**А22-А28**

**ИСХОДНЫЙ ТЕКСТ**

**CHAPTER V**

Jim frowned from time to time when he caught the inquisitive glance of some stranger. He had that dislike of being stared at, which comes on geniuses late in life and never leaves the commonplace. Sibyl, however, was quite unconscious of the effect she was producing. Her love was trembling in laughter on her lips. She was thinking of Prince Charming, and, that she might think of him all the more, she did not talk of him, but prattled on about the ship in which Jim was going to sail, about the gold he was certain to find, about the wonderful heiress whose life he was to save from the wicked, red-shirted bushrangers. For he was not to remaina sailor, or a supercargo, or whatever he was going to be. Oh, no! A sailor's existence was dreadful. Fancy being cooped up in a horrid ship, with the hoarse, hump-backed waves trying to get in, and a black wind blowing the masts down and tearing the sails into long screaming ribands! He was to leave the vessel at Melbourne, bid a polite good-bye to the captain, and go off at once to the gold-fields. Before a week was over he was to come across a large nugget of pure gold, the largest nugget that had ever been discovered, and bring it down to the coast in a wagon guarded by six mounted policemen. The bushrangers were to attack them three times, and be defeated with immense slaughter. Or, no. He was not to go to the gold-fields at all. They were horrid places, where men got intoxicated, and shot each other in bar-rooms, and used bad language. He was to be a nice sheep-farmer, and one evening, as he was riding home, he was to see the beautiful heiress being carried off by a robber on a black horse, and give chase, and rescue her.

**А22-А28**

**ОБРАБОТАННАЯ ВЕРСИЯ ( объем 315 слов)**

Jim **A22**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ from time to time when he caught the inquisitive glance of some stranger. He had that dislike of being **A23**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ at, which comes on geniuses late in life and never leaves the commonplace. Sibyl, however, was quite unconscious of the effect she was producing. Her love was trembling in laughter on her lips. She was thinking of Prince Charming, and, that she might think of him all the more, she did not talk of him, but prattled on about the ship in which Jim was going to sail, about the gold he was **A24**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ to find, about the wonderful heiress whose life he was to save from the wicked, red-shirted bushrangers. For he was not to **A25\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**a sailor, or a supercargo, or whatever he was going to be. Oh, no! A sailor's existence was dreadful. Fancy being cooped up in a horrid ship, with the hoarse, hump-backed waves trying to get in, and a black wind blowing the masts down and A26\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_the sails into long screaming ribands! He was to leave the vessel at Melbourne, bid a polite good-bye to the captain, and go off at once to the gold-fields. Before a week was over he was to come **A27\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** a large nugget of pure gold, the largest nugget that had ever been discovered, and bring it down to the coast in a wagon guarded by six mounted policemen. The bushrangers were to attack them three times, and be defeated with immense slaughter. Or, no. He was not to go to the gold-fields at all. They were horrid places, where men got intoxicated, and shot each other in bar-rooms, and used bad **A28\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**. He was to be a nice sheep-farmer, and one evening, as he was riding home, he was to see the beautiful heiress being carried off by a robber on a black horse, and give chase, and rescue her.

**A22** 1) annoyed 2) frowned 3) worried 4) gloomed

**A23** 1) stared 2) looked 3) seen 4) watched

**A24** 1) certain 2) necessary 3) perfect 4) certainly

**A25** 1) stay 2) stop 3) be 4) remain

**A26** 1) breaking 2) cutting 3) tearing 4) destroying

**A27** 1) to 2) across 3) at 4) near

**A28** 1) speech 2) words 3) language 4) sayings