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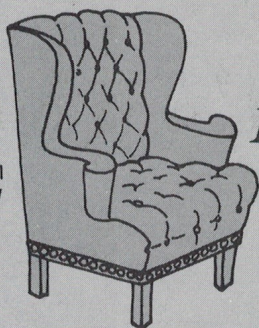
Clue[®]

THE STORYBOOK

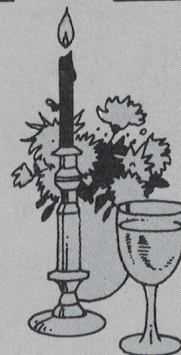


Based on the Motion Picture from Paramount Pictures

*Secret Passage
to Conservatory*



Lounge



*Dining
Room*

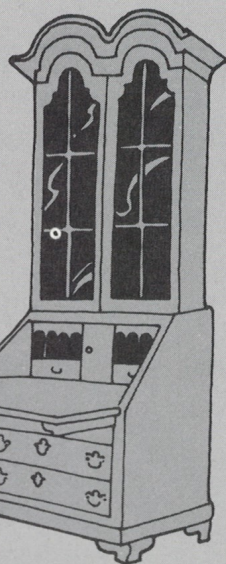
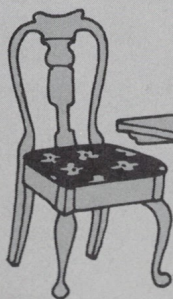


Hall

*Secret Passage
to Kitchen*



Study

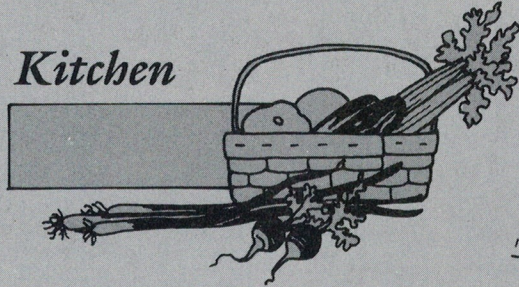


Library

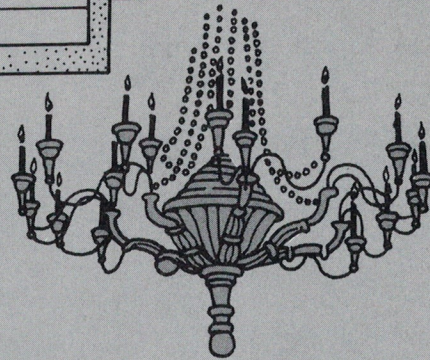
Secret Passage to Study

CENTRAL

Kitchen



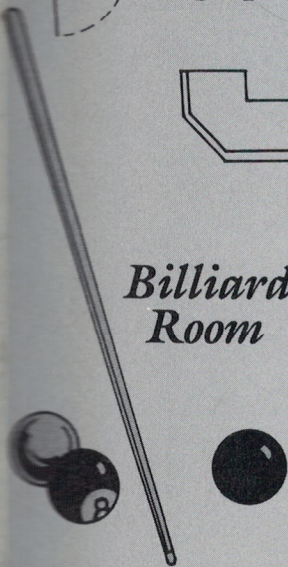
*Bath-
room*



Ballroom

★ *Secret Passage to Lounge*

*Billiard
Room*



Conservatory



JAMES K. LOUTZENHISER

PARAMOUNT PICTURES PRESENTS

Clue[®]

THE STORYBOOK



Based on the Motion Picture from Paramount Pictures

Screenplay by Jonathan Lynn
Story by John Landis and Jonathan Lynn
Storybook adapted by Ann Matthews



A LITTLE SIMON BOOK

Published by Simon & Schuster, Inc. • New York

JAMES K. LOUTZENHISER

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WADSWORTH



MRS. PEACOCK

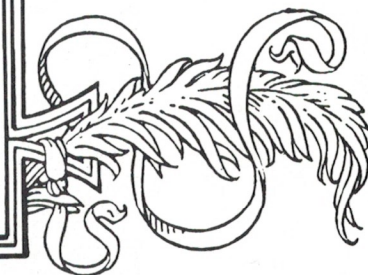
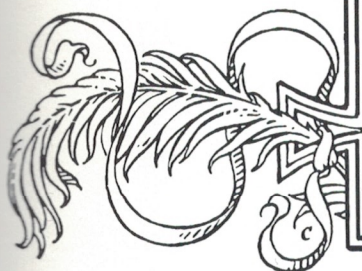


PROFESSOR PLUM

WARNING!!!

Inside this book is a baffling mystery. You can be a detective and look for clues—but look very carefully and be sure to listen to the characters. Sometimes a villain is his own worst enemy.

Can you find the clues to CLUE?



MR. GREEN



MRS. WHITE



YVETTE



COLONEL MUSTARD



MISS SCARLET



MR. BODDY



Nineteen fifty-four. The night was dark and overcast, the sky threatening. An old car drove down a lonely country lane. The driver pulled up to heavy gates that blocked the entrance to a mansion. The man, Wadsworth, got out and paused to glance at the house.

It stood alone on top of a hill, gloomy, menacing. Wadsworth opened the gates, got back in his car, and continued slowly up the private drive, leaving the gates open. Then he parked the car, took a key from his pocket, and let himself in the front door.

Inside, Wadsworth hung up his coat, walked through the imposing hall, and entered the library. Yvette, the French maid, was setting glasses on a tray.

"Is everything ready?" Wadsworth asked her.

"*Oui, monsieur.*"

"You have your instructions," he said.

He left the library and crossed the hall to the kitchen. There he found the cook, a Chinese woman. "Everything all right, Mrs. Ho?"

"Dinner will be ready at nine-thirty," she replied.

At that moment the doorbell rang. Wadsworth crossed the hall again and opened the front door. "Good evening," he said as he let the visitor in.

The visitor, a man, was well dressed. In the drive behind him sat an expensive car. "Good evening. I don't know if—" he began.

"Yes indeed, sir," Wadsworth broke in. "You are expected, Colonel."

The man looked reassured. He stepped inside and Wadsworth closed the door.

"May I take your coat?" asked Wadsworth. "It is Colonel Mustard, isn't it?"

"No! That's not my name. I'm Colonel—"

Wadsworth stopped him. "Forgive me, but tonight you must use a pseudonym—a false name."

The man looked suspicious. "Who are you?"

"I am Wadsworth, sir. The butler."

Wadsworth led Colonel Mustard into the library. "Yvette," said Wadsworth, "would you attend to the colonel, please?"

The doorbell rang again. This time a pale woman dressed all in black was standing on the steps, holding a letter.

"Do come in, Madam. You are expected," said Wadsworth.

"Do you know who I am?" asked the woman.

"Only that you are to be known as Mrs. White."

"Yes. It said so in the letter. But why?"

Wadsworth didn't answer. He helped Mrs. White off with her coat and took her into the library. "May I introduce you? Mrs. White, this is Yvette, the maid," he began.



But apparently Mrs. White and Yvette were already acquainted. They flinched and became very uncomfortable.

"I see you know each other," said Wadsworth smoothly.

The doorbell rang a third time, and Wadsworth brought Mrs. Peacock, a wealthy woman wearing a fur stole and jewels, into the library. He introduced her to the others.

The fourth guest to arrive was Mr. Green, a tall, slim, dapper young man. "Is this the right address to meet Mr. Boddy?" he asked when Wadsworth opened the door.

Wadsworth nodded. He took Mr. Green to the library.

When the doorbell rang a fifth time, Miss Scarlet and Professor Plum had arrived. Wadsworth looked surprised when he opened the door. "I didn't realize you two were acquainted," he said.

"We weren't," replied Miss Scarlet. "My car broke down, and the professor just happened to come along and pick me up."





In the library Wadsworth continued the introductions while Yvette served champagne to the guests. "Of course," said Wadsworth, "since each of you has a pseudonym, you will realize that nobody here is being addressed by his or her real name."



At that moment, the cook struck a gong.
"Ah, dinner," said Wadsworth.

He showed the guests into the dining room. There they were greeted by the sight of an elegant table, set for seven people. The guests sat down, three on one side, three on the other. The place at the head of the table remained empty.



Yvette walked around, serving soup to the guests. As she passed the empty chair, Colonel Mustard asked, "So, who is that for?"

"For the seventh guest, Mr. Boddy," replied Wadsworth.

"I thought Mr. Boddy was our host," said Mrs. White.

"So did I!" exclaimed the others.

"Who is our host, Wadsworth?" asked Mrs. White.

But Wadsworth was busy pouring wine and didn't answer.



When he and Yvette left the dining room, the guests ate in silence. After a minute or two Mrs. Peacock said, "Well, somebody's got to break the ice, so it might as well be me. I mean, I'm used to being a hostess; it's part of my husband's work. I have absolutely no idea what we're doing here or what this place is about, but I'm determined to enjoy myself."

"You say you're used to being a hostess as part of your husband's work?" asked Mrs. White.

"Yes. It's just part of your life when you're the wife of a—" She paused. "But then I forgot. We're not supposed to say who we really are, are we?"

