

The Fuzzy Choo- choo

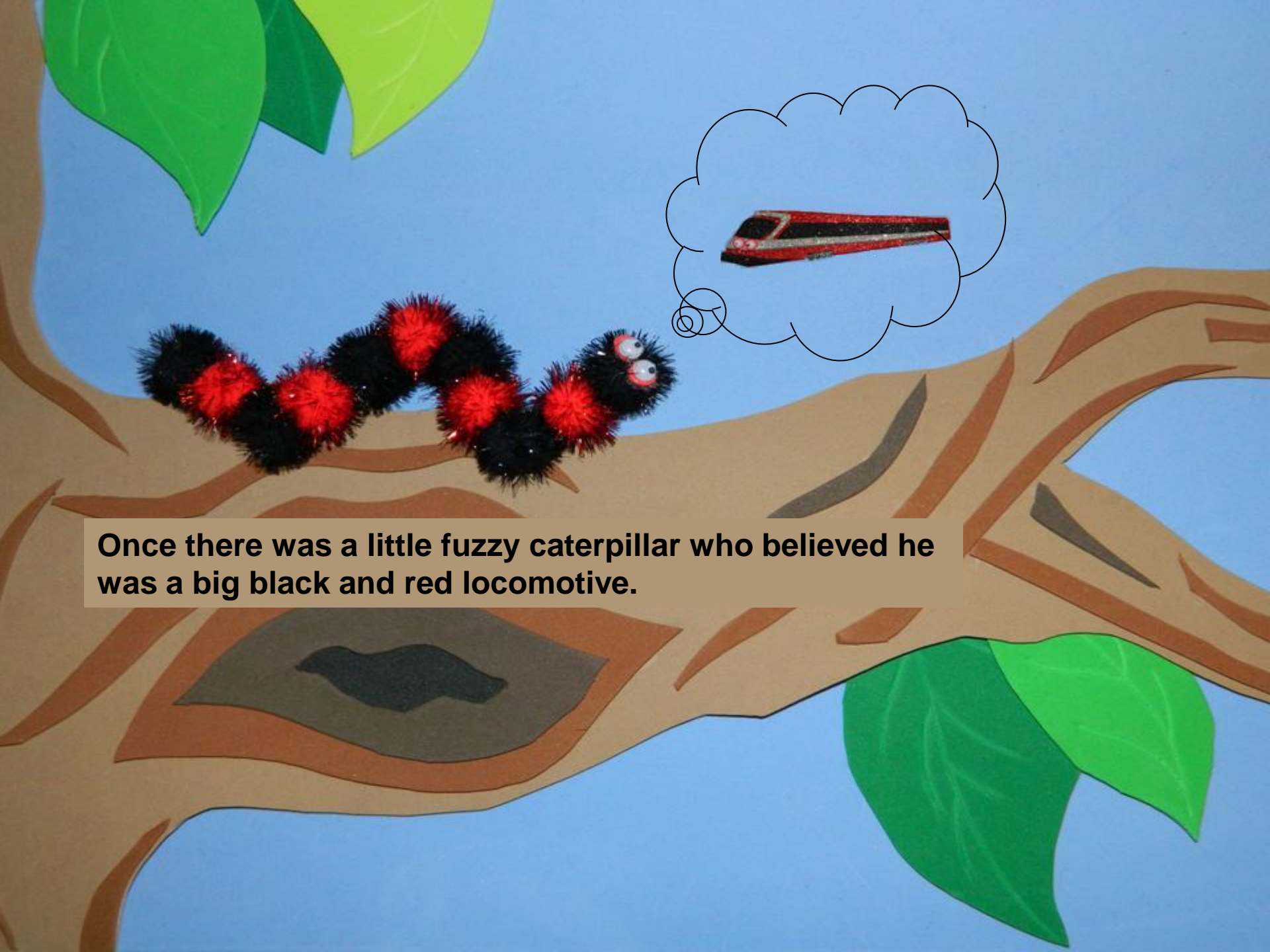
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Illustrated by Kristine Day


To Andrew, who always loved stories about trains



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Once there was a little fuzzy caterpillar who believed he was a big black and red locomotive.

A paper craft illustration of a tree branch. The branch is made of brown paper with darker brown wavy lines representing wood grain. A string of black and red pom-poms is draped over the left side of the branch. A small character with two large red eyes and a black body is perched on the branch. A speech bubble points to the character. Large green and yellow-green paper leaves are attached to the right side of the branch. The background is a solid light blue color.

**“Chugga-chugga-
choo-choo!”**

“Chugga-chugga-choo-choo,” he whistled as he chugged along the branch of a tall shade tree.

