Chapter 3

Исходный текст.

So that was the story of Dorian Gray's parentage. Crudely as it had been told to him, it had yet stirred him by its **suggestion** of a strange, almost modern romance. A **beautiful** woman risking everything for a mad passion. A few wild weeks of happiness cut short by A few wild weeks of happiness cut short by crime. Months of voiceless agony, and then a child born in pain. The mother snatched away by **death**, the boy left to solitude and the tyranny of an old and **loveless** man. Yes; it was an interesting background. It posed the lad, made him more perfect, as it were. Behind every exquisite thing that existed, there was something tragic. Worlds had to be in travail, that the meanest flower might blow.... And how charming he had been at dinner the night before, as with startled eyes and lips parted in frightened **pleasure** he had sat opposite to him at the club, the red candleshades staining to a richer rose the wakening wonder of his face. Talking to him was like playing upon an exquisite violin. He answered to every touch and thrill of the bow.... There was something **terribly** enthralling in the exerciseof influence. No other **activity** was like it.

Задания B11-B16.

 So that was the story of Dorian Gray's parentage. Crudely

 as it had been told to him, it had yet stirred him by its

**B11**  \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ of a strange, almost modern romance. **SUGGEST**

**B12** A\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ woman risking everything for a mad passion **BEAUTY**

 A few wild weeks of happiness cut short by cut short by a

 few wild weeks of happiness cut short by crime. Months of

 voiceless agony, and then a child born in pain. The mother snatched

**B13** away by **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**, the boy left to solitude and the boy **DIE**

 **B14** left to solitude and the tyranny of an old and **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_man. LOVE**

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 more perfect, as it were. Behind every exquisite thing that existed,

 there was something tragic. Worlds had to be in in travail, that the

 meanest flower might blow.... And how charming he had been at

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**B15** parted in frightened **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** he had sat opposite to him at the  **PLEASANT**

 at the club, the red candleshades staining to a richer rose the wakening

 wonder of his face. Talking to him was like playing upon an exquisite

 violin. He answered to every touch and thrill of the bow.... There was

**B16** something **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** enthralling in the exerciseof influence. **TERRIBLE**

 No other activity was like it.