**В11-В16**

**ИСХОДНЫЙ ТЕКСТ**

 **CHAPTER 14**

After he had drunk his cup of black coffee, he wiped his lips slowly with a napkin, motioned to his servant to wait, and going over to the table, sat down and wrote two letters. One he put in his pocket, the other he handed to the valet.

"Take this round to 152, Hertford Street, Francis, and if Mr. Campbell is out of town, get his address."

As soon as he was alone, he lit a cigarette and began sketching upon a piece of paper, drawing first flowers and bits of architecture, and then human faces. Suddenly he remarked that every face that he drew seemed to have a fantastic likeness to Basil Hallward. He frowned, and getting up, went over to the book-case and took out a volume at hazard. He was determined that he would not think about what had happened until it became absolutely necessary that he should do so.

When he had stretched himself on the sofa, he looked at the title-page of the book. It was Gautier's Emaux et Camees, Charpentier's Japanese-paper edition, with the Jacquemart etching. The binding was of citron-green leather, with a design of gilt trellis-work and dotted pomegranates.

**В11-В16**

**ОБРАБОТАННАЯ ВЕРСИЯ (объём 197 слов)**

 After he had drunk his cup of black coffee, he wiped

**B11**  his lips\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ with a napkin, motioned to his SLOW

**B12**  \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ to wait, and going over to the table, SERVE

 sat down and wrote two letters. One he put in his pocket,

 the other he handed to the valet.

 "Take this round to 152, Hertford Street, Francis, and if

 Mr. Campbell is out of town, get his address."

 As soon as he was alone, he lit a cigarette and began

 sketching upon a piece of paper, drawing first flowers and

**B13** bits of\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ , and then human faces. ARCHITECT

 Suddenly he remarked that every face that he drew seemed

**B14** to have a fantastic \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ to Basil Hallward. LIKE

 He frowned, and getting up, went over to the book-case

 and took out a volume at hazard. He was determined that

 he would not think about what had happened until it became

**B15** \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ necessary that he should do so. ABSOLUTE

 When he had stretched himself on the sofa, he looked at

 the title-page of the book. It was Gautier's Emaux et Camees,

**B16**  Charpentier's Japanese-paper\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ , with EDIT

 the Jacquemart etching. The binding was of citron-green

 leather, with a design of gilt trellis-work and dotted pomegranates.