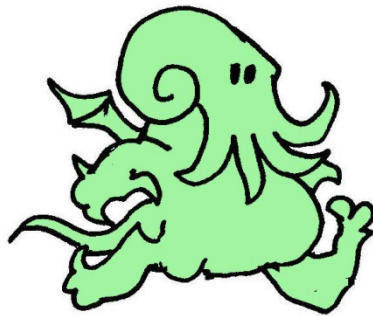


# The Very Hungry Cthulhu

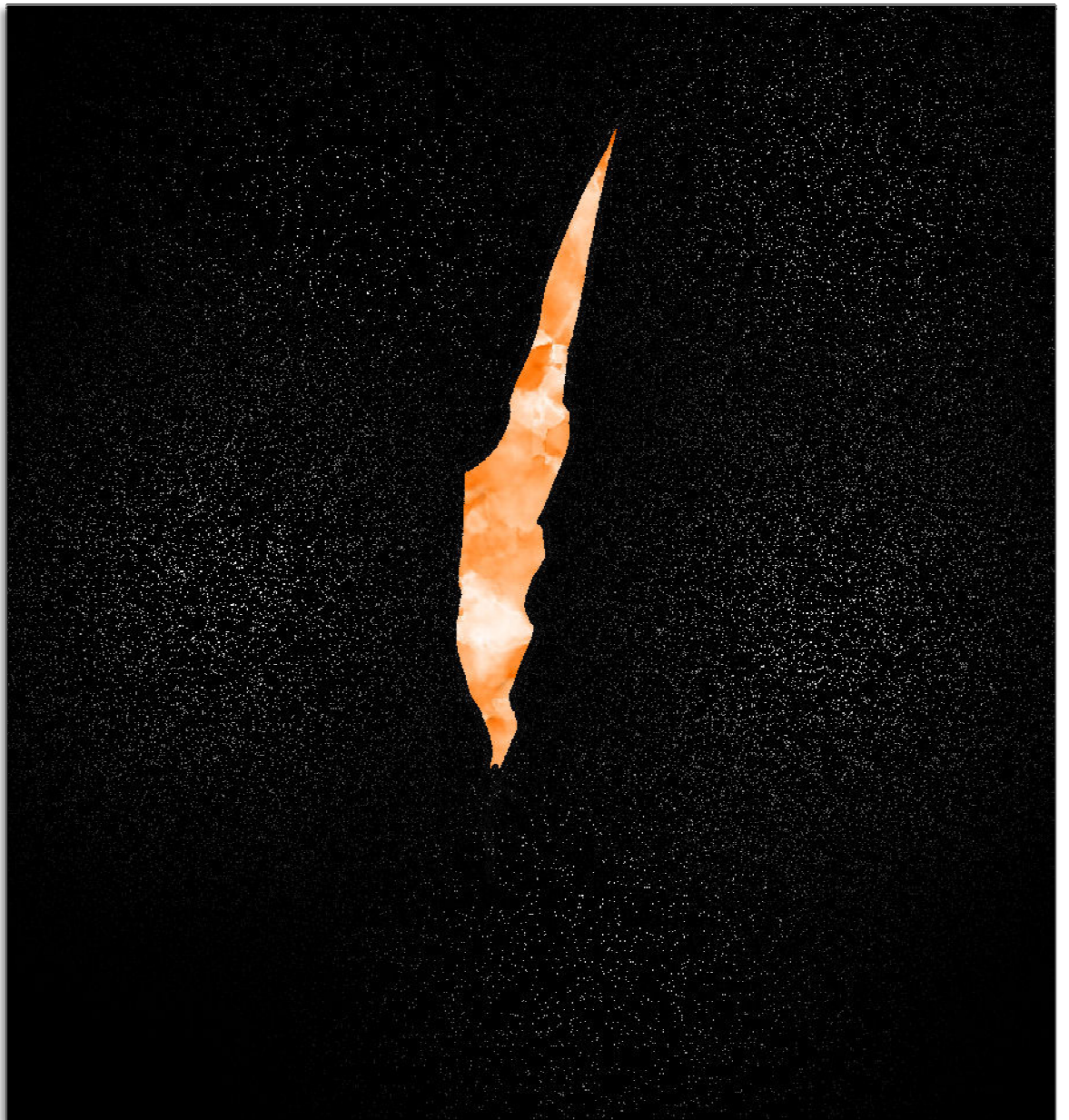


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Explanation: the work, *The Very Hungry Caterpillar*, by Eric Carle, is a true masterpiece of children's fiction, and needs no introduction, save that it deserves better treatment than to be sent up in such a manner.

