**Глава 10**

**Исходный текст.**

**В11 – В16**

But there was no other place in the house so secure from prying eyes as this. He had the key, and no one else could enter it. Beneath its purple pall, the face painted on the canvas could grow bestial, sodden, and unclean. What did it matter? No one could see it. He himself would not see it. Why should he watch the hideous **corruption** of his soul? He kept his **youth**--that was enough. And, besides, might not his nature grow finer, after all? There was no reason that the future should be so full of shame. Some love might come across his life, and **purify** him, and shield him from those sins that seemed to be already stirringin spirit and in flesh--those curious unpictured sins whose very mystery lent them their **subtlety** and their charm. Perhaps, some day, the cruel look would have passed away from the scarlet **sensitive** mouth, and he might show to the world Basil Hallward's masterpiece.

No; that was impossible. Hour by hour, and week by week, the thing upon the canvas was growing old. It might escape the hideousness of sin, but the hideousness of age was in store for it. The cheeks would become hollow or flaccid. Yellow crow's feet would creep round the fading eyes and make them **horrible.**

**Обработанный текст (220 слов)**

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| **В11**  **B12**  **B13**    **B14**  **B15**  **B16** | But there was no other place in the house so secure from prying eyes as this. He had the key, and no one else could enter it. Beneath its purple pall, the face painted on the canvas could grow bestial, sodden, and unclean. What did it matter? No one could see it. He himself would not see it. Why should he watch the hideous **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** of  his soul? He kept his **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**- that was enough. And, besides, might not his nature grow finer, after all? There was no reason that the future should be so full of shame. Some love might come across his life, and **\_\_\_\_\_\_** him, and shield him from those sins that seemed to be already stirringin spirit and in flesh--those curious unpictured sins whose very mystery lent them their **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**  and their charm. Perhaps, some day, the cruel look would have passed away from the scarlet \_\_\_\_\_\_mouth, and he might show to the world Basil Hallward's masterpiece.  No; that was impossible. Hour by hour, and week by week, the thing upon the canvas was growing old. It might escape the hideousness of sin, but the hideousness of age was in store for it. The cheeks would become hollow or flaccid. Yellow crow's feet would creep round the fading eyes and make them **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ .** | **CORRUPT**  **YOUNG**  **PURE**    **SUBTLE**  **SENSE**  **HORROR** |

**Answers:**

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| B11 | CORRUPTION |
| B12 | YOUTH |
| B13 | PURIFY |
| B14 | SUBTLETY |
| B15 | SENSITIVE |
| B16 | HORRIBLE |