**CHAPTER 8**

**А22-А28**

**ИСХОДНЫЙ ТЕКСТ**

Then he **rose** from the table, lit a cigarette, and flung himself down on a luxuriouslycushioned couch that stood facing the screen. The screen was an old one, of giltSpanish leather, stamped and wrought with a rather florid Louis-Quatorze pattern. He **scanned** it curiously, wondering if ever before it had concealed the secret of a man's life.

Should he move it **aside**, after all? Why not let it stay there? What was the use of knowing? If the thing was true, it was terrible. If it was not true, why trouble about it? But what if, by some fate or deadlier chance, eyes other than his spied behind and saw the horrible change? What should he do if Basil Hallward came and asked to look at his own picture? Basil would be sure to do that. No; the thing had to be examined, and at once. **Anything** would be better than this dreadful state of doubt.

He got up and locked both doors. At least he would be alone when he **looked upon** the mask of his shame. Then he drew the screen aside and saw himself face to face. It was perfectly true. The portrait had altered.

As he often remembered afterwards, and always with no small wonder, he found himself at first **gazing** at the portrait with a feeling of almost scientific interest. That such a change should have taken place was incredible to him. And yet it was a fact. Was there some subtle affinity **between** the chemical atoms that shaped themselves into form and colour on the canvas and the soul that was within him? Could it be that what that soul thought, they realized?--that what it dreamed, they made true? Or was there some other, more terrible reason?

**А22-А28**

**ОБРАБОТАННАЯ ВЕРСИЯ (объём 296 слов)**

Then he **A22\_\_\_\_\_\_** from the table, lit a cigarette, and flung himself down on a luxuriouslycushioned couch that stood facing the screen. The screen was an old one, of giltSpanish leather, stamped and wrought with a rather florid Louis-Quatorze pattern. He **A23\_\_\_\_\_** it curiously, wondering if ever before it had concealed the secret of a man's life.

Should he move it **A24\_\_\_\_\_**, after all? Why not let it stay there? What was the use of knowing? If the thing was true, it was terrible. If it was not true, why trouble **A24\_\_\_\_\_** about it? But what if, by some fate or deadlier chance, eyes other than his spied behind and saw the horrible change? What should he do if Basil Hallward came and asked to look at his own picture? Basil would be sure to do that. No; the thing had to be examined, and at once. **A25\_\_\_\_\_** would be better than this dreadful state of doubt.

He got up and locked both doors. At least he would be alone when he looked **A26\_\_\_\_\_** the mask of his shame. Then he drew the screen aside and saw himself face to face. It was perfectly true. The portrait had altered.

As he often remembered afterwards, and always with no small wonder, he found himself at first **A27\_\_\_\_\_** at the portrait with a feeling of almost scientific interest. That such a change should have taken place was incredible to him. And yet it was a fact. Was there some subtle affinity **A28** \_\_\_\_\_\_the chemical atoms that shaped themselves into form and colour on the canvas and the soul that was within him? Could it be that what that soul thought, they realized?--that what it dreamed, they made true? Or was there some other, more terrible reason?

**A22** 1) grew 2) stood up 3) rose 4) climbed

**A23** 1) copied 2) scanned 3) checked 4) studied

**A24** 1) aside 2) in 3) under 4) behind

**A25** 1) anything 2) everything 3) something 4) anybody

**A26** 1) out 2) upon 3) for 4) after

**A27** 1) watching 2) staring 3) scanning 4) gazing

**A28** 1) between 2) among 3) through 4) with

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| --- | --- |
| **A22** | **3** |
| **A23** | **2** |
| **A24** | **1** |
| **A25** | **1** |
| **A26** | **2** |
| **A27** | **4** |
| **A28** | **1** |