

Pedro liked everything to be ... *just right*. Spot on. **Perfect**.

His toys were *always* put away  
**perfectly** in the Proper Place ...



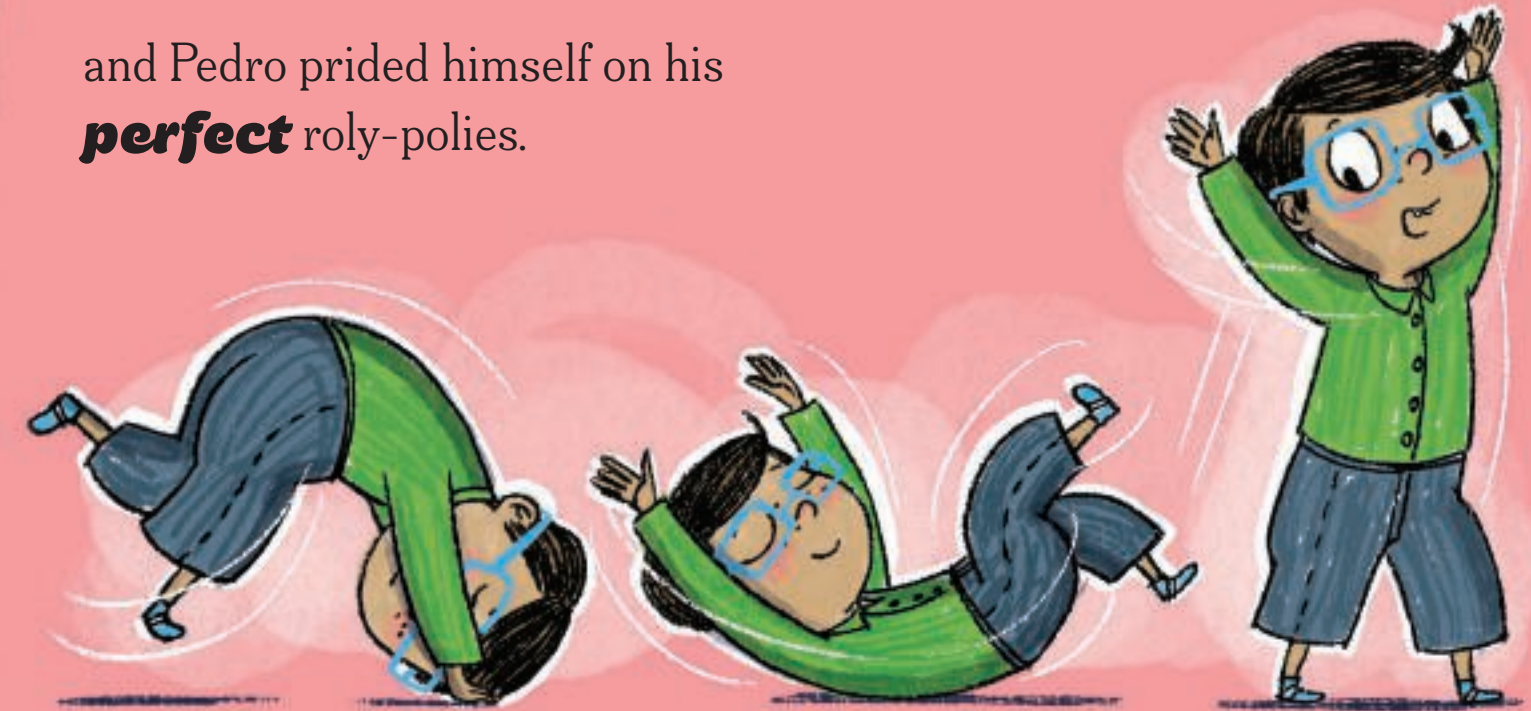
Pedro spelled his name  
**perfectly** (every time) ...



*no one* could ding a triangle as  
**perfectly** as Pedro ...



and Pedro prided himself on his  
**perfect** roly-polies.



But there was something missing from Pedro's otherwise **perfect** life.



He'd not yet met the **perfect** friend. Of course, Pedro had friends that he *liked*.

But they were often too messy ...



or too ... Pedro-didn't-know-what.



But he knew they weren't *perfect*.  
And with the school talent show coming up, Pedro needed to find an *absolutely perfect* partner to perform with.



So, when Poppy introduced herself to Pedro one playtime, the timing seemed perfect.

And Poppy seemed **perfect** too!



Such **perfectly** tied shoelaces!



Such **perfect** putting-away of toys—in the Proper Place!

Poppy's roly-poly?

