

Important Quotes in The Outsiders

1. (pg 1): “When I stepped out into the bright sunlight from the darkness of the movie house, I had only two things on my mind: Paul Newman and a ride home.”
2. (pg 2): “Greasers can’t walk alone too much or they’ll get jumped, or someone will come by and scream ‘Grease!’ at them, which doesn’t make you feel too hot.” and “We get jumped by the Socs . . . it’s the abbreviation for the Socials, the jet set, the West-side rich kids. It’s like the term ‘greaser’, which is used to class all us boys on the East-side.”
3. (pg 3): “Socs, who jump greasers and wreck houses and throw beer blasts for kicks, and get editorials in the paper for being a public disgrace one day and an asst to society the next.” and “Greasers are almost like hoods; we steal things and drive old souped-up cars and hold up gas stations and have a gang fight once in a while.” “I’m not saying that either Socs or greasers are better; that’s just the way things are.”
4. (pg 4): “sometimes I just don’t use my head. It drives my brother Darry nuts when I do stuff like that, ‘cause I’m supposed to be smart; I make good grades and have a high IQ, but I don’t use my head.” and “Johnny had it awful rough at home—it took a lot to make him cry.”
5. (pg 8): “Soda never touches a drop—he doesn’t have to. He gets drunk on just plain living. And he understands everybody.”
6. (pg 11): “Only Socs. And you can’t win against them no matter how hard you try, because they’ve got all the breaks and even whipping them isn’t going to change that fact. Maybe that was why Dalls was so bitter.” and “If you can picture a little dark puppy that has been kicked too many times and is lost in a crowd of strangers, you’ll have Johnny.”
7. (pg 12): “He was the gang’s pet, everyone’s kid brother. His father was always beating him up, and his mother ignored him. . . . he would have run away a million times if we hadn’t been there. If it hadn’t been for the gang, Johnny would never have known what love and affection are.”
8. (pg 15): “lots of times I wondered what other girls were like. The girls who were bright-eyed and had their dresses a decent length and acted as if they’d like to spit on us if given a chance. Some were afraid of us, . . . but most looked at us like we were dirt.”
9. (pg 16): “Darry didn’t deserve to work like an old man when he was only twenty. He had been a real popular guy in school; he was captain of the football team and he had been voted Boy of the Year. But we just didn’t have the money for him to go to college, even with the athletic scholarship he won. And now he didn’t have time between jobs to even think about college. So he never went anywhere and never did anything anymore.”
10. (pg 17): “Why did the Socs hate us so much? We left them alone.” and “Listen, kiddo, when Darry hollers at you . . . he don’t mean nothin’. He’s just got more worries than somebody his age ought to. Don’t take him serious . . . you dig, Pony? Don’t let him bug you. He’s really proud of you ‘cause you’re so brainy. It’s jus because you’re the baby—I mean, he loves you a lot.”
11. (pg 18): “I lie to myself all the time. But I never believe me.”

