

**APPENDIX 1**  
**LIST OF DATA**

<b>Number</b>	<b>Form of Imageries</b>	<b>Type of Imageries</b>
1	Her sweet, chubby face and tiny pink feet enchanted me. I was infatuated beyond comprehension by her soft black hair and puffy eyes, her sweet knees and plump belly, and her miniature little fingertips and nails (MacLean, 2011 : 7).	Visual Imagery and Tactile Imagery
2	My heart swelled with inexpressible love every time she squeaked or flexed her hands (MacLean, 2011 : 7).	Organic Imagery
3	Her skin was pale and she slumped in front of the television without ever smiling (MacLean, 2011 : 11)	Visual Imagery
4	A few times I smelled whisky on his breath (MacLean, 2011 : 14).	Olfactory Imagery
5	Rain was coming down in buckets outside, and the sky was the color of ash (MacLean, 2011 : 14).	Visual Imagery
6	I was standing in front of the window in the hospital playroom, staring out at the water pelting the glass (MacLean, 2011 : 14).	Visual Imagery
7	I would look up at the sky and watch the clouds shift and roll across the vibrant expanse of blue (MacLean, 2011 : 16).	Visual Imagery
8	I stroked her smooth, warm head while she slept (MacLean, 2011 : 25).	Tactile Imagery
9	I was flooded with despair (MacLean, 2011 : 29).	Organic Imagery
10	I felt no peace (MacLean, 2011 : 29).	Organic Imagery
11	Other times she brought homemade cookies, still warm from her oven (MacLean, 2011 : 31).	Tactile Imagery
12	She would place her tiny, warm hand on my cheek (MacLean, 2011 : 32).	Visual Imagery

		and Tactile Imagery
13	He gazed all around at the evidence of her life—the white dresser with her jewelry box on top, the bunny posters on the wall, and the basket piled high with stuffed animals (MacLean, 2011 : 33).	Visual Imagery
14	I felt like I was standing in a teetering rowboat, struggling to keep my balance while the waves splashed against my hull (MacLean, 2011 : 34).	Organic Imagery
15	There was only white noise in my ears, and the thunderous sound of my heartbeat (MacLean, 2011 : 41).	Auditory Imagery
16	The engine was still running. Other sounds emerged. Music blasted from the radio—an old favorite song of mine from the 80’s, The Killing Time, which was ironic (MacLean, 2011 : 41).	Auditory Imagery
17	The crack of the whip was the sound of the ice breaking. Creak... Groan... (MacLean, 2011 : 42).	Auditory Imagery
18	Exhausted and disheartened, I had no more fight left in me (MacLean, 2011 : 42).	Organic Imagery
19	I decided to stay, because I just couldn’t bring myself to leave my body alone, in the cold, dark water (MacLean, 2011 : 43).	Tactile Imagery and Visual Imagery
20	My skin was ashen and my lips were blue (MacLean, 2011 : 44).	Visual Imagery
21	The noise of the siren was startling (MacLean, 2011 : 44).	Auditory Imagery
22	The ambulance doors flew open (MacLean, 2011 : 44).	Kinesthetic Imagery
23	The air was misty, the sky overcast. I passed through the hospital’s sliding glass doors, crossed to the parking lot, and looked up at the clouds, which were hanging very low (MacLean, 2011 : 47).	Visual Imagery and Kinesthetic Imagery
24	An ambulance siren wailed somewhere nearby. It	Auditory

	rang in my ears (MacLean, 2011 : 47).	Imagery
25	A blue sedan approached me (MacLean, 2011 : 47).	Visual Imagery
26	The morning broke in a menacing shade of grey, and the heavy scent of spring rain hung thickly in the air (MacLean, 2011 : 49).	Visual Imagery and Olfactory Imagery
27	A motorcycle roared by, causing me to lift my gaze. Its engine sputtered foul-smelling black smoke. (MacLean, 2011 : 49).	Auditory Imagery and Olfactory Imagery
28	I approached the house where I grew up—the white Victorian mansion that stood on a cliff overlooking the sea (MacLean, 2011 : 50).	Visual Imagery
29	I listened to the thunder of the waves crashing onto the cliff face below (MacLean, 2011 : 50).	Auditory Imagery
30	Wearing that old familiar pink bathrobe with the little pompoms on the belt. I remembered it well. Her blonde hair had gone grey, but her eyes were still the same (MacLean, 2011 : 51).	Visual Imagery
31	I glanced uneasily at the familiar floral wallpaper in the front hall, the mirrored bench with the tarnished coat hooks, and the ornately carved oak banister on the wide staircase to the left (MacLean, 2011 : 52).	Visual Imagery
32	The house was quiet. There was no radio or TV blaring anywhere, only the sound of the sea, drifting in through an open window in the parlor (MacLean, 2011 : 52).	Auditory Imagery
33	Outside, the ocean continued to hiss and roar as the waves crashed against the rocks (MacLean, 2011 : 53).	Auditory Imagery
34	Ignoring the sound of dishes clattering in the sink (MacLean, 2011 : 57).	Auditory Imagery
35	It squeaked before snapping shut behind him (MacLean, 2011 : 57).	Auditory Imagery
36	The old rope creaked along the tree bark on the	Auditory

