

1 Introduction

This document contains the annotations produced from following one annotation guideline. As each guideline has been applied three times, the same text is shown three times, possibly with diverging annotations.

How to read the annotations The begin and end of each annotated span is marked with an opening and closing bracket, highlighted in yellow. In addition, each span has a unique number (per document and annotator) that is marked as a super script after the bracket. A footnote with the same number shows the category first and all assigned features or attributes following, separated with a plus sign. For convenience, these markings are shown both on the page with the begin and end of the annotation.

2 Own

Selma Lagerlöf The Treasure ————— CHAPTER I AT SOLBERGA PARSON-AGE ^{[0 [1 [39 [40} In the days when King Frederik the Second of Denmark ruled over Bohuslen [...] there dwelt at Marstrand a poor hawker of fish, whose name was Torarin. This man was infirm and of humble condition; he had a palsied arm, which made him unfit to take his place in a boat for fishing or pulling an oar. As he could not earn his livelihood at sea like all the other men of the skerries, he went about selling salted and dried fish among the people of the mainland. Not many days in the year did he spend at home; he was constantly on the road from one village to another with his load of fish. ^{]40}

^{]39 [29 [38} One February day, as dusk was drawing on, Torarin came driving along the road which led from Kungshall up to the parish of Solberga. The road was a lonely one, altogether deserted, but this was no reason for Torarin to hold his tongue. Beside him on the sledge he had a trusty friend with whom to chat. This was a little black dog with shaggy coat, and Torarin called him Grim. He lay still most of the time, with his head sunk between his feet, and answered only by blinking to all his master said. But if his ear caught anything that displeased him, he stood up on the load, put his nose in the air, and howled worse than a wolf. ^{]38 [35 [36 [37} "Now I must tell you, Grim, my dog," said Torarin, "that I have heard great news today. They told me both at Kungshall and

⁰VOICE_3

¹FOC_UNR

³⁹SCENE

⁴⁰NARRATOR

⁴⁰NARRATOR

³⁹SCENE

²⁹SCENE

³⁸NARRATOR

³⁸NARRATOR

³⁵TURN

³⁶SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Grim+Speaker=Torarin

³⁷CHARACTERS

at Kareby that the sea was frozen. Fair, calm weather it has been this long while, as you well know, who have been out in it every day; and they say the sea is frozen fast not only in the creeks and sounds, but far out over the Cattegat. There is no fairway now for ship or boat among the islands, nothing but firm, hard ice, so that a man may drive with horse and sledge as far as Marstrand and Paternoster Skerries.”]³⁷]³⁶]³⁵]³⁴ To all this the dog listened, and it seemed not to displease him. He lay still and blinked at Torarin.]³⁴]³⁰]³¹]³² ”We have no great store of fish left on our load,” said Torarin,]³³ as though trying to talk him over.]³³ ”What would you say to turning aside at the next crossways and going westward where the sea lies? We shall pass by Solberga church and down to Odsmalskil, and after that I think we have but seven or eight miles to Marstrand. It would be a fine thing if we could reach home for once without calling for boat or ferry.”]³²]³¹]³⁰]²⁹]²]²⁸ They drove on over the long moor of Kareby, and although the weather had been calm all day, a chill breeze came sweeping across the moor, to the discomfort of the traveller.]²⁸]²⁴]²⁵]²⁶ ”It may seem like softness to go home now when trade is at its best,” said Torarin,]²⁷ flinging out his arms to warm them.]²⁷ ”But we have been on the road for many weeks, you and I, and have a claim to sit at home a day or two and thaw the cold out of our bodies.”]²⁶]²⁵]²⁴]²³ As the dog continued to lie still, Torarin seemed to grow more sure of his ground, and he went

