

Chapter 1 : The Little Prince Chapters Summary - [www.nxgvision.com](http://www.nxgvision.com)

*8. I soon learned to know this flower better. On the little prince's planet the flowers had always been very simple. They had only one ring of petals; they took up no room at all; they were a trouble to nobody.*

Thank you for your patience in this update, I hope you enjoy. Chapter Eight - Limited Kuu bit his top lip as they arrived in the car outside the restaurant, he looked over at Julie. Since he was moving his arm and hand little by little every day, Kyoko really wanted to protect him. This is for Kyoko. Maybe they should go though, if they could experience a normal meal out of the house, Kuon might see some good in the world. Her nerves were catching throughout her body and she felt a painful tug at her heart. Immediately, she got back into the car and looked down, her whole body shaking. As the night drew to a close, Julie kept feeling a sickening feeling of guilt twisting in her stomach. She knocked on the door and opened it finding the ten-year-old trying to practice the muscle exercises with his arm. She pulled a chair over to him and smoothed out his hair in a way only a mother would. There are many beautiful places in Kyoto. Remember how I would tell you stories about the fairies and the wood nymphs, well I think those things might exist around here," she said as she looked upon him lovingly. I just " I love you so much, Kuon. I know that you would never choose to be in this position. Can I make it up to you, we can go out then, okay? She needs somewhere she can be, but are you sure everything is legal? Takarada has someone looking through the paperwork. After shutting the door, ninety-percent of the way she walked over to the window in the living room. She could only hope that things were going to get better. Each and every day she could see Kuon getting stronger and making improvements but she was also scared that the moment she felt confident in his recovery that something would challenge all of that. You just do your best in America and give my love to our friends. Again, thank you to those who read and support this fic, it really does mean a lot to me. A special shout out to the reviews of Chapter Seven: Your review has been posted.

Chapter 2 : The Prince Chapter 8 Summary & Analysis from LitCharts | The creators of SparkNotes

*In this chapter, we get to know the prince's flower better. Here's how that goes down: The prince tells the narrator about this one flower that he really loves.*

On the morning of his departure he put his planet in perfect order. He carefully cleaned out his active volcanoes. He possessed two active volcanoes; and they were very convenient for heating his breakfast in the morning. He also had one volcano that was extinct. But, as he said, "One never knows! If they are well cleaned out, volcanoes burn slowly and steadily, without any eruptions. Volcanic eruptions are like fires in a chimney. On our earth we are obviously much too small to clean out our volcanoes. That is why they bring no end of trouble upon us. The little prince also pulled up, with a certain sense of dejection, the last little shoots of the baobabs. He believed that he would never want to return. But on this last morning all these familiar tasks seemed very precious to him. And when he watered the flower for the last time, and prepared to place her under the shelter of her glass globe, he realized that he was very close to tears. But she made no answer. But it was not because she had a cold. Try to be happy. He stood there all bewildered, the glass globe held arrested in mid-air. He did not understand this quiet sweetness. That is of no importance. But you--you have been just as foolish as I. Let the glass globe be. The cool night air will do me good. I am a flower. It seems that they are very beautiful. And if not the butterflies--and the caterpillars--who will call upon me? You will be far away. As for the large animals--I am not at all afraid of any of them. I have my claws. You have decided to go away. She was such a proud flower.

Chapter 3 : SparkNotes: The Little Prince: Chapters VIIâ€“IX

*LitCharts assigns a color and icon to each theme in The Little Prince, which you can use to track the themes throughout the work. Cao, Diana. "The Little Prince Chapter 8." LitCharts. LitCharts LLC, 17 Nov Web. 2 Nov Cao, Diana. "The Little Prince Chapter 8." LitCharts. LitCharts LLC,*

I answered you with the first thing that came to my mind. I am busy with serious things! You mix everything together! He shook his golden hair in the wind. He has never smelled a flower. I am a serious man! For millions of years, sheep have been eating them. Is the war between the sheep and the flowers not important? Is this not more serious and more important than the counting of the gentleman with a red face? I have a flower. The flower is unique in the world. She exists nowhere, except on my planet. It is a flower that a little sheep can destroy in a single bite one morning. And the sheep may not even realize what it is doing. And you think that this is not important? He suddenly started to cry. I let my tools drop from my hands. How important could my tools, my engine, my thirst or death be now? On one star, on one planet, on my planet, the Earth, there was a little prince who needed my attention. I took him in my arms. I held him gently. I will draw you something to protect your flower. I will draw you a fence you can put around you flower.

