

МИНИСТЕРСТВО НАУКИ И ВЫСШЕГО ОБРАЗОВАНИЯ РОССИЙСКОЙ ФЕДЕРАЦИИ

**федеральное государственное автономное
образовательное учреждение высшего образования_
«Национальный исследовательский Нижегородский государственный университет
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Институт филологии и журналистики

УТВЕРЖДЕНО
решением Ученого совета ННГУ
протокол № 1 от 31.01.2024 г.

Рабочая программа дисциплины
Интерпретация текста на английском языке

Уровень высшего образования
Бакалавриат

Направление подготовки / специальность
45.03.01 - Филология

Направленность образовательной программы
Иностранные языки и культуры: теория, практика и методика преподавания

Форма обучения
очная

г. Нижний Новгород

2024 год начала подготовки

1. Место дисциплины в структуре ОПОП

Дисциплина Б1.В.ДВ.01.01.04 Интерпретация текста на английском языке относится к части, формируемой участниками образовательных отношений образовательной программы.

2. Планируемые результаты обучения по дисциплине, соотнесенные с планируемыми результатами освоения образовательной программы (компетенциями и индикаторами достижения компетенций)

Формируемые компетенции (код, содержание компетенции)	Планируемые результаты обучения по дисциплине (модулю), в соответствии с индикатором достижения компетенции		Наименование оценочного средства	
	Индикатор достижения компетенции (код, содержание индикатора)	Результаты обучения по дисциплине	Для текущего контроля успеваемости	Для промежуточной аттестации
ПК-1: Способен применять полученные знания в области теории и истории основного изучаемого языка (языков) и литературы (литератур), теории коммуникации, филологического анализа и интерпретации текста в собственной научно-исследовательской деятельности	<p>ПК-1.1: Владеет знаниями в области теории и истории основного изучаемого языка (языков) и литературы (литератур), теории коммуникации, филологического анализа и интерпретации текста в собственной научно-исследовательской деятельности</p> <p>ПК-1.2: Применяет в собственной научно-исследовательской деятельности знания в области теории и истории основного изучаемого языка (языков) и литературы (литератур), теории коммуникации, филологического анализа и интерпретации текста</p>	<p>ПК-1.1: Знает основные теоретические положения и этапы истории в сфере основного изучаемого языка (языков) и литературы (литератур), теории коммуникации, филологического анализа и интерпретации текста</p> <p>Умеет оценивать и систематизировать полученные знания в области теории и истории основного изучаемого языка (языков) и литературы (литератур), теории коммуникации, филологического анализа и интерпретации текста</p> <p>Владеет навыками анализа и синтеза полученных сведений в области теории и истории основного изучаемого языка (языков) и литературы (литератур), теории коммуникации, филологического анализа и интерпретации текста</p> <p>ПК-1.2: Знает принципы применения в собственной научно-исследовательской деятельности знания в области теории и истории основного изучаемого языка</p>	Практическое задание	<p>Зачёт с оценкой: Практическое задание</p> <p>Зачёт: Практическое задание</p>

		<p>(языков) и литературы (литератур), теории коммуникации, филологического анализа и интерпретации текста</p> <p>Умеет применять в собственной научно-исследовательской деятельности знания в области теории и истории основного изучаемого языка</p> <p>(языков) и литературы (литератур), теории коммуникации, филологического анализа и интерпретации текста</p> <p>Владеет практическими навыками применения в непосредственной профессиональной деятельности знаний в области теории и истории основного изучаемого языка</p> <p>(языков) и литературы (литератур), теории коммуникации, филологического анализа и интерпретации текста в собственной научно-исследовательской деятельности результатов собственных исследований</p>		
<p>ПК-6: Способен демонстрировать владение навыками выявления межпредметных связей изучаемых дисциплин и умением применять полученные навыки в профессиональной деятельности, в том числе участвовать в разработке, организации и реализации различного типа проектов в образовательных, научных и культурно-просветительских организациях, в</p>	<p>ПК-6.1: Знает основные положения лингвистики, литературоведения и других филологических дисциплин, а также с основы дисциплин гуманитарного цикла</p> <p>ПК-6.2: Умеет выявлять межпредметные связи изучаемых дисциплин и применять полученные навыки в профессиональной деятельности</p> <p>ПК-6.3: Знает основы разработки и реализации проекта в избранной сфере профессиональной деятельности</p> <p>ПК-6.4: Владеет навыками участия в организации и разработке проектов в образовательных, научных и</p>	<p>ПК-6.1: Знает основные положения лингвистики, литературоведения и других филологических дисциплин, а также основы дисциплин гуманитарного цикла; Умеет применять в практической деятельности знания об основах теории лингвистики, литературоведения и других дисциплин гуманитарного цикла; Владеет опытом использования в практической деятельности теоретических знаний об основах теории лингвистики, литературоведения и других дисциплин гуманитарного</p>	<p>Практическое задание</p> <p>Сообщение</p>	<p>Зачёт:</p> <p>Контрольные вопросы</p> <p>Практическое задание</p> <p>Зачёт с оценкой:</p> <p>Контрольные вопросы</p> <p>Практическое задание</p>

<p>социально-педагогической, гуманитарно-организационной, книгоиздательской, массмедийной и коммуникативной сферах</p>	<p>культурно-просветительских организациях, в социально-педагогической, гуманитарно-организационной, книгоиздательской, массмедийной и коммуникативной сферах</p>	<p>цикла</p> <p>ПК-6.2: Знает специфику межпредметных связей изучаемых дисциплин;</p> <p>Умеет выявлять межпредметные связи изучаемых дисциплин и применять полученные навыки в профессиональной деятельности;</p> <p>Владеет практическими навыками применения в профессиональной деятельности знаний о межпредметных связях изучаемых дисциплин</p> <p>ПК-6.3: Знает теоретические основы разработки и реализации проекта в конкретной сфере профессиональной деятельности;</p> <p>Умеет применять полученные знания в процессе разработки и реализации проекта в конкретной сфере профессиональной деятельности;</p> <p>Владеет практическими навыками разработки и реализации проекта в конкретной сфере профессиональной деятельности</p> <p>ПК-6.4: Знает основные положения, регламентирующие разработку проектов в образовательных, научных и культурно-просветительских организациях, в социально-педагогической, гуманитарно-организационной, книгоиздательской, массмедийной и коммуникативной сферах;</p> <p>Умеет решать задачи,</p>		
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		<p>связанные с разработкой и организацией проекта в образовательных, научных и культурно-просветительских организациях, в социально-педагогической, гуманитарно-организационной, книгоиздательской, масс-медийной и коммуникативной сферах;</p> <p>Владеет практическими навыками и опытом участия в организации и разработке проекта в конкретной сфере профессиональной деятельности</p>		
<p>ПКД-5: Способен демонстрировать владение навыками перевода с иностранных языков и на иностранные языки и практические аспекты аналитико-синтетической переработки различных типов текстов</p>	<p>ПКД-5.1: Выполняет различные виды перевода текстов, в том числе профессиональных текстов с иностранного языка на русский</p> <p>ПКД-5.2: Выполняет различные виды перевода текстов, включая профессиональные тексты, с русского языка на иностранный</p> <p>ПКД-5.3: Владеет навыками аналитико-синтетической переработки различных типов текстов</p>	<p>ПКД-5.1:</p> <p>Знает модели и алгоритмы перевода, способы достижения смысловой, стилистической и прагматической адекватности при переводе различных типов текстов, в том числе профессионально ориентированных, с иностранного языка на русский;</p> <p>Умеет анализировать, конструировать смысл и интерпретировать содержание текста с позиций межкультурной коммуникации, выбирать общую стратегию перевода;</p> <p>Владеет опытом перевода различных типов текстов, приёмами достижения смысловой, стилистической и прагматической адекватности переводимого текста</p> <p>ПКД-5.2:</p> <p>Знает базовые принципы перевода различных типов текстов, типологии текстов, модели и алгоритмы перевода научных и публицистических текстов с русского языка на иностранный;</p> <p>Умеет работать с</p>	<p>Практическое задание</p>	<p>Зачёт:</p> <p>Контрольные вопросы</p> <p>Практическое задание</p> <p>Зачёт с оценкой:</p> <p>Контрольные вопросы</p> <p>Практическое задание</p>

		<p>переводимой информацией, выделять существенное в отборе и структурировании информативного материала для аннотирования и реферирования, подбирать стилистически и прагматически адекватную лексику для соответствующих ключевых элементов;</p> <p>Владеет опытом перевода и трансформации различных типов текстов, в том числе профессионально ориентированных, с русского языка на иностранный.</p> <p>ПКД-5.3:</p> <p>Знает теоретические положения текстовой деятельности, способы трансформации текстового материала, типологии текстов, систему лингвистических знаний, обеспечивающих адаптацию научного или публицистического текста, научных трудов и художественных произведений для аннотирования и реферирования на русском и/или иностранном языке;</p> <p>Умеет анализировать, трансформировать и адаптировать текстовый материал для различных профессиональных целей;</p> <p>Владеет опытом аналитико-синтетической переработки различных типов текстов на русском и/или иностранном языке</p>		
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3. Структура и содержание дисциплины

