

*You had brought me something higher.  
Now I could see that all art is nothing  
but a reflection. You had made me  
understand what love really is. My love!  
My love! Prince Charming! Prince  
of life! I have grown sick of shadows.  
You are more to me than all art can  
ever be. When I came on the stage  
tonight, I could not understand why  
everything had gone from me. I thought  
that I was going to be wonderful.  
I found that I could do  
nothing. What could they  
know of love such as ours?  
Take me away, Dorian take me away  
with you, where we can be quite alone.*



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Для продолжающих  
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Для продолжающих  
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Для совершенствующихся



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АЙРИС ПРЕСС

О. Уайльд. ПОРТРЕТ ДОРИАНА ГРЕЯ. РАССКАЗЫ

О. Wilde THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY. SHORT STORIES

Домашнее чтение



АНГЛИЙСКИЙ клуб

Оскар Уайльд

# Портрет Дориана Грея Рассказы

Intermediate

Oscar Wilde

The Picture  
of Dorian Gray  
Short Stories

АЙРИС ПРЕСС

Intermediate



**АНГЛИЙСКИЙ клуб**

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*Домашнее чтение*

**О. Уайльд**

**Портрет  
Дориана Грея  
Рассказы**

УДК 811.111(075)  
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# The Picture of Dorian Gray



## Chapter One

### The artist and the sitter



The studio was filled with the rich smell of roses. The light summer wind touched the trees in the garden. The heavy smell of the lilac and the more delicate perfume<sup>1</sup> of the pink thorn blossoms came through the open door.

Lord Henry Wotton was lying on the sofa and smoking. He enjoyed the honey-sweet and honey-coloured blossoms. Now and then the fantastic shadows of birds from the long silk curtains made him think of Japanese painters who had expressed the beauty of the motion.

Beyond the soft sounds of the garden he could hardly hear the noise of London.

In the centre of the room, near the upright easel, stood the full-length portrait of a young man of extraordinary personal beauty. In front of it, some little distance away, was sitting the artist himself, Basil Hallward.

As the painter looked at the portrait, a smile of pleasure passed across<sup>1</sup> his face. But he suddenly started up, and closing his eyes, placed his fingers upon the eyes. It seemed he was afraid to awake some curious dream.

“It is your best work, Basil, the best thing you have ever done,” said Lord Henry. “You must certainly send it next year to the best art gallery in London.”

“I don’t think I shall send it anywhere,” he answered. “No, I won’t send it anywhere.”

Lord Henry looked at him in surprise through the thin blue rings of smoke.

“Not send it anywhere? My dear fellow, why? Have you any reason? What strange people you painters are! You do anything in the world to have a reputation. As soon as you have one, you seem to want to throw it away. It is silly of you, for there is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about, that is not being talked about<sup>2</sup>. A portrait like this would set you far above all the young men in England. It will make the old men quite jealous, if old men can feel any emotion at all.”

“I know you will laugh at me,” he replied, “but I really can’t exhibit it. I have put too much of myself into it.”

Lord Henry stretched himself out on the sofa and laughed.

<sup>1</sup> **passed across** = came and went very quickly

<sup>2</sup> **there is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about, that is not being talked about** — хуже того, что о тебе говорят, может быть только то, что о тебе не говорят

<sup>1</sup> **perfume** = smell

“Too much of yourself in it! Upon my word, Basil, you don’t look like him at all. Your strong face and your coal-black hair, and this young beautiful boy, who looks as if he was made out of ivory and rose-leaves! Why, my dear Basil — well, of course you have an intellectual expression and all that. But beauty, real beauty, ends where an intellectual expression begins. Intellect destroys the harmony of any face. The moment one sits down to think, one becomes all nose, or all forehead, or something horrible. Look at the successful men! How terrible they are! Except, of course, in the Church. But then in the Church they don’t think. Your mysterious young friend, whose name you have never told me, but whose picture I really enjoy, never thinks. I’m sure of that. He is some brainless beautiful creature who should be always here in winter when we have no flowers to look at. No, Basil, you are not like him.”

“You don’t understand me, Harry,” answered the artist. “Of course I am not like him. I know it. Indeed, I should be sorry to look like him. You don’t believe me? I am telling you the truth. The ugly and the stupid<sup>1</sup> enjoy the life in this world. They can watch the life go on. They live as we all should live — quiet and happy. You, Harry, or me, or Dorian Gray — we all suffer for what the gods have given us, suffer terribly.”

“Dorian Gray? Is that his name?” asked Lord Henry, walking across the studio towards Basil Hallward.

“Yes, that is his name. I didn’t want to tell it to you.”

“But why not?”

“Oh, I can’t explain. When I really like people, I never tell their names to anyone. I have grown to love<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> **The ugly and the stupid** = The ugly and stupid people

<sup>2</sup> **I have grown to love** = I have started to love

secrecy. It seems to be the one thing that can make modern life mysterious. The ordinary thing becomes wonderful if one only hides it. When I leave town now I never tell my people where I am going. If I did, I would lose all my pleasure. I suppose you think me foolish about it?”

“Not at all,” answered Lord Henry, “not at all, my dear Basil. You seem to forget that I am married, and the one good thing of marriage is that it makes a lie necessary for both. I never know where my wife is, and my wife never knows what I am doing. When we meet — we do meet sometimes, when we go out together — we tell each other the most absurd stories with the most serious faces. My wife is very good at it — much better, in fact, than I am. But when she finds me out<sup>1</sup>, she makes no row at all. I sometimes wish she would; but she just laughs at me.”

“I hate the way you talk about your married life, Harry,” said Basil Hallward, coming towards the door that led into the garden. “I believe that you are really a very good husband. You are an extraordinary person. You never say a moral thing, and you never do a wrong thing. Your cynicism is simply a pose.”

“Being natural is simply a pose,” cried Lord Henry, laughing; and the two young men went out into the garden together. The sunlight came through the shiny leaves.

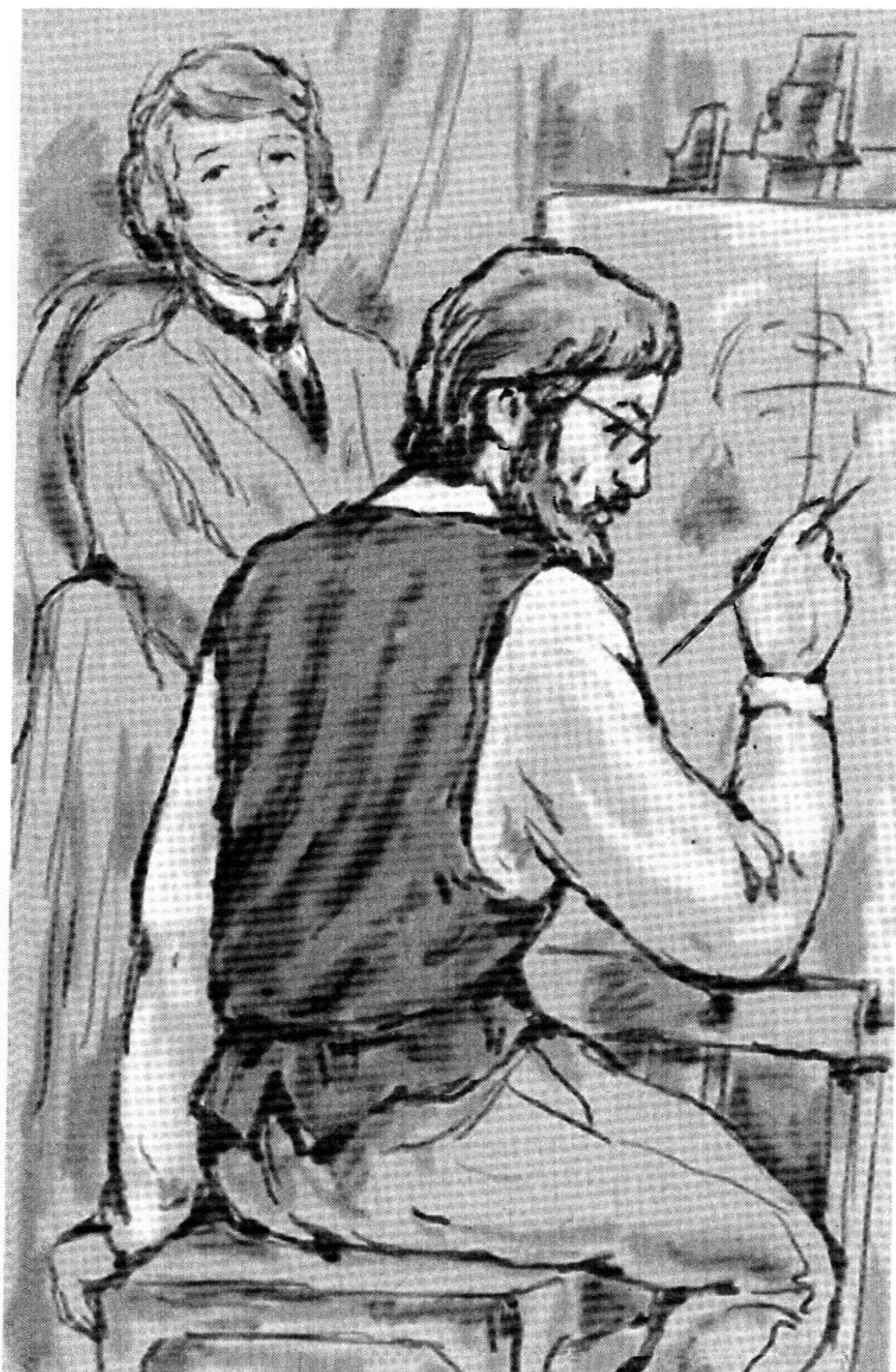
After a pause, Lord Henry looked at his watch.

“I am afraid I must be going, Basil,” he said, “and before I go, I want you to answer a question.”

“What is that?” said the painter, looking at the white daisies among the grass.

“You know quite well.”

<sup>1</sup> **when she finds me out** — когда ей удается меня уличить



“I do not, Harry.”

“Well, I will tell you what it is. I want you to explain to me why you won’t exhibit Dorian Gray’s picture. I want the real reason.”

“I told you the real reason.”

“No, you did not. You said it was because there was too much of yourself in it. Now, that is childish.”

“Harry,” said Basil Hallward, looking him straight in the face, “every portrait that is painted with feeling is a portrait of the artist, not of the sitter. It is not he who is revealed by the painter; it is rather the painter who reveals himself. The reason I will not exhibit this picture is that I am afraid that I have shown in it the secret of my own soul.”

Lord Henry laughed.

“And what is that?” he asked.

“Oh, there is really very little to tell, Harry,” answered the painter; “and I am afraid you will hardly understand it. Perhaps you will hardly believe it.”

Lord Henry smiled, and picked up a pink daisy from the grass.

“I am quite sure I shall understand it,” he replied<sup>1</sup>, looking at the little flower, “I can believe anything, even quite unbelievable.”

The wind shook some blossoms from the trees. A grasshopper began to sing its song by the wall, and like a blue thread a long thin dragon-fly flew on its light brown wings. Lord Henry felt as if he could hear Basil Hallward’s heart beating, and wondered what was coming.

“The story is simply this,” said the painter after some time. “Two months ago I was invited to Lady Brandon’s. You know we poor artists have to appear in

<sup>1</sup> **replied** = answered

society from time to time. Just to remind the public that we are not wild people. With an evening suit and a white tie, as you told me once, anybody can get a reputation! Well, after I had been in the room about ten minutes, I suddenly felt that someone was looking at me. I turned round and saw Dorian Gray for the first time. When our eyes met, I felt that I was growing pale<sup>1</sup>. A curious sense of terror came over me. I knew that I had come face to face with someone whose personality could absorb my whole nature, my whole soul, my very art itself. I did not want any influence in my life. You know yourself, Harry, how independent I am by nature. I have always been my own master — till I met Dorian Gray. Then — but I don't know how to explain it to you. I felt that something terrible was going to happen. I grew afraid and decided to leave the room. The next moment I ran across Lady Brandon. 'You are not going to run away so soon, Mr. Hallward?' she said to me. So I could not escape from her. She brought me up to royalties and nobles. She spoke of me as her dearest friend. I believe some of my pictures had made a great success at the time, at least had been talked about in the penny newspapers<sup>2</sup>, which is the nineteenth-century standard of immortality. Suddenly I found myself face to face with that young man. We were quite close, almost touching. Our eyes met again. I asked Lady Brandon to introduce me to him. It was simply inevitable. I am sure of that. Dorian told me so afterwards. He, too, felt that we would know each other."

<sup>1</sup> **to grow pale** = to become pale

<sup>2</sup> **penny newspapers** — дешевые газеты

"And how did Lady Brandon describe this wonderful young man?" asked his companion.

"Oh, something like 'Charming boy — poor dear mother and I were close friends. Quite forget what he does — afraid he — doesn't do anything — oh, yes, plays the piano — or is it the violin, dear Mr. Gray?' We couldn't help laughing<sup>1</sup>, and we became friends at once."

"Laughter is not at all a bad beginning for a friendship, and it is the best ending for one," said the young lord.

Hallward shook his head.

"You don't understand what friendship is, Harry"

"Tell me more about Mr. Dorian Gray. How often do you see him?"

"Every day. I couldn't be happy if I didn't see him every day. He is absolutely necessary to me."

"How extraordinary! I thought you would never care for anything but your art."

"He is all my art to me now," said the painter. "He is much more to me than a model or a sitter. I know that the work I have done, since I met Dorian Gray, is good work, is the best work of my life. But in some strange way I see things differently, I think of them differently. The harmony of soul and body — how much that is! We in our madness have separated the two, and have invented a realism that is vulgar. Harry! if you only knew what Dorian Gray is to me!"

"Basil, this is extraordinary! I must see Dorian Gray."

Hallward got up from the seat and walked up and down the garden. After some time he came back.

<sup>1</sup> **We couldn't help laughing** — Мы не могли удержаться от смеха

“Harry,” he said, “Dorian Gray is just a motive in art. Perhaps you will see nothing in him. I see everything in him...”

“Then why won’t you exhibit his portrait?” asked Lord Henry.

“It’s my secret. Dorian doesn’t know about my feelings. He will never know anything about it. But the world can guess it, and I don’t want anybody to see what was going in my heart. My heart will never be put under their microscope. There is too much of myself in the thing, Harry — too much of myself!”

“I think you are wrong, Basil, but I won’t argue with you. Tell me, is Dorian Gray very fond of you<sup>1</sup>?”

The painter thought for a few moments.

“He likes me,” he answered after a pause; “I know he likes me. As a rule, he is charming to me, and we sit in the studio and talk. But sometimes he is horribly thoughtless, and seems to take a real pleasure in giving me pain. Then I feel, Harry, that I have given away my whole soul to some one who treats it as if it were a flower to put in his coat. A flower that he can enjoy for a summer’s day and forget the next one.”

“Days in summer, Basil, are too long,” said Lord Henry. “Perhaps you will be tired sooner than he will. It is a sad thing to think of, but genius lasts longer than beauty. That’s why we want to get education. In the wild struggle for existence, we want to have something that lasts long. So we fill our minds with rubbish and facts, in the silly hope of keeping our place. The well-informed man — that is the modern ideal. And the mind of the well-informed man is a dreadful thing.

<sup>1</sup> is Dorian Gray very fond of you = does Dorian Gray like you

I think you will be tired first, all the same. Some day you will look at your friend, and he will seem to you to be a little out of drawing. The next time you will be cold and indifferent...”

“Harry, don’t talk like that. As long as I live, Dorian Gray will be important to me. You can’t feel what I feel. You change too often.”

“Ah, my dear Basil, how unkind you are!” and Lord Henry began to smoke a cigarette. How pleasant it was in the garden! And how wonderful other people’s emotions were! Much more exciting than their ideas! He turned to Hallward, and said, “My dear friend, I have just remembered.”

“Remembered what, Harry?”

“Where I heard the name of Dorian Gray.”

“Where was it?” asked Hallward.

“Don’t look so angry, Basil. It was at my aunt, Lady Agatha’s. She told me she had discovered a wonderful young man, Dorian Gray. But she never told me he was good-looking. She said that he had a beautiful nature. So I decided that he was a creature with spectacles, thin hair, unpleasant face and huge feet. I wish I had known it was your friend.”

“I am very glad you didn’t, Harry.”

“Why?”

“I don’t want you to meet him.”

“You don’t want me to meet him?”

“No.”

“Mr. Dorian Gray is in the studio, sir,” said the servant, coming into the garden.

“You must introduce me now,” cried Lord Henry, laughing.

“Dorian Gray is my dearest friend. He has a simple and a beautiful nature. Your aunt was quite right in what



she said of him. Don't spoil him. Don't try to influence him. Your influence would be bad."

"What nonsense you talk!" said Lord Henry, smiling, and taking Hallward by the arm, he led him into the house.



## *Chapter Two*

# **Youth is the only thing worth having**



As they entered, they saw Dorian Gray. He was sitting at the piano, with his back to them, turning the pages of music<sup>1</sup>.

"You must lend me these, Basil," he cried. "I want to learn them. They are wonderful."

"That depends on how you sit today, Dorian."

"Oh, I am tired of sitting, and I don't want a portrait of myself," answered the young man. When he saw Lord Henry, he suddenly got up. "I beg your pardon, Basil, but I didn't know you had anyone with you."

<sup>1</sup> pages of music — ноты

"This is Lord Henry Wotton, Dorian, an old friend of mine. I have just been telling him what a wonderful sitter you were, and now you have spoiled everything."

"You have not spoiled my pleasure in meeting you, Mr. Gray," said Lord Henry to the young man. "My aunt has often spoken about you. You are one of her favourites."

"I am afraid, I am in Lady Agatha's black books at present<sup>1</sup>. I promised to go to a club with her last Tuesday, and I really forgot all about it. We had to play a duet together. I don't know what she will say to me. I am too frightened to call."

Lord Henry looked at him. Yes, he was certainly wonderfully handsome, with his red lips, his bright blue eyes and his wavy golden hair. He had an open and honest face. There were no dark secrets in his face. No wonder Basil Hallward loved him.

The painter was busy mixing his colours. He was looking worried.

"Harry, I want to finish this picture today. Would you think it rude of me if I asked you to go away?"

Lord Henry smiled and looked at Dorian Gray.

"Must I go, Mr. Gray?" he asked.

"Oh, please don't, Lord Henry. Basil doesn't often speak to me. It is so boring, you know. Please stay. I want you to talk to me."

"Well, I certainly shall not run away. You don't really mind, Basil, do you? You have often told me that you liked your sitters to have some one to talk to."

Hallward didn't say a word.

"If Dorian wants it, of course you must stay."

Lord Henry took up his hat and gloves.

<sup>1</sup> **I am in Lady Agatha's black books at present** — я в черном списке у Леди Агаты

"You are very kind, Basil, but I am afraid I must go. Good-bye, Mr. Gray. Come and see me some afternoon in Curzon Street. I am nearly always at home at five o'clock. Write to me when you are coming."

"Basil," cried Dorian Gray, "if Lord Henry Wotton goes, I shall go too. Ask him to stay."

"Stay, Harry," said Hallward, looking at his picture. "And now, Dorian, get up on the platform, and don't move about too much, or listen to what Lord Henry says. He has a very bad influence over all his friends."

Dorian Gray was so unlike Basil.<sup>1</sup> What a great contrast they made! And he had such a beautiful voice. After a few moments Dorian said to Lord Henry, "Have you really a very bad influence? As bad as Basil says?"

"There is no such thing as a good influence, Mr. Gray. All influence is immoral."

"Why?"

"Because to influence a person is to give him one's own soul. He does not think his natural thoughts any more. His sins, if there are such things as sins, are borrowed. He becomes an echo of some one else's music, an actor of a part that has not been written for him. The aim of life is self-development. To realize one's nature perfectly — that is what each of us is here for. People are afraid of themselves, nowadays. They have forgotten their duty. Of course, they feed the hungry<sup>2</sup> and give clothes to the poor. But their own souls are hungry and poor."

"Just turn your head to the right, Dorian, like a good boy," said the painter, deep in his work<sup>3</sup>.

"And yet," continued Lord Henry, in his low, mu-

<sup>1</sup> **Dorian Gray was so unlike Basil.** = Dorian Gray didn't look like Basil.

<sup>2</sup> **the hungry** = the hungry people

<sup>3</sup> **deep in his work** = busy with his work

sical voice, "I believe that if one man lived out his life fully and gave form to every feeling and reality to every dream — I believe that the world would get such a fresh impulse of joy... You, Mr. Gray, you yourself, with your rose-red youth and your rose-white boyhood, you have had passions that have made you afraid..."

"Stop!" cried Dorian Gray, "I don't know what to say. There is some answer to you, but I cannot find it. Don't speak. Let me think."

For nearly ten minutes he stood there, motionless and silent. His eyes were shining brightly. The few words that Basil's friend had said to him had touched some secret part of him. Words! How terrible they were! How clear, and bright, and dangerous! One could not escape from them. And yet what a magic there was in them!

Yes, there had been things in his boyhood that he had not understood. He understood them now. Life suddenly became coloured to him. It seemed to him that he had been walking in fire. Why had he not known it?

Lord Henry watched him, smiling. He knew when to speak and when to keep silence. He felt interested in this young man. Lord Henry remembered a book that he had read when he was sixteen. That book had revealed to him much that he had not known before. "Is Dorian Gray feeling the same?" Lord Henry thought.

"Basil, I am tired of standing," cried Dorian Gray suddenly. "I must go out and sit in the garden."

"My dear fellow, I am so sorry. When I am painting, I can't think of anything else. But you never sat better. You were perfectly still. And I have caught the effect I wanted — the bright look in the eyes. I don't know what Harry has been saying to you, but he has certainly made you have the most wonderful expression. I suppose he has been paying you compliments. You mustn't believe a word that he says."

"He has certainly not been paying me compliments. Perhaps that is the reason that I don't believe anything he has told me."

"You know you believe it all," said Lord Henry, looking at him with his dreamy eyes.

"I will go out to the garden with you. It is very hot in the studio. Basil, let us have something iced to drink, something with strawberries in it."

"Certainly, Harry. Just touch the bell, but I have to go on working, so I will join you later on. Don't keep Dorian too long. I have never been in better form for painting than I am today. This is going to be my masterpiece."

Lord Henry went out to the garden and found Dorian Gray burying his face in the great cool lilac-blossoms. He came close to him and put his hand on his shoulder. "You are quite right to do that," he said quietly. "Nothing can cure the soul but the senses, just as nothing can cure the senses but the soul."<sup>1</sup>

The young man looked at him. There was a look of fear in his eyes, such as people have when they are suddenly awakened.

"Yes," continued Lord Henry, "that is one of the great secrets of life — to cure the soul by means of the senses, and the senses by means of the soul. You are a wonderful creation. You know more than you think you know, just as you know less than you want to know."

Dorian Gray turned his head away. He could not help liking the tall man<sup>2</sup> who was standing by him. His

<sup>1</sup> **Nothing can cure the soul but the senses, just as nothing can cure the senses but the soul.** — Ощущения — лучшее лекарство для души, а душа — лучшее лекарство от ощущений.

<sup>2</sup> **He could not help liking the tall man** — Ему не мог не понравиться высокий мужчина

romantic, olive-coloured face interested him. There was something in his low voice that was absolutely exciting. His cool, white, flowerlike hands had a curious charm.

But he felt afraid of him, and ashamed of being afraid.<sup>1</sup> How did it happen that a stranger taught him to understand his own soul? He had known Basil Hallward for months, but the friendship between them had never changed him. Suddenly there had come someone across his life who reveals him life's mystery. And, yet, what was there to be afraid of? He was not a schoolboy or a girl. It was absurd to be frightened.

"Let us go and sit in the shade," said Lord Henry. "The servant has brought the drinks, and if you stay any longer in the sun, your face will get brown, and Basil will never paint you again. You really must not allow yourself to become sunburnt. It will spoil your looks."

"What can it matter?" cried Dorian Gray, laughing.

"It matters much to you, Mr. Gray."

"Why?"

"Because you have the youth, and youth is the one thing worth having."

"I don't feel that, Lord Henry."

"No, you don't feel it now. Some day, when you are old and wrinkled and ugly, when thought has left lines on your forehead, you will feel it, you will feel it terribly. Now, wherever you go, you charm the world. Will it always be so? You have a wonderfully beautiful face, Mr. Gray. Don't frown. You have. And beauty is a form of genius — is higher, indeed, than genius, as it needs no explanation. It is of the great facts of the world, like sunlight, or spring-time, or the reflection

<sup>1</sup> **But he felt afraid of him, and ashamed of being afraid.** — Но он боялся его и стыдился своего страха.

in dark waters of that silver moon. You smile? Ah! when you have lost the beauty, you won't smile. To me, beauty is the wonder of wonders. The true mystery of the world is the visible, not the invisible — yes, Mr. Gray, the gods have been good to you. But what the gods give, they quickly take away. You have only a few years in which to live really, perfectly, and fully. When your youth goes, your beauty will go with it, and then you will suddenly see that there are no triumphs left for you. Time is jealous<sup>1</sup> of you, and it wars against your lilies and your roses. You will become old and ugly. You will suffer horribly... Ah! realize your youth while you have it. Live! Live the wonderful life that is in you! Let nothing be lost upon you. Be always searching for new sensations. Be afraid of nothing — that is what our century wants. You might be its symbol. With your beauty and personality there is nothing you could not do. The world belongs to you for a season<sup>2</sup>. The moment I met you I saw that you didn't realize what you really are, what you really might be. There was so much in you that charmed me that I felt I must tell you something about yourself. I thought how tragic it would be if you were wasted. For there is such a little time that your youth will last — such a little time. The flowers appear every season but we never get back our youth. Youth! Youth! There is absolutely nothing in the world but youth!"

Dorian Gray listened, open-eyed and wondering. Suddenly the painter appeared at the door of the studio and asked them to come in. They turned to each other and smiled.

<sup>1</sup> **Time is jealous** — Время завистливо

<sup>2</sup> **for a season** = for a very short period of time

“I am waiting,” he cried. “Do come in.”

They rose up. Two green-and-white butterflies flew past them, and in the pear-tree at the corner of the garden a bird began to sing.

“You are glad you have met me, Mr. Gray,” said Lord Henry, looking at him.

“Yes, I am glad now. I wonder, shall I always be glad?”

“Always! That is a terrible word. It makes me frightened when I hear it. Women are so fond of using it. They spoil every romance by trying to make it last for ever. It is a meaningless word, too. The only difference between a caprice and a lifelong passion is that the caprice lasts a little longer.”

As they entered the studio, Dorian Gray put his hand upon Lord Henry’s arm.

“In that case, let our friendship be a caprice,” he said quietly.

Lord Henry sat down into a large arm-chair and watched the young man. The painter went on with his work. Sometimes he stepped back to look at it from a distance. In the sunshine the dust danced and was golden. The rich smell of the roses filled the air.

After about a quarter of an hour Hallward stopped painting, looked for a long time at Dorian Gray, and then for a long time at the picture.

“It is quite finished,” he cried at last, and wrote his name on the left-hand corner of the canvas.

Lord Henry came over and looked at the picture. It was certainly a wonderful work of art, and a wonderful likeness as well.

“My dear friend,” he said. “It is the finest portrait of modern times. Mr. Gray, come over and look at yourself.”

Dorian didn’t say a word, but came to the picture and looked at it. When he saw it he drew back<sup>1</sup>, and a look of joy came into his eyes. He stood there motionless and in wonder. The sense of his own beauty came on him. He had never felt it before. Basil Hallward’s compliments never influenced his nature. He had listened to them, laughed at them, forgotten them. Then had come Lord Henry with his strange speech on youth. And now he stood looking at his own beauty. Yes, there would be a day when his face would be wrinkled, his eyes dull and colourless, the body broken and deformed. The red would pass away from his lips<sup>2</sup> and the gold would go away from his hair. He would become dreadful, old and ugly.

As he thought of it, a sharp pain went through him like a knife. He felt as if a hand of ice had been laid upon his heart.

“Don’t you like it?” cried Hallward at last, surprised by his silence, not understanding what it meant.

“Of course he likes it,” said Lord Henry. “Who wouldn’t like it? It is one of the greatest things in modern art. I will give you anything you like to ask for it. I must have it.”

“It is not my property<sup>3</sup>, Harry.”

“Whose property is it?”

“Dorian’s, of course,” answered the painter.

“He is very lucky, indeed.”

“How sad it is!” said Dorian Gray with his eyes still fixed upon his own portrait. “How sad it is! I shall grow old, and horrible, and dreadful. But this picture will re-

<sup>1</sup> **he drew back** = he made a step back

<sup>2</sup> **The red would pass away from his lips** — Годы унесут с собой алость губ

<sup>3</sup> **It is not my property** — Он не мой (досл. Это не моя собственность)

main always young. It will never be older than this day of June. If it were only the other way!<sup>1</sup> If it were I who was to be always young, and the picture that was to grow old! For that — for that — I would give everything! Yes, there is nothing in the whole world I would not give! I would give my soul for that!”

Dorian Gray turned and looked at the painter.

“Basil,” he said, “how long will you like me? Till I have my first wrinkle, I think. I know, now, that when one loses one’s good looks, one loses everything. Your picture has taught me that. Lord Henry Wotton is right. Youth is the only thing worth having. When I find that I am growing old, I shall kill myself.”

Hallward turned pale and caught his hand.

“Dorian! Dorian!” he cried. “Don’t talk like that. I have never had such a friend as you, and I shall never have such another!”

“I am jealous of everything whose beauty does not die. I am jealous of the portrait you have painted of me. Why should it keep what I must lose? Every moment that passes takes something from me and gives something to it. Oh, if it were only the other way! If the picture could change, and I could be always what I am now! Why did you paint it?”

The hot tears ran down his face and he buried it in his hands.

“This is your doing, Harry,” said the painter.

“It is the real Dorian Gray — that is all,” Lord Henry answered.

“It is not.”

“If it is not, what have I to do with it? I stayed when you asked me,” was Lord Henry’s answer.

<sup>1</sup> *If it were only the other way!* — Если бы было наоборот!

“Harry, I can’t quarrel with my two best friends at once. But now I hate the finest piece of work, and I will destroy it. What is it but canvas?<sup>1</sup> I will not let it come across our three lives.”

Dorian Gray looked at the painter. What was he going to do? Basil was looking for something. Yes, it was for the long knife. At last he found it at last. He was going to destroy the portrait. The next moment Dorian rushed to Hallward, got the knife out of his hand, and threw it to the end of the studio.

“Don’t, Basil, don’t!” he cried. “It would be murder!”

“I am glad you like my work, Dorian,” said the painter coldly.

“Like it? I am in love with it, Basil. It is part of myself. I feel that.”

“Well, as soon as you are dry, you shall be sent home. Then you can do what you like with yourself.” And he walked across the room and rang the bell for tea. “You will have tea, of course, Dorian? And so will you, Harry?”

There came a knock at the door, and the servant entered with tea.

“Let us go to the theatre tonight,” said Lord Henry.

“It is so boring to put on evening clothes,” said Hallward. “And, when one has them on, they are so ugly.”

“Yes,” answered Lord Henry, “the costume of the nineteenth century is terrible. It is so dark, so depressing. Sin is the only real colour-element left in modern life.”

“You really must not say things like that before Dorian, Harry.”

<sup>1</sup> *What is it but canvas?* — Это всего лишь холст.

"Before which Dorian? The one who is having tea with us, or the one in the picture?"

"Before either."

"I should like to come to the theatre with you, Lord Henry," said Dorian.

"Then you will come; and you will come, too, Basil, won't you?"

"I can't, really. I have a lot of work to do."

"Well, then, you and I will go alone, Mr. Gray."

"I should like that awfully."<sup>1</sup>

The painter bit his lip and walked to the picture.

"I shall stay with the real Dorian," he said, sadly.

"Is it the real Dorian?" cried the original of the portrait. "Am I really like that?"

"Yes; you are just like that."

"How wonderful, Basil!"

"At least you look like it. But it will never change," said Hallward. "That is something. Don't go to the theatre tonight, Dorian. Stop and dine with me."

"I can't, Basil."

"Why?"

"Because I have promised Lord Henry Wotton to go with him."

"I beg you not to go."

Dorian Gray laughed and shook his head.

"I must go, Basil," he answered.

"Very well," said Hallward. "It is rather late, and, as you have to dress, you had better lose no time. Good-bye, Harry. Good-bye, Dorian. Come and see me soon. Come tomorrow."

"Certainly."

"You won't forget?"

<sup>1</sup> I should like that awfully. = I want it so much.

"No, of course not," cried Dorian.

"And... Harry!"

"Yes, Basil?"

"Remember what I asked you, when we were in the garden this morning."

"I have forgotten it."

"I trust you."

"I wish I could trust myself<sup>1</sup>," said Lord Henry, laughing. "Come, Mr. Gray, I can drop you at your own place. Good-bye, Basil. It has been a most interesting afternoon."

As the door closed behind them, the painter lay down on a sofa, and a look of pain came into his face.



<sup>1</sup> I wish I could trust myself — Хотел бы я сам себе доверять

## Chapter Three

### People take themselves too seriously



At half-past twelve next day Lord Henry Wotton came to see his uncle, Lord Fermor, a true aristocrat. When Lord Henry entered the room, he found his uncle sitting in an arm-chair and reading the newspaper.

“Well, Harry,” said the old gentleman, “what brings you out so early? I thought you, young fashionable men, never got up till two.”

“Ah, my dear uncle, I’ve come to see you and to get something out of you.”

“Money, I think,” said Lord Fermor. “Well, sit down and tell me all about it. Young people, nowadays, imagine that money is everything.”

“Yes,” answered Lord Henry, “and when they grow older they know it. But I don’t want money. What I want is information: not useful information, of course; useless information.”

“Well, I can tell you anything that I know, Harry...”

“Mr. Dorian Gray? Who is he? That is what I have come to learn, Uncle George. Or rather, I know who he is. He is the last Lord Kelso’s grandson. His mother was a Devereux, Lady Margaret Devereux. I want you to tell me about his mother. What was she like? Whom did she marry? You have known everybody in your time, so you might have known her<sup>1</sup>. I am very much interested in Mr. Gray at present. I have only just met him.”

“Kelso’s grandson!” said the old gentleman. “Kelso’s grandson! Of course — I knew his mother. She was an extraordinarily beautiful girl, Margaret Devereux, and made all the men fall in love with her. But then she ran away with a penniless<sup>2</sup> young fellow... Certainly. I remember it as if it happened yesterday. The poor man was killed in a duel a few months after the marriage. There was an ugly story about it. They said Kelso paid money for it. He brought his daughter back with him, I was told, and she never spoke to him again. Oh, yes; it was bad. The girl died, too, died within a year. So she left a son, did she? I had forgotten that. What sort of boy is he? If he is like his mother, he must be a good-looking boy.”

“He is very good-looking,” said Lord Henry.

“I hope he is not poor now,” continued the old man. “And Kelso left him enough. His mother had money too.”

<sup>1</sup> **you might have known her** = perhaps you have known her

<sup>2</sup> **penniless** = poor



“I don’t know,” answered Lord Henry. “I hope that the boy will be well off. And — his mother was very beautiful?”

“Margaret Devereux was one of the loveliest creatures, Harry. I never could understand why she had married that poor fellow. And by the way, Harry, talking about silly marriages, why is it so that Englishmen prefer American girls to English? Aren’t English girls good enough?”

“It is rather fashionable to marry Americans, Uncle George.”

“They don’t last, I am told,” said his uncle.

“American girls are as clever at concealing their parents, as English women are at concealing their past,” Henry said, rising to go. “They behave as if they were beautiful. Most American women do. It is the secret of their charm.”

“Why can’t these American women stay in their own country? They are always telling us that it is the paradise for women.”

“It is. That is the reason why, like Eve<sup>1</sup>, they are so anxious to get out of it,” said Lord Henry. “Good-bye, Uncle George. I shall be late for lunch, if I stop any longer. Thanks for giving me the information I wanted. I always like to know everything about my new friends, and nothing about my old ones.”

“Where are you lunching, Harry?”

“At Aunt Agatha’s. I have asked myself and Mr. Gray. He is her latest favourite.”

As he left his uncle, Lord Henry thought about this sad story. A beautiful woman risking everything for a mad passion<sup>2</sup>. A few wild weeks of happiness cut short by a

<sup>1</sup> **Eve** — Ева

<sup>2</sup> **a mad passion** — безумная страсть

terrible crime. Then a child born in pain. The mother gone away by death, the boy left to the tyranny of an old and loveless man. Yes; it was an interesting background<sup>1</sup>.

And how charming Dorian had been at dinner the night before. Talking to him was like playing upon an expensive violin. He answered to every touch of the bow. There was something terribly exciting in the exercise of influence. No other activity was like it.

He was a wonderful creature, too, this boy, whom he had met in Basil’s studio. Grace was his, and the white purity of boyhood, and the beauty of old Greek statues.<sup>2</sup> What a pity it was that such beauty wouldn’t last long!

Yes; he would try to be to Dorian Gray what, without knowing it, the lad was to Basil. He would make that wonderful soul his own. There was something exciting in this son of love and death.

Suddenly he stopped and looked up at the houses. He found that he had passed his aunt’s house, and, smiling to himself, turned back. When he entered, the servant told him that they had gone to lunch. He gave the man his hat and stick and came into the dining-room.

“Late as usual, Harry,” cried his aunt, shaking her head at him. He took the seat next to her and looked round to see who was there. He saw Dorian sitting at the opposite end of the table.

“We are talking about poor Dartmoor, Lord Henry,” said Lady Agatha. “Do you think he will really marry this American girl? I wish America had never been dis-

<sup>1</sup> **an interesting background** — интересное прошлое

<sup>2</sup> **Grace was his, and the white purity of boyhood, and the beauty of old Greek statues.** — У него есть обаяние, белоснежная чистота юности и красота древних греческих статуй.

covered at all! Really, our girls have no chance nowadays. It is most unfair.”

“They say that when good Americans die they go to Paris,” laughed the man next to Lady Adatha.

“Really! And where do bad Americans go to when they die?”

“They go to America,” answered Lord Henry.

“I am afraid that your nephew doesn’t like that great country,” the man said to Lady Agatha. “I have travelled all over it in the car and know that the Americans are very interesting people. They are absolutely reasonable. Yes, an absolutely reasonable people. I am sure there is no nonsense about the Americans<sup>1</sup>.”

“How dreadful!” cried Lord Henry.

“Dear me!” said Lady Agatha, “how you men argue! I am sure I never can make out<sup>2</sup> what you are talking about. Oh! Harry, I am angry with you. Why do you try to make our nice Mr. Dorian Gray not to play in the East End<sup>3</sup>? They would love his playing.”

“I want him to play to me,” cried Lord Henry, smiling, and he looked down the table.

“But they are so unhappy there,” continued Lady Agatha.

“I can sympathize with everything except suffering<sup>4</sup>,” said Lord Henry. “I cannot sympathize with that. It is too ugly, too horrible, too distressing. There is something terrible in the modern sympathy with pain. One

<sup>1</sup> **there is no nonsense about the Americans** — американцы не делают глупостей

<sup>2</sup> **make out** = understand

<sup>3</sup> **the East End** = the poor part of London

<sup>4</sup> **I can sympathize with everything except suffering** — Я сочувствую всему, кроме людского горя



should sympathize with the colour, the beauty, the joy of life. The less said about life's sores, the better."

"Still, the East End is a very important problem," remarked the politician sitting next to Lord Henry.

"It is the problem of slavery, and we try to solve it by amusing the slaves," said Lord Henry.

"What change do you propose, then?"

Lord Henry laughed. "I don't want to change anything in England except the weather," he answered.

"But we have such responsibilities," went on the politician.

"People take themselves too seriously.<sup>1</sup> It is the world's original sin. If the caveman had known how to laugh, history would have been different."

"Thank you, Lord Henry," said one of the ladies. "I have always felt guilty when I came to see your dear aunt, because I take no interest at all in the East End. For the future I shall be able to look her in the face without a blush."

"A blush is very becoming<sup>2</sup>, Duchess," remarked Lord Henry.

"Only when one is young," she answered. "When an old woman blushes, it is not good. Ah! Lord Henry, I wish you would tell me how to become young again."

He thought for a moment.

"Can you remember any great mistake that you made in your early days, Duchess?" he asked, looking at her across the table.

"A great many, I am afraid," she cried.

"Then make them again," he said. "To get back one's youth, one has to repeat one's mistakes."

A laugh ran round the table. He played with the idea and transformed it; let it escape and got it again. It was an extraordinary improvisation. He felt that the eyes of Dorian Gray were fixed on him, and he never took his eyes away from him. The young man sat like one under a spell.

The lunch was coming to its end and the guests were leaving. Lord Henry rose from his chair. "I am going to the park," he said.

As he was leaving, Dorian Gray touched him on the arm. "Let me come with you," he said in a quiet voice.

"But I thought you had promised Basil Hallward to go and see him," answered Lord Henry.

"I would sooner come with you; yes, I feel I must come with you. Do let me. And you will promise to talk to me all the time? No one talks so wonderfully as you do."

"Ah! I have talked quite enough for today," said Lord Henry, smiling. "All I want now is to look at life. You may come and look at it with me, if you want to."



<sup>1</sup> **People take themselves too seriously.** — Люди преувеличивают свою роль.

<sup>2</sup> **A blush is very becoming** — Румянец очень к лицу

## Chapter Four

### His nature has developed like a flower



One afternoon, a month later, Dorian Gray was sitting in the little library of Lord Henry's house. It was a very charming room, with olive walls, cream-coloured ceiling, and silk Persian carpet. On a little redwood table stood a beautiful statuette. Some large blue china vases were filled with parrot-tulips, and through the window came the apricot-coloured light of a summer day in London.

Lord Henry had not yet come in. So Dorian was looking through a book. It lasted for hours. At last he heard a step outside, and the door opened.

"How late you are, Harry!" he said.

"I am afraid it is not Harry, Mr. Gray," answered a woman. "It is only his wife. Can I introduce myself? I know you quite well by your photographs. I think my husband has got seventeen of them."

"Not seventeen, Lady Henry?"

"Well, eighteen, then. And I saw you with him the other night at the Opera<sup>1</sup>."

She laughed nervously as she spoke, and watched him with her forget-me-not eyes. She was a curious woman. Her dresses always looked as if they had been designed in a rage and put on in a tempest<sup>2</sup>. She looked like a bird of paradise that had been out all night in the rain. Her name was Victoria, and she had a mania for going to church.

"That was at *Lohengrin*<sup>3</sup>, Lady Henry, I think?"

"Yes; it was at dear *Lohengrin*. I like Wagner's music better than anybody's. It is so loud that one can talk without other people hearing what one says. That is a great advantage, don't you think so, Mr. Gray?"

Dorian smiled and shook his head. "I am afraid I don't think so, Lady Henry. I never talk during music — at least, during good music. If one hears bad music, it is one's duty to start talking."

"Ah! that is one of Harry's ideas, isn't it, Mr. Gray? I always hear Harry's ideas from his friends. It is the only way I get to know of them. But you must not think I don't like good music. I love it, but I am afraid of it. It makes me too romantic."

<sup>1</sup> the Opera — Королевская Опера

<sup>2</sup> as if they had been designed in a rage and put on in a tempest — как если бы они были задуманы в припадке безумия и надеты в бурю

<sup>3</sup> *Lohengrin* = the name of the opera by Wagner, a famous German composer

“You have never been to any of my parties, have you, Mr. Gray? You must come... But here is Harry! Harry, I came in to look for you, to ask you something — I forget what it was — and I found Mr. Gray here. We have had such a pleasant chat<sup>1</sup> about music. We have quite the same ideas. No, I think our ideas are quite different. But he has been most pleasant. I am so glad I’ve seen him.”

“Hello, my love. So sorry I am late, Dorian.”

“I am afraid I must be going,” said Lady Henry, “I have promised to meet my friend. Good-bye, Mr. Gray. Good-bye, Harry. Perhaps I shall see you at Lady Thornbury’s.”

“I hope so, my dear,” said Lord Henry, shutting the door behind her. Then he lit a cigarette and sat down on the sofa.

“Never marry a woman with straw-coloured hair<sup>2</sup>, Dorian,” he said at last.

“Why, Harry?”

“Because they are so sentimental.”

“But I like sentimental people.”

“Never marry at all, Dorian. Men marry because they are tired; women, because they are curious: both are disappointed.”

“I don’t think I will marry sometime. I am too much in love. That is one of your aphorisms. I am putting it into practice, as I do everything that you say.”

“Who are you in love with?” asked Lord Henry after a pause.

“With an actress,” said Dorian Gray.

<sup>1</sup> **chat** = talk, conversation

<sup>2</sup> **straw-coloured hair** — соломенные волосы

“That is a rather commonplace debut.”<sup>1</sup>

“You would not say so if you saw her, Harry.”

“Who is she?”

“Her name is Sibyl Vane.”

“Never heard of her.”

“No one has. People will some day, however. She is a genius.”

“My dear boy, no woman is a genius. Women are decorative, but never genius. They never have anything to say, but they say it beautifully.”

“Harry, how can you?”

“My dear Dorian, it is quite true. I am analysing women at present, so I ought to know. There are only five women in London who can give you real conversation. However, tell me about your genius. How long have you known her?”

“About three weeks.”

“And where did you meet her?”

