

PARAPHRASE OF CHAPTERS 1 AND 2

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ENGLISH II HONORS

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CHAPTER 1

When I was still immature, my Dad handed to me his knowledge on judging other people. He remarked that not everyone had the benefit of a stable environment when growing up. I must hide all assessments of how people act and how they were brought up. Since last fall, I have desired for the rest of the world to behave. Gatsby is the only one for which I wish to stay the same and still be the original jolly fellow he was before. Gatsby remained a good guy right to the end and it seems as though I will never find anybody else with his fine personality. It was the other people around Gatsby that made me leave.

I grew up in a very wealthy family in the mid-west. During the Civil War, my Grandpa paid someone to represent him in combat while he began a business that is still running today.

I finished college in 1915 and then I served during World War I. I came east to acquire knowledge about the bond business because everyone was doing it.

A friend and I were going to keep a room together, but he had some other business to attend to. So, I went to the house alone. I had my dog, my car, and my cook there. I was lonely, but then someone asked for directions to West Egg. This ended my loneliness. For me, life was a whole new ball of wax. There were so many things to do. I especially wanted to bring back my university days.

I started my new life living east of New York on a thin,

irregularly shaped island. This part was called West Egg. I lived in a shack compared to the fortresses on either side of me. On my right hand side was Jay Gatsby. I paid eighty bucks for a view of the lifestyles of the rich and famous.

My cousins lived in East Egg, which was across the water from West Egg. Tom was married to Daisy. Tom was one of the greatest football players in college. He reached fame and notoriety that usually takes most people their whole lives. By the time Tom finished college, he achieved the maximum amount of fame that he ever would. Tom was a big man and a rich, preppie type. Tom and Daisy moved to the east for what was supposed to be the rest of their life together.

I went to see Tom and Daisy one day. Tom had the look of a conceded man, who seemed very powerfully controlling. His voice made you think he was unruly. Tom respected me and he wanted me to admire him. Daisy and Tom's home was very prominent. Tom desired for me to be impressed by it.

We strolled through the house and into the living room. Daisy and another woman, whom I would later know to be Jordan Baker, were laying on this mammoth sofa. Daisy said charmingly that she was stunned with pleasure to see me. She mentioned to me that the other woman was Baker. Jordan was very languid towards getting up.

Daisy wondered how Chicago was getting over the fact that she was not there anymore. I told her that they were devastated without her. Daisy wondered if I had ever seen her daughter. I answered no.

Tom wanted to know what I was working as and who I was working for. I gave him the information he was seeking.

Jordan lazily mentioned the fact that she was stiff from laying on the couch the whole day. Jordan refused the adult beverages offered to her because she was in training. Jordan was a nice-looking woman.

Jordan wondered if I knew Jay Gatsby. I didn't get a chance to respond, because dinner was ready. Jordan and Daisy were discussing the need for something to do. Then, Daisy blamed Tom for hurting her pinky finger, because he was a hulking thug.

Dinner would soon be over, just as the night would be over also. I told Daisy that she made me feel primitive. Then, Tom interrupted with "brilliant scientific analysis." He mentioned in his gibberish state that the country was falling apart, due in part to the blacks. Daisy said Tom was reading books and becoming academic. Tom utters that this book is all scientific. I was amused by Tom's cockiness. He went to on say that we were Nordics, but his concentration seemed off-balanced, and he didn't explain himself very well.

The phone rang and Daisy explained to me the secret about the butler's nose. Daisy's voice was very soothing. Tom had to go fetch the phone.

Daisy remarked that I was like a rose to her. I started to make conversation about Gatsby, but Jordan interrupted. By this time Daisy had excused herself. Jordan said Tom was having an affair with another woman.

Tom and Daisy returned, and Daisy said that there was nice weather outside. It was becoming a hostile environment when the telephone rang again. We all got up and left.

I was trying to be comforting to Daisy and started up about her daughter, but Daisy wondered why I didn't come to her wedding. I explained that the war kept me away, and she seemed to understand. Daisy confessed to being cynical for reasons that were very understandable.

I changed the subject back to her daughter. Daisy proceeded to tell me what happened when she gave birth. When her daughter was still only an hour old, Tom was nowhere to be found. The newborn turned out to be a girl and Daisy cried that the best thing in the world a girl could be is a buffoon. She went on to say that she was running around with a wealthy crowd, which made her smile.

