“I am responsible for my rose”, the Little Prince repeated to memorize it better.



## Chapter XXII

“Good morning”, said the Little Prince.

“Good morning”, said the railway pointsman.

“What are you doing here?” the Little Prince asked.

“I board groups of people on trains, every group consists of one thousand people”, said the railway pointsman. “And then I direct them: one goes to the left, and another goes to the right.”

Suddenly, a brightly lit, fast train flew past them with a thunderous rumble, and the railway pointsman’s cabin started to shake.

“They are in a big rush”, said the Little Prince. “What are they looking for?”

“Even the locomotive driver has no idea”, the railway pointsman replied.

And another brightly lit express train rumbled in the opposite direction.

“Are they coming back?” inquired the Little Prince.

“These are different trains”, the railway pointsman said. “It’s a shift.”

“They didn’t like the place they visited, did they?” asked the Little Prince.

“Nobody is ever satisfied with the place where he stays”, said the railway pointsman.

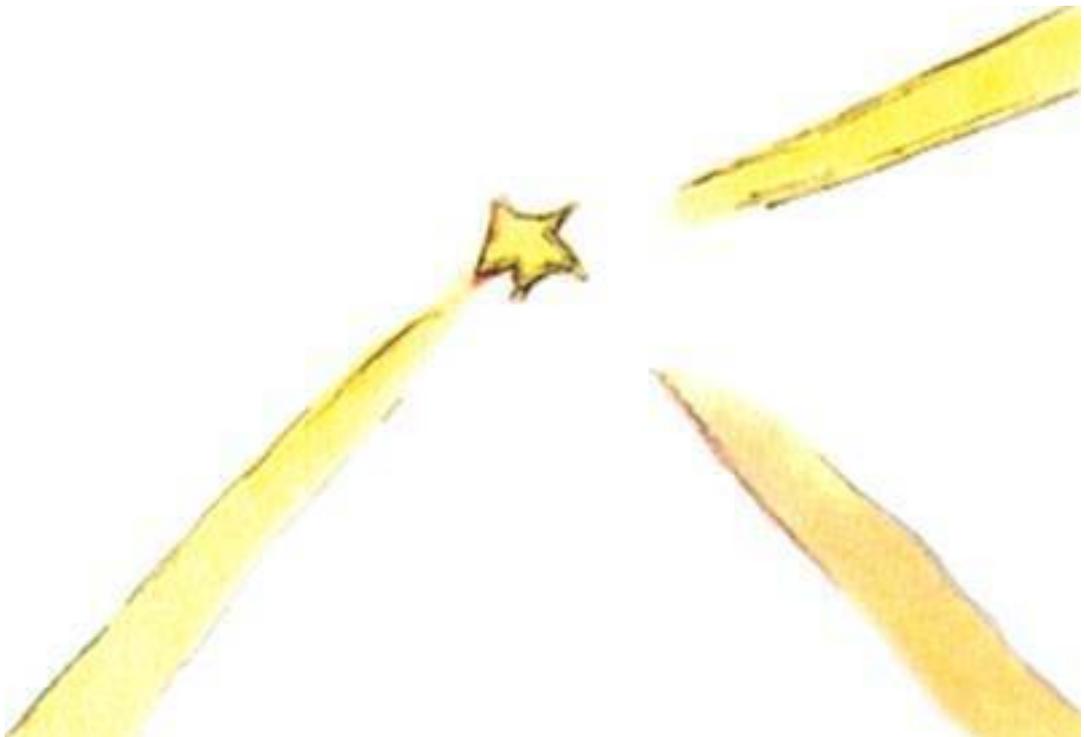
And they heard the thunderous rumble of the third brightly lit express.

“Are they chasing the previous travellers?” the Little Prince asked.

“Nobody is chasing anyone”, said the railway pointsman. “They are sleeping in the train, and if they aren’t, they are just yawning. Only children are looking out of the windows”.

“Only children know what they are looking for”, said the Little Prince. “They spend a lot of time with a stuffed doll, and it becomes very important to them. If someone takes it from them they start crying.”

