

Chapter 1: The Little Prince

Hello! I'm the Little Prince, and I live on a tiny asteroid.

Each morning, I start my daily adventure with my three volcanoes. Two of them are active and spout small flames, while the other is dormant and looks like a sleepy old man. I clean them all carefully, just like brushing teeth, because I know even dormant volcanoes can awaken suddenly.

Then, I turn into a little gardener who battles the dreadful baobabs! These plants have deep, strong roots that I must pull out so they don't destroy my asteroid.

I stroll among the tiny flowers that bloom here and there, letting the wind ruffle my hair.

When I look up, I'm mesmerized by the many shades of the sky: it's as if every day a painter has fun creating a new canvas.

What I love most of all are the colors of the sunsets: magical brushstrokes of orange and pink in the sky. I can see so many sunsets in just one day, all I need to do is move a little, and voilà! Because my asteroid is really small and spins like a top in space!

At night, I gaze at the stars: they look like millions of fireflies twinkling in the dark. I feel there is an invisible connection, almost a magical thread, that binds all the creatures in the universe.

I wonder if there's someone, right now, who is watching them just as I do...

I close my eyes and dream of laughing stars and distant scents that reach me here.

Chapter 2: The Mysterious Seed

While dusting my volcanoes, I notice something strange. There's a tiny seed resting on the ground: a tiny mysterious visitor.

My first worry? That it's a baobab disguised as an innocent little flower. So begins Operation: Eyes on the Seed!

In truth, I dearly hope that from the seed, someone will sprout with whom I can talk, who will tell me of fantastic and incredible places.

The seed begins to sprout and grows a little each day. Soon I start to see a tender bud.

I sleep next to it. In the morning, as soon as I wake up, I measure it and talk to it. I tell it about my world made of distant stars, colorful sunsets, and gentle wonders. I also confide my fears of giant baobabs and volcanoes. I share my dreams, like riding a comet and discovering if there are other asteroids or planets. It is my silent friend.

Chapter 3: The Rose

It's dawn. I wake up and, while stretching, the bud I've been watching so closely slowly opens. It's a rose! Her petals, so delicate and perfect, dance in the air, filling my asteroid with a sweet and enveloping fragrance, like a warm embrace. I stand enchanted, admiring the rose, my eyes wide open, and my heart beating fast.

It's pure happiness! I am no longer alone: now I have a treasure that has arrived from the stars.

Her presence transforms my world into a celebration of colors and scents.

The rose will be my friend, the light that brightens my days.

Chapter 4: The Rose, the Glass Bell, and Loneliness

The rose begins to talk, but I discover that behind her beauty lies a bit of a spoiled personality.

"Water me!" orders the flower in a haughty tone.

"Protect me from the wind! Cover me with a glass bell! I am unique in the universe!"

At first, I am delighted to have something to do for her. I run back and forth, caring for her like a diligent gardener. But later, I realize she's never satisfied; each day, she invents new demands and makes me feel small and useless.

"You're slow!" she says when I'm a bit late in watering her or don't cover her quickly enough.

I start to feel more alone than I ever have before. My rose seems to care only about herself.

I watch the sunsets, hoping the sky will give me some peace.

At night, the stars shine like distant tears.

Chapter 5: The Little Prince's Departure

I realize I can no longer stay here with her. I decide to leave in search of a new beginning, but how? I'll build a spaceship! I'll use the objects that have arrived on my asteroid. I imagine traveling among the stars like a brave astronaut, but then I realize I have neither the materials nor the knowledge to do so.

So... I think of building a giant catapult! Oh, it would be fun to be launched into space, fast as a rocket! Oh oh... I might end up in the vast emptiness, floating forever in nothingness. No, that's not a good idea!

I look up at the sky: I see a flock of migrating birds flying right overhead.

"Hey, hello!" I shout as loud as I can. "Could you take me with you?"

One of them gently glides down, approaches me, and lets me know I can ride on his feathery back. As I leave my asteroid, I cast one last glance at the rose. She gives a sad nod. A petal falls, but by now, I'm already far away from her.