Silence. Mr. Green was staring at Mrs. Peacock. At last he said quietly, "I know who you are."

"How do you know that?" asked Mrs. Peacock.

"I work in Washington, too," replied Mr. Green.

"Washington?" repeated Professor Plum, looking at Mrs. Peacock. "So you're a politician's wife?"

"Yes, I am," said Mrs. Peacock calmly.

"Come on, then. Who's your husband?" asked Colonel Mustard.

Before she could answer, Wadsworth and Yvette entered the dining room, collected the empty soup bowls, and left.

"And what does your husband do?" Mrs. Peacock asked Mrs. White.

"Nothing. He just lies around on his back all day."

At that moment, a panel in a wall behind the guests opened. It was the cover to a hatch connected to the kitchen, where the cook was preparing





dinner. Yvette placed the main course in it, and Wadsworth came back into the dining room and began serving the dish to the guests.

Mrs. Peacock tasted hers carefully. "Delicious," she said, glancing toward the hatch. "This is one of my favorite recipes."

"I know, Madam," said Wadsworth, stepping in front of the hatch.

Mrs. Peacock glanced at him curiously, then at Mr. Green. "So what do you do in Washington, D.C., Mr. Green?" she asked.

Mr. Green smiled and shook his head.

"Well," said Mrs. Peacock huffily. "If I weren't trying to keep the conversation going, we'd all be sitting here in an embarrassed silence."

"Are you frightened of silence?" Professor Plum asked.

"No! Why?"

"You seem to suffer from what we call pressure of speech."

"We? Who's 'we'?" asked Miss Scarlet. "Are you a shrink?"

"Er...I do know a little about psychological medicine."

"You're a doctor?" asked Mrs. White.

"I am, but...I don't practice."

"So what do you do?"

"I work for UNO," replied Professor Plum. "The United Nations Organization. What about you, Colonel Mustard? Are you a real colonel?"

"I am, sir."

"Are you going to mention that you also live in Washington, D.C.?" asked Miss Scarlet.

Colonel Mustard paused with a forkful of food halfway to his mouth. "How do you know that? Have we met before, Ma'am?"

"I've certainly seen you before."

Mr. Green smiled suddenly. "Miss Scarlet, does that mean you live there, too?"

"Sure do."

He thought for a moment. "Does anyone here *not* live in Washington or earn his or her living from the government, one way or another?"

The guests looked at each other.

Colonel Mustard stood up. "Wadsworth, where is our host, and why have we been brought here?"



Wadsworth smiled mysteriously just as the doorbell rang again. A tremendous crash of thunder sounded as he answered the door.

The man standing on the steps was rather ugly, almost evil-looking. In one hand he carried a small, locked suitcase.

Wadsworth seemed pleased to see him. "Ah, Mr. Boddy," he said. "You are eagerly awaited."

"I find that hard to believe. This is not your house, I take it?"

"No, sir. It is on loan."

Mr. Boddy entered and Wadsworth hung up his hat, coat, and umbrella.

"Just one thing, 'Wadsworth,'" Mr. Boddy told him, "remember—I know who you really are."



Wadsworth ignored his remark. "Shall I take your bag?"

"No. I'll leave it here till I need it."

"As you wish. It contains evidence, I presume."

"Surprises, my friend!" replied Mr. Boddy. "It contains surprises!"

Mr. Boddy placed the bag under the coatrack while Wadsworth locked the front door from the inside and dropped the key in his pocket.

"May I see that key?" asked Mr. Boddy.

"Over my dead body, sir."

Mr. Boddy smiled slightly as Wadsworth led him toward the dining room. When they entered, the guests looked curiously at the newcomer.

"Ladies and gentlemen," announced Wadsworth, "may I present Mr. Boddy." He turned to the new guest. "Do sit down, Mr. Boddy."

The seven guests stared at each other uncomfortably. "Look," snapped Mrs. Peacock at last, "I demand to know what's going on."



"Well," replied Wadsworth, taking an envelope from his pocket, "I believe we have all received a letter. Mine says 'It will be to your advantage to be present tonight because a Mr. Boddy will bring to an end a certain long-standing confidential and painful financial liability.' And it is signed 'A Friend.'"

"Yes," said Mr. Green, "I got a similar letter."

"So did we," said Miss Scarlet and Professor Plum.
Mr. Boddy spoke up. "I also received a letter."





Yvette offered Mr. Boddy some food, but he waved it away. "No, thanks, Yvette. I'm not hungry."

Mr. Green flashed a look at them. "How did you know her name?"

Mr. Boddy smiled at Yvette. "We know each other, don't we, dear?"

Yvette nodded.

"Forgive my curiosity, Mr. Boddy, but did your letter say the same thing as ours?" asked Wadsworth.

"No," replied Mr. Boddy brusquely.

"I see. Can I interest any of you in fruit or dessert?"

The guests shook their heads. They weren't hungry anymore.

"In that case," continued Wadsworth, "may I suggest that we adjourn to the study, at which point I believe our unknown host will reveal his intentions."

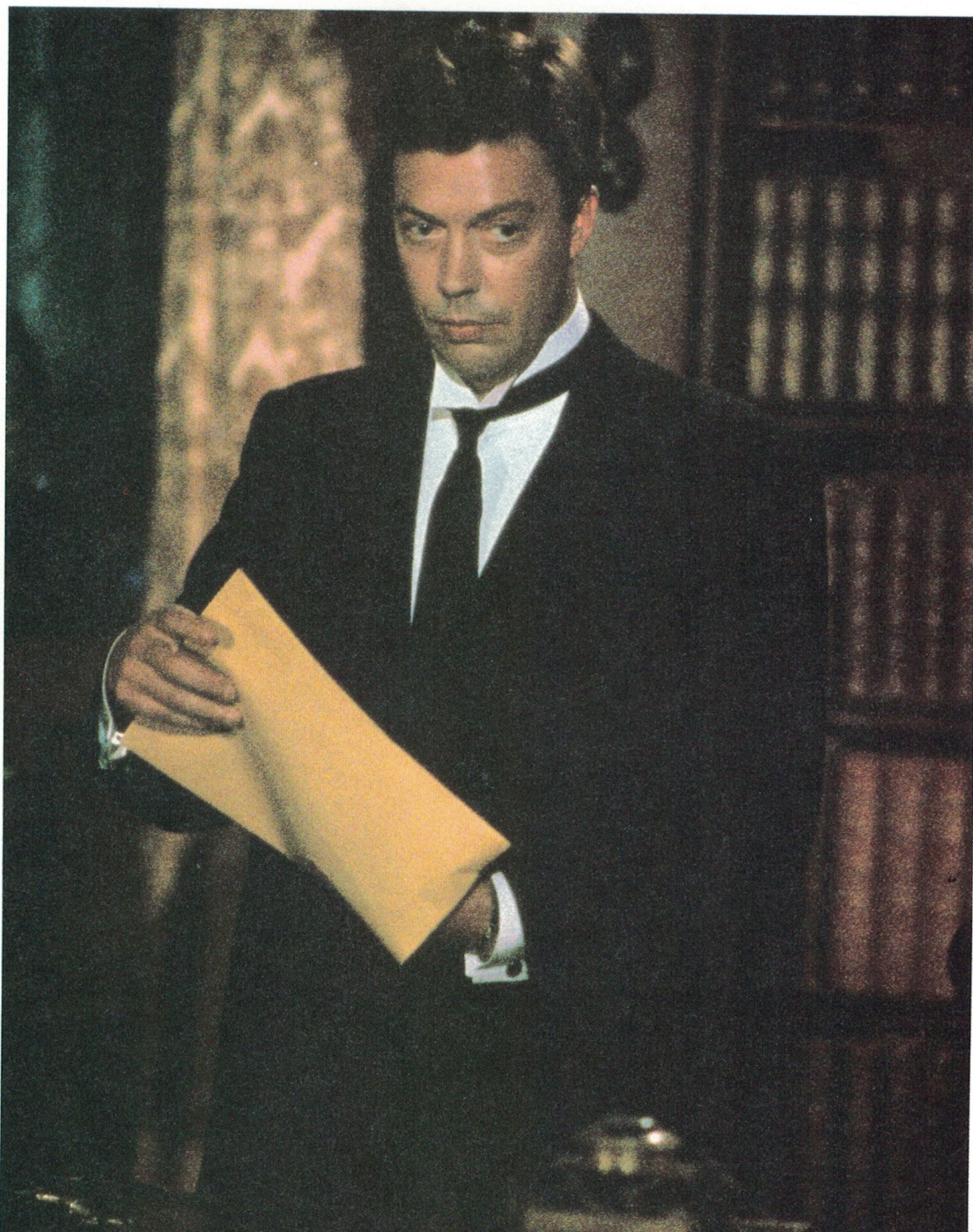
The guests rose and Wadsworth showed them into the study. They stopped and looked around.

"No one's here," exclaimed Mr. Green.

