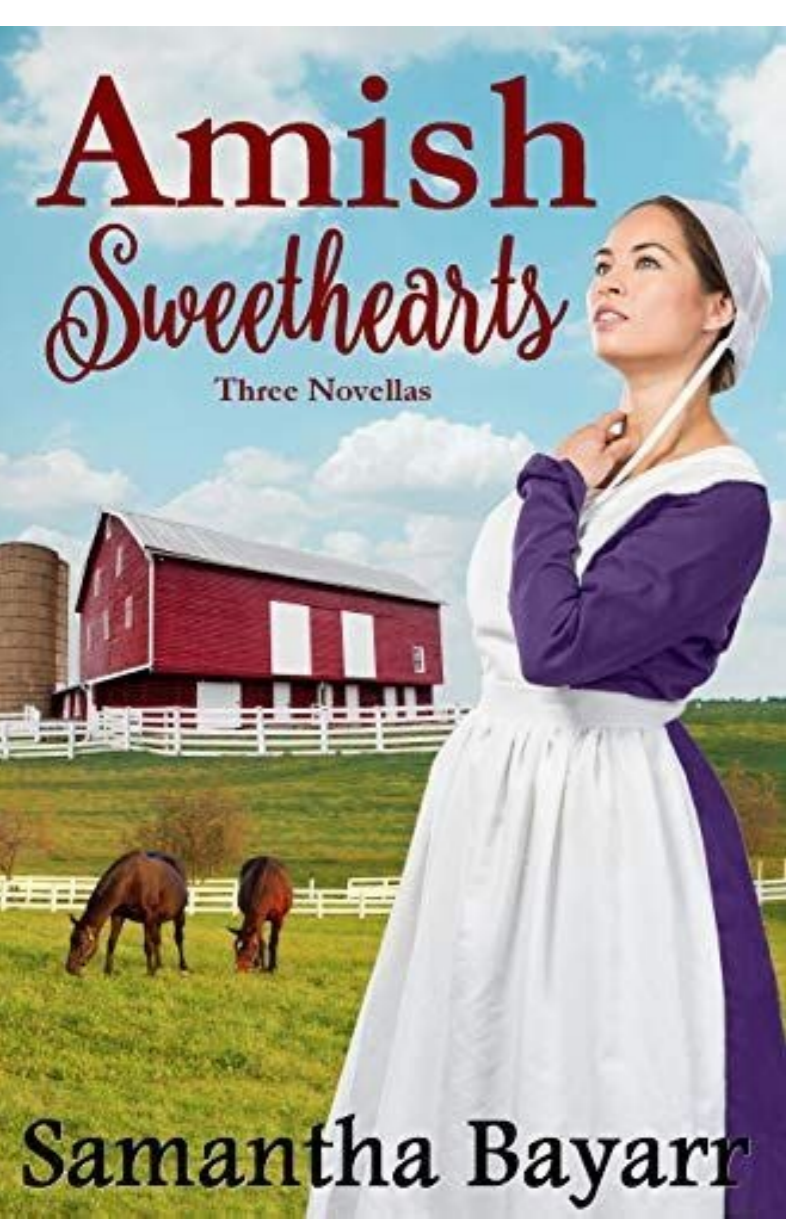


I'm not robot!

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Monologues

Ghosts by Henrik Ibsen

OSWALD (20-30):

Ah, the joy of life, mother; that's a thing you don't know much about in these parts. I have never felt it here.... And then, too, the joy of work. At bottom, it's the same thing. But that too you know nothing about.... Here people are brought up to believe that work is a curse and a punishment for sin, and that life is something miserable, something we want to be done with, the sooner the better.... Have you noticed that everything I have painted has turned upon the joy of life? always, always upon the joy of life? -- light and sunshine and glorious air, and faces radiant with happiness? That is why I am afraid of remaining at home with you.

MRS. ALVING: Oswald, you spoke of the joy of life; and at that word a new light burst for me over my life and all it has contained.... You ought to have known your father when he was a young lieutenant. He was brimming over with the joy of life!... He had not object in life, but only an official position. He had no work into which he could throw himself heart and soul; he had only business. He had not a single comrade that knew what the joy of life meant -- only loafers and boon companions--.... So that happened which was sure to happen.... Oswald, my dear boy; has it shaken you very much?

OSWALD: Of course it came upon me as a great surprise, but, after all, it can't matter much to me.

MRS. ALVING: Can't matter! That your father was so infinitely miserable!

OSWALD: Of course I can pity him as I would anybody else; but--

MRS. ALVING: Nothing more? Your own father!

OSWALD: Oh, there! "Father," "father"! I never knew anything of father. I don't remember anything about him except -- that he once made me sick.

A Doll's House by Henrik Ibsen

TORVALD (30-45):

(Standing at Nora's doorway.) Try and calm yourself, and make your mind easy again, my frightened little singing-bird. Be at rest, and feel secure; I have broad wings to shelter you under. (Walks up and down by the door.) How warm and cozy our home is, Nora. Here is shelter for you; here I will protect you like a hunted dove that I have saved from a hawk's claws; I will bring peace to your poor beating heart. It will come, little by little, Nora, believe me. Tomorrow morning you will look upon it all quite differently; soon everything will be just as it was before.

Very soon you won't need me to assure you that I have forgiven you; you will yourself feel the certainty that I have done so. Can you suppose I should ever think of such a thing as repudiating you, or even reproaching you? You have no idea what a true man's heart is like, Nora. There is something so indescribably sweet and satisfying, to a man, in the knowledge that he has forgiven his wife--forgiven

