

OCEAN SHORES POLICE DEPARTMENT
STATEMENT

DATE: 1/23/91

CASE NO.: 41-017

TIME: _____

LOCATION: _____

PLEASE PRINT THE FOLLOWING INFORMATION:

FULL NAME: Scott JASON Robert
(Last) (First) (Middle)

DATE OF BIRTH: 4/16/72 ADDRESS: 1471 S 96th ST
(Month/Day/Year) (Street/City/State/Zip)

PHONE: (Home) 767-4669 School (Work) 747-7609

I, THE UNDERSIGNED, BEING A WITNESS / VICTIM TO KIDNAPPING, DO HEREBY FREELY AND VOLUNTARILY
STATE THE FOLLOWING TO OFFICER LUCK, OF THE OCEAN SHORES POLICE DEPARTMENT.

ON FRIDAY THE 19TH I WAS KIDNAPPED BY
KATHY TONKIN AT 12909 NE 79th PL KIRKLAND WA. MY
BROTHER CALLED ME ON WED THE 16th AND ASKED ME TO
BRING HIS CAMPER SCRAPES THAT WERE LEFT AT HIS PREVIOUS
ADDRESS IN TASTAUGH T. 12909 NE 79th PL KIRKLAND ON FRIDAY
THE 18th I CALLED HIM BACK TELLING HIM THAT I WOULD BE
RIGHT AWAY ABOUT 6:30 I BROUGHT ALONG TOM LYMAN
(13) WITH ME TO HELP AND FOR COMPANY. I PULLED IN THE
DRIVE WAY - BACKWARDS AND GOT OUT. I TOLD TOM TO
STAY IN THE TRUCK WHILE I TELL THEM THAT I WOULD
UNLOCK THE SCRAPES IN THE GARAGE. I WALKED UNDER
THE COVERED WALK WAY TO THE DOOR AND ABOUT 5 FT
FROM THE DOOR I WAS JUMPED ON BY MARK WICKMAN
AND ~~Chuck~~ Simpson and CLARK (I DONT KNOW THE LAST NAME)
THEY DROVE ME IN THE DOOR DOWN THE STAIRS AND CUE
ME I KICKED & YELLED AS 8:30 WASSO LOOK AT WHAT WAS
HAPPENING. THE THREE MEN STRUGGLED WITH ME GOING DOWN
THE STAIRS I GRABBED THE HAND RAILING STOPPING ME
FROM FALLING ME CLARK (BY THE WAY I WAS HEAD FIRST

SIGNED: Jason R. Scott

WITNESSED: [Signature]

my BACK going down STAIRS GRABBED HANDS ON
 CHIN Pulling my head down AND I REMEMBER WE WERE
 on some work for 2 days, Pulling me into the
 double STAIRS LIVING ROOM and out the BACK
 door I WAS yelling "let me out I HAVE MURKIN"
 They forced me out to the JAIL which was PARKED
 In the back yard I struggled for a few minutes
 AS the shoved me in the JAIL AND DROPPED OFF
 I didn't know where we were going. Then I noticed
 no ~~STAIRS~~ ^{STAIRS} in the JAIL floor. The back
 windows had ~~boards~~ ^{boards} over them (apparently it had
 RENTED FROM (think Budget) (ISAAC A recipient) The
 side of the house a few hours later it was taken
 from the JAIL HAND LIFTED sagged & the foot rest
 (wash line) WAS TURNED UP AROUND in a corner to work.
 The BROTHER put me up STAIRS and put me in the
 shower on the 2nd floor. Chuck ordered the back
~~door~~ ^{FRS} which spit out STAIRS TO THE WINDOWS IN
 a BIG MESS LIKE PATTERN. Kind of like bars.
 CLARK MARK & chuck were stationed at the doors. Rick
 came in telling me that ITS UP TO ME ON HOW HARD THIS
 IS GOING TO GO "if you give me any trouble I'll cuff you to
 the bed frame for two days and it won't be as comfortable
 AS THE bed over here (the whole event was to make the window cases sit
 right) I decided to cooperate. I looked at all the STAIRS

IF I DIDN'T COOPERATE I WAS CALLED BY RICK TRIPP
 TO TEAR ME DOWN BY MAKING FUN OF MY CHURCH
 AND ACCUSING THE PASTOR OF LYING AND BEING
 HORRIBLE BUSINESS PARTNER A HOMOSEXUAL, WHICH IS A
 BUNCH OF GARBAGE! I WAS SURTELY ^{SEVERE} TORTURED/ABUSED
 THE FOOD WAS GOOD ^{FILLING 50%} BUT AS THE
 DAYS WENT ON I WAS LESS. I PUT ON A RIG
 SHOW SO I COULD GET OUT OF THERE DAYS WENT
 ON AND I AGREED WITH RICK AND BUILD TRUST WITH
 THE GUARDS. LAST NIGHT THEY LAUGHED THEY CRACKED
 ME UP WHEN I BURST OUT IN TEARS I SAID NO MORE
 I WAS SURE TO WHAT I WANTED HERE. TODAY WHEN
 THOUGH I WAS READY TO GO OUT FOR THE FIRST TIME
 IN 5 DAYS (I HADN'T COME OUT OF THE ROOM FOR 4 DAYS)
 WE WAIT FOR THE CLEAN SHIRT MAN & DECIDED TO
 GO SOMEWHERE ELSE SO WE WENT TO SHOP RIGHT TO GET
 SOME SHIRT FOR MY STOMACH THEN WENT TO THE HOME DEPOT
 I ESCAPED & RAN ACROSS THE STREET TO THE PARKING
 DEPT. AND CALLED THE COPS. RICK'S INTENTIONS WERE TO
 MAKE ME CHANGE MY MIND HE ALSO SAID THAT
 HE HAD ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD TO DO IT. HE ACCUSED
 MY CHURCH OF BEING A DESTRUCTIVE CULT. OUR CHURCH
 CAN'T BE A CULT IT IS REGISTERED WITH THE U.S. ~~GOV~~
 REFUSED TO HAVE MY RIGHT ROAD TO ME. SAS