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| **Travelling with The Little Prince. A multitrip or a hypertrip.** |

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| **Author:** | Tsigka Georgia- Zeta |
| **Age of students:** | 15-19 |
| **Duration:** | 90 minutes |
| **Description:** | A teaching scenario regarding Multimodal Texts (texts with several kinds of hyperlinks, images, symbols) - Version for the teacher to read and prepare. |
| **Skills:** | Students also will gain some digital skills, as they will  • understand how the reader of hypertexts/ mmultimodal texts is a co-producer of meaning,  • reflect on the idea that digital texts (on the web and our personal devices) are not static and permanent. The creator of hypertexts / multimodal texts adds fluidity, requiring the reader's active interaction with it. It might be considered as destruction compared to regular texts but also offers to each reader many options, to select the hyperlinks he/she will activate by drawing his/her own personal path into the text and to find out more information / reasons to generate imagination and thinking,  • reflect on the power of multimedia and interactivity,  • re-invent reading as active reading.  In this way, the traditional domination of speech subsides and multimodality emerges as an integral component, even in literature, in our new digital environments. Relevant tricks and practices are already in place in the field of printed literature, of course. It is just that the hyper-dimensional digital literature passes these feelings more eloquently. |
| **Requirements for the implementation:** | The teacher needs to  -has read *The Little Prince* novel  - has access to the computers lab  - be familiar with the Google drive application or relevant digital platform to store and edit texts  - has a students’ Gmail accounts mail list  - has some experience on how hyperlinks can be created in a text  - likes to work with groups in class ☺  Students need to  - create/ activate a Gmail account  -are familiar with *The Little Prince* story (if not the full text) |

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| **Objectives:**  **Knowledge**  Through the activities of the learning scenario, teachers aim so as students:  • learn how to technically create hyperlinks in a text that is to create a hypertext like the numerous they come across every day on the internet   * understand how a hypertext may include hyperlinks to multimedia files (visual, audio) , as well as to other texts. * come into first contact in the sense of hyper-literary literature. |

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| **Steps:**  Introduction  -Some days before, the teacher provides students with the original text (or some part) of The Little Prince, by Antoine de Saint-Exupery and gives a brief information about the implementation of the scenario  **1st step (20’)**  Students prepare to work divided in groups of 3-4   * Teacher suggests students to visit Wikipedia and read the entry about the “The Little Prince” [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The\_Little\_Prince](about:blank) * After they observe it, they answer the question: Name the differences between the Wikipedia article and a printed article of the book. * The teacher writes down their observations * The teacher triggers a dialogue among students: are they are familiar with such a text from the field of literature, invites them to share their experience etc.   [At this stage, the aim is for students to locate mainly the capability of the hyperlinks provided by the Wikipedia entry. They lead either to other entries or elsewhere within the entry itself, or on other relevant web pages]  **2nd step (40’)**   * Teacher gives a short presentation about how a hyperlink is technically created in a text * Teacher has created a folder containing short abstracts about the planets 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, and 330, which the Little Prince visited according to the story. Texts are uploaded as Google documents on Google Drive (or other similar application). The teacher invites students to access and edit the documents via their Gmail addresses.   \*Indicative articles from The Little Prince novel can be found at Annex I   * Each group reads the text given. * All groups are suggested to choose a word or a phrase and create a hyperlink directing to a multimedia file (video, audio), images, other texts on the web.   At this stage, the teacher gives support and encourages students who are not familiar with the procedure.   * Students are free to create as many links as they like within the rest of time.   **3rd step (30’)**   * Every group gives a few minutes presentation of their work to the assembly. * The teacher triggers a discussion, about how the original text has changed, what and if added value is offered by the hyperlinks.   All activities are given to the students on 3 Working Sheets (found at Annex II)  ASSESMENT - FEEDBACK |

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| **Assessment - Feedback:** A questionnaire or other activity is given to students, to evaluate the knowledge acquired (creating hyperlinks to deferent types of files of websites) and record their experience in digital literature). Some suggestions can be found at Annex III. |

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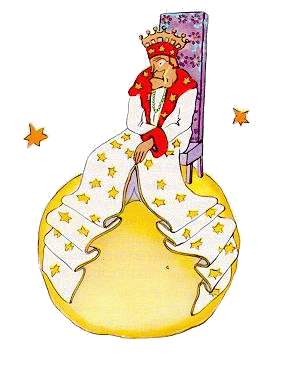
ANNEXES:

**ANNEX I**

Articles for the groups of students. Each group is assigned one article

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| Planet 325 |

The first of them was inhabited by a king. Clad in royal purple and ermine, he was seated upon a throne which was at the same time both simple and majestic.



