**Таратухина Татьяна Александровна**

**B 4 – B 10**

**Исходный текст**

This was the man Dorian Gray **was waiting** for. Every **second** he kept glancing at the clock. As the minutes went by he became horribly agitated. At last he got up and began to pace up and down the room, looking like a beautiful **caged** thing. He took long stealthy strides. His hands were curiously cold.

The suspense became unbearable. Time seemed to him to be crawling with feet of lead, while he by monstrous winds **was being swept** towards the jagged edge of some black cleft of precipice. He knew what was waiting for him there; saw it, indeed, and, shuddering, crushed with dank hands his burning lids as though he would have robbed the very brain of sight and driven the eyeballs back into **their** cave. It was useless. The brain had its own food on which it battened, and the imagination, made grotesque by terror, twisted and distorted as a **living** thing by pain, danced like some foul puppet on a stand and grinned through moving masks. Then, suddenly, time **stopped** for him. Yes: that blind, slow-breathing thing crawled no more, and horrible thoughts, time being dead, raced nimbly on in front, and dragged a hideous future from its grave, and showed it to him. He stared at it. Its very horror made him stone.

**B 4 – B 10**

Обработанная версия (объем слов – 218 слов)

 Прочитайте приведённый ниже текст. Образуйте от слов, напечатанных

заглавными буквами в конце строк, обозначенных номерами **В4–B10**,

однокоренные слова так, чтобы они грамматически и лексически

соответствовали содержанию текста. Заполните пропуски полученными

словами. Каждый пропуск соответствует отдельному заданию из группы

**В4–В10**.

**B 4** This was the man Dorian Gray \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ for. Every **wait**

**B 5** \_\_\_\_\_\_ he kept glancing at the clock. As the minutes went by he **two**

 became horribly agitated. At last he got up and began to pace up

**B 6** and down the room, looking like a beautiful \_\_\_\_\_\_\_thing. He took **cage**

 long stealthy strides. His hands were curiously cold.

The suspense became unbearable. Time seemed to him to be crawling with feet of lead, while he by monstrous winds

**B 7** \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ towards the jagged edge of some black cleft of **sweep**

 precipice. He knew what was waiting for him there; saw it, indeed,

 and, shuddering, crushed with dank hands his burning lids as

**B 8** though he \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ the very brain of sight and driven **rob**

**B 9** the eyeballs back into \_\_\_\_\_ cave. It was useless. The brain had **they**

 its own food on which it battened, and the imagination, made

**B 10** grotesque by terror, twisted and distorted as a \_\_\_\_\_ thing by pain, **live**

 danced like some foul puppet on a stand and grinned through

 moving masks. Then, suddenly, time stopped for him. Yes: that

 blind, slow-breathing thing crawled no more, and horrible

 thoughts, time being dead, raced nimbly on in front, and dragged

 a hideous future from its grave, and showed it to him. He stared

 at it. Its very horror made him stone.