

Sun Wukong's One Little Bite



The sun sank low.
Sun Wukong hugged his peach.
“Only peaches for me!”

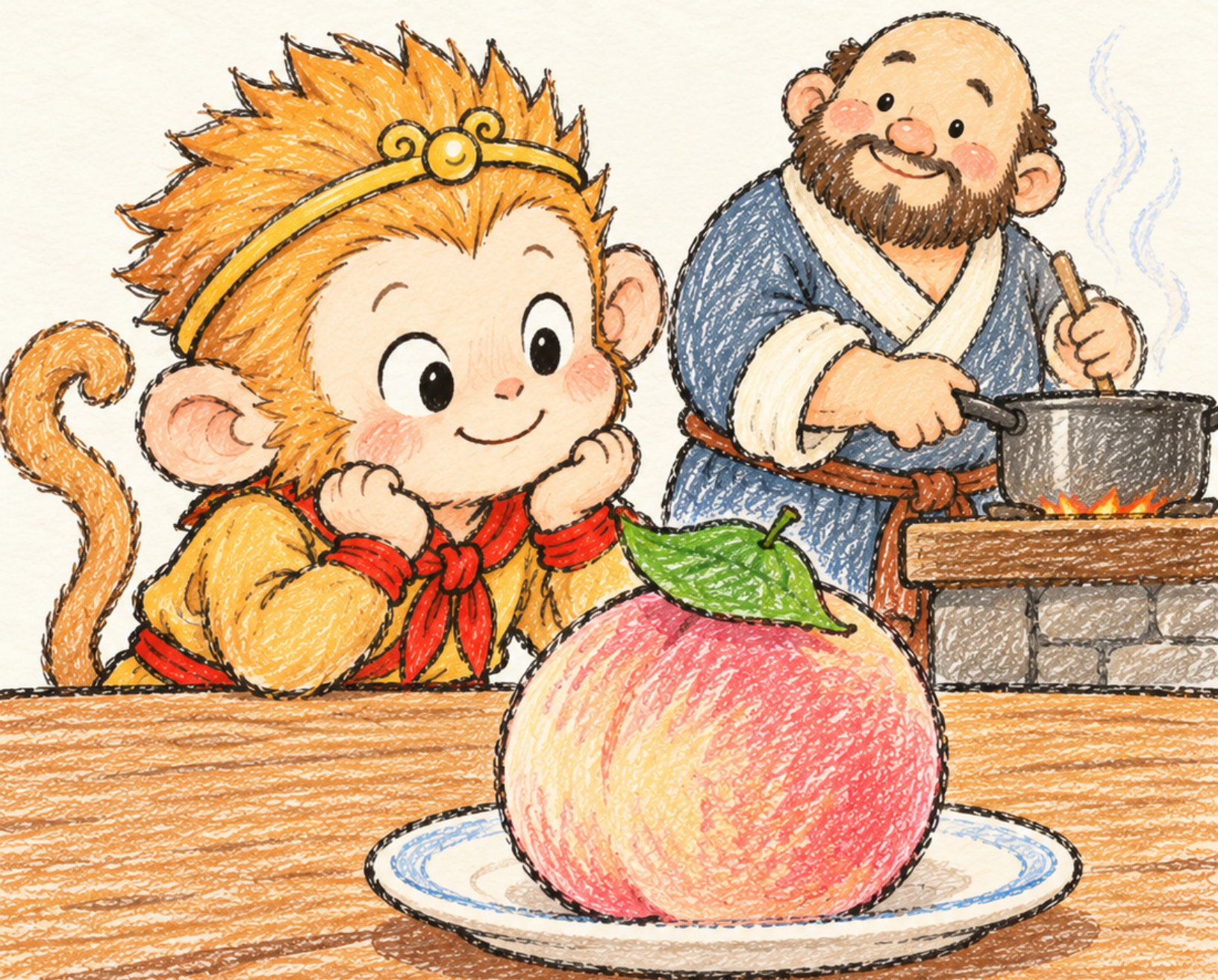


"Come help with supper,"
said Pigsy.

Wukong washed a carrot.
Splash! His nose got wet.



Sandy stirred a little pot.
A leaf fell onto
Wukong's peach.
"My peach has a hat!"
He gave a little giggle.



A sweet smell filled the air.

"What is that?"
asked Wukong.

"A warm carrot," said Sandy.