“They are lucky”, said the railway pointsman.



## Chapter XXIII

“Good morning”, said the Little Prince.

“Good morning”, said the merchant.

This merchant was selling pills for the thirst. You needed only to swallow one pill, and you wouldn't feel thirsty for a whole week.

“Why are you selling them?” asked the Little Prince.

“Because they save me an incredible lot of time”, the merchant said. “According to experts, these pills can save fifty-three minutes every week.”

“And what should I do with these fifty-three minutes?”

“Anything you want...”

“I will prefer to walk to a fresh water source if I have fifty-three minutes of free time”, said the Little Prince.



## Chapter XXIV

It was the eighth day since I had had the plane crash. I drank the last drop of water when I was listening to a story about the businessman.

“Your memories are incredibly charming”, I said to the Little Prince. “But I haven’t managed to fix my plane yet. I don’t have anything to drink any more. I will be happy if I can find a source of fresh water.”

“My friend fox...” said the Little Prince.

“My darling, I care not about your friend fox right now!”

“Why?”

“I will die because of the thirst soon...”

He didn’t understand my grounds and said.

“It’s good to have a friend even if he dies soon. For example, I am very glad that the fox was my friend.”

“He doesn’t understand what danger means”, I thought to myself. “He has never been hungry or thirsty. He only needs a little bit of sunlight...”

But he looked at me closely and answered my thoughts.

“I want to drink as well. Let’s go and look for a spring.”

I made a helpless gesture with my hands. It was silly to look for a spring at random in the endless desert. Nevertheless, we started on our way.

After we had been walking in silence for some hours, the night fell and the stars began to appear. Because of the thirst, I was feverish and looked at them as if in a dream. The words of the Little Prince emerged in my memory.

“Do you want to drink as well?” I asked.

But he didn’t reply to my question. He just said.

“Water can be good for the heart...”

I didn’t understand his answer but said nothing. I knew very well that there was no point in interrogating him. He was very tired, so he sat down. I sat down near him. We had been silent for some time, and then we started talking again.

“The stars are beautiful because of the flower that can’t be seen.”

“Yes, that’s true.”

Then without saying a word, I looked at the sand dunes that were spread in front of us, enlightened by the moon.

“The desert is beautiful”, the Little Prince added.

That was true. I always loved the desert. You just sit at the sand dune; you don’t see or hear anything. Something pulses and twinkles through the silence.

“The desert is beautiful because it hides a spring somewhere”, said the Little Prince.

I was impressed, unexpectedly realising the reason why the sands were so mysteriously attractive. When I was a little boy I lived in an old house, and we were told a legend that treasure had been hidden inside. Of course, nobody knew where to find it; perhaps, nobody even looked for it. But it added some magic to the house. My house kept a secret inside it...

“Yes”, I said to the Little Prince. “The house, stars and desert are beautiful because of something that can’t be seen.”

“I am glad that you agree with the fox”, said the Little Prince.

When the Little Prince fell asleep, I took him in my arms and walked further. It seemed to me that I was carrying a very delicate treasure. I even felt as if there was nothing more delicate in a whole world. I looked at the pale brow, enlightened by the moonlight, closed my eyes, locks of hair waving in the breeze, and I said to myself.

“What I see now is only a cover. Something that can’t be seen is more important...”

When his lips slightly opened as if half-smiling, I said again to myself.

“The most touching thing about the Little Prince, when he is asleep, is his dedication to the flower – the rose that shines through his essence as a flame even when he is sleeping...”

And it seemed to me he became even more delicate. I wanted to keep him safe as if he was that flame which could go out with a slight breeze... and while I was walking, at dawn I came upon a well.

## Chapter XXV

“People board on fast trains”, said the Little Prince, “but they don’t know what they are looking for. They toss about, get inspired and run as much as they can.”

Then he added.

“It is not worth it...”

The well that we approached didn’t look like any other well in the Sahara desert. Usually, wells in this desert were holes, dug in the sand. This one looked like a village well. But there wasn’t a village anywhere near us. I thought I was dreaming...

