

NOVEL #1 : *FIFTY SHADES OF GREY*

NO	CATEGORY	DATA
1.	Hard Work	So young – and attractive, very attractive. He’s tall, dressed in a fine gray suit, white shirt, and black tie with unruly dark copper colored hair and intense, bright gray eyes that regard me shrewdly. It takes a moment for me to find my voice. (James, 2012: 10)
2.	Hard Work	“You’re very young to have amassed such an empire. To what do you owe your success?” I glance up at him. His smile is rueful, but he looks vaguely disappointed. “Business is all about people, Miss Steele, and I’m very good at judging people. (James, 2012: 11)
3.	Hard Work	“Maybe you’re just lucky.” This isn’t on Kate’s list – but he’s so arrogant. His eyes flare momentarily in surprise. “I don’t subscribe to luck or chance, Miss Steele. The harder I work the more luck I seem to have. It really is all about having the right people on your team and directing their energies accordingly. I think it was Harvey Firestone who said ‘the growth and development of people is the highest calling of leadership.’” “You sound like a control freak.” The words are out of my mouth before I can stop them. (James, 2012: 11-12)
4.	Sadist	“I’m a Dominant.” His eyes are a scorching gray, intense. “What does that mean?” I whisper. “It means I want you to willingly surrender yourself to me, in all things.” I frown at him as I try to assimilate this idea. “Why would I do that?” “To please me,” he whispers as he cocks his head to one side, and I see a ghost of a smile. (James, 2012: 72)
5.	Sadist	“What do you mean?” “Physically, will you hurt me?” “I will punish you when you require it, and it will be painful.” I think I feel a little faint. I take another sip of wine. Alcohol - this will make me brave. (James,

		2012: 76)
6.	Sadist	Failure to comply with any of the above will result in immediate punishment, the nature of which shall be determined by the Dominant. (James, 2012: 77)
7.	Sadist	<p>“I want to fuck your mouth, Anastasia, and I will soon,” his voice is hoarse, raw, his breathing more disjointed.</p> <p>Fuck my mouth! I moan, and I bite down on him. He gasps, and he pulls my hair tighter, painfully, so I release him. (James, 2012: 86)</p> <p>“Naughty, sweet girl,” he whispers, and then reaches over to the bedside table for a foil packet. “Stay still, don’t move,” he orders as he releases my hair. (James, 2012: 86)</p>
8.	Sadist	<p>“Oh, please,” I beg. I’m not sure I can take much more. My body is wound so tight, craving release.</p> <p>“I want you sore, baby,” he murmurs, and he continues his sweet, leisurely torment, backward, forward.</p> <p>“Every time you move tomorrow, I want you to be reminded that I’ve been here. Only me. You are mine.” (James, 2012: 87)</p>
9.	Sadist	<p>He raises his eyebrows.</p> <p>“Red Room of Pain? It’s mostly about pleasure, Anastasia. Believe me,” he says. “Besides,” his tone is harsher. “Your room-mate is making the beast with two backs with my brother. I’d really rather you didn’t.” (James, 2012: 95)</p>
10.	Sadist	<p>He doesn’t hit me in the same place twice in succession – he’s spreading the pain.</p> <p>“Aargh!” I cry out on the tenth slap – and I’m unaware that I have been mentally counting the blows.</p> <p>“I’m just getting warmed up.”</p> <p>He hits me again then he strokes me softly. (James, 2012: 193)</p>
11.	Sadist	<p>“I like the control it brings me, Anastasia. I want you to behave in a particular way, and if you don’t, I shall punish you, and you will learn to behave the way I desire. I enjoy punishing you. I’ve wanted to spank you since you asked me if I was gay.” (James, 2012: 201)</p>

12.	Reserved (Closed Personality)	<p>“Would your friends say you’re easy to get to know?” And I regret the question as soon as I say it. It’s not on Kate’s list.</p> <p>“I’m a very private person, Miss Steele. I go a long way to protect my privacy. I don’t often give interviews,” he trails off.</p> <p>“Why did you agree to do this one?” (James, 2012: 7)</p>
13.	Reserved (Closed Personality)	<p>“What do your siblings do?”</p> <p>“Elliot’s in construction and my little sister is in Paris, studying cookery under some renowned French chef.” His eyes cloud with irritation. He doesn’t want to talk about his family or himself. (James, 2012: 30)</p>
14.	Reserved (Closed Personality)	<p>“Why can’t you tell me now?” I sound petulant.</p> <p>“Because I’m enjoying my breakfast and your company. Once you’re enlightened, you probably won’t want to see me again.” (James, 2012: 55)</p>
15.	Reserved (Closed Personality)	<p>“What does this agreement mean?”</p> <p>“It means you cannot disclose anything about us. Anything, to anyone.” I stare at him in disbelief. Holy shit. It’s bad, really bad, and now I’m very curious to know.</p> <p>“Okay. I’ll sign.” (James, 2012: 69)</p>
16.	Reserved (Closed Personality)	<p>“Have you ever been beaten?” I ask.</p> <p>“Yes.”</p> <p>Oh... that surprises me. Before I can question him on this revelation further, he interrupts my train of thought.</p> <p>“Let’s discuss this in my study. I want to show you something.” (James, 2012: 75-76)</p>
17.	Reserved (Closed Personality)	<p>It illustrates what I can expect from him and what he expects from me – my total submission. Am I prepared to give him that? Am I even capable?</p> <p>I am plagued by one question - why is he like this? Is it because he was seduced at such a young age? I just don’t know. He’s still such a mystery. (James, 2012: 133)</p>
18.	Reserved (Closed Personality)	<p>“My mother liked you,” he says dryly.</p> <p>“Really?” His words make me flush with pleasure.</p> <p>“Oh yes. She’s always thought I was gay.”</p>

		<p>My mouth drops open, and I remember that question... from the interview. Oh no. “Why did she think you were gay?” I whisper. “Because she’s never seen me with a girl.” “Oh... not even one of the fifteen?” He smiles. “You remembered. No, none of the fifteen.” “Oh.” “You know, Anastasia, it’s been a weekend of firsts for me, too,” he says quietly. “It has?” (James, 2012: 109)</p>
19.	Jealousy	<p>“I like my tea black and weak,” I mutter as an explanation. “I see. Is he your boyfriend?” Whoa... What? “Who?” “The photographer. José Rodriguez.” I laugh, nervous but curious. What gave him that impression? “No. José’s a good friend of mine, that’s all. Why did you think he was my boyfriend?” “The way you smiled at him, and he at you.” His gray gaze holds mine. He’s so unnerving. I want to look away but I’m caught – spellbound. “He’s more like family,” I whisper. Grey nods slightly, seemingly satisfied with my response, and glances down at his blueberry muffin. His long fingers deftly peel back the paper, and I watch, fascinated. (James, 2012: 33)</p>
20.	Jealousy	<p>“And the boy I met yesterday, at the store. He’s not your boyfriend?” “No. Paul’s just a friend. I told you yesterday.” Oh, this is getting silly. “Why do you ask?” “You seem nervous around men.” Holy crap, that’s personal. I’m just nervous around you, Grey. “I find you intimidating.” I flush scarlet, but mentally pat myself on the back for my candor, and gaze at my hands again. I hear his sharp intake of breath. “You should find me intimidating,” he nods. (James, 2012: 33)</p>

21.	Jealousy	<p>“You need to eat. That’s why you were so ill. Honestly Anastasia, it’s drinking rule number one.” He runs this hand through his hair, and I know it’s because he’s exasperated.</p> <p>“Are you going to continue to scold me?”</p> <p>“Is that what I’m doing?”</p> <p>“I think so.”</p> <p>“You’re lucky I’m just scolding you.”</p> <p>“What do you mean?”</p> <p>“Well, if you were mine, you wouldn’t be able to sit down for a week after the stunt you pulled yesterday. You didn’t eat, you got drunk, you put yourself at risk.” He closes his eyes, dread etched on his lovely face, and he shudders slightly. When he opens his eyes, he glares at me. “I hate to think what could have happened to you. (James, 2012: 50)</p>
22.	Jealousy	<p>“I’ll just make a call,” I murmur. I just want to hear Kate’s voice. He frowns.</p> <p>“The photographer?” His jaw clenches, and his eyes burn. I blink at him. “I don’t like to share, Miss Steele. Remember that.” His quiet, chilling tone is a warning, and with one long, cold look at me, he heads back to the bedroom.</p> <p>Holy crap. I just wanted to call Kate, I want to call after him, but his sudden aloofness has left me paralyzed. What happened to the generous, relaxed, smiling man who was making love to me not half an hour ago? (James, 2012: 106)</p>
23.	Discipline	<p>Okay, this evening,” he acquiesces. “Now eat your breakfast.”</p> <p>My thoughts and my stomach are in turmoil. My appetite has vanished. I stare at my half-eaten breakfast. I’m just not hungry.</p> <p>“Eat, Anastasia. You didn’t eat last night.”</p> <p>“I’m really not hungry,” I whisper.</p> <p>His eyes narrow.</p> <p>“I would really like you to finish your breakfast.”</p> <p>“What is it with you and food?” I blurt. His brow knits.</p> <p>“I told you, I have issues with wasted food. Eat,” he snaps. His eyes are dark, pained. (James, 2012: 94)</p>

