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Dear United States Department of Justice,

I am composing this letter to provide more information about my situation and to ask you for help. In this letter, I will be describing more private details of my life. It frustrates me, how that, as I plead for help in futility, I have to disclose more and more details of my life that are none of anyone's business. This letter will not be of high quality. Since you took my medication away, I have been even more severely impaired. I will do the best that I can. I will address things that may have prejudiced you against me. I will give more details about why what happened at Wells Fargo was such a big deal. I will give you more details about my handicap and why I won't be able to live if you don't help me.

Section 1: Things that may have prejudiced you against me.

#1 The girl from my childhood-

I am not sure if you have heard anything from the girl from my childhood. The reason that I suspect that you may have heard something from or about her is that I mentioned her to my manager Shana one time. I sent her a screenshot of an IM where I had said, regarding this girl, "I don't think that I hurt her." I think that this may have gotten Wells Fargo's gears turning. I think they may have seen this girl as a potential source of disparaging information about me. Wells Fargo's only viable strategy in this is character assassination. There is no defending Wells Fargo's behavior.

This girl lived in a neighborhood close enough to mine that I could walk to her house. I would spend the night there a lot, and I would also get off the school bus at her house a lot of times. I was great friends with her brother. This girl was a little less than 2 years younger than me. We were pretty much friends from early on, although her brother and I would harass her and play jokes on her at times.

One time, when I was age 12, I talked her into letting me feel her up. I just had the impulse to do this, for some strange reason. I felt awkward and embarrassed afterwards. Nevertheless, during the time that I was age 13, this type of behavior picked back up. By my estimation there were about 8 times where she consented to this heavy petting behavior, which was all we ever did. The girl had told me of about 5 other boys who were doing the same type of thing with her, only in some cases they were doing more serious stuff than what she and I were doing.

When I was 14 years old, the girl told her father about me. I lied and denied what had occurred, but he correctly believed her. He put a stop to this behavior. This eventually mutated into a rumor that I had “raped my neighbor’s daughter.”

It puzzled me for a very long time, why this girl told her dad about me and not about the other boys who were doing the more serious stuff. I would think about this here and there for the next 20 years or so. One day, it dawned on me. Right before she had told on me, one night at her house, she told me that her brother had “tried to have sex” with her. In context, she was speaking of a forced attempt that had failed. A year or two down the road, I would learn that her brother had been raping her on what soon became a daily basis.

This clicked with me one day, the timing between what she said and her telling her dad about me. Her brother had not failed in his attempt. He was far too strong. This was the beginning of him raping her on a daily basis, and she told on me to try to get attention brought on the broader situation. She was trying to get her brother off of her, and I was the weakling that it would be easy to tell about.

In the past several years, I have run this by a very close friend of this girl. She told me that I “had already figured it out.” Her friend said that she was “trying to get {her brother} off of her”, and that this was the first of a series of crying out behaviors to that end. The next crying out behavior was for this girl to dress in dark, goth clothes. Being a goth kid was taboo in our area. It was tantamount to being a satanist in the minds of most of the community. Her friend said that this girl had told about me, and not the other boys, because the other boys were more intimidating. One of the other boys’ mothers worked with the girl’s dad at a textile mill, and her friend said that this was a factor.

I have been beating myself up about what happened with me and this girl for a long time, at least since age 20. I go back and forth in my mind as to if what happened was abuse or not. Whatever it was, I certainly did not “rape my neighbor’s daughter” as this cruel rumor says.

If it was abuse, or if it wasn’t, I have no doubt that my own history of childhood sexual abuse played a role in my behavior. It is very common for children who were severely sexually abused to repeat the behavior with other children. One of the effects of my abuse was that I had a precocious sexuality as a child and an excess of sexual energy as I entered puberty. No doubt, this played a role.

As to if this girl said something to you, I have some comments that are relevant. The first thing that has to be said is that this girl is not quite all there. She isn't what you would call mentally challenged, but there is something off about her. The second thing is that she is extremely pitiful. Me and her friend determined that this abuse by her brother possibly went on until this girl was 22 years old. It for sure went on for a very long time. A conservative estimate would be that this girl has been raped 1,500 times. Then you have her sexually acting out from an early age. By the time she was 17 years old, she had had sex with nearly 100 men and boys. In her life, this poor girl has probably been used and abused by 100s of men.

