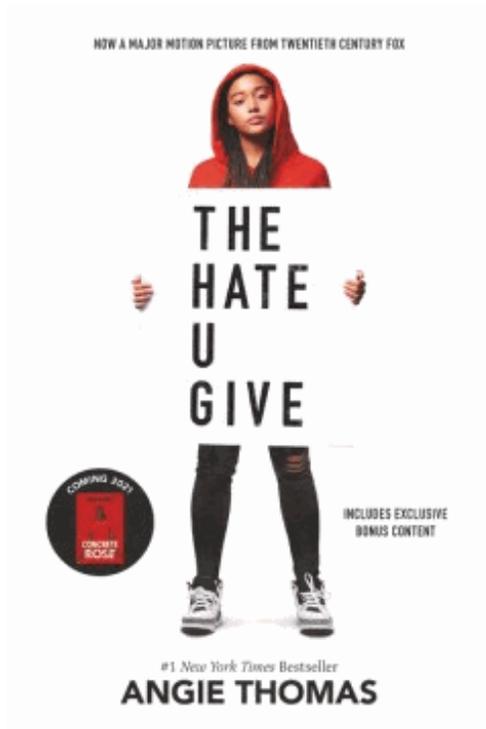


THE HATE U GIVE



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains inflammatory racial commentary; excessive/frequent profanity; and inexplicit sexual activities.

Young Adult

By Angie Thomas

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3 /5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
31	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. "Pig in my house," Daddy grumbles and sits next to me.
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. What else could it be?"
81	Fooling around isn't new for us, and when Chris slipped his hand into my shorts, I didn't think anything of it. Then he got me going, and I really wasn't thinking. At all. For real, my thought process went out the door. And right as I was at that moment, he stopped, reached into his pocket, and pulled out a condom. He raised his eyebrows at me, silently asking for an invitation to go all the way. All I could think about was those girls I see walking around Garden Heights, babies propped on their hips. Condom or no condom, shit happens. ...I left his house pissed and horny, the absolute worst way to leave.
88	Last time he played with some neighborhood kids, they called him "white boy" 'cause he goes to Williamson.
110	Let my clarify- my butt against his crotch, my back against his chest. I'm bumping up against him, trying to figure out how to get the ball back in the hole. It sounds way dirtier than it actually is, especially in this position.
131	"...Coming in the Lord's house, looking like he prostitute you are!"
131	"I still can't believe you slept with that nasty ho."
3	A haze lingers over the room, smelling like weed, and music rattles the floor.
5	Plus, if I pull it over my nose, I can't smell the weed.
7	"...You're so lucky you go to that white-people school and don't have to deal with hoes like that."
9	"Point made. And before you say it, li'l lame white-kid suburb parties don't count." ..."I bet they be doing Molly and shit, don't they?" Chance asks me. "White kids love popping pills."
10	"Damn. For real?" Chance asks. "Shiiiiit. Bitch, next time invite me. I'll party with them white kids."
186	She pats my hair and says, "White people do stupid shit sometimes."
220	"It's really something that you're alive," I say. Snitches get stitches doesn't apply to King Lords. More like snitches get graves. Momma tilts Mr. Lewis's head to look at the cut on his cheek. "She's right. You're real lucky, Mr. Lewis. Don't even need stitches." ..."He ain't come in till them other ones got me down. Ol' punk ass, looking like a black Michelin Man."
224	"A cop though? If the homies find out, the gon' think I'm snitching." "They're not your homies if you gotta hide from them," I say. "Plus Uncle Carlos wouldn't ask you to snitch."

