

The Outsiders Dystopian version  
Spring 8C  
Chapter 4 turned dystopia

Ponyboy's POV

I wake up to the sound of the annoying alarm next to my chamber. The alarm reads 6:30 a.m. The government has a strict wakeup call and a strict curfew. Everyone has to sign into their beds at 8 p.m. sharp and everyone has to sign out of their chambers at 6:40 a.m. sharp. Anyone caught disobeying the rules, even if by accident, will be dead within the next half hour. I quickly change into my government issued clothes which consisted of black tennis shoes, a plain white t-shirt with the government logo plastered on the back, and grey cargo pants. Don't laugh. All the boys have to wear this. I quickly run over to the door of my chamber and sign out.

***Ponyboy Curtis Sign out time: 6:40 a.m.***

I let out a sigh of relief as the computer updates my sign in time to the government headquarters. If I were to have signed out even one minute late, they would have the Fuzz over at my house in under half an hour. And let me tell you, my brothers would not be too keen on the idea of me being executed live on T.V.

I live with my 2 older brothers Sodapop and Darrell but we all call him Darry. Our dad was an original man so our names are original and not nicknames. Our parents died in a car crash eight months ago. All I have is Sodapop and Darry.

Sodapop is the middle brother, older than me but younger than Darry. He is considered to be quite attractive to the female gender. I guess you could say he is pretty good looking. He's not as tall as Darry and he's a little slimmer but he has a finely drawn sensitive face that somehow manages to be reckless and thoughtful at the same time. He's got dark gold hair that he combs back, long and silky and straight. His eyes are dark brown, lively, dancing, recklessly laughing eyes that can be gentle and sympathetic one moment and blazing anger the next. Soda is one of a kind.

Darry is the oldest and the closest thing Soda and I have to a dad. He's only 20 but he acts much older, probably because he had to grow up faster than he should've just to take care of Soda and I. Darry is pretty tall, reaching six feet two, broad shouldered and muscular. He has dark brown hair that kicks out in the front and a slight cowlick in the back. His eyes are like two pieces of pale blue-green ice. They've got that determined set to them, just like the rest of his body and personality.

And then there's me. Ponyboy Curtis. The baby of our terribly constructed family. I have light brown almost red hair and greenish gray eyes. My hair is squared off in the back and long at the front and sides.

I never bother with our regulated monthly haircuts. I always find a way to ditch them. It's not like I'm scared, I just like to know that the government hasn't taken everything from me. It's silly but ditching the hair appointments everyone attends monthly keeps me sane because it reassures me into knowing that I can still think for myself, that the government can't make me listen to them for everything. Besides, I look better with long hair.

I walk downstairs to the kitchen to see Soda and Darry getting their breakfasts. It comes out of a little chute next to our table. I never understood why the government bothered to build every living space a kitchen if our food just comes out of a chute everyday.

I pick up a tray and place it under the censor for the chute. The reader picks up my tray number and sends my breakfast down. I take it and place it on the table. I take a seat next to Soda who is picking at his salad. I pick up my stale bread and butter and begin to eat it.

I'm not supposed to know but the government makes his scientist workers put this chemical into all our foods. It's a chemical that prevents us from having thoughts of our own. It sounds impossible but it's true. It's extremely rare that any act of love, grief, pain, anger, or any emotion can be shown. It happens occasionally but only to a couple "special people", like Soda.

Our town is very depressed looking and quiet. But whenever Soda walks through the streets, people can't help but smile and wave when they see his facial expressions. His bubbly laugh and gleaming eyes can overpower the work of chemicals.

I've always been jealous of Soda, he got all the good looks, he's clever, and he can even make Darry crack a smile every now and then. Darry is very aloof. He rarely shows emotion, I know most of it is the fault of the chemicals in our foods and drinks but still. He's always distant and looking as if he is deep in thought. And whenever he does manage to shake away the chemicals and show emotion, it's always anger, and it's always directed to me. I know Darry hates me, it's pretty obvious. Soda tells me that it's just because he had to grow up fast and that he just does things without meaning to but his actions and words hurt a lot.

Anyways, I finish eating what I can and drink my poisoned apple juice. I place my tray on the scale and it measures how much I didn't finish. The machine records my leftovers so that when our food industry goes broke, whatever we didn't finish in the past gets taken into account. So that we get the amount of food we need daily, and then subtract the amount of food we didn't finish in the past. It's an unfair system but that's how the government keeps things in "order" I guess.

