

Chapter One

Without warning, my alarm clock erupts in the middle of one of the best dreams of my life. I have just won the Patterson City Skateboard Championship. In the darkness, I make several attempts to silence the obnoxious clock, but it is nowhere to be found. Finally, out of frustration I flick on my reading light and there's that stupid clock right in front of me. The second I hit the snooze button, I really want to go back to sleep, but I know I can't because today is the first day of school. Only a minute later I pull back the covers and glare silently out my bedroom window into the darkness. I can hardly believe that the sun isn't even up yet. Obviously, I'm in need of a plan, and as I lie in bed trying to think up an excuse that my mother will believe, the smell of bacon, eggs, and sourdough toast works its way up the stairs and overtakes my room.

At the very same time my mother starts yelling, "Tyrell Walker, it's time to get your little fanny out of bed. You promised Mrs. Purdy that you would get to school on time."

"I'm out of bed, mama, but my brain just isn't working. Why do I have to get going already? The sun isn't even up yet."

Using her sternest voice as she makes her way towards my room, she exclaims, "I don't want to hear those same lame excuses that got you kicked out of Patterson High."

I make a habit of checking my text messages before I get out of bed. This morning there's only one, and it's from my best friend since 5th grade, Sal Marquez. Sal is the quarterback on the Patterson High Varsity football team. After a quick reply, I put on my new school clothes, grab my brand new skateboard, and head downstairs to eat some breakfast. Then when I reach the bottom of the stairs, I decide to give it another go.

After a few dry heaves and a few coughs, I tell her, "Mama, I must have food poisoning. I don't think that I can't start school today. I'm just too sick."

I'm sure that I'll feel a lot better tomorrow. I don't remember how long it's been since I felt this sick."

Angrily, my mother responds, "That's the same attitude that got you sent to that hoodlum Del Cielo Continuation High School in the first place. You don't get it, I've heard enough, and I'll be darned if I'll let you screw things up this early in the school year. Now is the time to prove to Dr. Davis that you can get to class and pass algebra. Otherwise, he's never going to let you back into Patterson High. You know darn well that you're not sick, you're just lazy."

Stung by her reply, I awkwardly attempt to defend myself, "Nothing ever happens on the first day, mama. Tomorrow will be much better. I promise you that I will feel much better tomorrow."

"You heard me, Tyrell. The buck stops here. You're not going to let your father and me down."

The second my mother finishes chewing me out, I suddenly realize that Lavonne's plate is already full of bacon and scrambled eggs.

Famished, I waste no time responding, "How about letting somebody else eat some breakfast, Vonnie?"

"Tyrell, I was here first and you can wait your turn," she exclaims.

Only a few seconds later my mother finally fills my plate.

Then the moment I start eating she says, "Tyrell, remember to mow the lawn today after school."

"I can't do it today, mama. Sal just sent me a text. I'm going to meet him at the skate park after school. We're preparing for the city skateboard championship."

My mother doesn't hesitate to voice her concern.

She says, "Tyrell, it seems to me that you should be working on your math instead of skateboarding. You have a better chance of being a good math student than you do winning the city skateboard championship."

It's only the first day of school, but the pressure is already on, and the deck is already stacked against me.

I took a deep breath before finally answering, "Yes, mama."

When I was a little boy, we lived in the hood in Oakland. One year, our car was stolen three times. Then one day bullets from a drive-by shooting hit our house, and shortly after that my parents moved to Patterson so we could get away from the gangs and violence. What we didn't know is that there are gangs everywhere you go in California, and Patterson is definitely not an exception.

No sooner does my mother finish giving me her lecture when my dad sits down and joins us at the breakfast table.

After my mom places an enormous plate of bacon and eggs in front of him, he asks, "How about me giving you kids a ride to school?"

Lavonne doesn't waste a second.

She says, "I'd love a ride, daddy."

I have other ideas.

Without hesitating I replied, "Thank you for the offer dad, but I thought that I'd ride my new skateboard to school today."

"Are you sure, Tyrell?"

"I worked all summer for that bamboo skateboard, and I am looking forward to showing it off at school. You know that it's one of a kind. Nobody in Patterson has ever seen anything like it."

My dad begins waving his index finger like I'm about to get one of those lectures.

He says, "Whatever you do Tyrell, don't let that expensive board out of your sight."

His voice is echoed by my mother, who at almost the same time tells me, “If you’re going to ride your skateboard all the way to Del Cielo High then you need to get going, Tyrell.”

