

Praise for Self Help for Serial Killers

Maine Fawkes's guide to unleashing creativity is truly revolutionary. He has become a voice for the marginalized, those on the fringes of society, who have for a long time been shunned by a Mainstream which is too cowardly to look into the mirror these people hold up to hypocrisy. I hope the pearls of wisdom in here will begin a new movement in which these misunderstood people can begin coming together in a way they never have before. - Aaron Gully True

There have been other guides to creativity before, but this one is unique. In the world of philosophical literature, it breaks completely new ground. It will not be for everyone, but for those special people who want to not only live their best life but also achieve the biggest impact they can on the world, those who only have an A-game – this is going to be the new bible. - Dr S. L. Leeman

Fawkes disregards the female experience in this book. Sure, what he is saying is great, but the whole time he addresses the issues to the "brothers" never "sisters". In the age of equality, it is shameful that female artists in this genre are not getting the same amount of praise or attention, sometimes for work which greatly surpasses that of their male counterparts. - Donna O'Dunsterdt

Maine Fawkes is an utterly obscene individual, this book is a disgusting travesty and if even one person dies because of it I hope the idiot who published this utter shit is raped to death. -

Anonymous Twitter user

Self Help for Serial Killers: Let Your Creativity Bloom. SAMPLE CHAPTERS
By Mairi Campbell-Jack

For DCI Halliday Campbell.

I'm always thinking about when we can next be together.

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Introduction

I need no introduction. You know who I am. I am the most notorious serial killer Scotland has ever seen. I terrified the whole country, almost brought its Maine industry to a standstill, threatening the economy, thousands of jobs and international relations with several other major countries. There may be killers who have a higher number of kills than I do, but no one has managed the impact I've had on a whole nation.

Burke and Hare are woven into the mythology of Scotland, yet they only killed a few people in Edinburgh. I reached over the whole country, from isolated villages with only a hundred residents, to our busy capital city. I killed in front of monuments to our glorious engineering past, and in quiet beauty spots, little nooks where the small-minded go to contemplate nature and their dull existence. I made sure what was once celebrated became horrific.

I'm now seven years into my comfortable stay at Carstairs, which the state says is indefinite – as though it is the state's choice. For the moment being here suits me, so I will stay, until I decide that it no longer serves my purpose.

I have been urged by therapists and psychiatrists to use my time here productively. While I don't need to virtue signal to feel good about myself (like most of the rest of the population), there could be something to this, I have insights most people don't.

After my sentencing I started to receive letters from people who admired me, young men who wanted to become like me, lonely women who think they can save me. On my journey I have learned so much, honed skills, created a craft, found my own power and creativity: This is what I have to give back. I can help those who are just starting out, offer them the guidance and mentoring I never had.

The book does not have chapters, but weeks. This is because if you rush through the book you will not get the full benefit from it. If however, you read one section a week, this will give you the time you need to ruminate, to fully absorb what has been said and the impact it has on

you. This is a move that is vital. One of the problems with today's world is that we move so fast through everything, everyone wants to binge. The problem with a binge though is that it makes you sick. If you really want to appreciate and learn, you need to slow down, and feel the lesson running through you. It is important to do this because so many people in the past have completely misconstrued the creative texts they have consumed, such as Ian Brady, who thought that Roskolnikov was really a hero, when in fact he was weak. If Brady had taken the time to properly contemplate the book, rather than just trying to quickly read it and ignoring the bits which didn't fit with his world view the maybe his arrogant belief he would never be caught wouldn't have tripped him up. My point is, if you are to be able to read a book fully, to understand what it tells you don't binge, take it slowly, good things come to those who wait.

This book is a little like the Stephen King autobiography where he tells you about his life, but also what you will need to become a writer, except this is for the people Mr King writes about. The book is divided into two halves. In the first half you will find exercises and lessons for you to work through, I will use some examples from my own career, but this half is more about you establishing your knowledge and developing your understanding, and in it I will be speaking directly to you. In the second half I will go into much more detail about how my career and my artistic works developed. The second half feels more like a novel, and like Ted Bundy I prefer to talk about my adventures in the third person. If you are a close reader you may find that there are some clues in there as to what I am going to do next, and how you can get involved. If you are a really close reader you may find all sorts of hidden surprises to delight and disappoint you.

