

Did you know?

The Hate You Give

By Angie Thomas

Recommended reading Grades 8-12 and
10th grade ELA Hamilton County Schools, TN

Overview

From the book cover: *“Sixteen year old Starr Carter moves between two worlds: the poor black neighborhood where she lives and the fancy suburban prep school she attends. The uneasy balance between these worlds is shattered when Starr witnesses the fatal shooting of her childhood best friend, Khalil, at the hands of a police officer. Khalil was unarmed.”*

Soon afterward, Khalil’s death is a national headline. Some are calling him a thug, maybe even a drug dealer and a gangbanger. Starr’s best friend at school suggests he may have had it coming. When it becomes clear the police have little interest in investigating the incident, protesters take to the streets and Starr’s neighborhood becomes a war zone. What everyone wants to know is: What really went down that night?

....addresses issues of racism and police violence

Newsweek - “The Hate U Give is a vital look at racism and police violence.”

- Page 9 - *“White kids love popping pills.”*
- Page 17 - *“The Hate U - the letter U - Give Little Infants **Fucks** Everybody. T-H-U-G-L-I-F-E. Meaning what society gives us as youth, it bites them in the **ass** when we wild out. Get it?”...”**fuck** everybody”*

- Page 21-24
 - Khalil is driving and gets pulled over. Starr has been taught to “get a good look at the cop’s face. If you can remember his badge number, that’s even better.” When the officer asks where the teens were coming from, Khalil responds “Nunya” and asks why they’ve been pulled over - a broken taillight. Khalil proceeds to argue with the officer, officer says “Get out the car, smart guy.” After Khalil gets out of the car and there’s a small struggle, the officer instructs Khalil to “stay here”.
 - The officer walks to his patrol car, Khalil moves to the door. Page 23 - “It’s not smart to make a sudden move. Khalil does. He opens the driver’s door...Pow! One. Khalil’s body jerks. Blood spatters from his back. He holds on to the door to keep himself upright. Pow! Two. Khalil gasps. Pow! Three. Khalil looks at me, stunned. He falls to the ground.
 - Page 24 - “Officer One-Fifteen yells at me, pointing the same gun he killed my friend with.”
- Page 25 - “They leave Khalil’s body in the street like it’s an exhibit.” “Damn, bruh,” some guy says, “They killed him!”
- Page 26 - “I can’t breathe” - George Floyd reference?
- Page 27 - “All of that blood, and it came out of him. Some of it is on my hands, on Seven’s hoodie, on my sneakers. An hour ago we were laughing and catching up. Now his blood...”
- Page 28 - “The first shot rings in my ears. The second. The third. I’m lying in bed. Khalil is lying in the county morgue.”
- Page 28 - “A tattooed arm stretched out the back window, holding a Glock. People ran. Not me though. My feet became part of the sidewalk. Natasha was splashing in the water, all happy and stuff. Then - Pow! Pow! Pow!”

“Her blood mixed in with the water, and all you could see was a red river flowing down the street.”

- Page 31 - *We aren't Muslims. More like “Christlims.” Daddy believes in Black Jesus but follows the Black Panthers' Ten-Point Program more than the Ten Commandments. He agrees with the Nation of Islam on some stuff, but he can't get over the fact that they may have killed Malcolm X.*
- Page 33 - *“That boy never hurt anybody. He didn't deserve that **shit**.” “Why did they shoot him?” Seven asks. “Was he a threat or something?” “No,” I say quietly. “He didn't do anything,” I say, “We didn't do anything. Khalil didn't even have a gun.”*
- Page 34 - *“Just RIP Khalil messages, **fuck** the police, stuff like that.”*
- Page 34 - *I've seen it happen over and over again: a black person gets killed just for being black, and all hell breaks loose.*
- Page 42 - *Starr's boyfriend, Chris, is white. “The bigger issue is that Chris is white.” Daddy, on the other hand, rants about how Halle Berry “act like she can't get with brothers anymore” and how messed up that is. I mean, anytime he finds out a black person is with a white person, suddenly something's wrong with them. I don't want him looking at me like that.*
- Page 44 - *“I clocked her **ass**. It was so funny! You should've seen it!” I would've rather seen that instead of Officer One-fifteen or Khalil staring at the sky. Or all that blood.*
- Page 47 - *There's a story about an officer-involved shooting that is being investigated. They don't even say Khalil's name. Some **bullshit**.*
- Page 48 - *“I heard what happened to her li'l homie. That's **fucked** up.” “No doubt. They [cops] worse than us sometimes.”*
- Page 51 - *“You mean y'all wanna justify what that pig did,” Daddy says. “Investigate my **ass**.” “A sixteen-year-old black boy is dead because a white cop killed him.” “This isn't about black or white,” he says. **“Bullshit,”** says daddy. “If this was out in Riverton Hills and his name was Richie, we wouldn't be having this conversation.”*