*"Ah! Here is a subject,"* exclaimed the king, when he saw the little prince coming.

And the little prince asked himself:

*"How could he recognize me when he had never seen me before?"*

*[…]*

*"Approach, so that I may see you better,"* said the king, who felt consumingly proud of being at last a king over somebody.

The little prince looked everywhere to find a place to sit down; but the entire planet was crammed and obstructed by the king's magnificent ermine robe. So he remained standing upright, and, since he was tired, he yawned.

*"It is contrary to etiquette to yawn in the presence of a king,"*the monarch said to him. *"I forbid you to do so."*

*"I can't help it. I can't stop myself,"* replied the little prince, thoroughly embarrassed. *"I have come on a long journey, and I have had no sleep . . ."*

*"Ah, then,"* the king said. *"I order you to yawn. It is years since I have seen anyone yawning. Yawns, to me, are objects of curiosity. Come, now! Yawn again! It is an order."*

*"That frightens me . . . I cannot, any more . . ."* murmured the little prince, now completely abashed.

*"Hum! Hum!"* replied the king. *"Then I--I order you sometimes to yawn and sometimes to--"*

He sputtered a little, and seemed vexed.

For what the king fundamentally insisted upon was that his authority should be respected. He tolerated no disobedience. He was an absolute monarch. But, because he was a very good man, he made his orders reasonable.

*"If I ordered a general,"* he would say, by way of example, *"if I ordered a general to change himself into a sea bird, and if the general did not obey me, that would not be the fault of the general. It would be my fault."*

*"May I sit down?"* came now a timid inquiry from the little prince.

*"I order you to do so,"* the king answered him, and majestically gathered in a fold of his ermine mantle.

But the little prince was wondering . . . The planet was tiny. Over what could this king really rule?

*"Sire,"* he said to him, *"I beg that you will excuse my asking you a question--"*

*"I order you to ask me a question,"* the king hastened to assure him.

*"Sire--over what do you rule?"*

*"Over everything,"* said the king, with magnificent simplicity.

*"Over everything?"*

The king made a gesture, which took in his planet, the other planets, and all the stars.

*"Over all that?"* asked the little prince.

*"Over all that,"* the king answered.

For his rule was not only absolute: it was also universal.

*"And the stars obey you?"*

*"Certainly they do,"* the king said. *"They obey instantly. I do not permit insubordination."*

Such power was a thing for the little prince to marvel at. If he had been master of such complete authority, he would have been able to watch the sunset, not forty-four times in one day, but seventy-two, or even a hundred, or even two hundred times, without ever having to move his chair. And because he felt a bit sad as he remembered his little planet which he had forsaken, he plucked up his courage to ask the king a favor:

*"I should like to see a sunset . . . Do me that kindness . . . Order the sun to set . . ."*

*"If I ordered a general to fly from one flower to another like a butterfly, or to write a tragic drama, or to change himself into a sea bird, and if the general did not carry out the order that he had received, which one of us would be in the wrong?"*the king demanded. *"The general, or myself?"*

*"You,"* said the little prince firmly.

*"Exactly. One must require from each one the duty which each one can perform,"* the king went on. *"Accepted authority rests first of all on reason. If you ordered your people to go and throw themselves into the sea, they would rise up in revolution. I have the right to require obedience because my orders are reasonable."*

*"Then my sunset?"* the little prince reminded him: for he never forgot a question once he had asked it.

*"You shall have your sunset. I shall command it. But, according to my science of government, I shall wait until conditions are favorable."*

*"When will that be?"* inquired the little prince.

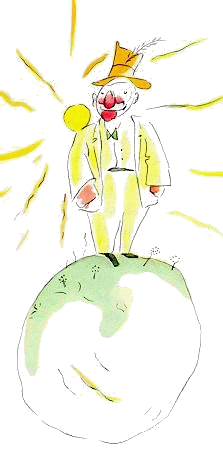
*"Hum! Hum!"* replied the king; and before saying anything else he consulted a bulky almanac. *"Hum! Hum! That will be about--about--that will be this evening about twenty minutes to eight. And you will see how well I am obeyed!"*

The little prince yawned. He was regretting his lost sunset. And then, too, he was already beginning to be a little bored.

