**В11-В16**

**ИСХОДНЫЙ ТЕКСТ**

**CHAPTER 2**

"And yet," continued Lord Henry, in his low, musical voice, and with that graceful wave of the hand that was always so characteristic of him, and that he had even in his Eton days, "I believe that if one man were to live out his life fully and completely, were to give form to every feeling, expression to every thought, reality to every dream--I believe that the world would gain such a fresh impulse of joy that we would forget all the maladies of medievalism, and return to the Hellenic ideal--to something finer, richer than the Hellenic ideal, it may be. But the bravest man amongst us is afraid of himself. The mutilation of the savage has its tragic survival in the self-denial that mars our lives. We are punished for our refusals. Every impulse that we strive to strangle broods in the mind and poisons us. The body sins once, and has done with its sin, for action is a mode of purification. Nothing remains then but the recollection of a pleasure, or the luxury of a regret. The only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it. Resist it and your soul grows sick with longing for the things it has forbidden to itself, with desire for what its monstrous laws have made monstrous and unlawful.

**В11-В16**

**ОБРАБОТАННАЯ ВЕРСИЯ (объём 224 слова)**

“And yet," continued Lord Henry, in his low,

**B11**musical voice, and with that \_\_\_\_\_\_\_wave of t **GRACE**

**B12**he hand that was always so \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_of him, **CHARACTER**

and that he had even in his Eton days, "I believe

that if one man were to live out his life fully and

completely, were to give form to every feeling,

**B13**expression to every\_\_\_\_\_\_, reality to every dream **THINK**

I believe that the world would gain such a fresh

impulse of joy that we would forget all

**B14**the maladies of\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, and return to the **MEDIEVAL**

Hellenic ideal--to something finer, richer than the Hellenic

ideal, it may be. But the bravest man amongst us is afraid

of himself. The mutilation of the savage has its tragic

survival in the self-denial that mars our lives. We are

punished for our refusals. Every impulse that we strive to

strangle broods in the mind and poisons us. The body sins once,

and has done with its sin, for action is a mode of purification.

**B15**Nothing remains then but the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_of a pleasure, **COLLECT**

or the luxury of a regret. The only way to get rid of

a temptation is to yield to it. Resist it and your soul

grows sick with longing for the things it has forbidden to

itself, with desire for what its monstrous laws have made

**b16** monstrous and\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. **LAW**

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **B11** | graceful |
| **B12** | characteristic |
| **B13** | thought |
| **B14** | medievalism |
| **B15** | recollection |
| **B16** | unlawful. |