

My Childhood

My name is Jeffrey Thomas Farrell. I was born on April 6, 1992. I grew up in a middle-class home in Dedham, MA. I attended Riverdale Elementary School, Dedham Middle School, and then Dedham High School. I played soccer and chess growing up. For chess, I was first board in high school, and for soccer, I was team MVP of the Dedham High School varsity soccer team. I graduated in 2010, second in my class, tied with one other person. My best friend in high school was Justin Chen. Together, we'd play Yu-Gi-Oh!, a strategy-based card game.

The MITRE Corporation

Immediately following high school, I had an internship at the MITRE Corporation. I got it through the AFCEA program. There was no interview required for the internship. I had no clue what I was doing; my performance was poor. MITRE is an organization in Bedford, MA that manages federally funded research and development centers supporting various U.S. government agencies. To learn more about this organization, you can read this article: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mitre_Corporation

College

I attended Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute (in Troy, NY) for college. I majored in Computer Science, although I originally dual majored with Cognitive

Science. I decided to drop the second major to graduate a semester earlier. I graduated in 2014. My major was basically a major in computer programming. I took classes such as Introduction to Algorithms, Discrete Structures (basically Discrete Math), Database Systems, Web Systems Development, Operating Systems, and Network Programming. While in college, I did work study. My work study gig was working as a helpdesk consultant. I was captain of the chess club for one semester. My best friends in college were Trilok Shahi and Drew Wright. I had a brief obsession with Magic: The Gathering; after a month of playing it, I landed second place at a tournament in Troy, NY. I attribute my quick learning of the game to having had prior experience with Yu-Gi-Oh!, a similar card game.

Post-college jobs

I worked at inSitu Mobile as tech support. The thing is, I coded most of the time and didn't do much tech support. I added features to an existing web application and documented them in blog entries. I coded the front-end and back-end for various features, which were often related to tracking and routing.

I then worked at a company called Rezzit21. I reskinned parts of the app, added features (front-end and back-end work for features added), and enhanced existing pages. I moved the site to AWS. Rezzit21 operated at WeWork, a complex of offices and coworking spaces. A few of the people at WeWork (not Rezzit21) harassed me relentlessly, and so, I quit my job.

After that, I worked at CABEM Technologies. I added features to and co-maintained internal and external IdentityForce web applications (www.identityforce.com). For a shorter time frame, I worked on NTS applications (www.nts.com). Some of the more notable projects included adding two-factor authentication (full-stack, in addition to settings functionality [phone call, text message, or email]) to multiple web apps, incorporating Vantiv credit card processing into IDF web applications for new cards (alongside the existing Authorize.Net for current cards), and designing an API for IDF using swagger.io. Something interesting that happened at this job was that my computer was hacked, preventing me from doing my work. I reformatted my computer multiple times, but it was repeatedly hacked. My most recent tech job was at Jassby, Inc. There, I coded landing pages (including the sign-in and sign-up processes [which included bank information and other features not typically in a sign-up process]), in addition to pages on the inside of the web application. I had to respond to changes in requirements, and I did front-end and back-end code for features worked on. The site was mobile-responsive. Some changes in requirements were overhauls and not quick fixes. An interesting thing about this job was how I was hired. I was contacted through LinkedIn and invited to an interview, was shown the office, and without any interview questions, was hired on the spot.

After my job at Jassby, I went traveling.

Mexico

First, I went to Mexico, Mexico City specifically. My flight from Boston was on May 11, 2018. There was a layover in Dallas. I used Airbnb for lodging. I got a room for about \$10 a night in Venustiano Carranza right near the airport. Some of the places I frequented were the park on Calle Oriente 172 and Calle Oriente 168, Mercado Moctezuma, White and Black Coffee, and Herbalife club Nutricional on Nte 33.

What did I do in Mexico?

Well, first I concentrated on learning Spanish. I taught English for free to various people in Mercado Moctezuma (workers and their children) and surrounding stores. I found that teaching English in Spanish was an excellent way to learn Spanish and at the same time help others out. English is much more useful to people in Mexico City than Spanish is to people in the Boston area.

Later on, I started playing soccer in the local park. I would mostly play with teenagers, but sometimes I would play with kids and adults. They would often cheer me on and call me “gringo” (what they call white people from the U.S.). Near the end of my stay in Mexico City, a friend took a video of me playing in the street with a newly-made friend:

<https://www.facebook.com/jeff.farrell.9699/videos/644883345898104/>

I played chess with people in Mexico, but I played soccer more often. It was easier and more convenient to hop into soccer games than try to convince people to play me in chess. I did, however, play some chess in the airport and with people in some of the stores.

<https://www.facebook.com/photo.php?fbid=636694753383630&set=t.100011293339179>

Toward the end of my stay in Mexico, I moved into a \$5 a night room in a different house. This house was very close to the other house I had stayed at. Unlike the first location, I was allowed to invite guests to my room at will here. I brought Mexican women back to my room and played them in chess haha. Speaking of women, on average, the women in Mexico City are more flirtatious than women in Boston. I suspect it is because gringos are highly sought-after there. A lot of women I hung out with were clearly just friends. The thing was, I was clearly getting much more attention in Mexico City than Boston. Now, here I am, sitting in the Boston area, 26 and single haha (at the time of publication, I am 33; I was 26 when this was written).

Que más? The food is VERY cheap in this area. And high quality too. There are various venders in the street selling tacos, pambazos, and various other Mexican food. The pambazos

(<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pambazo#/media/File:PambazosDF.JPG>) only cost about 20 pesos or 1 USD! If you stick to eating street vender food, you basically get small restaurant quality food in the U.S. for about a dollar or two in Mexico City haha. Oh, and the tacos are way better here than in the U.S. They put lime in their tacos, and the ingredients are just higher quality. Oh, and lime is huge here. They put lime in practically everything: soup, meat, smoothies, etc. They also put ketchup on pizza, and they eat different cheeses. Oaxaca and chihuahua (my favorite!) are very popular here.

One cultural difference is that smoking is much more popular here than in the Boston area. For example, no one in my family smokes.

I was in Mexico City for about 3 months, and I learned the bulk of my Spanish there. By the end of my stay, I could say much more than “Quieres jugar ajedrez conmigo?”

There were other changes. I lost weight quite rapidly in Mexico, even though I was eating the same amount I was at home. I bought a few shirts in Mexico City, like the Mario shirt and Duff one. I also made a ton of friends there, to the degree it felt necessary to write many of my Facebook posts in Spanish. My Facebook page is now bilingual haha.

Cuba

I left Mexico City for Havana, Cuba on August 8, 2018. Yet again I used Airbnb. I lived in Vedado my whole stay, but I lived in two different houses.

The first house was near Fabrica de Arte and Parque Lennon. I used the park near Hotel Cohiba for internet. The Cubans were quite nice, and they showed me the ropes. They taught me how to use Zapyra for bluetooth file sharing, and in addition, they assisted me in making videos.

The second house was near Hotel Presidente and Habana Libre.

I played soccer in the local parks. I befriended a group of kids through soccer, and they assisted me in finding my own soccer ball in Havana. I paid them some money, and in exchange, they, in a group, led me to what appeared to be a tiny mall attached to Habana Libre. There, I purchased my green soccer ball, which was of pretty high quality (much better than the red ball I would later purchase in Canada, but we'll touch upon that later).

Hotel Presidente was my go-to internet spot. I befriended the staff there, and I juggled my soccer ball to entertain them. Using internet here cost 2 dollars an hour, but unlike the park (\$1 an hour) where I could only use my phone, here, I could use their computers. Mucho más fácil jaja.

Oh yeah, using internet in Cuba generally costs money. People pay money to buy cards that specify login credentials to use internet for a specified amount of time. I would buy card after card haha.

<https://www.facebook.com/jeff.farrell.9699/videos/655622051490900/>

I quickly developed a reputation for my soccer-playing in the area.

Neighborhood kids would ask me to juggle in front of them. One day, very close to the end of my stay, I had my umbrella (in case of rain), and I juggled with the umbrella in front of a bus full of people. Multiple people on the bus whipped out their phones and took videos. About 10 minutes later, a pedestrian took a video with my phone of me doing the same, and I uploaded it to Facebook.

