

- i. “He drove a dodge charger from Atlanta to LA for me. . . Turns out, he had a tracking device on that car. He was tracking everywhere I went. He was just watching me, that’s why he brought it. He also had one of his former police partners who lived in LA, watching me. So that dude was following me around when he wasn’t in town.”
- ii. “Then the relationship got violent. . .[I] was trying to heat up the cabbage, and he choked the shit out of me. He told me I needed to shut up and listen, I talked too motherfucking much, and he choked me.”
- iii. “But as I was running somehow he caught me and tackled me and sat on me. He closed the door and sat on me for forty-five minutes, until I was not just moving or whatever. He sat on me so long, because I kept fighting. . .He sat on me and lectured me, telling me how fucked up I was as a person for like an hour.”
- iv. “Finally, he got off me, and he dragged me into the guest room and locked me in the guest room. Ex Husband: “You’re not coming out till you’re calm. Bitch, you stay in the holding tank. I was a prisoner

in my own home. Ladies, a quick word of advice: that shit is a felony. I did not know it at the time, but someone locking you away without your consent is straight-up kidnapping.”

- v. “I got home about 2:30 a.m. and I hadn’t called him to tell him I was going to be out with them or anything. He was very upset. Ex-Husband: “Where the fuck was you at?” Tiffany: “I was with my high school friends, they showed up to the show to surprise me. Man, it would have been so great if you would have been there.” I was all smiling and happy. He just lifted me up off the ground by my throat. He was choking the shit out of me, my eyes like went red, and I was just looking at him. . . Then he just dropped me.”
- vi. “A few months later, I had to go to Montreal to do the Just for Laughs Comedy Festival. . . I was just laughing and laughing, and that shit was making my ex-husband so mad. He grabbed me by my collar, he was like, “Its time to go to the room now,” in front of everybody. Just snatched me by my shirt and pulled me to the elevator and threw me in it. . . Once we got to our hotel room, he was so quick. He snatched me by the neck and slammed me into the wall. Ex-Husband: “Don’t you ever fucking embarrass me like that again. What the fuck is wrong with you?” I had a knot on the side of my head from where he slammed me into the wall, and all these marks on my throat, where he had dug in his nails.”
- vii. “I woke up confused about where I was. I had forgotten that I got my ass whipped by my husband.”
- viii. “On some level, I felt like if I love him enough, I could heal him from being so mad, from being so vicious.”
- ix. “He waited until we got home, and then it was basically an MMA fight. Except he was big and trained in hand-to-hand combat by the police academy, and I was small and fighting for my life. He choked me a bunch of times. I scratched at him, I ran from him, all of that. I hit him, but my punches didn’t do shit. He’s a big guy. I hit him as hard as I could with a pool stick a few times. He grabbed me by the throat and threw me into a shelf at one point. It was like being tossed around by the Incredible Hulk. I thought my eye socket was broke. My lip was busted. I was tore up. I am glossing over all the details, because they don’t matter. The point was, the man whipped me. He beat my ass.”
- x. “Then the next day I was hurting so bad. My back, everything. I could barely walk. I started bleeding like crazy. From my vagina. I mean, I didn’t know I was pregnant before, but now I did. I was having a straight up miscarriage. I don’t know if it was from the beating or the stress, but it happened.”
- xi. “I left him, but I don’t know what the fuck was wrong with me, because I still wanted my husband back. Even though I had a restraining order and everything, it was still a part of me like, I think we can work through this.”

- xii. “We got married. Again.”
- xiii. “He had another child who was eleven, a little girl, who he basically abandoned, because he didn’t like her mom.”
- xiv. “So, I moved out. I got a divorce. And this time, it stuck. We’re still divorced, and we ain’t never getting back together. I know what you’re thinking: This was your breaking point? And not the ass whippings? It seems like a really small thing. . . But the thing is, I couldn’t be with anybody, or potentially have a child with somebody, who could abandon his child.”
- xv. “He had trouble letting go. . . To this day, he still calls my friends. And he’s like, . . . ‘Even though we’re divorced, she’s still my wife.’ No, we ain’t divorced. We twice divorced.”

41. The chapter makes the following defamatory and libelous assertions about Ms. Daugherty:

- i. “Then his mama called me: Mama: “Why did you send my son home? What the hell?” Tiffany: “I didn’t send him nowhere. Your son choked me. Your son sat on me. Your son locked me up. Your son is abusive.” I took pictures of my throat and stuff and sent them to her. Mama: “Oh, you’re a great actress. You’re a wonderful makeup artist.”
- ii. I even went and talked to his mama: Tiffany: “How did you show him that you loved him?” Mama: Girl, once I burned him with a hot comb, because he was messing with my butt.” Tiffany: “Okay, so I need to burn him with a hot comb?” Mama: “He was a terrible child. I had to lock him in the house and tell him don’t touch nothing until I get back from work.”