

On the afternoon of Friday August 02 2013 at a time between two and three PM, I was walking south on the East side of Main Street having come from the direction of City Hall. I was in the process of recording digital video as I filled parking meters that were expired along the sidewalk. On the corner of Main and Roxbury, I had spoken briefly with parking enforcer Jane McDermott. She was walking parallel to myself in the direction of Railroad Square, where the sidewalk is divided into two parallel paths. She was walking on the Easternmost sidewalk pathway and I was traveling on the Westernmost pathway, closest to the road and in front of the evenly-spaced parking meters.

As I approached the area near the location of the Lane Hotel, on the corner of Church and Main St, PEO Jane crossed in front of me and proceeded into the street (outside of a crosswalk) and toward the Main Street median, where I observed parking enforcer Linda Desruisseaux speaking with a person that I believed to be Travis Hobbs (a/k/a Travis Hobbs Parrot). Although I had never interacted with this person before, I did recognize him from a picture shown to me approximately one week prior. A friend had presented to myself and others an image of an individual whom he alleged had threatened him in downtown Keene previously.

I crossed the street several paces behind PEO Jane, where she rendezvoused with PEO Linda and Travis Hobbs on the median's sidewalk. PEO Jane stopped where the two others were standing and I proceeded to head toward a few pairs of meters north, so as to bring parked cars into compliance with parking regulations. After filling a nearby meter, I proceeded back south, intending to pass the three and fill potentially expired meters to the south of them. When I came within about fifteen feet of the three, PEO Linda addressed myself. She said she was having a private conversation and wanted additional space. I obliged, changing direction and moving backwards while stating, "Okay, I'll give you guys some space." PEO Linda responded, "That would be great." Travis responded after her, "That would probably be best for your face, too."

In confusion as to whether the man was trying to threaten me, I asked, "What was that?" Travis repeated, "That would probably be better for your face, too."

I responded, "What does that mean?" Travis stated, "That means you need to leave," and gestured with his arm, pointing off over the horizon. I told him that, "It's not nice to make vague, veiled threats to people." Travis claimed, "I'm not making a threat to you, brother."

At this point, PEO Linda interjected, "You didn't have to turn around and come back, you could have just kept walking."

I was surprised that PEO Linda not only failed to address the vague threat, but also that she was asserting a privilege not to be filmed that I was otherwise willing to oblige when not being done under a threat "to my face". I responded to her, "Well, you are a city employee in a city employee uniform working." She responded, "Well, I asked you to leave and you came back". I did not respond to this claim, as I had been stationary approximately fifteen feet away from the group from the time that the threat was made. Travis interjected, "You're bugging me and harassing me, get the hell out of here."

Travis wore a very unpleasant face and I proceeded to take several steps back silently. Travis mumbled something that I could not hear clearly. He then began gesturing to a group of young people who were

further south and on the West side of Main Street near Corner News. He called out to them what sounded like, “Coda”, and gestured for them to join him with the parking enforcers. After summoning his accomplices, I could hear Travis state, “I’m about to smash that camera”. Two young men joined Travis, one wearing a red shirt (hereafter referred to as Redshirt, possibly Cole Hodge) and one wearing a Camouflage shirt (hereafter referred to as Camoshirt, possibly Matthew Coda). Two females also joined them, one wearing a white shirt (hereafter referred to as Whiteshirt) and one wearing a green shirt (hereafter referred to as Greenshirt). I could not hear what was being said, but Travis was gesturing at myself with his left hand while talking to the other young men. None of the four youths summoned by Travis appeared to be having an enjoyable day.

I put out a call on my radio to my friend Graham Colson, who I believed to be in the downtown area. I was concerned because someone making threats had just been joined by four equally unfriendly-looking associates. I did not hear back from Graham on the radio. At this time I observed the parking enforcers departing the rendezvous location and heading south on the sidewalk.

I wanted to also head south, but only if I could do so while maintaining space from the unfriendly crowd. After checking for traffic and confirming my safety, I walked West into the road and began to move south, just behind the tails of parked cars facing the median. As I passed the group, they remained upon the ground on which they stood, with their attentions all turned towards myself. One female, Whiteshirt, said I was not permitted to film and that I would be “...issued a fine for five hundred dollars”. I informed her, “Do you know that’s not true?”, to which she responded, “It is true”. She uttered further statements I could not discern which sounded like further objection to the existence of the videocamera. I then stated loudly and clearly that the video would be uploaded to a youtube channel, spelling out the channel “F-R-3-3-M-A-N-T-V-R-A-W”. By this point, I was entering a crosswalk south of the position of the youths and behind the two parking enforcers, who were crossing the street heading East towards Church Street. Whiteshirt then yelled out, “Stop harassment, stop fucking videotaping!” I turned away and entered the street as one of the young men yelled out, “Bro, you want me to beat your ass, bro?” I turned my lens back towards the group in the median as I continued proceeding forward. Travis then said, “Yo, I’ll see you in jail, brother”.