At that, my mom walks across the room and opens up the front door, and I jump on my board and race as fast as I can go down our driveway. Just a moment later, I’m quickly down the street and flying past the house on the first corner. Then as I approach Middleton Park, I am still picking up speed.

Soon after exiting the park I merge onto busy Ward Avenue and I’m forced to slow down because of the heavy traffic. Everywhere that I look there are kids on their way to school. The only unobstructed path is down the double yellow line in the middle of the road, and I decide to take it. Then almost before I get going, two school crossing guards begin waving frantically for me to get out of the middle of the street and slow down. Only, I’m not going to let their whistle blowing get to me, and I am only too happy to make them history.

Suddenly right in front of me, Sunny Luna pulled up to the 5th Street stop sign. Inside her car and sitting shotgun is my former girlfriend Leticia Lopez, and in the back seat are a couple of the other Patterson High cheer leaders. It is going to take something special to impress them, so when I flew off the next curb I went for as much air as possible. The second my board touches down, I proceed to pop the mother of all wheelies down the center yellow lines.

The moment I finish the wheelie I suddenly realize that directly in front of me the cars have all come to a complete stop because two huge manure spreaders are blocking the intersection. They are driven by my friend Chad Campbell and his father.

Nervously, I start screaming at the top of my lungs, “Get out of my way, Chad.”

I quickly realize that there is no way that those huge manure spreaders can get out of my way in time because I am flying at a ridiculous speed. At the same time, I can’t possibly stop in time, and immediately I take a hard right and head for the narrow sliver of daylight between the two manure spreaders. Not more than a second later my jaw drops open when I realize that a large group of elementary students are crossing in the crosswalk.

Frantically, I start screaming, "Get out of the way, out of the way!"

The children respond with a chorus of blood curdling screams, which forces me to make another quick decision. Hastily, I hang the sharpest right turn in my life, smacking straight into the raised street corner. I hit it so hard that the force hurtles me through the air like I have been shot out of a cannon, and I land face first with a monstrous thud in the Patterson Elementary petunia garden in front of God and everyone. When I finally came to a halt, there's so much mud all over me that even my mother wouldn't recognize me. The first voice I hear is Chad Campbell, who is still behind the wheel of his spreader.

Chad asks, "Are you alright, Tyrell?"

I'm a total mess, and the wind has been knocked out of me.

Then as best I could I utter, "Chad, what happened to my new skateboard?"

He answers, "Your board is in pieces. I couldn't believe how fast you were going. Didn't you see those kids? You almost ran into them. Wasn't that the board that you worked all summer to buy?"

"Yeah, it sure was. I'm kind of stuck in the mud. Can you help me get up?"

Chad opens the door and jumps out of his manure spreader. Then after he helps me get on my feet, I make a vain attempt at cleaning off the mud.

I said, "I guess I looked pretty stupid."

Chad chuckles before giving me his answer, "Well, you don't look real bright, Tyrell. You could have killed someone with as fast as you were going."

"I didn't do it intentionally. I just didn't see all those kids."

"The flower garden is destroyed, Tyrell. You better get out of here before Mrs. Sousa sees it. She already doesn't like you."

"How come you're not in school today, Chad?"

“My parents need me on our farm today. Besides, everybody knows that nothing happens on the first day of school.”

No sooner had Chad and his father driven away when Mrs. Sousa, the principal of Patterson Elementary, appears. Mrs. Sousa knows me pretty well. When I attended her school, I was always in the detention room, which was next to her office. I can tell from past experiences that she is really angry.

“Are you alright, Tyrell?” she asks.

“Yes, Mrs. Sousa. It was an accident.”

“Well, I'm glad that you're okay because someone has to pay to replant this flower bed. Just look at the mess that you have made.”

It's at this time that I notice the steam coming out of Mrs. Sousa's ears. In her hand is a piece of my skateboard minus the wheels. She's so upset with me that her eyes are bugging out of her head, and before I know it she explodes into a tirade about all of the problems I have caused since she has known me. Then things quickly deteriorate when during the process of repeating my entire life story, she realizes that I am not listening to a thing that she is saying.

Frustrated by my lack of interest, she raises the volume of her voice and begins yelling louder, “Tyrell Walker, I've had it with your foolishness. Your parents are going to pay for this.”

Now, she has my attention, shocked I respond with a, “Say what?”

