

APPENDIX I

BIOGRAPHY OF ALEX MICHAELIDES

Alex Michaelides was born and raised in Cyprus in 1977. At the age of 18 he left Cyprus to pursue a higher education and got a Master of Art degree in English literature from Trinity College, Cambridge University. He continued his education and got another Master of Art degree in screenwriting from the American Film Institutes in Los Angeles. He now lives in London.

The silent patient was his debut novel released in 2019 which was nominated for New York Times best seller sitting at No.1 with over 6.5 million copies sold in over 49 countries. Alex dedicated his life to provide material and inspiration for the book by studying psychotherapy for three years and working at a secure unit for young adults for two years.

His second novel is *The Maidens* which was published on 2021 and was sitting at no.2 in New York Times for fiction best-seller. Alex also wrote the film *The Devil You Know*, starring Lena Olin, Rosamund Pike, and Jennifer Lawrence, and co-wrote *The Con Is On*, starring Uma Thurman, Tim Roth, Parker Posey, and Sofia Vergara.

APPENDIX II

SUMMARY OF THE SILENT PATIENT

Six years after the murder of Gabriel Berenson. A forensic psychotherapist Theo Faber introduces Alicia Berenson, a thirty-three years old painter who became silent after murdered her husband Gabriel Berenson, a forty-four years old fashion photographer. The authorities discovered a gruesome sight of Gabriel's face being shot five times and Alicia standing next to him with gun lying next to her and a bloodied wrist. Theo is quite obsessed with helping Alicia and uncover the mystery behind her silent. Theo applied for the job at the Grove in hope to get a position to work with Alicia. After introduced to the staff of the Grove, Theo gets to meet with Alicia in a meeting at the goldfish. He then asks for Professor Lazarus Diomedes's permission to treat Alicia.

In the first session of therapy with Alicia, Theo observed Alicia is quite heavily medicated therefore, he made a request to lower the dosage. In the second session, Alicia became more aware and decided to physically attack Theo after he triggered her. After this event, The Grove's manager, Stephanie Clarke, determine to cancel Theo's therapy sessions with Alicia but, professor Diomedes, the clinical director at The Grove, intervenes and decides to give Theo six weeks to treat Alicia. Determined to help Alicia, Theo starts to playing the role of detective by interviewing Alicia's family, neighbours, and friends.

While investigating Alicia's case, Theo also tells the stories of his personal life about how he met Kathrine, his wife and eventually discovering her affair with another man at one night. This betrayal is heartbreaking for Theo, and led him to have an episodes of panic attacks and anxiety that leads him to visit his old therapist Ruth that advised him to leave Kathrine to break the cycle of abandonment. Theo didn't listen and get consumed by jealousy, start invading her privacy by obsessively checking her emails, and stalking her as well as her lover to confirm his suspicions.

Back to the Grove, after providing Alicia with a personal room for her to paint, Theo finds out that Alicia had stabbed Elif's eye with her paintbrush. With much arguing the staff agreed to cancel Alicia's therapy session with Theo, place her under isolation, and resumed her medication. Theo wants to pay Alicia a last visit and to his surprised, Alicia gave her diary for Theo to read. Theo learns from Alicia's diary that she had been stalked for weeks before Gabriel's murder. Alicia who felt paranoid told

Gabriel about it and didn't believe her instead, he brought her to Dr Christian West to get secretly treated which turns out it is the same person that worked at the Grove.

Theo uses the information contained in the diary to confront everyone around Alicia including her family and friends as well as Dr Christian West. After visiting Paul Rose, Alicia's cousin in Hempstead he reveals that during her childhood, Alicia heard her father condemning her to die instead of her mother that resulted in her hatred of her father and therefore, being capable of murder. Theo goes back to the Grove and returns Alicia's diary, and as he begs her to help him unravelling the case once and for all, Alicia spoke. The next day, Alicia began to talk about her side of the story regarding the night of Gabriel's murder. She confesses that the stalker broke into her house and starts holding her hostage. After Gabriel came home, the stalker ambushed him, tied him up, shot him six times, and left. However, this story does not match with the police's evidence, Theo does not believe it.

The next day, Theo returns to The Grove in hope to confront her about her dishonesty, but Yuri pass by him and informs him that she is in a coma of overdose. Theo checks up on Alicia and found a tiny hole on her wrist, he made a conclusion that someone is trying to murder Alicia and immediately informs the staff about it. While at it, Theo reveals Dr Christian's past of secretly treating Alicia's paranoia to the Grove's staff and professor Diomedes immediately calling the police.

At this point it is revealed that the sub-plot of Kathrine's affair was taken place six years ago. And the man that Kathrine was having an affair to was Gabriel Berenson. At one point Theo stops stalking Kathrine and starts stalking Gabriel to his house instead. He was planned to kill Gabriel, but notice Alicia inside Gabriel's house and this reveals the mysterious man that stalked Alicia was none other than Theo himself.

The story is closed with Alicia's last diary entry which she wrote before the morphine took effect. She revealed the person that injects her with morphine is Theo. She continued to confirm her suspicion about Theo's identity when he first arrived at the Grove. Alicia did not struggle when Theo injects her with a lethal dose because she feels guilty for Gabriel's death. She reveals that Theo had hold both of them hostage at the night of the murder. He then offered Gabriel a choice: either die himself or let Alicia die, Gabriel faintly stated that he didn't want to die which triggered Alicia's traumatic childhood and made her reliving the day when her father had condemned her to die. She impulsively shot her husband five times.

