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Jan 28th, 2023, 8:32 PM

Re: I keep having problems with my heart

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

I typed the below message a few days ago and decided not to send it. I will send it now. This is who you are. The person I describe below is the person that you see when you look in the mirror, the person who participates in the cruel murder of a kindhearted man:

You have watched the play by play of a man dying right in front of you. You've saw it one frame at a time, as if it's in super slo mo, and you do nothing to intervene. I have sent you emails saying that I'm going to die since at least June of 2021. Count how many days that is. Day after day, week after week, I tell you that I'm getting weaker, that I can't take no more, that I'm going to die.

You don't give a shit who this bank hurts, as long as it's not you. You are not at all interested in preventing any outcome where this bank becomes a murderer. It is closer to the case that you are hell bent on this bank becoming a murderer and on it doing so under your watch. Instead of intervening to stop this, you will rob my corpse of the evidence I have against this bank, if and when I die.

I have thought of this outcome for a long time, the outcome where I die and my corpse is robbed. I first suspected that Wells Fargo would rob my corpse when I die. I had a plan to leave my computer on and have it covertly record my corpse being robbed and livestream it on Facebook. I told the LA Times about this in detail. I can't remember how much about this that I have told you.

It took me a while to develop such a low opinion of the justice department, that I would also put you in the category of indecent corpse robbers. If I die, you will direct people to destroy all the evidence I have against you. You will tell them to track down all my cloud accounts and links to my evidence, and to destroy it all. It will be futile and the people will tell you this. You will respond by telling them to unlock my digital devices with my cold dead fingers and by waving my phone over my dead face, as the tears I cried in my final hours have yet to dry and are still visibly on my cheeks. You'll be trying like hell to get my passwords, so that you can destroy all of the evidence of your crimes and the crimes of this bank.

You claim to be a justice department, but your actual role is to enforce the impunity of this bank. This is not a flattering look at you. None of what I have said flatters you in the least. It is what I see as true. You will cover up this bank's crimes. Then you will aid it in murdering me. Then you will rob my corpse. Then you will defame the dead man whose corpse you just robbed.

I hope it goes without saying that I aspired to be more than this in life. I had aspirations about what I wanted to be in moral terms. I tried so hard to do right. I did this so that I could be murdered by people like you, people for whom their conduct is not a concern. I don't know what makes you this way. I believed in you so much in the beginning.

Warmest Regards,

Clint Williams

(980)-[REDACTED]