

# First 5 minutes of 'Picture of Dorian Gray Audio Book – CHAPTER 5' from [librivox.org](http://librivox.org)

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## Transcription:

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The Picture of Dorian Gray Chapter 5.

“Mother, mother, I am so happy,” whispered the girl burying her face in the lap of the faded, tired looking woman who with back turned to the shrill, intrusive light was sitting in the one armchair that their dingy sitting-room contained.

“I am so happy,” she repeated, “and you must be happy too!”

Mrs. Vane winced and put her thin, bismuth-whitened hands on her daughter’s head. “Happy? 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.”

The girl looked up and pouted. “Money, mother?” she cried. “What does money matter? Love is more than money.”

“Mr. Isaacs has advanced us 50 pounds to pay off our debts and to get a proper outfit for James. You must not forget that, Sibyl. Fifty pounds is a very large sum. Mr. Isaacs has been most considerate.”

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

“I don’t know how we could manage without him,” answered the elder woman querulously.

Sibyl Vane tossed her head and laughed. “We don’t want him anymore, mother. Prince Charming rule’s life for us now.” Then she paused, a rose shook in her blood and shadowed her cheeks, quick breath parted the petals of her lips, they trembled. Some southern wind of passion swept over her and stirred the dainty folds of her dress. “I love him,” she said simply.

“Foolish child. Foolish child!” was the parrot phrase flung in answer. The waving of crooked, false-jeweled fingers gave grotesqueness to the words.

The girl laughed again, the joy of a caged bird was in her voice. Her eyes caught the melody and echoed it in radiance and closed for a moment as though to hide their secret. When they opened, the mist of a

dream had passed across them. Thin-lipped wisdom spoke at her from the warm chair, hinted at prudence, quoted from that book of cowardice whose author apes the name of common sense.

She did not listen, she was free in her prison of passion. Her prince, Prince Charming, was with her. She had called on memory to remake him. She had sent her soul to search for him and it had brought him back. His kiss burned again upon her mouth. Her eyelids were warm with his breath, then wisdom altered its method and spoke a smile and discovery. This young man might be rich, if so, marriage should be thought of. Against the shell of her ear broke the waves of worldly cunning, the arrows of craft shot by her. She saw the thin lips moving and smiled.

Suddenly she felt the need to speak, the worthy silence troubled her. "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 should be. But what does he see in me? I am not worthy of him and yet why, I cannot tell, though I feel so much beneath him. I don't feel humble. I feel proud, terribly proud. Mother, did you love my father as I love Prince Charming?"

The elder woman grew pale beneath the coarse powder that dogged her cheeks and her dry lips twitched to the spasm of pain. Sybil rushed to her, flung her arms around her neck, and kissed her. "Forgive me, Mother. I know it pains you to talk about our father..."

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