*"I have nothing more to do here,"* he said to the king. *"So I shall set out on my way again."*

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| Planet 326 |

The second planet was inhabited by a conceited man.



*"Ah! Ah! I am about to receive a visit from an admirer!"* he exclaimed from afar, when he first saw the little prince coming.

For, to conceited men, all other men are admirers.

*"Good morning,"* said the little prince. *"That is a queer hat you are wearing."*

*"It is a hat for salutes,"* the conceited man replied. *"It is to raise in salute when people acclaim me. Unfortunately, nobody at all ever passes this way."*

*"Yes?"* said the little prince, who did not understand what the conceited man was talking about.

*"Clap your hands, one against the other,"* the conceited man now directed him.

The little prince clapped his hands. The conceited man raised his hat in a modest salute.

*"This is more entertaining than the visit to the king,"* the little prince said to himself. And he began again to clap his hands, one against the other. The conceited man again raised his hat in salute.

After five minutes of this exercise the little prince grew tired of the game's monotony.

*"And what should one do to make the hat come down?"* he asked.

But the conceited man did not hear him. Conceited people never hear anything but praise.

*"Do you really admire me very much?"* he demanded of the little prince.

*"What does that mean--'admire'?"*

*"To admire means that you regard me as the handsomest, the best-dressed, the richest, and the most intelligent man on this planet."*

*"But you are the only man on your planet!"*

*"Do me this kindness. Admire me just the same."*

*"I admire you,"* said the little prince, shrugging his shoulders slightly, *"but what is there in that to interest you so much?"*

And the little prince went away.

*"The grown-ups are certainly very odd,"* he said to himself, as he continued on his journey.

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| Planet 327 |



The next planet was inhabited by a tippler. This was a very short visit, but it plunged the little prince into deep dejection.

*"What are you doing there?"* he said to the tippler, whom he found settled down in silence before a collection of empty bottles and also a collection of full bottles.



*"I am drinking,"* replied the tippler, with a lugubrious air.

*"Why are you drinking?"* demanded the little prince.

*"So that I may forget,"* replied the tippler.

*"Forget what?"* inquired the little prince, who already was sorry for him.

*"Forget that I am ashamed,"* the tippler confessed, hanging his head.

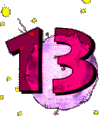
*"Ashamed of what?"* insisted the little prince, who wanted to help him.

*"Ashamed of drinking!"* The tipler brought his speech to an end, and shut himself up in an impregnable silence.

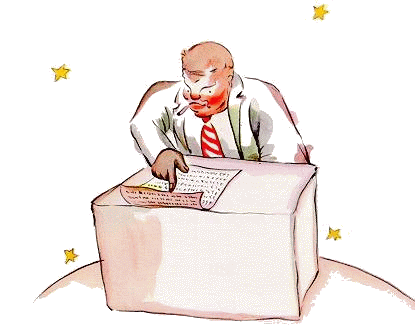
And the little prince went away, puzzled.

*"The grown-ups are certainly very, very odd,"* he said to himself, as he continued on his journey.

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| Planet 328 |



The fourth planet belonged to a businessman. This man was so much occupied that he did not even raise his head at the little prince's arrival.



*"Good morning,"* the little prince said to him. *"Your cigarette has gone out."*

*"Three and two make five. Five and seven make twelve. Twelve and three make fifteen. Good morning. FIfteen and seven make twenty-two. Twenty-two and six make twenty-eight. Twenty-six and five make thirty-one. Phew! Then that makes five-hundred-and-one million, six-hundred-twenty-two-thousand, seven-hundred-thirty-one."*

*"Five hundred million what?"* asked the little prince.

*"Eh? Are you still there? Five-hundred-and-one million--I can't stop . . . I have so much to do! I am concerned with matters of consequence. I don't amuse myself with balderdash. Two and five make seven . . ."*

*"Five-hundred-and-one million what?"* repeated the little prince, who never in his life had let go of a question once he had asked it.

The businessman raised his head.

*"During the fifty-four years that I have inhabited this planet, I have been disturbed only three times. The first time was twenty-two years ago, when some giddy goose fell from goodness knows where. He made the most frightful noise that resounded all over the place, and I made four mistakes in my addition. The second time, eleven years ago, I was disturbed by an attack of rheumatism. I don't get enough exercise. I have no time for loafing. The third time--well, this is it! I was saying, then, five-hundred-and-one millions--"*

*"Millions of what?"*

The businessman suddenly realized that there was no hope of being left in peace until he answered this question.