**Chapter 4 : SparkNotes: The Little Prince: Chapters Iâ€“III**

*YOU ARE READING. The Little Prince Classics. The Little Prince, first published in , is a novella and the most famous work of the French aristocrat, writer, poet and pioneering aviator Antoine de Saint-ExupÃ©ry.*

Plot[ edit ] The narrator begins with a discussion on the nature of grown-ups and their inability to perceive, especially important things. As a test to determine if a grown-up is enlightened and like a child, he shows them a picture he drew at age 6 of a snake which has eaten an elephant. The grown-ups always reply that the picture is of a hat, and so he knows to talk of "reasonable" things to them, rather than fanciful. The narrator becomes a pilot , and, one day, his plane crashes in the Sahara , far from civilization. He has 8 days of water supply and must fix his airplane to be saved. In the middle of the desert, the narrator is unexpectedly greeted by a young boy who is nicknamed as "the little prince". The prince has golden hair, a lovable laugh, and will repeat questions until they are answered. Upon encountering the narrator, the little prince asks him to draw a sheep. After three failed attempts at drawing a sheep, the frustrated narrator simply draws a box, claiming that the sheep the prince wants is inside the box. Over the course of eight days stranded in the desert, while the narrator attempts to repair his plane, the little prince recounts the story of his life. The prince begins by describing life on his tiny home planet: If the baobabs are not rooted out the moment they are recognized, it may be put off until it is too late and the tree has grown too large to remove, its roots having a catastrophic effect on the tiny planet. The prince wants a sheep to eat the undesirable plants, but worries it will also eat plants with thorns. The rose is given to pretension, exaggerating ailments to gain attention and have the prince care for her. The prince says he nourished the rose and attended her, making a screen or glass globe to protect her from the cold wind, watering her, and keeping off the caterpillars. Although the prince fell in love with the rose, he also began to feel that she was taking advantage of him and he resolved to leave the planet to explore the rest of the universe. She wishes him well and turns down his desire to leave her in the glass globe, saying she will protect herself. The prince laments that he did not understand how to love his rose while he was with her and should have listened to her kind actions, rather than her vain words. The prince has since visited six other planets , each of which was inhabited by a single, irrational, narrow-minded adult, each meant to critique an element of society. A king with no subjects, who only issues orders that can be followed, such as commanding the sun to set at sunset. A narcissistic man who only wants the praise which comes from admiration and being the most-admirable person on his otherwise uninhabited planet. A drunkard who drinks to forget the shame of drinking. A businessman who is blind to the beauty of the stars and instead endlessly counts and catalogs them in order to "own" them all critiquing materialism A lamplighter on a planet so small, a full day lasts a minute. An elderly geographer who has never been anywhere, or seen any of the things he records, providing a caricature of specialization in the contemporary world. It is the geographer who tells the prince that his rose is an ephemeral being, which are not recorded, and recommends that the prince next visit the planet Earth. The visit to Earth begins with a deeply pessimistic appraisal of humanity. The six absurd people the prince encountered earlier comprise, according to the narrator, just about the entire adult world. On earth there were " kings. He then met a yellow snake that claimed to have the power to return him to his home, if he ever wished to return. The prince next met a desert flower, who told him that she had only seen a handful of men in this part of the world and that they had no roots, letting the wind blow them around and living hard lives. After climbing the highest mountain he had ever seen, the prince hoped to see the whole of Earth, thus finding the people; however, he saw only the enormous, desolate landscape. When the prince called out, his echo answered him, which he interpreted as the voice of a boring person who only repeats what another says. The prince encountered a whole row of rosebushes, becoming downcast at having once thought that his own rose was unique and that she had lied. He began to feel that he was not a great prince at all, as his planet contained only three tiny volcanoes and a flower that he now thought of as common. He lay down on the grass and wept, until a fox came along. The fox desired to be tamed and teaches the prince how to tame him. By being tamed, something goes from being ordinary and just like all the others, to being special and unique. There are drawbacks, since the connection can lead to sadness and longing when apart. Upon their sad

