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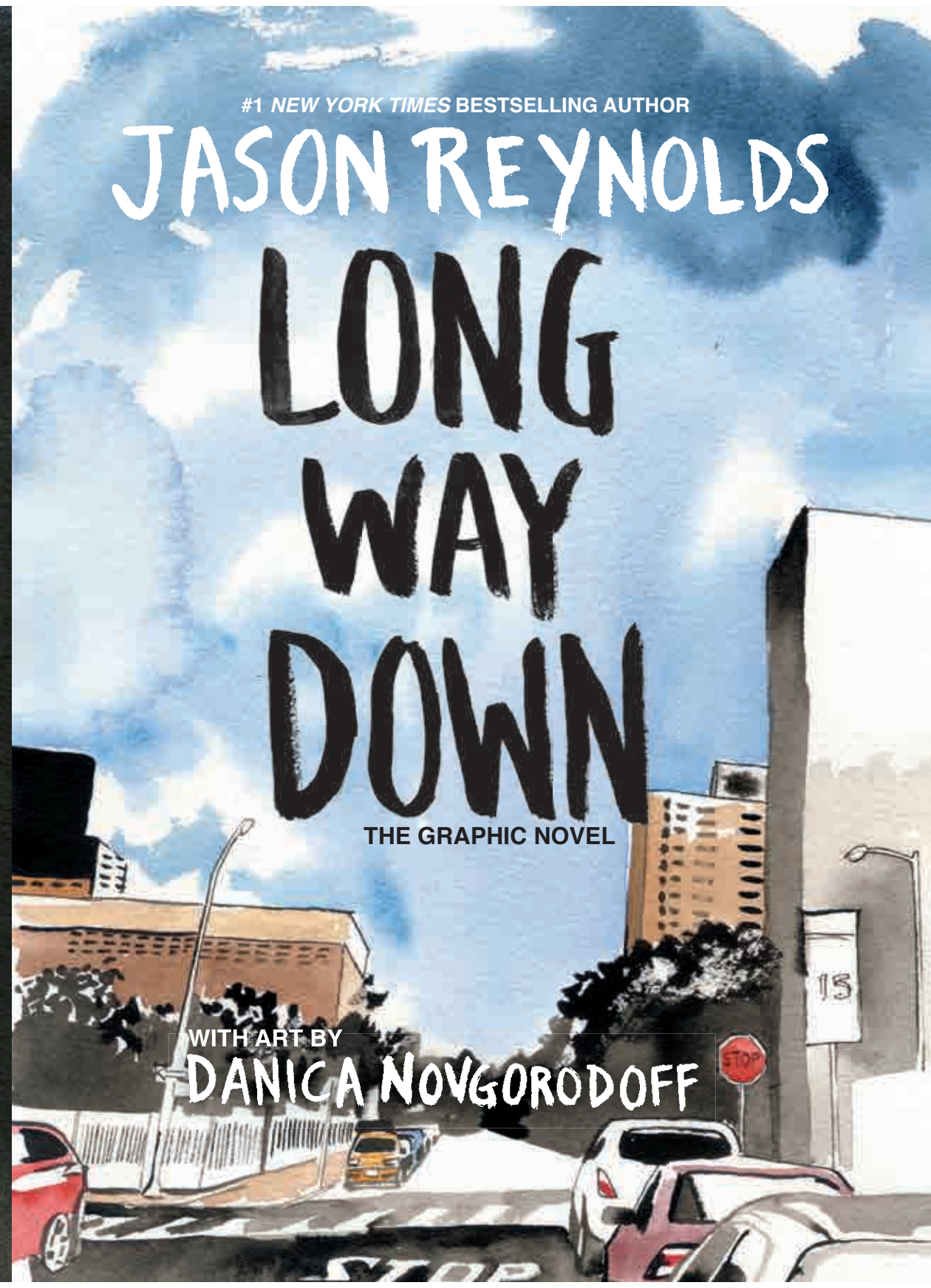
JASON REYNOLDS

