

Letters to & from Luigi Mangione

2024–2025

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From Luigi to Karen — Letter to a mother with a sick daughter — December 29, 2024

Source: <luigimangioneinfo.com>

12/29/24

Dear Karen,

Your letter is the first to make me tear up. I am so, so sorry for what you and your daughter so senselessly had to endure.

Pictures sent via mail are photocopied in a blurry black and white, but if you use (“Free Prints” app) you are able to send one in color. It requires my address and registration # (52503–511). If you are able to send a photo of you/your daughter or the mosaic it would mean a great deal to me. I will put it up on my prison cell wall next to your letter.

Your daughter is blessed to have a mother who loves her so much and fights for her so relentlessly.

Best,

Luigi Mangione

From Luigi to Unknown — Letters Catalog — March 7, 2025

Sources:

- <luigimangioneinfo.com>
 - <lettersforluigi.com/#search>
-

2/7

I am overwhelmed by — and grateful for — everyone who has written me to share their stories and express their support. Powerfully, this support has transcended political, racial, and even class divisions as mail has flooded MDC from across the country, and around the globe. While it is impossible for me to reply to most letters, please know that I read every one that I receive. In lieu, of a response, the least I can do is

12/29/24

Dear Karen,

Your letter is the first to make me tear up. I am so, so sorry for what you and your daughter so senselessly had to endure.

Pictures sent via mail are photocopied in a blurry black and white, but if you use "Free Prints" (app) you are able to send one in color. It requires my address and registration # (52503-511). If you are able to send a photo of you/your daughter or the mosaic, it would mean a great deal to me. I will put it up on my prison cell wall next to your letter.

Your daughter is blessed to have a mother who loves her so much and fights for her so relentlessly.

Best,

Jim May

acknowledge each person who took the time and efforts to write. So, below is a catalog of all non-photo mail I have received in my hands at MDC as of 2/7.

The format is: “[Sender Initials] — [last 2 digits of return address zip code] ([post-marked date]).” For example, a letter from John Doe from zip 11232 sent on 12/22 would be “JD-32 (12/22)”.

[His written log was digitized into a spreadsheet to make it easier to search for your letter. To use, open the google sheet linked here, type your initials in the search bar and press enter. Any matching results will show up underneath in the table]

Forgive my engineering background if this feels a bit technical, but I know the people who took the time and spent the money sending letters will appreciate verifying their letters receipt. I hope this catalog provides transparency into the mail process, which is my means of communicating with the outside world while in pre-trial detention. The above format is chosen to maintain anonymity, while simultaneously allowing self-identification. Note that in instances where part of a return address did not survive the photocopy gauntlet, I have substituted a “?” for the missing name, zip, or date.

Thank you again to everyone who took the time to write. I look forward to hearing more in the future.

—Luigi

From Luigi to Jules — Tales from the MDC & living with chronic back pain — 2025

Sources:

- <https://www.reddit.com/r/BrianThompsonMurder/comments/1kmovov/heres_the_full_picture_of_jules_letter/>
- <<https://www.tiktok.com/@luigiprosper/video/7503633017697586453>>

Tales from the MDC, The Medlar.

3am the night before arraignment, lying awake in bed, I hear this crumbling next to my head. Silence, pause, more crumbling from my locker. Huh, is one of those plastic bags of mail slipping? But it continues. There’s something in there. It’s impossible to overemphasize how unusual and jarring this realization is. Aside from inmates and officers, there are no signs of life at MDC. No animals, no plants, not a leaf, not a mouse.

The only exception being the shower gnats and that one time a tiny bird flew through the grate in the wreck deck and made it into the unit. Nothing comes here voluntarily. Hold on, let me close the door.

2/7

I am overwhelmed by - and grateful for - everyone who has written me to share their stories and express their support. Powerfully, this support has transcended political, racial, and even class divisions as mail has flooded MDC from across the country, and around the globe. While it is impossible for me to reply to most letters, please know that I read every one that I receive. In lieu of a response, the least I can do is acknowledge each person who took the time and effort to write. So, below is a catalog of all non-photo mail I have received in my hands at MDC, as of 2/7.

The format is: "[Sender Initials] - [last 2 digits of return address zip code] ([postmarked date])". For example, a letter from John Doe from zip 11232 sent on 12/22 would be "JD-32 (12/22)".