“I will tell you, Harry, if you promise not to laugh. When I met you, Harry, you filled me with a wild desire to know everything about life. When I was walking in the park, or around the city, I used to look at every one and wonder, with a mad curiosity, what sort of lives they had. I liked some of them and I was afraid of others. I could feel poison in the air — a passion for sensations<sup>2</sup>. Well, one evening about seven o’clock, I was walking around. I felt that there was something special for me in this grey monstrous London.

“Soon I lost my way in a labyrinth of dark streets. About half-past eight I saw an old dirty theatre. An ugly old man was standing at the entrance and smoking a ci-

<sup>1</sup> **That is a rather commonplace debut.** — Довольно банальное начало.

<sup>2</sup> **a passion for sensations** — зд. жажда новых впечатлений

gar. 'Have a box<sup>1</sup>, my Lord?' he said, when he saw me, and he took off his hat. There was something about him, Harry, that interested me. He was such a monster. You will laugh at me, I know, but I really went in. To the present day I can't make out why I did so. I see you are laughing. It is horrid<sup>2</sup> of you!"

"I am not laughing, Dorian; at least I am not laughing at you. Don't be afraid. This is just the beginning. Go on with your story."

"Well, I found myself seated in a terrible little box and looked around. The gallery and pit<sup>3</sup> were full, but the two rows in the stalls<sup>4</sup> were quite empty. I think there was not a person in the dress-circle<sup>5</sup>. It was very depressing. I began to wonder what on earth I should do when I saw the play-bill. What do you think the play was, Harry? It was *Romeo and Juliet*. I felt sorry for its great writer. There was a dreadful<sup>6</sup> orchestra. The sounds of a cracked piano nearly drove me away, but at last the curtain went up and the play began.

"Romeo was a fat old man with a terrible voice, and a figure like a beer-barrel. Mercutio was almost as bad. But Juliet! Harry, imagine a girl, about seventeen years of age, with a little, flowerlike face, a small Greek head with dark-brown hair, eyes that were violet wells of passion, lips that were like the petals of a rose. She was the loveliest thing I had ever seen in my life.

"You said to me once that only beauty could fill your eyes with tears. I tell you, Harry, I could hardly see

<sup>1</sup> a box — ложа (в театре)

<sup>2</sup> horrid = very bad

<sup>3</sup> The gallery and pit — Галерка и задние ряды

<sup>4</sup> stalls — партер (в театре)

<sup>5</sup> dress-circle — бельэтаж (в театре)

<sup>6</sup> dreadful = terrible, very bad

this girl because tears came across me. And her voice — I never heard such a voice. It was like music. Harry, I do love her<sup>1</sup>. She is everything to me in life. Night after night I go to see her play. I have seen her in every age and in every costume.

"Ordinary women — I am not interested in them. They ride in the park in the morning, and chatter at tea-parties in the afternoon. They have their stereotyped smile and their fashionable manner. There is no mystery in them. But an actress! How different an actress is! Harry! why didn't you tell me that the only thing worth loving is an actress<sup>2</sup>?"

"Because I have loved many of them, Dorian. Sibyl Vane — you know her, I hope?"

"Of course I know her. On the first night I was at the theatre, that ugly old man came into the box after the performance was over. He offered to take me behind the scene and introduce me to her. I was furious<sup>3</sup> with him, and told him that Juliet had been dead for hundreds of years. I am afraid he thought that I was mad or had taken too much champagne."

"I am not surprised."

"Then he asked me if I wrote for any of the newspapers. I told him I never even read them. By this time, however, the lights were being put out in the theatre, and I had to go. The next night, of course, I arrived at the place again. When he saw me, he met me with a smile."

"But when did you first speak to Miss Sibyl Vane?"

<sup>1</sup> I do love her = I love her very much

<sup>2</sup> that the only thing worth loving is an actress — что любить стоит только актрису

<sup>3</sup> furious = very angry

“The third night. I threw her some flowers, and she looked at me. It was curious but I didn’t want to know her. Wasn’t it curious, Harry?”

“No. I don’t think so.”

“My dear Harry, why?”

“I will tell you some other time. Now I want to know about the girl.”

“Sibyl? Oh, she was so shy and so gentle<sup>1</sup>. There is something of a child about her. Her eyes opened wide when I told her what I thought of her performance. She didn’t know about her power. I think we were both rather nervous. At last she said to me, ‘You look like a prince. I must call you Prince Charming<sup>2</sup>.’ ”

“Upon my word, Dorian, Miss Sibyl knows how to pay compliments.”

“You don’t understand her, Harry. She knows nothing of life.<sup>3</sup> She lives with her mother, a tired woman. Harry, Sibyl is the only thing I care about. What is it to me where she came from? From her little head to her little feet, she is beautiful. Every night of my life I go to see her act, and every night she is more wonderful.”

“That is the reason, I think, that you never have dinner with me now.”

“My dear Harry, we either have lunch or supper together every day, and I have been to the opera with you several times,” said Dorian, opening his blue eyes in wonder.

“You always come late.”

“Well, I can’t help going to see Sibyl play,” he cried, “I get hungry for her presence.”

<sup>1</sup> **gentle** = kind and lovely

<sup>2</sup> **Prince Charming** — Прекрасный Принц; герой сказки «Золушка» французского писателя Шарля Перро

<sup>3</sup> **She knows nothing of life.** = She doesn’t know life at all.

“You can have dinner with me tonight, Dorian, can’t you?”

He shook his head. “Tonight she is Imogen<sup>1</sup>,” he answered, “and tomorrow night she will be Juliet.”

“When is she Sibyl Vane?”

“Never.”

“I congratulate you.”

“How terrible you are! She is all the great heroines of the world in one. She is more than an individual. You laugh, but I tell you she has genius. I love her, and I must make her love me. You, who know all the secrets of life, tell me how to charm Sibyl Vane to love me! I want to make Romeo jealous. I want the dead lovers of the world to hear our laughter and grow sad. My God, Harry, how I worship her!”

He was walking up and down the room as he spoke. He was terribly excited.

Lord Henry watched him with pleasure. How different he was now from the shy frightened boy he had met in Basil Hallward’s studio! His nature had developed like a flower.<sup>2</sup> Out of its secret hiding-place had come out his soul, and desire had come to meet it on the way.

“And what do you want to do?” said Lord Henry at last.

“I want you and Basil to come with me some night and see her act<sup>3</sup>. You will see her genius. Then we must get her out of that terrible theatre. Then I shall take her to a West End theatre. She will make the world as mad as she has made me.”

<sup>1</sup> **Imogen** — Имоджена; героиня трагикомедии Шекспира

<sup>2</sup> **His nature had developed like a flower.** — Все его существо раскрылось как цветок.

<sup>3</sup> **see her act** = see how she plays her part

"That would be impossible, my dear boy."

"Yes, she will."

"Well, what night shall we go?"

"Let me see. Today is Tuesday. Let us go there tomorrow. She plays Juliet that day."

"All right. At eight o'clock and I will find Basil."

"Not eight, Harry, please. Half-past six. We must be there before the curtain rises. You must see her in the first act, where she meets Romeo."

"Shall you see Basil between this and then? Or shall I write to him?"

"Dear Basil! I have not seen him for a week. It is rather horrid of me, as he has sent me my portrait. Perhaps you will write to him. I don't want to see him alone. He says things that annoy me. He gives me good advice."

Lord Henry smiled. "People are very fond of giving away what they need most themselves."

"It must be so, if you say it. And now I am off. Imogen is waiting for me. Don't forget about tomorrow. Good-bye."

As he left the room, Lord Henry began to think. Certainly few people had ever interested him so much as Dorian Gray. The lad was in love and it made him a more interesting study. Lord Henry realized that it was his words, his musical words that made Dorian love that beautiful girl. The lad was his own creation. It was delightful to watch him. With his beautiful face, and his beautiful soul, he was a thing to wonder at. Soul and body, body and soul — how mysterious they were!

While Lord Henry was thinking about these things, a knock came to the door, and his servant came in and said that it was time to dress for dinner. He got up and looked out into the street. The sunset had covered the houses opposite with the gold. The sky above was like a

white-pink rose. He thought of his friend's young colourful life and wondered how it was all going to end.

When he arrived home, about half-past twelve o'clock, he saw a telegram lying on the table. He opened it and found it was from Dorian Gray. It told him that he was going to marry Sibyl Vane.





## Chapter Five

# Prince Charming



“Mother, mother, I am so happy!” cried the girl, burying her face in the lap of the tired-looking woman. “I am so happy!” she repeated, “and you must be happy too!”

Mrs. Vane put her thin white hands on her daughter’s head.

“Happy!” she said. “I am only happy, Sibyl, when I see you act. You must not think of anything but your acting. Mr. Isaacs has been very good to us, and we owe him money<sup>1</sup>.”

The girl looked up.

“Money, mother?” she cried, “what does money matter? Love is more than money.”

<sup>1</sup> **we owe him money** = he has lent us money and we must give it back

“But we are poor. We owe money to Mr. Isaacs. You mustn’t forget it, Sibyl. Fifty pounds is a very large sum. Mr. Isaacs”

“He is not a gentleman, mother, and I hate the way he talks to me,” said the girl, rising to her feet and going to the window.

“I don’t know how we could manage without him<sup>1</sup>,” answered the elder woman.

Sibyl Vane laughed.

“We don’t want him any more, mother. Prince Charming rules life for us now.”

Then she paused. A rose shook in her blood and shadowed her cheeks.<sup>2</sup> Quick breath parted the petals of her lips. They trembled. Some southern wind of passion swept over her and stirred the folds of her dress.

“I love him,” she said simply.

“Foolish child! foolish child!” she heard her mother’s voice. The girl laughed again. The joy of a caged bird was in her voice. Her eyes caught the melody, then closed for a moment, as though to hide their secret. When they opened, the mist of a dream had passed across them.

“Mother, mother,” she cried, “why does he love me so much? I know why I love him. I love him because he is like what love himself<sup>3</sup> should be. But what does he see in me? I am not worthy of him.<sup>4</sup> And yet — why, I

<sup>1</sup> **we could manage without him** = we could live without his help

<sup>2</sup> **A rose shook in her blood and shadowed her cheeks.** — Кровь прилила к ее лицу, розовой тенью покрыла щеки.

<sup>3</sup> **love himself** — в современном английском языке существует традиционная соотнесенность отвлеченного существительного love с местоимениями he/him/himself

<sup>4</sup> **I am not worthy of him.** — Я не стою его.

cannot tell — I feel proud, terribly proud. Mother, did you love my father as I love Prince Charming?”

The elder woman grew pale. Sibyl rushed to her, threw her arms round her neck, and kissed her.

“Forgive me, mother. I know it hurts you to talk about our father. But it only hurts you because you loved him so much. Don’t look so sad. I am as happy today as you were twenty years ago. Ah! let me be happy for ever!”

“My child, you are too young to think of falling in love. Besides, what do you know of this young man? You don’t even know his name. And now when your brother James is going away to Australia, we have a lot of problems. However, as I said before, if he is rich...”

“Ah! Mother, mother, let me be happy!”

At this moment, the door opened and a young lad with untidy brown hair came into the room. His hands and feet looked too large and he was clumsy in movement. He did look like his sister at all.

And Sibyl ran across the room and hugged him. James Vane looked into his sister’s face with love.

“I want you to come out with me for a walk, Sibyl. I don’t suppose<sup>1</sup> I shall ever see this horrid London again. I am sure I don’t want to.”

“My son, don’t say such dreadful things,” said his mother.

“Why not, mother? I mean it.”

“You pain me, my son. I believe you will return from Australia and you will be rich. An here, in London...”

“I don’t want to know anything about that. I should like to make some money to take you and Sibyl off the stage. I hate it.”

<sup>1</sup> I don’t suppose = I don’t think

“Oh, Jim!” said Sibyl, laughing, “how unkind of you! But are you really going for a walk with me? That will be nice! It is very sweet of you to let me have your last afternoon. Where shall we go? Let us go to the park.”

And she ran out of the room to get dressed for a walk.

James walked up and down the room two or three times. Then he turned to his mother. “Mother, are my things ready?” he asked.

“Quite ready, James,” she answered.

“All I say is, watch over Sibyl. Don’t let her come to any harm. Mother, you must watch over her.”

“James, you really talk very strangely. Of course I watch over Sibyl.”

“I hear a gentleman comes every night to the theatre and talks to her. Is that right? What about that?”

“As for Sibyl, I do not know whether her sense is serious or not. But there is no doubt<sup>1</sup> that the young man is a perfect gentleman. He is always most polite to me. Besides, he looks like a rich gentleman, and the flowers he sends are lovely.”

“You don’t know his name, though,” said the lad.

“He has not yet told us his real name. I think it is quite romantic of him.”

“Watch over Sibyl, mother,” James cried, “watch over her.”

“My son, Sibyl is always under my special care. Of course, if this gentleman is rich, there is no reason why she should not marry him. It can be a most brilliant marriage for Sibyl. They would make a charming couple. His good looks are really wonderful; everybody notices them.”

<sup>1</sup> there is no doubt = I am sure

That moment the door opened and Sibyl ran in. "How serious you both are!" she cried. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing," he answered. "I suppose one must be serious sometimes. Good-bye, mother; I will have my dinner at five o'clock. Everything is packed, except my shirts, so you need not trouble. Come, Sibyl," and they went out.

The strangers looked in wonder at the heavy dark boy who was in the company of such a graceful girl. He was like a common gardener walking with a rose. James didn't like to be looked at.<sup>1</sup> Sibyl didn't notice anything around. Her love was trembling in laughter on her lips. She was thinking of Prince Charming. She thought of him but she did not talk of him. She talked about the ship in which Jim was going to sail, about the gold he would find, about the wonderful lady whose life he would save. She was only a year older than he was, but she knew so much more of life. He must be sure to write to her, and to say his prayers each night before he went to sleep. God was very good, and would watch over him. She would pray for him, too, and in a few years he would come back quite rich and happy.

The lad listened to her and made no answer. He was heart-sick at leaving home. Yet it was not this alone that made him gloomy and sad. He felt that his sister was in great danger. This young man could mean her no good. He was a gentleman, and he hated him for that.

"You are not listening to a word I am saying, Jim," cried Sibyl, "and I am making the most delightful plans for your future. Do say something."

<sup>1</sup> **James didn't like to be looked at.** = James didn't like when people looked at him.

"What do you want me to say?"

"Oh! that you will be a good boy and not forget us," she answered, smiling at him.

"You are more likely to forget me, Sibyl."

"What do you mean, Jim?" she asked.

"You have a new friend, I hear. Who is he? Why have you not told me about him? He means you no good."

"Stop, Jim!" she cried. "You must not say anything against him. I love him."

"Why, you don't even know his name," answered the lad. "Who is he? I have a right to know."

"He is called Prince Charming. Don't you like the name. Oh! you silly boy! you should never forget it. If you only saw him, you would think him the most wonderful person in the world. Some day you will meet him — when you come back from Australia. You will like him so much. Everybody likes him, and I love him. I wish you could come to the theatre tonight. He is going to be there, and I am going to play Juliet. Oh! how I shall play it! Fancy<sup>1</sup>, Jim, to be in love and play Juliet! To have him sitting there! To play for his delight! I am afraid I may frighten the company. And it is all his, his only, Prince Charming, my wonderful lover. But I am poor beside him. Poor? What does that matter? When poverty creeps in at the door, love flies in through the window. Our proverbs want rewriting. They were made in winter, and it is summer now; spring-time for me, I think, a very dance of blossoms in blue skies."

"He is a gentleman," said the lad.

"A prince!" she cried musically. "What more do you want?"

"He wants to enslave you."

"I don't want to be free."

<sup>1</sup> **Fancy** = Imagine

“I want you to beware of him.”

“To see him is to worship him; to know him is to trust him.”

“Sibyl, you are mad about him.”

She laughed and took his arm. “Dear old Jim, you talk as if you were a hundred<sup>1</sup>. Some day you will be in love yourself. Then you will know what it is. Surely you should be glad to think that, though you are going away, you leave me happier than I have ever been before. Life has been hard for us both, terribly hard and difficult. But it will be different now. You are going to a new world, and I have found one. Here are two chairs; let us sit down and see the people go by.”

They took their seats. The tulip-beds across the road flamed like rings of fire. The brightly coloured parasols<sup>2</sup> danced like monstrous butterflies.

She made her brother talk of himself and his hopes. Suddenly she saw the golden hair and laughing lips, and in an open carriage with two ladies Dorian Gray drove past. She started to her feet.

“There he is!” she cried.

“Who?” said Jim Vane.

“Prince Charming,” she answered, looking after the victoria<sup>3</sup>.

He jumped up and took her by the arm.

“Show him to me. Which is he? Point him out, I must see him!” he cried.

“He is gone,” said Sibyl sadly. “I wish you had seen him.”

<sup>1</sup> **as if you were a hundred** — словно тебе сто лет

<sup>2</sup> **parasols** = umbrellas to keep you safe against the sun

<sup>3</sup> **victoria** — *ист.* виктория; легкий двухместный экипаж с открытым верхом

“I wish I had. If he ever does you any wrong, I shall kill him.”

She looked at him in horror. He repeated his words. They cut the air like a knife.

“Come away, Jim; come away,” she said. “You are foolish, Jim; a bad-tempered boy, that is all. How can you say such horrible things? You don’t know what you are talking about. You are simply jealous and unkind. Ah! I wish you would fall in love. Love makes people good, and what you said was wicked.”

“I am sixteen,” he answered, “and I know what I am about. Mother is no help to you. She doesn’t understand how to look after you. I wish now that I was not going to Australia at all. I would, if my papers hadn’t been signed.”

“Oh, don’t be so serious, Jim. You are like one of the heroes of those silly melodramas mother used to be so fond of acting in<sup>1</sup>. I am not going to quarrel with you. I have seen him, and oh! to see him is perfect happiness. We won’t quarrel. I know you would never harm any one I love, would you?”

“Not as long as you love him, I suppose,” was the answer.

“I shall love him for ever!” she cried.

“And he?”

“For ever, too!”

“He had better.”<sup>2</sup>

They took a bus and got home. It was after five o’clock, and Sibyl had to lie down for an hour before acting. Jim insisted that she should do so. In Sibyl’s own room they parted. There was jealousy in the lad’s heart,

<sup>1</sup> **mother used to be so fond of acting in** — в которых мама так любила играть

<sup>2</sup> **He had better.** — Так-то лучше для него.

and a strong hatred of the stranger who had come between them. Yet, when her arms came round his neck, and her fingers went through his hair, he softened and kissed his sister. There were tears in his eyes as he went downstairs.

His mother was waiting for him. He sat down at the table and his poor dinner was there. The flies buzzed round the table and crawled over the dirty cloth.

After some time, he pushed away his plate. "Mother, I have something to ask you," he said.

She made no answer.

"Tell me the truth. I have a right to know. Were you married to my father?"

"No," she answered.

"My father was a scoundrel then!" cried the lad.

She shook her head.

"I knew he was not free. We loved each other very much. If he had lived, he would have helped us. Don't speak against him, my son. He was your father, and a gentleman."

"I don't care for myself," he said, "but don't let Sibyl... It is a gentleman, isn't it, who is in love with her, or says he is?"

"Sibyl has a mother," she said; "I had none."

The lad was touched.<sup>1</sup> He went towards her, and he kissed her.

"I am sorry if I have pained you by asking about my father," he said, "but I could not help it. I must go now. Good-bye. Don't forget that you will have only one child now to look after, and believe me that if this man wrongs<sup>2</sup> my sister, I will find out who he is and kill him like a dog. I swear it."

<sup>1</sup> **The lad was touched.** — Молодой человек был тронут.

<sup>2</sup> **if this man wrongs** = if this man does any harm to

## Chapter Six

### Love is a more wonderful thing than art



"I suppose you have heard the news, Basil?" said Lord Henry that evening.

"No, Harry," answered the artist, giving his hat and coat to the waiter. "What is it? Nothing about politics, I hope! They don't interest me. There is hardly a single person in the House of Commons<sup>1</sup> worth painting."

"Dorian Gray is going to get married," said Lord Henry, watching him as he spoke. Hallward started and then frowned. "Dorian!" he cried. "Impossible!"

"It is perfectly true."

<sup>1</sup> **the House of Commons** — палата общин; нижняя палата британского парламента

“To whom?”

“To some little actress or other.”

“I can’t believe it.”

“Dorian is too clever not to do foolish things now and then, my dear Basil.”

“Marriage is hardly a thing that one can do now and then, Harry.”

“But I didn’t say he was married. I said he was going to get married. There is a great difference.”

“But think of Dorian’s birth and position. It would be absurd for him to marry an actress.”

“If you want to make him marry this girl, tell him that, Basil. He is sure to do it, then.<sup>1</sup> Whenever a man does a very stupid thing, it is always from the noblest motives.”

“I hope the girl is good, Harry. I don’t want to see Dorian tied to some terrible creature, who could ruin his nature and his intellect.”

“Oh, she is better than good — she is beautiful. Dorian says she is beautiful, and he is not often wrong about such things. Your portrait of him has taught him that. It has had that excellent effect. We are going to see her tonight, if that boy doesn’t forget about it.”

“Are you serious?”

“Quite serious, Basil.”

“But what do you think about it, Harry?” asked the painter, walking up and down<sup>2</sup> the room and biting his lip.

“Dorian Gray falls in love with a beautiful girl who acts Juliet, and wants to marry her. Why not? I hope that Dorian Gray will make this girl his wife and love her for

<sup>1</sup> **He is sure to do it, then.** = He will certainly do it.

<sup>2</sup> **up and down** = all around, to and fro

six months, and then suddenly fall in love with some one else. He would be a wonderful study.”

“You don’t mean a single word of all that, Harry; you know you don’t. If Dorian Gray’s life were ruined, no one would be sorrier than yourself. You are much better than you pretend to be.”

Lord Henry laughed. “But here is Dorian himself. He will tell you more than I can.”

“My dear Harry, my dear Basil, you must both congratulate me!” said the lad, shaking each of his friends by the hand in turn. “I have never been so happy. Of course, it is sudden — all really delightful things are. And yet it seems to me to be the one thing I have been looking for all my life.”

He was filled with excitement and pleasure, and looked extraordinarily<sup>1</sup> handsome.

“I hope you will always be very happy, Dorian,” said Hallward, “but I don’t quite forgive you. You didn’t let me know of your engagement. You let Harry know.”

“And I don’t forgive you for being late for dinner,” said Lord Henry, putting his hand on the lad’s shoulder and smiling as he spoke. “Come, let us sit down and start our dinner, and then you will tell us how it all came about.”

“There is really not much to tell,” said Dorian as they took their seats at the small round table. “What happened was this. After I left you yesterday evening, Harry, I dressed, had some dinner at a little Italian restaurant, and went down at eight o’clock to the theatre. Sibyl was playing Rosalind. You should have seen her!<sup>2</sup> As for her acting — well, you will see her tonight. She is simply a

<sup>1</sup> **extraordinarily** = very

<sup>2</sup> **You should have seen her!** = What a pity you didn’t see her yesterday!

born actress<sup>1</sup>. I forgot that I was in London and in the nineteenth century. I was away with my love in a forest that no man had ever seen. After the performance was over, I went behind and spoke to her. As we were sitting together, suddenly there came into her eyes a look that I had never seen there before. My lips moved towards hers. We kissed each other. I can't describe to you what I felt at that moment. She trembled all over and shook like a white narcissus. Then she kissed my hands. I feel that I should not tell you all this, but I can't help it. Of course, our engagement is a dead secret. She has not even told her own mother. I have been right, Basil, haven't I, to take my love out of poetry and to find my wife in Shakespeare's plays? Lips that Shakespeare taught to speak have whispered their secret in my ear. I have had the arms of Rosalind around me, and kissed Juliet on the mouth."

"Yes, Dorian, I suppose you were right," said Hallward slowly.

"When did you ask her to be your wife, Dorian? And what did she say in answer? Perhaps you forgot all about it," said Lord Henry.

"My dear Harry, I did not make any formal proposal. I told her that I loved her, and she said she was not worthy to be my wife. Not worthy! Why, the whole world is nothing to me compared with her. When you see Sibyl Vane, you will feel that the man who could wrong her would be a beast, a beast without a heart. I cannot understand how any one can wish to shame the thing he loves. I love Sibyl Vane. I want to place her on a pedestal of gold and to see the world worship the woman who is mine. Let us go down to the theatre. When Sibyl comes

<sup>1</sup> a born actress = a very talented actress

on the stage you will have a new ideal of life. She will show something to you that you have never known."

"I have known everything," said Lord Henry, with a tired look in his eyes, "but I am always ready for a new emotion. I am afraid, however, that, for me, there is no such thing. Still, your wonderful girl may interest me. I love acting. It is so much more real than life. Let us go."

That night the theatre was crowded. The heat was terrible, and the huge lamp flamed like a monstrous dahlia with petals of yellow fire. The youths in the gallery had taken off their coats and waistcoats. They talked to each other across the theatre. Some women were laughing in the pit. Their voices sounded too loud.

"What a place to find one's love in!" said Lord Henry.

"Yes!" answered Dorian Gray. "It was here I found her, and she is better than all living things. When she acts, you will forget everything. These common people, with their terrible faces, become quite different when she is on the stage. They sit silently and watch her. They cry and laugh as she wants them to do. She makes them as responsive as a violin."

"I understand what you mean, and I believe in this girl," said the painter. "Any one you love must be wonderful, and any girl who has the effect you describe must be fine and noble. If this girl can give a soul to those who have lived without one, if she can create the sense of beauty in people whose lives have been so ugly, she is worthy of your love. This marriage is quite right. I did not think so at first, but I can see it now. The gods made Sibyl Vane for you. Without her you will be incomplete.<sup>1</sup>"

<sup>1</sup> Without her you will be incomplete. — Без нее ваша жизнь будет неполной.

"Thanks, Basil," answered Dorian Gray, pressing his hand. "I knew that you would understand me. Harry is so cynical, he frightens me sometimes. But here is the orchestra. It is quite dreadful, but it only lasts for about five minutes. Then the curtain rises, and you will see the girl to whom I am going to give all my life, to whom I have given everything that is good in me."

A quarter of an hour afterwards, Sibyl Vane appeared on the stage. Yes, she was certainly lovely to look at — one of the loveliest creatures, Lord Henry thought, that he had ever seen. She stepped back and her lips seemed to tremble. Basil Hallward leaped to his feet and began to applaud. Motionless, and as one in a dream, sat Dorian Gray, looking at her. Lord Henry watched through his glasses, saying, "Charming! Charming!"

But although Sibyl looked beautiful, her voice sounded unnatural. It was lovely but it was absolutely false. It was wrong in colour. It took away all the life from the great Shakespear's play.

Dorian Gray grew pale as he watched her. Neither of his friends couldn't say anything to him. They were horribly disappointed. Yet they knew that the true test of any Juliet is the balcony scene of the second act<sup>1</sup>. They waited for that. If she failed there, there was nothing in her. She looked charming as she came out in the moonlight. But her acting was very poor, and grew worse as she went on. It was simply bad art. She was a complete failure.<sup>2</sup>

Even the common uneducated audience lost their interest in the play. They got restless, and began to talk

<sup>1</sup> **the true test of any Juliet is the balcony scene of the second act** — настоящий пробный камень для любой Джульеты — сцена на балконе во втором акте

<sup>2</sup> **She was a complete failure.** — Это был полный провал.

loudly and to whistle. The only person unmoved was the girl herself.

When the second act was over, Lord Henry got up from his chair and put on his coat.

"She is quite beautiful, Dorian," he said, "but she can't act. Let us go."

"I am going to see the play through," answered the lad. "I am very sorry that I have made you waste an evening, Harry."

"My dear Dorian, I should think Miss Vane was ill," said Hallward. "We will come some other night."

"I wish she were ill," Dorian said. "But she seems to me cold. She has changed. Last night she was a great actress. This evening she is a common actress."

"Don't talk like that about any one you love, Dorian. Love is a more wonderful thing than art."

"But do let us go. Dorian, you must not stay here any longer. It is not good for one's morals to see bad acting. Besides, I don't suppose you will want your wife to act, so what does it matter if she plays Juliet like a wooden doll?" said Lord Henry. "My dear boy, don't look so tragic! The secret of remaining young is never to have an emotion that is unbecoming.<sup>1</sup> Come to the club with Basil and myself. We will smoke cigarettes and drink to the beauty of Sibyl Vane. She is beautiful. What more can you want?"

"Go away, Harry," cried the lad. "I want to be alone. Basil, you must go. Ah! can't you see that my heart is breaking?" The hot tears came to his eyes. His lips trembled, and rushing to the back of the box, he hid his face in his hands.

<sup>1</sup> **The secret of remaining young is never to have an emotion that is unbecoming.** — Секрет сохранения молодости в том, чтобы избегать волнений, от которых дурнеешь.



“Let us go, Basil,” said Lord Henry, and the two young men went away.

A few moments afterwards the curtain rose on the third act. Dorian Gray went back to his seat. He looked pale and indifferent. The play went on. Half of the audience went out, laughing. The whole thing was a failure. The last act was played to almost empty benches. At last the curtain went down.

As soon as it was over, Dorian Gray went to see Sibyl. The girl was standing there alone, with a look of triumph on her face. Her eyes were lit with a fire. Her lips were smiling over some secret of their own.

When he entered, she looked at him, and an expression of infinite joy came over her. “How badly I acted tonight, Dorian!” she cried.

“Horribly!” he answered. “Horribly! It was dreadful. Are you ill?”

The girl smiled. “Dorian, you should have understood. But you understand now, don’t you?”

“Understand what?” he asked, angrily.

“Why I was so bad tonight. Why I shall always be bad. Why I shall never act well again.”

“You are ill, I suppose. When you are ill you shouldn’t act. You make yourself ridiculous.<sup>1</sup> My friends were bored. I was bored.”

She seemed not to listen to him. “Dorian, Dorian,” she cried, “before I knew you, acting was the one reality of my life. It was only in the theatre that I lived. I thought that it was all true. I was Rosalind one night and Portia<sup>2</sup> the other. I believed in everything. The common people who acted with me seemed to me to be godlike.

<sup>1</sup> **You make yourself ridiculous.** — Вы становитесь посмешищем.

<sup>2</sup> **Rosalind ... Portia** — героини произведений Шекспира



The painted scenes were my world. I knew nothing but shadows, and I thought them real. You came — oh, my beautiful love! — and you freed my soul from prison. You taught me what reality really is. Tonight, for the first time in my life, I saw that the Romeo was ugly, and old, and painted, that the moonlight in the garden was false, that the scenery was dreadful, and that the words were unreal. They were not my words, were not the words what I wanted to say. You had brought me something higher. Now I could see that all art is nothing but a reflection. You had made me understand what love really is. My love! My love! Prince Charming! Prince of life! I have grown sick of shadows. You are more to me than all art can ever be. When I came on the stage tonight, I could not understand why everything had gone from me. I thought that I was going to be wonderful. I found that I could do nothing. What could they know of love such as ours? Take me away, Dorian — take me away with you, where we can be quite alone. I hate the stage. You have made me see that.”

He sat down on the sofa and turned away his face.

“You have killed my love,” he said. She looked at him in wonder and laughed. He made no answer. She came across to him, knelt down and pressed his hands to her lips. He drew them away. Then he stood up and went to the door.

“Yes,” he cried, “you have killed my love. I loved you because you had genius and intellect, because you realized the dreams of great poets and gave shape and substance to the shadows of art<sup>1</sup>. You have thrown it all away. You are empty and stupid. My God! how mad I was

<sup>1</sup> **gave shape and substance to the shadows of art** — облекали в живую плоть и кровь бесплотные образы искусства

to love you! What a fool I have been! You are nothing to me now. I will never see you again. I will never think of you. I will never mention your name. You don't know what you were to me, once. Why, once... Oh, I wish I had never laid eyes upon you! You have spoiled the romance of my life. Without your art, you are nothing.”

The girl grew white, and trembled. “You are not serious, Dorian?” she murmured. “You are acting.”

“Acting! I leave that to you,” he answered.

She rose from her knees and, with an expression of pain in her face, came across the room to him. She put her hand upon his arm and looked into his eyes.

“Don't touch me!” he cried and pushed her away. She fell on the floor and lay there like a trampled flower<sup>1</sup>.

“Dorian, Dorian, don't leave me!” she whispered. “I am so sorry I didn't act well. I was thinking of you all the time. But I will try — indeed, I will try. It came so suddenly across me, my love for you. Don't go away from me. I couldn't bear it. Oh! don't go away from me. My brother... No; never mind. He didn't mean it... But you, oh! can't you forgive me for tonight? I will work so hard and try to improve. I love you better than anything in the world. After all, it is only once that I have not pleased you. But you are quite right, Dorian. It was foolish of me, and yet I couldn't help it. Oh, don't leave me, don't leave me.”

But Dorian Gray, with his beautiful eyes, looked down at her, and left the room. Sibyl Vane seemed to him to be absurdly unnatural. Her tears annoyed him. In a few moments he was out of the theatre.

Where he went to he hardly knew. All night he walked through the dark London streets. The ugly and

<sup>1</sup> **a trampled flower** — растоптанный цветок

terrible people frightened him in the dark. Early in the morning in the warm sunshine the world looked different. The air was heavy with the perfume of the flowers, and their beauty seemed to bring him happiness.

At last Dorian came home. He wanted to have a short rest in his bedroom and was going through the library towards the door of his bedroom. Suddenly his eye fell upon<sup>1</sup> the portrait Basil Hallward had painted of him. Then he went on into his own room, looking puzzled.

Then he came back, went over to the picture, and examined it. There was something different about it, he thought. The face looked different. One would have said that there was a touch of cruelty in the mouth. It was certainly strange.

He turned round and, walking to the window, drew up the curtain. The bright sunshine came into the room. But the strange expression that he had noticed in the face of the portrait was there. The sunlight showed him the lines of cruelty round the mouth as clearly as if he had been looking into a mirror after he had done some dreadful thing.

He took from the table an oval mirror and looked at his own face. No line like that on his red lips. What did it mean?

He rubbed his eyes, and came close to the picture, and examined it again. There were no signs of any change when he looked into the painting, and yet there was no doubt that the whole expression had changed.

He sat in the arm-chair and began to think. Suddenly he remembered what he had said in Basil Hallward's studio the day the picture had been finished. Yes, he remembered it perfectly.

<sup>1</sup> **his eye fell upon** = he saw

He had said aloud a mad wish that he himself might remain young, and the portrait grow old; that his own beauty might last forever, and the face on the portrait bear the burden of his passions and his sins<sup>1</sup>.

But such things were impossible. It seemed monstrous even to think of them. And, yet, there was the picture before him, with the touch of cruelty in the mouth. Cruelty! Had he been cruel? It was the girl's fault, not his.

He had dreamed of her as a great artist, had given his love to her because he had thought her great. Then she disappointed him. And, yet, a feeling of infinite regret came over him, as he thought of her lying at his feet.

Why is he made like that? Why is such a soul given to him? But he suffered too. During the three terrible hours that the play had lasted, he had lived centuries of pain. Why should he trouble about Sibyl Vane? She was nothing to him now.

But the picture? What can he say of that? It held the secret of his life, and told his story. It had taught him to love his own beauty. Would it teach him to hate his own soul?

The portrait was watching him with its beautiful face and its cruel smile. Its blue eyes met his own. A sense of infinite pity, not for himself, but for the painted image of himself, came over him. It had changed already, and would change more. Its gold would turn into grey. Its red and white roses would die. For every sin But he would not sin.

The picture, changed or unchanged, would be to him the visible emblem of conscience. He would resist temptation.<sup>2</sup> He would not see Lord Henry any more —

<sup>1</sup> **the burden of his passions and his sins** — печать его страстей и пороков

<sup>2</sup> **He would resist temptation.** — Он будет противостоять соблазну.

would not listen to his poisonous theories. He would go back to Sibyl Vane, marry her, try to love her again.

Yes, it was his duty to do so. She suffered more than he did. Poor child! He had been selfish and cruel to her. They would be happy together. His life with her would be beautiful.

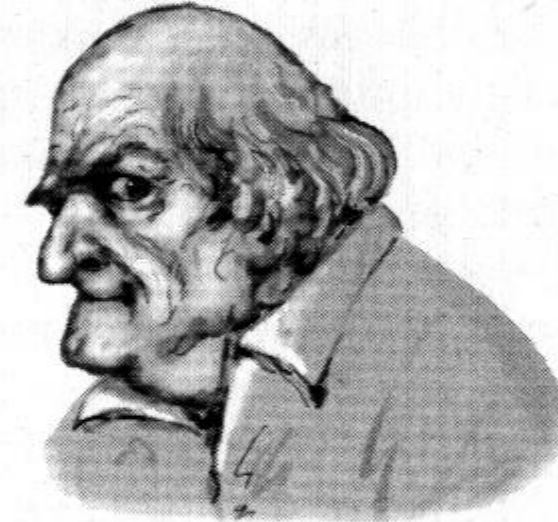
He got up from his chair and looked at his portrait again. "How horrible!" he thought and he walked across to the window and opened it.

He thought only of Sibyl. His love came back to him. He repeated her name over and over again. The birds that were singing in the garden seemed to be telling the flowers about her.



## *Chapter Seven*

### **A monstrous thing to be hidden away in a locked room**



It was afternoon when he woke up. His servant had come several times into the room to see if he was up<sup>1</sup>.

Finally his bell sounded, and the servant came in with a cup of tea, and a pile of letters.

"Monsieur has well slept this morning," he said, smiling.

"What time is it, Victor?" asked Dorian Gray.

"One hour and a quarter, Monsieur."

<sup>1</sup> he was up = he got up

How late it was! He sat up and turned over his letters. One of them was from Lord Henry. He didn't open it. After about ten minutes he got up, and went to the bathroom. The cool water refreshed him after his long sleep. He seemed to have forgotten all that he had gone through.

As soon as he was dressed, he went into the library and sat down to a light French breakfast that had been laid out for him on a small round table close to the open window. It was a lovely day. A bee flew in and buzzed round the blue-dragon vase, filled with yellow roses. He felt perfectly happy.

Suddenly his eye fell on the screen that he had placed in front of the portrait, and he started.

"Too cold for Monsieur?" asked his servant, putting an omelette on the table. "Shall I shut the window?"

Dorian shook his head. "I am not cold," he answered.

Was it all true? Had the portrait really changed? Or was it his own imagination that made him see a look of evil where there was a look of joy? Surely a picture could not change? The thing was absurd. It would serve as a tale to tell Basil some day.<sup>1</sup> It would make him smile.

But he could remember it clearly. First in the dark, then in the bright sunshine he saw that touch of cruelty round his lips. He was afraid of the moment when he could have a look at the portrait again.

He was afraid of certainty. When the coffee and cigarettes were brought and the man turned to go, he felt a wild desire to tell him to stay. As the door was closing

<sup>1</sup> **It would serve as a tale to tell Basil some day.** — Когда-нибудь это стоит рассказать Бэзилу.

behind him, he called him back. The man stood waiting for his orders. Dorian looked at him for a moment.

"I am not at home to any one, Victor," he said at last. The man left the room.

Then Dorian rose from the table, lit a cigarette, and lay down on a sofa that stood facing the screen. Should he move it aside, after all? Why not let it stay there? What was the use of knowing? If the thing was true, it was terrible. If it was not true, why trouble about it? But what if somebody saw the horrible change? What should he do if Basil Hallward came and asked to look at his own picture? Basil would be sure to do that. No; the thing had to be examined, and at once. Anything would be better than this doubt.

He got up and locked both doors. At least he would be alone when he looked upon the mask of his shame. Then he drew the screen aside and saw himself face to face. It was perfectly true. The portrait had changed.

As he often remembered afterwards, and always with no small wonder, he found himself at first looking at the portrait with a feeling of almost scientific interest. Then he felt afraid, and, going back to the sofa, lay there, looking at the picture in sickened horror.

One thing, however, he felt that it had done for him. It had made him conscious how unjust, how cruel, he had been to Sibyl Vane. It was not too late to make reparation<sup>1</sup> for that. She could still be his wife.

His unreal and selfish love would be transformed into some nobler passion, and the portrait that Basil Hallward had painted of him would be a guide to him through life.

Three o'clock struck, and four, but Dorian Gray did not move. He did not know what to do, or what to

<sup>1</sup> **to make reparation** — исправить

think. Finally, he went over to the table and wrote a letter to the girl he had loved, asking for her forgiveness and accusing himself of madness. He covered page after page with wild words of sorrow and wilder words of pain. When Dorian had finished the letter, he felt that he had been forgiven.

Suddenly there came a knock at the door, and he heard Lord Henry's voice outside.

"My dear boy, I must see you. Let me in at once. I can't bear your shutting yourself up like this."

He made no answer at first, but remained quite still. The knocking still continued and grew louder. Yes, it was better to let Lord Henry in, and to explain to him the new life he was going to lead, to quarrel with him if it became necessary to quarrel. He jumped up, drew the screen across the picture, and unlocked the door.

"I am so sorry for it all, Dorian," said Lord Henry as he entered. "But you must not think too much about it."

"Do you mean about Sibyl Vane?" asked the lad.

"Yes, of course," answered Lord Henry, slowly pulling off his yellow gloves. "It is dreadful, but it was not your fault. Tell me, did you go behind and see her, after the play was over?"

"Yes."

"I felt sure you had. Did you make a scene with her?"

"I was rude, Harry. But it is all right now. I am not sorry for anything that has happened. It has taught me to know myself better."

"Ah, Dorian, I am so glad you take it in that way!"

"I am perfectly happy now. I know what conscience is, to begin with. I want to be good. I can't bear the idea of my soul being ugly."

"A very charming artistic basis for ethics<sup>1</sup>, Dorian! I congratulate you on it. But how are you going to begin?"

"By marrying Sibyl Vane."

"Marrying Sibyl Vane!" cried Lord Henry, standing up. "But, my dear Dorian..."

"Yes, Harry, I know what you are going to say. Something dreadful about marriage. Don't say it. Don't ever say things of that kind to me again. Two days ago I asked Sibyl to marry me. I am not going to break my word to her. She is to be my wife."

"Your wife! Dorian! Didn't you get my letter? I wrote to you this morning, and sent it by my man."

"Your letter? Oh, yes, I remember. I have not read it yet, Harry. I was afraid there might be something in it that I wouldn't like."

"You know nothing then?"

"What do you mean?"

Lord Henry walked across the room, and sitting down by Dorian Gray, took both his hands in his own.

"Dorian," he said, "my letter — don't be frightened — was to tell you that Sibyl Vane is dead."

A cry of pain broke from the lad's lips, and he jumped to his feet, tearing his hands away from Lord Henry.

"Dead! Sibyl dead! It is not true! It is a horrible lie! How can you say it?"

"It is quite true, Dorian," said Lord Henry.

"It is in all the morning papers. I wrote down to you to ask you not to see any one till I came. You must not be mixed up in it."<sup>2</sup> I suppose they don't know your

<sup>1</sup> **A very charming artistic basis for ethics** — Очаровательная эстетическая основа для нравственности

<sup>2</sup> **You must not be mixed up in it.** — Нельзя, чтобы вы были замешаны в этом.

name at the theatre? If they don't, it is all right. Did any one see you going round to her room? That is very important."

Dorian did not answer for a few moments.

"Did Sibyl?... Oh, Harry, I can't bear it! But be quick. Tell me everything at once."

"I am sure it was not an accident, Dorian. When she was leaving the theatre with her mother, about half-past twelve or so, she said she had forgotten something upstairs. They waited some time for her, but she did not come down again. Then they found her lying dead on the floor of her dressing-room. She had taken something by mistake, some dreadful thing they use at theatres. I don't know what it was, but I think it was prussic acid<sup>1</sup>, because in a moment she was dead."

"Harry, Harry, it is terrible!" cried the lad.

"Yes; it is very tragic, of course, but you must not get yourself mixed up in it. She looked such a child, and seemed to know so little about acting. Dorian, you mustn't let this thing get on your nerves. You must come and dine with me, and afterwards we will look in at the opera..."

"So I have murdered Sibyl Vane," said Dorian Gray, half to himself. "Yet the roses are not less lovely for all that. The birds sing just as happily in my garden. And tonight I will dine with you, and then go on to the opera. How dramatic life is! If I had read all this in a book, Harry, I think I would have cried over it. Somehow, now that it has happened actually, and to me, it seems far too wonderful for tears. Here is the first love-letter I have ever written in my life. Strange, that my first love-letter is addressed to a dead girl. Can they feel,

<sup>1</sup> **prussic acid** — синильная кислота

I wonder, those white silent people we call the dead? Sibyl! Can she feel, or know, or listen? Oh, Harry, how I loved her once! It seems years ago to me now. She was everything to me. Then came that dreadful night when she played so badly, and my heart almost broke. She explained it all to me. It was terribly pathetic.<sup>1</sup> But I was not moved. Suddenly something happened that made me afraid. I can't tell you what it was, but it was terrible. I said I would go back to her. I felt I had done wrong. And now she is dead. My God! My God! Harry, what shall I do? You don't know the danger I am in, and there is nothing to keep me straight<sup>2</sup>. She would have done that for me. She had no right to kill herself. It was selfish of her."

"My dear Dorian," answered Lord Henry, taking a cigarette, "if you had married this girl, you would have been unhappy. Of course, you would have treated her kindly. One can always be kind to people about whom one cares nothing. But she would soon find out that you were absolutely indifferent to her..."

