

The little prince

Asteroid B-612

The little prince lived on a very small asteroid called B-612
He lived alone for a long time until a seed flew by and got stuck in his planet, started growing and it became a Flower.

The rose

The rose was beautiful and the Little prince was in love with her, but she was too demanding and he was too young to understand. He flew away in search of freedom.

325

He stopped on an asteroid nearby and found a king who liked subdits, but the little prince decided to keep going

325

He stopped on an asteroid nearby and found a man who was conceited so he grew tired of him and left again.

326

He stopped on an asteroid nearby and found a man who like to drink, the little prince thought I better go

328

He stopped on an asteroid nearby and found a businessman who only liked to work and count started thinking he could own them. The little prince thought to himself "Gowns up are certainly very strange"

329

He stopped on an asteroid nearby and found the fifth planet was very strange. It was the smallest of all. There was just enough room on it for a street lamp and a lamplighter. The little prince was not able to reach any explanation of the use of a street lamp and a lamplighter, somewhere in the heavens, on a planet which had no people, and not one house. But he said to himself, nevertheless: "It may well be that this man is absurd. But he is not as absurd as the king, the conceited man, the businessman, and the tippler. For at least his work has some meaning. When he lights his street lamp, it is as if he brought one more star to life, or one flower.

When he puts out his lamp, he sends the flower, or the star, to sleep. That is a beautiful occupation. And since it is beautiful, it is truly useful."

Geographer

But I am not an explorer. I haven't a single explorer on my planet. It is not the geographer who goes out to count the towns, the rivers, the mountains, the seas, the oceans, and the deserts. The geographer is much too important to go loafing about. He does not leave his desk.

Earth

The Earth is not just an ordinary planet! One can count, there 111 kings (not forgetting, to be sure, the Negro kings among them), 7000 geographers, 900,000 businessmen, 7,500,000 tipplers, 311,000,000 conceited men-- that is to say, about 2,000,000,000 grown-ups.

"People where you live," the little prince said, "grow five thousand roses in one garden... yet they don't find what they're looking for... They don't find it," I answered. And yet what they're looking for could be found in a single rose, or a little water..."

The desert

"Where are the men?" the little prince at last took up the conversation again. "It is a little lonely in the desert..." "It is also lonely among men," the snake said.

Garden of roses

"We are roses," the roses said. And he was overcome with sadness. His flower had told him that she was the only one of her kind in all the universe. And here were five thousand of them, all alike, in one single garden!

The fox

"Goodbye," said the fox. "And now here is my secret, a very simple secret: It is only with the heart that one can see rightly; what is essential is invisible to the eye." "What is essential is invisible to the eye," the little prince repeated, so that he would be sure to remember.

The Pilot

"People where you live," the little prince said, "grow five thousand roses in one garden... yet they don't find what they're looking for..."

They don't find it," I answered.

And yet what they're looking for could be found in a single rose, or a little water..."

Of course," I answered.

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

The snake

I dropped my eyes, then, to the foot of the wall – and I leaped into the air. There before me, facing the little prince, was one of those yellow snakes that take just thirty seconds to bring your life to an end. Even as I was digging into my pocket to get out my revolver I made a running step back. But, at the noise I made, the snake let himself flow easily across the sand like the dying spray of a fountain, and, in no apparent hurry, disappeared, with a light metallic sound, among the stones.

I reached the wall just in time to catch my little man in my arms; his face was white as snow.

The little prince said;

"I, too, am going back home today..."