3.1 Трудоемкость дисциплины

	очная
Общая трудоемкость, з.е.	4

Часов по учебному плану	144
в том числе	
аудиторные занятия (контактная работа):	
- занятия лекционного типа	0
- занятия семинарского типа (практические занятия / лабораторные работы)	42
- КСР	2
самостоятельная работа	100
Промежуточная аттестация	0 Зачёт, Зачёт с оценкой

3.2. Содержание дисциплины

(структурированное по темам (разделам) с указанием отведенного на них количества академических часов и виды учебных занятий)

Наименование разделов и тем дисциплины	Всего (часы)	в том числе			
		Контактная работа (работа во взаимодействии с преподавателем), часы из них			Самостоятельная работа обучающегося, часы
		Занятия лекционного типа	Занятия семинарского типа (практические занятия/ лабора- торные работы), часы	Всего	
	о ф о	о ф о	о ф о	о ф о	о ф о
Текстовая функция и типы текстов	14		4	4	10
Тема текста, способы раскрытия темы в тексте (повествование, описание, объяснение, аргументирование)	14		4	4	10
Реализация категорий когерентности и когезии в тексте	14		4	4	10
Реализация категории модальности в тексте	14		4	4	10
Реализация категории времени в тексте	18		8	8	10
Стилевая принадлежность текста	14		4	4	10
Четыре основных элемента содержания текста	14		4	4	10
Речевые формы и тип рассказчика в тексте	14		4	4	10
Словарный состав текста, средства выразительности в тексте	14		4	4	10
Особенности синтаксического построения текста	12		2	2	10
Аттестация	0				
КСР	2				2
Итого	144	0	42	44	100

Содержание разделов и тем дисциплины

Художественный текст как поэтическая структура.

Уровни художественного текста и их иерархия. Связь вербального и поэтического уровней.

Принципы сцепления уровней поэтического текста. Принцип неполного изображения. Поэтическая деталь. Типы и функции поэтических деталей в художественном произведении. Структурные элементы организации художественного текста. Сюжет и его структура. Завязка, разработка, кульминация и развязка. Способы сочетания сюжетных частей в произведении. Литературные произведения с неполным набором сюжетных составляющих. Композиция и ее структурные элементы: повествование, описание, монолог, внутренний монолог, диалог. Денотация и коннотация в художественном тексте. Коннотативные функции грамматических категорий. Коннотативные функции стилистической отнесенности лексических единиц текста. Коннотативный потенциал особенностей авторского словаря. Семантический повтор. Частотная лексика. Микро- и макро компоненты поэтической структуры. Литературный образ. Иерархия образов. Тема литературного произведения. Идея и авторский замысел. Типы повествования. План рассказчика и план персонажа. Точка зрения как проблема композиции. Жанр литературного произведения и его формы. Время в литературном произведении. Соотношение сюжетного развития с распределением выразительных средств текста. Типы выдвижения: конвергенция, сцепление, обманутое ожидание. Понятие конвергенция в художественном произведении. Понятие сцепление в художественном произведении. Понятия обманутое ожидание в художественном произведении.

Практические занятия /лабораторные работы организуются, в том числе, в форме практической подготовки, которая предусматривает участие обучающихся в выполнении отдельных элементов работ, связанных с будущей профессиональной деятельностью. На проведение практических занятий / лабораторных работ в форме практической подготовки отводится: очная форма обучения - 42 ч.

4. Учебно-методическое обеспечение самостоятельной работы обучающихся

Самостоятельная работа обучающихся включает в себя подготовку к контрольным вопросам и заданиям для текущего контроля и промежуточной аттестации по итогам освоения дисциплины приведенным в п. 5.

Для обеспечения самостоятельной работы обучающихся используются:
Электронные курсы, созданные в системе электронного обучения ННГУ:

Интерпретация текста на английском языке, <https://e-learning.unn.ru/course/view.php?id=5978>.

Иные учебно-методические материалы:

Используемые образовательные технологии: практические занятия, семинары.

Внеаудиторная самостоятельная работа студента ориентирована на подготовку к практическим занятиям в виде устного собеседования, поиска информации по предложенным вопросам для обсуждения на практических занятиях.

Образовательные технологии, способствующие формированию компетенций, используемые на занятиях практического типа:

- частично-поисковая деятельность при подготовке устных сообщений;

- самостоятельная работа при подготовке проектной работы;
- решение проблемных ситуаций для реализации технологии коллективной мыслительной деятельности.

Формой итогового контроля знаний студентов по дисциплине экзамен, в ходе которого оценивается уровень теоретических знаний и навыки решения практических задач.

5. Фонд оценочных средств для текущего контроля успеваемости и промежуточной аттестации по дисциплине (модулю)

5.1 Типовые задания, необходимые для оценки результатов обучения при проведении текущего контроля успеваемости с указанием критериев их оценивания:

5.1.1 Типовые задания (оценочное средство - Практическое задание) для оценки сформированности компетенции ПК-1:

Выделить метафорические выражения и определить их функцию

7 семестр

There was dancing now on the canvas in the garden; old men pushing young girls backward in eternal graceless circles, superior couples holding each other tortuously, fashionably, and keeping in the corners—and a great number of single girls dancing individualistically or relieving the orchestra for a moment of the burden of the banjo or the traps. By midnight the hilarity had increased. A celebrated tenor had sung in Italian, and a notorious contralto had sung in jazz, and between the numbers people were doing “stunts” all over the garden, while happy, vacuous bursts of laughter rose toward the summer sky. A pair of stage twins, who turned out to be the girls in yellow, did a baby act in costume, and champagne was served in glasses bigger than finger-bowls. The moon had risen higher, and floating in the Sound was a triangle of silver scales, trembling a little to the stiff, tinny drip of the banjos on the lawn.

I was still with Jordan Baker. We were sitting at a table with a man of about my age and a rowdy little girl, who gave way upon the slightest provocation to uncontrollable laughter. I was enjoying myself now. I had taken two finger-bowls of champagne, and the scene had changed before my eyes into something significant, elemental, and profound.

At a lull in the entertainment the man looked at me and smiled.

“Your face is familiar,” he said, politely. “Weren’t you in the First Division during the war?”

“Why, yes. I was in the Twenty-eighth Infantry.”

“I was in the Sixteenth until June nineteen-eighteen. I knew I’d seen you somewhere before.”

We talked for a moment about some wet, gray little villages in France. Evidently he lived in this vicinity, for he told me that he had just bought a hydroplane, and was going to try it out in the morning.

“Want to go with me, old sport? Just near the shore along the Sound.”

“What time?”

“Any time that suits you best.”

It was on the tip of my tongue to ask his name when Jordan looked around and smiled.

“Having a gay time now?” she inquired.

“Much better.” I turned again to my new acquaintance. “This is an unusual party for me. I haven’t even seen the host. I live over there—” I waved my hand at the invisible hedge in the distance, “and this man Gatsby sent over his chauffeur with an invitation.”

8 семестр

He smiled understandingly—much more than understandingly. It was one of those rare smiles with a quality of eternal reassurance in it, that you may come across four or five times in life. It faced—or seemed to face—the whole eternal world for an instant, and then concentrated on *you* with an irresistible prejudice in your favor. It understood you just so far as you wanted to be understood, believed in you as you would like to believe in yourself, and assured you that it had precisely the impression of you that, at your best, you hoped to convey. Precisely at that point it vanished—and I was looking at an elegant young rough-neck, a year or two over thirty, whose elaborate formality of speech just missed being absurd. Some time before he introduced himself I’d got a strong impression that he was picking his words with care.

Almost at the moment when Mr. Gatsby identified himself a butler hurried toward him with the information that Chicago was calling him on the wire. He excused himself with a small bow that included each of us in turn.

“If you want anything just ask for it, old sport,” he urged me. “Excuse me. I will rejoin you later.”

When he was gone I turned immediately to Jordan—constrained to assure her of my surprise. I had expected that Mr. Gatsby would be a florid and corpulent person in his middle years.

“Who is he?” I demanded. “Do you know?”

“He’s just a man named Gatsby.”

“Where is he from, I mean? And what does he do?”

“Now *you*’re started on the subject,” she answered with a wan smile. “Well, he told me once he was an Oxford man.”

A dim background started to take shape behind him, but at her next remark it faded away.

“However, I don’t believe it.”

“Why not?”

“I don’t know,” she insisted, “I just don’t think he went there.”

Something in her tone reminded me of the other girl’s “I think he killed a man,” and had the effect of stimulating my curiosity. I would have accepted without question the information that Gatsby sprang from the swamps of Louisiana or from the lower East Side of New York. That was comprehensible. But young men didn’t—at least in my provincial inexperience I believed they didn’t—drift coolly out of nowhere and buy a palace on Long Island Sound.

