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МИНИСТЕРСТВО ПРОСВЕЩЕНИЯ РОССИЙСКОЙ ФЕДЕРАЦИИ
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«Самарский государственный социально-педагогический университет»
Кафедра иностранных языков

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

Михайлова Марина Юрьевна

ФОНД ОЦЕНОЧНЫХ СРЕДСТВ
для проведения промежуточной аттестации по дисциплине
«Работа с художественным текстом на уроках иностранного языка»

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

Квалификация выпускника
Бакалавр

Рассмотрено
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_____ Н.А. Доманина

Самара 2024

Пояснительная записка

Фонд оценочных средств (далее – ФОС) для промежуточной аттестации по дисциплине «Работа с художественным текстом на уроках иностранного языка» 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): «Экономика» и «Иностранный язык» (английский), 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 компетенций ОПК-8.

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

ОПК-8. Способен осуществлять педагогическую деятельность на основе специальных научных знаний

Индикатор:

ОПК-8.1. Знает: историю, теорию, закономерности и принципы построения и функционирования образовательного процесса, роль и место образования в жизни человека и общества, современное состояние научной области, соответствующей преподаваемому предмету; прикладное значение науки; специфические методы научного познания в объеме, обеспечивающем преподавание учебных предметов

Результат обучения:

Знает: содержание основных теоретико-литературных понятий, необходимых для анализа текста во время учебных занятий и учебно-исследовательской деятельности школьников; типологические черты художественного текста.

Умеет: характеризовать особенности сюжета, композиции, роль изобразительно-выразительных средств в процессе работы с художественным текстом на уроках иностранного языка; определять композиционно-смысловую значимость разных частей текста (заголовка, начала и конца, эпиграфа и т.д.) для формирования и восприятия читателем общей текстовой информации; выявлять воспитательный и образовательный потенциал текста для обучающихся основной школы; проводить анализ фактического языкового материала художественного текста, обобщать языковые факты и делать выводы из наблюдений; определять жанрово-стилистическую принадлежность художественного текста.

Владеет опытом филологического анализа художественных текстов.

Требование к процедуре оценки:

Помещение: без особых требований

Оборудование: без особых требований

Инструменты: без особых требований

Расходные материалы: бумага для выполнения письменных заданий и для черновых записей.

Доступ к дополнительным справочным материалам: двуязычный словарь.

Нормы времени: время на подготовку теоретических вопросов и анализа текста 40 минут. Время ответа 10-15 минут.

Комплект оценочных средств для проведения промежуточной аттестации

Проверяемая (ые) компетенция (и):

ОПК-8. Способен осуществлять педагогическую деятельность на основе специальных научных знаний

Проверяемый индикатор достижения компетенции:

ОПК-8.1. Знает: историю, теорию, закономерности и принципы построения и функционирования образовательного процесса, роль и место образования в жизни человека и общества, современное состояние научной области, соответствующей преподаваемому предмету; прикладное значение науки; специфические методы научного познания в объеме, обеспечивающем преподавание учебных предметов

Проверяемый (ые) результат (ы) обучения:

Знает: содержание основных теоретико-литературных понятий, необходимых для анализа текста во время учебных занятий и учебно-исследовательской деятельности школьников; типологические черты художественного текста.

Умеет: характеризовать особенности сюжета, композиции, роль изобразительно-выразительных средств в процессе работы с художественным текстом на уроках иностранного языка; определять композиционно-смысловую значимость разных частей текста (заголовка, начала и конца, эпиграфа и т.д.) для формирования и восприятия читателем общей текстовой информации; выявлять воспитательный и образовательный потенциал текста для обучающихся основной школы; проводить анализ фактического языкового материала художественного текста, обобщать языковые факты и делать выводы из наблюдений; определять жанрово-стилистическую принадлежность художественного текста.

Владеет опытом филологического анализа художественных текстов.

Тип задания – практическое задание с развернутым ответом.

Типовое задание №1.

Прочитайте текст, составьте филологический и стилистический анализ предложенного текста согласно плану анализа. Выявите и устно прокомментируйте воспитательный и образовательный потенциал текста для обучающихся. Какие способы работы с сюжетом, композицией и изобразительными средствами Вы использовали бы в процессе работы над данным текстом на уроке иностранного языка?

Время на подготовку 40 минут. Время ответа 10-15 минут.

Примерная схема анализа текста

Part 1. The author and his book. The problem he deals with.

1. The author ranks among..: he belongs to the school of realism (romantic or modernistic school), he is appreciated mainly for short stories: the author is known for the depth and subtlety of his psychological portraits; is known for peculiar sense of humour; his satire is directed is directed against…; he responds to the most urgent social issues of the day; with irony and compassion; keen understanding he reveals the models and manners of the changing world with all its excitements and frustrations; he is a shrewd observer; he deeply penetrates into the problems of…
2. The author's main works.
3. The place of book among other works of his. The book (story) under discussion is a part of trilogy; is taken from the collection of short stories; is his well – known novel, etc.
4. The book deals with (the problem of war and peace; personal relations in society in society; fate of an artist; fate of a little man; generation gap; the problem of a child growing up into an adult; degradation of a man; frustration of a creative man in a pragmatic world; hopelessness of life brought about by age; loss of love; financial and moral and disasters; the work is written in the realistic tradition attempting to see lie as it is; with emphasis on the difficulties, absurdities and ironies of life, on imagination and sentiment in the naturalistic, symbolic, allegorical etc tradition.
5. The title of the book. (It may be suggestive or misleading).

Part 2. The setting, the structure and the plot.

The particular time and physical location of the story form the setting. It can have various functions in the story: 1) it can provide a realistic background, 2) it can evoke the necessary atmosphere, 3) it can help describe the characters indirectly.

Any work of fiction consists of relatively independent elements – narration, description, dialog, interior monologue, digressions, etc. Narration is dynamic, it gives a continuous account of events. Description is static, it is a verbal portraiture of an object, person or thing. Though the dialogue the characters are better portrayed. Interior monologue renders the thoughts and feelings of a character. Digression consists of an insertion of material that has no immediate relation to the theme or action. It may be lyrical, philosophical or critical. The interrelation between different components of a literary text is called composition.

The plot is an arrangement of meaningful events. Sometimes a plot follows the chronological order of events. At other times there are jumps back and forth in time (flashbacks and foreshadowing).

The four structural components of the plot are exposition, the body of the text and complication, climax and denouement.

Exposition contains a short presentation of time, place characters of the story. The body of the text is its main part. Complication is a separate incident helping to unfold the action and might involve thoughts and feelings as well.

Climax is the decisive moment on which the fate of the characters and the final action depend. It is the point at which the forces in the conflict reach the highest intensity. Denouement means," the untying of a knot" which is precisely what happens in this phase.

The way the story is presented is a key element in functional structure. It is important to distinguish between the author, the person who wrote the story and the story and the narrator the person or voice telling the story. The author may select a first – person narrative when one of the characters ells of things that he or she only saw or felt or a third – person narrative when it is written on behalf of an observer, a secondary character etc.

The extract may present (description of the character's relation to…, psychological portrait; description of the main character in crisis; the character's meditations on…)

The description of nature (it may serve as a background of character's thoughts, may show a glaring contrast between the feelings of the character and the harmony of nature). The story may touch upon very significant problems, it may b devoted to one of the basic problems of man's life, the background of the story is…, it brings out the problem of…

The tone may be vivid, credible, convincing, objective, sincere, emotional, touching, analytic, generalizing, critical, subjective, prejudiced…

The general tone of story may be matter – on – fact, humorous, ironic, sarcastic, romantic, dramatic, tragic, sad, bitter, pessimistic, nostalgic.

Part 3. The characters.

Characters are called round if they are complex and develop or change in the course of the story. Flat characters are usually one – sided, constructed round a single trait.

The conflict may be external (between human beings or between man and environment). The internal conflict takes place in the mind. The two parties in the conflict are called the protagonist and his or her antagonist. The description of the different aspects of a character is known as characterization. When the author shows the character in action and lets the reader judge for himself, the author uses the indirect method of characterization.

A character may be (affable, amiable, good – natured, good – humored, kind, sociable, friendly, modest, discreet, generous, considerate, attentive, thoughtful, earnest, sincere, enthusiastic, quiet, calm, composed, self – possessed, honest, merciful, impartial, just, patient, sympathetic, respectable, cordial, broad – minded, witty, intelligent, capable, philanthropic, scrupulous, easy – going, affectionate, devoted, loyal, courageous, persevering, industrious, hard – working, sweet, gentle, proud, strong – willed, intelligent, smart, neat, bright, resourceful, full of ideas, brave, having perfect control of…) or (ill – natured, unkind, reserved, unsociable, hostile, haughty, arrogant, dashing, showv, indiscreet, unscrupulous, greedy, inconsistent, tactless, insincere, hypocritical, false, vulgar, double – faced, indifferent, dispassionate, fussy, dishonest, cruel, partial, intolerant, conceited, self – willed, perverse, insensible, inconsiderate, deceitful, harsh, sulky, sullen, obstinate , coarse, rude, vain, impertinent, impudent, revengeful, ignorant, obstinate, snobbish, shallow).

A character's mood may be (sentimental, content, happy, miserable, elated, angry, hardly keeping his temper on the point of bursting into tears, romantic).

The author may describe the character in detail, but don't pass his judgment on him and to reveal his standpoint we have to consider various elements of the text structure which are expressive in this aspect. The character's background, the desires, motivating his behavior may be given alongside with hi actions. Psychological condition of the character may be evident in his speech and characteristics.

Part 4.The time and personal impressions of the story.

The theme of a story is like unifying general idea about life that the entire story reveals. The author rarely gives a direst statement of the theme in a story. It is up to the reader to collect and combine all his observations and finally to try to formulate the idea illustrated by the story. The most important generalization is sometimes referred to as the message. The message depends on the writer's outlook and the reader may either share it or not.

There are no hard and fast rules about text interpretation but one is usually expected to sum up the contents and express his overall view of the story.

The reader may enjoy the story, be favorably impressed by, side with the author completely on assumption that, share his views, not see eye to eye with the author, resent smith, asses highly, not think much, object to the idea.

Questions:

Where is the scene laid? When do the events described in the book take place? Who are the characters of the book? What is their appearance? Does their speech characteristics help understand them better? What are bare of facts of the story? Is the narrative factual /dry/ emotional? Are the events credible or melodramatic?

Are the characters credible? Which what main problem is the protagonist faced? Is it a conflict with another individual / with society/ within himself? How do the characters reveal themselves or change as the plot develops? Does the narrator sympathize with the characters / remains aloof and detached? Are the characters masters of their or victims circumstance? What was the conflict and how was it solved, if at all? Does the author raise questions? Does he try to solve them or does he leave it to the readers to do it? What is the general tone of the story? What attitude to life does the story express?

What conclusion about life and people does the story lead to? How much does the story help readers understand human nature and psychology of people, the nature of conflicts they face?

Text 1

MRS. PACKLETIDE'STIGER

By Saki (H. H. Munro)

It was Mrs. Packletide's pleasure and intention that she should shoot a tiger. Not that the lust tokill suddenly descended on her, or that she felt that she would leave India safer and more wholesome than she had found it, with one wild beast less per million inhabitants. The compelling motive was the fact that LoonaBimberton had recently been carried eleven miles in an aeroplane by an aviator, and talked of nothing else; only a personally procuredtiger-skin and a heavy harvest of press photographs could successfully counter that sort of thing. Mrs.Packletide had already arranged in her mind the lunch she would give at her house in Curzon street,ostensibly in LoonaBimberton'shonour, with a tiger7skin rug occupying most of the foreground and all of the conversation. She had also already designed in her mind the tiger7claw brooch that she was going to give LoonaBimberton on her next birthday. Mrs. Packletide's movements and motives were largely governed by her dislike of LoonaBimberton. Mrs. Packletide offered a thousand rupees for the opportunity of shooting a tiger without overmuch risk or exertion, and it so happened that a neighbouring village could boast of being the favoured rendezvous of an animal which had been driven by old age to abandon game7killing and confine its appetite to the smaller domestic animals. The prospect of earning the thousand rupees aroused the sporting and commercial instinct of the villagers; children were posted night and day on the outskirtsof the local jungle to drive the tiger back if he attempted to leave the district, and the cheaper kinds of goats were left about with elaborate carelessness to keep him satisfied with his present hunting7ground. The one great anxiety was lest he should die of old age before the date appointed for the lady's shooting party. Mothers carrying their babies through the jungle after the day's work in the fields hushed their singing lest they might disturb the restful sleep of the aged herd7robber. The great night duly arrived, moonlit and cloudless. A platform had been constructed in a comfortable and conveniently placed tree, and thereon crouched Mrs. Packletide and her paid companion, Miss Mebbin. A goat, gifted with a particularly persistent bleat such as even a partially deaf tiger might be reasonably expected to hear on a still night, was tied to a stake at the correct distance. With an accurately sighted rifle and a thumb7nail pack of patience cards, the sportswomen awaited the appearance of the tiger.