"I think I would," said the lad, walking up and down the room and looking horribly pale. "But I thought it was my duty. It is not my fault that this terrible tragedy has prevented it. Harry why is it that I cannot feel this tragedy as much as I want to? I don't think I am heartless. I am nothing of the kind. I know I am not. And yet this tragedy does not affect me as it should. It seems to me to be a wonderful ending to a wonderful play. It has all the terrible beauty of a Greek tragedy, a tragedy in which I took a great part, but by which I have not been wounded."

<sup>1</sup> **It was terribly pathetic.** — Это было ужасно трогательно.

<sup>2</sup> **there is nothing to keep me straight** = nothing can help me

“It is an interesting question. But really, Dorian, how different Sibyl Vane was from all the women! There is something to me quite beautiful about her death. I am glad I am living in a century when such wonders happen. They make one believe in the reality of the things we all play with, such as romance, passion, and love.”

“I was terribly cruel to her. You forget that.”

“I am afraid that women like cruelty, more than anything else. They have wonderfully primitive instincts. They are still our slaves looking for their masters, all the same. I am sure you were fantastic. I have never seen you really angry, but I can imagine how delightful you looked. And, after all, you said something to me the day before yesterday and it holds the key to everything<sup>1</sup>.”

“What was that, Harry?”

“You said to me that Sibyl Vane was to you all the heroines of romance — that she was Desdemona one night, and Ophelia the other; that if she died as Juliet, she came to life as Imogen.”

“She will never come to life again now,” said the lad, hiding his face in his hands.

“No, she will never come to life. She has played her last part. But you must think of that lonely death in the dirty dressing-room simply as a fragment from some tragedy. The girl never really lived, and so she has never really died. To you she was always a dream. The moment she touched actual life, she destroyed it, and it destroyed her, and so she passed away<sup>2</sup>.”

There was a silence. The evening darkened in the room. Noiselessly, and with silver feet, the shadows crept in from the garden. Everything lost its colour.

<sup>1</sup> **it holds the key to everything** = it explains everything

<sup>2</sup> **she passed away** = she died

After some time Dorian Gray looked up.

“You have explained me to myself, Harry. I felt all that you have said, but I was afraid of it. I could not express it to myself. How well you know me! But we will not talk again of what has happened. It has been a wonderful episode. That is all. I wonder if life has in store for me<sup>1</sup> something wonderful like that.”

“I am sure it has, Dorian. There is nothing that you, with your extraordinary good looks, will not be able to do.”

“But suppose, Harry, I became ugly and old? What then?”

“Ah, then,” said Lord Henry, rising to go, “then, my dear Dorian, you would have to fight for your victories. Now you must keep your good looks. We live in an age that reads too much to be wise, and that thinks too much to be beautiful. And now you had better dress and drive down to the club. We are rather late, you know.”

“I think I shall join you at the opera, Harry. I feel too tired to eat anything. What is the number of your box?”

“Twenty-seven, I believe. You will see my name on the door. But I am sorry you won’t come and dine.”

“I don’t feel like doing that<sup>2</sup>,” said Dorian. “But I am awfully obliged to you for all that you have said to me. You are certainly my best friend. No one has ever understood me as you have.”

“We are only at the beginning of our friendship, Dorian,” answered Lord Henry, shaking him by the hand. “Good-bye. I shall see you before nine-thirty, I hope.”

As he closed the door behind him, Dorian Gray touched the bell, and in a few minutes Victor appeared

<sup>1</sup> **life has in store for me** — жизнь припасла (приберегла) для меня

<sup>2</sup> **I don’t feel like doing that** = I don’t want to do it



with the lamps and drew the curtains down. He waited for him to go.

As soon as he had left, Dorian came to the screen and drew it back. No; there was no further change in the picture. It had received the news of Sibyl Vane's death before he had known of it himself. It was conscious of<sup>1</sup> the events of life as they happened. He wondered, and hoped that some day he would see the change taking place before his very eyes though he was afraid of it.

Poor Sibyl! What a romance it had all been! She had often acted death on the stage. Then Death himself<sup>2</sup> touched her and took her with him. How had she played that dreadful last scene? She died for love of him and love would always be a sacrament to him now<sup>3</sup>. He would not think any more of that horrible night at the theatre. When he thought of her, it would be as a wonderful tragic figure sent on to the world's stage to show the reality of love. A wonderful tragic figure? Tears came to his eyes as he remembered her childlike look. Then he quickly looked again at the picture.

He felt that the time had really come for making his choice. Or had his choice already been made? Yes, life had decided that for him — life, and his curiosity about life. Endless youth, wild joys and wilder sins — he would have all these things. The portrait was to bear the burden of his shame<sup>4</sup>: that was all.

<sup>1</sup> **It was conscious of** = It knew about

<sup>2</sup> **Death himself** — в современном английском языке существует традиционная соотнесенность отвлеченного существительного death с местоимениями he/him/himself

<sup>3</sup> **love would always be a sacrament to him now** — отныне любовь всегда будет для него святыней

<sup>4</sup> **was to bear the burden of his shame** — должен будет нести бремя его позора

A feeling of pain crept over him. Would his picture become a monstrous thing, to be hidden away in a locked room, to be shut out from the sunlight? The pity of it! The pity of it!

But who would miss the chance of remaining always young? If the picture was to change, it was to change. That was all.

There would be a real pleasure in watching it. He would be able to follow his mind into its secret places. This portrait would be to him the most magical of mirrors. He would see his soul in it. And when winter came upon it, he would still be standing where spring lives. He would be young and beautiful forever like the gods of the Greeks. What did it matter what happened to the picture? He would be safe. That was everything.

He drew the screen back, smiling as he did so. An hour later he was at the Opera with Lord Henry.



## Chapter Eight

### What is past is past



As Dorian was sitting at breakfast next morning, Basil Hallward came into the room.

"I am so glad I have found you, Dorian," he said. "I came to your house last night, and they told me you were at the Opera. Of course, I knew that was impossible. I spent a dreadful evening, half afraid that one tragedy could be followed by another. Why didn't you telegraph for me when you heard of it first? I read of it quite by chance in a newspaper. I came here at once and didn't find you. I can't tell you how heart-broken I am about the whole thing. I know what you must suffer. But where were you? Did you go down and see the girl's mother? For a moment I thought of following you there. Poor woman! And her only child, too! What did she say about it all?"

"My dear Basil, how do I know?" answered Dorian Gray, drinking some wine from a delicate glass and looking dreadfully bored. "I was at the Opera. I met Lady Gwendolen, Harry's sister, for the first time. She is perfectly charming. Don't talk about horrid subjects. Besides, Sibyl was not the woman's only child. There is a son, a charming boy. But he is not on the stage. He is a sailor, or something. And now, tell me about yourself and what you are painting."

"You went to the Opera?" said Hallward, speaking very slowly and with a touch of pain in his voice. "You went to the Opera while Sibyl Vane was lying dead? You can talk to me of other women?"

"Stop, Basil! I won't hear it!" cried Dorian, jumping to his feet. "You must not tell me about things. What is done is done. What is past is past."

"You call 'yesterday' the past?"

"I just don't want to be at the mercy of my emotions.<sup>1</sup> I want to use them, to enjoy them, and to dominate them."

"Dorian, this is horrible! Something has changed you completely. You look exactly the same wonderful boy who, day after day, used to come down to my studio to sit for his picture. But you were simple, natural, and kind then. You were the most unspoiled creature in the whole world. Now, I don't know what has happened to you. You talk as if you had no heart, no pity in you. It is all Harry's influence. I see that."

The lad stood up and came to the window. "I don't know what you want."

"I want the Dorian Gray I used to paint," said the artist sadly.

<sup>1</sup> I just don't want to be at the mercy of my emotions. — Я просто не желаю быть рабом своих переживаний.

“Basil,” said the lad, going over to him and putting his hand on his shoulder, “you have come too late. Yesterday, when I heard that Sibyl Vane had killed herself...”

“Killed herself! Is there no doubt about that?” cried Hallward, looking up at him with a horror.

“My dear Basil! Surely you don’t think it was an accident? Of course she killed herself.”

The elder man hid his face in his hands. “How terrible,” he said.

“No,” said Dorian Gray, “there is nothing terrible about it. It is one of the great romantic tragedies of the age. As a rule, actors lead the most common lives. They are good husbands, or wives. How different Sibyl was! She lived her finest tragedy.<sup>1</sup> She was always a heroine. The last night she played — the night you saw her — she acted badly because she had known the reality of love. When she knew its unreality, she died. She passed again into the sphere of art. But you must not think I have not suffered. If you had come in yesterday at about half-past five, you would have found me in tears. Even Harry who brought me the news, had no idea what I was going through. I suffered. Then it passed away. I cannot repeat an emotion. To become the spectator of one’s own life, as Harry says, is to escape the suffering of life. I know you are surprised at my talking to you like this. You have not realized how I have developed. I was a schoolboy when you knew me. I am a man now. I have new passions, new thoughts, new ideas. I am different, but you must not like me less. I am changed, but you must always be my friend. Of course, I am very fond of Harry. But I know that you are better than he is. You are not strong

<sup>1</sup> *She lived her finest tragedy.* — Она прожила прекраснейшую трагедию.

— you are too much afraid of life — but you are better. And how happy we used to be together! Don’t leave me, Basil, and don’t quarrel with me. I am what I am. There is nothing more to be said.”

The painter felt strangely moved. There was so much in him that was good, so much in him that was noble.

“Well, Dorian,” he said at last, with a sad smile, “I won’t speak to you again about this horrible thing, after today. I only trust your name won’t be mentioned in connection with it. The inquest is to take place this afternoon...”

“They don’t know my name,” he answered.

“But surely she did?”

“Only my Christian name<sup>1</sup>, and that I am quite sure she never mentioned to anyone. She told me once that they were all curious to learn who I was, and that she told them my name was Prince Charming. It was pretty of her. You must do me a drawing of Sibyl, Basil. I should like to have something more of her than the memory of a few kisses.”

“I will try and do something, Dorian, if it would please you. But you must come and sit to me yourself again. I can’t get on without you.”

“I can never sit to you again, Basil. It is impossible!” he cried out.

The painter looked at him with a surprise. “My dear boy, what nonsense! Do you mean to say you don’t like what I did of you? Where is it? Why have you pulled the screen in front of it? Let me look at it. It is the best thing I have ever done. Do take the screen away, Dorian. Why are you hiding the picture?”

<sup>1</sup> *Christian name* = first name — Dorian

“No, I’m not but the light was too strong on the portrait.”

“Too strong! Surely not, my dear fellow? It is a nice place for it. Let me see it.” And Hallward walked towards the corner of the room.

A cry of terror broke from Dorian Gray’s lips<sup>1</sup>, and he ran between the painter and the screen. “Basil,” he said, looking very pale, “you must not look at it. I don’t wish you to.”

“Not look at my own work! You are not serious. Why shouldn’t I look at it?” asked Hallward, laughing.

“If you try to look at it, Basil, I will never speak to you again as long as I live. I am quite serious. I don’t offer any explanation, and you are not to ask for any. But, remember, if you touch this screen, everything is over between us.”

Hallward was shocked. He looked at Dorian Gray in absolute amazement. He had never seen him like this before. The lad was trembling all over.

“Dorian!”

“Don’t speak!”

“But what is the matter? Of course I won’t look at it if you don’t want me to,” he said, rather coldly, going to the window. “But, really, it seems absurd that I shouldn’t see my own work, especially as I am going to exhibit it in Paris in the autumn. So I must see it some day, and why not today?”

“To exhibit it! You want to exhibit it?” cried out Dorian Gray, a strange sense of terror came over him. Would the world learn his secret? Would people see at the mystery of his life? That was impossible. Something — he did not know what — had to be done at once.

<sup>1</sup> A cry of terror broke from Dorian Gray’s lips = He cried with terror



“Yes; the exhibition will open the first week in October. The portrait will only be away a month. I should think you could spare it for that time. And if you keep it always behind a screen, you don’t care much about it<sup>1</sup>.”

Dorian Gray passed his hand over his forehead. He felt that he was in danger. “You told me a month ago that you would never exhibit it,” he cried. “Why have you changed your mind? You told Harry exactly the same thing.” Perhaps Basil, too, had his secret. He would ask him and try.

“Basil,” he said, coming quite close and looking him straight in the face, “we have each of us a secret. Let me know yours, and I shall tell you mine. What was your reason for refusing to exhibit my picture?”

“Dorian, if I tell you, you will like me less than you do. You will laugh at me. I can’t bear either of those two things. If you wish me never to look at your picture again, I will never do. I have always you to look at. If you wish the best work I have ever done to be hidden from the world, I am satisfied. Your friendship is dearer to me than anything.”

“No, Basil, you must tell me,” said Dorian Gray. “I think I have a right to know.” His feeling of terror had passed away, and curiosity had taken its place. He wanted to find out Basil Hallward’s mystery.

“Let us sit down, Dorian,” said the painter, looking troubled. “Let us sit down. And just answer me one question. Have you noticed in the picture something curious? Something that probably at first did not surprise you, but later...”

“Basil!” cried the lad.

“I see you did. Don’t speak. Wait till you hear what I have to say. Dorian, from the moment I met you, your per-

<sup>1</sup> you don’t care much about it = you don’t like it so much

sonality had the most extraordinary influence over me. I was dominated by you.<sup>1</sup> I worshipped you. I grew jealous of every one to whom you spoke. I wanted to have you all to myself. I was only happy when I was with you. When you were away from me, you were still present in my art... Of course, I never let you know anything about this. It would have been impossible. I hardly understood it myself. One day I decided to paint a wonderful portrait of you as you actually are. Whether it was the realism of the method, or the wonder of your own personality, I cannot tell. But I know that as I worked at it, every flake seemed to me to reveal my secret. I grew afraid of that. I felt, Dorian, that I had told too much, that I had put too much of myself into it. When the picture was finished, and I sat alone with it, I felt that I was right... Well, after a few days the thing left my studio, and soon it seemed to me that I had been so foolish. And so when I got this offer from Paris, I decided to make your portrait the principal thing in my exhibition. It never happened to me that you would refuse.<sup>2</sup> I see now that you were right and the picture cannot be shown. You must not be angry with me, Dorian, for what I have told you. As I said to Harry, once, you are made to be worshipped.”

Dorian Gray drew a long breath. The colour came back to his cheeks, and a smile played about his lips. He was safe for the time.

“It is extraordinary to me, Dorian,” said Hallward, “that you should have seen this in the portrait. Did you really see it?”

“I saw something in it,” he answered, “something that seemed to me very curious.”

<sup>1</sup> I was dominated by you. — Вы имели власть надо мной.

<sup>2</sup> It never happened to me that you would refuse. = I was sure you would agree.

“Well, you don’t mind my looking at the thing now?”

Dorian shook his head. “You must not ask me that, Basil. I can’t let you even stand in front of that picture.”

“You will some day, surely?”

“Never.”

“Well, perhaps you are right. And now good-bye, Dorian. You have been the one person in my life who has really influenced my art. Whatever I have done that is good, I owe to you<sup>1</sup>. Ah! you don’t know what it cost me to tell you all that I have told you.”

“It was very disappointing.”

“Why, what did you expect, Dorian? You didn’t see anything else in the picture, did you? There was nothing else to see?”

“No; there was nothing else to see. Why do you ask? But you mustn’t talk about worship. It is foolish. You and I are friends, Basil, and we must always remain so.”

“You have got Harry,” said the painter sadly.

“Oh, Harry!” cried the lad, with laughter. “Harry spends his days in saying what is incredible and his evenings in doing what is improbable. Just the sort of life I would like to lead. But still I don’t think I would go to Harry if I were in trouble. I would sooner go to you, Basil.”

“You will sit to me again?”

“Impossible!”

“You spoil my life as an artist by refusing, Dorian. No man comes across two ideal things. Few come across one.<sup>2</sup>”

“I can’t explain it to you, Basil, but I must never sit to you again. There is something fatal about a portrait. It has a life of its own. I will come and have tea with you. That will be just as pleasant.”

<sup>1</sup> I owe to you — я обязан Вам

<sup>2</sup> Few come across one. = Few people meet an ideal in their life.

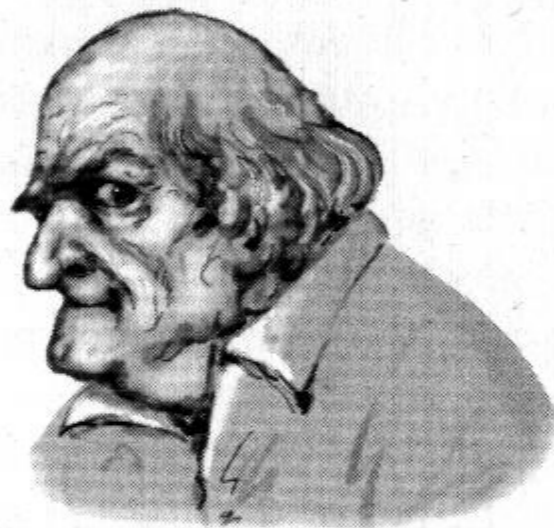
“I am sorry you won’t let me look at the picture once again. But that can’t be helped. I quite understand what you feel about it.”

As he left the room, Dorian Gray smiled to himself. Poor Basil! How little he knew of the true reason! Although he had told his own secret, he had not discovered Dorian’s secret. But the portrait... It must be hidden away. He could not run such a risk of discovery again. It had been mad of him to have allowed the thing to stay in the library, even for an hour.



## Chapter Nine

### His wonderful youth seemed never to leave him



When his servant came in, Dorian looked at him carefully. "Does he want to look behind the screen?" The man was quiet and waited for his orders. Dorian lit a cigarette and walked over to the mirror and looked into it. He could see his servant's face perfectly. There was nothing to be afraid of. Yet he thought it best to be on his guard<sup>1</sup>.

Speaking very slowly, he told him to tell the housekeeper<sup>2</sup> that he wanted to see her, and then to go to the frame-maker and ask him to send two of his men round at once.

<sup>1</sup> **to be on his guard** — быть настороже

<sup>2</sup> **housekeeper** — экономка, домоправительница

It seemed to him that as the man left the room his eyes moved in the direction of the screen. Or was that just his own fancy?

After a few moments Mrs. Leaf, housekeeper, came into the library. He asked her for the key of the school-room.

"The old schoolroom, Mr. Dorian?" she was surprised. "Why, it is full of dust. It is not fit for you to see, sir. It is not, indeed."

"Oh, I only want the key."

"Well, sir, you'll be covered with spiderwebs if you go into it. Why, it hasn't been opened for nearly five years — not since your grandfather died."

"That does not matter," he answered. "I simply want to see the place — that is all. Give me the key."

"And here is the key, sir," said the old lady. "But you don't think of living up there, sir?"

"No, no," he cried. "Thank you, Leaf. That will do."<sup>1</sup>

As the door closed behind her, Dorian put the key in his pocket and looked round the room. His eye fell on a large, purple satin cover, a splendid piece of Italian cloth. Now it would hide something worse than the death — something that would breed horrors and yet would never die. His sins would eat away its beauty and make it shameful. And yet the picture would still live on. It would be always alive.

He took up from the sofa the great purple-and-gold cover, and, holding it in his hands, looked behind the screen. Did the face change again? It seemed to him that it was unchanged, and yet his hatred of it was intensified. Gold hair, blue eyes, and rose-red lips — they all were

<sup>1</sup> **That will do.** = It's OK.

there. It was the expression that had changed. His own soul was looking out at him from the picture and calling him to judgement. A look of pain came across him, and he put the cover over it. As he did so, a knock came to the door and his servant came in.

“The persons are here, Monsieur.”

He thought, “I must send him away from home. I don’t want him to know where the picture will be taken to.” He sat down at the table and wrote a note to Lord Henry, asking him to send him something to read and reminding him that they were to meet at eight-fifteen that evening.

“Wait for an answer,” he said, handing it to him, “and show the men in here<sup>1</sup>.”

In two or three minutes there was another knock, and Mr. Hubbard himself, the celebrated frame-maker, came in with a young assistant.

“What can I do for you, Mr. Gray?” he said, rubbing his fat hands.

“I am so sorry you have given yourself the trouble of coming round, Mr. Hubbard. Today I only want a picture carried to the top of the house for me. It is rather heavy, so I thought I would ask you to lend me a couple of your men.”

“No trouble at all, Mr. Gray. I am delighted to be of any service to you. Which is the work of art, sir?”

“This,” replied Dorian. “Can you move it covered, just as it is? I don’t want it to get scratched going upstairs.”

“There will be no difficulty, sir,” said the frame-maker. “And, now, where shall we carry it to, Mr. Gray?”

<sup>1</sup> **show the men in here** — проводи людей сюда

“I will show you the way, Mr. Hubbard, if you will kindly follow me. Or perhaps you had better go in front. I am afraid it is right at the top of the house.”

He held the door open for them, and they passed out into the hall and began to go upstairs.

“I am afraid it is rather heavy,” said Dorian as he unlocked the door that opened into the room where he was going to keep the curious secret of his life and hide his soul from the eyes of men.

He had not entered the place for more than four years — not, indeed, since he had used it first as a play-room when he was a child, and then as a study when he grew older.

It was a large room, specially built by his grandfather for him. It appeared to Dorian to have but little changed. How well he remembered it all! Every moment of his lonely childhood came back to him as he looked round. It seemed horrible to him that it was here the fatal portrait was to be hidden away. How little he had thought in his childhood of all that was in store for him!<sup>1</sup>

But there was no other place in the house so secret. He had the key, and no one else could get there. Beneath its purple cover, the face painted on the canvas could grow dreadful. What did it matter? No one could see it. He himself would not see it. Why should he watch it? He kept his youth — that was enough. And, besides, his nature can grow finer, after all? There was no reason that the future will be so full of shame. Some love can come across his life, and save him from sins. Perhaps, some day, the cruel look will pass away from the red lips, and he will show to the world Basil Hallward’s work.

<sup>1</sup> **that was in store for him** — что было уготовано ему



No; that was impossible. Hour by hour, and week by week, the thing on the canvas was growing old. Perhaps it would escape the horror of sin, but the horror of age was in store for it. The cheeks would become lifeless. Yellow crow's feet<sup>1</sup> would appear round his eyes and make them horrible. The hair would lose its brightness. There would be the wrinkled throat, the cold, blue-veined hands, the twisted body. The picture had to be hidden. There was no help for it.<sup>2</sup>

"Bring it in, Mr. Hubbard, please," Dorian said, turning round. "I am sorry I kept you so long. I was thinking of something else."

"Always glad to have a rest, Mr. Gray," answered the frame-maker. "Where shall we put it, sir?"

"Oh, anywhere. Here: this will do. I don't want to have it hung up. Just put it near the wall. Thanks."

"Can I have one look at the work of art, sir?"

"It would not interest you, Mr. Hubbard," Dorian said, keeping his eye on the man. He felt ready to jump upon him if he touched the secret of his life. "I shan't trouble you any more now. Thank you very much."

"Not at all, not at all, Mr. Gray. Ever ready to do anything for you, sir." And Mr. Hubbard went downstairs, followed by the assistant. When the sound of their footsteps had died away, Dorian locked the door and put the key in his pocket. He felt safe now. No one would ever look on the horrible thing. No eye but his would ever see his shame.

On reaching the library, he found that it was just after five o'clock and that the tea had been already brought up. On a little table of dark wood was lying a

note from Lord Henry, and beside it was a book in yellow paper. There was a newspaper on the table too. He sighed and opened Lord Henry's note. He sent him the evening paper, and a book that could interest him, and confirmed that he would be at the club at eight-fifteen.

He opened the newspaper and looked through it. A red pencil-mark caught his eye:

INQUEST ON AN ACTRESS. — An inquest was held this morning by Mr. Danby, the District Coroner<sup>1</sup>, on the body of Sibyl Vane, a young actress. A verdict of death by misadventure was returned<sup>2</sup>...

He tore the paper in two and went across the room. How ugly it all was! And how horribly real ugliness made things! Why did Lord Henry send the newspaper? Did his servant read it? Perhaps he had read it. And, yet, what did it matter? What had Dorian Gray to do with Sibyl Vane's death? There was nothing to fear. Dorian Gray had not killed her.

His eye fell on the yellow book that Lord Henry had sent him. He took the book, sat down in the arm-chair and began to turn over the pages. After a few minutes he became absorbed<sup>3</sup>. It was the strangest book that he had ever read. It seemed to him that the sins of the world were passing before him. It was a novel without a plot and with only one character. It was a psychological study of a young Parisian<sup>4</sup> who spent his life trying to realize all the passions.

<sup>1</sup> **coroner** — коронер; следователь, ведущий дела об убийстве

<sup>2</sup> **A verdict of death by misadventure was returned** — Установлено, что смерть произошла от несчастного случая

<sup>3</sup> **he became absorbed** — он полностью погрузился в чтение

<sup>4</sup> **a Parisian** = a person who lives in Paris

<sup>1</sup> **crow's feet** = the wrinkles, the lines

<sup>2</sup> **There was no help for it.** = Nothing could be done.

It was a poisonous book. Dorian read on till he could read no more. The book was frightening, full of strange ideas and dangerous dreams. Then, after his servant had reminded him several times of the lateness of the hour, he got up, and put the book on the table that always stood at his bedside.

It was almost nine o'clock when he reached the club, where he found Lord Henry sitting alone, in the morning-room, looking very much bored.

"I am so sorry, Harry," he cried, "but really it is your fault. That book you sent me so fascinated me that I forgot how the time was going."

"Yes, I thought you would like it," replied Lord Henry, rising from his chair.

"I didn't say I liked it, Harry. I said it fascinated me. There is a great difference."

"Ah, you have discovered that?" said Lord Henry. And they passed into the dining-room.

Dorian read this book many times. For many years, he could not free himself from the influence of this book. Or perhaps he never tried to free himself from it. The hero of the book became to Dorian a type of himself. And, indeed, the whole book seemed to him to contain the story of his own life, written before he had lived it. Dorian thought that he was more fortunate than the novel's character. He never knew the fear of mirrors. But the hero of the book was afraid of them. Even still water reflected the terrible changings through years. It was with cruel joy that Dorian read the last chapters of the book. They told about a man who had lost everything in his late days<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> **in his late days** = when he was old

The wonderful beauty seemed never to leave Dorian. Even those who had heard the most terrible things against him could not believe anything when they saw him. He had always the look of one who had kept himself unspotted<sup>1</sup> from the world. Men wondered how one so charming and graceful had escaped the sins of our age.

Often, on returning home, he went upstairs to the locked room, opened the door with the key, and stood, with a mirror, in front of the portrait. He was looking now at the evil and aging face on the canvas, and now at the young face that laughed back at him from the mirror. The very contrast pleased him. He grew more and more in love with his own beauty, more and more interested in the corruption of his own soul<sup>2</sup>. He examined with a monstrous and terrible delight, the hideous lines that appeared in the wrinkling forehead or around the mouth. He was wondering sometimes which were the more horrible — the signs of sin or the signs of age. He placed his white hands near the hands of the picture, and smiled. He laughed at the portrait.

There were moments, indeed, at night, when he thought of the ruin of his soul. But such moments were rare.<sup>3</sup> That curiosity about life which Lord Henry had showed him grew. The more he knew, the more he wanted to know.

Yet he enjoyed the life of a rich and fashionable man. Famous artists and scientists came to his parties where the food, the music and the conversation were the best in London. Indeed, there were many, especially

<sup>1</sup> **had kept himself unspotted** — сохранил себя незапятнанным

<sup>2</sup> **the corruption of his own soul** — разложение его души

<sup>3</sup> **But such moments were rare.** = But it didn't happen often.

among the very young men, who saw in Dorian Gray an ideal person.

He studied religions of the world and art and filled his house with beautiful things from every corner of the world. He was always busy with the search for new and delightful sensations. He became interested in perfumes. At another time he studied music, and he gave curious concerts in his house. The wild primitive music of gipsies and Indians made a great impression on him. He collected together from all parts of the world the strangest instruments. He loved to touch and try them. The fantastic character of these instruments fascinated him. He felt a curious delight in the thought that art, like Nature, has her monsters<sup>1</sup>, things of ugly shape and with dreadful voices. Then he took up<sup>2</sup> the study of jewels. It lasted for many years. He often spent a whole day looking at his stones. He discovered wonderful stories about jewels. He said that the diamond could make a man invisible, and the agate of India made him brilliant speaker. The cornelian stopped anger, and the amethyst drove away the fumes of wine, and the garnet sent out demons. As he studied the works of art, he got very sad because the time ruined beautiful and wonderful things. He had escaped that. Summer followed summer but he was unchanged. No winter spoiled his flowerlike beauty. How different it was with material things! Where did they pass to? Everything that he collected in his lovely house, helped him to forget his sins and to escape from the fear.

<sup>1</sup> **art ... has her monsters** — в современном английском языке существует традиционная соотнесенность отвлеченного существительного art с местоимениями she/her/herself

<sup>2</sup> **took up** = got interested in

Upon the walls of the lonely locked room where he had spent his early days, he had hung the terrible portrait. Its changing features showed him the real degradation of his life. For weeks he didn't go there and forgot the dreadful painted thing. Then, suddenly, he left his home and went down to dreadful London places, and stayed there, day after day, until he was driven away. On his return he sat in front of the portrait and looked at the terrible face smiling with secret pleasure.

After a few years he could not stay far from home. He hated to be separated<sup>1</sup> from the picture that was such a part of his life. Yet Dorian was also afraid that someone could come into the room. He was sure that this would tell them nothing. Even if he told them, would they believe it?

Yet he was afraid. Sometimes during his fashionable parties, he suddenly left his guests and went to see that the picture was still there. What if it should be stolen?<sup>2</sup> The thought made him cold with horror. Surely the world would know his secret then. Perhaps the world already suspected it.

Curious stories about him appeared after he had passed his twenty-fifth year. He was sometimes away from home for several days. Some people saw him fighting with sailors in bars. The others said Dorian was friendly with thieves and other criminals. Sometimes when he appeared in the society men started whispering in corners, or turned away from him, or look at him with cold eyes, trying to discover his secret. Women turned white when he entered the room.

<sup>1</sup> **He hated to be separated** = He hated to be far away

<sup>2</sup> **What if it should be stolen?** — Что, если она украдена?

Of course, he took no notice and many people only laughed at such stories. They still loved Dorian. His charming boyish smile, and the infinite grace of that wonderful youth seemed never to leave him.



## *Chapter Ten*

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### **Come, you will see my soul!**



It was on the ninth of November, the evening before his thirty-eighth birthday, as he often remembered afterwards. He was walking home about eleven o'clock from Lord Henry's. At the corner of the street, a man passed him, walking very fast and with the collar of his grey coat turned up. He had a bag in his hand. Dorian recognized him. It was Basil Hallward. A strange sense of fear came over him. He went on quickly in the direction of his own house. But Hallward saw him and then hurried after him. In a few moments, his hand was on Dorian's arm.

"Dorian! What an extraordinary piece of luck!<sup>1</sup> I have been waiting for you since nine o'clock. Finally I

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<sup>1</sup> **What an extraordinary piece of luck!** = How very lucky I am!

took pity on your tired servant and told him to go to bed, as he let me out. I am off to Paris by the midnight train, and I wanted to see you before I left. I thought it was you, as you passed me. But I wasn't quite sure. Didn't you recognize me?"

"In this fog, my dear Basil? I can't even recognize the street. I believe my house is somewhere about here, but I'm not sure. I am sorry you are going away. But I suppose you will be back soon?"

"No, I am going to be out of England for six months. I want to take a studio in Paris and shut myself up till I have finished a great picture I have in my head. However, it wasn't about myself I wanted to talk. Let me come in for a moment. I have something to say to you."

"I'll be very happy. But won't you miss your train?" said Dorian Gray and opened the door. Hallward looked at his watch.

"I have a lot of time," he answered. "In fact, I was on my way to the club to look for you, when I met you. All I have with me is in this bag, and I can easily get to Victoria<sup>1</sup> in twenty minutes."

Dorian looked at him and smiled. "What a way for a fashionable painter to travel! Come in, or the fog will get into the house. And mind you don't talk about anything serious. Nothing is serious nowadays. At least nothing should be."

Hallward shook his head, as he entered, and followed Dorian into the library. There was a bright wood fire burning. The lamps were lit, and on the small elegant table there were glasses and soda-water.

"You see your servant made me quite at home, Dorian. He gave me everything I wanted, including your

<sup>1</sup> **Victoria** = the name of the central railway station in London

best cigarettes. He is a most hospitable creature. I like him much better than the Frenchman you used to have. What has become of the Frenchman, by the way?"

"He got married and left for Paris. But he was not at all a bad servant. He was really very devoted to me and seemed quite sorry when he went away. Have another brandy-and-soda?"

"Thanks, I won't have anything more," said the painter, taking his coat off. "And now, I want to speak to you seriously. Don't look at me like that. You make it so much more difficult for me."

"What is it all about?" cried Dorian. "I hope it is not about myself. I am tired of myself tonight. I should like to be somebody else."

"It is about yourself," answered Hallward in his deep voice, "and I must say it to you. I shall only keep you half an hour. It is for your own sake<sup>1</sup> that I am speaking. I think it right that you should know that the most dreadful things are being said against you in London."

"I don't wish to know anything about them. I love scandals about other people, but scandals about myself don't interest me. They have not got the charm of novelty<sup>2</sup>."

"They must interest you, Dorian. Every gentleman is interested in his good name. Of course, you have your position and your wealth. But position and wealth are not everything. Mind you, I don't believe these stories at all. At least, I can't believe them when I see you. Sin is a thing that writes itself across a man's face. It cannot be hidden. It shows itself in the lines of his mouth, his eyes, even his hands. But you, Dorian, with your bright, innocent face, and your wonderful untroubled youth — I can't

<sup>1</sup> **It is for your own sake** — Это в ваших же интересах

<sup>2</sup> **the charm of novelty** — прелесть новизны

believe anything against you. And yet I see you very seldom, and you never come down to the studio now, and when I am away from you, and I hear all these terrible things about you, I don't know what to say. Why is it, Dorian, that the Duke of Berwick leaves the room when you enter it? Why is it that so many gentlemen in London don't come to your house and don't invite you to theirs? You used to be a friend of Lord Staveley. I met him at dinner last week. When he heard your name, he said that you were a man whom no girl should be allowed to know. I reminded him that I was a friend of yours, and asked him what he meant. He told me. He told me right out before everybody. It was horrible! Why is your friendship so fatal to young men? There was that poor boy who killed himself. You were his great friend. There was Sir Henry Ashton, who had to leave England. You and he were friends too. What about Adrian Singleton and his dreadful end? What about Lord Kent's only son and his career? I met his father yesterday. He seemed broken with shame.<sup>1</sup> What about the young Duke of Perth? What sort of life has he got now?"

"Stop, Basil. You are talking about things of which you know nothing," said Dorian Gray, biting his lip. "You ask me why Berwick leaves a room when I enter it. It is because I know everything about his life, not because he knows anything about mine. If Kent's silly son takes his wife from the streets, what is that to me? If Adrian Singleton writes his friend's name across a bill<sup>2</sup>, is it my fault?"

"Dorian," cried Hallward, "that is not the question. England is bad enough, I know, and English society

<sup>1</sup> He seemed broken with shame. — Он сломлен позором.

<sup>2</sup> writes his friend's name across a bill — подписывает чек именем своего друга

is all wrong. That is the reason why I want you to be fine. You have not been fine. One has a right to judge of a man by the effect he has over his friends. You have filled them with a madness for pleasure. They have gone down into the depths. You led them there. Yes, and yet you can smile, as you are smiling now. And there is worse behind. I know you and Harry are friends. Surely for that reason, you should not have made his sister's name a by-word<sup>1</sup>."

"Take care, Basil. You go too far."

"I must speak, and you must listen. Is there a woman in London now who would drive with her in the park? Then there are other stories — stories that you have been seen visiting dreadful London houses. Are the stories true? When I first heard them, I laughed. What about your country-house and the life that is led there? Dorian, you don't know what is said about you. Dorian, I love you and I want you to lead such a life as will make the world respect you. I want you to have a clean name. I want you to get rid of the dreadful people. Don't look at me like that. They say that you corrupt every one with whom you become friends. I don't know whether it is so or not. How should I know? But it is said of you. Do I know you? I wonder do I know you? Before I could answer that, I should have to see your soul."

"To see my soul!" quietly said Dorian Gray, standing up from the sofa and turning white from fear.

"Yes," answered Hallward, "to see your soul. But only God can do that."

A laugh came from the lips of the younger man. "You shall see it yourself, tonight!" he cried, taking a lamp from the table. "Come: it is your own work. Why

<sup>1</sup> you should not have made his sister's name a by-word — вам не следовало бы позорить имя его сестры



shouldn't you look at it? You can tell the world all about it afterwards, if you choose. Nobody would believe you. If they believed you, they would like me all the better for it. Come, you will see my soul."

There was the madness in every word he said.

"This is impossible, Dorian!" Hallward cried. "You must not say things like that. They are horrible, and they don't mean anything."

"You think so?" He laughed again.

"I know so. As for what I said to you tonight, I said it for your good<sup>1</sup>. You know I have been always a friend to you."

Pain shot across the painter's face. He paused for a moment, and a wild feeling of pity came over him. After all, what right had he to enter the life of Dorian Gray?

"I am waiting, Basil," said the young man in a hard clear voice.

"What I have to say is this," Basil cried. "You must give me some answer to these horrible charges<sup>2</sup> that are made against you. If you tell me that they are absolutely untrue from beginning to end, I shall believe you. Deny them, Dorian, deny them! My God! Don't tell me that you are bad, and corrupt, and shameful."

Dorian Gray smiled. "Come upstairs, Basil," he said, quietly. "I keep a diary of my life from day to day, and it never leaves the room in which it is written. I shall show it to you if you come with me."

"I shall come with you, Dorian, if you wish it. I see I have missed my train. That makes no matter. I can go tomorrow. But don't ask me to read anything tonight. All I want is a true answer to my question."

<sup>1</sup> I said it for your good — я сказал это ради вас

<sup>2</sup> horrible charges — ужасные обвинения

"That shall be given to you upstairs. I could not give it here. You will not have to read long."

He left the room and Basil followed him. They walked softly and the lamp gave fantastic shadows on the wall and staircase. When they reached the top, Dorian unlocked the door.

"You want to know it, Basil?" he asked in a low voice.

"Yes."

"I am delighted," he answered, smiling. "You are the one man in the world who has right to know everything about me. You have had more to do with my life than you think<sup>1</sup>," and he opened the door and they went in.

The room looked as if it had not been lived in for years. An old carpet, a covered picture, an empty bookcase, a chair and a table. The whole place was covered with dust and the carpet was in holes. A mouse ran across the room.

"So you think that it is only God who sees the soul, Basil? Draw that curtain back, and you will see mine."

The voice that spoke was cold and cruel. "You are mad, Dorian, or playing a part," said Hallward.

"You won't? Then I must do it myself," said the young man, and he drew the curtain away.

A word of horror broke from the painter's lips as he saw the dreadful face on the canvas grinning at him. There was something in its expression that filled him with disgust and terror. Good heavens! It was Dorian Gray's own face that he was looking at! The horror had not yet entirely spoiled that wonderful beauty. There was still some gold in the hair and some red on the mouth. The eyes had kept something of the loveliness. Yes, it was Dorian himself. But who had done it? He seemed to recognize his own

<sup>1</sup> **You have had more to do with my life than you think** = You have influenced my life more than you think

work. The idea was monstrous, yet he felt afraid. He took the lamp, and held it to the picture. In the left-hand corner was his own name. But he had never done that. Still, it was his own picture. He knew it. His own picture! What did it mean? Why had it changed? He turned and looked at Dorian Gray with the eyes of a sick man. He couldn't say a word. "What does this mean?" cried Hallward, at last. His own voice sounded curious in his ears.

"Years ago, when I was a boy," said Dorian Gray, "you met me and taught me to be proud of my good looks. One day you introduced me to a friend of yours, who explained to me the wonder of youth. You finished a portrait of me that revealed to me the wonder of beauty. In a mad moment that, even now, I don't know whether I regret or not, I made a wish..."

"I remember it! Oh, how well I remember it! No! The thing is impossible. I tell you the thing is impossible."

"Ah, what is impossible?" asked the young man.

"You told me you had destroyed it."

"I was wrong. It has destroyed me."

"I don't believe it is my picture."

"Can't you see your ideal in it?" said Dorian bitterly.

"My ideal, as you call it..."

"As you called it."

"There was nothing evil in it, nothing shameful. You were to me such an ideal as I shall never meet again. This is the face of a satyr."

"It is the face of my soul."

"Christ! It has the eyes of a devil."

"Each of us has heaven and hell in him, Basil," cried Dorian.

Hallward turned again to the portrait and looked at it. "My God! If it is true," he said, "and this is what you have done with your life!"



He came nearer to the picture and examined it. It was from within, that the horror had come. Through some strange inner life the sins were slowly eating the thing away. The rotting of a corpse in a watery grave was not so fearful.<sup>1</sup>

“Good God, Dorian, what a lesson! What an awful lesson!”

There was no answer.

“Pray, Dorian, pray. Let us say that together. I worshipped you too much. I am punished for it. You worshipped yourself too much. We are both punished.”

Dorian Gray turned slowly around and looked at him.

“It is too late, Basil,” he said. “The pray means nothing to me now.”

“Hush! Don’t say that. You have done enough evil in your life. My God! Don’t you see that terrible face smiling at us?”

Dorian Gray looked at the picture, and suddenly hatred for Basil Hallward came over him. The mad passion of a hunted animal came to life inside him. He hated the man who had painted that portrait. He looked wildly around. Something was shining on the table. His eye fell on it. He knew what it was.

It was a knife that he had brought up, some days before, and had forgotten to take away with him. He moved slowly towards it. As soon as he got behind him, he quickly took it, rushed at Hallward and dug the knife into his neck. Then he hit Hallward three more times. The man’s head fell forwards. And the blood ran slowly across the table and down on the floor. His friend was dead. Then he threw the knife on the table, and listened.

<sup>1</sup> **The rotting of a corpse in a watery grave was not so fearful.** — Это было страшнее, чем разложение тела в сырой могиле.

He could hear nothing. He opened the door and went out. The house was absolutely quiet. No one was about. How quickly it had all been done! He felt strangely calm. Then he left the room. He did not even look at the murdered man. Many years ago the artist painted the fatal portrait. Now he had gone out of his life. That was enough.

When Dorian came into the library, he saw the bag and coat in the corner. He had a secret place in his house where he hid the bag and the coat. He could easily burn them afterwards. Then he looked at his watch. It was twenty minutes to two.

He sat down and began to think. What evidence was there against him? Basil Hallward had left the house at eleven. No one had seen him come in again. His servant had gone to bed... Paris! Yes. It was to Paris that Basil had gone, and by the midnight train. It would be months before people asked where he was. Months! Everything could be destroyed long before then.

A sudden thought came to him. He put on his coat and went out. Then he rang the bell. In about five minutes his servant appeared, half-dressed and looking very sleepy.

“I am sorry, Francis,” he said, coming in; “but I left the key at home. What time is it?”

“Ten minutes past two, sir,” answered the man, looking at the clock.

“Ten minutes past two? How horribly late! You must wake me at nine tomorrow. I have some work to do. Did anyone call this evening?”

“Mr. Hallward, sir. He stayed here till eleven, and then he went away to catch his train.”

“Oh! I am sorry I didn’t see him. Did he leave any message?”

“No, sir, except that he would write to you from Paris, if he did not find you at the club.”

“That will do, Francis. Don’t forget to call me at nine tomorrow.”

Dorian Gray threw his coat on the table and passed into the library. For a quarter of an hour he walked up and down the room, thinking. Then he took down his addressbook and began to turn over the pages.

“Alan Campbell, 152, Hertford Street, Mayfair.”

Yes; that was the man he wanted.



## *Chapter Eleven*

**“You are mad, Dorian.”**



At nine o’clock the next morning his servant came in with a cup of chocolate. Dorian was sleeping quite peacefully, lying on his right side. He looked like a boy who had been tired out<sup>1</sup> with play or study.

The man had to touch him twice on the shoulder before he woke. When he opened his eyes, a smile passed across his lips, as though he had been lost in some delightful dream. Yet he had not dreamed at all. His night had been untroubled by any images. But youth smiles without any reason. It is one of its chiefest charms.

He turned round, began to drink his chocolate. The November sun came into the room. The sky was bright,

<sup>1</sup> **tired out** = very tired

and the air was rather warm. It was almost like a morning in May. Then he remembered what had happened last night. For a moment the same curious feeling of hatred for Basil Hallward came back to him, and he grew cold. The dead man was still sitting there, too, and in the sunlight now. How horrible that was! Such dreadful things belong to the darkness, not for the day. He had to do something.

Half an hour later he got up in a hurry, dressed and got down for breakfast. After he had drunk his cup of black coffee, he wrote two letters. One he put in his pocket, the other he gave to his man.

“Take this to 152, Hertford Street, Francis, and if Mr. Campbell is out of town, get his address.”

As soon as he was alone, he lit a cigarette and began drawing on a piece of paper, drawing first flowers, and then human faces. Suddenly he saw that every face had a fantastic likeness to<sup>1</sup> Basil Hallward. He got angry, and getting up, went over to the bookcase and took out a book. He decided not to think about what had happened until it became absolutely necessary that he should do so. He started reading it but after a time the book fell from his hand. He grew nervous, and terror came over him. Perhaps Alan Campbell is out of England. Perhaps he would refuse to come. What could he do then? Every moment was of great importance.