departing, the fox imparts a secret: The prince finally meets two people from Earth: A railway switchman who told him how passengers constantly rushed from one place to another aboard trains, never satisfied with where they were and not knowing what they were after; only the children among them ever bothered to look out the windows. A merchant who talked to the prince about his product, a pill that eliminated the need to drink for a week, saving people 53 minutes. The prince has become visibly morose and saddened over his recollections and longs to return home and see his flower. The prince finds a well, saving the pair. The narrator later finds the prince talking to the snake, discussing his return home and his desire to see his rose again, whom he worries has been left to fend for herself. The prince bids an emotional farewell to the narrator and states that if it looks as though he has died, it is only because his body was too heavy to take with him to his planet. The prince warns the narrator not to watch him leave, as it will upset him. The prince then walks away from the narrator and allows the snake to bite him, soundlessly falling down. He finally manages to repair his airplane and leave the desert. It is left up to the reader to determine if the prince returned home, or died. The narrator requests to be immediately contacted by anyone in that area encountering a small person with golden curls who refuses to answer any questions. Tone and writing style[ edit ] The story of The Little Prince is recalled in a sombre, measured tone by the plot-narrator, in memory of his small friend, "a memorial to the prince" not just to the prince, but also to the time the prince and the narrator had together". The fantasy of the Little Prince works because the logic of the story is based on the imagination of children, rather than the strict realism of adults". According to the author himself, it was extremely difficult to start his creative writing processes. His survival ordeal was about to begin Egypt, In The Little Prince, its narrator, the pilot, talks of being stranded in the desert beside his crashed aircraft. They both began to see mirages , which were quickly followed by more vivid hallucinations. By the second and third days, they were so dehydrated that they stopped sweating altogether. The fearsome, grasping baobab trees, researchers have contended, were meant to represent Nazism attempting to destroy the planet. Consuelo was the rose in The Little Prince. I should never have fled. I should have guessed at the tenderness behind her poor ruses. The author had also met a precocious eight-year-old with curly blond hair while he was residing with a family in Quebec City in , Thomas De Koninck , the son of philosopher Charles De Koninck. Late at night, during the trip, he ventured from his first-class accommodation into the third-class carriages, where he came upon large groups of Polish families huddled together, returning to their homeland. Between the man and the woman a child had hollowed himself out a place and fallen asleep. He turned in his slumber, and in the dim lamplight I saw his face. What an adorable face! A golden fruit had been born of these two peasants This is the child Mozart. This is a life full of beautiful promise. Little princes in legends are not different from this. Protected, sheltered, cultivated, what could not this child become? When by mutation a new rose is born in a garden, all gardeners rejoice. They isolate the rose, tend it, foster it. But there is no gardener for men. This little Mozart will be shaped like the rest by the common stamping machine This little Mozart is condemned. He started his work on the novella shortly after returning to the United States Quebec, His intention for the visit was to convince the United States to quickly enter the war against Nazi Germany and the Axis forces , and he soon became one of the expatriate voices of the French Resistance. In the midst of personal upheavals and failing health, he produced almost half of the writings for which he would be remembered, including a tender tale of loneliness, friendship, love and loss, in the form of a young prince visiting Earth. He wrote and illustrated the manuscript during the summer and fall of Although greeted warmly by French-speaking Americans and by fellow expatriates who had preceded him in New York, his month stay would be marred by health problems and racked with periods of severe stress, martial and marital strife. After spending some time at an unsuitable clapboard country house in Westport, Connecticut , [51] they found Bevin House, a room mansion in Asharoken that overlooked Long Island Sound. His meditative view of sunsets at the Bevin House were incorporated in the book, where the prince visits a small planet with 43 daily sunsets, a planet where all that is needed to watch a sunset "is move your chair a few steps. In addition to the manuscript, several watercolour illustrations by the author are also held by the museum. They were not part of the first edition. What is essential is invisible to the eye" was reworded and rewritten some 15 times before achieving its final phrasing. Multiple versions of its many pages were created and its prose then polished over several drafts, with the author occasionally telephoning friends at 2: Included

among the deletions in its 17th chapter were references to locales in New York, such as the Rockefeller Center and Long Island. Deleted chapters discussed visits to other asteroids occupied by a retailer brimming with marketing phrases, and an inventor whose creation could produce any object desired at a touch of its controls. For him, the night is hopeless. And for me, his friend, the night is also hopeless. The person he meets is an "ambassador of the human spirit". Werth spent the war unobtrusively in Saint-Amour, his village in the Jura, a mountainous region near Switzerland where he was "alone, cold and hungry", a place that had few polite words for French refugees. I have a serious excuse: I have another excuse: I have a third excuse: He needs to be comforted. If all these excuses are not enough then I want to dedicate this book to the child whom this grown-up once was.

