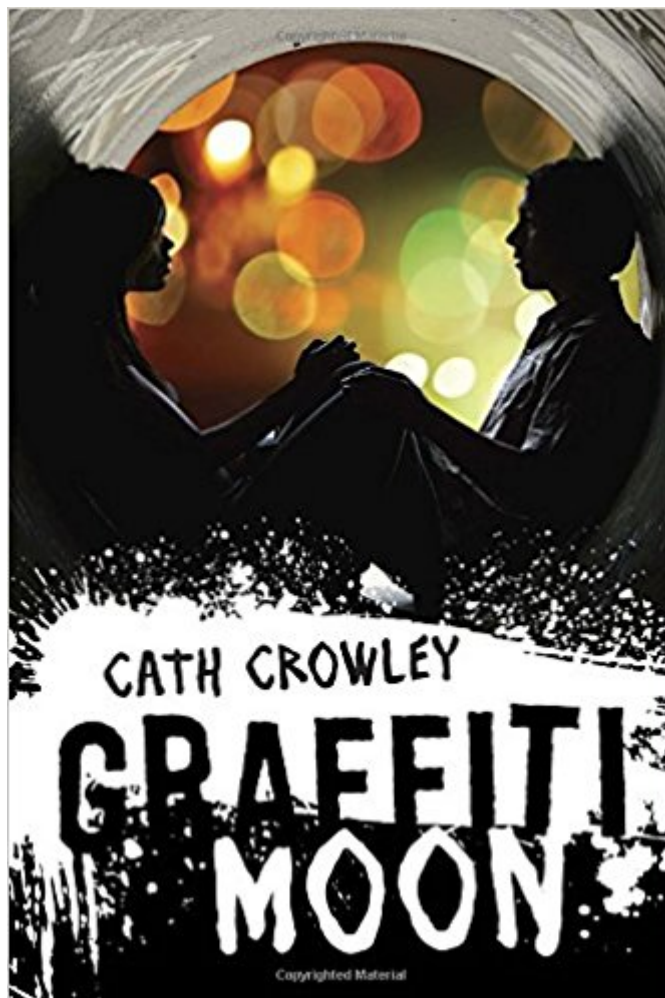


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# Graffiti Moon



## Synopsis

Senior year is over, and Lucy has the perfect way to celebrate: tonight, she's going to find Shadow, the mysterious graffiti artist whose work appears all over the city. He's out there somewhereâ€”spraying color, spraying birds and blue sky on the nightâ€”and Lucy knows a guy who paints like Shadow is someone she could fall for. Really fall for. Instead, Lucy's stuck at a party with Ed, the guy she's managed to avoid since the most awkward date of her life. But when Ed tells her he knows where to find Shadow, they're suddenly on an all-night search around the city. And what Lucy can't see is the one thing that's right before her eyes. From the Hardcover edition.

## Book Information

Paperback: 272 pages

Publisher: Ember; Reprint edition (December 26, 2012)

Language: English

ISBN-10: 0375871950

ISBN-13: 978-0375871955

Product Dimensions: 5.5 x 0.6 x 8.2 inches

Shipping Weight: 8.5 ounces (View shipping rates and policies)

Average Customer Review: 4.3 out of 5 stars 108 customer reviews

Best Sellers Rank: #474,673 in Books (See Top 100 in Books) #41 in Books > Teens > Literature & Fiction > Art & Architecture #1339 in Books > Teens > Literature & Fiction > Social & Family Issues > Friendship #2272 in Books > Teens > Romance > Contemporary

## Customer Reviews

CATH CROWLEY grew up in a small town in rural Victoria, Australia. She studied professional writing and editing at the Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology and works as both a freelance writer and a part-time teacher in Melbourne. She is also the author of *A Little Wanting Song* on the Knopf list.

Lucy pedal fast. Down Rose Drive, where houses swim in pools of orange streetlight. Where people sit on verandas, hoping to catch a breeze. Let me make it in time. Please let me make it in time. Just arrived at the studio. Your graffiti guys Shadow and Poet are here, Al texted, and I took off across the night. Took off under a sky bleeding out and turning black. Left Dad sitting outside his shed yelling, "I thought you weren't meeting Jazz till later. Where's the fire, Lucy Dervish?" In me. Under my skin. Let me make it in time. Let me meet Shadow. Poet too but mainly Shadow. The

guy who paints in the dark. Paints birds trapped on brick walls and people lost in ghost forests. Paints guys with grass growing from their hearts and girls with buzzing lawn mowers. An artist who paints things like that is someone I could fall for. Really fall for. I'm so close to meeting him, and I want it so bad. Mum says when wanting collides with getting, that's the moment of truth. I want to collide. I want to run right into Shadow and let the force spill our thoughts so we can pick each other up and pass each other back like piles of shiny stones. At the top of Singer Street I see the city, neon blue and rising. There's lightning deep in the sky, working its way through the heat to the surface. There's laughter somewhere far away. There's one of Shadow's pieces, a painting on a crumbling wall of a heart cracked by earthquake with the words Beyond the Richter scale written underneath. It's not a heart like you see on a Valentine's Day card. It's the heart how it really is: fine veins and atriums and arteries. A fist-size forest in our chest. I take my hands off the brakes and let go. The trees and the fences mess together and the concrete could be the sky and the sky could be the concrete and the factories spread out before me like a light-scattered dream. I turn a corner and fly down Al's street. Toward his studio, toward him sitting on the steps, little moths above him, playing in the light. Toward a shadow in the distance. A shadow of Shadow. There's collision up ahead. I spin the last stretch and slide to a stop.

