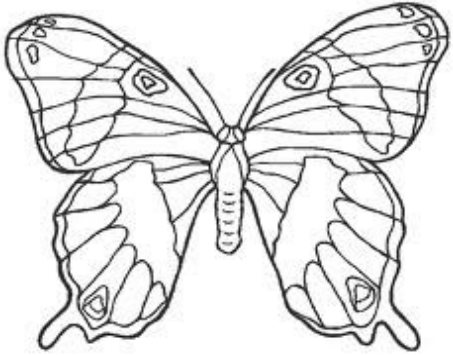
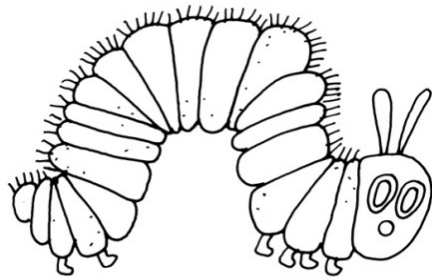


he was a beautiful butterfly !



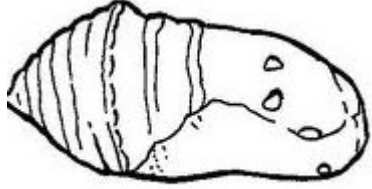
THE VERY HUNGRY CATERPILLAR



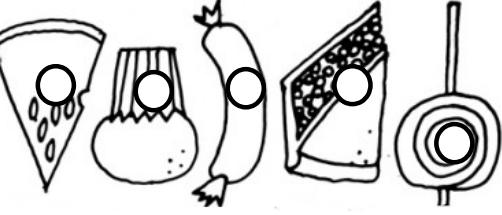
BY ERIC CARLE

<http://fofyalecole.eklablog.com>

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 and...



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

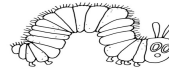
That night he had a stomachache !

The next day was Sunday again. The

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

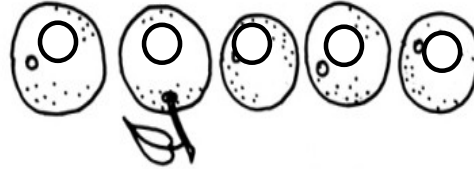


He started to look for some food.



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

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



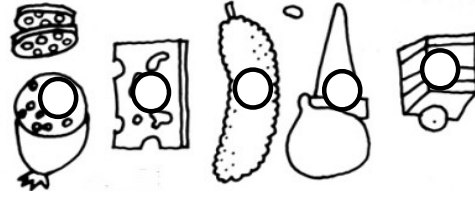
On Friday he ate through five oranges.

But he was still hungry.

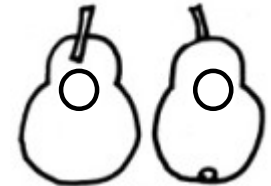


On Saturday he ate through one piece of chocolate cake, one ice-cream cone, one pickle, one slice of

Swiss cheese, one slice of salami,

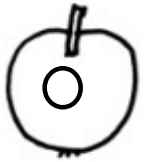


But he was still hungry.

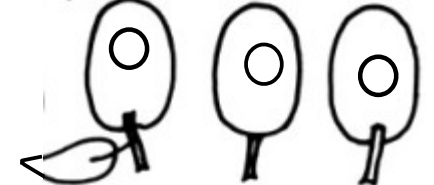


On Tuesday he ate through two pears.

But he was still hungry.



On Monday he ate through one apple.



On Wednesday he ate through three plums.

But he was still hungry.

On Thursday he ate through four

strawberries.

But he was still hungry.