³⁷CHARACTERS

³⁶SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Grim+Speaker=Torarin

³⁵TURN

³⁴NARRATOR

³⁴NARRATOR

³⁰TURN

³¹CHARACTERS

³²SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Grim+Speaker=Torarin

³³NARRATOR

³³NARRATOR

³²SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Grim+Speaker=Torarin

³¹CHARACTERS

³⁰TURN

²⁹SCENE

²SCENE

²⁸NARRATOR

²⁸NARRATOR

²⁴SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Grim+Speaker=To Torarin

²⁵TURN

²⁶CHARACTERS

²⁷NARRATOR

²⁷NARRATOR

²⁶CHARACTERS

²⁵TURN

²⁴SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Grim+Speaker=To Torarin

²³NARRATOR

on in a more cheerful tone:]²³ [20 [21 [22 "Mother has been left alone in the cottage these many days. I warrant she longs to see us. And Marstrand is a fine town in winter-time, Grim, with streets and alleys full of foreign fishermen and chapmen. There will be dancing in the wharves every night of the week. And all the ale that will be flowing in the taverns! That is a thing beyond your understanding."]²²]²¹]²⁰ [19 As Torarin said this he bent down over the dog to see whether he was listening to what was said to him.]¹⁹ [18 But as the dog lay there wide awake and made no sign of displeasure, Torarin turned off at the first road that led westward to the sea. He flicked the horse with the slack of the reins and made it quicken its pace.]¹⁸ [17 "Since we shall pass by Solberga parsonage," said Torarin, "I will even put in there and ask if it be true that the ice bears as far as to Marstrand. The folk there must know how it is."]¹⁷ [16 Torarin had said these words in a low voice, without thinking whether the dog was listening or not. But scarcely were the words uttered when the dog stood up on the load and raised a terrible howl.]¹⁶ [15 The horse made a bound to one side, and Torarin himself was startled and looked about him to see whether wolves were in pursuit. But when he found it was Grim who was howling, he tried to calm him.]¹⁵ [11 [12 [13 "What now?" he said to him. "How many times have you and I driven into the parson's yard at Solberga! I know not whether Herr Arne [14 [FOOTNOTE: At the time of this story "Herr" was a title roughly corresponding to "Sir."—Trans.]]¹⁴ can tell us how it is with the ice, but I will be bound he'll give us a good supper before we set out on our sea

²³NARRATOR

²⁰SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Grim+Speaker=Torarin

²¹CHARACTERS

²²TURN

²²TURN

²¹CHARACTERS

²⁰SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Grim+Speaker=Torarin

¹⁹NARRATOR

¹⁹NARRATOR

¹⁸NARRATOR

¹⁸NARRATOR

¹⁷CHARACTERS

¹⁷CHARACTERS

¹⁶NARRATOR

¹⁶NARRATOR

¹⁵NARRATOR

¹⁵NARRATOR

¹¹CHARACTERS

¹²TURN

¹³SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Grim+Speaker=Torarin

¹⁴AUTHOR

¹⁴AUTHOR

voyage.”]¹³]¹²]¹¹ [¹⁰ But his words were not able to quiet the dog, who raised his muzzle and howled more dismally than ever.]¹⁰ [⁹ At this Torarin himself was not far from yielding to an uncanny feeling. It had now grown almost dark, but still Torarin could see Solberga church and the wide plain around it, which was sheltered by broad wooded heights to landward and by bare, rounded rocks toward the sea. As he drove on in solitude over the vast white plain, he felt he was a wretched little worm, while from the dark forests and the mountain wastes came troops of great monsters and trolls of every kind venturing into the open country on the fall of darkness. And in the whole great plain there was none other for them to fall upon than poor Torarin.]⁹ [⁸ But at the same time he tried again to quiet the dog.]⁸ [⁵ [⁶ [⁷ ”Bless me, what is your quarrel with Herr Arne? He is the richest man in the country. He is of noble birth, and had he not been a priest there would have been a great lord of him.”]⁷]⁶]⁵ [⁴ But this could not avail to bring the dog to silence. Then Torarin lost patience, so that he took Grim by the scruff of the neck and threw him off the sledge.]⁴ [³ The dog did not follow him as he drove on, but stood still upon the road and howled without ceasing until Torarin drove under a dark archway into the yard of the parsonage, which was surrounded on its four sides by long, low wooden buildings.]³]²]¹]⁰ [...] —————
<http://www.gutenberg.org/cache/epub/5161/pg5161.txt>