24.	Discipline	The Dominant may discipline the Submissive as necessary to ensure the Submissive fully appreciates her role of subservience to the Dominant and to discourage unacceptable conduct. The Dominant may flog, spank, whip or corporally punish the Submissive as he sees fit, for purposes of discipline, for his own personal enjoyment, or for any other reason, which he is not obliged to provide. (James, 2012: 119)
25.	Discipline	“You’re very verbose.” He smiles. “Discipline. There’s a very fine line between pleasure and pain Anastasia. They are two sides of the same coin, one not existing without the other. I can show you how pleasurable pain can be. You don’t believe me now, but this is what I mean about trust. There will be pain, but nothing that you can’t handle. Again, it comes down to trust. Do you trust me, Ana?” (James, 2012: 156)
26.	Intimidate	“I have rules, and I want you to comply with them. They are for your benefit and for my pleasure. If you follow these rules to my satisfaction, I shall reward you. If you don’t, I shall punish you, and you will learn,” he whispers. I glance at the rack of canes as he says this. (James, 2012: 73)
27.	Dominant	You’re a sadist?” “I’m a Dominant.” His eyes are a scorching gray, intense. “What does that mean?” I whisper. “It means I want you to willingly surrender yourself to me, in all things.” I frown at him as I try to assimilate this idea. (James, 2012: 72)
28.	Dominant	This is normality. It’s so grounding and welcomes after the last forty-eight hours of... madness. I eat my first unhurried, no nagging, peaceful meal in that time. What is it about him and food? Kate clears the dishes, and I finish packing up the living room. We are left with the couch, the TV, and the dining table. What more could we need? (James, 2012: 115)
29.	Dominant	“Did you choose these deliberately? Aren’t they known for their aphrodisiac qualities?” “No, they are the first item on the menu. I don’t need an aphrodisiac near you. I think you know that, and I think you react the same way near me,” he says simply. (James, 2012: 154)
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31.	Dominant	I raise an eyebrow at Christian, who smirks back at me. “You know, sometimes it’s great being me,” he says with a conspiratorial but smug grin that I simply can’t help emulating. He’s so lovable when he’s playful and carefree. He opens my car door with an exaggerated bow, and in I climb. He is in such a good mood. (James, 2012: 309)
32.	Emotional	I scowl with frustration at myself in the mirror. Damn my hair – it just won’t behave, and damn Katherine Kavanagh for being ill and subjecting me to this ordeal. I should be studying for my final exams, which are next week, yet here I am trying to brush my hair into submission. I must not sleep with it wet. I must not sleep with it wet. Reciting this mantra several times, I attempt, once more, to bring it under control with the brush. I roll my eyes in exasperation and gaze at the pale, brown-haired girl with blue eyes too big for her face staring back at me, and give up. My only option is to restrain my wayward hair in a ponytail and hope that I look semi presentable. Kate is my roommate, and she has chosen today of all days to succumb to the flu. Therefore, she cannot attend the interview she’d arranged to do, with some mega-industrialist tycoon I’ve never heard of, for the student newspaper. So I have been volunteered. (James, 2012: 7)
33.	Sensual	“Why do you insist on calling me Anastasia?” “Because it’s your name.” “I prefer Ana.” “Do you now?” he murmurs. We are almost at my apartment. It’s not taken long. “Anastasia,” he muses. I scowl at him, but he ignores my expression. “What happened in the elevator - it won’t happen again, well, not unless it’s premeditated.” He pulls up outside my duplex. I belatedly realize he’s not asked me where I live - yet he knows. But then he sent the books, of course he knows where I live. What able, cellphone-tracking, helicopter owning, stalker wouldn’t. Why won’t he kiss me again? I pout at the thought. I don’t understand. (James, 2012: 60)
34.	Sensual	“You’d be amazed,” he says dryly. “Then why me? I really don’t understand.” “Anastasia, I’ve told you. There’s something about you. I can’t leave you alone.” He smiles ironically. “I’m like a moth to a flame.” His voice darkens. “I want you very badly, especially

		now, when you're biting your lip again." He takes a deep breath and swallows. My stomach somersaults – he wants me... in a weird way, true, but this beautiful, strange, kinky man wants me. (James, 2012: 75)
35.	Naive and Blushful	Holy fuck. "Hard limits?" I ask. "Yes. What you won't do, what I won't do, we need to specify in our agreement." "I'm not sure about accepting money for clothes. It feels wrong." I shift uncomfortably, the word 'ho' rattling round my head. "I want to lavish money on you, let me buy you some clothes. I may need you to accompany me to functions, and I want you dressed well. I'm sure your salary, when you do get a job, won't cover the kind of clothes I'd like you to wear." "I don't have to wear them when I'm not with you?" (James, 2012: 77)
36.	Naive and Blushful	"I've never done anything like this." "Well, when you've had sex, was there anything that you didn't like doing?" For the first time in what seems to be ages, I blush. "You can tell me, Anastasia. We have to be honest with each other or this isn't going to work." I squirm uncomfortably again and stare at my knotted fingers. "Tell me," he commands. "Well... I've not had sex before, so I don't know." My voice is small. I peek up at him, and he's staring at me, mouth-open, frozen, and pale - really pale. "Never?" he whispers. I shake my head. (James, 2012: 78)
37.	Naive and Blushful	"Oh, Ana," he breathes. "You have the most beautiful skin, pale and flawless. I want to kiss every single inch of it." I flush. Oh my... Why did he say he couldn't make love? I will do anything he wants. He grasps my hair tie, pulls it free, and gasps as my hair cascades down around my shoulders. "I like brunettes," he murmurs, and both of his hands are in my hair, grasping each side of my head. His kiss is demanding, his tongue and lips coaxing mine. (James, 2012: 78)
38.	Liking	"I emerge from the suite to find Christian Grey waiting, leaning up against the wall, looking like a male model in a pose for some glossy high-end magazine.

		<p>“Okay, let’s do coffee,” I murmur, flushing a beet red. He grins. “After you, Miss Steele.” He stands up straight, holding his hand out for me to go first. I make my way down the corridor, my knees shaky, my stomach full of butterflies, and my heart in my mouth thumping a dramatic uneven beat. <i>I am going to have coffee with Christian Grey... and I hate coffee.</i>” (James, 2012: 31)</p>
39.	Liking	<p>“The doors open and, much to my surprise, Grey takes my hand, clasping it with his long cool fingers. I feel the current run through me, and my already rapid heartbeat accelerates. As he leads me out of the elevator, we can hear the suppressed giggles of the couple erupting behind us. Grey grins. “What is it about elevators?” he mutters. (James, 2012: 32)</p>
40.	Infatuated Love	<p>“Where were we, Miss Steele?” <i>Oh, we’re back to ‘Miss Steele’ now.</i> “Please don’t let me keep you from anything.” “I want to know about you. I think that’s only fair.” His gray eyes are alight with curiosity. Double crap. Where’s he going with this? He places his elbows on the arms of the chair and steepled his fingers in front of his mouth. His mouth is very... distracting. I swallow. “There’s not much to know,” I say, flushing again. (James, 2012: 14)</p>
41.	Empty Love	<p>“Anastasia, she helped me, that’s all I’ll say about that. And as for your jealousy, put yourself in my shoes. I haven’t had to justify my actions to anyone in the last seven years. Not one person. I do as I wish, Anastasia. I like my autonomy. I didn’t go and see Mrs. Robinson to upset you. I went because every now and then we have dinner. She’s a friend and a business partner.” Business partner? Holy crap. This is news. He gazes at me, assessing my expression. “Yes, we’re business partners. The sex is over between us. It has been for years.” “Why did your relationship finish?” His mouth narrows, and his eyes gleam. “Her husband found out.” (James, 2012: 293)</p>

