Following is an excerpt from Chapter One of The Great Gatsby. What quality of Jordan Baker do you think makes Nick Carraway self-conscious and nervous?

Or let me put it this way: if Zelda Sayre--the future Mrs. Zelda Fitzgerald--inspired the aspiring writer to depict the prototypical flapper in The Great Gatsby, which character do you find to be closer to Zelda Fitzgerald, Daisy Fay Buchanan or Jordan Baker,?

The younger of the two was a stranger to me. She was extended full length at her end of the divan, completely motionless, and with her chin raised a little, as if she were balancing something on it which was quite likely to fall. If she saw me out of the corner of her eyes she gave no hint of it — **indeed, I was almost surprised into murmuring an apology for having disturbed her by coming in**.
The other girl, Daisy, made an attempt to rise — she leaned slightly forward with a conscientious expression — then she laughed, an absurd, charming little laugh, and I laughed too and came forward into the room.
“I’m p-paralyzed with happiness.” She laughed again, as if she said something very witty, and held my hand for a moment, looking up into my face, promising that there was no one in the world she so much wanted to see. That was a way she had. She hinted in a murmur that the surname of the balancing girl was Baker. (I’ve heard it said that Daisy’s murmur was only to make people lean toward her; an irrelevant criticism that made it no less charming.)
At any rate, Miss Baker’s lips fluttered, she nodded at me almost imperceptibly, and then quickly tipped her head back again — the object she was balancing had obviously tottered a little and given her something of a fright.**Again a sort of apology arose to my lips**. Almost any exhibition of complete self-sufficiency draws a stunned tribute from me.