

Pretty Boys

Are



Poisonous

MEGAN FOX

POEMS

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GALLERY  
BOOKS

*new york*

*london*

*toronto*

*sydney*

*new delhi*

Pretty Boys

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Poisonous

POEMS

MEGAN FOX

*dear reader,*

All of my healers tell me that my throat chakra is blocked.

In case you aren't familiar, the throat chakra is the energy center that is related to communication.

Usually when someone's throat chakra is closed it's because they are not able to identify their feelings and articulate them in a way that is aligned with their emotions and intentions.

I don't have this problem.

My problem is that I deeply identify my feelings and have multitudinous ways of articulating them, but I am not able to express them because when I do it has made the men who have loved me feel intimidated, inadequate, and insecure.

And so I have spent all of my life making myself small so that others can feel confident.

I have a savior/martyr complex.

I've always believed I am meant to be a sacrificial lamb, a ransom for the soul of whichever beautiful, broken, self-absorbed idiot is currently hunting me down and draining me of my life force.

I am at once jaded and naive.

A hopelessly romantic open wound of a human with a blisteringly sardonic sense of expression that I keep mostly repressed except for the rare red-carpet moments or interviews when these observations kamikaze themselves from my mouth because I can't bear the weight of the artifice anymore.

But then one day it happened. One of said idiots finally broke me.

And from me poured these poems featuring previously unspoken feelings of...

isolation, torment, self-harm, desperation, longing, restlessness, rage, and general anguish.

These are the experiences of many of us that I now give voice to in these poems.

This book is for anyone who has given much more than they received, or for anyone who struggles to believe they deserve to be heard.

This book is also for me.

Because fuck. I deserve better.

*love,*  
*megan*



i used to believe love was a poem

now i know love is a killing spree

- the indoctrination of a hopeless romantic



Prettiest boy,

full of sadness and mischief.

your words are winsome and diaphanous

like the rain that momentarily collects on flower petals

my heart stretches eager to encapsulate your wounds

let me heal you.

violent boy,

full of rage and insecurities.

your hands are so beautiful and strong.

you use them to hurt me now.

delicate bruises splayed across my jaw

i wonder what you are thinking while i cry and beg you to stop

• fucked-up fairy tales

there he stands  
tall, thin, twisted  
like a tree you'd find in sleepy hollow  
refusing to grow toward the light  
instead he bends to the shadows  
hide  
hide  
hide  
the truth at any cost  
let her beg  
let her cry  
let her wither  
he's happy being sad  
so it doesn't matter anyway

- pretty boys are poisonous

When beautiful boys  
turn into evil things  
you will find that bibles and silver bullets will fail you  
eventually  
you will stop running  
you will stop fighting  
you will collapse into a pathetic little heap on the floor  
and as the ashes from the hand-rolled cigarette  
that dangles from his perfect cupid's bow lips  
fall into your eyes  
you will let him feast on your tears and your self-esteem  
and when he walks away with your soul in his mouth  
you will pray for death  
but instead you will live forever as the monster he turned you into

- lessons in hot-boy demonology

my protector

my abuser

my captor

my friend

my love

the creature that

seeks me

when he is thirsty

for tears

• eros

you can beg  
you can cry  
you can plead  
you can reason  
you can bribe  
you can seduce  
you can fight  
you can surrender  
but you can never  
outrun the wolves

- rape

Not even Cronus could bend time  
to alter our destiny  
no  
time stretched and swelled when I was alone  
with you on these days  
it was impossible to discern one minute  
from the amorphous shores of eternity  
but now  
there are fingerprints along my neck  
and bruises adorning my spine  
however ephemeral they appear to you  
for me they linger  
in the space where the light used to be in my  
eyes  
all these tears I've cried for you...  
oceans of grief  
my chest aches  
but I can never excise the hurt  
because you are the hurt  
fated like Prometheus, chained to the rock,  
I offer my heart to you every morning  
and like the insatiable eagle you return  
every day to gleefully consume it  
and then you fly away

leaving me bound and bleeding in agony

an imperishable suffering

to love something so much

- greek tragedies lose their poetry when you live them

if romeo and juliet had lived long enough maybe they too would  
have gotten to the point where romeo was so numb to her that  
he would rather read twitter in bed than fuck...

because there's always tomorrow for that

or maybe the next day... or the next...

i dunno he's just so busy now

i still imagine she kills herself in the end though

only he doesn't follow

he just signs up for raya instead

• i would die for y— oh, j/k lol





i lie in bed  
praying for  
the sleep that never comes  
i can feel you reaching for me  
through the night  
across time zones  
and continents  
i'm trying to free myself  
but your energy  
grabs at me for dear life  
holding tight to my light  
desperate to illuminate your shadows  
keep running  
from yourself  
avoid the mirror  
use me instead  
how many times have you watched me die  
and still you don't realize  
that you are the reaper

