

**AN ANALYSIS OF THE USE OF HYPONYM IN THE NOVEL *HELL'S
CORNER* BY DAVID BALDACCI**

SKRIPSI

*Submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements
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By

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ABSTRACT

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This research deals with the types of hyponym in the novel *Hell's Corner By David Baldacci*. The objectives of this research were to find out the types of hyponym used in the novel *The Hell's Corner By David Baldacci* and to find out why hyponym were used in the novel *Hell's Corner By David Baldacci*. This research was conducted by descriptive qualitative content analysis. The data were the sentences in 9 chapter of *Hell's Corner* novel. Finding of the research show that there were types of hyponym in the novel *Hell's Corner by David Baldacci* ; there were noun, verb and adjective, and the reason to use hyponym were : In *Hell's Corner* novel by David Baldacci systematic the use of hyponymy in the sentences was to create text that appeared semantically richer and literally had become more meaningful. By using language with lower-order hyponyms it meant that the words used be came more concrete and specific each word carried more information.Each sentence in the novel gives much more information to the readers, even though each sentence used no additional words. The difference arises from the use of *hyponyms* (a special set of synonyms) in which the meaning of the more specific word includes the meaning of the more general words. Clearly, lower order hyponym adds significantly the descriptive and emotive power of the language. to discover how this technique could improve writing skill.

Keyword : hyponym, novel and Hell's corner

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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

A. Background of the study

Semantics has an important role in linguistic especially with regard to meaning. Semantics are some things that need to be assessed primarily on the meaning of a word. Yule (2008:100) states that “Linguistic semantics deals with the conventional meaning conveyed by the use of words, phrases, and sentences of a language”. It is a fact that meaning is a part of language, but this definition has not been clearly delineated and given treatment in the study of language until very recently. According to what mostly accepted by linguistics theory, meanings are idea or concepts that can be transferred from the mind of the speaker to the mind of the hearer by embodying them in the form of one language or another (Ahmadin, 2008:16).

Linguists have contributed primary to the study of the core meaning or the sense of individual word. Words are sometimes called lexical items or lexeme. Words meaning might be characterized not only in term of its component features, but also in term of its relationship to other words. This approach is called as lexical relation (Yule, 2008:104). The branch of semantic that deals with word meaning is called lexical semantics. Furthermore, meaning may be categorized into three levels; they are lexical meaning, sentential meaning or utterance meaning and discoursal meaning (Ahmadin, 2008:17). Lexical meaning covers some discussion about denotation, connotation, ambiguity, synonymy, hyponymy, polysemy, homophony, and homonymy. Hyponymy concept presupposes the

existence of subordinate classes and upper class or the meaning of a word that is under the meaning of the others word.

This research will focus on hyponym which is found in a novel. The novel is a kind of literary works. Therefore, the novel also uses language as a medium. Attractive words used in a literary work depends on the author's skills in using words to the novel. Literary sensitivity in using words is very required. In addition, differences in meaning and a sense must be controlled by the users. Hyponymy in the novel, usually is located on the paragraphs contained in the novel. Hyponym is easily applied to a noun but a bit difficult in the verbs and adjectives. But in fact the readers often do not know what the function of hyponym in a novel and whether hyponym has an important role in the formation of the sentence in a novel or not. Actually they must know the ability to understand hyponym can make the readers understand the meaning what the authors means of the words or sentences of the novel. Some students do not know why they are must study about hyponym either. There are many reasons to study hyponym as one part of semantics, One of them is hyponym as one way to make a hierarchy link by giving a word as subordinate or specific , such as "flower" as superordinate and "rose", "jasmine", "orchid" as subordinate. Through study of hyponym, it's hoped to help the readers easier to know what a word means which is often defined by its relationship to other words. Through this research of hyponym on the novel is expected that the reader will more easily understand the story of novel itself, thus this research will help the reader understand the forms hyponym contained in the novel. Therefore, one of the interesting thing to be

analyzed is Hell's Corner Novel by David Baldacci. this novel uses many word contained hyponym so that it is important to be analyzed how hyponym is used in it.

Finally, based on the background above, the researcher would like to carry out the research under the title "An Analysis Of The Use Of Hyponym In The Novel Hell's Corner by David Baldacci.

B. The identification of the problem

Based on the background above, the problem of this research are formulated as follows :

1. Some people do not know what the function of hyponym in a novel
2. The readers do not know whether hyponym has an important role in the formation of the sentence in a novel.
3. Some students do not know why they must study hyponym.
4. The readers do not understand the types of hyponym contained in the novel Hell's Corner By David Baldacci.

C. The scope and limitation

The scope of this research is focused on semantics and it is limited to the use of hyponym in the novel The Hell's Corner By David Baldachi.

D. The formulation of the problem

Referring to the scope and limitation, the formulation the problems are formulated as :

1. What types of hyponym are used in the novel “The Hell’s Corner By David Baldachi” ?
2. Why hyponym is used in the novel “The Hell’s Corner By David Baldachi” ?

E. The objectives of the study

The objective of the study are stated below :

1. To find out the types of hyponym used in the novel “ The Hell’s Corner By David Baldachi
2. To find out why hyponym are used in the novel “The Hell’s Corner By David Baldachi”

F. The significance of the study

1. Theoretically

Theoretically this research is expected to increase the knowledge of semantics particularly in the use of hyponymy in the novel.

2. Practically

1. Lectures, this research can be used as an alternative in the selection of learning resources and learning media. especially in the field of the use of hyponym in the novel.

2. Students, this research can be used as learning media in the field of semantics especially in hyponym.
3. Readers, to give an insight of the meaning of hyponymy type to help readers to know the contents of a novel.

CHAPTER II

REVIEW OF LITERATURE

A. Theoretical Framework

In conducting a research, theories are needed to explain some concepts or terms applied in the research concerned. Some terms are used in this research and they need to be theoretically explained. In the following part, the terms will be presented.

1. Semantics

Semantics according to Griffiths (2006: 1), “one of the two main branches of linguistic studies”. Basically, it is the study of meaning. He defines semantics as the study of word meaning and sentence meaning; it differs from pragmatics which relates language and its contexts. Similar to Griffiths, Borg (2006: 19) states that a semantic theory is interested in sentence meaning and not speaker meaning. Carston (2008: 38) has his own concept in differentiating semantics and pragmatics. Extremely, he states that pragmatics, which concerns on speaker’s intention, also has contribution in determining semantic content. Bach (in Carston, 2008: 41) adds that there are two kinds of context: narrow and broad. The narrow belongs to semantics and the broad belongs to pragmatics. In addition, Kwantes (2005: 703) explains that semantic representation of the target word is constructed by context vector that is retrieved from memory. In his book about pragmatics, Yule (2008: 4) differentiates the term semantics, syntax and also pragmatics. He states that syntax is about the relationships between linguistic form and how it is arranged and formed. Then, pragmatics is about the relationship between

linguistic forms and its users. The last, the relationship between linguistic forms and the real things in the world which the linguistic forms refer to is called as semantics. Semantics questions how words literally relate to things, not to the users or contexts. Related to the discussion of semantics and grammar, Kreidler (2001:2) also adds that semantics is concerned with the comprehension of individual speakers of a language that enable them to communicate with one another. Under the study of semantics, some topics are discussed. Some are semantic features, semantic roles and semantic relations. Yule explains that semantic features are the elements with the sign of plus (+) or minus (-) to differentiate words meanings in a language. Then, a part played by a noun phrase in a sentence is called as a semantic role . Last, based on the theory of Hjørland (2007), semantic relations concern with the relation between meanings.

Saleh (2008) states that there are some terms of semantics, such as semasiology, semology, semiotics, sememis, and semics. Beside having some terms, semantics also has some close relations with some disciplines, such as philosophy, psychology, anthropology and sociology.

Philosophy is closely related to semantics because the nature of the world and truth which become the contemplation of philosophy is represented through the meaning of language. Philosophy has a close relation with semantics namely philosophical semantics. Philosophical semantics examines the relation between linguistic expressions and phenomena in the world to which they refer and considers the conditions under which such expressions can be said to be true or false and the factors which affect the interpretation of language used.

Semantics is primarily the linguistic, and also philosophical, study of meaning in language, programming languages, formal logics, and semiotics. It focuses on the relationship between *signifiers* like words, phrases, signs, and symbols and what they stand for, their denotation.

In international scientific vocabulary semantics is also called *semasiology*. The word *semantics* was first used by Michel Bréal, a French philologist. It denotes a range of ideas—from the popular to the highly technical. It is often used in ordinary language for denoting a problem of understanding that comes down to word selection or connotation. This problem of understanding has been the subject of many formal enquiries, over a long period of time, especially in the field of formal semantics. In linguistics, it is the study of the interpretation of signs or symbols used in agents or communities within particular circumstances and contexts. Within this view, sounds, facial expressions, body language, and proxemics have semantic (meaningful) content, and each comprises several branches of study. In written language, things like paragraph structure and punctuation bear semantic content; other forms of language bear other semantic content.

The formal study of semantics intersects with many other fields of inquiry, including lexicology, syntax, pragmatics, etymology and others. Independently, semantics is also a well-defined field in its own right, often with synthetic properties. In the philosophy of language, semantics and reference are closely connected. Further related fields include philology, communication,

and semiotics. The formal study of semantics can therefore be manifold and complex.

Semantics contrasts with syntax, the study of the combinatorics of units of a language (without reference to their meaning), and pragmatics, the study of the relationships between the symbols of a language, their meaning, and the users of the language. Semantics as a field of study also has significant ties to various representational theories of meaning including truth theories of meaning, coherence theories of meaning, and correspondence theories of meaning. Each of these is related to the general philosophical study of reality and the representation of meaning.

In 1960s psychosemantic studies became popular after Osgood's massive cross-cultural studies using his semantic differential (SD) method that used thousands of nouns and adjective bipolar scales. A specific form of the SD, Projective Semantics method ^[7] uses only most common and neutral nouns that correspond to the 7 groups (factors) of adjective-scales most consistently found in cross-cultural studies (Evaluation, Potency, Activity as found by Osgood, and Reality, Organization, Complexity, Limitation as found in other studies). In this method, seven groups of bipolar adjective scales corresponded to seven types of nouns so the method was thought to have the object-scale symmetry (OSS) between the scales and nouns for evaluation using these scales. For example, the nouns corresponding to the listed 7 factors would be: Beauty, Power, Motion, Life, Work, Chaos. Beauty was expected to be assessed unequivocally as “very good” on adjectives of Evaluation-related scales, Life as “very real” on Reality-

related scales, etc. However, deviations in this symmetric and very basic matrix might show underlying biases of two types: scales-related bias and objects-related bias. This OSS design meant to increase the sensitivity of the SD method to any semantic biases in responses of people within the same culture and educational background.

1.2 Scope of Semantics

Semantics is the study of the linguistics meaning. It is not concerned with what sentences and other linguistics object expressed. It is not concerned with the arrangements of syntactic parts, or with their pronunciation. Semantics could cover more extensive areas, from structure and function of language as well as the interrelationship with other discipline. In this thesis, the scope of semantics is about the meaning itself in linguistics. Meaning of linguistic object can be various. Every people may have different way to analyze the meaning of a linguistic because there is no very general agreement about the nature of meaning or the way in which it should be described.

There are at least two major approaches to the way in which meaning in language is studied, each of which is often very influential in determining which fact of meaning are relevant for semantics. The first is linguistics approach, it concern with the way in which meaning in a language is structured. The second is philosophical approach, it investigates the relation between linguistics expression, such as the words of language, and person, things, and events in the world to which these words refer.

1.3 Semantic Relations

According to Hjørland (2007 : 22), relations between concepts or meanings are under the study of semantic relations. divide semantic relations into three: lexical, phrasal and sentential relations. The meaning relationships among words are under the field of lexical relations. Yule (2006: 104) explains further that the three of those relations are synonymy, antonymy and hyponymy. As stated by Yule (2006: 104), when two or more words are synonymous, their meanings are closely related. In some cases, the words are substituted for each other. For example, for asking someone's answer, people can say "What was his answer?" or "What was his reply?" The words answer and reply in those two questions have the same meaning. In contrast to synonymy, Trask (2007: 256) defines antonymy as words relation, such as when the two words have completely different meanings. Antonymy can be gradable antonyms, binary antonyms or converse pairs. Gradable antonyms reveal extreme opposite of series of word, such as hot and cold or big and small. Then, the second kind of antonymy is binary antonymy. Binary antonym is when the existence of a word exhausts the possibilities of the existence of another word, such as alive and dead. While the words such as wife and husband or above and below are the examples of converse pairs. Yule clarifies this by saying that if A is B's husband, then B is A's wife; if A is below B, then B is above A.

The last type of a lexical relation is hyponymy. In Yule's opinion (2006: 106), hyponymy is the relationship between two words or more which one is a kind of the meaning of another. For example, horse is a hyponym of animal,

means that horse is a kind of animal. According to Fromkin, Rodman and Hyams (2003: 189-92), the second semantic relation is in phrase which is called as phrasal relations. This kind of meaning relation can be noun-centered meaning or verb-centered meaning. The example of noun-centered meaning relation can be found in adjective-noun combination, such as good friend, and in noun compound, such as doghouse and pickpocket. Then, the verb-centered relation is closely related to thematic roles of verb. Thematic roles in the sentence The boy found a red brick are agent and theme, while in the sentence The boy put the red brick on the wall are agent, theme and goal. The knowledge about find and put decided the thematic roles.

As states by Fromkin, Rodman and Hyams (2003: 195), the last semantic relation is sentential meaning relation. The meaning of noun phrase and verb phrase in a sentence built its meaning. The other parts of speech like adverb also add and or affect the sentence meaning. Finally, related to this type, Murphy (2003: 8) argues that there are three main sentential semantic relations. They are contradiction, paraphrase, and entailment. Fromkin, Rodman and Hyams (2003: 198) define contradiction as a sentence relation which the truth of a sentence means the falseness of another sentence. Fromkin, Rodman and Hyams (2003: 198-9) give an example of contradiction. The sentence Elizabeth II is Queen of England contradicts Elizabeth II is a man. A queen is always a woman and never a man. Thus, if the first sentence is true, the second must be false. Another 16 example is that if Scott is a baby is true, it is false that Scott is an adult, because someone is never being a baby and an adult at the same time. In conclusion, if a

sentence is said to be the negation of the other then they are in a relation of contradiction.

