



FUNCTIONING

SOCIOPATHS



A Qualification, an Intention, a Dedication, an Epigram.

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This story is—  
Completely authentic: and utterly fabricated.

This book is—  
Intended for *you*: if you ever want for company.

It is dedicated to—  
*Susanna*: who seemed to me the amalgam of every woman I had hitherto  
adored.

‘—...—’: A literary giggle.

“...and the wise man sayeth:

'Be careful they don't make you the fall guy!'

I HAVE been suspended (with pay)/most definitely fired!

What a journey this life is turning out to be!”

;)

Xxxxxxxxxxx

I work for idiots.

Functioning Sociopaths

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*Or*

S(h)iti Registrars: The Remora Fish of the Finance Industry

Part I—*Contrata*



## Chapter One

It started—as things often do—with a female.

Ok—:

Kym was Lena's long term friend. We lived with Lena and Malcolm in the last year of Uni; we met them through Roman who we live with now. I remember the first time I saw her. I had come down to London for Lena's birthday. Sam wasn't there. And I really didn't have that many people I talked to; normally we i.e. Sam and I, would sit in the corner, talk amongst ourselves and just throw quotes at each other, and make very small attempts to interact with people. But I essentially just wound up getting absolutely blitzed.

So Lena's northern. And her friends from the north came down and we went to a bar in Dulwich of somewhere of the sort and she was there. I remember just instantly being attracted to her, like, just generally, as you normally are attracted to people. She's very pretty. She's very tall; Brunette. Big brown eyes—this is obviously from me recollecting it now; I am not sure whether I remembered her eyes at the time, or even noticed them.

But Pete was there. And Pete's always been very—Pete excels in environments—boozing. Like me he's Irish. But unlike me he has money. And he wears suites and has a job, that affords/afforded him the luxury of being able to spend money and enjoy himself, I guess. And Pete I believe had met Kym before, and I think they hooked up before.

Anyway, that was the first time I saw her, and they got together and did there thing and I remember the next day when I was crashing at Roman's, he came over – he run away from her. And come to smoke weed we me and Roman and Roman's (then) girlfriend, an Australian named Shona. And he came back to ours (Roman's) and smoked, and I remember; shamefully; one of the only things I said about her to him was:

‘What were her tits like?’

And he described them, and they sounded lovely. And I remember he was saying something like:

‘As soon as we got back to the flat, you could tell that she was a-she know what she wanted. She was a working girl...’

And I think he was probably quite scared of her more than anything. She was quite tomboyish. I can imagine Pete liking quite feminine women. And when I say feminine I mean petit, submissive – and Kym certainly wasn’t that. And that’s probably the reason I liked her so much

The next time I saw Kym, I had come from Devon for New Years. The first time I met her I was still leaving in Eastbourne; still working nights, in The Bentham Mill’s – having a dreadful time of it: Really unhealthy sort of living.

So basically what happened is, my Dad who had worked 25 years at Siti had had a, what is known as bell’s palsy, which is a sort of strokish type thing, and he had that and he was off work for a great deal of time and I can imagine like any sensible person, when things start happening to your body, you start thinking about things greater than pay checks and such, and so he made plans to get out and retire, along with his wife (lovely lady) and he had made moves and decided to go Devon. I think, just a change of environment more than anything.

And so the plan was to move with Annabel, and also Annabel’s mother, who was a *Nintysomething* lady. My Dad and she had lived right around the corner from Una, and Annabel looked after Una, pretty much. And so they all decided to go to Devon, and they rented this lovely idyllic house in Dartmouth; Strete more specifically, and my dad— I remember I was walking through Eastbourne town.

There was a roundabout that separates an area into old town with the Station; and I was walking talking to him on the phone and he invited me to go to Devon, which I thought was a fantastic idea, being that I was having a pretty bad time of it, as me and Sam spent a great deal of time working on an EP which, when finished, wasn’t the ground-breaking musical achievement that we wished it was, even though we spent a great deal of time on it, but also did smoke a lot of weed which whilst doing so probably coloured or view on it, but in hindsight it’s not a bad EP.

And after that Sam hot tailed it to London to stay with Malcolm and Hannah, and I was left working nights in Bentham Mill’s doing— I make it sound harsher than it was: I worked twenty hours a week (two ten hour shifts), Monday and Tuesday, 9 til 7 in the morning, and did that for about a year.

But anyway...Nights weren’t very good for me, being that all I did really was; I ended up just spending a great deal of time in my own head. My job basically involved working in the fresh meat isle. Basically, you’d put stuff

out, like beef, change plinths, all that sort of drudgery; which was fine. The things that did get to you were the lack of sleep and the temperature; it got very, very, very cold.

