



By
RITA WILLIAMS-GARCIA

Illustrated by
SHAREE MILLER

"I wish I didn't know
that I was marching my sisters
into a boiling pot of trouble
cooking in Oakland..."

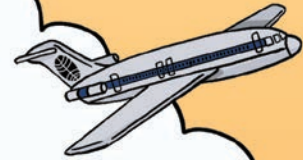
Eleven-year-old Delphine is like a mother to her two younger sisters, Vonetta and Fern. She's had to be, ever since their mother, Cecile, left them seven years ago for a radical new life in California.

But when the sisters arrive from Brooklyn to spend the summer with their mother in Oakland, Cecile is nothing like they imagined. While the girls had hoped to go to Disneyland and meet Tinker Bell, their mother sends them to a day camp run by the Black Panthers.

Unexpectedly, Delphine, Vonetta, and Fern learn much about their family, their country, and themselves during one truly crazy summer.

This graphic novel adaptation of Rita Williams-Garcia's beloved award-winning novel is beautifully illustrated by Sharee Miller, who brings to life the three sisters and their historic summer away from home in vibrant color and engaging art.

ONE CRAZY SUMMER



ONE CRAZY SUMMER: THE GRAPHIC NOVEL

WILLIAMS-GARCIA • MILLER



THE GRAPHIC NOVEL

Quill Tree Books
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Ages 8-12

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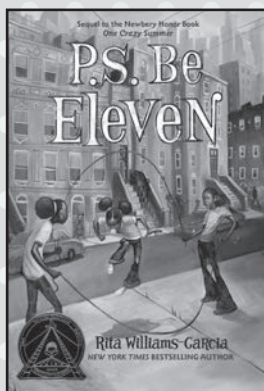
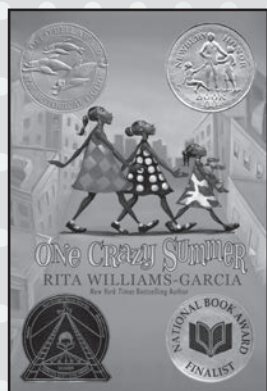
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DISCOVER ALL THREE NOVELS
ABOUT THE GAITHER SISTERS!



Ferdinand Leyro

RITA WILLIAMS-GARCIA'S Newbery Honor Book, *One Crazy Summer*, was a winner of the Coretta Scott King Author Award, a National Book Award finalist, the recipient of the Scott O'Dell Award for Historical Fiction, and a *New York Times* bestseller. The two sequels, *P.S. Be Eleven* and *Gone Crazy in Alabama*, were both Coretta Scott King Author Award winners and ALA Notable Children's Books. She is also the author of the NAACP Image Award-winning and National Book Award finalist *Clayton Byrd Goes Underground*; *A Sitting in St. James*, a *Boston Globe-Horn Book Award* winner and *Los Angeles Times Book Award* winner; *Like Sisters on the Homefront*, a Coretta Scott King Honor Book; *Blue Tights*; and four ALA Best Books for Young Adults: *Jumped*, a National Book Award finalist; *No Laughter Here*; *Every Time a Rainbow Dies*, a *Publishers Weekly Best Children's Book*; and *Fast Talk on a Slow Track*. Rita Williams-Garcia lives in Jamaica, New York. You can visit her online at ritawg.com.



Ruth Chan

SHAREE MILLER is the bestselling illustrator and author of *Curlfriends: New in Town*. She is also known for her acclaimed picture book *Don't Touch My Hair!* Her other picture books include *Princess Hair* and *Michelle's Garden: How the First Lady Planted Seeds of Change*. She is also the illustrator of *Sam's Super Seats* by Keah Brown and the *Shai and Emmie* series by Quvenzhané Wallis. Sharee grew up in St. Thomas, where she was inspired by the bright colors and sunshine of the Caribbean. She is known for her fresh and cheerful characters. Sharee loves creating picture books, graphic novels, and illustrations that depict black joy.

Also available as an ebook and as a downloadable audio.

DESIGN TK

ONE CRAZY SUMMER

The Graphic Novel Adaptation
of the Newbery Honor Book

By RITA WILLIAMS-GARCIA

Illustrated by SHAREE MILLER

Quill Tree Books

Imprints of HarperCollinsPublishers



CASSIUS CLAY CLOUDS

To Anna Cheng and her son Derek Cheng
R.W.-G.

