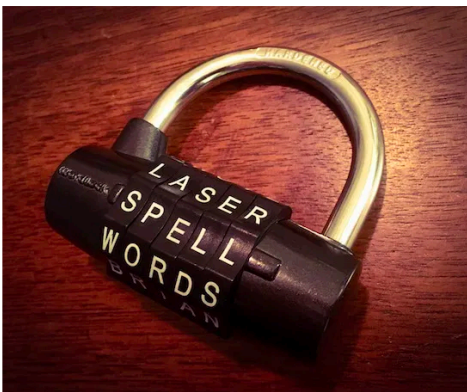


# South East London Historical Discovery Society



Thank you for agreeing to help us uncover the secrets of the lost gems of Mary Tudor, better known as Bloody Mary.

We believe that this trunk contains her gems, and we only have one hour to try and crack the codes before it is being taken away and destroyed.

Please watch on the largest screen you have available. This will make it easier for you to see all the details clearly

Have a pen and paper handy. You may find this useful.

1. Think creatively, but don't overthink things. Sometimes the answer is simpler than you might expect.
2. You may ask me - as your facilitator - to pick up and show you any objects you may want to see closer up, to turn around, or to join together. It may be useful to look at the details of some items.
3. Take note of any numbers, symbols, colours etc that might crop up. You may not need them immediately, but anything like this may well be useful.
4. All the historical information you may need is in the game. You do not have to do hours of research in order to play!
5. You may ask for clues at any time. If you don't ask for clues, don't worry - I will not give anything away!
6. Attached to this email is a diary page that was found belonging to Bloody Mary. Read through the diary page below, and it might help to have it with you during the game.

## Diary of Queen Mary Tudor, 13th November 1558

As I approach the end of my days, I have been reflecting on my life, which has seen many changes and upheavals. My father Henry VIII, while at first loving and attentive, was changeable as the seasons and the object of his affection easily exchanged for another. While I was still not yet an adult he rejected my mother, and brought a further 5 women into my life as mother figures.

My mother, Catherine of Aragon - strongly religious, she always wore a cross around her neck. Modest, loyal, and the humblest woman to be a Queen, I miss her dearly.

Next came Anne Boleyn. A young woman who stole my father's heart, and was happy to cover herself in all the pearls he could give her - she was even so lacking in modesty that she affixed pearls to her initial which hung round her neck! That same neck would later be the place the executioner would lay his axe when she met her end.

Third was Jane Seymour. Sharper faced, she gave me a brother, Edward, but was taken from us far too young when she died just after he was born. Perhaps she had a feeling about her fate, as she would always wear black as part of her headdress. My father clearly thought she was his one true Queen, as her crest even had a castle on it.

The fourth woman I would call mother was Anne of Cleves, hailing from Germany. My father never took to her, but she and I got on well. Maybe I coveted her fashionable attire, the lace headdresses and gold trim on rich brown robes - very European in style.

His fifth wife Catherine Howard was a strange choice. Nearly 30 years younger than me - his daughter! She should have kept her pointy nose out of our family. The clever girl tried hard to impress him by being the first to take his Tudor rose as her symbol - red and white together in one bloom. But it did not work. She lasted the shortest of all his wives, and followed Anne Boleyn to the block.

His final wife, and the one who was lucky to escape, was Katherine Parr. She was modern - she dressed in vibrantly patterned clothes, and would always coquettishly hold your gaze. Sweet faced and young, she even used a pretty young maiden as her emblem.

My 6 mothers. I entrusted each of them with something precious. They keep the secret safe.