"I suppose we are in some danger?" said Miss Mebbin. She was not actually nervous about the wild beast, but she had a morbid dread of performing an atom more service than she had been paid for. "Nonsense," said Mrs. Packletide; "it's a very old tiger. It couldn't spring up here even if it wantedto."

"If it's an old tiger I think you ought to get it cheaper. A thousand rupees is a lot of money. If I were you I would have asked ..." She was, however, cut short by the appearance on the scene of the animal itself. As soon as it caught sight of the goat it lay flat on the earth, as if i

t wanted to snatch a short rest before commencing the grand attack.

"I believe it's ill," said Louisa Mebbin, loudly inHindustani, for the benefit of the village head-man, who was in ambush in a neighbouring tree. "Hush!" said Mrs. Packletide, and at that moment the tiger commenced ambling towards his victim. "Now, now!" urged Miss Mebbin with some excitement;" if he doesn't touch the goat we needn't pay for it." (The bait was an extra.) The rifle flashed out with a loud report, and the great tawny beast sprang to one side and then rolled over in the stillness of death. In a moment a crowd of excited natives came running to the scene, and their shouting speedily carried the glad news to the village, where a thumping of –tom-toms took up the chorus of triumph. And their triumph and rejoicing found a ready echo in the heart of Mrs. Packletide; already that luncheon-party in Curzon street seemed immeasurably nearer. It was Louisa Mebbin who drew attention to the fact that the goat seemed to have died of a mortal Bullet-wound, while no trace of the rifle's deadly work could be found en the tiger. Evidently the wrong animal had been hit, and the tiger had died of heart failure, caused by the sudden report of the rifle.

Mrs. Packletide was pardonably annoyed at the discovery; but at any rate, she was the possessor of a dead tiger, and the villagers, anxious for their thousand rupees, gladly connived at the fiction that she had shot the beast. And Miss Mebbin was a paid companion. Therefore did Mrs. Packletide face the cameras with a light heart, and her pictured fame spread far and wide. As for LoonaBimberton, she refused to look at an illustrated paper for weeks, and her letter of thanks for the gift of a tiger claw brooch was a model of repressed emotions. The luncheon-party she declined; there are limits beyond which repressed emotions become dangerous. From Curzon street the tiger-skin rug travelled down to the Manor House, and was duly inspected and admired by the

county, and it seemed a fitting and appropriate thing when Mrs. Packletide went to the County Costume Ball in the character of Diana. She refused to fall in, however, with a tempting suggestion of a primeval dance party, at which every one should wear the skins of beasts they had recently shot. "How amused everyone would be if they knew what really happened," said Louisa Mebbin a few days after the ball.

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Packletide quickly. "How you shot the goat and frightened the tiger to death," said Miss Mebbin, with her disagreeably pleasant laugh.

"No one would believe it," said Mrs. Packletide, the colour leaving her face.

"Loona Bimberton would," said Miss Mebbin. "You surely wouldn't give me away?" she asked. "I've seen a weekend cottage near Dorking that I should rather like to buy," said Miss Mebbin with seeming irrelevance. "Six hundred and eighty, freehold. Quite a bargain, only I don't happen to have the money."

Louisa Mebbin's pretty weekend cottage, gay in summer-time with its garden borders of tiger-lilies is the wonder and admiration of her friends. "It is a marvel how Louisa manages to do it," is the general opinion.

Mrs. Packletide has given up big-game shooting. cowards, all the old men vieuxmarcheurs, and all the women prostitutes and nymphomaniacs, on the press as a musical version of Arms and the Man, though it has not one line or character to which I could have put my hand.

The difference between comedy and pornography, between tragedy and butcherly blank verse bugaboo, does not exist for popular criticism. And the funny consequence is that when, bored by the artificial "constructions" which supplanted genuine classic drama on the Parisian stage in the nineteenth century, I turned from the cat's cradlesin which some pitiful "situation" was nursed into the semblance of a whole play by the industrious apprentices of Scribe, and went back to Shakespeare, and finally even to the Athenian theatre with its unities of time and place, the journalists, never havingseen anything of the kind before, nor read a line of Shakespear or Sophocles, classed me, first, as a Fabian who (of course) did not know a play from a pamphlet, and was totally ignorant of stagecraft, and then, when that did not work, as an innovator, an ultra-modernist, a scorner of all rules and conventions, and a revolutionary practitioner of methods hitherto. unheard of in the theatre. Not until the younger generation, Shavians to a man, demon strated their Shavianity by scoffing at me as a Back Number (that being the up-to-date way to epater le bourgeois'm the theatre) and even calling me Roebuck Ramsden, did my own contemporaries come to the conclusion, after taking a full quarter century to consider it, that Arms and the Man is a classic, though they desire it to be distinctly understood that all my later works are Futurist extravaganzas.

At last comes Mr. Du Cann and declares that "idolaters of Shakespeare and idolaters of Shaw (including the god himself) will be equally amazed to hear that there is a good deal of Shakespeare inBernard Shaw's plays." Of course there is; and of course the Bardolaters will rend their garments and exclaim that Mr. Du Cann must be beside himself. But why should / be amazed? I have entered into a great inheritance from the Athenians, from Shakespeare and Moliere, from Goethe, Mozart, and Wagner, and from the great novelists who came to the rescue when the stage had fallen into contempt, not to mention later legacies from Ibsen and the Russians; and I have spent this magnificent fortune prodigally in the face of the world.

Where and when have I professed to be the most ridiculous of frauds, a Selfmade Man, that Mr. Du Cann should imagine that his communication must amaze me? I can only pay him the ironical Irish compliment, "You would guess eggs if you saw the shells."

Text 2

GETTING KNOWN

(by D. H. BARBER)

The latest book of my poems has not been selling very well —in fact 122 of my personal friends and relations tell me they've bought it, but the publishers say only 84 copies have been sold. So the general public seem to have received it rather coldly.

"The trouble is," said Edith, "that nobody has ever heard of you; and those who have heard of you don't want to' again. What you need is a little advertisement.[2] Let people know that you exist and that you write poetry, and they will rush along to the libraries and ask for your latest book."

"But I can't just put an advertisement in the newspaper saying I'm a poet."

Edith thought for a moment and then she said she had a bright idea.

"Why not put an advertisement in *The Times*[9]*,"* she said, "saying that you recommend as butler in a small family a man who has been in your employment[6] for twenty years?"

"But I haven't had anybody in my employment for twenty years," I said. "And I've never kept a butler of any sort, as you know very well. And how can I sell more copies of my poems by pretending that I wanted to find work for a nonexistent butler who hasn't been in my employment for twenty years?"

"You're not very bright this morning." said Edith. "Don't you know that the most successful[6] sort of advertisement is the sort that doesn't look like an advertisement? You ought to do something like this."

She got a piece of paper and a pen and wrote the following:

"Mr. L. Conkleshill, the poet (author of *Raspberry Bushes and Other Poems),* strongly recommends as butler in a small family his present head man, who has been with him for twenty years."

"The idea is not bad," I said, "but I refuse to do anything so dishonest.[7] And if the plan didn't work, it would mean money thrown away. I won't do it myself, and moreover I absolutely forbid you to do it..."

As a matter of fact(in __ fact, *but* the same, the fact is (was) that) I secretly rather liked the idea; and I thought that when I absolutely forbade Edith to do it, she would pay the money herself and send in the advertisement. I could then speak to her severely about disobeying my orders, save my money and sell my books.

For some days, however, she did nothing, although I was careful to keep reminding her that I absolutely forbade her to send in the advertisement.

"I expect to be obeyed in such matters," I said several times a day. Nearly always this sort of treatment produces the desired effect, but you can never depend on a woman. Although I looked in *The Times* every morning, the advertisement didn't appear. Edith went away to stay with a sick aunt, and I forgot all about the matter.

Then came the event of The Man With The Dog.

He was a big man, and the dog was a big dog, and they both stood outside the front door and made noises at me.

"I'll take the money now, "said the man in a bad-tempered(loud, low, angry, thin)voice.

"What money is this?" I said politely. "Something due for milk supplied?"

"Nonsense," said the man. "Two pounds I want for the dog."

"I don't want a dog," I said uncertainly.[8] Ours was a lonely sort of road, and the man was a big sort of man, and it would perhaps be wiser to buy the dog.

"Don't want the dog!" said the man in an unpleasant voice. "You calmly let me come here all the way from Hamp-stead[9] with this cursed dog, and then tell me that you don't want him ..."

At last I bought the dog for thirty shillings. I was weak, perhaps, but Edith had been saying for a long time that we ought to have a dog. In any case, I was in the middle of writing a poem, and if the man had knocked me down I shouldn't have been able to catch the five o'clock post.

I gave the dog some meat and locked him in the kitchen, and went back to my poem. Then the bell rang again, and I found two men on the step, both with large dogs.

This time I didn't argue. I just shut the door and went and looked at myself in the glass. I was worried. Were the dogs real, or were they the result of that last glass of whisky? I went up to my bedroom[10] and looked down the long road that leads to the station. I could see six men with six dogs.

Then the solution of the problem came to me, and I looked at the Lost and Found advertisements" in *The Times.*

"Mr L. Conkleshill offers *£2* reward for the return of his faithful dog Ogo, who first awakened the ideas in *Faithful Eyes* in his new book of poems."

Edith said afterwards that I hadn't told her she mustn't put in an advertisement about a dog.

Text 3

A CUSTOM HOUSE INCIDENT

(by Nigel Balchin)

Among the passengers travelling home by train from Florence there was a certain Miss Bradley. I only noticed her when passing down the corridor, because of her really remarkable plainness. She was rather a large, awkward woman of about thirty-five with a big, red nose, and large spectacles.

Later on, when I went to the dining-car, Miss Bradley was already seated, and the attendant placed me opposite her. I think we may have exchanged half a dozen words at dinner, when passing one another the sugar or the bread. But they were certainly all we exchanged, and after we left the dining-car, I did not see Miss Bradley again until we reached Calais Maritime.

And then our acquaintance really began, and it began entirely on my initiative. There were plenty of porters, and I called one without difficulty from the window of the train. But as I got off, I saw Miss Bradley standing on the platform with two large very old suit-cases. The porters were passing her by.

I am quite sure that had she been an even slightly attractive woman, I should not have gone up to her, but she was so ugly, and looked so helpless that I approached her, and said: "My porter has a barrow. Would you like him to put your cases on it too?" Miss Bradley turned and looked at me.

"Oh, thank you. It is very kind of you." My porter, without great enthusiasm, added her luggage to mine; and in a few minutes we found ourselves on board the Channel ferry. Before the boat had been under way for ten minutes, I realized that Miss Bradley was a remarkable bore. Shyly and hesitantly she kept on talking about nothing, and made no remark worth taking notice of. I learned that she had been in Italy a fortnight, visiting her sister who was married to an Italian. She had never been out of England before. I did not look forward to travelling to London with her for another four hours, so excusing myself I went along to the booking-office on board the boat and booked myself a seat on the Golden Arrow.

Miss Bradley was travelling by the ordinary boat train, so this would mean that we should part at Dover. At Dover I hired one of the crew to carry our luggage. Normally, passengers for the Golden Arrow are dealt with by the customs first, as the train leaves twenty minutes before the ordinary boat train. When the boy asked if we were going on the Golden Arrow, I hesitated and then said "Yes".

It was too difficult to explain that one of us was and one of us wasn't, and then it would get Miss Bradley through the customs quickly. As we went towards the Customs Hall, I explained carefully to her that my train left before hers, but that I would see her through the customs; the boy would then take the luggage to our trains, and she could sit comfortably in hers till it left. Miss Bradley said, "Oh, thank you very much."

