

**Lampiran 1: Ringkasan cerita dalam *The Hound of the Baskervilles***

Novel *The Hound of the Baskervilles* menceritakan kisah detektif Sherlock Holmes dan temannya, Dr Watson, dalam mengungkap misteri kematian Sir Charles, seorang bangsawan yang tinggal di *Baskerville Hall*, Devonshire. Menurut penyelidikan polisi, Sir Charles meninggal karena penyakit jantung. Namun, Dr Mortimer, teman dan sekaligus dokter pribadi Sir Charles, berpendapat bahwa ada faktor lain yang memicu kematian Sir Charles, yaitu ketakutan terhadap kekuatan supranatural, seperti yang tertulis dalam sebuah legenda yang menghantui keluarga Baskerville secara turun temurun. Dr Mortimer menemui Holmes dan meminta saran apa yang harus ia lakukan sehubungan dengan temuannya tersebut karena hari itu Sir Henry, ahli waris Sir Charles yang tinggal di Kanada, akan tiba di London untuk selanjutnya tinggal di Baskerville. Misteri mulai muncul pada waktu Sir Henry tiba di London, yaitu (i) menerima surat peringatan untuk menjauhi tempat yang berupa tanah lapang (*moor*) pada saat berada di *Baskerville Hall*, (ii) kehilangan sepasang sepatu bekas, dan (iii) dibuntuti oleh orang takdikenal. Holmes menugasi Watson untuk menemani Sir Henry selama di *Baskerville Hall* dan melaporkan apa saja yang terjadi di sekitar *Baskerville Hall*. Sementara itu, Holmes tetap tinggal di London. Kejadian-kejadian yang dilaporkan oleh Watson itulah yang dipelajari Holmes. Pada suatu hari, Watson hendak menjebak orang yang mencurigakan. Ternyata orang tersebut adalah Holmes, yang secara diam-diam datang ke Devonshire untuk melakukan penyelidikan. Hasil laporan Watson dan hasil penyelidikan yang dilakukan oleh Holmes mengindikasikan bahwa orang yang harus bertanggungjawab atas kematian Sir Charles adalah Stapleton, sahabat Sir Charles yang ternyata adalah keponakan Sir Charles sendiri. Saat itu Stapleton sedang berencana untuk membunuh Sir Henry. Holmes bersama-sama Watson memasang jebakan untuk membuktikan bahwa pelaku kejahatan yang sebenarnya adalah Stapleton. Dalam membunuh Sir Charles, Stapleton menggunakan anjing besar dan buas sebagai alat. Moncong anjing itu diolesi dengan fosfor agar tampak menyala di malam hari sehingga benar-benar menyerupai anjing yang dikisahkan dalam legenda Baskerville.

## Lampiran 2: Ringkasan cerita dalam *Nemesis*

Novel *Nemesis* berisi tentang kisah seorang perempuan tua, Miss Marple, yang mendapat amanah dari orang yang sudah meninggal, yaitu Mr Rafiel, untuk mengusut suatu tindak kejahatan. Mr Rafiel tidak memberi penjelasan dan petunjuk yang jelas tentang tindak kejahatan yang dimaksud. Ia hanya menyuruh Miss Marple untuk mengikuti sebuah perjalanan wisata yang mengunjungi bangunan-bangunan kuno, pemandangan pedesaan, dan kebun-kebun yang menarik. Selama perjalanan itulah Miss Marple, yang dalam novel tersebut berperan sebagai detektif, mencari tahu tindak kejahatan yang dimaksud oleh Mr Rafiel. Bentuk kejahatan yang dimaksud, yaitu terbunuhnya Verity Hunt, baru diketahui pada saat Miss Marple singgah di *The Old Manor House*, yang dihuni oleh tiga bersaudara. Mereka adalah teman Mr Rafiel. Teka-teki berkembang setelah Miss Marple mengetahui bahwa orang yang selama ini dianggap bertanggung jawab atas kematian gadis tersebut, yaitu putra Mr Rafiel, bukan pembunuh yang sebenarnya. Sejak saat itu, Miss Marple berupaya memecahkan teka-teki tersebut sampai pada akhirnya ia dapat membuktikan bahwa pembunuh gadis itu adalah ibu angkatnya sendiri, yaitu salah seorang dari tiga bersaudara tersebut.



**Lampiran 3: Percakapan antara Miss Marple dan Miss Barlett.  
Tuturan pertama adalah tuturan Miss Barlett.**

'I do vegetables for Mrs Hastings. Dull but necessary. Well, I'll be getting along.' Her eyes swept over Miss Marple from head to foot, as though memorizing her, then she nodded cheerfully and tramped off.

Mrs Hastings? Miss Marple couldn't remember the name of any Mrs Hastings. Certainly Mrs Hastings was not an old friend. She had certainly never been a gardening chum. Ah, of course, it was probably those newly built houses at the end of Gibraltar Road. Several families had moved in in the last year. Miss Marple sighed, looked again with annoyance at the antirrhinums, saw several weeds which she yearned to root up, one or two exuberant suckers she would like to attack with her secateurs, and finally, sighing, and manfully resisting temptation, she made a detour round by the lane and returned to her house. Her mind recurred again to Mr Rafiel. They had been, he and she - what was the title of that book they used to quote so much when she was young? *Ships that pass in the night*. Rather apt it was really, when she came to think of it. Ships that pass in the night... It was in the night that she had gone to him to ask - no, to demand - help. To insist, to say no time must be lost. And he had agreed, and put things in train at once! Perhaps she *had* been rather lion-like on that occasion? No. No, that was quite wrong. It had not been anger she had felt. It had been insistence on something that was absolutely imperative to be put in hand at once. And he'd understood. (N: 15—16)

#### **Lampiran 4: Isi surat kabar yang memuat berita kematian Sir Charles.**

‘The recent sudden death of Sir Charles Baskerville, whose name has been mentioned as the probable Liberal candidate for Mid-Devon at the next election, has cast a gloom over the county. Though Sir Charles had resided at Baskerville Hall for a comparatively short period his amiability of character and extreme generosity had won the affection and respect of all who had been brought into contact with him. In these days of *nouveaux riches* it is refreshing to find a case where the scion of an old county family which has fallen upon evil days is able to make his own fortune and to bring it back with him to restore the fallen grandeur of his line. Sir Charles, as is well known, made large sums of money in South African speculation. More wise than those who go on until the wheel turns against them, he realized his gains and returned to England with them. It is only two years since he took up his residence at Baskerville Hall, and it is common talk how large were those schemes of reconstruction and improvement which have been interrupted by his death. Being himself childless, it was his openly expressed desire that the whole countryside should, within his own lifetime, profit by his good fortune, and many will have personal reasons for bewailing his untimely end. His generous donations to local and county charities have been frequently chronicled in these columns.