*"Millions of those little objects,"* he said, *"which one sometimes sees in the sky."*

*"Flies?"*

*"Oh, no. Little glittering objects."*

*"Bees?"*

*"Oh, no. Little golden objects that set lazy men to idle dreaming. As for me, I am concerned with matters of consequence. There is no time for idle dreaming in my life."*

*"Ah! You mean the stars?"*

*"Yes, that's it. The stars."*

*"And what do you do with five-hundred millions of stars?"*

*"Five-hundred-and-one million, six-hundred-twenty-two thousand, seven-hundred-thirty-one. I am concerned with matters of consequence: I am accurate."*

*"And what do you do with these stars?"*

*"What do I do with them?"*

*"Yes."*

*"Nothing. I own them."*

*"You own the stars?"*

*"Yes."*

*"But I have already seen a king who--"*

*"Kings do not own, they reign over. It is a very different matter."*

*"And what good does it do you to own the stars?"*

*"It does me the good of making me rich."*

*"And what good does it do you to be rich?"*

*"It makes it possible for me to buy more stars, if any are discovered."*

*"This man,"* the little prince said to himself, *"reasons a little like my poor tippler . . ."*

Nevertheless, he still had some more questions.

*"How is it possible for one to own the stars?"*

*"To whom do they belong?"* the businessman retorted, peevishly.

*"I don't know. To nobody."*

*"Then they belong to me, because I was the first person to think of it."*

*"Is that all that is necessary?"*

*"Certainly. When you find a diamond that belongs to nobody, it is yours. When you discover an island that belongs to nobody, it is yours. When you get an idea before any one else, you take out a patent on it: it is yours. So with me: I own the stars, because nobody else before me ever thought of owning them."*

*"Yes, that is true," said the little prince. "And what do you do with them?"*

*"I administer them,"* replied the businessman. *"I count them and recount them. It is difficult. But I am a man who is naturally interested in matters of consequence."*

The little prince was still not satisfied.

*"If I owned a silk scarf,"* he said, *"I could put it around my neck and take it away with me. If I owned a flower, I could pluck that flower and take it away with me. But you cannot pluck the stars from heaven . . ."*

*"No. But I can put them in the bank."*

*"Whatever does that mean?"*

*"That means that I write the number of my stars on a little paper. And then I put this paper in a drawer and lock it with a key."*

*"And that is all?"*

*"That is enough,"* said the businessman.

*"It is entertaining,"* thought the little prince. *"It is rather poetic. But it is of no great consequence."*

On matters of consequence, the little prince had ideas which were very different from those of the grown-ups.

*"I myself own a flower,"* he continued his conversation with the businessman, *"which I water every day. I own three volcanoes, which I clean out every week (for I also clean out the one that is extinct; one never knows). It is of some use to my volcanoes, and it is of some use to my flower, that I own them. But you are of no use to the stars . . ."*

The businessman opened his mouth, but he found nothing to say in answer. And the little prince went away.

*"The grown-ups are certainly altogether extraordinary,"* he said simply, talking to himself as he continued on his journey.

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| Planet 329 |



The fifth planet was very strange. It was the smallest of all. There was just enough room on it for a street lamp and a lamplighter. The little prince was not able to reach any explanation of the use of a street lamp and a lamplighter, somewhere in the heavens, on a planet which had no people, and not one house. But he said to himself, nevertheless:

*"It may well be that this man is absurd. But he is not so absurd as the king, the conceited man, the businessman, and the tippler. For at least his work has some meaning. When he lights his street lamp, it is as if he brought one more star to life, or one flower. When he puts out his lamp, he sends the flower, or the star, to sleep. That is a beautiful occupation. And since it is beautiful, it is truly useful."*

When he arrived on the planet he respectfully saluted the lamplighter.

*"Good morning. Why have you just put out your lamp?"*

*"Those are the orders,"* replied the lamplighter. *"Good morning."*

*"What are the orders?"*

*"The orders are that I put out my lamp. Good evening."*

And he lighted his lamp again.

*"But why have you just lighted it again?"*

*"Those are the orders,"* replied the lamplighter.

*"I do not understand,"* said the little prince.

*"There is nothing to understand,"* said the lamplighter. *"Orders are orders. Good morning."*

And he put out his lamp.

Then he mopped his forehead with a handkerchief decorated with red squares.

