**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

**B8** poisonous, delightful \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_."  **THEORY**

"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."

**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."