Chapter 6: The King

I arrive on a small planet. There's a King sitting on a throne with an air of great authority.

"Ah, a subject!" the King exclaims as soon as he sees me, his eyes sparkling with happiness. "Come closer!"

I approach with a mix of curiosity and fear. I've never met a King before. "Good morning," I reply politely.

"Good morning, I am the King of everything you see. I command every star, every grain of sand, every breath of wind," he says proudly, spreading his arms wide. "And everyone obeys my commands!"

"And what are your commands?" I ask curiously.

"They are simple," the King replies, waving his hand as if conducting an invisible orchestra. "I command what is reasonable. If I order a star to shine, it will shine, let's say... tonight!"

"Command the sun to set," I suggest timidly. "I would love to see a sunset."

Perhaps I've asked something quite funny. The King, smiling, says: "When the conditions are right, my command will be carried out! That is... at seven-forty this evening!"

It's endearing to see the King trying to maintain control over everything! Every command is given with great seriousness, but no star does what it's ordered to do, no sun sets on command.

And I, well, I'm getting bored. "Would you order me to leave?" I then ask, trying to be respectful.

The King seems surprised. "Leave? But I don't want to lose my only subject!"

I reply confidently, "Your Majesty, it seems the conditions are favorable."

The King gives me a look that's a mix of sadness and understanding, as if he's saying goodbye to an old friend.

"Then I order you to leave, you shall be my ambassador!" he finally says with a regal gesture. I bid the King farewell and resume my journey.

Chapter 7: The Vain Man

Flying among the stars, I spot another small planet: on it, there's a man dressed elegantly, as if ready to go to a party!

"Good morning!" I say, trying to break the silence.

The vain man turns to me with a dazzling smile. "Ah, an admirer! Tell me I'm the most handsome, the most elegant, and the most intelligent of the entire planet."

I look around, searching for other people. "But you're the only inhabitant!" I'm confused and a little amused.

The vain man nods, pleased. "Exactly! And so I'm the best in everything! Admire me!"

I find it strange that his happiness depends solely on someone's admiration. He's like a deflated balloon that needs to be inflated constantly.

I reply, "I admire you, but what do you do with it?"

The vain man pauses and looks at me in surprise. With wide eyes, he exclaims, "But... there's nothing more important!"

I feel a wave of sadness for him. I decide it's time to continue my journey.

"I'm leaving... while still admiring you," I say kindly, making a small bow. He remains silent, and I take off again.

Chapter 8: The Drunkard

Continuing my journey among the stars, I arrive on another small planet. Here, a man is sitting, surrounded by empty wine bottles.

"Good morning," I say shyly.

The drunkard looks up at me; his eyes are tired and sad, like those of a bear just awakened. "Good morning," he replies, his voice hoarse and slow.

I observe the bottles scattered around him and ask, "What are you doing?"

The man sighs deeply, as if carrying a heavy sack of potatoes on his shoulders. "I'm drinking," he replies simply.

"Why do you drink?" I ask, tilting my head like a curious little bird.

He lowers his gaze sadly and murmurs, "...I drink to forget."

"To forget what?" I insist.

The man looks at the empty bottles around him, then fixes his eyes on mine and says, "To forget that I am ashamed."

His answer leaves me puzzled. I don't understand, so I ask, "Ashamed of what?"

"I'm ashamed of drinking..." he whispers, lowering his gaze again.

I remain silent. I

don't know what to say: I feel a lump in my throat as I watch him. I think his is a never-ending cycle that keeps him trapped, like a hamster on a wheel that never stops spinning.

I sense that my presence can't do much to change his situation. So I say goodbye: "I'm leaving now!"

I say at last.

The drunkard nods, without looking up, taking another sip of wine as I walk away from him forever.

Chapter 9: The Businessman

I arrive on another small planet: I see an enormous table covered with sheets filled with numbers. Sitting on a stool, a businessman is busily counting, as if trying to break a world record. I greet him: "Good morning!"

The businessman doesn't even look up and replies, annoyed, "Good morning." Then he continues writing and muttering numbers.

"What are you doing?" I ask.

