**В11-В16**

**ИСХОДНЫЙ ТЕКСТ**

 **CHAPTER 3**

The post on her left was occupied by Mr. Erskine of Treadley, an old gentleman of considerable charm and culture, who had fallen, however, into bad habits of silence, having, as he explained once to Lady Agatha, said everything that he had to say before he was thirty. His own neighbour was Mrs. Vandeleur, one of his aunt's oldest friends, a perfect saint amongst women, but so dreadfully dowdy that she reminded one of a badly bound hymn-book. Fortunately for him she had on the other side Lord Faudel, a most intelligent middle-aged mediocrity, as bald as a ministerial statement in the House of Commons, with whom she was conversing in that intensely earnest manner which is the one unpardonable error, as he remarked once himself, that all really good people fall into, and from which none of them ever quite escape.

"We are talking about poor Dartmoor, Lord Henry," cried the duchess, nodding pleasantly to him across the table. "Do you think he will really marry this fascinating young person?"

"I believe she has made up her mind to propose to him, Duchess."

"How dreadful!" exclaimed Lady Agatha. "Really, some one should interfere."

"I am told, on excellent authority, that her father keeps an American dry-goods store…

**ОБРАБОТАННАЯ ВЕРСИЯ (объём 210 слов)**

**В11-В16**

*Прочитайте приведенный ниже текст. Преобразуйте, если необходимо, слова, напечатанные заглавными буквами в конце строк, обозначенных номерами В11–В16, так, чтобы они грамматически и лексически соответствовали содержанию текста. Заполните пропуски полученными словами. Каждый пропуск соответствует отдельному заданию из группы В11–В16.*

 The post on her left was occupied by Mr. Erskine of Treadley,

**B11** an old gentleman of \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ charm and culture, **TO CONSIDER**

 who had fallen, however, into bad habits of silence, having, as he explained once to Lady Agatha, said everything that

he had to say before he was thirty. His own neighbour was Mrs. Vandeleur, one of his aunt's oldest friends, a perfect

**B12** saint amongst women, but so \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ dowdy that **DREAD**  **B13** she reminded one of a badly bound hymn-book. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ **FORTUNE**

 for him she had on the other side Lord Faudel, a most

**B14** intelligent middle-aged \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ , as bald as a ministerial **MEDIOCRE**

 statement in the House of Commons, with whom she was conversing in that intensely earnest manner which is the

**B15** one \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ error, as he remarked once himself, that **PARDON**

all really good people fall into, and from which none of them

ever quite escape.

 "We are talking about poor Dartmoor, Lord Henry,"

**B16** cried the duchess, nodding \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ to him across the table. **PLEASURE**

 "Do you think he will really marry this fascinating young person?"

"I believe she has made up her mind to propose to him, Duchess."

"How dreadful!" exclaimed Lady Agatha. "Really,

some one should interfere."

"I am told, on excellent authority, that her father keeps

an American dry-goods store…