**The Great Gatsby Chapter 1 page 1 Tape 0-13:34***Define the words in bold on the line. Use each word in a sentence.   
Answer the questions in the margin.*

In my younger and more vulnerable years my father gave me some advice that I’ve been turning over in my mind ever since.  
 “*Whenever you feel like criticizing any one*,” he told me, “*just remember that all the people in this world haven’t had the advantages that you’ve had.”*  
 He didn’t say any more, but we’ve always been unusually communicative in a reserved way, and I understood that he meant a great deal more than that. In consequence, I’m inclined to reserve all judgments, a habit that has opened up many curious natures to me and also made me the victim of not a few veteran bores. The abnormal mind is quick to detect and attach itself to this quality when it appears in a normal person, and so it came about that in college I was unjustly accused of being a politician, because I was **privy** \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ to the secret griefs of wild, unknown men. Most of the confidences were unsought — frequently I have **feigned** \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ sleep, preoccupation, or a hostile levity when I realized by some unmistakable sign that an intimate revelation was quivering on the horizon; for the intimate revelations of young men, or at least the terms in which they express them, are usually plagiaristic and marred by obvious suppressions. Reserving judgments is a matter of infinite hope. I am still a little afraid of missing something if I forget that, as my father snobbishly suggested, and I snobbishly repeat, a sense of the fundamental decencies is **parcelled** \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ out unequally at birth.  
 And, after boasting this way of my tolerance, I come to the admission that it has a limit. Conduct may be founded on the hard rock or the wet marshes, but after a certain point I don’t care what it’s founded on. When I came back from the East last autumn I felt that I wanted the world to be in uniform and at a sort of moral attention forever; I wanted no more **riotous** \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ excursions with privileged glimpses into the human heart. Only Gatsby, the man who gives his name to this book, was exempt from my reaction — Gatsby, who represented everything for which I have an unaffected scorn. If personality is an unbroken series of successful gestures, then there was something gorgeous about him, some heightened sensitivity to the promises of life, as if he were related to one of those **intricate** \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ machines that register earthquakes ten thousand miles away. This responsiveness had nothing to do with that flabby impressionability which is dignified under the name of the “creative temperament.”— *it was an extraordinary gift for hope, a romantic readiness such as I have never found in any other person and which it is not likely I shall ever find again.* No — Gatsby turned out all right at the end; it is what **preyed** \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ on Gatsby, what foul dust floated in the wake of his dreams that temporarily closed out my interest in the abortive sorrows and short-winded **elations** \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ of men.

I lived at West Egg, the — well, the less fashionable of the two, though this is a most superficial tag to express the bizarre and not a little sinister contrast between them. My house was at the very tip of the egg, only fifty yards from the Sound, and squeezed between two huge places that rented for twelve or fifteen thousand a season. The one on my right was a **colossal** \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ affair by any standard — it was a factual imitation of some Hotel de Ville in Normandy, with a tower on one side, spanking new under a thin beard of raw ivy, and a marble swimming pool, and more than forty acres of lawn and garden. It was Gatsby’s mansion. Or, rather, as I didn’t know Mr. Gatsby, it was a mansion inhabited by a gentleman of that name. My own house was an eyesore, but it was a small eyesore, and it had been overlooked, so I had a view of the water, a partial view of my neighbor’s lawn, and the consoling proximity of millionaires — all for eighty dollars a month.

Across the courtesy bay the white palaces of fashionable East Egg glittered along the water, and the history of the summer really begins on the evening I drove over there to have dinner with the Tom Buchanans. Daisy was my second cousin once removed, and I’d known Tom in college. And just after the war I spent two days with them in Chicago.

Her husband, among various physical accomplishments, had been one of the most powerful ends that ever played football at New Haven — a national figure in a way, one of those men who reach such an acute limited excellence at twenty-one that everything afterward **savors** \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ of anti-climax. His family were enormously wealthy — even in college his freedom with money was a matter for reproach — but now he’d left Chicago and come East in a fashion that rather took your breath away: for instance, he’d brought down a string of polo ponies from Lake Forest. It was hard to realize that a man in my own generation was wealthy enough to do that.

Why they came East I don’t know. They had spent a year in France for no particular reason, and then drifted here and there unrestfully wherever people played polo and were rich together. This was a permanent move, said Daisy over the telephone, but I didn’t believe it — I had no sight into Daisy’s heart, but I felt that Tom would drift on forever seeking, a little wistfully, for the dramatic turbulence of some **irrecoverable** \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ football game.

And so it happened that on a warm windy evening I drove over to East Egg to see two old friends whom I scarcely knew at all. Their house was even more elaborate than I expected, a cheerful red-and-white Georgian Colonial mansion, overlooking the bay. The lawn started at the beach and ran toward the front door for a quarter of a mile, jumping over sun-dials and brick walks and burning gardens — finally when it reached the house drifting up the side in bright vines as though from the **momentum** \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ of its run. The front was broken by a line of French windows, glowing now with reflected gold and wide open to the warm windy afternoon, and Tom Buchanan in riding clothes was standing with his legs apart on the front porch.

