**The Picture of Dorian Gray by Oscar Wilde (Chapter 1)**

***The Picture of Dorian Gray is about a young man named Dorian Gray who has a portrait painted of himself. The artist, Basil Hallward, thinks Dorian Gray is very beautiful, and becomes obsessed with Dorian. One day in Basil's garden, Dorian Gray meets a man named Lord Henry Wotton. Lord Henry Wotton makes Dorian Gray believe that the only thing important in life is beauty.***

*Текст для чтения*

“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 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 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. 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.