Документ подписан простой электронной подписью
Информация о владельце:
ФИО: Кислова Наталья Николаевна
Должность: Проректор по УМР и качеству образования
Дата подписания: 14.11.2024 09:09:04
Уникальный программный ключ:
52802513f5b14a975b3e9b13008093d5726b159bf6064f865ae65b96a966c035

МИНИСТЕРСТВО ПРОСВЕЩЕНИЯ РОССИЙСКОЙ ФЕДЕРАЦИИ
федеральное государственное бюджетное образовательное учреждение высшего образования
«Самарский государственный социально-педагогический университет»
Кафедра английской филологии и межкультурной коммуникации

Утверждаю
Проректор по учебно-методической
работе и качеству образования
_____ Н.Н. Кислова

Макеева Елена Юрьевна

ФОНД ОЦЕНОЧНЫХ СРЕДСТВ
для проведения промежуточной аттестации по дисциплине
«Филологический анализ текста»

Направление подготовки:
44.03.05 Педагогическое образование (с двумя профилями подготовки)
Направленность (профиль): «Иностранный язык» (английский) и «Иностранный язык» (французский)

Квалификация выпускника
Бакалавр

Рассмотрено
Протокол № 11 от 25.06.2024
Заседания кафедры английской филологии и межкультурной коммуникации

Одобрено
Начальник Управления
образовательных программ
__ _____ Н.А. Доманина

Самара 2024

Пояснительная записка

Фонд оценочных средств (далее – ФОС) для промежуточной аттестации по дисциплине «Филологический анализ текста» разработан в соответствии федеральным государственным образовательным стандартом высшего образования – бакалавриат по направлению подготовки 44.03.05 Педагогическое образование (с двумя профилями подготовки). Утвержден приказом Министерства образования и науки Российской Федерации от 22 февраля 2018 г. № 125, основной профессиональной образовательной программой высшего образования по направлению подготовки: 44.03.05 Педагогическое образование (с двумя профилями подготовки), направленность (профиль): «Иностранный язык» (английский) и «Иностранный язык» (французский), с учетом требований профессионального стандарта «Педагог (педагогическая деятельность в сфере дошкольного, начального общего, основного общего, среднего общего образования) (воспитатель, учитель)», утвержденный приказом Министерства труда и социальной защиты Российской Федерации от 18 октября 2013 г. № 544н (зарегистрирован Министерством юстиции Российской Федерации 6 декабря 2013 г., регистрационный № 30550), с изменениями, внесенными приказами Министерства труда и социальной защиты Российской Федерации от 25 декабря 2014 г. № 1115н (зарегистрирован Министерством юстиции Российской Федерации 19 февраля 2015 г., регистрационный № 36091) и от 5 августа 2016 г. № 422н (зарегистрирован Министерством юстиции Российской Федерации 23 августа 2016 г., регистрационный № 43326).

Цель ФОС для промежуточной аттестации – установление уровня сформированности части компетенции УК-4: Способен осуществлять деловую коммуникацию в устной и письменной формах на государственном языке Российской Федерации и иностранном(ых) языке(ах)

Задачи ФОС для промежуточной аттестации - контроль качества и уровня достижения результатов обучения по формируемым в соответствии с учебным планом компетенциям:

УК-4.1. Выбирает на государственном и иностранном(ых) языке(ах) коммуникативно приемлемые стиль делового общения, вербальные и невербальные средства взаимодействия с партнерами

Умеет: отбирать соответствующие языковые средства для передачи содержания и филологического анализа текста на английском языке

УК-4.3. Ведет деловую переписку, учитывая особенности стилистики официальных и неофициальных писем, социокультурные различия в формате корреспонденции на государственном и иностранном(ых) языке(ах)

Имеет опыт передачи содержания и филологического анализа текста на английском языке в письменной форме

УК-4.4. Умеет коммуникативно и культурно приемлемо вести устные деловые разговоры на государственном и иностранном(ых) языке(ах)

Умеет: использовать языковые и речевые единицы, а также соответствующую лексику для представления устного анализа англоязычного текста

Требование к процедуре оценки:
Помещение: особых требований нет
Расходные материалы: бумага
Доступ к дополнительным справочным материалам: словарь
Нормы времени: 60 минут

Задание 1
Проверяемая (ые) компетенция (и) ($_{\text{из ОПОП ВО}}$):
УК-4: Способен осуществлять деловую коммуникацию в устной и письменной формах на государственном языке Российской Федерации и иностранном(ых) языке(ах)

Проверяемый индикатор достижения компетенции:
УК-4.1. Выбирает на государственном и иностранном(ых) языке(ах) коммуникативно приемлемые стиль делового общения, вербальные и невербальные средства взаимодействия с партнерами
УК-4.4. Умеет коммуникативно и культурно приемлемо вести устные деловые разговоры на государственном и иностранном(ых) языке(ах)

Проверяемый (ые) результат (ы) обучения:
Умеет: отбирать соответствующие языковые средства для передачи содержания и филологического анализа текста на английском языке
Умеет: использовать языковые и речевые единицы, а также соответствующую лексику для представления устного анализа англоязычного текста

Тип (форма) задания:
Проведите полный филологический анализ предложенного англоязычного текста в устной форме по схеме:
– Краткое содержание текста.
– Заголовок; композиционная структура текста.
– Тема и идея текста. «Точка зрения». Фигура повествователя.
– Образы персонажей. Языковые и неязыковые средства характеристики персонажей.
– Сюжет и сюжетная структура.
– Языковые средства и стилистические приемы их создания.
– Тон повествования, настроение персонажей, общая атмосфера текста.
– Языковые средства и стилистические приемы их создания.
– Особенности авторской манеры повествования

Пример типовых заданий (оценочные материалы):

Текст 1.
F.S. Fitzgerald. Great Gatsby

One October day in nineteen-seventeen---- (said Jordan Baker that afternoon, sitting up very straight on a straight chair in the tea-garden at the Plaza Hotel) --I was walking along from one place to another, half on the sidewalks and half on the lawns.

The largest of the lawns belonged to Daisy Fay's house. She was just eighteen, two years older than me, and by far the most popular of all the young girls in Louisville. She dressed in white, and had a little white roadster, and all day long the telephone rang in her house and excited young officers from Camp Taylor demanded the privilege of monopolizing her that night.

When I came opposite her house that morning her white roadster was beside the curb, and she was sitting in it with a lieutenant I had never seen before. They were so engrossed in each other that she didn't see me until I was five feet away.

"Hello, Jordan," she called unexpectedly. "Please come here." I was flattered that she wanted to speak to me, because of all the older girls I admired her most. She asked me if I was going to the Red Cross and make bandages. I was. Well, then, would I tell them that she couldn't come that day?

The officer looked at Daisy while she was speaking, in a way that every young girl wants to be looked at sometime, and because it seemed romantic to me I have remembered the incident ever since.

His name was Jay Gatsby, and I didn't lay eyes on him again for over four years--even after I'd met him on Long Island I didn't realize it was the same man. That was nineteen-seventeen.

