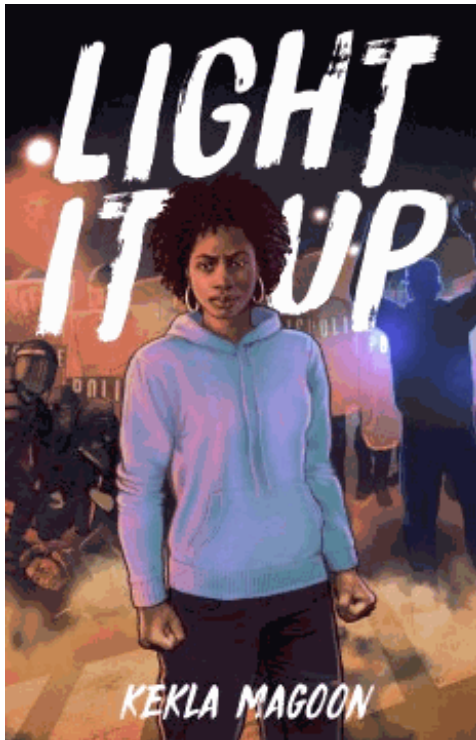


LIGHT IT UP



Young Adult

By Kekla Magoon

ISBN: 978-125012889-8

Book Summary:

The lives of community members are portrayed after a thirteen-year-old girl is shot by a police officer.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; attempted sexual assault; controversial and inflammatory racial and social commentary; controversial religious commentary; profanity and derogatory terms; violence; alternate sexualities; and hate involving racism.

CONTENT WARNING

You are about to access material that may contain content of an ADULT nature. These files may include pictures and materials that some viewers may find offensive. If you are under the age of 18, or if such material offends you or if it is illegal for you to view these materials, please exit now.

3 /5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

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5	More cops roll up. More guns. All on you. Just like that, a walk home becomes a mouthful of sidewalk. Becomes handcuffs. Becomes the back of a cop car and a call to some legal aid lawyer. On the phone you tell her, “I ain’t done nothing. I ain’t seen nothing. I was just walking home.”
9	“Everything we do in the neighborhood to empower people, to create awareness, is frightening them. They want to keep us in check.”
10	Police lights and caution tape? That’s straight-up black-person repellent.
13	At least, he’s never tried to grab me or nothing. If he’s after me for sex, he’s going about it different than any King I’ve known. Sometimes I get a glimmer off him, but it always tucks back away.
18	We stand on a street corner during a march for breast cancer awareness, or whatever, and watch the chattering ladies stroll by, carrying their signs and balloons. We stare at pink shirts, hats so long the color loses meaning. We try not to think about breasts, even though they are all around us and the word is everywhere, too.
20	We stand on a street corner during a march for breast cancer awareness, or whatever, and watch the chattering ladies stroll by, carrying their signs and balloons. We stare at pink shirts, hats so long the color loses meaning. We try not to think about breasts, even though they are all around us and the word is everywhere, too.
22	<p>Prof. Charles: The police are not treating the citizens with respect. Bad policing results in unnecessary violence. Case in point, a thirteen-year-old girl was murdered tonight.</p> <p>...Prof. Charles: An unarmed child was shot to death by a police officer. The police department already publicly confirmed the basic facts of the case. Let’s be clear—we’re talking about a murder.</p> <p>Host: We’re talking about the actions of a police officer on duty. It’s irresponsible journalism to throw around criminal accusations—</p> <p>...Prof. Charles: I’m aware of what it suggests. The historical legacy of police violence against black citizens bears it up.</p> <p>...Prof. Charles: You want to call it “riots” because you want the focus to be on so-called black violence and so-called black criminality. You want to do anything possible to justify the reality of police officers acting with lethal force on a community.</p> <p>Host: That’s not—</p> <p>Prof. Charles: You want to say it’s okay for a police officer to respond with knee-jerk lethal anger at the mere idea of a threat against his person, and at the same time you want to say it’s wrong for a community to rise up in peaceful anger in response to repeated, systematic abuses at the hands of the power structure. That logic doesn’t hold.</p> <p>...Prof. Charles: You see a public gathering of the black community as a potential riot—</p> <p>...Prof. Charles:—and they see every police officer as a potential murderer.</p> <p>Host: That’s unfair.</p> <p>Prof. Charles: Yes. But it’s a parallel, and a racist double standard that news media and law enforcement perpetually ignore.</p>
25	The US Constitution, the actual foundational American document, establishes law for this new nation, in which black Americans, then enslaved, were counted as three-fifths of a person and denied basic human rights and citizenship. You can call it treason, but it is a deeply American idea for the disenfranchised to rise up against the power structure, in an effort to secure actual equality and the benefits of liberty on their own terms.

