

F. Scot Fitzgerald The Great Gatsby Chapter 1

In mi yun'gher and moer vulnerabel yeerz mi faather gave me sum advice
dhat Ive
bene terning over in mi miand evver cins.

“Whenever u fele like criticising enny wun,” he toald me, “just remember
dhat
aul the pepel in this werld havnt had the advaantagez dhat uve had.”

He didnt sa enny moer, but weve aulwase bene unnuezhuwaly
communicative in a
reservd wa, and I understood dhat he ment a grate dele moer dhan dhat. In
conceqwens, Ime incliand too reserv aul jujments, a habbit dhat haz opend
up
menny cureyous nachuerz too me and aulso made me the victim ov not a
fu vetteran
boerz. The abnormal miand iz qwic too detect and atach itcelf too this
qwaulity
when it apeerz in a normal person, and so it came about dhat in college I
wauz
unjustly acuezd ov beying a politishan, becauz I wauz privvy too the
ceecret greefs
ov wiald, un'none men. Moast ov the confidencez wer unsaut—
freeqwently I hav
faind slepe, preyoccupaishon, or a hostile levvity when I reyaliazd bi sum
unmistacabel cine dhat an intimate revelaishon wauz qwivvering on the
horizon; for
the intimate revelaishonz ov yung men, or at leest the termz in which dha
expres them, ar uezhuwaly plajaristic and mard bi obveyous supreshonz.
Reserving jujments iz a matter ov infinite hope. I am stil a littel afrade ov
miscing sumthhing if I forghet dhat, az mi faather snobbishly sugested, and
I
snobbishly repete, a cens ov the fundamental decencese iz parceld out

unneeqwaly at berth.

And, aafter boasting this wa ov mi tollerans, I cum too the admishon dhat it haz a limmit. Conduct ma be founded on the hard roc or the wet marshez, but aafter a certane point I doant care whaut its founded on. When I came bac from the Eest laast autum I felt dhat I waunted the werld too be in uniform and at a sort ov moral atenshon forevver; I waunted no moer riyotous exkerzhonz withe privvileejd glimpcez intoo the human hart. Oanly Gatsby, the man whoo ghivz hiz name too this booc, wauz exempt from mi reyacshon—Gatsby, whoo represented evverithhing for which I hav an unnaftected scorn. If personallity iz an unbroken cerese ov suxesfool geschuerz, then dhare wauz sumthhing gorjous about him, sum hitend cencitivvity too the prommicez ov life, az if he wer related too wun ov dhose intricate masheenz dhat redgister erthqwaix ten thousanz mialz awa. This responciavnes had nuthhing too doo withe dhat flabby impreshonabillity which iz dignifide under the name ov the “creyative temperament.”—it wauz an extraordinary ghift for hope, a romantic reddines such az I hav nevver found in enny uther person and which it iz not liacly I shal evver fiand agane. No—Gatsby ternd out aul rite at the end; it iz whaut prade on Gatsby, whaut foul dust floted in the

wake ov hiz dreemz dhat temporarily cloazd out mi interest in the abortive sorose and short-wianded elashonz ov men.

Mi fammily hav bene promminent, wel-too-doo pepel in this Middel Western citty for thre generaishonz. The Carrawase ar sumthhing ov a clan, and we hav a tradishon dhat were decended from the Juex ov Bucloo, but the acchuwal founder ov mi line wauz mi grandfaatherz bruther, whoo came here in fifty-wun, cent a substichute too the Civvil Wor, and started the whoalsale hardware biznes dhat mi faather carrese on too-da.

I nevver sau this grate-unkel, but Ime supoast too looc like him—withe speshal referens too the raather hard-boild painting dhat hangz in faatherz office I gradjuwated from Nu Haven in 1915, just a qworter ov a cenchury aafter mi faather, and a littel later I partiscipated in dhat delade Chutonic miagraishon none az the Grate Wor. I enjoid the counter-rade so thurroly dhat I came bac restles. Insted ov beying the worm center ov the werld, the Middel West nou ceemd like the ragghed ej ov the univers—so I decided too go Eest and lern the bond biznes. Evveriboddy I nu wauz in the bond biznes, so I supoazd it cood supoert wun moer cin'ghel man. Aul mi aants and unkelz tauct it over az if dha wer chusing a prep scoole for me, and finaly ced, “Whi—ye—ese,” with a verry grave, hesitant facez. Faather agrede too finans me for a yere, and aafter vareyous delase I came Eest, permanently, I thaut, in the spring ov twenty-too.

The practical thhing wauz too fiand ruimz in the citty, but it wauz a worm
cezon, and
I had just left a cuntry ov wide launz and frendly trese, so when a yung
man
at the office sugested dhat we take a hous tooghether in a comuting toun, it
sounded like a grate ideyaa. He found the hous, a wether-beten cardbord
bun'galo at aty a munth, but at the laast minnute the ferm orderd him too
Waushington, and I went out too the cuntry alone. I had a dog—at leest I
had him
for a fu dase until he ran awa—and an oald Doj and a Finnish woomman,
whoo made
mi bed and cooct brecfast and mutterd Finnish wizdom too hercelf over the
electric stove.

It wauz loanly for a da or so until wun morning sum man, moer recently
ariavd
dhan I, stopt me on the rode.

“Hou doo u ghet too West Eg village?” he aasct helplesly.

I toald him. And az I wauct on I wauz loanly no lon'gher. I wauz a ghide, a
paathfinder, an oridginal cetler. He had cazhuwaly conferd on me the
fredom ov
the naborhood.

And so withe the sunshine and the grate bersts ov leevz growing on the
trese,
just az thhingz gro in faast moovese, I had dhat familleyar convicshon dhat
life wauz
beghinning over agane withe the summer.

Dhare wauz so much too rede, for wun thhing, and so much fine helth too
be poold

doun out ov the yung breth-ghivving are. I baut a duzsen volluemz on
banking and
credit and investment securitese, and dha stood on mi shelf in red and
gold
like nu munny from the mint, prommicing too unfoald the shining ceecrets
dhat oanly
Midas and Morgan and Mecenas nu. And I had the hi intenshon ov reding
menny
uther boox beciadz. I wauz raather litterary in college—wun yere I rote a
cerese
ov verry sollem and obveyous editoereyalz for the “Yale Nuse.”—and nou I
wauz gowing
too bring bac aul such thhingz intoo mi life and becum agane dhat moast
limmited ov
aul speshalists, the “wel-rounded man.” This iznt just an epigram—life iz
much
moer suxesfooly looct at from a cin’ghel windo, aafter aul.

It wauz a matter ov chaans dhat I shood hav rented a hous in wun ov the
strain’gest comunitese in North Amerricaa. It wauz on dhat slender
riyotous iland
which extendz itcelf ju eest ov Nu Yorc—and whare dhare ar, amung uther
natchural cureyoscitese, too unnuezhuwal formaishonz ov land. Twenty
mialz from the citty
a pare ov enormous egz, identical in contor and ceeparated oanly bi a
kertecy
ba, jut out intoo the moast domesticated boddy ov sault wauter in the
Western
hemmisfere, the grate wet barnyard ov Long Iland Sound. dha ar not
perfect
ovalz—like the eg in the Columbus stoery, dha ar boath crusht flat at the
contact end—but dhare fizensal resemblans must be a soers ov
perpetchuwal
confuezhon too the gulz dhat fli overhed. too the wingles a moer aresting

fenommenon iz dhare dicimilarrity in evvery particcular exept shape and cise.

I livd at West Eg, the—wel, the les fashonabel ov the too, dho this iz a moast superfisal tag too expres the bizar and not a littel cinnister contraast betwene them. mi hous wauz at the verry tip ov the eg, oonly fifty yardz from the

Sound, and sqweezd betwene too huge placez dhat rented for twelv or fiftene

thouzand a cezon. the wun on mi rite wauz a colossal afare bi enny standard—it

wauz a facchuwal imitaishon ov sum Hotel de Veye in Normandy, withe a touwer on wun

cide, spanking nu under a thhin beerd ov rau ivy, and a marbel swimming poole,

and moer dhan forty akerz ov laun and garden. it wauz Gatsbese manshon.

Or,

raather, az I didnt no Mr. Gatsby, it wauz a manshon inhabbited bi a gentelman

ov dhat name. Mi one hous wauz an isoer, but it wauz a smaul isoer, and it had bene overlooct, so I had a vu ov the wauter, a parshal vu ov mi naborz laun, and the consoling proximimity ov milleyonaerz—aul for aty dollarz a munth.

Acros the kertecy ba the white pallacez ov fashonabel Eest Eg glitterd along the wauter, and the history ov the summer reyaly beghinz on the evening I

drove over dhare too hav dinner withe the Tom Bucannanz. Dasy wauz mi cecond

cuzsin wuns remuivd, and Ide none Tom in college. And just aafter the wor I

spent too dase withe them in Shicaago.

Her huzband, amung vareyous fizsical acumplishments, had bene wun ov
the moast
pouwerfool endz dhat evver plade footbaul at Nu Haven—a nashonal
figgure in a wa,
wun ov dhose men whoo reche such an acute limmited exelens at twenty-
wun dhat
evverithhing aafterword savorz ov anty-climax. Hiz fammily wer
enormously
welthhy—even in college hiz fredom withe munny wauz a matter for
reproche—but nou
hede left Shicaago and cum Eest in a fashon dhat raather tooc yor breth
awa:
for instans, hede braut doun a string ov polo ponese from Lake Forest. it
wauz
hard too reyalise dhat a man in mi one generaishon wauz welthhy enuf too
doo dhat.

Whi dha came Eest I doant no. Dha had spent a yere in Fraans for no
particcular rezon, and then drifted here and dhare unrestfooly wharevver
pepel
plade polo and wer rich tooghether. This wauz a permanent moove, ced
Dasy over
the tellefone, but I didnt beleve it—I had no cite intoo Dasese hart, but I
felt dhat Tom wood drift on forevver ceking, a littel wistfooly, for the
dramattic terbulens ov sum irecuvverabel footbaul game.

And so it happend dhat on a worm windy evening I drove over too Eest Eg
too ce
too oald frendz whoome I scaersly nu at aul. Dhare hous wauz even moer
elabborate
dhan I expected, a cheerfool red-and-white Jorjan Coloanyal manshon,
overloocking
the ba. The laun started at the beche and ran tooword the frunt doer for a
qworter ov a mile, jumping over sun-diyalz and bric waux and barning

gardenz—finaly when it reecht the hous drifting up the cide in brite vianz
az dho from the momentum ov its run. The frunt wauz broken bi a line ov
French
windose, glowing nou withe reflected goald and wide open too the worm
windy
aafternoone, and Tom Bucannan in riding cloadhz wauz standing withe hiz
legz apart
on the frunt poerch.

He had chainjd cins hiz Nu Haven yeerz. Nou he wauz a sterdy strau-
haerd man
ov therty withe a raather hard mouth and a supercilleyous manner. Too
shining
arrogant ise had establisht domminans over hiz face and gave him the
aperans ov aulwase lening agresciavly forword. Not even the efemminate
swanc
ov hiz riding cloadhz cood hide the enormous pouwer ov dhat boddy—he
ceemd too
fil dhose gliscening buits until he straind the top lacing, and u cood ce
a grate pac ov muscel shifting when hiz shoalder muivd under hiz thhin
cote. It
wauz a boddy capabel ov enormous levverage—a cruwel boddy.

Hiz speking vois, a gruf husky tenor, added too the impreshon ov
fracshousnes he convade. Dhare wauz a tuch ov paternal contempt in it,
even
tooword pepel he liact—and dhare wer men at Nu Haven whoo had hated
hiz guts.

“Nou, doant thhinc mi opinyon on these matterz iz final,” he ceemd too sa,
“just
becauz Ime stron’gher and moer ov a man dhan u ar.” We wer in the same
ceenyor

sociyety, and while we wer nevver intimate I aulwase had the impreshon
dhat he
apruivd ov me and waunted me too like him withe sum harsh, defiyant
wistfoolnes ov
hiz one.

We tauct for a fu minnuets on the sunny poerch.

“Ive got a nice place here,” he ced, hiz ise flashing about restlesly.

Terning me around bi wun arm, he muivd a braud flat hand along the frunt
vistaa,
including in its swepe a sunken Italleyan garden, a haaf aker ov depe,
pun’gent
rosez, and a snub-noazd motor-bote dhat bumt the tide ofshoer.

“It belongd too Demane, the oil man.” He ternd me around agane, poliatly
and
abruptly. “Wele go incide.”

We wauct throo a hi haulwa intoo a brite rosy-cullord space, fradgily
bound intoo the hous bi French windose at iather end. The windose wer
ajar and
gleming white against the fresh graas outside dhat ceemd too gro a littel
wa
intoo the hous. A brese blu throo the roome, blu kertainz in at wun end and
out the uther like pale flagz, twisting them up tooword the frosted
wedding-cake
ov the celing, and then rippeld over the wine-cullord rug, making a shaddo
on
it az wind duz on the ce.

The oonly compleetly staishonary obgett in the roome wauz an enormous
couch on which

too yung wimmen wer boid up az dho uppon an ancord baloone. Dha wer
boath in white, and dhare drescez wer ripling and fluttering az if dha had
just bene blone bac in aafter a short flite around the hous. I must hav stood
for a fu moments liscening too the whip and snap ov the kertainz and the
grone
ov a picchure on the waul. Then dhare wauz a boome az Tom Bucannan
shut the rere
windose and the caut wind dide out about the roome, and the kertainz and
the
rugz and the too yung wimmen baluind sloly too the floer.

The yun'gher ov the too wauz a strain'ger too me. She wauz extended fool
length at her
end ov the divan, compleetly moashonles, and withe her chin raizd a littel,
az
if she wer ballancing sumthhing on it which wauz qwite liacly too faul. If
she sau
me out ov the corner ov her ise she gave no hint ov it—indede, I wauz
aulmoast
cerpriazd intoo mermering an apollogy for havving disterbd her bi
cumming in.

The uther gherl, Dasy, made an atempt too rise—she leend sliatly forword
withe
a consheyenshous expreshon—then she laaft, an abcerd, charming littel
laaf,
and I laaft too and came forword intoo the roome.

“Ime p-parraliazd withe happines.” She laaft agane, az if she ced
sumthhing
verry witty, and held mi hand for a moment, loocking up intoo mi face,
prommicig
dhat dhare wauz no wun in the werld she so much waunted too ce. Dhat
wauz a wa she

had. She hinted in a mermer dhat the cername ov the ballancing gherl
wauz Baker.

(Ive herd it ced dhat Dasese mermer wauz oanly too make pepel lene
tooword her;
an irellevant criticizm dhat made it no les charming.)

At enny rate, Mis Bakerz lips flutterd, she nodded at me aulmoast
imperceptibly,
and then qwicly tipt her hed bac agane—the obgett she wauz ballancing
had
obveyously totterd a littel and ghivven her sumthhing ov a frite. Agane a
sort ov
apollogy arose too mi lips. Aulmoast enny exhibishon ov complete celf-
sufishency
drauz a stund tribbute from me.

I looct bac at mi cuzsin, whoo began too aasc me qweschonz in her lo,
thrilling
vois. It wauz the kiand ov vois dhat the ere follose up and doun, az if eche
speche iz an arainjment ov noats dhat wil nevver be plade agane. Her face
wauz
sad and luvly withe brite thhingz in it, brite ise and a brite pashonate
mouth, but dhare wauz an exiatment in her vois dhat men whoo had caerd
for her
found difficult too forghet: a cinging compulshon, a whisperd “Liscen,” a
prommice
dhat she had dun ga, exiting thhingz just a while cins and dhat dhare wer
ga, exiting thhingz hovvering in the next our.

I toald her hou I had stopt of in Shicaago for a da on mi wa Eest, and hou a
duzsen pepel had cent dhare luv throo me.

“Doo dha mis me?” she cride extatticaly.

“The whole toun iz dezzolate. Aul the carz hav the left rere whele painted
blac
az a moorning reeth, and dhaerz a percistent wale aul nite along the north
shoer.”

“Hou gorjous! Lets go bac, Tom. Too-moro!” Then she added irllevantly:
“U
aut too ce the baby.”

“Ide like too.”

“Shese aslepe. Shese thre yeerz oald. Havnt u evver cene her?”

“Nevver.”

“Wel, u aut too ce her. Shese——”

Tom Bucannan, whoo had bene hovvering restlesly about the roome, stopt
and
rested hiz hand on mi shoalder.

“Whaut u doowing, Nic?”

“Ime a bond man.”

“Whoo withe?”

I toald him.

“Nevver herd ov them,” he remarct deciciavly.

This anoid me.

“U wil,” I aancerd shortly. “U wil if u sta in the Eest.”

“O, Ile sta in the Eest, doant u wurry,” he ced, glaancing at Dasy and then bac at me, az if he wer alert for sumthhing moer. “Ide be a God damd foole too liv enniwhare els.”

At this point Mis Baker ced: “Absoluetly!” withe such suddenes dhat I started—it wauz the ferst werd she utterd cins I came intoo the roome.

Evvidently

it cerpriazd her az much az it did me, for she yaund and withe a cerese ov rappid, deft muivments stood up intoo the roome.

“Ime stif,” she complaind, “Ive bene liying on dhat sofaa for az long az I can remember.”

“Doant looc at me,” Dasy retorted, “Ive bene triying too ghet u too Nu Yorccaul aafternoone.”

“No, thanx,” ced Mis Baker too the foer coctailz just in from the pantry, “Ime absoluetly in traning.”

Her hoast looct at her incredjulously.

“U ar!” He tooc doun hiz drinc az if it wer a drop in the bottom ov a glaas. “Hou u evver ghet ennithhing dun iz beyond me.”

I looct at Mis Baker, wundering whaut it wauz she “got dun.” I enjoid loocking

at her. She wauz a slender, smaul-brested gherl, withe an erect carrage, which

she axenchuwated bi throwing her boddy baqword at the shoalderz like a yung

cadet. Her gra sun-straind ise looct bac at me withe polite reciprocal

cureyosity out ov a waun, charming, discontented face. It okerd too me
nou dhat
I had cene her, or a picchure ov her, sumwhare befoer.

“U liv in West Eg,” she remarct contempchuwously. “I no sumbody dhare.”

“I doant no a cin’ghel——”

“U must no Gatsby.”

“Gatsby?” demaanded Dasy. “Whaut Gatsby?”

Befoer I cood repli dhat he wauz mi nabor dinner wauz anounst; wedging
hiz
tens arm imperratiavly under mine, Tom Bucannan compeld me from the
roome az
dho he wer mooving a checker too anuther sqware.

Slenderly, lan’gwidly, dhare handz cet liatly on dhare hips, the too yung
wimmen
preceded us out ontoo a rosy-cullord poerch, open tooword the suncet,
whare foer
candelz flickerd on the tabel in the diminnisht wind.

“Whi CANDELZ?” obgeted Dasy, frouning. She snapt them out withe her
fin’gherz.

“In too weex itl be the lon’ghest da in the yere.” She looct at us aul
rajantly. “Doo u aulwase wauch for the lon’ghest da ov the yere and then
mis
it? I aulwase wauch for the lon’ghest da in the yere and then mis it.”

“We aut too plan sumthhing,” yaund Mis Baker, citting doun at the tabel az
if
she wer ghetting intoo bed.

“Aul rite,” ced Dasy. “Whautl we plan?” She ternd too me helplesly:
“Whaut
doo pepel plan?”

Befoer I cood aancer her ise faacend withe an aud expreshon on her littel
fin’gher.

“Looc!” she complaind; “I hert it.”

We aul looct—the nuckel wauz blac and blu.

“U did it, Tom,” she ced acusingly. “I no u didnt mene too, but u DID
doo it. Dhats whaut I ghet for marreying a brute ov a man, a grate, big,
hulking
fizsical spescimen ov a——”

“I hate dhat werd hulking,” obgected Tom crosly, “even in kidding.”

“Hulking,” incisted Dasy.

Sumtiamz she and Mis Baker tauct at wuns, unnobtruciavly and withe a
bantering
inconceqwens dhat wauz nevver qwite chatter, dhat wauz az coole az
dhare white
drescez and dhare impersonal ise in the abcens ov aul desire. Dha wer here,
and dha axepted Tom and me, making oonly a polite plezzant effort too
entertane
or too be entertaind. Dha nu dhat prezsently dinner wood be over and a
littel
later the evening too wood be over and cazhuwaly poot awa. It wauz
sharply
different from the West, whare an evening wauz hurrede from fase too fase
tooword

its close, in a continually disappointed anticipation or else in sheer nervous dread over the moment itself.

"U make me feel uncivilized, Dasy," I confessed on my second glass of corky but rather impressive claret. "Can't you talk about crops or something?"

I mentioned nothing in particular by this remark, but it was taken up in an unexpected way.

"Civilizations going too peez," broke out Tom violently. "I've gotten too big to be a terrible pessimist about things. Have you read 'The Rise of the Colored Empires' by this man Goddard?"

"Why, no," I answered, rather surprised by his tone.

"Well, it's a fine book, and everybody ought to read it. The idea is if we look out the white race will be—will be utterly submerged. It's all scientific stuff; it's been proved."

"Tom's getting very profound," said Dasy, with an expression of unthoughtful sadness. "He reads deep books with long words in them. What was that word we——"

"Well, these books are all scientific," insisted Tom, glancing at her impatiently. "This fellow has worked out the whole thing. It's up to us, who are the dominant race, to watch out or these other races will have control over

thhingz.”

“Weve got too bete them doun,” whisperd Dasy, winking feroashously
tooword the
fervent sun.

“U aut too liv in Californyaa—” began Mis Baker, but Tom interupted her
bi
shifting hevvely in hiz chare.

“This ideyaa iz dhat were Nordix. I am, and u ar, and u ar, and——” Aafter
an infinitesimal hesitaishon he included Dasy withe a slite nod, and she
winct
at me agane. “—And weve projuest aul the thhingz dhat go too make
civilizaishon—o, ciyens and art, and aul dhat. Doo u ce?”

Dhare wauz sumthhing pathhettic in hiz concentraishon, az if hiz
complacency, moer
acute dhan ov oald, wauz not enuf too him enny moer. When, aulmoast
imejaitly, the
tellefone rang incide and the butler left the poerch Dasy ceezd uppon the
momentary interupshon and leend tooword me.

“Ile tel u a fammily ceecret,” she whisperd enthuseyaasticaly. “Its about the
butlerz nose. Doo u waunt too here about the butlerz nose?”

“Dhats whi I came over too-nite.”

“Wel, he wauznt aulwase a butler; he uest too be the cilver pollisher for
sum
pepel in Nu Yorc dhat had a cilver cervice for too hundred pepel. He had
too
pollish it from morning til nite, until finaly it began too afect hiz nose——”

“Thhingz went from bad too wers,” sugested Mis Baker.

“Yes. Thhingz went from bad too wers, until finaly he had too ghiv up hiz posishon.”

For a moment the laast sunshine fel withe romantic afecshon uppon her glowing face; her vois compeld me forword brethlesly az I liscend—then the glo faded, eche lite deserting her withe lin’ghering regret, like children leving a plezzant strete at dusc.

The butler came bac and mermerd sumthhing cloce too Tomz ere, wharuppon Tom fround, poosht bac hiz chare, and widhout a werd went incide. Az if hiz abcens qwickend sumthhing within her, Dasy leend forword agane, her vois glowing and cinging.

“I luv too ce u at mi tabel, Nic. U remiand me ov a—ov a rose, an absolute rose. Duznt he?” She ternd too Mis Baker for confermaishon: “An absolute rose?”

This wauz untru. I am not even faintly like a rose. She wauz oonly extemporising, but a sturing wormth flode from her, az if her hart wauz triying too cum out too u conceeld in wun ov dhose brethles, thrilling werdz. Then suddenly she thru her napkin on the tabel and excuezd hercelf and went intoo the hous.

Mis Baker and I exchainjd a short glaans consiously devoid ov mening. I wauz about too speke when she sat up alertly and ced “Sh!” in a worning vois. A subjude impashond mermer wauz audibel in the roome beyond, and Mis Baker leend

forword unnashaimd, triying too here. The mermer trembeld on the verj ov coherens, sanc doun, mounted exitedly, and then ceest aultooghether.

“This Mr. Gatsby u spoke ov iz mi nabor——” I ced.

“Doant tauc. I waunt too here whaut happenz.”

“Iz sumthhing happening?” I inqwiard innocently.

“U mene too sa u doant no?” ced Mis Baker, onnestly cerpriazd. “I thaut evveriboddy nu.”

“I doant.”

“Whi——” she ced hesitantly, “Tomz got sum woomman in Nu Yorc.”

“Got sum woomman?” I repeted blantly.

Mis Baker nodded.

“She mite hav the decency not too tellefone him at dinner time. Doant u thhinc?”

Aulmoast befoer I had graaspt her mening dhare wauz the flutter ov a dres and the crunch ov lether buits, and Tom and Dasy wer bac at the tabel.

“It coodnt be helpt!” cride Dasy withe tens gayety.

She sat doun, glaanst cerchingly at Mis Baker and then at me, and continnude:

“I looct outdoerz for a minnute, and its verry romantic outdoerz. Dhaerz a berd

on the laun dhat I thhinc must be a nitin'gale cum over on the Cunard or
White
Star Line. Hese cinging awa—" Her vois sang: "Its romantic, iznt it,
Tom?"

"Verry romantic," he ced, and then mizserably too me: "If its lite enuf aafter
dinner, I waunt too take u down too the stabelz."

The tellefone rang incide, startlingly, and az Dasy shooc her hed deciciavly
at Tom the subject ov the stabelz, in fact aul subjects, vannisht intoo are.
Amung the broken fragments ov the laast five minnuets at tabel I
remember the
candelz beying lit agane, pointlesly, and I wauz consmous ov waunting too
looc
sqwaerly at evvery wun, and yet too avoid aul ise. I coodnt ghes whaut
Dasy
and Tom wer thhinking, but I dout if even Mis Baker, whoo ceemd too hav
maasterd a certane hardy skepticism, wauz abel utterly too poot this fifth
ghests
shril metallic ergency out ov miand. Too a certane temperament the
cichuwaishon
mite hav ceemd intreghing—mi one instinct wauz too tellefone imejaitly
for
the polece.

The horcez, needles too sa, wer not menshond agane. Tom and Mis Baker,
withe
cevveral fete ov twilite betwene them, stroald bac intoo the liabrary, az if
too
a vidgil becide a perfectly tan'gibel boddy, while, trying too looc
plezzantly
interested and a littel def, I follode Dasy around a chane ov conecting
verandaaz too the poerch in frunt. In its depe gloome we sat down cide bi
cide on a

wicker cetty.

Dasy tooc her face in her handz az if feling its luvly shape, and her ise muivd gradjuwaly out intoo the velvet dusc. I sau dhat turbulent emoashonz posest her, so I aasct whaut I thaut wood be sum ceddative qweschonz about her littel gherl.

“We doant no eche uther verry wel, Nic,” she ced suddenly. “Even if we ar cuzsinz. U didnt cum too mi wedding.”

“I wauznt bac from the wor.”

“Dhats tru.” She hezsitated. “Wel, Ive had a verry bad time, Nic, and Ime pritty cinnical about evverithhing.”

Evvidently she had rezon too be. I wated but she didnt sa enny moer, and aafter a moment I reternd raather feebly too the subject ov her dauter.

“I supose she taux, and—eets, and evverithhing.”

“O, yes.” She looct at me abcently. “Liscen, Nic; let me tel u whaut I ced when she wauz born. Wood u like too here?”

“Verry much.”

“Itl sho u hou Ive gotten too fele about—thhingz. Wel, she wauz les dhan an our oald and Tom wauz God nose whare. I woke up out ov the eether withe an utterly abandond feling, and aasct the ners rite awa if it wauz a boi or a gherl. She toald me it wauz a gherl, and so I ternd mi hed awa and wept. ‘aul rite,’ I

ced, 'Ime glad its a gherl. And I hope shele be a foole—dhats the best
thhing a
gherl can be in this werld, a butifool littel foole."

"U ce I thhinc evverithhingz terribel ennihou," she went on in a convinst
wa.

"Evveriboddy thhinx so—the moast advaanst pepel. And I NO. Ive bene
evveriwhare
and cene evverithhing and dun evverithhing." Her ise flasht around her in
a
defiyant wa, raather like Tomz, and she laaft withe thrilling scorn.
"Sofisticated—God, Ime sofisticated!"

The instant her vois broke of, cecing too compel mi atenshon, mi belefe, I
felt the bacic incincerrity ov whaut she had ced. It made me unnesy, az dho
the whole evening had bene a tric ov sum sort too exact a contribbutoery
emoashon
from me. I wated, and shure enuf, in a moment she looct at me withe an
absolute smerc on her luvly face, az if she had acerted her membership in a
raather distin'gwisht ceecret sociyety too which she and Tom belongd.

Incide, the crimzon roome bluimd withe lite.

Tom and Mis Baker sat at iather end ov the long couch and she red aloud
too him
from the SATTERDA EVENING POAST.—the werdz, mermurous and
unninflected, running
tooghether in a suithing chune. The lamp-lite, brite on hiz buits and dul on
the
autum-lefe yello ov her hare, glinted along the paper az she ternd a page
withe a flutter ov slender muscelz in her armz.

When we came in she held us cilent for a moment withe a lifted hand.

“Too be continnude,” she ced, toscing the maggasene on the tabel, “in our verry next ishu.”

Her boddy acerted itcelf withe a restles muivment ov her ne, and she stood up.

“Ten oacloc,” she remarct, aparrently fianding the time on the celing. “Time for this good gherl too go too bed.”

“Jordanz gowing too pla in the toornament too-moro,” explaind Dasy, “over at Westchester.”

“O—yor Jordan BAKER.”

I nu nou whi her face wauz familleyar—its plesing contempchuwous expreshon had looct out at me from menny rotogravure picchuerz ov the spoerting life at Ashvil and Hot Springz and Paalm Beche. I had herd sum stoery ov her too, a crittical, unplezzant stoery, but whaut it wauz I had forgotten long ago.

“Good nite,” she ced softly. “Wake me at ate, woant u.”

“If ule ghet up.”

“I wil. Good nite, Mr. Carrawa. Ce u anon.”

“Ov coers u wil,” confermd Dasy. “In fact I thhinc Ile arainj a marrage. Cum over often, Nic, and Ile sort ov—o—fling u tooggether. U no—loc u up axidentalaly in linnen clozsets and poosh u out too ce in a bote, and aul dhat sort ov thhing——”

“Good nite,” cauld Mis Baker from the staerz. “I havnt herd a werd.”

“Shese a nice gherl,” ced Tom aafter a moment. “Dha autnt too let her run around the cuntry this wa.”

“Whoo autnt too?” inqwiard Dasy coaldly.

“Her fammily.”

“Her fammily iz wun aant about a thouzand yeerz oald. Beciadz, Nix gowing too looc aafter her, arnt u, Nic? Shese gowing too spend lots ov weke-endz out here this summer. I thhinc the home influwens wil be verry good for her.”

Dasy and Tom looct at eche uther for a moment in cilens.

“Iz she from Nu Yorc?” I aasct qwicly.

“From Loowivil. Our white gherl’hood wauz paast toogheter dhare. Our butifool white——”

“Did u ghiv Nic a littel hart too hart tauc on the verandaa?” demaanded Tom suddenly.

“Did I?” She looct at me.

“I caant ceme too remember, but I thhinc we tauct about the Nordic race. Yes, Ime shure we did. It sort ov crept up on us and ferst thhing u no——”

“Doant beleve evverithhing u here, Nic,” he adviazd me.

I ced liatly dhat I had herd nuthhing at aul, and a fu minnuets later I got up too go home. Dha came too the doer withe me and stood cide bi cide in a cheerfool sqware ov lite. Az I started mi motor Dasy peremptorily cauld: "Wate!"

"I forgot too aasc u sumthhing, and its important. We herd u wer en'gaijd too a gherl out West."

"Dhats rite," corobborated Tom kiandly. "We herd dhat u wer en'gaijd."

"Its libel. Ime too poor."

"But we herd it," incisted Dasy, cerprising me bi opening up agane in a flouwer-like wa. "We herd it from thre pepel, so it must be tru."

Ov coers I nu whaut dha wer refuuring too, but I wauznt even vaigly en'gaijd.

The fact dhat goscip had publisht the banz wauz wun ov the rezonz I had cum

Eest. U caant stop gowing withe an oald frend on acount ov rumorz, and on the uther hand I had no intenshon ov beying rumord intoo marrage.

Dhare interest raather tucht me and made them les remoatly rich—nevvertheles,

I wauz confuezd and a littel disgusted az I drove awa. It ceemd too me dhat the

thhing for Dasy too doo wauz too rush out ov the hous, chiald in armz—but aparrently

dhare wer no such intenshonz in her hed. Az for Tom, the fact dhat he "had sum woomman in Nu Yorc." wauz reyaly les cerprising dhan dhat he had bene

deprest bi a booc. Sumthhing wauz making him nibbel at the ej ov stale
ideyaaz
az if hiz sterdy fizsical egotizm no lon'gher nurrisht hiz peremptory hart.

Aulreddy it wauz depe summer on road'hous ruifs and in frunt ov wacide
garragez,

whare nu red gas-pumps sat out in puilz ov lite, and when I reecht mi
estate

at West Eg I ran the car under its shed and sat for a while on an abandond
graas roler in the yard. The wind had blone of, leving a loud, brite nite,
withe wingz beting in the trese and a percistent organ sound az the fool
bellose

ov the erth blu the frogz fool ov life. The ciloowet ov a mooving cat waverd
acros the muinlite, and terning mi hed too wauch it, I sau dhat I wauz not
alone—fifty fete awa a figgure had emerjrd from the shaddo ov mi naborz
manshon and wauz standing withe hiz handz in hiz pockets regarding the
cilver

pepper ov the starz. Sumthhing in hiz lezhuerly muivments and the ceure
posishon ov hiz fete uppon the laun sugested dhat it wauz Mr. Gatsby
himcelf,

cum out too determine whaut share wauz hiz ov our local hevvenz.

I decided too caul too him. Mis Baker had menshond him at dinner, and
dhat wood

doo for an introducshon. But I didnt caul too him, for he gave a sudden
intimaishon dhat he wauz content too be alone—he strecht out hiz armz
tooword the

darc wauter in a cureyous wa, and, far az I wauz from him, I cood hav
swoern he

wauz trembling. Involuntarily I glaanst ceword—and distin'gwisht
nuthhing exept

a cin'ghel grene lite, minnute and far awa, dhat mite hav bene the end ov a
doc. When I looct wuns moer for Gatsby he had vannisht, and I wauz alone
agane

in the unqwiyet darcnes. Tabel ov Contents Next

Laast updated on Chu Mar 9 10:55:43 2010 for eBooks@Adelaide.

F. Scot Fitsgerrald The Grate Gatsby Chapter 2

About haaf wa betwene West Eg and Nu Yorc the motor rode haistily joinz the railrode and runz becide it for a qworter ov a mile, so az too shrinc awa from a certane dezzolate areyaa ov land. This iz a vally ov ashez—a fantastic farm whare ashez gro like whete intoo ridgez and hilz and grotesc gardenz; whare ashez take the formz ov housez and chimnese and rising smoke and, finally, withe a traancendent effort, ov men whoo moove dimly and aulreddy crumbling throo the poudery are. Ocaizhonaly a line ov gra carz crawlz along an invizibel trac, ghivz out a gaastly creke, and cumz too rest, and imejaitly the ash-gra men swarm up withe ledden spaidz and ster up an impennetrabel cloud, which screenz dhare obscure operaishonz from yor cite. But abuv the gra land and the spazmz ov bleke dust which drift endlessly over it, u perceve, aafter a moment, the ise ov Doctor T. J. Eckelberg. The ise ov Doctor T. J. Eckelberg ar blu and gigantic—dhare iricez ar wun yard hi. Dha looc out ov no face, but, insted, from a pare ov enormous yello spektakelz which paas over a nonexistent nose. Evvidently sum wiald wag ov an oculist cet them dhare too fatten hiz practice in the burro ov Qweenz, and then sanc doun himcelf intoo eternal bliandnes, or forgot them and muivd awa. But hiz ise, dimd a littel bi menny paintles

dase, under sun and rane, broode on over the sollem dumping ground.