They had been great friends five years ago. Then their friendship came suddenly to an end. When they met now, it was only Dorian Gray who smiled: Alan Campbell never did. He was an extremely clever young man. He loved science. At Cambridge he spent a great deal of his time working in the laboratory. He was de-

<sup>1</sup> had a fantastic likeness to = looked exactly like

voted to the study of chemistry, and had a laboratory of his own in which he used to shut himself up all day long. He was a talented musician and played both the violin and the piano. In fact, it was music that had first brought him and Dorian Gray together. For eighteen months their friendship lasted. To him, as to many others, Dorian Gray was the type of everything that is wonderful in life. Whether or not a quarrel had taken place between them no one ever knew. But suddenly people noticed that they didn't speak when they met. Campbell always went away early from any party at which Dorian Gray was present. He had changed, too. He was strangely melancholy at times. He almost disliked hearing music, and never played himself. Every day he became more interested in biology, and his name appeared once or twice in some of the scientific magazines.

This was the man Dorian Gray was waiting for. Every second he kept looking at the clock. As the minutes went by he became very nervous. At last he got up and began to go up and down the room, looking like a beautiful caged thing<sup>1</sup>. His hands were as cold as ice. Each minute seemed an hour for Dorian.

At last the door opened and his servant came in.

“Mr. Campbell, sir,” said the man.

The colour came back to Dorian's cheeks.

“Ask him to come in at once, Francis.” He felt that he was himself again.

In a few moments, Alan Campbell walked in, looking rather pale.

“Alan! This is kind of you. I thank you for coming.”

<sup>1</sup> looking like a beautiful caged thing — словно красивый зверь, который мечется в клетке

“I had decided never to come into your house again, Gray. But you said it was a matter of life and death.” His voice was hard and cold.

“Yes: it is a matter of life and death, Alan, and to more than one person. Sit down.”

Campbell took a chair by the table, and Dorian sat opposite to him. The two men’s eyes met. In Dorian’s there was infinite pity. He knew that what he was going to do was dreadful. After a moment of silence, he said, very quietly, but watching the effect of each word upon the face of Alan, “Listen, in a locked room at the top of this house, a dead man is seated at a table. He has been dead ten hours now. Don’t move, and don’t look at me like that. Who the man is, why he died, how he died, I won’t tell you. What you have to do is this”.

“Stop, Gray. I don’t want to know anything further. Whether what you have told me is true or not true doesn’t matter. I’m not going to come into your life. Keep your horrible secrets to yourself. They don’t interest me any more.”

“Alan, they will have to interest you. This one will have to interest you. I am awfully sorry for you, Alan. But I can’t help myself. You are the one man who is able to save me. Alan, you are scientific. You know about chemistry and things of that kind. You have made experiments. What you have got to do is to destroy the thing that is upstairs — to destroy it completely. Nobody saw this person come into the house. Indeed, at the present moment he is supposed to be in Paris<sup>1</sup>. He will not be missed for months. You, Alan, you must change him, and everything that belongs to him, into a handful of ashes.”

“You are mad, Dorian.”

“Ah! I was waiting for you to call me Dorian.”

<sup>1</sup> **he is supposed to be in Paris** = people think he is in Paris

“You are mad, I tell you — mad to imagine that I would help you, mad to make this monstrous deed. I will have nothing to do with this matter, whatever it is.”

“He killed himself, Alan.”

“I am glad of that. But who drove him to it? You, I think.”

“Do you still refuse to do this for me?”

“Of course I refuse. I will have absolutely nothing to do with it. I don’t care what shame comes on you. You have come to the wrong man. Go to some of your friends. Don’t come to me.”

“Alan, it was murder. I killed him. You don’t know what he had made. Whatever my life is, he had more to do with the making of it than poor Harry has had.<sup>1</sup> Perhaps he didn’t want it, the result was the same.”

“Murder! Good God, Dorian, is that what you have come to? I shall not inform upon you.<sup>2</sup> It is not my business. I hope you will be arrested soon. Nobody ever commits a crime without doing something stupid. But I will have nothing to do with it.”

“You must have something to do with it. Wait, wait a moment; listen to me. Only listen, Alan. All I ask of you is to perform a scientific experiment. You go to hospitals and dead-houses. What I want you to do is what you have often done before. Indeed, I want you to destroy a body. Nothing more. And, remember, it is the only evidence against me. If it is discovered, I am lost; and it is sure to be discovered unless you help me.”

<sup>1</sup> **Whatever my life is, he had more to do with the making of it than poor Harry has had.** — В том, что жизнь моя сложилась так, а не иначе, он виноват больше, чем бедный Гарри.

<sup>2</sup> **I shall not inform upon you.** = I won’t tell the police that you have done that.

"I have no desire to help you. You forget that. It has nothing to do with me.<sup>1</sup>"

"Alan, think of the position I am in. Just before you came I was dying of terror. You may know terror yourself some day. No! Don't think of that. Look at it from the scientific point of view. You don't ask questions where the dead things for your experiments come from. Don't ask them now. I have told you too much as it is. We were friends once, Alan."

"Don't speak about those days, Dorian — they are dead."

"Please, Alan. The man upstairs will not go away. Alan! Alan! If you don't help me, I am ruined. Why, they will hang me, Alan! Don't you understand? They will hang me for what I have done."

"There is no good in continuing our talk. I will not do anything in the matter. It is mad of you to ask me."

"You refuse?"

"Yes. It is useless."

The same look of pity came into Dorian Gray's eyes. Then he stretched out his hand, took a piece of paper, and wrote something on it. He read it over twice and pushed it across the table. Then he got up and went over to the window.

Campbell looked at him in surprise, and then took up the paper, and opened it. As he read it, his face became pale and he fell back in his chair. A horrible sense of sickness came over him. He felt as if his heart was beating itself to death.

After two or three minutes of terrible silence, Dorian turned round and came and stood behind him, putting his hand upon his shoulder.

<sup>1</sup> **It has nothing to do with me.** — Это совершенно меня не касается.

"I am so sorry for you, Alan," he said "but you leave me no choice. I have a letter written already. Here it is. You see the address. If you don't help me, I must send it. If you don't help me, I will send it. You know what the result will be. But now you are going to help me. It is impossible for you to refuse now. Now it is for me to dictate terms."

Campbell buried his face in his hands.

"Yes, it is my turn to dictate terms, Alan. You know what they are. The thing is quite simple. The thing has to be done. Face it, and do it. Come, Alan, you must decide at once."

"I cannot do it," he said, mechanically, as though words could change things.

"You must. You have no choice."

"Is there a fire in the room upstairs?"

"Yes."

"I shall have to go home and get some things from the laboratory."

"No, Alan, you must not leave the house. Write out what you want and my servant will bring the things back to you."

Campbell wrote a note to his assistant. Dorian took the note up and read it carefully. Then he rang the bell and gave it to his servant. He ordered him to return as soon as possible and to bring the things with him.

As the door shut, Campbell started nervously. He got up from the chair and went to the fireplace. For nearly twenty minutes, neither of the men spoke. A fly buzzed noisily about the room, and the ticking of the clock was like the beat of a hammer. As the clock struck one, Campbell turned round, and looking at Dorian Gray, saw that his eyes were filled with tears.

"You are terrible, absolutely terrible!" he said quietly.

"Hush, Alan. You have saved my life," said Dorian.

"Your life? Good heavens! What a life that is! You have gone from corruption to corruption, and now you have committed the crime. In doing what I am going to do — what you make me do — it is not of your life that I am thinking."

"Ah, Alan," said Dorian, "I wish you had a thousandth part<sup>1</sup> of the pity for me that I have for you." He turned away as he spoke and stood looking out at the garden. Campbell made no answer.

After about ten minutes a knock came to the door, and the servant entered, carrying a large bag full of chemicals.

"Shall I leave the things here, sir?" he asked Campbell.

"Yes," said Dorian. "What is the name of the man who sells the best orchids in London?"

"Harden, sir."

"Yes, Harden. You must go to him at once, see Harden personally, and tell him to send twice as many orchids as I ordered, and to have as few white ones as possible. In fact, I don't want any white ones."

"No trouble, sir. At what time shall I be back?"

Dorian looked at Campbell.

"How long will your experiment take, Alan?" he said in a calm indifferent voice. The presence of a third person in the room seemed to give him extraordinary courage.

Campbell bit his lip. "It will take about five hours," he answered.

"It will be time enough, then, if you are back at half-past seven, Francis. Or stay: just leave my things out

<sup>1</sup> a thousandth part — тысячная доля

for dressing. You can have the evening to yourself. I am not dining at home, so I shall not want you."

"Thank you, sir," said the man, leaving the room.

"Now, Alan, there is not a moment to be lost. How heavy this chest is! I'll take it for you. You bring the other things."

They left the room together. When they reached the locked room, Dorian took out the key and turned it in the lock. Then he stopped, and a troubled look came into his eyes. "I don't think I can go in, Alan," he said.

"It is nothing to me," said Campbell coldly.

Dorian half opened the door. As he did so, he saw the face of his portrait in the sunlight. On the floor in front of it the curtain was lying. He remembered that the night before he had forgotten, for the first time in his life, to hide the fatal canvas.

What was that terrible red thing on one of the hands? It was blood! How horrible it was! More horrible, it seemed to him for the moment, than the silent dead thing at the table. He quickly came into the room and covered the picture with the cloth. He heard Campbell bringing in the heavy bag and the other things that he needed for his dreadful work. He began to wonder if he and Basil Hallward had ever met, and, if so, what they had thought of each other.

"Leave me now," said a voice behind him.

He turned and hurried out. As he was going downstairs, he heard the key being turned in the lock.

It was long after seven when Campbell came back into the library. He was pale, but absolutely calm. "I have done what you asked me to do," he said. "And now, good-bye. Let us never see each other again."

"You have saved me from ruin, Alan. I cannot forget that," said Dorian simply.

As soon as Campbell had left, he went upstairs. There was a horrible smell of nitric acid<sup>1</sup> in the room. But the dead thing that had been sitting at the table was gone.



## *Chapter Twelve*

### **Devil's bargain**



That evening, at eight-thirty, beautifully dressed, Dorian Gray came into Lady Narborough's drawing-room. He felt wildly excited, but he was smiling as easy and graceful as ever. Certainly no one looking at Dorian Gray that night could have an idea that he had passed through a tragedy. For a moment Dorian himself felt the terrible pleasure of a double life.

It was a small party. Lady Narborough was a very clever woman and Dorian was one of her favourites. She always told him that she was glad she had not met him in early life. "I know, my dear, I should have fallen madly in love with you<sup>1</sup>," she used to say.

<sup>1</sup> **I should have fallen madly in love with you** — я влюбилась бы в вас до безумия

<sup>1</sup> **nitric acid** — азотная кислота

Dorian said a graceful compliment and looked round the room. Yes: it was certainly a boring party. But when Dorian heard Henry's slow musical voice, he didn't feel bored any more. But at dinner he could not eat anything. Plate after plate went away untasted. Now and then Lord Henry looked across at him, wondering at his silence. From time to time the servant filled his glass with champagne. He drank in a hurry, but his thirst grew.

"Dorian," said Lord Henry at last, "what is the matter with you tonight? You are quite out of sorts.<sup>1</sup>"

"I am quite well, Harry. I am tired. That is all."

"You were charming last night. By the way, Dorian, you ran off very early last night. You left before eleven. What did you do afterwards? Did you go straight home?"

Dorian looked at him hurriedly. "No, Harry," he said at last, "I did not get home till nearly three."

"Did you go to the club?"

"Yes," he answered. Then he bit his lip. "No, I don't mean that. I didn't go to the club. I walked about. I forget what I did... How curious you are, Harry! You always want to know what one has been doing. I always want to forget what I have been doing. I came in at half-past two, if you wish to know the exact time. I had left my key at home, and my servant had to let me in. If you want any evidence on the subject, you can ask him."

Lord Henry looked at him with surprise. "My dear fellow! Something has happened to you, Dorian. Tell me what it is. You are not yourself tonight."

"Don't mind me, Harry. I am out of temper. I shall come round and see you tomorrow or next day. Make my

<sup>1</sup> You are quite out of sorts. — Вы на себя не похожи.

excuses to Lady Narborough.<sup>1</sup> I shan't go upstairs. I shall go home. I must go home."

"All right, Dorian. I hope to see you tomorrow at tea-time."

"I will try to be there, Harry," he said, leaving the room. As he drove back to his own house, he felt that the sense of terror come back to him. Lord Henry's question had made him lose his nerves for the moment. Basil's things had to be destroyed. He was afraid. He hated the idea of even touching them. Yet it had to be done. He realized that, and when he had locked the door of his library, he opened the secret place into which he had hidden Basil Hallward's coat and bag. A huge fire was burning in his room. The smell of the burning leather and cloth was horrible. It took him three-quarters of an hour to finish everything. At the end he felt sick.

Suddenly he started and his eyes grew strangely bright. He wanted to forget everything for a while. He wanted to escape from the prison of life and to lose himself in the dreamland. In a moment he left the room and came into the bedroom.

At midnight Dorian Gray, dressed as a poor man, went out of his house. In Bond Street he found a cab. The man shook his head. "It is too far for me," he said.

"I'll pay you well," said Dorian.

"All right, sir," answered the man, "you will be there in an hour."

A cold rain began to fall, and the street-lamps looked ghastly in it. The pubs were just closing, and men and women were standing in groups round their doors. From some of them came the sound of horrible laughter.

<sup>1</sup> Make my excuses to Lady Narborough. — Передай леди Нарборо мои извинения.



Lying back in the cab, Dorian Gray watched the shame of the great city, and now and then he repeated to himself the words that Lord Henry had said to him on the first day they had met: "To cure the soul by means of the senses, and the senses by means of the soul."<sup>1</sup> Yes, that was the secret. He had often tried it, and would try it again now. There were opium dens<sup>2</sup> where the memory of old sins could be destroyed by the madness of sins that were new. The moon hung low in the sky like a yellow skull. From time to time a huge ugly cloud stretched a long arm across and hid it. The gas-lamps grew fewer, and the streets more narrow and gloomy.

To cure the soul by means of the senses, and the senses by means of the soul!

How the words rang in his ears! His soul, certainly, was sick to death. Was it true that the senses could cure it? What could help it? The forgiveness was impossible, forgetfulness was possible still. Dorian wanted to forget what he had done. Indeed, what right had Basil to have spoken to him like that? Who had made him a judge over him?

The cab was going more and more slowly. Dorian looked out and called to the man to drive faster. The dreadful hunger for opium grew inside. His throat burned and his delicate hands trembled nervously. The way seemed endless and the streets looked like the black spiderweb. The monotony became unbearable, and as the mist thickened, he felt afraid.

It is said that passion makes one think in a circle. He could think only about that Henry's phrase — "To

<sup>1</sup> To cure the soul by means of the senses, and the senses by means of the soul. — Лечите душу ощущениями, а ощущения пусть лечит душа.

<sup>2</sup> opium den — притон для курильщиков опиума

cure the soul by means of the senses, and the senses by means of the soul." He could feel nothing but the wild desire to live, most terrible of all man's appetites. Ugliness that had once been hateful to him because it made things real, became dear to him now for that very reason. Ugliness was the one reality. The dirty opium dens, the rude life, the thieves and criminals interested him more now than all the wonderful works of art. They were what he needed for forgetfulness. In three days he would be free.

In about seven or eight minutes he reached a small dirty house. In one of the top-windows stood a lamp. He stopped and gave a knock. After a little time he heard steps in the passage and the door opened quietly. He went in without saying a word. At the end of the hall there was an old green curtain. He drew it away and entered a long low room. It was rather dark and smelly. The floor was covered with brown dust. In one corner, with his head buried in his arms, a sailor sat at the table. Two unpleasant women were laughing at an old man who was brushing his coat. "He thinks he's got red ants on him," laughed one of them, as Dorian passed by. The man looked at her in terror and began to cry.

At the end of the room there was a little staircase, leading to a dark room. As Dorian hurried up its three steps, the heavy smell of opium met him. He made a deep breath with pleasure. When he entered, a young man with yellow hair, looked up at him.

"You here, Adrian?" said Dorian.

"Where else should I be?" he answered. "None of my friends will speak to me now."

"I thought you had left England."

"As long as one has this thing, one doesn't want friends. I think I have had too many friends."



Dorian looked round at the grotesque things that lay in such fantastic postures on the dirty floor. The twisted limbs, the gaping mouths, the staring lustreless eyes, fascinated him.<sup>1</sup> He knew what they felt. They felt better than he did. He was prisoned in thought. Memory, like a horrible illness, was eating his soul away. From time to time he seemed to see the eyes of Basil looking at him. Yet he felt he could not stay. He wanted to be where no one would know who he was. He wanted to escape from himself. "I am going on to the other place," he said after a pause. He didn't want to see the man who used to be his friend. "Good night, then."

"Good night," answered the young man.

Dorian walked to the door with a look of pain in his face. As he drew the curtain aside, a dreadful laugh broke from the painted lips of a woman. "There goes the devil's bargain!"<sup>2</sup> she cried out.

"Don't call me that!" Dorian answered.

"Prince Charming is what you like to be called, isn't it?" she asked.

The sleepy sailor jumped to his feet as she spoke, and looked wildly round. The sound of the door fell on his ear. He ran out into the darkness and saw Dorian Gray going away.

Dorian walked quickly along the road, but as he reached a corner, hands closed around his neck. Before he had time to do something, he was pushed back against the wall. He fought madly for life. In a second he saw the

<sup>1</sup> **The twisted limbs, the gaping mouths, the staring lustreless eyes, fascinated him.** — Судорожно скрюченные руки и ноги, разинутые рты, остановившиеся тусклые зрачки — все это завораживало его.

<sup>2</sup> **There goes the devil's bargain!** — Вот уходит добыча дьявола!

revolver, pointing straight at his head. "What do you want?" he asked a short dark man.

"Keep quiet," said the man. "If you move, I'll kill you."

"You are mad. What have I done to you?"

"You destroyed the life of Sibyl Vane," was the answer, "and Sibyl Vane killed herself. She was my sister. I know it. I swore I would kill you in return. For years I have looked for you. The two people who could describe you are dead. I knew nothing of you but the pet name she used to call you. I heard it tonight by chance. Make your peace with God, for tonight you are going to die."

Dorian Gray grew sick with fear. "I never knew her," he said. "I never heard of her. You are mad."

"Down on your knees!" cried the man. There was a horrible moment. Dorian did not know what to say or do.

"I give you one minute to make your peace<sup>1</sup> — no more. I leave England for India, and I must do my job first."

Paralysed with terror, Dorian did not know what to do. Suddenly a wild hope came across. "Stop," he cried. "How long ago is it since your sister died? Quick, tell me!"

"Eighteen years," said the man. "Why do you ask me? What do years matter?"

"Eighteen years," laughed Dorian Gray, with triumph in his voice. "Eighteen years! Just look at my face!"

James Vane took Dorian Gray to the light. There he saw the face of a twenty-year-old boy. He was too young. This was not the man who had destroyed Sibyl's life. "My God! my God!" James cried, "and I nearly murdered you! Forgive me, sir."

<sup>1</sup> to make your peace — чтобы помолиться

"You had better go home and put that gun away, or you may get into trouble," said Dorian, turning round and going slowly down the street.

James Vane stood near the lamp in horror. He was trembling from head to foot. After a little while, a black shadow moved out into the light and came close to him. He felt a hand on his arm and looked round. It was one of the women who had been drinking at the bar. "Why didn't you kill him?" she asked. "I knew you were following him when you ran out. You fool! You should have killed him.<sup>1</sup> He has lots of money, and he's as bad as bad."

"He is not the man I am looking for," he answered, "and I want no man's money. I want a man's life. The man whose life I want must be nearly forty now. This one is little more than a boy. Thank God, I have not got his blood upon my hands."

The woman gave a bitter laugh. "Little more than a boy! I've known him for eighteen years. Prince Charming made me what I am."

"You lie!" cried James Vane.

"Before God I am telling the truth," she cried.

"Before God?"

"He is the worst one that comes here. They say he has sold himself to the devil for a pretty face. I've known him for eighteen years. He hasn't changed much since then."

"You swear it?"

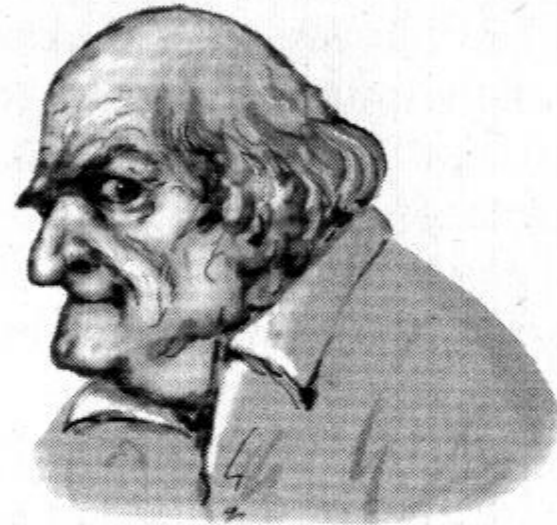
"I swear it, but don't give me away to him. I am afraid of him."

James ran to the corner of the street, but Dorian Gray had disappeared.

<sup>1</sup> You should have killed him. — Тебе следовало бы его убить.

## Chapter Thirteen

### Let it live



A week later Dorian Gray was at his house in the country, where he had invited Lord Henry and several other friends. Among them was the pretty Duchess of Monmouth with her old husband. She seemed to like Dorian very much.

It was tea-time, and the warm light of the huge lamp that stood on the table lit up the delicate cups. The friends were having tea and laughing and talking about the evening party.

"Let me get you some orchids, Duchess," cried Dorian, starting to his feet.

"I hope you are not in love with Dorian, my dear. He is very dangerous. You had better take care," said Lord Henry to Duchess of Monmouth.

"If he were not, there would be no battle. How long Mr. Gray is! Let us go and help him. I have not yet told him the colour of my dress."

"Ah! You must suit your dress to his flowers..."

He had hardly finished the sentence before they heard the dull sound of a heavy fall. Everybody started up. The Duchess stood motionless in horror. And with fear in his eyes, Lord Henry ran out of the room. He found Dorian Gray lying face downwards on the floor. He was carried at once into the blue drawing-room and laid upon on a sofa.

"What has happened?" he asked at last. "Oh! I remember. Am I safe here, Harry?" He began to tremble.

"My dear Dorian," answered Lord Henry, "you are not well. You had better not come down to dinner. I will take you to your place."

"No, I will come down. I would rather come down. I must not be alone." He went to his room and dressed. Now and then cold fear and terror ran through him. He had seen the face of James Vane, pressed against the window and watching him.

The next day he did not leave the house, and, indeed, spent most of the time in his own room. He was sick with a wild terror of dying, and yet indifferent to life itself. If the curtain trembled in the wind, he shook. The dead leaves that were blown against the windows frightened him. When he closed his eyes, he saw again the sailor's face looking through the glass. Horror seemed laid its hand upon his heart. He tried to tell himself that he had dreamt it. Yes, it was impossible. Sibyl Vane's brother had not come back to kill him. He had sailed away in his ship. From him he was safe. Why, the man did not know who he was, could not know who he was. The mask of youth had saved him. And yet the fear stayed

with him. Oh! In what a wild hour of madness he had killed his friend! He saw it all again. Each dreadful detail came back to him. When Lord Henry came in at six o'clock, he found him crying as one whose heart will break.

It was not till the third day that he went out. It was a bright clear winter morning and the friends were going to hunt in the forest. Dorian joined the shooting-party. Near the forest he saw Sir Geoffrey Clouston, the Duchess's brother, and came up to him. "Have you had good sport, Geoffrey?" he asked.

"Not very good, Dorian. I think most of the birds have gone to the open. I hope it will be better after lunch, when we get to new place."

The cold clear air, the sounds and the smells of the forest filled Dorian with happiness. Suddenly, with upright ears and long legs, started a hare. It disappeared in the nearest bush. Sir Geoffrey put his gun to his shoulder, but there was something in the animal's beauty that strangely charmed Dorian Gray, and he cried out at once, "Don't kill it, Geoffrey. Let it live."

"What nonsense, Dorian!" laughed his companion, and he fired. There were two cries heard, the cry of a hare in pain, which is dreadful, and the cry of a man in agony, which is worse.

"Good heavens! I have hit a beater!<sup>1</sup>" cried Sir Geoffrey. "Stop shooting there!" he called out at the top of his voice. "A man is hurt."

In a few moments a dead body was pulled into the sunlight. Dorian turned away in horror. It seemed to him that misfortune followed wherever he went. The wood

<sup>1</sup> **I have hit a beater!** — Я попал в загонщика!

seemed to him to be alive with faces. There were the sounds of stamping feet and the low buzz of voices.

After a few moments — that were to him endless hours of pain — he felt a hand on his shoulder. He started and looked round.

"Dorian," said Lord Henry, "I had better tell them that the shooting is stopped for today. It would not look well to go on."

"I wish it were stopped for ever, Harry," Dorian answered bitterly. "The whole thing is dreadful and cruel. Is the man..." He could not finish the sentence.

"I am afraid so," said Lord Henry. "Come; let us go home."

They walked side by side without speaking. Then Dorian looked at Lord Henry and said, with a heavy sigh, "What a terrible thing!"

"Oh! My dear fellow, it can't be helped. It was the man's own fault. Why did he get in front of the guns? Besides, it is nothing to us."

Dorian shook his head. "Harry, I feel something horrible is going to happen to some of us. To myself, perhaps."

"What on earth could happen to you, Dorian? You have everything in the world that a man can want. There is no one who would not be delighted to change places with you."

"There is no one with whom I would not change places, Harry. I am telling you the truth. I have no terror of death. It is the coming of death that terrifies me. I feel its monstrous wings around me. Don't you see a man moving behind the trees there, watching me, waiting for me?"

"Yes," Lord Henry said, smiling, "I see the gardener waiting for you. I suppose he wants to ask you what

flowers you wish to have on the table tonight. How absurdly nervous you are, my dear fellow! You must come and see my doctor, when we get back to town.”

The gardener came and gave Dorian a letter from the Duchess. Dorian didn't open it but said to the gardener, “Tell the Duchess that I am coming in.”

“How fond women are of doing dangerous things!” laughed Lord Henry.

“How fond you are of saying dangerous things, Harry! I like the Duchess very much, but I don't love her. I wish I could love but I seem to have lost the passion and forgotten the desire. I am too much concentrated on myself. I want to escape, to go away, to forget. It was silly of me to come down here at all.”

“Dorian, you are in trouble. Why not tell me what it is? You know I would help you.”

“I can't tell you, Harry,” he answered sadly. “I hope it was an accident, but I can't help feeling something terrible is going to happen to me. Ah! Here is the Duchess. You see we have come back, Duchess.”

“I have heard all about it, Mr. Gray,” she answered. “Poor Geoffrey is shocked. And it seems that you asked him not to shoot the hare. How curious!”

“Yes, it was very curious. I don't know what made me say it. The hare looked the loveliest of little live things. But I am sorry they told you about the man. It is terrible.”

“It is annoying<sup>1</sup>,” said Lord Henry. “It is of no interest. But if Geoffrey had done the thing on purpose, how interesting he would be! I should like to know some one who had committed a real murder.”

<sup>1</sup> It is annoying — Досадная история

“How horrid of you, Harry!” cried the Duchess. “Isn't it, Mr. Gray? Harry, Mr. Gray is ill again. He is going to faint.”

“It is nothing, Duchess,” Dorian answered, “my nerves are dreadfully out of order. That is all. I am afraid I walked too far this morning. I didn't hear what Harry said. Was it very bad? You must tell me some other time. I think I must go and lie down. You will excuse me, won't you?”

At five o'clock next morning Dorian rang his bell for his servant and gave him orders to pack his things for the night-express to town. He didn't want to stay in his house in the country any longer. Death walked there in the sunlight. The grass of the forest had been spotted with blood.

Then he wrote a note to Lord Henry, telling him that he was going up to town to consult his doctor. As he was finishing the letter, a knock came to the door, and the policeman came.

“I suppose you have come about the unfortunate accident of this morning?” Dorian said, taking up a pen.

“Yes, sir,” answered the policeman.

“Was the poor fellow married? Had he any family?” asked Dorian, looking bored. “If so, I will send them any sum of money.”

“We don't know who he is, sir. That is why I decided to ask you about him. Nobody saw him before. He looks like a sailor.”

“A sailor?” Dorian cried out. “Did you say a sailor?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Was there anything found on him?” said Dorian, looking straight at the man. “Anything that would tell his name?”

“Some money, sir. And a revolver. But no name.”

Dorian started to his feet. "Where is the body? Quick! I must see it at once."

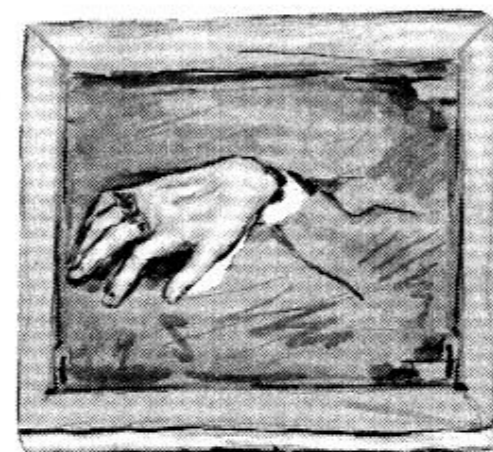
He hurried to the house where the dead body was and in less than a quarter of an hour, Dorian Gray was standing near it. The face was covered with cloth but Dorian couldn't touch it. "Take that thing off the face. I want to see it," he said to his servant.

When the servant did it, a cry of joy broke from Dorian's lips. The dead man was James Vane. Dorian stood there for some minutes looking at the dead body. As he rode home, his eyes were full of tears, for he knew he was safe.



## *Chapter Fourteen*

### **Quite perfect**



"You are going to be good?" cried Lord Henry.  
"But you are quite perfect. Please, don't change."

Dorian Gray shook his head. "No, Harry, I have done too many dreadful things in my life. I am not going to do any more. I began my good actions yesterday."

"Where were you yesterday?"

"In the country, Harry. I was staying at a little country hotel by myself."

"My dear boy," said Lord Henry, smiling, "anybody can be good in the country. There are no temptations there.<sup>1</sup> There is nothing to do in the country, so it is impossible to do anything bad."

<sup>1</sup> **There are no temptations there.** — Там нет соблазнов.

“Now I have a new ideal, Harry. I am going to change. I think I have already changed.”

“You have not yet told me what your good action was. Or did you say you had done more than one?” asked Lord Henry.

“I can tell you, Harry. It is not a story I could tell to any one else. I spared a girl’s life. I hope you’ll understand what I mean. She was quite beautiful and wonderfully like Sibyl Vane. You remember Sibyl, don’t you? How long ago that seems!<sup>1</sup> Well, Hetty was not one of our own class, of course. She was simply a girl in a village. But I really loved her. I am quite sure that I loved her. All during this wonderful May that we have been having, I used to come and see her two or three times a week. Yesterday she met me in a little apple-garden. The apple-blossoms were coming down on her hair, and she was laughing. We wanted to go away together this morning. Suddenly I decided to leave her as flowerlike as I had found her.”

“Can I finish the story for you, Dorian? You gave her good advice and broke her heart. That was your good action!”

“Harry, you are horrible! You mustn’t say these dreadful things. Hetty’s heart is not broken. Of course, she cried and all that. But”

“My dear Dorian, you are absolutely boyish. Do you think this girl will ever be really happy now with anyone from her village? I suppose she will be married some day to a country boy. Well, the fact of having met you, and loved you, will teach her to hate her husband, and she will be the unhappiest woman in the world. Perhaps, she got so unhappy after you had left her in the garden

<sup>1</sup> **How long ago that seems!** — Как давно это было!

alone that she killed herself. Are you sure that she didn’t?”

“I can’t bear this, Harry! I am sorry I told you now. I don’t care what you say to me. I know I was right in acting as I did. Poor Hetty! As I rode past the farm this morning, I saw her white face at the window. Don’t let us talk about it any more! I want to be better. I am going to be better. Tell me something about yourself. What is going on in town? I have not been to the club for days.”

“The people are still discussing Alan Campbell’s suicide and poor Basil’s disappearance. The police still insists that the man in the grey coat who left for Paris by the midnight train on the ninth of November was poor Basil, and the French police say that Basil never arrived in Paris at all. I suppose in two weeks they will say that he has been seen in San Francisco.”

“What do you think has happened to Basil?” asked Dorian.

“I have no idea. If Basil wants to hide himself, it is no business of mine. If he is dead, I don’t want to think about him. Death is the only thing that ever terrifies me. I hate it.”

“Why?” said the younger man.

“Because,” said Lord Henry, “one can survive everything nowadays except that. Let us have our coffee, Dorian. You must play Chopin<sup>1</sup> to me.”

Dorian said nothing, but rose from the table, and passing into the next room, sat down to the piano. After the coffee had been brought in, he stopped playing, and looking at Lord Henry, said, “Harry, did it ever happen to you that Basil was murdered?”

<sup>1</sup> **Chopin** — Фредерик Шопен; известный польский пианист и композитор



“Basil was very popular, and always wore a cheep watch. Why should he have been murdered? He was not clever enough to have enemies. Of course, he had a wonderful genius for painting. But Basil was really very dull. He only interested me once, and that was when he told me, years ago, about you.”

“I was very fond of Basil,” said Dorian sadly. “What would you say, Harry, if I told you that I had murdered Basil?”

Lord Henry smiled. “No, Dorian. Murder wouldn’t please you. You know different pleasures. You know quite well one of the most important secrets of life. The murder is always a mistake. One should never do anything that one cannot talk about after dinner. But our poor Basil — during the last ten years his painting wasn’t good at all. It had lost an ideal. When you and he stopped to be great friends, he stopped to be a great artist. Why did you stop being friends? I suppose he bored you. By the way, what has become of that wonderful portrait he did of you? I don’t think I have ever seen it since he finished it. Oh! I remember your telling me years ago that you had sent it to an art gallery. You never got it back? What a pity!”

“But I never really liked it. I am sorry I sat for it. The memory of the thing is hateful to me. I prefer not to think about it.”

For twenty minutes the two men were silent. The elder man lay back in the chair and asked Dorian with half-closed eyes, “Why are you so serious? Play me something beautiful, and, as you play, tell me, in a low voice, how you have kept your youth. You must have some secret. I am only ten years older than you are, and I am wrinkled, and worn, and yellow. You are really wonderful, Dorian. You have never looked more charming

than you do tonight. You remind me of the day I saw you first. You have changed, of course, but not in appearance. I wish you would tell me your secret. To get back my youth I would do anything in the world, except take exercise, get up early, or be respectable. Youth! There is nothing like it. Ah, Dorian, how happy you are! What a fantastic life you have had! Nothing has been hidden from you. And it has all been to you no more than the sound of music. It has not spoiled you. You are still the same.”

“I am not the same, Harry.”

“Yes, you are the same. I wonder what the rest of your life will be. At present you are a perfect type. You need not shake your head: you know you are. I am so glad that you have never done anything, not a statue, not a picture! Life has been your art.”

Dorian rose up from the piano and passed his hand through his hair.

“Yes, I have had a wonderful life,” he said, “but I am not going to have the same life, Harry. You don’t know everything about me. I think that if you did, even you would turn from me. You laugh. Don’t laugh.”

“Why have you stopped playing, Dorian? Look at that great, honey-coloured moon that hangs in the air. She is waiting for you to charm her, and if you play she will come closer to the earth. You won’t? Let us go to the club, then. It has been a charming evening, and we must end it charmingly.”

“But I am tired tonight, Harry. I shan’t go to the club. It is nearly eleven, and I want to go to bed early.”

“Do stay. You have never played so well as tonight. There was something in your touch that was wonderful.”

“It is because I am going to be good,” Dorian answered, smiling.



"You cannot change to me, Dorian," said Lord Henry. "You and I will always be friends."

"Yet you poisoned me with a book once. I should not forgive that. Harry, promise me that you will never lend that book to any one. It does harm."

"You and I are what we are, and will be what we will be. As for being poisoned by a book, there is no such thing as that. The book showed you the world's own shame. That is all. But we won't discuss literature. Come round tomorrow. I am going to ride at eleven. We might go together."

"Very well. I shall be here at eleven," said Dorian. "Good night, Harry."

As he came to the door, he stopped for a moment, but sighed and went out without a word.

It was a lovely night, so warm that he took off his coat. On his way home he was smoking his cigarette and two young men in evening dress passed him. He heard one of them say to the other, "That is Dorian Gray."

He remembered how pleased he used to be when people in the street recognized him. But now he was tired of hearing his own name. When he was in the country, in that little village, no one knew who he was. And he loved it! He had often told the girl that he was poor, and she had believed him. He had told her once that he was very bad, and she had laughed at him and answered that bad people were always very old and very ugly. What a laugh she had! And how pretty she had been in her cotton dress and her large hats! She knew nothing, but she had everything that he had lost.

When he reached home, he found his servant waiting up for him. He sent him to bed, and threw himself down on the sofa in the library, and began to think over some of the things that Lord Henry had said to him.

Was it really true that one could never change? He knew that he had lived an evil life, and had destroyed the lives of many other people, even his friends'. Was there no hope for him? Why had he made that monstrous wish about the portrait? He had kept his beauty and youth, but he had paid a terrible price for it. His beauty had destroyed his soul.

A lovely mirror was standing on the table. Dorian took it up, as he had done on that night of horror when he had first noted the change in the fatal picture, and with wild eyes looked into it. Once, some one who had terribly loved him had written to him a mad letter, ending with these words: "The world is changed because you are made of ivory and gold. Your lips rewrite history." But the next moment he hated his own beauty, and threw the mirror on the floor. It was his beauty that had ruined him. His endless youth had spoiled him. It was better not to think of the past. Nothing could change that. It was of himself, and of his own future, that he had to think. James Vane was hidden in a nameless grave. Alan Campbell had shot himself one night in his laboratory. Basil Hallward's disappearance would soon be forgotten. So he was perfectly safe now. He didn't feel sorry for the death of Basil. The living death of his own soul troubled him most. Basil had painted the portrait that had ruined his life. He could not forgive him that. It was the portrait that had done everything. The murder had been simply the madness of a moment. As for Alan Campbell, his suicide had been his own act. He had chosen to do it. It was nothing to him.

A new life! That was what he wanted. That was what he was waiting for. Surely he had begun it already.

As he thought of Hetty, he began to wonder if the portrait in the locked room had changed. Surely it was

not still so horrible as it had been? Perhaps the signs of evil had already gone away. He would go and look. He took the lamp from the table and went upstairs. As he opened the door, a smile of joy went across his strangely young-looking face. Yes, he would be good, and the dreadful thing that he had hidden away would no longer be a terror to him.

He went in quietly, locking the door behind him and uncovered the picture. A cry of pain broke from him. He could see no change but in the eyes there was a look of cunning and in the mouth the curved wrinkle of the hypocrite<sup>1</sup>. The face in the picture was still terrible — more hateful, if possible, than before — and the red on the hand was even brighter, like new blood. Then he trembled.

What should he do? To go to the police? To be put to death? He laughed. He felt that the idea was monstrous. Besides, even if he went to the police, who would believe him? Everything belonging to Basil had been destroyed. He himself had burned it. The world would simply say that he was mad. They would shut him up in hospital. The death of Basil Hallward seemed very little to him. There was the only evidence left against him. The picture itself — that was evidence. He would destroy it. Why had he kept it so long? For many years it had given him pleasure to watch it changing and growing old. Now he didn't feel such pleasure. He hated it and was afraid of it. He would destroy it.

He looked round and saw the knife. As it had killed the painter, so it would kill the painter's work. It would

<sup>1</sup> **in the eyes there was a look of cunning and in the mouth the curved wrinkle of the hypocrite** — в выражении глаз было что-то хитрое, и губы кривила лицемерная усмешка

kill the past, and when that was dead, he would be free. It would kill this monstrous soul-life, and he would be at peace. He took the thing, and dug it into the picture.

There was a terrible cry, and a loud crash. The cry was so horrible in its agony that the frightened servants woke and left their rooms. Two gentlemen, who were passing in the street, stopped and looked up at the great house. They walked on till they met a policeman and brought him back. The man rang the bell several times, but there was no answer. Except for a light in one of the top windows, the house was all dark.

“Whose house is that?” asked the elder of the two gentlemen.

“Mr. Dorian Gray’s, sir,” answered the policeman. They looked at each other, as they walked away.

Inside the servants were talking in low frightened voices. After about a quarter of an hour they went upstairs. They knocked, but there was no answer. They called out. Everything was quiet. They couldn’t open the door and had to climb down from the roof and got through the window.

When they entered, on the wall they found a lovely portrait of their master as they had last seen him, in all the wonderful youth and beauty. Lying on the floor was a dead man, in evening dress, with a knife in his heart. He was old, and ugly, and yellow with illness.

Only when the servants examined the rings, they recognized who it was.

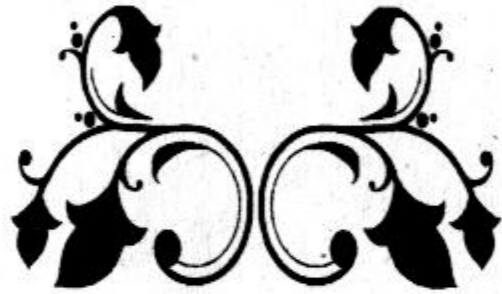


## Short Stories



# Lord Arthur Savile's Crime

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## Chapter One

### He tells fortune and misfortune

It was Lady Windermere's last reception<sup>1</sup> before Easter, and her house was even more crowded than usual. In fact, it was one of Lady Windermere's best nights. Six ministers, four political economists, nine famous scientists and all the pretty women were there.

Lady Windermere looked wonderfully beautiful with her grand ivory throat, her large blue forget-me-not eyes, and her shiny golden hair. She was a curious psychological study. Early in life she had discovered the important truth — nothing looks so like innocence as an indiscretion. She had more than once changed her husband but she had never changed her lover. She was now forty years

<sup>1</sup> **reception** = great party

of age, childless, and with that extraordinary passion for pleasure which is the secret of remaining young.

Suddenly she looked round the room, and said, in her clear voice, "Where is my cheiromantist?"

"Your what, Gladys?" asked the Duchess.

"My cheiromantist, Duchess; I can't live without him."

"Dear Gladys! You are always so original," said the Duchess, trying to remember what a cheiromantist really was, and hoping it was not the same as a cheiropodist<sup>1</sup>.

"He comes to see my hand twice a week regularly," continued Lady Windermere.

"Good heavens!" said the Duchess to herself. "He is a sort of cheiropodist after all. How very dreadful. I hope he is a foreigner at least. It wouldn't be quite so bad then."

"I must certainly introduce him to you."

"Introduce him!" cried the Duchess. "You don't mean to say he is here?" and she began looking about. "He tells fortunes<sup>2</sup>, I suppose?"

"And misfortunes, too," answered Lady Windermere, "as many as you like. Next year, for instance, I am in great danger, both by land and sea, so I am going to live in a balloon, and draw up my dinner in a basket every evening. It is all written down on my little finger, or on the palm of my hand, I forget which... Now, I'm going to bring it here myself if nobody wants to help me."

"Let me go, Lady Windermere," said a tall handsome young man, who was standing by, listening to the conversation with an amused smile.

<sup>1</sup> **a cheiromantist** — хиромант; **a cheiropodist** — мастер по педикюру и мозолям

<sup>2</sup> **He tells fortunes** — Он предсказывает будущее

"Thanks so much, Lord Arthur; but I am afraid you wouldn't recognize him."

"If he is as wonderful as you say, Lady Windermere, I couldn't miss him. Tell me what he is like, and I'll bring him to you at once."

"Well, he is not a bit like<sup>1</sup> a cheiromantist. I mean he is not mysterious or romantic-looking. He is a little, fat man, with a funny, bald head, and great gold spectacles; something between a family doctor and a country attorney. I'm really very sorry, but it is not my fault. People are so annoying. All my pianists look exactly like poets, and all my poets look exactly like pianists. Ah, here is Mr. Podgers! Now, Mr. Podgers, I want you to tell the Duchess of Paisley's hand. Duchess, you must take your glove off. No, not the left hand, the other."

"Dear Gladys, I really don't think it is quite right," said the Duchess, taking off her glove.

"Mr. Podgers, this is the Duchess of Paisley, and if you say that she has a larger mountain of the moon<sup>2</sup> than I have, I will never believe in you again."

"I am sure, Gladys, there is nothing of the kind in my hand," said the Duchess seriously.

"You are quite right," said Mr. Podgers, looking at the little fat hand with its short square fingers, "the mountain of the moon is not developed. The line of life, however, is excellent. You will live to a great age, Duchess, and be extremely happy. Ambition — very moderate, line of intellect not exaggerated..."

"Please go on, Mr. Podgers," said the Duchess, looking quite happy.

<sup>1</sup> **he is not a bit like** = he doesn't look like

<sup>2</sup> **mountain of the moon** — бугорок Луны (*часть ладони*)

"You like comfort," said Mr. Podgers, "and modern improvements, and hot water in every bedroom. You are quite right. Comfort is the only thing our civilisation can give us."

"You have told the Duchess's character perfectly, Mr. Podgers, and now you must tell Lady Flora's."

Lady Flora was a tall girl, with sandy hair. She came to Mr. Podger and held out a long, bony hand.

"Ah, a pianist! I see," said Mr. Podgers, "an excellent pianist, but perhaps hardly a musician. Very reserved, very honest, and with a great love of animals."

"Quite true!" exclaimed the Duchess, turning to Lady Windermere. "Absolutely true! Flora keeps two dozen dogs, and would turn our town house into a Zoo if her father would let her."