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	<p>...Prof. Charles: I'm calling for systemic social change. There are myriad ways that change could happen peacefully. We might still be British subjects if the Crown had responded to the colonists' desire for self-government with compassion and forethought. In this nation today, we still have leaders who stubbornly pursue their own self-interest. Instead of investing in social services, we have militarized policing.</p> <p>...You want to blame poor black communities, but violence begets violence. The problem begins with the police and the politicians who deploy them.</p>
28	<p>It is the foam that spills out from the hole of a beer can, the pop-rush-damp, a first careful sip, then a chug.</p>
34	<p>"Another shooting. Cop versus kid. In the hood." It's when phrases like "in the hood" slip out of his lily-white ass that I have to give him the side-eye.</p>
50	<p>I roll my eyes. Come on, can't I think a girl is hot and still care about, like, race relations? ...DeVante says, "Rioting? That's a white man's word." ..."Dude, there are people throwing shit through windows," says Wick. "How is that not a riot?" "Sounds like a reasoned response to militaristic policing," DeVante answers. ...Maybe it feels particularly shitty to see rioting when you're black. I don't know.</p>
53	<p>"We should call the police," I say. She freezes in my arms. "No. I don't want them looking for him." "What?" "The news," she murmurs. "They'll be trigger-happy tonight</p>
64	<p>"This kind of tragedy reminds us all of how black bodies are treated in this country. How easy it is to make a mistake when you look like us."</p>
77	<p>"He plays their deepest fears like a banjo. It's all too easy for white America to believe we're out to get them. Much easier than examining their own biases and complicity."</p>
80	<p>Sometimes I get scared that I'm secretly racist, because it's so much easier to hang out with white people. Not that that doesn't have its problems, too. ...But he's my friend, and we arrived together, so I feel like people are looking at us like, Who's the white guy and who's that oreo who brung him?</p>
87	<p>Childs: Police are the aggressors. This is racism and police brutality 101. It's a cycle. ...Childs: Only if you believe in taking away people's freedom for their own protection. Those restrictions would never fly in a white community. Host: Riots aren't happening in white communities. Childs: Unarmed white children aren't being shot by police, either.</p>
92	<p>"Tonight we call forth the ancestors as we gather in their memory, particularly in the memory of those who have died due to police brutality and those who have died in the struggle for liberation and peace. Let them be remembered not only for their deaths but for their lives. In their name, we carry forward the struggle."</p>
95	<p>"Tonight we call forth the ancestors as we gather in their memory, particularly in the memory of those who have died due to police brutality and those who have died in the struggle for liberation and peace. Let them be remembered not only for their deaths but for their lives. In their name, we carry forward the struggle."</p>

