

## 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 widh 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 widh 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 sorrose 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—widh speshal refferens 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,” widh 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 widh 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 widh 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 dicimilarity 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, widh 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 proximmiti 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 widh 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 widh 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 widh 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 Forrest. 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 widh reflected goald and wide open too the worm  
windy  
aafternoone, and Tom Bucannan in riding cloadhz wauz standing widh 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 widh 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 croowel 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 widh 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. “Weeyl 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 widh 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  
widh  
a consheyenshous expreshon—then she laaft, an abcerd, charming littel  
laaf,  
and I laaft too and came forword intoo the roome.

“Ime p-parraliazd widh 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 widh 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-morro!” Then she added یرهlevantly:  
“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 widh?”

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!” with such sudden'nes 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 widh 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, widh 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 widh 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 widh 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 widh 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 broote 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, unnobtroociavly and widh 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 widh 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 telfone 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 widh romantic afecshon uppon her glowing face; her vois compeld me forword brethlesly az I liscend—then the glo faded, eche lite deserting her widh 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 untroo. 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 throo 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 widh 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 intreging—mi one instinct wauz too tellefone imejaitly for the polece.

The horcez, needles too sa, wer not menshond agane. Tom and Mis Baker, widh 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 troo.” 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 widh 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 sheeysl 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 widh thrilling scorn.  
"Sofisticated—God, Ime sofisticated!"

The instant her vois broke of, cecing too compel mi atenshon, mi belefe, I  
felt the basic incincerity 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 widh 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 widh 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  
uninflected, 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  
widh a flutter ov slender muscelz in her armz.

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

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

Her boddy acerted itcelf widh 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-morro,” 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 Paam 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 widh 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 troo."

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 widh an oald frend on acount ov roomorz, and on the uther hand I had no intenshon ov beying roomord 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,  
widh 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 widh 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

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## 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, widh 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 widh 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 widh her and, leving her at a tabel, saunterd about, chatting widh 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 widh 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 determinaishon 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 smaul 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 widh 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 widh 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 widh 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 widh Doctor Eckelberg.

“Aufool.”

“It duz her good too ghet awa.”

“Duznt her huzband obgett?”

“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 qwhite 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 smaul flaasc ov perfume.  
Up-staerz, in the sollem eccowing drive she let foer taxicabz drive awa  
befoer  
she celected a nu wun, lavvender-cullord widh gra upholstery, and in this  
we  
slid 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 droo  
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 widh 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 widh 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 widh 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 widh 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'I be hert if u doant cum up too the apartment. Woant u, Mertel?"

“Cum on,” she erjd. “Ile telfone 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 widh 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 widh a cobby ov CIMON CAULD PETER, and sum ov the smaul scandal maggaseenz ov Braudwa. Mrs.

Wilson wauz ferst concernd widh 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,  
widh 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  
widh 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 widh 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 horribel. She toald  
me widh  
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. Widh 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 groo 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 oonly 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 widh a brilleyant smile. Mr. McKe regarded her intently widh 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 widh extacy, and swept intoo the kitchen, impliying dhat a duzsen 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 widh 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 widh a tra. “Sheeyl 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 widh 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."

"It'd 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 widh 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 borrode 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 reyalz 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 widh 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 widh 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 widh 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 widh it. Ive got too ghet anuther wun too-morro. 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 widh 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 widh 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 widh 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 widh 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  
widh  
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 widh 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, widh 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

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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  
widh  
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 frooterer  
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 widh cevveral  
hundred  
fete ov canvas and enuf cullord liats too make a Cristmas tre ov Gatsbese  
enormous garden. On buffa tabelz, garnisht widh 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 widh a reyal  
braas  
rale wauz cet up, and stoct widh ginz and liccorz and widh 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  
widh 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 they are alive with chatter and laughter, and casual  
inwendos and introductions forgotten on the spot, and enthusiastic  
meetings  
between women who never before have met.

The lights grow brighter as the earth lurches away from the sun, and now the  
orchestra is playing yellow cocktail music, and the opera of voices pitches  
a  
key higher. Laughter is easier minute by minute, spilled with prodigality,  
tips out at a cheerful word. The groups change more swiftly, swell with new  
arrivals, dissolve and form in the same breath; already there are wanderers,  
confident girls who have been here and there among the stouter and more  
stable,  
become for a sharp, joyous moment the center of a group, and then, exited  
with  
triumph, glide on through the change of faces and voices and color under  
the  
constantly changing light.

Suddenly won over by the girl, in trembling opal, she takes a cocktail out of the  
bar, dumps it down for courage and, moving her hands like Frisco,  
dances out  
alone on the canvas platform. A momentary hush; the orchestra leader  
vareses his  
rhythm obligingly for her, and there is a burst of chatter as the envious  
nurses  
go around that she is Gilda Graze understudy from the FOLLESE. The  
party has  
begun.

I believe that on the first night I went to Gatsby's house I was won over by the  
fugitives who had accidentally been invited. People were not invited—there went  
there.

Dha got intoo automobileelz 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 ruilz ov  
behaveyor asoasheyated widh amuezment parx. Sumtiamz dha came and  
went widhout  
havving met Gatsby at aul, came for the party widh 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 widh 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 notiast on the comuting trane. I  
wauz imejaitly struc bi the number ov yung In'glisshmen 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 automobileelz. 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 oonly 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 widh contempchuwous interest doun intoo the  
garden.

Welcum or not, I found it nescesary 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 tooghether. “Sorry 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, projuet like the supper, no dout, out ov a catererz baasket. Widh 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 widh the too gherlz in yello and thre men, eche wun introjuet too us az Mr. Mumbel.

“Doo u cum too these partese often?” inqwiard Jordan ov the gherl becide 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 widh a nu evening gown 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 widh 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 widh ANIbody.”

“Whoo duznt?” I inqwiard.

“Gatsby. Sumbody toald me——”

The too gherlz and Jordan leend tooghether 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, groo up widh 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 crejularity swicht bac too her she leend  
forword widh 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 explained that we were going to find the host: I had never met him, she said, and it was making me uneasy. The undergraduate nodded in a cynical, melancholy way.

The bar, where we glanced first, was crowded, but Gatsby was not there. She couldn't find him from the top of the steps, and he wasn't on the veranda. On a chance we tried an important-looking door, and went into a high Gothic library, paneled with carved English oak, and probably transported from some room overseas.

