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**Re: Email for June 2, 2023**

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

The other thing that really helps me is adderall. It medicates this neurological impairment and makes me able to get stuff done. Money + more adderall are probably the 2 things with the greatest capacity to make me feel better.

People try to say this ridiculous garbage that I'm addicted, and that is bullshit. When you suffer like i do and a medication makes you feel better, of course you're going to take it. It's the same thing with my life collapsing. I was in Charlotte and my life there was all that I cared about in the world. It was collapsing right in front of me and I couldn't fight back. The exception is when I take 60 mg of adderall instead of my 40 mg that I was prescribed. My impairment was greatly lessened and I could fight back much harder. When your whole life is collapsing right in front of you, what do you think you're going to do? How do you think it feels to be helpless due to being disabled, and yet have such a strong desire to fight? If a medication gives you the ability to fight back, of course you're going to take it. That's what medication is for. People who are addicted to medication take it to get high. I had no desire to be high and the thought never crossed my mind. I just wanted to save my life in Charlotte.

During my bankruptcy, I wanted to save my life in Charlotte + 100% of everything I had worked so hard to have, meaning everything that I owned. I repeat this part every time that I talk about this, but it's because it is what most vividly conveys the condition that I was in- when they take everything that I own, they're going to take my bed, and I need my bed because I need a place to die. Those were literally my thoughts. I knew that there was a chance that I didn't make it. If not making it became a reality, I wanted to die as peaceful a death as I possibly could. Above all else, I wanted to die on my bed in my apartment in Charlotte. I had these terrifying thoughts of them taking my bed away, almost every single night for months. It felt so ruthless and so cruel just to think of it.

Listening to me is the crucial step that everyone involved has failed to take. When I say that my adderall helps me work, you're supposed to believe me. There is no reason not to. You have all behaved as if you have no humanity and as if you only care about yourselves.

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Warmest Regards,

Clint Williams

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