*"I follow a terrible profession. In the old days it was reasonable. I put the lamp out in the morning, and in the evening I lighted it again. I had the rest of the day for relaxation and the rest of the night for sleep."*

*"And the orders have been changed since that time?"*

*"The orders have not been changed,"* said the lamplighter. *"That is the tragedy! From year to year the planet has turned more rapidly and the orders have not been changed!"*

*"Then what?"* asked the little prince.

*"Then--the planet now makes a complete turn every minute, and I no longer have a single second for repose. Once every minute I have to light my lamp and put it out!"*

*"That is very funny! A day lasts only one minute, here where you live!"*

*"It is not funny at all!"* said the lamplighter. *"While we have been talking together a month has gone by."*

*"A month?"*

*"Yes, a month. Thirty minutes. Thirty days. Good evening."*

And he lighted his lamp again.

As the little prince watched him, he felt that he loved this lamplighter who was so faithful to his orders. He remembered the sunsets which he himself had gone to seek, in other days, merely by pulling up his chair; and he wanted to help his friend.

*"You know,"* he said, *"I can tell you a way you can rest whenever you want to. . ."*

*"I always want to rest,"* said the lamplighter.

For it is possible for a man to be faithful and lazy at the same time.

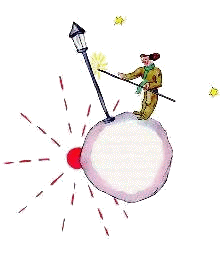
The little prince went on with his explanation:

*"Your planet is so small that three strides will take you all the way around it. To be always in the sunshine, you need only walk along rather slowly. When you want to rest, you will walk--and the day will last as long as you like."*

*"That doesn't do me much good,"* said the lamplighter. *"The one thing I love in life is to sleep."*

*"Then you're unlucky,"* said the little prince.

*"I am unlucky,"* said the lamplighter. *"Good morning."*

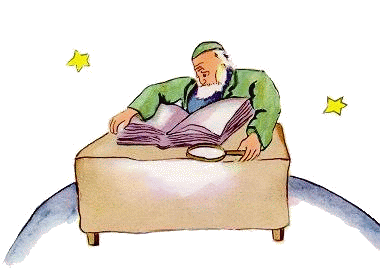


And he put out his lamp.

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| Planet 329 |



The sixth planet was ten times larger than the last one. It was inhabited by an old gentleman who wrote voluminous books.



*"Oh, look! Here is an explorer!"* he exclaimed to himself when he saw the little prince coming.

The little prince sat down on the table and panted a little. He had already traveled so much and so far!

*"Where do you come from?"* the old gentleman said to him.

*"What is that big book?"* said the little prince. "What are you doing?"

*"I am a geographer,"* said the old gentleman.

*"What is a geographer?"* asked the little prince.

*"A geographer is a scholar who knows the location of all the seas, rivers, towns, mountains, and deserts."*

*"That is very interesting,"* said the little prince. *"Here at last is a man who has a real profession!"* And he cast a look around him at the planet of the geographer. It was the most magnificent and stately planet that he had ever seen.

*"Your planet is very beautiful,"* he said. *"Has it any oceans?"*

*"I couldn't tell you,"* said the geographer.

*"Ah!"* The little prince was disappointed. *"Has it any mountains?"*

*"I couldn't tell you,"* said the geographer.

*"And towns, and rivers, and deserts?"*

*"I couldn't tell you that, either."*

*"But you are a geographer!"*

*"Exactly,"* the geographer said. *"But I am not an explorer. I haven't a single explorer on my planet. It is not the geographer who goes out to count the towns, the rivers, the mountains, the seas, the oceans, and the deserts. The geographer is much too important to go loafing about. He does not leave his desk. But he receives the explorers in his study. He asks them questions, and he notes down what they recall of their travels. And if the recollections of any one among them seem interesting to him, the geographer orders an inquiry into that explorer's moral character."*

*"Why is that?"*

*"Because an explorer who told lies would bring disaster on the books of the geographer. So would an explorer who drank too much."*

*"Why is that?"* asked the little prince.

*"Because intoxicated men see double. Then the geographer would note down two mountains in a place where there was only one."*

*"I know someone,"* said the little prince, *"who would make a bad explorer."*

*"That is possible. Then, when the moral character of the explorer is shown to be good, an inquiry is ordered into his discovery."*

*"One goes to see it?"*

*"No. That would be too complicated. But one requires the explorer to furnish proofs. For example, if the discovery in question is that of a large mountain, one requires that large stones be brought back from it."*

The geographer was suddenly stirred to excitement.

