Case No: 63521 Date: 11-17-2015

Reporting Officer: Sgt Kevin Stokes Prepared by: Zach Porter

Incident: Officer Thomas Watts responded to a 273D at 20:23 on Monday 11-17-2015. The address of the home is 4006 NE Emerson. Neighbors complained of screaming in the house starting at 19:30 and continuing for approximately a half-hour.

Detail of Event:

The complaint stated that several persons were involved in the altercation, one of which sounded like a child. Officer Thomas Watts responded to the call. Once on the scene, the sound of screaming was heard. The officer proceeded to the door, received no answer upon knocking. The officer gave verbal notice that law enforcement was at the door and received no response. After repeated attempts to gain entry, he tried the door and found it unlocked. Announcing entry, the officer proceeded into the home. The front room was empty and was not disturbed in any way.

The screaming of at least three persons was heard near the back of the home. The officer identified the voices of one male, one female, and one male child. The officer continued to announce police entrance and moved to the back of the home. Two open bedroom doors and one open bathroom door in the hallway were inspected quickly. The officer proceeded to the central door at the end of the hall, which was closed. The screaming was emanating from the closed room.

At this point, the distinct words screamed were distinguishable on the officer's personal recording device. Officer Watts attempted to knock and announce his presence through the door. No response was issued, the screaming continued. Officer Watts tried the bedroom door, but the door was obstructed from the inside, and he could not gain entrance.

The following is transcribed from the recording on officer Watts's recording device.

Officer Watts: "Portland Police, please calm down and open the door."

Female voice (Kendra Mick): "Please, help us. Let us go. Just let us go."

Male voice (Troy Mick): “Stay away from her.”

Officer Watts: "Portland Police, are you hurt. Please open the door."

Male voice (Troy Mick): “Kendra get back its not him!”

Officer Watts: "I am going to break in the door, stand back, stand back!"

At this point, a voice, which sounds more like an animal’s growl, or a deep guttural voice speaking in an indistinguishable language, is audible on the recording. This strange sound prompts screaming from both the male and female voices on the recording. Officer Watts, is then heard calling for backup and explaining the situation. Dispatch confirms the call. The guttural growling sound is also audible on the dispatch recording that matches precisely with the officer's recording.

Officer Watts: "Portland Police, stand back. I'm breaking down this door."

The screaming and strange growling sound continued along with the sound of Officer Watts attempting to kick the door down. After several attempts, ten audible kicking sounds on the door, the guttural sound stops. The screaming settles to whimpering and crying from both the male and female voices.

Officer Watts: “What is happening in there, stay with me, open the door. I am armed and have my weapon drawn. Please tell me what is happening in there?"

Female voice (Kendra Mick): "Help us please, please, it's staring at us, please make it stop!"

Officer Watts: "I'm here to help, open the door. I can't help if you won't let me in."

Male voice: (Troy Mick) "It has the door shut. It won't open, fuck you, you little piece of shit, let us out!"

Childs voice (Toby): "I'm sorry, don't, I can't help it. I don't know why. I'm sorry."

Officer Watts: "Son, tell me what is happening. I can help. Tell me what is happening."

Female voice (Kendra Mick): "Let us out, you won't be in trouble. We will help you. You can stay, just let us out."

Childs voice (Toby): "I can't; it's him. Tell him to put that down."

Female voice (Kendra Mick) "Troy put it down. It's OK. We will be OK."

Male voice (Troy Mick): “That is not him, don’t talk to it, it’s not him, fuck you, let us out!”

Officer Watts: “Troy, calm down, are you OK Troy, what do you need, I can get it for you, just let me help, let the woman and boy go, it will be OK.”

Male voice (Troy Mick): “It’s not me, I can’t open the door, that thing is holding it, somehow, what the fuck, what the fuck are you!”

Officer Watts: "Troy, it's going to be alright. I can help, just calm down and open the door."

Male voice (Troy Mick): “Get away from her, stay back, I’ll bash your fucking skull in!”

Officer Watts: "Troy, calm down, do not, Troy stop what you are doing. Just talk to me Troy, just talk to me!"

