Nick gets a new job and rents a small house in West Egg.

Nick parties with Tom and his mistress, Myrtle Wilson.

Nick meets his neighbour, Jay Gatsby.

Nick meets Meyer Wolfshiem.

Gatsby tells nick his plan.

Daisy and Gatsby start having an affair.

Tom becomes suspicious of Gatsby and decides to investigate him.

Nick, Gatsby, Daisy, and Tom all have lunch together.

Tom learns that Myrtle is leaving him and that his wife is having an affair.

Nick, Daisy and Jordan learn the truth about Gatsby’s business activities.

Gatsby’s dream is crushed.

Myrtle is killed.

Gatsby takes finally uses his pool.

Tom and Daisy disappear.

Nick breaks up with Jordan because of her insensitivity to the accident.

Gatsby’s father proudly shows Nick a book.

Nick decides that he’s done with the East, and moves back to the Midwest.

*"Whenever you feel like criticizing any one," he told me, "just remember that all the people in this world haven't had the advantages that you've had."*

*"I wouldn't ask too much of her," I ventured. "You can't repeat the past."*

*"Can't repeat the past?" he cried incredulously. "Why of course you can!"*

*"Your wife doesn't love you," said Gatsby. "She's never loved you. She loves me."*

*Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgastic future that year by year recedes before us. It eluded us then, but that's no matter—tomorrow 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.*

*"They're a rotten crowd," I shouted across the lawn. "You're worth the whole damn bunch put together."*

*She told me it was a girl, and so I turned my head away and wept. 'All right,' I said, 'I'm glad it's a girl. And I hope she'll be a fool—that's the best thing a girl can be in this world, a beautiful little fool."*

*"They're such beautiful shirts," she sobbed, her voice muffled in the thick folds. "It makes me sad because I've never seen such—such beautiful shirts before."*

*"And what's more, I love Daisy too. Once in a while I go off on a spree and make a fool of myself, but I always come back, and in my heart I love her all the time."*

*"Daisy! Daisy! Daisy!" shouted Mrs. Wilson. "I'll say it whenever I want to! Daisy! Dai——"*

*Making a short deft movement Tom Buchanan broke her nose with his open hand.*

*“I spoke to her,” he muttered, after a long silence. “I told her she might fool me but she couldn’t fool God. I took her to the window and I said ‘God knows what you’ve been doing, everything you’ve been doing. You may fool me but you can’t fool God!’ “*

*As we crossed Blackwell's Island a limousine passed us, driven by a white chauffeur, in which sat three modish Negroes, two bucks and a girl. I laughed aloud as the yolks of their eyeballs rolled toward us in haughty rivalry. "Anything can happen now that we've slid over this bridge," I thought; "anything at all. . . ."*

*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 had made.*