**В11-В16**

**ИСХОДНЫЙ ТЕКСТ**

**CHAPTER 5**

"He is called Prince Charming. Don't you like the name. Oh! you silly

boy! you should never forget it. If you only saw him, you would think

him the most wonderful person in the world. Some day you will meet

him--when you come back from Australia. You will like him so much.

Everybody likes him, and I ... love him. I wish you could come to the

theatre to-night. He is going to be there, and I am to play Juliet.

Oh! how I shall play it! Fancy, Jim, to be in love and play Juliet!

To have him sitting there! To play for his delight! I am afraid I may

frighten the company, frighten or enthrall them. To be in love is to

surpass one's self. Poor dreadful Mr. Isaacs will be shouting 'genius'

to his loafers at the bar. He has preached me as a dogma; to-night he

will announce me as a revelation. I feel it. And it is all his, his

only, Prince Charming, my wonderful lover, my god of graces. But I am

poor beside him. Poor? What does that matter? When poverty creeps in

at the door, love flies in through the window. Our proverbs want

rewriting. They were made in winter, and it is summer now; spring-time

for me, I think, a very dance of blossoms in blue skies."

**В11-В16**

**ОБРАБОТАННАЯ ВЕРСИЯ (объём 224 слова)**

"He is called Prince Charming. Don't you like the name. Oh! you silly

boy! you should never forget it. If you only saw him, you would think

**B11** him the most \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ **WONDER**

person in the world. Some day you will meet him--when you come

back from Australia. You will like him so much. Everybody likes him,

and I ... love him. I wish you could come to the

theatre to-night. He is going to be there, and I am to play Juliet.

Oh! how I shall play it! Fancy, Jim, to be in love and play Juliet!

**B12** To have him sitting there! To play for **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ HE**

delight! I am afraid I may

frighten the company, frighten or enthrall them. To be in love is to

surpass one's self. Poor dreadful Mr. Isaacs will be shouting 'genius'

to his loafers at the bar. He has preached me as a dogma; to-night he

**B13** will announce me as a\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.  **TO REVEL**

I feel it. And it is all his, his

only, Prince Charming, my wonderful

**B14** **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**, my god of graces. But I am **LOVE**

poor beside him. Poor? What does that matter? When poverty creeps in

at the door, love flies in through the window. Our proverbs want

**B15** \_\_\_\_. **WRITE**

They were made in winter, and it is summer now; spring-time

for me, I think, a very dance of blossoms in blue

**B16**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_." **SKY**