[Dedication TK] – S.M.



Quill Tree Books is an imprint of HarperCollins Publishers.
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One Crazy Summer

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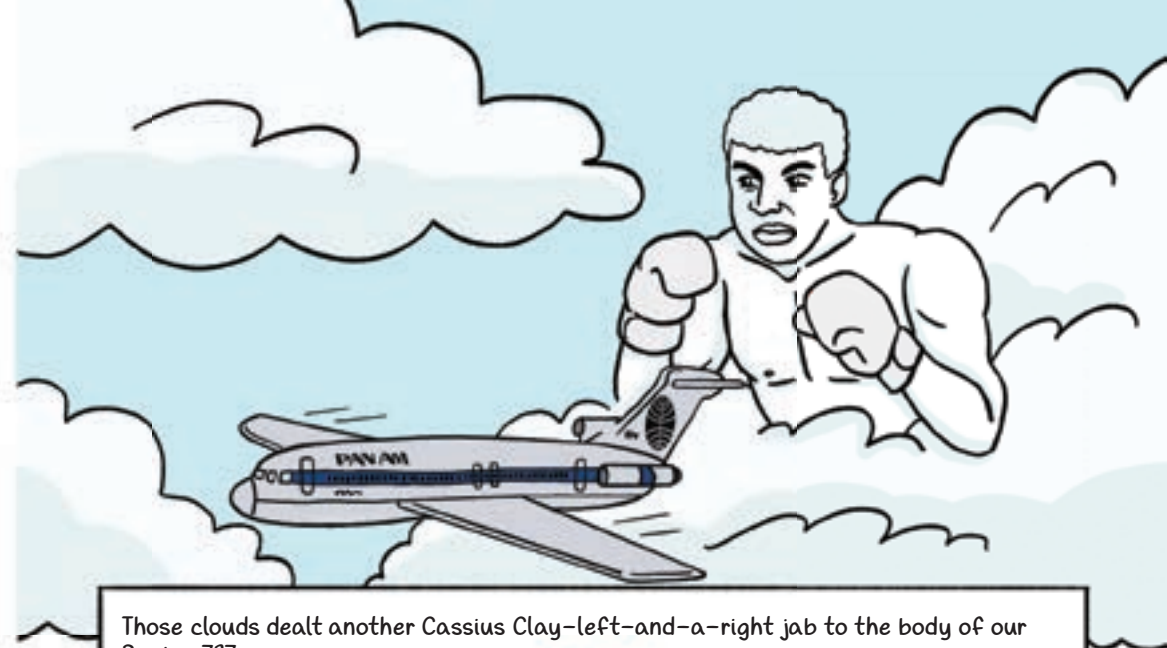
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First Edition

Good thing the plane had seat belts and we'd been strapped in tight before takeoff. Without the seat belts, that last jolt would have been enough to throw Vonetta into orbit and Fern and Miss Patty Cake across the aisle.



I anchored my sisters and braced us for whatever came next.



Those clouds dealt another Cassius Clay-left-and-a-right jab to the body of our Boeing 727.



At least Fern had Miss Patty Cake when she was afraid. I kept my whimper to myself. No need to let anyone know how frightened I was.



