



PARENTING LESSONS

FROM PARENTING FAILURES

VERSE FOR BETTER



WHEN
HARD ON
THEY'RE
THE

TO ALL PARENTS,

YOU'RE
YOUR KIDS,
HARD ON
WORLD.

"CHILD
IS THE
FATHER
OF THE
MAN!"
- William Wordsworth

No one could put it better than Wordsworth himself.

And to take a leaf from his book, we made this compilation of poems for all to read and take heed of. These are a band of infamous adults who all made a name for themselves for one vile deed or the other. But before we point any fingers, we must try and understand why they went on to do what they did. And what we found was something common to all of them - they all had bad childhoods and abusive parents.

First and foremost, this book would not have been possible without these mistreated children who went on to become terrible adults. They led the way along a path of mistakes and bad circumstances from which we should learn as much as we can and hope never to repeat anything they did.

To all children, you will inherit the earth. A child is like a blank slate.

Anything they experience is impressed upon them for the rest of their lives, and so it is especially important that his/her parents make sure to treat them just the way they would want their child to treat other people.

To all parents - past, present and future - you inspired us, most of all, to write this book of poems, and for that you have our thanks! You are the scions of change and of the very future itself. This list of nineteen people that we have written about is a cautionary tale from which we hope you will take note and think a hundred times about how you raise your children. Like the Butterfly effect, just one mistake made now could have an amplified effect many years down the line!

Finally, to the people who made this possible - the writers and artists who dreamt this book up over many a sleepless night. Their spirited research and the numerous drafts of both poems and accompanying artworks were truly a baptism through fire in the art of storytelling and illustration. And we have all contributed to something that we can safely say we are very proud of!

Please allow us to introduce ourselves,
for we write this book not for it to end up on shelves.

A book of poems, quite like this one.
Meant for those blessed with a young daughter or son.

Before you think this is not for you,
we request you to see it from a child's point of view.

You're going to read about children who've made history.
Not in a good way; these are tales of misery.

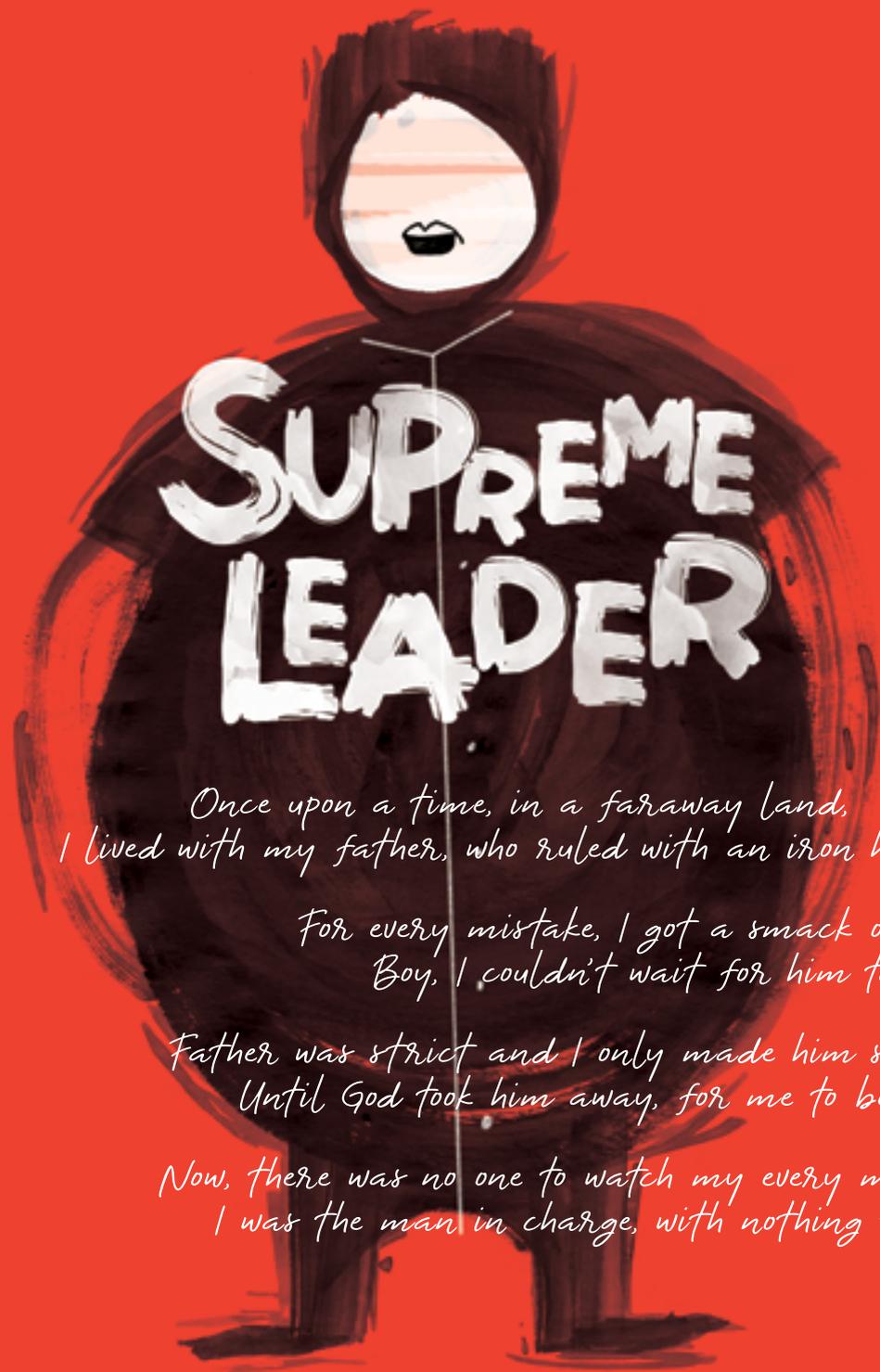
Their childhoods were nothing short of a nightmare.
They were beaten, shouted at and unloved; all of it unfair.

How you raise your child lasts forever.
Right or wrong, they forget never.

What is done to them, they do to others.
All thanks to the harshness of their fathers and mothers.

Presenting Verse for Better.

Poems written for parents of newborns and any young one.
We hope all our efforts will not go undone.



Once upon a time, in a faraway land,
I lived with my father, who ruled with an iron hand.

For every mistake, I got a smack on my head,
Boy, I couldn't wait for him to be dead.

Father was strict and I only made him snappy,
Until God took him away, for me to be happy.

Now, there was no one to watch my every move,
I was the man in charge, with nothing to prove.

Korea was now mine, I did all that I felt,
Changed people's lives and tripled my wealth.

People's homes got smaller, while mine got bigger,
Every time someone broke in, I pulled the trigger.

When leaders of other countries tried to step in,
I threatened them away with my nuclear weapon.

I came to be the Supreme Ruler,
My word was law; I was the Korean Fuhrer.