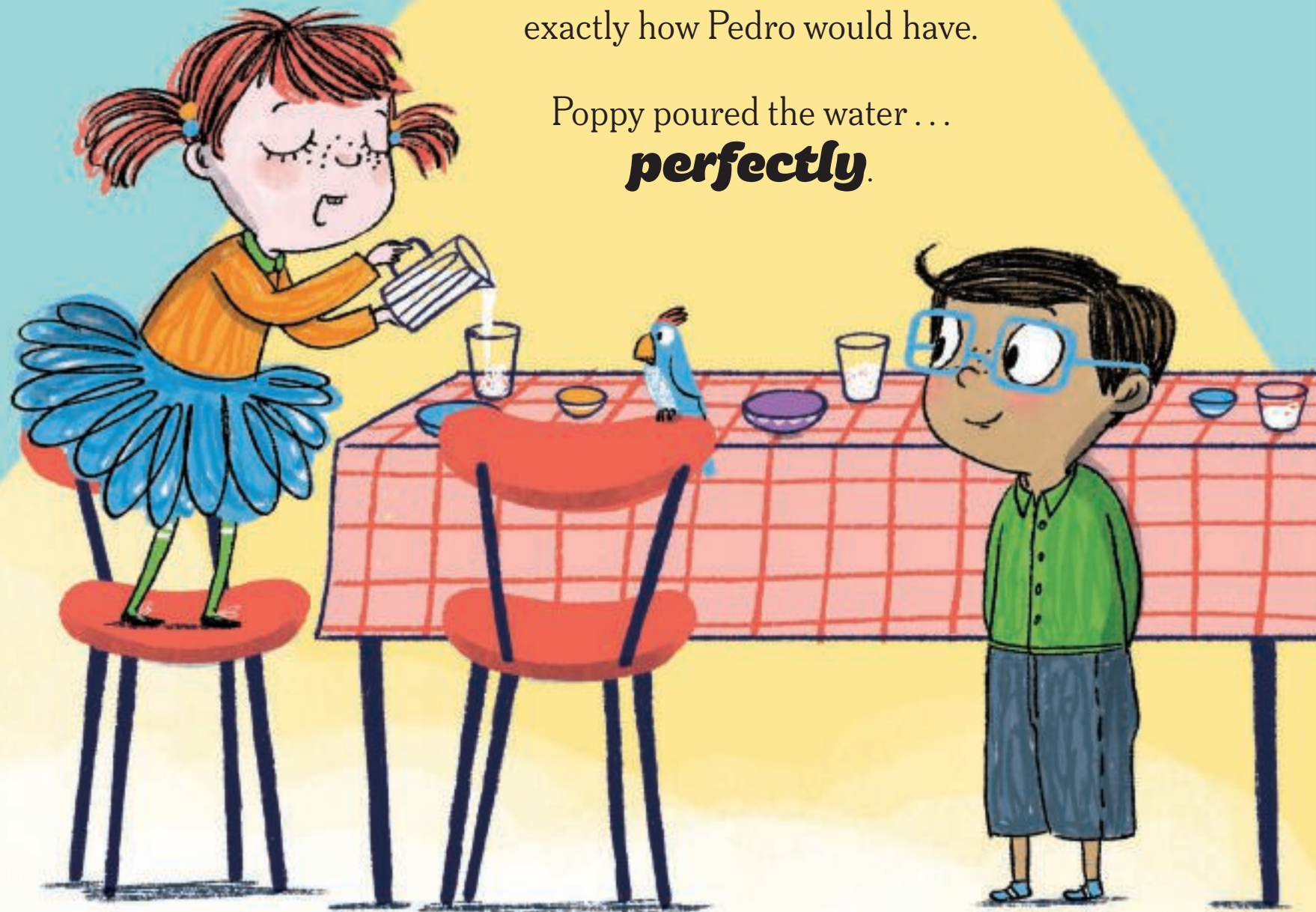
**Perfection!**



When Pedro was invited to play at Poppy's house after school one day, things continued to look promising.

Poppy laid the table for dinner **perfectly**, exactly how Pedro would have.

Poppy poured the water . . . **perfectly**.



And, when dinner was served, Poppy thanked her mum and dad for the food . . . with **perfect** manners.



But then, as Pedro dipped his chips in ketchup, Poppy dipped *her* chips . . .



... in  
**MUSTARD!**

*And* licked her fingers!

Despite being *horrified* (and wondering if he'd got the wrong idea about Poppy), Pedro was too **perfectly** polite to say anything.



Until, that is, Poppy proudly ...



... **BURPED** the entire alphabet!  
(Perfectly, of course.)



**‘YIKES! YUCK!  
HOW CAN YOU DO THAT?’**

Pedro couldn't help but shout. 'Your manners aren't perfect at all!'

'Well, neither are yours! Look at your T-shirt,' Poppy giggled, and Pedro realized she had a perfectly good point.

