

## APPENDICES

### A. Appendix 1

#### 1. Chapter I: The Box

*(Source: 'Jeremy Fink and the Meaning of Life' Novel, Wendy Mass, 2006)*

*June 22*

"Did you ever notice how the colors seem brighter the first day of summer vacation?"

I ask Lizzy. "The birds sing louder? The air is alive with possibility?" (I/1/1,2)

"Huh?" Lizzy mutters, fingering through the comic books on the wall of my Uncle Arthur's store, Fink's Comics and Magic. "Yeah, sure. Brighter, louder, alive."

(I/2/2)

It would bother some people if their best friend only half-listened to them, but I figure talking to Lizzy is one step better than talking to myself. At least this way people on the street don't stare at me.

Over the next two months I plan on learning a new magic trick or two, borrowing the eighth grade textbooks from the library to get jump on my assignments (but not telling Lizzy, who would make fun of me), and sleeping as late as I want. This is going to be a summer of leisure, and smack in the middle, the state fair and my long-awaited thirteenth birthday. Usually I love going to the fair, but this year I actually have to enter one of the competitions, and I'm dreading it (I/4/5,6).

At least my birthday comes the same week. I am so tired of being considered a “kid” and am eager to officially become a teenager (I/4/7,8). I will finally learn the secret code of Teendom.

I hope there’s a handshake. I’ve always wanted to belong to a club with a secret handshake.

“Run!” Lizzy whispers sharply in my ear (I/6/1).

Lizzy saying *run* in my ear can mean only one thing-she has stolen something. She is lucky my uncle and cousin Mitch are in the back room and didn’t see her. They don’t look kindly upon shoplifters.

By the time I manage to thrust my comic back on the shelf, she is halfway out the door. In her rush, she’s knocked over my backpack, which I had propped up carefully on the floor between us. All the stuff flies out the unzipped top for the other shoppers to see. I grab the bag and quickly toss back in my dog-eared copy of *Time Travel for Dummies*, a half-eaten peanut butter sandwich, a pack of Starburst, two bite-sized Peppermint Patties, assorted magic tricks that I always have on me, the astronaut pen that allows me to write in all conditions, and finally my wallet, which always has at least eight dollars in it because my dad once told me that if a man has eight dollars on him, he can always get home. Then I take back out one of the Peppermint Patties, quickly unwrap it, and stick it on my mouth. I blame y dad for my sweet tooth. His motto was *Life is short; eat dessert first*. How can I argue with that?

Slinging the backpack over my shoulder, I slip out the door and look up and down the street for Lizzy. Her red hair makes her easy to spot. She's leaning against the window of Larry's Lock and Clocks, admiring her newest treasure – an orange flyer advertising the debut of a *Betty and Veronica* double issue. Only moments ago it had been taped up to the wall in the store.

“Can't you use your talents for good instead of evil?” I ask, swallowing the last of my Peppermint Pettie.

She doesn't answer, just folds the paper haphazardly and tucks it in her back pocket.

“Why, Lizzy?” I ask as we start walking down the block toward home. “Why?”  
(I/11/1)

“Why what?” she asks, popping a piece of grape Bazooka in her mouth. She offers me one, but I shake my head. Grape and Peppermint just don't mix.

“Why steal something that has no monetary value?”

“Would you rather I'd stolen something that does have monetary value?”

“Of course not.”

“Well stop complaining then,” she says (I/16/1).

“You know I can't explain the reason for the things I take. I don't choose them, they choose me.” (I/16/2,3)

“What about all the customers who won't learn about the new *Betty and Veronica* because of you?”

She shrugs. “Nobody reads Archie comics anymore.”

It's true that the Archie comics are always the last ones left at the end of the month. Archie was my dad's favorite when he was a boy, so he always made sure to stock them. Uncle Arthur doesn't know enough about comics to tell the difference between *Mutant X-Men from Outer Space* and *Richie Rich*, so he keeps ordering all of them.

"That's not really the point," I tell her.

"It's not like you'll cry over your uncle losing a sale or two. You can't stand him, remember?"

"You try having an uncle who ignores you and who is the identical twin of your dead father and see how you like it."

Lizzy is quite now and entirely focused on picking the scab on her elbow. I shouldn't have said that, about my dad. When he died, Lizzy was almost as upset as I was. He was like her second parent. As upset as she was, though, she still slept on the floor of my room in her sleeping bag for three straight weeks until I could sleep through the night again.

We manage to reach our apartment building in Murray Hill without either of us further depressing the other and without Lizzy stealing anything else. One of our neighbors, Mr. Zoder, is slowly heading up the steps. It's Friday, so he is wearing a yellow. My parents always said that New York City is full of characters, and that's why they wouldn't want to live anywhere else. We're about to follow him inside when our mailman, Nick, shows up wheeling his huge blue cart.

"Howdy, Nick," Lizzy says, saluting him.

“Well if it isn’t Lizzy Muldoun and Jeremy Fink,” he replies, tipping his hat. All the mailmen in the neighborhood know us because Lizzy’s dad works at the post office.

“Let’s see what I’ve got for you guys today.” Nicky reaches into his cart and lifts out a big cardboard box (I/27/1,2).

To my surprise, it’s addressed to Elaine Fink, with our address on it! I can’t imagine what it could be, since Mom never buys anything through the mail (I/27/3,4).

In fact, except for my food and clothes, we don’t own much of anything that wasn’t from a flea market or found on the street on bulk trash day. It’s not that we can’t afford new things. Mom has a good job at the library. But he believes retail is for suckers and that recycling other people’s belongings saves the environment somehow.

#### SO WHAT IS IN THAT BOX?

Nick is about to hand it to me when he hesitates and then sets it back in the cart. Instead, he hands me our regular assortment of bills and junk mail.

“Wait,” I say after he hands Lizzy her mail (I/30/1).

“What about that box? Isn’t that for my mom?” (I/30/2)

“Sure is” Nick replies. “But it’s registered mail. That means it’s gotta be signed for by an adult.” (I/31/1)

“But my mom’s at work all day. I’m sure she won’t mind if I signed for it.” (I/32/1)

“Jeremy is as tall as some adults,” Lizzy states. “That should count for something.”

Nick shakes his head. “Your mom can pick it up at the post office on her way to work tomorrow.” (I/34/1,2)

Not one to give up, Lizzy says, “That box looks heavy. You don’t want to have to lug it around on the rest of your route, do you?”

Nick laughs. “It’s not that heavy. I think I can manage.” He starts to wheel his cart to the next building, and we keep pace with him (I/36/1,2).

“But Nick,” I plead, “tomorrow’s Saturday and our branch of the post office is closed. My Mom wouldn’t be able to get the box until Monday. If it’s special delivery, maybe that mean it’s really important-”

“Like *medicine* or something!” Lizzy adds.

“Right,” I say eagerly. “Something that can’t wait a whole weekend.”

“I thought I heard Mrs. Fink coughing this morning,” Lizzy says. “She could have that bird flu thing, or German measles, or-”

Nick holds up his hand. “Enough, enough. Soon you’ll have her quarantined for the plague.” (I/41/1,2)

He reaches over for the box, and Lizzy and I flash each other a quick grin.

I sign my name as neatly as possible on the slip and hand it back to him.

“Just make sure you leave it for her to open,” he instructs, laying the box in my waiting arms (I/43/1,2).

“Yeah, yeah,” Lizzy says. “Opening other people’s mail is a federal offense, we know the drill.”

“Bye, Nick,” I say, eager to get the package upstairs. It isn’t heavy, but it’s awkward to carry.

“Stay outta trouble,” he says in parting (I/46/1).

“Who, us?” Lizzy calls after me. We climb up the short flight of stairs to the first floor where we both live. Mom told me last week that a new family would soon be moving into the empty apartment at the end of the hall. I’m very curious to see who they will turn out to be (I/47/3,4).

Circus performers? A minor league baseball player? Most kids would probably hope for more kids his age, but I don’t care about that. Why would anyone need more than one good friend?

Since my arms are full, Lizzy uses her copy of my apartment key and opens the door. I head straight into the kitchen and rest the box on the three-legged kitchen table, which is a big improvement over the two-legged one that my parents had to glue to the wall to keep it from tipping over.

“So?” Lizzy asks that familiar let’s-do-something-bad gleam in her eye (I/49/1).

“Are we gonna open it?” (I/49/2)

At the same time we both lean closer to read the return address label. It’s scuffed up and hard to make out. “Folgard and Levine, Esquires,” she reads. “‘Esquires’ means lawyers,” I explain.

“Why would a bunch of lawyers send something to your mom?” (I/50/1)

“I don’t know.”

“Maybe she robbed a bank,” Lizzy suggests. “And the evidence against her is in this box!”

“Come on,” I say. “As you can tell by our apartment, Mom isn’t interested in having fancy things.”

I watch Lizzy’s eyes take in the curtains made from strings of beads, the tie-dyed sheet on the wall that hides a long crack, the collection of old black-and-white postcards all showing some breed of dog dressed in a tutu, the three-legged table. “Okay,” she says, “so she didn’t rob a bank. But hey, maybe she won something! Does she still enter all those crazy contests?”

“I’m not sure,” I answer hesitantly. Mom and I don’t see each other that much anymore. She has her job at the library during the day, and then she takes art classes three nights a week at the school where my Aunt Judi - Mom’s twin sister – teaches. My mother is also an identical twin, but unlike my dad and Uncle Arthur, she and Aunt Judi actually like each other.

Lizzy asks, “Remember when your mom had to come up with a ten-word description for apple pie and she won a different pie every month for a year?”

Ah yes. I recall the Year of the Pies fondly. Pies are not as good as candy, but they are still better than anything else Mom has tried over the years to get me to eat. We made that final pie — rutabaga, as I recall — last for weeks, taking only a bite at a time.



This box doesn't look like it holds pies, though. Or vacuum bags, or Florida oranges, or packets of Jell-O, or any of the other things Mom has won over the years by writing jingles or collecting box tops or labels from cans. I examine the box itself. Thick cardboard, with a single layer of clear packing tape running down the center.

"You know what this means?" Lizzy asks, pointing to the tape.

"That we can lift off the tape without ruining the box, and then we can press the tape back down and my mother won't know the difference?"

"Yup!"

"Not gonna happen," I say, plopping down onto the one kitchen chair that Mom hasn't managed to turn into an art project yet. The others are either covered in a scratchy fake leopard fur, or have bottle caps (the actual caps of bottles, not the candy) running up and down the legs and across the back.

"If you're afraid of that federal offense thing," Lizzy says, "that's only if it's a stranger's mail. I think."

"We will wait till my mom gets home," I say firmly (I/63/1).

I expect her to continue the argument, but instead she just stands by the box, looking a bit too innocent.

Gravely, I ask, "Lizzy, did you do something?" (I/64/1)

In a rush she blurts, "It's not my fault! The end of the tape just lifted right up!" (I/65/1)

I jump from the chair to see that she has peeled away a few inches of the tape from the side of the box facing her. I have to admit, it really *had* come up very

smoothly, not ripping or taking any of the cardboard with it. “Okay,” I say quickly. “Let’s do it before I change my mind.” (I/66/4)

Lizzy claps her hands and we set to work gently lifting the tape up from both ends. We eventually meet in the middle and lift the whole piece straight off. Lizzy drapes it over the top of a kitchen chair. I open the four flaps, and we look in.

At first all we can see is a bunch of crumpled pieces of newspaper. For a brief moment I think there’s nothing else inside. I’m afraid to touch anything, but Lizzy apparently has no such qualms because she digs right in and pulls out balls of newspaper with both hands. She tosses them onto the table and is about to reach back in for the next layer when I stop her.

“Wait,” I say, gathering the balls into a neat pile (I/69/1).

“We’ll have to pack this back up later exactly how we found it.” (I/69/2)

I’m about to lay a wad of newspaper onto the pile when a headline catches my eye. I smooth the crumpled page out on the table. My heart quickening, I hold the page out to Lizzy and say, “Look at this article.” (I/69/5)

She shakes her head. “You know I don’t believe in reading the newspaper. Too depressing. Why would I start reading it now?”

“Just read it,” I persist. “It’s from the science section.” (I/71/1)

She rolls her eyes and grabs the paper from me. “‘Scientists Believe Black Holes Might Be Key to Time Travel.’ So what?” she asks. “Just add this to your time travel file (I/71/3,4).

Your mom won’t notice one piece of newspaper missing.”

“I don’t *need* to add it to my file,” I tell her, taking the paper back and rolling it back up into a ball. “I already have it.”

“Huh?”

“This newspaper is five years old!”

She grabs more pieces out of the box until she finds one with a date on it. With a sharp intake of breath she says, “You’re right! This page is from the week after . . . after . . .” Lizzy’s words trail off and she busies herself pulling more paper out of the box. I know what she was going to say. The paper is from the week after my father died.

Silently we pull out the rest of the newspaper until only two things are left in the box — a typed letter on business letterhead and a rectangular object the size of a shoe box, wrapped in tissue paper. We stare at each other, wide-eyed. Lizzy starts to reach for the letter and then pulls back. “Maybe you should do it.” (I/76/3,4)

“But what if it’s something my mom wouldn’t want us to see?” (I/77/1)

“We’ve come this far,” she says, then quickly adds, “but it’s up to you.”

I wipe my sweating hands on my shorts. As much as I don’t want to admit it, I’m drawn in by the mysterious package, and I can’t help myself. I square my shoulders and carefully lift out the letter, trying not to wrinkle it. The address on the top is the same as the one on the return label. The letter, at least, is not five years old because it has yesterday’s date on it. I read it out loud, trying to keep my voice steady:

Dear Laney,

I hope this finds you well. I know I wasn't supposed to send it until later this summer, but we have shut down the Manhattan branch, and I didn't want to take the chance of misplacing it in the move to our Long Island office. Another reason to send it early — and you won't like this, I'm afraid — is that I seem to have misplaced the keys. I am fairly certain that you sent them along with the box to my office, and I have a vague recollection of hiding them somewhere quite clever. Alas, too clever, I'm sorry to say. The locksmith I visited explained that the locking mechanism on the box is an intricate system of levers and pulleys. Each of the four keyholes needs a different type of key, and an internal latch will prevent the box from being pried open. Figures Jack wouldn't settle for a normal box with one keyhole like everyone else. I am certain you and Jeremy will figure it out

before the time comes. I have nothing but fond memories of Jack from our college days, and I was honored to do him the favor of holding onto this all these years. All my best wishes to you.

Yours truly,

Harold

Lizzy takes the letter from my hand and reads it over to herself. “What does this mean?” she says quietly. Lizzy rarely says anything quietly, so I know she’s as surprised as I am. I don’t trust myself to speak, so I just shake my head. I can’t recall my father mentioning a college buddy named Harold, although admittedly I tuned out whenever my parents started reminiscing about the old college days. But this Harold person must have known them pretty well since he called Mom *Laney*, which only her close friends do. So my mother sent this package to him and told him to send it back five years later? Why would she do that? And what does he mean about doing a favor for my dad?

Before I can stop myself, I reach in and lift the wrapped object out of the box. The tissue paper slides off and falls to the floor. I am left holding a smooth wooden box with keyholes on four sides. A clear varnish makes the wood seem almost alive. The first thought that strikes me is how pretty it is. I had never thought that a wooden

box could be pretty. Heck, I don't think I've ever even *used* the word "pretty" before, and if Lizzy ever asked, I'd deny using it now.

Lizzy bends down to pick up the piece of tissue paper at my feet. She stands up slowly and says, "Um, Jeremy?"

"Hmmm?" I'm unable to take my eyes from the box in my hands. I shake it gently and hear some muffled objects shift and knock against each other. It can't weigh more than two pounds.

"Um, you might want to turn that over," Lizzy says. I just keep shaking the box back and forth, mesmerized. She finally grabs it from my hands, flips it over, and hands it back. Staring up at me are the engraved words the meaning of life: for jeremy fink to open on his 13th birthday. I'd recognize my dad's handiwork anywhere.

## **2. The Analysis of Illocutionary Act on the First Chapter "The Box"**

1. "Did you ever notice how the colors seem brighter the first day of summer vacation?" I ask Lizzy (I/1/1,2).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives because the speaker wants Lizzy to give information about the weather in the first day of summer vacation.

2. "Huh?" Lizzy mutters, fingering through the comic books on the wall of my Uncle Arthur's store, Fink's Comics and Magic. "Yeah, sure. Brighter, louder, alive." (I/2/2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Assertive because in the sentence, Jeremy tells the book that he chooses.

3. Usually I love going to the fair, but this year I actually have to enter one of the competitions, and I'm dreading it (I/4/5,6).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Expressive because it shows Jeremy feeling of sadness since he cannot go to the fair.

4. At least my birthday comes the same week. I am so tired of being considered a "kid" and am eager to officially become a teenager (I/4/7,8).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Expressive illocutionary because Jeremy expresses his feeling that he is bored to be a kid and he hopes to be a teenager.

5. "Run!" Lizzy whispers sharply in my ear (I/6/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary. In that sentence, Lizzy commands Jeremy to have a fast moving.

6. "Why, Lizzy?" I ask as we start walking down the block toward home. "Why?" (I/11/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants Lizzy to tell him about the reason why she stole.

7. "Well stop complaining then," she says (I/16/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary because in that sentence Lizzy asks Jeremy not to complain her about the stolen case.

8. "I don't choose them, they choose me." (I/16/2,3)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Assertive illocutionary because Lizzy describes and insists the real problem that happens on her.

9. "Let's see what I've got for you guys today." Nicky reaches into his cart and lifts out a big cardboard box (I/27/1,2).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary. Nicky command them to see what he has for them in his cart.

10. To my surprise, it's addressed to Elaine Fink, with our address on it! I can't imagine what it could be, since Mom never buys anything through the mail (I/27/3,4).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Expressive illocutionary. It expresses Jeremy surprise that her mother gets a box from the mailmen, yet his mother never buys anything through the mail.

11. "Wait," I say after he hands Lizzy her mail (I/30/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary. Jeremy asks Nick not to take back the Mother's box.

12. "What about that box? Isn't that for my mom?" (I/30/2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary because Jeremy wants Nick to give him the information why Nick doesn't give his mom box to him.

13. "Sure is" Nick replies. "But it's registered mail. That means it's gotta be signed for by an adult." (I/31/1)



Analysis: The illocutionary act is Assertive illocutionary. In that sentence Nick asserts Jeremy that he is not too adult to keep the registered mail.

14. “But my mom’s at work all day. I’m sure she won’t mind if I signed for it.”

(I/32/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Assertive illocutionary because Jeremy tries to convince Nick, the mailman, that it would be okay if Nick commends the box to him.

15. Nick shakes his head. “Your mom can pick it up at the post office on her way to work tomorrow.” (I/34/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Assertive illocutionary because Nick asserts them that he never gives the box to them since they are not old enough.

16. Nick laughs. “It’s not that heavy. I think I can manage.” He starts to wheel his cart to the next building, and we keep pace with him (I/36/1,2).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Assertive illocutionary. It is the mailmen asserting to Jeremy and Lizzy that he won’t give the box to them since they are still too young.

17. Nick holds up his hand. “Enough, enough. Soon you’ll have her quarantined for the plague.” (I/41/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary. The mailman, Nick, asks Lizzy and Jeremy to stop persuade him.

18. “Just make sure you leave it for her to open,” he instructs, laying the box in my waiting arms (I/43/1,2).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary. Nick asks Jeremy and Lizzy not to open her mother box until the mother come.

19. “Stay outta trouble,” he says in parting (I/46/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary. Nick commands and remains them to remember that they have to keep the box until Jeremy’s mom come.

20. I’m very curious to see who they will turn out to be (I/4/3,4).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Expressive illocutionary. It is Jeremy feeling about the new neighbor. He really wants to know who the new comer besides his apartment is.

21. “So?” Lizzy asks, that familiar let’s-do-something-bad gleam in her eye (I/49/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants Jeremy give the information about what they will do to the mom’s box.

22. “Are we gonna open it?” (I/49/2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants Jeremy gives the information or idea if he will open the box or not.

23. “Why would a bunch of lawyers send something to your mom?” (I/50/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants Jeremy gives the information about her idea why the lawyers send a box to his mother.

24. “We will wait till my mom gets home,” I say firmly (I/63/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary acts are Directive and Commissive illocutionary. First, it is said Commissive illocutionary because Jeremy promises to wait his mother arrive home to open the box. Secondly, it is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants Lizzy to promise to wait his mother when open the box.

25. Gravely, I ask, “Lizzy, did you do something?” (I/64/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants Lizzy to give the information about what she has done to the box.

26. In a rush she blurts, “It’s not my fault! The end of the tape just lifted right up!”(I/65/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Assertive illocutionary because Lizzy describe what exactly happen to the box.

27. “Let’s do it before I change my mind.” (I/66/4)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy asks Lizzy to open the box before he change his mind.

28. “Wait,” I say, gathering the balls into a neat pile (I69/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy asks Lizzy to stop digging and pulling out the newspaper.

29. We’ll have to pack this back up later exactly how we found it (I/69/2).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Commissive illocutionary. Jeremy promises to pack that back up as they found it soon.

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary. Jeremy wants Lizzy to help him pack the back up as they found it.

30. My heart quickening, I hold the page out to Lizzy and says, “Look at this article.” (I/69/5)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary. Jeremy asks Lizzy to see and read the article because of something interesting in the article.

31. “Just read it,” I persist. “It’s from the science section.” (I/71/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary. Jeremy asks Lizzy to read the book he has.

32. “Just add this to your time travel file.” (I/71/3,4)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary. Jeremy asks Lizzy to add the book which contains sience section to her time travel file.

33. Lizzy starts to reach for the letter and then pulls back. “Maybe you should do it.” (I/76/3,4)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary because Lizzy advises and asks Jeremy to agree with him.

34. “But what if it’s something my mom wouldn’t want us to see?” (I/77/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants Lizzy to give the information about what will happen to them if mother knows they open the box.

**Table 1.1 The Finding of Illocutionary act in the first chapter**

No.	Kinds of Illocutionary	Numbers of Illocutionary found	Percentage
1.	Assertive	7	20%
2.	Directive	23	65.7%
3.	Commissive	1	2.9%
4.	Expressive	4	11.4%
5.	Declarative	0	0%
<b>TOTAL</b>		<b>35</b>	<b>100%</b>

## **B. APPENDIX 2**

### **1. Chapter 2: The Explanation**

*(Source: ‘Jeremy Fink and the Meaning of Life’ Novel, Wendy Mass, 2006)*

“Looks like the package wasn’t for your mom after all,” Lizzy says after a few minutes (II/1/1,2).

I don’t answer. My hands are shaking, and I set the wooden box down on the kitchen table. We back away about two feet and stare at it.

“So this is a birthday gift from your dad?” Lizzy asks (II/3/1).

I nod. My heart is beating so fast that I actually hear it pulsing in my ears.

We stare some more and the words float in front of me. *The Meaning of Life. For Jeremy Fink. 13th Birthday.* Mom has obviously known about this for at least five years. Why did she keep it from me? I don’t have any secrets from anyone. Well, I guess I haven’t told anyone about kissing Rachel Schwartz at her bat mitzvah last April, but that’s mostly because it wasn’t so much a kiss as it was our lips accidentally occupying the same space as we reached for the last Shirley Temple on the waiter’s tray.

“So what do you think is inside?” Lizzy asks (II/6/1). I finally speak. “No idea.”

“Can the meaning of life be in a box?” (II/7/1)

“Wouldn’t have thought so,” I say (II/8/1).

“And you never saw this box before?” (II/9/1)

I shake my head.

“Your mom never mentioned it?” (II/11/1)

I shake my head again and try to recall what I’m supposed to do to avoid having a panic attack. I’ve only had one, the time Mom and I flew to Florida to visit my grandparents last year. No matter what they say about how safe flying is, I think only birds and superheroes should be in the clouds. Deep breath in, hold it for four counts, deep breath out. I had never considered the meaning of life before. Why hadn’t I considered it? What is wrong with me? Has everyone else thought about this except for me? Maybe I was too busy trying to learn about time travel so I could keep Dad

from taking the car out on that fateful day. My time travel research is important though, if not *vital*, to all of mankind. How was I supposed to put that aside to ponder the meaning of life?

“Are you all right?” Lizzy asks, looking up at me (II/13/1). “You look a little green.”

I do feel a little light-headed from all the deep breathing. “I should probably sit down.” We head to the living room and sink down into the tan corduroy couch. I lean back and close my eyes. When I was three, I named this couch Mongo. It was one of the first pieces of furniture that my parents found during the height of their old collecting days, before I was born. Dad told me that objects people left on the street were called *mongo*. I think he must have told me this while we were sitting on the couch because somehow I thought he was saying the *couch* was called Mongo. The couch was old when they found it, and older still now. As the years went by, Mom kept covering up the holes with other pieces of fabric. At this point, the couch is almost ALL other pieces of fabric, but she won’t get rid of it because I named it. She’s sentimental that way. Apparently not sentimental enough to tell me about the box though!

“You’re starting to look semi-normal again,” Lizzy observes. “Not so green anymore. A little sweaty, maybe.”

Nothing like the appearance of this box has ever happened to me. Or to anyone I know. Or to anyone I have read about. I need to sort this out, to make a plan. I open my eyes and say, “Let’s recap.”

“Okay,” Lizzy says, sitting forward eagerly. Lizzy loves a good recap. We saw a detective do it on TV once, and ever since then we’ve occasionally recapped our day.

I stand up and begin to circle the coffee table. “Okay,” I say. “We were about to go into the building when Nick came by. We convinced him to give us the big package with my mother’s name on it. We promised to leave it for her, and then somehow, without realizing it, we opened it.”

“That’s one way to put it,” Lizzy says encouragingly. “Go on.” (II/19/1)

“Inside the box we found a letter from a lawyer who was an old friend of my father’s. He said he lost the keys to a wooden box that my dad left for him to give to me when I turned thirteen.” I pause here to take a deep breath. “I will turn thirteen in a month with no way to open the box.”

“Maybe your mom has a spare set,” Lizzy suggests (II/21,1).

“I doubt it. Harold sounded awfully sorry about losing them, so he must have been pretty sure they were the only ones.”

“Or what if your dad built the box himself? Then maybe the keys are with his old tools. No, wait, your mom donated all that, right?”

I nod, remembering how hard it was for her to get rid of his stuff. “It doesn’t matter, though. Dad was good at fixing things up, but I don’t think he could make something as intricate as this, with all the keyholes. He definitely engraved the top himself, though. He loved that engraving tool.”



“Yeah,” Lizzy says wistfully, no doubt recalling the weekend where Dad went around engraving his initials on every wooden surface until my mother took the tool away (but not before Lizzy got a plaque with her name on it to hang on her bedroom door). “Too bad you didn’t get his handyman genes.”

“True, but if I had, we wouldn’t have the hole between my room and your room from where I tried to hang those shelves.” Over the years Lizzy and I have made good use of the hole to pass notes back and forth. It’s lucky our bedrooms are back-to-back, or else the hole might have gone into the middle of the Muldouns’ kitchen.

“We’ll find a way to open the box,” Lizzy says decisively. “I promise.” (II/27/1)

“No offense, but your promises tend to get broken, or at least bent, a lot of the time.”

