

## **Benjamin Stuart's Creative Modelling.**

### **Based on 'The Outsiders'**

The door swung open with a bang as we watched Pony disappear into the darkness of the night. I turned to look at Darry. He had turned an awful greenish-white and was staring at his hand in disbelief. "What have I done?" he whispered to himself. He looked up to me, a thousand emotions battling across his face, and for the first time since Mom and Dad died, I saw a tear trickle down his cheek.

"We'll wait until morning," I said in a strong voice. My heart was racing a million miles an hour and I felt as though it was about to come bursting out through my ribs, but I forced myself to be calm.

"If he isn't back by then, we'll get the gang and the fuzz out looking for him. Until then, you sleep Darry. You need it."

"No," he answered in a soft, heartbroken voice. "You sleep. I just need to ... think."

When I opened my mouth to speak, he just looked at me with the most melancholic eyes you've ever seen, and whispered, "please." I would have continued to try and force him to have a rest, but I wasn't able to argue with him in the state he was in. Besides, I was exhausted myself after the day's events. I fell into bed, noticing Pony's absence beside me, but I was asleep in second.

"Soda," Darry was shaking me. "Hey Soda, wake up."

"What are you doing?" I asked him. "It's still dark out."

Darry wiped his moist eyes with the back of his clammy hand but he had a determined look on his face.

"I know, I know," he muttered in an impatient voice. "But I ain't gonna wait around here doing nothing while my kid brother could be out there in trouble."

I knew how he was feeling, helpless and guilty, but that was it. Next thing I knew, we were racing down the street on a search for our brother, for our incredible, genius brother who didn't even think we loved him.

"Whoa, wait a minute. What's wrong with you two?" We had run into Two-bit coming round a street-corner. He smelled of cigarettes and booze but I was glad to see him. I quickly raced through the past few hours' events. Two-bit stood there looking at me, his notorious grin gone from his face.

"Oh, shoot. I sure hope he ain't gotten himself into trouble. How's Darry managing?" I didn't have to say anything, he was standing a few feet back, looking at the ground and muttering to himself.

"Hmm," Two-bit grunted. "Well, if it's any help, last I saw him he was with Johnny. Tell you what, I'll help you look for him." I took this in.

"The more the merrier," I said with a sarcastic grin.

We had searched everywhere we thought they could be; the lot, the Dingo and the alleys. We even went to Johnny's house, where we were merely told that he wasn't home by an impatient Mrs Cade.

"We'll check the park," I told Darry and Two-bit, trying to force hope into my voice. "They might be there."

Darry had really been working himself into a frenzy. "Sure," he whispered in a hopeless voice. We raced to the park as fast as we could, our legs feeling like jelly. We were doubled over at the edge of the park when I heard Two-bit taking a big gulp.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Over there," he almost cried, pointing to the fountain. I turned to look where he was pointing. Then I saw it.

"Oh my..." Darry murmured. There was a pool of blood forming around the motionless body of what could only be a soc in his madras shirt.

"I'm sorry," a voice said from behind us. It was Dally.