¹³SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Grim+Speaker=Torarin

¹²TURN

¹¹CHARACTERS

¹⁰NARRATOR

¹⁰NARRATOR

⁹NARRATOR

⁹NARRATOR

⁸NARRATOR

⁸NARRATOR

⁵TURN

⁶CHARACTERS

⁷SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Grim+Speaker=Torarin

⁷SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Grim+Speaker=Torarin

⁶CHARACTERS

⁵TURN

⁴NARRATOR

⁴NARRATOR

³NARRATOR

³NARRATOR

²SCENE

¹FOC_UNR

⁰VOICE_3

3 Foreign

Selma Lagerlöf The Treasure ————— CHAPTER I AT SOLBERGA PARSON-AGE ^[0] ^[3] ^[40] ^[41] In the days when King Frederik the Second of Denmark ruled over Bohuslen [...] there dwelt at Marstrand a poor hawker of fish, whose name was Torarin. This man was infirm and of humble condition; he had a palsied arm, which made him unfit to take his place in a boat for fishing or pulling an oar. As he could not earn his livelihood at sea like all the other men of the skerries, he went about selling salted and dried fish among the people of the mainland. Not many days in the year did he spend at home; he was constantly on the road from one village to another with his load of fish. ^[41] ^[4] One February day, as dusk was drawing on, Torarin came driving along the road which led from Kungshall up to the parish of Solberga. The road was a lonely one, altogether deserted, but this was no reason for Torarin to hold his tongue. Beside him on the sledge he had a trusty friend with whom to chat. This was a little black dog with shaggy coat, and Torarin called him Grim. He lay still most of the time, with his head sunk between his feet, and answered only by blinking to all his master said. But if his ear caught anything that displeased him, he stood up on the load, put his nose in the air, and howled worse than a wolf. ^[40] ^[37] ^[38] ^[39] "Now I must tell you, Grim, my dog," said Torarin, "that I have heard great news today. They told me both at Kungshall and at Kareby that the sea was frozen. Fair, calm weather it has been this long while, as you well know, who have been out in it every day; and they say the sea is frozen fast not only in the creeks and sounds, but far out over the Cattegat. There is no fairway now for ship or boat among the islands, nothing but firm, hard ice, so that a man may drive with horse and sledge as far as Marstrand and Paternoster Skerries." ^[39] ^[38] ^[37] ^[36] To all this the dog listened, and it seemed not to displease him. He lay still and blinked at Torarin. ^[36] ^[33] ^[34] ^[35] "We have no great store of fish left on our load," said Torarin,

⁰FOC_UNR

³VOICE_3

⁴⁰NARRATOR

⁴¹SCENE

⁴¹SCENE

⁴SCENE

⁴⁰NARRATOR

³⁷CHARACTERS

³⁸TURN

³⁹SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Grim+Speaker=Torarin

³⁹SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Grim+Speaker=Torarin

³⁸TURN

³⁷CHARACTERS

³⁶NARRATOR

³⁶NARRATOR

³³TURN

³⁴CHARACTERS

³⁵SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Grim+Speaker=Torarin

³⁵ ³⁴ ³³ ³² as though trying to talk him over. ³² ” ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ What would you say to turning aside at the next crossways and going westward where the sea lies? We shall pass by Solberga church and down to Odsmalskil, and after that I think we have but seven or eight miles to Marstrand. It would be a fine thing if we could reach home for once without calling for boat or ferry.” ³¹ ³⁰ ²⁹ ²⁸ They drove on over the long moor of Kareby, and although the weather had been calm all day, a chill breeze came sweeping across the moor, to the discomfort of the traveller. ²⁸ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ”It may seem like softness to go home now when trade is at its best,” said Torarin ²⁷ ²⁶ ²⁵ , ²⁴ flinging out his arms to warm them ²⁴ . ²¹ ²² ” ²³ But we have been on the road for many weeks, you and I, and have a claim to sit at home a day or two and thaw the cold out of our bodies.” ²³ ²² ²¹ ²⁰ As the dog continued to lie still, Torarin seemed to grow more sure of his ground, and he went on in a more cheerful tone: ²⁰ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ”Mother has been left alone in the cottage these many days. I warrant she longs to see us. And Marstrand is a fine town in winter-time, Grim, with streets and alleys full of foreign fishermen and chapmen. There will be dancing in the wharves every