A stout, middle-aged man, with enormous owl-like spectacles, was sitting somewhat drunk on the edge of a large table, staring with unsteady concentration at the shelves of books. As we entered he wheeled excitedly around and examined Jordan from head to foot.

"What do you think?" he demanded impetuously.

"About what?" He waved his hand toward the bookshelves.

"About that. As a matter of fact you needn't bother to ascertain. I share your view."

"The book?"

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 widh Vollume Wun ov the “Stoddard Lecchuerz.”

“Ce!” he cride triyumfantly. “Its a bonaa-fidy pece ov printed matter. It fuild 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 widh 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, fashionably, 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’gher-boalz. 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 widh Jordan Baker. We wer citting at a tabel widh a man ov about mi age and a roudy littel gherl, whoo gave wa uppon the slitest provocaishon too uncontrolabel laafter. I wauz enjoyying micelf nou. I had taken too fin’gher-boalz 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 widh 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 widh an invitaishon.” For a moment he looct at me az if he faild too

understand.

"I'm Gatsby," he said suddenly.

"What!" I exclaimed. "O, I beg your pardon."

"I thought you were, old sport. I'm afraid I'm not a very good host."

He smiled understandingly—much more than understandingly. It was  
wonderful to see  
rarely met with a quality of eternal reassurance in it, that you may come  
across four or five times in life. It fastened—or seemed to fasten—the whole  
external  
world for an instant, and then concentrated on you with an irresistible  
prejudice in your favor. It understood you just so far as you wanted to be  
understood, believed in you as you would like to believe in yourself, and  
assured you that it had precisely the impression of you that, at your best, you  
hoped to convey. Precisely at that point it vanished—and I was looking  
at an  
elegant young ruffian, a year or two over thirty, whose elaborate  
formality  
of speech just might be absurd. Some time before he introduced himself  
I  
got a strong impression that he was picking his words with care.

Almost at the moment when Mr. Gatsby identified himself, a butler  
hurried toward  
him with the information that Chicago was calling him on the wire.  
He excused  
himself with a small bow that included each of us in turn.

"If you want anything just ask for it, old sport," he said to me. "Excuse  
me. I  
will rejoin you 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 subgett,” she aanced widh 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 stimmulating mi cureyoscity. 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 inxpereyens 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 with an erbane distaist for the concrete. “And I like larj partese. Dhare so intimate. At smaul 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 with 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 groope too anuther widh 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 groo 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  
griups, 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 widh 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.”

“Widh 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  
intregging soundz  
had ishude from a long, menny-windode roome which overhung the  
terrace. Eluding  
Jordanz undergradjuwate, whoo wauz nou en’gaijd in an obstetrical  
conversaishon widh  
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'gajd in song. She had drunc a qwauntity ov champagne, 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. Whenevver dhare wauz a paуз in the song she fild it widh gaasping, broken sobz, and then tooc up the lirric agane in a qwavering sopraano. The teerz coerst down her cheex—not frely, houwevver, for when dha came intoo contact widh her hevvely 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 throo up her handz, sanc intoo a chare, and went of intoo a depe vinous slepe.

“She had a fite widh 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 widh men ced too be dhare huzbandz. Even Jordanz party, the qwortet from Eest Eg, wer rent asunder bi dicenshon. Wun ov the men wauz tauking widh 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 indignat  
wiavz.  
The wiavz wer cimpathhising widh eche uther in sliatly raizd voicez.

"Whenever 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 tooghether. 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  
tauct—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 joind 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-morro 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 nuththing. It happend, and dhats aul I no.”

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

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

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 declaraision 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 widh 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 inqwiard caamly. "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 stratennig hiz shoalderz, he remarct

in a determined voice:

"Wonderful, tell me where there's a gas station?"

At least a dozen men, some of them a little better off than he was, explained to him that the wheels and car were no longer joined by any physical bond.

"Back out," he suggested after a moment. "Put her in reverse."

"But the WHEELS of!"

He hesitated.

"No harm in trying," he said.

The cattering horns had reached a crescendo and I turned away and cut across the lawn toward home. I glanced back twice. A wafer of a moon was shining over Gatsby's house, making the night fine as before, and covering the lawn and the sound of his still glowing garden. A sudden emptiness seemed to flow from the windows and the gate doors, endowing with complete isolation the figure of the host, who stood on the porch, his hand up in a formal gesture of farewell.

Reading over what I have written so far, I see I have given the impression that the events of these nights several weeks apart were all that absorbed 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 throo 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  
widh them in darc, crouded restorants on littel pig sausagez and masht  
potatose and coffy. I even had a short afare widh a gherl whoo livd in  
Gersy  
Citty and werct in the acounting 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 securitese 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 utherz—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 widh  
throbbing taxy-cabz, bound for the thheyater 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 widh 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 affectaishonz  
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 tooghether up in  
Woric, she

left a borrowed car out in the rain with the top down, and then lied about it—and suddenly I remembered the story about her that had eluded me that night  
at Dasee. At her first big golf tournament there was a rumor that nearly reached  
the newspapers—a suggestion that she had moved her ball from a bad lie in the  
championship-final round. The thing approached the proportions of a scandal—  
then died  
away. A caddy retracted his statement, and the only other witness admitted  
that  
he might have been mistaken. The incident and the name had remained  
together in  
my mind.

Jordan Baker instinctively avoided clever, shrewd men, and now I saw  
that this  
was because she felt safer on a plane where any divergence from a code  
would be  
that impossible. She was incurably dishonest. She wasn't able to  
enjoy being  
at a disadvantage and, given this unwillingness, I suppose she had begun  
dealing  
in subterfuge when she was very young in order to keep that cool,  
insolent  
smile turned to the world and yet satisfy the demands of her hard, jaunty  
body.

It made no difference to me. Dishonesty in a woman is a thing you  
never blame  
deeply—I was casually sorry, and then I forgot. It was on that same  
house party  
that we had a curious conversation about driving a car. It started  
because 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 widh it?”

“Dhaiyl 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-thhinking and fool ov intereyor ruilz 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  
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#### F. Scot Fitzgerrald The Grate Gatsby Chapter 4

On Sunda morning while chersch 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, whose 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 widh a bum naimd Etty in the garden. From farther out on the Iland came the Chedelz and the O. R. P. Shraderz, 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 widh 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 Corriganz 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. Paametto, whoo kild himcelf bi jumping in frunt ov a subwa  
trane  
in Tiamz Sqware.