**Chapter 5 : The Little Prince**

*Chapter 8. I soon learned to know this flower better. On the little prince's planet the flowers had always been very simple. They had only one ring of petals; they took up no room at all; they were a trouble to nobody.*

Anything you recognize – be it character, location, idea or line – belongs to others; I may be playing with them but I make no profit from this. Ever since their Little Prince had been kidnapped, everything seemed greyer. The rescue party had not been able to find the boy, despite their earnest efforts, and it had sowed dread in every heart. Then reports had started trickling in, of young of other families disappearing too. Prince Corin was devastated. They had been so excited! Now the Prince of Archenland blamed himself for the disgrace and was out of his mind with worry and regret. It was a miracle that a passing Heron had noticed the bodies strewn by a brook and raised the alarm. All the inhabitants of Cair Paravel were mourning him quietly: Mellidorina, poor thing, was crying in corners half the time. She kept imagining all sorts of horrors that her Little Prince might be going through – nor was she the only one. Without Prince Leo there to liven up the castle, playing happily and getting in trouble just as merrily, it was as if any sound was dulled, any light dimmed. And the King was away at war! Nothing was right in Narnia. Oh, how terribly he had regretted bringing them the news of the White Stag! Even when their beloved King Edmund had unexpectedly returned, the joy Tumnus had felt had been genuine, but incomplete. And then, astoundingly, unbelievably, word had reached Cair Paravel of a miracle. The High King was back! The Great Lion gave him four Signs to find him! And not him alone! The whole castle seemed to shake itself out of its depression. How anxiously, how restlessly they had waited for more news! Was their King back? Would he save their Prince? But news from the North were scarce! Rumours flew wildly, growing out of proportion with every retelling. King Edmund returned, a treaty signed and peace ensured, but he merely added to the frenzied quality of the guesswork. It was all their good King could do not to run off to try and help them: Nevertheless, the wait was unbearable. But in the end, it was confirmed: Eagles were tasked to bring messages back and forth, while the odd group returning from the Wild North traversed their beloved country slowly. There are preparations to be made, Your Majesty! How should we entertain them? And we shall have to contact the families of those who are not Narnians! how are we to explain what happened? Yet his hope and worry mingled and churned so badly in his heart that they made him often curt with his subjects and at times quite unbearable. At last everything was ready and the returning party was drawing close. Tumnus volunteered for the unenviable task of keeping company to his increasingly frantic King while they waited for the group to approach; everybody else was too edgy. No help for instance came from Philip, the old friend that King Edmund insisted on mounting though not in Battle! Then again, Tumnus himself - like everybody else! The crowd had grown hushed. All those who were present felt privileged to have witnessed such a reunion and they quieted in respect. Then the two Kings let go of each other and turned to their people, and stood side by side like they used to long before, tall and proud and merrily laughing. As one, their subjects bared their heads and bended their knees, saluting their Kings. The celebration that ensued was unforgettable, a glorious day that seamlessly morphed into a night to remember. Royal Feasts in Narnia were always wonderful, full of friends and foods, laughter and dances, cheer and warmth! but there were a few that stood out among all others. Tumnus remembered them well, for each was a precious and treasured memory. Till long after the sunset had died away, and the stars had come out, there was dancing, and laughing, and vivacious music pouring through the livened halls, fiddles and flutes and drums whose sounds mingled with the rhythmical thump of several feet and flew over the grinning merrymakers and out into the night, until it met and mingled with the stranger, sweeter, and more piercing music of the sea people, come to welcome their Royals back. Everybody joined in the bliss: Dryads with leafcrowned hair floating behind them, Dwarfs all dressed in their finest clothes, with fur-lined hoods and golden tassels, all sorts of people coming out of the trees in showers – chirpy Squirrels, watchful Owls, Bears and Badgers, Cheetahs and Cats, Hedgehogs waddling as fast as their short legs would carry them, proud Mice and merry Fauns! and many, many others, all happily enjoying the marvellous food and the flowing wine though the young ones were given milk and bramble juice and the light spilling from the beautiful chandeliers, until the stars were