The character Cthulhu is the poster child for H.P. Lovecraft's "Cthulhu Mythos", a series of novels and short stories, added to by many contemporary and subsequent writers, setting out a world where humankind is insignificant before the power of vast, ancient star gods that any moment might wipe us all out on a whim, most especially Cthulhu, who lies dreaming in his underwater city of R'lyeh waiting for the stars to align, when he will wake up and make things very unpleasant for everyone. He is most particularly described in the story *The Call of Cthulhu*.

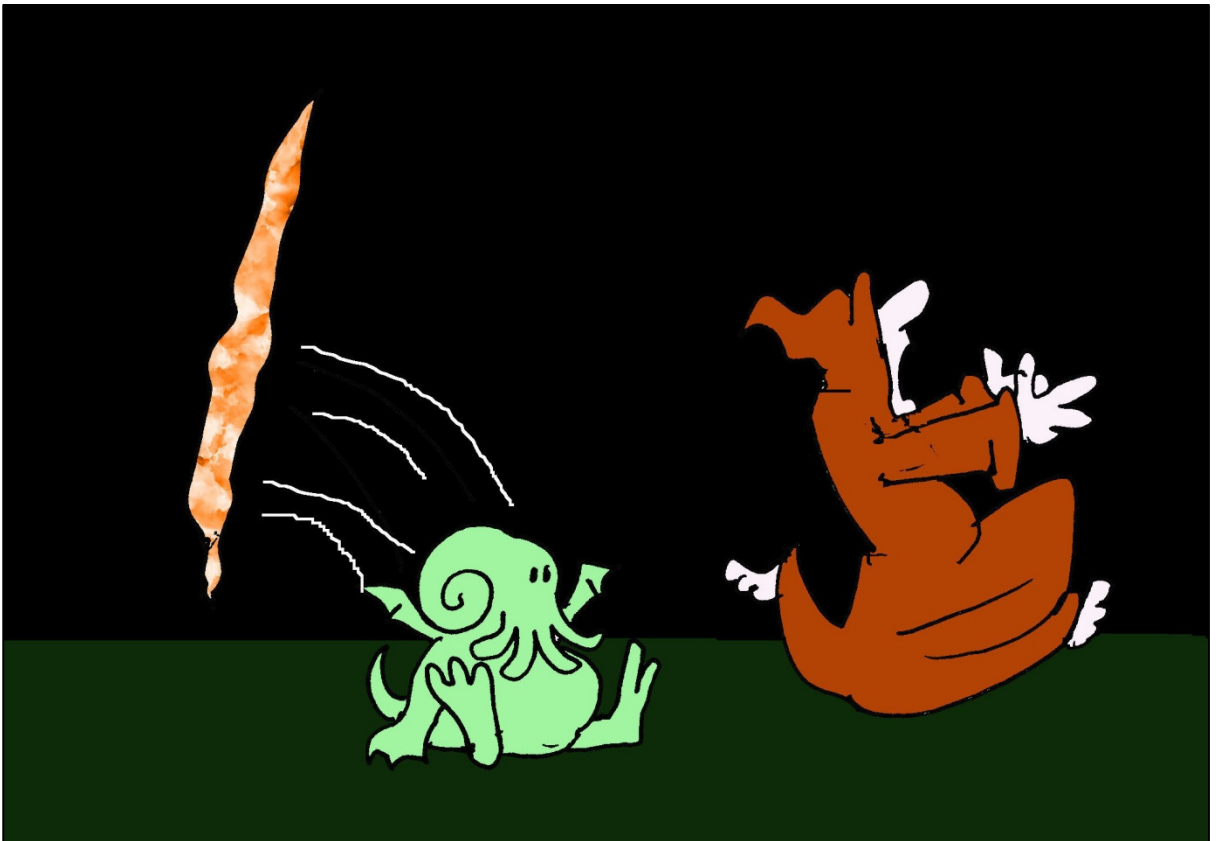
In the light of the moon a little  
rift lay in the stars