42.	Romantic Love	<p>The restaurant is small and intimate, a wooden chalet in the middle of a forest. The décor is rustic: random chairs and tables with gingham tablecloths, wild flowers in little vases. <i>Cuisine Sauvage</i>, it boasts above the door.</p> <p>“I’ve not been here for a while. We don’t get a choice – they cook whatever they’ve caught or gathered.” He raises his eyebrows in mock horror, and I have to laugh. The waitress takes our drinks order. She flushes when she sees Christian, avoiding eye contact with him, hiding under her long blonde bangs. She likes him! <i>It’s not just me!</i> (James, 2012: 108)</p>
43.	Romantic Love	<p>“It’s cooler now, don’t you have a jacket?”</p> <p>“No.”</p> <p>He shakes his head in irritation and takes off his jacket.</p> <p>“Here. I don’t want you catching cold.”</p> <p>I blink up at him as he holds it open, and as I hold my arms out behind me, I’m reminded of the time in his office when he slipped my coat onto my shoulders – the first time I met him – and the effect he had on me then. Nothing’s changed, in fact, it’s more intense. (James, 2012: 160)</p>
44.	Companionate Love	<p>He moves us through the crowded throng of dancers to the other side of the dance floor, and we are beside Kate and Elliot, Christian’s brother. The music is pounding away, loud and leery, outside and inside my head. I gasp. Kate is making her moves. She’s dancing her ass off, and she only ever does that if she likes someone. Really likes someone. It means there’ll be three of us for breakfast tomorrow morning. Kate! (James, 2011: 48)</p>
45.	Companionate Love	<p>“Mother, this is Anastasia Steele. Anastasia, this is Grace Trevelyan-Grey.”</p> <p>Dr. Trevelyan-Grey holds her hand out to me. T... for Trevelyan?</p> <p>“What a pleasure to meet you,” she murmurs. If I’m not mistaken, there is wonder and maybe stunned relief in her voice and a warm glow in her hazel eyes. I grasp her hand, and I can’t help but smile, returning her warmth.</p> <p>“Dr. Trevelyan-Grey,” I murmur. (James, 2011: 114)</p>
46.	Fatuous Love	<p>I thaw a little and take another sip of champagne.</p> <p>“Right – bondage,” he says, returning to the list. I examine the list, and my inner goddess bounces up and down like a small child waiting for ice cream.</p>

		<p>Is Bondage acceptable to the Submissive?</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Hands in front • Hands behind back • Ankles • Knees • Elbows • Wrists to ankles • Spreader bars • Tied to furniture • Blindfolding • Gagging • Bondage with Rope • Bondage with Tape • Bondage with leather cuffs • Suspension • Bondage with handcuffs/metal restraints (James, 2012: 181-182)
47.	Consummate Love	<p>“Look, over there.” He points to a small pin-point of light in the far distance. “That’s Seattle.”</p> <p>“Do you always impress women this way? Come and fly in my helicopter?” I ask, genuinely interested.</p> <p>“I’ve never bought a girl up here, Anastasia. It’s another first for me.” His voice is quiet, serious. Oh, that was an unexpected answer. Another first? Oh the sleeping thing, perhaps?</p> <p>“Are you impressed?”</p> <p>“I’m awed, Christian.”</p> <p>He smiles.</p> <p>“Awed?” And for a brief moment, he’s his age again.</p> <p>I nod.</p> <p>“You’re just so... competent.” (James, 2012: 66)</p>
48.		<p>“Release,” Christian says into the radio, and suddenly the Piper disappears, and the pulling sensation provided by the small plane ceases. We’re floating, floating over Georgia.</p> <p><i>Holy fuck – it’s exciting.</i> The plane banks and turns as the wing dips, and we spiral toward the</p>

		<p>sun. <i>Icarus. This is it.</i> I am flying close to the sun, but he’s with me, leading me. I gasp at the realization. We spiral and spiral and, the view in this morning light is spectacular.</p> <p>“Hold on tight!” he shouts, and we dip again – only this time he doesn’t stop. suddenly, I am upside down, looking at the ground through the top of the cockpit canopy. I squeal loudly, my arms automatically lashing out, my hands splayed on the Perspex to stop me falling. I can hear him laughing. <i>Bastard!</i> But his joy is infectious, and I am laughing too as he rights the plane. (James, 2012: 315)</p>
49.	Faithfulness in Relationships	<p>“I inspect the bag of jeans. Not only has Taylor brought me jeans and new Converse, but a pale blue shirt, socks, and underwear. Oh my. A clean bra and panties – actually to describe them in such a mundane, utilitarian way does not do them justice. They are an exquisite design of some fancy European lingerie. All pale blue lace and finery. Wow. I am in awe and slightly daunted by this underwear. . What’s more, they fit perfectly. But of course they do.” (James, 2012: 52)</p>
50.	Faithfulness in Relationships	<p>“Outside, it’s a mild May Sunday. The sun is shining and the traffic is light. Grey turns left and strolls to the corner, where we stop waiting for the lights of the pedestrian crossing to change. He’s still holding my hand. <i>I’m in the street, and Christian Grey is holding my hand.</i> No one has ever held my hand. I feel giddy, and I tingle all over. I attempt to smother the ridiculous grin that threatens to split my face in two. <i>Try to be cool, Ana,</i> my subconscious implores me. The green man appears, and we’re off again.” (James, 2012: 32)</p>
51.	Faithfulness in Higher Power	<p>“Well, you know a lot more about me now,” he snaps, his mouth presses into a hard line. “I knew you were inexperienced, but a <i>virgin!</i>” He says it like it’s a really dirty word. “Hell, Ana, I just showed you,” he groans. “May God forgive me. Have you ever been kissed, apart from by me?” (James, 2012: 79)</p>
52.	Faithfulness to oneself	<p>“I am going to tie you to that bed, Anastasia. But I’m going to blindfold you first and,” he reveals his iPod in his hand, “you will not be able to hear me. All you will hear is the music I am going to play for you.”</p> <p>Okay. A musical interlude, not what I was expecting. Does he ever do what I expect? Jeez, I hope it’s not rap.</p> <p>“Come.” Taking my hand, he leads me over to the antique four-poster bed. There are shackles</p>

		<p>attached at each corner, fine metal chains with leather cuffs, glinting against the red satin. Oh boy, I think my heart is going to leave my chest, and I'm melting from the inside out, desire coursing through me. Could I be any more excited? "Stand here." (James, 2012: 337-338)</p>
53.	Structure macro (Thematic)	<p>Kate is my roommate, and she has chosen today of all days to succumb to the flu. Therefore, she cannot attend the interview she'd arranged to do, with some mega-industrialist tycoon I've never heard of, for the student newspaper. So I have been volunteered. I have final exams to cram for, one essay to finish, and I'm supposed to be working this afternoon, but no – today I have to drive a hundred and sixty-five miles to downtown Seattle in order to meet the enigmatic CEO of Grey Enterprises Holdings Inc. (James, 2012: 7)</p>
54.	Structure macro (Thematic)	<p>I thaw a little and take another sip of champagne. "Right – bondage," he says, returning to the list. I examine the list, and my inner goddess bounces up and down like a small child waiting for ice cream. Is Bondage acceptable to the Submissive?</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Hands in front • Hands behind back • Ankles • Knees • Elbows • Wrists to ankles • Spreader bars • Tied to furniture • Blindfolding • Gagging • Bondage with Rope • Bondage with Tape • Bondage with leather cuffs • Suspension • Bondage with handcuffs/metal restraints (James, 2012: 181-182)
	Structure macro (Thematic)	<p>The walls and ceiling are a deep, dark burgundy, giving a womb-like effect to the spacious room,</p>