LONG
WAY
DOWN

THE GRAPHIC NOVEL

WITH ART BY

DANICA NOVGORODOFF





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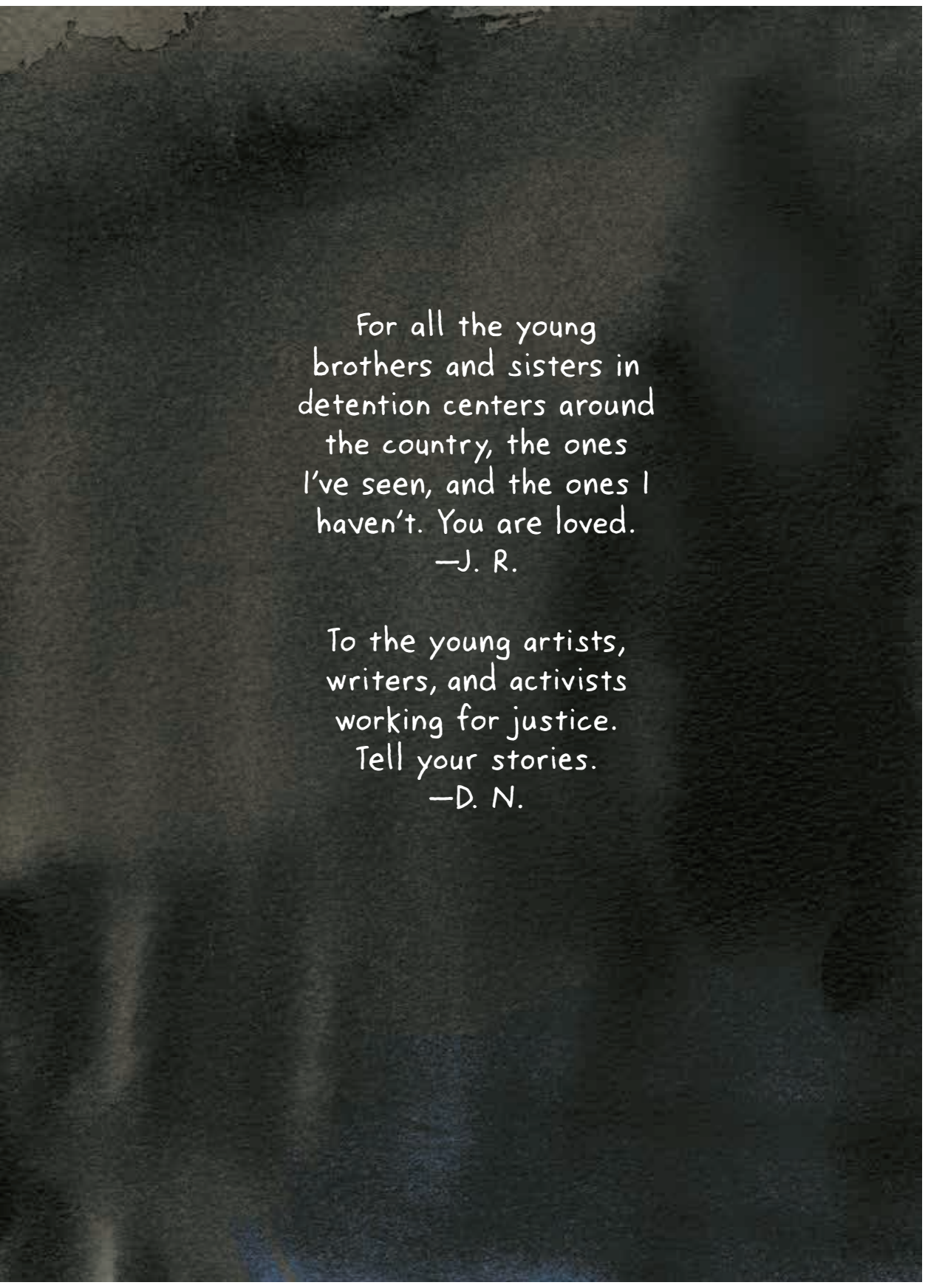
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