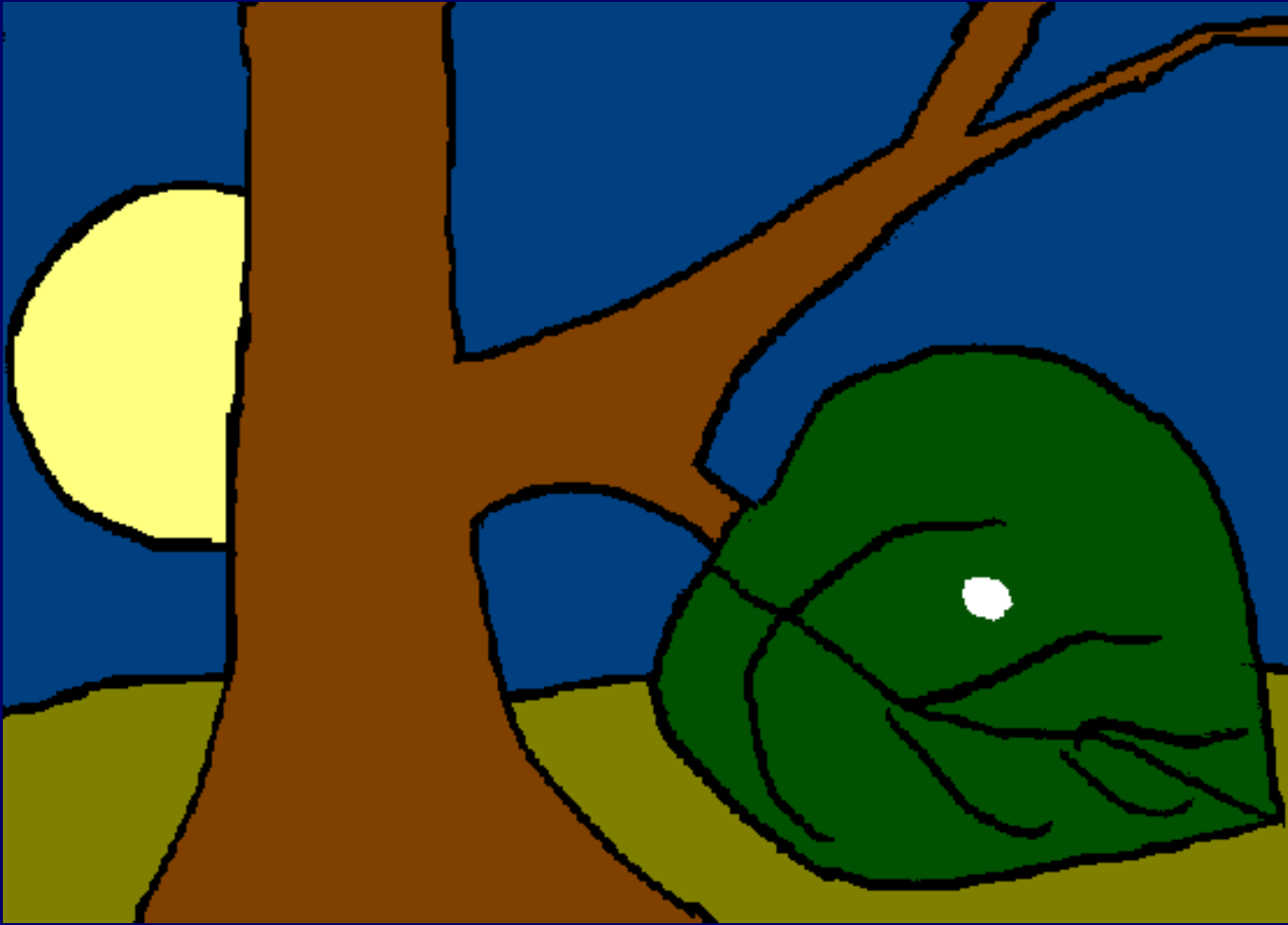


The Very Hungry Caterpillar.