"I'm going out to the park with Johnny." I said to Darry. He looks over at me and responds "Ok, but stay together and don't cause any trouble." He says that last part like he's tired of trying with me. I nod and walk out our living space.

The air outside is cool and the fumes from the AirDrives hurt my nose. AirDrives are basically taxis. No one but the AirDrivers have their own cars because that's how the government stays invested. I've never ridden one. And I don't plan to. Every time I get close to one, I think about how people can die interacting with these vehicles. I miss my mom and dad.

I walk through the streets and into a park. Next to a water flowing fountain, sits my friend Johnny. He's cool. \*Describe Johnny\*.

Johnny is a nice little fella. But he doesn't get any of his good qualities from his parents. Johnny lives with awful people. Both his mom and dad ignore his existence and leave him on his own. On the rare occasion that they do acknowledge him, it's only to beat the living daylights out of him. But Johnny likes it when he's getting beat or getting yelled at. I think it's because it reassures him into knowing that his parents still know he exists. He has a sad life but that doesn't stop him from brightening other people's lives.

"Hey Johnny." I greet him and wave. He looks up and smiles. He's one of the many people like Soda that can shake off the chemicals and show emotion. I try everyday but with minimal success.

"What do you wanna do today Ponyboy?" He says and gives me a playful smile. I can't help but smile back. He has the same effect Soda has. His toothy grin that raises his cheekbones up to his eyes just light something up inside a person.

"Have you seen Cherry or Marcia lately?" He asks me. I shake my head and he slumps. It's illegal and scientifically impossible but Johnny has an enormous crush on Marcia. He talks about her every time she leaves with her boyfriend the Soc.

A Soc is a rich person who has the money to afford their own AirDrive. They all live in the richer areas of town and they all stink. They're stuck up, snobby, rude, and sickening. But Marcia and Cherry are the only Socs we have ever met that weren't like that. They were nice, kind, funny, and they smelt like roses in a bath tub. I understand why Johnny has a crush on Marcia, I just can't feel it.

"What's it feel like? To be in love?" I ask him out of curiosity. I've always been interested in how to feel. Not like it'll ever do me any good, but I like to know anyway.

Johnny's eyes grew bigger than the Fuzz's guns. "It's like a bunch of butterflies trapped in your stomach trying to migrate out, but they just can't leave whenever that person is around. I can't

describe it. I'm sorry Pony." He said. His voice sounded like he got a little pickled. I smile sadly, or I hope it looked sad.

We continue to sit there and talk about random things; from the government to why toilets are always so cold the first time you sit down.

Suddenly, a blue AirDrive pulls up in front of the park. I stare at it in awe because AirDrives already cost a fortune, and this guy owns a blue one! Johnny and I continue to stare at the blue baby when 5 muscular guys walk out.

Socs.

I look at Johnny and see that he looks just as equally scared as I am. Socs beat, us Greasers, up. Greasers are the poorer people of our population. Socs beat up Greasers for pleasure. They do it to feel powerful. Socs don't feel any emotion at all. And I mean less than people like me. Their egos get in the way of their feelings so beating us up is the only type of emotion they get. Power.

Johnny and I back up as far as we can until we bump into the fountain. We look at the Socs and our fear level goes up 10 notches higher. All 5 of them pull out a switchblade. Where they even got one will forever be a mystery. If I live that long. I recognize the 2 biggest Socs to be Cherry Marcia's boyfriends. Even better.

"Hey! You two!" Cherry's boyfriend yells. Bob. The bigger one. He runs up accompanied by his other 4 cronies. He runs up to me grabs the back of my neck. His hands are so big that one of them could probably pick up my head. And that's exactly what he does. He twists me around so that I'm facing the fountain and he pushes my head down inches away from the water.

"I heard you and your little friend here have been hitting on our girls." He says and I can see through the corner of my eye that some of the other Socs have surrounded Johnny.

"We only hang out with them as friends." I yell and he pushes my face closer so that my nose is dipping the water.

"Well you two are sly liars aren't ya now?" He says and then hollers at his other buddies. "Grab him. I'll leave this one for his brothers to find." Oh no. Leave me here. There is no way they would leave me unharmed. That means...

