

The little caterpillar

geschrieben von

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.

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