He had changed since his New Haven years. Now he was a sturdy straw-haired man of thirty with a rather hard mouth and a **supercilious** \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ manner. Two shining arrogant eyes had established dominance over his face and gave him the appearance of always leaning aggressively forward. Not even the **effeminate** \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ swank of his riding clothes could hide the enormous power of that body — he seemed to fill those glistening boots until he strained the top lacing, and you could see a great pack of muscle shifting when his shoulder moved under his thin coat. It was a body capable of enormous leverage — a cruel body.

His speaking voice, a gruff husky tenor, added to the impression of **fractiousness** \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ he conveyed. *There was a touch of paternal contempt in it, even toward people he liked — and there were men at New Haven who had hated his guts.*

“Now, don’t think my opinion on these matters is final,” he seemed to say, “just because I’m stronger and more of a man than you are.” We were in the same senior society, and while we were never intimate I always had the impression that he approved of me and wanted me to like him with some harsh, defiant wistfulness of his own.  
 We talked for a few minutes on the sunny porch.  
 “I’ve got a nice place here,” he said, his eyes flashing about restlessly.  
 Turning me around by one arm, he moved a broad flat hand along the front vista, including in its sweep a sunken Italian garden, a half acre of deep, pungent roses, and a snub-nosed motor-boat that bumped the tide offshore.  
 “It belonged to Demaine, the oil man.” He turned me around again, politely and abruptly. “We’ll go inside.”

QUESTIONS Ask three questions about this excerpt.

**The Great Gatsby Chapter 1 page 11 Tape 18:35***Define the words in bold on the line. Use each word in a sentence.   
Answer the questions in the margin.*

I looked at Miss Baker, wondering what it was she “got done.” I enjoyed looking at her. She was a slender, small-breasted girl, with an erect carriage, which she accentuated by throwing her body backward at the shoulders like a young cadet. Her gray sun-strained eyes looked back at me with polite **reciprocal** \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ curiosity out of a wan, charming, discontented face. It occurred to me now that I had seen her, or a picture of her, somewhere before.   
 “You live in West Egg,” she remarked **contemptuously**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. “I know somebody there.   
 “I don’t know a single ——“  
 “You must know Gatsby.”  
 “Gatsby?” demanded Daisy. “What Gatsby?”  
 Before I could reply that he was my neighbor dinner was announced; **wedging** \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ his tense arm **imperatively**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ under mine, Tom Buchanan compelled me from the room as though he were moving a checker to another square.  
 Slenderly, **languidly**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, their hands set lightly on their hips, the two young women preceded us out onto a rosy-colored porch, open toward the sunset, where four candles flickered on the table in the diminished wind.  
 “Why *candles*?” objected Daisy, frowning. She snapped them out with her fingers. “In two weeks it’ll be the longest day in the year.” She looked at us all radiantly. “Do you always watch for the longest day of the year and then miss it? I always watch for the longest day in the year and then miss it.”  
 “We ought to plan something,” yawned Miss Baker, sitting down at the table as if she were getting into bed.  
 “All right,” said Daisy. “What’ll we plan?” She turned to me helplessly: “What do people plan?”  
 Before I could answer her eyes fastened with an awed expression on her little finger.  
 “Look!” she complained; “I hurt it.”  
 *We all looked — the knuckle was black and blue.*  
 “You did it, Tom,” she said accusingly. “I know you didn’t mean to, but you *did* do it. That’s what I get for marrying a brute of a man, a great, big, hulking physical specimen of a ——”  
 “I hate that word hulking,” objected Tom crossly, “even in kidding.”  
 “Hulking,” insisted Daisy.  
 Sometimes she and Miss Baker talked at once, **unobtrusively**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ and with a **bantering** \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ inconsequence that was never quite chatter, that was as cool as their white dresses and their impersonal eyes in the absence of all desire. They were here, and they accepted Tom and me, making only a polite pleasant effort to entertain or to be entertained. They knew that presently dinner would be over and a little later the evening too would be over and casually put away. It was sharply different from the West, where an evening was hurried from phase to phase toward its close, in a continually disappointed anticipation or else in sheer nervous dread of the moment itself.  
 “You make me feel uncivilized, Daisy,” I confessed on my second glass of corky but rather impressive claret. “Can’t you talk about crops or something?”  
 I meant nothing in particular by this remark, but it was taken up in an unexpected way.  
 “Civilization’s going to pieces,” broke out Tom violently. “I’ve gotten to be a terrible pessimist about things. Have you read ‘The Rise of the Colored Empires’ by this man Goddard?”  
 “Why, no,” I answered, rather surprised by his tone.  
 “Well, it’s a fine book, and everybody ought to read it. The idea is if we don’t look out the white race will be — will be utterly submerged. It’s all scientific stuff; it’s been proved.”  
 “Tom’s getting very profound,” said Daisy, with an expression of unthoughtful sadness. “He reads deep books with long words in them. What was that word we ——”  
 “Well, these books are all scientific,” insisted Tom, glancing at her impatiently. “This fellow has worked out the whole thing. It’s up to us, who are the dominant race, to watch out or these other races will have control of things.”  
 “We’ve got to beat them down,” whispered Daisy, winking ferociously toward the fervent sun.