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230	<p>DeVante sizes Chris up. “Boyfriend,” he says with a slight laugh, and looks at me. “I should’ve know you’d have a white boy.”</p> <p>...“Get over it, Maverick. He’s white!” Momma shouts on the patio. “White, white, white!”</p> <p>...“That’s why DeVante was looking at you that way. You’re white.”</p> <p>“Okay?” he asks more than says. “Is this one of those black things I don’t understand?”</p> <p>“Okay, babe, real talk? If you were somebody else I’d side-eye the shit out of you for calling it that.”</p> <p>“Calling it what? A black thing?”</p> <p>...“I wouldn’t call it a problem,” Chris says, “but we did talk about it.”</p> <p>“So it’s not just a black thing then, huh?”</p> <p>“Point made.”</p>
231	<p>“I think they feel guilty about yesterday. Especially Hailey. White guilt.” He winks. I crack up. My white boyfriend talking about white guilt.</p>
234	<p>She raises her eyebrows at me. “Are you taking your birth control pills?”</p> <p>“Mommy!”</p> <p>“Answer my question. Are you?”</p> <p>“Yeeees,” I groan, putting my face on the countertop.</p>
235	<p>“A wigga at that.”</p> <p>“Excuse you?” I say with a mouth full o f peanut butter. “He is not a wigga.”</p>
258	<p>Momma, Sekani, and I spent the night at Uncle Carlos’s house, and I know it was more because Momma’s mad at Daddy than it was about the riots. In fact, the news said last night was the first semipeaceful night in the Garden. Just protests, no riots. Cops were still throwing tear gas though.</p>
292	<p>...“Fuck the Police” type shit.</p>
320	<p>“We want freedom,” I say. “We want the power to determine the destiny of our black and oppressed communities.”</p> <p>“Say it again.”</p> <p>“We want freedom. We want the power to determine the destiny of our black and oppressed communities.”</p> <p>“Point seven.”</p> <p>“We want an immediate end to police brutality,” I say, “and the murder of black people, other people of color, and oppressed people.”</p> <p>“Again.”</p> <p>“We want an immediate end to police brutality and the murder of black people, other people of color, and oppressed people.”</p> <p>“And what did Brother Malcolm say is our objective?”</p> <p>Seven and I recite Malcom X quotes by the time we were thirteen. Sekani hasn’t gotten there yet.</p> <p>“Complete freedom, justice, and equality,” I say, “by any means necessary.”</p> <p>“Again.”</p> <p>“Complete freedom, justice, and equality, by any means necessary.”</p> <p>“So why you gon’ be quiet?” Daddy asks.</p>

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338	He's been more protective lately, ever since we got word that King's still pissed I dry snitched.
340	"Whatever. So because I didn't want to see that disgusting shit, I'm racist?"
357	I have to watch what I say and how I say it, but I can't sound "white."
376	"Who gives a fuck?" ..."Not Hailey. But you know. Blond. Rich. White."
377	I slip my hand in his pants, heading for the bulge.
383	"I bet he yours, ain't he? That's what happens when you go to them white folks' schools." ..."I would've paid to see Maverick's face the day you brought this one home. Shit, I'm surprised Seven got a black girl."
384	"That goes for dry snitches too." ..."Y'all better get DeVante's sorry ass out of my bedroom. Bleeding on my carpet and shit. And got the nerve to use one of my damn towels? Matter of fact, get him and that snitch out my house."
389	"This some bullshit." "Fuck!" Seven croaks. He covers his eyes and rocks back and forth. "Fuck, fuck, fuck!" ..."Fuck this. Starr, whatever you wanna do, I'm down. You wanna burn some shit up, we'll burn some shit up. Give the word." "Dude, are you crazy?" Chris says. "You don't get it, so shut up. Starr, what do you wanna do?" Anything. Everything. Scream. Cry. Puke. Hit somebody. Burn something. Throw something. They gave me this hate, and now I wanna fuck everybody, even if I'm not sure how. "I wanna do something," I say. "Protest, riot, I don't care-" "Riot?" Chris echoes. "Hell yeal!" DeVante gives me dap. "That's what I'm talking 'bout!" "Starr, think about this," Chris says. "That won't solve anything." "And neither did talking!" I snap. "I did everything right and it didn't make a fucking difference. I've gotten death threats, cops harassed my family, somebody shot into my house, all kinds of shit. And for what? Justice Khalil won't get? They don't give a fuck about us, so fine. I no longer give a fuck."
392	"You crazy-ass white boy if you that's gon' happen."
393	The crowds are too thick. We climb on top of a bus stop bench to get a better view of everything going on. King Lords in gray bandanas and Garden Disciples in green bandanas stand on a police car in the middle of the street, chanting, "Justice for Khalil!" People gathered around the car record the scene with their phones and throw rocks at the windows. "Fuck that cop, bruh," a guy says, gripping a baseball bat. "Killed him over nothing!" He slams the bat into the driver's side window, shattering the glass. It's on. The King Lords and GDs stomp out the front window. Then somebody yells, "Flip