The two other sentential meaning relations, paraphrase and entailment, have similarity. Huford and Heasley (2007: 113) explain that the relationship between the two relations is parallel to the relationship between hyponymy and synonymy. They add that if synonymy is symmetric hyponymy, paraphrase is symmetric entailment. According to Crystal (1998: 350), paraphrase presents some alternative versions of sentences to express the same meaning. She gives examples of paraphrase: The dog is eating a bone, A bone is being eaten by the dog, It's the dog who is eating a bone. The three sentences have a single semantic representation.

2. Lexical System Of English

A linguistic theory that investigates word meaning. This theory understands that the meaning of a word is fully reflected by its context. Here, the meaning of a word is constituted by its contextual relations. Therefore, a distinction between degrees of participation as well as modes of participation are made. In order to accomplish this distinction any part of a sentence that bears a meaning and combines with the meanings of other constituents is labeled as a semantic constituent. Semantic constituents that cannot be broken down into more elementary constituents are labeled minimal semantic constituents.

a) Denotative and connotative meaning

Denotative and connotative meanings are the first aspect of meaning that concerns about the link between meaning and the world to which words refer. If a

word has reference to an object, action, or event in the physical world this can describe as its *referential* or *denotative meaning*.

As well as denotative meaning, learners have to deal with the complexities of *connotative meaning*. This term relates to the attitudes and emotions of a language user in choosing a word and the influence of these on the listener or reader's interpretation of the word.

Connotative meanings derive from a mix cultural, political, and historical source and learners will be aware of this phenomenon in their own language. Notice, for example, the effect of choosing the word 'smashed', similar in meaning to the more neutral 'destroyed' but with associations of shocking personal violence.

b) Meaning relations among words

The second aspects of the meaning involve the sense relations that exist among words. It is divided into two parts, they are:

b.1. Syntagmatic relation

Syntagmatic relations are relations between words as they occur in sequence for example 'the dog barked' (not 'roared') or the sun shone (not 'glowed'). These are collocation.

b. 2. Paradigmatic relations

Words not only have sequential relationship, but exists in complex relationship with other words in the language in a network of meaning. The most common are synonymy, antonymy, and hyponymy.

Synonymy : A simple way of defining synonymy is to say that, in a given context, one linguist item can be exchanged for another without changing the meaning of the sentence or utterance. For example: Depressed, ...what does this mean?...yes he's unhappy, he's sad, look at the picture...he's...yes...miserable, he's depressed.

Antonymy : The term antonymy covers a number of relationships often thought of as opposites for example, 'male' and 'female', 'parent' and child, and 'dead' and 'alive'.

Hyponymy : Hyponymy is relationship whereby one word includes others within a hierarchy, so that we have superordinate words and subordinates words for example 'flower' is superordinate word and 'carnation' and 'rose' being subordinates hyponyms of 'flower' and co-hyponyms of each other Another example, we can say that 'house' is superordinate word and 'kitchen', 'garage', 'dining room' are subordinates hyponyms of house and 'living room' and 'bed room' are co-hyponyms of each other .

3. Hyponymy

As it has been discuss in previous part, hyponymy is included in semantic relations besides synonymy and antonym that can be used to present meaning. "When the meaning of one form is included in the meaning of another, the relationship is described as hyponymy. When we consider hyponomous connections, we are essentially looking at the meaning of words in some type of hierarchical relationship.

For example:

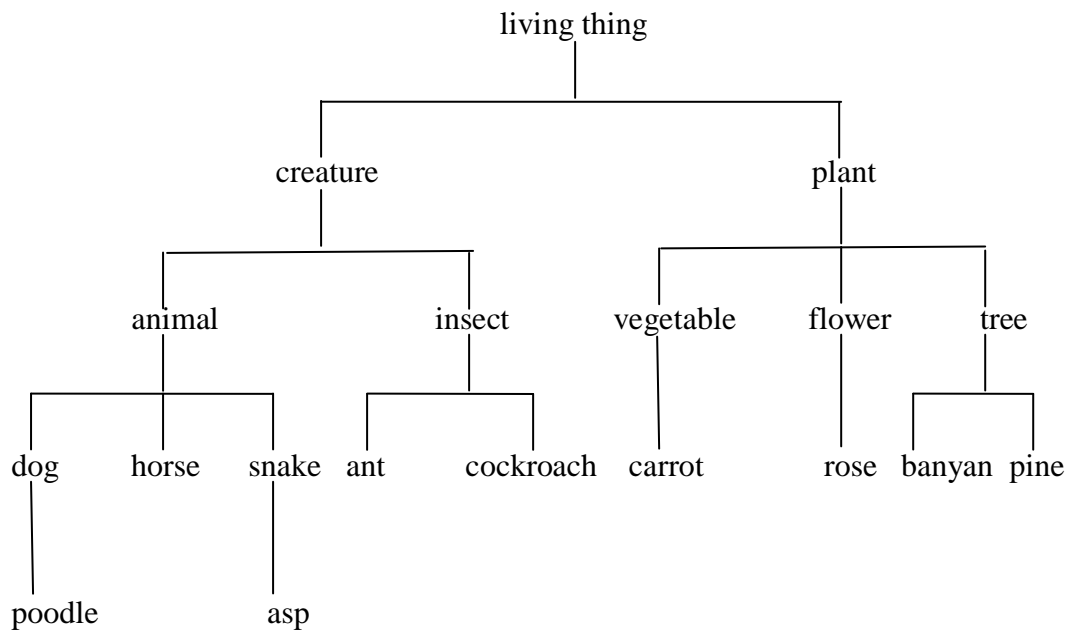


Figure 2.2 : (adapted from *The Study of Language* by Yule)

Looking at diagram, we can say that “horse” is a hyponym of “animal” or “cockroach” is a hyponym of “insect”. In these two examples, *animal* and *insect* are called the **superordinate** (= higher level) terms. We can also say that two or more words that share the same superordinate term are **co-hyponyms**. So, *dog* and *horse* are co-hyponyms and the superordinate term is animal.²² Another linguist said that “Hyponymy is a relationship whereby one word includes others a hierarchy, so we have superordinate words and subordinate words. So, ‘flower’, ‘carnation’, and ‘rose’ are in hyponymous relationship, ‘carnation’ and ‘rose’ being subordinate hyponyms of ‘flower’ and co-hyponyms of each other.”

Barret gave another opinion about hyponymy. “Hyponymy is the relation between a subordinate term (e.g. *cow*) and a superordinate term (e.g. *mammal*). Harmer said that,” Another relationship which defines the meaning of words to each other is that of **hyponymy**, where words like *banana*, *apple*, *orange*, *lemon*,

etc. are all hyponyms of the **superordinate** *fruit*. And *fruit* itself is a hyponym of other items which are members of the food family. We can express this relationship in the following diagram :

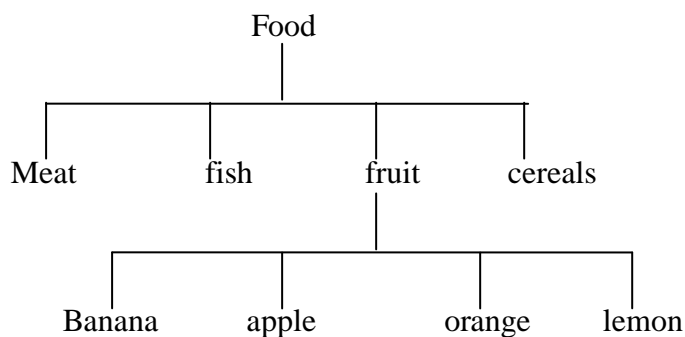


Figure 2.3: Hyponyms and superordinates (adapted from The Practice of English Language Teaching By Harmer)

Nation argued that “The relationship between items in a hierarchy is called hyponymy (*tree* is the hypernym, *beech* is the hyponym). *Hypo-* means ‘under’ as in *hypodermic* – an injection *under* the skin. Thornbury gave his opinion that “Hyponym is another *-nym* word that is useful when talking about the way word meanings are related. A hyponymous relationship is a *kind of* relationship, as in *A hammer is a kind of tool* or *A kiwi is a kind of bird (and a kind of fruit)*. Thus, *hammer* is hyponym of *tool*; *kiwi* a hyponym of *bird* (and *fruit*). **Co-hyponyms** share the same ranking in a hierarchy: *hammer*, *saw*, *screwdriver* are all co-hyponyms; *tool* is the **superordinate** term. But *saw* also has a superordinate relation to different kinds of saw: *fretsaw*, *chainsaw*, *jigsaw*, etc.

We can illustrate these relations like these:

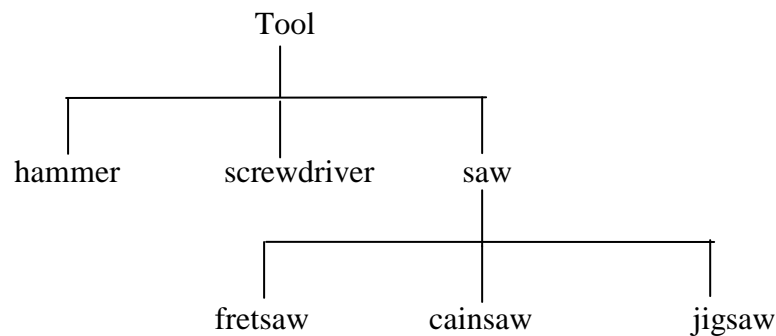


Figure 2.4: (adapted from *How to Teach Vocabulary* by Thorbury)

Hyponymy is a relation between two words in which the meaning of one of the words includes the meaning of the other word. The lexical relation corresponding to the inclusion of one class in another is hyponymy. A hyponym is a subordinate, specific term whose referent is included in the referent of super ordinate term. E.g. Blue, Green are kinds of color. They are specific colors and color is a general term for them. Therefore, color is called the super ordinate term, and blue, red, green, yellow, etc are called hyponyms.

A superordinate can have many hyponyms. Hyponymy is the relationship between each lower term and the higher term (super ordinate). It is a sense relation. It is defined in terms of the inclusion of the sense of one item in the sense of another. E.g. The sense of animal is included in the sense of lion.

Hyponymy is not restricted to objects, abstract concepts, or nouns. It can be identified in many other areas of the lexicon. E.g. the verb cook has many hyponyms. Word: Cook Hyponyms: Roast, boil, fry, grill, bake, etc. Word: color Hyponyms: blue, red, yellow, green, black and purple. In a lexical field, hyponymy may exist at more than one level. A word may have both a hyponym and a super ordinate term. For example, Word: Living Hyponym: bird, insects,

animals Now let's take the word bird from above hyponyms. Word: Bird
 Hyponyms: sparrow, hawk, crow, fowl We thus have sparrow, hawk, crow, fowl
 as hyponyms of bird and bird in turn is a hyponym of living beings. So there is a
 hierarchy of terms related to each other through hyponymic relations. Hyponymy
 involves the logical relationship of entailment. E.g. 'There is a horse' entails that
 'There is an animal.' Hyponymy often functions in discourse as a means of lexical
 cohesion by establishing referential equivalence to avoid repetition.

3.1 types of hyponym

Hyponymy shows the relationship between a generic term (hypernym) and
 a specific instance of it (hyponym). A hyponym is a word or phrase whose
 semantic field is more specific than its hypernym. The semantic field of a
 hypernym, also known as a superordinate, is broader than that of a hyponym. An
 approach to the relationship between hyponyms and hypernyms is to view a
 hypernym as consisting of hyponyms. This, however, becomes more difficult with
 abstract words such as *imagine*, *understand* and *knowledge*. While hyponyms are
 typically used to refer to nouns, it can also be used on other parts of speech. Like
 nouns, hyponyms in verbs are words that refer to a broad category of action¹. For
 example, verbs such as *stare*, *gaze*, *view* and *peer* can also be considered
 hyponyms of the verb *look*.

Hypernyms and hyponyms are asymmetric. Hyponymy can be tested by
 substituting X and Y in the sentence 'X is a kind of Y' and determining if it

makes sense. For example, ‘A screwdriver is a kind of tool’ makes sense but not ‘A tool is a kind of screwdriver’.

Strictly speaking, the meaning relation between hyponyms and hypernyms applies to lexical items of the same word class (or parts of speech), and holds between senses rather than words. For instance, the word *screwdriver* used in the previous example refers to the tool for turning a screw, and not to the drink made with vodka and orange juice.

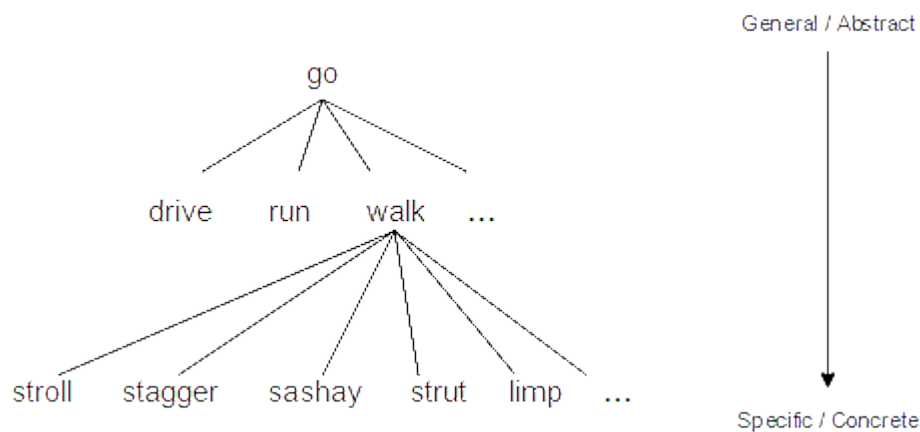
Hyponymy is a transitive relation, if X is a hyponym of Y, and Y is a hyponym of Z, then X is a hyponym of Z. For example, *violet* is a hyponym of *purple* and *purple* is a hyponym of *color*; therefore *violet* is a hyponym of *color*. In addition, it should be noted that a word can be both a hypernym and a hyponym: for example *purple* is a hyponym of colour but itself is a hypernym of the broad spectrum of shades of purple between the range of *crimson* and *violet*.