• 4:46 a.m.

i didn't break your heart...

i only damaged it

says the boy as he merrily skips away into

the flashing lights and applause

his hands still

covered

in

blood

- the avarice pursuit of money power and glory

You keep telling me it was an accident  
that you would never hurt me on purpose  
that you're just too young to have known better  
but what's the difference between  
manslaughter and murder?  
i'm still dead either way

- a 32-year-old narcissist quantifies his crimes

and my heart never rests  
because it does not trust  
the hand that holds it

- why i have insomnia



true

love

twin

flame

trusted

friend

naive

girl

so many secrets hiding  
behind your scorched-earth temper  
and when you asked me  
i said yes  
but i didn't understand yet  
why you always tasted  
like ashes

• to marry an arsonist

but how will you ever know  
if i'm smiling  
when you can't see past  
your own tears

- manic-depressive peter pan



She runs because she knows  
the truth that lies  
beneath your good intentions

- snow white and the complacent rock star



you are an addiction  
that no amount of prayers  
will ever cure  
my cries for relief  
floating  
unheard into the ether  
you are killing me  
but my heart  
won't give you up  
this thread  
through our past lives  
tightly wound  
around my neck  
siphoning my breath  
to fill your lungs  
my hands are bleeding  
from trying to free myself  
you offer me a smile  
content to steal my life  
knowing at least this way  
no one else  
will ever have me

• a beautiful boy is a deadly drug

irate, you protest loudly that you are a free spirit  
but your spirit isn't free  
it's an indentured servant to the entities that occupy you  
you're imprisoned by all of the demons you've bartered with  
renting space in your body to them in exchange for a life that  
doesn't even make you happy  
why do you sacrifice me to feed the things that haunt you

- the price of fame: one dead soulmate

mornings after you would hurt me  
i would wake up and make your coffee  
put on a sweatshirt so you wouldn't  
have to look at the bruises you left  
i wouldn't want you feeling guilty  
because like you say—  
this isn't your fault  
your parents abandoned you  
no one ever taught you not to...  
it's just because you love me  
so much  
you don't know how to control  
all the passion you feel  
if anything i'm lucky  
imagine all the girls who don't get hurt  
for laughing at another boy's jokes  
how ineffectual and undesirable  
they must feel  
at this point you will remind me that my  
silence is in equal proportion to my love  
and so under the watchful gaze of your  
management  
i dutifully set out on my hero's journey  
to prove my loyalty by taking your secrets

to my grave

really i should be flattered

and i am

- don't worry darling

you've used me  
and left me so threadbare  
that not even maleficent's spindle  
could bring me rest

- true love's kiss was a cancer not a cure





f for three years  
i've been in this infinite desert  
every day on my knees  
praying  
for the sun to set  
so i can finally  
crawl out of your shadow

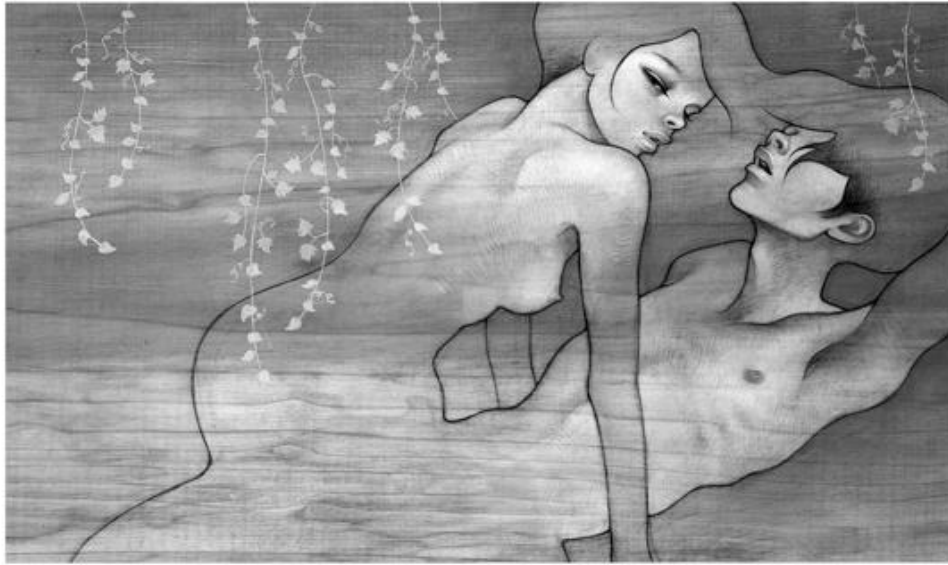
• 8 of swords reversed

i often wonder  
how something so pretty  
could be so iniquitous  
but they say lucifer  
was god's most beautiful creation  
and the way your body  
has had me speaking in tongues  
i can confirm that is not an allegory  
a paradoxical embodiment  
of heaven's brightest light  
and hell's most unimaginable wickedness

