**Data Klasifikasi Moral Values of**

***The Fault in Our Stars* Novel**

**I. Commitment to Something Greater Than Oneself**

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| **No** | **To recognize the existance of and be comitted to a supreme being, higher principle, transcendent purpose or meaning to one’s existance** | **To Seek The Truth** | **To Seek Justice** |
| **1** | **The circle filled in with the unlucky twelve-to-eighteens, and then Patrick started us out with the serenity prayer: God, grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference. (Green, pg. 9-10)** | **“I know,” he said. “I know. Apparently the world is not a wish-granting factory.” (Green, pg. 197-198)**  **“it’s not fair,” I said. “It’s just so goddamned unfair.”**  **“The world,” he said, “is not a wish granting factory,” (Green, pg. 214)**  **It seemed to me that I had already seen everything pure and good in the world, and I was beginning to suspect that even if death didn’t get in the way, the kind of love that Augustus and I share could never last. So dawn goes down to day, the poet wrote. Nothing gold can stay. (Green, pg. 278)** | **“True,” he said. “That’s what we should do, Hazel Grace: We should team up and be this disabled vigilante duo roaring through the world, righting wrongs, defending the weak, protecting the endangered.” (Green, pg. 202)** |
| **2** | **Neither of us said anything for the rest of Support Group. At the end, we all had to hold hands, and Patrick led us in a prayer. “Lord Jesus Christ, we are gathered here in Your heart, literally in Your heart, as cancer survivors. You and You alone know us as we know ourselves. Guide us to life and the light through our times of trial. We pray for Isaac’s eyes,...we pray that you might heal us and that we might feel Your Love, and Your peace, which passes all understanding. (Green, pg. 14)** |  |  |
| **3** | **Out of nowhere, Augustus asked, “Do you believe in an afterlife?”**  **“I think forever is an incorrect concept,” (Green, pg. 167)**  **“Seriously, though: afterlife?”**  **“No,” I said, and then revised. “Well maybe I wouldn’t go so far as no. You?” (Green, pg. 168)**  **“Yes,” he said, his voice full of confidence. “Yes, absolutely. Not like a heaven where you ride unicorns, play harps, and live in a mansion made of clouds. But yes. I believe in Something with a capital S. Always have.” (Green, pg. 168)**  **“Yeah,” he said quitely. “ I believe in that line from An Imperial Affliction. ‘The risen sun too bright in her losing eyes.’ That’s God, I think, the rising sun, and the light is too bright and her eyes are losing but they aren’t lost. (Green, pg. 168)** |  |  |
| **4** | **“Hazel,” his dad said, “you were there everyday with us.You—he wasn’t alone much, sweetie. He wouldn’t have had time to write anything. I know . . . I want that, too. But the messages he leaves for us now are coming from above, Hazel.” (Green, pg. 290)**  **Augustus dad : “. . . I hope that you are doing okay. You’re in our prayers every day, Hazel . . .” (Green, pg. 293)** |  |  |

