

APPENDIX I

SUMMARY OF THE NOVEL

Five Feet Apart consist of 30 chapters. This novels tells about the love story about the two younger people in eighteen years old, that is Stella and Will who has consumption. The Stella and Will encounter many obstacles, one of the rules to keep one and a half meters from each other. This is because Will has B. Cepacia, that is a bacteria that attacks his lungs until he has difficulty breathing. The bacteria in Will's lungs can spread through saliva when Will talks or sneezes, while Stella has cystic fibrosis, which is similar to that of Will, which is lung disease. Besides telling the love story of a young couple, it also describes the struggle of people with lung disease. It tells about the problems of teens among persons, both internal issues and external issues.

The story starts from Stella's point of view, from her hospital bedroom. Stella has just finished her regular daily treatment, after which she headed to NICU's room to see the newly treated infants, this is one of the entertainment she has at the hospital. Then she meets Will at Will's bedroom door from Stella's bedroom. When Stella's early meeting, she very disgusting with Will because he lent his room for two friends for dating. It turns out, Will interested to Stella at first sight. So he followed Stella to NICU's room, when they arrived in NICU, they are talking to each other until Barb finally came and scolded Will because does not using the mask. Barb is a nurse in charge of Will and Stella. Finally, Barb told Will to go back to his room, so Will exited the NICU suite and headed for the corridor of his room. In the NICU room, Will heard Barb calling Stella, and that's how Will knew Stella's name. Arriving in the corridor, Will met Julie standing in the nurse's booth, a nurse who helping Barb to care for them. Julie warning Will to do not expect too much to get's Stella. Besides, Stella has to go back to her room with the Barb.

Stella had a very strict and highly disciplined attitude. Unlike Will, who's so irresponsible and undisciplined. One day, Stella saw Will being at the edge of the rooftop wall. Stella thought that Will would commit suicide, so she quickly ran to follow Will who has escaped from his bedroom and made his way to the rooftop hospital. When Stella arrived at the rooftop hospital, Stella begged Will to stay away from rooftop, but he refused. So Stella and Will were in agreement to keep away Will from the rooftop. The agreement said that Stella should to be the model for Will's picture, while Will had to be treated as Stella ordered. The next day, Stella began to compile Will's every treatment schedule and to tidy up all the medicines in Will's room.

As time went by, they took medication together, do to sport together, and often spent time together. Slowly Stella's feelings began to grow for Will. Their relationship is met with great opposition from all sides, especially Barb, Julie, and Dr. Hamid who treated them during the hospital. So they hide during their dates, had to keep a track of *Five Feet Apart*, wearing masks and gloves.

Long story short, Stella and Will relationship doesn't work out so well, they parted from each other. Stella found a lung donor, and Will decided to stop searching

for a treatment that would cure his illness. Will decided to leave Stella right after Stella finished performing a lung transplant operation. Eight months later, Stella and Will meets again at the airport with healthy Stella and Will still carrying oxygen on his shoulder. That's the end of the story *Five Feet Apart* novel by Rachael Lippincott, Mikki Daughtry, and Tobias Lanconis (2018).

LIST OF THE DATA

Main event	Sub events	Page
1. Point of view by young people	a. “I trace the outline of my sister’s drawing, lungs molded from a sea of flowers.”	1
	b. ““All right, I’ll see you guys later,” I say, winking at Jason and closing the door to my room to give them some privacy.”	15
2. Ages of characters	a. “In two weeks I’ll be Eighteen years old...”	33
	b. “They got deported back to Colombia. But I was born here and they didn’t want to take me away from my doctors. I’m a ‘ward of the state’ until I’m eighteen.”	82
	c. “Deductible. Meds. Hospital stays. Surgeries. When I turn eighteen, no more full coverage.”	104
	d. “Hold up. Your birthday is in two days?” I smile at her, but she doesn’t smile back. “Yep! Lucky number eighteen.”	114
	e. “Michael liked skateboarding and had a super-popular food blog that Poe had followed religiously for three years before they met. He was different from the other people Poe had dated. Older, somehow, even though he had just turned eighteen.	27
	f. “Here I am, counting down to eighteen, while Poe is trying to slow time down, wishing for more of it.”	82
	g. “I keep counting down to eighteen, to being an adult, holding the reins. Maybe it’s time I actually acted like it. Maybe it’s time I took care of myself.”	92
	h. “Not again. I’m not leaving again. I stand up, cutting her off. “Enough! It’s over, Mom. I’m eighteen now, remember? I’m not going to any more hospitals.”	123
3. Multidimensional character	a. “She’s prettier close up, with her long eyelashes and her full eyebrows. She even makes a face mask look good. I watch as she brushes her wavy, sandy-brown hair out of	16

