



W

To be read in case
of my disappearance
... or demise.

To whom it may concern:


If you are reading this, it means that what I suspected is true — that the one who did in Mr. Boddy has found me out. Which is why I had to put all this down for you to find. Aunt Maude, if you're the one reading this, and I suspect it is, you were right. You always told me my natural inquisitiveness would get me into trouble. This time, it may well have done me in, like somebody did in Mr. Boddy. What I found out when I was at his Mansion may be the very evidence the Police need to find out what happened to me and to solve the mystery, for I never did find out Who Killed Mr. Boddy? In Which Room? and With Which Weapon?

Sincerely,

Francis Waddington

Francis Waddington
Swan House, Fowlmere
October 14, 1949



The background of the page is a collage of various newspaper clippings. In the top left, a clipping titled 'RICHES TO' with the sub-headline 'Where has all his money?' is visible. Below it, another clipping mentions 'An old buddy invited me down to his bar...'. To the right, a clipping from 'VENTURA COUNTY' is partially visible. In the bottom left, a clipping titled 'COMPANION SUS' is visible, with a sub-headline '“She stole my necklace!”'. To the right of that, a clipping titled 'LOCAL ACADE' and 'FUNGUS FUNI' is visible. The main text is centered over this collage.

How I happened to be at the scene of the crime...

I'm embarrassed to admit it, but I had been hinting at Boddy for months at the Club, and he finally gave in and invited me to spend the weekend at his country place, Boddy Mansion. I was thrilled! But it did not turn out to be the weekend I'd always dreamed of...

I was the last guest to arrive, at around six Friday evening. By the time I had introduced myself to the others, unpacked and changed for dinner, and joined the other guests for cocktails in the Lounge, I'd already gotten a funny feeling about this weekend I had long dreamed of.

Something was definitely amiss. The other guests were all acting strange—furtive, and suspicious. While there was the usual idle chatter between this one and that one, they all seemed preoccupied. And, while Boddy was the grandest chap and had a reputation for holding positively smashing parties, our host avoided all the other guests and spent time only with me. He wasn't himself...the lovable man I played snooker with at the Club was nervous.

Just before eight, when dinner would be served, Boddy beckoned me into the Hall.

"A word in private, old chap..." He picked a coil of Rope off the hat rack and nervously looped and re-looped it as he spoke.

I was relieved at the chance to speak to him alone. "Right. Now will you tell me what the blazes is going on here, Boddy? These friends of yours are about the rummest bunch I've ever met. What gives?"

He hesitated. I thought he would tell me what was going on. "Can't say, old man," he replied. "But I have my own suspicions, and you'd be a lifesaver if you'd keep your eyes and ears open and let me know what you can find out about my guests."

"But they're *your* friends, Boddy, I've never met them before. What makes you suspicious?"

"Well, haven't you ever wondered about their *names*? I mean, *really*...they sound like a child's paint box! And they're not my friends...but I do have my reasons for asking them down. Here, take a look at these."

He took a bulky envelope filled with newspaper clips from his inside jacket pocket and waited while I skimmed the headlines. If the people mentioned in the clips were Boddy's

colorful guests, they certainly had high profiles in the tabloids: a shady deal, a suspicious discovery...a broken contract, a stolen heirloom...a squandered inheritance, a contested will.

I handed him the clippings. He put them back and patted his pocket. "I'll put these in a safe place after dinner. What do you say, old chap. Will you help me out?"

I agreed to keep a watch on the other guests at Boddy Mansion for the weekend, and to let Mr. Boddy know if I spotted anything of a suspicious nature. I told him I would collect clues and give him a written report of anything that looked "funny" before I left the Mansion on Monday morning.

"Thanks, old chap." Boddy sighed, momentarily relieved. "You *are* a lifesaver." He patted me on the shoulder, and we walked in to dinner together.

Saturday was pleasant enough...a bit of riding in the morning, a positively hideous luncheon at the hands of Mrs. White, a few games of bridge after dinner, an early evening. I had picked up a few items of interest around the Mansion—possible clues to the guests' mysterious behavior. And I couldn't forget those newspaper clippings...were they related to the clues I'd picked up?

