**B4-B10**

**ИСХОДНЫЙ ТЕКСТ**

**CHAPTER 13**

Hallward glanced round him with a puzzled expression. The room looked

as if it had not been lived in for years. A faded Flemish tapestry, a

curtained picture, an old Italian cassone, and an almost empty

book-case--that was all that it seemed to contain, besides a chair and

a table. As Dorian Gray was lighting a half-burned candle that was

standing on the mantelshelf, he saw that the whole place was covered

with dust and that the carpet was in holes. A mouse ran scuffling

behind the wainscoting. There was a damp odour of mildew.

"So you think that it is only God who sees the soul, Basil? Draw that

curtain back, and you will see mine."

The voice that spoke was cold and cruel. "You are mad, Dorian, or

playing a part," muttered Hallward, frowning.

"You won't? Then I must do it myself," said the young man, and he tore

the curtain from its rod and flung it on the ground.

An exclamation of horror broke from the painter's lips as he saw in the

dim light the hideous face on the canvas grinning at him. There was

something in its expression that filled him with disgust and loathing.

**B4-B10**

**Обработанная версия (объем 201 словo)**

**В4** Hallward glanced round him with a \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ expression. **PUZZLE**

 **B5** The room looked as if it \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ in for years.  **LIVE**

 A faded Flemish tapestry, a

curtained picture, an old Italian cassone, and an almost empty

book-case--that was all that it seemed to contain, besides a chair and

 **B6** a table. As Dorian Gray \_\_\_\_\_\_ a half-burned candle that was  **LIGHT**

**B7** standing on the mantelshelf, he saw that the whole place \_\_\_\_\_ **COVER**

with dust and that the carpet was in holes. A mouse ran scuffling

behind the wainscoting. There was a damp odour of mildew.

 "So you think that it is only God who sees the soul, Basil? Draw that

 **B8** curtain back, and you will see \_\_\_\_\_\_\_." **I**

 The voice that spoke was cold and cruel. "You are mad, Dorian, or

playing a part," muttered Hallward, frowning.

 "You won't? Then I must do it myself," said the young man,

 and he tore the curtain from its rod and flung it on the ground.

 An exclamation of horror broke from

**B9** the \_\_\_\_\_lips as he saw in the **PAINTER**

**B10**  dim light the hideous face on the canvas \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ at him.  **GRIN**

 There was something in its expression that filled him

 with disgust and loathing.