The boy, of course, had put our suit-cases together on the counter, and Miss Bradley and I went and stood before them. In due course the customs examiner reached us, looked at the four suitcases in that human X-ray manner which customs examiners must practise night and morning, and said, "This is all yours?"

I was not quite sure whether he was speaking to me, or me and Miss Bradley. So I replied, "Well, mine and this lady's".

The examiner said, "But you're together?" "For the moment," I said rather foolishly, smiling at Miss Bradley.

"Yes," said the customs man patiently. "But are you travelling together? Is this your joint luggage?" "Well, no. Not exactly. We're just sharing a porter "I pointed my cases out. I had nothing to declare, and declared it. Without asking me to open them, the examiner chalked the cases and then, instead of moving to my left and dealing with Miss Bradley, moved to the right, and began X-raying somebody else's luggage. The boy took my cases off the counter. I hesitated for a moment, but then decided it was no use waiting for Miss Bradley since we were about to part, so I said: "Well, I'll say good-bye now, and go and find my train. I expect the examiner'll come back and do you next. The porter will stay and bring our luggage up to the trains when you're through. Good-bye." Miss Bradley said, "Oh... good-bye and thank you so much." We shook hands and I left. I found my seat in the Golden Arrow and began to read. It must have been about twenty minutes later that I suddenly realized the train was due to leave in five minutes and that the porter had not yet brought my luggage. I was just going to look for him when he appeared, breathing heavily, with my suit-cases. I asked him rather what he had been doing.

"The lady is still there," said the boy, "and will be for some time, I think. They are going through her things properly." "But why?" "Well, they'd found forty watches when I came away, and that was only the start, so I thought maybe you wouldn't want me

to wait." I have often wondered whether, when Miss Bradley stood so helplessly on the platform at Calais, she had already chosen me as the person to come to her rescue, or whether she was just sure that somebody would. Looking back, I think, she must have chosen me. I am fairly sure of that though exactly how, I have never been clear. I am quite sure she never made the slightest effort to make my acquaintance.

Text 4

LOUISE

(by S. Maugham)

I could never understand why Louise bothered with me. She disliked me and I knew that behind my back she seldom lost the opportunity of saying a disagreeable thing about me. She had too much delicacy ever to make a direct statement, but with a hint and a sigh and a little gesture of her beautiful hands she was able to make her meaning plain. It was true that we had known one another almost intimately for five and twenty years, but it was impossible for me to believe that this fact meant much to her. She thought me a brutal, cynical and vulgar fellow. I was puzzled at her not leaving me alone. She did nothing of the kind; indeed, she was constantly asking me to lunch and dine with her and once or twice a year invited me to spend a week-end at her house in the country. Perhaps she knew that I alone saw her face behind the mask and she hoped that sooner or later I too should take the mask for the face.

I knew Louise before she married. She was then a frail, delicate girl with large and melancholy eyes. Her father and mother adored and worshipped her, for some illness, scarlet fever I think, had left her with a weak heart and she had to take the greatest care of herself. When Tom Maitland proposed to her they were dismayed, for they were convinced that she was much too delicate for marriage. But they were not too well off and Tom Maitland was rich. He promised to do everything in the world for Louise and finally they entrusted her to him. Tom Maitland was a big strong fellow, very good-looking and a fine athlete. He adored Louise. With her weak heart he could not hope to keep her with him long and he made up his mind to do everything he could to make her few years on earth happy. He gave up the games he played excellently, not because she wished him to, but because it so happened that she always had a heart attack whenever he was going to leave her for a day. If they had a difference of opinion she gave in to him at once for she was the most gentle wife a man could have, but her heart failed her and she would stay in bed, sweet and uncomplaining, for a week. He could not be such a brute as to cross her/

On one occasion seeing her walk eight miles on an expedition that she especially wanted to make, I remarked to Tom Maitland that she was stronger than one would have thought. He shook his head and sighed.

"No, no, she's dreadfully delicate. She's been to all the best heart specialists in the world and they all say that her life hangs on a thread. But she has a wonderfully strong spirit." He told her that I had remarked on her endurance. "I shall pay for it tomorrow," she said to me in her melancholy way. "I shall be at death's door." "I sometimes think that you're quite strong enough to do the things you want to," I murmured. I had noticed that if a party was amusing she could dance till five in the morning, but if it was dull she felt very poorly and Tom had to take her home early. I am afraid she did not like my reply, for though she gave me a sad little smile I saw no amusement in her large blue eyes. "You can't expect me to fall down dead just to please you," she answered. Louise outlived her husband. He caught his death of cold one day when they were sailing and Louise needed all the rugs there were to keep her warm. He lefther a comfortable fortune and a daughter. Louise was inconsolable. It was wonderful that she managed to survive the shock. Her friends expected her speedily to follow poor Tom Maitland to the grave. Indeed they already felt dreadfully sorry for Iris, her daughter, who would be left an orphan. They redoubled their attentions towards Louise. They would not let her stir a finger; they insisted on doing everything in the world to save her trouble. They had to, because if it was necessary for her to do anything tiresome or unpleasant her heart failed her and she was at death's door. She was quite lost without a man to take care of her, she said, and she did not know how, with her delicate health, she was going to bring up her dear Iris. Her friends asked her why she did not marry again. Oh, with her heart it was out of the question, she answered. A year after Tom's death, however, she allowed George Hobhouse to lead her to the altar. He was a fine fellow and he was not at all badly off. I never saw anyone so grateful as he for the privilege of being allowed to take care of this frail little thing. "I shan't live to trouble you long," she said. He was a soldier and an ambitious one, but he threw up his career. Louise's health forced her to spend the winter at Monte Carlo and the summer at Deauville. He prepared to make his wife's last few years as happy as he could. "It can't be very long now," she said. "I'll try not to be troublesome." For the next two or three years Louise managed, in spite of her weak heart, to go beautifully dressed to all the most lively parties, to gamble very heavily, to dance and even to flirt with tall slim young men. But George Hobhouse had not the strength of Louise's first husband and he had to brace himself now and then with a drink for his day's work as Louise's second husband. It is possible that the habit would have grown on him, which Louise would not have liked at all, but very fortunately (for her) the war broke out. He rejoined his regiment and three months later was killed. It was a great shock to Louise. She felt, however, that in such a crisis she must not give way to a private grief; and if she had a heart attack nobody heard of it. In order to distract her mind she turned her villa at Monte Carlo into a hospital for convalescent officers. Her friends told her that she would never survive the strain. "Of course it will kill me," she said, "I know that. But what does it matter? I must do my bit." It didn't kill her. She had the time of her life. There was no convalescent home in France that was more popular. I met her by chance in Paris. She was lunching at a restaurant with a tall and very handsome young Frenchman. She explained that she was there on business connected with the hospital. She told me that the officers were very charming to her. They knew how delicate she was and they wouldn't let her do a single thing. They took care of her, well - as though they were all her husbands. She sighed. "Poor George, who would ever have thought that I with my heart should survive him?" "And poor Tom!" I said. I don't know why she didn't like my saying that. She gave me her melancholy smile and her beautiful eyes filled with tears. "You always speak as though you grudged me the few years that I can expect to live." "By the way, your heart's much better, isn't it?" "It'll never be better. I saw a specialist this morning and he said I must be prepared for the worst." "Oh, well, you've been prepared for that for nearly twenty years now, haven't you?" When the war came to an end Louise settled in London. She was now a woman of over forty, thin and frail still, with large eyes and pale cheeks, but she did not look a day more than twenty-five. Iris, who had been at school and was now grown up, came to live with her. "She'll take care of me," said Louise. "Of course it'll be hard on her to live with such a great invalid as I am, but it can only be for such a little while, I'm sure she won't mind." Iris was a nice girl. She had been brought up with the knowledge that her mother's health was very weak. As a child she had never been allowed to make a noise. She had always

realized that her mother must on no account be upset. And though Louise told her now that she would not hear of her sacrificing herself for a tiresome old woman the girl simply would not listen. With a sigh her mother let her do a great deal. "It pleases the child to think she's making herself useful," she said. "Don't you think she ought to go out more?" I asked. "That's what I'm always telling her. I can't get her to enjoy herself. Heaven knows, I never want anyone to give up their pleasures on my account." And Iris, when I talked to her about it, said: "Poor dear mother, she wants me to go and stay with friends and go to parties, but the moment I start off anywhere she has one other heart attacks, so I much prefer to stay at home." But presently she fell in love. A young friend of mine, a very good lad, asked her to marry him and she consented. I liked the child and was glad that she would be given at last the chance to lead a life of her own. But one day the young man came to me in great distress and told me that the marriage was postponed for an indefinite time. Iris felt that she could not desert her mother. Of course it was really no business of mine, but I made the opportunity to go and see Louise. She was always glad to receive her friends at teatime. "Well, I hear that Iris isn't going to be married," I said after a while. "I don't know about that. She's not going to be married as soon as I wished. I've begged her on my bended knees not to consider me, but she absolutely refuses to leave me." "Don't you think it's rather hard on her?" "Dreadfully. Of course it can only be for a few months, but I hate the thought of anyone sacrificing themselves for me." "My dear Louise, you've buried two husbands, I can't see why you shouldn't bury at least two more." "Oh, I know, I know what you've always thought of me. You've never believed that I had anything the matter with me, have you?" I looked at her full and square. "Never. I think you've carried out a bluff for twenty-five years. I think you're the most selfish and monstrous woman I have ever known. You ruined the lives of those two unhappy men you married and now you're going to ruin the life of your daughter." I should not have been surprised if Louise had had a heart attack then. I fully expected her to fly into a passion. She only gave me a gentle smile. "My poor friend, one of these days you'll be so dreadfully sorry you said this to me." "Have you quite decided that Iris shall not marry this boy?" "I've begged her to marry him. I know it'll kill me, but I don't mind. Nobody cares for me. I'm just a burden to everybody." "Did you tell her it would kill you?" "She made me." "Nobody can make you do anything that you yourself don't want to do." "She can marry her young man tomorrow if she likes. If it kills me, it kills me." "Well, let's risk it, shall we?" "Haven't you got any pity for me?"

"One can't pity anyone who amuses one as much as you amuse me," I answered. A spot of color appeared on Louise's pale cheeks and though she smiled her eyes were hard and angry. "Iris shall marry in a month's time," she said, "and if anything happens to me I hope you and she will be able to forgive yourselves."

Louise was as good as her word. A date was fixed, a rich trousseau was ordered, and invitations were sent. Iris and the lad were very happy. On the wedding-day, at ten o'clock in the morning, Louise, that devilish woman, had one of her heart attacks — and died. She died gently forgiving Iris for having killed her.

Text 5
THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY
(by James Thurber)

We’re going through!” The Commander’s voice was like thin ice breaking. He wore his full-dress uniform, with the heavily braided white cap pulled down rakishly over one cold gray eye. “We can’t make it, sir. It’s spoiling for a hurricane, if you ask me.” “I’m not asking you, Lieutenant Berg,” said the Commander. “Throw on the power lights! Rev her up to 8,500! We’re going through!” The pounding of the cylinders increased: ta-pocketa-pocketa-pocketa-*pocketa-pocketa*. The Commander stared at the ice forming on the pilot window. He walked over and twisted a row of complicated dials. “Switch on No. 8 auxiliary!” he shouted. “Switch on No. 8 auxiliary!” repeated Lieutenant Berg. “Full strength in No. 3 turret!” shouted the Commander. “Full strength in No. 3 turret!” The crew, bending to their various tasks in the huge, hurtling eight-engined Navy hydroplane, looked at each other and grinned. “The Old Man’ll get us through,” they said to one another. “The Old Man ain’t afraid of Hell!”

“Not so fast! You’re driving too fast!” said Mrs. Mitty. “What are you driving so fast for?”

“Hmm?” said Walter Mitty. He looked at his wife, in the seat beside him, with shocked astonishment. She seemed grossly unfamiliar, like a strange woman who had yelled at him in a crowd. “You were up to fifty-five,” she said. “You know I don’t like to go more than forty. You were up to fifty-five.” Walter Mitty drove on toward Waterbury in silence, the roaring of the SN202 through the worst storm in twenty years of Navy flying fading in the remote, intimate airways of his mind. “You’re tensed up again,” said Mrs. Mitty. “It’s one of your days. I wish you’d let Dr. Renshaw look you over.”