Benny McClennahan ariavd aulwase widh foer gherlz. Dha wer nevver  
qwrite the same  
wunz in fizensal person, but dha wer so identical wun widh 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 Foastenaa Obriyen came dhare at leest wuns and the Badeker gherlz and yung Broower, 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, widh 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 widh me too-da and I thaut wede ride up tooghether.”

He wauz ballancing himcelf on the dashbord ov hiz car widh dhat rezorsfoolnes ov muivment dhat iz so peculeyarly Amerrican—dhat cumz, I supose, widh the abcens ov lifting werc or ridgid citting in ueth and, even moer, widh 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 widh 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 widh  
nickel, swollen here and dhare in its monstrous length widh triyumfant hat-  
boxez  
and supper-boxez and toole-boxez, and terraist widh a labbirinth ov wind-  
sheeldz  
dhat mirrord a duzen sunz. Citting down behiand menny layerz ov glaas  
in a sort  
ov grene lether concervatory, we started too toun.

I had tauct widh 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 propriyeter 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  
indeciavly 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 truith.” 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 widh 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 roobese, hunting big game,  
painting a  
littel, thhingz for micelf oonly, and trying too forghet sumthhing verry sad  
dhat had  
happend too me long ago.”

Widh 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 enchaanted life. I axepted a comishon az ferst  
leftenant when it began. In the Argon Forrest I tooc too mashene-gun  
detachments so far forword dhat dhare wauz a haaf mile gap on iather cide  
ov us  
whare the infantry coodnt advaans. We stade dhare too dase and too niats,  
a  
hundred and thherty men widh 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 Cel!”

Littel Montenegro! He lifted up the werdz and nodded at them—widh hiz smile. The smile comprehended Montenegrose trubbelde history and cimpathhiadz widh 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 increjularity 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 paam.

“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—widh a cricket bat in hiz hand.

Then it wauz aul troo. I sau the skinz ov tigherz flaming in hiz pallace on the Grand Canal; I sau him opening a chest ov roobese too ese, widh 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 widh 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 triying 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 widh 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 sorry Ide evver cet foot uppon hiz overpoppulated laun.

He woodnt sa anuther werd. Hiz corectnes groo on him az we neerd the city.

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

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

“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, widh the sunlite throo the gherderz making a constant flicker uppon the mooving carz, widh the citty rising up acros the rivver in white heeps and shooggar lumps aul bilt widh a wish out ov non-olfactory munny. The citty cene from the Qweenzboro 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 widh bluimz, follode bi too carragez widh draun bliandz, and bi moer cheerfool carragez for frendz. The frendz looct out at us widh 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 outside, mi ise pict him out obscuerly in the anteroome, tauking too anuther man.

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

A smaull, flat-noazd Ju raizd hiz larj hed and regarded me widh 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 widh 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 acros 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 with facez ded and gon. Fild with frendz gon nou forever. 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 with 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 down 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 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, widh 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, forghetting the moer centimental atmosfere ov the oald Metropole, began too ete widh feroashous dellicacy. Hiz ise, meenwhile, roavd verry sloly aul around the roome—he completed the arc bi terning too inspect the pepel directly behiand. I thhinc dhat, exep 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 widh Mr. Woolfs’hime at the tabel.

“He haz too tellefone,” ced Mr. Woolfs’hime, following him widh 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 discuvverd a man ov fine  
breeding aafter I tauct widh 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 subgect ov this instinctive trust reternd too the tabel and sat  
doun

Mr. Woolfs'hime dranc hiz coffy widh 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 widh 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 widh the faith ov fifty milleyon

pepel—widh 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 oportchunity.”

“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 widh 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 widh 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 widh 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 widh a leftenant 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 widh a sliatly oalder croud—when she went widh enniwun at aul. Wiald roomorz 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 widh her fammily for cevveral weex. Aafter dhat she didnt pla around widh the soalgerz enny moer, but oanly widh 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 Febroowary she wauz preezhumably en'gajjd too a man  
from Nu Orleyanz.  
In June she marrede Tom Bucannan ov Shicago, widh moer pomp and  
cercumstaans  
dhan Loowivil evver nu befoer. He came doun widh 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  
thouzand 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 mutterd. “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 widh 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 widh 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  
widh hiz hed in her lap bi the our, rubbing her fin'gherz over hiz ise and  
loocking at him widh 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 widh 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 down. Dasy wauz poppular in Shicaago, az u no.  
Dha muivd  
widh a faast croud, aul ov them yung and rich and wiald, but she came out  
widh 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 widh 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 droo 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 skepticism, and whoo leend bac

jauntily just within the cerkel ov mi arm. A frase began too bete in mi eerz widh a sort ov heddy exiatment: “Dhare ar oonly 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 droo up the gherl becide me, titening mi armz. Her

waun, scornfool mouth smiald, and so I droo her up agane clocer, this time too mi

face. Tabel ov Contents Next

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## 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 widh 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 touwer too cellar.

At ferst I thaut it wauz anuther party, a wiald rout dhat had rezolvd itself intoo "hide-and-go-ceke." or "sardeenzen-in-the-box." widh 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, supose we take a plunj in the swimming-poole? I havnt made uce ov it aul summer."

"Ive got too go too bed."

"Aul rite."

He wated, loocking at me widh suprest eghernes.

"I tauct widh Mis Baker," I ced aafter a moment. "Ime gowing too caul up Dasy too-morro 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-morro?" He concidderd for a moment. Then, widh 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 widh 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?”

“Trying 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 widh 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 responce, 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, widh 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 blancly. "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 scrootiniazd 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 widh 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 widh 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, widh 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 widh gliscening drops az I tooc it too help her from the car.

“Ar u in luv widh 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 openid it. Gatsby, pale az deth, widh hiz handz plunjd like waits in hiz cote pockets, wauz standing in a puddel ov wauter glaring tradgicaly intoo mi ise.

Widh 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 with 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 with 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 widh 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 fizsical decency establisht itcelf. Gatsby got himcelf intoo a shaddo and, while Dasy and I tauct, looct consheyenshously from wun too the uther ov us widh tens, unhappy ise. Houwevver, az caamnes 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 roode. Dasese citting in dhare aul alone.”

