

EXHIBIT 3 – Defendant Grady’s blog post of April 13, 2015, written under the pseudonym Paul Krendler, discussing an event only Grady and Plaintiff would know about. Submitted as proof that “Krendler” and Grady are one and the same.

A Nice Visit From the Local Police

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A very respectful, polite and — is “nice” a word you can use when talking about a cop? — nice officer from my local Police Department stopped by my palatial estate this evening. We had a long, pleasant chat on a cool, evening out there on my wraparound screened porch.

The purpose of his visit was to inform me that local law enforcement had been contacted by another jurisdiction about me, and he wanted to explain what the law can and cannot do. I told him I understood, and that I had no problem. The conversation turned to a quote “retired,” quote “professional” quote “journalist” named Fat Bastardson living near Baltimore, MD. He wanted to ask about any contact between the two of us.

I told him, yeah, there’s been plenty of that. Most of it’s been indirect, though.

“He says you’ve threatened to kill him,” the officer said.

“He says that a lot,” I said. “He’s a fucking lunatic who should be in a long-term psych ward.”

“Said Bipolar Boy,” the officer laughed.

Who better to see the signs, I said. This tremulous turd-burglar believes every word he says, and a whole lot more that he simply makes up. He actually thinks I’m a sociopath because I talked about how they behave once. He’s managed to blow that up into a whole thing.

“Really,” he asked. I told the officer how Fat Bastardson doxed me after I posted an innocuous comment on as particularly pathetic blog post. To him, two sentences were an “attack” which formed a basis for Fat Bastardson to expose all the personal information he could collect, including photos of my wife and family. The officer said he understood what Fat Bastardson did not — that Twitter does not flip from a direct communication platform to a non-direct platform based on one person’s inability to keep their mental shit straight. That’s why tweeting a photo of a clay doll and a hand-tool is not a death threat. He said that was the main reason that not even Fat Bastardson’s home State’s Attorney was taking his “death threat” concerns seriously... they don’t consider a “Twitter contact” as direct contact... unlike regular mail, phone calls, or even e-mails. It’s as public as saying something in your living room.