Male voice (Troy Mick): "It's not me, man, you don't get it, that thing is not him, don't come in here, I have to kill it, I have to…"

The guttural sound begins again at this point and the screaming of the female voice. There is the sound of things breaking and crashing in the room. The sound of sirens getting closer to the location can be heard. Once again, the sounds of Officer Watts attempting to break the door down can begin. The sound of the guttural noise and the screaming gets much quieter as we hear the officer run outside the house. Officer Watts, leaves the home attempting to get his shotgun from his squad car. Officers appear on the scene and confirm Officer Watts was getting his weapon from the cruiser. Officer Watts then coordinates with Officers Duncan and Sadowski to enter through the bedroom door. At the same time, the other officers go to the back and attempt visual contact through the bedroom windows. This conversation is also present on the officer's personal recorder. Officer Watts again enters the house and moves to the bedroom door. Officers Duncan and Sadowski proceed to the back of the house, attempting to make visual contact.

As Officer Watts nears the rear of the house, there is no screaming or growling.

Officer Watts: "Talk to me, Troy… what's going on in there? Say something, Troy… Ms., can you hear me… say something, so I know you are OK. Son… are you OK?"

Officer Watts: “Troy?”

Male voice (Unknown): "Your mother is not doing well, Officer Watts; don’t you think you should be with her instead of here. There is nothing you can do here.”

Officer Watts: “How do you know…”

Male voice (Unknown): “She doesn’t have long; the cancer is taking over her brain like maggots in rotting meat.”

Officer Watts: “Troy, is that you, who am I talking to. You are surrounded, open this door!”

Male voice (Unknown): "Troy has shuffled loose the mortal coil, there is no helping him; he is mine now."

Officer Watts: “Ms., … are you OK, say something, Ms., … what is happ…”

Female voice (Kendra Mick): "Help me, please!"

Male voice (Unknown) Speaking in Latin, translation, "You will be the vessel, the opener will awaken."

Female screams begin within the room; the sound of Officer Watts attempting to break down the door is also audible. At this point, we can hear the muffled voice of Officer Duncan calling out, then trying to call for more backup.

Officer Duncan: "Holy shit, what the... all available units, please respond, we have a hostage situation and possible 187 at 4006 North East Emerson, all units, please respond, this guy is in the house with a woman and child, there is one victim visible."

Officer Watts: “Stand away from the door I am going to attempt to shoot the handle off.”

At this point, we hear the sound of a door opening slightly.

Officer Watts: "I am armed, and I am coming in."

Female voice (Kendra Mick): “No, don’t come in it, it will kill you, don’t come in, you can’t stop it!”

Officer Watts: "Portland Police, show me your hands, … get on the ground, … sir, put your hands where I can see them and turn around. I'm not going to ask you again, show me your hands and turn… oh fuck!"

Officer Watts begins to scream in what can only be described as extreme terror.

Female voice (Kendra Mick): “Run!”

Officer Watts's screaming is heard for several seconds after this and then turns into a wet gurgling sound. That must have been the point that the officer received a fatal wound to the throat. Officer Watts died on the scene before emergency aid could reach the location. Officer Sadowski moved into the house through the back entrance, upon entering the room, the bodies of Officer Watts and Troy Mick were discovered. The assailant was not in the room. Mrs. Mick ran out of the front door, and both officers gave chase. The officers apprehended Mrs. Mick on the front lawn with a young girl in her arms. Mrs. Mick was adamant that she was not responsible and that they should all leave the location immediately. The young girl was her daughter Eva Mick. Mrs. Mick was near hysterical about evacuating the area.

Mrs. Kendra Mick was taken into custody, and her daughter was given into DCSS care. Mrs. Mick denies any involvement with the murders and maintains that her 8-year-old adopted son is responsible for the incident. Due to the lack of blood on Mrs. Mick's person, it is unlikely that she had a part in the murders. The neighborhood was canvased by police who were unable to turn up suspects that could have been responsible for the voice recorded by Officer Watts. Officers were also unable to find any sign of the 8-year-old adopted son of the Mick’s, Toby Mick. The search continues for the boy and any information about the man who was in the room.

