

Guidelines for annotation of narrative structure

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1 Purpose

The purpose of these guidelines is to serve as a specification for our annotation of narrative structure in Phase 1 of the SANTA (Systematic Analysis of Narrative Texts through Annotation) shared task. For the benefit of students who will annotate, we have tried to make the guidelines as self-contained as possible, and introducing the annotation scheme intuitively via examples.

2 Guiding principles

In developing our annotation scheme, we have tried to adhere to the following principles:

1. *Simplicity and readability.* We have opted for a simple annotation scheme whose result should be easy to read together with the original texts. To this end, we use embedded (in-line) annotation in the original files. (Put differently: The guidelines are extremely simplistic and only attempts to make use of a few of the notions from the vast literature in narratology, but if the guidelines can be used for test annotation and generate some discussion, they will have served their purpose.)
2. *Hierarchical tagset.* To increase interannotator agreement and to facilitate XML encoding, we have striven for a hierarchical tagset with mutually exclusive tag categories in the same layers.
3. *Minimal interpretation.* Our goal is an annotation which represents as objectively as possible the basic events, the characters involved and the discourse levels through which the narrative is transmitted, without unnecessary subjective interpretation. (That is not to say that the annotation couldn't influence or facilitate interpretation of the narrative.)
4. *Relation to linguistic annotation.* We assume that a machine learning model for predicting narrative structure will make use of two types of annotation: that of the narrative structure itself and one based on linguistic analysis of the text. The former is fundamentally non-linguistic, whereas the latter might include what is produced by a standard linguistic analysis chain, involving sentence segmentation, tokenisation, part-of-speech tagging, named-entity recognition, syntactic parsing and co-reference resolution. In contrast

to narrative annotation, we consider linguistic annotation to be a means and not a goal in itself, and therefore don't include any discussion of this in the guidelines.

3 Discourse levels

3.1 Introduction

To begin with, we assume the following three standard discourse levels in a narrative (Jahn, 2017, Section N2.3):

1. Highest level: Transmission from the author to a (typically) imagined, but explicitly referred reader of the work (for an example, see Section 3.4). We refer to this as *author's discourse*.
2. Middle level: Transmission from a narrator to a narratee. The latter can be visible or invisible, but is distinct from (the imagined) reader of the work. We refer to this as *narrator's discourse*.
3. Lowest level: Transmission between characters in the story in the form of spoken dialogue, soliloquy, interior monologue or thoughts, etc. We refer to this as *characters' discourse*. Other related terms that have been used are *direct discourse* and *quoted speech* (Jahn, 2017, Section N8.4).

Assuming that transmission between author and reader is the exception in fiction, a narrative typically consists of passages alternating between the two lower levels. As stated in Dolezel (1973), quoted in Jahn (2017, Section N8.1): "Every narrative text T is a concatenation and alternation of [narrator's discourse] and [characters' discourse]".

To annotate discourses in the three levels, we use opening and closing tags indicating both the type of speaker and addressee at the respective level, namely, <AUTHOR--READER>, <NARRATOR--NARRATEE> and <CHARACTERS--CHARACTERS>. For convenience, and when there's no ambiguity, we may abbreviate <NARRATOR --NARRATEE> as <NARRATOR> and <CHARACTERS--CHARACTERS> as <CHARACTERS>. Below is an example of annotation of alternating narrator's and characters' discourses.¹

¹From Sally Rooney (2017), *Conversations with Friends*, London: Faber & Faber, Page 4–5.

Melissa had her camera on the table and occasionally lifted it to take a photograph, laughing self-deprecatingly about being a 'work addict'. She lit a cigarette and tipped the ash into a kitschy-looking glass ashtray. The house didn't smell of smoke at all and I wondered if she usually smoked in there or not.

I made some new friends, she said.

Her husband was in the kitchen doorway. He held up his hand to acknowledge us and the dog started yelping and whining and running around in circles.

This is Frances, said Melissa. And this is Bobbi. They're poets.

He took a bottle of beer out of the fridge and opened it on the countertop.

Come and sit with us, Melissa said.

Yeah, I'd love to, he said, but I should try and get some sleep before this flight.

Here's how it would be annotated for narrator's and characters' discourses (with blank lines corresponding to alternations of discourse level for readability):

<NARRATOR>

Melissa had her camera on the table and occasionally lifted it to take a photograph, laughing self-deprecatingly about being a 'work addict'. She lit a cigarette and tipped the ash into a kitschy-looking glass ashtray. The house didn't smell of smoke at all and I wondered if she usually smoked in there or not.

</NARRATOR>

<CHARACTERS>

<TURN>

I made some new friends, she said.

</TURN>

</CHARACTERS>

<NARRATOR>

Her husband was in the kitchen doorway. He held up his hand to acknowledge us and the dog started yelping and whining and running around in circles.

</NARRATOR>

<CHARACTERS>

<TURN>

This is Frances, said Melissa. And this is Bobbi. They're poets.

</TURN>

</CHARACTERS>

<NARRATOR>

He took a bottle of beer out of the fridge and opened it on the countertop.

</NARRATOR>

<CHARACTERS>

<TURN>

Come and sit with us, Melissa said.

Yeah, I'd love to, he said, but I should try and get some sleep before this flight.

</TURN>

</CHARACTERS>

The typography of a text typically contains information that is useful for the analysis of narrative structure. In particular, alternations between discourse levels are usually signalled by paragraph breaks (in the example above created using linebreaks and indentation). Although these devices may be used for other purposes as well, such as signalling transitions in time or place in narrator's discourses, we believe that this information is valuable to retain in the annotation. To this end, we let each paragraph that begins with narration correspond to one narrator's discourse by enclosing it with opening and closing tags, <NARRATOR> and </NARRATOR>. As for characters' discourses, each turn is often put in a paragraph of its own (again illustrated by the example above). In Section 3.2, we will introduce annotation for turns and lines. When we have a sequence of turns, whether each line is in a paragraph of its own or not, we let this sequence be enclosed by the corresponding opening and closing tags, that is, <CHARACTERS> and </CHARACTERS>.

3.2 Characters' and narrator's discourses

This section describes our annotation of the two lower level of narrative transmission in more detail.

A narrators discourse is the narration in the text, excluding dialogue between the characters. The dialogue between characters is captured by the characters' discourse.

A characters' discourse consists of dialogue between the characters, with one or more *turns*, each of which is associated with (typically) one speaker and one or more addressees. A characters' discourse is thus a sequence of turns uninterrupted by narrator's discourses. In general, a turn consists of one or more *lines*, and a line consists of one or more utterances. Typically, the latter corresponds to a sentence or fragment (such as an exclamation), finished by a full stop.

To represent transmission between characters, we annotate each line with its speaker and addressee, as in the example below from *Conversations with Friends* (page 112). Specifically, we assume that a turn has a single speaker, but that different lines within a turn may have different addressees. Also, a speaker may address more than one character simultaneously, which means that one line can have several addressees. We only annotate the intended recipient(s) of the utterance, whereas characters who only overhear a line are not annotated as addressees.

```
<CHARACTERS>
<TURN>
We're all on the same side here, Derek said. <Derek--ALL>
Nick, you're an oppressive white male, you back me up. <Derek--
Nick>
</TURN>

<TURN>
I actually quite agree with Bobbi, said Nick. Oppressive though I
certainly am. <Nick--Derek>
</TURN>
</CHARACTERS>
```

The first turn is divided into two lines since there's a change in addressees. The second turn consists of one line which consists of two utterances.

Note that we don't have opening and closing tags that surround lines, but just a speaker-addressee tag at the end of each line. The scope of the speaker-addressee tag is the current line. What we refer to as a line consists of a line proper, which is what is actually spoken by the character, and optionally a speech-verb construction, which indicates who the speaker (and possibly the addressee) is. In the example below, the line proper

”That was the first story,”
is the direct speech of the officer, whereas the construction

”said the officer,”
is the identification of the speaker by the narrator. We have chosen to include the speech-verb construction in the line tag to avoid cluttering the annotation, and because these constructions follow a predictable pattern.