‘The circumstances connected with the death of Sir Charles cannot be said to have been entirely cleared up by the inquest, but at least enough has been done to dispose of those rumours to which local superstition has given rise. There is no reason whatever to suspect foul play, or to imagine that death could be from any but natural causes. Sir Charles was a widower, and a man who may be said to have been in some ways of an eccentric habit of mind. In spite of his considerable wealth he was simple in his personal tastes, and his indoor servants at Baskerville Hall consisted of a married couple named Barrymore, the husband acting as butler and the wife as housekeeper. Their evidence, corroborated by that of several friends, tends to show that Sir Charles's health has for some time been impaired, and points especially to some affection of the heart, manifesting itself in changes of colour, breathlessness, and acute attacks of nervous depression. Dr James Mortimer, the friend and medical attendant of the deceased, has given evidence to the same effect.

‘The facts of the case are simple. Sir Charles Baskerville was in the habit every night before going to bed of walking down the famous Yew Alley of Baskerville Hall. The evidence of the Barrymores shows that this had been his custom. On the 4th of June Sir Charles had declared his intention of starting next day

for London, and had ordered Barrymore to prepare his luggage. That night he went out as usual for his nocturnal walk, in the course of which he was in the habit of smoking a cigar. He never returned. At twelve o'clock Barrymore, finding the hall door still open, became alarmed and, lighting a lantern, went in search of his master. The day had been wet, and Sir Charles's footmarks were easily traced down the Alley. Half-way down this walk there is a gate which leads out on to the moor. There were indications that Sir Charles had stood for some little time here. He then proceeded down the Alley, and it was at the far end of it that his body was discovered. One fact which has not been explained is the statement of Barrymore that his master's footprints altered their character from the time he passed the moor-gate, and that he appeared from thence onwards to have been walking upon his toes. One Murphy, a gipsy horse-dealer, was on the moor at no great distance at the time, but he appears by his own confession to have been the worse for drink. He declares that he heard cries, but is unable to state from what direction they came. No signs of violence were to be discovered upon Sir Charles's person, and though the doctor's evidence pointed to an almost incredible facial distortion - so great that Dr Mortimer refused at first to believe that it was indeed his friend and patient who lay before him - it was explained that that is a symptom which is not unusual in cases of dyspnoea and death from cardiac exhaustion. This explanation was borne out by the post-mortem examination, which showed long-standing organic disease, and the coroner's jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence. It is well that this is so, for it is obviously of the utmost importance that Sir Charles's heir should settle at the Hall, and continue the good work which has been so sadly interrupted. Had the prosaic finding of the coroner not finally put an end to the romantic stories which have been whispered in connection with the affair, it might have been difficult to find a tenant for Baskerville Hall. It is understood that the next-of-kin is Mr Henry Baskerville, if he be still alive, the son of Sir Charles Baskerville's younger brother. The young man, when last heard of, was in America, and inquiries are being instituted with a view to informing him of his good fortune.'

Dr Mortimer refolded his paper and replaced it in his pocket. 'Those are the public facts; Mr Holmes, in connection with the death of Sir Charles Baskerville.'

(HB: 18—21)

### **Lampiran 5: Kesaksian Dr Mortimer atas kematian Sir Charles**

'In doing so,' said Dr Mortimer, who had begun to show signs of some strong emotion, 'I am telling that which I have not confided to anyone. My motive for withholding it from the coroner's inquiry is that a man of science shrinks from placing himself in the public position of seeming to endorse a popular superstition. I had the further motive that Baskerville Hall, as the paper says, would certainly remain untenanted if anything were done to increase its already rather grim reputation. For both these reasons I thought that I was justified in telling rather less than I knew, since no practical good could result from it, but with you there is no reason why I should not be perfectly frank.

'The moor is very sparsely inhabited, and those who live near each other are thrown very much together. For this reason I saw a good deal of Sir Charles Baskerville. With the exception of Mr Frankland, of Lafter Hall, and Mr Stapleton, the naturalist, there are no other men of education within many miles. Sir Charles was a retiring man, but the chance of his illness brought us together, and a community of interests in science kept us so. He had brought back much scientific information from South Africa, and many a charming evening we have spent together discussing the comparative anatomy of the Bushman and the Hottentot.

'Within the last few months it became increasingly plain to me that Sir Charles's nervous system was strained to breakingpoint. He had taken this legend which I have read you exceedingly to heart - so much so that, although he would walk in his own grounds, nothing would induce him to go out upon the moor at night. Incredible as it may appear to you, Mr Holmes, he was honestly convinced that a dreadful fate overhung his family, and certainly the records which he was able to give of his ancestors were not encouraging. The idea of some ghastly presence constantly haunted him, and on more than one occasion he has asked me whether I had on my medical journeys at night ever seen any strange creature or heard the baying of a hound. The latter question he put to me several times, and always with a voice which vibrated with excitement.

'I can well remember driving up to his house in the evening, some three weeks before the fatal event. He chanced to be at his hall door. I had descended from my gig and was standing in front of him, when I saw his eyes fix themselves over my shoulder, and stare past me with an expression of the most dreadful horror. I whisked round and had just time to catch a glimpse of something which I took to be a large black calf passing at the head of the drive. So excited and alarmed was he that I was compelled to go down to the spot where the animal had been and look around for it. It was gone, however, and the incident

appeared to make the worst impression upon his mind. I stayed with him all the evening, and it was on that occasion, to explain the emotion which he had shown, that he confided to my keeping that narrative which I read to you when first I came. I mention this small episode because it assumes some importance in view of the tragedy which followed, but I was convinced at the time that the matter was entirely trivial and that his excitement had no justification.