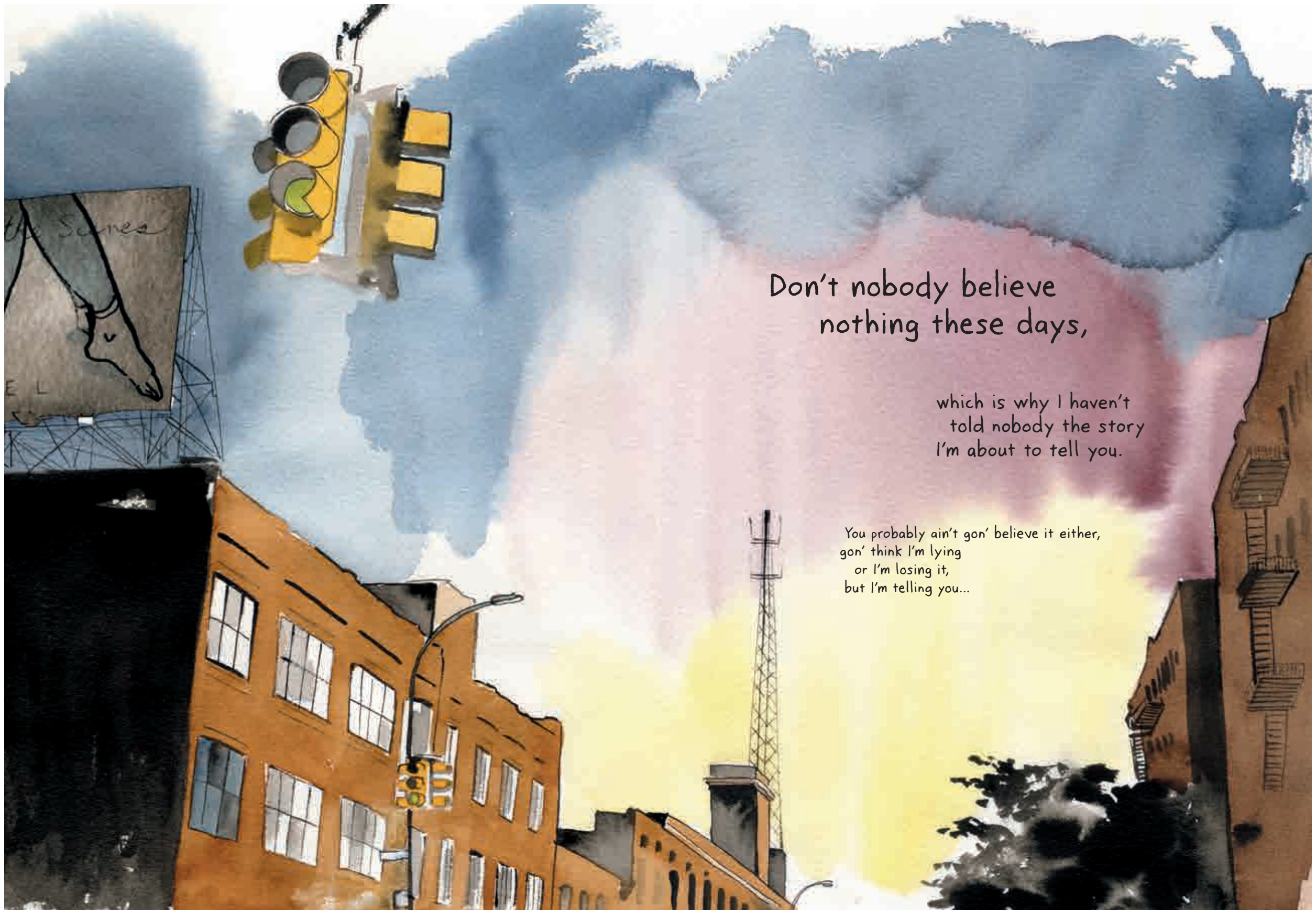
For all the young
brothers and sisters in
detention centers around
the country, the ones
I've seen, and the ones I
haven't. You are loved.
—J. R.

