

Internal Affair Complaint
NARRATIVE
9/18/14

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At approximately 9:30 or 9:45 I heard someone hollering outside my first floor window. I looked out the window and saw plainclothes police outside. I proceeded to go outside to see what was going on. The officers had someone in the car at that point, and I couldn't make out who it was. At that time, two females were on the sidewalk near where the incident had taken place, and one of the officers (Officer #1) started to question the females, in a very intimidating tone, asking, questions like "What's in your bag? Where are you coming from?" He detained them and made both of them sit on the corner.

I told the officer, "You don't need to talk to them like that." He told me to mind my own business and go away. Then he asked me who I was. I went back into my house and got my phone. I came back outside and started recording the incident. When I started recording, the same officer asked me why I was filming him. He stated that he is an undercover officer and that I'm not supposed to film him. He proceeded to ask me where I was going to send the film, and demanded that I give him my ID. I said, "I refuse to surrender my ID to you," and I asked him why he wanted it. His response was, "I want to know who's filming me."

At that point I took a couple of steps back and asked the officer what was his name. He said, "My name is Obama," (maybe because I was wearing a hat with President Obama's name on it). Officer #2 said, "My name is John Doe." I tried to go back to my apartment and Officer #1 ordered Officer #2, "Get that phone!" I became concerned for my safety, and ran back toward my apartment. Officer #2 jumped over the fence, and started chasing me all the way to my apartment. My ankle twisted when he stuck his foot under mine on the steps.

He followed me through the outer door into the hallway, and before I got to the door to my apartment, he grabbed my arm with one hand and put his other arm around my waist. As he did that he shoved me into the wall in the hallway, hurting my neck. When I got my hand on the doorknob of my apartment he tackled me and sent me crashing to the floor. He grabbed my phone out of my hand, and