Kendra Mick believes it was her son who perpetrated the crimes. She insists that he was under the possession of a demon who manifested through the child and maintains that this demon was responsible for the voice on the recording. Mrs. Mick has been sent for a physiological evaluation. Still, it is my opinion that she is not responsible for the murders. However, she was deeply traumatized by the event.

DCSS confirmed that the Mick’s had adopted an eight-year-old boy named Toby. The adoption had finalized only three months before the incident. The boy was in care for only a short time after both of his parents had died in a fire, the boy was in foster care for four months before being adopted by the Mick's.

The five-year-old daughter Eva Mick has also been sent for a physiological evaluation. She did not witness any of the terrible events. However, She was able to hear them. Eva was instructed to hide in her room when the Mick's son Toby began to exhibit violent behaviors, as Kendra Mick revealed in her statement. It was not the first outwardly violent behavior the boy displayed when he lived in the Mick home.

The claim that the boy was responsible is unlikely according to the coroners and forensic reports. Troy Mick, who is 6’ 2” and 220 pounds, was pinned to the wall by a broken bedpost, raised off the floor approximately two feet. Officer Watts had his throat torn entirely out, and the missing portion was not discovered at the crime scene. His arm was also broken and twisted as if twisted around multiple times. It is the officers, the coroner, and the forensic specialist's opinion that a child of that age could not accomplish this. It is also their opinion that the person responsible would have to be extremely large and inhumanly strong.

A symbol found in the boy’s room is unidentified at this time. It appears to be some sort of occult symbol but of what type or region has yet to be determined. It was on the wall behind the child's headboard, and lab analysis has concluded it to have been written in feline blood. Several small animal corpses were discovered buried in the backyard, which included several cats. The bodies ranged from three months to a few days old. It was apparent that the boy had been involved.

The person's voice captured on Officer Watts' personal recording device has yet to be found. It will be challenging to determine the perpetrator by voice alone. No other forensic evidence of a fifth person being in the room has been uncovered. For the moment, this case remains open.

Case No: 63521 Date: 11-17-2015

Forensic Specialist: Daniel Connelly Prepared by: Daniel Connelly

Multiple homicides occurring within the same room, approximately 5 to 10 minutes apart from one another. No murder weapon other than the broken bedpost was found at the scene. The blood spatter is consistent with the positioning of the victims’ bodies, indicating that they were not moved or tampered with and rested in the original location in which they were at the time of death.

The first victim, white male 32 years of age, 6’ 2” tall weighing 220 pounds, suffered blunt force trauma to the left temporal, occipital, and parietal portions of the skull. The wounds were consistent with the shape and size of the broken bedpost identified as the murder weapon. The bedpost was also used to pin the body off the floor 2' 4''. The broken bedpost pierced the victim's body and then embedded itself into the wall behind the victim some 8 inches in depth. The force it would take to achieve this would rarely be found in a human being. It is possible that an extremely powerful individual could accomplish this but highly unlikely. The positioning of the body and the bedpost's trajectory suggests that the perpetrator was over 9 feet tall. It is the opinion of this department that it is not possible under any circumstance for a boy of 8 to accomplish this. It would not be possible for most full-grown men to achieve this as well.

The second victim, white male 35 years of age, 5' 10", ' 190 pounds, suffered trauma to the throat. A section 4 inches in height and 4 inches deep, removing the esophagus and skin from the exposed neckline between the chest and chin, is identified as the killing blow. The victim would have died from blood loss and choking on said blood. The arm of the victim was severely broken at the elbow. As if it had been twisted around several times. The neck wound pattern suggests that the portion removed was done so with a hand consisting of 5 digits and would have been taken at one time as if someone had grabbed the victim by the throat and pulled it out in one motion. Again, the strength it would take to accomplish either of these injuries would be extreme and could not be committed by a child.

There was nothing in the room to indicate that any tool or other methods were implemented in these injuries. Nothing in the room suggests that any other person was present beside Mrs. Mick, Mr. Mick, Toby Mick, and Officer Watts. DNA from all of these persons existed at the scene, but there was no other DNA evidence found to indicate a fifth person in the room. The windows were also shut and locked from the inside when the scene was investigated. No fingerprints besides those mentioned were found. It is the opinion of this department that there was no fifth party in the room.

