

**Close Reading: *The Great Gatsby* Ch. 5**

**Directions:** you will be doing multiple reads of the text below. Use the list below to help you stay on track and focused on each read through:

- **Round one:** listen and follow along as I read out loud. You should mark the text anywhere the text is unclear or confusing with a question mark, areas that are particularly interesting with an exclamation point, or where you find connections to something else we have read or real life by underlining. Be prepared to discuss your annotations.
- **Round two:** read independently and circle any words or phrases that you are unfamiliar with and cannot determine the meaning of using context clues. Be prepared to share these words. We will define them before you read again.
- **Round three:** highlight in pink the places Fitzgerald **uses vivid imagery to convey tone**. Mark what tone you see in the margins, and note any time the tone shifts.
- **Round four** highlight & note in yellow where the tension is rising or suspense created. Make note of the language used to create these feelings. Consider how this tension may impact how the characters perceive one another.
- **Round five:** highlight in green any **examples of symbolism** that may help you better understand how the characters are perceiving this scene. Make notes to refer back to in the margins.

<p><b>How does the author use symbolism and/or imagery to develop a theme about perception in this passage? Be sure to identify the theme being developed.</b></p>	<p><b>My Notes</b></p>
<p>She turned her head as there was a light, dignified knocking at the front door. I went out and opened it. Gatsby, pale as death, with his hands plunged like weights in his coat pockets, was standing in a puddle of water glaring tragically into my eyes.</p> <p>With his hands still in his coat pockets he stalked by me into the hall, turned sharply as if he were on a wire and disappeared into the living room. It wasn't a bit funny. Aware of the loud beating of my own heart I pulled the door against the increasing rain.</p> <p>For half a minute there wasn't a sound. Then from the living room I heard a sort of choking murmur and part of a laugh followed by Daisy's voice on a clear artificial note.</p> <p>"I certainly am awfully glad to see you again."</p> <p>A pause; it endured horribly. I had nothing to do in the hall so I went into the room.</p> <p>Gatsby, his hands still in his pockets, was reclining against the mantelpiece in a strained counterfeit of perfect ease, even of boredom. His head leaned back so far that it rested against the face of a defunct mantelpiece clock and from this position his distraught eyes stared down at Daisy who was sitting frightened but graceful on the edge of a stiff chair.</p> <p>"We've met before," muttered Gatsby. His eyes glanced momentarily at me and his lips parted with an abortive attempt at a 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.</p> <p>"I'm sorry about the clock," he said.</p> <p>My own face had now assumed a deep tropical burn. I couldn't muster up a single commonplace out of the thousand in my head.</p>	

"It's an old clock," I told them idiotically.

I think we all believed for a moment that it had smashed in pieces on the floor.

"We haven't met for many years," said Daisy, her voice as matter-of-fact as it could ever be.

"Five years next November."

The automatic quality of Gatsby's answer set us all back at least another minute. I had them both on their feet with the desperate suggestion that they help me make tea in the kitchen when the demoniac Finn brought it in on a tray.

Amid the welcome confusion of cups and cakes a certain physical decency established itself. Gatsby got himself into a shadow and while Daisy and I talked looked conscientiously from one to the other of us with tense unhappy eyes. However, as calmness wasn't an end in itself I made an excuse at the first possible moment and got to my feet.

"Where are you going?" demanded Gatsby in immediate alarm.

"I'll be back."

"I've got to speak to you about something before you go."

He followed me wildly into the kitchen, closed the door and whispered: "Oh, God!" in a miserable way.

"What's the matter?"

"This is a terrible mistake," he said, shaking his head from side to side, "a terrible, terrible mistake."

"You're just embarrassed, that's all," and luckily I added: "Daisy's embarrassed too."

"She's embarrassed?" he repeated incredulously.

"Just as much as you are."

"Don't talk so loud."

"You're acting like a little boy," I broke out impatiently. "Not only that but you're rude. Daisy's sitting in there all alone."

---

I went in--after making every possible noise in the kitchen short of pushing over the stove--but I don't believe they heard a sound. They were sitting at either end of the couch looking at each other as if some question had been asked or was in the air, and every vestige of embarrassment was gone. Daisy's face was smeared with tears and when I came in she jumped up and began wiping at it with her handkerchief before a mirror. But there was a change in Gatsby that was simply confounding. He literally glowed; without a word or a gesture of exultation a new well-being radiated from him and filled the little room.

"Oh, hello, old sport," he said, as if he hadn't seen me for years. I thought for a moment he was going to shake hands.

"It's stopped raining."

"Has it?" When he realized what I was talking about, that there were twinkle-bells of sunshine in the room, he smiled like a weatherman, like an ecstatic patron of recurrent light, and repeated the news to Daisy. "What do you think of that? It's stopped raining."

"I'm glad, Jay." Her throat, full of aching, grieving beauty, told only of her unexpected joy.

"I want you and Daisy to come over to my house," he said, "I'd like to show her around."

"You're sure you want me to come?"

"Absolutely, old sport."

Daisy went upstairs to wash her face--too late I thought with humiliation of my towels--while Gatsby and I waited on the lawn.

**My Claim:**