My mom and dad are still mad at me for getting kicked out of Patterson High. They are really going to be upset if they have to pay for a flower bed.

“This is only the first day of school and you're already in trouble. I'm going to let Mr. Ortega handle this. Next time, wait for the signal from the crossing guards, Mr. Walker.”

“I'm sorry, Mrs. Sousa. I didn't see the crossing guards.”

Then, as she stands there staring at all of the damage she continues to voice her disgust, “The garden is a total loss. Community volunteers worked all weekend putting that petunia garden together. They wanted it to look nice for the first day of school.”

I can’t believe that she wants me to pay for the petunia garden.

In an attempt to calm her, I try to get her to reason with me, “I keep telling you that I didn’t do this on purpose, Mrs. Souza. I saved your students from certain mayhem by diving into your flower garden!”

“You’ll be getting my bill, Tyrell. Save your stories for someone who wants to hear them.”

Totally stunned, I stood there for the next minute trying to gather my senses with a big dumb look plastered across my face. In the not so far distance, I can see that the Del Cielo High School principal, Mr. Ortega, is in the process of putting up the flags. Methodically, I work my way in his direction, and the second he begins hoisting the flags I attempt to sneak past him. Unfortunately, just when I’m almost in the clear his cell phone starts ringing.

He answers, “Tyrell did what? Oh my God. I’m so sorry, Mrs. Sousa.”

Then as he continues his conversation his face turns as red as I have ever seen it, and he signals me to come over and talk to him. From the look on Mr. Ortega’s face I can tell that he means right now. I can just imagine what Mrs. Sousa is saying. It’s enough to make my stomach sink, but before it sinks I’m overwhelmed by nausea. It’s only the first day of school and I’m already in trouble.

“Good morning, Tyrell. I have Mrs. Sousa on the phone. She’s pretty angry. What do you have to say for yourself?”

I took a couple of gulps of air before trying as hard as I can to defend myself, “Mr. Ortega, the way I see it, I’m kind of a hero. I mean it was my quick thinking that kept those students from being seriously hurt.”

“Mrs. Sousa says that you were going way too fast, and didn’t even slow down for the crossing guards. She says that you popped a wheelie down

the double yellow line endangering some of her students, and then destroyed the school's new petunia garden."

"But, Mr. Ortega I didn't even see those crossing guards and those manure spreaders, why they go so slow that they should be illegal."

Mr. Ortega shook his head in disgust before expressing his concern, "Tyrell Walker, this is the first day of school and classes haven't even started. I can't believe it. Mrs. Sousa is as angry as I have ever heard her. Tyrell, you owe me an hour of detention after school. This wild and reckless behavior better not become a habit. Mrs. Sousa says she is going to send your parents the bill for this mess."

I replied, "Yes, Mr. Ortega, whatever you say."

At the same time, Mr. Ortega looks down at what was left of my board, and asks, "Tyrell, is that your skateboard. I've never seen one completely destroyed before. Can it be repaired?"

"It is made out of bamboo. I don't know if it can be fixed, Mr. Ortega. I'm going to take it to Mr. Boreman at the skate shop just as soon as I finish my detention."

"Just be here for detention, Tyrell, or I'm going to put you on independent study. Go on, head to class."

"I have plans after school, Mr. Ortega."

He acts like he doesn't hear me, and I already know that I can't win. Mr. Ortega's mind is made up, and his word is the law at Del Cielo High. What he's saying makes me sick because Sal doesn't have football practice today, and I was going to meet him after school at the skateboard park. Besides, staying after school on the first day isn't what I had in mind.

My mother is right when she says that Del Cielo High is a hoodlum school. Most of the boys who attend here are either in the Latin Kings or the First Street Boyz gang. Eddie Cruz, the leader of the Latin Kings, is the first person I see when I enter the school's main room. Eddie and I get along pretty well and have never had any problems.

I immediately disappear into the bathroom to clean up. Luckily for me a lot of the mud is already drying, so it's starting to fall off my clothes. After I cleaned up and returned to the main room, Eddie already has his shirt off, and he is showing the Del Puerto Farm Camp girls his new jail tattoo. His entire back is emblazoned with his last name, "Cruz." It looks professional, not like a jail tattoo.

"Tyrell, your board looks like it was run over by a car," Eddie says.

Sickened by reality, and still reeling from the crash, I reply, "I worked all summer just to get it."

