





Farshore

First published in Great Britain 2021 by Farshore
An imprint of HarperCollinsPublishers
1 London Bridge Street, London SE1 9GF
www.farshore.co.uk

HarperCollinsPublishers
1st Floor, Waterman Building
Bishopsgate Road, Dublin 4, Ireland

Text copyright © Louise Greig 2021
Illustrations copyright © Sarah Massini 2021
Louise Greig and Sarah Massini have asserted
their moral rights.

ISBN 978 1 4052 8812 5
Printed in China
001

A CIP catalogue record for this title is available from the British Library.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced,
stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means,
electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise,
without the prior permission of the publisher and copyright owner.

Stay safe online. Any website addresses listed in this book
are correct at the time of going to print.
However, Farshore is not responsible for content hosted
by third parties. Please be aware that online content can
be subject to change and websites can contain content
that is unsuitable for children. We advise that all
children are supervised when using the internet.

Farshore takes its responsibility to the planet
and its inhabitants very seriously. We aim
to use papers from well-managed forests
run by responsible suppliers.

For Susan and Graham – L.G.

For Peter – S.M.



THE LITTLE PRINCE

Adapted by Louise Greig

Illustrated by Sarah Massini

Based on the novel by
Antoine de Saint-Exupéry

A full-page illustration of a biplane crashed in a desert. The plane is a dark, weathered biplane with two sets of wings. It is tilted at an angle, with its nose pointing towards the bottom right. The propeller is visible, and the landing gear is partially buried in the sand. The background is a vast, flat desert landscape under a sunset sky. The sun is low on the horizon, casting a warm, golden glow over the scene. The sky is filled with stars and a few wispy clouds. In the distance, a small, dark silhouette of a person is visible on the horizon. The overall mood is one of isolation and solitude.

I lived my life alone in the clouds.

Until the day my plane crashed in the empty desert.

Stranded, with only my shadow,
I sank down in the sand,
and in the deep silence I slept.

At sunrise a strange little voice broke my sleep.
Please – draw me a sheep.
I blinked.
The voice belonged to a charming little prince.



I had never drawn a sheep.
So I sketched this and said, your sheep is inside this box.

That is a perfect sheep, he beamed.
Look, he is sleeping.



I was soon to learn that this little prince came from a distant planet hardly bigger than himself. It had three tiny volcanoes, and a chair for watching the sunsets. But his planet was covered with hundreds of sprouting bushes. *It is hard work clearing the baobabs, he would say. Ah, so this was why he had need of a sheep!*





Oh, little prince with the laughter like bells!

But his voice wilted to a whisper
whenever he spoke of something else.



A rose.

Her perfume filled his planet.
Her beauty blazed like the flame of a lamp.
She shone a light in the little prince's heart.
She told him she was the only rose in the
whole universe.

How exquisite you are! he would gasp.

Am I not? And her petals would flutter.



So the little prince
tended his rose.
She was not an easy flower.

Ahem, she would cough,
my breakfast, if you please.
And he ran to sprinkle her with water.

I do so hate draughts.
And he brought her a screen.

A glass globe would keep
the wind from me at night.
This he fetched.

She grew boastful.
I can fight a tiger!
Look at my four thorns!

But her thorns were pitiful.
And there were no tigers.

Weary with the whims of his rose,
the little prince chose to leave his planet.
Tears pricked his eyes. Goodbye, he said.
I hope you will be safe.

The rose drooped a little. *I have my thorns.*
He did not see her crying.
He did not hear her say, *I love you.*

