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Update

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

If you haven't figure this out yet, I always message you the first thing when I get up. That is because I am always suffering at that time.

This situation may be over. Today I started a medication called Strattera. It seems to be making me better. I think if I can get my dose upped, I can work again. I will still feel terrible, but will not be so handicapped.

As far as getting a girlfriend, my will has been crushed. This stigmatization in the mountains made me sc helpless. It was futile. Then Wells Fargo crushed my soul by bringing it to Charlotte. All I wanted to do was to contain this, and what I needed was a conversation. This bank responds with this massacre of cruel abuse and I am just done. It is pointless for me to try. I am in tears as I am typing this. I will live with terrible sadness and loneliness until I die.

I am still glad that I probably won't have to die in the near term future. My plan was to go down the road and wait for an 18 wheeler to walk out in front of. That was if disability denies me. That would be a terrifying way to die, and I was very scared of failing and ending up a cut up vegetable in a wheelchair.

If I got disability, I was going to get my own place and die there. I could buy something to poison myself. There are opiates so powerful that you can die from even touching them. That would do the trick and there are plenty of junkies around here to buy it from. I cannot die this way without disability. I do not have my own money to buy poison with, and if mom comes home too soon, she could call someone to save me. That's why I need my own place.

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Warmest Regards,

Clint Williams

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