“Anyhow, he gives large parties,” said Jordan, changing the subject with an urban distaste for the concrete. “And I like large parties. They’re so intimate. At small parties there isn’t any privacy.”

There was the boom of a bass drum, and the voice of the orchestra leader rang out suddenly above the chatter of the garden.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” he cried. “At the request of Mr. Gatsby we are going to play for you Mr. Vladimir Tostoff’s latest work, which attracted so much attention at Carnegie Hall last May. If you read the papers you know there was a big sensation.” He smiled with jovial condescension, and added: “Some sensation!” Whereupon everybody laughed.

5.1.2 Типовые задания (оценочное средство - Практическое задание) для оценки сформированности компетенции ПК-6:

7 семестр

Определите тип повествования в текстовом фрагменте:

Some people – not you nor I, because we are so awfully self-possessed--but some people, find great difficulty in saying good-bye when making a call or spending the evening. As the moment draws near when the visitor feels that he is fairly entitled to go away he rises and says abruptly, "Well, I think I..." Then the people say, "Oh, must you go now? Surely it's early yet!" and a pitiful struggle ensues. I think the saddest case of this kind of thing that I ever knew was that of my poor friend

Melpomenus Jones, a curate--such a dear young man, and only twenty-three! He simply couldn't get away from people. He was too modest to tell a lie, and too religious to wish to appear rude. Now it happened that he went to call on some friends of his on the very first afternoon of his summer vacation. The next six weeks were entirely his own--absolutely nothing to do. He chatted awhile, drank two cups of tea, then braced himself for the effort and said suddenly:

"Well, I think I..."

But the lady of the house said, "Oh, no! Mr. Jones, can't you really stay a little longer?" Jones was always truthful. "Oh, yes," he said, "of course, I--er--can stay."

"Then please don't go."

8 семестр

Определите тип повествования в текстовом фрагменте:

1. To all appearances and according to all accounts, Juanita is a character who does not reflect credit upon her family or her native town of Rock Springs. I first met her there three years ago in the little back room behind her father's store. She seemed very shy, and inclined to efface herself; a heroic feat to attempt, considering the narrow confines of the room; and a hopeless one, in view of her five-feet-ten, and more than two-hundred pounds of substantial flesh, which, on that occasion, and every subsequent one when I saw her, was clad in a soiled calico "Mother Hubbard."² Her face, and particularly her mouth, had a certain fresh and sensuous beauty though I would rather not say "beauty," if I might say anything else.

5.1.3 Типовые задания (оценочное средство - Практическое задание) для оценки сформированности компетенции ПКД-5:

7 семестр

Определите, какие метафорические средства использованы в данном отрывке:

- a. *So now Delia's beautiful hair fell about her rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters.... Down rippled the brown cascade* [Henry].

- b. *A red moon rides on the humps of the low river hills* [Sandburg].
- c. *Slowly, inch by inch, with the pain shouting mutely from his livid face, he raised himself...* [Shaw]
- d. *... he actually could see stars, pale and small, in the thin corridor of heaven visible over the street*

[ibid.].

- e. *Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow?* [Shakespeare]
- f. *Humid seal of soft affections, Tend'rest pledge of future bliss, Dearest tie of young connections,*

Love's first snow-drop, virgin kiss [Burns].

- g. *Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear; Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold, And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks; Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it* [Shakespeare].
- h.... *the vast walls of night Stand erect to the stars* [Jeffers].

1. семестр

Определите, какие метафорические средства использованы в данном отрывке:

Now, if there was one individual in the whole world, of whom the spinster aunt entertained a mortal and deep-rooted jealousy, it was this identical niece. The colour rushed over her face and neck, and she tossed her head in silence with an air of ineffable contempt. At last, biting her thin lips, and bridling up, she said—

‘It can’t be. I won’t believe it.’

‘Watch ‘em,’ said Jingle.

‘I will,’ said the aunt.

‘Watch his looks.’

‘I will.’

Критерии оценивания (оценочное средство - Практическое задание)

Оценка	Критерии оценивания
превосходно	Уровень знаний в объеме, соответствующем программе подготовки, или превышающем её, при изложении нет ошибок
отлично	Уровень знаний в объеме, соответствующем программе подготовки, при изложении допущены несущественные ошибки
очень хорошо	Уровень знаний в объеме, соответствующем программе подготовки, при изложении допущены 1-2 существенные ошибки
хорошо	Уровень знаний в объеме, соответствующем программе подготовки, при изложении допущено несколько существенных ошибок

Оценка	Критерии оценивания
удовлетворительно	Минимально допустимый уровень знаний
неудовлетворительно	Уровень знаний ниже минимальных требований
плохо	Полное отсутствие знаний по предмету

5.1.4 Типовые задания (оценочное средство - Сообщение) для оценки сформированности компетенции ПК-6:

7 семестр

- Strategies authors use to create tone and mood in stories?
- Hyperbole as a tool to express the characteristics of a character

8 семестр

- Imagery as a tool that authors use to create tone and mood in stories
- Metaphor as a tool to express the characteristics of a character.

Критерии оценивания (оценочное средство - Сообщение)

Оценка	Критерии оценивания
превосходно	Уровень знаний в объеме, соответствующем программе подготовки, или превышающем её, при изложении нет ошибок
отлично	Уровень знаний в объеме, соответствующем программе подготовки, при изложении допущены несущественные ошибки
очень хорошо	Уровень знаний в объеме, соответствующем программе подготовки, при изложении допущены 1-2 существенные ошибки
хорошо	Уровень знаний в объеме, соответствующем программе подготовки, при изложении допущено несколько существенных ошибок
удовлетворительно	Минимально допустимый уровень знаний
неудовлетворительно	Уровень знаний ниже минимальных требований
плохо	Полное отсутствие знаний по предмету

5.2. Описание шкал оценивания результатов обучения по дисциплине при промежуточной аттестации

Шкала оценивания сформированности компетенций

Уровень сформированности компетенций (индикатора достижения компетенций)	плохо	неудовлетворительно	удовлетворительно	хорошо	очень хорошо	отлично	превосходно
	не зачтено		зачтено				
<u>Знания</u>	Отсутствие знаний теоретического материала. Невозможность оценить полноту знаний вследствие отказа обучающегося от ответа	Уровень знаний ниже минимальных требований. Имели место грубые ошибки	Минимально допустимый уровень знаний. Допущено много негрубых ошибок	Уровень знаний в объеме, соответствующем программе подготовки. Допущено несколько негрубых ошибок	Уровень знаний в объеме, соответствующем программе подготовки. Допущено несколько несущественных ошибок	Уровень знаний в объеме, соответствующем программе подготовки. Ошибок нет.	Уровень знаний в объеме, превышающем программу подготовки.
<u>Умения</u>	Отсутствие минимальных умений. Невозможность оценить наличие умений вследствие отказа обучающегося от ответа	При решении стандартных задач не продемонстрированы основные умения. Имели место грубые ошибки	Продemonстрированы основные умения. Решены типовые задачи с негрубыми ошибками. Выполнены все задания, но не в полном объеме	Продemonстрированы все основные умения. Решены все основные задачи с негрубыми ошибками. Выполнены все задания в полном объеме, но некоторые с недочетами	Продemonстрированы все основные умения. Решены все основные задачи. Выполнены все задания в полном объеме, но некоторые с недочетами	Продemonстрированы все основные умения. Решены все основные задачи с отдельными несущественными недочетами, выполнены все задания в полном объеме	Продemonстрированы все основные умения. Решены все основные задачи. Выполнены все задания, в полном объеме без недочетов
<u>Навыки</u>	Отсутствие базовых навыков. Невозможность оценить наличие навыков вследствие отказа обучающегося от ответа	При решении стандартных задач не продемонстрированы базовые навыки. Имели место грубые ошибки	Имеется минимальный набор навыков для решения стандартных задач с некоторыми недочетами	Продemonстрированы базовые навыки при решении стандартных задач с некоторыми недочетами	Продemonстрированы базовые навыки при решении стандартных задач без ошибок и недочетов	Продemonстрированы навыки при решении нестандартных задач без ошибок и недочетов	Продemonстрирован творческий подход к решению нестандартных задач

Шкала оценивания при промежуточной аттестации

Оценка		Уровень подготовки
зачтено	превосходно	Все компетенции (части компетенций), на формирование которых направлена дисциплина, сформированы на уровне не ниже «превосходно», продемонстрированы знания, умения, владения по соответствующим компетенциям на уровне выше

		предусмотренного программой
	отлично	Все компетенции (части компетенций), на формирование которых направлена дисциплина, сформированы на уровне не ниже «отлично».
	очень хорошо	Все компетенции (части компетенций), на формирование которых направлена дисциплина, сформированы на уровне не ниже «очень хорошо»
	хорошо	Все компетенции (части компетенций), на формирование которых направлена дисциплина, сформированы на уровне не ниже «хорошо».
	удовлетворительно	Все компетенции (части компетенций), на формирование которых направлена дисциплина, сформированы на уровне не ниже «удовлетворительно», при этом хотя бы одна компетенция сформирована на уровне «удовлетворительно»
не зачтено	неудовлетворительно	Хотя бы одна компетенция сформирована на уровне «неудовлетворительно».
	плохо	Хотя бы одна компетенция сформирована на уровне «плохо»

5.3 Типовые контрольные задания или иные материалы, необходимые для оценки результатов обучения на промежуточной аттестации с указанием критериев их оценивания:

5.3.1 Типовые задания (оценочное средство - Практическое задание) для оценки сформированности компетенции ПК-1

Провести стилистический анализ художественного текста (45 мин)

7 семестр

Ideal interview with our great actor by Stephen Leacock

“And how then,” we asked, intrigued, puzzled and yet delighted, “do *you* present Hamlet?”