55.		and the floor is old, old varnished wood. There is a large wooden cross like an X fastened to the wall facing the door. It's made of high-polished mahogany, and there are restraining cuffs on each corner. Above it is an expansive iron grid suspended from the ceiling, eight-foot square at least, and from it hang all manner of ropes, chains, and glinting shackles. By the door, two long, polished, ornately carved poles, like spindles from a banister but longer, hang like curtain rods across the wall. (James, 2012: 71)
56.	Structure macro (Thematic)	But what dominates the room is a bed. It's bigger than king-size, an ornately carved rococo four-poster with a flat top. It looks late nineteenth century. Under the canopy, I can see more gleaming chains and cuffs. There is no bedding... just a mattress covered in red leather and red satin cushions piled at one end. (James, 2012: 72)
57.	Structure macro (Thematic)	Kate is my roommate, and she has chosen today of all days to succumb to the flu. Therefore, she cannot attend the interview she'd arranged to do, with some mega-industrialist tycoon I've never heard of, for the student newspaper. So I have been volunteered. I have final exams to cram for, one essay to finish, and I'm supposed to be working this afternoon, but no – today I have to drive a hundred and sixty-five miles to downtown Seattle in order to meet the enigmatic CEO of Grey Enterprises Holdings Inc. (James, 2012: 7)
58.	Structure macro (Thematic)	<p>“Well, you'd better drive carefully.” His tone is stern, authoritative. Why should he care? “Did you get everything you need?” he adds.</p> <p>“Yes sir,” I reply, packing the recorder into my satchel. His eyes narrow, speculatively.</p> <p>“Thank you for the interview, Mr. Grey.”</p> <p>“The pleasure's been all mine,” he says, polite as ever.</p> <p>As I rise, he stands and holds out his hand.</p> <p>“Until we meet again, Miss Steele.” And it sounds like a challenge, or a threat, I'm not sure which. I frown. When will we ever meet again? I shake his hand once more, astounded that that odd current between us is still there. It must be my nerves. (James, 2012: 15)</p>
59.	Structure macro (Thematic)	<p>I thaw a little and take another sip of champagne.</p> <p>“Right – bondage,” he says, returning to the list. I examine the list, and my inner goddess bounces up and down like a small child waiting for ice cream.</p>

		<p>Is Bondage acceptable to the Submissive?</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Hands in front • Hands behind back • Ankles • Knees • Elbows • Wrists to ankles • Spreader bars • Tied to furniture • Blindfolding • Gagging • Bondage with Rope • Bondage with Tape • Bondage with leather cuffs • Suspension • Bondage with handcuffs/metal restraints (James, 2012: 181-182)
60.	Structure macro (Thematic)	<p>“I could try,” I whisper. “Good.” He smiles. “Now term. One month instead of three is no time at all, especially if you want a weekend away from me each month. I don’t think I’ll be able to stay away from you for that length of time. I can barely manage it now,” he pauses. He can’t stay away from me? What? “How about, one day over one weekend per month you get to yourself – but I get a midweek night that week?” “Okay.” “And please, let’s try it for three months. If it’s not for you then, you can walk away anytime.” “Three months?” I’m feeling railroaded. I take another large sip of wine and treat myself to another oyster. I could learn to like these. (James, 2012: 155)</p>
61.	Structure macro (Thematic)	<p>This man, whom I once thought of as a romantic hero – a brave shining white knight, or the dark knight as he said. He’s not a hero, he’s a man with serious, deep emotional flaws, and he’s dragging me into the dark. Can I not guide him into the light?</p>

		<p>“I still want more,” I whisper. “I know,” he says. “I’ll try.” I blink up at him, and he relinquishes my hand and pulls at my chin, releasing my trapped lip. “For you, Anastasia, I will try.” He’s radiating sincerity. (James, 2012: 249)</p>
62.	Structure macro (Thematic)	<p>I shudder at the thought of being flogged or whipped. Spanking probably wouldn’t be so bad, humiliating though. And tied up? Well he did tie my hands together. That was... well it was hot, really hot, so perhaps that won’t be so bad. He won’t loan me to another Dominant – damn right he won’t. That would be totally unacceptable. <i>Why am I even thinking about this?</i> (James, 2012: 124)</p>
63.	Structure macro (Thematic)	<p>“Don’t touch me!” I hiss. I straighten and stare at him, and he’s watching me as if I might bolt, gray eyes wide, bemused. I dash the tears angrily out of my eyes with the backs of my hands, glaring at him. “This is what you really like? Me, like this?” I use the sleeve of the bathrobe to wipe my nose. He gazes at me warily. “Well, you are one fucked-up son of a bitch.” “Ana,” he pleads, shocked. “Don’t you dare, Ana me! You need to sort your shit out, Grey!” And with that, I turn stiffly, and I walk out of the playroom, closing the door quietly behind me. (James, 2012: 351)</p>
64.	Microstructure (Background)	<p>“Christian is taking me to Seattle this evening.” “Seattle?” “Yes.” “Maybe you will <i>then?</i>” “Oh, I hope so.” (James, 2012: 62)</p>
65.	Microstructure (Background)	<p>Well... I’d better go, then,” I murmur, wincing as I sit up. “No, don’t go.” He sounds panicked. “There’s no point in me staying.” Suddenly, I feel tired, really dog-tired, and I want to go now. I climb out of bed, and Christian follows. “I’m going to get dressed. I’d like some privacy,” I say, my voice flat and empty as I leave him</p>

		standing in the bedroom. (James, 2012: 353)
66.	Microstructure (Detail)	<p>“I’m a very private person, Miss Steele. I go a long way to protect my privacy. I don’t often give interviews,” he trails off.</p> <p>“Why did you agree to do this one?”</p> <p>“Because I’m a benefactor of the University, and for all intents and purposes, I couldn’t get Miss Kavanagh off my back. She badgered and badgered my PR people, and I admire that kind of tenacity.” (James, 2012: 13)</p>
67.	Microstructure (Detail)	<p>“I am going to tie you to that bed, Anastasia. But I’m going to blindfold you first and,” he reveals his iPod in his hand, “you will not be able to hear me. All you will hear is the music I am going to play for you.” (James, 2012: 337)</p>
68.	Microstructure (Detail)	<p>This man, whom I once thought of as a romantic hero – a brave shining white knight, or the dark knight as he said. He’s not a hero, he’s a man with serious, deep emotional flaws, and he’s dragging me into the dark. Can I not guide him into the light?</p> <p>“I still want more,” I whisper.</p> <p>“I know,” he says. “I’ll try.”</p> <p>I blink up at him, and he relinquishes my hand and pulls at my chin, releasing my trapped lip.</p> <p>“For you, Anastasia, I will try.” He’s radiating sincerity. (James, 2012: 249)</p>
69.	Microstructure (Detail)	<p>I shudder at the thought of being flogged or whipped. Spanking probably wouldn’t be so bad, humiliating though. And tied up? Well he did tie my hands together. That was... well it was hot, really hot, so perhaps that won’t be so bad. He won’t loan me to another Dominant – damn right he won’t. That would be totally unacceptable. <i>Why am I even thinking about this?</i> (James, 2012: 124)</p>
70.	Microstructure (Detail)	<p>“Put your hands up on either side of your head,” he orders.</p> <p>I obey immediately.</p> <p>“Why am I doing this, Anastasia?” he asks.</p> <p>“Because I rolled my eyes at you,” I can barely speak.</p> <p>“Do you think that’s polite?”</p> <p>“No.”</p>

		<p>“Will you do it again?”</p> <p>“No.”</p> <p>“I will spank you each time you do it, do you understand?” (James, 2012: 192)</p>
71.	Microstructure (Intention)	<p>“I’m a very private person, Miss Steele. I go a long way to protect my privacy. I don’t often give interviews,” he trails off.</p> <p>“Why did you agree to do this one?”</p> <p>“Because I’m a benefactor of the University, and for all intents and purposes, I couldn’t get Miss Kavanagh off my back. She badgered and badgered my PR people, and I admire that kind of tenacity.” (James, 2012: 13)</p>
72.	Microstructure (Intention)	<p>I am plagued by one question - why is he like this? Is it because he was seduced at such a young age? I just don’t know. He’s still such a mystery.</p> <p>I stop beside a large spruce and put my hands on my knees, breathing hard, dragging precious air into my lungs. Oh, this feels good, cathartic. I can feel my resolve hardening. (James, 2012:134)</p>
73.	Microstructure (Intention)	<p>He’s such a complicated person. And now I have an insight as to why. A young man deprived of his adolescence, sexually abused by some evil Mrs. Robinson figure... no wonder he’s old before his time. My heart fills with sadness at the thought of what he must have been through. (James, 2012: 192)</p>
74.	Syntax (Coherent)	<p>“Is it easy to find women who want to do this?”</p> <p>He raises an eyebrow at me.</p> <p>“You’d be amazed,” he says dryly.</p> <p>“Then why me? I really don’t understand.”</p> <p>“Anastasia, I’ve told you. There’s something about you. I can’t leave you alone.” He smiles ironically. “I’m like a moth to a flame.” His voice darkens. “I want you very badly, especially now, when you’re biting your lip again.” He takes a deep breath and swallows.</p> <p>My stomach somersaults – he wants me... in a weird way, true, but this beautiful, strange, kinky man wants me. (James, 2012: 75)</p>
75.	Syntax (Coherent)	<p>“We’re here <u>because</u> you said yes, Anastasia. And you ran from me. I am going to hit you six times, and you will count with me.”</p>

