

## **A Woman of No Importance – Oscar Wilde**

Mother, how changeable you are! You don't seem to know your own mind for a single moment. An hour and a half ago in the drawing-room you agreed to the whole thing; now you turn round and make objections, and try to force me to give up my one chance in life.

Yes, my one chance. You don't suppose that men like Lord Illingworth are to be found every day, do you, mother? It is very strange that when I have such a wonderful piece of good luck, the one person to put difficulties in my way should be my own mother.

Besides, you know, mother, I love Hester Worsley. Who could help loving her? I love her more than I ever have told you, far more. And if I had a position, if I had prospects, I could – I could ask her to... Don't you understand now, mother, what it means to me to be Lord Illingworth's secretary?