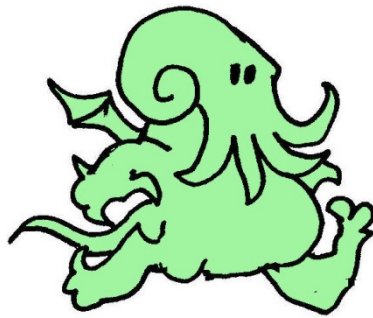
One Sunday at midnight some cultists performed a ritual



And out of the rift came a tiny  
and very hungry Cthulhu



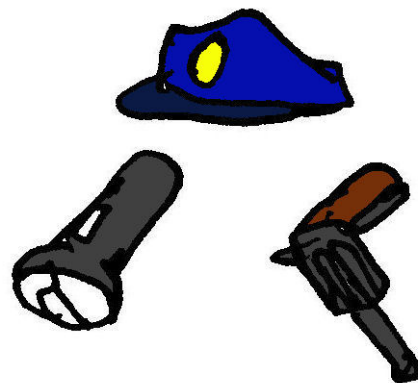
He started to look for some food



On Monday he devoured one  
policeman



But he was still hungry

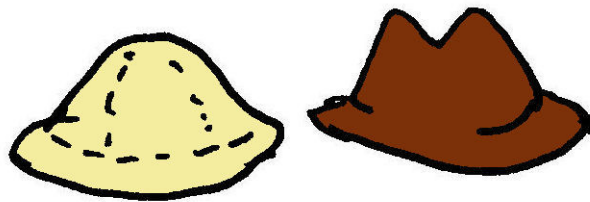




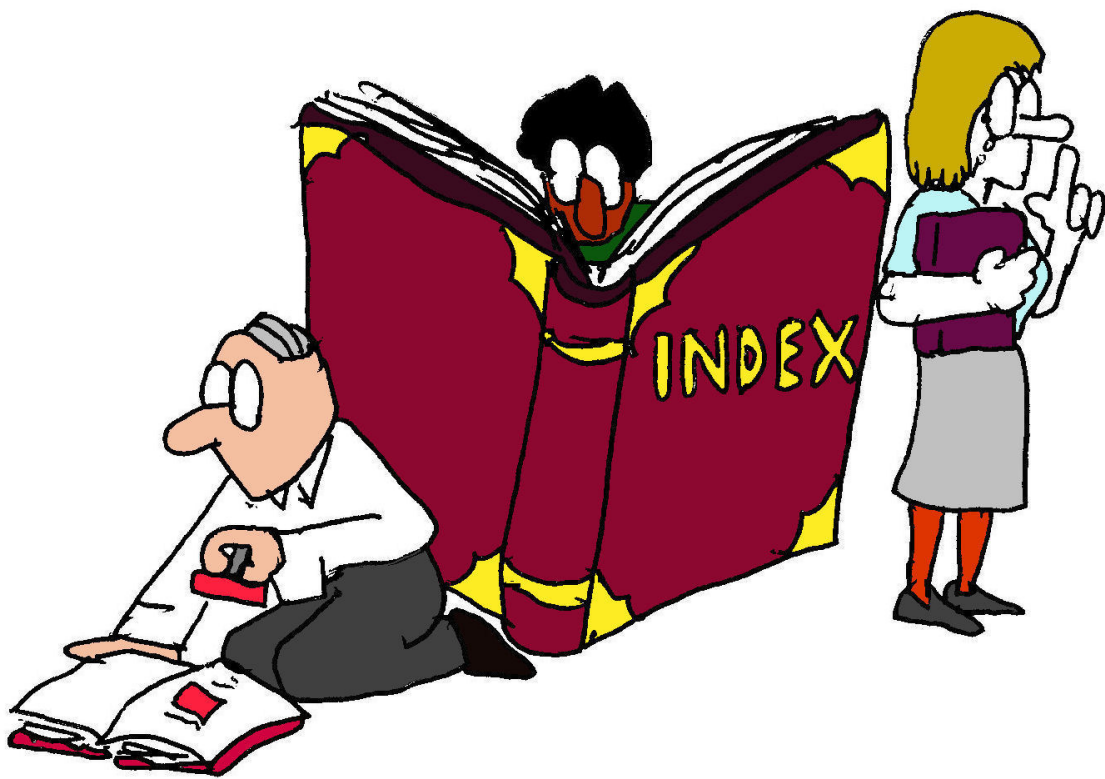
On Tuesday he devoured two  
archaeologists