12. (pg 19): “Dally was waiting for Johnny and me under the street light at the corner of Picket and Sutton.”
13. (pg 20): “Dally hated to do things the legal way. He liked to show that he didn’t care whether there was a law or not. He went around *trying* to break laws.”
14. (pg 22): “I hate to tell people my name for the first time. ‘Ponyboy Curtis.’”
15. (pg 23): “Dropout made me think of some poor dumb-looking hoodlum wandering the streets breaking out street lights—it didn’t fit my happy-go-lucky brother at all. It fitted Dally perfectly, but you could hardly say that about Soda.”
16. (pg 24): “Dally was taken off guard. He stared at Johnny in disbelief. Johnny couldn’t say ‘Boo’ to a goose. Johnny gulped and got a little pale, but he said, ‘You heard me. Leave her alone.’”
17. (pg 25): “Johnny worshiped the ground Dallas walked on, and I had never heard Johnny talk back to anyone, much less his hero.”
18. (pg 26): “You take up for you buddies, no matter what they do. When you’re a gang, you stick up for the members. If you don’t stick up for them, stick together, make like brothers, it isn’t a gang any more. It’s a pack. A snarling, distrustful, bickering pack like the Socs.”
19. (pg 29): “Our one rule, besides Stick together, is Don’t get caught.”
20. (pg 31): “Johnny . . . he’s been hurt bad sometime hasn’t he? Hurt and scared.”
21. (pg 32): “We were used to seeing Johnny banged up—his father clobbered him around a lot. . . . But those beatings had been nothing like this. Johnny’s face was cut up and bruised and swollen, and there was a gash from his temple to his cheekbone. He would carry that scar all his life. . . . I thought he might be dead; surely nobody could be beaten like that and live.”
22. (pg 33): “‘A blue mustang full . . . I got so scared.’” and “I had seen Johnny take a whipping with a two-by-four from his old man and never let out a whimper. That made it hard to see him break now.” and “He had been hunting our football to practice a few kicks when a blue mustang had pulled up beside the lot. There were four Socs in it. They had caught him and one of them had a lot of rings on his hand—that’s what had cut Johnny up so badly. It wasn’t that they had beaten him half to death—he could take that. They had scared him.”
23. (pg 34): “Johnny never walked by himself after that . . . [and] now carried in his back pocket a six-inch switchblade. He’d use it, too, if he ever got jumped again. . . . He would kill the next person jumped him.”
24. (pg 34): “‘I’ll bet you think the Socs have it made. The rich kids, the West-side Socs. I’ll tell you something, Ponyboy, and it may come as a surprise. WE have troubles you’ve never even heard of. You want to know something? . . . Things are rough all over.’”
25. (pg 36): “Man, I thought, if I had worries like that I’d consider myself lucky. I know better now.”
26. (pg 37): “It seemed funny to me that Socs—if these girls were any example—were just like us. . . . There was a basic sameness. I thought maybe it was money that separated us.”
27. (pg 38): “‘You greasers have a different set of values. You’re more emotional. We’re sophisticated—cool to the point of not feeling anything. Nothing is real to

- us.” and “It’s not money, it’s feeling—you don’t feel anything and we feel too violently.”
28. (pg 40): “It seemed funny to me that the sunset she saw from her patio and the one I saw from the back steps was the same one. Maybe the two different worlds we lived in weren’t so different. We saw the same sunset.”
 29. (pg 42): “An’ you can shut your trap, Johnny Cade, ‘cause we all know you ain’t wanted at home, either. And you can’t blame them.”
 30. (pg 43): “It ain’t fair! . . . It ain’t fair that we have all the rough breaks!’ . . . Things were rough all over, all right. All over the East Side. It just didn’t seem right to me.”
 31. (pg 44): “The mustang came to a halt beside us . . . Johnny was breathing heavily and I noticed he was staring at the Soc’s hand. He was wearing three heavy rings.”
 32. (pg 45): “Ponyboy . . . I mean . . . if I see you in the hall at school or someplace and don’t say hi, well, it’s not personal or anything, but . . . We couldn’t let our parents see us with you all. You’re a nic boy and everything. . . We aren’t in the same class. Just don’t forget that some of us watch the sunset too.” and “I could fall in love with Dallas Winston. I hope I never see him again, or I will.”
 33. (pg 47): “I saw Johnny’s cigarette glowing in the dark and wondered vaguely what it was like inside a burning ember.”
 34. (pg 50): “Nobody in my family had ever hit me. Nobody.”
 35. (pg 51): “I think I like it better when the old man’s hittn’ me. . . . At least then I know he knows who I am. I walk in that house, and nobody says anything. I walk out and nobody says anything. I stay away all night, and nobody notices. At least you got Soda. I ain’t got nobody.”
 36. (pg 53): “The park was about two blocks square, with a fountain in the middle and a small swimming pool for the little kids. The pool was empty now in the fall, . . . [and] nobody was around at two-thirty in the morning.”
 37. (pg 54): “Five Socs were coming straight at us, and from the way they were staggering I figured they were reeling pickled. That scared me. . . . Johnny’s hand went to his back pocket and I remembered his switchblade.”
 38. (pg 55): “It was Randy and Bob and three other Socs, and they recognized us. I knew Johnny recognized them; he was watching the moonlight glint off Bob’s rings with huge eyes.” and “You could use a bath, greaser. And a good working over. And we’ve got all night to do it.”
 39. (pg 56): “[he] shoved my face into the fountain. I fought, but the hand at the back of my neck was strong and I had to hold my breath. I’m dying, I thought, and wondered what was happening to Johnny. I couldn’t hold my breath any longer. I fought again desperately but only sucked in water. I’m drowning, I thought, they’ve gone too far . . . A red haze filled my mind and I slowly relaxed.”
 40. (pg 57): “You really killed him, huh, Johnny?” “I had to. They were drowning you, Pony. They might have killed you. And they had a blade . . . they were gonna beat me up.”
 41. (pg 59): “I studied Dally, trying to figure out what there was about his tough-looking hood that a girl like Cherry Valance could love. Towheaded and shifty-eyed, Dally was anything but handsome. Yet in his hard face there was character,

