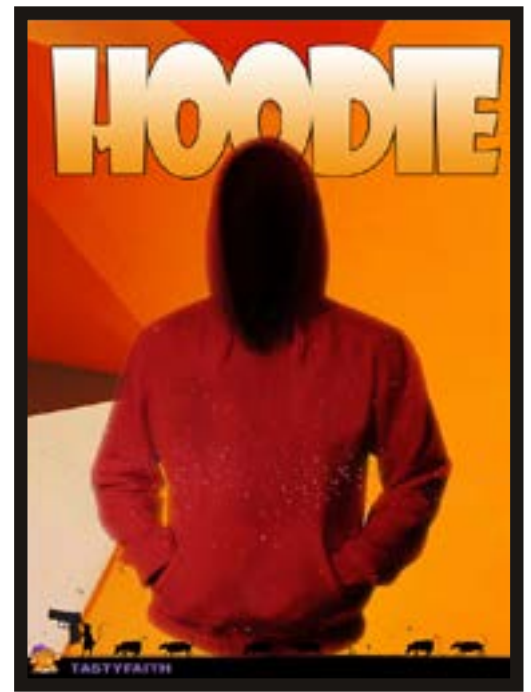


HOODIE

The adventures of two boys, growing up in a Detroit neighborhood so tough, that even the rats need guns.

Ice, a fearless foster kid--is streetwise, but Haman, his scrawny friend, is booksmart.

Both are tempted by the street: Stealing. Thugging. Ditching School. But when Haman finds a mysterious key in a hoodie, the trouble begins. What does it open? Will it make him rich? Is it really stealing if he found the key? Can one bad decision open the doors to others?



Chapters come with Rap Up questions to start dialogue or to encourage journaling. Use HOODIE in school, correctional facilities, after school programs, ESL tutoring, youth group and outreach programs. Pictures make it engaging. Rights to reproduce make it a great value!

How to use HOODIE. Hoodie is written to help build vocabulary as well as create a craving for reading, especially with easily bored boys. Ask students to underline words they don't understand then encourage them to use the words that they do.

Free Sample includes Chapter One. Purchase the rest of Hoodie at TastyFaith.com. Fourteen fun, colorful chapters with discussion questions.



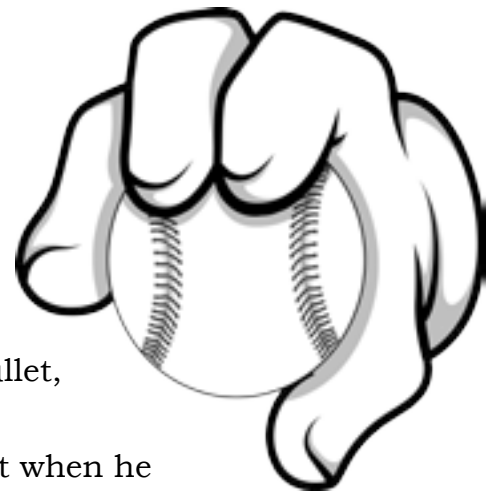
RATED: PG No "f" bombs or sex scenes, but Hoodie does include: stealing, gang banging, shootings, life changing decision making and other realities of growing up as a hoodie!
Reading level: mid grade Questions? Contact info@tastyfaith.com **COPYRIGHT 2016 TastyFaith.**

HOODNIE



TASTYFAITH

Chapter One-Spit Ball



“Dang, I diidn’t know I could throw that good!”

“Don’t think lunch lady didn’t either,” I said as we watched the splat drip off her name tag. ‘If that were a bullet, she’d be dead.”

Even the coach put down his paper to take a look. But when he saw who threw the milk carton, he just shook his head and frowned.

Ice Davis threw, our school’s oldest fourth grader and best baseball player than never was. Twelve years old with an arm better than anyone on Tigers. And I was sitting next to him, even though my Aunt Esther warned me not to. “*Haman, there’s an aura of trouble around that boy thicker than the lens on my glasses!*” she’d preach while the fat under her arms wobbled like jelly.

Ice pointed to the emergency exit door and gave his cargo pants a good tug. “I better bounce before she get too close.”

“You’re ditching school?”

“Fo shizzle,” Ice nodded. “And you better too, or she be thinking you threw it.”

“Me? But I’ve never been in trouble.”

“Straight up, you,” Ice continued, “cuz you be the fool wearing the starter jacket,” Ice paused to touch my shiny red sleeve, “just like the big time players wear. I’m just wearing this.” He zipped up the old coat he found in the alley then pulled his hood over his head.

“You coming with me or not?”

“Well...uh,” I fiddled with a snap, “I got a spelling test.”

“Then you can catch the heat. Just don’t rat me out. A’ight?”

