

A man crashes in the desert and meets the little prince.  
Through his pictures and stories, the man learns about the  
important things in life – like love and friends.

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SAINT-E. A. de  
The little prince

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COBISS

CEFR level	Story word count	Headwords
<b>S</b> Pre-A1	400-600	350
<b>1</b> A1	1,000-1,600	550
<b>2</b> A1+	3,000-5,000	700
<b>3</b> A2	7,000-10,000	1,000
<b>4</b> A2+	11,000-14,000	1,200
<b>5</b> B1	15,000-18,000	1,600
<b>6</b> B1+	18,000-22,000	2,000
<b>7</b> B2	22,000-26,000	2,500

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S.R

ANTOINE DE SAINT-EXUPÉRY  
THE LITTLE PRINCE



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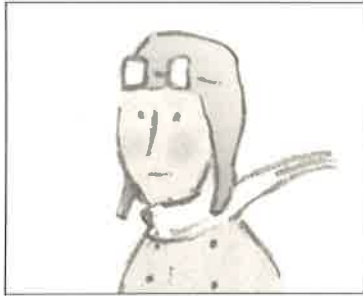
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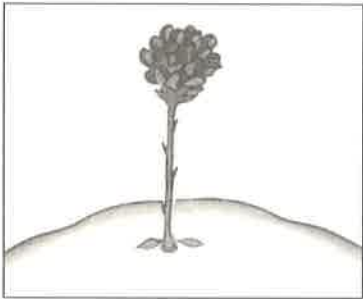
## Characters in the story



The man in the desert



The little prince



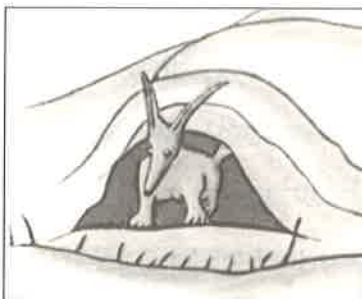
The flower



The lamplighter  
with his lamp

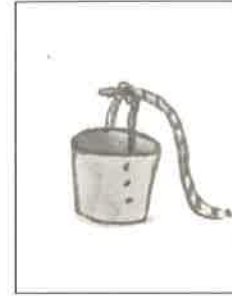


The snake



The fox

## New words



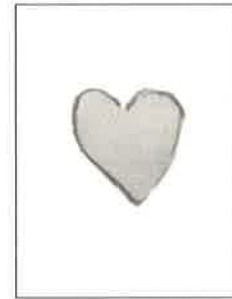
bucket



desert/sand



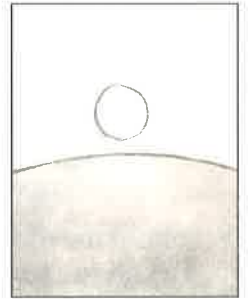
elephant



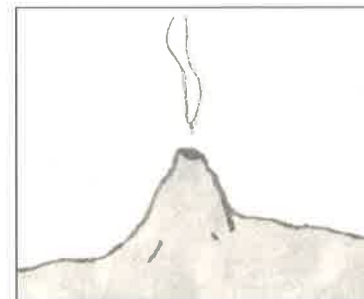
heart



muzzle



sunset



volcano



well

## Note about the story

In 1935, the French writer Antoine de Saint-Exupéry **crashed\*** his plane in the Sahara Desert in Africa. It was very hot and he did not have much water. But he did not die because a man found him.

In 1942, he wrote *The Little Prince (Le Petit Prince)*. In this story, a man crashes in the desert and meets a strange boy. The man learns about the important things in **life** from the boy. This book is a children's story for **grown-ups**. It is a very famous book and people read it in lots of different languages.

## Before-reading questions

- 1 Look at the cover of the book. What do you learn about the story?
- 2 Read the chapter titles. Then write five questions about the story.
- 3 Look at the pictures in the story. Choose your favourite picture and write about it.
- 4 Look at page 4. What is strange about the characters in the story?

\*Definitions of words in **bold** can be found in the glossary on pages 63-64.

## 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.

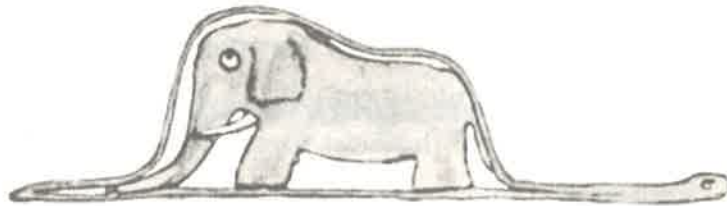


I showed my picture to some **grown-ups** and I asked them, “Are you frightened by my picture?”

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.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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.

A SHEEP



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.



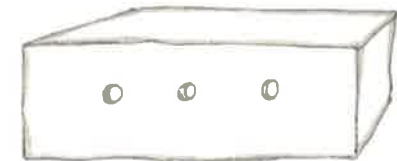
The boy looked at it and he smiled. “This isn’t a sheep,” he said. “This is a ram – I can see the horns on its head. Try again.”

I drew the sheep again and I did not put any horns on its head.



But he did not like that drawing because the sheep looked too old. “I want a young sheep,” he said. “I want the sheep to live for a long time.”

I did not want to draw another picture because I wanted to work on my plane. Then I thought hard, and I drew this picture very quickly.



“The sheep lives in this box,” I said to him.

He looked closely at the picture. Then I was surprised because he laughed. “This is very good,” he said. “Will the sheep eat a lot of grass?”

“Why?” I asked.

“Because at home everything is very small and there isn’t much grass,” he said.

“It’ll be fine,” I said. “The sheep is very small.”

He looked again at the picture and he said, “She’s small, but she isn’t *very* small,” he said. Then he said “Look! She’s sleeping.”

I thought, “This boy understands my pictures.”

On the second day, I asked the little prince, “Where do you come from?” But he did not answer me.

He always asked me lots and lots of questions, but he never answered *my* questions.

“What’s that thing?” he asked.

