**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.’

Th e 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 offi cer beams his flashlight in our faces.

‘Licence, registration, and proof of insurance.’

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. Th e 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-fi ft een. He’s white, mid-thirties 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-Fift een 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. Th e officer walks back to his patrol car.

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.

1. What two talks did Star’s parents have with her?
2. What three pieces of information did her dad give her?
3. What information lets us know that the street Star and Khalil are on is dangerous?
4. Who is the ‘fool’ Khalil refers to?
5. What impression do we get of Khalil’s attitude toward the police? Use at least one piece of evidence from the text.
6. What does the word ‘plead’ mean?
7. Why might star ‘plead’ with Khalil?
8. What punctuation mark is used to convey that the police officer is shouting?
9. How many times does the officer search Khalil? Why do you think he did this so many times?
10. At the end of the text what has happened to Khalil? Do you think the officer responded appropriately? Explain your answer supporting it with evidence.