

Chapter 3

The next day when I arrive at school, Mr. Ortega is in his office talking to a new migrant girl. She is long and narrow and her long jet black hair is neatly tied in a ponytail. Most of the boys in the main room are rubber necking in an attempt to see what she looks like. The vast majority of the students that go to school here are boys, and most of the girls that enroll here do so because we have a Head Start New Born program on our campus. The result is about 80% of the girls on campus are pregnant or have a new born baby.

All of the conversations this morning are about the stabbing. Everyone has their own version of what had happened to Mambo Rosas. Almost every day police and probation department cars come to Del Cielo High for one reason or another, but according to Mrs. Purdy this is the first stabbing in the history of the school. Students have stabbed other students after school, but we've never had an actual stabbing on school grounds.

Everyone in town has long formed an opinion of Mambo. This is because you would have to live under a rock to not know about Mambo and the First Street Boyz. Mambo has been arrested over and over since he was old enough to walk. Since I have lived in Patterson, he has been arrested for breaking into the local mini-mart gas station, selling methamphetamine, car burglary, and assaulting the Patterson High school security guard. All of the local policemen know Mambo and his homies by sight.

Before long, Mr. Ortega's interview with the new girl is over, and he gets up from behind his desk and opens his office door. We are all dying to see what she looks like. Finally, at last she turns to leave the office and we all get our first look. She is so pretty that she makes my heart flutter. She is wearing a white blouse and skin tight blue jeans, and her eyes sparkle. Then, every eye in the place stares at her she strolls across the main room towards Mrs. Purdy's desk.

Mrs. Purdy is waiting in anticipation, and just as soon as the new girl

approaches she hands her a schedule. At the same time, Mrs. Purdy waves furiously for the other migrant girls to come over for an introduction. Then as they do so, they all giggle in unison as Mrs. Purdy cordially introduces them to each other. It is amazing to watch. In just minutes they act like they have all known each other forever. As she finishes doing the introductions, Mrs. Purdy catches me staring at the new girl with my mouth wide open.

She says, "Tyrell, this is a brand-new student, and her name is Katrina Cortez. Katrina is from Zamora, Michoacan, and she knows just a little English."

Katrina replied, "Mucho gusto."

I am so nervous that I am having trouble getting my lips to move. I swear, the second she locked eyes with me I forgot my own name. All that I can manage is to move my head up and down like I have forgotten how to talk. Then just when I am about to finally say something, I look up at the clock and realize that the first bell is about to ring and I am going to be late to class.

Finally, I mutter, "Please to meet you. I need to get to class if I'm going to get a good seat."

The school is almost deserted. Less than half of the students have shown up today. Not a single member of either gang is at school. I'm certain that the Latin Kings are afraid that the First Street Boyz will retaliate. Then just as the bell is about to ring, Eddie Cruz walks through the front door.

I told Eddie, "I'm surprised that you came to school today. I didn't think that you would want to be here after what happened yesterday."

Eddie says, "So you think that I want to be here. I'm on probation, and they don't give me a choice. Either I go to school, or I go to juvenile hall. The cops told the judge that when I'm not in school, I'm stealing cars. The judge said that this is my last chance. If I screw up here, he's going to send me to the California Youth Authority until I'm 25 years old. I didn't want to come, but I have to because my probation officer is coming today to check on my progress."

No sooner did Eddie finish talking when two of my close friends Veech Martinez and Wendell Chung pull up and lock their bicycles. Veech has been staying at Wendell's house since the death of his mother, and the two of them have become good friends. The second they finish locking their bikes, they both came inside the main room. Wendell can't wait to tell everybody what he had heard about the stabbing.

He is barely through the front door before he announces, "I hear that the guy who stabbed Mambo is the brother of the guy who Mambo stabbed to death last year."

I am completely taken by surprise, "You mean the guy in the alleyway next to the gymnasium?"

Now everything is starting to make sense.

Wendell went on, "Yes, that's what I mean and those Latin Kings in the getaway car, they go to Patterson High and they live in Del Puerto Farm Camp. The police arrested them in front of Wilbur Garcia's last night."

"Do we know any of them?" I asked.

"All I know is that they are Latin Kings."

The moment Wendell finishes dishing his gossip, the bell sounds announcing that the first class is starting. I immediately don't want to be here, and all day long the class periods drag by. My guess is that none of us want to be here. At the same time, it is obvious that Mr. Phish doesn't want to be here either. He's lecturing with one eye out the window and the other eye on the class. We all know what his problem is, Mr. Phish is afraid of what might happen next.

