



The

PEST DETECTIVES

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Brought to you by the National Pest Management Association, a non-profit organization committed to the protection of public health, food and property.





Hi, I'm Millie.

I'm eight and three quarters and I know more about bugs than my mom, my teacher, all the kids at school and pretty much



My Dad knows everything about bugs, rodents and all sorts of other little critters.

But he calls them "Pests."

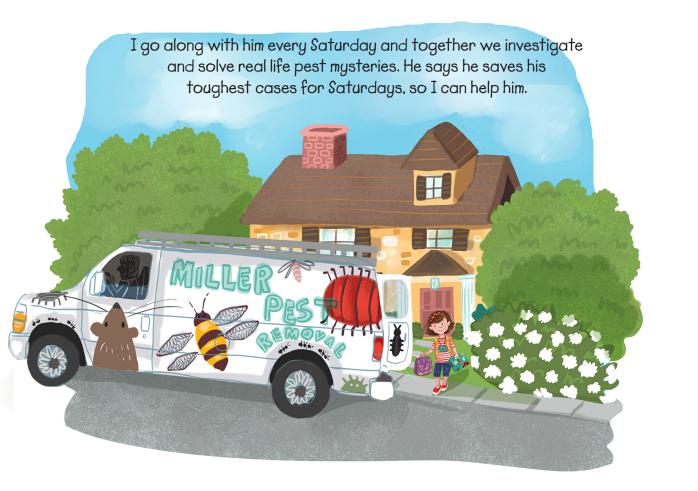
They become pests once they show up in people's homes and invade their personal space.



He knows so much about pests because it's his job. He's a Pest Professional – a real life "Pest Detective."

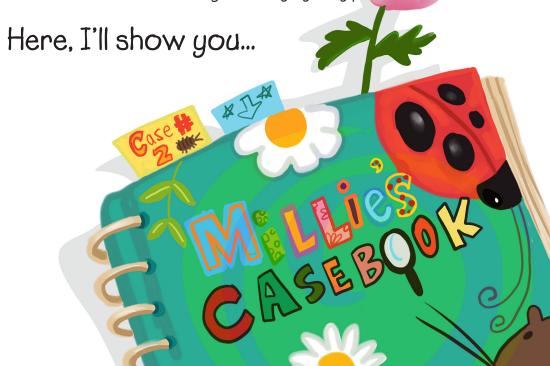
And I'm his helper.





During the week, he has to go without me. It seems my parents and my teacher want me to learn about more than just bugs. That's okay with me because when I grow up, I'm going to become a special bug scientist called an entomologist and I'll study insects every day.

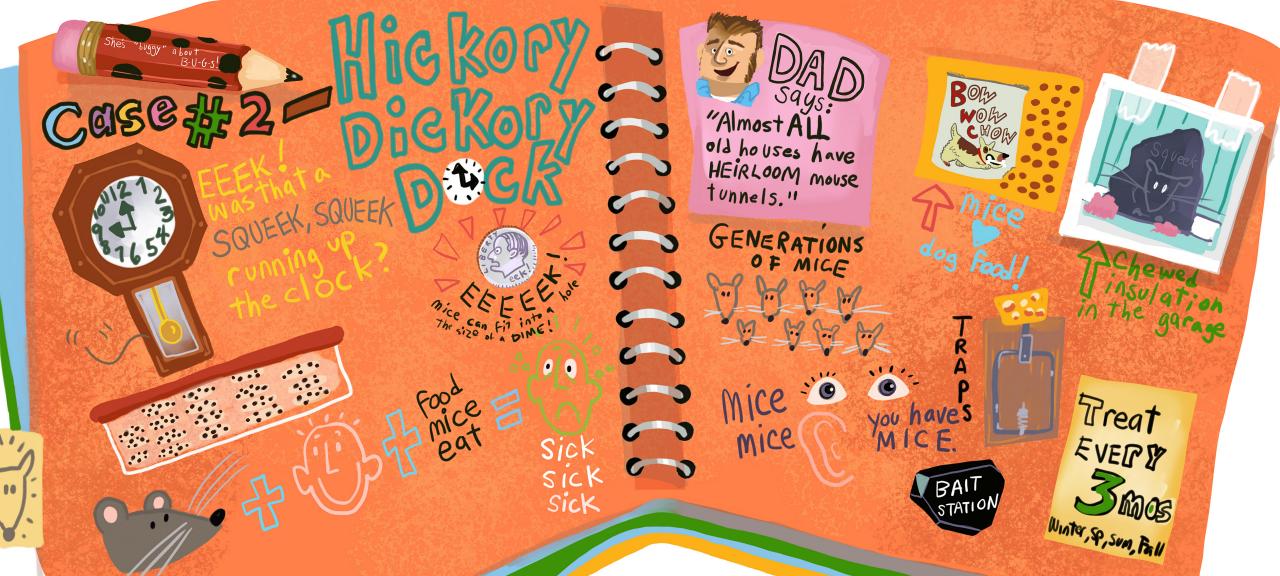
I keep a special scrapbook with my favorite buggy facts and notes from our most exciting Saturday mystery pest cases.













Dad drives a big van filled with supplies that we use to investigate pest problems. The back of the van is full of that stuff, and on Saturdays I throw my gear in too.

We're heading out on a really mysterious case. Mrs. Romero called to say she just found a little hole in her bathroom with a small pile of sawdust on the floor. There are lots of ants coming out of it.





Okay,
I've got my notepad, camera, flashlight and magnifying glass.

I'm ready!

