**CHAPTER 3**

**В4-В10**

**ИСХОДНЫЙ ТЕКСТ**

When Lord Henry entered the room, he found his uncle sitting in a rough shooting-coat, smoking a cheroot and grumbling over The Times. "Well, Harry," said the old gentleman, "what brings you out so early? I thought you dandies never got up till two, and were not visible till five."

"Pure family affection, I assure you, Uncle George. I want to get something out of you."

"Money, I suppose," said Lord Fermor, making a wry face. "Well, sit down and tell me all about it. Young people, nowadays, imagine that money is everything."

"Yes," murmured Lord Henry, settling his button-hole in his coat; "and when they grow older they know it. But I don't want money. It is only people who pay their bills who want that, Uncle George, and I never pay mine. Credit is the capital of a younger son, and one lives charmingly upon it. Besides, I always deal with Dartmoor's tradesmen, and consequently they never bother me. What I want is information: not useful information, of course; useless information."

"Well, I can tell you anything that is in an English Blue Book, Harry, although those fellows nowadays write a lot of nonsense. When I was in the Diplomatic, things were much better. But I hear they let them in now by examination.

**В4-В10**

**ОБРАБОТАННАЯ ВЕРСИЯ**

*Прочитайте приведенный ниже текст. Преобразуйте, если необходимо, слова, напечатанные заглавными буквами в конце строк, обозначенных номерами B4–B10, так, чтобы они грамматически соответствовали содержанию текста. Заполните пропуски полученными словами. Каждый пропуск соответствует отдельному заданию из группы B4–B10.*

 When Lord Henry entered the room, he found his

 uncle sitting in a rough shooting-coat, smoking

 a cheroot and grumbling over The Times. "Well, Harry,"

 said the old gentleman, "what brings you out so early?

**B4** I thought you \_\_\_\_\_\_\_never got up till two, and were not **DANDY**

 visible till five."

 "Pure family affection, I assure you, Uncle George. I want

 to get something out of you."

 "Money, I suppose," said Lord Fermor, making a wry face.

 "Well, sit down and tell me all about it. Young people,

**B5** nowadays, imagine that money\_\_\_\_\_\_ everything."  **BE**

**B6** "Yes," murmured Lord Henry, \_\_\_\_\_\_his button-hole in his **SETTLE**

 coat; "and when they grow older they know it. But I don't

 want money. It is only people who \_\_\_\_\_their bills who want  **PAY**

**B7** that, Uncle George, and I never pay\_\_\_\_\_\_. Credit is the capital  **I**

 of a younger son, and one lives charmingly upon it. Besides, I

**B8** always deal with Dartmoor's\_\_\_\_\_\_, and consequently they  **TRADESMAN**

 never bother me. What I want is information: not useful

 information, of course; useless information."

 "Well, I can tell you anything that is in an English Blue Book,

 **B9** Harry, although \_\_\_\_\_\_fellows nowadays write a lot of nonsense. **THAT**

 **B10** When I was in the Diplomatic, things were much\_\_\_\_\_. But I **GOOD**

 hear they let them in now by examination.