**B4-B10**

**Исходный текст**(219 слов).

**Chapter 16.**

"Forgive me, sir," muttered James Vane. "I was deceived. A chance

word I heard in that damned den set me on the wrong track."

"You had better go home and put that pistol away, or you may get into

trouble," said Dorian, turning on his heel and going slowly down the

street.

James Vane stood on the pavement in horror. He was trembling from head

to foot. After a little while, a black shadow that had been creeping

along the dripping wall moved out into the light and came close to him

with stealthy footsteps. He felt a hand laid on his arm and looked

round with a start. It was one of the women who had been drinking at

the bar.

"Why didn't you kill him?" she hissed out, putting haggard face quite

close to his. "I knew you were following him when you rushed out from

Daly's. You fool! You should have killed him. He has lots of money,

and he's as bad as bad."

"He is not the man I am looking for," he answered, "and I want no man's

money. I want a man's life. The man whose life I want must be nearly

forty now. This one is little more than a boy. Thank God, I have not

got his blood upon my hands."

Обработанная версия.

**B4**

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| **B4** "Forgive me, sir," muttered James Vane. "I **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.**  **B5** A chance word I heard in that \_\_\_\_\_ den set me on the wrong track." "You had better go home and put that pistol away, or you may get into trouble," said Dorian, turningon his heel and going slowly down the street. | **DECEIVE**  **DAMN** |

**B5**

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| J James Vane stood on the pavement in horror. He was trembling from head to foot. After a little while, a black shadow that **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**  along the dripping wall moved out into the light and came close to him with stealthy footsteps. He felt a hand **\_\_\_\_** on his arm and looked round with a start. It was one of the womenwho \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ at the bar.    **B6**  Why didn’tyou killhim?" she hissed out, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ haggard  face quite close to his. "I knew you were following him when you rushed out from Daly's. You fool! You \_\_\_\_\_him.  He has lots of money, and he's as bad as bad."  “He is not the man I am looking for," he answered, | **CREEP**  **LA LAY**  **DRINK**  **PUT**  **KILL** |
| " " and I want no man's money. I want a man's life.  The man whose life I want must be nearly forty  N now. This one is little more than a boy. Thank God, I have not his blood upon my hands.  w |  |
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**B10**

**B8**

**B7**

**B6**

**B9**