By the next year I had a few beaux myself, and I began to play in tournaments, so I didn't see Daisy very often. She went with a slightly older crowd--when she went with anyone at all. Wild rumors were circulating about her--how her mother had found her packing her bag one winter night to go to New York and say good-by to a soldier who was going overseas. She was effectually prevented, but she wasn't on speaking terms with her family for several weeks.

After that she didn't play around with the soldiers any more, but only with a few flat-footed, short-sighted young men in town, who couldn't get into the army at all. By the next autumn she was gay again, gay as ever. In June she married Tom Buchanan of Chicago, with more pomp and circumstance than Louisville ever knew before. He came down with a hundred people in four private cars, and hired a whole floor of the Seelbach Hotel, and the day before the wedding he gave her a string of pearls valued at three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

I was bridesmaid. I came into her room half an hour before the bridal dinner, and found her lying on her bed as lovely as the June night in her flowered dress--and as drunk as a monkey. She had a bottle of Sauterne in one hand and a letter in the other.

"'Gratulate me," she muttered. "Never had a drink before, but oh how I do enjoy it." "What's the matter, Daisy?" I was scared, I can tell you; I'd never seen a girl like that before.

"Here, deares'." She groped around in a waste-basket she had with her on the bed and pulled out the string of pearls. "Take 'em down-stairs and give 'em back to whoever they belong to. Tell 'em all Daisy's change' her mine. Say: 'Daisy's change' her mine!'."

She began to cry--she cried and cried. I rushed out and found her mother's maid, and we locked the door and got her into a cold bath. Then we hooked her back into her dress, and half an hour later, when we walked out of the room, the pearls were around her neck and the incident was over. Next day at five o'clock she married Tom Buchanan without so much as a shiver, and started off on a three months' trip to the South Seas.

I saw them in Santa Barbara when they came back, and I thought I'd never seen a girl so mad about her husband. She used to sit on the sand with his head in her lap by the hour, rubbing her fingers over his eyes and looking at him with unfathomable delight.

That was in August. A week after I left Santa Barbara Tom ran into a wagon on the Ventura road one night, and ripped a front wheel off his car. The girl who was with him got into the papers, too, because her arm was broken--she was one of the chambermaids in the Santa Barbara Hotel.

The next April Daisy had her little girl, and they went to France for a year. I saw them one spring in Cannes, and later in Deauville, and then they came back to Chicago to settle down.

Well, about six weeks ago, she heard the name Gatsby for the first time in years. It was when I asked you--do you remember?--if you knew Gatsby in West Egg. After you had gone home she came into my room and woke me up, and said: "What Gatsby?" and when I described him--I was half asleep--she said in the strangest voice that it must be the man she used to know. It wasn't until then that I connected this Gatsby with the officer in her white car.

When Jordan Baker had finished telling all this we had left the Plaza for half an hour. The sun had gone down behind the tall apartments of the movie stars in the West Fifties.

"It was a strange coincidence," I said.

"But it wasn't a coincidence at all." "Why not?" "Gatsby bought that house so that Daisy would be just across the bay."

Текст 2.
James Herriot. IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A VET
Chapter 13

I was spending Tuesday evening as I spent all the Tuesday evenings - staring at the back of Helen Alderson's head at the Darrowby Music Society. It was a slow way of getting to know her better but I had been unable to think of a better idea.

Since the morning on the high moor when I had set the calf's leg, I had scanned the day book regularly in the hope of getting another visit to the farm. But the Aldersons seemed to have lamentably healthy stock. I had to be content with the thought that there was the visit at the month end to take off the plaster. The really crushing blow came when Helen's father rang up to say that, since the calf was going sound he had removed the plaster himself.

I had come to admire the self-reliance and initiative of the Dalesmen but I cursed it now at great length; and I joined the Music Society. I had seen Helen going into the schoolroom where the meetings were held and, with the courage of desperation, had followed her inside.

This was weeks ago and, I reflected miserably, I had made no progress at all. I couldn't remember how many tenors, sopranos and male voice choirs had come and gone and on one occasion the local brass band had packed themselves into the little room and almost burst my ear drums; but I was no further forward.

Tonight a string quartet was scraping away industriously, but I hardly heard them. My eyes, as usual, were focused on Helen, several rows in front of me, sitting btween the two old ladies she always seemed to bring with her. That was part of the trouble; those two old girls were always there, cutting out any chance of private conversation, even at the half-time break for tea. And there was the general atmosphere of the place; the members were nearly all elderly, and over everything hung the powerful schoolroom scent of ink and exercise books and chalk and lead pencils. It was the sort of place where you just couldn't say without warning 'Are you doing anything on Saturday night?'

The scraping stopped and everybody clapped. The vicar got up from the front row and beamed on the company. 'And now, ladies and gentlemen, I think we might stop for fifteen minutes as I see our willing helpers have prepared tea. The price, as usual is threepence.' There was laughter and a general pushing back of chairs.

I went into the back of the hall with the others, put my threepence on the plate and collected a cup of tea and a biscuit. This was when I tried to get near Helen in the blind hope that something might happen. It wasn't always easy, because I was often buttonholed by the school headmaster and others who regarded a vet who liked music as an interesting curiosity, but tonight I managed to edge myself as if by accident into her group.

She looked at me over the top of her cup. 'Good evening, Mr Herriot, are you enjoying it? Oh God, she always said that. And Mr Herriot! But what could :I do? 'Call me Jim', would sound great. I replied, as always, 'Good evening, Miss Alderson. Yes, it's very nice, isn't it.' Things were going with a bang again.

I munched my biscuit while the old ladies talked about Mozart. It was going to be the same as all the other Tuesdays. It was about time I gave up the whole thing. I felt beaten.

The vicar approached our group, still beaming. I'm afraid I have to call on somebody for the washing-up rota. Perhaps our two young friends would take it on tonight.' His friendly gaze twinkled from Helen to me and back again.

The idea of washing up teacups had never held much attraction for me but suddenly it was like sighting the promised land. 'Yes, certainly, delighted – that is if it's all right with Miss Alderson.'

Helen smiled. 'Of course it's all right. We all have to take a turn, don't we?'

I wheeled the trolley of cups and saucers into the scullery. It was a cramped narrow place with a sink and a few shelves and there was just about room for the two of us to get inside.

'Would you like to wash or dry?' Helen asked.

'I'll wash,' I replied and began to run the hot water into the sink. It shouldn't be too difficult now, I thought, to work the conversation round to where I wanted it. I'd never have a better chance than now, jammed into this little room with Helen.

But it was surprising how the time went by. Five whole minutes and we hadn't talked about anything but music. With mounting frustration I saw that we had nearly got through the pile of crockery and I had achieved nothing. The feeling changed to near panic when I lifted the last cup from the soapy water.

It had to be now. I held out the cup to Helen and she tried to take it from me; but I kept a grip on the handle while I waited for inspiration. She pulled gently but I clung to it tenaciously. It was developing into a tug of war. Then I heard a hoarse croak which I only just recognised as my own voice. 'Can I see you some time?'

