



# THE VERY HUNGRY CATERPILLAR

by Eric Carle





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

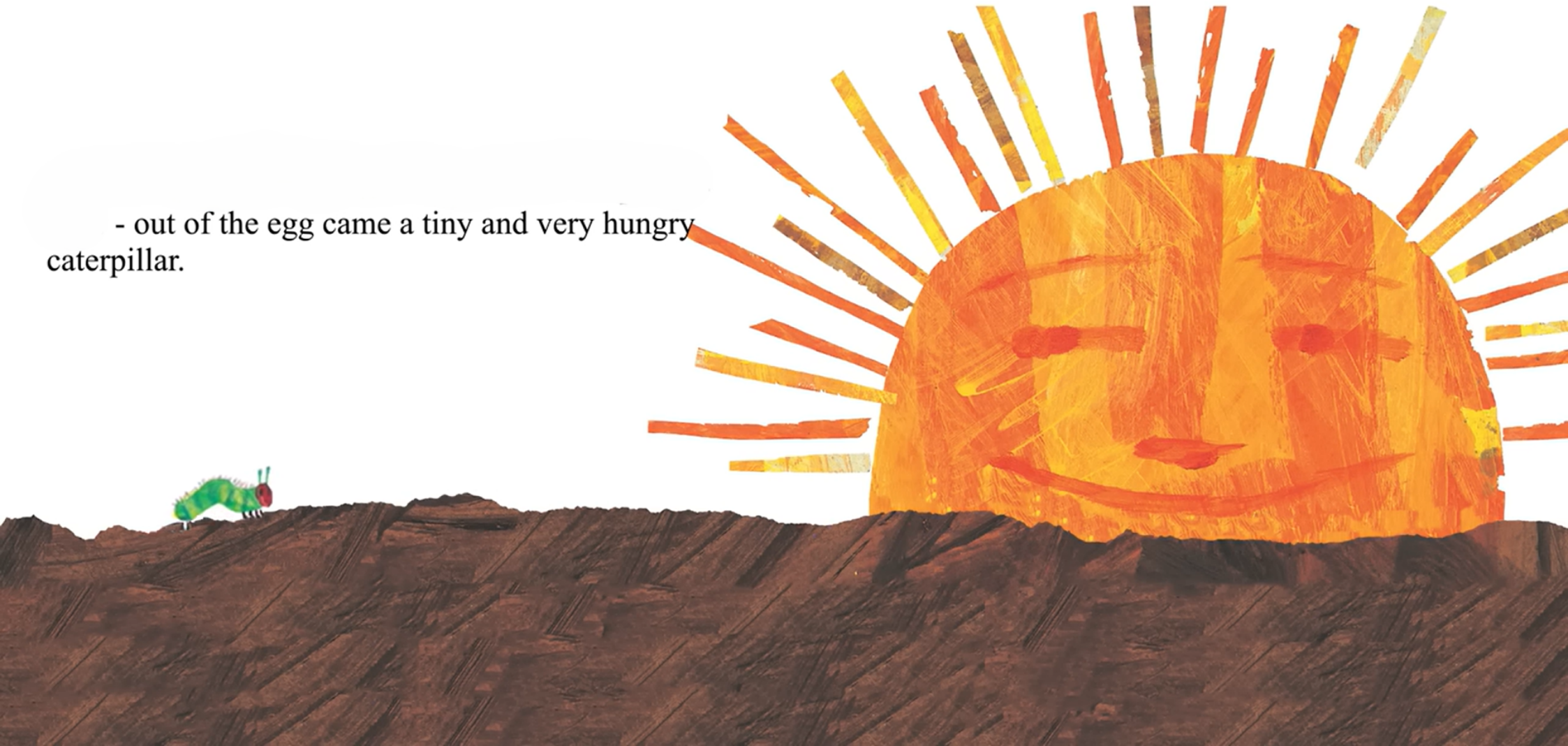


One Sunday morning the warm sun came up and -  
pop! -





- out of the egg came a tiny and very hungry caterpillar.





He started to look for some food.





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





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

He started to look for some food.





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

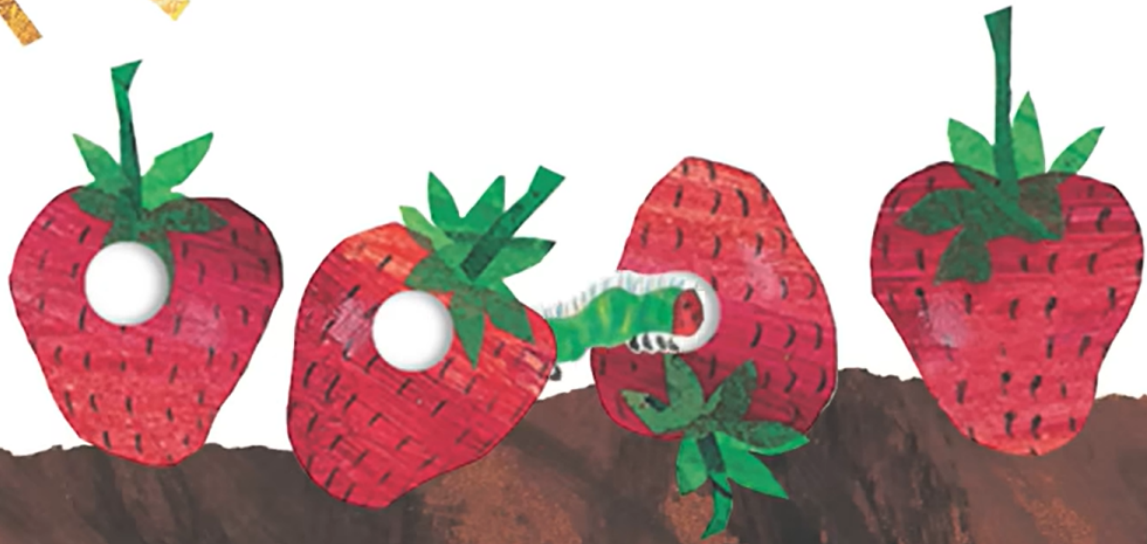
He started to look for some food.





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

He started to look for some food.





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

He started to look for some food.





On Saturday  
he ate through  
one piece of chocolate cake, one ice-cream cone, one pickle,  
one slice of Swiss cheese, one slice of salami, one lollipop, one piece of cherry pie,  
one sausage, one cupcake, and on slice of watermelon.



That night he had a stomachache!



That 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 any more - 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 and . . .



He was a beautiful butterfly!





THE  
END