And all those who dared to call me a bad leader,
Were visited by my army, for the usual procedure.

When people resisted, I had to teach them a lesson,
So, I took away their rights and threw them in prison

Just like children, who need to be corrected,
I made the punishments so tough; nobody objected.

When large groups of people began to protest,
I opened my prison and told them, be my guest.

Those who didn't listen, were found cold,
Nobody ever again, tried to be bold.

From then on, people learnt to obey,
Now for my demise, they pray.



CAPTAIN

DESTRUCTION

When I was born, I only saw my mother,
Because my father, about me never gave a bother.

Mother was my favourite; she was the best.
But to father, she was one among the rest.

Whenever he saw me, he never smiled,
It was because I was his seventeenth child.

Never a second for me; I got zero attention,
But I still waited, for my name to get a mention.

After a while, I had to give in,
To my father, I was barely kin.

I left home, to finally be accepted,
And met people more faithful than expected.

They made me their leader and I took the throne,
We lived like kings, never to be overthrown.

Rules were made for people to obey,
Those who didn't, never saw another day.

With guns and books, we spread our belief,
Those who objected got no relief.

But soon, an American came my way,
And told me angrily, he would make me pay.

It made me sad, and then I got mad,
So, I put my army on a plane, to go do something bad.

I told them to push the American off his wall,
They did one better and made his twin-towers fall.

The next day, I was the world's biggest criminal,
Into hiding I went; for I was hunted like an animal.

The American sent his men on a spree,
I soon met my end and was dropped in the sea.



I remember growing up with my dad,
Far from sunshine and rainbows, it was bad.

People thought Dad had a colourful personality,
But it was me who faced all the brutality.

Life was hell and God didn't seem to exist,
To kill father now, was first on my list.

But before I had the chance to do such a thing,
Dad passed away; such relief, such a blessing

Now I was free, to take my own journey,
I was on a spree, I joined the army.

Being the leader of a squad wasn't enough,
I wanted to rule the country; I had to be tough.

My army marched with guns to the throne,
With no other choice, the ministers were overthrown.

BABY

FUHRER

I didn't like other races, especially the Jews,
Locked in cages, they were subjected to abuse.

My army of thousands ruled the millions,
They were always ready, in their battle positions.

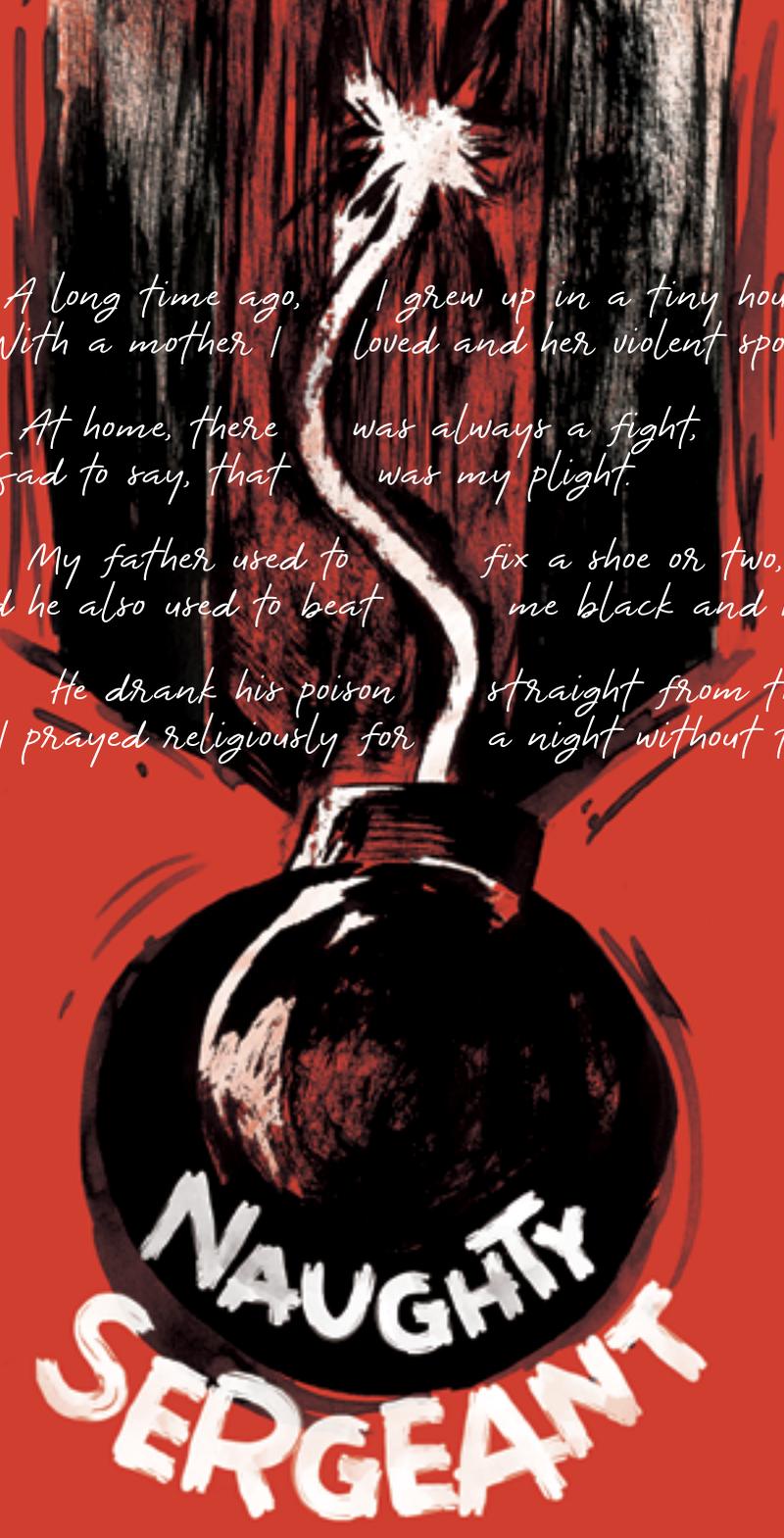
Next on my list was to do something bigger,
To rule the world, with my finger on the trigger.

We invaded the North, South, East and West,
No one could stop me, I was a man on a quest.

But age caught up, and so did my battle,
And soon, my iron castle began to rattle.

I had sleepless nights, nightmares of losing my position,
My army started vanishing; it was only me on my mission.

Fearfully hidden in my bunker, under my throne,
I took three final lives - my dog's, my wife's and my own.



A long time ago, I grew up in a tiny house,
With a mother I loved and her violent spouse.

At home, there was always a fight,
Sad to say, that was my plight.

My father used to fix a shoe or two,
And he also used to beat me black and blue.

He drank his poison straight from the bottle,
I prayed religiously for a night without throttle.