	overhead branch as he spun me in dizzying circles (MacLean, 2011 : 57).	Imagery
37	I could still see the yellow flecks in his brown eyes (MacLean, 2011 : 58).	Visual Imagery
38	His hands were warm on my knees (MacLean, 2011 : 58).	Tactile Imagery
39	His eyes were different from Peter's. They were a deep, cobalt blue—the color of an October sky (MacLean, 2011 : 58).	Visual Imagery
40	The leaves trembled and quivered (MacLean, 2011 : 58).	Kinesthetic Imagery
41	Crossed to the open window to inhale the fresh, salty scent of the sea air (MacLean, 2011 : 60).	Olfactory Imagery
42	Far in the distance, the sun dipped into the water and seemed to boil the waves on the horizon. I watched a sailboat cruise across the bay (MacLean, 2011 : 60).	Visual Imagery
43	A soft breeze blew in off the bay (MacLean, 2011 : 60).	Tactile Imagery
44	The waves were slow and lazy, foaming like soapsuds as they spread across the dark sand beach, then retreated (MacLean, 2011 : 60).	Visual Imagery
45	I shut my eyes and inhaled deeply the familiar coastal smells that were such a part of my life—the salt and seaweed, the wet rocks and all the little washed up snails and jellyfish. (MacLean, 2011 : 60).	Olfactory Imagery
46	A seagull soared freely over the water and cried to another. A rogue wave splashed onto the rocks (MacLean, 2011 : 62).	Auditory Imagery
47	The screen door snapped shut behind him (MacLean, 2011 : 64).	Kinesthetic Imagery
48	A dog barked down the street (MacLean, 2011 : 64).	Auditory Imagery
49	His hand was warm (MacLean, 2011 : 65).	Tactile Imagery
50	Watching the white cottony clouds drift slowly across the sky (MacLean, 2011 : 67).	Visual Imagery

51	I watched a tiny cloud shift and roll toward the sun (MacLean, 2011 : 67).	Visual Imagery and Kinesthetic Imagery
52	I listened to the ducks quacking, the fish splashing (MacLean, 2011 : 69).	Auditory Imagery
53	Only the sounds of twigs snapping under our feet and the occasional squirrel chattering from the treetops interrupted the dense quiet (MacLean, 2011 : 69).	Auditory Imagery
54	The folding bus door creaked open (MacLean, 2011 : 72).	Auditory Imagery
55	The band on the stage played “Blue on Blue,” and all the musicians wore black ties and clean white dinner jackets (MacLean, 2011 : 74).	Auditory Imagery
56	I placed my hand on Peter’s shoulder and felt the moist heat of his body (MacLean, 2011 : 74).	Tactile Imagery
57	We tipped our heads back to look up at the stars and listened to the crickets chirping nearby. Farther away, the mournful sound of the sea filled my head with desire (MacLean, 2011 : 74).	Visual Imagery and Auditory Imagery
58	The fog had lifted. The sky was growing brighter now (MacLean, 2011 : 80).	Visual Imagery
59	I could hear my squeaky wheels and the chain that needed grease (MacLean, 2011 : 80).	Auditory Imagery
60	Then breathed deeply the distinctive aromas of spring: the damp soil, recently thawed, and the mild, fresh air, wet and dewy after the rain (MacLean, 2011 : 81).	Olfactory Imagery
61	I kept glancing toward the window, where shiny raindrops pelted against the glass and streamed down in clear, quivering rivulets onto the stone sill (MacLean, 2011 : 87).	Visual Imagery
62	A wild wind outside was whipping the leaves off the trees and rattling the windowpanes (MacLean, 2011 : 87).	Kinesthetic Imagery