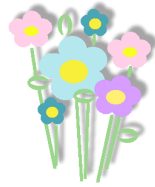
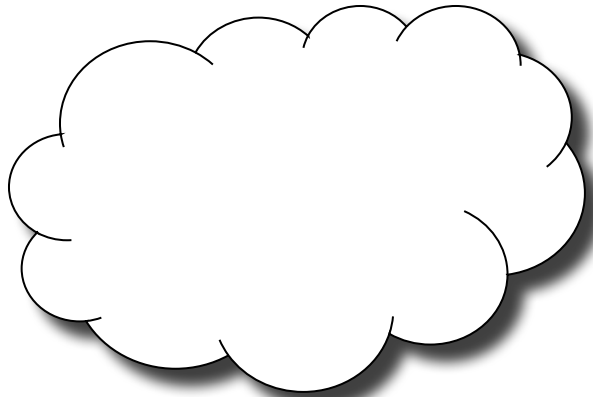


By Eric Carle

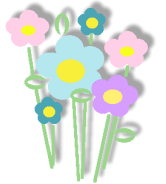


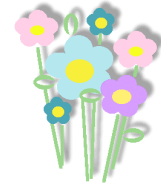
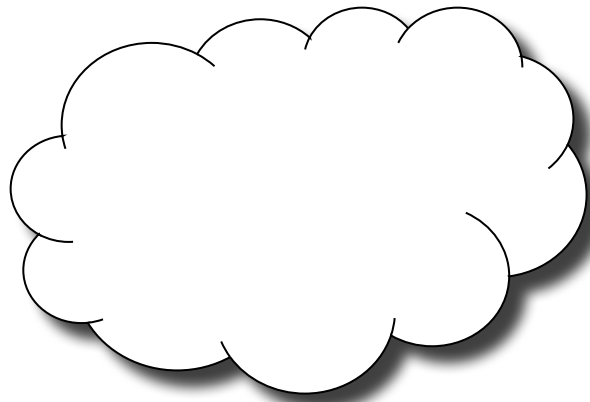


In the light of the moon a little egg
lay on a leaf.

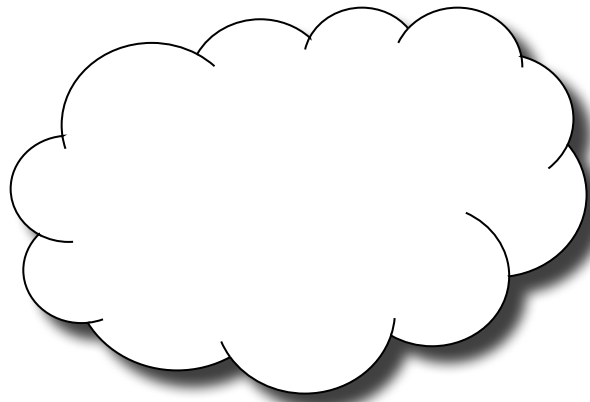


One Sunday morning the warm sun came up and pop! Out of the egg came a tiny and very hungry caterpillar.

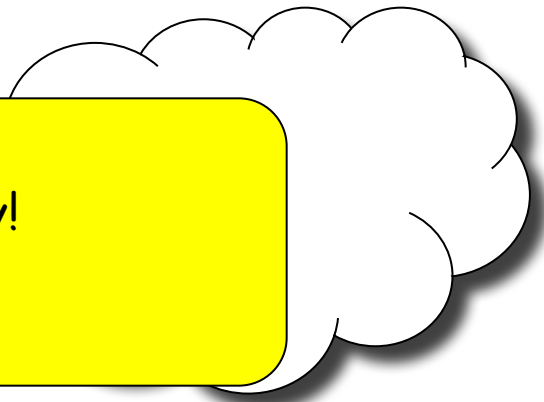




He started to look for some food.