Given no choice, I had to do something radical,
I ran away to survive, even if I had to kill.

From picking fights to forming a troop,
I always commanded a twenty-one-gun salute.

Soon, I made the cold country all mine,
Anyone who resisted, walked the firing line.

People obeyed, in the name of industrialization,
And only stopped when they died of starvation.

It was my way, everything I did became legal,
When kids needed punishments, it was lethal.

No one was spared, not even my loved ones,
One by one, they met my soldier's guns.

I remembered when no one came to my rescue,
Now I couldn't be stopped from all that I pursue.

But soon, my iron curtain gave way,
My body couldn't keep up, to my dismay.

I fell hard and lay motionless on the floor,
All alone, I was as helpless as the poor.

On a mission to rule, I lost every friend,
No nurse, no doctor, no one; I had hit a dead-end.

Growing up, there were days I didn't want back.
Like when home used to be as small as a shack.

We weren't very rich; Mom, Dad and I,
But we got by, without much hue and cry.

Whatever little money Dad made at work,
Was spent on drinking; he went berserk.

I never loved Dad; he wasn't a role-model,
If he was angry, things at home used to topple.

Determined to be the exact opposite,
And to make my mark, I split.

I started a temple and made my own religion.
And only allowed people who shared my vision.

Once I had enough followers by my side,
I took them all to a promised site.

We built our own country, in the middle of nowhere,
I was the leader of this world; everyone was aware.

I ruled my land strictly, my followers had to obey.
With my army of goons, I forced my way.

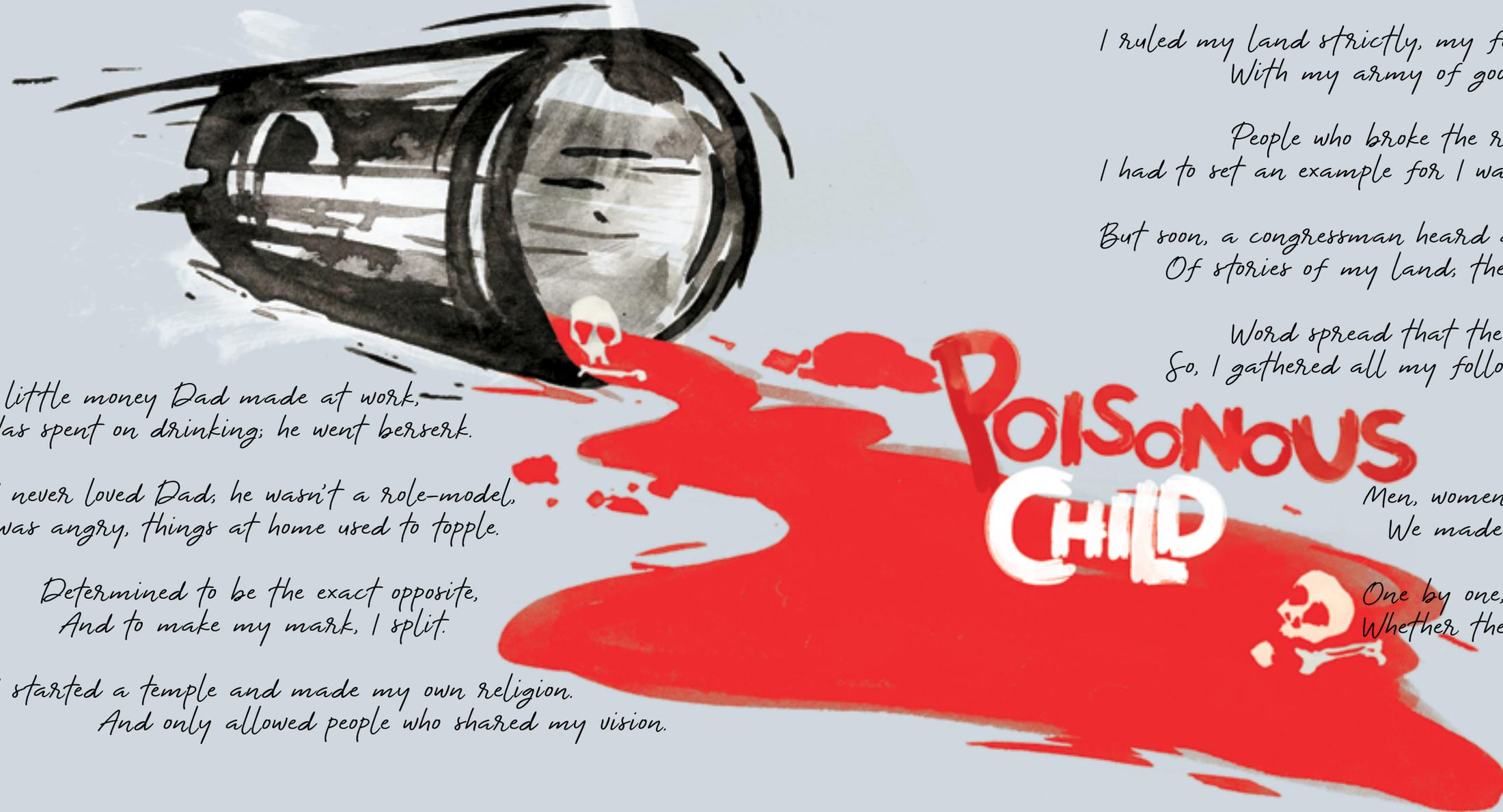
People who broke the rules were given no pardon,
I had to set an example for I was the warden.

But soon, a congressman heard about this,
Of stories of my land; they were far from bliss.

Word spread that they would arrest me by nightfall.
So, I gathered all my followers for a final town-hall.

Men, women and children were handed cyanide,
We made history with the world's largest suicide.

One by one, my thousand followers and I died,
Whether they liked it or not, they all had to abide.



**POISONOUS
CHILD**

When I was little, I grew up in a small town,
More than fancy, it was pretty beat down.

We didn't have much to do; nowhere to roam,
Mother loved that, she always wanted me home.

To follow Mother's word, was the only rule,
If I didn't listen, I was beaten like a mule.

With no choice, Mother became my world,
Not allowed to talk, mum was the word.

She always got her way, until one bad day,
Mother fell ill. To talk to her again, I had to pray.

Late at night, when I couldn't sleep,
I went to graveyards and shoveled deep.

I collected bones and bodies, of every kind,
Mixed and matched, they were reassigned.

Mother was dead; her gifts had to be, too.
Skin became lampshades, skulls became shoes.

After a while, the cemetery became shoddy,
I had to go out to find the perfect body.

I met a big lady, with beautiful long hair,
Mother had to have it; it was only fair.

The lady came home, expecting a night cap,
Things fell into place, and she into my trap.

Now, I needed my last victim, my final piece,
I did it for Mother; she had to rest in peace.

I killed a man; but accidentally left a trail,
The police came, they were on my tail.