“In *brown velvet*,” said the Great Actor.

“Great Heavens,” we exclaimed, “this is a revolution.”

“It is. But that is only one part of my conception. The main thing will be my presentation of what I may call the psychology of Hamlet.”

“The psychology!” we said.

“Yes,” resumed the Great Actor, “the psychology. To make Hamlet understood, I want to show him as a man bowed down by a great burden. He is overwhelmed with *Weltschmerz*. He carries in him the whole weight of the *Zeitgeist*; in fact, everlasting negation lies on him ”

“You mean,” we said, trying to speak as cheerfully as we could, “that things are a little bit too much for him.”

“His will,” went on the Great Actor, disregarding our interruption, “is paralysed. He seeks to move in one direction and is hurled in another. One moment he sinks into the abyss. The next, he rises above the clouds. His feet seek the ground, but find only the air ”

“Wonderful,” we said, “but will you not need a good deal of machinery?”

“Machinery!” exclaimed the Great Actor, with a leonine laugh. “The machinery of *thought*, the mechanism of power, of magnetism ”

“Ah,” we said, “electricity.”

“Not at all,” said the Great Actor. “You fail to understand. It is all done by my rendering. Take, for example, the famous soliloquy on death. You know it?”

“‘To be or not to be,’” we began.

“Stop,” said the Great Actor. “Now observe. It is a soliloquy. Precisely. That is the key to it. It is something that Hamlet *says to himself*. Not a *word of it*, in my interpretation, is actually spoken. All is done in absolute, unbroken silence.”

“How on earth,” we began, “can you do that?”

“Entirely and solely *with my face*.”

Good heavens! Was it possible? We looked again, this time very closely, at the Great Actor’s face. We realized with a thrill that it might be done.

“I come before the audience so,” he went on, “and soliloquize thus follow my face, please ”

As the Great Actor spoke, he threw himself into a characteristic pose with folded arms, while gust after gust of emotion, of expression, of alternate hope, doubt and despair, swept we might say chased themselves across his features.

“Wonderful!” we gasped.

“Shakespeare’s lines,” said the Great Actor, as his face subsided to its habitual calm, “are not necessary; not, at least, with my acting. The lines, indeed, are mere stage directions, nothing more. I leave them out. This happens again and again in the play. Take, for instance, the familiar scene where Hamlet holds the skull in his hand: Shakespeare here suggests the words ‘Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him well ’”

“Yes, yes!” we interrupted, in spite of ourself, “‘a fellow of infinite jest ’”

“Your intonation is awful,” said the Actor. “But listen. In my interpretation I use no words at all. I merely carry the skull quietly in my hand, very slowly, across the stage. There I lean against a pillar at the side, with the skull in the palm of my hand, and look at it in silence.”

“Wonderful!” we said.

“I then cross over to the right of the stage, very impressively, and seat myself on a plain wooden bench, and remain for some time, looking at the skull.”

“Marvellous!”

“I then pass to the back of the stage and lie down on my stomach, still holding the skull before my eyes. After holding this posture for some time, I crawl slowly forward, portraying by the movement of my legs and stomach the whole sad history of Yorick. Finally I turn my back on the audience, still holding the skull, and convey through the spasmodic movements of my back Hamlet’s passionate grief at the loss of his friend.”

“Why!” we exclaimed, beside ourself with excitement, “this is not merely a revolution, it is a revelation.”

“Call it both,” said the Great Actor.

“The meaning of it is,” we went on, “that you practically don’t need Shakespeare at all.”

“Exactly, I do not. I could do better without him. Shakespeare cramps me. What I really mean to convey is not Shakespeare, but something greater, larger how shall I express it bigger.” The Great Actor paused and we waited, our pencil poised in the air. Then he murmured, as his eyes lifted in an expression of something like rapture. “In fact ME.”

He remained thus, motionless, without moving. We slipped gently to our hands and knees and crawled quietly to the door, and so down the stairs, our notebook in our teeth.

Jane Eyre by Bronte Chapter IV

Mrs Reed has just told Mr. Brocklehurst of Lowood Institution that Jane tells lies. Jane is deeply offended.

“Go out of the room; return to the nursery,” was her mandate. My look or something else must have struck her as offensive, for she spoke with extreme though suppressed irritation. I got up, I went to the door; I came back again; I walked to the window, across the room, then close up to her. Speak I must: I had been trodden on severely, and must turn: but how? What strength had I to dart retaliation at my antagonist? I gathered my energies and launched them in this blunt sentence

“I am not deceitful: if I were, I should say I loved you; but I declare I do not love you: I dislike you the worst of anybody in the world except John Reed; and this book about the liar, you may give to your girl, Georgiana, for it is she who tells lies, and not I.”

Mrs. Reed’s hands still lay on her work inactive: her eye of ice continued to dwell freezingly on mine.

“What more have you to say?” she asked, rather in the tone in which a person might address an opponent of adult age than such as is ordinarily used to a child.

That eye of hers, that voice stirred every antipathy I had. Shaking from head to foot, thrilled with ungovernable excitement, I continued —

“I am glad you are no relation of mine: I will never call you aunt again as long as I live. I will never come to see you when I am grown up; and if any one asks me how I liked you, and how you treated me, I will say the very thought of you makes me sick, and that you treated me with miserable cruelty.”

“How dare you affirm that, Jane Eyre?” “How dare I, Mrs. Reed? How dare I? Because it is the truth. You think I have no feelings, and that I can do without one bit of love or kindness; but I cannot live so: and you have no pity. I shall remember how you thrust me back — roughly and violently thrust me back — into the red-room, and locked me up there, to my dying day; though I was in agony; though I cried out, while suffocating with distress, ‘Have mercy! Have mercy, Aunt Reed!’ And that punishment you made me suffer because your wicked boy struck me — knocked me down for nothing. I will tell anybody who asks me questions, this exact tale. People think you a good woman, but you are bad, hard- hearted. You are deceitful!”

Ere I had finished this reply, my soul began to expand, to exult, with the strangest sense of freedom, of triumph, I ever felt. It seemed as if an invisible bond had burst, and that I had struggled out into un hoped-for liberty. Not without cause was this sentiment: Mrs. Reed looked frightened; her work had slipped from her knee; she was lifting up her hands, rocking herself to and fro, and even twisting her face as if she would cry.

“Jane, you are under a mistake: what is the matter with you? Why do you tremble so violently? Would you like to drink some water?”

“No, Mrs. Reed.”

“Is there anything else you wish for, Jane? I assure you, I desire to be your friend.”

“Not you. You told Mr. Brocklehurst I had a bad character, a deceitful disposition; and I’ll let everybody at Lowood know what you are, and what you have done.”

“Jane, you don’t understand these things: children must be corrected for their faults.”

“Deceit is not my fault!” I cried out in a savage, high voice.

“But you are passionate, Jane, that you must allow: and now return to the nursery — there’s a dear — and lie down a little.”

“I am not your dear; I cannot lie down: send me to school soon, Mrs. Reed, for I hate to live here.”

“I will indeed send her to school soon,” murmured Mrs. Reed sotto voce; and gathering up her work, she abruptly quitted the apartment.

5.3.2 Типовые задания (оценочное средство - Практическое задание) для оценки сформированности компетенции ПК-6

Проведите комплексный анализ художественного текста (45 мин)

7 семестр

A MAN WHO HAD NO EYES

by M. Kantor

A beggar was coming down the avenue just as Mr. Parsons emerged from his hotel. He was a blind beggar, carrying the traditional battered can, and thumping his way before him with the cautious, half-furtive effort of the sightless. He was a shaggy, thick-necked fellow; his coat was greasy about the lapels and pockets, and his hand splayed over the cane’s crook with a futile sort of clinging. He wore a black pouch slung over his shoulder. Apparently he had something to sell.

The air was rich with spring; sun was warm and yellowed on the asphalt. Mr. Parsons, standing there in front of his hotel and noting the clack-clack approach of the sightless man, felt a sudden and foolish sort of pity for all blind creatures.