For a moment she didn't answer and I tried to read her face. Was she surprised, annoyed, even shocked? She flushed and replied, 'If you like." I heard the croak again. 'Saturday evening?' She nodded, dried the cup and was gone.

I went back to my seat with my heart thudding. The strains of mangled Haydn from the quartet went unheeded. I had done it at last. But did she really want to come out? Had she been hustled into it against her will? My toes curled with embarrassment at the thought, but I consoled myself with the knowledge that for better or for worse it was a step forward. Yes, I had done it at last.

Текст 3.

Charlotte Bronte. Jane Eyre.

CHAPTER V

Five o'clock had struck on the morning of the 19th of January. I was to leave Gateshead that day by a coach which passed the lodge gates at six a.m.

I remember but little of the journey; I only know that the day seemed to me of a preternatural length, and that we appeared to travel over hundreds of miles of road.

The lady who met me at Lowood Institution might be about twenty-nine. Led by her, I passed from compartment to compartment, from passage to passage, of a large and irregular building upstairs to the bedroom …

The night passed rapidly. I was too tired even to dream. When I unclosed my eyes, a loud bell was ringing; the girls were up and dressing; day had not yet begun to dawn, and a rushlight or two burned in the room. I too rose reluctantly; it was bitter cold, and I dressed as well as I could for shivering, and washed when there was a basin at liberty, which did not occur soon, as there was but one basin to six girls, on the stands down the middle of the room. Again the bell rang: all formed in file, two and two, and in that order descended the stairs and entered the cold and dimly lit schoolroom: here prayers were read.

Business now began, the day's Collect was repeated, then certain texts of Scripture were said, and to these succeeded a protracted reading of chapters in the Bible, which lasted an hour. By the time that exercise was terminated, day had fully dawned. The indefatigable bell now sounded for the fourth time: the classes were marshalled and marched into another room to breakfast: how glad I was to behold a prospect of getting something to eat! I was now nearly sick from inanition, having taken so little the day before.

The refectory was a great, low-ceiled, gloomy room; on two long tables smoked basins of something hot, which, however, to my dismay, sent forth an odour far from inviting. "Disgusting! The porridge is burnt again!"

Ravenous, and now very faint, I devoured a spoonful or two of my portion without thinking of its taste; but the first edge of hunger blunted, I perceived I had got in hand a nauseous mess; burnt porridge is almost as bad as rotten potatoes. The spoons were

moved slowly: I saw each girl taste her food and try to swallow it; but in most cases the effort was soon relinquished. Breakfast was over, and none had breakfasted. Thanks being returned for what we had not got, and a second hymn chanted, the refectory was evacuated for the schoolroom.

A quarter of an hour passed before lessons again began. The duration of each lesson was measured by the clock, which at last struck twelve. The superintendent of Lowood rose –

"I have a word to address to the pupils," said she. "You had this morning a breakfast which you could not eat; you must be hungry:--I have ordered that a lunch of bread and cheese shall be served to all."

The teachers looked at her with a sort of surprise.

"It is to be done on my responsibility," she added, in an explanatory tone to them, and immediately afterwards left the room.

The bread and cheese was presently brought in and distributed, to the high delight and refreshment of the whole school. The order was now given "To the garden!" Each put on a coarse straw bonnet, with strings of coloured calico, and a cloak of grey frieze. I was similarly equipped, and, following the stream, I made my way into the open air. There I saw a girl sitting on a stone bench near; she was bent over a book. I decided to interrupt her.

"Can you tell me what the writing on that stone over the door means? What is Lowood Institution?"

"This house where you are come to live."

"And why do they call it Institution? Is it in any way different from other schools?"

"It is partly a charity-school: you and I, and all the rest of us, are charity-children. I suppose you are an orphan: are not either your father or your mother dead?"

"Both died before I can remember."

"Do you like the teachers?"

"Well enough."

"Have you been long here?"

"Two years."

"Are you an orphan?"

"My mother is dead."

"Are you happy here?"

"You ask rather too many questions. I have given you answers enough for the present: now I want to read."

But at that moment the summons sounded for dinner; all re-entered the house. After dinner, we immediately adjourned to the schoolroom: lessons recommenced, and were continued till five o'clock. Soon after five p.m. we had another meal, consisting of a small mug of coffee, and half-a-slice of brown bread. I devoured my bread and drank my coffee with relish; but I should have been glad of as much more--I was still hungry. Half-an-hour's recreation succeeded, then study; then the glass of water and the piece of oat-cake, prayers, and bed. Such was my first day at Lowood.

Текст 4.

James Herriot. If only they could talk

Chapter Thirty

I was really worried about Tricki this time. I had pulled up my car when I saw him in the street with his mistress and I was shocked at his appearance. He had become hugely fat, like a bloated sausage with a leg at each corner. His eyes, bloodshot and rheumy, stared straight ahead and his tongue lolled from his jaws.

Mrs Pumphrey hastened to explain. 'He was so listless, Mr Herriot. He seemed to have no energy. I thought he must be suffering from malnutrition, so I have been giving him some little extras between meals to build him up. Some calf's foot jelly and malt and cod liver oil and a bowl of milk at night to make him sleep – nothing much really.'

'And did you cut down on the sweet things as I told you?'

'Oh, I did for a bit, but he seemed to be so weak. I had to relent. He does love cream cakes and chocolates so. I can't bear to refuse him.'

I looked down again at the little dog. That was the trouble. Tricki's only fault was greed. He had never been known to refuse food; he would tackle a meal at any hour of the day or night. And I wondered about all the things Mrs Pumphre hadn't mentioned; the pate on thin biscuits, the fudge, the rich trifles - Trick loved them all.

I tried to sound severe. 'Now I really mean this. If you don't cut his food right down and give him more exercise he is going to be really ill. You must harden your heart and keep him on a very strict diet.'

Mrs Pumphrey wrung her hands. 'Oh I will, Mr Herriot. I'm sure you are right, but it is so difficult, so very difficult.' She set off, head down, along the road, as if determined to put the new regime into practice immediately.

I watched their progress with growing concern. Tricki was tottering along in his little tweed coat; he had a whole wardrobe of these coats - warm tweed or tartan ones for the cold weather and macintoshes for the wet days. He struggled on, drooping in his harness. I thought it wouldn't be long before I heard from Mrs Pumphrey.

The expected call came within a few days. Mrs Pumphrey was distraught. Tricki would eat nothing. Refused even his favourite dishes; spent all his time lying on a rug, panting. Didn't want go walks, didn't want to do anything.

I had made my plans in advance. The only way was to get Tricki out of the house for a period. I suggested that he be hospitalised for about a fortnight to be kept under observation.

The poor lady almost swooned. She had never been separated from her darling before; she was sure he would pine and die if he did not see her every day. But I took a firm line. Tricki was very ill and this was the only way to save him; in fact, I thought it best to take him without delay and I marched out to the car carrying the little dog wrapped a blanket.

