

**Exhibit 2 to Memorandum of Points and Authorities in  
Support of Defendant's Motion to Dismiss the Complaint**

**UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT  
FOR THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA**

ROBERT STEINBUCH,

Plaintiff,

- against -

JESSICA CUTLER,

Defendant.

Case No. 1:05-CV-00970 (PLF)

**LIST BLOG ENTRIES RELATING TO PLAINTIFF AND  
CONTAINED IN EXHIBIT A TO PLAINTIFF'S COMPLAINT**

<b>DATE AND TIME OF BLOG ENTRY</b>	<b>CONTENTS OF BLOG ENTRY</b>
May 6, 2004 5:54 p.m.	Item! A new contender for my fair hand. He works in one of the Committee offices. We will call him RS. RS had my boss ask me out for him! She actually came in here and said, "He thinks you're hot." How junior high! So all three of us are getting a drink at Union Station after work. Looking forward to an evening full of awkward moments.
May 7, 2004 9:35 a.m.	To answer The Question, no, RS and I did not fuck. (It is my "week off," if you recall.) BUT... RS looks just like George Clooney when he takes off his glasses. I am serious. Has a great ass. Number of ejaculations: 2 He likes spanking. (Both giving and receiving.) I put the moves on HIM. That is, I brought him back to MY place, I was the one who jumped on HIM. I was drunk, but he was totally sober. (At least I have an excuse for my behavior!) So I'm seeing ANOTHER person on the Hill. At least this one is counsel, and not an aide. Going to lunch with coworkers today. Have a feeling I was invited as the new star of Hot Office Gossip, like a press conference.

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May 7, 2004 11:03 a.m.	OMG. RS just came in here to say hi. But I got nervous and acted weird. Shit!
May 7, 2004 1:16 p.m.	I told my coworkers about the spanking over lunch, but left out the nasty parts. (We were eating.) So they were shocked. Not sure I should have told them. But they blame him for what happened: he is senior and should know better, esp since he was the sober one. One of them told me that RS wore a purple turtleneck with a bright blue fleece over it at a recent staff retreat. Now I wonder if he's crazy or what.
May 7, 2004 2:02 p.m.	The boss who pimped me out to RS just stopped by. She asked me what happened after she left us at the bar. I tried to be as vague as possible, but I implied that she should ask RS himself. Then she mentioned that RS is very discrete, so I am taking that as a hint to keep quiet. Finally, she asked me if I would say yes if he asked me out again. I told her that I would. So it looks like I might have another boyfriend. I hope this does not end badly.
May 7, 2004 2:25 p.m.	RS just e-mailed me: Hey, had a nice time yesterday. going to NY tonight, but let's get some dinner or something next week. interested? I said yes. What am I getting myself into? Yes, I like him, but am I attracted to him or the impending drama?? I really don't get myself sometimes.
May 10, 2004 2:08 p.m.	Updates  Went to "lunch" (i.e. iced coffee) and on the way back, bumped into both MD and RS! (But not at the same time, TG.) I told MD I had some news, so he sat down with me in the cafeteria and I told him about RS. (I left out the sex. Also, I tried to frame the story like, "Isn't this a totally fucked-up situation?", not like I'm trying to make him jealous.) . . . So I leave the cafeteria and start walking

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	back to the office, and I see RS. We stopped and talked in the hall and he asked me out for a drink tonight. (Except he doesn't drink?) I look really good today, so I'm glad I hit two birds with one stone during my lunch hour.
May 11, 2004 9:19 a.m.	I am so busted. Went out w/ RS after work yesterday. He took me out for drinks, took me back to my place, and we fucked every which way. THEN he tells me that he heard I've been spreading the spanking rumor around the office! He's not mad, but I am so ashamed of my behavior: I have such a big mouth. It got around and now EVERYBODY knows. Even our LD (who is sleeping with somebody in our office, too, BTW.) But last night was fun. He's very up-front about sex. He likes talking dirty and stuff, and he told me that he likes submissive women. Good, now I can take it easy in bed. Just lay back and watch him do freaky shit. We went to Tune Inn and ate some shit there because it was the only place open at 1am. He walked me home and kissed me at my door. I was like, "Aww, this is so adorable!" He called me "jaded" and told me to call him tomorrow (i.e. today). Jaded? Moi?
May 11, 2004 2:21 p.m.	By popular demand, I have finally created a key to keeping my sex life straight. In alpha order: . . . RS=My new office bf with whom I am embroiled in an office sex scandal. The current favorite. . . . Shit. I'm fucking six guys. Ewww.
May 11, 2004 2:42 p.m.	Oooh, RS just called me. He asked me out again tonight, but I have plans w/ MK @ 9pm. (We're watching the ANTM special together.)
May 11, 2004 5:54 p.m.	RS just called again. Bad news: the rumor has spread to other offices. This is bad.
May 12, 2004 9:28 a.m.	So I went to dinner w/ RS at Lebanese Taverna. He's really not mad about the gossip at all: he's actually joking around the office about it. Like, when he walks out of a room, he'll slap himself on the ass!