**II. Self-respect, but with humility, self-discipline, and acceptance of personal responsibility**

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| **No** | **To respect and care for oneself** | **To not exalt or overindulge-to show humility and avoid gluttony, greed, or other forms of selfishness or self-centeredness** | **To act in accordance with one’s conscience and to accept responsibility for one’s behavior** |
| **1** | **..and started reading Midnight Dawns. It featured a sentence-to-corpse ratio of nearly 1:1, and I tore through it without ever looking up. I liked Staff Sergeant Max Mayhem, even though he didn’t have much in the way of a technical personality, but mostly I liked that his adventures kept happening. There were always more bad guys to kill and more good guys to save. New wars started even before the old ones were won. I hadn’t read a real series like that since I was a kid, and it was exciting to live again in an infinite fiction. (Green, pg. 46) (Hazel hobby)**  **I went to bed a little early that night, changing into boy boxers and a T-shirt before crawling under the covers of my bed, which was queen size and pillow topped and one of my favorite places in the world. And then I started reading An Imperial Affliction for the millionth time.**  **I know it’s a very literary decision and everything and probably part of the reason I love the book so much, but there is something to recommend a story that ends. (Green, pg. 49)** |  | **Augustus pulled out a cigarette and tapped the filter against the table. “stupid human voices always ruining everything.” (Green, Pg. 164)** |
| **2** | **So I ate a little while Mom and Dad talked about this earthquake that had just happened in Papua New Guinea...and rugged people they had once been, and their rapture was such that they didn’t even glance over at me as I ate faster than I’d ever eaten, transmitting items from my plate into my mouth with a speed and ferocity that left me quite out of breath, which of course made me worry that my lungs were again swimming in a rising pool of fluid. I banished the thought as best as I could. I had a PET scan scheduled in a couple weeks. I something was wrong, I’d found out soon enough. Nothing to be gained by worrying between now and then. (Green, pg. 65)** |  |  |
| **3** | **It’s all fragile and fleeting, dear reader, but with this swing set, your child(ren) will be introduced to the ups and downs of human life gently and safely, and may also learn the most important lesson of all: No matter how hard you kick, no matter how high you get, you can’t go all the way around. (Green, pg. 124)** |  |  |
| **4** | **“So afterward, while I was getting eviscerated by chemo, for some reason I decided to feel really hopeful. Not about survival spesifically, but I felt like Anna does in the book, that feeling of excitement and gratitude about just being able to marvel it all.” (Green, pg. 175)** |  |  |

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| **5** | **Once your needs for food and water are fulfilled, you move up to the next set of needs, security, and then the next and the next, but the important thing is that, according to Maslow, until your physiological needs are satisfied, you can’t even worry about security or social needs, let alone “self-actualization,” which is when you start to, like, make art and think about moralilty and quantum physics and stuff. (Green, pg. 212)** |  |  |
| **6** | **“and only now that I loved a grenade did I understand the foolishness of trying to save others from my own impending fragmentation:” (Green, pg. 214)** |  |  |
| **7** | **In Augustus’s letter: People will say it’s sad that she leaves a lesser scar, that fewer remember her, that she was loved deeply but not widely. But it’s not sad, Van Houten. It’s triumphant. (Green, pg. 312)** |  |  |