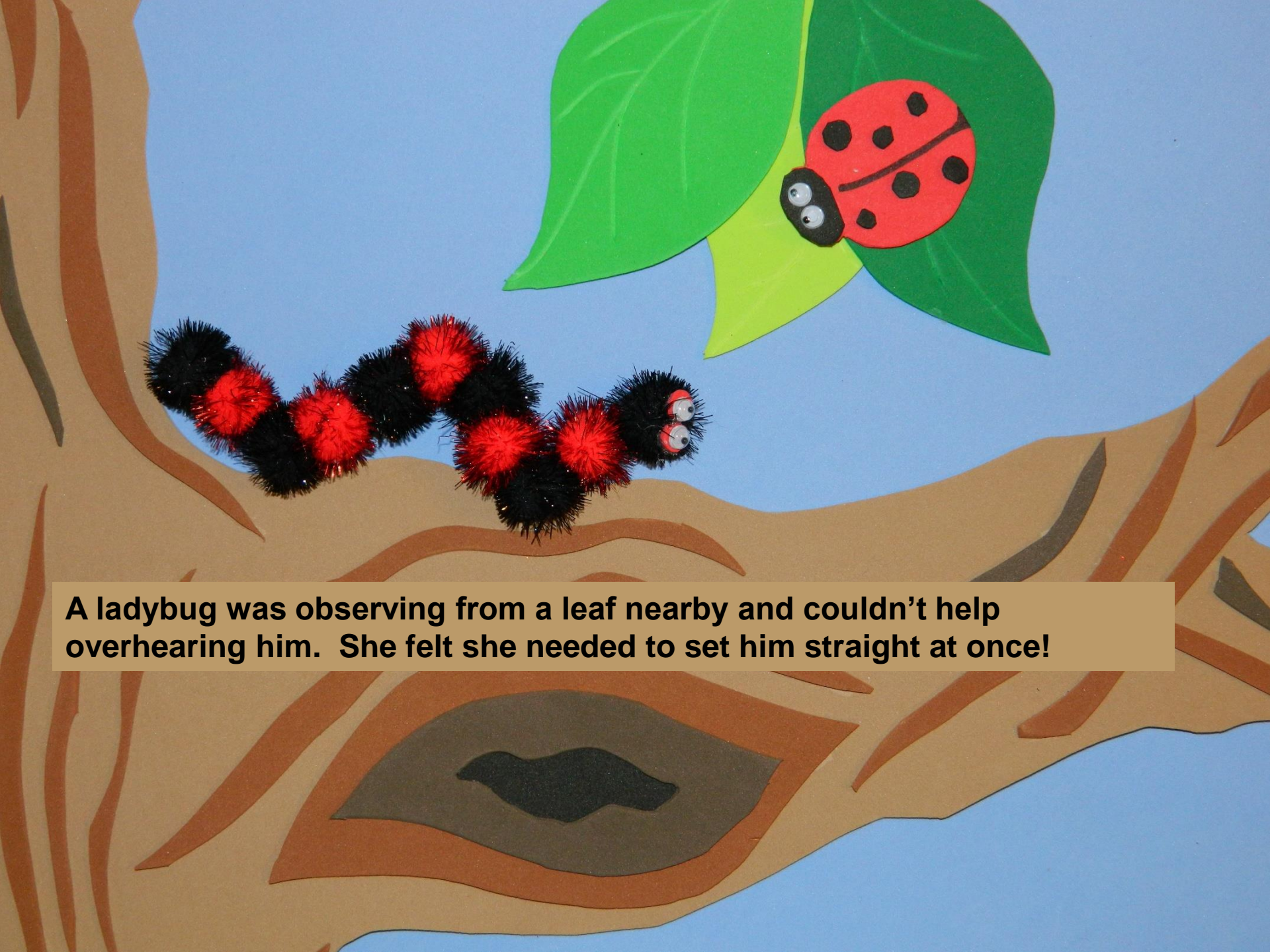


He loved going
up...