“It isn’t a thing. It’s my plane,” I said. “It flies in the sky, but it crashed yesterday.”

“Did you **fall** out of the sky?” he asked.

“Yes, I did,” I said.

“Oh, that’s funny!” he said. “That’s very funny!” Then he laughed and laughed. And I was angry because I did not like his **laugh**.

Then he said something strange. "You came down from the sky, too. Which planet are you from?"

I started to understand this strange boy. "I'm from this planet – Earth," I said. "Where do you come from?"

He did not answer me. He wanted to talk about my plane and his sheep. But I knew something about him now. He came from a very small planet.

Every day, I learned a bit more about the little prince and his planet. I also learned about his **journey** to Earth.

I do not want to forget anything and I want you to learn about it, too. I will tell you the story and I will draw pictures. But you must remember something – I am not very good at drawing. But I *will* try hard. (I will not draw a picture of my plane because that is too difficult.)

Here is my drawing of the little prince on his very small planet.



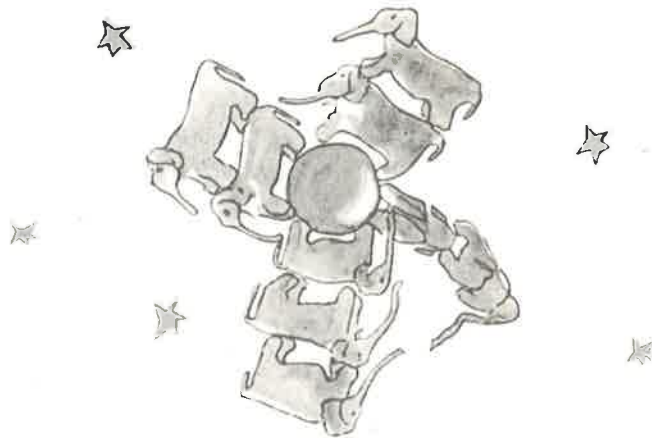
On the third day, the little prince told me about his problem with trees. First, he asked me, "Do sheep eat little trees?"

"Yes," I said. "Sheep eat most things."

"Good," he said. "My sheep will eat the baobabs."

I was very surprised. "Baobabs are very big trees!" I said. "Your sheep couldn't eat a baobab! Lots and lots of elephants couldn't eat one baobab."

The little prince laughed. "That's funny," he said. "My planet is very small. Could the elephants stand on top of other elephants?" He laughed and laughed and I drew him a picture.



Then he thought hard and he said, "Baobabs are small trees. Then they grow up and they **become** big trees."

"Of course," I said. "But why do you want the sheep to eat the small baobabs?"

He was surprised. "Don't you understand?" he said. "My planet is very small and there are lots and lots of small baobab trees. My sheep must eat them because I can't have big trees on my very small planet. Big trees will **hurt** my planet and people must **look after** their planets."

"I understand," I said.

"It's bad to have too many big trees on a small planet," he said. "Draw me a beautiful picture of some very big baobab trees on a small planet, please. You can show it to people on Earth."

"Yes," I said. "Then people will understand! Baobabs are bad for planets."

I worked very hard on my drawing and here it is.



On the fourth day, the little prince told me about the sunsets on his planet. That morning, he said to me, "I love sunsets. Let's go and see one!"

"But we can't," I said. "We have to wait."

"What do we have to wait for?" he asked.

"We have to wait until the end of the day, of course," I said.

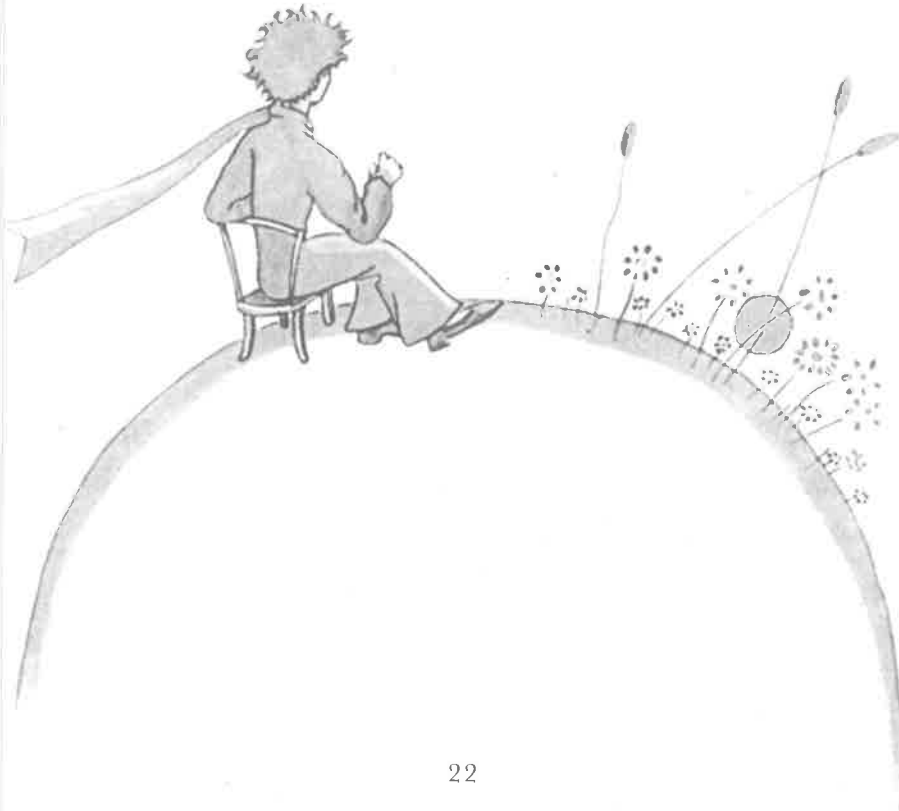
He looked very surprised, then he started to laugh. "I'm stupid!" he said. "I'm on Earth, not at home."