I'm here. I made it. Do I look okay? How do I look? Al drains his coffee and puts the cup on the step beside him. Like a girl who missed them by about five minutes. It's a sweating hot night for October. More people are out than usual, so I spray the sky fast. Eyes ahead and behind. Looking for cops. Looking for anyone I don't want to be here. Paint sails and the things that kick in my head scream from can to brick. See this, see this, see this. See me emptied onto a wall. First thing I ever painted was a girl. Second thing I ever painted was a doorway on a brick wall. Went on to paint huge doorways. Moved on to skies. Open skies painted above painted doorways and painted birds skimming across bricks trying to fly away. Little bird, what are you thinking? You come from a can. Tonight I'm doing this bird that's been in my head all day. He's a little yellow guy lying on sweet green grass. Belly to clouds, legs facing the same direction. He could be sleeping. He could be dead. The yellow's right. The green too. The sky's all wrong. I need the sort of blue that rips your inside out. You don't see blue like that round here. Bert was always trying to find it for me. Every week or so at the paint store he'd show me a blue he'd special-ordered. Close, boss, I'd say. But not close enough. He still hadn't found it when he died two months ago. He got all the other colors I wanted. The green this bird's lying on is a shade he found over two years back, after I quit school and went to work for him. I made it to the end of June in year ten, and then I couldn't

make it any longer. "You had a good first day," Bert told me when he handed the green over. "Real good." "This is very fucking nice," I said, spraying some on a card and taking it as a sign that leaving school was the right thing to do. That Mum was wrong about wanting me to stay on. "It is very fucking nice." Bert looked over his shoulder. "But don't say 'fuck' when my wife Valerie's around." Bert always swore like a kid scared of getting caught. I laughed about it till Val heard me swearing. Bert had the last chuckle that day. "What's so funny?" a voice behind me asks. "Shit, Leo." A line of blue goes into the grass on the wall. "Don't sneak up." "I've been calling your name since the top of the hill. And the council made this place legal, remember?" He finishes the last bit of his sausage roll. "I like the rush of working where we might get caught." "I like the rush of painting," I tell him. He watches me for a bit. "So I called your mobile earlier. It's disconnected." "Uh-huh. Didn't pay the bill." I hand him the can. "I'm hungry. Write the words." Leo looks at my picture of a wide sky hanging over that yellow bird. He points at the kid on the wall. "Nice touch." While he thinks a bit longer, I look around. The old guy who works at the glass studio across the road is on the steps, texting and staring at us. At least I know he's not calling the cops. Leo always makes his writing suit the piece. Sometimes he uses fonts he finds online. Sometimes he makes up his own and names them. Tonight he smokes the word Peace across the clouds, letters drifting and curling. It's funny how two guys can look at the same thing and see it differently. I don't see peace when I look at that bird. I see my future. I hope it's only sleeping. His hand moves across the wall, signing our names. He always writes them the same way. His then mine in a font he calls Phantasm. Poet. Shadow. We leave the old guy on the steps with his coffee and head up Vine Street. It's a fifteen-minute walk to my place if you take the main roads, but Leo and me never do. We take the side streets and alleys. I live on the other side of the train yard, so we jump the fence and cut through, looking out for people working as we walk. I like seeing their thoughts hit the carriages. Makes the city as much ours as someone else's. "So I saw Beth today," Leo says. "She asked me how you were doing." He throws stones at the dead trains. "It sounded like she wants you back." I stop and take out a can and spray a greeting-card heart with a gun pointed at it. "We've been over almost three months." Since August first, not that I'm counting. "You mind if I ask her out, then?" "You mind if I spray a piece on the side of your gran's house?" He chuckles. "Yeah, right. You're over." "I like her, just not anything more than that. She used to do this thing where she'd lean over and kiss me and then take a break to whisper hilarious stuff in my ear and then kiss me again. I'd be screaming, What's wrong with you? Fall in love with her, you dick." "She didn't think that was

weird?â •â œInside. I was screaming on the inside. Anyway, I never fell in love with her so I guess the part of the brain that controls love doesnâ™t respond to being called a dick.â •â œFor your sake, lâ™m hoping no part of your brain responds to being called a dick.â •â œFair point.â • I wish I hadnâ™t thought about Beth doing that thing because now I can feel her at my ear, warm breath and sweet tickling and her voice sounding like that blue lâ™ve been searching for.â œWere you in love with Emma?â • I ask.â œI was hard-Â-core obsessed,â • he says without thinking about it.â œNot in love.â •

