**“THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE MAIN CHARACTER’S CONFLICT TO THE PLOT ON TWILIGHT NEW MOON”**

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In English Education Program



**Created By:**

**SITI NI’MATURROHMAH**

**NIM. 3213083020**

**ENGLISH EDUCATION PROGRAM**

**DEPARTMENT OF ISLAMIC EDUCATION**

**STATE ISLAMIC COLLEGE**

**(STAIN) TULUNGAGUNG**

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**ADVISOR’S APPROVAL**

This is to certify that the Sarjana’s thesis of Siti Ni’maturrohmah has been approved by the thesis advisor for further approval by the Boart of Examiners.

Tulungagung, 14 June 2012

Advisor

**SUKARSONO, M.Pd**

**NIP. 19710514 200501 1 002**

**LEGALIZATION**

This is to certify that the Sarjana’s thesis of Siti Ni’maturrohmah has been approved by the Board of Examiners as the requirement for the degree of Sarjana Pendidikan Islam in English Education Program.

Board of Thesis Examiners

Chair, Secretary,

**Hj. DWI IMA, M. Hum** **RIKHLATUL ILMIAH, S. Ag**

**NIP.19620620 198903 2 002 NIP.150 370 301**

Main Examiner,

**NANIK SRI RAHAYU, M. Pd**

**NIP. 19750707 200312 2 002**

Tulungagung, 5 July 2012

Approved by

Chief of STAIN Tulungagung

**Dr. MAFTUKHIN, M. Ag**

**NIP. 19670717 200003 1 002**

**MOTTO**

**Life and fate, can seem messy, mysterious, fantastic, and sporadic,**

**but each element is a subsystem order of a perfect design.**

**Receive life means accepting the fact**

**that no matter how small things happen by chance.**

**{Interpretation of the great ideas of Harun Yahya}**

**DEDICATION**

**I dedicate this thesis to:**

**My beloved parents, unlimited thank for your pure affection, unlimited patience, endless love, and pray, so I can finish my study.**

**You are my everything, you are my best I ever had.**

**My beloved brother and my Haedy, thank for your support, motivation and pray.**

**I love you all.**

**All my great teacher and lectures in English Department and State Islamic College of Tulungagung, thanks for your everything you have given to me.**

**You live in my mind and hearth.**

**All my friends in TBI A class,**

**Thanks you have been present in a mosaic of my life.**

**All my best friends,**

**Thank for our nice day, from you I found the real friendship.**

**Let us dreams, and make it happen.**

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 In the name of Allah SWT, the most gracious and the most merciful, peace in upon to the lord who guided our Master Muhammad SAW, the most appropriate track and shed light upon the most straightened course. Allah’s blessing and peace be upon and his family in the course of companion and geniality.

 Eventually, due his charity, the writer is able to finish this thesis entitled “The Significance of The Main Character’s Conflict to The Plot on Twilight New Moon” as partial fulfillment of the requirement of Islamic Education Degree in English Study Program of Islamic Education Department in STAIN Tulungagung.

 In this chance, the writer would like to express the gratitude to honorable:

1. Dr. Maftukhin, M.Ag, as the chief of State Islamic College of Tulungagung.
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4. The parents, my best friends and the brother who always pray, support and love in all my life.

The writer is aware this thesis is full of shortcomings or from being perfect, therefore the writer hope constructive suggestion or criticism, which makes this thesis much better. Finally, the researcher prays to Allah, may this thesis be useful and my God bless us.

 Tulungagung, 14 June 2012

The Researcher

 Siti Ni’maturrohmah

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**ABSTRACT**

SITI NI’MATURROHMAH: registered number: 3213083020, 2012. “The Significance of Main Character’s Conflict to The Plot in Twilight New Moon”

 Advisor: Sukarsono, M.Pd

Key word: Main character, Conflict, Plot

 Novel is a mirror of society or life, everything that happens in novel similar to what happens in real life, including the conflict that occur therein. As these conflicts are: physical conflict, psychological conflict and social conflict. From these conflict we can learn about life and to be wise in life.

 The problems of this study are: (1) What are the main character’s conflicts in Stephenie Meyer’s novel entitled *Twilight* *New Moon*? (2) What are the main character’s physical conflict in Stephenie Meyer’s novel entitled *Twilight New Moon* ? (3) What are the main character’s psychological conflict in Stephenie Meyer’s novel entitled *Twilight New Moon* ? (4) What are the main character’s social conflict in Stephenie Meyer’s novel entitled *Twilight New Moon* ?

 The purposes of this study are intended to: (1) To know what are the main character’s conflicts in Stephenie Meyer’s novel entitled *Twilight New Moon*. (2) To know what are the main character’s physical conflicts in Stephenie Meyer’s novel entitled *Twilight New Moon*. (3) To know what are the main character’s psychological conflicts in Stephenie Meyer’s novel entitled *Twilight New Moon*. (4) To know what are the main character’s social conflicts in Stephenie Meyer’s novel entitled *Twilight New Moon*.

 This research is qualitative research with intrinsic approach, psychological approach and sociological approach. These are conducted because the researcher wants to describe the various sides of a novel, such as the characterization and conflict especially the main character’s conflict in *Twilight New Moon*.

 Research findings: Based on the research findings and discussion, the researcher gets to know the character and characterization in Twilight New moon, the main character conflict, they are physical conflict, psychological conflict and social conflict. The physical conflicts happens to the main character with the other characters, animal or even nature, such as when Bella’s finger was bleeding, Jasper directly become un control and fight her and Edward directly throw himself to save Bella, that causing Bella’s arm wound. She also often debate with her best friend, because she too close and has relationship with Cullen, a vampire family. The psychological conflicts happen to the main character with herself, because she scare getting older and after Edward leaved her, she always get delusion of Edward’s voice when she in dangerous, that make her hearth irritate. The last is social conflict which happens to the main character with the environment or with social condition. Such as Bella become strange until her friends stopped calling her and leaved her, she loose her social interaction.