Received on 12/26/24

AB-17 (12/21)	AC-01 (12/21)	AH-30 (12/20)	AH-54 (12/21)
AI-28 (12/21)	AL-71 (12/21)	AO-32 (12/20)	AR-06 (12/21)
AS-17 (12/21)	AS-81 (12/20)	AS-01 (12/21)	AT-19 (12/20)
A?-46 (12/21)	BG-35 (12/20)	BL-08 (12/21)	BX-35 (12/20)
CC-01 (12/20)	CC-49 (12/20)	CE-83 (12/21)	CL-55 (12/20)
CN-09 (12/20)	CP-11 (12/21)	CR-85 (12/21)	CS-40 (12/21)
DM-19 (12/21)	DP-74 (12/20)	EC-10 (12/21)	EH-13 (12/21)
FP-01 (12/21)	GE-35 (?)	GO-02 (12/20)	HL-01 (12/21)

Received on 2/7

AH-01 (2/3)	DG-[Italy] (1/7)	EN-28 (1/30)	GG-19 (1/27)
IW-70 (1/30)	JL-05 (1/29)	K?-50 (?)	LD-50 (1/29)
L?-11 (1/31)	MG-[Finland] (12/28)	MH-15 (1/27)	MM-12 (1/29)
MS-[Canada] (2/3)	N?-58 (1/29)	TB-68 (1/26)	VM-07 (1/29)
?W-49 (1/30)			

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Thank you again to everyone who took the time to write. I look forward to hearing more in the future.

- Luigi

Nothing comes in here voluntarily.

Okay. I continue to listen. It's moving. I grab my tablet. We have no reading lights here and turn the brightness to 100%. I pointed at the locker, more crumbling. Right at the bottom, a bag of full tuna packets. I pinpoint the sound, no motion, but I hear. I squint from the tail of a mouse.

I squint, looking for the tail of a mouse, though I have never seen one in the facility. What the fuck? I whispered into the darkness.

My cellmate, the wise and powerful Jay, in the bunk above my head, wakes up. Veteran, father of six, hero to his community. He tumbles down the ladder and flips on the light to take a leak. With the room illuminated, I focus my gaze once more. More crumbling. Then: Pop. Out pops a cockroach, seemingly appearing from thin air. It's a big one. Gross.

But it doesn't scurry back into the shelter of my stuff locker. It doesn't move at all, completely paralyzed, exposed clearly in the light. It's almost comical. "Oh sh!t," it seems to say, like the cockroach knows it's been meddling somewhere it wasn't supposed to be. I stand up, walk the full five paces across my cell, to grab my shower shoe and return. The cockroach hasn't moved. It sits there, looking stupid.

I roar. Splat. Twitch twitch go the antennas. Flush as it whirls around the toilet, its insect legs curled as it floats round and round on its back.

I'm left with a slight sense of disgust. What was it doing there, and why tonight? Informants here have never seen one, and it was big, and ugly. That can't be a good omen.

A deep sense of unease as I rack my brain. What does it mean? My mind circles for another twenty minutes until sleep overtakes me.

At 5:30, they wake me up for court. I think back to the omen from just hours before. Oh. That makes sense.

Re: Your 4/28 Letter:

"How do you remain so chill?"

Jules, I spent 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ years living on a broken spine that I could feel sliding around every time I stood up, walked, or rolled over in bed. To exist in such a state — your physical being split in two — is an endless physical and mental war within the self.

After you have fought and won internal wars, nothing *external* — nothing — can ever phase you.

That, and I have the best team in the world.

