## DAFTAR LAMPIRAN

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<td>2.</td>
<td>Robert Langdon : &quot;Let's call the embassy. I can explain the situation and have the embassy send someone to meet us somewhere.&quot; Sophie Neveu : &quot;Meet us?&quot; Sophie turned and stared at him as if he were crazy. (157: ch.33)</td>
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<td>4.</td>
<td>Silas : &quot;I am so very sorry, Father.&quot; He seemed almost too pained to speak. Aringarosa : No, Silas It is I who am sorry. This is my fault. The Teacher promised me there would be no killing, and I told you to obey him fully. I was too eager. Too fearfull. You and I were deceived. The Teacher was never going to deliver us the Holy Grail. (445-446: ch.100)</td>
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<td>5.</td>
<td>Sophie : &quot;Yes. I didn't get a chance to tell you, but the pentacle was a special symbol between my grandfather and me when I was growing up. We used to play Tarot cards for fun, and my indicator card always turned out to be from the suit of pentacles. I'm sure he stacked the deck, but pentacles got to be our little joke.&quot; Langdon : They played Tarot? The medieval Italian card game was so replete with hidden heretical symbolism that Langdon had dedicated an entire chapter in his new manuscript to the Tarot. (98: ch.20)</td>
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6. Sophie: "He made me one of these when I was little," Sophie said. "But I've never seen one so ornate and large."
Langdon: Langdon's eyes had never left the box. "I've never heard of a cryptex." (218: ch.27)

Langdon: She's telling the truth, That's why we came to you tonight. To talk to you about the keystone.
The manservant: "Leave, or I shall call the authorities." (284: ch.62)

8. The odd choice of lodging, Langdon explained, had been anything but random. The Knights believed the documents the Priory sought were buried deep under the ruins—beneath the Holy of Holies, a sacred chamber where God Himself was believed to reside. Literally, the very center of the Jewish faith. For almost a decade, the nine Knights lived in the ruins, excavating in total secrecy through solid rock.
Sophie looked over, "And you said they discovered something?" (172: ch.37)

Deiksis Tempat

9. "Well, folks, as you all know, I'm here tonight to talk about the power of symbols..." (10: ch.1)
"Thank you, Monique," Langdon said, standing prematurely and edging her away from the podium. "Boston Magazine clearly has a gift for fiction." He turned to the audience with an embarrassed sigh. (10: ch.1)

10. "Bishop Aringarosa called to ask me a favor," the abbé told her, his voice nervous. "One of his numeraries is in Paris tonight...."
As Sister Sandrine listened to the odd request, she felt a deepening confusion. "I'm sorry, you say this visiting Opus Dei numerary cannot wait until morning?"
"I'm afraid not. His plane leaves very early. He has always dreamed of seeing Saint-Sulpice."
"But the church is far more interesting by day. The sun's rays through the oculus, the graduated shadows on the gnomon, this is what makes Saint-Sulpice unique."
"Sister, I agree, and yet I would consider it a personal favor if you could let him in tonight. He can be there
at... say one o'clock? That's in twenty minutes."
Sister Sandrine frowned. "Of course. It would be my
pleasure."
The abbé thanked her and hung up. (45-46: ch.7)

11. "This way," Fache said, turning sharply right and
setting out through a series of interconnected galleries.
(27: ch.4)

12. Three stories below, a phone was ringing. The Opus Dei
numerary who had welcomed Silas answered the line.
"This is the London police," the caller said. "We are
trying to find an albino monk. We've had a tip-off that
he might be there. Have you seen him?"
The numerary was startled. "Yes, he is here. Is
something wrong?"
"He is there now?"
"Yes, upstairs praying. What is going on?"
"Leave him precisely where he is," the officer
commanded. "Don't say a word to anyone. I'm sending
officers over right away." (412: ch.93)

