

# The Ending of the Outsiders

With the siren ahead of us, we made record time getting to the hospital. All the way there Dally kept talking and talking about something, but I was too dizzy to make most of it out.

"Now when I get out, you've got to act like you're hurt Pony. Understand," He asked. I nodded silently. I slowly got out of the car, trying to play up what Dally had asked me to. Dally walked over to my side of the car, wrapped my arm around his neck and assisted me into the hospital, closely keeping watch of the cop. As soon as he left the parking lot, Dally dropped me onto the ground.

"C'mon Pony! We ain't got all day, and Johnny is waiting!" He ran towards Johnny's room. The hospital smelt of medicine and old people. I hated coming to the hospital. It is not a happy place. The nurses there aren't very nice either. I guess they hated us coming to see Johnny.

We walked into room 23. They sight of Johnny lying on his stomach, with burns all along his back made me cringe. I hated seeing my best friend lying there in pain. It reminded me of my parents, but that was different. They never made it to the hospital.

"Johnny, Johnny guess what! We won the rumble!" Dally said excitedly. "We beat them, and ran them out of our side of the city!"

Johnny's face lit up with excitement, but then it quickly faded away. He laid there, completely silent and barely moving. He slowly turned his head toward me, as if he was trying to tell me something.

"Ponyboy, come here," Johnny said faintly. I came in closer to Johnny, trying to hear what he was gonna say. "Stay gold, Ponyboy, Stay gold."

I watched as his head sunk into the soft pillow. Johnny went cold and pale, no pulse and no movement. All I did for that moment was stare at him.

"Johnny? Johnny! Please don't die!" I said, my voice shaky and quiet. I felt tears stream down my face. Johnny was dead, and there was nothing I could do about it.

"Pony, it's okay," Dallas said, trying to comfort me. He could tell I was upset. He always could. I guess he actually did care about me. I slowly walked towards the door.

"Pony, where are you going?" Dally asked. I didn't respond. When I reached the door, I sprinted. All the way down the corridor and out into the parking lot. I didn't have a clue where I was going. All I knew is that I wanted to be alone somewhere that no one can find me. I immediately thought of the empty lot that Johnny and I had fallen asleep in that one night. That was the only place I really felt like I could be.

I laid down in the cold, empty lot. All I did was think. About the fire, about Johnny, about how it was my fault that he is dead in the first place. I shouldn't have ran into that fire. I know that. If I hadn't, Johnny would still be here talking with me. He was always talking about how he wanted to die, how he needed to die, but I didn't think he meant it. He didn't deserve to die. I should've been the one that died from the fire, not Jhonny.

Hours had passed and all I did was punish myself for letting Johnny die. I wondered if he's watching over me now. I wondered if he heard me punish myself for everything that happened.

"Ponyboy!" I heard someone scream. "Ponyboy, you out there?"

I didn't know if I wanted them to find me or not. *"If they did find me, would they be mad? Would they hate me for running off like I did? Or will they be happy to see me,"* I thought to myself.

"Ponyboy! There you are," Soda said with a smile pasted on his face. He pulled me into a hug. It was so nice to see them after hours of sitting alone in the dark.

"Are you okay? Dally told us what happened. I'm so sorry Pony," Darry said to me. I started to cry again. I didn't know that I would cry so much.

"It's my fault he died! I feel so bad! If I hadn't ran into that fire, he wouldn't be dead right now!" I screamed.

"Now you know that ain't true Ponyboy! It's not your fault he died," Dally said calmly. I continue to cry. It was my fault. I am the one who stupidly ran into the fire not Johnny. Dally, Darry and Soda all pull me into yet another hug.

"There, there Pony, it's gonna be alright. Just you wait and see," Darry said calmly.

We all started back home. It was late, maybe around 1 am. No one was around, not even the Socs. I look around and see just an empty road with dimly lit street lights, lighting the way home. I started to picture all the good times I had with Johnny. Not only the good, but the bad too. Like the time Johnny and I were jumped. The Socs had nearly killed me, but Johnny stabbed and killed a guy. That's what started this whole mess. I feel that it still should've been me.

We walk into the door of the house. Not one word came from anyone. I walked up into my room and jumped onto my bed. I sat there in the dark with only little light coming through the small window. I started to close my eyes, wanting to sleep, but I couldn't. The stress was killing me. It was making it way too hard to even stop thinking about what happened and fall asleep. I turned onto my back and stared at the ceiling, thinking and wondering what it would be like to hear Johnny's voice again.

I didn't sleep at all that night. I couldn't. I was too stressed to even close my eyes. My head pounded all night. I missed Johnny.