- Page 52 - *“She’s seen two of her friends get killed.” “And one was at the hands of a person who was supposed to protect her. What, you think if you live next door to the, they’ll treat you different?”*
- Page 53 - *“Why does it always have to be about race with you?” Uncle Carlos asks. “Other races aren’t killing us nearly as much as we’re killing ourselves.” “Ne-gro please. If I kill Tyrone, I’m going to prison. If a cop kills me, he’s getting put on leave. Maybe.” “And it wasn’t necessary for that cop to pull the trigger.”*
- Page 55 - *“Do you wanna talk to the cops?” I swallow. I wish I could say yes, but I don’t know. On one hand, it’s the cops. It’s not like I’m telling just anybody. On the other hand, it’s the cops. One of them killed Khalil.*
- Page 59 - *“You think the cops want Khalil to have justice?” I ask. The truth cast a shadow over the kitchen - people like us in situations like this become hashtags, but they rarely get justice. I think we all wait for that one time though, that one time when it ends right.”*
- Page 72 - *Williamson Starr doesn’t use slang - if a rapper would say it, she doesn’t say it, even if her white friends do. Slang makes them cool. Slang makes her “hood.” Williamson Starr holds her tongue when people **piss** her off so nobody will think she’s the “angry black girl.”*
- Page 72-73 - *Ryan happens to be the only other black kid in eleventh grade and everyone expects us to be together. Because apparently when it’s two of us, we have to be on some Noah’s Ark type **shit** and pair up to preserve the blackness of our grade. Lately I’m super aware of BS like that.*
- Page 77 - *I stayed in the hood and saw a cop kill my friend. All her friends at the private school took fancy vacations.*
- Page 81 - *When Chris slipped his hand in my shorts, I didn’t think anything of it. Then he got me going, and I really wasn’t thinking.*
- Page 82 - ***Fuckity fuck, fuck, fuck***

- Page 83 - *We get the “why is he dating her” stare that usually comes from rich white girls. A cop as white as Chris points a gun at me. As white as Chris. Pow! There’s blood. Too much blood.*
- Page 85 - *“God, boys and their **fucking** sex drive.”*
- Page 90 - *“They killed my baby.” “They killed him.”*
- Page 100 - *“He didn’t pull the trigger on himself either.” **Shit.** Your **fucking** big mouth.*
- Page 101 - *Pow! Pow! Pow! Blood. “The officer shot him.”*
- Page 102 - *All the sympathy, the smiles, the understanding. This chick was baiting me. Investigating or justifying? I refuse to make them feel better about killing my friend.*
- Page 103 - *“You haven’t asked my child about that cop yet,” momma says. “You keep asking her about Khalil, like he’s the reason he’s dead. Like she said, he didn’t pull the trigger on himself.” “One-fifteen killed him,” I say. “And he wasn’t doing anything wrong. How much of a bigger picture do you need?” This is gonna be some **bullshit**.*
- Page 105,106 - *It’s like I suddenly really, really realized that Chris is white. Just like One-Fifteen. And I know, I’m sitting here next to my white best friend, but it’s almost as if I’m giving Khalil, daddy, Seven, and every other black guy in my life a big, loud “**fuck** you” by having a white boyfriend. Chris didn’t pull us over, he didn’t shoot Khalil, but am I betraying who I am by dating him?*
- Page 110 - *My butt is against his crotch, my back against his chest.*
- Page 113,114 - *It’s a betrayal worse than dating a white boy. I **fucking** deny him.” I could’ve been the one killed instead of them.*
- Page 115 - *What’s worse than being the Angry Black Girl? The Weak Black Girl.*
- Page 116 - *White people are crazy for their dogs.*

