**Ethical Memoir**

An ethical dilemma I  experienced a while ago,involved my sister's husband. I had just finished my classes when I decided to run into a coffee shop for my daily caffeine. I slipped into the nearest coffee shop that was near the school. I made my usual order of coffee and walked to a near-empty table that had a great view of the street. I was watching people pass by when something caught my eye. In a far distance, I could see a familiar face. It was my brother-in-law.  Beside him was a woman who I had never seen before. By the look of things, they both seemed to be flirting with each other. But that couldn't be possible since Jim was married to one of my older sisters. As if the world was sensing my doubt, it sent me the final evidence that brother-in-law was indeed cheating on my sister through a kiss shared just a few feet from the coffee shop. Slowly the, two walked past the coffee shop barely noticing my observing eye. I was stunned that Jim could do that to my sister when they share two children. Following the event, I went back on and forth on what I could have done. Should I tell my sister or should I leave it for her to discover on her own? A week passed by, and I have still not decided on what to do.  I wonder if it would be appropriate for me to approach Jim on the issue but I think it would not do. So finally, I decide to broach my sister, Mary on the matter as she was folding clean clothes into the laundry basket. The conversation is still vivid in my mind.

"Hey, Mary. How is your day going?"

"Well, it is just normal. I was just doing some laundry."

"I was wondering if we could talk about something."

"Sure. I am all ears."

"Well, it is about Jim. On Tuesday, when I was done with my classes, I went to drink coffee at a nearby coffee shop near the school. I saw Jim."

"Ok. Go on."

"Well, he wasn't alone. He was holding another woman, and he kissed her."

All I remember after I had given her the news was silence. What followed next was a lot of arguments between the couple. I felt bad since I knew my decision, to tell the truth, had ruined the chances of a good marriage between my sister and my husband. Again I knew I couldn't keep the fact from her since she deserved it. A few months later, they got a divorce. I couldn't stop hating myself since I had managed to ruin a marriage even though I did the right thing by telling the truth.