

# Royal Canadian Mounted Police – Edmonton

## Voluntary Witness Statement #5

I, Priscilla 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.

Priscilla Coen

Name

December 10, 1991

Date of Birth



Signature

### Voluntary Witness Statement of Events

*I'm Priscilla Coen—Priss, for short. I feel like I should point out that Henrietta and my mother argue constantly. I think it's possible that Etta might have run away to get back at her, or to get back at me, because she's upset about her own life. If I had her life, I'd be upset too—some of the stories she's told me about being a waitress at the BandHaus are terrible. I couldn't stand that—loud rock concerts and crazy people.*

*On the day Henrietta disappeared, I was really looking forward to getting my dress. That's it. I love Etta, and we are close enough as siblings, but I can't believe she'd do this—I am running out of time to get all this wedding stuff together, and I don't need to be worrying about where she is—what if she's dead? It's horrible to imagine what could happen to her out there by herself. Who knows what's going to happen to her? Personally, I think something awful has happened, simply because she's too boring to do something exciting. All she ever does is work or take pictures—it's kind of a drag. I'm surprised she has any kind of social life, but Parma seems to keep her somewhat straightened out and normal. Now, if she could only get a clue about Grant Buck—he is sincerely sweet, and he's so worried about her. He is constantly coming to me or Mom for advice on how to get on Etta's good side, but so far, it's done no good. She could do far worse than a guy like Grant Buck. He's incredibly thoughtful—I don't know why she's so picky.*

*When Etta got to the house, I remember that she ran up to her old room straightaway with her bag. I walked up behind her and got there just in time to see her jamming a large envelope into her bag. It looked vaguely familiar, and I remembered that it had come in the mail a few days ago. The only problem was, it was addressed to Etta with no return address on it—it had been the daily "mystery" for Mom, but Dad had taken it out of the way of her prying eyes, stashing it somewhere for Etta. I'm surprised Mom didn't open it, but I doubt she'd do that again after the lecture about legalities Dad gave her last time.*

*Etta has always stood up to Mom, growing up—privacy this, privacy that. Don't read my diary—blah, blah, blah, like her life is so important and exciting. I've long given up on that stuff—Mom's heart is in the right place, so whatever. It's too exhausting to fight her when all she's doing is fighting for her right to care, no matter how obnoxious it gets sometimes.*

*I asked Etta what the mail was—she looked really guilty about something, but smiled just the briefest little happy smile. "It's good news," she said. "But let's go get the suitcase inspection over with Mom, huh?"*

*For the rest of the afternoon, Mom and I talked wedding plans, and Etta and Mom had a little skirmish about Grant Buck. Sometimes I wonder if Mom likes getting Etta angry—she's relentlessly nagging her about something. That said, Etta should just listen to Mom, just once. Mom is right about a lot of things—Etta should be in school, she shouldn't be working two terrible jobs and living in an apartment with a back alley as her front yard. Dodgy! She doesn't even have a boyfriend to keep her safe or anything in that neighborhood.*

*My oldest sister Mary lived at home until she got married, and I am doing the same thing. The fact that Etta hasn't grown up to be like Mary and me is mortifying for Mom. I think it's kind of hilarious sometimes, and I'm even a bit envious of Etta's freedom, I'll admit it. But freedom seems to bring a lot of secrets and getting into trouble, and that worries me. I don't like the feeling of taking risks, neither does Mom. Mom actually thinks that Parma is a bad influence on Etta, because of this very thing. "That Parma Pinder," Mom will say, "she is such a bad influence!"*

*She's been saying this about Parma for over ten years though, and hasn't done anything about it—I think she knows she'd be crossing a line by telling Etta not to be friends with Parma. The funny thing is that Parma still lives at home with her folks, and Parma is going to college to be a nurse—she's the total opposite of a 'bad influence.' Mom just doesn't get it. So what if she changes her haircut every month? So what if she's got a nose-piercing? So what if she's loud and hilarious? Parma is a miniature shining sun—despite Mom's best efforts to be disapproving; Parma can always make her smile when she visits.*

*You probably know the rest from seeing my Mom and Dad's statements, but there was nothing else really unusual that happened-- Nothing out of the ordinary that I saw anyways. I know she trusts Dad and Parma the most out of anyone, but look where that's gotten the two of them. Dad is incredibly hurt and worried about her right now. I can only imagine that Parma is devastated—they were inseparable.*