fully visible in the sky and the Moon gazed down upon them. How could they not? There was so much to celebrate! To have the Just King back from war, safe and sound and victorious moreover, was a relief for everybody and cause for merriment in itself. And to see the High King sit regally on his throne, magnificent and majestic like he once used to, was filling everybody with a sense of rightness and happiness. Tumnus drifted among the gathered people with a small smile on his face, his heart singing with contentment again. He watched the Fauns and Satyrs launch in fast-paced dances filled with jumping; and the Matrons coo at the children and scold them for running wildly and feed them honeyed sweets; and the High King be swamped by cherishing welcomes and well-wishers, for everyone wanted to touch him and make sure he was really there; and the new Daughter of Eve, Lady Jill, ask so many questions she herself ended up laughing at her own eagerness; and Prince Corin, looking immensely relieved, indulge the Little Prince by listening to the recount of his amazing adventure and grin hugely at the obvious embellishments! At one point, glancing out of a tall window toward the sea, Tumnus even saw the silhouettes of King Edmund and the Great Lion walking side by side on the moonlit shore. They truly were blessed on this night. Something was missing, something precious and wonderful, and he felt the absence keenly. More, it seemed, than anybody else! and more than ever, tonight, amidst all the cheer. And he wondered, where were their Queens tonight? What was their Valliant Lucy doing? After that, things settled easily into some sort of normalcy. The two Kings fell back without a hitch into the routines of when they ruled together. They shared duties and burdens with the naturalness born of years of practice and more, of true respect and admiration for each other. They complimented and supported each other flawlessly: They were also, Tumnus suspected, a great source of comfort for each other, as they could share playful banter that invariably lightened their moods like it would have been impossible with any of their subjects. They teased each other a lot too - especially about their odd age differences, even though most Narnians had simply taken it all in stride: The two Kings however seemed to understand the situation a little more, if not completely, from what Tumnus had overheard; and they found it hilarious. His father had told him countless times, when he was but a faunlet: Oreius was in his element, inspecting troops, reorganizing supply trains, supervising the training grounds! In the meanwhile, King Edmund and the Falcon Rowan, the Head Diplomat, had taken upon themselves the task of returning the young ones to their countries and families. With the High King once more on his throne, his brother could afford to leave Narnia for longer periods of time and it was a chance to strengthen or renew diplomatic ties with most neighbouring countries. Now his ability was shining brighter than ever. Most grown-ups were sceptic about his assertions, but all the children that were with him had confirmed that he had - somehow - thrown off a warrior with but a wave of his hand. Lady Jill and Bibi the Bear Cub adamantly claimed it was magic. The music of the fauns was peculiar - wild, intensely sweet and yet just the least bit eerie too - but most importantly, it was filled with magic, good magic. A particularly fine musician, like Tumnus was, could influence the emotions of his listeners, reaching into their minds and souls, but that ability was rare: He picked up the basics of the Narnian flute in no time at all and from the very first tunes he played, they could all feel that he was weaving magic with the music, albeit uncertainly and without much control. That would come with age and practice anyway. Luckily, the Prince was now at an age when it was appropriate to start teaching him the arts of combat, as befit a Narnian Knight. Thus life went on happily, land and people going about their business in peace and harmony. Seldom had the Narnians been so happy. The only one who could not bring himself to enjoy the peace properly was Tumnus himself. It was perhaps only fair then, that it be Tumnus who witnessed the most amazing thing one spring afternoon: Come, oh, do come quick! Oh, my dear, dear Mr Tumnus, it is really you! Your review has been posted.

