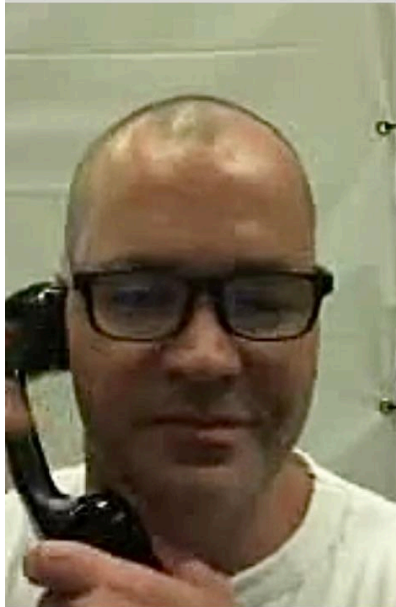




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Innocent man unjustly sentenced to 85 years...

Take a moment to learn the truth surrounding Christopher's case, and what the media so blatantly tried to hide!!

	End Excessive Sentencing End Extended Terms End NERA (No Early Release Act) End Police Brutality End Police Chokeholds	
#FREECHRISBLANK		

by [Christopher Blank](#) -December 2021

On the night of July 13th 2006, my life changed forever...With me in the passenger seat, my girlfriend at that time was pulled over by an Egg Harbor Twp police officer for what I thought was a routine traffic stop. While stopped by the side of the highway, the officer, using a spotlight and loudspeaker, ordered only me to show my hands, and slowly exit the vehicle. Once I was out of the car, the officer pulled out his gun, along with another officer that just showed up, and ordered me to raise my hands and walk backwards along the busy highway, and then kneel behind my vehicle. While complying with every one of his orders, I was also asking, "Why all the

precaution? Why do you have weapons drawn on me? Are you sure you have the right person?" None of this made sense to me!! I could not understand why I would have multiple guns pulled on me just because my girlfriend committed a minor traffic violation. They refused to answer me (I found out later that this entire, preventable tragedy was over a \$200 UNSIGNED warrant)

As soon as I dropped down on my bare knees to the hard pavement, with my hands on my head, the officer secured a handcuff on my left wrist. It was at this time that I turned my head to the side and asked, once again, "Why all the precaution? Why the guns?" Instead of answering, the officer told me to, "Shut the fuck up," and pushed my face, causing me to fall forward into the back of the car. In an effort to prevent myself from falling, I tried to regain my balance by dropping my hands from off my head, and placing them on the ground. This response triggered the first officer to overreact and throw his arm around my neck in a chokehold. While in that position, the second officer began to spray me directly in the eyes and mouth with pepper spray. At this point, I'm unable to see and breathe properly, and I'm quickly falling into a panic. Naturally, I began to struggle to get the officer's arm from around my neck. As this is going on, the second officer is continuing to spray me in the face with pepper spray, and also, hitting me with repeated knee strikes. During this entire time, I am screaming for them to get off me and saying that I can't breathe. It should be known that while I was desperately struggling to get them off of me, not once did I strike either officer.

This is a verbatim exchange during trial between my attorney and the second officer (Constantino):

"ATTORNEY: What kind of force were the two of you using to gain control of Mr Blank to take him into custody?

CONSTANTINO: We were using hand strikes, our fists, knees.

ATTORNEY: I'm asking the question again. Can we agree that you never saw him throw a punch at anyone the whole night?

CONSTANTINO: Well, okay, he didn't throw a punch."

Once I was able to struggle free, I attempted to get to safety. However, due to the effects of the pepper spray and the beating inflicted upon me, I was only able to limp across the street into a residential yard. As I was trying unsuccessfully to get over a small fence on the side of the yard, it was there, in dark isolation, that the two officers caught up to me again. Immediately, the first officer jumped on my back, threw his arms around my neck in another chokehold, and forced me to my knees. As the second officer began to pepper spray me and strike me again, the first officer was able to take the handcuff that was already attached to my left wrist, and secure it to the fence. Now, handcuffed to a fence and unable to see or breathe, due to the repeated pepper sprays, continued chokeholds, and multiple beatings, I was convinced that my life was about to end at any moment in that dark, random corner. I am screaming, begging them to get off of me, until my lack of oxygen hinders me from doing so anymore. All I could do at that point was try to hold onto the second officer's leg, in an attempt to close the distance, thus preventing any more knee strikes...and pray that I survive. Well, thankfully, it was at that exact moment, that I found the second officer's weapon, and saved my own life....

While down on my knees, my left hand cuffed to a fence, one police officer draped over my back, admittedly, with his arms around my neck choking me, and the other officer, admittedly, pepper spraying me, punching me, and kicking me, I transferred the gun to my cuffed left hand, bent my wrist, and blindly fired at my assailants. This caused them to immediately disengage. Once they were gone and I was safe for the moment, I pulled my handcuffed left wrist as far

away from the fence as possible, and then shot the cufflink attached to the fence. This snapped the metal fence, thus freeing me.