Walter Mitty stopped the car in front of the building where his wife went to have her hair done. “Remember to get those overshoes while I’m having my hair done,” she said. “I don’t need overshoes,” said Mitty. She put her mirror back into her bag. “We’ve been all through that,” she said, getting out of the car. “You’re not a young man any longer.” He raced the engine a little. “Why don’t you wear your gloves? Have you lost your gloves?” Walter Mitty reached in a pocket and brought out the gloves. He put them on, but after she had turned and gone into the building and he had driven on to a red light, he took them off again. “Pick it up, brother!” snapped a cop as the light changed, and Mitty hastily pulled on his gloves and lurched ahead. He drove around the streets aimlessly for a time, and then he drove past the hospital on his way to the parking lot.

. . . “It’s the millionaire banker, Wellington McMillan,” said the pretty nurse. “Yes?” said Walter Mitty, removing his gloves slowly. “Who has the case?” “Dr. Renshaw and Dr. Benbow, but there are two specialists here, Dr. Remington from New York and Dr. Pritchard-Mitford from London. He flew over.” A door opened down a long, cool corridor and Dr. Renshaw came out. He looked distraught and haggard. “Hello, Mitty,” he said. “We’re having the devil’s own time with McMillan, the millionaire banker and close personal friend of Roosevelt. Obstreosis of the ductal tract. Tertiary. Wish you’d take a look at him.” “Glad to,” said Mitty.

In the operating room there were whispered introductions: “Dr. Remington, Dr. Mitty. Dr. Pritchard-Mitford, Dr. Mitty.” “I’ve read your book on streptothricosis,” said Pritchard-Mitford, shaking hands. “A brilliant performance, sir.” “Thank you,” said Walter Mitty. “Didn’t know you were in the States, Mitty,” grumbled Remington. “Coals to Newcastle, bringing Mitford and me up here for a tertiary.” “You are very kind,” said Mitty. A huge, complicated machine, connected to the operating table, with many tubes and wires, began at this moment to go pocketa-pocketa-pocketa. “The new anaesthetizer is giving way!” shouted an interne. “There is no one in the East who knows how to fix it!” “Quiet, man!” said Mitty, in a low, cool voice. He sprang to the machine, which was now going pocketa-pocketa-queep-pocketa-queep. He began fingering delicately a row of glistening dials. “Give me a fountain

pen!" he snapped. Someone handed him a fountain pen. He pulled a faulty piston out of the machine and inserted the pen in its place. "That will hold for ten minutes," he said. "Get on with the operation." A nurse hurried over and whispered to Renshaw, and Mitty saw the man turn pale. "Coreopsis has set in," said Renshaw nervously. "If you would take over, Mitty?" Mitty looked at him and at the craven figure of Benbow, who drank, and at the grave, uncertain faces of the two great specialists. "If you wish," he said. They slipped a white gown on him; he adjusted a mask and drew on thin gloves; nurses handed him shining . . .

"Back it up, Mac! Look out for that Buick!" Walter Mitty jammed on the brakes. "Wrong lane, Mac," said the parking-lot attendant, looking at Mitty closely. "Gee. Yeh," muttered Mitty. He began cautiously to back out of the lane marked "Exit Only." "Leave her sit there," said the attendant. "I'll put her away." Mitty got out of the car. "Hey, better leave the key." "Oh," said Mitty, handing the man the ignition key. The attendant vaulted into the car, backed it up withinsolent skill, and put it where it belonged.

They're so damn cocky, thought Walter Mitty, walking along Main Street; they think they know everything. Once he had tried to take his chains off, outside New Milford, and he had got them wound around the axles. A man had had to come out in a wrecking car and unwind them, a young, grinning garageman. Since then Mrs. Mitty always made him drive to a garage to have the chains taken off. The next time, he thought, I'll wear my right arm in a sling; they won't grin at me then. I'll have my right arm in a sling and they'll see I couldn't possibly take the chains off myself. He kicked at the slush on the sidewalk. "Overshoes," he said to himself, and he began looking for a shoe store.

When he came out into the street again, with the overshoes in a box under his arm, Walter Mitty began to wonder what the other thing was his wife had told him to get. She had told him, twice, before they set out from their house for Waterbury. In a way he hated these weekly trips to town—he was always getting something wrong. Kleenex, he thought, Squibb's, razor blades? No. Toothpaste, toothbrush, bicarbonate, carborundum, initiative and referendum? He gave it up. But she would remember it. "Where's the what's-its-name?" she would ask. "Don't tell me you forgot the what's-its-name." A newsboy went by shouting something about the Waterbury trial.

. . . "Perhaps this will refresh your memory." The District Attorney suddenly thrust a heavy automatic at the quiet figure on the witness stand. "Have you ever seen this before?" Walter Mitty took the gun and examined it expertly. "This is my Webley-Vickers 50.80," he said calmly. An excited buzz ran around the courtroom. The Judge rapped for order. "You are a crack shot with any sort of firearms, I believe?" said the District Attorney, insinuatingly. "Objection!" shouted Mitty's attorney. "We have shown that the defendant could not have fired the shot. We have shown that he wore his right arm in a sling on the night of the fourteenth of July." Walter Mitty raised his hand briefly and the bickering attorneys were stilled. "With any known make of gun," he said evenly, "I could have killed Gregory Fitzhurst at three hundred feet *with my left hand*." Pandemonium broke loose in the courtroom. A woman's scream rose above the bedlam and suddenly a lovely, dark-haired girl was in Walter Mitty's arms. The District Attorney struck at her savagely. Without rising from his chair, Mitty let the man have it on the point of the chin. "You miserable cur!"

"Puppy biscuit," said Walter Mitty. He stopped walking and the buildings of Waterbury rose up out of the misty courtroom and surrounded him again. A woman who was passing laughed. "He said 'Puppy biscuit,' " she said to her companion. "That man said 'Puppy biscuit' to himself." Walter Mitty hurried on. He went into an A. & P., not the first one he came to but a smaller one farther up the street. "I want some biscuit for small, young dogs," he said to the clerk. "Any special brand, sir?" The greatest pistol shot in the world thought a moment. "It says 'Puppies Bark for It' on the box," said Walter Mitty.

His wife would be through at the hairdresser's in fifteen minutes, Mitty saw in looking at his watch, unless they had trouble drying it; sometimes they had trouble drying it. She didn't like to get to the hotel first; she would want him to be there waiting for her as usual. He found a big leather chair in the lobby, facing a window, and he put the overshoes and the puppy biscuit on the floor beside it. He picked up an old copy of *Liberty* and sank down into the chair. "Can Germany Conquer the World Through the Air?" Walter Mitty looked at the pictures of bombing planes and of ruined streets.

. . . "The cannonading has got the wind up in young Raleigh, sir," said the sergeant. Captain Mitty looked up at him through touselled hair. "Get him to bed," he said wearily. "With the others. I'll fly alone." "But you can't, sir," said the sergeant anxiously. "It takes two men to handle that bomber and the Archies are pounding hell out of the air. Von Richtman's circus is between here and Saulier." "Somebody's got to get that ammunition dump," said Mitty. "I'm going over. Spot of brandy?" He poured a drink for the sergeant and one for himself. War thundered and whined around the dugout and battered at the door. There was a rending of wood and splinters flew through the room. "A bit of a near thing," said Captain Mitty carelessly. "The box barrage is closing in," said the sergeant. "We only live once, Sergeant," said Mitty, with his faint, fleeting smile. "Or do we?" He poured another brandy and tossed it off. "I never see a man could hold his brandy like you, sir," said the sergeant. "Begging your pardon, sir." Captain Mitty stood up and strapped on his huge Webley-Vickers automatic. "It's forty kilometres through hell, sir," said the sergeant. Mitty finished one last brandy. "After all," he said softly, "what isn't?" The pounding of the cannon increased; there was the rat-tat-tatting of machine guns, and from somewhere came the menacing pocketa-pocketa-pocketa of the new flame-throwers. Walter Mitty walked to the door of the dugout humming "Auprès de Ma Blonde." He turned and waved to the sergeant. "Cheerio!" he said. . . .

Something struck his shoulder. "I've been looking all over this hotel for you," said Mrs. Mitty. "Why do you have to hide in this old chair? How did you expect me to find you?" "Things close in," said Walter Mitty vaguely. "What?" Mrs. Mitty said. "Did you get the what's-its-name? The puppy biscuit? What's in that box?" "Overshoes," said Mitty. "Couldn't you have put them on in the store?" "I was thinking," said Walter Mitty. "Does it ever occur to you that I am sometimes thinking?" She looked at him. "I'm going to take your temperature when I get you home," she said.

They went out through the revolving doors that made a faintly derisive whistling sound when you pushed them. It was two blocks to the parking lot. At the drugstore on the corner she said, "Wait here for me. I forgot something. I won't be a minute." She was more than a minute. Walter Mitty lighted a cigarette. It began to rain, rain with sleet in it. He stood up against the wall of the drugstore, smoking. . . . He put his shoulders back and his heels together. "To hell with the handkerchief," said Walter Mitty scornfully. He took one last drag on his cigarette and snapped it away. Then, with that faint, fleeting smile playing about his lips, he faced the firing squad; erect and motionless, proud and disdainful, Walter Mitty the Undefeated, inscrutable to the last. ♦

Text 6

THE WAXWORK

(byAlfred McLelland Burrage)

While the uniformed attendants of Marriner's Waxworks were ushering the last stragglers through the great glass-panelled double doors, the manager sat in his office interviewing Raymond Hewson. The manager was a youngish man, stout, blond and of medium height. He wore his clothes well and contrived to look extremely smart without appearing overdressed. Raymond Hewson looked neither. His clothes, which had been good when new and which were still carefully brushed and pressed, were beginning to show signs of their owner's losing battle with the world. He was a small, spare, pale man, with lank, errant brown hair, and though he spoke plausibly and even forcibly he had the defensive and somewhat furtive air of a man who was used to rebuffs. He looked what he was, a man gifted somewhat above the ordinary, who was a failure through his lack of self-assertion. The manager was speaking. "There is nothing new in your request," he said. "In fact we refuse it to different people - mostly young bloods who have tried to make bets — about three times a week. We have nothing to gain and something to lose by letting people spend the night in our Murderers' Den. If I allowed it, and some young idiot lost his senses, what would be my position? But your being a journalist somewhat alters the case." Hewson smiled. "I suppose you mean that journalists have no senses to lose.""No, no," laughed the manager, "but one imagines them to be responsible people. Besides, here we have something to gain: publicity and advertisement." "Exactly," said Hewson, "and there I thought we might come to terms." The manager laughed again. "Oh," he exclaimed, "I know what's coming. You want to be paid twice, do you? It used to be said years ago that Madame Tussaud's would give a man a hundred pounds for sleeping alone in the Chamber of Horrors. I hope you don't think that we have made any such offer. Er - what is your paper, Mr Hewson?" "I am free-lancing at present," Hewson confessed, "working on space for several papers. However, I should get no difficulty in getting the story printed. The Morning Echo would use it like a shot. 'A Night with Marriner's Murderers.' No live paper could turn it down."The manager rubbed his chin."Ah! And how do you propose to treat it?""I shall make it gruesome, of course, gruesome, with just a saving touch of humor."The other nodded and offered Hewson his cigarette case."Very well, Mr Hewson," he said. "Get your story printed in the Morning Echo, and there will be a five-pound note waiting for you here when you care to come and call for it. But first of all, it's no small ordeal that you're proposing to undertake. I'd like to be quite sure about you, and I'd like you to be quite sure of yourself. I own I shouldn't care to take it on. I've seen those figures dressed and undressed. I know all about the process of their manufacture. I can walk about in company downstairs as unmoved as if I were walking among so many skittles, but I should hate having to sleep down there alone among them.""Why?" asked Hewson."I don't know. There isn't any reason. I don't believe in ghosts. If I did, I should expect them to haunt the scene of their crimes or the spot where the bodies were laid, instead of a cellar which happens to contain their waxwork effigies. It's just that I couldn't sit alone among them all night, with their seeming to stare at me in the way they do. After all, they represent the lowest and most appalling types of humanity, and — although I would not own it publicly - the people who come to see them are not generally charged with the very highest motives. The whole atmosphere of the place is unpleasant, and if you are susceptible to atmosphere I warn you that you are in for a very uncomfortable night."

