**А22-А28**

**ИСХОДНЫЙ ТЕКСТ**

 **CHAPTER 13**

The policeman strolled over and said something to her. She stumbled away, laughing. A bitter blast swept across the square. The gas-lamps flickered and became blue, and the leafless trees shook their black iron branches to and fro. He shivered and went back, closing the window behind him.

Having reached the door, he turned the key and opened it. He did not even glance at the murdered man. He felt that the secret of the whole thing was not to realize the situation. The friend who had painted the fatal portrait to which all his misery had been due had gone out of his life. That was enough.

Then he remembered the lamp. It was a rather curious one of Moorish workmanship, made of dull silver inlaid with arabesques of burnished steel, and studded with coarse turquoises. Perhaps it might be missed by his servant, and questions would be asked. He hesitated for a moment, then he turned back and took it from the table. He could not help seeing the dead thing. How still it was! How horribly white the long hands looked! It was like a dreadful wax image.

Having locked the door behind him, he crept quietly downstairs. The woodwork creaked and seemed to cry out as if in pain. He stopped several times and waited. No: everything was still. It was merely the sound of his own footsteps.

When he reached the library, he saw the bag and coat in the corner. They must be hidden away somewhere. He unlocked a secret press that was in the wainscoting, a press in which he kept his own curious disguises, and put them into it. He could easily burn them afterwards. Then he pulled out his watch. It was twenty minutes to two.

He sat down and began to think.

**А22-А28**

**ОБРАБОТАННАЯ ВЕРСИЯ (объём 302 слова)**

The policeman strolled over and said something to her. She stumbled away, laughing. A bitter blast swept across the square. The gas-lamps flickered and became blue, and the leafless trees shook their black iron branches **A22**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. He shivered and went back, closing the window behind him.

Having **A23**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ the door, he turned the key and opened it. He did not even glance at the **A24**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ man. He felt that the secret of the whole thing was not to realize the situation. The friend who had painted the fatal portrait to which all his misery had been due had gone out of his life. That was enough.

Then he remembered the lamp. It was a rather curious one of Moorish workmanship, made of dull silver inlaid with arabesques of burnished steel, and studded with coarse turquoises. Perhaps it might be missed by his servant, and questions would be asked. He hesitated for a moment, then he turned back and took it from the table. He **A25**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ seeing the dead thing. How still it was! How horribly white the long hands looked! It was like a dreadful wax image.

Having locked the door behind him, he crept quietly downstairs. The woodwork creaked and seemed to cry out as if **A26**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ pain. He stopped several times and waited. No: everything was still. It was merely the sound of his own footsteps.

When he reached the library, he saw the bag and coat in the corner. They must be hidden away somewhere. He unlocked a secret press that was in the wainscoting, a press in which he kept his own curious disguises, and put them into it. He could easily burn them **A27**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. Then he pulled **A28**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ his watch. It was twenty minutes to two.

He sat down and began to think.

**A22** 1) up and down 2) high and low 3) to and fro 4) here and there

**A23** 1) achieved 2) reached 3) arrived 4) entered

**A24**  1) killing 2) murdered 3) murderous 4) dying

**A25** 1) kept 2) could 3) gave up 4) could not help

**A26** 1) on 2) in 3) at 4) to

**A27** 1) forwards 2) towards 3) afterwards 4) backwards

**A28** 1) on 2) off 3) about 4) out

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