**III. Respect and Caring for Others**

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| **No** | **To recognize the connectedness between all people** | **To serve humankind and to be helpful to individuals** | **To be caring, respectful, compassionate, tolerant, and frogiving of others** | **To not hurt others (e.g., do not murder, abuse, steal from, cheat, or lie to others)** |
| **1** | **I giggled and said , “Okay.” And then the line was quiet but not dead. I almost felt like he was there in my room with me, but in a way it was better, like I was not in my room and he was not in his, but instead we were together in some invinsible and tenous thrid space that could only be visited on the phone. (Green, pg. 72)**  **... and then we talked about Peter Van Houten’s amaizingly briliant comment about the sluttiness of time, and even though I was in bed and he was in his basement, it really felt like we were back in that uncreated thrid space, which was a place I really liked visiting with him. (Green, pg. 119)** | Mom pulled into the circular driveaway behind the church at 4:56. I pretended to fiddle with my oxygen tank for second just to kill time.  “Do you want me to carry it in for you?”  “No, it’s fine,” I said. (Green, pg. 8) | But my mom believed I required treatment, so she took me to see my regular Doctor Jim, who agreed that I was veritably swimming in a paralyzing and totally clinical depression, and that therefore my meds should be adjusted and also I should attend a weekly Support Group. (Green, pg. 3-4) | **They (Gus’s family) talked to me for a bit about how the enchiladas were famous Waters Enchidalas and Not Be Missed and about how gus’s curfew was also ten, and how they were inherently distrusful of anyone who gave their kids curfews other than ten,..-and how weather was truly and absolutely extraordinary for march, and how in spring all things are new, and they didn’t even once ask me about the oxygen or my diagnosis, which was weird and wonderful. (Green, pg. 28-29)** |
| **2** | **Dad said, “ We’ve both been worried that you’ll feel abandoned. It’s important for you to know that we will always be here for you, Hazel. Your mom isn’t going anywhere.” (Green, pg. 297)** | **“Yeah,” Isaac said. “I’m Isaac. I’m seventeen. And its looking like I have to get surgery in a couple weeks, after which I’ll be blind. Not to complain or anything because I know a lot of us have it worse, but yeah, I mean, being blind does sort of suck. My grilfriend helps, though. And friends like Augustus.” (Green, pg. 10)** | **And if the inevitability of human oblivion worries you, I encourage yo to ignore it. (Green, pg. 13)**  **After I finished, there was quite a long period of silence as I watched a smile spread all the way across Augustus’s face (Green, pg. 13)** | **I ended up just picking out some flip-flops so that I could have something to buy, and then I sat down on one of the benches opposite a bank of shoes and watched Kitlyn snake her way through the isles, shopping with the kind of intensity and focus that one usually associates with professional chess. I Kind of wanted to take out Midnight Dawns and read for a while, nut i knew that’d be rude, so I just watched Kaitlyn. (Green, pg. 44)** |
| **3** |  |  | **I followed him inside (August Home). A wooden plaque in the entry way was engraved in cursive with the words Home Is Where the Heart Is, and the entire house turned out to be festooned in such observations. Good Friends Are Hard to Find and Impossible to Forget, read an illustration above the coatrack. True Love Is Born from Hard Times, promised a needlepointed pillowin their antique-furnished living room. Augustus saw me reading. “My parents call them Encoragements,” he explained. “They’re everywhere.” (Green, pg. 26-27)** | **Isaac: “I kept saying ‘always to her today, ‘always always always,’ andshe just kept talking over and not saying it back. It was like I was already gone, you know? ‘always’ was a promise! How can you just break the promise?”**  **Hazel: “Sometimes people don’t understand the promises they’re making when they make them,” I said.**  **Isaac shot me a look. “ Right, of course. But you keep the promise anyway. That’s what love is. Love is keeping the promise anyway. Don’t you believe in true love?”**  **I didn’t answer. I didn’t have an answer. But I thought that if true love did exist, that was pretty good definition of it. (Green, pg. 60-61)** |
| **4** |  |  | **“So what’s your story?” he (Augustus) asked, sitting down next to me at a safe distance.**  **“I already told you my story. I was diagnosed when—,”**  **“No, not your cancer story. Your story. Interests, hobbies, passion, weird fetishes, etcetera.” (Green, pg. 32)** | **It occured to me that the reason my parents had no money was me. I’d s sapped the family savings with Phalanxifor copays, and Mom couldn’t work because she had taken on the full-time profession of Hovering Over Me. I didn’t want to put them even further into debt. (Green, pg. 79)** |