Wadsworth ignored Mr. Green's observation. "Please help yourselves to coffee and brandy and be seated." He walked over to a desk on which a brown envelope was propped up. The envelope was addressed: TO WADSWORTH. PLEASE OPEN AFTER DINNER.

Wadsworth picked it up while the guests found seats. They sat quietly as he opened it, withdrew a short piece of paper, skimmed it, and put it back on the desk.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Wadsworth, "I am instructed to explain to you what you all have in common. Unless you would care to do so, Mr. Boddy."



Mrs. White stood up suddenly and faced Mr. Boddy. "Who are you?" she demanded.

Mr. Boddy rose too. "We have all been dragged here for nothing," he told the other guests. "It's a hoax. I suggest we leave."

"I'm sorry, sir, but you cannot leave this house," said Wadsworth. "There's no way out. You are prisoners."

"How dare you!" cried Mr. Boddy.

The guests looked aghast.

"Ladies and gentlemen—please," said Wadsworth. "All will be explained. As I said, you all have one thing in common. You are being blackmailed. You have been paying money to someone who threatens to expose something you are trying to keep secret. And none of you knows who's blackmailing you, do you?"

No one said a word. Wadsworth nodded to Yvette, who left the room.

"Professor Plum," Wadsworth began, "you were once a professor of psychiatry."

"Yes, but now I work at the United Nations."

"Your license to practice has been taken away. Correct?"

Miss Scarlet looked very interested. "Why? What did he do?"

Wadsworth cleared his throat. "He began having affairs with his patients."





"How disgusting!" exclaimed Mrs. Peacock.

Wadsworth turned to her. "Are you making moral judgments, Mrs. Peacock? You took bribes from people and guaranteed them that your husband, the senator, would do certain favors for them."

"No. That's a vicious lie."

"And yet," said Wadsworth smoothly, "you've been paying blackmail for over a year now to keep this story out of the papers."

"I'm willing to believe you, Mrs. Peacock," said Mrs. White. "I'm also being blackmailed for something I didn't do."

"Me too," said Mr. Green.

"And me," said Colonel Mustard.

Miss Scarlet smiled. "But not me!"

"What did you do?" Professor Plum asked her.

"Well, to be perfectly frank, I run a 'specialized' telephone service that provides gentlemen with the company of a young lady for a short while. An escort service, you might say."

"So how did you know that Colonel Mustard works in Washington?" Mr. Green asked her. "Is he one of your clients?"

"Certainly not!" cried the colonel.

"I was asking Miss Scarlet," said Mr. Green.

Colonel Mustard turned on Miss Scarlet. "Tell them it's not true."

"It's not true."

"Is that true?" asked Professor Plum.

"No, *that's* not true."

"Aha! So it is true," cried Mr. Green.

"A double negative!" exclaimed Wadsworth.

"Negative?" repeated Colonel Mustard, horrified. "You mean you have photographs?"

Miss Scarlet nodded.

"That sounds like a confession to me," said Wadsworth. "In fact, the double negative has led to proof positive. I'm afraid you gave yourself away, sir," he said to Colonel Mustard.

"But," put in Professor Plum, "I don't see what's so terrible about Colonel Mustard using an escort service—even Miss Scarlet's escort service."

"Well," said Wadsworth, consulting the brown envelope, "he holds a sensitive security post in the Pentagon. And, Colonel," he went on, changing the subject, "you drive a very expensive car for someone who only lives on a colonel's pay."

"I inherited my money," the colonel said tightly, "during the war. When I lost my parents. Dying is perfectly legal, isn't it?"

"Sometimes, yes," replied Wadsworth. "Mrs. White, you have been paying our friend the blackmailer ever since your husband died under, shall we say, mysterious circumstances."

Miss Scarlet burst out laughing. "So that's why he's lying on his back all day! In his coffin!"

"I didn't kill him," said Mrs. White.

"Then why are you paying the blackmailer?" asked Colonel Mustard.

"Because I don't want a scandal."

"What did your husband do for a living?" Miss Scarlet asked.

"He was a scientist. Nuclear physics."

Mr. Green coughed. He stood up nervously. "Um...I have something to say. I'm not going to wait for Wadsworth here to unmask me. I work for the state department, and I am engaged in a relationship that I have to keep quiet...sort of an affair. I feel no guilt about this, but if anyone found out about it, I could lose my job."

"Well," said Professor Plum. "That just leaves Mr. Boddy."

Everyone turned to Mr. Boddy.

"What's your little secret?" asked Miss Scarlet.

"His secret?" repeated Wadsworth. "Oh, I thought you'd realized. He's the one who's blackmailing you all."



Crash! Thunder roared. A flash of lightning illuminated the study.

"You!" cried Colonel Mustard. He ran at Mr. Boddy, who got to his feet hastily.

Wadsworth stepped between them. "Colonel! Please—don't do anything rough!"

But it was too late. The colonel and Mr. Boddy began fighting.

"Wait! Wait!" Wadsworth shouted. "The police are coming!"

Instantly the fighting stopped. Everyone began talking at once. The guests surrounded Wadsworth, panicking.

"Listen!" exclaimed the butler. "Blackmail depends on secrecy. You have all admitted that Mr. Boddy's been blackmailing you. If you tell the police, then he'll be convicted and your troubles will be over."

But the guests still looked horrified.

"You see, Wadsworth?" gasped Mr. Boddy. "It's not so easy. They'll never tell the police."

"Then I shall," replied Wadsworth crisply. "This conversation is being tape-recorded."

Sure enough, although the guests couldn't see her, Yvette was in the billiard room, monitoring a huge tape-recording device.

"Ladies and gentlemen," continued Wadsworth, "the police will be here in forty-five minutes. If you tell them the truth, Mr. Boddy will end up behind bars."

The guests were still in a panic. But Mr. Boddy headed toward the door of the study.

"Where are you going?" asked Wadsworth.

"I think I can help them make up their minds. Can I just get my bag from the hall?"

For the first time that evening, Wadsworth looked worried.

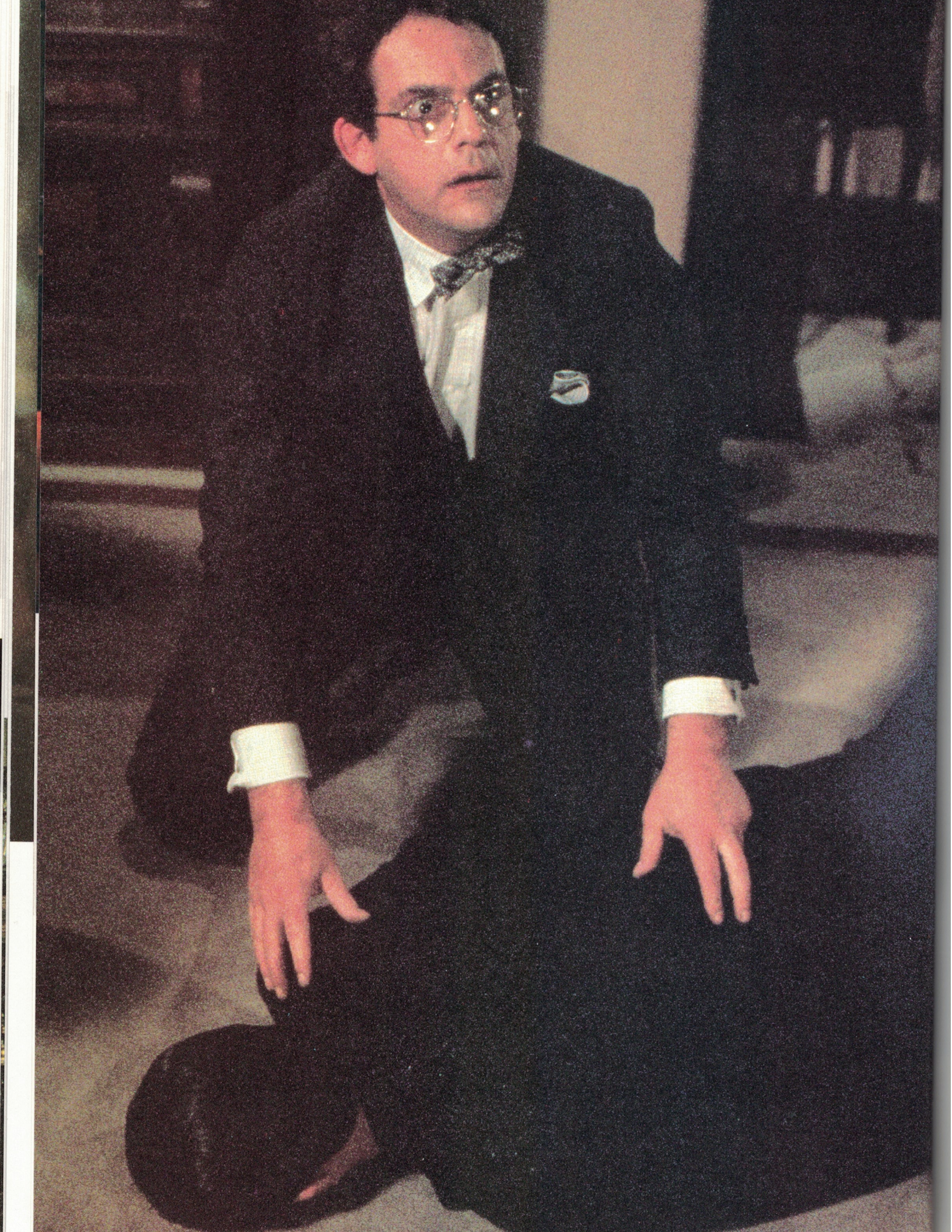
When Mr. Boddy returned, he set his bag on the desk and opened it. Inside were six gift-wrapped packages. He handed one to each guest. "Open them," he said. He poured himself a glass of brandy and sipped it.



