

The Battle Raged On

Ponyboy twisted the doorknob and pushed it open. Inside, Darry sat in the armchair, reading yesterday's paper. The room was dark, with only the dim light of the lamp next to Darry on. Darry's silhouette unnerved Ponyboy, unmoving and solid. The room was silent, if it were not Soda's snoring in the couch and the paper rustling. Closing the door, Ponyboy knew that Darry will hear the click. "*Click!*" It was done.

"Where the heck have you been?" Darry's form shifted a bit, Ponyboy felt Darry's dark stare from where he stood. He knew Darry was beyond furious.

"I . . . I went to sleep in the lot. . ."

"You what?" Darry's shout woke up Soda. Even before Soda could try to prevent them from arguing, he turned on the lights, wondering why the room was so poorly lit. He could hardly see his way around the room. Turning around, he saw a sight he never thought he should or would ever want to see.

In front of the door, stood Ponyboy, but not exactly. Ponyboy wasn't exactly Ponyboy. Instead, it was a girl, that looked exactly like Ponyboy. Ponygirl? Soda was just about to ask Darry when he froze, this shouldn't be possible, Soda thought. Darry stood menacingly with his cowl down, this shouldn't be possible, Soda thought. Darry was... Darry was...

"Batman!" Soda screamed, sitting up from the couch. Looking around, he noticed that the room was well lit, turning to look for Darry, he was glad to see that Darry wasn't around. Weird dreams, Soda thought, just plain weird. So he laid back down and stared into the ceiling.

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“You what?” Hearing this from Darry, Soda sat up and turned to see that Ponyboy has returned. As Soda was about to speak up, Darry turned to him and that was when he saw something odd. Something that shouldn’t be there, Darry’s hands were massive, it was the size of a basketball. Quickly rubbing his eyes, Soda was glad to see that Darry’s hands were normal sized. Soda turned to Ponyboy to greet him when he saw Ponyboy’s lower half. He couldn’t believe it. It shouldn’t be there. . . It was wrong. . . Ponyboy was a . . .

“Centaur!” Soda screamed, opening his eyes, he looked around, he could hear the arguments and yelling between his siblings.

“I didn’t mean to.”

“Do *you* have any idea how stupid you are? Did you ever wonder that your siblings might be worried about you? That if we called the police, that you’re missing, we’ll be separated?”

“I said I didn’t mean to. . .”

“I didn’t mean to!”

Soda decided to step in at this point, he was about to talk when Darry snapped at him and Ponyboy got even angrier.

“You don’t yell at him!” Ponyboy shouted at Darry. Then, Soda saw Darry do the unexpected, he slapped Ponyboy. There was a stunned silence.

Ponyboy rose slowly and looked at Darry and smiled, “Oh, so that’s how it is...”

He pulled out his bows and arrows and started shooting Darry. Darry dove to the back of the couch and tapped his earpiece, "The horse is in offense, I repeat, the horse is in offense."

Soda was dumbfounded, what in the world was going on?

"Soda! Join my side, I will give ice cream!" Darry yelled at him.

"No! Soda join my side, we look alike and must stick together!" Ponyboy told Soda.

Suddenly, Darry popped up again and threw a spear to Ponyboy, this time Ponyboy flipped a table and hid behind it. In retaliation, he threw ninja stars to Darry, though Darry was able to block it. The battle raged on, Darry and Ponyboy taking turns on who throws their weapons. Only Soda watched, as their living room slowly deteriorated as Darry's and Ponyboy's attacks and weapons grew more advanced and explosive. The only one to notice the oddity of their behaviors was Soda, and for some odd reason, he was never hit by the weapons.

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"No. . . Darry. . . Batman. . .you can't be him. . ." Soda mumbled shifting in the couch, distracting Darry and Ponyboy, leaving them with an awkward pause. As Darry opened his

mouth to speak again, Soda, once again, interrupted him, “Centaur. . . Ponyboy. . . No more. . . Basketball. . .”

With this, Ponyboy and Darry stared at each other, wondering the same thing. *What in the world is Sodapop dreaming about?*

“I. . . ice cream. . . don’t wave. . . those ninja stars. . . the couch. . . table. . . spears. . . destroy. . . destroy. . .”