|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| **Summary** | ***from* The Great Gatsby: Chapter 5** | **Author’s Purpose** |
| *Underline* two words that show how Gatsby **feels** about the upcoming meeting with Daisy?  What is **ironic** about the highlighted passage?   |  | | --- | |  | |  | |  | |  | |  |  |  | | --- | |  | |  | |  |   Based on the context, "colossal vitality" most nearly means?   |  | | --- | |  | |  |   **INFER:**  Why had Gatsby and Daisy forgotten Nick?   |  | | --- | |  | |  | |  | | The rain cooled about half-past three to a damp mist, through which occasional thin drops swam like dew. Gatsby looked with vacant eyes through a copy of Clay’s Economics, starting at the Finnish tread that shook the kitchen floor, and peering toward the bleared windows from time to time as if a series of invisible but alarming happenings were taking place outside. Finally he got up and informed me, in an uncertain voice, that he was going home.  “Why’s that?”  “Nobody’s coming to tea. It’s too late!” He looked at his watch as if there was some pressing demand on his time elsewhere. “I can’t wait all day.”  “Don’t be silly; it’s just two minutes to four.”  **Predict** how Daisy will react to Gatsby? **Explain.**   |  | | --- | |  | |  | |  |   [Later in Chapter 5]  As I went over to say good-by I saw that the expression of bewilderment had come back into Gatsby’s face, as though a faint doubt had occurred to him as to the quality of his present happiness. Almost five years! There must have been moments even that afternoon when Daisy tumbled short of his dreams — not through her own fault, but because of the **colossal vitality** of his illusion. It had gone beyond her, beyond everything. He had thrown himself into it with a creative passion, adding to it all the time, decking it out with every bright feather that drifted his way. No amount of fire or freshness can challenge what a man will store up in his ghostly heart.  As I watched him he adjusted himself a little, visibly. His hand took hold of hers, and as she said something low in his ear he turned toward her with a rush of emotion. I think that voice held him most, with its fluctuating, feverish warmth, because it couldn’t be over-dreamed — that voice was a deathless song.  They had forgotten me, but Daisy glanced up and held out her hand; Gatsby didn’t know me now at all. I looked once more at them and they looked back at me, remotely, possessed by intense life. Then I went out of the room and down the marble steps into the rain, leaving them there together.  What does the narrator mean by “…remotely, possessed by intense life”?  How does Nick's narration relate to the **author's purpose** in this scene?   |  | | --- | |  | |  | |  | |  | | *Circle* the **simile** in paragraph 1.  For what *purpose* might the author have chosen this **imagery**?   |  | | --- | |  | |  | |  | |  |   What is Nick **implying** with the **paradox** “No amount of fire or freshness can challenge what a man will store up in his ghostly heart”?  \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_  \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_  \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_  \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_  What is the **implied tone** of the **metaphor** "that voice was a deathless song”?   |  | | --- | |  | |  | |  | |