We've just started a unit on World War II, but as Mr. Phish attempts to lecture, nobody is listening. Finally, out of frustration, he decides to hand out a worksheet on Adolph Hitler and the Nazis. Then just as soon as he gets us started on the assignment he starts working with the English Language Learners.

During PE class, we didn't have enough students to have a volleyball scrimmage. Instead, we are practicing our serves. Then when the lunch

bell rings, they tell us to eat our lunch in the main room. They're serving hamburger tacos. I didn't bring a lunch so I'm stuck. Today, no one is allowed to eat outside, but as usual, I sit down with Wendell and Veech.

The second I sit down Veech Martinez affirms what we all are thinking, "Tyrell, did you see that new girl, Katrina? I heard that she and her family just moved into Walnut Acres Camp."

I gulped before replying, "Have you met her already?"

"Why no, but "¿Que bonita?" replied Veech.

I didn't need a translator.

Today, Wendell seems to know something about everything.

He said, "I heard her family has been working in the lettuce fields in Arizona before they came here."

After lunch, I went straight to my class in the computer lab with Mrs. Hasselblad. Then about 5 minutes after sitting down, Mr. Ortega made an announcement over the intercom system.

He announces, "I have some good news. I called Turlock General Hospital and Mambo is no longer in critical condition. They say he's going to live. The police have apprehended all four of the guys involved in the stabbing, and they are all locked up in juvenile hall."

All of my classes at Del Cielo High are small except my CORE class. I think that the classes at Patterson High were too large and my needs were so great, that I got behind and could never catch up. The result was that after a while I quit going to class, which got me here. Mr. Phish's class is different. There are only 12 students in his algebra class, and he makes sure that we all understand how to solve the problems before moving on in the book. I think he's use to teaching students that don't get it. His classes are hands on, and he often calls on us to go to the front of the class and explain on the board how to solve problems. Knowing I might get called on keeps me focused and on my toes. Most importantly, I understand Mr. Phish when he explains how to solve the problems. Our first test is next week, and he's already put us into study groups.

When the final bell of the day rang, Mrs. Hasselblad tells us that before we can leave we have to clean up around our computer stations. She also reminds us that we all have a graphic arts homework assignment. My skateboard is waiting for me, and I'm ready to get going. Just as soon as I clean up around my computer station I hurry out the door and head across town to Patterson Skateboard Shop. I am especially excited because the city skateboard championships are still a couple of weeks away, and I have needed time to prepare.

Then as I walk across town a warm southern wind is blasting me in the face, and because the farmers are shaking the almond trees for their nuts, the sky is a stained brown. Before long, I can't help but notice that the streets are dead quiet except for the sound of a lawn mower and the occasional sound of chirping birds. There isn't a car on the road.

Not long after, I take a left on 5th Street, and immediately sense that something is wrong. In the distance, I can see two First Street Boyz posted at the entrance of an alleyway. I have no idea what they are up to, but they sure are acting guilty. At the same time, I can hear what sounds like a very large group of kids getting all worked up. Then, when I move closer for a better look, I spot 40 First Street Boyz dressed in flaming red. They look like they are preparing for war, and getting them all worked up into a frenzy is Mambo's lieutenant Tiny Garcia. Tiny is standing on the roof of an abandoned car shouting as loud as he can shout.

He roars, "Are we going to let those fools get away with what they did to Mambo?"

The First Street Boyz, reply in unison, "No!"

Once more he shouts, "It's time to make Mambo proud. It's time to even the score. It's our turn to kick those scabs where it really hurts."

Tiny is doing an amazing job of getting them fired up, and just as soon as he finishes Jesus Christo Reyes jumps on the roof of the car and began shouting orders.

He exclaims, "All of you dogs gather around in a circle."

The second they gather around, the First Street Boys let loose with a series of Del Cielo High Bulldog growls, and when the barking is loud enough, it can be heard all over the town. Jesus orders them to line up and to begin marching on Patterson High. At the head of the pack, and marching straight down the middle of the street is Tiny Garcia. His gold teeth and gold chains glisten in the afternoon sun. Then just when the First Street Boyz are about to set foot on school grounds, Tiny pauses to shout out one more round of encouragement.