<https://www.facebook.com/jeff.farrell.9699/videos/672660563120382/>

One difference I noticed in Cuba compared to the U.S. (and a lesser degree Mexico) is the people's excitement whenever I played soccer. They REALLY

liked it when I played soccer in Cuba. After seeing me play, people would treat me like their best buddy. Americans just don't care or at times even get annoyed with me. And Americans NEVER take videos unless I explicitly request for them. Cubans took videos without asking for their own personal usage.

In Havana, I have a larger reputation for soccer than chess. In Boston, I have a larger reputation for chess than soccer.

I did however play some chess during my stay in Havana. At first, I only played people in the street.

<https://www.facebook.com/jeff.farrell.9699/videos/648528982200207/>

<https://www.facebook.com/jeff.farrell.9699/videos/648542085532230/>

Soon later, I went to Club Capablanca and played a strong player there (2157). We played a few matches. I won the first and lost the rest. The videos on Facebook are of the second match.

<https://www.facebook.com/jeff.farrell.9699/videos/654622764924162/>

<https://www.facebook.com/jeff.farrell.9699/videos/654900718229700>

I lost a bit more weight in Cuba, especially during the period I was sick (gastroenteritis).

On my way out of Cuba, airport security took my green ball from me. I was told I was not allowed to bring the ball on the plane. I took a picture for my Facebook of the last time I saw my ball.

<https://www.facebook.com/photo.php?fbid=673909612995477&set=pb.100011293339179.-2207520000.1536680411.&type=3&theater>

Canada

On Sep 1, 2018, I took a flight from Havana to Montreal, Canada. Why Canada? The flight was rather cheap, and I had never been to Canada before. I spent the day in Canada, and the first thing I did was buy a new soccer ball (my red one). Soon later, one of the Canadians kindly took a video of me juggling the soccer ball outside a McDonald's.

<https://www.facebook.com/jeff.farrell.9699/videos/677530259300079/>

The ball, although decent, is not quite as good as the ball I used in Cuba. It's noticeably smaller. It said it was a size 5 when I bought it...

Afterwards, I did some sight-seeing, and I juggled the ball in front of some Canadians who were curious as to why I was carrying a soccer ball around. That night, every hotel I visited was fully booked (like 10 of them), so I ending up staying up all night in Battle Cyber Cafe (for 25 dollars I could use one of their computers from midnight to, if I recall correctly, 10 am). The next afternoon, I boarded a Greyhound bus headed to Boston. I arrived in Boston that night and took a taxi to my family's house in Dedham.

Hospitalogue - Pt. 1

I am sitting here typing this at Newton Wellesley Hospital. I am currently here against my will and not permitted to leave. I am too nonviolent and peaceful for my own good haha.

So what am I doing here? Just chillin. People ask if I hear voices or am suicidal. The answer is currently "no" to both. The thing I desire most is to escape; I am more inclined to escape than kill myself. Why escape? Because I resent confinement. I would rather be at home chillin on the couch eating pizza. In fact, if they let me out now, I will go home and take a picture or video of me eating pizza on my couch and put it on Facebook. Por que no?

I've been mingling with the staff and fellow inmates. This is my third time here, so I know the lay of the land. Carmen, one of the nurses, is Italian, and he speaks Spanish and English also. He apparently taught Spanish, but I have no idea how he learned it. I've practiced my Spanish with him briefly. My assigned doctor this time is an Indian woman named Neramballi (spelling?). Orlikov (spelling?) was my doctor from last time. A lot of the assistants wear MCPHS uniforms - the hospital must heavily recruit from there.

We have many activities planned during the day. I like Task Group and Computer Group best since they are the only times I can use the computer. I look forward to these groups every day. I dislike Exercise Group because it is too effeminate for my tastes. I do like exercising, however. I am known to do laps around the unit excessively.

In addition to planned activities, I enjoy talking on the phone with friends. I haven't been able to make an international call, but I've been talking on the phone with my U.S. friends like James Van Bebber and Edward Yu (buddies from college). Trilok and Tasha (my best friend from college and his girlfriend)

visited me two days ago, and I look forward to more visits. Visits keep me calm and happy.

Currently, at the hospital, I eat lots of pretzels. I have a pile of empty bags in my room. I do not like the hospital food because it tastes like shit. I prefer anything else, and people have offered to sneak in food from the outside. I miss my Mexican friends very much. I miss their food (pambasos son muy deliciosos y me gustan los tacos con limon en la calle). I miss playing soccer in the park with all those teenagers. I miss teaching English in the marketplace. And most of all (haha you saw this phrase coming), I miss being there and not being trapped in a goddamn hospital haha. I am completely trapped like a caged rabbit. A rabbit that eats pretzels. Quiero irme ahora y comer pizza en mi sala. Si. Jaja.

My Character Profile

- Enjoys making light of dire situations as a coping mechanism
- Does not think through many actions; other actions, he thinks things through quite thoroughly
- Erratic
- Has a need to fixate on a task and see it through to completion before moving on to another task, unless another task pops into his head this is of greater importance
- Does not like authority, especially corrupt or incompetent figureheads
- Stalls when conflicted with a troublesome situation with no clear resolution

- Emulates many of his father's mannerisms, including hand and arm gestures
- Lies when trying to protect himself, but is otherwise more honest and open than average
- Prefers friends to family members currently; this was different in the past
- Easily makes friends and acquaintances utilizing his desire for socialization
- Acquired his social skills from his father
- Above average intelligence, but lately, intelligence fluctuates greatly
- Declining memory
- Memory for names is terrible, but memory for events and details persists
- Likes dark and snarky humor
- Currently fluent in English and highly conversational in Spanish. Likes showing off his newly-acquired Spanish skills
- Resents captivity especially when initiated by force, and even more especially when initiated by an authority rather than a peer
- Likes and forms affection with peers in contrast to his feelings toward authority
- Dislikes generalizations when applied to himself but makes them regardless to readily make sense of the world
- His appearance fluctuates greatly. He prefers consistency in appearance, except when it applies to haircuts
- Hates being chubby

- Wishes the world would be honest and forthright, since the truth should speak for itself and allow for a commonly-agreed upon outcome. People lie out of convenience, tradition, etc. He feels it is sometimes justified but usually isn't
- 26 years old (note: at the time of writing this...I'm 33 as of the publication of this book). His age explains much of his behavior. For instance, since he is single and without children, he can more readily travel. He is also at a more sensible age to "play the field" and still merely consider settling down. Many people presume he is older and are baffled by his behavior.
- Does not like being called "sir". He believes it should be reserved for older persons. (Note: at the time of publication, at the age of 33, he is completely fine with being called "sir")
- Is nonviolent, even in situations when it is practical to do so.
- Likes walking. Used to jog. Also likes soccer and chess.
- Is losing consistency in personality and other behavioral patterns; they seem to adjust depending on the environmental circumstance
- Is very analytic
- Does not like tradition or rigid thinking; believes society should be flexible and readily adapt to change. More greatly venerates societies with more "rebellious" people, such as the Cubans
- Can readily overlook flaws in others if they have redeeming qualities
- Adapts well to change; outlook on life quickly flexes to accommodate his newly-acquired situation

- Thinks temporary chaos is justified for long-term improvement of the world; chaos is sometimes necessary to correct an injustice
- Thinks certain cherished and grave institutions should be opted for casualization
- Thinks the poor should be provided for somehow, and certain public programs are necessary for providing a baseline standard of living and improving the lives others by indirectly correcting some of society's ills
- Feels his behavioral patterns and intentions are often different from others which leads to great confusion and misunderstanding. You can't think "what would I do in Jeffrey's shoes?" You must think "what would Jeffrey do in Jeffrey's shoes?"
- Prefers being called Jeff rather than Jeffrey generally. In some contexts, Jeffrey is acceptable: from parents, close friends, or out of humor. His own usage of Jeffrey is in a jocular manner.
- Bites nails not out of nervousness but rather out of habit (developed as a kid)

Character Profile Pt. 2

-likes having a cluttered bedroom although insists on organization in other areas of life

-fast typist. Used AIM a lot as a kid.

-willing to take risks in the face of great uncertainty

-oftentimes does not realize the consequence of certain actions, whether the consequence is positive or negative.