### Chapter 6 : The Little Prince Questions and Answers - [www.nxgvision.com](http://www.nxgvision.com)

*The Little Prince is a novella written and illustrated by french aristocrat Antoine de Saint-Exupéry ( - ). First published in , the book has since been translated into more than.*

I am busy with my plane. It is a serious thing! My hands are touching the engine. The engine is dirty. My hands are dirty too. But the engine is important for me. I know that it is my mistake. He only counts numbers. I am a serious man! But he is not a man, he is a mushroom! His face is white. And you think that it is not good to try to understand why flowers have thorns. There is a war between the sheep and the flowers. And you think that it is not important? I know a flower which is the only flower in the world, which exists only on my planet. It is a flower which a little sheep can eat for breakfast. And you think that this is not important? You are happy because you know that your flower is he says up there. But if the sheep eats the flower, then the sky is very sad for you. He starts to cry. I put my tools on the ground. How important are my tools, my engine, my death now? On one planet, on my planet, the Earth, there is a little prince who needs me. I take him in my arms. I can draw you something which can protect your flower. I can draw you a fence. You can put the fence around your flower. It is so strange when somebody cries.

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When the special flower first grew, she did not show her petals for a long time. The little prince watched her carefully and wondered if she might be a new kind of baobab. As the days passed, she stopped growing and started to bloom, but she was far too vain to open up quickly. She spent a long time choosing her colors and unfolding her petals. When she finally showed herself, she was complex and gorgeous. The little prince could hardly believe she existed. The little flower was quite demanding, and for a long time the little prince did everything she wanted. She showed him her thorns and said they could ward off a tiger. She demanded a screen and a glass so she would be protected from wind. Rather than thank him when he did what she wanted, she criticized all his attempts to satisfy her. This made him very sad. Now, the little prince confides, he understands that he should not have allowed his flower to make him sad. You must never listen to flowers. You must look at them and smell them. The little prince says he should have appreciated his flower more and ignored her contradictory nature. Flowers are silly and difficult, but he should have loved her in spite of all that. Instead, he decided to leave. Before leaving, the little prince tended the two active volcanoes on his planet, raking them so that they would not erupt too abruptly and burn everything up. When he finished with the active volcanoes, the little prince raked the inactive one "just in case" and pulled up the last baobab sprouts. Finally, the little prince went to his flower to say good-bye. She refused to answer at first, but then she burst out that she loved him and wanted him to stay. She apologized for being silly. This just confused the little prince, who did not understand enough about life to know that she meant what she was saying. When he did not answer, the flower grew angry again and told him to go quickly and make the parting short. At the time, he did not realize why she was pushing him away:

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*Over time, the pilot learns all about the little prince and his flower. She is unlike any other flower that exists on the little prince's planet, where most of the plants are quite simple and.*

These methods are when, either by some wicked or nefarious ways, one ascends to the principality, or when by the favour of his fellow-citizens a private person becomes the prince of his country. And speaking of the first method, it will be illustrated by two examples "one ancient, the other modern" and without entering further into the subject, I consider these two examples will suffice those who may be compelled to follow them. Agathocles, the Sicilian, became King of Syracuse not only from a private but from a low and abject position. This man, the son of a potter, through all the changes in his fortunes always led an infamous life. Nevertheless, he accompanied his infamies with so much ability of mind and body that, having devoted himself to the military profession, he rose through its ranks to be Praetor of Syracuse. Being established in that position, and having deliberately resolved to make himself prince and to seize by violence, without obligation to others, that which had been conceded to him by assent, he came to an understanding for this purpose with Hamilcar, the Carthaginian, who, with his army, was fighting in Sicily. One morning he assembled the people and senate of Syracuse, as if he had to discuss with them things relating to the Republic, and at a given signal the soldiers killed all the senators and the richest of the people; these dead, he seized and held the principedom of that city without any civil commotion. And although he was twice routed by the Carthaginians, and ultimately besieged, yet not only was he able to defend his city, but leaving part of his men for its defence, with the others he attacked Africa, and in a short time raised the siege of Syracuse. The Carthaginians, reduced to extreme necessity, were compelled to come to terms with Agathocles, and, leaving Sicily to him, had to be content with the possession of Africa. Therefore, he who considers the actions and the genius of this man will see nothing, or little, which can be attributed to fortune, inasmuch as he attained pre-eminence, as is shown above, not by the favour of any one, but step by step in the military profession, which steps were gained with a thousand troubles and perils, and were afterwards boldly held by him with many hazards and dangers. Yet it cannot be called talent to slay fellow-citizens, to deceive friends, to be without faith, without mercy, without religion; such methods may gain empire, but not glory. Still, if the courage of Agathocles in entering into and extricating himself from dangers be considered, together with his greatness of mind in enduring overcoming hardships, it cannot be seen why he should be esteemed less than the most notable captain. Nevertheless, his barbarous cruelty and inhumanity with infinite wickednesses do not permit him to be celebrated among the most excellent men. What he achieved cannot be attributed either to fortune or to genius. In our times, during the rule of Alexander VI, Oliverotto da Fermo, having been left an orphan many years before, was brought up by his maternal uncle, Giovanni Fogliani, and in the early days of his youth sent to fight under Paolo Vitelli, that, being trained under his discipline, he might attain some high position in the military profession. After Paolo died, he fought under his brother Vitellozzo, and in a very short time, being endowed with wit and a vigorous body and mind, he became the first man in his profession. But it appearing to him a paltry thing to serve under others, he resolved, with the aid of some citizens of Fermo, to whom the slavery of their country was dearer than its liberty, and with the help of the Vitelli, to seize Fermo. So he wrote to Giovanni Fogliani that, having been away from home for many years, he wished to visit him and his city, and in some measure to look into his patrimony; and although he had not laboured to acquire anything except honour, yet, in order that the citizens should see he had not spent his time in vain, he desired to come honourably, so would be accompanied by one hundred horsemen, his friends and retainers; and he entreated Giovanni to arrange that he should be received honourably by the citizens of Fermo, all of which would be not only to his honour, but also to that of Giovanni himself, who had brought him up. Giovanni, therefore, did not fail in any attentions due to his nephew, and he caused him to be honourably received by the Fermans, and he lodged him in his own house, where, having passed some days, and having arranged what was necessary for his wicked designs, Oliverotto gave a solemn banquet to which he invited Giovanni Fogliani and the chiefs of Fermo. When the viands and all the other entertainments that are usual in such banquets were finished, Oliverotto artfully began

