



МИНИСТЕРСТВО ПРОСВЕЩЕНИЯ РОССИЙСКОЙ ФЕДЕРАЦИИ  
Куйбышевский филиал федерального государственного бюджетного  
образовательного учреждения высшего образования «Новосибирский  
государственный педагогический университет»

УТВЕРЖДАЮ

Декан  
Факультет психолого-педагогического  
образования

В.А.Кобелев

(подпись)

РАБОЧАЯ ПРОГРАММА ДИСЦИПЛИНЫ  
**Аналитическое чтение**

Направление подготовки:  
**44.03.05 Педагогическое образование (с двумя профилями подготовки)**

Направленность (профиль):  
**Иностранный (английский) язык и Иностранный (немецкий) язык**

Уровень высшего образования:  
**бакалавриат**

Форма обучения:  
**очная**

**СОСТАВИТЕЛИ:**

Кандидат филологических наук, доцент, заведующий кафедрой филологии и методики обучения Н.А.Лукьянова

**РЕКОМЕНДОВАНО К ИСПОЛЬЗОВАНИЮ В УЧЕБНОМ ПРОЦЕССЕ**

на заседании кафедры филологии и методики обучения (КФ) (протокол №10 от 30.06.2021 г.)

# 1 ПОЯСНИТЕЛЬНАЯ ЗАПИСКА

## 1.1 Цель освоения дисциплины:

формирование целостного восприятия художественного текста через анализ и обобщение языковых средств, передающих идейно-тематическое и эстетическое созерцание произведения и оказывающих познавательное воздействие на читателя.

## 1.2 Место дисциплины в структуре образовательной программы

Программа дисциплины разработана в соответствии с федеральным государственным образовательным стандартом высшего образования по направлению подготовки 44.03.05 Педагогическое образование (с двумя профилями подготовки), утвержденным приказом Минобрнауки России от 22.02.2018 г. №125, профессиональными стандартами: педагог (педагогическая деятельность в сфере дошкольного, начального общего, основного общего, среднего общего образования) (воспитатель, учитель), утвержденным приказом Министерства труда и социальной защиты Российской Федерации от 18.10.2013 г. №544н, педагог дополнительного образования детей и взрослых, утвержденным приказом Министерства труда и социальной защиты Российской Федерации от 05.05.2018 г. №298н.

Дисциплина относится к части, формируемой участниками образовательных отношений блока 1 «Дисциплины» учебного плана образовательной программы, изучается в 7, 8, 9 семестрах. Трудоемкость дисциплины: 8 ЗЕ / 288 часов, в том числе 92 часа - контактная работа с преподавателем, 162 часа - самостоятельная работа (таблица 2).

## 1.3 Планируемые результаты обучения по дисциплине

Дисциплина направлена на формирование компетенции(-ий), представленных в таблице 1.

Таблица 1

### Планируемые результаты обучения по дисциплине

Код и наименование компетенции	
Индикаторы достижения компетенции	Планируемые результаты обучения по дисциплине
<b>УК-4 Способен осуществлять деловую коммуникацию в устной и письменной формах на государственном языке Российской Федерации и иностранном(ых) языке(ах)</b>	
УК-4.1 Выбирает на государственном и иностранном (-ых) языках коммуникативно приемлемые стиль делового общения, вербальные и невербальные средства взаимодействия с партнерами.	Знать: - систему и структуру иностранного языка, возможности реализации языковых средств в тексте;
УК-4.2 Использует информационно-коммуникационные технологии при поиске необходимой информации в процессе решения различных коммуникативных задач на государственном и иностранном (-ых) языках.	- необходимые стилистические и эмоционально-модальные средства языка;
УК-4.3 Ведет деловую переписку, учитывая особенности стилистики официальных и неофициальных писем, социокультурные различия в формате корреспонденции на государственном и иностранном (-ых) языках.	- культуру, традиции и обычаи изучаемой страны, реалии страны изучаемого языка.
УК-4.4 Умеет коммуникативно и культурно приемлемо осуществлять устное деловое взаимодействие на государственном и иностранном (-ых) языках.	Уметь: - правильно в графико-орфографическом, лексическом, грамматическом и стилистическом отношении
УК-4.5 Демонстрирует умение выполнять перевод академических текстов с иностранного (-ых) на государственный язык.	выражать свои мысли в устной и письменной формах; - использовать знания о языковом строе в целом и отдельных языковых уровнях. Владеть: - знаниями о системе и структуре иностранного языка и возможностях их реализации; - определенным уровнем коммуникативной, лингвистической,