I understood. On Earth, a big planet, we can see a sunset in one country, but we cannot see a second sunset in another country one minute after the first sunset. On the little prince's planet, a very small planet, he could sit in his chair and watch a sunset. Then he could move his chair and watch another sunset.

“One day,” he told me, “I watched forty-three sunsets!” He also said, “Sunsets are very beautiful and beautiful things are important. But sunsets are sad, too.”

“You saw forty-three beautiful sunsets!” I said. “Were you sad that day?”

But he did not answer me.



## The flower

On the fifth day, the little prince said, “Sheep eat small trees, I know. Do they eat flowers, too?”

My work on my plane was very difficult and I did not want to talk. I had to work on it quickly because I had a big problem. I did not have much water and I was always thirsty. I needed more water. I answered quickly, “Sheep eat lots of different things.”

“But do they eat flowers?” he asked.

“Yes! No! I don’t know,” I shouted. “It’s not important!”

“What do you mean, ‘not important?’” he said. “Of course it’s important!” His face was white and he looked very **worried**.

“I have a beautiful flower on my planet. She’s my special flower and I look after her,” he said. “I don’t want your sheep to eat my flower!”

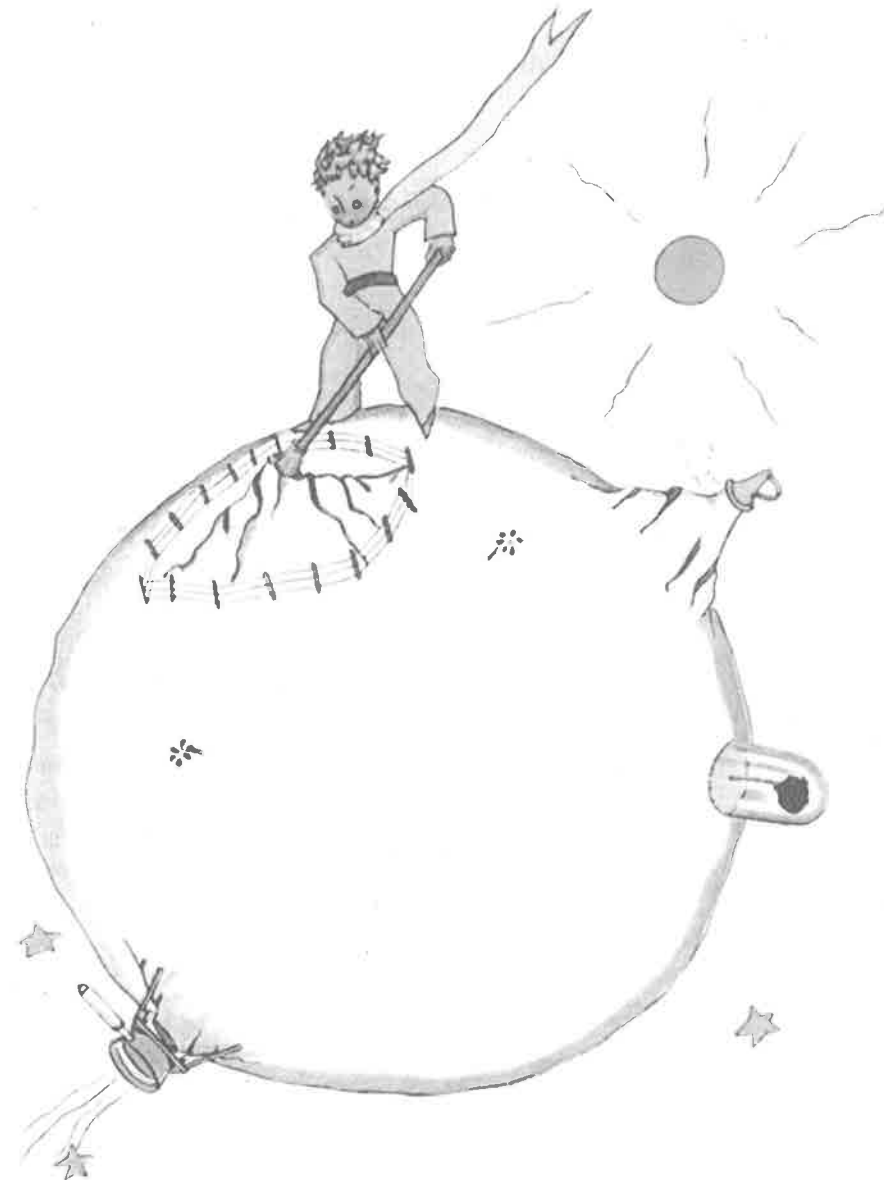
Then the little prince started to cry and I became worried. It was dark now. I forgot about my plane. And I was not thirsty. I wanted to cry, too. I held him in my arms and I said to him, “I can help you. I can draw a muzzle for the sheep. It will **cover** the sheep’s mouth. Then the sheep cannot eat your flower.”

“Thank you,” said the little prince.

He was better now and I started to work on my plane again. He talked and I learned a lot about his flower. There were other flowers on his planet, but this flower was special.

“She’s beautiful and I love her,” he said. “‘Look after me,’ she said to me. And I looked after her every day.”

The little prince looked after her and he looked after the planet, too.



He gave the flower water and he covered her with glass every night. But she did not often say “thank you”.



The little prince became angry with the flower because she was never happy. And she was often angry with him.

Then the little prince told me very sadly, “One day, my flower said to me, ‘Don’t look after me. I don’t need you!’”

This made me sad. I stopped my work on the plane again and looked at the little prince.