In the case where a line has multiple addressees and some of these are not identifiable, this is annotated using the keyword `SEVERAL`. This is shown in the example below ²:

```
<CHARACTERS>
<TURN>
”That was the first story,” said the officer, <Officer-- SEVERAL>
</TURN>
<NARRATOR>
as he took a pinch of snuff and became silent.
</NARRATOR>
</CHARACTERS>
```

If there are multiple identifiable addresses, these are listed using parentheses as exemplified below:

```
<CHARACTERS>
<TURN>
‘Four reales.’ ‘We want two Anis del Toro.’ <Man--Woman>
</TURN>

<TURN>
‘With water?’ <Woman-- (Man, Girl)>
</TURN>
[...]
</CHARACTERS>
```

A line may also have multiple speakers. This case is treated in the same manner as with addresses, e.g. either the characters involved are listed using parentheses, or if the characters are not identifiable the keyword `SEVERAL` is used. Multiple speakers is illustrated in the example ³ below:

²From *Improbable Veracities* (1979) by Heinrich von Kleist

³From *How the Leopard got his Spots* (1902) by Rudyard Kipling

```

<CHARACTERS>
<TURN>
'Now watch,' said the Zebra and the Giraffe. 'This is the way it's
done. One-two-three! And where's your breakfast?' <(Zebra,
Giraffe)--Leopard>
</TURN>
</CHARACTERS>

```

3.3 Embeddings

3.3.1 Characters' discourse embedded in characters' discourse

Discourse levels can be embedded into each other. In particular, when a character is quoting or recounting a dialogue with someone else, this is represented by embedding that characters' discourse into the present one. This is annotated as an additional opening of CHARACTERS inside the present characters' discourse, as in the following example from *Conversations with Friends* (page 138):

```

<CHARACTERS>
<TURN>
Did you ever get that thing with the car sorted? Nick said to Evelyn.
<Nick--Evelyn>
</TURN>

<TURN>
No, Derek won't let me talk to the dealership, she said. He's
    <Evelyn--Nick>
<CHARACTERS>
<TURN>
'taking care of it'. <Derek--Evelyn>
</TURN>
</CHARACTERS>
</TURN>
</CHARACTERS>

```

Similarly (page 145):

```

<CHARACTERS>
<TURN>

```


I think your wife is a little on edge today, said Bobbi. <Bobbi--Nick>
 She was not impressed with my linen-folding technique earlier. Also,
 <Bobbi--Nick>
 <CHARACTERS>
 <TURN>
 she told me she didn't want me 'making any snide remarks about rich
 people' when Valerie gets here. Quote. <Melissa--Bobbi>
 </TURN>
 </CHARACTERS>
 </TURN>
 </CHARACTERS>

3.3.2 Narrator's discourse embedded in characters' discourse

Elements of narrator's discourse may be interspersed, typically in a fragmentary way, inside lines in a characters' discourse without breaking the flow of the dialogue. We represent this by an embedding of the narrator's discourse in the present characters' discourse.

The following example from Hemingway's *Hills Like White Elephants* illustrates this, where the line "'It tastes like liquorice,' the girl said" is followed by the narrator's description, "and put the glass down", which is thus embedded within the characters' discourse.

<CHARACTERS>
 <TURN>
 'Four reales.' <Man--Girl>
 'We want two Anis del Toro.' <Man--Woman>
 </TURN>

 <TURN>
 'With water?' <Man--Woman>
 </TURN>

 <TURN>
 'Do you want it with water?' <Man--Girl>
 </TURN>

<TURN>
'I don't know,' the girl said. 'Is it good with water?' <Girl--Man>
</TURN>

<TURN>
'It's all right.' <Man--Girl>
</TURN>

<TURN>
'You want them with water?' asked the woman.
 <Woman-- (Man, Girl?) >
</TURN>

<TURN>
'Yes, with water.' <Man--Woman>
</TURN>

<TURN>
'It tastes like liquorice,' the girl said <Girl--Man>
<NARRATOR>
and put the glass down.
</NARRATOR>
</TURN>

<TURN>
'That's the way with everything.' <Man--Girl>
</TURN>
</CHARACTERS>

Note that, in accordance with what was said at the end of Section 3.1, an embedding is a change of discourse level within another level. This means that if a paragraph begins with dialogues and ends with a narration, the narration is embedded in the character discourse.

3.3.3 Characters' discourse embedded in narrator's discourse

We represent *indirect discourse* – that is, dialogue described narratively (Jahn, 2017, Section N8.4) – by embedding a characters' discourse into the present narrator's discourse. The example below from *Conversations with Friends* (page 106) shows two subsequent characters' discourses being embedded in one narrator's discourse, which is in turn followed by another characters' discourse.

<NARRATOR>

The car had been sitting in the sun all morning and we had to roll the windows down before we could even get in. Inside it smelled like dust and heated plastic. I sat in the back and Bobbi leaned her little face out the passenger window like a terrier. Nick switched on the radio and Bobbi withdrew her face from the window

<CHARACTERS>

<TURN>

and said, do you not have a CD player? <Bobbi--Nick>
Can we listen to music? <Bobbi--Nick>

</TURN>

<TURN>

Nick said: sure, okay. <Nick--Bobbi>

</TURN>

</CHARACTERS>

Bobbi started looking through the CDs then

<CHARACTERS>

<TURN>

and saying whether she thought they were his or Melissa's.

<Bobbi--Nick>

</TURN>

</CHARACTERS>

</NARRATOR>

<CHARACTERS>

<TURN>

Who likes Animal Collective, you or Melissa? she said.

<Bobbi--Nick>

</TURN>

<TURN>

I think we both like them. <Nick--Bobbi>

</TURN>
 <TURN>
 But who bought the CD? <Bobbi--Nick>
 </TURN> <TURN>
 I don't remember, he said. You know, we share those things, I don't
 remember whose is whose. <Nick--Bobbi>
 <TURN>
 </CHARACTERS>

In sum, by embedding the characters' discourse in a narrator's discourse, we represent the fact that it's being rendered indirectly through the narration, and not directly as in a (non-embedded) characters' discourse appearing at the (top) level of alternating narrator's and characters' discourses. The reason that we still represent this using an (embedded) characters' discourse is that we want to capture all transmission between the characters, whether it occurs directly at the lowest discourse level or is rendered indirectly at the middle level.

3.3.4 Narrator's discourse embedded in narrator's discourse

A narrator's discourse embedded in a narrator's discourse corresponds to what has been called *narrative level* (Genette, 1983; Jahn, 2017, Section N2.4), in other words, a story within a story. The example below comes from *An Avenger* (1887) by Anton Chekhov, and shows a (hypothetical) story taking place in the mind of the character, within the main story.

<NARRATOR>
 The shopman, swaying gracefully and tripping to and fro on his little feet, still smiling and chattering, displayed before him a heap of revolvers. The most inviting and impressive of all was the Smith and Wesson's. Sigaev picked up a pistol of that pattern, gazed blankly at it, and sank into brooding.
 <NARRATOR>
 His imagination pictured how he would blow out their brains, how blood would flow in streams over the rug and the parquet, how the traitress's legs would twitch in her last agony....
 </NARRATOR>
 But that was not enough for his indignant soul. The picture of blood,

wailing, and horror did not satisfy him. He must think of something more terrible.

</NARRATOR>

Another example is the following segment from Italo Calvino's *If on a winter's night a traveler* (1979), in which a short story is told about the main story.

<NARRATOR>

I am the man who comes and goes between the bar and the telephone booth.

<NARRATOR>

Or, rather: that man is called "I" and you know nothing else about him, just as this station is called only "station" and beyond it there exists nothing except the unanswered signal of a telephone ringing in a dark room of a distant city.

</NARRATOR>

I hang up the receiver, I await the rattling flush, down through the metallic throat, I push the glass door again, head toward the cups piled up to dry in a cloud of steam.

</NARRATOR>

3.3.5 An example of multiple embeddings

There may be multiple layers of discourse level embeddings. The following example from *A Haunted House* by Virginia Woolf illustrates this. Here, the narrator's discourse has an embedded characters' discourse, which in turn has an embedded narrator's discourse, as follows (see also Figure 1 below):

<NARRATOR>

But it wasn't that you woke us. Oh, no.

<CHARACTERS>

<TURN>

'They're looking for it; they're drawing the curtain,' one might say,

</TURN>

<NARRATOR>

and so read on a page or two.