While Tom listened, Jordan read the "Saturday Evening Post" to him. Jordan finished reading and announced she was going to bed. By the time she had finished, Daisy and I came in. I finally found out why Jordan's name was so familiar. She's a professional golfer. She was going to play in some tournament the next day.

Tom protectively remarked that Jordan's folks shouldn't let her run around the fruited plain so liberally. Then, Daisy said that I would take care of Jordan. I questioned where Jordan was from, and Daisy told me Louisville.

We talked a bit more. I felt it was time to leave, so I got up. Daisy and Tom thought I was engaged to be married, but I told them

it was just a rumor. This made me feel good, but I was also a bit angered by it.

When I was back at my home, I saw a shadow of a man reaching out towards a green light across the bay. I realized that this was my new neighbor Gatsby. I have not met the man yet, but this sight has created a little mystery about him. He was gone after a second, which left me by myself.

CHAPTER 2

There's a piece of land amongst West Egg and New York. We call it the valley of ashes. This valley is a wonderful agricultural region, where ashes are created and destroyed. Sometimes it is difficult to see while driving past the valley.

After the valley of ashes, you will approach Dr. Eckleburg's billboard. On this advertisement, there is no hiding of his eyes at all. Eventually, you pass by several other sights.

Today, I was supposed to go with Tom to meet his girl in New York. I really didn't want to see her, but there was nothing else to do.

We came to George Wilson's garage and proceeded to go inside. Tom wondered how George was doing financially. Wilson wanted Tom's car.

Now, came Tom's mistress (whom I would later know to be Wilson's wife, Myrtle Wilson) from upstairs down to flirt with Tom. Myrtle

sent Wilson away quickly, so that she could arrange with Tom where to meet this afternoon.

We left George and caught up with Mrs. Wilson. The three of us ventured to the Big City. Myrtle made a few purchases, including a dog. She was after a police pooch, but was happy with another pick. The dog-salesman had a face that reminded me of that oil tycoon, Rockefeller.

We reached the apartment. I didn't want to go with Tom and Myrtle, but I was encouraged to come. Mrs. Wilson mentioned that her gorgeous sister was going to be there. In the living room of the apartment there was an absurd picture of this dumb chicken. Myrtle's new dog was taken care of.

I got drunk today. That was something I've only done once before. I left for some smokes and came back and checked out a magazine. I met Myrtle's sister, Catherine, who wasn't all that Myrtle had billed her up to be. Then, I met the McKees. Just another couple of ding-a-lings, with their most exciting talk about photography!

Myrtle redressed again in new clothes. Her attitude also switched. She mellowed out and seemed to be lighting up the room with her laughter. Myrtle told of some bogus woman who gave her an outrageous bill for looking at her feet.

Myrtle and Mrs. McKee rambled on about several things. Tom complained about the ice, and Myrtle blamed the boy who helped with her dog. Myrtle left the room. Mrs. McKee talked about her

interests.

Catherine inquired about my residence. I replied and she mentioned a party at Gatsby's. I proudly admitted to her that Gatsby was my neighbor.

Then, the subject of making George Wilson the prospect of Mr. McKee's next project was brought up. Catherine quietly told me that Tom couldn't stand his wife Daisy, and that Myrtle didn't like George anymore either. She wondered why the two couples stuck together if they weren't content. Catherine did explain that Myrtle is a Catholic. So, it was understandable why she and George didn't split.

Catherine and I got into the talk of Europe. She mentioned her trip to Monte Carlo. Catherine disliked the place.

The three women got into it about why Myrtle even agreed to marry George Wilson. She made an excuse that he was a gentleman. Then, Myrtle contradicted herself when she said that George was too poor for her.

We had a meal and it was getting late, but I found it tough to leave. Myrtle schooled me on her thrilling story of her first meeting with Tom. Then, Myrtle told us she had to make a list of things to buy.

Later on, Mr. McKee was asleep in the chair. Everything was starting to peak. Everyone was restless at this late hour, moving all around and about. All of a sudden, Myrtle started yelling Daisy over and over again. So, Tom smacked her nose, which started

bleeding.

Mr. McKee and I left the apartment and agreed upon a lunch date. I was so intoxicated, that by four in the morning I couldn't tell where I was. At one moment, I was with McKee and the next I was heading home.