Physiological Evaluation: Kendra Mick

Performed By: Dr. Albert Kloss

Date: 11-21-2015

Recorded Transcripts:

Dr. Kloss: “Hello, Kendra, how are you feeling today?”

Mrs. Mick: "I'm fine. You can skip all the bullshit, I know you are trying to find out if I'm crazy, I'm not."

Dr. Kloss: "We don't say crazy. If you have some sort of illness, I will attempt to find out what that is and help you."

Mrs. Mick: “You can’t help me.”

Dr. Kloss: “Why would you say that?”

Mrs. Mick: "I'm not crazy or ill, or any other damn thing, I can't explain what happened, so I am just telling you people what I saw."

Dr. Kloss: "OK, Kendra, there is no reason to get upset. I am here to talk with you and allow you to unburden yourself. If there is anything you would like to talk about, we can. It doesn't have to be about that night, although I would like to talk about that. Whatever you’re comfortable with.”

Mrs. Mick: "Well, I don't. Ask your questions. I will just tell you what I know."

Dr. Kloss: “Let’s start with Toby. He was adopted, correct?"

Mrs. Mick: “Yeah, we adopted him about three months ago. His parents both died in a fire at their home. He probably started it.”

Dr. Kloss: “What makes you say that?”

Mrs. Mick: "After... after that night, I just figure he must be, fuck it, … I don't think he is human. I know he's not."

Dr. Kloss: "Not human, you do realize how that sounds, Kendra?"

Mrs. Mick: “I know, but there is no other explanation for this, I mean, I know you all think I am some kinda white trash meth head or something... You guys did the drug screening, and you know I'm not on anything, just because someone has colored hair doesn't mean they are stupid. I was a teacher, I have a degree in child psychology, I have worked with children for several years, and I know… that kid was not right."

Dr. Kloss: “How so?”

Mrs. Mick: "All kids who come through foster care have some level of trauma, and so you know going in that you are going to be dealing with issues, attachment, boundaries, or actual mental disabilities from exposure to drugs or extreme neglect. You know what you’re getting into… this was different. We thought. At first, it was just normal, and we could work through it, but as time progressed, it got worse. He didn't talk to us for five days when we got him. He said nothing, just sat in a chair in his room staring at the wall."

Dr. Kloss: "He was traumatized by the death of his parents; it doesn't sound out of the ordinary."

Mrs. Mick: "Yeah, I thought the same thing, but when he did start talking, it was… strange… he didn't talk like an 8-year-old boy. He sounded like a fucking history professor, and he would just stare at you without breaking eye contact. It was creepy. We just figured he was a smart kid because his parents were academics."

Dr. Kloss: “Who were his parents?”

Mrs. Mick: "Gene and Barkley Morris. They were anthropologists, pretty well known, they wrote a book together about some tribe in South America, I think in Peru. That was like nine years ago or something. Once they had Toby they sort of fell off the map, they had very promising careers and had just been published, but after Toby… they just stopped. I never read the book. It's called Cult of the Putrid Leopard. Weird fucking name, huh?"

Dr. Kloss: “Do you know anything about the fire?”

Mrs. Mick: “It started in the parent’s room. Toby was able to climb out a window and was found on the street. He was standing watching the house burn. He didn't try to get help. He was seven at the time. He should know how to get help at that age. He was in foster care for three or so months after that. They were looking for a family who would take older kids. We had just finished our certification, and we were happy to take him. We thought we had lucked out. He had no issues with drug addiction. There was no abuse in the family, or neglect, just a normal kid who lost his parents. We knew there would be some issues with his loss, and we were prepared to go through that with him, try and help him come through it as best he could. Give him a supportive and loving family to grow up with."

Dr. Kloss: "So what else happened to make you say he was not human? I mean, so far, it sounds like a young boy who was grieving the loss of his parents and was displaying behaviors because of it. I'm sorry, but it doesn't sound out of the ordinary."