There was a knock at the door. I didn't respond. I stayed completely still. They knocked again.

"What do you want?" I yelled.

"It's me. Randy!" the person replied. I had only ever talked to Randy once before, but not enough to expect him to come knocking at my bedroom door. He comes into my room. "Hey there Ponyboy."

"I didn't expect you here," I said, pushing myself off the bed. He looks at me sad.

"I'm sorry about Johnny," Randy said with a quiet voice. "Here, catch." He said as he threw me the paper. The front page read "Boy Died In Hospital After Church Fire." I opened up the story and read. "16 year old, Johnny Cade, died in hospital last night after being hit by a flaming beam in church fire. The young hero had broken his back, suffered third degree burns and unfortunately did not make it through the night" I stopped. I couldn't read anymore. It was too heartbreaking.

"He didn't deserve this. Neither did you. I just wish that the Socs and Greasers could just get along. Then none of this would've happened," he said sympathetically.

"Look, I don't need your apology. I appreciate the thought, the visit, and today's paper but i'm thinking it's probably gonna make things worse," I said angrily.

"It hasn't just affected you, you know. Many of the Socs were sorry to hear about Johnny. Some of our parents have been crying over him. You may think that it's only you that cares about him, but it's many other people too. Just think about that," He replied back with fury. He got up off my bed and started to walk toward the door.

"Randy," I started. He turned toward me, eyes narrowed. "I'm sorry." His wide eyes softened a bit.

"It's okay Ponyboy. I understand," he smiled and walked away. I thought about it for a while. The Socs care about us? I didn't think that they had actually cared about stuff from the east side of the city. I thought the parents were in on the fights too. Our parents were. They despised the Socs. Whenever they came by in their fancy cars, they would run out there with eggs.

"What did Randy want?" Darry startled me out of my thoughts.

"Oh he just wanted to make sure I was okay," I lied. Darry would probably be mad about what Randy had said. I didn't want to tell him about it just in case.

"Okay you get some rest now," He said.

"Wait, I'm not going to school?" I asked. He just shook his head.

"You need to stay home Pony. You need to recover," He smiled. I looked at him funny as he walked away. He was never this worried about me. I guess he just felt sorry and I'm kinda glad he's letting me stay home from school. I need the time off.

A week had passed and I didn't go to school for that entire week. It was nice to have the week off. I spent the whole week studying the walls of my room. I noticed cracks running from the floor all the way to the ceiling and the floorboards were starting to lift. The window in my room is small and not big enough to look outside without stepping on a stool.

"Pony, you need to go to school tomorrow, a week is enough time for you to recover," Darry said.

"Can't I just have one more day?" I ask tiredly. I didn't want to go back to school tomorrow. People would ask about me and about what happened. I didn't think that I could take all of the questions.

"Pony, it's been a week. You have to," He said sharply. I nodded in agreement, rolling my eyes after he left. I didn't want to go. All the homework I would have and all of the questions I would get. Cherry was gonna be there, but she wouldn't talk to a Greaser in a Soc school.

The next day had come. I got up from my uncomfortable bed and got dressed. I slicked back my blonde short hair. I still wasn't used to the blonde, but I was starting to like it.

I walked down the stairs, each step creaking as I went down. I looked around. I hadn't been down the stairs for an entire week so it was kind of weird seeing it again.

"Good morning Pony Boy. How did you sleep?" Soda had asked me as I came into the kitchen. I frowned.

"It was fine," I spat in anger that I had to go to school. Soda looked at me concerned.

"You okay Pony?" He asked.

"No! I am scared to go to school! What happens if people ask me questions? I don't think I could take it. What if they tease me? What if..."

"Pony you're being ridiculous! Your school friends would never do that to you and you know that. The whole town asking been asking about you, you know," Soda interrupted me. "All I here is 'How is Ponyboy?' every time I try to go outside."

I stood there in shock. He had never spoken to me like that before. He was never mad at me at all. Well, sometimes but never like that.

"Pony, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to snap at you," He apologized.

"No it's fine. I understand," I said. I knew he didn't mean it. I just didn't expect it then. "I better get to school."

"Yeah. Have a good day Pony," Soda said. I nodded as I walked out the door.

I started down the street. It was the first time I had been outside in a week. The fresh air was crisp and a little cold but it was nice to breathe it in. I looked around and saw the other kids walking to school. Some of them I recognized but the others I didn't. It was a nice day. The sun was shining, it was warm for fall, and there was no wind. I had completely forgotten about all the worries I had on the walk there. I was too distracted by the sights to even think about Johnny, or anything else.