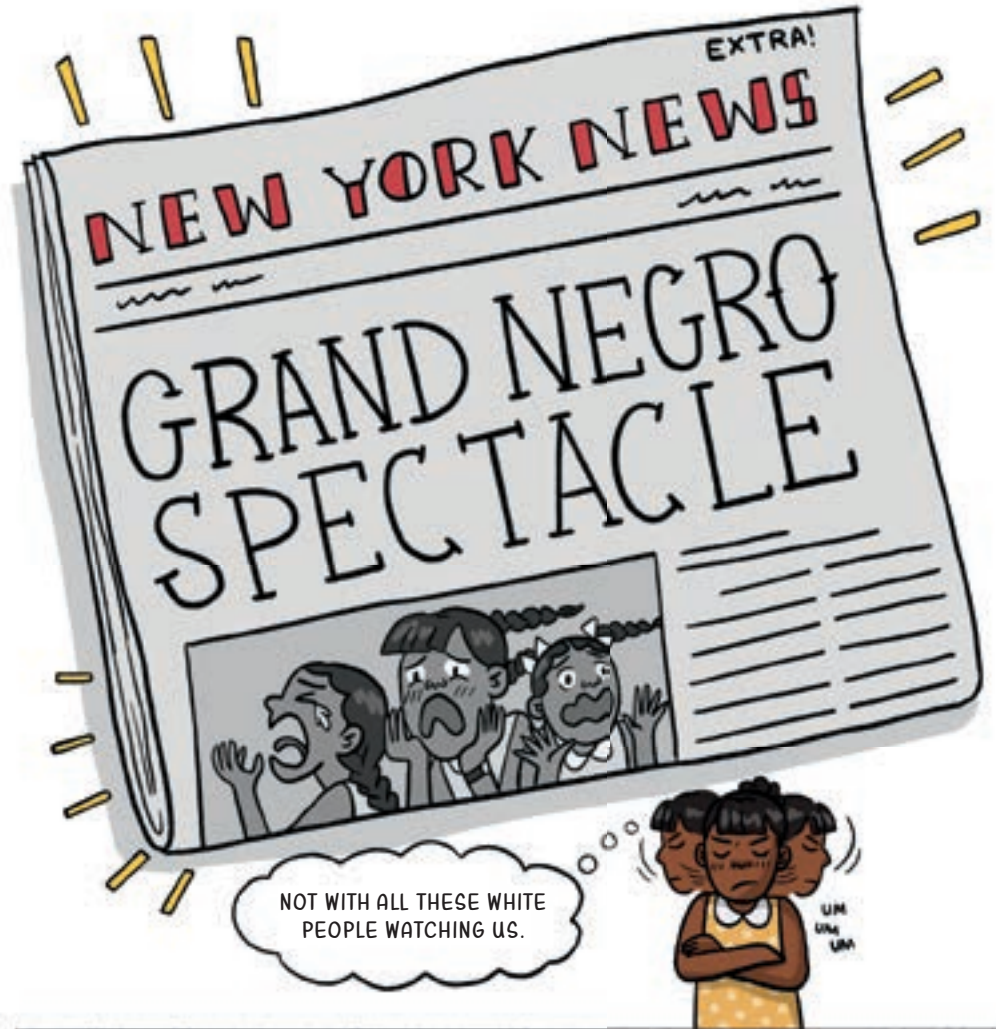
IT'S JUST THE CLOUDS BUMPING.



They listened to me.

WHEN WE PUSH OUR WAY UP IN THE CLOUDS, THE CLOUDS GET MAD AND PUSH BACK. LIKE YOU TWO FIGHTING OVER CRAYONS.

I kept on spinning straw, making everything all right. That's mainly what I do. Keep Vonetta and Fern in line. The last thing Pa and Big Ma wanted to hear about was ...



NOT WITH ALL THESE WHITE PEOPLE WATCHING US.



NO WAY PAPA WOULD PUT US ON A PLANE IF IT WAS DANGEROUS.

They halfway believed me. Then ...

Those Cassius Clay fighting clouds threw our 727 another jab.



Big Ma—that's Pa's mother—still says "Cassius Clay."



Pa says "Muhammad Ali," or just "Ali." I slide back and forth from "Cassius Clay" to "Muhammad Ali." Whatever picture comes to mind.

