**Class Schedule**

1. Vocab Bingo (15 mins)
2. Opening Activity (10 mins)
3. Read extract (10 mins)
4. Comprehension questions (15 mins)
5. Read through new vocab (10 mins)

**Vocabulary Bingo!**

* Spot check on definitions, antonyms and synonyms of last week’s words (use the words in sentences)

**Opening Activity**

*Match the word to the definition!*

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| 1. Odour 2. Divan 3. Tremulous 4. Immobile 5. Pallid 6. Linger 7. Fanciful 8. Vain 9. Adonis 10. Languid | 1. Shaking or quivering slightly 2. Stay in a place longer than necessary because of a reluctance to leave 3. A long, low sofa without a back or arms 4. A distinctive smell, usually an unpleasant one 5. Having or showing a disinclination for physical exertion or effort 6. Having or showing an excessively high opinion of one’s appearance, abilities or worth 7. Not moving; motionless 8. Over-imaginative and unrealistic 9. Of a person’s face – pale, usually because of poor health 10. The Greek god of beauty and desire |

The Picture of Dorian Gray by Oscar Wilde

The studio was filled with the rich **odour** of roses, and when the light summer wind stirred amidst the trees of the garden, there came through the open door the heavy scent of the lilac, or the more delicate perfume of the pink-flowering thorn.

From the corner of the **divan** of Persian saddle-bags on which he was lying, smoking, as was his custom, **innumerable** cigarettes, Lord Henry Wotton could just catch the gleam of the honey-sweet and honey-coloured blossoms of a **laburnum**, whose **tremulous** branches seemed hardly able to bear the burden of a beauty so flamelike as theirs; and now and then the fantastic shadows of birds in flight **flitted** across the long **tussore**-silk curtains that were stretched in front of the huge window, producing a kind of momentary Japanese effect, and making him think of those **pallid**, jade-faced painters of Tokyo who, through the medium of an art that is necessarily **immobile**, seek to convey the sense of **swiftness** and motion.

The **sullen** murmur of the bees shouldering their way through the long unmown grass, or circling with monotonous insistence round the dusty **gilt** horns of the straggling woodbine, seemed to make the stillness more oppressive. The dim roar of London was like the **bourdon** note of a distant organ.

In the centre of the room, clamped to an upright easel, stood the full-length portrait of a young man of extraordinary personal beauty, and in front of it, some little distance away, was sitting the artist himself, Basil Hallward, whose sudden disappearance some years ago caused, at the time, such public excitement and gave rise to so many strange **conjectures**.

As the painter looked at the **gracious** and **comely** form he had so skilfully mirrored in his art, a smile of pleasure passed across his face, and seemed about to **linger** there. But he suddenly started up, and closing his eyes, placed his fingers upon the lids, as though he sought to **imprison** within his brain some curious dream from which he feared he might awake.

"It is your best work, Basil, the best thing you have ever done,"  
said Lord Henry **languidly**. "You must certainly send it next year to the Grosvenor. The Academy is too large and too **vulgar**. Whenever I have gone there, there have been either so many people that I have not been able to see the pictures, which was dreadful, or so many pictures that I have not been able to see the people, which was worse. The Grosvenor is really the only place."

"I don't think I shall send it anywhere," he answered, tossing his head back in that odd way that used to make his friends laugh at him at Oxford. "No, I won't send it anywhere."

Lord Henry elevated his eyebrows and looked at him in amazement through the thin blue **wreaths** of smoke that curled up in such **fanciful** **whorls** from his heavy, **opium**-**tainted** cigarette.

"Not send it anywhere? My dear fellow, why? Have you any reason? What odd chaps you painters are! You do anything in the world to gain 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, and that is not being talked about. A portrait like this would set you far above all the young men in England, and make the old men quite jealous, if old men are ever capable of any emotion."

"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 divan and laughed.

"Yes, I knew you would; but it is quite true, all the same. Too much of yourself in it! Upon my word, Basil, I didn't know you were so **vain**; and I really can't see any resemblance between you, with your rugged strong face and your coal-black hair, and this young **Adonis**, who looks as if he was made out of **ivory** and rose-leaves. Why, my dear Basil, he is a **Narcissus**, and you-- well, of course you have an **intellectual** expression and all that. But beauty, real beauty, ends where an intellectual expression begins. Intellect is in itself a mode of exaggeration, and destroys the harmony of any face."

"The moment one sits down to think, one becomes all nose, or all forehead, or something horrid. Look at the successful men in any of the learned professions. How perfectly hideous they are! Except, of course, in the Church. But then in the Church they don't think. A bishop keeps on saying at the age of eighty what he was told to say when he was a boy of eighteen, and as a natural consequence he always looks absolutely delightful."

"Your mysterious young friend, whose name you have never told me, but whose picture really fascinates me, never thinks. I feel quite sure of that. He is some brainless beautiful creature who should be always here in winter when we have no flowers to look at, and always here in summer when we want something to chill our intelligence. Don't flatter yourself, Basil: you are not in the least like him."

"You don't understand me, Harry," answered the artist. "Of course I am not like him. I know that perfectly well. Indeed, I should be sorry to look like him. You shrug your shoulders? I am telling you the truth. There is a **fatality** about all physical and intellectual distinction, the sort of fatality that seems to dog through history the faltering steps of kings. It is better not to be different from one's fellows. The ugly and the stupid have the best of it in this world. They can sit at their ease and **gape** at the play. If they know nothing of victory, they are at least spared the knowledge of defeat. They live as we all should live--undisturbed, **indifferent**, and without **disquiet**. They neither bring ruin upon others, nor ever receive it from alien hands. Your **rank** and wealth, Harry; my brains, such as they are--my art, whatever it may be worth; Dorian Gray's good looks--we shall 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

**Comprehension Questions**

1. Summarise the extract in a few sentences.
2. What is our first impression of Basil Hallworth?
3. What is our first impression of Lord Henry?
4. What is the relationship between the two characters?
5. Who is Dorian Gray and why is he significant?
6. What is aestheticism and how does it relate to this extract?
7. What do we think will happen next?

**Vocabulary**

* *Define each word, put it into one of four categories (noun, adjective, verb or adverb) and, where applicable, note down a synonym or antonym.*

1. Odour
2. Divan
3. Innumerable
4. Laburnum
5. Tremulous
6. Flit
7. Tussore
8. Pallid
9. Immobile
10. Swift
11. Gilt
12. Bourdon
13. Conjecture
14. Gracious
15. Comely
16. Linger
17. Imprison
18. Languid
19. Vulgar
20. Wreath
21. Fanciful
22. Whorl
23. Opium
24. Tainted
25. Exhibit
26. Vain
27. Adonis
28. Narcissus
29. Intellectual
30. Fatality
31. Gape
32. Indifferent
33. Disquiet
34. Rank

**Homework**

* Revise the vocabulary we have learned today.
* Imagine that you were present when Basil painted Dorian Gray. Write a story about what happened.