At the surgery, the household dogs surged round me. Tricki looked down at noisy pack with dull eyes and, when put down, lay motionless on the carpet. The other dogs, after sniffing round him for a few seconds, decided he was an uninteresting object and ignored him.

For two days I kept an eye on him, giving him no food but plenty of water. At the end of the second day he started to show some interest in his surroundings and on the third he began to whimper when he heard the dogs in the yard.

Later that day, I was present at feeding time. Every dog knew that if he fell behind the others he to have some competition for the last part of his meal. When they had finished, Tricki took a walk round the shining bowls, licking casually inside one or two of them. Next day, an extra bowl was put out for him and I was pleased to see him jostling his way towards it.

From then on, his progress was rapid. He had no medicinal treatment of any kind but all day he ran about with the dogs, joining in their friendly scrimmages. He discovered the joys of being bowled over, trampled on and squashed every few minutes. He became an accepted member of the gang, a silky little object among the shaggy crew, fighting like a tiger for his share at meal times and hunting rats in the old hen house at night. He had never had such a time in his life.

All the while, Mrs Pumphrey hovered anxiously in the background, ringing a dozen times a day for the latest bulletins. I dodged the questions about whether his cushions were being turned regularly or his correct coat worn according to the weather; but I was able to tell her that the little fellow was out of danger - and convalescing rapidly …

After a fortnight I felt compelled to phone and tell Mrs Pumphrey that the little dog had recovered and was awaiting collection.

When the car drew up outside surgery, I walked through the house into the garden. A mass of dogs was hurtling round and round the lawn and in their midst, ears flapping, tail waving, was the little golden figure of Tricki. In two weeks he had been transformed into a lithe, hard-muscled animal; he was keeping up well with the pack, stretching out in great bounds, his chest almost brushing the ground.

I carried him back along the passage to the front of the house. When Tricki saw his mistress, he took off from my arms in a tremendous leap and sailed into Mrs Pumphrey's lap. She gave a startled ‘Ooh!’, tears shone in her eyes, her lips trembled. ‘Ooh, Mr Herriot,’ she cried, ‘How can I ever thank you? This is a triumph of surgery!’

Текст 5.

Daphne du Maurier. REBECCA

CHAPTER IV

The morning after the bridge party Mrs. Van Hopper woke with a sore throat and a temperature of a hundred and two. I rang up her doctor, who came round at once and diagnosed the usual influenza. "You are to stay in bed until I allow you to get up." he told her; "I should prefer," he went on, turning to me, "that Mrs. Van Hopper had a trained nurse. You can't possibly lift her. It will only be for a fortnight or so." I thought this rather absurd, and protested, but to my surprise she agreed with him. I think she enjoyed the fuss it would create, the sympathy of people, the visits and messages from friends, and the arrival of flowers. Monte Carlo had begun to bore her.

The nurse would give her injections, and a light massage, and she would have a diet. I left her quite happy after the arrival of the nurse. Rather ashamed of my light heart, I telephoned her friends, putting off the small party she had arranged for the evening, and went down to the restaurant for lunch, a good half hour before our usual time. I expected the room to be empty, nobody lunched generally before one o'clock. It was empty, except for the table next to ours. I thought Mr. de Winter had gone to Sospel. No doubt he was lunching early because he hoped to avoid us at one o'clock. I was already half-way across the room and could not go back. I had not seen him since we disappeared in the lift, for wisely he had avoided dinner in the restaurant.

It was a situation for which I was ill-trained. I wished I was older, different. I went to our table, looking straight before me, and immediately paid the penalty of gaucherie by knocking over the vase of stiff anemones as I unfolded my napkin. The water soaked the cloth, and ran down on to my lap. The waiter was at the other end of the room, nor had he seen. In a second though my neighbour was by my side, dry napkin in hand.

"You can't sit at a wet tablecloth," he said brusquely, "it will put you off your food. Get out of the way."

He began to mop the cloth, while the waiter, seeing the disturbance, came swiftly to the rescue.

"I don't mind," I said "it doesn't matter a bit. I'm all alone."

He said nothing, and then the waiter arrived and whipped away the vase and the sprawling flowers.

"Leave that," he said suddenly, "and lay another place at my table. Mademoiselle will have luncheon with me."

I looked up in confusion. "Oh, no," I said, "I couldn't possibly."

"Why not?" he said.

I tried to think of an excuse. I knew he did not want to lunch with me. It was his form of courtesy. I should ruin his meal. I determined to be bold and speak the truth.

"Please," I begged, "don't be polite. It's very kind of you but I shall be quite all right if the waiter just wipes the cloth."

"But I'm not being polite," he insisted, "I would like you to have luncheon with me. Even if you had not knocked over that vase so clumsily I should have asked you." I suppose my face told him my doubt for he smiled. "You don't be¬lieve me," he said, "never mind, come and sit down. We needn't talk to each other unless we feel like it."

We sat down, and he gave me the menu, leaving me to choose, and went on with his hors d'oeuvre as though nothing had happened.

"What's happened to your friend?" he said. I told him about the influenza. "I'm so sorry," he said, and then, after pausing a moment, "you got my note I suppose. I felt very much ashamed of myself. My manners were atrocious. That's why it's so kind of you to lunch with me today."

"You weren't rude," I said, "at least, not the sort of rudeness she would understand. That curiosity of hers — she does not mean to be offensive, but she does it to everyone. That is, everyone of importance."

"Your friend," he went on, "she is very much older than you. Is she a relation? Have you known her long?" I saw he was still puzzled by us.

"She's not really a friend," I told him, "she's an employer. She's training me to be a thing called a companion, and she pays me ninety pounds a year."

"I did not know one could buy companionship," he said; "it sounds a primitive idea. Rather like the eastern slave market. What do you do it for?" he asked me.

"Ninety pounds is a lot of money to me," I said.
"Haven't you any family?"
"No — they're dead."
"You have a very lovely and unusual name."
"My father was a lovely and unusual person."
"Tell me about him," he said.

I looked at him over my glass of citronade. It was not easy to explain my father, and usually I never talked about him. He was my secret property. I had no wish to introduce him casually over a table in a Monte Carlo restaurant.

There was a strange air of unreality about that luncheon, and looking back upon it now it is invested for me with a curious glamour. My shyness fell away from me, loosening as it did so my reluctant tongue, and out they all came, the little secrets of childhood, the pleasures and the pains. It seemed to me as though he understood, from my poor description, something of the vibrant personality that had been my father's, and something too of the love my mother had for him, making it a vital, living force, with a spark of divinity about it, so much that when he died that desperate winter, struck down by pneumonia, she lingered behind him for five short weeks and stayed no more. I remember pausing, a little breath¬less, a little dazed. The restaurant was filled now with peo¬ple who chatted and laughed to an orchestral background and a clatter of plates, and glancing at the clock above the door I saw that it was two o'clock. We had been sitting there an hour and a half, and the conversation had been mine alone.