		Why the hell doesn't he just get on with it? He always makes such a meal of punishing me. I roll my eyes, knowing full well he can't see me. (James, 2012: 192)
76.	Syntax (Coherent)	"I'm mad <u>because</u> you never mentioned Georgia to me. I'm mad <u>because</u> you went drinking with that guy who tried to seduce you when you were drunk and who left you when you were ill with an almost complete stranger. What kind of friend does that? And I'm mad and aroused because you closed your legs on me." His eyes glitter dangerously, and he's slowly inching up the hem of my dress. (James, 2012: 244)
77.	Syntax (Sentence form)	That's why you have to trust me. I will fuck you, any time, anyway, I want – anywhere I want. I will discipline you, <u>because</u> you will screw up. I will train you to please me. But I know you've not done this before. Initially, we'll take it slowly, and I will help you. We'll build up to various scenarios. (James, 2012: 155)
78.	Syntax (Sentence form)	I scowl at her and reach into my back pocket for his business card. I take a deep, steadying breath, and with shaking fingers, I dial the number. (James, 2012: 28)
79	Syntax (Sentence form)	Christian opens the door and directs me to one of the seats at the very front. "Sit – don't touch anything," he orders as he clambers in behind me. (James, 2012: 64)
80.	Syntax (Pronoun)	Therefore, she cannot attend the interview she'd arranged to do, with some mega-industrialist tycoon I've never heard of, for the student newspaper. (James, 2012: 7)
81.	Syntax (Pronoun)	I can make an exception, or maybe combine the two, we'll see. I really want to make love to you. Please, come to bed with me. I want our arrangement to work, but you really need to have some idea what you're getting yourself into. We can start your training tonight – with the basics. This doesn't mean I've come over all hearts and flowers, it's a means to an end, but one that I want, and hopefully you do too. (James, 2012: 80)
82.	Syntax (Pronoun)	He holds his hand out to me, his eyes are bright, fervent... excited, and I put my hand in his. He pulls me up and into his arms so I can feel the length of his body against mine, this swift action taking me by surprise. He runs his fingers round the nape of my neck, winds my ponytail around his wrist, and gently pulls so I'm forced to look up at him. He gazes down at me. (James, 2012:80)
83.	Syntax (Pronoun)	I hope you made it home in that car of yours.

		Let me know if you're okay. (James, 2012: 174)
84.	Syntax (Stylistic)	Aren't you in a meeting? I'm very glad your hand was sore. And if I listened to my body, I'd be in Alaska by now. Ana PS: I will think about embracing these feelings. (James, 2012: 207)
85.	Syntax (Stylistic)	The Dominant may flog, <u>spank</u> , whip or corporally punish the Submissive as he sees fit, for purposes of discipline, for his own personal enjoyment, or for any other reason, which he is not obliged to provide (James, 2012: 119)
86.	Rhetorical (Graphics)	Am I <u>submissive</u> ? Maybe I come across that way. Maybe I misled him in the interview. I'm shy, yes... but <u>submissive</u> ? I let Kate bully me – is that the same? And those soft limits, jeez. My mind boggles, but I'm reassured that they are up for discussion. (James, 2012: 125)
87.	Rhetorical (Graphics)	"Why do you say that?" He cocks his head to one side, intrigued, a hint of a smile playing on his lips. "It's obvious, isn't it?" <i>I'm uncoordinated, scruffy, and I'm not blonde.</i> "Not to me," he murmurs. His gaze is intense, all humor gone, and strange muscles deep in my belly clench suddenly. I tear my eyes away from his scrutiny and stare blindly down at my knotted fingers. (James, 2012: 15)
88.	Rhetorical (Graphics)	<i>Beautiful.</i> I flush with pleasure. Christian Grey thinks I'm beautiful. I knot my fingers together, staring at them hard, trying to conceal my goofy grin. <i>Perhaps he's near-sighted;</i> my subconscious has reared her somnambulant head. (James, 2012: 79)
89.	Rhetorical (Metaphor)	This man, whom I once thought of as a romantic hero – a brave shining white knight, or the dark knight as he said. He's not a hero, he's a man with serious, deep emotional flaws, and he's dragging me into the dark. Can I not guide him into the light? (James, 2012:249)
90.	Rhetorical (Expression)	"He's coming over early Saturday to help load up." She hugs the hairbrush, boy has she got it bad, and I feel a familiar faint stab of envy. Kate has found herself a normal man, and she looks so happy. (James, 2012: 143)
91.	Rhetorical (Expression)	"Aagghh!" I cry out. It takes me by surprise, and it doesn't exactly hurt, but tingles all over, and

		he hits me again. Harder. (James, 2012: 340)
92.	Rhetorical (Expression)	<p>“Please don’t be mad at me,” I whisper. “I’m not mad at you.” I stare at him. He sighs. “Yes, I am mad at you.” He closes his eyes briefly. “Palm-twitchingly mad?” I ask nervously. (James, 2012: 340)</p>

NOVEL #2 : *The Notebook*

NO	CATEGORY	DATA
93.	Hard Work	<p>“He especially liked to look at the trees and their reflections in the river. North Carolina trees are beautiful in deep autumn: greens, yellows, reds, oranges, every shade in between. Their dazzling colors glow with the sun, and for the hundredth time, Noah Calhoun wondered if the original owners of the house had spent their evenings thinking the same things. The house was built in 1772, making it one of the oldest, as well as largest, homes in New Bern. Originally it was the main house on a working plantation, and he had bought it right after the war ended and had spent the last eleven months and a small fortune repairing it.” (Sparks, 1996: 4)</p>
94.	Hard Work	<p>NOAH GOT UP at five and kayaked for an hour up Brices Creek, as he usually did. When he finished he changed into his work clothes, warmed some bread rolls from the day before, grabbed a couple of apples and washed his breakfast down with two cups of coffee. He worked on the fencing again, repairing the posts. (Sparks, 1996: 12)</p>
95.	Hard Work	<p>For the next eight years he worked for Goldman. As the years dragged on, the company grew and he was promoted. By 1940 he had mastered the business and was running the entire operation, brokering the deals and managing a staff of thirty. The yard had become the largest scrap-metal dealer on the east coast. (Sparks, 1996: 15)</p>
96.	Hard Work	<p>Noah Calhoun watched the fading sun sink lower from the porch of his plantation-style home. He liked to sit here in the evenings, especially after working hard all day, and let his thoughts</p>

		wander. It was how he relaxed, a routine he'd learned from his father. (Sparks, 1996: 24)
97.	Hard Work	Gus said. "You know, the ghost, the memory. I been watchin' you workin' day and night, slavin' so hard you barely have time to catch your breath. People do that for three reasons. Either they crazy, or stupid, or tryin' to forget. And with you, I knew you was tryin' to forget. I just didn't know what. (Sparks, 1996: 39)
98.	Religious	"You are the answer to every prayer I've offered. You are a song, a dream, a whisper, and I don't know how I could have lived without you for as long as I have. I love you, Allie, more than you can ever imagine, I always have and I always will." (Sparks, 1996: 249)
99.	Religious	"Then, turning away, I bow my head and pray silently for the strength I know I will need. I have always been a firm believer in God and the power of prayer, though to be honest, my faith has made for a list of questions I definitely want answered after I'm gone." (Sparks, 1996: 21)
100.	Kind	"You were always nice like that," she said, trying to relax. She looked past him towards the house. "You did a wonderful job restoring it. It looks perfect, just like I knew it would someday." (Sparks, 1996: 23)
101.	Kind	"If you're happy, Allie, and you love him. I won't try to stop you from going back to him. But if there's a part of you that isn't sure, then don't do it. This isn't the kind of thing you go into halfway." Her answer came almost too quickly. "I'm making the right decision. Noah." (Sparks, 1996: 28)
102.	Kind	"What happened to her leg?" she asked, stalling for time. "Hit by a car a few months back. Doc Harrison, the vet, called me to see if I wanted her because her owner didn't any more. After I saw what had happened, I guess I just couldn't let her be put down." "You were always nice like that," she said, trying to relax. She paused, then looked past him toward the house. (Sparks, 1996: 89)
103.	Kind	<i>You are my best friend as well as my lover, and I do not know which side of you I enjoy the most. I treasure each side, just as I have treasured our life together. You have something inside you, Noah, something beautiful and strong. Kindness, that's what I see when I look at you now, that's what everyone sees. Kindness.</i> (Sparks, 1996: 109)