I felt my stomach drop as I walked into the school doors. Everyone just stared at me as I walked passed the crowd. I didn't know what to do. I kept walking, down the hallway and to my locker. I didn't feel like I belonged there anymore. People stared at me as if I was a new kid.

"Hey Ponyboy," I heard a familiar voice say from behind me. It was Cherry. I didn't expect Cherry to talk to me today.

"Hi," I replied, trying to sound calm.

"Look, I'm sorry to hear about Johnny. I cried for three days straight when I heard about it," She weeped. I looked at her. Maybe she did care. The Socs weren't as bad as we think they were.

"Yeah. I know, but he's in a better place now. I bet his folks miss him even if they were abusing him and all," I said. She looked at me and smiled.

"We better get to class or we'll be late," she said. Cherry grabbed my wrist and pulled me down the hallway and into the class. The first class of the day was Science. I wasn't real good at Science, but I enjoyed it.

They day went on and Cherry stuck by my side the whole time. At lunch we sat together with Randy and the others too. We talked about school, friends and the cafeteria smells. The cafeteria smelt of burgers and fries and the smell had been haunting me ever since lunch.

Last class had finally come. It was English. The teacher gave us the assignment of a story. A story that would be important to us.

I raised my hand and the teacher came over to me.

"I don't know what to write about," I said embarrassed.

"Well, write about something that was important to you. Maybe something that happened that impacted your life in a large way," She explained kindly. I nodded and began to think. I picked up my bright yellow pencil and began to write. The title was The Outsiders.

The End

## Corrected Version

The Ending of the Outsiders

With the siren ahead of us, we made record time getting to the hospital. All the way there Dally kept talking and talking about something, but I was too dizzy to make most of it out.

"Now when I get out, you've got to act like you're hurt Pony. Understand," He asked. I nodded silently. I slowly got out of the pale blue car, trying to play up what Dally had told me to. I didn't know the entire plan, but I was pretty sure that I could guess what was going to happen next. Dally walked over to my side of the car, wrapped my arm around his neck and assisted me

into the hospital, closely keeping watch of the cop. As soon as he saw the blue and red lights leave the parking lot, Dally dropped me onto the cold pavement of the parking lot.

"C'mon Pony! We haven't got all day, and Johnny is waiting!" He ran towards Johnny's room. The hospital smelt of medicine and the elderly. I hated coming to the hospital. It was not a happy place. The colours are dull, the people there are all depressed and the nurses there aren't very friendly either. I guess they hated us coming to see Johnny. We walked a little further until the doctor had stopped us.

"Where do you think you're going?" He asked us in a harsh tone.

"We're just going to see Johnny," Dallas explained. The doctor narrowed his eyes.

"You can't right now. He is resting," The doctor spat. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw the shiny blade of the switch blade that Dally had hidden in his back pocket. I turned my head to see Dally pointing it toward the doctor. I knew what he was doing was wrong, but I was too scared to stand up to him.

"Look. We need to see him. Our best friend is dying, and this may be the very last time we ever see him. Let us in," Dally threatened, deepening his voice as he did.

"Fine. He is in room 23. Just FYI, I am only doing this because he is your friend. Not because you threatened me with a knife," He said sharply. Dally just brushed the doctor's rudeness, but I couldn't get over the fact that he was allowed to talk to us like that.

We walked into room 23. They sight of Johnny lying on his stomach, with burns all down his back made me cringe. I hated seeing my best friend lying there in pain. It reminded me of my parents, but that was different. They never made it to the hospital.

"Johnny, Johnny guess what! We won the rumble!" Dally said excitedly. "We beat them, and ran them out of our side of the city!"

Johnny's face lit up with excitement, but then it quickly faded away. He laid there, completely silent and barely moving. He slowly turned his head toward me, as if he was trying to tell me something.

"Ponyboy, come here," Johnny said faintly. "It wasn't me who killed Bob. It was Cherry. They were just covering for her, so they blamed it on me. They told me that if I told anyone, they would kill me. So I went along with it," He started to struggle when he spoke. It looked as though all the blood drained from his face. He made a slight noise as if he was trying to talk again. I came in closer to Johnny, trying to hear what he was going to say. "Stay gold, Ponyboy, Stay Gold."

I watched as his head sunk into the soft pillow. His eyes slowly rolled back as he took his final breath. His eyes went shut, and the room went completely silent. Johnny went cold and pale, no pulse and no movement. All I did for that moment was stare at him.

“Johnny? Johnny! Please don’t die!” I said, my voice shaky and quiet. I felt tears stream down my face. Johnny was dead, and there was nothing I could do about it.