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| **5** |  |  | **That afternoon, Mom consented to loan me the car so I could drive down to Memorial to check in on Isaac.**  **I found my way to his room on the fifth floor, knocking even though the door was open, and a woman’s voice said, “Come in.” It was a nurse who was doing something to the bandages on Isaa’s eyes. “Hey, Isaac,” I said. (Green, pg. 73)** |  |
| **6** |  |  | **Without crying he (Hazel’s father) said, “You are not a grenade, not to us. Thingking about you dying makes us sad, Hazel, but you are not a grenade. You are amazing. You can’t know, sweetie, because you’ve never had a baby become a brilliant young reader with side interest in horrible television shows, but the joy you bring us is so much greater than the sadness we feel about your illness.”**  **“Okay,” I said.**  **“Really,” my dad said. “ I wouldn’t bullshit to you about this. If you were more trouble that you’re worth, we’d just toss you out on the streets.”**  **“We’re not sentimental people,” Mom added, deadpan. “We’d leave you at an orphanage with a note pinned to your pajamas.”**  **I laughed. (Green, pg. 103)** |  |
| **7** |  |  | **Mom and dad left us alone, which felt awkward. I worked hard to meet his eyes, eve though they were kind of pretty that’s hard to look at. “I missed you,” Augustus said.**  **My voice was smaller than I wanted it to be. “Thanks for not trying to see me whe I looked like hell.”**  **“To be fair, you still look pretty bad.”**  **I laughed. “I missed you too. I just don’t want you to see . . . all this. I just want, like . . .It doesn’t matter. You don’t always get what you want.”**  **“Is that so?” he asked. “I’d always thought the world was a wish-granting factory.” (Green, pg. 110)** |  |
| **8** |  |  | **Then I got off the phone and my mom and dad came into my room, and even though it was really not big enough for all three of us, they lay on either side of the bed with me and we all watched ANTM on the little TV in my room. This girl I didn’t like, Selena, got kicked off, which made me really happy for some reason. Then mom hooked me up to the BiPaP and tucked me in, and Dad kissed me on the forehead, the kiss all stubble, and then I closed my eyes. (Green, pg. 119)** |  |
| **9** |  |  | **I nudged my head into his shoulder. “Thanks for offering to come over.” (Green, pg. 122)**  **Once I’d recovered, we went inside and sat down on the couch right next to each other, the laptop half on his (fake) knee and half on mine. (Green, pg. 123)** |  |
| **10** |  |  | **“Trip’s on.” She said finally. “Dr. Maria called us last night and made a convincing case that you need to live your—“**  **“MOM, I LOVE YOU SO MUCH!” I shouted, and she came to the bed and let me hug her. (Green, pg. 127)** |  |
| **11** |  |  | **I could feel everybody watching us, wondering what was wrong with us, and whether it would kill us, and how heroic my mom must be, and everything else. That was the worst part about having cancer, sometimes: The physical evidence of disease seperates you from other other people. We were irreconcilably other, and never was it more obvious than when the three of us walked through the empty plane, the stewardess nodding sympathetically and gesturing us toward our row in the distant back. (Green, pg. 144)**  **Before I broke eye contact with him, he said, “Listen, sorry I avoided the gate area. The Mcdonald’s line wasn’t really that long; . . . I just didn’t want to sit there with all those people looking at us or whatever.” (Green, pg. 146)**  **“They just piss me off sometimes. And I don’t want to be pissed off today.” (Green, pg. 146)** |  |
| **12** |  |  | **“Morning,” I said**  **“Actually late afternoon,” she answered, pushing herself out of the chair with a sigh. She came to the bed, placed a tank in the cart, and connected it to the tube while I took off the BiPaP snout and placed the nubbins into my nose. She set it for 2.5 liters a minute—six hours before I’d need change—and then got up. “How are you feeling?” she asked.**  **“Good,” I said. “Great. How was the Vondelpark?”**  **“I skipped it,” she said. “Read all about it in the guidenook, though.”**  **“Mom,” I said, “you didn’t have to stay here.”**  **She shrugged. “I know. I wanted to. I like watching you sleep.” (Green, pg. 158)** | **,** |
| **13** |  |  | **As we walked through the crowded tram, an old man stood up to give us seats together, and I tried to tell him to sit, but he gestured toward the seat insistenly. (Green, pg. 161)** |  |
| **14** |  |  | **Two weeks later, I wheeled Gus across the art park toward Funky Bones with one entire bottle of very expensive champagne had been donated by one of Gus’s doctors—Gus being the kind of person who inspires doctors to give their best bottles of champagne to children. We sat, Gus in his chair and me on the damp grass, as near to Funky Bones as we could get him in the chair. (Green, pg. 233)** |  |