The hierarchical structure of semantic fields can be mostly seen in hyponymy. They could be observed from top to bottom, where the higher level is more general and the lower level is more specific. For example, *living things* will be the highest level followed by *plants* and *animals*, and the lowest level may comprise *dog*, *cat* and *wolf*.

Under the relations of hyponymy and incompatibility, taxonomic hierarchical structures too can be formed. It consists of two relations; the first one being exemplified in 'An X is a Y' (simple hyponymy) while the second relation is 'An X is a kind/type of Y'. The second relation is said to be more discriminating and can be classified more specifically under the concept of taxonomy.

3.2 The reason of the use of hyponym

The reason of the use hyponym systematically employs lower-order hyponyms is to create a text that appears semantically richer and literally has more meaning packed into each clause. Hyponyms (a semantic phenomena found in all human languages at all levels of the lexicon) organize sets of synonyms hierarchically, synonyms that capture a semantic range from the general to the specific, from the abstract to the concrete. Consider the following:



By using language with lower-order hyponyms — in other words using more concrete and specific vocabulary — each word carries more information. Compare for example the verbs *went*, *walked*, and *staggered* in the following sentences.

1. Dan **went** to the store Saturday night.
2. Dan **walked** to the store on Saturday night.
3. Dan **staggered** to the store on Saturday night.

Each sentence gives much more information to the reader, even though each sentence uses no additional words. The difference arises from the use of *hyponyms* — a special set of synonyms, in which the meaning of the more specific word includes the meaning of the more general words. For example, the word *staggered* (to walk with some difficulty, a temporary difficulty induced by a short-term chemical or physical cause) includes the idea of *walked* (locomotion on two feet) and the idea of *went* (to transport oneself in some manner). Thus, sentence (3) above allows the reader to "see" what Dan does in the mind's eye, whereas sentences (1) and (2) fail to do so as clearly simply because they seem more abstract.

Clearly, lower order vocabulary adds significantly to the descriptive and emotive power of the language. To discover how this technique can improve our own writing, we can imagine a couple of exercises that employ this phenomena.

4. Novel

The word comes from the Italian, *Novella*, which means the new staff that small. The novel developed in England and America. The novel was originally developed in the region from other forms of narrative nonfiction, such as letters, biographies, and history. But with a shift in society and development time, the novel is not only based on data nonfiction, author of novel can change according to the desired imagination.

Sumardjo (1998: 29) says that “novel is a story with the prose form in long shape, this long shape means the story including the complex plot, many character and various setting”

A novel is a totality, a comprehensiveness that is artistic. As a totality, the novel has passages elements, most related to one another in close and mutually dependent. The elements of a novel-builder who then collectively form a totality that-in addition to the formal elements of language, there are many more kinds. The division of the element in question is the intrinsic and extrinsic elements.

Intrinsic Elements (intrinsic) are the elements that build the literary work itself. Elements are what because the literary present as a work of Martial Arts. Intrinsic elements of a novel element (directly) participate and build the story. Extrinsic elements (extrinsic) are the elements that are beyond the works of Martial Arts, but indirectly affect the building or system of the organism's Martial Arts. Extrinsic elements of a novel must be still seen as something important.

Wellek & Warren (1956). As an intrinsic element, the element also comprises a number of extrinsic elements. The element in question (Wallek & Warren, 1956: 75-135), among others, is the state of individual subjectivity authors who have attitudes, beliefs, and outlook on life all of which will affect the work that he wrote. In short, elements of the author biographies will also determine the pattern works it produces. Extrinsic element next is psychology, psychology of the author either in the form (which includes the process of creativity), psychology readers, as well as the application of psychological principles in the works. The division of the intrinsic elements of the structure

works belonging traditional Martial Arts is the division based on the form and content elements-a dichotomous division of real people with little objection received.

Novel is narrative text informing of prose with a long shape that including some figures and fiction event. The intrinsic elements of novel are plot, setting characterization, point of view, and theme.

5. Novel Hell's Corner by David Baldacci

Hell's Corner is a crime novel written by David Baldacci. This is the fifth and final installment to feature the Camel Club, a small group of Washington, D.C. civilian misfits led by "Oliver Stone", a former CIA trained assassin. The book was initially published on November 9, 2010 by Grand Central Publishing.

The Russian mafia, the Mexican drug cartel, billions of dollars and bombs targeting presidents and prime ministers combine to entrap John Carr (aka Oliver Stone) and the Camel Club into another quick-paced adventure.

Stone, disgraced virtuoso of the CIA's lethal Triple Six section, is summoned by the American president, who believes the Russian mafia, conspiring with the Moscow oligarchy, has overthrown the Mexican drug cartel's leadership and intends to do with cocaine what the USSR could not do with military force: destroy the USA. Stone contemplates his covert assignment while walking through Lafayette Park near the White House. Suddenly there's machine gun fire and a bomb explodes. With the British prime minister on hand for a state dinner, authorities first think it's a botched assassination attempt. Stone's mission

is changed. Find out who set the bomb. Enter an old acquaintance of Stone's, British spymaster Sir James McElroy, and a cast of characters including MI6 operative Mary Chapman and agents from FBI, ATF, Secret Service and the shadowy NIC. Stone, Chapman and the Club encounter double-agents and triple-agents, villains and victims, as evidence spins in chaotic circles. The book moves through the Washington's halls of power, to the Bronx and to the aptly named Murder Mountain. Stone copes with nanobot technology, fear of biological weapons, a Turkish professor supposedly on the trail of Osama bin Laden and a beautiful lobbyist who is interested in more than peddling influence. Character development is basic, the Washington, D.C., setting is rendered with familiarity and the writing doesn't get in the way of the fast-moving plot.

B. Previous Related research

1. “Kajian Semantik Penggunaan hiponim dan hipernim pada judul wacana dalam koran Kompas edisi September- Oktober 2013, by M. Supriyanto Wahyu, Universitas Muhammadiyah Surakarta. This research examines the use of hyponymy and hypernymy in the phrase whose meaning is considered as a part of the meaning of another expression in the title of discourse.
2. “The Effectiveness Of Teaching Vocabulary Using Hyponymy Games” (A Quasi Experimental Study At The First Grade Of Mts. Daarul Hikmah Academic Year 2009-2010)” Universitas Islam Negeri Jakarta 2010, by Lilis Sulistyowati. The purpose of this research was to find out the

effectiveness of hyponymy games in teaching English vocabulary at first grade at MTs. Daarul Hikmah, Pamulang. This technique could improve and increase student's ability to learn the target language and make them enjoyable in the teaching learning process. It supposes to motivate students to learn English actively by using hyponymy games.

3. "The Hyponym Of Verbs Motion in Javanese Language. FIB Universitas Indonesia, 2009, by Erlin Rissa ariyani. This research focused on the hyponym of verb motion in Javanese language. The purpose of this research was to get the description of the word about the common component and diagnostic component verb of motion in Javanese language.

C. Conceptual framework

Semantics is one of the two main branches of linguistic studies. Basically, it is the study of meaning. It defines Semantics as the study of word meaning and sentence meaning; it differs from Pragmatics which relates to language and its contexts. Lexical semantics (also known as lexicosemantics), is a subfield of linguistic semantics, which centrally concerns with the study of hyponym; that is the study of how people perform something by using sentences under certain condition. This research tried to discover whether there was hyponym related in the paragraph of the novel *Hell's Corner* by David Baldacci.

CHAPTER III

METHOD OF THE RESEARCH

A. Research Design

The research was conducted by applying qualitative descriptive method. According to Moleong (2005) “ Qualitative research is a product of research that outcome the data of descriptive such as words written or oral from people and the act which can be observed”. it meant that the data collected in the form of word or picture rather than number. So, in descriptive method, the data, the fact, and another are described by using words in the form of descriptive. In this research the types of hyponym were described by applying this research design.

B. Source of data

The source of data in this research would be obtained from the Novel Hell’s Corner By David Baldacci ; that was nine chapters; they awere chapter 1,2,3,4,43,46,69,70,80. which contained hyponym.

C. Technique of collecting the data

The data in this research were collected by using some steps as follows :

1. Reading Hell’s corner novel by David Baldacci
2. Underlining the hyponym found in the novel Hell’s Corner by David Baldachi.
3. Identifying the hyponym in the novel hell’s corner by David Baldachi.

D. Technique of analyzing the data

The data of this research were analyzed by applying the following steps :

1. Identifying the types of hyponym in the novel.

2. Collecting and tabulating each word contained with types of hyponym.
3. Analyzing and interpreting the data to answer the problem.
4. Drawing the conclusion

CHAPTER IV

DATA AND DATA ANALYSIS

A. Data Collection

This chapter dealt with types of hyponym in the novel “ Hell’s Corner” by David Baldacci. The data of this research were taken from chapter 1,2,3,4,43,46,69,70,80 of “ Hell’s Corner” novel by David Baldacci. As it was mentioned in the scope of the study previously, the data of this research were only focused on analyzing the types of hyponym (noun, verb and adjective) and why hyponym are used in this novel.

B. Data Analysis

1. The types of hyponym used in the novel “The Hell’s Corner By David Baldachi”.

After collecting the data, types of hyponym in “ Hell’s Corner” novel by David Baldacci were classified based on the types of hyponym. There were three types of hyponym there were noun, verb, and adjective.

Table 4.1 the types of hyponym in the novel Hell’s Corner by David Baldacci

No	Types of hyponym	Total
1	Noun	36
2	Verb	4
3	Adjective	2

Types of hyponym

CHAPTER 1

Noun :

- Car tires had bitten into the gravel that lined the entrance to Mt. Zion **Cemetery**. It was a historical if humble **burial site** for African Americans who'd gained prominence by fighting for things their white counterparts had always taken for granted, like where to eat, sleep, ride in a bus or use the bathroom (page 2). In these sentences there were two words that had relation; the word **cemetery** was the hyponym of **burial site**.
- Regardless, the **weapons** would be chambering efficiently lethal ordinance. The **guns** would be holstered under nice suit jackets. /No black-clad storm troopers rappelling from the skids of go-fast choppers in quaint, well-connected Georgetown (page 2). In this sentences the researcher found that the word **weapons** was hypernym is related the word **gun** as hyponym.
- There was a time when Stone would have rated a platoon of crackerjack killers coming for him by **land, sea and air**. In this sentence the researcher found that the word **land, sea and air** were hyponyms of the elements of earth (page 2).
- There were no unnecessary words uttered. He was expertly searched and ushered into the **vehicle**. He sat in the **middle bench seat**, a man on either side of him (page 4). In this sentences the researcher found the word

middle bench seat which were hyponym of **vehicle**, because it was a part of vehicle.

- The man was **dressed** casually, **chinos, open-collared shirt, loafers**. In this sentence the word chinos, open-collared shirt, loafers as part of dressed casually. The word **chinos, open-collared shirt, loafers** as hyponym of **dressed casually**.

CHAPTER 2

Noun

- “Just like **hairdos and clothes**, if one hangs around long enough, things come back in **style**. In this sentence the word hairdos and clothes have relation with style. The word **hairdos and clothes** as hyponym of **style**.
- The Russians have a **web of spy** rings entrenched in this country. The **FBI** has arrested some of them, infiltrated others, but more are out there of which we have no information.” “Countries spy on each other all the time,” said Stone. “I would be stunned if we didn’t have intelligence operations going on over there.” **Web of spy** as hypernym and **FBI** as hyponym of it.
- The president brushed this comment aside impatiently. “The papers say that. **Fox and CNN** broadcast that, the pundits fixate on it, but the fact is Carlos Montoya is done. the word **Fox and CNN** have relation in their function it’s same as a broadcaster.

- Their populace certainly abuses both drugs and alcohol. In this sentence the word abuses as hypernym and the word Drugs and alcohol as hyponym of it
- I suspect you will be ready to leave the country in a month.” “Going to Russia?” “No, Mexico and Latin America. In this sentence the word country as hypernym and the word Russia, Mexico, and Latin America as hyponym.
- The park had been used for many purposes over two centuries, including as a graveyard, a slave market and even a racetrack. In this sentence the word graveyard, a slave market and even racetrack is the hyponym of the park.

Verb

- But the Russians have kicked our southern neighbor’s ass, Stone. They have killed and clawed and bombed and tortured and bribed their way to the top, with the result that they are now in control of at least ninety percent of the business. in this sentence the words killed and clawed and bombed and tortured and bribed as hyponym of kicked.

CHAPTER 3

Noun

- The monument was surrounded by a low wrought-iron fence, with a scattering of ancient cannons inside this space. Four other statues memorializing foreign Revolutionary War heroes anchored each corner of

the green space. In this sentence the word statues as hyponym of monument.

- He smiled as he saw the gingko tree near the Jackson statue. In this sentence the word gingko as hyponym of tree. It's meant that gingko as one kind of tree.

CHAPTER 4

Noun :

- He watched as the prime minister's motorcade pulled out from the west side of the White House and set off toward Blair House. The building, which was actually three town houses stitched together, was deceptively large. (page 20). In this sentences the word White House and set off toward Blair House is kinds of building. It can conclude White House and set off toward Blair House as hyponym of building.
- As the sound of the explosion subsided it was replaced by screams, sirens, the screech of tire rubber on asphalt and more screams. But Oliver Stone never heard or witnessed any of this. He was lying facedown on the ground, his eyes closed. (page 25) in this sentence the word explosion subsided screams, sirens, the screech of tire rubber on asphalt and more screams As hyponym of sounds.
-

CHAPTER 43

Noun :

- A few minutes later she came out dressed in a skirt, blouse, no hose and no shoes. (page 251) the word skirt, blouse, no hose and no shoes as hyponym of dressed.
- A few Two that the president was going to be attending. Other heads of state, congressmen, celebrities. (page 252). In this sentence the word president, heads of state, congressmen, celebrities as hyponym of important person.

