

(We are in London, 90 years after Dorian Gray, who actually did exist. )

Dear Dorian,

Last night my grandfather had dinner with me and my family. While he was talking with my mother, his daughter, I heard a name: Basil Hallward. I'm in love with the Victorian age and I know everything about him but I didn't know why my grandfather and my mum talked about him. After the dinner I immediately asked my grandfather to tell me why he was talking about Basil. After a long narrative I discovered that my grandfather was one of the Basil's best friends. Then I decided to write you because what you did in your life is really bad and egoistic also towards my grandfather, who suffered a lot for Basil and for your behavior towards him.

Dear Dorian, I love the Victorian age and I can now say that you are the real manifest of it. As you know, the Victorian age was the age of appearance. Was the age of beauty, of outward look. During this age it wasn't important what was behind the things and the people, but only their appearance was. You are a person with a double personality, with a double face. On one hand you are a really good looking guy. Perfect and elegant in every moment. A guy that based his life on his beauty and on the pleasures. A guy that made his beauty his real power. As you know, all that was your failure. On the another hand you are the worst person that I've ever known. You are evil. For you, four people died. Why? Why Dorian? Why did you listen to Lord Henry? Why did you choose the life of the pleasure?

Before you met Lord Henry you were a really naive and authentic guy. Basil, for love of you, told Lord Henry to stay away from you. Maybe you were too much naive to know what is good and what is not good. From the story of your life, I understand one thing: the real part of us is the soul. And the soul can't be good looking, but can be pure and authentic. Only if we are beautiful inside, we can be a good looking person. Dear Dorian, now it's time to go to bed, goodnight Dorian, I hope you're sad now, regretting what you did.

Matteo

Dear Matteo,

You don't know how, but I can answer you even when dead. Damn you! You're jealous because in my life I could do anything and I could have every girl that I wanted because I was really good looking. Don't cry if you are ugly, and you can't have sex with every girl that you consider beautiful. I could. I could do everything, and I was young for all my life! With this beauty nobody could recognize myself after a long time after my birth. The brother of Sybil didn't kill me for this reason. I was fantastic!

No... I'm a monster. I'm horrible. I have to say that was cool, but when I got to know that Sybil killed herself because I was severe with her it felt like dying inside.

I later understood that I screwed up when I listened Lord Henry. That picture by Basil was my destruction. After the death of Sybil I thought that I didn't do a good thing when I listened to Lord Henry, but I was afraid and I didn't know what I had to do. I was writing a letter where I was sorry about my behavior towards Sybil, so I wasn't as evil as you said. I was in the wrong, for all my life, but I'm a bit happy because now you know the correct behavior to have. The only thing that makes me happy is that I can consider myself as a kind of model: you have to do what I didn't do. Dear Matteo, goodnight. I hope you understand that when I did that pact, the thought of my soul staying in the picture and me being forever young was something that fascinated me too much and I didn't think about the consequences.

Dorian Gray