**...and down the
branches of the
large shade
tree.**

**He felt a sense
of wonder and
great adventure
as he sped
along.**

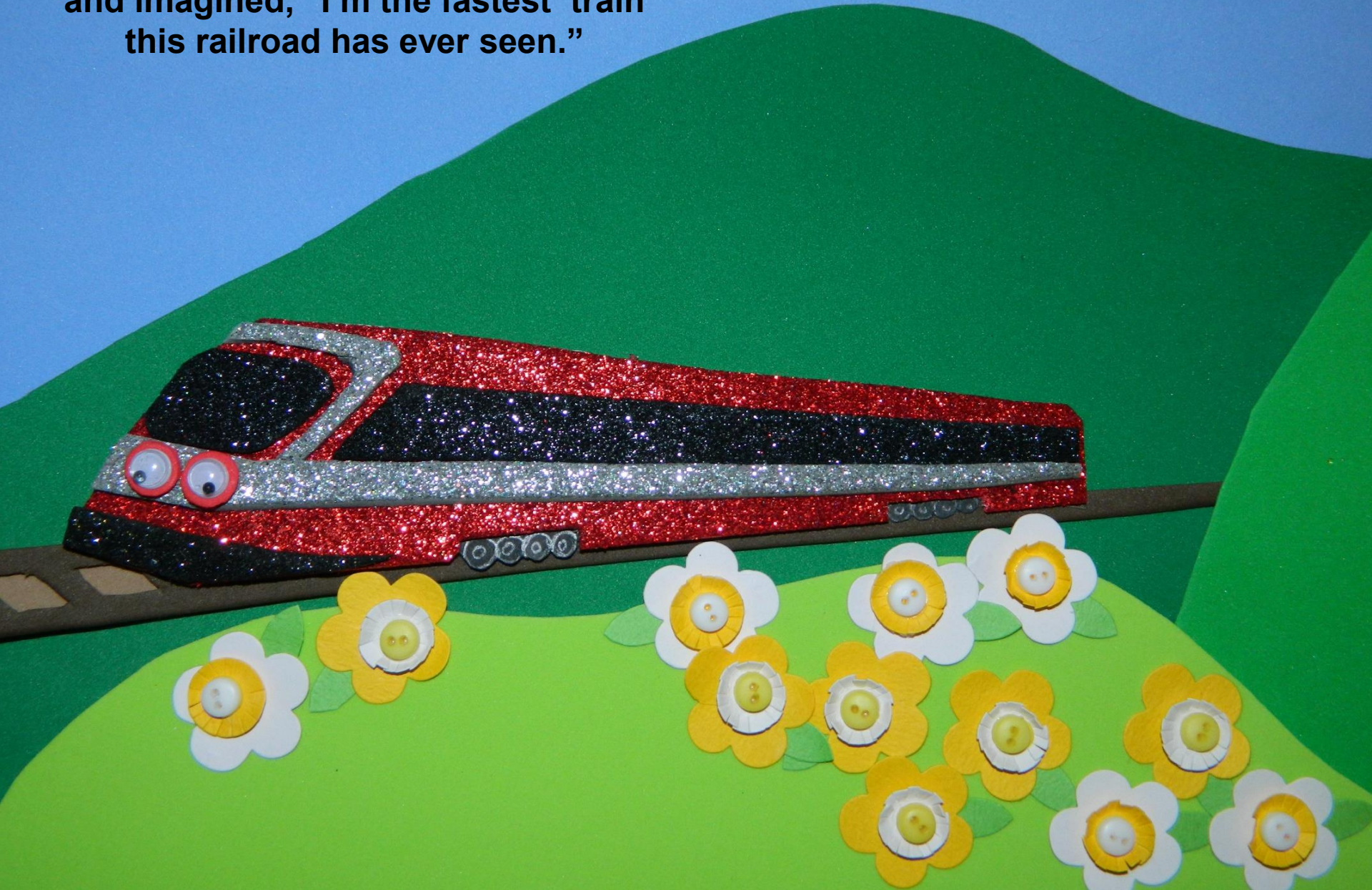


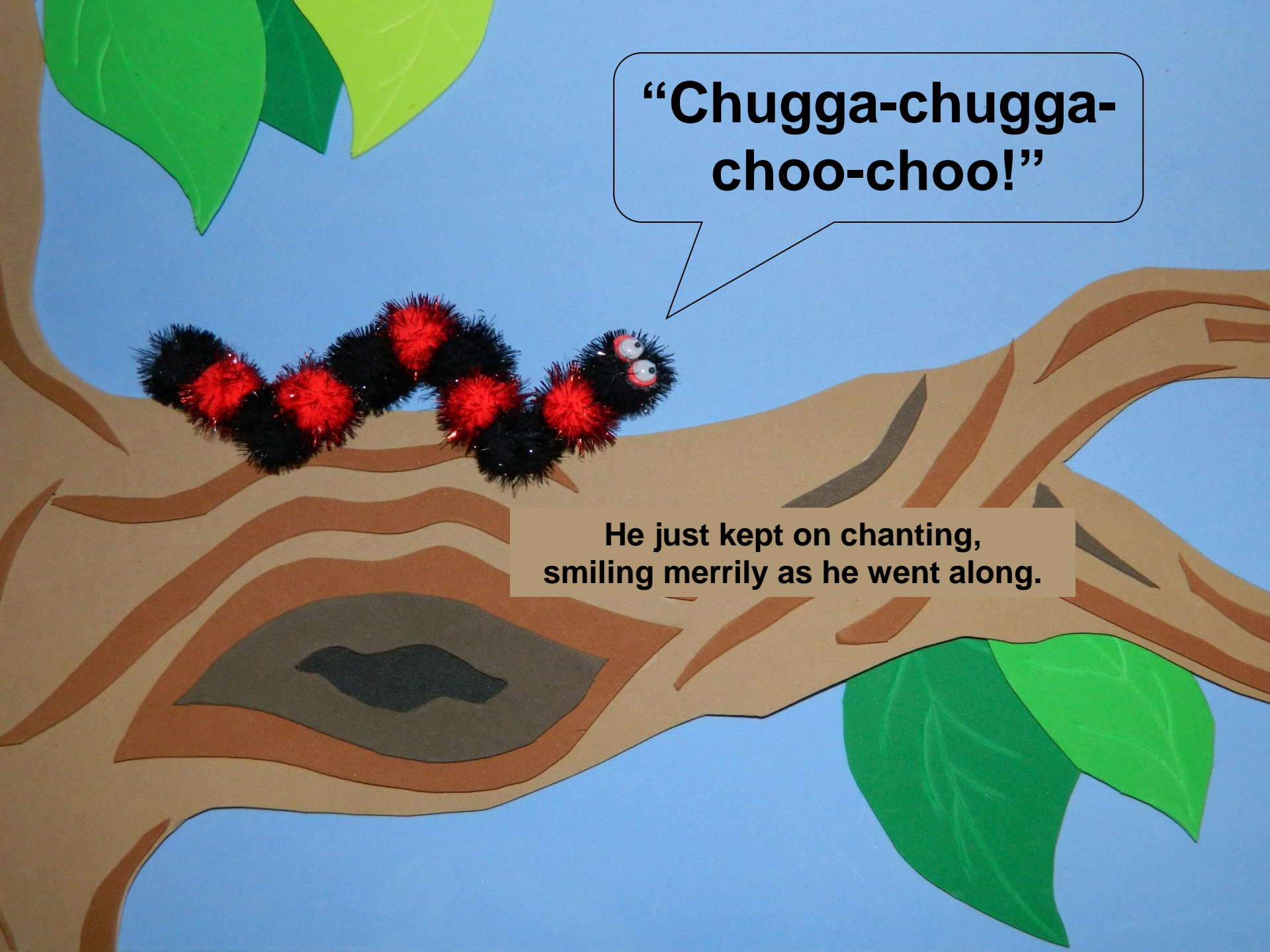
A ladybug was observing from a leaf nearby and couldn't help overhearing him. She felt she needed to set him straight at once!