“Not this time,” she says, jumping up from Mongo. “Come on, let’s put the package back together. Your mom will be home any minute.” (II/29/1,2)

I follow her back into the kitchen and watch as she repacks each item in reverse order. I am impressed at how neat she is being, since Lizzy is the messiest person I know (II/30/2,3).

As she tosses in the last of the crumpled newspaper, I realize there is no way I can pretend to my mother that I don’t know what’s inside.

As Lizzy reaches for the long piece of packing tape, I say, “Don’t bother trying to tape it back together. I might as well tell her I opened it (II/31/1,2).

I’m not as good a liar as you.” (II/31/3)

Lizzy puts her hands on her hips and narrows her eyes. “I think I’ve been insulted.”

“I just meant that if I were a spy trapped behind enemy lines, I would want *you* to explain why I was there. We each have our strengths, and making people believe you is one of yours.”

“So what’s *your* strength?” she asks (II/34/1).

Good question. What *is* my strength? Do I even *have* a strength? Maybe I have *too many* strengths, and that’s why I can’t think of just one.

“Oh, never mind,” she says, heading toward the door. “I can see this is taxing your brain, and I have to get home to set the table for dinner.”

We agree that I’ll send a note through the hole in the wall once I’ve been punished and sent to my room, which, I’m positive, is what will happen. Our grandfather clock— mongo from 83rd Street and 2nd Avenue—chimes five times. This means I have twenty minutes before Mom comes home to do enough good things around the apartment that maybe she’ll go easy on me for opening her package.

Grabbing the fish food off the shelf in the kitchen, I hurry into the hallway where the tank sits on top of a long marble table — mongo from 67th Street and Central Park West. The fish all swim to the surface to greet me, except for Cat, the loner. All my fish are named after other animals because Mom won’t let me have real pets due to the fact that she is still mourning her childhood rabbit. Cat is a striped tiger fish who keeps to himself. Dog is brown with white spots and not that bright. He

spends most of his day banging his nose into the side of the tank. Hamster is a hyper, orange goldfish who swims back and forth all day like he's in an Olympic relay race. My newest fish, Ferret, is long and silver and sometimes hard to find because he blends in with the gray rocks on the bottom of the tank. I sprinkle in some food, and they quickly swim to the surface to gobble it down.

These fish and I are a lot alike. They swim around the same four walls, safe and secure in their familiar environment. That's how I am, too. Honestly, I don't see any reason to leave my neighborhood. Everything I could ever want or need is within a few blocks in any direction: Dad's store (I still think of it as his), movies, school, the doctor, grocery store, dentist, clothes, shoes, the park, the library, the post office, everything. I don't like change.

I grab the feather duster from under the sink and run around the apartment, swishing it over every possible dustcollecting surface. I swish the mirrors, Aunt Judi's many sculptures, the tabletops, bookshelves, and the spines of the books (almost all of which were discarded from the library or bought at flea markets). I dust the television screen and the beaded curtains that Mom made the summer she was pregnant with me and stuck in bed. I am tempted to dust myself even!

Running into my bedroom, I quickly throw my blanket over the bed, not bothering to straighten the sheets first. The stuffed alligator that Dad won for me by knocking over old milk jars at the state fair is trapped underneath the blanket. Now it looks like I'm hiding something because of the lumps and bumps. I'm about to fix it when I hear the double knock on the wall that indicates a new note is waiting for me.

I lift up the poster of the solar system that covers the hole and grab the end of the rolled-up notebook page. Our walls are about six inches apart, so when we first tried to stick notes through on small pieces of paper, they would fall into the hollow space between. One day, years from now, maybe someone will find them and wonder who we were. Now we only use notebook paper, folded the long way, so it reaches all the way through.

Inside the note are two jelly beans. Watermelon, my favorite. I pop them in my mouth and read the note:

Good luck! If you get punished, there are more where these came from.

Lizzy and I look out for each other that way.

I scribble a big *THANKS* on the bottom of the note, stick it back through the hole until I see it reach the edge of her wall, and knock twice. It soon disappears from the other end.

I am straightening the books and papers on my desk when I hear the front door open. I had planned on being in the kitchen next to the box when Mom got home, but now that it's time, I can't move. I sit on the edge of my bed and wait. I hear her key ring jingle as she hangs it on the hook by the door. *Thud* goes her heavy briefcase onto the floor. Now she's walking into the kitchen to get a glass of iced tea. I know her patterns very well. Three more steps until she'll see the box. Two more steps. One. Now she'll be examining the package, wondering why it's open. Now she's reaching in past the newspaper and pulling out the letter and the wooden box. And now she'll call my name. Okay . . . now!

Now?

Why don't I hear anything? I expected, "Jeremy Fink! Get in here immediately!" (II/46/1,2)

Instead . . . silence. What does this mean? Another minute passes, and still nothing. Is she trying to make me squirm by dragging out the inevitable? Or what if she slipped and fell and is lying unconscious on the floor? When I reach the kitchen I see that Mom isn't, thankfully, knocked out on the floor. Instead, she's standing by the table, staring down at Dad's box. I am familiar with that position, having been in it myself for quite a while. The letter is in her hand, hanging down at her side. Her face is pale. I can see some gray hair poking through the black, and for some reason it makes me sad. I have the urge to take her hand. Instead I just ask, "Um, Mom? Are you okay?" (II/46/10)

She gives an unconvincing nod and sits down in the bottle cap-covered chair. "You should have this," she says, and hands me the letter. She runs her fingers over the words Dad engraved on the top of the box. "It was only a week after the accident when I mailed this box to Harold for safekeeping," she says, not taking her eyes off of it. "Your thirteenth birthday seemed like a million years away back then."

She looks so sad that I wish she were angry at me instead. Not that she has a bad temper or anything, but she's big on boundaries. I know if the package had *my* name on it, she never would have opened it.

“Even though your dad insisted he would be here to give you the box himself, I knew that deep down he didn’t believe it. The instructions to send it to Harold were in his will.”

My throat feels like a snake is wound around it, but I manage to ask, “He believed that palm reader on the boardwalk, didn’t he?”

She lets out a big sigh. “I don’t know. I think some people have a greater sense of their mortality than others. He knew the number of years that were allotted to him.”

Neither of us speaks for a minute. Then I whisper, “I’m sorry I opened the package.” (II/52/1,2)

If I were a little bit younger, I would have blamed it on Lizzy.

Surprisingly, she smiles. “Your dad would have opened it, too. He was curious about everything. That’s why he loved flea markets and collecting so much. He was fascinated by what objects people kept, and what they threw away. Remember those stories he used to make up about each thing he found?”

I sit down across from her and nod. I do remember, but the memories are very foggy. After Dad died, it was like all the furniture was talking to me (but in Dad’s voice), and I had to make a conscious effort to remember that the hall table was just a table, not the very table on which the Declaration of Independence was signed. Which of course it wasn’t really.

She runs her hand over the scratches that burrow deep into the kitchen table. “Remember what he said about this broken table when we found it?” (II/55/2)

I shake my head.

“When we found this at a tag sale, your dad said it belonged to an old woman who was very overweight. She was sitting at the table when she saw in the newspaper that her lottery numbers had come in. In her excitement she fainted and fell forward onto the table, breaking one of the legs underneath her weight.” Mom gestures to the box and says, “He was so excited the day he got this box. He said it was the most unique one he’d ever seen, with all those keyholes. You were six at the time, and he starting filling it for you that very night. He didn’t engrave it until a few months later.”

My eyes begin to sting with the onset of tears, but I blink them away. “So you know what’s in it?” (II/58/1,2)

She shakes her head. “He was very secretive about it. He kept it at the comic store in the vault.”

So that’s why I never saw it around the apartment! “Do you have an extra set of keys?” (II/60/1,2) I hold my breath until she answers.

She shakes her head. “There was only one set. It takes four different keys to open it, and I mailed them to Harold. I can’t imagine what he did with them.”

“Maybe Dad made an extra set and kept them at the store. I can ask Uncle Arthur if —”

She just shakes her head. “I’m sorry, Jeremy. I cleaned out all your father’s things from the store. There’s no other set.” (II/63/1,2)

I pull hard on the top of the box, not really expecting anything to happen. It is sealed up tight. “How am I going to open it, then?” I ask. (II/64/2)

“I honestly don’t know.” She stands up and takes the pitcher of iced tea out of the fridge. As she reaches for two glasses she says, “Lizzy’s dad has some tools. We can ask him to saw through it if you haven’t found a way to open it before your birthday comes.”

I jump out of my chair, nearly knocking it over. Snatching the box from the table, I hug it to my chest.

“I’ll take that as a no, then?” she says, sounding slightly amused.

“Yes, that’s a no,” I say firmly, tightening my grip. I can’t let Dad’s box get sawed in half after hearing how much he loved it. After five years, he has sent me a message with one instruction, to open this box on my thirteenth birthday. Somehow, no matter how impossible it might seem, I am going to do exactly that.

## **2. The Analysis of Illocutionary Act on the Second Chapter “The Explanation”**

1. “Looks like the package wasn’t for your mom after all,” Lizzy says after a few minutes (II/1/1,2).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary because Lizzy asks or command Jeremy to see what happen with the mom’s package.

2. “So this a birthday gift from your dad? Lizzy asks. (II/3/1)



Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary because Lizzy wants Jeremy to give her explanation if the present in the package from his father or not.

3. “So what do you think is inside?” Lizzy asks (II/6/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary because Lizzy wants Jeremy to give her information or idea about what is in the package.

4. “Can the meaning of life be in the box?” (II/7/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary because Lizzy wants Jeremy to give her idea about her opinion.

5. “Wouldn’t have thought so,” I say (II/8/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Assertive illocutionary. It is Jeremy statement to Lizzy opinion that he doesn’t agree with Lizzy’s opinion.

6. “And you never saw this box before?” (II/9/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary because Lizzy wants Jeremy to give her information if he ever saw the present before or not.

7. “Your mom never mentioned it?” (II/11/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary because Lizzy wants Jeremy to give her information if his mother ever talked about the present in the package.

8. “Are you all right?” Lizzy asks, looking up at me (II/13/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary because Lizzy wants Jeremy to give her information about his condition whether good or not.

9. “Go on.” (II/19/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary because Lizzy wants Jeremy to continue what they have done with the box.

10. “Maybe your mom has a spare set,” Lizzy suggests (II/21/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Assertive illocutionary. It is Lizzy suggestion to Jeremy to ask his mother if she has the box keys or not.

11. “We’ll find a way to open the box,” Lizzy says decisively. “I promise.” (II/27/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Commissive illocutionary because Lizzy commit to Jeremy that she will help him to find the box so that they can open the box.

12. “Come on, let’s put the package back together. Your mom will be home any minute.” (II/29/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary because Lizzy wants Jeremy to continue what they did to the box before his mother comes home.

13. I am impressed at how neat she is being, since Lizzy is the messiest person I know (II/30/2,3).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Expressive illocutionary. It is Jeremy feeling to Lizzy that he is amazed to Lizzy action that doesn't like usual. She is neater than usual.

14. As Lizzy researches for the long piece of packing tape, I say, "Don't bother trying to tape it back together. I might as well tell her I opened it (II/31/1,2).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary. It is Jeremy commands Lizzy not to tidy up the box because he wants to tell the truth to his mother that he has opened the box without her knowing.

15. "I'm not as good a liar as you." (II/31/3)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Assertive illocutionary. It is Jeremy asserting to Lizzy that he is not a liar and he will be a gentle to tell the truth to his mom about what the real happen with the box.

16. "So, what's your strength?" she asks (II/34/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary because Lizzy wants Jeremy to give the information about the strength he has.

17. "Jeremy Fink! Get in here immediately!" (II/46/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary because Mother commands Jeremy to come see her soon.

18. Instead I just ask, "Um, Mom? Are you okay?" (II/46/10)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary because Jeremy asks his mother if everything good since he afraid his mother is angry with what he did to the box.

19. Then I whisper, "I'm sorry I opened the package." (II/52/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Expressive illocutionary because Jeremy feels sorry to what he did with the box.

20. "Remember what he said about this broken table when we found it?" (II/55/2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary because Mother wants Jeremy to give her information if he remembers the moment his father statement about the broken table.

21. "So you know what's in it?" (II/58/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary because Jeremy wants his Mother to give information if she knows what in the box or not.

22. "Do you have an extra set of keys?" (II/60/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary because Jeremy wants his mom to give him information about the keys, if she has the keys or not.

23. "I'm sorry Jeremy. I cleaned out all your father's things from the store. There's no other set." (II/63/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Expressive illocutionary because Mother feels sorry to Jeremy since she has already cleaned all his Father things in his store.

24. “How am I going to open it, then?” I ask (II/64/2).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary because Jeremy wants Mother to give her idea about her opinion how he open the box.

**Table 1.2 The Finding of Illocutionary act in the second chapter**

No.	Kinds of Illocutionary	Numbers of Illocutionary found	Percentage
1.	Assertive	3	12.5%
2.	Directive	17	70.8%
3.	Commissive	1	4.2%
4.	Expressive	3	12.5%
5.	Declarative	0	0%
<b>TOTAL</b>		<b>24</b>	<b>100%</b>

### C. APPENDIX 3

#### 1. Chapter 3: The Keys

*(Source: ‘Jeremy Fink and the Meaning of Life’ Novel, Wendy Mass, 2006)*

I send Lizzy a note telling her that Mom doesn’t have the keys and that, miraculously, I’m not being punished. Hours later, as the grandfather clock strikes eleven, I finally get a response.

*I have a plan. Come over at 10 am. Bring the letter and the box. Sorry it took so long to get back to you, what with the whole Friday Night Is Family Movie Night thing. Field of Dreams again. Again!! Don’t be late!*

*Lizzy*

Lizzy's plans always make me nervous, but in this case I have nothing to lose. Between dinnertime and now, I exhausted my own methods for opening the box. To see if extreme temperatures might loosen the locks, I put the box in the freezer for an hour. No change. Then I put it in the microwave. But before I hit start, I took it out, because what if the meaning of life is actually some tiny alien baby that my father rescued from certain persecution? I didn't want to microwave the little guy to death.

My final attempt was to wedge a butter knife under the lid, but instead of sliding inside the box, it only hit another layer of wood and wouldn't budge.

I do not like surprises. I won't watch scary movies. I won't answer the phone unless I can see who is calling on caller ID. I don't even like it when someone says "Guess what?" and then waits for you to guess. Surprises make me nervous. Once you've had a real surprise, one that knocks the wind out of you and changes your life, all the little surprises remind you of that big one.

This box is a little like that.

It is now sitting on the center of my desk, mocking me. Only the size of a shoe box, it somehow overshadows everything else in my room, including the life-sized cardboard cutouts of the hobbits from *The Lord of the Rings*. And they're not easy to overshadow.

I write Lizzy back and ask for details of her plan, but she doesn't take the note from the wall. After a few minutes. I pull it back out and stick my ear to the hole. The poster covering her end of the hole blocks any light from coming through, but I

can still hear her cat, Zilla, purring loudly. Actually, he roars rather than purrs. Zilla (short for Godzilla, since he destroys everything in his path) is fiercely protective of Lizzi and will lunge at anyone who goes near her room. I haven't been more than one foot inside her bedroom in two years. I think Zilla believes he's a pit bull. I knock a few times on the wall, but not too loudly.

Mom taps on the door and brings me a peanut butter sandwich on a napkin. She gives the box on my desk a long look and starts closing the door behind her. Then she stops and says, "Oh, wait, I have something for you." A few seconds later she's back.

In all the excitement, I forgot to give you this. "She holds out what looks like an ordinary yellow Starburst candy. But as I examine it more closely, I realize the bottom half is actually orange. It's a mutant Starburst!

"Thanks, Mom!" (III/10/1)

I jump up from the bed and deposit the Starburst in the airtight Tupperware dish along with the other candy in my collection. It's been a few months since I added anything new. Airtight or no, the peanut M&M is starting to look a little green in spots. It is yellow to begin with.

"You've had a big day," Mom says. "Make sure you don't go to sleep too late." (III/11/1,2) She makes a move like she's going to kiss me in the forehead like she used to when I was little. But then she just tousles my hair and gives the box one more glance before closing the door or good. I have named the hour between eleven and midnight the Hour of Jeremy (H.O.J for short). The city is so quiet and peaceful

except for the police and ambulance sirens, the beeping of the car alarms, and the rushing of water in the pipes. But when you grow up in the city, that stuff feels like background noise, and you don't notice it. I feel like I'm the only person alive in the earth.

Because of all my H.O.J reading, I know a little about a lot. I always win when I play Trivial Pursuit. I would make an excellent *Jeopardy* contestant. Last night I learned that for everyone alive on earth today, there are thirty ghosts lined up behind them. Not literally lined up, of course, but that's how many dead people there are compared to living people. In all, around a hundred billion people have walked on this planet, which, interestingly enough, is the same number of stars in our Milky Way galaxy. Science is my favorite class in school. I have a healthy fascination with the Milky Way, and not just because it has the same name with a chocolate bar.

Usually my H.O.J reading is a mix of any of the books on my shelf. But tonight's H.O.J. will be spent only learning about keys. The Hour of Jeremy is almost up. I have time for one more quick search. I type in the words "the meaning of life" and hold my breath.

Two seconds later I receive 2,560,000 hits. TWO MILLION FIVE HUNDRED SIXTY THOUSAND HITS. I click on what seems like the most obvious place to start, a definition of the word *life*.

*Life: noun 1.a state that is not death.*

That's it. The definition of life is not death.



I shut down my computer, climb into bed, and throw the covers over my bed.

I wish I could say things look clearer in the fresh light of a new day, but so far a new day means only that I have one less day to figure out how to open the box. Lizzy opens her apartment door with one hand while shoving a blueberry Vitamuffin down her throat with the other. Her dad makes her eat all these healthy food, and she actually eats it! My theory is that h doesn't want Lizzy to take after him in the girth department. A small man he is not.

I follow her into the kitchen, where she hands me my daily chocolate Vitamuffin, the only flavor I will eat. I put the box and the letter on the counter and try to ignore the high vitamin and mineral content while concentrating on the chocolaty goodness of my muffin. Nothing like chocolate to start the day off right.

“So what's your plan? I ask, reaching into the fridge for the container of milk (III/17/1). “And will it get us arrested?” (III/17/2)

“Have we ever gotten arrested?” (III/18/1)

Lizzy replies, giving me a dirty look as I guzzle the milk straight from the carton.

“We've come close.” I remind her. “There was a time you convince me to sneak into the pool at the Senior Center, and the guard chased us for seven blocks. Or the time you made me be the lockout while you stole a menu from that outdoor restaurant, and the waiter threw water on us. I'd say those were pretty close calls.”

“For the record,” Lizzy says, “it was over a hundred degrees when we snuck into the pool. It was totally worth it.” Under her breath she mumbles, “And it was iced tea he threw at us, not water.”

Lizzy leaves the kitchen to get her chart. Every plan has a chart. Some are even color-coded. I place the box on the table and sit down to wait. Lizzy must have been going through her playing cards collection before I arrived, because they are spread out on the table. I have my mutant candy collection, and Lizzy has her playing cards. But while I’ll happily accept mutant piece of candy from anyone who finds it, she will only add a playing card to her collection if she finds it herself, in a public place. No duplicates either, and she won’t look anywhere obvious, like the sidewalk outside the 33<sup>rd</sup> street Bridge Club. She prefers to find her cards on subways or park benches, or sticking out of sewer grates. She is only missing three now – the two of clubs, the eight of hearts, and the jack of diamonds.

I remember how proud my dad was when Lizzy started her collection. He thought it was very creative. I mean, sure, putting together a full deck of cards by finding them one by one is certainly different, but it’s not like you can eat it afterward, like my collection. In fact, some of her cards are so dirty you can barely read the number and suit. As much as he encouraged us to have collection, Dad could never land on one himself. He collected baseball cards for a while, but only of players who played for just one year. Then he was big on finding foreign stamps from countries that no longer existed. One stamp become his holy grail, and he would look for it everywhere he went. It was printed in Hawaii in 1851, over a hundred years

before Hawaii become a state. The stamp came in denominations of two cents, five cents, and thirteen cents. Dad drew pictures of it so Mom and I would recognize it if we were out on our own. I still look for that stamp, but I'm beginning to think he made it up. Before he died, he had moved on to fast food restaurant giveaways, which was great for me because he needed a kid in order to get the toys. Now I can't go into a fast food place without feeling sad.

Lizzy returns with a piece of construction paper rolled up under her arm. Zilla follows behind her and growls up at me. Always one for the dramatics, Lizzy unfurls the paper with a snap of her wrist and lays it out in front of us, right on top of the playing cards. The first things I notice are the two pencils drawings of the box. She didn't get all the keyholes positioned exactly right, but it's a pretty good rendering.

"Sorry for the rough sketch," she says modestly (III/24/1).

"As you can see, I have numbered our options. The list goes from the easiest to most difficult. Plan A –"

"You can cross that one off," I instruct after reading it ahead of her (III/25/1).

"I already tried that."

"You stuck the box in the freezer?" she asks, surprised (III/26/1)

I nod. "And the microwave?"

She gives me a long look, and then crosses off Plans A and B.

"You can cross off Plan C while you're at it (III/29/1). I already tried ticking a knife under the lid and it won't budge."

With a loud sigh, she draws a line through the next entry.

“May I continue?” she asks

“By all means.”

“Plan D: We take the box to Larry’s Locks and Clocks to see if he can do anything.”

I nod in agreement. “That’s a good one.”

She continues, “And if that doesn’t work, Plan e is take the subway to the 26<sup>th</sup> Street flea Market this afternoon. We might get lucky there. Some of those vendors have got to have old keys for sale.”

I squirm a little at that one. “I’ve never seen keys there.”

“That’s because you’ve never had a reason to look.”

“Maybe. But still . . . it’s all the way across the town.”

“You just don’t want to take the subway without an adult,” she says accusingly.

As my mother says, we all grow at our own pace. Crossing my arms in front of my chest defiantly, I say, “You know I don’t take the subway alone.”

“Come on,” she says, “We’re almost thirteen. It’s about time we got around the city on our own. Maybe you didn’t have a good reason to o it before, but what better reason is there than to get this box open?”

She has her point. Resistance is clearly futile. “Okay,” I say flatly. “If the locksmith can’t help us, and we have to go to the flea market, I’ll go.” (III/42/1,2)

“Good,” she says.

“As long as my mother says it’s all right,” I add. “I have to say on her good side after yesterday.”

Lizzy rolls her eyes, “Fine, whatever, let’s just get going.” (III/45/1)

She turns the paper over so I can’t read the last item on the lists and grabs the box.

“Wait,” I say as she heads toward the front door (III/45/3).

“Aren’t you going to tell me what plan F is in case the locksmith and the flea Market don’t work out?” (III/45/4,5)

She pauses for a second, and then shakes her head. “Let’s hope you never need to know.”

I don’t like the sound of that. We stop at my apartment to grab my backpack. While I’m stuffing the box inside, Lizzy grabs a handful of subway tokens from the dish on the kitchen counter.

“You might as well call your mom now, just in case Larry can’t help us.”

I grumble, but I do it anyway. Mom says it’s fine to take the subway as long as we’re careful. Is it wrong of me that I had sort of been hoping she would say no?

In all my nearly thirteen years of living two blocks away, I have only been inside Larry’s Locks and Clocks once. When my dad found my grandfather clock, he was obsessed with making it work. He dragged it straight to this store from its previous home in some stranger’s bulk garbage pile. When dad was alive, mom always threatened to break the clock again because the chimes drove her crazy. But after he died, she stopped complaining about it.

The sign of the window says the store is open only until noon on Saturday, so we made it just in time. Lizzy pushes open the door, and little bell rings above our heads. No one else in the shop. Shelves of clocks in various states of repair surround

us. Other than my dad, I hadn't though anyone repaired clocks anymore instead of buying new ones. I look closer and see a thick coating of dust on most of them, like people dropped them off a decade ago and couldn't be bothered to come get them. my nose tickles, so I quickly move away from the shelf before I sneeze on everything. When I sneeze, I sneeze big. It runs in the family.

Lizzy and I approach the narrow counter that runs along the back of the store. Keys of all kinds hang from hooks behind it. A thin man in overalls wanders in from the back room, wiping his hands on a napkin.

"What I can do for you today?" he asks, flicking a crumpled McDonald's wrapper off the counter. (III/53/1,2)

It lands directly in the garbage can to the left of him.

"You Larry?" Lizzy asks (III/54/1).

The man shakes his head. "Larry Junior."

Lizzy looks at me, and I shrug. I can't see that it matters which Larry help us. She turns me around and unzips my backpack, pulling out the box.

"I could have done that," I whisper.

She plops the box on the counter. "Can you open this?" (III/58/1)

"What a pretty box!" the man declares, turning it around in his hands (III/59/1).

Aha! I feel vindicated. He thinks it's pretty too.

"The meaning of life is in the box, eh?" The corners of his mouth twitch upward.

I pretend not to hear him. If my dad said the meaning of life is in that box, then darn it, it's in there. 'I've lost the keys,' I explain in as a patient tone as I can muster. "Do you have ones that might fit?" (III/62/3)

He examines the box closely and furrows his brows. "Hmmm. Let me see. No markings on the box indicting where it came from or who made it. That would been helpful. These keyholes are very specific – makes for this box alone. Maybe there's some other way to get in it."

"The meaning of life in a box," he mutters as he bends down to scrutinize it. "Who woulda thunk it?"

An older man in identical overalls comes out from the back room. "What this I hear about the meaning of life in the box?" he asks.

Larry junior points to us. "These kids brought this box. Don't have the keys."

"No keys, eh?" he asks, looking at us closely. "I'll take over," he says, stepping behind the counter.

"That's okay, Pop," Larry junior says. "I got it."

The old man – who I assume is Larry himself – shakes his head. "We just had a call that Mrs. Chang locked herself out again. I need you to go help her." (III/69/2)

Larry junior shrugs and grabs a toolbox from the shelf. "Good luck," he says and head out. The bells tinkle behind him.

We turn back o Larry senior.

"Um," I say tentatively, "so do you think you can open it for us?" (III/72/1)

Larry's eyes snap open. "Nope."

He continues, “This is no ordinary box. This is an elaborate locking mechanism inside with levers and pulleys and – ”

“We know,” Lizzy interrupts, and then recites Harold’s letter, “and each keyhole needs a different type of key. And an internal latch will prevent the box from being pried open.”

“Not just *that*,” Larry says, “but under the wood is a layer of metal. That means no one is getting through this without destroying the contents. A saw or an axe would crush the whole thing. You can see the edge of the metal layer if you look closely in the gap.”

We lean into the counter and peer under the light. He’s right. I hadn’t notice the thin silver of metal visible along the opening. Why couldn’t my dad have bought a normal box like anyone else would have? With only *one* keyhole?

He switches off the lamp and pushes the box across to us. “Sorry to disappoint you, but the only way anyone is getting into this box is with the keys.” (III/78/1,2)

Lizzy points to the rows of keys behind the man. “What about those? Will any of those fit?” (III/79/1,2)

Larry doesn’t even turn around. “Nope. Those are blank keys that we use to make copies of existing ones. But I do have a box of spares that I’ve collected over the years. You’re welcome to ‘em.”

He bends down and fishes around under the counter for a minute. Lizzy and I stand on our toes, eagerly peering over. He finally stands up and hands me a cigar



box. It doesn't even fill full. I try not to how my disappointment. I have pictured a huge box with hundreds of keys.