Miss Scarlet shrugged. "Why not?" She unwrapped the box and removed a heavy brass candlestick. Slowly the other guests opened their boxes. Mrs. White received a length of stout rope. Colonel Mustard got a wrench, Mr. Green a lead pipe, and Mrs. Peacock a dagger. At last Professor Plum opened his gift. It was a gun.

"Each of you," said Mr. Boddy, "has a lethal weapon. If you go to the police, you will be exposed and humiliated. I'll see to that in court. But if one of you kills Wadsworth now, no one but the seven of us will know."

Mr. Boddy flicked a light switch. The study went black.





There were thuds, gasps, and screams—then a gunshot and the sound of breaking glass. When the light was switched on again, Mr. Boddy was lying facedown on the floor.

Everyone rushed over to him.

"Is he alive?" asked Mrs. White.

"Stand back," said Professor Plum. He bent to examine Mr. Boddy. Then he looked up. "He's dead."

"Who had the gun?" asked Mrs. White.

"I did," said Professor Plum.

"So you shot him!" cried Mrs. Peacock.

"I didn't! Look—there's no gunshot wound. Somebody tried to grab the gun in the dark and it went off. The bullet broke that vase on the mantel."

"So how did he die?" asked Mr. Green.

"One of us must have killed him," said Mrs. White.

Everyone looked nervously at everyone else.

"I need a drink," said Mrs. Peacock shakily. She poured herself some brandy and sipped a little.

"Maybe he was poisoned!" Professor Plum suddenly exclaimed.



Mrs. Peacock dropped her glass and began screaming. She didn't stop until Mr. Green slapped her in the face.
And, at that moment, other screams came from another room.

The guests and Wadsworth rushed into the hall. The screaming seemed to be coming from the billiard room. Colonel Mustard tried the handle, but the door was locked. "Open the door!" he ordered.

Yvette opened the door and everyone ran in.

"You're alive!" exclaimed Wadsworth. "Why were you screaming in here, all by yourself?"

"Because I'm frightened!" exclaimed Yvette. "I heard what just happened. I don't want to stay in here alone."

"Why don't you come back to the study with us?" suggested Miss Scarlet kindly.

Yvette nodded. She switched off the recording equipment.

The guests, Wadsworth, and Yvette returned to the study. Mr. Boddy was still lying on the floor. Everyone stared at him.

"Is there *no* indication of how he died?" asked Mr. Green.

"No," replied the professor.

Suddenly Wadsworth sank into a chair and put his head in his hands. "This is terrible," he moaned. "This is not at all what I'd intended."

"What *you'd* intended?" repeated Mrs. White.

"So you're not the butler?" asked Miss Scarlet.

"I'm not *the* butler," Wadsworth answered. "But I am a butler. In fact, I was *his* butler." He pointed to Mr. Boddy. "I invited you here," he confessed. "I wrote the letters. It was all my idea. Please sit down. I better explain.... I was once Mr. Boddy's butler, but it was not his death that brought my employment to an end. Oh, no. It was when my wife ended her life." Wadsworth glanced at the guests, who were sitting patiently, listening curiously. "She too was being blackmailed by Mr. Boddy. He hated my wife for the same reason he hated all of you. He believed that you were thoroughly un-American.

"But this is ridiculous," said Mr. Green quietly. "If he was such a patriotic American, why didn't he report us to the authorities?"

"Because he decided to use his information to make a little money. Free enterprise. What could be more American than that?"

"And what was your role in this?" Professor Plum asked Wadsworth.

"I was a victim, too," he replied, "because my wife was. Mr. Boddy began blackmailing her, but we had no money—so we ended up working for him for nothing. We were slaves. When my wife couldn't stand it any longer, she killed herself, and I decided to put Mr. Boddy behind bars. So I gathered us together to confront Mr. Boddy with his crimes, get him to confess, and turn him over to the police."

"So!" said Professor Plum. "Everything is explained."

"No, nothing's explained," retorted Miss Scarlet. "We still don't know who the murderer is."

"And," said Wadsworth, "we must find out in the next forty minutes—before the police arrive."

"Maybe," suggested Professor Plum, "it wasn't one of us! Who else is in this house?"

"Only the cook," replied Wadsworth and Yvette.

“**T**he cook!” everyone cried. They rushed into the kitchen—and came to a stop. There was no cook.

“She’s not here,” said Mr. Green, just as a cupboard door next to him creaked open.

The cook fell face-first into Mr. Green’s arms. A dagger had been plunged into her back.





"Aaaagh!" screamed Miss Scarlet.

"Help me, somebody!" said Mr. Green, struggling with the cook.

The guests helped lower her to the floor.

"Who would want to kill the cook?" asked Mr. Green.

"Yeah, the dinner wasn't *that* bad," added Miss Scarlet.

The colonel faced the other guests. "Who had the dagger?" he asked. "It was you, Mrs. Peacock, wasn't it?"

Mrs. Peacock looked frightened. "Yes, but I put it down."

"Where?" asked the professor.

"In the study."

"When?"

"I don't know, but any of you could have picked it up."

Silence.

"Well," said Wadsworth, "I suggest we move the cook's body."

Wadsworth, the professor, the colonel, and Mr. Green carried the cook back to the study.



"Look!" cried Professor Plum when they reached the doorway. Everyone gasped, dropping the cook. Mr. Boddy was gone.

"Maybe he wasn't dead," said Mrs. White.

"He was!" Professor Plum insisted.

"Well, where is he?" asked Miss Scarlet.

"We'd better look for him," Wadsworth said grimly.

Everyone searched the study thoroughly. They found nothing.

"He *couldn't* have been dead," Mr. Green said at last.

Professor Plum looked mystified. "He was! At least, I thought he was."

"Well, we've got to find out," said Wadsworth. "The police will be here in"—he checked his watch—"thirty-five minutes, and now we have two corpses."

"Excuse me," Mrs. Peacock said, "but is there a ladies' room in the hall?"

"*Oui, madame*," replied Yvette. "It's to your right."

Mrs. Peacock left the room.



The others returned to the mystery of Mr. Boddy's body. Suddenly they heard a scream. They ran into the hall and found Mrs. Peacock struggling with Mr. Boddy. There was blood all over both of them.

"He's attacking her!" cried Mr. Green. He and Wadsworth pulled Mr. Boddy off Mrs. Peacock. Then they saw that he was dead—his head had been bashed in.

"He fell out of the bathroom when I opened the door," explained Mrs. Peacock shakily.

Wadsworth examined the body. "He's certainly dead now. Why would anyone want to kill him *twice*?"

"Unless he wasn't dead before," Mr. Green reminded the others.

"What's the difference?" shouted Professor Plum.

"What's the *difference*? We are trying to find out *who* killed him, and *where*, and with *what*!" Wadsworth shouted back.

At that moment the brass candlestick fell off the top of the bathroom door, where it had been balanced, and hit Wadsworth on the head. He collapsed in a heap.

Outside the mansion, rain was falling heavily. A car drove along the winding road near the gates to the house. The driver was going too fast. He screeched around a corner and skidded off the road.

In the house Wadsworth came to. He rubbed the bump on his head gingerly. Then he instructed the guests to move both of the bodies onto the sofa in the study.

When they were finished, they stood back, panting from the work.

"Now," said Colonel Mustard, "who had access to the candlestick?"

"All of us," replied Miss Scarlet.

"It was given to *you*," Mrs. White pointed out.

"Yes, but I dropped it when the lights went out. Anyone could have picked it up."

Wadsworth surveyed the other weapons that were lying about. "Let's put them in this cupboard and lock it," he said.

The others agreed that that was a good idea, and they helped Wadsworth put the weapons away. Then Wadsworth dropped the key in his pocket.

"Why are you doing that?" asked Mr. Green.



"To keep it safe, obviously."

"But that means you can open the cupboard whenever you want."

"Well," said Wadsworth, "we could throw it away." He walked briskly out of the study. The guests and Yvette followed him into the hall. Wadsworth unlocked the front door, flung it open—and found himself face-to-face with a man.

It was the driver whose car had run off the road. He stared uncomfortably at the crowd of people in the doorway. "I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't mean to disturb the whole household, but my car broke down and I was wondering if I could use your phone."



"Just a moment, please," said Wadsworth. He turned to the guests. "What should we do?" he whispered.