The next day Theo is frantically trying to find Alicia's diary but is unable to and remain unaware about the last diary entry that she wrote. He admits to himself that he done all this to awaken Alicia about her marriage with Gabriel and he was never aware about Alicia's instability in the past would result in the murder of Gabriel. A few days later, Theo and Kathrine moved to his childhood home and notice that Kathrine has been depressed lately. Suddenly, he heard knocking on the door and it turns out it was the detective that investigate the Grove after the arresting of Dr Christian West. Theo welcomed him in the house and to his surprised the detective pull out Alicia's diary with him. As the detective reads her last diary entry, Theo surrender to his fate and starts dissociate himself by catching snowflake outside his window.

**APPENDIX III
TABLE OF DATA**

This section of appendix is intended to organize and arrange the data from the novel *The Silent Patient* and help the writer present the data in chapter IV. These data are in the form of quotations from the point of view of the Borderline Personality Disorder that experienced by the character of Alicia Berenson and Theo Faber in the novel.

No	Main Event	Sub Event	Part	Sub-part	Page
1.	Theo Faber's Physically abusive childhood	a. <i>My father's unpredictable and arbitrary rages made any situation, no matter how benign, into a potential minefield. An innocuous remark or a dissenting voice would trigger his anger and set off a series of explosions from which there was no refuge. The house shook as he shouted, chasing me upstairs into my room. I'd dive and slide under the bed, against the wall. I'd breathe in the feathery air, praying the bricks would swallow me up and I would disappear. But his hand would grab hold of me, drag me out to meet my fate. The belt would be pulled off and whistle in the air before it struck, each successive blow knocking me sideways, burning my flesh. Then the whipping would be over, as abruptly as it had begun. I'd be tossed to the floor, landing in a crumpled heap. A rag doll discarded by an angry toddler. (Michaelides, 2019)</i>	One	3	17

		<p>b. <i>There was a heavy snowstorm that night. My mother went to bed and I pretended to sleep, then I snuck out to the garden and stood under the falling snow. I held my hands outstretched, catching snowflakes, watching them vanish on my fingertips. It felt joyous and frustrating and spoke to some truth I couldn't express; my vocabulary was too limited, my words too loose a net in which to catch it. Somehow grasping at vanishing snowflakes is like grasping at happiness: an act of possession that instantly gives way to nothing. It reminded me that there was a world outside this house: a world of vastness and unimaginable beauty; a world that, for now, remained out of my reach. That memory has repeatedly returned to me over the years. It's as if the misery that surrounded that brief moment of freedom made it burn even brighter: a tiny light surrounded by darkness.</i> (Michaelides, 2019)</p>	One	3	18
		<p>c. <i>I didn't know it then, but it was too late—I had internalized my father, introjected him, buried him deep in my unconscious. No matter how far I ran, I carried him with me wherever I went. I was pursued by an infernal, relentless chorus of furies, all with his voice—shrieking that I was</i></p>	One	3	19

		<i>worthless, shameful, a failure.</i> (Michaelides, 2019)			
2	Theo Faber’s suicidality during his first term at university	a. <i>During my first term at university, that first cold winter; the voices got so bad, so paralyzing, they controlled me. Immobilized by fear, I was unable to go out, socialize, or make any friends. I might as well have never left home. It was hopeless. I was defeated, trapped. Backed into a corner. No way out.</i> (Michaelides, 2019)	One	3	19
		b. <i>I went from chemist to chemist buying packets of paracetamol. I bought only a few packets at a time to avoid arousing suspicion—but I needn’t have worried. No one paid me the least attention; I was clearly as invisible as I felt.</i> (Michaelides, 2019)			19
		c. <i>It was cold in my room, and my fingers were numb and clumsy as I tore open the packets. It took an immense effort to swallow all the tablets. But I forced them all down, pill after bitter pill. Then I crawled onto my uncomfortable narrow bed. I shut my eyes and waited for death.</i> (Michaelides, 2019)			19
3	Theo Faber’s relationship with Ruth, his psychotherapist	a. <i>I found it—in the form of Ruth, a psychotherapist referred to me through the university counseling service. Ruth was white-haired and plump and had something grandmotherly about her. She had a sympathetic smile—a smile</i>	One	3	20

		<p><i>I wanted to believe in. She didn't say much at first. She just listened while I talked. I talked about my childhood, my home, my parents. As I talked, I found that no matter how distressing the details I related, I could feel nothing. I was disconnected from my emotions, like a hand severed from a wrist. I talked about painful memories and suicidal impulses—but couldn't feel them. (Michaelides, 2019)</i></p>			
		<p>b. <i>We continued seeing each other for several years, Ruth and I. She remained the one constant in my life. Through her, I internalized a new kind of relationship with another human being: one based on mutual respect, honesty, and kindness—not recrimination, anger, and violence. I slowly started to feel differently inside about myself—less empty, more capable of feeling, less afraid. The hateful internal chorus never entirely left me—but I now had Ruth's voice to counter it, and I paid less attention. As a result, the voices in my head grew quieter and would temporarily vanish. I'd feel peaceful—even happy, sometimes. (Michaelides, 2019)</i></p>	One	3	21
4	Theo arrived at the Grove	<p>a. <i>I stood outside the entrance and reached for my cigarettes in my pocket. I hadn't smoked in over a</i></p>	One	4	23