All of these factors make for someone who lives in horrific pain and who has been deeply hurt and injured by the behavior of others. With her broken, traumatized, and damaged mind, this girl doesn't know where the boundaries are, and she wants someone to be held accountable. This is my hunch as to how she works. I have been the safe target for her pain, her abuse, and her resentment since I was age 14. I was the safe target then, and I am the safe target now, as I am the only one who is beating himself up about his behavior nearly 3 decades after the fact.

It would be easy to influence this girl to say some bad things about me. Truthfully, she might not need to be influenced much at all. And when she does speak, she will have some very real and very profound pain. It could all make for a convincing show that I have done something horrible to this girl.

What I can say is that her pain is very real, but she is pointing it at the wrong person. This girl has had so much pain in her life, but the responsibility for this pain is concentrated heavily in her brother. The other men and boys are too numerous; the

remaining blame has to be spread very thinly among them. The problem, again, is that the other boys and men are too intimidating.

I will tell you, for a 100% fact, that nothing ever happened between me and this girl that was not consensual. This is true for what happened when we were children and also true for an encounter that occurred maybe 5 years after then. Her friend told me that she was “110% sure” that I didn’t cause this girl any lasting pain.

If this girl has said something, what I would need is the specific claim that she is making. I could set the record straight (depending on the case, what she says may actually be correct). I ask only for the opportunity to tell my side of the story. A consistent theme of my life is that I am nowhere near as bad as people make me out to be.

I have other mitigating facts about what happened with me and this girl, but I will spare you those. I have typed 5 pages of info about her already. I am not at all proud of my behavior with this girl, and what happened when I was 13 and 14 may well have been abuse. I will end this topic here, however, and move on to something else.

#2 My healthcare records-

Wells Fargo has illegally obtained my healthcare records from the hospital that I was at when I was age 18. It has shown them to the US DOJ, the Federal Reserve, and probably others. Those healthcare records have details about a lot of extremely bizarre and sometimes extremely disturbing sounding things that I said. I have sent you an explanation of those healthcare records and I will attach that explanation as an appendix to this letter.

What I can tell you is that I should not have to send explanations of my private healthcare records to the United States Department of Justice. My healthcare records are none of the US DOJ's business, they are none of Wells Fargo's business, they are none of anyone's business except mine and who I authorize to see them.

The things on those healthcare records may seem like the things that a dishonest person would say. They may seem like things that a dangerous person would say. They may seem like things that a "sick" or "twisted" or "depraved" person would say. They may seem that way to people who do not have the training or experience to understand them. They do not seem that way to people like the doctors who treated me at this hospital.

If you and the Federal Reserve are judging me based on those records, then you and the Federal Reserve are engaging in an act of bigotry. You are judging me based on my mental health condition, a disability and a harmless part of a condition of being that I have no choice over. You may offer the defense that you don't understand all of this, that you don't understand those healthcare records, that you don't understand how a harmless, kindhearted man could say those things. This may all be true, but not understanding someone else is a component of all forms of bigotry, and not understanding doesn't take away from the fact that you are committing an act of bigotry.

All that you, Wells Fargo, the Federal Reserve, and anyone else who has seen my illegally obtained healthcare records needs to know is that the doctors, who are qualified to judge this type of thing, deemed me harmless and sent me home. In fact, you don't even need to know that. My medical history is completely none of Wells Fargo's business and completely none of your business, in all cases, without a single exception.

There are 2 things, and only 2 things, about those healthcare records that are relevant to a regulator or an authority- 1. They are none of your business; and 2. They are evidence of a crime. That's it. Period.

I am a kindhearted man. I am one of the most honest people that you will ever meet. I am one of the most responsible people you will ever meet and am probably the hardest worker you have ever come across in your life. Don't be distracted by what I said when I was completely out of my mind, over 20 years ago.

#3 People from the mountains-

In this, I have one person in mind. He is a man named Chris Aldridge. He owns the pool hall where I used to go. I have 2 reasons to believe that you may have spoken to him. 1 is that he was part of the scene back when I was apparently under investigation by the ATF or some other federal law enforcement. You may have been connected to him through that, in your process of digging into me. 2 is that I think it is possible that Wells Fargo sent people to the mountains to "get their side of the story". In that case, Chris would have jumped at the opportunity to get involved.

