

Chapter 1

2 A lovely scent of flowers filled the studio[•]. The light summer wind blew through the trees in the garden, and in through the open door. Lord Henry Wotton was lying on a divan[•].

In the centre of the room, there was a portrait of a very beautiful young man. In front of it, sat the artist, Basil Hallward.

‘It’s your best work, Basil,’ said Lord Henry. ‘You must send it to a gallery.’

‘I won’t send it anywhere,’ Basil answered.

Lord Henry looked at him in surprise. ‘Not send it anywhere? My dear fellow[•], why?’

‘I know you’ll laugh at me,’ Basil replied, ‘but I can’t exhibit[•] it. There is too much of *me* in it.’

Lord Henry laughed. ‘Too much of *you* in it! The portrait doesn’t look like you at all. You have a strong face and coal-black[•] hair. This young man is made out of ivory and rose petals. He never thinks. I’m sure of that. He’s some brainless[•] beautiful boy. You aren’t like him at all.’

‘You don’t understand me, Henry,’ answered Basil. ‘Of course, I don’t look like Dorian Gray.’

‘Dorian Gray? Is that his name?’ asked Lord Henry.

‘Yes, that’s his name. I didn’t want to tell you.’

‘But why not?’

‘Oh, I can’t explain. When I like people, I never tell their names to anyone. I love secrecy. It’s the one thing that can make modern life mysterious. I suppose you think I’m foolish[•].’

Glossary

- **brainless:** stupid
- **coal-black:** very black, like coal
- **divan:** sofa
- **exhibit:** show to the public
- **fellow:** man
- **foolish:** not sensible; stupid
- **studio:** place where an artist works