		<p><i>week—I'd promised myself that this time I meant it, I'd quit for good. Yet here I was, already giving in. I lit one, feeling annoyed with myself. Psychotherapists tend to view smoking as an unresolved addiction—one that any decent therapist should have worked through and overcome. I didn't want to walk in reeking of cigarettes, so I popped a couple of mints into my mouth and chewed them while I smoked, hopping from foot to foot.</i>(Michaelides, 2019)</p>			
		<p>b. <i>But Alicia Berenson? Where was she? I looked around the circle again but still couldn't find her. Then I realized—I was looking right at her. Alicia was sitting directly opposite me, across the circle.</i></p> <p><i>I hadn't seen her because she was invisible.</i> (Michaelides, 2019)</p>	One	5	30
5	Theo Faber's Intense reaction after discovering Kathrine's affair	<p>a. <i>It was Kathy I would reach for in a moment of crisis—when I needed sympathy or reassurance or someone to kiss it better. I wanted her to look after me. I thought about calling her, but even as I had this thought, I imagined a door closing fast, slamming shut, locking her out of reach. Kathy was gone—I had lost her. I wanted to cry, but couldn't—I was blocked up inside, packed with mud and shit.</i> (Michaelides, 2019)</p>	Two	8	103

		<p>b. <i>I became conscious of the clock ticking. It seemed louder now somehow. I tried to focus on it and anchor my spinning thoughts: tick, tick, tick—but the chorus of voices in my head grew louder and wouldn't be silenced. She was bound to be unfaithful, I thought, this had to happen, it was inevitable—I was never good enough for her, I was useless, ugly, worthless, nothing—she was bound to tire of me eventually—I didn't deserve her, I didn't deserve anything—it went on and on, one horrible thought after another punching me. (Michaelides, 2019)</i></p>	Two	8	103
		<p>c. <i>Between the two of us, I had the most to lose, that was obvious. Kathy would survive—she was fond of saying she was tough as nails. She'd pick herself up, dust herself off, and forget all about me. But I wouldn't forget about her. How could I? Without Kathy, I'd return to that empty, solitary existence I had endured before. I'd never meet anyone like her again, never have that same connection or experience that depth of feeling for another human being. She was the love of my life—she was my life—and I wasn't ready to give her up. Not yet. Even though she had betrayed me, I still loved her. (Michaelides, 2019)</i></p>	Two	8	105

		d. <i>I would not let Kathy go. Instead I would say nothing. I would pretend I had never read those emails. Somehow, I'd forget. I'd bury it. I had no choice but to go on. I refused to give in to this; I refused to break down and fall apart. (Michaelides, 2019)</i>	Two	10	115
6	Theo Faber's marijuana addiction	a. <i>I took the jar of weed from its hiding place and started rolling a joint. (Michaelides, 2019)</i>	Two	6	91
		b. <i>I'd been smoking marijuana since university. I first encountered it during my first term, alone and friendless at a fresher party, too paralyzed with fear to initiate a conversation with any of the good-looking and confident young people around me. I was planning my escape when the girl standing next to me offered me something. I thought it was a cigarette until I smelled the spicy, pungent, curling black smoke. Too shy to refuse, I accepted it and brought the joint to my lips. It was badly rolled and coming unstuck, unraveling at the end. The tip was wet and stained red from her lipstick. It tasted different from a cigarette; it was richer, rawer, more exotic. I swallowed down the thick smoke and tried not to cough. Initially all I felt was a little light on my feet. Like sex, clearly more fuss was made over marijuana</i>	Two	6	91

		<p><i>than it merited. Then—a minute or so later—something happened. Something incredible. It was like being drenched in an enormous wave of well-being. I felt safe, relaxed, totally at ease, silly and unselfconscious.</i> (Michaelides, 2019)</p>			
		<p>c. <i>That was it. Before long I was smoking weed every day. It became my best friend, my inspiration, my solace. An endless ritual of rolling, licking, lighting. I would get stoned just from the rustling of rolling papers and the anticipation of the warm, intoxicating high.</i>(Michaelides, 2019)</p>	Two	6	91
7	Theo Faber found out about Kathrine’s affair	<p>a. <i>I looked for the TV remote but couldn’t see it. Then I located it, peeking out from behind Kathy’s open laptop on the coffee table. I reached for it, but was so stoned I knocked over the laptop. I propped the laptop up again—and the screen came to life. It was logged into her email account. For some reason, I kept staring at it. I was transfixed—her in-box stared at me like a gaping hole. I couldn’t look away. All kinds of things jumped out before I knew what I was reading: words such as “sexy” and “fuck” in the email headings—and repeated emails from BADBOY22.</i> (Michaelides, 2019)</p>	Two	6	95
		<p>b. <i>I hadn’t spoken to her since the other night, feigning sleep when she got back,</i></p>	Two	8	102

