

"I'll meet you at the sports shop in about fifteen minutes," Connor's mother called to the boys cheerfully, as they entered the shopping complex. "I'm going into the clothing shop next door." Connor and James darted off to look at the new season's footy boots. "I really need a new pair, but I don't have enough pocket money," James said dejectedly. It was then that Connor spotted the wallet lying on the floor. James stooped to pick it up and tentatively peered inside. He glanced at Connor in disbelief as he flicked through the wad of notes. "This would be more than enough for both of us to buy new footy boots," James calculated. "Nobody can see us here because we're hidden by that rack of clothes!" he reasoned. "What do you think we should do, Connor?" he asked, looking at Connor uneasily. Connor briefly considered their options, then said firmly, "We both know what we should do." James nodded in agreement. As they headed towards the counter, the shop manager appeared before them. "We found this wallet on the floor," James said defensively. "Yes, I know; I was observing you from my office on the in-store security camera," the manager explained. At that moment, Connor's mum came into the shop. She saw the manager holding the wallet. "These boys have been very honest," the manager reassured her, "and I'm rewarding them with a voucher to spend in my shop!"