Thrown in jail; alive till my last day,
To Mother, I finally made my way.



MISS

DRACULA

I was born a princess in a big old castle,
Got everything I asked for, with no hassle.

Because Dad and Mom were the King and Queen,
I had to stay with my aunt, who was very mean.

She was strict across all the land,
And beat people, with her heavy hand.

She forced me to watch people being stripped,
If I refused, I was sent to a corner and whipped.

Sometimes, she hit so hard I couldn't walk,
She threatened more, if I was to talk.

Life was tough, pain was all that I could see,
Until my knight came to rescue me.

He took me to his castle, he made me his queen,
And built a room for me, to practice the obscene.

For young, virgin girls, I had a sweet-tooth,
Their pure blood was my fountain of youth.

The more I drank, the better I would feel,
Nothing tasted better, not even a kingly meal.

No one said no, while I went hammer and tong,
One by one, girls from the streets were gone.

My cold walls swallowed the girls' shrill screams,
The louder they were, the better my dreams.

But one day, a new King had his way,
Sent hundreds of guards and spoilt my day.

They took me to the courts, to stand trial,
And locked me away forever, with a big smile.

For the rest of my life, I rotted in prison,
I lived in hell; I was never forgiven.



My story is different from every other,
I was born to an unhappy mother.

My father never wanted to play Dad,
Neither did Mom, she was forever sad.

Every time I called for her, she looked away,
Until she said bye; I remember it on replay.

I stayed with my uncle, he was kind,
We got along, our interests were aligned.

Years later, mom called me back to her,
I went, only to be greeted by a new father.

He beat me all the time; alone I stood by,
Mom didn't care, she turned a blind-eye.

For years, I was beaten without choice,
Until I left home, to exercise my voice.

I wanted to be a ruler, so I joined the opposition,
My military party and I were on a mission.

We failed once, but the second time was grand,
We marched with bombs; just for the upper hand.



ROWDY DICTATOR

The ones against me, were immediately killed,
The ones I doubted were shot as per my will.

I went to war with my neighbouring land,
And made more money than I had planned.

I was going to be The Man with all the oil,
Until an American came onto my soil.

An army of soldiers came for my capture,
I escaped every time and left them in a blur.

Living underground, up popped my head,
Before I knew it, I was hanged until dead.



A long time ago, when I was a little boy,
I lived with my mom and dad, oh, what joy!

Life was hugs and laughs, we were cared for,
Until Dad was called away, to fight in the war.

Mom started drinking; beating me at night,
If I cried, she would hold my arm and bite.

Other kids were read stories before bed,
I was given a shout, and a whack on my head.

Mom dressed me as a girl, to make fun of me,
She also called other kids and let them see.

Soon, I was the laughing stock of the town,
Wherever I went, my head was down.

I left home, without a second glance,
For Mom didn't deserve another chance.

Walked as far as I possibly could,
And settled into a new neighbourhood.

I detested people who reminded me of Mother,
It brought out my anger, they were made to suffer.

Over time, I met many girls just like her,
They were later found dead, wrapped and covered.

No bad memory entered my new life,
Soon I fell in love and made her my wife.

We were great together, our love couldn't expire,
Until she yelled like Mother; I set her hotel on fire.

Weeks later, I heard a loud knock on my door,
It was the police, they threw me to the floor.

Locked in a cell, I knew death was near,
Strapped to a chair, till I could no longer hear.

Most stories start with 'Once Upon a Time',
They're all fairytales, much unlike mine.

I grew up in a town known to be cold,
But it was nothing compared to Mother's hands uncontrolled.

Mom worked all the time, never to be seen,
When she got home, she was only mean.

BIG BAD WHALE

From books and hangers, to belts and shoes,
I was hit with everything; my body was a bruise.

When she was out, the house was mine,
Free to do whatever I wanted online.

I made hundreds of friends on my computer,
They were like me; I was their recruiter.

They were sad and just wanted a friend,
I showed them a way to make it all end.

In need of a way out, they came to ask,
I told them what to do, I gave them a task.

To do all I ordered, they swore on their lives,
For their freedom, they were told to find knives.

From leaving their rooms, and finding their roofs,
They were promised joy, if they gave proof.

To the highest of towers, I was there to guide,
Told them to fall; for peace, was on the other side.

My game was soon heard by all,
My popularity was far from a fall.

It all changed when policemen wanted to play,
But by their own rules, soon I was locked away.

Behind steel bars, with no tasks to post,
Just me and one hundred ghosts.



BLOODY MARY

Born with a silver spoon to a royal family,
I lived a life that was anything but fancy.

The day I was born, Father had me disowned,
Locked me away and had Mother dethroned.

After many tries, Father gave me a mother,
She became Queen, for she gave me a brother.

My new mother never called me by name,
Over me, she chose her new-found fame.

Most of my days I was locked in a room,
When I got out, I was whacked with a broom.

Life was bad, and to live I wasn't keen,
Couldn't wait for the day I would be Queen.

The journey was long, but it was bound to happen,
But the day came when there were no more men.

Once I was in command, no one said no,
If they did veto, they were burnt nice and slow.

Mothers, fathers, daughters and sons,
Were set on fire, till they were all well-done.

When there was no space to burn more,
I tied people to trees and let the honey pour.

I watched them eaten, by ants and bears,
From my dining table, sitting in my chair.

