



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

Jun 5th, 2023, 1:35 AM

Re: Email for June 2, 2023

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

What the hell to make of my little woman though? I've never been so genuinely confused by someone's behavior in my life. I am leaning far towards that she is just too busy. She's a workaholic because she lives in a poor country and her family has to do without. She has big goals for her family, about wanting her siblings to go to school and stuff like this.

When I first met her, she was already working 7 days a week. She probably hasn't had more than 2 or 3 days off in the past 2 years. And now what I'm noticing is she's getting up at 3 in the morning to do work, after she goes to bed at 11 pm or later

- the above is a message I sent a friend in a conversation earlier. Sometimes I can't figure people out. Usually I am being gaslighted. I think that would be the case if I compiled examples and looked into them.

I am very susceptible to being emotionally manipulated. That's what I've found over the years. My dad played mind games with me for over 8 years. He did this over and over, and it never worked. Most often I would know exactly what he was doing, as soon as he does it. I would know his exact thought process, in real time. I'd be thinking what he's up to and what he's thinking, to myself, as he is talking. There were other times that I'd have to guess at his end game, but I still knew roughly what he's up to. In those instances, it's possible that he had no end game for me to sense. He's just moving ahead one step at a time. He can decide his next move when he gets there. When he got sick though and switched to emotional manipulation, he pulled my heart strings with ease.

It was like having a relationship with him was not much else than torture. That's how I started to feel. His manipulation attempts for that first 8 years got him nowhere, but it ripped me to pieces that my own father would do this to me. It hurt worse and worse as time went on. Then all of the sudden, when I've already had more than I can take, he's deathly ill and he turns it up 1,000 notches. God what murder it was.

I got off on a tangent, but I'm sad about my little woman. I'm not cut out for conflicts and misunderstandings like this, not in my condition. People do not understand how severely damaged I am. Every day that I'm alive is another miracle and I suffer more than 99.9% of people can begin to imagine.

Warmest Regards,

Clint Williams

(980)-[REDACTED]