To the young artists,
writers, and activists
working for justice.
Tell your stories.
—D. N.



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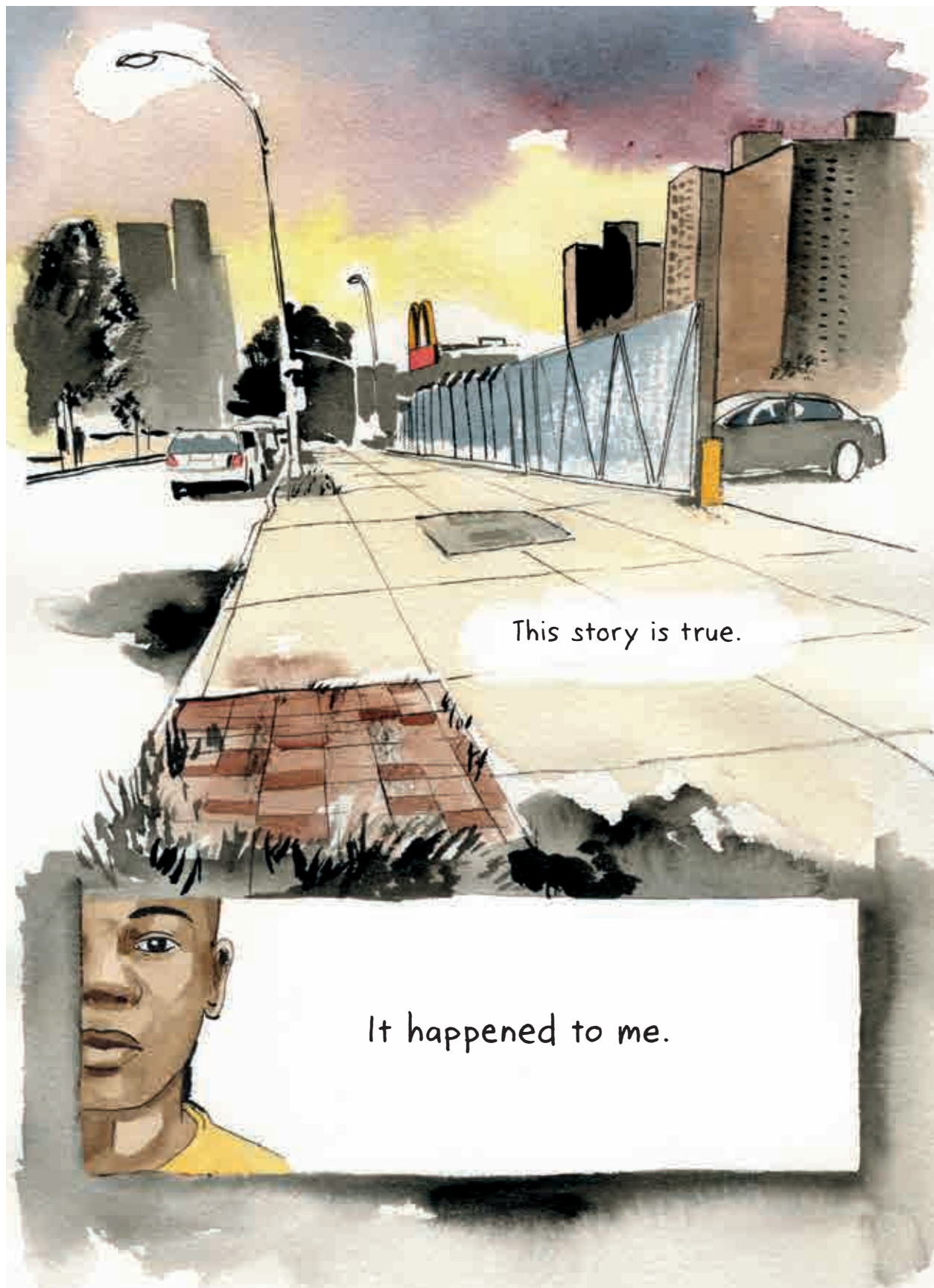
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Don't nobody believe
nothing these days,