- attracted to women and sometimes men who look like women.
- has a huge range of women he is attracted to. Specifications: 18-40, any ethnicity, but recently Latina and African. Tastes fluctuate.
- has only had one long-term relationship (~1 year) with a woman a few years younger than him. Usually has trouble getting dates due to fear of initiation, trouble with social cues, and whatever his current life situation happens to be at the time (this fluctuates)
- Is very good at making friends but struggles in getting a female companion. Amuses women by creating humorous situations, but he has no idea how to proceed from there. God only knows how he managed to have that relationship haha.
- Had other sexual encounters that occurred only due to his other more desirable traits. Failed to continue due to a combination of his persona and a lack of picking up on “hints” on what to do or how to further proceed.
- Music is an important part of his life. Taste in music: classic rock mostly. Favorite bands: The Beatles, The Rolling Stones, The Who, NY Dolls, The Clash, Genesis (Peter Gabriel era), The Kinks. Reads about music thoroughly yet plays no instrument.
- Continues to maintain living at his parents’ house as a permanent residence despite often (and often not) having adequate resources to move out. Prefers cutting costs and likes his childhood home. Realizes it is a tad weird to still be at his parents’ place at his age. Has definitely considered moving out but doesn’t foresee it in the immediate future.

Pre-Hospital D.C. Adventure

I acquired a permit for street performances in the city of Cambridge, MA. I busked (did street performances for cash) in Harvard Square and outside the student center of MIT. I barely made any money (only enough to buy pizza each time), but I enjoyed it quite thoroughly.

In a conversation with one of my Mexican friends via Facebook Messenger, it was recommended that I try busking in NYC or D.C., as there are more people in these locations. Hence, I said goodbye to some Dedham acquaintances (workers at the library, 7-Eleven, Dunkin Donuts, etc.) and set off for D.C. I took a Greyhound bus from South Station to Union Station. In South Station, I got bored, and a kind stranger took a video of me juggling.

<https://www.facebook.com/jeff.farrell.9699/videos/715810115472093/?l=3630352978807989837>

I was in D.C. from Oct. 10, 2018 to Oct. 18, 2018 (roughly? I don't recall exactly).

I juggled my soccer ball while in Union Station, and I befriended some of the Latino staff by speaking Spanish. Here is a video of me playing at Union Station:

<https://www.facebook.com/jeff.farrell.9699/videos/714170035636101/?l=7859024851627680739>

I later played at Dupont Circle. I have two videos of me juggling my soccer ball there, on different days.

<https://www.facebook.com/jeff.farrell.9699/videos/714500192269752/?l=563594934775327379>

<https://www.facebook.com/jeff.farrell.9699/videos/715656242154147/?l=52505063809180427>

Later, I played in front of the White House. I wanted to play in front of a notable landmark and what better choice than the White House?

<https://www.facebook.com/jeff.farrell.9699/videos/715986398787798/?l=1865552809714146480>

My Mexican friend Jonas made a request, and I followed through with this:
video:

<https://www.facebook.com/jeff.farrell.9699/videos/716451858741252/?l=989143890522974827>

My Bostonian friend Diane requested a postcard, but I didn't feel like getting one, so I dedicated this video to her:

<https://www.facebook.com/jeff.farrell.9699/videos/716902108696227/?l=8130386701706310397>

I made a brief one-day sojourn in NYC. I busked in Times Square and used the money to return to D.C. Here is a video of me juggling in Times Square (not for money at the time):

<https://www.facebook.com/jeff.farrell.9699/videos/714866885566416/?l=7358217783590135677>

Where did I stay during my trip to D.C.? I slept during the bus rides to and from D.C. and spent my final night at Central Union Mission, a homeless shelter close to Union Station. The people there remember me for my soccer juggling.

The next step in my journey...

Right now, I am currently at Newton-Wellesley Hospital. I am not permitted to leave, and I was brought here Oct. 19.

When I am released, I plan on going home. I want to take a picture or video of myself eating pizza on the couch by the window in the living room.

I want to attend the Partial Program at Arbour Counseling in Jamaica Plain, the same place as last time. I intend to attend the program for its 2 week duration.

One of the counselors speaks Spanish. And unlike last year, I will be able to converse with her in Spanish. I already left Betsy (my favorite counselor) a voicemail detailing my current situation and my desire to continue the Partial Program in the near future (as soon as I depart from Newton-Wellesley Hospital). I already contacted my social worker about my current lack of health insurance, and she has stated that she pinged my financial counselor about the matter.

If I had it my way, I'd be out of Newton-Wellesley Hospital today (obviously...to anyone who has spoken with me or read my Facebook statuses) and in the Partial Program. I like freedom very much.

Another Day at Newton-Wellesley

My health insurance is all squared away now. Everything related to it will take effect Tuesday next week. When I wake up Tuesday (Nov. 13) , the Partial Program will be funded for me.

My meds were just increased. Before, I took meds only at nights, but now I have morning meds too. I'm not quite sure why this change was brought about, as I do not know what symptoms are being exhibited to cause such a shift.

What have I been up to? I've mostly been chilling here, chatting to everyone in English and Spanish. Me gusta practicar mi espanol. Some of the people who speak Spanish here don't like talking to me in Spanish, and they ignore me. Some of them talk to me in Spanish though, like a female custodian I recently met. Ella es muy simpatica.

I also printed out a PDF on Esperanto, in the hopes of learning this language. I'm starting to have second thoughts though. I might prefer learning a language like French, which is more actively used.

My mom told me she'd bring in an iPod (I've never actually used one), which will help pass the time. I might be able to put learning resources on the device, so I can study and walk about.

I'm not sad or nervous here currently (people keep asking). Just really bored haha

Back Home

On Friday, I was discharged from Newton-Wellesley Hospital after a month of being confined against my will. I certainly enjoy the greater freedom I have on the outside, along with the increased computer usage.

So how do I feel? Actually a tad worse than the days leading up to the incident. I was cranky on the day of the incident, but before that, I was blissfully content juggling in D.C. and eating their overpriced pizza. Maybe I need to juggle a soccer ball again to get back into a good mood.

I don't really experience depression...ever (well, nearly ever). In general, I'm more likely to be anxious than depressed and more likely to be bored than

anxious. I get bored very easily, and I need to be entertained almost constantly. I have been like this since I was a child, and I have coping mechanisms for it; when hospitalized, my coping mechanisms are removed. And I am currently not hearing voices in my head. I keep repeating this, because people ask me a lot. I heard voices in my head a year ago, but they suddenly stopped. It confuses some people when I tell them this. Perhaps other symptoms I've been experiencing are co-morbid with hearing voices? I am, however, experiencing other mental and bodily changes. My memory has been in decline...at the age of 26 (at the time of writing this...I am 33 as of the time of publication) . Perhaps this is due to the meds? My speech might have been affected by the meds too; I experienced an increase in the usage of malapropisms during my hospital stay (this didn't occur at all before the stay...). Luckily, now that I'm out, I haven't noticed myself saying any blatant verbal mistakes in the past couple days. People also tell me I look different, and that my appearance fluctuates greatly. I did gain weight at Newton-Wellesley Hospital...

Do I regret traveling? Absolutely not. I had the time of my life in Mexico, Cuba, Canada, and D.C. Perhaps coming back was a bad idea...Massachusetts police might be a tad stricter than in other places, but I don't really know. Maybe Cuban police would have done the same; I do not know their policy and how it differentiates from that of where I'm from. Since I wasn't actually going to attempt suicide, I would have preferred that the police chilled with me and then departed after I indicated I wouldn't actually kill myself. But instead, I was brought to a hospital against my will, where I faced approximately-one-month detainment and afterward received a bill in the

mail. It was an 842-dollar Facebook post haha. At least I was introduced to Lactaid in the hospital. That stuff tastes great.

Oh, and here's the video I promised everyone:

<https://www.facebook.com/jeff.farrell.9699/videos/733306797055758/>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vpP6GtRKtL0>

Here's to sitting on the couch eating pizza haha

My Current Symptoms (Subject to Change)

I wrote this while I was at Bournewood Hospital.