"You know," he said, "we've got a bond in common, you and I. We are both alone in the world. Oh, I've got a sister, though we don't see much of each other, and an ancient grandmother whom I pay duty visits to three times a year. I shall have to congratulate Mrs. Van Hopper. You're cheap at ninety pounds a year."

Оценочный лист к типовому заданию (модельный ответ):

	Грамотно анализирует / представляет рассмотренный аспект анализа текста; использует терминологию филологического анализа, делает логичные и аргументированные выводы, подтверждая их примерами из текста; обнаруживает правильное использование лексических, грамматических и стилистических норм изучаемого языка	Анализ текста по конкретному аспекту содержательно корректен, но допускаются неточности в аргументировании и в примерах из текстов, допускаются единичные ошибки в лексике или грамматике, незначительно влияющих на смысловое содержание, неточное использование терминов	Обучающийся обнаруживает непонимание / недостаточное для проведения анализа понимание текста, предложенного для анализа, допускает грубые ошибки, ведущие к искажению смысла, не владеет навыками филологического анализа текста и терминологией анализа текста
Краткое содержание текста.	1	0,5	0
Заголовок; композиционная структура текста.	1	0,5	0
Тема и идея текста. «Точка зрения». Фигура повествователя.	1	0,5	0
Образы персонажей. Языковые и неязыковые средства характеристики персонажей.	1	0,5	0
Сюжет и сюжетная структура.	1	0,5	0
Языковые средства и стилистические приемы их создания.	1	0,5	0
Тон повествования, настроение персонажей, общая атмосфера текста.	1	0,5	0
Языковые средства и стилистические приемы их создания.	1	0,5	0
Особенности авторской манеры повествования	1	0,5	0

Задание 2

Проверяемая (ые) компетенция (и) (из ОПОП ВО):

УК-4: Способен осуществлять деловую коммуникацию в устной и письменной формах на государственном языке Российской Федерации и иностранном(ых) языке(ах)

Проверяемый индикатор достижения компетенции:

УК-4.1. Выбирает на государственном и иностранном(ых) языке(ах) коммуникативно приемлемые стиль делового общения, вербальные и невербальные средства взаимодействия с партнерами

УК-4.3. Ведет деловую переписку, учитывая особенности стилистики официальных и неофициальных писем, социокультурные различия в формате корреспонденции на государственном и иностранном(ых) языке(ах)

Проверяемый (ые) результат (ы) обучения:

Умеет: отбирать соответствующие языковые средства для передачи содержания и филологического анализа текста на английском языке

Имеет опыт передачи содержания и филологического анализа текста на английском языке в письменной форме

Тип (форма) задания:

Проведите краткий письменный анализ предложенного фрагмента англоязычного текста по схеме (выберите любые три аспекта из перечисленных ниже:

– Тема и идея текста. «Точка зрения». Фигура повествователя.
– Композиционная структура текста.
– Образы персонажей. Языковые и неязыковые средства характеристики персонажей.
– Сюжет и сюжетная структура.
– Языковые средства и стилистические приемы их создания.
– Тон повествования, настроение персонажей, общая атмосфера текста.
– Языковые средства и стилистические приемы их создания.
– Особенности авторской манеры повествования

Пример типовых заданий (оценочные материалы):

Текст 1.

Miss Reed. FRESH FROM THE COUNTRY

It was snug in Tom's little room and when the programme was over Anna was very content to sit smoking and talking companionably.

There was no doubt about it, Tom was a very reassuring person to be with. Looking at him in the firelight Anna thought him almost handsome in an unobtrusive way. He wore good country clothes and was decidedly better groomed than his male colleagues at Elm Hill. Altogether she would have thought him very well settled- in his job so that it was a shock when he said in the course of conversation:

"I'm thinking of leaving Elm Hill."

"Why?" answered Anna. "Don't you like teaching?"

"Do you?" he countered.

"I think so," said Anna slowly. "It's not a bit as I'd imagined it. I don't seem to have time to talk to the children individually — there are such masses of them and it makes me so tired I get cross unnecessarily. But I'm liking it more as I go on. Yes, I think I'll really enjoy next term. But won't you?"

"No," said Tom quietly. "I'm on the wrong job and it's my own fault."

"Tell me why," asked Anna. There was a pause while Tom rearranged the logs. Bright flames licked up the chimney and lit up his young serious face.

"It's a fairly ordinary story, but I'll tell you if you really want to know."

"Please," said Anna.

"Well, my father owns a market garden between Cambridge and Bedford. It's wonderful soil — grows magnificent stuff — and he produces vegetables mainly and makes a reasonable living." Anna noticed how his eyes lit up at the mention of the land. That's where his heart is, thought Anna, in a flash of insight.

"But it was pretty hard going in the early years. Both my father and mother were from large families. They both went to the same village school in the Fens, left at fourteen, and got married at twenty. I'm the only child and I'm afraid they've always thought far too much of me. Natural, I suppose, but as someone once said all children need a little 'healthy neglect' which I never really had."

"You don't appear spoilt now, if that's any comfort," Anna assured him. Tom looked amused at her concern.

"They had very little money and both worked like beavers. I went to the grammar school near by and I helped on the home land whenever I could. After a superhuman effort my father managed to buy this market garden and I would love to work there too. But no!"

"Why not?"

"Not good enough for our son," quoted Tom in mock solemnity. "Can't have him soiling his hands after all that schooling. He must start higher up the ladder than we did. What else have we slaved for?"

"But if you wanted to —" began Anna bewildered.

"Why didn't I say so?" finished Tom. "Well, I did, in a half-hearted way, but they were so heart-broken at the idea and they'd always been so uncommonly good to me that I took the easy way out. I couldn't disappoint them. They'd set their hearts on my becoming a teacher, going on to college and bringing them credit — and so I just gave in."

"And you're not happy?"

"I'm happy enough. I think I'd be happy anywhere. Life's pretty good, you know, wherever you find it. But I can't live without the country for ever and I'd dearly love to get back to some serious rose-growing."

"Roses? Are they the first love?"

"They are," said Torn enthusiastically. "My father's started a few on the side, and they are exactly right for that soil! We could have a magnificent rose nursery in a few years there. I can't wait to start!"

"What will your parents say?"

Tom looked thoughtful.

"I don't think they'll mind so much now. I've done the college part and done some teaching. If they see I'm really determined to go back I think they'll be pleased eventually. In any case I should leave Elm Hill next summer.It's not education what gets me down! It's mass-pumping, and we get nowhere with it. Who wants a palace, so overcrowded that we have to be policemen, not teachers? I tell you, I'd rather go back to my old insanitary village school with two dozen in a class and a bit of humanity. At least we'd all have time and space to get to know each other!"

The young man spoke warmly and Anna realized that he had thought long and deeply about his job. He would be a sad loss to the school, and Anna felt a small pang of pain at the thought of his going. Not that she had had time to have much to do with him, but he seemed a right-thinking, cheerful young person, who knew what he wanted of life and was now intent upon getting it.