		<i>and leaving the flat in the morning before she woke up. I was avoiding her—avoiding myself. I was in shock. I knew I had to take a look at myself—or risk losing myself. Get a grip, I muttered under my breath as I rolled a joint. I smoked it out of the window, and then, suitably stoned, I poured a glass of wine in the kitchen. (Michaelides, 2019)</i>			
8	Theo impulsively went to see Ruth after finding out about Kathrine’s affair	a. <i>Without intending to, I had subconsciously made my way to my old therapist in a time of trouble, as I had done so many times in the past. It was a testament to how upset I was that I considered going up to her door and ringing the bell and asking for help. (Michaelides, 2019)</i>	Two	8	105
		b. <i>And why not? I thought suddenly; yes, it was unprofessional and highly improper conduct, but I was desperate, and I needed help. Before I knew it, I was standing in front of Ruth’s green door, watching my hand reach up to the buzzer and press it. (Michaelides, 2019)</i>	Two	8	105
		c. <i>“Oh, really?” Ruth sounded disbelieving. “Trying to please someone unpredictable, someone emotionally unavailable, uncaring, unkind—trying to keep them happy, win their love—is this not an old story, Theo? A familiar story?”(Michaelides, 2019)</i>	Two	9	110

		d. <i>She was right. I had been groping for the right words to express that murky feeling of betrayal inside, the horrible hollow ache, and to hear Ruth say it—“the pain of not being loved”—I saw how it pervaded my entire consciousness and was at once the story of my past, present, and future. This wasn’t just about Kathy: it was about my father, and my childhood feelings of abandonment; my grief for everything I never had and, in my heart, still believed I never would have. Ruth was saying that was why I chose Kathy. What better way for me to prove that my father was correct—that I’m worthless and unlovable—than by pursuing someone who will never love me?(Michaelides, 2019)</i>	Two	9	111
9	Theo Faber invaded Kathrine’s privacy after the affair	a. <i>Kathy was out when I got home. I opened her laptop and tried to access her email—but with no luck. She was logged out. (Michaelides, 2019)</i>	Two	18	151
		b. <i>I smiled and nodded. She stood up and walked out. I waited until I heard the bathroom door close, and the sound of running water. I slid over to where she had been sitting. I reached for her laptop. My fingers were trembling as I opened it. I re-opened her browser—and went to her email login.</i>	Two	18	154

			<i>But she'd logged out.</i> (Michaelides, 2019)			
10.	Theo Faber stalking Kathrine after the affair		a. <i>I sat on a bench across the way from the rehearsal room, facing away from the entrance so Kathy wouldn't immediately see me if she left early. Every so often I turned my head and glanced over my shoulder. But the door remained obstinately shut.</i> (Michaelides, 2019)	Two	27	189
			b. <i>I registered my emotions with shock—I ought to have been hugely relieved that Kathy had been telling the truth. I ought to have been grateful. But I wasn't.</i> <i>I was disappointed.</i> (Michaelides, 2019)	Two	27	192
			c. <i>I returned home to find her about to go out.</i> (Michaelides, 2019)	Four	5	255
			d. <i>I followed her after she left the flat. I kept a careful distance, but she didn't even look back once. As I said, she was getting careless.</i> (Michaelides, 2019)	Four	5	255
			e. <i>I tried to get closer, but the branches caught me and held me suspended, like a fly in a web. I stood there in the dim light, breathing in the musty smell of bark and earth. I listened to Kathy moaning as he fucked her. He grunted like an animal.</i> (Michaelides, 2019)	Four	5	256
11	Theo Faber stalking Kathrine's lover and his wife.		a. <i>AFTER WORK, I followed Kathy to the park again. Sure enough, her lover was waiting at the same spot they met at last time. They kissed and gaped each</i>	Four	16	301

		<p><i>other like teenagers.</i> (Michaelides, 2019)</p>			
		<p>b. <i>She eventually said goodbye to him, and they left each other. She started walking away. The man turned and walked in the opposite direction. I didn't follow Kathy.</i></p> <p><i>I followed him.</i> (Michaelides, 2019)</p>			
		<p>c. <i>So I wasn't the only one being betrayed. He had returned home, after kissing my wife, and ate the meal this woman had prepared for him, as if nothing had happened. I knew I couldn't leave it here—I had to do something. But what? Despite my best homicidal fantasies, I wasn't a murderer. I couldn't kill him.</i></p> <p><i>I'd have to think of something cleverer than that.</i> (Michaelides, 2019)</p>			
		<p>d. <i>I WALKED BACK TO THE HOUSE where Kathy's lover lived. I stood there for an hour, watching. Eventually the door opened, and he emerged. I watched him leave. Where was he going? To meet Kathy? I hesitated, but decided not to follow him. Instead I stayed watching the house.</i> (Michaelides, 2019)</p>	Four	21	317
		<p>e. <i>Over the next few days, I kept returning. One day, she left the house and went for a walk. I followed her, keeping my distance. I was worried she saw me at one</i></p>			

		<p><i>point, but even if she did, I was just a stranger to her. For the moment.</i> (Michaelides, 2019)</p>			
12.	Alicia Berenson's therapy session with Theo Faber	<p>a. <i>So, she was coming. I tried to contain my nerves and prepare myself. I tried to silence the negative voice in my head—my father's voice—telling me I wasn't up to the job, I was useless, a fraud. Shut up, I thought, shut up, shut up—</i> (Michaelides, 2019)</p>	One	7	38
		<p>b. <i>Alicia lowered her head and stared at her lap. I hesitated. I lost control of my reserve. I lowered my voice and spoke from the heart.</i></p> <p><i>"I want to help you, Alicia. I need you to believe that. The truth is, I want to help you to see clearly."</i> (Michaelides, 2019)</p>			
		<p>c. <i>You can't help me, her eyes shouted. Look at you, you can barely help yourself. You pretend to know so much and be so wise, but you should be sitting here instead of me. Freak. Fraud. Liar. Liar—</i> (Michaelides, 2019)</p>	Two	4	83
		<p>d. <i>Before I could finish the thought, Alicia leaped from the chair. She threw herself toward me, hands outstretched like claws. I had no time to move or get out the way. She landed on top of me, knocking me off-balance. We fell to the floor. The back of my head hit the wall with a thud. She bashed my head against the</i></p>	Two	4	84