"But you must read some more hands for us. Come, Sir Thomas, show Mr. Podgers yours," and an old gentleman, in a white waistcoat, came forward, and held out a fat hand with a very long third finger.

"An adventurous nature; four long voyages in the past, and one to come. Been shipwrecked three times. No, only twice, but in danger of a shipwreck your next journey. Very punctual, and with a passion for collecting curiosities. Had a serious illness between the ages of sixteen and eighteen. Was left a fortune<sup>1</sup> when about thirty. Doesn't like cats."

"Extraordinary!" exclaimed Sir Thomas. "You must really tell my wife's hand, too."

"Your second wife's," said Mr. Podgers quietly, still keeping Sir Thomas's hand in his. "Your second wife's. I shall be charmed." But Lady Marvel, a melancholy-looking woman, with brown hair and sentimental eyelashes,

<sup>1</sup> **a fortune** = a lot of money

refused to have her past or her future read. There were some more people who didn't want even to take gloves off. They seemed to be afraid to face the strange little man with his stereotyped smile, his gold spectacles, and his bright beady eyes.

Lord Arthur Savile, however, who had been watching Mr. Podgers with a great deal of interest, was filled with curiosity to have his own hand read. But he was feeling a little shy, so he asked Lady Windermere if she thought Mr. Podgers would mind<sup>1</sup>.

"Of course, he won't mind," said Lady Windermere, "that is what he is here for<sup>2</sup>. But I must remember that I shall tell Sybil everything. She is coming to lunch with me tomorrow and if Mr. Podgers finds out that you have a bad temper or a wife, I shall certainly let her know all about it."

Lord Arthur smiled, and shook his head. "I am not afraid," he answered. "Sybil knows me as well as I know her."

"Ah! I am a little sorry to hear you say that. The basis for marriage is a mutual misunderstanding. No, I am not at all cynical, I have just got experience. Mr. Podgers, Lord Arthur Savile is dying<sup>3</sup> to have his hand read. Don't tell him that he is going to marry one of the most beautiful girls in London, because that appeared in the newspapers a month ago. Mr. Podgers, tell us some nice details. Lord Arthur is one of my special favourites."

But when Mr. Podgers saw Lord Arthur's hand he grew curiously pale, and said nothing. A terror seemed to pass through him, he turned absolutely white and his fat fingers grew as cold as ice.

<sup>1</sup> **would mind** = would agree

<sup>2</sup> **that is what he is here for** — для этого он здесь и находится

<sup>3</sup> **is dying** = wants very much

Lord Arthur noticed these changings in the man's appearance and, for the first time in his life, he himself felt fear. His was about running away from the room, but he did his best and stayed. It was better to know the worst, whatever it was, than to be left in this hideous uncertainty.

"I am waiting, Mr. Podgers," he said.

"We are all waiting," cried Lady Windermere, in her quick, impatient manner, but the cheiromantist made no reply.

Suddenly Mr. Podgers dropped Lord Arthur's right hand, and took his left one. For a moment his face became a white mask of horror, but he soon recovered, and looking up at Lady Windermere, said with an unnatural smile, "It is the hand of a charming young man."

"Of course it is!" answered Lady Windermere, "but will he be a charming husband? That is what I want to know."

"All charming young men are," said Mr. Podgers.

"My dear," cried Lady Windermere. "But what I want are details. Details are the only things that interest everybody. What is going to happen to Lord Arthur?"

"Well, within the next few months Lord Arthur will go a voyage..."

"Oh yes, his honeymoon, of course!"

"And lose a distant relative."

"Well, I am dreadfully disappointed," said Lady Windermere. "I have absolutely nothing to tell Sybil tomorrow. No one cares about distant relatives nowadays. They went out of fashion years ago. However, I suppose she had better have a black silk by her; for church, you know. And now let us go to supper."

All this time Lord Arthur Savile was standing by the fireplace, with the same feeling of horror, the same sick-

ening sense of coming evil. He was thinking of Sybil Merton, and the idea that anything could come between them made his eyes wet with tears. Now for the first time he became conscious of the terrible mystery of Destiny. How mad and monstrous it all seemed! Could it be, that written on his hand, in a way that he could not read himself, but that another could, was some fearful secret of sin, some blood-red sign of crime? Was there no escape possible? Were we no better than chessmen<sup>1</sup>, moved by an unseen power?

Suddenly Mr. Podgers entered the room. When he saw Lord Arthur he started, and his face became a sort of greenish-yellow colour. The two men's eyes met, and for a moment there was silence.

Lord Arthur walked across the room to where Mr. Podgers was standing, and held his hand out. "Tell me what you saw there," he said. "Tell me the truth. I must know it. I am not a child."

"What makes you think that I saw anything in your hand, Lord Arthur, more than I told you?"

"I know you did, and I insist on your telling me what it was. I will pay you. I will give you a cheque for a hundred pounds. Be quick," cried Lord Arthur, looking very pale, and holding his hand out.

Mr. Podgers looked nervously round. "It will take a little time, Lord Arthur, you had better sit down."

"Be quick, sir," cried Lord Arthur again, stamping his foot angrily on the polished floor.

Mr. Podgers smiled, drew from his pocket a small magnifying glass. "I am quite ready," he said.

Ten minutes later, with white face and wild eyes, Lord Arthur Savile rushed from Lady Windermere's

<sup>1</sup> **chessmen** — шахматные фигуры; зд. пешки

house. The night was terribly cold, but his hands were hot with fever, and his forehead burned like fire. On and on he went. Once he stopped under a lamp, and looked at his hands. He thought he could see blood on them, and a cry broke from his trembling lips.

Murder! That is what the cheiromantist had seen there. Murder! The very night seemed to know it, and the wind to whisper it in his ear. The dark corners of the streets were full of it. It grinned at him from the roofs of the houses.

First he came to the park, then he went along Oxford Street. At the corner of the street stood two men, reading something. A strange feeling of curiosity came over him. The word 'Murder', printed in black letters, met his eye. He started, and a deep red came into his cheek. It was an advertisement offering a large sum of money for any information leading to the arrest of a man of medium height<sup>1</sup>, between thirty and forty years of age, wearing a black coat, and check trousers<sup>2</sup>, and with a scar upon his right cheek. He read it over and over again, and wondered if the man would be caught, and how he had been scarred. Perhaps, some day, his own name would be placed on the walls of London. Some day, perhaps, a price would be set on his head also.

The thought made him sick with horror. He turned away and hurried on into the night. Where he went he hardly knew. Later he remembered a labyrinth of dark houses, a giant web of endless streets. Early in morning he found himself on his way home. There he met the great waggons on their way to Covent Garden<sup>3</sup>. The drivers in

<sup>1</sup> **of medium height** — среднего роста

<sup>2</sup> **check trousers** — клетчатые брюки

<sup>3</sup> **Covent Garden** = London market place



white shirts, with their pleasant sunburnt faces and curly hair, moved on and on. The great piles of vegetables looked like masses of green jewels against the morning sky. Lord Arthur felt curiously affected, he could not tell why. There was something in the dawn's delicate loveliness that seemed to him inexpressibly pathetic. He thought of all the days that start in beauty, and that end in storm. These common country men with their good-humoured voices and unspoiled natures, what a strange London they saw! A London free from the sin of night and the smoke of day! He wondered what they thought of it, and whether they knew anything of its shame and its horrible hunger. He felt that they had lived with Nature, and that she had taught them peace. He envied them all that they did not know.

By the time he had reached his house the sky was a light blue, and the birds were beginning to sing in the gardens.

## *Chapter Two*

### **Murder! The sooner, the better**

When Lord Arthur woke it was twelve o'clock. He got up and looked out of the window. It was a wet and hot day, and the roofs of the houses were like dull silver. In the green of the square below some children were playing, and the street was crowded with people on their way to the park. Never had life seemed lovelier to him, never had the things of evil seemed more remote<sup>1</sup>.

After breakfast, he lay down on a sofa and lit a cigarette. He was looking at a large photograph of Sybil

<sup>1</sup> remote = far away

Merton, as he had seen her first at the ball. The small, beautifully shaped head, the thin, graceful neck, the parted lips — all the tender purity of girlhood looked out in wonder from the dreaming eyes.

Now as Lord Arthur looked at her, he was filled with the terrible pity that is born of love<sup>1</sup>. He felt that to marry her, with the murder hanging over his head, would be a sin. What happiness could there be for them? The marriage must be put off. Of this he was quite sure. Lord Arthur was fully conscious of the fact that he had no right to marry until he had committed the murder. This done, he could stand before the altar with Sybil Merton, and give his life into her hands. This done, he could take her to his arms, knowing that she would never have to blush for him, never have to hang her head in shame. But done it must be first; and the sooner the better for both.

Lord Arthur couldn't set pleasure above principle. There was more than passion in his love; and Sybil was to him a symbol of all that is good and noble. For a moment he had a strong feeling of dislike against what he was asked to do, but it soon passed away. His heart told him that it was not a sin, but a sacrifice. He knew that there was no other way for him. He had to choose between living for himself and living for others. Sooner or later we are all called upon to decide on the same question. To Lord Arthur it came early in life, before his nature had been spoiled by the calculating cynicism of middle-age. Fortunately also, for him, he was not a dreamer. Life to him meant action, rather than thought. He had that rarest of all things, common sense.

The only question troubled him was, whom to make away with<sup>2</sup>. He was not a genius, so he had no

<sup>1</sup> pity that is born of love — жалость, рожденная любовью

<sup>2</sup> whom to make away with — от кого избавиться

enemies. So he made out a list of his friends and relatives, and after careful study, chose Lady Clementina Beauchamp who was his own second cousin by his mother's side. He had always been very fond of Lady Clem. In fact, the more he thought over the matter, the more she seemed to him to be just the right person. She was the oldest one and she lived in the nearest street to him.

The first thing to be done was, of course, to send a cheque to Mr. Podgers. So he did. Then he looked at Sybil Merton's photograph, and swore that he would never let her know what he was doing for love. He would keep the secret of his self-sacrifice hidden always in his heart.

Then he went out to a flower shop and sent Sybil a beautiful basket of narcissi. He was going to spend some hours in the library studying books on Toxicology<sup>1</sup>. He had fully decided that poison was the best means for this troublesome business. It was safe, sure, and quiet, and did away with any necessity for painful scenes, which, like most Englishmen, he hated.

Of the science of poisons, however, he knew absolutely nothing, and spent four hours studying endless books on that subject. Finally he found a book written in fairly clear English. It seemed to him to be exactly the poison he wanted. It was quick — indeed, almost immediate, in its effect — perfectly painless, and taken in the form of a gelatine capsule. Lord Arthur made a note, put the books back in their place, and went to Pestle and Humbey's, the great chemist's<sup>2</sup>. Mr. Pestle was very much surprised. However, as soon as Lord Arthur explained to him that it was for a large Norwegian mastiff

<sup>1</sup> Toxicology = the science of poisons and their effects

<sup>2</sup> the chemist's = the shop where drugs and medicines are prepared

that he had to get rid of, because it was very aggressive, the poison was made immediately.

Lord Arthur put the capsule into a pretty little silver box and went at once to Lady Clementina's.

"Well, Lord Arthur," cried the old lady, as he entered the room, "why haven't you been to see me all this time? I think you go about all day long with Miss Sybil Merton. Of course, that is the only reason you come to see an ugly old woman like myself. Why, if it were not for dear Lady Jansen<sup>1</sup>, who sends me all the worst French novels she can find, I don't think I could get through the day. Doctors are no use at all, except to get money. They can't even cure my heartburn."

"I have brought you a cure for that, Lady Clem," said Lord Arthur quickly. "It is a wonderful thing, invented by an American."

"I don't think I like American inventions, Arthur. I am quite sure I don't. I read some American novels lately, and they were very bad."

"Oh, Lady Clem, it is a perfect cure. You must promise to try it," and Lord Arthur brought the little box out of his pocket, and handed it to her.

"Well, the box is charming, Arthur. Is it really a present? That is very sweet of you. And is this the wonderful medicine? It looks like a sweet. I'll take it at once."

"Good heavens! Lady Clem," cried Lord Arthur, catching hold of her hand, "you mustn't do anything of the kind. It is a special medicine, and if you take it without having heartburn, it won't work. Wait till you have an attack, and take it then. You will be surprised with the result."

<sup>1</sup> if it were not for dear Lady Jansen — если бы не дорогая леди Джэнсен



“I should like to take it now,” said Lady Clementina, looking at the capsule. “I am sure it is delicious. The fact is that, though I hate doctors, I love medicines. However, I’ll keep it till my next attack.”

“And when will that be?” asked Lord Arthur eagerly. “Will it be soon?”

“I hope not for a week. I had a very bad time yesterday morning with it. But one never knows.”

“You are sure to have one before the end of the month then, Lady Clem?”

“I am afraid so. But how kind you are today, Arthur! Really, Sybil is lucky to have such a husband. And now you must run away, for I have to take my afternoon sleep. Good-bye, Arthur, give my love to Sybil, and thank you so much for the American medicine.”

“You won’t forget to take it, Lady Clem, will you?” said Lord Arthur, rising from his seat.

“Of course I won’t, you silly boy. I shall write and tell you if I want any more.”

Lord Arthur left the house absolutely happy.

That night he had a talk with Sybil Merton. He told her that the marriage must be put off for a while but he didn’t explain the reason. He asked her to trust him, and not to have any doubts about the future. Everything would come right, but patience was necessary. Sybil got very unhappy and nearly cried. Lord Arthur had to stay with Sybil till nearly midnight, but early in the next morning he left for Venice<sup>1</sup>.

In Italy he met his brother, Lord Surbiton. The two young men spent two delightful weeks together. Yet Lord Arthur was not happy. Every day he studied

<sup>1</sup> Venice — Венеция; город в Италии, построенный на листовничных сваях, забитых в морское дно

the English newspapers, expecting to see a notice of Lady Clementina's death. But every day he was disappointed. He began to be afraid that some accident had happened to her. Sybil's letters were full of love, and trust, and tenderness, but they were often very sad, and sometimes he used to think that he was parted from her for ever.

Finally he got it! One morning (It was the 22nd of June!) his servant brought him a pile of newspapers, letters and a telegram. Everything had been successful. Lady Clementina had died quite suddenly on the night of the 17th!

His first thought was for Sybil, and he sent her off a telegram. He then ordered his servant to pack his things and ran up to his sitting-room to get dressed. There he sat into his arm-chair and read two other letters. One was from Sybil herself. The others were from his mother. She wrote to him that the old lady had dined with the Duchess that very night, and had gone home rather early, complaining of heartburn. In the morning she was found dead in her bed. A few days before she died she had made her will, and left Lord Arthur her little house in London with all her furniture and pictures.

Lord Arthur was very much touched by Lady Clementina's kind remembrance of him, and felt that Mr. Podgers had a great deal to answer for<sup>1</sup>. His love of Sybil, however, dominated every other emotion, and the consciousness that he had done his duty gave him peace and comfort. When he arrived in London, he felt perfectly happy.

<sup>1</sup> **Mr. Podgers had a great deal to answer for** — мистеру Поджерсу было за что ответить

Sybil met him very kindly and made him promise that he would never again allow anything to come between them. The marriage was fixed for the 7th of June. Life seemed to him more bright and beautiful, and all his old gladness came back to him again.

One day Lord Arthur and Sybil were in the Lady Clementina's house. Suddenly the young girl gave a little cry of delight.

"What have you found, Sybil?" said Lord Arthur, smiling.

"This lovely little silver box, Arthur. Do give it to me!"

It was the box that had held the poisoned sweet.

Lord Arthur started, and a blush came into his cheek. He had almost forgotten what he had done. "Of course you can have it, Sybil. I gave it to poor Lady Clem myself."

"Oh! thank you, Arthur; and may I have the sweet too? I didn't know that Lady Clementina liked sweets. I thought she was far too intellectual."

Lord Arthur grew deadly pale, and a horrible idea crossed his mind. "Sweet, Sybil? What do you mean?" he said in a low voice.

"There is one in it, that is all. It looks quite old and dusty. What is the matter, Arthur? How white you look!"

Lord Arthur rushed across the room, and took the box. Inside it was the golden capsule, with its poison inside. Lady Clementina had died a natural death after all!

The shock of the discovery was almost too much for him. He threw the capsule into the fire with a cry of despair.

## Chapter Three

## Let us be married tomorrow!

Mr. and Mrs. Merton, Sybil's parents, were very distressed when the marriage was put off for the second time. They even tried to make Sybil break off the engagement. But the young girl had given her whole life into Lord Arthur's hands, and had nothing to do but wait. As for Lord Arthur himself, it took him days to get over<sup>1</sup> his terrible disappointment. Fortunately his excellent common sense and practical mind did help him to find the answer. Poison was a complete failure, dynamite seemed to be much better.

He looked again over the list of his friends and relatives, and decided to blow up his uncle who was a man of great culture and learning. Besides, he was extremely fond of clocks. He had a wonderful collection of clocks, old and modern, and it seemed to Lord Arthur that his hobby offered him a good chance. Where to get an explosive machine was, of course, quite another matter.

Suddenly he thought of his friend Rouvaloff, a young Russian of very modern ideas. He had met him at Lady Windermere's in winter. But they said him to be a revolutionary agent. Lord Arthur felt that he was just the man for his purpose, and one morning he came to his house to ask for his advice and help.

"So you are taking up politics seriously?" said Count Rouvaloff, when Lord Arthur had told him about dynamite. Lord Arthur had nothing to do but say that he simply wanted the explosive machine for a purely family matter<sup>2</sup>.

Count Rouvaloff looked at him for some moments in amazement, and then seeing that he was quite serious,

<sup>1</sup> to get over = to recover from

<sup>2</sup> a purely family matter — чисто семейный вопрос

wrote an address on a piece of paper and handed it to him across the table. "Scotland Yard would give a good deal of money to know this address, my dear fellow."

"They shan't have it," cried Lord Arthur, laughing; and after shaking the young Russian warmly by the hand he ran downstairs, examined the paper, and told the cabman to drive to Soho Square<sup>1</sup>.

There he walked on and on along the narrow streets, till he came to a place described in the note. He knocked at a little green house. After some minutes of silence, the door was opened by a rather strange foreigner, who asked him in very bad English what his business was. Lord Arthur handed him the paper Count Rouvaloff had given him. When the man saw it, he invited Lord Arthur into a very small room on the ground floor. In a few moments Mr. Winckelkopf came into the room.

"Count Rouvaloff has given me your address," said Lord Arthur, bowing, "my name is Smith, Mr. Robert Smith, and I want to get an explosive clock."

"Glad to meet you, Lord Arthur," said the little German, laughing. "Don't look so worried, it is my duty to know everybody, and I remember seeing you one evening at Lady Windermere's. I hope she is quite well. Well, explosive clocks... if you want one for home use, I can give you an excellent clock, and guarantee that you will be satisfied with the result. May I ask for whom it is for? If it is for the police, I am afraid I cannot do anything for you. The English detectives are really our best friends, and I have always found<sup>2</sup> that by relying on their stupidity, we can do exactly what we like..."

<sup>1</sup> Soho Square = the square in central London

<sup>2</sup> I have always found — я всегда считал

"I should tell you," said Lord Arthur, "that it has nothing to do with the police at all. In fact, the clock is for my uncle. As you can see, the matter is purely private."

Mr. Winckelkopf smiled and left the room, returning in a few minutes with a round cake of dynamite<sup>1</sup> about the size of a coin, and a pretty little French clock. The golden figure of Liberty was trampling on the hydra of Despotism — that was it.

Lord Arthur's face brightened up when he saw it. "That is just what I want," he cried, "and now tell me how it works."

"Ah! there is my secret," answered Mr. Winckelkopf, "let me know when you wish it to explode, and I will set the machine to the moment."

"Well, today is Tuesday, and if you could send it off at once..."

"I can send it off tomorrow."

"Oh, it will be quite enough!" said Lord Arthur politely, "if it is delivered tomorrow night or Thursday morning. For the moment of the explosion, say Friday at noon exactly. My uncle is always at home at that hour."

"Friday, at noon," repeated Mr. Winckelkopf, and he made a note in a big book.

"And now," said Lord Arthur, rising from his seat, "let me know how much is it?"

"It is such a small matter, Lord Arthur. The dynamite comes to seven and sixpence, the clock will be three pounds ten."

"But your trouble, Mr. Winckelkopf?"

"Oh, that is nothing! It is a pleasure to me. I do not work for money; I live for my art."

<sup>1</sup> a round cake of dynamite — круглый плоский кусочек динамита

Lord Arthur laid down money on the table, thanked the little German for his kindness, and left the house.

For the next two days he was greatly excited, and on Friday at twelve o'clock he drove down to the club. At four o'clock the evening papers came in, and Lord Arthur disappeared into the library with them. None of the papers, however, told about his uncle. Lord Arthur felt that the matter had failed. It was a terrible blow to him, and for a time he was shocked.

Two days later, as he was going upstairs, his mother called him into her room and showed him a letter she had just received from his uncle's family. "Your cousin, Jane, writes charming letters," she said, "you must really read her last. It is quite as good as the novels."

Lord Arthur took the letter from her hand. It went as follows:

'My Dearest Aunt,

We have had great fun over a clock that an unknown person sent my father last Thursday. It arrived in a wooden box from London. My father thinks it was sent by someone who had read his remarkable speech about Liberty. Because on the top of the clock was a figure of a woman, with the cap of Liberty on her head. I didn't think it very becoming myself<sup>1</sup>, but father said it was historical. Father unpacked it and put it on the table in the library. We were all sitting there on Friday morning, when just as the clock struck twelve, we heard a strange noise, a little puff of smoke<sup>2</sup> came from the pedestal of the figure, and the goddess of Liberty fell off and broke her nose! It looked so ridiculous, that we went off into

<sup>1</sup> I didn't think it very becoming myself = As for me, I didn't like it at all

<sup>2</sup> a little puff of smoke — небольшое облачко дыма

laughter, and even father was amused. When we examined it, we found it was a sort of alarm clock. If you set it to a particular hour, and put some gunpowder inside, it explodes whenever you want. Father said it must not stay in the library, because it is too noisy, so the wonderful clock was taken away to the schoolroom. So my little brother does nothing but have small explosions all day long. Do you think Arthur would like such a clock for a wedding present? I suppose they are quite fashionable in London. Father says they are very useful. Besides, they show that Liberty can't last, but must fall down. How awful it seems!..'

Lord Arthur looked so serious reading the letter, that his mother smiled. "My dear Arthur," she said, "why are you so serious? What do you think about the clock? I think it is a great invention, and I should like to have one myself."

"I don't think it is a nice thing to have at home," said Lord Arthur, with a sad smile, and, after kissing his mother, he left the room.

When he got upstairs, his eyes filled with tears. He had done his best to commit this murder, but he had failed again. But there was no fault of his own. He had tried to do his duty. Perhaps, it would be better to break off the marriage. Sybil would suffer, it is true, but suffering could not really spoil a nature so noble as hers. As for himself, what did it matter? There is always some war in which a man can die, and as life had no pleasure for him, so death had no terror. Let Destiny work out his doom.<sup>1</sup>

At half-past seven he dressed, and went down to the club. His cousin, Lord Surbiton was there with some

<sup>1</sup> **Let Destiny work out his doom.** — Пусть судьба вершит свой приговор над ним.

young men, and he had to stay there for dinner with them. Their conversation and jokes did not interest him. As soon as coffee was brought he left them. He had made up his mind not to try any more experiments. He walked along the London streets till he came to the Thames, and sat for hours by the river. The moon looked through thick clouds, as if it were a lion's eye, and thousands of stars shone like gold dust. Now and then a ship sailed by, and the railway signals changed from green to red as the trains ran across the bridge. After some time, twelve o'clock struck from the tall tower. Then the railway lights went out and the sound of the great city became weak.

At two o'clock he got up, and went home. How unreal everything looked! How like a strange dream! Suddenly he saw a man looking into the water of the Thames. When he came nearer the man looked up. It was Mr. Podgers, the cheiromantist! No one could mistake the fat face, the gold spectacles, the weak smile, the smiling mouth.

Lord Arthur stopped. A brilliant idea came to his mind, and he came softly to the man. In a moment he had caught Mr. Podgers by the legs, and threw him into the Thames. There was a heavy splash, and all was still. Lord Arthur looked anxiously over, but could see nothing of the cheiromantist.

"Have you dropped anything, sir?" said a voice behind him suddenly.

He turned round, and saw a policeman. "Nothing of importance," he answered, smiling.

The next moment he jumped in the cab.

For the next few days there were moments when he almost expected Mr. Podgers to walk into the room. Twice he went to the cheiromantist's address, but he could not ring the bell. He wanted to know the truth, and was afraid of it.

Finally it came. He was sitting in the smoking-room of the club having tea, when a strange story caught his eye: SUICIDE OF A CHEIROMANTIST.

He turned pale with excitement, and began to read. It ran as follows: 'Yesterday morning, at seven o'clock, the body of Mr. Septimus R. Podgers, the famous cheiromantist, was washed on shore of the Thames...'

Lord Arthur rushed out of the club with the paper in his hand, to the great amazement of his servant and drove at once to Sybil. She saw him from the window, and something told her that he was bringing good news. She ran down to meet him, and, when she saw his face, she knew that all was well.

"My dear Sybil," cried Lord Arthur, "let us be married tomorrow!"

"You foolish boy! Why the cake is not even ordered!" said Sybil, laughing through her tears.

### *Chapter Four* **What nonsense!**

When the wedding took place, some three weeks later, the church was crowded with people. Everybody agreed that they had never seen a handsomer couple than Lord Arthur and Sybil. They were more than handsome, however — they were happy. Never for a single moment did Lord Arthur feel sorry for all that he had suffered, while she gave him the best things a woman can give to any man — worship, tenderness, and love. For them romance was not killed by reality.

Some years afterwards, when two beautiful children had been born to them, Lady Windermere came down on

a visit to them. One afternoon as she was sitting with Lady Arthur in the garden, watching the little boy and girl as they played in the garden, she suddenly asked, "Are you happy, Sybil?"

"Dear Lady Windermere, of course I am happy. Aren't you?"

"I have no time to be happy, Sybil. I always like the last person who is introduced to me; but, as a rule, as soon as I know people I get tired of them. Do you remember that horrid Mr. Podgers? He was a dreadful liar. Now I go in for telepathy. It is much more amusing."

"You mustn't say anything against cheiromancy here, Lady Windermere. It is the only subject that Arthur is quite serious over<sup>1</sup>."

"You don't mean to say that he believes in it, Sybil?"

"Ask him, Lady Windermere, here he is," and Lord Arthur came up the garden with yellow roses in his hand, and his two children dancing round him.

"Lord Arthur?"

"Yes, Lady Windermere."

"You don't mean to say that you believe in cheiromancy?"

"Of course I do," said the young man, smiling.

"But why?"

"Because I owe to it all the happiness of my life," he said.

"My dear Lord Arthur, what do you owe to it?"

"Sybil," he answered, handing his wife the roses, and looking into her violet eyes.

"What nonsense!" cried Lady Windermere. "I never heard such nonsense in all my life."

<sup>1</sup> **Arthur is quite serious over** = Arthur believes in



## The Model Millionaire

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Unless one is wealthy there is no use in being a charming fellow. Romance is the privilege of the rich, not the profession of the unemployed. The poor should be practical and prosaic. It is better to have a permanent income than to be fascinating. These are the great truths of modern life which Hughie Erskine never realized. Poor Hughie! Intellectually he was not of much importance.<sup>1</sup> He never said a brilliant or even an ill-natured thing in his life. But then he was wonderfully good-looking, with his thick brown hair, his clear-cut<sup>2</sup> profile, and his grey eyes. He was as popular with men as he was with women, and he was very successful in everything except making money. He had tried everything but was a complete failure. He became nothing, a delightful young man with a perfect profile and no profession.

<sup>1</sup> **Intellectually he was not of much importance.** = He was not very clever.

<sup>2</sup> **clear-cut** — зд. четкий

To make matters worse<sup>1</sup>, he was in love. The girl he loved was Laura Merton, the daughter of a retired Colonel who had lost his temper and his digestion<sup>2</sup> in India, and had never found either of them again. Laura loved him, and he was ready to kiss her shoe-strings. They were the handsomest couple in London, and had not a penny-piece between them. The Colonel was very fond of Hughie, but would not hear of any engagement.

“Come to me, my boy, when you have got ten thousand pounds of your own, and we will see about it,” he used to say; and Hughie looked very sad on those days.

One morning, as he was on his way to Laura, he dropped in to see a great friend of his, Alan Trevor. Trevor was a painter. Indeed, few people escape that nowadays. But he was also an artist, and artists are rather rare. Personally he was a strange rough-looking fellow. However, when he took up the brush he was a real master, and his pictures were wonderful. He had been very much attracted by Hughie at first because of the young boy’s charm. “The only people a painter should know,” he used to say, “are people who are beautiful, people who are a pleasure to look at and an intellectual to talk to. Men who are dandies and women who are pretty rule the world, at least they should do so.” However, after he knew Hughie better, he liked him quite as much for his bright spirits and his generous nature.

When Hughie came in he found Trevor finishing a wonderful picture of a beggar-man. The beggar himself was standing on a platform in a corner of the studio. He was a old man, with a face like wrinkled parchment, and a most unhappy expression. Over his shoulders there was a dirty brown coat; his thick boots were worn, and in one

<sup>1</sup> **To make matters worse** — Еще хуже было то, что

<sup>2</sup> **had lost his temper and his digestion** — испортил характер и желудок

hand he had a rough stick, while with the other he held out his hat for money.

“What an amazing model!” whispered Hughie, as he shook hands with his friend.

“An amazing model?” shouted Trevor at the top of his voice; “I should think so! Such beggars as he are not to be met with every day<sup>1</sup>.”

“Poor old chap!” said Hughie, “how miserable he looks! But I suppose, to you painters, his face is his fortune?”

“Certainly,” replied Trevor, “you don’t want a beggar to look happy, do you?”

“How much does a model get for sitting?” asked Hughie, as he found himself a comfortable seat on a divan.

“A shilling an hour.”

“And how much do you get for your picture, Alan?”

“Oh, for this I get two thousand!”

“Pounds?”

“Guineas<sup>2</sup>. Painters, poets, and physicians always get guineas.”

“Well, I think the model should have a percentage,” cried Hughie, laughing; “they work quite as hard as you do.”

“Nonsense, nonsense! Why, look at the trouble of laying on the paint alone, and standing all day long at one’s easel!”

After some time the servant came in, and told Trevor that the frame-maker wanted to speak to him.

“Don’t run away, Hughie,” he said, as he went out, “I will be back in a moment.”

<sup>1</sup> **beggars as he are not to be met with every day** — такие нищие на дороге не валяются

<sup>2</sup> **guinea** — гиней; старинная английская денежная единица и монета, равная фунту стерлингов; до 1971 года применялась при исчислении гонораров, оценке картин, скаковых лошадей и т.п.

The old beggar-man took advantage<sup>1</sup> of Trevor’s absence to rest for a moment on a wooden bench that was behind him. He looked so tired and miserable that Hughie could not help pitying him. He felt in his pockets to see what money he had. All he could find was a sovereign and some coppers. “Poor old fellow,” he thought to himself, “he wants it more than I do, but it means no cabs for two weeks,” and he walked across the studio and threw the sovereign into the beggar’s hand.

The old man started, and a faint smile passed across his thin lips. “Thank you, sir,” he said, “thank you.”

Then Trevor arrived, and Hughie left his studio, blushing a little at what he had done.

That night he went to his club and found Trevor there.

“Well, Alan, did you finish the picture all right?” he said, as he lit his cigarette.

“Finished and framed, my boy!” answered Trevor; “By the way, that old model is quite devoted to you<sup>2</sup>. I had to tell him all about you — who you are, where you live, what your income is, what prospects you have...”

“My dear Alan,” cried Hughie, “I shall probably find him waiting for me when I go home. But of course you are only joking. Poor old thing! I wish I could do something for him. I think it is dreadful that any one should be so miserable. I have got a lot of old clothes at home — do you think he would care for any of them?”

“But he looks splendid,” said Trevor. “I wouldn’t paint him in an evening dress for anything. What seems poverty to you is picturesqueness to me. However, I’ll tell him of your offer.”

<sup>1</sup> **took advantage** — воспользовался

<sup>2</sup> **is quite devoted to you** — очень внимателен к тебе



“Alan,” said Hughie seriously, “you painters are heartless.”

“An artist’s heart is his head,” replied Trevor; “and besides, our business is to realize the world as we see it, not to reform it as we know it. And now tell me how Laura is. The old model was quite interested in her.”

“You don’t mean to say you talked to him about her?” said Hughie.

“Certainly I did. He knows all about the lovely Laura, her father and 10, 000 pounds.”

“You told that old beggar?” cried Hughie, looking very red and angry.

“My dear boy,” said Trevor, smiling, “that old beggar, as you call him, is one of the richest men in Europe. He could buy all London tomorrow. He has a house in every capital and dines on gold plates.”

“What on earth do you mean?” exclaimed Hughie.

“What I say,” said Trevor. “The old man you saw today in the studio was Baron Hausberg. He is a great friend of mine, buys all my pictures and that sort of things, and asked me a month ago to paint him as a beggar. And I must say he made a lovely beggar!”

“Baron Hausberg!” cried Hughie. “Good heavens! I gave him a sovereign!”

“Gave him a sovereign!” shouted Trevor, and he burst into laughter. “My dear boy, you’ll never see it again.”

“Why didn’t you tell me who he was?” said Hughie.

“Well, to begin with, Hughie,” said Trevor, “it never came to my mind that you went about giving away money<sup>1</sup>. I can understand your kissing a pretty model, but your giving a sovereign to an ugly one — no! Besides, I

<sup>1</sup> you went about giving away money — тебе в голову придет идея подать милостыню

didn't know whether Hausberg would like his name mentioned. You know he wasn't in full dress."

"What a fool he must think me!" said Hughie.

"Not at all. He was in the highest spirits after you left. I couldn't make out why he was so interested to know all about you; but I see it all now. He'll have a capital story to tell after dinner."

"I am an unlucky devil," said Hughie. "The best thing I can do is to go to bed; and, my dear Alan, you mustn't tell any one."

"Nonsense! Don't run away. Have another cigarette, and you can talk about Laura as much as you like."

However, Hughie wouldn't stop, but walked home, feeling very unhappy.

The next morning, as he was at breakfast, the servant brought him up a letter.

On the outside was written, "A wedding present to Hugh Erskine and Laura Merton, from an old beggar," and inside was a cheque for 10, 000 pounds.

"Millionaire models," said Alan at the wedding, "are rare enough; but model millionaires are rarer still!"



## Activities



## *Before Reading*

- 1) **Have you ever heard about the Canterville Ghost or the Happy Prince? Perhaps you have read the tales by Oscar Wilde or seen the Russian cartoons. They are wonderful stories, sad and funny at the same time, aren't they? Beauty, humour and paradox are the great features of all Wilde's works. Why do people love them?**
- 2) **Do you know anything about Oscar Wilde, the famous English writer? If you try, you will find out some very interesting information about him and his works!**
- 3) **Do you like art? Why do some painters make beautiful pictures — lovely landscapes and portraits of charming people, — but others draw crazy and dreadful ones? What do pictures show — the reality or the soul of the artist?**
- 4) **Have you got your own photographs? And painted pictures? What do you like more? Why?**
- 5) **You are going to read a story about a magic picture. What magic can a portrait have? Any ideas?**
- 6) **Cheirromantist is a person who can tell your future reading your hand. Do you believe in his or her power? Have you ever been told your future? How do you feel about it?**

## *While Reading*

### **The Picture of Dorian Gray**

1) **Read Chapter One. You have just met the main characters of the story. Try to remember what people they are at the very beginning. Choose the right sentences about them and correct the false ones.**

1. Lord Henry was fond of grace and beauty and enjoyed beautiful things, sounds and smells.
2. Basil made a wonderful portrait of a very good-looking young man and wanted to exhibit it to get a reputation.
3. Lord Henry was happy in his married life. His wife was a very open-hearted woman and never told him a word of lie.
4. Basil didn't want to reveal the secret of his soul. That's why he didn't want to send the picture to the exhibition.
5. Basil was very independent by nature and didn't like Dorian's influence on him.
6. When Basil and Dorian met, they both felt that their friendship was inevitable.
7. The harmony of beautiful soul and beautiful face impressed Basil a great deal and he saw everything differently.
8. Dorian was always charming to Basil and never gave him pain.
9. Lord Henry and Basil were friends, but they were very different.
10. Lord Henry and Basil were friends, and Basil wanted Harry to meet a charming young man — Dorian Gray.

2) **Read Chapter Two and answer the questions. Each time try to give three sentences at least.**

1. What did Dorian look like?
2. Why did Basil want Lord Henry to leave the studio?
3. What did Dorian like in Lord Henry at first sight?
4. Why couldn't Dorian find words to answer Lord Henry?
5. Why did Lord Henry feel interested in Dorian?
6. Which of Henry's words frightened Dorian? Why?
7. Why did Basil believe that the picture was Dorian's property?
8. Why did Dorian feel sad when he looked at the finished picture?
9. What wish did he make when he was looking at his portrait?
10. What was Dorian jealous of?

3) Read Chapter Three. Now you know more about Dorian Gray. Can you fill the gaps with the following adjectives in the box?

rich	loveless
mad	beautiful
loveliest	young
ugly	penniless
unhappy	good-looking
poor	

He was a grandson of Lord Kelso, a \_\_\_\_\_ gentleman. His mother was Lady Margaret Devereux. She was an extraordinarily \_\_\_\_\_ girl, Margaret Devereux, and made all the men fall in love with her. But then she ran away with a \_\_\_\_\_ fellow. One of the \_\_\_\_\_ creatures risked everything for a \_\_\_\_\_ passion. A few wild weeks of happiness were cut short by a terrible crime. The poor man was killed in a duel. There was an \_\_\_\_\_ story about it. They said Lord Kelso paid money for it because he didn't want his daughter to be married to a \_\_\_\_\_ man. He brought Margaret back with him, but \_\_\_\_\_ girl never spoke to him again. The girl died,

too, died within a year. She left a son, a very \_\_\_\_\_ boy. He was left to the tyranny of an old and \_\_\_\_\_ man.

4) Read Chapter Four and put the sentences in the right order. You will get the story told by Dorian.

1. When I met you, Harry, you filled me with a wild desire to know everything about life. I could feel poison in the air.
2. About half-past eight I saw an old dirty theatre. An ugly old man was standing at the entrance and smoking a cigar. 'Have a box, my Lord?' he said, when he saw me, and he took off his hat.
3. But Juliet! Harry, imagine a girl, about seventeen years of age, with a little, flowerlike face, a small Greek head with dark-brown hair, eyes that were violet wells of passion, lips that were like the petals of a rose. She was the loveliest thing I had ever seen in my life.
4. The third night I threw her some flowers, and she looked at me. It was curious but I didn't want to know her. I love her too much. Every night I go to see her act, and every night she is more wonderful.
5. Well, one evening about seven o'clock, I was walking around. I felt that there was something special for me in this grey monstrous London.
6. Well, I found myself seated in a terrible little box. It was *Romeo and Juliet*. There was a dreadful orchestra. Romeo was a fat old man with a terrible voice. Mercutio was almost as bad.

5) Read Chapter Five. You have just met some new characters of the book: Sibyl Vane, Mrs. Vane, her mother, and James, her brother. Who said the following words and why? What were they doing at that moment?

1. I am so happy!
2. Foolish child!

3. I am not worthy of him!
4. I don't suppose I shall see this horrid London again.
5. Watch over her!
6. It can be a most brilliant marriage for Sibyl.
7. Who is he? I have a right to know.
8. He is called Prince Charming. I do love him.
9. You are mad about him.
10. If this man wrongs my sister, I will kill him like a dog.

**6) Read Chapter Six and match up the two parts of the sentences.**

1. But although Sibyl looked beautiful, ...
  2. As Dorian and Sibyl were sitting together, suddenly there came into her eyes a look...
  3. Dorian told her that he loved her, and...
  4. I loved you because you had genius and intellect...
  5. Dorian thought that he had the arms of Rosalind around him, and...
  6. The sunlight showed him the lines of cruelty round the mouth as clearly as if...
  7. If this girl can give a soul to those who have lived without one, if she can create the sense of beauty in people whose lives have been so ugly, ...
  8. When I came on the stage tonight, ...
  9. There were no signs of any change when he looked into the painting, and yet...
  10. I don't suppose you will want your wife to act, so...
- a. that Dorian had never seen there before.
  - b. kissed Juliet on the mouth.
  - c. Sibyl said she was not worthy to be his wife.
  - d. she is worthy of your love.
  - e. her voice sounded unnatural.
  - f. what does it matter if she plays Juliet like a wooden doll?

- g. I could not understand why everything had gone from me.
- h. because you realized the dreams of great poets and gave shape and substance to the shadows of art.
- i. he had been looking into a mirror after he had done some dreadful thing.
- j. there was no doubt that the whole expression had changed.

**7) Read Chapter Seven. All the following sentences are true. Try and prove that:**

1. in the morning Dorian felt fine, he nearly forgot what had happened the night before.
2. Dorian was afraid of the picture. He was afraid even to look at it.
3. when Dorian realized that he had been cruel to Sibyl, he decided to write a love-letter to her and to ask her to be his wife.
4. when he was writing the letter, he didn't know the girl had been dead.
5. Dorian didn't want Lord Henry to dominate him, but he couldn't get rid of his influence on him.
6. Sibyl killed herself.
7. Dorian didn't love Sibyl.
8. Dorian made his final choice — to remain young and beautiful forever.
9. Dorian was afraid that anyone could see the picture.
10. Dorian wanted the picture to be the mirror of his soul.

**8) Read Chapter Eight and explain why:**

1. Basil came to Dorian's house the night before.
2. Basil didn't believe that Dorian was in the theatre the night before.
3. Dorian didn't want to talk to Basil about Sibyl.
4. Basil felt that Dorian had completely changed.

5. Dorian said there was nothing terrible about Sibyl.
6. Dorian was sure that his name wouldn't be mentioned in connection with the death of Sibyl.
7. Dorian refused to sit to Basil.
8. Dorian put the picture behind the screen.
9. Basil decided to exhibit the picture in Paris.
10. Dorian didn't tell Basil about the secret the picture had.

**9) Read Chapter Nine. Now you have read the first part of the book. You have learnt all the main characters and their natures. Can you guess what happens to them later on and explain your predictions?**

1. Dorian Gray was an ideal for Basil, his motive of art. Will Basil love Dorian as he used to? Will they be friends?
2. Basil wanted to exhibit the picture of Dorian in Paris. Will he manage to do that?
3. Dorian didn't want Basil to see his picture. Will the artist ever see it?
4. Dorian Gray was dominated by Lord Henry. Will the young man be influenced by him later on?
5. Dorian was afraid of his picture. Will he have any other feelings towards it?
6. Dorian hid his portrait in the locked room. Will he keep it there forever?
7. Dorian's mad wish came true and he never lost his beauty. But his soul came into the picture. Will there be any more magic in the book?
8. Dorian realized that he had destroyed Sibyl's life. Will he ever fall in love with anybody? Will love cure his soul?
9. James Vane, Sibyl's brother, promised to kill anybody who wronged his sister. Will he keep his promise?
10. Dorian changed for the worse. Will he change for the better?

**10) Read Chapter Ten and complete the sentences.**

1. Dorian recognized Basil in the street \_\_\_\_\_.
  - a) and he was glad to see his old friend again
  - b) but he didn't want to see the artist because he was afraid of him
  - c) and he felt frightened and tried to escape
  - d) but Basil didn't recognize him because Dorian had changed a lot
2. Basil had been waiting for Dorian in the library because he wanted to \_\_\_\_\_.
  - a) see the picture again
  - b) tell Dorian a dreadful story against him
  - c) talk to him about Dorian's reputation in London society
  - d) borrow some money for a trip to Paris
3. Basil didn't believe the terrible stories against Dorian because he \_\_\_\_\_.
  - a) knew none of them
  - b) knew Dorian well and they spent a lot of time together
  - c) was sure the sin writes itself across a man's face
  - d) didn't have any friends worth believing
4. \_\_\_\_\_ — that fact surprised and frightened Basil!
  - a) Dorian didn't recognize him in the street
  - b) Dorian's face hadn't changed
  - c) Dorian was out when Basil visited him
  - d) The effect Dorian had had on his friends
5. A word of \_\_\_\_\_ broke from the painter's lips as he saw the dreadful face on the canvas grinning at him.