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101	<p>@BrownMamaBear: Heartbreak after heartbreak. Pray for all the brown babies out there. @WhitePowerCord: Sure, play the black card. She was BLACK, she couldn't have done anything wrong. He's a WHITE COP, he's obviously evil. STFU. #BacktheBlue @UnderhillSCORE: Where are the politicians? Where are our leaders? It must stop. It must change. Who will take us where we need to go? #YouthRiseUp</p>
102	<p>Black bodies have lain in the street, with white men standing over them, in uniform. We have been here a thousand times before.</p>
107	<p>Zeke's call makes no sense, and neither does this vision of the small clump of white women outside the funeral. From the corner of the church steps, they sprawl out in front of me, a sea of hateful signs, hateful faces. ...One of their signs reads END THE WAR ON COPS. Another reads EXPOSE THE BLACK CONSPIRACY #MAKEITKNOWN.</p>
108	<p>This is a twenty-first century lynching and they've come with their picnic baskets to witness the spectacle.</p>
113	<p>They must've been really hungry, to accept food prepared by black hands.</p>
115	<p>Twitter feed of Underhill SCORE. Picture after picture of the white protestors and their rabid, homemade signs. Tiny flames erupt beneath my skin. My voice, though, barely simmers. "They misspelled the N-word. Kinda undercuts the argument, don't you think?" ..."It happens all the time after hate crimes. The shooting in that nightclub in Florida." "The gay club?" "Yeah. They're cool with domestic terrorism as long as it's ultra-wack white Christians doing the terrorizing."</p>
117	<p>You can't call that nothing but racist. Tragic. The cops are gunning for our annihilation, one innocent at a time. They say they ain't, but they keep on shooting. ...Because, screw it, I could spend ten years getting a PhD or whatever and still get shot on the street like a dog. LIKE A DOG. Worse than a dog, actually. With a dog, they stun you or Tase you and throw you in a net. They don't shoot to kill dogs. Say it's inhumane. I'll paint a dog, being killed. Watch the news cover it as a blight on the community. I'll paint a black man being killed. No news. Cruelty to animals = sickness. We are less than animals now.</p>
124	<p>Remember, the "God hates fags" contingent showed up at Matthew Shepard's funeral.</p>
125	<p>Commentator: But look at their signs. "She had it coming"? And what was trending on social media this morning from the same people? "The only good n—— is a dead n——." I won't say that word on airGuest: My liberty does not stop a white supremacist from enjoying his own liberty. His existence and beliefs are specifically about limiting what someone who looks like me can do in society. How is that freedom? Commentator: White supremacy enforces liberty for whites only, at the expense of all others. Which is the system we're already living under. Host: The system— Guest: If a police officer is justified in shooting any citizen who appears to possibly have something in their hand, then we'd see similar proportions of dead "suspects" across races. If this justification only holds when the citizen is black, then black people are not safe anywhere. Not while holding a cell phone, not while driving lawfully, not while listening to headphones. As long as bias is our reality, black Americans are not truly free.</p>

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131	<p>You look hella sexy in that apron. And then, while I'm refreshing the coffee. ...His hand teases my hip.</p>
135	<p>"You seen these barricades," I tell Noodle. "We can't stand for it. This is our turf." "You wanna walk up and tell the popo that? They will carve you up. Pigs." He spits into an empty glass on the windowsill. "Maybe we carve them up first. Let them know whose space they're stepping into." Noodle huffs. "Sure, right. We'll get right on that." He sips his drink with a grin. He thinks I'm not serious. ...There's someone for me. Always. Any woman I want. The one in the hot-pink mini skirt. Damn. The one with the shaved head and earrings like Olympic rings. Hmhmhm. ...Bust into my arsenal and take it to the cops. Show them a taste of what Underhill really has to offer. There's enough of us. We could do some damage.</p>
136	<p>I'm no innocent bystander. If I go down with a pig bullet in me, it'll be my choice. My fight. I do what I gotta do. "Naw," Noodle says. "They're gunning for us. Don't make today no different than yesterday. Tomorrow, either." I look at him hard. Gunning for us. Sure. We live under the gun, Noodle and me. By choice. Cops roll up on us, it's 'cause of who we are, 'cause of what we do, not how we look.</p>
137	<p>They're always patrolling. Always ready to roll up on guys like me. ...I paint the dog thing: RULES FOR DOGCATCHERS: STUN GUNS ONLY, GENTLE TOUCH RULES FOR POLICING BLACK COMMUNITIES: SHOOT FIRST, ASK QUESTIONS LATER</p>
139	<p>@TroubleInRiverCty: Shae Tatum's crime: running while black. #convicted</p>
142	<p>There are a lot of people who are out to get cops. Especially cops turned famous by circumstance.</p>
143	<p>I read and read the book about Helpful People: police officers firefighters teachers doctors lawyers. I want to believe anyway But I don't.</p>
144	<p>"You think the issue is police officers making mistakes." "A huge pattern of mistakes." I shake my head. "Black people doing nothing wrong, getting shot by police. That's the issue." "Right, that's the mistake." "My point is, the issue isn't mistakes, it's bias. The underlying reason the so-called mistakes are happening." ..."You don't get it. Being black is enough to make you suspicious to police."</p>
149	<p>He smiles. Leans toward me. "I want to kiss you now," he says. His face is close to my face. He pauses, and I'm nervous. Maybe we are both nervous. "Then what are you waiting for?" I whisper. This time, I feel his smile. His lips are soft. It's not unpleasant. But I don't know what to do. It's supposed to be</p>