“That is strange”, I said to the Little Prince. “Everything is ready to be used: a pulley, a bucket and a rope...”

He laughed, and then he touched the rope and twisted the pulley’s handle that started to groan like an old weathercock, forgotten by the wind a long time ago.

“Have you heard?” said the Little Prince. “We woke up the well and it is singing...”

I didn’t want him to take the trouble of pulling the rope.

“Leave it, I will pull the bucket out”, I said. “It’s too heavy for you”.

I slowly pulled the bucket out and put it on the edge of the well; I was tired but happy with my achievements. The well’s song was still ringing in my ears, and I watched sunbeams glancing in the wobbling water.

“I really want to drink this water”, said the Little Prince. “Let me drink it...”

I understood what he wanted.



I put the bucket to his lips. He started drinking, and his eyes closed. It was so sweet like a delicacy. This water, in truth, was different. The walk under the stars, pulley's song and pains in my arms made it so sweet. It was priceless like a gift. When I was little, the presents that I received were inimitable due to the atmosphere they were given in. The Christmas tree decorated with lights, the music that lasted the whole night, loving and smiling faces.

"The people where you live", said the Little Prince, "grow five thousand roses in one garden, but they can't find what they are looking for."

"They can't", I replied.

"Yet, they can find whatever they look for in one rose or a drop of water."

"Yes, that is true", I said.

And the Little Prince added.

"Eyes are blind. One should look with his heart..."

I drank some water. It was easy to breathe. The sand was the colour of honey under the rising sun. And it made me happy. Why did I feel a bitter taste then?

"You should keep your promise", the Little Prince said softly, and he sat by my side again.

"What promise?"

“You know, the rope for the lamb... I am responsible for this flower...”

I took my shabby pictures out of my pocket. The Little Prince looked at them and started laughing.

“Your baobabs look a little bit like a cabbage.”

“Oh!” I was so proud of my baobabs!

And your fox’s ears look like horns, they are too long.

And he laughed again.

“It is not fair, Little Prince”, I said. “I can’t draw anything except the boa constrictors inside and outside.”

“Everything will be ok”, he said. “Children will understand.”

And using a pencil, I drew a rope. My heart was breaking at the moment when I gave him the picture.

“You have plans that I don’t know anything about” I said.

But he didn’t answer. Instead, he said.

“You know tomorrow will be an anniversary of my arriving on Earth.”

He was silent for a little, and then he continued.

“I landed not far from here.”

And he blushed.

Again, without any reason, I felt a bitter taste. However, I had a question.

“So I didn’t meet you by accident that morning, a week ago, when you were walking thousands of miles from any civilization. Were you coming back to the place where you had landed?”

The Little Prince reddened again and he added a bit doubtfully.

“It is possibly connected with the anniversary.”

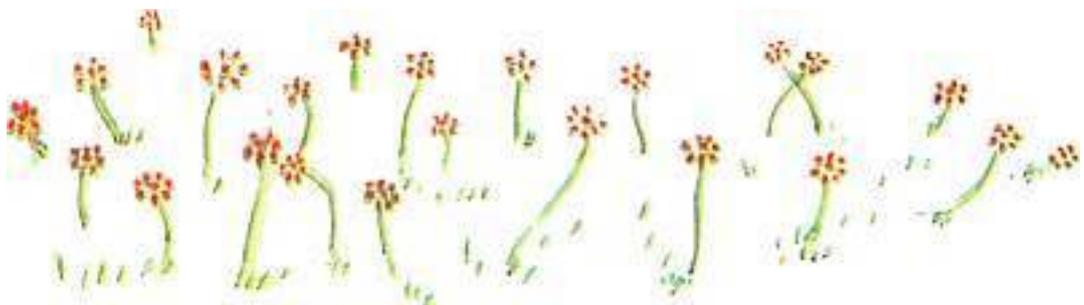
The Little Prince blushed again. He had never replied to the questions. But doesn’t it mean “yes” when a person reddens.

“Ah”, I told him, “I am worried a little.”

But he interrupted me.

“Now you need to work. Fix your engine. I am going to wait for you here. Come tomorrow in the evening...”

