**А22-А28**

**ИСХОДНЫЙ ТЕКСТ**

**CHAPTER 6**

"There is really not much to tell," cried Dorian as they took their seatsat the small round table. "What happened was simply this. After I left you yesterday evening, Harry, I **dressed**, had some dinner at that little Italian restaurant in Rupert Street you introduced me to, and went down at eight o'clock to the theatre. Sibyl was playing Rosalind. Of course, the scenery was dreadful and the Orlando absurd. But Sibyl! You should have seen her! When she came on in her boy's clothes, she was **perfectly** wonderful. She wore a moss-coloured velvet jerkin with cinnamon sleeves, slim, brown, cross-gartered hose, a dainty little green cap with a hawk's feather caught in a jewel, and a hooded cloak lined with **dull** red. She had never seemed to me more exquisite. She had all the delicate grace of that Tanagra figurine that you have in your studio, Basil. Her hair clustered round her face like dark leaves round a pale rose. As for her acting--well, you shall see her to-night. She is simply aborn artist. I sat in the dingy box absolutely **enthralled**. I forgot that I was in London and in the nineteenth century. I was away with my love in a forest that no man had ever seen. After the **performance** was over, I went behind and spoke to her. As we were sitting together, suddenly there came into her eyes a look that I had never seen there before. My lips moved towards hers. We kissed each other. I can't **describe** to you what I felt at that moment. It seemed to me that all my life had been narrowed to one perfect point of rose-coloured joy. She trembled all over and shook like a white narcissus. Then she **flung** herself on her knees and kissed my hands. I feel that I should not tell you all this, but I can't help it.

**A22-A28**

**ОБРАБОТАННАЯ ВЕРСИЯ (319 слов)**

"There is really not much to tell," cried Dorian as they took their seatsat the small round table. "What happened was simply this. After I left you yesterday evening, Harry, I **A22**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, had some dinner at that little Italian restaurant in Rupert Street you introduced me to, and went down at eight o'clock to the theatre. Sibyl was playing Rosalind. Of course, the scenery was dreadful and the Orlando absurd. But Sibyl! You should have seen her! When she came on in her boy's clothes, she was **A23** \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_wonderful. She wore a moss-coloured velvet jerkin with cinnamon sleeves, slim, brown, cross-gartered hose, a dainty little green cap with a hawk's feather caught in a jewel, and a hooded cloak lined with **A24**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ red. She had never seemed to me more exquisite. She had all the delicate grace of that Tanagra figurine that you have in your studio, Basil. Her hair clustered round her face like dark leaves round a pale rose. As for her acting--well, you shall see her to-night. She is simply aborn artist. I sat in the dingy box absolutely **A25**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. I forgot that I was in London and in the nineteenth century. I was away with my love in a forest that no man had ever seen. After the

**A26 \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**was over, I went behind and spoke to her. As we were sitting together, suddenly there came into her eyes a look that I had never seen there before. My lips moved towards hers. We kissed each other. I can't **A27** \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_to you what I felt at that moment. It seemed to me that all my life had been narrowed to one perfect point of rose-coloured joy. She trembled all over and shook like a white narcissus. Then she **A28**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ herself on her knees and kissed my hands. I feel that I should not tell you all this, but I can't help it.

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| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| 22 put on | wore | dressed | clothed |
| 23 certainly | perfectly | necessary | determinately |
| 24 monotonous | sad | boring | dull |
| 25 enthralled | captured | slaved | caught |
| 26 game | programme | performance | show |
| 27 describe | show | tell | picture |
| 28 flung | dropped | kicked | took |