

- Due to the nature of my last letter to this court, I do not want to leave everyone hugging with a bad taste in the air. It is July 11th, 2024 as I write this in real time as the day goes on. I see no reason why today will wind up being a bad day. So I will start this letter off by saying that I do believe there will come a time when everyone involved in these circumstances and the court itself will find one another getting along better than anyone thought possible. Everybody wants it.

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- Dare I start this second paragraph off by saying that it is in no way shape or form a medical indicator that I have bird flu of the brain due to the fact that I am writing this all on line-free paper. I bought this kind of paper so I can draw my standard Family Guy/anime-hybrid-style drawings to myself to pass time.
- Let's start by talking up Orleans County Jail rather than calling out its flaws. There is no racism here. There are two black corrections officers here. I know neither of their names. One is skinnier with glasses and he walks by never forgetting to smile and cheerfully say my last name Wenke out loud. The other one is bald and more militant with a deep baritone voice making claims that I will be famous. I have seen him use authority to tame down the rampant emotions of other black inmates complaining about this place's inability to supply every inmate with their own tablet. So while I am in the business of openly complaining about [REDACTED]'s ridiculous status here somehow getting Suboxone in when he isn't even from the area and him being placed back into the commons area after his 40 day "Keyblock" stint, getting into a fight with someone over there, and getting out July 24th as he says, in no way is he the definition of the overall black experience at Orleans County Jail. There are three black inmates across the room from me who all go by the nicknames A.J., Chello, and Wolverine. I have walked side by side during rec. with Chello and A.J. without fear of them tackling me down while screaming "Jesus was black" in my face like 35 year old grandfather [REDACTED] the Black Panther does.
- Get over my prior fingerprinting at Officer Ashberry/Ashbury. He has since escorted me back to my room after a shower with no problems. He lectures everyone across the room from me on jail handbook rules on a daily basis, not me. He is comparable in my mind to Officer Rebo at Niagara County Jail. Officer Rebo bought me coffee at the store to give me specifically. Officer Martin waves at me while he walks by me here. I don't know the name of another officer here who is at least one foot taller than me with glasses, blond hair, and probably around my age, but he recently declared to me he is taking my side in terms of my rights of being in this room as a "Code Green". I didn't even ask him to. There is a woman officer here with brown hair whose name I do not know who told me after my petty little showdown with Ashbury/Ashberry "Luke screw those guys across the room from you, keep the tablet for yourself".
- I could go on all day naming out the more positive traits of individual officers, but the point is I hereby retract my prior statement that I wish to sue Orleans County Jail over [REDACTED]'s bullshit. Escort [REDACTED] back to Baltimore MD on the Fed Jet instead and crackdown in his stupid Suboxone groupies. Suboxone sucks, it makes you sleep all day, it makes you vomit, and it loosens your buttocks.

If Andrew and Krystie saved my iPhone's contact information in 2022, Shade Bey was a black Lyft customer of mine from Buffalo who had miraculous instant access to LSD back in the pre-Covid Omicron days. As former Carrollton NY Justice of the Peace Carolyn Giardini's oldest grandson, I would like to dedicate this statement in court by saying that I believe relatives of Italian-American judges probably prefer LSD to Suboxone. I learned at Allenwood that "Feds" can't test for LSD because it takes a spinal tap, and I haven't seen Shade Bey since December 2021 at midnight in a Buffalo hotel parking lot with his cousin, so you know yeah reasonable suspicion to believe that Luke Wenke drove his Buffalo Uber/Lyft customers around pre-Covid Omicron blasting LSD-themed techno music over Bluetooth on YouTube Red full volume.

- So yeah transfer ██████ back to Baltimore MD on the FedJet please and thank you. He went from ages 28 to 35 without being incarcerated and the best he has for people like Richard Greer over there is Suboxone, while "Chello" across the room from me has informed me that Alexander Anzalone's former very super aggressive client Kashika Speed got out from his cocaine charges and right away started dealing heroin before going back to Niagara County Jail. Relatives of Italian-American judges like me agree that ██████'s Black Panther boasting clearly doesn't do ~~the~~ ~~shit~~ ~~for~~ him.

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- July 10th, 2024, yesterday in fact, I left a message on Frank Passafiume's voicemail since the lady told me he wasn't in his office. Frank literally told me in April that he wanted to leave the country "this summer". Frank literally told me in January he wants all drugs legalized. Did Frank go to Amsterdam? Is that Frank answering my father's emails, or is it Watson the Jeopardy robot or Sophia the bald female robot answering my father's emails to Frank? Is the college intern I saw Frank with in April doing a good job studying handwriting accused of belonging to Luke Wenke?

