Казакова Наталья Александровна

Комиссарова Ирина Александровна

Глава 16

**B4-B10**

**(объём 213 слов)**

**ИСХОДНЫЙ ТЕКСТ**

Then they passed by lonely brickfields. The fog was **lighter** here, and he could see the strange, bottle-shaped kilns with their orange, fanlike tongues of fire. A dog barked as they went by, and far away in the darkness some **wandering** sea-gull screamed. The horse stumbled in a rut, then swerved aside and broke into a gallop.

After some time they **left** the clay road and rattled again over rough-paven streets. Most of the windows were dark, but now and then fantastic shadows **were silhouetted** against some lamplit blind. He watched them curiously. They moved like monstrous marionettes and made gestures like live things. He hated them. A dull rage was in his heart. As they turned a corner, a woman yelled something at **them** from an open door, and two men ran after the hansom for about a hundred yards. The driver beat at them with his whip.

It **is said** that passion makes one think in a circle. Certainly with hideous iteration the bitten lips of Dorian Gray shaped and reshaped those subtle words that dealt with soul and sense, till he **had found** in them the full expression, as it were, of his mood, and justified, by intellectual approval, passions that without such justification would still have dominated his temper.

**B4-B10**

**ОБРАБОТАННАЯ ВЕРСИЯ**

**(объём 213слов)**

**B4** Then they passed by lonely brickfields. The fog was **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** **light**

here, and he could see the strange, bottle-shaped kilns with their orange,

 fanlike tongues of fire. A dog barked as they went by, and far away

**B5**  in the darkness some **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** sea-gull screamed. **wander**

The horse stumbled in a rut, then swerved aside and broke into a

 **B6**  gallop.After some time they **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**the clay road and rattled  **leave**

 again over rough-paven streets. Most of the windows were dark,

**B7** but now and then fantastic shadows **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** against **silhouette**

 some lamplit blind. He watched them curiously. They moved

like monstrous marionettes and made gestures like live things. He

 hated them. A dull rage was in his heart. As they turned a corner,

**B8** a woman yelled something at**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**from an open door, and **they**

 two men ran after the hansom for about a hundred yards. The driver

 beat at them with his whip.

**B9** It **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** that passion makes one think in a circle. Certainly **say**

 with hideous iteration the bitten lips of Dorian Gray shaped and

 reshaped those subtle words that dealt with soul and sense, till he

**B10** **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** in them the full expression, as it were, of his mood,  **find**

and justified, by intellectual approval, passions that without such

 justification would still have dominated his temper.

**Keys:**

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **B4** | **lighter** |
| **B5** | **wandering** |
| **B6** | **left** |
| **B7** | **were silhouetted** |
| **B8** | **them** |
| **B9** | **is said** |
| **B10** | **had found** |