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Student's Name : Ayu Fitriyah Ningtyyas
Student's Reg. Number : 155300084
Department : English Language Education
Thesis Title : The Anxiety of Hannah Baker in Jay Asher's *Thirteen Reasons Why*: A Freudian Psychoanalysis

No	Dates	Materials	Advisor
1	04-01-2019	Chapter III: Revision	WBS
2	08-01-2019	Chapter III: Revision	WBS
3	11-01-2019	Chapter III: ACC IV: Revise	WBS
4	15-01-2019	Chapter IV: ACC V: Revise	WBS
5	23-01-2019	Cpt. V, References, Abstract: Revise	WBS
6	25-01-2019	Cpt. V Abstract: Revise, References: Ok	WBS
7	29-01-2019	Cpt. V, Abstract: Revise	WBS
8	30-01-2019	Chapter I,II,V, Abstract: ACC	WBS
9	30-01-2019	Miscellaneous: Revise	WBS
10	31-01-2019	Miscellaneous: ACC	WBS

The thesis supervisions have been completed on 31 January 2019.

Surabaya, 31 January 2019

Advisor

Dra. Wahyu Bandjarjani, M.Pd

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THESIS REVISION FORM

Student's Name : Ayu Fitriyah Ningtyyas
Student's Reg. Number : 155300084
Department : English Language Education Department
Date of Thesis Exam : 7 February 2019
Thesis Title : The Anxiety of Hannah Baker in Jay Asher's
Thirteen Reasons Why: A Freudian Psychoanalysis
Advisor : Dra. Wahyu Bandjarjani, MPd

No	Revision Materials	Examiner I	Examiner II
1	Chapter I (Scope & Definition): ACC	<i>[Signature]</i>	<i>[Signature]</i>
2	Chapter II (Theoretical Basis): ACC	<i>[Signature]</i>	<i>[Signature]</i>
3	Chapter III (Data Analysis): ACC	<i>[Signature]</i>	<i>[Signature]</i>
4	Chapter IV (Discussion): ACC	<i>[Signature]</i>	<i>[Signature]</i>
5	References: ACC	<i>[Signature]</i>	<i>[Signature]</i>

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No	Revision Materials	Examiner I	Examiner II
1	Chapter III (Data Collection): ACC	<i>[Signature]</i>	<i>[Signature]</i>
2	Chapter II (Assumption): ACC	<i>[Signature]</i>	<i>[Signature]</i>
3	Chapter IV (Result of the study): ACC	<i>[Signature]</i>	<i>[Signature]</i>
4	Chapter V (Suggestions): ACC	<i>[Signature]</i>	<i>[Signature]</i>
5			

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

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APPENDIX 3

TABLE OF DATA

NO	Quotations	Hannah Baker's reality anxiety	The impact on Hannah's life
1	<p><i>When you reach the end of these tapes, Justin, I hope you'll understand your role in all of this. Because it may seem like a small role now, but it matters.</i></p> <p><i>Betrayal. It's one of the worst feelings.</i></p> <p><i>I know you didn't mean to let me down. In fact, most of you listening probably had no idea what were doing—what you were truly doing (Asher, 2007: 13).</i></p>	✓	
2	<p><i>I know. I know what you're thinking. As I was telling the story, I was thinking the same thing myself. A kiss? A rumor based on a kiss made you do this to yourself?</i></p> <p><i>No. A rumor based on a kiss ruined a memory that I hoped would be special.</i> <i>A rumor based on a kiss started a reputation that other people believed in and reacted to. And sometimes, a rumor based on a kiss has a snowball effect (Asher, 2007: 30).</i></p>	✓	
3	<p><i>Okay. I just looked over every name—every story—that completes these tapes. And guess what. Every single event documented here may</i></p>	✓	

	<p><i>never have happened had you, Alex, not written my name on that list. It's that simple.</i></p> <p><i>You needed a name to put down opposite Jessica's. And since everyone at school already had a perverted image of me after Justin's little number, I was the perfect choice, wasn't I?</i></p> <p><i>And the snowball keeps a-rollin'. Thanks, Justin.</i></p> <p>Alex's list was a joke. A bad one, true. But he had no idea it would affect her like this. This isn't fair (Asher, 2007: 41).</p>		
4	<p><i>The day your list came out wasn't too traumatic. I survived. I knew it was a joke. And the people I saw standing in the halls, huddled around whoever had a copy, they knew it was a joke, too. One big, fat, happy joke.</i></p> <p><i>But what happens when someone says you have the best ass in the fresh man class? Let me tell you, Alex, because you'll never know. It gives people—some people—the go-ahead to treat you like you're nothing but that specific body part</i> (Asher, 2007: 44).</p>	✓	
5	<p><i>And why you should believe me? Why would anyone not believe a rumor that fits so nicely with an old rumor? Huh, Justin? Why?</i></p> <p>Jessica could have heard so many rumors about Alex and Hannah. But none of them were true.</p>	✓	