“Pony, it’s okay,” Dallas said, trying to comfort me. It wasn’t working. He could tell I was upset. He always could. I guess Dallas did care about me. I slowly walked towards the door.

“Pony, where are you going?” Dally asked. I didn’t respond. When I reached the door, I sprinted. All the way down the corridor and out into the parking lot. I didn’t have a clue where I was going. All I knew is that I wanted to be alone somewhere that no one can find me. I immediately thought of the abandoned lot that Johnny and I had fallen asleep in that one night. That was the only place I felt like I could be.

I laid down in the cold, empty lot. All I did was think. About the fire, about Johnny, about how it was my fault that he is dead in the first place. I shouldn’t have ran into that fire. I know that. If I hadn’t, Johnny would still be here talking to me. Johnny was always talking about how he wanted to die, how he needed to die, but I didn’t think he meant it. He didn’t deserve to die. I should’ve been the one that died from the fire, not Johnny.

Hours had passed, and all I did was punish myself for letting Johnny die. I wondered if he’s watching over me now. I wondered if he heard me punish myself for everything that had happened.

“Ponyboy!” I heard someone scream. “Ponyboy, you out there?”

I didn’t know if I wanted them to find me or not. If they did find me, would they be mad? Would they hate me for running off like I did? Or will they be happy to see me?

“Ponyboy! There you are,” Soda said with a smile pasted on his face. He pulled me into a hug. It was so nice to see them after hours of sitting alone in the dark.

“Are you okay? Dally told us what happened. I’m sorry Pony,” Darry said to me. I started to cry again. I didn’t know that I would cry so much.

“It’s my fault he died! I feel so guilty because he followed me into the fire! If I hadn’t run into that fire, he wouldn’t be dead right now!” I screamed.

“Now you know that isn’t true Ponyboy! It’s not your fault he died,” Dally said calmly. I continue to cry. It was my fault. I am the one who stupidly ran into the fire, not Johnny. Dally, Darry, and Soda all pulled me into yet another hug.



"There, there Pony, it's gonna be alright. Just you wait and see," Darry said calmly.

We all started back home. It was late, maybe around 1 am. No one was around, not even the Socs. I look around and see just an empty road with the dimly lit street lamps, illuminating the way home. I started to picture all the times I had with Johnny. Not only the good but the bad too. Like the time, Johnny and I were jumped. The Socs had nearly killed me, but Johnny stabbed and killed a guy, or, at least, claimed to have killed him. That's what started this whole mess. I feel that it still should've been me.

We walk through the door of the house. Not one word came from anyone. I walked up into my room and jumped onto my bed. I sat there in the dark with only little light coming through the small window. I started to close my eyes, wanting to sleep, but I couldn't. The stress was killing me. It was making it way too hard to stop thinking about what happened and fall asleep. I turned onto my back and stared at the ceiling of my small bedroom, thinking and wondering what it would be like to hear Johnny's voice again.

I didn't sleep at all that night. I couldn't. I was too stressed to close my eyes. Not even for a second. My head pounded all night. I missed Johnny.

There was a knock at the door. I didn't respond. I stayed completely still. They knocked again.

"What do you want?" I finally yelled. My voice was shaky and tired.

"It's me. Randy!" the person replied. I had only ever talked to Randy once before, but not enough to expect him to come knocking on my bedroom door. He came into my room. "Hey there Ponyboy."

"I didn't expect you here," I said, pushing myself off the bed. He looked at me sadly

"I'm sorry about Johnny," Randy said in a quiet voice. He pulled something out of his jacket pocket. "Here, catch," Randy said as he threw me the paper. The front page read "Boy Died In Hospital After Church Fire." I opened up the story and read. "16 years old, Johnny Cade, died in hospital last night after being struck by a burning rafter in a church fire. The young hero had broken his back, suffered third-degree burns and, unfortunately, did not make it through the night" I stopped. I couldn't read anymore. It was too heartbreaking.

"He didn't deserve this. Neither did you. I just wish that the Socs and Greasers could just get along. Then none of this would've happened," he said sympathetically.

"Look, I don't need your apology. I appreciate the thought, the visit, and today's paper, but I'm thinking it's probably going to make things worse," I snapped.

"It hasn't just affected you, you know. Many of the Socs were sorry to hear about Johnny. Some of our parents have been crying over him. You may think that it's only you that cares about him, but it's many other people too. Just think about that," He replied back with anger. He got up off my bed and started to walk toward the door.

"Randy," I started. He turned toward me, eyes narrowed. "I'm sorry." His wide eyes softened a bit.