The vally ov ashez iz bounded on wun cide bi a smaul foul rivver, and, when the draubrij iz up too let bargez throo, the pascen'gerz on wating trainz can stare at the dizmal cene for az long az haaf an our. Dhare iz aulwase a hault dhare ov at leest a minnute, and it wauz becauz ov this dhat I ferst met Tom Bucannanz mistres.

The fact dhat he had wun wauz incisted uppon wharevver he wauz none. Hiz aqwaintancez resented the fact dhat he ternd up in poppular restorants withe her and, leving her at a tabel, saunterd about, chatting withe whuimsowevver he nu. Dho I wauz cureyous too ce her, I had no desire too mete her—but I did. I went up too Nu Yorc withe Tom on the trane wun aafternoone, and when we stopt bi the ashheeps he jumpt too hiz fete and, taking hoald ov mi elbo, litteraly foerst me from the car.

“Were ghetting of,” he incisted. “I waunt u too mete mi gherl.”

I thhinc hede tanct up a good dele at lunchon, and hiz determinaihon too hav mi cumpany borderd on viyolens. The supercilleyous asumpshon wauz dhat on Sunda aafternoone I had nuthhing better too doo.

I follode him over a lo whiatwausht railrode fens, and we wauct bac a hundred yardz along the rode under Doctor Eckelbergz percistent stare. The oonly

ilding in cite wauz a smaull bloc ov yello bric citting on the ej ov the
waist land, a sort ov compact Mane Strete minnistering too it, and
contigguwous too
absoluetly nuthhing. Wun ov the thre shops it containd wauz for rent and
anuther
wauz an aul-nite restorant, aproacht bi a trale ov ashez; the thherd wauz a
garrage—Repaerz. JORJ B. WILSON. Carz baut and soald.—and I follode
Tom
incide.

The intereyor wauz unprosperous and bare; the oanly car vizzesibel wauz the
dust-cuvverd rec ov a Foerd which croucht in a dim corner. It had okerd
too
me dhat this shaddo ov a garrage must be a bliand, and dhat sumpshous
and romantic
apartments wer conceeld overhed, when the propriyetor himcelf apeerd in
the
doer ov an office, wiping hiz handz on a pece ov waist. He wauz a blond,
spirritles man, anemic, and faintly handsum. When he sau us a damp
gleme ov
hope sprang intoo hiz lite blu ise.

“Hello, Wilson, oald man,” ced Tom, slapping him joveyaly on the
shoalder.

“Houz biznes?”

“I caant complane,” aancerd Wilson unconvincingly. “When ar u gowing
too cel
me dhat car?”

“Next weke; Ive got mi man werking on it nou.”

“Werx pritty slo, doant he?”

“No, he duznt,” ced Tom coaldly. “And if u fele dhat wa about it, maby Ide better cel it sumwhare els aafter aul.”

“I doant mene dhat,” explaind Wilson qwicly. “I just ment——”

Hiz vois faded of and Tom glaanst impaishently around the garrage. Then I herd

footsteps on a staerz, and in a moment the thhickish figgure ov a woomman bloct

out the lite from the office doer. She wauz in the middel thhertese, and faintly

stout, but she carrede her cerplus flesh censhuwously az sum wimmen can.

Her face,

abuv a spotted dres ov darc blu crape-de-chine, containd no fascet or gleme ov buty, but dhare wauz an imejaitly perceptibel vitallity about her az if the nervz ov her boddy wer continnuwaly smoaldering. She smiald sloly and,

wauking

throo her huzband az if he wer a goast, shooc handz withe Tom, loocking him

flush in the i. Then she wet her lips, and widhout terning around spoke too her

huzband in a soft, coers vois:

“Ghet sum chaerz, whi doant u, so sumbody can cit down.”

“O, shure,” agrede Wilson hurreedly, and went tooword the littel office, min’gling

imejaitly withe the cement cullor ov the waulz. A white ashen dust vaild hiz

darc sute and hiz pale hare az it vaild evverithhing in the vicinnity—exept hiz

wife, whoo muivd cloce too Tom.

“I waunt too ce u,” ced Tom intently. “Ghet on the next trane.”

“Aul rite.”

“Ile mete u bi the nuse-stand on the lower levvel.” She nodded and muivd awa from him just az Jorj Wilson emerjd withe too chaerz from hiz office doer.

We wated for her doun the rode and out ov cite. It wauz a fu dase befoer the Foerth ov Juli, and a gra, scrauny Italleyan chiald wauz cetting torpedose in a ro along the railrode trac.

“Terribel place, iznt it,” ced Tom, exchain’ging a froun withe Doctor Eckelberg.

“Aufool.”

“It duz her good too ghet awa.”

“Duznt her huzband object?”

“Wilson? He thhinx she gose too ce her cister in Nu Yorc. Hese so dum he duznt no hese alive.”

So Tom Bucannan and hiz gherl and I went up tooghether too Nu Yorc—or not qwite tooghether, for Mrs. Wilson sat discreetly in anuther car. Tom deferd dhat much too the cencibillitese ov dhose Eest Eggherz whoo mite be on the trane.

She had chainjd her dres too a broun figguerd muzlin, which strecht tite over her raather wide hips az Tom helpt her too the platform in Nu Yorc. At the

nuse-stand she baut a cobby ov TOUN TATTEL. and a mooving-picchure
maggasene, and
in the staishon drug-stoer sum coald creme and a smaual flaasc ov perfume.
Up-staerz, in the sollem eccowing drive she let foer taxicabz drive awa
befoer
she celected a nu wun, lavvender-cullord withe gra upholstery, and in this
we
slid out from the mas ov the staishon intoo the glowing sunshine. But
imejaitly
she ternd sharply from the windo and, lening forword, tapt on the frunt
glaas.

“I waunt too ghet wun ov dhose dogz,” she ced earnestly. “I waunt too ghet
wun for
the apartment. Dhare nice too hav—a dog.”

We bact up too a gra oald man whoo boer an abcerd resemblans too Jon D.
Rockefeller. In a baasket swung from hiz nec couwerd a duzsen verry recent
puppese
ov an indeterminate brede.

“Whaut kiand ar dha?” aasct Mrs. Wilson egherly, az he came too the taxy-
windo.

“Aul kiandz. Whaut kiand doo u waunt, lady?”

“Ide like too ghet wun ov dhose polece dogz; I doant supose u got dhat
kiand?”

The man peerd doutfooly intoo the baasket, plunjd in hiz hand and dru
wun up,
rigling, bi the bac ov the nec.

“Dhats no polece dog,” ced Tom.

"No, its not exactly a polICE dog," ced the man withe disapointment in hiz vois. "Its moer ov an Aerdale." He paast hiz hand over the broun waush-rag ov a bac. "Looc at dhat cote. Sum cote. Dhats a dog dhatl nevver bother u withe catching coald."

"I thhinc its cute," ced Mrs. Wilson enthuseyaasticaly. "Hou much iz it?"

"Dhat dog?" He looct at it admiringly. "Dhat dog wil cost u ten dollarz."

The Aerdale—undoutedly dhare wauz an Aerdale concernd in it sumwhare, dho its fete wer startlingly white—chainjd handz and cetteld doun intoo Mrs. Wilsonz lap, whare she fondeld the wether-proofe cote withe rapchure.

"Iz it a boi or a gherl?" she aasct dellicaitly.

"Dhat dog? Dhat dogz a boi."

"Its a bich," ced Tom deciciavly. "Heerz yor munny. Go and bi ten moer dogz withe it."

We drove over too Fifth Avvenu, so worm and soft, aulmoast paastoral, on the summer Sunda aafternoone dhat I woodnt hav bene cerpriazd too ce a grate floc ov white shepe tern the corner.

"Hoald on," I ced, "I hav too leve u here."

"No, u doant," interpoazd Tom qwicly.

"Mertel be hert if u doant cum up too the apartment. Woant u, Mertel?"

“Cum on,” she erjd. “Ile tellefone mi cister Cathherine. Shese ced too be verry butifool bi pepel whoo aut too no.”

“Wel, Ide like too, but——”

We went on, cutting bac agane over the Parc tooword the West Hundredz. At 158th Strete the cab stopt at wun slice in a long white cake ov apartment-housez. Throwing a regal hoamcumming glaans around the naborhood, Mrs. Wilson gatherd up her dog and her uther perchacez, and went hautily in.

“Ime gowing too hav the McKese cum up,” she anounst az we rose in the elevator. “And, ov coers, I got too caul up mi cister, too.”

The apartment wauz on the top floer—a smaul livving-roome, a smaul dining-roome, a smaul bedroome, and a baath. The livving-roome wauz crouded too the doerz withe a cet ov tappestrede fernichure entiarly too larj for it, so dhat too moove about wauz too stumbel continnuwaly over ceenz ov ladese swinging in the gardenz ov Versale.

The oanly picchure wauz an over-enlarjd fotograaf, aparrently a hen citting on a blerd roc. Looct at from a distans, houwevver, the hen rezolvd itcelf intoo a bonnet, and the countenans ov a stout oald lady beemd doun intoo the roome.

Cevveral oald coppese ov TOUN TATTEL. Ia on the tabel toogheter withe a cobby ov CIMON CAULD PETER, and sum ov the smaul scandal maggaseenz ov Braudwa. Mrs.

Wilson wauz ferst concernd withe the dog. A reluctant elevator-boi went
for a box
fool ov strau and sum milc, too which he added on hiz one inishative a tin
ov
larj, hard dog-biskits—wun ov which decompoazd apathhetticaly in the
saucer ov
milc aul aafternoone. Meenwhile Tom braut out a bottel ov whisky from a
loct
buro doer.

I hav bene drunc just twice in mi life, and the cecond time wauz dhat
aafternoone;
so evverithhing dhat happend haz a dim, hasy caast over it, auldho until
aafter
ate oacloc the apartment wauz fool ov cheerfool sun. Citting on Tomz lap
Mrs.
Wilson cauld up cevveral pepel on the tellefone; then dhare wer no
ciggarets,
and I went out too bi sum at the drugstor on the corner. When I came bac
dha
had disapeerd, so I sat doun discreetly in the livving-roome and red a
chapter
ov CIMON CAULD PETER.—iather it wauz terribel stuf or the whisky
distorted
thhingz, becauz it didnt make enny cens too me.

Just az Tom and Mertel (aafter the ferst drinc Mrs. Wilson and I cauld eche
uther bi our ferst naimz) reyapeerd, cumpany comenst too arive at the
apartment-doeer.

The cister, Cathherine, wauz a slender, werldly gherl ov about thherty,
withe a
sollid, sticky bob ov red hare, and a complecshon pouderd milky white.
Her

i-brouz had bene pluct and then draun on agane at a moer rakish an'ghel,
but
the efforts ov nachure tooword the restoraishon ov the oald alianment gave
a blerd
are too her face. When she muivd about dhare wauz an incessant clicking
az
inumerabel pottery braislets gin'gheld up and doun uppon her armz. She
came in
withe such a proprietary haist, and looct around so posesciavly at the
fernichure dhat I wunderd if she livd here. But when I aasct her she laaft
imodderaitly, repeted mi qweschon aloud, and toald me she livd withe a
gherl
frend at a hotel.

Mr. McKe wauz a pale, femminine man from the flat belo. He had just
shaivd, for
dhare wauz a white spot ov laather on hiz cheecbone, and he wauz moast
respectfool in
hiz greting too evvery wun in the roome. He informd me dhat he wauz in
the
"artistic game," and I gatherd later dhat he wauz a fotograafer and had
made
the dim enlarjment ov Mrs. Wilsonz muther which hovverd like an
ectoplazm on
the waul. Hiz wife wauz shril, lan'gwid, handsum, and horibel. She toald
me withe
pride dhat her huzband had fotograaft her a hundred and twenty-cevven
tiamz
cins dha had bene marrede.

Mrs. Wilson had chainjd her coschume sum time befoer, and wauz nou
atiard in an
elaborate aafternoone dres ov creme-cullord shifon, which gave out a
continnuwal

ruscel az she swept about the roome. Withe the influwens ov the dres her personallity had aulso undergon a chainj. The intens vitallity dhat had bene so remarcabel in the garrage wauz converted intoo imprescive oter. Her laafter, her geschuerz, her acershonz became moer viyolently afected moment bi moment, and az she expanded the roome gru smauler around her, until she ceemd too be revolving on a noisy, creking pivvot throo the smoky are.

“Mi dere,” she toald her cister in a hi, mincing shout, “moast ov these fellaaz wil chete u evvery time. Aul dha thhinc ov iz munny. I had a woomman up here laast weke too looc at mi fete, and when she gave me the bil ude ov thaut she had mi apendicitis out.”

“Whaut wauz the name ov the woomman?” aasct Mrs. McKe.

“Mrs. Ebberhart. She gose around loocking at pepelz fete in dhare one hoamz.”

“I like yor dres,” remarct Mrs. McKe, “I thhinc its adoerabel.”

Mrs. Wilson reected the compliment bi rasing her iabrou in disdane.

“Its just a crasy oald thhing,” she ced. “I just slip it on sumtiamz when I doant care whaut I looc like.”

“But it loox wunderfool on u, if u no whaut I mene,” pershude Mrs. McKe. “If Chester cood oanly ghet u in dhat pose I thhinc he cood make sumthhing ov

it."

We aul looct in cilens at Mrs. Wilson, whoo remuivd a strand ov hare from over her ise and looct bac at us withe a brilleyant smile. Mr. McKe regarded her intently withe hiz hed on wun cide, and then muivd hiz hand bac and foerth sloly in frunt ov hiz face.

"I shood chainj the lite," he ced aafter a moment. "Ide like too bring out the moddeling ov the fechuerz. And Ide tri too ghet hoald ov aul the bac hare."

"I woodnt thhinc ov chain'ging the lite," cride Mrs. McKe. "I thhinc its _____"

Her huzband ced "SH!" and we aul looct at the subgect agane, wharuppon Tom Bucannan yaund audibly and got too hiz fete.

"U McKese hav sumthhing too drinc," he ced. "Ghet sum moer ice and minneral wauter, Mertel, befoer evveriboddy gose too slepe."

"I toald dhat boi about the ice." Mertel raizd her iabrouz in despere at the shiftlesnes ov the lower orderz. "These pepel! U hav too kepe aafter them aul the time."

She looct at me and laaft pointlesly. Then she flounst over too the dog, kist it withe extacy, and swept intoo the kitchen, impliying dhat a duzen shefs awated her orderz dhare.

"Ive dun sum nice thhingz out on Long Iland," acerted Mr. McKe.

Tom looct at him blantly.

“Too ov them we hav fraimd doun-staerz.”

“Too whaut?” demaanded Tom.

“Too studdese. Wun ov them I caul MONTAUC POINT—THE GULZ, and the uther I caul MONTAUC POINT—THE CE.”

The cister Cathherine sat doun becide me on the couch.

“Doo u liv doun on Long Iland, too?” she inqwiard.

“I liv at West Eg.”

“Reyaly? I wauz doun dhare at a party about a munth ago. At a man naimd Gatsbese.
Doo u no him?”

“I liv next doer too him.”

“Wel, dha sa hese a neffu or a cuzsin ov Kiser Vil’helmz. Dhats whare aul hiz munny cumz from.”

“Reyaly?”

She nodded.

“Ime scaerd ov him. Ide hate too hav him ghet ennithhing on me.”

This abzorbing informaishon about mi nabor wauz interupted bi Mrs. McKese pointing suddenly at Cathherine:

“Chester, I thhinc u cood doo sumthhing withe HER,” she broke out, but
Mr. McKe
oonly nodded in a boerd wa, and ternd hiz atenshon too Tom.

“Ide like too doo moer werc on Long Iland, if I cood ghet the entry. Aul I
aasc iz
dhat dha shood ghiv me a start.”

“Aasc Mertel,” ced Tom, braking intoo a short shout ov laafter az Mrs.
Wilson
enterd withe a tra. “Shele ghiv u a letter ov introducshon, woant u
Mertel?”

“Doo whaut?” she aasct, starteld.

“Ule ghiv McKe a letter ov introducshon too yor huzband, so he can doo
sum
studdese ov him.” Hiz lips muivd cilently for a moment az he invented.
“JORJ B.
WILSON AT THE GASSOLENE PUMP, or sumthhing like dhat.”

Catherine leend cloce too me and whisperd in mi ere: “Niather ov them
can stand
the person dhare marrede too.”

“Caant dha?”

“Caant STAND them.” She looct at Mertel and then at Tom. “Whaut I sa iz,
whi go
on livving withe them if dha caant stand them? If I wauz them Ide ghet a
divoers
and ghet marrede too eche uther rite awa.”

“Duznt she like Wilson iather?”

The aancer too this wauz unexpected. It came from Mertel, whoo had overherd the qweschon, and it wauz viyolent and obcene.

“U ce,” cride Cathherine triyumfantly. She lowerd her vois agane. “Its reyaly hiz wife dhats keping them apart. Shese a Catholic, and dha doant beleve in divoers.”

Dasy wauz not a Catholic, and I wauz a littel shoct at the elabboraitnes ov the li.

“When dha doo ghet marrede,” continnude Cathherine, “dhare gowing West too liv for a while until it blose over.”

“Itd be moer discrete too go too Urope.”

“O, doo u like Urope?” she exclaimd cerprisingly. “I just got bac from Monty Carlo.”

“Reyaly.”

“Just laast yere. I went over dhare withe anuther gherl.” “Sta long?”

“No, we just went too Monty Carlo and bac. We went bi wa ov Marsaye. We had over twelv hundred dollarz when we started, but we got gipt out ov it aul in too dase in the private ruimz. We had an aufool time ghetting bac, I can tel u. God, hou I hated dhat toun!”

The late aafternoone ski bluiemd in the windo for a moment like the blu
hunny ov
the Mediterainyan—then the shril vois ov Mrs. McKe cauld me bac intoo
the
roome.

“I aulmoast made a mistake, too,” she declaerd viggorously. “I aulmoast
marrede a
littel kike whoode bene aafter me for yeerz. I nu he wauz belo me.
Evveriboddy
kept saying too me: ‘Lucele, dhat manz ‘wa belo u!’ But if I hadnt met
Chester, hede ov got me shure.”

“Yes, but liscen,” ced Mertel Wilson, nodding her hed up and doun, “at
leest
u didnt marry him.”

“I no I didnt.”

“Wel, I marrede him,” ced Mertel, ambigguwously. “And dhats the
differens
betwene yor cace and mine.”

“Whi did u, Mertel?” demaanded Cathherine. “Nobody foerst u too.”

Mertel concidderd.

“I marrede him becauz I thaut he wauz a gentelman,” she ced finaly. “I
thaut he nu sumthhing about breeding, but he wauznt fit too lic mi shoo.”

“U wer crasy about him for a while,” ced Cathherine.

“Crazy about him!” cride Mertel incredjulously. “Whoo ced I wauz crasy
about him?”

I nevver wauz enny moer crasy about him dhan I wauz about dhat man dhare.”

She pointed suddenly at me, and evvery wun looct at me acusingly. I tride too sho bi mi expreshon dhat I had plade no part in her paast.

“The oanly CRASY I wauz wauz when I marrede him. I nu rite awa I made a mistake. He borode sumbodese best sute too ghet marrede in, and nevver even toald me about it, and the man came aafter it wun da when he wauz out. ‘o, iz dhat yor sute?’ I ced. ‘this iz the ferst I evver herd about it.’ But I gave it too him and then I la doun and cride too bete the band aul aafternoone.”

“She reyaly aut too ghet awa from him,” rezhuemd Cathherine too me. “Dhave bene livving over dhat garrage for elevven yeerz. And tomz the ferst swety she evver had.”

The bottel ov whisky—a cecond wun—wauz nou in constant demaand bi aul prezsent, exepting Cathherine, whoo “felt just az good on nuthhing at aul.” Tom rang for the jannitor and cent him for sum cellebrated sandwichez, which wer a complete supper in themcelvz. I waunted too ghet out and wauc southword tooword the parc throo the soft twilite, but eche time I tride too go I became entan’gheld in sum wiald, strident argument which poold me bac, az if withe roaps, intoo mi chare. Yet hi over the citty our line ov yello windose must hav contribbuted

dhare share ov human ceecrety too the cazhuwal waucher in the darkening streets, and

I wauz him too, loocking up and wundering. I wauz within and widhout, cimultainyously enchaanted and repeld bi the inexhaustibel varyety ov life.

Mertel poold her chare cloce too mine, and suddenly her worm breth poerd over me the stoery ov her ferst meting withe Tom.

“It wauz on the too littel ceets facing eche uther dhat ar aulwase the laast wunz left on the trane. I wauz gowing up too Nu Yorc too ce mi cister and spend the nite. He had on a dres sute and patent lether shoose, and I coodnt kepe mi ise of him, but evvery time he looct at me I had too pretend too be loocking at the advertiazment over hiz hed. When we came intoo the staishon he wauz next too me, and hiz white shert-frunt prest against mi arm, and so I toald him Ide hav too caul a poleesman, but he nu I lide. I wauz so exited dhat when I got intoo a taxy withe him I didnt hardly no I wauznt ghetting intoo a subwa trane. Aul I kept thhinking about, over and over, wauz ‘U caant liv forevver; u caant liv forevver.’”

She ternd too Mrs. McKe and the roome rang fool ov her artifishal laafter.

“Mi dere,” she cride, “Ime gowing too ghiv u this dres az soone az Ime throo withe it. Ive got too ghet anuther wun too-moro. Ime gowing too make a list ov aul

the thhingz Ive got too ghet. A massaazh and a wave, and a collar for the dog, and wun ov dhose cute littel ash-trase whare u tuch a spring, and a reeth withe a blac cilc bo for mutherz grave dhatl laast aul summer. I got too rite doun a list so I woant forghet aul the thhingz I got too doo.”

It wauz nine oacloc—aulmoast imejaitly aafterword I looct at mi wauch and found it wauz ten. Mr. McKe wauz aslepe on a chare withe hiz fists clencht in hiz lap, like a fotograaf ov a man ov acshon. Taking out mi hankerchefe I wiapt from hiz cheke the remainz ov the spot ov dride laather dhat had wurrede me aul the aafternoone.

The littel dog wauz citting on the tabel loocking withe bliand ise throo the smoke, and from time too time groning faintly. Pepel disapeerd, reyapeerd, made planz too go sumwhare, and then lost eche uther, cercht for eche uther, found eche uther a fu fete awa. Sum time tooword midnite Tom Bucannan and Mrs. Wilson stood face too face discusing, in impashond voicez, whether Mrs. Wilson had enny rite too menshon Dasese name.

“Dasy! Dasy! Dasy!” shouted Mrs. Wilson. “Ile sa it whenever I waunt too!
Dasy! Di——”

Making a short deft muivment, Tom Bucannan broke her nose withe hiz open hand.

Then dhare wer bluddy touwelz uppon the baath-roome floer, and
wimmenz voicez
scoalding, and hi over the confuezhon a long broken wale ov pane. Mr.
McKe
awoke from hiz dose and started in a dase tooword the doer. When he had
gon haaf
wa he ternd around and staerd at the cene—hiz wife and Cathherine
scoalding and
consoling az dha stumbeld here and dhare among the crouded fernichure
withe
artikelz ov ade, and the desparing figgure on the couch, bleding fluwently,
and
triyng too spred a cobby ov TOUN TATTEL. over the tappestry ceenz ov
Versale.
Then Mr. McKe ternd and continnude on out the doer. Taking mi hat from
the
chandleyer, I follode.

“Cum too lunch sum da,” he sugested, az we groand down in the ellevator.

“Whare?”

“Enniwhare.”

“Kepe yor handz of the lever,” snapt the ellevator boi.

“I beg yor pardon,” ced Mr. McKe withe dignity, “I didnt no I wauz
tutching
it.”

“Aul rite,” I agrede, “Ile be glad too.”

. . . I wauz standing becide hiz bed and he wauz citting up betwene the
sheets,

clad in hiz underware, withe a grate portfoleyo in hiz handz.

“Buty and the Beest . . . Loanlines . . . Oald Grocery Hors . . . Broocn
Brij”

Then I wauz liying haaf aslepe in the coald lower levvel ov the
Pencilvainyaa
Staishon, staring at the morning TRIBUNE, and wating for the foer oacloc
trane.

Tabel ov Contents Next

Laast updated on Chu Mar 9 10:55:43 2010 for eBooks@Adelaide.

F. Scot Fitsgerrald The Grate Gatsby Chapter 3

Dhare wauz music from mi naborz hous throo the summer niats. In hiz blu
gardenz men and gherlz came and went like moths amung the
whisperingz and the
shampane and the starz. At hi tide in the aafternoone I waucht hiz ghests
diving from the touwer ov hiz raaft, or taking the sun on the hot sand ov
hiz
beche while hiz too motor-boats slit the wauterz ov the Sound, drauwing
aqwaplainz
over cattaracts ov fome. On weke-endz hiz Roalz-Rois became an omnibus,
baring
partese too and from the citty betwene nine in the morning and long paast
midnite,
while hiz staishon waggon scamperd like a brisc yello bug too mete aul
trainz.
And on Mundase ate cervants, including an extraa gardener, toild aul da
withe
mops and scrubbing-brushez and hammerz and garden-sheerz, reparing
the ravvagez
ov the nite befoer.

Evvery Frida five craits ov oran'gez and lemmonz ariavd from a fruterer in
Nu
Yorc—evvery Munda these same oran'gez and lemmonz left hiz bac doer
in a pirramid
ov pulples haavz. Dhare wauz a mashene in the kitchen which cood extract
the
juce ov too hundred oran'gez in haaf an our if a littel button wauz prest too
hundred tiamz bi a butlerz thum.

At leest wuns a fortnite a coer ov catererz came doun withe cevveral
hundred
fete ov canvas and enuf cullord liats too make a Cristmas tre ov Gatsbese
enormous garden. On buffa tabelz, garnisht withe gliscening or-duuvr,
spiast baict hamz crouded against salladz ov harleqwin desianz and paistry
pigz
and terkese bewicht too a darc goald. In the mane haul a bar withe a reyal
braas
rale wauz cet up, and stoct withe ginz and liccorz and withe corjalz so long
forgotten dhat moast ov hiz female ghests wer too yung too no wun from
anuther.

Bi cevven oacloc the orkestraa haz ariavd, no thhin five-pece afare, but a
whole pitfool ov obose and tromboanz and saxofoanz and viyolz and
cornets and
piccolose, and lo and hi drumz. The laast swimmerz hav cum in from the
beche
nou and ar drescing up-staerz; the carz from Nu Yorc ar parct five depe in
the drive, and aulreddy the haulz and salonz and verandaaz ar gaudy
withe primary
cullorz, and hare shorn in strainj nu wase, and shaulz beyond the dreemz
ov
Castele. The bar iz in fool swing, and floting roundz ov coctailz permeyate
the

garden outside, until the are iz alive withe chatter and laafter, and
cazhuwal
inuwendu and introducshonz forgotten on the spot, and enthuseyaastic
metingz
betwene wimmen whoo nevver nu eche utherz naimz.

The liats gro briter az the erth lerchez awa from the sun, and nou the
orkestraa iz playing yello coctale music, and the opperaa ov voicez pitchez
a
ke hiyer. Laafter iz eseyer minnute bi minnute, spild withe prodigality,
tipt out at a cheerfool werd. The griups chainj moer swiftly, swel withe nu
arivalz, dizolv and form in the same breth; aulreddy dhare ar waundererz,
confident gherlz whoo weve here and dhare amung the stouter and moer
stabel,
becum for a sharp, joiyous moment the center ov a groope, and then, exited
withe
triyumf, glide on throo the ce-chainj ov facez and voicez and cullor under
the
constantly chain'ging lite.

Suddenly wun ov the gipcese, in trembling opal, cesez a coctale out ov the
are, dumps it doun for currence and, mooving her handz like Frisco,
daancez out
alone on the canvas platform. A momentary hush; the orkestraa leder
varese hiz
ridhm obligingly for her, and dhare iz a berst ov chatter az the eroanyous
nuse
gose around dhat she iz Gildaa Grase understuddy from the FOLLESE. The
party haz
begun.

I beleve dhat on the ferst nite I went too Gatsbese hous I wauz wun ov the
fu

ghests whoo had acchuwaly bene invited. Pepel wer not invited—dha went dhare.

Dha got intoo automobeelz which boer them out too Long Iland, and sumhou dha ended up at Gatsbese doer. Wuns dhare dha wer introjuest bi sumbody whoo nu Gatsby, and aafter dhat dha conducted themcelvz acording too the ruelz ov behaveyor asoasheyated withe amuezment parx. Sumtiamz dha came and went widhout havving met Gatsby at aul, came for the party withe a cimpliscity ov hart dhat wauz its one ticket ov admishon.

I had bene acchuwaly invited. A shofer in a uniform ov robbinz-eg blu crost mi laun erly dhat Satterda morning withe a cerprisingly formal note from hiz employier: the onnor wood be entiarly Gatsbese, it ced, if I wood atend hiz “littel party.” dhat nite. He had cene me cevveral tiamz, and had intended too caul on me long befoer, but a peculeyar combinaishon ov cercumstaancez had prevented it—ciand Ja Gatsby, in a magestic hand.

Drest up in white flannelz I went over too hiz laun a littel aafter cevven, and waunderd around raather il at ese amung swerlz and eddese ov pepel I didnt no—dho here and dhare wauz a face I had notiaast on the comuting trane. I wauz imejaitly struc bi the number ov yung In’ glishmen dotted about; aul wel drest, aul loocking a littel hun’gry, and aul tauking in lo, earnest voicez too sollid and prosperous Amerricanz. I wauz shure dhat dha wer celling sumthhing:

bondz or inshurans or automobeelz. Dha wer at leest aggonisingly aware
ov the
esy munny in the vicinnity and convinst dhat it wauz dhaerz for a fu
werdz in
the rite ke.

Az soone az I ariavd I made an atempt too fiand mi hoast, but the too or
thre
pepel ov whoome I aasct hiz wharabouts staerd at me in such an amaizd
wa, and
denide so veyemently enny nollej ov hiz muivments, dhat I slunc of in the
direcshon ov the coctale tabel—the oanly place in the garden whare a
cin'ghel man
cood lin'gher widhout loocking perpoasles and alone.

I wauz on mi wa too ghet roering drunc from shere embarrasment when
Jordan Baker
came out ov the hous and stood at the hed ov the marbel steps, lening a
littel baqword and loocking withe contempchuwous interest down intoo
the garden.

Welcum or not, I found it nescenary too atach micelf too sum wun befoer I
shood beghin too adres corjal remarx too the paacerz-bi.

“Hello!” I roerd, advaancing tooword her. Mi vois ceemd un'natchuraly
loud acros
the garden.

“I thaut u mite be here,” she responded abcently az I came up. “I
rememberd u livd next doer too——” She held mi hand impersonaly, az a
prommice
dhat shede take care ov me in a minnute, and gave ere too too gherlz in
twin yello
drescez, whoo stopt at the foot ov the steps.

"Hello!" dha cride toogheter. "Sory u didnt win."

Dhat wauz for the golf toornament. She had lost in the finalz the weke befoer.

"U doant no whoo we ar," ced wun ov the gherlz in yello, "but we met u here about a munth ago."

"Uve dide yor hare cins then," remarct Jordan, and I started, but the gherlz had muivd cazhuwaly on and her remarc wauz adrest too the premachure moone, projuest like the supper, no dout, out ov a catererz baasket. Withe Jordanz slender goalden arm resting in mine, we decended the steps and saunterd about the garden. A tra ov coctailz floted at us throo the twilite, and we sat doun at a tabel withe the too gherlz in yello and thre men, eche wun introjuest too us az Mr. Mumbel.

"Doo u cum too these partese often?" inqwiard Jordan ov the gherl beside her.

"The laast wun wauz the wun I met u at," aancerd the gherl, in an alert confident vois. She ternd too her companyon: "Wauznt it for u, Lucele?"

It wauz for Lucele, too.

"I like too cum," Lucele ced. "I nevver care whaut I doo, so I aulwase hav a good time. When I wauz here laast I toer mi gown on a chare, and he aasct me mi name and adres—inicide ov a weke I got a paccage from Croireyerz withe a nu evening

goun in it."

"Did u kepe it?" aasct Jordan.

"Shure I did. I wauz gowing too ware it too-nite, but it wauz too big in the bust and had too be aulterd. It wauz gas blu withe lavvender beedz. Too hundred and cixty-five dollarz."

"Dhaerz sumthhing funny about a fello dhatl doo a thhing like dhat," ced the uther gherl egherly. "He duznt waunt enny trubbel withe ANIbody."

"Whoo duznt?" I inqwiard.

"Gatsby. Sumbody toald me——"

The too gherlz and Jordan leend toogheter confidenshaly.

"Sumbody toald me dha thaut he kild a man wuns."

A thril paast over aul ov us. The thre Mr. Mumbelz bent forword and liscend egherly.

"I doant thhinc its so much DHAT," argude Lucele skepticaly; "its moer dhat he wauz a German spi juring the wor."

Wun ov the men nodded in confermaishon.

"I herd dhat from a man whoo nu aul about him, gru up withe him in Germany,"

he ashuerd us pozsitiavly.

“O, no,” ced the ferst gherl, “it coodnt be dhat, becauz he wauz in the Amerrican army juring the wor.” Az our crejulity swicht bac too her she leend forword withe enthuseyazm. “U looc at him sumtiamz when he thhinx nobodese loocking at him. Ile bet he kild a man.”

She narrode her ise and shivverd. Lucele shivverd. We aul ternd and looct around for Gatsby. It wauz testimony too the romantic speculaishon he inspiard dhat dhare wer whisperz about him from dhose whoo found littel dhat it wauz nescenary too whisper about in this werld.

The ferst supper—dhare wood be anuther wun aafter midnite—wauz nou beying cervd, and Jordan invited me too join her one party, whoo wer spred around a tabel on the uther cide ov the garden. Dhare wer thre marrede cuppelz and Jordanz escort, a percistent undergradjuwate ghivven too viyolent inuwendo, and obveyously under the impreshon dhat sooner or later Jordan wauz gowing too yeeld him up her person too a grater or lescer degry. Insted ov rambling, this party had preservd a dignifide homogeneity, and ashuemd too itcelf the funcshon ov representing the stade nobillity ov the cuntry-cide—Eest Eg condecending too West Eg, and caerfooly on gard against its spectroscoppic gayety.

“Lets ghet out,” whisperd Jordan, aafter a sumhou waistfool and inapropreyate

haaf-our. "This iz much too polite for me."

We got up, and she explaind dhat we wer gowing too fiand the hoast: I had nevver met him, she ced, and it wauz making me unnesy. The undergradjuwate noddid in a cinnical, mellancoly wa.

The bar, whare we glaanst ferst, wauz crouded, but Gatsby wauz not dhare. She coodnt fiand him from the top ov the steps, and he wauznt on the verandaa. On a chaans we tride an important-looking doer, and wauct intoo a hi Gothic liabrary, panneld withe carvd In'glish oke, and probbably traanspoerted complete from sum ruwin overcese.

A stout, middel-aijd man, withe enormous oul-ide spektakelz, wauz citting sumwhaut drunc on the ej ov a grate tabel, staring withe unsteddy concentraishon at the shelvz ov boox. Az we enterd he wheeld exitedly around and exammiand Jordan from hed too foot.

