

LAW OFFICES

Feb 5

Ms Baker.

Alright Traci this is the information we discussed on the phone about visiting Erik. I'm going to get right to the point because after you read this and feel you've absorbed it, I want you to throw it away. It's that right away so you don't forget. Maybe you can take some notes in your own hand writing. Ok well basically there are two incidents. They may seem strange and irrelevant to my case but I assure you they will be very helpful. You'll just have to trust me on it. Later on I can explain why but for now I'll just lay them out. I have given all of my thoughts to this and I really feel that you can ~~do it~~ do it however, just let me know if you rather not. About the first incident it is as follows. You were at my Beverly Hills house about to eat dinner with me, my parents and my brother. Ed would be there. We will decide later around what date this incident occurred. It was a weekend however. ~~Excuse this~~ ~~excuse this~~ ~~excuse this~~ (I hate writing in your) you and I had spent the day together. Mrs. Menendez had cooked dinner and it was served in the dining room. Everyone was seated except Mrs. Menendez. She was still bringing this and that in from the kitchen. 4.1. ... and went I went ... we with ... or back to the

seated at the head of the table to my left. Erik  
was seated across from us. Behind Mr Menardy  
were the doors that open to the foyer. All the  
food was on the ~~the~~ table. There was lots of it but  
you don't remember what the food was. A year ago  
a sudden Mr Menardy ~~said~~ said in a stern  
voice to Mrs. Menardy who was standing behind  
you, "What did you do to the food?!" There was a  
long silence or at least it seemed long and then Mr  
Menardy shoved his plate forward, knocking over some  
stuff. He got up and said something like "I want you  
out and wait for me by the car boys, ~~see~~  
go out to eat." Then I got up immediately and  
said "come on Traci" and we both walked out  
into the foyer. Erik walked out too. You got your  
purse and jacket. He walked outside and stood in  
front of the big Mercedes. Erik and I were saying  
something, giggling. You were just kind of standing  
there confused and embarrassed. Then Mr Menardy  
came storming out of the house. He seemed upset.  
Either Erik or I, ~~or~~ (you can't remember which) said  
to him "What's the matter Dad, you think she  
tried something?" As Mr Menardy was getting into the  
front seat he said, "I don't know, but I don't trust  
her today." We all got in the car, you and I on  
the back seats and we drove in silence listening to  
some radio station. We made a right coming

out of our house but you unsure the way we went after that. Anyway we ended up parking somewhere and eating at Hamburger Hamlet. It was a big one. We all ate dinner talking about various things. Mr Menendez was charming. He paid the bill. We drove back home. You and I stayed out front and kissed for a long time. You didn't feel you should ask about what had happened earlier. You then left in your car. It wasn't that late. You never saw Mrs Menendez. (It had just gotten dark when we left for Hamburger Hamlet.) You drove home still confused about what happened in the dining room, although it seemed obvious. Mr Menendez thought Mrs Menendez did something to the food. You were dying to ask me what I was all about but you just couldn't. OK, that's the first incident. You really don't need to know any more detail than I've provided here. It was a long time ago. It would be strange if you remembered things too well. However you do remember the statements I mentioned above very well - who said what to whom. You don't remember the unimportant conversations like what was said at Hamburger Hamlet ect. The best answer to any question you don't know the answer to is, "I don't remember." It's obvious why you remember certain things and certain statements. It was scary and confusing.

**Copy of the Letter from Lyle Menendez to Traci  
Baker on which she based her testimony!**

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*You were at my Beverly Hills house about to eat dinner with me, my parents and my brother, Ed wasn't there. We will decide later around what date this incident occurred, it was a weekend, however. (I hate writing in pen). You and I had spent the day together, Mrs. Menendez had cooked dinner and it was served in the dining room. Everyone was seated except Mrs. Menendez, she was still bringing this and that in from the kitchen.*

*You were seated next to me with your back to the wall and Mr. Menendez was seated at the head of the table to my left, Erik was seated across from us. Behind Mr. Menendez were the doors that open to the foyer. All the food was on the table, there was lots of it but you don't remember what the food was. Anyway all of a sudden Mr. Menendez said in a stern voice to Mrs. Menendez who was standing behind you, "What did you do to the food?!" There was a long silence or at least it seemed long and then Mr. Menendez shoved his plate forward, knocking over some stuff. He got up and said something like "go out and wait for me by the car boys, we're going out to eat."*

D.A. 00641

*Then I got up immediately and said "come on Traci" and we both walked out into the foyer, Erik walked out to. You got your purse and jacket, we walked outside and stood in front of the big Mercedes. Erik and I were discussing something, you were just kind of standing there confused and embarrassed.*

*Then Mr. Menendez came storming out of the house, he seemed upset, either Erik or I, (you can't remember which) said to him "What's the matter, Dad, you think she tried something?" Mr. Menendez was getting into the front-seat he said, "I don't know but I don't trust her today." We all got into the car, you and I in the back seats and we drove in silence listening to some radio station, we made a right coming out of the house but you're unsure the way we went after that. Anyway we ended up parking somewhere and eating at the Hamburger Hamlet, it was a big one.*

*We all ate dinner talking and various things, Mr. Menendez was charming, he paid the bill, we drove back home. You and I stayed out front and kissed for a long time, you didn't feel you should ask about what had happened earlier. You then left in your car, it wasn't that late, you never saw Mrs. Menendez. (It had just gotten dark when we left for Hamburger Hamlet.) You drove home still confused about what happened in the dining room, although it seemed obvious Mr. Menendez thought Mrs. Menendez did something to the food. You were dying to ask me what it was all about but you just couldn't. OK, that's the first incident, you really don't need to know anymore detail than I've provided here. It was a long time ago, it would be strange if you remembered things too well. However, you do remember the statements I mentioned above very well - who said what to whom, you don't remember the unimportant conversations like what was said at the Hamburger Hamlet etc.*

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