"I'm counting, don't distract me, or I'll lose count!" he declares.

I'm curious, so I say, "What are you counting?"

"The stars," he replies without hesitation, then adds, "Do you know whose they are?"

"Everyone's," I reply promptly.

He frowns, "No! You're wrong! The stars belong to the first one who discovers them, to the first one who counts them! So, I own all the stars I can count. They're all mine!"

"Sir, I own a rose: it's nice to own it, but it's useful for the rose. Every morning I water it and place it under a glass bell to protect it. But what do you do with the stars?"

The man seems to no longer see me. He's surrounded by wonderful stars, yet to him, they're just numbers to count. He can't see the beauty that surrounds him; he has never watched a sunset.

I leave the planet with a feeling of melancholy. I will continue my journey, hoping to find someone who sees the world with eyes full of wonder.

Chapter 10: The Lamplighter

After leaving the businessman, my journey takes me to another very small planet. It has only one lamppost next to which a man keeps turning it on and off. "Good morning!" I say to him.

"Good morning," the lamplighter replies, turning on the lamppost with a quick and precise gesture. It looks like a strange dance. "Why are you turning it on and off?" I ask.

"It's my job: every minute, I turn on the lamppost, and a minute later, I turn it off. That's the order I've been given. Goodnight!"

"But why so often?" I ask in disbelief.

The man sighs, "Once, my job was simple. I would turn on the lamppost in the evening and turn it off in the morning. At some point, however, the planet began to spin faster and faster, and now a day lasts only a minute. See! It's already morning... good morning!" And he turns the lamppost on again.

"Don't you ever have time to rest?" I ask, thinking about how exhausting such a job must be.

He shakes his head and turns off the lamppost: "I have no time for anything. I turn it on and off, on and off, without ever stopping. But you know, my job is... poetic. When I light the lamppost, it's as if a star is born in the sky. Goodnight."

He could be my friend, but there's no room for both of us on this planet. "I must go," I say at last, with a hint of sadness.

"Safe travels and... good morning!" says the lamplighter as he turns the lamppost on again, illuminating our farewell with a warm light.

Chapter 11: The Geographer

After leaving the lamplighter, my journey takes me to a slightly larger planet. Here I meet a geographer: a gentleman who writes down where mountains, rivers, lakes, and seas are located. He's sitting on a pile of books.

I greet him with curiosity. "Good morning."

"Good morning, explorer," the geographer replies. "Where do you come from?"

Excited, I begin to describe my asteroid, my three volcanoes, including the dormant one, and the beautiful sunsets. But most of all, I talk about my rose. My voice falters as I describe her beauty and the joy of seeing her bloom. "She's truly magnificent!" I say with a melancholic smile.

The geographer nods, noting down only the three volcanoes in his book.

I ask curiously, "Why don't you write about my rose?"

Without looking up from his book, he exclaims, "Roses are ephemeral!"

"What does ephemeral mean?" I ask, intrigued.

"It means destined to disappear," he explains with a smile.

I feel a lump in my throat: "Destined to disappear... and I left her all alone!"

"If you want to visit an interesting planet, there's Earth. Safe travels!" says the geographer, affectionately smiling as he bids me farewell.

As I leave, the sky seems to grow gray and sad: I think of my rose.

Chapter 12: Arrival on Earth

I arrive on Earth, in the middle of a desert that looks like a golden sea. I walk under the sun, hoping to meet someone or something interesting. But nothing: only sand, sand, and more sand.

I sit on a dune and watch the sky turn the colors of the sunset. I think nostalgically of my little asteroid and my flower.

What a fool I was to leave everything I loved for this desert!

I close my eyes and try to remember the scent of my rose. Maybe, right now, she's looking at the sky too. Maybe she's thinking of me as well.

Night falls. I lie on the sand and gaze at the stars. One of them blinks on and off: surely, it's the lamplight of my friend the lamplighter.

Chapter 13: The Serpent in the Desert

I wake up at dawn and notice a serpent next to me, staring at me, motionless. His shiny body glistens in the sun.