Carpe Diem,

Luigi Mangione

Defendant in The Triple Trap CUP:

- Commonwealth of Pennsylvania v. LNM

- United States of America v. LNM
- People of the State of NY v. LM

“Up From the Bottom”

—Linkin Park

From Luigi to Jessica — 27 Things I’m Grateful For — June 3, 2025

Sources:

- <reddit.com/r/LuigiNation/comments/1lbod4b/letter_5_of_81_from_the_27_things_luigi>
- <reddit.com/r/LuigiNation/comments/1l8im49/2_letters_from_a_new_set_of_81_by_luigi>
- <reddit.com/r/FreeLuigi/comments/1lcgjkj/as_requested_an_accessible_version_of_the_27_things_luigi_is_grateful_for>
- <abc7ny.com/post/luigi-mangione-latest-accused-ceo-killer-marks-27th-birthday-list-things-hes-grateful-jail/16723840>

TRULINCS 52503511 — MANGIONE, LUIGI NICHOLAS — Unit: BRO-G-A

FROM: 52503511

[REDACTED]

SUBJECT: 27 Things I’m Grateful For

DATE: 06/03/2025

Last month, on May 6th, I turned 27 years old. To mark the occasion, I took some time to reflect on 27 things I’m grateful for.

- (1) My friends, for being there when I needed it most.
- (2) My family, for [REDACTED — my personal life is none of your business!]
- (3) The many talented and generous individuals who — if not for my current predicament — I never would’ve crossed paths with.
- (4) Letters. I spend each day between the same four walls of my unit, where I receive both holiday cards sent in December and birthday cards sent between March and May,

FROM: 52503511
TO:
SUBJECT: Tales from the MDC: The Meddler
DATE: 04/25/2025 09:54:25 AM

Re: Your 4/28 Letter:

"How do you remain so chill?"

3AM the night before arraignment, lying awake in bed
I hear this crumpling next to my head
silence, pause, more crumpling from my locker
huh? Is one of those plastic bags of mail slipping?

But it continues.

"THERE'S SOMETHING IN THERE"

It's impossible to overemphasize how unusual and jarring this realization is. Aside from inmates and officers, there are NO signs of life at MDC. No animals, no plants. Not a leaf. Not a mouse.

The only exception being - the shower knots. And that one time a tiny bird flew through the grate in the Rec Deck and made it into the unit.

Nothing comes here voluntarily.

I continue to listen. It's moving...

I grab my tablet (we have no reading lights here), and turn the brightness to 100%. I point it at the locker. More crumpling. Right at the bottom, a bag of full of tuna packets - I pinpoint the sound. No motion, but I hear. I squint, looking for the tail of a mouse, though I have never seen one in the facility.

After you have fought and won internal wars, nothing external - nothing - can ever phase you.

That, and I have the best team in the world.

"What the f***?" I whisper into the darkness.

My cellmate - the wise and powerful J - in the bunk above my head. Wakes up.

Veteran. Father of 6. Hero to his community.

Carpe Diem,

He tumbles down the ladder and flips on the light to take a leak.
With the room illuminated, I focus my gaze once more.

More crumpling. And then...

POP.

Out pops a cockroach, seemingly appearing from thin air.

Verendae in The Triple Trap CUP:

- Commonwealth of Pennsylvania v. LNM
- United States of America v. LNM
- People of the State of NY v. LM

It's a big one. Gross.

But he doesn't scurry back into the shelter of my stuffed locker.

He doesn't move at all. He's completely paralyzed. Exposed clearly in the light.

It's almost comical. "Oh sh*t", it seems to say, like the cockroach knows it's been meddling somewhere it wasn't supposed to be.

I stand up, walk the full 5 paces across my cell to grab my shower shoe and return.
The cockroach hasn't moved - it sits there looking stupid.

I roar.

SPLAT.

Twitch, twitch go the antennas.

FLUSH, as it whirls around the toilet. Its insect legs curled as it floats round and round on its back.

))) "Up From the Bottom"
-Linkin Park

I'm left with a slight sense of disgust.. What was it doing there? And why tonight?
In 4 months here I've never seen one. And it was big. And ugly. That "can't" be a good omen.
A deep sense of unease as I wrack my brain. What does it mean?

My mind circles for another 20 minutes, until sleep overtakes me.

At 5:30, they wake me up for court.

I think back to the omen from just hours before.
"Oh.. That makes sense"

#12/68x

creating a bizarre and disorienting Groundhog Day where every day is both Christmas and my May 6 birthday. Nonetheless, I'm incredibly grateful. The monotony of my physical environment is offset by the variety and richness of the lives I experience through letters: multi-page life stories, retellings of workplace conversations, stream of consciousness journal entries. Admissions of greatest fears, eager recaps of recent triumphs, mothers reliving senseless tragedies. Soulful creations, generous offers, advice.

