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EXHIBIT H

AFFIDAVIT
OF FACTS
H-#1

CONFESSIONS OF A GRAY CAT

Bob Covelli

I am sure you have experienced the embarrassing sight of someone who attempted to share a good joke, only to discover, at the last possible moment, they could no longer recall the punch line. The fact that the joke was begun in good faith in no way made up for the uncomfortable outcome. Imagine how you would feel to go on an hours long writing spree, only to hit a similar brick wall of total uncertainty.

This picture comes the closest to communicating what my life as a want-to-be writer has become since the day my withdrawal from a medication caused seizures and mini-strokes to become part of my irrational reality. A reality that has scared many friends, or possible friends, out of my life, sadly.

When I hit such a wall of memory retrieval nothingness I usually destroy whatever it is I am writing at the time. It doesn't matter if the manuscript in question already has 20 or 200 or more hours in it. The fact I cannot find the ending to the beginning of a thought or a quote does more than simply turn my earnest efforts into a terribly bad joke. At times such as these the anger, shame and/or confusion of not-knowing causes the destruction of the work at hand, and the contemplation of destroying myself, as if the banishing of both would protect everyone from becoming aware of my now less than being human existence.

I have dared to explain a part of this truth so that anyone of the new or old friends in my life who has received an irregular or irksome letter from me will understand and forgive me for any offense it may have caused. Many of the things I write, a doctor called by the name of "soft ramble," but, hard or soft, the fact that this material was not stopped before the mailing is the single thing in this newly discovered world of mine that causes me to wish I had no hands to write with or even a mind/memory to depend upon for calming contentment.

If you have received ramble-words requesting you telephone someone who is utterly unknown to you; a request for a dictionary in a language other than English, as if you ran a used book store out of your basement; or a letter asking to "please and thank you" send me a photograph of an artwork whose title I may know, but which I cannot call to remembrance, you may now see that I honestly meant no offense, but rather, I was trying to fill in a blank area of a "joke" that I was not at the time aware of beginning.

The law I knew, or thought I knew, is now down to understandable minor forms and proof of mailing affidavits. The classical poetry I never fully understood to begin with, is now a cause for either tears or laughter - depending on the type of day I am having at the time. About the only improvement, if improvement it is, is an ability to assimilate seemingly unassociated information to arrive at a correct observation or fact, and the verdict hasn't arrived to say if this "possibility" is an asset or not. Only G-d's grace and a little time will see if this is true or not.

I thank you for understanding my requests for things like old magazines, newspapers, books, etc. You may now, hopefully, see why it has been so important to me, at one time or the other during the last year or so, to locate old copies of my own writings. One set of requests has to do with filling in enough blanks to stop the ramblings and destruction of what I write, and the other is to help introduce myself to those things I have been attempting to share for over 30 years.

I may never tie all the loose ends together in my strange head, but at least I can now see how we are all actually tied, one to another, by golden strings of opportunity to share smiles at our own limitations.

Please, remember, "Keep A Smile... ..In Your Heart!"
...and, "Pass It On!"

Cat Covelli


Yes, I confess three things:
believing in Invisible Roses,
seeing Rainbows at the Midnight Hour
and of being
the gray cat
with cream
on his whisker...



Originally written several years ago.
Dr. W said the seizures/mini-strokes
may have changed a chemical balance
in my brain that made my Bipolar
and anxiety disorders worse. One
thing is certain to me: Either

WEXFORD Healthcare Corp. and the IDOC have intentionally used
my mental illnesses against me as a tool or weapon of repression
or they have been and are deliberately indifferent to the serious
psychiatric and medical needs of the patient/prisoners in Dixon
Prison. Signed, based on information and belief, under penalty of
perjury on this the 27th day of December, 2018

Subscribed & Sworn to before me
this 27th day of Dec., 2018.

Robert Covelli
Robert Covelli Lee County, Illinois

Sally A. Joos
Notary Public