Wukong took one tiny bite.
“Oh! Sweet and soft.”
He set his peach
beside his bowl.



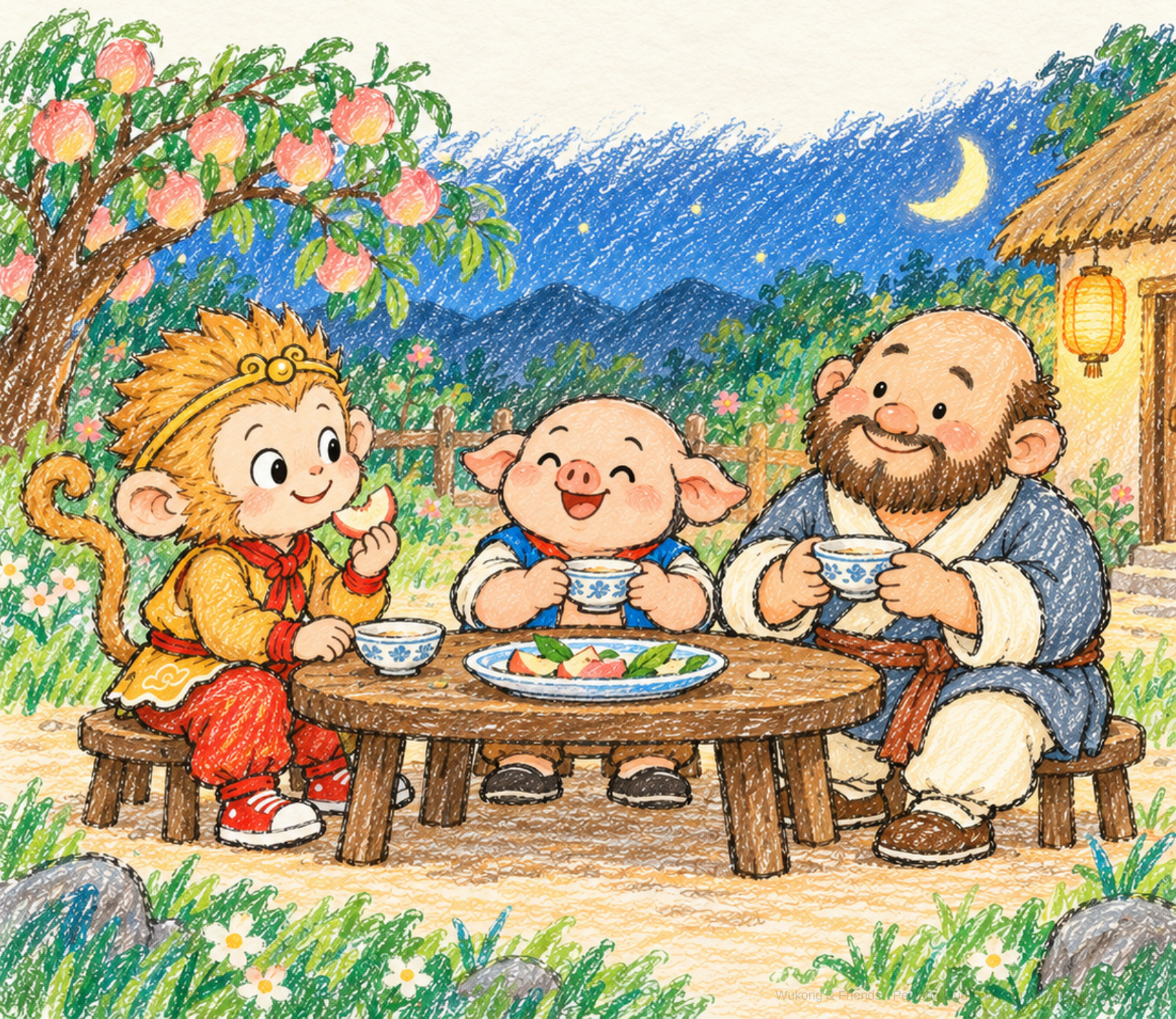
“How about a little green?”
Wukong tried a small leaf.
“Hmm... soft and juicy!”



He tried rice
and little tofu cubes.
A little of this.
A little of that.
“My bowl has new friends!”



The moon shone over supper.
Wukong ate one last
peach bite.
“I like more than peaches.”



Wukong snuggled into bed.
“Goodnight, little bowl.
Goodnight, friends.”
Tomorrow, he could try
something new.