	her eyes, staring at the baby through the glass with a determined focus.”	
	b. “Your eyes are hazel,” he says, pointing at the sunlight trickling in through the glass all around me. “I didn’t know that until I saw them in the sunlight. I thought they were brown.”	91
	c. “Watch him, his deep-blue eyes focused on the paper, his dark eyebrows furrowing as he concentrates.”	64
	d. “A tall boy with wavy hair is facing a short girl, black crayon labeling them as Will and Stella.”	106
	e. “But before I can open the double doors, a room door swings open next to me, and I turn my head in surprise to see the profile of a tall, thin boy I’ve never seen before.”	13
	f. “His tousled, dark-chocolate-brown hair is perfectly unruly, like he just popped out of a Teen Vogue and landed smack in the middle of Saint Grace’s Hospital.”	13
	g. “The door slowly opens, and a tall, thin person ducks inside. He’s wearing the same green surgeon scrubs, face mask, and blue gloves that the pre-op nurses wear, but his wavy brown hair is peeking out from under a clear surgical cap.”	87
	h. “I press accept and Poe’s face slowly comes into view, his thick black eyebrows hanging over familiar warm brown eyes. He’s gotten a haircut since the last time I saw him. Shorter. Cleaner.”	26
	i. “When it comes to Barb, not much has changed in the past six months, or the past ten years for that matter; she’s still the best. The same short, curly hair. The same colorful scrubs.”	8
	j. “She looks thinner than I do.”	62
	k. “She looks like an older Stella. The same full lips, the same thick eyebrows, the same expressive eyes.”	91
	l. “Camila pulls away to look at me, pouting, her dark-brown hair practically drooping along with her.”	2
	m. “her cheeks a bright, exhilarated pink.”	32

	n. “Mya lunges to stick her face over Camila’s shoulder, her curly hair bouncing into the frame. She’s”	41
	o. “Dr. Hamid frowns as I lift up my shirt, her dark eyebrows knitting together as she looks at the infected skin around my G-tube.”	61
	p. “her hair in a messy ponytail, dark circles hanging heavily under her eyes.”	62
	q. “Your eyes are hazel,” he says,	66
	r. “My eyes travel down the long to-do list I made for myself this morning, starting with “#1: Plan to-do list,” which I’ve already put a satisfying line through, and going all the way down to “#22: Contemplate the afterlife.”	2
	s. “Number 22 was probably just a little ambitious for a Friday afternoon, but at least for now I can cross off number 17, “Decorate walls.”	2
	t. “I reach for my pocket notebook to read the next thing on my to-do list and keep myself preoccupied—“#18: Record a video.”	5
	u. “But the list is the list, so, exhaling, I reach over to my bedside table to get my laptop, sitting cross-legged on the new floral comforter I picked out yesterday at Target while Camila and Mya were buying clothes for Cabo.”	6
	v. “put a bigger glob of the ointment on it, hoping that will clear it up, and add a note to my to-do list to monitor it, before scrolling through my notifications.”	24
	w. “What’s that?” he asks, pointing to the notebook with his pencil. “My to-do list,” I explain, crossing off number 12, “Work out,” and heading to the very bottom of my list to write “Will drawing.”	64
	x. “I have . . . control issues. I need to know that things are in order.”	46
	y. “I know I shouldn’t be excited, but I unhook the AffloVest anyway, jumping up to grab it off the floor. Ripping the envelope open, I pull out a carefully folded piece of paper, opening it all the way up to reveal a cartoon drawing done entirely in crayon.”	106