- an angel with a fully automatic

if i had a nickel  
for every time you showed up for me  
i would have exactly zero nickels  
but i know i've earned  
a mansion in heaven  
for all the times  
i forgave you  
for calling me  
a stupid cunt

• seventy times seven



your love leaves  
bloodstains  
on my bedsheets

• it's giving patrick bateman

Shapeshifter

show me your face

look into my eyes

and lie

again

hide

from your past

hide

from your path

bury my light

beneath your deception

bury the truth

beneath my longing

tear the veil

and let me see

what can't be undone

• the fall

and to the girl who gave me her entire life for nothing in return  
i leave my violence and my resentment  
may she suffocate under the weight of all of my unhealed  
childhood trauma

- the last will and testament of a selfish prick

the circus that is your life  
lawlessly spins around you  
and each of us has a role to play  
giving our most convincing performances  
as wonder-struck plebeians  
in awe of your talent and power  
it has now become time for me to deliver my lines  
i'm meant to reassure you of your unique and incomparable gifts  
just like all the others who have gone before me today  
but your tequila-drenched insults  
have caused the compliments in my mouth  
to turn to broken glass  
and i am so tired of the taste  
of my own blood  
that i swallow my words  
and fantasize about killing you instead  
while you anxiously demand to know  
why i'm smiling

- coercive persuasion





you've been fighting me for three hours  
like we're in a game of mortal kombat  
i start daydreaming  
of the look on your face  
when i tell you  
his dick was so much bigger than yours

- fatality

i prefer the agonizing psychological abuse  
of this trauma bond  
to the prosaic tedium  
of a regular life  
just please don't actually kill me  
because then it will be over  
and i'm addicted to suffering

- martyrdom vs. monotony

i go to bed  
with an affable angelic boy  
and i wake up next to  
an irritable stubborn brat  
what happened in those hours while you were sleeping?  
to what tormented lifetimes do your dreams take you  
where you become so lost to us  
you stumble through our life  
in an indignant haze  
your ego wearing thin every so often as to reveal a pure and  
delicate connection  
but moments later our love becomes misplaced in a lightning  
storm of alcohol and self-loathing  
you'll never understand  
how painful it is  
to always have to wonder  
who i'm giving my heart to today

- the first rule of fight club

you are not real  
you are only a projection of qualities  
that you think others will find interesting  
the morose poet  
the reckless rock star  
the orphaned lost boy  
but really you are just a duplicitous snake  
and your venom pulses through my veins  
slowly killing me  
all while you smile for the paparazzi in your couture suit

- the devil wears dolce

i've learned to look at the floor when men speak to me  
i've stopped trying to share charming anecdotes over dinner  
because you always finish them for me  
and i certainly don't dare laugh at anyone's jokes  
not even your closest friends'  
because we've all seen what happens  
when a smile creeps across my lips  
that you didn't put there  
i put on my shortest dress and highest heels  
so that you can show me off  
while simultaneously keeping a possessive hand around the back  
of my neck  
my will has atrophied in my chest  
my feelings stick in my throat never forming  
words  
i forgot that i had a voice  
long before you decided to become my ventriloquist  
and somehow in spite of your genuine longing to be loved  
you prefer it this way

• the art of becoming an accessory



do you think my heart knew it was going to be an ineffectual  
sacrifice when it met you?

did it glibly agree to its torment and eventual murder?

did it volunteer to be the forlorn subject of this most grim of fairy  
tales?

does it beg his highness for mercy?

mercy!

mercy!

may his majesty have mercy!

starve.

cry.

bleed.

every petition for freedom met with an oblivious shit-eating grin.

- the emperor's new apathy



i'm not a zealot

i didn't come here to die for your sins

you crucify me

then beg me to be your redeemer

hanging the weight of your salvation

around my neck

like a noose

- leading a lamb to slaughter

they say that when the wind blows  
the spirits are talking  
so i stood outside in a storm today  
soaking wet and battered  
i let them speak  
they told me  
that i believe you are my hero  
whose integrity and kindness  
are just temporarily shrouded  
by the pain of your past  
and that most certainly  
it's my soul's purpose  
to save you  
so that we can finally  
live happily ever after  
but truthfully, the wind whispered,  
you have been  
my story's most insidious villain  
and this is my final battle  
my resurrection phase  
it's time to defeat you  
by rescuing myself

• i am prince charming

they say that nothing lasts forever  
and so i drag myself out of bed  
and smile for my children  
counting the hours  
until i can dematerialize into  
the murky realm of my unconscious  
searching for even the most  
fleeting moment of relief  
from this devastating wildfire  
inside my chest

- one hour at a time



fire starter,  
douse me in gasoline  
step back  
fix your hair  
lace up  
your combat boots  
check to see who's watching  
light the cigarette  
ignite the flame  
rehearse for your performance  
as the grief stricken lover  
check your dm's  
as you watch me burn

• i am ashes

my soul is full of holes  
from your acid-soaked love

• 3:33 a.m.