“You are not a train,” she spouted. “You are a caterpillar, and one day you will be a big beautiful butterfly bouncing around the meadows.”

The little caterpillar just smiled and imagined, "I'm the fastest train this railroad has ever seen."





**“Chugga-chugga-
choo-choo!”**

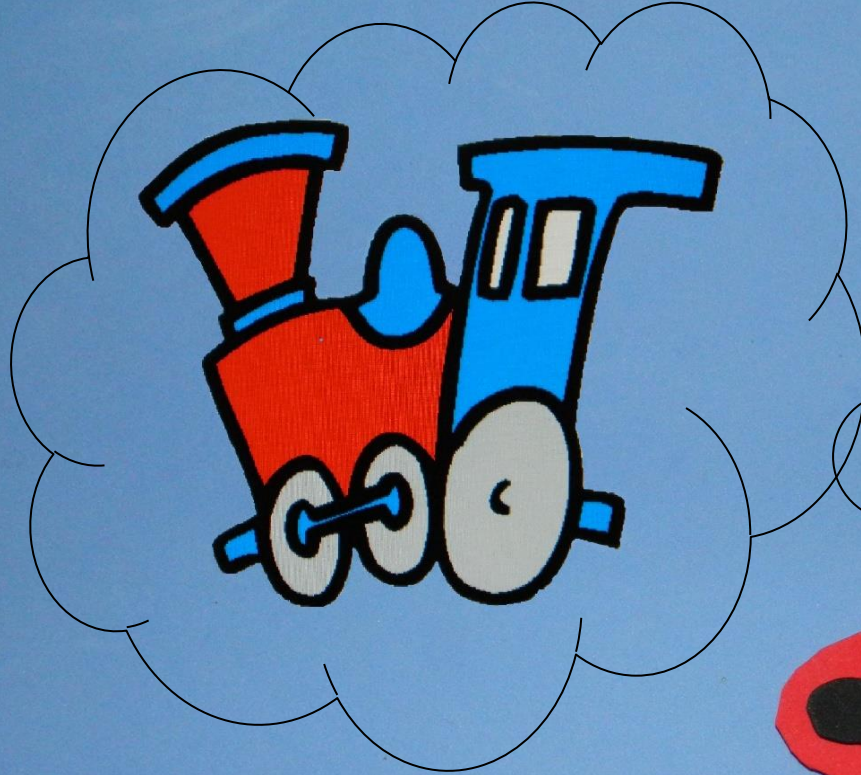
**He just kept on chanting,
smiling merrily as he went along.**



