

#ret #inclass

1 | Inclass Creative Writing

1.1 | the prompt:

Use chapters 2 and 3 of *The Great Gatsby* as a basis or inspiration for one of the following writing prompts:

1. Describe a party scene from your own life or make one up and narrate it from the perspective of an outsider. Like Nick, your narrator should be an observer and participant in the scene. Include detailed descriptions and a clear narrative position and tone (critical, fawning, sarcastic, adoring, etc.).
 2. Narrate a party scene in *The Great Gatsby* from the perspective of another character other than Nick (Gatsby, Daisy, Tom, Myrtle). Try to capture the character's tone, voice, language, and perspective.
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1.2 | idea

from the perspective of Myrtle, at the party who is.. - trying to climb the social ladder. - believes what Tom says - good outlook on Tom? - materialistic, greedy, not the brightest

1.3 | writing

"You were crazy about him for a while," my sabotaging sister sneered.

"Crazy about him?" I interjected quickly, cutting Catherine off before she could continue. "Who said I was crazy about him? I never was any more crazy about him than I was about that man... there!"

I look around the room for someone to focus the attention onto. My finger landed on a scrawny, empty, lamp-imitating fellow in the corner of the room – he seemed to blend in almost as just another piece of furniture, hoping to be either ignored or thrown out onto the sidewalk. His body stood slanted, as if physically repelled by my Tom! He was certainly deserving of scorn. I pointed, and he feigned a pitiful expression as if to make my pointing finger sheer off of him; I could have done much better.

I needed the attention back on me: "The only crazy I was was when I married him. I knew right away I made a mistake" I assured Tom. "He borrowed somebody's best suit to get married in and never even told me about it, and the man came after it one day when he was out." I looked around, making sure everyone was listening. "'Oh, is that your suit?' I said. 'This is the first I ever heard about it.' But I gave it to him anyways." The story needed something else. "I lay down and cried to beat the band all afternoon." I added, and the room looked at me understandingly, right on cue.

"She really ought to get away from him" – Catherine was trying to steal back the spotlight – "they've been living over that garage for eleven years. And Tom's the first sweetie she ever had." My sister was right about that. Tom promised the world to me, and I knew he could deliver. If only he wanted too. And I was going to make him want to.

I called for another bottle of whiskey – just one wasn't enough – and it was joyfully accepted by all. Except by my sister, once again. Luckily she was ignored.

Tom rang for the janitor and sent him for some celebrated sandwiches, which were a complete supper in themselves. I wanted to get out and walk eastward toward the park through the soft twilight but each time

I tried to go I became entangled in some wild strident argument which pulled me back, as if with ropes, into my chair. Yet high over the city our line of yellow windows must have contributed their share of human secrecy to the casual watcher in the darkening streets, and I was him too, looking up and wondering. I was within and without, simultaneously enchanted and repelled by the inexhaustible variety of life.

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