**DOLL’S HOUSE**by Henik Ibsen *Nora*

Sit down there, Torvald. I have a lot to talk about. Sit down. It\*s going to take a long time. I\*ve a lot to say to you. You don\*t understand me. *And* I\*ve never understood you - until this evening. No, don\*t interrupt me Just listen to what I have to say. You and Ihave got to face facts, Torvald. Doesn\*t anything strike you about the way we\*re sitting here? We\*ve been married for eight years. Does *it* occur to you this is the first time we, two,, you and I, man and wife, have ever had a serious talk together? In eight whole years - no, longer - ever since we first met — we have never exchanged a serious word on a serious subject. You have never understood me. A great wrong has been done to me~ Torvald. First by papa..And then by you. You have never loved me. You just thought it was fun to be in love with me. It\*s the truth, Torvald. When I lived with papa, he used to tell me what he thought about everything, so that I never had any opinions but his. And if I did have any of my own, I kept than quiet, because he wouldn\*t have liked them. He called me his little doll, and he played with me just the way I played with my dolls. Then I came here to live in your house I mean, I passed from papa\*s hands into yours. You arranged everything the way you wanted it, so that I simply took over your taste in everything — or pretended I did it\*s as if I\*ve been living here like a pauper, from hand to mouth. I performed tricks for you, and you gave me food and drink. But that was how you wanted it You and papa have done me a great wrong. It\*s your fault that I have done nothing with my life. Have I been happy here? No; never. I used to think I was. But I haven\*t ever been I\*ve just had fun. You\*ve always been very kind to me. But our home has never been anything but a playroom. I\*ve been your doll-wife, just as I used to be papa’s doll-child. *And* the children have been my dolls. I used to think it was fun when you came in and played with me, just as they think it\*s fun when I go in and play games with them. That\*s all our marriage has been. Oh, Torvald, you are not the man to educate me into being the right wife for you. And now what about me? Am I to educate the children? Didn\*t you say yourself a few minutes ago that you dare to leave them in my charge? You were perfectly right. I am not fitted to educate them. There\*s something else I must do first. I must educate myself And you can\*t help me with that. It\*s something I must do by myself That\*s why I\*m leaving you. I must stand on my own feet if I am to find out the truth about myself and about life. So I can\*t go on living here with you any longer. I\*m leaving you now, at once. It\*s use your trying to forbid me anymore. I shall take with me nothing but what is mine. I don\*t want anything from you, now or ever. I must think things out for myself; and try to find my own answer. I don\*t know where lam in these matters. I only know that these things mean something quite different to me from what they do to you. No, I don’t understand how society works, but I intend to learn. I\*ve never felt so sane and sure in my life. Oh, Torvald, it hurts me terribly to have to say it, because you\*ve always been so kind to me. But I can\*t help it. I don\*t love you any longer. That\*s why I can\*t go on living here any longer. It happened this evening, when the miracle failed to happen. It was then that I realized you weren\*t the man I\*d thought you to be. I\*ve waited so patiently, for eight whole years - well, good heavens, I\*m not such a fool as to suppose that miracles occur every day. Then this dreadful thing happened to me, and then I *knew* ‘Now the miracle will take place!\* When Krogatad\*s letter was lying out there, it never occurred to me for a moment that you would let that man trample over you. I knew that you would say to him: "Publish the facts to the world!" And when he had done this, then I was certain that you would step forward and take all the blame on yourself and say "I am the one who is guilty!" You\*re thinking I wouldn\*t have accepted such a sacrifice from you? No, of course I wouldn\*t! But what would my word have counted for against yours? That was the miracle I was hoping for, and dreading. And it was to prevent it happening that I wanted to end my life. But you neither think or talk like the man I could share my life with. Once you\*d got over your fright -and you weren\*t frightened of what might threaten me, but only of what threatened you - Now the danger was past, then as far as you were concerned it was exactly as though nothing had happened. I was your little songbird just as before - your doll whom henceforth you would take particular care to protect from the world because she was so weak and fragile. Torvald, in that moment I realized that for eight years I had been living here with a complete stranger, and had born him three children Oh, I can\*t bear to think of It! I could tear myself to pieces!I can\*t spend the night in a strange man\*s house. When a wife leaves her husband\*s house, as I\*m doing now, I\*m told that according to the law he is freed of any obligations towards her. In any case, I release you from any such obligations. You mustn\*t feel bound to me in any way however small, just as I shall not feel bound to you. We must both be quite free. Here is your ring back. Give me mine. Torvald, for me to come back, you and I would have to change so much that—life together between us would have to become a *marriage.* it would be the miracle of miracles. And I do not believe in miracle any longer. Goodbye, Torvald.