But it didn’t convince me. I remembered the fox. We risk crying when we allow ourselves to be tamed...



## Chapter XXVI

There was an old ruined wall near the well. Next evening, when I was coming back from work, from a distance, I saw the Little Prince who was sitting on the top of the wall swinging his legs. I heard that he said.

“Then, you don’t remember. It is not the same place.”

Perhaps, another voice answered him because he said.

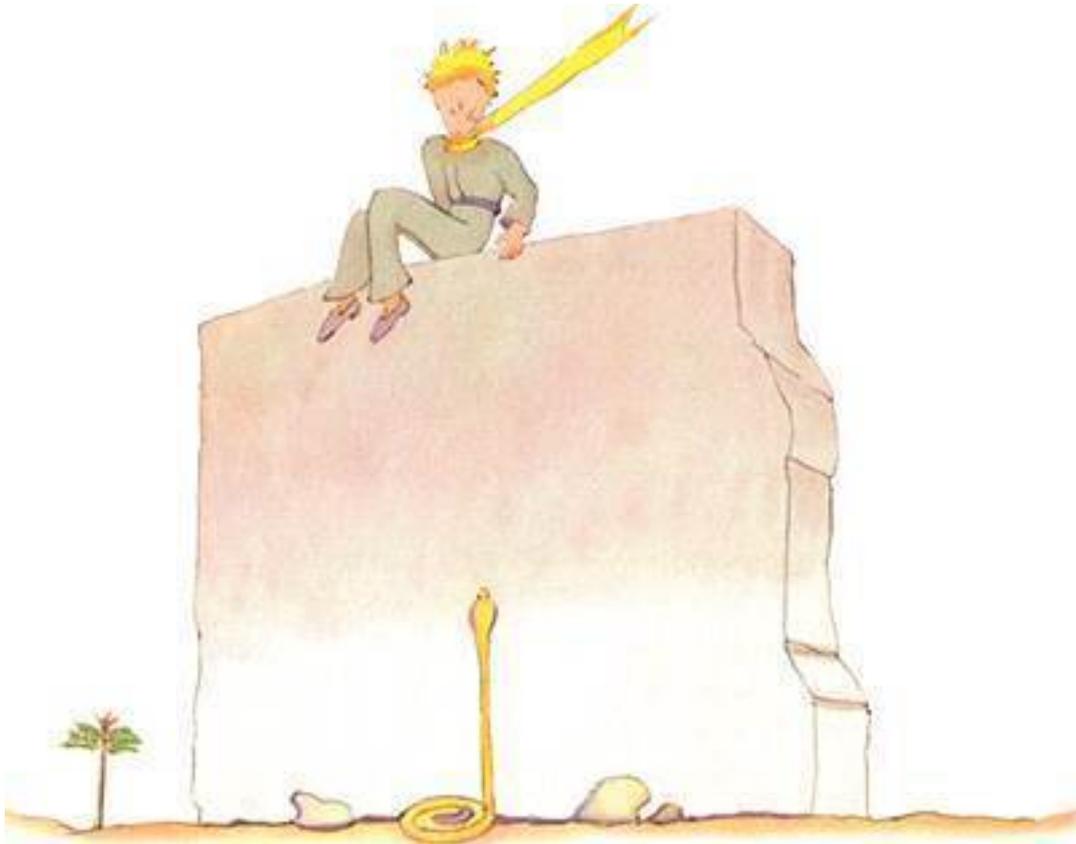
“Yes, yes! That is the same day, but the place is different.”

I came closer to the wall. And I didn’t see or hear anybody. However, the Little Prince replied to somebody again.

“Exactly... You will see where I started my way in the desert. You don’t need to do anything, just wait for me at that place. I am going to be there tonight.”

I was just in twenty meters from the wall, but I couldn’t spot anything. After being silent for a while, the Little Prince started talking again.

“You should go now”, said the Little Prince. “I want to climb down the wall.”