</NARRATOR>

```

</CHARACTERS>
[...]
</NARRATOR>

```

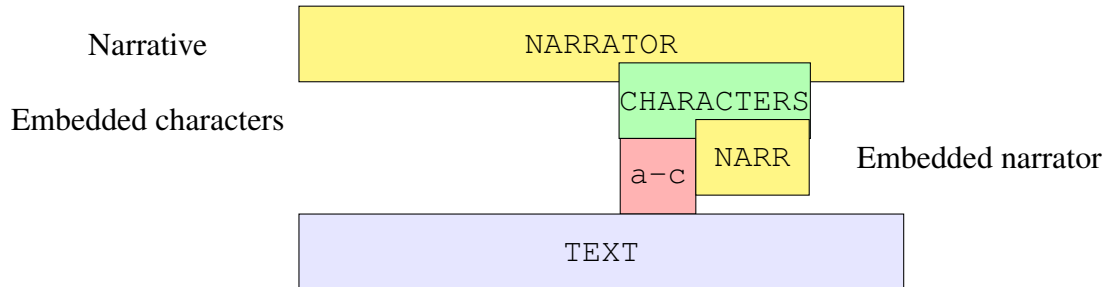


Figure 1: A narrator’s discourse with an embedded characters’ discourse with an embedded narrator’s discourse.

3.4 Transmission across levels

Transmission almost always occurs within a single discourse level, but it may sometimes cut across levels (Jahn, 2017, Section N2.3.5), which is referred to as *metalepsis* in Genette (1983). For example, a narrator seemingly not identical with the author may explicitly address the (imagined) reader. This is annotated by including the addressee (here *READER*) as follows.

```

<NARRATOR--READER>
You are about to begin reading Italo Calvino’s new novel, If on a
winter’s night a traveler. Relax. Concentrate. Dispel every other
thought. Let the world around you fade. Best to close the door; the
TV is always on in the next room. [...]
</NARRATOR--READER>

```

We don’t worry about the ontological status of an explicitly addressed reader, for example, whether it’s an imagined, prototypical reader, or an identifiable physical person. Consequently, whereas *AUTHOR* refers to the real author, we don’t have any tag that is reserved specifically for the real reader of a narrative.

We distinguish this from the case when a narratee is addressed, typically using second-person pronouns, but no explicit reference to a reader or any act of reading is being made, a frequent phenomenon in Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye*:

<NARRATOR--NARRATEE>

If you really want to hear about it, the first thing you'll probably want to know is where I was born, and what my lousy childhood was like, and how my parents were occupied and all before they had me, and all that David Copperfield kind of crap, but I don't feel like going into it, if you want to know the truth.

[...]

</NARRATOR--NARRATEE>

Here, it might be tempting to think of "you" as an imagined reader, but it might just as well be an (imagined, third-person) listener to whom Holden Caulfield is telling his story. In the absence of information linking "you" with a reader, we prefer the latter possibility.

4 Scenes

To represent the basic progression of events in a narrative, we use a notion of *scenes*, inspired from film. We take a scene to be a coherent set of events at a particular interval in time and place, with a more or less constant set of characters. Furthermore, we take a scene to be the minimal unit in this respect, anticipating that we will later be able to use scenes as primitives in higher-level structures, such as plot. Consider the following example from *Conversations with Friends* about the protagonist (Frances) going to see her father (page 51–52).

After dinner I told my mother I would visit him. She kneaded my shoulder and told me she thought it was a good idea. It's a great idea, she said. Good woman.

I walked through town with my hands in my jacket pockets. The sun was setting and I wondered what would be on television. I could feel a headache developing, like it was coming down from the sky directly into my brain. I tried stamping my feet as loudly as I could to distract myself from bad thoughts, but people gave me curious looks and I felt cowed. I knew that was weak of me. Bobbi was never cowed by strangers.

My father lived in a little terraced house near the petrol station. I rang the doorbell and put my hands back in my pockets. Nothing happened. I rang again

and then I tried the handle, which felt greasy. The door opened up and I stepped in.

Dad? I said. Hello?

[...]

[...]

I'm off, I said.

You're away, are you?

That bin needs taking out.

See you again, my father said.

Our basic criterion for dividing a narrative into scenes is to think about it in terms of a faithful rendering as a film or a play. In the example above, we would obtain three scenes: The first one includes Frances and her mother at her mother's place talking to each other, the second is Frances's walking on her own to her father's place, and the third one includes Frances and her father's meeting at her father's place (further developed in the story).

We would thus annotate the passage above as follows:

<SCENE>

<NARRATOR>

After dinner I told my mother I would visit him. She kneaded my shoulder

<CHARACTERS>

<TURN>

and told me she thought it was a good idea. <Mother--Frances>

It's a great idea, she said. <Mother--Frances>

Good woman. <Mother--Frances>

</TURN>

</CHARACTERS>

</NARRATOR>

</SCENE>

<SCENE>

<NARRATOR>

I walked through town with my hands in my jacket pockets. The sun was setting and I wondered what would be on television. I could feel a headache developing, like it was coming down from the sky directly into my brain. I tried stamping my feet as loudly as I could to distract

myself from bad thoughts, but people gave me curious looks and I felt cowed. I knew that was weak of me. Bobbi was never cowed by strangers.

</NARRATOR>

</SCENE>

<SCENE>

<NARRATOR>

My father lived in a little terraced house near the petrol station. I rang the doorbell and put my hands back in my pockets. Nothing happened. I rang again and then I tried the handle, which felt greasy. The door opened up and I stepped in.

</NARRATOR>

<CHARACTERS>

<TURN>

Dad? I said. Hello? <Frances--Dad>

[...]

</TURN>

</CHARACTERS>

[...]

<CHARACTERS>

<TURN>

I'm off, I said. <Frances--Dad>

You're away, are you? <Dad--Frances>

That bin needs taking out. <Frances--Dad>

See you again, my father said. <Dad--Frances>

</TURN>

</CHARACTERS>

</SCENE>

In this example, there are three scenes. The first scene covers the first NARRATOR and CHARACTERS elements. The second scene covers the second NARRATOR element, and the third scene covers the third NARRATOR element and the second and third CHARACTERS elements.

As each paragraph in the text is annotated with AUTHOR, NARRATOR or CHARACTERS tags, the whole text is included within some discourse tag. Similarly, all the words in the text are covered by some SCENE, each of which is a sequence of AUTHOR, NARRATOR and/or CHARACTERS elements. We restrict

scenes to a sequence of discourse level elements, so a scene may not change before the current discourse level element is terminated.

5 Narrative situation

This section describes two notions related to the position and perspective of the narrator. We refer collectively to these as *narrative situation*, inspired by Genette (1983, page 188), but we don't pretend to use the term in the full meaning developed there.

5.1 Voice

The notion of *voice* concerns the narrator's relationship to the story, and more specifically whether the narrator is ever present in the story or not (Genette, 1983, Chapter 5). If the narrator appears in the story at some point, we say that we have a *homodiegetic* narrative. Such narrators usually refer to themselves in the first person, but there are exceptions to this, such as Caesar's *De Bello Gallico* in which the narrator refers to himself in the third person. In contrast, if the narrator is never present in the story, we say that we have a *heterodiegetic* narrative. Such narrators usually refer to themselves in the third person, but again there are exceptions.

We annotate this binary distinction using `<VOICE_1>` for a homodiegetic narrator and `<VOICE_3>` for a heterodiegetic narrator, with corresponding closing tags `</VOICE_1>` and `</VOICE_3>`, respectively.

5.2 Focalisation

We take focalisation to correspond to the perspective from which the narrative is seen, and specifically how much information the narrator has access to; alternatively, in what ways this information is restricted (Niederhoff, 2013; Genette, 1983, page 189 ff.). We distinguish the following types:

1. *Zero* or *unrestricted* focalisation. The story is narrated from a fully unrestricted or omniscient perspective. This often involves helicopter views of the story that no single character would be capable of, but it could also involve taking the perspectives or looking into the souls of the individual characters. As put by Todorov (1966), cited in Genette (1983, page 188),

the narrator knows more than any of the characters, symbolised by *Narrator* > *Character*. We annotate this as <FOC_UNR> with a corresponding closing tag </FOC_UNR>.

2. *Internal* focalisation. The story is narrated from the inside perspective of a character in the story, limited by the perception and feelings of that character. As put by Todorov (1966), the narrator knows only as much as this character, symbolised by *Narrator* = *Character*. We annotate this as <FOC_INT> with a corresponding closing tag </FOC_INT>.
3. *External* focalisation. The story is narrated from a perspective outside of the characters in the story, like using a camera, but without an omniscient perspective, as in </FOC_UNR>. Typically, the main components of such narratives are dialogues and neutral descriptions of events. As put by Todorov (1966), the narrator knows less than any of the characters, symbolised by *Narrator* < *Character*. We annotate this as <FOC_EXT> with a corresponding closing tag </FOC_EXT>.

