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 everyone else I’ve ever met... except my Dad.

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.
I go along with him every Saturday and together we investigate and solve real life pest mysteries. He says he saves his toughest cases for Saturdays, so I can help him.

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.

Here, I’ll show you...
I think beetles are super cool and I know lots about them. My favorite insect – the ladybug – is a beetle.
BEETLES are Everywhere! My Favorite Bug!
**Case #1**

**Cimex lectularius Linnaeus**

Let's have a Sleepover!

1. Search high and low.
2. They "ride" home in your luggage.
3. Wash all of your vacation clothes and put your clothes in sealed plastic bags while you're in a hotel.

**Red Welts**

Wash all pillows, too!

**Discovery!**

1. My bunny stayed in a hotel that had bed bugs.
2. The bed came home in this luggage.
3. The bed moved into the house, beds, sheets, dresses.
4. Don't sleep in the whole house and do not pick up the pillow.

**Tiny Visitors**

From the City!
Case #2 - Hickory Dickory Dock

EEEEEK! Was that a SQUEEK, SQUEEK running up the clock?

DAD says: "Almost ALL old houses have HEIRLOOM mouse tunnels!"

GENERATIONS OF MICE

Mouse bait: food for mice

Mice eat = sick mice

Sick mice = bait station

Treat EVERY 3mos. Winter, Sp, Sum, Fall

Chewed insulation in the garage

Mouse trap: dog food!
Oh, I hear Dad calling…

Dad and I are about to head out to solve a pest mystery right now.

You can come with us!
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.

Within a minute we see another ant, and then another, and soon after another.

We carefully watch and follow them to see where they go.

This is my favorite part of the job. Following the bugs to discover their nests!
Dad says the ants are crawling to an apple tree at the end of the driveway, climbing up and then back down again. They must have built a nest in the tree.

We follow the ants back towards the house. It’s a long driveway...those ants must really love that tree!

“Look!” I shout, “The ants are going into that box full of wood on the side of the house.”

“Oh my goodness,” Mrs. Romero says, “My son built a tree house awhile ago and must have left that wood there.”

Dad explains, “These carpenter ants have found a wonderful place to make their nest. The box of wood is soaked with rain and resting against the wooden walls of the house.”

“Where is the bathroom where you found the ants?” I ask.

“Right up there,” Mrs. Romero points up to a window.
“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.
Now it’s time for the best part of our detective work... when Dad and I go out for victory ice cream cones!

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.

Case Closed!