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	<p>instinctive, or something, but what if it's not? What if I'm not good at kissing? What if he tastes me and knows right away that I don't know what I'm doing?</p> <p>My hands find his shoulders. His tongue plunges in and out and I try to move mine in response. Like dancing, except not the way I usually step on everyone else's toes. I hope.</p> <p>My hands squeeze his shoulders and part of me wants to wrap my fingers around his neck and pull him closer, but how can he get any closer, and there is another part of me, in the back of my brain, that won't let me lean into it at all.</p>
150	<p>"You've never had sex?"</p> <p>"No."</p> <p>... "Is it, like, a religious thing?"</p> <p>"No, I just haven't had the opportunity."</p> <p>"That's probably not true," he says. "Lots of people have been into you. You just didn't know it."</p>
151	<p>I cover his hands with my hands. My body is warm and eager and my mind is screaming at me to stop being so stupid. "Which way to the bedroom?" I ask.</p> <p>He kisses me lightly on the lips. "We could wait, if you want."</p> <p>"No, I'm ready."</p> <p>"Are you sure?"</p> <p>"I'm sure."</p>
157	<p>They are saying Daddy is a bad cop.</p> <p>"Shoot first, ask questions later. That can't be how we police our cities."</p> <p>... "This was a child."</p> <p>"In that kind of neighborhood, age doesn't necessarily equate with level of threat."</p> <p>"This was an unarmed child."</p> <p>"Officer was under threat..."</p> <p>"From an unarmed child?"</p> <p>"The officer perceived a threat..."</p> <p>"Perceived being the operative word."</p> <p>"... and took the appropriate action."</p>
158	<p>I am old enough to understand Hands Up Don't Shoot and all the people marching and shouting.</p> <p>...I am old enough to remember people who are gone now Tariq and Nana and Shae. I am old enough to die.</p>
159	<p>Shooting time, says the voice in the back of my head. Cops and niggas in a game of chicken— who's more afraid of the dark?</p> <p>If that's not the lyrics to something, it should be.</p>
160	<p>"They wanna shoot us like dogs, yo. I seen this mural about it."</p> <p>"I saw it." Rules for dogcatchers, rules for cops. That's good art.</p>
163	<p>He says, "What do you think about policing the police?"</p> <p>I shrug. "I know it worked for the Panthers." "But that was fifty years ago." Brick's hand is still on my back. "We're talking about making a response. To the curfew, to the cops."</p> <p>"I have a friend who works with SCORE. They're planning a protest. You wanna know about all that?"</p> <p>"Naw, we wanna fry some bacon." Sammy laughs.</p>