Research conclusion and suggestion: Based on research conclusion and suggestion, the researcher get know that the elements of novel such as plot, character, conflict have each strong relation, because plot develops from characters, mainly the character’s conflict. From these elements whole of the story is complete. It will help the readers in understanding the content of novel, and find out some messages which an author’s explore in the novel. The simple plot of story moves from beginning of conflict, rising of conflict, climax, falling of conflict and ending of conflict. The writer hopes that the result of this study can be used as a reference for other researchers who want to know about literary work, especially in a novel.

**SYNOPSIS**

This story began when Isabella Marie Swan moved from Phoenix, Arizona to Forks, Washington. A small town in Olympic Peninsula, the rainiest place in the world. She met Edward Cullen, a mysterious guy who is very charming that makes sense Bella somersaults, with porcelain skin, gilt eyes and melodious voice. Edward was very interesting figure who makes Bella hooked. They were falling in love each other and make a relationship.

The conflict happened when the Cullen family wants to celebrate Bella’s eighteenth birthday. All of family members are together to celebrate it. When the party was going on, Bella unpredictable stuck her finger with the edge of slice of paper. The paper slices her finger. A single drop blood oozed from the tiny cut. Jasper who often has more trouble sticking to the Cullen’s diet, suddenly Jasper become un control and fight Bella. Edward directly threw himself at Bella to save her, flinging her back across the table. Jasper slammed into Edward. Jasper tried to shove past Edward, spanning his teeth just inches from Edward’s face. After that incident Edward changes, he become so silent and finally he decide to leave Bella with his family to move away to other place without Bella. Because he know that his world is too dangerous for human like Bella.

In the months that follow after Edward leaved, Bella feel lonely, sad and loose her social interaction. She was alone all the time. She didn’t call her friend back, and after a while her friends stopped calling.

After she met Jacob, her old friend, she slowly survived again. Ever since she started hanging out with Jacob she seems better. She has some color in her checks when she comes home, some color in her eyes. She’s happier. But he happier not lasting, because Jacob have a long time not meet or call her again cause of his “sick”. When he was better, he not met or called her. He was out with his friend. Bella felt lonely, worried, bored and perforated again.

After Jacob feel can control himself, he met Bella again, but it’s not a good time because Alice also met Bella to make clear about something that she had seen. She had seen Bella killing herself with jumping herself in ocean cliff. Jacob did not like with Alice or the Cullen family because he thought they were the enemy or Quileute. Rosalie told what Alice’s seen to Edward. Edward directly called Bella’s house when Jacob was there. Jacob hang the phone and he said that Charlie was in funeral. Edward consider who was dead was Bella. Edward attempt to commit ‘vampire suicide’ by revealing his vampire qualities in public and bringing on the wrath of the Volturi when he thought Bella has done the same by jumping off a cliff. Bella running through the crowded piazza on St. Marcus Day in [Volterra, Italy](http://www.volterra.net/), splashing through the fountain just as the clock begins to strike the hour, in order to save Edward from exposing himself to the sunlight in public.

Bella find Edward in Volterra and tell him that she is still alive. In the first moments after Bella saves him and he is disoriented, thinking he sees Bella in death or some other state of being. Unfortunately Volteri sent their confessor to bring Edward, Alice and Bella to Volturi place. Aro, one of volterri very interesting with Bella’s scent, and want to kill her. But he known that Bella also has a potential, because he can’t read Bella’s thought. He offering Edward, Bella and Alice to join with their royal family, but they do not accept his offer. Caius said that Bella is too much known about their world. He scared that she will expose their secrets. So that why, Volturi give option to them, they will be free if Edward makes Bella become one of them, become a vampire, because Bella had too much know their secret. Edward agreed with the volturi’s offer.

They return to Forks, Edward told Bella that he had always loved her and only leaved Forks to protect her, Bella forgiven him. The Cullens vote in favor Bella being transformed into a vampire. The result five of them are agree if Bella transform to be a vampire, but Carlisle suggested that transform will do after Bella finished her school and moved out of Charlie’s house. After all happen to Bella, Charlie banned Edward to met Bella or come to his house, he scare if Edward will make his daughter hurt again. But, finally Bella decide to meet her father with her destiny, Edward Cullen.

This story began when Isabella Marie Swan moved from Phoenix, Arizona to Forks, Washington. A small town in Olympic Peninsula, the rainiest place in the world. She met Edward Cullen, a mysterious guy who is very charming that makes sense Bella somersaults, with porcelain skin, gilt eyes and melodious voice. Edward was very interesting figure who makes Bella hooked. They were falling in love each other and make a relationship.

The little calendar in the corner of the clock’s display informed Bella that today was September thirteenth. It was her birthday. She was officially eighteen years old. Bella had been dreading this day for months, because she was older, always getting older every time even Edward would always forever seventeen. She supposed, if she could be sure of the future she wanted, sure that she would get to spend forever with Edward and Alice. Then a year or two one direction or the other wouldn’t matter to her so much. But Edward was dead set against any future that changed her. Any future that made her like him—that made her immortal too.

When he pulled into her High School, Edward and Alice have waited her, just the same as every other day, in parking area. The sight of Alice waiting there—her tawny eyes brilliant with excitement, and a small silver-wrapped square in her hands—Made Bella frown. She had told Alice that she didn’t want anything, not gifts or even attention in her birthday.