13. Langdon thought longingly of his comfortable room at
the Ritz. Obviously, that was not an option. "How about
my hosts at the American University of Paris?"
"Too obvious. Fache will check with them."
"You must know people. You live here."
"Fache will run my phone and e-mail records, talk to my
coworkers. My contacts are compromised, and finding a
hotel is no good because they all require identification." (157: ch.33)

He had kind eyes that seemed not even to register Silas's
startling physical appearance.
Silas : "Thank you. My name is Silas. I am an Opus Dei
numerary."
A man in a cloak : "American?"
Silas : "I am in town only for the day. Might I rest
here?"
A man in a cloak : "You need not even ask. There are
two empty rooms on the third floor. Shall I bring you
some tea and bread?"
"Thank you." Silas was famished. (412: ch.93)

Now, as Silas approached the Opus Dei building, the
rain began to fall harder, soaking his heavy robe,
stinging the wounds of the day before. He was ready to
leave behind the sins of the last twenty-four hours and
purge his soul. His work was done.
Moving across a small courtyard to the front door, Silas
was not surprised to find the door unlocked. He opened
it and stepped into the minimalist foyer. A muted electronic chime sounded upstairs as Silas stepped onto the carpet. The bell was a common feature in these halls where the residents spent most of the day in their rooms in prayer. Silas could hear movement above on the creaky wood floors. (411: ch.93)

| 15. | "Please believe," Teabing said, "I never had any intention of your being involved. You came to my home. You came searching for me."

"Leigh?" Langdon finally managed. "What the hell are you doing? We thought you were in trouble. We came here to help you!" (437: ch.99)

| 16. | Langdon reeled momentarily, lost in her eyes. "When?" He paused, curious if she had any idea how much he had been wondering the same thing. "Well, actually, next month I'm lecturing at a conference in Florence. I'll be there a week without much to do." (484: ch. 105)

Deiksis Waktu

| 17. | Langdon hesitated, feeling uncertain as the stranger's sallow eyes studied him. "What is this all about?"

"My capitaine requires your expertise in a private matter."

"Now?" Langdon managed. "It's after midnight." (11: ch.1)

| 18. | Arranging the fatal meeting between Saunière and Silas had been almost too easy. I had inside information about Saunière's deepest fears. Yesterday afternoon, Silas had phoned the curator and posed as a distraught priest.

"Monsieur Saunière, forgive me, I must speak to you at once. I should never breach the sanctity of the confessional, but in this case, I feel I must. I just took confession from a man who claimed to have murdered members of your family."

Saunière's response was startled but wary. "My family died in an accident. The police report was conclusive." (452: ch.101)

| 19. | Last year's trip to Rome, he sighed. The longest night of my life.

Five months ago, the Vatican had phoned to request Aringarosa's immediate presence in Rome. They offered no explanation. Your tickets are at the airport. The Holy See worked hard to retain a veil of mystery, even for its
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| 20.  | The girls in class beamed.  
"One note, folks. We've only touched on Da Vinci today, but we'll be seeing a lot more of him this semester. Leonardo was a well-documented devotee of the ancient ways of the goddess. **Tomorrow, I'll show you his fresco The Last Supper, which is one of the most astonishing tributes to the sacred feminine you will ever see.**" (103: ch.20) |
| 21.  | "Do you know why she's smiling?"
"Maybe." Her grandfather winked. "**Someday I'll tell you all about it.**"
Sophie stamped her foot. "I told you I don't like secrets!"
"Princess," he smiled. "Life is filled with secrets. You can't learn them all at once." (109: ch.21) |
| 22.  | She nodded. "As I told you, I saw the key a long time ago. He told me never to speak of it again."
Langdon's eyes were still riveted on the embossed key. Its high-tech tooling and age-old symbolism exuded an eerie fusion of ancient and modern worlds. "He told me the key opened a box where he kept many secrets."
(156: ch.33) |
| 23.  | Sophie reached into the box and carefully lifted out the cylinder. "Any information to be inserted is first written on a papyrus scroll."
"Not vellum?"
Sophie shook her head. "Papyrus. I know sheep's vellum was more durable and more common in those days, but it had to be papyrus. The thinner the better."
"Okay." (218: ch47) |

