**Таратухина Татьяна Александровна**

**Chapter 14**

**B 4 – B 10**

**Исходный текст**

This was the man Dorian Gray was waiting for. Every second he kept **glancing** at the clock. As the minutes went by he became horribly **agitated**. At last he got up and began to pace up and down the room, looking like a beautiful **caged** thing. He took long stealthy strides. His hands were curiously cold.

The suspense became unbearable. Time seemed to him to be **crawling** with feet of lead, while he by monstrous winds **was being swept** towards the jagged edge of some black cleft of precipice. He knew what was waiting for him there; saw it, indeed, and, shuddering, crushed with dank hands his burning lids as though he **would have robbed** the very brain of sight and driven the eyeballs back into their cave. It was useless. The brain had its own food on which it battened, and the imagination, made grotesque by terror, twisted and distorted as a **living** thing by pain, danced like some foul puppet on a stand and grinned through moving masks. Then, suddenly, time stopped for him. Yes: that blind, slow-breathing thing crawled no more, and horrible thoughts, time being dead, raced nimbly on in front, and dragged a hideous future from its grave, and showed it to him. He stared at it. Its very horror made him stone.

**B 4 – B 10**

Обработанная версия (объем слов – 218 слов)

Прочитайте приведённый ниже текст. Образуйте от слов, напечатанных

заглавными буквами в конце строк, обозначенных номерами **В4–B10**,

однокоренные слова так, чтобы они грамматически

соответствовали содержанию текста. Заполните пропуски полученными

словами. Каждый пропуск соответствует отдельному заданию из группы

**В4–В10**.

This was the man Dorian Gray was waiting for. Every second

**B 4** he kept \_\_\_\_\_\_at the clock. As the minutes went by he **glance**

**B 5** became horribly \_\_\_\_\_\_. **agitate**

At last he got up and began to pace up

**B 6** and down the room, looking like a beautiful \_\_\_\_\_\_\_thing. **cage**

He took long stealthy strides. His hands were curiously cold.

The suspense became unbearable. Time seemed to him to be

**B 7** \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ with feet of lead, while he by monstrous winds **crawl**

**B 8** \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ towards the jagged edge of some black cleft of **sweep**

precipice. He knew what was waiting for him there; saw it, indeed,

and, shuddering, crushed with dank hands his burning lids as

**B 9** though he \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ the very brain of sight and driven **rob**

the eyeballs back into their cave. It was useless. The brain had

its own food on which it battened, and the imagination, made

**B 10** grotesque by terror, twisted and distorted as a \_\_\_\_\_ thing by pain, **live**

danced like some foul puppet on a stand and grinned through

moving masks. Then, suddenly, time stopped for him. Yes: that

blind, slow-breathing thing crawled no more, and horrible

thoughts, time being dead, raced nimbly on in front, and dragged

a hideous future from its grave, and showed it to him. He stared

at it. Its very horror made him stone.

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| **B 4** | **glancing** |
| **B 5** | **agitated** |
| **B 6** | **caged** |
| **B 7** | **crawling** |
| **B 8** | **was being swept** |
| **B 9** | **would have robbed** |
| **B 10** | **living** |