



The main instrument of this research was the researcher herself because the researcher would be analyzed the main characters (Scout, Jem and Atticus) dialect in “To Kill a Mockingbird” novel by Harper Lee, the data were in the form of utterance. In addition, the researcher herself became the research instrument who actively and directly participates in data collection and data analysis.

The source of data of this research come from the novel from Harper Lee entitled “To Kill a Mockingbird”. This research focused on the analysis of dialect used by main characters (Scout, Jem and Atticus) in “To Kill a Mockingbird” novel. Meanwhile, the data were the words, sentences and utterances by main characters (Scout, Jem and Atticus) in “To Kill a Mockingbird” which reflect the lack of understanding of five-year-old girl about something happen at the time. The researcher chooses the words, sentences and utterances by the main characters (Scout, Jem and Atticus) as the data because they are have good relationship as father and the children and the researcher interest to take Atticus’ family as the object and also the novel has a great story that tells about racial segregation of Black people or can



*\*To Kill a Mockingbird\* By Nelle Harper Lee 18*

state had in mind for me.

As the year passed, released from school thirty minutes before Jem, who had to stay until three o'clock, I ran by the Radley Place as fast as I could, not stopping until I reached the safety of our front porch. One afternoon as I raced by, something caught my eye and caught it in such a way that I took a deep breath, a long look around, and went back.

Two live oaks stood at the edge of the Radley lot; their roots reached out into the side-road and made it bumpy. Something about one of the trees attracted my attention.

Some tinfoil was sticking in a knot-hole just above my eye level, winking at me in the afternoon sun. I stood on tiptoe, hastily looked around once more, reached into the hole, and withdrew two pieces of chewing gum minus their outer wrappers.

My first impulse was to get it into my mouth as quickly as possible, but I remembered where I was. I ran home, and on our front porch I examined my loot. The gum looked fresh. I sniffed it and it smelled all right. I licked it and waited for a while. When I did not die I crammed it into my mouth: Wrigley's Double-Mint.

When Jem came home he asked me where I got such a wad. I told him I found it.

"Don't eat things you find, Scout."

"This wasn't on the ground, it was in a tree."

Jem growled.

"Well it was," I said. "It was sticking in that tree yonder, the one comin' from school."

"Split it out right now!"

I spat it out. The tang was fading, anyway. "I've been chewin' it all afternoon and I ain't dead yet, not even sick."

Jem stamped his foot. "Don't you know you're not supposed to even touch the trees over there? You'll get killed if you do!"

"You touched the house once!"

"That was different! You go gargle—right now, you hear me?"

\*Ain't neither, it'll take the taste outa my mouth.

"You don't n I'll tell Calpurnia on you!"

Rather than risk a tangle with Calpurnia, I did as Jem told me. For some reason, my first year of school had wrought a great change in our relationship: Calpurnia's tyranny, unfairness, and meddling in my business had faded to gentle grumbings of general disapproval. On my part, I went to much trouble, sometimes, not to provoke her.

Summer was on the way. Jem and I waited it with impatience. Summer was our best season: It was sleeping on the back screened porch in coats, or trying to sleep in the treehouse; summer was everything good to eat; it was a thousand colors in a parched landscape; but most of all, summer was Dill.

The authorities released us early the last day of school, and Jem and I walked home together. "Reckon old Dilfil be coming home tomorrow," I said.

"Probably day after," said Jem. "Mis'sippi turns 'em loose a day later."

As we came to the live oaks at the Radley Place I raised my finger to point for the hundredth time to the knot-hole where I had found the chewing gum, trying to make Jem believe I had found it there, and found myself pointing at another piece of tinfoil.

"I see it, Scout! I see it!"

Jem looked around, reached up, and gingerly pocketed a tiny shiny package. We ran home, and on the front porch we looked at a small box patchworked with bits of tinfoil collected from chewing-gum wrappers. It was the kind of box wedding rings came in, purple velvet with a minute catch. Jem flicked open the tiny catch. Inside were two scrubbed and polished pennies, one on top of the other. Jem examined them.

"Indian-heads," he said. "Nineteen-six and Scout, one of em's nineteen-hundred

These are real old."

"Nineteen-hundred," I echoed. "Say—"

"Hush a minute, I'm thinkin'."

\*Jem, you reckon that's somebody's hidin' place?"

"Naw, don't anybody much but us pass by there, unless it's some grown person's."

Figure 3.1 Finding and collecting utterances

The data above divided into 3 types, the red line is phonology feature, the blue line is grammatical feature and the last, green line is vocabulary variation.

d. Fourth, finding and collecting utterances by other characters of the dialogues involves the main characters (Scout, Jem and Atticus).









Character	Vocabulary Variation	Literal Meaning	Used to
Scout	Yonder	Over there	To point out the direction.
	reckon	Think or believe	Guess or suppose.
Jem			
Atticus			