'It was at my advice that Sir Charles was about to go to London. His heart was, I knew, affected, and the constant anxiety in which he lived, however chimerical the cause of it might be, was evidently having a serious effect upon his health. I thought that a few months among the distractions of town would send him back a new man. Mr Stapleton, a mutual friend, who was much concerned at his state of health, was of the same opinion. At the last instant came this terrible catastrophe.

'On the night of Sir Charles's death Barrymore the butler, who made the discovery, sent Perkins the groom on horseback to me, and as I was sitting up late I was able to reach Baskerville Hall within an hour of the event. I checked and corroborated all the facts which were mentioned at the inquest. I followed the footsteps down the Yew Alley, I saw the spot at the moor-gate where he seemed to have waited, I remarked the change in the shape of the prints after that point, I noted that there were no other footsteps save those of Barrymore on the soft gravel, and finally I carefully examined the body, which had not been touched until my arrival. Sir Charles lay on his face, his arms out, his fingers dug into the ground, and his features convulsed with some strong emotion to such an extent that I could hardly have sworn to his identity. There was certainly no physical injury of any kind. But one false statement was made by Barrymore at the inquest. He said that there were no traces upon the ground round the body. He did not observe any. But I did - some little distance off, but fresh and clear.'

'Footprints?'

'Footprints.'

'A man's or a woman's?'

Dr Mortimer looked strangely at us for an instant, and his voice sank almost to a whisper as he answered:

'Mr Holmes, they were the footprints of a gigantic hound!'

(HB: 21—24)

### **Lampiran 6: Penceritaan naratif murni pada bagian peleraian.**

A sound of quick steps broke the silence of the moor. Crouching among the stones, we stared intently at the silvertipped bank in front of us. The steps grew louder, and through the fog, as through a curtain, there stepped the man whom we were awaiting. He looked round him in surprise as he emerged into the clear, starlit night. Then he came swiftly along the path, passed close to where we lay, and went on up the long slope behind us. As he walked he glanced continually over either shoulder, like a man who is ill at ease.

'Hist!' cried Holmes, and I heard the sharp click of a cocking pistol. 'Look out! It's coming!'

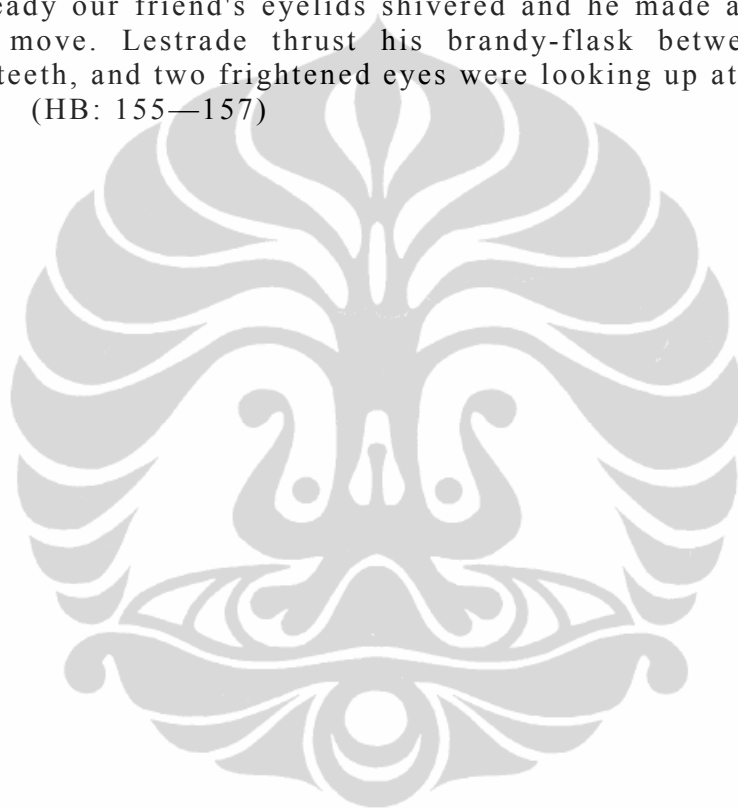
There was a thin, crisp, continuous patter from somewhere in the heart of that crawling bank. The cloud was within fifty yards of where we lay, and we glared at it, all three, uncertain what horror was about to break from the heart of it. I was at Holmes's elbow, and I glanced for an instant at his face. It was pale and exultant, his eyes shining brightly in the moonlight. But suddenly they started forward in a rigid, fixed stare, and his lips parted in amazement. At the same instant Lestrade gave a yell of terror and threw himself face downwards upon the ground. I sprang to my feet, my inert hand grasping my pistol, my mind paralysed by the dreadful shape which had sprung out upon us from the shadows of the fog. A hound it was, an enormous coal-black hound, but not such a hound as mortal eyes have ever seen. Fire burst from its open mouth, its eyes glowed with a smouldering glare, its muzzle and hackles and dewlap were outlined in flickering flame. Never in the delirious dream of a disordered brain could anything more savage, more appalling, more hellish, be conceived than that dark form and savage face which broke upon us out of the wall of fog. With long bounds the huge black creature was leaping down the track, following hard upon the footsteps of our friend. So paralysed were we by the apparition that we allowed him to pass before we had recovered our nerve. Then Holmes and I both fired together, and the creature gave a hideous howl, which showed that one at least had hit him. He did not pause, however, but bounded onwards. Far away on the path we saw Sir Henry looking back, his face white in the moonlight, his hands raised in horror, glaring helplessly at the frightful thing which was hunting him down.

But that cry of pain from the hound had blown all our fears to the winds. If he was vulnerable he was mortal, and if we could wound him we could kill him. Never have I seen a man run as Holmes ran that night. I am reckoned fleet of foot, but he outpaced me as much as I outpaced the little professional. In front of us as we flew up the track we heard scream after scream from Sir Henry and the deep roar of the hound. I was in time to see the beast



spring upon its victim, hurl him to the ground and worry at his throat. But the next instant Holmes had emptied five barrels of his revolver into the creature's flank. With a last howl of agony and a vicious snap in the air it rolled upon its back, four feet pawing furiously, and then fell limp upon its side. I stooped, panting, and pressed my pistol to the dreadful, shirmering head, but it was useless to press the trigger. The giant hound was dead. Sir Henry lay iasensible where he had fallen. We tore away his collar, and Hohnes breathed a prayer of gratitude when we saw that there was no sign of a wound and that the rescue had been in time. Already our friend's eyelids shivered and he made a feeble effort to move. Lestrade thrust his brandy-flask between the baronet's teeth, and two frightened eyes were looking up at us.

