

THE TESTIMONY OF MRS. WHITE

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Please describe, in full, your activity on the night of Boddy's death.

Let me see... when I first arrived at Tudor Hall, I spent some time in the hallway between the Billiard Room and the Ballroom. There's a beautiful portrait of the Boddy family hanging there, with the little children all dressed up in their Sunday best. I used to mind them, when they were young. My, how they've grown!

Standing there made me feel quite nostalgic, so I left the hallway to sit down at the piano, where I began to play some of the children's favorite songs from when they were young. I've never been much of a musician, but I can get through a few simple tunes.

It wasn't long before I had an audience to entertain! I played for a bit longer, then I took a break to chat with the others in the room.

What happened next?

I was abandoned! The only other guest in the room when the lights went out had left, so I was all alone. I was feeling a bit nervous by myself, so I decided to see if I could find any of the other guests. Not only did I wind up in an empty room, it was dusty enough to make me think that it hadn't been entered in quite some time. A good maid is hard to find!

I continued my search, moving clockwise around the mansion. The next room I checked was locked, but I met another guest in the room after.

A third joined us and relayed some gossip I thought the other guests should hear. I did a full circuit of the ground floor but didn't see or hear anyone at that point. I stopped in the hallway to catch my breath.

What happened after that?

Mrs. Peacock joined me in the hallway, and we had a quick conversation. Then I saw Col. Mustard enter the room I had just left, so I followed him in to thank him for restoring the power.

During the blackout, Mr. Green had mentioned hearing strange noises in another part of the house. I headed to that room and found him and Mrs. Peacock discussing that very subject!

We tried everything we could think of to recreate the sound Mr. Green had heard, but we weren't able to do it. I eventually decided that Mrs. Peacock had had the right idea in leaving, so I left the gentlemen to continue their efforts. I thought I should look at the circuit breaker myself; fixing the electricity seemed like it would be a useful skill to have.