(5) The MDC Mail Room, which has — to date — photocopied and processed thousands of letters sent to me from over 40 countries. Your efforts are appreciated by so many.

(6) Memes. As one of my wisest correspondents put it: "Laughter is louder than logic and makes a lot more sense."

(7) The countless books I've been sent. While I'll never read the vast majority of them, I've loved facilitating this collective practice in tsundoku, and have distributed these books to many grateful inmates. My favorites include Ayn Rand's "Anthem", Patrick Bet-David's "Your Next Five Moves", and Ray Bradbury's "Fahrenheit 451".

(8) Independent media/creators: publications like "The American Prospect", citizen documentarians like Joomi Kim, and citizen journalists (of which there are too many to name.)

(9) My cellmate J, who — despite spending half of every day inside a shared birdcage and being sentenced to a decade away from his six kids who he loves-tolerates the clutter of all my papers, shares his unique wisdom, and doesn't hesitate to humble me when I need it. He reads more of my books than I do, and appreciates all the Calvin and Hobbes.

(10) The MDC staff and CO's, who are nothing like what "The Shawshank Redemption" or "The Stanford Prison Experiment" had me to believe. While the occasional minor dissent arises, I've found that they are people too and largely there to help. (11) Chicken Thursdays, and Sweet Baby Ray's bbq sauce. (Sorry vegans. It's the realest food here, and I need my strength.) (12) Keyboard shortcuts. There is no "print multiple" option. [M A click "click Enter X P "click" "click" Enter], repeat. (13) The some 30,000 individuals around the globe who have come together to donate over \$1,000,000 to my legal fund, enabling me to retain a world class defense team across three concurrent prosecutions.

(14) Karen Friedman Agnifilo. Need I say more?

(15) The other members of my legal team, who are also pretty great (see #3).

(16) "Latinas for Mangione".

(17) Everyone who has donated to my commissary account, whose contributions have funded a tablet, songs, stamps, hygiene items, bbq sauce, Goya sazón, peanut butter, and lots of tuna packets.

(18) The BOP music catalog. (Luigi is currently listening to "Television: The Drug of the Nation" by The Disposable Heroes of...]

(19) The trials that I've endured, which have — I hope — prepared me for anything that might lie ahead.

(20) My lucky long sleeve.

(21) Hearts.

(22) The creatives. “The artist’s task is to save the soul of mankind; and anything less is a dithering while Rome burns” — Terence McKenna.

(23) The conservatives, who fiercely conserve the aspects of our society that make us great.

(24) The liberals, who liberate us from the outdated aspects of our society that prevent us from being greater.

(25) Being born in America. She is haunted by her past, she is sick, she is plagued by inner turmoil — such is her nature as a nation of individuals. She is young, in the midst of an adolescent identity crisis. But despite all her flaws, her frame is robust and her potential unmatched.

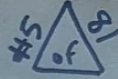
(26) Free speech, the basis of our way of life. “When you tear out a man’s tongue, you are not proving him a liar, you’re only telling the world that you fear what he might say” — George.

And finally,

(27) *Determination.*

Jessica, this thank you is *long* overdue.

Thanks for bearing with me!



TRULINCS 52503511 - MANGIONE, LUIGI NICHOLAS - Unit: BRO-G-A

FROM: 52503511

TO: Jessica

SUBJECT: 27 Things I'm Grateful For

DATE: 06/02/2025 07:27:27 PM

Last month, on May 6th, I turned 27 years old. To mark the occasion, I took some time to reflect on 27 things I'm grateful for:

- (1) My friends, for being there when I needed it most.
- (2) My family, for [REDACTED - my personal life is none of your business!]
- (3) The many talented and generous individuals who - if not for my current predicament - I never would've crossed paths with.
- (4) Letters. I spend each day between the same four walls of my unit, where I receive both holiday cards sent in December.