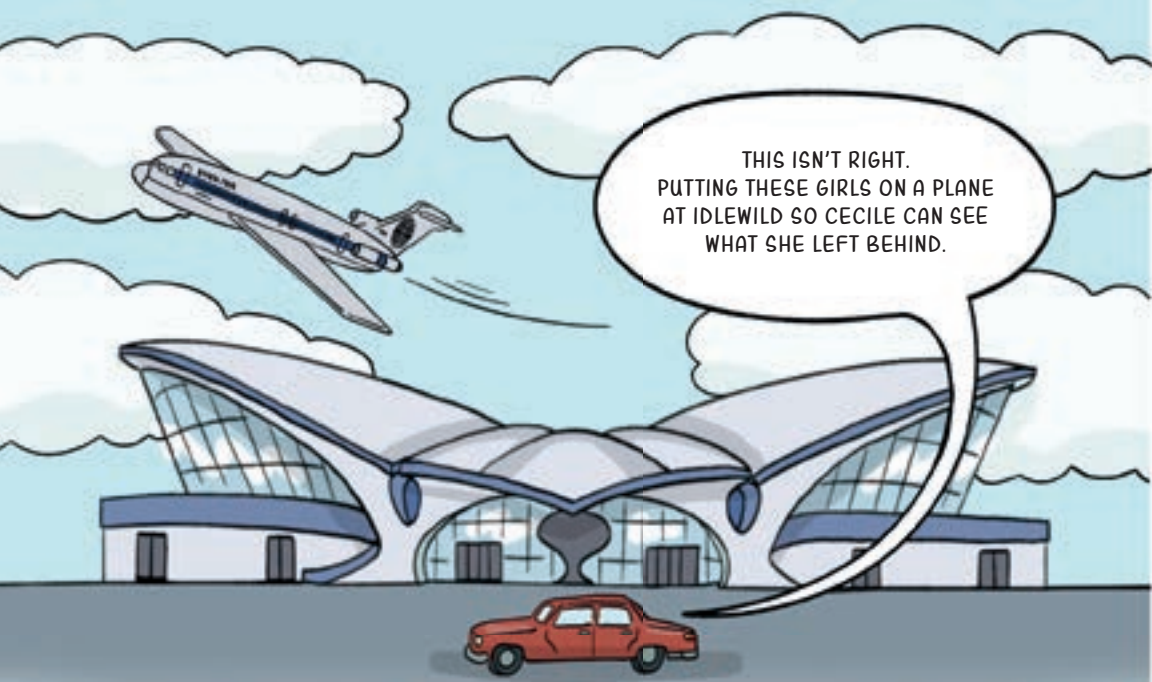


WITH "CASSIUS CLAY," YOU HEAR THE CLASH OF FISTS, LIKE THE PLANE GETTING JABBED AND PUNCHED.

WITH "MUHAMMAD ALI" YOU SEE A MIGHTY MOUNTAIN, GREATER THAN EVEREST, AND CAN'T NO ONE KNOCK DOWN A MOUNTAIN.

We had stayed up practically all night, California dreaming about the other side of the world.





Big Ma doesn't care if President Kennedy's face is on the half dollar or if the airport is now officially named after him. She calls the airport by its old name, Idlewild.



I can't say I blamed Big Ma for feeling the way she did. I certainly didn't forgive Cecile.



When Cecile left, Fern wasn't on the bottle.



Vonetta could walk but wanted to be picked up.



Pa wasn't sick, but he wasn't doing well, either.



When Cecile left, I was four going on five.



And that was when Big Ma came up from Alabama to see about us. Even though Big Ma read her Scripture daily, she still wouldn't forgive Cecile. Cecile wasn't what the Bible meant when it spoke of love and forgiveness.



That was why Pa put us on a plane to Oakland. I don't think Pa could choose between Big Ma and Cecile, even after Cecile left us. Even after Cecile proved Big Ma right.



Pa has a respectful way of ignoring Big Ma. He's good at it.