Upon reaching the sidewalk from the crosswalk on the East side of Main Street, just South of Church Street, PEO Linda stopped while PEO Jane continued walking, heading North. Linda watched as I passed and I walked up alongside Jane, to her right. Different voices coming from the group continued to yell things in my direction, with the crowd’s bodies oriented facing myself and PEO Jane from their position in the median. I framed Jane up in my camera’s shot with the group framed up as the background and informed her about the larger man PEO Linda was initially speaking to. At a conversational volume, I stated to Jane, “I heard the big guy was threatening one of my friends the other day as well.” No more than one second following the completion of my sentence to PEO Jane, PEO Linda had called out, “Jane!” from where she was crossing the crosswalk bisecting Church Street and approaching the corner of the Lane Hotel where the sidewalk diverts East along Church Street. PEO Jane turned and asked, “Yeah?” PEO Linda began shaking her head horizontally and waving her right hand horizontally with her palm facing out, as though to indicate a negative. PEO Jane walked towards Linda as Linda reached the Northern sidewalk of Church Street. Linda then gestured with her left hand’s index finger towards herself and stated, “Here, come this way.” PEOs Linda and Jane walked East on the Northern sidewalk of Church St away from Main St. I followed behind the PEOs who were now walking alongside each other for about 1/3 the length of the street to where it comes to a T-intersection as the Wells St Garage. At about 1/3 of the way down the street, I jogged diagonally across the street to the South sidewalk, passing the parking enforcers on my left. Getting ahead of the enforcers on the opposite side of the street, I framed up the

enforcers in the shot, then turned the lens to be aimed down the sidewalk on which I was standing, to see that Travis was advancing towards my position from Main Street. I stood still to stabilize the shot and observed that he was followed closely behind by Camoshirt, though Camoshirt seemed to respond to the gazing eye of the lens, as he immediately turned away and changed direction when the camera was maintained in his direction. Travis continued his advance without pause. The length of the sidewalk from Main Street to the Wells Street parking garage's westernmost edge is approximately 350 feet.

Continuing to move forward while keeping an eye on the individuals situated behind me, I observed the three young men continuing an advance towards my position. I continued to stay in front of the parking enforcers, wanting to not only put space between myself and the potentially aggressive youths, but also to stay within the field of vision of the parking enforcers. Having poor rapport with PEO Linda, I did not trust her capabilities to be a competent witness or to render aid in the event of an emergency. I do consider PEO Jane to be someone with whom I have positive rapport and I could trust to provide myself or others with competent aid in the event of an emergency.

The parking enforcers maintained their pace and positioning, continuing to walk alongside each other as they came to the area of metered parking on the North side of Church Street, near the Wells St Garage. I crossed the street a second time to get ahead of the position to which they were approaching, the Easternmost portion of the sidewalk, on the southern portion of the parking lot just West of the Wells St lot. As I stood on the Easternmost portion of the sidewalk with the parking enforcers approaching me, I observed Redshirt running towards the sidewalk from which the parking enforcers were coming, as Travis picked up his pace and crossed the street in the direction of the parking enforcers and myself. Camoshirt was skipping to catch up with Travis and Redshirt. The two hesitated as he approached, then continued advancing in unison toward my direction and that of the parking enforcers. At this time, Travis was speaking at a volume that was likely intended for his associates, as I was over a dozen feet away. I was able to hear, "I'm gonna smash that fucking camera," being said by Travis as he crossed from Church Street onto the sidewalk aligning the parking lot West of the garage.

The three youths were continuing their advance as I ended a stationary shot and repositioned myself several feet in front of the parking enforcers, who were proceeding to head through the parking garage in the direction of metered parking extending south from Roxbury Street into the Wells Street garage area. With the enforcers and the youths framed in the shot, I attempted to inform the parking enforcers of the large man advancing towards the three of us and his verbal threats. I stated, "The large man is saying that he's gonna smash the camera, I just wanted to inform you guys."