Whenever we arrive at a new job,
the first thing we do
is ask the client lots of
important
questions.
Dad does the talking
and I

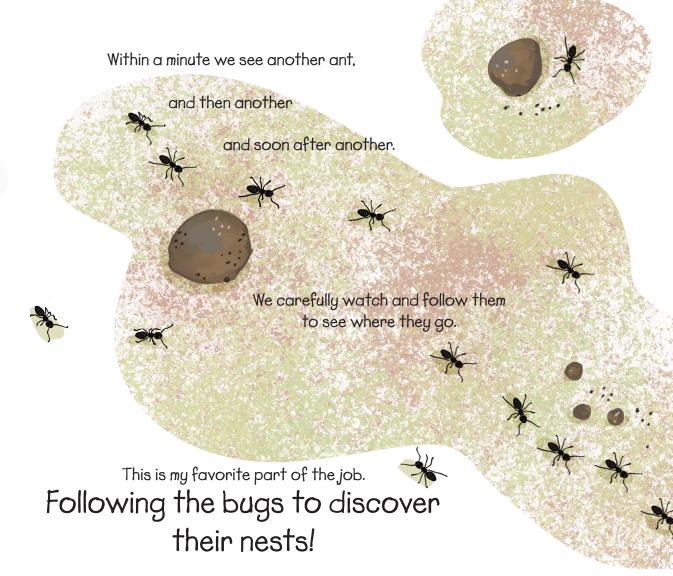
take notes.

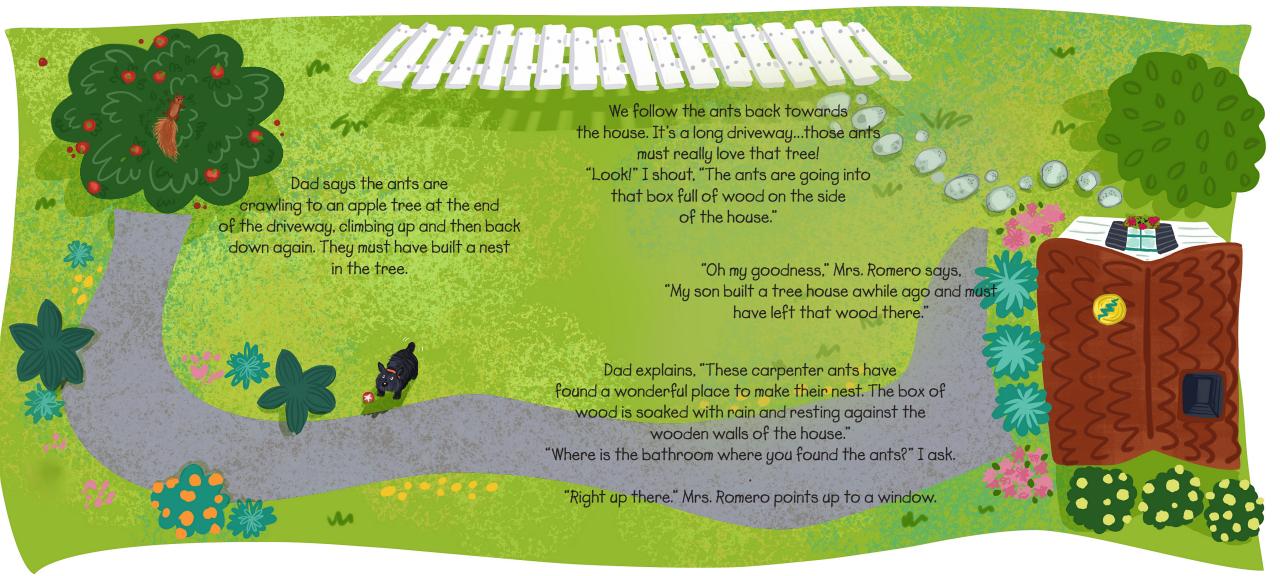




Next, we survey the area. Dad leads the way,
I stay right beside him and Mrs. Romero follows
behind us.











"Wow, look at that pile of sawdust!" I say, trying not to sound too excited. "And I see some ants going in and out of the hole."

Dad goes over to the bathtub and feels for moisture. "Nothing out of the ordinary here." he says.

I open the cupboard under the sink and use my flashlight to look around. I feel around with my hand and touch something wet. "Here Dad!" I shout.

Sure enough... a leaky sink is to blame.

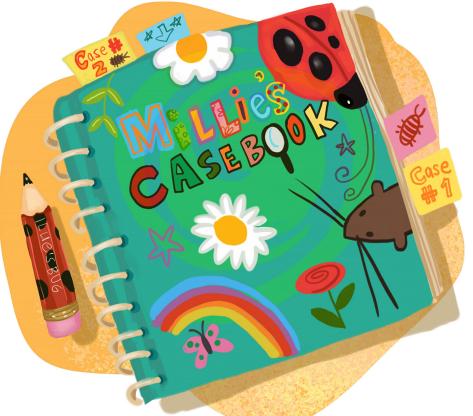
Dad says, "Do you know what the problem is?"

"I sure do! This leaky sink made the wood underneath wet.
The carpenter ants love burrowing through the soft, damp wood to nest, and it leads a perfect path down to the box of wood pieces below. They've traveled all the way up here by chewing the wood and spitting it out!"



"Fantastic detective work, Millie! You've got it." Dad says.

I'm proud of myself for finding the water and solving the case. But I try not to act too happy. We still have work to do.



Dad explains how we will treat the ants to destroy the nest. Then we will call our carpenter friend to come and repair the wood.

Mrs. Romero is really grateful and thanks us for our hard work.

Now it's time for the best part of our detective work... when Dad and I go out for victory ice cream cones!



Case Closed!