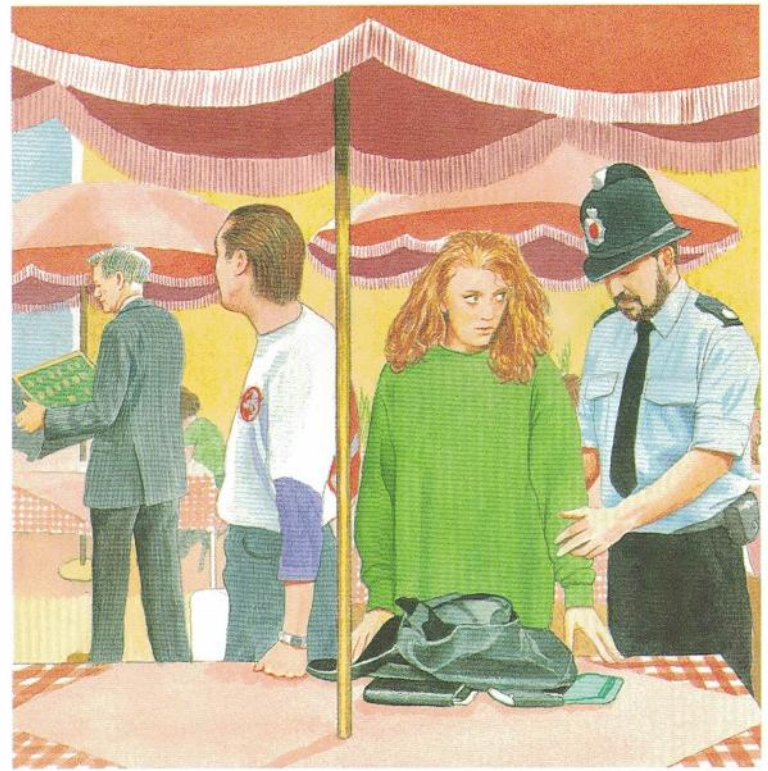


'How do you know?' asks the policeman.
'I looked in her bag and pockets today,' the shopkeeper says. 'And I looked in them last week.'
'You can look in my bag,' Carla says.
'And you can look in my pockets,' Pete says.
The shopkeeper is surprised. 'Can I?' he says.
'Please look . . . please look now,' Carla says. 'We didn't steal any coins.' She gives him her bag.



The shopkeeper looks in Carla's bag and in their pockets. The people at the tables near them watch him. 'Is he going to find the coins?' they think. But he finds no coins or stamps.

'We *didn't* steal the coins,' Pete says. 'And now you know that.'

'I – I'm sorry,' the shopkeeper says. 'I was wrong. But I don't understand it. Where are the coins?'

Then the old man goes back to his shop.

'He isn't very happy,' Pete says to the policeman.

'Coins are very small,' the policeman says. 'Perhaps they're in the shop, but he can't see them.'