Sunday a few of the guests played tennis before lunch. Another group visited the local ducal palace and gardens in the afternoon. Cocktails, another disastrous meal, several rounds of billiards. All was quiet, until late that evening, which was to be our last at the Mansion...and Boddy's last, forever.

I'd felt a bit queasy—I held Mrs. White completely responsible—and retired early. I had just fallen asleep over my book when I heard a terrific commotion below me. Raised voices...scuffling...followed by the sound of someone running.

I ran downstairs and one of the other guests greeted me with the disastrous news: Mr. Boddy had been killed!

Those newspaper articles! The items I'd found around the mansion! Why, any one of the guests could have done in Mr. Boddy. There were motives and modi operandi in every room, for every Suspect. Poor chap: His suspicion had been well founded, after all. I shook myself back to reality and asked:

"Who did it? Where? What was the Weapon?" No reply. The other guest had already disappeared down the hall.

"All right," I mumbled. "The least I can do for Boddy is figure it out myself."
But I never did. **Can you?**



What I found at Boddy Mansion in the Lounge...

My first evening at the Mansion, I caught Colonel Mustard snoozing under the *Evening Standard* in the Lounge.

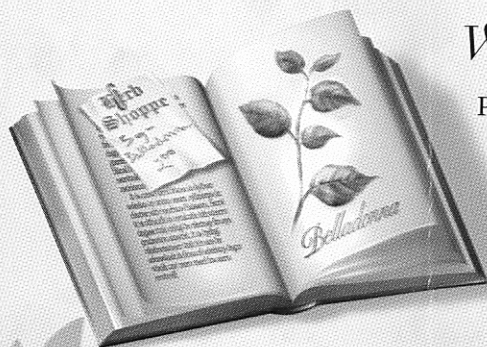
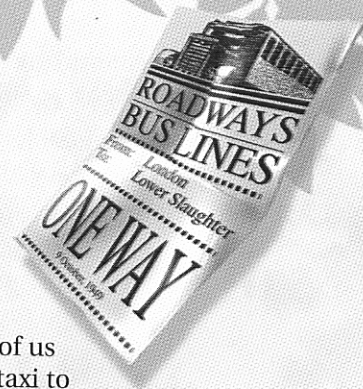
I coughed discreetly and he harrumphed himself awake, with a verbal string of Old Chaps and Forty Winks.

I remarked that I'd missed him at the station that evening.

"What-what?" He was surprised. "Boddy had told me the two of us would be coming down on the same train, so we could share a taxi to the Mansion," I explained. "But I didn't see you in any compartment, and I waited for everyone to alight from First Class. Where were you?"

Harrumph, harrumph, he mumbled... "Quite a crowd. Never saw you, old chap." With a sheepish look, he left the Lounge. But before he was out of sight, I saw him surreptitiously shift something from his jacket pocket into the waistband of his trousers. It was early in the weekend, so I wasn't particularly surprised that a retired military man and renowned target shooter would be carrying a Revolver.

As I took Mustard's seat on the divan and picked up the newspaper, I noticed a tiny slip of white between the cushions. A bus ticket...with the same day's date. Surely a man of Mustard's rank hadn't had to resort to traveling by bus...or had he?



What I found in the Library...

Professor Plum was in the Library all day Saturday, taking down one book after another from the shelves, riffling through the pages, then putting each back. From the doorway, I asked what he was looking for. He whirled around, stuffing what looked like a small vial imprinted with a Skull and Crossbones into his pocket. A Poison Bottle!

He gave me a positively filthy look. I mumbled something like, "Nothing like a good book." He mumbled something like, "Need a new recipe for slug bait" and turned back to his search. I left him to it.

After lunch Plum went upstairs for a nap, and I returned to the library. I started with the shelf below the one he had been working on. Skimming over the titles, something caught my eye. Sticking up between the pages of *Hortus Third*, a plant encyclopedia, was a receipt from an herbalist in the village of Lower Slaughter. It was for several grams of Belladonna...I know that means "beautiful woman" in Italian...but something made me look it up in *Hortus*. It means beautiful lady, all right. But it's deadly poison. Belladonna also means Death.