I would like to take a moment to point out that the Atlantic County's investigator (Mattioli) took multiple photos of the fence—particularly the clean break in the fence and the large gunpowder mark directly below it—indicating his full knowledge that it was crucial evidence for my self-defense claim. But, since the officers couldn't admit that they handcuffed me to a fence, this exculpatory evidence was “mysteriously” allowed to be removed/destroyed after the photos, so that my team wouldn't be able to examine it and use it against them.

Also, being that there was just too much overwhelming evidence to convincingly deny that I was handcuffed to the fence—but at the same time, impossible for them to openly admit either—the prosecutor and the first officer (Leary) came up with this pathetically transparent exchange:

“PROSECUTOR: Is there any chance that it [the handcuff] could have attached to the fence accidentally?

LEARY: I don't know. To be honest with you, I don't know.”

And then, to add insult to injury, when we tried to enlarge their tiny photos, so that the jury could properly examine the evidence, the judge wouldn't allow them to be used during deliberation.

Continuing on, minutes after freeing myself and trying to get to safety, a third officer (Loder) saw me hobbling across a back road. As I got to the side of the road, just short of the wood's tree line, the officer got out of the car and pulled a gun. I immediately tried to walk into the woods. He responded by shooting 5 bullets at me, striking me twice—all of which, were with my back turned towards him.

It should be noted that this third officer (LODER) testified that he only shot me in “self defense” because I was pointing a gun directly at him.

“LODER:...he [Blank] pointed the gun at me prior to me shooting.

PROSECUTOR: The sequence is he points the gun at you.

LODER: Yes.

PROSECUTOR: Then you shoot.

LODER: Yes.”

However, this lie was exposed by the trial doctor:

“DEFENSE: Can we agree that the wound in the back of the left arm is small and almost perfectly circular?

DR ANDERSON: Yes.

DEFENSE: And can we agree that the wound in the front part of his arm is ragged, jagged, and torn?

DR ANDERSON: Yes.

DEFENSE: Would that suggest to you the entrance wound is in the back?

DR ANDERSON: That would, correct.”

After getting shot in the back, it seemed clear to me that they had no desire of bringing me in peacefully, and were just trying to hold court right there in the street. So, with blood leaking from both of my arms, and scared to death that he was going to come into the woods to finish me off, I fired the officer's weapon towards the streetlights (By then, I had minimal use of my eyesight) in the hope of scaring him away. It worked because he remained hidden behind his patrol vehicle until I was deep into the woods (Keep in mind, I was sentenced to 15 years for

just that specific exchange alone...an exchange where I was the only one injured—shot in the back—and he was the one caught lying about it under oath)

For the next few hours, wearing only a pair of shorts to cover me, and both my shoelaces tied around my arms to stop the blood loss, I was hunted down by multiple police forces, SWAT, helicopters, and dogs. Until finally, I was caught not far from where this entire nightmare began. I was handcuffed behind my back, thrown over a fence, and pulled into a nearby baseball field where I was surrounded by at least 40 police officers. For the next ten minutes, it was there that they commanded a dog to attack me again (the doctor had to put 40 staples in my thigh) while they pulled my cuffed hands behind my back, and viciously beat me with batons, fists, and knees until the ambulance showed up.

(Side note: we often see cops who don't necessarily partake in police brutality themselves, but cowardly stand by as their corrupt colleagues do. Well, in all objective fairness, I want to take a moment now to acknowledge and thank a nameless officer who not only tried to stop this abuse from happening, but at one point, actually threw his body on top of me, and got bit by the dogs for his effort. Thank you.)

During trial, a couple of the arresting officers conveniently testified that they “never saw anything” during this incident, and/or they flat out lied about it. The prosecutor's witnesses suggested that I was never beaten, or that they ever attacked me with a dog. However, since it was a different time—when law enforcement could get away with openly admitting to conduct that they'd never dare admit to today—one officer decided that he arrogantly needed everyone to know that “Oh, I participated in it.” Thus, contradicting the prosecutor's and officers' storyline.

These are partial testimonies from two different officers present during the same event at the baseball field (the first exchange is with officer Bordonaro/ the second exchange is officer Falcone):

“BORDONARO: I just stood there. I was standing by the fence line and I saw [two officers] walk Christopher Blank who is handcuffed past my location.

PROSECUTOR: How much of a distance were you able to observe Mr Blank.

BORDONARO...It was a mere five to eight feet.

PROSECUTOR...During that period of time, did you see any officers strike him?

BORDONARO: No.

PROSECUTOR: During that time, did you see any officer permit their K-9 partner to assault Mr Blank?

BORDONARO: No.

PROSECUTOR: During this time, did you hear him being berated or insulted or mistreated in any way?

BORDONARO: No.”

Now, contrast that exchange with the next officer's testimony, who was not in the courtroom to hear what just happened:

“FALCONE:...and I believe at the time there was another K-9 apprehension.

PROSECUTOR:...Did anyone strike him?

FALCONE: People struck him, yes.

-CROSS EXAMINATION-

DEFENSE:...You told us another dog bit him and some other people, but not you, were striking him, is that accurate?

FALCONE: Yes...

DEFENSE:...Do you know where the dog is biting him?...Was he screaming?

FALCONE: Yeah, he was yelling.