She had food for thought as they went back to Mrs Flynn's together. They said good-bye at the gate and as Tom's footsteps reached up the road, Anna looked forlornly at the struggling lilac bush, the twigs of privet, and the six dead geraniums still planted in the centre flowerbed cut in the sparse new grass.

If this was the best town could offer, thought Anna, fumbling for her key, she didn't blame Tom for returning to the country! Whichever he chose to raise, roses or country pupils, he would be engaged in creating something worthwhile in conditions already far more heartening than those at Elm Hill.

Feeling suddenly rebellious against life in general — too many children to teach, Tom's plan for leaving, the petty meanness of the detestable Mrs Flynn — Anna slammed the front door, made, the loathsome little house shudder, and went crossly to bed.

Текст 2.
John Galsworthy. Man of Property
PART II CHAPTER I

The winter had been an open one. Things in the trade were slack; and as Soames had reflected before making up his mind, it had been a good time for building. The shell of the house at Robin Hill was thus completed by the end of April.

There had been rain the night before-a spring rain, and the earth smelt of sap and wild grasses. The warm, soft breeze swung the leaves and the golden buds of the old oak tree, and in the sunshine the blackbirds were whistling their hearts out.

It was such a spring day as breathes into a man an ineffable yearning, a painful sweetness, a longing that makes him stand motionless, looking at the leaves or grass, and fling out his arms to embrace he knows not what. The earth gave forth a fainting warmth, stealing up through the chilly garment in which winter had wrapped her. It was her long caress of invitation, to draw men down to lie within her arms, to roll their bodies on her, and put their lips to her breast.

On just such a day as this Soames had got from Irene the promise he had asked her for so often. Seated on the fallen trunk of a tree, he had promised for the twentieth time that if their marriage were not a success, she should be as free as if she had never married him!

"Do you swear it?" she had said. A few days back she had reminded him of that oath. He had answered: "Nonsense! I couldn't have sworn any such thing!" By some awkward fatality he remembered it now. What queer things men would swear for the sake of women! He would have sworn it at any time to gain her! He would swear it now, if thereby he could touch her--but nobody could touch her, she was cold-hearted!

And memories crowded on him with the fresh, sweet savour of the spring wind-memories of his courtship.

In the spring of the year 1881 he was visiting his old school- fellow and client, George Liversedge, of Branksome. Mrs. Liversedge, with a sense of the fitness of things, had given a musical tea in his honour. Later in the course of this function, which Soames, no musician, had regarded as an unmitigated bore, his eye had been caught by the face of a girl dressed in mourning, standing by herself. The lines of her tall, as yet rather thin figure, showed through the wispy, clinging stuff of her black dress, her black-gloved hands were crossed in front of her, her lips slightly parted, and her large, dark eyes wandered from face to face. Her hair, done low on her neck, seemed to gleam above her black collar like coils of shining metal. And as Soames stood looking at her, the sensation that most men have felt at one time or another went stealing through him--a peculiar satisfaction of the senses, a peculiar certainty, which novelists and old ladies call love at first sight. Still stealthily watching her, he at once made his way to his hostess, and stood doggedly waiting for the music to cease.

"Who is that girl with yellow hair and dark eyes?" he asked.

"That--oh! Irene Heron. Her father, Professor Heron, died this year. She lives with her stepmother. She's a nice girl, a pretty girl, but no money!"

"Introduce me, please," said Soames.

It was very little that he found to say, nor did he find her responsive to that little. But he went away with the resolution to see her again. He effected his object by chance, meeting her on the pier with her stepmother, who had the habit of walking there from twelve to one of a forenoon. Soames made this lady's acquaintance with alacrity, nor was it long before he perceived in her the ally he was looking for. His keen scent for the commercial side of family life soon told him that Irene cost her stepmother more than the fifty pounds a year she brought her; it also told him that Mrs. Heron, a woman yet in the prime of life, desired to be married again. The strange ripening beauty of her stepdaughter stood in the way of this desirable consummation. And Soames, in his stealthy tenacity, laid his plans.

He left Bournemouth without having given, himself away, but in a month's time came back, and this time he spoke, not to the girl, but to her stepmother. He had made up his mind, he said; he would wait any time. And he had long to wait, watching Irene bloom, the lines of her young figure softening, the stronger blood deepening the gleam of her eyes, and warming her face to a creamy glow; and at each visit he proposed to her, and when that visit was at an end, took her refusal away with him, back to London, sore at heart, but steadfast and silent as the grave. He tried to come at the secret springs of her resistance; only once had he a gleam of light. It was at one of those assembly dances, which afford the only outlet to the passions of the population of seaside watering-places. He was sitting with her in an embrasure, his senses tingling with the contact of the waltz. She had looked at him over her, slowly waving fan; and he had lost his head. Seizing that moving wrist, he pressed his lips to the flesh of her arm. And she had shuddered--to this day he had not forgotten that shudder--nor the look so passionately averse she had given him.

A year after that she had yielded. What had made her yield he could never make out; and from Mrs. Heron, a woman of some diplomatic talent, he learnt nothing. Once after they were married he asked her, "What made you refuse me so often?" She had answered by a strange silence. An enigma to him from the day that he first saw her, she was an enigma to him still ...

Текст 3.
Margaret Mitchell. GONE WITH THE WIND

CHAPTER XXXII

She was still clutching the ball of red clay when she went up the front steps. She had no feeling of shame or disappointment or bitterness now, only a weakness of the knees and a great emptiness of heart. She squeezed the clay so tightly it ran out from her clenched fist and she said over and over, parrot-like: “I’ve still got this. Yes, I’ve still got this.” There was nothing else she did have, nothing but this red land.

She was in the hall preparing to close the door when she heard the sound of horse’s hooves and turned to look down the driveway. To have visitors at this of all times was too much. She’d hurry to her room and plead a headache.

But when the carriage came nearer, her flight was checked by her amazement. It was a new carriage, shiny with varnish. Strangers, certainly. No one she knew had the money for such a grand new turnout as this.

She stood in the doorway watching, the cold draft blowing her skirts about her damp ankles. Then the carriage stopped in front of the house and Jonas Wilkerson alighted. Scarlett was so surprised at the sight of their former overseer driving so fine a rig and in so splendid a greatcoat she could not for a moment believe her eyes.

And here he was now, stepping out of an elegant carriage and handing down a woman dressed within an inch of her life. Scarlett saw in a glance that the dress was bright in color to the point of vulgarity but nevertheless her eyes went over the outfit hungrily. It had been so long since she had even seen stylish new clothes. Well! So hoops aren’t so wide this year, she thought, scanning the red plaid gown. And what a cunning hat! Bonnets must be out of style, for this hat was only an absurd flat red velvet affair, perched on the top of the woman’s head like a stiffened pancake. The ribbons did not tie under the chin as bonnet ribbons tied but in the back under the massive bunch of curls which fell from the rear of the hat, curls which Scarlett could not help noticing did not match the woman’s hair in either color or texture.

As the woman stepped to the ground and looked toward the house, Scarlett saw there was something familiar about the rabbit face, caked with white powder.