I absolutely loved this book. The writing is just beautiful and I was captivated from the beginning. Everything about this story drew me in and kept me reading. Some of my favorite passages: "I like her, just not anything more than that. She used to do this thing where she'd lean over and kiss me and then take a break to whisper hilarious stuff in my ear and then kiss me again. I'd be screaming, 'What's wrong with you? Fall in love with her, you dick.'" "She didn't think that was weird?" "Inside. I was screaming on the inside..." "-----" "I liked that he had hair that was growing without a plan. A smile that came out of nowhere and left the same way. That he was tall enough so I had to look up at him in my dream sequences. I really liked his t-shirts." "-----" "We meet Lucy and Ed and their friends on the night they finish year twelve. Well... most of them. They are on the search for Shadow and Poet because Lucy is convinced that Shadow would be perfect for her. Little does she know she already knows him. I love the building relationship between Ed and Lucy. It was sweet and lovely and just what I needed today.

I have always loved the night - the feeling of wandering a world with fewer people in it. This story takes place over one night - the graduation night of a teenager. Lucy, a quirky likeable artistic teenager, is fascinated with Shadow, a local graffiti artist who she has never met. Shadow draws paintings throughout the city which often contain words from his sidekick Poet. Lucy has developed a crush on Shadow as she imagines him. She and her friend Jazz are staying out all night to celebrate graduation and end up spending the night traveling about with another girl and three boys. Lucy and Jazz don't realize that two of the boys are, in fact, Shadow and Poet. Lucy and Ed, Shadow's real identity, spend the night searching for Shadow as Ed takes Lucy on a visit to some of his favorite graffiti art. The author describes the night time and Lucy and Ed in a way that allows the reader to truly feel part of their adventure. The descriptions of art, both graffiti and other works of art, are vivid. I found myself looking up all the works of art discussed in the book. The relationships between the teens and the adults in their worlds are also developed in a way that shows the adults

as not perfect but helpful in the lessons in life. Although I liked the ending, I was sad the night was over.

Graffiti Moon is my new favorite book! It's adventurous and downright hilarious! I swear I haven't laughed at a book that hard ever! The characters are so funny and real that they are so relatable and easy to fall in love with. The plot was simple and beautifully written. Ed and Lucy have an underlying love building throughout the story that you will be screaming in anticipation! This book definitely goes in my top 5 (possibly top 3!) It left me wanting more even though everything came to closure perfectly. I'm sad the night is over....

"I think of wall after wall after wall. Green mazes wandering and two people wandering through them. Doorways that lead somewhere good. Skies the exact kind of blue I've been looking for." -- Ed (Graffiti Moon)

In Graffiti Moon, by Cath Crowley, the bedraggled streets of Melbourne radiate with such beauty and artistry, through the ambrosial eyes and effervescent nature of the protagonists, Ed and Lucy, that the reader is left with no choice but to submit into complete and utter adoration. In a sweetly endearing and relentlessly engaging tale which oozes with romanticism (and a touch of grounding naturalism), Ms. Crowley expertly weaves a thread of shifting paradigms that perfectly unsettles the reader at all of the right times while still maintaining an ever-welcoming sense of loveliness and profound rapture. Ultimately, just as Ed and Lucy are the type of characters that make us want to hang out with them as much as we would with our best of friends, Graffiti Moon is likely to find its way to the top shelf of books in your library reserved only for your favorites.

These characters are to die for. I love the dialogue between all of them because they are all so interesting. They are all so diverse yet I see myself in all of them. They are still completely relatable Ugh I wish that it was longer because I couldn't get enough of this beautiful writing. I highlighted so many phrases that I admired. This book is by far and forever will be one of my favorites.

I started this book not really knowing much about it. When it became clear that the characters were all very young, I had my usual reaction to getting caught in the Young Adult book section: totally uncomfortable. Luckily, the story is quite enthralling. Art and poetry take center stage. I love stories that encourage artistic expression in young people and this book does that well. It also gives great insight into the difficult choices that teenagers have to face... It's a thought-provoking piece, Graffiti

Moon. This deep, yet somehow still simple, world is worth reading about. I can't wait for my children to read it so we can talk about it.

I purchased this book for my god child who's a freshman in high school. She only just received it because it arrived very late and the first time I've ever experienced a late shipment from an seller. There are some nice sentences & sentiments in the novel. The focus on two young artists, one pursuing a "legitimate" expression and one under the radar, is a compelling idea. I couldn't finish it, however, as it's definitely a teen read. Guess my age is showing, but there are other YA authors who can keep we oldies turning pages. This one, sadly, did not.

Spunky, creative and full of an energy that intensifies the reading! I loved everything about this book and the way it was plotted out. Highly recommend this book. Warning for those who are more sensitive there are some choice words such as the f-word and others but other than that there was a nice Aussie feel overall!

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