Hewson had known that from the moment when the idea first occurred to him. His soul sickened at the prospect, even while he smiled casually upon the manager. But he had a wife and a family to keep, and for the past month he had been living on paragraphs, eked out by his rapidly dwindling store of savings. Here was a chance not to be missed - the price of a special story in the Morning Echo, with a five-pound note to add to it. It meant comparative wealth and luxury for a week, and freedom from the worst anxieties for a fortnight. Besides, if he wrote the story well, it might lead to an offer of regular employment. "The way of transgressors - and newspaper men - is hard," he said. "I have already promised myself an uncomfortable night because your Murderers' Den is obviously not fitted up as a hotel bedroom. But I don't think your waxworks will worry me much." "You're not superstitious?" "Not a bit," Hewson laughed." But you're a journalist; you must have a strong imagination." "The news editors for whom I've worked have always complained that I haven't any. Plain facts are not considered sufficient in our trade, and the papers don't like offering their readers unbuttered bread."

The manager smiled and rose. "Right," he said. "I think the last of the people have gone. Wait a moment. I'll give orders for the figures downstairs not to be draped, and let the night people know that you'll be here. Then I'll take you down and show you round." He picked up the receiver of a house telephone, spoke into it and presently replaced it. "One condition I'm afraid I must impose on you," he remarked. "I must ask you not to smoke. We had a fire scare down in the Murderers' Den this evening. I don't know who gave the alarm, but whoever it was it was a false one. Fortunately there were very few people down there at the time, or there might have been a panic. And now, if you're ready, we'll make a move."

He led the way through an open barrier and down ill-lit stone stairs which conveyed a sinister impression of giving access to a dungeon. In a passage at the bottom were a few preliminary horrors, such as relics of the Inquisition, a rack taken from a medieval castle, branding irons, thumbscrews, and other mementos of man's one-time cruelty to man. Beyond the passage was the Murderers' Den. It was a room of irregular shape with a vaulted roof, and dimly lit by electric lights burning behind inverted bowls of frosted glass. It was, by design, an eerie and uncomfortable chamber — a chamber whose atmosphere invited its visitors to speak in whispers. The waxwork murderers stood on low pedestals with numbered tickets at their feet. Seeing them elsewhere, and without knowing whom they represented, one would have thought them a dull looking crew, chiefly remarkable for the shabbiness of their clothes, and as evidence of the changes of fashions even among the unfashionable. The manager, walking around with Hewson pointed out several of the more interesting of these unholy notabilities. "That's Crippen; I expect you recognize him. Insignificant little beast who looks as if he couldn't tread on a worm. And of course this - ""Who's that?" Hewson interrupted in a whisper, pointing. "Oh, I was coming to him," said the manager in a light undertone. "Come and have a good look at him. This is our star turn. He's the only one of the bunch that hasn't been hanged." The figure which Hewson had indicated was that of a small, slight man not much more than five feet in height. It wore little waxed mustaches, large spectacles, and a caped coat. There was something so exaggeratedly French in his appearance that it reminded Hewson of a stage caricature. He could not have said precisely why the mild-looking face seemed to him so repellent, but he had already recoiled a step and, even in the manager's company, it cost him an effort to look again. "But who is he?" he asked. "That," said the manager, "is Dr Bourdette." Hewson shook his head doubtfully. "I think I've heard the name," he said, "but I forget in connection with what." The manager smiled. "You'd remember better if you were a Frenchman," he said. "For some long while the man was the terror of Paris. He carried on his work

of healing by day, and of throat-cutting by night, when the fit was on him. He killed for the sheer devilish pleasure it gave him to kill, and always in the same way — with a razor. After his last crime he left a clue behind him which set the police upon his track. One clue led to another, and before very long they knew that they were on the track of the Parisian equivalent of ourRipper, and had enough evidence to send him to the madhouse or the guillotine on a dozen capital charges." "But even then our friend here was too clever for them. When he realized that the toils were closing about him he mysteriously disappeared, and ever since the police of every civilized country have been looking for him." Hewson shuddered and fidgeted with his feet. "I don't like him at all," he confessed. "Ugh! What eyes he's got!" "Yes, this figure's a little masterpiece. You find the eyes bite into you? Well, that's excellent realism, then, for Bourdette practised mesmerism, and was supposed to mesmerize his victims before dispatching them. Indeed, had he not done so, it is impossible to see how so small a man could have done his ghastly work. There were never any signs of a struggle.""I thought I saw him move," said Hewson with a catch in his voice. The manager smiled. "You'll have more than one optical illusion before the night's out, I expect. You shan't be locked in. You can come upstairs when you've had enough of it. There are watchmen on the premises, so you'll find company. Don't be alarmed if you hear them moving about. I'm sorry I can't give you any more light, because all the lights are on. For obvious reasons we keep this place as gloomy as possible. And now I think you had better return with me to the office and have a tot of whisky before beginning your night's vigil." The member of the night staff who placed the armchair tor Hewson was inclined to be facetious. "Where will you have it, sir?" he asked grinning. "Just 'ere, so as you can have a little talk with Crippen when you're tired of sitting still? Say where, sir."

Hewson smiled. The man's chaff pleased him if only because, for the moment at least, it lent the proceedings a much desired air of the commonplace.

Hewson wished the man good night. It was easier than he had expected. He wheeled the armchair - a heavy one upholstered in plush - a little way down the central gangway, and deliberately turned it so that itsback was toward the effigy of Dr Bourdette. For some undefined reason he likedDr Bourdette a great deal less than his companions. Busying himself with arranging the chair he was almost lighthearted, but when the attendant's footfalls had died away and a deep hush stole over the chamber he realized that he had no slight ordeal before him.The dim unwavering light fell on the rows of figures which were so uncannily like human beings that the silence and the stillness seemed unnatural and even ghastly. He missed the sound of breathing, the rustling of clothes, the hundred and one minute noises one hears when even the deepest silence has fallen upon a crowd. All was still to the gaze and silent to the ear. "It must be like this at the bottom of the sea," he thought, and wondered how to work the phrase into his story on the morrow.

He faced the sinister figures boldly enough. They were only waxworks. So long as he let that thought dominate all other he promised himself that all would be well. It did not, however, save him long from the discomfort occasioned by the waxen stare of Dr Bourdette, which, he knew, was directed upon him from behind. The eyes of the little Frenchman's effigy haunted and tormented him, and he itched with the desire to turn and look. At last Hewson slewed his chair round a little and looked behind him.

Among the many figures standing in stiff, unnatural poses, the effigy of the dreadful little doctor stood out with a queer prominence, perhaps because a steady beam of light beat straight down upon it.

"He's only a waxwork like the rest of you," Hewson muttered defiantly. "You're all only waxworks."

They were only waxworks, yes, but waxworks don't move. Not that he had seen the least movement anywhere, but it struck him that, in the moment or two while he had looked behind him, there had been the least subtle change in the grouping of the figures in front. Crippen, for instance, seemed to have turned at least one degree to the left. Or, thought Hewson, perhaps the illusion was due to the fact that he had not slewed his chair back into its exact original position.

He took a notebook from his pocket and wrote quickly.

"Mem. - Deathly silence and unearthly stillness of figures. Like being bottom of sea. Hypnotic eyes of Dr. Bourdette. Figures seem to move when not being watched."

He closed the book suddenly over his fingers and looked round quickly and awfully over his right shoulder. He had neither seen nor heard a movement, but it was as if some sixth sense had made him aware of one. He looked straight into the vapid countenance of Lefroy which smiled vacantly back as if to say, "It wasn't I!"

Of course it wasn't he, or any of them; it was his own nerves. Or was it? Hadn't Crippen moved again during that moment when his attention was directed elsewhere? You couldn't trust that little man! Once you took your eyes off him he took advantage of it to shift his position. That was what they were all doing, if he only knew it, he told himself; and half rose out of his chair. This was not quite good enough! He was going. He wasn't going to spend the night with a lot of waxworks which moved while he wasn't looking.

... Hewson sat down again. This was very cowardly and very absurd. They were only waxworks and they couldn't move; let him hold to that thought and all would yet be well. Then why all that silent unrest about him? — a subtle something in the air which did not quite break the silence and happened; whichever way he looked, just beyond the boundaries of his vision.

He swung round quickly to encounter the mild but baleful stare of Dr Bourdette. Then, without warning, he jerked his head back to stare straight at Crippen. Ha! He'd nearly caught Crippen that time! "You'd better be careful, Crippen — and all the rest of you! If I do see one of you move I'll smash you to pieces! Do you hear?"

He ought to go, he told himself. Already he had experienced enough to write his story, or ten stories, for the matter of that. Well, then, why not go? The Morning Echo would be none the wiser as to how long he had stayed, nor would it care so long as his story was a good one. Yes, but that night watchmen upstairs would chaff him. And the manager - one never knew - perhaps the manager would quibble over that five-pound note which he needed so badly. He wondered if Rose were asleep or if she were lying awake and thinking of him. She'd laugh when he told her that he had imagined ...

This was a little too much! It was bad enough that the waxwork effigies of murderers should move when they weren't being watched, but it was intolerable that they should breathe. Somebody was breathing. Or was it his own breath which sounded to him as if it came from a distance? He sat rigid, listening and straining, until he exhaled with a long sigh. His own breath after all, or — if not, something had divined that he was listening and had ceased breathing simultaneously.

This would not do! This distinctly would not do! He must clutch at something, grip with his mind upon something which belonged essentially to the workaday world, to the daylight London streets. He was Raymond Hewson, an unsuccessful journalist, a living and breathing man, and these figures grouped around him were only dummies, so they could neither move nor whisper. What

did it matter if they were supposed to be life-like effigies of murderers? They were only made of wax and sawdust, and stood there for the entertainment of morbid sightseers and orange-sucking trippers. That was better! Now what was that funny story which somebody told him in the Falstaff yesterday?

He recalled part of it, but not all, for the gaze of Dr Bourdette urged, challenged, and finally compelled him to turn.

Hewson half turned, and then swung his chair so as to bring him face to face with the wearer of those dreadful hypnotic eyes. His own were dilated, and his mouth, at first set in a grin of terror, lifted at the corners in a snarl. Then Hewson spoke and woke a hundred sinister echoes.

"You moved, damn you!" he cried. "Yes, you did, damn you! I saw you!"

Then he sat quite still, staring straight before him, like a man found frozen in the Arctic snows.

Dr Bourdette's movements were leisurely. He stepped off his pedestal with the mincing care of a lady alighting from a bus. The platform stood about two feet from the ground, and above the edge of it a plush-covered rope hung in arclike curves. Dr Bourdette lifted up the rope until it formed an arch for him to pass under, stepped off the platform and sat down on the edge facing Hewson. Then he nodded and smiled and said, "Good evening."

"I need hardly tell you," he continued, in perfect English in which was traceable only the least foreign accent, "that not until I overhead the conversation between you and the worthy manager of this establishment, did I suspect that I should have the pleasure of a companion here for the night. You cannot move or speak without my bidding, but you can hear me perfectly well. Something tells me that you are - shall I say nervous? My dear sir, have no illusions. I am not one of these contemptible effigies miraculously come to life: I am Dr Bourdette himself."

He paused, coughed and shifted his legs.

"Pardon me," he resumed, "but I am a little stiff. And let me explain. Circumstances with which I need not fatigue you, have made it desirable that I should live in England. I was close to this building this evening when I saw a policeman regarding me a thought too curiously. I guessed that he intended to follow and perhaps ask me embarrassing questions, so I mingled with the crowd and came in here. An extra coin bought my admission to the chamber in which we now meet, and an inspiration showed me a certain means of escape.

"I raised a cry of fire, and when all the fools had rushed to the stairs I stripped my effigy of the caped coat which you behold me wearing, donned it, hid my effigy under the platform at the back, and took its place on the pedestal.

"The manager's description of me, which I had the embarrassment of being compelled to overhear, was biased but not altogether inaccurate. Clearly I am not dead, although it is as well that the world thinks otherwise. His account of my hobby, which I have indulged for years, although, through necessity, less frequently of late, was in the main true although not intelligently expressed. The world is divided between collectors and noncollectors. With the noncollectors we are not concerned. The collectors collect anything, according to their individual tastes, from money to cigarette cards, from moths to matchboxes. I collect throats." He paused again and regarded Hewson's throat with interest mingled with disfavor.

"I am obliged to chance which brought us together tonight," he continued, "and perhaps it would seem ungrateful to complain. From motives of personal safety my activities have been somewhat curtailed of late years, and I am glad of this opportunity of gratifying my somewhat unusual whim. But you have a skinny neck, sir, if you will overlook a personal remark. I should have never selected you from choice. I like men with thick necks ... thick red necks ..."