- Fluctuations in intelligence and personality (amongst other things...most notably those). Has trouble speaking at times and his speaking vocabulary is in decline. His word usage differs dramatically from that he used in the past. This symptom just developed while at Bournewood Hospital.
- Lots of energy. Enjoys walking.
- Declining memory (long-term and short-term). Used to be able to recall the release dates of various movies and songs, but now he is rapidly forgetting them...at the age of 26. So basically, dementia at the age of 26 haha [at the time of writing this; he is 33 now]
- Restless
- Rarely depressed
- Obsessive tendencies
- Erratic

- Rapid physical and mental changes...over the past year, but especially over the past month. Looks much different than he did a year ago.
- Not suffering from any auditory or visual hallucinations. People ask him about this, and they are surprised when he says “no”. He did “hear voices” a year ago, but they stopped entirely around the same time.

I realize records are the best indicators of symptoms, rather than self-testimony, so I intend to record myself more often and track my mental progress by means of video.

My History of Substance Usage

- binge eats as a stress reliever (kind of a drug?). Also binge eats to celebrate.
- binge drank during frat parties in college. Backed away from alcohol after college.
- socially drank in the past but has abstained entirely from alcohol for months (had some spiked eggnog while in Mexico City)
- preferences: rum and coke, dirty Shirleys. Finds the term “dirty Shirley” humorous because of its association with his college president Shirley Ann Jackson. It was a running gag among some guys at his school. Liked shots for a period due to his experimentation with a ketogenic diet.
- has never tried a cigarette in his life. No one in his family smokes, but drinking problems have occurred on his mother’s side.
- tried pot in college but had never used it prior to college or afterward (he didn’t enjoy the experience).

- likes the smell of pot but hates the smell of cigarette smoke.
- wants to try LSD or a hallucinogen once before he dies. Has never tried it and is curious.
- has never tried “coke” or any other hard drug. Has no interest in hard drugs.
- drinks coffee. Drank coffee heavily at one job because it was free and on tap.

The Hobo Life

Upon until recently, I was staying at my parents’ place in Dedham, MA. Yesterday, due to disagreements about medication usage with my parents, I was firmly told to leave the premises. I packed some clothes, my phone, wallet, etc., and I set off for Boston, MA. As per usual, I took the 36 bus to Forest Hills and took the Orange Line (the only line there) that point onward. Last night, I stayed at a building that allows people to sleep on the floor and use chairs as pillows. It sounds like it would be uncomfortable, but after some minor bodily adjustments, you get quite used to it. My brain still feels a bit fried from the medications and/or hospitalizations I previously had, but I am hoping that this symptom goes away due to discontinuation of the meds. I will eat heartily as a hobo, living the hobo life. I will try to add my new hobo comrades on Facebook.

I’m currently on the quest for a shower...a shower would be helpful. Food and sleeping spots are easy to attain in Boston, but showers are more difficult to come by.

I am thrill-seeking and adventurous and am not bothered by things that would typically bother other people. I'm just trying to figure things out now, because friends have proposed different options for plans that I can pursue.

Diaries of a Hobo Part 1 - 12/21/2018

Today, I spoke with a Jehovah's Witness at Back Bay Station, and he happened to know my uncle Jim. He used to attend the same Hall in Hyde Park as my uncle. The person asked me if I was Brazilian or Portuguese, and I told him I was neither (my dad's side is Irish and my mom's side is British and Scottish). Apparently a lot of people can't tell the difference between Portuguese and Spanish...I know a bit of Spanish, but I know close to no Portuguese. He also asked if my balls were soccer or volley balls, and I assured them that they were soccer balls and proceeded to demonstrate a "rainbow" in front of him. Today, I obtained a free one-day pass at the YMCA in East Boston, and I was able to shower there. It was the greatest shower I've ever had haha.

I spoke with more Latinos on the train in Spanish. The usual. Me gusta practicar mi espanol mucho. Mi espanol todavia es basico, pero trato. Trato jaja.

Now I'm at the Boston Public Library typing this. The Boston Public Library is quite spacious and comfortable, and I like it here.

Diaries of a Hobo Part 2 - 12/24/2018

Today, I showered at St. Francis House. The line was extremely short, and I was quite pleased.

I still need to find a way to clean my clothes. I'm considering washing them by hand and drying them at Boston Commons haha.

People at St. Francis House keep asking me about the soccer balls I carry around. Whenever I'm asked, I demonstrate my soccer juggling skills briefly. I juggled my ball in front of the cafeteria workers, and one of them said I "earned my meal" via juggling.

Whenever I get bored, I travel around Boston and juggle my soccer balls. I also enjoy chatting with people and adding them on Facebook. My favorite spots to juggle are currently by Faneuil Hall and by the Boston Public Library.

People have asked me why I've never played soccer before, and I'm quite confused. I literally demonstrate a "rainbow" in front of them and do various tricks. How does this indicate one has never played soccer before? I thought it would only suggest that I have played soccer, or at the very least make it ambiguous. It seems that Bostonians don't really know much about soccer or how to properly come to conclusions.

This is basically my soccer resume:

I started playing soccer when I was 5 years old, and I have played on various teams growing up, including The Boston Blast, Bruno United, and Dedham High School's varsity soccer team. In the past few years, I've played at soccer meetups in Watertown, MA and Brookline, MA (using meetup.com). I also played soccer in Mexico City with the teenagers at the local park, and I played with a few friends there at the local marketplace. There's a video of me on my

Facebook wall and YouTube channel playing soccer in the street in Mexico City with a guy I had recently met.

So yeah, I clearly play soccer. I actually did some one-on-ones with some kids I met at the Maverick T stop in East Boston yesterday.

A friend of mine says he might take me to D.C., where I've been informed there is a homeless soccer league (I don't know if this is true, however). So, I might be taking a little trip soon. I'm already well-established there, as I have already spent a week down there. I have a reputation there for my juggling ability, and the staff at the homeless shelter near Union Station all know me (I even added one staff member on Facebook). So yeah, I'm looking forward to it.

Diaries of a Hobo Part 3 - 12/26/2018

I began my homeless career on Dec. 18, 2018 (8 days ago). So far, I have been enjoying the hobo life quite thoroughly. I've been making lots of friends. I suspect that the novelty will wear off soon, as indicated by one of the workers at St. Francis House in Boston, MA.

Yesterday, on Christmas, the quality of food at St. Francis House was better than usual. The cafeteria was also more crowded than usual, and I gave the URL to my Facebook profile to a few of my hobo friends. One of them told me it was "quite the Christmas present".

I also missed my chances with a romantic opportunity. An older Latina woman on the train asked me for my phone number after I performed soccer tricks in front of her and spoke to her in Spanish. Unfortunately, I was unable to provide her with a phone number, as my cellphone is currently unable to make or

receive calls. (I currently only use Facebook to communicate with friends and acquaintances. You know, typical hobo stuff.) And she didn't have a Facebook account...so back to square one haha. In hindsight, I realized I could have acquired her phone number, but time was limited and she had to leave quickly. Next time (if it happens again), I'll be sure to record the woman's phone number on my phone.

I spent the afternoon yesterday at South Station befriending the staff and travelers there to kill time (St. Francis closes early in the afternoon). I added a few people on Facebook, and I hope to converse in Spanish via Facebook with a girl from Fall River, MA. I told another woman about my trip to Cuba, and she thought it was hilarious for some reason. She followed me on Instagram instead of adding me on Facebook, since she "has a boyfriend". I told her that I generally add people on Facebook with no intentions of having any sexual relations whatsoever with them; I only add people because I enjoy chitchatting with them. She still didn't add me on Facebook haha.

I am quite the socially active hobo right now. Or at least I try to be. Since the hospitalization, I have had a bit of a speech impediment (it fluctuates), but my typing appears to be unaffected. If affected, it is quite subtle, subtle enough for me not to be able to notice. And my ability to acquire new friendships and acquaintances only seems slightly hindered now because I possess the ability to explain myself when demonstrating my impeded speech. And interesting result of my hospitalization is that my handwriting now fluctuates...it's not so much fluctuating in legibility as it is in style.

Basically, in the morning and early afternoon, I hang out at St. Francis House, and during the night, I stay at the Boston Night Center, which I like because it

is quite convenient. The lines for everything are short, and everyone gets a place to sleep (the floor haha).

I want to create more videos. I've been creating lots of soccer videos, but I'm considering changing things up a bit. Perhaps I'll do a video of an interview of some sort that includes me or some of my fellow-hobos.