He tells his men, "Let's kick those scabs hard and make them pay for what they did to Mambo."

They are hell bent on a mission, and I don't think that anyone is going to stop them from going to war. Not after what the Latin Kings had done to Mambo. Marching directly behind Tiny are the other First Street Boyz lieutenants, Jesus Christo Reyes and One-eyed Joey Galvan. Only moments later they cross onto the Patterson High School grounds, and quickly broke into six groups. Then in what looks like a carefully orchestrated military maneuver, each group heads straight to a pre-designated classroom where they take their positions outside of the door.

No sooner have the First Street Boyz taken their places when Mr. Phish's Ford Taurus suddenly rounds the corner and heads in our direction at a high rate of speed. Sitting in his passenger seat is Mr. Ortega. Mr. Phish then slams on his brakes the second he arrives in front of Patterson High. Before the car can even come to a complete stop Mr. Ortega leaps out of the passenger seat and runs over to confront Tiny Garcia. We can't hear what he is saying, but his hands are waving wildly in all directions. However, he isn't getting anywhere because the First Street Boyz refused to listen to him. Finally, Mr. Phish decides to take his turn. He is yelling at Tiny so loudly that I can hear every word he is saying a block away.

He shouts, "Tiny, you know that you're not allowed on Patterson High School grounds. You're going to be expelled for this if you don't stop right now. Please don't embarrass our school."

Jesus Christo Reyes quickly snarls out a nasty reply, "Get out of my face, Catfish. You saw what those scabs did to Mambo. They tried to kill him. Don't try to stop us. They have to pay for what they did."

Both Mr. Phish and Mr. Ortega are desperate to stop them, but to no avail. Now, they are both walking in circles with their phones up to their ears. I'm sure that they are calling 911 for help, but it's obvious that there is nothing that they can do.

Then it happens, with only minutes left before the final bell, Tiny Garcia walks over and smashes the fire alarm glass, setting off a chorus of fire bells. The instant Tiny shatters the glass, Joey Galvan and Mr. Phish get into a serious scuffle. They roll end over end across the grass, and it looks like Joey is winning.

The Del Cielo First Street Boyz caught the Patterson High Latin Kings totally off guard as they're exiting their classes. Classroom after classroom they surprise the Latin Kings as they leave their classes in response to the fire alarm. In an instant, the school explodes into total chaos. At the same time teachers and administrators are all attempting to break up the fights, but they are vastly outnumbered.

Just as quickly as they can, the fire trucks respond to the fire alarm, but with all of the pandemonium that is unfolding the firemen did not want to get involved. Instead, they wait for reinforcements. Soon afterwards, the entire Patterson police force roars onto the school grounds with their sirens blaring and their lights flashing. They are closely followed by the first ambulance just as the parents begin arriving to pick up their children. Soon afterward, the police begin telling the parents to remain in their cars until the situation is under control.

It takes another 25 minutes before the police get a handle on the fighting. They arrest everyone wearing gang colors. It takes three policemen to get Tiny in handcuffs. The moment they have Jesus Cristo Reyes under control, things slow way down and the fighting stops. At this time, I resumed my trip to the skateboard shop.

The skateboard shop is really quiet. I figure that most of the probable customers have been drawn to Patterson High by the endless stream of sirens. Once more, Clint Boreman is in the back of his shop working on another dirt bike. Then as he watches me come closer, he grabs my new board and lifts it up with both hands. Clint got me really excited.

He is really ecstatic as he tells me, "Tyrell, you're going to love this new

board. It has the same cool design as your old board, and your polyurethane wheels are as good as new. The wheel manufacturer says that there is nothing wrong with them.”

At that moment, Mr. Boreman hands it over the counter for me to check out.

He can't stop talking, “I even took it for a spin myself. This is a far superior board. Both the nose and the tail have a perfect 10% grade. I think that you can win the city championships with this board. You know, the contest is in less than 2 weeks, and Tyrell, you still haven't signed up.”

The moment he quits talking, he reaches behind the counter for the sign-up sheet.

I replied, “Thank you for getting it repaired so quickly. I was getting nervous because the tournament is coming up so soon.”

I am in the Masters Division. The competition is divided up into five tiers. The tiers are based on ages and sex. I can't help but notice that there are a lot of young kids signed up, both boys and girls. Competition begins at age five. Sal Marquez is the first name I see on the list for the Masters Division. He is followed by Mambo Rosas, Eddie Cruz, and Leticia Lopez's new boyfriend Collin Craven.