Working through the week-by-week themed exercises I've set, you will discover your own power and creativity. You will be able to slough off everything that holds you back: parents, friends, the hypocritical morals of religion or society. I'll give you tips in constructing your cover life. I'll also let you in on the secrets of our craft, such as the NUMBER ONE thing you must never let your children have.

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I pinpoint key moves along your career that can make you great, and I will also reveal to you some of the most important traditions which have sadly fallen by the wayside in recent decades, such as finding and cultivating your relationship with your nemesis. I'll let you in on previously UNKNOWN SECRETS about how DCI Campbell and I really feel about each other, what she said to me when there was no one else around, and how, despite the long distance between us which so often damages relationships I am still managing to create that all important spark. Lastly, I'll let you know about creating back up plans. I have one. Reader, don't think I plan to spend the rest of my life here. I'll be getting out on my own terms, and meeting as many of you as possible to personally help you on your journey. One way or another.

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Why Are We No Longer As Creative?

People often say that this person has not yet found himself. But the self is not something one finds, it is something one creates – Thomas Szosz

The biggest problem which faces those of us active in our industry – call it what you will, horror, terror, serial killings, fear – is that it has become dumbed down. Our field used to be small, with only a few names – but they were all truly unique or terrifying.

The best example of this is Ed Gein. He did not stand out as one of the more intelligent of us, yet he showed a startlingly amount of creativity and craft. While he created in quiet introspection – like so many of us – once his inventiveness was revealed it sent shockwaves that are still resounding through our culture. At least five of the top ten horror films have in some way been inspired by Gein, in whole or part. For an uneducated man who was born over a hundred years ago, having such an influence on popular culture is otherwise unheard of.

However, with the rise of the media which has given Gein and his gifts to us their central place in our cultural psyche we are also exposed to lesser talents. With the explosion of platforms and the 24 hour news cycle, few serial killers need craft anymore, just body count. Many of them spend no time honing a personal style – they just blow their easily picked apart psyche all over the place for anyone to gather up.

The lack of elegance within our genre reflects the increasing crassness of a world where in all the arts people seek fame first, before they have put in the time to study or hone their craft. Something that used to take people years to master, is as cheap and as toxic as the plastic we wrap our food in.

Coupled with the greater understanding of human psychology – not that psychology is a proper science anyway – anybody thinks they can read a true crime book or watch a season of Criminal Minds and understand us. Of course they can't, because they are hampered by either being pathetic enough to try and "empathise" with us, or even worse, think they can be like us, when they

have neither the stomach nor the imagination. Media is taking away our mystique, and with it the look of terror we long for in people's eyes.

Even populist police comedies will add serial killers, such as Brooklyn 99's Oolong Slayer. When I was young no one would have dared make a serial killer a punchline! I despair. We used to strike fear into people's hearts, create terror and chaos which echoed long after we passed. We have cheapened our own craft by allowing ourselves to copy the same fame hungry prey we hunt.

Whether you are a beginner, just tentatively taking your first steps, or if you are at a mid-point in your journey trying to avoid the common pitfalls and temptations we all face, I have golden words of advice to you. If we all work on our own game, we can rise all games, and therefore the amount of terror and chaos we control in the world. Now you have my book, there is nothing stopping you.

Week 1: The importance of finding you identity

Your vision will become clear only when you can look into your own heart. Who looks outside, dreams; who looks inside, awakes. – Carl Jung

I remember standing in the dock, behind a perspex screen in the High Court in Edinburgh. I was disappointed I was being tried in one of the newer courts, fitted out with blond polished wood, lacking the gravitas or the dignity of the older courts, which had been used for hundreds of years.