My Programming Background

**I'm currently seeking employment, and I've been using my Facebook profile to promote myself.

My GitHub profile: <https://github.com/linksapprentice1>

From my projects on my GitHub account, you can get a sense of my programming style. Most of my projects are old, since I haven't programmed for some time. Recently, I've been more interested in traveling, teaching English in Mexico, etc. Basically, I've been pursuing other interests for the time being, and since my tastes and priorities fluctuate based on external and internal circumstances, I have no idea if I'll get back into programming in the future.

I have 11 repositories total

(<https://github.com/linksapprentice1?tab=repositories>):

- [WhenWillJeffreyGetAJob](#). When will Jeffrey get a job? Poll! PHP. Updated on Oct 1, 2017
- [SkillSwap](#). Connect with others and barter skills! Web app powered by the CodeIgniter framework. <https://www.codeigniter.com/> HTML. MIT License. Updated on Mar 19, 2016

- [carlin](#). Forked from [thirdchannel/carlin](#). A Small programming test to give to candidates HTML [22](#) Updated on Jun 22, 2015
- [dys](#). Tool to generate schedule webpages (made for Windows). Tcl. Updated on Dec 29, 2014
- [CellLinker](#). Link excel cells! Python. Updated on Oct 8, 2014
- [JeopardyPrepper](#). Prep for Jeopardy! with past clues and solutions of most-commonly-used categories. The material on the show is heavily reused, so this is highly effective. Python. Updated on Sep 28, 2014
- [NewsSentimentor](#). Enter a term, and a box and whiskers plot of news sites' sentiment ratings of most-relevant news articles will be displayed. Python. Updated on Sep 24, 2014
- [KoreanJobChecker](#). Check if your ESL teaching job in Korea is on a blacklist or greenlist! Python. Updated on Sep 22, 2014
- [AttachmentFetcher](#). Specify a time period and file type, and this script will retrieve corresponding inbox attachments. DISCLAIMER: Work in progress. Known to work with Yahoo and jpeg files so far. Python. Updated on Jun 25, 2014
- [TurtleRecorder](#). Draw a path for a turtle (Turtle graphics) to follow! Generates code for the path drawn. Python. Updated on Jun 17, 2014
- [YACP](#) (project from college). Forked from [alexkau/YACP](#). The useable online course scheduler. JavaScript. MIT License. Updated on Mar 17, 2014

LinkedIn profile: <https://www.linkedin.com/in/jeffrey-thomas-farrell/>

Some companies I've worked for (including internships): Jassby, CABEM Technologies, Rezzit21, inSitu Mobile, CMA Consulting, MITRE (Bedford, MA).

Programming languages: Python, PHP, Bash, JavaScript.

Other skills: SQL, HTML, CSS, touch-typing

Favorite programming language: Python. I've used it for scripting mostly. I like the clean syntax. I happen to like the name, since it's derived from Monty Python (I enjoy much of their work). As a side note, my favorite member of the Monty Python troupe is Michael Palin (followed by John Cleese then Eric Idle). I don't like PHP's design philosophy, but I picked it up as the result of a web development class in college (Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute) taught by David Watson. I then continued to use it for convenience and employability purposes. David Watson was probably the best teacher I had at RPI, although I favor Bram's personality (Bram taught Philosophy classes). Jassby, CABEM Technologies, and Rezzit21 were all PHP shops. It's been much easier for me to acquire work at PHP shops rather than Python shops even though I am more knowledgeable about Python than PHP. Hiring managers and HR people generally inquire as to what programming languages you've used on the job, so if you get a job where one language is favored, it's much easier to get employment in a job using that same language.

Favorite text-editor: Vim. I've used this distribution of plugins:

<https://github.com/spf13/spf13-vim>

My video game preferences

**I just applied for a job at GameStop, and the hiring manager there might see this haha. I incorporated the link to my Facebook profile in my pitch.

I haven't played video games for a while, but growing up, I played countless games. I was obsessed with video games, and my siblings would often watch me play.

I generally prefer Nintendo consoles. I do, however, appreciate the PS2 for its vast library of games.

I have read a lot about video game history (in addition to classic rock history), so I know a lot about video games I haven't played. I had a phase where I read Game Informer a lot.

Favorite video game console: N64. I had a phase where I liked the Wii a lot, but looking back, I prefer the N64 (Super Mario 64, Zelda: Ocarina of Time, etc.). I had a reputation in high school for not being able to stop blabbing about the Wii.

Favorite video game: Super Mario 64. It's basically a masterpiece: the equivalent of Strawberry Fields Forever or Hey Jude to the video game world.

Other games I liked: the Spyro series; Zelda: Ocarina of Time; Golden Sun; Pokémon Red, Yellow, and Gold (as a kid, but as an adult, the Pokémon games would probably bore me).

A few games I enjoyed at an EXTREMELY young age (5-ish): Zombies Ate My Neighbors, the Toe Jam & Earl series, Bubsy II.

A few early memories I have: I was frustrated by a Lion King game on the Sega Genesis (I forget how old I was, but I was pretty young, like 5-ish), watching a neighbor across the street play Super Mario World for fun (my sister and I would go over his house and watch him play this game).

The Sega Genesis was my first console. I believe my aunt purchased it and a few games for me; I forget, though. I'll ask my dad haha. I was 5 years old in 1997, so the Sega Genesis had already been out for about 8 years.

I am much better at soccer and chess as an adult than I am at playing video games. I am quite rusty; I peaked when I was a kid basically haha.

Additional Quirks of Mine

-I'm ridiculously cheap when it comes to certain things (a habit I have acquired from my father). I try to come up with life hacks to avoid paying more for things I don't value. On the other hand, I'm willing to dump funds into things I do value. This is to some degree normal, but the extremity is what makes it different for me.

-I have little reservation in doing abnormal things if they suit my particular interests.

-I enjoy playing soccer, but I don't enjoy watching it. I do not watch sports in general; I also do not value sports teams such as the Red Sox or Patriots despite being from the Boston area. I do, however, enjoy watching chess matches.

-Due to my quirks, I have a particular "type" of woman (personality-wise). In order to get along with me, understand me, identify with me, complement my flaws, etc., it is essential that they basically fit a certain profile (open-minded, above-average intelligence, nurturing, organized, non-traditional, flexible in thought, etc.). One necessity is that they basically don't mind my set of flaws and like my set of strengths haha. It is difficult for me to find a suitable match

unless basically match-made by someone else. My ex was relatively suitable (way more suitable than the average person).

-I have an abnormally large array of acquaintances; I enjoy making friends. I'll literally add just about anyone on Facebook (i.e., the elderly, teenagers, etc.). I don't care haha.

-I have trouble understanding certain groups of people due to lack of insight to their mind and experiences.

-I don't mind sleeping on the floor haha. Most people apparently do.

My Recent Trip to Orlando, Florida

I left for D.C. on February 25, 2019. I had some fun there, and I departed from D.C. the next day. I arrived in Orlando, Florida on February 27, 2019.

I enjoyed my stay there. Free bus rides were offered in downtown Florida. I could sightsee on the bus and travel around downtown using this service.

I hung out at the Orlando Public Library. One man there offered to play chess with me if I did it at the local homeless shelter with him. I went there, played him in chess, and then left.

Where did I stay? Well, I slept on a bench along Lake Eola. There was a nice view there, and I was quite comfortable. The swans at this location are not afraid of people, which reminded me of the squirrels at RPI that will walk right near people with no visible problems with it at all whatsoever.

I was able to get cheap deals in Orlando, as I scoped the area my first few days. I also applied for work at many restaurants, and I was able to kill two

birds with one stone. I frequented a restaurant named Jimmy Hula's and ate \$1 piles of tortilla chips there. At another restaurant named Fuzzy's, I was able to get free chips by joining their VIP club.

There are some downsides of being in Orlando as opposed to being home in the Boston area. The people there can be a bit uptight. For example, in a few stores, people were a tad rude to me for window shopping, but I never receive that treatment in Boston.

I was robbed in Orlando, Florida in the laundromat on Church Street near Popcorn Junkie. The signs in the laundromat indicate that there is 24-hour surveillance at this location, and the situation was probably caught on camera. The fact that my backpack and all its contents were stolen was the reason that I decided to go home so abruptly.