	z. “A tall boy with wavy hair is facing a short girl, black crayon labeling them as Will and Stella. I smile as I notice the tiny pink hearts floating above their heads, chuckling at the giant arrow in between reading “FIVE FEET AT ALL TIMES” in big, bright-red letters.”	107
	aa. “It’s a cartoon but it’s definitely Stella. She’s in a white doctor’s coat, a stethoscope slung around her neck, her small cartoon hands resting angrily on her hips. Squinting at the drawing, I realize it’s missing something.”	70
	bb. “They’re subversive, you know? They can look light and fun on the outside, but they have punch.” I could talk about this all day. If there’s anything I’m passionate about, this would be it. I hold up a book that’s on my nightstand that has some of the best of the New York Times political cartoons. “Politics, religion, society. I think a well-drawn cartoon can say more than words ever could, you know? It could change minds.”	70
	cc. “She shakes her head at me, knowing I’ve been confined to the third floor since I fell asleep by the vending machines over in Building 2 last week and caused a hospital-wide manhunt. I put my hands together, making a pleading motion and hoping the desperation pouring out of my soul will convince her otherwise.”	32
	dd. “No sign of Barb or my mom anymore, but Julie’s on the phone behind the desk, in between me and the exit door that will take me straight to the only stairwell in this building that leads to the roof. I close my door quietly, creeping down the hall. I try to duck down lower than the nurses’ station, but a six-foot dude attempting to stay low and sneak around is about as subtle as a blindfolded elephant. Julie looks up at me and I press my back up against the wall, pretending to camouflage myself. Her eyes narrow at me as she moves the phone away	32

	from her mouth. “Where do you think you’re going?”	
4. Consist of several genre and theme	a. “I know in that moment, even though it could not be more ridiculous, that if I die in there, I won’t die without falling in love.”	88
	b. “We smile at each other, and even though there are a million reasons why I shouldn’t, looking at her now, I can’t help feeling like I’m falling in love with her.”	188
	c. her.”	
	d. “But I look across the pond at Will again, the boy I love, who has B. cepacia and will never get the opportunity in front of me.”	146
	e. “I don’t want to lose Will, though,” I say, meaning it. “I love him, Dad.”	156
5. Inspire the readers to be successful and mature even the reality is cruel	a. “Aside from that, I can finally live my life how I want. And, for once, that includes fighting right alongside her.”	170
	b. “I take a deep breath at her words, my lungs effortlessly expanding and contracting. It’s still so wonderful, I can hardly believe it. These past eight months have been bittersweet, to say the least. My new lungs are amazing, the physical pain of the surgery gradually giving way to a whole new life.”	172
	c. “But even if I had the chance, dating is a risk that I can’t afford right now. I have to stay focused. Keep myself alive. Get my transplant. Reduce parental misery. It’s pretty much a full-time job. And definitely not a sexy one.”	27
6. Tells about the issues of physical and mental growth of young people.	a. “We’ve fought CF together for a freaking decade. Well, together from a safe distance, anyway. We can’t get too close to each other. For cystic fibrosis patients, cross infection from certain bacteria strains is a huge risk.”	10
	b. “So, Will. He’s a CFer, then?” I ask, though that’s obvious. Barb helps me clip the last strap into place. I pull at the shoulder of the vest so it doesn’t rub into my bony collarbone. “A CFer and then some. B. cepacia. He’s part	22

	of the new drug trial for Cevaflomalin.” She reaches over, flicking the machine on and giving me a look.”	
	c. “My lungs are toast. So I’m going to enjoy the view while I can.”	33
	d. ““Treatment crap’?” I ask, taking two steps toward him. Six feet apart. The limit. “That treatment crap is what keeps us alive.” He snorts, rolling his eyes. “That treatment crap is what stops us from being down there and actually living.”	39
	e. “Dr. Hamid takes a deep breath, shaking her head. “The bacteria in Will’s lungs are deeply colonized. Antibiotic penetration into lung tissue requires time for any drug.” She points at my daily IV of Cevaflomalin. “This drug is no different.”	123
	f. “I should have been with her, Poe, I choke out, wiping my eyes with the back of my hand. She was always there. To stand by me when I needed her. And I wasn’t there when she needed me most.”	77
	g. “Poe is missing out on love. Because he’s <i>afraid</i> . Afraid to go the distance. Afraid to fully let someone into all the crap we have to live with. I know what it’s like to have that fear. But that fear didn’t stop the scary shit from happening.”	98
7. Thrown out their parents	a. “I hope when my parents come to visit over the next few days, my breathing is a little less labored. I told them both that the other one was taking me to the hospital this morning, but I actually just took an Uber here from the corner a street over from my mom’s new place. I do not want either of them to have to face seeing me here again, at least until I’m looking better”	12
	b. “Because they’ve gone and messed up everything by getting divorced. And after losing each other, they won’t be able to handle losing me, too. I know it.”	5
	c. “What about your dad?” she finally asks, and I shrug.	114

