



Leonard Clinton Williams III [REDACTED]@gmail.com>

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Re: Email for mon mar 20 2023

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

This is very strange. I sent you an email to explain that I made some audios and it's not on my list of sent emails or in my drafts. I meant to send you those audios before I went to bed. Now I'm too tired and paralyzed. I will do everything I can to get the willpower to send them to you when I get up. I will be going to sleep soon.

I like my new friend a lot. I gave her some money today so that she can quit one of her jobs. She is so pitiful. I can't remember if I told you, but she is in the Philippines. Her family is poor. She has a mother and a father that she helps, and also 11 siblings, including one younger brother who seems to be a special needs child.

That's how I met her. I have a gargantuan list of these "content creators", as they call themselves, that I follow on Facebook. What happens is one time I was on Facebook and there was some model page that popped up for me. It is a page that just posts photos of pretty women all of the time. I subscribed to it on a whim. What happens next is Facebook's algorithm starts recommending more of these pages. Every one that it recommends, with not many exceptions, I would follow. The more you follow the more it recommends and I might be following close to 100 of these pages at this point. Maybe more than that.

Some of the pages will be mainly photos and some of them will have a lot of videos of some woman dancing around. The ones with women dancing seem to be just about 100% women who are younger, like 24 or less. I kept subscribing to these, because I can't do anything for so much of the day except scroll Facebook and Twitter. It is kind of nice to see a huge list of pictures and videos of pretty women every time you log in. It also causes me terrible pain and makes me wish that I was dead, but we'll skip that part for this discussion.

One trend that I did notice early on is that a lot of these pages were made by women from Asia. The Philippines is one popular place they come from. It was a little odd to me how this is. In any event, I've been scrolling through the autogenerated list of women for months and months, probably a year or more actually.

I scrolled by this girl one day and she had a picture of her with her brother. She said something like "this is why I want to be a content creator. I love my brother so much and I want to make some money so that I can buy him some spaghetti." I was very charmed by this and I also felt for her. I didn't say anything when she messaged me about it, because I don't want to be rude and I'm kind of dumb about these things, but her brother, who was smiling in the photo, he had the appearance of being a special needs kid. Just looking at him it looked like he might be very severely mentally challenged. I didn't say anything to not be rude and it was also a real possibility in my mind that I could think this about him and it not be true. What a jackass I would feel like then.

But I left her a comment to message me and I would send her some money to buy her brother some spaghetti. I sent her \$20 USD, which I would later realize gets enough Filipino pesos to buy a lot of

spaghetti. PayPal does the currency exchange for you, and keeps a little bit for itself. She was incredibly happy and sent me a picture of her brother at the restaurant where he goes to buy spaghetti.

And so we started talking. She would message me all of the time. For the first 2 weeks or so, every time I would wake up, I'd have a message from her waiting on me. She speaks limited English but does pretty good.

After talking to her, I figured out why these content creators are so heavily concentrated in Asia. They get paid money to do this by Facebook. If you make a Facebook page and get enough views on a consistent basis, Facebook will monetize your page and pay you for it. They periodically pay you based on your views. You don't get paid a lot. That's why it's worth their time in these places in Asia but much less so in richer countries.

She recently started a job that has something to do with an online casino. This is on top of all of the other jobs that she has. The online casino is a work from home job. She does it two days a week and gets paid the equivalent of \$29.47 a month. Due to having this new job, she never gets to sleep. She sleeps 4 hours a night or less. She feels like she has to work because she feels so bad to see her family suffer. I told her that I would send her the \$30 a month so that she could quit that job and be able to get some sleep.

She has also told me about her brother and the poor girl it rips my heart out. She describes him as "cannot speak properly" and "has problem with his behavior. He gets mad." Things like this she will say and I can tell that she loves her brother so much. She talks about how he needs his medication so badly but they have trouble getting it.

I don't know why I'm telling you all of this, but this girl has such hardship and she is such a hard worker and she cares about her family so much. She wants to move here to be with me. I told her how my brain injury makes it hard for me to shave and she said that when she moves here she will shave my face for me.

I've sent her a good bit of money. She's only asked one time. The rest I send her on my own volition and I always deliberately send her way too much, relative to what she needs for whatever she is doing. I like to keep people pumped up and to make them extra happy. The \$30 that I was going to send her, I underpromised and overdelivered on purpose. I sent her \$100 (PayPal pockets the equivalent of about \$4 in pesos when it does the currency conversion. She still got the equivalent of over 3 months salary for the job that she quit).

The one time that she asked she was just feeling bold, because by that time I've established myself as a Santa Claus that just pops up out of nowhere. Her cell phone was very old and the sound had quit working. She couldn't do Facebook live videos for her page. A cell phone only costs 4,000 pesos in her country. I won't tell you how much I sent her this time, but it was a bit more than 4,000 pesos (which is about \$76 USD) and she was ecstatic that she could buy a phone and also have money to send to her brother.

