**В11-В16**

**ИСХОДНЫЙ ТЕКСТ**

**CHAPTER V**

"You dear old Jim, you talk as if you were a hundred. Some day you will be in love yourself. Then you will know what it is. Don't look so sulky. Surely you should be glad to think that, though you are going away, you leave me happier than I have ever been before. Life has been hard for us both, terribly hard and difficult. But it will be different now. You are going to a new world, and I have found one. Here are two chairs; let us sit down and see the smart people go by."

They took their seats amidst a crowd of watchers. The tulip-beds across the road flamed like throbbing rings of fire. A white dust—tremulous cloud of orris-root it seemed--hung in the panting air. The brightly coloured parasols danced and dipped like monstrous butterflies.

She made her brother talk of himself, his hopes, his prospects. He spoke slowly and with effort. They passed words to each other as players at a game pass counters. Sibyl felt oppressed. She could not communicate her joy. A faint smile curving that sullen mouth was all the echo she could win. After some time she became silent. Suddenly she caught a glimpse of golden hair and laughing lips, and in an open carriage with two ladies Dorian Gray drove past.

**В11-В16**

**ОБРАБОТАННАЯ ВЕРСИЯ (объем 224 слова)**

 "You dear old Jim, you talk as if you were a hundred.

 **B11** Some day you will be in love \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ .Then you **YOU**

 **B12** will know what it is. Don't look so sulky. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ **SURE**

 you should be glad to think that, though you are

 going away, you leave me happier than I have ever

 been before. Life has been hard for us both, terribly

 **B13** hard and difficult. But it will be \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ now.  **DIFFER**

 You are going to a new world, and I have found

 one. Here are two chairs; let us sit down and see

 the smart people go by."

 They took their seats amidst a crowd of watchers .

 The tulip-beds across the road flamed like

 throbbing rings of fire. A white dust—tremulous

 cloud of orris-root it seemed--hung in the panting air.

 The brightly coloured parasols danced and dipped

 **B14** like \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ butterflies. **MONSTER**

 She made her brother talk of himself, his hopes,

 his prospects. He spoke slowly and with effort.

 They passed words to each other as players at a

 **B15**  game pass \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. Sibyl felt oppressed. She **COUNT**

 could not communicate her joy. A faint smile

 curving that sullen mouth was all the echo she

 could win. After some time she became silent.

 Suddenly she caught a glimpse of golden hair and

**B16** laughing lips, and in an open \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ with two **CARRY**

 ladies Dorian Gray drove past.