“Thanks,” Lizzy says gamely. (III/82/1)

“And if none of these fit, what do you think our chances are of finding keys that will? I mean, somewhere else in the city?” (III/82/2,3)

“I'd say slim to nil, but slim ain't left town yet, if you know what I mean.”

We stare at him blankly.

He chuckles. “That mean it's doubtful, but anything's possible. After all, you've got a mighty good cause. Trying to find out the meaning of life, and all.”

“Thanks,” I say with more enthusiasm than I feel (III/86/1).

“We'll bring these right back.” (III/86/2)

“No rush,” he says, waving his hand in the air. “How long you got till your thirteenth birthday anyway? I'm assuming you're Jeremy Fink on the box?”

“A little under a month,” I reply as we head toward the door. It's hard to keep the disappointment out of my voice.

“A lot can happen in a month,” he calls after us. “Keep the faith.” (III/89/1)

“You bet,” Lizzy says. “Amen.”

When we make it outside I tell her, “I don't think you're supposed to say ‘Amen’ when someone says ‘Keep the faith.’”

She shrugs, “How am I supposed to know? All I know about religion is that *dog* spelled backwards is *god*, and I learned that on a Saturday morning cartoon. Let's go sit in the park and try the keys.

We head around the corner to the park where we've played since we were little. It has a different feel to it now that we're on a mission. I wonder if the men reading the newspaper on the benches, or the women watching their kids in the sandbox, can sense that we're up to something important. We settle under a tree near the playground where the grass has been worn smooth. I dump the keys onto the ground in a pile. It's not a big pile. Thirty keys, at most. We agree to try each key in each keyhole, and if it doesn't fit, return it to the cigar box (III/93/6,7). That way we won't try the same key twice by mistake.

Lizzy takes the first one and, before she puts it in a hole, covers it with both hands and whispers something to it.

"What are you doing?" I ask (III/95/1).

"I'm saying a little prayer for good luck," she answers. I might not know anything about religion, but that doesn't mean we can't pray. You know, to the power of the universe or something. "Come on, do it with me." (III/96/3)

"What am I supposed to say?" (III/97/1)

She thinks for a minute and says, "How about: O Master of All Things Locked, please allow this key to open Jeremy Fink's box." After a short pause she adds, "Amen."

I glance around to make sure no one sitting nearby heard that. "Why don't just *you* say it? We don't want to confuse the Master of All Things Locked with two different voices."

“Suit yourself,” she says, and prays to the keys louder than I would have liked. She then tries it in all four holes, to no avail. We go through each key that way. None fit. Most of them won’t even enter the keyholes at all. About a handful of them actually slide in a notch, but don’t go any farther. By the time we’re down to our last key, Lizzy’s prayer has become a mumble of *MasterkeyboxAmen*. This time I add my own little silent *Amen*, but it does no good. Larry’s box is now full again, and I have to go on the subway. Ugh.

## **2. The Analysis of Illocutionary Act on the Third Chapter “Jeremy Fink and the Meaning of Life”**

### 1. “Thanks, Mom!” (III/10/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Expressive illocutionary. Jeremy feels thanks to his mom because Mother gives him a mutant Starburst.

### 2. “Make sure you don’t go to sleep too late.” (III/11/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary because Mother asks Jeremy to sleep early.

### 3. “So what’s your plan? I ask, reaching into the fridge for the container of milk (III/17/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary because Jeremy wants Lizzy to give her idea to the next plan.

### 4. “And will it get us arrested?” (III/17/2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary because Jeremy wants Lizzy to give information if they will get arrested or not.

5. “Have we ever gotten arrested?” (III/18/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Assertive illocutionary because Lizzy asserts Jeremy that they never got arrested and won’t ever been arrested.

6. “Sorry for the rough sketch,” she says modestly (III/24/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Expressive illocutionary because Lizzy feels sorry since her sketch is rough.

7. “You can cross that one off,” I instruct after reading it ahead of her (III/25/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary because Jeremy commands Lizzy to cross out the list of option since he has already tried that.

8. “You stuck the box in the freezer?” she asks, surprised (III/26/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Expressive illocutionary. Lizzy feels so surprise to know Jeremy has already did Lizzy Plan A and B list.

9. “You can cross off Plan C while you’re at it.” (III/29/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Assertive illocutionary because Jeremy suggestss Lizzy to cross out the list of option in Plan C since he has already done it too.

10. “If the locksmith can’t help us, and we have to go to the flea market, I’ll go.”  
(III/42/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Commissive illocutionary because Jeremy promises to go to the flea market if the locksmith couldn't help them open the box.

11. "Fine, whatever, let's just get going." (III/45/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary because Lizzy commands Jeremy to continue to do the next plan.

12. "Wait," I say as she heads toward the front door (III/45/3).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary because Jeremy commands Lizzy to stop doing something.

13. "Aren't you going to tell me what plan F is in case the locksmith and the flea Market don't work?" (III/45/4,5)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary because Jeremy wants Lizzy to give information about the plan F.

14. "What I can do for you today?" he asks, flicking a crumpled McDonald's wrapper off the counter (III/53/1,2).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary because Larry Junior wants Jeremy and Lizzy to give him information of what he could do for them.

15. "You Larry?" Lizzy asks (III/54/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary because Lizzy wants the man give her information if he is Larry Junior or not.

16. “Can you open this?” (III/58/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary because Lizzy wants Larry J to give information if he could open the box or not.

17. “What a pretty box!” the man declares, turning it around in his hands (III/59/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Expressive illocutionary. It is Larry Junior feeling to the box. He is really fascinated with the box they have.

18. “Do you have ones that might fit?” (III/62/3)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary because Jeremy wants Larry Junior to give him information whether he has the fit keys or not.

19. “I need you to go help her.” (III/69/2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary because Larry Junior commands Lizzy and Jeremy to help Mrs. Chang.

20. “Um,” I say tentatively, “so do you think you can open it for us?” (III/72/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary because Jeremy wants Larry Senior to give them information if he could open the box or not.

21. “Sorry to disappoint you, but the only way anyone is getting into this box is with the keys.” (III/78/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Expressive illocutionary because Larry Senior feels sorry since he couldn't help Jeremy and Lizzy to open the box.

22. “What about those? Will any of those fit?” (III/79/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary because Lizzy wants Larry Senior to give information if there is a fit key.

23. “Thanks,” Lizzy says gamely (III/82/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Expressive illocutionary because Lizzy feels help of Larry Senior’s answer.

24. “And if none of these fit, what do you think our chances are of finding keys that will? I mean, somewhere else in the city?” (III/82/2,3)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directives illocutionary because Lizzy wants Larry Senior to give information if there is another chance to find the keys to open the box such as finding in other city since they couldn’t open the box yet.

25. “Thanks,” I say more enthusiasm than I feel.” (III/86/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Expressive illocutionary because Lizzy feels help of Larry Senior’s suggestion and motivation.

26. “We’ll bring these right back.” (III/86/2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Commissive illocutionary because Lizzy commits to show what is in the box when they could open the box.

27. “Keep the faith.” (III/89/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Larry Senior asks them not to give up.

28. We agree to try each key in each keyhole, and it doesn’t fit, return it to the cigar box (III/93/6,7).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Expressive illocutionary because the sentence shows their agreement to try each key in each keyhole.

29. “What are you doing?” I ask (III/95/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants lizzy to give information about what she is doing.

30. “Come on, do it with me.” (III/96/3)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy asks Jeremy to follow her to pray.

31. “What am I supposed to say?” (III/97/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy asks Lizzy opinion about what he should say in the pray.

**Table 1.3 The Finding of Illocutionary act in the third chapter**

No.	Kinds of Illocutionary	Numbers of Illocutionary found	Percentage
1.	Assertive	2	6.5%
2.	Directive	19	61.2%
3.	Commissive	2	6.5%
4.	Expressive	8	25.8%
5.	Declarative	0	0%
<b>TOTAL</b>		<b>31</b>	<b>100%</b>

#### **D. APPENDIX 4**

##### **1. Chapter 4 The Flea Market**

*(Source: ‘Jeremy Fink and the Meaning of Life’ Novel, Wendy Mass, 2006)*



Lizzy goes in to return the keys while I wait outside, gathering my nerve. I'm not proud of the fact that I've never taken public transportation without an adult, but everything I need is usually within walking distance (IV/1/1,2,3).

The bells jingle as Lizzy comes back out and begins marching down the street toward the subway. The closest stop is a few blocks away, and I find myself trailing behind. I have a lot on my mind. I can't be expected to walk so quickly. She waits for me at the next corner, tapping her foot impatiently.

"I have an idea," I tell her, trying to sound enthusiastic. "We can go to some garage sales right here in the neighborhood."

"You know our best bet is the flea market," she says firmly, taking off again. "We'd have a much better chance there than at some little garage sale."

I know she's right. The 26th Street Market in Chelsea is the biggest in the city. My parents and I spent many weekends there. After Dad died, Mom and I went on our own, but it wasn't the same. In the last year or two, we haven't gone at all.

"How do you know which train we should take?" (IV/6/1) I ask as we descend into the muggy darkness of the subway station.

"There's a map right here on the wall." Two olderboys are standing in front of it, arguing about which way to go. One of them bets the other that he can't eat fifteen Nathan's hot dogs in under five minutes when they get to Coney Island.

I whisper to Lizzy, "I once stuffed twenty-seven candy corns in my mouth at once and then ate them all. And I didn't even need anyone to bet me."

"That's gross," she says, tapping her foot at the boys, who ignore her. Finally they move on, and we move closer to the map.

She traces her finger along one of the subway lines. "It looks like this one will take us right to Sixth Avenue, and then we just need to walk two blocks. And it's only five stops, so don't be a baby."

"If it's only five stops, maybe we should walk," I suggest. "You know, save our money." (IV/11/1,2)

"We're not using our money," she says, digging into her shorts pocket. "We have your mom's tokens, remember?"

"Tokens are still money," I mutter under my breath as she forces one into my hand.

We approach the turnstile, tokens held at the ready. But when we get there, neither of us can find a place to stick them in. It's been a few months since Mom took me on the subway, and I guess I didn't pay enough attention because I can't remember what to do. I feel a tap on my shoulder. A man wearing a Yankees cap and T-shirt points to a sign that says: NO MORE TOKENS. METRO CARDS ONLY. I tap Lizzy, who is frantically trying to stick the token in anything that remotely looks like an opening. She whirls around, and I point to the sign. We sheepishly step out of line and watch the Yankees fan swipe his card through groove. He pushes through the turnstile and turns around to face us when he gets to the other side. "Come on," he says, holding his card out (IV/14/9,10).

"I can use the good karma. Their Yanks are playing the Red Sox today."

"Thanks!" I say, taking the card from his outstretched hand (IV/15/1).

I swipe it, walk through, and pass it back to Lizzy.! After she comes through, she returns it to the man and mumbles an embarrassed thank you. Lizzy doesn't like to admit there's something she can't do. I don't have that problem. I know I can't do most things.

As we carefully dodge the used gum and unidentifiable puddles, I say to Lizzy, "I wonder why my mother kept those tokens in the kitchen if they can't be used anymore?"

"Half the things in your house don't have a purpose," she points out.

Actually, I'd say more than half.

We wait for the train a good distance behind the yellow line and listen to a short, wide man with a crewcut play a guitar and sing about lost love. He looks like he should be on the football field, not singing in a subway station. I don't turn away until the high-pitched squeal of the arriving train drowns out his singing. Lizzy takes hold of my arm, and we push our way through the doors.

Grasping onto a pole with a tighter grip than is probably necessary, I try to keep my brain occupied by staring at the nearest advertisement. GET RID OF ADULT ACNE. Adults have acne? I glance at Lizzy and wonder if she's thinking about the same thing I am — the appearance last

Christmas of Lizzy's first pimple, better known as The Pimple That Ate Manhattan. She looks at me, looks at the poster, then scowls. But when she thinks I'm not looking, I see her reach up and rub her cheek. In the right light one can still see a

faint red mark from where she savagely attacked the pimple with a pair of nose-hair tweezers. After that, Mom made Lizzy promise to come to her with any beauty emergencies. Lizzy's dad is useless when it comes to girl stuff. He's the one who gave her the tweezers!

"Are we there yet?" I ask her as the train slows to a halt (IV/23/1).

"This is only the second stop," she says.

"It feels like the fourth."

"Well it isn't."

"Are you —"

"Yes! I'm sure! (IV/28/1) Stop being such a baby!" (IV/28/1)

Lizzy digs into her pocket. "Here," she says, thrusting a Milk Dud into my palm. "This should make you feel better." The half-melted Milk Dud is covered in a light film of pocket lint. I pop it in my mouth anyway. The chocolate-caramel goodness does indeed make me feel better.

A tall, middle-aged man standing nearby chuckles, and I turn to look at him. He nods his head toward Lizzy and says, "You and your sister remind me of the way my sister and I used to be. Oh, the fights we would have! But there's nothing we wouldn't do for each other."

"She's not my sister," I quickly reply. My eyes dart over to Lizzy, but she seems oblivious to the conversation. She's staring at the adult acne poster with a pained expression.

The man raises his brow in surprise, then nudges me with his elbow and says knowingly, "Ohh, she's your girlfriend!"

"No, she's not!" I exclaim, this time getting not only Lizzy's attention, but the attention of everyone nearby. I feel my cheeks begin to burn. It's not like it's the first time I've heard that. Kids make fun of us at school all the time. But still! From a stranger! On the subway!

"*Now* we're here," Lizzy says, grabbing my arm and pushing me toward the door. I glance back at the man, and he gives me a little wink.

ARGH!

"That wasn't so bad, was it?" Lizzy asks as we climb the long stairs back into the bright sunshine (IV/36/1,2).

"I guess not," I mumble. I swing my backpack around to the front to make sure no one unzipped a zipper when I wasn't looking. That guy might have been trying to distract me while his accomplice went into my bag. I check all the pockets, but everything is safe and sound (including the pack of Razzles I forgot was in there, which is always a nice surprise).

The flea market is basically two big parking lots that get taken over every weekend by all types of vendors. It's very crowded and smells like a combination of boiled hot dogs and sweat. And not the good, peanut butter kind of sweat. Even though this used to be a home away from home for me, I stick close to Lizzy.

It takes a while for us to wind our way past the section of artists selling their crafts so we can get to the secondhand section. It's so strange being here without

either of my parents or Aunt Judi. Mom and Aunt Judi are equal-opportunity flea market shoppers. Not Dad. He always went straight for the second-hand stuff, also known as the junk. The junk section is where I feel at home, since after all, most of my home started out on these sidewalks. One of Dad's favorite quotes was, "One man's trash is another man's treasure." Every time he said that, Lizzy used to whisper, "One man's trash is another man's *trash*," but never loud enough for Dad to hear. Whenever Dad found something he considered a treasure, he'd do a little dance right there on the sidewalk. People would laugh, and I would be embarrassed. I don't see anyone dancing today.

We walk past vendors selling used clothing, children's toys, old *Life* and *National Geographic* magazines, and rare comics in slipcovers. My legs slow of their own accord when we pass the comics, and Lizzy has to push me forward. I don't see anyone with stamps, but there's a table of old postcards that my mom would love. There aren't any of dogs in tutus, so we choose one with a lady sitting in a museum staring at a painting, except it's not a painting, it's a mirror. It's just strange enough that Mom will love it and will hopefully forgive my recent transgressions. Plus, it costs only a dime.

As the woman slips the card into a small bag for me, I turn to Lizzy and ask, "Did you know when you look in the mirror, you're actually seeing a slightly younger version of yourself?" (IV/41/2,3)

"Is that so?" she mumbles, her eyes darting to the next table, which is piled high with cheap makeup that looks half-used.

"Yes. It has to do with the time it takes light to travel between the mirror and the person standing in front of it.'

"Uh huh," she says.

I don't bother continuing my explanation about the speed of light, and ask her if she wants to stop at the makeup table. She pretends to be horrified that I'd even mention it and harumphs. Lizzy is very attached to her tomboy reputation.

We make our way up and down the rows, scanning the wares for keys. Halfway through the third row, we find a woman with blankets of stuff spread out on the ground. She also has a table with a tray full of mismatched jewelry and a bowl filled with brass doorknobs. I feel like we're getting warm. The table is crowded, and we have to wait for a rather large woman to finish haggling before we can see the rest. The haggler is trying to get the similarly large woman on the other side of the table to take a dollar for the whole tray in front of her. She's holding up the tray, and we can hear its contents clashing and jingling, but can't tell what it is. What if we're a minute too late and this woman goes home with *my* keys?

Lizzy stands on her tiptoes and tries to peer over the lady's shoulder but almost falls right on top of her instead. Patience never being her strong point, Lizzy finally has enough and pushes her way in.

"Oh," I hear her say. "It's just a bunch of broken buttons. Why would someone want a tray of broken buttons?"

The shopper in question turns to glare at her, then shoves a dollar in the seller's hand and storms away.

"Sheesh," Lizzy says as we step up to the table. Some people are so sensitive.

"Don't worry about it," the vendor says, tucking the dollar bill into a small canvas bag at her waist (IV/51/1,2).

"She's here every week and never wants to pay more than a buck for anything."

"I know the type," Lizzy says, gesturing to me with her thumb.

"Hey," I say, offended. "There's a difference between thrifty and cheap."

Lizzy is already busy rummaging through the other trays. "No offense," she says to the woman, "but why *would* someone buy buttons or old doorknobs, or any of this stuff?" (IV/54/2,3)

The woman shrugs. "All different reasons. Sometimes people are looking to fix up something they already got, and are searching for a particular thing. Some folks are looking to add to a collection. You wouldn't believe the things folks collect."

"Like mutant candy?" Lizzy asks innocently.

The lady looks puzzled. "Can't say I've heard of that."

I elbow Lizzy in the ribs and say to the woman, "We're looking for some old keys. Do you have any?" (IV/58/1,2)

"Sure," she says, snapping her fingers. "I got some around here somewhere." She goes off to search through her stuff on the ground, and Lizzy and I high-five. The Woman unearths a faded metal trashcan from behind a Pile of mismatched shoes, and waves us over. We hurry around the table and kneel down onto the old threadbare



blanket. Greedily, we dig our hands into the can and pull out handfuls of what we expect will be keys. We look at each other and frown.

The lady is busy giving change to a young man who just bought a pair of old tap shoes for \$1.50, so we have to wait until she is free again. I tip the trashcan forward so she can see inside and say, "Um, these aren't exactly what j we had in mind."

"Huh? Why not?" she asks.

"Well, for one thing," Lizzy says, "they aren't keys. They're locks."

"Is that right?" the lady asks, peering into the can. "Oops, sorry 'bout that. Keys, locks, all part of the same J thing, right?" (IV/63/1,2)

She laughs a little, and then turns away to assure a young mother that the Sing and Snore Ernie doll will still work if she puts fresh batteries in it and sews j the ear back on. With a sigh we drop the locks back into the can.

After a quick detour for a slice of pizza, we find a bearded man who has a small dish of assorted keys amidst a; selection of marbles and plastic combs. Even Mom wouldn't buy used combs. I can't help wondering if the man brushed j his scraggly beard with those combs. Lizzy quickly reaches I for the keys, but the man puts out his hand to stop her.) "You break it, you bought it," he says gruffly.

"How could we break a key?" Lizzy asks, hands moving naturally to hips.

"Kids have a way of breakin' things," he replies. "You'd be surprised."

"We're not really kids," I feel compelled to announce. "We're almost teenagers, actually."

"That's even worse," he says.

"Look," says Lizzy, "we just want to see if your keys open a box that we have." (IV/69/1,2)

"Yeah? What box is that?" (IV/70/1)

"Show 'im, Jeremy," Lizzy says. (IV/71/1)

I'm about to unzip my bag when I realize I don't want this guy's big dirty hands all over my dad's box. I shake my head. Lizzy opens her mouth to argue, but then stops when she sees my expression.

"You want the keys?" the man asks (IV/73/1). "You'll have to buy 'em like everyone else."

"Fine," I say, reaching into my pocket. The first rule of flea markets is that you only put a few dollars and some change into your pocket so the vendor will think that's all you have. If they see more money, they'll ask for a higher price. I pull out fifty cents. "Is this enough?"

The man shakes his head. "Two dollars," he says.

"Two dollars!" Lizzy exclaims. "There's only, like, eight keys!" (IV/76/1)

The two of them have a standoff. Lizzy glares, and the man looks bored. Then all of a sudden Lizzy darts her hand out and grabs the dish with all the keys. Before the man can register what she's doing, she takes off running down the aisle. My mouth falls open. The man starts to go after her, but soon realizes he can't leave his stand. He stands directly <sup>in</sup> front of me and holds out his hand. Hands shaking, I hurriedly place two dollars into his waiting palm.

"You can add the extra fifty cents, too," he says. "For the dish." I have no choice but to hand over the quarters.

"Your girlfriend's quite a firecracker," he says with a hint of admiration in his voice.

"She's not my girlfriend!" (IV/80/1) I tell him, already hurrying to put as much distance between him and me as possible. | I move as quickly through the crowd as one can with a backpack on his back, and find Lizzy waiting on a bench near the front of the market. She is already halfway through a snow cone.

I sit down next to her and watch as the blue ice drips down her chin. "Words fail me," I say, pulling the Razzles out of my backpack. Candy never fails me. I rip open the packet and hold it up to my mouth. I shake it until all the Razzles empty into my mouth. Now I couldn't talk even if I wanted to.

"I know you don't approve," Lizzy says, tossing the empty cone into the garbage next to her. "But come on, that guy was totally obnoxious."

I continue to chew furiously and don't respond.

"Okay," she says. "You don't have to say anything. Let's just try the keys."  
(IV/84/1)

She pulls the box out from the bag on my lap and tries each key in each hole, just like we did before. One of them | slides halfway into one of the holes, and we both give a little jump. But then it won't go any farther no matter how hard we push. When she's done, Lizzy tosses the whole bunch into the garbage bin.

"Why'd you do that?" I ask, almost choking on the; huge chunk of gum (IV/86/1). "We should have kept them."

"What for?" she asks (IV/87/1).

"I don't know, but they cost me two-fifty!"

She laughs. "You paid the guy?"

"Of course I paid him! He was gonna beat me up!"

"He wasn't gonna beat you up," she says.

"I thought you only stole things that had no monetary value," I point out as we head back into the market.

"We were just going to borrow them," Lizzy insists (IV/93/1).

"He was the one who was so rude about it."

"No excuses," I demand. "No rationalizations."

"Fine!" she says. "Let's just keep going." (IV/95/1)

I pause to spit out my gum into a garbage can. Razzles lose their flavor pathetically quickly. We don't speak to each other as we scour the booths. We continue to find people who have small jars or dishes of keys, and if they don't let us try the keys for free, no one charges us more than a quarter. A girl with an NYU tank top and a hoop earring in her nose keeps turning up at the same booths and buying keys each time. At one point she and I reach for the same key, and I pull back my hand. I turn to Lizzy and whisper, "Are you gonna ask her, or should I?" (IV/96/7)

"I'll ask her," Lizzy says, and taps the girl on the shoulder.

The girl turns around and raises an eyebrow at us. "What?" she asks (IV/98/1).

Lizzy points to the girl's nose ring and asks, "Does that hurt when you sneeze?" (IV/99/1,2)

Ugh! That wasn't the question! She was supposed to ask why the girl was buying so many keys!

The girl stares at Lizzy, and then shakes her head. "Why? You thinking of getting one?" she asks. "It would look good on you."

"Really?" Lizzy says, clearly flattered, although I imagine why. Before she can get directions to the nearest piercing place, I step forward and ask, "Why are you buying so many keys?" (IV/102/2,3)

The girl laughs. "What are you guys, the flea market police? (IV/103/1) I'm doing an art project. I have about a hundred! keys so far," she boasts. "Sometimes I make jewelry out of them, too. See?" She moves her long black hair away from one ear. A tiny silver key dangles from a hook. "It's from my diary in fifth grade!"

"Cool," Lizzy and I say, because really, what else could we say? (IV/104/1)

"Any more questions?" she asks, letting her hair fall back down over her ear (IV/105/1).

We shake our heads, and she turns back to the table and scoops up another dishful of keys. What if the keys to my dad's box are already a part of some art project? Or hanging from some girl's ears? Whatever happened to the good old days when all people wanted keys for was to open locks? We reached the last block of the market when Lizzy stops short and grabs my arm. "Look!" (IV/106/4,5)

I follow her gaze to an entire table with what looks like all different types of keys and locks in clear plastic bins. We hurry over, jostling a customer or two out of the way. This is key heaven! Small keys, long keys, fat keys short keys. Old rusted keys, shiny new keys. My eyes can't absorb all the bounty before us.

"Where do we start?" I ask Lizzy in a daze.

She just shakes her head, equally overwhelmed.

An elderly couple sits behind the table on matching rocking chairs. They look like they'd be more at home on a rustic porch than in lower Manhattan. The man chomps on a pipe and seems unmoved by all the hustle and bustle going on around him. The woman waves a paper fan to try to cool off as she rocks ever so slowly back and forth.

"You know," I can't help but tell her, "studies have shown that using a hand fan actually takes more energy than the resulting breeze generates. So really, you're just making yourself hotter." "What's that?" she says, cocking her ear toward me.

Lizzy pushes me aside>"Never mind him," she says loudly. Turning to me, she says, "Can we show them the box? Otherwise we could be here for hours, and I *know* you don't want to take the subway home in the dark."

I scramble to slip my arms out of the straps and unzip the bag. Lizzy takes the box from me and lays it gently on the table. The couple lean forward in their chairs and peer at the box with interest.

The old man takes his pipe out of his mouth and taps it on the edge of the table so the burnt tobacco falls onto the asphalt below. "That's a might pretty box you got there," he says in a gentle voice.

"Do you think any of your keys will open it?" I ask eagerly.

"Hmmm," he says thoughtfully. "Mind if I take a closer look?"

I push the box closer to him, and he lifts it up and turns it around a few times. He doesn't ask me about the words engraved on it. He mumbles to himself something about not having seen a box like this in years, and about true craftsmanship being a dying art.

"You've seen boxes like this before?" I ask. Then turn to Lizzy and say, "If we could find the manufacture I bet we could get keys from them!"

"But Larry Junior said there's no name on the box, she replies.

The old man nods in agreement. "This here's handmade Used to know a guy and his wife who sold stuff like this. Bt they retired from the flea market circuit a few years ago."

"Any way to contact them?" Lizzy asks (IV/121/1). "Maybe they'd know where it came from."

The man shakes his head. "Sorry. Haven't a clue." (IV/122/1)

Lizzy and I share a disappointed look.

"But you're welcome to go through my collection and see what you can find," he says, handing me back the box "As you can see, we got all kinds." He points to each bil in turn. "Over here you got your railroad keys, then your jailhouse keys, keys

to open luggage, wind pocket watches then there are the Ford Model T and Edsel car keys, and these here opened the rooms at the fine Seaview Motel fore they went to those plastic cards." He gives a little shudder when he mentions the plastic cards.

