**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.

**B 11 – B 16**

Обработанная версия (объем слов – 168 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 **fame**

satire. He had never done that. Still, it was his own

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

B 12 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 13 twitched, and his parched tongue seemed \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ to articulate. **able**

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

B 14 \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ sweat. **clam**

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

B 16 some great \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ is acting. There was neither real sorrow **art**

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.

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **B 11** | **infamous** |
| **B 12** | **sluggish** |
| **B 13** | **unable** |
| **B 14** | **clammy** |
| **B 15** | **expression** |
| **B 16** | **artist** |