- pride, and a savage defiance of the world. He could never love Cherry Valance back. It would be a miracle if Dally loved anything. The fight for self-preservation had hardened him beyond caring.”
42. (pg 60): “You might have thought it was Dally who fixed those races for Buck, being a jockey and all, but it wasn’t. . . . It was the only thing Dally did honestly.”
 43. (pg 61): “There’s an old abandoned church on top of Jay Mountain. There’s a pump in back so don’t worry about water. Buy a week’s supply of food as soon as you get there. . . then don’t so much as stick your noses out the door.”
 44. (pg 62): “Then for the first time, really, I realized what we were in for. Johnny had killed someone. Quiet, soft-spoken little Johnny, who would hurt a living thing on purpose, had taken a human life. We were really running away, with the police after us for murder and a loaded gun by our side.”
 45. (pg 64): “I wish I was home, I thought absently, I wish I was home and still in bed. Maybe I am Maybe I’m just dreaming.”
 46. (pg 65): “There are things worse than being a greaser.” and “I can lie so easily that it spooks me sometimes.”
 47. (pg 66): “It was a small church, real old and spooky and spiderwebby. It gave me the creeps.”
 48. (pg 68): “I half convinced myself that I had dreamed everything that had happened the night before.”
 49. (pg 69): “[I] caught sight of some crooked lettering written in the dust of the floor. *Went to get supplies. Be back soon. J.C.*” and “I could remember every detail of the whole night, but it had the unreal quality of a dream.”
 50. (pg 70): “My over-active imagination was running away with me again.”
 51. (pg 71): “No, Johnny, not my hair!’ It was my pride. . . . Our hair was tough. . . . Our hair labled us greasers, too—it was our trademark. The one thing we were proud of.”
 52. (pg 73): “It’s like being in a Halloween costume we can’t get out of.”
 53. (pg 74): “Shut up about last night! I killed a kid last night. He couldn’t of been over seventeen or eighteen, and I killed him. How’d you like to live with that?”
 54. (pg 75): “It amazed me how Johnny could get more meaning out of some of the stuff in there than I could—I was supposed to be the deep one. . . . He was just a little slow to get things, and he liked to explore things once he did get them. He was especially stuck on the Southern gentlemen—impressed with their manners and charm.”
 55. (pg 76): “one night I was Dally gettin’ picked up by the fuzz, and he kept real cool and calm the whole time. They was gettin’ him for breakin’ out the windows in the school building, and it was Tw0-Bit who did that. And Dally knew it. But he just took the sentence without battin’ an eye or even denyin’ it. That’s gallant.”
 56. (pg 77): “The sky was lighter in the east, and the horizon was a thin golden line. The clouds changed from gray to pink, and the mist was touched with gold. There was a silent moment when everything held its breath, and then the sun rose. It was beautiful.” and “Nothing gold can stay’.”—see the whole poem on this page!
 57. (pg 78): “I never noticed colors and clouds and stuff until you kept reminding me about them. It seems like they were never there before.” and “Soda kinda looks

