

“Matters of consequence...You sound like an adult; rude and selfish,” the little prince remarked angrily and continued, “You know what? I know of a gentleman from another planet who had never seen a flower or had ever smelt it. He had not experienced anything and had nothing to talk about except counting figures. He too takes pride in saying like you that he was dealing with matters of consequence. And the queerest thing is that he happens to be a mushroom.”

The little prince’s words caught the pilot’s ears and he said aloud amazed, “What...a mushroom? You mean to say you’re comparing me with a mushroom?”

The little prince was overwhelmed with rage and could not stop justifying that his worry about the flower being eaten by the sheep was a matter of grave concern. To prove his point the little prince put forth his argument, “Don’t you think saving a flower from being eaten by a sheep and destroyed is an important task? Doesn’t what something one values matter to you?”

The pilot noticed that the little prince’s face had turned red with anger as his golden locks **fluttered** in the wind. Not stopping at that, the little prince continued, “Just think if someone loves from the bottom of his heart a flower whose one blossom seems to brighten up a million stars and looking at the stars the person can feel the presence of the full bloom flower and be happy, doesn't that happiness matter to you? And if that sheep eats the flower, all those bright stars will be darkened in the blink of an eye. Darkness and gloom will overcast the sky. How will that feel? Isn't that important?” The little prince was so overwhelmed with emotions that his voice choked and he could speak no more. His eyes swelled with tears and the pilot could hear him **sobbing**.

It was almost nightfall. The sun had set and darkness had set in. The pilot decided to call it a day when he realised that the feelings of the little prince actually mattered to him. Seeing him in tears had saddened the pilot. The flower, the sheep and the happiness of the little prince associated with the blooming of the flower concerned him more than anything else. At that moment nothing mattered to him more than the happiness and comfort of the little prince. He dropped his hammer down and hugged the little prince to comfort him promising to make a **muzzle** for the sheep so that it could not eat the rose flower and also put up a railing around the flower plant to prevent the sheep from reaching out to it. Suddenly the stars, the flower, the sheep and everything the little prince cared for became the pilot’s main concern too. He could think of nothing but comforting the little prince and felt utmost remorse for making the little prince sad and cry. The pilot assured the little

flutter /'flʌtə/ **verb**: to wave or flap rapidly in an irregular manner

sobbing /'sɒbɪŋ/ **verb**: cry uncontrollably

muzzle /'mʌz(ə)/ **noun**: a guard that covers an animal's mouth to keep it from biting

