



## The Hate U Give, by Angie Thomas

*The Hate U Give* is a novel loosely based on the Black Lives Matter movement in the United States. This is a movement that campaigns against the unjust treatment of black people by the police in the U.S., particularly young black men, who are up to nine times more likely to be shot dead by police than other Americans.

### Connecting to the topic

- In small groups discuss your responses to these three statements:

1. People should respect the police at all times, whatever the situation.
2. All police in the UK should carry guns. (The majority don't.)
3. The law should apply differently to the police than to the rest of the population.

- Choose one of the statements and explain what you think about it to the rest of the class.

### Connecting to the story

- Write two brief accounts of what you have just read from two different perspectives:
  1. From the point of view of another police officer watching on.
  2. From the point of view of a passer-by who saw the whole thing.
- Write down your thoughts about Khalil's behaviour. For example, was he justified in behaving as he did?

### Connecting to the real world

- Write down your thoughts about whether or not you think the incident you have just read could happen in this way in the real world, with reasons.
- Write down your thoughts about whether the police officer involved in this chapter should be treated as a criminal in any investigation. If he is found guilty of an offence, what should his punishment be?
- Share your thoughts round the class.





## THE HATE U GIVE

ANGIE THOMAS

When I was twelve, my parents had two talks with me.

One was the usual birds and bees. Well, I didn't really get the usual version. My mom, Lisa, is a registered nurse, and she told me what went where, and what didn't need to go here, there, or any damn where till I'm grown. Back then, I doubted anything was going anywhere anyway. While all the other girls sprouted breasts between sixth and seventh grade, my chest was as flat as my back.

The other talk was about what to do if a cop stopped me.

Momma fussed and told Daddy I was too young for that. He argued that I wasn't too young to get arrested or shot.

'Starr-Starr, you do whatever they tell you to do,' he said. 'Keep your hands visible. Don't make any sudden moves. Only speak when they speak to you.'

I knew it must've been serious. Daddy has the biggest mouth of anybody I know, and if he said to be quiet, I needed to be quiet.

I hope somebody had the talk with Khalil.

He cusses under his breath, turns Tupac down, and manoeuvres the Impala to the side of the street. We're on Carnation where most of the houses are abandoned and half the streetlights are busted. Nobody around but us and the cop.

Khalil turns the ignition off. 'Wonder what this fool wants.'

The officer parks and puts his brights on. I blink to keep from being blinded.

I remember something else Daddy said. *If you're with somebody, you better hope they don't have nothing on them, or both of y'all going down.*

'K, you don't have anything in the car, do you?' I ask.

He watches the cop in his side mirror. 'Nah.'

The officer approaches the driver's door and taps the window. Khalil cranks the handle to roll it down. As if we aren't blinded enough, the officer beams his flashlight in our faces.

'Licence, registration, and proof of insurance.'



## DIVERSE SHORTS

Khalil breaks a rule – he doesn't do what the cop wants. 'What you pull us over for?'

'Licence, registration, and proof of insurance.'

'I said what you pull us over for?'

'Khalil,' I plead. 'Do what he said.'

Khalil groans and takes his wallet out. The officer follows his movements with the flashlight.

My heart pounds loudly, but Daddy's instructions echo in my head: *Get a good look at the cop's face. If you can remember his badge number, that's even better.*

With the flashlight following Khalil's hands, I make out the numbers on the badge – one-fifteen. He's white, midthirties to early forties, has a brown buzz cut and a thin scar over his top lip.

Khalil hands the officer his papers and licence.

One-Fifteen looks over them. 'Where are you two coming from tonight?'

'Nunya,' Khalil says, meaning none of your business. 'What you pull me over for?'

'Your taillight's broken.'

'So are you gon' give me a ticket or what?' Khalil asks.

'You know what? Get out the car, smart guy.'

'Man, just give me my ticket –'

'Get out the car! Hands up, where I can see them.'

Khalil gets out with his hands up. One-Fifteen yanks him by his arm and pins him against the back door.

I fight to find my voice. 'He didn't mean –'

'Hands on the dashboard!' the officer barks at me. 'Don't move!'

I do what he tells me, but my hands are shaking too much to be still.

He pats Khalil down. 'Okay, smart mouth, let's see what we find on you today.'

'You ain't gon' find nothing,' Khalil says.

One-Fifteen pats him down two more times. He turns up empty.

'Stay here,' he tells Khalil. 'And you.' He looks in the window at me. 'Don't move.'

I can't even nod.

The officer walks back to his patrol car.



## POWER, FREEDOM AND CONTROL

My parents haven't raised me to fear the police, just to be smart around them. They told me it's not smart to move while a cop has his back to you.

Khalil does. He comes to his door.

It's not smart to make a sudden move.

Khalil does. He opens the driver's door.

'You okay, Starr -'

*Pow!*

One. Khalil's body jerks. Blood splatters 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.

I'm ten again, watching Natasha drop.

An earsplitting scream emerges from my gut, explodes in my throat, and uses every inch of me to be heard.

Instinct says don't move, but everything else says check on Khalil. I jump out the Impala and rush around to the other side. Khalil stares at the sky as if he hopes to see God. His mouth is open like he wants to scream. I scream loud enough for the both of us.

'No, no, no,' is all I can say, like I'm a year old and it's the only word I know. I'm not sure how I end up on the ground next to him. My mom once said that if someone gets shot, try to stop the bleeding. But there's so much blood. Too much blood.

'No, no, no.'

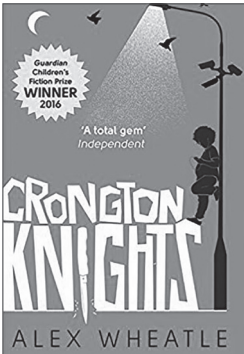
Khalil doesn't move. He doesn't utter a word. He doesn't even look at me. His body stiffens and he's gone. I hope he sees God.

Someone else screams.

I blink through my tears. Officer One-Fifteen yells at me, pointing the same gun he killed my friend with.

I put my hands up.





### Crongton Knights, by Alex Wheatle

This extract comes from a novel about life on the fictional South Crongton council estate. The narrator, McKay, is walking with his older brother, Nesta, after they have been to the police station to report the theft of Nesta's bike. Nesta is normally in trouble with the police and would stay away from them, but he has been persuaded to turn over a new leaf by his girlfriend, Yvonne.

#### Connecting to the topic

*Crongton Knights* is part of the *Crongton* sequence. The other books written so far in the series are *Straight Outta Crongton* and *Liccle Bit*. The books have proved popular in part because they portray the lives of people who don't often feature in fiction: young, urban teenagers who speak in a distinctive dialect.

- Imagine you have been asked to write a novel based on the lives of young people in your school, or where you live. Write a paragraph or two, outlining the aspects of life that you would explore. If you like, you can come up with an outline for a story.
- Share your ideas round the class and discuss whether you think other readers would be interested in your ideas.

#### Connecting to the story

- How do you think Nesta's behaviour is portrayed in this extract? Was he provoked into acting as he did? Is there ever an excuse for this kind of behaviour? What should happen to him now? Write down your thoughts.

#### Connecting to the real world

In the extract you have just read, there seems to be a lot of distrust between people on the estate, particularly young people, and the police.

- Imagine a new character in *Crongton Knights*: a youth leader, who liaises between young people and the police. Script a meeting between the youth leader and a police chief, in which they discuss how to make life better for everyone on the South Crongton estate. The youth leader should mainly focus on young people, the police chief should focus on everyone else.
- Read out loud some of your scripts and use them as the basis for discussing how young people and the police can develop and maintain respectful relationships, even in difficult circumstances.