Passion: from latin; to suffer

- veritas

maybe the apple  
was actually a cock  
and maybe eve wanted it  
because adam  
was too busy, self-absorbed, and distracted to fuck her?  
maybe the original sin  
was a man  
taking a woman  
for granted

- i've always liked serpents





in

defiance

you rush off

to battle in your

pink chariot trampling

over the altars i carefully

built to our love on your way

to waging a war with yourself

- karmic pattern

do you hear the sound  
of my cries  
echoing  
through every lifetime  
that you abandoned me  
to chase an illusion  
surely you hear  
the deafening cacophony  
of my event horizon tears  
eternal loop  
let me out  
how many more lives  
do i have to lay down for you  
until i'm set free

• [lemniscate](#)

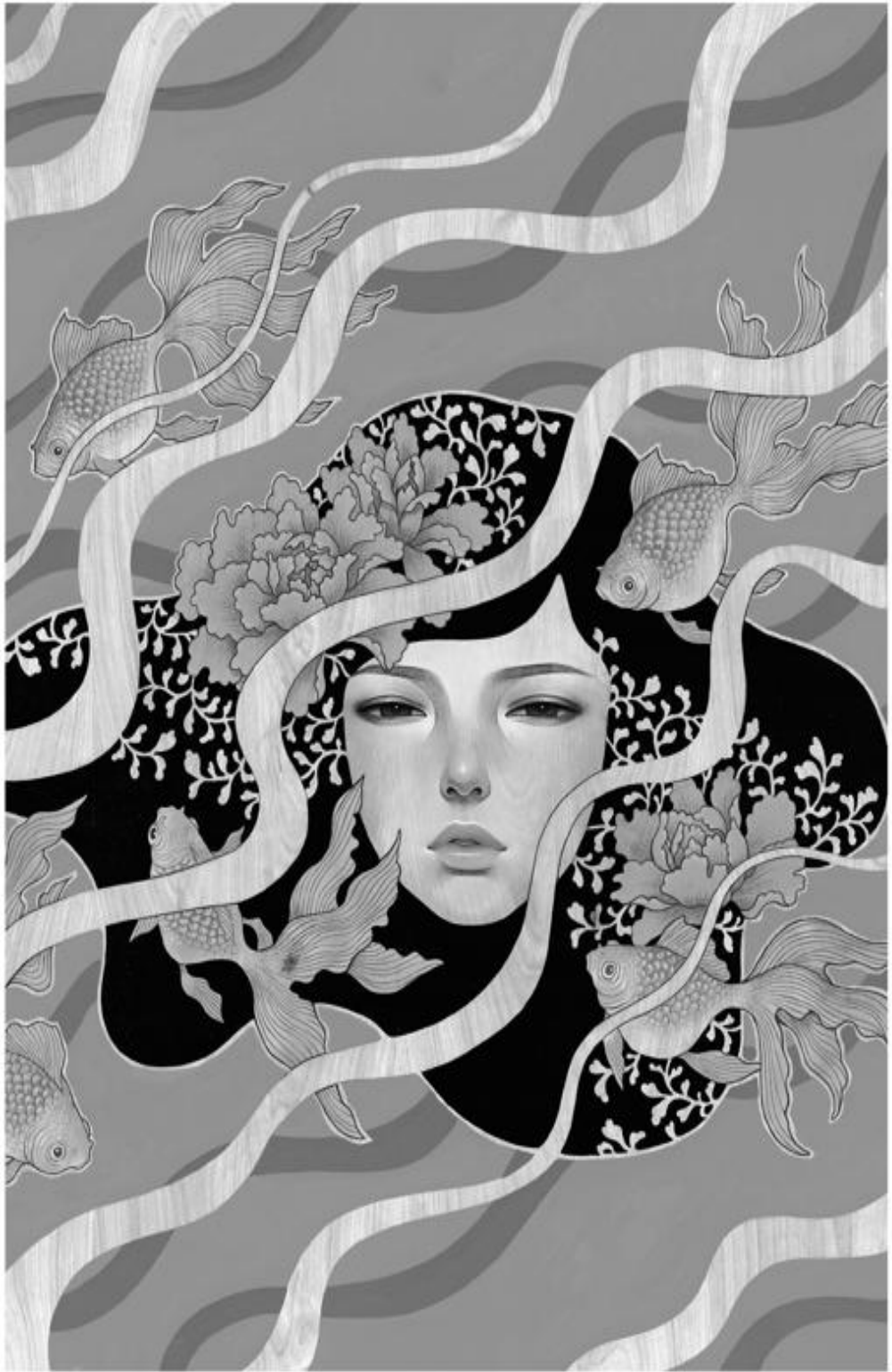
karma

is the shiver  
that will run  
down your spine  
when you realize  
that he's fucking me  
to sleep every night  
while all of the lies  
that you told me  
haunt you  
in your dreams