And it's fine working nights if you are into the routine of it, but having two days a week doing it was almost worse than having five, cause you do two days, and it takes you another two days to get out of the nights, the sleep patterns of it, and then really you get back into a normal routine and then it ends up catching you off guard when you go back on a Monday, and it fucks you over again.

And there was no one you'd talk to, especially in nights in a place, a sort of small town in Sussex; it's not exactly the sort of environment that you'd get educated people. And I remember one of the main books I read, *American Psycho*, as I was working, so that didn't really colour anything and it was a very odd experience.

And the people there were...backwards, flat out just backwards. Borderline retarded slash amazingly bigoted. And you know I can deal with sort of mental deficiencies; but deficiencies in morals I find very hard to deal with. Obviously you didn't express this to them but it's very hard.

And so I was working there, and feeling very, very low in myself and but the good thing was it afforded me a lot of time, and I downloaded a lot of audiobook, and especially lectures, from an American company that deals with lectures for university disciplines. It was quite odd — so whilst you were stacking shelves in this sort of muscle memory way, I was listening to *History of Literature* and *Introduction to Quantum Physics* and *Mathematics*, all this stuff; and you listened to it but often it would just happens to you. Sort of fills your head whilst you're sleeping.

It's almost subliminal; which in hindsight I believe to be quite, it's not always the best thing. The process; all the information that I was absorbing; I'm still finding it very hard to process it all; And Philosophy, lots of philosophy; lots of *Nietzsche*, which was not a very good thing at that point in time. And then, you know, when I wasn't working it was...

In my house we live on a sort of main road; on a road called *Friday Street*. And we live in a house called *Windy Ridge*. It is like a little haven. There is a big old Victorian house with an Annex on the back. And that was where I stayed, and it was a very good place to play music and to learn how to free yourself from—it was a very good place to allow you to get into the mind set of allowing whatever it is to come out of you artistically to come out and not be ashamed of that. And that was of great benefit to me: At that point.

But also it was a very good place to just hide away and smoke lots and lots of weed, and watch lots and lots of interesting stuff, and read lots of interesting books. But essentially be closed off from the world. And coming out of Uni and going straight back to that is a very bad thing, I think. And I am reluctant to advise it, to *anyone*. Because it makes you very closed off and very self-centred, I guess.

And at a certain point I got the call from my Dad. He said:

‘Look, we’re going to Devon. You should come. It’ll be a change of environment, you know-’.

And I thought: that’s a brilliant idea. Because since their divorce—

Divorce is a very, very complex thing, because—I doubt many people are really; because it’s a relatively new thing. I think that there is a lot still to process, as the effects on children and stuff like that.

Whilst we still saw our Dad, and he no doubt loved us very, very, very much; we didn’t live with him. And especially with us growing up, it was very hard to, for him to *know* us.

So I thought that was a very good idea. So anyway I decided to move up to Devon, and see how that was. And it was a pretty profound experience.

## Chapter Two

The house that we stay in, my Dad had rented from a weird couple who I only met a handful of times. Whenever they'd come round I would skirt off into my room. Because of the way the house was set up.

It was a—you came on to a sort of gravelled driveway. And then there was the house. As you went into the door, into the house, to the right there was a little toilet. And then as you walked through the hallway there was an open living room area, with a massive window that looked out onto the garden.

And then past the garden there was a field where there was cows and sheep, depending on the time of the year. And when you were passed that there was the sea. So as you walked into this house there was this amazing view. It was just lovely. And if you turned left, and around a corner there was the kitchen. And it was all very plush; granite surfaces; connected to that there was a little utilities room with a second fridge. Almost to the right of the house, as you entered, there was a living room.

The living room had a window and a sort of fresh seat that you could lie on, at that look out onto the garden. And then there was a door in the living room that went in through to a sort of annexed off — not like the annex in Friday Street; this was almost like a second part of the house, where Annabel's Mum stayed. And that was an almost microcosm of the house itself. I never really went in there much, but it was nice enough.

So as you came into the house there was the hallway that led into the dining room. And then to the right of the dining room there was the living room. And before that there was the stairs up to the first floor of the house. On the first floor of the house there was a bathroom. There was a bathroom with a shower and a toilet in it, but then there was a secondary bathroom that just had a massive bath in it; and a bidet and a toilet. And it was just sort of a room just for a bath. And it was lovely.

But the weird thing about the house it that dotted around everywhere there was these really ostentatious pictures of women; often just topless women: Everywhere. And they were the art of the man. And they were just a bit bizarre. He was a bit of a perv, I think. So there was the two bathrooms and as you carried on there was two bedrooms on the second floor.

One, my Dad and Annabel's took to be their living quar—their bedroom. The other one was a spare room. The funny thing—the spare room always got the better light. And at the end of the stay I think they'd wished they'd gone—like always; my Dad always wishes he picked a different room to stay in. He always feels that he'd lost out.

