

REFERENCES

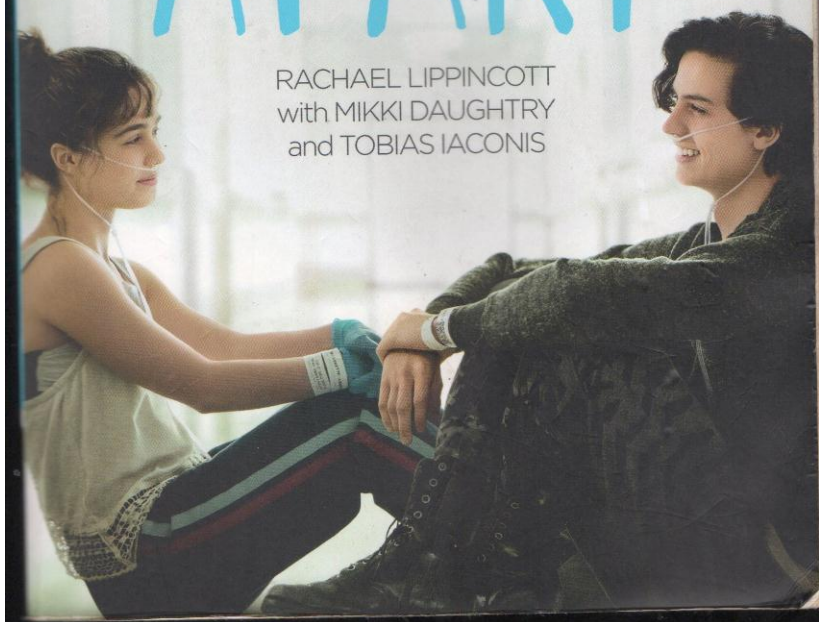
- Abdullah, Adiana. 2012. *A Study of Heroic Values In The Poems "Krawang Bekasi" By Chairil Anwar and "The Young Dead Soldiers Do Not Speak" By Archibald Macleish: Comparative Analysis*. Alauddin State Islamic University.
- Abrams, M. H. 1999. *A Glossary of Literary Terms*, 7 vols. Massachusetts: Earl McPeck .
- Bowra, C. M. 1952. *Heroic Poetry*. Great Britain: Macmillan & Co. Ltd.
- Cherry, Kendra. 2018. *Characteristic of Heroism*. (Article). Retrieved from: <https://www.verywellmind.com/characteristics-of-heroism-2795943> (Accessed on August 28, 2019)
- Cohen, William A. 2010. *Heroic Leadership: Leading with Integrity and Honor*. San Francisco: Jossey-Bass
- Denzin, N. (2006). *Sociological Methods: A Sourcebook*. Aldine Transaction. [ISBN 978-0-202-30840-1](https://doi.org/10.1080/00141801.2006.10558401). (5th edition).
- Farley, F. (2012, July 27). The Real Heroism of "The Dark Knight". *Big H Heroism*.
- Garget, Graham. 2004. *Heroism and Passion in Literature Studies in honour of Moya Longstaffe*. Netherlands: Rodopi.
- Guenward, Mark. 2005. *Heroic Fiction Marvel Comics*. (Article). Retrieved from: <http://www.geocities.com/mhprime/8905.html>
- Kelly, Dave. 2014. *Self-Sacrificing Personality Type* (article). Retrieved from : <http://www.ptypes.com/self-sacrificing.html>
- Kurtus. 2013. *Determination*. (Article). Retrieved from : <http://www.schoolforchampions.com/character/determination/.htm> (accessed on January 28, 2020)

- Lite_admin, 2012. Web: <https://litteracle.com/literary-heroism/>
- Lois, Jennifer. 2003. *Heroic Efforts: The Emotional Culture of search and culture and rescue volunteers*. New York: New York University Press
- Lyons, Deborah. 1996. *Gender and Immortality: Heroines in Ancient Greek Myth and Cult*. Princeton University Press.
- Mack , Natasya Woodsong Chyntia. 2005. *Qualitative Research Methods : A Data Collector's field guide Family Helth International*. Notrh California
- Mambrol, Nasrullah. 2017. *Literary Criticism of John Dryden*(Article). From: <https://litariness.org/2017/11/17/literary-criticism-of-john-dryden/> (accessed on January 28, 2020)
- Nikmah, Hidayatun. 2014. *The Representation Of Heroine's Myth By "Katniss" In Hunger Games Movie*. State Islamic University Sunan Kalijaga: Yogyakarta.
- Shapiro, Michael. 1996. *Gender in Play on The Shakespearean Stages*. United State of America: The University of Michigan Press.
- Sindrayani. 2005. *Heroic Values in Redley Scott's Movie "Kingdom of Heaven"*. State University of Makassar.
- Talbert, Matthew. 2019. *Moral Responsibility*(Article). From: <https://plato.stanford.edu/entries/moral-responsibility/> (Accessed on January 28, 2020)
- Zimbardo, Philip. 2011. *What Makes a Hero?*(Article). Retrieved from: http://greatergood.berkeley.edu/article/item/what_makes_a_hero. (Accessed on January 26, 2020)

FIVE FEET APART

See the
movie in
theaters
everywhere!