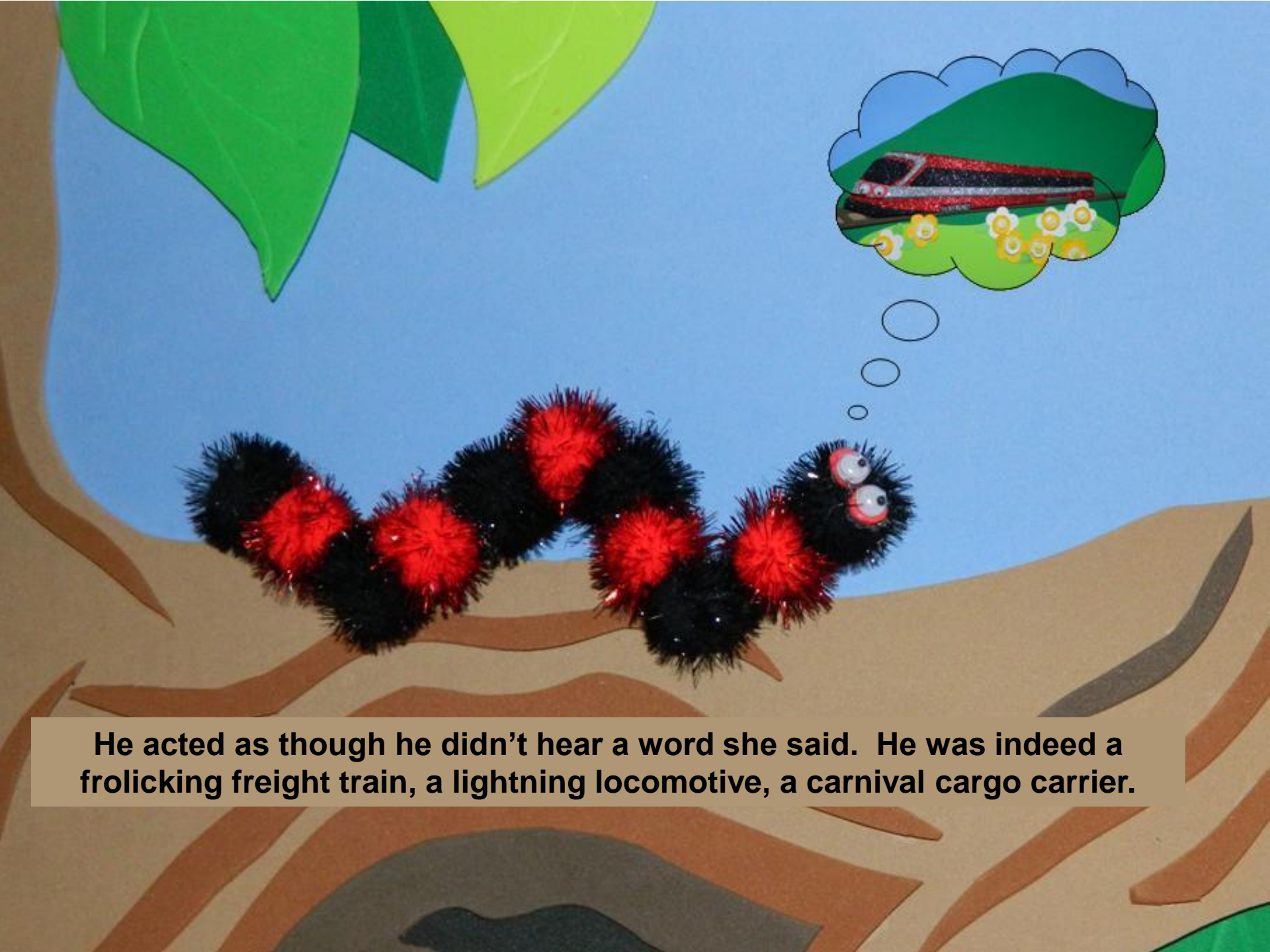
A butterfly
floating
above in
the air
heard him.
She
chuckled
out loud.

