

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] 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. 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. ^[2] "Now I must tell you, Grim, my dog," ^[2] said Torarin, ^[1] "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." ^[1] To all this the dog listened, and it seemed not to displease him. He lay still and blinked at Torarin. "We have no great

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3 Foreign

Selma Lagerlöf The Treasure ————— CHAPTER I AT SOLBERGA PARSON-
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4 Student

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