• all in circles

i've humbled kings  
alone  
i've fought wars  
against titans  
still they foam at the mouth  
attempting to silence me  
because i am a mirror  
that reminds them  
of what they cannot have  
you mistook me for a possession  
when i was a nuclear weapon all along

- you wanted marilyn monroe but you got joan of arc instead



they say she dwells in the cities of the sea

they say she was a banshee

a demon hag

that she seduces innocent men

in their sleep

they say she eats babies

but really

she was just a woman

who refused to get on all fours

so an insecure man

could feel like a god

• the truth about lilith

like every woman

they refuse to listen to my words

instead

they criticize the shape of my mouth

as i speak them

- i didn't sign up to compete in your bullshit beauty pageant



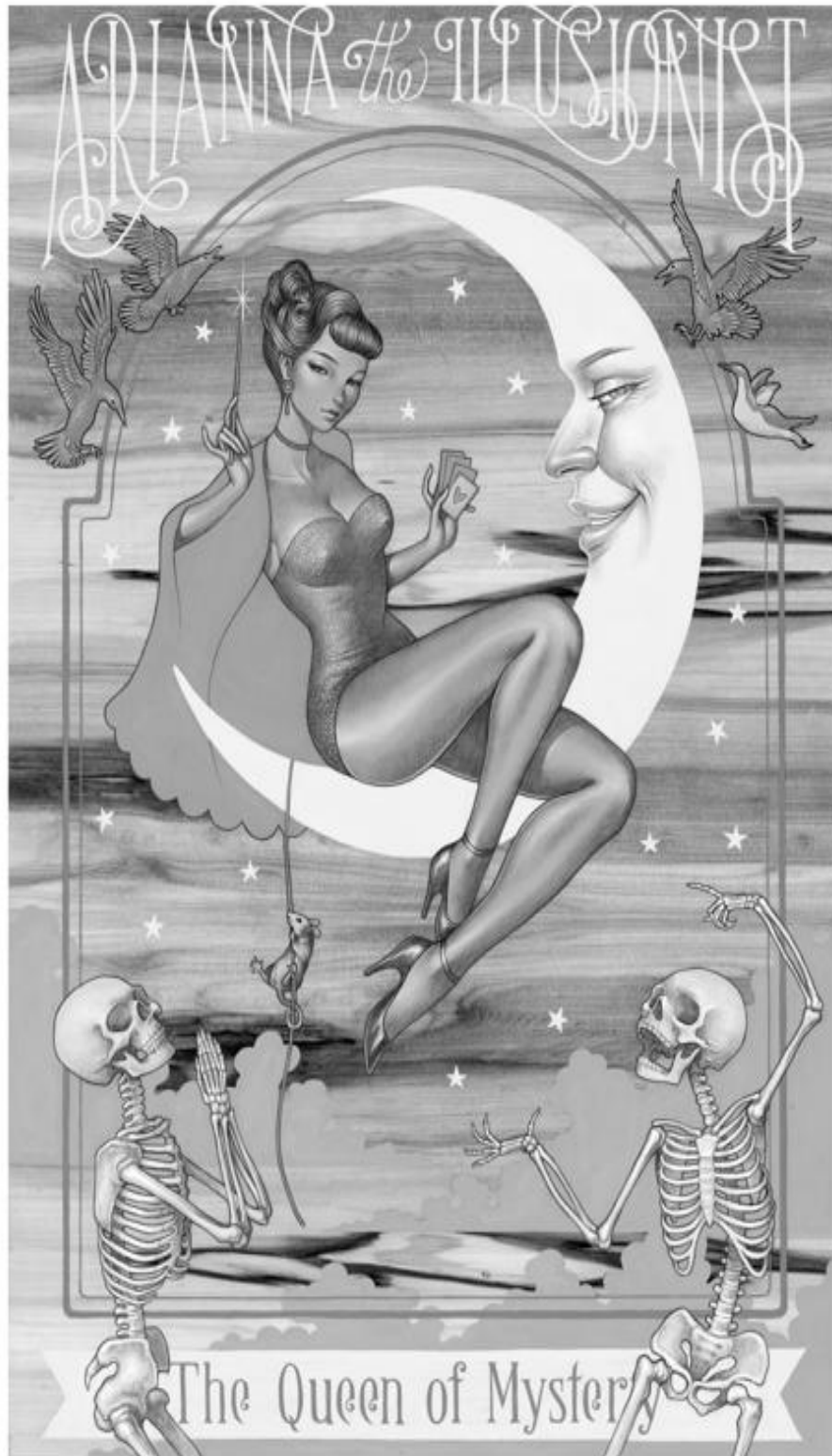
Not all goddesses fly  
some of us struggle on the ground  
as the mortal men we gave our hearts to  
keep their feet on our necks  
but one day  
we will remember our own names  
and turn them all to ashes