63	The leather of his jacket creaked like an old ship under my hands (MacLean, 2011 : 90).	Auditory Imagery
64	He smelled of musk and rain (MacLean, 2011 : 90).	Olfactory Imagery
65	The rain pounded on the roof of the car, while the wipers squeaked intermittently across the glass (MacLean, 2011 : 95).	Auditory Imagery
66	My gaze was transfixed by Matt’s hands on the wheel. They were thick, strong, callused hands—the hands of a builder—and yet I remembered so clearly how they had once held a pen (MacLean, 2011 : 95).	Visual Imagery
67	Soon we were out of the car and splashing through puddles again (MacLean, 2011 : 95).	Kinesthetic Imagery
68	The door swung shut behind us. (MacLean, 2011 : 95).	Kinesthetic Imagery
69	Inside, it was warm and dry and smelled like stale beer. (MacLean, 2011 : 95).	Olfactory Imagery
70	I felt that old spark of excitement that came from not knowing what he was going to say or do next (MacLean, 2011 : 96).	Organic Imagery
71	There was a clatter of cutlery and plates as the waitress cleared a table on the other side of the pub (MacLean, 2011 : 99).	Auditory Imagery
72	I closed my eyes and listened to the sound of the record flipping over and the needle touching the shiny black vinyl. “Smoke Gets in Your Eyes” began to play. (MacLean, 2011 : 100).	Auditory Imagery
73	The texture of his soft leather jacket where my hand rested on his shoulder (MacLean, 2011 : 100).	Tactile Imagery
74	Streetlamps cast white reflections in the shiny dark Puddles (MacLean, 2011 : 101).	Visual Imagery
75	The tires crunched over the gravel (MacLean, 2011 : 103).	Auditory Imagery
76	Crickets and frogs chirped in the wet ditch (MacLean, 2011 : 103).	Auditory Imagery
77	A car sped by. Its noisy engine overpowered the crickets, then the red tail lights disappeared around	Auditory Imagery

	the bend and it was quiet again. (MacLean, 2011 : 104).	
78	I felt dizzy, as if I were floating up the crest of a wave and plunging down into the trough. (MacLean, 2011 : 104).	Organic Imagery
79	Birds chirped in the treetops (MacLean, 2011 : 111).	Auditory Imagery
80	I looked around the cockpit at the shiny brass steering wheel and all the freshly varnished maple. My gaze traveled up the tall wooden mast. Seagulls circled overhead against the blue sky, coasting on the wind, calling out to each other (MacLean, 2011 : 112).	Visual Imagery
81	A ship's bell rang somewhere nearby (MacLean, 2011 : 90).	Auditory Imagery
82	Which was paneled in maple and smelled of lemon oil. (MacLean, 2011 : 112).	Auditory Imagery
83	The boat moved upon the waves slapping against the dock (MacLean, 2011 : 113).	Kinesthetic Imagery
84	The wind snapped the canvas like a flag as it lifted (MacLean, 2011 : 113).	Kinesthetic Imagery
85	Hopping down into the cockpit to stand beside him. (MacLean, 2011 : 114).	Kinesthetic Imagery
86	I breathed in the salty, fresh fragrance of the sea, listened to the sound of the seabirds screeching overhead (MacLean, 2011 : 114).	Olfactory Imagery and Auditory Imagery
87	I felt exhilarated, euphoric (MacLean, 2011 : 114).	Organic Imagery
88	The boat was leaning over, skimming across the clear water like a speed skater (MacLean, 2011 : 115).	Kinesthetic Imagery
89	That's how I feel right now—surrounded by water and sky, breathing in the fresh, salty air (MacLean, 2011 : 115).	Organic Imagery
90	He looked up at the large, white mainsail, straining against the wind (MacLean, 2011 : 116).	Visual Imagery

91	I looked up, too—at a fluffy white cloud, drifting slowly by, over the tip of the mast (MacLean, 2011 : 117).	Visual Imagery
92	The waves lapped up against the hull, and the seagulls circled over the boat (MacLean, 2011 : 118).	Kinesthetic Imagery
93	I felt it like an electric jolt through my body (MacLean, 2011 : 119).	Organic Imagery
94	A single oak leaf floated down through the air like a feather onto the windshield. (MacLean, 2011 : 122).	Kinesthetic Imagery
95	I looked up at the dark, star-speckled sky (MacLean, 2011 : 124).	Visual Imagery
96	A breeze whispered through the branches above us (MacLean, 2011 : 125).	Auditory Imagery
97	The rain began to fall in a fine, silvery mist, cold upon my skin (MacLean, 2011 : 125).	Tactile Imagery
98	I wanted to shout into the phone, reach through the wires and shake him (MacLean, 2011 : 131).	Organic Imagery
99	An owl hooted somewhere nearby (MacLean, 2011 : 135).	Auditory Imagery
100	I flipped through the pages of a magazine (MacLean, 2011 : 144).	Kinesthetic Imagery
101	I knocked on Matt’s open door (MacLean, 2011 : 146).	Kinesthetic Imagery
102	A janitor came around the corner, pushing a broom back and forth across the wide corridor (MacLean, 2011 : 152).	Kinesthetic Imagery
103	Swirled the amber liquid around (MacLean, 2011 : 155).	Kinesthetic Imagery
104	Feeling a sudden jolt of anger in my chest (MacLean, 2011 : 156).	Organic Imagery
105	I heard a creak on the stairs and felt a terrible compulsion to weep (MacLean, 2011 : 157).	Auditory Imagery
106	We were strolling on a sandy beach, marveling at the thunder of the surf and the cries of the seabirds overhead (MacLean, 2011 : 160).	Visual Imagery and Auditory