What I can tell you is that this man has an extreme, irrational hatred of me. He has had it out for me, with intensity, for decades. If you have spoken to him as if he is some kind of impartial 3rd party, you have made a big mistake. He is very hard to explain, but there is no sanity to be found in his passion against me. I can point you to people who can vet my side of this story.

#4 This tape that was made of me when I was 18-

This is in the same category of the healthcare records, except in this case it is your business. I believe that I was recorded saying some very extreme and disturbing sounding things when I was out of my mind at age 18. I will refer you to the appendix to this letter for a psychological explanation of my condition, at that time.

In all 4 of these, all I ask is to be able to tell my side of the story. I ask that you contact me and allow me to defend myself.

Section 2: What I left behind in the mountains (part of “why is this such a big deal”).

#1 Painful stigmatization-

As described in my complaint, I endured years of painful stigmatization over my mental health history. Those who have never been the target of enduring stigmatization will never understand just how bad this hurts. I spent a lot of time wanting to die over this stigmatization. I am feeling its horror as I am typing this.

Related to this stigmatization, was the fact that I had never had even one girlfriend in my adult life. This was an extremely painful fact of my life. It was a product of my stigmatization, and it became another source of painful stigmatization as time went on. I lived in pain over this fact alone.

#2 A campaign to destroy me-

I had people who tried to kill me. One of these people thought I had snitched on him. Another thought that I had ruined his business. I will skip the details of the rest of them, but there were at least 7 people who were part of this plan to kill me or who at least knew about it.

The man who thought I had ruined his business blamed it on me disclosing details about his business to Chris Aldridge. There were others who blamed me for ill consequences of me sharing info about them to Chris Aldridge.

What do these people do? They go and tell Chris Aldridge some things I had said about him. They do this to turn him against me. I had heard, from someone else, that Chris Aldridge had never had a job, before opening the pool hall that his dad paid for. I also knew things about Chris's profit margins on the pool tables he had sold. I told some people at the restaurant where I worked about this, one time.

They go and tell him that I said this about him, and this causes his fury towards me to intensify greatly. Chris and the people from the restaurant did everything they could to turn people against me. What really disturbed me about this was that Chris had the tape that was made of me when I was 18. I knew that this tape had the capacity to prejudice people against me, and to do so in an extreme way.

#3 My toxic relationship with my mother-

My mother has a behavior pattern towards me called emotional incest. Parents who have this behavior will be obsessed with the child who is the target of this behavior. They will invade the child's privacy and try to control the child's life.

My mother did this to me for my entire life, even into adulthood. One particularly troubling thing was when she broke into the room where I kept some things that I wanted to keep private. I lived in a trailer in TN that my family owned. My mother had a key and kind of lived there part time. I knew that I couldn't keep my mother out of the stuff I put in my closet or in my drawers, so I bought a padlock to put on the door of a

small bathroom that was in my room. The bathroom was tiny and inoperable, but it would be a convenient place to store my private items. These were items that I considered very private. What does my mother do? She sees the padlock, that this is something that I don't want her to see, and this triggers her to get a drill and remove the padlock and go through my things. This is completely humiliating, especially considering my mother's propensity to talk to all the people in my personal life behind my back. I am surrounded. I cannot talk to anyone. Every millimeter of my existence is fair game for anyone and everyone that I know.

My mother's desire to run my life, behind the scenes, intensified between ages 18 and 20, when I started to talk to others about the sexual abuse that I suffered. When I moved to Charlotte, she was a timebomb waiting to happen. I knew that the instant she gets in touch with anyone in Charlotte, my life is over. She will take over my entire network. She has also been committing crimes against me to cover up my family's abuse, since I was 18 in the hospital.

This was it; this was the fragile life that I had when I moved to Charlotte. I needed to leave all of this behind. I had to keep all of this hell from making it to Charlotte. I needed everyone else to keep it all behind too. I needed people to play by the very simple rules that exist to protect my privacy.

Section 3: Why I fought back.

All I asked for from Wells Fargo was to have a conversation about what happened. I asked for this for almost 1.5 years, without knowing that Wells Fargo was behind it. I did

this through my friend Jenny and other coworkers, asking them to tell me what happened. Even after I figured out that Wells Fargo was behind it, I offered to settle this for not much. I did everything for Wells Fargo, and Wells Fargo repaid me by massacring my new life in Charlotte and then massacring me.