Mrs. Mick: "Yeah, that is what we thought at first, but things got… worse."

Dr. Kloss: “How so?”

Mrs. Mick: "He would, follow me around the house and just stare, I wouldn't know he was there, and suddenly I would turn around, and he would be standing there staring. He would say things too, things that it just seemed an 8-year-old would not know. Tody knew things about historical events, things about Mayan cities, and Egypt, all over really. I didn't think too much of it at first because of his parents. They probably told him all kinds of interesting things. I checked into some of the things he said and found that they were accurate, at least the ones I could find mention of. Then he started to get very manipulative, in a way that is not child-like at all. He was persuasive. He started to take our daughter into their room and close the door. When I would come to see what they were doing, he would stop talking and leave the room. I asked my daughter what he was telling her. She said he told her she could be a god if she would help him. He wanted her to cut herself and give him the blood. That was all I needed to hear. We had a long talk about that."

Dr. Kloss: “How did your daughter react to this?”

Mrs. Mick: "She was scared of him. She tried to stay away from him after that. It was hard to be in the house with him. He continued to follow me and watch me. I noticed he would try to get Eva alone too. I talked with Troy about seeing if we could tell DHS that the adoption wasn't working out. We agreed to that. When we called them, they told us it would take time to find another placement. I was relieved; I felt so bad like we had failed. I just thought he was a kid with some special needs that we couldn't manage. Then I found those animals he buried.

Dr. Kloss: “What animals?”

Mrs. Mick: "He was killing animals and burying them in the backyard. Troy caught him with a hammer smashing a cat's skull. When he confronted him, he hit Troy with the hammer. Troy was so pissed off; I thought he was going to kill the kid. We did what we thought was appropriate, grounded him to his room. Ya know.”

Dr. Kloss: “Did that stop him from hurting more animals?”

Mrs. Mick: "He was under constant supervision after that, I didn't let him out of my sight. I was afraid for Eva. Then one night, he came into my room, and he said to me... like he was just giving me the time of day, he said… he said he would kill Troy and take Eva. Then he said I couldn't stop him."

Mrs. Mick: (crying) "That was it, I called DHS and told them they needed to come and get him the next day. When Troy got home, I told him, and he said Tody was just trying to scare me. That he was a kid, how could he be a real threat? I was scared."

Dr. Kloss: “Take your time, Kendra.”

Mrs. Mick: "The night it happened, I woke up and he was standing over Troy while he slept. I asked him what he was doing, but he didn't answer. He was mumbling something and moving his hands. Then Troy woke up and tried to sit up. Toby pushed him down with one hand. Troy is a strong guy. He's a tree trimmer, so he is climbing trees all day, he's strong. That kid held him down with one fucking arm like it was nothing. I heard Eva at the door, and I ran over and yelled for her to hide. I couldn't open the door. Troy grabbed up at the bedpost and managed to break it off and hit him with it. That made him move back, and Troy ran to the door where I was. He was screaming for Toby to stay back. I was screaming and crying, trying to tell Toby to stop, but he just stared at us. Troy was fending him off with that bedpost, it must have been a while that we were screaming and trying to get him to stop, then we heard Officer Watts calling to us from the door. I thought it would all be over, but he couldn't open the door, we couldn't either, I could see that it was not locked, but it wouldn't open."

Mrs. Mick: (crying)

Dr. Kloss: "Do you want to take a break, Kendra? It's OK, take your time."

Mrs. Mick: "I'm fine, the officer was trying to get in, I was hoping he would get in there and take Toby away, but he couldn't get in. Then that fucking growling started. It was coming from Toby. Troy and I started to scream. I was terrified. What the hell was that? Then it stopped, and Toby just stared at us."

Dr. Kloss: “Was that the sound we heard on the recording? The growling?”

Mrs. Mick: “Yes.”

Mrs. Mick: “I think the officer went outside at that point, then that thing, ... it came out of him, his mouth it was inside of him and, I don’t know, it wasn't real, it came out of his mouth, like a slug or something but it was huge. It left Toby on the floor, (sobbing) like, then it, it… ate him."

