

At nine o'clock one morning late in July, Gatsby's beautiful car pulled up outside my door. He hurried the phrase 'educated at Oxford', or swallowed it, as if it troubled him. As we talked, Gatsby seemed strangely uncertain of himself, and began leaving his sentences unfinished. It was the first time he had visited me.

Though I had attended two of his parties, gone up in his seaplane and made frequent use of his beach. I was brought up in America, but educated at Oxford University, in England, because the men in my family were always educated at Oxford. He looked at me sideways—and I knew why Jordan Baker had believed he was lying. I'll tell you God's truth. You're having lunch with me today and I thought we'd drive up to town together. He saw me looking with admiration at his car. It's pretty, isn't it? Haven't you ever seen it  
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