

# 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 <sup>[23]</sup> 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. <sup>[23]</sup> <sup>[16]</sup> <sup>[22]</sup> "Now I must tell you, Grim, my dog," <sup>[22]</sup> said Torarin, <sup>[21]</sup> "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." <sup>[21]</sup> To all this the dog listened,

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<sup>23</sup>narrative+narrative\_name+ID\_number

<sup>23</sup>narrative+narrative\_name+ID\_number

<sup>16</sup>narrative+narrative\_name+ID\_number=1

<sup>22</sup>embedded narrative+ID\_number=2

<sup>22</sup>embedded narrative+ID\_number=2

<sup>21</sup>embedded narrative+ID\_number=2

<sup>21</sup>embedded narrative+ID\_number=2

and it seemed not to displease him. He lay still and blinked at Torarin. <sup>[20]</sup> "We have no great store of fish left on our load," <sup>]20</sup> said Torarin, as though trying to talk him over. <sup>[19]</sup> "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." <sup>]19</sup> 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. <sup>[18]</sup> "It may seem like softness to go home now when trade is at its best," <sup>]18</sup> said Torarin, flinging out his arms to warm them. <sup>[17]</sup> "But we have been on the road for many weeks, you and I, and have a claim <sup>]17 ]16</sup> <sup>[11 ]15</sup> to sit at home a day or two and thaw the cold out of our bodies." <sup>]15</sup> 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: <sup>[14]</sup> "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." <sup>]14</sup> 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. <sup>[13]</sup> "Since we shall pass by Solberga parsonage," <sup>]13</sup> said Torarin, <sup>[12]</sup> "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." <sup>]12</sup> Torarin had said these words in a low voice, without thinking whether the dog was listening or not. But scarcely were the

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<sup>20</sup>embedded narrative+ID\_number=2

<sup>20</sup>embedded narrative+ID\_number=2

<sup>19</sup>embedded narrative+ID\_number=2

<sup>19</sup>embedded narrative+ID\_number=2

<sup>18</sup>embedded narrative+ID\_number=2

<sup>18</sup>embedded narrative+ID\_number=2

<sup>17</sup>embedded narrative+ID\_number=2

<sup>17</sup>embedded narrative+ID\_number=2

<sup>16</sup>narrative+narrative\_name+ID\_number=1

<sup>11</sup>narrative+narrative\_name+ID\_number=1

<sup>15</sup>embedded narrative+ID\_number=2

<sup>15</sup>embedded narrative+ID\_number=2

<sup>14</sup>embedded narrative+ID\_number=2

<sup>14</sup>embedded narrative+ID\_number=2

<sup>13</sup>embedded narrative+ID\_number=2

<sup>13</sup>embedded narrative+ID\_number=2

<sup>12</sup>embedded narrative+ID\_number=2

<sup>12</sup>embedded narrative+ID\_number=2

words uttered when the dog stood up on the load and raised a terrible howl. ]<sup>11</sup> [8 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. [10 "What now?" ]<sup>10</sup> he said to him. [9 "How many times have you and I driven into the parson's yard at Solberga! I know not whether Herr Arne ]<sup>9</sup> ]<sup>8</sup> [FOOTNOTE: At the time of this story "Herr" was a title roughly corresponding to "Sir."–Trans.] [6 [7 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." ]<sup>7</sup> ]<sup>6</sup> [3 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 poor Torarin. But at the same time he tried again to quiet the dog. [4 "Bless me, what is your quarrel with Herr Arne? [5 He is the richest ]<sup>5</sup> ]<sup>4</sup> ]<sup>3</sup> [0 [1 [2 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." ]<sup>2</sup> ]<sup>1</sup> 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

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<sup>11</sup>narrative+narrative\_name+ID\_number=1  
<sup>8</sup>narrative+narrative\_name+ID\_number=1  
<sup>10</sup>embedded narrative+ID\_number=2  
<sup>10</sup>embedded narrative+ID\_number=2  
<sup>9</sup>embedded narrative+ID\_number=2  
<sup>9</sup>embedded narrative+ID\_number=2  
<sup>8</sup>narrative+narrative\_name+ID\_number=1  
<sup>6</sup>embedded narrative+ID\_number=2  
<sup>7</sup>narrative+narrative\_name+ID\_number=1  
<sup>7</sup>narrative+narrative\_name+ID\_number=1  
<sup>6</sup>embedded narrative+ID\_number=2  
<sup>3</sup>narrative+narrative\_name+ID\_number=1  
<sup>4</sup>embedded narrative+ID\_number=2  
<sup>5</sup>embedded narrative+ID\_number=3  
<sup>5</sup>embedded narrative+ID\_number=3  
<sup>4</sup>embedded narrative+ID\_number=2  
<sup>3</sup>narrative+narrative\_name+ID\_number=1  
<sup>0</sup>narrative+narrative\_name+ID\_number=1  
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<sup>2</sup>embedded narrative+ID\_number=2  
<sup>2</sup>embedded narrative+ID\_number=2  
<sup>1</sup>embedded narrative+ID\_number=3

the parsonage, which was surrounded on its four sides by long, low wooden buildings.  
]0 [...] —————- <http://www.gutenberg.org/cache/epub/5161/pg5161.txt>

