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Re: This situation

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

I did not choose to be the way that I am or to be in this condition. I think what is most likely the case (almost certainly, in fact) is that the other side is lost as to how I could have been so severely damaged by what has occurred. There are a number of things that contribute to this, I think.

One is that the perpetrators never take the situation as seriously as the victim. Perpetrators trivialize the event(s), as a rule. The people at Wells Fargo just dole out money to people to run scams, and they live in real nice houses and sleep in real nice beds, as they do this. In the meantime, I'm in horrible pain and eventually extremely disabled.

Another is that you have not lived my life. If my getting help depends on a bunch of Wall Street people understanding what it's like to be stigmatized, that's a tough order to fill. I don't see it happening anytime soon. Wall Street people are on the extreme opposite end of the spectrum. If you put stigmatization on the left side, I'm at the extreme of the left side of the spectrum, and Wall Street people are on at the extreme of the right side.

When you are stigmatized, you are designated a person who does not deserve respect, and there is no effort you can make that is extreme enough to overcome this. This is like how I kill myself my whole life to be the best person I can be, how I help people, and how I read 1,000 nonfiction books about how to be a good person. This means nothing. The instant the people at Wells Fargo find out that I've been to a mental hospital, I am treated like less than dirt. This is just like I was treated in the mountains, for the same reason.

The people who run Wall Street are the exact opposites. There is no amount of rotten conduct that will take away their halo, where they are deferred to, treated with respect, and treated as honest people. These people have lied, stolen, cheated, and damn near crashed the whole world. Yet you don't see them getting subtly disrespected and disregarded. There are people who criticize them harshly, but these people criticize them as if they are full fledged human beings. The people that run Wall Street are taken seriously in all contexts.

It's just like that there are people who would be pseudo kind to me, after they find out about my health condition, but they do so from a place of my wishes not mattering and of them not considering me an equal. After I became stigmatized at Wells Fargo, it was this familiar thing, where my presence in a room carries no force. It hurts so bad to type this, because it makes me think of it. And going forward this is all I will ever know. I got a reprieve when I moved to Charlotte, and then Wells Fargo destroyed the happy life that I had. What they did subsequently has nuked the possibly for any new life that I may have. I hate Wells Fargo and I hate Jenny for doing this to me.

I started typing this email days ago. I can't remember every purpose that I had. The main one was that you don't get what has happened to me and you likely never will.

If you give me \$200 billion and complete impunity to mercilessly abuse you, I could help you understand. I get the idea that you don't understand, and I can sort of get a sense of what this looks like when saw through your eyes. Still yet, that you don't get this is a little off to me. But again, let me disable you. Then give me \$200 billion + complete impunity to mercilessly abuse you and to invade every millimeter of your existence with brutal force. To accurately reenact what has happened to me, we would need to change the way that I presume your healthcare providers work. If they have anything more than absolute dead zero inhibition in handing over every private detail of your life to anyone and everyone who wants it, we'll need to change that. Ditto for having any inhibition whatsoever against committing crimes against you.

But under these circumstances, at the end of this exercise, you would fully understand.

I can't type any more. This hurts too bad right now. The best thing is for me to die. I will be sad to have to die, in a way, but it is what is best. The alternative is for massive resources being directed my way, to try to make my life remotely bearable, and this not being sufficient. There is no magic wand that can make me better and there is just the same no amount of money or of anything else that possesses the quality of magic and will make me better. The damage I have been dealt and what I have lost are too much. That's just how life works.

Warmest Regards,

Clint Williams

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