Then I looked down the bottom of the wall... and I jumped up. There, just in front of me, one of those yellow snakes, which can kill a person in just thirty seconds, was looking at the Little Prince. Even when I reached for my revolver in my pocket, I stepped back in fear. But when the snake heard the noise I had made, like a fading stream of a fountain, it slithered through the sand and without any rush disappeared with a slight metallic sound. I was just in time near the wall to catch my Little Prince. His face was as pale as snow.

“What does it mean?” I was really worried. “Why do you talk to snakes?”

I loosened a golden tie that he was wearing all the time. I wetted his temples and gave him some water. I didn't dare to ask him any questions. He looked at me seriously and wrapped his arms around my neck. I felt how his heart was beating as if he was a dying bird which had been shot with a rifle...

"I am glad that you managed to find the problem with your engine", he said. "You can go home now."

"How do you know?" I was just going to tell him that the repair had been successful, even better than I had expected.

He didn't answer my question, but he added.

"Me, too. I am coming back home today."

Then he said sadly.

"It is much further...much more difficult..."

I understood clearly that something extraordinary was happening. I was holding him tightly as if he was a little child, but still, it seemed to me that he was rashly flying into the danger that I couldn't keep him out of...He looked very serious as if he was lost or wandered too far.

"I have the lamb, and the box for it, and the rope..."

He gave me the most tired smile. I had waited for a long time. I had been watching him recovering.

"My darling child", I told him, "you are scared."



He was scared. That was without any doubt. He laughed lightly.

"I will be more scared tonight..."

Again, the feeling of something irreparable happening gave me the creeps. I knew it was hard to realise that I would never hear this laugh any more. For me, it was a source of fresh water in the desert.

"Child", I told him. "I want to hear your laugh again."

But he replied.

"Today is a year since...My star will be just above the place where I arrived on Earth one year ago."

"Child", I said. "Tell me that this venture with the snake, the meeting point and the star is just a bad dream."

But he didn't respond.

Instead, he said.

“Yes, important things are invisible...”

“Yes, I know.”

“The same is with the flower. If you love the flower that lives at the star, then it is pleasant to look in the sky at night. All the stars are full of flowers...”

“Yes, I know...”

“The same is with water. Due to the pulley and rope, the water you gave me to drink was like music. Do you remember how tasty it was?”

“Yes, I know...”

“You will look at the stars at night. Everything is so small where I live that I can’t show how you can find my star. It is better like this. My star will be just one of many stars for you. And you will enjoy looking at all the stars in the sky... they will be all your friends. Besides, I want to give you a present...”

He laughed again.

“Oh, Little Prince, dear Little Prince! I enjoy listening to this laugh!”

“This is my present. Only this one. It will be the same as when we were drinking water...”

“What do you want to say?”

“All people have stars”, he replied, “but they mean different things to everyone. For travellers, the stars are guides. For everybody else, they are not anything more than small lights in the sky. For the scientists, they are problems. For my businessman, they were the source of his wealth. But all those stars were silent. Only you will have stars not like all the others.”

“What do you want to say?”

“I will live on one of those stars. I will laugh on one of them. And when you look up in the sky, it will seem to you that all the stars are laughing. Only you will have the stars that can laugh!”

And he laughed again.

“When you stop mourning (time cures all the troubles), you will be happy that you knew me. You will always be my friend. You will want to laugh with me. Sometimes, you will open windows to enjoy the laugh, and your friends will be at a loss when they see that you laugh while looking at the stars”. And you will say to them, “Yes, I always laugh when I look at the stars...” and they will think that you are crazy. It will be a very snide trick that I performed on you.

And he laughed again.

“It will be as if, instead of stars, I gave you a lot of bells that can laugh...”

And he laughed again. Then he quickly became serious.

“Today... you know... don’t come”, said the Little Prince.

“I won’t leave you”, I said.



“It will look as if I am suffering. As if I am just about to die. Something like this. Don’t come to watch this. There is no need...”

“I won’t leave you.”

But he was worried.

“I am asking you this because of the snake. It shouldn’t bite you. Snakes are evil creatures. It can bite you just for fun...”

“I won’t leave you.”

But I had the idea that could persuade him.

