

When the laptops were stolen

Law



THE THIEF The firm was in a of frenzy after the loss of several laptops within a three-week period. The manager just called me this morning to advise me of an interview which is actually an investigation of what happened. I tried to reconstruct my thoughts since the interview would definitely be tricky. I tried to rehearse in my mind possible answers to questions that would be thrown to me. Definitely, I need this job to sustain my integrity and I would try my best to preserve it.

I hurriedly walked towards the elevator. As I pressed the button, I felt cold. Seventh floor. Sixth. Fifth. Fourth. Third. The door opened. I said to myself " This is it". As I walked towards the hallway, I felt conscious. It seems that everyone was looking at me although the truth is - they were all busy with their work.

I stood in front of Room 305. I was about to knock on the door when it was opened by an elderly man who is actually the police inspector. His gray suit revealed his position and demeanor. He was gentle-looking but something about him revealed a tough character.

" Good afternoon. I believe you are ?" His smile was warm.

" Mr. Johnson. John Stuart Johnson. I am the head of the Management Information Services". I tried to sound formal yet casual enough to look confident. He looked at me disapprovingly.

He firmly said, " Take a seat. There are a few questions that you must answer candidly". I need to hide my fear. I need to focus my thoughts and appear innocent.

He asked , " Where were you that night when the laptops were stolen?" He was searching me for any clues that might reveal my secrets. The ring on his finger showed that he belonged to a secret society.

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“ I was at home entertaining friends”. Obviously, it was a lie. However, I can easily ask my friends to cover for me and testify that they were with me that fateful night. I added, “ One of my close friends celebrated his birthday at my place. Besides, at that time of the night, I am usually home relaxing on any given weekday.” I was trying to evaluate what I have said. Was there any clue that I was defensive? I hope not.

He was suspicious of what I said. “ You mean to say you do not spend overtime?” Apparently, he was not satisfied with my previous statements. “ It is highly unlikely that you don’t stay late in the office since you are a busy man in a busy department.”

A mixed feeling of fear and guilt was inside my chest. I could hear my heart beating loud. Nevertheless, I defended myself by saying “ Am I not allowed to relax after work?”. I knew it was an indirect answer. Suddenly, the room was getting colder.