	социолингвистической, социокультурной, дискурсивной компетенциями.
<b>ПК-3 способен применять предметные знания при реализации образовательного процесса</b>	
ПК-3.1 Знает: закономерности, принципы и уровни формирования и реализации содержания образования; структуру, состав и дидактические единицы содержания предмета.	<p>Знать:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- формирование целостного восприятия художественного текста через анализ и обобщение языковых средств, передающих идейно-тематическое и эстетическое созерцание произведения</li> <li>и оказывающих познавательное воздействие на читателя.</li> </ul> <p>Уметь:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- логично и грамотно выражать свое отношение при обсуждении тем, затрагиваемых в художественных произведениях;</li> <li>- использовать полученные теоретические знания в практической деятельности при анализе художественного произведения;</li> </ul> <p>Владеть:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- терминологическим аппаратом;</li> <li>- умениями и навыками анализа художественного текста;</li> <li>- лексическими и грамматическими единицами, усвоенными в результате работы над текстом.</li> </ul>
ПК-3.2 Умеет: осуществлять отбор учебного содержания для реализации в различных формах обучения в соответствии с дидактическими целями и возрастными особенностями учащихся.	
ПК-3.3 Владеет: предметным содержанием образования по предмету; умениями отбора вариативного содержания с учетом взаимосвязи урочной и внеурочной формы обучения.	

## 2 СОДЕРЖАНИЕ ДИСЦИПЛИНЫ

### Седьмой семестр

#### Тема 1. “Doctor in the House” by R.Gordon

Study of Reading, Discussion The Vocabulary study.	Speech Patterns, word –	combinations. translating. text. text.
	of the	text.
	analysis of the	text.

#### Тема 2. “To kill a Mockingbird” by H.Lee

Study of Reading, Discussion The Vocabulary study.	Speech Patterns, word –	combinations. translating. text. text.
	of the	text.
	analysis of the	text.

#### Тема 3. “W.S.” by L.P.Hartley.

Study of Reading, Discussion The Vocabulary	Speech Patterns, word –	combinations. translating. text. text. study.
	of the	text.
	analysis of the	text. study.

### Восьмой семестр

#### Тема 1. “Ragtime” by E.L.Doctorow

Study of Reading, Discussion The Vocabulary study.	Speech Patterns, word –	combinations. translating. text. text.
	of the	text.
	analysis of the	text.

#### Тема 2. “The Lumber – Room” by H.Munro

Study of Reading, Discussion The Vocabulary study.	Speech Patterns, word –	combinations. translating. text. text.
	of the	text.
	analysis of the	text.

#### Тема 3. “The time of my life” by D. Healey

Study of Reading, Discussion The Vocabulary study.	Speech Patterns, word –	combinations. translating. text. text.
	of the	text.
	analysis of the	text.

### Девятый семестр

#### Тема 1. “The Passionate Year” by James Hilton

The Analysis Vocabulary work	analysis of Narrative	the text techniques
------------------------------	-----------------------	---------------------

#### Тема 2. Text “The Escape” by Somerset Maugham

The Analysis Vocabulary	analysis of Narrative	the text techniques work
-------------------------	-----------------------	--------------------------

#### Тема 3. Text “One Stair Up” by C. Nairne

The Analysis Vocabulary work	analysis of Narrative	the text techniques
------------------------------	-----------------------	---------------------

### Содержание работ по дисциплине

Таблица 2

Содержание работы	Виды и формы работы, час					Всего, час	Код компете нции				
	Контактная работа										
	ле	кц	ра	то	кч			ич	су	ль	ельн
<b>Седьмой семестр</b>											
Тема 1. “Doctor in the House” by R.Gordon					10			14		24	УК-4, ПК-3
Тема 2. “To kill a Mockingbird” by H.Lee					10			14		24	УК-4, ПК-3
Тема 3. “W.S.” by L.P.Hartley.					10			14		24	УК-4, ПК-3
Подготовка к зачету											УК-4, ПК-3
<b>Восьмой семестр</b>											
Тема 1. “Ragtime” by E.L.Doctorow					10			14		24	УК-4, ПК-3
Тема 2. “The Lumber – Room” by H.Munro					10			14		24	УК-4, ПК-3
Тема 3. “The time of my life” by D. Healey					10			14		24	УК-4, ПК-3
Подготовка к зачету с оценкой											УК-4, ПК-3
<b>Девятый семестр</b>											
Тема 1. “The Passionate Year” by James Hilton					10			26		36	УК-4, ПК-3
Тема 2. Text “The Escape” by Somerset Maugham					10			26		36	УК-4, ПК-3
Тема 3. Text “One Stair Up” by C. Nairne					10			26		36	УК-4, ПК-3
Подготовка к экзамену						2		34		36	УК-4, ПК-3
Итого по дисциплине					90	2		196		288	