“Actually, they won’t have enough poison for the second bite.”

That night, I didn’t notice how he had left. He walked away quietly. When I got up to him, he was walking fast. He said simply.

“Oh! You are here...”

He took my hand. He was still worried.

“You shouldn’t have come. You will suffer. I will look as if I die but that is not true...”

I didn’t say anything.



“You see... it is too far. I can't take my body with me. It is too heavy.”

I didn't say anything.

“I will become an old abandoned cover. There is nothing sad in the abandoned cover...”

I didn't say anything. He was silent for a little, and then he tried again.

“You know everything will be excellent. I will look at the stars, too. All of them will be the wells with rusty pulleys. And all stars will be as water for me, which flows and I can drink it.”

I didn't say anything.

“That is funny! You will have five hundred million small bells, and I will have five hundred million wells with fresh water...”

He didn't say anything more because he started crying.

“This place is here. Let me go further by myself.”

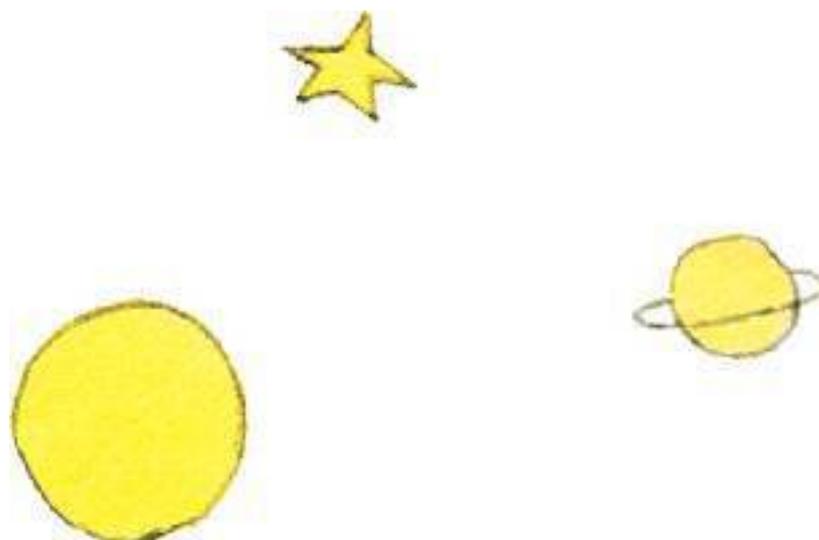
He sat down because he was scared. Then he said again.

“You know I am responsible for my flower. The rose is so weak! It has four thorns to protect itself from the whole world, but that doesn't help much!”

I sat down as well because I couldn't stand any longer.

“Right now... everything will stop...”

He still hesitated a little. Then he stood up and made a step. I couldn't move. Only a yellow line could be seen near his ankle. He froze for a moment. He didn't give a cry, and then he fell down calmly like a tree. There was no noise because he had fallen on the soft sand.