"And here," he says proudly, pointing to a tall board attached to the end of the table, "we got our pride and joy." The board is covered with rows of hooks with vet old-looking keys hanging from them. Most are rusted and some on the bottom row are over six inches long. They look like bigskelton keys. The man tells us how he ot them from all over the world and that some are hundreds of years old. They are actually very cool, and I can see why they are his pride and joy. Lizzy has been shifting her weight from one foot to the other impatiently. Finally she blurts out, "Don't you have any *regular* keys?" (IV/125/7,8)

I cringe. Lizzy really has to work on her manners. The old woman pushes herself out of her rocker and says,*i* "Come on, George. Show the kids what they want."

"Yes, dear," the man says, winking at me. He picks up a small bin from between the watch winders and the luggage keys and hands it to Lizzy. "Give these a shot," he says. "These are the ones that don't fall neatly into any other category."

"We'll bring them right back," Lizzy promises, hugging the box close to her chest (IV/128/1,2).

"You look like trustworthy kids," the woman says. "We'll be here all day."



Lizzy beams at being called trustworthy. She thanks them and quickly hurries toward the closest bench. I grab my box off the table and have to jog to keep up with her.

When I join her on the bench I notice her brow is crinkled, like she's thinking hard about something. "Something wrong?" I ask.

"I don't know," she says, gesturing to the table we just from. "All those keys."

"What about them?"

"They were all made to open something specific, right? Like one particular lock or door or briefcase or something?"

"I guess so." (IV/135/1)

"So what if there are people all over the world people like MS — who have a lock but can't find the key Don't you think that's kind of sad?"

Every once in a while, Lizzy says something that reall makes me think. I can see her point. Two parts of a whole separated and lost from each other. "Like swans," I say.

"Huh?"

"You know, how swans mate for life, and then if of them dies, the other just swims around alone for th« rest of its life. Keys are like that. My dad's box is like that Only one key will fit. Well, in our case, four keys."

Lizzy considers this for a minute, then says, "Can we forget about the swans and just try these keys?"

"You're the one who brought it up," I point out.

"I did *not* bring up the swans!"

"You just don't like learning anything new," I argue.

"I just don't see the point of knowing a lot of useless facts."

I am *not* going to get sucked into this argument again. "Let's just try the keys," I say through clenched teeth (IV/145/1,2).

We get about halfway down the bin when something happens. A key fits all the way into a hole! All the ridges line up. I keep slipping it in and out to make sure it's really happening. Lizzy grabs my arm and squeezes. "Does it turn?" she asks breathlessly.

I try to turn it in both directions, but it won't move. I shake my head and hand Lizzy the box. She tries a few times too, before giving up and slipping the key into her pocket. "Let's keep going," she says, grabbing the next key from the bin (IV/147/3).

We don't have any more luck, but there is a new lift in our step as we walk back to the table.

"How did it go?" the man asks when we return the bin to its rightful place.

Lizzy pulls the key out of her pocket and says, "This one fit in one of the holes, but it won't turn."

The man nods. "You can keep that one, but I suspect your box was made exclusively for one set of keys. You may find a few more to fit the holes, but I doubt you'll get them to turn."

I look down at the box in my hand. My dad's words stare back at me and then swim a little as my eyes get watery.

"Here," the old man says, reaching up and pulling one of the big keys off the board. He hands it across to me along with a padded bag. "Take this as my gift. Anyone looking for keys as hard as you is a kindred spirit."

Surprised, I gingerly take the key from him. Some of the rust rubs off on my hand. "Thank you," I say sincerely. "What did it open?"

He shrugs. "Probably an old barn or storehouse."

"Great," Lizzy mutters. "Now we've got four locks with no keys and two keys with no locks. We're worse off than before!"

I carefully slip the key into the padded bag and put it and the box into my backpack.

"Thank you for the gift and for all your help," I say to the couple (IV/58/1). "We really appreciate it."

"It's a shame you lost those original keys," the ma says as he and his wife head back to their rockers.

I'm about to tell him that it wasn't us who lost them but before I get a chance Lizzy says, "Don't worry, know where they are and we're gonna find them."

I'm about to ask Lizzy what the heck she's talking about, when the old man relights his pipe and says "Good, good. Be sure to come back and tell me what the meaning of life is once you find out."

"We will," Lizzy says, -already turning away (IV/62/1).

She put one hand on my back and starts pushing me down the aisle.

When we get far enough away I ask, "Why did you tell him we know where the original keys are?"

"Because we do," Lizzy replies. "And that brings us to the next item on my chart. The one I hoped we wouldn't have to get to."

A chill literally runs down my spine. Not a good sign] in eighty-degree weather. Hoping I don't sound as worried] as I feel, I ask, "You wouldn't happen to have another Milk Dud in your pocket, would you?"

## **2. The Analysis of Illocutionary Act on the Fourth Chapter “Jeremy Fink and the Meaning of Life”**

1. I'm not proud of the fact that I've never taken public transportation without an adult, but everything I need is usually within walking distance (IV/1/1,2,3).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Expressive illocutionary. Jeremy doesn't feel proud that he never taken public transportation without an adult.

2. “How do you know which train we should take?” (IV/6/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants Lizzy to give information if she knows the train that they should take or not.

3. “If it's only five stops, maybe we should walk,” I suggest. “You know, save our money.” (IV/11/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Assertive illocutionary because Jeremy suggests Lizzy to save their money by just walking since the destination is only five stops.

4. “Come on,” he says, holding his card out. (IV/14/9,10)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because a man wants Lizzy and Jeremy to follow him.

5. “Thanks!” I say, taking the card from his outstretched hand.(IV/15/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Expressive illocutionary because Jeremy feels help of a man.

6. “Are we there yet?” I ask her as the train slows to a halt (IV/23/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants Lizzy give the information if they arrived yet or not.

7. “Yes! I’m sure!” (IV/28/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Assertive illocutionary because Lizzy asserts Jeremy that she is right. They haven’t arrived at the destination yet.

8. “Stop being such a baby!” (IV/28/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants Jeremy not to be like a kid.

9. “That wasn’t so bad, was it? Lizzy asks as we climb the long stairs back into the bright sunshine (IV/36/1,2).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants to know Jeremy opinion about climbing the long stairs back.

10. “Did you know when you look in the mirror you’re actually seeing a slightly younger version yourself? (IV/41/2,3)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants Lizzy give the information if she knows that seeing yourself in the mirror is you’re actually seeing a slightly younger version yourself.

11. “Don’t worry about it!” the vendor says, tucking the dollar bill into a small canvas bag at her waist (IV/51/1,2).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because the vendor asks them not to be worried of sensitive people.

12. “but why would someone buy buttons or old doorknobs, or any of this stuff?” (IV/54/2,3)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants the woman to give her information about why would someone buy buttons or old doorknobs, or any of the stuffs.

13. I elbow Lizzy in the ribs and say to the woman, “We’re looking for some old keys. Do you have any?” (IV/58/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants the woman to give him information if she has the old keys or not.

14. “Oops, sorry ‘bout that. Keys, locks, all part of the same thing, right?”

(IV/63/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Expressive illocutionary because the woman feels sorry that she doesn’t have the keys that Lizzy and Jeremy meant.

15. “Look,” says Lizzy, “we just want to see if your keys open a box that we

have.” (IV/69/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants the bearded man to hear her purpose why she try to take his keys.

16. “Yeah? What box is that?” (IV/70/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because the bearded man wants Lizzy to give the information about the box they have.

17. “Show `im, Jeremy,” Lizzy says. (IV/71/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy asks Jeremy to show the box to the bearded man.

18. “You want the keys?” the man asks. (IV/73/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because the bearded man wants them to give the information if they really want the keys..

19. “Two dollars!” Lizzy exclaims. “There’s only, like, eight keys!” (IV/76/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Expressive illocutionary because Lizzy feels surprised to know that the keys they want is sold in high price.

20. "She's not my girlfriend!" (IV/80/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Assertive illocutionary because Jeremy asserts the bearded man that Lizzy is not his girlfriend.

21. "Okay," she says. "You don't have to say anything. Let's just try the keys."

(IV/84/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants Jeremy to open the box even he is angry to her.

22. "Why'd you do that?" I ask almost choking on the huge chunk of gum

(IV/86/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants Lizzy to give him information of why she throws the whole bunch keys into the garbage bin.

23. "What for?" she asks (IV/87/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants Jeremy to give her information about why she should still keep the keys since the keys cannot be used to open the box.

24. "We were just going to borrow them," Lizzy insists (IV/93/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Assertive illocutionary because Lizzy asserts or insists him that they would bring the keys back to the bearded man.

25. "Fine!" she says. "Let's just keep moving." (IV/95/1)



Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants Jeremy not to talk about that problem anymore and just forget that problem.

26. I turn to Lizzy and wishper, “Are you gonna ask her, or should I?” (IV/96/7)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants Lizzy to give him information whether she would talk to the girl or just let him to talk to the girl.

27. “What?” she asks (IV/98/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because the girl wants Lizzy to give her information why she taps her shoulder.

28. Lizzy points to the girl’s nose ring and asks, “ Does that hurt when you sneeze?” (IV/99/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants the girl give her information if the hoop earring in her nose hurts her when she sneezes.

29. I step forward and ask, “Why are you buying so many keys?” (IV/102/2,3)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants the girl to give him information about why she buys many keys.

30. “What are you guys, the flea market police?” (IV/103/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because the girl wants them to give information about what is their purpose to ask her buying so many keys.

31. “Cool,” Lizzy and I say, because really, what else could we say? (IV/104/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Expressive illocutionary because Lizzy and Jeremy feel amazed to the tiny silver key on the girl’s ear.

32. “Any more question?”she asks, letting her hair fall back down over her ear (IV/105/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because the girl wants Lizzy and Jeremy to give information if there are more questions she can help.

33. We reached the last block of the market when Lizzy stops short and grabs my arm. “Look!” (IV/106/4,5)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants Jeremy to stop and see what she sees.

34. “Any way to contact them?” Lizzy asks (IV/121/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants Jeremy to give her information about the flea market circuit contact.

35. “Sorry. Haven’t a clue.” (IV/122/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Expressive illocutionary because the old man feels sorry if he doesn’t have a clue.

36. Finally, she blurts out, “Don’t you have any regular keys? (IV/125/7,8)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants the old man to give her information if he has other regular keys.

37. “We’ll bring them right back,” Lizzy promises, hugging the box close to her chest (IV/128/1,2).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Commissive illocutionary because Lizzy commit to bring back the keys after she use it to the box.

38. “I guess so.” (IV/135/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Expressive illocutionary because it expresses Jeremy expressive of agreement.

39. “Let’s just try the keys,” I say through clenched teeth (IV/145/1,2).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy commands Lizzy to try to open the box with the keys they have from the old man.

40. “Let’s keep going,” she says, grabbing the next key from the bin (IV/147/3).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy asks Jeremy not to stop their action.

41. “Thank you for the give and for all your help,” I say to the couple (IV/158/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Expressive illocutionary because Jeremy feels happy and thanks of the give and the old man help.

42. “We will,” Lizzy says, already turning away (IV/162/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Commissive illocutionary because Lizzy promises to show the old man if the box could be opened.

**Table 1.4 The Finding of Illocutionary Act in the fourth chapter**

No.	Kinds of Illocutionary	Numbers of Illocutionary found	Percentage
1.	Assertive	4	9.5%
2.	Directive	28	66.7%
3.	Commissive	2	4.8%
4.	Expressive	8	19%
5.	Declarative	0	0%
<b>TOTAL</b>		<b>42</b>	<b>100%</b>

## E. APPENDIX 5

### 1. Chapter 5: Plan F

*(Source: 'Jeremy Fink and the Meaning of Life' Novel, Wendy Mass, 2006)*

"You're kidding, right?" (V/1/1)

Lizzy has just read the final item on her chart. My outburst causes Zilla to growl at me and position himself between the two of us. Lizzy lays the chart back down on the kitchen table.

"Our keys are hidden in Harold's office somewhere," she insists (V/3/1).

"He said so himself. Maybe they're under the carpet in a forgotten corner of the supply closet. Or stuck in the back of a desk drawer. Or glued to the ceiling. We're gonna get into that office, and we're gonna find them."

"Breaking and entering? That's your big plan? That's illegal!" I slip carefully past Zilla and into the living room, where I begin to pace and think. The law office is

all the way uptown. I'm sure Mom wouldn't approve of us going there, so I'd have to lie. Can this be the only answer? What if other people are already using that office? Maybe if we kept looking at flea markets and tag sales, we'd eventually find keys that would work? But would we find them in time?

I'm getting a bit dizzy from circling, so I sit down on the couch that, unlike ours, has no holes and no name. I practice my deep breathing. Architecturally our two apartments are identical, just flipped around. But they couldn't be more different inside. Practically everything in Lizzy's house is beige. Her dad says that it makes it easier to decorate. I have to admit, it's more calming than all the crazy colors of my place.

Lizzy comes in and sits next to me on the arm of the couch. She picks at a stray thread and doesn't look at me. "Sorry," she says. "The box is yours, and I've been acting like it's mine, too. Making all these plans, dragging you; over the city. I'll stop, and you can do whatever you're comfortable doing."

I'm so surprised by her words that at first I wonder if I misheard her. It *sounded* like she was apologizing for being bossy. Yes, I'm pretty sure she was! But to be hones she doesn't have anything to apologize for.

"Urn, thank you for that," I say haltingly. "But we're in this together. I asked you for help, and you've really great ideas."

"Aw, shucks," she says, punching me lightly on the arr

Always one to try the easiest way first, I say, "Before we go to Harold's office, let's at least call him. Maybe he's still there and will look a little harder."

"That's the spirit," Lizzy says. She jumps off the couch and puts up her hand for a high-five. I give her a weak one. She takes the letter out of my backpack and reaches for the phone. As she dials, I remind her that it's Saturday! and maybe we need to wait till Monday. She shushes me and moves the phone between us so we can both hear.

It's a recording. "You have reached the law offices of Folgard and Levine. We have closed our Manhattan branch! and will be reopening in Long Island in September, following a safari in Africa. Peace out."

"Peace out?" Lizzy repeats, hanging up the phone.? "What a strange guy."

"Maybe Levine is the strange one," I offer.

"Who's Levine?"

"The other guy in the office. Harold might be perfectly normal."

Lizzy shakes her head. "If he was friends with your parents, he's probably not normal."

She has a point. "We need to make a list," she says, suddenly all business. She grabs a pencil off the coffee table and looks around for something to write on. "To recap what we've learned: It will be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to find keys that will fit the box. The box cannot otherwise be broken into, at least not without destroying it and, most likely, its contents. We know Harold is no longer in his office, and might even be in the jungle." She finds a copy of an old issue of *Post Office Weekly* and rips off the back, which is blank. She begins to scribble. "We'll need gloves, a flashlight, a screwdriver, a briefcase, candy, a map of the city, and some

nice clothes." She taps her forehead a few times with the pencil. "Now what am I forgetting?" (V/18/9,10)

"The kitchen sink?" I volunteer.

"Why do we need the kitchen sink?" (V/20/1)

"Why do we need a briefcase or a flashlight?" I ask. "We're not going in the middle of the night. And candy? You know I'm in favor of bringing candy anywhere we go, but why for this mission?"

"Duh," she says. "To bribe the security guard, of course."

I laugh. "You think a security guard is going to let us <sup>Sr</sup>>oop around someone's office because you give him a Twizzler?"

"I was thinking more like a bag of Skittles," she say! "And then if he still won't let us in, a king-sized Snickers oughta do it."

She may have something there. He'd have to be a strong resolve to turn down a king-sized Snickers.

"And if that doesn't work," she says, pulling her hair out of its ponytail, "I'll just use my feminine wiles."

"What feminine wiles would those be?" (V/27/1)

She shakes her hair out and does this pouty thing with her lips.

I burst out laughing. "You look like one of my fish!"

She chases me around the room, swinging her hair ; hips, and puckering her lips.

"Speaking of my fish," I say, running to the door. "I had to go feed them. Cat and Dog were ganging up on Ferret last night. I better make sure they haven't eaten him."

Lizzy says, "You're just afraid of my feminine power. She closes the door behind me. I give a little shiver, don't usually think of Lizzy as a girl at all. It's just toe disturbing.

I awake on Sunday morning to the sound of one of those big trucks backing up. *Beep, beep, beep*. The brakes hiss as the truck comes to a stop. Why would a big truck park in front of my building? Unless . . .

I jump out of bed and peek through the blinds. It *is* moving truck! Our new neighbors have arrived! A small red car pulls up behind the truck, and the four doors open. The first thing I see are four blond heads. Mother, father, boy, girl. At the same time, all four crane their necks and look up at the building. The father points first to the roof, where people sit on July fourth to watch the fireworks, and then down to the window of the apartment that will be theirs. He doesn't look like a minor league baseball player or an acrobat, or any of the other things I had been hoping for. He's actually wearing a suit, which I think is weird for a Sunday and even weirder for moving day.

Since my window is only about ten feet above their heads, I can see them very well. The boy is scowling, and the girl's face is sort of crumpled. Streaks of brown makeup run off from the sides of her eyes. She must have been crying. I want to call



down that this is a nice place to live, but never having moved in my life I can't really identify with what they must be feeling. I plan on living here forever.

The parents start directing the moving men, and the kids lean against the car. The boy crosses his arms and kicks at the ground while the girl twists a strand of hair around her finger. I'm about to go get Mom to tell her the new neighbors are here when I see our upstairs neighbor, five-year-old Bobby Sanchez, run down the porch steps and up to the car. His mom hurries to catch up.

"Hi!" Bobby says to the new kids, sticking out his hand.

I can hear him clearly through my window screen, but the new boy pretends not to. The girl forces a smile and shakes his hand. "I'm Samantha," she says. "This rude kid is my brother, Rick. We're moving in today."

"Cool!" Bobby says, scratching his head with one hand and shuffling his feet (V/39/1). That boy is never still.

"I'm five," Bobby adds. "How old are you?" (V/40/1)

"We're fourteen," Samantha replies. "We're twins, but I'm older by six minutes."

Rick kicks her in the shin, and she jumps. "Well it's true!" she says. A roll of thunder passes by, and everyone checks the sky. I hope it doesn't rain on them.

With both of my parents being identical twins, I would have expected to come across more twins in my lifetime, but this is the first boy-girl set I've ever seen. They don't look very much alike. She has an oval-shaped face, and his is squarer. I am starting to feel a little creepy spying on them, so I scribble a note to Lizzy and stick it

through the hole. By the time I use the bathroom and throw on shorts and a T-shirt, there's a response waiting for me.

*I –*

*Not leaving my apartment today = not meeting new neighbors you can come over if you want your grandmother emailed me about the state fair. I'll wait till you get here to open it.*

I write back:

*Why aren't you leaving your apartment?(V/43/10)*

She responds:

*N O Y O B*

N.O.Y.B.? Why isn't it my business that she won't come downstairs? And Grandma was very sneaky to e-mail Lizzy instead of me. She knows I delete anything with "state fair" in the subject heading.

I go back to the window, but the new family is no longer outside. They must have gone up to their apartment. It has started to drizzle, and the movers are carrying bundled furniture up the stairs along with a seemingly endless number of boxes. I debate going to their apartment, but figure I should wait for Mom to do that. She'd want to bake something probably. I think that's what you do when someone new moves in. If these were just new kids at school I wouldn't even think of trying to meet them. But I feel it is my neighborly duty to be, you know, neighborly.

Since I'm dressed now, I might as well go to Lizzy's. I leave a note for Mom on the kitchen table. I am very responsible that way.

Grandma knows I'm dreading keeping my end of the bargain that we made last summer. Each summer Lizzy, Mom, and I visit her at the bed-and-breakfast she runs in New Jersey. It's basically the only time I leave the state. Last summer, as she does each year, Grandma took us to the state fair nearby. I basically ate my way through the whole thing — caramel apple, candy apple, funnel cake, cotton candy, and a root beer float. Mom said I would pay for it later, but I was fine. I have an iron stomach.

Grandma bet Lizzy and me that the woman at the GUI Your Weight booth would guess both our weights exactly right. She said if she won the bet, then Lizzy and I would agree to participate in the Young Talent Competition next summer. She'd been trying to convince us to participate for years. Apparently competition is good for the soul and builds character. She herself enters the Table-Setting Competition every year and also the Make Your Own Jam. If the woman was wrong, Grandma promised never to mention the competition again.

Lizzy may be short, but she has muscle. She weighs more than she looks. We exchanged knowing glances and agreed to take Grandma's bet. The guess-your-weight woman narrowed her eyes at us, then scribbled some numbers on her pad. She put the pad on the table and gestured for us to step on the scales. When she showed us the pad, she was exactly right.

Clearly there was some kind of scam involved, but Grandma dragged us away before we could do a thorough investigation. I bet the woman had scales buried under the ground that she could see somehow.

So now we have to be in the stupid talent show. At least we can choose our own act. We need to come up with one today that won't be too humiliating.

Lizzy's dad opens their door. He's still in his pajamas. They have ducks on them, and little clouds. As I've mentioned, Mr. Muldoun is a hefty man, so there are a lot of ducks and a lot of clouds.

"Before you say anything," he says groggily as he steps aside to let me in, "they were left over from the last auction, and all my other pajamas are in the laundry."

At the post office they're always auctioning off packages that have been deemed undeliverable, like they don't have addresses or return addresses. Usually it's stuff like clothes, CDs, and books, but they've found snakes, a hamster, and even some poor guy's ashes in an urn! Mr. Muldoun gives my mom the heads-up on what will be available. That's how I got my computer. Mom once got a whole box of mixed beads. Just what we needed in our apartment — more beads. The law says they couldn't auction off the urn, so it sits on a top shelf in the post office, and every once and a while someone will put a flower next to it.

"Not every man can wear ducks," I say, following Mr. Muldoun into the kitchen, where he offers me a blueberry muffin. I politely decline. He gives a dramatic sigh, and hands me the chocolate one.

While I munch on it, he says, "Lizzy told me about the box from your father. I hope that's okay."

I nod.

"You must be pretty curious about what's in it," he says.

"Very," I reply, trying not to spray little pieces of muffin.

"Hey, I bet I know where you'll find those keys," he says, peeling a banana.

I look up from my muffin in surprise. Is he saying he has a set? "Where? Where will I find them?" (V/61/1,2)

He grins widely. "In the last place you look."

"Huh? Where's that?"

"Don't you get it?" he asks. "You always find something the last place you look. Because once you find it, you § stop looking!"<sup>c</sup>

"Ah, a joke," I reply, rolling my eyes. "I should have known."

"Should have known what?" Lizzy asks, entering the room.

I'm about to tell her when I am caught off guard by the round Band-Aid in the center of her chin. "Cut yourself shaving?"

"Very funny," she says. "I don't want to talk about it." She storms into the living room. I follow with a glance back at her dad. He mouths the word *pimple*. So *that's* why she doesn't want to meet the new neighbors!

Lizzy and her dad share a computer that they keep on a desk in the living room. I plop down on the couch as she reads the e-mail from my grandma out loud:

Dear Lizzy,

*Hello, darling. As you know, the fair is coming up in only a few weeks. I've tried to get in touch with Jeremy, but his e-mail must be broken. So I have taken the liberty of choosing your routine for the talent competition. Remember that lovely skit with the hula hoop? That is what you will be doing. The act must be between three and five minutes, so do time your music accordingly. Much love, Grandma Annie I*

Lizzy whirls around, her hand over her mouth, eyes wide with horror.

This is exactly why I don't like surprises. Once I get over the initial shock, I jump up from the couch. "This is a nightmare. We can't perform that routine in front of hundreds of strangers!"

Lizzy's face is getting redder by the second. "She isn't talking about that thing we used to do where you throw me a football while I'm hula hooping and I throw it back? And then I eat that banana?"

I nod miserably. "That's the one. Remember we made that up the summer we went out there and it rained the whole time?"

"We were SIX!" Lizzy shouts (V/74/1).

Lizzy's father hurries into the room. "Everything okay?" (V/75/1)Lizzy fills him in on our dire situation.

Mr. Muldoun shrugs. "Doesn't sound so bad. Could be a growth experience."

We glare at him. "Is there a prize?" he asks.

"I think it's fifty dollars if you win," I reply.

With a wink, Mr. Muldoun says, "That'd buy some kid a lot of Snickers bars."

Hmmm. He has a point. "Fine," Lizzy says, throwing up her arms. "But if we lose out to that kid who plays the harmonica with his nose, someone's gonna pay."

"That kid won't win," I assure her. "He won last year, and you can't do the same act twice."

"It's a good thing I like your grandmother," Lizzy says. "I wouldn't hula hoop for just anyone."

"I know you wouldn't." I refrain from reminding her that when we were younger, she used to want everyone to watch her. "Are you sure you don't want to meet the neighbors now? I don't think they're too happy to be here."

She gestures wildly at the Band-Aid on her chin. The subject is closed.

Monday morning comes all too quickly. Lizzy shows up at my bedroom door dressed in a long skirt and a clean white top. Her hair is out of its ponytail and has actually been brushed. The Band-Aid is gone. I rub my eyes to make sure it's her.

"Why aren't you dressed yet?" she demands (V/86/1). Yup, it's her all right.

"It's only eight-thirty!" (V/87/1) I reply, letting my head fall back on the pillow.

She walks over and tugs the pillow out from under me. "You know we have to get an early start. We have a lot to do before we go."

I groan. "Like what?"

She ticks off the list on her fingers. "First, you have to get dressed. *Nicely*. Second, you have to gather your items from the list. Third, we have to go to

the store to get the candy (V/90/1,2,3). Luckily for you, the best way to the office is by bus so you're spared the subway for today."

I sleepily sit up and move to the edge of the bed. "You forgot the part where I have to lie to my mom on the way out. She's off from work on Mondays so she's home now."

"Already taken care of," Lizzy says with a dismissive wave of her arm. "She saw me coming in and asked why I was dressed up. I said we're meeting my dad at the post office and he's going to give us a tour."

"But what'll happen if she sees your dad later and he doesn't know about any tour?"

"Don't worry so much." (V/94/1) Lizzy pulls my closet door open and reaches inside. "We'll ask my dad for a real tour tomorrow just in case. Here," she says, tossing a blue button-down shirt on my bed. "Wear this with your tan pants." (V/94/3)

I make a face. "The only time I wore that shirt was to my aunt's gallery opening. You want me to wear it on a regular day?"

"It's for a worthy cause," she says, grabbing a pair of brown dress shoes from the floor of the closet. "We have to look respectable. And didn't everyone tell you how handsome you looked in it?"

"One old lady," I grumble. "But I think she was legally blind. All right, give me ten minutes."

I drag myself to the bathroom and throw on the outfit Lizzy laid out for me. It takes a while to do up all the buttons on the shirt. Why would anyone wear this when



they could pull on a T-shirt? I grab the items on Lizzy's list that are my responsibility — the flashlight, gloves, and screwdriver — and stuff them in my backpack. Lizzy has the map and one of her dad's old briefcases. We'll have to stop at the comic store for the candy.

Mom and Lizzy are in the living room when I come out. Mom is on her knees patching up one of Mongo's legs. It's been peeling ever since Zilla the monster cat had to stay here for a night last month while Lizzy's apartment was being exterminated. Zilla spent half the night using the leg of the couch as a scratching post. Neither of us was brave enough to try to stop her.

"Don't you look nice, Jeremy," Mom says when she sees me.

"Er, thanks," I mumble, unable to look her in the eye.

"Well, we better go," Lizzy says, hurrying past Mom toward the door. "The mail stops for no man. Or something like that."