RACHAEL LIPPINCOTT
with MIKKI DAUGHTRY
and TOBIAS IACONIS





SIMON & SCHUSTER **BFYR**

An imprint of Simon & Schuster Children's Publishing Division
1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10020

This book is a work of fiction. Any references to historical events, real people, or real places are used fictitiously. Other names, characters, places, and events are products of the author's imagination, and any resemblance to actual events or places or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

Text copyright © 2018 by CBS Films, Inc.

Photographs copyright © 2019 by CBS Films, Inc.

All rights reserved, including the right of reproduction in whole or in part in any form.

SIMON & SCHUSTER **BFYR** is a trademark of Simon & Schuster, Inc.

For information about special discounts for bulk purchases, please contact Simon & Schuster

Special Sales at 1-866-506-1949 or business@simonandschuster.com.

The Simon & Schuster Speakers Bureau can bring authors to your live event. For more information or to book an event, contact the Simon & Schuster Speakers Bureau

at 1-866-248-9049 or visit our website at www.simonsspeakers.com.

Cover design by Lizzy Bromley

Interior design by Hilary Zarycky

The text for this book was set in Bell MT Std.

Manufactured in the United States of America

This **SIMON & SCHUSTER** **BFYR** export movie tie-in paperback edition February 2019

4 6 8 10 9 7 5 3

The Library of Congress has cataloged a previous edition as follows:

Names: Lippincott, Rachael, author. | Daughtry, Mikki, author. | Iaconis, Tobias, 1971– author.

Title: Five feet apart / Rachael Lippincott ; with Mikki Daughtry with Tobias Iaconis.

Description: New York, New York : Simon & Schuster Books for Young Readers, 2018. |

Summary: Seventeen-year-olds Stella and Will, both suffering from cystic fibrosis, realize the only way to stay alive is to stay apart, but their love for each other is slowly pushing the boundaries of physical and emotional safety.

Identifiers: LCCN 2018029446 (print) | LCCN 2018037927 (ebook) |

ISBN 9781534437333 (hardback) | ISBN 9781534437357 (Ebook)

Subjects: | CYAC: Cystic fibrosis—Fiction. | Love—Fiction.

Classification: LCC PZ7.1.L568 (ebook) | LCC PZ7.1.L568 F5 2018 (print) |

DDC [Fic]—dc23

LC record available at <https://lcn.loc.gov/2018029446>

ISBN 9781534452152 (export movie tie-in pbk)

out from underneath thick wool scarves, the holiday lights at the park down the street twinkling above our heads just like the stars in her drawing.

There was something magical about it. The soft glow of the lampposts in the park, the white snow clinging to the branches of the trees, the quiet stillness of it all. We nearly froze our butts off for that picture last year, but it was our tradition. Me and Abby, braving the cold to go see the holiday lights together.

This photo always makes me remember that feeling. The feeling of going on an adventure with my sister, just the two of us, the world expanding like an open book.

I take a thumbtack and hang the picture next to the drawing before sitting down on my bed and grabbing my pocket notebook and pencil off my bedside table. My eyes travel down the long to-do list I made for myself this morning, starting with "#1: Plan to-do list," which I've already put a satisfying line through, and going all the way down to "#22: Contemplate the afterlife."

Number 22 was probably just a little ambitious for a Friday afternoon, but at least for now I can cross off number 17, "Decorate walls." I look around the formerly stark room I've spent the better part of the morning making my own, once again, the walls now filled with the artwork Abby's given me through the years, bits of color and life jumping out from clinical white walls, each one a product of a different trip to the hospital.

Me with an IV drip in my arm, the bag bursting with butterflies of different shapes and colors and sizes. Me wearing a nose cannula, the cable twisting to form an infinity sign. Me with my nebulizer, the vapor pouring out of it forming a cloudy halo. Then there's the most delicate one, a faded tornado of stars that she drew my very first time here.