And, thought Mr. Parsons, he was very glad to be alive. A few years ago he had been little more than a skilled laborer; now he was successful, respected, admired... Insurance... And he had done it alone, unaided, struggling beneath handicaps... And he was still young. The blue air of spring, fresh from its memories of windy pools and lush shrubbery, could thrill him with eagerness.

He took a step forward just as the tap-tapping blind man passed him by. Quickly the shabby fellow turned.

"Listen guv'nor. Just a minute of your time."

Mr. Parsons said, "It's late. I have an appointment. Do you want me to give you something?"

"I ain't no beggar, guv'nor. You bet I ain't. I got a handy little article here" he fumbled a small article into Mr. Parsons' hand " that I sell. One buck. Best cigarette lighter made."

Mr. Parsons stood there, somewhat annoyed and embarrassed. He was a handsome figure with his immaculate grey suit and grey hat and malacca stick. Of course, the man with the cigarette lighter could not see him...

"But I don't smoke," he said.

"Listen. I bet you know plenty people who smoke. Nice little present," wheedled the man. "And, mister, you wouldn't mind helping a poor guy out?" He clung to Mr. Parsons' sleeve.

Mr. Parsons sighed and felt in his vest pocket. He brought out two half dollars and pressed them into the man's hand. "Certainly I'll help you out. As you say, I can give it to someone. Maybe the elevator boy would " He hesitated, not wishing to be boorish and inquisitive, even with a blind peddler. "Have you lost your sight entirely?"

The shabby man pocketed the two half dollars. "Fourteen years, guv'nor." Then he added with an insane sort of pride: "Westbury, sir, I was one of 'em."

8 семестр

Emily Bronte. Wuthering Heights Chapter IX

Nelly is singing quietly while Heathcliff is sitting and maybe sleeping in a darkened part of the room where he cannot be seen. Nelly is angry because Catherine has recently insulted both herself and Edgar Linton. Catherine comes in and wants to talk to her.

"Are you alone, Nelly?"

"Yes, miss," I replied.

She entered and approached the hearth. I, supposing she was going to say something, looked up. The expression of her face seemed disturbed and anxious. Her lips were half asunder, as if she meant to speak, and she drew a breath; but it escaped in a sigh instead of a sentence. I resumed my song; not having forgotten her recent behaviour.

"Where's Heathcliff?" she said, interrupting me.

"About his work in the stable," was my answer.

He did not contradict me; perhaps he had fallen into a doze. There followed another long pause, during which I perceived a drop or two trickle from Catherine's cheek to the flags. Is she sorry for her shameful conduct? I asked myself. That will be a novelty: but she may come to the point as she will—I shan't help her! No, she felt small trouble regarding any subject, save her own concerns.

"Oh, dear!" she cried at last. "I'm very unhappy!"

"A pity," observed I. "You're hard to please: so many friends and so few cares, and can't make yourself content!"

"Nelly, will you keep a secret for me?" she pursued, kneeling down by me, and lifting her winsome eyes to my face with that sort of look which turns off bad temper, even when one has all the right in the world to indulge it.

"Is it worth keeping?" I enquired.

"Yes, and it worries me, and I must let it out! I want to know what I should do. To-day, Edgar Linton has asked me to marry him, and I've given him an answer. Now, before I tell you whether it was a consent or denial, you tell me which it ought to have been."

“Really, Miss Catherine, how can I know?” I replied. “To be sure, considering the exhibition you performed in his presence this afternoon, I might say it would be wise to refuse him: since he asked you after that, he must either be hopelessly stupid or a venturesome fool.”

“If you talk so, I won’t tell you any more,” she returned, peevishly, rising to her feet. “I accepted him, Nelly. Be quick, and say whether I was wrong!”

“You accepted him! then what good is it discussing the matter? You have pledged your word, and cannot retract.”

“But, say whether I should have done so—do!” she exclaimed in an irritated tone; chafing her hands together, and frowning.

“There are many things to be considered before that question can be answered properly,” I said sententiously. “First and foremost, do you love Mr. Edgar?”

“Who can help it? Of course I do,” she answered.

Then I put her through the following catechism: for a girl of twenty-two it was not injudicious.

“Why do you love him, Miss Cathy?”

“Nonsense, I do—that’s sufficient.”

“By no means; you must say why?”

“Well, because he is handsome, and pleasant to be with.”

“Bad!” was my commentary.

“Because he is young and cheerful.”

“Bad still.”

“And because he loves me.”

5.3.3 Типовые задания (оценочное средство - Практическое задание) для оценки сформированности компетенции ПКД-5

Проведите комплексный анализ художественного текста (45 мин)

7 семестр

Carlos Williams Carlos

THE USE OF FORCE

They were new patients to me, all I had was the name, Olson. Please come down as soon as you can; my daughter is very sick.

When I arrived I was met by the mother, a big startled looking woman, very clean and apologetic who merely said, Is this the doctor? and let me in. In the back, she added. You must excuse us, doctor, we have her in the kitchen where it is warm. It is very damp here sometimes.

The child was fully dressed and sitting on her father's lap near the kitchen table. He tried to get up, but I motioned for him not to bother, took off my overcoat and started to look things over. I could see that they were all very nervous, eyeing me up and down distrustfully. As often, in such cases, they weren't

telling me more than they had to, it was up to me to tell them; that's why they were spending three dollars on me.

The child was fairly eating me up with her cold, steady eyes, and no expression to her face whatever. She did not move and seemed, inwardly, quiet; an unusually attractive little thing, and as strong as a heifer in appearance. But her face was flushed, she was breathing rapidly, and I realized that she had a high fever. She had magnificent blonde hair, in profusion. One of those picture children often reproduced in advertising leaflets and the photogravure sections of the Sunday papers.

She's had a fever for three days, began the father and we don't know what it comes from. My wife has given her things, you know, like people do, but it don't do no good. And there's been a lot of sickness around. So we tho't you'd better look her over and tell us what is the matter.

As doctors often do I took a trial shot at it as a point of departure. Has she had a sore throat?

Both parents answered me together, No . . . No, she says her throat don't hurt her.

Does your throat hurt you? added the mother to the child. But the little girl's expression didn't change nor did she move her eyes from my face.

Have you looked?

I tried to, said the mother, but I couldn't see.

As it happens we had been having a number of cases of diphtheria in the school to which this child went during that month and we were all, quite apparently, thinking of that, though no one had as yet spoken of the thing.

Well, I said, suppose we take a look at the throat first. I smiled in my best professional manner and asking for the child's first name I said, come on, Mathilda, open your mouth and let's take a look at your throat.

Nothing doing.

Aw, come on, I coaxed, just open your mouth wide and let me take a look. Look, I said opening both hands wide, I haven't anything in my hands. Just open up and let me see.

Such a nice man, put in the mother. Look how kind he is to you. Come on, do what he tells you to. He won't hurt you.

At that I ground my teeth in disgust. If only they wouldn't use the word "hurt" I might be able to get somewhere. But I did not allow myself to be hurried or disturbed but speaking quietly and slowly I approached the child again

As I moved my chair a little nearer suddenly with one catlike movement both her hands clawed instinctively for my eyes and she almost reached them too. In fact she knocked my glasses flying and they fell, though unbroken, several feet away from me on the kitchen floor.

Both the mother and father almost turned themselves inside out in embarrassment and apology. You bad girl, said the mother, taking her and shaking her by one arm. Look what you've done The nice man...

For Heaven's sake, I broke in. Don' t call me a nice man to her. I'm here to look at her throat on the chance that she might have diphtheria and possibly die of it. But that's nothing to her. Look here I said to the child, we are going to look at your throat. You're old enough to understand what I'm saying. Will you open it now by yourself or shall we have to open it for you?

Not a move. Even her expression hadn't changed. Her breaths however were coming faster and faster. Then the battle began I had to do it. I had to have a throat culture for her own protection. But first I told the parents that it was entirely up to them. I explained the danger but said I would not insist on an examination so long as they would take the responsibility. If you don't do what the doctor says you'll

have to go to the hospital, the mother admonished her severely.

Oh yeah? I had to smile to myself. After all, I had already fallen in love with the savage brat, the parents were contemptable to me. In the ensuing struggle they grew more and more abject, crushed, exhausted while she surely rose to magnificent heights of insane fury of effort bred of her terror of me.

8 семестр

A.Carter Wise Children Chapter II

Dora (the narrator) and her twin sister are in their eighties and looking back at their lives. Their father, the famous actor, disowned them at birth and when at the age of thirteen, his brother, Perry, took them to see their father, he pretended he did not know who they were.