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	<p>Me, I'm just hiding in my office until this blows over. We went to his house after dinner, a four bedroom in Bethesda. Needs work, but v. cute. So it turns out that RS cannot finish with a condom on. He can barely stay hard. So he ends up taking it off and humping away at me. Maybe I forgot to tell him that I'm on the Pill. Note to self.. I also learned that he was a cop, so he has scary police shit like handcuffs in his closet. He implied that we would be using them next time, which is intriguing, but I know I'm going to get scared and panicky. (Which would probably turn him on.) So 9pm comes and goes, and I missed my date with MK. And I was missing ANTM! So I just watched it with RS. Meanwhile, MK is trying to call me on my cell (which is turned off inside my handbag.) MK left a very irrate message on my voicemail. He basically hates me now. But when you're crushing on somebody new, that stuff doesn't affect you as much as it should. I slept over at RS's and he drove me home this morning to change. I'm supposed to call him again today. I'm afraid I really like him. I like this crazy hair-pulling, ass-smacking dude who wants to use handcuffs on me. Shit.</p>
<p>May 13, 2004 10:17 a.m.</p>	<p>So my friend AS met up with me at RR and I had two genius ideas: 1. We should go to Saki. 2. AS should meet RS. So I called RS and told him to come over so AS could get a look at him. This morning she says (via IM), "He does look like George Clooney, but he's totally Woody Allen." She also said, "He will do anything to make you happy." Isn't that sweet? And it's true: he stood in line with us at Saki for 1 1/2 hours! . . . When Saki closed, we got some nasty Pizza Mart slices that tasted really good at the time. Then AS went home and RS took me back to his place for the second night in a row. I passed out as soon as I lay down, so we didn't do anything. I woke up with an awful hangover and barfed up my Pizza Mart. (I'm losing weight!) Then RS drove me home and made me promise to call him again today. I need to take it easy tonight, which means I might not go out, and I am sitting out the taco contest for sure. Sorry to disappoint any of my fans at Tortilla Coast.</p>

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<p>May 14, 2004 9:53 a.m.</p>	<p>So I called RS after MK left in a huff. I ended up sleeping over in Bethesda for the third night in a row. He wants us to get tested together so we can stop using condoms. Isn't that sweet? Hope I don't have anything! So I don't know if it's getting serious or what. We're seeing each other every day now. I like him very much and he likes me. But can it go anywhere, i.e. marriage? I don't know. He's Jewish, I'm not. And we have nasty sex like animals, not man and wife. But we work together, so there is an incentive to stay together and avoid an awkward breakup. And after a few months, people around the office will start "hearing wedding bells." I really just want to be a Jewish housewife with a big rock on my finger.</p>
<p>May 14, 2004 3:48 p.m.</p>	<p>Going to see the movie Troy tonight. RS told me to call him afterwards. Wants sex. We've only been dating a week, and we already have a routine.</p>
<p>May 17, 2004 8:56 a.m.</p>	<p>On Saturday, I went to Eastern Market with RS and we walked around holding hands. (Who cares?) . . . Oh, I forgot: I learned that RS has a twin! (Unf, nobody finds this as fascinating as I do.)</p>
<p>May 18, 2004 10:59 a.m.</p>	<p>RS called last night. He had a visitor flying in from NYC who was stuck in a holding pattern over DC for an hour. (Who flies from NY to DC anymore? Take the train! Or the \$10 Chinatown bus.) He was bored, so he picked me up and took me back to his house. His friend arrived around 11:30pm, and was exhausted from his hellish plan ride. So Rob and I went upstairs and got ready for bed. Warning: the following passage is extremely corny. Get ready to vom. So I get into bed and by then, it's midnight. "What time is it?" RS asks. "Midnight," I reply. "Do you know what that means?" "Uh...no." "That means it's your birthday." And he pulls out this pink and green package, and I just know it's a new Lilly dress. And it was. Then we fucked missionary. And he came. With a condom on. Then he was like, "Who the hell comes missionary anymore?!" Is that the quote of the day or what?</p>