"Just a second," Mom says, scrambling to stand up without dropping her spool of thread (V/103/1,2). My heart quickens as she comes toward me. She must see it in my face. I am the *worst* liar. To my surprise Mom passes right by me and peers at Lizzy's chin. "I just wanted to make sure the concealer is working," she says. "Looks good to me. Can't see a thing."

Lizzy blushes furiously and doesn't look at me. I want to laugh, but she'd kill me. "It's fine, thanks for your help," she mumbles and practically throws herself out the front door. I think it's nice that my mom wants to help Lizzy with girl stuff.

Mom closes the door behind us, and I see that Lizzy left the briefcase a few feet away outside our door. She picks it up, and we're about to turn down the stairs when the new kids come out of their apartment. The four of us stand there awkwardly until the girl, Samantha, says hi, and we all introduce ourselves. Rick doesn't look quite as angry today. Perhaps he is resolved to his fate.

"So where did you move from?" Lizzy asks (V/106/1). She unconsciously reaches up to touch the spot where her covered-up pimple is, and then quickly lowers her hand.

"From New Jersey," Samantha answers. "Our dad works in the city and was tired of the commute."

"Did you ever go to the state fair?" Lizzy asks, in an unfamiliar high-pitched voice. "We're going to be in it next month."

I've never heard her so talkative to strangers. Why would she mention the state fair of all things?

"The state fair?" Rick repeats with a laugh. "Only hicks go there. What are you going to do? Pull a tractor with your teeth? No, wait, you're going to race pigs!"

"Shut up, Rick!" Samantha says, pushing him hard into the wall (V/111/1). "Ignore him," she says, rolling her eyes. "He can be so obnoxious."

"No problem," I mumble, even though I don't mean it. Rick is still laughing, and Lizzy has turned mute. It looks like it's up to me. "Well, we hope you'll like it here," I tell Samantha, ignoring Rick. Then, as Mom trained me to do, I add, "Let us

know if you need anything." I point out which apartments are ours, and seeing as Lizzy is still mute, I pull her down the stairs with me.

"What was that all about?" (V/113/1) I ask once we get outside and a few yards away.

The usual spring is missing from her step, and she's Walking very slowly. Could she have been nervous because of Rick? Does she think he's cute or something? Finally she says, "I feel so stupid. Samantha's gonna think I look like this every day, with this dorky skirt. And then I go on about the stupid state fair. Why did I say that? And this stupid briefcase. Did you see her earrings? And her toenails were red!"

I won't ask why her were looking at her feet. But why do you care if some girl you don't even know thinks you look like this every day? "What's wrong with the way you look?" (V/115/2,3)

"Oh, never mind," she says. "You don't understand girls at all." She walks faster, almost jogging, and I have to hurry to keep up. Well, at least the spring is back in her step.

## **2. The Analysis of Illocutionary Act on the Fifth Chapter “Jeremy Fink and the Meaning of Life”**

### **1. “You’re kidding right?” (V/1/1)**

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants Lizzy to give him information about the purpose of the final item on Lizzy chart.

2. “Our keys are hidden in Harold’s office somewhere,” she insists (V/3/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Assertive illocutionary because Lizzy tries to assert Jeremy that the keys are hidden in Harold’s office.

3. “Now what am I forgetting?”(V/18/9,10)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants Jeremy to remind her if there is anything left that she forgets.

4. “Why do we need the kitchen sink?” (V/20/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants Jeremy to explain her about what the function of the kitchen sink does.

5. “What feminine wiles would those be?” (V/27/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants Lizzy to give information about feminine wiles that she talks.

6. “Cool!” Bobby says, scratching his head with one hand and shuffling his feet (IV/39/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Expressive illocutionary because it shows Bobby happiness to know there is a new neighbor.

7. “How old are you?” (V/40/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Bobby wants Samantha to give information about her age.

8. Why aren’t you leaving your apartment? (V/43/10)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants Lizzy to give information about why she doesn't leave the apartment.

9. "Where? Where will I find them?" (V/61/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants Mr. Muldoun to give information about the place where he can find the keys they are being discussed.

10. "We were SIX!" Lizzy shouts (V/74/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Assertive illocutionary because Lizzy insist and reminds Jeremy that they were in six years old at that time.

11. "Everything okay?" (V/75/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy's father wants Lizzy to give information if there is something wrong with them.

12. "Why aren't you dresses yet? She demands (V/86/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants Jeremy to give information why he still sleeps.

13. "It's only eight-thirty!" (V/87/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Assertive illocutionary because Jeremy insists Lizzy that it is still earlier to wake up and prepare.

14. "First, you have to get dressed. *Nicely*. Second, you have to gather your items from the list. Third, we have to go to the store to get the candy." (V/90/1,2,3)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Assertive illocutionary because Lizzy describes a list of what Jeremy has to do.

15. “Don’t worry so much.” (V/94/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants Jeremy not to really worry about what would happen in the plan.

16. “Wear this with your tan pants.” (V/94/3)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants asks Jeremy to use a shirt she chooses.

17. “Just a second,” Mom says, scrambling without dropping her spool of thread (V/103/1,2).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy’s Mother asks them to stop going since there is something she wants to do to them.

18. “So where did you move from?” Lizzy asks (V/106/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants Rick and Samantha to tell her about where their previous address is.

19. “Shut up, Rick!” Samantha says, pushing him hard into the wall (V/111/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Samantha wants Rick to stop being rude.

20. “What was that all about?” (V/113/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants Lizzy to give information about why she is so talkative since she never does so.

21. “What’s wrong with the way you look?” (V/115/2,3)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants Lizzy to give him information about the change of her point of view.

**Table 1.5 The Finding of Illocutionary Act in the Fifth Chapter**

No.	Kinds of Illocutionary	Numbers of Illocutionary found	Percentage
1.	Assertive	4	19%
2.	Directive	16	76.2%
3.	Commissive	0	0%
4.	Expressive	1	4.8%%
5.	Declarative	0	0%
	<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>21</b>	<b>100%</b>

## **F. APPENDIX 6**

### **1. Chapter 6: The Office**

*(Source: ‘Jeremy Fink and the Meaning of Life’ Novel, Wendy Mass, 2006)*

Mitch is just opening the locks on the front door of Fink's Comics and Magic when we arrive. I can't help noticing the large ring of keys in his hands.

"Hey, dude and dudette," he says in a kind of drawl. He's always trying to sound like he's from California, when I know he's never even been there. It is my secret hope that he'll move there for real after he graduates. Then maybe Uncle Arthur will retire, and I'll take over the store. A kid can dream, can't he?

Mitch gives Lizzy's outfit an approving glance, but she doesn't notice. She's too busy eyeing the key ring, too.

As we follow him inside, I whisper to Lizzy, "We should check his keys in case my mom is wrong and my dad *did* leave an extra set in the store. Then we wouldn't have to go uptown."

She nods in agreement. "I was thinking the same thing."

"I'll go ask Mitch for them."

"Wait," Lizzy says, pulling me back (VI/7/1). "He's gonna want to know why you want them. Do you really want him to tell him about the box?"

She's right. I don't want him to know about it. He try to lay claim to it somehow, or at the very least fun of me. I know they store the keys under the counter, so all we have to do is wait until an opportunemoment to grab them. We pretend to be looking through the comics while Mitch finishes opening the register. He asks me to watch the front for a minute while he gets a new cash drawer ready in the back.

"No problem," Lizzy and I reply at the same time.



"That was too easy," Lizzy whispers once he disappears into the back room. We run behind the counter, and she grabs the keys. I unzip my bag and we quickly try the keys in each keyhole. No luck. Not even a nibble. Well, at least now I'm convinced that Harold's office is our only hope. My uncle heads behind the counter just as I'm zipping up my bag. He gives me a suspicious look.

"Whatcha doing?" he asks, glancing from me to my bag to Lizzy (VI/11/1). Besides his physical resemblance to my dad, his voice is identical to Dad's, too. This always creeps me out (when it doesn't make me want to cry, that is).

"Nothing," I answer, swinging the bag over my shoulder. "Mitch asked us to watch the front, so we were just, you know, watching the front."

"Yeah," Lizzy says, sliding past Uncle Arthur and around to the front of the counter. "And now we're going to buy some candy."

I smile weakly at my uncle and join Lizzy on the other side. She's already placed two bags of Twizzlers and a king-sized Snickers on the countertop.

"Job interview?" my uncle asks, giving my outfit the once-over.

I shake my head. "Lizzy's dad is bringing us to work with him." It's amazing how easily I can lie to my uncle (VI/16/1,2). All I have to do is remember the time he was supposed to take me on the father-son campout in sixth grade and never showed up. It may not excuse the lying, but it makes me feel less guilty.

He gives Lizzy her change and puts her candy in a bag. She flashes him a bright smile and says, "Thanks!" (VI/17/1,2)

We wave as we go through the door. "That was a close one," she says when we're halfway down the block.

"Why?" I ask, watching as she unwraps one of the packs of Twizzlers. "It's not like we stole anything."

She hands me a Twizzler, and I remember who I'm talking to. "We didn't steal anything, right?" I ask.

"No, we didn't steal anything!" she says (VI/21/1). "But I wouldn't be surprised if that uncle of yours thinks we did."

"I guess I can't blame him," I say. "Each year the store loses a few hundred dollars in stolen candy and comics."

"That's so like you," she says, sucking on her Twizzler. "Always trying to find the best in people, even him."

"Hey, weren't you going to buy Skittles for the security guard, not Twizzlers?" (VI/24/1)

"I panicked, all right? Just eat your Twizzler."

At that moment we catch sight of the bus rounding the corner. We run toward it, the bag thumping against my back. Two businessmen are waiting at the stop, both holding bus passes in their hands. The bus pulls up to the curb, and I ask Lizzy if she knows how much the bus costs. Mom has always taken care of this sort of thing. I've really got to start paying more attention.

"Two dollars each way," she says. "I checked this time. You have money, right?" (VI/27/1,2)

"You don't?"

"I just spent it on the candy!"

I pull out my wallet as a Girl Scout troop gets in line behind us, giggling and pushing each other. The two men \ step on, stick their bus passes in the slot, and pull them back out. They're the same Metro Cards we were supposed to use on the subway. Those things carry a lot of power in this city! The driver is waiting for us. I hand him our four dollars. It's a good thing I have my usual eight, or else we wouldn't have enough to get home.

"Quarters only," the driver says, not even looking at us.

"We don't have any quarters," I say meekly.

The driver rolls his eyes and booms, "Anyone got a card?" (VI/33/1)

The Girl Scouts behind us are getting restless. I hear one of them mutter, "Dorks!" and a few others giggle. For their rudeness, I may just demand a free box of cookies this year.

"I'll do it," a middle-aged woman in the front seat says, standing up. I elbow Lizzy when I see the woman is wearing a Yankees cap and sweatshirt, just like the guy who helped us in the subway. Good thing baseball fans are so superstitious! The woman lowers her card into the slot twice, and then grabs the four dollars from my hand.

Anxious to be away from the front of the bus, we make our way to the back and take the last two seats. Lizzy immediately turns and stares out the window. I know she feels bad for messing up our second mode of public transportation.

"Hey, Lizzy, one of the Girl Scouts just made another one cry. That should make you feel better."

I can see her smile in the reflection of the glass. Lizzy gets upset easily, but it doesn't take much to cheer her up.

I take out my book, glad to have a few minutes to study the diagram on time travel and string theory. But before I can build a time machine out of strings, I need to figure out what the heck they are talking about.

I have just opened the dog-eared page when I am hit by the overpowering stench of garlic that has suddenly engulfed the bus. I look around wildly for the source, and find a man in a construction worker's outfit nibbling on what can only be a sandwich made completely out of garlic cloves. Why does no one else notice? I can't say anything to Lizzy without him hearing, and he doesn't look like the type of person I'd want to insult. With his insanely small nibbles, it takes him ten blocks to finish it off. By that time, beads of sweat are clearly visible on his forehead. He crumples the wrapper and sticks it back in his lunchbox. He may be smelly, but at least he's tidy.

"Ours is the next stop," Lizzy says, folding her small city map. I nod, afraid to open my mouth lest the smell get inside. Although the sandwich is gone, the stench has gained in strength. I would not have thought this possible. The man is superhuman. Move over Superman, here comes Garlic-man, able to leap tall buildings in a single smelly breath.

I put my book away in preparation for our arrival. All I managed to learn is that string theory doesn't actually involve strings, but rather tiny bands of energy waves. Those be harder to find than regular string.

We get out of our seats and hold onto the poles by the door. The bus slows as it approaches the corner, but then it rolls right past. At first this registers only faintly, but as the back half of the bus fully passes the stop, I realize the driver isn't going to pull over at all.

"Wait!" Lizzy yells up to the front (VI/44/1). "You just passed our stop!"

The driver doesn't slow down. A woman with white hair and a silver cane leans forward and says to Lizzy, "Young lady, if the driver doesn't see anyone waiting at a stop, he will not pull over. If you want the bus to stop, you have to press that yellow strip up there. You see?" We follow as she points shakily to a thick strip of what looks like yellow tape. I realize I've seen people pressing it before, but never paid much attention.

"Oh, right," Lizzy mumbles. "Thanks." (VI/46/1) "Can I still press it now?" I ask the woman (VI/46/1,2). She nods happily. I reach up easily and push hard on the tape. A bell dings once. I guess short people just have to ride around and around the city until a taller person help them.

"Now the driver will pull over at the next stop. You see?" the woman says. "You're only two blocks from where you wanted to be." She settles back in her seat.

Who says New Yorkers aren't helpful? Of course two more blocks means we're stuck with Garlicman for that much longer. I wonder if anyone ever died from odor assault.

It turns out the next stop is full of people waiting, so the driver would have stopped anyway. The bus pulls over, and the front door opens, but not the back. Lizzy yanks at the handle, but it doesn't budge. Garlicman reaches over and pushes a metal strip next to the door, and the door swings open. I take back my mean thoughts about him. He is obviously another caring citizen.

We hurry down the three steps before the driver can change his mind and pull away. My left foot sticks to each step as I descend, having picked up gum somewhere along the way. When we are clear of the crowd, I ask Lizzy to wait while I use the curb to scrape the gum off the bottom of my shoe.

"Holy cow!" she says, grabbing my arm tight. (When she was six, Lizzy's dad trained her to use expletives like *holy cow* and *good golly* instead of the other more colorful ones she had brought home from her first day of kindergarten.)

I almost lose my balance since I have one foot in the air and one arm being pulled nearly out of its socket. I follow her gaze. In the gutter about two feet away from us is a playing card. Face up, its bottom half is hidden under a Chinese food takeout menu. It's the eight of hearts, one of the last three missing cards in Lizzy's collection. It's been at least six months since she had found a card. I was beginning to think the final three would never turn up.

Lizzy breaks her grip on my arm and bends down over the card. Fingers shaking, she grasps it by one corner. She doesn't pull yet though, and I know she's saying one of her little prayers in hopes that the card will be intact. All too often she'll find torn cards, and she won't put those in her collection.

Finally, she gives the card a gentle tug and it slips out, fully intact. She heaves a sigh of relief and then holds it high above her head like she's the winning boxer in a prize fight. "Ta da!" she announces. "Only two more to go!"

She snaps open her briefcase and slides the card carefully in one of the pockets on the top. She takes a few steps in the direction of the office but stops when I don't move from my spot. "What's up?" she asks (VI/55/3). "Aren't you psyched that I found my card?" (VI/55/3,4)

I nod, not really hearing her. If we hadn't missed our stop, if we hadn't veered away from our original plan, we wouldn't have gotten off here, and she wouldn't have found her card. But was it fate that brought us to this spot, or just good luck? What about fate and *bad* luck?

If Dad had taken a different route that day, or sat at a red light one second longer, he wouldn't have died. What if the lady who he swerved to avoid hitting had waited one more second before crossing the street? Or if she had been holding her package from underneath instead of by the handle, which had broken halfway across the intersection and caused her to stop walking?

Or what if it hadn't rained that morning so the street wasn't so slick that Dad's tires lost their grip on the road? Or what if I hadn't been sick that day and had been able to go with him? We might have stopped for ice cream first, and then—

"Are you all right?" Lizzy asks, peering into my face and interrupting my thoughts (VI/59/1,2). It isn't like I'll ever get a chance to find out what would have happened if any of those other things had taken place. Unless I do manage to build a time machine. And that isn't looking too promising.

I take a deep breath. And another. "I'm fine," I reply. "Let's go." (VI/60/1)

"Me finding that card, that was a good sign," she says as we continue walking. "A good sign for sure!"

I hope she's right. Now that we're close by, I'm starting to get nervous. After a few blocks, Lizzy stops in front of a tall building. She consults the letterhead of my mom's letter from Harold and says, "This is it. The former offices of Harold Folgard, Esquire."

I have to tilt my head all the way back to see the top of it. Neither of us makes a move to go inside. "It's so ... tall," I say, shading my eyes.

"Good thing you won't have to scale the outside and use a glass cutter to break into the offices," she says, leading me toward the revolving door. "That was my backup plan."

The lobby is marble and glass with tall ceilings and two banks of elevators. It's quiet, too, like a library. "The office is on the fourteenth floor," Lizzy says. Her



voice echoes. There are only a few people in the lobby, none of them paying the slightest attention to us.

I move closer to the wall to read the signs. "It's this one," I say softly, pointing to the elevators on our right. "Floors one through sixteen."

"Look like you belong," she whispers back, flipping her hair behind her shoulders. She swings her briefcase gently back and forth as she walks toward the first elevator.

I straighten my back and lift my chin a little. I am sure with my height I could easily pass as a businessman from 4 behind — a very skinny, backpack-wearing businessman. Lizzy is about to press the UP button when a voice booms out from across the lobby, "Where do you think you're going?" (VI/68/3,4)

We freeze. My heart starts racing. A man comes up behind us, and we slowly turn around. He is wearing a black security guard uniform. We'd already agreed that if we got stopped, Lizzy would do the talking. To be honest, I don't think I could speak anyway. I hope she doesn't try to pull out the feminine wiles.

To her credit, Lizzy is very composed. She looks the guard in the eye and says calmly, "Our uncle works on the fourteenth floor. We wanted to surprise him."

He doesn't answer right away, and I try sending Lizzy a telepathic message: *Offer him the king-sized Snickers . . . the Snickers!* But she either doesn't receive my message or is ignoring it. The guard finally says, "All visitors need to check in at the front desk. Follow me."

Our shoulders sag with relief as we follow him to the long marble desk in the corner of the lobby that we somehow managed to miss seeing when we came in. He steps behind the desk and puts out his hand. "Driver's license," he says in a tone that indicates he has asked this many times before.

Lizzy and I exchange a look of surprise. I *knew* I could pass for a businessman! "Um, we're only twelve," Lizzy says.

"Almost thirteen," I quickly add.

"School ID?" he asks (VI/75/1).

"It's *summer*," Lizzy replies.

The guard sighs. "All right. I'll need you to sign in here." (VI/77/1) He pushes a clipboard across the counter to us. "And then one at a time I'll take your picture."

"Our picture?" I ask.

He nods. "Every visitor's pass has your picture on it now."

This isn't going as smoothly as I'd hoped.

Lizzy signs the clipboard and pushes it over to me. She signed in as *Tia Castaway*, the name of the little girl in our favorite Disney movie when we were little, *Escape to Witch Mountain*. She gives me a little kick on the shin, and since we're supposed to be brother and sister, I carefully write *Tony Castaway* and push the clipboard back to the man.

He takes our picture with a camera that is attached to the computer behind the desk. A few seconds later two visitor badges spew out of the printer. He hands them over and instructs us to peel off the back and wear them "on our person" at all times.

We hurry toward the elevator, sticking the badges on our chests without even looking at them. Only when we're safely on the elevator do I notice my face staring back at me from Lizzy's shirt, one eye closed, the name *Tony Castaway* typed underneath. We quickly switch badges.

"This is a really slow elevator," I observe.

"Yeah," Lizzy says. "It's almost like we're not moving."

I look at the panel of numbers. "That's because neither of us pushed the button for our floor!" I lean over and push *14*. The elevator jumps a little and begins to ascend.

We start to laugh. Lizzy says, "You'd think we'd never been out of the house before."

I watch the floor numbers light up one at a time as we approach each one. "Did you know," I tell Lizzy, "that most buildings don't have a thirteenth floor because the number *13* is supposed to be bad luck? Of course there still *is a* thirteenth floor; they just call it the fourteenth floor."

Lizzy narrows her eyes. "So what you're saying is that since we're going to the fourteenth floor, we're gonna have bad luck?"

Maybe it's better when Lizzy doesn't listen when I share my knowledge of the world. "Um, forget I said anything."

When the doors open we get out and follow the signs toward Suite 42. Along the way we pass assorted businessmen and women, all who either ignore us or give us the forced smile that adults usually give to kids, where just the corners of their

mouths turn up. We finally find the right door. It still has the FOLGARD AND LEVINE, ESQUIRES brass nameplate on it. Lizzy steps back and motions for me to try the door. I take a deep breath and turn the handle. Of course it doesn't budge.

"Turn it the other way," Lizzy advises.

"That's not gonna work," I say. "You always turn a knob to the right to open it." Nevertheless, I try it. I'm so surprised to feel it twist under my hand that I don't even push the door open for a second.

"Wow, that actually worked!" Lizzy exclaims, pushing through the door. I quickly follow and close it behind us. There is no electricity in the office, but enough light comes through the windows that we can easily see around us. It's like a ghost town of an office. Shells of desks and filing cabinets, stained carpet, empty cardboard boxes, a broken lamp.

"Let's get moving," Lizzy whispers (VI/94/1). "You look in Harold's office, and I'll check out here in the waiting area."

I nod, and head into the office that has Harold's name-plate stuck on it. First I check the old wooden desk that sits in the center of the room. It's a nice desk. I wonder why he abandoned it. The drawers are all hanging out, which makes it easy. I feel around the insides of them, and also check the bottoms of each drawer in case the keys are taped there. All I come away with are a few splinters, three paper clips, and a business card for a moving company. I can hear Lizzy in the next room opening and closing drawers, too.

According to the plan, I crawl around on the carpet, feeling for lumps as I go along. About halfway around the room I actually feel something! It's about a foot away from one of the walls and is just the right size for a set of four keys and a key chain.

"Hey, *Lizzy*," I call out as loud as I dare. "I might have found something!"

She comes running in, and I point to the lump. She runs back out. When she returns, she is carrying her briefcase and my bag, which we had left by the front door. She unsnaps her briefcase and pulls out the screwdriver. She hands it to me, which I think is a nice gesture since I'm sure she'd be as capable as I in cutting the carpet. I would feel guilty doing what we're about to do, but the carpet is so old and stained and torn that there's no question the new tenants are going to replace it. In a way, we're helping them out.

Using the sharp edge, I hook the screwdriver under the edge of the carpet where it meets the wall. Then I move it back and forth like a saw. Even though the carpet is old, the fiber is strong. *Lizzy* holds the two edges of the rug apart as I go along, revealing the concrete floor beneath. I'm sweating by the time I slice my way to the lump. One last slice and the carpet reveals its hidden treasure.

*Lizzy* screams and jumps back so fast that she crashes to the floor, limbs flying. She covers her mouth to keep herself from screaming again and finally manages to scramble to her feet.

"You're such a girl," I tell her, letting the carpet fall back into place (VI/101/1). "It's long dead." Instead of the keys to my box, we have uncovered the final resting place of a little brown mouse.

Lizzy shivers. "Lets just finish looking around (VI/102/1). This place is giving me the creeps."

The only place I haven't searched yet is the ceiling. It's one of those drop-down types where you can push on the panels and they lift up. "Flashlight," I say, holding out my hand (VI/103/2,3). Like a nurse handing a doctor a scalpel, Lizzy repeats, "Flashlight," and lays it in my hand. I stand up on the desk and can easily reach the ceiling. Pushing up on \ one of the panels, I move it aside so I can stick my flashlight up there. I have to clear away a cobweb before sticking my head in. Good thing Pm doing this instead of Lizzy. For a tough girl, she is brought to her knees by things with multiple legs.

"See anything?" she asks (VI/104/1). Her voice sounds muffled from up here.

"Pipes, dust, and wires," I call down. I shine the light slowly around, but just see more of the same. "Do you want to take a look?" (VI/105/2)

She doesn't answer. I repeat my question. She still doesn't answer. I duck my head back out of the ceiling to see Lizzy standing stiffly in the center of the room. A very round and red-faced policeman, in a full-on NYPD outfit, stands at her side. The security guard from downstairs almost completely fills the doorway.

All I can think to say as I climb off the desk is, "I *told* you we should have given him the king-sized Snickers!"

## **2. The Analysis of Illocutionary Act on the Sixth Chapter “Jeremy Fink and the Meaning of Life”**

1. “Wait,” Lizzy says, pulling me back(VI/7/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants Jeremy to hold on his action.

2. “Whatcha doing?” he asks, glancing from me to my bag to Lizzy (VI/11/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy’s uncle wants Jeremy and Lizzy to give him information about what they are doing in the counter.

3. It’s amazing how easily I can lie to my uncle (VI/16/1,2).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Expressive illocutionary because Jeremy feels amaze and think unbelievable to what he does to his uncle.

4. She flashes him a bright smile and says, “Thanks!” (VI/17/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Expressive illocutionary because it shows Lizzy’s feeling thanks of the change that uncle gives.

5. “No, we didn’t steal anything!” she says (VI/21/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Assertive illocutionary because Lizzy insists that they don’t steal anything.

6. “Hey, weren’t you going to buy Skittles for the security guard, not Twizzlers?” (VI/24/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants Lizzy to give the information about why she buys Twizzlers not Skittles.

7. “You have money, right?” (VI/27/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants Lizzy to give the information if she has more money to pay the buss fee.

8. The driver rolls his eyes and booms, “Anyone got a card?” (VI/33/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because the driver wants Lizzy and Jeremy to give the information if they have a card.

9. “Wait!” Lizzy yells up to the front (VI/44/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy asks the driver to stop the buss since the driver doesn’t stop at their destination.

10. “Thanks!” (VI/46/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Expressive illocutionary because it shows Lizzy expressing of thanks to the explanation of the woman that help her.

11. “Can I still press it now?” I ask the woman (VI/46/1,2).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants the woman to give the information if he still allow to press the yellow strip to make the driver stop the buss.



12. “What’s up?” she asks (VI/55/3).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants Jeremy to tell her why he stops moving.

13. “Aren’t you psyched that I found my card?” (VI/55/3,4)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants Jeremy to tell her if he is psyched to know that she found the card.

14. “Are you all right?” Lizzy asks, peering into my face and interrupting my thoughts (VI/59/1,2).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants Jeremy to give the information about his condition.

15. “Let’s go.” (VI/60/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy asks Lizzy to keep moving.

16. Lizzy is about to press the UP button when a voice booms out from across the lobby, “Where do you think you’re going?” (VI/68/3,4)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because the man wants Jeremy and Lizzy to give him information about what they would do in the office since they aren’t old enough to be there.

17. “School ID?” he asks (VI/75/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because the man asks Lizzy and Jeremy to show him their school ID.

18. "All right. I'll need you to sign in here." (VI/77/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because the man asks Lizzy and Jeremy to sign in the clipboard.

19. "Let's get moving," Lizzy whispers (VI/94/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy asks Jeremy to keep searching to Harold's office.