Perry takes Nora and Dora to see their actor father at the end of one of his performances

But, more than anything else in the world, I longed and longed to push through the glass doors and feast my eyes on the sight of my father, my gloriously handsome father, my gifted, sensationally applauded genius of a father, and I knew, without speech, without even so much as glancing at her, that Nora, too, wanted it more than anything. I reached out for Nora's hand. It was hot and sticky, still a child's hand, although I suppose we looked like quite young ladies, already, being tall for our ages and we had on the yellow dresses Perry picked out for us in Paris, from Chanel, and the bows on our heads, more coquette than finishing school, to tell the truth. Nymphettes, I suppose they'd call us now. Jail-bait. Nora and I clutched each other's hands. 'Grandma will be wondering where we are,' said Nora. 'She'll worry.' But she never budged and her voice broke on 'worry', she wailed. Perry looked from one to the other of us forlorn little creatures, tears standing in our eyes, love locked out. 'Dammit,' he said. 'Come with me.'

And grabbed our arms and raced us to the stage door, where a bank note changed hands. Whisked up a draughty backstairs, another bank note went to the dresser who let us into our father's empty dressing room, put his finger on his lips to tell us to keep our mouths shut, and left us. Perry parked us on the sofa and we gazed with moonstruck adoration at the very towel our father had dried his hands on, the razor he'd shaved with, the greasepaint he'd put on his beloved face – all these things had far more intimate relations with him than we did and seemed almost holy, in our eyes. His mirror, that had the joy and honour of reflecting him. I badly wanted to reach out and pinch a stick of his No. 7, to remember him by, but I didn't dare.

There was a photo, head and shoulders, of a sheep in a tiara; we eyed it askance. We knew full well who she was; hadn't we seen her on his arm at the first matinée, when we fell in love with him? (Little did we know then that we'd share our twilight years with her, poor old thing.) But don't think we ransacked the room. Just to sit there and breathe in air he had breathed out was more, much more than we'd ever hoped for. Now we knew for certain that Perry was better than a conjurer, was a genuine magician who could divine our most secret desire of all, the one we'd never confided even to one another because we hadn't needed to, because I knew she knew and she knew I knew. God, we were humble. We'd sneaked off, now and then, now we knew what was what, paid our sixpences, sat in the gods and watched him strut and fret his hour upon the stage, happy with just the sight of him. But as soon as we were in his very dressing room, where we'd never even dared to hope we might one day find ourselves, we grew ambitious. Perhaps, discovering us here so unexpectedly, his lovely girls, lost before birth and now rediscovered on the springtime verge of blossoming (as Irish would have put it), he might let us touch his hand, even allow us to kiss his cheek . . . and we might be permitted, just the once, to say the word we'd never used in all our lives: 'Father.' Father! The very thought made our skins prickle. Perry, meanwhile, was gazing absently out of the open window at the roof and chimneys and brick backs; a seagull landed on a chimneystack and mewed. There was a gust of military brass

brought on the wind from the seafront bandstand: ‘Colonel Bogey’. He drummed his fingertips on the window ledge. If I hadn’t been so stunned and glorified by the prospect at last of meeting him, I might have noted that, for once, our Perry was suffering second thoughts and, if I’d done that, I might have worried more about our welcome. But I was too overwhelmed to make much of it, at the time. It was warm and close in the dressing room, our armpits moistened. All of a sudden I wanted to pee.

Enormous volumes of applause surged through the old building and, when it faded away, then, more quickly than we thought could have been possible, so that we had no time at all to prepare ourselves, as if he’d flown from the stage to the dressing room on wires, there he was. He was tall, dark and handsome. God, he was handsome, in those days. And smashing legs, which a man must have for Shakespeare, especially the Scottish play; you need a good calf to get away with a kilt. I do believe we get the legs from him, as well as the cheekbones. I did piss myself when I saw him, in fact, but only a little bit, hardly enough to stain the sofa. Such eyes! Melchior’s eyes, warm and dark and sexy as the inside of a London cab in wartime. His eyes. But those very eyes, those knicker-shifting, unfasten-yourbrassiere-from-the-back-of-the-gallery eyes, were the bitterest disappointment of my life till then. No. Of all my life, before and since. No disappointment ever after measured up to it. Because those eyes of his looked at us but did not see us, even as we sat there, glowing because we couldn’t help it; our helpless mouths started to smile. To see him fail to see me wiped that smile right off my face, I can tell you, and off Nora’s, too. Our father’s eyes skidded right over us, never touched us, didn’t make contact. They came to rest on Perry. ‘Peregrine!’ he cried. His voice still sends a shiver down my spine to this day. Up he pops on the telly, tamping down his pipe. ‘Rich, dark, fruity . . .’ You can say that, again. He held out his hands in greeting to Perry, to Perry only. ‘Peregrine . . . how nice of you to come and visit me.’ And then, and only then, we got our little crumb of attention although it shot us down like the same bullet through both hearts.

Критерии оценивания (оценочное средство - Практическое задание)

Оценка	Критерии оценивания
превосходно	Уровень знаний в объеме, соответствующем программе подготовки, или превышающем её, при изложении нет ошибок
отлично	Уровень знаний в объеме, соответствующем программе подготовки, при изложении допущены несущественные ошибки
очень хорошо	Уровень знаний в объеме, соответствующем программе подготовки, при изложении допущены 1-2 существенные ошибки
хорошо	Уровень знаний в объеме, соответствующем программе подготовки, при изложении допущено несколько существенных ошибок
удовлетворительно	Минимально допустимый уровень знаний
неудовлетворительно	Уровень знаний ниже минимальных требований
плохо	Полное отсутствие знаний по предмету

5.3.4 Типовые задания (оценочное средство - Практическое задание) для оценки сформированности компетенции ПК-1

Провести стилистический разбор художественного текста 45 мин)

7 семестр

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

MR. AND MRS. ELIOT

MR. AND MRS. ELLIOT TRIED VERY HARD to have a baby. They tried as often as Mrs. Elliot could stand it. They tried in Boston after they were married and they tried coming over on the boat. They did not try very often on the boat because Mrs. Elliot was quite sick. She was sick and when she was sick she was sick as Southern women are sick. That is women from the Southern part of the United States. Like all Southern women Mrs. Elliot disintegrated very quickly under sea sickness, travelling at night, and getting up too early in the morning. Many of the people on the boat took her for Elliot's mother. Other people who knew they were married believed she was going to have a baby. In reality she was forty years old. Her years had been precipitated suddenly when she started travelling.

She had seemed much younger, in fact she had seemed not to have any age at all, when Elliot had married her after several weeks of making love to her after knowing her for a long time in her tea shop before he had kissed her one evening.

Hubert Elliot was taking postgraduate work in law at Harvard when he was married. He was a poet with an income of nearly ten thousand dollars a year. He wrote very long poems very rapidly. He was twenty-five years old and had never gone to bed with a woman until he married Mrs. Elliot. He wanted to keep himself pure so that he could bring to his wife the same purity of mind and body that he expected of her. He called it to himself living straight. He had been in love with various girls before he kissed Mrs. Elliot and always told them sooner or later that he had led a clean life. Nearly all the girls lost interest in him. He was shocked and really horrified at the way girls would become engaged to and marry men whom they must know had dragged themselves through the gutter. He once tried to warn a girl he knew against a man of whom he had almost proof that he had been a rotter at college and a very unpleasant incident had resulted.

Mrs. Elliot's name was Cornelia. She had taught him to call her Calutina, which was her family nickname in the South. His mother cried when he brought Cornelia home after their marriage but brightened very much when she learned they were going to live abroad.

Cornelia had said, "You dear sweet boy," and held him closer than ever when he had told her how he had kept himself clean for her. Cornelia was pure too. "Kiss me again like that," she said.

Hubert explained to her that he had learned that way of kissing from hearing a fellow tell a story once. He was delighted with his experiment and they developed it as far as possible. Sometimes when they had been kissing together a long time, Cornelia would ask him to tell her again that he had kept himself really straight for her. The declaration always set her off again.

At first Hubert had no idea of marrying Cornelia. He had never thought of her that way. She had been such a good friend of his, and then one day in the little back room of the shop they had been dancing to the gramophone while her girl friend was in the front of the shop and she had looked up into his eyes

and he had kissed her. He could never remember just when it was decided that they were to be married. But they were married.

They spent the night of the day they were married in a Boston hotel. They were both disappointed but finally Cornelia went to sleep. Hubert could not sleep and several times went out and walked up and down the corridor of the hotel in his new Jaeger bathrobe that he had bought for his wedding trip. As he walked he saw all the pairs of shoes, small shoes and big shoes, outside the doors of the hotel rooms. This set his heart to pounding and he hurried back to his own room but Cornelia was asleep. He did not like to waken her and soon everything was quite all right and he slept peacefully.

The next day they called on his mother and the next day they sailed for Europe. It was possible to try to have a baby but Cornelia could not attempt it very often although they wanted a baby more than anything else in the world. They landed at Cherbourg and came to Paris. They tried to have a baby in Paris. Then they decided to go to Dijon where there was summer school and where a number of people who crossed on the boat with them had gone. They found there was nothing to do in Dijon. Hubert, however, was writing a great number of poems and Cornelia typed them for him. They were all very long poems. He was very severe about mistakes and would make her re-do an entire page if there was one mistake. She cried a good deal and they tried several times to have a baby before they left Dijon.

