

#### **TASK 4**

**This extract comes from *The Picture of Dorian Gray* written by Oscar Wilde.**

**Your task is to put in the missing letters on the lines in the text. There is an example given to you.**

Dorian made no answer, but passed listlessly in front of his picture and turned towards it. When he saw it he dr\_\_ back, and his cheeks flus\_\_ for a moment with ple\_\_\_\_\_. A look of joy came into his eyes, as if he had recog\_\_\_\_\_ himself for the first time. He stood there moti\_\_\_\_\_, and in wonder, dimly cons\_\_\_\_\_ that Hallward was speaking to him, but not cat\_\_\_\_\_ the meaning of his words. The sense of his own bea\_\_ came on him like a reve\_\_\_\_\_. He had never felt it before. Basil Hallward's compl\_\_\_\_\_ had seemed to him to be mer\_\_ the charming exag\_\_\_\_\_ of friendship. He had listened to them, lau\_\_\_\_\_ at them, forgotten them. They had not infl\_\_\_\_\_ his nature. Then had come Lord Henry, with his str\_ \_ \_ \_ panegyric on youth, his ter\_\_\_\_\_ warning of its bre\_\_\_\_\_. That had stirred him at the time, and now, as he stood gaz\_\_ at the shadow of his own lov\_\_\_\_\_, the full reality of the des\_\_\_\_\_ flashed across him. Yes, there would be a day when his face would be wri\_\_\_\_\_ and wizen, his eyes dim and col\_\_\_\_\_, and the grace of his figure broken and def\_\_\_\_\_. The sca\_\_\_\_\_ would pass away from his lips, and the gold steal from his hair. The life that was to make his soul would mar his body. He would be\_ \_ \_ \_ ignoble, hideous, and uncouth. As he tho\_\_\_\_\_ of it, a sharp pang of pain str\_\_ like a knife across him, and made each del\_\_\_\_\_ fibre of his nature quiver. His eyes dee\_\_\_\_\_ into amethyst, and a mist of tears came ac\_\_\_\_\_ them. He felt as if a hand of ice had been laid upon his heart. 'Don't you like it?'

**30 points/**