20. "You're such a girl," I tell her, letting the carpet fall back into place (VI/101/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Expressive illocutionary because it shows Jeremy's expression of anger to what Lizzy do.

21. "Lets just finish looking around." (VI/102/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy asks Jeremy to stop arguing and continue his mission.

22. "Flashlight," I say, holding out my hand (VI/103/2,3).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy asks Lizzy to give him a flashlight.

23. "See anything?" she asks (VI/104/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants Jeremy to give her information if he finds something.

24. "Do you want to take a look?" (VI/105/2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants Lizzy to give the information if she wants to see it by herself.

**Table 1.6**The finding of Illocutionary act in the sixth chapter

No.	Kinds of Illocutionary	Numbers of Illocutionary found	Percentage
1.	Assertive	1	4.2%
2.	Directive	19	79.2%
3.	Commissive	0	0%
4.	Expressive	4	16.6%
5.	Declarative	0	0%
<b>TOTAL</b>		<b>24</b>	<b>100%</b>

## G. APPENDIX 7

### 1. Chapter 7: The Job

(Source: 'Jeremy Fink and the Meaning of Life' Novel, Wendy Mass, 2006)

"You didn't say *anything* about the Snickers!" (VII/1/1) Lizzy hisses as we are led into a mini police station right in the basement of the building.

"Well, I *thought* it!" I reply lamely.

The security guard, who must have ratted us out, exchanges a few words with the policeman and leaves without a backward glance. The policeman, whose nametag says POLANSKY, motions for us to sit on the wooden bench across from his small desk. Lack of beard aside, he would make a good department store Santa Claus. He isn't very jolly, though, so he probably wouldn't last long.

"Would you like to tell me what you were doing vandalizing that office upstairs?" he asks, leaning forward in his chair (VII/4/1,2).

Lizzy and I exchange glances. I can see she's frightened, even though she's trying to pretend she's not. Before I can think it through, I say, "Urn, we know him, I mean Fol-gard. Harold. I know we told the guard he's our uncle, but really he's a friend of my parents. I mean of my mom's. My dad, he's . . . he's not around, so —"

"What my *brother* here is trying to say," Lizzy interrupts, "is that vandalizing is totally not the right word. You see, we had passes to go up there." She gestures to the sticker on our chests. "So this has all been a big mistake."

"Not so fast," Officer Polansky says as Lizzy reaches for her briefcase. "That office no longer belongs to Fol-gard and Levine. It was rented out last week to J&J Accountants. It was their office you were vandalizing."

Lizzy whispers out of the corner of her mouth, "There he goes with that *word* again."

"The guard in the lobby has a direct video feed to all the empty offices. Gotta make sure no squatters get in here. He saw you destroying private property."

I have no idea what a squatter is other than someone who squats, but I don't bother to ask. Instead I say, "Honestly, we were just looking for a set of keys that Mr. Folgard hid there a long time ago. We didn't mean to destroy anything."

"Breaking and entering is a very serious offense, you know," he says.

I glare at Lizzy. She shrinks down in her seat a little. Then she says, "But the door was unlocked, so it wasn't really breaking. Just entering. And really, what's so bad about entering?"

"The way I see it," Officer Polansky says, clearly not swayed by Lizzy's logic, "is that not only do you owe J&J Accountants the money for a new carpet, but you have to pay your debt to society for not respecting other people's property."

Neither of us speaks for a moment. I am calculating how many weeks of allowance it is going to cost to buy and install a new carpet. "Can't we just write a letter to J&J, and to, you know, *society*, apologizing for the misunderstanding?" I ask, hoping he can hear the sincerity in my voice (VII/14/2,3,4).

He ignores my question and says, "Now Tony, Tia, those aren't your real names, are they?" (VII/15/1,2)

Neither of us answers at first. As Tony Castaway, I had felt shielded from the reality of the situation. But as Jeremy Fink, there is no escape. Officer Polansky makes us tell him our real names and addresses, and he types them into his computer. He is a very slow typist, so we have plenty of time for Lizzy to pinch my leg. As I flinch, I realize I'd been holding my breath, and I quickly let it out.

"What was that for?" I ask from the corner of my mouth (VII/17/1).

"You were turning purple," Lizzy whispers.

"You *swore* we wouldn't get arrested!" I whisper back (VII/19/1).

"We're not getting arrested!" she says, forgetting to whisper (VII/20/1). Then in a smaller voice she asks, "Are we?"

Officer Polansky gives us a long look. We try to appear as innocent and wide-eyed as possible. Mom told me once in times of trouble to try to project sunny thoughts: butterflies, babies laughing, hot dogs in a ballpark on a sunny day. So I

think of babies laughing in a ballpark surrounded by butterflies eating hot dogs. Very small, tiny hot dogs. I can't vouch for what Lizzy is thinking, but it must be something good because Officer Polansky says, "No, I'm not going to arrest you."

"You gonna send us to juvie?" she asks, narrowing her eyes at him (VII/22/1).

I groan. Officer Polansky laughs. "No, I'm not going to send you to juvenile detention either. I was thinking of community service. You don't have any big plans this summer, right?"

Thinking of the box, I say, "Well, actually —"

"Nope," Lizzy jumps in. "Community service is fine."

"I'll see what's available," he says, pulling a clipboard from his desk drawer.

"Um, doesn't a judge have to assign community service?" I ask (VII/27/1).

"We're streamlining the process," the policeman explains, "unless you *want* me to involve a judge. ..."

Lizzy kicks me in the ankle, which actually hurts quite a bit.

"I didn't think so," he says. He scans the list in front of him. "I'm even gonna be a nice guy and give you some choices."

"Great," I mumble under my breath. I can't believe that in the few days since school ended, I am now sitting in a mini-police station being assigned community service for the summer. How did this happen? How am I going to open the box if I can't look for the keys because I will be too busy picking up garbage on the West Side Highway or planting flowers in some church garden?

"Let's see," Officer Polansky says, running his finger down the list. He is apparently unaware of my screaming inner voice. "Here's one. You can pick up trash in Central Park following the weekly free concerts. How's that sound?"

I do not trust myself to speak.

"It wouldn't be so bad," he says. "We'd give you poles so you wouldn't have to touch the garbage with your hands. And any cans you find, you can keep and turn in for five cents down at the recycling center."

"What else ya got?" Lizzy asks bluntly (VII/35/1).

He consults his list again. "Well, the only other one that would take kids your age would be helping a man named Mr. Oswald with some deliveries. He's closing down his pawnshop and moving to Florida. The job could involve some lifting though, and I gotta tell you, you two aren't the strongest specimens I've seen."

"We'll take it," Lizzy and I say at the same time.

"We're stronger than we look," I add. While this is true of Lizzy, I'm probably just about as strong as I look.

The policeman pauses to consider it, then says, "All right. I'll call Mr. Oswald and find out when he wants you to start."

He pushes two small notebooks toward us. "You'll have to keep a log of the hours you spend on the job and your observations. At any time we might ask you to turn 'em in so we can make sure you're not skirting your responsibilities."

"Observations?" I ask. "Of what?"

"Community service isn't just about getting people to work for free. The citizen is supposed to learn something from the experience. They should come away from it a better person."

"A better person?" Lizzy repeats. "What's wrong with us now?"

"I don't know, *Tia*," he says.

That shuts her up.

He dials Mr. Oswald's number, and after he introduces himself as Officer Polansky, all we hear is, "One boy, one girl, 'bout thirteen. Yes. No. Yes. Say they're stronger than they look." He checks his computer screen and reads out our address. Then he says, "Okay. Yes. They'll be there. No problem. Good day to you, too, sir."

"You start tomorrow," he says, putting a notation next to the job on his clipboard.

"Um, how are we supposed to get to him?" I ask (VII/48/1). "Because my mom works all day, and so does Lizzy's dad, so I don't see how —"

He holds up a hand to stop me. "Mr. Oswald will send his driver to pick you up and take you home."

"A *driver*'?" Lizzy asks. "If this guy has a *driver*, why can't he just hire someone to help him pack up his stuff?"

Officer Polansky's face darkens a bit. "Would you rather take the first job?"

Lizzy shakes her head hard. "I was just asking."

"Mr. Oswald has done a lot for the city," he says. "So we like to help him out whenever we can."



I wonder how a pawnshop owner helps out the city, but I am not about to ask. Officer Polansky looks like he's on his last nerve. I don't like the idea that I'm going to be taken out of my neighborhood comfort zone, once again, and led who knows where.

"You two can go now," he says. "Nine a.m., sharp. And dress more . . . casually. Never seen kids on summer vacation dressed up before."

"We don't usually dress like this," I am quick to explain. Not that it really matters.

"One more thing," he says. "You do a good job, and we'll waive the cost of a new carpet. That one was pretty beat even before you two got to it."

"Thank you," we say in unison. We practically leap off the bench in our hurry to be out of there.

I'm about to sling my backpack over my arm when he says, "Oh, wait, what was I thinking? I still have to call your parents!"

"But they're at work," Lizzy says hurriedly. "We can just tell them ourselves."

He chuckles, but not in a very friendly way. "Doesn't work that way," he says. "Now what're their work numbers?"

"Actually," I say, raising my hand slightly then quickly lowering it. "My mom's home today."

He adds both numbers into the computer and then says, "Now get going (VII/63/1). See if you can stay out of trouble for the rest of the day."

Lizzy grabs her briefcase, and we hurry from the room and back into the elevator. Neither of us speaks as we press the button for the lobby. It's just as well that he made us leave before calling them. I wouldn't have wanted to hear Mom's reaction. I'll hear it soon enough.

"What were you thinking?" she demands as I walk in the door an hour later (VII/65/1). "How did you get home?"

"The bus," I told her. The return trip on the bus had been much smoother. We got quarters from a hot pretzel vendor, and Garlicman was nowhere in sight (or in smell, as the case may be). We sat in the front of the bus and I tried to eat my peanut butter sandwich while Lizzy ate a pretzel. It wasn't easy to choke down the sandwich after our experience, but just in case Mom punishes me by only serving something healthy for dinner, I had to eat while I could. Even still, I could only eat half.

"I'm sorry we lied about going to the post office," I reply sheepishly (VII/67/1). "I know we should have told you where we were going. I was afraid you'd say no." (VII/67/2,3)

"Come sit down," she says, and leads me over to Mongo (VII/68/1). We pass a painting on an easel that she must have been working on today. It's covered with cloth now though, so I can't tell what it is. We sit down, and she takes my hand in hers. "I know this is hard for you," she says gently. "You want to follow your dad's instructions, but we just might have to find another way."

"Lizzy and I have already tried everything else," I tell her. "The only way to get in is with the keys. Otherwise we'll ruin the box."

"I don't want that to happen either," she says. "But now you have to put that aside and deal with this community service mess you've gotten yourself into. You can't shirk your responsibilities with this man."

"What if he's some sleazy pawnbroker guy who just wants free labor?"

"He's not," she assures me. "I made Officer Polansky give me Mr. Oswald's phone number to check him out. I wasn't going to let my baby be whisked away by just anyone."

I groan. "Mom!"

"Sorry," she says (VII/74/1). "I wasn't going to let my almost-teenaged son be whisked away by just anyone."

"That's better."

"He's a very interesting man. And I think you'll find this job —"

"It's not a job," I remind her. "A job is where you get paid."

She shakes her head. "A job is where you are assigned a task and you complete it to the best of your ability. Money or no money. Anyway, as I was saying, I think you might actually enjoy working with Mr. Oswald. You may find you have a lot in common."

"Like what?" I ask, but I'm not really interested. My stomach is growling. Now that I know Mom isn't going to punish me, my appetite has returned.

"The man has spent his life around other people's stuff. Sound like anyone you know?" Without waiting for an answer she stands up from the couch and says, "And by the way, you're grounded for a week. It would be more, but I figure you're

already being punished. You'll do the community service, and then come straight home."

I sigh dramatically. "It's almost like you don't *want* me to find the keys."

"You know that's not true," Mom says. "It will all happen the only way it happens." She heads into the kitchen, and I follow.

"What does *that* mean?" I ask (VII/83/1). Before she can answer, the phone rings. The caller ID shows it's Lizzy's dad. She picks up and she says, "Yes, he's grounded for a week.

Yes, I'll wait until the car comes tomorrow and call you at the post office. Thanks, Herb." She hangs up. "Hey, you got off easy. Lizzy's grounded for two weeks."

Poor Lizzy. She was only trying to help me. I'm sure this isn't how she planned to spend her summer, either.

"What do you want for dinner?" Mom asks, already reaching into the cabinet for the box of macaroni and cheese (VII/86/1,2).

"Why do you ask if you already know?"

"I always hope you'll surprise me."

"Not tonight."

After years of trying to get me to eat normally, Mom has given up. Dinners are now a choice between four meals — macaroni and cheese, hot dogs, fish sticks, or pizza if we're going out. Mom once tried frying some chicken and pressing it into the shape of a fish stick, but I knew better.

She puts a pot on the stove and pours in the water. "You're going to drive me to drink with your finicky eating habits," she says.

Seeing as our house is an alcohol-free zone, unless I'm going to drive her to drink chocolate milk, I'm not too worried.

"You'll be thirteen in a few weeks," she says. "It's time to expand your horizons. I'm going to introduce one new thing each Monday night."

After what happened today, I don't dare argue. "Sure, Mom," I say, hoping she'll go easy on me and won't jump right to the broccoli.

"And since today's Monday," Mom says, swinging open the refrigerator door, "we might as well start tonight. But don't worry (VII/75/2), I'll go easy on you." (VII/75/2) She pulls out a glass bowl covered in cellophane. I approach with caution and peer inside.

Broccoli!

## **2. The Analysis of Illocutionary Act on the Seventh Chapter "Jeremy Fink and the Meaning of Life"**

1. "You didn't say *anything* about the Snickers!" (VII/1/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Assertive illocutionary because Lizzy insists that Jeremy never talk about the Snickers.

2. "Would you like to tell me what you were doing vandalizing that office upstairs?" he asks, leaning forward in his chair (VII/4/1,2).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Officer Polansky wants them to give information about what they do in the office.

3. “Can we just write a letter to J&J, and to, you know, *society*, apologizing for the misunderstanding?” I ask, hoping he can hear the sincerity in my voice (VII/14/2,3,4).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants the Officer Polansky to give him information if they can only write a letter to J&J and *society*, apologizing for the misunderstanding of what they do.

4. He ignores my question and says, “Now Tony, Tia, those aren’t your real names, are they? (VII/15/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because the Officer Polansky wants Jeremy and Lizzy to give him information if Tony and Tia are their real name.

5. “What was that for?” I ask from the corner of my mouth (VII/17/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants Lizzy to give him information about the purpose of the Officer Polansky writes their names in his computer.

6. “You *swore* we wouldn’t get arrested!” I whisper back (VII/19/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Assertive illocutionary because Jeremy asserts Lizzy and reminds her that she promise they will not be arrested.

7. “We’re not getting arrested!” she says, forgetting to whisper (VII/20/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Assertive illocutionary because Lizzy asserts that they are not arrested.

8. “You gonna send us to juvie?” she asks, narrowing her eyes at him (VII/22/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants the Officer Polansky give the information if he will take them to the juvie.

9. “Um, doesn’t a judge have to assign community service?” I ask (VII/27/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants the Officer Polansky to give him information if the judge assigns community service.

10. “What else ya got?” Lizzy asks bluntly (VII/35/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants the Officer give the information if he has another place to be visited.

11. “Um, how are we supposed to get to him?” I ask (VII/48/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants the Officer Polansky to give him information about how they go to the place that he wants.

12. He adds both numbers into the computer and then says, "Now get going."

(VII/63/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Officer Polansky asks them to leave the office soon.

13. "What were you thinking?" she demands as I walk in the door an hour later

(VII/65/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants Jeremy to give her information about he is thinking about.

14. "I'm sorry we lied about going to the post office," I reply sheepishly

(VII/67/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Expressive illocutionary because it shows Jeremy expression of sorry since he lied his mother about going to the post office.

15. "I was afraid you'd say no." (VII/67/2,3)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Expressive illocutionary because it shows Jeremy expression of afraid since he thinks his mother would not allow him to go.

16. "Come sit down," she says, and leads me over to Mongo (VII/68/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy's mother asks him to sit down and hear what she is going to say.



17. "Sorry," she says (VII/74/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Expressive illocutionary because it shows Jeremy's mother expression of sorry since Jeremy doesn't like to be called a baby.

18. "What does *that* mean?" I ask (VII/83/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants his mother to give him more explanation about what she talks about.

19. "What do you want for dinner?" Mom asks, already reaching into the cabinet for the box of macaroni and cheese (VII/86/1,2).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy's mother wants Jeremy to give information about what he wants to eat for dinner.

20. "But don't worry" (VII/95/2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy's mother wants Jeremy not to be worried.

21. "I'll go easy on you." (VII/95/2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Commissive illocutionary because Jeremy's mother commit to Jeremy not to teach him hardly.

**Table 1.7**The finding of Illocutionary act in the sixth chapter

No.	Kinds of Illocutionary	Numbers of Illocutionary found	Percentage
1.	Assertive	3	14.3%
2.	Directive	14	66.6%
3.	Commissive	1	4.8%
4.	Expressive	3	14.3%
5.	Declarative	0	0%
<b>TOTAL</b>		<b>21</b>	<b>100%</b>

## H. APPENDIX 8

### 1. Chapter 8 The Old Man

*(Source: 'Jeremy Fink and the Meaning of Life' Novel, Wendy Mass, 2006)*

Mom, Lizzy, and I are sitting on the steps of our building waiting for Mr. Oswald's driver to pick us up. I didn't get any notes from Lizzy last night and I didn't write any either. I'm afraid she's mad at me. At least she's back in her ponytail and shorts again. No skirt and long hair blowing around.

"You've both got the notebooks that the policeman gave you?" Mom asks (VIII/2/1).

We shake our heads.

"I got the impression you're supposed to bring them," she replies. "Go on up and get them (VIII/4/1,2). I'll wait in case he comes."

As Lizzy and I climb the stairs, she asks if I'm mad at her.

Relieved, I shake my head. "I thought maybe you were mad at me. After all, you wouldn't be in this mess if it weren't for me and the box."

"And *you* wouldn't be in this mess if it weren't for me," she counters.

"Do you think we'll still be able to find the keys in time now?" I ask (VIII/8/1).

"We keep our eyes open," she says firmly. "We won't let this stupid community service thing ruin our plans."

We're about to shake on it when the new kids come out of their apartment. "Don't let us interrupt you," Rick says, gesturing to our imminent handshake.

We both pull our hands away quickly. "How's it going?" Lizzy asks in a high voice that's almost a squeak. She says it to both of them, but looks only at Samantha.

"Good," Samantha says. "We're almost all moved in."

"Cool," Lizzy says. Then she blurts out, "I like your earrings."

Samantha puts her hands up to her ears. "I'm not wearing any earrings."

Rick laughs. That kid is NOT getting any nicer, and I'm just about done feeling sorry for him for having to move to a new place.

Lizzy turns beet red. "I mean the ones you" were wearing yesterday."

"Oh, thanks," Samantha says. "They were a gift from my grandmother."

"Cool," Lizzy says, and nods. "If you want to come over sometime, I can tell you about the neighborhood, that sort of thing."

"Sure," Samantha says. "Whenever."

"Cool," Lizzy says. I want to alert her to the many other words at her disposal besides *cool*, but I think she would punch me.

"Can we go now?" Rick asks, pulling his sister down the hall.

"Bye, guys," Samantha calls out.

"Bye," Lizzy says, waving a little.

"Since when are you so friendly?" I ask her (VIII/24/1).

"What do you mean?" she says innocently.

"You know what I mean."

"I'm just trying to be nice," she says, putting the key in her door. "You know, neighborly, like you said. I'm allowed to make new friends, you know."

"Who said you weren't?" I reply, hurrying into my apartment before she can respond. I grab my notebook and head back outside, not bothering to wait for Lizzy. She sits down next to me on the stoop a minute later. She has taken out her ponytail. I don't know why it should bother me, but it does. I pull out my book and bury my nose in it.

"This must be him," Mom says, standing up and shading her eyes.

I look up to see Lizzy staring, her mouth hanging open. Coming down the street toward us is no less than a *limo*. It pulls up right in front of our building. A *limousine* is in front of our building! Like the kind *movie stars* take. The driver steps out and tips his hat at us. He is wearing a real chauffeur's uniform! I didn't think people did that in real life!

"Jeremy Fink and Elizabeth Muldoun?" (VIII/31/1)

We nod vigorously. Usually Lizzy is quick to correct anyone who dares to use her full name, but I can tell she's too excited to bother.

"I'm James. I have come to take you to Mr. Oswald," he says. "And you are Mrs. Fink, I gather?"

Mom says yes, and asks to see some paperwork from the community service people. Exchanging wide-eyed glances, Lizzy and I scramble off the steps and wait by the car until Mom gives us the all clear.

"You two behave," she says, stepping back onto the curb.

I'm surprised she's not more shocked by the limo. Mr. Oswald must have told her that's how we'd be traveling. Did she somehow forget to tell me?

"Do you have your sandwiches?" she asks.

"Yes, Mom," I say, reddening as James looks on. When she steps aside, James opens the back door for us. Lizzy scrambles inside, and I follow her into the cool interior. I can't believe we're actually going to be driven around the city in a limo!

The seats are cream-colored, and I've never sat on anything as soft. Even though it's a bright, sunny day, the inside of the limo is dim because the windows are tinted. A small refrigerator is built into the wall, along with a television set and a radio. Another long seat faces us, and I immediately put my feet up on it. Lizzy can't reach that far. We pull away from the building and I wave at Mom as we go, but she probably can't see us through the windows.

Lizzy swings open the door of the fridge. "Look! Strawberries! Juice! Soda *in glass bottles* Can you *believe* this?"

I shake my head, leaning back against the cool seat like I'm used to a life of luxury.

"Man oh man," Lizzy says. "If I had known doing community service was gonna be like *this*, I'd have gotten us in serious trouble *years* ago!"

At the first red light, the window dividing us from James slowly lowers. He turns his head to look at us. "I imagine everything is satisfactory?" he asks, a small smile on his face.

Lizzy unscrews the top of a Coke bottle and asks, "Is Mr. Oswald really really really super rich?" (VIII/44/1,2)

James laughs. "He's pretty well off."

"I didn't realize pawnbrokers made so much money," I say.

James turns back to the road and shakes his head. "Oh, that's just a sideline. Used to be his family's business. Mr. Oswald's main job is selling antiques. He has a knack for finding antiques, restoring them, and selling them for much more than he bought them."

"Where does he find them?" I ask, interested (VIII/48/1).

"All over," James says. "Flea markets, antique fairs, auction houses. Sometimes even on the streets. People don't know what they have, and they just throw it out."

Lizzy turns to me, and I know what she's going to say before she says it. "Sounds like he and your dad would have hit it off."

I nod. "But my dad never fixed up anything to sell, only to use."

"Maybe he would have," she says.

I watch as the window divider slowly goes back up.

"Maybe," I say, closing my eyes. When Dad first died, I used to keep a list of all the things that happened to me that he wouldn't get to see. Like when I hit a home run in gym class (only happened once, but it *did* happen), or when I won an award for a short story in sixth grade about a boy who burned an ant with a magnifying glass, and that night his house burned down, and he knew it was all his fault. But the list was all about *me*. I had never considered what my dad would or wouldn't have done with his *own* life if he'd gotten the chance. Maybe he would have sold some of the stuff he found and made a fortune. Or expanded Fink's Comics into a whole chain. I might even have a brother or sister by now. I bet he had dreams I never knew about. Is *that* what's in the box? Dreams of a life he never got to live?

The car stops, and I open my eyes to see Lizzy happily munching on a strawberry. "Want one?" she asks, holding out the box.

I shake my head. Real fruit only makes me think of fruit-flavored candy like Starburst or Mentos, and the fact that I don't currently have any.

James opens the door, and we emerge onto the bright sidewalk. I had expected him to be taking us to a pawnshop in a less-than-desirable part of town. Instead, we're in front of a three-story brownstone on Riverside Drive on the Upper West Side. Before I can voice my surprise, the front door opens, and a tall old man appears wearing a brown striped suit with a matching hat. He is puffing on a pipe. For some

reason his clothes don't seem to match the rest of him. With his round, ruddy face, shouldn't he be wearing overalls and a straw hat?

"You must be the little truants," he says sternly. His twinkling eyes tell me he's not really being mean.

Never one to take an insult lightly, Lizzy says, "I think to be a truant you have to be skipping school, and school's out for summer."

"How right you are, young lady," he says, cocking his pipe at her. "I shall have to be more careful with my vocabulary."

"All right, then," she says.

"Come." (VIII/61/1) He steps aside so we can enter. "Let us get to know each other."

James ushers us up the stairs and into the house. A small entryway leads to a huge room crowded with large boxes and packing crates. It looks like most of the place is already packed up. A few paintings still hang on the walls, but all the furniture is gone. The wood-paneled ceiling is so high that the whole brownstone must be just this one floor, not three separate floors like I had assumed. A huge fireplace on the back wall actually has a fire going in it, even though it's almost July.

"An old man's bones need warmth," Mr. Oswald says, following my gaze. "That's why I'm moving to Florida. Let's go into my office and I'll tell you what you will be doing." (VIII/63/2,3)

A round woman in an apron appears from the other end of the room, and he hands her his pipe. She hands him his mail in return. Mr. Oswald says fondly, "This



house would stop running if it weren't for my housekeeper, Mary." Mary smiles at us, and I notice a Hershey's bar sticking out of one of the pockets in her apron. I smile back. She is clearly a kindred spirit. Lizzy is too busy peering inside a large open crate to pay any attention.

Mr. Oswald leads us carefully through the maze of boxes and into a room about half the size of the first. This one has another fireplace, but with no fire. A big oak desk sits in the middle, with big leather chairs in front of it. Shelves line two walls of the room, with objects of every size and color stacked on them. I see sports equipment like baseballs and bats and footballs and hockey sticks, but also lamps, clocks, paintings, sculptures, rows of books, a telescope, radios, jewelry boxes, piles of stamps in plastic folders, trays of old coins. Basically anything and everything under the sun. I imagine this would be my parents' vision of heaven. I have to make a concerted effort to close my jaw. I realize I haven't spoken a word since we arrived, so I clear my throat. "Urn, Mr. Oswald?"

"Yes, Mr. Fink?" he says, sitting down behind the desk. I don't know how to respond to that. I'd only heard my dad and Uncle called Mr. Fink. I don't know why it should surprise me that when I grow up people will be calling me by the same name as my father, but it does.

"Jeremy it is, then," Mr. Oswald says. "Um, would it be all right if I look at your stamp collection? (VIII/67/1,2) It'll only take a minute." (VIII/67/2)

"Be my guest," he says, waving me over to the shelf. "Are you a longtime philatelist?" (VIII/68/1,2)

He smiles. "A stamp collector. They are called *philatelists*."

"Oh," I say, feeling a bit stupid. "No, my father was. There's this one stamp he was always looking for, so now I, well, you know."

He finishes my sentence for me. "Now you have taken on his quest?" I nod.

"Wonderful. When you're done, you can both take a seat, and then we can chat."

