**B 11 – B 16**

**Исходный текст**

**CHAPTER 13**

It was some foul parody, some **infamous** ignoble satire. He had **never** done that. Still, it was his own picture. He knew it, and he felt as if his blood had changed in a moment from fire to **sluggish** ice. His own picture! What did it mean? Why had it altered? He turned and looked at Dorian Gray with the eyes of a sick man. His mouth twitched, and his parched tongue seemed **unable** to articulate. He passed his hand across his forehead. It was dank with clammy sweat.

The young man was leaning against the mantelshelf, watching him with that strange **expression** that one sees on the faces of those who are absorbed in a play when some great artist is acting. There was neither real sorrow in it nor real joy. There was simply the passion of the spectator, with perhaps a **flicker** of triumph in his eyes. He had taken the flower out of his coat, and was smelling it, or pretending to do so.

"What does this mean?" cried Hallward, at last. His own voice sounded shrill and curious in his ears.

**B 11 – B 16**

Обработанная версия (объем слов – 186 слов)

 Прочитайте приведённый ниже текст. Образуйте от слов, напечатанных

заглавными буквами в конце строк, обозначенных номерами **В11–B16**,

однокоренные слова так, чтобы они грамматически и лексически

соответствовали содержанию текста. Заполните пропуски полученными

словами. Каждый пропуск соответствует отдельному заданию из группы

**В11–В16**.

B 11 It was some foul parody, some \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ ignoble **famous**

B 12 satire. He had \_\_\_\_\_\_ done that. Still, it was his own **ever**

 picture. He knew it, and he felt as if his blood had changed

B 13 in a moment from fire to \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ ice. His own picture! **slug**

 What did it mean? Why had it altered? He turned and looked at

 Dorian Gray with the eyes of a sick man. His mouth

B 14 twitched, and his parched tongue seemed \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ to articulate. **able**

 He passed his hand across his forehead. It was dank with

 clammy sweat.

The young man was leaning against the mantelshelf,

B 15 watching him with that strange \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ that one sees **express**

on the faces of those who are absorbed in a play when

some great artist is acting. There was neither real sorrow

in it nor real joy. There was simply the passion of the

B 16 spectator, with perhaps a \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_of triumph in **flick**

his eyes. He had taken the flower out of his coat,

and was smelling it, or pretending to do so.

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