He fumbled in an inside pocket and took out something which he tested against a wet forefinger and then proceeded to pass gently to and fro against the palm of his left hand.

"This is a little French razor," he remarked blandly. "They are not much used in England, but perhaps you know them? One strops them on wood. The blade, you will observe, is very narrow. They do not cut very deep, see for yourself. I shall ask you the little civil question of all the polite barbers: Does the razor suit you, sir?"

He rose up, a diminutive but menacing figure of evil, and approached Hewson with the silent, furtive step of a hunting panther.

"You will have the goodness," he said, "to raise your chin a little. Thank you, and a little more. Just a little more. Ah, thank you! ... Merci, m'sieur ... Ah, merci... merci ..."

Over one end of the chamber was a thick skylight of frosted glass which, by day, let in a few sickly and filtered rays from the floor above. After sunrise these began to mingle with the subdued light from the electric bulbs, and this mingled illumination added a certain ghastliness to a scene which needed no additional touch of horror.

The waxwork figures stood apathetically in their places, waiting to be admired or execrated by the crowds who would presently wander fearfully among them. In their midst, in the center gangway, Hewson sat still, leaning far back in his armchair. His chin was uptilted as if he were waiting to receive attention from a barber, and although there was not a scratch upon his throat, nor anywhere upon his body, he was cold and dead. His previous employers were wrong in having him credited with no imagination.

Dr Bourdette on his pedestal watched the dead man unemotionally. He did not move, nor was he capable of motion. But then, after all, he was only a waxwork.

Text 7

THE HAPPY MAN

(by William Somerset Maugham)

It is a dangerous thing to order the lives of others and I have often wondered at the self-confidence of politicians, reformers and such like who are prepared to force upon their fellows measures that must alter their manners, habits and points of view. I have always hesitated to give advice, for how can one advise another how to act unless one knows that other as well as one knows oneself? Heaven knows, I know little enough of myself: I know nothing of others. We can only guess at the thoughts and emotions of our neighbours. Each one of us is a prisoner in a solitary tower and he communicates with the other prisoners, who form mankind by conventional signs that have not quite the same meaning for them as for himself. And life, unfortunately, is something that you can lead but once; mistakes are often irreparable, and who am I that I should tell this one and that how he should lead it? Life is a difficult business and I have found it hard enough to make my own a complete and rounded thing; I have not been tempted to teach my neighbour what he should do with his. But there are men who flounder at the journey's start, the way before them is

confused and hazardous and on occasion, however unwillingly, I have been forced to point the finger of fate. Sometimes men have said to me, what shall I do with my life? And I have seen myself for a moment wrapped in the dark cloak of Destiny.

Once I knew that I advertised well.

I was a young man and I lived in a modest apartment in London near Victoria Station. Late one afternoon, when I was beginning to think that I had worked enough for that day, I heard a ring at the bell. I opened the door to a total stranger. He asked me my name; I told him. He asked if he might come in.

'Certainly.'

I led him into my sitting-room and begged to sit down. He seemed a trifle embarrassed. I offered him a cigarette and he had some difficulty in lighting it without letting go of his hat. When he had satisfactorily achieved this feat I asked him if I should not put it on a chair for him. He quickly did this and while doing it dropped his umbrella.

'I hope you don't mind my coming to see you like this,' he said. 'My name is Stephens and I am a doctor. You're in the medical, I believe?'

'Yes, but I don't practise.'

'No, I know. I've just read a book of yours about Spain and I wanted to ask you about it.'

'It's not a very good book, I'm afraid.'

'The fact remains that you know something about Spain and there's no one else I know who does. And I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind giving me some information.'

'I shall be very glad.'

He was silent for a moment. He reached out for his hat and holding it in one hand absent-mindedly stroked it with the other. I surmised that it gave him confidence.

'I hope you won't think it very odd for a perfect stranger to talk to you like this.' He gave an apologetic laugh. 'I'm not going to tell you the story of my life.'

When people say this to me I always know that it is precisely what they are going to do. I do not mind. In fact I rather like it.

'I was brought up by two old aunts. I've never been anywhere. I've never done anything. I've been married for six years. I have no children. I'm medical officer at the Camberwell Infirmary. I can't stick it any more.'

There was something very striking in the short, sharp sentences he used. They had a forcible ring, I had not given him more than a cursory glance, but now I looked at him with curiosity. He was a little man, thickset and stout, of thirty perhaps, with a round red face from which shone small, dark and very bright eyes. His black hair was cropped close to a bullet-shaped head. He was dressed in a blue suit a good deal the worse for wear. It was baggy at the knees and the pockets bulged untidily.

'You know what the duties are of a medical officer in an infirmary. One day is pretty much like another. And that's all I've got to look forward to for the rest of my life. Do you think it's worth it?'

'It's a means of livelihood,' I answered.

'Yes, I know. The money's pretty good.'

'I don't exactly know why you've come to me.'

'Well, I wanted to know whether you thought there would be any chance for an English doctor in Spain?'

'Why Spain?'

'I don't know, I just have a fancy for it.'

'It's not like Carmen*, you know,' I smiled.

'But there's sunshine there, and there's good wine, and there's colour, and there's air you can breathe. Let me say what I have to say straight out. I heard by accident that there was no English doctor in Seville. Do you think I could earn a living there? Is it madness to give up a good safe job for an uncertainty?'

'What does your wife think about it?'

'She's willing.'

'It's a great risk.' .

'I know. But if you say take it, I will: if you say stay where you are, I'll stay.'

He was looking at me intently with those bright dark eyes of his and I knew that he meant what he said. I reflected for a moment.

'Your whole future is concerned: you must decide for yourself. But this I can tell you: if you don't want money but are content to earn just enough to keep body and soul together, then go. For you will lead a wonderful life.'

He left me, I thought about him for a day or two, and then forgot. The episode passed completely from my memory.

Many years later, fifteen at least, I happened to be in Seville and having some trifling indisposition asked the hotel porter whether there was an English doctor in the town. He said there was and gave me the address. I took a cab and as I drove up to the house a little fat man came out of it. He hesitated, when he caught sight of me.

'Have you come to see me?' he said. 'I'm the English doctor.'

I explained my errand and he asked me to come in. He lived in an ordinary Spanish house, with a patio, and his consulting room, which led out of it, was littered with papers, books, medical appliances and lumber. The sight of it would have startled a squeamish patient. We did our business and then I asked the doctor what his fee was. He shook his head and smiled.

'There's no fee.'

'Why on earth not?'

'Don't you remember me? Why, I'm here because of something you said to me. You changed my whole life for me. I'm Stephens.'

I had not the least notion what he was talking about. He reminded me of our interview, he repeated to me what we had said, and gradually, out of the night, a dim recollection of the incident came back to me.

'I was wondering if I'd ever see you again,' he said, 'I was wondering if ever I'd have a chance of thanking you for all you've done for me.'

'It's been a success then?'

I looked at him. He was very fat now and bald, but his eyes twinkled gaily and his fleshy, red face bore an expression of perfect good humour. The clothes he wore, terribly shabby they were, had been made obviously by a Spanish tailor and his hat was the wide-brimmed sombrero of the Spaniard. He looked to me as though he knew a good bottle of wine when he saw it. He had a dissipated, though entirely sympathetic, appearance. You might have hesitated to let him remove your appendix, but you could not have imagined a more delightful creature to drink a glass of wine with.

'Surely you were married?' I said.

'Yes. My wife didn't like Spain, she went back to Camberwell, she was more at home there.'

'Oh, I'm sorry for that.'

His black eyes flashed a bacchanalian smile. He really had somewhat the look of a young Silenus.

'Life is full of compensations,' he murmured.

The words were hardly out of his mouth when a Spanish woman, no longer in her first youth, but still boldly and voluptuously beautiful, appeared at the door. She spoke to him in Spanish, and I could not fail to perceive that she was the mistress of the house. As he stood at the door to let me out he said to me:

'You told me when last I saw you that if I came here I should earn just enough money to keep body and soul together, but that I should lead a wonderful life. Well, I want to tell you that you were right. Poor I have been and poor I shall always be, but by heaven I've enjoyed myself. I wouldn't exchange the life I've had with that of any king in the world.'

Text 8

THE TREASURE SHIP

By Saki (H. H. Munro)

THE great galleon lay in semi-retirement under the sand and weed and water of the northern bay where the fortune of war and weather had long ago ensconced it. Three and a quarter centuries had passed since the day when it had taken the high seas as an important unit of a fighting squadron – precisely which squadron the learned were not agreed. The galleon had brought nothing into the world, but it had, according to tradition and report, taken much out of it. But how much? There again the learned were in disagreement. Some were as generous in their estimate as an income-tax assessor, others applied a species of higher criticism to the submerged treasure chests, and debased their contents to the currency of goblin gold. Of the former school was Lulu, Duchess of Dulverton.

The Duchess was not only a believer in the existence of a sunken treasure of alluring proportions; she also believed that she knew of a method by which the said treasure might be precisely located and cheaply disembedded. An aunt on her mother's side of the family had been Maid of Honour at the Court of Monaco, and had taken a respectful interest in the deep-sea researches in which the Throne of that country, impatient perhaps of its terrestrial restrictions, was wont to immerse itself. It was through the instrumentality of this relative that the Duchess learned of an invention, perfected and very nearly patented by a Monegaskan savant, by means of which the home-life of the Mediterranean sardine might be studied at a depth of many fathoms in a cold white light of more than ball-room brilliancy. Implicated in this invention (and, in the Duchess's eyes, the most attractive part of it) was an electric suction dredge, specially designed for dragging to the surface such objects of interest and value as might be found in the more accessible levels of the ocean-bed. The rights of the invention were to be acquired for a matter of eighteen hundred francs, and the apparatus for a few thousand more. The Duchess of Dulverton was rich, as the world counted wealth; she nursed the hope, of being one day rich at her own computation. Companies had been formed and efforts had been made again and again during the course of three centuries to probe for the alleged treasures of the interesting galleon; with the aid of this invention she considered that she might go to work on the wreck privately and independently. After all, one of her ancestors on her mother's side was descended from Medina Sidonia, so she was of opinion that she had as much right to the treasure as anyone. She acquired the invention and bought the apparatus.

Among other family ties and encumbrances, Lulu possessed a nephew, Vasco Honiton, a young gentleman who was blessed with a small income and a large circle of relatives, and lived impartially and precariously on both. The name Vasco had been given him possibly in the hope that he might live up to its adventurous tradition, but he limited himself strictly to the home industry of adventurer, preferring to exploit the assured rather than to explore the unknown. Lulu's intercourse with him had been restricted of recent years to the negative processes of being out of town when he called on her, and short of money when he wrote to her. Now, however, she bethought herself of his eminent suitability for the direction of a treasure-seeking experiment; if anyone could extract gold from an unpromising situation it would certainly be Vasco – of course, under the necessary safeguards in the way of supervision. Where money was in question Vasco's conscience was liable to fits of obstinate silence.

Somewhere on the west coast of Ireland the Dulverton property included a few acres of shingle, rock, and heather, too barren to support even an agrarian outrage, but embracing a small and fairly deep bay where the lobster yield was good in most seasons. There was a bleak little house on the property, and for those who liked lobsters and solitude, and were able to accept an Irish cook's ideas as to what might be perpetrated in the name of mayonnaise, Innisgluther was a tolerable exile during the summer months. Lulu seldom went there herself, but she lent the house lavishly to friends and relations. She put it now at Vasco's disposal.

"It will be the very place to practice and experiment with the salvage apparatus," she said; "the bay is quite deep in places, and you will be able to test everything thoroughly before starting on the treasure hunt."

In less than three weeks Vasco turned up in town to report progress.

"The apparatus works beautifully," he informed his aunt; "the deeper one got the clearer everything grew. We found something in the way of a sunken wreck to operate on, too!"

"A wreck in Innisgluther Bay!" exclaimed Lulu.

"A submerged motor-boat, the SUB-ROSA," said Vasco.

"No! really?" said Lulu; "poor Billy Yuttley's boat. I remember it went down somewhere off that coast some three years ago. His body was washed ashore at the Point. People said at the time that the boat was capsized intentionally – a case of suicide, you know. People always say that sort of thing when anything tragic happens."

"In this case they were right," said Vasco.

"What do you mean?" asked the Duchess hurriedly. "What makes you think so?"