Luigi Mangione #52503511

MDC Brooklyn

P.O. Box 329002

Brooklyn, NY 11232

MID-ISLAND NY 117

11 JUN 2025 PM 5 L

Jessica Turner



TRULINCS 52503511 - MANGIONE, LUIGI NICHOLAS - Unit: BRO-G-A

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TO: Jessica
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- (4) Letters. I spend each day between the same four walls of my unit, where I receive both holiday cards sent in December and birthday cards sent between March and May, creating a bizarre and disorienting Groundhog Day scenario where every day is both Christmas and my May 6th birthday. Nonetheless, I'm incredibly grateful. The monotony of my physical environment is offset by the variety and richness of the lives I experience through letters: multi-page life stories, retellings of workplace conversations, stream of consciousness journal entries. Admissions of greatest fears, eager recaps of recent triumphs, mothers reliving senseless tragedies. Soulful creations, generous offers, advice.
- (5) The MDC Mail Room, which has - to date - photocopied and processed thousands of letters sent to me from over 40 countries. Your efforts are appreciated by so many.
- (6) Memes. As one of my wisest correspondents put it: "Laughter is louder than logic and makes a lot more sense."
- (7) The countless books I've been sent. While I'll never read the vast majority of them, I've loved facilitating this collective practice in tsundoku, and have distributed these books to many grateful inmates. My favorites include Ayn Rand's "Anthem", Patrick Bet-David's "Your Next Five Moves", and Ray Bradbury's "Fahrenheit 451".
- (8) Independent media/creators: publications like "The American Prospect", citizen documentarians like Joomi Kim, and citizen journalists (of which there are too many to name.)
- (9) My cellmate J, who - despite spending half of every day inside a shared birdcage and being sentenced to a decade away from his six kids who he loves - tolerates the clutter of all my papers, shares his unique wisdom, and doesn't hesitate to humble me when I need it. He reads more of my books than I do, and appreciates all the Calvin and Hobbes.
- (10) The MDC staff and CO's, who are nothing like what "The Shawshank Redemption" or "The Stanford Prison Experiment" had me to believe. While the occasional minor dissent arises, I've found that they are people too and largely there to help.
- (11) Chicken Thursdays, and Sweet Baby Ray's bbq sauce. (Sorry vegans. It's the realest food here, and I need my strength.)
- (12) Keyboard shortcuts. There is no "print multiple" option. [M A *click* *click* Enter X P *click* *click* Enter], repeat.
- (13) The some 30,000 individuals around the globe who have come together to donate over \$1,000,000 to my legal fund, enabling me to retain a world class defense team across three concurrent prosecutions.
- (14) Karen Friedman Agnifilo. Need I say more?
- (15) The other members of my legal team, who are also pretty great (see #3).
- (16) "Latinas for Mangione".
- (17) Everyone who has donated to my commissary account, whose contributions have funded a tablet, songs, stamps, hygiene items, bbq sauce, Goya sazón, peanut butter, and lots of tuna packets.
- (18) The BOP music catalog. [Luigi is currently listening to "Up From the Bottom" by Linkin Park]
- (19) The trials that I've endured, which have - I hope - prepared me for anything that might lie ahead.
- (20) My lucky long sleeve.
- (21) Hearts.
- (22) The creatives. "The artist's task is to save the soul of mankind; and anything less is a dithering while Rome burns" - Terence McKenna.
- (23) The conservatives, who fiercely conserve the aspects of our society that make us great.
- (24) The liberals, who liberate us from the outdated aspects of our society that prevent us from being greater.
- (25) Being born in America. She is haunted by her past, she is sick, she is plagued by inner turmoil - such is her nature as a nation of individuals. She is young, in the midst of an adolescent identity crisis. But despite all her flaws, her frame is robust and her potential unmatched.
- (26) Free speech, the basis of our way of life. "When you tear out a man's tongue, you are not proving him a liar, you're only telling the world that you fear what he might say" - George.

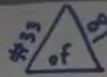
And finally,

(27) Determination.

Jessica, this thank you is long overdue.
Thanks for bearing with me!

⇒
BACK

Roughly 50% of this was you Jessica, according to my calculations. I have a B.S.E., M.S.E., and Ph.D in C.S., so this cannot be difficult. I also have 3 jokes, reusing them for years, they never get old.