		Imagery
107	I glanced up at two IV bags—one was clear and one was yellow—each dripping fluid into a tube that fed into my arm. (MacLean, 2011 : 162).	Visual Imagery and Kinesthetic Imagery
108	A shiver of happiness rippled up my spine (MacLean, 2011 : 166).	Organic Imagery
109	My attention floated to all the flower arrangements on the windowsill, and those on the far table (MacLean, 2011 : 168).	Visual Imagery
110	I felt a tingling heat spread to my cheeks (MacLean, 2011 : 169).	Organic Imagery
111	My heart skipped a beat at the sight of him (MacLean, 2011 : 170).	Organic Imagery
112	I felt a wave of emotion rise up inside me, and my heart beat fast with anticipation (MacLean, 2011 : 170).	Organic Imagery
113	Tossing the covers aside, I leaped out of bed (MacLean, 2011 : 175).	Kinesthetic Imagery
114	The attic smelled musty and old (MacLean, 2011 : 176).	Olfactory Imagery
115	I looked into the deep green of his eyes (MacLean, 2011 : 181).	Visual Imagery
116	I smelled something strange and disgusting. Something I didn't recognize. I couldn't quite describe it, but it was a nauseating combination of aromas: a teenager's stinky socks, and warm, rotting meat (MacLean, 2011 : 183).	Olfactory Imagery

## APPENDIX 2

### AUTHOR'S BIOGRAPHY

Julianne MacLean is a Canadian romance novelist who specializes in historical romance. She used to live in Nova Scotia, however since she enjoys traveling, she has also lived in New Zealand, Canada, and England. MacLean currently lives in a lakeside home on Canada's east coast with her husband and daughter. In 1987, MacLean received a bachelor's degree in English literature from the University of King's College in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and then returned to school to study accounting, she graduated in 1992 with a degree in Business Administration with a major in Accounting from Acadia University in Wolfville, Nova Scotia. After that, she worked in the Auditor General's Office before leaving to focus on her romance novels. *Prairie Bride*, her first novel, was published by Harlequin in 1999. Her novel *Love According to Lily* won the Romantic Times Reviewers' Choice Award for Best Regency-Set Historical Romance in 2005. Now Julianne MacLean is a USA Today bestselling author of over thirty novels, including *The Color of Heaven* Series for women's fiction. MacLean is a four-time RITA finalist who has won numerous awards, including the Booksellers' Best Award and a Romantic Times Reviewers' Choice Award. Her books have sold millions of copies worldwide and have been translated into several languages. Her books have been described as "breathtaking," "melodic," and "inspiring" by readers.

### APPENDIX 3

#### SUMMARY OF THE NOVEL

Julianne MacLean's *The Color of Heaven* tells about Sophie Duncan's life. At first, Sophie's childhood is a happy life by living with her parents and her little sister. Until one day her mother suddenly leaves her and her family without any words and never comes back. After that, she never talks to her father, Peter, and is not in a good relationship with him. When Sophie grows up her life changes after marrying her dream husband, she has a happy marriage life and a good career. Then their happiness is added to the presence of their beautiful daughter. But that only lasts for a while. Her life turns upside down as suddenly her daughter has an unexpected illness which not long after it died and her husband has a shocking affair which leads them to get a divorce. Sophie's life becomes miserable and she has no direction. One day her car slips off an icy road and plunges into a frozen lake, she is dying until her soul is left from her body. This accident leads her to find her mother, Cora and she wants to ask why her mother left. Sophie goes back to Cora's old house and finds her. But instead of immediately answering Sophie's question, Cora says that she must tell from the start that is the story of her mother's young life. The story is about when Cora is still a little, she has two best friends, Peter and Matt. Their friendships are very fine, one day Matt moves to another town and it makes her sad. Peter and Cora keep being best friends and play together without Matt. After some time in teenage life, they fall in love and date. Everything is fine until suddenly Matt comes to Cora's dorm. Actually, when they are little Cora ever likes Matt and so does Matt. This time she falls in love with him again and at the same time she finds out that Matt is very ill. She decides to leave Peter and accompanies Matt. Unfortunately, Matt is dead in the middle of surgery and shortly Cora finds out that she is pregnant with Matt's baby. In this case, Peter decides to marry Cora. So, it turns out that Peter is not Sophie's father but Matt is. Sophie's mother's reason for leaving her and her family without any words and never coming back because she was dead in a plane crash on the way to visit Matt's grave, which is the thing that she always does every year. After all of this has happened to Sophie, she finally learns many things about life.