



Later, John went to Eric's house. "I want to see if everything's okay with the wallet. I'm worried about Eric," John thought. "I hope he doesn't do anything wrong." John spoke to Eric's mother. "Umm . . . Hello, Mrs. Wilson. Is Eric in?" "Oh hi, John. It's nice to see you. Are you here to play music with Eric?" she asked. "Umm . . . music?" said John. "Umm . . . no." "I see. Well, you can go up to his room," said Mrs. Wilson.

"Why did she ask me about music?" he thought. Mrs. Wilson showed John to Eric's room. At Eric's door, John stopped. He could hear music coming from Eric's room. "That's strange. Eric's playing a guitar. But he doesn't have a guitar. What's going on?" John was very worried. Then he had a terrible thought. "Oh no. I hope he didn't . . ." He walked into Eric's room.