	He cut and ran when I was little. Having a sick kid wasn't in his plan."	
	d. "And your mom?"... "Beautiful. Smart. Driven. And focused on me and me alone." She gives me a look that says this isn't going to cut it. "After he left, it's like she decided to care enough for two people. Sometimes I feel like she doesn't see me. Doesn't know me. She just sees the CF. Or now the B. cepacia."	114
8. Surrounded by many characters	a. "About 70 percent of the time, things are pretty normal for me. I go to school, I hang out with Camila and Mya, I work on my app."	2
	b. "There's a knock on my door, and it flies open not even a second later as Barb busts in holding an armful of pudding cups for me to take my medication with... But then an extremely pregnant Julie trails behind her, carrying an IV drip."	8
	c. "Poe was the first friend I made when I came to the hospital."	10
	d. "I hope when my parents come to visit over the next few days, my breathing is a little less labored."	12
	e. "The door bangs open and Barb busts through, making both of us jump in surprise at the sudden noise. "Will Newman! What are you doing up here? You're not supposed to leave the third floor after that stunt you pulled last week!"	18
	f. "It spits me out right by the nurses' station on my floor, where Julie is reading over some paperwork."	18
	g. "Hope and Jason, but also Stella's friends, Mya and Camila, just back from Cabo, sit at a completely set table covered in a hospital sheet"	128
	h. "I look from my dad to my mom, and then to Barb and Dr. Hamid. Willing them to understand."	160
	i. "I look around the room at the small army I've assembled. Barb, Julie, Jason, Hope, Mya, Camila, Stella's parents. It's the most ragtag crew I've ever seen..."	162

	j. “I watch my mother sleepily from the edge of my bed as she argues back and forth with Dr. Hamid.”	123
9. Character development	a. “I have to stay focused. Keep myself alive. Get my transplant. Reduce parental misery. It’s pretty much a full-time job. And definitely not a sexy one.”	27
	b. “If this is all we get, then let’s take it. I want to be fearless and free...It’s just life, Will. It’ll be over before we know it.”	142
	c. ““Treatment crap’?” I ask, taking two steps toward him. Six feet apart. The limit. “That treatment crap is what keeps us alive.”	39
	d. “On the afternoon of the second day, I start to put on my AffloVest, jumping in surprise when Barb busts through the door, ready for the usual four o’clock fight that we have over it.”	57
	e. “He thinks I’m <i>crushing</i> on Will. Crushing on the most sarcastic and annoying, not to mention infectious, boy I’ve ever met.”	54
	f. “But I look across the pond at Will again, the boy I love, who has B. cepacian and will never get the opportunity in front of me.”	146

APPENDIX II

BIOGRAPHY

Rachael Lippincott was born in Philadelphia and raised in Bucks Country, Pennsylvania. She holds a BA in English writing from the University of Pittsburgh. Rachael Lippincott is the coauthor of *All This Time*, #1 New York Times bestseller *Five Feet Apart*, and *She Gets the Girl* and the author of *The Lucky List*. She currently resides in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, splitting her time between writing and running a food truck with her partner.

A second writer is Mikki Daughtry from Atlanta, Georgia. She earned her degree in theatrical arts from Brenau University. One of the writers of the New York Times #1 bestsellers *Five Feet Apart* and *All This Time*, she is currently a screenwriter and novelist based in Los Angeles. When she's not writing, she enjoys reading classical Greek plays, listening to Doris Day on repeat, and watching old black-and-white films.

Tobias Laconis was born in Germany to an American father and a German mother. He studied English literature at Haverford Collage near Philadelphia and now works as a screenwriter in Los Angeles, whwere he lives with his wife and son.