I AM MARGARET MOORE
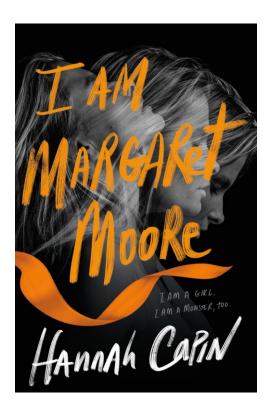
Book Summary:

A teenage girl's death at a naval academy is misunderstood until her friends uncover the truth.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; alcohol use; and self-harm

I AM A GIRL.
I AM A MONSTER, TOO.

Young Adult

By Hannah Capin
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CONTENT WARNING

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Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
20	They kiss. Deep and true and wild, like I am not here at all, and Nisreen's nightgown is tangled, and Flor's hair drips water all over the tile.
41	He kissed me there on the shore. My first kiss and my best.
58	Flor is scattering laughter and shaking Nisreen and kissing her hair and her skin and her lips.
76	We kissed in the curve of the oldest tree in the park on evenings when the world was still dark, and the warmth between us melted winter to spring. His lips against my cheek, against my hair, against my neck. His breath against my ea. …I kissed him like I was drowning and he was the shore. We drank whiskey he stole from his father's desk drawer and my laugh was high and bubbling. I wanted his hands on me. I wanted my hands on him. I t was April the first day we caught each other up in the last row of the old theater and tangled together in one seat, breathless and alive. The day we fumbled and laughed and crushed our hands over each other's mouths while the projector's light blazed above us.
77	And we kissed like the world would end. And my skirt slid up high and I found the buckle on his belt and we'd never talked about it, never gotten close, but it was the only thing we wanted. Then he was inside me and hut sparked like stars but it didn't matter because he was there with his arms wrapped tight around me and his lips on mine.
85	Even not leaning their heads on each other's shoulders, even not trailing their hands along each other's skin, they are as inseparable as anything could be.
90	January, kissing and kissing in his new car until the windows turned to fog.
110	…the boy who has told me his secrets; the boy who knows every inch of me; the boy who can whisper those poems back to me know: Wild nights- Wild nights! Were I with thee-
132	…Margaret-who is the boy who got you pregnant?
145	He is doing the same thing he has done all these nights. I have always called it, in my head, making love, even though the words are too jeweled and precious for our bright summer passion. Because it is frenzy and we are stupid and young and thoughtless, but we are more, and we are in love.
146	He is sitting back now. Zipping his shorts, and they are still perfect white, and my kilt is stained with mud, and there is a knife in my chest.
147	There is a girl beneath my feet. A girl lying on her back in the mud with her kilt snarled at her waist and her underwear around her ankles. Her hair is tangled; her hair is salted with sweat. Her face is salted with tears. There is a strange smile on her face: a smile that is not a smile at all. A boy has told her, Fix your skirt; a boy has told her, Get up, Margaret.
162	They make me say it myself and I will not. The nurse says it instead: Dr. Moore, Mrs. Moore- your daughter is pregnant…
203	He says, and he has my hand in his: There was a girl back home, and this same thing happened to her, and she heard rat poison could- well. What you want. …He tells me she did not have to go away; she did not have to give herself up. He tells me she is proud she did it; she said to his sister- her best friend- it's up to me

Page	Content
	what becomes of me. …I say, How much do I take? He says, Let me. He pours it into the tea. It is a strange chalky powder and it billows clouds in the cup. I say, And it will happen right away? He says, Soon. I take the cup and hold it close. …I drink to the bottom of the cup.
205	I am curled on the floor and there is blood in my mouth and my eyes; in my throat; between my legs.
228	A girl, the one who drowned herself from heartbreak. …She died out in the storm, and the next summer she drowned the boy who broke her heart.
243	It was Jack VanLandingham in the wherry, and he fed me poison and watched me die, and he lied and lied, and tell-and take my blood and stain his name-