My parents purchased the bus ticket on March 6, 2019. One of the staff members at the Greyhound station in Orlando insisted that I not stay at the station overnight to wait for my bus early in the morning. I pretty much had to wait outside in the cold. At 1 AM, I returned to the station prematurely (against the staff member's orders) and asked a different staff member if I could wait for my approximately-5-AM bus ride. She was really nice and let me stay there. I had been to other Greyhound stations in different parts of the country, and in situations like this one, they always let me spend the night provided I leave early in the morning. I don't know if it is the policy for that station in particular to not let tourists spend the night for an early-morning departure.

I departed from Orlando on March 7, 2019.

My Taste in Music

I like classic rock in general.

The Beatles are my favorite band. I listen to their music nearly every single day.

My favorite album of theirs is Revolver, although I enjoy listening to every one of their albums.

My favorite song of theirs is Dear Prudence. Other favorites include Here There and Everywhere, In My Life, Got to Get You into My Life, She's Leaving Home, Help!, I Am the Walrus, Golden Slumbers, Don't Let Me Down, and All My Loving.

I may enjoy most of their songs, but there are a few songs I dislike by them.

One of them is Maxwell's Silver Hammer, which my dad is fond of.

In my spare time, I enjoy listening to outtakes of various tracks by this band. I particularly like this version of Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nJoQbLV2sQU>. I prefer it to the version on The White Album. I also like Take 37 of the track Something:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=t8V8l_4Vx68 and this take of Run for Your Life: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yQQ3LQWsTUc>.

I enjoy listening to instrumental covers of their work from time to time. I hold this cover of Do You Want to Know a Secret in high regard:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0c098mE1ZSo>.

Besides The Beatles, bands I like in particular include The Rolling Stones, The Clash, The Kinks, The Who, and Talking Heads.

My favorite album by each respective band:

The Rolling Stones - Beggar's Banquet

The Clash - London Calling

The Kinks - The Kinks Are the Village Green Preservation Society

The Who - The Who Sell Out

Talking Heads - Remain in Light

Additionally, I greatly respect the musician named Captain Beefheart. I love the albums Safe as Milk and Trout Mask Replica. My favorite cuts include Veteran's Day Poppy, Pena, and Abba Zabba. I also like some of his later work, especially the song Ice Cream for Crow.

My Current Symptoms (Subject to Change) - Pt 2

- Fluctuations in intelligence and personality. Sometimes I just can't help myself with the remarks I make haha.
- In certain situations, I've had mental blocks.
- Occasionally, I forget things that just occurred. However, my long term memory is pretty strong. Some people are surprised by how good my long term memory is.
- I'm a tad clumsy at times, and I drop possessions.
- Several people have indicated to me that my appearance fluctuates.

These are forms of identification that I have in my wallet:

<https://www.facebook.com/photo.php?fbid=787974764922294&set=pb.100011293339179.-2207520000.1552928715.&type=3&theater>

They are pictures of me taken at different times.

I used to carry around my red and green soccer balls, but they were robbed from me. My mother recently purchased a new soccer ball for me. Anyhow, here are several photos of me:

<https://www.facebook.com/photo.php?fbid=765881713798266&set=pb.100011293339179.-2207520000.1552928715.&type=3&theater>

<https://www.facebook.com/photo.php?fbid=765470940506010&set=pb.100011293339179.-2207520000.1552928715.&type=3&theater>

<https://www.facebook.com/photo.php?fbid=754185718301199&set=pb.100011293339179.-2207520000.1552928715.&type=3&theater>

<https://www.facebook.com/photo.php?fbid=754124921640612&set=pb.100011293339179.-2207520000.1552928715.&type=3&theater>

Also, you can go through my vast array of videos, and you can indicate to me if you have the same impression. Maybe the fluctuations are slight enough that only some people get that impression. I have the habit of saying similar catchphrases repeatedly (“Hola amigos de Mexico y Cuba”, “Hi, everybody”, “I’m Jeff Farrell”, “Me llamo Jeff Farrell”, “Que te vaya bien. Ciao”, “Peace!”).

You can see all my videos here:

<https://www.facebook.com/jeff.farrell.9699/videos>

As for symptoms I currently am not experiencing (people have asked)...

- I hear no voices in my head (nada.)
- I sleep soundly at night.
- My appetite is strong.
- I feel no depression whatsoever; in fact, I’m pretty happy overall.

I’ve been trying to keep myself active. I’ve applied for work in downtown Boston and other nearby areas, and I’ve been participating in some of my

hobbies (soccer juggling and chess). For the most part, I've been situated in downtown Boston, but I've also visited my parents in Dedham.

I'm feeling pretty good overall, and I'm excited for my 27th birthday party. I'm going to invite all of Facebook. I have limited funds, but I'll try to think of something. I don't care if it occurs in a park, on a plane, or in a hospital haha. I don't plan on being hospitalized any time soon, but, since I've been hospitalized against my will in the past, who knows haha. But rain or shine, I insist on having that birthday party haha. The date of the party is Saturday, April 6 (my birthday itself). Details will be posted on Facebook closer to the date, even if it is a virtual party haha.

Fast Times at Brigham and Women's Faulkner Hospital

I'm currently here on a Section 12. The staff have not made it clear to me why I'm being kept here. I have no interest in harming myself or others, and I did not have such an interest before entering the hospital against my will. I was actively applying for work, eating well, participating in hobbies important to me (soccer and chess), maintaining proper hygiene, etc. I was (and still am) looking forward to my 27th birthday party (I want it to be a pizza party). I do not see deliberately staying at a shelter such as Pine Street Inn or the Boston Night Center as justification alone for me being put here. It was not made clear to me by police why I was put here. I actually tried to go home upon being confronted by police, and they prevented me from doing so. I asked them to call my parents, starting with my father. They couldn't get in contact with my dad, but they spoke to my mother. I was not permitted by police to go

home or to the Pine Street Inn. The police prevented me from leaving until an ambulance came and took me to the hospital.

All of this sounds extremely illegal to me, but, hey, I'm open-minded. Perhaps there is a legal justification. Feel free to share. I acknowledge that I experience certain symptoms of mental illness, but according to my readings, that alone is not legal justification for having the cops pull up to you and have you abducted from the street as you are blissfully walking to Pine Street Inn.

To elucidate what symptoms I'm experiencing (and my overall state of mind at the moment), I suggest you read this Facebook note:

<https://tinyurl.com/y4qtemtl> (/notes/jeff-farrell/my-current-symptoms-subject-to-change-pt-2/803518643367906/)

I've also posted to Facebook quite frequently, providing insight to my state of mind. I recently got back from a pleasure trip to Orlando, Florida (with photos and videos posted on my Facebook wall).

Even though I'm here against my will, I like certain aspects of being here. There is a Recovery Center Computer that I am permitted to use at will. At Newton-Wellesley Hospital, I had a half-hour-designated-computer-period daily at 4:30pm called Computer Group. Here, I can use the computer from 6:00am to 10pm, unless it is currently in use. I am the youngest patient here (26 years old), and I use the computer most. Another aspect I enjoy is the fact that there are younger members of staff here; I like being around people my age. There are also phones available in each room.

There are some downsides of Faulkner Hospital. I currently am under the condition where I have to remain in my room for a half-hour every half-hour.

It's quite irritating haha. I've never had this happen to me at any other hospital.

Luckily, my mother might bring in a laptop for me tomorrow. That way, I can surf the web to my heart's content during these half-hour "timeout periods" as I refer to them. Additional usages I have in mind: updating Facebook and messaging friends, playing chess on lichess, and maybe I'll use OkCupid to get some dates here while in the hospital haha. I turn 27 soon (April 6), and I'm not going to let a hospitalization get in the way of living life.

I might be transferred to Newton-Wellesley Hospital. I put in a request. The staff members know me better, and they are less rigid in their policies there.

My Current Situation

I've been seeking employment in the Boston area in general (apply for work at various restaurants). St. Francis House provides Workforce Development Services, and intend to utilize their resources. I intend to go to an information session held tomorrow on the 4th floor at St. Francis House. Apparently, information sessions are held on Tuesdays and Thursdays in the morning; I just discovered this today. I usually go to St. Francis House for free showers and food. I have used the computers there, but I generally prefer using the computers at the main branch of the Boston Public Library. Sometimes, I go to the branch in Chinatown across the street from St. Francis House.

Some people have asked me why I want a job. My answer: because money is useful in general haha. I need money to fund my pizza party, unless I get my parents to chip in. I'd rather fund it myself, but I might ask my parents to.

