

The great gatsby by f. scott fitzgerald: the effect of narration style on the rea...

[Literature](#), [American Literature](#)



F. Scott Fitzgerald's writing is extensively recognized for his powerful, prosaic style. The Great Gatsby is expressed through the eyes of narrator Nick Caraway who is fast to define every setting, person, and incident in great detail. This is mainly achieved through the use of symbols, sensory imagery, and motifs. Perhaps the most vital aspect of The Great Gatsby is how narration affects the reader's interpretation of the story. It is interesting to explore how the text would differ if told through the eyes of another character. The Great Gatsby discovers the relationships between characters of both the upper and middle classes in the context of "the roaring 20s." Nick is most absorbed by the appeal of Jay Gatsby, whom he views as the essence of the American Dream.

Seeing the relationships between characters solely concluded Nick's eyes, however, leaves much to the imagination about the characters' true selves, and the reader may wonder if Nick is a dependable narrator. Dear Diary, It's odd how one notices things, make assumptions, and sees things in a different way than other people. Just when I felt so sure, Doubt seemed like a tracker and began to cloud my decision. I have always been certain, I have always been relaxed — it's the blessing of East Egg. It has always been clear to me that I would one day obtain something from someone else. Whether he was a house, or a car, or a fortune, I remained not definite. Inheriting something and being given something were once the same to me, but they now lie on differing ends of the getting spectrum. Inheriting implies that what I will obtain is worthy of obtaining in the eyes of the benefactor.

Receiving something suggests that the presenter is selfless — a soft empathy and humility surround what is being left. Pending recently I always

believed I had been given things — I was mistaken. It was only mid-May, but the days were already covered in plentiful summer sunshine. The bay sparkled with the potential of something deep, blue, and cooling, and boats sat atop the undulating surface, rocking luckily like children in cribs. The bay met the sandy coast in soft waves as if lying down to sleep before kindly slipping back into the water. White, fluffy clouds were whisked away by a sharp and gentle wind that wished to push them out of the hopeful, shining sky; but kindly so. The luminous, yellow sun hung in the sky wisely as the wind passed naturally through its blinding rays.

The stylish East Egg has always been home — we rarely speak of the other Egg. West Egg, as seen from my parents' balcony, looked like any old town, but a nearer view exposed its clear failures. The houses were simply out-of-date, and obviously so; most were mid-sized, stout, and dowdy, with their overcast paint coats and yellowing lawns. The driveways were busy by inexpensive white coupés that sat lazy in the hot sun since they lacked drivers with places to be. Unfortunate, that's what it was. I supposed that the Egg across the bay was lower and that I had been assumed an benefit in life by only having to shame its populations — not live alongside them. That view was something I inherited. I alert it my own disadvantaged of question, and it satisfied my parents that we remained all on the same, vain page. It was just last month that Mother and Father declared the death of Nick Carraway; a man in his early 50s who had died of a heart attack “ We must go to the funeral, Tom,” Mother said with vague melancholy, “ oh, oh, we must go. ”

The funeral was held in West Egg at Mr. Carraway's home, which appeared much as I anticipated it.

The house was very undefined and sat lazily on the coast of the bay. An old, faded blue, one-story home with rusted windowpanes protected in frail ivy that looked like it would smash with the least touch. The barriers were stiff and worn-out with un-painted shutters that suspended heavily from discolored, grey hinges. The memorial took place on a hot summer day, which conflicted against the occasion's black clothing and sorrowful feeling. Mother was slashing softly, and Father appeared sternly unhappy about being unfortunate. A man with large owl eyes walked onward to announce the last will and evidence. He spoke softly and kindly, but his words not once reached my ears; I felt very reserved and far away from the event, in spite of its obvious proximity. " And, so, I, Nick Carraway, leave my humble abode and belongings to Pamela Daisy Buchanan. "