**В4-В10 ИСХОДНЫЙ ТЕКСТ**

When his servant entered, he looked at him steadfastly and wondered if he had thought of peering behind the screen. The man was quite impassive and waited for his orders. Dorian lit a cigarette and walked over to the glass and glanced into it. He could see the reflection of Victor's face perfectly. It was like a placid mask of servility. There was nothing to be afraid of, there. Yet he thought it best to be on his guard.

Speaking very slowly, he told him to tell the house-keeper that he wanted to see her, and then to go to the frame-maker and ask him to send two of his men round at once. It seemed to him that as the man left the room his eyes wandered in the direction of the screen. Or was that merely his own fancy?

After a few moments, in her black silk dress, with old-fashioned thread mittens on her wrinkled hands, Mrs. Leaf bustled into the library. He asked her for the key of the schoolroom.

"The old schoolroom, Mr. Dorian?" she exclaimed. "Why, it is full of dust. I must get it arranged and put straight before you go into it. It is not fit for you to see, sir. It is not, indeed."

"I don't want it put straight, Leaf. I only want the key."

**В4-В10 ОБРАБОТАННАЯ ВЕРСИЯ (объём 219 слов)**

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| В4  В5  В6  В7  В8  В9  В10 | When his servant entered, he looked at \_\_\_ steadfastly and wondered if he had thought of peering behind the screen. The man was quite impassive and waited for his orders. Dorian lit a cigarette and walked over to the glass and glanced into it. He \_\_\_\_ see the reflection of Victor's face perfectly. It was like a placid mask of servility. There was \_\_\_\_\_ to be afraid of, there. Yet he thought it \_\_\_\_ to be on his guard.  \_\_\_\_\_ very slowly, he told him to tell the house-keeper that he wanted to see her, and then to go to the frame-maker and ask him to send two of his \_\_\_\_\_ round at once. It seemed to him that as the man \_\_\_\_\_ the room his eyes wandered in the direction of the screen. Or was that merely his own fancy?  After a few moments, in her black silk dress, with old-fashioned thread mittens on her wrinkled hands, Mrs. Leaf bustled into the library. He asked her for the key of the schoolroom.  "The old schoolroom, Mr. Dorian?" she exclaimed. "Why, it is full of dust. I must get it arranged and put straight before you go into it. It is not fit for you to see, sir. It is not, indeed."  "I don't want it put straight, Leaf. I only want the key." | HE  CAN  SOMETHING  GOOD  SPEAK  MAN  LEAVE |

Key:

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| B4 | him | B8 | speaking |
| B5 | could | B9 | men |
| B6 | nothing | B10 | left |
| B7 | best |  |  |

В5

В6

В7

В8

В9

В10