

**Page 13--Assessment Preparation:  
Synonyms/Antonyms**

*Students' own synonyms or antonyms will vary.*

1. synonyms
2. synonyms
3. antonyms
4. synonyms
5. antonyms
6. synonyms
7. b. prone
8. d. concealed
9. c. lightness
10. f. abhorrently
11. a. distrustfully
12. e. insinuation

**Page 14 – Standards Focus: Characterization**

*Because quotes can be taken from anywhere in Chapters 1 or 2, answers will vary.*

<b>Gatsby</b>	
<b>Direct</b>	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. (Ch. 1)
<b>Indirect</b>	"I'm scared of him. I'd hate to have him get anything on me." (Ch. 2)
<b>Important Quote</b>	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. (Ch. 1)
<b>Nick</b>	
<b>Direct</b>	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...I was within and without, simultaneously enchanted and repelled by the inexhaustible variety of life. (Ch. 2)
<b>Indirect</b>	"I'm a bond man." (Ch. 1)
<b>Important Quote</b>	In my younger and more vulnerable years my father gave me some advice that I've been turning over in my mind ever since. "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." (Ch. 1)
<b>Jordan</b>	
<b>Direct</b>	I enjoyed looking at her. She was a slender, small-breasted girl, with an erect carriage, which she accentuated by throwing her body backward at the shoulders like a young cadet. Her gray sun-strained eyes looked back at me with polite reciprocal curiosity out of a wan, charming, discontented face. (Ch. 1)
<b>Indirect</b>	"Jordan's going to play in the tournament to-morrow," explained Daisy, "over at Westchester." (Ch. 1)
<b>Important Quote</b>	"You are!" [Tom] took down his drink as if it were a drop in the bottom of a glass. "How you ever get anything done is beyond me." (Ch. 1)
<b>Tom</b>	
<b>Direct</b>	Now he was a sturdy straw-haired man of thirty with a rather hard mouth and a supercilious manner. Two shining arrogant eyes had established dominance over his face and gave him the appearance of always leaning aggressively forward. (Ch. 1)
<b>Indirect</b>	Civilization's going to pieces. I've gotten to be a terrible pessimist about things... The idea is if we don't look out the white race will be -- will be utterly submerged... It's up to us, who are the dominant race, to watch out or these other races will have control of things. (Ch. 1)
<b>Important Quote</b>	[Tom] would drift on forever seeking, a little wistfully, for the dramatic turbulence of some irrecoverable football game. (Ch.1)
<b>Myrtle</b>	
<b>Direct</b>	She was in the middle thirties, and faintly stout, but she carried her surplus flesh sensuously as some women can. Her face, above a spotted dress of dark blue crepe-de-chine, contained no facet or gleam of beauty, but there was an immediately perceptible vitality about her as if the nerves of her body were continually smouldering. (Ch. 2)
<b>Indirect</b>	"I married him because I thought he was a gentleman...I thought he knew something about breeding, but he wasn't fit to lick my shoe." (Ch.2)
<b>Important Quote</b>	"I lied. I was so excited that when I got into a taxi with him I didn't hardly know I wasn't getting into a subway train. All I kept thinking about, over and over, was 'You can't live forever; you can't live forever.'" (Ch. 2)

**Page 16--Assessment Preparation:**

**Connotation/Denotation**

*Students' feelings about the connotation may vary. Sample answers are given.*

1. adj. bare, uninhabited, alone; verb. to make a place barren or deserted
  - a. unused: 0; barren: N; bleak: N; despondent: N
2. adj. impossible to get in or through; incomprehensible
  - a. compact: 0; solid: 0; impermeable: N; bulletproof: P
3. adj. magnificent or grand in appearance; extravagant
  - a. luxurious: P; imposing: N; pompous: N; grandiose: P
4. adj. not known exactly; vague, unpredictable
  - a. inexact: 0; uncertain: N; vague: N; inconclusive: 0
5. adv. without interest in anything; indifferently
  - a. callously: N; coolly: N; indifferently: 0; emotionlessly: 0
6. adj. continuing for a long time without stopping
  - a. persistent: P; nonstop: 0; ceaselessly: 0; relentless: N

**Page 17 – Standards Focus: Setting**

*Direct quotes may vary. Sample student answers are given.*

West Egg	1) I lived at West Egg, the – well, the less fashionable of the two, though this is a most superficial tag to express the bizarre and not a little sinister contrast between them. (Ch. 1)
	2) There was music from my neighbor's house through the summer nights. In his blue gardens men and girls came and went like moths among the whisperings and the champagne and the stars. At high tide in the afternoon I watched his guests diving from the tower of his raft, or taking the sun on the hot sand of his beach while his two motor-boats slit the waters of the Sound, drawing aquaplanes over cataracts of foam. (Ch. 3)
	3) The lights grow brighter as the earth lurches away from the sun, and now the orchestra is playing yellow cocktail music, and the opera of voices pitches a key higher. Laughter is easier minute by minute, spilled with prodigality, tipped out at a cheerful word. (Ch. 3)

East Egg	1) Across the courtesy bay the white palaces of fashionable East Egg glittered along the water (Ch. 1)
	2) Their house was even more elaborate than I expected, a cheerful red-and-white Georgian Colonial mansion, overlooking the bay. The lawn started at the beach and ran toward the front door for a quarter of a mile, jumping over sun-dials and brick walks and burning gardens – finally when it reached the house drifting up the side in bright vines as though from the momentum of its run. (Ch. 1)
	3) A breeze blew through the room, blew curtains in at one end and out the other like pale flags, twisting them up toward the frosted wedding-cake of the ceiling, and then rippled over the wine-colored rug, making a shadow on it as wind does on the sea. (Ch. 1)
Valley of Ashes	1) This is a valley of ashes – a fantastic farm where ashes grow like wheat into ridges and hills and grotesque gardens; where ashes take the forms of houses and chimneys and rising smoke and, finally, with a transcendent effort, of men who move dimly and already crumbling through the powdery air. Occasionally a line of gray cars crawls along an invisible track, gives out a ghastly creak, and comes to rest, and immediately the ash-gray men swarm up with leaden spades and stir up an impenetrable cloud, which screens their obscure operations from your sight. (Ch. 2)
	2) The eyes of Doctor T. J. Eckleburg are blue and gigantic – their irises are one yard high. They look out of no face, but, instead, from a pair of enormous yellow spectacles which pass over a nonexistent nose... But his eyes, dimmed a little by many paintless days, under sun and rain, brood on over the solemn dumping ground. (Ch. 2)
	3) The valley of ashes is bounded on one side by a small foul river, and, when the drawbridge is up to let barges through, the passengers on waiting trains can stare at the dismal scene for as long as half an hour. (Ch. 2)