"It's okay Ponyboy. I understand," he smiled and walked away. I thought about it for a while. The Socs cared about us? I didn't know that they had cared about stuff on the East side of the city. I thought the parents were in on the fights too. Our parents were. They despised the Socs. Whenever they came by in their fancy cars, they would run out there with eggs.

"What did Randy want?" Darry startled me out of my thoughts.

"Oh, he just wanted to make sure I was okay," I lied. Darry would've been mad about what Randy had said. I didn't need to tell him about it just in case.

"Okay you get some rest now," He said.

"Wait; I'm not going to school?" I asked. He just shook his head.

"You need to stay home Pony. You need to recover," He smiled. I looked at him funny as he walked away. He was never that worried about me. I guess he just felt sorry, and I'm glad he let me stay home from school. I needed the time off.

The week had passed, and I didn't go to school for that entire week. It was nice to have the week off. I spent the whole week studying the walls of my room. I noticed cracks running from the floor all the way to the ceiling, and the floorboards were starting to lift. The window in my room is small and not large enough to look outside without stepping on a stool.

"Pony, you need to go to school tomorrow, a week is enough time for you to recover," Darry said.

"Can't I just have one more day?" I ask tiredly. I didn't want to go back to school tomorrow. People would ask about me and about what happened. I didn't think that I could take all of the questions.

"Pony, it's been a week. You have to," He said sharply. I nodded in agreement, rolling my eyes after he left. I didn't want to go. All the homework I would have and all of the questions I would get. Cherry was going to be there, but she wouldn't talk to a Greaser in a Soc school.

The next day had come. I got up from my uncomfortable bed and got dressed. I slicked back my blonde, short hair. I still wasn't used to the blonde, but I was starting to like it.

I walked down the stairs, each step creaking as I went down. I looked around. I hadn't been down the stairs for an entire week, so it felt weird seeing it again.

"Good morning Pony Boy. How did you sleep?" Soda had asked me as I came into the kitchen. I frowned.

"It was all right," I spat, still angry over the fact that I had to go to school. Soda looked at me concerned.

"You okay Pony?" He asked.

"No! I am scared to go to school! What happens if people ask me questions? I don't think I could take it. What if they tease me? What if..."

"Pony you're ridiculous! Your school friends would never do that, and you know that. The whole town asking has been asking about you, you know," Soda interrupted me. "All I here is 'How is Ponyboy?' every time I try to go outside."

I stood there in shock. He had never spoken to me like that before. He was never mad at me at all. Well, sometimes but never like that.

"Pony, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to snap at you," He apologized.

"No, it's fine. I understand," I said. I knew he didn't mean it. I just didn't expect it then. "I better get to school."

"Yeah. Have a good day Pony," Soda said. I nodded as I walked out the door.

I started down the street. It was the first time I had been outside in a week. The fresh air was crisp and a little cold, but it was nice to breathe it in. I looked around and saw the other kids walking to school. Some of them I recognized but the others I didn't. It was a beautiful day. The sun was shining, it was warm for fall, and there was no wind. I had completely forgotten about all the worries I had on the walk there. I was too distracted by the people walking by to think about Johnny, or anything else.

I felt my stomach drop as I walked through the school doors. Everyone just stared at me as I walked passed the crowd. I didn't know what to do. I kept walking, down the hallway and to my locker. I didn't feel like I belonged there anymore. People stared at me as if I was a new kid.

“Hey Ponyboy,” I heard a familiar voice say from behind me. It was Cherry. I didn’t expect Cherry to talk to me today.

“Hi,” I replied, trying to sound calm.

“Look, I’m sorry about Johnny. I cried for three days straight when I heard about it,” She wept. I looked at her. Maybe she did care. The Socs weren’t as bad as we thought they were.

“Yeah. I know, but he’s in a better place now. I bet his folks miss him even if they were abusing him and all,” I said. She looked at me and smiled with sympathy.

“We better get to class, or we’ll be late,” she said. Cherry grabbed my wrist and pulled me down the hallway and into the class. The first class of the day was Science. I wasn’t real good at Science, but I enjoyed it.

They day went on, and Cherry stuck by my side the whole time. At lunch, we sat together with Randy and the others too. We talked about school, friends and the cafeteria smells. The cafeteria lingered with the smell of burgers and fries, and the smell had been haunting me the rest of the day.

Last class had finally come. It was English. The teacher gave us the assignment. We had to write a story. It could be either fictional or nonfictional.

I raised my hand, and the teacher came over to me.

“I don’t know what to write about,” I said embarrassed.

“Well, write about something that was important to you. Maybe something that happened that impacted your life in a large way,” She explained kindly. I nodded and began to think. I picked up my bright yellow pencil and started to write. The title was The Outsiders.