**Исходный текст**

**Chapter 16**

"To cure the soul by means of the senses, and the senses by means of the soul!" How the words rang in his ears! His soul, certainly, was sick to **death**. Was it true that the senses could cure it? Innocent blood had been spilled. What could atone for that? Ah! for that there was no **atonement**; but though forgiveness was impossible, forgetfulness was possible still, and he was determined to forget, to stamp the thing out, to crush it as one would crush the adder that had stung one.

Indeed, what right had Basil to have spoken to him as he had done? Who had made him a judge over others? He had said things that were dreadful, **horrible**, not to be endured. On and on plodded the hansom, going slower, it seemed to him, at each step. He thrust up the trap and called to the man to drive faster. The hideous hunger for opium began to gnaw at him. His throat burned and his delicate hands twitched **nervously** together. He struck at the horse madly with his stick. The driver laughed and whipped up. He laughed in answer, and the man was **silent.** The way seemed interminable, and the streets like the black web of some sprawling spider. The monotony became **unbearable**, and as the mist thickened, he felt afraid.

**В11-В16**

Обработанная версия (объём 222 слова, сокращения не производилось с целью сохранения логики повествования)

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| *Прочитайте приведённый ниже текст. Преобразуйте слова, напечатанные заглавными буквами после номеров* ***B11 – B16*** *так, чтобы они грамматически и лексически соответствовали содержанию текста. Заполните пропуски полученными словами. Каждый пропуск соответствует отдельному заданию из группы* ***B11 – B16****.* |

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| "To cure the soul by means of the senses, and the senses by means of the soul!" How the words rang in his ears! His soul, certainly, was sick to \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.  | **DIE** |

**B11**

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**B14**

**B13**

**B12**

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| Was it true that the senses could cure it? Innocent blood had been spilled. What could atone for that? Ah! for that there was no­­­\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_; but though forgiveness was impossible, forgetfulness was possible still, and he was determined to forget, to stamp the thing out, to crush it as one would crush the adder that had stung one. | **ATONE** |
| Indeed, what right had Basil to have spoken to him as he had done? Who had made him a judge over others? He had said things that were dreadful, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, not to be endured.  | **HORROR** |
| On and on plodded the hansom, going slower, it seemed to him, at each step. He thrust up the trap and called to the man to drive faster. The hideous hungerfor opium began to gnaw at him. His throat burned and his delicate hands twitched **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** together. He struck at the horse madly with his stick.  | **NERVE** |
| The driver laughed and whipped up. He laughed in answer, and the man was \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. The way seemed interminable, and the streets like the black web of some sprawling spider.  | **SILENCE** |
| The monotony became **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**, and as the mist thickened, he felt afraid. | **BEAR** |

**B16**

**B15**