Bella gives a lot of arguments to cancel her birthday celebration, from reason that she had to work in Newton store, had to watch Romeo-Juliet in nineteen-sixties version, works from Mr. Berty in her English class. But Edward told to Bella patiently if he would wait her till her work done.

They watched the Romeo and Juliet, Edward told her that in last spring, when Bella were nearly killed by James. He was making contingency plans, if he wasn’t going to live without Bella. He was thinking maybe he would go to Italy and do something to provoke the Volturi. Even though he was trying to focus on finding she alive.

Bella felt horribly guilty about the birthday celebration situation, of her fault because unlike Alice. Edward’s other adopted sister, Rosalie didn’t like her much. Actually the feeling was a little bit stronger than just dislike.

They were pulling up to the Cullen’s house now. A long line glowing Japanese lanterns hung from the porch eaves, reflecting a soft radiance on the huge cedars that surrounded the house. Big bowls of flowers-pink roses-lined the wide stairs up to the front doors.

Bright light shined from every window on the Edward’s house. Edward’s family was all waiting in the huge white living room. Alice had covered every flat surface with pink candles and dozens of crystal bowls filled with hundreds of roses. There was a table with a white cloth draped over it next to Edward’s grand piano, holding a pink birthday cake, more roses, a stack of glass plates, and a small pile of silver-wrapped presents.

That all was a hundred times worse than she’d imagined. Bella still un comfort with that celebration, till she do an awkward when she took a little package. She stuck her finger under the edge of the paper and jerked it under the tape. The paper sliced her finger. A single drop of blood oozed from the tiny cut. That made quick reaction from Jasper, who often has more trouble sticking to the Cullen’s diet, suddenly Jasper become un control and fight Bella. Edward threw himself at her, flinging her back across the table. It fell, as she did, scattering the cake and presents, the flowers and the plates. She landed in the mess of shattered crystal. Jasper slammed into Edward, and the sound was like the crash of boulders in a rock slide.

There was another noise, a grisly snarling that seemed to becoming from deep in Jasper chest. Jasper tried to shove past Edward, snapping his teeth just inches from Edward’s face. Emmett grabbed Jasper from behind in the next second, locking him into his massive steel grip, but Jasper struggled on, his wild, empty eyes focused only on her.

Beyond the shock, there was also pain. She’d tumbled down to the floor by the piano, with her arms thrown out instinctively to catch her fall, into the jagged shards of ran from her wrist to the crease inside her elbow. Dazed and disoriented, I looked up from the bright red blood pulsing out of her arm—into the fevered eyes of the six suddenly ravenous vampires.

Carlisle was the only one who stayed calm. Centuries of experience in the emergency room were evident in his quite. Edward’s face was whiter than bone as he wheeled to crouch over her, taking a clearly defensive position. A low warning growl slid from between his clenched teeth. He wasn’t breathing. Rosalie, her divine face strangely smug, stepped in front of Jasper—keeping a careful distance from his teeth—and helped Emmett wrestle him through the glass door that Esme held open, one hand pressed over her mouth and nose.

Carlisle knelt beside Bella, leaning close to examine her arm, too much glass in her wound. The smell of the blood was making her dizzy. Edward stood over her, still protective, still not breathing. Carlisle stitched her arm. He was the only one who could bear the smell of blood without suffering from the intense temptation. After all done, Edward accompany Bella go home. Alice changed her cloth with a shirt of Esme’s that was close to the same color with Bella’s clothes.

She felt absolutely hideous in the morning. She hadn’t slept well. Edward was waiting for her at school, as usual, but his face was still wrong. There was something buried in his eyes that she couldn’t be sure of—and it scared her.

They walked in silence. Alice had gone for a while with Jasper to go to Tanya’s family in Denali, Italy, a place of a unique vampire’s family—goods one like the Cullens-lived. By the end of the day, the silence was becoming ridiculous. Bella sure that everything will go back to normal.

In the following day, he still walked silently beside Bella, never seeming to actually look at her. She tried to concentrate on her classes, but not even English could hold her attention. Mr.Berty had to repeat his question about Lady Capulet twice before she realized he was talking to her. Edward whispered the correct answer under his breath and then went back to ignoring her.

At lunch the silence continued. After school, Edward walked her back to the parking lot in silence. Edward still hadn’t come over. She didn’t want to admit that he was the reason she’d stayed up so late, but of course she was. She tried to remember the last time he’d stayed away like this, without an excuse, a phone call . . . . He never had.

Again, she didn’t sleep well. School followed the silent, frustrating, terrifying pattern of the last two days. She felt relief when she saw Edward waiting for her in the parking lot, but if faded quickly. He was no different, unless maybe more remote.

It was hard to even remember the reason for all this mess. Her birthday already felt like the distant past. If only Alice would come back. Soon. Before that got any more out of hand.

After school, they were going to talk it out. He did beat her home. He was parked in Charlie’s spot when he pulled up in front of the house. That was a bad sign. *This is bad, this is very bad*, the voice in her head repeated again and again.

Edward pulled along toward the east side of the yard, where the forest encroached. She followed unwillingly, trying to think through the panic. They’d gone only a few steps into the trees when he stopped. He took a deep a breath and decided to leave her, because he thinks his world is too dangerous for Bella.

Her knees must have started to shake, because the trees were suddenly wobbling. She could hear the blood pounding faster than normal behind her ears. She was dizzy, that was hard to concentrate.