		<i>wall again and again, and started scratching, slapping, clawing—it took all my strength to throw her off. (Michaelides, 2019)</i>			
		e. <i>I knew I shouldn't keep talking—that I should shut up—but I couldn't stop myself. I went on compulsively:</i> <i>“And when I say I hate her, I don't mean all of me hates her. Just a part of me hates. It's about holding on to both parts at the same time. Part of you loved Gabriel. Part of you hated him.” (Michaelides, 2019)</i>	Two	7	100
		f. <i>“It's true, Alicia. Or you wouldn't have killed him.” (Michaelides, 2019)</i>	Two	7	101
		g. <i>Alicia suddenly jumped up. I thought she was about to leap on me. My body tensed in anticipation. But instead she turned and marched to the door. She hammered on it with her fists. (Michaelides, 2019)</i>	Two	7	101
		h. <i>And something in me took over, some kind of wild animal instinct. I wanted to kill him, kill or be killed—I leaped on him and tried to strangle him and scratch his eyes out, bash his skull to pieces on the floor. But I didn't succeed in killing him, and they held me down and drugged me and locked me up. And then—after that I lost my nerve. I started to doubt myself again—maybe I'd made a mistake, maybe I was imagining it, maybe it</i>	Five	1	321

		<i>wasn't him. (Michaelides, 2019)</i>			
13.	Theo Faber attempt to kill Alicia Berenson	<p>a. <i>A pinprick along the vein—a tiny hole left by a hypodermic needle—revealing the truth: Alicia didn't swallow a bottle of pills in a suicidal gesture. She was injected with a massive dose of morphine. This wasn't an overdose.</i></p> <p><i>It was attempted murder. (Michaelides, 2019)</i></p>	Four	17	307
		<p>b. <i>That's why he came back a few minutes ago. He didn't say anything this time. No more words. He grabbed my wrist and stuck a needle in my vein. I didn't struggle. I didn't fight back. I let him do it. I deserve it—I deserve this punishment. I am guilty—but so is he. That's why I'm writing this—so he won't get away with it. So he will be punished. (Michaelides, 2019)</i></p>	Five	1	322
		<p>c. <i>But when she lied to me about how Gabriel died, it was obvious Alicia had recognized me and she was testing me. I was forced to take action, to silence Alicia forever. I had Christian take the blame—a poetic justice, I felt. I had no qualms about framing him. Christian had failed Alicia when she needed him the most; he deserved to be punished. (Michaelides, 2019)</i></p>	Five	2	329
14	Theo Faber's psychological	<p>a. <i>That night, Theo broke into the house and tied me up—and when Gabriel came</i></p>	Five	1	322

	trigger that drives Alicia Berenson to murder her husband	<i>home, Theo knocked him out. At first I thought he'd killed him—but then I saw Gabriel was breathing. Theo pulled him up and tied him to the chair. He moved it so Gabriel and I were sitting back-to-back, and I couldn't see his face. (Michaelides, 2019)</i>			
		b. <i>And then Gabriel spoke. I didn't recognize his voice at first. Such a tiny voice, so far away—a little boy's voice. A small child—with the power of life and death at his fingertips.</i> <i>"I don't want to die," he said. (Michaelides, 2019)</i>	Five	1	324
		c. <i>Theo stepped away from Gabriel and started talking to me. I found it hard to focus on his words. "You see, Alicia? I knew Gabriel was a coward—fucking my wife behind my back. He destroyed the only happiness I've ever had." Theo leaned forward, right in my face. "I'm sorry to do this. But quite frankly, now you know the truth ... you're better off dead."(Michaelides, 2019)</i>	Five	1	324
15	Theo Faber's paranoia about his crime against Alicia Berenson	a. <i>I had a lot of questions. Alicia suspected she was being watched. Did she ever discover the man's identity? Did she tell anyone? I needed to find out. As far as I knew, she only confided in three people—Gabriel, Barbie, and this mysterious Dr. West. Did she stop there, or</i>	Four	1	243

		<p><i>did she tell anyone else? Another question. Why did the diary end so abruptly? Was there more, written elsewhere? Another notebook, which she didn't give to me? And I wondered about Alicia's purpose in giving me the journal to read. She was communicating something, certainly—and it was a communication of almost shocking intimacy. Was it a gesture of good faith—showing how much she trusted me? Or something more sinister?</i></p> <p>(Michaelides, 2019)</p>			
		<p>b. <i>I searched the room, feeling increasingly frantic. I turned the cardboard boxes upside down, scattering their contents on the floor. I rummaged through the debris, but it wasn't there. I tore apart her clothing but found nothing. I ripped open the art portfolio, shaking the sketches to the floor, but the diary wasn't among them. Then I went through the cupboards and pulled out all the drawers, checking that they were empty, then hurling them aside.</i></p> <p><i>But it wasn't there.</i></p> <p>(Michaelides, 2019)</p>	Five	2	330
16	Alicia Berenson's car accident during childhood	<p>a. <i>In the file, Alicia's next of kin was listed as her aunt—Lydia Rose—who brought her up, following the death of Alicia's mother in a car accident. Alicia had also been in the car crash, but survived. That trauma must</i></p>	One	8	44