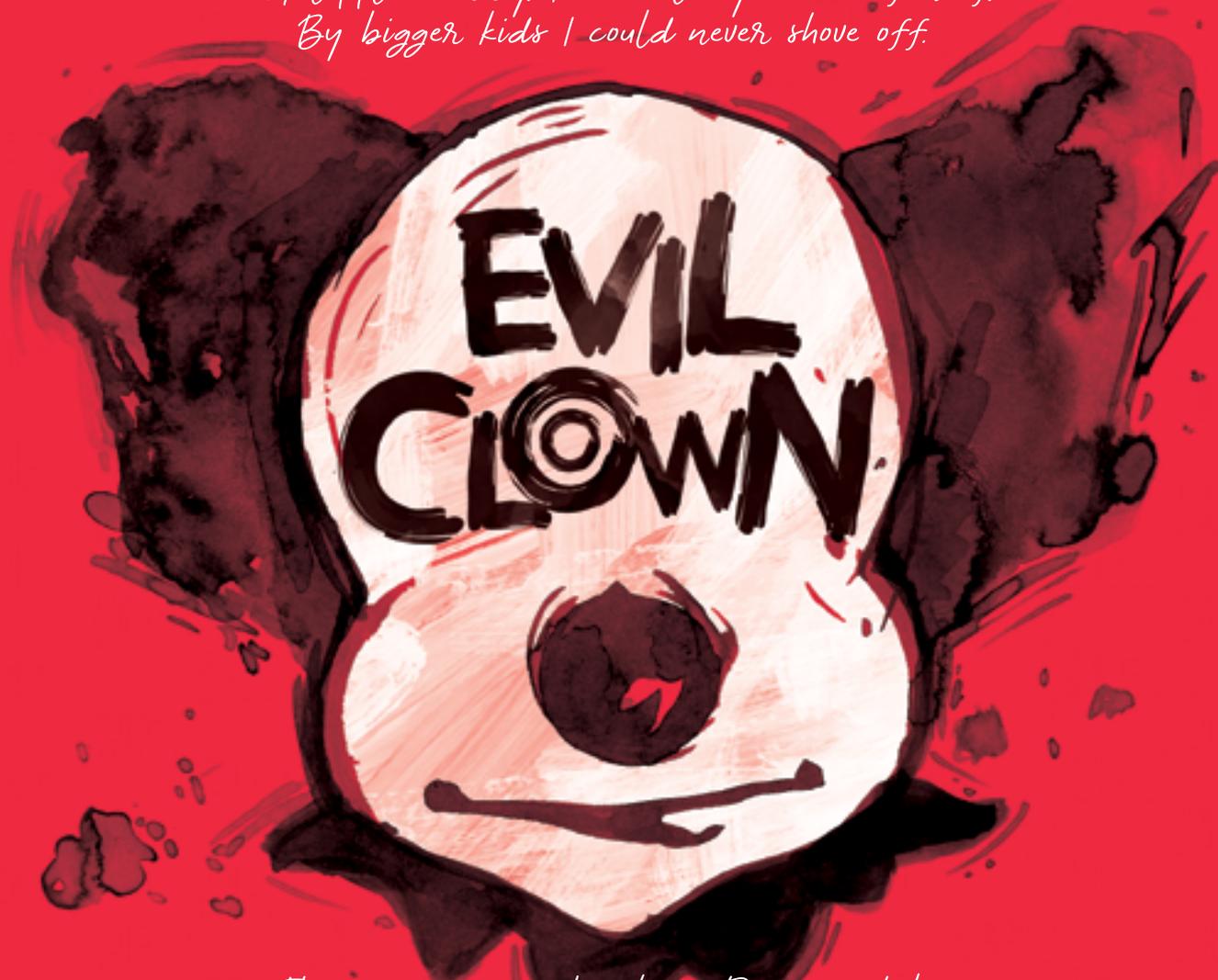
I was untouchable; the almighty leader;
Until one cold night, when I got a fever.

My body was filled with aches and pains,
All that the doctors did, was all in vain.

I felt the pain of a thousand souls on fire,
Until God took me away, against my desire.

Many moons ago, when I was just a boy,
My life was not one to enjoy.

A little chubby, I was always made fun of,
By bigger kids I could never shove off.



There was no point asking Dad for help,
For he did things that made me yelp.

Dad hit the bottle, and then hit me,
He always had a look in his eyes, one of glee.

I bore the pain, from school and home,
Until I was old enough to be on my own.

I worked my way up and gained people's trust,
As a member of society, my past was dust.

Dressed as a clown, I invited people over,
Sometimes little boys got a special sleepover.

Each time I put on my suit and funny hat,
I told kids there was something better out back.

One by one, the boys entered my room,
I gave them more to see than my costume.

Life was perfect, I had my way,
I was happy and more than gay.

But soon a boy, buried in my backyard,
Didn't make it home, and I got hit hard.

The police walked in and opened my closet,
To find evidence for crimes I did commit.

They searched high and low, with a warrant,
To find more than twenty bodies, under the cement.

Before I knew it, I was placed under arrest,
In locked shackles, I was forced to rest.

My childhood home was not like most.
To live in it, every day, I was forced.

I never wanted to be near Mom and Dad,
For they deserved to be on a wanted ad.

Mom always hit me with her pot and pan,
But Dad was way worse; from him I ran.

To protect myself, I started carrying a bat,
To hit people; I practiced my swings on a cat.

When I was ready, I walked to my first target,
He was in for a night he'd never forget.

With all my strength, I kept the hits repeating,
It only ended when his heart stopped beating.

From then on, I was never bullied again.
Years later, I was hitting for made men.



Given the job of a mafia hit-man,
To collect or kill, that was the plan.

Be it a common man, be it a lord,
Nobody could help them, not even God.

Earning thousands from hundreds of contracts,
I was the best; no one slipped through the cracks.

Later, a brighter prospect came my way,
I started selling acts of love, in the grey.

To earn more, I pushed middlemen aside,
By lacing their favourite foods with cyanide.

Bodies that were hot, were kept on ice,
For freezers became my storage device.

I tied-up my loose ends, all but one,
In a cell for life, my run was done.

**LITTLE
MS.**

Every little girl is brought up like a princess,
I, on the other hand, grew up in distress.

Growing up, money was always tight,
So, Mom did things that weren't right.

I lay with men, much against my will,
Lost my childhood to pay mom's bills.

Why didn't God help me? I'll never know.
With lipstick and a dress, I put on a show.

I hated being everyone's little princess,
For all to touch, hug and caress.

I needed a way out, I was sick of my life,
Had to run away, before I was sold as a wife.

With my true love and a fake passport,
I left home; no longer Mom's support.

My friends wanted to come with me,
One by one, I flew them to New York City.

My rivals were met by gunmen on bikes,
Demand for our powder began to spike.

From that point on, we shot to fame,
Selling nothing but Colombian cocaine.

Our powder was almost everywhere,
Brought in through land, sea and air.

Hundreds lined up, all for a hit,
Nothing I owned was ever counterfeit.

After all the white, came the red and blue,
From my nice house, I was thrown in the shoe.

I was locked away, and then let go,
Only to be silenced forever by my foe.

CHARLIE

Like most kids, I opened my eyes in a hospital.
The joy was short; the bill was far from little.

My mom was different, not like other ones,
She danced on a pole and earned crushed Ones.

