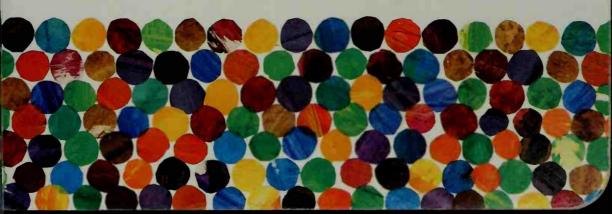


THE VERY HUNGRY CATERPILLAR

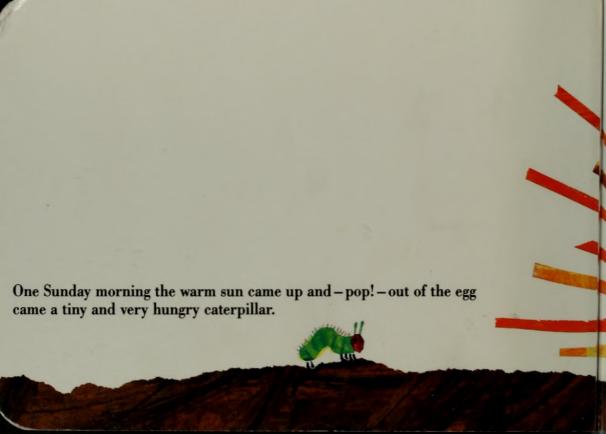
by Eric Carle

PHILOMEL BOOKS

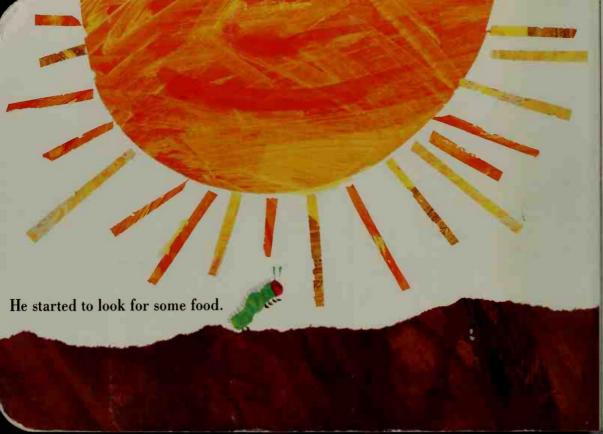


In the light of the moon a little egg lay on a leaf.



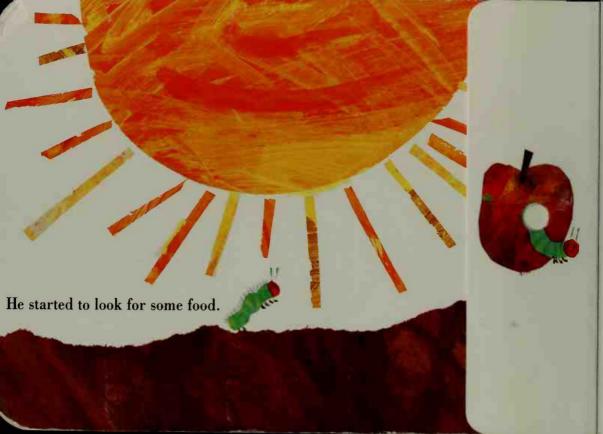






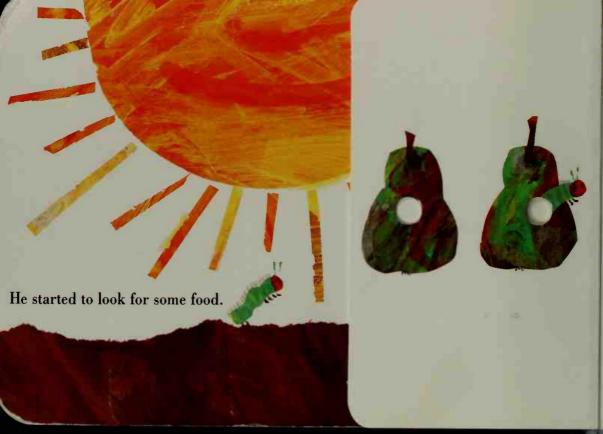


On Monday he ate through one apple. But he was still hungry.



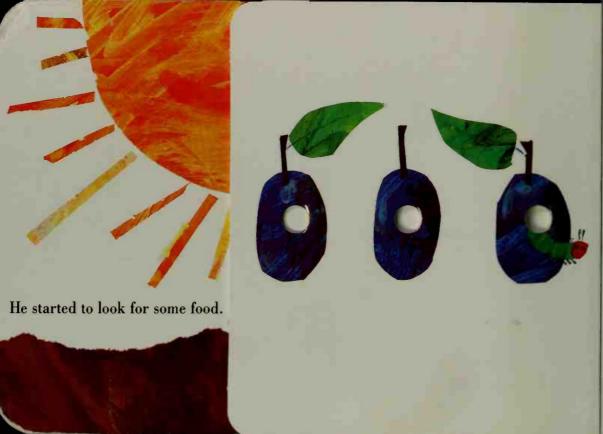


On Tuesday he ate through two pears, but he was still hungry.





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





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





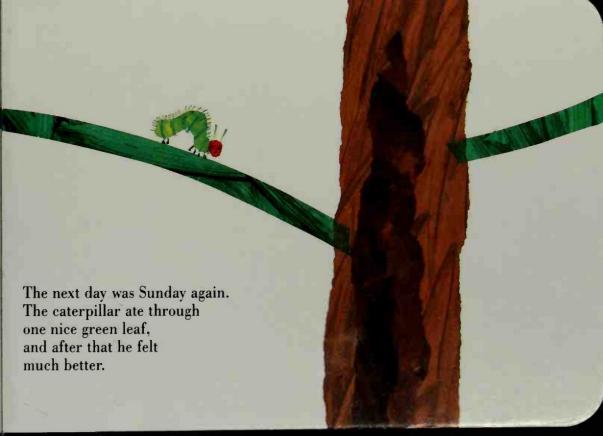
On Friday he ate through five oranges, but he was still hungry. On Saturday
he ate through
one piece of
chocolate cake, one ice-cream cone, one pickle, one slice of Swiss cheese, one slice of salami,



one lollipop, one piece of cherry pie, one sausage, one cupcake, and one slice of watermelon.







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...