### **3 МЕТОДИЧЕСКИЕ УКАЗАНИЯ ДЛЯ ОБУЧАЮЩИХСЯ ПО ОСВОЕНИЮ ДИСЦИПЛИНЫ**

Для успешного освоения дисциплины следует ознакомиться с содержанием разделов и тем по дисциплине (см. п. 2), следовать технологической карте при выполнении самостоятельной работы (табл. 3), использовать рекомендованные ресурсы (п. 4) и выполнять требования внутренних стандартов университета.

## **4 УЧЕБНО-МЕТОДИЧЕСКОЕ ОБЕСПЕЧЕНИЕ ДИСЦИПЛИНЫ**

**4.1 Основная учебная литература**

**4.2 Дополнительная учебная литература**

**4.3 Ресурсы открытого доступа**

**4.4 Технологическая карта самостоятельной работы студента**

*Таблица 3*



## 5 РЕСУРСЫ, НЕОБХОДИМЫЕ ДЛЯ ОСУЩЕСТВЛЕНИЯ ОБРАЗОВАТЕЛЬНОГО ПРОЦЕССА ПО ДИСЦИПЛИНЕ

### 5.1 Информационные технологии

Образовательный процесс осуществляется с применением локальных и распределенных информационных технологий (таблицы 4, 5).

#### Локальные информационные технологии

Таблица 4

Группа программных средств	Перечень лицензионного и свободно распространяемого программного обеспечения, в том числе отечественного производства	Аудитория	Реквизиты подтверждающего документа
----------------------------	---	-----------	-------------------------------------

#### Распределенные информационные технологии

Таблица 5

Группа	Наименование
Библиотеки и образовательные ресурсы (в том числе персональные сайты преподавателей НГПУ)	Электронная библиотека НГПУ <a href="http://lib.nspu.ru">http://lib.nspu.ru</a>

### 5.2 Материально-техническое обеспечение дисциплины

Таблица 6

Номер и наименование (при наличии) помещения для осуществления образовательной деятельности	Перечень основного оборудования	Адрес места осуществления образовательной деятельности (местоположение согласно лицензии)
---	---------------------------------	---

## 6 ОЦЕНОЧНЫЕ МАТЕРИАЛЫ

### 6.1 Оценочные материалы для проведения текущего контроля успеваемости

Таблица 7

№ п/п	Наименование темы	Код компетенции	Формы проверки
Седьмой семестр			
1	Тема 1. "Doctor in the House" by R.Gordon	УК-4, ПК-3	
2	Тема 2. "To kill a Mockingbird" by H.Lee	УК-4, ПК-3	
3	Тема 3. "W.S." by L.P.Hartley.	УК-4, ПК-3	
Восьмой семестр			
4	Тема 1. "Ragtime" by E.L.Doctorow	УК-4, ПК-3	
5	Тема 2. "The Lumber – Room" by H.Munro	УК-4, ПК-3	
6	Тема 3. "The time of my life" by D. Healey	УК-4, ПК-3	
Девятый семестр			
7	Тема 1. "The Passionate Year" by James Hilton	УК-4, ПК-3	
8	Тема 2. Text "The Escape" by Somerset Maugham	УК-4, ПК-3	
9	Тема 3. Text "One Stair Up" by C. Nairne	УК-4, ПК-3	