Dr. Kloss: “Take your time Kendra.”

Mrs. Mick: "It was huge, Troy tried to fight it off with the broken bedpost, but it was too, it grabbed him and pulled the bedpost out of his hands and hit him over and over. I knew he was dead, it lifted him and… it fucking pinned him to the wall. I tried to stay silent, hoping it would, I don't know. I could hear the other officer outside then, calling for backup. I could hear Officer Watts. I tried to tell him not to come in. The door opened. I knew he couldn't do anything. I tried to tell him to run. I told him. When the door opened I ran, I found Eva and fucking ran. I told him to run, I told him…. (crying)"

Dr. Kloss: "It's OK Kendra, it's over, your OK, Eva's OK. It's over."

Notes from Dr. Kloss:

It is my opinion that Mrs. Kendra Mick is in no way responsible for the double murder, which occurred at 4006 NE Emerson. I believe she is of no danger to herself or others, and I would recommend that she be reunited with her daughter Eva. Kendra does not seem to be mentally deficient in any way. She seems to have a firm grasp on reality. Mrs. Mick understands the gravity of the situation and demonstrates a reasonable amount of guilt and remorse in regards to the death of her husband and Officer Watts. I believe that she is experiencing what we in the profession call matrixing. After experiencing this horrible occurrence, her mind is creating a version of the story that allows her to understand how anyone could perform the heinous acts she witnessed. It is a coping mechanism brought on by seeing the death of her husband and the police officer, as well as the apparent kidnapping of her adopted child.

With therapy, Mrs. Mick will eventually be able to deal with the reality of what she witnessed. Until then, we may never know what exactly happened in that room. I recommend continued therapy for her and her daughter Eva, but I believe they should be reunited and released. It is evident, from the forensic evidence, eyewitness testimony, and her psychiatric evaluation, that she was not responsible for, and had no hand in, the murders committed on the night of 11-17-2015. I recommend her immediate release.

Attached statement by Office Kieth Duncan:

Officer Sadowski and I responded to a call for backup at the house on Emerson. When we arrived, we saw Officer Watts retrieving his shotgun from his cruiser. He let us know that there seemed to be two men, a woman and a child locked in the backroom, and the door was barricaded. He was going to attempt to use the shotgun on the door if he could not get it open.

He wanted Officer Sadowski and me to go around back and make sure no one tried to exit the home through the window or back door. We moved to the back of the house, and Officer Sadowski went further around to the back door to cover that location. I was positioned at the bedroom window. The bottom of the window was at my forehead level, so I had to look up to see inside. It was dark inside the room. I had to use a potted plant to get more height so that I could see. I shinned my flashlight in, and that’s when I saw the victim. He was pinned to the wall with some kind of wood stake protruding from his chest. I saw someone standing in front of him with his back to me. I could not make this person out. It was a large black silhouette in the room. I guess from my positioning, looking up and into the room, it must have skewed my perception because this person seemed to be extremely tall, probably over 9 feet. He was crouched a little in the room as if it was too small for him.

Then I moved back from the window and called for backup. I saw we had a homicide on our hands, and the suspect was still in the house. I heard Officer Watts announce that he was entering the room. A female voice shouted, "run," then I heard the screaming. Officer Watts let out a scream like I have never heard anyone scream before. It makes me shiver just thinking about it. Sadowski entered through the back door of the home and announced an officer down. He said the suspect was not in the room. I figured he must have run out the front, so I gave chase toward the front of the house. I saw Mrs. Mick running out the front door holding her child. I caught up with her as Sadowski came out. We took Mrs. Mick into custody, and we searched the place, but there was no one else there. We checked the neighbor’s yards and all around, but there was nothing. I was at that window, and I could see the back door when Sadowski went in. No one came out that way, and no one came out the front. We checked that house top to bottom. No one was hiding anywhere. It’s like he just vanished. He was huge. There is no way he could have done that.

I don't know. It was the strangest thing I have seen in my 12 years on the force. I will never forget that scream Officer Watts gave out. I knew him, he was a burly son of a bitch but that scream, man that fucking scream.