It's not as polished as her later stuff, but somehow that makes me like it more.

And right underneath all that vibrancy is . . . my pile of medical equipment, sitting right next to a hideous green faux-leather hospital chair that comes standard for every room here at Saint Grace's. I eye the empty IV pole warily, knowing my first of many rounds of antibiotics over the next month is exactly an hour and nine minutes away. Lucky me.

"*Here it is!*" a voice calls from just outside my room. I look up as the door slowly creaks open and two familiar faces appear in the small crack of the doorway. Camila and Mya have visited me here a million times in the past decade, and they still can't get from the lobby to my room without asking every person in the building for directions.

"Wrong room," I say, grinning as a look of pure relief washes over them.

Mya laughs, pushing the door open the rest of the way. "Honestly could've been. This place is still a freaking maze."

"Are you guys excited?" I say, hopping up to give them both hugs.

23,940 YouTube subscribers who tune in to see how my battle with cystic fibrosis is going.

"So, I could be getting ready to go on a plane to Cabo for my school's senior trip, but instead I'll be spending this holiday at my home away from home, thanks to a mild sore throat."

Plus, a raging fever. I think back to when I got my temperature taken on intake this morning, the flashing numbers on the thermometer blaring out a strong 102. I don't want to mention it in the video, though, because my parents will definitely be watching this later.

As far as they know, I just have a nagging cold.

"Who needs two whole weeks of sunshine and blue skies and beaches when you can have a month of luxury right in your own backyard?"

I rattle off the amenities, counting them on my fingers. "Let's see. I've got a full-time concierge, unlimited chocolate making, and laundry service. Oh, and Barb talked Dr. Hamid into letting me keep all my meds and treatments in my room this time! Check it out!"

I turn the webcam to the pile of medical equipment and then to the medicine cart next to me, which I've already perfectly organized into alphabetical *and* chronological order by the scheduled dosage time I plugged into the app I made. It's *just* ready for a test run!

That was number 14 on today's to-do list, and I'm pretty proud of how it turned out.

My computer dings as comments begin rolling in. I see one mentioning Barb's name with some heart emojis. She's a crowd favorite just as much as she's my favorite. Ever since I first came to the hospital more than ten years ago, she's been the respiratory therapist here, slipping candy to me and the other CFers, like my partner in crime Poe. She holds our hand through even the most bone-crushing grips of pain like it's nothing.

I've been making YouTube videos for about half that time to raise awareness about cystic fibrosis. Through the years more people than I could have ever imagined began following my surgeries and my treatments and my visits to Saint Grace's, sticking with me through my awkward braces phase and everything.

"My lung function is down to thirty-five percent," I say as I turn the camera back to me. "Dr. Hamid says I'm steadily climbing to the top of the transplant list now, so I'll be here for a month, taking antibiotics, sticking to my regimen. . . ." My eyes travel to the drawing behind me, the healthy lungs looming over my head, just out of reach.

I shake my head and smile, leaning over to grab a bottle from the medicine cart. "That means taking my medications on time, wearing my AffloVest to break up that mucus, and"—I hold up the bottle—"a whole lot of this liquid nutrition through my G-tube every night. If any ladies out there are wishing they could eat five thousand calories a day and still have a Cabo-ready beach body, I'm up for a trade."

My computer dings away, messages pouring in one after another. Reading a few, I let the positivity push away all the negativity I felt going into this.

Hang in there, Stella! We love you.

Mary me!

"New lungs can come in *at any moment*, so I've got to be ready!" I say the words like I believe them wholeheartedly. Though after all these years I've learned to not get my hopes up too much.

DING! Another message.

Be get CF and you remind me to always stay positive. XOXO.

My heart warms, and I give a final big smile for the camera, for that person fighting the same fight that I am. This time it's genuine. "All right, guys, thanks for watching! Gotta double-check my afternoon and evening meds now. You know how anal I am. I hope everyone has a great week. Bye!"

I end the live video and exhale slowly, closing the browser to reveal the smiling, winter-formal-ready faces on my desktop background. Me, Camila, and Mya, arm in arm, all in the same deep-red lipstick we'd picked out together at Sephora. Camila had wanted a bright pink, but Mya had convinced us that red was the color we NEEDED in our life. I'm still not convinced that was true.

Going back, I pick up the worn panda resting on my pillow and wrap my arms tightly around him. Patches, my sis-ter, named him. And what a fitting name that became.

"Ah. So that's what this is about," I say, crossing my arms over my chest. "You have something against sex."

