



Leonard Clinton Williams III [REDACTED]@gmail.com>

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How do you do this to me?

To: "Division, Criminal (CRM)" <Criminal.Division@usdoj.gov>

I will live in terrible pain for the rest of my life. I contacted you because I needed justice. This bank has all the money in the world and could fix my situation instantly, at will.

I have been destroyed for no reason. My #1 goal now is to die. I cannot take this life of pain. The only hope is for my meds to be adjusted to 60 my adderall as I asked last time. My condition is so severe that I do not think that will provide any lasting capability for me to fend for myself. I think I am too bad off for anything to help. This 20 mg Zyprexa is going to cause compounded cognitive impairment too. This will likely make my new regimen unsustainable.

You should give me justice. What I have gotten is the opposite. I understand that you want to cover this up, but there is no reason that I can't be made right while we have a cover up. I will lie for you or do whatever is necessary.

What's going to happen instead is I am going to die. I will live a life of terrible pain and then I will die. I will pay the price for this bad hiring decision that I had no role in, and the price will be my life. There is no light at the end of the tunnel for me. There is a glimmer of hope in my meds getting changed, but once that fails my fate is sealed.

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Warmest Regards,

Clint Williams

(980)-[REDACTED]