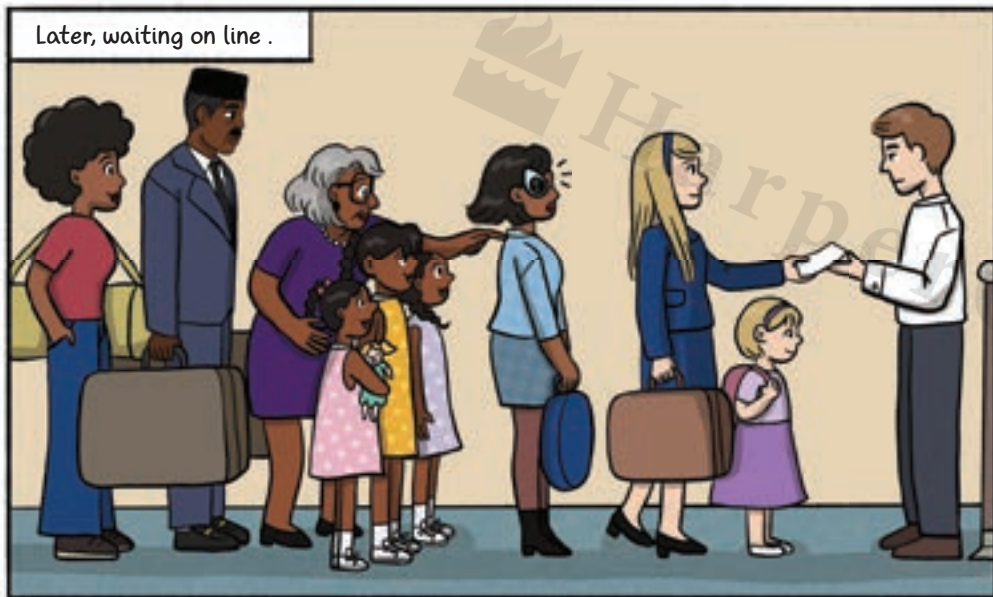
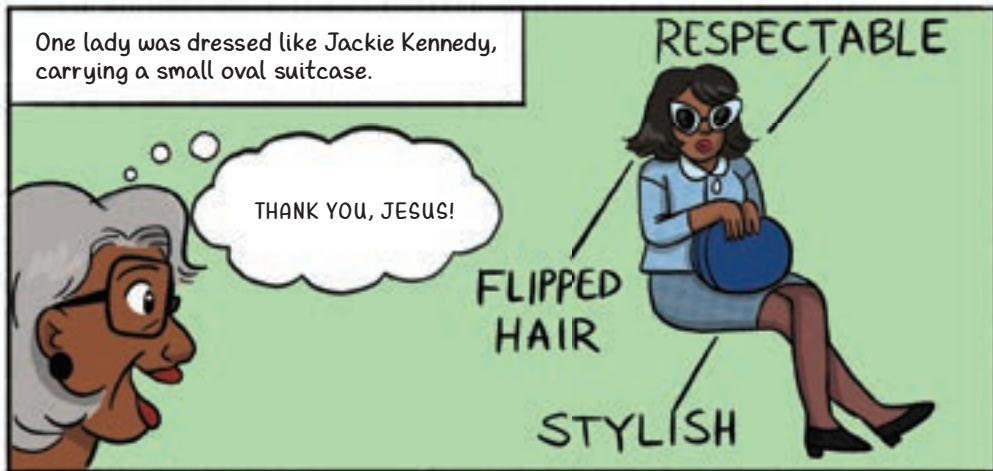
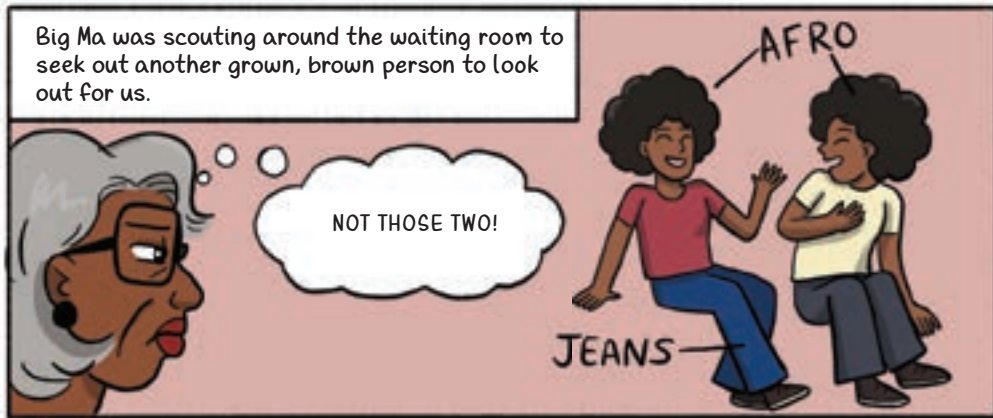


