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

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

"I have to be able to show people why I think what I think, or I will be permanently subject to being hospitalized for no good reason"

- these people at these hospitals are pathetic. Every time I have been to one of these places, it's the same shit. You will have some doctor who won't listen to a word that you say. He/she will be your main problem, and if there's any reason for you to actually be there, you will find it hard to get help. In any event your life is at risk of being destroyed.

I had a great doctor at UNC Health Blue Ridge, when I checked myself in for homicidal ideation. His name was Dr. Francesca or something like this. He was extremely kind and seemed to know his stuff. He told me that I was an excellent historian. I felt like I could get a lot of help at this hospital, because of him. I wanted a brain scan and he said that he could get me one but that it would be a "basic" brain scan. I hoped that he had fMRI available in his hospital, after he said this. I don't know if this counts as basic or not. He said they didn't have a PET scan.

I stayed there for a couple of days and then on one day I had another doctor who was taking care of Dr. Francesca's patients for one day. I think he was full time on the unit I was staying in. He comes to my room and talks to me for about 45 seconds. At about 20 seconds in, he tells me that what he's seeing is pressured speech and that he's going to order me some lithium. I tell him that speaking fast is my normal way of speaking, and I tell him that I've been on lithium before and that it doesn't help my symptoms much and also causes me terrible and debilitating side effects.

I tried lithium in the mid 2000s, probably sometime between 2004 and 2005. It puts me in outer space and gives me the most uncomfortable agitation. It was close to handicapping me and if I hadn't discontinued, it most likely would have. I was having some trouble doing my job because I was in a fog. One female customer in her mid to late 20s told her boyfriend that something is wrong with me. Lithium is not what I need, ever.

How does this doctor respond, when I tell him that I'm being normal with the way that I talk and that lithium doesn't work and causes me hellish side effects? He restates that he's ordering some lithium for my evening medication and walks out of the door. This is again the result of a 45 second interaction.

I can't help but wonder if this guy, and perhaps some others, are in a competition with April Morciglio to see who can diagnose someone the fastest. I had a similar 20 to 45 second evaluation with her. I mean what is this bullshit. In any event, this was my cue to get the fuck out of this hospital.

Here is the shit show that likely would have unfolded, if this other doctor ever took over my stay-

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I tell this doctor that I'm being normal. I tell him that what helps me is adderall, but that I can't get a prescription from my current provider. I tell him that I show signs of some sort of brain damage, related to my PTSD (and I do). I would essentially give him what is a pot of diamonds for anyone trying to understand my situation. Listening to me will put anyone on the fast track. It is the ultimate learning curve accelerant.

He would not have listened to a word that I said, ever. He would eventually try to compel me to take lithium, most likely by taking away my olanzapine and having them dispense only lithium. He would do this based on the obvious need for a new mood stabilizer, considering my pressured speech. When the lithium makes me go to shit, he will up the dose, citing how I don't appear to be responding to anything. The fog and the agitation that this causes will have me behaving very bizarrely. He will put in some paperwork to compel me to stay long term and he will base this on my serious mental illness symptoms (which are actually just a reaction to lithium, and which I told him would happen in advance. I said this to one of his ears, just so that it could fly out of his other ear at the speed of light). God only knows how long I would have to stay and what a nightmare I would have lived through.

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So the next day, I asked Dr. Francesca to put me in for discharge. I apologized for wasting his time. I was hoping to have a productive relationship with Dr. Francesca and to get some new help and insights into what is wrong with me. I couldn't risk it though.

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Warmest Regards,

Clint Williams

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