So that was the second floor.

And the third floor was where I was staying. And the third floor had a spare bedroom, and then it had my room, and the toilet—it was a very small space, but it had a toilet; sink; and you saw out into the garden and it was a very good view. You could sit on the toilet and look out into the garden which was a bit bizarre. I often wondered if anyone saw me. Say that they—my Dad and Annabel were conversing with the couple; *the landlords*, as it were; if they'd ever caught a glimpse of my sitting on the toilet. Doubtful—but it came into mind.

My bedroom had a, there was almost like two parts to it. As you came in there was a door which you would always bang your head because it was far too small. Because obviously they'd decided to make it a—I think they must have decided to convert it, or something. And then you walk through it, trying not to hit your head, even though everyone did.

And then there was a little area with a computer desk, with a window looking out. And there was a sofa and a little chair. And then there was a sort of enclave; a very thin passage. And then you'd lower, maybe a step down. And then there was the bedroom; Lovely bed. There was an almost—if you're ever on a boat, like these sort of places that you put canoes, I know that sounds bizarre but that's what I always think about when I see it, which I basically stored all my books and stuff like that.

And there was two boxes underneath this canoe place, and that's where I had my music stuff and the weed that I'd brought down with me.

Before I decided to move up there, I needed to save some money. Because I needed some money to live—well that's what my Dad keeps saying. And so he got me some temp work at *Siti*. The good thing is, since University he'd managed to get me seasonal work. So Easter, and summer work in the proxy section of *Siti Registrars*.

And that gave me enough money to—and plus he worked there and I could get to stay with him and Annabel at the place they were at before they were at Devon. And it meant that you didn't spunk it all. If I was living with my mates I would have spent it all on just going out and getting pissed. Or just on drugs. But they were very good; and regimented. And you couldn't help but get taken in by that. And it was a very good way to not spend the money. So I'd worked there, seasonal work for

about three years. And then I took six weeks work just before I went to Devon. So I'd saved some money up. I was doing really, really well. And then I remember we were watching a football game and I'd been drinking and I was in a pretty good mood. And then I thought:

*We'll, fuck this! If I'm going to be going to—*

And we were talking about Devon. And I thought:

*We'll...what a perfect place to—*

Because the plan was to go there and to just do music. I thought a good place to do music. Different environment and stuff like that.

So about a week before they were moving up there; cause they were moving up there maybe two weeks before I'd join them. And they were packing up all their stuff. We had stuff boxed up. And so basically what I did is I got Roman to pick me up and I went and met one of my Uncle's friends. Chelsea Paul.

All these names are gonna be changed, by the way.

And — I think we lost to Tottenham, or something like that. But anyway I went to see him. And I picked up, I think, *two Ounces*. I can't remember. You know, the minds—it's very hard to actually remember the specifics. I'm pretty sure I picked up two Ounces. But it could have been one Ounce and then another Ounce. But it was pretty good. I think it was imported from Amsterdam. And because you are buying the quantity, you get more for it.

So I bought two Ounces of weed. And I went to Roman's. He was still really involved with Shona. But I was fine cause I had some weed. And it was around the time of the elections, I think: The Lib Dem—the elections that resulted in the coalition government. So I went back and I watched a bit of that. Then before—I took a bit of it because basically I was gonna stay at Roman's for the next couple of weeks whilst I worked, because my Dad was going away.

And so what I did was I went back to my Dad's house and I basically I wanted to, I needed to, I couldn't take to Ounces of weed on the train with me. Because it's very hard to argue that that is just for your own consumption, I guess. Ever though it's pretty—you can argue it pretty well. I know a lot of people who *bulk buy*. It's the same standards as any sort of purchase of a product. And I had two boxes of books. And I put it in one of the boxes of books, wrapped it all up so it didn't smell, and I kept a bit for myself.

And I went up there two weeks later, after I'd finished work, and I had *all this* weed. So I found myself in the amazing position where I was in

Devon, without a job; but with money, with all my music equipment, and two Ounces of weed. And the good thing was, because my Dad doesn't didn't know or doesn't know I smoke—it's different; my Mum's completely different.

I am very honest with my Mum; we have a very different relationship than I have with my Dad. My Dad's Ten years older than my Mum, and he's—I don't know—I guess we wouldn't like it. In hindsight, I think he knows, because when I was leaving Devon I was talking to Annabel; we were having a conversation about what I was going to do and she, out of the blue really; caught me really off guard—she was like:

'Are you going to stop smoking weed?'

And I was taken aback by it, and the first thing I could say was:

'I assume so: because, you know, I won't really have any money.'

And so, I don't know whether she was wise to it. My theory is that maybe he brother smokes a bit of it; or a lot of it. I don't know. So he must have known.

