**Passage from *The Outsiders***

**Instructions:** Using the passage below, adapt all or most of it into panels of a graphic novel. Draw the setting based on the descriptions that are included in the passage.

It was almost four months ago. I had walked down to the DX station to get a bottle of pop and to see Steve and Soda, because they’ll always buy me a couple of bottles and let me help work on the cars. I don’t like to go on weekends because then there is usually a bunch of girls down there flirting with Soda—all kinds of girls, Socs too. I don’t care too much for girls yet. Soda says I’ll grow out of it. He did.

It was a warmish spring day with the sun shining bright, but it was getting chilly and dark by the time we started for home. We were walking because we had left Steve’s car at the station. At the corner of the block there’s a wide, open field where we play football and hang out, and it’s often a site for rumbles and fist fights. We were passing it, kicking rocks down the street and finishing our last bottle of Pepsi, when Steve noticed something lying on the ground. He picked it up. It was Johnny’s blue-jeans jacket—the only jacket he had.

“Looks like Johnny forgot his jacket,” Steve said, slinging it over his shoulder to take it by Johnny’s house. Suddenly he stopped and examined it more carefully. There was a stain the color of rust across the collar. He looked at the ground. There were some more stains on the grass. He looked up and across the field with a stricken expression on his face. I think we all heard the low moan and saw the dark motionless hump on the other side of the lot at the same time. Soda reached him first. Johnny was lying face down on the ground. Soda turned him over gently and I nearly got sick. Someone had beaten him badly.

We were used to seeing Johnny banged up—his father clobbered him around a lot, and although it made us madder than heck, we couldn’t do anything about it. But those beatings had been nothing like this. Johnny’s face was cut up and bruised and swollen, and there was a wide gash from his temple to his cheekbone. He would carry that scar all his life. His white t-shirt was splattered with blood. I just stood there, trembling with sudden cold. I thought he might be dead; surely nobody could be beaten like that and live. Steve closed his eyes for a second and muffled a groan as he dropped on his knees beside Soda.

Somehow the gang sensed what had happened. Two-Bit was suddenly there beside me, and for once his comical grin was gone and his dancing gray eyes were stormy. Darry had seen us from our porch and ran toward us, suddenly skidding to a halt. Dally was there, too, swearing under his breath, and turning away with a sick expression on his face. I wondered about it vaguely. Dally had seen people killed on the streets of New York’s West Side. Why did he look sick now?

“Johnny?” Soda lifted him up and held him against his shoulder. He gave the limp body a slight shake. “Hey, Johnnycake.”

Johnny didn’t open his eyes, but there came a soft question. “Soda?”