(HB: 155—157)



### Lampiran 7: Wawancara Mr Holmes dengan Dr Mortimer

'You saw this?'

'As clearly as I see you.' 'And you said nothing?' 'What was the use?'

'How was it that no one else saw it?'

'The marks were some twenty yards from the body, and no one gave them a thought. I don't suppose I should have done so had I not known this legend.!

'There are many sheepdogs on the moor?' 'No doubt, but this was no sheepdog.' 'You say it was large?'

'Enormous.'

'But it had not approached the body?' 'No.'

'What sort of night was it?' 'Damp and raw.'

'But not actually raining?' 'No.'

'What is the alley like?'

'There are two lines of old yew hedge, twelve feet high and impenetrable. The walk in the centre is about eight feet across.'

'Is there anything between the hedges and the walk?'

'Yes, there is a strip of grass about six feet broad on either side.'

'I understand that the yew hedge is penetrated at one point by a gate?'

'Yes, the wicket-gate which leads on to the moor.' 'Is there any other opening?'

'None.'

'So that to reach the Yew Alley one either has to come down it from the house or else to enter it by the moor-gate?'

'There is an exit through a summer-house at the far end.'

'Had Sir Charles reached this?'

'No; he lay about fifty yards from it.'

'Now, tell me, J. Mortimer - and this is important - the marks which you saw were on the path and not on the grass?'

'No marks could show on the grass.'

'Were they on the same side of the path as the moor-gate?' 'Yes; they were on the edge of the path on the same side as the moor-gate.'

'You interest me exceedingly. Another point: was the wicket gate closed?'

'Closed and padlocked.' 'How high was it?'

'About four feet high.' 'Then anyone could have got over it?' 'Yes.'

'And what marks did you see by the wicket-gate?'

'None in particular.'

'Good Heaven! Did no one examine?'

'Yes, I examined myself.'

'And found nothing?'

'It was all very confused. Sir Charles had evidently stood there for five or ten minutes.'

'How do you know that?'

'Because the ash had twice dropped from his cigar.' 'Excellent! This is a colleague, Watson, after our own heart But the marks?'

'He had left his own marks all over that small patch of gravel, I could discern no others.'

Sherlock Holmes struck his hand against his knee with an impatient gesture.

'If I had only been there!' he cried. 'It is evidently a case of extraordinary interest, and one which presented immense opportunities to the scientific expert. That gravel path upon which I might have read so much has been long ere this smudged by the rain and defaced by the clogs of curious peasants. Oh, Dr Mortimer, Dr Mortimer, to think that you should not have called me in! You have indeed much to answer for.'

'I could not call you in, Mr Holmes, without disclosing these facts to the world, and I have already given my reasons for not wishing to do so. Besides, besides -'

'Why do you hesitate?'

'There is a realm in which the most acute and most experienced of detectives is helpless.'

'You mean that the thing is supernatural?' 'I did not positively say so.'

'No, but you evidently think it.'

'Since the tragedy, Mr Holmes, there have come to my ears several incidents which are hard to reconcile with the settled order of Nature.'

'For example?'

'I find that before the terrible event occurred several people had seen a creature upon the moor which corresponds with this Baskerville demon, and which could not possibly be any animal known to science. They all agreed that it was a huge creature, luminous, ghastly and spectral. I have cross-examined these men, one of them a hard-headed countryman, one a farrier, and one a moorland farmer, who all tell the same story of this dreadful apparition, exactly corresponding to the hell-hound of the legend. I assure you **that there** is a reign of terror in the district, and that it is a hardy man who will cross the moor at night.'

'And you, a trained man of science, believe it to be supernatural?'

'I do not know what to believe.'

Holmes shrugged his shoulders. 'I have hitherto confined my investigations to this world,' said he. 'In a modest way I have combated evil, but to take on the Father of Evil himself would, perhaps, be too ambitious a task. Yet you must admit that the footmark is material.'

'The original hound was material enough to tug a man's throat out, and yet he was diabolical as well.'

(HB: 25—28)

**Lampiran 8: Perubahan bentuk penceritaan dalam urutan Ikonis dalam *Nemesis***

It was about a week or so after Mr Rafiel's death that Miss Marple picked up a letter from her breakfast tray, and looked at it for a moment before opening it. The other two letters that had come by this morning's post were bills, or just possibly receipts for bills. In either case they were not of any particular interest. This letter might be.

A London postmark, typewritten address, a long, good quality envelope. Miss Marple slit it neatly with the paper knife she always kept handy on her tray. It was headed, Messrs Broadribb and Schuster, Solicitors and Notaries Public, with an address in Bloomsbury. It asked her, in suitable courteous and legal phraseology, to call upon them one day in the following week, at their office, to discuss a proposition that might be to her advantage. Thursday, the 24th was suggested. If that date was not convenient, perhaps she would let them know what date she would be likely to be in London in the near future. They added that they were the solicitors to the late Mr Rafiel, with whom they understood she had been acquainted.

Miss Marple frowned in some slight puzzlement. She got up rather more slowly than usual, thinking about the letter she had received. She was escorted downstairs by Cherry, who was meticulous in hanging about in the hall so as to make sure that Miss Marple did not come to grief walking by herself down the staircase, which was of the old-fashioned kind which turned a sharp corner in the middle of its run.

'You take very good care of me, Cherry,' said Miss Marple. 'Got to,' said Cherry, in her usual idiom. 'Good people are scarce.'

'Well, thank you for the compliment,' said Miss Marple, arriving safely with her last foot on the ground floor. 'Nothing the matter, is there?' asked Cherry. 'You look a bit rattled like, if you know what I mean.'

'No, nothing's the matter,' said Miss Marple. 'I had rather an unusual letter from a firm of solicitors.'

'Nobody is suing you for anything, are they?' said Cherry, who was inclined to regard solicitors' letters as invariably associated with disaster of some kind.

'Oh no, I don't think so,' said Miss Marple. 'Nothing of that kind. They just asked me to call upon them next week in London.'

'Perhaps you've been left a fortune,' said Cherry, hopefully.