³⁵SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Grim+Speaker=Torarin

³⁴CHARACTERS

³³TURN

³²NARRATOR

³²NARRATOR

²⁹CHARACTERS

³⁰TURN

³¹SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee+Speaker

³¹SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee+Speaker

³⁰TURN

²⁹CHARACTERS

²⁸NARRATOR

²⁸NARRATOR

²⁵SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Grim+Speaker=Torarin

²⁶CHARACTERS

²⁷TURN

²⁷TURN

²⁶CHARACTERS

²⁵SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Grim+Speaker=Torarin

²⁴NARRATOR

²⁴NARRATOR

²¹TURN

²²CHARACTERS

²³SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Grim+Speaker=Torarin

²³SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Grim+Speaker=Torarin

²²CHARACTERS

²¹TURN

²⁰NARRATOR

²⁰NARRATOR

¹⁷SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Grim+Speaker=Torarin

¹⁸TURN

¹⁹CHARACTERS

night of the week. And all the ale that will be flowing in the taverns! That is a thing beyond your understanding.” ¹⁹ ¹⁸ ¹⁷ ¹⁶ As Torarin said this he bent down over the dog to see whether he was listening to what was said to him. But as the dog lay there wide awake and made no sign of displeasure, Torarin turned off at the first road that led westward to the sea. He flicked the horse with the slack of the reins and made it quicken its pace. ¹⁶ ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ “Since we shall pass by Solberga parsonage,” said Torarin, “I will even put in there and ask if it be true that the ice bears as far as to Marstrand. The folk there must know how it is.” ¹⁵ ¹⁴ ¹³ ¹² Torarin had said these words in a low voice, without thinking whether the dog was listening or not. But scarcely were the words uttered when the dog stood up on the load and raised a terrible howl. The horse made a bound to one side, and Torarin himself was startled and looked about him to see whether wolves were in pursuit. But when he found it was Grim who was howling, he tried to calm him. ¹² ⁹ ¹⁰ ” ¹¹ What now?” he said to him. “How many times have you and I driven into the parson’s yard at Solberga! I know not whether Herr Arne [FOOTNOTE: At the time of this story “Herr” was a title roughly corresponding to “Sir.”—Trans.] can tell us how it is with the ice, but I will be bound he’ll give us a good supper before we set out on our sea voyage. ¹¹ ” ¹⁰ ⁹ ⁸ But his words were not able to quiet the dog, who raised his muzzle and howled more dismally than ever. At this Torarin himself was not far from yielding to an uncanny feeling. It had now grown almost dark, but still Torarin could see Solberga church and the wide plain around it, which was sheltered by broad wooded heights to landward and by bare, rounded rocks toward the sea. As he drove on in solitude over the vast white plain, he felt he was a wretched little worm, while from the dark forests and the mountain wastes came troops of great monsters and trolls of every kind venturing into the open country on the fall of darkness. And in the whole great plain there was none other for them to fall upon than

¹⁹CHARACTERS

¹⁸TURN

¹⁷SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Grim+Speaker=Torarin

¹⁶NARRATOR

¹⁶NARRATOR

¹³SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Grim+Speaker=Torarin

¹⁴TURN

¹⁵CHARACTERS

¹⁵CHARACTERS

¹⁴TURN

¹³SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Grim+Speaker=Torarin

¹²NARRATOR

¹²NARRATOR

⁹CHARACTERS

¹⁰TURN

¹¹SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Grim+Speaker=Torarin

¹¹SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Grim+Speaker=Torarin

¹⁰TURN

⁹CHARACTERS

⁸NARRATOR

poor Torarin. But at the same time he tried again to quiet the dog.]⁸ [⁵ [⁶ [⁷ "Bless me, what is your quarrel with Herr Arne? He is the richest man in the country. He is of noble birth, and had he not been a priest there would have been a great lord of him.]⁷ "]⁶]⁵ [¹ But this could not avail to bring the dog to silence. Then Torarin lost patience, so that he took Grim by the scruff of the neck and threw him off the sledge.]⁴ [² The dog did not follow him as he drove on, but stood still upon the road and howled without ceasing until Torarin drove under a dark archway into the yard of the parsonage, which was surrounded on its four sides by long, low wooden buildings.]³]²]¹]⁰ [...] ————— <http://www.gutenberg.org/cache/epub/5161/pg5161.txt>

4 Student

Selma Lagerlöf The Treasure ————— CHAPTER I AT SOLBERGA PARSON-AGE]⁵⁰ [⁵¹ [⁵² In the days when King Frederik the Second of Denmark ruled over Bohuslen [...] there dwelt at Marstrand a poor hawker of fish, whose name was Torarin. This man was infirm and of humble condition; he had a palsied arm, which made him unfit to take his place in a boat for fishing or pulling an oar. As he could not earn his livelihood at sea like all the other men of the skerries, he went about selling salted and dried fish among the people of the mainland. Not many days in the year did he spend at home; he was constantly on the road from one village to another with his load of fish.]⁵²]⁵¹]⁵⁰ [⁴⁷ [⁴⁸ [⁴⁹ One February day, as dusk was drawing on, Torarin came driving along the road which led from Kungshall up to the parish of Solberga. The road

