1. They were careless people, Tom and Daisy—they smashed up things and creatures and then retreated back into their money or their vast carelessness, or whatever it was that kept them together, and let other people clean up the mess they made….” (179).
2. Most of the reports were a nightmare—grotesque, circumstantial, eager, and untrue. When Michaelis’s testimony at the inquest brought to light Wilson’s suspicions of his wife I thought the whole tale would shortly be served up in racy pasquinade—but Catherine, who might have said anything, didn’t say a word. (162).
3. It was Gatsby’s father, a solemn old man, very helpless and dismayed, bundled up in a long cheap ulster against the warm September day. (167).
4. After that I felt a certain shame for Gatsby—one gentleman to who I telephoned implied that he had got what he deserved. (169).
5. His pride for his son and in his son’s possessions was continually increasing and now he had something to show me. “Jimmy sent me this picture.” He took out his wallet with trembling fingers. “Look here.” It was a photograph of the house, cracked in the corners and dirty with many hands. (172).
6. The minister glanced several times at his watch, so I took him aside and asked him to wait for half an hour. But it wasn’t any use. Nobody came. (174).
7. When I had finished she told me without comment that she was engaged to another man… “Nevertheless you did throw me over,” said Jordan suddenly. “You threw me over on the telephone. I don’t give a damn about you now, but it was a new experience for me, and I felt a little dizzy for a while.” (177).
8. “Tom,” I inquired, “what did you say to Wilson that afternoon?” He stared at me without a word, and I knew I had guessed right about those missing hours. I started to turn away, but he took a step after me and grabbed my arm. “I told him the truth,” he said. (178).
9. Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgastic future that year by year recedes before us. It eludes us then, but that’s no matter—to-morrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther…And one fine morning—So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past. (180).