“You ought to live in California —” began Miss Baker, but Tom interrupted her by shifting heavily in his chair.  
 “This idea is that we’re **Nordics**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. I am, and you are, and you are, and ——” After an infinitesimal hesitation he included Daisy with a slight nod, and she winked at me again. “— And we’ve produced all the things that go to make civilization — oh, science and art, and all that. Do you see?”  
 There was something **pathetic** \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, in his concentration, as if his **complacency**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, more acute than of old, was not enough to him any more. When, almost immediately, the telephone rang inside and the butler left the porch Daisy seized upon the momentary interruption and leaned toward me.  
 “I’ll tell you a family secret,” she whispered enthusiastically. “It’s about the butler’s nose. Do you want to hear about the butler’s nose?”  
 “That’s why I came over to-night.”  
 “Well, he wasn’t always a butler; he used to be the silver polisher for some people in New York that had a silver service for two hundred people. He had to polish it from morning till night, until finally it began to affect his nose ——”  
 “Things went from bad to worse,” suggested Miss Baker.  
 “Yes. Things went from bad to worse, until finally he had to give up his position.”  
 For a moment the last sunshine fell with romantic affection upon her glowing face; her voice compelled me forward breathlessly as I listened — then the glow faded, each light deserting her with lingering regret, like children leaving a pleasant street at dusk.  
 The butler came back and murmured something close to Tom’s ear, whereupon Tom frowned, pushed back his chair, and without a word went inside. As if his absence quickened something within her, Daisy leaned forward again, her voice glowing and singing.  
 “I love to see you at my table, Nick. You remind me of a — of a rose, an absolute rose. Doesn’t he?” She turned to Miss Baker for confirmation: “An absolute rose?”  
 This was untrue. I am not even faintly like a rose. She was only **extemporizing**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, but a stirring warmth flowed from her, as if her heart was trying to come out to you concealed in one of those breathless, thrilling words. Then suddenly she threw her napkin on the table and excused herself and went into the house.  
 Miss Baker and I exchanged a short glance consciously devoid of meaning. I was about to speak when she sat up alertly and said “Sh!” in a warning voice. A subdued impassioned murmur was audible in the room beyond, and Miss Baker leaned forward unashamed, trying to hear. The murmur trembled on the verge of coherence, sank down, mounted excitedly, and then ceased altogether.  
 “This Mr. Gatsby you spoke of is my neighbor ——” I said.  
 “Don’t talk. I want to hear what happens.”  
 “Is something happening?” I inquired innocently.  
 “You mean to say you don’t know?” said Miss Baker, honestly surprised. “I thought everybody knew.”  
 “I don’t.”  
 “Why ——” she said hesitantly, “Tom’s got some woman in New York.”  
 “Got some woman?” I repeated blankly.  
 Miss Baker nodded.  
 “She might have the decency not to telephone him at dinner time. Don’t you think?”  
 Almost before I had grasped her meaning there was the flutter of a dress and the crunch of leather boots, and Tom and Daisy were back at the table.  
 “It couldn’t be helped!” cried Daisy with tense gaiety.  
 She sat down, glanced searchingly at Miss Baker and then at me, and continued: “I looked outdoors for a minute, and it’s very romantic outdoors. There’s a bird on the lawn that I think must be a nightingale come over on the Cunard or White Star Line. He’s singing away ——” Her voice sang: “It’s romantic, isn’t it, Tom?”  
 “Very romantic,” he said, and then miserably to me: “If it’s light enough after dinner, I want to take you down to the stables.”  
 The telephone rang inside, startlingly, and as Daisy shook her head decisively at Tom the subject of the stables, in fact all subjects, vanished into air. Among the broken fragments of the last five minutes at table I remember the candles being lit again, pointlessly, and I was conscious of wanting to look squarely at every one, and yet to avoid all eyes. I couldn’t guess what Daisy and Tom were thinking, but I doubt if even Miss Baker, who seemed to have mastered a certain hardy **skepticism** \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ , was able utterly to put this fifth guest’s shrill metallic urgency out of mind. To a certain temperament the situation might have seemed intriguing — my own instinct was to telephone immediately for the police.