

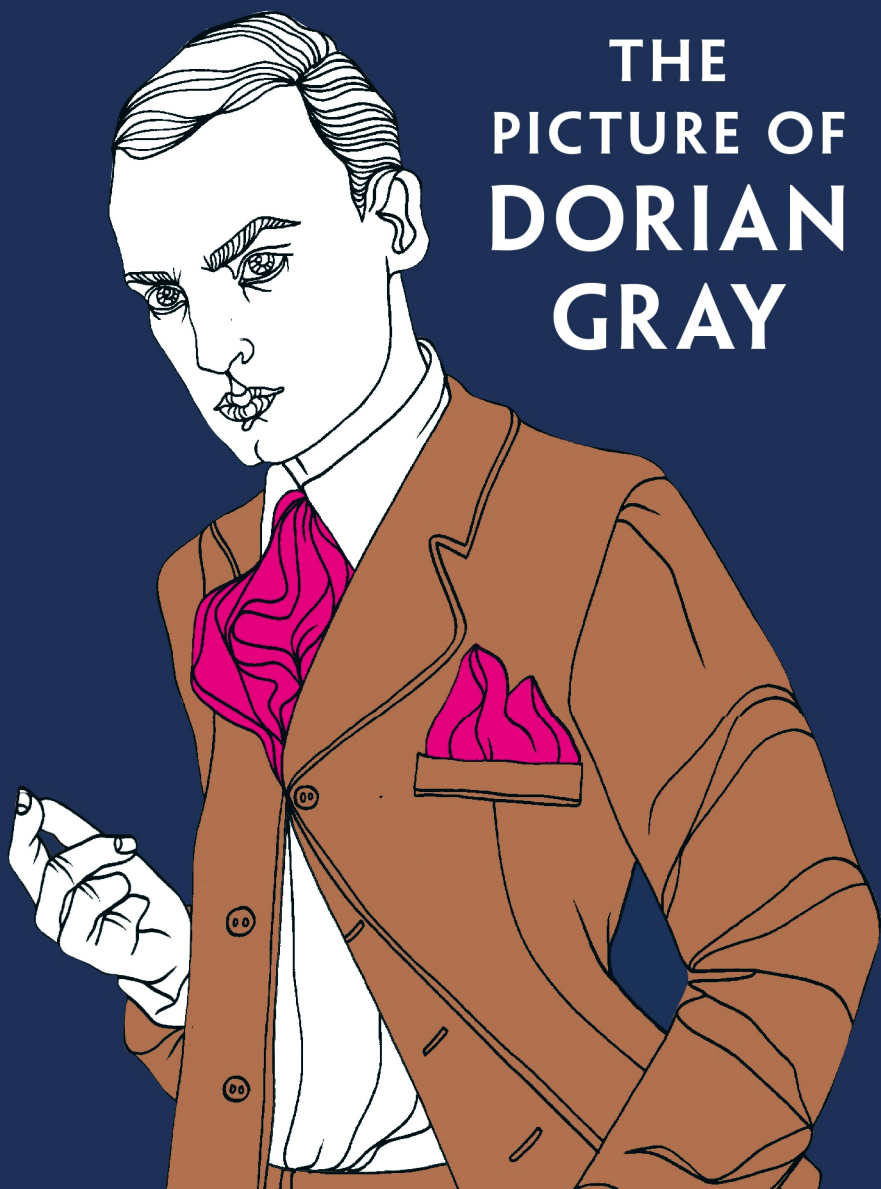
Penguin



Readers

OSCAR WILDE

THE
PICTURE OF
DORIAN
GRAY



Contents

People in the story	4
New words	5
Note about the story	6
Before-reading questions	6
Chapter One – In Basil’s studio	7
Chapter Two – A beautiful young man	13
Chapter Three – In love with an actress	22
Chapter Four – <i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	29
Chapter Five – Dorian wants to forget	36
Chapter Six – A secret life	42
Chapter Seven – Basil’s last goodbye	44
Chapter Eight – “Only the senses can help the soul”	51
Chapter Nine – In the countryside	61
Chapter Ten – Dorian decides to change	65
During-reading questions	70
After-reading questions	72
Exercises	72
Project work	77
Glossary	78

CHAPTER ONE

In Basil's studio

Lord Henry Wotton was sitting on a sofa in the **studio** of his friend, Basil Hallward, an artist. The doors of the studio were open, and he could smell the flowers in the garden.

"It is your best painting," he said to Basil. "Where will you **exhibit** it?"

The two men were looking at a large portrait of a beautiful young man with blond hair.

"I don't think ~~that~~ I want to exhibit it anywhere," replied Basil. "There is too much of *me* in the picture."

"What do you mean?" said Lord Henry. "This man is nothing like you. He is blond and beautiful. You are intelligent, but not handsome."

"I don't mean that," said Basil, smiling. "I wouldn't like to look like Dorian Gray. It is better to be

ugly and stupid. But it is difficult for us, too, Henry. You are rich and a lord; I am clever, and I am good at painting; Dorian Gray has his **beauty**. We will all **suffer** for these things.”



“Dorian Gray? Is that his name?” asked Lord Henry. He got up from the sofa and walked across to the portrait.

“Yes, that’s his name, but I didn’t want to tell you,” said Basil.

“Why not?”

“I can’t really explain,” Basil replied. “When I like someone a lot, I don’t want other people to meet them. I like secrets. Maybe you think that is stupid?”

“Of course not,” said Lord Henry. “You forget that I am married, and that means having lots of secrets. My wife and I are both happy with that. Now Basil, before I go I want you to answer a question.”

The two men walked into the garden. “What is it?” asked the artist.

“Why won’t you exhibit this painting?”

“I told you. It is because I’m afraid that I have shown the secret of my own **soul**.”

Lord Henry laughed. “And what is that?”

“I will try to explain,” said Basil. “Two months ago, I went to Lady Brandon’s house, and I met Dorian Gray. When our eyes met, I felt wonderful and terrible things. I was afraid and wanted to leave the room. But then Lady Brandon **introduced** us.”

“And what did Lady Brandon tell you about this wonderful young man?” asked Lord Henry.

“He is Lord Kelso’s grandson. Lord Kelso’s daughter – Dorian’s mother – was a very beautiful woman. But she married a poor man, and Lord Kelso was very angry about it. He paid a man to murder her husband. The daughter came home, but never spoke to her father again. She had the baby, and she died soon after. Dorian lived with his grandfather until Lord Kelso died.”

“So Dorian is handsome *and* rich,” said Lord Henry.

“Yes,” said Basil. “We quickly became friends. Now I see him every day, and he has become very important to me. I need him.”

“I thought that you only loved your art?”

“He is *all* my art to me now,” replied Basil. “Because of him, I see things differently now when I paint. And I think differently – everything is wonderful and beautiful. And this is the problem. It shows in my painting of him, and I don’t want the world to guess it.”

“But of course, I remember the name now,” said Lord Henry. “My aunt, Lady Agatha, has spoken about a young man called Dorian Gray.”

“I don’t want you to meet him, Henry,” said Basil, angrily.

A **servant** came into the garden. “Mr Dorian Gray is in the studio, sir,” he said.

“You must introduce us now!” Lord Henry said to Basil and laughed.

The painter turned to his servant. “Thank you, Parker. Ask Mr Gray to wait, please. I will come in a minute.”

He turned to Lord Henry. “Dorian Gray is a beautiful, **innocent** young man,” he said. “Please do not try to **influence** him. Do not take him away from me, or I will lose my art!”

“What crazy words!” said Lord Henry. Then he walked into the studio with Basil behind him.

For Review Only