**Deiksis Wacana**

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<td><em>His heartbeat finally slowing, Langdon turned back around.</em> &quot;<strong>That</strong> was interesting.&quot; (148: ch.32)</td>
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| 25.  | Vernet was silent for several seconds. "Yes, I know. Do it anyway. Truck number three. I'll hold. I need the exact location of that truck the instant you have it."
(243: ch.53) |
| 26.  | Rather than driving to the front door, Langdon pulled into a parking area nestled in the evergreens. "No reason to risk being spotted from the road," he said. "Or having Leigh wonder why we arrived in a wrecked armored truck." Sophie nodded. "What do we do with
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| 27. | "It is so late, my dear, it's early." He laughed. "Vous n'êtes pas Américaine?"
Sophie shook her head. "Parisienne."
"Your English is superb."
"Thank you. I studied at the Royal Holloway."
"So then, that explains it." (246: ch.54) |
| 28. | Langdon suddenly sensed that he needed a lawyer. "I didn't do this."
Sophie sighed. "This is not American television, Mr. Langdon. In France, the laws protect the police, not criminals. Unfortunately, in this case, there is also the media consideration. (75: ch.13) |
| 29. | He encouraged me to do the same." Sweetie, her grandfather said, rather than lock each other out, we can each hang a rose—la fleur des secrets—on our door when we need privacy. This way we learn to respect and trust each other. Hanging a rose is an ancient Roman custom. (219: ch.47) |
| 30. | "My friends, I am far more influential in the civilized world than here in France. Furthermore, the Grail is believed to be in Great Britain. If we unlock the keystone, I am certain we will discover a map that indicates we have moved in the proper direction." (309: ch.67) |
| 31. | "You did not tell me," Fache continued, "that Jacques Saunière was your grandfather. I fully intend to overlook your insubordination last night on account of the emotional stress you must be under. At the moment, however, you and Langdon need to go to the nearest London police headquarters for refuge." (397 :ch. 88) |

**Deiksis Sosial**

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<td>The dual-language greeting was the newest hospitality trick of the European host. It presumed nothing and opened the door for the guest to reply in whichever language was more comfortable. (193: ch.42)</td>
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| **33.** | Tonight, asleep in her small bed, she awoke to the shrill of her telephone. Tiredly, she lifted the receiver.  
**Sandrine boss :** *Soeur Sandrine. Eglise Saint-Sulpice.* Hello, Sister  
*Sandrine* sat up, said in French.  
*Sandrine:* What time is it?  
Although she recognized her boss's voice, in fifteen years she had never been awoken by him. The abbé was a deeply pious man who went home to bed immediately after mass. (45: ch.7) |
| **34.** | "Arrêtez!" a man commanded from the doorway.  
The Louvre security agent advanced through the entrance to the Salle des Etats, his pistol outstretched, taking deadly aim at Langdon's chest.  
Langdon felt his arms raise instinctively for the ceiling.  
"Couchez-vous!" the guard commanded. "Lie down!"  
Langdon was face first on the floor in a matter of seconds. The guard hurried over and kicked his legs apart, spreading Langdon out.  
"Mauvaise idée, Monsieur Langdon," he said, pressing the gun hard into Langdon's back. "Mauvaise idée." (135: ch. 28) |
| **35.** | "Qui est là?" Grouard demanded, feeling his adrenaline spike for a second time in the last thirty seconds. He suddenly didn't know where to aim his gun or what direction to move.  
"PTS," the woman replied calmly, still scanning the floor with her light.  
Police Technique et Scientifique. Grouard was sweating now. I thought all the agents were gone! He now recognized the purple light as ultraviolet, consistent with a PTS team, and yet he could not understand why DCPJ would be looking for evidence in here.  
"Votre nom!" Grouard yelled, instinct telling him something was amiss. "Répondez!"  
"C'est mot," the voice responded in calm French. "Sophie Neveu." (140: ch. 30) |