Everyone spoke at once. "I say no." "How can we say no?" "We've got to let him."

"All right?" Wadsworth asked finally. "Okay?" He turned back to the motorist. "Very well, sir. Please come in."

Wadsworth led the man to the lounge. "When you've made your call," he went on, "perhaps you would be good enough to wait in here."

"Certainly."

Wadsworth left the lounge—and bumped into Colonel Mustard, who was hiding in the hall just outside. The colonel gestured frantically, and Wadsworth nodded when he realized what the colonel was suggesting. Then he silently locked the driver in the lounge, leaving the key in the lock.

“Now,” said Colonel Mustard, getting back to business, “where’s the key to the cupboard that holds the weapons?”

Yvette and the guests crowded around.

“You still wish me to throw it away?” asked Wadsworth.

“Yes,” everyone replied.

“Very well.”

Wadsworth opened the front door, took a key from his pocket, and hurled it into the dark of the night. Then he closed the door. “What now? We’ve got twenty-five minutes left till the police get here.”

“Let’s discuss this calmly,” said Colonel Mustard. “Everyone into the library.”





When they were settled, the colonel said, "Perhaps there *is* someone else in the house. I suggest we split up and search the house before the police get here. Since we haven't much time, let's split into pairs."

"Very well," said Wadsworth. "Let's draw lots for partners." He led the guests into the kitchen. There he took some long matches from the fireplace, broke them into shorter pieces, and held them so that the guests could not tell their lengths.

"Ready? Everyone should draw a match. The shortest will be paired with the next shortest and so forth."

The guests nodded and began choosing matchsticks. When they were finished, Wadsworth was paired with Mrs. White, Yvette with Mr. Green, the colonel with Miss Scarlet, and the professor with Mrs. Peacock.

"Very well, let's go," said Wadsworth, checking his watch. And so the search began.

While the guests investigated the house, another investigation was being conducted outside. A patrol car had pulled up to the motorist's abandoned car, and a police officer was looking at it suspiciously.

In the hall inside the big house, a mysterious gloved hand removed the key from the lock in the lounge door. In the study, the same gloved hand reached for the envelope addressed to Wadsworth and pulled out the papers that were tucked inside. It flipped slowly through a stack of glossy photographs. There was one of Mr. Boddy, one of the cook, one of Mr. Green—and one of the driver who had come to the house! He was sitting at the wheel of a jeep, dressed in an army uniform.

The gloved hand stuffed everything back in the envelope and tossed the pack of papers into the fireplace. Then it inserted a key into the lock of the cupboard where the weapons were stored and opened the door.



In the lounge, the motorist was talking on the telephone. "I'm a little nervous. I'm in this big house, and I've been locked into the lounge. The funny thing is, there's a whole group of people here having some sort of party, and one of them is my old boss from—"

He never got to finish his sentence. A gloved hand was holding the wrench, and it whacked the driver on the head. He fell to the floor, dropping the telephone.

The guests continued their search. Colonel Mustard and Miss Scarlet crept into the conservatory. The colonel found the light switch and flicked it on. At first the two guests noticed nothing unusual. Then Colonel Mustard said, "Look!"

A panel in the wall on one side of the room was slightly ajar.

Miss Scarlet opened it and saw steps leading down into pitch darkness.

"It must be a secret passage," she whispered. "Shall we see where it leads?"

Colonel Mustard nodded. He turned on the flashlight he had brought. "Well, here goes." He stepped down, and Miss Scarlet followed him.

They reached the bottom of the stairs and inched their way through a clammy, narrow stone passage that wound in all directions. At last they reached another stairway and climbed to the top. Just before they pushed open the door that led into the lounge, a gloved hand switched off the lights.

The colonel and Miss Scarlet entered a room illuminated only by moonlight filtering through the shutters at the window.

"Why is it so dark in here?" asked the colonel.

"Because there's no light," snapped Miss Scarlet.

Suddenly she screamed and stumbled forward as someone pushed her. The colonel dropped the flashlight. It flickered out, and Miss Scarlet fell to the floor.

"What happened?" asked Colonel Mustard.

"Did you push me?" replied Miss Scarlet.

"No. Are you hurt?"

"No. I fell over, but I landed on something soft." She felt around and gasped. "It's a *body*! Who is it?"

Across the room the flashlight was turned on. It moved slightly. The colonel made a dive for it. The flashlight was held by a gloved hand! It flew through the air and slid across the floor.

"The murderer's in here!" screamed Colonel Mustard.

"Help! Help! Help!" shrieked Miss Scarlet.

Wadsworth, Yvette, and the other guests came running. They all collided in the hall.

"Who's screaming?" asked Mrs. White.

"Where's it coming from?" asked Mr. Green.

"The lounge!" cried Wadsworth.

Everyone rushed to the door, but it was locked.

"The key's gone!" Mr. Green shouted. He banged on the door. "Let us in! Let us in!"

Miss Scarlet and Colonel Mustard banged on the other side of the door. "Let us out! Let us out!"

"Wait! I know!" said Yvette. She ran into the study, returned a few seconds later with the gun in her hand, tripped, and fell. The gun went off accidentally, and everyone dove for cover. But Yvette never stopped moving. She raced to the door and blew the lock off with two more gunshots. "Come



out," she said calmly, dropping the gun. "The door is open."

Colonel Mustard opened the door, and Miss Scarlet turned on the light in the lounge. "Look," she said.

Everyone peered through the doorway at the dead motorist.

"Which of you two killed him?" asked Mrs. Peacock.

Colonel Mustard was outraged. "*Killed* him? We found him—together."

"There's a secret passage from the conservatory," added Miss Scarlet. "See?"

"Thank goodness you were able to get us out, Yvette," said the colonel. Everyone turned to Yvette. Suddenly they all began staring at the gun.

"Is that the gun from the cupboard?" asked Mrs. Peacock.

"But the cupboard was locked," said Professor Plum.

"No," replied Yvette. "It was unlocked. See for yourselves."

The guests ran into the study. The key was in the lock, and the door stood open.

At that moment the doorbell rang.

The guests, Wadsworth, and Yvette froze in terror. "Maybe they'll go away," whispered Miss Scarlet.

Silence.

Then—*ding, dong*.

"I'm going to open it," said Mr. Green. "I've nothing to hide. I didn't do it."

With the others at his heels, he rushed out of the study and opened the door.



A policeman was standing outside. "Good evening, sir," he said courteously.

Mr. Green slammed the door in his face. He paused, thought for a moment, then opened the door again. "Yes?"

The policeman cleared his throat. "I found an abandoned car near the gates of this house. Did the driver come here for help, by any chance?"

"Well, actually, yes," said Mr. Green, even though everyone behind him was saying no.

The cop looked suspiciously at the crowd of people. "Can I come in and use the phone?" he asked.

Wadsworth stepped forward. "Of course you may, sir, you may use the one in the lounge...er, no, use the one in the stu—No! Um, would you be kind enough to wait in the...library?" (Dead bodies everywhere!)

"Sure," said the cop. He stepped inside. His eyes fell on Yvette. "Don't I know you from somewhere?" he asked her.

Yvette shrugged nervously.

Miss Scarlet hurried to the lounge and the professor hurried to the study, and both of them slammed the doors. "You all seem very anxious about something," the cop noted.

Wadsworth showed the cop into the library, shut the door, and locked it hurriedly, leaving the key in the lock. He ran into the hall and faced the panic-stricken guests. "Well, now what?"

In the library, the policeman realized he had been locked in. He jiggled the doorknob. No luck. He crossed the room to the phone. Just as he was about to lift the receiver, the phone rang loudly. The policeman jumped. Then he answered it. "Hello?...Yes?...And who shall I say is calling?...Oh, yes?" he said sarcastically. "And I'm Harry Truman." The voice on the other end of the line began to shout angrily. "Okay, okay, sir," said the policeman. "I apologize." He ran to the door, tried the knob again, then yelled, "Let me outa here! You've no right to shut me in!"

After a pause, the door was opened. Wadsworth, Yvette, and the guests stood close together.

The cop eyed them. "What's going on here? Why did you lock me in? And why are you receiving phone calls from J. Edgar Hoover?"

"J. Edgar Hoover?" Wadsworth repeated.



"That's right. The head of the FBI."

"The Federal Bureau of Investigation?" all the guests cried.

"I don't know!" exclaimed Wadsworth. He hurried into the library to answer the phone.

The cop looked at the guests standing nervously in the hall. "What's going on here?" he asked.

"We're having a party!" Miss Scarlet suddenly said gaily.

"Oh," said the cop, with a sly grin. "I get it. Just having a good time, huh?"

"That's right," replied Colonel Mustard, looking greatly relieved.

Wadsworth hung up the phone and returned to the others.

The policeman asked, "May I use the phone now?"

"Certainly," said Wadsworth, ushering him back into the library. He locked the policeman in for the second time, again leaving the key in the lock. "All right," he said grimly. "We haven't finished our search."

Everyone broke into their pairs and scattered throughout the house.