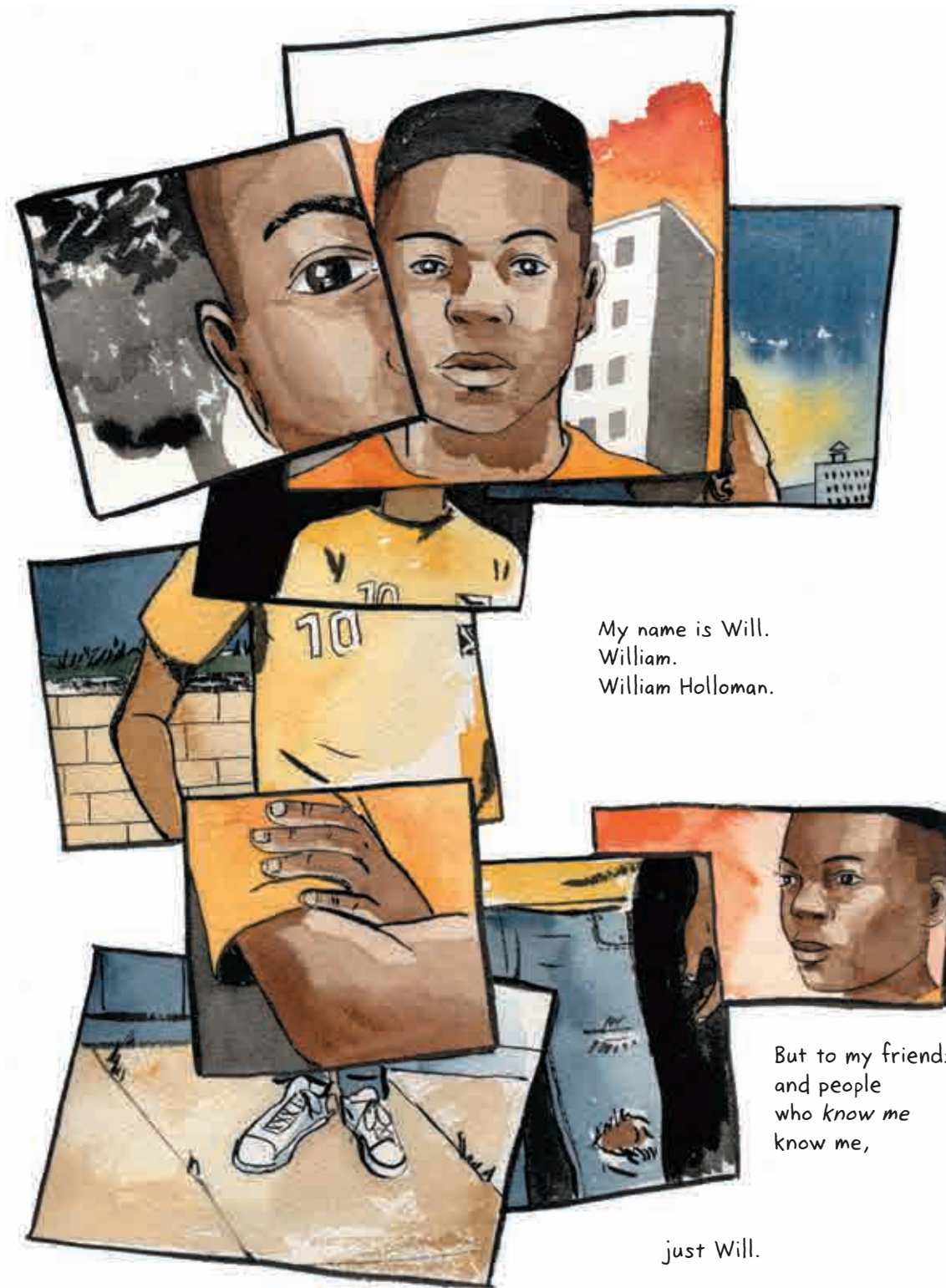
which is why I haven't
told nobody the story
I'm about to tell you.

You probably ain't gon' believe it either,
gon' think I'm lying
or I'm losing it,
but I'm telling you...



This story is true.

It happened to me.



My name is Will.
William.
William Holloman.

But to my friends
and people
who know me
know me,

just Will.