As for Atrium Health, you tell me. Do you value your own medical privacy? Would it be acceptable for your healthcare people to splurge your private information to anyone who asks for it? These people are participating in crimes that are leaving me disabled for life. If your medical people committed crimes against you that left you disabled for life, would you just sit back and take it?

I only collected evidence against Atrium so that I could use it against Wells Fargo, for the longest time. I didn't want anything bad to happen to them. I thought that they had been a good hospital to me and that they had just been corrupted by Wells Fargo. At some point, as their crimes went on, I am pretty sure I wanted them punished somehow. This is all justifiable. I deserve justice for all of these crimes that have been committed against me. There is no one that I can call up to do an investigation, not until I have evidence. This is why I conducted my own investigation.

Section 4: My handicap.

I am severely disabled. What has happened to me has injured my brain very severely. I am unable to take care of myself. I live in torment and torture, on and off, all day. I have an extreme overreaction to stress. The least little bit of stress kills me, and I am under extreme financial stress right now. I cannot cook. I cannot clean. I find basic tasks like shaving and taking a shower to be very difficult. This all stems from my broken brain. I cannot take this suffering.

My malady is not that I need to talk to a therapist. My malady is not that I need a pep talk from anyone, or that I need some special medication (although getting my Adderall back will help me). My malady is that I am handicapped and unable to fend for myself in life. This creates a condition of being helpless. Every demand that life makes on me feels like a hammer blow to a helpless man.

Right now, I live with my mother and she handles a lot of the tasks that I cannot do for me. I find it humiliating to live with my mother, and I suffer incredibly in this tiny apartment. It feels like being in a torture chamber. If you do not help me, I will eventually have to go live in a nursing home, and to live there in this terrible suffering that I have every day. This is an undignified, extremely uncomfortable existence, and I would rather die than to live like that.

Section 5: I am not the opponent.

I have been treated with utter cruelty by everyone involved. After Jenny invaded my privacy, I begged her, over and over, to tell me what happened. I did this while in horrific pain, and she responded by verbally abusing me and telling me that I am paranoid. I felt so worthless. Then, over this same issue, they run this cruel scam with the Charlotte-Mecklenburg Police, Mobile Crisis, and Atrium Health. All I wanted was to have a conversation. They caused me so much pain. What do they do? They have me kidnapped and sent to this hospital, for my life to be permanently ruined. This is after I did everything for them.

They continue to massacre me with crime. They get my hospital involved with more crime. I report this thing with the finance department to my NP, and what does she do? She goes and cruelly splurges the most painful details of my life, details that only she

and I know (she knows because I told her). I live in pain over these details of my life. I don't want anyone to know, and it is hard to discredit what you disclose to your doctor in private. Then I later learn that they have violated given my mother Jenny's number and also illegally talked to my mother, without my consent. This is the dignity I am afforded. Every time I ask for help, I am massacred with more crime and more cruel abuse.

I had known that Wells Fargo would be trying to get my healthcare records from Broughton Hospital. I was on my to do list, to call them and warn them. I pictured the people at Broughton as sitting in some very sophisticated office, with high end computers and electronic records. I expected them to have a tight protocol and top-notch security. I pictured them being this way because of how large this hospital was when I was there. They had every type of facility under the sun.

I called them a few months before I sent my complaint. It was obvious that they had sent the records out to Wells Fargo, and they have no security protocol. They are sitting in there with a bunch of paper, a printer, and a fax machine. The paper isn't audited and there is no way for management (or anyone else) to track if their policies for releasing records are being followed.

I am not a former patient of this hospital as much as I am a former victim. My family paid this hospital to commit crimes against me. The crimes that were committed against me are part of the reason I had said so many wild and crazy things. There are things on those records that could prejudice the whole world against me, and this is how serious they are about protecting them. The same hospital that was so eager to commit crimes against me isn't too motivated to protect my records and my privacy.

This was humiliating, learning that Wells Fargo had these records. It was a massive blow to me. I am all too aware of the reaction the stuff on those records can cause.