"Of course not! I've had sex," she says, her eyes widening as the words tumble out of her mouth. "It's *fine*—"

That is the biggest lie I've heard all year, and I'm practically surrounded by people who sugarcoat the fact that I'm *young*.

I laugh. "Fine' isn't exactly a ringing endorsement, but it's the common ground where I can get it."

Her thick eyebrows form a frown. "We have *nothing* in common."

I wink, having way too much fun pissing her off. "Cold. I *heart* it."

The door bangs open and Barb busts through, making both of us jump in surprise at the sudden noise. "Will Newman! What are you doing up here? You're not supposed to leave the third floor after that stunt you pulled last week!"

I look back at the girl. "There you go. A name to go with your little psych profile. And you are?"

She glowers at me, quickly pulling her face mask back over her mouth before Barb notices. "Ignoring you."

Good one. Ms. Goody Two Shoes has some spunk.

And clearly the teacher's pet, too."

"No feet at all times! You both know the rules!" I realize I'm close and take a step back as Barb reaches us, coming into the space and the tension between us. She turns to look

commitment issues. Still, that never stopped him on the quest for another great romance. Before Michael it was Tim, the week after this it could be David. And, to be honest, I envy him a bit, with his wild romances.

I've never been in love before. Tyler Paul for sure didn't count. But even if I had the chance, dating is a risk that I can't afford right now. I have to stay focused. Keep myself alive. Get my transplant. Reduce parental misery. It's pretty much a full-time job. And definitely not a sexy one.

"Well, he's not," Poe says, acting like it's no big deal. "Screw him anyway, right?"

"Hey, at least you got to do that," I say, shrugging as I pick at my eggs. I can see Will's knowing smirk from yesterday when I told him I'd had sex before. Asshole.

Poe laughs midsip of his milk shake, but he sputters and begins to choke. His vital monitors start beeping on the other side of the laptop as he struggles for breath.

Oh my god. No, no, no. I jump up. "Poe!"

I push aside the laptop and run into the hallway as an alarm sounds at the nurses' station, fear in every pore of my body. Somewhere a voice shouts out, "Room 310! Blood oxygen level is in free fall. He's desatting!"

Desatting. He can't breathe, he can't breathe. "He's choking! Poe's choking!" I shout out, tears filling my eyes as I fly down the hallway behind Julie, pulling on a face mask as I go. She bursts through the door ahead of me and goes to check

Restless, I walk over to my med cart, hoping that moving on to "Before-bed meds" on my to-do list will help calm me down. My fingers tap away on the metal of the cart as I look at the sea of bottles, and then out the window again at the rain and then back at the bottles.

Is he even doing his treatments?

Barb can probably force him to take most of his meds, but she can't be there for every single dose. She can strap him into his AffloVest, but she can't ensure he keeps it on for the full half hour.

He's probably not doing all his treatments.

I try to go over the meds in order of when I take them, shuffling them around on the cart, the names all blurring together. Instead of feeling calm, I feel more and more frustration, the anger climbing up the sides of my head.

I struggle with the cap on a mucus thinner, pressing down on it with all my strength and trying to twist it off.

I don't want him to die.

The thought climbs on top of the mountain of frustration and plants a flag, clear and loud and so surprising to me that I don't even understand it. I just see him walking back to the edge of that roof. And even though he's the actual worst...

I don't want him to die.

I twist the lid sharply and it comes flying off, pills showering down onto my med cart. Angrily, I slam the bottle down, the pills jumping again with the force of my hand. "Damn!"

Over the tiny chest, struggling to rise and fall, struggling to continue breathing. I feel my own heartbeat in my chest, my own weak lungs trying to fill with air from my mad dash through the hospital.

"She's fighting for her life," she finally says, meeting my gaze in the glass. "She doesn't know what's ahead of her or who she's fighting. It's just . . . instinct, Will. Her instinct is to live."

That instinct a long time ago. Maybe at my fiftieth birthday, in Berlin. Maybe about eight months ago when I contacted B. cepacia and they ripped my name off the transplant list. There are a lot of possibilities.

My jaw tightens. "Listen, you've got the wrong guy for this inspiring little speech—"

"Hush." She cuts me off, spinning around to face me with an overwhelming amount of desperation in her expression. "I need you to follow your regimen. Strictly and completely."

I don't think I heard that right. Did you just say . . . "Hush?" I say trying to dodge the seriousness of this conversation. Her expression doesn't change, though. I shake my head, stepping closer to her but not too close. Something's up.

"Hush. What's really going on here? I won't laugh."

