



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

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Re: Email for July 10th, 2023

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

I've been down for the count for a very long time, in terms of working on my letter. I had an appointment with my therapist at 9 am. A little before that I took a 5 hour energy. I am getting my sleep back turned around. What I do is stay in bed longer, and then try to stay up as long as I can. I will do this repeatedly for days, until I start to wake up in a sweet spot. 1 am is a pretty good sweet spot, so is 3 am, and so is 5 am. The 1 am to 5 am range is ideal and my target. At different times I've had different preferences within this range. Last time I was at 5 am and very happy.

Once I get to a time that I like, I stop screwing around with my sleep, and I try to keep to a regular schedule. The point is to have the hours I am awake overlap with the hours that my mother is either asleep or not here. This keeps my mind from being taxed and keeps me from being tormented. I am much more often able to do productive things during hours like that. This is even though I still have strings of days where I cannot do anything except lay on my bed and surf the web or type on Twitter and Facebook.

I am a ruined human being. I am not fit to be around people. The slightest thing will set me off and I will lose it. You don't know what you've done to me. I imagine things all of the time, life scenarios of how life might be if I get something out of this and can have a life. Sometimes I will having imaginings where I have a house and someone breaks the rules and lets someone else come in without planning it with me first, and without them being debriefed about how to be around me. In these imaginings, I always picture this uninvited person belittling, mocking, or teasing me. I picture them as taking me lightly in some way, such as one or more of those. Imagining this immediately causes me terrible pain and a palpable hostility. I start to think to myself of how I need to sneak and buy guns, if I'm ever able to live in a setting like this, so that I won't have to be put through this horrible pain and not be able to stop it. And god damn you people I am crying as I type this.

I am so sad. But I will often imagine, also, in these same imaginings, the scenario that I do have a gun. I picture the person who has taken me so lightly becoming horrified and overpowered with fear, and having a panicked reaction and trying to reason with me, when things instantly escalate and I point a loaded gun straight at him. I picture it as something like him saying "I'm sorry.....I'm sorry....please....I'm...I'm...sorry." Sometimes I will picture shooting him and then dousing him with gasoline or lighter fluid and catching him on fire. I would just massacre him unrelentingly, out of the terrible pain he had caused me and the need for it to go away.

I have doubts sometimes, too, about if I would ever do any of this, even in the worst case scenario. My thoughts about this are always triggered by hypothetical situations that I run through my mind and imagine how I would react. This isn't always voluntary either, by the way, having imaginings of people belittling or mocking me and of me becoming hostile and being violent. When I have these imaginings, I will have a sense of the pain I am caused and the extreme hostility that comes with it.

In any case, I can manage my situation. All I need is my own place and to live by myself, like I lived in Charlotte. I could have kept a life that is safe for me and for everyone else going indefinitely. I kept such

a life for over 2 years, before I was evicted. It is not safe for me to live with anyone other than my mother. It's scary for me with her here, and she's a complete pushover who never gets mad and acts like has no needs. If someone else moved in with me, for me and them to live together, I'd be surprised if they made it two months. I wouldn't be surprised if they only made it two days or two hours.

Warmest Regards,

Clint Williams

(980)-[REDACTED]