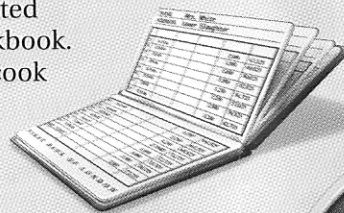


What I found in the Kitchen...

I couldn't get over the disastrous luncheon and decided a cup of tea wouldn't kill me. Mrs. White looked like she'd been doing a bit of Kitchen plumbing repair. She put down the Lead Pipe and fetched the teapot. "And how did you enjoy the Stewed Eels?" she asked, fishing for a compliment. I blanched at the memory. To avoid answering, I changed the subject, and asked what she would serve if she could concoct her Dream Dinner. "Ah, I've dreamed of that for years. I've even prepared the Bill of Fare." She scabbled around in the drawer of the kitchen table, and produced it. Dream Dinner, my Aunt Matilda!

I wanted a bromide just hearing her recite these recipes of death! She claimed she got all her best "receipts" from a Mrs. Beeton. Thank goodness that Beeton woman wasn't cooking for us!

While she had her back turned pouring the tea, I spotted something else in the table drawer: Mrs. White's bankbook. Quickly I flipped to the last page: How could a Cook cook up a balance that high? Boddy had told me she was in charge of the household accounts. Maybe she was skimming more than the gravy...the gravy train's more like it!



What I found in the Conservatory...

At dusk on Saturday, Mrs. Peacock was in the Conservatory furiously cutting every leaf off one of Boddy's African violets with a Knife. Before I could speak, she rushed out the door to the lawn and hailed Colonel Mustard, who was strolling the grounds with one of Boddy's Borzoi hounds at his heel. The plant tag stuck in the pot read "Saintpaulia 'Sailor's Girl.'" Odd name for a plant, I thought, but what had that little violet ever done to make her so angry?

I also couldn't help but notice that Mrs. Peacock had left her handbag on the wicker couch. And I couldn't help but notice the clasp was open, and it would only take a tick to see what was inside. (Boddy *had* told me to look around, after all.) Inside was a fiver—not much money to have on you for a whole weekend in the country—and a pawn ticket, dated the day before. It was for a strand of pearls—and it was for a bundle. What did Mrs. Peacock need that kind of money for? And where was the money now?





What I found in the Study...

By the end of the weekend I thought I had figured out why Miss Scarlet spent most of her time in the Study. With its huge windows overlooking the gardens, she could always be sure of catching her own reflection whenever she wanted to admire herself. She stood and stared for hours, folding and refolding the same dove gray piece of stationery she held in her hands. I could see a heraldic crest on the paper, but that's all I could make out, until late Sunday afternoon...

She was seated at Boddy's tilt-front secretary, concentrating, writing, scratching out and re-writing by the light from the candle in the Candlestick. I caught only a glimpse of what she wrote before she looked up and saw my reflection. Hurriedly she covered both letters with the blotter, but not before I read the crested letter's nine-word message: *I saw you do it and I will tell.*

Poor, distraught Scarlet...what *had* she done?



What I found in the Billiard Room...

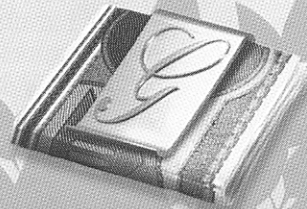
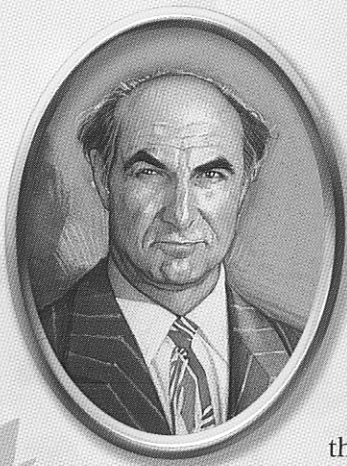
Green and I had agreed to a game of Billiards after Sunday dinner. I must have arrived earlier than he expected because when I walked in he quickly hid something behind his back. Knowing I'd seen it, he held out the Wrench and tried to cover up: "Uhhhh...had to tighten the leg bolts before we played." Well, that was hard to swallow. The table weighed close to half a ton and tightening those massive legs would take more than a plumber's Wrench.