Bella felt her love, her live was over. October. . . November. . . December. . . January. . . gone with pain. These made Charlie, her father, wanted to send her home, to her mother in Jacksonville. He worried with the condition of his daughter. But Bella still didn’t want to move to her mother. She still wanted in Forks. She decided to go to movie in Port Angeles with Jessica. When in movie, she paused without thinking looking back at the four men with a strong sense of dejavu. That was a different road, a different right, but the scene was so much the same. She’d stood on a dark street in Port Angeles with strangers. When she back, men who were watching them amused, curious eyes. There was a furious voice, a familiar voice, a beautiful voice-soft like velvet even though that was irate. That was Edward’s voice. That was the first delusion of Edward after he had leaved.

The following day, after she worked, she didn’t want directly go home. She still irritate whit what happen in Port Angeles last night. She stopped in front of the Chaney’s house, unconsciously. She saw the dilapidated motorcycle rusting in the Markses’ front yard beside the hand-printed FOR SALE, AS IS sign were serving some higher purpose by existing there, right where she needed them to be. She sloshed through the rain to the Markses front door and rang the bell. One of Marks boys opened the door, the younger one, the freshman. Bella said that she wanted to buy that motorcycle, but the boy said that his mother want to garbage those motorcycles and he give both the motorcycle for her.

She drove quickly and purposefully now, in a hurry to get home before there was the slightest chance of Charlie appearing. She phone Charlie to ask the direction of Black’s house. She remembered that Jacob had good reputation in automatic. She told to Jacob that she had a couple of bikes that not in a greatest condition and get him to repaired those motorcycle. After that agreement Bella always spent her time with Jacob. Even since she started hanging out with Jacob Black, she seemed better. She had some color in her checks when she come home, some light in her eyes. She’s happier.

In a Friday after Valentine’s Day, Bella wanted make a group watching movie in Port Angeles. Watching together with her friend and Jacob’s friend, because she had promised to Mike would watch movie in Friday. Unfortunately most of her friends couldn’t gather with her, cause of stomach flu. So, only three of them that go to Port Angeles, Bella, Jacob and Mike. At that night Jacob said that he like with Bella, but Bella only consider him as her best friend. She didn’t date after leaved by Edward.

They had go home sooner because Mike got stomach flu. When in the way to go home Jacob was so strange, his forehead and his head was hot, like burning. He decided to go home quickly.

After eighteen minutes Jacob still didn’t call Bella. Even she was driving to Black’s house only need fifteen minutes. She panicked, picked up the phone and dialed. Billy answered her phone and said that Jacob was too sick to call her.

After twenty-four hours, after her stomach flu, she called Jacob. Jacob answered that calling. He told her that he didn’t get stomach flu but something else that happens in everything and every part if he fell hurt. He forbidden Bella come to his house. He promised would called her when he could.

This was a week but Jacob didn’t call. She had many time call him but there is trouble with his phone line. Everyday, when she got home from school she run to the phone lines still weren’t working.

She was in the house much too much, and much too alone. Without Jacob, the dreams got hard again. She could no longer see the end coming. Just the horrible nothingness—half the time in the forest, half the time in the empty fern sea where the white house no longer existed.

She dialed, and then waited without high expectations. It caught her off guard when Billy answered on the second ring. He said that Jacob was better, but not well enough to call her. He was out with friends. She was sitting home, missing him more every hour. She was lonely, worried, bored.

She couldn’t only stay at home alone today. She decide to go to meadow. The forest was full of life today. All the creatures enjoying the momentary dryness. When she in the meadow, she catch a figure stepped out from the trees to the north, some thirty paces away.

That figure was Laurent, Laurent was one of James’s little coven. James is a vampire that killed by Cullen’s family last spring. He said that Victoria (James’s mate) thought it more appropriate to kill Bella than Edward, mate for mate. But he didn’t come to that place on Victoria mission—he was hunting. He’s quite thirsty and Bella do smell. . . simply mouth watering.

Suddenly a huge black shape eased out of the trees, that is a big wolf. Suddenly the mammoth wolf was not alone, there are five mammoth wolf on there. Laurent was starling at the pack of monster wolves with unconcealed shock and fear. He spun and disappeared into the trees. He ran away. There wolves followed him and Bella was alone again. Her mind couldn’t move past the fear, the horror or the confusion. She didn’t understand what she’d just witnessed. She hurried go home with frightened.

It had been a week, and no vampires had come for her yet. A week was more than enough time for them to have returned, so she must not be a priority. Most likely, as she’d decided before, they would come for her at night. The chances of them following her to La Push were much lower than the chance of losing Jacob to Sam. She worried the changing of Jacob was caused by Sam Uley.

She drove to La Push determined to wait. She met Quil, Jacob’s friend, they talking about the changing of Jacob. He also didn’t like with his friends (Embry and Jacob) that never leaved Sam’s side.

She stopped in front of Jacob’s house, killing the motor and rolling down the windows.. she met Jacob and they was arguing each other for a moment. He spun around to face her, and she saw that his hands were shaking again. He turn and almost ran into his house.

She was unable to move from where she stood. The rain started to drizzle, stinging here and there against her skin. She couldn’t take her eyes off the house. Jacob would come back. He had to. The rain picked up, and so did the wind. She waited. Finally the door opened, and she took a step forward in relief. Billy rolled his chair into the door frame. She could see no one behind him.

She didn’t comment. She just turned robotically and climbed in her truck. She’d left the windows open and the seats were slick and wet. It didn’t matter. She was already soaked.