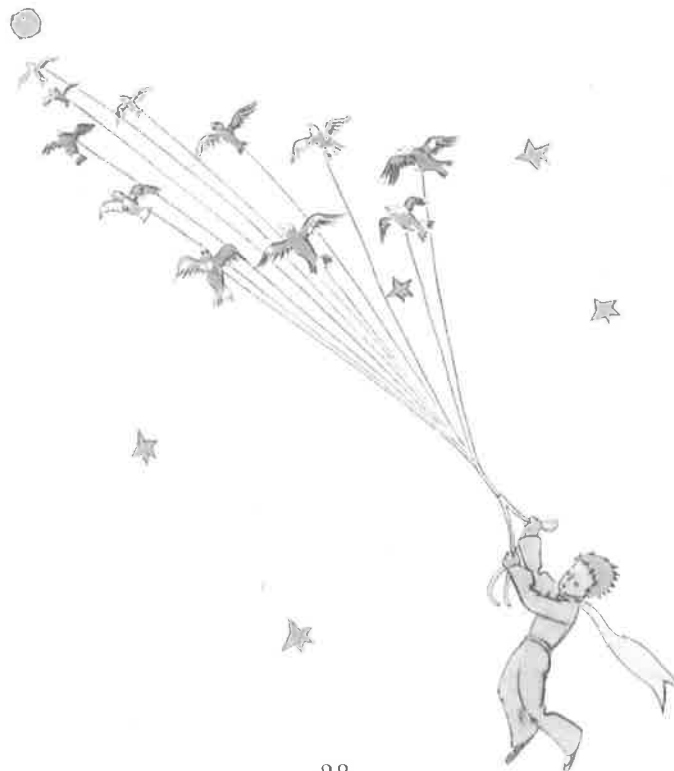
“I left my planet because my flower didn’t need me,” he said. “On my last day there, I cleaned my volcanoes and I gave water to her. She said to me, ‘Don’t cover me. I don’t need a **cover**.’ I was surprised, but I didn’t cover her. Then she said, ‘I love you, you know, but I don’t need you. Go away now.’ I was very sad and she was very sad. ‘Goodbye,’ I said to her. But she did not speak to me again.”

Then he said, “I know something now. Her words were angry, but they weren’t important. She made me happy because she was beautiful. And that was important. I was too young to understand.”

CHAPTER FIVE  
**Four planets**

I sat next to the little prince and he told me the story of his journey. Here it is.

Some birds helped him to fly away from his planet. They carried him across the sky.



He visited four very small planets and he met some very strange grown-ups.

There was a king on the first planet, but he was alone. There were no other people.

The king said to him, "You can do lots of things for me!"

The little prince asked, "Why?"

And the king said, "Because I am a king."

And the little prince said, "No, thank you."



On the second planet, there was a man. He had a big book and he wrote lots of numbers in it.

“What are you doing?” the little prince asked him.



“I’m writing down the number of stars in the sky. They’re my stars,” the man said.

“Why are they your stars?” the little prince asked.

“Because I write down the number of stars on my paper,” he said.

The little prince thought, “This man has numbers in a book. He doesn’t have stars. I have volcanoes and my flower on my planet.”

A lamplighter lived on the next planet. He had one lamp. His planet was very small and the days and nights went very quickly. He had to light the lamp and put it out every minute because the planet was very small. This was very strange, but he was a good man and the little prince liked him.





The man on the fourth planet was a writer. "I know about all the planets," he said. "I write books about them."

"I have three volcanoes and a flower on my planet," the little prince said.

"Flowers die," the writer said. "Flowers aren't interesting, but my books are interesting."

The little prince became very sad. "Why did I leave my planet?" he thought. But he said to the writer, "Where can I go next on my journey?"

"Earth is an interesting planet," said the writer. "Go there."

CHAPTER SIX  
The snake

The little prince told me the next part of his story.

He travelled to Earth, the fifth planet on his journey. He looked **around** him and he said, "Earth is a very big planet. But there are no people on Earth."



Then he looked down and saw a beautiful yellow snake on the sand. "Good evening," he said to it because he wanted to say something.



"Good evening," the snake said to him.

"Why are there no people on this big planet?" he asked it.

The snake said, "You're in a desert in Africa. There are no people here. But Earth is very big and you will find many people in other places."

The little prince sat down and he looked up at the sky. "Look, that's my planet," he said.

"It's beautiful," said the snake. "Why aren't you on your planet? Why are you here?"

"I'm here because I have a special flower on my planet," he said. "I left there because she doesn't need me."

"I understand," said the snake.

"Where can I find the people?" asked the little prince. "I'm **lonely** in the desert."

"You can be lonely with people, too," the snake answered.

The little prince looked at the snake for a long time. Then he said, "You look strange. You're very long and thin and you don't have any feet."

“Maybe I am long and thin,” said the snake. “But I am strong. I can send you away from here.”

The little prince did not say anything.

“You’re sad, but I can help you,” said the snake.

“How can you help me?” asked the little prince.

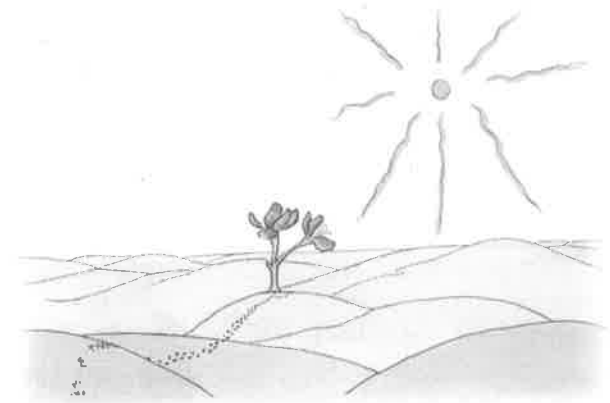
The snake moved its body quickly around the little prince’s leg and it opened its mouth. “I can send you back to your planet one day. I can **bite** you and you will go home.”

And then they were quiet. They did not say anything more.



## CHAPTER SEVEN

### The roses



The little prince walked on through the desert and he met only one flower.

“Good morning,” said the little prince.

“Good morning to you,” said the flower.

