**В4-В10**

**Исходный текст**

**Глава 8**

How late it was! He sat up, and **having sipped** some tea, turned over his letters. One of them was from Lord Henry, and had been brought by hand that morning. He hesitated for a moment, and then put it aside. **The others** he opened listlessly. They contained the usual collection of cards, invitations to dinner, tickets for private views, programmes of charity concerts, and the like that **are showered** on fashionable young menevery morning during the season. There was a rather heavy bill for a chased silver Louis-Quinze toilet-set that he had not yet had the courage to send on to his guardians, who were extremely old-fashioned people and did not realize that we live in an age when unnecessary things are our only necessities; and there were several very courteously worded communications from Jermyn Street money-lenders offering to advance **any** sum of money at a moment's notice and at the **most reasonable** rates of interest.

After about ten minutes he got up, and throwing on an elaborate dressing-gown of silk-embroidered cashmere wool, passed into the onyx-paved bathroom. The cool water refreshed him after his long sleep. He seemed **to have forgotten** all that he had gone through. A dim sense of having taken part in some strange tragedy came to him once or **twice**, but there was the unreality of a dream about it.

**В4-В10**

**ОБРАБОТАННАЯ ВЕРСИЯ (объём 210 слов**)

**В4** How late it was! He sat up, and \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ **SIP**

 some tea, turned over his letters. One of them

 was from Lord Henry, and had been brought by hand that

 morning. He hesitated for a moment, and then put it aside.

**B5** \_\_\_\_\_\_he opened listlessly. They contained the usual **OTHER**

 collection of cards, invitations to dinner, tickets for private

 views, programmes of charity concerts, and the like

**B6**  that are \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ on fashionable young men every **SHOW**

 morning during the season. There was a rather heavy

 bill for a chased silver Louis-Quinze toilet-set that he

 had not yet had the courage to send on to his guardians,

 who were extremely old-fashioned people and did not

 realize that we live in an age when unnecessary things

 are our only necessities; and there were several very

 courteously worded communications from Jermyn Street

 **B7** money-lenders offering to advance \_\_\_\_\_ sum of money at **SOME**

 **B8**  a moment's notice and at the\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ reasonable rates of **MUCH**

 interest.

 After about ten minutes he got up, and throwing on

 an elaborate dressing-gown of silk-embroidered

 cashmere wool, passed into the onyx-paved bathroom.

 The cool water refreshed him after his long sleep. He

 **B9**  seemed \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ all that he had gone through. **FORGET**

 A dim sense of having taken part in some strange

 tragedy came to him once or \_\_\_\_\_, but there was the **TWO**

 unreality of a dream about it.