CHAPTER 46

Noun :

- Stone had covered his eyes just in time. Chapman caught it full in the face and yelled in pain. Stone stuffed his shirt collar in his ears and then covered them with his arms. (page 269) In this sentence the word eyes, face, ears and arms as hyponym of part of body.
- A second later Reuben fell into the room, landing on the wooden floor. In this sentence the word wooden as hyponym of floor, it because in here wooden explain about kind floor.
- Annabelle helped Stone get the big man up and over to a chair. Blood was seeping down his forearm and his face was pale. In this sentence the word Blood was seeping down his forearm and his face was pale as hyponym of sickness.

- “Stay here and call Harry and make sure he’s okay and then do the same with Caleb. Then join us at **Georgetown Hospital**. In this sentence the word **George town** as hyponym of **hospital**, it’s because the word George town explain the name of a hospital.
- The ride to the hospital was quick, and while Reuben was being checked out Stone sat in the **waiting room** with Chapman and Annabelle, who had just gotten there. (page 273) in this sentence the word **waiting room** as hyponym of **room**, it’s because waiting room explain one kind of room.
- The guy dropped us off at a **car rental place** (page 273). in this sentence the word car rental place as hyponym of place, it’s because **car rental place** explain one kind of **place**.
- Stone told her about the possible origins of the shots from a **U.S. government building**. (page 275) in this sentence the word **U.S. government building** as hyponym of **building**. It’s show U.S. government building as one kind of building.

Verb :

- A minute later she opened her eyes, **stared up** at him. “Bloody hell,” she exclaimed. She **looked** around. “I know I got two of them. I think I killed one of them. (page 270) in this word the word **stared up and looked** as hyponym of **see**. It’s because both of stared up and looked have the similar meaning.

- “We were followed in Pennsylvania. Got into a **gunfight**. Reuben was **shot**. He needs a doctor.” In this sentences the word **shot** as hyponym of **gunfight**.

Adjective :

- After that, we all take our chances. And from what I’ve seen, you’re **good**, but I’m **better**.” (page 270) in this sentence good and better have the similar meaning. The word good and better as hyponym of

CHAPTER 69

Noun

- Chapman looked behind her. **Two cop cars** were cutting through the traffic heading their way. (page 398) in this sentence the word **cop** as hyponym of **car**.
- **Blood and brain** matter were splattered around the car’s interior from the exit wound. (page 399) in this sentence the word **blood and brain** as hyponym of **part of body**.
- **A woman** who’d **been standing on the sidewalk** came running up to them. She was **about twenty**, with **kneeless jeans and an iPhone clutched in her right hand and a shopping bag in her left**. (page 400) in these sentences the sentence **about twenty, with knee less jeans and an iPhone clutched in her right hand and a shopping bag in her left** as hyponym of **a woman**. The sentence is describe about the woman.

Adjective :

- An older man was leaning against the car in front looking **very shaken and scared**. The word **very shaken and scared** is the hyponym of **feeling** (page 398).

CHAPTER 70**Noun :**

- “This way.” He led them to **a door** off the **lobby**. (page 401) in this sentence a door as hyponym of lobby, it’s because **door** as one thing there are in the **lobby**.
- They found the **security guard’s uniform** next to a Dumpster. (page 402) in this sentences the word **security guard’s uniform** as hyponym of a **uniform**.
- **George Sykes, a D.C. police officer and a security guard** were dead. (page 404) in this sentence the word **a D.C. police officer and a security guard** as hyponym of **George Sykes**, it’s because a D.C. police officer and a security guard describe about George Sykes.
- They’d found the real security guard in a **storage room** of the **lobby** with a single gunshot wound burned into his forehead. (page 404) in this sentence the word **a storage room** as hyponym of **lobby**, it’s because storage room show the one room that are in the lobby.
- It was in the middle of an ordinary **neighborhood** with **kids on bikes, moms talking in front yards and dads cutting the grass**. Or it would

have been if the street hadn't been evacuated and then shut down by the FBI. (page 404) in this sentence the sentence **kids on bikes, moms talking in front yards and dads cutting the grass it's explain the neighborhood.** **The sentence kids on bikes, moms talking in front yards and dads cutting the grass** as hyponym of **neighborhood.**

CHAPTER 80

Noun

- **Alice Gross** certainly looked like **a woman who'd just lost her husband.** **Her skin was naturally pale but with a gray pallor lurking just below the surface. Her eyes were red, her hair in disarray. She held a crumpled tissue in one hand and a bottle of water in the other as she led them into her small living room.** (page 462) in this sentences **the sentence a woman who'd just lost her husband. Her skin was naturally pale but with a gray pallor lurking just below the surface. Her eyes were red, her hair in disarray. She held a crumpled tissue in one hand and a bottle of water in the other as she led them into her small living room** as hyponym of **Alice Gross.** It's because it's describe about Alice Gross.
- Her eyes were red, her hair in disarray. She held a crumpled tissue in one hand and a bottle of water in the other as she led them into her **small living room.** (page 462) in this sentence the word **small living room** as

hyponym of the **room** , it's because small living room show one kind of room.

- Stone saw a **coloring book** (chpage 462) in this sentences the word **coloring book** as hyponym of **book**, it's because coloring book show one kind of book.
- Stone saw a coloring book on the **coffee table**, a baseball bat and some cleats in one corner. (page 462) in this sentence the word coffee table as hyponym of table, it's because **coffee table** as one kind of **table**.

2. The reasons to use hyponym in the novel.

1. In Hell's Corner novel by David Baldacci systematic the use of hyponymy in the sentences was to create text that appeared semantically richer and literally had become more meaningful.
2. By using language with lower-order hyponyms it meant that the words used be came more concrete and specific each word carried more information.
3. Each sentence in the novel gives much more information to the readers, even though each sentence used no additional words. The difference arises from the use of *hyponyms* (a special set of synonyms) in which the meaning of the more specific word includes the meaning of the more general words. Clearly, lower order hyponym adds significantly the descriptive and emotive power of the language. to discover how this technique could improve writing skill.

C. Data finding

After analyzing the sentences in Hell's Corner Novel by David Baldacchi the findings could be concluded as follows :

1. There were 3 types of hyponym used in novel Hell's Corner by David Baldacchi namely : noun, verb, and adjective.
2. In this novel, 9 chapters were analyzed (1,2,3,4,43,46,69,70,80). 42 hyponyms found in those chapters.
3. In Hell's Corner novel systematically hyponymy in the sentences that novel used to create text that appeared semantically richer and literally has become more meaningful.

CHAPTER V

CONCLUSION AND SUGGESTION

A. Conclusion

Having analyzed all the data, the conclusion could be drawn as the following :

1. There were three types of hyponym found in the novel “ Hell’s corner By David Baldacci. The type of hyponym found in the novel “ Hell’s corner By David Baldacci are : noun, verb, and adjective.
2. In Hell’s Corner novel systematically hyponymy in the sentences that novel used to create text that appeared semantically richer and literally has become more meaningful.

B. Suggestion

1. To the readers, it is suggested to study about hyponym because by knowing the hyponym, they will able to give an insight of the meaning of hyponymy type to help them know the contents of a novel.
2. This research only examined the types hyponymy ; noun, verb, and adjective is in Hell's Corner Novel by David Baldacci. therefore it provides an opportunity for further research are interested in analyzing hyponymy further research in the other domain.

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APPENDICES

Table 4.1.2 The Data analysis of types of hyponym in the novel Hell's Corner by David Baldacci

No	Sentences	Types of hyponym		
		Noun	Verb	Adjective
1	Car tires had bitten into the gravel that lined the entrance to Mt. Zion Cemetery . It was a historical if humble burial site for African Americans who'd gained prominence by fighting for things their white counterparts had always taken for granted, like where to eat, sleep, ride in a bus or use the bathroom. (chapter 1 page 2)	✓		
2	Regardless, the weapons would be chambering efficiently lethal ordnance. The guns would be holstered under nice suit jackets. /No black-clad storm troopers rappelling from the skids of go-fast choppers in quaint, well-connected Georgetown. (chapter 1 page 2)	✓		
3	There was a time when Stone would have rated a platoon of crackerjack killers coming for him by land, sea and air . (chapter 1 page 3)	✓		
4.	There were no unnecessary words uttered. He was expertly searched and ushered into the vehicle . He sat in the middle bench seat , a man on either side of him. (chapter 1 page 4)	✓		
5.	The man was dressed casually, chinos, open-collared shirt, loafers . (chapter 1 page 5)	✓		
6.	“Just like hairdos and clothes , if one hangs around long enough, things come back in style . (chapter 2 page 6)	✓		
7.	The Russians have a web of spy rings entrenched in this country. The FBI has arrested some of them, infiltrated	✓		

	others, but more are out there of which we have no information.” “Countries spy on each other all the time,” said Stone. “I would be stunned if we didn’t have intelligence operations going on over there.” (chapter 2 page 7)			
8.	But the Russians have kicked our southern neighbor’s ass, Stone. They have killed and clawed and bombed and tortured and bribed their way to the top, with the result that they are now in control of at least ninety percent of the business. (chapter 2 page 7)		✓	
9.	The president brushed this comment aside impatiently. “The papers say that. Fox and CNN broadcast that, the pundits fixate on it, but the fact is Carlos Montoya is done. (chapter 2 page 8)	✓		
10.	. Their populace certainly abuses both drugs and alcohol . (chapter 2 page 9)	✓		
11.	I suspect you will be ready to leave the country in a month.” “Going to Russia ?”“No, Mexico and Latin America . (chapter 2 page 10)	✓		
12.	The park had been used for many purposes over two centuries, including as a graveyard, a slave market and even a racetrack (chapter 3 page 15)	✓		
13.	The monument was surrounded by a low wrought-iron fence, with a scattering of ancient cannons inside this space. Four other statues memorializing foreign Revolutionary War heroes anchored each corner of the green space. (chapter 3 page 16)	✓		
14	He smiled as he saw the gingko tree near the Jackson statue. . (chapter 3 page 19)	✓		

15	He watched as the prime minister's motorcade pulled out from the west side of the <u>White House</u> and <u>set off toward Blair House. The building,</u> which was actually three town houses stitched together, was deceptively large. (chapter 4 page 20)	✓		
16	As the <u>sound</u> of the explosion subsided it was replaced by <u>screams, sirens, the screech of tire rubber on asphalt and more screams.</u> But Oliver Stone never heard or witnessed any of this. He was lying facedown on the ground, his eyes closed. (chapter 4 page 25)	✓		
17.	A few minutes later she came out <u>dressed</u> in a <u>skirt, blouse, no hose and no shoes.</u> (chapter 43 page 251)	✓		
18	A few Two that the <u>president</u> was going to be attending. Other heads of <u>state, congressmen, celebrities.</u> (chapter 43 page 252)	✓		
19	Stone had covered his <u>eyes</u> just in time. Chapman caught it full in the <u>face and yelled in pain.</u> Stone stuffed his shirt collar in his <u>ears</u> and then covered them with his <u>arms.</u> (chapter 46 page 269)	✓		
20	After that, we all take our chances. And from what I've seen, you're <u>good,</u> but I'm <u>better.</u> " (chapter 46 page 270)			✓
21	A minute later she opened her eyes, <u>stared up</u> at him. "Bloody hell," she exclaimed. She <u>looked</u> around. "I know I got two of them. I think I killed one of them. (chapter 46 page 270)		✓	
22	A second later Reuben fell into the room, landing on the <u>wooden floor.</u> (chapter 46 page 271)	✓		
23	Annabelle helped Stone get the big man up and over to a chair. <u>Blood was seeping down his forearm</u> and <u>his face was pale.</u> (chapter 46 page 271)	✓		

24	“We were followed in Pennsylvania. Got into a gunfight . Reuben was shot . He needs a doctor.” (chapter 46 page 272)		✓	
25	“Stay here and call Harry and make sure he’s okay and then do the same with Caleb. Then join us at Georgetown Hospital . (chapter 46 page 273)	✓		
26	The ride to the hospital was quick, and while Reuben was being checked out Stone sat in the waiting room with Chapman and Annabelle, who had just gotten there. (chapter 46 page 273)	✓		
27	The guy dropped us off at a car rental place (chapter 46 page 273)	✓		
28	I got us another ride and drove back to D.C. as fast as possible. (chapter 46 page 273)		✓	
29	Stone told her about the possible origins of the shots from a U.S. government building . (chapter 46 page 275)	✓		
30	Chapman looked behind her. Two cop cars were cutting through the traffic heading their way. (chapter 69 page 398)	✓		
31	An older man was leaning against the car in front looking very shaken and scared . (chapter 69 page 398)			✓
32	Blood and brain matter were splattered around the car’s interior from the exit wound. (chapter 69 page 399)	✓		
33	A woman who’d been standing on the sidewalk came running up to them. She was about twenty , with kneeless jeans and an iPhone clutched in her right hand and a shopping bag in her left . (chapter 69 page 400)	✓		
34	“This way.” He led them to a door off the lobby . (chapter 70 page 401)	✓		

35	They found the <u>security guard's uniform</u> next to a Dumpster. (chapter 70 page 402)	✓		
36	<u>George Sykes, a D.C. police officer and a security guard</u> were dead. (chapter 70 page 404)	✓		
37	They'd found the real security guard in a <u>storage room</u> of the <u>lobby</u> with a single gunshot wound burned into his forehead. (chapter 70 page 404)	✓		
38	It was in the middle of an ordinary <u>neighborhood</u> with <u>kids on bikes, moms talking in front yards and dads cutting the grass.</u> Or it would have been if the street hadn't been evacuated and then shut down by the FBI. (chapter 70 page 404)	✓		
39	<u>Alice Gross</u> certainly looked like <u>a woman who'd just lost her husband. Her skin was naturally pale but with a gray pallor lurking just below the surface. Her eyes were red, her hair in disarray. She held a crumpled tissue in one hand and a bottle of water in the other as she led them into her small living room.</u> (chapter 80 page 462)	✓		
40	Her eyes were red, her hair in disarray. She held a crumpled tissue in one hand and a bottle of water in the other as she led them into her <u>small living room.</u> (chapter 80 page 462)	✓		
41	Stone saw a <u>coloring book</u> (chapter 80 page 462)	✓		
42	Stone saw a coloring book on the <u>coffee table,</u> a baseball bat and some cleats in one corner. (chapter 89 page 462)	✓		

CURRICULUM VITAE

Name : Fanadia Yogaswara

Register Number : 1302050018

Sex : Female

Religion : Moeslim

Material Status : Single

Place/Date of Birth : Tanjung Morawa, 24 Oktober 1995

Education :

1. Elementary School at SD Negeri 105855
2. Junior High School at SMP Swasta Nur Azizi Tanjung Morawa
3. Senior High School at SMA Negeri 1 Tanjung Morawa

Hobbies : Swimming

Father's Name : Mesdi

Mother's Name : Susi Hartini

Address : Jl. Batang Kuis Pasar 9 no. 10 Tanjung Morawa

APPENDIX

HELL'S CORNER BY DAVID BALDACCI

CHAPTER 1

OLIVER STONE WAS COUNTING SECONDS, an exercise that had always calmed him. And he needed to be calm. He was meeting with someone tonight. Someone very important. And Stone didn't quite know how it was going to go. He did know one thing for certain. He was not going to run. He was through running.