		<i>have affected the little girl profoundly. I hoped Lydia would be able to tell me about it. (Michaelides, 2019)</i>			
		b. <i>Why she strapped me into the passenger seat of her yellow mini and sped us toward that redbrick wall? I always liked that car, its cheerful canary yellow. The same yellow as in my paint box. Now I hate that color—every time I use it, I think of death. (Michaelides, 2019)</i>	Two	1	67
		c. <i>Why did she do it? I suppose I'll never know. I used to think it was suicide. Now I think it was attempted murder. Because I was in the car too, wasn't I? Sometimes I think I was the intended victim—it was me she was trying to kill, not herself. But that's crazy. Why would she want to kill me? (Michaelides, 2019)</i>			
		d. <i>Paul nodded. "Mum and I moved in when my dad died. I was about eight or nine. It was only meant to be temporary, I think—but then Alicia's mother was killed in the accident. So Mum stayed on—to take care of Alicia and Uncle Vernon." (Michaelides, 2019)</i>	Two	13	146
17	Alicia Berenson's verbally abusive father and aunt	a. <i>"Vernon Rose—Alicia's father?" "Right." "And Vernon died here a few years ago?"</i>	Two	13	146

		<p><i>“Yes. Several years ago.” Paul frowned. “He killed himself. Hanged himself. Upstairs, in the attic. I found the body.”</i></p> <p><i>“That must have been terrible.” (Michaelides, 2019)</i></p>			
		<p>b. <i>“Alicia didn’t love him. She hated her father. She despised him.”</i></p> <p><i>I was taken aback by this. “Alicia told you that?”</i></p> <p><i>“Of course she did. She hated him ever since she was a kid—ever since her mother died.”</i></p> <p><i>“But—then why try to commit suicide after his death? If it wasn’t grief, what was it?”</i></p> <p><i>Jean-Felix shrugged. “Guilt, perhaps? Who knows?” (Michaelides, 2019)</i></p>	Two	20	162
		<p>c. <i>“Vernon was going on about how much he loved Eva—how he couldn’t live without her. ‘My girl,’ he kept saying, ‘my poor girl, my Eva ... Why did she have to die? Why did it have to be her? Why didn’t Alicia die instead?’” (Michaelides, 2019)</i></p>	Three	7	271
		<p>d. <i>Now, at last, I had something to work with. Something I knew about—the emotional effects of psychological wounds on children, and how they manifest themselves later in</i></p>	Three	7	272

		<p><i>adults. Imagine it—hearing your father, the very person you depend upon for your survival, wishing you dead. How terrifying that must be for a child, how traumatizing—how your sense of self-worth would implode, and the pain would be too great, too huge to feel, so you’d swallow it, repress it, bury it. Over time you would lose contact with the origins of your trauma, dissociate the roots of its cause, and forget. But one day, all the hurt and anger would burst forth, like fire from a dragon’s belly—and you’d pick up a gun. You’d visit that rage not upon your father, who was dead and forgotten and out of reach—but upon your husband, the man who had taken his place in your life, who loved you and shared your bed. You’d shoot him five times in the head, without possibly even knowing why.</i></p> <p>(Michaelides, 2019)</p>			
		<p>e. <i>“Shut up.” Lydia glared at me. “Alicia doesn’t deserve to be in hospital.”</i></p> <p><i>“No?” I said. “Where should she be?”</i></p> <p><i>“Where do you think? Prison.” Lydia eyed me scornfully. “You want to hear about Alicia? I’ll tell you about her. She’s a little bitch. She always was, even as a child.”</i> (Michaelides, 2019)</p>	Two	13	148

		f. <i>I left the house and made my way back to the train station, with a swollen head and a splitting headache. What a fucking waste of time. I'd found out nothing—except it was obvious why Alicia had gotten out of that house as soon as she could. It reminded me of my own escape from home at the age of eighteen, fleeing my father. It was all too obvious who Alicia was running away from—Lydia Rose. (Michaelides, 2019)</i>	Two	13	149
18	Alicia Berenson mental problems history	a. <i>“Mood swings. Rages. Violent fits. She'd break things, smash stuff up. Gabriel told me she threatened to murder him on several occasions. I should have listened, done something —after she tried to kill herself, I should have intervened, insisted she get some help. But I didn't. Gabriel was determined to protect her, and like an idiot, I let him.” (Michaelides, 2019)</i>	Two	12	124
		b. <i>But I just stared at him blankly. “Alicia tried to kill herself? What do you mean? When? You mean after the murder?”</i> <i>Max shook his head. “No, several years before that. You don't know? I assumed you knew.”</i> <i>“When was this?”</i>	Two	12	125

