



### Close Reading: *The Great Gatsby* Ch. 7

**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:** This time you will highlight in yellow areas of the text that demonstrate Nick's perceptions of Gatsby throughout the text. Feel free to make notes in the margins to remind you later of why you have highlighted these pieces of text.
- **Round four:** This time you will highlight in pink areas of the text that demonstrate Daisy's perceptions of Gatsby throughout the text. Feel free to make notes in the margins to remind you later of why you have highlighted these pieces of text.

How do the events in this scene change the perceptions of the characters?	My Notes
<p><b>From Chapter 7 of <i>The Great Gatsby</i>:</b></p> <p>"You don't understand," said Gatsby, with a touch of panic. "You're not going to take care of her any more."</p> <p>"I'm not?" Tom opened his eyes wide and laughed. He could afford to control himself now. "Why's that?"</p> <p>"Daisy's leaving you."</p> <p>"Nonsense."</p> <p>"I am, though," she said with a visible effort.</p> <p>"She's not leaving me!" Tom's words suddenly leaned down over Gatsby. "Certainly not for a common swindler who'd have to steal the ring he put on her finger."</p> <p>"I won't stand this!" cried Daisy. "Oh, please let's get out."</p> <p>"Who are you, anyhow?" broke out Tom. "You're one of that bunch that hangs around with Meyer Wolfsheim--that much I happen to know. I've made a little investigation into your affairs--and I'll carry it further tomorrow."</p>	



How do the events in this scene change the perceptions of the characters?	My Notes
<p>"You can suit yourself about that, old sport," said Gatsby steadily.</p> <p>"I found out what your 'drug stores' were." He turned to us and spoke rapidly. "He and this Wolfshiem bought up a lot of side-street drug stores here and in Chicago and sold grain alcohol over the counter. That's one of his little stunts. I picked him for a bootlegger the first time I saw him and I wasn't far wrong."</p> <p>"What about it?" said Gatsby politely. "I guess your friend Walter Chase wasn't too proud to come in on it."</p> <p>"And you left him in the lurch, didn't you? You let him go to jail for a month over in New Jersey. God! You ought to hear Walter on the subject of you."</p> <p>"He came to us dead broke. He was very glad to pick up some money, old sport."</p> <p>"Don't you call me 'old sport'!" cried Tom. Gatsby said nothing. "Walter could have you up on the betting laws too, but Wolfshiem scared him into shutting his mouth."</p> <p>That unfamiliar yet recognizable look was back again in Gatsby's face.</p> <p>"That drug store business was just small change," continued Tom slowly, "but you've got something on now that Walter's afraid to tell me about."</p> <p>I glanced at Daisy who was staring terrified between Gatsby and her husband and at Jordan who had begun to balance an invisible but absorbing object on the tip of her chin. Then I turned back to Gatsby--and was startled at his expression. He looked--and this is said in all contempt for the babbled slander of his garden--as if he had "killed a man." For a moment the set of his face could be described in just that fantastic way.</p> <p>It passed, and he began to talk excitedly to Daisy, denying everything, defending his name against accusations that had not been made. But with every word she was drawing further and further into herself, so he gave that up and only the dead dream fought on as the afternoon slipped away, trying to touch what was no longer tangible, struggling unhappily, despairingly, toward that lost voice across the room.</p> <p>The voice begged again to go.</p>	
<p><b>My Claim:</b></p>	