### 3 Foreign

Selma Lagerlöf The Treasure —————- CHAPTER I AT SOLBERGA PARSON-  
AGE [18 [19 [20 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 any-  
thing that displeased him, he stood up on the load, put his nose in the air, and howled  
worse than a wolf. "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 ]20 ]19 ]18  
[15 [16 [17 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 Cattetgat. 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. ]17 ]16 ]15 " [12 [13 [14 To all  
this the dog listened, and it seemed not to displease him. He lay still and blinked at

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<sup>0</sup>narrative+narrative\_name+ID\_number=1  
<sup>18</sup>narrator+name+point\_of\_view=3rd person  
<sup>19</sup>type of narrative+type=original  
<sup>20</sup>narrative+narrative\_name=Unrestricted-narrator+ID\_number=1  
<sup>20</sup>narrative+narrative\_name=Unrestricted-narrator+ID\_number=1  
<sup>19</sup>type of narrative+type=original  
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<sup>15</sup>narrative+narrative\_name=Torarin+ID\_number=2  
<sup>16</sup>narrator+name=Torarin+point\_of\_view=1st person unnamed  
<sup>17</sup>type of narrative+type=interruptive  
<sup>17</sup>type of narrative+type=interruptive  
<sup>16</sup>narrator+name=Torarin+point\_of\_view=1st person unnamed  
<sup>15</sup>narrative+narrative\_name=Torarin+ID\_number=2  
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<sup>13</sup>narrative+narrative\_name=Unrestricted-narrator+ID\_number=1  
<sup>14</sup>narrator+name+point\_of\_view=3rd person

Torarin. "We have no great store of fish left on our load," said Torarin, as though trying to talk him over. "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." 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. "It may seem like softness to go home now when trade is at its best," said Torarin, flinging out his arms to warm them. "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." 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: "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." 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. "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." 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. "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 ]<sup>14</sup> ]<sup>13</sup> ]<sup>12</sup> ]<sup>9</sup> ]<sup>10</sup> ]<sup>11</sup> [FOOTNOTE: At the time of this story "Herr" was a title roughly corresponding to "Sir."–Trans.] ]<sup>11</sup> ]<sup>10</sup> ]<sup>9</sup> can tell us how it is with the ice, ]<sup>6</sup> ]<sup>7</sup> ]<sup>8</sup> but I will be bound he'll give us a good supper before we set out on our sea voyage." 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

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<sup>14</sup>narrator+name+point\_of\_view=3rd person

<sup>13</sup>narrative+narrative\_name=Unrestricted-narrator+ID\_number=1

<sup>12</sup>type of narrative+type=original

<sup>9</sup>narrator+name=Translator+point\_of\_view=1st person unnamed

<sup>10</sup>type of narrative+type=interruptive

<sup>11</sup>narrative+narrative\_name+ID\_number=3

<sup>11</sup>narrative+narrative\_name+ID\_number=3

<sup>10</sup>type of narrative+type=interruptive

<sup>9</sup>narrator+name=Translator+point\_of\_view=1st person unnamed

<sup>6</sup>narrator+name+point\_of\_view=3rd person

<sup>7</sup>type of narrative+type=original

<sup>8</sup>narrative+narrative\_name=Unrestricted-narrator+ID\_number=1

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. But at the same time he tried again to quiet the dog. "Bless me, what is your quarrel with Herr Arne?"<sup>8</sup> ]<sup>7</sup> ]<sup>6</sup> ]<sup>3</sup> ]<sup>4</sup> ]<sup>5</sup> 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. ]<sup>5</sup> ]<sup>4</sup> ]<sup>3</sup> ]<sup>0</sup> ]<sup>1</sup> ]<sup>2</sup> 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 ]<sup>2</sup> ]<sup>1</sup> ]<sup>0</sup>. [...] —————  
<http://www.gutenberg.org/cache/epub/5161/pg5161.txt>

## 4 Student

Selma Lagerlöf The Treasure ————— CHAPTER I AT SOLBERGA PARSON-AGE ]<sup>13</sup> ]<sup>14</sup> ]<sup>16</sup> 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