She takes a deep breath, taking two steps back to my one. "I have . . . control issues. I need to know that everything is in order."

her face, her eyes suddenly brimming with tears. I grab her hand, frowning.

"Mom. What?"

"Look at you and think . . . they said you wouldn't . . ." She shakes her head as she holds my face in both her hands, tears rolling out of her eyes. "But here you are. And you're grown. Successful. You keep proving them wrong."

She grabs a napkin, wiping away the tears. "I don't know what I'd do without you."

Her sides turn cold. *I don't know what I'd do without you.* I swallow hard and give her hand a comforting squeeze, and my mind instantly travels to the G-tube. The spreadsheets. The 35 percent practically sitting on my chest. Until the transplant, that number isn't going back up. Until she's the only one who can keep me alive. And I have to. I need to stay alive.

Because I'm pretty sure keeping me alive is the only thing my parents going.

When mom leaves, I head straight to the gym with Will, wanting to strengthen my weak lungs as much as I possibly can. I almost tell him not to come so I can think everything over, but I know he probably hasn't set foot in the gym in

the combined worry of my parents and that thought could be too much for me to allow me to concentrate on



FAKULTAS KEGURUAN DAN ILMU PENDIDIKAN
UNIVERSITAS PGRI ADI BUANA SURABAYA
Kampus I : Jl. Ngagel Dadi III-B/37 Telp. (031)5053127, 5041097
Fax. (031)5662804 Surabaya 60234
Kampus II: Jl. Dukuh Menanggal XII Telp.
(031)8281181,8281182,8281183 Surabaya 60234.
<http://fkip.unipasby.ac.id/>

THESIS REVISION FORM

Student's name : Moch. Odi Galih Erlangga
Student's Reg. Number : 165300013
(NIM)
Department : English Education Department
Date of Thesis Exam : 31 January 2020
Thesis Title : Stella Grant: A Heroic
Representation in Rachael
Lippincott's *Five Feet Apart* 2018
Examiner I : Dra. Wahyu Bandjarjani, M.Pd.
Examiner II : Ferra Dian Andanty, S.S., M.Pd.

No	Materials	Examiner I	Examiner II
1	Significance of the Study for teacher	<i>MB</i>	<i>Ferra</i>
2	Pedagogical Implication	<i>MB</i>	<i>Ferra</i>
3	Contribution of the Student	<i>MB</i>	<i>Ferra</i>
4	Conclusion	<i>MB</i>	<i>Ferra</i>

Time submission (2) two weeks from the examination date.

Examiner I,

Examiner II,

Dra. Wahyu Bandjarjani, M.Pd.
NIDN. 0722105601

Ferra Dian Andanty, S.S., M.Pd.
NIDN. 0721027901



FAKULTAS KEGURUAN DAN ILMU PENDIDIKAN
UNIVERSITAS PGRI ADI BUANA SURABAYA
Kampus - Jl. NgagelDadi III-B/37 Telp. (031)5053127, 5041097Pas. (031)5662804 Surabaya 60234
Kampus II-Jl. DukuhMenanggal XII Telp. (031)8281181, 8281182, 8281183 Surabaya 60234.
<http://fkip.unipasby.ac.id/>

RECORDS OF THESIS SUPERVISION SESSIONS

Student's name : Moch. Odi Galih Erlangga
Student's Reg. Number : 165300013
(NIM)
Department : English Education
Thesis Title : Stella Grant: A Heroic
Representative in Rachael
Lippincott's *Five Feet Apart*
(2018)

No	Dates	Materials	Advisor
1	25-07-2019	Title Submission	
2	06-08-2019	Title acc	
3	08-08-2019	Matrix revised	
4	19-08-2019	Matrix acc. Chapter 1 revised	
5	22-08-2019	Chapter 1 & 2 revised	
6	28-08-2019	Chapter 1 & 2 revised	
7	03-09-2019	Chapter 1, 2, 3 revised	
8	13-09-2019	Chapter 1 acc. Chapter 2, 3 revised	
9	27-09-2019	Chapter 1, 2, 3 acc	
10	03-12-2019	Chapter 4 revised	
11	03-01-2020	Chapter 4 & 5 revised	
12	17-01-2020	Chapter 4 & 5 acc. Abstract revised	
13	23-01-2020	Abstract acc	

The thesis supervisions have been completed on January 23th 2020.

Acknowledged by
Dean of FKIP,

Syahri, S.Pi., M.Si.
NIDN. 196801031992031003

Advisor,

Ferra Dian Andanty, S.S., M.Pd.
NIDN. 0721027901