Группа 22

Вариант для обсуждения

B11-B16

Исходный текст

Chapter 8

"It is an interesting question," said Lord Henry, who found an **exquisite** pleasure in playing on the lad's **unconscious** egotism, "an extremely interesting question. I fancy that the true explanation is this: It often happens that the real tragedies of life **occur** in such an inartistic manner that they hurt us by their crude violence, their absolute **incoherence**, their absurd want of meaning, their entire lack of style. They affect us just as vulgarity affects us. They give us an impression of sheer brute force, and we revolt against that. Sometimes, however, a tragedy that possesses artistic elements of beauty crosses our lives. If these elements of beauty are real, the whole thing **simply** appeals to our sense of dramatic effect. Suddenly we find that we are no longer the actors, but the spectators of the play. Or rather we are both. We watch ourselves, and the **mere** wonder of the spectacle enthralls us. In the present case, what is it that has really happened? Some one has killed herself for love of you. I wish that I had ever had such an experience. It would have made me in love with love for the rest of my life. The people who have adored me--there have not been very many, but there have been some--have always insisted on living on, long after I had ceased to care for them, or they to care for me. They have become stout and tedious, and when I meet them, they go in at once for reminiscences.

B11-B16

Обработанная версия (объем слов – 255 слов)

 "It is an interesting question," said Lord Henry, who found

**B11** an \_\_\_\_pleasure in playing on the lad's **exquisiteness**

**B12**  \_\_\_\_\_egotism, "an extremely interesting question. **unconsciousness**

 I fancy that the true explanation is this: It often happens

**B13** that the real tragedies of life \_\_\_\_in such an inartistic **occurrence**

 manner that they hurt us by their crude violence,

 **B14** their absolute \_\_\_\_\_\_, their absurd want of meaning, **incoherent**

 their entire lack of style. They affect us just

 as vulgarity affects us.

 They give us an impression of sheer brute force, and we

 revolt against that. Sometimes, however, a tragedy that

 possesses artistic elements of beauty crosses our lives.

 **B15** If these elements of beauty are real, the whole thing \_\_\_\_\_ **simplicity**

 appeals to our **s**enseof dramatic effect. Suddenly we find that

 we are no longer the actors, but the spectators of the play. Or rather

 **B16** we are both. We watch ourselves, and the \_\_\_\_ wonder **merely**

 of the spectacle enthralls us. In the present case, what is it that has really

 happened? Some one has killed herself for love of you. I wish that I had

 ever had such an experience. It would have made me in love with love

 for the rest of my life. The people who have adored me--there have not been

 very many, but there have been some--have always insisted on living on,

 long after I had ceased to care for them, or they to care for me.

 They have become stout and tedious, and when I meet them, they go in

 at once for reminiscences.

 Keys:

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| B11 | exquisite |
| B12 | unconscious |
| B13 | occur |
| B14 | incoherence |
| B15 | simply |
| B16 | mere |