"Good morning, who are you?" he asks in a soft, melodious voice, like a song whispered by the desert wind.

"Good morning, serpent," I reply, still a bit sleepy.

I tell him that I'm on a journey among the stars, I describe my little asteroid with the three volcanoes, and I tell him about the rose. I share my adventures and the funny people I've met on the planets.

The serpent listens carefully, his body swaying slightly, dancing to the rhythm of my words. When I finish speaking, he looks at me with a knowing expression and says, "You are far from home, Little Prince, but I can help you. I have the power to take you back to your asteroid, but you must be sure you want to go back."

I remain silent for a moment, reflecting on his words.

"Thank you," I reply, "but for now, I will continue on my journey."

The serpent nods, and with one last look of understanding, he elegantly slithers away among the dunes.

The desert, with its vastness and silence, now feels less lonely.

Chapter 14: The Flower

As I walk through the desert, something catches my attention: a tiny spot among the sand. As I approach, I discover it's a small flower that has sprouted right there, in the middle of the desert!

"Good morning!" I say, crouching beside it.

"Good morning," the flower replies with a sweet and gentle voice. It looks so fragile and defenseless, as light as a feather. And yet, it's there, defying the desert.

"How do you live here?" I ask in amazement.

"It's hard to live in the desert!" it replies. "My strength lies in my deep roots. And even if no one sees me, I still bloom."

I wonder if my rose, like this flower, has deep roots that keep her anchored to the small asteroid or if the wind has already carried her away.

"Don't you feel lonely?" I ask.

"I'm never truly alone. The wind caresses me, and the stars shine for me too."

I sit beside it for a while, listening to the silence of the desert. I feel a deep connection with this little creature, a bond that doesn't need words.

Then I ask, "Do you know the men of Earth?"

After a moment of reflection, the flower answers, "I've seen six or seven pass by with a caravan, but you never know where to find them. They have no roots."

I whisper, "Thank you and... goodbye." I feel its fragrance accompanying me, like an invisible embrace.

Chapter 15: The Garden of Roses

Suddenly, I find myself in front of a garden full of flowers! Everywhere I look, I see countless roses, all identical to mine!

My rose had told me she was the only one in the universe! I had given her all my affection, believing her words and her uniqueness. Now, in front of this garden of roses, I realize she had lied to me. I'm confused and angry; I think of all the time I've dedicated to a rose that wasn't so special after all! I feel alone, like a tiny grain of sand in the middle of the desert, enveloped by disappointment. Tears roll down my cheeks, like little shooting stars.

Chapter 16: The Fox

I resume walking, and suddenly, I meet a fox. She seems to have stepped out of a fairy tale.

I greet her: "Good morning, Fox. Do you want to play with me? I'm so lonely."

She shakes her head. "I can't play with you. I'm not tamed."

"What does 'tame' mean?" I ask, intrigued.

"It's something that's been forgotten," the fox explains. "It means 'to create bonds.' Until now, for me, you are just a boy like many others. And I, for you, am just a fox like many others. But if you tame me, you will be unique to me in the world, and I will be unique to you in the world. I will learn to recognize the sound of your footsteps. The others will make me hide, but yours will make me come out of my den, guiding me like a sweet melody. And then, there are the fields of wheat. I don't eat bread; the wheat is useless to me. But you have hair the color of gold. When you tame me, the wheat will make me think of you. And I will love the sound of the wind in the wheat."

Thinking about the fox's words, I confess, "I think a rose has tamed me."

The fox looks at me: "It's possible. Please, tame me."

"I'd love to," I say. "But I don't have much time. I must discover friends and learn many things."

The fox sighs, "One only understands what one tames. Men no longer have time; they buy things ready-made. But no one sells friends. If you want a friend, tame me."

"What must I do?" I ask.

"At first, you will sit far away from me, and I will look at you, and you will say nothing. Words are a source of misunderstandings. Every day you will sit a little closer. If you come at four, at three, I will start to be happy. Rituals are necessary."

So, every day, I sit a little closer to her.

Chapter 17: The Farewell to the Fox

The fox and I become inseparable friends, but the time has come for me to leave.