Stone had just returned from Divine, Virginia, where Abby Riker, a woman he'd met, lived. Abby had been the first woman Stone had feelings for since he'd lost his wife three decades prior. Despite their obvious fondness for one another, Abby would not leave Divine, and Stone could not live there. For better or worse, much of him belonged to this town, even with all the pain it had caused.

That pain might become even more intense. The communication he'd received an hour after returning home had been explicit. They would come for him at midnight. No debate was allowed, no negotiation suffered through, no chance of any compromise. The party on the other end of the equation always dictated the terms.

A few moments later he stopped counting. Car tires had bitten into the gravel that lined the entrance to Mt. Zion Cemetery. It was a historical if humble burial site for African Americans who'd gained prominence by fighting for things their white counterparts had always taken for granted, like where to eat, sleep, ride in a bus or use the bathroom. The irony had never been lost on Stone that Mt. Zion rested high above fancy Georgetown. It was not all that long ago that the

wealthy folks here only tolerated their darker brethren if they wore a maid's starched uniform or else were handing out drinks and finger foods and keeping their obedient gaze on the polished floors.

Car doors opened and car doors closed. Stone counted three clunks of metal against metal. So a trio. Of men. They wouldn't send a woman for this, he didn't think, though that might simply have been the prejudice of his generation.

Glocks or Sigs or perhaps customized models, depending on whom they'd sent to do the deed. Regardless, the weapons would be chambering efficiently lethal ordnance. The guns would be holstered under nice suit jackets. No black-clad storm troopers rappelling from the skids of go-fast choppers in quaint, well-connected Georgetown. The extraction would be quiet, no important person's sleep interrupted.

They knocked.

Polite.

He answered.

To show respect.

These people had no personal grudge against him. They might not even know who he was. It was a job. He'd done it, though he'd never knocked beforehand. Surprise and then the millisecond-long pull of a trigger had been his MO.

A job.

At least I thought that, because I didn't have the courage to face the truth.

As a soldier, Stone had never had any qualms about ending the life of anyone who was trying to terminate his. War was Darwinism at its most efficient and the rules were innately commonsensical, kill or be killed chief among them. However, what he had done after leaving the military had been different in a way that left him permanently mistrustful of those in power.

He stood in the doorway, framed by the light behind him. He would have chosen this moment to fire, if he'd been on the trigger side. Quick, clean, no chance of missing. He'd given them their opportunity.

They didn't take it. They were not going to kill him.

It was actually four men, and Stone felt slight apprehension that his observations had been flawed.

The leader of the pack was trim, five-ten, short hair and efficient eyes that took in everything and gave nothing in return. He motioned to the vehicle parked by the gate, a black Escalade. There was a time when Stone would have rated a platoon of crackerjack killers coming for him by land, sea and air. Those days, apparently, were over. A quartet of suits in a Cadillac on steroids was enough.

There were no unnecessary words uttered. He was expertly searched and ushered into the vehicle. He sat in the middle bench seat, a man on either side of him. He could feel each of their muscled arms as it lay against his. They were tensed, ready to block any attempt by Stone to get to their weapons. Stone had no thought of making such an attempt. Now, outnumbered four to one, he would lose that battle ten times out of ten, a blackened tattoo painted on his forehead, a third eye his reward for the fatal miscalculation. Decades ago it was probable that four

men far better than these would lie dead as he walked away to fight another day. But those days were long in the past.

“Where?” he asked. He never expected a response and didn’t get one. Minutes later he stood alone outside a building virtually every American would recognize. He didn’t stand there for long. More men appeared, better and higher-ranked than the ones who had just dropped him off. He was now in the inner ring. The personnel became more skilled the closer one approached the center. They escorted him down a corridor with numerous doorways. Every single one of them was closed, and it wasn’t simply the lateness of the hour. This place never really slept. The door opened and the door closed. Stone was alone once more, but again not for long. A door opened in another part of the room and the man entered. He didn’t look at Stone, but motioned for him to sit.

Stone sat.

The man settled down behind his desk.

Stone was an unofficial visitor here. Normally a log was kept of everyone passing through this place, but not tonight. Not him. The man was dressed casually, chinos, open-collared shirt, loafers. He slid glasses over his face, rustled some papers on his desk. A single light burned next to him. Stone studied him. The man looked intense and determined. He had to be to survive this place. To manage his way through the world’s most impossible job.

He put down the papers; slid up the glasses onto the lined forehead.

“We have a problem,” said James Brennan, the president of the United States. “And we need your help.”

CHAPTER 2

STONE WAS MILDLY SURPRISED but didn't show it. Registering surprise was never good in situations like this. "A problem with what?"

"The Russians."

"All right." Nothing new there, thought Stone. We often have problems with the Russians.

The president continued, "You've been there." It wasn't a question.

"Many times."

"You speak the language." Again, not a question, so Stone remained silent. "You know their tactics."

"I used to know them. That was a long time ago."

Brennan smiled grimly. "Just like hairdos and clothes, if one hangs around long enough, things come back in style, including, apparently, espionage techniques."

The president leaned back and put his feet up on the Resolute desk that had been a gift from Queen Victoria to America near the end of the nineteenth century. Rutherford B. Hayes had been the first sitting president to use it, and Brennan the latest.

"The Russians have a web of spy rings entrenched in this country. The FBI has arrested some of them, infiltrated others, but more are out there of which we have no information."

"Countries spy on each other all the time," said Stone. "I would be stunned if we didn't have intelligence operations going on over there."

“That’s beside the point.”

“All right,” said Stone, who actually thought that was the point.

“The Russian cartels control all the major drug distribution pipelines in the eastern hemisphere. The monies involved are truly enormous.”

Stone nodded. This he knew.

“Well, now they control it in the western hemisphere as well.”

This Stone didn’t know. “I understand the Colombians had been muscled out by the Mexicans.”

Brennan nodded thoughtfully. Stone could sense in the man’s weary expression the mounds of briefing books he had no doubt pored over today to understand this and a dozen other critical matters thoroughly. The presidency would suck up every ounce of energy and intellectual curiosity one cared to give the job.

Brennan said, “Pipeline trumps product, they finally figured that out. You can make the crap anywhere, but getting it to the buyer is the real key. And on this side of the world Americans are the buyers. But the Russians have kicked our southern neighbor’s ass, Stone. They have killed and clawed and bombed and tortured and bribed their way to the top, with the result that they are now in control of at least ninety percent of the business. And that is a major problem.”

“I understood that Carlos Montoya—”

The president brushed this comment aside impatiently. “The papers say that. Fox and CNN broadcast that, the pundits fixate on it, but the fact is Carlos Montoya is done. He was the worst of the scum in Mexico. He killed two of his

own brothers to win control of the family business, and yet he proved no match for the Russians. In fact, our intel leads us to believe that he's been killed. The Russians are about as ruthless as they come in the drug world."

"All right," said Stone evenly.

"So long as the Mexican cartels were the adversary it was manageable. Not ideal, of course, but it didn't reach national security status. We could battle it on our borders and in the metro areas where the cartels had infiltrated primarily through gang ranks. It's different with the Russians."

"Meaning a connection between the spy rings and the cartels?"

Brennan eyed Stone, perhaps surprised he'd made the connection so fast. "We believe there is. In fact, our belief is that the Russian government and their drug cartels are one and the same."

"That's a very troublesome conclusion," said Stone.

"And the correct one, we think. Illegal drug sales are one of the leading exports from Russia. They make it in the old Soviet labs, and ship it all over the world through various means. They pay off the people they have to and kill the ones they can't bribe. The monies involved are enormous. Hundreds of billions of dollars. Too enormous for the government not to want its share. And there's more to the equation."

"You mean the more drugs they sell to America the weaker we become as a nation? It drains dollars and brain cells. It increases the level of both petty and major crime, taxes our resources, shifts assets from productive areas to nonproductive ones."

Again, Brennan looked surprised at Stone's nimble articulation. "That's right. And the Russians know something about the power of addictions. Their populace certainly abuses both drugs and alcohol. But we have detected a purposeful, enhanced effort by the Russians to basically overwhelm America with drugs." The president sat back. "And then there's the obvious complicating factor."

"They're a nuclear power," replied Stone. "They have as many warheads as we do, in fact."

The president nodded. "They want back in the top tier. Perhaps they want to be the sole superpower, supplanting us. And on top of that they are vastly influential in the Middle and Far East. Even the Chinese and Israelis fear them, if only for their unpredictability. The balance is getting out of whack."

"All right. Why me?"

"The Russians have gone back to old-school tactics, Stone. From your era."

"I'm not that old. Aren't there spies from my era still at the Agency?"

"No, there's really not. There was a hiring freeze before 9/11 and a lot of voluntary and involuntary retirements of older personnel. After those planes hit the buildings, there was considerable ramp-up. The result is that three-quarters of the CIA is comprised of twenty-somethings. The only thing they know about Russia is they make good vodka and it's cold there. You know Russia. You understand the trenches of espionage better than most of the people sitting in the executive offices at Langley." He paused. "And we all know you have special skills. Skills this country spent good money instilling in you."

The guilt factor. Interesting.

“But all my contacts there are gone. Dead.”

“That is actually an advantage. You go in with a blank slate, an unknown quantity.”

“How will we start?”

“By you going back in unofficially, of course. There will be training, getting you up to date on things. I suspect you will be ready to leave the country in a month.”

“Going to Russia?”

“No, Mexico and Latin America. We need you on the ground where the drugs are coming through. It’ll be rough work. And dangerous. I guess I don’t need to tell you that.” He paused and his gaze flicked to Stone’s close-cropped white hair.

Stone easily interpreted the observation. “I’m not as young as I was, obviously.”

“None of us are.”

Stone nodded, his mind racing ahead to the logical conclusion of all this. He really only had one question. “Why?”

“I already told you why. In many respects you’re the best we have. And the problem is very real and getting worse.”

“Can I hear the rest of it?”

“The rest of what?”

“Why I’m really here.”

“I don’t understand,” the president said irritably. “I thought I had made myself clear.”

“The last time I was here I told you some things and intimated other things.”

The president made no reaction to these words.

“Then I was offered the Medal of Honor.”

“And you turned it down,” Brennan said sharply. “A first, I believe.”

“You have to turn down what you don’t deserve.”

“Bullshit. Your actions on the battlefield more than earned it.”

“On the battlefield, yes. But in the greater scheme of things, I didn’t deserve it. And with an honor like that, all things have to be considered. Which I think is why I’m really here.”

The two men stared at each other across the width of the Resolute desk. By the look on his face the president very clearly understood what “all things” meant. A man named Carter Gray. And a man named Roger Simpson. Both prominent Americans. Both friends of this president. And both dead. Directly because of Oliver Stone, who’d had good reason to do it, but he’d still killed them. And there was really no legal or even moral excuse for that. Even as he’d pulled the trigger on each man, Stone had known that.

But it still didn’t stop me, because if anyone deserved killing those two did.

“You saved my life,” Brennan began in an uneasy tone.

“And I took two others.”

The president abruptly rose and walked over to the window. Stone watched him closely. He'd said it. Now he was just going to let the other man talk and let the chips fall.

"Gray was going to kill me."

"Yes, he was."

"So your killing him didn't bother me as much as it ordinarily would have, to put it bluntly."

But Simpson?"

The president turned to look at him. "I did some research on that. I can understand why you would have wanted to eliminate the man. But no man is an island, Stone. And cold-blooded killing is unacceptable in a civilized world."

"Unless it's been authorized by appropriate parties," Stone pointed out. "By people who have sat in the chair in which you now sit."

Brennan snatched a glance at his desk chair and then looked away. "This is a dangerous mission, Stone. You will be given every asset you require to succeed. But there are no guarantees"

"There are never any guarantees."

The president sat back down, made a steeple with his hands, possibly an impromptu shield between himself and the other man.

When Brennan didn't say anything, Stone did. "This is my penance, isn't it?"

The president lowered his hands.

“This is my penance,” Stone said again. “In lieu of a trial that no one wants because too many unpleasant truths will come out for the government, and the reputations of certain dead public servants will be tarnished. And you’re not the sort to order my execution because, as you said, that’s not how a civilized people resolve their differences.”

“You don’t mince words,” Brennan said quietly.

“Are they true words or not?”

“I think you understand my dilemma.”

“Don’t apologize for having a conscience, sir. I’ve served other men who held your office who had none at all.”

“If you fail, you fail. The Russians are as ruthless as they come. You know that better than most.”

