**B 11 – B 16**

**Исходный текст**

**CHAPTER 13**

Dorian Gray glanced at the picture, and suddenly an uncontrollable feeling of hatred for Basil Hallward came over him, as though it had been suggested to him by the image on the canvas, whispered into his ear by those grinning lips. The mad passions of a hunted animal stirred within him, and he loathed the man who was seated at the table, more than in his whole life he had ever loathed anything. He glanced wildly around. Something glimmered on the top of the painted chest that faced him. His eye fell on it. He knew what it was. It was a knife that he had brought up, some days before, to cut a piece of cord, and had forgotten to take away with him. He moved slowly towards it, passing Hallward as he did so. As soon as he got behind him, he seized it and turned round. Hallward stirred in his chair as if he was going to rise. He rushed at him and dug the knife into the great vein that is behind the ear, crushing the man's head down on the table and stabbing again and again.

There was a stifled groan and the horrible sound of someone choking with blood. Three times the outstretched arms shot up convulsively, waving grotesque, stiff-fingered hands in the air. He stabbed him twice more, but the man did not move. Something began to trickle on the floor. He waited for a moment, still pressing the head down. Then he threw the knife on the table, and listened.

**B 11 – B 16**

Обработанная версия (объем слов – 259 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**.

 Dorian Gray glanced at the picture, and suddenly

**B 11** an \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_feeling of hatred for Basil Hallward **control**

 came over him, as though it had been suggested to

 him by the image on the canvas, whispered into his ear

**B 12** those ­­­­\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ lips. The mad passions of ahunted **grin**

 animal stirred within him, and he loathed the man who

 was seated at the table, more than in his whole life

**B 13** he had ever loathed anything. He glanced \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ **wild**

 around. Something glimmered on the top of the painted

 chest that faced him. His eye fell on it.

 He knew what it was. It was a knife that he had brought

 up, some daysbefore, to cut a piece of cord, and

**B 14** had forgotten to take away with him. He moved \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ **slow**

 towards it, passing Hallward as he did so. As soon as he got

 behind him, he seized it and turned round. Hallward stirred

 in his chair if he was going to rise.

 He rushed at him and dug the knife into the great vein that is

 behind the ear, crushing the man's head down on the

 table and stabbing again and again.

 There was a stifled groan and the horrible sound of some

**B 15** one choking with blood. Three times the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ **stretch**

**B 16** arms shot up \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, waving grotesque, stiff-fingered **convulse**

 hands in the air.

 He stabbed him twice more, but the man did not move.

 Something began to trickle on the floor. He waited for a moment,

 still down. Then he threw the knife on the table, and listened.