He raizd hiz hand too stop mi werdz, looct at me widh 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 iregular 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 broower had bilt it erly in the “pereyod.” crase, a deccade befoer, and dhare wauz a stoery dhat hede agrede too pa five  
yeerz’ taxe on aul the naboring cottagez if the onerz wood hav dhare ruifs thacht widh strau. Perhaps dhare refuzal tooc the hart out ov hiz plan too Found a Fammily—he went intoo an imejate decline. Hiz children soald hiz hous  
widh 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 widh 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 widh 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 widh teerz, and when I came in she jumpt up and began wiping  
at it widh 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-beyng 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 widh 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 widh 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. Widh enchaanting mermerz Dasy admiard this aspect or dhat ov the fudal cilowet 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 widh nu flouwerz, throo drescing-ruimz and puilruimz, and  
baathruimz widh  
sunken baaths—introoding intoo wun chaimber whare a dishevveld man  
in pajaamaaz wauz  
doowing livver exercisez 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 droo 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 cimpest roome ov aul—exept whare the drescer  
wauz garnisht  
widh a toilet cet ov pure dul goald. Dasy tooc the brush widh 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 staits and wauz entering uppon a thherd.  
Aafter  
hiz embarrasment and hiz unrezoning joi he wauz conshuemd widh  
wunder at her  
prezsens. He had bene fool ov the ideyaa so long, dreemd it rite throo too  
the  
end, wated widh 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  
cabbineets  
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 widh striaps and  
scroalz and pladz in coral and appel-grene and lavvender and faint oranj,  
and  
monnogramz ov Injan blu. Suddenly, widh 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 corroogated 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 cignificans ov

dhat lite had nou vannisht forevver. Compaerd too the grate distans dhat had  
had  
ceparated 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 vareymous indeffinite  
obgets in the haaf  
darcnes. A larj fotograaf ov an elderly man in yauting coschume attracted  
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 widh 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  
roobese 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 weeyl doo,” ced Gatsby, “weeyl hav Clipspringer pla the peyaano.”

He went out ov the roome caulng “Uwing!” and reternd in a fu minnuets acumpanede bi an embarrast, sliatly woern yung man, widh shel-rimmd 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 exercisez?” 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——"

"Weeyl 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 widh 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——"

Outside 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 everithhing. He had throne himcelf intoo it widh a  
creyative  
pashon, adding too it aul the time, decking it out widh 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 widh a  
rush  
ov emoashon. I thhinc dhat vois held him moast, widh 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

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## 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 widh 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 authorritese 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 down 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 specific 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 borrode 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  
shifles and unsuxesfool farm pepel—hiz imaginaishon had nevver reyaly  
axepted  
them az hiz parents at aul. The truth 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, turbulent 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 widh 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 widh an oblivveyous embrace. For a while these revverese  
provided  
an outlet for hiz imaginaishon; dha wer a satisfactory hint ov the  
unreyallity ov  
reyallity, a prommice dhat the roc ov the world wauz founded cecuerly on  
a farese  
wing.

An instinct tooword hiz fuchure gloery had led him, sum munths befoer,  
too the  
smaul Luethheran college ov St. Olaf in suthern Minesotaa. He stade dhare  
too

weex, dismade at its feroashous indifferens too the drumz ov hiz destiny,  
too  
destiny itcelf, and despising the jannitorz werc widh which he wauz too pa  
hiz  
wa throo. Then he drifted bac too Lake Supereyor, and he wauz stil  
cerching  
for sumthhing too doo on the da dhat Dan Codese yaut dropt ancor in the  
shallose alongshor.

Cody wauz fifty yeerz oald then, a product ov the Nevaadaa silver feeldz,  
ov the  
Ucon, ov evvery rush for mettal cins cevventy-five. The traanzacshonz in  
Montannaa  
copper dhat made him menny tiamz a milleyonare found him fizsicaly  
robust but on  
the verj ov soft-miandednes, and, suspecting this, an infinite number ov  
wimmen  
tride too cepparate him from hiz munny. The nun too savory  
ramificaishonz bi which  
Ella Ca, the nuespaper woomman, plade Madam de Maintenon too hiz  
weecnes and  
cent him too ce in a yaut, wer common nollej too the tergid sub-gernalizm  
ov 1902. He had bene coasting along aul too hospittabel shoerz for five  
yeerz  
when he ternd up az Jaimz Gatcez destiny at Littel Gherlz Point.

Too the yung Gats, resting on hiz oerz and loocking up at the raild dec, the  
yaut represented aul the buty and glammor in the werld. I supose he  
smiald  
at Cody—he had probbably discuvverd dhat pepel liact him when he  
smiald. At enny  
rate Cody aasct him a fu qweschonz (wun ov them eliscited the brand nu  
name)

and found dhat he wauz qwic and extravvagantly ambishous. A fu dase  
later he  
tooc him too Duluth and baut him a blu cote, cix pare ov white duc  
trouserz,  
and a yauting cap. And when the CHUWOLOMY left for the West Indese  
and the  
Barbary Coast Gatsby left too.

He wauz emploid in a vaghe personal capascity—while he remaind widh  
Cody he wauz  
in tern schuword, mate, skipper, cecretary, and even jalor, for Dan Cody  
sober  
nu whaut lavvish doowingz Dan Cody drunc mite soone be about, and he  
provided for  
such contin'gencesse bi reposing moer and moer trust in Gatsby. The  
arainjment  
laasted five yeerz, juring which the bote went thre tiamz around the  
Continent.  
It mite hav laasted indeffiniatly exept for the fact dhat Ellaa Ca came on  
boerd wun nite in Boston and a weke later Dan Cody inhospittably dide.

I remember the poertrate ov him up in Gatsbese bedroome, a gra, florid  
man widh a  
hard, empty face—the pionyere debauchy, whoo juring wun fase ov  
Amerrican life  
braut bac too the Eestern ceboerd the savvage viyolens ov the frunteyer  
brothhel  
and saloone. It wauz indirectly ju too Cody dhat Gatsby dranc so littel.  
Sumtiamz  
in the coers ov ga partese wimmen uest too rub champagne intoo hiz hare;  
for  
himcelf he formd the habbit ov letting liccor alone.

And it wauz from Cody dhat he inherrited munny—a leggacy 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 widh 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 widh the ideyaa ov exploding dhose ferst wiald roomorz about hiz antecedents, which wernt even faintly troo. 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 advaantage 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 asoasheyaishon widh hiz afaerz. For cevveral weex I didnt ce him or here hiz vois on the fone—moastly I wauz in Nu Yorc, trotting around widh Jordan and triying too in'graisheyate micelf widh 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 quwicly, 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 champagne? Nuthhing at aul, thanx. . . . Ime sorry——

“Did u hav a nice ride?”

“Verry good roadz around here.”