Mr. Boreman then smiles before telling me, “Tyrell, you know that I'm a judge again this year. This is going to be the biggest city championship ever. We have over 100 kids signed up, as of today. This could be your year. I see you spend more time on a board than anyone else in town. I also hear that this new kid Collin Craven can do a caballerial.”

I didn't even know what he was talking about.

I shook my head like he was speaking a different language.

I asked, “A caballerial? Say what?”

My reaction made Mr. Boreman laugh.

He said, “It's a 360-degree turn done backwards. I'm telling you Tyrell, be prepared, some of these other BAT (Bay Area Transplant) kids know how

do some pretty sophisticated tricks. It's not just local skaters anymore. You're going to have to do something special if you want to win.”

The second I finish paying Mr. Boreman, I open up the shop's front door and as fast as I could go I took off for the skate park. If it is going to take a 360-degree turn to win it, then I am going to have to do one. The only skater I know who can do a 360 forward is Sal, and even he can't complete one every time. There are so many kids at the skate park that I can hardly believe it. Instead of practicing our tricks, we are all spending our practice time trying not to crash into each other.

For the time being, Eddie Cruz and some of his Latin Kings are hogging the half-pike. Then when football practice ends, Sal and Sunny Luna arrive. The first thing Sal does is go off the mega jump for some major air. Then, just as he lands, he waves for me to go. Over and over I try to complete a 360-degree rotation and land on my feet, but all I do is kiss the pavement. Each time the results are the same. I'm in the air for an eternity, but before I can complete my full 360 rotation things fall apart.

When I finally get home, I find my mother glued to the television. The Sacramento news stations are running specials about the riots at Patterson High. They are showing cell phone videos that have been recorded by students. The segment that is being played over and over is of Mr. Phish and Joey Galvan rolling end over end across the school lawn. I can't believe that the news stations already have a video. I mean, I have just gotten home.

My mother shakes her head, and then asks, “Tyrell, did you see what happened?”

“I was walking by Patterson High when it happened.”

She shook her head in disbelief before continuing, “Mr. Purdy says those First Street Boyz are from your school. You know it's a one way street Tyrell, once you join one of those gangs they won't let you out.”

I bet she's given me the same lecture every day since she found out that I was going to Del Cielo High.

I smiled, before answering, “Yes, mama, I know. I'm going up to my room

to study. Mr. Phish has loaded me up with algebra, and I have a graphics art project that's due tomorrow.”

The next day, Del Cielo High is crazy. The main room is filled with the First Street Boyz and their parents. Inside Mr. Ortega's office is the mother of Mambo Rosas, and the two of them are in a heated argument. She is yelling so loudly that even with the door closed we can all hear her. Mrs. Rosas is angry about Mambo getting stabbed on school grounds. From what I can hear, it didn't sound very good.

Just as soon as Mambo's mother leaves, Mr. Ortega begins meeting with the parents of the students who attacked Patterson High. He then suspends each of them for 3 to 5 days depending on the roll they played in the calamity. The following Monday night, during the monthly school district board meeting, One-eyed Joey Galvan, Jesus Christo Reyes, and Tiny Garcia, are all expelled. This means that if they want to get a diploma then they will have to attend a county school independent study program. They are told that they can reapply for admission at the end of the semester, providing that they stayed out of trouble.

What makes things really bad for the entire school is that the Rosehaven Volleyball Tournament is in 3 weeks, and many of our best players are suspended, expelled, or recovering from a stab wound. Joey, Mambo, Jesus, and Tiny Garcia are some of the best volleyball players in the school. For a moment, I was actually thinking that we had a chance at winning a trophy. Right now, all we have are pregnant girls and migrant farm students to replace them. At least Mambo's girlfriend, Chilly Rodriguez, hasn't been kicked out of school. The rules are clear. The tournament is co-ed, and we can't play if we don't have two girls.

This Friday night is the first Patterson High football game of the school year and it is against Orestimba High in Newman. Next to the Patterson Apricot Celebration, it is the biggest event of the entire year. This is because everybody in Patterson knows everybody in Newman, and as a result the stadium will be packed.