"Whatever you say, Tyrell, but from here it looks like a total loss. It must have set you back a fortune."

"I'm sure that Mr. Boreman, the owner of the skateboard store, can fix it," I answered.

Mrs. Purdy, the school secretary, is one of my mom's closest friends. When you see them standing together, you would swear that they are sisters. She is also in charge of handing out class schedules. Just as soon as she sees me, Mrs. Purdy starts releasing a tirade in my direction.

She says, "Tyrell Walker, you're already in trouble. How can you do this to your parents? It's only the first day of school!"

"Mrs. Purdy, how did you hear about my accident already?"

"Accident? From what I hear, it was a kamikaze mission. Patterson is a small town and word travels real fast when you're out making a fool out of yourself. I was so proud of you the way you helped your father with his carpet cleaning this summer. I know that it's hard work. I told everybody in Patterson how you've changed, and how you have become responsible. Then you go and get in trouble on the first day."

"I know what you're saying, Mrs. Purdy, but it was just an accident."

"Tyrell, I have your schedule here somewhere, along with your new locker assignment."

Mrs. Purdy spent the next minute shuffling through her huge stack of class schedules until she finally found mine.

Relieved, she says, "I think you're going to like your schedule. You have Mr. Phish for four classes."

I grin from ear to ear because Mr. Phish coaches our sports teams and he is my favorite teacher. He also teaches our non-English speaking students, who follow him from class to class learning English. Most of these students live in Del Puerto Farm Camp. Del Puerto Farm Camp is a large cluster of old shanties on the bank of the Stanislaus River. People who live out there are usually trying to survive under the radar of the local immigration authorities. It's also a high crime area. My dad says that even the police don't want to go out there.

At last, the first warning bell sounds. The first bell tells us that we have ten minutes to get to class. I decide to go ahead, and get to Mr. Phish's class early so that I can get a good seat. However, once inside the classroom I quickly realize that I'm already too late. All of the good seats in the back row are already taken, and the only available seat is the one facing Mr. Phish's desk.

Just as soon as I sit down, I lift my eyes and stare straight ahead in the direction of Mr. Phish's face.

Mr. Phish immediately stares right back at me like he can't believe what he is seeing, and he asks, "Tyrell, what happened to your clothes?"

"It's a long story, Mr. Phish. I saved some Patterson Elementary students."

"Well, I'd love to hear about it."

At that he reaches across his desk and grabs a huge stack of papers, and hands them to me.

Mr. Phish then politely utters, "Tyrell, please pass out the classroom rules while I take roll."

"Yes, Mr. Phish, whatever you say," I reply.

I am in the middle of passing out the rules to each student when the final bell sounds. At this time, Mr. Phish is busy calling out our names one by one in an attempt to get each pronunciation right. The room looks like the United Nations Assembly. After Mr. Phish finishes taking role, he clears his throat and begins reading to us the classroom rules and the school dress code.

He starts with, "Wearing the colors blue and red are strictly prohibited on school grounds. Students can only wear neutral colors."

When he's done going over the rules, he hands each of us a piece of lined paper.

Mr. Phish says, "I want you each to write a speech about what you did during the summer."

This idea is met by a chorus of, "Again, not again. Didn't we do this last year?"

Before we can get started writing, I can't help notice that all of the First Street Boyz are writing with enormous red pencils, and all of the Latin Kings are clutching huge blue pencils. I know that we can't wear the gang colors of red or blue, but nobody ever said anything about pencils.

After 15 minutes passes, Mr. Phish says, "Eddie Cruz, why don't you give the first presentation."

Eddie replies, "How come you're picking on me, Phish?"

Mr. Phish isn't going for it.

He tells him, "Come on, Eddie. Let's get going."

Eddie, who always has a big stupid looking smile on his face, slides out of his chair like he is in pain. He then proceeds to walk to the front of the class with his pants so low that his crack is showing. Every time I see his smile, I check my pocket for my wallet. Eddie doesn't look nervous at all, but for some reason it takes a while before his lips start moving. Then, just when I can tell that Mr. Phish is running out of patience, he grabs his crotch, pulls his pants up high enough to cover the crack in his rear,

tightens his belt, and starts his speech.

Eddie tells the class, "It was the last day of the school year; I didn't have a ride so I walked home to Del Puerto Farm Camp. I was starved and as usual there was nothing to eat in my house so I emptied my piggy bank and decided to walk to McDonald's. I hadn't walked more than a block before I passed by a '85 Honda with the keys in it. At first I thought that it was broken down, but when I turned over the ignition the engine started and away I went. You can't believe how shocked I was when only a block later the engine stopped and the doors locked.

