

## **Statement about Hopland, CA Incident on December 5, 2017**

The following statement is my true and accurate accounting of this incident. I acknowledge that some of my statement may not be verbatim, or may even have happened in slightly different order. In efforts to provide full transparency, it is important to mention upfront that I am a partner in a business venture that is actively conducting industry research and product development of cannabis products, in California. The products range from a television pilot about the cannabis industry in California, to a unique packaging concept, and a organic CBD dog treat. I have been active in this venture for a little over one year and one of the partners is a film/television personality who is willing to corroborate the activities. The activities of the venture up to this point have been limited to R&D and no products have been sold, or made publicly available.

Details of the incident that occurred on 101 South, approximately 10 miles south of Hopland, CA on 12/5/17 (My original written account of the incident was on 12/5/17 at 9:00 PM, in my hotel room). At approximately 11:50 AM I departed the Valwalia Hopland gas station after filling up with fuel (receipt for gas has time stamp of 11:50:44), heading south on 101 in a white Kia Sportage SUV rental car. I was traveling alone. After a few minutes of driving I cracked the driver window because I smelled the odor of gasoline. I was driving the speed limit using cruise control and abiding all traffic signs and conditions, traveling in far right lane with the flow of traffic. Traffic was light to medium. Throughout the morning, I had been driving with cruise control set at 2 to 3 miles over the posted speed limit because I had noticed over the previous several days the speedometer was reading 2 or 3 miles over the speed I was actually traveling (using "YOUR SPEED" devices). As I approached the area of Squaw Rock, I noticed a black unmarked Ford Police Interceptor SUV ("unmarked unit") parked on the west side of 101. I looked at my speed and cruise control was set at 67. An older green 4 door compact Toyota passed me in the left lane, as we both passed the unmarked unit. Several hundred yards after passing the unmarked unit, I noticed in my rear view mirror that the unmarked unit pulled onto 101 south, quickly sped around another vehicle that was behind me in the same lane, and turned on its emergency lights. I turned on my right turn signal and pulled onto the shoulder, and stopped. I turned off the engine. I noticed that the driver (officer 1) was approaching my vehicle on the passenger side, so I put down my front passenger window. Officer 1 asked "Where are you heading?" I replied, "The San Francisco area." He then either asked where I was coming from or why I was in the area, I don't recall exactly but I replied, "Visiting a friend." Officer 1, "Please step out of the vehicle with your license and registration." I grabbed the rental contract from the driver door pocket, which officer 1 noticed and asked, "Is this your car?" "No, it's a rental" He extended his hand for the rental contract, which I handed him along with my license. "How do you pronounce your name?" Me, "Ezekial." Officer 1, "Step out to the rear." Almost

immediately I felt something was not right. I knew I wasn't speeding and although officer 1's techniques appeared official, his procedures did not. He did not disclose his name or department when he first made contact with me. I exited my vehicle and was met by officer 1 and a second officer (officer 2) standing at the rear passenger side of my vehicle (the unmarked unit was parked approximately 10 feet behind my rental). Officer 1 asked, "Do you have any weapons on you?" "No." "I'm going to pat you down." He handed my license and rental contract to officer 2, I complied with his pat down. I started to take notice that both uniforms had no patches, no badges, or no name tags. They were both wearing green BDU style uniforms with black raid vests that displayed "POLICE" insignias on front and back, and officer 2 had a green cap with the muted U.S. flag on the side of the cap. I also took note that the unmarked unit had a California Exempt plate (I believe the first three of the plate were "123"). Officer 1 asked me, "Do you know how fast you were going?" Me, "62" (This was an intentional lie because I knew I wasn't speeding and I wanted to see how he attempted to establish probable cause. Posted speed limited was 65.) Officer 1, "You were going a little faster than that coming down the mountain." Nothing more was said about my alleged speeding. Officer 1 then asked, "Do you know there is gas smell coming from your vehicle?" Me, "Yes, I was smelling it too. I just filled up..." I turned my head and shoulders looking back toward the gas door on the driver side of the rental to see if it was open (it was out of my view), and officer 1 said, "No, stay here!" I complied. Then officer 1 asked, "Are there any weapons, money or drugs in the car?" Me, "No". Officer 1, "You don't have any meth, coke, or cash?" Me, "No." Officer 1, "We're are going to search your vehicle. What's in the parcel in the back?" (Referring to a box in far back luggage compartment that could be seen through rear factory tinted window.) "A gift that I'm dropping off to a friend in Santa Rosa." "I'm going to search the box. Do you want to change you answer?" Officer 1 asked something about my fingerprints on the tape of the box, and I said "No." I also stated at some point during this, "I have a California medical marijuana doctors recommendation in my back pack on the front seat." Officer 1, "Since you stated you have a medical recommendation, we have the right to search the vehicle." Officer 1 opened the hatchback to my rental and removed the box, and then closed the hatch. He did not touch anything else in my vehicle. Officer 1 set the box on the ground next to his front passenger tire and knelled down as he cut open the box with his knife. In hind sight he was concealing himself behind the unmarked unit from the view of traffic on 101. As officer 1 pulled three sealed bags from inside the box, officer 2 asked me, "Is this your current address?", as he was looking at my drivers license. Me, "Yes." Officer 2, "Do you know how much you can legally posses?" I did not answer. Officer 2, "One ounce. That looks like more than one ounce." Officer 2, "Do you know it's illegal to ship marijuana?" Me, "I wasn't shipping it. I said I was dropping it off at a friends in Santa Rosa." (There was no label, name or address on the box that would indicate I was shipping it and I never stated I was shipping it.) Officer 1 put the contents back into the box, he looked at me and said to officer 2, "Get a picture of his license." as he quickly placed the box in the unmarked unit. Officer 2 took a picture of my drivers license, me, and the license

plate on the rental car. (Note: officer 2 had a smart phone with a white Otter Box case that had an accent color - I think orange or light blue.) Officer 2, "We're with the ATF. Marijuana is taking over in California, like cigarettes. You may get a letter from Washington." (Throughout the entire incident, Officer 2 appeared more nervous than officer 1. The ATF statement did not make sense and sounded like nervous rambling.) He handed me my license and rental contract and said, "Have a nice day." and they left me standing on the side of 101. They were gone heading northbound on 101 before I could walk back to my driver door. We were on the side of the road for less than 5 minutes. They never ran my name to see if I was wanted nor did they search any other part of the vehicle, or my person.

I never heard any police radio traffic and neither of the officers used their radios to communicate. Subsequently after going over the events in my head, I concluded I was robbed by legitimate police officers. As far as I can tell the incident happened in Mendocino county just before the Sonoma county line. When I got to my hotel that night, I carefully placed my rental car contract in an envelope to preserve any potential fingerprints from the two officers, as proof of my contact with them.

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Ezekial Flatten