We racked the balls and started our first game. I was playing badly, and Green got a greedy look in his eye.

"Let's make this interesting, shall we?" he challenged, pulling a wad of cash from his pocket. "Nothing like a little green on the green to heighten the excitement."

"Oh, no!" I replied. "Your stakes would be too rich for my blood."

He kept after me, but I stood my ground. The way he pushed, I got the distinct impression he was interested in more than the heightened challenge. This man *needs* the money, I said to myself.





HISTORY

Whodunit? Inventor Anthony Pratt!

To their neighbors in Bournemouth, on the south coast of England, Mr. Anthony Pratt and his wife appeared an unassuming retired couple. Few realized that the former solicitor's clerk from Birmingham had a mind for murder: He was the inventor of the CLUE® game!

Mr. Pratt came up with the idea in 1944 and spent the next two years perfecting the mechanics. When he was satisfied, he and his wife visited Waddingtons Games in Leeds, England, to discuss their possible interest in manufacturing it. The company immediately recognized the CLUE game as a winner. After some delays caused by postwar shortages, Waddingtons launched the game in 1949. Parker Brothers brought it out in the U.S. the same year.

The inventor once described himself as “an introvert full of ruminations, speculations and imaginative notions.” A perfect résumé for the inventor of the world's Classic Detective Game.

Where? All around the globe!

In North America Mr. Pratt's game is called, simply, CLUE. But in its native England and elsewhere around the world, its name is CLUEDO®. That's a play on the Latin phrase “ludo,” for “I play.” Clues + I play = CLUEDO. Brazilians get to the heart of the matter: Their name for it in Portuguese is “DETETIVE.”

From Brazil to Singapore and Slovenia to South Africa, Mr. Pratt's game is sold in nearly 50 countries around the world.

Poor Mr. Boddy...he's not safe anywhere!



CLUE® CLASSIC DETECTIVE GAME

FOR 3 TO 6 PLAYERS / AGES 8 TO ADULT

OBJECT

Mr. Boddy—apparently the victim of foul play—is found in one of the Rooms of his mansion. To win, you must determine the answers to these three questions:

Who done it? Where? and with What Weapon?

EQUIPMENT

- **Clue® gameboard:** This shows 9 Rooms in Mr. Boddy's mansion
- **6 Colored tokens, each representing one of the Suspects:** Colonel Mustard—yellow; Miss Scarlet—red; Professor Plum—purple; Mr. Green—green; Mrs. White—white; and Mrs. Peacock—blue
- **7 Miniature Weapons:** Rope, Lead Pipe, Knife, Wrench, Candlestick, Revolver—and special Anniversary Edition Bottle of Poison
- **Dice cup** (the gold-tone tin—use it to store the Weapons)
- **Pack of cards:** One card for each of the 6 Suspects, 7 Weapons and 9 Rooms
- **6 Invitations** and clips (double as detective notebooks)
- **Pad of detective “notebook” sheets**
- **Green Confidential Case File envelope**
- **6 CLUE pencils**
- **1 Die**

SETUP

1. Look on the board for the START space and Suspect name nearest you. Take that Suspect token as your playing piece and put it on that space. If fewer than six are playing, be sure to place the remaining token(s) onto the appropriate name(s)—they might, after all, be involved in the crime, and they must be on the premises!
2. Place each of the Weapons in a different Room. Select any 7 of the 9 Rooms.
3. Place the empty green envelope in the center of the board.
4. Sort the pack of cards into three groups: Suspects, Rooms and Weapons. Shuffle each group separately and place each facedown on the table. Then—so no one can see them—take the top card from each group and place it into the envelope. The Case File now contains the answers to the questions: Who? Where? What Weapon?
5. Shuffle together the three piles of remaining cards. Then deal them facedown clockwise around the table. (It doesn't matter if some players receive more cards than others.) Secretly look at your own cards: Because they're in your hand, they can't be in the Case File—which means none of your cards were involved in the crime!
6. Each player takes an Invitation and clips a clip to the top edge. Slip one detective's notebook sheet under the clip and, so no one can see what you write, fold the sheet in half. Check off the cards that are in your hand, if you wish.
7. Miss Scarlet—the player with the red token—always plays first. Play then proceeds, in turn, to the first player's left.



