



By Wendy Ellison
(Based on a true story)

We believe in being honest (Articles of Faith 1:13).

Mason liked pretending to be a detective. With his notebook and pencil, he wrote down fascinating facts. He inspected interesting evidence with his magnifying glass. The flashlight tucked in his belt lit up dark places, revealing hidden clues. The only thing he needed for his detective kit was a mirror for peeking around corners and peering into tiny cracks.

“Mom, do you have a mirror I can use for my detective kit?” he asked.

“Yes, I have a small one you can borrow,” Mom said. “Please be careful with it.”

“I will,” Mason promised.

The mirror fit perfectly into his pocket. With his kit complete, Mason was ready to play detective. But when he bent down to get a closer look at a possible clue, the mirror slipped out of his pocket. Mason heard a crunch when he knelt on the floor.

“Oh no!” he groaned when he saw Mom’s broken mirror on the floor. Mason felt awful. It was an accident, but he had promised to be careful. Mason

wasn’t sure he was brave enough to tell Mom he broke her mirror.

Mason had been taught in family home evening and Primary that he should always tell the truth. But right now that did not seem easy. He didn’t feel like playing anymore. He worried about what to do.

Finally, he slipped the broken mirror back into Mom’s drawer.

At dinner, Mason didn’t feel like eating. When he went to bed, he was still worried about the mirror.

The next morning, Mom called to Mason. “What happened to the mirror?” she asked, holding the pieces in her hand.

“I don’t know,” Mason said. “I put it back when I was finished playing.”

As soon as he said it, Mason felt awful. All afternoon he felt worse and worse. Telling the lie felt even worse than keeping the secret. Mason decided there was only one way he could feel better. Mason went to find Mom.

“I know what happened!” he blurted out.

“I knew you could solve the mystery of the broken mirror,” Mom said.

“It’s not a mystery,” Mason said. “I broke it. It fell out of my pocket when I was looking at clues. I’m sorry.”

“I’m glad you told me,” Mom said. “I think you know it is always best to tell the truth.”

Mason nodded yes. He was starting to feel better. It didn’t take a detective to figure out that telling the truth was always the right thing to do. ♦



