

## Affidavit of Mikey Skogan

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The name's Mikey Skogan and I'm 24 years old. I was born and raised in Metropolitan, which is the next town over from Freeport. Basically, I've never left Metropolitan, except for when I attended West Chester University for a while. Ha...what a joke! I majored in a little bit of everything, but after five years and no degree I dropped out. Actually, I was "asked to leave." Something happened in the dorms with a fire alarm. My roommate told the RA that I did it. The school said that they wouldn't pursue any charges, as long as I left school. Whatever. I started working at a Holiday Suites, but then I moved to the swankier Hampton Hotel. The Holiday Suites didn't have a night shift, and I have trouble getting up before noon, so that's why I switched hotels. Plus, the night shift is when all the action happens. But not too much action!

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Right now I work the 11 p.m. - 7 a.m. shift at the Hampton Hotel. I'm in charge of the front desk, or what we like to call the bell desk. I work about four days a week, usually Fridays through Mondays. Otherwise I'm a part-time mechanic at Joe's Service Station. I know I could be doing something more with my life, but I just don't have the motivation. Maybe some day, I'll go back to school for criminal justice or something. That's always been in the back of my mind. I always wonder how many cops were once like me.

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Like I said, I work the bell desk. When I'm there I rent all the rooms and see people through the hotel. I'm also responsible for wake-up calls and anything that the annoying guests need in their rooms, like towels, shampoo or a razor. Some people can be so demanding. I mean, would it kill them to remember their own razor?

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Anyway, working the bell desk is like a power trip. The Hampton Hotel is the biggest and most well known hotel in Metropolitan. It is three floors tall with twenty rooms on each floor. The hotel is usually fuller during the weekends than during the week, so I have to deal with more guests. I don't get any medical benefits or anything, just the usual \$9.50 an hour. I'm supposed to be up for a raise, but I don't think anyone's getting any raises nowadays. People have been saying that the Hampton might be cutting back some staff or hours. This darn recession. I don't even know what a recession is, but I can tell that the hotel has not been getting the same business as when I started there.

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I work with a bunch of stiffs at the hotel. I mean...none of them are anywhere near my age! It's getting to the point that I don't even ask any of the people to go out anymore. The only person there that's remotely fun is Peyton Bralow. It's not like Peyton is even close to my age, either. I think s/he's like 19 or 20, not even old enough to really go out with me and my friends. But when you're working with a bunch of moms and dads, anyone is better than that! I can't remember when s/he got the job, but s/he is the only one who ever wants to do anything. I don't get to work with Peyton very much. S/he usually works the weekdays. From what s/he's told me, Peyton baby-sits and goes to school during the week. When s/he first started, rumors spread around the place that Peyton had gotten in trouble with drugs of some sort where s/he used to live. The manager of the Hampton Hotel, Mr. Jones, knows Peyton's mom. At least, that's what I think. We always would say that Peyton got the job because of this. I can't stand Mr. Jones. We call him "Urkel" because he looks like the kid from *Family Matters*.

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It's odd because Peyton never gets yelled at and stinks at his/her job. S/he also "lost" his/her passkey. You don't just "lose" your passkey. Those things are sacred at the hotel. Mr. Jones just gave him/her another one. I lost mine two years ago and was docked a day's pay. C'mon, that's not fair. Not like I care, though.

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Actually, now that I think of it, Peyton was the one who told me about the past arrest. We were sitting around doing nothing one day with a couple of other people, when s/he mentioned about "something from his/her past." We didn't know if s/he was kidding or just trying to impress everyone. We were each telling stories about things we did when we were younger. I told everyone about the time I got caught sneaking into a movie theatre without paying. My parents had to come get me. The people at the theatre said that my picture was going "up on the wall." I laughed...I mean I went there all the time. Anyway, I went up to Peyton later and s/he told me about an arrest for drugs. S/he made it seem like s/he was proud of what happened. I had some drug stuff in my past. Nothing that's ever gonna stick or anything like that. I mean, I don't want it to sound like I'm some kind of "loser." Never spent a night in juvie. Now the days are another matter!

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Peyton and I talk a lot on the phone. Or text, too. Whenever I'm bored at work, I'll get in contact with Peyton to try to pass the time. I guess that's why I am here writing this statement. I was asked about some conversation I had with Peyton on the 24th of October. I remember the conversation. I called him/her to ask about whether a couple of rooms had been cleaned the day before. Peyton always forgets to clean some rooms. We had a big conference that weekend. Some kind of company was having a whole bunch of people at the hotel. I didn't feel like having to hear complaints about the rooms when people got there the next day. Anyway, I remember I went into work early that night. Right around 8:00 p.m. Sherry, the other desk attendant, had some kind of illness. I think a cold. She asked if I could finish her shift. She usually goes around and checks on the rooms, but I didn't feel like going around.