### 6.2 Оценочные материалы для проведения промежуточной аттестации обучающихся

Таблица 8

Оценочные материалы для промежуточной аттестации	
Седьмой семестр (Зачет)	
<b>Код компетенции: УК-4</b>	
<p>1. Анализ текста.</p> <p>BETTE <span style="float: right;">GREENE</span></p> <p>I dial the number that for more than twenty years has been committed to memory and then begin counting the rings. One... two... three... four... five... six – Christ! What's wrong with – "Newton North High School, good morning." "Jeannette? Oh, good morning. This is Armanda Brooks. Look, I may be a few minutes late today. Something came up - no, dear, I'm fine, thanks for asking. It's just a... a family matter that I must take care of. I shouldn't be more than ten to twenty minutes late for my first class, and I was wondering if you'd kindly ask one of my students, Dani Nikas, to start reading to the class from where we left off in The Chocolate War?... Oh, that would help a lot... Thanks, Jeannette, thanks a lot."</p> <p>Aimlessly I wander from bookcase to armchair to table and finally to the large French window that looks out upon my street. Like yesterday and so many yesterdays before, my neighbor's paneled station wagon is parked in the exact spot I halfway up their blue asphalt driveway. And today, like yesterday, Roderick Street continues to be shaded by a combination of mature oaks and young Japanese maples.</p> <p>How can everything look the same when nothing really feels the same? Good Lord, Mandy Brooks, how old are you going to have to be before you finally get it into your head that the world takes no interest in your losses?</p> <p>The grandfather clock in the hall begins chiming out the hour of seven and suddenly fear gnaws at my stomach. What am I afraid of now? For one thing, all those minutes. At least thirty of them that I'll have to face alone, here, with just my thoughts.</p> <p>Calm down now! It's only thirty minutes. Why, the last thing the locksmith said last night was that he'd be here first thing this morning. "Between seven thirty and eight for sure!" Anyway, nobody can make me think when I still have the kitchen counter to wipe and breakfast dishes to put into the dishwasher. Thinking hasn't come this hard since Steve's death on the eve of our eighteenth anniversary. That was major league pain all right, but so dear God is this. So is this...</p>	

No time for that now – no time? Tidying up the kitchen is I the only thing that I want to think about. But upon entering the kitchen, I see that with the exception of a mug still half full of undrunk coffee, there is really nothing to do. I pour the now cold coffee into the sink before examining the mug with all those miniature red hearts revolving around the single word MOM. It was a gift from Caren and not all that long ago either. Maybe a year, but certainly no more than a year ago. But even then I had had suspicions that something wasn't right. Maybe without Caren's loving gift coming at me out of the blue, I would have followed my instincts and checked things out. But frankly I doubt that. The thing is that I wanted - needed - to believe in my daughter. And going through her drawers in search of I-knew-not-what offended me. It goes against my sense that everybody, even a seventeen-year-old, deserves privacy. You make me sick, Mandy Brooks, you really do! Just when did you get to be such a defender of the constitutional rights of minors? Why don't you at least have the courage to come on out and tell the truth. Say that, at all costs, you had to protect yourself from the truth. The terrible truth that your daughter, your lovely daughter is a junkie I ! Stopit! Stopit! I'm not listening to you anymore! And there's nothing you can do to make me! Steve... Steve, oh my God, Steve, how I need you! There hasn't been a day, or even an hour, in all these twenty-two months since you left Caren and me that I haven't needed you. Don't believe those people who observe me from safe distances before patting my wrists and commenting on how strong I am. “How wonderfully you're carrying on alone”. Maybe I walk pretty much the same and talk pretty much the same, but, Steve, I don't feel the same. The moment I saw them close the coffin over you, Steve, I knew then what I know now. That the part of me that was most alive and loving got buried down there with you.

2. Перевод предложений с активным вокабуляром.

1. Я бы никогда не подумала, что такой уравновешенный человек, как Джон, может попасть в беду, только потому, что его постоянная спутница легко обвела его вокруг пальца.

2. «Так не пойдет, это скорее, похоже на безвкусную массу, чем на рагу, а картофель в нем размером с горох. Ты дожжен был скрести, а не чистить его. К тому же, кастрюля треснула, и весь подлив вытек. На всякий случай добавь еще воды, муки, все остатки и тщательно перемешай. Я думаю, что из этого получится роскошный ужин», – сказал Джордж с серьезным видом.

3. В начале лета он написал статью для местной газеты, где является постоянным корреспондентом.

4. Гуляя по извилистым дорожкам парка, он услышал щелчок ружья.

5. Прочитав о себе в колонке скандальных новостей, она почувствовала себя несчастной.

**Код компетенции: ПК-3**

1. Анализ текста.

BETTE

GREENE

I dial the number that for more than twenty years has been committed to memory and then begin counting the rings. One... two... three... four... five... six – Christ! What's wrong with – “Newton North High School, good morning.” “Jeannette? Oh, good morning. This is Armanda Brooks. Look, I may be a few minutes late today. Something came up - no, dear, I'm fine, thanks for asking. It's just a... a family matter that I must take care of. I shouldn't be more than ten to twenty minutes late for my first class, and I was wondering if you'd kindly ask one of my students, Dani Nikas, to start reading to the class from where we left off in The Chocolate War?... Oh, that would help a lot... Thanks, Jeannette, thanks a lot.”