'That, I think, is very unlikely,' said Miss Marple.

'Well, you never know,' said Cherry.

Settling herself in her chair, and taking her knitting out of its embroidered knitting bag, Miss Marple considered the possibility of Mr Rafiel having left her a fortune. It seemed even more unlikely than when Cherry had suggested it. Mr Rafiel, she thought, was not that kind of a man.

It was not possible for her to go on the date suggested. She was attending a meeting of the Women's Institute to discuss the raising of a sum for building a small additional couple of rooms. But she wrote, naming a day in the following week. In due course her letter was answered and the appointment definitely confirmed. She wondered what Messrs Broadribb and Schuster were like. The letter had been signed by J. R. Broadribb who was, apparently, the senior partner. It was possible, Miss Marple thought, that Mr Rafiel might have left her some small memoir or souvenir in his will. Perhaps some book on rare flowers that had been in his library and which he thought would please an old lady who was keen on gardening. Or perhaps a cameo brooch which had belonged to some greataunt of his. She amused herself by these fancies. They were only fancies, she thought, because in either case it would merely be a case of the Executors - if these lawyers were the Executors - forwarding her by post any such object. They would not have wanted an interview.

'Oh well,' said Miss Marple, 'I shall know next Tuesday.'

(Nemesis: 17—18)

**Lampiran 9: Tuturan Elizabeth Temple tentang kematian  
Verity Hunt**

'I knew a girl once ... A girl who had been a pupil of mine at Fallowfield, my school. She was no actual relation to Mr Rafiel, but she *was* at one time engaged to marry Mr Rafiel's son.'

'But she didn't marry him?' Miss Marple asked. 'No.'

'Why not?'

Miss Temple said,

'One might hope to say - like to say - because she had too much sense. He was not the type of a young man one would want anyone one was fond **of to marry**. She was a very lovely girl and a very sweet girl. I don't know why she didn't. marry him. Nobody has ever told me.' She sighed and then said, 'Anyway; she died...'

'Why did she die?' said Miss Marple.

Elizabeth Temple stared at the peonies for some minutes. When she spoke she uttered one word. It echoed like the tone of a deep bell - so much so that it was startling.

'Love!' she said.

Miss Marple queried the word sharply. 'Love?'

'One of the most frightening words there is in the world,' said Elizabeth Temple.

Again her voice was bitter and tragic. 'Love...'

(Nemesis: 63—64)

**Lampiran 10: Tutaran Janet, pembantu di *The Old Manor House*, tentang kematian Verity Hunt.**

'First one thing and then another. The dreadful plane accident - in Spain it was - and everybody killed. Nasty things, aeroplanes - I'd never go in one of them. Miss Clotilde's friends were both killed, they were husband and wife - the daughter was still at school, luckily, and escaped, but Miss Clotilde brought her here to live and did everything for her. Took her abroad for trips - to Italy and France, treated her like a daughter. She was such a happy girl - and a very sweet nature. You'd never dream that such an awful thing could happen.'

'An awful thing. What was it? Did it happen here?'

'No, not here, thank God. Though in a way you might say it *did* happen here. It was here that she met him. He was in the neighbourhood - and the ladies knew his father, who was a very rich man, so he came here to visit - that was the beginning -'

'They fell in love?'

'Yes, she fell in love with him right away. He was an attractive-looking boy, with a nice way of talking and passing the time of day. You'd never think - you'd never think for one moment -' she broke off.

'There was a love affair? And it went wrong? And the girl committed suicide?'

'Suicide?' The old woman stared at Miss Marple with startled eyes.

'Whoever now told you that? Murder it was, bare-faced murder. Strangled and her head beaten to pulp. Miss Clotilde had to go and identify her - she's never been quite the same since. They found her body a good thirty miles from here - in the scrub of a disused quarry. And it's believed that it wasn't the first murder he'd done. There had been other girls. Six months she'd been missing. And the police searching far and wide. Oh! A wicked devil he was - a bad lot from the day he was born or so it seems. They say nowadays as there are those as can't help what they do - not right in the head, and they can't be held responsible. I don't believe a word of it! Killers are killers. And they won't even hang them nowadays. I know as there's often madness as runs in old families - there was the Derwents over at Brassington - every second generation one or other of them died in the loony bin - and there was old Mrs Paulett; walked about the lanes in her diamond tiara saying she was Marie Antoinette until they shut her up. But there wasn't anything really wrong with her - just silly like. But this boy. Yes, he was a devil right enough.'

'What did they do to him?'

'They'd abolished hanging by then - or else he was too young. I can't remember it all now. They found him guilty. It may have

been Bostol or Broadsand - one of those places beginning with 'B' as they sent him to.'

'What was the name of the boy?'

'Michael - can't remember his last name. It's ten years ago that it happened - or.e forgets. Italian sort of name - like a picture. Someone who paints pictures - Raffle, that's it -' 'Michael Rafiel?'

'That's right! There was a rumour as went about that his father being so rich got him wangled out of prison. An escape like the Bank Robbers. But I think as that was just talk-

(Nemesis: 84—86)





### **Lampiran 11: Tutaran Profesor Wanstead tentang Michael Rafiel**

'He lured a girl away from her home. It was some time before her body was found. She had been strangled. And afterwards her face and head had been disfigured by some heavy stones or rocks, presumably to prevent her identity being made known.'

'Not a very nice business,' said Miss Marple, in her most old-ladylike tone.

Professor Wanstead looked at her for a moment or two. 'You describe it that way?' (...)

'The Governor, a man of experience, told me exactly why he was so anxious to have my verdict. He had felt increasingly in his experience of this particular inmate that, in plain words, the boy was not a killer. He didn't think he was the type of a killer, he was like no killer he had ever seen before, he was of the opinion that the boy was the kind of criminal type who would never go straight no matter what treatment was given to him, would never reform himself; and for whom nothing in one sense of the word could be done, but at the same time he felt increasingly certain that the verdict upon him had been a wrong one. He did not believe that the boy had killed a girl, first strangled her and then disfigured her after rolling her body into a ditch. He just couldn't bring himself to believe it. He'd looked over the facts of the case, which seemed to be fully proved. This boy had known the girl, he had been seen with her on several different occasions before the crime. They had presumably slept together and there were other points. His car had been seen in the neighbourhood. He himself had been recognized and all the rest of it. A perfectly fair case. But my friend was unhappy about it, he said. He was a man who had a very strong feeling for justice. He wanted a different opinion. He wanted, in fact, not the police side which he knew, he wanted a professional medical view. That was my field, he said. My line of country entirely. He wanted me to see this young man and talk with him, visit him, make a professional appraisal of him and give him my opinion.'

