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READING FOR HIGH SCHOOL

Lesson 25

Pambungad

*Magandang araw sa iyo, munting mambabasa! Handa ka na bang galugarin ang ating kwento ngayong araw? Sabay-sabay nating basahin ang librong **"The Little Prince"** isinulat ni **Antoine de Saint-Exupéry**. Huwag mag-alala; gagabayan kita, kaibigan!*

Reading for High School

Book Title: The Little Prince (CHAPTER 25)

Author: Antoine de Saint-Exupéry

Source: BookRags Inc.

THE LITTLE PRINCE: CHAPTER 25

Welcome Learner! This is AHA! Learning Center. You are going to learn chapter 25 of our story **"The Little Prince"**.

The little prince is planning to return home. The pilot now cares very much for the little prince and he is both frightened and sad at this plan. There is now friendship between the pilot and the little prince. Just as the fox tamed the little prince, the little prince has tamed the pilot. Today's objective is to explore this major theme/thesis of the book, being tamed, the nature of love and friendship.

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LEVEL 1 VOCAB HUNT

TEACHER: Before we start our journey to learn what chapter 4 is all about, let's try to hunt some vocabulary words that can help us understand the story much better, and this means that we have to find out the meaning of the following words below.

1. *strange*
2. *Weathervane*
3. *Shimmer*
4. *tremble*
5. *muzzle*

Do you find it hard? Go ahead and ask help from your friends!

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LEVEL 2: LET'S READ!

TEACHER: *I know it seems so long, but I know that you can do it!*

TEACHER: *Oh no! Before skipping, you might want to consider reading Level 2. You'll understand the story much better if you don't skip the level.*

"Men," said the little prince, "set out on their way in express trains, but they do not know what they are looking for. Then they rush about, and get excited, and turn round and round..." And he added: "It is not worth the trouble..." The well that we had come to was not like the wells of the Sahara. The wells of the Sahara are mere holes dug in the sand. This one was like a well in a village. But there was no village here, and I thought I must be dreaming... "It is strange," I said to the little prince. "Everything is ready for use: the pulley, the bucket, the rope..." He laughed, touched the rope, and set the pulley to working. And the pulley moaned, like an old weathervane which the wind has long since forgotten. "Do you hear?" said the little prince. "We have wakened the well, and it is singing..." I did not want him to tire himself with the rope. "Leave it to me," I said. "It is too heavy for you." I hoisted the bucket slowly to the edge of the well and set it there-- happy, tired as I was, over my achievement. The song of the pulley was still in my ears, and I could see the sunlight shimmer in the still trembling water. "I am thirsty for this water," said the little prince. "Give me some of it to drink..." And I understood what he had been looking for. I raised the bucket to his lips. He drank, his eyes closed. It was as sweet as some special festival treat. This water was indeed a different thing from ordinary nourishment. Its sweetness was born of the walk under the stars, the song of the pulley, the effort of my arms. It was good for the heart, like a present. When I was a little boy, the lights of the Christmas tree, the music of the Midnight Mass, the tenderness of smiling faces, used to make up, so, the radiance of the gifts I received. "The men where you live," said the little prince, "raise five thousand roses in the same garden-- and they do not find in it what they are looking for." "They do not find it," I replied. "And yet what they are looking for could be found in one single rose, or in a little water." "Yes, that is true," I said. And the little prince added: "But the eyes are blind. One must look with the heart..." I had drunk the water. I breathed easily. At sunrise the sand is the color of honey. And that honey color was making me happy, too. What brought me, then, this sense of grief? "You must keep your promise," said the little prince, softly, as he sat down beside me once more. "What promise?" "You know-- a

muzzle for my sheep... I am responsible for this flower..." I took my rough drafts of drawings out of my pocket. The little prince looked them over, and laughed as he said: "Your baobabs-- they look a little like cabbages." "Oh!" I had been so proud of my baobabs! "Your fox-- his ears look a little like horns; and they are too long." And he laughed again. "You are not fair, little prince," I said. "I don't know how to draw anything except boa constrictors from the outside and boa constrictors from the inside." "Oh, that will be all right," he said, "children understand." So then I made a pencil sketch of a muzzle. And as I gave it to him my heart was torn. "You have plans that I do not know about," I said. But he did not answer me. He said to me, instead: "You know-- my descent to the earth... Tomorrow will be its anniversary." Then, after a silence, he went on: "I came down very near here." And he flushed. And once again, without understanding why, I had a queer sense of sorrow. One question, however, occurred to me: "Then it was not by chance that on the morning when I first met you-- a week ago-- you were strolling along like that, all alone, a thousand miles from any inhabited region? You were on the your back to the place where you landed?" The little prince flushed again. And I added, with some hesitancy: "Perhaps it was because of the anniversary?" The little prince flushed once more. He never answered questions-- but when one flushes does that not mean "Yes"? "Ah," I said to him, "I am a little frightened--" But he interrupted me. "Now you must work. You must return to your engine. I will be waiting for you here. Come back tomorrow evening..." But I was not reassured. I remembered the fox. One runs the risk of weeping a little, if one lets himself be tamed...

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LEVEL 3: LET'S REVIEW

TEACHER: *This might help you understand the story!*

- The little prince and pilot pull the bucket up from the well.
- They both have a drink of water.
- The little prince asks for a drawing, a muzzle for his sheep.
- The little prince says that tomorrow is the anniversary of his descent to earth.
- The pilot sense that their meeting was more than chance.
- The pilot feels frightened that tomorrow the boy will leave.

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LEVEL 4: LET'S TRY

TEACHER: *You have gone so far as a learner! Let's do the level 4 to see your ability to*

understand and remember. If you have your notebook and pen write the letter of the correct answer.

163. At what time of day does the pilot find the well?

- (a) In the heat of the noon.
- (b) At daybreak.
- (c) At sunset.
- (d) In cool midnight.

164. Why does the pilot think he is dreaming when he finds the well?

- (a) It is in a place where no water should be.
- (b) Because he cannot touch it.
- (c) It is made of silver and gold.
- (d) It does not look like other wells of the Sahara. It is like the well in a village.

165. What sound does the well in the desert make?

- (a) It moans, like an old weathervane which the wind has long since forgotten.
- (b) It cries, like a child who is afraid.
- (c) It sings, like the song of the lark at break of day.
- (d) It creaks, like the hinge of a door that has never been oiled.

166. Who hoists the bucket up from the bottom of the well to the surface?

- (a) The pilot.
- (b) The little prince.
- (c) The woman by the well.
- (d) The snake.

167. Who drinks from the well first?

- (a) The pilot, he is near death.
- (b) The water is not real. Neither of them drink.
- (c) The little prince. This is the water he was thirsty for.
- (d) They drink together, they are so thirsty they cannot wait.

168. What is the final drawing which the little prince requests from the pilot?

- (a) A self-portrait.
- (b) A muzzle for the little prince's sheep.
- (c) The desert in moonlight.
- (d) A better rendition of the baobab trees.

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LEVEL 5: LET'S WRITE

TEACHER: *Getting tired? You are still awesome! you are done with level 4, let's try level*

five and have some fun.

TEACHER: *Last wave na to! Wag kang susuko.*

- The pilot is frightened and sad that the little prince is going to leave. Why is the pilot feeling this way? How has he come to care about the little prince? Is a sign of attachment the fear of loss?

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CONGRATULATIONS! YOU ARE DONE WITH CHAPTER 25 SEE YOU TOMORROW FOR OUR CHAPTER 26!

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