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

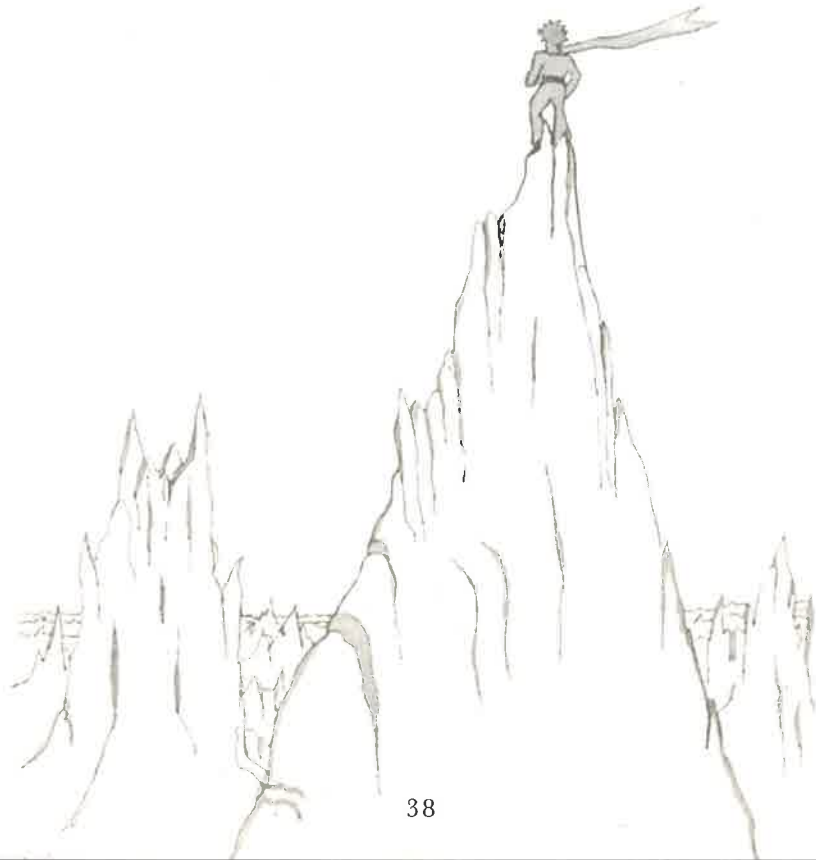
“People? I don’t know,” said the flower. “I see people sometimes, but they’re difficult to find. They move with the wind, you know. Flowers

stay in one place, but people move around. **Life** is difficult for them, I think.”

“Goodbye,” said the little prince.

“Goodbye to you,” said the flower.

The next morning, the little prince walked up a high mountain. “I will be able to see the whole



planet and all the people from the top,” he thought. But he only saw more mountains from the top of the mountain.

“Hello!” he shouted.

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

“Who are you?” asked the little prince.

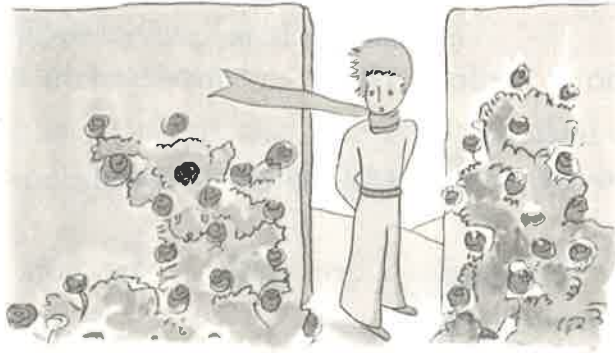
“Who are you? ... are you? ... are you ...?” answered the echo.

“Please be my friends,” the little prince said. “I’m very lonely.”

“I’m very lonely ... lonely ... lonely ...,” answered the echo.

“What a strange planet!” thought the little prince. “You can’t see the people and they aren’t very intelligent. They don’t answer you – they say your words again. At home, I had my flower and she always spoke to me.”

He walked away from the mountains and, after a long time, he came to a road. "Maybe I will see some people now," he thought. And then he saw a garden.



In the garden, there were thousands of flowers. "Hello," he said.

"Hello to you," they said.

The little prince looked at the flowers and he was very surprised. They all looked the same as his special flower on his planet.

"Who are you?" he asked them.

"We are roses," they told him.

He was surprised and very sad. Now, he knew — his flower was a rose. And she was not special because there are thousands of roses. He fell on the ground and he cried.



Then the little prince heard a voice. "Good morning!" it said.

He looked up, but he could not see anyone. "Good morning," he said. "Where are you?"

"I'm here, under the apple tree," said the voice.

"I can see you now," said the little prince. "Who are you? You're very beautiful."

"I'm a fox," said the fox.





CHAPTER EIGHT  
**The fox**

“Please play with me,” said the little prince to the fox. “I’m very sad and lonely today. My flower isn’t special because she’s the same as all the other roses.”

“I can’t play with you,” said the fox. “You must tame me first.”

“What does ‘tame’ mean?” the little prince asked.

“It means ‘become my friend’,” answered the fox. “There are lots of little boys and you’re only one of them. You aren’t very interesting because you aren’t special to me. You must become my friend and become special. Then I’ll play with you.”

“I’m beginning to understand,” said the little prince. “I know a special flower and she tamed me, I think.”

“Maybe she did,” said the fox. “Now, look at the golden **corn** over there and I’ll tell you more about being a friend. I’m not interested in corn now because I’m a fox. I don’t eat bread. But I’ll learn to love the golden corn. You have golden hair and you’re going to be my friend. I’ll say, ‘Every time I see the golden corn, I’m happy. I’m happy because the corn is the same colour as my friend’s hair.’”

“I understand a bit more,” said the little prince.

Then the fox said, “Please tame me and become my friend.”

“How can I do that?” asked the little prince.

“Well,” answered the fox, “you must sit down on the grass over there. Say nothing and I’ll watch you. Then, tomorrow you must come back. Sit on the grass near to me, but not too near. You can talk to me, but you mustn’t make me frightened. On the next day, come back again. You can sit very near me and we can talk. We’ll be friends.”

“I’d like that,” said the little prince. “I’d like to tame you.”

“And,” the fox said, “come at the same time every day. That’s a good thing to do. Tell me, ‘I’m coming to see you at four o’clock in the afternoon tomorrow.’ I’ll be happy between three o’clock and four o’clock because you’re going to come.”



