B4-B10

Исходный текст

Chapter 7

"Dorian, Dorian," she cried, "before I knew you, acting was the one reality of my life. It was only in the theatre that I lived. I thought that it was all true. I was Rosalind one night and Portia the other. The joy of Beatrice was my joy, and the sorrows of Cordelia were mine also. I believed in everything. The common people who acted with me seemed to me to be godlike. The painted scenes were my world. I knew nothing but shadows, and I thought them real. You came--oh, my beautiful love!--and you freed my soul from prison. You taught me what reality really is. To-night, for the first time in my life, I saw through the hollowness, the sham, the silliness of the empty pageant in which I had always played. To-night, for the first time, I became conscious that the Romeo was hideous, and old, and painted, that the moonlight in the orchard was false, that the scenery was vulgar, and that the words I had to speak were unreal, were not my words, were not what I wanted to say. You had brought me something higher, something of which all art is but a reflection. You had made me understand what love really is. My love! My love! Prince Charming! Prince of life! I have grown sick of shadows. You are more to me than all art can ever be. What have I to do with the puppets of a play? When I came on to-night, I could not understand how it was that everything had gone from me. Suddenly it dawned on my soul what it all meant. The knowledge was exquisite to me. I heard them hissing, and I smiled. What could they know of love such as ours? Take me away, Dorian--take me away with you, where we can be quite alone. I hate the stage. I might mimic a passion that I do not feel, but I cannot mimic one that burns me like fire. Oh, Dorian, Dorian, you understand now what it signifies? Even if I could do it, it would be profanation for me to play at being in love. You have made me see that."

B4-B10

Обработанная версия (объем слов – 266 слов)

 "Dorian, Dorian," she cried, "before I knew you, acting was the one reality of my life.

**B4** It was only in the theatre that I lived. I thought that it was all true. **I**

 I was Rosalind one night and Portia the other. The joy of Beatrice was my joy,

 and the sorrows of Cordelia were \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_also.

 I believed in everything. The common people who acted with me seemed to me

**B5** to be godlike. The painted scenes were my world. I knew \_\_\_ but shadows**, ANYTHING**

 and I thought them real. You came—oh, my beautiful love!—and you freed

 my soul from prison.

 You taught me what reality really \_\_. To-night, for the first time in my life, I saw

**B6** through the hollowness, the sham, the silliness of the empty pageant in which **BE**

 I had always played.

 To-night, for the \_\_\_\_ time, I became conscious that the Romeo was hideous,

**B7**  and old, and painted, that the moonlight in the orchard was false, that the scenery **ONE**

 was vulgar, and that the words I had to speak were unreal, were not my words,

 were not what I wanted to say.

**B8** You had brought me something \_\_\_\_\_\_, something of which all art is but **HIGH**

 a reflection.

 You \_\_\_\_\_ me understand what love really is. My love! My love! Price Charming!

**B9** Prince of life! I have grown sick of shadows. You are more to me than all art can **MAKE**

 ever be.

 What I have to do with the puppets of a play? When I came on to-night, I \_\_\_\_

**B10**  understand how it was that everything had gone from me. **NOT CAN**