The stamp is blue with the word "Hawaii" at the top, so it would be easy to spot. I quickly scan through the pages of stamps, but of course it's not there. I put the pileback on the shelf and have to pull on Lizzy's sleeve twice before she tears herself away from an oversized doll with huge blue eyes. I don't know which is scarier — the doll itself, which has a vacant stare and an I-might-come-alive-and-attack-you vibe, or the fact that Lizzy was entranced by a doll in the first place.

We sit down in the large chairs in front of the desk. As tall for my age as I am, I feel very small in the chair.

"So," Mr. Oswald begins, "I bet you'd like to know what you'll be doing here."

"Who cares what we'll be doing," Lizzy says. The place *rocks*.

Mr. Oswald laughs. It's a deep and hearty laugh. "Thank you, I think. (VIII/77/1) I'm glad you like my home (VIII/77/2); I'll be sorry to leave it (VIII/77/2). But I assure you, I do intend to have you work."

My throat always tightens up when I look for my Dad's stamp. I swallow hard and say, "Officer Polansky said you needed us to, um, pack things up? These things I guess?" I gesture around the room at all the stuff.

"Close, but not quite," Mr. Oswald replies, touching the tips of his fingers together. "I need you to make deliveries for me (VIII/79/2). Nowhere too far, all here in Manhattan. James will accompany you."

I open my mouth to ask what kind of deliveries when Lizzy says, "Woo-hoo! We get to ride in the limo again!"

Mr. Oswald smiles at her like one would a cute child who has just recited the alphabet for the first time. Then he stands up and says, "I'm late for a meeting right now, but I'm going to get you started on your first delivery. We can talk more tomorrow."

I quickly get to my feet, too. "We won't see you any more today?" (VIII/82/1)

He shakes his head. "Don't worry, James knows what to do." (VIII/83/1)

"But aren't you supposed to sign our notebooks at the end of the day?" (VIII/84/1)

He walks around the desk and lays his hand on my shoulder. "Don't worry so much. Just record your observations tonight and we can go over them tomorrow, all right?" (VIII/85/1,2,3)

I nod.

"You'll have to forgive Jeremy," Lizzy says, popping a Starburst into her mouth. "He always reminds the teachers if they forget to give out homework."

Where did she get Starburst and why didn't she offer me any? And I only reminded a teacher *once* before I came to my senses!

In between chews she adds, "He even reads books during the summer."

"It wouldn't kill you to pick up a book sometime, Lizzy," I say through gritted teeth, not wanting to argue in front of Mr. Oswald.

Mr. Oswald picks up his briefcase and straightens his tie. "What are you reading currently, Jeremy?" (VIII/91/1,2) He glances over at my bulging backpack.

Lizzy rolls her eyes, but I open it and root around. I hand him my latest book, *Time Travel and the Movies*.

"Are you a fan of time travel films?" he asks, opening the book to the table of contents (VIII/93/1,2).

I nod. "I've seen them all," I say, hoping I don't sound like I'm bragging.

"What was your favorite?" he asks (VIII/95/1).

I have to think for a minute. "It depends on how realistic they are. Like if they could really happen. You know, scientifically."

He doesn't answer, so I keep rambling. "I mean, like, there's this one where all the guy does is lie down on his bed and then he concentrates really, really hard, and eventually he winds up in the past. Now *that* can't really happen."

"I would suspect not," he agrees, and hands me back the book. I pull Dad's box out for a second while I stick the book back in my bag.

It is interesting box, Mr. Oswald says. "May I seek?" (VIII/99/1)

For a second I'm torn. I'd decided not to show anyone else. But I can't be rude, so I hand it to him. I look at Lizzy, who mouths the words, *You brought it with you?*

I shrug. I couldn't leave it home alone. Mr. Oswald hands it back to me and says, "Lovely. I can give you some bubble wrap if you want to wrap this up. It will help protect it."

"Okay, sure," I say, surprised and slightly insulted that he hadn't said more about it, or about the words on it. I guess he sees so much stuff that one wooden box doesn't impress him.

"Help yourself on the way out," he says. "All the Packing supplies are in the next room. But now let me give you your assignment." He turns to his left and slowly strolls along one of the walls of shelves. I can't imagine what he's going to pull off. He walks past the oversized doll, past an old metal typewriter, and then runs his fingers along the spines of the books. He pulls out one of them, opens the front cover, then sticks it back on the shelf and pulls out another. He keeps doing this until he opens a small book with a light blue cover, and an envelope slips out and onto the floor.

"I'll get it," I say, bending over to pick it up. The envelope is yellowed and thin, and there's a name written on the front in black ink. *Mabel Parsons*. Mr. Oswald takes it from my hand and sticks it back in the book. The cover is so faded that I can't see the title.

"Even a reader like you probably won't be very interested in the topic of *this* book," he says, placing it gently into a cardboard box lying open on his desk. "It's about woodland animals."

"Woodland animals?" I repeat.

He nods as he tapes up the box with a thick packing tape. "Owls, bears, rabbits. That sort of thing."

It does sound pretty boring. "Are you donating it to a library?" I ask (VIII/108/1).

"Oh, no," he says, but doesn't explain further. He pulls a yellow Post-it note off a pad and sticks it on top of the box. He writes an address neatly on it, and I can see his hand shake a bit with the effort. I wonder how old he is. He's definitely older than any of my grandparents. He presses an intercom on his desk, and I hear a low buzz a few rooms away. James appears a minute later, and Mr. Oswald hands him the package. "The address is on here,"

He says. "I'd like you to accompany the children to the door, but then they're on their own." (VIII/110/1,2)

"Yes sir," James says.

I'm about to follow the men out of the room when I turn to find Lizzy holding the blue-eyed doll in her arms. When she sees me looking, she quickly sticks it back on the shelf. I raise my brows, and she glares in return. We wind our way back to the front door, stopping once so I can pick up a sheet of the bubble wrap.

"Good luck," Mr. Oswald says warmly, swinging the door shut behind us.

"Wait," Lizzy says from the top stair. "Why do we need luck? What are we actually doing?" (VIII/114/1,2)

"Don't worry, we'll talk tomorrow." (VIII/115/1) With that, the thick door shuts. We turn to James. "Don't look at me," he says. "I just work here."

## **2. The Analysis of Illocutionary Act on the Eighth Chapter “Jeremy Fink and the Meaning of Life”**

1. “You’ve both got the notebooks that the policeman gave you?” Mom asks (VIII/2/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy’s mom wants Jeremy to give her information if they already bring the notebooks from the police or not.

2. “Go on up and get them.” (VIII/4/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy’s mom asks them to take and bring the notebooks.

3. “Do you think we’ll still be able to find the keys in time now? I ask (VIII/8/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants Lizzy to tell him her idea about if they still can find the keys even they have to do the punishment.

4. “Since when are you so friendly?” I ask her (VIII/24/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants Lizzy to give him information why she is so friendly than before since Lizzy has never been like that.

5. “Jeremy Fink and Elizabeth Muldoun?” (VIII/31/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because the driver wants Jeremy and Lizzy to give him information if they are people that the driver meant.

6. Lizzy unscrews the top of a Coke bottle and asks, “Is Mr. Oswald really really really super rich?” (VIII/44/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants the driver, James, to give her information about Mr. Oswald richness.

7. “Where does he find them?” I ask, interested (VIII/48/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants the driver, James, to give him information about the place Mr. Oswald finds the antiques.

8. “Come.” (VIII/61/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Mr. Oswald asks them to enter his house.

9. “Let’s go into my office and I’ll tell you what you will be doing.” (VIII/63/2,3)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Mr. Oswald commands them to follow him to his office to tell them what they have to do.

10. “Um, would it be alright if I look at your stamp collection?” (VIII/67/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants Mr. Oswald to give him information if he is allowed to see Mr. Oswald’s stamp collection.



11. "It'll take a minute." (VIII/67/2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Commissive illocutionary because Jeremy commits that he will not take a long time to see his stamps.

12. "Are you a longtime philatelist?" (VIII/68/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Mr. Oswald wants Jeremy to give him information if he a philatelist or not since Jeremy seems interesting to Mr. Oswald's stamp collection.

13. "Thank you, I think." (VIII/77/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Expressive illocutionary because Mr. Oswald feels thanks to what Lizzy comment about his house.

14. "I'm glad you like my house." (VIII/77/2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Expressive illocutionary because Mr. Oswald feels happy since Lizzy really like his house.

15. "I'll be sorry to leave it." (VIII/77/2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Expressive illocutionary because Mr. Oswald feels sorry since he couldn't accompany Jeremy and Lizzy to do they work.

16. "I need you to make deliveries for me." (VIII/79/2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Mr. Oswald asks them to deliver something to Manhattan.

17. "We won't see you any more today?" (VIII/82/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants Mr. Oswald to give him information if they will not see Mr. Oswald again.

18. “Don’t worry, James know what to do.” (VIII/83/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Mr. Oswald asks them not to be worry to be left by him since he has already asked James to substitute him.

19. “But aren’t you supposed to sign our notebooks at the end of the day?” (VIII/84/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants Mr. Oswald to give him information if he will sign their notebooks when they finish the job.

20. “Don’t worry so much. Just record your observations, and then we can go over them tomorrow, all right?” (VIII/85/1,2,3)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Mr. Oswald asks them not to be worried about the signature and asks them to record their observation and he will sign the notebooks in the following day.

21. “What are you reading currently, Jeremy?” (VIII/91/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Mr. Oswald wants Jeremy to give him information about the latest book he reads.

22. “Are you a fan of time travel films?” he asks, opening the book to the table of contents (VIII/93/1,2).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Mr. Oswald wants Jeremy to give him information if he is a fan time travel or not.

23. “What was your favorite?” he asks (VIII/95/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Mr. Oswald wants Jeremy to give him information about his favorite books from all the books he has read.

24. “May I seek?” (VIII/99/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Mr. Oswald wants Jeremy to give him information if Jeremy allows him to see the box.

25. “Are you donating it to a library?” I ask (VIII/108/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants Mr. Oswald to give him information about donating book to a library.

26. “I’d like you to accompany the children to the door, but then they’re on their own.” (VIII/110/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Mr. Oswald asks James to accompany Jeremy and Lizzy to deliver the package.

27. “Why do we need luck? What are we actually doing?” (VIII/114/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants Mr. Oswald give them information about what he means by the luck and about the real job that they will do.

28. "Don't worry, we'll talk tomorrow." (VIII/115/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Commissive illocutionary because Mr. Oswald commits to explain what he meant the following day.

**Table 1.8**The finding of Illocutionary act in the eighth chapter

No.	Kinds of Illocutionary	Numbers of Illocutionary found	Percentage
1.	Assertive	0	0%
2.	Directive	23	82.2%
3.	Commissive	2	7.1%
4.	Expressive	3	10.7%
5.	Declarative	0	0%
<b>TOTAL</b>		<b>28</b>	<b>100%</b>

## I. APPENDIX 9

### 1. Chapter 9: The Book

*(Source: 'Jeremy Fink and the Meaning of Life' Novel, Wendy Mass, 2006)*

James opens the back door for us again, even though I tell him I can open it. He has the package in the front with him, so once again we have no idea where we are going, or what we're supposed to do when we get there. I search my backpack for any stray candy to bring me comfort, but I'm all out.

I hold out my hand to Lizzy, palm up. "Starburst, please." (IX/2/1)

"Flavor?" (IX/3/1) Lizzy asks, digging the pack out of her pocket.

"Red," I reply. I want to ask why she didn't offer earlier, but I don't. Pick your battles, Dad always said.

As the limo heads into parts unknown, we amuse ourselves by pressing the button to open and close the window partition. Then we look outside to count how many people turn their heads as the limo passes them. Once that gets old, I wrap the box in the bubble wrap, and I can't help popping the bubbles. Lizzy jumps every time. I then polish off one and a half peanut butter sandwiches while Lizzy eats a soy cheese-and-spinach wrap that her dad made for her. I can't even watch. We're about to turn on the TV when the car comes to a halt, and the window divider lowers.

"We're here," James says over his shoulder. "Are you ready?"

"What should we be ready for?" Lizzy asks (IX/7/1). "I'm not getting out of the car until you tell us." (IX/7/1,2)

I take my hand away from the door handle and sit back in my seat.

James twists around till he is facing us. "You will be delivering a package, that's all."

I lean forward. "Why does Mr. Oswald need us to do this? Not to be rude, but why couldn't you, or someone else who already works for him do it?" (IX/10/1,2)

James smiles. His teeth are very white. "Because I don't have a debt to society to pay."

"Oh, please," Lizzy says with a wave of her hand. "That was a big misunderstanding."

James raises the window divider, and we hear him get out of the car. I'm about to open my door when Lizzy puts her hand on my arm. Her mouth opens to say something, but then she closes it again.

"What is it?" I ask (IX/14/1).

"Nothing," she says as James opens her door. She turns away and steps out. I slide over the seat and follow. I know she's nervous about what we're going to find here, but she'd never admit it. I have no problem admitting it.

"You can leave your bag in the car," James instructs me (IX/16/1). "You won't be needing it."

I hesitate. If Dad's box got stolen I would never forgive myself.

"It will be safe, I promise," James says (IX/19/1).

Not wanting to make a big deal out of it, I shrug the bag off my shoulder and leave it on the seat. Then I quickly move it from the seat to the floor, thinking it's less likely to be seen there. I close the door tightly behind me and find Lizzy leaning against the car, tapping her finger on the tinted windows. Okay, so I guess my bag will be safe. James makes a big show of clicking on the alarm.

We follow James a few doors down and find ourselves in front of a tall apartment building, the kind with a doorman. James hands me the package. I hand it to Lizzy, who promptly hands it back to me. The doorman tips his hat at us, and we follow James into the building and up to the desk, where a security guard is reading the newspaper. James clears his throat and says, "We are here to see Mrs. Mabel Billingsly. She is expecting us."

The guard lazily lays his paper down on the counter and picks up a phone. He presses three numbers. "And you all are?"

James says, "You may tell Mrs. Billingsly that we are representatives of Mr. Oswald."

The guard mumbles, "Oh, may I?" and presses one more number. James pretends not to hear the guard's comment, but I'm sure he did. The guard relays the message and then hangs up. "Okay, you can go up."

We step into the elevator and James presses *14*.

Lizzy says, "It *would* have to be the fourteenth floor again!"

"What's wrong with the fourteenth floor?" James asks (IX/27/1).

"You don't want to know," Lizzy says with a shiver.

I ask, "Why would anyone want an old book on woodland animals anyway?" (IX/29/1)

Lizzy shrugs. "Maybe it's an antique. James here, al though a man of few words, did say Mr. Oswald sold an-i tiques." Suddenly her eyes widen, and she adds, "*Unlesi* it's not really a book at all!"

"Interesting," I say, considering this theory (IX/31/1). Mr. Oswald *did* shut the book pretty quickly, so I couldn't get a good look at it. "You're right! It could be a hollowed-out book with money or jewels or a treasure map hidden inside!"

"Yes!" Lizzy says, grabbing my arm. "That's why Mr. Oswald wants *us* to deliver it! As minors, we wouldn't get into as much trouble as an adult would. Maybe he's connected with the mob!"

We stare accusingly at James. Lizzy does her best hands-on-hips glare. James shakes his head and rolls his eyes. "It's a book," he says firmly. The elevator opens, and James steps out. Lizzy and I don't move. "It's a *book*," he says, even more firmly. The doors start to close, and he has to stick his foot in to get them to bounce back open.

"We might as well go with him," I say to Lizzy. "Mr. Oswald doesn't really seem like the kinda guy who would set us up."

"I guess not," she admits.

We step out of the elevator, and James walks down the hushed hallway a few steps ahead of us. This sure is different from our apartment building. Air conditioning in the halls, for one. And carpet that doesn't have any stains on it. I run my hand along the patterned wallpaper. No dust. There are chairs and a little table every few feet. So neighbors can chat, I guess?

"Here we are," James says, stopping in front of 14G. "You're on your own. I'll be waiting out here."

"Sure, so we can deliver the contraband," Lizzy mumbles, "while you keep a safe distance."

"It's a BOOK," James insists, heading toward a chair a few doors down (IX/39/1).

Neither of us makes a move to knock. Finally, I shift the! package under my arm and ring the buzzer. A few seconds^ later, the door creaks open, and an elderly woman in a light pink dress stands before us. She is wearing a thin gold necklace



with two entwined hearts hanging from it. Her watery blue eyes are almost see-through. She stands very straight.

Addressing me, she says, "I didn't expect Mr. Oswald to be so young." Then she steps aside to let us enter. She closes the door behind us, unknowingly leaving James out in the hall. We're on our own now.

The apartment is smaller than I would have thought, but has a big window with a wide view. We must be on the Upper East Side because I can see the East River. I've got to start paying more attention in the limo.

"I'm not Mr. Oswald," I tell her. "My name is Jeremy Fink, and this is Lizzy Muldoun."

"Mabel Billingsly," she says, holding out her hand.

In the sunlight that streams in through the window, she seems even older. Her skin looks paper-thin. I'm afraid to shake her hand too hard, but she has a surprisingly strong grip.

"So, what brings you to my humble abode?" (IX/46/1)

Lizzy and I exchange worried glances. "Er, don't you know?" asks Lizzy.

Mrs. Billingsly shakes her head.

I hold out the package. "Didn't you order this from Mr. Oswald? The antique dealer?" (IX/49/1,2)

"Antiques?" she repeats. "No. I haven't bought an antique in years." She leans in like she's going to tell us a secret. "Truth be told, they give me the creeps."

I like that she's not talking to us like we're little kids. "So you don't know what this is?" I ask, and hand her the package (IX/51/1,2).

She shakes her head again and says, "Why don't we find out?" She leads us through the living room and into the small kitchen. Resting the box on the kitchen table, she pulls a knife out of the drawer. She neatly slices through the tape, then pushes back the sides of the box. The whole thing is very reminiscent of us opening the package with my dad's box in it. Except this time, I know what's inside, even if Mrs. Billingsly doesn't.

She reaches in and pulls out the small book. She turns it around in her hands, and tentatively opens the front cover. She reads something written there, then closes it again, hugging it tight to her chest. When she looks up, her eyes are full of tears. But they are shining, too.

"Where did you get this?" she whispers (IX/54/1).

"We told you," Lizzy says. "Mr. Oswald asked us to deliver it. We sort of work for him."

She stares at us blankly, and then her eyes focus abruptly and she backs up a step. "Old Ozzy? No, that's not possible. Why, he'd have to be a hundred and twenty years old by now!"

I may not be great at figuring how old adults are, but I'm pretty sure Mr. Oswald isn't any older than seventy or seventy-five. Definitely younger than Mrs. Billingsly.

I shake my head. "I think he's only in his seventies. And I can't imagine anyone calling him *Ozzy*."

Lizzy nods in agreement.

Mrs. Billingsly looks down at the book and says in a shaky voice, "How much do I owe you for this?" (IX/60/1,2)

Lizzy and I look at each other, alarmed. Mr. Oswald never said anything about collecting payment.

"Um, nothing?" I reply uncertainly.

But Mrs. Billingsly no longer seems to be paying attention to us. She keeps rubbing her hand across the cover of the book. Abruptly she walks out of the kitchen and sits down on the couch in the living room. Lizzy leans close and whispers, "Should we leave now?" (IX/63/4)

"I don't know," I whisper back. "I'm not sure what's going on."

"Me either. She sure seems to like that book though."

"Let's go find out," Lizzy says. We slip into the living room and each take a chair opposite the woman.

"Um, Mrs. Billingsly?" Lizzy asks. "Are you okay?" (IX/67/1)

Mrs. Billingsly looks up from the book lying open on her lap. I notice the envelope that I had picked up from Mr. Oswald's office floor is on the cushion at her side. She smiles and asks, "Would you like to hear my favorite part?"

I find it hard to believe someone has a favorite part in a book on woodland animals. Without waiting for our answer, she starts to read:

*Later on, when they had all said "Good-by" and "Thank-you" to Christopher Robin, Pooh and Piglet walked home thoughtfully together in the golden evening, and for a long time they were silent.*

Lizzy jumps up from her chair. "Woodland animals!" she snorts. "That's *Winnie-the-Pooh!*"

"Shh!" I tell her, pulling her back down. "Let her finish."

Mrs. Billingsly continues:

*"When you wake up in the morning, Pooh," said Piglet at last, "what's the first thing you say to yourself?"*

*"What's for breakfast?" said Pooh. "What do you say, Piglet?"*

*"I say, I wonder what's going to happen exciting today?" said Piglet.*

*Pooh nodded thoughtfully. "It's the same thing," he said.*

Mrs. Billingsly stops reading, but doesn't lift her head. Why hadn't Mr. Oswald told us the book was *Winnie-the-Pooh*? This whole thing doesn't make sense. Suddenly I realize something that should have been obvious from the minute she took out the book.

"Mrs. Billingsly," I say, "did this book once *belong* to you?" (IX/79/1)

She doesn't answer at first, only runs her hand over the page. Then she says, "It was only half mine. The other half belonged to my best friend, Bitsy."

"You mean Betsy?" Lizzy suggests.

Mrs. Billingsly shakes her head. "Bitsy. Bitsy Solomon."

"People had funny names back then," Lizzy comments.

I glare at Lizzy. "Go on," I urge Mrs. Billingsly (IX/84/1).

She sighs gently and says, "I haven't spoken to Bitsy in over sixty-five years."

"But you said she's your best friend," Lizzy says.

"I misspoke," Mrs. Billingsly replies calmly.

I notice her left hand is shaking slightly. She sees me looking, and quickly puts her other hand on top of it. Just as quickly, I look away, sorry that I saw it in the first place. Sixty-five years is like an eternity. The longest Lizzy and I ever went without speaking was a week, and that was because she said the things on *Star Trek* couldn't really happen.

"Bitsy used to be my best friend," Mrs. Billingsly explains. "Until I sold this book for a fancy dress. She confronted me, but I told her I hadn't taken it. I knew she knew I had. Best friends always know when the other's lying. For years I wanted to apologize, but I was too embarrassed."

"I don't get it," Lizzy says. "How could you buy a whole dress for the cost of that book?" (IX/90/1,2)

Mrs. Billingsly opens the front cover and turns it around to face us. We lean closer to read the faded handwriting.

*To Bitsy and Mabel, Pooh's biggest*

*American fans*

*Best regards, A. A. Milne*

"Oh," Lizzy says. "Wow," I say.

"Old Ozzy gave me twenty dollars for it. Back then, in the thirties, that was near a fortune for a child."

I still think she must be confused about Mr. Oswald, since there's no way our Mr. Oswald could have bought this book from her. I don't have the nerve to tell her she's wrong though. Lizzy, as usual, has no problem coming up with something to say.

"Why'd you need this dress so badly?" she asks.

Mrs. Billingsly closes her eyes. For a few minutes she doesn't answer. I'm starting to squirm. Did she fall asleep? Lizzy pinches me on the arm and mouths, "What should we do?" I'm about to answer that maybe we should go, when Mrs. Billingsly opens her eyes and reaches for the old envelope. "It's all in here," she says, pushing the letter back into the envelope and holding it out to me. "Will you do me a favor and read it later? I'd like to be alone."

I stick the envelope in the back pocket of my shorts and, for the first time in my life, wish I had worn something less sloppy.

"Will your husband be home soon?" Lizzy asks. I hear something unusual in her voice — genuine concern.

She shakes her head and looks over at a faded wedding photo on the coffee table. "No, Richard isn't around anymore."

"How did you two meet?" Lizzy asks (IX/100/1).

My first thought is that I wish Lizzy would stop pressing her to answer these questions. But I quickly realize what she's doing. She's keeping Mrs. Billingsly talking in the hopes that when we leave, it won't feel so abrupt.

"I met him the night I wore that dress," she says wistfully. "I was sixteen." She raises her hand to her throat and rubs the little hearts hanging from her necklace. It's a totally unconscious thing. I think she'd be surprised to know she was doing it. She continues, "Bitsy never even met him. She would have been my maid of honor."

"That's so sad," Lizzy says.

Her comment snaps Mrs. Billingsly out of her reverie, and she pushes herself up from the couch. "Now I'm sure you two have better things to do than spend a summer afternoon with an old lady." Without actually pushing us, she nevertheless herds us toward the door. "You tell Ozzy that I thank him from the bottom of my heart."

She closes the door behind us, and we're back in the fancy hallway. Neither of us says anything for a moment. James comes up behind us and asks, "So how did it go?" (IX/105/2,3)

I can't think of a word that would be a suitable reply. Lizzy just says, "Mr. Oswald has *a lot* of explaining to do tomorrow!" and storms off for the elevator.

## **2. The Analysis of Illocutionary Act on the Ninth Chapter “Jeremy Fink and the Meaning of Life”**

1. “Starburst, please.” (IX/2/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy asks Lizzy for a starburst.

2. “Flavor?” (IX/3/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants Jeremy to give him information about the flavor of the starburst that he wants.

3. “What should we be ready *for*?” Lizzy asks (IX/7/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants Jeremy to give him information about his meant of *ready for*.

4. “I’m not getting out of the car until you tell us.” (IX/7/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Commissive illocutionary because Lizzy commits that she will get out from the car if Jeremy tells what he meant.

5. “Why does Mr. Oswald need us to do this? Not to be rude, but why couldn’t you, or someone else who already works for him do it?” (IX/10/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants James to give him information about the reason Mr. Oswald asks them to deliver the package since he has many helpers.

6. “What is it?” I ask (IX/14/1).



Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants Lizzy to give him information about her purpose holding his arm when he is about to open the door.

7. “You can leave your bag in the car,” James instructs (IX/16/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because James asks Jeremy and Lizzy not to bring their bags inside.

8. “It will be safe, I promise,” James says (IX/19/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Commissive illocutionary because James promises that their bag will be safe in the car.

9. “What’s wrong with the fourteenth floor?” James asks (IX/27/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because James wants Lizzy and Jeremy to give information about the fourteenth floor.

10. I ask, “Why would anyone want an old book on woodland animals anyway?” (IX/29/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants James to give him information about the reason someone wants the book.

11. “Interesting,” I say, considering this theory (IX/31/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Expressive illocutionary because Jeremy feels interest to what just happened to him.

12. "It's a BOOK," James insists, heading toward a chair a few doors down."

(IX/39/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Assertive illocutionary because James insists them if the package is really a book.

13. "So, what brings you to my humble abode?" (IX/46/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Mrs. Billingsly wants them to give the information about their purpose to come to her place.

14. "Didn't you order this from Mr. Oswald? The antique dealer?" (IX/49/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants Mrs. Billingsly to give him information if she orders the book or not since Mr. Oswald give him her address.

15. "So, you don't know what this is?" I ask, and hand her the package.

(IX/51/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants Mrs. Billingsly give him information if he really doesn't know about the package.

16. "Where did you get this?" she whispers (IX/54/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Mrs. Billingsly wants them to give her information about the way they get the book.

17. Mrs. Billingsly look down at the book and says in a shaky voice, “How much do I owe you for this?” (IX/60/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Mrs. Billingsly wants them to give information about the fee that she has to pay of what have they done for her.

18. Lizzy leans close and whispers, “Should we leave now?” (IX/63/4)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants Jeremy to give his idea if they can leave at that time or not.

19. “Are you okay?” (IX/67/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants Mrs. Billingsly to give her information if she is alright.

20. “Mrs. Billingsly,” I say, “did this book once *belong* to you?” (IX/79/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants Mrs. Billingsly to give information if she ever had the book before.