- a) horror  
b) joy  
c) delight  
d) excitement
6. Basil recognized his work in the dreadful portrait when \_\_\_\_\_.
- a) he saw it was Dorian Gray's own face  
b) he saw his own name in the corner of the picture  
c) Dorian told him that  
d) the ugly face in the picture grinned at him
7. Basil saw \_\_\_\_\_ in the disgusting portrait.
- a) his own soul  
b) the eyes of devil  
c) his ideal  
d) Dorian's untroubled face
8. Dorian killed Basil because \_\_\_\_\_.
- a) he got mad  
b) hatred for Basil came over him  
c) he was afraid that the whole world would know his secret  
d) he had always hated Basil
9. Dorian killed Basil with \_\_\_\_\_.
- a) the knife  
b) the stick  
c) the gun  
d) his own hands
10. He hid Basil's coat and bag in his secret place because \_\_\_\_\_.
- a) he didn't want to leave evidence

- b) he needed those things himself  
c) he didn't know what to do with those things  
d) they were too dirty

**11) Read Chapter Eleven. You have just met another character of the book — Alan Campbell. Why did he come to Dorian? What was he like? Try and say as much as you can about him. The following word combinations and some of his sentences can help you.**

1. great friend; five years ago; sudden end; extremely clever; science chemistry; talented musician; violin and piano; had changed; strangely melancholy; disliked music.
2. I had decided never to come into your house again, Gray. But you said it was a matter of life and death.
3. I don't want to know anything further. I'm not going to come into your life. Keep your horrible secrets to yourself. They don't interest me any more.
4. man can save; to destroy it completely; into a handful of ashes; a piece of paper, and wrote something on it; his face became pale; a horrible sense of sickness; heart was beating itself to death; impossible to refuse.
5. Your life? Good heavens! What a life that is! You have gone from corruption to corruption, and now you have committed the crime.
6. get some things from the laboratory; large bag full of chemicals; dreadful work; pale, but absolutely calm; horrible smell of nitric acid; was gone.

**12) Read Chapter Twelve and put the sentences in the right order.**

1. At midnight Dorian Gray, dressed as a poor man, went out of his house. He took the cab and went to the opium den.
2. Dorian walked quickly along the road, but as he reached a corner, somebody's hands closed around his neck.

3. "I am going on to the other place." He didn't want to see the man who used to be his friend. "Good night, then."
4. The sleepy sailor jumped to his feet. He ran out into the darkness and saw Dorian Gray going away.
5. "You destroyed the life of Sibyl Vane," was the answer, "and Sibyl Vane killed herself. I swore I would kill you in return. I knew nothing of you but the pet name she used to call you. Now you are going to die."
6. It was a small dirty house. A long low room was dark and smelly. Dorian looked round at the grotesque things that lay in such fantastic postures on the dirty floor.
7. As he drew the curtain aside, a dreadful laugh broke from the painted lips of a woman. "Prince Charming is what you like to be called, isn't it?" she asked.
8. "Why didn't you kill him?" she asked. "Prince Charming is the worst one that comes here. They say he has sold himself to the devil for a pretty face. I've known him for eighteen years. He hasn't changed much since then."
9. Memory, like a horrible illness, was eating his soul away. From time to time he seemed to see the eyes of Basil looking at him. Yet he felt he could not stay. He wanted to be where no one would know who he was. He wanted to escape from himself.
10. "Eighteen years," laughed Dorian Gray. "Eighteen years! Just look at my face!" James Vane took Dorian Gray to the light. There he saw the face of a twenty-year-old boy. He was too young.

**13) Read Chapter Thirteen and answer the following questions. Your friends can have different points of view. Prove your answer!**

1. Was Dorian in love with the Duchess?
2. Was he afraid of James? Was he sure that James had gone to India?
3. Did Dorian see James looking at him through the glass?

4. Was Dorian safe in his country house?
5. Did Dorian not want his friend to shoot the hare?
6. Was Dorian frightened when he heard two cries of death at the shooting-party?
7. Did Dorian guess who his friend had shot?
8. Was Dorian absurdly nervous that day?
9. Was he afraid to look at the dead man under the cloth?
10. Was Dorian calm when he saw who had been killed at the shooting-party?

**14) Read Chapter Fourteen and try to remember who said it — Dorian or Lord Henry and try to explain what they meant.**

1. But you are quite perfect. Please, don't change.
2. Anybody can be good in the country. There are no temptations there.
3. I spared a girl's life.
4. You gave her good advice and broke her heart.
5. You are absolutely boyish.
6. What do you think has happened to Basil?
7. Did it ever happen to you that Basil was murdered?
8. What would you say if I told you that I had murdered Basil?
9. Play me something beautiful, and tell me, in a low voice, how you have kept your youth.
10. How happy you are! What a fantastic life you have had!
11. Promise me that you will never lend that book to any one.

### **Lord Arthur Savile's Crime**

**1) Read Chapter One. Can you prove that:**

1. Lady Windermere was a charming woman.
2. Lady Windermere believed in cheiromancy.
3. Mr. Podgers didn't look like a real cheiromantist.

4. Mr. Podgers was a successful cheiromantist.
5. some people wanted to have their hands read but the others didn't.
6. Lord Arthur loved Sybil.
7. Mr. Podgers was frightened when he saw Lord Arthur's hand.
8. Mr. Podgers didn't want to tell what he had seen on Arthur's hand.
9. Mr. Podgers told Lord Arthur what he had seen on his hand.
10. Lord Arthur believed Mr. Podgers.

**2) Read Chapter Two. Choose the right sentences about the characters of the story and correct the false ones.**

1. Lord Arthur decided not to marry Sybil after he had been told his fortune.
2. Lord Arthur was a born criminal and any murder was nothing to him.
3. He decided to kill his relative feeling no regret.
4. Lord Arthur decided to poison Lady Clem because he was an expert on Toxicology.
5. Lord Arthur was a shy man who hated painful scenes.
6. Lord Arthur had a big angry dog.
7. Lord Arthur brought a new American medicine for heartburn to Lady Clem.
8. When Lord Arthur was in Italy, he was afraid that some accident had happened to Lady Clem.
9. Lady Clem loved Lord Arthur and left him her house.
10. Lady Clem died a natural death.

**3) Read Chapter Three. Who said the following sentences and why? What were the other characters of the story doing at that moment?**

1. So you are taking politics seriously?

2. If you want one for home use, I will give you one and you will be satisfied with the result.
3. I do not work for money. I live for my art.
4. Your cousin writes lovely letters. They are as good as novels.
5. I don't think it is a nice thing to have at home.
6. Have you dropped anything important?
7. My dear Sybil! Let us be married tomorrow!

**4) Read Chapter Four and do the final test.**

1. Who was among Lady Windermere's guests?
  - a) Sybil
  - b) a famous cheiromantist
  - c) a famous cheiropodist
  - d) English Queen
2. What did Lord Arthur feel when he saw Mr. Podgers at work?
  - a) He was afraid.
  - b) He had little interest in it.
  - c) He was filled with hatred.
  - d) He was filled with curiosity.
3. Why did Mr. Podgers turn white when he was reading Lord Arthur's hand?
  - a) He couldn't read it.
  - b) He saw something terrible there.
  - c) He felt Lord Arthur didn't believe him.
  - d) He saw no detail about Lord Arthur's future.
4. What did Mr. Podgers saw on Lord Arthur's hand?
  - a) the name of his future wife
  - b) murder
  - c) happy life till his late days

d) nothing

5. What decision did Lord Arthur make after he had learnt his fortune?
- He decided to poison himself.
  - He decided to put off his marriage.
  - He decided to break his engagement.
  - He decided to leave England for Italy.
6. Why did Lord Arthur believe Lady Clem to be the best candidate for the murder?
- He hated her, she was an ugly dreadful creature.
  - She was the oldest one and lived nearby.
  - She was tired of life and wanted to die.
  - She hated him.
7. Why did Lord Arthur decide to poison her?
- He was an expert on poisons and their effects.
  - It was the easiest way of killing the old lady.
  - It was a safe and quiet way.
  - It was the cheapest way of killing a person.
8. How did Lady Clem die?
- Lord Arthur poisoned her.
  - She died a natural death.
  - She poisoned herself.
  - Sybil shot her dead.
9. How many people did Lord Arthur murder?
- one
  - two
  - none
  - three

10. Why did Lord Arthur believe in cheiromancy absolutely?
- He had committed a murder.
  - He was happy in his married life after he had committed a crime.
  - He was a talented pupil of Mr. Podgers.
  - He was a born cheiromantist.

## The Model Millionaire

**1) Read the story and say who said the following sentences and why.**

- Come to me, my boy, when you have got ten thousand pounds of your own, and we will see about it.
- What an amazing model!
- How much does a model get for sitting?
- Oh, for this I get two thousand guineas!
- Why, look at the trouble of laying on the paint alone, and standing all day long at one's easel!
- By the way, that old model is quite devoted to you. I had to tell him all about you — who you are, where you live, what your income is, what prospects you have.
- You painters are heartless.
- What on earth do you mean?
- I am an unlucky devil.
- Millionaire models are rare enough; but model millionaires are rarer still!

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*After Reading*

**The Picture of Dorian Gray**

- 1) Do you know anybody who is really beautiful? Is that person open-hearted and helpful or reserved and selfish? Is it easy to be beautiful?
- 2) What would you do if you had a picture like the one Dorian had?
- 3) What do you think about the following ideas of Lord Henry?
  1. One should never do anything that one cannot talk about after dinner.
  2. There is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about, that is not being talked about.
  3. When we are happy, we are always good, but when we are good we are not always happy.
  4. Nothing can cure the soul but the senses, just as nothing can cure the senses but the soul.
  5. When your youth goes, your beauty will go with it, and then you will suddenly see that there are no triumphs left for you.
  6. I can sympathize with everything except suffering. It is too ugly, too horrible, too distressing.
  7. People are very fond of giving away what they need most themselves.
  8. It's today that is important.
  9. Whenever a man does a very stupid thing, it is always from the noblest motives.
  10. The secret of remaining young is never to have an emotion that is unbecoming.

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**Lord Arthur Savile's Crime**

**The Model Millionaire**

What do you think about the characters of these stories? Were they nice or terrible, clever or stupid? Who do you like most? Who do you like least? Who did you feel most sorry for? Try to complete the sentences.

1. I feel sorry for \_\_\_\_\_ because \_\_\_\_\_.
2. I suppose \_\_\_\_\_ was wrong (right) to \_\_\_\_\_.
3. I believe \_\_\_\_\_ did a dreadful (a nice, a very stupid, an unjust) thing when \_\_\_\_\_.



## Принятые сокращения

*a* adjective — имя прилагательное  
*adv* adverb — наречие  
*a predic* adjective predicative — предикативное употребление имени прилагательного  
*cj* conjunction — союз  
*n* noun — имя существительное  
*past past tense* — прошедшее время

*p.p.* past participle — причастие прошедшего времени  
*pl* plural — множественное число  
*prep* preposition — предлог  
*pron* pronoun — местоимение  
*v* verb — глагол  
*библ.* — библеизм  
*возвыш.* — возвышенно  
*ист.* — относящийся к истории

## A

**able** ['eɪb(ə)l] *a* умелый; умеющий; способный  
**be able** мочь, быть в состоянии  
**above** [ə'bu:v] *prep* над  
**absence** ['æbs(ə)ns] *n* отсутствие  
**absolute** ['æbsəlu:t] *a* абсолютный; беспримерный  
**absolutely** [æbsə'lu:tli] *adv* полностью, абсолютно  
**absorb** [əb'zɔ:b] *v* поглощать; впитывать  
**absurd** [əb'sɜ:d] *a* абсурдный  
**accent** ['æks(ə)nt] *n* произношение; акцент; ударение  
**accident** ['æksɪd(ə)nt] *n* случай; случайность; несчастный случай  
**accuse** [ə'kju:z] *v* обвинять

**across** [ə'krɒs] *prep* сквозь; через  
**act** [ækt] *v* действовать, поступать; вести себя; играть  
**action** ['ækʃ(ə)n] *n* действие; поступок  
**active** ['æktɪv] *a* активный  
**activity** [æk'tɪvɪti] *n* действия, деятельность  
**actress** ['æktɪs] *n* актриса  
**actual** ['æktʃuəl] *a* действительный  
**actually** ['æktʃ(ʊ)əli] *adv* на самом деле  
**add** [æd] *v* добавлять; присоединять; придавать  
**address** [ə'dres] *n* адрес; *v* обращаться  
**admire** [əd'maɪə] *v* восхищаться  
**advantage** [əd'vɑ:ntɪdʒ] *n* преимущество

**adventure** [əd'ventʃə] *n* приключение  
**advice** [əd'vaɪs] *n* совет  
**advise** [əd'vaɪz] *v* советовать  
**affair** [ə'feə] *n* дело  
**affect** [ə'fekt] *v* поражать; влиять; вредить  
**afraid** [ə'freɪd] *a predic* испуганный, боящийся; сожалеющий  
**be afraid of** бояться  
**afterwards** ['ɑ:ftəwəd(z)] *adv* впоследствии, позже, потом  
**again** [ə'geɪn] *adv* снова, опять  
**against** [ə'geɪnst] *prep* против  
**agate** ['ægət] *n* агат (полудрагоценный камень)  
**age** [eɪdʒ] *n* возраст; долгий срок  
**agent** ['eɪdʒ(ə)nt] *n* агент  
**ago** [ə'gəʊ] *adv* тому назад  
**long ago** давно  
**agony** ['ægəni] *n* агония  
**agree** [ə'gri:] *v* соглашаться  
**ahead** [ə'hed] *adv* вперед; впереди  
**aim** [eɪm] *n* цель; *v* целиться  
**air** [eə] *n* воздух; вид, выражение лица  
**alarm clock** [ə'lɑ:mklok] *n* будильник  
**alive** [ə'laɪv] *a* живой

**allow** [ə'laʊ] *v* позволять, разрешать  
**almost** ['ɔ:lməʊst] *adv* почти, едва не  
**alone** [ə'ləʊn] *a predic* одинокий  
**along** [ə'lɒŋ] *prep* вдоль  
**aloud** [ə'laʊd] *adv* громко; вслух  
**already** [ɔ:l'reɪdɪ] *adv* уже  
**altar** ['ɔ:ltə] *n* алтарь  
**amazement** [ə'meɪzmənt] *n* изумление  
**ambition** [æm'bɪʃ(ə)n] *n* амбиции, цель  
**amethyst** ['æməθɪst] *n* аметист (драгоценный камень)  
**among** [ə'mʌŋ] *prep* среди, между  
**amuse** [ə'mju:z] *v* забавлять, развлекать  
**analyse** ['æpəlaɪz] *v* анализировать  
**ancient** ['eɪnʃ(ə)nt] *a* древний  
**anger** ['æŋgə] *n* гнев  
**angry** ['æŋgrɪ] *a* сердитый; яростный; раздраженный  
**be angry (with)** сердиться (на)  
**annoy** [ə'noɪ] *v* надоедать, досаждать  
**another** [ə'nʌðə] *pron* другой; еще один  
**ant** [ænt] *n* муравей  
**anxious** ['æŋkʃəs] *a* озабоченный; беспокоящийся

**aphorism** [ 'æfəriz(ə)m ] *n*  
афоризм  
**appear** [ ə 'piə ] *v* появляться;  
показываться  
**appearance** [ ə 'pi(ə)rəns ] *n*  
внешность  
**appetite** [ 'æpitait ] *n* аппетит  
**applaud** [ ə 'plɔ:d ] *v* хлопать в  
ладоши, аплодировать  
**apricot** [ 'eiprikɔt ] *n* абрикос  
**argue** [ 'ɑ:gju:] *v* спорить  
**argument** [ 'ɑ:gjʊmənt ] *n* до-  
вод, аргумент; спор  
**arm-chair** [ 'ɑ:mtʃeə ] *n* кресло  
**around** [ ə 'raʊnd ] *adv* всюду;  
вокруг  
**arrest** [ ə 'rest ] *v* арестовывать  
**arrival** [ ə 'raiv(ə)l ] *n* прибы-  
тие, приезд  
**arrive** [ ə 'raiv ] *v* прибывать,  
приезжать  
**art** [ɑ:t] *n* искусство  
**art gallery** художественная  
галерея  
**artist** [ 'ɑ:tist ] *n* художник  
**as** [æz] *adv* как; *conj* в то время как  
**as ... as** так же ... как  
**as soon as** как только  
**as far as I know** насколько я  
знаю  
**as if** как если бы  
**as well** также  
**ash** [æʃ] *n* пепел, зола  
**ashamed** [ ə 'ʃeimd ] *a predic*  
пристыженный

**be ashamed (of)** стыдиться  
**aside** [ ə 'said ] *adv* в сторону,  
отдельно  
**ask** [ɑ:sk] *v* спрашивать; ос-  
ведомляться  
**ask for** просить  
**assistant** [ ə 'sist(ə)nt ] *n* по-  
мощник  
**ate past om eat**  
**attack** [ ə 'tæk ] *n* нападение;  
атака; приступ; *v* нападать;  
атаковать  
**attention** [ ə 'tenʃ(ə)n ] *n* вни-  
мание  
**attorney** [ ə 'tɜ:ni ] *n* поверенный  
**audience** [ 'ɔ:diəns ] *n* публика,  
зрители (*в театре*)  
**awake (awoke, awoken)** [ ə 'weik ]  
([ ə 'wəʊk ], [ ə 'wəʊkən ]) *v*  
разбудить; проснуться  
**awful** [ 'ɔ:f(ə)l ] *a* ужасный,  
страшный  
**awhile** [ ə 'waɪl ] *adv* на некото-  
рое время, ненадолго  
**awkward** [ 'ɔ:kwəd ] *a* неуклю-  
жий, неловкий  
**awoke past om awake**  
**awoken p.p. om awake**

**В**

**back** [bæk] *n* спина; обратная  
сторона  
**background** [ 'bækgraʊnd ] *n*  
фон, задний план; прошлое

**backwards** [ 'bækwədz ] *adv*  
назад; наоборот  
**badly** [ 'bædli ] *adv* сильно  
**balance** [ 'bæləns ] *n* баланс,  
равновесие  
**keep balance** удерживать  
равновесие  
**balcony** [ 'bælkəni ] *n* балкон  
**bald** [ bɔ:ld ] *a* лысый  
**ballad** [ 'bæləd ] *n* баллада  
**balloon** [ bə 'lu:n ] *n* воздуш-  
ный шар  
**bang** [ bæŋ ] *v* ударить(ся);  
стукнуть(ся)  
**bank** [ bæŋk ] *n* берег (*реки*)  
**bar** [ bɑ:] *n* бар  
**bark<sup>1</sup>** [ bɑ:k ] *n* кора  
**bark<sup>2</sup>** [ bɑ:k ] *v* лаять  
**basket** [ 'bɑ:skit ] *n* корзинка  
**bath** [ bɑ:θ ] *n* ванна  
**have a bath** принимать ван-  
ну  
**batter** [ 'bætə ] *v* сильно бить,  
отдубасить  
**battle** [ 'bætl ] *n* битва, сраже-  
ние  
**be (was, were; been)** [ bi: ]  
([ wɔz ], [ wɜ: ]; [ bi:n ]) *v* быть,  
являться  
**be off** уходить, убраться  
**be out** быть вне дома  
**be over** заканчиваться  
**be up and down** ходить туда-  
сюда  
**beach** [ bi:tʃ ] *n* пляж

**beady** [ 'bi:di ] *a* похожий на  
бусинку  
**beak** [ bi:k ] *n* клюв  
**bean** [ bi:n ] *n* бобовое зерныш-  
ко; фасоль  
**bear (bore, born)** [ beə ] ([ bɔ: ],  
[ bɔ:n ]) *v* выносить, терпеть  
**beard** [ biəd ] *n* борода  
**beast** [ bi:st ] *n* животное; зверь  
**beat (beat, beaten)** [ bi:t ] ([ bi:t ],  
[ 'bi:tn ]) *v* ударять; коло-  
тить; бить  
**beaten p.p. om beat**  
**beautiful** [ 'bjʊ:tɪf(ə)l ] *a* кра-  
сивый; прекрасный; пре-  
восходный  
**beauty** [ 'bjʊ:ti ] *n* красота  
**became past om become**  
**because** [ bi 'kɔz ] *conj* потому что,  
так как  
**become (became, become)**  
[ bi 'kɔm ] ([ bi 'keɪm ],  
[ bi 'kɔm ]) *v* становиться  
**bedroom** [ 'bedru:m ] *n* спаль-  
ня  
**bedside** [ 'bedsaid ] *n* место ря-  
дом с кроватью; *a* прикров-  
атный  
**bee** [ bi: ] *n* пчела  
**been p.p. om be**  
**beer-barrel** [ 'biə, bæɾəl ] *n*  
пивная бочка  
**before** [ bi 'fɔ: ] *adv* впереди,  
вперед; раньше; *conj* прежде  
чем; скорее чем

**beg** [beg] *v* просить, умолять  
**I beg your pardon** прошу простить меня  
**beggar** ['begə] *n* нищий  
**began** *past om begin*  
**begin (began, begun)** [bi'gin] ([bi'gæn], [bi'gɒn]) *v* начинать  
**to begin with** для начала  
**beginning** [bi'giniŋ] *n* начало  
**begun** *p.p. om begin*  
**behind** [bi'haind] *adv* после; позади, сзади  
**believe** [bi'li:v] *v* верить  
**bell** [bel] *n* колокольчик; звонок  
**belong** [bi'lɒŋ] *v* принадлежать  
**below** [bi'ləʊ] *prep* под; ниже  
**belt** [belt] *n* пояс  
**bench** [bentʃ] *n* скамейка, лавочка  
**bend** [bend] *n* изгиб; поворот; (**bent, bent**) ([bent], [bent]) *v* гнуть; сгибать; наклонять  
**beneath** [bi'ni:θ] *adv* внизу, ниже  
**bent** *past u p.p. om bend*  
**beseech (besought, besought)** [bi'si:tʃ] ([bi'sɔ:t], [bi'sɔ:t]) *v* умолять, просить  
**beside** [bi'said] *prep* рядом  
**besides** [bi'saidz] *prep* кроме того, сверх того

**besought** *past u p.p. om beseech*  
**better** ['betə] *a* лучший; *adv* лучше  
**between** [bi'twi:n] *prep* между  
**beware** [bi'weə] *v* беречься, остерегаться  
**beyond** [bi'jɒnd] *prep* выше, вне  
**biology** [bai'blɒdʒi] *n* биология  
**birth** [bɜ:θ] *n* рождение  
**bit**<sup>1</sup> [bit] *n* кусок, кусочек  
**bit**<sup>2</sup> *past om bite*  
**bite** [bait] *n* укус; (**bit, bitten**) ([bit], ['bitn]) *v* кусать  
**bitten** *p.p. om bite*  
**bitter** ['bitə] *a* горький; мучительный; сильный  
**bitter tears** горькие слезы  
**blanket** ['blæŋkit] *n* одеяло  
**bleed** [bli:d] *v* кровоточить  
**blew** *past om blow<sup>2</sup>  
**blind** [blaɪnd] *a* слепой  
**blood** [blʌd] *n* кровь  
**bloody** ['blʌdi] *a* кровавый  
**blossom** ['blɒs(ə)m] *n* цветок (*дерева*); *v* расцветать (*о деревьях*)  
**blow**<sup>1</sup> [bləʊ] *n* удар  
**blow**<sup>2</sup> (**blew, blown**) [bləʊ] ([blu:], [bləʊn]) *v* дуть  
**blow up** надувать; взрывать(ся)  
**blown** *p.p. om blow<sup>2</sup>  
**blush** [blʌʃ] *n* краска стыда; *v* вспыхнуть от стыда**

**board** [bɔ:d] *n* борт (*корабля*)  
**on board** на борту  
**boat** [bəʊt] *n* лодка  
**body** ['bɒdi] *n* тело; туловище  
**bone** [bəʊn] *n* кость  
**bony** ['bəʊni] *a* костлявый  
**book-shelf** ['bukʃelf] *n* книжная полка  
**boot** [bu:t] *n* ботинок; сапог  
**bore** *past om bear*  
**boring** ['bɔ:riŋ] *a* скучный  
**born**<sup>1</sup> [bɔ:n] *a* прирожденный  
**born**<sup>2</sup> *p.p. om bear*  
**borrow** ['bɒrəʊ] *v* брать взаймы  
**both** [bəʊθ] *pron* оба  
**bought** *past u p.p. om buy*  
**bow**<sup>1</sup> [bəʊ] *n* лук; дуга; смычок  
**bow**<sup>2</sup> [baʊ] *n* поклон; *v* согнуться; кланяться  
**box** [bɒks] *n* коробка; ложа (*театральная*)  
**boyhood** ['bɔɪhʊd] *n* детство (*о мальчике, мужчине*)  
**brain** [breɪn] *n* ум; мудрость; мозг  
**brave** [breɪv] *v* храбрый, смелый  
**break** [breɪk] *n* перерыв; (**broke, broken**) ([brəʊk], ['brəʊkən]) *v* ломать, разрушать; разорять(ся)  
**break the silence** нарушить тишину

**breath** [breθ] *n* дыхание  
**be out of breath** задыхаться, запыхаться  
**breathe** [bri:ð] *v* дышать  
**breed** [bri:d] *v* разводить; вскармливать  
**bridge** [brɪdʒ] *n* мост  
**bright** [braɪt] *a* яркий, блестящий; светлый; умный, смысленный  
**brilliant** ['brɪliənt] *a* блестящий, великолепный, сверкающий  
**bring (brought, brought)** [brɪŋ] ([brɔ:t], [brɔ:t]) *v* приносить  
**broad** [brɔ:d] *a* широкий, обширный, просторный  
**broke** *past om break*  
**broken** *p.p. om break*  
**brought** *past u p.p. om bring*  
**brush** [brʌʃ] *n* кисть (*художника, маляра и т.п.*); *v* чистить  
**build (built, built)** [bɪld] ([bɪlt], [bɪlt]) *v* строить  
**built** *past u p.p. om build*  
**bump** [bʌmp] *n* глухой шум; удар; *v* ударить; биться обо что-л.  
**burn (burnt, burnt)** [bɜ:n] ([bɜ:nt], [bɜ:nt]) *v* сжигать; гореть, пылать  
**burnt** *past u p.p. om burn*  
**bury** ['berɪ] *v* похоронить; зарывать



**bury one's face** спрятать лицо, закрыться  
**bush** [bʊʃ] *n* куст  
**business** [ˈbiznis] *n* дело, занятие  
**busy** [ˈbɪzi] *a* занятой  
**buttercup** [ˈbʌtəkʌp] *n* лютик (цветок)  
**butterfly** [ˈbʌtəflaɪ] *n* бабочка  
**button** [ˈbʌtn] *n* пуговица  
**buy (bought, bought)** [baɪ] ([bɔ:t], [bɔ:t]) *v* покупать, приобретать  
**buzz** [bʌz] *v* жужжать

## С

**calculate** [ˈkælkjuleɪt] *v* считать, подсчитывать  
**call** [kɔ:l] *v* звать, окликать; звонить; называть  
**call after smb** заходить к кому-л.  
**came past om come**  
**camp** [kæmp] *n* лагерь  
**can (could)** [kæn] ([kʌd]) *v* мочь, уметь  
**candle** [ˈkændl] *n* свеча  
**canvas** [ˈkænvəs] *n* холст  
**capital** [ˈkæpɪtl] *n* столица  
**caprice** [kəˈprɪ:s] *n* каприз  
**card** [kɑ:d] *n* карта (игральная)  
**care** [keə] *n* забота, попече-

ние, уход; внимание, осторожность; *v* заботиться  
**care (for)** заботиться (о)  
**take care (of)** заботиться (о)  
**I don't care** мне все равно  
**careful** [ˈkeəf(ə)l] *a* внимательный; тщательный; заботливый; осторожный  
**careless** [ˈkeəlis] *a* небрежный; невнимательный; неосторожный  
**carpet** [ˈkɑ:pɪt] *n* ковер  
**carriage** [ˈkærɪdʒ] *n* повозка  
**carrot** [ˈkærət] *n* морковь  
**carry** [ˈkæri] *v* носить, возить  
**case** [keɪs] *n* случай, дело; судебное дело; ящик, футляр  
**in any case** в любом случае  
**catch (caught, caught)** [kætʃ] ([kɔ:t], [kɔ:t]) *v* ловить, поймать, схватить  
**catch cold** простыть  
**caught past и p.p. om catch**  
**cause** [kɔ:z] *n* причина; *v* причинять, вызвать  
**caveman** [ˈkeɪvmæn] *n* пещерный человек  
**ceiling** [ˈsi:lɪŋ] *n* потолок  
**celebrate** [ˈselɪbreɪt] *v* праздновать  
**centre** [ˈsentə] *n* центр  
**century** [ˈsentʃəri] *n* век, столетие  
**ceremony** [ˈserɪməni] *n* церемония

**certain** [ˈsɜ:tn] *a* определенный; уверенный  
**for certain** наверняка  
**certainly** [ˈsɜ:tnli] *adv* конечно  
**certainty** [ˈsɜ:tnɪ] *n* уверенность, определенность  
**chain** [tʃeɪn] *n* цепь  
**chair** [tʃeə] *n* стул  
**chairman** [ˈtʃeəmən] *n* председатель  
**champagne** [ʃæmˈpeɪn] *n* шампанское  
**chance** [tʃɑ:ns] *n* случай; шанс, возможность, вероятность  
**by chance** случайно  
**change** [tʃeɪndʒ] *n* перемена; *v* обмениваться, меняться  
**change clothes** переодеваться  
**change the subject** переменить тему (разговора)  
**chapter** [ˈtʃæptə] *n* глава (книги)  
**character** [ˈkærɪktə] *n* герой (произведения)  
**charm** [tʃɑ:m] *n* очарование  
**charming** [ˈtʃɑ:mɪŋ] *a* очаровательный  
**chat** [tʃæt] *v* болтать, беседовать  
**cheap** [tʃi:p] *a* дешевый  
**cheat** [tʃi:t] *v* обманывать  
**cheek** [tʃi:k] *n* щека

**cheer** [tʃiə] *v* приветствовать  
**cheiromancy** [ˈkaɪəɾəmænsɪ] *n* хиромантия  
**cheiromantist** [ˈkaɪəɾəmæntɪst] *n* хиромант  
**cheiropodist** [ˈkaɪəɾəpɒdɪst] *n* мастер по педикюру, мозольный оператор  
**chemical** [ˈkemɪk(ə)l] *a* химический  
**chemist** [ˈkemɪst] *n* аптекарь  
**chemistry** [ˈkemɪstri] *n* химия  
**cheque** [tʃek] *n* чек  
**chiefly** [ˈtʃi:flɪ] *adv* в основном  
**childish** [ˈtʃaɪldɪʃ] *a* ребяческий, мальчишеский  
**chimney** [ˈtʃɪmni] *n* дымовая труба  
**chin** [tʃɪn] *n* подбородок  
**china** [ˈtʃaɪnə] *a* фарфоровый  
**china vase** фарфоровая ваза  
**choice** [tʃɔɪs] *n* выбор  
**choose (chose, chosen)** [tʃu:z] ([tʃəʊz], [ˈtʃəʊz(ə)n]) *v* выбирать  
**chorus** [ˈkɔ:rəs] *n* хор  
**chose past om choose**  
**chosen p.p. om choose**  
**Christmas** [ˈkrɪsməs] *n* Рождество (рел. праздник)  
**church** [tʃɜ:tʃ] *n* церковь  
**circle** [ˈsɜ:k(ə)l] *n* круг  
**civilisation** [ˌsɪv(ə)laɪˈzeɪʃ(ə)n] *n* цивилизация  
**clap** [klæp] *v* хлопать

**clear** [kliə] *a* чистый; *v* чистить  
**clear away** расчищать; убирать (*со стола и т.п.*)  
**climb** [klaɪm] *v* лазить, взбираться  
**close** [kləʊs] *a* близкий; *adv* близко  
**close friend** близкий друг  
**close** [kləʊz] *v* закрывать  
**clothes** [kləʊðz] *n* одежда  
**club** [klʌb] *n* клуб  
**clumsy** [ˈklʌmzi] *a* неуклюжий  
**coal-black** [ˈkəʊlˈblæk] *a* угольный (*цвет*)  
**coat** [kəʊt] *n* пальто  
**coin** [kɔɪn] *n* монет(к)а  
**cold** [kəʊld] *n* простуда  
**collar** [ˈkɒlə] *n* воротник  
**collect** [kəˈlekt] *v* собирать  
**collection** [kəˈleɪʃ(ə)n] *n* коллекция; собрание  
**colour** [ˈkʌlə] *n* цвет; оттенок; тон  
**colourless** [ˈkʌlələs] *a* бесцветный  
**column** [ˈkɒləm] *n* колонна  
**comb** [kəʊm] *v* расчесывать  
**come (came, come)** [kʌm] ([keɪm], [kʌm]) *v* приходить, прибывать, приезжать; происходить  
**come across** встретиться  
**come back** вернуться

**come from** происходить, быть родом  
**come out** выходить  
**come over** приезжать, приходить  
**come up** подходить  
**comfort** [ˈkʌmfət] *n* комфорт  
**comfortable** [ˈkʌmf(ə)təb(ə)l] *a* удобный  
**common** [ˈkɒmən] *a* простой, обычный; общий  
**common sense** здравый смысл  
**companion** [kəmˈpæniən] *n* компаньон(ка)  
**company** [ˈkʌmpəni] *n* труппа (*артистов*)  
**compare** [kəmˈpeə] *v* сравнивать  
**complain** [kəmˈpleɪn] *v* жаловаться  
**complete** [kəmˈpli:t] *a* полный; завершённый  
**compliment** [ˈkɒmplɪmənt] *n* комплимент  
**conceal** [kənˈsi:l] *v* скрывать, утаивать  
**concentrate** [ˈkɒns(ə)ntreɪt] *v* концентрировать(ся)  
**concert** [ˈkɒnsət] *n* концерт  
**condemn** [kənˈdem] *v* осуждать; приговаривать  
**confirm** [kənˈfɜ:m] *v* подтверждать  
**congratulate** [kənˈgrætjuleɪt] *v* поздравлять

**connection** [kəˈneɪʃ(ə)n] *n* связь  
**conscience** [ˈkɒnʃ(ə)ns] *n* совесть  
**conscious** [ˈkɒnʃəs] *a* сознательный; сознающий  
**consequence** [ˈkɒnsɪkwəns] *n* следствие  
**consider** [kənˈsɪdə] *v* полагать, считать  
**construct** [kənˈstrʌkt] *v* сооружать  
**consult** [kənˈsʌlt] *v* советоваться, консультироваться  
**consultation** [ˌkɒns(ə)lˈteɪʃ(ə)n] *n* консультация  
**contain** [kənˈteɪn] *v* содержать  
**contents** [ˈkɒntents] *n pl* содержание  
**continent** [ˈkɒntɪnənt] *n* континент  
**continue** [kənˈtɪnju:] *v* продолжать  
**convenient** [kənˈvi:niənt] *a* удобный  
**conversation** [ˌkɒnvəˈseɪʃ(ə)n] *n* разговор  
**cook** [kʊk] *v* готовить еду  
**cool** [ku:l] *a* прохладный  
**copper** [ˈkɒpə] *n* медная монета  
**cornelian** [kɔ:ˈni:liən] *n* корнелиан (*камень*)  
**corner** [ˈkɔ:nə] *n* угол; место

**correct** [kəˈrekt] *a* правильный; *v* исправлять  
**corridor** [ˈkɒrɪdɔ:] *n* коридор  
**corrupt** [kəˈrʌpt] *v* развращать; портить  
**corruption** [kəˈrʌpʃ(ə)n] *n* разрушение; порча; развращение  
**costume** [ˈkɒstjʊm] *n* костюм, наряд  
**costume ball** костюмированный бал, маскарад  
**cotton** [ˈkɒtn] *n* хлопок  
**cough** [kɒf] *n* кашель; *v* кашлять  
**could past om can**  
**count** [kaʊnt] *v* считать  
**couple** [ˈkʌp(ə)l] *n* пара  
**courage** [ˈkʌrɪdʒ] *n* мужество  
**cousin** [ˈkʌz(ə)n] *n* двоюродный брат, двоюродная сестра  
**cover** [ˈkʌvə] *n* покрывало; *v* покрывать  
**crack** [kræk] *n* треск; трещина; щель; *v* раскалывать, трескаться  
**crash** [kræʃ] *n* грохот, треск; *v* падать, рушиться с треском  
**cravat** [krəˈvæt] *n* галстук  
**crawl** [krɔ:l] *v* ползти  
**cream** [kri:m] *n* крем; *a* кремный  
**create** [kriˈeɪt] *v* создавать

**creation** [kri'eɪʃ(ə)n] *n* создание, сотворение (*процесс*)  
**creature** ['kri:tʃə] *n* существо, создание (*результат*)  
**creep** (**crept, crept**) [kri:p] ([krept], [krept]) *v* ползать; виться  
**crept** *past* и *p.p.* от **creep**  
**crime** [kraɪm] *n* преступление  
**criminal** ['krɪmɪn(ə)l] *n* преступник  
**cross** [krɒs] *n* крест; *v* переходить, пересекать  
**crowd** [kraʊd] *n* толпа; *v* наполнять  
**crown** [kraʊn] *n* корона  
**cruelty** ['kru:əlti] *n* жестокость  
**cry** [kraɪ] *n* крик; *v* кричать; плакать; восклицать  
**cry out** выкрикивать  
**crystal** ['krɪstl] *a* хрустальный; кристаллический  
**cunning** ['kʌnɪŋ] *a* хитрый; коварный  
**cupboard** ['kʌpbəd] *n* шкаф  
**cure** [kjʊə] *n* лекарство; *v* излечивать  
**curiosity** [,kjʊ(ə)rɪ'ɒsɪti] *n* любопытство  
**curious** ['kjʊ(ə)rɪəs] *a* любопытный; странный, непонятный  
**curl** [kɜ:l] *v* виться; клубиться

**curly** ['kɜ:li] *a* кудрявый, вьющийся  
**curtain** ['kɜ:tn] *n* занавес(ка), портьера  
**cushion** ['kʊʃ(ə)n] *n* подушка  
**cut** [kʌt] *n* порез; (**cut, cut**) ([kʌt], [kʌt]) *v* резать, рубить; срезать; стричь  
**cynical** ['sɪnɪk(ə)l] *a* циничный  
**cynicism** ['sɪnɪsɪz(ə)m] *n* цинизм

## D

**dahlia** ['deɪljə] *n* астра  
**daisy** ['deɪzi] *n* маргаритка  
**danger** ['deɪndʒə] *n* опасность  
**dangerous** ['deɪndʒərəs] *a* опасный; рискованный  
**dare** [deə] *v* осмеливаться  
**dark** [dɑ:k] *a* темный  
**darkness** ['dɑ:knis] *n* темнота  
**date** [deɪt] *n* дата, число  
**dawn** [dɔ:n] *n* рассвет  
**dead** [ded] *a* мертвый, умерший  
**dead leaves** опавшие листья  
**dead-houses** ['dedhaʊzɪz] *n pl* морг  
**deaf** [def] *a* глухой  
**death** [deθ] *n* смерть  
**decide** [dɪ'saɪd] *v* решать, принимать решение

**decision** [dɪ'sɪz(ə)n] *n* решение  
**decorate** ['dekəreɪt] *v* украшать, наряжать  
**decorative** ['dek(ə)rətɪv] *a* декоративный  
**deed** [di:d] *n* действие, поступок  
**deep** [di:p] *a* глубокий, низкий (*о голосе*)  
**deer** [diə] *n* олень  
**defeat** [dɪ'fi:t] *v* поражать, побеждать  
**deform** [dɪ'fɔ:m] *v* деформировать  
**degradation** [,degrə'deɪʃ(ə)n] *n* деградация  
**delicate** ['delɪkɪt] *a* деликатный; хрупкий, нежный  
**delight** [dɪ'laɪt] *n* восторг  
**delightful** [dɪ'laɪtʃ(ə)l] *a* восхитительный  
**deliver** [dɪ'lvɪə] *v* доставлять, приносить  
**demonstrate** ['demənstreɪt] *v* демонстрировать  
**den** [den] *n* логово; притон  
**denial** [dɪ'naɪ(ə)l] *n* отрицание  
**deny** [dɪ'naɪ] *v* отрицать  
**depend** [dɪ'pend] *v* зависеть  
**it depends (on)** это зависит от многих причин  
**depressing** [dɪ'presɪŋ] *a* угнетающий

**describe** [dɪs'kraɪb] *v* описывать; изображать  
**desert** ['dezət] *n* пустыня  
**desire** [dɪ'zaɪə] *n* желание; *v* хотеть, желать  
**despair** [dɪs'peə] *n* отчаяние  
**despotism** ['despətɪz(ə)m] *n* деспотизм  
**destiny** ['destɪni] *n* судьба  
**destroy** [dɪs'trɔɪ] *v* разрушать, портить; уничтожать  
**detail** ['di:teɪl] *n* деталь; подробность  
**develop** [dɪ'veləp] *v* развивать  
**devoted** [dɪ'vəʊtɪd] *a* преданный  
**diamond** ['daɪəmənd] *n* бриллиант  
**diary** ['daɪəri] *n* дневник  
**dictate** [dɪk'teɪt] *v* диктовать  
**dictate terms** диктовать условия  
**did** *past* от **do**  
**die** [daɪ] *v* умереть; скончаться  
**difference** ['dɪf(ə)rəns] *n* отличие; разница  
**different** ['dɪf(ə)rənt] *a* другой, непохожий  
**difficult** ['dɪfɪk(ə)lt] *a* трудный  
**difficulty** ['dɪfɪk(ə)lti] *n* трудность  
**dig (dug, dug)** [dɪg] ([dʌg], [dʌg]) *v* копать, рыть; ткнуть (*ножом*)

**digestion** [d(a)ɪ'dʒestʃ(ə)n] *n*  
пищеварение  
**dine** [daɪn] *v* обедать  
**dining-room** ['daɪnɪŋru(:)m] *n*  
столовая (*комната в доме*)  
**direction** [d(a)ɪ'rekʃ(ə)n] *n*  
направление  
**in the direction of** по направлению к чему-л.  
**give a direction** указать направление  
**dirty** ['dɜ:ti] *a* грязный  
**disagree** [ˌdɪsə'ɡri:] *v* не соглашаться  
**disappear** [ˌdɪsə'piə] *v* исчезать  
**disappoint** [ˌdɪsə'pɔɪnt] *v* расстраивать; разочаровывать  
**discover** [dɪs'klʌvə] *v* открывать, обнаруживать; раскрывать  
**discovery** [dɪs'klʌv(ə)ri] *n* открытие  
**discuss** [dɪs'kʌs] *v* обсуждать, дискутировать  
**disgust** [dɪs'ɡʌst] *n* отвращение  
**dispute** [dɪs'pju:t] *n* диспут  
**distance** ['dɪst(ə)ns] *n* расстояние; дистанция  
**in the distance** вдали  
**distant** ['dɪst(ə)nt] *a* отдаленный  
**distressed** [dɪs'trest] *a* страдающий; бедствующий

**divide** [dɪ'vaɪd] *v* делить  
**do (did, done)** [du:] ([dɪd], [dʌn]) *v* делать  
**do one's best** делать все возможное  
**document** ['dɒkjʊmənt] *n* документ  
**doll** [dɒl] *n* кукла  
**domestic** [də'mestɪk] *a* домашний (*о животных*)  
**dominate** ['dɒmɪneɪt] *v* доминировать, властвовать  
**done** *p.p. om do*  
**door** [dɔ:] *n* дверь  
**double** ['dʌbl] *a* двойной  
**doubt** [daʊt] *n* сомнение; *v* сомневаться, колебаться, быть неуверенным  
**no doubt** без сомнения  
**downstairs** [ˌdaʊn'steəz] *adv* вниз  
**downwards** ['daʊnwədz] *adv* вниз  
**dragon** ['dræɡən] *n* дракон  
**dragon-fly** ['dræɡənflaɪ] *n* стрекоза  
**dramatic** [drə'mætɪk] *a* драматический  
**drank** *past om drink*  
**draw (drew, drawn)** [drɔ:] ([dru:], [drɔ:n]) *v* рисовать; тащить  
**draw back** отпрянуть, отступить  
**drawing** ['drɔ:ɪŋ] *n* рисунок

**drawing-room** ['drɔ:ɪŋru(:)m] *n* гостиная  
**drawn** *p.p. om draw*  
**dreadful** ['dredf(ə)l] *a* страшный, ужасный  
**dream** [dri:m] *n* сон, мечта; (**dreamt, dreamt**) ([dremt], [dremt]) *v* видеть во сне; мечтать  
**dreamland** ['dri:mlænd] *n* сказочная страна, царство грез  
**dreamt** *past u p.p. om dream*  
**dreamy** ['dri:mi] *a* мечтательный  
**dress** [dres] *n* платье; *v* одеваться, наряжаться  
**dress-circle** ['dres,sɜ:kl] *n* бельэтаж  
**dressing-room** ['dresɪŋru(:)m] *n* гардеробная, комната для одевания; артистическая уборная  
**drew** *past om draw*  
**drink (drank, drunk)** [drɪŋk] ([dræŋk], [dɾŋk]) *v* пить  
**drive (drove, driven)** [draɪv] ([drəʊv], ['drɪvn]) *v* ехать; управлять  
**Who drove him to it?** Кто довел его до этого?  
**driven** *p.p. om drive*  
**drop** [drɒp] *n* капля; *v* капать, падать; ронять; заходить  
**drove** *past om drive*

**drown** [draʊn] *v* затоплять; тонуть  
**drunk** *p.p. om drink*  
**dry** [draɪ] *a* сухой; *v* сушить, высушивать  
**duchess** ['dʌtʃɪs] *n* графиня  
**dug** *past u p.p. om dig*  
**dull** [dʌl] *a* скучный; пасмурный; хмурый  
**during** ['djʊəɪŋ] *prep* в течение, во время  
**dust** [dʌst] *n* пыль; *v* вытирать пыль  
**dusty** ['dʌsti] *a* пыльный  
**duty** ['dju:ti] *n* долг, обязанность  
**dynamite** ['daɪnəmaɪt] *n* динамит (*взрывчатое вещество*)