"I didn't want to hurt you," I murmur, trying not to be sad. "But you wanted me to tame you. Will you cry?"

The fox looks at me: "Yes, but I will gain the color of the wheat. Go and look at the roses again. You'll understand that yours is unique in the world. Then return, and I'll give you a secret."

I run to find the garden and the roses, then look at them carefully and say, "You are not like my rose. No one has tamed you. You are beautiful, but I will not miss you. My rose is unique because I've given her my time and because I care for her."

Then I return to the fox and say goodbye.

"Goodbye..." she replies. "Here is my secret: one sees clearly only with the heart. The essential is invisible to the eyes."

"The essential is invisible to the eyes," I repeat, to remember.

"It is the time you have devoted to your rose that makes her so important."

"It is the time I have devoted to my rose that makes her so important," I whisper.

"You are responsible forever for what you have tamed. You are responsible for your rose."

Before leaving her, we embrace tightly, knowing we will never see each other again.

Chapter 18: The Airplane

I walk through the desert, on the golden sand, wrapped in silence. Suddenly, I hear a noise coming from the sky. I look up and see something extraordinary: a strange flying contraption! It looks like a giant metal dragonfly, with a man sitting inside. I've never seen flying men before, nor have I ever met another human being on this planet.

Oh no! Suddenly, I see thick black smoke coming from the flying machine! My heart begins to beat fast. What will happen now?

The curious object wobbles in the sky like a leaf in autumn and crashes to the ground!

Chapter 19: The Aviator

The aircraft lands in the desert with a thud, raising a cloud of dust. It looks like a sand bomb has exploded. I run closer, my heart racing with excitement, and see a man stumbling out of the plane, his aviator goggles askew, and a bewildered expression on his face. He looks like a bird that has fallen from its nest.

The aviator, still a bit shaken, grabs a toolbox; maybe he wants to try to repair his plane. But first, he sits on it to catch his breath. I watch him from a distance, slowly getting closer.

I notice his expression: his brow is furrowed, his eyes are frightened but emit a light that suggests deep kindness. There's a humanity in him that draws me in and calms me like a sweet and familiar melody.

I decide to get even closer and ask him something important.

I walk until I'm very close to the man, close enough to see the sand on his aviator suit. I take a deep breath and say, "Please, draw me a sheep."

The man jumps, then looks at me with an incredulous expression. I don't think he's ever seen a child alone in the middle of the desert.

"What?" he asks, as if he didn't quite understand my request.

"A sheep," I repeat gently. "Draw me a sheep."

Chapter 20: Draw Me a Sheep

The aviator seems confused, then pulls out a piece of paper and a pencil. He looks at me with curiosity; I think he wants to understand why I want him to draw me a sheep.

I start to explain, "You know, I need a sheep to eat the baobabs on my asteroid before they grow too big and destroy my entire world."

He seems even more confused but begins to draw. The first drawing is an elephant inside a boa. I smile and say, "No, no, I don't want an elephant inside a boa! I want a sheep."

He makes another drawing: but it's a ram. "This isn't a sheep, it has horns!" I say, shaking my head. Finally, the aviator, impatient, draws a box with holes. "Here, the sheep is inside this box."

I look at the drawing, thrilled, and thank him: "It's just what I wanted. And the box will be her home. Thank you! Oh... the sheep has fallen asleep!"

Now he seems relieved and a little amused, as if he has just passed a difficult test. Despite his worry about getting the plane flying again, there's kindness in his gestures and in his gaze.

And so, in the middle of the desert, with a sheep in a box, I feel I've found a friend with whom to share my adventures and dreams.

Chapter 21: The Wars Between Sheep and Flowers

I ask the aviator: "Do sheep eat flowers? Even roses with thorns?"

He, busy with a bolt that won't unscrew, replies without looking at me: "Sheep eat everything they find."

"But then, what are the thorns for?" I ask, intrigued.

The aviator, struggling with the bolt that seems glued to the plane, brusquely replies: "Thorns are useless; it's just the flowers' cruelty."