“And if I succeed?”

“Then you will never have to worry about your government knocking on your door again.” He leaned forward. “Do you accept?”

Stone nodded and rose. “I accept.” He paused at the door. “If I don’t make it back, I would appreciate it if my friends were told that I died serving my country.”

The president nodded.

“Thank you,” said Oliver Stone.

CHAPTER 3

THE NEXT NIGHT STONE STOOD where he had for decades, in seven-acre Lafayette Park across from the White House. It had originally been called President's Park, but now that title encompassed the White House grounds, Lafayette Park and the Ellipse, a fifty-two-acre parcel of land on the south side of the White House. Once part of the White House grounds proper, Lafayette Park had been separated from that august property when President Thomas Jefferson had Pennsylvania Avenue plowed through.

The park had been used for many purposes over two centuries, including as a graveyard, a slave market and even a racetrack. And it was also notable for having more squirrels per square inch than any other place on earth. To this day, no one knew why. The place had changed dramatically since Stone first planted his sign in the ground, the one that read I Want the Truth. Gone were the permanent protestors like Stone, their ragged tents and their boisterous banners. Majestic Pennsylvania Avenue in front of the White House was closed to vehicular traffic and had been ever since the Oklahoma City bombing.

People, institutions and countries were scared, and Stone couldn't blame them. If Franklin Roosevelt had been alive and occupying the White House once more he might have invoked his most famous line: "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself." But even those words might not have been enough. The bogeymen appeared to be winning the war of perception in the hearts and minds of the citizenry.

Stone glanced to the center of the park, at the equestrian statue of Andrew Jackson, the hero of the Battle of New Orleans and America's seventh chief executive. Jackson sat on a pediment of majestic Tennessee marble. It was the first statue of a man on horseback ever cast in the United States. The monument was surrounded by a low wrought-iron fence, with a scattering of ancient cannons inside this space. Four other statues memorializing foreign Revolutionary War heroes anchored each corner of the green space.

North of Jackson were rows of colorful flowers and a large newly placed maple. Yellow tape was wound around flex poles set in the ground ten feet out from this tree because of the open hole several feet deep and three feet wider than the huge root ball. Next to the hole were blue tarps with the displaced dirt piled up on them.

Stone's gaze rose to elevated points where he knew the countersnipers were stationed, although he couldn't see them. He assumed that many of them were probably drawing practice beads on his head.

No trigger slips please, gentlemen. I like my brain right where it is.

The state dinner at the White House was winding down and well-fed VIPs trickled out of the "People's House." One such guest was the British prime minister. His waiting motorcade would carry him on the brief trip to Blair House, the residence for visiting dignitaries, which was located on the west side of the park. It was a short walk, yet Stone supposed government leaders could not safely walk anywhere anymore. The world had long since changed for them too.

Stone turned his head and saw a woman sitting on a bench near the oval-shaped fountain on the east side of the park midway between Jackson and the statue of Polish general Tadeusz Kosciuszko, who'd helped the fledgling English colonies free themselves from British rule. The irony that the leader of that same monarchy was now staying at a place overlooking this monument was not lost on Stone.

The woman was dressed in black slacks and a thin white coat. She had a large bag next to her. She appeared to be dozing.

That's odd, thought Stone. People did not doze in Lafayette at this time of night. She wasn't the only person in the park. As Stone looked toward the trees on the northwest side of the park he spied a man in a suit carrying a briefcase. His back was to Stone. He'd stopped to examine the statue of German army officer Friedrich Wilhelm von Steuben, who'd also helped the colonists kick Mad King George's royal behind more than two centuries ago.

And then Stone noticed a short man with a large belly entering the park from the northern end where St. John's Church was located. He was in jogging attire, though he looked incapable of even walking quickly without collapsing from a coronary. What looked to be an iPod was strapped to a belt around his ample middle, and he had on earphones.

And there was a fourth inhabitant of the park. He looked like a street gang foot soldier, dressed in prison shuffle jeans, dark bandanna, muscle shirt, camouflage jacket and stomp boots. The ganger was walking slowly right through the middle of the park. This too was odd since gangers almost never came to

Lafayette Park because of the heavy police presence. And that presence was strengthened and even more vigilant tonight for a very simple reason.

State dinners put everyone on edge. A spring in the step of a patrolling sentry. A lawman's hand a smidge closer to the trigger. A heightened tendency to shoot and pick up the pieces later. If a leader went down, no one escaped responsibility. Heads and pensions rolled.

But Stone had not come here to think about those things. He had come here to see Lafayette Park for the last time. In two days he would be leaving for his monthlong training session. And then it was off to Mexico. He had already made up his mind. He would not tell his friends, the members of the Camel Club. If he did they might sense the truth, and nothing good could possibly come out of that. He deserved to be sacrificed. They didn't.

He drew one more long breath and looked around. He smiled as he saw the ginkgo tree near the Jackson statue. It was across from the maple that had just been installed. The first time he'd come to this park it had been fall and the ginkgo leaves were a gloriously bright yellow. It was magnificent. There were ginkgo trees all over the city, but this was the only one in the park. Ginkoes could live well over a thousand years. Stone wondered what this place would look like in ten centuries. Would the ginkgo still be here? Would the big white building across the street?

He was turning to leave this place for the final time when his attention focused on what was coming down the street right toward him.

And his beloved park.

CHAPTER 4

IT WAS THE SOUND of muscular engines, flashing lights and sirens that had put Stone on alert. He watched as the prime minister's motorcade pulled out from the west side of the White House and set off toward Blair House. The building, which was actually three town houses stitched together, was deceptively large. It had more square footage than even the White House and was located to the immediate west of the park and facing Pennsylvania Avenue across from the monstrously large Old Executive Office Building where parts of the president's and vice-president's staffs maintained offices. Stone was surprised the Secret Service hadn't cleared the area before the motorcade left.

He glanced around again. The lady was now awake and talking on her cell phone. The man in the suit was still lingering around the von Steuben statue with his back to Stone. The jogger was nearing the statue of Jackson. The ganger was still stamping through Lafayette, although the park wasn't that large. He should have managed it by now.

Something was clearly off.

Stone chose to head west first. Though he was no longer a protestor here, he had come to view Lafayette Park as his turf to defend against all threats. Even his imminent departure to Mexico had not changed that. And while he didn't yet feel threatened, he had a sense that that status might abruptly change.

He eyed the jogger diagonally across from him on the other side of the park. The man had stopped and was fiddling with the controls on his iPod. Stone's gaze flicked to the lady on the bench. She was just putting away her cell phone.

Stone next approached the statue of the French general Comte de Rochambeau at the southwest corner of the park. As he did so, at the adjacent intersection of Jackson Place and Pennsylvania Avenue security teams were arrayed into walls of Kevlar and submachine guns awaiting the arrival of the prime minister. As he continued on, Stone met the ganger face-to-face. The man seemed to be walking in quicksand, moving but not getting anywhere. And there was a gun under his jacket; Stone could see the awkward but familiar bump in the material even in the darkened conditions. That was ballsy, thought Stone. You didn't come down here armed, unless you wanted a rooftop countersniper to assume the worst, with the result that your next of kin might receive an official apology after your funeral. So why would the man risk his life?

Stone gauged the potential shot trajectory from the ganger to where the prime minister would be entering Blair House. There was none, unless the ganger had a weapon that could defy the laws of physics by bending its bullets around corners.

Stone let his gaze drift to the man in the suit at the northwest corner of the park. The fellow was still examining the statue, an act that normally would take at most a minute or so. And why come here at this hour to do so anyway? Stone eyed the soft-sided briefcase the man carried. Because of the distance between them Stone could not see it clearly, but it appeared bulky enough to contain a small bomb. However, the distance between the bomber and the prime minister essentially doomed any assassination attempt.

The motorcade continued down West Executive Avenue toward Pennsylvania. Sirens and guards galore for what amounted to a half-block-long slow jog on armored wheels. They would hang a left on Pennsylvania and pull in front of the curb next to the famous long green awning that capped the main entrance to Blair House.

Stone spotted movement to the right of him from across the park. The jogger was on the go once more. Stone couldn't be sure, but he thought the fat man was looking in the direction of the suit.

Stone's attention next shifted to the woman. She had risen too, slipped the bag over her shoulder and set off to the north side of the park toward St. John's Church. She was tall, Stone noted, and her clothes hung well on her long frame. He gauged her age at closer to thirty than forty, though he'd never gotten a clear look at her face because of the poor light, the distance and the many trees in between them.

His gaze swiveled again. On the other side of the park the suit was finally moving, heading northwest toward the Decatur House Museum. Stone looked behind him. The ganger was watching him now, not moving at all. Stone thought he saw the man's index finger twitch as though on a trigger pull.

The motorcade made the turn onto Pennsylvania and stopped in front of Blair House. The door to the lead stretch popped open. These types of limo exits tended to happen fast for obvious reasons. You only remained exposed to a possible bullet fired at long or short range for as brief a time as possible. Tonight, though, swiftness did not happen.

The stocky and elegantly dressed prime minister got out slowly and, with the assistance of two aides, gingerly limped up the steps under the awning that had covered the heads of many world leaders. A bandage was wound thickly around the man's left ankle. As he made his entrance into the building a wall of eyes looked outward to every crevice for threats. There were some British security personnel in the mix. However, the heavy lifting on this protection detail was being handled—as it always was for visiting heads of state—by the U.S. Secret Service.

Because of where Blair House was situated, Stone could not see the prime minister exit the limo on his injured limb. His focus remained on the park. The jogger was walking toward the center of the grass. Stone's gaze shifted. The woman was nearly clear of the park. The suit was already on the sidewalk that fronted H Street.

Five more seconds passed. Then the first shot hit.

The impact of lead with the ground sent up a little geyser of dirt and grass four feet to the left of Stone. That was followed by more rounds, the slugs digging into the grass, ripping up flowerbeds, smacking against statues.

As the gunfire continued everything slowed down for Stone. His gaze rotated through the field of fire as he dropped flat to the ground. The suit and the woman were gone from his line of vision. Ganger was still behind him, but on his belly too. The poor jogger, however, was running for his life. And then he simply disappeared from Stone's view. Vanished.

The firing stopped. Seconds of silence. Stone slowly rose. As he did so, he didn't tense, he relaxed. Whether this saved his life or not was anyone's guess.

The bomb detonated. The center of Lafayette Park was engulfed in smoke and flying debris. The enormously heavy Jackson statue toppled over, its Tennessee marble base cracked in half. Its reign of more than a hundred and fifty years in the park was over.

The concussive force of the explosion lifted Stone off his feet and threw him against something hard. The blow to his head made him dizzy, nauseous. For a fleeting instant he sensed debris being blown all around him. His lungs sucked in smoke, dirt and the sickening smell of the bomb residue.

As the sound of the explosion subsided it was replaced by screams, sirens, the screech of tire rubber on asphalt and more screams. But Oliver Stone never heard or witnessed any of this. He was lying facedown on the ground, his eyes closed.

CHAPTER 43

STONE WAS SITTING AT A DESK in Chapman's room at the British embassy listening to the sound of the shower running. A minute later Chapman walked out of the bathroom wrapped in a white terrycloth robe, her feet bare. She was drying her hair with a towel.

"Getting a bloody night's sleep and bathing with regularity is a little tough around you lot," she said.

"I'm sure it's the time difference," he said. Stone was going over some documents on the table and occasionally glancing at the laptop computer set up on the desk.

He paused to look around the room. "MI6 takes good care of its agents." "The British embassy is known for its first-class accommodations," noted Chapman as she sat on the couch.

"And a hotel just doesn't cut it when one is examining classified documents and carrying a laptop with highly secret data." She rose. "Give me a sec to dress and we'll have a spot of tea."

She left the room and Stone could hear drawers and doors opening and closing. A few minutes later she came out dressed in a skirt, blouse, no hose and no shoes. She was just finishing buttoning her blouse. He glanced away when she looked up at him.

"Feel better?" he said casually. "Loads, thanks. I'm famished." She picked up the phone, ordered tea and some food and joined Stone at the desk. "Any word from your friends, the Camel Club?"

“Caleb called during his lunch hour. He faxed the list over of upcoming events at the park.” Stone picked up two sheets of paper. “Here they are. There are lots of potential targets on there, unfortunately.”

Chapman ran her eye down the list. “I see what you mean. Any of them stand out among the others?”

“A few. Two that the president was going to be attending. Other heads of state, congressmen, celebrities. But narrowing it down will be difficult.”

“But my PM isn’t in the mix.” She put down the papers and looked thoughtful.

“You know, chances are very good that I’ll be pulled off this little caper.”

“Because of no proven threat against the PM?”

“That’s right. MI6 doesn’t have unlimited resources.”

“But the implications of what is being planned here could have global repercussions that reach to the UK.”

“That’s what I’ll say in my next report. Because I’d like to see this through. But I wouldn’t be surprised if you have to carry on without me.”

Stone didn’t say anything for a few moments. “I hope that’s not the case,” he said.

She looked at him closely. “I’ll take that as a compliment.”

“It was meant as one.”

When the tea and food came they ate and drank while going over the evidence once more.

“Nothing from Garchik and his mysterious debris?” Chapman asked as she took a bite of a hot scone.

“No. Weaver from NIC has cut me off. FBI too, obviously. ATF may be next.” He looked at her. “Guilt by association, I’m afraid. You won’t be too popular either.” “I’ve dealt with worse. Got on the wrong side of the queen once.” Stone looked intrigued. “How?”

“Misunderstanding that was more her fault than mine. But she’s the queen so there you are. But it eventually got sorted out.” She took another bite of scone. “But from what I’ve learned about you, you’re a man who’s used to rocking the boat.”

“That was never my intent,” Stone said quietly.

She leaned back in her chair. “You expect me to believe that?”

“I did my job, even when I didn’t agree with it. In that regard I was weak.”

“You were trained to follow orders. We all are.”

“It’s never that simple.”

“If it isn’t that simple our world goes to hell in a hurry.”

“Well maybe sometimes it should go to hell.”