⁸NARRATOR
⁵CHARACTERS
⁶TURN
⁷SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Grim+Speaker=Torarin
⁷SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Grim+Speaker=Torarin
⁶TURN
⁵CHARACTERS
¹NARRATOR
⁴SCENE
²SCENE
³VOICE_3
²SCENE
¹NARRATOR
⁰FOC_UNR
⁵⁰NARRATOR
⁵¹VOICE_3
⁵²FOC_UNR
⁵²FOC_UNR
⁵¹VOICE_3
⁵⁰NARRATOR
⁴⁷NARRATOR
⁴⁸FOC_UNR
⁴⁹VOICE_3

was a lonely one, altogether deserted, but this was no reason for Torarin to hold his tongue. Beside him on the sledge he had a trusty friend with whom to chat. This was a little black dog with shaggy coat, and Torarin called him Grim. He lay still most of the time, with his head sunk between his feet, and answered only by blinking to all his master said. But if his ear caught anything that displeased him, he stood up on the load, put his nose in the air, and howled worse than a wolf.]⁴⁹]⁴⁸]⁴⁷ [⁴⁵ [⁴⁶ "Now I must tell you, Grim, my dog," said Torarin, "that I have heard great news today. They told me both at Kungshall and at Kareby that the sea was frozen. Fair, calm weather it has been this long while, as you well know, who have been out in it every day; and they say the sea is frozen fast not only in the creeks and sounds, but far out over the Cattegat. There is no fairway now for ship or boat among the islands, nothing but firm, hard ice, so that a man may drive with horse and sledge as far as Marstrand and Paternoster Skerries."]⁴⁶]⁴⁵ [⁴² [⁴³ [⁴⁴ To all this the dog listened, and it seemed not to displease him. He lay still and blinked at Torarin.]⁴⁴]⁴³]⁴² [⁴⁰ [⁴¹ "We have no great store of fish left on our load," said Torarin]⁴¹]⁴⁰, [³⁷ [³⁸ [³⁹ as though trying to talk him over.]³⁹]³⁸]³⁷ [³⁵ [³⁶ "What would you say to turning aside at the next crossways and going westward where the sea lies? We shall pass by Solberga church and down to Odsmalskil, and after that I think we have but seven or eight miles to Marstrand. It would be a fine thing if we could reach home for once without calling for boat or

⁴⁹VOICE_3
⁴⁸FOC_UNR
⁴⁷NARRATOR
⁴⁵TURN
⁴⁶CHARACTERS
⁴⁶CHARACTERS
⁴⁵TURN
⁴²NARRATOR
⁴³VOICE_3
⁴⁴FOC_UNR
⁴⁴FOC_UNR
⁴³VOICE_3
⁴²NARRATOR
⁴⁰TURN
⁴¹CHARACTERS
⁴¹CHARACTERS
⁴⁰TURN
³⁷VOICE_3
³⁸FOC_UNR
³⁹NARRATOR
³⁹NARRATOR
³⁸FOC_UNR
³⁷VOICE_3
³⁵TURN
³⁶CHARACTERS

ferry.”]³⁶]³⁵ [³² [³³ [³⁴ They drove on over the long moor of Kareby, and although the weather had been calm all day, a chill breeze came sweeping across the moor, to the discomfort of the traveller.]³⁴]³³]³² [³⁰ [³¹ ”It may seem like softness to go home now when trade is at its best,” said Torarin]³¹]³⁰ , [²⁷ [²⁸ [²⁹ flinging out his arms to warm them]²⁹]²⁸]²⁷ . [²⁵ [²⁶ ”But we have been on the road for many weeks, you and I, and have a claim to sit at home a day or two and thaw the cold out of our bodies.”]²⁶]²⁵ [²² [²³ [²⁴ As the dog continued to lie still, Torarin seemed to grow more sure of his ground, and he went on in a more cheerful tone:]²⁴]²³]²² [²⁰ [²¹ ”Mother has been left alone in the cottage these many days. I warrant she longs to see us. And Marstrand is a fine town in winter-time, Grim, with streets and alleys full of foreign fishermen and chapmen. There will be dancing in the wharves every night of the week. And all the ale that will be flowing in the taverns! That is a thing beyond your understanding.”]²¹