104.	Patient	I have no complaints about my path and the places it has taken me; enough complaints to fill a circus tent about other things, maybe, but the path I've chosen has always been the right one, and I wouldn't have had it any other way. (Sparks, 1996: 17)
105.	Honest	He could not understand losing you, but how could he? Even as you explained that you had always loved me, and that it wouldn't be fair to him, he did not release your hand. (Sparks, 1996: 327-328)
106.	Talented	“By the way, I've been meaning to ask, do you still paint?” She shook her head. “Not anymore.” He was stunned. “Why not? You have so much talent.” “I don't know....” “Sure you do. You stopped for a reason.” (Sparks, 1996: 130-131)
107.	Talented	Just before I graduated, my professor, who happened to also be the critic for the paper, told me I had a lot of talent. He told me I should try my luck as an artist. But I didn't listen to him.” (Sparks, 1996: 131)
108.	Strong woman	“If you're happy, Allie, and you love him. I won't try to stop you from going back to him. But if there's a part of you that isn't sure, then don't do it. This isn't the kind of thing you go into halfway.” Her answer came almost too quickly. “I'm making the right decision. Noah.” (Sparks, 1996: 28)
109.	Strong woman	“Goodbye Noah,” she said quietly. He nodded without speaking. There wasn't anything else to say; they both knew that. She turned from him and left, closing the door behind her. Noah watched her dim away without looking back. She was a strong woman, he thought to himself, and he knew then where Allie got it. (Sparks, 1996: 77)
110.	Strong woman	“You can't live your life for other people. You've got to do what's right for you, even if it hurts some people you love.” “I know,” she said, “but no matter what I choose I have to live with it. Forever. I have to be able to go forward and not look back anymore. Can you understand that?” (Sparks, 1996: 78)
111.	Strong woman	I love you so deeply, so incredibly much, that I will find a way to come back to you despite my

		disease, I promise you that. And this is where the story comes in. When I am lost and lonely, read this story—just as you told it to the children—and know that in some way I will realize it's about us. And perhaps, just perhaps, we will find a way to be together again. (Sparks, 1996: 109-110)
112.	Liking	But he had been in love once, that he knew. Once and only once, and a long time ago. And it had changed him forever. Perfect love did that to a person, and this had been perfect. (Sparks, 1996: 6)
113.	Liking	He remembered talking to Gus about her. The first time he mentioned her. Gus started to shake his head and laugh. “So that’s the ghost you been running from.” When asked what he meant. Gus said. “You know, the ghost, the memory. I been watchin’ you workin’ day and night, slavin’ so hard you barely have time to catch your breath. People do that for three reasons. Either they crazy, or stupid, or tryin’ to forget. And with you, I knew you was tryin’ to forget. I just didn’t know what.” (Sparks, 1996: 8)
114.	Liking	“I’m sorry if I made you feel uncomfortable, Allie. I didn’t mean to. But that summer has stayed with me and probably always will. I know it can’t be the same between us, but that doesn’t change the way I felt about you then.” (Sparks, 1996: 59)
115.	Infatuated Love	He arrived alone, and as he strolled through the crowd, looking for friends, he saw Fin and Sarah, two people he’d grown up with, talking to a girl he’d never seen before. She was pretty, he remembered thinking, and when he finally joined them, she looked his way with a pair of hazy eyes. “Hi,” she’d said simply as she offered her hand. “Finley’s told me a lot about you.” An ordinary beginning, something that would have been forgotten had it been anyone but her. But as he shook her hand and met those striking emerald eyes, he knew before he’d taken his next breath that she was the one he could spend the rest of his life looking for but never find again. She seemed that good, that perfect. (Sparks, 1996: 7)
116.	Empty Love	“You told me about it the next day. It hurt my feelings, too. I liked your parents and I had no idea they didn’t like me.” “It wasn’t that they didn’t like you. They didn’t think you deserved me.” “There’s not much difference.”

		<p>“I know that I always did. Maybe that’s why my mother and I always seem to have a distance between us when we talk.”</p> <p>“How do you feel about it now?”</p> <p>“The same as I did back then. That it’s wrong, that it isn’t fair. It was a terrible thing for a girl to learn, that status is more important than feelings.” (Sparks, 1996: 35)</p>
117.	Empty Love	<p>“Dozens of letters. I wrote to you for two years without receiving a single reply.”</p> <p>She slowly shook her head before lowering her eyes. “I didn’t know” she said finally, quietly, and he knew it must have been her mother checking the mail, removing the letters without her knowledge. It was what he had always suspected, and he watched as Allie came to the same realization. (Sparks, 1996: 35)</p>
118.	Romantic Love	<p>The gravel crunched beneath their feet as they walked. He asked: “Allie, do you love him?”</p> <p>She answered automatically. “Yes, I love him.”</p> <p>The words hurt. But again he thought he heard something in her tone, as if she were saying it to convince herself. He stopped and gently took her shoulders in his hands, making her face him. The fading sunlight reflected in her eyes as he spoke.</p> <p>“If you’re happy, Allie, and you love him. I won’t try to stop you from going back to him. But if there’s a part of you that isn’t sure, then don’t do it. This isn’t the kind of thing you go into halfway.” (Sparks, 1996: 27-28)</p>
119.		<p>He sat in the rocker again, trying once more to fathom the evening that had just passed. Replaying it. Running it in slow motion. “She’s engaged,” he finally whispered, and then was silent for hours, his rocker making the only noise. The night was quiet, with little activity except for Clem, who checked on him occasionally as if to ask, “Are you all right?”</p> <p>And some time after midnight on that clear October evening, Noah was overcome with longing. And if anyone had seen him, they would have seen what looked like an old man, someone who’d aged a lifetime in just a couple of hours. Someone bent over in his rocker with his face in his hands and tears in his eyes.</p> <p>He didn’t know how to stop them. (Sparks, 1996: 46-47)</p>

120.	Companionate love	Sometimes, when I am standing there, I think about how lucky I am to have been married to her for almost forty-nine years. Next month it will be that long. She heard me snore for the first forty-five, but since then we have slept in separate rooms. (Sparks, 1996: 83-84)
121.	Fatuous love	I love you, Allie. I am who I am because of you. You are every reason, every hope and every dream I've ever had, and no matter what happens to us in the future, every day we are together is the greatest day of my life. I will always be yours. And, my darling, you will always be mine. (Sparks, 1996: 94)
122.	Consummate Love	She held my arm confidently, but I remember clearly that my own hands were shaking. "I'm so sorry to have to tell you this," Dr. Barnwell began, "but you seem to be in the early stages of Alzheimer's..." The words echoed in my head: <i>the early stages of Alzheimer's...</i> My world spun in circles, and I felt her grip tighten on my arm. She whispered, almost to herself: "Oh, Noah . . . Noah . . ." (Sparks, 1996: 89)
123.	Consummate Love	"Take your time," I say. I know what she will ask. Finally she turns to me and looks into my eyes. She offers a gentle smile, the kind you share with a child, not a lover. "I don't want to hurt your feelings because you've been so nice to me, but..." I wait. Her words will hurt me. They will tear a piece from my heart and leave a scar. "Who are you?" (Sparks, 1996: 86)
124.	Faithfulness in relationships	"He continued to think about Allie, especially at night. He wrote her once a month but never received a reply. Eventually he wrote a final letter and forced himself to accept the fact that the summer they'd spent with one another was the only thing they'd ever share." (Sparks, 1996: 62)
125.	Faithfulness in relationships	"How about you?" she asked. "Did you ever think about us?" "All the time. I still do." "Are you seeing anyone?" "No," he answered, shaking his head." (Sparks, 1996: 127-128)
126.	Faithfulness in relationships	"He wrapped his arms around her.