		<p><i>“After her father died. She took an overdose ... pills or something. I can’t remember exactly. She had a kind of breakdown.”</i> (Michaelides, 2019)</p>			
		<p>c. <i>“Did she ever talk to you about her suicide attempt?”</i></p> <p><i>I was fishing, but Jean-Felix took the bait. “Oh, you know about that? Yes, of course.”</i></p> <p><i>“After her father died?”</i></p> <p><i>“She went to pieces.” Jean-Felix nodded. “The truth is Alicia was hugely fucked-up. Not as an artist, but as a person she was extremely vulnerable. When her father hanged himself, it was too much. She couldn’t cope.”</i> (Michaelides, 2019)</p>	Two	20	162
		<p>d. <i>Dr. West didn’t wait for an answer. He kept talking, reminding me what happened after my father died, about the breakdown I suffered, the paranoid accusations that I made—the belief I was being watched, being followed, and spied upon. “So, you see, we’ve been here before, haven’t we?”</i> (Michaelides, 2019)</p>	Three		231
		<p>e. <i>“Oh...” Christian leaned back in his chair, relaxing now that he was on safer ground. “She was highly paranoid, delusional—psychotic, even. But she’d been like this before. She had a long-standing pattern</i></p>	Four	3	249

		<i>of mood swings. She was always up and down—typical borderline.”</i> (Michaelides, 2019)			
		f. <i>“She had a history—the same thing happened at the place they lived before Hampstead. That’s why they had to move. She accused an elderly man across the street of spying on her. Made a huge fuss. Turned out the old guy was blind—couldn’t even see her, let alone spy on her. She was always highly unstable, but it was her father’s suicide that did it. She never recovered.”</i> (Michaelides, 2019)	Four	3	250
19	Alicia Berenson’s attempt to paint Gabriel Berenson depicting Jesus on a cross	a. <i>I hesitated—and then said it was for the Jesus picture. Gabriel sat up and gave a kind of strangled laugh.</i> (Michaelides, 2019)	Two	1	70
		b. <i>But something was wrong. I don’t know what—maybe I was pushing too hard. I just couldn’t get the shape of his eyes right, nor the color. The first thing I ever noticed about Gabriel was the sparkle in his eyes—like a tiny diamond in each iris. But now for some reason I couldn’t catch it. Maybe I’m just not skilled enough—or maybe Gabriel has something extra that can’t be captured in paint. The eyes remained dead, lifeless. I could feel myself</i>	Two	1	71

		<i>getting annoyed.</i> (Michaelides, 2019)			
20	Alicia Berenson fighting with her husband because of his gun	a. <i>Gabriel said it was my fault we argued. I suppose it was. I hated seeing him so upset, looking at me with hurt eyes. I hate causing him pain—and yet sometimes I desperately want to hurt him, and I don't know why.</i> (Michaelides, 2019)	Two	13	127
		b. <i>But I never would have exploded if I hadn't found him cleaning the gun. It upsets me so much that he has it. And it hurts me he won't get rid of it, no matter how many times I beg him. He always says the same thing—that it was one of his father's old rifles from their farm and he gave it him when he was sixteen, that it has sentimental value and blah blah blah. I don't believe him. I think there's another reason he's keeping it. I said so. And Gabriel said there was nothing wrong with wanting to be safe—wanting to protect his house and wife. What if someone broke in?</i> (Michaelides, 2019)	Two	13	128
		c. <i>I had raised my voice, but he raised his louder, and before I knew it, we were yelling at each other. Maybe I was a bit out of control. But I was only reacting to him—there's an aggressive side to Gabriel, a part of him I only glimpse occasionally, and when I do, it scares me. For those</i>	Two	13	128

		<i>brief moments it's like living with a stranger. And that's terrifying.</i> (Michaelides, 2019)			
		d. <i>This morning we had sex and made up. We always seem to resolve our problems in bed. It's easier, somehow—when you're naked and half-asleep under the covers—to whisper, "I'm sorry," and mean it. All defenses and bullshit justifications are discarded, lying in a heap on the floor with our clothes.</i> (Michaelides, 2019)	Two	13	128
21	Alicia Berenson's silent after the murder of her husband	a. <i>The following day, she lay in bed in a private room at the hospital. The police questioned her in the presence of her lawyer. Alicia remained silent throughout the interview. Her lips were pale, bloodless; they fluttered occasionally but formed no words, made no sounds. She answered no questions. She could not, would not, speak. Nor did she speak when charged with Gabriel's murder. She remained silent when she was placed under arrest, refusing to deny her guilt or confess it.</i> <i>Alicia never spoke again.</i> (Michaelides, 2019)	One	1	9
		b. <i>I remained silent. How could I talk? Gabriel had sentenced me to death.</i> <i>The dead don't talk.</i> (Michaelides, 2019)	Five	1	325

22	Alicia suicidal behaviour at the Grove	a. <i>The file revealed little. When she was first admitted, Alicia slashed her wrists twice and self-harmed with whatever she could get her hands on. She was kept on two-on-one observation for the first six months—meaning two nurses watched over her at all times—which was eventually relaxed to one-on-one. Alicia made no effort to interact with patients or staff, remaining withdrawn and isolated and for the most part, the other patients had left her alone. If people don't reply when you speak to them and never initiate conversation, you soon forget they're there. Alicia had quickly melted into the background, becoming invisible.</i> (Michaelides, 2019)	One	8	43
		b. <i>“For Alicia, of course.” Diomedes wagged his finger at me. “Don't forget she was highly suicidal when we first brought her here. She made numerous attempts to end her life. And the medication keeps her stable. It keeps her alive. If we lower the dose, there's every chance she will be overwhelmed by her feelings and be unable to cope. Are you prepared to take that risk?”</i> (Michaelides, 2019)	Two	2	74
23	Alicia Berenson's Aggression towards Elif	a. <i>Only one incident stood out. It took place in the canteen, a few weeks after Alicia's admission. Elif accused Alicia of taking her</i>	One	8	43