“I understand,” said the little prince again.

The little prince came back each day and he tamed the fox. Then, one day, the little prince said, “I must go now.”

“That makes me sad because I’m your friend. I’m your special fox,” said the fox. “I’m going to cry.”

“Well,” said the little prince, “you wanted me to tame you!”

“That’s true,” answered the fox.

“But you’re going to cry,” said the little prince. “It wasn’t good to tame you.”

“Yes, it was, because we’re friends,” said the fox. “I can look at the golden corn now and I can be happy. The corn is special now because your hair is golden.” Then he said, “Go to the garden again and look at the roses. Then come back here and say goodbye to me.”

The little prince went to see the roses again and he understood something. The roses in the garden were not special because they were not his friends. On the day he met the fox, the fox was not special. But the fox was special now because they were friends. The rose on the little prince’s planet was special, too, because they were friends.

He went back to see the fox. "Goodbye," the little prince said.

"And goodbye to you," the fox said. "But first, I'll tell you some important things. They're very easy to understand. Your heart sees the important things in life, but your eyes don't see them."

"My heart sees the important things in life, but my eyes don't see them," said the little prince.

"Your rose is special because you tamed her. She's your friend," said the fox.

"My rose is special because I tamed her," said the little prince.

"And you mustn't forget this," said the fox. "You must always look after your special things."

"I must always look after my special things," said the little prince.

## The well

Eight days after my plane crashed in the desert, I became very worried. I could not fly my plane and there was no more water. It was very hot and now I was very thirsty.

The little prince started to tell me more about his journey. "The fox ...," he said.

"My friend," I said, "please don't tell me more."

"Why not?" asked the little prince.

"Because I'm very thirsty," I said. "I'm going to die because I don't have any water."

"I'm also thirsty," he said. "Let's find a well." And he started to walk.

I thought, "We won't find a well in the desert." But I started to walk, too.

We walked for many hours. Night came and we could see the stars in the sky. We did not talk. Then the little prince sat down on the sand and I sat down next to him. He was tired, and I was tired, too. He said, "The stars are beautiful because there's a flower. You can't see her, but she's up there."

"That's true," I said.

"And the desert is beautiful," he said. "It's beautiful because there's a well. You can't see it, but it's there."

"You're right," I said. "Things are beautiful because of other things. We can't see the other things, but they are there. And they are important."

The little prince was very tired and I carried him across the desert. He slept in my arms and I looked down at him and I thought, "He's very small and light and I can't see the important part of him."

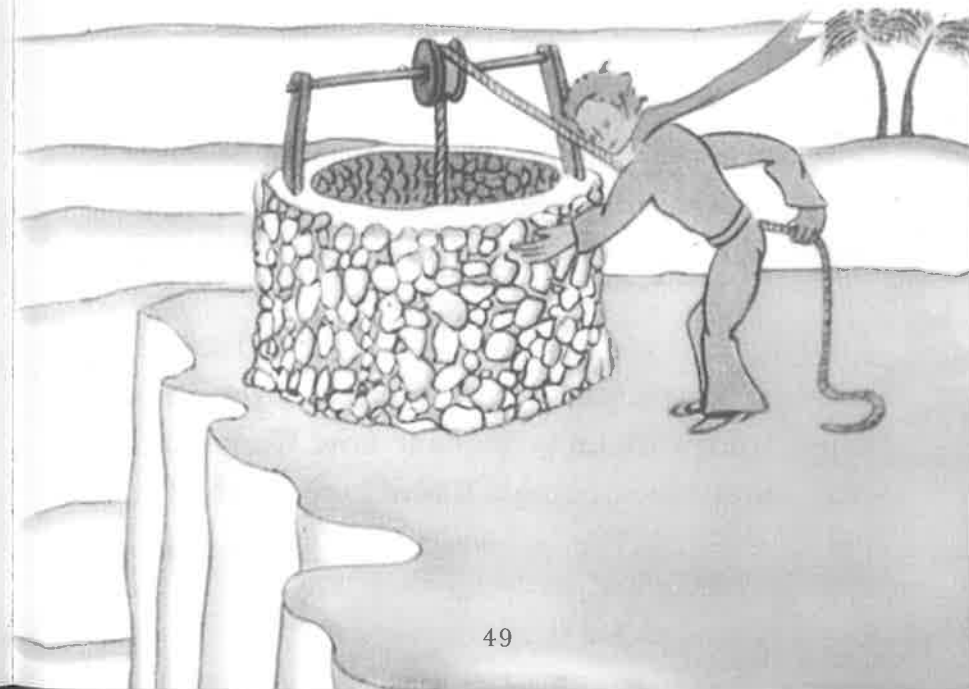
I walked on across the desert until the sky became light. And then I saw a well.

I put the little prince down near the well, and he woke up.

"This is very strange," I said to him. "Look! There's a bucket, and a rope to pull the bucket up from the well."

He laughed, and then he took the bucket. It fell down into the well. I pulled the rope very slowly and the heavy bucket came up again with water in it.

"I need a drink," said the little prince.



I held the bucket and he drank from it. Then I drank, too. The water was very good.

“You must draw a muzzle for the sheep now,” said the little prince.

I drew the muzzle and the little prince laughed at my drawing. But I was worried. Why did the little prince want the muzzle now?

Then he said, “The birds brought me near to this place. Tomorrow it will be one year.”

“Did you want to come back to the same place?” I asked.

The little prince did not answer because he never answered questions. But his face went red. “His answer is ‘Yes’,” I thought.

I did not understand, but I was very sad. I started to speak again, but he said quickly, “You must finish your work on your plane now. Come back here tomorrow evening. I’ll wait here for you.”

The next day, I finished my work on the plane. I could fly home now. In the afternoon, I walked back to the well. The little prince was on top of an old wall near the well and I could hear his voice.

“Yes,” he said, “it’s the right day, but this is not the right place.”