		“Allie, I can’t force you to stay with me. But no matter what happens in my life, I’ll never forget these last couple of days with you. I’ve been dreaming about this for years.” (Sparks, 1996: 273)
127.	Faithfulness in relationships	“I’ve heard it before, haven’t I?” “Yes,” I say again, just as I do every time on days like these. I have learned to be patient. She studies my face. Her eyes are as green as ocean waves. (Sparks, 1996:299)
128.	Faithfulness in Higher Power	“I tell the truth. “She was my dream. She made me who I am, and holding her in my arms was more natural to me than my own heartbeat. I think about her all the time. Even now, when I’m sitting here, I think about her. There could never have been another.” (Sparks, 1996: 334
129.	Faithfulness in Higher Power	“I’ll never leave you. What we have is forever.” She knows this is all I can do, for neither of us wants empty promises. But I can tell by the way she is looking at me that once again she wishes there were more.” (Sparks, 1996: 358)
130.	Faithfulness to oneself	Towards the end of their relationship she’d told him once, “I wish I could give you what you’re looking for, but I don’t know what it is. There’s a part of you that you keep closed off from everyone, including me. It’s as if your’ mind is on someone else. (Sparks, 1996: 16)
131.	Structure macro (Thematic)	As she did, she thought about her parents and what they would think of her behavior. No doubt they would disapprove, especially her mother. Her mother had never really accepted what had happened the summer they’d spent here and wouldn’t accept it now; no matter what reason she gave. (Sparks, 1996: 11)
132.	Structure macro (Thematic)	Fin ended up being right on both counts. Most of the summer she had to make excuses to her parents whenever they wanted to see each other. It wasn’t that they didn’t like him—it was that he was from a different class, too poor, and they would never approve if their daughter became serious with someone like him. “I don’t care what my parents think, I love you and always will,” she would say. “We’ll find a way to be together.” (Sparks, 1996: 14)
133.	Structure macro (Thematic)	He nodded, and she went on: “I got home a little late that evening, and my parents were furious when I finally came in. I can still picture my daddy standing in the living room smoking a cigarette, my mother on the sofa staring straight ahead. I swear, they looked as if a family

		member had died. That was the first time my parents knew I was serious about you, and my mother had a long talk with me later that night. She said to me, 'I'm sure you think that I don't understand what you're going through, but I do. It's just that sometimes our future is dictated by what we are, as opposed to what we want.' I remember being really hurt when she said that." (Sparks, 1996: 34)
134.	Structure macro (Thematic)	"You can still do it. Allie. I know you can. You have a talent that comes from inside you, from your heart, not from your fingers. What you have can't ever go away. It's what other people only dream about. You're an artist, Allie." (Sparks, 1996: 39)
135.	Structure macro (Thematic)	He continued to think about Allie at night. He wrote to her once a month but never received a reply. Eventually he wrote one final letter and forced himself to accept the fact that the summer they'd spent with one another was the only thing they'd ever share. (Sparks, 1996: 15)
136.	Structure macro (Thematic)	"Why wouldn't you think so?" She seemed genuinely surprised. "You never answered my letters." "You wrote?" "Dozens of letters. I wrote to you for two years without receiving a single reply." (Sparks, 1996: 35)
137.	Structure macro (Thematic)	"These are the letters that Noah wrote to you. I never threw them away, and they haven't been opened. I know I shouldn't have kept them from you, and I'm sorry for that. But I was just trying to protect you. I didn't realize..." Allie took them and ran her hand over them, shocked. (Sparks, 1996: 76)
138.	Structure macro (Thematic)	I pause for just a moment, remembering him. He was four years old at the time, just a baby. I have lived twenty times as long as he, but if asked, I would have traded my life for his. It is a terrible thing to outlive your child, a tragedy I wish upon no one. (Sparks, 1996: 92-93)
139.	Structure macro (Thematic)	"I'm so sorry to have to tell you this," Dr. Barnwell began, "but you seem to be in the early stages of Alzheimer's..." The words echoed in my head: the early stages of Alzheimer's... My world spun in circles, and I felt her grip tighten on my arm. She whispered, almost to herself: "Oh, Noah . . . Noah . . ." (Sparks, 1996: 89)

140.	Structure macro (Thematic)	I remember only bits and pieces of Dr. Barnwell's continuing explanation. "It's a degenerative brain disorder affecting memory and personality . . . there is no cure or therapy . . . there's no way to tell how fast it will progress ... it differs from person to person. ... I wish I knew more. . . . Some days will be better than others. ... It will grow worse with the passage of time. . . . I'm sorry . . ." (Sparks, 1996: 90)
141.	Structure macro (Thematic)	It has been four years now. Since then we have made the best of it, if that is possible. Allie organized, as was her disposition. She made arrangements to leave the house and move here. She rewrote her will and sealed it. She left specific burial instructions, and they sit in my desk, in the bottom drawer. I have not seen them. And when she was finished, she began to write. Letters to friends and children. Letters to brothers and sisters and cousins. Letters to nieces, nephews and neighbors. And a letter to me. (Sparks, 1996: 90)
142.	Superstructure (Schematic)	WHO AM I? And how, I wonder, will this story end? The sun has come up and I am sitting by a window that is foggy with the breath of a life gone by. I'm a sight this morning: two shirts, heavy pants, a scarf wrapped twice around my neck and tucked into a thick sweater knitted by my daughter thirty birthdays ago. (Sparks, 1996: 1)
143.	Superstructure (Schematic)	My life? It isn't easy to explain. It has not been the rip-roaring spectacular I fancied it would be, but neither have I burrowed around with the gophers. I suppose it has most resembled a blue-chip stock: fairly stable, more ups than downs, and gradually trending upwards over time. I've learned that not everyone can say this about his life. But do not be misled. I am nothing special, of this I am sure. I am a common man with common thoughts, and I've led a common life. There are no monuments dedicated to me and my name will soon be forgotten, but I've loved another with all my heart and soul, and to me this has always been enough. (Sparks, 1996: 1)
144.	Superstructure (Schematic)	The romantics would call this a love story: the cynics would call it a tragedy. In my mind it's a little bit of both, and no matter how you choose to view it in the end, it does not change the fact that it involves a great deal of my life. I have no complaints about the path I've chosen to follow and the places it has taken me—the path has always been the right one. I wouldn't have had it any other way. (Sparks, 1996: 1)
145.	Superstructure (Schematic)	Time, unfortunately doesn't make it easy to stay on course. The path is straight as ever, but now

		it is strewn with the rocks and gravel that accumulate over a lifetime. Until three years ago it would have been easy to ignore, but its impossible now. There is a sickness rolling through my body; I'm neither strong nor healthy, and my days are spent like an old party balloon: listless, spongy and growing softer over time. (Sparks, 1996: 1)
146.	Superstructure (Schematic)	As she did, she thought about her parents and what they would think of her behavior. No doubt they would disapprove, especially her mother. Her mother had never really accepted what had happened the summer they'd spent here and wouldn't accept it now; no matter what reason she gave. (Sparks, 1996: 11)
147.	Superstructure (Schematic)	I realize that the odds, and science, are against me. But science is not the total answer. This I know, this I have learned in my lifetime. And that leaves me with the belief that miracles, no matter how inexplicable or unbelievable, are real and can occur without regard to the natural order of things. So once again, just as I do every day, I begin to read the notebook aloud, so that she can hear it, in the hope that the miracle that has come to dominate my life will once again prevail. (Sparks, 1996: 3)
148.	Superstructure (Schematic)	I love you so deeply, so incredibly much, that I will find a way to come back to you despite my disease, I promise you that. And this is where the story comes in. When I am lost and lonely, read this story— just as you told it to the children—and know that in some way I will realize it's about us. And perhaps, just perhaps, we will find a way to be together again. (Sparks, 1996: 109-110)
149.	Superstructure (Schematic)	THE STORY ends there, so I close the notebook, remove my glasses and wipe my eyes. I look at her now that I have finished, but she does not look back. Instead she is staring out of the window at the courtyard, where friends and family meet. (Sparks, 1996: 109-110)
150.	Superstructure (Schematic)	And after our son died, the one who resembled his mother . . . It was the hardest time we ever went through, and the words still ring true today: <i>In times of grief and sorrow I will hold you and rock you, and take your grief and make it my own. When you cry, I cry, and when you hurt, I hurt. And together we will try to hold back the floods of tears and despair and make it through.</i> (Sparks, 1996: 91)
151.	Superstructure (Schematic)	I know you cared for him. And his reaction proves to me he cared for you as well. Even as you