In the night she dreamed about Jacob become a werewolf. She woke screaming at the top of her lungs. She remembered it all now—every word that Jacob had said to me that day on the beach, even the past before he got to the vampires, the “cold ones”. *He told that Jacob’s ancient come from—the Quileutes. There are lots of legends, some of them claiming to date back to the Flood—supposedly, the ancient Quileutes tied their canoes to the tops of the tallest trees on the mountain to survive, like Noah and the ark. Another legend claims that they descended from wolves—and that the wolves are their brothers still. It’s against tribal law to kill them. There are stories of the cold ones as old as the wolf legends, and some much more recent. According to legend, his great-grandfather knew some of them. He was the one who made the treaty that kept them off their land. He was a tribal elder, like her father. You see, the cold ones are the natural enemies of the wolf—well, not the wolf really, but the wolves that turn into men, like their ancestors. You would call them werewolves.*

Everything spun and shifted in her head, rearranging so that things that had meant one thing before, now meant something else. There was no cult. There had never been a cult, never been a gang. No, it was much worse than that. It was a pack. A pack of five mind-blowingly gigantic, multihued werewolves that had stalked right past her in Edward’s meadow. . .

She drove down to forest-lined highway to La Push to talk with Jacob. She pulled up to the Black’s house with her lips pressed together into a hard line. It was bad enough that her best friend was a werewolf. The house was dark, no lights in the windows

Only Billy on there while Jacob was fast asleep, snoring lightly with his mouth hanging open. The sound of the door hadn’t made him twitch. His face was peaceful with deep sleep, all angry lines smoothed out. Despite his ridiculous size, he looked very young now, and very weary. She stepped back out, and shut the door quietly behind her and said to Billy that she waiting him at the beach.

She drove down to First Beach and parked in the empty dirt lot. It was still dark—the gloomy predawn of the cloudy day. She paced down to the beach toward the north seawall. Seeing Jacob like that—innocent and vulnerable in sleep—had stolen all her revulsion, dissolved all her anger. When she pictured him sleeping so peacefully, she felt an overpowering urge to protect him.

She does not want his best friend killing people, but in the fact werewolves are not killing people, they only protect people from one thing—from their enemy—a blood sucker. Jacob tells her everything about werewolf and their misunderstanding have been clear. Jacob also tells her that there is other thing that kills people in the forest. he also said that in a day when she in the meadow he and the other pack of werewolves have killed Laurent, a blood sucker.

After that accident, Jacob always protect her wherever and whenever she is. Because Victoria, the last member of James little coven want to kill Bella. She want to revenge of the death of her mate, James.

On Monday night, when Sam, Emily and other pack of Jacob’s friends joined Charlie and Bella for dessert at Billy’s house, Jacob remembered that he have promise to Bella to take cliff diving and want to pay his promise tomorrow, because he think that tomorrow the weather is not to cool for take cliff diving. She suddenly agree with Jacob opinion because she was addicted to the sound of her delusions of Edward’s voice. It made things worse if she went too long without them. Jumping of cliff was certain to remedy that situation.

She woke up early the next morning and snuck a change of clothes out to the truck. The idea of a distraction from all her worries had her almost excited. Maybe it would be fun. A date with Jacob, a date with Edward. . .she laughed darkly to herself.

She expected Jacob to meet her out front, the away he usually did when her noisy truck announced her arrival. When he didn’t, she guessed that he might still be sleeping. She would wait—let him get as much rest as he could. Jake had been right about the weather. But when she arrived in Jacob’s house, he is not there. He was with his werewolf friend to catch and kill Victoria in the forest, because she doesn’t want to fight. She just trying to find a way around Jacob and friends to Bella.

She decided to go the beach alone. As soon as she reached the beach, she wished she hadn’t come—she’d already had enough of this place. She’d been there almost every day, wandering alone. The cliffs were a black knife edge against the lived sky. She imagined the utter freedom of the fall. . . she imagined the way Edward’s voice would have sounded in her head—furious, velvet, perfect. . . The burning in her chest flared agonizingly.

She glared at the cliffs and the crashing waves. She said to herself why not? Why not quench it right now? She knew that that was the stupidest, most reckless thing she had done yet. The thought made her smile. The pain was already easing, as if her body knew that Edward’s voice was just second away. . .

She stepped out to the edge, keeping her eyes on the empty space in front of her. She drew in a deep breath and waiting the delusion of Edward’s voice. Edward’s delusion get her to fight and still swimming, but she only that delusion, do not think about her life. Jacob directly come and save her. Stelah Bella sadar he delivered her get home…….

At that moment, her head broke the surface. How disorienting. She’d been sure she was sinking. “Breathe!” a voice, wild with anxiety, ordered and she felt a cruel stab of pain when she recognized the voice—because it wasn’t Edward’s. “Bella?” Jacob asked, his voice still tense, but not as wild as before. “Bells, honey, can you hear me?” she tried to open her eyes. “Jake?” she croaked.

Jacob delivered her get home. He stopped the truck in front of her dark house, cutting the engine so it was suddenly silent. Storm-cooled air blew through the cab of by truck. “OH!” The breath whooshed out of Jacob like someone had punched him in the gut. “Holy crap!” He slammed the door and twisted the keys in the ignition in the same moment. His hands were shaking so hard. “What’s wrong? She asked. He revved the engine too fast; it sputtered and faltered. “Vampire,” he spit out. “How do you know?” “Because I can smell it! Dammit!” Jacob eyes were wild, raking the dark street.

The engine caught with a roar. The headlights washed across the pavement, lit the front line of the black forest, and finally glinted off a car parked across the street from her house. “Stop!” she gasped.