Ch-ch-ch-
choo-choo

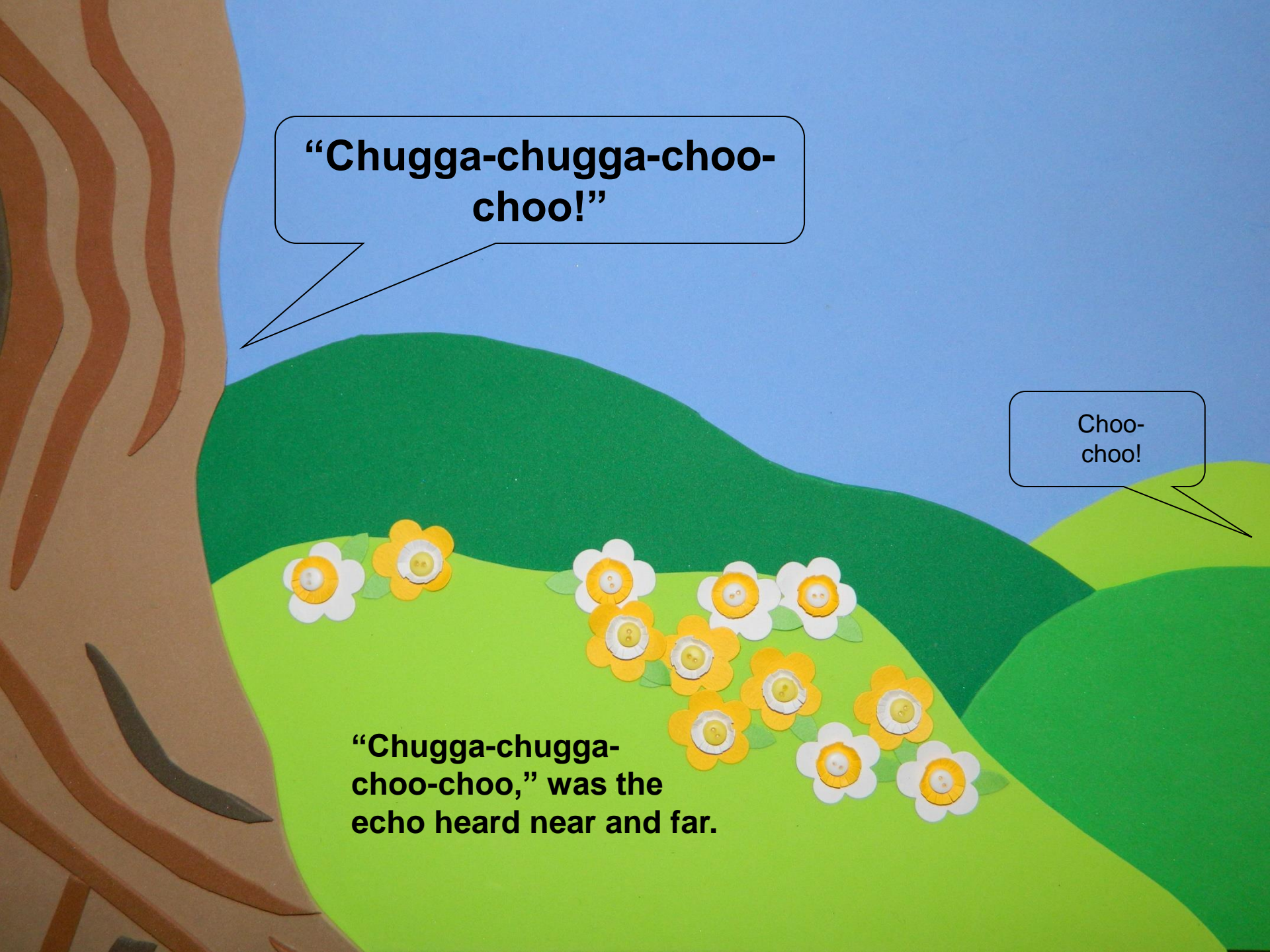




“That caterpillar believes he is a frolicking freight train, a lightning locomotive, a carnival cargo carrier,” she teased.