- like you mother did, but he acts just exactly like your father. And Darry is the spittin' image of your father, but he ain't wild and laughing all the time like he was. He acts like you mother. And you don't act like either one.”
58. (pg 79): “We were careful with our cigarettes—if that old church ever caught on fire there'd be no stopping it.” and “I had almost decided that I had dreamed the outside would and there was nothing real but baloney sandwiches and the Civil War and the old church and the mist in the valley. . . . That shows you what a wild imagination I have.”
59. (pg 80): “I never thought I'd live to see the day when I would be so glad to see Dally Winston, but right then he meant one thing: contact with the outside world. And it suddenly became real and vital.”
60. (pg 81): “Kid, you ought to see Darry. He's takin' this mighty hard.”
61. (pg 83): “The Socs and us are having all-out warfare all over the city. That kid you killed had plenty of friends and all over town it's Soc against grease. We can't walk alone at all. I stared carryin' a heater. . . . don't worry, it ain't loaded. . . . But is sure does help a bluff.”
62. (pg 84): “Hey, I didn't tell you we got us a spy. . . . The redhead, Cherry what's-her-name.”
63. (pg 86): “She said she felt that the whole mess was her fault, which it is, and that she'd keep up with what was comin' off with the Socs in the rumble and would testify that the Socs were drunk and looking for a fight and that you fought back in self-defense.” and “So, Cherry Valance, the cheerleader, Bob's girl, the Soc, was trying to help us. No, it wasn't Cherry the Soc who was helping us, it was Cherry the dreamer who watched sunsets and couldn't stand fights. I was hard to believe a Soc would help us, even a Soc that dug sunsets.” and “Ponyboy, I heard you was the best shot in the family. . . . I couldn't tell Dally that I hated to shoot things. He'd think I was soft.”
64. (pg 87): “We're goin' back and turn ourselves in. . . . I got a good chance of bein' let off easy.” and “I don't guess my parents are worried about me or anything?”
65. (pg 88): “No,” snapped Dally, “they didn't. Blast it Johnny, what do they matter? Shoot, my old man don't give a hang whether I'm in jail or dead in a car wreck or drunk in the gutter. That don't bother me none.”
66. (pg 89): “Johnny, I ain't mad at you. I just don't want you to get hurt. You don't know what a few months in jail can do to you. Oh, blast it, Johnny . . . you get hardened in jail. I don't want that to happen to you. Like it happened to me.”
67. (pg 92): “I should be scared, I thought with an odd detached feeling, but I'm not. The cinders and embers began falling on us, stinging and smarting like ants. Suddenly, in the red glow and the haze, I remembered wondering what it was like in a burning ember, and I thought: Now I know, it's a red hell. Why aren't I scared?” and “Johnny wasn't behaving at all like his old self. He looked over his shoulder and saw that the door was blocked by flames, then pushed open the window and tossed out the nearest kid. I caught one quick look at his face; it was red-marked from falling embers and sweat-streaked, but he grinned at me. He wasn't scared either. That was the only time I can think of when I was him

- without that defeated, suspicious look in his eyes. He looked like he was having the time of his life.”
68. (pg 95): “I swear, you three are the bravest kids I’ve seen in a long time. . . . Mrs. O’Briant and I think you were sent straight from heaven. Or are you just professional heroes or something?”
69. (pg 98): “Suddenly I realized, horrified, that Darry was crying. He didn’t make a sound, but tears were running down his cheeks. I hadn’t seen him cry in years, not even when Mom and Dad had been killed.” and “In that second what Soda and Dally and Two-Bit had been trying to tell me came through. Darry did care about me, maybe as much as he cared about Soda, and because he cared he was trying too hard to make something of me.” and “That was his silent fear then—of losing another person he loved.”
70. (pg 99): “I had taken the long way around, but I was finally home. To stay.”
71. (pg 102): “He was in critical condition. His back had been broken when that piece of timber fell on him. He was in severe shock and suffering from third-degree burns. . . . Even if he lived he’d be crippled for the rest of his life.”
72. (pg 103): “I’m dreaming, I thought in panic, I’m dreaming. I’ll wake up at home or in the church and everything’ll be like it used to be. But I didn’t believe myself. Even if Johnny did live he’d be crippled and never play football or help us out in a rumble again. He’d have to stay in that house he hated, where he wasn’t wanted, and things could never be like they used to be.”
73. (pg 107): “the headline: JUVENILE DELINQUENTS TURN HEROS.” and “Y’all were heroes from the beginning. You just didn’t turn all of a sudden.”
74. (pg 108): “But they were charging Johnny with manslaughter. Then I discovered that I was supposed to appear at juvenile court for running away, and Johnny was too, if he recovered.” and “Then it said we shouldn’t be separated after we had worked so hard to stay together. . . . [and] that they were thinking about putting me and Soda in a boys’ home or something.”
75. (pg 109): “Darry has never really gotten over not going to college.”
76. (pg 110): “I had one of those dreams last night. The one I can’t even remember.” and “I had a nightmare the night of Mom and Dad’s funeral. . . . it happened often enough for Darry to take me to a doctor. The doctor said I had too much imagination.”
77. (pg 111): “She went to live with her grandmother in Florida. . . . does he have to draw you a picture? It was either that or get married, and her parents almost hit the roof at the idea of her marryin’ a sixteen-year-old-kid.”
78. (pg 114): “the Socs who had jumped Johnny and me at the park hopped out of the mustang. I recognized Randy Adderson, Marcia’s boyfriend, and the tall guy that had almost drowned me. I hated them. It was their fault Bob was dead; their fault Johnny was dying; their fault Soda and I might get put in a boys’ home.”
79. (pg 115): “Greaser didn’t have anything to do with it. My buddy over there wouldn’t have done it. Maybe you would have done the same thing, maybe a friend of yours wouldn’t have. It’s the individual.”
80. (pg 116): “He’s dead. . . they gave into him all the time. He kept trying to make someone say ‘No’ and they never did. They never did. That was what he wanted. For somebody to tell him ‘No.’ To have somebody lay down the law, set the