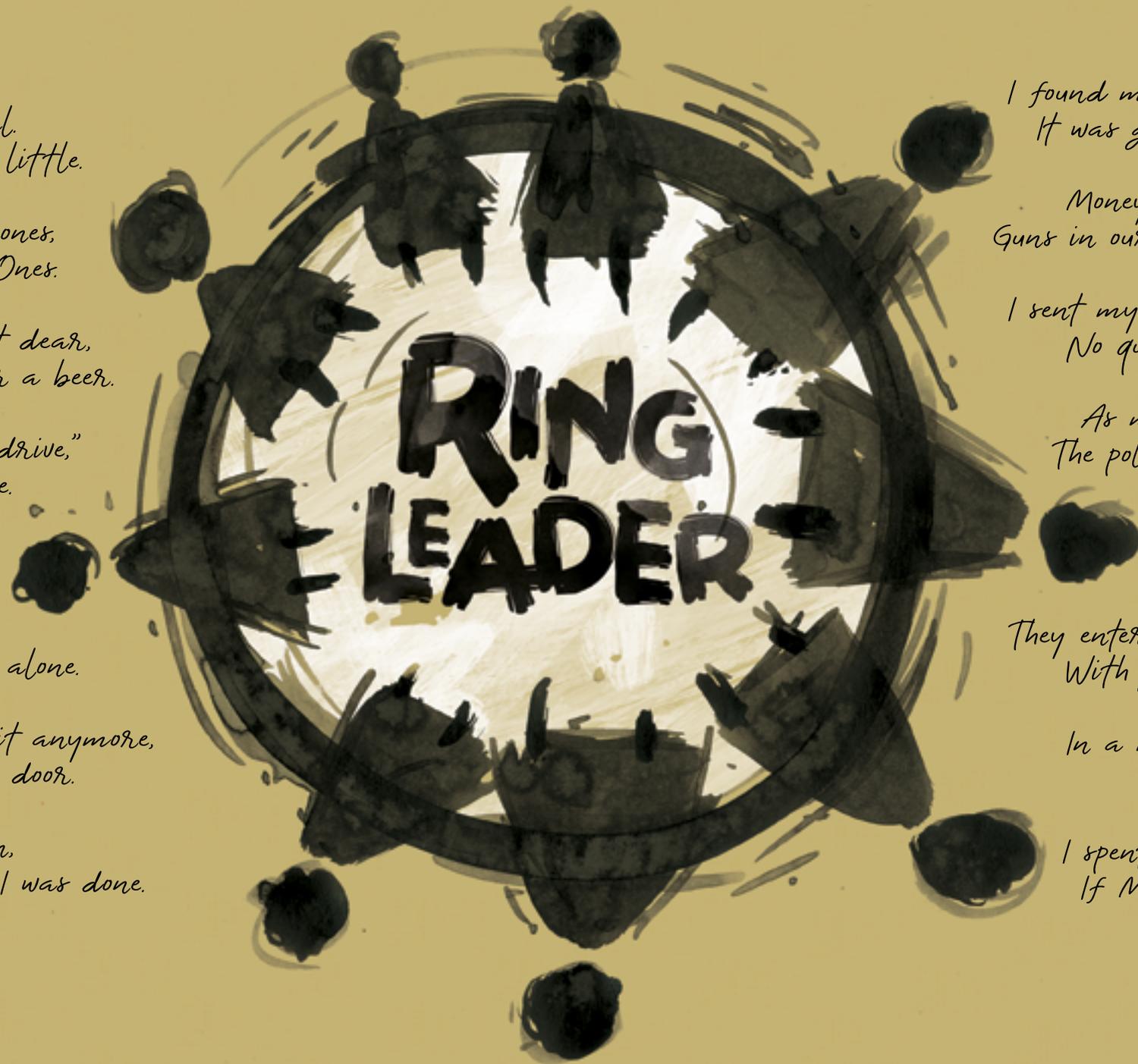
Mom never loved me, to her I knew I wasn't dear,
Once in a bar, she tried to trade me for a beer.

One morning, Mom said, "Let's go for a drive,"
She left me on my own; she left in overdrive.

Everyone was mean, I wanted to be home,
Bullied and beat-up at school, I cried all alone.

I reached a point, I couldn't take it anymore,
Made my way home, but she didn't open the door.

From that day, I was no longer her son,
Life was better without her; I was done.



I found myself a few good friends,
It was going to be us, till the very end.

Money was made, in every way possible.
Guns in our hands, nothing was impossible.

I sent my friends on missions, all the time,
No questions asked, my true partners in crime.

As my victims slowly made the headlines,
The police got a whiff of it, I now saw a deadline.

They entered my home, like a winter breeze,
With guns in their hands, I was made to freeze.

In a moment, my hands were behind my back,
The judge gave me life, I was cut no slack.

I spent the rest of my life stuck in a cell.
If Mom had loved me, could this have ended well?

PRETTY DOLL



The day I was born, Mother nearly died,
I was a mistake she said, for months she cried.

As I grew up, Mom grew apart,
It was only time till forever we'd part.

She left me in the hands of my grandparents,
Who used my body in exchange for rent.

Grandpa entered my room late at night,
To do things to me under the moonlight.

By the time I knew how to tie my laces,
I started making money, kissing faces.

The money was good and the men were plenty,
I worked all night, my stomach was never empty.

One night, Grandpa's friend came over,
He entered my room and made me bend over.

A few months later, I was a mother-to-be,
I was sent to a new home to have my baby.

A year later, my child was taken from me,
For a mother I was never meant to be.

I skipped town and lived all over,
Even sold myself to buy some beer.

I loved the money but no longer the work,
So, I started killing men who asked me my worth.

As they drove their cars down the usual lane,
I pulled out a sharp knife to teach them pain.

Their lives were taken and so was their money,
I was out every night, catching flies with honey.

Until one night, an undercover cop busted me,
With my hands together I was placed in custody.

The judge told me, I cannot be a part of society,
My punishment was to be injected lethally.

I thought I was born lucky number seven,
But my reality was the opposite of heaven.

I grew up with six brothers and sisters,
All of us slept cold with cuts and blisters.

We were all targets of our dad,
But compared to the others, I had it bad.

