

The Very Hungry caterpillar By Eric Carle	Gararrngan Yuulngin-ban.gaan Eric Carle-i
For my Christa.	Christa-gu ngay.
In the light of the moon a little egg lay on a leaf.	Dhuuraay-dha gilay-dhi gawu-dhuul garril-a wi-yla-nhi.
One Sunday morning the warm sun came up, and – pop! – out of the egg came a tiny and very hungry caterpillar.	Yaayaay, yaraay bulayrr dhurrall-ngayi-nyi. Yilaa – dhab! – gawu-dhi gararrngan dhurra-y, gaay-ban.gaan, yuulngin-ban.gaan.
He started to look for some food.	Gayarra-waa-nhi nguru yuul.
On Monday he ate through one apple. But he was still hungry.	Baalaay, guri nguru maal dha-l-aaba-y. Yaluu-nha-bala yuulngin.
On Tuesday he ate through two pears, but he was still hungry.	Guwaybilaay, biyarr nguru bulaarr dha-l-aaba-y. Yaluu-nha-bala yuulngin.
On Wednesday he ate through three plums, but he was still hungry.	Muyaay, ngamumbirra nguru gulibaa dha-l-aaba-y. Yaluu-nha-bala yuulngin.
On Thursday he ate through four strawberries, but he was still hungry.	Yarraay, yawurr nguru buligaa dha-l-aaba-y. Yaluu-nha-bala yuulngin.
On Friday he ate through five oranges, but he was still hungry.	Gindamalaay, bambul nguru mara dha-l-aaba-y. Yaluu-nha-bala yuulngin.
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.	Miriiyaay, widja nguru djagalarr-araay maal dha-l-aaba-y, milgin dhandarr maal dha-l-aaba-y, bigal maal dha-l-aaba-y, djurr maal dha-l-aaba-y, dhalaami maal dha-l-aaba-y, dhulu dhuga-baraay dha-l-aaba-y, baay djirri-baraay maal dha-l-aaba-y, dhadhidji maal dha-l-aaba-y, guwiirr widja-dhuul maal dha-l-aaba-y, bilim-bidi maal dha-l-aaba-y.
That night he had a stomach ache!	Mubal bayn gi-dha-ngabi-nyi!
The next day was Sunday again. The caterpillar ate through one nice green salad leaf, and after that he felt much better.	Yilaa, Yaayaay yaluu. Gararrngan-du balamba gawarrawarr gaba dha-l-aaba-y, yilaa-nha gaba-ban.gaan gi-dha-nhi.
Now he wasn't hungry any more – and he wasn't a little caterpillar any more.	Giirr-na-nga gamil yuulngin – gamil-bala-nga gararrngan-duul.
He was a big, fat caterpillar.	Giirr-na-nga gararrngan wamu-bidi.
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...	Gundhi-dhuul-a-nha marramba-nhi, barragal-a, barrabi-lda-ndaay nguru. Ngiyarrma-nha gibu-ga bulaarr-a baabi-lda-nhi. Yilaa nguru biruu dha-y barragal-a, yurringga-ngiili-nyi-nha, yilaa...
... he became a beautiful butterfly!	... balabalaa dhirrabuu burranba-nhi!