'Very interesting,' said Miss Marple. 'Yes, I call that very interesting. After all, your friend - I mean your Governor - was a man of experience, a man who loved justice. He was a man whom you'd be willing to listen to. Presumably then, you did listen to him.'

'Yes,' said Professor Wanstead, 'I was deeply interested. I saw the subject, as I will call him, I approached him from several different attitudes. I talked to him, I discussed various changes likely to occur in the law. I told him it might be possible to bring down a lawyer, a Queen's Counsel, to see what points there might be in his favour, and other things. I approached him as a friend

but also as an enemy so that I could see how he responded to different approaches, and I also made a good many physical tests, such as we use very frequently nowadays. I will not go into those with you because they are wholly technical.'

'Then what did you think in the end?'

'I thought,' said Professor Wanstead, 'I thought my friend was likely to be right. I did not think that Michael Rafiel was a murderer.'

'What about the earlier case you mentioned?'

'That told against him, of course. Not in the jury's mind, because of course they did not hear about that until after the judge's summing up, but certainly in the judge's mind. It told against him, but I made a few enquiries myself afterwards. He had assaulted a girl. He had conceivably raped her, but he had not attempted to strangle her and in my opinion - I have seen a great many cases which come before the Assizes - it seemed to me highly unlikely that there was a very definite case of rape. Girls, you must remember, are far more ready to be raped nowadays than they used to be. Their mothers insist, very often, that they should call it rape. The girl in question had had several boy-friends who had gone further than friendship. I did not think it counted very greatly as evidence against him. The actual murder case - yes, that was undoubtedly murder - but I continued to feel by all tests, physical tests, mental tests, psychological tests, none of them accorded with this particular crime.'

(Nemesis: 107—111)

### Lampiran 12: Tutaran Cloilde dan Mrs Glynne tentang kematian Verity Hunt

Like a stone into a pool, causing ripples, a splash, something? Or nothing. Surely there would be a reaction of one sort or another. Yes, she had not been mistaken. Although her face registered nothing, the keen eyes behind her glasses had watched three people in a simultaneous manner as she had trained herself to do for many years now, when wishing to observe her neighbours either in church, mothers' meetings, or at other public functions in St Mary Mead when she had been on the track of some interesting piece of news or gossip.

Mrs Glynne had dropped the book she was holding and had looked across towards Miss Marple with slight surprise. Surprise, it seemed, at the particular word coming from Miss Marple, but not surprised really to hear it.

Clotilde reacted differently. Her head shot up, she leant forward a little, then she looked not at Miss Marple but across the room in the direction of the window. Her hands clenched themselves, she kept very still. Miss Marple, although dropping her head slightly as though she **was not** looking any more, noted that her eyes were filling with tears. Clotilde sat quite still and let the tears roll down her cheeks. She made no attempt to take out a handkerchief, she uttered no word. Miss Marple was impressed by the aura of grief that came from her.

Anthea's reaction was different. It was quick, excited, almost pleasurable.

'Verity? Verity, did you say? Did you know her? I'd no idea. It is Verity Hunt you mean?'

Lavinia Glynne said, 'It's a Christian name?'

'I never knew anyone of that name,' said Miss Marple, 'but I did mean a Christian name. Yes. It is rather unusual, I think. Verity.' She repeated it thoughtfully.

She let her purple wool ball fall and looked round with the slightly apologetic and embarrassed look of one who realizes she has made a serious faux pas, but not sure why.

'I - I am so sorry. Have I said something I shouldn't? It was only because...'

'No, of course not,' said Mrs Glynne. 'It was just that it is - it is a name we know, a name with which we have - associations.'

'It just came into my mind,' said Miss Marple, still apologetic, 'because, you know, it was poor Miss Temple who said it. I went to see her, you know, yesterday afternoon. Professor Wanstead took me. He seemed to think that I might be able to - to - I don't know if it's the proper word - to rouse her, in some way. She was

in a coma and they thought - not that I was a friend of hers at any time, but we had chatted together on the tour and we often sat beside each other, as you know, on some of the days and we had talked. And he thought perhaps I might be of some use. I'm afraid I wasn't though. Not at all. I just sat there and waited and then she did say one or two words, but they didn't seem to mean anything. But finally, just when it was time for me to go, she did open her eyes and looked at me - I don't know if she was mistaking me for someone - but she did say that word. Verity! And, well of course it stuck in my mind, especially with her passing away yesterday evening. It must have been someone or something that she had in her mind. But of course it might just mean - well, of course it might just mean Truth. That's what verity means, doesn't it?

She looked from Clotilde to Lavinia to Anthea.

'It was the Christian name of a girl we knew,' said Lavinia Gynne. 'That is why it startled us.'

'Especially because of the awful way she died,' said Anthea. Clotilde said in her deep voice, 'Anthea! there's no need to go into these details.'

'But after all, everyone knows quite well about her,' said Anthea. She looked towards Miss Marple. 'I thought perhaps you might have known about her because you knew Mr Rafiel, didn't you? Well, I mean, he wrote to us about you so you must have known him. And I thought perhaps - well, he'd mentioned the whole thing to you.'

'I'm so sorry,' said Miss Marple, 'I'm afraid I don't quite understand what you're talking about.'

'They found her body in a ditch,' said Anthea.

There was never any holding Anthea, Miss Marple thought, not once she got going. But she thought that Anthea's vociferous talk was putting additional strain on Clotilde. She had taken out a handkerchief now in a quiet, non-committal way. She brushed tears from her eyes and then sat upright, her back very straight, her eyes deep and tragic.

'Verity,' she said, 'was a girl we cared for very much. She lived here for a while. I was very fond of her -'

'And she was very fond of you,' said Lavinia.

'Her parents were friends of mine,' said Clotilde. 'They were killed in a plane accident.!