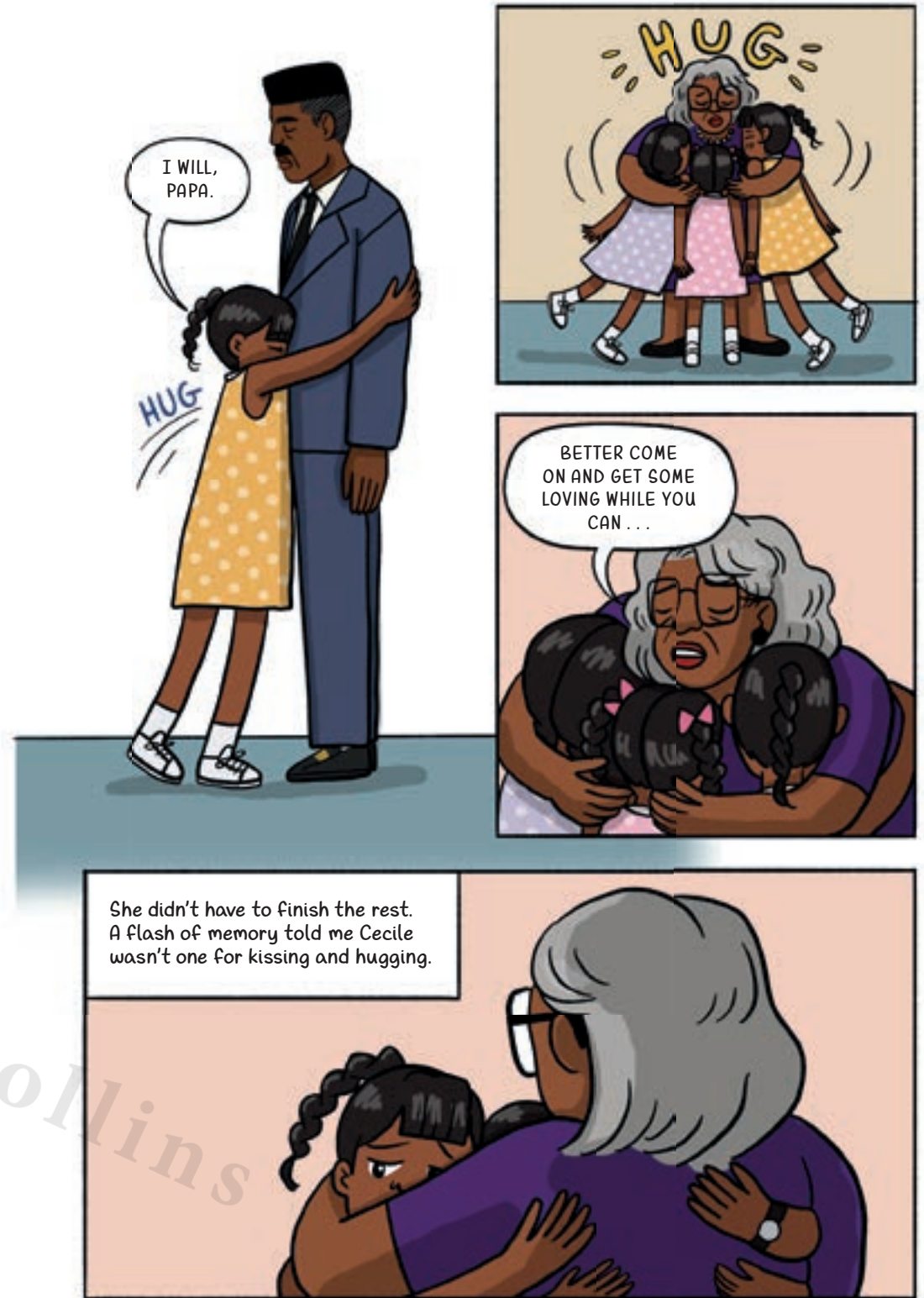
HOW CAN YOU SEND THEM TO OAKLAND? OAKLAND'S NOTHING BUT A BOILING POT OF TROUBLE COOKING. ALL THEM RIOTS.

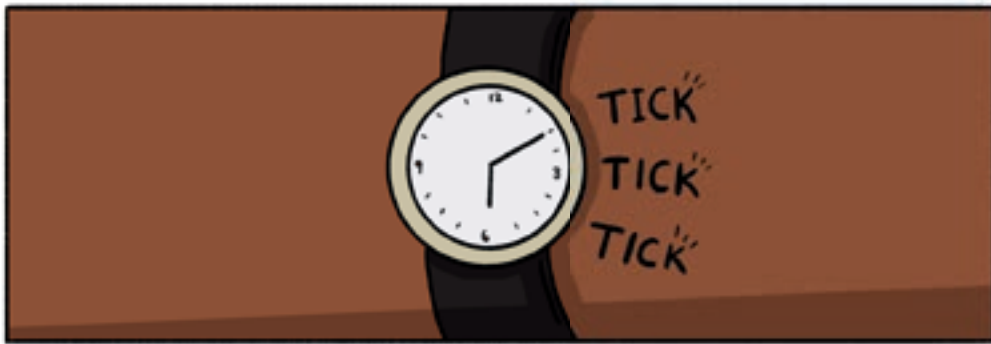


Vonetta, Fern, and I were the only Negro children.