DEFENSE: So obviously the dog is getting him pretty good?

FALCONE: The dog did his job...

DEFENSE:...Well, if the dog is chewing on his leg and you're standing there, what is he doing with his hands?

FALCONE:...I don't remember...It's very crowded, a lot of people involved.

DEFENSE: A lot, meaning how many?

FALCONE: Again, at least ten of our guys.

DEFENSE: Ten officers and a dog. When they say striking, talking about kicking, punching with police batons?

FALCONE: A couple of batons. Once there was a K-9 apprehension, everyone backed off. The police officers backed off and let the dog do its job.

DEFENSE:...What you called striking?

FALCONE: Batons, hitting with hands.

DEFENSE:...Some point they did let the dog loose on him.

FALCONE: Yes.

DEFENSE: And the dog did what to him?

FALCONE: The dog did his job. It bit him."

After this harmful testimony, the prosecutor tripped over himself trying to remind everyone that this episode had nothing to do with the initial shooting. Okay. But, It did prove, once again, that officers are willing to be brutal, and then lie about it to protect themselves. It proved, once again, that a badge doesn't guarantee honesty. And, that's significant considering that the prosecutor's ENTIRE CASE stood on the mythology that a police officer's testimony is somehow more trustworthy than a civilian's. Which, in this day and age, is a claim they are no longer blindly entitled to. Ladies and gentleman, the entire law enforcement community knew the truth about what happened that night. But, they weren't seeking justice. Their only concern was securing a conviction, and protecting their image.

Anyone who is familiar with the media's coverage of my case, knows that nothing I just showed you, was reported. Not one lie. Not one contradiction. Not one mitigating fact. The moment this whole affair started, the press (with the prosecutor's assistance) portrayed me as a "monster" in the public's eye. And, once the trial began to unfold...Well, as the saying goes: They weren't gonna let the truth get in the way of a good story. Many people believe that with the help of my trial attorney, the prosecutor was allowed to use nine jury members that had very close connections to local law enforcement (it's either that or unbelievable incompetence—you decide) So, if anyone is wondering how I could get convicted, despite the evidence being in my favor...Here is a list of those jurors:

- 1) ANA RIVERA—Son-in-law is Trenton City police officer, and two nephews are state troopers.
- 2) MS PAPPAS—Brother worked in Burlington County jail.
- 3) GAIL TROY—Knew officer Falcone, who was a witness for the prosecutor (and quoted within!!) He patrols her neighborhood.
- 4) PETER HORNER—Wife is Cape May County prosecutor.

- 5) DONALD LEWIS—Applied to be a prison guard. His friends are police officers and prison guards.
- 6) SHARON WILLIAMS—Live-in boyfriend is an Absecon police lieutenant, and her son applied to be an Absecon police officer.
- 7) MARY SOMERS—Father-in-law is a retired Absecon police officer.
- 8) MS PALIN MILLER—Knows officers Leary and Loder, who choked and shot me, respectively. She is also an officer at Harbor Fields Detention Center.
- 9) MAUREEN GORDON—Nephew is a Pleasantville police officer.

It's almost too incredible to believe!! Despite my protests, my attorney consciously allowed that selection of people—in a case that featured three police officers—to stand in judgement over my life. The trial and appellate court's position was that these jurors could still be “objective” because, well...we asked them, and they told us they could (Sadly, that's not a joke) Is there one person on planet earth who actually believes that the courts would still rule that way if law enforcement wasn't involved? Of course not. It's an overtly biased ruling from a system that is designed, first and foremost, to protect its own. Period. The conflict of interest is so blatant, that it borders on satire.

Anyhow, I'd like to end this letter by sharing a certain episode that transpired during my sentencing day. I believe this moment truly highlights just how duplicitous this entire tragedy is: Before I was sentenced, the judge gave the “victims” side a chance to speak. Keep in mind, I declined my opportunity to speak, thinking that they would at least find the honor to follow suit. To my disappointment, a few of them chose to prolong this charade by speaking. So, then feeling it necessary, I decided to make a show of turning my whole chair directly towards the podium, which was not even five steps away, preparing myself to look directly into the eyes of my accusers. If they were gonna continue speaking nonsense, then they were gonna have to say it to my face. What I was doing—and the intent behind it—was so obvious to the entire courtroom (and probably unprecedented) that it startled a few to see me sitting at the edge of the seat, with my head held high. My attorney pleaded with me to turn back around. The sheriff and judge glanced at each other in apprehension. The silence was palpable. Then, one by one, maybe five in total, proceeded to the podium to unconvincingly show support for this farce...

Well, I want everyone to know, that to this very day, I still would not be able to tell you the color of their eyes... And, that's because not one of them had the courage or integrity to look directly into my face. That's why the press never reported it. They understood what it signified: Lack of conviction and shame. Everyone in there saw it.

Now, it's time that everyone else saw it too. Look, I openly admit that I wasn't always the man that I am today (thank you God) However, I can guarantee that any single person who reviews my case—without bias—will not only find my 85 year sentence horrifically unjust, but will also demand that my conviction be overturned. Guaranteed.

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Thank you for your support