Another voice answered, but I could not hear the words. Then the little prince said, "Come to the right place tonight and wait for me. But please don't hurt me very much. Now, go away."

Then I saw something on the sand near the wall and I was frightened. It was a yellow snake.

"Why did you talk to that snake?" I asked the little prince. But he did not answer.

I came close to him. He looked up at me very sadly and he put his arms around me. "You can fly back to your home today," he said.

I was surprised. "How did you know that?" I asked him. But he did not answer.

"I'm going home today, too," he said, sadly. "It's a difficult journey, but I must see my flower again. She's special and I must look after her. And I have the sheep and her box and the muzzle."

I could not speak. I was very sad. Then I said, "Little prince, I love your laugh."

The little prince laughed quietly and he said, "That's good. You can remember my laugh and you can remember me. I'm going home to my star. You can look at the stars every night. You can be happy because I live up there. You'll see my star and you'll think of my laugh."

He laughed and laughed. Then he stopped and he said, "Don't come with me to the snake tonight. It will be better."

"I don't want to leave you," I said.

"I don't want the snake to bite you," he said. He was worried.

"I won't leave you," I said.

That night, he walked quickly away from the well, but I ran after him. He said, "Ah, there you are." Then he held my hand and we walked across the desert together.

"You were wrong to come," he said. "It will be sad. You'll think, 'He is dead.' But it won't be true."

I could not say anything.

“Do you understand?” he said. “My body is too heavy. I can’t take it with me.”

We could not speak, and he cried.

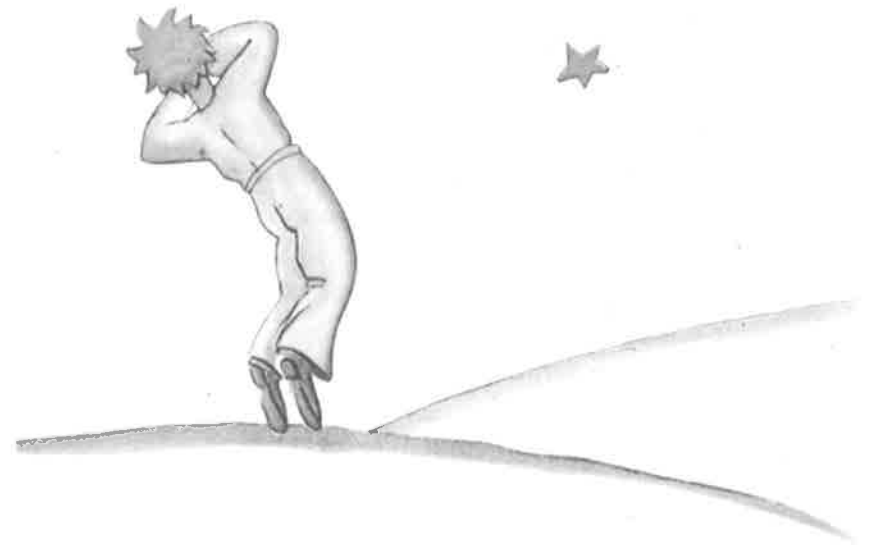
Then he said, “We’re near the place now.” He sat down on the sand. “My flower needs me. I have to look after her.”

I sat down, too.

“Well,” said the little prince. “I’ll go now.”

He stood up and he began to walk away from me. I could not move.

Then I saw the yellow snake on the sand close to him. It moved quickly and it bit his leg. First the little prince stood there. Then he fell slowly and quietly. There was no noise because he fell on the sand.



Now, after six years, sometimes I am not sad. And sometimes I am happy.

“Do you think about the little prince often?” you ask me.

And here is my answer. Yes, I look up at the stars and I remember the little prince and his flower and our sheep.

## During-reading questions

Write the answers to these questions in your notebook.

### CHAPTER ONE

- 1 How are Picture Number One and Picture Number Two different?
- 2 The grown-ups do not understand Picture Number One. Why is this, do you think?
- 3 What job does the man do now?

### CHAPTER TWO

- 1 What problems does the man have after he crashes his plane in the desert?
- 2 Why is the man surprised?
- 3 "This boy understands my pictures," says the man. How does he know this, do you think?

### CHAPTER THREE

- 1 Why is the man angry?
- 2 Where does the little prince come from?
- 3 What problem does the little prince have on his planet?

### CHAPTER FOUR

- 1 The man does not want to talk. Why?
- 2 Why does the little prince start to cry?
- 3 Why did the little prince leave his home?

### CHAPTER FIVE

- 1 Does the little prince like the people he meets on the four planets, do you think? Why/Why not?
- 2 "Where can I go next?" asks the little prince. Where does the man on the fourth planet tell him to go to?

### CHAPTER SIX

- 1 Why is the little prince lonely in the desert?
- 2 The snake says to the little prince, "I can bite you and you will go home." What does the snake mean, do you think?

### CHAPTER SEVEN

- 1 Does the little prince understand the echo, do you think? Why/Why not?
- 2 Why does the little prince fall on the ground and cry?
- 3 Who does the little prince meet in this chapter? What do you learn about them?

### CHAPTER EIGHT

- 1 How does the fox become special to the little prince?
- 2 Why is the golden corn important?
- 3 What does the little prince learn about the roses in the garden and about his flower?

### CHAPTER NINE

- 1 Why do the man and the little prince walk through the desert?
- 2 Why does the man carry the little prince?
- 3 Why does the little prince want the muzzle now?

### CHAPTER TEN

- 1 What is the man frightened of? Why is he frightened?
- 2 The man says, "Little prince, I love your laugh." Why is this important in the story?
- 3 Do you feel happy or sad at the end of the story? Why?

## After-reading questions

- 1 Look at your answers to "Before-reading question 2". Did you find answers to your questions?
- 2 Why are these characters important in the story?
  - the flower
  - the snake
  - the fox
- 3 The little prince does not answer the man's questions. Why is this, do you think?
- 4 What does the story mean, do you think?
- 5 "This book is a children's story for grown-ups." Is this true? Why/Why not?