I was somewhat shocked when PEO Linda extended her right hand, palm out, and stated, "Don't talk to us, just get away from us," as she continued walking, now heading North towards the Northwest corner of the garage, approaching the stairwell. I continued heading East. PEO Linda kept her hand extended as she walked past a pillar, obscuring my view of herself and PEO Jane. She maintained her hand in the position for several paces, as one of the youths, either Camoshirt or Redshirt, yelled out, "Stop harassing them!" from near the Easternmost edged of the parking lot's sidewalk. This exclamation caused PEO Jane to look over her shoulder at the advancing youths, closing the gap as the PEOs moved North and the youths continued East.

In surprised response to PEO Linda's assertion that I, "just get away from us," while being threatened by a large male, I stated, "It says in your employment protocol that when someone's making criminal threats you are supposed to assist the public." She responded, "Okay, we'll call the police for you then." At this time, one of the young males, possible Redshirt or Camoshirt, yelled out, "Yo, stop harassing them!"

At this time, I observe that Travis is clenching his right fist. Travis begins to gesture with his left and utters, still advancing, "You really got three minutes, to get a hundred yards away from these girls, or you're gonna get a bad experience." As he advances, Redshirt walks along his left side and exclaims, "You really not have a life, bro?"

After Travis' utterance, I respond as I continue moving backwards, now exiting the Northwest portion of the Wells St garage, "Is that a threat? What does that mean, what are you saying?" I observe that Redshirt is sticking his left hand in his left front pants pocket. Redshirt appeared far more emotionally agitated and nervously upset than Travis, who appears collected despite his domineering tone and word choice. The two continue advancing towards me as the parking enforcers come to a stop near the Northwest stairwell of the Wells St garage. Camoshirt follows within 10-15 feet behind the other two males.

Travis and Redshirt responded to myself at approximately the same moment. Travis said, "Like, you need to leave them alone," as Redshirt said, "Nothing, dude," continuing to appear agitated and advancing towards me alongside Travis. Redshirt stated, "Just saying, why you gotta harass them, do you not have a life?" Redshirt continued to fidget with his hand in his left front pocket. Travis then began finagling his right hand into the right front pocket of his gray sweatpants, where his hand remained for a period of time as he continued advancing, now following my movement East. Redshirt was following closely behind Travis, and also still had his left hand in his shorts pocket. I asked the advancing youths as I continued backwards, in an Easterly direction, "What does harassment mean, what are you alleging?" Redshirt and Travis continued fidgeting with their respective pockets as they advanced. Redshirt exclaimed, "You won't leave them alone. Clearly, they don't want to be videotaped and followed by your weird ass, dude."

As Redshirt continued his response, I continued moving East, parallel to the sidewalk aligning the Northern edge of the Wells St garage, as Travis and Redshirt continued advancing towards myself with their hands in their pockets. Redshirt's tone was very agitated as I backed towards the Northeast corner pillar of the garage. I began moving South to avoid the two unpleasant youths, passing near a car. Travis and Redshirt both instantly redirected heading South, both moving between cars one parking space from one another directly towards myself. Redshirt accelerated beyond walking speed to catch up with Travis, who was closer to myself, near the Eastern portion of the garage. Responding to their threatening approach, I turned back North again as Redshirt quickly reverted his movement to follow mine. Travis, being larger and somewhat slower to change direction, turned and gestured towards Redshirt as he continued fidgeting with his right side pocket. Extending his left arm, Travis swung his hand from where Redshirt was redirecting his movement in the direction of myself, as if to indicate to Redshirt a direction to intercept myself. At this time, I heard one of the females call out from where she was standing closer to parking enforcer Jane at the Northwest corner of the garage, "Make sure you grab his camera, too!"

Traveling parallel to one another between cars, Redshirt and myself reached the sidewalk to the North at about the same time as Redshirt seemed to stop and call out, "Dude, leave me alone, straight up!" He then walked over toward the two parking enforcers and extended his hand, pointing in my direction, now to his North. I chose to redirect myself Northwest of Travis and Redshirt so as to stay within the field of vision of the public employees nearby. Travis continued to shadow my movements, redirecting himself towards me as Redshirt remained stationary and began making statements and yelling a request of the parking enforcer.

