**В11-В16**

**ИСХОДНЫЙ ТЕКСТ**

CHAPTER 11

For these treasures, and everything that he collected in his lovely house, were to be to him means of forgetfulness, modes by which he could escape, for a season, from the fear that seemed to him at times to be almost too great to be borne. Upon the walls of the lonely locked room where he had spent so much of his boyhood, he had hung with his own hands the terrible portrait whose changing features showed him the real degradation of his life, and in front of it had draped the purple-and-gold pall as a curtain. For weeks he would not go there, would forget the hideous painted thing, and get back his light heart, his wonderful joyousness, his passionate absorption in mere existence. Then, suddenly, some night he would creep out of the house, go down to dreadful places near Blue Gate Fields, and stay there, day after day, until he was driven away. On his return he would sit in front of the picture, sometimes loathing it and himself, but filled, at other times, with that pride of individualism that is half the fascination of sin, and smiling with secret pleasure at the misshapen shadow that had to bear the burden that should have been his own.

**В11-В16**

**ОБРАБОТАННАЯ ВЕРСИЯ (объём 210 слов)**

For these treasures, and everything that he

collected in his lovely house, were to be to

**В11** him means of **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**, modes by which  **FORGET**

he could escape, for a season, from the fear

that seemed to him at times to be almost too

great to be borne. Upon the walls of the lonely

locked room where he had spent so much of his

**B12** \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, he had hung with his own hands the **BOY**

terribleportrait whose changing features

showed him the real degradation of his life, and

in front of it had draped the purple-and-gold

pall as a curtain. For weeks he would not go there,

would forget the hideous painted thing, and get

**B13** back his light heart, his wonderful \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, **JOY**

**B14** his \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ absorption in mere existence. **PASSION**

Then, suddenly, some night he would creep

**B15** out of the house, go down to **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** places **DREAD**

near Blue Gate Fields, and stay there, day after

day, until he was driven away. On his return he

would sit in front of the picture, sometimes

loathing it and himself, but filled, at other times,

with that pride of individualism that is half the

**B16** \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ of sin, and smiling with secret  **FASCINATE**

at the pleasure misshapen shadow that had to

bear the burden that should have been his own.