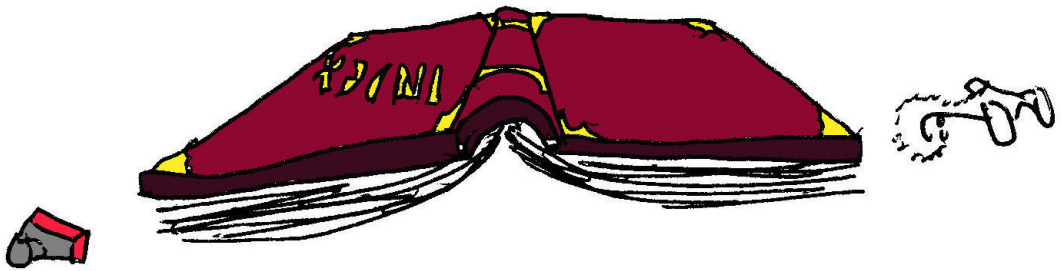
But he was still hungry



On Wednesday he devoured  
three librarians



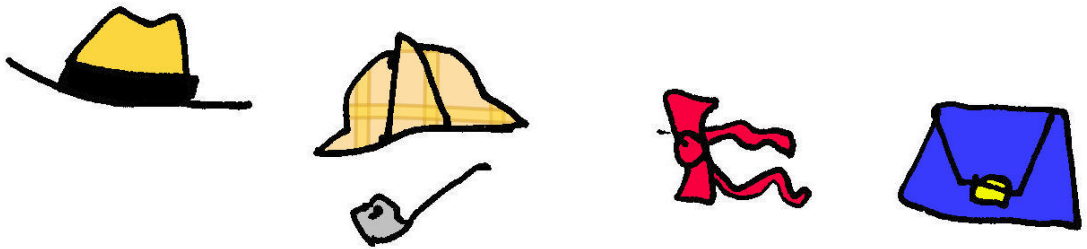
But he was still hungry



On Thursday he devoured four  
detectives



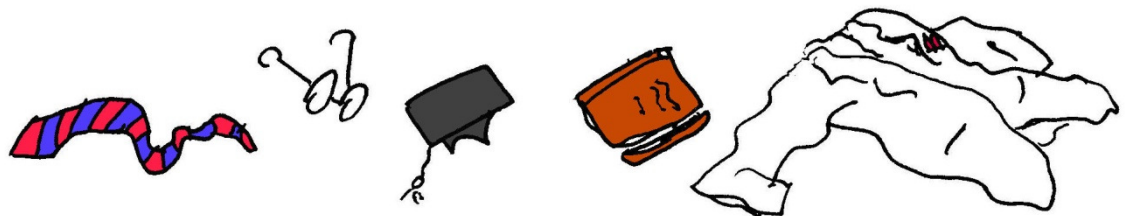
But he was still hungry



On Friday he devoured five professors,



but he was still hungry



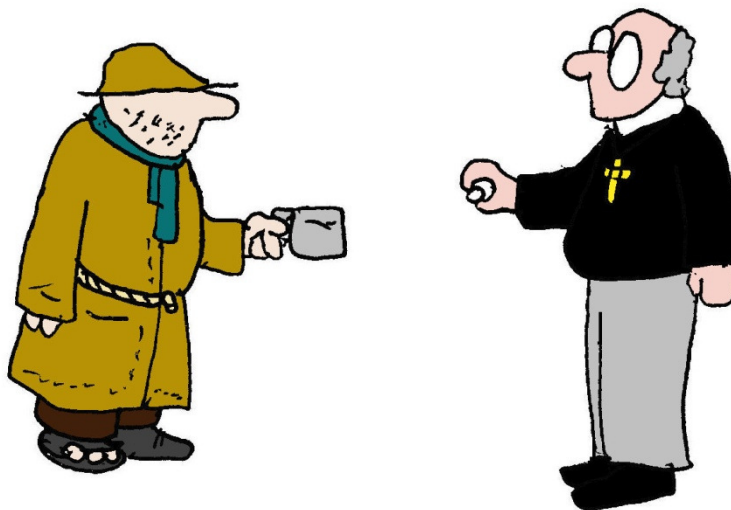