As I continued moving West beyond the Northwest pillar of the parking garage, Travis seemed to discontinue his pursuit temporarily as he took a few paces South and diverted into the area near the

stairwell. Redshirt exclaimed in my direction as he walked out of my view behind the stairwell wall, "Hey, I hope I see your ass in jail, bro." I moved a few paces East to see where the individuals were diverging on the parking enforcers. I noticed that Linda and Jane were near the stairwell, and that Travis had stopped walking and was facing the group to his south. Jane seemed to be communicating over her radio, holding her right hand on the shoulder microphone as she observed some of the group speaking just South of her position. I continued to move West to put more space between myself and Travis. Redshirt appeared to be walking away in a southeasterly direction, before stopping to turn back and speak something inaudible over the few voices and echo of the parking garage. I then stated, "These are the supporters of the city of Keene."

From a safe distance of approximately fifteen to twenty feet, I stopped moving as Travis looked over and seemed to refocus his attention on me. He did not seem to be reinitiating a pursuit, though he did reposition his body to be facing myself, but remained in place. Gesturing with his left hand outstretched and his right hand clenched in a fist holding a device I believed may have been a marker or pen, Travis then stated, "I'm a Keene citizen and, you're just, you weren't born in Keene." I replied "Yeah, me too, we have the same rights." Although this was one of the few times Travis had completed a sentence that did not consist of a veiled threat, I felt somewhat reassured by his statement which seemed to indicate that the scene had deescalated to a degree. I moved a few paces closer so as not to need to speak at such an elevated tone, staying approximately ten feet away from Travis as I walked closer. I stated, "We're equals, you don't have more rights than I do." At this time I noticed Jane was a few feet behind Travis and pacing Northwest while speaking into the radio microphone on her right shoulder. She could be heard identifying her location as at the Wells Street garage. The other youths were ten to fifteen feet to the South of Travis. I could hear Redshirt saying something seemingly to one of the females about, "Be sure to smash the camera," while gesturing nervously with both arms outstretched, similar to a confused shrug. Responding to my statement about rights, Travis looked at the ground as he began to say, "I have a right to stand up for myself, dude. And if standing up for myself means smashing that camera over your head, then so be it." Shortly after starting to speak, Travis began advancing toward myself again, where I was now located to his North. As he got to the word "head", Travis was stepping off of the curb separating the sidewalk lining the northern portion of the Wells Street garage from the parking lot to its North, where I occupied. I instinctively began putting more space between us as he advanced, moving myself further North. He made a shrugging gesture before picking up his pace upon finishing his threatening sentence. I then began moving East, away from Travis and his associates to his rear, whom I considered may rejoin his advance at any time. Continuing to accelerate away to the East, I responded, "Threatening violence against people is not standing up for yourself." I continued moving away to the East as Redshirt, located to Travis' south, began calling to Travis and diverted his attention, causing him to stop momentarily. I then also noticed Camoshirt had repositioned himself to occupy a spot several feet to the South of Travis. Travis then seemed less interested in continuing to pursue me as he took a step or two towards his friends to his South. He then uttered something regarding, "...just gonna walk away." I responded, "That's right. That's what you're gonna do is walk away." Then Travis said, "Yo!" and pivoted to his left to face myself again. I instinctively began moving North, as Travis was already between ten and fifteen feet to the East of myself. He hunched forward as his face and tone changed to muffled anger and he stated, "You don't even wanna run your fucking mouth!" as he took two longer and more rapid steps and began to hunch his shoulders forward and pump his arms, still holding some item in his clenched right fist. He then entered into a full charge in my direction, having pivoted almost 180 degrees and pounding his feet, breathing heavily. At this time, I felt compelled to flee the area for my own safety and ran at a near-sprint away from the man barreling with all of his effort towards myself. I was forced to pull my attention away from the camera and focused on putting as much space between myself and the aggressor as possible while avoiding other threats. I ran in a Northwesterly direction and as I ran, I thought that I felt something zip

over my shoulder and possibly brush me before landing in front of me. I noticed that the propelled item was of palm size and reddish-orange in color. I continued running as I heard Travis' pounding footsteps taper off, and by now I had diverted East onto the sidewalk connecting Roxbury Street and the Wells Street garage. I turned and observed Travis coming to a halt as a familiar voice could be heard calling out, "Why are you harassing that man?" Slowing in what appeared to be catching his breath, Travis pivoted suddenly and picked up his stampede pace again, but in a direction away from myself, towards the source of the voice. Upon observing a map of the area after the incident, Travis appears to have sprinted between sixty to eighty feet in an attempt to presumably attack myself before diverting towards the source of the new voice.