“Why, it’s Emmie Slattery!” she cried, so surprised she spoke the words aloud.

“Yes’m, it’s me,” said Emmie, tossing her head with an ingratiating smile and starting toward the steps.

Emmie Slattery! The dirty tow-headed slut, the overdressed, common, nasty piece of poor white trash was coming up the steps of Tara, bridling and grinning as if she belonged here. A strong murderous rage shook like the ague.

“Get off those steps, you trashy wench!” she cried. “Get off this land! Get out!”

Emmie retreated hastily down the steps but Jonas stopped her flight toward the carriage with a rough grip on her arm. He made an effort at dignity, despite his anger.

“We came out here to pay a call—a friendly call,” he snarled. “And talk a little business with old friends—”

“Friends?” Scarlett’s voice was like a whiplash. “When were we ever friends with the like of you? The Slatterys lived on our charity and paid it back by killing Mother—and you—you— Pa discharged you and you know it. Friends? Get off this place before I call Mr. Benteen and Mr. Wilkes.”

Under the words, Emmie broke her husband’s hold and fled for the carriage, scrambling in with a flash of patent-leather boots with bright-red tops and red tassels.

Now Jonas shook with a fury equal to Scarlett’s and his sallow face was as red as an angry turkey gobbler’s.

“Still high and mighty, aren’t you? Well, I know all about you. I know you haven’t got shoes for your feet. I know your father’s turned idiot—”

“Get off this place!”

“Oh, you won’t sing that way very long. I know you’re broke. I know you can’t even pay your taxes. I came out here to offer to buy this place from you—to make you a right good offer. Emmie had a hankering to live here. But, by God, I won’t give you a cent now! You highflying, bog-trotting Irish will find out who’s running things around here when you get sold out for taxes. And I’ll buy this place, lock, stock and barrel—furniture and all—and I’ll live in it.”

So it was Jonas Wilkerson who wanted Tara—Jonas and Emmie, who in some twisted way thought to even past slights by living in the home where they had been slighted. She wished she had a pistol now.

“I’ll tear this house down, stone by stone, and burn it and sow every acre with salt before I see either of you put foot over this threshold,” she shouted. “Get out, I tell you! Get out!”

Jonas glared at her, started to say more and then walked toward the carriage. He climbed in beside his whimpering wife and turned the horse. As they drove off, Scarlett had the impulse to spit at them. She did spit. She knew it was a common, childish gesture but it made her feel better. She wished she had done it while they could see her.

Текст 4.
Miss Reed. FRESH FROM THE COUNTRY

.Miss Read (pseudonym) is an English writer of the XX century. Being a teacher by profession, she devoted the greater part of her works to school problems. Her novel “Fresh from the Country” describes a young teacher’s first year at school.

Chapter 5. A rum lot

As the weeks passed, Anna found her work a little less tiring; No longer did she totter home at four o'clock to her now little bed, carefully remove the folk-weave coverlet, and lie exhausted. Now she was able to take stock of her progress and was amused. Everything was contrary to all the text-books, to Anna's teaching notes taken down so laboriously at college.

She found herself called upon to teach Scripture, Physical Exercise, Arithmetic, Writing, Reading, English Composition Written and Oral, History, Geography, Nature Study, Art, Handicrafts, Music and Singing, Hygiene, and a myste¬rious subject called Rhythmic Work which had somehow eluded her during her studies.

"Don't worry," Miss Enderby had said kindly, when Anna had confessed her ignorance. "It is all part of our musical training here. Miss Hobbs is particularly competent. You must watch one or two of her lessons."

And so Anna found herself one afternoon sitting nervously in the corner of the school hall, her notebook open on her lap, watching Miss Hobbs's Rhythmic Work lesson with forty-eight lively nine-year-olds.

"Find a space! Find a space!" Miss Hobbs's hearty voice boomed out as the children struggled through the doors. Little knots of friends charged boisterously about together, intoxicated with the space of the hall after the narrow con¬fines of their desks and the decorous pace demanded by the stone corridors.

Miss Hobbs gave a nod to Anna as she strode towards the piano. A crashing cord caused the majority of the class to stand still. The glare of Miss Hobbs's eye, which swivelled over the top of the piano like a searchlight, stilled the rest within a minute. Anna was overcome with awe at such a demonstration of authority.

"Remember last week's lesson?" boomed Miss Hobbs. "Butterflies? Off you go."

Tinkling music in the highest two octaves of the .school piano set the children running haphazardly about the hall, flapping their arms. Anna noticed that Miss Hobbs did not seat herself on the piano stool. Most of the class would have been hidden from her sight had she done so. She half-stood, there-fore, with her knees bent in a most unbecoming way and kept a sharp look-out for malefactors over the top of the instrument. while her hands led an independent existence of their own scampering vivaciously along the upper keys.

"Up on your toes! On your toes!" exhorted Miss Hobbs above the uproar. "You sound like a herd of stampeding elephants, Glass Four. And don't flail your arms like that, Bobby Hyng. You nearly hit your neighbour just now. You're a butterfly, not a mad bull."

Anna noticed that even Miss Hobbs's discipline was strained by these conditions and felt quite sure that her own frail hold on her class would be snapped apart as soon as she brought them into the hall, and bedlam would inevitably break out. Several naughty little boys were charging wildly about the hall catching their friends and enemies indiscriminately with blows from their butterfly wings which caused consid¬erable pain and resulted in recrimination. A vicious little set-to was being conducted at the back of the piano, which was out of range of Miss Hobbs's piercing gaze. Only when one of the butterflies stumbled against the piano as the re¬sult of a flesh-wound, administered by a fellow-butterfly of powerful physique, did Miss Hobbs realize what was going on. Retribution was swift. Both butterflies were stood "one at each side of the hall while the lesson continued.

The children became horses, snowflakes, trees in the wind, and waves on the shore. They fell prettily asleep to lullaby music whose soothing whispers were shattered by Miss Hobbs shouting! "That boy who's snoring can just stop it!" They woke up again to chords so resounding that the windows rattled.

At one stage they sat on the floor bending forward and back rhythmically while Miss Hobbs strode among them in¬toning: "Row the boat, row the boat!" and "Pull your oars and pull your oars!" like an overseer among the galley-slaves. Anna noticed the opportunities this exercise gave for shooting out the legs" energetically and kicking one's immediate neighbour.

As a final exercise the puffing children were told to skip freely about in a beautiful field.

"End the lesson on a note of a carefree happiness," said Miss Hobbs to Anna. It sounded remarkably like a quotation from somebody's Rhythmic Work manual, thought Anna, but she nodded dutifully and prepared to watch.

There was no doubt about it, Miss Hobbs knew her stuff. She had left the piano and now capered from one end of the hall to the other among her stumbling and perspiring compan¬ions. She pointed her toes, she bent gracefully to left and right, winning smile set upon, her face. As she skipped she chanted rhythmically; "Skip about, skip about! Smell the flowers! Feel the sun! Hear the birds! A lovely day! Skip for joy! Skip for joy!"