8 семестр

How to Live to be 200 by [Stephen Leacock](#)

Twenty years ago I knew a man called Jiggins, who had the Health Habit.

He used to take a cold plunge every morning. He said it opened his pores. After it he took a hot sponge. He said it closed the pores. He got so that he could open and shut his pores at will.

Jiggins used to stand and breathe at an open window for half an hour before dressing. He said it expanded his lungs. He might, of course, have had it done in a shoe-store with a boot stretcher, but after all it cost him nothing this way, and what is half an hour?

After he had got his undershirt on, Jiggins used to hitch himself up like a dog in harness and do Sandow exercises. He did them forwards, backwards, and hind-side up.

He could have got a job as a dog anywhere. He spent all his time at this kind of thing. In his spare time at the office, he used to lie on his stomach on the floor and see if he could lift himself up with his knuckles. If he could, then he tried some other way until

he found one that he couldn't do. Then he would spend the rest of his lunch hour on his stomach, perfectly happy.

In the evenings in his room he used to lift iron bars, cannon-balls, heave dumb-bells, and haul himself up to the ceiling with his teeth. You could hear the thumps half a mile. He liked it.

He spent half the night slinging himself around his room. He said it made his brain clear. When he got his brain perfectly clear, he went to bed and slept. As soon as he woke, he began clearing it again.

Jiggins is dead. He was, of course, a pioneer, but the fact that he dumb-belled himself to death at an early age does not prevent a whole generation of young men from following in his path.

They are ridden by the Health Mania.

They make themselves a nuisance.

They get up at impossible hours. They go out in silly little suits and run Marathon heats before breakfast. They chase around barefoot to get the dew on their feet. They hunt for ozone. They bother about pepsin. They won't eat meat because it has too much nitrogen. They won't eat fruit because it hasn't any. They prefer albumen and starch and nitrogen to huckleberry pie and doughnuts. They won't drink water out of a tap. They won't eat sardines out of a can. They won't use oysters out of a pail. They won't drink milk out of a glass. They are afraid of alcohol in any shape. Yes, sir, afraid. "Cowards."

And after all their fuss they presently incur some simple old-fashioned illness and die like anybody else.

Now people of this sort have no chance to attain any great age. They are on the wrong track.

Listen. Do you want to live to be really old, to enjoy a grand, green, exuberant, boastful old age and to make yourself a nuisance to your whole neighbourhood with your reminiscences?

Then cut out all this nonsense. Cut it out. Get up in the morning at a sensible hour. The time to get up is when you have to, not before. If your office opens at eleven, get up at ten-thirty. Take your chance on ozone. There isn't any such thing anyway. Or, if there is, you can buy a Thermos bottle full for five cents, and put it on a shelf in your cupboard. If your work begins at seven in the morning, get up at ten minutes to, but don't be liar enough to say that you like it. It isn't exhilarating, and you know it.

Also, drop all that cold-bath business. You never did it when you were a boy. Don't be a fool now. If you must take a bath (you don't really need to), take it warm. The pleasure of getting out of a cold bed and creeping into a hot bath beats a cold plunge to death. In any case, stop gassing about your tub and your "shower," as if you were the only man who ever washed.

5.3.5 Типовые задания (оценочное средство - Практическое задание) для оценки сформированности компетенции ПК-6

Проведите комплексный анализ произведения

7 семестр

THE LONELY HOUSE by Emily Dickinson

I know some lonely houses off the road A
robber 'd like the look of, — Wooden barred,

And windows hanging low, Inviting
to

A portico,

Where two could creep:

One hand the tools,

The other peep

To make sure all's asleep.

Old-fashioned eyes,

Not easy to surprise!

How orderly the kitchen 'd look by night, With just
a clock, —

But they could gag the tick, And
mice won't bark;

And so the walls don't tell, None
will.

A pair of spectacles ajar just stir — An
almanac's aware.

Was it the mat winked, Or a
nervous star?

The moon slides down the stair To see
who's there.

8 семестр

HECTOR HUGH MUNRO (SAKI). TEA

James Cushat-Prinkly was a young man who had always had a settled conviction that one of these days he would marry; up to the age of thirty-four he had done nothing to justify that conviction.

He liked and admired a great many women collectively and dispassionately without

singling out one for especial matrimonial consideration, just as one might admire the Alps without feeling that one wanted any particular peak as one's own private property. His lack of initiative in this matter aroused a certain amount of impatience among the sentimentally-minded

women-folk of his home circle; his mother, his sisters, an aunt-in-residence, and two or three intimate matronly friends regarded his dilatory approach to the married state with a disapproval that was far from being inarticulate. His most innocent flirtations were watched with the straining eagerness which a group of unexercised terriers concentrates on the slightest movements of a human being who may be reasonably considered likely to take them for a walk. No decent-souled mortal can long resist the pleading of several pairs of walk-beseeching dog-eyes; James Cushat-Prinkly was not sufficiently

obstinate or indifferent to home influences to disregard the obviously expressed wish of his family that he should become enamoured of some nice marriageable girl, and when his Uncle Jules departed this life and bequeathed him a comfortable little legacy it really seemed the correct thing to do to set about discovering some one to share it with him. The process of discovery was carried on more by the force of suggestion and the weight of public opinion than by any initiative of his own; a clear working majority of his female relatives and the aforesaid matronly friends had pitched on Joan Sebastable as the most suitable young woman in his range of acquaintance to whom he might propose marriage, and James became gradually accustomed to the idea that he and Joan would go together through the prescribed stages of congratulations, present-receiving, Norwegian or Mediterranean hotels, and eventual domesticity. It was necessary, however to ask the lady what she thought about the matter; the family had so far conducted and directed the flirtation with ability and discretion, but the actual proposal would have to be an individual effort.

Cushat-Prinkly walked across the Park towards the Sebastable residence in a frame of mind that was moderately complacent. As the thing was going to be done he was glad to feel that he was going to get it settled and off his mind that afternoon. Proposing marriage, even to a nice girllike Joan, was a rather irksome business, but one could not have a honeymoon in Minorca and a subsequent life of married happiness without such preliminary. He wondered what Minorca was really like as a place to stop in; in his mind's eye it was an island in perpetual half-mourning, with black or white Minorca hens running all over it. Probably it would not be a bit like that when one came to examine it. People who had been in Russia had told him that they did not remember having seen any Muscovy ducks there, so it was possible that there would be no Minorca fowls on the island.

5.3.6 Типовые задания (оценочное средство - Практическое задание) для оценки сформированности компетенции ПКД-5

Проведите комплексный стилистический анализ текста (45 мин)

7 семестр

JOHN GALSWORTHY. THE JAPANESE QUINCE

As Mr. Nilson, well known in the City, opened the window of his dressing-room on Campden Hill, he experienced a peculiar sweetish sensation in the back of his throat, and a feeling of emptiness just under his fifth rib. Hooking the window back, he noticed that a little tree in the Square Gardens had come out in blossom, and that the thermometer stood at sixty. 'Perfect morning,' he thought; 'spring at last!'

Resuming some meditations on the price of Tintos, he took up an' ivory-backed hand-glass and scrutinized his face. His firm, well-coloured cheeks, with their neat brown moustaches, and his round, well-opened, clear grey eyes, wore a reassuring appearance of good health. Putting on his black frock-coat, he went downstairs.

In the dining-room his morning paper was laid out on the sideboard. Mr. Nilson had scarcely taken it in his hand when he again became aware of that queer feeling. Somewhat concerned, he went to the French window and descended the scrolled iron steps into the fresh air. A cuckoo clock struck eight.

'Half an hour to breakfast,' he thought; 'I'll take a turn in the Gardens.'

He had them to himself, and proceeded to pace the circular path with his morning paper clasped behind. He had scarcely made two revolutions, however, when it was borne in on him that, instead of going away in the fresh air, the feeling had increased. He drew several deep breaths, having heard deep breathing recommended by his wife's doctor; but they augmented rather than diminished the sensation—as of some sweetish liquor in course within him, together with a faint aching just above his heart. Running over what he had eaten the night before, he could recollect no unusual dish, and it occurred to him that it might possibly be some smell affecting him. But he could detect nothing except a faint sweet lemony scent, rather agreeable than otherwise, which evidently emanated from the bushes budding in the sunshine. He was on the point of resuming his promenade, when a blackbird close by burst into song, and looking up, Mr. Nilson saw at a distance of perhaps 5 yards a little tree, in the heart of whose branches the bird was perched. He stood staring curiously at this tree, recognizing it for that which he had noticed from his window. It was covered with young blossoms, pink and white, and little bright green

leaves round and spiky; & on all this blossom and these leaves the sunlight glistened. Mr. Nilson smiled; the little tree was so alive and pretty! And instead of passing on, he stayed there smiling at the it.

