**B.11-B.16**

**ИСХОДНЫЙ ТЕКСТ**

**CHAPTER 18**

Dorian strolled along by his side. The keen aromatic air, the brown and red lights that glimmered in the wood, the hoarse cries of the beaters ringing out from time to time, and the sharp snaps of the guns that followed, fascinated him and filled him with a sense of delightful freedom. He was dominated by the carelessness of happiness, by the high indifference of joy.

Suddenly from a lumpy tussock of old grass some twenty yards in front of them, with black-tipped ears erect and long hinder limbs throwing it forward, started a hare. It bolted for a thicket of alders. Sir Geoffrey put his gun to his shoulder, but there was something in the animal's grace of movement that strangely charmed Dorian Gray, and he cried out at once, "Don't shoot it, Geoffrey. Let it live."

"What nonsense, Dorian!" laughed his companion, and as the hare bounded into the thicket, he fired. There were two cries heard, the cry of a hare in pain, which is dreadful, the cry of a man in agony, which is worse.

"Good heavens! I have hit a beater!" exclaimed Sir Geoffrey.

**B.11-B.16**

**ОБРАБОТАННАЯ ВЕРСИЯ (объем слов 189)**

Dorian strolled along by his side. The keen

**B.11** \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ air, the brown and red lights **AROMA**

that glimmered in the wood, the hoarse cries

of the beaters ringing out from time to time, and the

sharp snaps of the guns that followed, fascinated him

**B.12** and filled him with a sense of **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** **DELIGHT**

freedom. He was dominated by the carelessness

**B.13** of happiness, by the high\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ **DIFFERENT**

of joy.

Suddenly from a lumpy tussock of old grass some

twenty yards in front of them, with black-tipped

ears erect and long hinder limbs throwing it forward,

started a hare. It bolted for a thicket of alders. Sir Geoffrey

put his gun to his shoulder, but there was something in

**B.14** the animal's grace of \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_that strangely **MOVE**

charmed Dorian Gray, and he cried out at once,

"Don't shoot it, Geoffrey. Let it live."

"What nonsense, Dorian!" laughed his companion,

and as the hare bounded into the thicket, he fired.

There were two cries heard, the cry of a hare in pain,

**B.15** which is\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, the cry of a man in **DREAD**

agony, which is worse.

**B.16** "Good heavens! I have hit a \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_!" **BEAT**

exclaimed Sir Geoffrey.