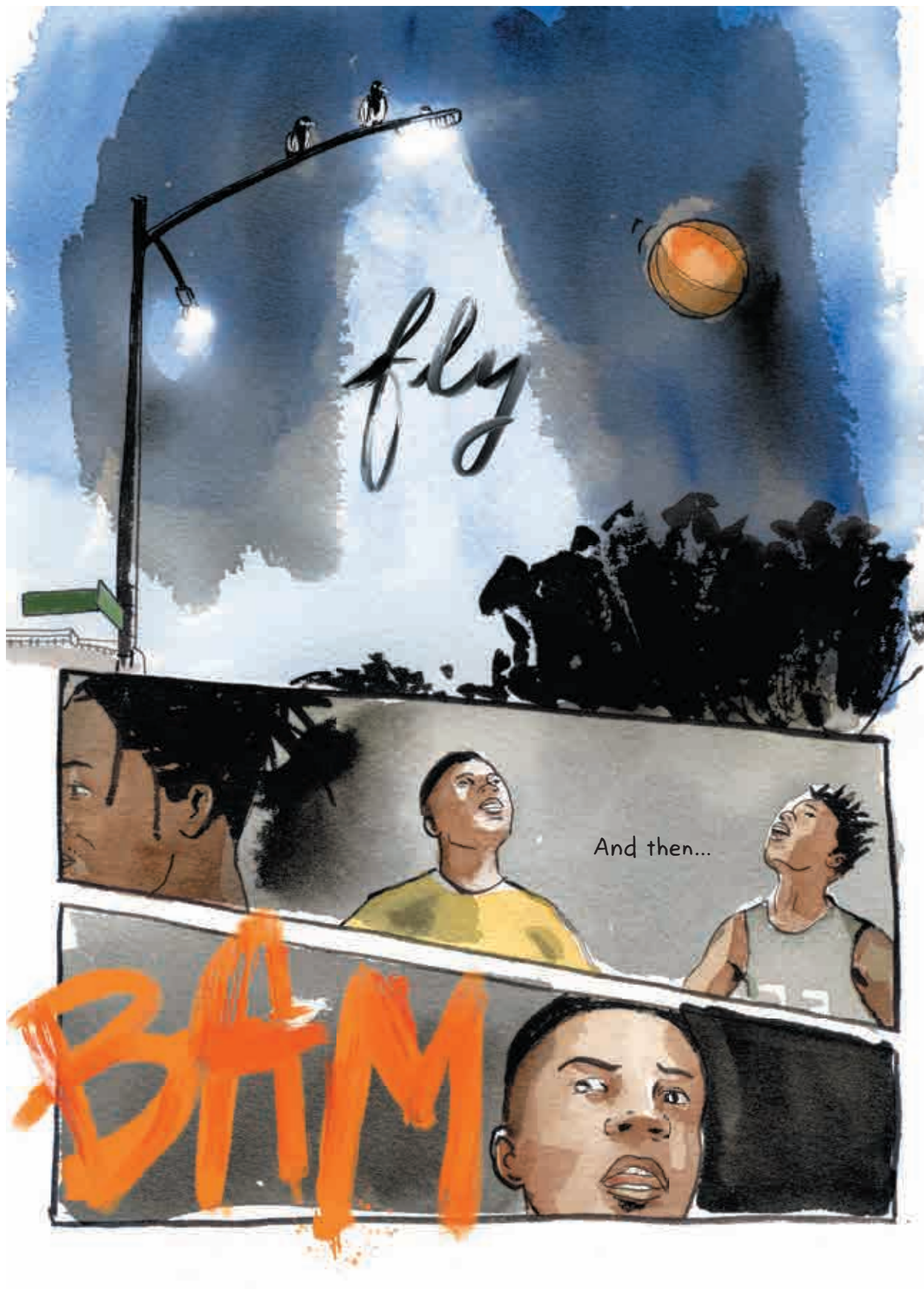
I'm only William
to my mother

and my brother, Shawn,
whenever he was trying
to be funny.



Even though Tony was
the best ballplayer around here
our age, he was also the shortest.





Did what we've all
been trained to do.

Pressed our lips to the
pavement and prayed
the boom, followed by
the buzz of a bullet,

ain't meet us.

Me and Tony
waited like we always do,

for the rumble to stop,



before picking our heads up
to count the bodies.

This time

there was

only one.



Shawn.