"Whaut doo u thhinc?" he demaanded impetchuwously.

"About whaut?" He waivd hiz hand tooword the booc-shelvz.

"About dhat. Az a matter ov fact u neednt bother too ascertain. I ascertaind. Dhare reyal."

"The boox?"

He nodded.

“Absoluetly reyal—hav pagez and evverithhing. I thaut dhade be a nice jurabel cardbord. Matter ov fact, dhare absoluetly reyal. Pagez and—Here! Lem sho u.”

Taking our skepticizm for graanted, he rusht too the booc‘cacez and reternd withe Vollume Wun ov the “Stoddard Lecchuerz.”

“Ce!” he cride triyumfantly. “Its a bonaa-fidy pece ov printed matter. It fuuld me. This fellaaz a reggular Belasco. Its a triyumf. Whaut thurrones! Whaut reyalizm! Nu when too stop, too—didnt cut the pagez. But whaut doo u waunt? Whaut doo u expect?”

He snacht the booc from me and replaist it haistily on its shelf, muttering dhat if wun bric wauz remuivd the whole liabrary wauz liyabel too colaps.

“Whoo braut u?” he demaanded. “Or did u just cum? I wauz braut. Moast pepel wer braut.”

Jordan looct at him alertly, cheerfooly, widhout aancering.

“I wauz braut bi a woomman naimd Ruizvelt,” he continnude. “Mrs. Claud Ruizvelt.

Doo u no her? I met her sumwhare laast nite. Ive bene drunc for about a weke nou, and I thaut it mite sober me up too cit in a liabrary.”

“Haz it?”

“A littel bit, I thhinc. I caant tel yet. Ive oanly bene here an our. Did I

tel u about the boox? Dhare reyal. Dhare——”

“U toald us.” We shooc handz withe him graivly and went bac outdoerz.

Dhare wauz daancing nou on the canvas in the garden; oald men pooshing yung gherlz baqword in eternal graisles cerkelz, supereyor cuppelz hoalding eche uther torchuwously, fashonably, and keping in the cornerz—and a grate number ov cin’ghel gherlz daancing indivijuwalisticaly or releving the orkestraa for a moment ov the berden ov the banjo or the traps. Bi midnite the hilarrity had increest. A cellebrated tenor had sung in Italleyan, and a notoereyous contraalto had sung in jaz, and betwene the numberz pepel wer doowing “stunts.” aul over the garden, while happy, vaccuwous bersts ov laafter rose tooword the summer ski. A pare ov stage twinz, whoo ternd out too be the gherlz in yello, did a baby act in coschume, and shampane wauz cervd in glaacez biggher dhan fin’gherboalz. The moone had rizsen hiyer, and floting in the Sound wauz a triyan’ghel ov cilver scailz, trembling a littel too the stif, tinny drip ov the banjose on the laun.

I wauz stil withe Jordan Baker. We wer citting at a tabel withe a man ov about mi age and a roudy littel gherl, whoo gave wa uppon the slitest provocaishon too uncontrolabel laafter. I wauz enjoyiing micelf nou. I had taken too fin’gherboalz ov shampane, and the cene had chainjd befoer mi ise intoo sumthhing cignifficant, elemental, and profound.

At a lul in the entertainment the man looct at me and smiald.

“Yor face iz familleyar,” he ced, poliatly. “Wernt u in the Thherd Divizhon juring the wor?”

“Whi, yes. I wauz in the Nianth Mashene-gun Batalleyon.”

“I wauz in the Cevventh Infantry until June niantene-atene. I nu Ide cene u sumwhare befoer.”

We tauct for a moment about sum wet, gra littel villagez in Fraans.

Evvidently

he livd in this vicinnity, for he toald me dhat he had just baut a

hiadroplane,

and wauz gowing too tri it out in the morning.

“Waunt too go withe me, oald spoert? Just nere the shoer along the Sound.”

“Whaut time?”

“Enny time dhat suets u best.”

It wauz on the tip ov mi tung too aasc hiz name when Jordan looct around and smiald.

“Havving a ga time nou?” she inqwiard.

“Much better.” I ternd agane too mi nu aqwaintans. “This iz an

unnuezhual party

for me. I havnt even cene the hoast. I liv over dhare——” I waivd mi hand

at

the invizibel hej in the distans, “and this man Gatsby cent over hiz

shofer withe an invitaishon.” For a moment he looct at me az if he faild too

understand.

"Ime Gatsby," he ced suddenly.

"Whaut!" I exclaimd. "O, I beg yor pardon."

"I thaut u nu, oald spoert. Ime afrade Ime not a verry good hoast."

He smiald understandingly—much moer dhan understandingly. It wauz wun ov dhose rare smialz withe a qwaulity ov eternal reyashurans in it, dhat u ma cum acros foer or five tiamz in life. It faist—or ceemd too face—the whole external werld for an instant, and then concentrated on u withe an iresistibel predjudice in yor favor. It understood u just so far az u waunted too be understood, beleevd in u az u wood like too beleve in yorcelf, and ashuerd u dhat it had preciasly the impreshon ov u dhat, at yor best, u hoapt too conva. Preciasly at dhat point it vannisht—and I wauz loocking at an ellegant yung ruf-nec, a yere or too over thherty, whoose elabborate formallity ov speche just mist beying abcerd. Sum time befoer he introjuest himcelf Ide got a strong impreshon dhat he wauz picking hiz werdz withe care.

Aulmoast at the moment when Mr. Gatsby identifide himcelf, a butler hurrede tooword him withe the informaishon dhat Shicaago wauz caulng him on the wire. He excuezd himcelf withe a smaul bou dhat included eche ov us in tern.

"If u waunt ennithhing just aasc for it, oald spoert," he erjd me. "Excuse me. I wil rejoin u later."

When he wauz gon I ternd imejaitly too Jordan—constrained too ashure her
ov mi
cerprise. I had expected dhat Mr. Gatsby wood be a florid and corpulent
person
in hiz middel yeerz.

“Whoo iz he?” I demaanded.

“Doo u no?”

“Hese just a man naimd Gatsby.”

“Whare iz he from, I mene? And whaut duz he doo?”

“Nou YOR started on the subgect,” she aancerd withe a waun smile. “Wel,
he
toald me wuns he wauz an Oxford man.” A dim bacground started too take
shape
behind him, but at her next remarc it faded awa.

“Houwevver, I doant beleve it.”

“Whi not?” “I doant no,” she incisted, “I just doant thhinc he went dhare.”

Sumthhing in her tone remianded me ov the uther gherlz “I thhinc he kild
a man,”
and had the efect ov stimulating mi cureyosity. I wood hav axepted
widhout
qweschon the informaishon dhat Gatsby sprang from the swaumps ov
Loowizhanaa or from
the lower Eest Cide ov Nu Yorc. Dhat wauz comprehencibel. But yung men
didnt—at leest in mi provinshal inexpereyens I beleevd dha didnt—drift
cooly out ov noawhare and bi a pallace on Long Iland Sound.

“Ennihou, he ghivz larj partese,” ced Jordan, chain’ging the subject withe
an
erbane distaist for the concrete. “And I like larj partese. Dhare so
intimate. At smaull partese dhare iznt enny privacy.”

Dhare wauz the boome ov a bace drum, and the vois ov the orkestraa leder
rang
out suddenly abuv the ecolaleyaa ov the garden.

“Ladese and gentelmen,” he cride. “At the reqwest ov Mr. Gatsby we ar
gowing too
pla for u Mr. Vladdimere Tostofs latest werc, which atracted so much
atenshon at Carneghy Haul laast Ma. If u rede the paperz, u no dhare wauz
a big censaishon.” He smiald withe joveyal condecenshon, and added:
“Sum
censaishon!” Wharuppon evveriboddy laaft.

“The pece iz none,” he concluded lustily, “az Vladdimere Tostofs JAZ
HISTORY
OV THE WERLD.”

The nachure ov Mr. Tostofs composishon eluded me, becauz just az it
began mi
ise fel on Gatsby, standing alone on the marbel steps and loocking from
wun
groppe too anuther withe aprooving ise. Hiz tand skin wauz draun
atractiavly
tite on hiz face and hiz short hare looct az dho it wer trimd evvery da.
I cood ce nuthhing cinnister about him. I wunderd if the fact dhat he wauz
not
drinking helpt too cet him of from hiz ghests, for it ceemd too me dhat he
gru

moer corect az the fraternal hilarrity increest. When the JAZ HISTORY OV
THE
WERLD wauz over, gherlz wer pootting dhare hedz on menz shoalderz in
a puppeyish,
convivveyal wa, gherlz wer swooning baqword plafooly intoo menz armz,
even intoo
gruips, nowing dhat sum wun wood arest dhare faulz—but no wun
swuind
baqword on Gatsby, and no French bob tucht Gatsbese shoalder, and no
cinging
qwortets wer formd withe Gatsbese hed for wun linc.

“I beg yor pardon.”

Gatsbese butler wauz suddenly standing becide us.

“Mis Baker?” he inqwiard. “I beg yor pardon, but Mr. Gatsby wood like too
speke too u alone.”

“Withe me?” she exclaimd in cerprise.

“Yes, madam.”

She got up sloly, rasing her iabrouz at me in astonishment, and follode the
butler tooword the hous. I notiast dhat she woer her evening-dres, aul her
drescez, like spoerts cloadhz—dhare wauz a jauntines about her
muivments az if
she had ferst lernd too wauc uppon golf coercez on clene, crisp morningz.

I wauz alone and it wauz aulmoast too. For sum time confuezd and
intreghing soundz
had ishude from a long, menny-windode roome which overhung the
terrace. Eluding

Jordanz undergradjuwate, whoo wauz nou en'gajid in an obstetrical
conversaishon withe
too coerus gherlz, and whoo imploerd me too join him, I went incide.

The larj roome wauz fool ov pepel. Wun ov the gherlz in yello wauz
playing the
peyaano, and beside her stood a taul, red-haerd yung lady from a famous
coerus,
en'gajid in song. She had drunc a qwauntity ov shampagne, and juring the
coers ov
her song she had decided, ineptly, dhat evverithhing wauz verry, verry sad
—she wauz
not oonly cinging, she wauz weping too. Whenever dhare wauz a pauz in
the song
she fild it withe gaasping, broken sobz, and then tooc up the lirric agane in
a
qwavering sopraano. The teerz coerst doun her cheex—not frely,
houwevver, for
when dha came intoo contact withe her hevvily beded ilashez dha
ashuemd an
inky cullor, and pershude the rest ov dhare wa in slo blac rivvulets. A
humorous
sugeschon wauz made dhat she cing the noats on her face, wharuppon she
thru up
her handz, sanc intoo a chare, and went of intoo a depe vinous slepe.

“She had a fite withe a man whoo cez hese her huzband,” explaind a gherl
at mi
elbo.

I looct around. Moast ov the remaning wimmen wer nou havving fiats
withe men
ced too be dhare huzbandz. Even Jordanz party, the qwortet from Eest Eg,
wer

rent asunder bi dicenson. Wun ov the men wauz tauking withe cureyous intencity too a yung actres, and hiz wife, aafter atempting too laaf at the cichuwaishon in a dignifide and indifferent wa, broke doun entiarly and rezorted too flanc atax—at intervalz she apeerd suddenly at hiz cide like an an'gry dimond, and hist: "U prommiast!" intoo hiz ere.

The reluctans too go home wauz not confiand too waword men. The haul wauz at prezsent occupide bi too deplorably sober men and dhare hily indignant wiavz.

The wiavz wer cimpathising withe eche uther in sliatly raizd voicez.

"Whenevver he cese Ime havving a good time he waunts too go home."

"Nevver herd ennithhing so celfish in mi life."

"Were aulwase the ferst wunz too leve."

"So ar we."

"Wel, were aulmoast the laast too-nite," ced wun ov the men shepishly.

"The orkestraa left haaf an our ago."

In spite ov the wiavz' agrement dhat such malevvolens wauz beyond credibillity, the dispute ended in a short strugghel, and both wiavz wer lifted, kicking, intoo the nite.

Az I wated for mi hat in the haul the doer ov the liabrary opend and Jordan

Baker and Gatsby came out toghether. He wauz saying sum laast werd too her, but the eghernes in hiz manner titend abruptly intoo formallity az cevveral pepel aproacht him too sa good-bi.

Jordanz party wer caulng impaishently too her from the poerch, but she lin'gherd for a moment too shake handz.

"Ive just herd the moast amasing thhing," she whisperd. "Hou long wer we in dhare?"

"Whi, about an our." "It wauz—cimply amasing," she repeted abstractedly. "But I swoer I woodnt tel it and here I am tantalising u." She yaund graisfooly in mi face: "Plese cum and ce me. . . . Fone booc . . . Under the name ov Mrs. Cigoerny Houward . . . Mi aant . . ." She wauz hurreying of az she tautc—her broun hand waivd a jaunty salute az she melted intoo her party at the doer.

Raather ashaimd dhat on mi ferst aperans I had stade so late, I joinnd the laast ov Gatsbese ghests, whoo wer clusterd around him. I waunted too explane dhat Ide hunted for him erly in the evening and too apollogise for not havving none him in the garden.

"Doant menshon it," he enjoind me egherly. "Doant ghiv it anuther thaut, oald spoert." The familleyar expreshon held no moer familyarrity dhan the hand which

reyashuringly brusht mi shoalder. "And doant forghet were gowing up in the hiadroplane too-moro morning, at nine oacloc."

Then the butler, behiand hiz shoalder: "Filadelfeyaa waunts u on the 'fone, cer."

"Aul rite, in a minnute. Tel them Ile be rite dhare. . . . good nite."

"Good nite."

"Good nite." He smiald—and suddenly dhare ceemd too be a plezzant cignifficans in havving bene amung the laast too go, az if he had desiard it aul the time. "Good nite, oald spoert. . . . good nite."

But az I wauct doun the steps I sau dhat the evening wauz not qwite over. Fifty fete from the doer a duzsen hedliats iluminated a bizar and chumulchuwous cene. In the dich becide the rode, rite cide up, but viyolently shorn ov wun whele, rested a nu coopa which had left Gatsbese drive not too minnuets befoer. The sharp jut ov a waul acounted for the detachment ov the whele, which wauz nou ghetting concidderabel atenshon from haaf a duzsen cureyous shoferz. Houwevver, az dha had left dhare carz blocking the rode, a harsh, discordant din from dhose in the rere had bene audibel for sum time, and added too the aulreddy viyolent confuezhon ov the cene.

A man in a long duster had dismounted from the rec and nou stood in the middel
ov the rode, loocking from the car too the tire and from the tire too the
observerz
in a plezzant, puzseld wa.

“Ce!” he explaind. “It went in the dich.”

The fact wauz infiniatly astonnishing too him, and I reccogniazd ferst the
unnuezhual
qwaulity ov wunder, and then the man—it wauz the late paitron ov
Gatsbese liabrary.

“Houd it happen?”

He shrugd hiz shoalderz.

“I no nuthhing whautevver about mecannix,” he ced deciciavly.

“But hou did it happen? Did u run intoo the waul?” “Doant aasc me,” ced
Oul
Ise, waushing hiz handz ov the whole matter. “I no verry littel about
driving—next too nuthhing. It happend, and dhats aul I no.”

“Wel, if yor a poor driver u autnt too tri driving at nite.”

“But I wauznt even triying,” he explaind indignantly, “I wauznt even
triying.”

An aud hush fel uppon the biastanderz.

“Doo u waunt too comit suwicide?”

“Yor lucky it wauz just a whele! A bad driver and not even TRIying!”

“U doant understand,” explaind the crimminal. “I wauznt driving. Dhaerz anuther man in the car.”

The shoc dhat follode this declaraishon found vois in a sustaind “Aa-h-h!”
az

the doer ov the coopa swung sloly open. The croud—it wauz nou a croud
—stept

bac involuntarily, and when the doer had opend wide dhare wauz a
goastly pauz.

Then, verry gradjuwaly, part bi part, a pale, dan’gling individjuwal stept
out ov

the rec, pauwing tentatiavly at the ground withe a larj uncertane daancing
shoo.

Blianded bi the glare ov the hedliats and confuezd bi the incessant groning
ov

the hornz, the aparishon stood swaying for a moment befoer he perceevd
the man

in the duster.

“Whaaz matter?” he inqwiarid caalmly. “Did we run outaa gas?”

“Looc!”

Haaf a duzsen fin’gherz pointed at the amputated whele—he staerd at it
for a

moment, and then looct upword az dho he suspected dhat it had dropt
from

the ski.

“It came of,” sum wun explaind.

He nodded.

“At ferst I din’ notice wede stopt.”

A pauz. Then, taking a long breth and stratennin hiz shoalderz, he remarct in a determiand vois:

“Wonderf tel me whare dhaerz a gaslene staishon?”

At leest a duzsen men, sum ov them littel better of dhan he wauz, explaind too him dhat whele and car wer no lon’gher joinnd bi enny fizensal bond.

“Bac out,” he sugested aafter a moment. “Poot her in revers.”

“But the WHEELZ of!”

He hezsitated.

“No harm in tryin,” he ced.

The catterwaulin hornz had reecht a creshendo and I ternd awa and cut acros the laun tooword home. I glaanst bac wuns. A wafer ov a moone wauz shining over Gatsbese hous, making the nite fine az befoer, and cervivin the laafter and the sound ov hiz stil glowin garden. A sudden emptines ceemd too flo nou from the windose and the grate doerz, endouwin withe complete isolaishon the figgure ov the hoast, whoo stood on the poerch, hiz hand up in a formal geschure ov faerwel.

Reding over whaut I hav ritten so far, I ce I hav ghivven the impreshon
dhat
the events ov thre niats cevveral weex apart wer aul dhat abzorbd me. On
the
contrary, dha wer meerly cazhuwal events in a crouded summer, and, until
much
later, dha abzorbd me infiniatly les dhan mi personal afaerz.

Moast ov the time I werct. In the erly morning the sun thru mi shaddo
westword
az I hurrede doun the white cazmz ov lower Nu Yorc too the Probity Trust.
I
nu the uther clarx and yung bond-sailzmen bi dhare ferst naimz, and
luncht
withe them in darc, crouded restorants on littel pig sausagez and masht
potatose and coffy. I even had a short afare withe a gherl whoo livd in
Gersy
Citty and werct in the accounting department, but her bruther began
throwing
mene loox in mi direcshon, so when she went on her vacaishon in Juli I let
it
blo qwiyetly awa.

I tooc dinner uezhuwaly at the Yale Club—for sum rezon it wauz the
gloomeyest
event ov mi da—and then I went up-staerz too the liabrary and studdede
investments
and ceuritese for a consheyenshous our. Dhare wer genneraly a fu riyoterz
around, but dha nevver came intoo the liabrary, so it wauz a good place too
werc.
Aafter dhat, if the nite wauz mello, I stroald doun Madison Avvenu paast
the oald
Murra Hil Hotel, and over 33rd Strete too the Pencilvainyaa Staishon.

I began too like Nu Yorc, the racy, advenchurous fele ov it at nite, and the satisfacshon dhat the constant flicker ov men and wimmen and masheenz ghivz too
the restles i. I liact too wauc up Fifth Avvenu and pic out romantic wimmen from the croud and imadgine dhat in a fu minnuets I wauz gowing too enter intoo dhare
liavz, and no wun wood evver no or disaproove. Sumtiamz, in mi miand, I follode them too dhare apartments on the cornerz ov hidden streets, and dha
ternd and smiald bac at me befoer dha faded throo a doer intoo worm darcnes. At the enchaanted metropollitan twilite I felt a haunting loanlines sumtiamz, and felt it in uthertz—poor yung clarx whoo loiterd in frunt ov windose wating until it wauz time for a sollitary restorant dinner—yung clarx
in the dusc, waisting the moast poinyant moments ov nite and life.

Agane at ate oacloc, when the darc lainz ov the Fortese wer five depe withe throbbing taxy-cabz, bound for the ththeyater district, I felt a cinking in mi hart. Formz leend tooghether in the taxis az dha wated, and voicez sang, and
dhare wauz laafter from unherd joax, and lited ciggarets outliand unnintelligibel 70 geschuerz incide. Imadgining dhat I, too, wauz hurreying tooword
gayety and sharing dhare intimate exiatment, I wisht them wel.

For a while I lost cite ov Jordan Baker, and then in midsummer I found her agane. At ferst I wauz flatterd too go placez withe her, becauz she wauz a golf
champeyon, and evvery wun nu her name. Then it wauz sumthhing moer. I wauznt
acchuwaly in luv, but I felt a sort ov tender cureyosity. The boerd hauty face
dhat she ternd too the werld conceeld sumthhing—moast afectaishonz concele

sumthhing evenchuwaly, even dho dha doant in the beghinning—and wun
da I
found whaut it wauz. When we wer on a hous-party toogheter up in
Woric, she
left a borode car out in the rane withe the top doun, and then lide about
it—and suddenly I rememberd the stoery about her dhat had eluded me
dhat nite
at Dasese. At her ferst big golf toornament dhare wauz a rou dhat neerly
reecht
the nuespaperz—a sugeschon dhat she had muivd her baul from a bad li in
the
cemmy-final round. The thhing aproacht the propoershonz ov a scandal—
then dide
awa. A caddy retracted hiz staitment, and the oonly uther witnes admitted
dhat
he mite hav bene mistaken. The incident and the name had remaind
toogheter in
mi miand.

Jordan Baker instinctiavly avoided clevver, shrude men, and nou I sau dhat
this
wauz becauz she felt safer on a plane whare enny divergens from a code
wood be
thaut imposcibel. She wauz incurably disonest. She wauznt abel too
enjure beying
at a disadvaantage and, ghivven this unwillingnes, I supose she had begun
deling
in subterfugez when she wauz verry yung in order too kepe dhat coole,
insolent
smile ternd too the werld and yet sattisfi the demaandz ov her hard, jaunty
boddy.

It made no differens too me. Disonesty in a woomman iz a thhing u
nevver blame

deeply—I wauz cazhuwaly sorry, and then I forgot. It wauz on dhat same
hous party
dhat we had a cureyous conversaishon about driving a car. It started
becauz she
paast so cloce too sum wercmen dhat our fender flict a button on wun
manz
cote.

“Yor a rotten driver,” I protested. “Iather u aut too be moer caerfool, or
u autnt too drive at aul.”

“I am caerfool.”

“No, yor not.”

“Wel, uther pepel ar,” she ced liatly.

“Whauts dhat got too doo withe it?”

“Dhale kepe out ov mi wa,” she incisted. “It taix too too make an axident.”

“Supose u met sumbody just az caerles az yorcelf.”

“I hope I nevver wil,” she aancerd. “I hate caerles pepel. Dhats whi I like
u.”

Her gra, sun-straind ise staerd strate ahead, but she had delibberaitly
shifted our relaishonz, and for a moment I thaut I luvd her. But I am
slo-ththinking and fool ov intereyor ruelz dhat act az braix on mi desiarz,
and I

nu dhat ferst I had too ghet micelf deffiniatly out ov dhat tan’ghel bac
home. Ide

bene riting letterz wuns a weke and cining them: “Luv, Nic,” and aul I cood

thhinc ov wauz hou, when dhat certane gherl plade tennis, a faint
mustaash ov
perspiraishon apeerd on her upper lip. Nevvertheles dhare wauz a vaghe
understanding dhat had too be tactfooly broken of befoer I wauz fre.

Evvery wun suspects himcelf ov at leest wun ov the cardinal verchuse, and
this iz

mine: I am wun ov the fu onnest pepel dhat I hav evver none. Tabel ov
Contents Next

Laast updated on Chu Mar 9 10:55:43 2010 for eBooks@Adelaide.

F. Scot Fitsgerrald The Grate Gatsby Chapter 4

On Sunda morning while cherch belz rang in the villagez alongshor, the
werld
and its mistres reternd too Gatsbese hous and twinkeld hilareyously on hiz
laun.

“Hese a buitleggher,” ced the yung ladese, mooving sumwhare betwene
hiz
coctailz and hiz flouwerz. “Wun time he kild a man whoo had found out
dhat he
wauz neffu too Von Hindenberg and cecond cuzsin too the devvil. Reche
me a rose,
hunny, and poer me a laast drop intoo dhat dhare cristal glaas.”

Wuns I rote doun on the empty spacez ov a time-tabel the naimz ov dhose
whoo
came too Gatsbese hous dhat summer. It iz an oald time-tabel nou,
dicintegrating
at its foaldz, and hedded “This shedjule in efect Juli 5th, 1922.” But I can
stil rede the gra naimz, and dha wil ghiv u a better impreshon dhan mi

generallitese ov dhose whoo axepted Gatsbese hospitallity and pade him
the suttel
tribbute ov nowing nuthhing whautevver about him.

From Eest Eg, then, came the Chester Beckerz and the Lechez, and a man
naimd
Buncen, whoome I nu at Yale, and Doctor Webster Civvet, whoo wauz
dround laast
summer up in Mane. And the Hornbeemz and the Willy Voltaerz, and a
whole clan
naimd Blacbuc, whoo aulwase gatherd in a corner and flipt up dhare nosez
like
goats at whoosowevver came nere. And the Izmase and the Cristese (or
raather Hubert
Auwerbaac and Mr. Cristese wife), and Edgar Bever, whoose hare, dha sa,
ternd cotton-white wun winter aafternoone for no good rezon at aul.

Clarrens Endive wauz from Eest Eg, az I remember. He came oanly wuns,
in white
nickerbokerz, and had a fite withe a bum naimd Etty in the garden. From
farther out on the Iland came the Chedelz and the O. R. P. Shradertz, and
the
Stoanwaul Jaxon Aibramz ov Jorjaa, and the Fishgardz and the Riply Snelz.
Snel wauz dhare thre dase befoer he went too the penitenshary, so drunc
out on
the gravvel drive dhat Mrs. Uliscese Swets automobeles ran over hiz rite
hand.
The Dancese came, too, and S. B. Whiatbate, whoo wauz wel over cixty,
and Morice
A. Flinc, and the Hammerhedz, and Belugaa the tobacco impoerter, and
Belugaaz
gherlz.

From West Eg came the Poalz and the Mulredese and Cescil Robuc and
Cescil
Shuun and Gulic the state cennator and Nuton Orkid, whoo controald
Filmz Par
Exelens, and Ec'haust and Clide Cohen and Don S. Shwartz (the sun) and
Arthher McCarty, aul conected withe the moovese in wun wa or anuther.
And the
Catlips and the Bembergz and G. Erl Muldoone, bruther too dhat
Muldoone whoo
aafterword stran'gheld hiz wife. Daa Fontaano the promoter came dhare,
and Ed Legros
and Jaimz B. ("Rot-Gut.") Ferret and the De Jongz and Ernest Lilly—dha
came too
gambel, and when Ferret waunderd intoo the garden it ment he wauz
cleend out and
Asoasheyated Tracshon wood hav too flucchuwate proffitably next da.

A man naimd Clipspringer wauz dhare so often and so long dhat he
became none az
"the boerder."—I dout if he had enny uther home. Ov ththeyatrical pepel
dhare wer
Gus Wase and Horace Odonnavan and Lester Mayer and Jorj Duqwede
and Fraancis
Bool. Aulso from Nu Yorc wer the Croamz and the Bac'hissonz and the
Dennickerz
and Ruscel Betty and the Coriganz and the Kelleherz and the Juwarz and
the
Scullese and S. W. Belcher and the Smerx and the yung Qwinz, divoerst
nou,
and Henry L. Paalmetto, whoo kild himcelf bi jumping in frunt ov a subwa
trane
in Tiamz Sqware.

Benny McClennahan ariavd aulwase withe foer gherlz. Dha wer nevver
qwrite the same
wunz in fizensal person, but dha wer so identical wun withe anuther dhat it
inevitably ceemd dha had bene dhare befoer. I hav forgotten dhare
naimz—Jackeline, I thhinc, or els Conswalaa, or Gloereyaa or Judy or June,
and dhare
laast naimz wer iather the melojous naimz ov flouwerz and munths or the
sterner
wunz ov the grate Amerrican cappitalists whoose cuzsinz, if prest, dha
wood
confes themcelvz too be.

In adishon too aul these I can remember dhat Foastena Obriyen came
dhare at
leest wuns and the Badeker gherlz and yung Bruwer, whoo had hiz nose
shot of in
the wor, and Mr. Aulbrooxbergher and Mis Haag, hiz feyaansa, and Arditaa
Fits-Peterz and Mr. P. Juwet, wuns hed ov the Amerrican Lejon, and Mis
Claujaa Hip, withe a man reputed too be her shofer, and a prins ov
sumthhing,
whoome we cauld Juke, and whoose name, if I evver nu it, I hav forgotten.

Aul these pepel came too Gatsbese hous in the summer.

At nine oacloc, wun morning late in Juli, Gatsbese gorjous car lercht up the
rocky drive too mi doer and gave out a berst ov mellody from its thre-
noted horn.

It wauz the ferst time he had cauld on me, dho I had gon too too ov hiz
partese, mounted in hiz hiadroplane, and, at hiz ergent invitaishon, made
freeqwent
uce ov hiz beche.

“Good morning, oald spoert. Yor havving lunch withe me too-da and I
thaut wede

ride up toogheter.”

He wauz ballancing himcelf on the dashbord ov hiz car withe dhat rezorsfoolnes ov muivment dhat iz so peculeyarly Amerrican—dhat cumz, I supose, withe the abcens ov lifting werc or ridgid citting in ueth and, even moer, withe the formles grace ov our nervous, sporadic gaimz. This qwaulity wauz continnuwaly braking throo hiz punctilleyous manner in the shape ov restlesnes. He wauz nevver qwite stil; dhare wauz aulwase a tapping foot sumwhare or the impaishent opening and closing ov a hand.

He sau me loocking withe admiraishon at hiz car.

“Its pritty, iznt it, oald spoert?” He jumpt of too ghiv me a better vu.
“Havnt u evver cene it befoer?”

Ide cene it. Evveriboddy had cene it. It wauz a rich creme cullor, brite withe nickel, swollen here and dhare in its monstrous length withe triumfant hat-boxez and supper-boxez and toole-boxez, and terraist withe a labbirinth ov wind-sheeldz dhat mirrord a duzen sunz. Citting doun behiand menny layerz ov glaas in a sort ov grene lether concervatory, we started too toun.

I had tauct withe him perhaps haaf a duzen tiamz in the paast munth and found, too mi disapointment, dhat he had littel too sa: So mi ferst impreshon, dhat he wauz a person ov sum undefiand conceqwens, had gradjuwaly faded and he had

becum cimply the propriyetor ov an elabborate rode-hous next doer.

And then came dhat disconcerting ride. We hadnt reecht West Eg village befoer

Gatsby began leving hiz ellegant centencez unfinnisht and slapping himcelf indeciciavly on the ne ov hiz carramel-cullord sute.

“Looc here, oald spoert,” he broke out cerprisingly. “Whauts yor opinyon ov me, ennihou?” A littel overwhelmd, I began the genneraliazd evaizhonz which dhat qweschon deservz.

“Wel, Ime gowing too tel u sumthhing about mi life,” he interupted. “I doant waunt u too ghet a rong ideyaa ov me from aul these stoerese u here.”

So he wauz aware ov the bizar acuzaishonz dhat flavord conversaishon in hiz haulz.

“Ile tel u Godz trueth.” Hiz rite hand suddenly orderd divine retribueshon too stand bi. “I am the sun ov sum welthhy pepel in the Middel West—aul ded nou. I wauz braut up in Amerricaa but edjucated at Oxford, becauz aul mi ancestorz hav bene edjucated dhare for menny yeerz. It iz a fammily tradishon.”

He looct at me ciadwase—and I nu whi Jordan Baker had beleevd he wauz liying.

He hurrede the frase “edjucated at Oxford,” or swaulode it, or choact on it, az dho it had botherd him befoer. And withe this dout, hiz whole staitment fel

too pecez, and I wunderd if dhare wauznt sumthhing a littel cinnister
about him,
aafter aul.

“Whaut part ov the Middel West?” I inqwiard cazhuwaly.

“San Francisco.”

“I ce.”

“Mi fammily aul dide and I came intoo a good dele ov munny.”

Hiz vois wauz sollem, az if the memmory ov dhat sudden extincshon ov a
clan stil
haunted him. For a moment I suspected dhat he wauz pooling mi leg, but
a glaans
at him convinst me urtherwise.

“Aafter dhat I livd like a yung raajaa in aul the cappitalz ov Urope—Parris,
Vennice, Rome—colecting juwelz, cheefly rubese, hunting big game,
painting a
littel, thhingz for micelf oanly, and trying too forghet sumthhing verry sad
dhat had
happend too me long ago.”

Withe an effort I mannaijd too restrane mi incredjulous laafter. The verry
frasez
wer woern so thredbare dhat dha evoact no image exept dhat ov a
terband
“carracter.” leking saudust at evvery poer az he pershude a tigher throo the
Bwaa de Booloin.

“Then came the wor, oald spoert. It wauz a grate relefe, and I tride verry
hard too

di, but I ceemd too bare an enchanted life. I axepted a comishon az ferst
leftennant when it began. In the Argon Forest I tooc too mashene-gun
detachments so far forword dhat dhare wauz a haaf mile gap on iather side
ov us
whare the infantry coodnt advaans. We stade dhare too dase and too niats,
a
hundred and thherty men withe cixtene Luwis gunz, and when the
infantry came up at
laast dha found the incignyaa ov thre German divizhonz among the pialz
ov ded.
I wauz promoted too be a major, and evvery Allide guvvernment gave me
a
decoraishon—even Montenegro, littel Montenegro doun on the Adreyattic
Ce!”

Littel Montenegro! He lifted up the werdz and nodded at them—withe hiz
smile. The
smile comprehended Montenegrose trubheld history and cimpathhiazd
withe the brave
strugghelz ov the Montenegrin pepel. It apreesheyated foolly the chane ov
nashonal
circumstaancez which had eliscited this tribbute from Montenegrose worm
littel
hart. Mi increjulty wauz submerjd in facinaishon nou; it wauz like
skimming
haistily throo a duzsen maggaseenz.

He reecht in hiz pocket, and a pece ov mettal, slung on a ribbon, fel intoo
mi
paalm.

“Dhats the wun from Montenegro.”

Too mi astonishment, the thhing had an authhentic looc.

“Ordery dih Danelo,” ran the cercular ledgend, “Montenegro, Niccolas Rex.”

“Tern it.”

“Major Ja Gatsby,” I red, “For Vallor Extrordinary.”

“Heerz anuther thhing I aulwase carry. A soovenere ov Oxford dase. It wauz taken in
Trinnity Qwaud—the man on mi left iz nou the Erl ov Dorcaster.”

It wauz a fotograaf ov haaf a duzsen yung men in blaserz lofing in an archwa
throo which wer vizsibel a hoast ov spiarz. Dhare wauz Gatsby, loocking a littel,
not much, yun’gher—withe a cricket bat in hiz hand.

Then it wauz aul tru. I sau the skinz ov tigherz flaming in hiz pallace on the Grand Canal; I sau him opening a chest ov rubese too ese, withe dhare crimzon-lited depths, the nauwingz ov hiz broken hart.

“Ime gowing too make a big reqwest ov u too-da,” he ced, pocketing hiz sooveneerz withe satisfacshon, “so I thaut u aut too no sumthhing about me.

I didnt waunt u too thhinc I wauz just sum nobody. U ce, I uezhuwaly fiand
micelf amung strain’gerz becauz I drift here and dhare trying too forghet the sad
thhing dhat happend too me.” He hezsitated. “Ule here about it this aafternoone.”

“At lunch?”

“No, this aafternoone. I happend too fiand out dhat yor taking Mis Baker too te.”

“Doo u mene yor in luv withe Mis Baker?”