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165	<p>“Everyone has a cell phone,” he says. “And the police are trigger-happy.”</p> <p>...“I think they’ve moved past a segregation mentality. They’re back to a slavery mentality.”</p> <p>“What?” In spite of myself, I’m interested in what he’s saying. This part of it anyway. “You’ve seen other White Out events on the news, right? They’re carrying torches and talking about taking ‘their’ country back. They’re not talking separate but equal.”</p> <p>“Duh. They’re white supremacists.”</p> <p>“They’re speaking for a lot of prejudiced people who are afraid to come into the light.”</p> <p>“That’s why we gotta take a stand!”</p> <p>...“They hate us.” Steve’s voice chokes up. “It’s not enough anymore to push us to the side and pretend we don’t exist. We’ve proven we won’t stand for that. So they want to eliminate us.”</p>
168	<p>But Mommy says the blood cross logo is a symbol of white supremacists. We’ve been sent money by the Ku Klux Klan.</p>
169	<p>Zeke kisses me again. “Everything else in the world is a mere distraction from you.”</p> <p>It is hard to believe this is my life.</p> <p>Minutes pass and we are mostly kissing. Maybe this is why the work is taking longer than usual.</p>
171	<p>“He’s talking it. I’m only telling it. Panther-level action, taking guns against the cops.”</p> <p>“That’s suicide.”</p> <p>“It’s also not what the Panthers were about,” Zeke adds.</p> <p>Melody nods. “We’re dying anyway. We take some of them out with us. That’s how we get ourselves on the map, Brick was saying.”</p>
180	<p>Holding court with Brick. So I’m holding court with my good friend Jose Cuervo</p>
184	<p>“We’re gonna dance, baby,” he says. “You and me.” The arm that’s around me is holding me up and also kind of cupping my boob.</p> <p>It’s funny. Usually getting drunk makes me want to lean into him. Not tonight.</p> <p>...My back is against the wall and Noodle presses up against me with his whole body. His hands push up my skirt. His mouth is on my neck, my chest. When I try to wriggle away, he takes hold of my wrists, pinning them beside my head.</p> <p>“Shh,” he says.</p> <p>Manhandled. I know what this means now. What it means to be up against a wall with no power and no recourse.</p> <p>No. The word echoes in my brain. Maybe it has always been there, straining to break free.</p> <p>“No!” When it comes out loud it feels like something should shatter. But nothing does. Not his grip on my arm. Not the look in his eyes.</p> <p>“Stop!” I shout, but maybe it comes out like a whimper.</p> <p>“You used to like it when I did this,” he says. “I know you like it.”</p> <p>“No. Please.” There is nothing I can do. There is no fight in my body. I think about pushing against him but my arms are limp. I close my eyes. Maybe I can pass out and it will be like it never happened. He has been in me before. Maybe I won’t know the difference.</p> <p>“Let her go.” Brick steps in and thrusts his arm like a bar across Noodle’s chest.</p>
185	<p>He sets me down near the edge of the bed. He straightens my clothes and pushes back my hair. His face is so concerned. He’s sweet to me. Always has been. It would be easy. So easy to</p> <p>... “Don’t,” he says.</p> <p>“Don’t come at me like that unless you mean it.” He puts his hands on my wrists, real gentle.</p> <p>My skin still stings there from Noodle’s grip. I want to erase everything that just happened.</p> <p>Put myself back in the column of good.</p>

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	<p>Brick pushes me back a step. But his eyes say different. His fly says different. I wrench my hand away, slide it down his front. Kimberly might walk away from me but Brick won't. He'll always be there for me.</p> <p>He catches my hand again. "Jennica, you're drunk."</p> <p>...Screw that. I reach for him, pull him in. When our mouths meet, I taste salt and beer and breath.</p> <p>It's one quick moment, or it lasts a hundred years. Something like that. It's gentle and wet and, honestly, why is it always so hard to get ourselves together?</p> <p>He tears his face away. And that's what it feels like, a Band-Aid being ripped off, a curtain being torn from ceiling to floor.</p>
187	<p>When I saw Noodle carrying her off to a bedroom ... something about it ain't feel right. I'm not some kind of tattletale. I hope that ain't what he thinks. God, it probably is. He tells me he wants to go militant, and I bring him Zeke and Kimberly. I see a known asshole bringing a wasted girl into a quiet place, and I tell Brick.</p>
195	<p>"He can't. Come on. He's being investigated for the death of a black child, and he's going to take money from white supremacist groups now? The press will have a field day."</p>
196	<p>"Look, it's cash in exchange for a lynching. They're essentially saying that Shae Tatum deserved to die because of the color of her skin. No due process. They want to reward Henderson's extra-legal judgment solely on the grounds of race."</p>
198	<p>Eddie Johnson says, "I bet he beats your mom. All cops are beaters."</p> <p>..."He's a good person. A good cop." My fists clench. No, no, no. I broke the rule. Say nothing. Eddie Johnson shakes his head. "Good at beating people up, all right."</p>
201	<p>When we were talking about our history. About how she's never had sex before me, and only been interested in one man.</p> <p>...He's familiar with her, too. He puts his hand on her shoulder like they've known each other forever. Or else he's just that kind of guy, smooth enough to get away with it. Does she want him to be touching her? When his hand goes out, her eyes go down.</p>
203	<p>It all comes back to me. The shots, the kissing, him pushing me away.</p> <p>..."I drank too much."</p>
204	<p>My hand cups Brick's bicep. Oh, wow. An uninvited laser of YES shoots through me. Those muscles. I'm kinda turned on and I hate it because it reminds me of last night. Of Noodle's hand going between my legs.</p>
205	<p>On paper white out means all you see is white black type covered up erased.</p> <p>...On TV, White Out means erasing all the black in the world. Their sign is a big paintbrush dipped in white because this is a white country for white people.</p>
207	<p>"White people think they're better than us," she says.</p> <p>"Not all white people," I answer, stroking her hair. It's what you're supposed to say, right? Sometimes I'm not so sure.</p>
209	<p>"We will not stand for bias. We will not stand for white supremacy. We will not stand for police brutality..."</p>
212	<p>Howard: Calling for the blood of black Americans is a riot.</p>
214	<p>Howard: The image of white people marching with torches by night evokes more than a belief. It evokes intent. Historically such images are associated with lynchings. The Klan and its members passing extra-legal judgment on any black people they had it in for. The image</p>

