



Leonard Clinton Williams III

Mar 13th, 2023, 12:22 AM

Re: Here we go again

To: "Division, Criminal (CRM)" , civil.feedback@usdoj.gov

My new therapist likes me a lot. She's another example. Women are especially good at reading people, and her impression of me is that I am an overly kind and nice person, to the point that I'm kind of naive and a person who could get taken advantage of easily. It took her 45 minutes or less to come to that conclusion. I've had I don't know how many women perceive me this way, and that's because it is a very accurate take on me. It's also because I am especially kind to women.

Warmest Regards,

Clint Williams

(980)-613-2156



Leonard Clinton Williams III

May 14th, 2023, 10:48 PM

Re: Email for 4/29/2023

To: "Division, Criminal (CRM)" , civil.feedback@usdoj.gov

If something doesn't change, I'm not going to make it that much longer. The condition that I am in and that I have been in is a condition where I can't take much more hardship.

And no, I don't need a therapist to give me a pep talk at my expense. I've already got one of those. The answer is also no for every other idea that Wells Fargo and the Justice Department come up with out of this characteristic compulsion to find someone else to be responsible for and to fix the consequences of Wells Fargo's actions.

The \$200 billion cash account bank that did this to me is the elephant in the room, and it needs to make this right with those same enormous resources. Instead, you torture a disabled man to death and watch this bank become a murderer in super slow motion.

I have felt like I can't take any more for now a period of years. I keep taking more and more and more, and it gets harder and harder and harder. The amount of this hell that I can take is not infinite.

Warmest Regards,

Clint Williams

(980)-613-2196



Leonard Clinton Williams III

May 24th, 2023, 4:51 PM

Re: Email for May 18th, 2023

To: "Division, Criminal (CRM)" , civil.feedback@usdoj.gov

I try my best not to be woe is me to my little woman but I can't help it sometimes. I try to be tougher when I talk to her, but it's an act because I don't want to run her off. I lost control a little bit today and I'm going to freak her out. But it's a catch 22, because this is my reality. If she's ever going to be a regular part of my life, this is it. This is how it is to live with me. I am constantly suffering and I get mad when people speak to me a lot of the times, because when people speak to me at times that I have not planned, it causes me a lot of distress and gives me a helpless feeling.

I do my appointments with my therapist on computer. Same with my medication provider. Their appointments are scheduled and I can get ready for them and it isn't too taxing. It would probably never occur to them that I get extremely distressed from people talking to me. But most of the time, I need people to leave me be and to not interfere with my day. If someone spontaneously talks to me, say asks me a question or starts talking about something about their day, it causes me terrible distress and it causes me to experience my handicap. I can feel the brokenness of my brain very intensely on a lot of the times that people do that. I become completely overloaded.

Warmest Regards,

Clint Williams

(980)-613-2196



Leonard Clinton Williams III

Jun 29th, 2023, 12:09 PM

Re: Email for June 2, 2023

To: "Division, Criminal (CRM)" , civil.feedback@usdoj.gov

My therapist helps me a lot. I have been having 2 or 3 appointments a month with her. There are major limits to what she can do though. For sure, my life is much better with her to talk to.

I have no one to talk to except Percy the clown and Percy the clown's accomplices. This situation is so cruel to me.

Warmest Regards,

Clint Williams

(980)-613-2196



Leonard Clinton Williams III

Jun 29th, 2023, 6:15 PM

Re: Email for June 2, 2023

To: "Division, Criminal (CRM)" , civil.feedback@usdoj.gov

“My therapist helps me a lot. I have been having 2 or 3 appointments a month with her”

- Sometimes she only has 1 availability for the next month. Then what we do is I take every single one that opens up. She has people cancel. There may be months where I only see her once, and there may also be months where I've seen her 4 times. There was one time that 3 appointments were canceled or became available all of the sudden, and I took all 3. Or it might have been that I already had 1 and 2 came open. It seems like that it was 3 new ones that opened up and I already had one.

My current medication management provider is top notch and so kind. He cares about me a lot. He is a motivation to keep living that factors in. It would break his heart if I were found dead one day, after all he did to help me. So I've got a top notch team put together. Things were going so good for me. Now you've taken my little woman and my mother has taken all of my money and my soul is crushed. I am in such despair and am reeling from the effects of this cruelty.

I made some audios earlier that I might not even send to you. If you listened to them, I might sound like I'm doing fine. That's how it sounds to me, when I listen to my voice on these audios. Do not be surprised if I am found dead at any time, in the near or medium term future.

