**В4-В10**

**ИСХОДНЫЙ ТЕКСТ**

**CHAPTER 15**

It was a small party, got up rather in a hurry by Lady Narborough, who was a very clever woman with what Lord Henry used to describe as the remains of really remarkable ugliness. She had proved an excellent wife to one of our **most tedious** ambassadors, and **having** buried her husband properly in a marble mausoleum, which she had **herself** designed, and married off her daughters to some rich, rather elderly **men**, she devoted herself now to the pleasures of French fiction, French cookery, and French esprit when she **could** get it.

Dorian was one of her especial favourites, and she always told him that she was extremely glad she had not met him in early life. "I know, my dear, I should have fallen madly in love with you," she used to say, "and thrown my bonnet right over the mills for your sake. It is most fortunate that you were not thought of at the time. As it was, our bonnets were so **unbecoming**, and the mills were so occupied in trying to raise the wind, that I never had even a flirtation with **anybody**. However, that was all Narborough's fault. He was dreadfully short-sighted, and there is no pleasure in taking in a husband who never sees anything."

**В4-В10**

**ОБРАБОТАННАЯ ВЕРСИЯ (объём 212 слов)**

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| **B4****B5****B6****B7****B8****B9****B10** | It was a small party, got up rather in a hurry by Lady Narborough, who was a very clever woman with what Lord Henry used to describe as the remains of really remarkable ugliness. She had proved an excellent wife to one of our\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ ambassadors, and\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ buried her husband properly in a marble mausoleum, which she had\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ designed, and married off her daughters to some rich, rather elderly\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ , she devoted herself now to the pleasures of French fiction, French cookery, and French esprit when she\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ get it. Dorian was one of her especial favourites, and she always told him that she was extremely glad she had not met him in early life. "I know, my dear, I should have fallen madly in love with you," she used to say, "and thrown my bonnet right over the mills for your sake. It is most fortunate that you were not thought of at the time. As it was, our bonnets were so\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ , and the mills were so occupied in trying to raise the wind, that I never had even a flirtation with \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. However, that was all Narborough's fault. He was dreadfully short-sighted, and there is no pleasure in taking in a husband who never sees anything."  | TEDIOUSHAVESHEMANCANBECOMESOMEBODY |