

NAME _____ ID _____

Homework Assignment for Week 14**TASK 1: Read Chapter 9**

- Read chapter 9 in English or in Japanese. Use the book or free PDF file (eBook) <<https://www.planetebook.com/free-ebooks/the-great-gatsby.pdf>>. Japanese translation: <http://www1.bbq.jp/kareha/trans/html/great_gatsby_the.html>

- Be ready to discuss the events of the chapter. In class next time, we will have a review of the chapter and a short quiz.

TASK 2: Review of *The Great Gatsby* / Comment on Key Passages

Make some notes on the passage from the novel that you are assigned. Be ready to discuss the meaning of the passage. In your answer, you should (1) tell what chapter the quotation comes from and (2) where in the story the passage is located. Next, (3) give an opinion about the passage. What does it mean? What does it tell us about the characters or about the message of the novel? To support your opinion, you should (4) choose words and phrases from the passage. Explain how this evidence supports your opinion.

GROUP A

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Yuki Kubo
Hana Kimura
Kazuki Yoshida
Hikaru Ishikawa
Kayley Russell
Aoi Ota

GROUP B

Emily Clements
Nanako Doyachi
Hiroya Yashima
Haruki Satomi
Ryosuke Nakamura
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GROUP C

Taiga Kasahara
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Keito Murasaki
Ronabell Mandria
Harunobu Tanaka
Itsuki Sakashita
Chisato Miwa

GROUP D

Mao Ito
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Enkhdari Naranzul
Natsuki Imai
Misaki Yasue
Kabuto Taguchi
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SOME SPECIAL TERMS FOR COMMENTING ON PASSAGES

Connotation: an idea or feeling that a word can suggest, in addition to its literal (dictionary) meaning, e.g. *mother* suggests *love*

Alliteration: repetition of sounds at the beginning of words which are close to each other, e.g. *big brother*

Figure of speech: a special use of language to create a strong image or express a new meaning

Simile: a figure of speech comparing two things, using "like" or "as," e.g. *You look like a ghost*

Some Expressions / Sentences for Making Your Answer

(1) This passage is from chapter (2) This is Nick's first meeting with Gatsby.

(3) This passage shows Nick's different impressions of Gatsby.

(4) For example,

(4) This word / phrase suggests **See the handout of model analytical paragraphs for more details.**

(4) This is a simile comparing X to Y.

(4) Nick describes Gatsby as " " .

We will meet in the L.S. Wing next week.

Group	Quotations / Passages from <i>The Great Gatsby</i>
A	<p>About half way between West Egg and New York the motor road hastily joins the railroad and runs beside it for a quarter of a mile, so as to shrink away from a certain desolate area of land. 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.</p> <p>But above the gray land and the spasms of bleak dust which drift endlessly over it, you perceive, after a moment, the eyes of Doctor T. J. Eckleburg. 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. Evidently some wild wag of an oculist set them there to fatten his practice in the borough of Queens, and then sank down himself into eternal blindness, or forgot them and moved away. But his eyes, dimmed a little by many paintless days, under sun and rain, brood on over the solemn dumping ground.</p>
B	<p>I began to like New York, the racy, adventurous feel of it at night and the satisfaction that the constant flicker of men and women and machines gives to the restless eye. I liked to walk up Fifth Avenue and pick out romantic women from the crowd and imagine that in a few minutes I was going to enter into their lives, and no one would ever know or disapprove. Sometimes, in my mind, I followed them to their apartments on the corners of hidden streets, and they turned and smiled back at me before they faded through a door into warm darkness. At the enchanted metropolitan twilight I felt a haunting loneliness sometimes, and felt it in others—poor young clerks who loitered in front of windows waiting until it was time for a solitary restaurant dinner— young clerks in the dusk, wasting the most poignant moments of night and life.</p> <p>Again at eight o'clock, when the dark lanes of the Forties were lined five deep with throbbing taxi-cabs, bound for the theatre district, I felt a sinking in my heart. Forms leaned together in the taxis as they waited, and voices sang, and there was laughter from unheard jokes, and lighted cigarettes outlined unintelligible gestures inside.</p>
C	<p>He was balancing himself on the dashboard of his car with that resourcefulness of movement that is so peculiarly American — that comes, I suppose, with the absence of lifting work or rigid sitting in youth and, even more, with the formless grace of our nervous, sporadic games. This quality was continually breaking through his punctilious manner in the shape of restlessness. He was never quite still; there was always a tapping foot somewhere or the impatient opening and closing of a hand. It was a rich cream color, bright with nickel, swollen here and there in its monstrous length with triumphant hat-boxes and supper-boxes and tool-boxes, and terraced with a labyrinth of wind-shields that mirrored a dozen suns. Sitting down behind many layers of glass in a sort of green leather conservatory, we started to town.</p>
D	<p>Over the great bridge, with the sunlight through the girders making a constant flicker upon the moving cars, with the city rising up across the river in white heaps and sugar lumps all built with a wish out of non-olfactory money. The city seen from the Queensboro Bridge is always the city seen for the first time, in its first wild promise of all the mystery and the beauty in the world.</p> <p>A dead man passed us in a hearse heaped with blooms, followed by two carriages with drawn blinds and by more cheerful carriages for friends. The friends looked out at us with the tragic eyes and short upper lips of south-eastern Europe, and I was glad that the sight of Gatsby's splendid car was included in their somber holiday. As we crossed Blackwell's Island a limousine passed us, driven by a white chauffeur, in which sat three modish Negroes, two bucks and a girl. I laughed aloud as the yolks of their eyeballs rolled toward us in haughty rivalry.</p>

We will meet in the L.S. Wing next week.