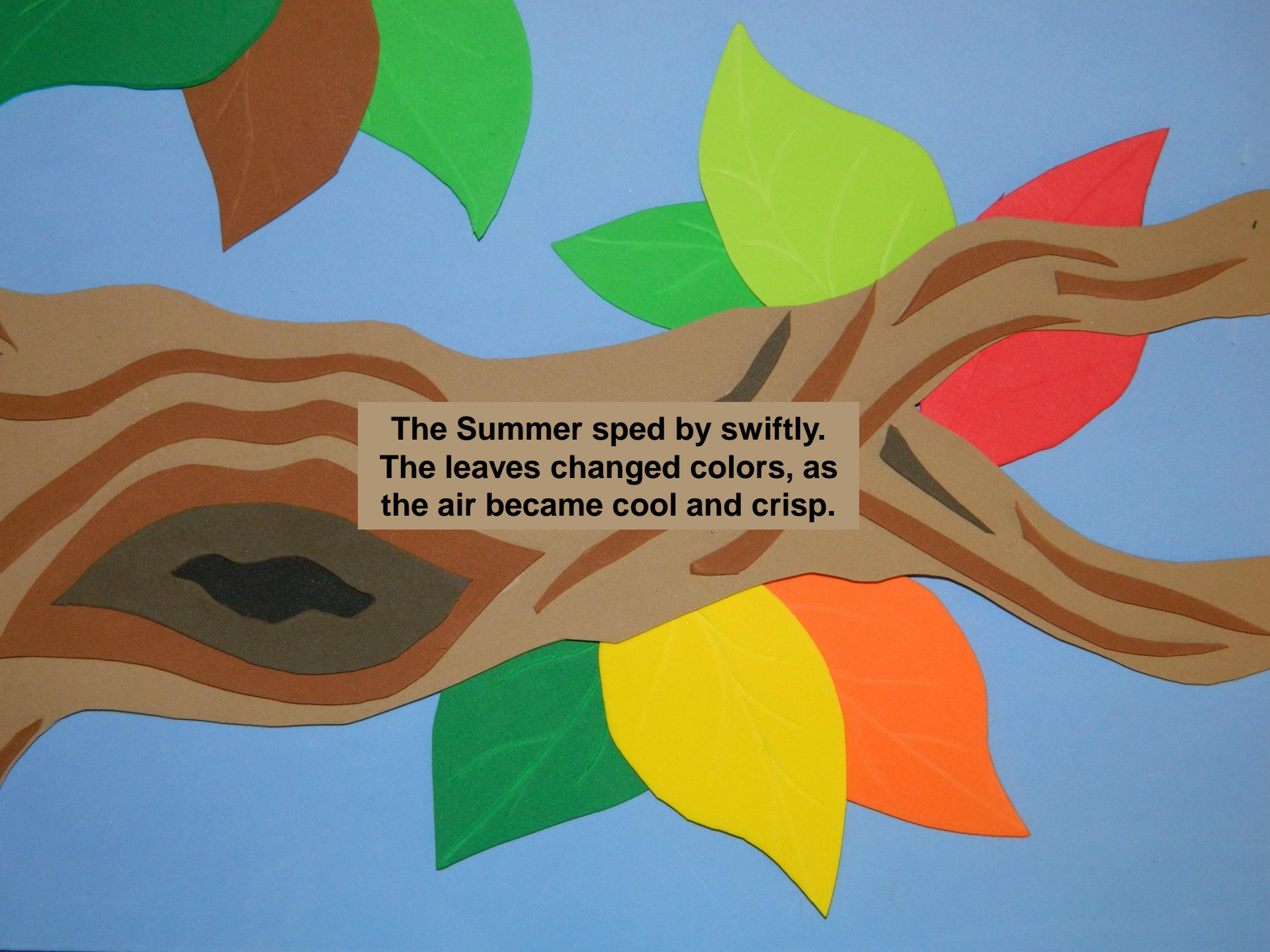
He acted as though he didn't hear a word she said. He was indeed a frolicking freight train, a lightning locomotive, a carnival cargo carrier.



**“Chugga-chugga-choo-
choo!”**

Choo-
choo!

**“Chugga-chugga-
choo-choo,” was the
echo heard near and far.**



**The Summer sped by swiftly.
The leaves changed colors, as
the air became cool and crisp.**



The little caterpillar made his way to a place near the top of the tree, where there was a nook just big enough to give him shelter and warmth.