“And I guess it did for you.”

“You ever been married?”

“No.”

“Ever want to be?” Chapman looked down, “I guess most women want to be, don’t they?”

“I think most men do too. I did. I was married. I had a woman I loved and a little girl who meant everything to me.” Stone grew silent.

Chapman finally broke the quiet. “And you lost them?”

“And the fault was entirely mine.”

“You didn’t pull the bloody trigger, Oliver.”

“I might as well have. You don’t voluntarily leave a job like mine. And I shouldn’t have married. I shouldn’t have had a child.”

“Sometimes you can’t control those things. You can’t control love.”

Stone looked at her. Chapman was staring directly at him.

“You can’t,” she repeated softly. “Not even people like us.”

“Well, considering how things turned out, I should have tried.”

“So you’re going to blame yourself forever?”

He looked surprised by the question. “Of course I am. Why?”

“Just asking.” She put down the rest of her scone and refocused on the reports in front of her.

Stone hit the TV remote and the news came on. They were just in time to hear a female reporter broadcasting near Lafayette Park.

“And late-breaking developments have Alfredo Padilla, originally of Mexico, dying in the blast. Apparently there was a bomb planted in a tree hole at Lafayette Park, and Mr. Padilla, unfortunately running away from the shots being fired in Lafayette, fell into the hole and accidentally detonated the bomb planted there. A memorial service is being planned for Mr. Padilla, who is being hailed as a hero, even if unwittingly. FBI special agent Thomas Gross, a veteran with the Bureau, was killed during a shootout at the tree farm where the tree with the bomb in it was procured. He will be honored at this same memorial service in what some are calling a political move to mend relations between the two countries.

Another man, John Kravitz, who worked at the tree farm and was allegedly involved in the bombing conspiracy, was killed by an unknown person at his home in Pennsylvania as police closed in. We will bring you more details as they become available.”

Stone turned off the TV.

“Someone has been shooting off his mouth,” he said. “Back in the old days we never would’ve revealed that much about an ongoing investigation.”

“That was before the days of the Internet and frothing media that have to deliver content every second of every day,” remarked Chapman.

“I wonder if they’ll let me attend Gross’s memorial service.”

“I wouldn’t count on it if I were you.” Five minutes later Chapman said, “Hold on.”

“What?” Stone said, glancing at her. She held up a piece of paper. “Evidence listing from the crime scene at the park.”

Stone looked at it. “Okay. What do you see?”

“Read down that column,” she said, indicating a list of numbers and corresponding categories on the left side of the sheet.

Stone did. “All right. So?”

She held up another sheet. “Now read this.”

Stone did so. He flinched and looked back at the first sheet. “Why didn’t anyone put this together before?”

“Most likely because it was on two separate reports.”

Stone looked between the two documents.

“Two hundred and forty-six slugs found in the park and environs matching the TEC-9s,” he said.

“Right.”

He looked at the other piece of paper. “But the casings found at the Hay-Adams Hotel only numbered two hundred and forty,” he said.

“Right again.”

“You would expect to have more casings than slugs, because some of the slugs might never be recovered,” Stone began.

“But you would never have fewer casings than found slugs,” Chapman said, finishing his thought. “Unless the bad guys took a few with them and left the rest.

Which they never would. They would either take none or all.”

Stone looked up. “You know what this means?”

Chapman nodded. “The casings were planted at the hotel and someone miscounted. The shots came from somewhere else.”

CHAPTER 46

STONE AND CHAPMAN RETURNED to his cottage. They had just settled in to talk over this latest discovery when Chapman hit the light on Stone's desk, plunging the space into darkness.

"What is it?" hissed Stone.

She didn't have time to answer.

The door burst open and Stone counted at least three men hurtling through it.

They were masked, dressed in black and carried MP-5s. They moved as one unit, an unstoppable force.

They were just about to meet the proverbial immovable object. Chapman hit the first man with a crushing blow to his knee, pushing it in a direction no knee was designed to go. He went down screaming and grabbing at his destroyed limb. Stone grabbed his gun from his desk drawer, but he didn't even have time to aim before Chapman cartwheeled across the space, dodging a wall of submachine-gun rounds launched from the last two men in the unit.

It was soon to be one left.

Her fist drove up and through the man's throat at the same time that she cantilevered her body to a seemingly impossible angle, whipping around him like he was the pole and she was the dancer. She kicked his legs out from under him and delivered a crushing blow to the back of his neck. He coughed once and lay still. Not missing a beat, Chapman launched herself at the remaining man, who was already halfway to the door, in full retreat.

When he saw what the man had thrown Stone screamed, "Look out." He fired. His rounds ripped through wood, plaster, but unfortunately not flesh.

The mini-explosion ripped through the place. The flash-bang completed half its mission, the blinding flash. Stone had covered his eyes just in time. Chapman caught it full in the face and yelled in pain. Stone stuffed his shirt collar in his ears and then covered them with his arms. An instant later came the bang. Now they'll regroup with reinforcements and come back to finish the job, thought Stone.

What they hadn't counted on was Stone not being paralyzed. He rolled right, snagged Chapman's Walther off her, and held it in his left hand. He grabbed Chapman by the arm and slid her behind his desk. He gripped his customized pistol in his right hand and waited.

The first man came through the door, his submachine gun on full auto. Stone ducked down, slid sideways, and fired through the opening under the desk. His rounds hit their target: the shooter's knees. No Kevlar on legs. The man went down screaming. The second man started to hit the opening, but Stone fired three shots through the gap.

A few moments of silence. Then, a siren in the distance. Stone called out: "I'll make a deal before the police get here. I'll let you take your wounded buddies out. You have five seconds. After that, we all take our chances. And from what I've seen, you're good, but I'm better."

The siren drew closer.

"All right," a voice said.

The men were slid out. A few moments later Stone heard a vehicle start. Then silence again. The siren also faded away. Going somewhere, apparently.

He rolled Chapman over, checked her pulse. She was alive. He cradled her in his arms.

A minute later she opened her eyes, stared up at him. “Bloody hell,” she exclaimed. She looked around. “I know I got two of them. I think I killed one of them. Where the hell are they?”

“We came to an understanding.”

They both jumped up as something slammed against the remains of the front door. Stone aimed his gun at the doorway and Chapman leapt to her feet as Stone tossed her the Walther.

“Oliver?”

“Annabelle?” he said, when she appeared in the doorway. A second later Reuben fell into the room, landing on the wooden floor.

“Reuben,” exclaimed Stone.

Annabelle helped Stone get the big man up and over to a chair. Blood was seeping down his forearm and his face was pale.

“What happened?” said Stone.

“We were followed in Pennsylvania. Got into a gunfight. Reuben was shot. He needs a doctor.”

Reuben put a hand on Stone’s arm and pulled him downward.

“I’ll be okay,” Reuben said weakly. “One in the arm went clean through but it hurts like hell. Other one nicked my leg.”

Stone looked down at the hole in Reuben's pants leg.

"You need to go to the hospital. Right now." He looked angrily at Annabelle. "Why haven't you already taken him?"

"He insisted on coming here. Reuben wanted me to run for help, but when I heard all the shooting I had to come back and make sure he was okay."

Stone glanced at Chapman before looking back at Reuben. "Did you see anything that might identify the men?"

"They were good, Oliver," he said. "Trained very well. That's what I wanted to come and tell you. I don't know how I got the jump on them. Better to be lucky than good. Got hold of one of their weapons, opened fire and they all took off."

"Trained very well? Meaning?" said Stone.

He turned to Annabelle. "Go get it from the car."

"But Reuben, we need to get you—"

"Get it and then I'll go quietly."

She ran out to the car and was back in a few seconds. She was holding something.

She handed it over to Stone.

He looked down at it and then glanced at Reuben. "Do you know what this is?"

Reuben nodded. "Figured you would too."

Chapman looked at it over Stone's shoulder. "That's a 9mm Kashtan submachine gun."

"Yes, it is," said Stone. "Russian made."

Reuben grimaced and clutched his arm. “That’s right. Russian made.” He glanced up at Annabelle. “The weird language those guys were talking when they took down the hoop?”

“You think it was Russian?”

“I’d bet a year’s pay it was. Not that that’s a lot of money, but still.” He grimaced.

“Weird language?” asked Stone.

Annabelle started to explain what had happened, but Stone stopped her. “You can fill me in later. We need to get him to the hospital.” Stone put an arm under Reuben’s shoulder and helped him to his feet. He turned to Annabelle. “Stay here and call Harry and make sure he’s okay and then do the same with Caleb. Then join us at Georgetown Hospital.”

“Right.”

Chapman got on the other side of Reuben and the three made their way slowly to Chapman’s car. The ride to the hospital was quick, and while Reuben was being checked out Stone sat in the waiting room with Chapman and Annabelle, who had just gotten there.

“Did you get ahold of them?” asked Stone.

She nodded. “Both okay. Finn is still on assignment. Caleb is at his condo. I told Harry to be extra careful and Caleb to stay put.”

“Good, now tell us what happened in Pennsylvania.”

She explained what had happened in the bar and afterwards. When she gave him the exact location of the attack, Stone hurried off to make a call. When he came back she picked up the story again. “So after I found Reuben we circled

back to the highway. Guy in a truck stopped, asked no questions and let us hop in the back. I managed to get the bleeding to stop, but I was afraid Reuben was going to pass out on me. The guy dropped us off at a car rental place. I got us another ride and drove back to D.C. as fast as possible. I wanted to stop and get him medical attention, but he wouldn't let me. Said we had to get to you. And show you that gun."

"Did you get a look at any of them?"

Annabelle took a deep breath. "Not really, but one of their trucks flipped over. Some of them have to be hurt or even dead. If you get some people up there to check on it. I gave you the location."

Stone said, "I already made the call. They're heading there right now."

Twenty minutes later Stone got a response. He listened, asked a few questions and then put his phone away.

"The truck is gone."

"That's impossible. It flipped over. I saw it. The people had to have been hurt, maybe killed."

"But you can have all that cleaned up in less than thirty minutes. They did find some shell casings and an indentation in the dirt where the truck rolled and a few bits of wreckage, but that was all."

Annabelle said, "These people are good."

Stone looked at Chapman. "Yes, they are. They clean up after themselves really well."

“Submachine guns,” said Chapman. “Heavy firepower. And he had what, a pistol?”

“That’s right. But he said he was going to do what you would do, Oliver. Be unpredictable. So he waited for them to start reloading and then he charged their position. I guess they didn’t expect that.” She shuddered and let out a gasp. “I thought for sure he was dead.”

Stone squeezed her hand. “But he’s not. The doctors said he’s going to be fine. He’s just out of commission for a while.”

Annabelle said, “But since it’s a gunshot wound won’t the hospital have to report that to the authorities?”

Stone took out his shield and held it up. “Not after I showed them this and told them Reuben was working with me.”

“Oh.” “But if the blokes were Russian, how does that connect with what we found out tonight?” said Chapman.

Annabelle looked at her wide-eyed. “What did you find tonight?”

Stone told her about the possible origins of the shots from a U.S. government building. “It’s undergoing renovation so it’s empty, but it’s supposed to be secure nonetheless. We talked with the guards there. None of them remembered anyone coming to the building that night, certainly not carrying automatic weapons.”

“Is there only one entrance into the building?” asked Annabelle.

“The very question I put to them. They said not if one had a key card with the necessary authorizations. With that someone could access other entrances.”

“Do we know if someone did that?”

“Checking it out now,” said Stone. “But I’m not hopeful.”

“Why?”

“Either the card will have been stolen or cloned or something else. And yet the next question is, why go to all the trouble of leaving evidence behind at the Hay-Adams and not actually do the shooting from there? What did the office building have that the hotel didn’t?”

“Well, the building was empty. The hotel wasn’t,” pointed out Annabelle.

“They still had to get to the rooftop garden. And it was empty that night. No, they wanted us to think they were at the hotel. They needed that building. Why?”

Chapman said, “Just add it to all the other questions we don’t have answers for.”

“But it is important,” Stone said.

“Why?” asked Annabelle.

“Because right before you and Reuben got to the cottage, someone sent a team to kill us. They almost succeeded, and would have except for my friend here.” He indicated Chapman. “How did you learn to move like that?” he asked her.

“I took ballet as a lass. Hated it back then, but I have to admit, it does come in handy when someone is trying to murder you.”

“You think the attack had something to do with what you found out?” asked Annabelle.

“I think it had everything to do with the fact that we discovered the gunfire came from a supposedly secure federal building.”

CHAPTER 69

ONLY THEY COULDN'T FIND SYKES. He had not returned from the break and none of his crew knew where he was. They searched the park and the adjacent areas.

Stone got on his cell phone and reported this to Ashburn, along with what they had found out from Judy Donohue.

Ashburn said, "I'll get a BOLO out on him ASAP. He couldn't have gotten far."

Stone put his phone away and looked at Chapman. "I don't like how this is shaking out."

"Meaning they always seem to be one step ahead?"

"Meaning I'm feeling manipulated again."

"He might have seen Donohue slip away to come and talk to us and panicked.

Why don't we get in the car and start doing a grid search? Maybe he's somewhere hoofing it on foot."

They drove out and turned onto Pennsylvania Avenue on the east side of the White House. They had gone two blocks when it happened.

The sound of the shot wasn't muffled. It could be heard clearly above the ordinary sounds of the city. People in the streets started running for cover and screaming.

The traffic stopped and horns started blaring.

Stone and Chapman jumped from the car and raced forward.

They heard a siren drawing near.

They ran from car to car, peering inside.

The siren grew louder. Then another one joined it.

Chapman looked behind her. Two cop cars were cutting through the traffic heading their way. Stone saw this too and picked up his pace. He reached in his jacket for his gun. Chapman accelerated on the other side of the line of stalled traffic and mimicked his movements. They finally reached the obstacle in the road—two cars in a fender bender that Stone sensed was much more. An older man was leaning against the car in front looking very shaken and scared. As Stone looked down he could see the man had vomited on the street.

As he approached, Stone held up his badge and called out, “Sir, what’s wrong?”