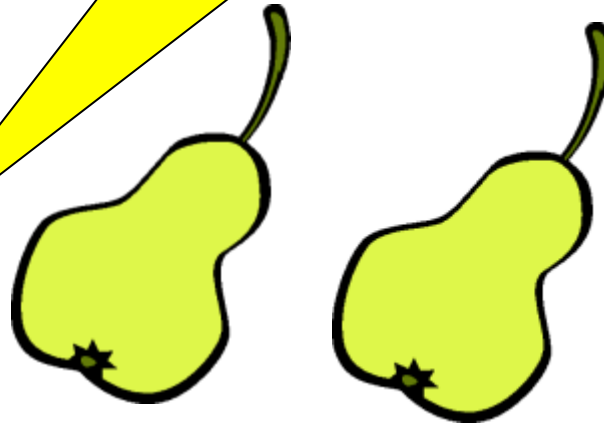
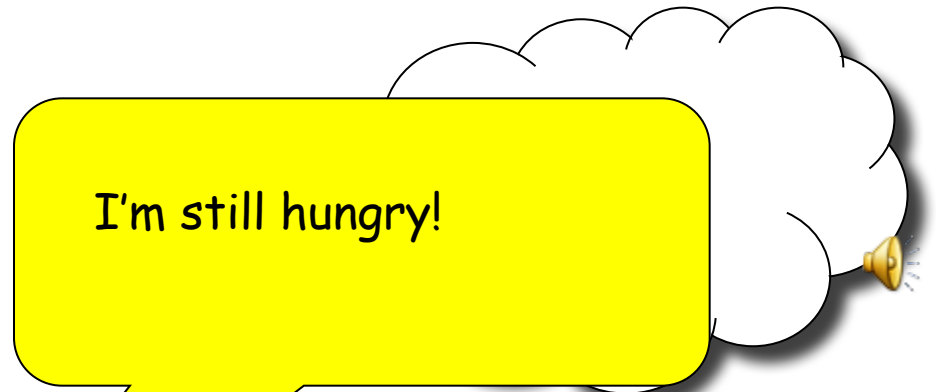
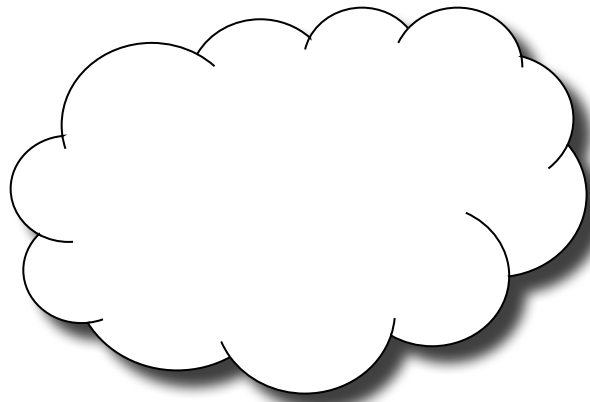


I'm still hungry!



On Monday he ate through one apple. But he was still hungry.



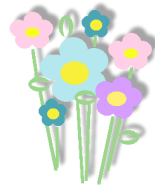


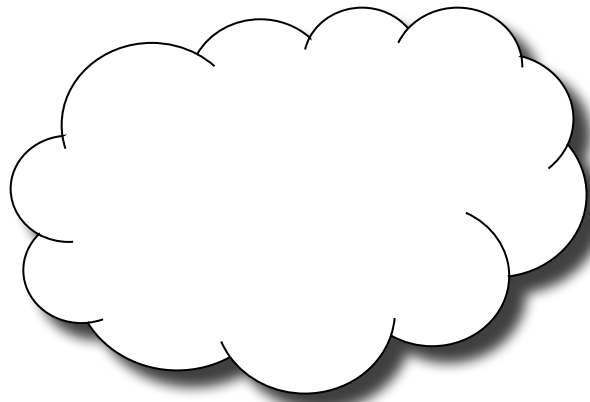
On Tuesday he ate through two pears, but he was still hungry.

On Wednesday he ate through three plums, but he was still hungry.

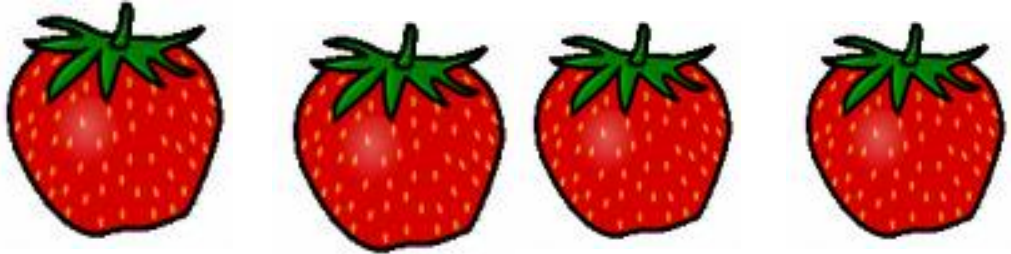
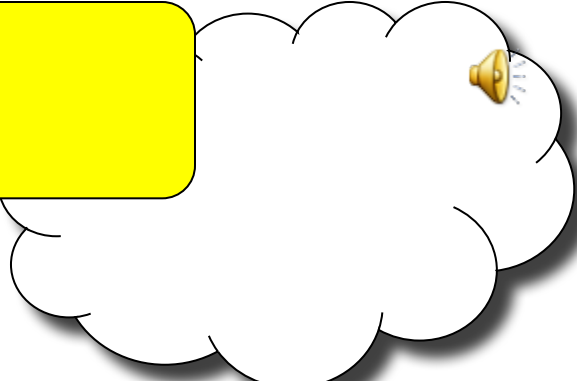