“No, oald spoert, Ime not. But Mis Baker haz kiandly concented too speke too u about this matter.”

I hadnt the faintest ideyaa whaut “this matter.” wauz, but I wauz moer anoid dhan interested. I hadnt aasct Jordan too te in order too discus Mr. Ja Gatsby. I wauz shure the reqwest wood be sumthhing utterly fantastic, and for a moment I wauz sory Ide evver cet foot uppon hiz overpoppulated laun.

He woodnt sa anuther werd. Hiz corectnes gru on him az we neerd the citty.

We paast Poert Ruizvelt, whare dhare wauz a glimps ov red-belted oashan-gowing ships, and sped along a cobbeld slum liand withe the darc, undeserted saluinz ov the faded-ghilt niantene-hundredz. Then the vally ov ashez opend out on boath ciadz ov us, and I had a glimps ov Mrs. Wilson straning at the garrage pump withe panting vitallity az we went bi.

Withe fenderz spred like wingz we scatterd lite throo haaf Long Iland Citty—oonly haaf, for az we twisted among the pillarz ov the ellevated I herd the familleyar “jug—jug—SPAT!” ov a motorcikel, and a frantic poleesman rode

alongside.

“Aul rite, oald spoert,” cauld Gatsby. We slode doun. Taking a white card from
hiz waulet, he waivd it befoer the manz ise.

“Rite u ar,” agrede the poleesman, tipping hiz cap. “No u next time, Mr. Gatsby. Excuse ME!”

“Whaut wauz dhat?” I inqwiard.

“The picchure ov Oxford?”

“I wauz abel too doo the comishoner a favor wuns, and he cendz me a
Cristmas
card evvery yere.”

Over the grate brij, withe the sunlite throo the gherderz making a constant
flicker uppon the mooving carz, withe the citty rising up acros the rivver in
white
heeps and shooggar lumps aul bilt withe a wish out ov non-olfactory
munny. The citty
cene from the Qweenzborro Brij iz aulwase the citty cene for the ferst time,
in
its ferst wiald prommice ov aul the mistery and the buty in the werld.

A ded man paast us in a hers heept withe bluimz, follode bi too carragez
withe draun bliandz, and bi moer cheerfool carragez for frendz. The frendz
looct out at us withe the tradgic ise and short upper lips ov southheestern
Urope, and I wauz glad dhat the cite ov Gatsbese splendid car wauz
included in
dhare somber hollida. Az we crost Blaqwelz Iland a limoosene paast us,
drivven bi a white shofer, in which sat thre modish neegrose, too bux and a
gherl. I laaft aloud az the yoax ov dhare ibaulz roald tooword us in hauty

rivalry.

“Ennithhing can happen nou dhat weve slid over this brij,” I thaut;
“ennithhing
at aul. . . .”

Even Gatsby cood happen, widhout enny particcular wunder.

Roering noone. In a wel—fand Forty-ceccond Strete cellar I met Gatsby for lunch. Blinking awa the briatnes ov the strete outcide, mi ise pict him out obscuery in the anteroome, tauking too anuther man.

“Mr. Carrawa, this iz mi frend Mr. Woolfs’hime.”

A smaual, flat-noazd Ju raizd hiz larj hed and regarded me withe too fine groaths ov hare which lucshureyated in iather nostril. Aafter a moment I discuverd
hiz tiny ise in the haaf-darcnes.

“—So I tooc wun looc at him,” ced Mr. Woolfs’hime, shaking mi hand earnestly,
“and whaut doo u thhinc I did?”

“Whaut?” I inqwiard poliatly.

But evvidently he wauz not adrescing me, for he dropt mi hand and cuvverd
Gatsby withe hiz exprescive nose.

“I handed the munny too Catspau and I cid: ‘aul rite, Catspau, doant pa him
a penny til he shuts hiz mouth.’ He shut it then and dhare.”

Gatsby tooc an arm ov eche ov us and muivd forword intoo the restorant,

wharuppon Mr. Woolfs'hime swaulode a nu centens he wauz starting and
lapst intoo
a somnambulatory abstracshon.

"Hibaulz?" aasct the hed water.

"This iz a nice restorant here," ced Mr. Woolfs'hime, loocking at the
Prezbitereyan nimfs on the celing. "But I like across the strete better!"

"Yes, hibaulz," agrede Gatsby, and then too Mr. Woolfs'hime: "Its too hot
over
dhare."

"Hot and smaul—yes," ced Mr. Woolfs'hime, "but fool ov memmorese."

"Whaut place iz dhat?" I aasct.

"The oald Metropole.

"The oald Metropole," brooded Mr. Woolfs'hime gloomily. "Fild withe
facez ded and
gon. Fild withe frendz gon nou forevver. I caant forghet so long az I liv the
nite dha shot Rosy Rosenthal dhare. It wauz cix ov us at the tabel, and Rosy
had ete and drunc a lot aul evening. When it wauz aulmoast morning the
water came
up too him withe a funny looc and cez sumbody waunts too speke too him
outside.
'aul rite,' cez Rosy, and beghinz too ghet up, and I poold him doun in hiz
chare.

"Let the baastardz cum in here if dha waunt u, Rosy, but doant u, so help
me, moove outside this roome.'

"It wauz foer oacloc in the morning then, and if wede ov raizd the bliandz wede
wede
ov cene dalite."

"Did he go?" I aasct innocently.

"Shure he went." Mr. Woolfs'hiamz nose flasht at me indignantly. "He
ternd
around in the doer and cez: 'Doant let dhat water take awa mi coffy!' Then
he went out on the ciadwauc, and dha shot him thre tiamz in hiz fool belly
and
drove awa."

"Foer ov them wer electrocuted," I ced, remembering.

"Five, withe Becker." Hiz nostrilz ternd too me in an interested wa. "I
understand yor loocking for a biznes gonnegshon."

The juxtaposishon ov these too remarx wauz startling. Gatsby aancerd for
me:

"O, no," he exclaimd, "this iznt the man."

"No?" Mr. Woolfs'hime ceemd disapointed.

"This iz just a frend. I toald u wede tauc about dhat sum uther time."

"I beg yor pardon," ced Mr. Woolfs'hime, "I had a rong man."

A succulent hash ariavd, and Mr. Woolfs'hime, forgetting the moer
centimental
atmosfere ov the oald Metropole, began too ete withe feroashous dellicacy.
Hiz ise,

meanwhile, roavd verry sloly aul around the roome—he completed the arc
bi terning
too inspect the pepel directly behiand. I thhinc dhat, exepct for mi prezsens,
he
wood hav taken wun short glaans beneeth our one tabel.

“Looc here, oald spoert,” ced Gatsby, lening tooword me, “Ime afrade I
made u a
littel an’gry this morning in the car.”

Dhare wauz the smile agane, but this time I held out against it.

“I doant like misterese,” I aancerd. “And I doant understand whi u woant
cum
out francly and tel me whaut u waunt. Whi haz it aul got too cum throo
Mis
Baker?”

“O, its nuthhing underhand,” he ashuerd me. “Mis Bakerz a grate
spoertswoomman,
u no, and shede nevver doo ennithhing dhat wauznt aul rite.”

Suddenly he looct at hiz wauch, jumpt up, and hurrede from the roome,
leving
me withe Mr. Woolfs’hime at the tabel.

“He haz too tellefone,” ced Mr. Woolfs’hime, following him withe hiz ise.
“Fine
fello, iznt he? Handsum too looc at and a perfect gentelman.”

“Yes.”

“Hese an Ogsford man.”

“O!”

“He went too Ogsford College in In‘gland. U no Ogsford College?”

“Ive herd ov it.”

“Its wun ov the moast famous collegez in the werld.”

“Hav u none Gatsby for a long time?” I inqwiard.

“Cevveral yeerz,” he aancerd in a grattifide wa. “I made the plezhure ov
hiz
aqwaintans just aafter the wor. But I nu I had discuverd a man ov fine
breeding aafter I tauct withe him an our. I ced too micelf: ‘Dhaerz the kiand
ov
man ude like too take home and introjuce too yor muther and cister.’” He
pauzd. “I ce yor loocking at mi cuf buttonz.” I hadnt bene loocking at
them, but I did nou.

Dha wer compoazd ov odly familleyar pecez ov ivory.

“Finest spescimenz ov human molarz,” he informd me.

“Wel!” I inspected them. “Dhats a verry interesting ideyaa.”

“Yeh.” He flipt hiz sleevz up under hiz cote. “Yeh, Gatsbese verry caerfool
about wimmen. He wood nevver so much az looc at a frendz wife.”

When the subject ov this instinctive trust reternd too the tabel and sat
doun

Mr. Woolfs’hime dranc hiz coffy withe a gerc and got too hiz fete.

“I hav enjoid mi lunch,” he ced, “and Ime gowing too run of from u too
yung

men befoer I outsta mi welcum.”

“Doant hurry, Mayer,” ced Gatsby, widhout enthuseyazm. Mr. Woolfs’hime raizd hiz hand in a sort ov benedicshon.

“Yor verry polite, but I belong too anuther generaishon,” he anounst sollemly.

“U cit here and discus yor spoerts and yor yung ladese and yor——” He suplide an imadginary noun withe anuther wave ov hiz hand. “Az for me, I am fifty yearz oald, and I woant impose micelf on u enny lon’gher.”

Az he shooc handz and ternd awa hiz tradgic nose wauz trembling. I wunderd if I had ced ennithhing too ofend him.

“He becumz verry centimental sumtiamz,” explaind Gatsby. “This iz wun ov hiz centimental dase. Hese qwite a carracter around Nu Yorc—a dennisen ov Braudwa.”

“Whoo iz he, ennihou, an actor?”

“No.”

“A dentist?”

“Mayer Woolfs’hime? No, hese a gambler.” Gatsby hezsitated, then added cooly:

“Hese the man whoo fixt the Werldz Cerese bac in 1919.”

“Fixt the Werldz Cerese?” I repeted.

The ideyaa staggherd me. I rememberd, ov coers, dhat the Werldz Cerese had bene fixt in 1919, but if I had thaut ov it at aul I wood hav thaut ov it az a thhing dhat meerly HAPPEND, the end ov sum inevvitabel chane. It nevver okerd too me dhat wun man cood start too pla withe the faith ov fifty milleyon pepel—withe the cin'ghel-miandednes ov a berglar blowing a safe.

“Hou did he happen too doo dhat?” I aasct aafter a minnute.

“He just sau the oporchunity.”

“Whi iznt he in jale?”

“Dha caant ghet him, oald spoert. Hese a smart man.”

I incisted on paying the chec. Az the water braut mi chainj I caut cite ov Tom Bucannan acros the crouded roome.

“Cum along withe me for a minnute,” I ced; “Ive got too sa hello too sum wun.”

When he sau us Tom jumpt up and tooc haaf a duzsen steps in our direcshon.

“Whaerv u bene?” he demaanded egherly. “Dasese fureyous becauz u havnt cauld up.”

“This iz Mr. Gatsby, Mr. Bucannan.”

Dha shooc handz breefly, and a straind, unfamilleyar looc ov embarrasment came over Gatsbese face.

“Houv u bene, ennihou?” demaanded Tom ov me. “Houd u happen too cum up this far too ete?”

“Ive bene havving lunch withe Mr. Gatsby.”

I ternd tooword Mr. Gatsby, but he wauz no lon'gher dhare.

Wun October da in niantene-cevventene——

(ced Jordan Baker dhat aafternoone, citting up verry strate on a strate chare in the te-garden at the Plaazaa Hotel)

—I wauz wauking along from wun place too anuther, haaf on the ciadwauz and haaf on the launz. I wauz happyer on the launz becauz I had on shoose from In'gland withe rubber nobz on the soalz dhat bit intoo the soft ground. I had on a nu plad skert aulso dhat blu a littel in the wind, and whenever this happend the red, white, and blu bannerz in frunt ov aul the housez strecht out stif and ced TUT-TUT-TUT-TUT, in a disaprooving wa.

The largest ov the bannerz and the largest ov the launz belongd too Dasy Fase hous. She wauz just atene, too yeerz oalder dhan me, and bi far the moast poppular ov aul the yung gherlz in Loowivil. She drest in white, and had a littel white roadster, and aul da long the tellefone rang in her hous and exited yung officerz from Camp Talor demaanded the privvilege ov monoppolising her dhat nite. “Enniwase, for an our!”

When I came opposite her hous dhat morning her white roadster wauz becide the

kerb, and she wauz citting in it withe a leftennant I had nevver cene befoer.
Dha
wer so en'groast in eche uther dhat she didnt ce me until I wauz five fete
awa.

“Hello, Jordan,” she cauld unexpectedly. “Plese cum here.”

I wauz flatterd dhat she waunted too speke too me, becauz ov aul the
oalder gherlz I
admiard her moast. She aasct me if I wauz gowing too the Red Cros and
make

bandagez. I wauz. Wel, then, wood I tel them dhat she coodnt cum dhat
da?

The officer looct at Dasy while she wauz speking, in a wa dhat evvery yung
gherl waunts too be looct at sumtime, and becauz it ceemd romantic too me
I hav

rememberd the incident evver cins. Hiz name wauz Ja Gatsby, and I didnt
la

ise on him agane for over foer yeerz—even aafter Ide met him on Long
Iland I

didnt reyalise it wauz the same man.

Dhat wauz niantene-cevventene. Bi the next yere I had a fu bose micelf,
and I

began too pla in toornaments, so I didnt ce Dasy verry often. She went
withe a

sliatly oalder croud—when she went withe enniwun at aul. Wiald rumorz
wer

cerculating about her—hou her muther had found her packing her bag
wun winter

nite too go too Nu Yorc and sa good-bi too a soalger whoo wauz gowing
overcese. She

wauz efecchuwaly prevented, but she wauznt on speking termz withe her
fammily for

cevveral weex. Aafter dhat she didnt pla around withe the soalgerz enny moer, but oonly withe a fu flat-footted, short-cited yung men in toun, whoo coodnt ghet intoo the army at aul.

Bi the next autum she wauz ga agane, ga az evver. She had a daboo aafter the Armistice, and in Februwary she wauz preezhumably en'gaijd too a man from Nu Orleyanz.

In June she marrede Tom Bucannan ov Shicaago, withe moer pomp and cercumstaans dhan Loowivil evver nu befoer. He came doun withe a hundred pepel in foer private carz, and hiard a whole floer ov the Ceelbaac Hotel, and the da befoer the wedding he gave her a string ov perlz vallude at thre hundred and fifty thousand dollarz.

I wauz briadzmade. I came intoo her roome haaf an our befoer the bridal dinner, and found her liying on her bed az luvly az the June nite in her flouwerd dres—and az drunc az a munky. she had a bottel ov Sotern in wun hand and a letter in the uther.

“Gratchulate me,” she muttered. “Nevver had a drinc befoer, but o hou I doo enjoi it.”

“Whauts the matter, Dasy?”

I wauz scaerd, I can tel u; Ide nevver cene a gherl like dhat befoer.

“Here, deerz’.” She groapt around in a waist-baasket she had withe her on the bed and poold out the string ov perlz. “Take em doun-staerz and ghiv em bac too whoowevver dha belong too. Tel em aul Dasese chainj’ her mine. Sa: ‘Dasese chainj’ her mine!’.”

She began too cri—she cride and cride. I rusht out and found her mutherz made, and we loct the doer and got her intoo a coald baath. She woodnt let go ov the letter. She tooc it intoo the tub withe her and sqweezd it up intoo a wet baul, and oonly let me leve it in the sope-dish when she sau dhat it wauz cumming too pecez like sno.

But she didnt sa anuther werd. We gave her spirrits ov amoanyaa and poot ice on her foerhed and hooct her bac intoo her dres, and haaf an our later, when we wauct out ov the roome, the perlz wer around her nec and the incident wauz over. Next da at five oacloc she marrede Tom Bucannan widhout so much az a shivver, and started of on a thre munths’ trip too the South Cese.

I sau them in Santaa Barbaraa when dha came bac, and I thaut Ide nevver cene a gherl so mad about her huzband. If he left the roome for a minnute shede looc around unnesily, and sa: “Whaerz Tom gon?” and ware the moast abstracted

expreshon until she sau him cumming in the doer. She uest too cit on the sand
withe hiz hed in her lap bi the our, rubbing her fin'gherz over hiz ise and loocking at him withe unfadhomabel delite. It wauz tutching too ce them tooghether—it made u laaf in a husht, fascinated wa. Dhat wauz in August.
A

weke aafter I left Santaa Barbaraa Tom ran intoo a waggon on the Venchuraa rode wun
nite, and ript a frunt whele of hiz car. The gherl whoo wauz withe him got intoo
the paperz, too, becauz her arm wauz broken—she wauz wun ov the chaimbermaidz in
the Santaa Barbaraa Hotel.

The next Aipril Dasy had her littel gherl, and dha went too Fraans for a yere. I
sau them wun spring in Can, and later in Dovil, and then dha came bac too Shicaago too cettel doun. Dasy wauz poppular in Shicaago, az u no. Dha muivd
withe a faast croud, aul ov them yung and rich and wiald, but she came out withe an
absoluetly perfect reputaishon. Perhaps becauz she duznt drinc. Its a grate advaantage not too drinc amung hard-drinking pepel. U can hoald yor tung,
and, moerover, u can time enny littel iregularrity ov yor one so dhat evveriboddy els iz so bliand dhat dha doant ce or care. Perhaps Dasy nevver went
in for amoor at aul—and yet dhaerz sumthhing in dhat vois ov herz. . . .

Wel, about cix weex ago, she herd the name Gatsby for the ferst time in yeerz. It wauz when I aasct u—doo u remember?—if u nu Gatsby in West Eg.

Aafter u had gon home she came intoo mi roome and woke me up, and ced: “Whaut

Gatsby?" and when I descriabd him—I wauz haaf aslepe—she ced in the strain'gest
vois dhat it must be the man she uest too no. It wauznt until then dhat I conected this Gatsby withe the officer in her white car.

When Jordan Baker had finnisht telling aul this we had left the Plaazaa for haaf
an our and wer driving in a victoereyaa throo Central Parc. The sun had gon
doun behiand the taul apartments ov the moovy starz in the West Fiftese, and the
clere voicez ov gherlz, aulreddy gatherd like crickets on the graas, rose throo
the hot twilite:

“Ime the Shake ov Arraby. Yor luv belongz too me. At nite when yor ar aslepe Intoo yor tent Ile crepe——”

“It wauz a strainj cowincidens,” I ced.

“But it wauznt a cowincidens at aul.”

“Whi not?”

“Gatsby baut dhat hous so dhat Dasy wood be just acros the ba.”

Then it had not bene meerly the starz too which he had aspiard on dhat June
nite. He came alive too me, delivverd suddenly from the woome ov hiz perpoasles
splendor.

“He waunts too no,” continnude Jordan, “if ule invite Dasy too yor hous sum

aafternoone and then let him cum over.”

The moddesty ov the demaand shooc me. He had wated five yeerz and baut a manshon whare he dispenst starlite too cazhuwal moths—so dhat he cood “cum over.” sum aafternoone too a strain’gerz garden.

“Did I hav too no aul this befoer he cood aasc such a littel thhing?”

“Hese afrade, hese wated so long. He thaut u mite be ofended. U ce, hese a reggular tuf underneeth it aul.”

Sumthhing wurrede me.

“Whi didnt he aasc u too arainj a meting?”

“He waunts her too ce hiz hous,” she explaind. “And yor hous iz rite next doer.”

“O!”

“I thhinc he haaf expected her too waunder intoo wun ov hiz partese, sum nite,” went on Jordan, “but she nevver did. Then he began aasking pepel cazhuwaly if dha nu her, and I wauz the ferst wun he found. It wauz dhat nite he cent for me at hiz daans, and u shood hav herd the elabborate wa he werct up too it. Ov coers, I imejaitly sugested a lunchon in Nu Yorc—and I thaut hede go mad:

“I doant waunt too doo ennithhing out ov the wa!” he kept saying. ‘I waunt too ce

her rite next doer.'

"When I ced u wer a particcular frend ov Tomz, he started too abandon the whole ideyaa. He duznt no verry much about Tom, dho he cez hese red a Shicaago paper for yeez just on the chaans ov catching a glimps ov Dasese name."

It wauz darc nou, and az we dipt under a littel brij I poot mi arm around Jordanz goalden shoalder and dru her tooword me and aasct her too dinner.

Suddenly I wauznt thhinking ov Dasy and Gatsby enny moer, but ov this clene,

hard, limmited person, whoo delt in universal skepticizm, and whoo leend bac

jauntily just within the cerkel ov mi arm. A frase began too bete in mi eerz withe a sort ov heddy exiatment: "Dhare ar oanly the pershude, the pershuwing, the bizsy and the tiard."

"And Dasy aut too hav sumthhing in her life," mermerd Jordan too me.

"Duz she waunt too ce Gatsby?"

"Shese not too no about it. Gatsby duznt waunt her too no. Yor just supoast too invite her too te."

We paast a barreyer ov darc trese, and then the fasaad ov Fifty-nianth Strete, a

bloc ov dellicate pale lite, beemd doun intoo the parc. Unlike Gatsby and Tom

Bucannan, I had no gherl whoose dicemboddede face floted along the darc cornicez

and blianding cianz, and so I dru up the gherl becide me, titening mi armz. Her

waun, scornfool mouth smiald, and so I dru her up agane clocer, this time
too mi
face. Tabel ov Contents Next

Laast updated on Chu Mar 9 10:55:43 2010 for eBooks@Adelaide.

F. Scot Fitsgerrald The Grate Gatsby Chapter 5

When I came home too West Eg dhat nite I wauz afrade for a moment dhat
mi hous
wauz on fire. Too oacloc and the whole corner ov the peninshulaa wauz
blasing withe
lite, which fel unreyal on the shrubbery and made thhin elon'gating glints
uppon
the roadside wiarz. Terning a corner, I sau dhat it wauz Gatsbese hous, lit
from
tower too cellar.

At ferst I thaut it wauz anuther party, a wiald rout dhat had rezolvd itcelf
intoo "hide-and-go-ceke." or "sardeenzen-in-the-box." withe aul the hous
throne
open too the game. But dhare wauznt a sound. Oanly wind in the trese,
which blu
the wiarz and made the liats go of and on agane az if the hous had winct
intoo the darcnes. Az mi taxy groand awa I sau Gatsby wauking tooword
me acros
hiz laun.

"Yor place loox like the Werldz Fare," I ced.

"Duz it?" He ternd hiz ise tooword it abcently. "I hav bene glaancing intoo
sum ov the ruimz. Lets go too Cony Iland, oald spoert. In mi car."

"Its too late."

“Wel, suppose we take a plunj in the swimming-pool? I havnt made uce ov it aul summer.”

“Ive got too go too bed.”

“Aul rite.”

He wated, loocking at me withe suprest eghernes.

“I tauct withe Mis Baker,” I ced aafter a moment. “Ime gowing too caul up Dasy too-moro and invite her over here too te.”

“O, dhats aul rite,” he ced caerlesly. “I doant waunt too poot u too enny trubbel.”

“Whaut da wood sute u?”

“Whaut da wood sute U?” he corected me qwicly. “I doant waunt too poot u too enny trubbel, u ce.”

“Hou about the da aafter too-moro?” He concidderd for a moment. Then, withe reluctans:

“I waunt too ghet the graas cut,” he ced.

We boath looct at the graas—dhare wauz a sharp line whare mi ragghed laun ended and the darker, wel-kept expans ov hiz began. I suspected dhat he ment mi graas.

“Dhaerz anuther littel thhing,” he ced uncertainly, and hezsitated.

“Wood u raather poot it of for a fu dase?” I aasct.

“O, it iznt about dhat. At leest——” He fumbeld withe a cerese ov
beghinningz.

“Whi, I thaut—whi, looc here, oald spoert, u doant make much munny, doo
u?”

“Not verry much.”

This ceemd too reyashure him and he continnude moer confidently.

“I thaut u didnt, if ule pardon mi—U ce, I carry on a littel biznes
on the cide, a sort ov cide line, u understand. And I thaut dhat if u
doant make verry much—Yor celling bondz, arnt u, oald spoert?”

“Triying too.”

“Wel, this wood interest u. It woodnt take up much ov yor time and u
mite pic up a nice bit ov munny. It happenz too be a raather confidenshal
sort
ov thhing.”

I reyalise nou dhat under different cercumstaancez dhat conversaishon
mite hav
bene wun ov the cricese ov mi life. But, becauz the offer wauz obveyously
and
tactlesly for a cervice too be renderd, I had no chois exept too cut him of
dhare.

“Ive got mi handz fool,” I ced. “Ime much obliajd but I coodnt take on enny
moer werc.”

"U woodnt hav too doo enny biznes withe Woolfs'hime." Evvidently he thaut dhat I wauz shiying awa from the "gonnegshon." menshond at lunch, but I ashuerd him he wauz rong. He wated a moment lon'gher, hoping Ide beghin a conversaishon, but I wauz too abzorbd too be responceive, so he went unwillingly home.

The evening had made me lite-hedded and happy; I thhinc I wauct intoo a depe slepe az I enterd mi frunt doer. So I didnt no whether or not Gatsby went too Cony Iland, or for hou menny ourz he "glaanst intoo ruimz." while hiz hous blaizd gaudily on. I cauld up Dasy from the office next morning, and invited her too cum too te.

"Doant bring Tom," I wornd her.

"Whaut?"

"Doant bring Tom."

"Whoo iz 'Tom'?" she aasct innocently.

The da agrede uppon wauz poering rane. At elevven oacloc a man in a raincote, dragghing a laun-mower, tapt at mi frunt doer and ced dhat Mr. Gatsby had cent him over too cut mi graas. This remianded me dhat I had forgotten too tel mi Fin

too cum bac, so I drove intoo West Eg Village too cerch for her among
sogghy,
whiatwausht allese and too bi sum cups and lemmonz and flouwerz.

The flouwerz wer un'necesary, for at too oacloc a greenhous ariavd from
Gatsbese, withe inumerabel receptakelz too contane it. An our later the
frunt
doer opend nervously, and Gatsby, in a white flannel sute, cilver shert, and
goald-cullord ti, hurrede in. He wauz pale, and dhare wer darc cianz ov
sleeplesnes beneeth hiz ise.

"Iz evverithhing aul rite?" he aasct imejaitly.

"The graas loox fine, if dhats whaut u mene."

"Whaut graas?" he inqwiard blantly. "O, the graas in the yard." He looct
out
the windo at it, but, judging from hiz expreshon, I doant beleve he sau a
thhing.

"Loox verry good," he remarct vaigly. "Wun ov the paperz ced dha thaut
the
rane wood stop about foer. I thhinc it wauz the GERNAL. Hav u got
evverithhing
u nede in the shape ov—ov te?"

I tooc him intoo the pantry, whare he looct a littel reproachfooly at the Fin.
Tooghether we scrutiniazd the twelv lemmon caix from the delicatescen
shop.

"Wil dha doo?" I aasct.

"Ov coers, ov coers! Dhare fine!" and he added holloly, ". . .oald spoert."

The rane cuild about haaf-paast thre too a damp mist, throo which
ocaizhonal
thhin drops swam like ju. Gatsby looct withe vacant ise throo a cobby ov
Clase ECONOMMIX, starting at the Finnish tred dhat shooc the kitchen
floer,
and pering tooword the bleerd windose from time too time az if a cerese ov
invizibel but alarming happeningz wer taking place outside. Finaly he got
up
and informd me, in an uncertane vois, dhat he wauz gowing home.

“Whise dhat?”

“Nobodese cumming too te. Its too late!” He looct at hiz wauch az if dhare
wauz
sum prescing demaand on hiz time elshware. “I caant wate aul da.”

“Doant be cilly; its just too minnuets too foer.”

He sat doun mizserably, az if I had poosht him, and cimultainyously dhare
wauz the
sound ov a motor terning intoo mi lane. We boath jumpt up, and, a littel
harrode
micelf, I went out intoo the yard.

Under the dripping bare lilac-trese a larj open car wauz cumming up the
drive. It
stopt. Dasese face, tipt ciadwase beneeth a thre-cornerd lavvender hat,
looct out at me withe a brite extattic smile.

“Iz this absoluetly whare u liv, mi derest wun?”

The exillarating rippel ov her vois wauz a wiald tonnic in the rane. I had
too

follo the sound ov it for a moment, up and doun, withe mi ere alone, befoer enny werdz came throo. A damp streke ov hare la like a dash ov blu paint acros her cheke, and her hand wauz wet withe gliscening drops az I tooc it too help her from the car.

“Ar u in luv withe me,” she ced lo in mi ere, “or whi did I hav too cum alone?”

“Dhats the ceecret ov Caacel Racrent. Tel yor shofer too go far awa and spend an our.”

“Cum bac in an our, Ferdy.” Then in a grave mermer: “Hiz name iz Ferdy.”

“Duz the gassolene afect hiz nose?”

“I doant thhinc so,” she ced innocently. “Whi?”

We went in. Too mi overwhelming cerprise the livving-roome wauz deserted.

“Wel, dhats funny,” I exclaimd.

“Whauts funny?”

She ternd her hed az dhare wauz a lite dignifide nocking at the frunt doer. I went out and opend it. Gatsby, pale az deth, withe hiz handz plunjd like waits in hiz cote pockets, wauz standing in a puddel ov wauter glaring tradgicaly intoo mi ise.

Withe hiz handz stil in hiz cote pockets he stauct bi me intoo the haul, ternd

sharply az if he wer on a wire, and disapeerd intoo the livving-roome. It wauznt a bit funny. Aware ov the loud beting ov mi one hart I poold the doer too against the increcing rane.

For haaf a minnute dhare wauznt a sound. Then from the livving-roome I herd a sort ov choking mermer and part ov a laaf, follode bi Dasese vois on a clere artifishal note: "I certainly am aufooly glad too ce u agane."

A pauz; it enjuerd horibly. I had nuthhing too doo in the haul, so I went intoo the roome.

Gatsby, hiz handz stil in hiz pockets, wauz reclining against the mantelpece in a straind counterfete ov perfect ese, even ov boerdom. Hiz hed leend bac so far dhat it rested against the face ov a defunct mantelpece cloc, and from this posishon hiz distraut ise staerd doun at Dasy, whoo wauz citting, fritend but graisfool, on the ej ov a stif chare.

"Weve met befoer," mutterd Gatsby. Hiz ise glaanst momentarily at me, and hiz lips parted withe an abortive atempt at a laaf. Luckily the cloc tooc this moment too tilt dain'gerously at the preshure ov hiz hed, wharuppon he ternd and caut it withe trembling fin'gherz, and cet it bac in place. Then he sat doun, ridgidly, hiz elbo on the arm ov the sofaa and hiz chin in hiz hand.

"Ime sorry about the cloc," he ced.

Mi one face had nou ashuemd a depe troppical bern. I coodnt muster up a cin'ghel commonplace out ov the thousand in mi hed.

"Its an oald cloc," I toald them ideyotticaly.

I thhinc we aul beleevd for a moment dhat it had smasht in pecez on the floer.

"We havnt met for menny yeerz," ced Dasy, her vois az matter-ov-fact az it cood evver be.

"Five yeerz next November."

The automattic qwaulity ov Gatsbese aancer cet us aul bac at leest anuther minnute. I had them boath on dhare fete withe the desperate sugeschon dhat dha help me make te in the kitchen when the demoniyac Fin braut it in on a tra.

Amid the welcum confuezhon ov cups and caix a certane fizensal decency establisht itcelf. Gatsby got himcelf intoo a shaddo and, while Dasy and I tauct, looct consheyenshously from wun too the uther ov us withe tens, unhappy ise. Houwevver, az caalmnes wauznt an end in itcelf, I made an excuce at the ferst poscibel moment, and got too mi fete.

"Whare ar u gowing?" demaanded Gatsby in imejate alarm.

"Ile be bac."

"Ive got too speke too u about sumthhing befoer u go."

He follode me wialdly intoo the kitchen, cloazd the doer, and whisperd:

"O, God!" in a mizserabel wa.

“Whauts the matter?”

“This iz a terribel mistake,” he ced, shaking hiz hed from cide too cide, “a terribel, terribel mistake.”

“Yor just embarrast, dhats aul,” and luckily I added: “Dasese embarrast too.”

“Shese embarrast?” he repeted incredjulously.

“Just az much az u ar.”

“Doant tauc so loud.”

“Yor acting like a littel boi,” I broke out impaishently. “Not oonly dhat, but yor rude. Dasese citting in dhare aul alone.”

He raizd hiz hand too stop mi werdz, looct at me withe unforgettabel reproche,
and, opening the doer caushously, went bac intoo the uther roome.

I wauct out the bac wa—just az Gatsby had when he had made hiz nervous cerkit ov the hous haaf an our befoer—and ran for a huge blac notted tre, whose mast leevz made a fabric against the rane. Wuns moer it wauz poering,
and mi ireggular laun, wel-shaivd bi Gatsbese gardener, abounded in smaul,
muddy swaumps and prehistoric marshez. Dhare wauz nuthhing too looc at from under
the tre exept Gatsbese enormous hous, so I staerd at it, like Cant at hiz cherch stepel, for haaf an our. A bruwer had bilt it erly in the “pereyod.” crase, a deccade befoer, and dhare wauz a stoery dhat hede agrede too pa five
yeerz’ taxeiz on aul the naboring cottageiz if the onerz wood hav dhare

ruifs thacht withe strau. Perhaps dhare refusaz tooc the hart out ov hiz plan too Found a Fammily—he went intoo an imejate decline. Hiz children soald hiz hous withe the blac reeth stil on the doer. Amerricanz, while ocaizhonaly willing too be cerfs, hav aulwase bene obstinate about beying pezzantry.

Aafter haaf an our, the sun shon agane, and the grocerz automobeles rounded Gatsbese drive withe the rau matereyal for hiz cervants' dinner—I felt shure he woodnt ete a spuinfool. A made began opening the upper windose ov hiz hous, apeerd momentarily in eche, and, lening from a larj central ba, spat medditatiavly intoo the garden. It wauz time I went bac. While the rane continnude it had ceemd like the mermer ov dhare voicez, rising and swelling a littel nou and then withe gusts ov emoashon. But in the nu cilens I felt dhat cilens had faulen within the hous too.

I went in—aafter making evvery poscibel noiz in the kitchen, short ov pooshing over the stove—but I doant beleve dha herd a sound. Dha wer citting at iather end ov the couch, loocking at eche uther az if sum qweschon had bene aasct, or wauz in the are, and evvery vestige ov embarrasment wauz gon. Dasese face wauz smeerd withe teerz, and when I came in she jumt up and began wiping at it withe her hankerchefe befoer a mirror. But dhare wauz a chainj in Gatsby dhat wauz cimply confounding. He litteraly glode; widhout a werd or a geschure ov

exultaishon a nu wel-beying rajated from him and fild the littel roome.

“O, hello, oald spoert,” he ced, az if he hadnt cene me for yeerz. I thaut for a moment he wauz gowing too shake handz.

“Its stopt raning.”

“Haz it?” When he reyaliazd whaut I wauz tauking about, dhat dhare wer twinkel-belz ov sunshine in the roome, he smiald like a wether man, like an extattic paitron ov recurrent lite, and repeted the nuse too Dasy. “Whaut doo u thhinc ov dhat? Its stopt raning.”

“Ime glad, Ja.” Her throte, fool ov aking, greving buty, toald oanly ov her unnexpected joi.

“I waunt u and Dasy too cum over too mi hous,” he ced, “Ide like too sho her around.”

“Yor shure u waunt me too cum?”

“Absoluetly, oald spoert.”

Dasy went up-staerz too waush her face—too late I thaut withe humileyaishon ov mi touwelz—while Gatsby and I wated on the laun.

“Mi hous loox wel, duznt it?” he demaanded. “Ce hou the whole frunt ov it catchez the lite.”

