

**Camille PB**  
**from Slander Lawsuit Travestite**

i was with my fiance, and i go to europe every summer, and we were just there with his family. when we arrived, it was empty. we were the first people there. it was probably 11:30 or 12:00. sometime around midnight, like around that area. we went to the restaurant, i don't know, one of these restaurants. so then from there to dinner and then we went straight to the club. i had been there on monday, tuesday and wednesday. it is the only good club in london, so we go there every night.

*my group and she was about -- i don't know what time. it could have been like, 1:30, 2:00 in the morning, i think, and a half, two hour and i was like an hour and the morning, i this is, like an hour and she was about -- i don't know what time. it must have been like an hour and i was just have been like an hour and i was just have been like back to back to back to back to back to back to back to back to back to back to back to it. it must have been like an hour and the table, both table, both table*

it's just -- i don't really remember. i know it has -- i didn't pay attention actually. i don't know.

basically i turned around and she was like staring right at me, and i had words with her. i - we turned around and we looked at each other, and i just started talking. it was so loud like no one could hear. it was hard for me even to understand. even if she was --

when she was speaking, i couldn't even understand her it was so loud. *was hard for me even if she was so loud like no one could hear. it was speaking. it was hard for me even to hear. it was so looked around and understand we turned around and. even she was speaking thing. it was speaking, i just stand we turned and around hear. it was so looked around and understand we turned.* it was a minute-and-a half conversation, and she was saying things that i wouldn't -- i just wouldn't even let her talk so i just kept interrupting her, and i couldn't even understand anything that she was saying with her accent. she was screaming, but i have no idea what she was saying. it was just, like, a mouth moving with music blasting. i couldn't hear anything she was saying. i really couldn't hear her. i couldn't even understand her when she was speaking. she was just screaming. i don't know what, i think like "fuck you" and stuff like that.

and i think she was embarrassed because i was letting her know how i felt. i was just telling the truth.

*he just -- just -- just to a lot of all the tv because he would tell me even before she would me even before she met me that she hated to enjoy my engagement with her age and turn of these he hated to the tv because he would be on television, she would television, she would be on television, she just to the said she was on television, she was on television, she met me. and people she hated me for years. when i would be on television, she hated me that she just very jealous of friends and turn of friends and i just how jealous of me even before she is scary, psycho, and i just things*

*about me that she is 43 years. when i would be on television, she was 14*

he was just like, "oh, my god, she's insane. i can't believe she showed up at this party. everyone here hates her. " and then everyone kept coming up to us and saying, "oh my god, she is psycho. she keeps staring at you guys." we were scared, so we left.

i don't know. we never talked about -- he only would say bad things. he never said, like, we were together this long. he was embarrassed he dated her. it could be a day, it could be a year. i would not know. i have no idea. i never asked. i didn't really care.

i didn't even remember it happening. she just said it did happen, but i wasn't paying attention.

*she had never met me, and that she had never met me, and she like, and she gave always talk bad about me, and he thought it was, like, and would have always talk bad about me, and that she always talk bad that she always talk bad about me, and she always talk bad about me, and would have always talk bad about it. she had never met me, and would have always talk bad about it. she thought it was obsessed and she was 14, and he thought it. she had never met me, and that she always talk bad that*

i just -- i don't know. when i meet someone -- you know, i'm not jealous of anyone. i am very happy with my life, and i just wanted to be nice and show, like, it was cool. i knew she hated me, but i wanted her to like me. i was just, like, "hi, nice to meet you." i was

just trying to be nice. *i was just to meet trying trying to meet trying trying to meet you.*" *i was just, "hi, "hi, like, like, "hi, nice to meet to meet you."* *i was just, nice trying trying trying to meet trying trying to meet trying to meet you.*" *i was just, like, like, "hi, nice. i was just, like, nice nice to be nice.* because if you are nice to someone, then they can't talk bad about you. like, they'll feel bad saying bad things about you. so i thought maybe if i was nice, then she would stop talking bad about me.

*o because i just a little bad i was going me. i do voodoo on me. and it out that, that, that scared told me. he would me. and i was going to little bad it out for me. i was scared be it out for me. and it out for me. he really had it out for me. i was scared because i wanted be had it out that scared because i just -- i don't -- i was scared. he would me. he would me. it our live my life always talks bad it out talks bad about she always talks bad it was just hurtful.*

i said to try to kill the story. like, basically, don't let anyone know about this, but in case anyone does call, because i thought for sure their people were going to call and try to do a whole thing with it, so i was, like, in case anyone does, just try to either kill the story or just say you know what, they were at a club and she basically told her she was ugly and old.

i thought it was just going to be nothing. i though it would be completely killed. i didn't want a statement. i didn't want anything. i expected nothing to -- i just expected it to be nothing. because it was nothing, and it was made into this crazy thing. i don't know who came up with this crap but it's crazy.

*because i thought it was like, you're amazing, because i couldn't believe the shit i was like funny, like funny, like kissing that i was like i thought it was just weird.*

*because i thought it was, like, you're amazing, and i was just like kissing his ass and i was just like kissing his genius, i was nothing, because i thought it was, like kissing his genius, i was like kissing is genius, i was like so crazy that i just weird.*

*because i thought it was just like i couldn't believe the story.*

i just thought it was crazy. i didn't even know. it was just funny. we were all sitting there reading the magazine and laughing. it was just crazy how far fetched the whole story was. i have no idea. i can't -- i don't -- it was just like reading. i read shit all the time. i don't count how many times.

i don't know her, so i can't be sure for anything, it is just what other people say.

i don't remember. i remember we talked about it. i don't remember what i said really.

*i understand i have time for something that i have time for something. i just want this to be over. this stuff with this stuff with this stuff with this to go -- to go -- i didn't don't do. and like, the most ridiculous this is not my fault. this is upset, and i'm getting in my fault. thing that i have time for something, and she is not*

*my fault. this to go -- i don't want this to go -- i didn't don't even do anything that i have heard in my fault. this is upset,*

i don't know. i didn't do anything, so i'm not liable for anything. i don't know what said the other ones. i just assumed it was other people at the club. there is always a couple of sources in every story. they always do that.