- hell hath no fury

lies pour from your mouth

like rain falls in the amazon

- a slippery relationship with the truth



the further away from you i get

the more i realize

i was never small

it was just a matter

of forced perspective

• your optical illusion

he was born  
with the umbilical cord  
wrapped around his neck  
he was raised  
by schizophrenic wolves  
baptized by fire  
he speaks destruction  
because chaos  
was his first language  
his forgiveness  
isn't free  
his love  
leaves scars  
generational curse  
lost soul  
he'll never change  
because he made a home  
in the sorrow  
he built a castle  
out of rage

• the loneliest king

you have beautiful lips  
but the poison that seeps out of them  
turns that baby face  
into a death mask

- you'd be so much more handsome if you'd get an exorcism

i wish your moods were  
as easy to predict  
as the weather  
but there is no app  
to help me navigate  
the treacherous landscape  
of your unhinged emotions

• boys without mothers





She was born in the wilderness  
she has dirt on her hands  
and stars in her hair  
she howls at the moon  
it knows her name  
he pretended to be from the wilderness  
but he was not made for forests  
he was cold and dry  
his eyes had lost their tears long ago  
he was a different kind of beast  
the kind that hides from the moon  
he creeps in the shadows  
so she doesn't see his fangs  
he wasn't born this way  
he was turned into this  
by family curses and sexual abuse  
but does the why even matter  
once she's been devoured  
bones and all?

- the werewolf attempts to apologize posthumously

i am realizing  
that this fairy tale  
will not have  
a happily ever after  
instead  
it will end prematurely  
with one of us  
reading a eulogy

- funerals are for lovers

i will always be in love  
with the man  
that you'll never become

- unrealized potential



i know that i'm too good for you  
but i still crave  
hades' touch  
even though  
it's harsh and unforgiving  
i'd still choose  
an eternal winter with you  
over an evanescent spring  
with someone else  
i'm still willing to live  
in the shadows  
because somewhere  
along the way i learned  
that i don't deserve  
to see the light

• pomegranates for sale

i'm tired of being a supporting actor  
in everyone else's life  
while being a featured extra in my own

- the stepford wife

**y**ou're always waiting to be rescued  
never willing to do the rescuing

- a 6-foot-4 damsel in distress

i hate men

i hate men

i hate men

i hate men

i hate men

i hate men

i hate men

- 7, the number of completion





Why am i  
still worshipping  
at the altar  
of your broken promises

- false prophets

i am learning  
that it is better  
to be a monster  
than to be  
hunted by one

• i'm not sorry

there was a time  
when i had never  
heard a man call me  
stupid  
pathetic  
bitch  
cunt  
slut  
idiot  
and there was also a time  
when i had never  
felt a man's hands  
hit me  
suffocate me  
or throw me to the ground  
but now  
if one of these things  
hasn't happened  
by wednesday  
i consider it a miracle

- i'm not sure that god agrees

i didn't realize how much of myself  
i was giving away  
or how much of me was disappearing  
until i turned on a light  
and couldn't even find my shadow

- but maybe if we use a black light we could still find all the stains  
you left on me



i cut everyone out  
of my life that you didn't like  
my assistant  
my friends  
my own sister  
i stopped doing the things that i loved  
i stopped waking up with the sun  
i stopped going on hikes  
i stopped drawing  
i stopped writing  
i stopped working  
i stopped dreaming of adventures  
i stopped eating  
i stopped laughing  
i stopped cumming  
i stopped sleeping  
i wore more makeup  
and less clothes  
my nails got longer  
my heels got higher  
i lost myself  
looking for your love

• an apparition in a miniskirt

It always starts with a cinematic monologue  
your villain origin story  
your eyes go black  
and i know it's too late to run  
you lock the door  
my stomach turns  
today my sin was that i followed your friend to the dinner table  
instead of waiting for you to lead me  
demon of wrath—what is my punishment?  
you hold me down and perch on me like a demented bird  
you spit on me and rub it across my face, smearing my makeup  
“oh you're so pretty. everybody loves you. your life is so fucking  
easy,”  
you say as you slip your fingers in my mouth and try to rip my face  
in two  
you dig your knees into my thighs to pin me down  
you choke me until there is a sickening crack  
that echoes through the bedroom  
but it doesn't wake you from your trance  
you hit me  
again  
and again  
i recognize the familiar taste of blood on my tongue  
your hands are covered in my tears



mascara smudged along your knuckles  
“it hurts, doesn’t it?”  
i say nothing  
you get angrier  
“you want me to kill myself, don’t you?  
you’re tricking me so i’ll kill myself”  
delusional and possessed  
i’m watching you like a movie now  
the creature inside of you is dizzy with power  
my tiny body must feel so fragile beneath you  
hours pass and you are finally too tired to keep going  
i am covered in scratches and bite marks  
my eyes are red  
my fingertips are white from trying to pry you off of me  
my jaw aches  
my soul aches more  
you fall asleep on top of me so that i can’t call my family or the  
police  
i don’t fall asleep  
i lie awake and beg god to let me die

