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**Re: I'm making more audios**

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

I want so bad to learn and to master stuff but I cannot. I'm not even able to read to any significant degree most days. This is the tormented, tortured life that I live. I suffer incredibly and for every sort of good day that I have, I pay the price of having 2 or 3 or 4 or more terrible days. The only thing I can do when I suffer like this and am handicapped like this is listen to/watch Netflix or YouTube videos, or listen to music, or surf Twitter or Facebook. I'm going to die. I don't know when but I'm going to give in one day. If and when I die, I want to die peacefully. If you will help me die peacefully, this situation will be over. I would like to have a comfortable place to live in for my last days. A comfortable place with a lot of wide open space. Cramped up and/or cluttered spaces tax my mind and cause me suffering. I would like to have maybe 14 days in such a place, where I could be alone like I need to be, and to have good food to eat. I could relax and look forward to dying. Then I could be injected with sodium pentobarbital on a nice, big, comfortable bed.

It is sad to me, that I will likely have to die. Life hurts me every single day and I dream of a life where there is something in it for me. I will take what I can get however, and dying is preferable to living the life that I live now. It is far, far preferable to the life I will face when my social security backpay runs out. That is my biggest fear.

I tell you what I want, and you will not give it to me. There is nothing so little as to not be too much to ask for, to the cold hearted people on the other end. It is even too much to ask for, for me to be allowed to die. I want \$10 billion, to make my life worth living. Even then it's quite likely that I will spend most days wanting to die. My broken brain doesn't know how to fix itself, and it leaves me in a persisting state of torment. \$10 billion doesn't sound like a little, and I guess it is not, but it is pennies on the dollar compared to what a fair trial would get me. A fair trial is defined as a trial where Wells Fargo isn't given complete impunity to do as it wishes by the United States of America, and where the United States of America would police and prosecute Wells Fargo if Wells Fargo pays off my lawyer and/or the judge and/or all 12 jurors and/or the appellate courts and/or all of the witnesses, as Wells Fargo is prone to paying off all of the above and certainly will, and where the United States of America doesn't sponsor a cover-up that ruins my case by altering the evidence in my favor and fabricating evidence that is not in my favor. I could probably add more to this list, but a fair trial is already out of the question, isn't it?

One option you have is to confess to all of the above. Admit to your crimes and police Wells Fargo, as if you are a law enforcement agency. Put some fear in them, to deter them from rigging the game through crime. Then we can let a fair process ensue, and we will see if your conception that they've done nothing wrong is the truth (I'm not sure to what extent you have deceived yourself into believing this bullshit notion that they have done nothing wrong, and to what extent you are consciously and deliberately lying).

I tell you off like this and I'm mean as hell at times, but I'm a dying man and my suffering is intolerable. I suffer constantly and it is torment. I'm nicer to you than you would be to me. I'm also nicer to you than you are to me in this matter, and I never did anything to you.

Warmest Regards,

Clint Williams

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