"I don't believe you! Flowers are weak. They reassure themselves as best they can. They think they're terrible with their thorns... You think flowers..." But he interrupts me, impatient: "I don't think anything! I said something random. I'm dealing with serious matters!"

"You talk like the grown-ups!" I feel disappointment growing inside me and shout at him: "You confuse everything... you mix everything up!" My anger is like a volcano about to erupt.

"I know a planet where there's a man who has never watched a sunset, who has never loved anyone. All he does is count stars and thinks he's a serious man. But he's not a man; he's a mushroom! For thousands of years, flowers have been making thorns, and for thousands of years, sheep have been eating flowers. And you don't think that's serious? Isn't the war between sheep and flowers important? I know a flower that's unique in the world, and the sheep could destroy it in an instant."

The aviator forgets the bolt and his worries. He comes closer and takes me in his arms as if I were a fragile treasure, and in a soft voice, he whispers: "The flower you love is not in danger... I'll draw a muzzle for your sheep."

His words are full of kindness.

In his arms, I let the tears fall... They sparkle in the sun as if trying to light distant stars for her, for my rose.

Chapter 22: The Walk Under the Stars

In the following days, I tell the aviator about my little asteroid, my vain rose, and all the strange characters I've met on the planets and on Earth.

Eight days have passed since his plane crashed, and the water has run out. So we decide to search for a well. The golden sand stretches endlessly like an enormous shimmering blanket under the blue sky. The sun is a giant, warm ball of fire. We walk side by side, with weary steps, through the silent dunes.

Finally, night falls. I say to the aviator: "All the stars are beautiful if you know that one of them has a flower. Even the

desert is beautiful if you know that it hides a well."

I'm so tired that I can't walk any longer. I feel my body growing heavy, like a stone. The aviator notices and gently picks me up.

He walks slowly, never stopping, while I listen to the beating of his heart.

The desert, under the starry sky, no longer seems so frightening. Now and then, the aviator squeezes me to give me strength, and I feel safe in his arms. I fall asleep, dreaming of starry water and petals that caress me.

Chapter 23: The Well

I wake up at dawn with the aviator sitting next to me. With sleepy eyes, I glimpse something on the horizon. "Look! That might be our well!" I exclaim with excitement. We jump to our feet. Now every step seems lighter, every breath easier.

At the well, everything is ready: the pulley, the bucket, and the rope. The aviator lowers the bucket, and the pulley makes a faint sound.

I smile, and he lets me drink first. This water was born from the walk among the dunes, from the song of the pulley, from a friend who carries me in his arms. It's good for the heart.

He drinks too and smiles. He says, "The water tastes sweet, like honey."

I whisper, "On Earth, men grow five thousand roses in the same garden and still don't find what they're looking for. Yet, they could find it in a single rose or a little water. But the eyes are blind; you must search with the heart."

The sand is honey-colored. I ask the aviator: "Draw me the muzzle for the sheep." He pulls out a pencil and a sheet of paper from his pocket. As he draws, I see him frowning with worry. He asks me, "Little man, where do you want to take the sheep?"

I don't answer; I take the paper with the muzzle and put it in my pocket.

I say to him, "Now go and repair your airplane, I'll wait here."

And so, while the aviator returns to his plane, I stay near the well.

I listen to the silence of the desert, wrapped in a sweetness that comes from afar.

Chapter 24: The Last Sunset on Earth

I sit on the warm sand, watching for the last time the sunset on Earth. The colors of the sky change quickly, as if the sun is painting a fabulous picture for the great farewell.

I think of my rose, and suddenly, I remember the little smiles we shared while watching the sunsets and her sighs that mingled with mine. I recall the funny faces she made when she claimed the water was too cold, and then, secretly, she watched me with sweetness and gratitude. I remember that when I left, a petal fell from the rose and, twirling, accompanied me in the sky for a while. I followed it out of the corner of my eye, but I was too focused on flying away.

Strange, when I was with the rose, I didn't notice anything. Only now, having understood many things about her and myself, do I remember.

