

# Royal Canadian Mounted Police – Edmonton

## Voluntary Witness Statement #3

I, Fleur Coen, on this date, Feb. 9, 2013, am giving this statement to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in the Edmonton Branch, Division 12. If you need more room do not write on the back of this sheet (start a new page).

I have read this Voluntary Witness Statement, consisting of 2 page(s), each of which bears my signature and I do affirm that all of the facts and statements contained herein are true and correct, to the best of my knowledge.

Fleur Coen

Name

October 19, 1961

Date of Birth



Signature

### Voluntary Witness Statement of Events

*Henrietta's second eldest sister is getting married soon, so we were going to Vancouver to get what we needed, although obviously that's changed now. We may have to postpone the wedding even though we've already paid for many of the arrangements!*

*Etta - Henrietta - was at work that morning, which was rather inconvenient. Etta is the baby of three girls, and though she is sweet and smart, she is also the most difficult child sometimes. She wouldn't take the day off to get ready for the trip. She worked the night before, too; honestly, I don't know how she functions on so little sleep. I don't know why she needs two jobs—if she'd gone to college or university after high school, like her sisters, she wouldn't need to pay rent for her dumpy apartment.*

*Anyway, when she arrived around 1 pm., she was tired but in good spirits—well, as good as they could be after chasing bratty kids all morning. She had her luggage for the trip, and I went through it to make sure she'd packed everything correctly. I noticed she hadn't packed a single dress for evening dinners on the town. When I brought it up, we had an argument. She complains constantly that I treat her like a child. She forgets that she is my daughter, single, with a highly questionable future (now that she's tossed aside schooling, for gosh sakes). I have to protect her from making foolish mistakes. If she wants to be treated as an adult, she has to start acting like one and figure out her future—get a job, get married, and buy a house, just like I did. Yet, she can't even pack a dress to wear to dinner!*

*Anyways, I made her favorite sandwich and soup for lunch and gave her a big hug. There really is no better medicine than a mother's love! It seemed to do the trick, because she lightened up and even smiled a bit. A conversation on her cellphone was making her laugh while she was eating—it was nice to see her happy; she's so pretty when she smiles.*

*The truth is I think she's jealous of her sisters. My oldest daughter, Mary, married a young doctor—he's quite a catch, and they already have a second little one on the way. Etta loves kids, so I think she's*

*upset that at 20 years old she doesn't even have a boyfriend. My second eldest daughter, Priscilla, is also getting married in less than three months! I hope Etta doesn't miss her own sister's wedding...her disappearance is already going to put quite a damper on things.*

*After lunch, I asked her about Grant Buck, whom I suspect is in love with her. I had suggested she invite him because he's lovely, and they're good friends. He is getting into law enforcement, and would be a good husband—he's very righteous, and my little Etta needs that kind of moral guidance in her life. Well anyways, that put her in a bad mood again. I know she likes Grant, but he must be giving up on her. He's lavished her with attention for the last six months, but Etta keeps him in "the friend zone." We've arranged dinners between Grant's family and ours, but Etta is always very reserved. Grant and Etta have been friends since they were 9 years old though—his family lives right across the street for gosh sakes.*

*Pat came home at 3 from work (he is a surgeon at Miseracordia) so we could finally leave for the airport (me, Pat, Priscilla, and Etta). At a Starbucks, we had a coffee and talked plans. Priscilla wanted to hit as many dress shops as possible (me, too!). She needs to look great on her wedding day—only three months left, and we haven't found a dress yet! Etta wanted to go to the sea-shore and Stanley Park aquarium—she's big into photography—but that was it. She never has any money anyways. Pat offered to go with her, and made her smile. Etta never gets angry at Pat—he spoils her rotten though, so why would she? Definitely a Daddy's girl—it's probably why she's so irresponsible and selfish—not like me. How could she disappear like this? It's probably just a big temper tantrum to wreck her sister's wedding. On the way to the airport, Etta texted on her phone a lot, but still seemed excited about the trip. I imagine she was texting Parma, but who really knows. FYI, that Parma girl is not a good influence on Etta!*