Maybe I should start a GoFundMe campaign to fund it and put the link on Facebook. Now that I think about it, I should do that sooner rather than later... Last night, I stayed at the Boston Night Center. I intend to continue staying there in general, but, sometimes, I switch things up and spend the night elsewhere.

A few people have asked me about what happened at Brigham and Women's Faulkner Hospital. I was brought there against my will on March 18, 2019. My parents visited and met several members of staff there (including the doctor). I handed out the link to my Facebook page so that the staff members could better understand my background. They wanted me to sign paperwork (I refused to sign certain things) and take medications. I consistently refused to do either. I was discharged on March 22, 2019.

For more information, you can consult these Facebook notes:

[/notes/jeff-farrell/my-current-symptoms-subject-to-change-pt-2/803518643367906/](#)

[/notes/jeff-farrell/fast-times-at-brigham-and-womens-faulkner-hospital/805395059846931/](#)

The statement I had prepared for my most recent hearing (Westborough Behavioral Healthcare Hospital)

Soon after being discharged from Faulkner, the police abducted me and had me sent to Cambridge Hospital, which transferred me to Westborough Behavioral Healthcare Hospital.

At Westborough Behavioral Healthcare Hospital, I prepared a statement for my most recent hearing to determine whether or not I'd be committed. I found out the proceeding's date the day before the proceeding occurred, and the proceeding occurred at the hospital instead of at a courtroom (which I would have preferred...I was presented with no option). I prepared my statement and showed it to my attorney the first chance I had. Unfortunately, during the proceeding, the judge did not permit me to read the statement, or even glance at it, for that matter.

Here is the statement I had prepared:

Hello, my name is Jeffrey Thomas Farrell, and I am 27 years old. I was born at Newton-Wellesley Hospital, and I grew up in Dedham, MA. To learn more about me, consult my Facebook profile, which had approximately 980 friends and followers the last time I checked. I post statuses, notes, photos, videos, etc. quite frequently. It paints a detailed picture of my state of mind, hobbies, rituals, personality, intelligence, etc. prior to the hospitalization over the course of years. The link to my Facebook profile is www.facebook.com/jeff.farrell.9699. I use Facebook as a blog, and a friend of mine posted on my wall that I am here at Westborough Behavioral Healthcare Hospital.

I would like to present a case that I do not meet the criteria for being involuntarily admitted and kept here under Section 12B.

How did I get here? I was waiting outside the Cambridge Public Library waiting for it to be opened. I wanted to use a computer there to chat with friends via Facebook Messenger. The police parked their vehicles and approached me. They decided to section me. I indicated that I did not

meet the criteria for being sectioned, and they sectioned me regardless. When I asked why I was being sectioned, they did not provide me with any reason. They seemed a bit hesitant, and they brought in the chief of police in to discuss the matter over. I was put on an ambulance, and I was taken to Cambridge Hospital, and afterward, I was transferred here to Westborough Behavioral Healthcare Hospital.

I admit that I do experience certain symptoms of mental illness (I wrote about them in a Facebook note mentioned on the About Me section of my Facebook profile). The issue, however, is that I can take care of myself, have no intent to harm myself, and, lastly, I have no intent to harm others. What indicates that I can take care of myself? Before coming here, I primarily stayed at the Boston Night Center and used St. Francis House's services. I had healthy eating habits, maintaining proper nutrition. I applied for work all throughout the Boston area before coming here, and people often gave me free food. I also maintained proper hygiene, as indicated by my Facebook videos and photos, using supplies provided by my parents and St. Francis House. I slept soundly nearly every single night up until the hospitalization (and during the hospitalization for that matter), and I look well-rested in my Facebook videos (or at least most of them). I am generally happy in the outside world, and the videos on Facebook indicate this.

Now, what indicates that I have no intent to harm myself? A lack of attempts for one thing. In addition, I spelled out my goals on Facebook before the hospitalization. I started a GoFundMe campaign to raise funds for my 27th birthday party on April 6, and I promoted it on Facebook.

[Speaking of which...due to the hospitalization (without a computer on hand) and the fact that I haven't pressed "Withdraw", I was unable to have a large party as was intended. I haven't decided whether to go through with the party at a future date or, instead, try to get everyone's money refunded.] Upon release, I intend to continue to apply for work and perhaps get a girlfriend.

And now to address the last criterion; I have no intent to harm others. I am quite nonviolent. I am verbal, not physical generally; I never get in fights and try to avoid physical altercations. Furthermore, there are currently no police reports that indicate that I have acted violently.

In summary, I have records on Facebook and other social media platforms broadcast to numerous people primarily in the U.S. These records shine a light to my behavior before the hospitalization, which seems to be that I can care for myself, not harm myself, and not harm others, all the while feeling generally happy.

Atlanta, Georgia Pt. 1

Soon after being discharged from Westborough Behavioral Healthcare (it took me a month to get out of there), I went to Atlanta, Georgia. This is what I've been up to.

When I arrived, I had plenty of disposable income, and I stayed at Embassy Suites in Sandy Springs. I explored Atlanta and did some sightseeing. As I was strolling down Martin Luther King Jr. Dr., a random stranger approached me and proceeded to assault and mug me. I filed a police report, and an

ambulance took me to Atlanta Medical Center to have my wound attended to. I used Airbnb for the night of the hospitalization (the hospital staff wouldn't release me back into the streets, and all the homeless shelters in the area were closed). I've been staying at the Atlanta City Baptist Rescue Mission ever since. During the daytime, I walk all over Atlanta and do sightseeing. The wound on my forehead scares some people, and they jump to conclusions. Some people have assumed that I must have gotten into a fight, even though I am nonviolent and that is not in my nature. My favorite hangout spots are Highland Bakery and Kitchen, Gateway Center, Woodruff Park, and Crossroads Ministries. I've met a variety of people in Atlanta. My favorite people are Officer Davis, Dennis, and the nice woman at Highland Bakery and Kitchen. My mother said that she is going to send me a small amount of cash via mail so that I can do my laundry and fix myself up. It is anticipated to arrive at Atlanta City Baptist Rescue Mission in 3 to 4 days.

Atlanta, Georgia Pt. 2 : Atlanta City Baptist Rescue Mission

I've been enjoying my stay at the Atlanta City Baptist Rescue Mission. The food here is good, but it's not as good as the food at Pine Street Inn in Boston (the food there is restaurant quality). The staff here have a sense of humor and like to mess around with me.

Although most of the staff members are friendly, a couple of them are strict. I've been told that I'm too chatty and need to quiet down.

My views contrast greatly from those of the disciples and staff members here. I'm a liberal and nonreligious, and most of the people here are conservative

and devout Christians. In multiple sermons given, there was pro-young-Earth-Creationism lecture, but there is overwhelming evidence in evolution (I understand that a higher power could exist at the same time). One man told me I need to "open up my heart", but I don't see how that has anything to do with believing in a higher power or not.

Atlanta, Georgia Pt.3: Hope Atlanta

I'm currently at Hope Atlanta. Julian, one of the outreach case managers, has provided me with a laptop temporarily to contact my friends and family on Facebook. My phone was stolen (on a separate occasion from my wallet), and I have been unable to use Facebook for some time.

Yeah, I keep having things robbed from me all the time haha. On the first day I was in Ecuador (this was when I was 25), two men on a motorcycle rode up to me in broad daylight. They hopped off their motorcycle, and they threatened me with machetes. One of them snatched my backpack, and they proceeded to hop back onto their motorcycle and drive off. They weren't interested in taking my wallet or passport. When I was in Florida, my backpack was stolen from me there, too. My phone was stolen from me in New York City, and here in Atlanta, my wallet was stolen, in addition to my phone on a separate occasion. My mail often doesn't arrive at my parents' place in Dedham; I never received a postcard from my friend in Florida, and I also didn't receive a replacement passport that was sent out to me.

I don't mind being homeless here at all; I like it here in Atlanta. I used up my twenty-one free days at Atlanta City Baptist Rescue Mission, so I stayed at

Gateway Center for a couple of nights. Last night, I slept outside of Gateway center. A woman drove up to me, hopped out of her car, and handed me blankets. The people in Atlanta are so nice haha. Multiple people here have begged me to return to Dedham, Massachusetts, but I prefer it here. I might apply for work at software companies in the area, and I'm considering going to the airport to practice Spanish with the Latinos there (it's quite difficult to find any Latinos in Atlanta; the people here are mostly African American and Caucasian).