'Morning like this!' he thought; 'and here I am the only person in the Square who has the—to come out and —!' But he had no sooner conceived this thought than he saw quite near him a man with his hands behind him, who was also staring up and smiling at the little tree. Rather taken aback, Mr. Nilson ceased to smile, and looked furtively at the stranger. It was his next-door neighbour, Mr. Tandram, well known in the City, who had occupied the adjoining house for some five years. Mr. Nilson perceived at once the awkwardness of his position, for, being married, they had not yet had occasion to speak to one another. Doubtful as to his proper conduct, he decided at last to murmur 'Fine morning!' and was passing on, when Mr. Tandram answered: 'Beautiful, for the time of year!' Detecting a slight nervousness in his neighbour's voice, Mr. Nilson was emboldened to regard him openly. He was of about Mr. Nilson's own height, with firm, well-coloured cheeks, neat brown moustaches, and round, well-opened, clear grey eyes; & he was wearing a black frock-coat. Mr. Nilson noticed that he had his morning paper clasped behind as he looked up at the little tree. And visited somehow by the feeling that he had been caught out, he said abruptly: 'Er—can you give me the name of that tree?'

Mr. Tandram answered: 'I was about to ask you that,' and stepped towards it. Mr. Nilson also approached the tree.

'Sure to have its name on, I should think,' he said.

8 семестр

A man who claimed to be the world's longest living human has died aged 146.

According to his papers, Indonesian national Sodimedjo, also known as Mbah Ghoto (Grandpa Ghoto), was born in December 1870. He would have been 43 at the start of the first world war and turned 70 during the second world war.

Mbah Ghoto was not the recognised longest living human as Indonesia only started recording births in 1900. However, officials [told](#) the BBC his residency card, which has his birthdate on it, was valid based on documents and interviews with him.

His grandson Suyanto [told](#) the BBC that when he came home, he started to eat less and less.

It only lasted a couple of days. From that moment on to his death, he refused to eat and drink," he added. "He didn't ask much. Before he died, he just wanted us, his family, to let him go."

Mbah Ghoto was buried on Monday morning in a local cemetery plot he had bought, which included a gravestone he had procured years before he died.

A former farmer and fisherman, Mbah Ghoto said last year that he lived "a long life because I have people that love me looking after me". He was a local hero and would recount stories of life under Japanese and Dutch colonisers.

"Life is only a matter of accepting your destiny wholeheartedly. I have wanted to die for a long time," He leaves behind five children, 12 grandchildren, 17 great-grandchildren and two great-great-grandchildren. As Mbah Ghoto's age was not independently verified, he does not take the [mantle of oldest living human in recorded history](#) from Frenchwoman Jeanne Calment, who died in 1997 aged 122.

Критерии оценивания (оценочное средство - Практическое задание)

Оценка	Критерии оценивания
зачтено	Содержание текста раскрыто полностью, выявлены основные структурные элементы, на высоком уровне проведен стилистический анализ, выявлены основные стилистические средства выразительности, верно установлены их функции в произведении
не зачтено	Содержание текста раскрыто не полностью, не выявлены основные структурные элементы, на низком уровне проведен стилистический анализ, не выявлены / выявлены не в полной мере основные стилистические средства выразительности, не установлены их функции в произведении

5.3.7 Типовые задания (оценочное средство - Контрольные вопросы) для оценки сформированности компетенции ПК-6

7 семестр

The notions of theme, ideas, problems, and conflicts of a literary text

The distinctive features of represented speech

8 семестр

The notions of an image, a trope and a figure of speech.

The notion of symbol

5.3.8 Типовые задания (оценочное средство - Контрольные вопросы) для оценки сформированности компетенции ПКД-5

7 семестр

The difference between the narration told in the third and in the first person. The varieties of narrators
The essence of a literary genre. The differences between prose and drama in terms of various types of discourse

8 семестр

Predicates typical of a narrative? (b) description. Dynamic description.

Tropes and autologous images

Критерии оценивания (оценочное средство - Контрольные вопросы)

Оценка	Критерии оценивания
зачтено	На большую часть вопросов (80%) даны верные ответы
не зачтено	На большую часть вопросов (80%) даны неверные ответы

Оценка	Критерии оценивания

5.3.9 Типовые задания (оценочное средство - Контрольные вопросы) для оценки сформированности компетенции ПК-6

7 семестр

The notions of theme, ideas, problems, and conflicts of a literary text

The distinctive features of represented speech

8 семестр

The notions of an image, a trope and a figure of speech.

The notion of symbol

5.3.10 Типовые задания (оценочное средство - Контрольные вопросы) для оценки сформированности компетенции ПКД-5

7 семестр

The difference between the narration told in the third and in the first person. The varieties of narrators

The essence of a literary genre. The differences between prose and drama in terms of various types of discourse

8 семестр

Predicates typical of a narrative? (b) description. Dynamic description.

Tropes and autologous images

Критерии оценивания (оценочное средство - Контрольные вопросы)

Оценка	Критерии оценивания
превосходно	Уровень знаний в объеме, соответствующем программе подготовки, или превышающем её, при изложении нет ошибок
отлично	Уровень знаний в объеме, соответствующем программе подготовки, при изложении допущены несущественные ошибки
очень хорошо	Уровень знаний в объеме, соответствующем программе подготовки, при изложении допущены 1-2 существенные ошибки
хорошо	Уровень знаний в объеме, соответствующем программе подготовки, при

Оценка	Критерии оценивания
	изложении допущено несколько существенных ошибок
удовлетворительно	Минимально допустимый уровень знаний
неудовлетворительно	Уровень знаний ниже минимальных требований
плохо	Полное отсутствие знаний по предмету

6. Учебно-методическое и информационное обеспечение дисциплины (модуля)

Основная литература:

1. Борисова В. В. Художественный текст: аспекты анализа и интерпретации в школе и вузе : учебное пособие / Борисова В. В., Шаулов С. С. - Уфа : БГПУ имени М. Акмуллы, 2015. - 192 с. - Библиогр.: доступна в карточке книги, на сайте ЭБС Лань. - Книга из коллекции БГПУ имени М. Акмуллы - Языкознание и литературоведение. - ISBN 978-5-87978-919-5., <https://e-lib.unn.ru/MegaPro/UserEntry?Action=FindDocs&ids=715844&idb=0>.
2. Гареева Р. Р. Художественный текст: теория и практика анализа / Гареева Р. Р. - Уфа : БГПУ имени М. Акмуллы, 2016. - 139 с. - Библиогр.: доступна в карточке книги, на сайте ЭБС Лань. - Книга из коллекции БГПУ имени М. Акмуллы - Языкознание и литературоведение., <https://e-lib.unn.ru/MegaPro/UserEntry?Action=FindDocs&ids=717347&idb=0>.

Дополнительная литература:

1. Кучина Светлана Анатольевна. Электронный художественный текст: основы лингвосомиотического анализа : Учебное пособие / Новосибирский государственный технический университет. - Новосибирск : Новосибирский государственный технический университет (НГТУ), 2020. - 159 с. - ВО - Магистратура. - ISBN 978-5-7782-4158-9., <https://e-lib.unn.ru/MegaPro/UserEntry?Action=FindDocs&ids=833601&idb=0>.
2. Гуревич В. В. English Stylistics. Стилистика английского языка : учебное пособие / Гуревич В. В. - 9-е изд., стер. - Москва : ФЛИНТА, 2019. - 72 с. - Книга из коллекции ФЛИНТА - Языкознание и литературоведение. - ISBN 978-5-89349-814-1., <https://e-lib.unn.ru/MegaPro/UserEntry?Action=FindDocs&ids=803257&idb=0>.

Программное обеспечение и Интернет-ресурсы (в соответствии с содержанием дисциплины):

MS Microsoft Office Word 2007

MS Microsoft Office PowerPoint 2007

Интернет-ресурсы

Адрес Краткая характеристика

<http://www.filologia.ru/perevodovedenie> Библиотека учебной и научной литературы по филологии

<http://translation-blog.ru> Сайт для переводчиков

<http://www.вокабула.рф> Вокабула. Энциклопедии, словари и справочники онлайн

<http://dic.academic.ru> Словари и энциклопедии на Академике

<http://elibrary.ru> Научная электронная библиотека

<http://www.lib.unn.ru> Фундаментальная библиотека ННГУ им. Н.И. Лобачевского

7. Материально-техническое обеспечение дисциплины (модуля)

Учебные аудитории для проведения учебных занятий, предусмотренных образовательной программой, оснащены мультимедийным оборудованием (проектор, экран), техническими средствами обучения, компьютерами.

Помещения для самостоятельной работы обучающихся оснащены компьютерной техникой с возможностью подключения к сети "Интернет" и обеспечены доступом в электронную информационно-образовательную среду.

Программа составлена в соответствии с требованиями ОС ННГУ по направлению подготовки/специальности 45.03.01 - Филология.

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