6 Summary

This section gives a summary of our annotation layer hierarchy, and provides a brief list of definitions.

6.1 Annotation layers

Our tagset is hierarchically structured in six layers, ordered by an inclusion relation. The top layer consists of <VOICE>, which typically holds for the whole, or large parts, of a narrative. This includes one or more focalisations in the second layer, <FOC>, which are likely to change more often. The fact that <FOC> is included in <VOICE> means that change of voice is a sufficient (and necessary) criterion for resetting focalisation, even if the value of the focalisation doesn't actually change. This is a price that we pay for the hierarchical tagset.

A focalisation includes one or more scenes in the third layer, <SCENE>, each of which is a coherent set of events at a particular interval in time and place, and with a more or less constant set of characters. A scene consists of one or more discourses in the fourth layer, which has an additional dimension of level depending on the type of narrative transmission. A scene thus typically consists

of alternations between narration and dialogue, annotated using `<NARRATOR>` and `<CHARACTERS>` (but may also contain `<AUTHOR>`).

A characters' discourse, `<CHARACTERS>`, consists of one or more turns at the fifth layer, each of which is associated with one speaker and one or more addressees. Finally, each turn consists of one or more lines in the sixth layer, each of which is associated with (typically) one speaker and one addressee (or a set of addressees). In addition, a line consists of one or more utterances, but those are not distinguished in the annotation. In sum, a characters' discourse is a sequence of turns uninterrupted by narrator's discourses (unless they are embedded). A description of the layers and discourse levels is shown in Table 6.1.

Table 1: Hierarchical structure of the annotation scheme.

Tag	Layer	Description
1	<code><VOICE></code>	Narrator's presence in the story
2	<code><FOC></code>	Perspective of the narrator
3	<code><SCENE></code>	Coherent set of events
4.1	<code><AUTHOR></code>	Highest level of narrative transmission
4.2	<code><NARRATOR></code>	Middle level of narrative transmission
4.3	<code><CHARACTERS></code>	Lowest level of narrative transmission
5	<code><TURN></code>	Turn: One or several lines
6	<code><Speaker-- Addressee></code>	Line: One or several utterances, tagged with speaker and addressee

We use a deliberately mechanical criterion for annotating narrator's discourses, namely, letting each paragraph that begins with narration correspond to one narrator's discourse by enclosing it with opening and closing tags (`<NARRATOR>` and `</NARRATOR>`). As for dialogue, each turn is often put in a paragraph of its own. But when we have a sequence of turns, whether each line is in a paragraph of its own or not, we let the entire sequence be enclosed by the corresponding opening and closing tags, that is, `<CHARACTERS` and `</CHARACTERS>`.

6.2 Definitions

Below is a list of definitions of our use of central terminology.

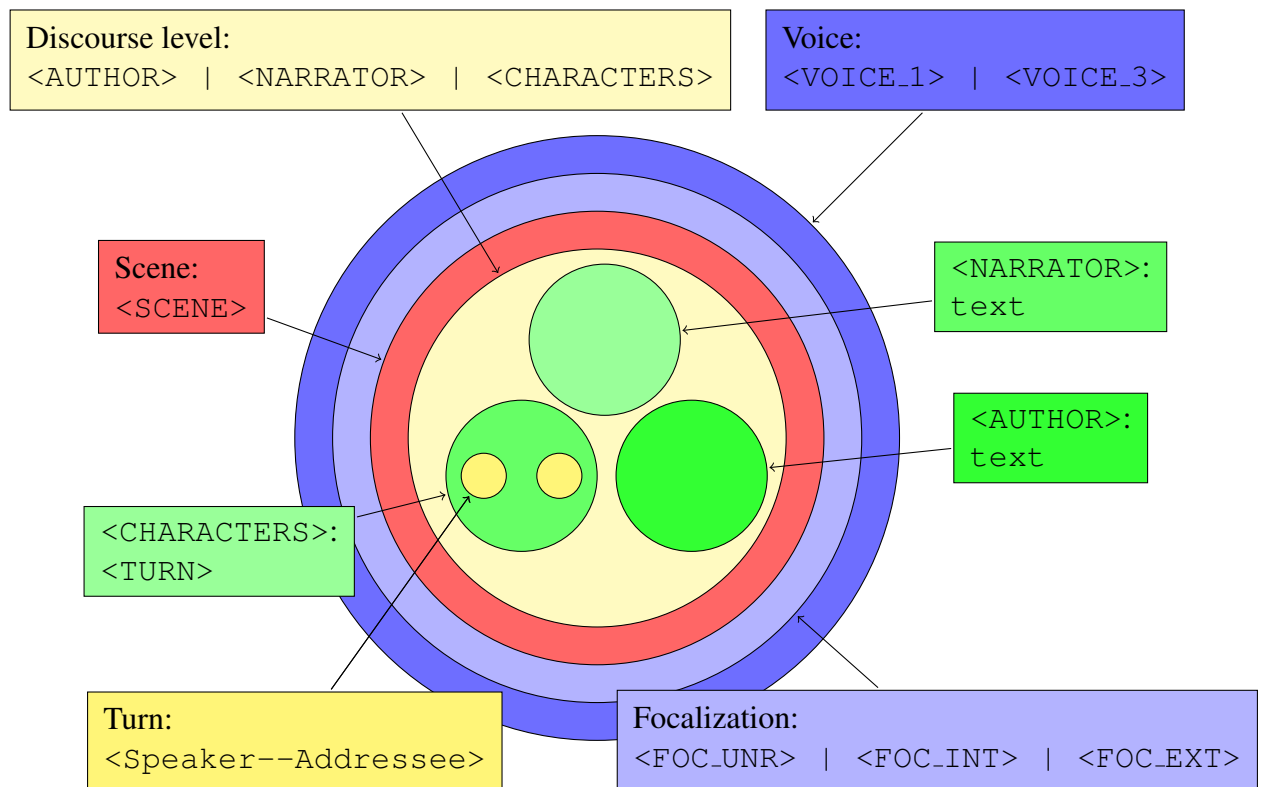


Figure 2: Annotation layer hierarchy.

Author's discourse The highest level of transmission in a narrative, from the author to a (typically) imagined, but explicitly referred reader of a story. Consists of text.

Characters' discourse The lowest level of transmission in a narrative, from character to character. Consists of one or more turns.

Dialogue The text corresponding to a characters' discourse. This could strictly speaking be soliloquy, interior monologue, thoughts, etc., in addition to dialogue.

Layer This refers to the annotation, which is ordered by an inclusion relation in six hierarchical layers.

Level This refers to the type of narrative transmission, with the highest level (author’s discourse), the middle level (narrator’s discourse) and the lowest level (characters’ discourse). Note that the annotation of all the three discourse levels constitutes the fourth hierarchical layer of the annotation, as shown in Figure 2.

Narration The text corresponding to a narrator’s discourse.

Narrator The teller of the narrative; the person who articulates (“speaks”) the narrative. [Quoted from Jahn (2017, N1.2).]

Narrator’s discourse The middle level of transmission in a narrative, from narrator to narratee. Consists of text.

Narrative Anything that tells or presents a story. [Quoted from Jahn (2017, N1.2).]

Narrative situation Different realisations of voice and focalisation. Our use of the term doesn’t capture the full meaning of that used by Genette (1983, page 188).

Story A sequence of events involving characters. [Quoted from Jahn (2017, N1.2).]

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A Appendix: Example annotations

A.1 The Top and Ball

Hans Christian Andersen

The Top and Ball

http://www.gutenberg.org/files/27200/27200-h/27200-h.htm#top_ball

<VOICE_3>

<FOC_UNR>

<SCENE>

<NARRATOR>

A whipping top and a little ball lay together in a box, among other toys,

<TURN>

and the top said to the ball, "Shall we be married, as we live in the same box?"

<Top--Ball>

<TURN>

But the ball, which wore a dress of morocco leather, and thought as much of herself as any other young lady, would not even condescend to reply.

</NARRATOR>

</SCENE>

<SCENE>

<NARRATOR>

The next day came the little boy to whom the playthings belonged, and he painted the top red and yellow, and drove a brass-headed nail into the middle, so that while the top was spinning round it looked splendid.

