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Re: Email for May 18th, 2023

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

I'm mean as hell now, it feels like. I used to be so kind and so forgiving to people I had conflict with or disagreements. I was just thinking of what I would say to the people who did this to me if I were in the same room with them and they had to answer for what they've done and hear what I have to say. I picture myself as being ruthlessly and relentlessly cruel and mean. They'd all cry and I'd probably say something so mean that it would scar poor little Jenny for life. Idk. I used to cry all of the time thinking about Jenny and what me and this situation put her through. This is after that I figured out Wells Fargo was behind it and after I figured out that Jenny for sure has some kind of deficit. It was especially after she told me that she cries herself to sleep over this. That was one of the last things she told me about this situation, right before she told me that she could no longer be my friend. It was a completely surprise. I knew nothing of this.

I'd say I have cried at least 70 times thinking about Jenny. Probably closer to 100. But now it's like I'm so hostile and so destroyed that I'm just mean. I would not be able to resist telling her off and yelling at her and cursing and berating her. I picture myself as not even giving a shit if she breaks down crying right in front of me. That is the exact opposite of how I used to be. It rips my heart out to see people cry, especially poor little women like Jenny. But I mean I'm just mean.

I am a ruined human being and I'm irreparably broken. The thing to do is to have me put to sleep in a peaceful and gentle way. Life does that to us. It gives us situation we can't fix and that we don't have a good answer for. I mourn for all the dreams that I used to have, about what my life could be.

Warmest Regards,

Clint Williams

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