

It's a sin

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With uncertain steps, I stepped into a police station and spoke in a shaky voice, Can ... can ... I have a word with ... with ... Sergeant Lee ?

Walk straight ahead and then turn left, and you'll find his office at the end of the corridor, replied a friendly-looking policeman.

My mind was blank while my hands were trembling. I knocked at the door, and instantly Come in was heard. The scene in front of me actually reminded me of the little room in which I had my first confession at the age of eight. Sergeant Lee appeared to be the priest who was ready to listen to my confession and forgive me whole-heartedly.

Sergeant Lee then asked patiently, How come you look rather subdued? What's wrong with you? Anything I can help you with? My mouth remained closed. He continued, Is there any further information you want to provide us with?

Instead of answering in words, I nodded my head. My conscience, at that time, told me, "Be brave, little boy, you shouldn't be so timid and should speak the truth ... Tell him the truth." However, another voice behind me shouted loudly, "Don't get yourself involved in

the matter. Otherwise, you'll fish in troubled waters. Stop and think what will happen to you if the burglars and murderers know that you're an eye-witness. Maybe, these nasty people will kill you."

Not knowing what to do, I closed my eyes and saw the two bloody, helpless men who had appeared in my nightmare and asked for my help the night before. I was certain that they were the two watchmen who were killed in the burglary that I had witnessed three days earlier. A stream of terror overwhelmed my whole body.

Putting his hands on my shoulders, Sergeant Lee said, Come on, be a good boy. Just tell me what you want to say or what you know. He then continued, Don't you think that burglary is wrong-doing - a kind of behaviour that is against the public morality and is also against the law of society ?

I nodded without even saying a word. An angel-like soft voice suddenly crept into my mind, Helping sinners from punishment is also a sin. You shouldn't hide the truth. God likes honest children.

Through the clear windows, I looked at the sky and said, I told a lie yesterday by telling

you that I didn't see anything to do with the burglary of the gold shop. Without hesitation, I went on, Actually, it was around twelve o'clock that night when I heard the burglar alarm of the gold shop opposite my house. In order to see what had happened, I thrust my head out of window, and in the dim street-light, I saw three men who wore masks carrying canvas bags rushing out of the gold shop. One of them was very short, only about five feet tall, I guess. Two watchmen were running after them. One of the burglars had a gun and shot them. I ... I was so scared that I hid my face in my hands. When I opened my eyes, all I saw were two bloody bodies which were lying on the ground and then, the police arrived. However, the three burglars had already gone. I was so frightened that I jumped into my bed at once. I thought of calling the police and telling you what I saw. However, I didn't dare to because I was afraid that the burglars would take revenge on me if I told you the whole story. So, I didn't tell you anything even though you asked me to yesterday. Needless to say, I've been very restless the past three days because my conscience constantly blamed me for hiding the truth...

After further questioning, Sergeant Lee

seemed to be satisfied with what I had said. My guilty conscience was overpowered and I also heaved a deep sign of relief.

Thank you very much indeed, Sergeant Lee said and shook hands with me, you're really a good boy giving us all these important and useful clues. Remember, don't hesitate to tell the truth next time. Otherwise, you are indirectly helping the criminals.

I smiled and stepped out of his office. Suddenly, I re-experienced exactly the same feeling which I had had six years ago as I stepped out of the little room after my first confession. I still remember what the priest said, Be a good boy and don't tell lies in the future. The guilty feeling inside my mind was purged and the angels sang me home.