**В11-В16 ИСХОДНЫЙ ТЕКСТ**

**CHAPTER 11**

Often, on returning home from one of those **mysterious** and prolonged absences that gave rise to such strange conjecture among those who were his friends, or thought that they were so, he himself would creep upstairs to the locked room, open the door with the key that never left him now, and stand, with a mirror, in front of the **portrait** that Basil Hallward had painted of him, looking now at the evil and aging face on the canvas, and now at the fair young face that laughed back at him from the polished glass. The very **sharpness** of the contrast used to quicken his sense of **pleasure**. He grew more and more enamoured of his own beauty, more and more interested in the **corruption** of his own soul. He would examine with minute care, and sometimes with a monstrous and terrible delight, the hideous lines that seared the wrinkling forehead or crawled around the heavy **sensual** mouth, wondering sometimes which were the more horrible, the signs of sin or the signs of age. He would place his white hands beside the coarse bloated hands of the picture, and smile. He mocked the misshapen body and the failing limbs.

**В11-В16 ОБРАБОТАННАЯ ВЕРСИЯ (объём 199 слов)**

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| В11  В12  В13  В14  В15  В16 | Often, on returning home from one of those **\_\_\_\_\_\_** and prolonged absences that gave rise to such strange conjecture among those who were his friends, or thought that they were so, he himself would creep upstairs to the locked room, open the door with the key that never left him now, and stand, with a mirror, in front of the \_\_\_\_\_ that Basil Hallward had painted of him, looking now at the evil and aging face on the canvas, and now at the fair young face that laughed back at him from the polished glass. The very \_\_\_\_\_\_ of the contrast used to quicken his sense of\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. He grew more and more enamoured of his own beauty, more and more interested in the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ of his own soul. He would examine with minute care, and sometimes with a monstrous and terrible delight, the hideous lines that seared the wrinkling forehead or crawled around the heavy \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ mouth, wondering sometimes which were the more horrible, the signs of sin or the signs of age. He would place his white hands beside the coarse bloated hands of the picture, and smile. He mocked the misshapen body and the failing limbs. | MYSTERY  PORTRAY  SHARP  PLEASE  CORRUPT    SENSE |

Key:

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| B11 | **mysterious** |
| B12 | **portrait** |
| B13 | **sharpness** |
| B14 | **pleasure** |
| B15 | **corruption** |
| B16 | **sensual** |