Aimlessly I wander from bookcase to armchair to table and finally to the large French window that looks out upon my street. Like yesterday and so many yesterdays before, my neighbor's paneled station wagon is parked in the exact spot I halfway up their blue asphalt driveway. And today, like yesterday, Roderick Street continues to be shaded by a combination of mature oaks and young Japanese maples.

How can everything look the same when nothing really feels the same? Good Lord, Mandy Brooks, how old are you going to have to be before you finally get it into your head that the world takes no interest in your losses?

The grandfather clock in the hall begins chiming out the hour of seven and suddenly fear gnaws at my stomach. What am I afraid of now? For one thing, all those minutes. At least thirty of them that I'll have to face alone, here, with just my thoughts.

Calm down now! It's only thirty minutes. Why, the last thing the locksmith said last night was that he'd be here first thing this morning. "Between seven thirty and eight for sure!" Anyway, nobody can make me think when I still have the kitchen counter to wipe and breakfast dishes to put into the dishwasher. Thinking hasn't come this hard since Steve's death on the eve of our eighteenth anniversary. That was major league pain all right, but so dear God is this. So is this... No time for that now – no time? Tidying up the kitchen is I the only thing that I want to think about. But upon entering the kitchen, I see that with the exception of a mug still half full of undrunk coffee, there is really nothing to do. I pour the now cold coffee into the sink before examining the mug with all those miniature red hearts revolving around the single word MOM. It was a gift from Caren and not all that long ago either. Maybe a year, but certainty no more than a year ago. But even then I had had suspicions that something wasn't right. Maybe without Caren's loving gift coming at me out of the blue, I would have followed my instincts and checked things out. But frankly I doubt that. The thing is that I wanted - needed - to believe in my daughter. And going through her drawers in search of I-knew-not-what offended me. It goes against my sense that everybody, even a seventeen-year-old, deserves privacy. You make me sick, Mandy Brooks, you really do! Just when did you get to be such a defender of the constitutional rights of minors? Why don't you at least have the courage to come on out and tell the truth. Say that, at all costs, you had to protect yourself from the truth. The terrible truth that your daughter, your lovely daughter is a junkie I ! Stopit! Stopit! I'm not listening to you anymore! And there's nothing you can do to make me! Steve... Steve, oh my God, Steve, how I need you! There hasn't been a day, or even an hour, in all these twenty-two months since you left Caren and me that I haven't needed you. Don't believe those people who observe me from safe distances before patting my wrists and commenting on how strong I am. "How wonderfully you're carrying on alone". Maybe I walk pretty much the same and talk pretty much the same, but, Steve, I don't feel the same. The moment I saw them close the coffin over you, Steve, I knew then what I know now. That the part of me that was most alive and loving got buried down there with you.

2. Перевод предложений с активным вокабуляром.

1. Я бы никогда не подумала, что такой уравновешенный человек, как Джон, может попасть в беду, только потому, что его постоянная спутница легко обвела его вокруг пальца.

2. «Так не пойдет, это скорее, похоже на безвкусную массу, чем на рагу, а картофель в нем размером с горох. Ты должен был скрести, а не чистить его. К тому же, кастрюля треснула, и весь подлив вытек. На всякий случай добавь еще воды, муки, все остатки и тщательно перемешай. Я думаю, что из этого получится роскошный ужин», – сказал Джордж с серьезным видом.

3. В начале лета он написал статью для местной газеты, где является постоянным корреспондентом.

4. Гуляя по извилистым дорожкам парка, он услышал щелчок ружья.

5. Прочитав о себе в колонке скандальных новостей, она почувствовала себя несчастной.

### Восьмой семестр (Зачет с оценкой)

#### Код компетенции: УК-4

1. Анализ текста.

COLD	SALT	WATER
Maria	c.	Mccarthy

He comes in with his shirt splattered with blood, and I say, 'Honest to God, Kieran.' 'Don't fuss, Mum,' he says like it's nothing to walk in the house with your nose spread across your face.

'What in Jesus' name happened?' No answer. 'Who were you with?' 'John and Chris.'

'And are they hurt too?' 'Leave it, Mum.'

I put my hand up to his face, but he dips from it. 'It's a rough old place, that dancehall. Tiffany's was it?'

'It's a disco, Mum, not a dancehall.'

And then his father's in the doorway, and I say, 'Will you look at the state of Kieran?' But he's three sheets to the wind himself, so I send him off to bed.