In the gallery, there were the family and friends of all my victims. The court room was packed with expert witnesses, police, lawyers, who trundled in and out of the witness box, giving evidence over many days and weeks. To many, standing in front of all these people, and knowing the attention of the world's press was on them might make them feel exposed, or unsafe. Me? I knew that it was exactly where I was meant to be, because I know exactly who, and what I am.

I hadn't just created a sense of bemusement at my work, when people read a headline in a paper and then turned the page, forgetting it. My most important relationship had been forged, that with my nemesis, DCI Halliday Campbell. She was there with me in court, watching everything I did, listening to everything I said, and all the time uncharacteristically coy, trying to appear like she was ignoring me. I have impact. I am important.

While you will admire who I am now, you won't realise I was not always that person. When I was young I was exactly the opposite. I was brought up in Rossmore, a small village near the Black Isle in the Highlands of Scotland. It's not a well known place, the type of place that when you tell people you come from there they give you a blank look and say, "I've never heard of it."

Rossmore was dull, more than dull. Not dull in the way that all teenagers find their surroundings dull, but dull in a nothing-has-changed-for-a-hundred-years-dull. It was filled with old men, and people who didn't have the get up and go to get out. It had a shop, and a bank (open only on Tuesdays, Wednesdays **and** Thursdays), a post office (open only mornings), a fish van that parked on what was laughingly called the high street on Mondays, and a library van that parked outside the post office the first Thursday of every month. It had once been a thriving community, with a baker's

and a dairy, a curling pool that was used by the whole village every winter. Come the opening of the supermarkets in Inverness, and everyone being able to afford a television, the heart of this little community shrivelled up, it was just existing as a shadow of its former self. This is what progress does.

Into that desiccated husk of a community entered I, its most famous son. My mother and father had moved there when I was born, my father left when I was three. My mother, who refused to drive, and who would stop me from driving, lived her whole life in Rossmore using the stubbornly infrequent and inconveniently timed public transport to go to Inverness once a month. She had no friends, only acquaintances, and discouraged me from having any of my own, Mainely by complaining loudly about anyone I brought home from school, criticising everything about them within their ear shot. I grew up a lonely meek child, scared of my own mother. No one could have guessed how powerful I would become.

I had let my mother control and construct my own identity for me. I was so afraid of her, that I didn't dare even dream there was another identity for me, more than just being her dutiful, doting, well-behaved son, whose purpose was to make her proud. It was finding my own identity and breaking free of those negative emotions that was the first step on the path to where I am today. I am going to tell you about the first steps I took on that path, and help you understand what your position is on it.

I remember a time when I was young. I had drawn something for my mother. It was a mess of paint, the way small children's work often is, all merging into one puddle of brown in the centre of the paper that would not dry. I had made it just for her, and presented it proudly as she came to pick me up from nursery, hoping that she would be pleased with me. She was standing beside one of the other mothers also there to collect her child, and as I wandered up to her, my painting proudly outstretched towards her, the other mother said, "Ooooooh, how lovely! You've made a painting for your mum!"

My mother's face darkened. "Oh, look at that," she said, turning to the mum who had spoken. "I really don't know where to put all this crap he keeps on making. It's such a mess and dripping paint everywhere."

I looked down on my brown leather shoes with buckles and could see the drops of brown paint with a lighter blue swirling within it on my shoes. My mother bent down, withdrew a large ball of hanky she plucked from her sleeve and wiped the paint off, leaving smudges of brown and blue poster paint blending into the scuffed second hand leather. She then turned her head further towards the other woman and whispered in an audible voice, "I generally just throw it away and hope he doesn't notice." She threw back her head and laughed, not noticing that the other woman was looking at her with a puzzled expression on her face.

That, my friend, is crushing talent. Judging early artistic effort is abuse. It is impossible to be perfect when you are a child, but perfection is what my mother demanded from me. My mother's judgement meant that in much of my life I became afraid. Afraid of straying off the path she found acceptable, afraid that if I did anything wrong others would tell her, afraid of the punishment she dealt out to me behind closed doors. Fear is the enemy of creativity, and boy, did that bitch instil fear.