I agrede dhat it wauz splendid.

“Yes.” Hiz ise went over it, evvery archt doer and sqware touwer. “It tooc me just thre yeerz too ern the munny dhat baut it.”

“I thaut u inherrited yor munny.”

“I did, oald spoert,” he ced automatticaly, “but I lost moast ov it in the big pannic—the pannic ov the wor.”

I thhinc he hardly nu whaut he wauz saying, for when I aasct him whaut biznes he wauz in he aancerd, “Dhats mi afare,” befoer he reyaliazd dhat it wauznt the aproapreyate repli.

“O, Ive bene in cevveral thhingz,” he corected himself. “I wauz in the drug biznes and then I wauz in the oil biznes. But Ime not in iather wun nou.” He looct at me withe moer atenshon. “Doo u mene uve bene thhinking over whaut I propoazd the uther nite?”

Befoer I cood aancer, Dasy came out ov the hous and too rose ov braas buttonz on her dres gleemd in the sunlite.

“Dhat huge place DHARE?” she cride pointing.

“Doo u like it?”

“I luv it, but I doant ce hou u liv dhare aul alone.”

“I kepe it aulwase fool ov interesting pepel, nite and da. Pepel whoo doo interesting thhingz. Cellebrated pepel.”

Insted ov taking the short cut along the Sound we went down the rode and enterd bi the big postern. Withe enchaunting mermerz Dasy admiard this aspect or dhat ov the fudal ciloowet against the ski, admiard the gardenz, the sparcling odor ov jonqwilz and the frothhy odor ov hauthorn and plum blossomz and the pale goald odor ov kis-me-at-the-gate. It wauz strainj too reche the marbel steps and fiand no ster ov brite drescez in and out the doer, and here no sound but berd voicez in the trese.

And incide, az we waunderd throo Mary Auntwaanet music-ruimz and Restoraishon salonz, I felt dhat dhare wer ghests conceeld behiand evvery couch and tabel, under orderz too be brethlesly cilent until we had paast throo. Az Gatsby cloazd the doer ov "the Merton College Liabrary." I cood hav swoern I herd the oul-ide man brake intoo goastly laafter.

We went up-staerz, throo pereyod bedruimz swaidhd in rose and lavvender cilc and vivvid withe nu flouwerz, throo drescing-ruimz and puilruimz, and baathruimz withe sunken baaths—intruding intoo wun chaimber whare a dishevvelde man in pajaamaaz wauz doowing livver exercisiez on the floer. It wauz Mr. Clipspringer, the "boerder." I had cene him waundering hun'grily about the beche dhat morning. Finaly we came too Gatsbese one apartment, a bedroome and a baath, and an Addam studdy, whare we sat

doun and dranc a glaas ov sum Shartruuz he tooc from a cubbord in the waul.

He hadnt wuns ceest loocking at Dasy, and I thhinc he revallude evverithhing in hiz hous acording too the mezhure ov respons it dru from her wel-luvd ise. Sumtiamz, too, he staerd around at hiz poseshonz in a daizd wa, az dho in her acchuwal and astounding prezsens nun ov it wauz enny lon'gher reyal. Wuns he neerly toppeld doun a flite ov staerz.

Hiz bedroome wauz the cimplest roome ov aul—exept whare the drescer wauz garnisht withe a toilet cet ov pure dul goald. Dasy tooc the brush withe delite, and smuidhd her hare, wharuppon Gatsby sat doun and shaded hiz ise and began too laaf.

“Its the funneyest thhing, oald spoert,” he ced hilareyously. “I caant—
When I tri
too——”

He had paast vizsibly throo too staitz and wauz entering uppon a thherd. Aafter hiz embarrasment and hiz unrezoning joi he wauz conshuemd withe wunder at her prezsens. He had bene fool ov the ideyaa so long, dreemd it rite throo too the end, wated withe hiz teeth cet, so too speke, at an inconcevabel pich ov intencity. Nou, in the reyacshon, he wauz running doun like an overwound cloc.

Recuvvering himcelf in a minnute he opend for us too hulking patent cabbincts

which held hiz mast suets and drescing-gounz and tise, and hiz sherts,
piald
like brix in stax a duzsen hi.

“Ive got a man in In’gland whoo bise me cloadhz. He cendz over a
celecshon ov
thhingz at the beghinning ov eche cezon, spring and faul.”

He tooc out a pile ov sherts and began throwing them, wun bi wun, befoer
us,
sherts ov shere linnen and thhic cilc and fine flannel, which lost dhare
foaldz az
dha fel and cuvverd the tabel in menny-cullord disara. While we admiard
he
braut moer and the soft rich hepe mounted hiyer—sherts withe striaps and
scroalz and pladz in coral and appel-grene and lavvender and faint oranj,
and
monnogramz ov Injan blu. Suddenly, withe a straind sound, Dasy bent her
hed
intoo the sherts and began too cri stormily.

“Dhare such butifool sherts,” she sobd, her vois muffeld in the thhic
foaldz. “It maix me sad becauz Ive nevver cene such—such butifool sherts
befoer.”

Aafter the hous, we wer too ce the groundz and the swimming-poole, and
the
hiadroplane and the mid-summer flouwerz—but outcide Gatsbese windo it
began too
rane agane, so we stood in a ro loocking at the corugated cerface ov the
Sound.

“If it wauznt for the mist we cood ce yor home acros the ba,” ced Gatsby.
“U aulwase hav a grene lite dhat bernz aul nite at the end ov yor doc.”

Dasy poot her arm throo hiz abruptly, but he ceemd abzorbd in whaut he had just ced. Poscibly it had okerd too him dhat the colossal cignifficans ov dhat lite had nou vannisht forevver. Compaerd too the grate distans dhat had ceeparated him from Dasy it had ceemd verry nere too her, aulmoast tutching her. It had ceemd az cloce az a star too the moone. Nou it wauz agane a grene lite on a doc. Hiz count ov enchaanted obgets had diminnisht bi wun.

I began too wauc about the roome, exammining vareyouz indeffinite obgets in the haaf darcnes. A larj fotograaf ov an elderly man in yauting coschume atracted me, hung on the waul over hiz desc.

“Whoose this?”

“Dhat? Dhats Mr. Dan Cody, oald spoert.”

The name sounded faintly familleyar.

“Hese ded nou. He uest too be mi best frend yeerz ago.”

Dhare wauz a smaul picchure ov Gatsby, aulso in yauting coschume, on the buro—Gatsby withe hiz hed throne bac defiyantly—taken aparrently when he wauz about atene.

“I adoer it,” exclaimd Dasy. “The pompador! U nevver toald me u had a pompador—or a yaut.”

“Looc at this,” ced Gatsby qwicly. “Heerz a lot ov clippingz—about u.”

Dha stood cide bi cide exammining it. I wauz gowing too aasc too ce the rubese when
the fone rang, and Gatsby tooc up the recever.

“Yes. . . . wel, I caant tauc nou. . . . I caant tauc nou, oald spoert. . . . I ced a SMAUL toun. . . . he must no whaut a smaul toun iz. . . . wel, hese no uce too us if Detroit iz hiz ideyaa ov a smaul toun. . . .”

He rang of.

“Cum here QWIC!” cride Dasy at the windo.

The rane wauz stil fauling, but the darcnes had parted in the west, and dhare
wauz a pinc and goalden billo ov fomy cloudz abuv the ce.

“Looc at dhat,” she whisperd, and then aafter a moment: “Ide like too just ghet
wun ov dhose pinc cloudz and poot u in it and poosh u around.”

I tride too go then, but dha woodnt here ov it; perhaps mi prezsens made them
fele moer satisfactorily alone.

“I no whaut wele doo,” ced Gatsby, “wele hav Clipspringer pla the peyaano.”

He went out ov the roome cauling “Uwing!” and reternd in a fu minnuets acumpanede bi an embarrast, sliatly woern yung man, withe shel-rimd glaacez and scanty blond hare. He wauz nou decently cloadhd in a “spoert shert,”
open at the nec, snekerz, and duc trouserz ov a nebbulous hu.

“Did we interupt yor exercisiez?” inqwiard Dasy poliatly.

“I wauz aslepe,” cride Mr. Clipspringer, in a spazm ov embarrasment.

“Dhat iz,

Ide BENE aslepe. Then I got up. . . .”

“Clipspringer plase the peyaano,” ced Gatsby, cutting him of. “Doant u,

Uwing,

oald spoert?”

“I doant pla wel. I doant—I hardly pla at aul. Ime aul out ov prac——”

“Wele go doun-staerz,” interupted Gatsby. He flipt a swich. The gra windose disapeerd az the hous glode fool ov lite.

In the music-roome Gatsby ternd on a sollitary lamp beside the peyaano.

He lit

Dasese ciggaret from a trembling mach, and sat doun withe her on a couch far

acros the roome, whare dhare wauz no lite save whaut the gleming floer bounst

in from the haul.

When Clipspringer had plade THE LUV NEST. he ternd around on the bench and

cercht unhappily for Gatsby in the gloome.

“Ime aul out ov practice, u ce. I toald u I coodnt pla. Ime aul out ov prac——”

“Doant tauc so much, oald spoert,” comaanded Gatsby. “Pla!”

“IN THE MORNING, IN THE EVENING, AINT WE GOT FUN——”

Outcide the wind wauz loud and dhare wauz a faint flo ov thunder along the Sound.

Aul the liats wer gowing on in West Eg nou; the electric trainz, men-carreying, wer plun'ging home throo the rane from Nu Yorc. It wauz the our ov a profound human chainj, and exiatment wauz gennerating on the are.

“WUN THHINGZ SHURE AND NUTHHINGZ SHURER THE RICH GHET RITCHER AND THE POOR

GHET—CHILDREN. IN THE MEENTIME, IN BETWENE TIME——”

Az I went over too sa good-bi I sau dhat the expreshon ov bewilderment had cum bac intoo Gatsbese face, az dho a faint dout had okerd too him az too the qwaulity ov hiz prezsent happines. Aulmoast five yeerz! Dhare must hav bene moments even dhat aafternoone whe Dasy tumbeld short ov hiz dreemz—not throo her one fault, but becauz ov the colossal vitallity ov hiz iluezhon. It had gon beyond her, beyond evverithhing. He had throne himcelf intoo it withe a creyative pashon, adding too it aul the time, decking it out withe evvery brite fether dhat drifted hiz wa. No amount ov fire or freshnes can challenj whaut a man wil stoer up in hiz goastly hart.

Az I waucht him he ajusted himcelf a littel, vizsibly. Hiz hand tooc hoald ov herz, and az she ced sumthhing lo in hiz ere he ternd tooword her withe a rush

ov emoashon. I thhinc dhat vois held him moast, withe its flucchuwating,
feverish
wormth, becauz it coodnt be over-dreemd—dhat vois wauz a dethles song.

Dha had forgotten me, but Dasy glaanst up and held out her hand; Gatsby
didnt

no me nou at aul. I looct wuns moer at them and dha looct bac at me,
remoatly, posest bi intens life. Then I went out ov the roome and doun the
marbel steps intoo the rane, leving them dhare tooghether. Tabel ov
Contents Next

Laast updated on Chu Mar 9 10:55:43 2010 for eBooks@Adelaide.

F. Scot Fitsgerrald The Grate Gatsby Chapter 6

About this time an ambishous yung repoerter from Nu Yorc ariavd wun
morning at
Gatsbese doer and aasct him if he had ennithhing too sa.

“Ennithhing too sa about whaut?” inqwiard Gatsby poliatly.

“Whi—enny staitment too ghiv out.”

It traanspiard aafter a confuezd five minnuets dhat the man had herd
Gatsbese name
around hiz office in a conecshon which he iather woodnt revele or didnt
foolly understand. This wauz hiz da of and withe laudabel inishative he
had
hurrede out “too ce.”

It wauz a random shot, and yet the repoerterz instinct wauz rite. Gatsbese
notoriyety, spred about bi the hundredz whoo had axepted hiz hospitallity
and so
becum authoritese on hiz paast, had increest aul summer until he fel just

short ov beying nuse. Contemporary ledgendz such az the “underground pipe-line too Cannadaa.” atacht themcelvz too him, and dhare wauz wun percistent stoery dhat he didnt liv in a hous at aul, but in a bote dhat looct like a hous and wauz muivd ceecretly up and doun the Long Iland shoer. Just whi these invenshonz wer a soers ov satisfacshon too Jaimz Gats ov North Dacotaa, iznt esy too sa.

Jaimz Gats—dhat wauz reyaly, or at leest legaly, hiz name. He had chainjd it at the age ov cevventene and at the speciffic moment dhat witnest the beghinning ov hiz carere—when he sau Dan Codese yaut drop ancor over the moast incidjous flat on Lake Supereyor. It wauz Jaimz Gats whoo had bene lofing along the beche dhat aafternoone in a toern grene gersy and a pare ov canvas pants, but it wauz aulreddy Ja Gatsby whoo borode a robote, poold out too the CHUWOLOMY, and informd Cody dhat a wind mite cach him and brake him up in haaf an our.

I supose hede had the name reddy for a long time, even then. Hiz parents wer shiftles and unsuxesfool farm pepel—hiz imaginaishon had nevver reyaly axepted them az hiz parents at aul. The trueth wauz dhat Ja Gatsby ov West Eg, Long Iland, sprang from hiz Platonnic concepshon ov himcelf. He wauz a sun ov God—a frase which, if it meenz ennithhing, meenz just dhat—and he must be about Hiz

Faatherz biznes, the cervice ov a vaast, vulgar, and meretrishous buty. So he invented just the sort ov Ja Gatsby dhat a cevventene-yere-oald boi wood be liacly too invent, and too this concepshon he wauz faithfool too the end.

For over a yere he had bene beting hiz wa along the south shoer ov Lake Supereyor az a clam-diggher and a sammon-fisher or in enny uther capascity dhat braut him foode and bed. Hiz broun, hardening boddy livd natchuraly throo the haaf-feers, haaf-lasy werc ov the bracing dase. He nu wimmen erly, and cins dha spoild him he became contempchuwous ov them, ov yung verginz becauz dha wer ignorant, ov the utherz becauz dha wer histerrical about ththingz which in hiz overwhelming celf-absorbshon he tooc for graanted.

But hiz hart wauz in a constant, terbulent riyot. The moast grotesc and fantastic conceets haunted him in hiz bed at nite. A univers ov ineffabel gaudines spun itcelf out in hiz brane while the cloc tict on the waush-stand and the moone soact withe wet lite hiz tan'gheld cloadhz uppon the floer. Eche nite he added too the pattern ov hiz fancese until drousines cloazd down uppon sum vivvid cene withe an oblivveyous embrace. For a while these revverese provided an outlet for hiz imaginaishon; dha wer a satisfactory hint ov the unreyalty ov reyalty, a prommice dhat the roc ov the world wauz founded cecuerly on a farese wing.

An instinct toward his future glory had led him, some months before,
to the
small Lutheran college of St. Olaf in southern Minnesota. He had
too
wee, dismayed at its ferocious indifference to the drums of his destiny,
to
destiny itself, and despising the janitors with which he was too poor
his
wealth. Then he drifted back to Lake Superior, and he was still
searching
for something to do on the day that Dan Codese's yacht dropped anchor in the
shallow alongshore.

Cody was fifty years old then, a product of the Nevada silver fields,
of the
Union, of every rush for metal since seventy-five. The transactions in
Montana
copper that made him many times a millionaire found him physically
robust but on
the verge of soft-mindedness, and, suspecting this, an infinite number of
women
tried to separate him from his money. The most savory
ramifications of which
Ellen C., the newspaper woman, called Madam de Maintenon to his
weakened and
sent him too close in a yacht, were common to the tergiversa-
tion of 1902. He had been coasting along and too hospitable shores for five
years
when he turned up as Jim Gatsby's destiny at Little Gherkin Point.

To the young Gatsby, resting on his oar and looking up at the faded
yacht represented all the beauty and glamour in the world. I suppose he
smiled

at Cody—he had probably discovered that people liked him when he
smiled. At every
rate Cody asked him a few questions (wonder if they elicited the brand name)
and found that he was quick and extravagantly ambitious. A few days
later he
took him to Duluth and bought him a blue coat, six pairs of white duck
trousers,
and a jaunty cap. And when the CHUWOLOMY left for the West Indies
and the
Barbary Coast Gatsby left too.

He was employed in a vague personal capacity—while he remained with
Cody he was
in turn steward, mate, skipper, secretary, and even jester, for Dan Cody
sober
never what lavish doings Dan Cody drunk might soon be about, and he
provided for
such continuing ease by reposing more and more trust in Gatsby. The
arrangement
lasted five years, during which the boat went three times around the
Continent.
It might have lasted indefinitely except for the fact that Ella came on
board one night in Boston and a week later Dan Cody inhospitably died.

I remember the portrait of him up in Gatsby's bedroom, a gray, florid
man with a
hard, empty face—the pioneer debauchee, whose young wife of
American life
brought back to the Eastern seaboard the savage violence of the frontier
brothel
and saloon. It was indirectly just to Cody that Gatsby drank so little.
Someday

in the coers ov ga partese wimmen uest too rub shampane intoo hiz hare;
for
himself he formd the habbit ov letting liccor alone.

And it wauz from Cody dhat he inherrited munny—a legacy ov twenty-
five thousand
dollarz. He didnt ghet it. He nevver understood the legal device dhat wauz
uezd
against him, but whaut remaind ov the milleyonz went intact too Ellaa Ca.
He wauz
left withe hiz cin'gularly aproapreyate ejucaishon; the vaghe contor ov Ja
Gatsby
had fild out too the substaanshallity ov a man.

He toald me aul this verry much later, but Ive poot it doun here withe the
ideyaa ov
exploding dhose ferst wiald rumorz about hiz antecedents, which wernt
even
faintly tru. Moerover he toald it too me at a time ov confuezhon, when I
had
reecht the point ov beleving evverithhing and nuthhing about him. So I
take
advantage ov this short hault, while Gatsby, so too speke, caut hiz breth,
too
clere this cet ov misconcepshonz awa.

It wauz a hault, too, in mi asoasheyaischon withe hiz afaerz. For cevveral
weex I
didnt ce him or here hiz vois on the fone—moastly I wauz in Nu Yorc,
trotting
around withe Jordan and trying too in'graisheyate micelf withe her cenile
aant—but
finaly I went over too hiz hous wun Sunda aafternoone. I hadnt bene dhare
too

minnuets when sumbody braut Tom Bucannan in for a drinc. I wauz starteld, natchuraly, but the reyaly cerprising thhing wauz dhat it hadnt happend befoer.

Dha wer a party ov thre on horsbac—Tom and a man naimd Slone and a pritty woomman in a broun riding-habbit, whoo had bene dhare preveyously.

“Ime delited too ce u,” ced Gatsby, standing on hiz poerch. “Ime delited dhat u dropt in.”

Az dho dha caerd!

“Cit rite doun. Hav a ciggaret or a cigar.” He wauct around the roome qwicly, ringing belz. “Ile hav sumthhing too drinc for u in just a minnute.”

He wauz profoundly afected bi the fact dhat Tom wauz dhare. But he wood be unnesy ennihou until he had ghivven them sumthhing, reyalising in a vaghe wa dhat dhat wauz aul dha came for. Mr. Slone waunted nuthhing. A lemmonade? No, thanx. A littel shampane? Nuthhing at aul, thanx. . . . Ime sory—

“Did u hav a nice ride?”

“Verry good roadz around here.”

“I supose the automobeelz—”

“Yeh.”

Muivd bi an iresistibel impuls, Gatsby ternd too Tom, whoo had axepted the introducshon az a strain'ger.

"I beleve weve met sumwhare befoer, Mr. Bucannan."

"O, yes," ced Tom, grufly polite, but obveyously not remembering. "So we did.

I remember verry wel."

"About too weex ago."

"Dhats rite. U wer withe Nic here."

"I no yor wife," continnude Gatsby, aulmoast agresciavly.

"Dhat so?"

Tom ternd too me.

"U liv nere here, Nic?"

"Next doer."

"Dhat so?"

Mr. Slone didnt enter intoo the conversaishon, but lounjd bac hautily in hiz chare; the woomman ced nuthhing iather—until unexpectedly, aafter too hibaulz, she became corjal.

"Wele aul cum over too yor next party, Mr. Gatsby," she sugested. "Whaut doo u sa?"

"Certainly; Ide be delited too hav u."

"Be ver' nice," ced Mr. Slone, widhout grattichude. "Wel—thhinc aut too be starting home."

"Plese doant hurry," Gatsby erjd them. He had controle ov himcelf nou, and he waunted too ce moer ov Tom. "Whi doant u—whi doant u sta for supper? I woodnt be cerpriazd if sum uther pepel dropt in from Nu Yorc."

"U cum too supper withe ME," ced the lady enthuseyaasticaly. "Boath ov u."

This included me. Mr. Slone got too hiz fete.

"Cum along," he ced—but too her oonly.

"I mene it," she incisted. "Ide luv too hav u. Lots ov roome."

Gatsby looct at me qweschoningly. He waunted too go, and he didnt ce dhat Mr.

Slone had determiand he shoodnt.

"Ime afrade I woant be abel too," I ced.

"Wel, u cum," she erjd, concentrating on Gatsby.

Mr. Slone mermerd sumthhing cloce too her ere.

"We woant be late if we start nou," she incisted aloud.

"I havnt got a hors," ced Gatsby. "I uest too ride in the army, but Ive nevver baut a hors. Ile hav too follo u in mi car. Excuse me for just a

minnute.”

The rest ov us wauct out on the poerch, whare Slone and the lady began an impashond conversaishon acide.

“Mi God, I beleve the manz cumming,” ced Tom. “Duznt he no she duznt waunt him?”

“She cez she duz waunt him.”

“She haz a big dinner party and he woant no a sole dhare.” He fround. “I wunder whare in the devvil he met Dasy. Bi God, I ma be oald-fashond in mi ideyaaz, but wimmen run around too much these dase too sute me. Dha mete aul kiandz ov crasy fish.”

Suddenly Mr. Slone and the lady wauct doun the steps and mounted dhare horcez.

“Cum on,” ced Mr. Slone too Tom, “were late. Weve got too go.” And then too me: “Tel him we coodnt wate, wil u?”

Tom and I shooc handz, the rest ov us exchainjd a coole nod, and dha trotted qwicly doun the drive, disapering under the August foleyage just az Gatsby, withe hat and lite overcote in hand, came out the frunt doer.

Tom wauz evvidently perterbd at Dasese running around alone, for on the following Satterda nite he came withe her too Gatsbese party. Perhaps hiz prezsens gave the evening its peculeyar qwaulity ov opresciavnes—it standz out

in mi memmory from Gatsbese uther partese dhat summer. Dhare wer the same
pepel, or at leest the same sort ov pepel, the same profuezhon ov
shampagne,
the same menny-cullord, menny-kede comoashon, but I felt an
unplezzantnes in the
are, a pervading harshnes dhat hadnt bene dhare befoer. Or perhaps I had
meerly grone uest too it, grone too axept West Eg az a werld complete in
itself,
withe its one standardz and its one grate figguerz, cecond too nuthhing
becauz it
had no conshousnes ov beying so, and nou I wauz loocking at it agane,
throo
Dasese ise. It iz invareyably saddening too looc throo nu ise at thhingz
uppon
which u hav expended yor one pouwerz ov ajustment.

Dha ariavd at twilite, and, az we stroald out amung the sparcling
hundredz,
Dasese vois wauz playing mermurous trix in her throte.

“These thhingz exite me so,” she whisperd.

“If u waunt too kis me enny time juring the evening, Nic, just let me no and
Ile be glad too arainj it for u. Just mension mi name. Or present a grene
card. Ime ghivving out grene——”

“Looc around,” sugested Gatsby.

“Ime loocking around. Ime havving a marvelous——”

“U must ce the facez ov menny pepel uve herd about.”

Tomz arrogant ise roamd the croud.

"We doant go around verry much," he ced. "In fact, I wauz just ththinking I doant no a sole here."

"Perhaps u no dhat lady." Gatsby indicated a gorjous, scaersly human orkid ov a woomman whoo sat in state under a white plum tre. Tom and Dasy staerd, withe dhat peculeyarly unreyal feling dhat acumpanese the recognishon ov a hithertoo goastly celebrity ov the moovese.

"Shese luvly," ced Dasy.

"The man bending over her iz her director."

He tooc them ceremoanyously from groope too groope:

"Mrs. Bucannan . . . and Mr. Bucannan——" Aafter an instants hesitaishon he added:

"the polo player."

"O no," obgected Tom qwicly, "not me."

But evvidently the sound ov it pleezd Gatsby, for Tom remaind "the polo player." for the rest ov the evening.

"Ive nevver met so menny celebritese!" Dasy exclaimd. "I liact dhat man—whaut wauz hiz name?—withe the sort ov blu nose."

Gatsby identifide him, adding dhat he wauz a smaul projucer.

“Wel, I liact him ennihou.”

“Ide a littel raather not be the polo player,” ced Tom plezzantly, “Ide raather looc at aul these famous pepel in—in oblivveyon.”

Dasy and Gatsby daanst. I remember beying cerpriazd bi hiz graisfool, concervative fox-trot—I had nevver cene him daans befoer. Then dha saunterd over too mi hous and sat on the steps for haaf an our, while at her request I remaind wauchfooly in the garden. “In cace dhaerz a fire or a flud,” she explaind, “or enny act ov God.”

Tom apeerd from hiz oblivveyon az we wer citting down too supper tooghether. “Doo u miand if I ete withe sum pepel over here?” he ced. “A fellose ghetting of sum funny stuf.”

“Go ahead,” aancerd Dasy geenyaly, “and if u waunt too take down enny adrecez heerz mi littel goald pencil.” . . . she looct around aafter a moment and toald me the gherl wauz “common but pritty,” and I nu dhat exept for the haaf-our shede bene alone withe Gatsby she wauznt havving a good time.

We wer at a particcularly tipcy tabel. Dhat wauz mi fault—Gatsby had bene cauld too the fone, and Ide enjoid these same pepel oonly too weex befoer. But whaut had amuezd me then ternd ceptic on the are nou.

“Hou doo u fele, Mis Badeker?”

The gherl adrest wauz tryying, unsuxesfooly, too slump against mi shoalder. At this inqwiry she sat up and opend her ise.

“Whaa’?”

A mascive and lethargic woomman, whoo had bene erging Dasy too pla golf withe her at the local club too-moro, spoke in Mis Badekerz defens:

“O, shese aul rite nou. When shese had five or cix coctailz she aulwase starts screming like dhat. I tel her she aut too leve it alone.”

“I doo leve it alone,” afermd the acuezd holloly.

“We herd u yelling, so I ced too Doc Civvet here: ‘Dhaerz sumbody dhat needz yor help, Doc.’”

“Shese much obliajd, Ime shure,” ced anuther frend, widhout grattichude. “But u got her dres aul wet when u stuc her hed in the poole.”

“Ennithhing I hate iz too ghet mi hed stuc in a poole,” mumbeld Mis Badeker.

“Dha aulmoast dround me wuns over in Nu Gersy.”

“Then u aut too leve it alone,” counterd Doctor Civvet.

“Speke for yorcelf!” cride Mis Badeker viyolently. “Yor hand shaix. I woodnt let u opperate on me!”

It wauz like dhat. Aulmoast the laast thhing I remember wauz standing
withe Dasy and
wauching the mooving-picchure director and hiz Star. Dha wer stil under
the
white plum tre and dhare facez wer tutching exept for a pale, thhin ra ov
muinlite betwene. It okerd too me dhat he had bene verry sloly bending
tooword
her aul evening too atane this proximimity, and even while I waucht I sau
him
stoope wun ultimate degry and kis at her cheke.

“I like her,” ced Dasy, “I thhinc shese luvly.”

But the rest ofended her—and inarguwably, becauz it wauznt a geschure
but an
emoashon. She wauz apauld bi West Eg, this unprescedented “place.” dhat
Braudwa
had begotten uppon a Long Iland fishing village—apauld bi its rau viggor
dhat
chaift under the oald ufemizmz and bi the too obrucive fate dhat herded
its
inhabbitants along a short-cut from nuthhing too nuthhing. She sau
sumthhing aufool
in the verry cimplycity she faild too understand.

I sat on the frunt steps withe them while dha wated for dhare car. It wauz
darc
here in frunt; only the brite doer cent ten sqware fete ov lite volleying out
intoo the soft blac morning. Sumtiamz a shaddo muivd against a drescing-
roome
bliand abuv, gave wa too anuther shaddo, an indeffinite proceshon ov
shaddose,
whoo ruizhd and pouderd in an invizsibel glaas.

"Whoo iz this Gatsby ennihou?" demaanded Tom suddenly. "Sum big buitleggher?"

"Whaerd u here dhat?" I inqwiard.

"I didnt here it. I imadgiand it. A lot ov these nuly rich pepel ar just big buitleggherz, u no."

"Not Gatsby," I ced shortly.

He wauz cilent for a moment. The pebbelz ov the drive cruncht under hiz fete.

"Wel, he certainly must hav straind himcelf too ghet this menadgery tooghether."

A brese sterd the gra hase ov Dasese fer collar.

"At leest dhare moer interesting dhan the pepel we no," she ced withe an effort.

"U didnt looc so interested."

"Wel, I wauz."

Tom laaft and ternd too me.

"Did u notice Dasese face when dhat gherl aasct her too poot her under a coald shower?"

Dasy began too cing withe the music in a husky, ridhmic whisper, bringing out a

mening in eche werd dhat it had nevver had befoer and wood nevver hav agane.

When the mellody rose, her vois broke up sweetly, following it, in a wa contraalto voicez hav, and eche chainj tipt out a littel ov her worm human madgic uppon the are.

“Lots ov pepel cum whoo havnt bene invited,” she ced suddenly. “Dhat gherl hadnt bene invited. Dha cimply foers dhare wa in and hese too polite too obgect.”

“Ide like too no whoo he iz and whaut he duz,” incisted Tom. “And I thhinc Ile make a point ov fianding out.”

“I can tel u rite nou,” she aancerd. “He oand sum drug-stoerz, a lot ov drug-stoerz. He bilt them up himcelf.”

The dilatory limoosene came roling up the drive.

“Good nite, Nic,” ced Dasy.

Her glaans left me and saut the lited top ov the steps, whare THRE OCLOC IN THE MORNING, a nete, sad littel waults ov dhat yere, wauz drifting out the open doer. Aafter aul, in the verry cazhuwalnes ov Gatsbese party dhare wer romantic pocibillitese totaly abcent from her werld. Whaut wauz it up dhare in the song dhat ceemd too be caulng her bac incide? Whaut wood happen nou in the dim, incalculabel ourz? Perhaps sum unbelevabel ghest wood arive, a person infiniatly rare and too be marveld at, sum authhenticaly rajant yung gherl

whoo withe wun fresh glaans at Gatsby, wun moment ov madgical
encounter, wood blot
out dhose five yeerz ov unwavering devoashon.

I stade late dhat nite, Gatsby aasct me too wate until he wauz fre, and I
lin'gherd in the garden until the inevvitabel swimming party had run up,
child
and exaulted, from the blac beche, until the liats wer extin'gwisht in the
ghest-ruimz overhed. When he came doun the steps at laast the tand skin
wauz
draun unnuezhuwaly tite on hiz face, and hiz ise wer brite and tiard.

"She didnt like it," he ced imejaitly.

"Ov coers she did."

"She didnt like it," he incisted. "She didnt hav a good time."

He wauz cilent, and I ghest at hiz unnutterabel depreshon.

"I fele far awa from her," he ced. "Its hard too make her understand."

"U mene about the daans?"

"The daans?" He dismiss aul the daancez he had ghivven withe a snap ov
hiz
fin'gherz. "Oald spoert, the daans iz unnimportant."

He waunted nuthing les ov Dasy dhan dhat she shood go too Tom and sa:
"I nevver
ludv u." Aafter she had oblitterated foer yeerz withe dhat centens dha cood
decide uppon the moer practical mezhuerz too be taken. Wun ov them
wauz dhat, aafter
she wauz fre, dha wer too go bac too Loowivil and be marrede from her

hous—just az if it wer five yearz ago.

“And she duznt understand,” he ced. “She uest too be abel too understand.
Wedde
cit for ourz——”

He broke of and began too wauc up and doun a dezzolate paath ov frute
riandz and
discarded favorz and crusht flouwerz.

“I woodnt aasc too much ov her,” I venchuerd. “U caant repete the paast.”

“Caant repete the paast?” he cride incredjulously. “Whi ov coers u can!”

He looct around him wialdly, az if the paast wer lerking here in the shaddo
ov
hiz hous, just out ov reche ov hiz hand.

“Ime gowing too fix evverithhing just the wa it wauz befoer,” he ced,
nodding
determiandly. “Shele ce.”

He tauct a lot about the paast, and I gatherd dhat he waunted too recuver
sumthhing, sum ideyaa ov himcelf perhaps, dhat had gon intoo luvving
Dasy. Hiz
life had bene confuezd and disorderd cins then, but if he cood wuns retern
too
a certane starting place and go over it aul sloly, he cood fiand out whaut
dhat
thhing wauz. . . .

. . . Wun autum nite, five yearz befoer, dha had bene wauking doun the
strete

when the leevz wer fauling, and dha came too a place whare dhare wer no
trese
and the ciadwauc wauz white withe muinlite. Dha stopt here and ternd
tooword
eche uther. Nou it wauz a coole nite withe dhat mistereyous exiatment in it
which
cumz at the too chain'gez ov the yere. The qwiyet liats in the housez wer
humming out intoo the darcnes and dhare wauz a ster and buscel amung
the starz.
Out ov the corner ov hiz i Gatsby sau dhat the blox ov the ciadwauz reyaly
formd a ladder and mounted too a ceecret place abuv the trese—he cood
clime too
it, if he cliamd alone, and wuns dhare he cood suc on the pap ov life, gulp
doun the incomparabel milc ov wunder.

Hiz hart bete faaster and faaster az Dasese white face came up too hiz one.
He
nu dhat when he kist this gherl, and forevver wed hiz unnutterabel
vizhonz too
her perrishabel breth, hiz miand wood nevver romp agane like the miand
ov God. So
he wated, liscening for a moment lon'gher too the chuning-forc dhat had
bene struc
uppon a star. Then he kist her. At hiz lips' tuch she blossomd for him like a
flouwer and the incarnaishon wauz complete.

Throo aul he ced, even throo hiz apauling centimentallity, I wauz
remianded
ov sumthhing—an elucive ridhm, a fragment ov lost werdz, dhat I had
herd
sumwhare a long time ago. For a moment a frase tride too take shape in mi
mouth
and mi lips parted like a dum manz, az dho dhare wauz moer strugling
uppon

them dhan a wisp ov starteld are. But dha made no sound, and whaut I
had aulmoast
rememberd wauz uncomunicabel forevver. Tabel ov Contents Next

Laast updated on Chu Mar 9 10:55:43 2010 for eBooks@Adelaide.

F. Scot Fitsgerrald The Grate Gatsby Chapter 7

It wauz when cureyosity about Gatsby wauz at its hiyest dhat the liats in
hiz
hous faild too go on wun Satterda nite—and, az obscurerly az it had begun,
hiz
carere az Trimalkeyo wauz over. Oonly gradjuwaly did I becum aware dhat
the
automobeelz which ternd expectantly intoo hiz drive stade for just a
minnute and
then drove sulkily awa. Wundering if he wer cic I went over too fiand out
—an
unfamilleyar butler withe a villanous face sqwinted at me suspishously
from the
doer.

“Iz Mr. Gatsby cic?”

“Nope.” Aafter a pauz he added “cer.” in a dilatory, grudging wa.

“I hadnt cene him around, and I wauz raather wurrede. Tel him Mr.
Carrawa came
over.”

“Whoo?” he demaanded ruedly.