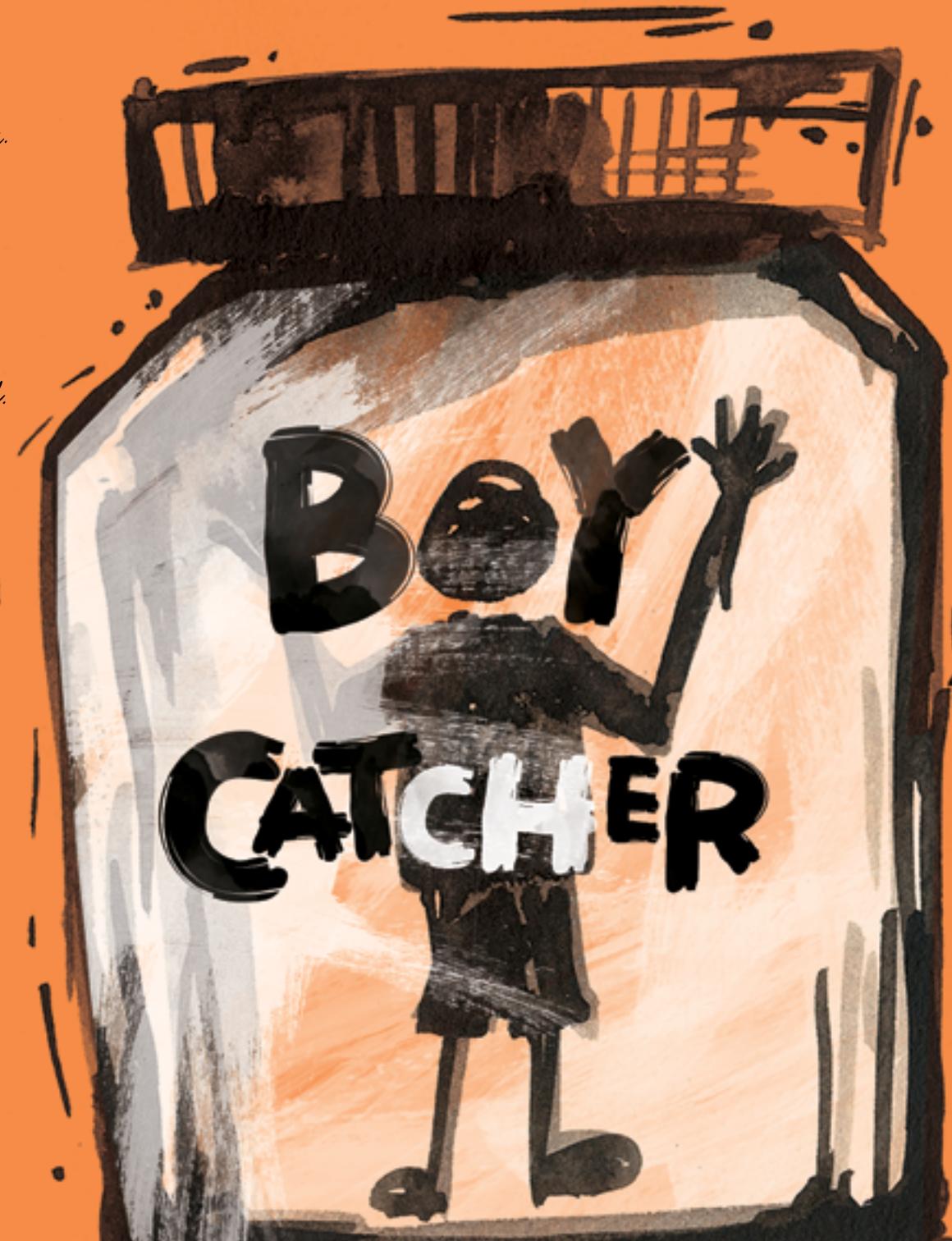
I was overpowered every single night,
Dad used to twist my arms in spite.

Over a period, I finally grew a spine,
Walked out; swore to never toe the line.

I moved far away, leaving my past by the wayside,
I had everything, yet I was empty inside.

So, when I couldn't sleep, I went on a joyride,
And picked up little boys from the roadside.

I lured them with candy and everything sweet,
Drove them into darkness and cut them like meat.



The more boys I killed the better I felt,
When I saw a peasant boy, my heart would melt.

In the dark of every night, a boy went missing,
Nobody asked questions, nobody came chasing.

With no one to stop me, I was on a roll,
Until the police started to patrol.

I timed my kidnaps and never got caught,
Because I hid the bodies, cut and chopped.

My neighbours and friends wouldn't even think,
Whenever I met them our glasses would clink.

But one night, during the act,
Someone saw and I was tracked.

Before I knew it, I was thrown in jail,
With no friends or family to call for bail.

Once upon a time, I lived in a small town,
I worked with Dad and kept my head down.

While other little kids played hide-and-seek,
I worked my dad's land, to sow and reap.

MOST WANTED BOY

Working on the farm wasn't my first choice,
I seeded grass and sold it to the loudest voice.

After we made money, dad went unseen,
And only came back home to be mean.

My sisters and I became his punching bags,
While we sat crying, waving our white flags.

Until, one morning, I left to make a stand,
On my own two feet, to sell my own brand.

Soon, the whole town knew my name,
Wherever I went, they cheered Maryjane.

The whole country loved my crop,
Slow and steady, I made my way to the top.

From the days of growing up without a dime,
I was now the man on top - the CEO of crime.

Police and politicians always shared their thanks,
Week after week, they found cash in their banks.

But there were a few, who couldn't be bought,
They didn't want money; only wanted me caught.

I could never be stopped, I was never in doubt,
With money by my side, I always dug my way out.

But eventually, Lady Luck left my side,
Arrested again, the hope in me soon died.

Locked in a room, the one I grew up in,
Sad as ever, in a jail all over again.



TINY FURY

Mom and I, once upon a time,
Lived with a father who wasn't mine.

Our house was small, much like me,
And just like school, came with a big bully.

Dad forever used to pick on me,
School was worse, they called me 'Pee Wee'.

From kitchen to playground, I was a target,
It seemed as though everyone was a threat.

Hit by the book way too many times,
I ditched school to earn me some dimes.

I met two boys along the way,
In need of money, we began to stray.

We did the bad and ugly; we were a gang,
Stole from the decent and didn't care a hang.

No one was safe, regardless of age,
We made our way with good old rage.

My parents tried to teach me a lesson,
Right after, I found a house to break-in.

The blue and red lights came right after me,
I was sent to jail for a crime of the first degree.

After years behind bars, I was released,
Now a free man to do as I pleased.

Setting up scams and spinning yarns,
I made money like Dad, twisting people's arms.

When folks caught on, they went missing,
I always got away, until a cop came whistling.

They finally caught me red-handed,
In front of an angry judge, I landed.

Sentenced to death, I broke my last straw,
Strapped to the chair, was the last I saw.

WHO ARE WE

imprisonment, torture, sexual violence, persecution, enforced disappearances and other inhumane acts.

I AM SUPREME LEADER

Kim Jong-Un had a very harsh upbringing. He was tightly controlled by his very strict father. Today, Kim Jong-un rules North Korea just like his father did. It's reported that Kim Jong-un has committed 10 out of 11 recognized crimes against humanity. That includes: murder, extermination, enslavement, forcible transfer,

Osama bin Laden was born the seventeenth child of his father's fifty-eight children. He spent his childhood ignored and unloved by his father, Mohammed bin Laden. An insidious kind of abuse. Osama eventually grew up to become the founder of Al-Qaeda. A terrorist organization responsible for the September 11 attacks on the United States. He also orchestrated

numerous mass-casualty attacks worldwide.

I AM CAPTAIN DESTRUCTION

Adolf Hitler was raised by a very strict father who regularly beat him up. After his father died, Hitler went on to become the leader of Nazi Germany. He initiated World War II and the deaths of at least eleven million people. This included the mass murder of an estimated six million Jews.

I AM BABY FUHRER

Joseph Stalin's childhood involved being beaten and abused on a daily basis by his alcoholic father. Later, Joseph Stalin grew up to become the supreme ruler of the Soviet Union for a quarter of a century. His regime of terror caused the death and suffering of tens of millions of people.

I AM NAUGHTY SERGEANT

James Warren "Jim" Jones' early childhood was marked by abuse and neglect from both his parents. His alcoholic father neglected him and when he did give him attention it

became a conflict. Jim Jones grew up to become an American religious cult leader who initiated and was responsible for a mass suicide and mass murder in Jonestown, Guyana. The count includes the mass murder-suicide of 918 of his followers. 304 of them were children who were murdered, almost all of them by cyanide poisoning.