The clouds had made peace with our Boeing 727.



No one ever guesses I'm eleven going on twelve.



I wanted to squeal and ooh like a seven-year-old meeting Tinker Bell.



I had read about the Golden Gate Bridge in class. The California gold rush. The Chinese immigrants building the railroads connecting east to west.



GOLD PANNING



ANGEL ISLAND



CHINATOWN

SEAFOOD RESTAURANT

DIM SUM

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD



GOLD MINE





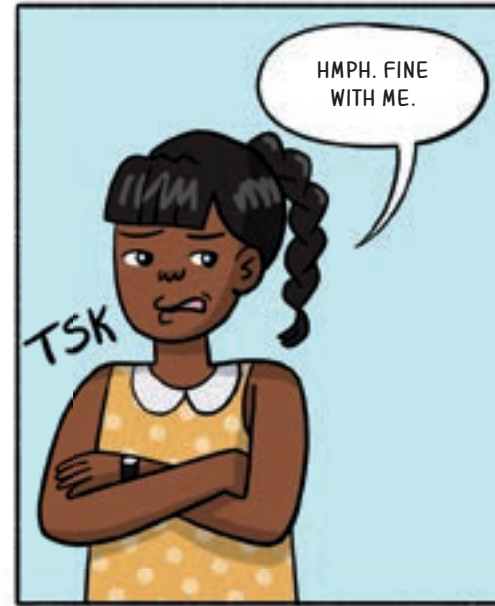
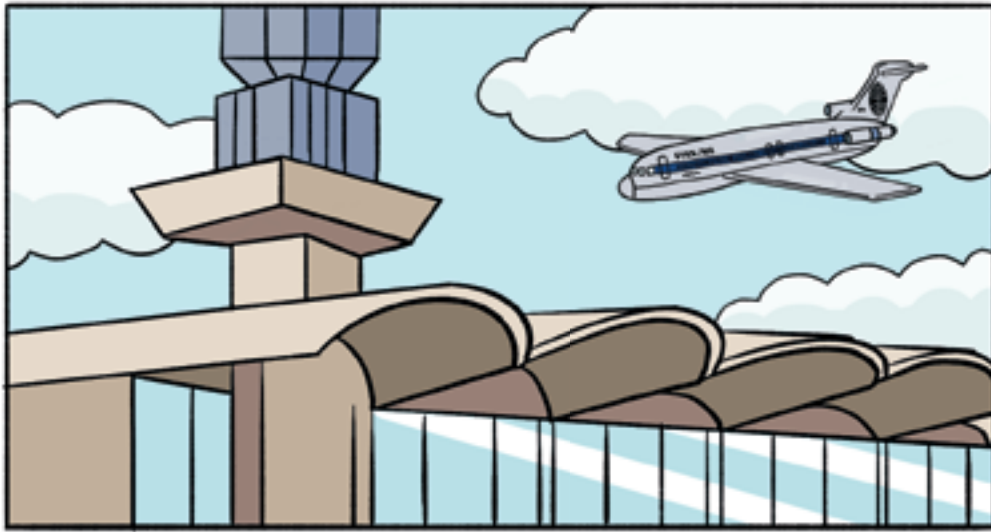
It's as if my personal dictionary, Miss Merriam Webster, fills my mind with the words "Magnificent" and "Majestic."





SECRET AGENT MOTHER





I'd gone over this many, many times.

HER NAME IS CECILE.



THAT'S WHAT YOU CALL HER. WHEN PEOPLE ASK WHO SHE IS, YOU SAY, "SHE IS OUR MOTHER."

"Mother" is a statement of fact. Cecile Johnson—mammal birth-giver, alive, an abandoner—is our mother.



NEVER CALL HER MOMMY, MOM, MAMA, OR MA.



Papa didn't keep any pictures of Cecile. I knew she was big, as in tall, and Hershey-colored like me.





THAT'S HER.



The stewardess wasn't so quick to hand us over to the woman I said was our mother.



I couldn't say I entirely blamed her.



Cecile looked more like a secret agent than a mother.



ARE YOU ... CECILE JOHNSON? ARE YOU THESE COLORED GIRLS' MOMMA?



I'M CECILE JOHNSON. THESE ... ARE MINE.



COME ON.



Y'ALL HAVE TO MOVE IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE WITH ME.