But the good thing was, when I was there you couldn't—because when you're smoking with people; so there is three of you or whatever; and you're all equally smoking the same amount of weed, you don't realise how stoned you are—but when you're with people who are straight, they can tell. It's pretty hard to deceive them. So basically what it meant was that the quantities that I was imbibing was just less.

And it was really quite good because I always found that musically you can get to a point—weed's very, very, good *artistically*; there's something about the way it—there is a *Norman Mailer* quote that I can't really recall, but I remember agreeing with it—it really brings you into the moment. And musically that's very, very good because you're concentrating on every note and every beat, and it makes for very good—you get yourself into a very good groove, or whatever. But if you smoke too much you don't do anything; you become listless.

So being there was a good, because I couldn't smoke all day every day, so you just have cigarette like rollies, and I was very productive.

So I'd been doing music for a long time. I was in Devon for about a year, I think. And the weed lasted for a fair amount of time. And it was all good, and I was getting into—because the internet connection was insanely fast; in the Victorian house in Friday Street the wiring, because we bought it off this complete dell boy; he did his own wiring and stuff, and I we've got his friend now who helps out when with the electric—he's a sort of handy man; and when I say that I mean he can do lots of stuff, I don't mean that he's employed by us to be a handyman; and he

was in almost disbelief in the wiring of the house—but as a result we very rarely got any good connections.

And I'm not a massive fan of money, so I don't really have it. And therefore I can't really buy albums, and any money I did have I used to buy DVD's and stuff. Or Sam just use give me music and stuff. So the good thing about Devon was I could—up to that point in my life, musically, I was very, very, interested in just Dylan.

My Dad showed me Dylan when he used to drive us up to London where he was staying after the divorce. And on the drive you'd get introduced to music. He'd pick us up and the go into the music shop and be like:

'Oh, I'm gonna buy this album!'

And he bought Lou Reed's *Transformer*, and *The Best of Dylan*, and he loved Van Morrison and stuff like that. And he showed me Dylan, and I was just—the guy interested me *so* much. More than anything I wanted to know how it worked. He was doing something and I could tell that—because at the beginning of Dylan's career he's a very good songwriter, and then he starts getting into abstract, surrealist, electric, and that sort of stuff affected me in a way that the other stuff didn't because I know it was good, but I didn't know *why* it was good.

And you could tell from the earlier songs that he was a good songwriter, so I was in no doubt that it was good songwriting. I just didn't know where it was coming from. And I just became obsessed with his music. And also I didn't really like my voice, or didn't really sing. I was often very, very bunged up, and didn't really know what I sounded like or didn't really pay much attention to the way I spoke, at that point. Because, you know, you're a 15 year old kid. You sort of just bleat sort of stuff. You sound very, very irked all the time. It's just whiny.

And so I was obsessed with Dylan. And then I sort of lost my way a bit. And I had found a process of making music in the Annex that freed you, and but it sort of tailed off. And I made a couple of albums, under the monarch: *That's the Wizard that Stole my Power!!* —because I'd heard it in a thing called *something* Quest; it was a TV show based on some books; and I thought it was the most stupid line of dialogue I'd ever heard, and it was just amazing.

So I used that, and I thought that it was quite good. And I got to do some sort of cartoonish, I'd describe them as cartoonish sort of demos, of these songs that were quite good. And the good thing about them was that they weren't too serious, and they were very short, and you could do them relatively quickly.

But when I got to Devon I started downloading and listening to more different music, I realised that there was so much *more*—I was so impoverished, musically. There was so much more to learn. and as the weed started going and—because the thing is, personally; I don't know how other musicians; I get to the stage where, you are writing songs and then you smoke, you end up just doing anything so that you can listen to something when you're high.

And I remember, I had smoked the last joint of the two Ounces, and I was lying in bed, and I was just gripped by this horrible realisation that, whilst the stuff I was doing was ok, it was nowhere near as good as I thought it was, nor near as good as what other people were doing. And I just got absolutely panic-stricken, because I'd spent the last *ten years* of my life doing music, and that was *it*.

And, in all truth, I didn't know anything.

I'd been completely reluctant to learn anything at school, because I couldn't get over the fact that these people who I didn't respect were trying to teach me stuff, and I just refused to learn it. So I just you just study for exams and you instantly forget it, and I found myself at the age of 24/25 just, not knowing anything of the world.

Not knowing anything about, really, Politics, sort of History, or *anything*. And just being very, very scared about the idea that I'd been—they basically tell you that school, and University, and College, they're preparing you for your life. And I realised that I'd finished all of that; I was in a new place; I was very much mature, biologically mature, whatever, you know.

And I realised that I hadn't prepared myself for it.

And so the weed run out; and I thought:

*'I'm going to take this opportunity that I've been given... to study.'*

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