I give my parents status reports daily over the phone (I use other people's phones), and they know what I've been up to, my future aspirations, etc. My debit card arrived in the mail, but I'm unable to make any purchases with it, even though it's been activated. I called Citizen's Bank today, and the representative said he was going to have another replacement debit card sent out to me in the mail (he said it should be able to function). I went to a Bank of America location yesterday, and I discussed with a representative the possibility of me opening an account with them there. She told me that I needed valid identification to open an account. My Massachusetts driver's license was in the wallet that was stolen, and all I have is a birth certificate and an expired passport; these possessions are insufficient to open an account there

Atlanta, Georgia Pt. 4

I have some unfortunate news. Last night, I slept outside of Gateway Center, and I was using my backpack as a pillow. When I woke up, my backpack was

gone. I was quite startled haha. I asked everyone around me if they had seen my backpack, and they responded "no". I entered Gateway Center, and I asked the security guard if he had seen it, and he also said "no". He checked the bathroom and shower room, and no backpack was found. Outside, I noticed that various people also had backpacks, and it came across that I was singled out and was the only person who had their backpack mugged. I'm open-minded though; maybe at least one other guy had their backpack stolen, too. I don't really mind that my backpack was stolen. The only items I valued in it were my birth certificate, expired passport, and pair of pants that I had inside. I can get replacement pants at Gateway Center, and I have a duplicate birth certificate at my parents' place in Dedham, Massachusetts. And since my passport had expired, it was kind of useless anyhow.

On the bright side, a new debit card is on its way and should arrive soon. Also, I now have \$80, and it's hidden in a secret location. An assailant would probably have to heavily search me to get at it. I got tested for STDs today, and the results were negative for multiple STDs. I have only had unprotected intercourse with one woman in my life, and I just wanted to check to be certain.

Atlanta, Georgia Pt. 5 Grady Hospital

It all started when I purchased a Mucho Mango Arizona beverage at the Walgreens by Woodruff Park in Atlanta, Georgia. I sat outside drinking it, singing Mean Mr. Mustard to myself. A large, burly man attacked me out of nowhere, and my shoulder was dislocated. I never said a single word to him,

and he didn't steal any of my belongings. I interpreted his actions as sadistic. I told the Georgia State University Police Department in person to call in an ambulance. I was sent to Grady Hospital. I waited in the emergency room for several hours, and my shoulder was treated. Afterward, staff members asked me a few questions. Here are some of the questions, followed by their answers:

"Do you know where you are?" "Brady - no, I mean Grady - Hospital."

"Do you know what the date is?" "Some time in early March. I don't have a phone, and I'm currently unemployed, so I don't bother to keep track of the exact date."

"Are you hearing any voices in your head?" "Nope. Not at all."

"How have you been sleeping?" "Well. I average around 8 hours per night."

"Have you been eating?" "Of course. Why wouldn't I? I have a pot-belly."

Besides, why are you asking me these questions? I was attacked randomly, and I came here to mend a dislocated shoulder."

"Do you have any thoughts of harming yourself or others?" "Nope."

After being prompted with questions of this nature, I was able to speak with a social worker. She told me that she could arrange for me to get housing in Atlanta. I was happy. Unfortunately, doctors interrupted our conversation, and I was never able to speak with the social worker again. I was forced into a psychiatric unit, where I was given Zyprexa. Public safety officials and others gathered around me as it was handed to me, which was kind of disturbing. I was relocated into another unit, followed by one final unit (13A). I was confined against my will. Due to the attack, I did not mind going back to

Dedham at this point, as I wanted shelter and would rather be at home with a laptop or phone than at a boring hospital unit.

Well, anywho, I decided to make the best out of my hospital stay. I befriended other patients and several staff members. I gave them the URL to my Facebook profile, so that they could add me on Facebook at their earliest convenience. Upon finding out that I was from Dedham, one of the staff members told me that he was from Dorchester (a neighborhood of Boston), to which I responded, "What a small world."

I enjoyed doing karaoke. I selected the songs Something by The Beatles and Rave On by Buddy Holly to sing. My singing voice is atrocious, but I sang regardless.

I was prescribed Lithium and Risperdal. I was not told what symptoms I exhibited to justify these medications; I was merely told that I was "not normal". One nurse asked me if I was taking the medications, to which I replied, "yeah, they're like sugar pills." They didn't do anything haha.

The hospital told me I would be released only if I went back home to my parents' place in Dedham, MA rather than stay elsewhere. I agreed to this, and I was discharged Tuesday morning.

Maine

I wished to visit my brother Mack in Ellsworth, Maine. And so, on April 8, 2021, I took a bus from South Station to Bangor, Maine. I was short on cash, so I

intended to travel on foot the rest of the way. I had an inexplicable urge to walk to and cut through the back of a facility. While trying to go through, men in suits came out of the building, and one of them said "Come with me". He took me to a room in the building, and he turned on an audio recording device. He proceeded to drill me with questions about my life (e.g. "Where are you from?", "What are you doing in Maine?", "Do you have any siblings?", "What do they do for a living?") The interrogation process took 5 to 10 minutes. I was worried that I might never see my family again haha. When he seemed satisfied, I said, "I'd like to go back to Massachusetts now. Is that okay?" He responded nonchalantly, "Yeah, sure. The door's right here." I left the building, and I walked to the bus station. Soon afterward, a police officer arrived via car. He said he was there regarding some sort of trespassing. I told the police officer to call my dad, which he proceeded to do. He wrote down my address on a piece of paper, so it's safe to assume that my dad gave him it. He told me he'd give me a ride to a motel to spend the night, since the next bus ride was in the morning. And so, he drove me there, and he since he was a young officer, he reminded me of an officer I knew from Dedham, Officer Twomey. I think of him as Twomey of Maine. I spent the night at the motel, and everyone in the area seemed to be freaking out over something. In the morning, I walked to the bus station, got a ticket, and rode back to Boston.

Houston, Texas

On April 18, 2021, I successfully arrived in Houston, Texas. My phone was stolen on the bus while I was sleeping, and it was apparently replaced by a twenty-dollar bill haha.

The next day, I took a shower at The Beacon and made a few friends. I'm now searching for a place to stay for the night. I visited Star of Hope, and the staff members told me that they wouldn't be accepting any new guests until tomorrow (Monday). I went to a Salvation Army, and it seemed abandoned. I'm going to check out Search and a few other places. I want to stay here longer, as I am having fun exploring and sightseeing.

I just bought a new phone. I don't know when I'll return to Dedham haha. This place is great. The train rides are free, and you can get your laundry done for free at The Beacon.

There are some downsides of this place. Star of Hope hasn't permitted me to stay there. I wasn't told why. Every night, I try to find a creative place to sleep; the police keep shooing me away every time I find a spot I like. Also, some restaurant staff are quite unfriendly; I entered an establishment to sit down and drink a diet coke with other customers, and the waiter insisted I have a to-go menu.

Return Home from Houston, Texas

My dad came to Houston, Texas and boarded a bus with me. We took the bus back to Boston, MA, with several layovers.

Previously, I tried to board a bus without my dad, but there was an angry staff member who shooed me out. With my dad there, no staff member did that.

Neponset River House

As a recommendation from Mike Hinckley, my former therapist, I became a member of Neponset River House (NRH) in Norwood, MA. I go there twice to three times a week to socialize and complete certain tasks.

I've coded a few things. I wrote a VBA script to generate care spreadsheets from attendance spreadsheets. I wrote another VBA script to populate an SDR spreadsheet using data from the attendance tracker. I also created a computer-based member sign in/sign out system with field clicks to log timestamps, using VBA userforms to verify if the correct field is being clicked on. I coded a recipe generator from a spreadsheet with an ingredient to food item mapping. Unfortunately, the clubhouse doesn't use any of the things I've programmed.

When I first started going to NRH, I helped another member with his JavaScript homework assignments.

From time to time, I assist in making photocopies, cleaning the clubhouse, updating the website, and helping in the kitchen.

Occasionally, I play chess with another member of NRH. I win every game haha. He's a beginner.