



'Dear Little Prince'
By Shreeya Sahi, Junior Winner from India

Dear Little Prince,

Do you know what my favourite thing about dandelions is? It's not just the wonder of how their crowns of golden sun turn into the silvery hair of the moon. Nor is it that with a little puff of breath, entwined with a wish, stars of seeds take flight. It's the fact that no one plants them, yet they still grow anywhere they like. It's the poetic thought that their roots go deeper and deeper into the moist soil over time.

Little prince, you are like a dandelion. I have read your story countless times, and my love and admiration for you grows deeper and bigger within my softened heart over time.

I am writing tell you how much I treasure you and why I feel you are the most heroic and brave character I know.

When people think of heroes, they imagine individuals with extraordinary abilities like invisibility, super-speed, or telekinesis. They envision muscular figures whom everybody admires and applauds. But in my eyes, this doesn't fully describe what a true hero is. To me, a real hero is someone who has the courage to learn, love, lose, forgive, persevere, and let go.

Firstly, I admire your endless wonder and curiosity to understand the world around you. You ask question after question, like an innocent little grasshopper flitting from leaf to leaf, alive with energy. You inquire about things others wouldn't dare to ask, and you couldn't care less about what others think of you. You are unafraid to question the norms and strive to understand why things are the way they are and their purpose. Your inquiries, such as questioning the need for wealth or pondering the ownership of stars, are bold and inspiring. Through you, I have understood how much most grown-ups miss by obsessing over unimportant matters and neglecting the truly beautiful things around them.

Secondly, I look up to you because you are brave and adventurous. Even though you know you may face many challenges and dangers along the way, you still set off from your home in search of new experiences. You leave your beloved rose behind and embark on a journey to other planets. It requires courage to abandon the familiar and comfortable in order to explore the unknown. I admire that you take risks and put yourself in danger in order to learn and grow. You taught me never to give up or lose hope, but persevere through difficult times and search for a way ahead.

Little Prince, your compassionate and empathetic nature astonishes me. I am awestruck that despite being so young, you have such a big heart and care for those around you. You are quick to offer help and support to those in need whether it's through kind words or a listening ear. Even when your rose acted petulant and demanding, you held no grudges and took immense care of her. Your ability to see beyond the surface and value the deeper meaning of things shows strength and daring. In what others see as a hat, you perceive a boa constrictor swallowing an elephant. You took on the challenge of taming a wild fox, turning it into a friendship. You understand that sometimes what is truly essential can be invisible to the eye. Through your observations of life, I have come to realize that strength isn't solely found in achieving grand feats; it also lies in recognizing the importance of small joys

such as forty-four sunsets, drawings of lambs, and a single rose. The way you understand love and friendship, care and joy, and the way you recognize the importance of cherishing the present moment offer valuable lessons for all of us.



Over the course of my life, I have befriended frogs, swum in waterfalls, and talked to moss. I have learned from you that childhood doesn't come only once. It lasts your whole entire life as long as you stay young in your heart.

Your journey around the world from planet to planet, like a dandelion seed fluttering in the wind, has touched the hearts of millions around the universe, including me.

When I look at anyone, whatever age, size, or species, I look for that tiny piece of the little prince in them. Rosy cheeks, ringing bell laughter, a soft heart, or a caring soul - we all have a piece of you, little prince. Because, well, aren't we all made of stardust?

Love,
Shreeya Khanna Sahi