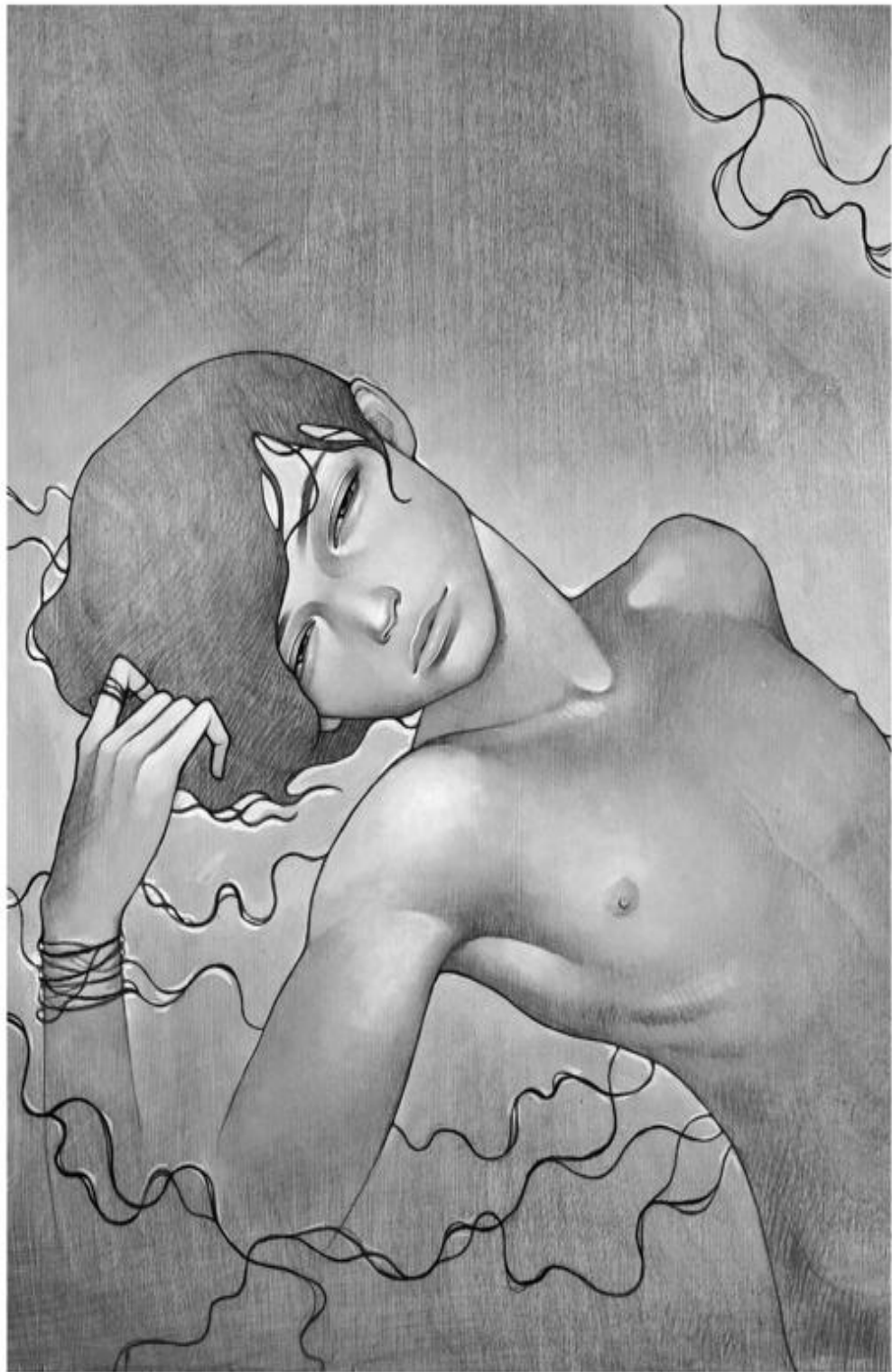
- oxycodone and tequila

When they ask you  
who was your greatest love  
don't whisper my name  
scream it  
and when they ask you  
what is your biggest regret  
don't write it in a song  
cut yourself open  
and write it in blood

• prove it, orpheus

Why do you so easily  
slip from my hands  
into a raging sea  
of insecurity and malice  
i follow after you  
doing my best  
to pull you back to shore  
but you are happy  
to drown me  
just so you can stay  
on the surface  
of your psychosis  
one sadistic moment more