54 Like I said, I called Peyton to see if I could get the heads-up on the rooms. S/he told me that the rooms were  
55 spotless. I laughed because everyone knows that the rooms are never “spotless” when s/he does the rooms. I think that I  
56 called right around the time that I got in there. I don’t remember the exact time. I remember that Peyton was just finish-  
57 ing putting kids to bed. I guess that s/he was babysitting that night. Supposedly, Peyton told me that the kids should have  
58 already been in bed, but that they got wrapped up in watching the *The Fresh Prince*. I remember because I told him/her  
59 that I can dance the “Carlton.” You know, the dance that guy does on the show. I did that dance once in front of my high  
60 school. I remember that s/he laughed but seemed distracted. S/he didn’t really feel like talking too much. I was bored so  
61 I tried to keep him/her on the phone.

62 Since it was Friday, I tried to make plans to hang with him/her that weekend. We were going to go to Family Fun  
63 Spot over in Metropolitan on Sunday. The weather was supposed to be great! A couple of my friends were already going,  
64 and I didn’t have to be at work until Monday morning. I switched schedules with some other guy so that I could go. They  
65 have all kinds of rides and stuff. It was the last weekend that it was going to be open before the winter, so my friends  
66 usually go. Peyton didn’t really commit to going. S/he said that s/he would have to “play it by ear.” Weird thing to say,  
67 I remember. Anyway, the conversation didn’t last very long. Some lady came in to complain about not having enough  
68 towels. I was like, “Why didn’t you just call the front desk?” At least, it saved me a trip up to her room!

69 Sunday came and Peyton never showed up. I told my friends that s/he was coming, so I was out \$20 for the ticket.  
70 I mean for someone who’s always talking about not having enough money, s/he sure doesn’t mind when I’m out the money.  
71 The place was packed. The sun was shining. There were a lot of families there with their kids. Peyton texted me later that  
72 day. Something about being “stressed.” My inbox was filled, so I erased all my messages. I was kinda angry, so I didn’t  
73 reply. I mean, s/he could have at least said that I was going to be paid back. I didn’t really feel like seeing or talking to  
74 Peyton.

75 Obviously, something happened on Monday. I got into work at about 11:00 a.m. I was going to work until 8:00  
76 p.m. that night. Right at about 2:00 p.m., I got a call at the front desk that a noise was coming from a room on the 3rd floor.  
77 A banging. I told the person that I’d check on the noise. I didn’t go up right away. I was talking to a friend of mine on  
78 the phone, and kept talking for a few minutes. It’s not like I was going to go rushing up to see what it was. I remember  
79 that I thought, “It’s not like someone’s dying up there.” Gosh, if I only knew at the time what was going on!

80 When I got to the 3rd floor, I figured that the noise was coming from a room at the end. The man who called to  
81 complain was in room 212, so I thought it would be right above him. When I got to room 312, I could hear noise from all  
82 the way in the hallway. I opened the door. I couldn’t believe it! A kid was chained to a pipe in the bathroom. I called  
83 911 to let the police know. It took a few minutes for them to get there. I stayed with the kid until someone did arrive. He  
84 told me that his name was Bailey Reynolds and he’d been there for a few days. It floored me that this kid was chained to  
85 a pipe for days!

86 When the police got there, I told them what I saw. They started to do their thing, so I kinda just went back to work.  
87 There were all kinds of people coming in and out the rest of the day. I’ll tell you one thing though...except for that kid in  
88 the room, the room was spotless. I remember thinking this after everyone left. No one was allowed to touch anything in  
89 the room since it was a crime scene and all.

90 In the days after the kid was found, I never got a phone call or anything else from the police. I would have thought  
91 that they would have wanted to talk to me. I would have loved to help them to figure it out. I guess deep down I always  
92 wanted to be some kind of police person. You know, I’d rather be the one busting people, rather than always worrying  
93 about being busted. Not like I do anything major, though. You know, kids will be kids.

94 I know that Loren Perry was the person arrested for this. I’ve seen all of the newspaper reports and pictures saying  
95 that Loren was at the hotel for that conference over the weekend of the 24th. Being perfectly honest, I remember deal-  
96 ing with a person that looked like the Loren Perry in the pictures. I had to fix a seating situation in the main ballroom. I  
97 believe it was Saturday afternoon. I think it was Loren Perry who called me down to the ballroom to do it. I do remember  
98 that the person was really nice about it when I didn’t get down there right away. Didn’t seem too upset or worried about it.  
99 Things like that happen all the time. There were a lot of people coming and going all weekend. And everyone there was  
100 in business suits and outfits. They all looked the same to me. If Loren Perry was there all weekend, like the newspapers  
101 are reporting that s/he claims, that was the only time that I dealt with him/her. Like I said, the place has three floors, and  
102 a lot of rooms.

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*Mikey Skogan*  
Mikey Skogan

106 Subscribed and sworn to me on this, the 8th day of January, 2009.

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Lauren Dunn

Lauren Dunn

Notary Public