



Close Reading: *The Great Gatsby* Chapter 1

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 language and descriptions that demonstrate **Nick's perception of** himself, others, events, or setting 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 language and description **aspects of Nick's background that may influence how he perceives the world** 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 does the information Nick reveals about himself show the reader various possible influences on his perceptions of reality? How can these influences alter the way he sees reality compared to someone else?	My Notes
<p>In my younger and more vulnerable years my father gave me some advice that I've been turning over in my mind ever since.</p> <p>"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."</p> <p>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.</p>	



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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...



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<p>My family have been prominent, well-to-do people in this middle-western city for three generations. The Carraways are something of a clan and we have a tradition that we're descended from the Dukes of Buccleuch, but the actual founder of my line was my grandfather's brother who came here in fifty-one, sent a substitute to the Civil War and started the wholesale hardware business that my father carries on today.</p> <p>I never saw this great-uncle but I'm supposed to look like him--with special reference to the rather hard-boiled painting that hangs in Father's office. I graduated from New Haven in 1915, just a quarter of a century after my father, and a little later I participated in that delayed Teutonic migration known as the Great War. I enjoyed the counter-raid so thoroughly that I came back restless. Instead of being the warm center of the world the middle-west now seemed like the ragged edge of the universe--so I decided to go east and learn the bond business. Everybody I knew was in the bond business so I supposed it could support one more single man. All my aunts and uncles talked it over as if they were choosing a prep-school for me and finally said, "Why--ye-es" with very grave, hesitant faces. Father agreed to finance me for a year and after various delays I came east, permanently, I thought, in the spring of twenty-two.</p> <p>[....]</p>	
My Claim:	