- We are all going to come out of this getting along and working together for years to come as I said on Page One. My criminal court diagnosed borderline personality traits is not standing in the way of me remembering Joe Rogan obsessively talking about DMT, Vermin Supreme of Rockport MA has a friend named David Dunlap who claims to know Trey Parker of South Park and also brought an orange powder he claimed was DMT into my Olean house on ██████ in 2019 the weekend we did a Predneks concert for Vermin at Olean Napoli's and later on went to the Haunted Hinsdale House. Does Frank Passafiume like to watch Joe Rogan? I don't know, he doesn't answer the phone to answer my questions or is it the Servo robot from The Sims answering my father's emails to him. My genetically Polish mother Janet McCaul is on these recorded phone lines indicating that the name Passafiume is "eye-talian", thereby proving sufficient court evidence that she had a maternal grandmother through Catholic Charities adoption named Marie Martinelli Panada Van Scoter who taught her the pronunciation "eye-talian". As stated before, we in this court look forward to a future

date in which we are all working together in more positive positions. I'm sure Salamanca Planning Board member Michael Crick of [redacted] who professes to be a Lilydale, NY Credentialed 1 Corinthians 12 sensation (he also knew my grandmother Carolyn Giardini for years before her March 2020 Cuomo nursing home victim-induced death) looks forward to having Frank Passafiume's help getting a U.S. Dept. of Health endorsed official contracted into the city of Salamanca government so all the Seneca owned marijuana stores can stop putting fentanyl in their products at the risk of having the City of Salamanca shut down their facilities' utilities and issue U.S. Dept. of Health-based fines over the matter. As the Salamanca High School Class of 2010 Class Speaker very familiar with Salamanca's complex legal status, I look forward to the day we work on better projects in this very courtroom such as watching Frank Passafiume dominate the national news airwaves getting Joe Rogan's DMT kiosk at the Falling Leaves Festival approved accordingly.

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- It is still July 11th, 2024 as I write this in real time. After lunch. Still no phone but not a bad day at all. Have these liability interviewers called my mother Janet McCaul yet? The only other letter I am sending out along with this one is to my first cousin twice removed [redacted] and his longtime 41 years junior lady love [redacted] of [redacted]

My grandparents Jerry and Carolyn Giardini were among the few relatives on that side who approved of their 41 year age gap as far back as the year 2012. As far back as 2014 and 2015 when I was going all out with community theatre directing, Katie [redacted] and [redacted] became very familiar with each other. [redacted] is in touch with my mother while I'm here at Orleans County Jail so I know he absolutely remembers Katie. I don't know what Katie is out there telling the [redacted] Police though. Oooh was Katie jealous early 2015 when I directed a community theatre style dinner theatre/cancer benefit for [redacted]'s preferred lady love [redacted] at Good Times of Olean. [redacted]'s longtime friend Carl Paladino even donated to [redacted]'s ovarian cancer cause that year, thereby further inciting Katie's jealousy. My father Kevin Wenke lived in Florida in 2015.

- Anyways, as stated before this court looks forward to a future date where everyone works together. My 2018 road trip to Wisconsin with Katie to get her cat was not enough from me on her behalf. I'm sure even [redacted] and [redacted] are out there wanting to relive the 2015 Lock, Stock, and Lipstick dinner theatre/cancer benefit days. While I float the idea of entering John Sinatra's courtroom one

day in a more civilized fashion using things such as having John Crawford File the Clean Common Council help with getting my father contracted into Siemens Dresser Rand of Olean where his own Uncle Walt Nye (once golfed with Dick Cheney) worked as John's supervisor so my father can lead the production of a concept I have called "public safety satellites" right on these recorded phones so my father's University of Tennessee MBA can help him live out a professional Star Wars-themed agenda since he absolutely named me after Luke Skywalker, while I float the idea of having a U.S. Dept. of Commerce/U.S. Dept. of Labor deal drawn out in this very courtroom getting a hotel built in Salamanca for all those Amsterdam businessmen I suspect Frank Passafiume is out there networking with to stay at to put in my mother's name to pay her back for paying every dollar of my bills these last 2.5 years in a way nobody ever thought possible, only recently did I think of something I would do on the Shea's Theatre stage to dedicate all funds to Katie [redacted] and whoever else may want to partner with her, to allow Katie to lead the way (I learned at the Allenwood re-entry class there is a federal shortage of) for something we'll call a national women's cause. Katie's former internet fling my first cousin twice removed [redacted] (senior citizens' recreation center bingo partners with failed 2010 GOP gubernatorial nominee Carl Paladino) will absolutely testify in this court I have absolutely dedicated all funds raised in a full house audience show to someone other than myself before in the past and to make up for Katie's former 2015 jealousy I'll gladly do it again for her specifically this time. I only have access to the Ray Evans Theatre board in Salamanca; it's all you Fredo dagas in this courtroom who have access to Shea's Theatre, not me, Katie needs to be federally financial solvent to pay for her cat Carmello's memorial park.

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- When I am not complaining about [redacted] this is how I prefer to speak to a courtroom in writing alleged to be from me. Which Orleans County Jail corrections officer are we recommending to Allenwood Federal prison for a higher salaried position teaching First Step Act/Second Step Act classes full time once we use money the Buffalo Federal Public Defender's Office knows I told them about to pay Barry Broughton of Olean and Michael DuPont of Salamanca to come up with classes for violent offenders and sex offenders [redacted] is going to get passed into law and take the credit for creating! When will the liability interviewers reach my mom's cousin [redacted] so she can complain that her husband [redacted] beats her and she prefers pyrotechnic men? My father doesn't answer my phone calls so please don't sentence him to Bosley hair restoration treatment at HORIZONS if he's found guilty of something our Uncle Walt Nye knows about. Thank you for reading Luke Wenke's handwriting

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2024-035

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