21. “Go on,” I urge Mrs. Billingsly (IX/84/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy asks Mrs. Billingsly to continue her story.

22. “How could you buy a whole dress for the cost of that book?” (IX/90/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants Mrs. Billingsly to give information about how she could buy a dress by just selling the book.

23. "How did you two meet?" Lizzy asks (IX/100/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants Mrs. Billingsly to give information about the way she meets with Richard.

24. James comes up behind us and asks, "So how did it go?" (IX/105/2,3)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because James wants Lizzy and Jeremy to give information about how was their task.

**Table 1.9 The finding of Illocutionary act in the ninth chapter**

No.	Kinds of Illocutionary	Numbers of Illocutionary found	Percentage
1.	Assertive	1	4.2%
2.	Directive	20	83.3%
3.	Commissive	2	8.3%
4.	Expressive	1	4.2%
5.	Declarative	0	0%
<b>TOTAL</b>		<b>24</b>	<b>100%</b>

## **J. APPENDIX 10**

### **1. Chapter 10: Oswald Oswald**

*(Source: 'Jeremy Fink and the Meaning of Life' Novel, Wendy Mass, 2006)*

Lizzy and I don't speak much on the way home. She's still fuming over the details Mr. Oswald "forgot" to tell us, so I spend the time preparing what I'm going to

tell Mom. I know I can't tell her everything. At least not until I understand what had really happened and what I think about it. As I push open our front door, the smell of curry fills my nose. That means Aunt Judi is over making one of her exotic dishes. Mom and Aunt Judi pounce when they hear me.

"So?" they ask in unison, wiping their hands on matching aprons. "How was it?" (X/2/1,2)

"I hear you were whisked away in a limo!" Aunt Judi says.

My rehearsed speech comes out in a flood of words. "The limo was amazing. There was soda and a TV! Mr. Oswald was really nice. James, the driver, drove us to our first delivery. It was a book to this lady on the Upper East Side. She was nice, too. That's about it. Is it okay if I go to my room?" By the time I finish my speech, I'm a bit breathless. Aunt Judi's smile is still wide, but my mother's has started to slip a bit at the edges.

"Ten minutes till dinner," she says, giving me a long look. But she lets me go.

I empty my backpack on the bed and search through the contents to find the envelope. It's not here. I feel panic rising in me until I remember I'd stuck it in my pocket. The letter is yellowed and frayed, but when I unfold it, the type is still legible. No computer made this, that's for sure, i There are smudges of ink, and the letters don't always line j up. It was definitely made on one of those old typewriters /where you'd hit a key and a metal spring with a letter on ; the end would fly out and strike the paper. Grandma still j has one, but whenever I try to use it, the keys jam together. Leaning against the wall that I share with Lizzy's room, I begin to read.

*Oswald's Pawn Emporium*

*Date* : March 31, 1935

*Name* : Mabel Parsons

*Age* : 15 3/4

*Location* : Brooklyn

*Item to Pawn* : Winnie-the-Pooh. Signed by the author.

*Personal Statement of Seller: I need to sell this book because I need money to buy a dress for the cotillion because my parents can't afford to buy me a new one and I'd have to wear my sister Janie's old one but it is much too large and I would swim in it and no one will ask me to dance and if no one asks me to dance, I may never get married and this may be my only chance. I desperately do not want to be an old maid like my Great Aunt Sylvia who always says that she never married because she never had the right clothes. Please do not tell my parents.*

A black-and-white photo is taped below the personal statement. It is in surprisingly good condition for all this time. A girl in a polka-dotted dress and a ponytail is holding a book up in front of her. The cover has a picture of a bear on it, with his head stuck in a honey jar. I try to see if I can find Mabel in the girl's face, but I can't. Then I notice around her neck is that same necklace with the two hearts. I had assumed her husband had given it to her, but she must have had it before she met

him. Young Mabel's eyes are focused slightly to the side of the camera and her expression is firm.

Under the photo it says:

*Price* : \$20.00 (*twenty dollars*)

*Signed by* : ***Oswald Oswald, Proprietor***

Oswald Oswald? Who would name their child Oswald Oswald? That's just insane. So it appears that my Mr. Oswald must have inherited the book from his grandfather. But why would he have us return it now? Why didn't Old Ozzy sell it? Isn't that what pawnbrokers do?

Mom knocks on my door. "Five minutes," she says, but doesn't come in. I take another long look at the letter, and then carefully roll it up and stick it in the tube for Lizzy. I can't explain why I don't want to tell my mom the details about what happened today. I feel like it would be disloyal somehow to Mrs. Billingsly — and to fifteen-year-old Mabel. I grab the dictionary off my shelf and look up the word *cotillion*. It means a formal ball, which often introduces young women to society. I smile to myself, picking Lizzy being introduced to society.

At dinner I don't talk much. Mom and Aunt Judi discuss an exhibit of outsider art, which my aunt is hosting at her art school next week. Mom says, "I thought the whole idea of outsider art meant that these artists aren't interested in things like galleries or schools, or museums."

Scooping curried chicken and rice onto her plate, Aunt Judi says, "It's true that these artists are on the fringe of society, so to speak, but without an exhibit, they have no voice."

"Maybe they don't want a voice," Mom argues. "Maybe they just do it for their own pleasure."

I now officially tune out. This is a common argument between the two of them. Mom thinks that art is a personal thing, and Aunt Judi believes that art isn't art until it's appreciated by the public. I have no opinion. I do not understand art. Mom says I will when I'm older.

The curry smell has permeated the apartment to the degree that my dinner-sized double-decker peanut butter sandwich tastes a little odd. Not bad exactly. Just different. I think this is a positive step for me.

That night during the H.O.J., I take out the notebook that Officer Polansky gave us. I open it to the first page, and it feels like the first day of school. I admit, I like a blank notebook. It's the best part of school. By the second day, I'm over it.

A skilled recapper like myself should have no problem with this. Still, I find myself gnawing on my pencil top. The metallic, sawdusty taste isn't entirely unpleasant.

I bend over my notebook and begin to write.

*COMMUNITY SERVICE DAY ONE: OBSERVATIONS*

- 1. I could get used to riding in a limo. People think limos are only for movie stars and politicians and athletes, but they are wrong.*



2. *Lizzy does not always share. Case in point: Starbust.*

3. *Mr. Oswald didn't exactly lie to us about what we'd be doing, but he didn't exactly not lie, either, I am not sure why.*

I chew on the pencil again, and glance at all the books piled on my bookshelf. I haven't had time to read ever since the box arrived. This must be a record for me. Suddenly it dawns on me that I didn't see any books in Mrs. Billingsly's apartment.

4. *Did Mrs. Billingsly give up love of books because of losing her friend?*

5. *She said she met her husband at that dance and she seems to miss him. I wonder if that means she was happy with her decision to sell the book.*

6. *There must be two types of choices. Choices you make that seem harmless but can wind up leading to someone's father dying, like deciding to have one more cup of coffee that morning so you need to go out and buy more and then you cross the street without looking and make an oncoming car swerve into a telephone pole to avoid hitting you. And the other kind, when you know what you're doing will lead to something either bad or good. Or in Mrs. Billingsly's case, both. She lost her friend, but she found her husband.*

7. *It's a good thing I make very few decisions in my life. What if I decided one day to eat three butterfingers instead of two, and it led to war with Canada?*

As I close the notebook I wonder if it's not too late for Mrs. Billingsly to have her friend back. What if Bitsy is missing her, too? With six minutes left to the H.O.J.,

I turn to the Internet and type in the words "Bitsy Solomon" and "Brooklyn." I know it's a long shot, but how many Bitsy Solomons can there be from Brooklyn? Only one, as it turns out.

*5/12/2002 Funeral services will be held for **Bitsy Solomon** Shultz at the Brooklyn Memorial Chapel at 10 a.m. on Sunday, December 8. In lieu of flowers, please consider making a contribution to the Double Heart Literacy Foundation. Mrs. Shultz started the DHL Foundation in 1950, in honor of a childhood friend who ignited her lifelong love of reading. She served as honorary chairwoman from 1989 to 2000.*

My grand plan of showing up at Mrs. Billingsly's door with Bitsy's phone number is clearly not going to happen.

I scroll down until I see a photo. She sort of looks like my grandmother, and around her neck is the same double-heart necklace that Mrs. Billingsly was wearing.

I open my notebook again and add three more entries.

*8. Some choices are forever.*

*9. I wonder if Mrs. Billingsly, knew that named her company after the matching necklaces they both wear.*

*10. Just because people aren't in our lives anymore, doesn't mean they stop thinking about us and vice versa.*

I climb into bed and grab the stuffed alligator tight. Sometimes the Internet tells you more than you want to know.

Lizzy still isn't downstairs by the time James arrives to pick us up. I toss my bag onto the seat and promise James that I'll only be a minute. Out of breath from running up there, I pound on Lizzy's apartment door. No answer. I use my key to open it, and stick my head inside. "Lizzy?"

She still doesn't answer. I hear the sink running in the hall bathroom. "Lizzy?" I call loudly through the closed bathroom door.

"Just a second!" she calls back, sounding annoyed (X/26/1). "Oh, all right, come in." (X/26/1,2)

I push open the door to find her in front of the mirror holding a dripping towel to her eye.

"What's wrong?" I ask hurriedly (X/28/1).

"If you must know," she says, pulling the towel away to reveal a very red eye, "I poked myself in the eye."

"With what?" I ask, searching the room for any sharp sticks.

She mumbles an answer, but I can't hear her. "What did you say?" (X/31/1)

She groans and repeats, "I poked myself with an *eyeliner!*"

"What's an eyeliner?"

"Hey," she says, noticing for the first time that I'm standing on the bath mat. "No shoes in here."

"Why not?"

She stares at me with her one good eye. "What if you stepped on a worm when you were outside, then you came in here and stood on my bath mat? Worm

parts would get on it, and then I'd come out of the shower and step on worm guts in my bare feet. Is that what you want? 7s /"??"

I slowly back into the hall. It is best not to answer when she's in a mood like this. "You better hurry," I warn her. "James is waiting outside. I don't want to be late on our second day."

She sighs loudly and puts down the towel. "Does it look really bad?" (X/38/1)

I shake my head, even though it does look pretty bad. "No one will even notice."

Lizzy looks doubtful, but follows me out of the bathroom after one last glance in the mirror. While she puts her shoes on, I hurry downstairs and tell James what happened.

"Women and their makeup!" he says knowingly, shaking his head. "Do they think men notice if their eyes are lined or their cheeks are pink?"

"Lizzy doesn't wear makeup," I inform him.

"She does now," a girl's voice says from behind me. It's Samantha, the new girl.

"How do you know?" I ask (X/44/1).

She is too busy pressing her face against the limo's window to answer me. I glance around but don't see any signs of her evil twin.

The front door of the building bangs open, and Lizzy runs down the stairs. She ignores me and James and quickly pulls her hair in front of her red eye as Samantha turns around.

Samantha looks from me to Lizzy and back again. "Is this car for *you guys*?" she asks incredulously. "Are you, like, rich or something?" (X/47/1,2)

Lizzy opens her mouth, but I quickly answer, "Rich uncle." Without waiting for James this time, I yank open the back limo door. Lizzy hurries in ahead of me, her hair still hanging in her face. As James closes the door behind us, I hear Samantha call out, "Wait! *Whose* uncle?"

"That was a close one," Lizzy says, reaching into the fridge and grabbing a can of orange juice.

"Do you want to tell me what's going on?" I ask, unwrapping my breakfast sandwich (X/50/1,2).

"It's nothing," she says with a shrug. "Samantha came over for a little while last night, that's all."

I stop mid-bite and rest the sandwich on my lap. "Really?" I ask, trying not to sound surprised or, worse yet, jealous.

"Yes, really," she says. "Why is that so hard to believe?"

I quickly take a bite of my sandwich. Who can expect someone to answer with a mouth full of peanut butter? "So what did you guys do?" I ask when I'm done chewing (X/54/2,3).

She shrugs. "Girl stuff. You wouldn't have been interested."

We're now on uncharted grounds. I change the subject. "Did you read the letter from Mrs. Billingsly?" (X/56/1,2)

She nods and asks, "Who would name their kid wald Oswald?"

"I know!" I exclaim, and we both laugh. The tension in the car dissolves. By the time we pull up in front of Mr. Oswald's building, everything's back to normal. I don't want to ruin the mood by telling her what I learned about Bitsy Solomon.

"How does my eye look now?" Lizzy asks as we climb out (X/59/1).

"You can't even tell anymore," I assure her. It is mostly true.

"Good," she says firmly. "Because I don't want anything to distract Mr. Oswald when I give him a piece of my mind." She storms past James and walks directly up to Mr. Oswald's door. Raising her fist, she is about to pound on the door when Mr. Oswald opens it. Lizzy barely stops short of hitting him.

"Whoa there, little lady," he says, backing up. "You must be anxious to get started."

Lizzy puts her hands on her hips and does her best glare. "You've got a lot of explaining to do, mister."

"Oh, my," he replies, unable to hide a smile. "Let's go to my office and discuss whatever's bothering you on this beautiful summer day." (X/64/1,2)

"As if you didn't know," Lizzy snaps, storming into the house. I flash Mr. Oswald an embarrassed smile as I enter. I want answers as much as Lizzy does, but one can still be polite about it. As we pass through the box-filled living room, I inhale deeply. Someone is baking!

Mary is waiting for us in the library with orange juice and chocolate crumb cake. If Mr. Oswald is trying to win us over, he's got my vote. I happily munch away while Lizzy waits impatiently for Mr. Oswald to get settled behind his desk.

"Everything went smoothly yesterday, I trust?" Mr. Oswald asks.

"We do have some questions, like —," I begin, but Lizzy cuts me off.

"Why didn't you tell us Mrs. Billingsly didn't know why we were coming?" she demands. "Why did you tell us her book was about woodland animals? Why did your grandfather hold onto it for over sixty years? (X/69/1,2,3) My father said that kids under eighteen aren't allowed to pawn stuff. It's illegal." She lowers her voice a bit on *illegal*.

Before he answers Lizzy, he turns to me and asks, "How about you, Jeremy? Do you have anything to add to that list?" (X/70/1,2)

I am tempted to ask why someone would name their kid Oswald Oswald, but Ozzy *was* his grandfather, so it wouldn't be very respectful. I shake my head.

"Is every delivery going to be like that one?" Lizzy asks.

Mr. Oswald shakes his head. "Not exactly like that one," he says. "Nothing is ever exactly like anything else. I apologize for not having the time to prepare you fully yesterday, and I hope you will forgive me and allow me to explain. Jeremy?"

"Yes, okay," I say, surprised and kind of flattered that he would ask my forgiveness.

"Lizzy?" Mr. Oswald asks.

Lizzy sighs loudly. "Whatever."

"Good!" Mr. Oswald exclaims, pushing himself up from his leather chair. "I'll explain by showing you another item." He walks over to his nearest rows of shelves and reaches up for the only item on the top shelf — a brass telescope. Even on his

tiptoes, he can't quite reach it. I suddenly have this horrible image of him falling and breaking a hip and us having to pick up trash in Central Park. I bound out of my chair and offer to help.

Hoisting myself up on the bottom shelf, I reach for the telescope. It's heavier than I would have thought, and my foot loses its grip on the shelf. Lizzy yelps as I start to tip over backward. Mr. Oswald moves faster than I would have thought possible and steadies me.

"Good thing you don't weigh much more," he says, clasping me on the shoulder.

"Sorry 'bout that," I say, reddening (X/80/1). I carefully hand him the telescope. Here I had been worrying about *him* falling, and instead I almost crush him!

"You okay?" Lizzy whispers.

I nod, embarrassed. Maybe I should take up weight-lifting.

Mr. Oswald places the telescope on the desk in front of us. "This," he says proudly, "is a Broadhurst. It was the most powerful telescope for backyard viewing in its day."

"Which was when?" Lizzy asks.

"The nineteen thirties," he replies. "Isn't it a beauty? On a clear night, you could see the whole solar system with this one."

Unable to stop myself, I blurt out, "My very energetic mother just served us nine pizzas."



Lizzy gawks at me like I have two heads. "He's lost it; he's finally lost it. I knew the day would come."

Mr. Oswald chuckles. "Jeremy has just given us a mnemonic device for remembering the order of the planets."

Lizzy rolls her eyes. "See?" she says. "I told you he reads too much."

"I believe one cannot read too much," Mr. Oswald says. "Jeremy, your mnemonic device might have to change. I've been reading about Pluto perhaps losing its planethood. Astronomers think it's too small to fit the definition of a planet."

I nod. I had read about that, too.

"Figures they'd get rid of the one named after Mickey Mouse's dog," Lizzy grumbles.

I lean closer to the desk and check out the telescope. It is obviously very old, because it is made of some kind of heavy metal like brass or copper instead of plastic. I have asked for — and been denied — a telescope for my birthday ever since I was eight. Mom argues that it's impractical because there are so many lights in the city that we can barely see the stars. This kid at school used to brag that his family owned one, but instead of aiming it at the sky, it was pointed at the apartment building across the street from his. After I heard that, I decided to keep my blinds closed in case we have some nosy neighbors as well.

I reach out and run my finger down the slope of the telescope. Who has stared through that viewfinder? What did they see?

"Where did you get it?" I ask reverently (X/95/1).

"In 1944 a young man named Amos Grady moved to Brooklyn from Kentucky. He brought this to my grandfather's shop. Granddad paid Amos forty-five dollars for it. That was a lot of money in those days. He should have turned it over to the government for scrap metal, but for reasons of his own, he did not."

"Let me guess," Lizzy says. "Today we're going to return this old telescope to Amos Grady, right?"

"No," Mr. Oswald replies. He turns back to the shelves and picks up an ornate stained-glass lamp with a frayed brown cord. "Today you're going to deliver this lamp to a Mr. Simon Rudolph on Avenue B."

He places the lamp into Lizzy's surprised hands. She examines it. "Does this thing even work?" (X/99/1,2)

Mr. Oswald chuckles. "I never thought to try it."

"Was Amos Grady under eighteen?" Lizzy interrupts (X/101/1).

"Fourteen to the day," Mr. Oswald replies.

"Then what your grandfather did was illegal?" she asks.

I slide down in my chair, unsure where to look.

Mr. Oswald nods. "Oh, yes, quite."

"I knew it!" Lizzy exclaims. "I knew there was something suspicious going on here. Didn't I tell you, Jeremy?"

I slide farther down in my seat. My eyes are level with the top of the desk now.

Mr. Oswald returns to his chair. He holds up his hand. "Before you get the wrong idea, allow me explain as I ' promised earlier."

*Lizzy* places the lamp on the desk next to the telescope and sits back, arms folded. When I'm sure she's not going to yell anymore, I slide back up in my chair.

Mr. Oswald clears his throat. "Everyone in New York City knew my grandfather, Old Ozzy, they called him, even before he got old. Priests and rabbis and business leaders came to him for his sensible advice. Little children would follow him in the streets. He always had a piece of taffy or a pickle to give them."

"A pickle?" I can't help interjecting. "Kids would follow him for a *pickle*?"

Mr. Oswald smiles."For blocks and blocks. These pickles were aged to perfection in big wooden barrels down by the piers. Nothing like them back then, or since."

I shudder involuntarily.

Mr. Oswald continues. "But more than the pickles, the children knew they could come to my grandfather with their worries. And in those days — the nineteen thirties and forties — there were a lot of worries to be had. Now as Miss Muldoun here rightly pointed out, it was, shall we say, frowned upon to accept an item in a pawnshop from a child. But as I said, times were tough back then, and everyone had money problems, even children. So Ozzy, he made a deal with the children who came to see him." He pauses here and says, "With me so far?"

We nod. I'm actually on the edge of my seat. Even with the part about the pickles.

"Ozzy told the kids he would buy what they offered on one condition. He made up a special form for them to fill out explaining where the item came from, and why they needed to sell it. He would sit the kids down in front of the typewriter, and even if it took them all day, they recorded their stories. Ozzy never judged the children's reasons, and he always paid a fair price. Having to fill out the form scared away all but the most resolute."

"But why didn't Ozzy turn around and sell these things to someone else?" I ask (X/117/1,2). "Isn't that how the pawn business works?"

Mr. Oswald nods. "Indeed it is. But helping these youngsters out was never about the money. Ozzy stashed the items and the letters in a special closet in the back of his storeroom, and no one knew about them, not even my own father, who ran the store for thirty years."

"Do you think he meant to give them back to the kids?" I inquire (X/119/1).

"I wish I knew," Mr. Oswald replies, glancing over at an old black-and-white photograph on his desk.

I hadn't paid attention to the photo before, but now I lean in to examine it. It shows a middle-aged man holding up a fish and a pole, posing next to a wooden sign that reads YOU SHOULD SEE THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY!

"Old Ozzy?" I ask.

Mr. Oswald nods. "A big fisherman in his youth."

"But how did you find these people after so many years?" Lizzy asks.

"I hired a good detective. With so much information on the Internet, it wasn't very difficult to find out more than we even wanted to know."

"Tell me about it," I mutter.

They both turn to look at me. I pick up the lamp and say, "So what's *this* guy's story?" (X/127/1,2)

Mr. Oswald checks his watch. "I didn't plan to spend so much time here this morning. I don't have time to pack up the lamp. You can carry it, right?"

Without waiting for an answer, he reaches into his top drawer and pulls out an envelope. He holds it out to me. I am not surprised to see Simon Rudolph's name printed on it in the same neat handwriting as the other. I slide it into my back pocket.

Before I can remind him that he still hasn't told us anything about Simon or his lamp, James appears and hands Mr. Oswald his pipe and a newspaper.

"I have the car ready for the children out front, sir," James says.

"Teenagers," Lizzy mutters under her breath. "Practically," she adds.

"Good, good," Mr. Oswald says to James. He lifts a Post-it note off the top of his desk, and hands it to him. "There is no house number outside Mr. Rudolph's door," he warns us all. "Mr. Rudolph's a bit, shall we say, eccentric. Bring your notebooks to our next visit. I'll be out of town for the next two days, so I will see you on Friday. Thank you in advance for a job well done." Mr. Oswald leaves the room, and James follows.

Lizzy and I are alone. Neither of us makes a move to take the lamp. "Um, I guess we should go, too?" I suggest (X/134/1,2).

"This is just like last time," she grumbles, but she picks up the lamp. "We don't know anything about this guy. We don't know what to expect." As we head toward the front door I whisper, "This' isn't *exactly* like last time."

"I know, I know," Lizzy replies, and then poorly mimics Mr. Oswald's voice. "Because nothing is ever exactly like anything else."

"No. I mean *this* time we know what the envelope is for."

Lizzy stops walking and stares at me. "Did I just hear what I think I heard? Is the honorable Jeremy Fink suggesting we open the envelope before we get there?" (X/138/1,2)

"He might be," I say with a proud smile.

"There's hope for you yet," she says approvingly.

I'm glad she's pleased by my willingness to break the rules, even though Mr. Oswald didn't specifically tell us *not* to read it. But honestly, I'm motivated less by curiosity and more by fear. I don't like being unprepared for anything. And if Mr. Rudolph is as "eccentric" as Mr. Oswald said, I want to know exactly what we're walking into.

## **2. The Analysis of Illocutionary Act on the Tenth Chapter “Jeremy Fink and the Meaning of Life”**

1. “So?” they ask in unison, wiping their hands on matching aprons. “How was it?” (X/2/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy's mother and Aunt Judi want Jeremy to give information about his experience in his first job.

2. "Just a second!" she calls back, sounding annoyed (X/26/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy asks Jeremy to wait for a moment.

3. "Oh, all right, come in." (X/26/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy asks Jeremy to enter her house.

4. "What's wrong?" I ask hurriedly (X/28/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants Lizzy to give information about what she is doing.

5. She mumbles an answer, but I can't hear her. "What did you say?" (X/31/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy asks Lizzy to repeat her answer.

6. "Does it look really bad?" (X/38/1)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants Jeremy to give his comment to Lizzy's appearance.

7. "How do you know?" I ask (X/44/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants Samantha to give information of how she knows that Lizzy uses make up.

8. “Is this car for *you guys*?” she asks incredulously. “Are you, like, rich or something?” (X/47/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Samantha wants them to give information if they are really rich since they use Limousine.

9. “Do you want to tell me what’s going on?” I ask, unwrapping my breakfast sandwich (X/50/1,2).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants Lizzy to give information if she would tell him about what they were doing.

10. “So what did you guys do? I ask when I’m done chewing (X/54/2,3).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants Lizzy to give information about what they did in that night.

11. “Did you read the letter from Mr. Billingsly?” (X/56/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants Lizzy to give information if she has read Mrs. Billingsly letter or not.

12. “How does my eye look now?” Lizzy asks as we climb out (X/59/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants Jeremy to give his comment to her eyes.

13. “Let’s go to my office and discuss whatever’s bothering you on this beautiful summer day.” (X/64/1,2)



Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Mr. Oswald asks Jeremy and Lizzy to come with him to his office to see what they will do next.

14. “Why didn’t you tell us Mrs. Billingsly didn’t know why we are coming?” she demands. “Why did you tell us her book was about woodland animals? Why did your grandfather hold onto it for sixty years?” (X/69/1,2,3)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants Mr. Oswald to give information about her confusion of the task that he gave before.

15. Before he answers Lizzy, he turns to me and asks, “How about you, Jeremy? Do you have anything to add to that list?” (X/70/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Mr. Oswald wants Lizzy to give information if he also wants to ask or not.

16. “Sorry ‘bout that,” I say, reddening (X/80/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Expressive illocutionary because Jeremy feels sorry that he almost drops the telescope.

17. “Where did you get it?” I ask reverently (X/95/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants Mr. Oswald to give information about how he got the telescope.

18. “Does this thing even work?” (X/99/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants Mr. Oswald to give information about the lamp.

19. “Was Amos Grady under eighteen?” Lizzy interrupts (X/101/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants Mr. Oswald to give information if Amos Grady is under eighteen or not.

20. “But why didn’t Ozzy turn around and sell these things to someone else?” I ask (X/117/1,2).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants Mr. Oswald to give information about the reason Ozzy sold the things.

21. “Do you think he meant to give them back to the kids?” I inquire (X/119/1).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants Mr. Oswald to give his thought about Ozzy wants to give the things to the kids.

22. I pick up the lamp and say, “So what’s this guy’s story?” (X/127/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Jeremy wants Mr. Oswald to give information about the lamp’s story.

23. “Um, I guess we should go, too?” I suggest (X/134/1,2).

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because

24. “Did I just hear what I think I heard? Is the honorable Jeremy Fink suggesting we open the envelope before we get there?” (X/138/1,2)

Analysis: The illocutionary act is Directive illocutionary because Lizzy wants Jeremy to give information about what he just said since Lizzy doesn't believe of what he just said.

**Table 1.10**The finding of Illocutionary act in the tenth chapter

No.	Kinds of Illocutionary	Numbers of Illocutionary found	Percentage
1.	Assertive	0	0%
2.	Directive	23	95.8%
3.	Commissive	0	0%
4.	Expressive	1	4.2%
5.	Declarative	0	0%
<b>TOTAL</b>		<b>24</b>	<b>100%</b>

Jakarta, September 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2014

Verified by,

Hendrikus Male, M.Hum

Situjuh Nazara, S.Pd