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Re: Email for July 10th, 2023

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

My therapist said that, at some point, she would like us to talk about "moving on." This was about 4 sessions ago. She doesn't understand, or didn't then, just how badly I am damaged. "Moving on" is not an option, not without getting a load of money out of this fight. I will literally end up dying in the street. That's the medium term outcome for me. It depends on how fast I run out of social security money and how long my mother lives or is able to work.

My money was all that I had to save my life, and I gave my little woman at least \$1,000, if I were to estimate, and now you have taken her away. It makes me hurt so much and so mad. I didn't anticipate my mother going to town on ATM machines. That has murdered me that much more. Every time she asks me for money it feels like an act of cruelty and makes me feel like I want to die really badly. I never turn her down. I give her my debit card so that she can get the money. The purpose is to avoid any remote chance of an in-person conflict, because I will end up in prison or institutionalized for life. That's my worry. I have terrible feelings towards my mother, but I would still cry so hard and feel so bad for the rest of my life, if she died in an argument with me. It is a terrible outcome.

And I have been damaged so badly that there is a big limit on how much I will be able to "move on." In any circumstance. Getting stuck on the traumatic event(s) is part of PTSD. I am pretty sure that I have read this. My case is so extreme and the resulting brain damage is so bad, that I will never escape this for more than a handful of hours at a time. Even that is hard. Most of the time I find it nearly impossible to not think about what has happened to me for as little as 90 seconds at a time. It dominates my life, right down to just about every second.

And another thing is there is a sort of compulsive element to it. Not exactly a compulsion, but there is this strange thing where I'm not interested in disconnecting. It is like I have intrusive memories at times, and those are pure hell. But outside of that, I don't have a lot of desire to talk about anything else. It is not something that I can help. I am trapped in this badly damaged brain. It's not like I make a conscious decision to not move forward. It's like there is some drive that I have no control over, and it pulls me in with this huge power. Kind of like a gravity. If someone told me that I needed to forget about it and started being forceful, I would get extremely distressed. It would be horrible.

I know, and I have known for a very long time, that if I got the right type of brain scan, that would show the damage I have sustained, and the doctor ordering the scan was an experienced expert, he'd come back saying "I have never seen anything like this."

But back to dying in the street, I literally feel impaired by even thinking of making a can of soup. I cannot think through all of the steps involved. I don't have the mental power to do it. I do know one trick that will allow me to think all of the way through it, and I think this trick would be illuminating to a well versed neurologist. I won't give you the whole thing, but if I picture myself in a really big house, not a mansion, but maybe a 3,500 to 5,000 sq ft house with a big, wide open living room, with plush furniture that is spread out with a lot of distance from one piece of furniture to the next, with the furniture and the house being very clean, like spotless. And then having a huge kitchen, with a big, long white rectangular table.

I can't think about it anymore. That was starting to get overwhelming, but there are times that I can finish out that imagination exercise, all of the way to the end where I have a hot bowl of soup.

If I try to imagine making a can of soup in this apartment, I get overwhelmed very very fast. But the elements that change, with there being huge wide open spaces, and the rest of the elements in my other imagination exercise, there is some clue in there about what is wrong with me.

For sure, I have very significant, I'd say severe is the right word, neurological damage.

Warmest Regards,

Clint Williams

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