That was a black car—a car she knew. It was a Marcedes S55AMG. That was Carlisle’s car. “It’s not Victoria, stop, stop! I want to go back.” “That’s Carlisle’s car! That’s the Cullens. I know it.” He watched dawn break across her face, and a violent tremor rocked his frame. “Hey, calm down, Jake. It’s okay. No danger, see? Relax.” He concentrated on not exploding into a wolf.

Jacob forced Bella to not come back to her house, because Jacob smell the vampire scent and worried that smell is Victoria scent, he do not want something bad happen to Bella. He want to always protect her but he scare can’t control his emotion besides Bella. Bella still believe that vampire is not Victoria, who want to kill her. Bella believe that vampire is one of Edward’s family. She do not hear Jacob’s prohibition and decide to meet that vampire.

Bella’s visitor waited perfectly emotionless in the center of the hall. Her knees trembled for a second, and she nearly fell. Then she hurled at her visitor. “Alice, oh Alice!” She cried, as she slammed into her.

She realized what must have happened immediately and why Alice was here. She swallowed loudly. “You saw me fall.” “No,” Alice disagreed, her eyes narrowing. “I saw you jump.” Alice shook her head, this time in confusion. Alice voice was strained. “I saw you go into the water and I waited and waited for you to come up, but you didn’t. What happened? And how could you do that to Charlie? And my brother?”

 “Alice, I wasn’t committing suicide. It was for recreational purposes only.” Alice expression hardened. “I’d seen some of Jacob’s friend cliff diving.” Bella insisted. “It looked like. . . fun, and I was bored. . “ Alice frowned in perplexity. “Someone pulled you out?” “Yes, Jacob saved me.”

“Who was with you out there just now? It sounded like you were arguing.”

“Jacob Black. He’s. . .sort of my best friend. He was. . .well. he’s. . .sort of a werewolf.” Bella admitted in a rush. “The Quileutes turn into wolves when there are vampires around. They know Carlisle from a long time ago.” Alice glowered at Bella. “A young werewolf? Even worse! Edward was right—you’re a magnet for danger.”

Bella get Alice to stay in her house tonight. They tell their own story each other. Alice told about her family. She said that Edward didn’t even know she was in Bella’s place because he was in South America and only check Carlisle in every few months. Carlisle was working night in Itacha and teaching part time at Cornell. Emmet and Rosalie had gone to Europe for a few months on another honeymoon, but they were back now. Jasper was at Cornell, too, studying philosophy this time. And Alice had been doing some personal research.

Jacob’s rabbit idled by the curb with Jared behind the wheel and Embry in the passenger seat. “Let’s not worry about it, okay? She’s just visiting, right? She’ll leave, and things will go back to normal.” “Can’t I be friends with you both at the same time?” I asked, my voice not hiding an ounce of the hurt felt. He shook his head slowly. “No, I don’t think you can.” I sniffed and stared at his big feet. “But you’ll wait, right? You’ll still be my friend, even though I love Alice, too?” I don’t look up, afraid to see what he’d think of that last part. It took him a minute to answer, so I was probably right not to look. “Yeah, I’ll always be your friend,” he said gruffly. “No matter what you love.”

“Who did you just hang up on?” I gasped, infuriated. “in my house, and in my phone?” “Easy! He hung up on me!” “He? Who was it?!” He sneered the little. “Dr. Carlisle Cullen.” “Why didn’t you let me talk to him?!” “He didn’t ask for you,” Jacob said coldly. His face was smooth, expressionless, but his hand shook. “He asked where Charlie was and I told him. I don’t think I broke any rules of etiquette.” “You listen to me Jacob Black—“ But he obviously wasn’t listening. He looked quickly over his shoulder, as if someone had called his name from the other room. His eyes went wide and his body stiff, the he started trembling. I listen too, automatically, but heard nothing. “Bye, Bells,” he spit out, and wheeled toward the front door.

I ran after him. “What is it?” And then I ran into him, as he rocked back on his heels, cussing under his breath. He spun around again, knocking me sideways. I bobbled and fell to the floor, my legs tangled with his. “Shoot, ow!” I protested as he hurriedly jerked his legs free one at a time.

Alice ignored Jacob, focusing on Bella’s bewildered face. “It was Edward.” The words were just a chocked whisper. “He thinks you’re dead.” “He’s going to Italy. We may already be too late. I saw him going to the Volturi. . .and asking to die. “

“Don’t go,” Jacob whispered. The anger was all gone now that Alice was out of sight. “Please, please, please take care of Charlie,” I said as I dashed back out to the front room. Jacob caught my arm with a shivering hand. “Please, Bella. I’m begging.” His dark eyes were glistening with tears. A lump filled my throat. “Jake, I have to—“ “You don’t, though. You really don’t. you could stay here with me. You could stay alive. For Charlie. For me.” “Don’t die, Bella,” he choked out. “Don’t go. Don’t.” “Bye, Jake.” I pulled his hand from my hair, and kissed his palm. I couldn’t bear to look at his face. “Sorry,” I whispered. Then I spun and raced for the car. The door on the passenger side was open and waiting. “Take care of Charlie!”

They pulled in Volterra, a very beautiful city in Italy. There was very crowded because that day was Saint Marcus Day. The city hold a celebration. The streets are full of people and red flags. The people crowding toward the gate. The color red was everywhere, red shirts, red hats, red flags are everywhere.

She could see him now. And she could see that he could not see her. That was really him, no hallucination this time. Edward stood , motionless as a statue, just a few feet from the mouth of the alley. His eyes were closed, the rings underneath them deep purple, his arms relaxed at his sides, his palms turned forward.