This time, Colonel Mustard and Miss Scarlet headed for the kitchen. They opened cupboards and cabinets and looked under tables and chairs.



At last the colonel gingerly opened the cupboard from which the cook had fallen. It seemed to lead into a large broom closet. The colonel stepped inside. The back wall moved—and opened. Another secret passage!

"I don't believe it," said Miss Scarlet, running over to investigate. "Where does *this* one go?"

"Let's find out," replied Colonel Mustard.

So Miss Scarlet and the colonel crept down another flight of stairs, through a dank tunnel, and up a second flight of stairs. They emerged in the study! But there was nothing new to be seen there.

"Let's try the ballroom," suggested the colonel.

In the kitchen, a gloved hand reached toward the switchbox that controlled the electricity in the mansion. It pulled a big red lever labeled *Power*.

The house was plunged into darkness. All the electricity was shut down.

In another part of the house, Yvette silently separated herself from her partner, Mr. Green. Then she slipped into the billiard room. "Hello? Hello? Are you here?" she called softly.

A whispered voice answered her. "Yes."

"What's going on?"

"Come in," said the voice. "Shut the door." Yvette did so. She couldn't see a thing. "Did the cop recognize your face?" the voice continued.

Yvette forgot her phony French accent. "He must have. He knows me well. Just like you do. And just like—" Yvette stopped speaking when a rope was thrown around her neck. Her eyes widened with horror. "It's *you*!" she suddenly cried.

Those were her last words. The rope was jerked tight. Yvette slid to the floor.

In the library, the policeman was finally making his phone call. "There's something funny going on here," he was saying. "I have a feeling I'm in danger. You know that big house on top of—"

The policeman's conversation was cut short as the lead pipe—held by a gloved hand—smashed down on his head.

Outside, a beat-up old car was driving slowly along the winding road. It passed the motorist's abandoned car, drove through the gates to the mansion, and continued up the drive. An attractive young woman dressed in a

Western Union uniform parked the car and glanced curiously at the house. It was in total darkness.

She stepped out anyway and rang the bell.

After a few seconds, the door opened slowly.

"I... am..." the woman began to sing, "your singing telegram!"

Blam! A shot rang out.

The woman's knees buckled, and she slithered to the ground. The door was slammed shut.





The six guests heard the gunshot and came running from different parts of the house. Wadsworth dashed into the kitchen and pushed the power lever up. The lights came back on.

Everyone met in the hall, and together they began to check the rooms. In the billiard room they saw Yvette lying on the floor, strangled, the noose still around her neck.

Dazed, they turned and saw the corpse of the cop in the library.

"Two murders!" whispered Mr. Green.

"And neither of the victims shot," added Professor Plum. "I thought I heard a gunshot."

"So did I," said Mrs. White and Mrs. Peacock.

"I heard the front door slam," Miss Scarlet commented.

Colonel Mustard gasped. "The murderer must have run out!"

"Let's see," said Wadsworth urgently.

They ran to the door and Wadsworth threw it open. There lay the body of the young woman, a bullet hole in her forehead.

"Three murders!" said Wadsworth.

"Six altogether," Mr. Green added.

Something suddenly occurred to Wadsworth. He dashed into the lounge with the guests following him and looked around on the floor. "No gun," he said. "Yvette dropped it here, remember? Now it's gone."

The guests looked suspiciously at one another.

"Very well," said Wadsworth quietly. "I know who did it."

"You do?" said the others.

Wadsworth nodded. "And furthermore, I'm going to tell you how it was done. Please follow me into the study. It will be necessary to recall some of the events of the evening."

Everyone trooped after Wadsworth.

In the study, the butler pointed to the spot where Mr. Boddy had first fallen. "That's where he lay," he said, "apparently dead."

"He was dead," Professor Plum spoke up. "I examined him."

"Then why was Mr. Boddy bashed on the head with the candlestick a few minutes later?"

"How should I know?"

"So you made a mistake," said Mrs. Peacock.

"I did not!"

"If you didn't make a mistake," said Wadsworth, "then you were lying, which looks very bad for you."

"Okay, I made a mistake."

"Right," said Wadsworth. "But if so, why was Mr. Boddy pretending to be dead? It could only be because he realized that his scheme had misfired and that the gunshot was intended to kill him, not me."

"So," added the professor, "whoever grabbed the gun from me in the dark was trying to kill him."

"Now," Wadsworth continued, "on to the next thing. Do you remember when Yvette was screaming in the billiard room?"

The guests nodded.



"When she opened the door as we crowded around—one of us wasn't there! The question is, which one? Because that person was murdering the cook then."

"Do you know which one?" asked Mr. Green.

"I do. And I know how it was done. While we stood there trying to calm Yvette, one of us stayed in the study, picked up the knife, ran into the kitchen, and stabbed the cook."

"But we might have seen him coming back," protested Mrs. Peacock.

"Not if he used this secret passage."

Mrs. Peacock, Mrs. White, Mr. Green, and the professor gasped as Wadsworth showed them the second passage that the colonel and Miss Scarlet had found.

"How did you know about it?" asked Colonel Mustard suspiciously.

"This house belongs to a friend of mine. I've known all along."

"So you could be the murderer!" exclaimed Mr. Green.

"Don't be ridiculous. If I were the murderer, why would I show you how I did it?"

"Well, who else knew about the secret passage?"

"Miss Scarlet and I," replied the colonel. "But we didn't murder the cook."

"What I don't understand," said Mrs. Peacock thoughtfully, "is why the cook was murdered. She had nothing to do with Mr. Boddy."

"Of course she did!" answered Wadsworth. "Everyone gathered here tonight was involved with Mr. Boddy. The cook and Yvette were his accomplices. They got Mr. Boddy's information. They found out the secrets for him."

"So whoever knew that," said Colonel Mustard, "is the one who killed the cook."

"Right," replied Wadsworth. "I know that the cook once worked for one of you. And," he added, turning to Mrs. White, "you recognized Yvette, didn't you?"

"I don't deny it. Yes, my husband had an affair with her. But I didn't care. I wasn't jealous."

"And you knew Yvette, too, didn't you?" Wadsworth accused Miss Scarlet.

"Yes. She worked for me."

"And you also knew her, Colonel Mustard?"

"What are you suggesting?" the colonel asked nervously.

"We have already established that you were one of Miss Scarlet's so-called clients," replied Wadsworth. "Perhaps those photos were of you and Yvette—together."

"But *who killed Mr. Boddy?*" asked the colonel, changing the subject.

"Well," answered Wadsworth, "whoever wasn't with us when we found the cook's body. The murderer left through the secret passage, hit Mr. Boddy with the candlestick, and dragged him into the bathroom."

"What about the motorist?" asked Professor Plum. "How did someone get the key to the cupboard the weapons were stored in?"



"Easily. When we huddled together at the door, deciding whether to let the man in, someone took the key out of my pocket and substituted another. Anyone could have done that."

"Wait a moment!" cried Mr. Green. "Maybe there's some kind of government link between Yvette, Mrs. White's husband, and Colonel Mustard. Mr. White was a nuclear physicist."

"What is your top-secret job, Colonel?" asked Professor Plum.

Wadsworth answered for him. "He's working on the next fusion bomb."

"You're not supposed to know that!" gasped Colonel Mustard.

"Ohh... I'm beginning to see," said Mrs. White slowly.



"Let us consider the remaining murders," Wadsworth went on. "Back to the motorist."

"It certainly was bad luck that he arrived just then," said the professor.

"It wasn't luck. I invited him," replied Wadsworth.

"You did?" the guests cried.

"Of course. He also knew Mr. Boddy."

Colonel Mustard cleared his throat. "He was my driver during the war. He knew that I was a war profiteer, that I made illegal money from the war. *That's* how I got all my money. He must have given that information to Mr. Boddy."

"And the policeman?" asked Mrs. Peacock.

"He was from Washington," said Miss Scarlet. "I bribed him once a week so that he'd let me carry on my business. Mr. Boddy found out somehow."

"What about the singing telegram girl?" asked Mr. Green, now terrified.

Professor Plum looked down sadly. "She was my patient once. I had an affair with her. Mr. Boddy found that out, too."

"So," said Wadsworth. "Now you all know why the victims died. Whoever killed Mr. Boddy also wanted his accomplices dead."

"But how did the murderer know about them all?" asked the professor. "I mean, until this evening, I'd never even met Mr. Boddy."

The other guests murmured in agreement.

"I'll get to that. But first, the murderer got the weapons out of the cupboard. Then we all followed Colonel Mustard's suggestion that we split up and search the house."

"And after we split up," said Professor Plum, "there were four more murders."

"And who suggested that we lock the motorist in the lounge?"

"The colonel," replied Wadsworth.

Colonel Mustard stared grimly at everyone.

"Then we drew lots," Wadsworth went on, "and split up, and one of us got away from his or her partner and came into the study. And here on the desk was the envelope containing the evidence from Mr. Boddy's informants."

"Where's the envelope now?" Mrs. White wanted to know.

"Destroyed. Probably in the fire."