"I know," said Vasco simply.

"Know? How can you know? How can anyone know? The thing happened three years ago."

"In a locker of the SUB-ROSA I found a water-tight strong-box. It contained papers." Vasco paused with dramatic effect and searched for a moment in the inner breast-pocket of his coat. He drew out a folded slip of paper. The Duchess snatched at it in almost indecent haste and moved appreciably nearer the fireplace.

"Was this in the SUB-ROSA'S strong-box?" she asked.

"Oh no," said Vasco carelessly, "that is a list of the well-known people who would be involved in a very disagreeable scandal if the SUB-ROSA'S papers were made public. I've put you at the head of it, otherwise it follows alphabetical order."

The Duchess gazed helplessly at the string of names, which seemed for the moment to include nearly every one she knew. As a matter of fact, her own name at the head of the list exercised an almost paralyzing effect on her thinking faculties.

"Of course you have destroyed the papers?" she asked, when she had somewhat recovered herself. She was conscious that she made the remark with an entire lack of conviction.

Vasco shook his head.

"But you should have," said Lulu angrily; "if, as you say, they are highly compromising – "

"Oh, they are, I assure you of that," interposed the young man.

"Then you should put them out of harm's way at once. Supposing anything should leak out, think of all these poor, unfortunate people who would be involved in the disclosures," and Lulu tapped the list with an agitated gesture.

"Unfortunate, perhaps, but not poor," corrected Vasco; "if you read the list carefully you'll notice that I haven't troubled to include anyone whose financial standing isn't above question."

Lulu glared at her nephew for some moments in silence. Then she asked hoarsely: "What are you going to do?"

"Nothing – for the remainder of my life," he answered meaningly. "A little hunting, perhaps," he continued, "and I shall have a villa at Florence. The Villa Sub-Rosa would sound rather quaint and picturesque, don't you think, and quite a lot of people would be able to attach a meaning to the name. And I suppose I must have a hobby; I shall probably collect Raeburns."

Lulu's relative, who lived at the Court of Monaco, got quite a snappish answer when she wrote recommending some further invention in the realm of marine research.

Text 9

MINISTERS OF GRACE

By Saki (H. H. Munro)

Although he was scarcely yet out of his teens, the Duke of Scaw was already marked out as a personality widely differing from others of his caste and period. Not in externals; therein he conformed correctly to type. His hair was faintly reminiscent of Houbigant, and at the other end of him his shoes exhaled the right SOUP?ON of harness-room; his socks compelled one's attention without losing one's respect; and his attitude in repose had just that suggestion of Whistler's mother, so becoming in the really young. It was within that the trouble lay, if trouble it could be accounted, which marked him apart from his fellows. The Duke was religious. Not in any of the ordinary senses of the word; he took small heed of High Church or Evangelical standpoints, he stood outside of all the movements and missions and cults and crusades of the day, uncaring and uninterested. Yet in a mystical-practical way of his own, which had served him unscathed and unshaken through the fickle years of boyhood, he was intensely and intensively religious. His family were naturally, though unobtrusively, distressed about it. "I am so afraid it may affect his bridge," said his mother.

The Duke sat in a pennyworth of chair in St. James's Park, listening to the pessimisms of Belturbet, who reviewed the existing political situation from the gloomiest of standpoints.

"Where I think you political spade-workers are so silly," said the Duke, "is in the misdirection of your efforts. You spend thousands of pounds of money, and Heaven knows how much dynamic force of brain power and personal energy, in trying to elect or displace this or that man, whereas you could gain your ends so much more simply by making use of the men as you find them. If they don't suit your purpose as they are, transform them into something more satisfactory."

"Do you refer to hypnotic suggestion?" asked Belturbet, with the air of one who is being trifled with.

"Nothing of the sort. Do you understand what I mean by the verb to koepenick? That is to say, to replace an authority by a spurious imitation that would carry just as much weight for the moment as the displaced original; the advantage, of course, being that the koepenick replica would do what you wanted, whereas the original does what seems best in its own eyes."

"I suppose every public man has a double, if not two or three," said Belturbet; "but it would be a pretty hard task to koepenick a whole bunch of them and keep the originals out of the way."

"There have been instances in European history of highly successful koepenickery," said the Duke dreamily.

"Oh, of course, there have been False Dimitris and Perkin Warbecks, who imposed on the world for a time," assented Belturbet, "but they personated people who were dead or safely out of the way. That was a comparatively simple matter. It would be far easier to pass oneself of as dead Hannibal than as living Haldane, for instance."

"I was thinking," said the Duke, "of the most famous case of all, the angel who koepenicked King Robert of Sicily with such brilliant results. Just imagine what an advantage it would be to have angels deputizing, to use a horrible but convenient word, for Quinston and Lord Hugo Sizzle, for example. How much smoother the Parliamentary machine would work than at present!"

"Now you're talking nonsense," said Belturbet; "angels don't exist nowadays, at least, not in that way, so what is the use of dragging them into a serious discussion? It's merely silly."

"If you talk to me like that I shall just DO it," said the Duke.

"Do what?" asked Belturbet. There were times when his young friend's uncanny remarks rather frightened him.

"I shall summon angelic forces to take over some of the more troublesome personalities of our public life, and I shall send the ousted originals into temporary retirement in suitable animal organisms. It's not every one who would have the knowledge or the power necessary to bring such a thing off–"

“Oh, stop that inane rubbish,” said Belturbet angrily; “it’s getting wearisome. Here’s Quinston coming,” he added, as there approached along the almost deserted path the well-known figure of a young Cabinet Minister, whose personality evoked a curious mixture of public interest and unpopularity.

“Hurry along, my dear man,” said the young Duke to the Minister, who had given him a condescending nod; “your time is running short,” he continued in a provocative strain; “the whole inept crowd of you will shortly be swept away into the world’s waste- paper basket.”

“You poor little strawberry-leafed nonentity,” said the Minister, checking himself for a moment in his stride and rolling out his words spasmodically; “who is going to sweep us away, I should like to know? The voting masses are on our side, and all the ability and administrative talent is on our side too. No power of earth or Heaven is going to move us from our place till we choose to quit it. No power of earth or–”

Belturbet saw, with bulging eyes, a sudden void where a moment earlier had been a Cabinet Minister; a void emphasized rather than relieved by the presence of a puffed-out bewildered-looking sparrow, which hopped about for h moment in a dazed fashion and then fell to a violent cheeping and scolding.

“If we could understand sparrow-language,” said the Duke serenely, “I fancy we should hear something infinitely worse than ‘strawberry-leafed nonentity.'”

“But good Heavens, Eug?ne,” said Belturbet hoarsely, “what has become of– Why, there he is! How on earth did he get there?” And he pointed with a shaking finger towards a semblance of the vanished Minister, which approached once more along the unfrequented path.

The Duke laughed.

“It is Quinston to all outward appearance,” he said composedly, “but I fancy you will find, on closer investigation, that it is an angel understudy of the real article.”

The Angel-Quinston greeted them with a friendly smile.

“How beastly happy you two look sitting there!” he said wistfully.

“I don’t suppose you’d care to change places with poor little us,” replied the Duke chaffingly.

“How about poor little me?” said the Angel modestly. “I’ve got to run about behind the wheels of popularity, like a spotted dog behind a carriage, getting all the dust and trying to look as if I was an important part of the machine. I must seem a perfect fool to you onlookers sometimes.”

“I think you are a perfect angel,” said the Duke.

The Angel-that-had-been-Quinston smiled and passed on his way, pursued across the breadth of the Horse Guards Parade by a tiresome little sparrow that cheeped incessantly and furiously at him.

“That’s only the beginning,” said the Duke complacently; “I’ve made it operative with all of them, irrespective of parties.”

Belturbet made no coherent reply; he was engaged in feeling his pulse. The Duke fixed his attention with some interest on a black swan that was swimming with haughty, stiff-necked aloofness amid the crowd of lesser water-fowl that dotted the ornamental water. For all its pride of bearing, something was evidently ruffling and enraging it; in its way it seemed as angry and amazed as the sparrow had been.

At the same moment a human figure came along the pathway. Belturbet looked up apprehensively.

“Kedzon,” he whispered briefly.

“An Angel-Kedzon, if I am not mistaken,” said the Duke. “Look, he is talking affably to a human being. That settles it.”

A shabbily dressed lounger had accosted the man who had been Viceroy in the splendid East, and who still reflected in his mien some of the cold dignity of the Himalayan snow-peaks.

“Could you tell me, sir, if them white birds is storks or halbatrosses? I had an argyment–”

The cold dignity thawed at once into genial friendliness.

“Those are pelicans, my dear sir. Are you interested in birds? If you would join me in a bun and a glass of milk at the stall yonder, I could tell you some interesting things about Indian birds. Right oh! Now the hill-mynah, for instance–”

The two men disappeared in the direction of the bun stall, chatting volubly as they went, and shadowed from the other side of the railed enclosure by a black swan, whose temper seemed to have reached the limit of inarticulate rage.

Belturbet gazed in an open-mouthed wonder after the retreating couple, then transferred his attention to the infuriated swan, and finally turned with a look of scared comprehension at his young friend lolling unconcernedly in his chair. There was no longer any room to doubt what was happening. The “silly talk” had been translated into terrifying action.

“I think a prairie oyster on the top of a stiffish brandy-and-soda might save my reason,” said Belturbet weakly, as he limped towards his club.

It was late in the day before he could steady his nerves sufficiently to glance at the evening papers. The Parliamentary report proved significant reading, and confirmed the fears that he had been trying to shake off. Mr. Ap Dave, the Chancellor, whose lively controversial style endeared him to his supporters and embittered him, politically speaking, to his opponents, had risen in his place to make an unprovoked apology for having alluded in a recent speech to certain protesting taxpayers as “skulkers.” He had realized on reflection that they were in all probability perfectly honest in their inability to understand certain legal technicalities of the new finance laws. The House had scarcely recovered from this sensation when Lord Hugo Sizzle caused a further flutter of astonishment by going out of his way to indulge in an outspoken appreciation of the fairness, loyalty, and straightforwardness not only of the Chancellor, but of all the members of the Cabinet. A wit had gravely suggested moving the adjournment of the House in view of the unexpected circumstances that had arisen.

Belturbet anxiously skimmed over a further item of news printed immediately below the Parliamentary report: “Wild cat found in an exhausted condition in Palace Yard.”

“Now I wonder which of them–” he mused, and then an appalling idea came to him. “Supposing he’s put them both into the same beast!” He hurriedly ordered another prairie oyster.

Belturbet was known in his club as a strictly moderate drinker; his consumption of alcoholic stimulants that day gave rise to considerable comment.

The events of the next few days were piquantly bewildering to the world at large; to Belturbet, who knew dimly what was happening, the situation was fraught with recurring alarms. The old saying that in politics it's the unexpected that always happens received a justification that it had hitherto somewhat lacked, and the epidemic of startling personal changes of front was not wholly confined to the realm of actual politics. The eminent chocolate magnate, Sadbury, whose antipathy to the Turf and everything connected with it was a matter of general knowledge, had evidently been replaced by an Angel-Sadbury, who proceeded to electrify the public by blossoming forth as an owner of race-horses, giving as a reason his matured conviction that the sport was, after all, one which gave healthy open-air recreation to large numbers of people drawn from all classes of the community, and incidentally stimulated the important industry of horse-breeding. His colours, chocolate and cream hoops spangled with pink stars, promised to become as popular as any on the Turf. At the same time, in order to give effect to his condemnation of the evils resulting from the spread of the gambling habit among wage-earning classes, who lived for the most part from hand to mouth, he suppressed all betting news and tipsters' forecasts in the popular evening paper that was under his control. His action received instant recognition and support from the Angel-proprietor of the EVENING VIEWS, the principal rival evening halfpenny paper, who forthwith issued an ukase decreeing a similar ban on betting news, and in a short while the regular evening Press was purged of all mention of starting prices and probable winners. A considerable drop in the circulation of all these papers was the immediate result, accompanied, of course, by a falling-off in advertisement value, while a crop of special betting broadsheets sprang up to supply the newly-created want. Under their influence the betting habit became if anything rather wore widely diffused than before. The Duke had possibly overlooked the futility of koepenicking the leaders of the nation with excellently intentioned angel under-studies, while leaving the mass of the people in its original condition.