“Carrawa.”

"Carrawa. Aul rite, Ile tel him." Abruptly he slamd the doer.

Mi Fin informd me dhat Gatsby had dismiss evvery cervant in hiz hous a weke ago and replaist them withe haaf a duzen utherz, whoo nevver went intoo West Eg Village too be briabd bi the traidzmen, but orderd modderate suplise over the tellefone. The grocery boi repoerted dhat the kitchen looct like a pigsti, and the genneral opinyon in the village wauz dhat the nu pepel wernt cervants at aul.

Next da Gatsby cauld me on the fone.

"Gowing awa?" I inqwiard.

"No, oald spoert."

"I here u fiard aul yor cervants."

"I waunted sumbody whoo woodnt goscip. Dasy cumz over qwite often—in the aafternuinz."

So the whole caravansary had faulen in like a card hous at the disaprooval in her ise.

"Dhare sum pepel Woolfs'hime waunted too doo sumthhing for. Dhare aul brutherz and cisterz. Dha uest too run a smaual hotel."

"I ce."

He wauz caulng up at Dasese reqwest—wood I cum too lunch at her hous too-moro? Mis Baker wood be dhare. Haaf an our later Dasy hercelf tellefoand and ceemd releevd too fiand dhat I wauz cumming. Sumthhing wauz up. And yet I coodnt beleve dhat dha wood chuse this ocaizhon for a cene—especialy for the raather harrowing cene dhat Gatsby had outliand in the garden.

The next da wauz broiling, aulmoast the laast, certainly the wormest, ov the summer. Az mi trane emerjd from the tunnel intoo sunlite, oonly the hot whiscelz ov the Nashonal Biskit Cumpany broke the cimmeric hush at noone. The strau ceets ov the car hovverd on the ej ov combuschon; the woomman next too me perspiard dellicaitly for a while intoo her white shertwaist, and then, az her nuesday dampend under her fin'gherz, lapst desparingly intoo depe hete withe a dezzolate cri. Her pocket-booc slapt too the floer.

“O, mi!” she gaaspt.

I pict it up withe a wery bend and handed it bac too her, hoaldng it at armz length and bi the extreme tip ov the cornerz too indicate dhat I had no desianz uppon it—but evvery wun nere bi, including the woomman, suspected me just the same.

“Hot!” ced the conductor too familleyar facez. “Sum wether! hot! hot! hot! Iz it

hot enuf for u? Iz it hot? Iz it . . . ?”

Mi comutaishon ticket came bac too me withe a darc stane from hiz hand.
Dhat enny
wun shood care in this hete whoose flusht lips he kist, whoose hed made
damp
the pajaamaa pocket over hiz hart!

. . . Throo the haul ov the Bucannanz’ hous blu a faint wind, carreying the
sound ov the tellefone bel out too Gatsby and me az we wated at the doer.

“The maasterz boddy!” roerd the butler intoo the mouthpece. “Ime sorry,
madam,
but we caant fernish it—its far too hot too tuch this noone!”

Whaut he reyaly ced wauz: “Yes . . . yes . . . Ile ce.”

He cet doun the recever and came tooword us, gliscening sliatly, too take
our
stif strau hats.

“Madam expects u in the salon!” he cride, needlesly indicating the
direcshon. In this hete evvery extraa geschure wauz an afrunt too the
common stoer
ov life.

The roome, shaddode wel withe auningz, wauz darc and coole. Dasy and
Jordan la
uppon an enormous couch, like silver idolz waying doun dhare one white
drescez
against the cinging brese ov the fanz.

“We caant moove,” dha ced tooghether.

Jordanz fin'gherz, pouderd white over dhare tan, rested for a moment in mine.

"And Mr. Tommas Bucannan, the athlete?" I inqwiard.

Cimultainyously I herd hiz vois, gruf, muffeld, husky, at the haul tellefone.

Gatsby stood in the center ov the crimzon carpet and gaizd around withe fascinated ise. Dasy waucht him and laaft, her swete, exiting laaf; a tiny gust ov pouder rose from her boozzom intoo the are.

"The rumor iz," wisperd Jordan, "dhat dhats Tomz gherl on the tellefone."

We wer cilent. The vois in the haul rose hi withe anoiyans: "Verry wel, then, I woant cel u the car at aul. . . . Ime under no obligaishonz too u at aul . . . and az for yor bothering me about it at lunch time, I woant stand dhat at aul!"

"Hoalding doun the recever," ced Dasy cinnicaly.

"No, hese not," I ashuerd her. "Its a bonaa-fidy dele. I happen too no about it."

Tom flung open the doer, bloct out its space for a moment withe hiz thhic boddy,
and hurrede intoo the roome.

"Mr. Gatsby!" He poot out hiz braud, flat hand withe wel-conceeld dislike.

"Ime
glad too ce u, cer. . . . Nic. . . ."

"Make us a coald drinc," cride Dasy.

Az he left the roome agane she got up and went over too Gatsby and poold
hiz face
doun, kiscing him on the mouth.

“U no I luv u,” she mermerd.

“U forghet dhaerz a lady prezsent,” ced Jordan.

Dasy looct around doutfooly.

“U kis Nic too.”

“Whaut a lo, vulgar gherl!”

“I doant care!” cride Dasy, and began too clog on the bric fiarplace. Then
she
rememberd the hete and sat doun ghiltily on the couch just az a freshly
launders ners leding a littel gherl came intoo the roome.

“Bles-ced pre-shous,” she cruind, hoalding out her armz. “Cum too yor one
muther dhat luvz u.”

The chiald, relinqwisht bi the ners, rusht across the roome and rooted shily
intoo her mutherz dres.

“The bles-ced pre-shous! Did muther ghet pouder on yor oald yellowy
hare? Stand
up nou, and sa—Hou-de-doo.”

Gatsby and I in tern leend doun and tooc the smaul, reluctant hand.
Aafterword

he kept loocking at the chiald withe cerprise. I doant thhinc he had ever
reyaly
beleevd in its existens befoer.

"I got drest befoer lunchon," ced the chiald, terning egherly too Dasy.

"Dhats becauz yor muther waunted too sho u of." Her face bent intoo the cin'ghel rinkel ov the smaual, white nec. "U dreme, u. U absolute littel dreme."

"Yes," admitted the chiald caalmly. "Aant Jordanz got on a white dres too."

"Hou doo u like mutherz frendz?" Dasy ternd her around so dhat she faist Gatsby. "Doo u thhinc dhare pritty?"

"Whaerz Daddy?"

"She duznt looc like her faather," explaind Dasy. "She loox like me. Shese got mi hare and shape ov the face."

Dasy sat bac uppon the couch. The ners tooc a step forword and held out her hand.

"Cum, Pammy."

"Good-bi, sweet'hart!"

Withe a reluctant baqword glaans the wel-discipliand chiald held too her nercez hand and wauz poold out the doer, just az Tom came bac, preceding foer gin rickese dhat clict fool ov ice.

Gatsby tooc up hiz drinc.

"Dha certainly looc coole," he ced, withe vizsibel tenshon.

We dranc in long, gredy swaulose.

“I red sumwhare dhat the sunz ghetting hotter evvery yere,” ced Tom geenyaly.

“It ceemz dhat pritty soone the erths gowing too faul intoo the sun—or wate a minnute—its just the opposite—the sunz ghetting coalder evvery yere.

“Cum outcide,” he sugested too Gatsby, “Ide like u too hav a looc at the place.”

I went withe them out too the verandaa. On the grene Sound, stagnant in the hete, wun smaul sale crauld sloly tooword the fresher ce. Gatsbese ise follode it momentarily; he raizd hiz hand and pointed across the ba.

“Ime rite acros from u.”

“So u ar.”

Our ise lifted over the rose-bedz and the hot laun and the wedy reffuce ov the dog-dase along-shoer. Sloly the white wingz ov the bote muivd against the blu coole limmit ov the ski. Ahed la the scaulopt oashan and the abounding blesced ialz.

“Dhaerz spoert for u,” ced Tom, nodding. “Ide like too be out dhare withe him for about an our.”

We had lunchon in the dining-roome, darkend too against the hete, and dranc doun nervous gayety withe the coald ale.

“Whautl we doo withe ourcelvz this aafternoone?” cride Dasy, “and the da aafter dhat, and the next thherty yeerz?”

“Doant be morbid,” Jordan ced. “Life starts aul over agane when it ghets crisp in the faul.”

“But its so hot,” incisted Dasy, on the verj ov teerz, “and evverithhingz so confuezd. Lets aul go too toun!”

Her vois struggheld on throo the hete, beting against it, moalding its censlesnes intoo formz.

“Ive herd ov making a garrage out ov a stabel,” Tom wauz saying too Gatsby, “but Ime the ferst man whoo evver made a stabel out ov a garrage.”

“Whoo waunts too go too toun?” demaanded Dasy incistently. Gatsbese ise floted tooword her. “Aa,” she cride, “u looc so coole.”

Dhare ise met, and dha staerd tooghether at eche uther, alone in space. Withe an effort she glaanst doun at the tabel.

“U aulwase looc so coole,” she repeted.

She had toald him dhat she luvd him, and Tom Bucannan sau. He wauz astounded. Hiz

mouth opened a little, and he looked at Gatsby, and then back at Daisy as if he had just recognized her as someone he knew a long time ago.

"You resemble the advertisement of the man," she went on innocently. "You no the advertisement of the man——"

"Aul rite," broke in Tom quickly, "I'm perfectly willing to go to town. Cum on—were aul going to town."

He got up, his eyes still flashing between Gatsby and his wife. No one moved.

"Cum on!" His temper cracked a little. "What's the matter, ennyhow? If were going to town, lets start."

His hand, trembling with his effort at self-control, boomed too his lips the least
of his glass of ale. Daisee's voice got us too our feet and out on too the
blasting
gravel drive.

"Are we just going to go?" she objected. "Like this? Aren't we going to let enny
one smoke a cigarette first?"

"Everybody's smoking aul throo lunch."

"O, lets have fun," she begged him. "It's too hot too fast." He didn't answer.

"Have it your own way," she said. "Cum on, Jordan."

Daisy went up-stairs too get ready while the three men stood there shuffling
the

hot pebbelz withe our fete. A silver kerv ov the moone hoverd aulreddy in the western ski. Gatsby started too speke, chainjd hiz miand, but not befoer Tom wheeld and faist him expectantly.

“Hav u got yor stabelz here?” aasct Gatsby withe an effort.

“About a qworter ov a mile doun the rode.”

“O.”

A pauz.

“I doant ce the ideyaa ov gowing too toun,” broke out Tom savvaijly.

“Wimmen ghet these noashonz in dhare hedz——”

“Shal we take ennithhing too drinc?” cauld Dasy from an upper windo.

“Ile ghet sum whisky,” aancerd Tom. He went incide.

Gatsby ternd too me ridgidly:

“I caant sa ennithhing in hiz hous, oald spoert.”

“Shese got an indiscrete vois,” I remarct. “Its fool ov——” I hezsitated.

“Her vois iz fool ov munny,” he ced suddenly.

Dhat wauz it. Ide nevver understood befoer. It wauz fool ov munny—dhat wauz the inexhaustibel charm dhat rose and fel in it, the gin’ghel ov it, the cimbalz’ song ov it. . . . hi in a white pallace the kingz dauter, the goalden gherl. .

..

Tom came out ov the hous rapping a qwort bottel in a touwel, follode bi Dasy and Jordan waring smaul tite hats ov metallic cloth and carreying lite caips over dhare armz.

“Shal we aul go in mi car?” sugested Gatsby. He felt the hot, grene lether ov the cete. “I aut too hav left it in the shade.”

“Iz it standard shift?” demaanded Tom.

“Yes.”

“Wel, u take mi coopa and let me drive yor car too toun.”

The sugeschon wauz distaistfool too Gatsby.

“I doant thhinc dhaerz much gas,” he obgeted.

“Plenty ov gas,” ced Tom boisterously. He looct at the gage. “And if it runz out I can stop at a drug-stoer. U can bi ennithhing at a drug-stoer nouwadase.”

A pauz follode this aparrently pointles remarc. Dasy looct at Tom frouning, and an indefinabel expreshon, at wuns deffiniatly unfamilleyar and vaigly recognizabel, az if I had oonly herd it descriabd in werdz, paast over Gatsbese face.

“Cum on, Dasy,” ced Tom, prescing her withe hiz hand tooword Gatsbese car.

“Ile take u in this cercus waggon.”

He opened the door, but she slipped out from the circle of his arm.

"You take Nick and Jordan. We'll follow you in the car."

She slipped close to Gatsby, touching his coat with her hand. Jordan and Tom and I got into the front seats of Gatsby's car, Tom pushed the unfamiliar gears tentatively, and we shot off into the open air here, leaving them out on the street behind.

"Did you see that?" demanded Tom.

"See what?"

He looked at me keenly, realizing that Jordan and I must have none along.

"You think I'm pretty dumb, don't you?" he suggested. "Perhaps I am, but I have almost a second sight, sometimes, that tells me what you do not believe that, but citizens—"

He paused. The immediate contingency overtook him, pulled him back from the edge of the theoretical abyss.

"I've made a small investigation of this fellow," he continued. "I could have gone deeper if I did not—"

"Do you mean you've been too a mess?" inquired Jordan humorously.

"What?" Confused, he stared at us as we left. "A mess?"

“About Gatsby.”

“About Gatsby! No, I havnt. I ced Ide bene making a smaull investigaishon
ov
hiz paast.”

“And u found he wauz an Oxford man,” ced Jordan helpfooly.

“An Oxford man!” He wauz incredjulous. “Like hel he iz! He waerz a pinc
sute.”

“Nevvertheles hese an Oxford man.”

“Oxford, Nu Mexico,” snorted Tom contempchuwously, “or sumthhing like
dhat.”

“Liscen, Tom. If yor such a snob, whi did u invite him too lunch?”
demaanded
Jordan crosly.

“Dasy invited him; she nu him befoer we wer marrede—God nose whare!”

We wer aul irritabel nou withe the fading ale, and aware ov it we drove for
a
while in cilens. Then az Doctor T. J. Eckelbergz faded ise came intoo cite
doun the rode, I rememberd Gatsbese caushon about gassolene.

“Weve got enuf too ghet us too toun,” ced Tom.

“But dhaerz a garrage rite here,” obgected Jordan. “I doant waunt too ghet
stauld
in this baking hete.” Tom thru on boath braix impaishently, and we slid too
an

abrupt dusty stop under Wilsonz cine. Aafter a moment the propriyetor
emerjd
from the intereyor ov hiz establishment and gaizd hollo-ide at the car.

“Lets hav sum gas!” cride Tom rufly. “Whaut doo u thhinc we stopt for—
too
admire the vu?”

“Ime cic,” ced Wilson widhout mooving. “Bene cic aul da.”

“Whauts the matter?”

“Ime aul run doun.”

“Wel, shal I help micelf?” Tom demaanded. “U sounded wel enuf on the
fone.”

Withe an effort Wilson left the shade and supoert ov the doerwa and,
breathing
hard, unscrude the cap ov the tanc. In the sunlite hiz face wauz grene.

“I didnt mene too interupt yor lunch,” he ced. “But I nede munny pritty
bad,
and I wauz wundering whaut u wer gowing too doo withe yor oald car.”

“Hou doo u like this wun?” inqwiard Tom. “I baut it laast weke.”

“Its a nice yello wun,” ced Wilson, az he straind at the handel.

“Like too bi it?”

“Big chaans,” Wilson smiald faintly. “No, but I cood make sum munny on
the
uther.”

“Whaut doo u waunt munny for, aul ov a sudden?”

“Ive bene here too long. I waunt too ghet awa. Mi wife and I waunt too go West.”

“Yor wife duz,” exclaimd Tom, starteld.

“Shese bene tauking about it for ten yeerz.” He rested for a moment against the pump, shading hiz ise. “And nou shese gowing whether she waunts too or not. Ime gowing too ghet her awa.”

The coopa flasht bi us withe a flurry ov dust and the flash ov a waving hand.

“Whaut doo I o u?” demaanded Tom harshly.

“I just got wiazd up too sumthhing funny the laast too dase,” remarct Wilson.

“Dhats whi I waunt too ghet awa. Dhats whi I bene bothering u about the car.”

“Whaut doo I o u?”

“Dollar twenty.”

The relentles beting hete wauz beghinning too confuse me and I had a bad moment

dhare befoer I reyaliazd dhat so far hiz suspishonz hadnt alited on Tom. He had discuvverd dhat Mertel had sum sort ov life apart from him in anuther world, and the shoc had made him fizensicaly cic. I staerd at him and then at

Tom, who had made a parallel discovery less than an hour before—and it
okerd

too me that there was no difference between men, in intelligence or race, so
profound as the difference between the city and the well. Wilson was so sure
that he looked guilty, unforgivably guilty—just as if he had just got some poor
girl
with the child.

“I’ll let you have that car,” said Tom. “I’ll lend it over tomorrow afternoon.”

That locality was always vaguely disquieting, even in the broad glare
of

afternoon, and now I turned my head as though I had been warned of
something

behind. Over the ashheaps the giant ice of Doctor T. J. Eckelberg kept
there

watchful, but I perceived, after a moment, that other eyes were regarding us
with

peculiar intensity from less than twenty feet away.

In a window over the garage the curtains had been moved aside
a

little, and Mertel Wilson was peering down at the car. So engrossed was
she that

she had no consciousness of being observed, and won emotion after
another crept

into her face like objects into a slowly developing picture. Her
expression was

curiously familiar—it was an expression I had often seen on
wimpy faces, but

on Mertel Wilson’s face it seemed purposeful and inexplicable until I
realized

that her eyes, wide with glistening terror, were fixed not on Tom, but on Jordan
Baker, whom she took to be his wife.

Dhare iz no confuezhon like the confuezhon ov a cimpel miand, and az we drove awa
Tom wauz feling the hot whips ov pannic. Hiz wife and hiz mistres, until an our
ago ceure and inviyolate, wer slipping precippitaitly from hiz controle. Instinct
made him step on the axellerator withe the dubbel perpoce ov overtaking Dasy and
leving Wilson behiand, and we sped along tooword Astoereyaa at fifty mialz an our,
until, amung the spidery gherderz ov the ellevated, we came in cite ov the esy-gowing blu coopa.

“Dhose big moovese around Fifteyeth Strete ar coole,” sugested Jordan. “I luv
Nu Yorc on summer aafternuinz when evvery wunz awa. Dhaerz sumthhing verry
censhuwous about it—overipe, az if aul sorts ov funny fruets wer gowing too faul
intoo yor handz.”

The werd “censhuwous” had the efect ov ferther disqwiyeting Tom, but befoer he
cood invent a protest the coopa came too a stop, and Dasy cignald us too drau
up alongcide.

“Whare ar we gowing?” she cride.

“Hou about the moovese?”

“Its so hot,” she complaind. “U go. Wele ride around and mete u aafter.”
Withe an effort her wit rose faintly, “Wele mete u on sum corner. Ile be the

man smoking too ciggarets.”

“We caant argu about it here,” Tom ced impaishently, az a truc gave out a kercing whiscel behiand us. “U follo me too the south cide ov Central Parc, in frunt ov the Plaazaa.”

Cevveral tiamz he ternd hiz hed and looct bac for dhare car, and if the traffic delade them he slode up until dha came intoo cite. I thhinc he wauz afrade dha wood dart doun a cide strete and out ov hiz life forevver.

But dha didnt. And we aul tooc the les expliccabel step ov en’gaging the parlor ov a swete in the Plaazaa Hotel.

The prolongd and chumulchuwous argument dhat ended bi herding us intoo dhat roome eluedz me, dho I hav a sharp fizensal memmory dhat, in the coers ov it, mi underware kept climing like a damp snake around mi legz and intermittent beedz ov swet raist coole acros mi bac. The noashon oridginated withe Dasese sugeschon dhat we hire five baath-ruimz and take coald baaths, and then ashuemd moer tan’gibel form az “a place too hav a mint julep.” Eche ov us ced over and over dhat it wauz a “crasy ideyaa.”—we aul tauct at wuns too a baffeld clarc and thaut, or pretended too thhinc, dhat we wer beying verry funny. . . .

The roome wauz larj and stiafling, and, dho it wauz aulreddy foer oacloc, opening the windose admitted Oonly a gust ov hot shrubbery from the Parc. Dasy went too the mirror and stood withe her bac too us, fixing her hare.

"Its a swel swete," wisperd Jordan respectfooly, and evvery wun laaft.

"Open anuther windo," comaanded Dasy, widhout terning around.

"Dhare arnt enny moer."

"Wel, wede better tellefone for an ax——"

"The thhing too doo iz too forghet about the hete," ced Tom impaishently.

"U make
it ten tiamz wers bi crabbing about it."

He unroald the bottel ov whisky from the touwel and poot it on the tabel.

"Whi not let her alone, oald spoert?" remarct Gatsby. "Yor the wun dhat
waunted
too cum too toun."

Dhare wauz a moment ov cilens. The tellefone booc slipt from its nale and
splasht too the floer, wharuppon Jordan wisperd, "Excuse me."—but this
time no
wun laaft.

"Ile pic it up," I offerd.

"Ive got it." Gatsby exammiand the parted string, mutterd "Hum!" in an
interested wa, and tost the booc on a chare.

"Dhats a grate expreshon ov yorz, iznt it?" ced Tom sharply.

"Whaut iz?"

"Aul this 'oald spoert' biznes. Whaerd u pic dhat up?"

“Nou ce here, Tom,” ced Dasy, terning around from the mirror, “if yor
gowing too make personal remarx I woant sta here a minnute. Caul up and
order
sum ice for the mint julep.”

Az Tom tooc up the recever the comprest hete exploded intoo sound and
we wer
liscening too the portentous cordz ov Mendelsoahnz Wedding March from
the
baulroome belo.

“Imadgine marreying enniboddy in this hete!” cride Jordan dizmally.

“Stil—I wauz marrede in the middel ov June,” Dasy rememberd, “Loowivil
in
June! Sumbody fainted. Whoo wauz it fainted, Tom?”

“Biloxxy,” he aancerd shortly.

“A man naimd Biloxxy. ‘blox’ Biloxxy, and he made boxez—dhats a fact—and
he wauz
from Biloxxy, Tenece.”

“Dha carrede him intoo mi hous,” appended Jordan, “becauz we livd just
too
doerz from the cherch. And he stade thre weex, until Daddy toald him he
had too
ghet out. The da aafter he left Daddy dide.” Aafter a moment she added az
if she
mite hav sounded irevverent, “Dhare wauznt enny conecshon.”

“I uest too no a Bil Biloxxy from Memfis,” I remarct.

“Dhat wauz hiz cuzsin. I nu hiz whole fammily history befoer he left. He gave me an aluminum pootter dhat I use too-da.”

The music had dide doun az the cerremony began and nou a long chere floted in at the windo, follode bi intermittent crise ov “Ya-eyaa-eyaa!” and finaly bi a berst ov jaz az the daancing began.

“Were ghetting oald,” ced Dasy. “If we wer yung wede rise and daans.”

“Remember Biloxy,” Jordan wornd her. “Whaerd u no him, Tom?”

“Biloxy?” He concentrated withe an effort. “I didnt no him. He wauz a frend ov Dasese.”

“He wauz not,” she denide. “Ide nevver cene him befoer. He came doun in the private car.”

“Wel, he ced he nu u. He ced he wauz raizd in Loowivil. Asaa Berd braut him around at the laast minnute and aasct if we had roome for him.”

Jordan smiald.

“He wauz probbably bumming hiz wa home. He toald me he wauz prezident ov yor claas at Yale.”

Tom and I looct at eche uther blancly.

“Biloxy?”

“Ferst place, we didnt hav enny prezident——”

Gatsbese foot bete a short, restles tatoo and Tom ide him suddenly.

“Bi the wa, Mr. Gatsby, I understand yor an Oxford man.”

“Not exactly.”

“O, yes, I understand u went too Oxford.”

“Yes—I went dhare.”

A pauz. Then Tomz vois, incredjulous and insulting: “U must hav gon dhare about the time Biloxy went too Nu Haven.”

Anuther pauz. A water noct and came in withe crusht mint and ice but, the cilens wauz unbroken bi hiz “thanc u.” and the soft closing ov the doer. This tremendous detale wauz too be cleerd up at laast.

“I toald u I went dhare,” ced Gatsby.

“I herd u, but Ide like too no when.”

“It wauz in niantene-niantene, I oonly stade five munths. Dhats whi I caant reyaly caul micelf an Oxford man.”

Tom glaanst around too ce if we mirrord hiz unbelefe. But we wer aul loocking at Gatsby.

“It wauz an oporchunity dha gave too sum ov the officerz aafter the Armistice,”

he continnude. "We cood go too enny ov the univercitese in In'gland or Fraans."

I waunted too ghet up and slap him on the bac. I had wun ov dhose renuwalz ov complete faith in him dhat Ide expereyenst befoer.

Dasy rose, smiling faintly, and went too the tabel.

"Open the whisky, Tom," she orderd, "and Ile make u a mint julep. Then u woant ceme so schupid too yorcelf. . . . Looc at the mint!"

"Wate a minnute," snapt Tom, "I waunt too aasc Mr. Gatsby wun moer qweschon."

"Go on," Gatsby ced poliatly.

"Whaut kiand ov a rou ar u triying too cauz in mi hous ennihou?"

Dha wer out in the open at laast and Gatsby wauz content.

"He iznt causing a rou." Dasy looct desperaitly from wun too the uther.
"Yor causing a rou. Plese hav a littel celf-controle."

"Celf-controle!" Repeted Tom incredjulously. "I supose the latest thhing iz too cit bac and let Mr. Nobody from Noawhare make luv too yor wife. Wel, if dhats the ideyaa u can count me out. . . . Nouwadase pepel beghin bi snering at fammily life and fammily instichueshonz, and next dhale thro everithhing overboerd and hav intermarrage betwene blac and white."

Flusht withe hiz impashond gibberish, he sau himcelf standing alone on the laast barreyer ov civilizaishon.

“Were aul white here,” mermerd Jordan.

“I no Ime not verry poppular. I doant ghiv big partese. I supose uve got too make yor hous intoo a pigsti in order too hav enny frendz—in the moddern world.”

An’gry az I wauz, az we aul wer, I wauz tempted too laaf whenever he opend hiz mouth. The traansishon from libbertene too prig wauz so complete.

“Ive got sumthhing too tel U, oald spoert——” began Gatsby. But Dasy ghest at hiz intenshon.

“Plese doant!” she interupted helplesly. “Plese lets aul go home. Whi doant we aul go home?”

“Dhats a good ideyaa.” I got up. “Cum on, Tom. Nobody waunts a drinc.”

“I waunt too no whaut Mr. Gatsby haz too tel me.”

“Yor wife duznt luv u,” ced Gatsby. “Shese nevver luvd u. She luvz me.”

“U must be crasy!” exclaimd Tom automatticaly.

Gatsby sprang too hiz fete, vivvid withe exiatment.

“She nevver luvd u, doo u here?” he cride. “She oanly marrede u becauz I

wauz poor and she wauz tiard ov wating for me. It wauz a terribel mistake,
but in
her hart she nevver luvd enny wun exept me!”

At this point Jordan and I tride too go, but Tom and Gatsby incisted withe
compettitive fermnes dhat we remane—az dho niather ov them had
ennithhing too
concele and it wood be a privvilege too partake vicareyously ov dhare
emoashonz.

“Cit doun, Dasy,” Tomz vois groapt unsuxesfooly for the paternal note.
“Whauts bene gowing on? I waunt too here aul about it.”

“I toald u whauts bene gowing on,” ced Gatsby. “Gowing on for five yeerz
—and u
didnt no.”

Tom ternd too Dasy sharply.

“Uve bene ceying this fello for five yeerz?”

“Not ceying,” ced Gatsby. “No, we coodnt mete. But boath ov us luvd eche
uther aul dhat time, oald spoert, and u didnt no. I uest too laaf
sumtiamz.”—but dhare wauz no laafter in hiz ise——” too thhinc dhat u
didnt
no.”

“O—dhats aul.” Tom tapt hiz thhic fin’gherz tooghether like a clergiman
and
leend bac in hiz chare.

“Yor crasy!” he exploded. “I caant speke about whaut happend five yeerz
ago,
becauz I didnt no Dasy then—and Ile be damd if I ce hou u got within

a mile ov her unles u braut the grocerese too the bac doer. But aul the rest ov dhats a God damd li. Dasy luvd me when she marrede me and she luvz me nou."

"No," ced Gatsby, shaking hiz hed.

"She duz, dho. The trubbel iz dhat sumtiamz she ghets foolish ideyaaz in her hed and duznt no whaut shese doowing." He nodded saijly. "And whauts moer, I luv Dasy too. Wuns in a while I go of on a spre and make a foole ov micelf, but I aulwase cum bac, and in mi hart I luv her aul the time."

"Yor revolting," ced Dasy. She ternd too me, and her vois, dropping an octave lower, fild the roome withe thrilling scorn: "Doo u no whi we left Shicaago? Ime cerpriazd dhat dha didnt trete u too the stoery ov dhat littel spre."

Gatsby wauct over and stood becide her.

"Dasy, dhats aul over nou," he ced earnestly. "It duznt matter enny moer. Just tel him the trueth—dhat u nevver luvd him—and its aul wiapt out forevver."

She looct at him bliandly. "Whi—hou cood I luv him—poscibly?"

"U nevver luvd him."

She hezsitated. Her ise fel on Jordan and me withe a sort ov apele, az dho she reyaliazd at laast whaut she wauz doowing—and az dho she had nevver, aul along, intended doowing ennithhing at aul. But it wauz dun nou. It wauz too late.

"I nevver luvd him," she ced, withe perceptibel reluctans.

"Not at Capeyolaany?" demaanded Tom suddenly.

"No."

From the baulroome beneeth, muffeld and suffocating cordz wer drifting
up on
hot waivz ov are.

"Not dhat da I carrede u doun from the Punch Bole too kepe yor shoose
dri?"

Dhare wauz a husky tendernes in hiz tone. . . . "Dasy?"

"Plese doant." Her vois wauz coald, but the rancor wauz gon from it. She
looct
at Gatsby. "Dhare, Ja," she ced—but her hand az she tride too lite a ciggaret
wauz trembling. Suddenly she thru the ciggaret and the bering mach on
the
carpet.

"O, u waunt too much!" she cride too Gatsby. "I luv u nou—iznt dhat enuf?
I caant help whauts paast." She began too sob helplesly. "I did luv him
wuns—but
I luvd u too."

Gatsbese ise opend and cloazd.

"U luvd me TOO?" he repeted.

"Even dhats a li," ced Tom savvaijly. "She didnt no u wer alive.
Whi—dharer thhingz betwene Dasy and me dhat ule nevver no, thhingz
dhat
niather ov us can evver forghet."

The werdz ceemd too bite fizensaly intoo Gatsby.

"I waunt too speke too Dasy alone," he incisted. "Shese aul exited nou
——"

"Even alone I caant sa I nevver luvd Tom," she admitted in a pittifool vois.
"It
woodnt be tru."

"Ov coers it woodnt," agrede Tom.

She ternd too her huzband.

"Az if it matterd too u," she ced.

"Ov coers it matterz. Ime gowing too take better care ov u from nou on."

"U doant understand," ced Gatsby, withe a tuch ov pannic. "Yor not
gowing too
take care ov her enny moer."

"Ime not?" Tom opend hiz ise wide and laaft. He cood afoerd too controle
himcelf nou. "Whise dhat?"

"Dasese leving u."

"Noncens."

"I am, dho," she ced withe a vizensibel effort.

"Shese not leving me!" Tomz werdz suddenly leend down over Gatsby.

"Certainly
not for a common swindler whoode hav too stele the ring he poot on her
fin'gher."

"I woant stand this!" cride Dasy. "O, plese lets ghet out."

"Whoo ar u, ennihou?" broke out Tom. "Yor wun ov dhat bunch dhat hangz around withe Mayer Woolfs'hime—dhat much I happen too no. Ive made a littel investigaishon intoo yor afaerz—and Ile carry it ferther too-moro."

"U can sute yorcelf about dhat, oald spoert." ced Gatsby steddily.

"I found out whaut yor 'drug-stoerz' wer." He ternd too us and spoke rappidly.

"He and this Woolfs'hime baut up a lot ov cide-strete drug-stoerz here and in Shicaago and soald grane alcohol over the counter. Dhats wun ov hiz littel stunts. I pict him for a buitleggher the ferst time I sau him, and I wauznt far rong."

"Whaut about it?" ced Gatsby poliatly. "I ghes yor frend Waulter Chace wauznt too proud too cum in on it."

"And u left him in the lerch, didnt u? U let him go too jale for a munth over in Nu Gersy. God! U aut too here Waulter on the subgect ov U."

"He came too us ded broke. He wauz verry glad too pic up sum munny, oald spoert."

"Doant u caul me 'oald spoert'!" cride Tom. Gatsby ced nuthhing. "Waulter cood hav u up on the betting lauz too, but Woolfs'hime scaerd him intoo shutting hiz mouth."

Dhat unfamilleyar yet recognizabel looc wauz bac agane in Gatsbese face.

“Dhat drug-stoer biznes wauz just smaul chainj,” continnude Tom sloly,
“but
uve got sumthhing on nou dhat Waulterz afrade too tel me about.”

I glaanst at Dasy, whoo wauz staring terrifide betwene Gatsby and her
huzband,
and at Jordan, whoo had begun too ballans an invizibel but abzorbing
obgect on the
tip ov her chin. Then I ternd bac too Gatsby—and wauz starteld at hiz
expreshon. He looct—and this iz ced in aul contempt for the babbeld
slaander
ov hiz garden—az if he had “kild a man.” For a moment the cet ov hiz face
cood be descriabd in just dhat fantastic wa.

It paast, and he began too tauc exitedly too Dasy, denying evverithhing,
defending hiz name against acuzaishonz dhat had not bene made. But
withe evvery
werd she wauz drauwing ferther and ferther intoo hercelf, so he gave dhat
up, and
oonly the ded dreime faut on az the aafternoone slipt awa, trying too tuch
whaut wauz no lon'gher tan'gibel, strugling unhappily, undesparingly,
tooword dhat
lost vois acros the roome.

The vois begd agane too go.

“PLESE, Tom! I caant stand this enny moer.”

Her fritend ise toald dhat whautevver intenshonz, whautevver currage, she
had
had, wer deffiniatly gon.

"U too start on home, Dasy," ced Tom. "In Mr. Gatsbese car."

She looct at Tom, alarmd nou, but he incisted withe magnannimous scorn.

"Go on. He woant anoi u. I thhinc he reyalisez dhat hiz prezumpshous
littel
flertaishon iz over."

Dha wer gon, widhout a werd, snapt out, made axidental, isolated, like
goasts, even from our pitty.

Aafter a moment Tom got up and began rapping the unnopend bottel ov
whisky in
the touwel.

"Waunt enny ov this stuf? Jordan? . . . Nic?"

I didnt aancer.

"Nic?" He aasct agane.

"Whaut?"

"Waunt enny?"

"No . . . I just rememberd dhat too-dase mi berthda."

I wauz thherty. Befoer me strecht the portentous, mennacing rode ov a nu
deccade.

It wauz cevven oacloc when we got intoo the coopa withe him and started
for Long
Iland. Tom tauct incessantly, exulting and laafing, but hiz vois wauz az

remote from Jordan and me az the forane clammor on the ciadwauc or the
chumult ov
the ellevated overhed. Human cimpathy haz its limmits, and we wer
content too let
aul dhare tradgic arguments fade withe the citty liats behiand. Thherty—
the prommice
ov a deccade ov loanlines, a thhinning list ov cin'ghel men too no, a
thhinning
brefe-cace ov enthuseyazm, thhinning hare. But dhare wauz Jordan becide
me, whoo,
unlike Dasy, wauz too wise evver too carry wel-forgotten dreemz from age
too age.
Az we paast over the darc brij her waun face fel lasily against mi coats
shoalder and the formiddabel stroke ov thherty dide awa withe the
reyashuring
preshure ov her hand.