## E

**each** [i:tʃ] *pron* каждый  
**each other** друг друга  
**eager** ['i:gə] *a* стремящийся  
**be eager for smth** стремиться к чему-л.  
**ear** [ɪə] *n* ухо  
**early** ['ɜ:li] *adv* рано  
**earth** [ɜ:θ] *n* земля  
**easel** ['i:z(ə)l] *n* мольберт  
**Easter** ['i:stə] *n* Пасха (*рел. праздник*)  
**easy** ['i:zi] *a* легкий; простой  
**eat (ate, eaten)** [i:t] ([et], ['i:tn]) *v* есть, кушать

**eaten** *p.p. om eat*  
**echo** [ˈekəʊ] *n* эхо; (звуковое) отражение  
**economist** [iˈkɒnəmist] *n* экономист  
**education** [ˌedʒuˈkeɪʃ(ə)n] *n* образование  
**effect** [iˈfekt] *n* эффект  
**elderly** [ˈeldəli] *a* пожилой  
**embroidery** [ɪmˈbrɔɪd(ə)rɪ] *n* вышивка  
**emotion** [iˈməʊʃ(ə)n] *n* эмоция; переживание  
**empty** [ˈempti] *a* пустой; бессодержательный  
**end** [end] *n* конец, окончание  
**endless** [ˈendlis] *a* бесконечный  
**enemy** [ˈenəmi] *n* враг, противник  
**engagement** [ɪnˈgeɪdʒmənt] *n* помолвка  
**enjoy** [ɪnˈdʒɔɪ] *v* получать удовольствие, наслаждаться  
**enough** [iˈnʌf] *adv* довольно, достаточно  
**enslave** [ɪnˈsleɪv] *v* порабощать  
**enter** [ˈentə] *v* входить; поступать  
**entrance** [ˈentrəns] *n* вход  
**envelope** [ˈenvələʊp] *n* конверт  
**envy** [ˈenvi] *n* зависть; *v* завидовать

**escape** [ɪˈskeɪp] *v* убежать; вырваться; избежать  
**especially** [ɪˈspeʃ(ə)li] *adv* особенно  
**even** [ˈi:v(ə)n] *adv* даже  
**event** [ɪˈvent] *n* событие; случай  
**evidence** [ˈeɪvɪd(ə)ns] *n* доказательство  
**evil** [ˈi:v(ə)l] *n* зло; *a* злой  
**evolution** [ˌevəˈlu:ʃ(ə)n] *n* эволюция  
**exact** [ɪgˈzækt] *a* точный  
**exactly** [ɪgˈzæktli] *adv* точно  
**exaggerate** [ɪgˈzædʒəreɪt] *v* преувеличивать  
**examine** [ɪgˈzæmɪn] *v* осматривать; исследовать  
**excellent** [ˈeks(ə)lənt] *a* отличный, великолепный  
**except** [ɪkˈsept] *prep* исключая, кроме  
**excitedly** [ɪkˈsaɪtɪdli] *adv* возбужденно, взволнованно  
**exciting** [ɪkˈsaɪtɪŋ] *a* волнующий, захватывающий  
**exclaim** [ɪkˈskleɪm] *v* восклицать  
**excuse** [ɪkˈskju:s] *n* прощение; оправдание; [ɪkˈskju:z] *v* извинять, прощать  
**execute** [ˈeksɪkju:t] *v* казнить  
**execution** [ˌeksɪˈkju:ʃ(ə)n] *n* казнь

**exhibit** [ɪgˈzɪbɪt] *v* выставлять, экспонировать (*на выставке*)  
**existence** [ɪgˈzɪst(ə)ns] *n* существование  
**expect** [ɪkˈspekt] *v* ожидать  
**expedition** [ˌeksprɪˈdɪʃ(ə)n] *n* экспедиция  
**expensive** [ɪkˈspensɪv] *a* дорогой  
**experiment** [ɪkˈsperɪmənt] *n* эксперимент  
**make experiment** ставить эксперимент  
**perform experiment** проводить эксперимент  
**explain** [ɪkˈspleɪn] *v* объяснять  
**explanation** [ˌekspləˈneɪʃ(ə)n] *n* объяснение  
**explode** [ɪkˈspləʊd] *v* взрывать(ся)  
**explore** [ɪkˈsplɔ:] *v* исследовать  
**explorer** [ɪkˈsplɔ:gə] *n* исследователь  
**explosion** [ɪkˈspləʊz(ə)n] *n* взрыв  
**explosive** [ɪkˈspləʊsɪv] *a* взрывчатый  
**express** [ɪkˈspres] *v* выражать  
**expression** [ɪkˈspres(ə)n] *n* выражение  
**expressive** [ɪkˈspresɪv] *a* выразительный

**extra** [ˈekstrə] *a* дополнительный, добавочный  
**extraordinary** [ɪkˈstrɔ:d(ə)n(ə)rɪ] *a* необычный  
**eyelash** [ˈaɪləʃ] *n* ресница

## F

**face** [feɪs] *v* смотреть в лицо, не испугаться; сталкиваться лицом к лицу  
**fail** [feɪl] *v* потерпеть поражение  
**failure** [ˈfeɪljə] *n* поражение  
**faint** [feɪnt] *v* потерять сознание  
**fair** [feə] *a* честный, справедливый  
**it isn't fair** это несправедливо  
**faithful** [ˈfeɪθf(ə)l] *a* верный, преданный  
**fall** [fɔ:l] *n* падение; (**fell, fallen**) ([fel], [ˈfɔ:lən]) *v* падать  
**fall asleep** уснуть  
**fall in** провалиться внутрь  
**fall in love with** влюбиться в кого-л.  
**fallen** *p.p. om fall*  
**false** [fɔ:ls] *a* фальшивый  
**famous** [ˈfeɪməs] *a* знаменитый, известный  
**fan** [fæn] *n* веер  
**fancy** [ˈfænsɪ] *n* фантазия,

причуда; *v* представлять, фантазировать  
**fantastic** [fæn'tæstɪk] *a* невероятный; удивительный  
**fascinate** ['fæsɪneɪt] *v* очаровывать  
**fashion** ['fæʃ(ə)n] *n* мода; фасон; манера  
**fashionable** ['fæʃ(ə)nəb(ə)l] *a* модный  
**fast** [fɑ:st] *a* быстрый  
**fasten** ['fɑ:s(ə)n] *v* прикреплять, пристегивать  
**fastness** ['fɑ:stnɪs] *n* скорость; беспутство, легкомыслие  
**fatal** ['feɪtl] *a* фатальный, роковой  
**fault** [fɔ:lt] *n* ошибка; вина  
**favourite** ['feɪv(ə)rɪt] *n* любимец; *a* любимый  
**fear** [fiə] *n* страх, боязнь; *v* бояться  
**for fear of** из-за страха перед  
**fearful** ['fiəf(ə)l] *a* страшный, ужасный  
**fed** *past* и *p.p.* **om feed**  
**feed** (fed, fed) [fi:d] ([fed], [fed]) *v* кормить(ся)  
**feel** (felt, felt) [fi:l] ([felt], [felt]) *v* чувствовать  
**feel important** ощущать торжественность, собственную значимость

**I don't feel like doing that** я не хочу делать это  
**feel bad/well** чувствовать себя плохо/хорошо  
**feel ashamed of** стыдиться  
**feeling** ['fi:lɪŋ] *n* чувство  
**feet** [fi:t] *n pl* ноги  
**fell** *past* **om fall**  
**fellow** ['feləv] *n* парень  
**felt** *past* и *p.p.* **om feel**  
**fever** ['fi:və] *n* жар, лихорадка  
**few** [fju:] *a* немногие, мало, немного  
**a few** несколько  
**quite a few** довольно много  
**fight** [faɪt] *n* схватка, драка; (fought, fought) ([fɔ:t], [fɔ:t]) *v* драться, сражаться  
**figure** ['fɪgə] *n* фигура; внешний вид  
**fill** [fɪl] *v* наполнять, заполнять  
**final** ['faɪn(ə)l] *a* окончательный, последний  
**finally** ['faɪnəli] *adv* наконец, в заключение  
**find** (found, found) [faɪnd] ([faʊnd], [faʊnd]) *v* находить  
**find out** выяснить  
**find oneself** очутиться, оказаться  
**fine** [faɪn] *a* отличный, замечательный

**finger** ['fɪŋgə] *n* палец (руки)  
**finish** ['fɪnɪʃ] *v* заканчивать, завершать  
**fire** ['faɪə] *n* пожар, огонь; *v* стрелять  
**fire the gun** выстрелить из ружья  
**fireplace** ['faɪəpleɪs] *n* камин, очаг  
**fit** [fɪt] *a* годный; подходящий; достойный  
**fix** [fɪks] *v* укреплять, устанавливать, фиксировать  
**flake** [fleɪk] *n* мазок (художника)  
**flame** [fleɪm] *n* пламя; *v* пламенеть  
**flew** *past* **om fly**<sup>2</sup>  
**float** [fləʊt] *v* парить (об облаках); плыть по течению  
**floor** [flɔ:] *n* пол  
**flow** [fləʊ] *v* течь  
**flower-bed** ['flaʊəbed] *n* клумба  
**flowerlike** ['flaʊəlaɪk] *a* похожий на цветок  
**flower-pot** ['flaʊəpɒt] *n* цветочный горшок  
**flown** *p.p.* **om fly**<sup>2</sup>  
**fly**<sup>1</sup> [flaɪ] *n* муха  
**fly**<sup>2</sup> (flew, flown) [flaɪ] ([flu:], [fləʊn]) *v* летать  
**fly open** быстро открыться, распахнуться  
**fog** [fɒg] *n* туман

**fold** [fəʊld] *n* складка; *v* складывать  
**fold one's hands** скрестить руки на груди  
**follow** ['fɒləʊ] *v* следовать  
**fond** [fɒnd] *a* нежный; любящий  
**be fond of** любить  
**food** [fu:d] *n* еда  
**fool** [fu:l] *a* глупый  
**foolish** ['fu:lɪʃ] *a* глупый  
**foot** [fʊt] (*pl* feet) *n* нога  
**footmark** ['fʊtmɑ:k] *n* след  
**forehead** ['fɒrɪd] *n* лоб  
**foreigner** ['fɒrɪnə] *n* иностранец  
**forest** ['fɒrɪst] *n* лес  
**forever** [fə'revə] *adv* навсегда  
**forget** (forgot, forgotten) [fə'get] ([fə'gɒt], [fə'gɒtn]) *v* забывать  
**forgetfulness** [fə'getf(ə)lnɪs] *n* забвение  
**forget-me-not** [fə'getmɪ,nɒt] *n* незабудка  
**forgiveness** [fə'gɪvnɪs] *n* прощение  
**forgot** *past* **om forget**  
**forgotten** *p.p.* **om forget**  
**fork** [fɔ:k] *n* вилка  
**formal** ['fɔ:m(ə)l] *a* формальный; официальный  
**fortunate** ['fɔ:tʃ(ə)nət] *a* удачный  
**fortunately** ['fɔ:tʃ(ə)nətli] *adv* к счастью

**fortune** [ˈfɔ:tʃ(ə)n] *n* удача; судьба; много денег  
**tell fortune** предсказывать будущее  
**fought** *past* и *p.p.* **om fight**  
**found** *past* и *p.p.* **om find**  
**frame** [freɪm] *n* рама  
**free** [fri:] *a* свободный; *v* освободить  
**set smb free** освободить кого-л.  
**French** [frentʃ] *a* французский  
**fresh** [frefʃ] *a* свежий  
**friendly** [ˈfrendli] *a* дружелюбный  
**friendship** [ˈfrendʃɪp] *n* дружба  
**frighten** [ˈfraɪtn] *v* пугать  
**frightened** [ˈfraɪnd] *a* испуганный, напуганный  
**frightening** [ˈfraɪnɪŋ] *a* пугающий; страшный  
**front** [frʌnt] *a* передний  
**front feet** передние ноги  
**frown** [fraʊn] *v* хмуриться  
**full** [fʊl] *a* полный  
**full-length portrait** портрет во весь рост  
**fume** [fju:m] *n* дым; *pl* пары, испарения  
**fumes of wine** винные пары  
**fur** [fɜ:] *n* мех  
**furious** [ˈfju(ə)riəs] *a* взбешенный  
**further** [ˈfɜ:ðə] *adv* дальше, далее

**fury** [ˈfju(ə)ri] *n* неистовство, ярость  
**future** [ˈfju:tʃə] *n* будущее

## G

**gallop** [ˈgæləp] *v* скакать галопом  
**gardener** [ˈgɑ:dnə] *n* садовник  
**garnet** [ˈgɑ:nɪt] *n* гранат (*полудрагоценный камень*)  
**gate** [geɪt] *n* ворота, калитка  
**gave** *past* **om give**  
**gelatine** [ˈdʒeləti:n] *n* желатин  
**generous** [ˈdʒen(ə)rəs] *a* щедрый  
**genius** [ˈdʒi:niəs] *n* гений; *a* гениальный  
**gentle** [ˈdʒentl] *a* мягкий, добрый; тихий, спокойный  
**gentleman** [ˈdʒentlmən] *n* господин, джентльмен  
**geography** [dʒɪˈɒɡrəfi] *n* география  
**get (got, got)** [get] ([gɒt], [gɒt]) *v* получать; становиться, стать  
**get across** перебраться  
**get away** уходить, выбираться  
**get down** спуститься  
**get in/inside** войти, проникнуть

**get off** снимать  
**get out of** выходить, выбираться  
**get up** вставать  
**giant** [ˈdʒaɪənt] *n* гигант, великан  
**gigantic** [dʒaɪˈɡæntɪk] *a* гигантский  
**Gipsy** [ˈdʒɪpsɪ] *n* цыган(ка)  
**give (gave, given)** [ɡɪv] ([geɪv], [ˈɡɪv(ə)n]) *v* давать  
**give away** отдавать  
**given** *p.p.* **om give**  
**glad** [glæd] *a* довольный; радостный; веселый  
**glass** [glɑ:s] *n* бокал, рюмка  
**glassy** [ˈglɑ:si] *a* стеклянный  
**gloomy** [ˈɡlu:mi] *a* мрачный  
**glory** [ˈɡlɔ:ri] *n* слава  
**glove** [glʌv] *n* перчатка  
**go (went, gone)** [gəʊ] ([went], [gɒn]) *v* ходить; уходить, уезжать  
**go away** уходить  
**go off** уходить  
**go on** продолжаться  
**go out** выходить; встречаться  
**God** [ɡɒd] *n* Бог  
**goddess** [ˈɡɒdɪs] *n* богиня  
**godlike** [ˈɡɒdlaɪk] *a* похожий на бога  
**gold** [gəʊld] *n* золото  
**golden** [ˈgəʊld(ə)n] *a* золотой (*о цвете*)

**gone** *p.p.* **om go**  
**good** [ɡʊd] *a* хороший  
**be good at smth** хорошо разбираться в чем-л., уметь хорошо делать что-л.  
**got** *past* и *p.p.* **om get**  
**grace** [ɡreɪs] *n* изящество  
**graceful** [ˈɡreɪsf(ə)l] *a* изящный  
**grass** [ɡrɑ:s] *n* трава  
**grasshopper** [ˈɡrɑ:s, hɒpə] *n* кузнечик  
**grassy** [ˈɡrɑ:si] *a* травянистый  
**grave** [ɡreɪv] *n* могила  
**greedy** [ˈɡri:di] *a* жадный  
**greengrocer** [ˈɡri:n, ɡrəʊsə] *n* зеленщик; продавец фруктов  
**grew** *past* **om grow**  
**grin** [ɡrɪn] *n* ухмылка; *v* ухмыляться  
**grip** [ɡrɪp] *v* схватить  
**grotesque** [ɡrəʊˈtesk] *n* гротеск  
**ground** [ɡraʊnd] *n* земля  
**ground floor** первый этаж  
**grow (grew, grown)** [ɡrəʊ] ([gru:], [grəʊn]) *v* расти; выращивать  
**growl** [ɡraʊl] *v* рычать; ворчать  
**grown** *p.p.* **om grow**  
**guarantee** [ˌɡærənˈti:] *n* гарантия; *v* гарантировать

**guard** [gɑ:d] *n* охранник, сторож  
**guess** [ges] *v* догадаться; угадать, отгадать  
**guest** [gest] *n* гость  
**guide** [gaɪd] *n* гид; проводник  
**guilty** [ˈgɪltɪ] *a* виновный  
**guinea** [ˈɡɪni] *n* гинейя (старинная английская денежная единица и монета, равная 21 шиллингу)  
**gun** [ɡʌn] *n* ружье  
**gunpowder** [ˈɡʌn,paʊdə] *n* порох

## Н

**had** *past* и *p.p.* от **have**  
**hairy** [ˈhe(ə)ri] *a* волосатый  
**half** [hɑ:f] *n* половина  
**hammer** [ˈhæmər] *n* молоток  
**hand** [hænd] *n* рука (кисть)  
**go hand in hand** ходить за ручку  
**be a great hand in smth** быть мастером своего дела; уметь делать что-л. очень хорошо  
**hand** [hænd] *v* передавать, вручать  
**handful** [ˈhændfʊl] *n* горсть  
**handkerchief** [ˈhæŋkətʃɪf] *n* носовой плато(че)к  
**handle** [ˈhændl] *n* ручка (двери, кружки)

**handsome** [ˈhæns(ə)m] *a* красивый  
**hang** (**hung, hung**) [hæŋ] ([hʌŋ], [hæŋ]) *v* вешать, подвешивать, развешивать; висеть  
**happen** [ˈhæpən] *v* случаться, происходить  
**hard** [hɑ:d] *a* твердый; усердный, упорный; жесткий; *adv* настойчиво, упорно; тяжело, трудно  
**hardly** [ˈhɑ:dlɪ] *adv* едва  
**hare** [heə] *n* заяц  
**harm** [hɑ:m] *n* вред, ущерб  
**harmony** [ˈhɑ:məni] *n* гармония  
**hate** [heit] *v* ненавидеть  
**hateful** [ˈheitf(ə)l] *a* ненавидящий, полный ненависти; ненавистный  
**hatred** [ˈheitrid] *n* ненависть  
**have** (**had, had**) [hæv] ([hæd], [hæd]) *v* иметь  
**have smth for breakfast** есть что-л. на завтрак  
**head** [hed] *n* голова; *v* возглавлять  
**headache** [ˈhedeɪk] *n* головная боль  
**health** [helθ] *n* здоровье  
**hear** (**heard, heard**) [hiə] ([hɜ:d], [hɜ:d]) *v* слышать  
**heard** *past* и *p.p.* от **hear**  
**heart** [hɑ:t] *n* сердце

**by heart** наизусть  
**heart-sick** подавленный  
**heartburn** [ˈhɑ:tbɜ:n] *n* изжога  
**heat** [hi:t] *n* жара  
**heavens** [ˈhev(ə)nz] *n pl* библ. царство небесное; *возвыш.* провидение, бог  
**Good heavens!** Боже мой!  
**heavy** [ˈhevi] *a* тяжелый; трудный; сильный  
**height** [hait] *n* высота; рост  
**held** *past* и *p.p.* от **hold**  
**hell** [hel] *n* ад  
**here** [hiə] *adv* здесь; тут; сюда  
**hero** [ˈhi(ə)rəʊ] *n* герой  
**heroine** [ˈherəʊɪn] *n* героиня  
**hid** *past* от **hide**  
**hidden** *p.p.* от **hide**  
**hide** (**hid, hidden**) [haɪd] ([hɪd], [ˈhɪdn]) *v* прятать(ся)  
**hiding-place** [ˈhaɪdɪŋpleɪs] *n* потайное место  
**high** [haɪ] *a* высокий  
**high voice** громкий голос  
**hire** [ˈhaɪə] *v* нанимать  
**history** [ˈhɪst(ə)rɪ] *n* история (*наука*)  
**hit** (**hit, hit**) [hɪt] ([hɪt], [hɪt]) *v* ударить  
**hold** (**held, held**) [həʊld] ([held], [held]) *v* держать; проводить (*о собрании*)  
**hold hands over ears** закрыть уши руками  
**hold out** протянуть

**hole** [həʊl] *n* дыра; нора  
**honest** [ˈɒnɪst] *a* честный  
**honestly** [ˈɒnɪstli] *adv* откровенно, честно  
**honey** [ˈhʌni] *n* мед  
**honey-coloured** цвета меда  
**honey-sweet** сладкий как мед  
**honeymoon** [ˈhʌnɪmu:n] *n* медовый месяц  
**honour** [ˈɒnə] *n* честь; *v* почитать, чтить  
**hope** [həʊp] *n* надежда; *v* надеяться, уповать; предвкусывать  
**horrible** [ˈhɒrəb(ə)l] *a* ужасный  
**horrid** [ˈhɒrɪd] *a* ужасный  
**horror** [ˈhɒrə] *n* ужас  
**hospitable** [ˈhɒspɪtəb(ə)l] *a* гостеприимный  
**hot-tempered** [ˌhɒtˈtempəd] *a* вспыльчивый  
**housekeeper** [ˈhaʊs,ki:pə] *n* экономка, домоправительница  
**however** [haʊˈevə] *conj* однако, впрочем  
**hug** [hʌg] *v* обнимать  
**huge** [hju:dʒ] *a* огромный  
**human** [ˈhju:mən] *a* человеческий  
**humorous** [ˈhju:m(ə)rəs] *a* юмористический  
**hung** *past* и *p.p.* от **hang**



**hunger** [ˈhʌŋɡə] *n* голод  
**hungry** [ˈhʌŋɡri] *a* голодный  
**hunt** [hʌnt] *v* охотиться  
**hurry** [ˈhʌri] *n* спешка; *v* торопить(ся)  
**be in a hurry** торопиться, спешить  
**hurt (hurt, hurt)** [hɜ:t] ([hɜ:t], [hɜ:t]) *v* болеть; причинять боль  
**hurt smb's feelings** оскорбить чьи-л. чувства  
**hydra** [ˈhaɪdrə] *n* гидра

## I

**idea** [aɪˈdiə] *n* идея; понятие; представление  
**ideal** [aɪˈdiəl] *n* идеал  
**idiotic** [ˌɪdɪˈɒtɪk] *a* идиотский  
**if** [ɪf] *conj* если  
**ill** [ɪl] *a* больной, нездоровый  
**ill-natured** [ˌɪlˈneɪtʃəd] *a* злой  
**image** [ˈɪmɪdʒ] *n* образ  
**imagine** [ɪˈmædʒɪn] *v* воображать, представлять себе  
**immediate** [ɪˈmiːdiət] *a* немедленный  
**immoral** [ɪˈmɒrəl] *a* аморальный  
**immortality** [ˌɪməˈrælɪti] *n* бессмертие  
**impenetrability** [ɪmˌpenɪtrəˈbɪlɪti] *n* непостижимость; непроходимость

**impertinence** [ɪmˈpɜːtɪnəns] *n* наглость  
**importance** [ɪmˈpɔːt(ə)ns] *n* важность  
**important** [ɪmˈpɔːt(ə)nt] *a* важный; значительный  
**impossible** [ɪmˈpɒsəb(ə)l] *a* невозможный; невыполнимый  
**impression** [ɪmˈpreʃ(ə)n] *n* впечатление  
**improbable** [ɪmˈprɒbəb(ə)l] *a* невозможный; невероятный  
**improvement** [ɪmˈpruːvmənt] *n* улучшение  
**improvisation** [ˌɪmprəvaɪˈzeɪʃ(ə)n] *n* импровизация  
**impulse** [ˈɪmpʌls] *n* импульс  
**incessantly** [ɪnˈses(ə)ntli] *adv* непрерывно  
**inch** [ɪntʃ] *n* дюйм (английская мера длины, равная 2,5 см)  
**incident** [ˈɪnsɪd(ə)nt] *n* случай, происшествие  
**include** [ɪnˈkluːd] *v* включать  
**income** [ˈɪnkʌm] *n* доход  
**incomplete** [ˌɪnkəmˈpli:t] *a* неполный  
**incredible** [ɪnˈkredəb(ə)l] *a* невероятный  
**indeed** [ɪnˈdiːd] *adv* действительно, в самом деле  
**independent** [ˌɪndɪˈpendənt] *a* независимый

**Indian** [ˈɪndiən] *n* индеец; *a* индийский  
**indifferent** [ɪnˈdɪf(ə)rənt] *a* безразличный  
**indiscretion** [ˌɪndɪˈskreʃ(ə)n] *n* нескромность  
**individual** [ˌɪndɪˈvɪdʒuəl] *a* индивидуальный  
**inevitable** [ɪˈnevɪtəb(ə)l] *a* очевидный; неизбежный  
**infinite** [ˈɪnfɪtɪ] *a* неопределенный  
**influence** [ˈɪnfluəns] *n* влияние  
**information** [ˌɪnfəˈmeɪʃ(ə)n] *n* информация  
**injure** [ˈɪndʒə] *v* повредить, ранить  
**ink** [ɪŋk] *n* чернила  
**inner** [ˈɪnə] *a* внутренний  
**innocence** [ˈɪnəs(ə)ns] *n* невинность  
**inquest** [ˈɪŋkwɛst] *n* расследование  
**insect** [ˈɪnsekt] *n* насекомое  
**inside** [ɪnˈsaɪd] *adv* внутри, изнутри  
**insist** [ɪnˈsɪst] *v* настаивать  
**instant** [ˈɪnstənt] *n* момент, мгновение  
**instead of** [ɪnˈstedəv] *prep* вместо  
**instruction** [ɪnˈstrʌkʃ(ə)n] *n* инструкция  
**intellect** [ˈɪntɪlekt] *n* интеллект, ум

**intellectual** [ˌɪntɪˈlektʃuəl] *n* интеллигент; мыслящий человек; *a* умственный; интеллектуальный  
**intelligent** [ɪnˈtelɪdʒ(ə)nt] *a* умный, разумный  
**intensify** [ɪnˈtensɪfaɪ] *v* усиливать  
**interested** [ˈɪntrɪstɪd] *a* заинтересованный  
**be interested (in)** интересоваться  
**interrupt** [ˌɪntəˈrʌpt] *v* прерывать  
**introduce** [ˌɪntrəˈdjuːs] *v* представлять, знакомить  
**invent** [ɪnˈvent] *v* изобретать  
**invention** [ɪnˈvenʃ(ə)n] *n* изобретение  
**invitation** [ˌɪnvɪˈteɪʃ(ə)n] *n* приглашение  
**invite** [ɪnˈvaɪt] *v* приглашать  
**involve** [ɪnˈvɒlv] *v* включать в себя; втягивать, вовлекать  
**iron** [ˈaɪən] *n* железо; *a* железный  
**ivory** [ˈaɪv(ə)rɪ] *n* слоновая кость

## J

**Japanese** [ˌdʒæpəˈniːz] *a* японский  
**jealous** [ˈdʒeləs] *a* ревнивый; завистливый, завидующий

**jewel** [ˈdʒu:əl] *n* драгоценность  
**job** [dʒɒb] *n* работа  
**join** [dʒɔɪn] *v* присоединять(-ся)  
**joke** [dʒəʊk] *n* шутка  
**journey** [ˈdʒɜ:nɪ] *n* поездка, путешествие  
**joy** [dʒɔɪ] *n* радость  
**judge** [dʒʌdʒ] *n* судья  
**judgement** [ˈdʒʌdʒmənt] *n* приговор; суждение  
**jump** [dʒʌmp] *v* прыгать, подпрыгивать  
**jump to one's feet** вскочить  
**just** [dʒʌst] *adv* точно, как раз, именно  
**justice** [ˈdʒʌstɪs] *n* справедливость; правосудие

## К

**keep (kept, kept)** [ki:p] ([kept], [kept]) *v* держать; сохранять, хранить  
**keep up (with)** успевать (за)  
**kept** *past* и *p.p.* *om* **keep**  
**key** [ki:] *n* ключ; разгадка  
**kick** [kɪk] *v* лягаться, брыкаться  
**kill** [kɪl] *v* убивать  
**kind** [kaɪnd] *n* вид, разновидность; *a* добрый  
**knee** [ni:] *n* колено  
**kneel (knelt, knelt)** [ni:l]

([nelt], [nelt]) *v* встать на колени, преклонить колена  
**knelt** *past* и *p.p.* *om* **kneel**  
**knew** *past* *om* **know**  
**knife** [naɪf] *n* нож  
**knock** [nɒk] *n* стук; *v* ударять, бить; стучать  
**knot** [nɒt] *n* узел  
**know (knew, known)** [nəʊ] ([nju:], [nəʊn]) *v* знать; быть знакомым; узнавать, отличать  
**knowledge** [ˈnɒlɪdʒ] *n* знание  
**known** *p.p.* *om* **know**

## L

**laboratory** [ləˈbɒrətɪ] *n* лаборатория  
**lad** [læd] *n* парень; молодой человек  
**ladder** [ˈlædə] *n* лестница  
**laid** *past* и *p.p.* *om* **lay**<sup>1</sup>  
**lain** *p.p.* *om* **lie**<sup>2</sup>  
**lake** [leɪk] *n* озеро  
**land** [lænd] *n* земля  
**lane** [leɪn] *n* проход  
**language** [ˈlæŋgwɪdʒ] *n* язык  
**lap** [læp] *n* колени (*сидящего человека*)  
**in the lap** на коленях  
**large** [lɑ:dʒ] *a* огромный  
**last** [lɑ:st] *a* последний  
**at last** наконец  
**last year** в прошлом году

**late** [leɪt] *a* поздний; запоздалый  
**be late (for)** опаздывать  
**in late days** в конце жизни  
**latitude** [ˈlætɪtju:d] *n* долгота  
**laugh** [lɑ:f] *v* смеяться  
**laughter** [ˈlɑ:ftə] *n* смех  
**law** [lɔ:] *n* закон  
**lawyer** [ˈlɔ:jə] *n* юрист  
**lay**<sup>1</sup> (**laid, laid**) [leɪ] ([leɪd], [leɪd]) *v* класть, положить  
**lay**<sup>2</sup> *past* *om* **lie**<sup>2</sup>  
**lazy** [ˈleɪzi] *a* ленивый  
**lead (led, led)** [li:d] ([led], [led]) *v* вести; руководить  
**leaf** [li:f] (*pl* **leaves**) *n* лист (*депева*)  
**leap** [li:p] *v* прыгать  
**learn (learnt, learnt)** [lɜ:n] ([lɜ:nt], [lɜ:nt]) *v* учить; узнавать  
**learnt** *past* и *p.p.* *om* **learn**  
**least** [li:st] *a* малейший; *adv* менее всего  
**at least** по крайней мере  
**leather** [ˈleðə] *n* кожа (*материал*)  
**leave (left, left)** [li:v] ([left], [left]) *v* покидать; оставлять  
**leave the room** уходить из комнаты  
**led** *past* и *p.p.* *om* **lead**  
**left**<sup>1</sup> [left] *a* левый  
**left**<sup>2</sup> *past* и *p.p.* *om* **leave**  
**lend (lent, lent)** [lend] ([lent],

[lent]) *v* давать займы, на время  
**length** [leŋθ] *n* длина  
**lent** *past* и *p.p.* *om* **lend**  
**let (let, let)** [let] ([let], [let]) *v* оставлять, позволять, разрешать  
**let go** отпустить  
**let us (let's)** давайте, дайте  
**letter** [ˈletə] *n* письмо; буква  
**liberty** [ˈlɪbətɪ] *n* свобода  
**library** [ˈlaɪbr(ə)rɪ] *n* библиотека  
**lick** [lɪk] *v* лизать  
**lie**<sup>1</sup> [lai] *n* ложь; *v* лгать, обманывать  
**lie**<sup>2</sup> (**lay, lain**) [lai] ([lei], [lein]) *v* лежать  
**lifelong** [ˈlaɪflɒŋ] *a* длящийся всю жизнь  
**lift** [lɪft] *v* поднимать  
**light**<sup>1</sup> [laɪt] *a* легкий; светлый  
**light-green** светло-зеленый  
**light**<sup>2</sup> (**lit, lighted**) [laɪt] ([lit], [ˈlaɪtɪd]) *v* зажигать; освещать  
**like**<sup>1</sup> [laɪk] *v* любить, нравиться  
**like best** любить больше всего  
**like**<sup>2</sup> [laɪk] *prep* подобно  
**likeness** [ˈlaɪknɪs] *n* сходство  
**lilac** [ˈlaɪlək] *n* сирень; *a* сиреневый  
**line** [laɪn] *n* линия; очередь; морщина

**lip** [lɪp] *n* губа  
**list** [lɪst] *n* список  
**listen** [ˈlɪs(ə)n] *v* слушать  
**lit** *past u p.p. om light*<sup>2</sup>  
**live** [laɪv] *a* живой  
**lock** [lɒk] *n* замок; *v* закрывать на замок  
**loneliness** [ˈlɒnlnɪs] *n* одиночество  
**lonely** [ˈlɒnli] *adv* одиноко; грустно  
**look** [lʊk] *v* смотреть  
**look about** оглядеться  
**look all round** оглядеться вокруг  
**look after** присматривать за  
**look at** смотреть на  
**look for** искать  
**look like** быть похожим  
**look very much alike** быть очень похожим  
**Look out!** Берегись!  
**look-out** [ˈlʊkaʊt] *n* дозор  
**looks** [lʊks] *n pl* наружность (человека), внешность  
**lose (lost, lost)** [lu:z] ([lɒst], [lɒst]) *v* терять  
**lose the way** потеряться, заблудиться  
**lost** *past u p.p. om lose*  
**be lost** потеряться  
**loud** [laʊd] *a* громкий  
**lovely** [ˈlʌvli] *a* чудесный, прелестный  
**loving** [ˈlʌvɪŋ] *a* любящий

**low** [ləʊ] *a* низкий; небольшой; тихий (*о голосе*)  
**luck** [lʌk] *n* удача, везение  
**Good luck!** Удачи!  
**lucky** [ˈlʌki] *a* везучий, удачный  
**luggage** [ˈlʌdʒɪdʒ] *n* багаж

## M

**machine** [məˈʃi:n] *n* механизм; приспособление  
**mad** [mæd] *a* сумасшедший, безумный  
**made** *past u p.p. om make*  
**be made out of** быть сделанным из  
**madness** [ˈmædnɪs] *n* безумие  
**magazine** [ˌmæɡəˈzi:n] *n* журнал  
**magnify** [ˈmæɡnɪfaɪ] *v* увеличивать  
**magnifying glass** увеличительное стекло  
**maid** [meɪd] *n* девушка; горничная  
**main** [meɪn] *a* главный  
**make (made, made)** [meɪk] ([meɪd], [meɪd]) *v* делать  
**make smb do smth** заставлять кого-л. делать что-л.  
**make faces at** корчить гримасы, строить рожи  
**make out** выяснять  
**make up** сочинять

**manage** [ˈmænɪdʒ] *v* справляться, обходиться  
**mania** [ˈmeɪniə] *n* мания  
**manner** [ˈmænə] *n* манера; образ действия  
**map** [mæp] *n* карта; план  
**march** [mɑ:tʃ] *v* маршировать  
**mark** [mɑ:k] *n* след; *v* отмечать  
**marry** [ˈmæri] *v* жениться, выходить замуж  
**marvellous** [ˈmɑ:v(ə)ləs] *a* великолепный  
**master** [ˈmɑ:stə] *n* хозяин  
**masterpiece** [ˈmɑ:stəpi:s] *n* шедевр  
**matter** [ˈmætə] *n* дело, суть; *v* значить, иметь значение  
**What's the matter?** В чем дело?  
**It doesn't matter** Не важно (Это не имеет значения)  
**may (might)** [meɪ] ([maɪ]) *v* мочь, иметь возможность  
**meal** [mi:l] *n* еда (*прием пищи*), трапеза  
**mean (meant, meant)** [mi:n] ([ment], [ment]) *v* значить  
**What do you mean?** Что ты хочешь этим сказать?  
**meaningless** [ˈmi:nɪŋlɪs] *a* бессмысленный  
**meant** *past u p.p. om mean*  
**medicine** [ˈmeds(ə)n] *n* лекарство

**take medicine** принимать лекарство  
**medium** [ˈmi:diəm] *n* медиум (*у спиритов*)  
**meet (met, met)** [mi:t] ([met], [met]) *v* встречаться; знакомиться  
**meeting** [ˈmi:tɪŋ] *n* встреча; собрание  
**melancholy** [ˈmelənk(ə)li] *n* меланхолия, беспричинная грусть  
**melt** [melt] *v* таять  
**memory** [ˈmem(ə)ri] *n* память; воспоминание  
**mention** [ˈmenʃ(ə)n] *n* упоминание; *v* упоминать, ссылаться на что-л.  
**message** [ˈmesɪdʒ] *n* сообщение; письмо; послание; поручение  
**messenger** [ˈmes(ə)ndʒə] *n* посланник; гонец  
**met** *past u p.p. om meet*  
**middle** [ˈmɪdl] *n* середина  
**midnight** [ˈmɪdnaɪt] *n* полночь  
**might**<sup>1</sup> [maɪt] *n* сила, мощь  
**with all one's might** со всей силы, изо всех сил  
**might**<sup>2</sup> *past om may*  
**mild** [maɪld] *a* мягкий; кроткий  
**millionaire** [ˌmɪljəˈneə] *n* миллионер  
**mind** [maɪnd] *n* ум, рассудок;

в возражать, иметь (что-л.) против  
**if you don't mind** если ты не возражаешь  
**Never mind!** Ничего!  
**minister** [ˈmɪnɪstə] *n* министр  
**mirror** [ˈmɪrə] *n* зеркало  
**miserable** [ˈmɪz(ə)rəb(ə)l] *a* несчастный  
**misfortune** [mɪsˈfɔ:tʃ(ə)n] *n* несчастье  
**miss** [mɪs] *v* промахнуться, упустить что-л.; скучать, тосковать  
**mist** [mɪst] *n* туман  
**mistake** [mɪˈsteɪk] *n* ошибка; (**mistook, mistaken**) ([mɪˈstʊk], [mɪˈsteɪkən]) *v* ошибаться  
**mistaken** *p.p. om mistake*  
**mistook** *past om mistake*  
**misunderstanding**  
 [ˌmɪsʌndəˈstændɪŋ] *n* непонимание, недоразумение  
**mix** [mɪks] *v* смешивать  
**mock** [mɒk] *a* фальшивый, поддельный  
**moderate** [ˈmɒd(ə)rɪt] *a* умеренный  
**modern** [mɒdn] *a* современный  
**monotony** [məˈnɒt(ə)nɪ] *n* монотонность, однообразие  
**monsieur** [mɒˈsjɜ:] *n* месье, господин

**monstrous** [ˈmɒnstɹəs] *a* монстрообразный, чудовищный  
**month** [mʌnθ] *n* месяц  
**moon** [mu:n] *n* луна  
**moonless** [ˈmu:nlɪs] *a* безлунный  
**moonlight** [ˈmu:nlaɪt] *n* лунный свет  
**more** [mɔ:] *adv* больше  
**the more** чем больше  
**what is more** более того  
**motion** [ˈməʊʃ(ə)n] *n* движение  
**motionless** [ˈməʊʃ(ə)nɪs] *a* неподвижный  
**motive** [ˈməʊtɪv] *n* мотив  
**mouth** [maʊθ] *n* рот  
**move** [mu:v] *v* двигаться, шевелиться; сдвинуться с места; растрогать  
**movement** [ˈmu:vmənt] *n* движение  
**murder** [ˈmɜ:də] *n* убийство; *v* убивать  
**musician** [mju:ˈzɪʃ(ə)n] *n* музыкант  
**mysterious** [mɪˈstɪ(ə)rɪəs] *a* таинственный  
**mystery** [ˈmɪst(ə)rɪ] *n* тайна; секрет

## N

**name** [neɪm] *n* имя; *v* называть

**narcissus** [nɑ:ˈsɪsəs] *n* нарцисс  
**narrow** [ˈnærəʊ] *a* узкий; тесный  
**nasty** [ˈnɑ:stɪ] *a* ужасный  
**natural** [ˈnætʃ(ə)rəl] *a* естественный  
**nature** [ˈneɪtʃə] *n* природа; характер  
**nearly** [ˈnɪəli] *adv* близко; почти  
**necessary** [ˈnesɪs(ə)rɪ] *a* необходимый  
**necessity** [nɪˈsesɪtɪ] *n* необходимость  
**neck** [nek] *n* шея  
**need** [ni:d] *v* нуждаться  
**neither ... nor** [ˈnaɪðə ˈnɔ:] *conj* ни ... ни  
**nephew** [ˈnefju:] *n* племянник  
**nervous** [ˈnɜ:vəs] *a* нервный  
**never** [ˈnevə] *adv* никогда  
**new** [nju:] *a* новый  
**news** [nju:z] *n* новости  
**next** [nekst] *a* следующий; соседний  
**noble** [ˈnəʊb(ə)l] *n* дворянин; *a* благородный  
**nod** [nɒd] *v* кивать  
**noise** [nɔɪz] *n* шум  
**noisy** [ˈnɔɪzi] *a* шумный  
**nonsense** [ˈnɒns(ə)ns] *n* бессмыслица, чепуха  
**noon** [nu:n] *n* полдень  
**north** [nɔ:θ] *n* север

**note** [nəʊt] *n* записка; заметка, запись  
**notice** [ˈnəʊtɪs] *n* объявление, вывеска; *v* замечать, примечать  
**novel** [ˈnɒv(ə)l] *n* роман  
**nowadays** [ˈnaʊədeɪz] *adv* в наши дни  
**number** [ˈnʌmbə] *n* номер, число; *v* нумеровать  
**nurse** [nɜ:s] *n* няня

## O

**obey** [ə(v)ˈbeɪ] *v* подчиняться  
**oblige** [əˈblaɪdʒ] *v* обязывать, принуждать  
**obstacle** [ˈɒbstæk(ə)l] *n* препятствие  
**odd** [ɒd] *a* странный  
**offend** [əˈfend] *v* обижать  
**offer** [ˈɒfə] *v* предлагать  
**olive-coloured** [ˌɒlɪvˈkɒləd] *a* оливковый  
**once** [wʌns] *adv* один раз, однажды  
**at once** немедленно, сразу же  
**once more** еще раз  
**only** [ˈɒnli] *adv* только  
**the only** единственный  
**opium** [ˈəʊpɪəm] *n* опиум  
**opportunity** [ˌɒpəˈtju:nɪtɪ] *n* возможность

**opposite** [ 'ɒpəzɪt ] *prep* напротив  
**orange** [ 'ɒrɪndʒ ] *n* апельсин  
**orchid** [ 'ɔ:kɪd ] *n* орхидея  
**order** [ 'ɔ:də ] *n* приказ; *v* приказывать  
**give order** отдать приказ  
**ordinary** [ 'ɔ:d(ə)nri ] *a* обычный  
**original** [ ə 'rɪdʒɪn(ə)l ] *a* первоначальный; подлинный; оригинальный  
**outside** [ aʊt 'saɪd ] *adv* снаружи  
**oval** [ 'əʊv(ə)l ] *a* овальный  
**over** [ 'əʊvə ] *prep* над, выше; через  
**owe** [ əv ] *v* быть должным, быть обязанным  
**own** [ əʊn ] *a* собственный; *v* владеть, иметь, обладать  
**owner** [ 'əʊnə ] *n* владелец

## P

**pack** [ pæk ] *v* укладывать, упаковывать  
**page** [ peɪdʒ ] *n* страница  
**paid** *past* и *p.p.* от **pay**  
**pain** [ peɪn ] *n* боль; *v* огорчать; причинять боль  
**give smb pain** причинять боль кому-л.  
**paint** [ peɪnt ] *n* краска; *v* красить; писать красками, заниматься живописью

**painter** [ 'peɪntə ] *n* художник, живописец  
**pair** [ peə ] *n* пара  
**pale** [ peɪl ] *a* бледный  
**palm** [ pɑ:m ] *n* ладонь  
**paper** [ 'peɪpə ] *n* бумага; документ; газета  
**paradise** [ 'pærədaɪs ] *n* рай  
**paralyse** [ 'pærəlaɪz ] *v* парализовать  
**parasol** [ 'pærəsɒl ] *n* зонтик от солнца  
**parchment** [ 'pɑ:tʃmənt ] *n* пергамент  
**pardon** [ 'pɑ:dən ] *n* прощение  
**Parisian** [ pə 'rɪziən ] *n* парижанин  
**parrot-tulips** [ 'pærət ,tju:lɪps ] *n* пестрые тюльпаны с рассеченными лепестками  
**part** [ pɑ:t ] *n* часть; роль; *v* расставаться  
**take part in** принимать участие в  
**partner** [ 'pɑ:tnə ] *n* партнер  
**party** [ 'pɑ:ti ] *n* вечеринка  
**give a party** устраивать вечеринку, приглашать гостей  
**pass** [ pɑ:s ] *v* проводить время; проходить, проезжать  
**pass the examination** сдать экзамен  
**pass across** промелькнуть  
**passage** [ 'pæsɪdʒ ] *n* коридор

