**Class Schedule**

1. Vocab Bingo (15 mins)
2. Opening Activity (10 mins)
3. Read extract (10 mins)
4. Comprehension questions (15 mins)
5. Read through new vocab (10 mins)

**Vocabulary Bingo!**

* Spot check on definitions, antonyms and synonyms of last week’s words (use the words in sentences)

**Opening Activity**

*Match the word to the definition!*

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| 1. Brisk
2. Reputation
3. Opal
4. Bewitch
5. Majestic
6. Enigmatic
7. Gaudy
8. Innuendo
9. Permeate
10. Erroneous
 | 1. Active and energetic
2. Extravagantly bright or showy, typically so as to be tasteless
3. Difficult to interpret or understand; mysterious
4. Wrong; incorrect
5. An allusive or oblique remark or hint, typically a suggestive or disparaging one
6. Having or showing impressive beauty or scale
7. Spread throughout something; pervade
8. A gemstone with many points of shifting colour against a pale or dark background
9. The beliefs or opinions that are generally held about someone
10. Enchant and delight someone
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The Great Gatsby – F. Scott Fitzgerald

*The Great Gatsby is a novel by F. Scott Fitzgerald, set in 1920s America. It is narrated by Nick Carraway, a man in his late 20s, who has moved to Long Island to* ***commute*** *to his job in New York City trading bonds. He moves next door to Jay Gatsby, a man who has earned a* ***reputation*** *for an* ***extravagant*** *lifestyle but is a somewhat* ***enigmatic*** *figure. At this point in the novel, Nick hasn’t even met Gatsby, despite hearing a lot about him.*

There was music from my neighbor’s house through the summer nights. In his blue gardens men and girls came and went like moths among the whisperings and the champagne and the stars. At high tide in the afternoon I watched his guests diving from the tower of his raft, or taking the sun on the hot sand of his beach while his two motor-boats slit the waters of the Sound, drawing **aquaplanes** over **cataracts** of foam. On week-ends his RollsRoyce became an **omnibus**, bearing parties to and from the city between nine in the morning and long past midnight, while his station wagon scampered like a **brisk** yellow bug to meet all trains. And on Mondays eight servants, including an extra gardener, toiled all day with mops and scrubbing-brushes and hammers and garden-shears, repairing the ravages of the night before.

Every Friday five crates of oranges and lemons arrived from a fruiterer in New York — every Monday these same oranges and lemons left his back door in a pyramid of pulpless halves. There was a machine in the kitchen which could extract the juice of two hundred oranges in half an hour if a little button was pressed two hundred times by a butler’s thumb.

At least once a fortnight a corps of caterers came down with several hundred feet of canvas and enough colored lights to make a Christmas tree of Gatsby’s enormous garden. On buffet tables, garnished with glistening **hors**-**d’oeuvre**, spiced baked hams crowded against salads of **harlequin** designs and pastry pigs and turkeys **bewitched** to a dark gold. In the main hall a bar with a real brass rail was set up, and stocked with gins and liquors and with **cordials** so long forgotten that most of his female guests were too young to know one from another.

By seven o’clock the orchestra has arrived, no thin five-piece affair, but a whole pitful of oboes and trombones and saxophones and viols and cornets and piccolos, and low and high drums. The last swimmers have come in from the beach now and are dressing up-stairs; the cars from New York are parked five deep in the drive, and already the halls and salons and **verandas** are **gaudy** with primary colors, and hair **shorn** in strange new ways, and shawls beyond the dreams of Castile. The bar is in full swing, and floating rounds of cocktails **permeate** the garden outside, until the air is alive with chatter and laughter, and casual **innuendo** and introductions forgotten on the spot, and enthusiastic meetings between women who never knew each other’s names.

The lights grow brighter as the earth **lurches** away from the sun, and now the orchestra is playing yellow cocktail music, and the opera of voices pitches a key higher. Laughter is easier minute by minute, spilled with **prodigality**, tipped out at a cheerful word. The groups change more swiftly, swell with new arrivals, dissolve and form in the same breath; already there are wanderers, confident girls who weave here and there among the **stouter** and more stable, become for a sharp, joyous moment the centre of a group, and then, excited with **triumph**, glide on through the sea-change of faces and voices and color under the constantly changing light.

Suddenly one of the gypsies, in trembling **opal**, seizes a cocktail out of the air, dumps it down for courage and, moving her hands like Frisco, dances out alone on the canvas platform. A momentary hush; the orchestra leader varies his rhythm **obligingly** for her, and there is a burst of chatter as the **erroneous** news goes around that she is Gilda Gray’s understudy from the Follies. The party has begun.

I believe that on the first night I went to Gatsby’s house I was one of the few guests who had actually been invited. People were not invited — they went there. They got into automobiles which bore them out to Long Island, and somehow they ended up at Gatsby’s door. Once there they were introduced by somebody who knew Gatsby, and after that they conducted themselves according to the rules of behavior associated with amusement parks. Sometimes they came and went without having met Gatsby at all, came for the party with a simplicity of heart that was its own ticket of admission.

I had been actually invited. A **chauffeur** in a uniform of robin’s-egg blue crossed my lawn early that Saturday morning with a surprisingly formal note from his employer: the honor would be entirely Gatsby’s, it said, if I would attend his “little party” that night. He had seen me several times, and had intended to call on me long before, but a peculiar combination of circumstances had prevented it — signed Jay Gatsby, in a **majestic** hand.

**Comprehension Questions**

1. Summarise the extract in a few sentences.
2. What is our impression of Jay Gatsby?
3. Why do we think Nick Carraway got an invite to the party?
4. What is the relationship between Gatsby and Carraway?
5. This novel is set in the Roaring Twenties – what do you know about this period of history?
6. What do we think might happen next?

**Vocabulary**

* *Define each word, put it into one of four categories (noun, adjective, verb or adverb) and, where applicable, note down a synonym or antonym.*
1. Commute
2. Reputation
3. Extravagant
4. Enigmatic
5. Aquaplane
6. Cataract
7. Omnibus
8. Brisk
9. Hors-d’oeuvre
10. Harlequin
11. Bewitched
12. Cordial
13. Veranda
14. Gaudy
15. Shorn
16. Permeate
17. Innuendo
18. Lurch
19. Prodigality
20. Stout
21. Triumph
22. Opal
23. Obliging
24. Erroneous
25. Chauffeur
26. Majestic
27. Allusive
28. Oblique
29. Disparaging

**Homework**

* Revise the vocabulary we have learned today.
* Write a diary entry from the point of view of Nick Carraway after the party has finished. What happened at the party?