</NARRATOR>

<CHARACTERS>

<TURN>

"Look at me," said the top to the ball. <Top--Ball>

"What do you say now? Shall we be engaged to each other? We should suit so well; you spring, and I dance. No one could be happier than we should be."

<Top--Ball>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"Indeed! do you think so? Perhaps you do not know that my father and mother were morocco slippers, and that I have a Spanish cork in my body." <Ball--Top>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"Yes; but I am made of mahogany," said the top. <Top--Ball>

"The major himself turned me. He has a turning lathe of his own, and it is a great amusement to him." <Top--Ball>

<TURN>

<TURN>

"Can I believe it?" asked the ball. <Ball--Top>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"May I never be whipped again," said the top, "if I am not telling you the truth."

<Top--Ball>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"You certainly know how to speak for yourself very well," said the ball; "but I cannot accept your proposal. I am almost engaged to a swallow. Every time I fly up in the air, he puts his head out of the nest, <Ball--Top>

<TURN>

and says, 'Will you?' <Swallow--Ball>

and I have said, 'Yes,' to myself silently, <Ball--Ball>

</TURN>

and that is as good as being half engaged; but I will promise never to forget you."

<Ball--Top>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"Much good that will be to me," said the top; <Top--Ball>

<NARRATOR>

and they spoke to each other no more.

</NARRATOR>
</TURN>
</CHARACTERS>
</SCENE>

<SCENE>
<NARRATOR>

Next day the ball was taken out by the boy. The top saw it flying high in the air, like a bird, till it would go quite out of sight. Each time it came back, as it touched the earth, it gave a higher leap than before, either because it longed to fly upwards, or from having a Spanish cork in its body. But the ninth time it rose in the air, it remained away, and did not return. The boy searched everywhere for it, but he searched in vain, for it could not be found; it was gone.

</NARRATOR>

<CHARACTERS>
<TURN>

"I know very well where she is," sighed the top; "she is in the swallow's nest, and has married the swallow." <Top--Top>

</TURN>
</CHARACTERS>

<NARRATOR>
The more the top thought of this, the more he longed for the ball. His love increased the more, just because he could not get her; and that she should have been won by another, was the worst of all. The top still twirled about and hummed, but he continued to think of the ball; and the more he thought of her, the more beautiful she seemed to his fancy.

</NARRATOR>

<NARRATOR>
The more the top thought of this, the more he longed for the ball. His love increased the more, just because he could not get her; and that she should have been won by another, was the worst of all. The top still twirled about and hummed, but he continued to think of the ball; and the more he thought of her, the more beautiful she seemed to his fancy.

</NARRATOR>
</SCENE>

<SCENE>

<NARRATOR>

Thus several years passed by, and his love became quite old. The top, also, was no longer young; but there came a day when he looked handsomer than ever; for he was gilded all over. He was now a golden top, and whirled and danced about till he hummed quite loud, and was something worth looking at; but one day he leaped too high, and then he, also, was gone. They searched everywhere, even in the cellar, but he was nowhere to be found. Where could he be? He had jumped into the dust-bin, where all sorts of rubbish were lying: cabbage-stalks, dust, and rain-droppings that had fallen down from the gutter under the roof.

</NARRATOR>

<CHARACTERS>

<TURN>

"Now I am in a nice place," said he; <Top--Top> "my gilding will soon be washed off here. Oh dear, what a set of rabble I have got amongst!" <Top--Top>

<NARRATOR>

And then he glanced at a curious round thing like an old apple, which lay near a long, leafless cabbage-stalk. It was, however, not an apple, but an old ball, which had lain for years in the gutter, and was soaked through with water.

</NARRATOR>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"Thank goodness, here comes one of my own class, with whom I can talk," said the ball, examining the gilded top. <Ball--Top> "I am made of morocco," she said. <Ball--Top> "I was sewn together by a young lady, and I have a Spanish cork in my body; but no one would think it, to look at me now. I was once engaged to a swallow; but I fell in here from the gutter under the roof, and I have lain here more than five years, and have been thoroughly drenched. Believe me, it is a long time for a young maiden." <Ball--Top>

</TURN>

</CHARACTERS>

<NARRATOR>

The top said nothing, but he thought of his old love; and the more she said, the more clear it became to him that this was the same ball.

</NARRATOR>

</SCENE>

<SCENE>

<NARRATOR>

The servant then came to clean out the dust-bin.

</NARRATOR>

<CHARACTERS>

<TURN>

"Ah," she exclaimed, "here is a gilt top." <Servant--Servant>

<NARRATOR>

So the top was brought again to notice and honor, but nothing more was heard of the little ball. He spoke not a word about his old love; for that soon died away. When the beloved object has lain for five years in a gutter, and has been drenched through, no one cares to know her again on meeting her in a dust-bin.

</NARRATOR>

</TURN>

</CHARACTERS>

</SCENE>

</FOC_UNR>

</VOICE_3>

A.2 An Avenger

Anton Chekhov

An Avenger

http://www.online-literature.com/anton_chekhov/1234/

<VOICE_3>

<FOC_UNR>

<SCENE>

<NARRATOR>

SHORTLY after finding his wife in flagrante delicto Fyodor Fyodorovitch Sigaev was standing in Schmuck and Co.'s, the gunsmiths, selecting a suitable revolver. His countenance expressed wrath, grief, and unalterable determination.

</NARRATOR>

<CHARACTERS>

<TURN>

"I know what I must do," he was thinking. <Fyodor--Fyodor> "The sanctities of the home are outraged, honour is trampled in the mud, vice is triumphant, and therefore as a citizen and a man of honour I must be their avenger. First, I will kill her and her lover and then myself." <Fyodor--Fyodor>

</TURN>

</CHARACTERS>

<NARRATOR>

He had not yet chosen a revolver or killed anyone, but already in imagination he saw three bloodstained corpses, broken skulls, brains oozing from them, the commotion, the crowd of gaping spectators, the post-mortem.... With the malignant joy of an insulted man he pictured the horror of the relations and the public, the agony of the traitress, and was mentally reading leading articles on the destruction of the traditions of the home.

</NARRATOR>

<NARRATOR>

The shopman, a sprightly little Frenchified figure with rounded belly and white waistcoat, displayed the revolvers, and smiling respectfully and scraping with his little feet observed:

</NARRATOR>

<CHARACTERS>

<TURN>

"... I would advise you, M'sieur, to take this superb revolver, the Smith and Wesson pattern, the last word in the science of firearms: triple-action, with ejector, kills at six hundred paces, central sight. Let me draw your attention, M'sieu, to the beauty of the finish. The most fashionable system, M'sieu. We sell a dozen every day for burglars, wolves, and lovers. Very correct and powerful action, hits at a great distance, and kills wife and lover with one bullet. As for suicide, M'sieu, I don't know a better pattern." <Shopman--Fyodor>

</TURN>

</CHARACTERS>

<NARRATOR>

The shopman pulled and cocked the trigger, breathed on the barrel, took aim, and affected to be breathless with delight. Looking at his ecstatic countenance, one might have supposed that he would readily have put a bullet through his brains if he had only possessed a revolver of such a superb pattern as a Smith-Wesson.

<NARRATOR>

<CHARACTERS>

<TURN>

"And what price?" asked Sigaev. <Fyodor--Shopman>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"Forty-five roubles, M'sieu." <Shopman--Fyodor>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"Mm!... that's too dear for me." <Fyodor--Shopman>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"In that case, M'sieu, let me offer you another make, somewhat cheaper. Here, if you'll kindly look, we have an immense choice, at all prices.... Here, for instance, this revolver of the Lefaucher pattern costs only eighteen roubles, but ..." (the shopman pursed up his face contemptuously) "... but, M'sieu, it's an old-fashioned make. They are only bought by hysterical ladies or the mentally deficient. To commit suicide or shoot one's wife with a Lefaucher revolver is considered bad form nowadays. Smith-Wesson is the only pattern that's correct style." <Shopman--Fyodor>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"I don't want to shoot myself or to kill anyone," said Sigaev, <Fyodor--Shopman>

<NARRATOR>

lying sullenly. </NARRATOR>

"I am buying it simply for a country cottage ... to frighten away burglars...."