Following this, I was still excited to send my complaint to the US DOJ Criminal Division. I had dreamed of the day that the US DOJ helps me. I had also submitted numerous tips to the F.B.I., related to my victimization. I didn't know what would happen, but I hoped for something good. I hoped that the US DOJ would help me and end my suffering.

The US DOJ doesn't respond to my emails, when I send them my complaint and other emails. I also submit a complaint to HHS OCR, and they will not help me. I am still most concerned with the US DOJ. As time goes on, I worry that the US DOJ has been prejudiced against me by my healthcare records. Then something good happens, for the first time. I have a model sending me IMs on Facebook.

This brought happiness and relief into my life, for the first time. I thought that the US DOJ was helping me. I thought that I would get AU girl and a settlement. I soon figure out that part of getting this help was me getting a brain scan.

I was happy to get a brain scan, but at the same time I was under terrible pressure to save my life in Charlotte. I was suffering horrifically and horrified that I would lose my apartment. It was hellish stress. I was also never completely sure that AU girl wasn't another scam.

The brain scan becomes a problem when I learn that the soonest time that I can schedule an appointment to get one is in March of 2021. This was in January. This meant that I had to come up with rent for 2 more months, minimum. The stress of this

is hell. Then the next thing I learn is that it will cost \$250. This creates another big damn problem, and I cannot get my mother to get the money for this god damn brain scan. Wells Fargo is making me jump through this hoop, and they are making me do this when I am disabled and broke, and they have \$170 billion in cash. They are putting me through this complete hell for no reason. There is dead zero chance that anything other than this crime spree caused my PTSD. I also don't understand why Novant Health cannot waive the down payment for the brain scan. They have no problem criminally victimizing me, but for some reason, when I need their help, it is imperative that we play by the rules. I was happy to get the brain scan, until it starts to impose this murder on me.

Around this same time, I figure out that the stay at Novant Health was a flat-out crime. My own mother had facilitated and participated in this cruel abuse of me, while I am disabled and feel like I'm dying. It is again, one instance of cruelty after another, against one kindhearted man who never did anything to any of these people.

I finally get this brain scan, after murdering myself for months and going through absolute hell over and over. On the second to last attempt to get it, I damn near died in a car wreck. I had to try to drive there, because my mother didn't have money for a cab. We missed this brain scan over not having money for a cab, when it is being requested by a \$2,000,000,000,000 bank. But on that last attempt, after my poor aunt let one of her bills go past due to pay for it, I finally get the brain scan.

What does this brain scan get me? Absolutely nothing. After murdering myself to get it for Wells Fargo, thinking that I would get help, it is nothing. The cruelty continues, as my heart is broken. I needed a brain scan for my disability application, but I got one for

Wells Fargo's purposes instead. This would be the last brain scan that I would be able to afford.

The next round of abuse occurs after I sent the US DOJ an audio where I talk about how badly I need my Adderall. This gets everyone's gears turning, and on my next appointment with Atrium, they are taking away my Adderall and also doubling the medication that I take that causes cognitive impairment as a side effect. I am suffering like hell already, and they take away the medication that I need the most. They do this to cripple me, and it does cripple me. It takes away my ability to fight for my life in Charlotte.

I eventually lose my apartment in Charlotte. My new life in Charlotte is all that I cared about, and I lost it all, after I begged people to save me. Wells Fargo is not punished at all and not made to do anything for me. The US DOJ doesn't do anything to them for illegally obtaining my healthcare records. The Federal Reserve doesn't take any disciplinary action for them illegally obtaining my healthcare records. It seems that it is completely kosher, in everyone's books, for this bank to commit terrible crimes against me. I am being treated as if I am less than human.

At this point I have been subjected to a dog pile by the following-

- Wells Fargo
- Atrium Health
- The Charlotte-Mecklenburg Police
- Mobile Crisis
- Novant Health
- Broughton Hospital

-My own mother

-The United States of America

All of these against one kindhearted man. This is all completely unnecessary. I am not your enemy. I am your friend. We can work this out in a way that helps us all. We can work this out in a way that meets my needs, with no harm to you.

If you need me to be quiet about this, I can do that. I can do whatever it is that you need me to do for your needs. I can work with you, and we can be a team.

