Chapter 12

В11-В16

Исходный текст

Hallward shook his head, as he entered, and followed Dorian into the library. There was a bright wood fire blazing in the large open hearth. The lamps were lit, and an open Dutch silver spirit-case stood, with some siphons of soda-water and large cut-glass tumblers, on a little marqueterie table.

"You see your servant made me quite at home, Dorian. He gave me everything I wanted, including your best gold-tipped cigarettes. He is a most hospitable creature. I like him much better than the Frenchman you used to have. What has become of the Frenchman, by the bye?"

Dorian shrugged his shoulders. "I believe he married Lady Radley's maid, and has established her in Paris as an English dressmaker. Anglomania is very fashionable over there now, I hear. It seems silly of the French, doesn't it? But--do you know?--he was not at all a bad servant. I never liked him, but I had nothing to complain about. One often imagines things that are quite absurd. He was really very devoted to me and seemed quite sorry when he went away. Have another brandy-and-soda? Or would you like hock-and-seltzer? I always take hock-and-seltzer myself. There is sure to be some in the next room."

"Thanks, I won't have anything more," said the painter, taking his cap and coat off and throwing them on the bag that he had placed in the corner. "And now, my dear fellow, I want to speak to you seriously. Don't frown like that. You make it so much more difficult for me."

"What is it all about?" cried Dorian in his petulant way, flinging himself down on the sofa. "I hope it is not about myself. I am tired of myself to-night. I should like to be somebody else."

"It is about yourself," answered Hallward in his grave deep voice, "and I must say it to you. I shall only keep you half an hour."

Dorian sighed and lit a cigarette. "Half an hour!" he murmured.

"It is not much to ask of you, Dorian, and it is entirely for your own sake that I am speaking. I think it right that you should know that the most dreadful things are being said against you in London."

**Обработанная версия( объем слов 214)**

Hallward shook his head, as he entered,

and followed Dorian into the library.

There was a bright wood fire

**В11**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ in the large open hearth. **BLAZE**

 The lamps were lit, and an open Dutch silver

 spirit-case stood, with some siphons of

soda-water and large cut-glass tumblers,

on a little marqueterie table. "You see your

servant made me quite at home, Dorian.

 He gave me everything I wanted,

**B12**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ your best gold-tipped **INCLUDE**

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 I like him much better than the Frenchman

you used to have. What has become of the

Frenchman, by the bye?" Dorian shrugged

 his shoulders. "I believe he married Lady

 Radley's maid, and has established her in

 Paris as an English dressmaker. Anglomania is

very fashionable over there now, I hear.

 It seems silly of the French, doesn't it?

But--do you know?--he was not at all a bad servant.

I never liked him, but I had nothing

 to complain about. One often

**B13**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ things that are quite absurd. **IMAGINE**

He was really very devoted to me and seemed

quite sorry when he went away. Have another

 brandy-and-soda? Or would you like hock-and-seltzer?

 I always take hock-and-seltzer myself.

 There is sure to be some in the next room."

"Thanks, I won't have anything more," said the

**B14**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, taking his cap and coat off  **PAINT**

and throwing them on the bag that

he had placed in the corner. "And now, my dear

fellow, I want to speak to you

**B15**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. Don't frown like that .**SERIOUS**

 You make it so much more difficult for me."

"What is it all about?" cried Dorian in his petulant way,

flinging himself down on the sofa.

"I hope it is not about myself. I am tired of

myself to-night. I should like to be somebody else."

"It is about yourself," answered Hallward in his

 grave deep voice, "and I must say it to you.

 I shall only keep you half an hour."

Dorian sighed and lit a cigarette. "Half an hour!" he murmured.

"It is not much to ask of you, Dorian, and it is

**B16**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ for your own sake that **ENTIRE**

I am speaking. I think it right that you should know that

the most dreadful things are being said against you in London."