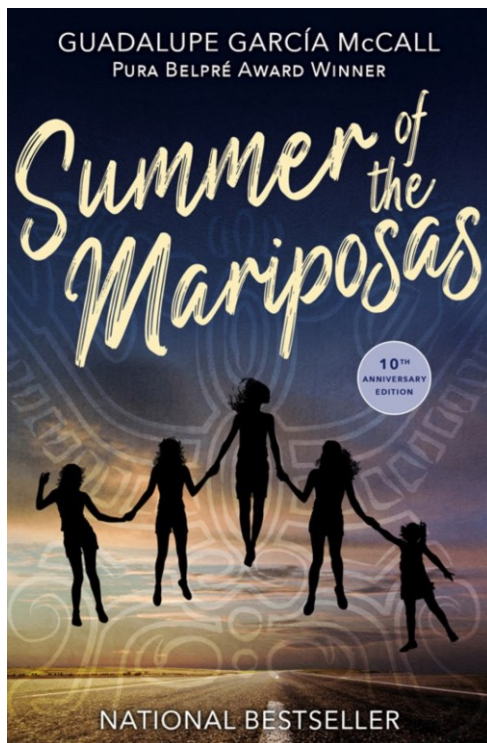


# SUMMER OF THE MARIPOSAS



*Juvenile*

**By Guadalupe Garcia McCall**

ISBN: 978-1-60060-901-5

## **Book Summary:**

While returning a dead man's body to his family, five sisters end up embarking on a mystical journey.

## **Summary of Concerns:**

This book contains violence; sexual innuendo; references to child abandonment and kidnapping; references to prostitution; controversial social commentary; and references to divorce.

**2**/5

**Teen Guidance**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
7	No e-mails, no instant messaging- not only couldn't we afford a computer at home, but Mama worried that we didn't understand how to distinguish our real-life friends from dirty old me.
10	"Did you know that seventy percent of men aren't as attached to their female children as they are to their sons? It's true. I read that somewhere."
12	They whispered about unclaimed bodies in sacks and shallow unmarked graves. ..."Those customs agents are ruthless! To them, illegals are no better than stray dogs. They'd shoot them before they'd help them."
13	Next she'd be starting some kind of crusade to prevent the drowning of illegal aliens in the waters of the Rio Grande.
22	I thought of La Llorona, the legendary Weeping Woman said to have drowned her own children.
26	I ignored them and went to the kitchen to fix them welfare burgers for dinner. We called them welfare burgers because we used regular sliced bread instead of buns.
45	Velia scrubbed away the thick layer of rouge Juanita had applied to his cheekbones in the dark. "He looks like a prostitute."
61	"Oh, great," I retorted. "So now he's not just going to look like a prostitute, he's going to smell like one too?"
65	With one of the mariposas climbing her nose, staring at her eye to eye, Pita looked like Bambi, right before the hunters shot his mother. ...At that moment, I realized what would happen if we were caught with a dead man's body in our car. These people would call Child Protective Services and that would lead to a full-on investigation of Mama. They would label her neglectful and make her look like an unfit mother.
67	The Mexican official was scary. He was a big fat man, older than the moon, with huge, bulging eyes that devoured our female frame. When he saw that our "father" was asleep in the backseat, he looked from one pretty girl to another and licked his lips like an iguana. I wanted to sink the gas pedal into the floorboard and peel out of there, but he had other ideas. He looked at my small chest for a long time, and then he smiled knowingly at me. "Where are you young ladies going?" he asked. ..."My grandmother's throwing us a party," Velia said, batting her long eyelashes. "There's going to be a live band, Los Coyotes," Delia invented, showing her perfect teeth as she smiled. "You can come if you want." Where are they coming up with all this? I asked myself as I watched them lie shamelessly to the dirty old man.
70	We didn't want to call attention to ourselves in case they were members of any of the border gangs, who had been abducting people along the Frontera, the border between Mexico and the US.
146	Even those tales of razors in Halloween candy are just urban rumors.
152	"You're being ridiculous," Cecilia scoffed. "I didn't put anything into the sweet bread. Now clean it up, before I get really mad!" "No! You clean it up! We're not your slaves!" Juanita yelled.

Page	Content
	<p>Cecilia lifted her left arm with her palm wide open, ready to slap her. "What, are you going to hit her?" I asked. "Not while I'm alive!"</p> <p>Then, to make my point, I unsheathed a butcher knife from its marbled stand and wielded it in front of her face. "Now listen carefully, and don't interrupt me. If you don't help us get home, we'll go straight to the cops when we leave here and make you wish you had. You see, Pita here is very good at crying. She can make anyone feel sorry for her. Not that she would be pretending to cry. She's scared enough as it is." Pita was sobbing even now into Juanita's embrace. "And there's enough evidence in this house and in our veins to prove that you were drugging us."</p>
155	<p>"Is this a trap? Are you sending us to another sorceress? Is she evil, like you and your kind?" I pushed the tip of the butcher's knife against her jugular vein.</p>
253	<p>"I know your Mama. She's a decent woman, with good morals and values. She's always been a good mother and wife. I want you to understand one thing. Your mother didn't do anything wrong. Your father left because he's a louse, a good-for-nothing who cares more about himself than his own wife and daughters. He's up to no good. Otherwise, why would he be trying to divorce your mama?"</p>
294	<p>Being chased by witches and warlocks, battling monsters, even defeating demons, was nothing compared to the task of facing the reality of our father's abandonment.</p>
313	<p>I saw him before he saw us. Standing in the church door in his white pinstriped shirt, with his hands in the pockets of his gray slacks, he looked like a male model straight out of a Sears catalogue, sexy in an older man kind of way.</p>