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Re: My disparager

To: Criminal.Division@usdoj.gov, civil.feedback@usdoj.gov

"He's more akin to a predator than a player, speaking of the women he gets. He doesn't get all that many..."

In re "all that many", the last time he gave me his Facebook password, he had something like 50 to 110 women that he was talking to. I can't remember which it was. I told Candi and sent her screenshots. She was amused. For many years she was not amused by what he repeatedly did to her.

Candi and Susan, not knowing about one another, both thought they were working on a potential marriage. He talked to both of them in these terms. In my conversations with others, I referred to them as soul mate #1 and soul mate #2. Tonya was soul mate #3, and he instantly cut his first 2 soul mates out of his life. Or at least he blocked them on Facebook, so that they couldn't comment on his whirlwind romance with Tonya or on anything else he puts up.

His last long term girlfriend named Rhonda had made a public Facebook post where she says things like "I didn't know that I was dealing with a freaking psychopath", "he just has to find something to kill..", I can't remember the rest of it. His family threatened to hire a lawyer if she didn't take it down. She also remarked on how he made one of his girlfriends torture some girl with a stun gun.

This "he just has to find something to kill" - what she's referring to here is the psychological rush he gets from torturing and killing animals and presumably people. I do not think he has ever killed any person. I've seen him be cruel to people in ways that might be fairly described as torture, and he is for sure sadistic.

When I was his friend in my teens, it always bothered me very badly the way that he would swerve to hit animals when he was driving. He wouldn't miss a single one. Was usually possums. I'd see the fear in their eyes and it was so horrible. One time he came across some animal, I think it was a possum, that was injured, and he had his little dog named Festus in the bed of his truck. He put the injured animal in the bed, so that festus could terrorize it while he drove the rest of the way home.

I witnessed him torture a cat in a way that is absolutely horrific. I mean god how terrible it was. Me and my friend sat in his living room and we just kept cringing in horror over the sounds this cat was making, talking about how he is going to go to hell for what he does. The cat was on the porch in a cage. He shot it with blowgun darts repeatedly, and then tortured it with the end of the blowgun. I can't remember the next horror following that, but he and my other friend that we called Bo affixed the cat to a tree with duct tape and shot it, after they were through with it.

He was famous, if that's the right word, among those who knew him for his torturing of animals. That was when I was a teenager. He was known for that and for sexually pursuing underaged girls. As he got older, I assumed that he had ceased this behavior of torturing animals, but he had not, at least not completely. A friend told me that he went hunting on one occasion, and had shot a deer. The deer didn't die, and my ex friend buried a hatchet in its head and dragged it up a hill, with the animal still alive as this is occurring.

There was a time after he had his first or second brain surgery when he was thought to have a potentially fatal complication. This would require more surgery. I was on the phone with him while he was on the hospital bed, and he was satisfied, as he contemplated the possible end of his life. What had him satisfied with his short life and what he'd done in it? I can't remember everything, but it was a short list and I can remember the first item- "I've killed about everything that you can kill."

And that's another notch on his belt. He has done all kinds of illegal hunting. I know nothing about it, but, for instance, he had a video of him catching and killing alligators, and a friend of mine told me that this video could get him 7 years in prison. But it still strikes me, the way he gets this much satisfaction out of killing animals, such that it's like the main entree of life.

Wells Fargo wants to claim that they wanted to find out if I'm "dangerous." On top of being ridiculous and a made up, reverse engineered, lie, it adds to the irony that this is the ultimate source of information they consult. You've never met a more dangerous man in your life. The only thing that has held him back all these years is that he is scared of prison and he is scared of an eternity of hellfire. And he's not exactly scared enough of either, based on his unending crimes and things like how he wanted to make a "snuff video" and sell it in Mexico. That was near the time that I first met him as a teenager. He was dead serious. Not joking at all. Near the end of our second round of being friends, he told me that there was only one thing that stopped him from being a serial killer when he was young. I can't remember what that one thing was, but I've never met anyone else, in my entire life, who has said anything of the sort or who can remotely relate to this.

Warmest Regards,

Clint Williams

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