I'm still hungry!





I'm still hungry!

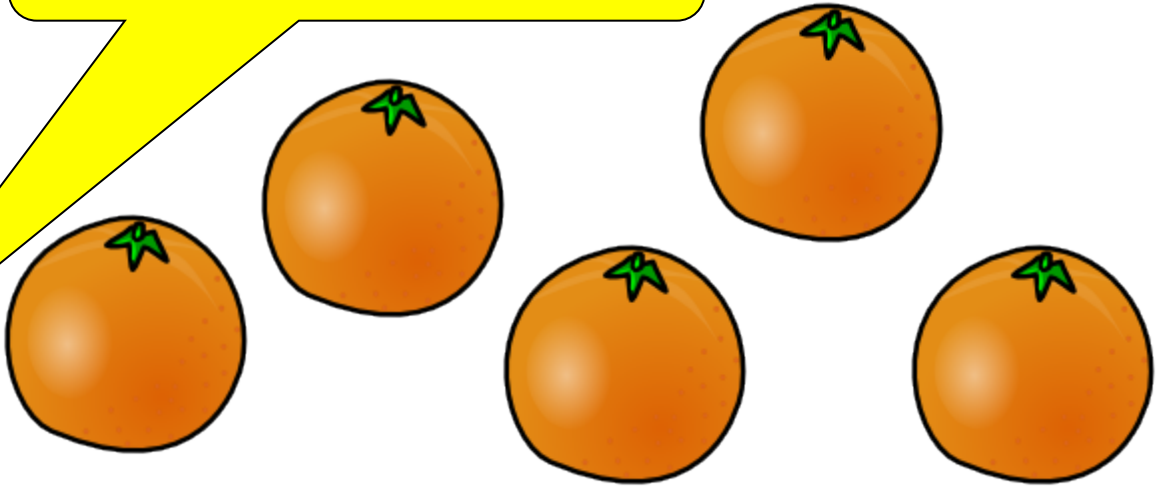


On Thursday he ate through four strawberries, but he was still hungry.



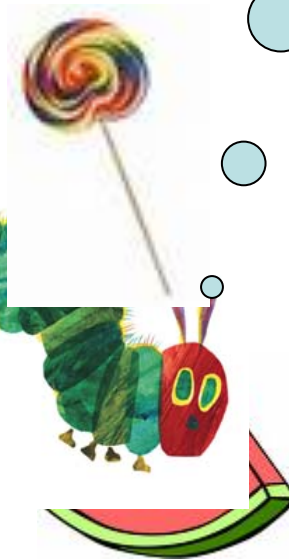
On Friday he ate through five oranges, but he was still hungry.

I'm still hungry!

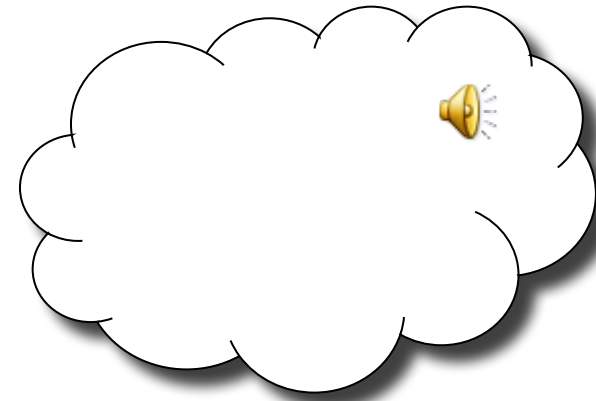
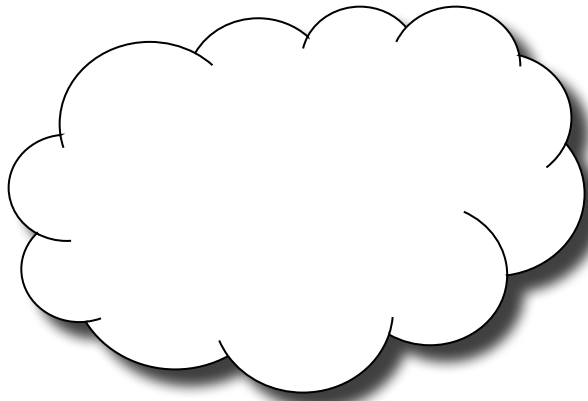