	<p><i>For Jessica, it was easier to think of me as Bad Hannah than as the Hannah she got to know at Monet's. It was easier to accept. Easier to understand.</i></p> <p><i>For her, the rumors needed to be true (Asher, 2007: 66).</i></p>		
6	<p><i>I feel sorry for you, Tyler. I do. Everyone else on these tapes, so far, must feel a little relieved. They came off as liars or jerks or insecure people lashing out at others. But your story, Tyler... it's kind of creepy.</i></p> <p><i>I take my first sip of coffee.</i></p> <p><i>A Peeping Tom? Tyler? I never knew.</i></p> <p><i>And I feel a little creepy telling it, too. Why? Because I'm trying to get closer to you, Tyler (Asher, 2007: 75).</i></p>	✓	
7	<p><i>At school the next day, after Tyler's visit to my window, I told a girl who sat in front of me what happened. This girl's known for being a good listener, and sympathetic, and I wanted someone to be afraid of me. I wanted someone to validate my fears (Asher, 2007: 84).</i></p>	✓	
8	<p><i>She smiled and raised an eyebrow. "Do you think he'll come back?"</i></p> <p><i>Honestly, the thought of him coming back never occurred to me. But now it was freaking me out.</i></p> <p><i>"What if he does?" I asked.</i></p> <p><i>"Then you'll have to tell me about it," she said. And then she turned</i></p>	✓	

	<i>back around, ending our conversation (Asher, 2007: 84).</i>		
9	<p><i>Was I disappointed when you said good-bye to me, Courtney?</i> <i>Not much. It's hard to be disappointed when what you expected turns out to be true.</i> <i>Keep walking, Clay.</i> <i>But did I feel used? Absolutely.</i> <i>And yet the whole time Courtney was using me, she probably thought she was polishing up her image in my eyes. Can you say... backfire?</i> <i>(Asher, 2007: 110).</i></p>	✓	
10	<p><i>Then I told them I was leaving because the party sucked.</i> <i>Courtney begged me to stay. She told me to be reasonable. And maybe I was being a little insensitive. I mean, she wasn't ready to leave. How would she get home if her chauffeur didn't wait around for her?</i> <i>"Find another ride," I said. And I left.</i> <i>Part of me wanted to cry for being so right about her invitation.</i> <i>Instead, on the long walk back to my car, I started laughing. And I shouted into the trees, "What is going on?" (Asher, 2007: 117).</i></p>	✓	
11	<p><i>But if I was right—if I called it correctly—if I willingly gave someone an excuse to test those rumors about me... well... I don't know. Maybe I'd shrug it off. Maybe I'd get pissed.</i> <i>Or maybe I would let go and give up.</i></p>		✓

	<i>This time, for the first time, I saw the responsibilities in giving up. I even found hope in it (Asher, 2007: 126).</i>		
12	<i>Anyway, you left. You didn't storm out. Just called me a tease, loud enough for everyone to hear, and walked out.</i> <i>So now, let's back up. To me, sitting at the counter, getting ready to leave. To me, thinking Marcus wasn't showing up because he simply didn't care. And I'll tell you what I was thinking then. Because now, it applies even more (Asher, 2007: 143—144).</i>	✓	
13	<i>For the longest time, from almost day one at this school, it seemed that I was the only one who cared about me.</i> <i>Put all of your heart into getting that first kiss... only to have it thrown back in your face.</i> <i>Have the only two people you truly trust turn against you.</i> <i>Have one of them use you to get back at the other, and then be accused of betrayal.</i> <i>Are you getting it now? Am I going too fast? (Asher, 2007: 144)</i>	✓	
14	<i>And the next day? Nothing in my bag. The note was gone.</i> <i>Maybe it didn't seem like a big deal to you, Zach. But now, I hope you understand. My world collapsing. I needed those notes. I needed any hope those notes might have offered.</i>	✓	

