

Skill Builder - Level One Analysis

Complete the table, and colour code your analysis in the following way:

Authorial Choice

Effect

How the effect is created

Text	Level One Analysis	
	Identify	Analyse
Only gradually did I become aware that the automobiles which turned expectantly into his drive stayed for just a minute and then drove sulkily away.	A.	A.
Daisy and Jordan lay upon an enormous couch, like silver idols, weighing down their own white dresses against the singing breeze of the fans.	A.	A.
Gatsby stood in the center of the crimson carpet and gazed around with fascinated eyes. Daisy watched him and laughed, her sweet, exciting laugh; a tiny gust of powder rose from her bosom into the air.	A.	A.

Afterward he kept looking at the child with surprise. I don't think he had ever really believed in its existence before.	A.	A.
'All right,' broke in Tom quickly, 'I'm perfectly willing to go to town. Come on—we're all going to town.'	A.	A.
'Her voice is full of money,' he said suddenly. That was it. I'd never understood before. It was full of money—that was the inexhaustible charm that rose and fell in it, the jingle of it, the cymbals' song of it.... High in a white palace the king's daughter, the golden girl....	A.	A.
'Come on, Daisy,' said Tom, pressing her with his hand toward Gatsby's car. 'I'll take you in this circus wagon.'	A.	A.
'And you found he was an Oxford man,' said Jordan helpfully. 'An Oxford man!' He was incredulous. 'Like hell he is! He wears a pink suit.' 'Nevertheless he's an Oxford man.' 'Oxford, New Mexico,' snorted Tom contemptuously, 'or something like that.'	A.	A.
'She's been talking about it for ten	A.	A.

years.' He rested for a moment against the pump, shading his eyes. 'And now she's going whether she wants to or not. I'm going to get her away.'		
Her expression was curiously familiar—it was an expression I had often seen on women's faces but on Myrtle Wilson's face it seemed purposeless and inexplicable until I realized that her eyes, wide with jealous terror, were fixed not on Tom, but on Jordan Baker, whom she took to be his wife.	A.	A.
There is no confusion like the confusion of a simple mind, and as we drove away Tom was feeling the hot whips of panic. His wife and his mistress, until an hour ago secure and inviolate, were slipping precipitately from his control.	A.	A.
Gatsby's foot beat a short, restless tattoo and Tom eyed him suddenly.		
'Self control!' repeated Tom incredulously. 'I suppose the latest thing is to sit back and let Mr. Nobody from Nowhere make love to your wife. Well, if that's the idea you can count me out.... Nowadays people begin by sneering at family life and family institutions and next they'll throw every- thing overboard	A.	A.

and have intermarriage between black and white.'		
Angry as I was, as we all were, I was tempted to laugh whenever he opened his mouth. The transition from liber- tine to prig was so complete.	A.	A.
'Even that's a lie,' said Tom savagely. 'She didn't know you were alive. Why,—there're things between Daisy and me that you'll never know, things that neither of us can ever forget.' The words seemed to bite physically into Gatsby.	A.	A.
They were gone, without a word, snapped out, made accidental, isolated, like ghosts even from our pity.	A.	A.
'I've got my wife locked in up there,' explained Wilson calmly. 'She's going to stay there till the day after tomorrow and then we're going to move away.'	A.	A.
...before he could move from his door the business was over.	A.	A.
Michaelis and this man reached her first but when they had torn open her shirtwaist still damp with perspiration, they saw that her left	A.	A.

breast was swinging loose like a flap and there was no need to listen for the heart beneath. The mouth was wide open and ripped at the corners as though she had choked a little in giving up the tremendous vitality she had stored so long.		
Picking up Wilson like a doll Tom carried him into the office, set him down in a chair and came back.	A.	A.
I'd be damned if I'd go in; I'd had enough of all of them for one day and suddenly that included Jordan too. She must have seen something of this in my expression for she turned abruptly away and ran up the porch steps into the house.	A.	A.
'It ripped her open——'	A.	A.
So I walked away and left him standing there in the moonlight—watching over nothing.	A.	A.