I want to return to her, but I can't take my body because it's too heavy. But what matters is invisible. I will soon be home, but this time it will be different because I am different now. I will smile at her shivers from the cold water, and we will embrace gently so as not to hurt each other. I will watch the sunsets with her, not because I'm sad but to share their beauty. And our breath will be in harmony with the universe.

I am alone in the desert, waiting for the aviator's return. I know he has repaired his plane and will soon be going home. I too will leave. I will seem dead, but I won't be. What matters is within us and is invisible.

I think back to all the encounters I've had and the memories I'll carry with me. I think of the fox, who made me understand that it's the time we dedicate to something that makes a rose unique and special.

I think of the aviator who is coming. Soon, I will no longer be visible to his eyes, but I will remain in his memories, and he will remain in mine.

Chapter 25: The Farewell to the Aviator

The aviator arrives and sits beside me, without speaking.

In a calm voice, I whisper to him: "I'm glad you've repaired your airplane. Today, I too am returning home... my destination is much farther and much more difficult..."

He holds me in his arms. The desert embraces us like a large golden hug.

In a voice that blends with the desert wind, I say to the aviator, "What's important is invisible. It's like the flower: if you care about a flower that's on a star, it's sweet to look at the sky at night because all the stars seem to bloom. It's like the water. The water you gave me to drink was music; there was the pulley, and there was the rope, remember? It was good. When I'm no longer with you, you'll look at the stars at night. My asteroid is too small for me to show you where it is. It's better this way. All the stars will be your friends."

"I still want to hear you laugh...", he asks softly.

I continue: "Men have stars that are not the same. For some, those who travel, the stars are guides. For others, they are just little lights. For the businessman, they were to be possessed. But all these stars are silent. When you look at the sky at night, know that I will live near one of them, and since I will be laughing, it will be for you as if all the stars are laughing. You alone will have stars that know how to laugh! And when you've recovered, you'll be glad to have known me. You'll be forever my friend. Sometimes you'll open the window and laugh. Your friends will be surprised to see you laugh while looking at the sky and will think you're crazy. But you'll know the truth."

"I won't leave you," the aviator protests firmly.

"It will seem as if I'm unwell... it will seem as if I'm dying. Don't come to see..."

"I won't leave you," repeats the aviator.

Chapter 26: The Serpent and the Little Prince

Night falls, and the aviator falls asleep. At dawn, I kiss his forehead and walk toward the serpent. I don't want the aviator to see me. I will seem dead, but it won't be true. I can't take my body with me. It's too heavy, but it will be like an abandoned orange peel.

There's the serpent; I see it. I begin to tremble because I'm a little scared...

I whisper with a faint voice: "I'm ready."

The serpent approaches and, with a yellow flicker, coils around me. The bite is quick and almost imperceptible, like a little kiss that doesn't hurt. I stand still for a moment and then fall gently to the sand, without making a sound.

My journey home has begun. Even though my body remains on Earth, I'm already flying toward my rose.

Chapter 27: Home

Through my closed eyelids, I glimpse a faint light. I open them and discover that I'm on my asteroid. In front of me is the rose, bathed in dew, or maybe... those are tears of joy. She's more fragile and radiant than I remembered. Her delicate petals tremble.

"You've returned," she whispers with a gentle, almost incredulous voice.

I smile. "I've returned."

The rose lowers her gaze, embarrassed. "Did I make you suffer? Is that why you left? But you were always in my thoughts."

"And you were always in my heart."

We touch, and in that moment, my little asteroid seems to shine with a new light.

Together, my rose and I watch the horizon as the dawn brings the promise of a new beginning.

I smell her sweet fragrance as we watch the sun rise, flooding the sky with warm and bright colors.

Among them, I recognize the red of the fox and the blue of the aviator's suit.

I smile, waving my hand as one does with a friend who is leaving: "Goodbye, Antoine."

And as the sun rises in the sky, I feel that nothing can separate me from my rose, nor from my friends, even if they are far away. What is invisible binds us. It is eternal and infinite.

Now there is nothing ephemeral.

Chapter 28

The most beautiful landscape is a silence where everything can smile.

The most beautiful landscape is knowing that there's someone in the sky who loves you.

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