certain grave discourses, speaking of the greatness of Pope Alexander and his son Cesare, and of their enterprises, to which discourse Giovanni and others answered; but he rose at once, saying that such matters ought to be discussed in a more private place, and he betook himself to a chamber, whither Giovanni and the rest of the citizens went in after him. No sooner were they seated than soldiers issued from secret places and slaughtered Giovanni and the rest. After these murders Oliverotto, mounted on horseback, rode up and down the town and besieged the chief magistrate in the palace, so that in fear the people were forced to obey him, and to form a government, of which he made himself the prince. He killed all the malcontents who were able to injure him, and strengthened himself with new civil and military ordinances, in such a way that, in the year during which he held the principality, not only was he secure in the city of Fermo, but he had become formidable to all his neighbours. And his destruction would have been as difficult as that of Agathocles if he had not allowed himself to be overreached by Cesare Borgia, who took him with the Orsini and Vitelli at Sinigaglia, as was stated above. Thus one year after he had committed this parricide, he was strangled, together with Vitellozzo, whom he had made his leader in valour and wickedness. Some may wonder how it can happen that Agathocles, and his like, after infinite treacheries and cruelties, should live for long secure in his country, and defend himself from external enemies, and never be conspired against by his own citizens; seeing that many others, by means of cruelty, have never been able even in peaceful times to hold the state, still less in the doubtful times of war. I believe that this follows from severities being badly or properly used. The badly employed are those which, notwithstanding they may be few in the commencement, multiply with time rather than decrease. Those who practise the first system are able, by aid of God or man, to mitigate in some degree their rule, as Agathocles did. It is impossible for those who follow the other to maintain themselves. Hence it is to be remarked that, in seizing a state, the usurper ought to examine closely into all those injuries which it is necessary for him to inflict, and to do them all at one stroke so as not to have to repeat them daily; and thus by not unsettling men he will be able to reassure them, and win them to himself by benefits. He who does otherwise, either from timidity or evil advice, is always compelled to keep the knife in his hand; neither can he rely on his subjects, nor can they attach themselves to him, owing to their continued and repeated wrongs. For injuries ought to be done all at one time, so that, being tasted less, they offend less; benefits ought to be given little by little, so that the flavour of them may last longer. And above all things, a prince ought to live amongst his people in such a way that no unexpected circumstances, whether of good or evil, shall make him change; because if the necessity for this comes in troubled times, you are too late for harsh measures; and mild ones will not help you, for they will be considered as forced from you, and no one will be under any obligation to you for them.