The clock tolled, and he took a large stride toward the light. “No!” She screamed. “Edward, look at me!” he wasn’t listening. He smiled very slightly. He raised his foot to take the step that would put him directly in the path of the sun.

She slammed into him so hard that the force would have hurled her to the ground if his arms hadn’t caught her and help me up. It knocked her breath out of her and snapped her head back.

His dark eyes opened slowly as the clock tolled again. He looked down at her with quiet surprise. “Shall we take this conversation to a more appropriate venue?” a smooth voice whispered menacingly. “I don’t believe that will be necessary.” Edward’s voice was harder now. “I know your instructions, Felix. I haven’t broken any rules.” “Let us seek better cover.” “I’ll be right behind you, Edward said dryly. “Bella, why don’t you go back to the square and enjoy the festival?” “No, bring the girl,” the first shadow said somehow , injecting a leer into his whisper. “I don’t think so.” The pretense of civility disappeared. Edward’s voice was flat and icy. His weight shifted infinitesimally, and I could see that he was preparing to fight. “No.” I mouthed the word. “Shh,” he murmured the word. “Felix,” the second, more reasonable shadow cautioned. “Not here.” He turned to Edward. “Aro would simply like to speak with you again, if you have decided not to force our hand after all. “Certainly,” Edward agreed. “But the girl goes free.” “I’m afraid that’s not possible,” the polite shadow said regretfully. “We do have rules to obey.”

Unfortunately Volteri had send their confessor to bring Edward, Alice and Bella to Volturi place. Aro, one of volterri very interesting with Bella’s scent, and want to kill her. But he knows that Bella also has a potential, because he can’t read Bella’s thought. He offering Edward, Bella and Alice to join with their royal family, but they do not accept his offer. Caius said that Bella is too much knows about their world. He scare that she will expose their secrets. So that why, Volturi give option to them, they will be free if Edward makes Bella become one of them, become a vampire, because Bella had too much know their secret. Edward agree with the volturi’s offer. Finally they return to Forks.

It was a quiet then, expect for the gentle thrum of the engine. She must have fallen asleep, because it seemed like seconds later when the door opened and Edward was carrying me from the car. Her eyes wouldn’t open. At first she thought they were still at the airport. “I can’t believe you have the nerve to show your face here.” Charlie bellowed at Edward, his voice much closer now. They were in front of her house. The front door was standing open. The cloud cover overhead was too thick to guess at a time of day.

In the morning, she confuse when work up after fourteen hours slept. She thought that she died, because she looked Edward so close and so real beside her. He took a deep breath. “I owe you an apology. No, of course I owe you much, much more than that. But you have to know that I had no idea. I didn’t realize the mess I was leaving behind. I thought it was safe for you here. So safe. I had no idea that Victoria would come back. I’ll admit, when I saw her that one time, I was paying much more attention to James’s thoughts. But I just didn’t see that she had this kind of response in her.”

“Bella, I went to the Volturi because I thought you were dead, he said, voice soft, eyes fierce. “Even if I’d had no hand in your death even if it wasn’t my fault, I would have gone to Italy. I thought I’d explained it clearly before. Bella, I can’t live in a world where you didn’t exist.”

“I lied, and I’m so sorry—sorry because I hurt you, sorry because it was a worthless effort. Sorry that I couldn’t protect you from what I am. Ii lied to save you, and it didn’t work. I’m sorry. And so I started to cry. The tears welled up and then gushed miserably down her cheeks. “I knew it,” she sobbed. “I knew I was dreaming.” He said, “You’re not asleep, and you’re not dead. I’m here, and I love you. I have always loved you, and I will always love you. I was thinking of you, seeing your face in my mind, every second that I was away. When I told you that I didn’t want you, it was the very blackest kind of blasphemy.

The Cullens vote in favor Bella being transformed into a vampire. The result five of them are agree if Bella transform to be a vampire, but Carlisle suggests that that transform will do after Bella finished her school and moves out of Charlie’s house. After all happen to Bella, Charlie banned him to met Bella or come to his house, he scare if Edward will make his daughter hurt again. But, finally Bella decide to meet her father with her destiny, Edward Cullen.

**CURRICULUM VITAE**

**Full Name :** SITI NI’MATURROHMAH

**Place, date of birth :** Tulungagung, 26 February 1989

**Address :** Ds. Sukodono, Kec. Karangrejo, Kab. Tulungagung

 RT 003 RW 002

**E-mail :** Denin.cameo@yahoo.com

**Education :**

* **MI MIFTAHUL FALAH**, Ds. Sukorejo, Kec. Karangrejo, Kab. Tulungagung (1995-2001).
* **MTsN KARANGREJO**, Ds. Karangrejo, Kec. Karangrejo, Kab. Tulungagung (2001-2004)
* **MAN 1 TULUNGAGUNG**, Ds. Beji, Kec. Boyolangu, Kab. Tulungagung (2004-2007)

**CERTIVICATE OF AUTHORSHIP**

Name : SITI NI’MATURROHMAH

Place, Date of birth : Tulungagung, 26 February 1989

Address : Ds. Sukodono, Kec. Karangrejo, Kab. Tulungagung

 RT 003 RW 002

Registered Number : 3213083020

Department : Islamic Education Department (Tarbiyah)

Study Program : English Education Program (TBI)

Semester : VIII

State that the thesis entitled **“The Significance of The Main Character’s Conflict to The Plot in Twilight New Moon”** is truly my original work. It does not any materials it previously written or published by another person except those indicated in quotation and bibliography. Due to the fact, I’m the only person responsible for the thesis if there is any objection or claim for other.