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	<p>that mothafucka!”</p> <p>The gangbangers jump off. People line up on one side of the car. I stare at the lights on top, remembering the ones that flashed behind me and Khalil, and watch them disappear as they flip the care onto its back.</p> <p>Someone shouts, “Watch out!”</p> <p>A molotov cocktail sails toward the car. Then-whoompf! It bursts into flames. The crowd cheers.</p> <p>People say misery loves company, but I think it’s like that with anger too. I’m not the only one pissed- everyone around me is. They didn’t have to be sitting in the passenger’s seat when it happened. My anger is theirs, and theirs is mine.</p> <p>A car stereo loudly plays a record-scratching sound, then Ice Cube says, “Fuck the police, coming straight form the underground. A young nigga got it bad ‘cause I’m brown.”</p> <p>You’d think it was a concert the way people react, rapping along and jumping in the beat. DeVante and Seven yell out the lyrics. Chris nods along and mumbles the words. He goes silent every time Cube says “nigga.” As he should.</p> <p>When that hook hits, a collective “Fuck the police” thunders off Magnolia Avenue, probably loud enough to reach the heavens.</p> <p>...Fuck them.</p> <p>Glass shatters. I stop rapping.</p> <p>A block away, people throw rocks and garbage cans at the windows of the McDonald’s and the drugstore next to it.</p> <p>“Holy shit,” Chris says.</p> <p>...“Hell yeah!” says DeVante. “Burn that bitch down!”</p> <p>...I’m just as pissed as anybody, but this...this isn’t it. Not for me.</p> <p>...The original battle cry starts up again: “Fuck the police! Fuck the police!”</p> <p>People hurl rocks and glass bottles at the cops.</p> <p>“Yo,” Seven says.</p> <p>“Stop throwing objects at law enforcement,” the officer says.</p> <p>...“Fuck the police! Fuck the police!” DeVante continues to shout.</p> <p>“Vante, man, c’mon!” Says Seven.</p> <p>“I ain’t scared of them! Fuck the police!”</p> <p>There’s a loud pop. An object sails into the air, lands in the middle of the street, and explodes in a ball of fire.</p> <p>“Oh shit!” DeVante says.</p> <p>...It’s a damn near stampede...</p>
397	<p>“Niggas tired of taking shit,” DeVante says, between heavy breaths. “Like Starr said, they don’t give a fuck about us, so we don’t give a fuck. Burn this bitch down.”</p> <p>“But they don’t live here!” Seven says. “They don’t give a damn what happens to this neighborhood.”</p> <p>“What we supposed to do then?” DeVante snaps. “All that Kumbaya peaceful shit clearly don’t work. They don’t listen till we tear something up.”</p> <p>“Those businesses though,” I say.</p> <p>“...Nah, I don’t give a fuck about neither one of them bitches.”</p>

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398	<p>“People are pissed, DeVante. They’re not thinking shit out. They’re doing shit.”</p> <p>“...He was mad as hell that Chris is white. But ay? You spit that NWA shit like you did back there, maybe he’ll think you’re a’ight.”</p> <p>“What? Surprised a white boy knows NWA?” Chris teases.</p> <p>“Man, you ain’t white. You light-skinned.”</p>
400	<p>“I swear, I don’t understand white people...”</p>
401	<p>“...If my pops were here, he’d say you’ve fallen into the trap of the white standard.”</p>
408	<p>Ahead of the crowd a lady twists stands on top of a police car, holding a bullhorn. She turns toward us, her fist raised for black power. Khalil smiles on the front of her T-shirt.</p> <p>...She eyes beat-up DeVante. “Oh my God, did you get caught in the riots?”</p> <p>DeVante touches his face. “Damn, I look that bad?”</p> <p>...“You can destroy wood and brick, but you can’t destroy a movement...”</p>
410	<p>“You want to fight the system tonight?”</p> <p>...“Good. As of now I’m not your attorney. So if your parents find out about this, I didn’t do it as your attorney but as an activist. You saw that bus near the intersection?”</p> <p>...“If the police react, run straight to it. Got it?”</p> <p>...She takes me to the patrol car and motions at her colleague. The lady climbs off and hands Ms. Ofrah the bullhorn. Ms. Offrah passes it over to me.</p> <p>“Use your weapon,” she says.</p> <p>Another one of her coworkers lifts me and sets me on top of the cop car.</p> <p>...Shit, I have no idea what to say.</p> <p>...You know what? Fuck it.</p> <p>“My name is Starr. I’m the one who saw what happened to Khalil, “ I say into the bullhorn. “And it wasn’t right.”</p> <p>...“We weren’t doing anything wrong. Not only did Officer Cruise assume we were up to no good, he assumed we were criminals. Well, Officer Cruise is the criminal.”</p> <p>The crowd cheers and claps. Ms. Ofrah says, “Speak!”</p> <p>That amps me up.</p> <p>I turn to the cops. “I’m sick of this! Just like y’all think all of us are bad because of some people, we think the same about y’all. Until you give us a reason to think otherwise, we’ll keep protesting.”</p>
430	<p>DeVante shrugs. “I already need the stitches. Might as well snitch.”</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	101
Bitch	14
Fuck	97
Goddamn/Goddammit	15
Nigga	9
Piss	24
Shit	228