The older man pointed at the car behind his, where the two bumpers were locked together. Stone checked the license plate of this car. Government issue. His spirits sank. He peered inside the car. “Damn.”

Chapman was looking in from the passenger window. “Good God.”

The two cop cars screeched to a stop and men in blue jumped out. They saw Stone and Chapman holding their weapons and pulled their own.

“Police!” they cried out, their guns aimed at the pair.

Stone and Chapman held up their badges high so the cops could see them.

Stone barked, “Federal agents. Got a homicide here. FBI just put a BOLO out on this guy. But somebody got to him first.”

The cops crept forward, checked Stone’s creds and looked in the car.

Sykes was lying back against the driver’s seat. The windshield was cracked. There was a hole burned into his forehead from the shot. Blood and brain matter were splattered around the car’s interior from the exit wound.

It was no wonder the other driver had thrown up after seeing this, thought Stone.

Chapman saw the cell phone on the front seat. Using a handkerchief, she scooped it up and checked the call log. “He got a call ten minutes ago. From a blocked phone. Maybe the techs can dig it out.”

Stone nodded, looking around. “Right. Okay, he got the call, made a run for it.”

Chapman added, “They set him up. Knew somehow he’d have to take this route. Lined the shot up.”

Stone was now looking straight ahead, searching for where the shot had probably come from.

One of the cops said, “What do you need us to do?”

Stone kept looking while he talked. “Call in backup and secure the crime scene.”

He pulled his phone and called Ashburn, filling her in.

A string of expletives exploded over the phone. Having sufficiently vented, Ashburn said, “I’m sending reinforcements right now. We’ll coordinate with D.C. Metro.”

Stone clicked off. “Cavalry’s coming.”

“How do you want to break down the search?” Chapman asked.

A woman who’d been standing on the sidewalk came running up to them. She was about twenty, with kneeless jeans and an iPhone clutched in her right hand and a shopping bag in her left.

“Sir? Ma’am?”

They turned to her. She pointed to a building farther down the street. “I was looking up at that building as I was walking and I saw a flash of light. Then I heard the car crash. I think that’s where... where it came from.”

Stone said quickly, “Could you tell which floor?”

The woman looked at the building, silently counting. “Sixth. At least I think.”

They could hear other sirens coming as the backup flew toward them. Stone yelled to the two cops first on the scene to follow him and Chapman. As they ran toward the building he pulled out his phone and let Ashburn know about this development, giving her the address.

Stone put his gun away and ran as fast as he could, his gaze darting up to the sixth floor, waiting for another flash of light to appear.

CHAPTER 70

“YOU DON’T THINK THE SHOOTER is still in the building, do you?” said Chapman as they reached the entrance and ripped the doors open. Stone had ordered one cop to guard the front of the building and the other the rear.

Stone didn’t answer. He held up his badge to the security guard who approached them. “You have a possible sniper in this building. Did you see anyone come in today who looked suspicious or who was carrying an unusually shaped bag?”

The guard shook his head. “No one like that. But I just finished making my rounds, so someone might have slipped in then.”

Stone said, “The FBI is on the way. What other exits do you have here beside the lobby?”

“This way.” He led them to a door off the lobby. “Down that hall and to the right. Takes you to the loading dock in the rear.”

As they started off the man said, “You want me to go with you?”

“No, stay here. There’s a police officer posted out front. Anything happens you get to him.”

“Okay, good luck.”

Stone and Chapman darted through the door and down the hall. They had only gone about twenty feet when she grabbed his arm.

“What?” he said.

“That security guard?”

“What about him?”

“Do they normally wear gloves?”

Stone flinched, wheeled around and sprinted back the way they had come. The door was locked now. Chapman shot the handle off and kicked it open. They rushed back into the lobby. There was no sign of the guard.

Outside the cop told them that the man had come out and headed into the alley.

“He said you told him to help secure the rear of the building and—”

Chapman and Stone ran off before he finished.

They found the security guard’s uniform next to a Dumpster. Stone and Chapman peered around.

“He can’t be more than a few seconds ahead of us,” she whispered.

“Thanks to you,” said Stone. “If you hadn’t figured out—”

She hit him hard, knocking him down an instant before the round slammed into the side of the Dumpster at the spot where Stone’s head had just been. Chapman rolled, took aim and fired. Her shots chipped concrete off the side of the building, but the shooter was already gone. Stone had rolled over on his belly and had his gun aimed at the same spot.

“See anything?” he hissed.

She shook her head. “He’s gone.”

The cop from the front, obviously having heard the shots, came running.

“Stay down,” exclaimed Chapman, and the cop went to his knees and then scuttled forward until he was behind the Dumpster too.

“Backup’s here,” he said. “You guys okay?”

Stone sat up and looked at Chapman. “Thanks to her I am.”

Chapman shrugged. “More luck than skill, really.”

“I’ll take it. That slug was going right for my head.”

The three of them made their way cautiously down the alley. They picked up their pace when they heard the car race off. By the time they got to the next intersection, there was no sign of a vehicle or the shooter. Stone and Chapman ran down the alley and then slowly jogged back.

They both stopped when they reached the cop. He was squatting over his partner, who was lying behind some trash cans with his throat slit, his eyes staring blankly up.

As they knelt over the body, Chapman said, “There must have been more than one guy. He wouldn’t have had time to shoot at us and then do this.” “He had backup of his own,” said Stone quietly, as the cop sat on his haunches wiping tears from his eyes over the death of his partner.

“These guys are unbelievably organized,” said Chapman. “I mean, who the hell are they?”

Stone put a hand on the shoulder of the cop. “I’m sorry.”

The officer glanced up and nodded and then returned to staring at his dead colleague.

Stone straightened, turned and walked back down the alley as the wail of sirens reached fever pitch.

George Sykes, a D.C. police officer and a security guard were dead. They'd found the real security guard in a storage room of the lobby with a single gunshot wound burned into his forehead. The sniper had disappeared.

Stone had given descriptions of him to Ashburn and a BOLO had gone out, but none of them were holding out much hope. The consensus was that the killer was either laying low or already on private wings heading out of the country.

Stone and Chapman were now in a car sitting outside the modest residence of George Sykes, located in Silver Spring, Maryland. It was in the middle of an ordinary neighborhood with kids on bikes, moms talking in front yards and dads cutting the grass. Or it would have been if the street hadn't been evacuated and then shut down by the FBI.

Agent Ashburn was in the front passenger seat while another agent was at the wheel.

"What do we know about him?" Stone asked.

"Wife died three years ago. Kids all grown and gone. Been with the National Park Service his entire career. No problems."

"And six grandchildren," said Stone. He glanced down at the man's file. "He's not much older than me. He must have started early."

"Money problems?" Chapman asked.

Ashburn nodded. "That was one of the first things we looked at. Didn't find anything there. But we dug a little deeper and shook out an account that was tied to Sykes. Recent deposit of a hundred thou."

“So someone paid him off to play along.”

Stone said, “What exactly did they pay him for?”

Ashburn answered. “Bomb in the root ball. What if someone started to poke around there? He would steer them clear. Make sure wherever the bomb was in the dirt that no one got close to it.”

“So he betrayed his country for a hundred thousand dollars?” said Stone. “A grandfather of six?”

Ashburn shrugged. “I’ve seen people do it for a lot less. And six grandchildren eat a lot.”

Chapman added, “And that might’ve only been the first payment.”

“Right,” said Ashburn. “And they made sure the only payment. MO is consistent. They’re eliminating their team, closing up the tunnel. So no leads for us.”

“The sniper took a risk by impersonating a guard,” noted Stone. “We saw his face.”

“But like we concluded, the guy is long gone. And six months from now he’ll have a new face.”

“Lot of money behind this,” said Chapman. “That’s clear.”

Ashburn hiked her eyebrows. “Like a country’s treasury at work?”

“Russia,” said Chapman.

“I’ve heard that theory floated around more and more,” said Ashburn.

“Cartel and government maybe working hand in hand. Tough competition.”

Stone nodded at Sykes's house. "So what are we waiting for? We don't need a warrant. The guy was shot. We can go to his house to investigate. He was a federal employee."

Ashburn said, "That's true, but considering that these folks employ bombs, I've sent for a bomb detection dog to go in before we do. That's also why we've evacuated the neighborhood."

The canine unit came and Stone watched as the dog methodically swept the yard and then entered the house through a back door opened by an FBI agent. Ten minutes later the search was complete and the all clear was given.

It didn't take long to go through the house, but they found very little of help. As they walked back to their car Ashburn said, "We'll send in a forensics team to give it a scrubdown, but I doubt it will yield much."

"Still have to do it," said Stone.

"Still have to," agreed Ashburn.

"Has his family been notified?" asked Chapman.

"In the process. That's another place that might get us somewhere."

"He might have let something slip to a family member, you mean," said Chapman.

"If we're real lucky."

"I'm not feeling that lucky," said Stone.

Ashburn dropped them back at their car and they drove off. Chapman was at the wheel while Stone seemed lost in thought.

"What do you think?"

“I’m thinking how much more carnage before they yank Fuat Turkekul and make him talk.”

“So you think he’s really guilty?”

“I don’t have enough information to make that determination. But the status quo is not working for us.”

“What’s the alternative?”

“I haven’t thought of one yet.”

“So who might be the next target in the chain?”

“If Turkekul is involved?” Stone glanced at her.

Chapman said, “That’s what I was thinking too. And I know she’s your friend, but what about—”

“Adelphia is not part of this.”

“Are you really sure? By your admission she’s been out of your life for a while.”

Stone gazed at her and then put a hand on her shoulder. “How do you feel about breaking a few rules?”

“Until I met you, not too keen. But now I think I’m really getting good at it. So we’re going after Turkekul?”

“No,” said Stone.

“Who, then?”

“I can feel the other side leading us around again. They expect us to go left. Instead, this time we’re going to the right.”

CHAPTER 80

CHAPMAN PHONED THE BEREAVED ALICE GROSS at 9 a.m. that morning and asked to see her. Stone and Chapman arrived at the modest two-story house in Centreville, Virginia, early in the afternoon. Alice Gross certainly looked like a woman who'd just lost her husband. Her skin was naturally pale but with a gray pallor lurking just below the surface. Her eyes were red, her hair in disarray. She held a crumpled tissue in one hand and a bottle of water in the other as she led them into her small living room. Stone saw a coloring book on the coffee table, a baseball bat and some cleats in one corner. When his gaze lighted on a photo of the Gross family showing the dead agent with his wife and four kids ranging in age from three to fourteen, Stone grimaced and quickly looked away. He glanced at Chapman and saw that she'd had the same reaction.

They sat on the couch while Alice Gross took a chair opposite.

Stone said, "Your husband was a terrific agent, Mrs. Gross. We all feel his loss."

"Thank you. You know they're holding a memorial service for Tom?"

"Yes, we heard about that. He certainly deserves it."

"He'd be embarrassed about it, though. He never liked to draw attention to himself. Just wasn't his way. He just did his job. Didn't care who ended up getting the credit."

Stone had been concerned that Alice Gross had been briefed by the FBI on the exact circumstances of her husband's death. And the role Stone had played in it. But apparently they hadn't done that.

"We're doing all we can to catch the people responsible," added Chapman.

“I appreciate that,” sniffled Gross. “He really did care about his job. He worked such long hours.”

Stone said, “He told me that he’d had some concerns, about people watching him.”

Gross nodded. “His own people. They asked me about that, the Bureau I mean.”

“And what did you tell them?” asked Stone.

Gross looked confused. “Aren’t you with the Bureau?”

Stone hesitated. “We’re working with them.”

Chapman said quickly, “I’m actually with MI6. Your husband might’ve mentioned that.”

“Oh yes, that’s right. You’re the Englishwoman. Tom talked about you. He thought you were very good.”

“I appreciate that.”

Gross drew a short breath. “Well, the Bureau was very upset about that. I mean about Tom believing his own people were spying on him. I don’t think they believed it.”

“Did you believe it?” asked Stone.

Tom believed it and that was good enough for me,” she said staunchly.

“Brilliant,” said Chapman. “I think you’re spot-on with that.”

Stone leaned forward. “Tom told us something. Something about you.”

“About me?” she said in surprise.

“Yes. He said the only person he trusted was you.”

Tears crept into Alice Gross's eyes. She lifted the tissue up and wiped them away. "We were always so close. He loved being an FBI agent but he loved me more. I know he wasn't supposed to really talk to me about his cases, but he did, and I would give him my opinion. And sometimes I'd turn out to be right."

"I'm sure you were a great asset to him," said Chapman.

Stone said, "Since we know he trusted you, did he happen to mention anything to you about this case? Something he was concerned about? Anything you can remember?"

Gross put her hands in her lap and furrowed her brow. "I can't recall anything specific other than thinking someone was watching him."

"Nothing?" prompted Chapman. "It might have seemed insignificant at the time, but anything you can remember? No matter how seemingly trivial?"

Gross shook her head but then stopped. She looked up. "He did say something one night."

Stone and Chapman leaned forward.

"Yes?" said Stone.

"That ATF agent that was working with him?"

"Stephen Garchik?" replied Stone.

"Right."

"What did he say about him?" asked Chapman.

"Well, it was late and we were getting ready to go to bed. He was brushing his teeth and he came out of the bathroom and said that he needed to check on something that Garchik had told him."

Did he say what it was?"

Gross half closed her eyes, obviously struggling to remember. "Just something he had said about the bomb, what it was made of." Chapman and Stone looked at each other.

Gross continued, "And he also wanted to check out something to do with that nano business."

Stone looked surprised. "He told you about the nanobots?"

"Well, he tried to, but I didn't really understand any of it."

"Did he think there was a connection between what he wanted to talk to Garchik about and the nanobots?" asked Chapman.

"He didn't say. Just that he needed to check those two things out. That it might be important. Because of something he remembered. Only he didn't tell me what."

"Something he remembered?" mused Stone. "Do you know if he followed up on it?"

"I doubt it."

"Why?"

Her eyes filled with tears. "Because he was killed the next day."