Tulungagung, 12 June 2012

The Researcher

SITI NI’MATURROHMAH

# http://www.biography.com/imported/images/Biography/Images/Profiles/M/Stephenie-Meyer-456668-1-402.jpgStephenie Meyer biography

Stephenie Meyer is best known as the author of the hugely popular young adult novel *Twilight* and its sequels, which also became a successful film franchise.

Stephenie Meyer, born December 24, 1973, in Hartford, Connecticut, is the bestselling author of the young adult novel Twilight and its sequels. Inspired by a dream, she wrote the first book and attracted the attention of agent Jodi Reamer, who secured her a three-book publishing deal. The books have sold over 250 million copies, been translated into 37 languages, and launched a hit film series.

The daughter of Stephen and Candy Morgan, Meyer was born on December 24, 1973, in Hartford, Connecticut. The uncommon spelling of Morgan's first name was "a gift from [her] father." He added the letters "i" and "e" to the end of his name to create "Stephenie." The Morgans relocated to Phoenix, Arizona, four years later. As the second of six children, Meyer took on the duties associated with being an elder sibling in a large Mormon family. In between caring for her younger brothers and sisters she showed a passion for reading, becoming a fan of classic authors including [Jane Austen](http://www.biography.com/people/jane-austen-9192819), Charlotte Bronte, and [Margaret Mitchell](http://www.biography.com/people/margaret-mitchell-9410340).

Although she felt out of place among the privileged population of Chaparral High School in Scottsdale, Arizona, Meyer was an excellent student. Graduating in 1992, her high marks earned her a National Merit Scholarship. She used the award to attend [Brigham Young](http://www.biography.com/people/brigham-young-9539358) University, choosing to major in English literature.

In 1996, between her junior and senior years, Meyer became reacquainted with childhood friend Christian "Pancho" Meyer. The two had grown up in the same social circles and, less than a year after their first date, 21-year-old Stephenie married Pancho. After graduating from [Brigham Young](http://www.biography.com/people/brigham-young-9539358) University in 1997, Meyer chose to become a stay-at-home mother to sons Gabe, Seth and Eli.

### Inspiration for Twilight

Some six years later, on June 2, 2003, Meyer became an author in earnest. Following a compelling dream - the inspiration for *Twilight*, and the basis for Chapter 13 of the first book - Meyer began a frenzied writing spree. The beginnings of her novel explored the romance between Edward, a vampire, and Bella, a human girl. Influenced by authors like William Goldman, Orson Scott Card, and Douglas Adams, Meyer set to work fleshing out the story, often writing while her children slept.

Within three months, she had created a 500-page manuscript and begun searching for publishing contact. Using advice taken from author Janet Evanovich's website, Meyer was eventually contacted by Jodi Reamer, a literary agent at Writer's House. Reamer and Meyer worked together polish the manuscript - among other things, Reamer insisted Meyer changes her first title, Forks, to the current title – and Reamer soon began to present the book to publishing houses. Shortly after, Reamer secured a three-book deal with a $750,000 advance from Little, Brown and Company. This marked the highest sum the publishing house had ever paid a new writer.

**Commercial Success**

 Twilight was released in 2005 to rave reviews, as an active member of the Church of Jesus of Latter-day Saints, Meyer eschewed strong sexuality in her writing. Instead, she supplanted it with florid sensuality; a draw for her numerous (and primarily female) readers. Like J.K. Rowling’s *Harry Potter* franchise, Meyer’s book bridged the gap between teen and adult fiction. She also increased her popularity through her online accessibility, and frequently made herself available to her fan base. A best seller, the book was honored as a *New York Times* Editor’s Choice and Publisher Weekly Best Book of the Year. The following year, Meyer published her sophomore effort – the sequel *New Moon* – and sold film rights to *Twilight*. With *Eclipse* (2007) and *Breaking Dawn* (2008), the four vampire books have sold over 250 million copies, and have been translated into 37 languages. Additionally, the film adaptation of *Twilight*, which stars actor Robert Pattinson, has grossed over $191 million domestically.

 In 2008, Meyer released her first non Twilight work. *The Host*, a grittier novel targeted at an adult audience, features an alien romance instead. However, the *Twilight* books continue to garner media and fan attention, and a film version of *New Moon* is due out of 2009.

**DEPARTEMEN AGAMA**

**SEKOLAH TINGGI AGAMA ISLAM NEGERI**

**(STAIN) TULUNGAGUNG**

Jl. Mayor Sujadi Timur 46 Telp. (0355) 321513, 321656 Fax. (0355) 321656

Tulungagung – Jatim 66221

**KARTU BIMBINGAN**

Nama : Siti Ni’maturrohmah

Nim : 3213083020

Jurusaan : Tarbiyah

Program Studi : Tadris Bahasa Inggris

Dosen Pembimbing : Sukarsono, M. Pd

Judul Skripsi : The Significance of The Main Character’s Conflict to The Plot in Twilight New Moon

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| 2 | 2 April 2012 | Pengajuan Bab 1 | Sukarsono, M.Pd |  |
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| 6 | 2 Mei 2012 | ACC bab 1,2,3 | Sukarsono, M.Pd |  |
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| 8 | 9 Juni 2012 | Revisi bab 4 | Sukarsono, M.Pd |  |
| 9 | 10 Juni 2012 | Revisi bab 5 | Sukarsono, M.Pd |  |
| 10 | 14 Juni 2012 | ACC keseluruhan | Sukarsono, M.Pd |  |

Mengetahui Dosen Pembimbing

Ketua Jurusan

 ABD. AZIZ, M.Pd.I SUKARSONO, M. Pd

NIP. 19720601 200003 1 002 NIP. 19710514 200501 1 002