	<i>And you? You took that hope away. You decided I didn't deserve to have it (Asher, 2007: 165).</i>		
15	<p><i>So I did just that. I wrote a note to Mrs. Bradley that read: "Suicide. It's something I've been thinking about. Not too seriously, but I have been thinking about it."</i></p> <p><i>That's the note. Word for word. And I know it's word for word because I wrote it dozens of times before delivering it. I'd write it, throw away, write it, crumple it up, throw it away.</i></p> <p><i>But why was I writing it to begin with? I asked myself that question every time I printed the words onto a new sheet of paper. Why was I writing this note? It was a lie. I hadn't been thinking about it. Not really. Not in detail. The thought would come into my head and I'd push it away (Asher, 2007: 170).</i></p>	✓	
16	<p><i>At the end of the class, Mrs. Bradley passed out a flyer called The Warning Signs of a Suicidal Individual. Guess what was right up there in the top five?</i></p> <p><i>"A sudden change in appearance."</i></p> <p><i>I tugged on the ends of my newly cropped hair.</i></p> <p><i>Huh. Who knew I was so unpredictable? (Asher, 2007: 173)</i></p>		✓
17	<i>For example, what if other people could hear your thoughts? What if they could hear your thoughts... right now?</i>		✓

	<p>They'd hear confusion. Frustration. Even some anger. They'd hear the words of a dead girl running through my head. A girl who, for some reason, blames me for her suicide (Asher, 2007: 174).</p>		
18	<p><i>But you found it, Ryan. You found the hidden meaning. You found what even I couldn't find in my own poem. The poem wasn't about my mom, you said. Or a boy. It was about me. I was writing a letter to myself... hidden in a poem.</i> <i>I flinched when you told me that. I got defensive—even angry. But you were right. And I felt scared, and sad, by my own words</i> (Asher, 2007: 188).</p>	✓	
19	<p><i>I shut my eyes so tight it was painful. Trying to push away all that I was seeing in my head. And what I saw was everyone on this list... and more. Everyone up that night. Everyone who caused me to be so intrigued by Clay's reputation—how his was so different from mine. No, we were the same.</i> <i>And I couldn't help that. What everyone thought of me was out of my control.</i> <i>Clay, your reputation was deserved. But mine... mine was not. And there I was, with you. Adding to my reputation</i> (Asher, 2017: 215—216).</p>	✓	
20	<p><i>Because that night, when I got home I tore a page from my notebook and wrote down one name after another</i></p>		✓

	<p><i>after another. The names in my head when I stopped kissing you. There were so many names, Clay. Three dozens, at least. And then... I made the connections. I circled your name first, Justin. And I drew a line from you to Alex. I circled Alex and drew a line to Jessica, bypassing names didn't connect—that just floated there—incidents all by themselves.</i></p> <p><i>My anger and frustration with all of you turned to tears and then back to anger and hate every time I found a new connection</i> (Asher, 2007: 217).</p>		
21	<p><i>That my mind was in a meltdown is no excuse. I have no excuse. I could have stopped it—end of story. But to stop it, I felt like I'd have to stop the entire world from spinning. Like things had been out of control for so long that whatever I did hardly mattered anymore.</i></p> <p><i>And I couldn't stand all the emotions anymore. I wanted the world to stop... to end</i> (Asher, 2007: 227).</p>		✓
22	<p>“I'll never forget this,” he says, and he turns to look at me. “Her eyes, Clay, they never looked away. She just kept looking, straight into my eyes, and started crying. She just stared at me and tears began streaming down her face,” (Asher, 2007: 234).</p>		✓
23	<p><i>Before that party, I'd thought about giving up so many times. I don't</i></p>	✓	