At the time I remember saying to myself, "Oh no, this can't be another bait car, but it was and before I knew it the sky flashed red and I was surrounded by police cars."

Mr. Phish said, "You mean this isn't the first time that you have been caught in a bait car, Eddie?"

"Are you talking about this year, Mr. Phish? It was the first time I got caught in a bait car this year."

Then as the entire room broke into hysterics, Eddie kept talking, "When Sergeant Sanchez finally let me out of the car, I tried to explain to him that I just wanted a Big Mac, but he didn't want to listen. The next thing I know I'm in the back of a patrol car, and I'm on my way to juvenile hall. The juvenile court judge called me a chronic car thief. Can you believe he said that about me? The judge sentenced me to spend the entire summer in juvenile hall."

Mr. Phish is shaking his head in disbelief, but those of us who have known Eddie for a long time are not surprised.

He asks, "And what lesson did you learn from this experience, Eddie?"

"Well, it seems like bait cars are always old Hondas."

"Didn't you learn that you shouldn't steal cars?"

"This is the fourth time that I've been caught stealing cars this year. That's why I got locked up. At first, I thought I was going to go to California Youth

Authority, but there isn't any room because all of the cells are filled with those hard core gangsters who are locked up for serious crimes. They let me out of juvenile hall early so that I could attend the first day of school."

Mr. Phish is quick to praise him, "Very interesting presentation, Eddie. Sounds like you had an interesting summer. Who would like to go next?"

Once again he looks around the room, but nobody is about to volunteer. Unfortunately, I'm not too hard to find.

Mr. Phish looks at me straight in the face, "It's your turn, Mr. Walker. You're next."

"Say what, Mr. Phish?" I respond.

"You heard me, Mr. Walker. You're up," he replies.

So much for sitting in front of the class, but before I have a chance to start speaking from the podium, a patrol car enters the school grounds and the entire class gets out of their seats and presses their faces against the classroom window. Only a moment later, the patrol car heads straight for a parking space in front of Mr. Ortega office. In the back seat of the car I can see the silhouette of a tall dark haired young man. At the same time, Mr. Phish is losing his patience.

Using his raised voice, he says, "You all need to get back in your seats. What's going on out there is none of your business. Everyone stay on task, Tyrell is about to speak."

His attempt to get us to return to our seats fell on deaf ears. This is because they all have a good idea who is in the back seat. In what seems like only an instant, the patrolman jumps out of the driver's seat, opens the back door of his patrol car, and Mambo Rosas jumps out of the back seat. Then, as his long braided black pony tail blew in the wind the police officer removes the handcuffs from the wrists of his heavily tattooed arms. Only a moment later, Mambo turns and waves in the direction of our class.

Everyone in Patterson knows Mambo. He is the leader of the First Street Boyz, one of Patterson's oldest gangs. Mambo has been locked up for five months, with a murder charge. After what he did none of us ever thought

that we would see him again.

The moment he starts waving, Chili “Pepper” Rodriguez, the mother of Mambo's children, shouts, “I knew he'd beat the rap. Nothing can keep Mambo locked up. That scab had a knife. Mambo was only protecting himself.”

According to the local newspapers, Mambo chased a member of the Latin Kings into the alleyway behind the Patterson High Gym, and a knife fight ensued. The end result was that Mambo lived and the other boy died. At the time, almost everyone in town had been inside the gym watching a Patterson High basketball game. From the very beginning Mambo had claimed it was self-defense. At the same time, there were lots of witnesses with conflicting testimonies. The killing had been the only thing that people in town had talked about for weeks.

Shortly after the patrolman finishes speaking with Mr. Ortega, he returns to his car and drives off with his lights flashing. Soon afterwards, Mr. Phish attempts one more time to get order in the room, but it is nearly impossible now that everyone knows for sure that it is Mambo. Chili Rodriguez is leading the turmoil. She is completely out of control and having a difficult time controlling her emotions. Her man has been released from behind bars and from what I can tell she is at least 5 months pregnant with their third baby.

Mr. Phish still hasn't given up on the situation, “Everybody needs to sit down right now, and get back to work. Ms. Chili Rodriguez, I'm talking to you.”