Friday afternoon, my dad came home early from work. Our plan is to get some burritos at Wilbur Garcia's Taqueria and then take them to the game. This will be the first year that the team will be playing on artificial turf and I want to see if it's any different. One by one we climb into our carpet

cleaning van dressed in Patterson High red and gray. Then as soon as the doors are shut, we head downtown by way of the Patterson Circle, but when we pull up to Wilbur Garcia's the line is all the way out the door.

All of the parking places in front are taken so my dad pulled into a parking space in the post office parking lot across the street. He then handed me twenty dollars.

He says, "Get us 4 super beef burritos to go, and tell them to put extra salsa on mine"

"Yes, sir."

Without hesitating a second, I jump out of the van and take my place at the end of the line. Then soon after placing my order I am surprised by a familiar voice. It is my old girlfriend Leticia Lopez.

She asks, "Are you going to the game, Tyrell?"

I am completely caught off guard, and when I look up, Leticia has a huge smile on her face. She really looks pretty dressed in her red and gray Patterson High cheerleader's outfit.

"Of course, I wouldn't miss it," I told her.

It was at that moment that I realize that her new boyfriend is standing behind her paying for their order.

"How are your mom and dad, Tyrell?" Leticia asks.

"They're doing great. I worked all summer for my dad. I've never worked so hard my whole life. They're outside in the van. We're all going to the game together," I replied.

Leticia then introduces me to her new boyfriend.

She said, "Tyrell, I don't believe that you've met Collin Craven."

I tried to be as polite as possible.

Immediately, I reach out to shake his hand, “No, I haven't. You're new in school.”

“We moved here from El Cerrito. We bought a house here. They're much cheaper than the Bay Area. My mom and dad like it here.”

I said, “I see that you signed up for the city championships.”

Leticia can't wait to tell me about how great he is at skateboarding.

She declares, “Collin won a skateboard trophy in El Cerrito. You should see it Tyrell, it's enormous.”

I had seen him on his board at the park and he hasn't impressed me.

“There are a lot of good skateboarders in Patterson. Have you seen Sal Marquez?” I replied.

He states, “I'm use to Bay Area competition. It's a lot tougher over there. This championship is going to be really easy. I hear the Patterson trophy is a real beauty.”

My burrito order is ready, and the girl behind the cash register is waving frantically to get my attention so that she can get me to pay for my order.

I said, “We'll it was a pleasure meeting you, Collin. I hope we win the game.”

We were lucky to get here early because the line at Wilbur Garcia's is now half way down the block. I paid the girl for the bag of burritos and quickly rejoined my family in the van. Then, while we drove away I can't help but to check out Collin and Leticia as they walk down the street holding hands. They look so happy that it made me sick. I don't think that I've ever been so jealous. Then all at once my appetite is gone.

Inside the van, Lavonne still had her phone glued to her ear. I doubt that she has noticed that I was gone. She is gossiping on the phone a million words a minute, and trying to send text messages at the same time. The conversation is always the same, who's on this week's list of the cutest guys at Patterson Junior High. I think she's trying to set a world record for

gossiping. I swear, around here, they start when they're still in diapers. Maybe it's in the Patterson water.

Finally, we pull into the packed stadium parking lot as the Patterson High Marching Band is warming up. They're practicing the Star Spangle Banner. The only reason that I know it's the Star Spangle Banner is because I have lived here for several football seasons. However, if you hadn't heard them playing it before you probably wouldn't recognize it. After purchasing tickets, my mom heads straight to the refreshment booth where she buys us each a soft drink.

The second we sit down Lavonne says, "Tyrell, isn't that your old girlfriend Leticia Lopez kissing that boy on the field in front of everybody."

"Yeah, his name is Collin Craven. I just met him."

"We'll he's real cute," Lavonne gushed.

"I think that I'm better looking," I said.

Lavonne rolls her eyes. And then replies, "If you say so, Tyrell."

My dad is listening to our every word.

He says, "Leticia looks beautiful in that cheerleader's outfit."

My mother, knowing full well that I am still hurt, came to my defense.

She says, "Don't you worry for a minute son, there are plenty of more fish in the sea."

The final score of the JV game is 26-0. Ten minutes after the junior varsity leaves the field, the home crowd stands on their feet to cheer the home team as it enters the stadium. At the same time, Sal Marquez and Chad Campbell lead the Patterson Varsity through the goal post banner and on to the field. Coach Long, who is as wide as he is tall, is the last one onto the field. Long has coached football at Patterson High for more than 25 years.