<Fyodor--Shopman>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"That's not our business, what object you have in buying it." <Shopman--Fyodor>

<NARRATOR>

The shopman smiled, dropping his eyes discreetly.

</NARRATOR>

"If we were to investigate the object in each case, M'sieu, we should have to close our shop. To frighten burglars Lefaucher is not a suitable pattern, M'sieu, for it goes off with a faint, muffled sound. I would suggest Mortimer's, the so-called duelling pistol...." <Shopman--Fyodor>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"Shouldn't I challenge him to a duel?" flashed through Sigaev's mind. "It's doing him too much honour, though.... Beasts like that are killed like dogs...."

<Fyodor--Fyodor>

</TURN>

</CHARACTERS>

<NARRATOR>

The shopman, swaying gracefully and tripping to and fro on his little feet, still smiling and chattering, displayed before him a heap of revolvers. The most inviting and impressive of all was the Smith and Wesson's. Sigaev picked up a pistol of that pattern, gazed blankly at it, and sank into brooding. His imagination pictured how he would blow out their brains, how blood would flow in streams over the rug and the parquet, how the traitress's legs would twitch in her last agony.... But that was not enough for his indignant soul. The picture of blood, wailing, and horror did not satisfy him. He must think of something more terrible.

</NARRATOR>

<CHARACTERS>

<TURN>

"I know! I'll kill myself and him," he thought, "but I'll leave her alive. Let her pine away from the stings of conscience and the contempt of all surrounding her. For a sensitive nature like hers that will be far more agonizing than death."

<Fyodor--Fyodor>

</TURN>

</CHARACTERS>

<NARRATOR>

And he imagined his own funeral: he, the injured husband, lies in his coffin with a gentle smile on his lips, and she, pale, tortured by remorse, follows the coffin like a Niobe, not knowing where to hide herself to escape from the withering, contemptuous looks cast upon her by the indignant crowd.

</NARRATOR>

<CHARACTERS>

<TURN>

"I see, M'sieu, that you like the Smith and Wesson make," the shopman broke in
<Shopman--Fyodor>

<NARRATOR>

upon his broodings.

</NARRATOR>

"If you think it too dear, very well, I'll knock off five roubles.... But we have other makes, cheaper." <Shopman--Fyodor>

</TURN>

</CHARACTERS>

<NARRATOR>

The little Frenchified figure turned gracefully and took down another dozen cases of revolvers from the shelf.

</NARRATOR>

<CHARACTERS>

<TURN>

"Here, M'sieu, price thirty roubles. That's not expensive, especially as the rate of exchange has dropped terribly and the Customs duties are rising every hour. M'sieu, I vow I am a Conservative, but even I am beginning to murmur. Why, with the rate of exchange and the Customs tariff, only the rich can purchase firearms. There's nothing left for the poor but Tula weapons and phosphorus matches, and Tula weapons are a misery! You may aim at your wife with a Tula revolver and shoot yourself through the shoulder-blade." <Shopman--Fyodor>

</TURN>

</CHARACTERS>

<NARRATOR>

Sigaev suddenly felt mortified and sorry that he would be dead, and would miss seeing the agonies of the traitress. Revenge is only sweet when one can see and taste its fruits, and what sense would there be in it if he were lying in his coffin, knowing nothing about it?

</NARRATOR>

<CHARACTERS>

<TURN>

"Hadh't I better do this?" <Fyodor--Fyodor> he pondered. "I'll kill him, then I'll go to his funeral and look on, and after the funeral I'll kill myself. They'd arrest me, though, before the funeral, and take away my pistol.... And so I'll kill him, she shall remain alive, and I ... for the time, I'll not kill myself, but go and be arrested. I shall always have time to kill myself. There will be this advantage about being arrested, that at the preliminary investigation I shall have an opportunity of exposing to the authorities and to the public all the infamy of her conduct. If I kill myself she may, with her characteristic duplicity and impudence, throw all the blame on me, and society will justify her behaviour and will very likely laugh at me.... If I remain alive, then ..." <Fyodor--Fyodor>

</TURN>

</CHARACTERS>

<NARRATOR>

A minute later he was thinking:

</NARRATOR>

<CHARACTERS>

<TURN>

"Yes, if I kill myself I may be blamed and suspected of petty feeling.... Besides, why should I kill myself? That's one thing. And for another, to shoot oneself is cowardly. And so I'll kill him and let her live, and I'll face my trial. I shall be tried, and she will be brought into court as a witness.... I can imagine her confusion, her disgrace when she is examined by my counsel! The sympathies of the court, of the Press, and of the public will certainly be with me." <Fyodor--Fyodor>

</TURN>

</CHARACTERS>

<NARRATOR>

While he deliberated the shopman displayed his wares, and felt it incumbent upon

him to entertain his customer.

</NARRATOR>

<CHARACTERS>

<TURN>

"Here are English ones, a new pattern, only just received," he prattled on. " But I warn you, M'sieu, all these systems pale beside the Smith and Wesson. The other day-as I dare say you have read-an officer bought from u a Smith and Wesson. He shot his wife's lover, and-would you believe it?-the bullet passed through him, pierced the bronze lamp, then the piano, and ricocheted back from the piano, killing the lap-dog and bruising the wife. A magnificent record redounding to the honour of our firm! The officer is now under arrest. He will no doubt be convicted and sent to penal servitude. In the first place, our penal code is quite out of date; and, secondly, M'sieu, the sympathies of the court are always with the lover. Why is it? Very simple, M'sieu. The judges and the jury and the prosecutor and the counsel for the defence are all living with other men's wives, and it'll add to their comfort that there will be one husband the less in Russia. Society would be pleased if the Government were to send all the husbands to Sahalin. Oh, M'sieu, you don't know how it excites my indignation to see the corruption of morals nowadays. To love other men's wives is as much the regular thing to-day as to smoke other men's cigarettes and to read other men's books. Every year our trade gets worse and worse – it doesn't mean that wives are more faithful, but that husbands resign themselves to their position and are afraid of the law and penal servitude." <Shopman--Fyodor>

</TURN>

</CHARACTERS>

<NARRATOR>

The shopman looked round and

<CHARACTERS>

<TURN>

whispered: "And whose fault is it, M'sieu? The Government's." <Shopman--Fyodor>

</TURN>

</CHARACTERS>

</NARRATOR>

<CHARACTERS>

<TURN>

"To go to Sahalin for the sake of a pig like that – there's no sense in that either," Sigaev pondered. <Fyodor--Fyodor> "If I go to penal servitude it will only give my wife an opportunity of marrying again and deceiving a second husband. She would triumph.... And so I will leave her alive, I won't kill myself, him ... I won't kill either. I must think of something more sensible and more effective. I will punish them with my contempt, and will take divorce proceedings that will make a scandal." <Fyodor--Fyodor>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"Here, M'sieu, is another make," said the shopman, <Shopman--Fyodor>

<NARRATOR>

taking down another dozen from the shelf.

</NARRATOR>

"Let me call your attention to the original mechanism of the lock." <Shopman--Fyodor>

</TURN>

</CHARACTERS>

<NARRATOR>

In view of his determination a revolver was now of no use to Sigaev, but the shopman, meanwhile, getting more and more enthusiastic, persisted in displaying his wares before him. The outraged husband began to feel ashamed that the shopman should be taking so much trouble on his account for nothing, that he should be smiling, wasting time, displaying enthusiasm for nothing. </NARRATOR>

<CHARACTERS>

<TURN>

Very well, in that case," he muttered, "I'll look in again later on ... or I'll send someone." <Fyodor--Shopman>

</TURN>

</CHARACTERS>

</SCENE>

<SCENE>

<NARRATOR>

He didn't see the expression of the shopman's face, but to smooth over the awkwardness of the position a little he felt called upon to make some purchase. But what should he buy? He looked round the walls of the shop to pick out something

inexpensive, and his eyes rested on a green net hanging near the door.

<NARRATOR>

<CHARACTERS>

<TURN>

"That's ... what's that?" he asked. <Fyodor--Shopman>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"That's a net for catching quails." <Shopman--Fyodor>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"And what price is it?" <Fyodor--Shopman>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"Eight roubles, M'sieu." <Shopman--Fyodor>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"Wrap it up for me...." <Fyodor--Shopman>

</TURN>

<CHARACTERS>

<NARRATOR>

The outraged husband paid his eight roubles, took the net, and, feeling even more outraged, walked out of the shop.