- limits, give him something solid to stand on. That's what we all want, really.'" and "I don't know why I'm telling you this. I couldn't tell anyone else. My friends—they'd think I was off my rocker or turning soft. Maybe I am. I just know that I'm sick of this whole mess."
81. (pg 117): "You can't win, even if you whip us. You'll still be where you were before—at the bottom. And we'll still be the luck ones with all the breaks. So it doesn't do any good, the fighting and the killing. It doesn't prove a thing. We'll forget it if you win, or if you don't. Greasers will still be greasers and Socs will still be Socs."
82. (pg 118): "He ain't a Soc . . . , he's just a guy. He just wanted to talk. . . . Socs were just guys after all. Things were rough all over, but it was better that way. That way you could tell the other guy was human too."
83. (pg 119): "Let them go in. . . . He's been asking for them. It can't hurt now."
84. (pg 120): "Did you know you got your name in the paper for being a hero?"
85. (pg 121): "We couldn't get along without him. We needed Johnny as much as he needed the gang. And for the same reason."
86. (pg 121): "You want to know something, Ponyboy? I'm scared stiff. I used to talk about killing myself. . . . I don't want to die now. It ain't long enough. Sixteen years ain't long enough. I wouldn't mind it so much if there wasn't so much stuff I ain't done yet and so many things I ain't seen. It's not fair. You know what? That time we were in Windrixville was the only time I've been away from our neighborhood."
87. (pg 122): "Sixteen years on the streets and you can learn a lot. But all the wrong things, not the things you want to learn. Sixteen years on the streets and you see a lot. But all the wrong sights, not the sights you want to see."
88. (pg 122): "I said I don't want to see her. . . . She's probably come to tell me about all the trouble I'm causing her and about how glad her and the old man'll be when I'm dead. Well, tell her to leave me alone. For once . . ."
89. (pg 123): "Two-Bit's eyes got narrow and I was afraid he was going to start something. . . . 'No wonder he hates your guts,' Two-Bit snapped."
90. (pg 124): "I'd never liked Dally- but then, for the first time, I felt like he was my buddy. And all because he was glad he hadn't killed me."
91. (pg 125): "We gotta win that fight tonight,' Dally said. . . . 'We gotta get even with the Socs. For Johnny.'"
92. (pg 126): "You know the only thing that keeps Darry from bein' a Soc is us."
93. (pg 127): "Tonight- I don't like it one bit. . . . I mean, I got an awful feeling something's gonna happen."
94. (pg 128): "He could be sweet sometimes, and friendly. But when he got drunk . . . it was that part of him that beat up Johnny. I knew it was Bob when you told me the story. He was so proud of his rings."
95. (pg 129): "I can't go see Johnny. I know I'm too young to be in love and all that, but Bob was something special. He wasn't just any boy. He had something that made people follow him, something that marked him different, maybe a little better, than the crowd. Do you know what I mean?"
96. (pg 132): "What kind of world is it where all I have to be proud of is a reputation for being a hood, and greasy hair? I don't want to be a hood, but even if I don't