## Exercises

### CHAPTERS ONE AND TWO

- 1 Complete these sentences in your notebook, using the words from the box.

surprised    alone    grown-ups    whole  
hurt    golden    voice

- 1 Snakes eat *...whole...* animals.
- 2 ..... did not understand the boy's pictures.
- 3 The man's plane crashed, but he was not .....
- 4 The man was ..... in the desert.
- 5 The man was very ..... because he heard a .....
- 6 A boy with ..... hair talked to him.

### CHAPTERS THREE AND FOUR

- 2 Use these words to join the sentences in your notebook: *and*, *because* or *but*. Then write a sentence for each joining word.

- 1 I will tell you the story. I will draw pictures.  
*I will tell you the story and I will draw pictures.*
- 2 My sheep must eat the baobab trees. I can't have big trees on my very small planet.
- 3 I had to work on my plane quickly. I had a big problem.
- 4 The little prince's face was white. He looked very worried.
- 5 "I love you. I don't need you," said the flower.
- 6 "Her words were angry. They weren't important," said the little prince.

### CHAPTER FIVE

- 3 Who says these words? Write the answers in your notebook.



the little prince



the king



the man on the second planet



the writer

- 1 "You can do lots of things for me!" *...the king...*
- 2 "They're my stars." .....
- 3 "This man has numbers in a book." .....
- 4 "I know about all the planets." .....
- 5 "Flowers aren't interesting." .....
- 6 "Where can I go next on my journey?" .....

**CHAPTER SIX**

4 Write the correct question word. Then answer the questions in your notebook.

How      Which      Where      Who      Why

- 1 *How* many planets does the little prince visit? *five*
- 2 ..... does the little prince travel to in this chapter? .....
- 3 ..... animal says "good evening" to the little prince? .....
- 4 ..... are there no people? .....
- 5 ..... says, "I'm lonely in the desert"?
- 6 ..... can the animal help the little prince? .....

**CHAPTER SEVEN AND CHAPTER EIGHT**

5 Write the correct word in your notebook.

- 1 e i f l      *life* ..... from the start of living, to the end of living
- 2 e o c h      ..... you say something in a big room, on top of a mountain, etc. Then you hear it again and again.
- 3 e o l l n y      ..... you are sad because there are no people with you

**CHAPTER EIGHT**

6 Complete these sentences in your notebook with the correct form of the verb.

- 1 "I *'ll tell* / **tell** you more about being a friend."
- 2 "You're going **to be** / **be** my friend."
- 3 "I'll learn **to love** / **love** the golden corn."
- 4 "I **'m coming** / **come** to see you at four o'clock."
- 5 "That makes me sad because I **'m** / **will be** your friend."
- 6 "I'm your special fox. I **'ll cry** / **'m going to cry**."
- 7 "**Go** / **You'll go** to the garden again and look at the roses."
- 8 "You mustn't **forget** / **to forget** this. You must always **to look after** / **look after** your special things."

**CHAPTERS NINE AND TEN**

7 Put these sentences in the correct order in your notebook.

- a ..... The little prince talked to the yellow snake.
- b ..... The man carried the little prince across the desert.
- c ..... The man drew a muzzle for the little prince's sheep.
- d *I* ..... After eight days, there was no water.
- e ..... The snake bit the little prince's leg and the little prince fell on the sand.
- f ..... The little prince walked away from the well and the man ran after him.
- g ..... They decided to find a well.
- h ..... They found a well and pulled a bucket of water up from it.

## CHAPTER TEN

### 8 Write answers to these questions in your notebook.

- 1 When does the man finish writing the story of the little prince?
- 2 How does he feel now?
- 3 Does he still think about the little prince?
- 4 The man looks up at the stars. What does he remember?
- 5 The man learned lots of things from the little prince. What is the most important thing, do you think?

## Project work

- 1 Write a different Chapter Ten for the story of the little prince. It can be sad or happy.
- 2 Read the end of Chapter Eight again. Then make a poster about the important things you learn.
- 3 You are the little prince's flower on his planet. Write her diary for three days:
  - one of the days before the little prince left his planet
  - the day the little prince left the planet
  - one of the days after the little prince went
- 4 Write a play script of an important part of the story. Then act your play with some friends.

An answer key for all questions and exercises can be found at [www.penguinreaders.co.uk](http://www.penguinreaders.co.uk)

## Glossary

**alone** (adj.)

You have no one with you.

**around** (prep.)

on every side of a person or thing

**become** (v.)

to start to be something

**bite** (v.)

to cut a person or thing with your teeth

**corn** (n.)

*Corn* is a yellow plant. It grows on a farm.

**cover** (v. and n.)

When you *cover* something, you put a *cover* over it.

**crash** (v.)

to have an accident in a plane, car, etc. You hit a person or thing.

**echo** (n.)

You say something in a big room, on top of a mountain, etc. Then you hear it again and again. That is an *echo*.

**fall** (past tense *fell*) (v.)

to go down quickly towards the ground

**golden** (adj.)

having a yellow colour

**grown-up** (n.)

A *grown-up* is an older person. They are not a baby or child.

**hurt** (adj. and v.)

You have an accident and get cuts, then you are *hurt*. You *bite* or hit a person or you do bad things to something, and you *hurt* them.

**journey** (n.)

A *journey* is when you travel from one place to a different place.

**laugh** (n.)

You make this noise when something is funny. This is a *laugh*.

**life** (n.)

from the start of living, to the end of living. This is a *life*.

**lonely** (adj.)

You are sad because there are no people with you or because you have no friends.

**look after** (v.)

to help a person, animal or thing

**prince** (n.)

the son of a king or queen

**snake** (n.)  
a long, thin animal with no legs

**surprised** (adj.)  
Something happens and you did not know about it. You are *surprised*.

**voice** (n.)  
A person speaks, and you hear their *voice*.

**whole** (adj.)  
all of something in one part

**worried** (adj.)  
not happy because of a bad thing



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