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Summary of second class citizen chapter 1 and 2

Loading PreviewSorry, preview is currently unavailable. You can download the paper by clicking the button above. (1) Second Class Citizen is one of the remarkable novels Buchi Emecheta wrote. (2) It's one of the two African Prose recommended for Literature-in-English exams in SSCE and JAMB for 2021 - 2025 Syllabus. (3) Second Class Citizen is a bildungsroman. Bildungsroman is a type of novel that traces "the spiritual, moral, psychological, or social development and growth of the main character, usually from childhood to maturity". (Wiktionary) In the novel, the narrator begins the narration with Adah's childhood; then traces the story of Adah right from childhood to motherhood. We witness a lot of changes in Adah as the novel progresses, from her growth in social status to her changed perspective about love, marriage, responsibilities and roles. Other examples of Bildungsroman include Charles Dicken's David Copperfield, Chinelo Okparanta's Under the Udala Tree and several more. (4) Setting: Nigeria and England. In the first few chapters of the text, the setting is Nigeria. The setting changes from Nigeria to England when Adah joins Francis in England. (5) Language: The language is simple and reliable. (6) Chapters: The novel is segmented into thirteen chapters. (7) Second Class Citizen can be categorised as an autobiographical novel. It, in a way, relates the experiences of its author, now under the guise of fiction. Other works under this category are Nguji wa Thiong'o's Weep Not Child and Camara Laye's African Child. (8) Principal Character: Adah. Other noteworthy characters include Francis, Boy, and Pa Noble. (9) Narrative Technique: Third person narrative technique. (10) Like most Buchi's works, Second Class Citizen addresses gender prejudice and in this particular work, racial prejudice. Other works by Buchi Emecheta include Kehinde, The Slave Girl, The Bride Price and The Joys of Motherhood. Read Also: Buchi Emecheta's SECOND CLASS CITIZEN and Yejide Kilanko's CHASING BUTTERFLIES: The Point of Convergence Explaining the Title The title and concept of "Second Class Citizen" manifests in two folds in the text. The First Fold has to do with the position of women in the African society. In this case, men are superior while women are inferior. Using Adah as the archetype of African women, Buchi highlights the role of second fiddle the prototypical patriarchal African society has assigned to women. They are not seen as the equals to their male counterparts. The society does not believe they have dreams and aspirations too. Adah's childhood dreams have always been to get education and travel to England someday. But the society thinks otherwise. It takes her some level of stubbornness to go to school. And what kept her in school long after her father's death are not just her stubbornness, rejection of male advances and scholarship but because the family realises the prospect of getting more bride price if she has some education. Her relatives devote attention to Boy's education instead. Also, within the family system, husbands are placed higher in rank than their wives. That explains the reason Francis is not comfortable with Adah's job (in England) because it is higher in status and prestige than his factory labour work. This invariably places Adah over Francis which under the "normal" scheme of things should not be so. So, women are the first category of second class citizens in the novel. The Second Fold of second class citizens are the black people in England, a white man's country. The blacks are discriminated by the whites on the basis of their colour. The whites are superior while the blacks are inferior. Within this category of second class citizens are Pa Noble, Francis and Adah. It is least surprising that Adah falls within the two categories. On the benchmark of a patriarchal Nigerian society, she is a second class citizen because of her gender. In England, she is considered a second class citizen on the basis of her colour. Themes The themes in Buchi Emecheta's Second Class Citizen include the following: (1) Theme of racial discrimination (2) Theme of gender discrimination (3) Theme of irresponsible husbandhood (4) Theme of early marriage (5) The theme of determination (6) Theme of patriarchy (7) Theme of hope (8) Theme of woman emancipation (9) Theme of failure et cetera. Slideshare uses cookies to improve functionality and performance, and to provide you with relevant advertising. If you continue browsing the site, you agree to the use of cookies on this website. See our User Agreement and Privacy Policy. Slideshare uses cookies to improve functionality and performance, and to provide you with relevant advertising. If you continue browsing the site, you agree to the use of cookies on this website. See our Privacy Policy and User Agreement for details. Unedited. Mistakes will be present as I am dsylexic. I was being used. Again. Slamming the door to my car I tightened my sweater around my waist, chilled more by the state of life than by the bitter wind. The bar looked barren in the morning light. My mind flashed to what it must have been like hours before. Filled with happy people. Drunk, single, happy people that had no obligations to anyone. I didn't even need to be there to know what it was like. It was always the same drudgery as before. I hated it. I hated being here. I hated the smell, the way it looked and the twisted way it converted people. Before I used to come along with him. No because I wanted too but because I tried to be a distraction. As if my presence could alter the core of a man's values and beliefs. Instead I would leave alone, confused and my heart more broken than before I came. Forcing myself I walked on, the crunch of gravel breaking the silence in the air. I sighed shaking my head. My lips pursed tight, infuriated that I was forced by my love to be here. Again, I pulled my sweater tighter trying to heat up the chill in my soul. Opening the door, I squinted in trying to see the past the dark. It felt as if a residue of bad intentions and wayward sins was a part of the obscurity that clouded my vision. Lilit was at the bar, her staunch figure ringing up bills from the previous night. "Hey Katia." she said, not even looking up from the bills. Who else would be coming into a bar at this time of the morning? "Hi Lilit. Is he in the back?" I asked, as if he would be anywhere. "Mmm. As usual." She replied back. Walking to the back of the bar I saw his figure, sprawled out on the leather sofa. For a moment I stopped and just looked at him. When he was asleep I could pretend that I was normal. That we were happy and in love. Pretend that he loved me. My nose crumpled up at the smell of cheap perfume. He was covered in a cloud of it. Disgust filled my mind at the thought of how it got on him. Daydreaming was over and reality was forcing me to wake up. "Lev." I called knowing that my voice would rouse him from his slumber. Even if he was unconscious I could wake him. Groaning he opened his eyes, gaining an instant headache from the light behind me. I must have looked like an angel from his nightmares. Welcome to hangover land. "Get up Lev." I said. My voice complete neutral. Empty. Drained of anything that showed the tumulus emotions of my heart. "Don't." He said, his voice croaking from unused. I titled my head to the side. Guess this conversation was happening again. I didn't reply. Just looked ahead. "You're my best friend. Don't look at me like that." He grumbled, swaying from sitting up too quickly. I waited for him to gather his bearings, my face unchanged. His eyes opened. The beauty of the piercing blue was overshadowed by the bloodshot redness of his drunken night. "Just get in the car Lev." I said turning around and walking to the door. The drive to his house was the same as usual. By the time we pulled out the parking lot he settled himself in to sleep. His snores were the only thing heard over the muffled noises of the car ride. Out of the corner of my eye I saw lipstick smudge on his neck. My hands tightened on the wheel. I was grateful when his house came into view. Pulling up I saw his brother, David waiting for me at the door. David was always there for everyone. Not only an older brother to Lev but also to me. David and his mate were one of the pillars of our community. They were excellent betas and lead well next to our Alpha.

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