- an involuntary immersive experience



my loyalty

lulled you into complacency

my trust

grew you into a monster

but there is no beast so fierce

as a girl

with a bullet in her head

and an arrow through her heart

you may have tried to kill me

but still i stand

and now my words

will be the blade

that cuts you down to size

• you should have finished the job

girls don't talk back  
girls don't ask for more  
girls don't want  
girls don't need  
girls don't take  
they give  
girls don't speak loud  
they whisper  
girls don't say no  
girls don't tell a boy's secrets  
when his sins  
are ones that only  
god can forgive

- **absolution**

it hurts

to see how i've

betrayed myself

trying to save

the souls of men

who do not want

to be saved

it hurts to see

how my legacy

will only rest

in the space

between my legs

• the book of mary magdalene





lick the wounds  
you inflicted  
while you were hunting me  
forget the sound of the bullets  
ignore the sting of the blade  
promise me a different life  
but give me more of the same  
keep me prisoner  
keep me prey  
leave me for dead  
when something nubile and naive  
comes wondering  
lost in your woods

• the wolf

It doesn't matter how beautiful, loyal, nurturing, sexy, witty,  
charming, smart, or altruistic you are.

he will still take you for granted

- why i wish i was gay

Our therapist asks us  
to close our eyes  
imagine ourselves old  
and at the end of our lives  
he asks  
is this, your beloved, the person who's  
holding your hand as you die?  
eagerly you say yes  
yes it's me that's holding your hand  
it's sunset and i'm there  
smiling  
weeping  
as i release you  
after our very long joyful life together  
back to the universe  
now it's my turn to answer  
i realize  
that no  
it's not you holding my hand as i die  
it's a nurse named cathy  
because you stopped at a bar  
to listen to a bunch of college girls  
tell you that they grew up  
listening to your music

they tell you that you're a legend  
your eyes sparkle  
as you live  
through their giggles and lip gloss  
and now i take my last breath  
with fucking cathy  
she will not smile  
she will not weep  
she will check the time  
as her shift ends in eleven minutes

- the ghost of christmas future

When you look at me  
i know you see  
the abandoned child  
the missing mother  
the alcoholic father  
but if you look deeper  
you will also see  
the pain caused by your words  
the bruises left by your hands  
the love lost to your lies  
and  
the treasure  
that turned to dust  
in front of your eyes

• mirror



you thought that  
if you stopped watering me  
i would die  
but you forgot to dig up my roots  
and though you tried your best  
you weren't able to  
block me from the light  
and while you neglected me  
i trusted in the unseen  
and now there is a sequoia  
standing where that naive sapling used to be  
i've outgrown you  
and no matter how much you cry or beg  
i will never be your giving tree

- photosynthesis

go on a date  
they say  
go have fun  
they say  
you could have anyone  
they say  
it doesn't matter how many times  
i tell them  
that my soul has been seeking you  
for as long as i can remember  
that i had an image of you in my mind  
when i was a child  
that my heart sent out a sonar  
for so many years  
gray and lonely  
my hope vanishing  
my body aching  
until i finally found you  
again  
and instantly i recognized you  
soulmate  
sacred love  
tormentor  
no, you don't make sense to them



how can love look like this they ask  
i don't have an answer that satisfies them  
but i know that if this breaks  
there is no other  
there is only  
the void  
i know it's not the fairy tale they think  
it should be  
but you are the one  
who has held my hand  
from the beginning of time  
this journey isn't a pretty one  
and i can't make them understand  
that the only way  
i will really move on  
from you  
is when my  
body turns to dust

• labyrinth

there is an ultrasound by your side of the

bed

10 weeks and 1 day

maybe if you hadn't...

maybe if i had...

do you think that if she could have

she would have left a suicide note?

• i

h<sup>e</sup>artbeat

in my womb

celestial threads

weaving you into me

rooted through me

through the center of

the earth

connecting me to my beginning

guiding me home

you are my atlas

embers of creation

blowing in a windstorm

made from clay

made from stardust

magical creature

i want to hold your hand

hear your laugh

my redeemer

breath of heaven

my light

but now

i have to say

goodbye

i close my eyes

and imagine  
holding you tight against my chest  
as they rip you from my insides  
blood  
bone  
tears  
fever  
nightmares  
shadows crawling up my spine  
lost in this desert  
of demons  
unforgiven  
i will pay any price  
tell me please  
what is the ransom  
for her soul?



## *about the illustrator*

Audrey Kawasaki is a Japanese American artist, born and raised in Los Angeles. She currently lives in the UK. Kawasaki's work contains contrasting themes of innocence and eroticism, conveying the mysterious intrigue of feminine sensuality. Her sharp imagery is painted with precision onto wooden panels, the natural grain adding warmth to her enigmatic subject matter. Find her at [audkawa.com](http://audkawa.com) or on Instagram [@audkawa](https://www.instagram.com/audkawa).

## *about the author*



PHOTO BY MEGAN FOX

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