- Page 120 - *"Why haven't they arrested him [officer]?" (Starr asks) "Cases like this are difficult." (Carlos says) "It's not that difficult," I say, "He killed Khalil." "...unless you're in that situation, feeling what that officer is feeling -"* (Carlos) *"He pointed his gun at me" (Starr). "He kept it on me until somebody else got there. Like I was a threat. I wasn't the one with the gun."*
- Page 128 - April Ofrah with "Just Us for Justice" arrives at the funeral and calls for police accountability. *"Just before the service I was informed the police department has no intention of arresting the officer who murdered this young man."* They "march" past the police station on their way from the church to the cemetery.
- Riots begin.
- Page 143 - Gang members (King Lords) are across the street as Starr and her brother walk by. Starr says *"As long as we don't bother them, they won't bother us."* This gives more credit to gang members than to police officers.
- Page 392 - *"You a **crazy-ass** white boy if you think that's gon' happen."* A couple of folks glance at Chris with that *"what the hell is this white boy doing out here"* look.
- Page 393 - **"Fuck** that cop, bruh," a guy says, gripping a baseball bat. *"Killed him over nothing!" "Flip that **mothafucka!**" [they flip a car]*
- Page 394 - **"Fuck** the police, coming straight from the underground. A young nigga got it bad 'cause I'm brown." A collective **"Fuck the police"** thunders off Magnolia Avenue. *It's about those detectives with their **bullshit** questions, and those cops who made daddy lie on the ground. **Fuck** them.*
- Page 395 - Rioters shatter the glass doors at the drugstore. Looting begins. *"Holy **shit**," Chris says. "Hell yeah!" says DeVante. "Burn that bitch down!" A new battle cry starts up - We don't need no water, let that **mothafucka** burn! The original battle cry starts up again: **"Fuck the***

*police! **Fuck the police!***

- Page 396 - People hurl rocks and glass bottles at the cops. “**Fuck** the police! Fuck the police!” DeVante continues to shout. “I ain’t scared of them! Fuck the police!”
- Page 397 - “Niggas tired of taking **shit**,” DeVante says. “Like Starr said, they don’t give a **fuck** about us, so we don’t give a **fuck**. Burn this **bitch** down.” “All that ‘Kumbaya’ peaceful **shit** clearly don’t work. They don’t listen till we tear something up.” “Nah, I don’t give a **fuck** about neither one of them **bitches**.”
- Page 401 - “Who defines what is ‘normal’ to you? If my pops were here, he’d say you’ve fallen into the trap of the white standard.”
- Page 411 - Rioters stand on top of a police car. They hand the bullhorn to Starr and she climbs on the police car. “*You need to exit the street immediately,*” the cop says. *You know what? **Fuck** it.*
- Page 412 - *The can of tear gas sails toward us from the cops. It lands beside the patrol car. I jump off and pick up the can. I scream at the top of my lungs, hoping Khalil hears me, and chuck it back at the cops. All hell breaks loose.*
- Page 423 - “You son of a **bitch!**” “You think this **shit** funny?” Daddy yells. “Punk **ass**, always hiding behind your boys!”
- Page 426,427 - “*We got ourselves a li’l radical, Maverick. All on the news, throwing tear gas at the cops.*” “*Whaaat?*” Daddy says, *but in that impressed way.*
- Page 432 - *She also says she thinks I have a future in activism. “The Hate U Give Little Infants Fucks Everybody.” We did all that stuff last night because we were **pissed**, and it **fucked** all of us.*
- Page 443 - *It would be easy to quit if it was just about me, Khalil, that night and that cop. It’s about way more than that though. It’s also about Oscar, Aiyana, Trayvon, Rekia, Mihale, Eric, Tamir,... The messed up part? There are so many more. ...Because there will always be someone ready*

to fight. Maybe it's my turn.