I tend to be surrounded by happy people in my life. That's how it was for a long time. Now I'm all alone because I don't work any more. When I worked at the gas station near Banner Elk, I cheered up the whole community every day. My customers did whatever they wanted to do and I didn't care as long as they paid for their merchandise and brought an ID when they bought alcohol. It was happy people in and out the door, constantly. I was like a rock star and I put people under a spell. I got tips from my customers (who tips their gas station clerk?). I think when I left at the end of 3 years I had made \$60 or maybe \$70 and about \$15 or \$20 worth of lottery tickets. My managers were always happy. The district manager thought I was an amazing employee (he was right). I had customers who asked if they could have their picture taken with me. The female customers adored me and at least one of them remarked that I'm "such a pimp."

You can call me a liar all you want if this doesn't sound like a true story. It's a fact jack, just like everything else that I tell you and if this email is ever FOIA requested, you'll be getting every bit of this confirmed and it will be like Dolby surround sound. 360 degree immersion in people telling you how right that I am and how everything is exactly how I say that it is.

The people at the resort I worked at also loved me. I wasn't quite the superstar there but I got plenty of compliments from unit owners to management and also some renters. I had some renters that hated me, because they violated the parking policies and I had to make them move. I'd have these people ready to kill me on a fairly frequent basis. "You've got a white van that's parked out in the main lot behind the building. You'll need to move that down to lot G, and we'll call a shuttle bus to drive you back up the hill." Most of them would get over it though, and all of people who owned the condo units liked me a lot, except possibly one.

If you're wondering why they have to go to lot G, it's because this condo resort was built square on top of a mountain. It has 330 units, most of them 2 bedroom units, and the top parking lot where the building is located has less than 100 parking spaces. Of those 100 spaces, 7 or so are reserved for employees. One option to address this would have been to bolt some parking decks onto the side of a cliff, but the people who built this place decided to make a bunch of parking lots down below the building. They are labeled lots A through G or J or I- I can't remember now how far down they went. I can for sure remember sending people down to lot G all the time in the winter time. Seems like also lot H was used a lot.

During the spring, most of the unit owners are at their other residence, which is most often in Florida. We didn't have many renters in the spring either. This meant that the scarcity of parking spaces wasn't an issue.

Then in peak times during the summer and especially the winter, we'd be using the lower lots. The HOA, who is made up of owners of units at the resort, sets the policies. To address this parking situation, the policy is that people who own a condo get to park in the top lot behind the building. Renters have to park in the lower lots, which go as much as 1/8th of a mile down the road from the building. We have 1 to 2 shuttle buses that pick people up from the lower lots and bring them back up to the building.

These renters picked up their keys from the property management company that rented them the unit. Their next step is to drive up this mountain, which in the winter time is utterly horrifying. The fog gets so thick you literally can't see anything. It's a miracle that I lived through driving up that mountain as many times as I did. I would very frequently be driving with my head hanging out of the window of my Durango trying to be able to see the road. I remember at least one time that the maintenance man, who showed up for work around 4 or 6 am, if I remember right, had drove up the mountain with his driver's side car door held open, so that he could look down at the road and follow the yellow lines. If it's not fun for mountain men like me, you can imagine what it's like for someone who's used to driving in Florida or places like that.

Following this drive, what they don't like to hear is that they're going to have to go up to the building to unload their luggage, and then after that they'll need to head down to lot G, and wait for the shuttle bus to pick them up and take them back up to the building.

It's actually worse than that, in a lot of cases. These people book these rentals online and they don't understand that the keys to their unit are located at a property management company and not at the resort. So they're thanking god for their life the whole way up the mountain, utterly terrified. Then they arrive at the gatehouse to be told that they didn't rent this unit from the resort, they rented it from one of the property management companies out in town, and that they will need to drive back down the mountain, get their keys from the property management company, and then drive all the way up the mountain again. People wouldn't be happy to hear this.

It's a tough process and people don't read the print of their agreement and plan things out carefully enough. There are inevitably some people that have terrible experiences. We had a lot more people who came back year after year. I cared about all of them. The people I worked for were such wonderful people too.

I'm getting tired of typing this email and I really don't know why I'm telling you this. This narrative would have continued and I would have gotten to my job at Wells Fargo and how happy my office people were. I would have told you how happy my good friend Tunny was, over all that I did for her.

I want Tunny to cry everyday for the rest of her life. I want to get money so that I can give it to my new friend and then move to Switzerland and die. My new friend will cry so hard over the fact that I'm going to die. I will cry a little bit too, and the fact that she cries for me will make me feel like I'm worth something to someone.

Warmest Regards,

Clint Williams

(980)-[REDACTED]
