

Eulogy of mrytle wilson

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



Wilson is more affected by Myrtle's death than he lets on. Therefore, I wrote this eulogy as Wilson for Myrtle to show the depth and complexity of their relationship. I tried to show Willow's feelings for Myrtle, rather than a 'spiritless' man as depicted through the things he did for Myrtle. Including the things Myrtle did for Wilson shows his appreciation and love for her. Due to the lack of information in the novel, some of the content was crafted based on scenes in the novel and from my thoughts of their relationship.

By including the deep relationship between the couple, it allows the readers to better understand why Wilson killed Gatsby and himself. The vocabulary used is simple, as Wilson was uneducated. The use of constant repetition and similar sentence structure shows that Wilson was a simple man and that he did not know how to express himself clearly. It also emphasizes on the extent of his love and guilt. Short sentences are used to depict Willow's passive and shy nature. There is a use of dramatic irony by showing how happy Wilson was when Myrtle spent the weekend with her friends, and when she wore nice dresses she 'bought with her savings'.

Wilson is oblivious about the affair, unlike the audience. This shows how the American Dream is flawed. Although Wilson worked hard and showered Myrtle with love, Myrtle still chose Tom. It also shows how materialistic people were back then. Myrtle chose Wilson merely on his appearance and now wants to be with Tom for his wealth. This eulogy is written in the first person perspective to show intimacy between the two. Instead of using a second person perspective to describe Myrtle, it shows Willow's deep attachment to his dead wife. 300 words) Good morning, I am George Wilson, Myrtle's husband. I would like to start off by thanking every single one of you

for your presence today. Myrtle would be happy if she were still here. Myrtle, you are the love of my life. You entered my life on a fateful Friday 15 years ago, wearing a pink-laced dress, topped with a cream hat. You danced with such beauty, elegance and grace. However it wasn't your beauty that set you apart from the others. It was your bubbly and outgoing personality, your vitality that caught my eye.

I knew that you were the one, I knew that I wanted to be yours, I knew that we had the courage to take the first step to talk to you. I wanted to look my best for you, I wanted you to notice me, I wanted you to like me. I worked very hard day and night at the garage. I was hoping to get a decent piece of clothing. The day of the gathering drew closer and closer. I still had yet to get enough money for a suit. I asked God continuously for help, and He answered my prayer. I was able to borrow a suit from a customer after begging him for it. The quality of the silk tie I bought came with a hefty price, but it was all worth it.

I never once regretted all the hard work put in to get that suit, because it brought me a step closer to you, my dear. I remember the joy on your face, that unspeakable joy, when I proposed. I remember how your face turned crimson. I remember the 20 graceful steps you took down the aisle, towards me. You wore a hand-crafted pristine white gown, fitted with laces and frills. It was exactly the one you told me about, the one you dreamed of since young. I remember how my heart skipped a beat when you stood beside me. I remember how your hands were gently holding on to mine. At that moment, I just wanted to be yours.

Seeing that pure Joy in your eyes when we were pronounced husband and wife was worth so much more than all the extra hours spent working, all the meals forgone, all the sweat and blood shed to make our wedding perfect. Nothing mattered more to me than you, Myrtle. I love you. Working at the gas station isn't an easy job, but all was worth it. You always told me I work too much as compared to what I earned. But I know the little that I earn can one day bring you happiness. I know you want to get out of this place. I want to be the one leaving with you. Myrtle, you always looked forward to the weekends spent with your friends.

Seeing oh smiling from ear to ear when you return brings me so much Joy. It means the world to see you happy. Although your friends have rich husbands and live in big houses, you never uttered a word of complaint. You never looked down on me. You never compared me to the others. You never leave my side. Thank you for loving me. Thank you for staying by my side. Thank you for being happy, so I would be happy too. I love you. Myrtle, you bring color to my dull life. You always wear colorful dresses. You always doll yourself up. You always try to look your best for me. I know you are aware that I don't earn much.

I know you never once asked me for money. I know you have always used your savings to get yourself what you want. You always think of me. You always share the burden with me. You always put my needs above yours. Thank you, my dear, for being so selfless. I wish I could be more like you. The last words you said were asking me to beat you. You are the apple of my eye, you are a precious gem to a peasant like me. Why would I want to hurt

you? I love you, my coward. Yes, I am a coward. But that's because I just wanted to be yours, to listen to what you say, to obey your every command. Myrtle, I love you.

I always question myself why did you choose me, I am poor, I am not that good looking, I am useless. Despite all my shortcomings, you loved me just the way I am, and you gave me all that I needed and wanted. I want to earn more. I want you to see the world. I want to spend more time with you. I want to shower you with love. I failed to do so. Now, it is too late. I'm sorry for not showing my love just like how you showed yours. I'm sorry for not giving you the life you always wanted. I'm sorry for not showering you with clothes. I'm sorry for all the suffering you had to go through.

I'm sorry for being overprotective at times. I'm sorry for being a coward. I'm sorry dear, I'm sorry, and I'll love you, for all eternity. Myrtle is not perfect, but I love her just the way she is. She accepted me for who I am and forgave me for all my faults, and I will do the same. To all those judging onlookers, Myrtle does not deserve to be criticized, for she is perfect to me, and that is all she needs to be. Myrtle dear, your imperfections are what I love most about you, and it is your imperfections that I will miss most. Goodbye and take care, my dear. I will always love you.