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	<p>evokes hatred and represents an absence of due process. ...Black power is about achieving equality. White power is about continued dominance.</p>
218	<p>“They can’t just run around lynching people like they used to.” “They don’t have to,” I argue. “Now they’ve got cops to do the dirty work.”</p>
220	<p>There is no one I hate enough to bring a torch to a park and chant in the dead middle of winter. I think hard about it. There’s no one. Well, terrorists, I guess. The kind of man who straps a bomb to his chest and walks into a school to set it off. I hate guys like that enough to set them on fire. That’s not the same as hating people for their skin color. Thinking white is always best.</p>
221	<p>A man’s voice shouts, “Oooh oooh ooh! Go back to Africa, you motherfucking apes!”</p>
222	<p>“He dates a lot of women, though?” “He sleeps with a lot of women,” I say. ...“He’s not just interested in sex,” Melody says. ...“I mean, we’ve hung out a bit lately, and he never acted like it was all about going to bed. Last night was the first time.”</p>
225	<p>My boys are packing. I’m not. The cops are gunning for me already. I’m not about to get picked up on a weapons charge. They’d find a way to spin it hard. I know they would.</p>
226	<p>I take it to the wall: White people: We matter most! We deserve preferential treatment! Cops: You have the right to express your opinion. Here’s a permit. Black people: We want equality! We deserve justice! Cops: You’re out of control. Here’s a bullet.</p>
227	<p>“Pigs at ten o’clock,” I say. ...“They won’t. We need to see what happens. We have footage of tanks rolling up to peaceful protests in Underhill. If the same thing doesn’t happen here tonight, it’s evidence of discriminatory police tactics.”</p>
230	<p>What he means is, I wouldn’t mind getting in your pants this time, if you’ll let me. “I don’t,” I lie. “So much has happened since then.” I cross my arms over my stomach, even though it presses my boobs together, and I’m sure that is where his eye goes.</p>
235	<p>@WhitePowerCord: We are taking this country BACK. @KelvinX_: We are taking this country BLACK. ...@TroubleInRiverCty: Keep on coming, Underhill PD. You can’t arrest and kill all of us. The whole world is watching. @WesSteeleStudio: The press refuses to mention Henderson’s impeccable service record. Why? Could it be BIAS AGAINST WHITE AMERICANS? Racism is alive and well in Underhill.#SteeleStudioExclusive @Viana_Brown: Told a white friend about Shae Tatum. She said “That doesn’t happen.” #DifferentWorlds</p>
245	<p>“Isn’t that why we have courts in the first place, to keep everyone honest?” “Sure, but it requires integrity of the system.” ...“And the system is broken.” “But also, in a sense, if there is ..“What I mean is, black people basically live outside the law already, because the law doesn’t serve us fairly.”</p>