I was able to identify the voice as that of Graham Colson, a friend whom I often see in the downtown area. He was standing on a bicycle near the Northeast corner of the parking garage, while most of Travis' associates and parking enforcer Jane were still near the Northwest corner of the garage. Camoshirt had begun to follow Travis' path out of the garage in a Northeastern direction with Redshirt a few feet behind, though as they had not traveled beyond a walking speed as Travis had, they did not cover as much ground. While I noted their position and was relieved that they did not appear to be advancing further towards myself, I was concerned that Travis still posed an active threat, as he appeared to be directing violence which he had intended to direct at myself towards someone else.

I tried to focus my lens on Travis, who had proceeded Southeast and diverted onto the sidewalk which attaches to the Northeast corner of the garage. He was sprinting directly away from myself, so I tried to move closer to where he was heading without causing too much shaking of the lens and audio interruptions from my own footsteps. For those reasons, I moved at a brisk walking speed, almost skipping, though careful not to get close to Travis again. I felt that if he began to seriously hurt Graham my best course of action would be to objectively document the situation and try to deescalate as best as possible without any physical engagement. I was also concerned that Travis' associates may join in on an attack if Travis were to engage. While I was moving towards Travis, who was running South down the sidewalk, I heard Travis state, "You running your fucking mouth, Graham? You want to run your fucking mouth?" From the time shortly after Graham had spoken to the time that Travis had reached Graham's location, Graham was standing stationary on his bicycle, and began walking with the bicycle between his legs, only traveling between four to eight feet before being intercepted. When Travis began charging towards Graham, Graham appeared to try to flee to the West. He had been standing to the east of a parking meter dividing two occupied spaces. In the space to the east was parked a black Nissan pickup truck, and in the space just to the West of the meter was parked a blueish-green motorcycle. Graham was situated on the sidewalk aligning the northern portion of the Wells Street garage. In trying to move away from Travis, albeit slowly, Graham had traveled from a position a few feet in front of the Nissan's driver-side headlamp to a position a few feet in front of the motorcycle, which was parked facing in. With Travis moving South at a running pace, and Graham trying to walk his bike East, Travis directed his momentum into his upper body, extending his arms outward and shoving Graham from the side and chest. In thrusting his upper body forward, Travis' trousers dropped several inches and exposed a portion of his buttocks to myself. I heard a crashing noise of metal and concrete, as the bike appeared to hit into the front tire of the parked motorcycle and fell to the ground. Graham appeared to stumble as his body was forcibly moved sideways. As I heard the metal crashing, I heard Graham yell out, "What the fuck is your problem!?" as he tried to regain his footing. Travis appeared to temporarily cease the attack, albeit maintaining a threatening posture as Graham stumbled off of and away from his bicycle, so I called out in a calm yet firm tone, "Leave him alone." Travis continued stepping towards Graham, with his arms at his sides and leading with his face and chest. Graham continued to move South away from him, sidestepping and still stumbling. Travis repeated, "You wanna run your fucking mouth?," and lunged his body forward

shoving Graham again, who was now towards the central southern edge of the unoccupied parking spot next to the parked motorcycle and where his bike lay. I saw Graham shuffle backwards and away quickly as Travis continued rapidly approaching, swinging his fists by his side and repeating again, “You wanna run your fucking mouth, huh?” Graham stated loudly and clearly twice, “Get the hell away from me!” Graham's tone was loud enough for all to hear, whereas Travis seemed to be directing his speech and all of his attention onto Graham, advancing towards him and speaking in a fairly calm manner considering Travis' continually developing violent actions. I remained silent so as to maintain a clear visual and audio record, trying to keep Travis in the frame from the considerable distance I stayed away from himself and where he was forcing Graham to retreat to, which was a southeasterly direction. The shoving stopped momentarily as Camoshirt began to calmly approach from the Northwest and Graham changed direction from Southeasterly to Southwesterly. Travis continued advancing towards him, bumping him with his chest and speaking at him, “I'll get away from you guys when you get away from (inaudible).” Then Camoshirt put his right hand on Travis' shoulder from behind him in a way that seemed to entice a de-escalation in Travis. Travis ceased advancing and stood still as Graham diverted North and in my direction. Redshirt also walked towards Travis, calling out moments earlier, “Travis, stop, there's cops coming, just stop!” He approached Travis from the front as Camoshirt remained to Travis' rear. Graham yelled out as he briskly walked away that he had not even been near parking enforcers. He then said, “You fucking tackled me and knocked my bike over, you wanna talk about fucking harassment?” Travis and his friends appeared to begin moving West towards Church Street from inside the garage as Graham walked to the Northern sidewalk to retrieve his bicycle. As Travis began walking with his friends, he peered over his shoulder towards Graham at his four o'clock and stated clearly, “Yo, Graham, I'm gonna catch you in an alleyway and beat your fucking ass.” Redshirt, the female in the White shirt, Travis, and Camoshirt all proceeded out of the parking garage to the West as Graham and I occupied the parking lot and sidewalk on the Northern edge of the garage. I observed parking enforcer Jane pacing just South of the parked vehicles lining the northern edge of the garage, wearing a concerned expression. Graham continued speaking at a volume that was more intended for himself and those close to him, commenting on the ridiculousness of the situation in which he would be accused of harassment and physically attacked. Travis paced forward with his friends, though keeping his neck craned and gaze focused on Graham. Travis then stated clearly, “Graham, next time, I'm wiring your mouth shut.”