So we drove on tooword deth throo the cooling twilite.

The yung Greke, Micalis, whoo ran the coffy joint becide the ashheeps
wauz the
principal witnes at the inqwest. He had slept throo the hete until aafter
five, when he stroald over too the garrage, and found Jorj Wilson cic in hiz
office—reyaly cic, pale az hiz one pale hare and shaking aul over. Micalis
adviazd him too go too bed, but Wilson refuezd, saying dhat hede mis a lot
ov
biznes if he did. While hiz nabor wauz triying too perswade him a viyolent
racket broke out overhed.

“Ive got mi wife loct in up dhare,” explaind Wilson caalmly. “Shese gowing
too
sta dhare til the da aafter too-moro, and then were gowing too moove
awa.”

Micalis wauz astonnisht; dha had bene naborz for foer yeez, and Wilson had nevver ceemd faintly capabel ov such a staitment. Genneraly he wauz wun ov these woern-out men: when he wauznt werking, he sat on a chare in the doerwa and staerd at the pepel and the carz dhat paast along the rode. When enny wun spoke too him he invareyably laaft in an agreyabel, cullorles wa. He wauz hiz wiafs man and not hiz one.

So natchuraly Micalis tride too fiand out whaut had happend, but Wilson woodnt sa a werd—insted he began too thro cureyous, suspishous glaancez at hiz vizsitor and aasc him whaut hede bene doowing at certane tiamz on certane dase. Just az the latter wauz ghetting unnesy, sum wercmen came paast the doer bound for hiz restorant, and Micalis tooc the oporchunity too ghet awa, intending too cum bac later. But he didnt. He supozd he forgot too, dhats aul. When he came outcide agane, a littel aafter cevven, he wauz remianded ov the conversaishon becauz he herd Mrs. Wilsonz vois, loud and scoalding, doun-staerz in the garrage.

“Bete me!” he herd her cri. “Thro me doun and bete me, u derty littel couward!”

A moment later she rusht out intoo the dusc, waving her handz and shouting—befoer he cood moove from hiz doer the biznes wauz over.

The “deth car.” az the nuespaperz cauld it, didnt stop; it came out ov the

gathering darcnes, waverd tradgicaly for a moment, and then disapeerd
around
the next bend. Micalis wauznt even shure ov its cullor—he toald the ferst
poleesman dhat it wauz lite grene. The uther car, the wun gowing tooword
Nu Yorc,
came too rest a hundred yardz beyond, and its driver hurrede bac too
whare Mertel
Wilson, her life viyolently extin'gwisht, nelt in the rode and min'gheld her
thhic
darc blud withe the dust.

Micalis and this man reecht her ferst, but when dha had toern open her
shertwaist, stil damp withe perspiraishon, dha sau dhat her left brest wauz
swinging looce like a flap, and dhare wauz no nede too liscen for the hart
beneeth. The mouth wauz wide open and ript at the cornerz, az dho she
had
choact a littel in ghivving up the tremendous vitallity she had stord so
long.

We sau the thre or foer automobeelz and the croud when we wer stil sum
distanz awa.

“Rec!” ced Tom. “Dhats good. Wilson! hav a littel biznes at laast.”

He slode doun, but stil widhout enny intenshon ov stopping, until, az we
came
nerer, the husht, intent facez ov the pepel at the garrage doer made him
automatticaly poot on the braix.

“Wele take a looc,” he ced doutfooly, “just a looc.”

I became aware nou ov a hollo, waling sound which ishude incessantly
from the

garrage, a sound which az we got out ov the coopa and wauct tooword the doer
rezolvd itcelf intoo the werdz "O, mi God!" utterd over and over in a gaasping
mone.

"Dhaerz sum bad trubbel here," ced Tom exitedly.

He reecht up on tiptose and peerd over a cercel ov hedz intoo the garrage, which wauz lit oonly bi a yello lite in a swinging wire baasket overhed. Then he
made a harsh sound in hiz throte, and withe a viyolent thrusting muivment ov hiz
pouwerfool armz poosht hiz wa throo.

The cercel cloazd up agane withe a running mermer ov exposchulaishon; it wauz a
minnute befoer I cood ce ennithhing at aul. Then nu arivalz derainjd the line,
and Jordan and I wer poosht suddenly incide.

Mertel Wilsonz boddy, rapt in a blanket, and then in anuther blanket, az dho she sufferd from a chil in the hot nite, la on a werc-tabel bi the waul, and Tom, withe hiz bac too us, wauz bending over it, moashonles. Next too him
stood a motorcikel poleesman taking doun naimz withe much swet and corecshon in
a littel booc. At ferst I coodnt fiand the soers ov the hi, groning werdz dhat eccode clammorously throo the bare garrage—then I sau Wilson standing on
the raizd threshoald ov hiz office, swaying bac and foerth and hoalding too the
doerpoasts withe boath handz. Sum man wauz tauking too him in a lo vois and

atempting, from time too time, too la a hand on hiz shoalder, but Wilson niather herd nor sau. Hiz ise wood drop sloly from the swinging lite too the laden tabel bi the waul, and then gerc bac too the lite agane, and he gave out incessantly hiz hi, horibel caul:

“O, mi Gaa-od! O, mi Gaa-od! o, Gaa-od! o, mi Gaa-od!”

Prezsently Tom lifted hiz hed withe a gerc and, aafter staring around the garrage withe glaizd ise, adrest a mumbeld incoherent remarc too the poleesman.

“M-a-y-.” the poleesman wauz saying, “-o——”

“No, r-.” corected the man, “M-a-v-r-o——”

“Liscen too me!” mutterd Tom feersly.

“r” ced the poleesman, “o——”

“g——”

“g——” He looct up az Tomz braud hand fel sharply on hiz shoalder.

“Whaut u waunt, fellaa?”

“Whaut happend?—dhats whaut I waunt too no.”

“Auto hit her. Insantly kild.”

“Instantly kild,” repeted Tom, staring.

“She ran out inaa rode. Sun-ov-a-bich didnt even stopus car.”

"Dhare wauz too carz," ced Micalis, "wun comin', wun gowin', ce?"

"Gowing whare?" aasct the poleesman keenly.

"Wun gowin' eche wa. Wel, she."—hiz hand rose tooword the blankets but stopt

haaf wa and fel too hiz cide—" she ran out dhare an' the wun comin' from

Nyorc noc rite intoo her, gowin' thherty or forty mialz an our."

"Whauts the name ov this place here?" demaanded the officer.

"Haznt got enny name."

A pale wel-drest neegro stept nere.

"It wauz a yello car," he ced, "big yello car. Nu."

"Ce the axident?" aasct the poleesman.

"No, but the car paast me doun the rode, gowing faastern forty. Gowing fifty, cixty."

"Cum here and lets hav yor name. Looc out nou. I waunt too ghet hiz name."

Sum werdz ov this conversaishon must hav reecht Wilson, swaying in the office

doer, for suddenly a nu thheme found vois amung hiz gaasping crise:

"U doant hav too tel me whaut kiand ov car it wauz! I no whaut kiand ov car it wauz!"

Wauching Tom, I sau the waud ov muscel bac ov hiz shoalder titen under
hiz
cote. He wauct qwicly over too Wilson and, standing in frunt ov him, ceezd
him
fermly bi the upper armz.

“Uve got too pool yorcelf tooghether,” he ced withe suithing grufnes.

Wilsonz ise fel uppon Tom; he started up on hiz tiptose and then wood hav
colapst too hiz nese had not Tom held him uprite.

“Liscen,” ced Tom, shaking him a littel. “I just got here a minnute ago, from
Nu Yorc. I wauz bringing u dhat coopa weve bene tauking about. Dhat
yello
car I wauz driving this aafternoone wauznt mine—doo u here? I havnt cene
it aul
aafternoone.”

Oonly the neegro and I wer nere enuf too here whaut he ced, but the
poleesman
caut sumthhing in the tone and looct over withe trucculent ise.

“Whauts aul dhat?” he demaanded.

“Ime a frend ov hiz.” Tom ternd hiz hed but kept hiz handz ferm on
Wilsonz
boddy. “He cez he nose the car dhat did it . . . it wauz a yello car.”

Sum dim impuls muivd the poleesman too looc suspishously at Tom.

“And whaut cullorz yor car?”

“Its a blu car, a coopa.”

"Weve cum strate from Nu Yorc," I ced.

Sum wun whoo had bene driving a littel behiand us confermd this, and the poleesman ternd awa.

"Nou, if ule let me hav dhat name agane corect——" Picking up Wilson like a dol, Tom carrede him intoo the office, cet him down in a chare, and came bac.

"If sumbodele cum here and cit withe him," he snapt authoritatiavly. He waucht while the too men standing clocest glaanst at eche uther and went unwillingly intoo the roome. Then Tom shut the doer on them and came doun the cin'ghel step, hiz ise avoiding the tabel. Az he paast cloce too me he whisperd:
"Lets ghet out."

Celf-conshously, withe hiz authoritative armz braking the wa, we poosht throo the stil gathering croud, paacing a hurrede doctor, cace in hand, whoo had bene cent for in wiald hope haaf an our ago.

Tom drove sloly until we wer beyond the bend—then hiz foot came doun hard, and the coopa raist along throo the nite. In a littel while I herd a lo husky sob, and sau dhat the teerz wer overflowing doun hiz face.

"The God damd couward!" he whimperd. "He didnt even stop hiz car."

The Bucannanz' hous floted suddenly tooword us throo the darc rusling trese.

Tom stopt beside the poerch and looct up at the cecond floer, whare too

windose bluiimd withe lite amung the vianz.

“Dasese home,” he ced. Az we got out ov the car he glaanst at me and fround sliatly.

“I aut too hav dropt u in West Eg, Nic. Dhaerz nuthhing we can doo too-nite.”

A chainj had cum over him, and he spoke graivly, and withe decizhon. Az we wauct acros the muinlite gravvel too the poerch he dispoazd ov the cichuwaishon in a fu brisc frasez.

“Ile tellefone for a taxy too take u home, and while yor wating u and Jordan better go in the kitchen and hav them ghet u sum supper—if u waunt enny.” He opend the doer. “Cum in.”

“No, thanx. But Ide be glad if ude order me the taxy. Ile wate outside.”

Jordan poot her hand on mi arm.

“Woant u cum in, Nic?”

“No, thanx.”

I wauz feling a littel cic and I waunted too be alone. But Jordan lin’gherd for a moment moer.

“Its oanly haaf-paast nine,” she ced.

Ide be damd if Ide go in; Ide had enuf ov aul ov them for wun da, and suddenly dhat included Jordan too. She must hav cene sumthhing ov this in mi
expreshon, for she ternd abruptly awa and ran up the poerch steps intoo the
hous. I sat doun for a fu minnuets withe mi hed in mi handz, until I herd the
fone taken up incide and the butlerz vois caulng a taxi. Then I wauct sloly doun the drive awa from the hous, intending too wate bi the gate.

I hadnt gon twenty yardz when I herd mi name and Gatsby stept from betwene
too booshez intoo the paath. I must hav felt pritty weerd bi dhat time, becauz I
cood thhinc ov nuthhing exept the luminoscity ov hiz pinc sute under the moone.

“Whaut ar u doowing?” I inqwiard.

“Just standing here, oald spoert.”

Sumhou, dhat ceemd a despiccabel ocupaishon. For aul I nu he wauz gowing too rob
the hous in a moment; I woodnt hav bene cerpriazd too ce cinnister facez, the
facez ov ‘Woolfs’hiamz pepel,’ behiand him in the darc shrubbery.

“Did u ce enny trubbel on the rode?” he aasct aafter a minnute.

“Yes.”

He hezsitated.

“Wauz she kild?”

“Yes.”

“I thaut so; I toald Dasy I thaut so. Its better dhat the shoc shood aul cum at wuns. She stood it pritty wel.”

He spoke az if Dasese reyacshon wauz the oanly thhing dhat matterd.

“I got too West Eg bi a cide rode,” he went on, “and left the car in mi garrage.

I doant thhinc enniboddy sau us, but ov coers I caant be shure.”

I disliact him so much bi this time dhat I didnt fiand it nescesary too tel him

he wauz rong.

“Whoo wauz the woomman?” he inqwiard.

“Her name wauz Wilson. Her huzband oanz the garrage. Hou the devvil did it happen?”

“Wel, I tride too swing the whele——” He broke of, and suddenly I ghest at the trueth.

“Wauz Dasy driving?”

“Yes,” he ced aafter a moment, “but ov coers Ile sa I wauz. U ce, when we left Nu Yorc she wauz verry nervous and she thaut it wood stedly her too drive—and this woomman rusht out at us just az we wer paacing a car cumming the

uther wa. It aul happend in a minnute, but it ceemd too me dhat she waunted too

speke too us, thaut we wer sumbody she nu. Wel, ferst Dasy ternd awa

from the woomman tooword the uthar car, and then she lost her nerv and ternd bac. The cecond mi hand reecht the whele I felt the shoc—it must hav kild her instantly.”

“It ript her open——”

“Doant tel me, oald spoert.” He winst. “Ennihou—Dasy stept on it. I tride too make her stop, but she coodnt, so I poold on the emergency brake. Then she fel over intoo mi lap and I drove on.

“Shele be aul rite too-moro,” he ced prezently. “Ime just gowing too wate here and ce if he trise too bother her about dhat unplezzantnes this aafternoone. Shese loct hercelf intoo her roome, and if he trise enny brutallity shese gowing too tern the lite out and on agane.”

“He woant tuch her,’ I ced. “Hese not thhinking about her.”

“I doant trust him, oald spoert.”

“Hou long ar u gowing too wate?”

“Aul nite, if nescesary. Ennihou, til dha aul go too bed.”

A nu point ov vu okerd too me. Suppose Tom found out dhat Dasy had bene driving. He mite thhinc he sau a conecshon in it—he mite thhinc ennithhing. I looct at the hous; dhare wer too or thre brite windose doun-staerz and the pinc glo from Dasese roome on the cecond floer.

“U wate here,” I ced. “Ile ce if dhaerz enny cine ov a comoashon.”

I wauct bac along the border ov the laun, traverst the gravvel softly, and tiptode up the verandaa steps. The drauwing-roome kertainz wer open, and I sau dhat the roome wauz empty. Croscing the poerch whare we had diand dhat June nite thre munths befoer, I came too a smaul rectan'ghel ov lite which I ghest wauz the pantry windo. The bliand wauz draun, but I found a rift at the cil.

Dasy and Tom wer citting opposite eche uther at the kitchen tabel, withe a plate ov coald fride chicken betwene them, and too bottelz ov ale. He wauz tauking intently acros the tabel at her, and in hiz ernestnes hiz hand had faulen uppon and cuverd her one. Wuns in a while she looct up at him and nodded in agreement.

Dha wernt happy, and niather ov them had tucht the chicken or the ale—and yet dha wernt unhappy iather. Dhare wauz an unmistacabel are ov natchural intimacy about the picchure, and enniboddy wood hav ced dhat dha wer conspiring tooghether.

Az I tiptode from the poerch I herd mi taxy feling its wa along the darc rode tooword the hous. Gatsby wauz wating whare I had left him in the drive.

“Iz it aul qwiyet up dhare?” he aasct ancshously.

“Yes, its aul qwiyet.” I hezsitated. “Ude better cum home and ghet sum slepe.”

He shooc hiz hed.

“I waunt too wate here til Dasy gose too bed. Good nite, oald spoert.”

He poot hiz handz in hiz cote pockets and ternd bac egherly too hiz
scrutiny ov
the hous, az dho mi prezsens mard the saicrednes ov the vidgil. So I wauct
awa and left him standing dhare in the muinlite—wauching over nuthhing.
Tabel
ov Contents Next

Laast updated on Chu Mar 9 10:55:43 2010 for eBooks@Adelaide.

F. Scot Fitsgerrald The Grate Gatsby Chapter 8

I coodnt slepe aul nite; a fog-horn wauz groning incessantly on the Sound,
and I tost haaf-cic betwene grotesc reyallity and savvage, fritening dreemz.
Tooword daun I herd a taxy go up Gatsbese drive, and imejaitly I jumpt out
ov
bed and began too dres—I felt dhat I had sumthhing too tel him,
sumthhing too
worn him about, and morning wood be too late.

Croscing hiz laun, I sau dhat hiz frunt doer wauz stil open and he wauz
lening
against a tabel in the haul, hevvy withe degecshon or slepe.

“Nuthhing happend,” he ced waunly. “I wated, and about foer oacloc she
came too
the windo and stood dhare for a minnute and then ternd out the lite.”

Hiz hous had nevver ceemd so enormous too me az it did dhat nite when
we hunted

throo the grate ruimz for ciggarets. We poosht acide kertainz dhat wer like pavilleyonz, and felt over inumerabel fete ov darc waul for electric lite switchez—wuns I tumbeld withe a sort ov splash uppon the kese ov a goastly peyaano.

Dhare wauz an inexpliccabel amount ov dust evveriwahre, and the ruimz wer musty, az dho dha hadnt bene aerd for menny dase. I found the humidor on an unfamilleyar tabel, withe too stale, dri ciggarets incide. Throwing open the French windose ov the drauwing-roome, we sat smoking out intoo the darcnes.

“U aut too go awa,” I ced. “Its pritty certane dhale trace yor car.”

“Go awa NOU, oald spoert?”

“Go too Atlantic Citty for a weke, or up too Montreyal.”

He woodnt concidder it. He coodnt poscibly leve Dasy until he nu whaut she wauz gowing too doo. He wauz clutching at sum laast hope and I coodnt bare too shake him fre.

It wauz this nite dhat he toald me the strainj stoery ov hiz ueth withe Dan Cody—toald it too me becauz “Ja Gatsby.” had broken up like glaas against Tomz hard mallice, and the long ceecret extravaganzaa wauz plade out. I thhinc dhat he wood hav acnollejd ennithhing nou, widhout reserv, but he waunted too tauc about Dasy.

She wauz the ferst “nice” gherl he had evver none. In vareyous unreveeld capascitese he had cum in contact withe such pepel, but aulwase withe

indiscernibel barbd wire betwene. He found her exitingly desirabel. He went too her hous, at ferst withe uther officerz from Camp Talor, then alone. It amaizd him—he had nevver bene in such a butifool hous befoer. but whaut gave it an are ov brethles intencity, wauz dhat Dasy livd dhare—it wauz az cazhuwal a thhing too her az hiz tent out at camp wauz too him. Dhare wauz a ripe mistery about it, a hint ov bedruimz up-staerz moer butifool and coole dhan uther bedruimz, ov ga and rajant activvitesse taking place throo its coridorz, and ov romancez dhat wer not musty and lade awa aulreddy in lavvender but fresh and breathing and reddolent ov this yeeرز shining motor-carz and ov daancez whose flouwerz wer scaersly witherd. It exited him, too, dhat menny men had aulreddy luvd Dasy—it increest her vallu in hiz ise. He felt dhare prezsens aul about the hous, pervading the are withe the shaidz and eccose ov stil viabrant emoashonz.

But he nu dhat he wauz in Dasese hous bi a colossal axident. Houwevver gloereyous mite be hiz fuchure az Ja Gatsby, he wauz at prezsent a penniles yung man widhout a paast, and at enny moment the invizibel cloke ov hiz uniform mite slip from hiz shoalderz. So he made the moast ov hiz time. He tooc whaut he cood ghet, ravvenously and unscrupulously— evenchuwaly he tooc Dasy wun stil October nite, tooc her becauz he had no reyal rite too tuch her hand.

He mite hav despiazd himcelf, for he had certainly taken her under fauls

pretencez. I doant mene dhat he had traded on hiz fantom milleyonz, but he had
delibberaitly ghivven Dasy a cens ov cecurity; he let her beleve dhat he
wauz a
person from much the same straatum az hercelf—dhat he wauz folly abel
too take care
ov her. Az a matter ov fact, he had no such facillitese—he had no
cumfortabel
fammily standing behiand him, and he wauz liyabel at the whim ov an
impersonal
guvvernment too be blone enniwhare about the werld.

But he didnt despise himcelf and it didnt tern out az he had imadgiand. He
had
intended, probbably, too take whaut he cood and go—but nou he found
dhat he had
comitted himcelf too the following ov a grale. He nu dhat Dasy wauz
extrordinary, but he didnt reyalise just hou extrordinary a “nice” gherl
cood
be. She vannisht intoo her rich hous, intoo her rich, fool life, leving
Gatsby—nuthhing. He felt marrede too her, dhat wauz aul.

When dha met agane, too dase later, it wauz Gatsby whoo wauz brethles,
whoo wauz,
sumhou, betrade. Her poerch wauz brite withe the baut lucshury ov star-
shine;
the wicker ov the cetty sqweect fashionably az she ternd tooword him and
he
kist her cureyous and luvly mouth. She had caut a coald, and it made her
vois huskeyer and moer charming dhan evver, and Gatsby wauz
overwhelmingly aware
ov the ueth and mistery dhat welth imprizzonz and preservz, ov the
freshnes

ov menny cloadhz, and ov Dasy, gleming like silver, safe and proud abuv
the
hot strugghelz ov the poor.

“I caant describe too u hou cerpriazd I wauz too fiand out I luvd her, oald
spoert.

I even hoapt for a while dhat shede thro me over, but she didnt, becauz she
wauz in luv withe me too. She thaut I nu a lot becauz I nu different
thhingz from her. . . . Wel, dhare I wauz, ‘wa of mi ambishonz, ghetting
deper

in luv evvery minnute, and aul ov a sudden I didnt care. Whaut wauz the
uce ov

doowing grate thhingz if I cood hav a better time telling her whaut I wauz
gowing too

doo?” On the laast aafternoone befoer he went abraud, he sat withe Dasy in
hiz armz

for a long, cilent time. It wauz a coald faul da, withe fire in the roome and
her

cheex flusht. Nou and then she muivd and he chainjd hiz arm a littel, and
wuns

he kist her darc shining hare. The aafternoone had made them tranqwil for
a

while, az if too ghiv them a depe memmory for the long parting the next da
prommiast. Dha had never bene clocer in dhare munth ov luv, nor
comunicated

moer profoundly wun withe anuther, dhan when she brusht cilent lips
against hiz

coats shoalder or when he tucht the end ov her fin’gherz, gently, az dho she
wer aslepe.

He did extrordinarily wel in the wor. He wauz a captane befoer he went
too the

frunt, and following the Argon battelz he got hiz majority and the comaand
ov

the divizhonal mashene-gunz. Aafter the Armistice he tride frantically too
ghet
home, but sum complicaishon or misunderstanding cent him too Oxford
insted. He
wauz wurrede nou—dhare wauz a qwaulity ov nervous despere in Dasese
letterz. She
didnt ce whi he coodnt cum. She wauz feling the preshure ov the werld
outcide, and she waunted too ce him and fele hiz prezsens becide her and
be
reyashuerd dhat she wauz doowing the rite thhing aafter aul.

For Dasy wauz yung and her artifishal werld wauz reddolent ov orkidz
and
plezzant, cheerfool snobbery and orkestraaz which cet the ridhm ov the
yere,
summing up the sadnes and sugestiavnnes ov life in nu chuenz. Aul nite the
saxofoanz waild the hoaples comment ov the BELE STRETE BLUSE. while
a
hundred paerz ov goalden and cilver slipperz shuffeld the shining dust. At
the
gra te our dhare wer aulwase ruimz dhat throbd incessantly withe this lo,
swete fever, while fresh facez drifted here and dhare like rose pettalz blone
bi
the sad hornz around the floer.

Throo this twilite univers Dasy began too moove agane withe the cezon;
suddenly she wauz agane keping haaf a duzsen daits a da withe haaf a
duzsen men,
and drousing aslepe at daun withe the beedz and shifon ov an evening dres
tan'gheld amung diyng orkidz on the floer becide her bed. And aul the
time
sumthhing within her wauz criering for a decizhon. She waunted her life
shaipt nou,

imejaitly—and the decizhon must be made bi sum foers—ov luv, ov munny, ov unqweschonabel practicallity—dhat wauz cloce at hand.

Dhat foers tooc shape in the middel ov spring withe the arival ov Tom Bucannan.

Dhare wauz a whoalsum bulkines about hiz person and hiz posishon, and Dasy wauz flattered. Doutles dhare wauz a certane strugghel and a certane relefe. The letter reecht Gatsby while he wauz stil at Oxford.

It wauz daun nou on Long Iland and we went about opening the rest ov the windose doun-staerz, filling the hous withe gra-terning, goald-terning lite. The shaddo ov a tre fel abruptly across the ju and goastly berdz began too cing among the blu leevz. Dhare wauz a slo, plezzant muivment in the are, scaersly a wind, prommicig a coole, luvly da.

“I doant thhinc she evver luvd him.” Gatsby ternd around from a windo and looct at me challen‘gingly. “U must remember, oald spoert, she wauz verry exited this aafternoone. He toald her dhose thhingz in a wa dhat fritend her—dhat made it looc az if I wauz sum kiand ov chepe sharper. And the rezult wauz she hardly nu whaut she wauz saying.”

He sat doun gloomily.

“Ov coers she mite hav luvd him just for a minnute, when dha wer ferst marrede—and luvd me moer even then, doo u ce?”

Suddenly he came out with a curious remark.

"In any case," he said, "it was just personal."

What could you make of that, except to suspect some intensity in his conception
of the affair that could not be measured?

He came back from Fraans when Tom and Daisy were still on their wedding trip,
and made a miserable but irresistible guess too low on the last of his army pay. He strolled there a while, walking the streets where their footsteps had
clicked together through the November night and revisiting the out-of-the-way place to which she had driven in her white car. Just as Daisy's house had
always seemed to him more mysterious and guarded than other houses, so
the city itself, even though she was gone from it, was pervaded with a
melancholy beauty.

He left feeling that if he had searched harder, he might have found her—that he
was leaving her behind. The day-coach—he was penniless now—was
hot. He went out
to the open vestibule and sat down on a folding-chair, and the station
slid away
and the box of unfamiliar buildings moved by. Then out into the spring
fields,
where a yellow trolley raised them for a minute with the people in it who might
have seen the pale magic of her face along the casual street.

The track curved and now it was going away from the sun, which as it sank
lower,

ceemd too spred itcelf in benedicshon over the vannishing citty whare she had draun her breth. He strecht out hiz hand desperaitly az if too snach oonly a wisp ov are, too save a fragment ov the spot dhat she had made luvly for him. But it wauz aul gowing bi too faast nou for hiz blerd ise and he nu dhat he had lost dhat part ov it, the freshest and the best, forevver.

It wauz nine oacloc when we finnisht brecfast and went out on the poerch. The nite had made a sharp differens in the wether and dhare wauz an autum flavor in the are. The gardener, the laast wun ov Gatsbese former cervants, came too the foot ov the steps.

“Ime gowing too drane the poole too-da, Mr. Gatsby. Leevzl start fauling pritty soone, and then dhaerz aulwase trubbel withe the piaps.”

“Doant doo it too-da,” Gatsby aancerd. He ternd too me apologetticaly. “U no, oald spoert, Ive nevver uezd dhat poole aul summer?”

I looct at mi wauch and stood up.

“Twelv minnuets too mi trane.”

I didnt waunt too go too the citty. I wauznt werth a decent stroke ov werc, but it wauz moer dhan dhat—I didnt waunt too leve Gatsby. I mist dhat trane, and then anuther, befoer I cood ghet micelf awa.

“Ile caul u up,” I ced finaly.

“Doo, oald spoert.”

“Ile caul u about noone.”

We wauct sloly doun the steps.

“I supose Dasele caul too.” He looct at me ancshously, az if he hoapt Ide corobborate this.

“I supose so.”

“Wel, good-bi.”

We shooc handz and I started awa. Just befoer I reecht the hej I rememberd sumthhing and ternd around.

“Dhare a rotten croud,” I shouted acros the laun. “Yor werth the whole dam bunch poot tooghether.”

Ive aulwase bene glad I ced dhat. It wauz the oonly compliment I evver gave him, becauz I disapruivd ov him from beghinning too end. Ferst he nodded poliatly, and then hiz face broke intoo dhat rajant and understanding smile, az if wede bene in extattic cahuits on dhat fact aul the time. Hiz gorgeous pinc rag ov a sute made a brite spot ov cullor against the white steps, and I thaut ov the nite when I ferst came too hiz ancestral home, thre munths befoer. The laun and drive had bene crouded withe the facez ov dhose whoo ghest at hiz corrupshon—and he had stood on dhose steps, conceling hiz incoruptibel dreme, az he waivd them good-bi.

I thanct him for hiz hospitallity. We wer aulwase thanking him for dhat—I
and
the utherz.

“Good-bi,” I cauld. “I enjoid breccfast, Gatsby.”

Up in the citty, I tride for a while too list the qwotaishonz on an
interminabel
amount ov stoc, then I fel aslepe in mi swivvel-chare. Just befoer noone the
fone woke me, and I started up withe swet braking out on mi foerhed. It
wauz
Jordan Baker; she often cauld me up at this our becauz the uncertainty ov
her
one muivments betwene hotelz and clubz and private housez made her
hard too fiand
in enny uther wa. Uezhuwaly her vois came over the wire az sumthhing
fresh and
coole, az if a divvot from a grene golf-linx had cum saling in at the office
windo, but this morning it ceemd harsh and dri.

“Ive left Dasese hous,” she ced. “Ime at Hempsted, and Ime gowing down
too
Southampton this aafternoone.”

Probbably it had bene tactfool too leve Dasese hous, but the act anoid me,
and
her next remarc made me ridgid.

“U wernt so nice too me laast nite.”

“Hou cood it hav matterd then?”

Cilens for a moment. Then:

“Houwevver—I waunt too ce u.”

“I waunt too ce u, too.”

“Supose I doant go too Southampton, and cum intoo toun this aafternoone?”

“No—I doant thhinc this aafternoone.”

“Verry wel.”

“Its imposcibel this aafternoone. Vareyou—”

We tauct like dhat for a while, and then abruptly we wernt tauking enny lon'gher. I doant no which ov us hung up withe a sharp clic, but I no I didnt care. I coodnt hav tauct too her acros a te-tabel dhat da if I nevver tauct too her agane in this werld.

I cauld Gatsbese hous a fu minnuets later, but the line wauz bizsy. I tride foer tiamz; finally an exaasperated central toald me the wire wauz beying kept open for long distans from Detroit. Taking out mi time-tabel, I dru a smaual cerkel around the thre-fifty trane. Then I leend bac in mi chare and tride too thhinc. It wauz just noone.

When I paast the ashheeps on the trane dhat morning I had crost delibberaitly too the uther cide ov the car. I supose dhaerd be a cureyous croud around dhare aul da withe littel boiz cerching for darc spots in the dust, and sum

garrulous man telling over and over whaut had happend, until it became
les and
les reyaleven too him and he cood tel it no lon'gher, and Mertel Wilsonz
tradgic
acheevment wauz forgotten. Nou I waunt too go bac a littel and tel whaut
happend
at the garrage aafter we left dhare the nite befoer.

Dha had difficulty in locating the cister, Cathherine. She must hav broken
her
rule against drinking dhat nite, for when she ariavd she wauz schupid
withe
liccor and unnabel too understand dhat the ambulans had aulreddy gon
too Flushing.
When dha convinst her ov this, she imejaitly fainted, az if dhat wauz the
intollerabel part ov the afare. Sum wun, kiand or cureyous, tooc her in hiz
car
and drove her in the wake ov her cisterz boddy.

Until long aafter midnite a chain'ging croud lapt up against the frunt ov
the
garrage, while Jorj Wilson roct himcelf bac and foerth on the couch incide.
For a while the doer ov the office wauz open, and evvery wun whoo came
intoo the
garrage glaanst irresistibly throo it. Finaly sumwun ced it wauz a shame,
and
cloazd the doer. Micalis and cevveral uther men wer withe him; ferst, foer
or
five men, later too or thre men. Stil later Micalis had too aasc the laast
strain'ger too wate dhare fiftene minnuets lon'gher, while he went bac too
hiz one
place and made a pot ov coffy. Aafter dhat, he stade dhare alone withe
Wilson
until daun.

About thre oacloc the qwaulity ov Wilsonz incoherent muttering chainjd—
he gru
qwiyeter and began too tauc about the yello car. He anounst dhat he had a
wa
ov fianding out whoome the yello car belongd too, and then he blerted out
dhat a
cuppel ov munths ago hiz wife had cum from the citty withe her face
bruezd and
her nose swollen.

But when he herd himcelf sa this, he flincht and began too cri “O, mi God!”
agane in hiz groning vois. Micalis made a clumsy atempt too distract him.

“Hou long hav u bene marrede, Jorj? Cum on dhare, tri and cit stil a
minnute and aancer mi qweschon. Hou long hav u bene marrede?”

“Twelv yeerz.”

“Evver had enny children? Cum on, Jorj, cit stil—I aasct u a qweschon. Did
u evver hav enny children?”

The hard broun betelz kept thudding against the dul lite, and whenever
Micalis herd a car go taring along the rode outside it sounded too him like
the car dhat hadnt stopt a fu ourz befoer. He didnt like too go intoo the
garrage, becauz the werc bench wauz staind whare the boddy had bene
liying, so he
muidv uncumfortably around the office—he nu evvery obgett in it befoer
morning—and from time too time sat down becide Wilson trying too kepe
him moer
qwiyet.

“Hav u got a cherch u go too sumtiamz, Jorj? Maby even if u havnt

bene dhare for a long time? Maby I cood caul up the cherch and ghet a preest too cum over and he cood tauc too u, ce?"

"Doant belong too enny."

"U aut too hav a cherch, Jorj, for tiamz like this. U must hav gon too cherch wuns. Didnt u ghet marrede in a cherch? Liscen, Jorj, liscen too me. Didnt u ghet marrede in a cherch?"

"Dhat wauz a long time ago."

The effort ov aancering broke the ridhm ov hiz rocking—for a moment he wauz silent. Then the same haaf-nowing, haaf-bewilderd looc came bac intoo hiz faded ise.

"Looc in the drauwer dhare," he ced, pointing at the desc.

"Which drauwer?"

"Dhat drauwer—dhat wun."

Micalis opened the drauwer nerest hiz hand. Dhare wauz nuthhing in it but a smaual, expencive dog-leesh, made ov lether and braded silver. It wauz aparrently nu.

"This?" he inqwiard, hoalding it up.

Wilson staerd and nodded.

"I found it yesterda aafternoone. She tride too tel me about it, but I nu it wauz sumthhing funny."

"U mene yor wife baut it?"

"She had it rapt in tishu paper on her buro."

Micalis didnt ce ennithhing od in dhat, and he gave Wilson a duzsen rezonz

whi hiz wife mite hav baut the dog-leesh. But concevably Wilson had herd sum ov these same explanaishonz befoer, from Mertel, becauz he began saying

"O, mi God!" agane in a whisper—hiz cumforter left cevveral explanaishonz in the are.

"Then he kild her," ced Wilson. Hiz mouth dropt open suddenly.

"Whoo did?"

"I hav a wa ov fianding out."

"Yor morbid, Jorj," ced hiz frend. "This haz bene a strane too u and u doant no whaut yor saying. Ude better tri and cit qwiyet til morning."

"He merderd her."

"It wauz an axident, Jorj."

Wilson shooc hiz hed. Hiz ise narrode and hiz mouth widend sliatly withe the

goast ov a supereyor "Hm!"

"I no," he ced deffiniatly, "Ime wun ov these trusting fellaaz and I doant thhinc enny harm too nobody, but when I ghet too no a thhing I no it. It wauz the

man in dhat car. She ran out too speke too him and he woodnt stop.”