'She was at school at Fallowfield,' explained Lavinia. 'I suppose that was how Miss Temple came to remember her.' 'Oh I see,' said Miss Marple. 'Where Miss Temple was Headmistress, is that it? I have heard of Fallowfield often, of course. It's a very fine school, isn't it?'

'Yes,' said Clotilde. 'Verity was a pupil there. After her parents died she came to stay with us for a time while she could decide

what she wanted to do with her future. She was eighteen or nineteen. A very sweet girl and a very affectionate and loving one. She thought perhaps of training for nursing, but she had very good brains and Miss Temple was very insistent that she ought to go to university. So she was studying and having coaching for that when - when this terrible thing happened.' She turned her face away.

'I - do you mind if we don't talk about it any more just now?' 'Oh, of course not,' said Miss Marple. 'I'm so sorry to have impinged on some tragedy. I didn't know. I - I haven't heard ... I thought - well I mean...'. She became more and more incoherent.

That evening she heard a little more. Mrs Glynne came to her bedroom when she was changing her dress to go out and join the others at the hotel.

'I thought I ought to come and explain a little to you,' said Mrs Glynne, 'about - about the girl Verity Hunt. Of course you couldn't know that our sister Clotilde was particularly fond of her and that her really horrible death was a terrible shock. We never mention her if we can help it, but - I think it would be easier if I told you the facts completely and you will understand. Apparently Verity had, without our knowledge, made friends with an undesirable - a more than undesirable - it turned out to be a dangerous - young man who already had a criminal record. He came here to visit us when he was passing through once. We knew his father very well.' She paused. 'I think I'd better tell you the whole truth if you don't know, and you don't seem to. He was actually Mr Rafiel's son, Michael -<sup>3</sup>

'Oh dear,' said Miss Marple, 'not - not - I can't remember his name but I do remember hearing that there was a son - and, that he hadn't been very satisfactory.'

'A little more than that,' said Mrs Glynne. 'He'd always given trouble. He'd been had up in court once or twice for various things. Once assaulting a teenager - other things of that type. Of course I consider myself that the magistrates are too lenient with that kind of thing. They don't want to upset a young man's university career. And so they let them off with a - I forget what they call it - a suspended sentence, something of that kind. If these boys were sent to gaol at once it would perhaps warn them off that type of life. He was a thief, too. He had forged cheques, he pinched things. He was a thoroughly bad lot. We were friends of his mother's. It was lucky for her, I think, that she died young before she had time to be upset by the way her son was turning out. Mr Rafiel did all he could, I think. Tried to find suitable jobs for the boy, paid fines for him and things like that. But I think it was a great blow to him, though he pretended to be more or less indifferent and to write it off as one of those things that happen. We had, as probably people here in the village will tell you, we had a bad outbreak of murders and violence in this district. Not

only here. They were in different parts of the country, twenty miles away, sometimes fifty miles away. One or two, it's suspected by the police, were nearly a hundred miles away. But they seemed to centre more or less on this part of the world. Anyway, Verity one day went out to visit a friend and - well, she didn't come back. We went to the police about it, the police sought for her, searched the whole countryside but they couldn't find any trace of her. We advertised, they advertised, and they suggested that she'd gone off with a boy-friend. Then word began to get round that she had been seen with Michael Rafiel. By now the police had their eye on Michael as a possibility for certain crimes that had occurred, although they couldn't find any direct evidence. Verity was said to have been seen, described by her clothing and other things, with a young man of Michael's appearance and in a car that corresponded to a description of his car. But there was no further evidence until her body was discovered six months later, thirty miles from here in a rather wild part of wooded country, in a ditch covered with stones and piled earth. Clotilde had to go to identify it - it was Verity all right. She'd been strangled and her head beaten in. Clotilde has never quite got over the shock. There were certain marks, a mole and an old scar and of course her clothes, and the contents of her handbag. Miss Temple was very fond of Verity. She must have thought of her just before she died.'

'I'm sorry,' said Miss Marple. 'I'm really very, very sorry. Please tell your sister that I didn't know. I had no idea.'

(Nemesis: 135—140)

### **Lampiran 13: Tuturan Pendeta Brabazon tentang kehidupan Verity Hunt**

'I have no reason not to tell you all I know,' said the Archdeacon slowly. 'You are asking me what Elizabeth Temple would have been asking me, you are asking me something I do not know myself. Those two young people, Miss Marple, intended to marry. They had made arrangements to marry. I was going to marry them. It was a marriage, I gather, which was being kept a secret. I knew both these young people, I knew that dear child Verity from a long way back. I prepared her for confirmation, I used to hold services in Lent, for Easter, on other occasions, in Elizabeth Temple's school. A very fine school it was, too. A very fine woman she was. A wonderful teacher with a great sense of each girl's capabilities - for what she was best fitted for in studies. She urged careers on girls she thought would relish careers, and did not force girls that she felt were not really suited to them. She was a great woman and a very dear friend. Verity was one of the most beautiful children - girls, rather - that I have come across. Beautiful in mind, in heart, as well as in appearance. She had the great misfortune to lose her parents before she was truly adult. They were both killed in a charter plane going on a holiday to Italy. Verity went to live when she left school with a Miss Clotilde Bradbury-Scott whom you know, probably, as living here. She had been a close friend of Verity's mother. There are three sisters, though the second one was married and living abroad, so there were only two of them living here. Clotilde, the eldest one, became extremely attached to Verity. She did everything possible to give her a happy life. She took her abroad once or twice, gave her art lessons in Italy and loved and cared for her dearly in every way. Verity, too, came to love her probably as much as she could have loved her own mother. She depended on Clotilde. Clotilde herself was an intellectual and well educated woman. She did not urge a university career on Verity, but this I gather was really because Verity did not really yearn after one. She preferred to study art and music and such subjects. She lived here at The Old Manor House and had, I think, a very happy life. She always seemed to be happy. Naturally, I did not see her after she came here since Fillminster, where I was in the cathedral, is nearly sixty miles from here. I wrote to her at Christmas and other festivals, and she remembered me always with a Christmas card. But I saw nothing of her until the day came when she suddenly turned up, a very beautiful and fully grown young woman by then, with an attractive young man whom I also happened to know slightly, Mr Rafiel's son, Michael. They came to me because they were in love

with each other and wanted to get married.' 'And you agreed to marry them?'