“I’ll hold my mud,” I promised with a bump of knuckles.

As Ice snuck out the door, I took cover behind the pop machine but it was too late. The food started flying. Peas, mashed potatoes, even a few slices of cheese. Meanwhile, the gargantuan lunch lady stomped towards me like an elephant in a hair net. And she didn’t look too happy. She was holding the milk carton.

“*Haman Brookes, you threw this?*”

“No ma’am.”

“Then who did?”

“Ain’t telling,” I said. That was the number one rule of the streets. Never snitch.



lilylilylily "Was it that boy with cornrows?"

..... "Ain't saying."

..... "This is your last chance, Haman Brooks," she warned, "who threw the milk carton?"

alijalijalij "I said, I'm not a snitch."

By now, a small crowd of kids was watching. Even the older kids who were smoking in the john came out to see if I could cave.

"I'll have to call your mother."

"She's dead, ma'am."

"Then I'll have to call your father."

"Never met him."

"Then I'll have to send you to the office."

lilylilylily "You mean put my name on the waiting list."

"Ooooo!" the crowd cheered.

lilylilylily After what seemed to be eternity and a half, the lunch lady stomped away and all the little kids went back to throwing food and the older kids relit their cigarettes. All except for a new kid straight off the boat from India. Ten years old and already had a mustache.

"Your name is *Amen*," he smiled, "*Amen*...like a prayer?"

..... "No," I pointed to the stitching on my jacket, "It's *Haman*, with an *H*."

"Well, Haman," his mustache wiggled. "Someone must've said your name accident in church."

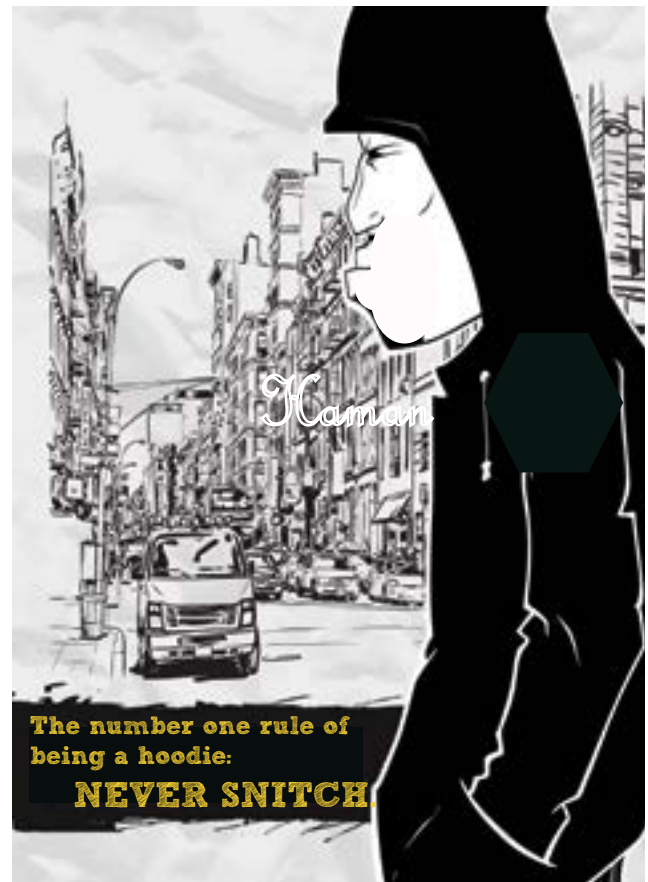
"Why's that?"

"Cuz that lunch lady didn't squish you like a bug."

"The day isn't over yet."

The new kid was right. My name did sound like it belonged in bible meeting, not in a neighborhood so tough that even the rats needed guns. But that was about to change. It had to, I was ten now. I picked up a deserted banana and shoved it into my pocket. Screw my spelling test. Screw my goodie two shoes reputation. I snapped up my jacket and went through the door of no return.

ad My initiation as a hoodie just begun.



Rap Up



Think about what you read. If you can't remember, read it again.

What does an *aura of trouble* mean? Share an example of someone who has an *aura of trouble* around them.

Can a name have power? Haman didn't like that his name rhymed with *Amen*. If you could change your name, what would you change it to?

What is the number one rule of the streets where you live? What happens if you break that rule?

Is it wrong to snitch? Is it ever right to snitch?

Did it take more guts for Ice to throw the milk carton...or for Haman to stand up to the lunch lady?

There's a popular proverb that reminds us: *As iron sharpens iron, so a friend sharpens a friend*. Who do you think is doing the sharpening...Ice or Haman?

Now are you sharpening your friends...
or are they sharpening you?

Fabulous Vocabulous:
gargantuan, aura.

Draw a picture
of the Lunch Lady.