“I suppose 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 widh 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 unnexpectedly, aafter too hibaulz, she became corjal.

"Weeyl 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 widh ME," ced the lady enthuseyaasticaly. "Boath ov u."

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

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

"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 down 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, widh 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 widh 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 shampane,

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 itcelf, widh its one standardz and its one grate figguerz, cecond too nuthhing becauz it had no consmousnes 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 menshon 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 thhinking 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, widh  
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,” obgeted 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?—widh the sort ov blu nose.”

Gatsby identifide him, adding dhat he wauz a smaual 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 widh sum pepel over here?” he ced. “A fellose ghetting of sum funny stuf.”

“Go ahead,” aancerd Dasy geenyaly, “and if u waunt too take doun 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 widh Gatsby she wauznt havving a good time.

We wer at a particularly tipcy tabel. Dhat wauz mi fault—Gatsby had bene cauld too the fone, and Ide enjoid these same pepel oanly 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 massive and lethargic woman, who had been urging Daisy to play golf with her at the local club tomorrow, spoke in Miss Badeker's defense:

“O, these are right now. When these had five or six cocktails she always starts screaming like that. I tell her she must leave it alone.”

“I must leave it alone,” affirmed the accused hollowly.

“We heard you yelling, so I called too Doc Civet here: ‘These somebody that needs your help, Doc.’”

“These much obliged, I'm sure,” said another friend, without gratitude. “But you got her dress all wet when you stuck her head in the pool.”

“Nothing I hate is too get me stuck in a pool,” mumbled Miss Badeker.

“These almost drowned me weeks over in New Jersey.”

“Then you must leave it alone,” countered Doctor Civet.

“Speak for yourself!” cried Miss Badeker violently. “Your hand shakes. I wouldn't let you operate on me!”

It was like that. Almost the last thing I remember was standing with Daisy and watching the moving-picture director and his star. They were still under the white plum tree and their faces were twitching except for a pale, thin ray of

muinlite betwene. It okerd too me dhat he had bene verry sloly bending  
tooword  
her aul evening too atane this proximmity, 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 obtroocive fate dhat herded  
its  
inhabitants along a short-cut from nuthhing too nuthhing. She sau  
sumthhing afool  
in the verry cimplycity she faild too understand.

I sat on the frunt steps widh them while dha wated for dhare car. It wauz  
darc  
here in frunt; oonly 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 with 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 shouwer?"

Dasy began too cing with 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 obgett.”

“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 THREE 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 authenticaly rajant yung gherl whoo widh 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 down 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 widh 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 nevvver luvd u." Aafter she had oblitterated foer yeerz widh 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 yeerz ago.

"And she duznt understand," he ced. "She uest too be abel too understand. Wede cit for ourz——"

He broke of and began too wauc up and doun a dezzolate paath ov froot  
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. “Sheeyl 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 yeez 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 ciadwauz wauz white widh muinlite. Dha stopt here and ternd  
tooword  
eche uther. Nou it wauz a coole nite widh dhat mistereyous exiatment in it  
which  
cumz at the too chain'gez ov the yere. The qwiyet liats in the housez wer

humming out into the darcnes and dhare wauz a ster and buscel among 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

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F. Scot Fitsgerrald The Grate Gatsby Chapter 7

It wauz when cureyoscity about Gatsby wauz at its hiyest dhat the liats in  
hiz  
hous faild too go on wun Satterda nite—and, az obscueryly 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 widh 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 ruidly.

“Carrawa.”

“Carrawa. Aul rite, Ile tel him.” Abruptly he slamd the doer.

Mi Fin informd me dhat Gatsby had dismist evvery cervant in hiz hous a  
weke  
ago and replaist them widh haaf a duzsen utherz, whoo nevvver 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-morro? 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—espeshaly 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 cimmericing 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  
nuespaper dampend under her fin'gherz, lapst desparingly intoo depe hete  
widh a  
dezzolate cri. Her pocket-booc slapt too the floer.

“O, mi!” she gaaspt.

I pict it up widh a wery bend and handed it bac too her, hoalding 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 widh 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 widh 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 of the crimson carpet and gazed around with fascinated eyes. Daisy watched him and laughed, her sweet, exiting laugh; a tiny gust of powder rose from her bosom into the air.

"The room is," whispered Jordan, "that's Tom's girl on the telephone."

We were silent. The voice in the hall rose high with annoyances: "Very well, then, I want to see you in the car at eight. . . . I mean under no obligations to you at eight. . . and as for your bothering me about it at lunch time, I want to stand that at eight!"

"Holding down the receiver," said Daisy cynically.

"No, these not," I assured her. "It's a bona-fide deal. I happen to know about it."

Tom flung open the door, blocked out its space for a moment with his thick body, and hurried into the room.

"Mr. Gatsby!" He pooted out his broad, flat hand with well-concealed dislike. "I'm glad to see you, dear. . . . Nic. . . ."

"Make us a cold drink," cried Daisy.

As he left the room again she got up and went over to Gatsby and poked his face down, kissing him on the mouth.

"Oh no I love you," she murmured.

"Oh forget that lady present," said 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 down ghiltily on the couch just az a freshly launderd 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 widh cerprise. I doant thhinc he had ever reyaly beleevd in its existens befoer.

“I got drest befoer lunchon,” ced the chiald, terner gherly too Dasy.

“Dhats becauz yor muther waunted too sho u of.” Her face bent intoo the cin’ghel rinkel ov the smaul, white nec. “U dreame, u. U absolute littel dreame.”

"Yes," admitted the chiald caamly. "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 forward and held out her hand.

"Cum, Pammy."

"Good-bi, sweet'hart!"

With 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, widh 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 coald er evvery yere.

“Cum outside,” he sugested too Gatsby, “Ide like u too hav a looc at the place.”

I went widh 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 widh him for about an our.”

We had lunchon in the dining-roome, darkend too against the hete, and dranc doun nervous gayety widh the coald ale.

“Whautl we doo widh 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 tooghetther at eche uther, alone in space.  
Widh 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 opennd a littel, and he looct at Gatsby, and then bac at Dasy az if he  
had just reccogniazd her az sum wun he nu a long time ago.

“U resembel the advertiazment ov the man,” she went on innocently. “U no  
the advertiazment ov the man——”

“Aul rite,” broke in Tom qwicly, “Ime perfectly willing too go too toun.  
Cum

on—were aul gowing too toun.”

He got up, hiz ise stil flashing betwene Gatsby and hiz wife. No wun muivd.

