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[April 12, 2002

Upon arrival at TG1 Fridays,
date → April 8, 2002 < Monday >

I had entered the lounge area
to have a drink and dinner. I

was approached verbally by a man
(mid 30's) as walking to a seat just
2 away from him. The words I

remember most from ^{so} any conversation
that may have taken place that

evening were "Where you been? What
took you so long?" I do not recall
if/what I responded with in turn.

I then ordered a crown and coke

while waiting for my order of "Firecracker
Crab Rolls." I wish I had more

recollection of people or words exchanged,
as this is where my mind is having
trouble remembering. My food had

arrived, enjoyed it with a glass
of water topped with a lemon. Finished

my dinner and ordered 1 last drink,
with all intentions of leaving at that
point.

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if my memory is treating me well I had been offered another drink - hesitated but accepted offer. At this time I remember clearly going to the restroom. Upon my return, I casually had my 3rd Crown and Coke, while conversation was minimal and do ~~recall~~ remember paying most of my attention to the television directly in front of me.

[Some time in the evening I do recall speaking to, one which was a bartender, Jesse Hoag & younger brother, Jase ?? These 2 are childhood-neighborhood acquaintances - I wish I could recall any of which conversations in the evening but unfortunately cannot as of today.

From this point, honestly things are] ⁵⁰ neither here nor there in my head. Can not seem to decipher any actual instances.

I can say that the approx. times were last recollection of 8pm or 9pm roughly. I woke

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[With my alarm clock staring the time of 10:03 am. I frantically went to check on my son, he was not there. After becoming ~~completely~~ ^{somewhat} aware of my surroundings I then realized the only clothing I had on ~~was~~ was my sleeveless dress, sweater, which was worn the day of April 8th under my blue dress jacket, which all clothing now in possession/evidence. No under clothing as well. My sheets were soiled in what appeared, to me, as to be a mixture of slight blood and ~~my~~ my own urine. In disgust and pure confusion I stripped the fitted sheet from my bed and replaced it with a fresh one...

[First phone call was to my mother, with my little knowledge at that time our conversation was brief, just enough to know my son, Alexander, was safe and at daycare... (This info as of 4-12, mom stated it was 10 or 15 min after 10 am ^{when} she received my ⁵⁰ phone call.)

She was angry and we ended the phone call. Various phone calls including Heather Vanbunnik and Chip Moeller, 2 close personal friends... after a few conversations and tears shed with

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them, I then decided to call
the Lincoln Police to report this
~~incident~~ incident.

(rewind: first call after mom was
to close friend Sarah Tyler → she gave
me a number to the crisis line.

moments later I discussed the situation
"BRIEFLY" with a lady there... She
(not purposely) gave me the intension if
I were to report, nothing could be done on
the little info I had.) (So back to
the police call I got disconnected,
strangely, as another call was coming
in. ~~at that moment~~ ~~to talk~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~police~~

~~(at that~~ I had called my neighbor
in #94 a Lindy Patterson to see if
she had heard or seen any thing →

She came over and stated times home
and awake 8:30 pm to 11 pm¹⁵ → nothing.

Lindy stayed w/ me and that's when
(all within moments) the 2 police officers
arrived. Spoke to Ofcer. Hensel.

All of stated information IS True &
Correct to the best of my knowledge.

4-12-02