</NARRATOR>

</SCENE>

</FOC_UNR>

</VOICE_3>

A.3 The Cask of Amontillado

Edgar Allan Poe

THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO. In: 1846 Godey's Lady's Book.

https://en.wikisource.org/wiki/The_Works_of_the_Late_Edgar_Allan_Poe/Volume_1/The_Cask_of_Amontillado

<VOICE_1>

<FOC_INT>

<SCENE>

<NARRATOR>

The thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as I best could; but when he ventured upon insult, I vowed revenge. You, who so well know the nature of my soul, will not suppose, however, that I gave utterance to a threat. At length I would be avenged; this was a point definitively settled—but the very definitiveness with which it was resolved, precluded the idea of risk. I must not only punish, but punish with impunity. A wrong is unredressed when retribution overtakes its redresser. It is equally unredressed when the avenger fails to make himself felt as such to him who has done the wrong.

</NARRATOR>

<NARRATOR>

It must be understood, that neither by word nor deed had I given Fortunato cause to doubt my good will. I continued, as was my wont, to smile in his face, and he did not perceive that my smile now was at the thought of his immolation.

</NARRATOR>

<NARRATOR>

He had a weak point—this Fortunato—although in other regards he was a man to be respected and even feared. He prided himself on his connoisseurship in wine. Few Italians have the true virtuoso spirit. For the most part their enthusiasm is adopted to suit the time and opportunity—to practise imposture upon the British and Austrian millionaires. In painting and gemmary Fortunato, like his countrymen, was a quack—but in the matter of old wines he was sincere. In this respect I did not differ from him materially: I was skilful in the Italian vintages myself, and bought largely whenever I could.

</NARRATOR>

</SCENE>

<SCENE>

<NARRATOR>

It was about dusk, one evening during the supreme madness of the carnival season, that I encountered my friend. He accosted me with excessive warmth, for he had been drinking much. The man wore motley. He had on a tight-fitting parti-striped dress, and his head was surmounted by the conical cap and bells. I was so pleased to see him, that I thought I should never have done wringing his hand.

</NARRATOR>

<CHARACTERS>

<TURN>

I said to him—"My dear Fortunato, you are luckily met. How remarkably well you are looking to-day! But I have received a pipe of what passes for Amontillado, and I have my doubts." <Montresor--Fortunato>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"How?" said he. ¡Fortunato Montresor! "Amontillado? A pipe! Impossible! And in the middle of the carnival!" <Fortunato--Montresor>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"I have my doubts," I replied; "and I was silly enough to pay the full Amontillado price without consulting you in the matter. You were not to be found, and I was fearful of losing a bargain." <Montresor--Fortunato>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"Amontillado!" <Fortunato--Montresor>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"I have my doubts." <Montresor--Fortunato>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"Amontillado!" <Fortunato--Montresor>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"And I must satisfy them." <Montresor--Fortunato>
</TURN>

<TURN>
"Amontillado!" <Fortunato--Montresor>
</TURN>

<TURN>
"As you are engaged, I am on my way to Luchesi. If any one has a critical turn, it is he. He will tell me—" <Montresor--Fortunato>
</TURN>

<TURN>
"Luchesi cannot tell Amontillado from Sherry." <Fortunato--Montresor>
</TURN>

<TURN>
"And yet some fools will have it that his taste is a match for your own." <Montresor--Fortunato>
</TURN>

<TURN>
"Come, let us go." <Fortunato--Montresor>
</TURN>

<TURN>
"Whither?" <Montresor--Fortunato>
</TURN>

<TURN>
"To your vaults." <Fortunato--Montresor>
</TURN>

<TURN>
"My friend, no; I will not impose upon your good nature. I perceive you have an engagement. Luchesi—" <Montresor--Fortunato>
</TURN>

<TURN>

"I have no engagement;—come." <Fortunato--Montresor>
</TURN>

<TURN>
"My friend, no. It is not the engagement, but the severe cold with which I perceive you are afflicted. The vaults are insufferably damp. They are encrusted with nitre." <Montresor--Fortunato>
</TURN>

<TURN>
"Let us go, nevertheless. The cold is merely nothing. Amontillado! You have been imposed upon. And as for Luchesi, he cannot distinguish Sherry from Amontillado." <Fortunato--Montresor>
</TURN>
</CHARACTERS>

<NARRATOR>
Thus speaking, Fortunato possessed himself of my arm. Putting on a mask of black silk, and drawing aroquelaireclosely about my person, I suffered him to hurry me to my palazzo.
</NARRATOR>

<NARRATOR>
There were no attendants at home; they had absconded to make merry in honor of the time. I had told them that I should not return until the morning, and had given them explicit orders not to stir from the house. These orders were sufficient, I well knew, to insure their immediate disappearance, one and all, as soon as my back was turned.
</NARRATOR>
</SCENE>

<SCENE>
<NARRATOR>
I took from their sconces two flambeaux, and giving one to Fortunato, bowed him through several suites of rooms to the archway that led into the vaults. I passed down a long and winding staircase, requesting him to be cautious as he followed. We came at length to the foot of the descent, and stood together on the damp ground of the catacombs of the Montresors.

</NARRATOR>

<NARRATOR>

The gait of my friend was unsteady, and the bells upon his cap jingled as he strode.

</NARRATOR>

<CHARACTERS>

<TURN>

"The pipe," said he. <Fortunato--Montresor>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"It is farther on," said I; "but observe the white web-work which gleams from these cavern walls." <Montresor--Fortunato>

</TURN>

</CHARACTERS>

<NARRATOR>

He turned towards me, and looked into my eyes with two filmy orbs that distilled the rheum of intoxication.

</NARRATOR>

<CHARACTERS>

<TURN>

"Nitre?" he asked,

<NARRATOR>

at length. <Fortunato--Montresor>

</NARRATOR>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"Nitre," I replied. "How long have you had that cough?" <Montresor--Fortunato>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"Ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!" <Fortunato--???

</TURN>

</CHARACTERS>

<NARRATOR>

My poor friend found it impossible to reply for many minutes.

</NARRATOR>

<CHARACTERS>

<TURN>

"It is nothing," he said,

<NARRATOR>

at last. <Fortunato--Montresor>

</NARRATOR>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"Come," I said,

<NARRATOR>

with decision,

</NARRATOR>

"we will go back; your health is precious. You are rich, respected, admired, beloved; you are happy, as once I was. You are a man to be missed. For me it is no matter. We will go back; you will be ill, and I cannot be responsible. Besides, there is Luchesi—" <Montresor--Fortunato>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"Enough," he said; "the cough is a mere nothing; it will not kill me. I shall not die of a cough." <Fortunato--Montresor>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"True—true," I replied; "and, indeed, I had no intention of alarming you unnecessarily—but you should use all proper caution. A draught of this Medoc will defend us from the damps." <Montresor--Fortunato>

</TURN>

</CHARACTERS>

<NARRATOR>

Here I knocked off the neck of a bottle which I drew from a long row of its fellows that lay upon the mould.

</NARRATOR>

<CHARACTERS>

<TURN>

"Drink," I said,

<NARRATOR>

presenting him the wine. <Montresor--Fortunato>

</NARRATOR>

</TURN>

</CHARACTERS>

<NARRATOR>

He raised it to his lips with a leer. He paused and nodded to me familiarly, while his bells jingled.

</NARRATOR>

<CHARACTERS>

<TURN>

"I drink," he said, "to the buried that repose around us." <Fortunato--Montresor>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"And I to your long life." <Montresor--Fortunato>

</TURN>

</CHARACTERS>

<NARRATOR>

He again took my arm, and we proceeded.

</NARRATOR>

<CHARACTERS>

<TURN>

"These vaults," he said, "are extensive." <Fortunato--Montresor>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"The Montresors," I replied, "were a great and numerous family." <Montresor--Fortunato>
</TURN>

<TURN>
"I forget your arms." <Fortunato--Montresor>
</TURN>

<TURN>
"A huge human foot d'or, in a field azure; the foot crushes a serpent rampant whose fangs are imbedded in the heel." <Montresor--Fortunato>
</TURN>

<TURN>
"And the motto?" <Fortunato--Montresor>
</TURN>

<TURN>
"Nemo me impune lacessit." <Montresor--Fortunato>
</TURN>

<TURN>
"Good!" he said. <Fortunato--Montresor>
</TURN>
</CHARACTERS>

<NARRATOR>
The wine sparkled in his eyes and the bells jingled. My own fancy grew warm with the Medoc. We had passed through walls of piled bones, with casks and puncheons intermingling, into the inmost recesses of the catacombs. I paused again, and this time I made bold to seize Fortunato by an arm above the elbow.
</NARRATOR>

<CHARACTERS>
<TURN>
"The nitre!" I said; "see, it increases. It hangs like moss upon the vaults. We are below the river's bed. The drops of moisture trickle among the bones. Come, we will go back ere it is too late. Your cough—" <Montresor--Fortunato>
</TURN>

<TURN>

"It is nothing," he said; "let us go on. But first, another draught of the Medoc."