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	...”So it’s possible that the only way to achieve actual justice, the only way to change the system that is acting against us, is to act outside the law.”
248	<p>“Come on. We have to be there.” At least, I do. I have all this privilege, everyone is always saying. Because I’m white and male and my parents have money. So I want to use my power for good.</p> <p>...Apparently there are things I don’t get because I’m not black. Whatever. I’ve studied the issues. I do get it. Black people are oppressed and racism is alive and well in the twenty-first century, which sucks.</p>
251	When she kisses me, it is good and easy.
265	<p>Kimberly is already dressed in soft clothes, these baggy pajama pants and a nicely fitting tank top under a thin sweater thing. No bra. I slip off my shoes and pants and climb onto her bed beside her.</p> <p>...“I don’t want to have sex tonight,” she blurts out.</p> <p>I pull my hand back. “Okay...”</p>
269	I wouldn’t have put it past Robb to have something that would land me or Tyrell in court if we get pulled over. Some of us don’t have fancy lawyer dads or white skin to fall back on.
274	<p>We are black men in America. We are trapped. We’re stuck in this car, in this flying metal box, a restricted space where we have no control.</p> <p>We are at the mercy of yet another white guy who thinks he gets it, but he doesn’t.</p>
275	“You’re taking us to a place where there are tanks in the street. Do you get that?” DeVante shakes his head. “White privilege at work,” he mutters.
281	<p>“When’s the last time a coffee place like that arrested upper-class white people for loitering? Why only the black people?”</p> <p>...There it is. The thing white people think that they won’t say out loud. They don’t believe in bias. They don’t believe it happens for no reason other than racism and misplaced fear. When push comes to shove, for them, it is tragic because it was a “misunderstanding.” They think that kind of “misunderstanding” could happen to a white person, that it has something to do with our actions, even though we see time and time again that it doesn’t.</p> <p>...“When cops see a black guy, their brains kick into heightened alert. A tiny flinch is a threat. A cell phone is a threat. Standing still with your hands up is a threat. That’s bias.”</p>
297	<p>Emory: The issue is bias. A jury—in this country, in this time—may be operating with a similar bias to the one that led Henderson to shoot at Shae Tatum. Consider the mindset that led him to take lethal action against a child: the assumption that anything black that moves is a threat.</p> <p>...Emory: It won’t be objective. Anti-black bias is part of the fabric of our culture.</p> <p>...Emory: There’s the rub. What do you do when the “random” group of citizens meant to judge the case is incapable of objectivity? They’re asked to imagine whether any other police officer in the same situation, given the same information, would have made the same split-second decision. And given the nature of anti-black bias, the answer is likely yes.</p>
303	@WhitePowerCord: That’s right. You niggers can’t keep a good cop down. #selfdefense
305	No, the system has failed. You’ve studied the statistics, out of curiosity. You weren’t surprised to learn how few police officers in the United States of America have ever been convicted of a wrongful shooting. Hardly any have even been indicted. Case after case: dismissed.
308	These pigs got nothing on me. They’ve been trying for a decade to tear down what we’ve built. They haven’t yet. I take pride in that. We’re untouchable.

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321	The powers that be are ready to wage war to keep us in our place.
328	Blum: Were you surprised by the verdict? Black Youth: Hell no. We knew. They always do us like this. When you live in the hood you ain't expect justice. You expect to have to fight. That's all we out here trying to— Black Woman: (appears behind Blum) All you people watching! All you white suburban news junkies. You all complicit! All of you!
329	The point is, you already BE safe. You white.
332	@BrownMamaBear: Have the conversation with your children: How to be safe in the world with #KillerCops on the loose.
333	The signs are strewn about the street, and trampled: BLACK POWER TO BLACK PEOPLE TODAY FOR SHAE, TOMORROW FOR ALL #OFFTHEPIGS PEACE IN OUR TIME ALL LIVES MATTER ONLY WHEN #BLACKLIVESMATTER TOO
336	We dread the ocean because they brought us over on ships, and that kind of terror goes into your bones. Into your DNA. It becomes a part of you. ...The life cycle of a black man in America—birth, struggle, prison, struggle, death. ...Don't know what to make of a world without justice, of a God who turns our best intentions into the dark.
339	"You've seen the footage," I remind him. "The cops are the problem." ...I'm not outside of it anymore. I can't pretend I'm innocent. That white privilege doesn't affect me, or that I haven't done anything to make any of it worse. I'm part of the problem. All the things I didn't understand made me part of the problem. I will always be part of the problem.
344	"We should blame the system," Steve says. "This broken justice system. That's the truth. But I don't. I blame myself, too." ...The system is broken. The scales are tipped. No balance. All the fault slides one way. We are two black men, carrying the weight of the world. Black men. We are always guilty. Always to blame.
354	When Tariq Johnson died, it was about who we are. Every black boy. Are we the faceless, hoodie-clad punks? Are we the honor students, or the gang members? Are we so flawed that we deserve this fate? When Shae Tatum died, it was different. It was about how they treat us, no matter how good or innocent we are. It was about how a black face is a black face is a black face. A threat no matter how you slice it.

Profanity/Derogatory Term	Count
Ass	21
Bitch	1
Fag	1
Fuck	31
Goddamn	5
Nigger/Nigga	3
Piss	7
Shit	28