**passion** [ 'pæʃ(ə)n ] *n* страсть  
**past** [ pɑ:st ] *n* прошлое; *a* прошлый; *adv, prep* мимо  
**path** [ pɑ:θ ] *n* тропинка, дорожка  
**pathetic** [ pə 'θetɪk ] *a* трогательный; патетический  
**patience** [ 'peɪʃ(ə)ns ] *n* терпение  
**patient** [ 'peɪʃ(ə)nt ] *n* пациент; *a* терпеливый  
**pause** [ pɔ:z ] *n* пауза; *v* останавливаться; делать паузу  
**paw** [ pɔ: ] *n* лапа (*животного*)  
**paw-mark** след от лапы  
**pay (paid, paid)** [ peɪ ] ([peɪd], [peɪd]) *v* платить  
**peaceful** [ 'pi:sf(ə)l ] *a* мирный  
**pear** [ peə ] *n* груша  
**pedestal** [ 'pedɪstl ] *n* пьедестал  
**penniless** [ 'penɪlɪs ] *a* бедный  
**penny** [ 'penɪ ] *n* пенни (*мелкая английская монета*)  
**penny newspaper** дешевая газета  
**percentage** [ pə 'sentɪdʒ ] *n* процент  
**perfect** [ 'pɜ:fɪkt ] *a* великолепный; совершенный, безупречный  
**perform** [ pə 'fɔ:m ] *v* представлять, играть на сцене  
**performance** [ pə 'fɔ:məns ] *n* представление  
**perfume** [ 'pɜ:fju:m ] *n* запах, аромат; духи

**perhaps** [ pə 'hæps ] *adv* возможно, может быть  
**permanent** [ 'pɜ:mənənt ] *a* постоянный  
**person** [ 'pɜ:s(ə)n ] *n* человек  
**personality** [ ,pɜ:sə 'nælɪtɪ ] *n* личность  
**petal** [ 'petl ] *n* лепесток  
**phrase** [ freɪz ] *n* фраза  
**pick** [ pɪk ] *v* поднимать; собирать; срывать  
**picturesque** [ ,pɪktʃə 'resk ] *a* живописный  
**piece** [ pi:s ] *n* кусочек  
**pigeon** [ 'pɪdʒɪn ] *n* голубь  
**pile** [ paɪl ] *n* куча, гора  
**pink** [ pɪŋk ] *a* розовый  
**pity** [ 'pɪtɪ ] *n* жалость  
**What a pity!** Как жаль!  
**place** [ pleɪs ] *n* место; *v* поместить  
**plant** [ plɑ:nt ] *v* сажать (*о растениях*)  
**plaster** [ 'plɑ:stə ] *n* гипс  
**plate** [ pleɪt ] *n* тарелка  
**platform** [ 'plætfɔ:m ] *n* подиум, платформа  
**pleasantly** [ 'plez(ə)ntli ] *adv* приятно, мило  
**please** [ pli:z ] *v* нравиться; угождать, доставлять удовольствие  
**pleasure** [ 'plezə ] *n* удовольствие  
**plenty** [ 'plenti ] *adv* много

**plot** [plɒt] *n* сюжет  
**pocket** [ˈpɒkɪt] *n* карман  
**poetry** [ˈpɔɪtri] *n* поэзия  
**point** [pɔɪnt] *n* пункт; вопрос;  
 в указывать  
**poison** [ˈpɔɪz(ə)n] *n* яд  
**poisonous** [ˈpɔɪz(ə)nəs] *a*  
 ядовитый  
**polite** [pəˈlaɪt] *a* вежливый  
**politician** [ˌpɒlɪˈtɪʃ(ə)n] *n* по-  
 литик  
**politics** [ˈpɒlɪtiks] *n* полити-  
 ка  
**poor** [pʊə] *a* бедный, неиму-  
 щий; несчастный  
**popular** [ˈpɒpjələ] *a* популяр-  
 ный; распространенный  
**portrait** [ˈpɔːtrɪt] *n* портрет  
**pose** [pəʊz] *n* поза; *v* позиро-  
 вать  
**position** [pəˈzɪʃ(ə)n] *n* пози-  
 ция, положение  
**possible** [ˈpɒsəb(ə)l] *a* воз-  
 можный; вероятный  
**post** [pəʊst] *n* почта; *v* отпра-  
 влять по почте  
**posture** [ˈpɒstʃə] *n* поза  
**pot** [pɒt] *n* горшок  
**pound** [paʊnd] *n* фунт стер-  
 лингов (*денежная единица*  
*Великобритании*)  
**pour** [pɔː] *v* лить, наливать  
**poverty** [ˈpɒvəti] *n* бедность  
**power** [ˈpaʊə] *n* власть; сила,  
 мощь

**powerful** [ˈpaʊəf(ə)l] *a* силь-  
 ный, мощный; властный  
**practical** [ˈpræktɪk(ə)l] *a*  
 практичный; практиче-  
 ский  
**practice** [ˈpræktɪs] *n* практи-  
 ка  
**practise** [ˈpræktɪs] *v* трениро-  
 ваться; упражняться  
**pray** [preɪ] *v* молиться  
**prayer** [preə] *n* молитва  
**prefer** [prɪˈfɜː] *v* предпочитать  
**presence** [ˈprez(ə)ns] *n* при-  
 сутствие  
**present<sup>1</sup>** [ˈprez(ə)nt] *a* ны-  
 нешний, настоящий  
**present<sup>2</sup>** [ˈprez(ə)nt] *n* пода-  
 рок  
**presently** [ˈprez(ə)ntli] *adv*  
 вскоре  
**press** [pres] *v* давить; сдавли-  
 вать  
**pretend** [prɪˈtend] *v* притво-  
 ряться  
**pretty** [ˈprɪti] *a* хорошенький,  
 симпатичный  
**prevent** [prɪˈvent] *v* предуп-  
 реждать; предотвращать  
**price** [praɪs] *n* цена  
**principal** [ˈprɪnsɪp(ə)l] *a*  
 главный  
**print** [prɪnt] *v* печатать  
**prison** [ˈprɪz(ə)n] *n* тюрьма  
**privilege** [ˈprɪvɪlɪdʒ] *n* приви-  
 легия

**prize** [praɪz] *n* приз; награда  
**probably** [ˈprɒbəbli] *adv* воз-  
 можно  
**procession** [prəˈseɪʃ(ə)n] *n*  
 процессия  
**promise** [ˈprɒmɪs] *v* обещать  
**proof** [pruːf] *n* доказательство  
**property** [ˈprɒpəti] *n* соб-  
 ственность  
**proposal** [prəˈpəʊz(ə)l] *n*  
 предложение (*о замуже-  
 стве*)  
**propose** [prəˈpəʊz] *v* предла-  
 гать  
**prosaic** [prə(v)ˈzeɪk] *a* про-  
 заический  
**proud** [praʊd] *a* гордый  
**prove** [pruːv] *v* доказывать  
**proverb** [ˈprɒvɜːb] *n* послови-  
 ца  
**pub** [pʌb] *n* паб (*пивной рес-  
 торан в Англии*)  
**public** [ˈpʌblɪk] *n* публика; *a*  
 общественный  
**pull** [pʊl] *v* тянуть; тащить,  
 вытаскивать  
**punctual** [ˈpʌŋktʃuəl] *a* пун-  
 ктуальный  
**punish** [ˈpʌnɪʃ] *v* наказывать  
**punishment** [ˈpʌnɪʃmənt] *n*  
 наказание  
**purity** [ˈpjʊ(ə)rɪti] *v* чистота  
**purple** [ˈpɜːp(ə)l] *a* пурпур-  
 ный  
**push** [pʊʃ] *v* толкать

**put (put, put)** [put] ([put],  
 [put]) *v* положить; поста-  
 вить  
**put on** надевать  
**put out** гасить  
**put off** отложить  
**puzzle** [ˈpʌz(ə)l] *n* загадка

## Q

**quantity** [ˈkwɒntɪti] *n* количе-  
 ство  
**quarrel** [ˈkwɒrəl] *n* ссора; *v*  
 ссориться  
**quarter** [ˈkwɔːtə] *n* четверть  
**question** [ˈkwɛstʃ(ə)n] *n* вопрос  
**quickly** [ˈkwɪkli] *adv* быстро  
**quiet** [ˈkwaɪət] *a* тихий  
**quite** [kwaɪt] *adv* вполне, со-  
 вершенно

## R

**railway** [ˈreɪlweɪ] *n* железная  
 дорога  
**raise** [reɪz] *v* поднимать; по-  
 вышать  
**ran past om run**  
**rang past om ring**  
**rather** [ˈrɑːðə] *adv* достаточ-  
 но; охотнее, предпочти-  
 тельнее  
**I'd rather** я предпочел бы  
**reach** [ri:tʃ] *v* достигать; до-  
 бираться

**read (read, read)** [ri:d] ([red], [red]) *v* читать; прочитывать; разбирать  
**read future** предсказывать будущее  
**read past и p.p. om read**  
**ready** [ˈredi] *a* готовый  
**reality** [riˈæli:ti] *n* реальность  
**realize** [ˈriəlaɪz] *v* осознавать; осуществить, реализовать (*план, замысел и т.п.*)  
**really** [ˈri(ə)li] *adv* действительно  
**reason** [ˈri:z(ə)n] *n* причина; повод  
**reasonable** [ˈri:z(ə)nəb(ə)l] *a* обоснованный, разумный  
**receive** [riˈsi:v] *v* получать  
**reception** [riˈsepʃ(ə)n] *n* прием (*гостей*)  
**recognize** [ˈrekəɡnaɪz] *v* узнавать; распознавать  
**recover** [riˈkʌvə] *v* выздоравливать  
**redwood** [ˈredwʊd] *n* красное дерево (*материал*)  
**reflect** [riˈflekt] *v* отражать  
**reflection** [riˈflekʃ(ə)n] *n* отражение  
**refreshment** [riˈfrefʃmənt] *n* подкрепление; закуска  
**regret** [riˈɡret] *n* сожаление; раскаяние; *v* сожалеть; раскаиваться

**regular** [ˈregjʊlə] *a* регулярный; правильный  
**relative** [ˈrelətiv] *n* родственник  
**religion** [riˈlɪdʒ(ə)n] *n* религия  
**remain** [riˈmeɪn] *v* оставаться  
**remark** [riˈmɑ:k] *n* пометка  
**remarkable** [riˈmɑ:kəb(ə)l] *a* замечательный  
**remember** [riˈmembə] *v* помнить; вспоминать  
**remembrance** [riˈmembərəns] *n* сходство  
**remind** [riˈmaɪnd] *v* напоминать  
**repeat** [riˈpi:t] *v* повторять  
**reply** [riˈplai] *n* ответ; *v* отвечать  
**reputation** [ˌrepjuˈteɪʃ(ə)n] *n* репутация  
**rescue** [ˈreskjʊ:] *n* спасение; *v* спасать  
**reserved** [riˈzɜ:vəd] *a* скрытый; сдержанный  
**respect** [riˈspekt] *n* уважение; *v* уважать  
**respectable** [riˈspektəb(ə)l] *a* основательный; уважаемый  
**responsibility** [riˌspɒnsəˈbɪlɪti] *n* ответственность  
**responsive** [riˈspɒnsɪv] *a* отзывчивый; чуткий  
**rest** [rest] *n* отдых; *v* отдыхать

**restless** [ˈrestlɪs] *a* беспокойный  
**result** [riˈzʌlt] *n* результат  
**return** [riˈtɜ:n] *v* возвращать(ся)  
**reveal** [riˈvi:l] *v* раскрывать, разоблачать  
**revolutionary** [ˌrevəˈlu:ʃən(ə)ri] *a* революционный  
**revolver** [riˈvɒlvə] *n* револьвер  
**rewrite** [ˌri:ˈraɪt] *v* переписывать  
**rich** [rɪtʃ] *a* богатый  
**riddle** [ˈrɪdl] *n* загадка  
**ride** [raɪd] *n* поездка (верхом); *v* ездить (верхом)  
**ridiculous** [riˈdɪkjʊləs] *a* нелепый, смехотворный  
**right<sup>1</sup>** [raɪt] *n* право  
**right<sup>2</sup>** [raɪt] *a* правый; правильный  
**that's right!** верно!  
**ring<sup>1</sup>** [rɪŋ] *n* кольцо  
**rings of smoke** кольца дыма  
**ring<sup>2</sup> (ran, rung)** [rɪŋ] ([ræŋ], [rʌŋ]) *v* звонить; звенеть  
**rise (rose, risen)** [raɪz] ([rəʊz], [ˈrɪz(ə)n]) *v* подниматься, вставать; возвышаться  
**risen p.p. om rise**  
**risk** [rɪsk] *n* риск; *v* рисковать  
**risky** [ˈrɪski] *a* рискованный  
**road** [rəʊd] *n* дорога  
**roll** [rəʊl] *v* катиться  
**romance** [rəʊˈmæns] *n* ро-

ман (*любовное приключение*)  
**romantic** [rəʊˈmæntɪk] *a* романтический; романтический  
**roof** [ru:f] *n* крыша  
**root** [ru:t] *n* корень  
**rope** [rəʊp] *n* веревка  
**rose past om rise**  
**rough** [rʌf] *a* грубый; необработанный  
**round** [raʊnd] *a* круглый  
**row** [rəʊ] *n* ряд; прогулка в лодке; скандал; *v* грести, править лодкой  
**royal** [ˈrɔɪəl] *a* королевский  
**royalty** [ˈrɔɪəlti] *n* член королевской семьи  
**rub** [rʌb] *v* тереть  
**rubbish** [ˈrʌbɪʃ] *n* мусор, хлам; вздор, глупости  
**rude** [ru:d] *a* грубый  
**It's very rude of him** Это очень грубо с его стороны  
**rule** [ru:l] *n* правило  
**as a rule** как правило  
**run (ran, run)** [rʌn] ([ræn], [rʌn]) *v* бежать  
**run across** наскочить, вресть в кого-л.  
**run out of** кончиться  
**run smb over** переехать кого-л.  
**rung p.p. om ring**  
**rush** [rʌʃ] *v* броситься

**S**

**sacrifice** [ˈsækrɪfaɪs] *n* жертва  
**sad** [sæd] *a* грустный, печальный  
**safe** [seɪf] *a* безопасный  
**said** *past* и *p.p.* от **say**  
**same** [seɪm] *a* тот же самый  
**sand** [sænd] *n* песок  
**sandy** [ˈsændɪ] *a* песчаный  
**sang** *past* от **sing**  
**sat** *past* и *p.p.* от **sit**  
**satisfy** [ˈsætɪsfaɪ] *v* удовлетворять  
**satyr** [ˈsætə] *n* сатир (мифологическое божество, отличающееся развращенностью и похотливостью)  
**sauce** [sɔ:s] *n* соус  
**save** [seɪv] *v* сохранять; спасать  
**saw** *past* от **see**  
**say** (**said, said**) [seɪ] ([sed], [sed]) *v* сказать  
**I say** Послушай  
**scandal** [ˈskændl] *n* скандал  
**scar** [ska:] *n* шрам  
**scarcely** [ˈskeəslɪ] *adv* едва ли  
**scene** [si:n] *n* сцена, место действия  
**make a scene** устраивать сцену  
**scenery** [ˈsi:n(ə)ri] *n* декорации  
**schoolroom** [ˈsku:lru(:)m] *n* комната для занятий

**science** [ˈsaɪəns] *n* наука  
**scientific** [ˌsaɪənˈtɪfɪk] *a* научный  
**scoundrel** [ˈskaʊndrəl] *n* подлец  
**scratch** [skrætʃ] *v* чесать(ся)  
**scream** [skri:m] *n* крик, вопль; *v* пронзительно кричать, визжать  
**screen** [skri:n] *n* экран  
**search** [sɜ:tʃ] *v* искать, обыскивать  
**season** [ˈsi:z(ə)n] *n* время года, сезон  
**seat** [si:t] *n* место  
**secrecy** [ˈsi:kri:si] *n* секретность  
**secret** [ˈsi:kri:t] *n* секрет  
**see** (**saw, seen**) [si:] ([sɔ:], [si:n]) *v* видеть  
**see smb off** провожать; видеть, как кто-л. упал  
**seek** (**sought, sought**) [si:k] ([sɔ:t], [sɔ:t]) *v* искать  
**seem** [si:m] *v* казаться  
**seen** *p.p.* от **see**  
**seldom** [ˈseldəm] *adv* редко  
**self-development** [ˌselfdɪˈveləpmənt] *n* саморазвитие  
**selfish** [ˈselfɪʃ] *a* эгоистичный  
**sell** (**sold, sold**) [sel] ([səʊld], [səʊld]) *v* продавать  
**send** (**sent, sent**) [send] ([sent], [sent]) *v* отправлять, посылать

**sensation** [senˈseɪf(ə)n] *n* ощущение, чувство  
**sense** [sens] *n* чувство; разум  
**have no sense** не отличаться благоразумием  
**sensible** [ˈsensəb(ə)l] *a* разумный; здравомыслящий  
**sent** *past* и *p.p.* от **send**  
**sentence** [ˈsentəns] *n* предложение; изречение  
**sentence of execution** приговор  
**sentimental** [ˌsentɪˈmentl] *a* сентиментальный  
**separate** [ˈsep(ə)reɪt] *a* отдельный, особый; *v* разделять, отделять; разлучать  
**serious** [ˈsi(ə)riəs] *a* серьезный  
**servant** [ˈsɜ:v(ə)nt] *n* слуга  
**serve** [sɜ:v] *v* служить, обслуживать  
**set** (**set, set**) [set] ([set], [set]) *v* поставить, поместить  
**setting sun** заходящее солнце  
**severely** [siˈviəli] *adv* строго  
**shade** [ʃeɪd] *n* тень; *v* затемнять  
**shadow** [ˈʃædəʊ] *n* тень; *v* затемнять  
**shake** (**shook, shaken**) [ʃeɪk] ([ʃʊk], [ˈʃeɪkən]) *v* тряхнуть  
**shake free from** освободиться от кого-л.  
**shake hands** жать руку, здороваться

**shake the head** покачать головой, отказаться  
**shaken** *p.p.* от **shake**  
**shame** [ʃeɪm] *n* стыд, позор; *v* пристыдить  
**Shame on you!** Тебе должно быть стыдно!  
**shape** [ʃeɪp] *n* форма, очертание  
**shark** [ʃɑ:k] *n* акула  
**sharp** [ʃɑ:p] *a* острый  
**shawl** [ʃɔ:l] *n* шаль, большой платок  
**shine** (**shone, shone**) [ʃaɪn] ([ʃəʊn], [ʃəʊn]) *v* светить, сверкать  
**shiny** [ˈʃaɪni] *a* светящийся, сверкающий  
**shipwrecked** [ˈʃɪprekt] *a* потерпевший кораблекрушение  
**shirt** [ʃɜ:t] *n* рубашка  
**shock** [ʃɒk] *n* шок, потрясение; *v* шокировать, поражать, потрясать  
**shoe** [ʃu:] *n* ботинок  
**shone** *past* и *p.p.* от **shine**  
**shook** *past* от **shake**  
**shoot** (**shot, shot**) [ʃu:t] ([ʃɒt], [ʃɒt]) *v* стрелять, застрелить  
**shore** [ʃɔ:] *n* берег (моря)  
**short** [ʃɔ:t] *a* короткий  
**for short** короче, для краткости  
**shot** *past* и *p.p.* от **shoot**  
**shot** [ʃɒt] *n* выстрел



**shoulder** [ˈʃəʊldə] *n* плечо  
**shout** [ʃaʊt] *v* кричать  
**show** [ʃəʊ] *n* зрелище, показ(ывание); *v* показывать, демонстрировать  
**shower** [ˈʃaʊə] *n* душ; ливень  
**shut (shut, shut)** [ʃʌt] ([ʃʌt], [ʃʌt]) *v* закрывать, закрывать  
**shy** [ʃaɪ] *a* смущенный; застенчивый  
**sick** [sɪk] *a* больной; чувствующий тошноту  
**sickness** [ˈsɪknɪs] *n* ощущение тошноты  
**side** [saɪd] *n* сторона  
**sigh** [saɪ] *n* вздох; *v* вздыхать  
**sight** [saɪt] *n* вид, зрелище  
**sign** [saɪn] *n* знак  
**silence** [ˈsaɪləns] *n* тишина  
**silent** [ˈsaɪlənt] *a* тихий, молчаливый  
**silk** [sɪlk] *n* шелк; *a* шелковый  
**silly** [ˈsɪli] *a* глупый  
**silvery** [ˈsɪlv(ə)rɪ] *a* серебристый  
**simple** [ˈsɪmp(ə)l] *a* простой  
**sin** [sɪn] *n* грех; *v* грешить  
**since** [sɪns] *conj* с тех пор как  
**sing (sang, sung)** [sɪŋ] ([sæŋ], [sʌŋ]) *v* петь  
**single** [ˈsɪŋɡ(ə)l] *a* один, одинокий  
**sit (sat, sat)** [sɪt] ([sæt], [sæt]) *v* сидеть; позировать

**sitter** [ˈsɪtə] *n* натурщик, модель (для художника)  
**sitting-room** [ˈsɪtɪŋru(:)m] *n* гостиная  
**situation** [ˌsɪtʃuˈeɪʃ(ə)n] *n* ситуация  
**size** [saɪz] *n* размер  
**skin** [skɪn] *n* кожа; шкура  
**skip** [skɪp] *v* прыгать  
**skull** [skʌl] *n* череп  
**slave** [sleɪv] *n* раб  
**slavery** [ˈsleɪv(ə)rɪ] *n* рабство  
**sleep (slept, slept)** [sli:p] ([slept], [slept]) *v* спать  
**sleepy** [ˈsli:pɪ] *a* сонный  
**slept past u p.p. om sleep**  
**slice** [slaɪs] *n* кусочек, ломтик  
**slide** [slaɪd] *v* скользить  
**slip** [slɪp] *v* скользить  
**slippery** [ˈslɪp(ə)rɪ] *a* скользкий  
**slow** [sləʊ] *a* медленный  
**slowly** [ˈsləʊli] *adv* медленно  
**smell** [smel] *n* запах; (**smelt, smelt**) ([smelt], [smelt]) *v* нюхать; слышать запах; пахнуть  
**smell out** вынюхивать  
**smelly** [ˈsmeli] *a* вонючий  
**smelt past u p.p. om smell**  
**smile** [smaɪl] *n* улыбка  
**smoke** [sməʊk] *n* дым; *v* курить; дымить  
**smoker** [ˈsməʊkə] *n* курильщик

**so** [səʊ] *adv* так, таким образом  
**so as** чтобы  
**so on** и так далее  
**so that** для того, чтобы  
**sob** [sɒb] *v* рыдать  
**society** [səˈsaɪəti] *n* общество  
**soda-water** [ˈsəʊdə,wɔ:tə] *n* минеральная вода (искусственная)  
**soft** [sɒft] *a* мягкий  
**soften** [ˈsɒf(ə)n] *v* смягчать  
**sold past u p.p. om sell**  
**soldier** [ˈsəʊldzə] *n* солдат  
**solve** [sɒlv] *v* решать  
**some** [sʌm] *pron* несколько, некоторое количество  
**somebody** [ˈsʌmbədi] *pron* кто-то, кто-нибудь  
**sometimes** [ˈsʌmtaɪmz] *adv* иногда  
**somewhere** [ˈsʌmweə] *adv* где-то, куда-нибудь  
**song** [sɒŋ] *n* песня  
**soon** [su:n] *adv* вскоре  
**the sooner ... the better** чем раньше ... тем лучше  
**sore** [sɔ:] *a* болезненный; больной; воспаленный  
**sorrow** [ˈsɒrəʊ] *n* печаль  
**sorry** [ˈsɒrɪ] *a* полный сожаления  
**be sorry** сожалеть  
**I'm so sorry!** Мне так жаль!  
**sought past u p.p. om seek**

**soul** [səʊl] *n* душа  
**sound** [saʊnd] *n* звук; *v* звучать, издавать звук  
**sour** [ˈsaʊə] *a* кислый  
**sovereign** [ˈsɒvərɪn] *n* sovereign (монета достоинством в один фунт стерлингов)  
**special** [ˈspeʃ(ə)l] *a* особенный; специальный  
**spectacles** [ˈspektək(ə)lɪz] *n* очки  
**spectator** [spekˈteɪtə] *n* наблюдатель  
**speech** [spi:tʃ] *n* речь  
**spell** [spel] *n* проклятие; заклинание  
**spend (spent, spent)** [spend] ([spent], [spent]) *v* тратить, проводить  
**spent past u p.p. om spend**  
**sphere** [sfɪə] *n* сфера  
**spiderweb** [ˈspaɪdəweb] *n* паутина  
**splash** [splæʃ] *n* всплеск; *v* плескаться, плескаться  
**splendid** [ˈsplendɪd] *a* великолепный  
**spoil (spoilt, spoilt)** [spɔɪl] ([spɔɪlt], [spɔɪlt]) *v* портить  
**spoilt past u p.p. om spoil**  
**spoke past om speak**  
**spoken p.p. om speak**  
**spot** [spɒt] *n* пятно; место; *v* запятнать  
**spread (spread, spread)** [spred]

([spred], [spred]) *v* распространять (информацию)  
**square** [skweə] *n* квадрат; площадь; *a* квадратный  
**squeak** [skwi:k] *v* пищать, пропищать  
**stable** ['steib(ə)l] *n* конюшня  
**staircase** ['steəkeis] *n* лестница  
**stairs** [steəz] *n pl* лестница  
**stalk** [stɔ:k] *n* стебель  
**stalls** [stɔ:lz] *n* партер (в театре)  
**stamp** [stæmp] *n* марка, штамп; топанье; *v* топать (ногой); штамповать  
**stand (stood, stood)** [stænd] ([stud], [stud]) *v* стоять; выносить, выдерживать  
**he could not stand** он не мог вынести  
**standard** ['stændəd] *n* стандарт  
**start** [stɑ:t] *n* начало; *v* начинать; вздрагивать  
**start up** вскочить; завести(сь)  
**station** ['steiʃ(ə)n] *n* станция  
**statue** ['stætʃu:] *n* статуя  
**stay** [stei] *v* оставаться  
**steal (stole, stolen)** [sti:l] ([stəul], ['stəulən]) *v* красть  
**step** [step] *n* шаг; ступенька; *v* отступить; шагнуть

**stereotyped** ['steriətaɪpt] *a* стереотипный  
**stick<sup>1</sup>** [stɪk] *n* палка  
**stick<sup>2</sup> (stuck, stuck)** [stɪk] ([stak], [stak]) *v* застрять; торчать  
**still<sup>1</sup>** [stɪl] *a* неподвижный  
**still<sup>2</sup>** [stɪl] *adv* все еще  
**sting (stung, stung)** [stɪŋ] ([stɑŋ], [stɑŋ]) *v* жалить  
**stir** [stɜ:] *v* шевелиться; волновать  
**stole past om steal**  
**stolen p.p. om steal**  
**stone** [stəʊn] *n* камень; *a* каменный  
**stood past u p.p. om stand**  
**stool** [stu:l] *n* табуретка  
**storm** [stɔ:m] *n* шторм  
**stove** [stəʊv] *n* плита (кулинарная)  
**straight** [streɪt] *a* прямой; *adv* прямо  
**keep straight** (идти) все время прямо  
**strange** [streɪndʒ] *a* странный; незнакомый  
**stranger** ['streɪndʒə] *n* незнакомец; чужак  
**straw** [strɔ:] *n* солома  
**strawberry** ['strɔ:b(ə)rɪ] *n* клубника  
**strength** [streŋθ] *n* сила  
**stretch** [stretʃ] *v* растягивать, тянуть

**stretch one's arms** раскинуть руки, развести руки в стороны  
**strike (struck, struck)** [straɪk] ([strak], [strak]) *v* ударять, бить  
**strong** [strɒŋ] *a* сильный  
**struggle** ['strʌg(ə)l] *n* борьба  
**stuck past u p.p. om stick**  
**studio** ['stju:diəʊ] *n* студия  
**study** ['stʌdi] *n* кабинет; объект изучения  
**stung past u p.p. om sting**  
**stupid** ['stju:pɪd] *a* глупый  
**stupidity** [stju:'pɪdɪtɪ] *n* глупость  
**subject** ['sʌbdʒɪkt] *n* предмет  
**substance** ['sʌbstəns] *n* вещество, субстанция  
**subtraction** [səb'trækʃ(ə)n] *n* вычитание  
**success** [sək'ses] *n* успех  
**successful** [sək'sesf(ə)l] *a* удачный, успешный  
**such** [sʌtʃ] *a* такой  
**sudden** ['sʌdn] *a* внезапный  
**suffer** ['sʌfə] *v* страдать  
**suicide** ['s(j)u:saɪd] *n* самоубийство  
**suit** [s(j)u:t] *n* костюм; *v* устраивать, подходить  
**sunburnt** ['sʌnbɜ:nt] *a* загорелый  
**sung p.p. om sing**  
**sunset** ['sʌnsɛt] *n* закат

**sunshine** ['sʌnʃaɪn] *n* солнечный свет  
**suppose** [sə'pəʊz] *v* предполагать  
**suppress** [sə'pres] *v* подавлять  
**sure** [ʃʊə] *a* верный, надежный; уверенный  
**surprise** [sə'praɪz] *n* сюрприз; *v* удивлять  
**surround** [sə'raʊnd] *v* окружать  
**survive** [sə'vaɪv] *v* выживать  
**suspect** [sə'spekt] *v* подозревать  
**swam past om swim**  
**swear** [sweə] *v* давать клятву  
**sweep (swept, swept)** [swi:p] ([swept], [swept]) *v* мести, подметать  
**sweet** [swi:t] *a* сладкий, милый  
**it is very sweet of you** это очень мило с твоей стороны  
**swept past u p.p. om sweep**  
**swim (swam, swum)** [swɪm] ([swæm], [swʌm]) *v* плавать  
**swum p.p. om swim**  
**sympathize** ['sɪmpəθaɪz] *v* сочувствовать; симпатизировать

## T

**tablecloth** ['teɪb(ə)lkloθ] *n* скатерть

**tail** [teɪl] *n* хвост  
**take (took, taken)** [teɪk] ([tʌk], [ˈteɪkən]) *v* брать, взять  
**take away** уносить; уводить  
**take hold** держать  
**taken** *p.p. om take*  
**talk** [tɔ:k] *n* разговор, беседа; *v* разговаривать, беседовать  
**tall** [tɔ:l] *a* высокий  
**tapestry** [ˈtæpɪstri] *n* ковры; гобелены  
**taste** [teɪst] *n* вкус; *v* пробовать на вкус  
**taught** *past u p.p. om teach*  
**teach (taught, taught)** [ti:tʃ] ([tɔ:t], [tɔ:t]) *v* учить  
**tear<sup>1</sup>** [tiə] *n* слеза; *v* плакать  
**tear<sup>2</sup> (tore, torn)** [teə] ([tɔ:], [tɔ:n]) *v* рвать, вырывать  
**tease** [ti:z] *v* дразнить  
**teeth** [ti:θ] *n pl* зубы  
**telepathy** [tiˈleɪpəθi] *n* телепатия  
**tell (told, told)** [tel] ([təʊld], [təʊld]) *v* рассказывать  
**temper** [ˈtempə] *n* характер, раздражение, гнев  
**dog's temper** ужасный характер  
**keep one's temper** держать себя в руках  
**lose one's temper** выходить из себя  
**temperature** [ˈtemp(ə)rətʃə] *n* температура

**tender** [ˈtendə] *a* нежный  
**tenderness** [ˈtendənɪs] *n* нежность  
**terrible** [ˈterəb(ə)l] *a* страшный  
**terrify** [ˈterɪfaɪ] *v* ужасать  
**territory** [ˈterɪt(ə)ri] *n* территория  
**terror** [ˈterə] *n* ужас  
**test** [test] *n* проверка, испытание; *v* проверять, тестировать, испытывать  
**thank** [θæŋk] *v* благодарить  
**thick** [θɪk] *a* толстый; густой  
**thick wood** густой лес  
**thief** [θi:f] *n* вор  
**thimble** [ˈθɪmb(ə)l] *n* наперсток  
**thin** [θɪn] *a* тонкий; жидкий, редкий (*о волосах*)  
**think (thought, thought)** [θɪŋk] ([θɔ:t], [θɔ:t]) *v* думать  
**think over** обдумывать  
**thirst** [θɜ:st] *n* жажда  
**thirsty** [ˈθɜ:sti] *a* испытывающий жажду  
**thistle** [ˈθɪs(ə)l] *n* чертополох  
**thorn** [θɜ:n] *n* шип, колючка; боярышник  
**thoroughly** [ˈθɒrəʊli] *adv* тщательно  
**though** [ðəʊ] *conj* хотя  
**thought<sup>1</sup>** [θɔ:t] *n* мысль  
**thought<sup>2</sup>** *past u p.p. om think*  
**thoughtful** [ˈθɔ:tf(ə)l] *a* задумчивый

**thoughtless** [ˈθɔ:tlɪs] *a* бездумный  
**thread** [θred] *n* нить  
**threw** *past om throw*  
**throat** [θrəʊt] *n* горло; глотка  
**through** [θru:] *prep* сквозь  
**throw (threw, thrown)** [θrəʊ] ([θru:], [θrəʊn]) *v* бросать, кидать  
**thrown** *p.p. om throw*  
**thump** [θʌmp] *n* глухой стук; тяжелый удар  
**thunder** [ˈθʌndə] *n* гром  
**thunderstorm** [ˈθʌndəstɔ:m] *n* гроза  
**ticket** [ˈtɪkɪt] *n* билет  
**ticket-office** [ˈtɪkɪt, ɒfɪs] *n* (билетная) касса  
**tidy** [ˈtaɪdi] *a* опрятный, аккуратный  
**tie** [taɪ] *n* галстук; *v* связывать  
**tiger** [ˈtaɪgə] *n* тигр  
**tiger-lily** [ˈtaɪgə, lɪli] *n* тигровая лилия  
**tight** [taɪt] *a* тугой; тесный  
**time** [taɪm] *n* время  
**it was time** наступило время  
**just in time** как раз вовремя  
**tired** [ˈtaɪəd] *a* уставший  
**tired out** очень уставший  
**tiring** [ˈtaɪ(ə)rɪŋ] *a* утомительный  
**toe** [təʊ] *n* палец (*на ноге*)

**together** [təˈgeðə] *adv* вместе, сообща  
**told** *past u p.p. om tell*  
**tomorrow** [təˈmɒrəʊ] *n* завтра  
**tonight** [təˈnaɪt] *n* сегодня вечером  
**took** *past om take*  
**tooth** [tu:θ] (*pl teeth*) *n* зуб  
**toothache** [ˈtu:θeɪk] *n* зубная боль  
**top** [tɒp] *n* вершина, верхушка  
**tore** *past om tear<sup>2</sup>*  
**torn** *p.p. om tear<sup>2</sup>*  
**touch** [tʌtʃ] *v* дотронуться  
**towards** [təˈwɔ:dz] *prep* по направлению к  
**tower** [ˈtaʊə] *n* башня  
**toxicology** [ˌtɒksɪˈkɒlədʒi] *n* токсикология (*наука о ядах*)  
**track** [træk] *n* след  
**tragedy** [ˈtrædʒɪdi] *n* трагедия  
**tragic** [ˈtrædʒɪk] *a* трагический  
**transform** [trænsˈfɔ:m] *v* трансформировать; преобразовать  
**travel** [ˈtræv(ə)l] *v* путешествовать  
**treat** [tri:t] *v* относиться; обращаться с кем-л.  
**tremble** [ˈtreɪmb(ə)l] *v* дрожать  
**trick** [trɪk] *n* хитрость, обман  
**play a trick (on)** разыграть  
**triumph** [ˈtraɪəmf] *n* триумф

**triumphant** [traɪ 'lʌmf(ə)nt] *a* победоносный, торжествующий  
**trouble** ['trʌb(ə)l] *n* огорчение; беспокойство  
**be in trouble** попасть в беду  
**trouble-maker** ['trʌb(ə)l, meɪkə] *n* нарушитель спокойствия, смутьян  
**troublesome** ['trʌb(ə)ls(ə)m] *a* проблемный  
**true** [tru:] *a* правдивый; настоящий  
**trumpet** ['trʌmpɪt] *n* труба (музыкальный инструмент)  
**trust** [trʌst] *n* вера, доверие; *v* доверять, верить  
**truth** [tru:θ] *n* правда  
**truthful** ['tru:θf(ə)l] *a* правдивый  
**try** [traɪ] *v* пытаться; стараться  
**tunnel** ['tʌnl] *n* туннель  
**turn** [tɜ:n] *n* поворот; очередь; *v* поворачивать  
**turn away** отвернуться  
**turn into** превратиться  
**turn over** перевернуть  
**turn round** обернуться, повернуться  
**turn to** обратиться к  
**turn white** побелеть  
**turtle** ['tɜ:tl] *n* черепаха  
**twice** [twɑɪs] *adv* дважды

**U**

**ugly** ['ʌɡli] *a* безобразный, уродливый  
**umbrella** [ʌm 'brelə] *n* зонтик  
**unbearable** [ʌn 'be(ə)rəb(ə)l] *a* непереносимый, невыносимый  
**unbelievable** [ʌnbi 'li:vəb(ə)l] *a* невероятный  
**uncertainty** [ʌn 'sɜ:t(ə)ntɪ] *n* неуверенность  
**uncomfortable** [ʌn 'kʌmf(ə)təb(ə)l] *a* неудобный  
**undergo (underwent, undergone)** [ʌndə 'ɡəʊ] ([ʌndə 'went], [ʌndə 'ɡɒn]) *v* испытывать; подвергаться  
**undergone** *p.p.* *om* **undergo**  
**understand (understood, understood)** [ʌndə 'stænd] ([ʌndə 'stʌd], [ʌndə 'stʌd]) *v* понимать  
**understood** *past* *и p.p.* *om* **understand**  
**underwent** *past* *om* **undergo**  
**undid** *past* *om* **undo**  
**undo (undid, undone)** [ʌn 'du:] ([ʌn 'dɪd], [ʌn 'dʌn]) *v* уничтожать; развязывать  
**undone** *p.p.* *om* **undo**  
**uneasy** [ʌn 'i:zi] *a* беспокойный, тревожный

**uneducated** [ʌn 'edʒukeɪtɪd] *a* необразованный  
**unemployed** [ʌnɪm 'plɔɪd] *a* безработный  
**unfair** [ʌn 'feə] *a* несправедливый  
**unfavourable** [ʌn 'feɪv(ə)rəb(ə)l] *a* неблагоприятный; невыгодный  
**unjust** [ʌn 'dʒʌst] *a* несправедливый  
**unkind** [ʌn 'kaɪnd] *a* недобрый  
**unless** [ʌn 'les] *conj* если не  
**unlike** [ʌn 'laɪk] *a* непохожий  
**unmoved** [ʌn 'mu:vɪd] *a* оставшийся безразличным  
**unnatural** [ʌn 'nætʃ(ə)rəl] *a* неестественный  
**unpleasant** [ʌn 'plez(ə)nt] *a* неприятный  
**unsatisfactory** [ʌnsætɪs 'fækt(ə)rɪ] *a* неудовлетворительный  
**untasted** [ʌn 'teɪstɪd] *a* нетронутый (*o* *ede*)  
**untidy** [ʌn 'taɪdɪ] *a* неопрятный, неаккуратный  
**until** [ʌn 'tɪl] *prep* до тех пор пока  
**upright** [ʌpraɪt] *a* прямой, вертикальный; *adv* стоймя  
**upset (upset, upset)** [ʌp 'set] ([ʌp 'set], [ʌp 'set]) *v* перевернуть; расстроить

**upside down** [ʌpsaɪd 'daʊn] *adv* вверх дном  
**upstairs** [ʌp 'steəz] *adv* наверху (*в доме*)  
**upwards** [ʌpwədz] *adv* наверх, вверх  
**use** [ju:s] *n* польза; [ju:z] *v* использовать  
**get used to** привыкнуть  
**useful** ['ju:sf(ə)l] *a* полезный  
**useless** ['ju:slɪs] *a* бесполезный  
**usual** ['ju:ʒvəl] *a* обычный

**V**

**vein** [veɪn] *n* вена  
**velvet** ['velvɪt] *n* бархат  
**victoria** [vɪk 'tɔ:riə] *n* *ист.* виктория (легкий двухместный экипаж с открытым верхом)  
**victory** ['vɪkt(ə)rɪ] *n* победа  
**view** [vju:] *n* вид; взгляд; намерение  
**village** ['vɪlɪdʒ] *n* деревня  
**vinegar** ['vɪnɪgə] *n* уксус  
**violet** ['vaɪələɪt] *n* фиалка; *a* фиолетовый  
**violin** [vaɪə 'lɪn] *n* скрипка  
**visible** ['vɪzəb(ə)l] *a* видимый  
**visit** ['vɪzɪt] *n* визит; *v* посещать, навещать  
**voice** [vɔɪs] *n* голос  
**voyage** ['vɔɪdʒ] *n* поездка, путешествие

**vulgar** [ˈvʌlgə] *a* вульгарный, низкопробный

## W

**wagon** [ˈwæɡən] *n* повозка, вагончик

**waist** [weɪst] *n* талия

**waistcoat** [ˈweɪskəʊt] *n* жилет

**waistcoat-pocket** жилетный карман

**wait** [weɪt] *v* ждать

**waiter** [ˈweɪtə] *n* официант

**wake (woke, woken)** [weɪk] ([wəʊk], [ˈwəʊkən]) *v* просыпаться; будить

**walk** [wɔ:k] *v* ходить, идти; гулять

**wall** [wɔ:l] *n* стена

**war** [wɔ:] *n* война

**warm** [wɔ:m] *a* теплый

**was past om be**

**wash** [wɒʃ] *v* мыть

**wash one's face** умываться

**waste** [weɪst] *v* тратить, расточать

**watch** [wɒtʃ] *n* часы (*наручные*); *v* наблюдать, следить

**water-lily** [ˈwɔ:tə, lɪli] *n* водяная лилия

**wave** [weɪv] *n* волна; *v* помахать рукой

**wavy** [ˈweɪvi] *a* волнистый

**wax-work** [ˈwækswɜ:k] *n* восковая фигура

**way** [weɪ] *n* путь, дорога

**on the way** по пути

**way out** выход

**way up** путь вверх

**a little way off** не遠деке

**weak** [wi:k] *a* слабый

**weak tea** некрепкий чай

**wealth** [welθ] *n* богатство; изобилие

**wear (wore, worn)** [weə] ([wɔ:], [wɔ:n]) *v* носить (*об одежде*)

**weather** [ˈweðə] *n* погода

**wedding** [ˈwedɪŋ] *n* свадьба, бракосочетание

**wedding present** свадебный подарок

**week** [wi:k] *n* неделя

**weep (wept, wept)** [wi:p] ([wept], [wept]) *v* плакать, заплакать

**well** [wel] *n* колодец

**went past om go**

**wept past u p.p. om weep**

**were past om be**

**west** [west] *n* запад

**wet** [wet] *a* сырой, влажный

**whatever** [wɒˈteɪvə] *pron* какой бы ни, что бы ни

**wheat** [wi:t] *n* пшеница

**whenever** [weˈnevə] *conj* когда бы ни

**which** [wɪtʃ] *pron* который

**whisper** [ˈwɪspə] *n* шепот; *v* шептать

**whistle** [ˈwɪs(ə)l] *v* свистеть

**whole** [həʊl] *a* целый, весь

**whom** [hu:m] *pron* кого, кому

**why** [waɪ] *pron* почему

**wicked** [ˈwɪkɪd] *a* злой, плохой

**wide** [waɪd] *a* широкий

**wild** [waɪld] *a* дикий

**wilderness** [ˈwɪldənɪs] *n* пустыня, дикая местность

**will** [wɪl] *n* завещание

**willow-tree** [ˈwɪləʊtri:] *n* ива

**win (won, won)** [wɪn] ([wʌn], [wʌn]) *v* побеждать, выигрывать

**wind** [wɪnd] *n* ветер

**wine** [waɪn] *n* вино

**wing** [wɪŋ] *n* крыло

**wink** [wɪŋk] *v* моргнуть

**wise** [waɪz] *a* мудрый

**wish** [wɪʃ] *n* желание; *v* желать

**without** [wɪˈðaʊt] *prep* без

**witness** [ˈwɪtnɪs] *n* свидетель; *v* быть свидетелем, присутствовать

**woke past om wake**

**woken p.p. om wake**

**woman** [ˈwʊmən] (*pl* women) *n* женщина

**won past u p.p. om win**

**wonder** [ˈwʌndə] *v* удивляться; интересоваться

**I wonder** интересно

**wonderful** [ˈwʌndəf(ə)l] *a* удивительный, замечательный

**wood** [wʊd] *n* лес

**wooden** [ˈwʊdn] *a* деревянный

**word** [wɜ:d] *n* слово

**wore past om wear**

**world** [wɜ:ld] *n* мир

**worn<sup>1</sup>** [wɔ:n] *a* изношенный

**worn<sup>2</sup> p.p. om wear**

**worried** [ˈwʌrɪd] *a* обеспокоенный

**worse** [wɜ:s] *a* хуже

**worship** [ˈwɜ:ʃɪp] *v* боготворить

**worst** [wɜ:st] *a* худший, самый плохой

**worth** [wɜ:θ] *a* стоящий

**be worth** заслуживать, стоить

**wound** [wu:nd] *n* рана; *v* ранить

**wrinkled** [ˈrɪŋk(ə)ld] *a* морщинистый

**write (wrote, written)** [raɪt] ([rəʊt], [ˈrɪtn]) *v* писать

**write down** записывать

**written p.p. om write**

**wrong** [rɒŋ] *a* неправильный, неверный; *v* обращаться неверно

**wrote past om write**

**wrote past om write**

## Y

**year** [jɪə] *n* год

**yesterday** [ˈjestədi] *n* вчера

**young** [jʌŋ] *a* молодой

**youth** [juθ] *n* молодость

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