- steal things and mug people and get boozed up, I'm marked lousy. Why should I be proud of it? Why should I even pretend to be proud of it?"
97. (pg 137): "I shook my head. I'd hate to see the day when I had to get my nerve from a can."
98. (pg 137): "Soda fought for fun, Steve for hatred, Darry for pride, and Two-Bit for conformity. . . . I thought . . . There isn't any real good reason for fighting except for self-defense."
99. (pg 138): "That was the difference between his gang and ours- they had a leader and were organized; we were just buddies who stuck together- each man was his own leader."
100. (pg 141): "Who was going to start it? Darry solved the problem. He stepped forward under the circle of light made by the street lamp. . . . Then Darry said, 'I'll take on anyone.'"
101. (pg 143): "They moved in a circle under the light, counterclockwise, eyeing each other, sizing each other up, maybe remembering old faults and wondering if the were still there. . . . I was reminded of Jack London's books- you know, where the wolf pack waits in silence for one of two memories to go down in a fight. . . . Still Darry and the Soc walked slowly in a circle. Even I could feel their hatred."
102. (pg 145): "'Come on!' He half dragged me down the street. 'We're goin' to see Johnny.'"
103. (pg 147): "'I was crazy, you know that, kid? Crazy for wantin' Johnny to stay outa trouble, for not wantin' him to get hard. If he'd been like me he'd never have been in this mess. If he'd got smart like me he'd never have run into that church. That's what you get for helpin' people. Editorials in the paper and a lot of trouble. . . . You'd better wise up, Pony . . . you get tough like me and you don't get hurt. You look out for yourself and nothin' can touch you . . .'"
104. (pg 148): "It was awful quiet. It was scary quiet. I looked at Johnny. He was very still, and for a moment I thought in agony: He's dead already. We're too late."
105. (pg 148): "Johnny's eyes glowed. Dally was proud of him. That was all Johnny had ever wanted. 'Ponyboy. . . . Stay gold, Ponyboy. Stay gold . . .' The pillow seemed to sink a little, and Johnny died."
106. (pg 149): "Dally swallowed and reached over to push Johnny's hair back. 'Never could keep that hair back . . . that's what you get for tryin' to help people, you little punk, that's what you get . . .'"
107. (pg 150): "He isn't dead, I said to myself. He isn't dead. And this time my dreaming worked. I convinced myself that he wasn't dead."
108. (pg 152): "'Dallas is gone,' I said. 'He ran out like the devil was after hm. He's gonna blow up. He couldn't take it.' How can I take it? I wondered. Dally is tougher than I am. Why can I take it when Dally can't? And then I knew. Johnny was the only thing that Dally loved. And now Johnny was gone."
109. (pg 154): "Dally raised the gun, and I thought: You blasted fool. They don't know you're only bluffing. And even as the policemen's guns spit fire into the night I knew that was what Dally wanted. He was jerked half around by the impact of the bullets, then slowly crumpled with a look of grim triumph on his face. He was dead before he hit the ground. But I knew that was what he wanted, even as the lot echoed with the cracks of shots, even as I begged silently – Please, not him. . . . not him and

Johnny both – I knew he would be dead, because Dally Winston wanted to be dead and he always got what he wanted.”

110. (pg 154): “Dally didn’t die a hero. He died violent and young and desperate, just like we all knew he’d die someday.”

111. (pg 154): “Nothing we can do... not for Dally or Johnny or Tim Shepard or any of us...”

112. (pg 157): “Darry, do you think they’ll split us up? Put me in a home or something?”

113. (pg 162): “I’d rather have anybody’s hate than their pity.”

114. (pg 163): “It was a funny thing – it bugged me about my friends seeing our house. But I couldn’t have cared less about what Randy thought.”

115. (pg 164): “I had it. I had the knife. I killed Bob. I killed him. I had a switchblade and I was scared they were going to beat me up. Johnny is not Dead. Johnny is not dead.”

116. (pg 166): “‘Maybe you can be a little neater, huh, little buddy?’ He’d never called me that before. Soda was the only one he ever called ‘little buddy.’”