“Cum on!” Hiz temper cract a littel. “Whauts the matter, ennihou? If were gowing too toun, lets start.”

Hiz hand, trembling widh hiz effort at celf-controle, boer too hiz lips the laast ov hiz glaas ov ale. Dasese vois got us too our fete and out on too the blasing gravvel drive.

“Ar we just gowing too go?” she objected. “Like this? Arnt we gowing too let enny wun smoke a ciggaret ferst?”

“Evveriboddy smoact aul throo lunch.”

“O, lets hav fun,” she begd him. “Its too hot too fus.” He didnt aancer.

“Hav it yor one wa,” she ced. “Cum on, Jordan.”

Dha went up-staerz too ghet reddy while we thre men stood dhare shuffling the hot pebbelz widh our fete. A cilver kerv ov the moone hovverd 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 widh 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 inexaustibel 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 obgected.

"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 oanly herd it descriabd in werdz, paast over Gatsbese face.

"Cum on, Dasy," ced Tom, prescing her widh hiz hand tooword Gatsbese car.

"Ile take u in this cercus waggon."

He opennd the doer, but she muivd out from the cerkel ov hiz arm.

"U take Nic and Jordan. Weeyl follo u in the coopa."

She wauct cloce too Gatsby, tutching hiz cote widh her hand. Jordan and Tom and

I got intoo the frunt cete ov Gatsbese car, Tom poosht the unfamilleyar gheerz

tentatiavly, and we shot of intoo the oprescive hete, leving them out ov cite behiand.

“Did u ce dhat?” demaanded Tom.

“Ce whaut?”

He looct at me keenly, reyalising dhat Jordan and I must hav none aul along.

“U thhinc Ime pritty dum, doant u?” he sugested. “Perhaps I am, but I hav a—aulmoast a cecond cite, sumtiamz, dhat telz me whaut too doo. Maby u doant beleve dhat, but ciyens——”

He pauzd. The imejate contin‘gency overtooc him, poold him bac from the ej ov the ththeyorettical abis.

“Ive made a smaull investigaishon ov this fello,” he continnude. “I cood hav gon deper if Ide none——”

“Doo u mene uve bene too a mejum?” inqwiard Jordan humorously.

“Whaut?” Confuezd, he staerd at us az we laaft. “A mejum?”

“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 widh 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 throo on boath braix impaishmently, 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 down."

"Wel, shal I help micelf?" Tom demaanded. "U sounded wel enuf on the fone."

Widh an effort Wilson left the shade and supoert ov the doerwa and, breathing hard, unscroode 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 widh 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 widh 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 discuverd 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, whoo had made a parralel discuverry les dhan an our befoer—and it okerd

too me dhat dhare wauz no differens betwene men, in intelligens or race, so profound az the differens betwene the cic and the wel. Wilson wauz so cic dhat he looct ghilty, unforgivably ghilty—az if he had just got sum poor gherl widh chiald.

“Ile let u hav dhat car,” ced Tom. “Ile cend it over too-morro aafternoone.”

Dhat locallity wauz aulwase vaigly disqwiyyeting, even in the braud glare  
ov  
aafternoone, and nou I ternd mi hed az dho I had bene wornd ov  
sumthhing  
behind. Over the ashheeps the giyant ise ov Doctor T. J. Eckelberg kept  
dhare  
vidgil, but I perceevd, aafter a moment, dhat uther ise wer regarding us  
widh  
peculeyar intencity from les dhan twenty fete awa.

In wun ov the windose over the garrage the kertainz had bene muivd acide  
a  
littel, and Mertel Wilson wauz pering down at the car. So en'groast wauz  
she dhat  
she had no conshousnes ov beying observd, and wun emoashon aafter  
anuther crept  
intoo her face like obgets intoo a sloly develloping picchure. Her  
expreshon wauz  
cureyously familleyar—it wauz an expreshon I had often cene on  
wimmenz facez, but  
on Mertel Wilsonz face it ceemd perpoasles and inexpliccabel until I  
reyaliazd  
dhat her ise, wide widh gellous terror, wer fixt not on Tom, but on Jordan  
Baker, whoome she tooc too be hiz 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 widh the dubbel perpoce ov overtaking  
Dasy and

leaving Wilson behind, and we sped along toward Astor at fifty  
miles an hour,  
until, among the spiderweb shadows of the elevated, we came in sight of the  
easy-going blue coop.

"Those big moves around Fiftieth Street are cool," suggested Jordan. "I  
love  
New York on summer afternoons when every window is  
something very  
suspicious about it—overripe, as if all sorts of funny fruits were going  
too fast  
into your hands."

The word "suspicious" had the effect of further disquieting Tom, but  
before he  
could invent a protest the coop came to a stop, and Daisy signaled us to  
draw  
up alongside.

"Where are we going?" she cried.

"How about the moves?"

"It's so hot," she complained. "You go. We'll ride around and meet you after."  
With an effort her wit rose faintly, "We'll meet you on some corner. He'll be the  
man smoking too cigarettes."

"We can't argue about it here," Tom said impatiently, as a truck gave out a  
kerching whistle behind us. "You follow me to the south side of Central Park,  
in  
front of the Plaza."

Several times he turned his head and looked back for the car, and if the  
traffic delayed them he slowed up until they came into sight. I think he was

afrade dha wood dart doun a cide strete and out ov hiz life forever.

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 fysical 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 widh 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 widh her bac too us, fixing her hare.

"Its a swel swete," whisperd 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 whisperd, “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 down 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?"

"Biloxi?" He concentrated widh an effort. "I didnt no him. He wauz a frend ov Dasee."

"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 blantly.

"Biloxi?"

"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 widh 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 oanly stade five munths. Dhats whi I caant reyalz 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 dhaiyl thro evverithhing overboerd and

hav intermarrage betwene blac and white.”

Flusht widh 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 werld.”

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 widh exiatment.

"She nevver luvd u, doo u here?" he cride. "She oonly 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 widh  
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  
luz 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 noddod 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 widh 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 truth—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 widh a sort ov apele, az dho she reyaliazd at laast whaut she wauz doowing—and az dho she had nevver, aul along, intended doowing ennithing at aul. But it wauz dun nou. It wauz too late.

"I nevver luvd him," she ced, widh 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 throo the ciggaret and the barning 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 troo.”

"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, widh 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 widh a vizsibel effort.