Further sensation and dislocation was caused in the Press world by the sudden and dramatic RAPPROCHEMENT which took place between the Angel-Editor of the SCRUTATOR and the Angel-Editor of the ANGLIAN REVIEW, who not only ceased to criticize and disparage the tone and tendencies of each other's publication, but agreed to exchange editorships for alternating periods. Here again public support was not on the side of the angels; constant readers of the SCRUTATOR complained bitterly of the strong meat which was thrust upon them at fitful intervals in place of the almost vegetarian diet to which they had become confidently accustomed; even those who were not mentally averse to strong meat as a separate course were pardonably annoyed at being supplied with it in the pages of the SCRUTATOR. To be suddenly confronted with a pungent herring salad when one had attuned oneself to tea and toast, or to discover a richly truffled segment of PAT? DE FOIE dissembled in a bowl of bread and milk, would he an experience that might upset the equanimity of the most placidly disposed mortal. An equally vehement outcry arose from the regular subscribers of the ANGLIAN REVIEW who protested against being served from time to time with literary fare which no young person of sixteen could possibly want to devour in secret. To take infinite precautions, they complained, against the juvenile perusal of such eminently innocuous literature was like reading the Riot Act on an uninhabited island. Both reviews suffered a serious falling-off in circulation and influence. Peace hath its devastations as well as war.

The wives of noted public men formed another element of discomfiture which the young Duke had almost entirely left out of his calculations. It is sufficiently embarrassing to keep abreast of the possible wobblings and veerrings-round of a human husband, who, from the strength or weakness of his personal character, may leap over or slip through the barriers which divide the parties; for this reason a merciful politician usually marries late in life, when he has definitely made up his mind on which side he wishes his wife to be socially valuable. But these trials were as nothing compared to the bewilderment caused by the Angel-husbands who seemed in some cases to have revolutionized their outlook on life in the interval between breakfast and dinner, without premonition or preparation of any kind, and apparently without realizing the least need for subsequent explanation. The temporary peace which brooded over the Parliamentary situation was by no means reproduced in the home circles of the leading statesmen and politicians. It had been frequently and extensively remarked of Mrs. Exe that she would try the patience of an angel; now the tables were reversed, and she unwittingly had an opportunity for discovering that the capacity for exasperating behaviour was not all on one side.

And then, with the introduction of the Navy Estimates, Parliamentary peace suddenly dissolved. It was the old quarrel between Ministers and the Opposition as to the adequacy or the reverse of the Government's naval programme. The Angel-Quinston and the Angel-Hugo-Sizzle contrived to keep the debates free from personalities and pinpricks, but an enormous sensation was created when the elegant lackadaisical Halfan Halfour threatened to bring up fifty, thousand stalwarts to wreck the House if the Estimates were not forthwith revised on a Two-Power basis. It was a memorable scene when he rose in his place, in response to the scandalized shouts of his opponents, and thundered forth, "Gentlemen, I glory in the name of Apache."

Belturbet, who had made several fruitless attempts to ring up his young friend since the fateful morning in St. James's Park, ran him to earth one afternoon at his club, smooth and spruce and unruffled as ever.

"Tell me, what on earth have you turned Cocksley Coxon into?" Belturbet asked anxiously, mentioning the name of one of the pillars of unorthodoxy in the Anglican Church. "I don't fancy he BELIEVES in angels, and if he finds an angel preaching orthodox sermons from his pulpit while he's been turned into a fox-terrier, he'll develop rabies in less than no time."

"I rather think it was a fox-terrier," said the Duke lazily.

Belturbet groaned heavily, and sank into a chair.

"Look here, Eug?ne," he whispered hoarsely, having first looked well round to see that no one was within hearing range, "you've got to stop it. Consols are jumping up and down like bronchos, and that speech of Halfour's in the House last night has simply startled everybody out of their wits. And then on the top of it, Thistlebery–"

"What has he been saying?" asked the Duke quickly.

"Nothing. That's just what's so disturbing. Every one thought it was simply inevitable that he should come out with a great epoch- making speech at this juncture, and I've just seen on the tape that he has refused to address any meetings at present, giving as a reason his opinion that something more than mere speech-making was wanted."

The young Duke said nothing, but his eyes shone with quiet exultation.

"It's so unlike Thistlebery," continued Belturbet; "at least," he said suspiciously, "it's unlike the REAL Thistlebery–"

"The real Thistlebery is flying about somewhere as a vocally- industrious lapwing," said the Duke calmly; "I expect great things of the Angel-Thistlebery," he added.

At this moment there was a magnetic stampede of members towards the lobby, where the tape-machines were ticking out some news of more than ordinary import.

“COUP D’?TAT in the North. Thistlebery seizes Edinburgh Castle. Threatens civil war unless Government expands naval programme.”

In the babel which ensued Belturbet lost sight of his young friend. For the best part of the afternoon he searched one likely haunt after another, spurred on by the sensational posters which the evening papers were displaying broadcast over the West End. “General Baden-Baden mobilizes Boy-Scouts. Another COUP D’?TAT feared. Is Windsor Castle safe?” This was one of the earlier posters, and was followed by one of even more sinister purport: “Will the Test-match have to be postponed?” It was this disquietening question which brought home the real seriousness of the situation to the London public, and made people wonder whether one might not pay too high a price for the advantages of party government. Belturbet, questing round in the hope of finding the originator of the trouble, with a vague idea of being able to induce him to restore matters to their normal human footing, came across an elderly club acquaintance who dabbled extensively in some of the more sensitive market securities. He was pale with indignation, and his pallor deepened as a breathless newsboy dashed past with a poster inscribed: “Premier’s constituency harried by moss-troopers. Halfour sends encouraging telegram to rioters. Letchworth Garden City threatens reprisals. Foreigners taking refuge in Embassies and National Liberal Club.”

“This is devils’ work!” he said angrily.

Belturbet knew otherwise.

At the bottom of St. James’s Street a newspaper motor-cart, which had just come rapidly along Pall Mall, was surrounded by a knot of eagerly talking people, and for the first time that afternoon Belturbet heard expressions of relief and congratulation.

It displayed a placard with the welcome announcement: “Crisis ended. Government gives way. Important expansion of naval programme.”

There seemed to be no immediate necessity for pursuing the quest of the errant Duke, and Belturbet turned to make his way homeward through St. James’s Park. His mind, attuned to the alarums and excursions of the afternoon, became dimly aware that some excitement of a detached nature was going on around him. In spite of the political ferment which reigned in the streets, quite a large crowd had gathered to watch the unfolding of a tragedy that had taken place on the shore of the ornamental water. A large black swan, which had recently shown signs of a savage and dangerous disposition, had suddenly attacked a young gentleman who was walking by the water’s edge, dragged him down under the surface, and drowned him before anyone could come to his assistance. At the moment when Belturbet arrived on the spot several park-keepers were engaged in lifting the corpse into a punt. Belturbet stooped to pick up a hat that lay near the scene of the struggle. It was a smart soft felt hat, faintly reminiscent of Houbigant.

More than a month elapsed before Belturbet had sufficiently recovered from his attack of nervous prostration to take an interest once more in what was going on in the world of politics. The Parliamentary Session was still in full swing, and a General Election was looming in the near future. He called for a batch of morning papers and skimmed rapidly through the speeches of the Chancellor, Quinston, and other Ministerial leaders, as well as those of the principal Opposition champions, and then sank back in his chair with a sigh of relief. Evidently the spell had ceased to act after the tragedy which had overtaken its invoker. There was no trace of angel anywhere.

Оценочный лист к типовому заданию № 1

Проверяемая (ые) компетенция (и	Проверяемый индикатор достижения компетенции	Проверяемый (ые) результат (ы) обучения:
ОПК-8. Способен осуществлять педагогическую деятельность на основе специальных научных знаний.	ОПК-8.1. Знает: историю, теорию, закономерности и принципы построения и функционирования образовательного процесса, роль и место образования в жизни человека и общества, современное состояние научной области, соответствующей преподаваемому предмету; прикладное значение науки; специфические методы научного познания в объеме, обеспечивающем преподавание учебных предметов	Знает: содержание основных теоретико-литературных понятий, необходимых для анализа текста во время учебных занятий и учебно-исследовательской деятельности школьников; типологические черты художественного текста. Умеет: характеризовать особенности сюжета, композиции, роль изобразительно-выразительных средств в процессе работы с художественным текстом на уроках иностранного языка; определять композиционно-смысловую значимость разных частей текста (заголовка, начала и конца, эпиграфа и т.д.) для формирования и восприятия читателем общей текстовой информации; выявлять воспитательный и образовательный потенциал текста для обучающихся основной школы; проводить анализ фактического языкового материала художественного текста, обобщать языковые факты и делать выводы из наблюдений; определять жанрово-стилистическую принадлежность художественного текста. Владеет опытом филологического анализа художественных текстов.

№	Критерии оценивания	Показатели сформированности образовательных результатов	Баллы
1	Знание материала	- ответ отличается глубиной и полным раскрытием темы; - полностью описан историко-филологический контекст произведения (эпоха, литературное направление, эстетические ценности); - филологический анализ выполнен по всем пунктам	3

		(интерпретация заголовка, анализ языковых средств, ритма, пунктуации). - полностью описан историко-филологический контекст произведения (эпоха, литературное направление, эстетические ценности); в анализе текста преобладает в основном пересказ, не выявляет структуру текста, слабо аргументирует, не выражает свою оценку, с трудом находит стилистические приемы. - не выявлен историко-филологический контекст произведения (эпоха, литературное направление, эстетические ценности); выполнение филологического анализа только по 1 пункту из следующих: интерпретация заголовка, анализ языковых средств, ритма, пунктуации); - дана оценка перевода текста только по 1-2 пунктам из следующих: стилистическое соответствие оригиналу, композиция, передача идейно-художественного замысла, выбор языковых средств.	2 1
2	Последовательность изложения	- содержание материала раскрыто последовательно, достаточно хорошо продумано; - последовательность изложения материала недостаточно продумана; -путаница в изложении материала.	3 2 1
3	Владение речью и терминологией (стилистическими приемами)	- материал изложен грамотным языком, с точным нахождением и объяснением стилистических приемов; - в изложении материала имелись затруднения и допущены ошибки в определении понятий и в нахождении стилистических приемов; - содержание текста не раскрыто, стилистические приемы не найдены.	3 2 1
4	Применение конкретных примеров	- показано умение иллюстрировать материал конкретными примерами; -приведение примеров вызывает затруднение; -неумение приводить примеры при объяснении материала.	3 2 1
5	Знание ранее изученного материала	- продемонстрировано усвоение ранее изученного материала; -с трудом вспоминает ранее изученный материал; - незнание ранее изученного материала.	3 2 1
6	Уровень теоретического анализа	- показано умение делать обобщение, выводы, сравнение; - обобщение, выводы, сравнение делаются с помощью преподавателя; - полное неумение делать обобщение, выводы, сравнения.	3 2 1
7	Степень самостоятельности	- содержание материала изложено самостоятельно, без наводящих вопросов; - содержание материала излагалось с помощью наводящих вопросов и подсказок; - содержание материала излагалось с многочисленными подсказками, показавшими незнание или непонимание большей части учебного материала	3 2 1
8	Готовность к работе с текстом на уроке иностранного языка	- обучающийся понимает и может объяснить учащимся, в чем заключается воспитательный потенциал текста; предлагает способы организации работы с текстом на уроке характеризовать особенности сюжета, композиции, роль изобразительно-выразительных средств в процессе работы с текстами разных жанров на уроках иностранного языка (работа с композиционными частями текста (заголовка, начала и конца, эпиграфа и т.д.) для формирования и восприятия читателем общей текстовой информации, анализ сюжета и изобразительно-выразительных средств); обосновывает предлагаемые способы с точки зрения методики обучения чтению; - обучающийся понимает и может объяснить учащимся, в чем заключается воспитательный потенциал текста; предлагает способы организации работы с текстом на уроке (работа с композиционными частями текста (заголовка, начала и конца, эпиграфа и т.д.) для формирования и восприятия читателем общей текстовой информации, анализ сюжета и	3 2

		изобразительно-выразительных средств); - обучающийся понимает воспитательный потенциал текста; предлагает отдельные способы организации работы с текстом на уроке	1

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

Полученные обучающимся баллы фиксируются в оценочном листе и переводятся в отметку по следующей шкале:
20-24 баллов – отлично
16-20 баллов – хорошо
8-15 баллов – удовлетворительно.