		explained that you had always loved me, and that it wouldn't be fair to him, he did not release your hand. I know he was hurt and angry, and tried for almost an hour to change your mind, but when you stood firm and said, "I can't go back with you, I'm so sorry," he knew that your decision had been made. You said he simply nodded and the two of you sat together for a long time without speaking. I have always wondered what he was thinking as he sat with you, but I'm sure it was the same way I felt only a few hours before. And when he finally walked you to your car, you said he told you that I was a lucky man. He behaved as a gentleman would, and I understood then why your choice was so hard. (Sparks, 1996: 93)
152.	Microstructure (Background)	And that leaves me with the belief that miracles, no matter how inexplicable or unbelievable, are real and can occur without regard to the natural order of things. So once again, just as I do every day, I begin to read the notebook aloud, so that she can hear it, in the hope that the miracle that has come to dominate my life will once again prevail. (Sparks, 1996: 3)
153.	Microstructure (Background)	Who am I kidding? I lead a simple life now. I am foolish, an old man in love, a dreamer who dreams of nothing but reading to Allie and holding her whenever I can. I am a sinner with many faults and a man who believes in magic, but I am too old to change and too old to care. (Sparks, 1996: 93)
154.	Microstructure (Background)	Most of the summer she had to make excuses to her parents whenever they wanted to see each other. It wasn't that they didn't like him—it was that he was from a different class, too poor, and they would never approve if their daughter became serious with someone like him. (Sparks, 1996: 14)
155.	Microstructure (Detail)	The Notebook was inspired by my wife's grandparents, two wonderful people who spent over 60 years together. My wife was very fond of these two people—the other set of grandparents had died when she was young—and she was one of those people who loved to visit on the weekends, growing up. When she turned sixteen, as soon as she got her license, she would drive up to visit them on the weekends and even when she went off to college (about two hours away) she still went to visit them a couple of times a month just to check on them, to make sure they had groceries, and all those things a nice granddaughter would do. (https://nicholassparks.com/stories/the-notebook/)

156.	Microstructure (Detail)	Most of the summer she had to make excuses to her parents whenever they wanted to see each other. It wasn't that they didn't like him—it was that he was from a different class, too poor, and they would never approve if their daughter became serious with someone like him. (Sparks, 1996: 14)
157.	Microstructure (Detail)	“You can still do it. Allie. I know you can. You have a talent that comes from inside you, from your heart, not from your fingers. What you have can't ever go away. It's what other people only dream about. You're an artist, Allie.” (Sparks, 1996: 39)
158.	Microstructure (Detail)	The house was built in 1772, making it one of the oldest, as well as largest, homes in New Bern. Originally it was the main house on a working plantation, and he had bought it right after the war ended and had spent the last eleven months and a small fortune repairing it. The reporter from the Raleigh paper had done an article on it a few weeks ago and said it was one of the finest restorations he'd ever seen. At least the house was. The rest of the property was another story, and that was where Noah had spent most of the day. (Sparks, 1996: 39)
159.	Microstructure (Intention)	It was a long moment before she answered. —I'm engaged. He looked down when she said it, suddenly feeling just a bit weaker. So that was it. That's what she needed to tell him. (Sparks, 1996: 25)
160.	Microstructure (Intention)	So once again, just as I do every day, I begin to read the notebook aloud, so that she can hear it, in the hope that the miracle that has come to dominate my life will once again prevail. And maybe, just maybe, it will. (Sparks, 1996: 3)
161.	Microstructure (Assumption)	Most of the summer she had to make excuses to her parents whenever they wanted to see each other. It wasn't that they didn't like him—it was that he was from a different class, too poor, and they would never approve if their daughter became serious with someone like him. (Sparks, 1996: 14)
162.	Microstructure (Assumption)	As she did, she thought about her parents and what they would think of her behavior. No doubt they would disapprove, especially her mother. Her mother had never really accepted what had happened the summer they'd spent here and wouldn't accept it now; no matter what reason she gave. (Sparks, 1996: 11)
163.	Syntax (Coherent)	“Hit by a car a few months back. Doc Harrison, the vet, called me to see if I wanted her <u>because</u>

		her owner didn't any more. After I saw what had happened, I guess I just couldn't let her be put down." (Sparks, 1996: 89)
164.	Syntax (Coherent)	"You're better than I remembered, Allie." "You're sweet, Noah." "I'm not saying it <u>because</u> I'm sweet. I'm saying it because I love you now and I always have. More than you can imagine." (Sparks, 1996: 234-235)
165.	Syntax (Sentence form)	<u>Anne Nelson said to her daughter as the three of them sat around</u> S P O Adv <u>the coffee table in the living room.</u> (Sparks, 1996: 74)
166.	Syntax (Sentence form)	<u>Anne nodded and watched her daughter for a moment, wondering.</u> (Sparks, 1996:76) S P O Adv
167.	Syntax (Sentence form)	<u>Noah Calhoun watched the fading sun sink lower from the porch of</u> S P O Adv <u>his plantation-style home.</u> (Sparks, 1996: 3)
168.	Syntax (Pronoun)	The sun has come up and I am sitting by a window that is foggy with the breath of a life gone by. I'm a sight this morning: two shirts, heavy pants, a scarf wrapped twice around my neck and tucked into a thick sweater knitted by my daughter thirty birthdays ago. (Sparks, 1996: 1)
169.	Syntax (Pronoun)	I sit for just a second and stare at her, but she doesn't return the look. I understand, for she doesn't know who I am. I'm a stranger to her. Then, turning away, I how my head and pray silently for the strength I know I will need. (Sparks, 1996: 4)
170.	Syntax (Pronoun)	Later in the summer he brought her to this house, looked past the decay, and told her that one day he was going to own it and fix it up. (Sparks, 1996: 8)
171.	Syntax (Pronoun)	He chuckled lightly, and then paused. "Allie, I've got some bad news. I was going to take you someplace, but with those clouds coming in I'm not sure we should go." (Sparks, 1996: 56)
172.	Syntax (Stylistic)	WE HAVE LIVED at Creekside Extended Care Facility for three years now. It was her decision to come here, partly because it was near our home, but also because she thought it would be easier for me. We boarded up our home because neither of us could bear to sell it, signed some

		papers, and received a place to live and die in exchange for some of the freedom for which we had worked a lifetime. (Sparks, 1996: 86)
173.	Syntax (Stylistic)	THE STORY ends there, so I close the notebook, remove my glasses and wipe my eyes. I look at her now that I have finished, but she does not look back. Instead she is staring out of the window at the courtyard, where friends and family meet. I read to her this morning, as I do every morning, because it is something I must do. Not for duty—although I suppose a case could be made for this—but for another, more romantic reason. (Sparks, 1996: 83)
174.	Rhetorical (Graphics)	<i>My dearest Allie, The porch is silent except for the sounds that float from the shadows, and for once I am at a loss for words. It is a strange experience for me, for when I think of you and the life we have shared, there is much to remember. A lifetime of memories. But to put it into words? I am not a poet, and yet a poem is needed to fully express the way I feel about you.</i> (Sparks, 1996: 92)
175.	Rhetorical (Metaphor)	My life? It isn't easy to explain. It has not been the rip-roaring spectacular I fancied it would be, but neither have I burrowed around with the gophers. I suppose it has most resembled a blue-chip stock: fairly stable, more ups than downs, and gradually trending upwards over time. (Sparks, 1996:1)
176.	Rhetorical (Metaphor)	Dusk, I realized, is just an illusion, because the sun is either above the horizon or below it. And that means that day and night are linked in a way that few things are; there cannot be one without the other, yet they cannot exist at the same time. How would it feel, I remember wondering, to be always together, yet forever apart? I know the answer now. I know what it's like to be day and night now; always together, forever apart. (Sparks, 1996: 94)
177.	Rhetorical (Expression)	I smile. "I'm here because this is where I'm supposed to be. It's not complicated. Both you and I are enjoying ourselves. Don't dismiss my time with you—it's not wasted. It's what I want. I sit here and we talk and I think to myself, "What could be better than what I am doing now?" (Sparks, 1996: 88)
178.	Rhetorical (Expression)	"I can't tonight, honey." he would explain, "I'm sorry, but I can't. Let me make it up to you later." (Sparks, 1996: 52)