117. (pg 168): “I wish I could say that everything went back to normal, but it didn’t. Especially me. I started running into things, like the door, and kept tripping over the coffee table and losing things. I always have been kind of absent-minded, but man, then, I was lucky if I got home from school with the right notebook and with both shoes on.”

118. (pg 169): “It bothered my English teacher, the way I was goofing up, I mean. He’s a real good guy, who makes us think, and you can tell he’s interested in you as a person, too. One day he told me to stay in after the rest of the class left.”

119. (pg 170): “The first week of school after the hearing had been awful. People I knew wouldn’t talk to me, and people I didn’t know would come right up and ask about the whole mess. Sometimes even teachers. And my history teacher – she acted as if she was scared of me, even though I’d never caused any trouble in her class.”

120. (pg 170): “‘What’s the theme supposed to be on?’
‘Anything you think is important enough to write about. And it isn’t a reference theme; I want your own ideas and your own experiences.’”

121. (pg 170): “I wasn’t scared. It was the oddest feeling in the world. I didn’t feel anything – scared, mad, or anything. Just zero.”

122. (pg 171): “‘Ponyboy, listen, don’t get tough. You’re not like the rest of us and don’t try to be...’”

123. (pg 171): “I knew as well as he did that if you got tough you didn’t get hurt. Get smart and nothing can touch you...”

124. (pg 173): “‘I knew as well as he did that if you got tough you didn’t get hurt. Get smart and nothing can touch you...’”

125. (pg 173): “‘You’re not going to drop out. Listen. With your brains and grade you could get a scholarship, and we could put you through college. But schoolwork’s not the point. You’re living in a vacuum, Pony, and you’re going to have to cut it out. Johnny and Dallas were our buddies, too, but you don’t just stop living because you lose someone. I thought you knew that by now. You don’t quit! And anytime you don’t like the way I’m running things you can get out.’”

126. (pg 174): “When Sandy went to Florida . . . it wasn’t Soda, Ponyboy. He told me he loved her, but I guess she didn’t love him like he thought she did, because it wasn’t him. He wanted to marry her anyway, but he just left.”

127. (pg 176): “We’re all we got left. We ought to be able to stick together against everything. If we don’t have each other, we don’t have anything. If you don’t have anything, you end up like Dallas . . . and I don’t mean dead, either. I mean like he was before. And that’s worse than dead. Please’ - he wiped his eyes on his arm- ‘don’t fight anymore.”

128. (pg 177): “Finally I picked up *Gone with the Wind* and looked at it for a long time. I knew Johnny was dead. I had known it all the time, even while I was sick and pretending he wasn’t. It was Johnny, not me, who had killed Bob- I knew that too. I had just thought that maybe if I played like Johnny wasn’t dead it wouldn’t hurt so much.”

129. (pg 178): “A guy that’ll really listen to you, listen and care about what you’re saying, is something rare.”

130. (pg 178): “*It’s worth it. It’s worth saving those kids. Their lives are worth more than mine, they have more to live for. Tell Dally it’s worth it.*”

131. (pg 178): “*I want you to tell Dally to look at one. I don’t think he’s ever really seen a sunset. And don’t be so bugged over being a greaser. You still have a lot of time to make yourself be what you want. There’s still lots of good in the world. Tell Dally. I don’t think he knows. Your buddy, Johnny.*”

132. (pg 179): “Tell Dally. It was too late to tell Dally. Would he have listened? Suddenly it wasn’t only a personal thing to me. I could picture hundreds and hundreds of boys living on the wrong sides of cities, boys with black eyes who jumped at their own shadows. Hundreds of boys who maybe watched sunsets and looked at stars and ached for something better. I could see boys going down under street lights because they were mean and tough and hated the world, and it was too late to tell them that there was still good in it, and they wouldn’t believe you if you did. It was too vast a problem to be just a personal thing. There should be some help, someone should tell them before it was too late. Someone should tell their side of the story, and maybe people would understand then and wouldn’t be so quick to judge a boy by the amount of hair oil he wore. It was important to me. I picked up the phone book and called my English teacher.”

133. (pg 180): “One week had taken all three of them. And I decided *I* could tell people, beginning with my English teacher.”

134. (pg 180): “When I stepped out into the bright sunlight from the darkness of the movie house, I had only two things on my mind: Paul Newman and a ride home . . .”