Warmest Regards,

Clint Williams

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Leonard Clinton Williams III

Jul 12th, 2023, 9:35 AM

Re: Email for July 10th, 2023

To: "Division, Criminal (CRM)" , civil.feedback@usdoj.gov

My therapist said that, at some point, she would like us to talk about "moving on." This was about 4 sessions ago. She doesn't understand, or didn't then, just how badly I am damaged. "Moving on" is not an option, not without getting a load of money out of this fight. I will literally end up dying in the street. That's the medium term outcome for me. It depends on how fast I run out of social security money and how long my mother lives or is able to work.

My money was all that I had to save my life, and I gave my little woman at least \$1,000, if I were to estimate, and now you have taken her away. It makes me hurt so much and so mad. I didn't anticipate my mother going to town on ATM machines. That has murdered me that much more. Every time she asks me for money it feels like an act of cruelty and makes me feel like I want to die really badly. I never turn her down. I give her my debit card so that she can get the money. The purpose is to avoid any remote chance of an in-person conflict, because I will end up in prison or institutionalized for life. That's my worry. I have terrible feelings towards my mother, but I would still cry so hard and feel so bad for the rest of my life, if she died in an argument with me. It is a terrible outcome.

And I have been damaged so badly that there is a big limit on how much I will be able to "move on." In any circumstance. Getting stuck on the traumatic event(s) is part of PTSD. I am pretty sure that I have read this. My case is so extreme and the resulting brain damage is so bad, that I will never escape this for more than a handful of hours at a time. Even that is hard. Most of the time I find it nearly impossible to not think about what has happened to me for as little as 90 seconds at a time. It dominates my life, right down to just about every second.

And another thing is there is a sort of compulsive element to it. Not exactly a compulsion, but there is this strange thing where I'm not interested in disconnecting. It is like I have intrusive memories at times, and those are pure hell. But outside of that, I don't have a lot of desire to talk about anything else. It is not something that I can help. I am trapped in this badly damaged brain. It's not like I make a conscious decision to not move forward. It's like there is some drive that I have no control over, and it pulls me in with this huge power. Kind of like a gravity. If someone told me that I needed to forget about it and started being forceful, I would get extremely distressed. It would be horrible.

I know, and I have known for a very long time, that if I got the right type of brain scan, that would show the damage I have sustained, and the doctor ordering the scan was an experienced expert, he'd come back saying "I have never seen anything like this."

But back to dying in the street, I literally feel impaired by even thinking of making a can of soup. I cannot think through all of the steps involved. I don't have the mental power to do it. I do know one trick that will allow me to think all of the way through it, and I think this trick would be illuminating to a well versed neurologist. I won't give you the whole thing, but if I picture myself in a really big house, not a mansion, but maybe a 3,500 to 5,000 sq ft house with a big, wide open living room, with plush furniture that is spread out with a lot of distance from one piece of furniture to the next, with the furniture and the house being very clean, like spotless. And then having a huge kitchen, with a big, long white rectangular table.

I can't think about it anymore. That was starting to get overwhelming, but there are times that I can finish out that imagination exercise, all of the way to the end where I have a hot bowl of soup.

If I try to imagine making a can of soup in this apartment, I get overwhelmed very very fast. But the elements that change, with there being huge wide open spaces, and the rest of the elements in my other imagination exercise, there is some clue in there about what is wrong with me.

For sure, I have very significant, I'd say severe is the right word, neurological damage.

Warmest Regards,

Clint Williams

(980)-613-2196



Leonard Clinton Williams III

Jul 12th, 2023, 11:48 PM

Re: Email for July 10th, 2023

To: "Division, Criminal (CRM)" , civil.feedback@usdoj.gov

"My therapist said that, at some point, she would like us to talk about "moving on"

- I say this to you, and I say it knowing in advance that the smoke flies off the gears in your head as soon as you hear this. My therapist is still new to me and I have a complex case, in terms of my ptsd. Once I am able to fully explain to her how I am impaired and the limitations that I have, and all of the rest of the details of my illness and my handicap, she will be fully on board with me. She will vet everything that I've told you, about how just pretending this didn't happen and going on with life is not an option. It will make perfect sense to her, as well, how I am stuck in this situation.

I have told her recently about my hostility and how it creates impulses to murder my mother. I've told her some other stuff, since then, too, concerning the way that I am handicapped. Any assessment of my situation that deviates from my assessment of it, in a material way, is dead wrong. Any explanation for my condition, how it developed, etc. that substantially deviates from the explanations I have given is dead wrong. What remains is for someone with extreme level of expertise, and actually it will probably take more than one person, but for an expert or group of experts to fill in the details of the account and the explanation that I give. Brain scans, etc. will aid in this.