		<p><i>seat. What exactly had happened was unclear, but the confrontation escalated rapidly. Apparently, Alicia became violent—she smashed a plate and tried to slash Elif’s throat with the jagged edge. Alicia had to be restrained, sedated, and placed in isolation.</i> (Michaelides, 2019)</p>			
		<p>b. <i>Elif was writhing, screaming in agony, clutching at her bloody face. Her eye was gushing blood. Something stuck out of her eye socket, plunged into the eyeball. It looked like a stick. But it wasn’t a stick. I knew at once what it was. It was a paintbrush.</i> (Michaelides, 2019)</p>	Two	31	206
25	Max Berenson, sexually harassed Alicia Berenson	<p>a. <i>“I’m telling Gabriel. About what happened at Joel’s.”</i></p> <p><i>“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”</i></p> <p><i>“Don’t you?”</i></p> <p><i>“I don’t remember. I was rather drunk, I’m afraid.”</i></p> <p><i>“Bullshit.”</i></p> <p><i>“It’s true.”</i></p> <p><i>“You don’t remember kissing me? You don’t remember grabbing me?”</i></p> <p><i>“Alicia, don’t.”</i></p> <p><i>“Don’t what? Make a big deal out of it? You assaulted me.”</i> (Michaelides, 2019)</p>	Two	13	132

		<p>b. <i>Before I could finish, Max grabbed my arm hard and pulled me toward him. I lost my balance and fell onto him. He raised his fist and I thought he was going to punch me. “I love you,” he said, “I love you, I love you, I love—”</i></p> <p><i>Before I could react, he kissed me. I tried to pull away but he wouldn’t let me. I felt his rough lips all over mine, and his tongue pushing its way into my mouth. Instinct took over.</i></p> <p><i>I bit his tongue as hard as I could. (Michaelides, 2019)</i></p>	Two	12	132
26	Alicia Berenson’s Paranoia towards the mysterious man that stalk her.	<p>a. <i>Then a couple of hours ago, I heard a noise. It was coming from the garden. I got up and went to the back window. I looked out—I couldn’t see anyone, but I felt someone’s eyes on me. Someone was watching me from the shadows. (Michaelides, 2019)</i></p>	Three		228
		<p>b. <i>I didn’t go back to bed. I’ve been sitting here since then, waiting, listening, alert to any sound, checking the windows. No sign of him so far. (Michaelides, 2019)</i></p>	Three		229
		<p>c. <i>The outside world felt huge—an empty space around me, the big sky above. I felt very small and held on to Gabriel’s arm for support. (Michaelides, 2019)</i></p>	Three		237
		<p>d. <i>I caught up with Max around the corner and</i></p>	Three		237

		<p><i>grabbed hold of his arm. I gripped it hard.</i></p> <p><i>“Stop it,” I said. “Stop it!”</i></p> <p><i>Max looked bemused.</i> <i>“Stop what?”</i></p> <p><i>“You’re spying on me, Max. You’re watching me. I know you are.”</i></p> <p><i>“What? I have no idea what you are talking about, Alicia.”</i></p> <p><i>“Don’t lie to me.” I was finding it hard to control my voice. I wanted to scream. “I’ve seen you, okay? I took a photo. I took a picture of you!”</i></p> <p><i>Max laughed. “What are you talking about? Let go of me, you crazy bitch.”</i></p> <p><i>I slapped his face. Hard.</i> <i>(Michaelides, 2019)</i></p>			
27	Alicia Berenson killed Gabriel Berenson	a. <i>A gun was on the floor. Next to it, in the shadows, Gabriel was seated, motionless, bound to a chair with wire wrapped around his ankles and wrists. At first the officers thought he was alive. His head lolled slightly to one side, as if he were unconscious. Then a beam of light revealed Gabriel had been shot several times in the face. His handsome features were gone forever, leaving a charred, blackened, bloody mess. The wall behind him was sprayed with fragments of</i>	One	1	8

		<i>skull, brains, hair—and blood. (Michaelides, 2019)</i>			
		<p>b. <i>Blood was everywhere—splashed on the walls, running in dark rivulets along the floor; along the grain of the wooden floorboards. The officers assumed it was Gabriel’s blood. But there was too much of it. And then something glinted in the torchlight—a knife was on the floor by Alicia’s feet. Another beam of light revealed the blood spattered on Alicia’s white dress. An officer grabbed her arms and held them up to the light. There were deep cuts across the veins in her wrists—fresh cuts, bleeding hard. (Michaelides, 2019)</i></p>	One	1	9
		<p>c. <i>The truth is Gabriel had my eyes, suddenly—and I had his. Somewhere along the way we had swapped places. I saw it now. I would never be safe. Never be loved. All my hopes, dashed—all my dreams, shattered—leaving nothing, nothing. My father was right—I didn’t deserve to live. I was—nothing. That’s what Gabriel did to me.</i></p> <p><i>That’s the truth. I didn’t kill Gabriel. He killed me.</i></p> <p><i>All I did was pull the trigger. (Michaelides, 2019)</i></p>	Five	1	326