Graham and myself waited silently on the northern sidewalk and parking lot adjacent to it, as I turned on some relatively quiet music on my radio. After Travis and his associates had left, Graham relayed to myself, “He's one of the few in this town I'd actually worry about. He likes to hit.” Taking a softer tone, almost more speaking to himself, Graham said, “He really just fucked up my knee, I think.”

I noticed that parking enforcer Linda did not seem to still be in the area, as parking enforcer Jane headed up the stairwell and stood near the top of the stairs. I began walking up the stairs when I observed police officer Fintan Moore arrive downstairs and walk past the glass windows outside of the parking garage's Northwest corner. He headed up the stairs and met up with Jane briefly at the top before they headed downstairs and Fintan asked myself, Graham, and Jane details of what had just occurred. I iterated that I was not interested in pressing charges but that I would be uploading the video publicly, as is my standard practice when capturing video during activism, implying that Keene police could find evidence of a crime on the objective video record without the need to involve the public. Graham stated explicitly that he did not wish to give police information out of fear of provoking an attack from locals who would consider him to be a 'snitch'. Officer Fintan Moore left the scene shortly after Graham stated that he was not willing to name the individuals involved. Shortly thereafter, Graham retrieved his portable radio which had detached from his person and was located underneath the motorcycle from when it had fallen off of him as a result of Travis' initial shove.

While I would respect a principled position of choosing an alternative peaceful conflict resolution to the state's criminal justice system, I was discouraged that Graham's unwillingness to put forward any information about the person whom had threatened and attacked himself and myself may be more a product of fear than rational thought. One of my concerns was that almost the entirety of my encounter with Travis consisted of himself threatening and ultimately trying to attack myself, and my observation of his encounter with Graham consisted of an attack followed by threats of more attacks at a future date. Because Travis is especially large and imposing, and since he tries to involve others in his bullying tactics, I made sure to highlight the incident and shared the raw video with others in the community. Upon reviewing the video several times, I found that the item Travis had been clenching in his fist and that was thrown in my direction appears to be a Bic lighter.

The following day, August 03 2013, I took brief video of Graham Colson's right knee at 2341 hours, observing a quarter-sized contusion where it appears his skin was either broken or scraped. I uploaded that video as I do many others to <http://youtube.com/Fr33manTVraw>

On Saturday October 05 2013 I was contacted telephonically by Fintan Moore and informed that in order for charges against Travis to have sufficient evidentiary backing, that I would be required to make a statement, and I agreed to create a text report factually summarizing the incident. I concluded this report on October 23 2013 and submitted this report to Fintan Moore electronically as well as physically on the same day.

In the approximately three months since the August 02 2013 incident occurred and the completion of this report, I have observed Travis Hobbs in the Keene downtown, specifically at Railroad Square, on three separate occasions. On each occasion, I was in the process of traveling on foot and took deliberate measures to avoid interaction with him. In none of these instances did myself and Travis come within twenty-five feet of one another. In each instance, Travis noticed myself and shouted profanities implying that he was seeking my attention. On each occasion, I paid him no attention and chose to continue on my way.

I, Garret Ean, affirm that the above statements are honest and accurate.



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Garret Ean

23 October 2013

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Date

cc: Fintan Moore, c/o Keene police, 400 Marlborough Street, Keene, NH 03431