GAMEPLAY

MOVING YOUR TOKEN

On each turn, try to reach a different Room of the mansion. To start your turn, move your token either by rolling the die or, if you're in a corner Room, using a Secret Passage.

ROLLING

Using the gold-tone Weapons tin as a Dice Cup, roll the die and move your token the number of squares you rolled.

- You may move horizontally or vertically, forward or backward, but not diagonally.
- You may change directions as many times as your roll will allow. You may not, however, enter the same square twice on the same turn.
- You may not enter or land on a square that's already occupied by another Suspect.

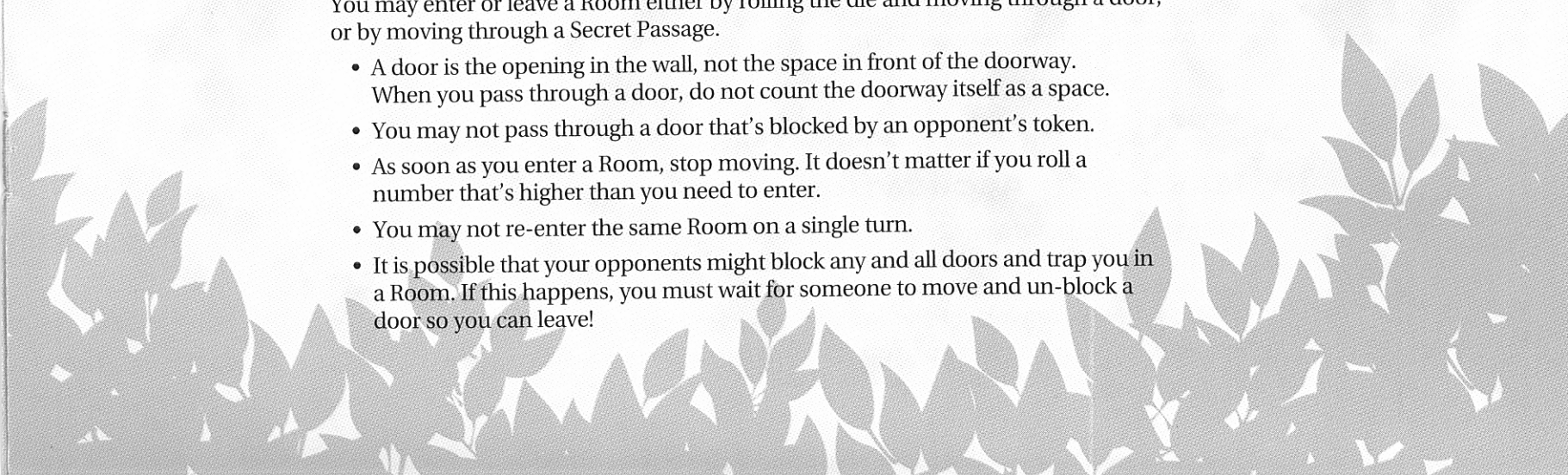
SECRET PASSAGES

The Rooms in opposite corners of the mansion are connected by Secret Passages. If you're in one of these Rooms at the start of your turn, you may, if you wish, use a Secret Passage instead of rolling.

To move through a Secret Passage, announce that you wish to do so, then move your token to the Room in the opposite corner.

ENTERING AND LEAVING A ROOM

You may enter or leave a Room either by rolling the die and moving through a door, or by moving through a Secret Passage.