Ding, dong!

The guests looked at one another, aghast. Who else could possibly come to the door?

"Whoever it is," said Mrs. Peacock hysterically, "they've got to go away or they'll be killed." She ran to the front door and opened it.

An elderly man stood there with a handful of pamphlets. "Hello, would you like to buy—"

"Go away!" screamed Mrs. Peacock. She slammed the door in his face and turned to the others who, as usual, had gathered in the hall. "Wadsworth," she exclaimed, "enough! I demand that you tell us the truth now!"

"Very well," replied the butler. "As you wish."

Wadsworth knows who the murderer is. Do you?

If you've figured out who recognized the cook, continue reading below.

If you've figured out who works for the FBI, turn to page 55.

If you think the butler did it, turn to page 57.

If you've figured out who'd been working together all along, turn to page 60.

Wadsworth glared at Mrs. Peacock. "The murderer," he announced, "is you!"

"Me?!"

"Yes. You murdered them all. You were missing when the cook and Mr. Boddy were murdered. The cook used to be *your* cook. Remember your fatal mistake? At dinner, you said we were eating one of your favorite recipes. And monkeys' brains is *not* a common dish."

Mr. Green turned green. "Is *that* what we ate?"

"But why would I have murdered the others?" asked Mrs. Peacock.

"Why, in case Mr. Boddy had told *them* about you, too."

"Oh," said Professor Plum, "so it had nothing to do with Mrs. White's husband or government secrets."

"No," agreed Wadsworth. "Mrs. Peacock did it all."

"There's no proof," said Mrs. Peacock.

"Very well," said Wadsworth, with a sigh. "The gun is missing. Whoever has it is the murderer."

Mrs. Peacock suddenly drew the revolver from her purse. "All right. What are you going to do about it?"

The other guests backed away from her.

But not Wadsworth. "Nothing," he replied. "It seems to me that you have done a great public service, getting rid of this blackmailer and his informants."

"What about the police?" asked Mr. Green.

"Oh, nobody's called them," replied Wadsworth, with a smile. "Now I suggest that we stack the bodies in the cellar and get out of here."

The guests edged nervously into the hall. Mrs. Peacock kept the gun trained on them. "I would like to leave first, if you please."

"What if the authorities find out?" the colonel asked.

"The FBI will take care of that. . . . Yes," said Wadsworth, "the phone call from J. Edgar Hoover was for me. I work for him, of course. How else could I have known about all of you?"

"There's something I still don't understand," spoke up Colonel Mustard. "Who was Mrs. Peacock taking bribes from?"

"A foreign power. Her husband has a lot of influence."

"Is there going to be a cover-up?"

"Oh, yes. Nothing would be gained by exposing the scheme," said Wadsworth.

Mrs. Peacock, looking somewhat relieved, backed out the front door.

A figure appeared in the darkness behind her. "Mrs. Peacock? Why are you holding a gun?" It was the elderly salesman.

"Oh," said Mrs. Peacock, with an embarrassed laugh. "I don't know." She turned around, set the gun down on a stone balustrade, and walked to her car. Then she turned back to the man. "How did you know my name?"





He laughed. Then he picked up the revolver and shot Mrs. Peacock dead. Searchlights flared on. FBI agents and policemen rushed out of hiding places.

"Wadsworth!" called the salesman. "All clear."

Wadsworth and the guests rushed onto the porch.

"I got her," said the salesman. "She who lives by the gun shall die by the gun."

Wadsworth nodded. "We always get our man."

“**A**ll right,” said Wadsworth, “let’s consider the murders one by one. Professor Plum, *you* fired the gun at Mr. Boddy in the dark and missed. You knew he was alive at first, but you pretended he was dead. Then you killed him later, unobserved.”

“That’s right,” exclaimed Miss Scarlet. “He was the one who was missing when we found the cook.”

“But then when did he have time to kill the cook?” asked Mr. Green. “He was with us in the billiard room when we found Yvette.”

“He didn’t. Mrs. Peacock did. The cook used to be *her* cook. Remember her fatal error? At dinner, Mrs. Peacock said she was eating one of her favorite recipes—yet monkeys’ brains is not a common dish.”

“Is *that* what we ate?” asked Mr. Green, turning green.

“Then,” Wadsworth went on, “Colonel Mustard took the key to the cupboard from my pocket, got the wrench, separated briefly from Miss Scarlet while we were searching the house, and killed the motorist.”

Colonel Mustard opened his mouth but couldn’t say a word.

“And *you*, Mrs. White, you were jealous of Yvette after all. So you snuck off to the basement during our search, turned off the lights, and took care of the maid.”

“You’re right!” said Mrs. White triumphantly. “I did kill Yvette.”

“Next, Miss Scarlet seized the lead pipe and got rid of the policeman she’d been bribing. True or false?”

“True,” said Miss Scarlet admiringly.

“So Mr. Green must have shot the singing telegram girl,” the professor deduced.

“Wrong!” cried Wadsworth. “I killed her.”

“You?” chorused the guests.

“So it was you,” Mr. Green spoke up. “I was going to expose you.”

“I know,” replied Wadsworth, “so I chose to do it myself. You all thought Mr. Boddy was dead,” he went on. “But why? None of you even met him till tonight.”

“*You’re* Mr. Boddy!” exclaimed Mr. Green.

“Then who did *I* kill?” asked Professor Plum.

“My butler. I didn’t need him. And I don’t need any of you. But I’m grateful to you for disposing of my network of spies and informants. Now there is no evidence against me.”

“So that’s why you told me about the secret passage,” said Colonel Mustard.

“And this has nothing to do with Colonel Mustard or government secrets,” said Mrs. White slowly.



"No," agreed the phony butler. "That was a false lead."

Mr. Green snorted. "The police will be here any minute."

"No, they won't." Wadsworth smiled evilly. "Nobody's called them. So let's just get away with what we've done. We'll stack the bodies in the cellar and leave quietly."

"And you'll continue to blackmail us?" said Mr. Green.

"Of course. Why not?!"

"Why not?!" Mr. Green suddenly pulled a gun from his jacket and shot Wadsworth. "Because I'm a plant," he told the astonished guests. "I work for the FBI. The phone call from J. Edgar Hoover was for me."

BANG! BANG! Gunfire exploded at the front door. The elderly salesman burst in, followed by a stream of cops. They arrested all the guests except Mr. Green.

"Who done it?" asked the old man.

Everyone pointed at everyone else. "He did!" "She did!" "They did!"

"They all did!" announced Mr. Green. "But if you want to know who killed Mr. Boddy—I did—in the hall with the revolver. Okay, chief? Take 'em away. My work here is done."

Mr. Green left the mansion.

“I’ll tell you who did it,” said Wadsworth. “We have two murderers on our hands—Mrs. Peacock and Professor Plum, working together!”

“Just a minute,” said the professor. “Wadsworth, listen to someone else for a change.” The professor looked at the guests. “You’ve been listening to him all evening. Now listen to me. The killer is Wadsworth! He *knew* about the secret passages. And now the gun’s missing, right? Everyone, empty out your pockets and purses. Whoever has the gun shot the singing telegram girl.”

Wadsworth suddenly drew out the gun. “Very clever, Professor.”

Professor Plum looked grave. “Wadsworth killed all of them. He brought us here. He knew all about us. He knew Mr. Boddy and the victims, and he had the key to the cupboard with the weapons.”

“But how could he have killed the cook?” asked Colonel Mustard. “He





was with us when Yvette was screaming. I thought that's when the cook was killed."

Wadsworth smiled. "I killed her earlier, while Mr. Boddy was lying on the floor in the study. It took no time. I used the secret passage to the kitchen."

"Well," said Mrs. White huffily, "the police will be here any minute."

"No," replied Wadsworth. "Nobody's called them."

The guests gasped.

"Why did you do this?" squeaked Mrs. White.

"Because," answered the mad butler, "my life has been spent in a struggle for perfection. I tried to be the perfect husband, but my wife killed herself. I tried to be the perfect butler, but I killed my employer. So I resolved that at least it would be the perfect murder—but it's no fun without an audience."

"Then you *didn't* commit the perfect murder," said the professor. "You have six witnesses to your confession."

"Not for long," laughed Wadsworth. "Soon there will be twelve bodies. The champagne you drank was poisoned! You'll die if you don't get the antidote in three hours. And I'm leaving now. Hahahahaha!" He ran around the house ripping all the phones out of the walls. "You can't escape and you can't call for help!"

In the midst of Wadsworth's frenzy, the doorbell rang.

"Don't move, any of you," said Wadsworth, suddenly serious. He dashed to the door. There stood the elderly salesman. Wadsworth aimed the gun at him. "Scram, you stupid old—"

The man lunged at Wadsworth and the gun went off. Several policemen appeared and burst into the house.

"Help!" screamed the guests. "We've been poisoned!"

But the cops were not sympathetic. "Hands up!" one ordered, backing the guests against the wall and frisking them.

The other cops searched the house and found the six dead bodies.