I post about this situation on Facebook and Twitter. I try to get it in the media. I do this to try to make my situation better. I mean you no harm. I am suffering horrifically every day and living an intolerable existence. I need out of this pain.

I should get something out of this. I should get some form of justice for the dozens of felonies that have been committed against me. This bank should be made to do something to make it right. What I need is money. I need money to fund my life and pay people to do the things for me that I cannot do for myself. I need money so that I can have my own place to live. I need money to end this horrific financial stress that I am under. That is what I need most and what I will be satisfied with if you get it for me.

Here is another alternative- Instead of abusing me, you, Wells Fargo, and the people at Atrium could work together to help me. I need money in any form that I can get it in. I also need my medication back. I would like my life in Charlotte back. Once I get my medication back, I will be able to do a small amount of work in a limited range of activities. If Wells Fargo wants to put me on their payroll to work remotely, that would work. If I could have a place in Charlotte, money coming in, and my medication back, I

would have what I need. I ask you again to help me. I was the hardest worker that Wells Fargo had seen in a long time. I have done right by everyone. I have been done terribly wrong. I understand that people make mistakes, but I need you to make this right for me.

Appendix: Explanation of my healthcare records

The below is an explanation of my healthcare records that I sent the OIG.

There are four factors that play into the extreme and disturbing sounding things that I said and which are in those records. The first is my history of horrific sexual abuse that began at a very early age. Starting around the time that I was age 3, my grandmother would wear a witch's Halloween mask and molest me. Think of this for a minute. Think about that. What would it do to a child that young for something so horrible to happen? What would be the effects?

What you have to understand is that children that young are hardwired to see their caregivers as perfect. If the caregiver does something bad to the child, the child is prone to seeing him or herself as the problem. The caregiver is not a good candidate for the problem, as the caregiver is perfect. So when this horrific, evil thing is done to me, I don't assume that my caregiver is an evil and wicked person; I instead see myself as an evil, bad, flawed person. This will be my self-perception and my belief about who I am, and it will be established deeply in my being. As time goes on, everything that I hear that could be bad about a person, I will identify with. I am completely bad. I will identify with sick, twisted, evil, disturbed, and whatever else I may hear. Seeing myself this way, and also expecting others to see me this way, I will say and do things that are consistent with that identity. I will say things that sound sick, twisted, evil and disturbed, as if I am that person, and (this is the crucial part) I will do this even if it is not how I truly am. I will act as the person I identify with and believe myself to be, not as the person who I really am.

This was a behavior pattern that I had throughout my youth, where I would say disturbing sounding things, listen to sinister musical bands, play violent video games, and watch violent movies. The people around me would see these behaviors, and they would perceive me as a disturbed child. I would absorb and internalize these perceptions of others, and this would further reinforce my self-identification as a disturbed or evil person.

My history of abuse as a child is one of the major factors out of the four factors that played a role. The second factor, also a major factor, was how severely ill I was at the time I was in the hospital. My brain chemistry had gone completely haywire. I was having a bipolar episode with an accompanying break from reality.

When someone has a bipolar episode, they will often become grandiose, and this happened with me. I became, in my mind, a grand and powerful version of this evil person that I had perceived myself to be. This condition and my behavior were exaggerated to an extreme as a result of months of extremely heavy drug abuse.

I had been ill and needing treatment for 5 months prior to my hospitalization. My brain chemistry was off kilter. Instead of getting treatment for these 5 months, I self-medicated by using hallucinogenic drugs and by smoking large amounts of marijuana. I smoked 9 to 11 joints per day. It is for this reason that I say that during my breakdown, in those last several months, I was not a person; I was a brain that had gone out of control.

The third factor is that I had a long-standing behavior pattern of saying extreme things. I would deliberately be extreme what I would say. This played a role.

Then there is the fourth factor, that the hospitals employees were paid to run a scam. They tried to get me as confused as possible and to say the most extreme things that I could. This was done for the benefit of my family, who had paid them to do this, with the goal being to make me out to be mentally unwell and discount my allegations of sexual abuse.

What is important to note is that all those things that I said were simply that- words. They were not actions and I was a kindhearted and responsible young man during this time, if you go by my deeds.

Those healthcare records say not one thing bad about me. They say not one thing that would mean that I am a dangerous person. They do not say one thing that is relevant to any person in my personal life or that anyone other than my doctors would need to know.