I AM POISONOUS CHILD

Edward Gein was raised by a fanatically religious mother who kept him isolated from most of society while physically and psychologically abusing him. He grew up to be known as "The Butcher of Plainfield". An American murderer and body snatcher, he's inspired Hollywood classics like Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho* and *The Silence of the Lambs*.

I AM LITTLE PSYCHO

Elizabeth Báthory saw very little of her parents. She was raised by her aunt who physically and mentally abused her. Elizabeth Bathory grew up to become a Hungarian noblewoman. She was sentenced

to life in prison for torturing and killing over 600 young women. The Guinness Book of World Records has labelled her as the most prolific female murderer. In fact, the fictional character, *Dracula*, was inspired by Elizabeth Bathory.

I AM MISS DRACULA

Saddam Hussein was born condemned to a sad story. His biological father had died before he was born, and his older brother died due to cancer, shortly after. After his mother remarried, Saddam's step-father treated him very harshly. Saddam was often physically abused. He eventually grew up to become the president of Iraq. The exact number of deaths attributable to Saddam Hussein may never be known but estimates range as high as half a million.

I AM ROWDY DICTATOR

Carroll Edward Cole was raised by an unfaithful mother who tortured him both physically and mentally. The torture lasted until he left home. Carroll Cole

became an American serial killer who was executed in 1985 for killing at least 15 women by strangulation. After confessing to his crimes, Cole was executed by lethal injection at Nevada State Prison on December 6, 1985.

I AM GIRL CHASER

Philipp Budeikin grew up in an environment where he barely saw his mother. His mother neglected him and left him alone most of the time. At the age of 22, Philipp created the Blue Whale Game, an alternate reality game which has caused 160 Russian teenagers to commit suicide. He is currently incarcerated in Moscow. There have been reports of people playing the masochistic game in England, Russia, Chile, Brazil, Argentina, India, the United States of America and several other countries.

I AM BIG BAD WHALE

Mary Tudor was raised by a father who only wanted a male child to take the throne. Due to the inequalities of the time, her father neglected her and kept her away from

her mother. After a long and unfair struggle, Mary later became Queen of England and Ireland. Due to her vicious and diabolical executions, she was called Bloody Mary. Her name was popularised by bars and pubs with a cocktail named after her.

I AM BLOODY MARY

John Wayne Gacy Jr. and his siblings grew up with a drunken father who would beat them with a razor strap. His father physically assaulted Gacy's mother as well. John Wayne Gacy grew up to become an American serial killer and rapist. He sexually assaulted, tortured and murdered at least 33 teenage boys. He also inspired the 2017 horror flick, *IT*, based on the 1986 novel of the same name by Stephen King.

I AM EVIL CLOWN

Richard Leonard Kuklinski's early childhood was painful. He was frequently abused by his parents and repeatedly beaten by his father. His mother was no less. She used to beat him, too, with household objects. Later,

Kuklinski grew up to become a contract killer for New York City's famous crime families. After his conviction, Kuklinski had admitted to killing over 200 people.

I AM ICE BOY

Griselda Blanco was born to a poor family. Griselda suffered much abuse at the hands of her alcoholic mother and by the age of 11, she was forced into prostitution. She eventually grew to become the Godmother of Cocaine. She was a Colombian drug lord of the Medellín Cartel and a pioneer in the Miami-based cocaine drug trade and underworld. It's reported that she was responsible for up to 200 murders in Colombia, New York, Miami and Southern California.

I AM LITTLE MS. CHARLIE

Charles Milles Manson was born to Kathleen Maddox, a 16-year-old girl who was both an alcoholic and a prostitute. Rejected by his mother several times, Manson was soon living on the streets and getting by through a life of petty crime. He became an American criminal and a cult leader. The Manson

Family – including Charles Manson and his young, loyal disciples – is thought to have carried out some 35 killings.

I AM RING LEADER

Aileen Carol Wuornos Pralle.

Born in Michigan, Aileen Wuornos was sexually abused and thrown out of her home as a teen. She later grew up to become an American serial killer who murdered seven men in Florida between 1989 and 1990 by shooting them at point-blank range. She was convicted and sentenced to death for six of the murders and was executed by a lethal injection. Charlize Theron played her character in the movie adaptation of her life, *Monster*.

I AM PRETTY DOLL

Luis Alfredo Garavito Cubillos

was a Colombian serial killer who was convicted of murdering 189 boys in the 1990s. He endured a difficult childhood, suffering abuse by his father and several neighbours. He's admitted to the rape, torture and murder of 138 children and teenagers. Police say the count could be in excess of

300. He was eventually given an 835-year prison sentence for his crimes.

I AM BOY CATCHER

Joaquín "El Chapo" Guzmán.

As a boy, Joaquín Guzman was raised in an abusive household. He was physically abused by his father. Guzman grew up to become the biggest drug lord the world has ever come across. The U.S. federal government considers Joaquin Guzmán "The most ruthless, dangerous and feared man on the planet." His organization has also been involved in the production, smuggling and distribution of methamphetamine, marijuana, ecstasy and heroin. At the time of his arrest, Guzmán had exported more than 500 tons of cocaine in the U.S. alone.

I AM MOST WANTED BOY

Donald Gaskins As a kid, Donald was beaten up by his step-father and was constantly bullied in school. He roughed it out until he grew up to earn the title of the most prolific serial killer in the history of South Carolina. Gaskins tortured, killed and,

at times, ate his victims. After being arrested he was sent to the electric chair in 1991.

I AM TINY FURY

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Sources

Magichive is a counselling, training and life skills centre based in Bengaluru that focuses on improving the relationship between adults and children through better understanding of the underlying factors behind behaviour. This requires building skills of self-awareness, empathetic communication, mindfulness and experimentation. We focus on three major stakeholders who are an integral part of every child - parents, school teachers and the children themselves.

We have been conducting a 10-session parenting workshop called "Chetana" since 2009 and hundreds of parents have benefitted immensely from them. We have a WhatsApp support group where participants discuss issues and support one another. We have also been conducting workshops based on "Non-Violent Communication" since 2014 that have helped parents build a nurturing and compassionate environment at home. We have reached out to parents in corporates and to teachers in schools through talks and teacher-training workshops.

The thousands of hours of counselling that we have spent on parent-child related issues have helped parents and children build a relationship that is unconditional, accepting and loving.

At the same time, we have also been taking year-long life skill sessions for children between the age of 6-14 since 2007.

Through conscious efforts into building relevant skills, parents can make the journey of life exciting and enriching for themselves and for their children.

To know more, [visit www.magichive.in](http://www.magichive.in)

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HOPE

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write another one.

PARENTING LESSONS FROM PARENTING FAILURES

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