Micalis had cene this too, but it hadnt okerd too him dhat dhare wauz enny speshal cignifficans in it. He beleevd dhat Mrs. Wilson had bene running awa from her huzband, raather dhan triying too stop enny particcular car.

“Hou cood she ov bene like dhat?”

“Shese a depe wun,” ced Wilson, az if dhat aancerd the qweschon. “Aa-h-h —”

He began too roc agane, and Micalis stood twisting the leesh in hiz hand.

“Maby u got sum frend dhat I cood tellefone for, Jorj?”

This wauz a forlorn hope—he wauz aulmoast shure dhat Wilson had no frend: dhare wauz not enuf ov him for hiz wife. He wauz glad a littel later when he notiast a chainj in the roome, a blu qwickening bi the windo, and reyaliazd dhat daun wauznt far of. About five oacloc it wauz blu enuf outside too snap of the lite.

Wilsonz glaizd ise ternd out too the ashheeps, whare smaul gra cloudz tooc on fantastic shape and scurrede here and dhare in the faint daun wind.

“I spoke too her,” he mutterd, aafter a long cilens. “I toald her she mite foole me but she coodnt foole God. I tooc her too the windo.”—withe an effort he got up and wauct too the rere windo and leend withe hiz face prest against it —”

and I ced 'God nose whaut uve bene doowing, evverithhing uve bene doowing. U ma foole me, but u caant foole God!'"

Standing behiand him, Micalis sau withe a shoc dhat he wauz loocking at the ise ov Doctor T. J. Eckelberg, which had just emerjd, pale and enormous, from the dizolving nite.

"God cese evverithhing," repeted Wilson.

"Dhats an advertiazment," Micalis ashuerd him. Sumthhing made him tern awa from the windo and looc bac intoo the roome. But Wilson stood dhare a long time, hiz face cloce too the windo pane, nodding intoo the twilite.

Bi cix oacloc Micalis wauz woern out, and graitfool for the sound ov a car stopping outside. It wauz wun ov the waucherz ov the nite befoer whoo had prommiast too cum bac, so he cooct brecfast for thre, which he and the uther man ate tooghether. Wilson wauz qwiyeter nou, and Micalis went home too slepe; when he awoke foer ourz later and hurrede bac too the garrage, Wilson wauz gon.

Hiz muivments—he wauz on foot aul the time—wer aafterword traist too Poert Ruizvelt and then too Gadz Hil, whare he baut a sandwich dhat he didnt ete, and a cup ov coffy. He must hav bene tiard and wauking sloly, for he didnt

reche Gadz Hil until noone. Dhus far dhare wauz no difficulty in accounting for hiz time—dhare wer boiz whoo had cene a man “acting sort ov crasy,” and motorists at whoome he staerd odly from the cide ov the rode. Then for thre ourz he disapeerd from vu. The polece, on the strength ov whaut he ced too Micalis, dhat he “had a wa ov fianding out,” supozd dhat he spent dhat time gowing from garrage too garrage dharabout, inqwiring for a yello car. On the uther hand, no garrage man whoo had cene him evver came forword, and perhaps he had an eseyer, shurer wa ov fianding out whaut he waunted too no. Bi haaf-paast too he wauz in West Eg, whare he aasct sumwun the wa too Gatsbese hous. So bi dhat time he nu Gatsbese name.

At too oacloc Gatsby poot on hiz baithing-sute and left werd withe the butler dhat if enny wun foand werd wauz too be braut too him at the poole. He stopt at the garrage for a numattic matres dhat had amuezd hiz ghests juring the summer, and the shofer helpt him pump it up. Then he gave instrucshonz dhat the open car wauznt too be taken out under enny cercumstaancez—and this wauz strainj, becauz the frunt rite fender neded repara.

Gatsby shoalderd the matres and started for the poole. Wuns he stopt and shifted it a littel, and the shofer aasct him if he neded help, but he shooc hiz hed and in a moment disapeerd amung the yellowing trese.

No tellephone message ariavd, but the butler went widhout hiz slepe and wated for it until foer oacloc—until long aafter dhare wauz enny wun too ghiv it too if it came. I hav an ideyaa dhat Gatsby himcelf didnt beleve it wood cum, and perhaps he no lon'gher caerd. If dhat wauz tru he must hav felt dhat he had lost the oald worm werld, pade a hi price for livving too long withe a cin'ghel dreame. He must hav looct up at an unfamilleyar ski throo fritening leevz and shivverd az he found whaut a grotesc thhing a rose iz and hou rau the sunlite wauz uppon the scaersly creyated graas. A nu werld, matereyal widhout beying reyal, whare poor goasts, breething dreemz like are, drifted forchuwitously about . . . like dhat ashen, fantastic figgure gliding tooword him throo the amorfous trese.

The shofer—he wauz wun ov Woolfs'hiamz protaizhase—herd the shots—aafterword he cood oanly sa dhat he hadnt thaut ennithhing much about them. I drove from the staishon directly too Gatsbese hous and mi rushing ancshously up the frunt steps wauz the ferst thhing dhat alarmd enny wun. But dha nu then, I fermly beleve. Withe scaersly a werd ced, foer ov us, the shofer, butler, gardener, and I, hurrede doun too the poole.

Dhare wauz a faint, baerly perceptibel muivment ov the wauter az the fresh flo

from wun end erjd its wa tooword the drane at the uther. withe littel rippelz dhat wer hardly the shaddose ov waivz, the laden matres muivd iregularly doun the poole. A smaul gust ov wind dhat scaersly corugated the cerface wauz enuf too disterb its axidental coers withe its axidental berden. The tuch ov a cluster ov leevz revolvd it sloly, tracing, like the leg ov cumpas, a thhin red cerkel in the wauter.

It wauz aafter we started withe Gatsby tooword the hous dhat the gardener sau Wilsonz boddy a littel wa of in the graas, and the hollocaust wauz complete.

Tabel ov Contents Next

Laast updated on Chu Mar 9 10:55:43 2010 for eBooks@Adelaide.

F. Scot Fitsgerrald The Grate Gatsby Chapter 9

Aafter too yeerz I remember the rest ov dhat da, and dhat nite and the next da, oanly az an endles dril ov polece and fotograaferz and nuespaper men in and out ov Gatsbese frunt doer. A rope strecht across the mane gate and a poleesman bi it kept out the cureyous, but littel boiz soone discuverd dhat dha cood enter throo mi yard, and dhare wer aulwase a fu ov them clusterd open-moutht about the poole. Sumwun withe a pozsitive manner, perhaps a detective, uezd the expreshon "madman." az he bent over Wilsonz boddy dhat aafternoone, and the adventishous authority ov hiz vois cet the ke for the nuespaper repoerts next morning.

Moast ov dhose repoerts wer a niatmare—grotesc, cercumstaanshal, egher, and untru. When Micalicez testimony at the inqwest braut too lite Wilsonz suspishonz ov hiz wife I thaut the whole tale wood shortly be cervd up in racy paskinaad—but Cathherine, whoo mite hav ced ennithhing, didnt sa a werd.

She shode a cerprising amount ov carracter about it too—looct at the coroner withe determiand ise under dhat corected brou ov herz, and swoer dhat her cister had nevver cene Gatsby, dhat her cister wauz compleetly happy withe her huzband, dhat her cister had bene intoo no mischefe whautevver. She convinst hercelf ov it, and cride intoo her hankerchefe, az if the verry sugeschon wauz moer dhan she cood enjure. So Wilson wauz rejuest too a man “derainjd bi grefe.” in order dhat the cace mite remane in its cimplist form. And it rested dhare.

But aul this part ov it ceemd remote and unnecenshal. I found micelf on Gatsbese cide, and alone. From the moment I tellefoand nuse ov the catastrofy too West Eg village, evvery cermise about him, and evvery practical qweschon, wauz referd too me. At ferst I wauz cerpriazd and confuezd; then, az he la in hiz hous and didnt moove or breathe or speke, our uppon our, it gru uppon me dhat I wauz responcebel, becauz no wun els wauz interested—interested, I mene, withe dhat intens personal interest too which evvery wun haz sum vaghe rite at the end.

I cauld up Dasy haaf an our aafter we found him, cauld her instinctiavly
and
widhout hesitaishon. But she and Tom had gon awa erly dhat aafternoone,
and
taken baggage withe them.

“Left no adres?”

“No.”

“Sa when dhade be bac?”

“No.”

“Enny ideyaa whare dha ar? Hou I cood reche them?”

“I doant no. Caant sa.”

I waunted too ghet sumbody for him. I waunted too go intoo the roome
whare he la and
reyashure him: “Ile ghet sumbody for u, Gatsby. Doant wurry. Just trust me
and
Ile ghet sumbody for u——”

Mayer Woolfs’hiamz name wauznt in the fone booc. The butler gave me
hiz office
adres on Braudwa, and I cauld Informaishon, but bi the time I had the
number
it wauz long aafter five, and no wun aancerd the fone.

“Wil u ring agane?”

“Ive rung them thre tiamz.”

“Its verry important.”

“Sory. Ime afrade no wunz dhare.”

I went bac too the drauwing-roome and thaut for an instant dhat dha wer
chaans
vizzitorz, aul these ofishal pepel whoo suddenly fild it. But, az dha dru
bac the shete and looct at Gatsby withe unmuivd ise, hiz protest
continnude in
mi brane:

“Looc here, oald spoert, uve got too ghet sumbody for me. Uve got too tri
hard. I caant go throo this alone.”

Sum wun started too aasc me qweschonz, but I broke awa and gowing up-
staerz
looct haistily throo the unloct parts ov hiz desc—hede nevver toald me
deffiniatly dhat hiz parents wer ded. But dhare wauz nuthhing—oanly the
picchure ov
Dan Cody, a token ov forgotten viyolens, staring doun from the waul.

Next morning I cent the butler too Nu Yorc withe a letter too Woolfs’hime,
which
aasct for informaishon and erjd him too cum out on the next trane. Dhat
reqwest
ceemd superfluwous when I rote it. I wauz shure hede start when he sau
the
nuespaperz, just az I wauz shure dhaerd be a wire from Dasy befoer noone
—but
niather a wire nor Mr. Woolfs’hime ariavd; no wun ariavd exept moer
polece and
fotograaferz and nuespaper men. When the butler braut bac Woolfs’hiamz
aancer

I began too hav a feling ov defiyans, ov scornfool solidarrity betwene Gatsby and me against them aul.

DERE MR. CARRAWA. This haz bene wun ov the moast terribel shox ov mi life too me I hardly can beleve it dhat it iz tru at aul. Such a mad act az dhat man did shood make us aul thhinc. I canot cum doun nou az I am tide up in sum verry important biznes and canot ghet mixt up in this thhing nou. If dhare iz ennithhing I can doo a littel later let me no in a letter bi Edgar. I hardly no whare I am when I here about a thhing like this and am compleetly noct doun and out.

Yorz truly MAYER WOOLFS'HIME

and then haisty addendaa beneeth:

Let me no about the funeral etc. doo not no hiz fammily at aul.

When the fone rang dhat aafternoone and Long Distans ced Shicaago wauz caulng I thaut this wood be Dasy at laast. But the conecshon came throo az a manz vois, verry thhin and far awa.

"This iz Slaghel speking . . ."

"Yes?" The name wauz unfamilleyar.

"Hel ov a note, iznt it? Ghet mi wire?"

"Dhare havnt bene enny wiarz."

“Yung Parx in trubbel,” he ced rappidly. “Dha pict him up when he handed the bondz over the counter. Dha got a cercular from Nu Yorc ghivving em the numberz just five minnuets befoer. Whaut du no about dhat, ha? U nevver can tel in these hic tounz——”

“Hello!” I interrupted brethlesly. “Looc here—this iznt Mr. Gatsby. Mr. Gatsbese ded.”

Dhare wauz a long cilens on the uther end ov the wire, follode bi an exclamaishon . . . then a qwic sqwauc az the conecshon wauz broken.

I thhinc it wauz on the thherd da dhat a tellegram ciand Henry C. Gats ariavd from a toun in Minesotaa. It ced oanly dhat the cender wauz leving imejaitly and too poastpone the funeral until he came.

It wauz Gatsbese faather, a sollem oald man, verry helples and dismade, bundeld up in a long chepe ulster against the worm Ceptember da. Hiz ise leect continnuwously withe exiatment, and when I tooc the bag and umbrellaa from hiz handz he began too pool so incessantly at hiz spars gra beerd dhat I had difficulty in ghetting of hiz cote. He wauz on the point ov colaps, so I tooc him intoo the music roome and made him cit down while I cent for sumthhing too ete. But he woodnt ete, and the glaas ov milc spild from hiz trembling hand.

“I sau it in the Shicaago nuespaper,” he ced. “It wauz aul in the Shicaago nuespaper. I started rite awa.”

"I didnt no hou too reche u." Hiz ise, ceying nuthhing, muivd ceeslesly about the roome.

"It wauz a madman," he ced. "He must hav bene mad."

"Woodnt u like sum coffy?" I erjd him.

"I doant waunt ennithhing. Ime aul rite nou, Mr.—"

"Carrawa."

"Wel, Ime aul rite nou. Whare hav dha got Gimmy?" I tooc him intoo the drauwing-roome, whare hiz sun la, and left him dhare. Sum littel boiz had cum up on the steps and wer loocking intoo the haul; when I toald them whoo had ariavd, dha went reluctantly awa.

Aafter a littel while Mr. Gats opend the doer and came out, hiz mouth ajar, hiz face flusht sliatly, hiz ise leking isolated and unpuncchuwal teerz. He had reecht an age whare deth no lon'gher haz the qwaulity ov gaastly cerprise, and when he looct around him nou for the ferst time and sau the hite and splendor ov the haul and the grate ruimz opening out from it intoo uther ruimz, hiz grefe began too be mixt withe an aud pride. I helpt him too a bedroome up-staerz; while he tooc of hiz cote and vest I toald him dhat aul arainjments had bene deferd until he came.

"I didnt no whaut ude waunt, Mr. Gatsby—"

"Gats iz mi name."

"—Mr. Gats. I thaut u mite waunt too take the boddy West."

He shooc hiz hed.

"Gimmy aulwase liact it better doun Eest. He rose up too hiz posishon in the Eest.

Wer u a frend ov mi boiz, Mr.—?"

"We wer cloce frendz."

"He had a big fuchure befoer him, u no. He wauz oanly a yung man, but he had a lot ov brane pouwer here."

He tucht hiz hed impresciavly, and I nodded.

"If hede ov livd, hede ov bene a grate man. A man like Jaimz J. Hil. Hede ov helpt bild up the cuntry."

"Dhats tru," I ced, uncumfortably.

He fumbeld at the embroiderd cuvverlet, triying too take it from the bed, and la doun stifly—wauz instantly aslepe.

Dhat nite an obveyously fritend person cauld up, and demaanded too no whoo I wauz befoer he wood ghiv hiz name.

"This iz Mr. Carrawa," I ced.

“O!” He sounded releevd. “This iz Clipspringer.” I wauz releevd too, for dhat ceemd too prommice anuther frend at Gatsbese grave. I didnt waunt it too be in the paperz and drau a ciatceying croud, so Ide bene caulng up a fu pepel micelf. Dha wer hard too fiand.

“The funeralz too-moro,” I ced. “Thre oacloc, here at the hous. I wish ude tel enniboddy whoode be interested.”

“O, I wil,” he broke out haistily. “Ov coers Ime not liacly too ce enniboddy, but if I doo.”

Hiz tone made me suspishous.

“Ov coers ule be dhare yorcelf.”

“Wel, Ile certainly tri. Whaut I cauld up about iz——”

“Wate a minnute,” I interupted. “Hou about saying ule cum?”

“Wel, the fact iz—the trueth ov the matter iz dhat Ime staying withe sum pepel up here in Grennich, and dha raather expect me too be withe them too-moro. In fact, dhaerz a sort ov picnic or sumthhing. Ov coers Ile doo mi verry best too ghet awa.”

I ejacculated an unrestrained “Huu!” and he must hav herd me, for he went on nervously:

“Whaut I cauld up about wauz a pare ov shoose I left dhare. I wonder if itd
be too
much trubbel too hav the butler cend them on. U ce, dhare tennis shoose,
and
Ime sort ov helples widhout them. Mi adres iz care ov B. F.—”

I didnt here the rest ov the name, becauz I hung up the recever.

Aafter dhat I felt a certane shame for Gatsby—wun gentelman too whoome
I tellefoand
implide dhat he had got whaut he deservd. Houwevver, dhat wauz mi
fault, for he wauz
wun ov dhose whoo uest too snere moast bitterly at Gatsby on the currage
ov
Gatsbese liccor, and I shood hav none better dhan too caul him.

The morning ov the funeral I went up too Nu Yorc too ce Mayer
Woolfs’hime; I
coodnt ceme too reche him enny uther wa. The doer dhat I poosht open, on
the
advice ov an ellevator boi, wauz marct “The Swausticcaa Hoalding
Cumpany,” and at
ferst dhare didnt ceme too be enny wun incide. But when Ide shouted
“hello.”
ceveral tiamz in vane, an argument broke out behiand a partishon, and
prezsently a
luvly Juwes apeerd at an intereyor doer and scrutiniazd me withe blac
hostile
ise.

“Nobodese in,” she ced. “Mr. Woolfs’hiamz gon too Shicaago.”

The ferst part ov this wauz obveyously untru, for sumwun had begun too
whiscel

"The Rozary," chuenlesly, incide.

"Plese sa dhat Mr. Carrawa waunts too ce him."

"I caant ghet him bac from Shicaago, can I?"

At this moment a vois, unmistacably Woolfs'hiamz, cauld "Stellaa!" from the uther cide ov the doer.

"Leve yor name on the desc," she ced qwicly. "Ile ghiv it too him when he ghets bac."

"But I no hese dhare."

She tooc a step tooword me and began too slide her handz indignantly up and down her hips.

"U yung men thhinc u can foers yor wa in here enny time," she scoalded. "Were ghetting ciccantiard ov it. When I sa hese in Shicaago, hese in Shicaago."

I menshond Gatsby.

"O—h!" She looct at me over agane. "Wil u just—Whaut wauz yor name?"

She vannisht. In a moment Mayer Woolfs'hime stood sollemly in the doerwa, hoalding out boath handz. He dru me intoo hiz office, remarking in a reverent vois dhat it wauz a sad time for aul ov us, and offerd me a cigar.

“Mi memmory gose bac too when I ferst met him,” he ced. “A yung major just out ov the army and cuvverd over withe meddalz he got in the wor. He wauz so hard up he had too kepe on waring hiz uniform becauz he coodnt bi sum reggular cloadhz. Ferst time I sau him wauz when he cum intoo Wianbrennerz puilroome at Forty-thherd Strete and aasct for a job. He hadnt ete ennithhing for a cuppel ov dase. ‘cum on hav sum lunch withe me,’ I cid. He ate moer dhan foer dollarz’ werth ov foode in haaf an our.”

“Did u start him in biznes?” I inqwiard.

“Start him! I made him.”

“O.”

“I raizd him up out ov nuthhing, rite out ov the gutter. I sau rite awa he wauz a fine-apering, gentelmanly yung man, and when he toald me he wauz at Ogsford I nu I cood use him good. I got him too join up in the Amerrican Lejon and he uest too stand hi dhare. Rite of he did sum werc for a cliyent ov mine up too Aulbany. We wer so thhic like dhat in evverithhing.”—he held up too bulbous fin’gherz——” aulwase tooghether.”

I wunderd if this partnership had included the Werldz Cerese traanzacshon in 1919.

“Nou hese ded,” I ced aafter a moment. “U wer hiz clocest frend, so I no

ule waunt too cum too hiz funeral this aafternoone.”

“Ide like too cum.”

“Wel, cum then.”

The hare in hiz nostrilz qwivverd sliatly, and az he shooc hiz hed hiz ise fild withe teerz.

“I caant doo it—I caant ghet mixt up in it,” he ced.

“Dhaerz nuthhing too ghet mixt up in. Its aul over nou.”

“When a man ghets kild I nevver like too ghet mixt up in it in enny wa. I kepe out. When I wauz a yung man it wauz different—if a frend ov mine dide, no matter hou, I stuc withe them too the end. U ma thhinc dhats centimental, but I mene it—too the bitter end.”

I sau dhat for sum rezon ov hiz one he wauz determiand not too cum, so I stood up.

“Ar u a college man?” he inqwiard suddenly.

For a moment I thaut he wauz gowing too sugest a “gonnegshon,” but he oonly nodded and shooc mi hand.

“Let us lern too sho our frendship for a man when he iz alive and not aafter he

iz ded," he sugested. "Aafter dhat mi one rule iz too let evverithhing alone."

When I left hiz office the ski had ternd darc and I got bac too West Eg in a drizsel. Aafter chain'ging mi cloadhz I went next doer and found Mr. Gats wauking up and down exitedly in the haul. Hiz pride in hiz sun and in hiz sunz poseshonz wauz continnuwaly increcing and nou he had sumthhing too sho me.

"Gimmy cent me this picchure." He tooc out hiz waulet withe trembling fin'gherz.

"Looc dhare."

It wauz a fotograaf ov the hous, cract in the cornerz and derty withe mennny handz. He pointed out evvery detale too me egherly. "Looc dhare!" and then saut admiraishon from mi ise. He had shone it so often dhat I thhinc it wauz moer reyal too him nou dhan the hous itcelf.

"Gimmy cent it too me. I thhinc its a verry pritty picchure. It shose up wel."

"Verry wel. Had u cene him laitley?"

"He cum out too ce me too yeerz ago and baut me the hous I liv in nou. Ov coers we wauz broke up when he run of from home, but I ce nou dhare wauz a rezon for it. He nu he had a big fuchure in frunt ov him. And evver cins he made a suxes he wauz verry gennerous withe me." He ceemd reluctant too poot awa the picchure, held it for anuther minnute, lin'gheringly, befoer mi ise. Then he

reternd the waulet and poold from hiz pocket a ragghed oald cobby ov a booc
cauld HOPPALONG CASCIDY.

“Looc here, this iz a booc he had when he wauz a boi. It just shose u.”

He opend it at the bac cuvver and ternd it around for me too ce. On the laast
fli-lefe wauz printed the werd SHEDJULE, and the date Ceptember 12, 1906. and
underneeth:

Rise from bed 6.00 A.M. Dumbel exercise and
waul-scaling 6.15-6.30 " Studdy electriscity, etc
.. 7.15-8.15 " Werc 8.30-4.30 P.M.
Baisbaul and spoerts 4.30-5.00 " Practice elocueshon,
poiz and hou too atane it 5.00-6.00 " Studdy neded invenshonz
.. 7.00-9.00 "

GENNERAL REZOLVZ No waisting time at Shaafterz or [a name, indeciferabel] No moer
smoking or chuwing Baath evvery uther da Red wun improving booc or maggasene per
weke Save \$5.00 {crost out} \$3.00 per weke Be better too parents

“I cum acros this booc bi axident,” ced the oald man. “It just shose u, doant it?”

“It just shose u.”

“Gimmy wauz bound too ghet ahead. He aulwase had sum rezolvz like this or
sumthhing. Doo u notice whaut hese got about improving hiz miand? He wauz aulwase

grate for dhat. He toald me I et like a hog wuns, and I bete him for it.”

He wauz reluctant too close the booc, reding eche item aloud and then loocking egherly at me. I thhinc he raather expected me too cobby down the list for mi one uce.

A littel befoer thre the Luethheran minnister ariavd from Flushing, and I began too looc involuntarily out the windose for uther carz. So did Gatsbese faather.

And az the time paast and the cervants came in and stood wating in the haul, hiz ise began too blinc ancshously, and he spoke ov the rane in a wurrede, uncertane wa. The minnister glaanst cevveral tiamz at hiz wauch, so I tooc him acide and aasct him too wate for haaf an our. But it wauznt enny uce. Nobody came.

About five oacloc our proceshon ov thre carz reecht the cemmetery and stopt in a thhic drizsel becide the gate—ferst a motor hers, horribly blac and wet, then Mr. Gats and the minnister and I in the limoosene, and a littel later foer or five cervants and the poastman from West Eg in Gatsbese staishon waggon, aul wet too the skin. Az we started throo the gate intoo the cemmetery I herd a car stop and then the sound ov sumwun splashing aafter us over the sogghy ground. I looct around. It wauz the man withe oul-ide glaacez whoome I had found marveling

over Gatsbese boox in the liabrary wun nite thre munths befoer.

Ide nevver cene him cins then. I doant no hou he nu about the funeral, or even hiz name. The rane poerd doun hiz thhic glaacez, and he tooc them of and wiapt them too ce the protecting canvas unroald from Gatsbese grave.

I tride too thhinc about Gatsby then for a moment, but he wauz aulreddy too far awa, and I cood oanly remember, widhout resentment, dhat Dasy hadnt cent a message or a flouwer. Dimly I herd sumwun mermer, "Blest ar the ded dhat the rane faulz on," and then the oul-ide man ced "Amen too dhat," in a brave vois.

We straggheld doun qwicly throo the rane too the carz. Oul-ise spoke too me bi the gate.

"I coodnt ghet too the hous," he remarct.

"Niather cood enniboddy els."

"Go on!" He started. "Whi, mi God! dha uest too go dhare bi the hundredz." He tooc of hiz glaacez and wiapt them agane, outcide and in.

"The poor sun-ov-a-bich," he ced.

Wun ov mi moast vivvid memmorese iz ov cumming bac West from prep scoole and later

from college at Cristmas time. Dhose whoo went farther dhan Shicaago
wood gather
in the oald dim Uenyon Staishon at cix oacloc ov a December evening,
withe a fu
Shicaago frendz, aulreddy caut up intoo dhare one hollida gayetese, too bid
them
a haisty good-bi. I remember the fer coats ov the gherlz reterning from Mis
This-or-dhats and the chatter ov frosen breth and the handz waving
overhed az
we caut cite ov oald aqwaintancez, and the matchingz ov invitaishonz: “Ar
u
gowing too the Ordwase’? the Hercese’? the Shooltsez’?” and the long
grene tickets
claaspt tite in our gluvd handz. And laast the merky yello carz ov the
Shicaago, Milwauky and St. Paul railrode loocking cheerfool az Cristmas
itself on
the trax becide the gate.

When we poold out intoo the winter nite and the rey al sno, our sno, began
too
strech out becide us and twinkel against the windose, and the dim liats ov
smaul Wisconcin staishonz muivd bi, a sharp wiald brace came suddenly
intoo the
are. We dru in depe breths ov it az we wauct bac from dinner throo the
coald vestibuelz, unnutterably aware ov our identity withe this cuntry for
wun
strainj our, befoer we melted indistin’gwishably intoo it agane.

Dhats mi Middel West—not the whete or the prarese or the lost Swede
tounz, but
the thrilling reterning trainz ov mi ueth, and the strete lamps and sla
belz in the frosty darc and the shaddose ov holly reeths throne bi lited
windose on the sno. I am part ov dhat, a littel sollem withe the fele ov
dhose

long winterz, a littel complacent from growing up in the Carrawa hous in a citty whare dwellingz ar stil cauld throo deccaidz bi a fammilese name. I ce nou dhat this haz bene a stoery ov the West, aafter aul—Tom and Gatsby, Dasy and Jordan and I, wer aul Westernerz, and perhaps we posest sum defishency in common which made us sutly unnadaptabel too Eestern life.

Even when the Eest exited me moast, even when I wauz moast keenly aware ov its supereyority too the boerd, sprauling, swollen tounz beyond the Ohiyo, withe dhare interminabel inqwisishonz which spaerd oonly the children and the verry oald—even then it had aulwase for me a qwaulity ov distorshon. West Eg, espeshaly, stil figguerz in mi moer fantastic dreemz. I ce it az a nite cene bi El Grecco: a hundred housez, at wuns convenshonal and grotesc, crouching under a sullen, overhanging ski and a lusterles moone. In the foerground foer sollem men in dres suets ar wauking along the ciadwauz withe a stretcher on which lise a drunken woomman in a white evening dres. Her hand, which dan'ghelz over the cide, sparkelz coald withe juwelz. Graivly the men tern in at a hous—the rong hous. But no wun nose the woommanz name, and no wun caerz.

Aafter Gatsbese deth the Eest wauz haunted for me like dhat, distorted beyond mi ise' pouwer ov corecshon. So when the blu smoke ov brittel leevz wauz in the are and the wind blu the wet laundry stif on the line I decided too cum bac home.

Dhare wauz wun thhing too be dun befoer I left, an auqword, unplezzant thhing dhat perhaps had better hav bene let alone. But I waunted too leve thhingz in order and not just trust dhat obliging and indifferent ce too swepe mi reffuce awa. I sau Jordan Baker and tauct over and around whaut had happend too us tooghether, and whaut had happend aafterword too me, and she la perfectly stil, liscening, in a big chare.

She wauz drest too pla golf, and I remember thhinking she looct like a good ilustraishon, her chin raizd a littel jauntily, her hare the cullor ov an autum lefe, her face the same broun tint az the fin' gherles gluv on her ne. When I had finnisht she toald me widhout comment dhat she wauz en'gajid too anuther man. I doutd dhat, dho dhare wer cevveral she cood hav marrede at a nod ov her hed, but I pretended too be cerpriazd. For just a minnute I wunderd if I wauznt making a mistake, then I thaut it aul over agane qwicly and got up too sa good-bi.

“Nevvertheles u did thro me over,” ced Jordan suddenly. “U thru me over on the tellefone. I doant ghiv a dam about u nou, but it wauz a nu expereyens for me, and I felt a littel dizsy for a while.”

We shooc handz.

“O, and doo u remember.”—she added——“ a conversaishon we had wuns about driving

a car?"

"Whi—not exactly."

"U ced a bad driver wauz oanly safe until she met anuther bad driver? Wel, I met anuther bad driver, didnt I? I mene it wauz caerles ov me too make such a rong ghes. I thaut u wer raather an onnest, straitforword person. I thaut it wauz yor ceecret pride."

"Ime thherty," I ced. "Ime five yeerz too oald too li too micelf and caul it onnor."

She didnt aancer. An'gry, and haaf in luv withe her, and tremendously sorry, I ternd awa.

Wun aafternoone late in October I sau Tom Bucannan. He wauz wauking ahead ov me along Fifth Avvenu in hiz alert, agrescive wa, hiz handz out a littel from hiz boddy az if too fite of interferens, hiz hed mooving sharply here and dhare, adapting itcelf too hiz restles ise. Just az I slode up too avoid overtaking him he stopt and began frouning intoo the windose ov a jewelry stoer. Suddenly he sau me and wauct bac, hoalding out hiz hand.

"Whauts the matter, Nic? Doo u obgett too shaking handz withe me?"

"Yes. U no whaut I thhinc ov u."

"Yor crasy, Nic," he ced qwicly. "Crasy az hel. I doant no whauts the matter withe u."

“Tom,” I inqwiard, “whaut did u sa too Wilson dhat aafternoone?” He staerd at me widhout a werd, and I nu I had ghest rite about dhose miscing ourz. I started too tern awa, but he tooc a step aafter me and grabd mi arm.

“I toald him the trueth,” he ced. “He came too the doer while we wer ghetting reddy too leve, and when I cent down werd dhat we wernt in he tride too foers hiz wa up-staerz. He wauz crasy enuf too kil me if I hadnt toald him whoo oand the car. Hiz hand wauz on a revolver in hiz pocket evvery minnute he wauz in the hous——” He broke of defiyantly. “Whaut if I did tel him? Dhat fello had it cumming too him. He thru dust intoo yor ise just like he did in Dasese, but he wauz a tuf wun. He ran over Mertel like ude run over a dog and nevver even stopt hiz car.”

Dhare wauz nuthhing I cood sa, exept the wun unnutterabel fact dhat it wauznt tru.

“And if u thhinc I didnt hav mi share ov suffering—looc here, when I went too ghiv up dhat flat and sau dhat dam box ov dog biskits citting dhare on the ciadboerd, I sat doun and cride like a baby. Bi God it wauz aufool——”

I coodnt forghiv him or like him, but I sau dhat whaut he had dun wauz, too him, entiarly justifide. It wauz aul verry caerles and confuezd. Dha wer caerles pepel, Tom and Dasy—dha smasht up thhingz and crechuerz and then retreated

bac intoo dhare munny or dhare vaast caerlesnes, or whautevver it wauz
dhat kept
them tooghether, and let uther pepel clene up the mes dha had made. . . .

I shooc handz withe him; it ceemd cilly not too, for I felt suddenly az dho I
wer tauking too a chiald. Then he went intoo the jewelry stoer too bi a perl
neclace—or perhaps oanly a pare ov cuf buttonz—rid ov mi provinshal
sqwemishnes forevver.

Gatsbese hous wauz stil empty when I left—the graas on hiz laun had
grone az
long az mine. Wun ov the taxy driverz in the village nevver tooc a fare
paast the
entrans gate widhout stopping for a minnute and pointing incide; perhaps
it wauz
he whoo drove Dasy and Gatsby over too Eest Eg the nite ov the axident,
and
perhaps he had made a stoery about it aul hiz one. I didnt waunt too here it
and I
avoided him when I got of the trane.

I spent mi Satterda niats in Nu Yorc becauz dhose gleeming, dazling partese
ov hiz wer withe me so vivvidly dhat I cood stil here the music and the
laafter, faint and incessant, from hiz garden, and the carz gowing up and
down
hiz drive. Wun nite I did here a matereyal car dhare, and sau its liats stop at
hiz frunt steps. But I didnt investigate. Probbably it wauz sum final ghest
whoo
had bene awa at the endz ov the erth and didnt no dhat the party wauz
over.

On the laast nite, withe mi trunc pact and mi car soald too the grocer, I
went
over and looct at dhat huge incoherent falure ov a hous wuns moer. On the

white steps an obscene werd, scrauld bi sum boi withe a pece ov bric, stood
out cleerly in the muinlite, and I eraizd it, drauwing mi shoo raaspingly
along
the stone. Then I waunderd down too the beche and sprauld out on the
sand.

Moast ov the big shoer placez wer cloazd nou and dhare wer hardly enny
liats
exept the shaddowy, mooving glo ov a ferribote across the Sound. And az
the moone
rose hiyer the incenshal housez began too melt awa until gradjuwaly I
became
aware ov the oald iland here dhat flouwerd wuns for Duch salorz' ise—a
fresh,
grene brest ov the nu werld. Its vannisht trese, the trese dhat had made wa
for Gatsbese hous, had wuns panderd in whisperz too the laast and gratest
ov
aul human dreemz; for a traansitory enchaanted moment man must hav
held hiz
breth in the prezsens ov this continent, compeld intoo an esthhetic
contemplaishon he niather understood nor desiard, face too face for the
laast time
in history withe sumthhing comenshurate too hiz capascity for wunder.

And az I sat dhare brooding on the oald, un'none werld, I thaut ov
Gatsbese
wunder when he ferst pict out the grene lite at the end ov Dasese doc. He
had cum a long wa too this blu laun, and hiz dreme must hav ceemd so
cloce
dhat he cood hardly fale too graasp it. He did not no dhat it wauz aulreddy
behind him, sumwhare bac in dhat vaast obscurity beyond the citty,
whare the
darc feeldz ov the republic roald on under the nite.

Gatsby beleevd in the grene lite, the orgastic fuchure dhat yere bi yere
receedz befoer us. It eluded us then, but dhats no matter—too-moro we wil
run
faaster, strech out our armz farther. . . . And wun fine morning—

So we bete on, boats against the current, boern bac ceeslesly intoo the paast.

This web edishon publisht bi:

eBooks@Adelaide The Univercity ov Adelaide Liabrary Univercity ov
Adelaide South
Australayaa 5005 Tabel ov Contents

Laast updated on Chu Mar 9 10:55:43 2010 for eBooks@Adelaide.