- A door is the opening in the wall, not the space in front of the doorway. When you pass through a door, do not count the doorway itself as a space.
 - You may not pass through a door that's blocked by an opponent's token.
 - As soon as you enter a Room, stop moving. It doesn't matter if you roll a number that's higher than you need to enter.
 - You may not re-enter the same Room on a single turn.
 - It is possible that your opponents might block any and all doors and trap you in a Room. If this happens, you must wait for someone to move and un-block a door so you can leave!
- 

MAKING A SUGGESTION

As soon as you enter a Room, make a Suggestion. By making Suggestions throughout the game, you try to determine—by process of elimination—which three cards are in the confidential Case File envelope. To make a Suggestion, move a Suspect and a Weapon into the Room that you just entered. Then suggest that the crime was committed in that Room, by that Suspect, with that Weapon.

Example: Let's say that you're Miss Scarlet and you enter the Lounge. First move another Suspect—Mr. Green, for instance—into the Lounge. Then move a Weapon—the Wrench, perhaps—into the Lounge. Then say, "I suggest the crime was committed by Mr. Green in the Lounge with the Wrench."

Remember two things:

- You must be in the Room that you mention in your Suggestion.
- Be sure to consider all tokens—including spare Suspects and including yourself!—as falling under equal suspicion.

PROVING A SUGGESTION TRUE OR FALSE

As soon as you make a Suggestion, your opponents, in turn, try to prove it false. The first to try is the player to your immediate left. This player looks at his or her cards to see if one of the three cards you just named is there. If the player does have one of the cards named, he or she must show it to you and no one else. If the player has more than one of the cards named, he or she selects just one to show you.

If that opponent has none of the cards that you named, then the chance to prove your Suggestion false passes, in turn, to the next player on the left.

As soon as one opponent shows you one of the cards that you named, it is proof that this card cannot be in the envelope. End your turn by checking off this card in your notebook. (Some players find it helpful to mark the initials of the player who showed the card.) If no one is able to prove your Suggestion false, you may either end your turn or make an Accusation now.

MAKING AN ACCUSATION

When you think you've figured out which three cards are in the envelope, you may, on your turn, make an Accusation and name any three elements you want. First say, "I accuse (Suspect) of committing the crime in the (Room) with the (Weapon)." Then, so no one else can see, look at the cards in the envelope.

In a Suggestion, the Room you name must be the Room where your token is located. But in an Accusation, you may name any Room.

Remember: You may make only one Accusation during a game.

If Your Accusation Is Incorrect

If any one of the cards that you named is not inside the Case File:

- Secretly return all three cards to the envelope.
- You may make no further moves in the game, and therefore cannot win.
- You do continue to try to prove your opponents' Suggestions false by showing cards when asked.
- Your opponents may continue to move your token into the various Rooms where they make Suggestions.
- If after making a false Accusation your token is blocking a door, move it into that Room so that other players may enter.

WINNING

You win the game if your Accusation is completely correct—that is, if you find in the envelope all three of the cards that you named. When this happens, take out all three cards and lay them out for everyone to see.

Special Notes About Suggestions

1. When you make a Suggestion, you may, if you wish, name one or more of the cards that you hold in your own hand. You might want to do this to gain information or to mislead your opponents.
2. You may, if you wish, make a Suggestion then an Accusation on the same turn.
3. You may make only one Suggestion after entering a particular Room. To make your next Suggestion, you must either enter a different Room or, sometime after your next turn, re-enter the Room that you most recently left. You may not forfeit a turn to remain in a particular Room. But if you're trapped in a Room because your opponents are blocking the door(s), you must remain there until a door is unblocked and you can move out of the Room.
4. You may make a Suggestion that includes a Suspect or Weapon that's already in your Room. In this case, transferring one or both of those items is not necessary. When a transfer is necessary, leave the item(s) in the new location after the Suggestion is made.
5. If yours was the Suspect transferred, you may, on your next turn, do one of two things: Move from the Room in one of the usual ways OR make a Suggestion for that Room. If you decide to make a Suggestion, do not roll the die or move your token.
6. There is no limit to the number of Suspects or Weapons that may be in one Room at one time.

*"When you have eliminated the impossible, whatever remains,
however improbable, must be the truth."*

—Sherlock Holmes



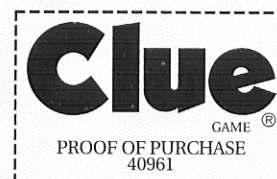
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