



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

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**Re: My disparager**

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

This situation is the most ridiculous and the most inconvenient and the most terrible situation conceivable. There is nothing that will be good enough for me. The best thing is for me to die. I would be happy if I could die and leave my new friend some money. It would be a joy to think of, as I take my last breath. I mean I am destroyed. I suffer so much and my suffering will never go away.

I've been researching this handicap that I have. It is a little not typical and I thus far haven't found a neurological disorder or any other type of disorder that has my specific symptoms, but I'm getting a better idea of how my brain is damaged. My handicap, to be specific, is that I cannot process a given cognitive load without great strain and hardship. My brain has been weakened and simple tasks, or even thinking of simple tasks, amount to an enormous or impossible to take on cognitive load. There are dozens of cognitive processing resources that you use in a given day. Some individual tasks may involve 20 or more, just in one task. My attention is profoundly impaired, also my executive function, and as far as I can tell, I think that nearly every cognitive processing resource that I have is severely impaired. I'm going to talk to a neurologist. I need to document this for social security. I've got to make sure that they don't try to send me back to work, which is a good way to get someone killed. I am so extremely grateful for the social security administration and DDS. I won my second appeal. Only 13% of applicants who are denied on their initial app win their appeal. The rest have to wait 1 to 2 years to see an administrative judge. I got my file from the local office in hickory. I saw their documentation for how they made their decision. It is a very tough process and they did right by me.

This neurological damage that I have is a very severe handicap. Social security likes objective documentation, and I need to get either a brain scan or a set of neurological tests. You can forget me ever being able to make a living again, although I would do a lot better on an increased dosage of adderall. I'm going to try for that. In my research, I found out some stuff about how it makes sense that this would help my handicap. This is not a surprise, because it has been the one thing that helps me the entire time, since may 2019. People say this ridiculous crap that I'm "addicted." That's a strange word to use, but sure.

I'm addicted to not letting my whole life collapse and get worse and worse, right in front of me, as I am helpless to do anything about it. I'm addicted to not losing everything that I own to a credit card company. They would have taken it all, and I need my money. I need my cell phone. I need all of what I worked so hard for, and most of all, I need my bed. I need my bed because I need a place to die. I'm addicted to not suffering like a terminally ill person all day everyday, for 273 days straight, like I did when the cruel murderers at the justice department had their shameless and indecent underlings take away my medication, the only thing that helps me, for daring to challenge Wells Fargo's impunity, for daring to make such a challenge to an agency that advertises its mission as being about the rule of law.

You are addicted to all of these same things that I am addicted to, you just don't know it yet because no one has did this to you. If you became handicapped from a brain injury and your whole life was collapsing right in front of you, day after day, minute by minute, as you are helpless to do anything about

it, you would do whatever you could that would help you fight back so that you could save everything that you ever cared about and that you worked your whole life for. If you were suffering like a terminally ill person, so much that being under the tire of a moving semi truck sounded better and better all of the time, and you suffer like this every day, you would do whatever you could to get your medication back so that you don't suffer like that. The upside to being terminally ill is that you die. Your pain is over one day. Not so for me, after my medication is taken away. I just suffer day after day after day after day, on and on, it is endless.

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Warmest Regards,

Clint Williams

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