On Saturday he ate through.....



That night he had stomach-ache!



The next day was Sunday again.
The caterpillar ate through one
nice green leaf, and after that he
felt much better.

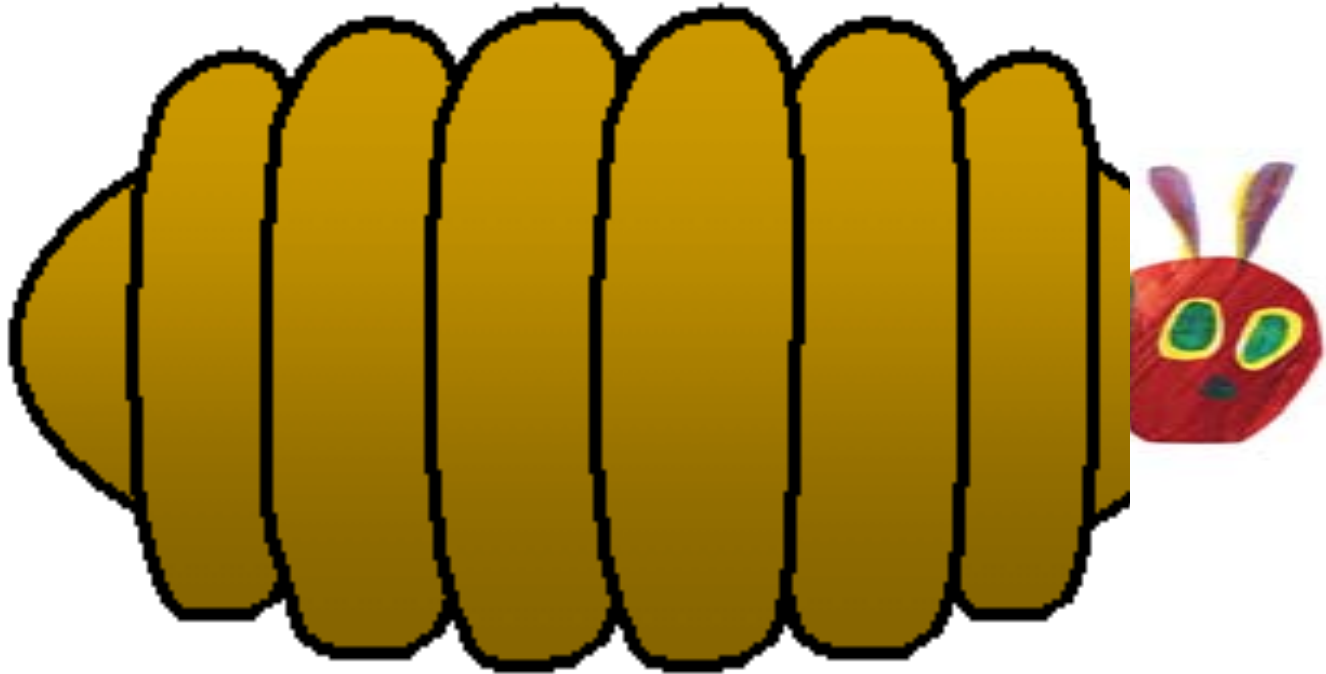
Now he wasn't hungry anymore-
and he wasn't a little caterpillar
any more.



He was a big, fat caterpillar.



He built a small house, called a cocoon, around himself. He stayed inside for more than two weeks.



Then he nibbled a hole in the cocoon, pushed his way out



He was a beautiful butterfly!