

Read the extract below from Section 10, Pg 260 to 262 and respond to the question below:
How does Adichie use this extract to portray the ways in which Jaja and Kambili's relationship with Papa has undergone a change?

I was thinking about this when Auntie Ifeoma called. The phone rang for too long, and I thought Mama would pick it up, since Papa was asleep. But she didn't, so I went to the study and answered it.

Auntie Ifeoma's voice was many notches lower than usual. "They have given me notice of termination," she said, without even waiting for me to reply to her "How are you?" "For what they call illegal activity. I have one month. I have applied for a visa at the American Embassy. And Father Amadi has been notified. He is leaving for missionary work in Germany at the end of the month."

It was a double blow. I staggered. It was as if my calves had sacks of dried beans tied to them. Auntie Ifeoma asked for Jaja, and I nearly tripped, nearly fell to the floor, as I went to his room to call him. After Jaja talked to Auntie Ifeoma, he put the phone down and said, "We are going to Nsukka today. We will spend Easter in Nsukka."

I did not ask him what he meant, or how he would convince Papa to let us go. I watched him knock on Papa's door and go in.

"We are going to Nsukka. Kambili and I," I heard him say.

I did not hear what Papa said, then I heard Jaja say, "We are going to Nsukka today, not tomorrow. If Kevin will not take us, we will still go. We will walk if we have to."

I stood still in front of the staircase, my hands trembling violently. Yet I did not think to close my ears; I did not think to count to twenty. Instead, I went into my room and sat by the window, looking out at the cashew tree. Jaja came in to say that Papa had agreed that Kevin could take us. He held a bag so hastily packed he had not even done up the zipper, and he watched me throw some things into a bag, saying nothing. He was moving his weight from one leg to the other impatiently.

"Is Papa still in bed?" I asked, but Jaja did not answer as he turned to go downstairs.

I knocked on Papa's door and opened it. He was sitting up in bed; his red silk pajamas looked disheveled. Mama was pouring water into a glass for him.

"Bye, Papa," I said.

He got up to hug me. His face looked much brighter than in the morning, and the rashes seemed to be clearing.

"We will see you soon," he said, kissing my forehead.

I hugged Mama before I left the room. The stairs seemed delicate all of a sudden, as if they would crumble and a huge hole would appear and prevent me from leaving. I walked slowly until I got downstairs. Jaja was waiting for me at the bottom of the stairs, and he reached out to take my bag.

Kevin stood by the car when we came outside. "Who will take your father to church, now?" he asked, looking at us suspiciously. "Your father is not well enough to drive himself."

Jaja remained silent for so long that I realized he was not going to give Kevin an answer, and I said, "He said you should take us to Nsukka."

Kevin shrugged, and muttered, "This kind of trip, can't you go tomorrow?" before starting the car. He remained silent throughout the drive, and I saw his eyes often dart to us, mostly to Jaja, in the rearview mirror.