The children made a last valiant attempt to emulate their teacher's steps, except for Bobby Byng, a slow adenoidal child who had a mulishness which was at its worst in Rhythmic Work.

Out of the corner of her eyes, Miss Hobbs, still capering in the sprightliest manner caught sight of the boy. He was standing absolutely still! It was too much. Dropping her bouncing partner, she flew to Bobby Byng's side and admin¬istered a resounding slap on the boy's leg.

"Now will you skip for joy?" she boomed wrathfully. Anna averted her gaze hastily from Miss Hobbs's scarlet face and looked at her notebook.

"End the lesson," it said blandly, "on a note of carefree happiness."

Текст 5.

Arthur Hailey. HOTEL

For Keycase Milne, frustration had piled upon frustration.

Since early evening he had maintained a watch upon the Presidential Suite. Near dinnertime - when he confidently expected the Duke and Duchess of Croydon to leave the hotel, as almost all visitors did - he had taken post on the ninth floor near the service stairs. From there he had a clear view of the entrance to the suite, with the advantage that he could avoid being observed himself by ducking quickly out of sight through the stairway door. He also calculated, correctly, that at this time of day there would be little staff activity on the upper floors. In case of anything unforeseen, it was a simple matter to retreat to the eighth floor and, if necessary, his own room.

That part of his plan had worked. What had gone wrong was that through the entire evening the Duke and Duchess of Croydon had failed to leave their suite ... However, no room-service dinner had been delivered, a fact which made Keycase linger hopefully.

Later, his disappointment was increased by the arrival of visitors. They appeared to come in ones and twos and, after the first few, the doors to the Presidential Suite were left open. Soon after, room-service waiters appeared with trays of hors d'oeuvres, and a growing hum of conversation was audible in the corridor.

His mood of optimism earlier in the day had changed to depression.

He was uncertain whether he could risk remaining in the hotel another twenty-four hours. He had already considered the idea of entering the suite during the night or early tomorrow morning, then dismissed it. The hazard was too great. He was faced, then, with the alternative of waiting another day or abandoning the attempt to reach the Duchess's jewels.

Then, as he was on the point of leaving, the Duke and Duchess of Croydon emerged.

Swiftly, Keyease melted into the service stairway. His heart began to pulse faster. At last, when he had abandoned hope, the opportunity he coveted had come.

Whatever the risk of an encounter, it had to be taken. Keycase knew that if he failed to act now, his nerves would not survive another day of waiting.

He heard elevator doors open, then close. Cautiously, he returned to the corridor. It was silent and empty. Walking quietly, he approached the Presidential Suite.

His specially made key turned easily. He opened one of the double doors slightly, then gently released the spring pressure and removed the key. The lock made no noise. Nor did the door as he opened it slowly.

A hallway was immediately ahead, beyond it a larger room. To the right and left were two more doors, both closed. Through the one on the right he could hear what sounded like a radio. There was no one in sight. The lights in the suite were turned on.

Keyease went in. He slipped on gloves, then closed and latched the outside door behind him.

He moved warily, yet wasting no time. Keyease began, systematically, to search. A jewel box, such as he sought, was in neither the tallboy nor in the first dressing table. There were a number of items – gold evening purses, cigarette cases and expensive-looking compacts – which, with more time and in other circumstances, he would have garnered gladly. But now he was racing, seeking a major prize and discarding all else.

At the second dressing table he opened the first drawer. It contained nothing worth while. The second drawer yielded no better result. In the third, on top, was an array of negligees. Several minutes passed. Conscious of fleeting time, he began to perspire.

At the same instant a key turned in the lock of the outer door. A maid was entering. She had towels on her arm and was headed for the Duchess's bedroom. The maid was elderly, and waddled. Her slowness offered a single slim chance.

Swinging around, Keycase lunged for a bedside lamp. He found its cord and yanked. The light went out. Now he needed something in his hand to indicate activity. Something! Anything!

Against the wall was a small attaché case. He seized it and stalked toward the door.

As Keycase flung the door wide, the maid recoiled. "Oh!" A hand went over her heart.

Keycase frowned. "Where have you been? You should have come here earlier."

The shock, followed by the accusation, made her flustered. He had intended that it should.

"I'm sorry, sir. I saw there were people in, and ..."

He cut her short. "It doesn't matter now. Do what you have to, and there's a lamp needs fixing." He gestured into the bedroom. "The Duchess wants it working tonight." He kept his voice low.

"Oh, I'll see that it is, sir."

"Very well." Keycase nodded coolly, and went out.

In the corridor he tried not to think. He succeeded until he was in his own room, 830. Then, in bafflement and despair, he flung himself across the bed and buried his face in a pillow.

It was more than an hour before he bothered forcing the luck of the attaché case he had brought away.

Inside was pile upon pile of United States currency. All used bills, of small denominations.

With trembling hands he counted fifteen thousand dollars.

Оценочный лист к типовому заданию (модельный ответ):

	Грамотно анализирует / представляет рассмотренный аспект анализа текста; использует терминологию филологического анализа, делает логичные и аргументированные выводы, подтверждая их примерами из текста; обнаруживает правильное использование лексических, грамматических и стилистических норм изучаемого языка	Анализ текста по конкретному аспекту содержательно корректен, но допускаются неточности в аргументировании и в примерах из текстов, допускаются единичные ошибки в лексике или грамматике, незначительно влияющих на смысловое содержание, неточное использование терминов	Обучающийся обнаруживает непонимание / недостаточное для проведения анализа понимание текста, предложенного для анализа, допускает грубые ошибки, ведущие к искажению смысла, не владеет навыками филологического анализа текста и терминологиейанализа текста
Аспект 1	2	1	0
Аспект 2	2	1	0
Аспект 3	2	1	0

Методические материалы, определяющие процедуру и критерии оценивания сформированности компетенций при проведении промежуточной аттестации

Процедура оценивания проводится преподавателем путем суммирования баллов за устную (max 9) и письменную (max 6) часть задания. Максимальное количество баллов: 15

Показатели оценивания компетенций

1-4 балла	5-8 баллов	9-12 баллов	13-15 баллов

Оценка «неудовлетворительно» или отсутствие сформированности компетенции, не зачтено	Оценка «удовлетворительно» (пороговый (минимальный), зачтено	Оценка «хорошо» достаточный (базовый), зачтено	Оценка «отлично» повышенный (продвинутый, высокий), зачтено
Неспособность обучаемого самостоятельно продемонстрировать наличие знаний при решении заданий, допускает существенные ошибки, неуверенно, с большими затруднениями выполняет практические задания.	Обучающийся демонстрирует базовые знания, типовые задачи, стандартные условия, возможны ошибки	Обучающийся демонстрирует способность применять знания к решению задач, адаптирует различные варианты к ситуации, частично моделирует	Обучаемый демонстрирует способность творческой деятельности, решению нетипичных задач, к применению знаний и умений в нестандартных ситуациях, часто моделирует и подходит творчески к решению задач