**Chapter 17**

**Исходный текст**

"Ugliness is one of the seven deadly virtues, Gladys. You, as a good Tory, must not **underrate** them. Beer, the Bible, and the seven deadly virtues have made our England what she is." "You don't like your country, then?" she asked. "I live in it." "That you may censure it the better." "Would you have me take the **verdict** of Europe on it?" he inquired. "What do they say of us?" "That Tartuffe has emigrated to England and opened a shop." "Is that yours, Harry?" "I give it to you." "I could not use it. It is too true." "You need not be afraid. Our countrymen never recognize a description." "They are practical." "They are more cunning than practical. When they make up their ledger, they balance stupidity by wealth, and vice by hypocrisy." "Still, we have done great things." "Great things have been thrust on us, Gladys." "We have carried their **burden.**" "Only as far as the Stock Exchange". She **shook** her head. "I believe in the race," she cried. "It represents the survival of the pushing." "It has development." "Decay fascinates me more." "What of art?" she asked. "It is a malady." "Love?" "An illusion." "Religion?" "The fashionable substitute for belief." "You are a sceptic." "Never! Scepticism is the beginning of faith." "What are you?" "To define is to limit." "Give me a clue." "Threads snap. You would lose your **way** in the labyrinth." "You bewilder me. Let us talk of some one else." "Our host is a delightful topic. Years ago he was christened Prince Charming." "Ah! don't **remind** me of that," cried Dorian Gray. "Our host is rather horrid this evening," answered the duchess, colouring. "I believe he thinks that Monmouth married me on purely scientific principles as the best specimen he could find of a modern butterfly." "Well, I hope he won't stick pins into you, Duchess," laughed Dorian."Oh! my maid does that already, Mr. Gray, when she is annoyed with me." "And what does she get annoyed with you about, Duchess?" "For the most trivial things, Mr. Gray, I **assure** you.

**Chapter 17**

**Обработанная версия (347 слов)**

**A22-A28**

"Ugliness is one of the seven deadly virtues, Gladys. You, as a good Tory, must not **\_\_А22\_\_** them. Beer, the Bible, and the seven deadly virtues have made our England what she is." "You don't like your country, then?" she asked. "I live in it." "That you may censure it the better." "Would you have me take the **\_\_А23\_\_** of Europe on it?" he inquired. "What do they say of us?" "That Tartuffe has emigrated to England and opened a shop." "Is that yours, Harry?" "I give it to you." "I could not use it. It is too true." "You need not be afraid. Our countrymen never recognize a description." "They are practical." "They are more cunning than practical. When they make up their ledger, they balance stupidity by wealth, and vice by hypocrisy." "Still, we have done great things." "Great things have been thrust on us, Gladys." "We have carried their **\_\_А24\_\_**." "Only as far as the Stock Exchange. "She **\_\_А25\_\_**her head. "I believe in the race," she cried. "It represents the survival of the pushing." "It has development." "Decay fascinates me more." "What of art?" she asked. "It is a malady." "Love?" "An illusion." "Religion?" "The fashionable substitute for belief." "You are a sceptic." "Never! Scepticism is the beginning of faith." "What are you?" "To define is to limit." "Give me a clue." "Threads snap. You would lose your **\_\_А26\_\_** in the labyrinth." "You bewilder me. Let us talk of some one else." "Our host is a delightful topic. Years ago he was christened Prince Charming." "Ah! don't **\_\_А27\_\_** me of that," cried Dorian Gray. "Our host is rather horrid this evening," answered the duchess, colouring. "I believe he thinks that Monmouth married me on purely scientific principles as the best specimen he could find of a modern butterfly." "Well, I hope he won't stick pins into you, Duchess," laughed Dorian."Oh! my maid does that already, Mr. Gray, when she is annoyed with me." "And what does she get annoyed with you about, Duchess?" "For the most trivial things, Mr. Gray, I **\_\_А28\_\_**you.

A22 1) underload 2) underpay 3) underrate 4) undersign

A23 1) verdict 2) decision 3) mind 4) belief

A24 1) weight 2) load 3) burden 4) strain

A25 1) waved 2) shivered 3) trembled 4) shook

A26 1) road 2) way 3) path 4) course

A27 1) recollect 2) say 3) remind 4) recall

A28 1) assure 2) promise 3) persuade 4) convince

**Answers**

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| **A22** | **A23** | **A24** | **A25** | **A26** | **A27** | **A28** |
| 3 | 1 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 3 | 1 |

А22 - underrate

А23 - verdict

А24 - burden

А25 - shook

А26 – way

А27- remind

А28 - assure