

Creative piece of the great gatsby

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“ What are you doing? ” Nick inquired. “ Just standing here, old sport. ” I felt relieved, at least I had a friend standing in this dark night with me now, I won’t be alone anymore like I was always be. Somehow, I know my face looks really vicious right now. I might be too worried about what happened tonight. Nick seemed to be frightened by me. After a really awkward silence, I decided to shoot my question:” Did you see any trouble on the road? ” “ Yes, ” obviously he’s waiting for my confession. I don’t want to surrender my little hope that quickly, “ Was she killed? “ Yes. ” His reply was simple and strong. At that moment I had the impulsion to tell him everything happened tonight, but I still kept it to myself eventually. “ I thought so; I told Daisy I thought so. It’s better that the shock should all come at once. She stood it pretty well. ” I was kind of surprised by my attitude. I was talking about a dead woman who had been killed by Daisy and all I care is Daisy’s reaction. Since when did I become so cold-blooded? To distract him from my reaction, I continued:” I got to West Egg by a side road and left the car in my garage. I don’t think anybody saw us, but of course I can’t be sure. ” I tried my best to put on a cheerful smile and tell him everything will be ok. He’s astonished by my indifferent attitude. “ Ok, man, I really don’t think you understand how severe this car accident was and I hate to tell you that you are absolutely wrong,” he skillfully hid his disgusted face and went on,” her name was Wilson. Her husband owns the garage. Now let’s be honest, it was you or Daisy driving that damn devil car? ” I know he would punch me in my face if I kept saying some nonsense. Yes, she was driving, but of course I ‘ ll say I was. When we left New York she was really nervous that she thought she would be steady if she could drive. You know I always let her do whatever

she wants to do. So this woman, rushed out at us just as we were passing a car coming the other way. It all happened too fast to save anything. She seemed like she wanted to speak to us, I don't even know who she was. First Daisy turned away from the woman toward the other car, but for some reasons she turned back and smashed into her. I think she wanted to kill her, old sport. Yes, she succeeded, it ripped her open. " Nick doesn't seem surprised; he probably knows something about Daisy and that woman. At that moment, I was irritated because this whole world is filled with lies and I'm the only idiot who has no idea what's going on. " Don't tell me. I don't want to hear it. " I was so frustrated that I tried to deceive myself that Daisy just accidentally killed that woman. " I tried to make her stop but the car's brake was broken so she couldn't. I pulled on the emergency brake and she fell over into my lap and I drove on. " " I hope Daisy will be alright tomorrow. I'm so worried about her right now. Yes, she's gonna to be relaxed. That's right, nothing is gonna bother her, except..." Nick interrupted with an angry roar, " Seriously man, you guys killed an innocent woman! It's not like a forgivable mistake that you can do something to compensate. I really hate judging people but the way you deal with this accident and your attitude really irritate me. I can't stand it anymore. Where are your sympathy, innocence and passion? It's not worth it to lose them to Daisy. " I made a parting grasp at my hair because I dislike myself too.

All those good and evil things happened upon my life made me exhausted. The only goal I have for now is to protect Daisy. Or, I might just want to keep the most beautiful memory of my life in my deep soul and have the extravagant hope that I can make everything look just like before. Marrying

Daisy is probably no longer my dream, getting the stubborn me satisfied by achieving all those old dreams. To get rid of this wild surmise, I continued, "I'll wait here and see if he tries to bother her about that unpleasantness this afternoon."

I told her that if he intends to do anything she could lock herself in her room and turn the light out and on again. "He won't touch her." He blinked his eye and said, "He's not thinking about her." "I don't trust him, old sport." He seemed to be annoyed by our nonsensical conversation. "How long are you going to wait?" "All night, if necessary. Anyhow, till they all go to bed." I hope my persistence can drive him away and fortunately it worked, "You wait here," he said, "I'll go see if there's any sign of a commotion." After he's gone, I'm a little bored by the sudden quietness.

Actually, I'm also confused by what I really want to find out tonight. One of the inner villains keeps telling me that nothing special will happen tonight and Daisy won't let you take the responsibility for her. The other one despised my infatuation and implied me that Daisy was conspiring with Tom. Maggie Chen Mr. Maurer Voices 16 February 2013 Analysis In this chapter, we can get the general idea that Gatsby is confused with his true feelings to Daisy. He used to be obsessed with her and was willing to do anything to win her back.

However, after what happened in recent years, he started to open his eyes and look within. He's not satisfied with the life he is living now. Although he once had really clear goals that were even not worth fighting for, at least he had motivation to keep his strength and finally achieved his dreams. Judging by his inner struggle and all the things he said to Nick in this chapter, he

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tries his best to relive his old life and pursue all those unfinished dreams. As we explore deeper into the particular mental activities, he apparently is just completing tasks out of obligation, without any care in it.

For example, he keeps telling himself that Daisy is going to be all right “ I hope Daisy will be alright tomorrow. I’m so worried about her right now. Yes, she’s gonna to be relaxed. That’s right, nothing is gonna bother her, except...” These words are also used to comfort himself by saying he has already done everything he could. Gatsby also changes from an innocent sympathetic boy into an indifferent murderer who doesn’t value other people’s lives. Even Nick, a non-judging good friend can’t stand it anymore, as he says, “ It’s not like a forgivable mistake that you can do something to compensate. In my opinion, Gatsby staring into the night at the green light at the end of Daisy's dock, having lavish parties to attract her attention, making money only to win Daisy back, using Daisy's cousin Nick to arrange a "crafty" reunion, buying the multi-million dollar home just to be near her and taking the responsibility for the car crash only to save Daisy's sanity, all these are more signs of obsession than true love. Gatsby’s obsession with Daisy is hopeless and he’s quite enjoying what he’s doing.