The second she calms down, Tiny Garcia is visibly elated.

The enormous Tiny isn't the least bit shy about expressing his excitement, “Mr. Phish, I knew they couldn't keep Mambo locked up in the hall. Can you believe that he beat the charges? Chili told everybody that Mambo would get out today. I didn't believe her. I mean, who beats a murder charge? You know that Mambo ruled juvenile hall. Ask that sod buster Eddie Cruz who ruled the hall.”

Immediately, every eye in the room focuses on Eddie. The rumor around the school is that Mambo had kicked Eddie's butt in the hall. Not long

afterward they all return to their seats, and I make my way to the podium. At the same time, Mr. Ortega surprises us all when he walks in and takes a seat in the back of the class so that he can hear our speeches. At last, the room is quiet and Mr. Phish nods for me to get started.

I tell the class, "I worked for my father all summer cleaning carpets. It was hard work and not very much fun. A lot of the time we worked in Modesto. There's a huge homeless problem in Modesto. In Modesto, they travel with everything that they own in shopping carts and baby carriages. My dad says a lot of them are drug addicts. Seeing them made me feel good about having a job. I spent my evenings preparing for the upcoming Patterson Skateboard Championships. I plan on winning it this year."

The very moment that my speech ends Mr. Ortega asks, "Mr. Walker, if you're so great on the skateboard, then how did you get that dirt all over you?"

"Mr. Ortega, I told you, my quick thinking saved those children from certain doom."

Mr. Phish chose his next victim, "Mr. Tiny Garcia, you're up next."

Tiny is the biggest guy in the school, and he is one of Mambo's right hand men. Everyone in his family is big. Tiny has lived his entire life in Del Puerto Farm Camp, on a levee road. In his big boisterous voice, he tells the class how his dad's brakes went out and their truck rolled into the Stanislaus River. According to him, they had to swim for their lives.

The CORE classes that I'm in this year are made up of all juniors and seniors. After the second CORE class ends, I have algebra in the same classroom with Mr. Phish. We spent the entire period reviewing. Then just as soon as the math class ends, Mr. Phish hands me the volleyball net and tells me to string it between two classrooms. Most of the students here like volleyball. It's popular because it's the game of choice in juvenile hall. At least that's what Mambo and Eddie Cruz tell us. From what we hear, they play volleyball every day and it is what keeps them from going crazy.

Before we get started playing volleyball, Mambo joins us on the court. At this time Mr. Phish is doing a quick review of the rules of volleyball. He says that we are playing rally serve, and the winner must score 25 points.

Finally, after we stop listening, Mr. Phish tosses out the ball. Sides here are already predetermined. At Del Cielo High, Latin Kings get on one side of the court and the First Street Boyz get on the other. I join the Latin Kings' side because they're outnumbered 2-1 by the First Street Boyz. At the same time, most of the migrant kids follow my lead and join the Latin Kings' side of the court.

At first, things don't go very well and the ball rarely makes it back over the net. The problem is that this is the first time the students from Mexico have ever seen a volley ball. Gradually, however, they begin to catch on and little by little everyone gets better. At the same time, I'm having a good time blocking almost everything that comes my way. Eventually, the period ends and we argue about which side won the game.

Lunch at Del Cielo High is cooked in the Patterson High cafeteria and then trucked over to us. We also have a snack bar that is manned everyday by the teachers. The money that's earned from the snack bar supports our sports program. Today, Mr. Horseman is working in the snack bar, and I'm first in line when he opens. Then as I walk past today's lunch, it's hard to tell what kind of meat is being served. On days like this, we call the food "mystery meat." I think it's a good description.

After lunch, I have two periods in the computer lab with Mrs. Hasselblad. I like it because she lets me listen to my headphones while I'm doing my assignments. Listening to music always makes me feel better.

Tyrell Walker Chapter One Questions

Answer using complete sentences

1. Why did Tyrell Walker get kicked out of Patterson High?
2. Why did the Walker family move to Patterson?
3. Briefly describe Tyrell's skateboard journey on the first day of school.
4. What did Tyrell do that made Mrs. Sousa so angry?
5. How did Mr. Ortega punish Tyrell?
6. Which two gangs dominate Del Cielo High?
7. Why was Mrs. Purdy so angry at Tyrell?
8. Why did Eddy Cruz spend his summer in juvenile hall?
9. Who is Mambo Rosas ?
10. How did Tyrell spend his summer?