

Penguin



Readers

ANTOINE DE SAINT-EXUPÉRY
THE LITTLE PRINCE



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CHAPTER ONE

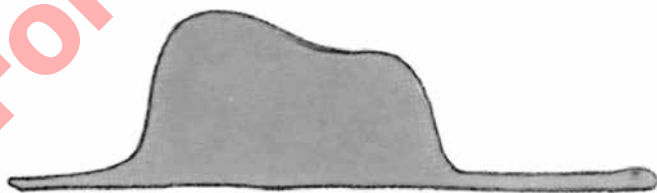
Pictures

One day, I drew a picture of a **snake** with an elephant inside it.

“Why?” you ask me.

This is my answer. I drew the picture because I read an interesting book about snakes. Snakes catch animals and they eat them **whole**.

I was six years old and it was my first picture. It is my “Picture Number One”. Here it is.



I showed my picture to some **grown-ups** and I asked them, “Are you frightened by my picture?”

All of them said the same thing, “I’m not frightened by a picture of a hat.”

But it was not a picture of a hat. It was a picture of a snake with an elephant inside it.

Then I drew my Picture Number Two because grown-ups are not very intelligent. Here it is.



I showed Picture Number Two to the grown-ups, but they were not interested in it.

I was sad and I stopped drawing pictures. I went to school and I learned about other things. Then I **became** a grown-up and I learned to fly planes. I flew planes all over the world and I met lots of other grown-ups.

Sometimes, I show my Picture Number One to other grown-ups, but they are not very intelligent. (I told you this before.) They always say, “It’s a hat.” And I do not show them Picture Number Two.

Then, one day, I met the little **prince** and I showed a picture to him. I **crashed** my plane in the Sahara Desert and I met him the next day.

For Review Only



CHAPTER TWO

A sheep

I was not **hurt**. But I could not start the plane again. I was **alone** in the desert and I did not have much water. I had to work on the plane quickly. That night, I slept on the sand.

Then, the next morning, I was very **surprised**. I woke up and I heard a **voice**. “Draw me a sheep, please!” the voice said.

“What?” I said.

“I want you to draw me a sheep,” said the voice.

I opened my eyes and I jumped up. A boy with **golden** hair stood next to me.

I was very surprised to see him because we were in the middle of a desert in Africa. We were alone in a desert, but he did not look frightened.



This is my picture of the boy. (It is not very good. I never learned to draw very well.)

“What are you doing here?” I said. It was difficult to speak because I was surprised.

He laughed quietly, but he did not answer me. He said again, “Please, draw me a sheep.”

“I’m good at lots of things, but I’m not very good at drawing,” I said.

“It doesn’t matter,” he said, slowly. “You can draw me a sheep.”

“I can’t draw sheep,” I said, “but I can draw this.” I drew him my Picture Number One – the drawing of the snake with the whole elephant inside it.

“No! No! I don’t want a picture of an elephant inside a snake,” he said. “At home, everything is very small and elephants are too big. I need a sheep.” Then he said again, “Draw me a sheep.”

Again, I was very surprised and I drew a sheep.



He looked at it, then he said, “No! This sheep doesn’t look very well. Try again.”

I drew a second sheep.