So how did I get rid of fear so I could find my true identity? It is a long process, most people won't be able to do it on their own, after all that is why you have come to me for help. It is a process of chipping away at your core negative beliefs, those that have been forced upon you by family, friends or society, and then there is a process of affirming yourself.

What is a core negative belief?

A core belief is something that you believe in your heart of hearts. People are not always aware of what these beliefs are. For instance, Paul may tell you repeatedly he wants to stop smoking and drinking alcohol. Despite going cold turkey on both, and trying gradual methods of withdrawal, Paul is unable to stick to his plan. He knows that both drinking and smoking are damaging his health, he has read all about it and doesn't need any more well-intentioned advice.

The problem is that although Paul has the desire to stop, he has secretly within him a deep, hidden core belief that means he continually sabotages his own efforts. For Paul, that belief is that he does not deserve good health and happiness. As long as Paul carries that belief around with him, he will never succeed in stopping drinking or smoking, and will always struggle and always fail.

So what's the best way of getting rid of core beliefs? First, we need to uncover them. I want you to read the statements below and circle any of them that you feel may apply to you. *I won't be a successful, prolific, creative artist because...*

I won't have the courage to take the first steps.

Things will go wrong for me, they always do.

Everybody will be able to guess what I have done.

I will be shunned by everyone I know.

It will interfere with my "normal" life.

I may get injured.

I may die.

My ideas and impulses aren't good enough.

It's too late in my life to start something new.

How many did you circle? As a rough rule of thumb, the fewer you circled the further you are along your journey to becoming a true artist like me. If you circled them all, then you really are at the beginning of your journey and have a lot of work to do in bringing out the creative, confident and successful artist you deserve to be. I call this group of people the Shadow Artists.

Shadow Artists are too scared to do anything but fantasise about what they want to become. By the end of this book, I promise, I will have helped you emerge from those shadows.

Your first step to becoming a true artist, rather than a shadow artist is to turn these core negative beliefs into core positive beliefs. The table below gives you an example of how to do this, with the negative core belief on the left hand side, and on the right hand side the new belief I want you to replace it with.

Although I have listed some of the most common negative beliefs around creativity, you don't have to stick with these. Instead, find a quiet place, close your eyes and take several deep breaths, then focus on your natural breathing. Once you have focused for five minutes or so, ask yourself the question "what is blocking my creativity?" and then sit, and see what answers arise within yourself. Write these down, and then find ways to turn each one into an affirmation.

<i>I won't have the courage to take the first steps.</i>	I can find the courage to take the first steps. I have more courage than I know
<i>Things will go wrong for me, they always do.</i>	With careful planning, and discipline things will go well for me.
<i>Everybody will be able to guess what I have done.</i>	I am clever enough to fool most people, most people are not clever enough to see through me.
<i>I will be shunned by everyone I know.</i>	I don't need other people, everyone can be replaced.
<i>It will interfere with my "normal" life.</i>	"Normal" life is a cover for the life I am destined to live.
<i>I may get injured.</i>	Injury is a risk I am happy to take, but I am in control so won't get injured.
<i>I may die.</i>	

<i>My ideas and impulses aren't good enough.</i>	We all die, I might as well die doing what I love.
<i>It's too late in my life to start something new.</i>	I can take the time to develop my ideas and control my impulses.
	It is never too late to start something new.

Changing core negative beliefs are not easy. Many of them have been living within us from early childhood, and are therefore lodged fasted within our psyche. Therefore it will be foolish of you to expect to dislodge them easily. If you are willing to dislodge these beliefs you will need to start first thing in the morning when you wake up, and last thing at night before you go to sleep, by repeating positive affirmations to yourself. At first you might feel a little foolish, and as though nothing is changing. Give it time though, and you will notice a subtle shift within yourself, from doubting these positive affirmations, to feeling no resistance to them. I want you to use these affirmations morning and night no matter what other exercises or visualisations you are also doing. These are the foundation of your transformation and must be repeated on a daily basis to keep you strong, and make sure nothing negatively effects your emerging true self which we will examine further in Week 2.

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