TRULINCS 52503511 - MANGIONE, LUIGI NICHOLAS - Unit: BRO-G-A

FROM: 52503511

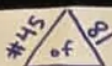
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And finally,
(27)

Luigi Mangione



TRULINCS 52503511 - MANGIONE, LUIGI NICHOLAS - Unit: BRO-G-A

FROM: [REDACTED]
TO: [REDACTED]
SUBJECT: 27 Things I'm Grateful For
DATE: 06/03/2025 07:27:27 AM

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- (1) My friends, for being there when I needed it most.
- (2) My family, for [REDACTED - my personal life is none of your business!]
- (3) The many talented and generous individuals who - if not for my current predicament - I never would've crossed paths with.
- (4) Letters. I spend each day between the same four walls of my unit, where I receive both holiday cards sent in December and birthday cards sent between March and May, creating a bizarre and disorienting Groundhog Day scenario where every day is both Christmas and my May 6th birthday. Nonetheless, I'm incredibly grateful. The monotony of my physical environment is offset by the variety and richness of the lives I experience through letters: multi-page life stories, retellings of workplace conversations, stream of consciousness journal entries. Admissions of greatest fears, eager recaps of recent triumphs, mothers reliving senseless tragedies. Soulful creations, generous offers, advice.
- (5) The MDC Mail Room, which has - to date - photocopied and processed thousands of letters sent to me from over 40 countries. Your efforts are appreciated by so many.
- (6) Memes. As one of my wisest correspondents put it: "Laughter is louder than logic and makes a lot more sense."
- (7) The countless books I've been sent. While I'll never read the vast majority of them, I've loved facilitating this collective practice in tsundoku, and have distributed these books to many grateful inmates. My favorites include Ayn Rand's "Anthem", Patrick Bet-David's "Your Next Five Moves", and Ray Bradbury's "Fahrenheit 451".
- (8) Independent media/creators: publications like "The American Prospect", citizen documentarians like Joomi Kim, and citizen journalists (of which there are too many to name.)
- (9) My cellmate J, who - despite spending half of every day inside a shared birdcage and being sentenced to a decade away from his six kids who he loves - tolerates the clutter of all my papers, shares his unique wisdom, and doesn't hesitate to humble me when I need it. He reads more of my books than I do, and appreciates all the Calvin and Hobbes.
- (10) The MDC staff and CO's, who are nothing like what "The Shawshank Redemption" or "The Stanford Prison Experiment" had me to believe. While the occasional minor dissent arises, I've found that they are people too and largely there to help.
- (11) Chicken Thursdays, and Sweet Baby Ray's bbq sauce. (Sorry vegans. It's the realest food here, and I need my strength.)
- (12) Keyboard shortcuts. There is no "print multiple" option. [M A *click* *click* Enter X P *click* *click* Enter], repeat.
- (13) The some 30,000 individuals around the globe who have come together to donate over \$1,000,000 to my legal fund, enabling me to retain a world class defense team across three concurrent prosecutions.
- (14) Karen Friedman Agnifilo. Need I say more?
- (15) The other members of my legal team, who are also pretty great (see #3).
- (16) "Latinas for Mangione".
- (17) Everyone who has donated to my commissary account, whose contributions have funded a tablet, songs, stamps, hygiene items, bbq sauce, Goya sazón, peanut butter, and lots of tuna packets.
- (18) The BOP music catalog. (Luigi is currently listening to "Television: The Drug of the Nation" by The Disposable Heroes of...)
- (19) The trials that I've endured, which have - I hope - prepared me for anything that might lie ahead.
- (20) My lucky long sleeve.
- (21) Hearts.
- (22) The creatives. "The artist's task is to save the soul of mankind; and anything less is a dithering while Rome burns" - Terence McKenna.
- (23) The conservatives, who fiercely conserve the aspects of our society that make us great.
- (24) The liberals, who liberate us from the outdated aspects of our society that prevent us from being greater.
- (25) Being born in America. She is haunted by her past, she is sick, she is plagued by inner turmoil - such is her nature as a nation of individuals. She is young, in the midst of an adolescent identity crisis. But despite all her flaws, her frame is robust and her potential unmatched.
- (26) Free speech, the basis of our way of life. "When you tear out a man's tongue, you are not proving him a liar, you're only telling the world that you fear what he might say" - George.

And finally,

(27) **Light.**

Thanks for the birthday message.
Never lose the plot, [REDACTED]

- Luigi

The Ted K Archive

Letters to & from Luigi Mangione
2024-2025

Multiple underneath each heading.

www.thetedkarchive.com