'Yes, I did. Perhaps, Miss Marple, you may think that I should not have done so. They had come to me in secret, it was obvious. Clotilde Bradbury-Scott, I should imagine, had tried to discourage the romance between them. She was well within her rights in doing so. Michael Rafiel, I will tell you frankly, was not the kind of husband you would want for any daughter or relation of yours. She was too young really, to make up her mind, and Michael had been a source of trouble ever since his very young days. He had been had up before junior courts, he had had unsuitable friends, he had been drawn into various gangster activities, he'd sabotaged buildings and telephone boxes. He had been on intimate terms with various girls, had maintenance claims which he had had to meet. Yes, he was a bad lot with the girls as well as in other ways, yet he was extremely attractive and they fell for him and behaved in an extremely silly fashion. He had served two short jail sentences. Frankly, he had a criminal record. I was acquainted with his father, though I did not know him well, and I think that his father did all that he could - all that a man of his character could - to help his son. He came to his rescue, he got him jobs in which he might have succeeded. He paid up his debts, paid out damages. He did all this. I don't know -?'

'No,' said the Archdeacon, 'I've come to an age now when I know that one must accept one's fellow human beings as being the kind of people and having the kind of, shall we say in modern terms, genetic make-up *which* gives them the characters they have. I don't think that Mr Rafiel had affection for his son, a great affection at any time. To say he was reasonably fond of him would be the most you could say. He gave him no love. Whether it would have been better for Michael if he had had love from his father, I do not know. Perhaps it would have made no difference. As it was, it was sad. The boy was not stupid. He had a certain amount of intellect and talent. He could have done well if he had wished to do well, and had taken the trouble. But he was by nature - let us admit it frankly - a delinquent. He had certain qualities one appreciated. He had a sense of humour, he was in various ways generous and kindly. He would stand by a friend, help a friend out of a scrape. He treated his girl-friends badly, got them into trouble as the local saying is, and then more or less abandoned them and took up with somebody else. So there I was faced with those two and - yes - I agreed to marry them. I told Verity, I told her quite frankly, the kind of boy she wanted to marry. I found that he had not tried to deceive her in any way. He'd told her that he'd always been in trouble both with the police, and in every other way. He told her that he was going, when he married her, to turn over a new leaf. Everything would be changed. I warned her that that would not happen, he would



not change. People do not change. He might *mean* to change. Verity, I think, knew that almost as well as I did. She admitted that she knew it. She said, "I know what Mike is like. I know he'll probably always be like it, but I love him. I may be able to help him and I may not. But I'll take that risk." And I **will tell** you this, Miss Marple. I know - none better, I have done a lot with young people, I have married a lot of young people and I have seen them come to grief, I have seen them unexpectedly turn out well - but I know this and recognize it. I know when a couple are really in love with each other. And by that I do not mean just sexually attracted. There is too much talk about sex, too much attention is paid to it. I do not mean that anything about sex is wrong. That is nonsense. But sex cannot take the place of love, it goes with love but it cannot succeed by itself. To love means the words of the marriage service. For better, for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health. That is what you take on if you love and wish to marry. Those two loved each other. To love and to cherish until death do us part. And that,' said the Archdeacon, 'is where my story ends. I cannot go on because I **do not know what happened**. I only know that I agreed to do as they asked, that I made the necessary arrangements; we settled a day, an hour, a time, a place. I think perhaps that I was to blame for agreeing to the secrecy.'

'They didn't want anyone to know?' said Miss Marple. 'No. Verity did not want anyone to know, and I should say most certainly Mike did not want anyone to know. They were afraid of being stopped. To Verity, I think, besides love, there was also a feeling of escape. Natural, I think, owing to the circumstances of her life. She had lost her real guardians, her parents, she had entered on her new life after their death, at an age when a school girl arrives at having a "crush" on someone. An attractive mistress. Anything from the games mistress to the mathematics mistress, or a prefect or an older girl. A state that does not last for very long, is merely a natural part of life. Then from that you go on to the next stage when you realize that what you want in your life is what complements yourself. A relationship between a man and a woman. You start then to look about you for a mate. The mate you want in life. And if you are wise, you take your time, you have friends, but you are looking, as the old nurses used to say to children, for Mr Right to come along. Clotilde Bradbury-Scott was exceptionally good to Verity, and Verity, I think, gave her what I should call hero-worship. She was a personality as a woman. Handsome, accomplished, interesting. I think Verity adored her in an almost romantic way and I think Clotilde came to love Verity as though she were her own daughter. And so Verity grew to maturity in an atmosphere of adoration, lived an interesting life with interesting subjects to stimulate her intellect. It was a happy life, but I think little by

little she was conscious - conscious without knowing she was conscious, shall we say - of a wish to escape. Escape from being loved. To escape, she didn't know into what or *where*. But she did know after she met Michael. She wanted to escape to a life where male and female come together to create the next stage of living in this world.

But she knew that it was impossible to make Clotilde understand how she felt. She knew that Clotilde would be bitterly opposed to her taking her love for Michael seriously. And Clotilde, I fear, was right in her belief... I know that now. He was not a husband that Verity ought to have taken or had. The road that she started out on led not to life, not to increased living and happiness. It led to shock, pain, death. You see, Miss Marple, that I have a grave feeling of guilt. My motives were good, but I didn't know what I ought to have known. I knew Verity, but I ***didn't know Michael***. I understood Verity's wish for secrecy because I knew what a strong personality Clotilde Bradbury-Scott had. She might have had a strong enough influence over Verity to persuade her to give up the marriage.'

'You think then that that was what she did do? You think Clotilde told her enough about Michael to persuade her to give up the idea of marrying him?'

'No, *I do not* believe that. I still do not. Verity would have told me if so. She would have got word to me.'

'What did actually happen on that day?'

'I haven't told you that yet. The day was fixed. The time, the hour and the place, and I waited. Waited for a bride and bridegroom who didn't come, who sent no word, no excuse, *nothing*. I didn't know why! I never ***have*** known why. It still seems to me unbelievable. Unbelievable, I mean, not that they did not come, that could be explicable easily enough, but that they sent no word. Some scrawled line of writing. And that is why I wondered and hoped that Elizabeth Temple, before she died, might have told you something. Given e'lu some message perhaps for me. If she knew or had any idea that she was dying, she might have wanted to get a message to me.'

(Nemesis: 164—168)