

Com que el petit príncep s'adormia, el vaig prendre en braços, i em vaig posar en camí altra vegada. Estava emocionat. Em semblava portar un tresor fràgil. Em semblava, fins i tot, com si no hi hagués res més fràgil sobre la terra. Jo contemplava, a la llum de la lluna, aquell front pàl·lid, aquells ulls closos, aquells manyocs de cabells que tremolaven al vent, i em deia: el que veig és només l'escorça. Allò que té d'important és invisible...

*As the little prince fell asleep, I took him in my arms and set out walking once more. I felt moved. It seemed to me that I was carrying a very fragile treasure. It seemed to me even, that there was nothing more fragile on the Earth. In the moonlight I looked at his pale forehead, his closed eyes, his locks of hair that trembled in the wind, and I said to myself: "What I see here is nothing but a shell. What is most important is invisible..."*

(Saint-Exupéry, 1943)

## 5. CONCLUSIONS