ЛЕКСИКО-ГРАММАТИЧЕСКАЯ ОБРАБОТКА ТЕКСТА (объем 200 слов)

ЗАДАНИЯ В11-В16

ИСХОДНЫЙ ТЕКСТ

…Yesterday I cut an orchid, for my button-hole. It was a marvellous spotted thing, as effective as the seven deadly sins. In a thoughtless moment I asked one of the gardeners what it was called. He told me it was a fine specimen of Robinsoniana, or something dreadful of that kind. It is a sad truth, but we have lost the faculty of giving lovely names to things. Names are everything. I never quarrel with actions. My one quarrel is with words. That is the reason I hate vulgar realism in literature. The man who could call a spade a spade should be compelled to use one. It is the only thing he is fit for."

"Then what should we call you, Harry?" she asked.

"His name is Prince Paradox," said Dorian.

"I recognize him in a flash," exclaimed the duchess.

"I won't hear of it," laughed Lord Henry, sinking into a chair. "From a label there is no escape! I refuse the title."

"Royalties may not abdicate," fell as a warning from pretty lips.

"You wish me to defend my throne, then?"

"Yes."

"I give the truths of to-morrow."

"I prefer the mistakes of to-day," she answered.

"You disarm me, Gladys," he cried, catching the wilfulness of her mood.

ОБРАБОТАННАЯ ВЕРСИЯ В11-В16

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| B11  B12  B13  B14  B15  B16 | Yesterday I cut an orchid, for my button-hole. It was a marvelous spotted thing,  as \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_as the seven deadly sins.  In a thoughtless moment I asked one of the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_what it was called. He told me it was a fine specimen of Robinsoniana, or something dreadful of that kind.  It is a sad truth, but we have lost the faculty of giving \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_names to things. Names are everything. I never quarrel with\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. My one quarrel is with words. That is the reason I hate vulgar realism in literature. The man who could call a spade a spade should be compelled to use one. It is the only thing he is fit for."  "Then what should we call you, Harry?" she asked.  "His name is Prince Paradox," said Dorian.  "I recognize him in a flash," exclaimed the duchess.  "I won't hear of it," laughed Lord Henry, sinking into a chair. "From a label there is no escape! I refuse the title."  "\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ may not abdicate," fell as a warning from pretty lips.  "You wish me to defend my throne, then?"  "Yes."  "I give the truths of to-morrow."  "I prefer the mistakes of to-day," she answered.  "You \_\_\_\_\_me, Gladys," he cried, catching the wilfulness of her mood. | EFFECT  GARDEN  LOVE  ACT  ROYAL  ARM |