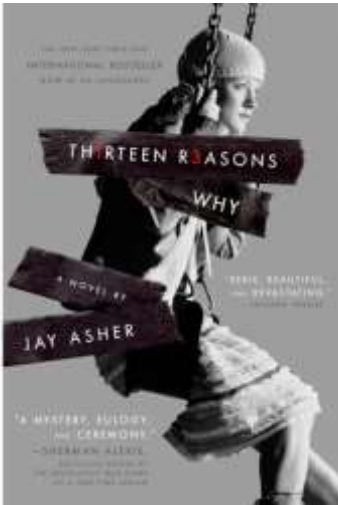
	<p><i>know, maybe some people are just preconditioned to think about it more than others. Because every time something bad happened, I thought about it.</i></p> <p><i>It? Okay, I'll say it. I thought about suicide.</i></p> <p>The anger, the blame, it's all gone. Her mind is made up. The word is not a struggle for her anymore.</p> <p><i>After everything I've talked about on these tapes, everything that occurred, I thought about suicide. Usually, it was just a passing thought.</i></p> <p><i>I wish I would die.</i></p> <p>I've thought those words many times. But it's a hard thing to say out loud. It's even scarier to feel you might mean it (Asher, 2007: 253—254).</p>		
24	<p><i>So I've decided on the least painful way possible.</i></p> <p><i>Pills.</i></p> <p>My stomach pulls in, wanting to rid my body of everything. Food. Thoughts. Emotions.</p> <p><i>But what kind of pills? And how many? I'm not sure. And I don't have much time to figure it out because tomorrow... I'm going to do it</i> (Asher, 2007: 255).</p>		✓
25	<p><i>"Weren't you on that list?" you said.</i></p> <p><i>"Best ass in the freshman class."</i></p> <p><i>Bryce, you had to see my jaw clench. You had to see my tears. Does that kind of shit turn you on?</i></p>	✓	

	<p>Bryce? Yes. It does. <i>"It's true," you said</i> (Asher, 2007: 264).</p>		
26	<p><i>One... last... try.</i> She's whispering. The recorder is close to her mouth and with each break in her words I can hear her breathe. <i>I'm giving life one more chance. At this time, I'm getting help. I'm asking for help because I cannot do this alone. I've tried that.</i> You didn't, Hannah. I was there for you and you told me to leave (Asher, 2007: 269).</p>		✓
27	<p><i>It's just... things. Everything's so hard right now.</i> Her voice is shaky. <i>I don't know where to begin. I mean, I kind of do. But there's so much and I don't know how to sum it all up.</i> —<i>You don't need to sum it all up. Why don't we begin with how you're feeling today.</i> <i>Right now?</i> —<i>Right now.</i> <i>Right now I feel lost, I guess. Sort of empty.</i> —<i>Empty how?</i> <i>Just empty. Just nothing. I don't care anymore.</i> —<i>About?</i> Make her tell you. Keep asking questions, but make her tell you. <i>About anything. School. Myself. The people in my school</i> (Asher, 2007: 270—271).</p>	✓	

28	<p><i>I guess I... I don't know. I'm not sure what I'm expecting.</i> —Well, what do you need right now that you're not getting? Let's start there.</p> <p><i>I need it to stop.</i> —You need what to stop?</p> <p><i>I need everything to stop. People. Life.</i></p> <p><i>I push myself back from the slide.</i> —Hannah, do you know what you just said?</p> <p><i>She knows what she said, Mr. Porter. She wants you to notice what she said and help her.</i> —You said you wanted life to stop, Hannah? Your life?</p> <p>No response (Asher, 2007: 272).</p>		✓
29	<p><i>I got what I came for.</i> —I think there's more we can talk about, Hannah.</p> <p><i>No, I think we've figured it out. I need to move on and get over it.</i></p> <p><i>—No get over it, Hannah. But sometimes there's nothing left to do but move on.</i></p> <p><i>Do not let her leave that room!</i> <i>You're right. I know.</i> —Hannah, I don't understand why you're in such a hurry to leave. <i>Because I need to get on with things, Mr. Porter. I nothing's going to change, then I'd better get on with it, right?</i> —Hannah, what are you talking about? <i>I'm talking about my life, Mr. Porter</i></p>		✓

	(Asher, 2007: 278—279).		
30	<p><i>I think I've made myself very clear, but no one's stepping forward to stop me.</i></p> <p>Who else, Hannah? Your parents? Me? You were not very clear with me.</p> <p><i>A lot of you cared, just not enough. And that... that is what I needed to find out.</i></p> <p>But I didn't know what you were going through, Hannah.</p> <p><i>And I did find out.</i></p> <p>The footsteps continue. Faster.</p> <p><i>And I'm sorry.</i></p> <p>The recorder clicks off (Asher, 2007: 280).</p>	✓	

THIRTEEN REASONS WHY'S SYNOPSIS THE NOVEL



Clay Jensen returns home from school to find a mysterious box with his name on it lying on his porch. Inside he discovers cassette tapes recorded by Hannah Baker—his classmate and crush—who committed suicide two weeks earlier. On tape, Hannah explains that there are thirteen reasons why she decided to end her life. Clay is one of them. If he listens, he'll find out why.

Through Hannah and Clay's dual narratives, debut author Jay Asher weaves an intricate and heartrending story of confusion and desperation that will deeply affect teen readers.