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Some people want to be astronauts or ballet dancers or plumbers. Milo Crinkley wanted to be perfect.

It all began in the library. Milo was minding his own business, looking for a good scary monster story, when a book tumbled down from the top shelf and hit him on the head. First he felt his aching skull to make sure it was still in one piece. Then he picked up the book. The front cover screamed Be a Perfect Person in Just Three Days! It didn't look

like any monster story Milo had ever read.

The author's picture was on the back. Dr. K. Pinkerton Silverfish did not look anything like Milo's idea of a doctor. He wore baggy zebra-striped pants that looked as though they might fall down any second, a shirt with palm trees on it and two buttons missing, one mitten, a clown nose, a bow tie with only half a bow, and a dented hat with a feather sticking up on each side. Dr. Silverfish was biting down on a hot dog, and mustard was dribbling down his chin. If you had to pick someone to teach you how to be perfect, Dr. Silverfish would not be high on your list.

Yet somehow—maybe getting hit on the head had scrambled his brains a little—Milo felt almost as though the book had jumped off the shelf, grabbed him, and hollered "Read me!" Besides, it was thin. It probably wouldn't take much time to finish.

Milo opened it to the first page, leaned against the wall, and began reading.

CHAPTER ONE

I Know What You're Thinking!

You're thinking, "How can a funny-looking guy like this Dr. K. Pinkerton Silverfish teach me how to become perfect?" Right?

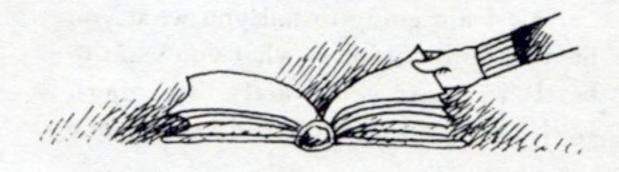
Milo nodded.

Well, maybe I'm not as stupid as I look. After all, I guessed what you were thinking, didn't I?

You have just learned the first lesson in perfection. Things are not always what they seem.

You may turn the page.

Milo did.



One day at the library, a book falls off the top shelf and hits Milo on the head. It's called Be a Perfect Person in Just Three Days! The book's author, Dr. K. Pinkerton Silverfish, doesn't look too perfect himself. In the picture on the back cover he's wearing a clown nose, and mustard is dripping down his chin. Milo figures the book is worth a try anyway. Perfect is obviously the perfect thing to be! But who's ever heard of wearing a stalk of broccoli around your neck for twenty-four hours? And that's only the first day. . . .





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