³⁶CHARACTERS
³⁵TURN
³²NARRATOR
³³VOICE_3
³⁴FOC_UNR
³⁴FOC_UNR
³³VOICE_3
³²NARRATOR
³⁰TURN
³¹CHARACTERS
³¹CHARACTERS
³⁰TURN
²⁷VOICE_3
²⁸FOC_UNR
²⁹NARRATOR
²⁹NARRATOR
²⁸FOC_UNR
²⁷VOICE_3
²⁵CHARACTERS
²⁶TURN
²⁶TURN
²⁵CHARACTERS
²²NARRATOR
²³FOC_UNR
²⁴VOICE_3
²⁴VOICE_3
²³FOC_UNR
²²NARRATOR
²⁰CHARACTERS
²¹TURN
²¹TURN

²⁰ ^{[17} ^{[18} ^{[19} As Torarin said this he bent down over the dog to see whether he was listening to what was said to him. But as the dog lay there wide awake and made no sign of displeasure, Torarin turned off at the first road that led westward to the sea. He flicked the horse with the slack of the reins and made it quicken its pace []]¹⁹ . []]¹⁸ []]¹⁷

^{[15} ^{[16} "Since we shall pass by Solberga parsonage," said Torarin, "I will even put in there and ask if it be true that the ice bears as far as to Marstrand. The folk there must know how it is." []]¹⁶ []]¹⁵ ^{[13} ^{[14} Torarin had said these words in a low voice, without thinking whether the dog was listening or not. But scarcely were the words uttered when the dog stood up on the load and raised a terrible howl. The horse made a bound to one side, and Torarin himself was startled and looked about him to see whether wolves were in pursuit. But when he found it was Grim who was howling, he tried to calm him. []]¹⁴ []]¹³ ^{[11} ^{[12} "What now?" he said to him. "How many times have you and I driven into the parson's yard at Solberga! I know not whether Herr Arne []]¹² []]¹¹ [

^{[10} FOOTNOTE: At the time of this story "Herr" was a title roughly corresponding to "Sir."—Trans. []]¹⁰ ^{[8} ^{[9} can tell us how it is with the ice, but I will be bound he'll give us a good supper before we set out on our sea voyage." []]⁹ []]⁸ ^{[5} ^{[6} ^{[7} But his words were not able to quiet the dog, who raised his muzzle and howled more dismally than ever. At this Torarin himself was not far from yielding to an uncanny feeling. It had now grown

²⁰CHARACTERS
¹⁷NARRATOR
¹⁸FOC_UNR
¹⁹VOICE_3
¹⁹VOICE_3
¹⁸FOC_UNR
¹⁷NARRATOR
¹⁵CHARACTERS
¹⁶TURN
¹⁶TURN
¹⁵CHARACTERS
¹³TURN
¹⁴CHARACTERS
¹⁴CHARACTERS
¹³TURN
¹¹CHARACTERS
¹²TURN
¹²TURN
¹¹CHARACTERS
¹⁰AUTHOR
¹⁰AUTHOR
⁸TURN
⁹CHARACTERS
⁹CHARACTERS
⁸TURN
⁵VOICE_3
⁶NARRATOR
⁷FOC_UNR

almost dark, but still Torarin could see Solberga church and the wide plain around it, which was sheltered by broad wooded heights to landward and by bare, rounded rocks toward the sea. As he drove on in solitude over the vast white plain, he felt he was a wretched little worm, while from the dark forests and the mountain wastes came troops of great monsters and trolls of every kind venturing into the open country on the fall of darkness. And in the whole great plain there was none other for them to fall upon than poor Torarin. But at the same time he tried again to quiet the dog.]⁷]⁶]⁵ [³ [⁴ "Bless me, what is your quarrel with Herr Arne? He is the richest man in the country. He is of noble birth, and had he not been a priest there would have been a great lord of him."]⁴]³ [⁰ [¹]² But this could not avail to bring the dog to silence. Then Torarin lost patience, so that he took Grim by the scruff of the neck and threw him off the sledge. The dog did not follow him as he drove on, but stood still upon the road and howled without ceasing until Torarin drove under a dark archway into the yard of the parsonage, which was surrounded on its four sides by long, low wooden buildings]²]¹]⁰. [...]

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⁷FOC_UNR

⁶NARRATOR

⁵VOICE_3

³CHARACTERS

⁴TURN

⁴TURN

³CHARACTERS

⁰VOICE_3

¹NARRATOR

²FOC_UNR

²FOC_UNR

¹NARRATOR

⁰VOICE_3