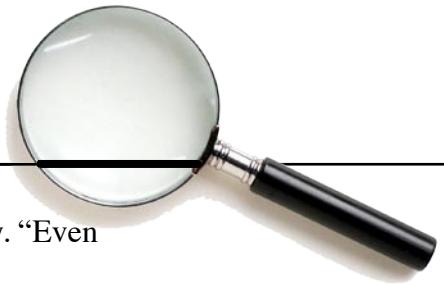


The Great Gatsby, Ch. 1, Close Reading

Directions: Read the following two passages from chapter 1 and annotate your thoughts, ideas, and/or questions as you read.



"We don't know each other very well, Nick," she said suddenly. "Even if we are cousins. You didn't come to my wedding."

"I wasn't back from the war."

"That's true." She hesitated. "Well, I've had a very bad time, Nick, and I'm pretty cynical about everything."

Evidently, she had reason to be. I waited but she didn't say any more, and after a moment I returned rather feebly to the subject of her daughter.

"I suppose she talks, and—eats, and everything."

"Oh, yes." She looked at me absently. "Listen, Nick, let me tell you what I said when she was born. Would you like to hear?"

"Very much."

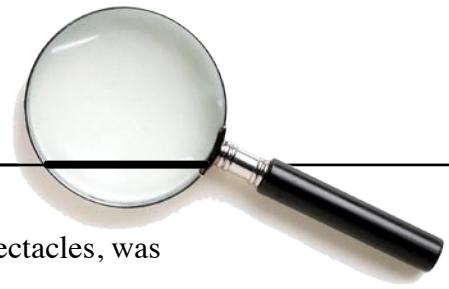
"It'll show you how I've gotten to feel about—things. Well, she was less than an hour old and Tom was God knows where. I woke up out of the ether with an utterly abandoned feeling, and asked the nurse right away if it was a boy or a girl. She told me it was a girl, and so I turned my head away and wept. 'All right,' I said, 'I'm glad it's a girl. And I hope she'll be a fool—that's the best thing a girl can be in this world, a beautiful little fool.'"

"You see I think everything's terrible anyhow," she went on in a convinced way. "Everybody thinks so—the most advanced people. And I *know*. I've been everywhere and seen everything and done everything." Her eyes flashed around her in a defiant way, rather like Tom's, and she laughed with thrilling scorn.
"Sophisticated—God, I'm sophisticated!"

I decided to call to [Gatsby]. Miss Baker had mentioned him at dinner, and that would do for an introduction. But I didn't call to him for he gave a sudden intimation that he was content to be alone – he stretched out his arms toward the dark water in a curious way, and far as I was from him I could have sworn he was trembling. Involuntarily, I glanced seaward – and distinguished nothing except a single green light, minute and far away, that might have been the end of a dock. When I looked once more for Gatsby, he had vanished, and I was alone again in the unquiet darkness.

The Great Gatsby, Ch. 3, Close Reading

Directions: Read the following two passages from chapter 3 and annotate your thoughts, ideas, and/or questions as you read.



A stout, middle-aged man, with enormous owl-eyed spectacles, was sitting somewhat drunk on the edge of a great table, staring with unsteady concentration at the shelves of books. As we entered, he wheeled excitedly around and examined Jordan from head to foot.

“What do you think?” he demanded impetuously.

“About what?”

He waved his hand toward the book-shelves.

“About that. As a matter of fact you needn’t bother to ascertain. I ascertained. They’re real.”

“The books?

He nodded.

“Absolutely real – have pages and everything. I thought they’d be a nice durable cardboard. Matter of fact, they’re absolutely real. Pages and – Here! Lemme show you.”

“You’re a rotten driver,” I protested. “Either you ought to be more careful, or you oughtn’t to drive at all.”

“I am careful.”

“No, you’re not.”

“Well, other people are,” she said lightly.

“What’s that got to do with it?”

“They’ll keep out of my way,” she insisted. “It takes two to make an accident.”

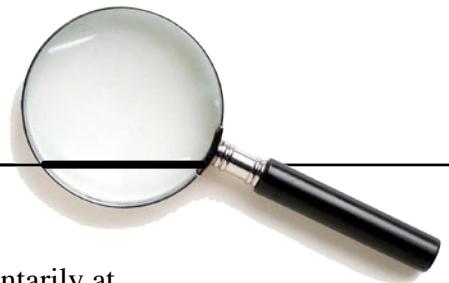
“Suppose you met somebody just as careless as yourself.”

“I hope I never will,” she answered. “I hate careless people. That’s why I like you.”

Her gray, sun-strained eyes stared straight ahead, but she had deliberately shifted our relations, and for a moment I thought I loved her.

The Great Gatsby, Ch. 5, Close Reading

Directions: Read the following two passages from chapter 5 and annotate your thoughts, ideas, and/or questions as you read.



“We’ve met before,” muttered Gatsby. His eyes glanced momentarily at me and his lips parted with an abortive attempt to laugh. Luckily, the clock took this moment to tilt dangerously at the pressure of his head, whereupon he turned and caught it with trembling fingers and set it back in place. Then he sat down, rigidly, his elbow on the arm of the sofa and his chin in his hand.

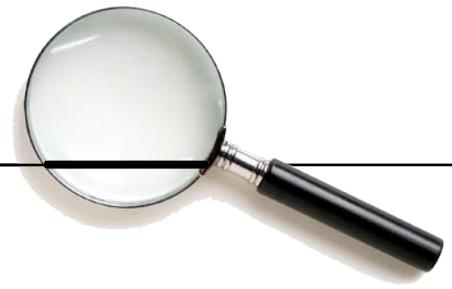
“I’m sorry about the clock,” he said.

He hadn’t once ceased looking at Daisy and I think that he revalued everything in his house according to the measure of the response it drew from her well-loved eyes. Sometimes, too, he stared around at his possessions in a dazed way as though in her actual presence none of it was any longer real. Once he nearly toppled down a flight of stairs.

In the morning,
In the evening,
 Ain’t we got fun –
 (Not much money,
 Oh, but honey,
 Ain’t we got fun –)
One thing’s sure and nothing’s surer
The rich get rich and the poor get – children.
 In the meantime,
 In between time...

The Great Gatsby, Ch. 7, Close Reading

Directions: Read the following two passages from chapter 7 and annotate your thoughts, ideas, and/or questions as you read.



“She’s got an indiscreet voice,” I remarked. “It’s full of ____”

I hesitated.

“Her voice is full of money,” Gatsby said suddenly.

That was it. I’d never understood before. It was full of money – that was the inexhaustible charm that rose and fell in it, the jingle of it, the cymbals’ song of it...High in a white palace the king’s daughter, the golden girl...”

“Want any of this stuff? Jordan?...Nick?”

I didn’t answer.

“Nick?” he asked again.

“What?”

“Want any?”

“No...I just remembered that today’s my birthday.”

I was thirty. Before me stretched the portentous, menacing road of a new decade.

Michaelis and this man reached [Myrtle] first, but when they had torn open her shirtwaist, still damp with perspirations, they saw that her left breast was swinging loose like a flap, and there was no need to listen for the heart beneath. The mouth was wide open and ripped at the corners, as though she had choked a little in giving up the tremendous vitality she had stored so long.