"Shese not leving me!" Tomz werdz suddenly leend doun 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 widh Mayer Woolfs'hime—dhat much I happen too no. Ive made a littel investigaishon intoo yor afaerz—and Ile carry it ferther too-morro."

"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 smaull 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, who 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  
widh evvery  
werd she wauz drauwing ferther and ferther intoo hercelf, so he gave dhat  
up, and  
oonly the ded dreme faut on az the aafternoone slipt awa, triying 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 widh 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 widh 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 cimpathhy haz its limmits, and we wer content too let aul dhare tradgic arguments fade widh 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 widh 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 caamly. “Shese gowing too sta dhare til the da aafter too-morro, and then were gowing too moove awa.”

Micalis wauz astonnisht; dha had bene naborz for foer yeerz, 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 widh the dust.

Micalis and this man reecht her ferst, but when dha had toern open her  
shertwaist, stil damp widh 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.

"Weeyl 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 cerkel ov hedz intoo the garrage,  
which wauz lit oanly bi a yello lite in a swinging wire baasket overhed.  
Then he  
made a harsh sound in hiz throte, and widh a viyolent thrusting muivment  
ov hiz  
pouwerfool armz poosht hiz wa throo.

The cerkel cloazd up agane widh 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, widh hiz bac too us, wauz bending over it, moashonles.  
Next too him  
stood a motorcikel poleesman taking doun naimz widh 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 widh 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, horribel caul:

“O, mi Gaa-od! O, mi Gaa-od! o, Gaa-od! o, mi Gaa-od!”

Prezently Tom lifted hiz hed widh a gerc and, aafter staring around the garrage widh 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' therty 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 ththeme 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 tooggether," he ced widh 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.”

Oanly the neegro and I wer nere enuf too here whaut he ced, but the poleesman caut sumthhing in the tone and looct over widh 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 doun in a chare, and came bac.

“If sumbodeeyl cum here and cit widh him,” he snapt authorritatiavly. 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, widh hiz authorritative 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 becide the poerch and looct up at the cecond floer, whare too windose bluimd widh 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 widh 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 down for a fu minnuets widh mi hed in mi handz, until I herd the fone taken up incide and the butlerz vois caulng a taxy. 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 exepth the luminoscicy 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 truth.

"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

uthur 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 uthur 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.

“Sheeyl be aul rite too-morro,” 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 brootality 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 nescenary. 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, traversst 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, widh 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 cuvverd her one. Wuns in a while she looct up at him and  
nodded in  
agrement.

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  
scrootiny 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  
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## 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 widh 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  
switchchez—wuns I tumbeld widh a sort ov splash uppon the kese ov a  
goastly peyaano.  
Dhare wauz an inexpliccabel amount ov dust evveriwheare, and the ruimz  
wer musty,  
az dho dha hadnt bene aerd for menny dase. I found the humidor on an

unfamilleyar tabel, widh 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 dhaiyl 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 widh 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 vareymous unreveeld capascitese he had cum in contact widh such pepel, but aulwase widh indiscernibel barbd wire betwene. He found her exitingly desirabel. He went too her hous, at ferst widh uther officerz from Camp Talor, then alone. It amaizd him—he had nevvver 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 corridorz, and ov romancez  
dhat  
wer not musty and lade awa aulreddy in lavvender but fresh and breathing  
and  
reddolent ov this yeerz 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 widh 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 invizsibel 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 unscroopulously— 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 stratum as herself—that he was foolishly able  
too take care  
of her. As a matter of fact, he had no such facilities—he had no  
comfortable  
family standing behind him, and he was liable at the whim of an  
impersonal  
government to be blown anywhere about the world.

But he didn't despise himself and it didn't turn out as he had imagined. He  
had  
intended, probably, to take what he could and go—but now he found  
that he had  
committed himself to the following of a goal. He knew that Daisy was  
extraordinary, but he didn't realize just how extraordinary a “nice” girl  
could  
be. She vanished into her rich house, into her rich, full life, leaving  
Gatsby—nothing. He felt married to her, that was all.

When they met again, too late later, it was Gatsby who was breathless,  
who was,  
summed up, betrayed. Her power was bright with the beautiful luxury of star-  
shine;  
the wicker of the tiny sweet fashionably as she turned toward him and  
he  
kissed her curious and lovely mouth. She had caught a cold, and it made her  
voice husky and more charming than ever, and Gatsby was  
overwhelmingly aware  
of the truth and mystery that wealth imprisons and preserves, of the  
freshness  
of many clouds, and of Daisy, gleaming like silver, safe and proud above  
the  
hot struggles of 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 widh 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 widh Dasy in hiz armz

for a long, cilent time. It wauz a coald faul da, widh 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 nevver bene clocer in dhare munth ov luv, nor comunicated

moer profoundly wun widh 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 majorrity 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 despare in Dasese letterz. She didnt ce whi he coodnt cum. She wauz feling the preshure ov the world outcide, and she waunted too ce him and fele hiz prezsens beside 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 sugestiavnes 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 widh 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 widh the cezon; suddenly she wauz agane keping haaf a duzsen daits a da widh haaf a duzsen men, and drousing aslepe at daun widh the beedz and shifon ov an evening dres tan'gheld amung diyng orkidz on the floer beside her bed. And aul the time sumthhing within her wauz crying 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 widh the arival ov Tom Bucannan.

Dhare wauz a whoalsum bulkines about hiz person and hiz posishon, and Dasy wauz flatterd. 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 widh gra-terning, goald-terning lite. The shaddo ov a tre fel abruptly acros the ju and goastly berdz began too cing among the blu leevz. Dhare wauz a slo, plezzant muivment in the are, scaersly a wind, prommicng 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 widh a cureyous remarck.

“In enny cace,” he ced, “it wauz just personal.”

Whaut cood u make ov dhat, exept too suspect sum intencity in hiz  
concepshon  
ov the afare dhat coodnt be mezhuerd?

He came bac from Fraans when Tom and Dasy wer stil on dhare wedding  
trip,  
and made a mizserabel but iresistibel gerny too Loowivil on the laast ov hiz  
army pa. He stade dhare a weke, wauking the streets whare dhare  
footsteps had  
clit tooghether throo the November nite and revizsiting the out-ov-the-wa  
placez too which dha had drivven in her white car. Just az Dasese hous had  
aulwase ceemd too him moer mistereyous and ga dhan uther housez, so  
hiz ideyaa ov  
the citty itcelf, even dho she wauz gon from it, wauz pervaded widh a  
mellancoly buty.