"Go take a swim." He says to me and shoves my face into the water. I hold my breath for as long as I can but I'm running out of air. The feeling crushes me and I start to thrash around and scream. I'm pleading the best I can underwater for him to let me go but it all stops when I

have nothing left in me. The darkness consumes me and I'm left completely drowned in the fountain.

---- After a long time ----

"Pony! Pony! PONY!" A numbing sensation spreads throughout my left cheek and I burst up. I look around completely confused and disoriented to see I'm completely drenched in water from my chest up and I'm at the park sitting against the fountain. With Johnny?

"Oh thank goodness you're alive." Johnny says and he sits down in front of me. His hair is messier than it usually is and a nasty purple bruise is starting to form on his right cheekbone. But the most startling of all is the blood on his shirt and hands.

"Johnny, what happened?" I ask and he sighs. "Well Pony, while you were taking a swim, I single handedly defeated all five of the Socs. Most of them ran away but one couldn't." He says and wipes his hands on his pants leaving another mark.

Five Socs? Oh... the blue car, Bob, Cherry and Marcia, drowning. It all comes back to me and I look at Johnny.

"Why do you have blood on your shirt?" I ask.

"Remember when I said some of them couldn't run away. Yeah well I meant it literally." He says and scratches the back of his neck nervously. He stands up and offers me a hand.

I take it and he leads me to a public washroom where he rams open the door and steps aside for me to look in. Inside is possibly the scariest thing I've ever seen and probably will see in my entire life. Sitting on the toilet, leaned against the walls, practically dead might I add, is Bob with a blood stained shirt right over his stomach.

Suddenly my stomach feels queasy and I stagger backwards.

"Y-you killed him?" I yell at Johnny.

"Sh! I did what I had to do! He was drowning you!" He whispers harshly as he clamps a hand over my mouth to hush me up.

"Well what do we do?" I ask and remove his hand from my mouth. He just shrugs and closes the door again. We both step out and he locks the door with a big stick. We both walk away in deep thought and a little bit of horror.

"We should ask Dally! I bet this kind of stuff has happened with him." Johnny says and we agree.

We start running around town to the place that Dally works.

Dally is one of the guys in our gang. He's super tough and really big. But he means well. He's a lot older than Johnny and I and he works at a club downtown with a really creepy boss. He's always there so finding him won't be that hard.

We run down the streets dodging cars and people and locate the bar. We burst into the doors and towards the back where Dally always serves the drinks. Technically this place is illegal but the government keeps it because even they like to let loose every once in a while.

"DALLY!" Johnny yells and his big build emerges from the shadows. His face is permanently etched in a scowl so that's what we're greeted with.

"What are you two doing here?" He asks harshly while drying cups with the towel around his thick neck.

"We need your help." Johnny whispers to him and the look he gives Dally probably gives him some sort of clue as to why we're here because he ushers me and Johnny to the back of the bartending area.

"What'd you do?" He asks looking at us but mostly Johnny.

"Well, we need help" Johnny starts nervously obviously not prepared on what to say to him. "We ran into a bunch of Socs and they were going to kill us so I kind of may have accidentally killed the leader." Johnny spits out as fast as he can and stares at the ground.

Dally gives me and him a bizarre look and lightly slaps Johnny on the face. And then faces me and does the same to me.

"Why would you do that?" He whisper yells and I wish he would've yelled. I'd feel a lot less ashamed even though I'm not even the one that killed him.

"He didn't have a choice." I defend and Dally sighs frustrated and runs a hand through his hair.

"Alright well I'm assuming you guys were smart enough to hide the body." We both nod and he continues. "Ok well the Fuzz is going to find you so I'm going to give an address and some money and you're going to go there and hide until the Fuzz finds the body and claims it a suicide." He says and reaches into his pocket and pulls out wads of dollar bills. It'll be enough for maybe a week.

"And take a gun. Can't be too safe." He says and pulls a gun out of his pant leg. How I never noticed it there will always be a mystery.

“Now don’t talk and tell me I’m overreacting because you will get executed if you don’t leave now scram!” He whispers harshly and shoves the gun and money into our hands. With a violent shove out the door, Johnny and I are back on the streets literally running for our lives.

As we run side by side following the directions on the address we got, all I can hope for is that we both make it back home alive.

And I really hope Sodapop and Darry forgive me.