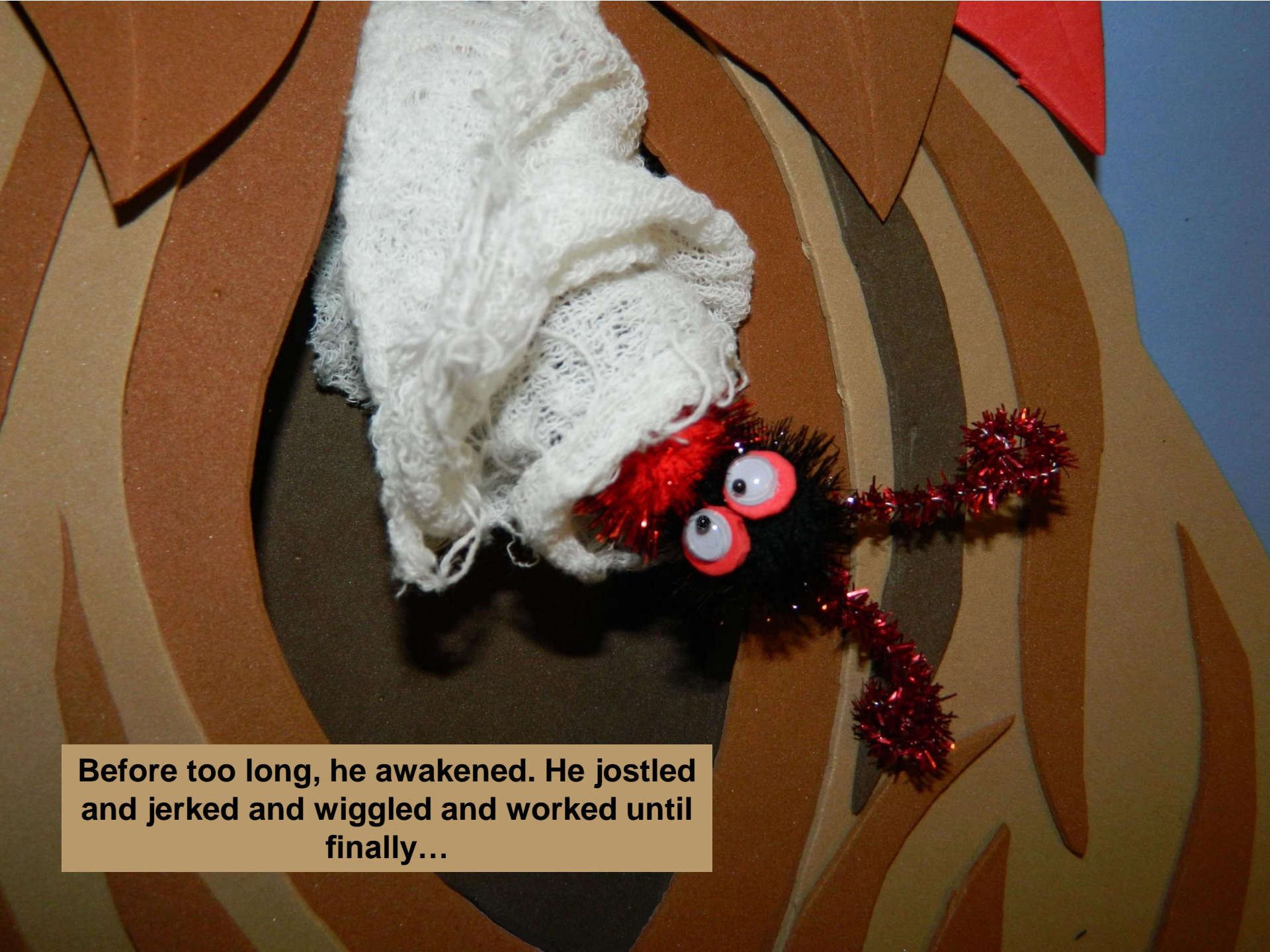
Suddenly, the fuzzy little caterpillar felt strange, as if something were going to happen. He was uncomfortable at first, but as he twisted and turned , he felt snug and cozy.





He
became
quite
sleepy.

“Chugga-
chugga-z-
z-zzz...”



Before too long, he awakened. He jostled and jerked and wiggled and worked until finally...



...HE WAS FREE!!!



**He dried
his moist
wings by
fluttering
them
around.**



Yes, we did!



"See, we told you that someday you would be a beautiful butterfly!"





He knew
that his
adventures
would be
better than
ever now, as
he zoomed
around the
meadow
squealing
with
delight...

**“Zoom-a-zoom-
zoom!”**





“I’m an airplane!”



The End



“I’m the fastest train this railroad has ever seen.”

