

Alfred rolled the egg back to her. But this time the egg didn't roll straight. Instead, it curved and rolled right off the table. Splat! The egg crashed to the floor, making a goopy mess.

Alfred looked at Sasha with wide eyes. Then they both burst out laughing. "Let's do it again!" he said.

Sasha grabbed another egg. "Catch it before it rolls off!" she said. She rolled the egg harder than she had before.
Alfred missed it. *Splat*!

Alfred grabbed two more eggs. He rolled them faster. Sasha couldn't stop them soon enough. *Splat! Splat!* Sasha and Alfred giggled some more.

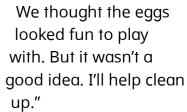
Then Sasha heard Mum coming. Oh no!
They were going to be in big trouble!
Sasha didn't want Mum to be mad at
them. Maybe they could make up a story.
She could tell Mum they didn't do it.

But then Sasha remembered the thirteenth article of faith. "We believe in being honest."

"What happened?" Mum asked. She stared at the messy floor. "Who broke the eggs?"

Sasha took a deep breath. "I'm sorry, Mum. It was me and Alfred.

What did Sasha do when Mum asked about the eggs?



"Me too," Alfred said.

Mum gave Sasha and
Alfred a hug. "Thanks for
telling me the truth."

Sasha smiled. Then
she turned to Alfred.
"Maybe we can make up a

new game—about cleaning up!"

This story took place in Zambia.