Ten minutes later the referee flipped the coin, and Patterson wins the toss. We elect to receive, and soon after Sal gets the team off to a fast start. On

the first possession, he completes his first 5 passes to 5 different receivers. Then when he leads the team to the 5-yard line, Sal walks the ball into the end zone. The Newman team is much smaller than our team, and as a result, throughout the night they struggle to put up any kind of defense. At the same time, our defense is led by Chad Campbell who sacks their quarterback three times. The result is that Patterson wins the game, 35-10.

At the end of the game, everybody in the stands heads down to the field to congratulate the team. Sal is completely surrounded, and I can tell that he is feeling pretty good about himself. Finally, he spots me in the crowd.

He asks, "Tyrell, how did we do?"

"You played really well, Sal."

"I hope that the rest of the season goes this well," he tells me.

Just a second later, Sunny walks up and gives Sal a kiss and a hug.

Feeling like a third wheel, I declared, "I better get going. My parents are waiting for me in the van."

However, Sal doesn't want me to go.

He says, "Hold on a second, Tyrell. Have you forgotten that the city skateboard championships are week from today? I want to win."

What he is saying really got me excited, especially when I realize how enthusiastic he is about the tournament.

"I can meet you at the skate park to practice this week after I get my homework done. I want to win it too, but if I don't pass algebra then I'm never going to make it back to Patterson High," I told him.

The moment our conversation ends, Chad Campbell came up and lifts Sal into the air.

Sal immediately yells, "Put me down, Chad."

Chad chuckles like a crazy man as he held Sal in the air.

At the same time, he tells Sal, "Great game, little buddy."

The second Chad puts him down, Sal asks, "Tyrell, how about coming to the dance tonight with Sunny and me?"

Dejected, I told him, "Sal, you know that Del Cielo High students can't go to Patterson High dances."

"Sorry, Tyrell. I forgot."

"Well, again, my folks are waiting for me in the van. I hope you and Sunny have a great time tonight at the dance. Send me a text when you're on your way to the skate park and I'll try to join you."

By Thursday, most of the First Street Boyz, have finished serving their suspensions. There are now enough players available that we can play some competitive volleyball. Before long, both sides are doing a great job of setting each other up for the kill. At the same time, I am really smacking the ball over the net, making it hard for the opposition to return.

The following Tuesday, I came to school early to meet with my algebra group. I am stumped by a couple of problems and need some help. When I arrive Wendell Chung and Eddie Cruz are already busy studying at the big table. It seems like I'm not the only one having problems.

Almost to the second that I sat down, a small Hispanic family bursts through the double wide front doors. Desperate, they wander into the main room looking for anyone that could help. They are dressed in rags and their bodies are little more than skin and bones. At this time, Eddie is the only Spanish speaking student in the school. It doesn't take long for him to figure out that they were all starving. The parents want to enroll their boy in school so that he can eat.

The moment he understood, Eddie emphatically expresses his concern, "Mrs. Purdy, these people need food. They're at the end of the road, and I don't think that they can go any farther without food."

Mrs. Purdy said, "What's his name?"

“They call him Chico.”

Just as fast as she can, Mrs. Purdy turns and opens up the school pantry. Then she reaches up and takes out some individual boxes of cereal. They are so hungry that it looks like they are going to eat the box and all.

I am really happy to with the results of my first Algebra quiz. I got a score of 88 out of 100, which is a pretty high score for me. I owe a lot of my success to Wendell Chung. He makes sure that I get all of my work in, and with his help I have time to practice my skateboarding every day. I want to beat that Collin Craven in the worse way.

Tyrell Walker Chapter Three Questions

Answer using complete sentences

1. Why do all of the Patterson policemen know Mambo Rosas ?
2. Why was Eddie Cruz forced to come to school?
3. Why does Tyrell say he flunked algebra at Patterson High?
4. How is Mr. Phish's algebra class better?
5. What did Tyrell see transpire in the 5th Street alleyway?
6. Describe what happens after the First Street Boyz cross on to the Patterson High School grounds.
7. How many Patterson Police did it take to arrest Tiny Garcia?
8. What type of trick is Tyrell going to have to successfully perform in order to win the Patterson Skateboard Championship?
9. How did Mr. Ortega punish the First Street Boyz who participated in the attack on Patterson High?
10. Who is Collin Craven, and why is Tyrell jealous of him?