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<sup>8</sup>narrative+narrative\_name=Unrestricted-narrator+ID\_number=1  
<sup>7</sup>type of narrative+type=original  
<sup>6</sup>narrator+name+point\_of\_view=3rd person  
<sup>3</sup>narrator+name=Torarin+point\_of\_view=1st person unnamed  
<sup>4</sup>narrative+narrative\_name=Torarin+ID\_number=4  
<sup>5</sup>type of narrative+type=embedded  
<sup>5</sup>type of narrative+type=embedded  
<sup>4</sup>narrative+narrative\_name=Torarin+ID\_number=4  
<sup>3</sup>narrator+name=Torarin+point\_of\_view=1st person unnamed  
<sup>0</sup>type of narrative+type=original  
<sup>1</sup>narrator+name+point\_of\_view=3rd person  
<sup>2</sup>narrative+narrative\_name=Unrestricted-narrator+ID\_number=1  
<sup>2</sup>narrative+narrative\_name=Unrestricted-narrator+ID\_number=1  
<sup>1</sup>narrator+name+point\_of\_view=3rd person  
<sup>0</sup>type of narrative+type=original  
<sup>13</sup>narrator+name+point\_of\_view=3rd person  
<sup>14</sup>type of narrative+type=original  
<sup>16</sup>narrative+narrative\_name+ID\_number=1

at home; he was constantly on the road from one village to another with his load of fish. ]<sup>16</sup> [<sup>15</sup> 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. ]<sup>15</sup> ]<sup>14</sup> ]<sup>13</sup> [<sup>10</sup> [<sup>11</sup> [<sup>12</sup> "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." To all this the dog listened, and it seemed not to displease him. He lay still and blinked at Torarin. "We have no great store of fish left on our load," said Torarin, as though trying to talk him over. "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." 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. "It may seem like softness to go home now when trade is at its best," said Torarin, flinging out his arms to warm them. "But we have been on the road for many weeks, you and I, and have a claim ]<sup>12</sup> ]<sup>11</sup> ]<sup>10</sup> [<sup>6</sup> [<sup>7</sup> [<sup>9</sup> to sit at home a day or two and thaw the cold out of our bodies." 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: ]<sup>9</sup> [<sup>8</sup> "Mother has been left alone in the cottage these many days. I warrant she longs to see us. And Marstrand is

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<sup>16</sup>narrative+narrative\_name+ID\_number=1

<sup>15</sup>narrative+narrative\_name+ID\_number=1

<sup>15</sup>narrative+narrative\_name+ID\_number=1

<sup>14</sup>type of narrative+type=original

<sup>13</sup>narrator+name+point\_of\_view=3rd person

<sup>10</sup>narrator+name+point\_of\_view=3rd person

<sup>11</sup>type of narrative+type=original

<sup>12</sup>narrative+narrative\_name+ID\_number=1

<sup>12</sup>narrative+narrative\_name+ID\_number=1

<sup>11</sup>type of narrative+type=original

<sup>10</sup>narrator+name+point\_of\_view=3rd person

<sup>6</sup>narrator+name+point\_of\_view=3rd person

<sup>7</sup>type of narrative+type=original

<sup>9</sup>narrative+narrative\_name+ID\_number=1

<sup>9</sup>narrative+narrative\_name+ID\_number=1

<sup>8</sup>narrative+narrative\_name+ID\_number=1

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.” 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. ”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.” 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. <sup>8</sup> <sup>7</sup> <sup>6</sup> <sup>3</sup> <sup>4</sup> <sup>5</sup> 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. ”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.” 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 poor Torarin. But at the same time he tried again to quiet the dog. ”Bless me, what is your quarrel with Herr Arne? He is the richest <sup>5</sup> <sup>4</sup> <sup>3</sup> <sup>0</sup> <sup>1</sup> <sup>2</sup> 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.” 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

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<sup>8</sup>narrative+narrative\_name+ID\_number=1

<sup>7</sup>type of narrative+type=original

<sup>6</sup>narrator+name+point\_of\_view=3rd person

<sup>3</sup>type of narrative+type=original

<sup>4</sup>narrative+narrative\_name+ID\_number=1

<sup>5</sup>narrator+name+point\_of\_view=3rd person

<sup>5</sup>narrator+name+point\_of\_view=3rd person

<sup>4</sup>narrative+narrative\_name+ID\_number=1

<sup>3</sup>type of narrative+type=original

<sup>0</sup>type of narrative+type=original

<sup>1</sup>narrative+narrative\_name+ID\_number=1

<sup>2</sup>narrator+name+point\_of\_view=3rd person

surrounded on its four sides by long, low wooden buildings. ]<sup>2</sup> ]<sup>1</sup> ]<sup>0</sup> [...] —————  
<http://www.gutenberg.org/cache/epub/5161/pg5161.txt>

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<sup>2</sup>narrator+name+point\_of\_view=3rd person  
<sup>1</sup>narrative+narrative\_name+ID\_number=1  
<sup>0</sup>type of narrative+type=original