***The Great Gatsby***

**Practice Textual Analysis Activity #1**



**Step #1:**

* **Brainstorm:** Read the attached sight passage provided, and identify the following in ***point form*** before answering the textual analysis questions below in complete sentences (feel free to write directly on the passage):
* The characterization of Jay Gatsby
* The mood of the passage
* One key theme
* The significance of Nick’s narration

**Step #2:**

* **Analyze/Respond:** Please read the following textual analysis questions carefully, and respond in **COMPLETE SENTENCES**. As well, please double-space your answers, and use direct quotations to support your assertions.
1. How does this passage develop Jay Gatsby’s character? Comment specifically on his **characterization** (his character traits that are revealed) with reference to direct evidence from the passage.
2. Discuss the overall **mood** of the passage. What is it? Support your answer with direct quotations from the passage.
3. Identify **one** **theme** in this passage. How does the theme affect the passage and the whole novel thus far? Provide direct evidence from the passage to support your analysis.
4. Discuss the significance of Nick’s **narration** in this passage. How do his judgements and observations of Gatsby influence the reader? Explain by using direct evidence from the passage to support your assertions.

**The Passage:** **Chapter #4, page 64-65**

I had talked with him perhaps six times in the past month and found, to my disappointment, that he had little to say. So my first impression, that he was a person of some undefined consequence, had gradually faded and he had become simply the proprietor of an elaborate roadhouse next door.

And then came that disconcerting ride. We hadn't reached West Egg village before Gatsby began leaving his elegant sentences unfinished
and slapping himself indecisively on the knee of his caramel-colored suit.

"Look here, old sport," he broke out surprisingly. "What's your opinion
of me, anyhow?"

A little overwhelmed, I began the generalized evasions which that question deserves.

"Well, I'm going to tell you something about my life," he interrupted.
"I don't want you to get a wrong idea of me from all these stories you hear."

So he was aware of the bizarre accusations that flavoured conversation in his halls.

"I'll tell you God's truth." His right hand suddenly ordered divine retribution to stand by. "I am the son of some wealthy people in the middle-west--all dead now. I was brought up in America but educated at
Oxford because all my ancestors have been educated there for many years. It is a family tradition."

He looked at me sideways--and I knew why Jordan Baker had believed he was lying. He hurried the phrase "educated at Oxford," or swallowed it or choked on it as though it had bothered him before. And with this doubt his whole statement fell to pieces and I wondered if there wasn't something a little sinister about him after all.

"What part of the middle-west?" I inquired casually.

"San Francisco."

"I see."

"My family all died and I came into a good deal of money."

His voice was solemn as if the memory of that sudden extinction of a clan still haunted him. For a moment I suspected that he was pulling my leg but a glance at him convinced me otherwise.