On Saturday he devoured



One accountant

One estate agent

One Choirmaster



One tramp

One vicar





One barrister



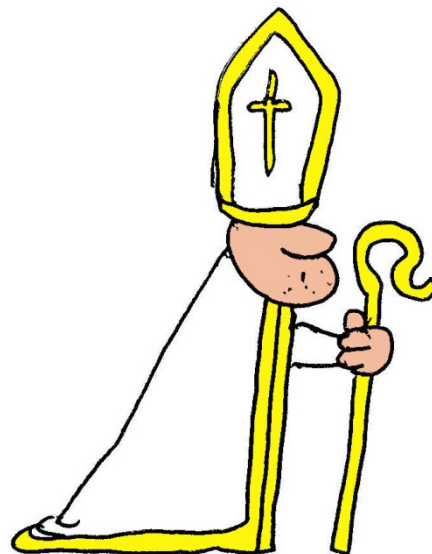
One farmer



One burglar

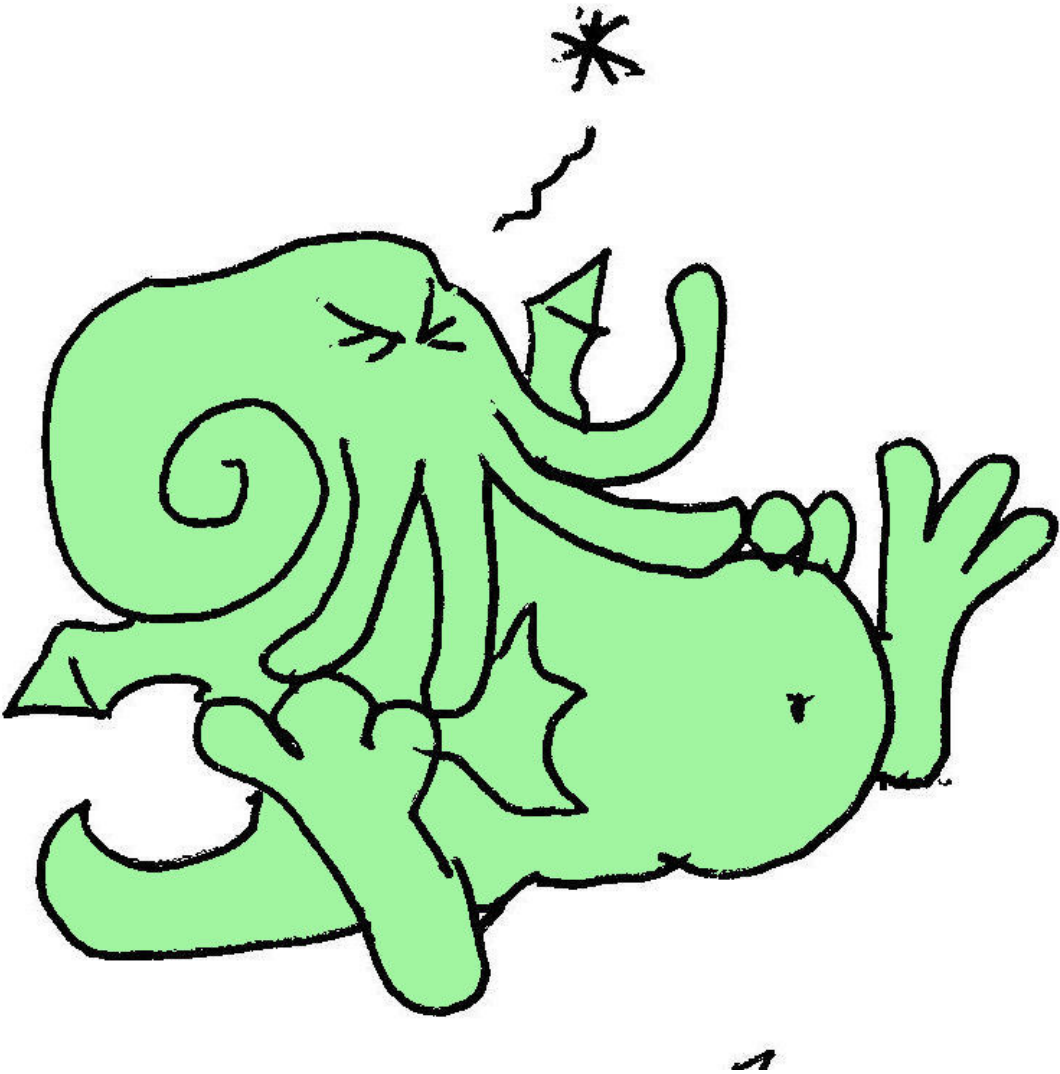


One novelist



and the Bishop  
Of Bath and Wells

That night he had a stomachache.

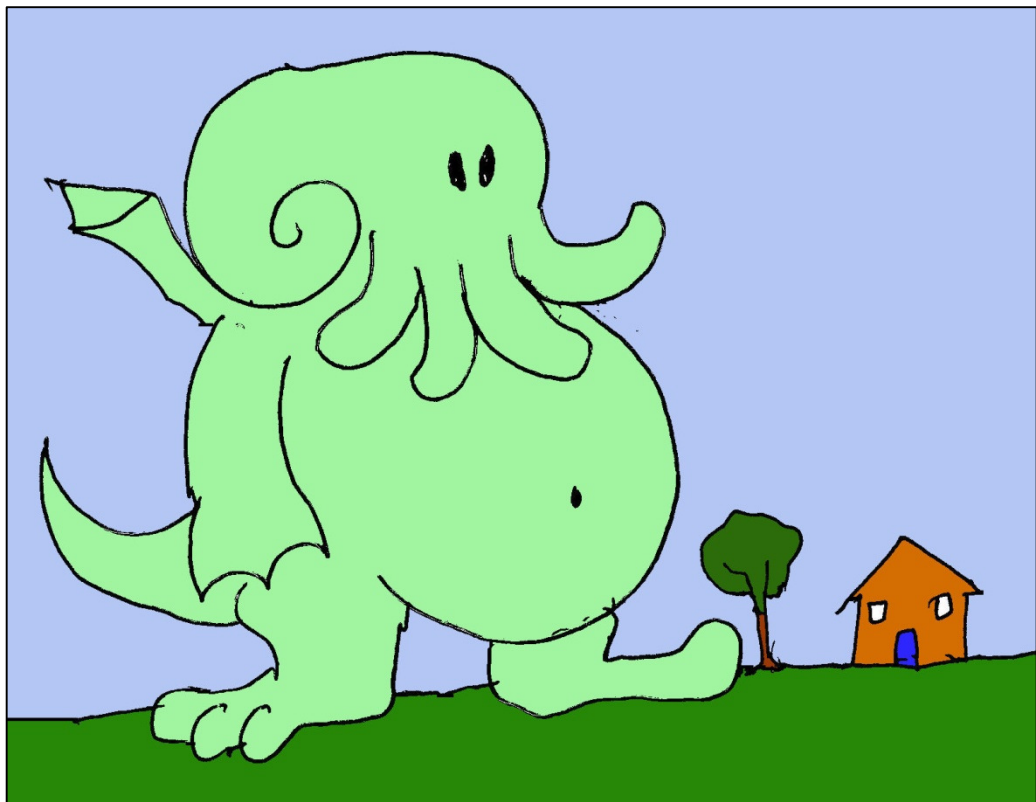


The next day was Sunday again

The Cthulhu devoured one nice coven of cultists, and after that he felt much better.



Now he wasn't hungry any more,  
and he wasn't a little Cthulhu any  
more. He was a big, fat Cthulhu



He built a horrible city, called R'lyeh,  
about himself. He will stay inside for  
an unmeasurable period of time.  
Then, when the stars are right, the  
city will rise out of the sea, and...





He will destroy the world!

