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I had a good day today

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

It started out as pure hell. That lasted hours. I woke up from an extended nap at ~ 9:13 pm if I remember right. I immediately took my zyprexa, hoping for it to knock me out. I had slept for about 7 to 9 hours for my nap. I didn't mean to sleep that long. I want to get up between 1 am and 5 am. I thought if I could go back to sleep at ~ 9:30 I could get up at 5.

It turned out that I wasn't able to fall asleep. I laid in bed and suffered horrifically until 2:30 am. Part of my suffering had to do with me not taking my adderall when I got up, I think. I was trying to go to sleep so I didn't take it. There is some common brain chemistry with my attention and my ptsd, such that adderall medicates my suffering. Strattera medicated my suffering too. That's another indication of this common brain chemistry. I have a strong sense that this is the case, that these have a common brain chemistry.

I took my adderall at 2:30 am. I was timing it so that I hopefully fall asleep at 4 or 5 pm. Then I will have my sleep turned around. When I have a lot of alone time I do much better. I started to feel better and got kind of focused. Then my worker in Pakistan delivered the work that I assigned him the other day. That was great news, especially since he appears to have done it almost perfectly.

I can't remember if I've ever told you about this most recent project I'm on. It's actually not recent, I just abandoned it for a long time and have now picked it back up. I do think that I probably did tell you. If I didn't, instead of spilling the beans like I always do I'll just keep it a secret.

I am increasingly handicapped for increasingly larger portions of the typical day, so I'm utilizing some cheap labor and offshoring some of the work related to my fight. I have a friend in India that I might pick up again, just maybe (actually I've got 2 in India), and I really like this kid from Pakistan.

I'm not sure what you think of all of this. And of course, you'll notice how my mood and my tone changes when I'm in a better condition. But I have no idea. I sit here and get mad and send you emails all the time. Then I am constantly suffering and sending you emails. Then there is the fact that my situation is the end of the world. Or maybe it's not. Maybe you just let this bank plow all over me and give it complete impunity because you don't like me (or maybe because you really like them).

I mean no one any harm. I just cannot help but to feel my own suffering and to want so desperately to do something about it. I also get very angry at the injustice that has been dealt to me and at how cruelly I have been treated. I want these people to pay. If they won't change their ways and have some humanity and help me, I want them to be publicly known as the remorseless soul murderers that they are.

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Warmest Regards,

Clint Williams

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