

Climate Change impact on livelihood?

- Achebe 1958 *'Things Fall Apart'* pp 21 - 22



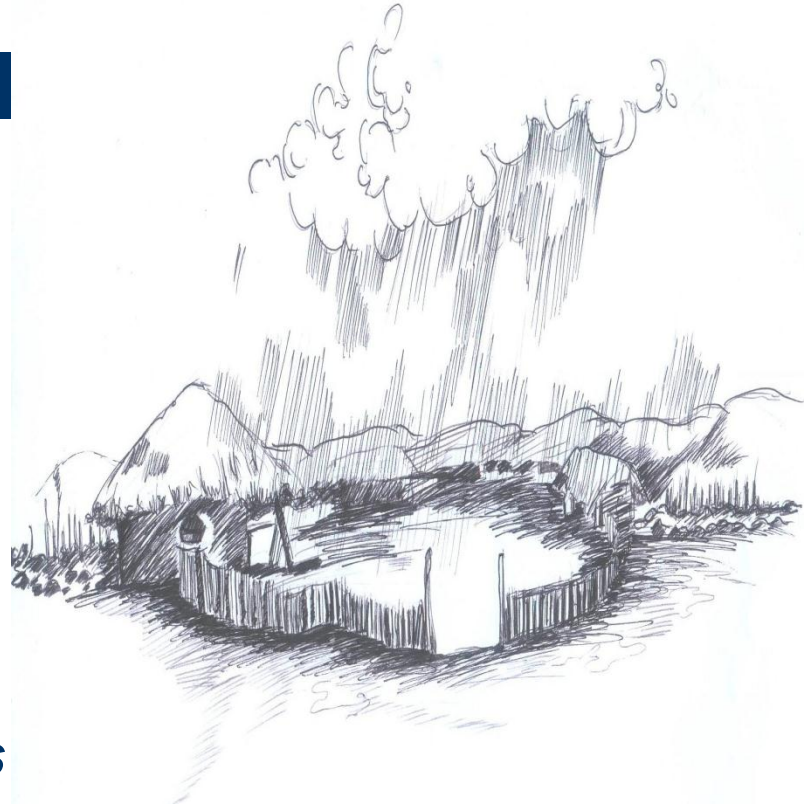
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***“The year that Okonkwo took eight hundred yams from Nwakibie was the worst year in living memory. Nothing happened at the proper time; it was either too early or too late. It seemed as if the world had gone mad.*”**



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- *The first rains were late and, when they came lasted only a brief moment. The blazing sun returned, more fierce than it had ever been known, and scorched all the green that had appeared with the rains. The earth burned like hot coals and roasted all the yams that had been sown.*



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- *Like all good farmers, Okonkwo had begun to sow with the first rains. He had sown four hundred seeds when the rains dried up and the heat returned.*



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- *He watched the sky all day for signs of rain clouds and lay awake all night*



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- *In the morning he went back to his farm and saw the withering tendrils.*



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- *He had tried to protect them from the smouldering earth by making rings of thick sisal leaves around them. But by the end of the day the sisal rings were burnt dry and grey.*

He changed them every day and prayed that the rain might fall in the night. But the drought continued for eight market weeks and the yams were killed.



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- *Some farmers had not planted their yams yet. They were the lazy easy going ones who always put off clearing their farms as long as they could. This year they were the wise ones*



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They sympathized with their neighbours with much shaking of head, but inwardly they were happy for what they took to be their foresight



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- *Okonkwo planted what was left of his seed yams when the rains finally returned. He had one consolation. The yams he had sown before the drought were his own, the harvest of the previous year. He still had the eight hundred from Nwakibie and four hundred from his father's friend. So he would make a fresh start.*



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- *But the year had gone mad. Rain fell as it had never fallen before. For days and nights together it poured down in violent torrents, and washed away the yam heaps. Trees were uprooted and deep gorges appeared everywhere.*
- *Then the rain became less violent. But it went on from day to day without a pause.*



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- *The spell of sunshine which always came in the middle of the wet season did not appear. The yams put on luxuriant green leaves, but every farmer knew that without sunshine the tubers would not grow.*



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- *That year the harvest was sad, like funeral and many farmers wept as they dug up the miserable and rotting yams.*



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- *One man tied his cloth to a tree branch and hanged himself."*