People who do not agree with me, pretty much completely, on everything that I have said are lacking knowledge and expertise on the subject matter, or they are lacking in the ability to reason, such that their capacity for reasoning falls short of mine, or they need to talk to me and iron out the things that they do not understand. They need to tell me what they think that is different, and then allow me to flesh out the picture for them, at whatever place they are not fully on board with me.

Warmest Regards,

Clint Williams

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Leonard Clinton Williams III

Jul 13th, 2023, 2:02 PM

Re: Email for July 10th, 2023

To: "Division, Criminal (CRM)" , civil.feedback@usdoj.gov

I've been down for the count for a very long time, in terms of working on my letter. I had an appointment with my therapist at 9 am. A little before that I took a 5 hour energy. I am getting my sleep back turned around. What I do is stay in bed longer, and then try to stay up as long as I can. I will do this repeatedly for days, until I start to wake up in a sweet spot. 1 am is a pretty good sweet spot, so is 3 am, and so is 5 am. The 1 am to 5 am range is ideal and my target. At different times I've had different preferences within this range. Last time I was at 5 am and very happy.

Once I get to a time that I like, I stop screwing around with my sleep, and I try to keep to a regular schedule. The point is to have the hours I am awake overlap with the hours that my mother is either asleep or not here. This keeps my mind from being taxed and keeps me from being tormented. I am much more often able to do productive things during hours like that. This is even though I still have strings of days where I cannot do anything except lay on my bed and surf the web or type on Twitter and Facebook.

I am a ruined human being. I am not fit to be around people. The slightest thing will set me off and I will lose it. You don't know what you've done to me. I imagine things all of the time, life scenarios of how life might be if I get something out of this and can have a life. Sometimes I will having imaginings where I have a house and someone breaks the rules and lets someone else come in without planning it with me first, and without them being debriefed about how to be around me. In these imaginings, I always picture this uninvited person belittling, mocking, or teasing me. I picture them as taking me lightly in some way, such as one or more of those. Imagining this immediately causes me terrible pain and a palpable hostility. I start to think to myself of how I need to sneak and buy guns, if I'm ever able to live in a setting like this, so that I won't have to be put through this horrible pain and not be able to stop it. And god damn you people I am crying as I type this.

I am so sad. But I will often imagine, also, in these same imaginings, the scenario that I do have a gun. I picture the person who has taken me so lightly becoming horrified and overpowered with fear, and having a panicked reaction and trying to reason with me, when things instantly escalate and I point a loaded gun straight at him. I picture it as something like him saying "I'm sorry.....I'm sorry....please....I'm...I'm...sorry." Sometimes I will picture shooting him and then dousing him with gasoline or lighter fluid and catching him on fire. I would just massacre him unrelentingly, out of the terrible pain he had caused me and the need for it to go away.

I have doubts sometimes, too, about if I would ever do any of this, even in the worst case scenario. My thoughts about this are always triggered by hypothetical situations that I run through my mind and imagine how I would react. This isn't always voluntary either, by the way, having imaginings of people belittling or mocking me and of me becoming hostile and being violent. When I have these imaginings, I will have a sense of the pain I am caused and the extreme hostility that comes with it.

In any case, I can manage my situation. All I need is my own place and to live by myself, like I lived in Charlotte. I could have kept a life that is safe for me and for everyone else going indefinitely. I kept such

a life for over 2 years, before I was evicted. It is not safe for me to live with anyone other than my mother. It's scary for me with her here, and she's a complete pushover who never gets mad and acts like has no needs. If someone else moved in with me, for me and them to live together, I'd be surprised if they made it two months. I wouldn't be surprised if they only made it two days or two hours.

Warmest Regards,

Clint Williams

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Leonard Clinton Williams III

Jul 16th, 2023, 7:54 PM

Re: Email for July 14, 2023

To: "Division, Criminal (CRM)" , civil.feedback@usdoj.gov

My condition has improved, though, since 2021, when I would be pacing the floors. Back then I had more frequent and more intense shell shock. It never occurred to me that people might not know what I mean, when I say shell shock, until my therapist asked for clarification the first time that I mentioned it to her. Shell shock is just an old fashioned name for PTSD, but when I use that term, I mean something specific.

It is this feeling of being pounded with trauma, emotional pain, and distress. It is horrific. When I get this, it is obvious to me that something is going on in my brain that causes it. It will often trigger a physiological reaction where I tilt my head and my upper torso backwards. I don't think that my upper torso always moves, but my head does and in 2020, this reaction would be so extreme that my whole body would kind of seize up. I would be pacing the floor and getting hit with this trauma, over and over, and when I would pace by the standup mirror in my bedroom and it hit me, I would see myself and I would be in this bent shape, and my head would go way back.

Warmest Regards,

Clint Williams

(980)-613-2196