Meanwhile, the elderly man had dragged Wadsworth into the hall and was holding him in a vicelike grip. "Who are you?" asked Wadsworth.

"FBI," replied the man. "Who's responsible for these murders?"

"He is!" cried the guests, pointing at Wadsworth.

"It's true," said Wadsworth. "It was the perfect murder. Let me show you how I did it."

The old man relaxed his grip on Wadsworth and Wadsworth fled out the front door, slammed it, took a key from his pocket, and locked everyone inside. Then he raced down the front steps, jumped into the nearest police car, and zoomed off.

But he hadn't gone far when...*grrrr!* Three police dogs lunged at Wadsworth from the backseat.

As the guests watched from the windows of the house, the car and Wadsworth veered off the driveway and crashed to a halt.

“F

irst of all,” said Wadsworth, “none of us killed Mr. Boddy or the cook. Yvette took care of them.”

“Yvette?” asked the guests.

“Yes, the one person who wasn’t with us in the study. She’d been in the billiard room, listening to our conversation. While we examined Mr. Boddy, she crept into the study, grabbed the dagger, ran to the kitchen, and killed the cook. We didn’t hear her screams because Mrs. Peacock was screaming about the poisoned brandy. Then Yvette returned to the billiard room, screamed, and we all ran to her. A few minutes later when we ran to the kitchen, Yvette returned to the study for a moment, saw that Mr. Boddy was still alive, conked him over the head, and dragged him to the bathroom.”

“Why?” asked the professor.

“Because,” said Wadsworth threateningly, “she was acting under orders—from the person who later killed *her*.”

“Who?”

“Her employer—*Miss Scarlet!*”

“It’s a lie,” claimed Miss Scarlet.

“Is it? You used her. You always did. Then you killed the motorist while we were searching the house. Yvette had told you about the secret passage. And after you switched off the electricity, it was easy for you to kill Yvette and the cop—and the girl at the door whom you recognized from the photographs. You picked up the gun where Yvette had dropped it and shot the girl. I’ll prove you’re the murderer. Everyone, empty out your pockets and purses.”

The guests did so. And Miss Scarlet produced the missing gun.

The guests backed away from her.

“But why did you kill everyone?” asked Mr. Green. “No one minded your escort service *that* much.”

Miss Scarlet looked smug. “I don’t think you know my *real* business. My business is secrets, and Yvette was my informant. I knew about Colonel Mustard’s fusion bomb and Mr. White’s scientific projects—”

“So it *is* political,” Mr. Green exclaimed. “You’re a Communist!”

“No,” laughed Miss Scarlet. “I’m a capitalist. I sell my secrets.”

“But now we can expose you,” said Professor Plum.

“In so doing, all of *you* would be exposed,” Miss Scarlet pointed out.

Wadsworth suddenly spoke up. “Not so fast. I have a secret or two.”

“Like what?”

“The game’s up. There are no more bullets in that gun.”

“You think I’ll fall for that old trick?”



"It's not a trick. All six have been shot. There was one shot at Mr. Boddy, two went off accidentally when Yvette tripped, two more were shot at the lounge door, and one was shot at the singing telegram girl. One plus two plus—"

"No, only one bullet went off accidentally. That makes five altogether. One plus one plus two plus one. There's one bullet left in here, and guess who's going to get it!"

At that moment the doorbell rang. Wadsworth grabbed Miss Scarlet. FBI agents and cops burst into the house, guns drawn. Wadsworth watched as they spread out, searching the rooms. "Where's the chief?" he asked one agent.

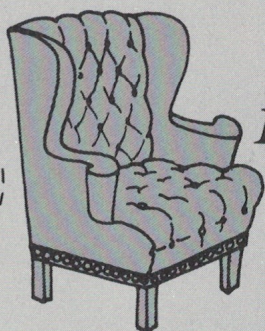
The elderly salesman strolled through the door. "Ah, Wadsworth, well done," he said.

Wadsworth was examining the gun. "As I was trying to tell you all, there are no bullets left." He raised the gun and pulled the trigger.

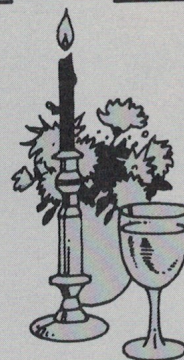
BLAM!

"Hmm," said Wadsworth, as the chief fastened handcuffs on Miss Scarlet, "One plus two plus . . ."

*Secret Passage
to Conservatory*



Lounge



*Dining
Room*

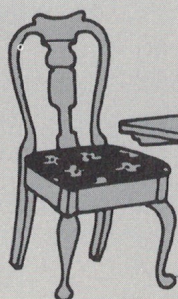


Hall

*Secret Passage
to Kitchen*



Study



Library

Secret Passage to Study

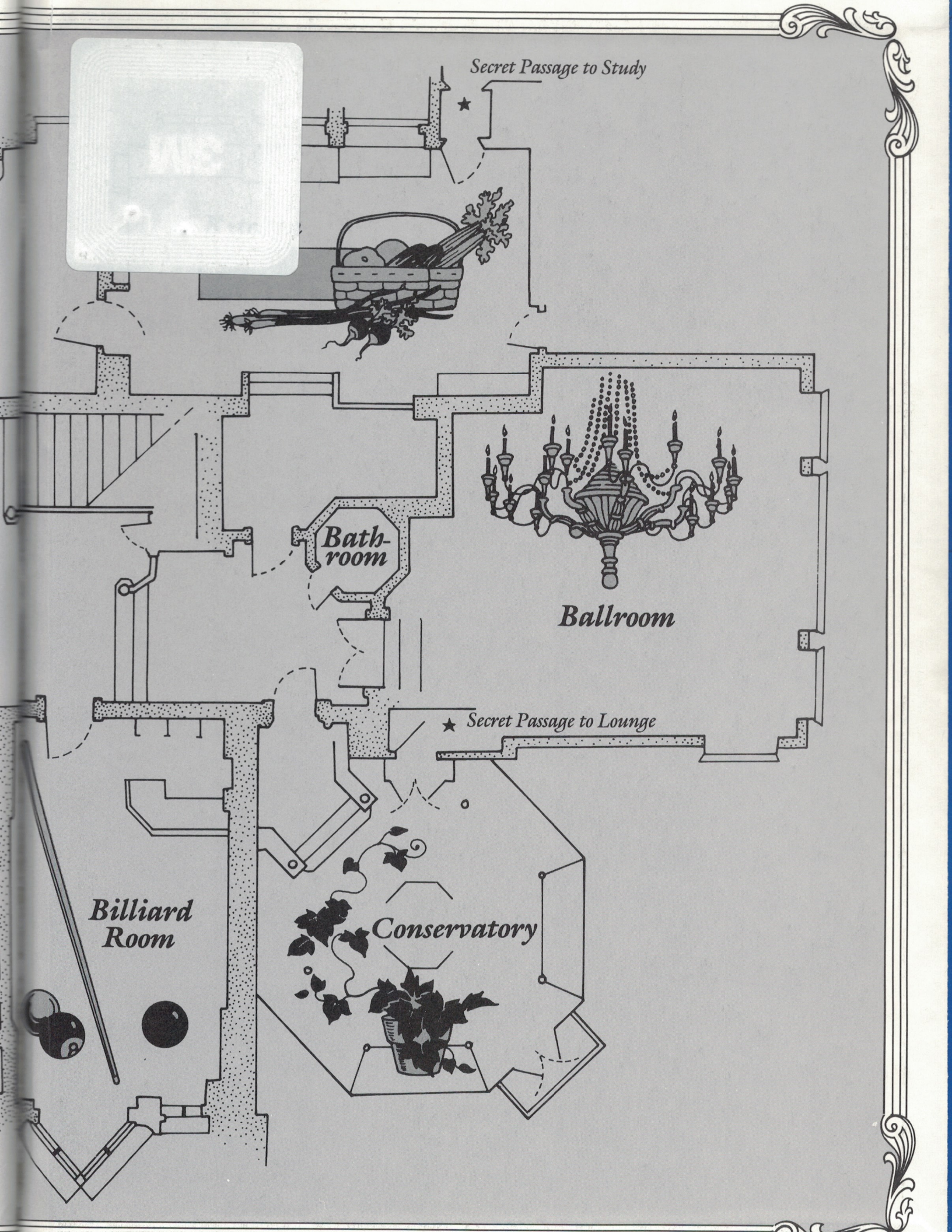
*Bath-
room*

Ballroom

★ *Secret Passage to Lounge*

*Billiard
Room*

Conservatory



WHODUNIT?

On a bleak, rainy night, a strange dinner party is held at a gloomy mansion. The guests don't know each other. They don't even know their host. Why have they been called together? Who is the mysterious Mr. Boddy? No one has the answers, but before the evening is over, six people have been killed. Who is the murderer? Is it Miss Scarlet? Professor Plum? Mrs. White? Mr. Green? Mrs. Peacock? Colonel Mustard? Or did the butler do it?

This mystery isn't like any other, because it has four solutions, so read carefully, follow the clues to CLUE®, and choose the ending you like best.

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