**Ponyboy 1:**

**Page 5:** Mr. Syme- this is Ponyboy. I didn’t realize it was so late. I forgot. I’m calling about the theme assignment for English. How long can it be? Not less than five pages. But can it be longer? Longer than five pages? As long as I want. It’s all in my head- if I can sort it out. First I have to sort it out. As soon as I get it together. No later than that. Thanks, Mr. Syme. The place to begin-I’d  gone to a movie. When I stepped out into the bright sun-light from the darkness of that movie house, I had only two things on my mind: Paul Newman and a ride home.

**Ponyboy 2:**

**Page 6:** I wish I looked like Paul Newman. He looks tough and I don't. The other thing-it’s a long walk home with no company. But I usually lone it away. I like to watch movies undisturbed so I can get into them and live them with the actors. I’m different that way. I mean my second oldest brother, Soda, never cracks a book at all, and my oldest brother, Darry, works too hard to be interested in a story or drawing a picture-so I’m not like them. And nobody in our gang digs movies and books the way I do. So I lone it. *(angered)* And I’m a greaser. Greasers can’t walk alone too much or they get jumped by the Socs. I’m not sure how you spell that, but it’s the abbreviation for the Socials-the jet set, the rich kids. We’re poorer than the Socs. I reckon we’re wilder too.But not like the Socs, who jump the greasers and wreck houses and throw beer blasts for kicks. Greasers are almost like hoods; we steal things and drive old souped up cars and have gang fights. I don't mean I do. Darry would kill me if I got in trouble with the police. Since Mom and Dad were killed in a car crash, the three of us get to stay together only as long as we behave. So Soda and I stay out of trouble as much as we can. I’m not saying that either the Socs or the greasers are better; that’s just the way things are.

**Ponyboy 3:**

**Page 23:** Soda and I were kicking rocks down the street and we noticed Johnny’s jacket on the ground. Then we saw a hump the other side of the lot. And there was a moan. Soda got there first, and turned him over. I nearly puked. We're use to seeing Johnny banged up - his father clobbers him a lot. But nothing like this. Soda was on his knees holding him, his body all limp, giving him little shakes, saying, “It's okay, Johnnycake. They're gone now it's okay.” Two-Bit was suddenly there, and for once he had nothing smart to say. Dallas got there, too, swearing under his breath, then turning away, and he was sick. Dallas! Finally Johnny figured it was Soda holding him. He started shaking and crying - couldn't stop himself. He said there was a whole bunch - a blue Mustang full. Soda over, “ They've gone. They've gone, Johnnycake.”

**Ponyboy 4:**

**Page 28-29:** Like - Johnny’s father being a mean drunk and his mother a selfish slob. Two-Bit’s mother working in a bar to support him and his kid sister after his father ran out on them. And Dallas - he hates the world. Even Sodapop - a dropout so he could get a job and keep me in school. Then Darry - getting old before his time trying to run a family and hang on to two jobs and never having any fun. While the Socs have fun so much spare time and money they gang up on us and jump each other just for kicks. They have beer blasts and river bottom parties because they don't know what else to do.

**Ponyboy 5:**

**Page 33:** Johnny went to sleep right away. Since I was asleep, too, and dreaming, I brought Mom and Dad back to life. Mom’d bake things and Dad would drive the pick-up out early to feed cattle. My mom was golden and beautiful - When I woke up, I thought, “ Glory, what time is it?” Johnny was still asleep. Just thinking about facing Darry this late made me shake.

**Ponyboy 6:**

**Page 71-72:** I want to ask Dallas how he got out, but a Soc - who was heavier than I took him for - was slugging the sense out of me. I thought he was going to knock out my teeth. By the time Darry got through with him - Paul was crawling out on his hands and knees. Darry saw what was happening to me and he lifted the big guy off me and knocked him back three feet. I figured I should help Dallas since he could only use one arm. I jumped on the back of the Soc that was slugging Dallas, but he threw me over his shoulder. Someone kicked me in the ribs, and you better believe it hurt. Dallas grabbed him, but this time he kicked me so hard in the head I was stunned. I'm lying there stunned - then all of a sudden, greasers start shouting.

**Ponyboy 7:**

**Page 77:** The judge talked to the doctor and one of my teachers. When he called me, I was scared stiff, but he hardly asked anything. Did I like living with my brothers. What about school and stuff like that. He told me to quit chewing on my finger nails. Then he said, “Acquitted,” and the case was closed. I wish i could say that everything went normal then, but it didn’t. Especially me. I started running into things - like the door. I was lucky if I got home from school with the right notebook and both shoes on. I wasn’t hungry. Everything tasted like baloney. And I was lousing up at school.