## Chapter XXVII

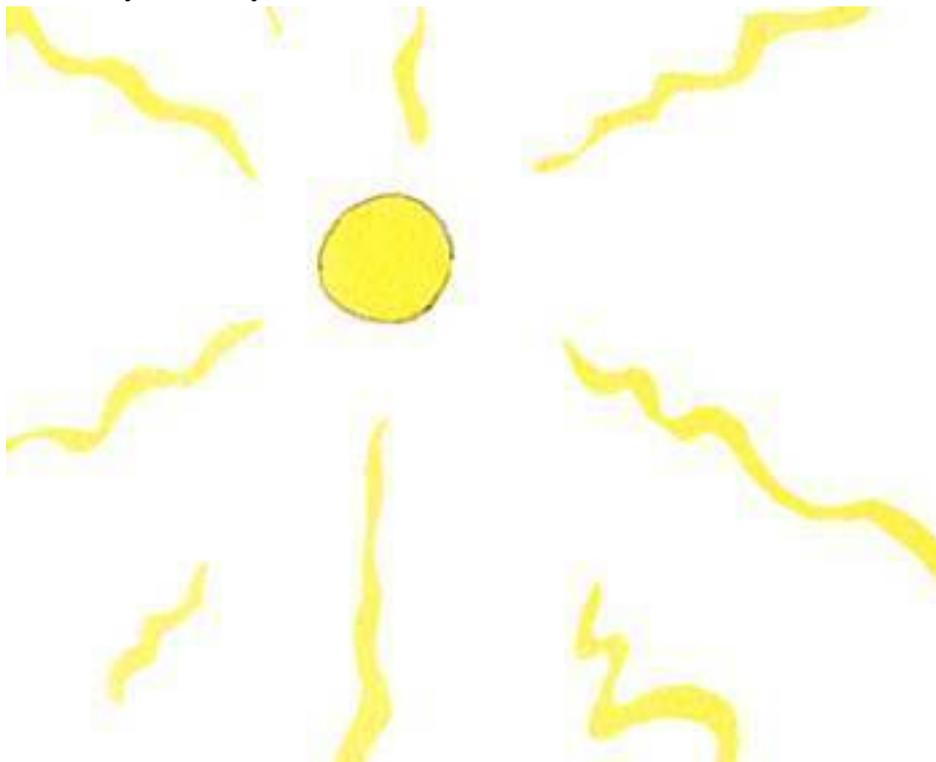
Six years have passed since then... I have never told this story before.

My friends, who met me on my return, were very glad to see me alive. I was sad, but I told them that I was tired. Now my grief has calmed down a little, but not completely. But I know that he came back to his planet because I couldn't find his body at dawn. Actually, it wasn't so heavy. At night, I like listening to stars. They resemble five million small bells... But there is one important thing... when I was drawing the rope I forgot to draw a leather belt. The Little Prince will never be able to fasten it on his lamb.

I keep thinking now: what is happening on his planet? The lamb may have eaten the flower... But at that moment, I say to myself, "Of course, not! The Little Prince covers his rose with a glass shade every night, and he watches the lamb carefully..." I feel happy then. And the laughter of stars seems so nice.

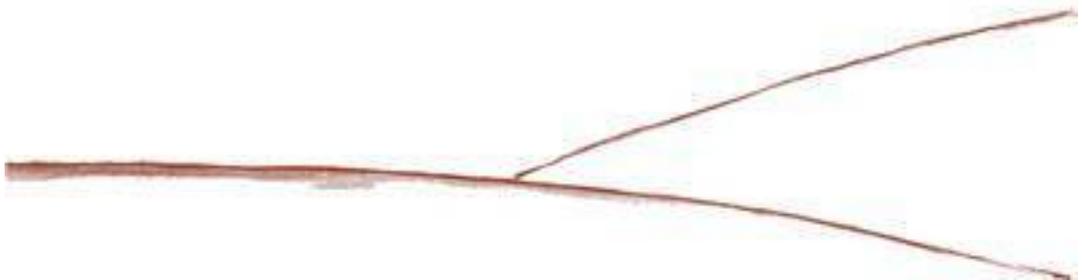
But another time, I say to myself, "In particular moments we are distracted, and that is enough! One evening, he may forget about the glass shade, the lamb may go outside quietly..." Then the small bells change into tears... But no matter what happened, it is a mystery.

To everyone like you, who love the Little Prince, and to me, the world can't be same anymore, if somewhere, nobody knows where, there is a lamb, which we have never seen, who has eaten a rose... Look in the sky and ask yourself: is it true?



Has the lamb eaten the flower? And you will see how everything has changed... And not a single adult will understand that it is a very important matter. For me, it is the nicest and saddest scenery in a whole world. It is the same as on the previous page, but I drew it again so you can memorize it better. The Little Prince arrived on Earth at this exact place, and he disappeared here, too. Look at it carefully, so you can recognise it promptly if you happen to travel across the African desert. If you are at the exact same place, I will ask you not to be in a hurry. Wait for some time under the star. And if a little laughing man with golden hair, who refuses to answer your questions,

appears, you will figure out who he is. If this happens, please, set my mind at rest. Let me know that he came back.





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