**ИСХОДНЫЙ ТЕКСТ**

**CHAPTER 8**

It was conscious of the events of life as they occurred. The vicious **cruelty** that marred the fine lines of the mouth had, no doubt, appeared at the very moment that the girl had drunk the poison, whatever it was. Or was it **indifferent** to results? Did it merely take cognizance of what passed within the soul? He wondered, and hoped that some day he would see the change taking place before his very eyes, shuddering as he hoped it.

Poor Sibyl! What a romance it had all been! She had often mimicked **death** on the stage. Then Death himself had touched her and taken her with him. How had she played that dreadful last scene? Had she cursed him, as she died? No; she had died for love of him, and love would always be a sacrament to him now. She had atoned for everything by the sacrifice she had made of her life. He would not think any more of what she had made him go through, on that horrible night at the theatre. When he thought of her, it would be as a wonderful **tragic** figure sent on to the world's stage to show the supreme reality of love. A wonderful supreme figure? Tears came to his eyes as he remembered her childlike look, and winsome **fanciful** ways, and shy **tremulous** grace. He brushed them away hastily and looked again at the picture.

**В11-В16**

**ОБРАБОТАННАЯ ВЕРСИЯ (236 слов)**

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| It was conscious of the events of life as they occurred. The vicious **B11\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** that marred the fine lines of the mouth had, no doubt, appeared at the very moment that the girl had drunk the poison, **B 12**whatever it was. Or was it \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ to results? Did it merely take cognizance of what passed within the soul? He wondered, and hoped that some day he would see the change taking place before his very eyes, shuddering as he hoped it.  Poor Sibyl! What a romance it had all been! She had often mimicked **B13 \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** on the stage. Then Death himself had touched her and taken her with him. How had she played that dreadfullast scene? Had she cursed him, as she died? No; she had died for love of him, and love would always be a sacrament to him now. She had atoned for everything by the sacrifice she had made of her life. He would not think any more of what she had made him go through, on that horrible night at the **B14**theatre. When he thought of her, it would be as a wonderful \_\_\_\_\_\_ figure sent on to the world's stage to show the supreme reality of love. A wonderful tragic figure? Tears came to his eyes as he remembered her **B15** childlike look, and winsome \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ways, and shy **B16\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** grace. He brushed them away hastily and looked again at the picture. | **CRUEL**  **DIFFER**  **DIE**  **TRAGEDY**  **FANCY**  **TREMOR** |