**Chapter 9 : The Little Prince: Chapter 9**

*A summary of Chapters VII-IX in Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's The Little Prince. Learn exactly what happened in this chapter, scene, or section of The Little Prince and what it means.*

The embedded audio player requires a modern internet browser. You should visit [Browse Happy](#) and update your internet browser today! Perhaps a very splendid personage, with a crown on his head and a scepter in his hand, sitting on a throne and judging the people. Never cross, or tired, or sick, or suffering; perfectly handsome and well dressed, calm and good-tempered, ready to see and hear everybody, and discourteous to nobody; all things always going well with him, and nothing unpleasant ever happening. This, probably, was what Prince Dolor expected to see. And what did he see? But I must tell you how he saw it. The King is ill, though his Majesty does not wish it to be generally known—it would be so very inconvenient. It is so very amusing. The prince was just now too much excited to talk much. Was he not going to see the king his uncle, who had succeeded his father and dethroned himself; had stepped into all the pleasant things that he, Prince Dolor, ought to have had, and shut him up in a desolate tower? What was he like, this great, bad, clever man? Had he got all the things he wanted, which another ought to have had? And did he enjoy them? For the rest nobody knows. She pecked at the tiles with her beak—truly she was a wonderful bird—and immediately a little hole opened, a sort of door, through which could be seen distinctly the chamber below. Make haste, for I must soon shut it up again. Everybody knows it, but nobody speaks of it. Why, though the royal family are supposed to live shut up behind stone walls ever so thick, all the world knows that they live in a glass house where everybody can see them and throw a stone at them. Now pop down on your knees, and take a peep at his Majesty. The Prince gazed eagerly down into a large room, the largest room he had ever beheld, with furniture and hangings grander than anything he could have ever imagined. A stray sunbeam, coming through a crevice of the darkened windows, struck across the carpet, and it was the loveliest carpet ever woven—just like a bed of flowers to walk over; only nobody walked over it, the room being perfectly empty and silent. In the center of it, just visible under the silken counterpane, quite straight and still, with its head on the lace pillow, lay a small figure, something like wax-work, fast asleep—very fast asleep! A sight not ugly nor frightening, only solemn and quiet. And so very silent—two little flies buzzing about the curtains of the bed being the only audible sound. He had been angry—furiously angry—ever since he knew how his uncle had taken the crown, and sent him, a poor little helpless child, to be shut up for life, just as if he had been dead. Many times the boy had felt as if, king as he was, he should like to strike him, this great, strong, wicked man. Why, you might as well have struck a baby! How helpless he lay, with his eyes shut, and his idle hands folded: No, there was not the least use in being angry with him now. On the contrary, the Prince felt almost sorry for him, except that he looked so peaceful with all his cares at rest. And this was being dead? So even kings died? Perhaps he is glad it is over. He sat in the center of his traveling-cloak, silent and thoughtful. All the world will. Suppose we float up again and see it all—at a safe distance, though. It will be such fun! As soon as the cathedral bell began to toll and the minute-guns to fire, announcing to the kingdom that it was without a king, the people gathered in crowds, stopping at street corners to talk together. The murmur now and then rose into a shout, and the shout into a roar. When Prince Dolor, quietly floating in upper air, caught the sound of their different and opposite cries, it seemed to him as if the whole city had gone mad together. And then began—oh, what a scene! When you children are grown men and women—or before—you will hear and read in books about what are called revolutions—earnestly I trust that neither I nor you may ever see one. But they have happened, and may happen again, in other countries besides Nomansland, when wicked kings have helped to make their people wicked too, or out of an unrighteous nation have sprung rulers equally bad; or, without either of these causes, when a restless country has fancied any change better than no change at all. But all these things you will find in history, my children, and must by and by judge for yourselves the right and wrong of them, as far as anybody ever can judge. Prince Dolor saw it all. Things happened so fast one after another that they quite confused his faculties. She had been chatting incessantly all day and all night, for it was actually thus long that Prince Dolor had been hovering over the city, neither eating nor sleeping, with all these

terrible things happening under his very eyes. All right, your royal highness. We may meet again some time. But the minute afterward she became only a bird, and with a screech and a chatter, spread her wings and flew away. Prince Dolor fell into a kind of swoon of utter misery, bewilderment, and exhaustion, and when he awoke he found himself in his own room—alone and quiet—with the dawn just breaking, and the long rim of yellow light in the horizon glimmering through the windowpanes.