**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."

**Обработанная версия**

**B4-B10 (258 слов)**

**B4** Dorian Gray\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, and tossed his head. "You are quite incorrigible**, LAUGH**

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

**B5** you see Sibyl Vane, you will feel that the man who **\_\_\_\_\_\_ CAN**

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

**B6** woman who is **\_\_\_\_\_**. What is marriage? An irrevocable vow. **MY**

**B7** You mock at it for \_\_\_.  **THIS**

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 **B8\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** to some salad. **HE**

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

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

**B9** "Pleasure is the only thing worth\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ a theory about," he answered  **HAVE**

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

**B10**  as my own. It belongs to Nature, not to me. Pleasure is \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ **NATURE**

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

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