<Fortunato--Montresor>

</TURN>

</CHARACTERS>

<NARRATOR>

I broke and reached him a flacon of De Grâve. He emptied it at a breath. His eyes flashed with a fierce light. He laughed and threw the bottle upwards with a gesticulation I did not understand.

</NARRATOR>

<NARRATOR>

I looked at him in surprise. He repeated the movement—a grotesque one.

</NARRATOR>

<CHARACTERS>

<TURN>

"You do not comprehend?" he said. <Montresor--Fortunato>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"Not I," I replied. <Montresor--Fortunato>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"Then you are not of the brotherhood." <Fortunato--Montresor>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"How?" <Montresor--Fortunato>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"You are not of the masons." <Fortunato--Montresor>

</TURN>

<TURN>
"Yes, yes," I said, "yes, yes." <Montresor--Fortunato>
</TURN>

<TURN>
"You? Impossible! A mason?" <Fortunato--Montresor>
</TURN>

<TURN>
"A mason," I replied. <Montresor--Fortunato>
</TURN>

<TURN>
"A sign," he said. <Fortunato--Montresor>
</TURN>

<TURN>
"It is this," I answered, <Montresor--Fortunato>
<NARRATOR>
producing a trowel from beneath the folds of myroquelaire.
</NARRATOR>
</TURN>

<TURN>
"You jest," he exclaimed,
<NARRATOR>
recoiling a few paces.
</NARRATOR>
"But let us proceed to the Amontillado." <Fortunato--Montresor>
</TURN>

<TURN>
"Be it so," I said, <Montresor--Fortunato>
<NARRATOR>
replacing the tool beneath the cloak, and again offering him my arm. He leaned upon it heavily. We continued our route in search of the Amontillado. We passed through a range of low arches, descended, passed on, and descending again, arrived at a deep crypt, in which the foulness of the air caused our flambeaux rather

to glow than flame.

</NARRATOR>

</TURN>

</CHARACTERS>

<NARRATOR>

At the most remote end of the crypt there appeared another less spacious. Its walls had been lined with human remains, piled to the vault overhead, in the fashion of the great catacombs of Paris. Three sides of this interior crypt were still ornamented in this manner. From the fourth side the bones had been thrown down, and lay promiscuously upon the earth, forming at one point a mound of some size. Within the wall thus exposed by the displacing of the bones, we perceived a still interior recess, in depth about four feet, in width three, in height six or seven. It seemed to have been constructed for no especial use within itself, but formed merely the interval between two of the colossal supports of the roof of the catacombs, and was backed by one of their circumscribing walls of solid granite.

</NARRATOR>

<NARRATOR>

It was in vain that Fortunato, uplifting his dull torch, endeavored to pry into the depth of the recess. Its termination the feeble light did not enable us to see.

</NARRATOR>

<CHARACTERS>

<TURN>

"Proceed," I said; "herein is the Amontillado. As for Luchesi—" ;Montresor-Fortunato;

</TURN>

<TURN>

"He is an ignoramus," interrupted my friend, <Fortunato--Montresor>

<NARRATOR>

as he stepped unsteadily forward, while I followed immediately at his heels. In an instant he had reached the extremity of the niche, and finding his progress arrested by the rock, stood stupidly bewildered. A moment more and I had fettered him to the granite. In its surface were two iron staples, distant from each other about two feet, horizontally. From one of these depended a short chain, from the other a padlock. Throwing the links about his waist, it was but the work of a few seconds

to secure it. He was too much astounded to resist. Withdrawing the key I stepped back from the recess.

</NARRATOR>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"Pass your hand," I said, "over the wall; you cannot help feeling the nitre. Indeed it is very damp. Once more let me implore you to return. No? Then I must positively leave you. But I must first render you all the little attentions in my power."

<Montresor--Fortunato>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"The Amontillado!" ejaculated my friend, <Fortunato--Montresor>

<NARRATOR>

not yet recovered from his astonishment.

</NARRATOR>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"True," I replied; "the Amontillado." <Montresor--Fortunato>

</TURN>

</CHARACTERS>

<NARRATOR>

As I said these words I busied myself among the pile of bones of which I have before spoken. Throwing them aside, I soon uncovered a quantity of building stone and mortar. With these materials and with the aid of my trowel, I began vigorously to wall up the entrance of the niche.

</NARRATOR>

<NARRATOR>

I had scarcely laid the first tier of the masonry when I discovered that the intoxication of Fortunato had in a great measure worn off. The earliest indication I had of this was a low moaning cry from the depth of the recess. It was not the cry of a drunken man. There was then a long and obstinate silence. I laid the second tier, and the third, and the fourth; and then I heard the furious vibrations of the chain. The noise lasted for several minutes, during which, that I might hearken to it with

the more satisfaction, I ceased my labors and sat down upon the bones. When at last the clanking subsided, I resumed the trowel, and finished without interruption the fifth, the sixth, and the seventh tier. The wall was now nearly upon a level with my breast. I again paused, and holding the flambeaux over the mason-work, threw a few feeble rays upon the figure within.

</NARRATOR>

<NARRATOR>

A succession of loud and shrill screams, bursting suddenly from the throat of the chained form, seemed to thrust me violently back. For a brief moment I hesitated—I trembled. Unsheathing my rapier, I began to grope with it about the recess: but the thought of an instant reassured me. I placed my hand upon the solid fabric of the catacombs, and felt satisfied. I reapproached the wall. I replied to the yells of him who clamored. I re-echoed—I aided—I surpassed them in volume and in strength. I did this, and the clamorer grew still.

</NARRATOR>

<NARRATOR>

It was now midnight, and my task was drawing to a close. I had completed the eighth, the ninth, and the tenth tier. I had finished a portion of the last and the eleventh; there remained but a single stone to be fitted and plastered in. I struggled with its weight; I placed it partially in its destined position. But now there came from out the niche a low laugh that erected the hairs upon my head. It was succeeded by a sad voice, which I had difficulty in recognising as that of the noble Fortunato. The voice said—

</NARRATOR>

<CHARACTERS>

<TURN>

”Ha! ha! ha!—he! he!—a very good joke indeed—an excellent jest. We will have many a rich laugh about it at the palazzo—he! he! he!—over our wine he! he! he!” <Fortunato--Montresor>

</TURN>

<TURN>

”The Amontillado!” I said. <Montresor--Fortunato>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"He! he! he!—he! he! he!—yes, the Amontillado. But is it not getting late? Will not they be awaiting us at the palazzo, the Lady Fortunato and the rest? Let us be gone." <Fortunato--Montresor>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"Yes," I said, "let us be gone." <Montresor--Fortunato>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"For the love of God, Montresor!" <Fortunato--Montresor>

</TURN>

<TURN>

"Yes," I said, "for the love of God!" <Montresor--Fortunato>

</TURN>

</CHARACTERS>

<NARRATOR>

But to these words I hearkened in vain for a reply. I grew impatient. I called aloud—

</NARRATOR>

<CHARACTERS>

<TURN>

"Fortunato!" <Montresor--Fortunato>

</TURN>

</CHARACTERS>

<NARRATOR>

No answer. I called again—

</NARRATOR>

<CHARACTERS>

<TURN>

"Fortunato!" <Montresor--Fortunato>

</TURN>

</CHARACTERS>

<NARRATOR>

No answer still. I thrust a torch through the remaining aperture and let it fall within. There came forth in return only a jingling of the bells. My heart grew sick—on account of the dampness of the catacombs. I hastened to make an end of my labor. I forced the last stone into its position; I plastered it up. Against the new masonry I re-erected the old rampart of bones. For the half of a century no mortal has disturbed them. In pace requiescat!

</NARRATOR>

</SCENE>

</FOC_2>

</VOICE_1>