*"But you--you come from far away! You are an explorer! You shall describe your planet to me!"*

And, having opened his big register, the geographer sharpened his pencil. The recitals of explorers are put down first in pencil. One waits until the explorer has furnished proofs, before putting them down in ink.

*"Well?"* said the geographer expectantly.

*"Oh, where I live,"* said the little prince, *"it is not very interesting. It is all so small. I have three volcanoes. Two volcanoes are active and the other is extinct. But one never knows."*

*"One never knows,"* said the geographer.

*"I have also a flower."*

*"We do not record flowers,"* said the geographer.

*"Why is that? The flower is the most beautiful thing on my planet!"*

*"We do not record them,"* said the geographer, *"because they are ephemeral."*

*"What does that mean--'ephemeral'?"*

*"Geographies,"* said the geographer, *"are the books which, of all books, are most concerned with matters of consequence. They never become old-fashioned. It is very rarely that a mountain changes its position. It is very rarely that an ocean empties itself of its waters. We write of eternal things."*

*"But extinct volcanoes may come to life again,"* the little prince interrupted. *"What does that mean-- 'ephemeral'?"*

*"Whether volcanoes are extinct or alive, it comes to the same thing for us,"* said the geographer. *"The thing that matters to us is the mountain. It does not change."*

*"But what does that mean--'ephemeral'?"* repeated the little prince, who never in his life had let go of a question, once he had asked it.

*"It means, 'which is in danger of speedy disappearance.'"*

*"Is my flower in danger of speedy disappearance?"*

*"Certainly it is."*

*"My flower is ephemeral,"* the little prince said to himself, *"and she has only four thorns to defend herself against the world. And I have left her on my planet, all alone!"*

That was his first moment of regret. But he took courage once more.

*"What place would you advise me to visit now?"* he asked.

*"The planet Earth,"* replied the geographer. *"It has a good reputation."*

And the little prince went away, thinking of his flower

**ANNEX II. Working Sheets**

**1ST WORKING SHEET**

Activities

* Visit the page [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The\_Little\_Prince](about:blank)
* In your group discuss and name the differences between the Wikipedia article and a printed article of the book.

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| Wikipedia article | A regular printed article |
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* Kindly present to the class your ideas. And do not forget to give feedback to other groups’ opinions.
* Divide in groups of 3 or 4 before the next step.

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**2nd WORKING SHEET**

Activities

* You are invited in a shared document via your Gmail account. It is a short article from The Little Prince, by Antoine de Saint-Exupery. Access your mailbox and read the text. Actually, welcome to your planet!
* Working in your group, choose sounds and images to add "new life" to the planet

a) Are there words or phrases of text that create specific images? Search the Google Image Search Engine for the closest picture to what comes to your mind and upload it to a separate Wiki page. Otherwise, take a picture and upload it. Create a hyperlink with the corresponding photo in the word of the image that gave you the image.

b) What words or phrases in the text bring to mind a song or some music? Search for the relevant video (e.g. on YouTube or other platform) and create the corresponding hyperlink.

* Since you work in a group, you can subdivide your responsibilities and take roles: one/ two searching for pictures, videos, audio files relevant to the word/ phrase selected, one creating the hyperlink, one suggesting for next word/ phrase to create hyperlink and so on.
* Continue adding hyperlinks to more words/ phrases. Experiment with different types of links.
* You can write something inspired by the text you read. Make a new document in your file (at desktop) . For example, what happened to the hero met on this planet by the Little Prince. Then, create a hyperlink to a word or phrase of the snippet that will lead you to the document that you created.

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**3rd WORKING SHEET**

* Take 10’ to prepare a 3-4’ presentation of the hypertext/ multimodal text you created with your group. Show the class the links they will go through as readers
* Discuss your experience in the assembly

**ANNEX III**

Questionnaire: Give us feedback after the workshop

1. Do you think that the multimodal version of the text that you made differs radically from the printed version of The Little Prince?

Yes

No

1. Do you agree that the multimodal version offers more satisfaction to the reader?

Yes

No

Other

1. According to your opinion, do the links that you created on the text add some value to it?

Yes

No

1. Do you think that the choices of multimodals are dictated mainly by the text itself or by the tastes and experiences of the editor?

By the text

By the editor's personality

By both equally

1. When do you feel that your imagination is free: When reading the printed or the digital version?

Printed

Digital