**Two Bit:**

**Page 59:** You can't believe a thing they put in the papers any more. Who’d believe two greasy lookin’ mugs could be heroes. How do you like bein’ a hero, big shot? Like big shot. (Starts reading) “Juvenile Delinquents Turn Heroes. I like that “Turn” bit. It says you and Johnny risked your lives. One of the parents said the little kids would’ve burned to death if it hadn’t been for the two of you. Tells about the fight, too. You have to appear in juvenile court for running away, and Johnny- for manslaughter-...if he recovers. They go on about how Darry ‘n’ Soda are working so you can all stay together, and you been on the honor roll at school. The reporter puts in the three of you shouldn’t be separated after working so hard. Separation? Wont happen. The juvenile court don't do that to heroes. I was thinkin’ of lookin’ in on Johnnycake. ...Wanna come with me?

**Randy:**

**Page 61:** All I know, they spoiled him; they gave in to him all the time. He kept trying to make someone say “No” and they never did. He needed somebody to lay down the lay, set limits, give home something to stand on. One time he came home drunker than anything - falling down disgusting. He thought sure they'd raise the roof. Know what they did? They said it was their fault, they'd failed him, they took the blame. Maybe if his father had given him a belt instead, he'd still be alive. Only person ever told Bob “No” was Cherry Valance. No wonder he was so crazy about her.

**Johnny:**

**Page 79-80:** I asked the Nurse to give you this book so you could finish it - I want you to tell Dallas to look at a sunset. He'll probably think you're crazy, but ask him for me. Listen, I don't mind dying now. It's worth it saving those kids. Some of their parents came by to thank me, and I know it was worth it. That guy who wrote the poem- he meant you're gold when you're a kid, like green. When you're a kid everything’s new, dawn. It's just that when you get used to everything that it's day. The way you are, Pony. That’s gold. There’s still lots of good in the world. Tell Dallas. I don’t think he knows.

**Dallas:**

**Page 74:** Don't die, Johnny. Please don't die. This is what you get for tryin’ to help people, you little punk. This is what you get. Please, Johnny - don't be dead. See, Pony! I was crazy for not wanting him to get mean. If he'd been tough like me, he'd never have been in this mess. If he'd got smart like me he would not have run back into that church. This is what you get for helping people. Wise up, Pony. Get like me and you don't get hurt. Look out for yourself and nothin’ can touch you. Hear me, Pony. Wise up!

**Soda Pop 1:**

**Page 13:** I think I’m gonna marry Sandy.  After she gets out of school and I get a better job and everything.  I might wait till you get out of school though.  So I can help Darry with the bills.  Don’t be like that.  I told you he doesn’t mean half what he says.  He’s just got more worries than someone his age ought to.  He’s really proud of you because you’re brainy.  Maybe we deserve a lot of the trouble we get.  Dallas deserves everything he gets and should get worse if you want the truth.  And Two-Bit--he doesn’t want or need half the things he swipes from stores.  But it’s not like that with Darry. He doesn’t deserve to work like an old man when he’s only twenty.  Even with the athletic scholarships, there wasn’t money for college.  Darry doesn’t go anywhere and he doesn’t do anything except work.  But he’s got hopes for you--you dig?

**Soda Pop 2:**

**Page 79:** I'm telling you the truth, Ponyboy. I dropped out because I'm dumb. Look, I'm happy working in a gas station with cars. You'd never be happy doing that. You have to understand about Darry, too. He wants you to have the chance he missed. We can't get hacked off at each other anymore. We're all we've got left and if we don't stick together, we don't have anything. Pony, if you make it you're making it for all three of us.

**Darry:**

**Page 34:** Pony!  Where the heck have you been?  Do you know what time it is? Well it’s two in the morning kiddo.  Another hour and I would have had the police out after you.  *Where in the almighty universe were you?* It never occurred to you that your brothers might be worrying their heads off and afraid to call the police because it might get you thrown in a boys’ home so quickly it’d make your head spin--and you’re asleep in the lot! What’s the matter with you. (*Mocking*) I didn’t mean to! I didn’t think! I forgot! That’s all I hear out of you.  Can’t you think of anything? (*To Sodapop*) You keep your smart mouth shut! I’m sick and tired of hearing you stick up for him.