He left feling dhat if he had cercht harder, he mite hav found her—dhat he  
wauz leving her behiand. The da-coche—he wauz penniles nou—wauz  
hot. He went out  
too the open vestibule and sat down on a foalding-chare, and the staishon  
slid awa  
and the bax ov unfamilleyar bildingz muivd bi. Then out intoo the spring  
feeldz,  
whare a yello trolly raist them for a minnute widh pepel in it whoo mite  
wuns  
hav cene the pale madgic ov her face along the cazhuwal strete.

The trac kervd and nou it wauz gowing awa from the sun, which az it sanc  
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 oanly 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 widh the piaps.”

“Doant doo it too-da,” Gatsby aancerd. He ternd too me apologetically. “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 Daseeyl 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 oanly 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 with 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 widh 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 widh 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 droo a smaul 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 widh littel boiz cerching for darc spots in the dust, and sum garroolous man telling over and over whaut had happend, until it became les and les reyal even 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

roole against drinking dhat nite, for when she ariavd she wauz schupid widh

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 widh 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 widh Wilson

until daun.

About thre oacloc the qwaulity ov Wilsonz incoherent muttering chainjd—he groo

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 widh her face  
bruizd 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  
muivd 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  
cilent. 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 opend the drauwer nerest hiz hand. Dhare wauz nuthhing in it but a  
smaul, expencive dog-leesh, made ov lether and braded cilver. 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 widh 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.”—widh an effort he  
got  
up and wauct too the rere windo and leend widh 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 widh 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 six 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 acounting  
for  
hiz time—dhare wer boiz whoo had cene a man “acting sort ov crazy,” 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 widh 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 circumstaancez—and this wauz  
strainj, becauz  
the frunt rite fender neded repare.

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 tellefone 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 troo he must hav felt dhat he had lost the oald worm werld, pade a hi price for livving too long widh a cin'ghel dreme. 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. Widh 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. widh littel rippelz dhat wer hardly the shaddose ov waivz, the laden matres muivd iregularly doun

the poole. A smaull gust ov wind dhat scaersly corroogated the cerface  
wauz enuf  
too disterb its axidental coers widh 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 widh 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

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## 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 discuvverd dhat  
dha  
cood enter throo mi yard, and dhare wer aulwase a fu ov them clusterd  
open-moutht about the poole. Sumwun widh a pozsitive manner, perhaps  
a  
detective, uezd the expreshon "madman." az he bent over Wilsonz boddy  
dhat  
aafternoone, and the adventishous authorrity ov hiz vois cet the ke for the  
nuespaper repoerts next morning.

Moast ov dhose repoerts wer a niatmare—grotesc, cercumstaanshal, egher,  
and  
untroo. When Micalicez testimony at the inqwest braut too lite Wilsonz  
suspishonz ov hiz wife I thaut the whole tale woud 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  
widh determiand ise under dhat corected brou ov herz, and swoer dhat her cister had nevver cene Gatsby, dhat her cister wauz compleetly happy widh 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 breedh or speke, our uppon our, it groo uppon me dhat I wauz responcebel, becauz no wun els wauz interested—interested, I mene, widh 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 widh 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."

"Sorry. Ime afrade no wunz dhare."

I went bac too the drauwing-roome and thaut for an instant dhat dha wer  
chaans  
vizsitorz, aul these ofishal pepel whoo suddenly fild it. But, az dha droo  
bac the shete and looct at Gatsby widh 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 widh 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 solidarritty 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 troo 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 trooly 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 widh exiatment, and when I tooc the bag and umbrellaa  
from hiz  
handz he began too pool so incessantly at hiz spars gra beard 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 drauwng-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 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 utherr ruimz, hiz grefe began too be mixt widh 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 troo,” 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-morro,” 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 truith ov the matter iz dhat Ime staying widh sum  
pepel  
up here in Grennich, and dha raather expect me too be widh them too-  
morro. 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. Iwonder if itd  
be too

much trubbel too hav the butler cend them on. U ce, dhare tennis shoose,  
and  
Ime sort ov helpes 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 Swausticaa Hoalding  
Cumpany,” and at  
ferst dhare didnt ceme too be enny wun incide. But when Ide shouted  
“hello.”  
cevveral tiamz in vane, an argument broke out behiand a partishon, and  
prezsently a  
luvly Juwes apeerd at an intereyor doer and scrootiniazd me widh blac  
hostile  
ise.

“Nobodese in,” she ced. “Mr. Woolfs’hiamz gon too Shicaago.”

The ferst part ov this wauz obveyously untroo, 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, unmistakably 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 doun 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 droo 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 widh 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 widh 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 Albany. 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 widh 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 widh 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 noddod 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 sugestod. “Aafter dhat mi one roole 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 widh trembling fin'gherz.

"Looc dhare."

It wauz a fotograaf ov the hous, cract in the cornerz and derty widh menny 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 widh 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 copy 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 across this booc bi axident,” ced the oald man. “It just shose u, doant it?”

“It just shose u.”

“Gimmy wauz bound too ghet ahed. 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 doun 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 widh 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, outside 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,  
widh 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 reyal 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 droo in depe breths ov it az we wauct bac from dinner throo the  
coald vestibuelz, unnutterably aware ov our identity widh 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 widh 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 unnadaptable too Eestern life.

Even when the Eest exited me moast, even when I wauz moast keenly  
aware ov its  
supereyorryty too the boerd, sprauling, swollen tounz beyond the Ohiyo,  
widh 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 ciadwauc widh a stretcher on which lise a  
drunken woomman in a white evening dres. Her hand, which dan'ghelz  
over the cide,  
sparkelz coald widh 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 ththinking 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'gaijd 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 throo 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 oonly 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 widh her, and tremendously  
sorry, I  
ternd awa.

Wun aafternoone late in October I sau Tom Bucannan. He wauz wauking  
ahed 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 object too shaking handz widh me?”

“Yes. U no whaut I thhinc ov u.”

“Yor crasy, Nic,” he ced qwicly. “Crazy az hel. I doant no whauts the  
matter widh 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 truth,” 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 throo 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  
troo.

“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  
retretd  
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 widh 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 oonly 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 Yorck becauz dhose gleming, dazling partese ov hiz wer widh 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 doun 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, widh 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 obcene werd, scrauld bi sum boi widh 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 acros 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 widh 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 behiand 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-morro we wil run

faaster, stretch out our arms farther. . . . And wun fine morning——

So we bete on, boats against the current, boern bac ceeslesly intoo the paast.

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