| **15** |  |  | **“Okay, enough,” Gus’s dad said, and then out of nowhere, his dad put an arm around me and kissed the side of my head and whispered, “I thank God for you everyday, kid.” (Green, pg. 252)** |  |
| **16** |  |  | **Gus gestured for me to sit. I pulled a chair into the center of the circle with him as he spun the chair to face Isaac. “I want to attend my funeral,” Gus said. “By the way, will you speak at my funeral?”**  **“Um, of course, yeah,” I said, letting my head fall onto his shoulder. I reached across his back and hugged both him and the wheelchair. He winced. I let go. (Green, pg. 257)** |  |
| **17** |  |  | **“My name is Hazel. Augustus Waters was the great star-crossed love of my life. Ours was an epic love story, and I won’t be able to get more than a sentence into it without disappearing into a puddle of tears. (Green, pg. 259)**  **But, Gus, my love, I cannot tell you how thankful I am for our little infinity. I wouldn’t trade it for the world. You gave me a forever within the numbered days, and I’m grateful.” (Green, pg. 260)** |  |
| **18** |  |  | **I love you, bro. See you on the other side.**  **. . . Written by someone I’d never heard of. In fact, almost all the wall posts, which arrived nearly as fast as I could read them, were written by people I’d never met and whom he’d never spoken about, people were extolling his various virtues now that he was dead, even though I knew for a fact that they hadn’t seen him in months and had made no effort to visit him. I wondered if my wall would like this I died, or if I’d been out of school and life long enough to escape widespread memorialization. (Green, pg. 264)**  **I knew these people were genuinely sad, and that I wasn’t really mad at them. I was made at the universe. Even so, it infuriated me: You get all these friends just when you don’t need friends anymore. (Green, pg. 266)** |  |
| **19** |  |  | **As I knelt, I realized they’d closed his eyes—of course they had—and that I would never again see his blue eyes. “I love you present tense,” I whispered, and then put my hand on the middle of his chest and said, “It’s okay, Gus. It’s okay. It is. It’s okay, you hear me?” I had—and have—absolutely no confidence that he could hear me. I leaned forward and kissed his cheek. “Okay,” I said. “Okay.” (Green, pg. 270)** |  |
| **20** |  |  | **“Augustus Waters was he mayor of the Secret City of Cancervania, and he is not replaceable,” Isaac began. “Other people will be able to tell you funny stories about Gus, because he was a funny guy, but let me tell you a serious one: A day after I got my eye cut out, Gus showed up at the hospital. I was blind and heart-broken and didn’t want to do anything and Gus burst into my room and shouted, ‘I have wonderful news!’ And I was like, ‘I don’t really want to hear wonderful news right now,’ and Gus said, ‘This is wonderful news you want to hear,’ and I asked him, ‘Fine, what is it?’ and he said, ‘You are going to live a good and long life filled with great and terrible moments that you cannot even imagine yet!’” (Green, pg. 272)**  **Isaac: “I dislike living in a world without Augustus Waters.” (Green, pg. 281)** |  |
| **21** |  |  | **“I want you guys to have a life,” I said. “I worry that yo won’t have a life, that you’ll sit around here all day with no me to look after and stare at the walls and want to off yourself.” (Green, pg. 297)** |  |
| **22** |  |  | **“I don’t want you to think I’m Imagining a world without you. But if I get my MSW, I can counsel families in crisis or lead groups dealing with illness in their families or—” (Green, pg. 297)** |  |
| **23** |  |  | **Kaitlyn: “So what was it like ?” she asked.**  **“Having your boyfriend die? Um, it sucks.”**  **“No,” She said. “Being in love.”**  **“Oh,” I said. “Oh. It was . . . nice to spend time with someone so interesting. We were very different, aand we disagreed about a lot of things, but he was always so inetersting, you know?” (Green, pg. 302)** |  |
| **24** |  |  | **I did not know that Augustus had died. I am very sad to hear this news. He was such a very charismatic young man. I am so sorry, and so sad.**  **I have not spoken to Peter since I resigned that day we met. It is very late at night here, but I am going over to his house first thing in the morning to find this letter and force him to read it. Morning were his best time, usually.**  **(Green, pg. 304)** |  |
| **25** |  |  | **I wondered why he’d written Van Houten in those last days instead of me, telling Van Houtenthat he’d be redeemed if only he gave me my sequel. Maybe the notebook pages had just repeated his request to Van Houten. It made sense, Gus leveraging his terminality to make my drea come true: The sequel was a tiny thing to die for, but it was the biggest thing left at his disposal. (Green, pg. 304)** |  |

**IV. Caring for other living things and the environment**

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| **No** | **Data** | **Caring for other living things or the envronment** |
| **-** | **-** | **-** |