



# THE VERY HUNGRY CATERPILLAR

by Eric Carle

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

One Sunday morning the warm  came up and-pop!- out of the  came a tiny and very hungry .

He started to look for some food.











On Monday he ate through , but he was still hungry.

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

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

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

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

On Saturday he ate through one piece of , one , one , one slice of Swiss , one slice of , one , one piece of , one , one , and one slice of .

That night he had a stomachache!

The next day was Sunday again.

The caterpillar ate through one nice , and after that he felt much better.

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

He was a .

He built a small house, called a , around himself.


He stayed inside for more than two weeks.

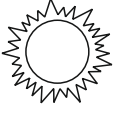
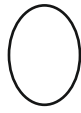
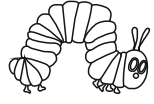
Then he nibbled a hole in the cocoon, and pushed his way out.

He became a beautiful  !


# THE VERY HUNGRY CATERPILLAR

by Eric Carle

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

One Sunday morning the warm  came up and-pop!- out of the  came a tiny and very hungry .

He started to look for some food.








On Monday he ate through , but he was still hungry.

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

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

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

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

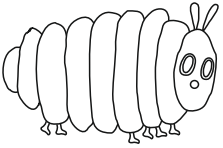
On Saturday he ate through one piece of , one slice of , one , one slice of , one , one , and one slice of .

That night he had a stomachache!

The next day was Sunday again.

The caterpillar ate through one nice , and after that he felt much better.

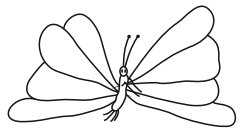
Now he wasn't hungry any more - and he wasn't a little caterpillar anymore.

He was a .

He built a small house, called a , around himself.

He stayed inside for more than two weeks.

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

He became a beautiful  !