**Исходный текст**

**Chapter 6**

Dorian Gray laughed, and tossed his head. "You are quite incorrigible,

Harry; but I don't mind. It is impossible to be angry with you. When

you see Sibyl Vane, you will feel that the man who could wrong her

would be a beast, a beast without a heart. I cannot understand how any

one can wish to shame the thing he loves. I love Sibyl Vane. I want

to place her on a pedestal of gold and to see the world worship the

woman who is mine. What is marriage? An irrevocable vow. You mock at

it for that. Ah! don't mock. It is an irrevocable vow that I want to

take. Her trust makes me faithful, her belief makes me good. When I

am with her, I regret all that you have taught me. I become different

from what you have known me to be. I am changed, and the mere touch of

Sibyl Vane's hand makes me forget you and all your wrong, fascinating,

poisonous, delightful theories."

"And those are ...?" asked Lord Henry, helping himself to some salad.

"Oh, your theories about life, your theories about love, your theories

about pleasure. All your theories, in fact, Harry."

"Pleasure is the only thing worth having a theory about," he answered

in his slow melodious voice. "But I am afraid I cannot claim my theory

as my own. It belongs to Nature, not to me. Pleasure is Nature's

test, her sign of approval. When we are happy, we are always good, but

when we are good, we are not always happy."

"Ah! but what do you mean by good?" cried Basil Hallward.

"Yes," echoed Dorian, leaning back in his chair and looking at Lord

Henry over the heavy clusters of purple-lipped irises that stood in the

centre of the table, "what do you mean by good, Harry?"

**Обработанная версия**

**B4-B10 (264 слова)**

Dorian Gray laughed, and tossed his head. "You are quite incorrigible**,**

Harry; but I don't mind. It is impossible to be angry with you. When

**B4** you see Sibyl Vane, you will feel that the man who **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** wrong her  **CAN**

would be a beast, a beast without a heart. I cannot understand how any

one can wish to shame the thing he loves. I love Sibyl Vane. I want

to place her on a pedestal of gold and to see the world worship the

**B5** woman who is **\_\_\_\_\_**. What is marriage? An irrevocable vow. You mock at **MY**

it for that. Ah! don't mock. It is an irrevocable vow that I want to

**B6** take. Her trust makes me **\_\_\_\_\_\_**, her belief makes me good. When I **FAITH**

am with her, I regret all that you have taught me. I become different

from what you have known me to be. I am changed, and the mere touch of

**B7** Sibyl Vane's hand makes me forget you and all your wrong, **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**, **FACINATE**

poisonous, delightful theories."

"And those are ...?" asked Lord Henry, helping himself to some salad.

"Oh, your theories about life, your theories about love, your theories

about pleasure. All your theories, in fact, Harry."

"Pleasure is the only thing worth having a theory about," he answered

**B8** in his slow **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** voice. "But I am afraid I cannot claim my theory  **MELODY**

as my own. It belongs to Nature, not to me. Pleasure is Nature's

test, her sign of approval. When we are happy, we are always good, but

when we are good, we are not always happy."

**B9** "Ah! but what do you mean by good?" **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** Basil Hallward. **CRY**

"Yes," echoed Dorian, leaning back in his chair and looking at Lord

**B10** Henry over the heavy clusters of purple-lipped irises that **\_\_\_\_\_** in the **STAND**

centre of the table, "what do you mean by good, Harry?"