Well, I try to whip the shirt off the boy, but he holds it close around him. So I get a bucket ready: cold water with a good dash of salt. 'Come on now, Kieran,' I say, 'Let's have that shirt.' It's one of his good ones, a Ben Sherman. He unbuttons it. There are bruises like footprints on his chest. 'Did you get a look at them? Could you describe them to the police?' 'Please, Mum. It doesn't matter.' 'You've bruises all over!'

He flinches as I touch him. I can see that he's trying to hold on to the tears. I know the wobble in that lip, like when his father used to tell him that boys don't cry, so he'd sniff the snot back up into his nose, and pretend he was all right. But a mother knows. But a mother only knows by rummaging in his chest of drawers when he's out, through the piles of pennies and silver in the top drawer from his turned out pockets. I go in there when I'm short of money for the milkman, or need a 50p when the electric's gone. He doesn't like the rattle of the coins in his pockets, and how they spoil the line of his trousers. So they pyramid higher in the drawer, silver on copper, and slip like the coal in the bunker as the drawer opens, heavier each time I pull it out. And that's where I found that thing once, from a packet of three as they call it, and only the one left. I told him what Fr Westland would say. He just laughed. Though there have been times when I've thought, wouldn't we have been glad of one?

He's been worse since he's been working, acting like he's man of the house. Home at six, he slams the back door open against the kitchen dresser – there's a hole in the hardboard now – then he shouts, 'Where's my dinner?' When he was small, I could slap him across the back of the legs, but now he stands above me. I need to stand on a chair to look him in the eye. 'I'm off to bed,' Kieran says. I watch as he climbs the stairs, every step an effort. Whether he sleeps or not, I don't know, but I lie awake next to his snoring father. Every time I close my eyes, I can't stop seeing the footprints on my boy's chest. In the morning, he's so stiff he can hardly raise an arm, so I knock at Mick Bennett's house, and ask would he tell them at the factory that Kieran won't be in. Then I run Kieran a hot bath to see would it ease him a little, and make him egg and bacon when he's out and dressed. Although it hurts to see him like that, it's nice, in a way, to have my boy to myself, with Jack and the children off for the day.

I've the radio on in the kitchen, and the news headlines come over, of the latest from the IRA, a pub in Guildford, not ten miles up the road. I know there'll be hard stares when I ask for the veg at the greengrocer, when I open my mouth to speak, as if it was me that laid that bomb. 'Are you ready to tell me?' I say, as he wipes the yolk of his egg off the plate with a half-bitten slice of fried bread. He holds up his mug, and I pour some more tea. 'Shall we go to the police?' He half-drains the mug, then slams it down on the table. The tea splashes up the sides then settles again. 'Or was it you that started it? I know your temper.'

The full story of the bombing comes on the radio. 'Switch it off,' he says. 'God knows why your father stands up for that lot,' I say, 'it doesn't do us any good, those of us that have to live here.' He stares at his plate, his fingertips pressing into the edge of the table. 'Is that what the fight was over?' I say. 'It's nothing to do with me, what the Irish get up to,' he says, 'I ain't Irish.' I wipe my hands on a tea towel and turn to him. 'Only every ounce of blood that flows through your veins.'

'It don't make me Irish.' He butters a slice of bread. I can see how it's bothering him to eat, with his top lip split. Part of me wants to slap him, and the rest of me wants to cradle him. I picture him lying on the ground as the heavy boots hit his chest. And I think of how he's stopped going to the Tara club, how it's Tiffany's on a Saturday night, out with his packet of three: Durex, approved to British standards.

I go to the bucket where I'd steeped the shirt the night before. The water is pink, the blood seeping into the crystals. I drain the bucket into the sink, rinse the shirt, then run more cold water into the bucket, emptying the remainder of the packet of Saxa into it. I watch the shirt sink, pushing it down so it's covered.

2. Перевод предложений с активным вокабуляром.  
1. Отличные условия, предоставленные для эксперимента, в значительной степени способствовали его успеху.



He holds up his mug, and I pour some more tea. 'Shall we go to the police?' He half-drains the mug, then slams it down on the table. The tea splashes up the sides then settles again. 'Or was it you that started it? I know your temper.' The full story of the bombing comes on the radio. 'Switch it off,' he says. 'God knows why your father stands up for that lot,' I say, 'it doesn't do us any good, those of us that have to live here.' He stares at his plate, his fingertips pressing into the edge of the table. 'Is that what the fight was over?' I say. 'It's nothing to do with me, what the Irish get up to,' he says, 'I ain't Irish.' I wipe my hands on a tea towel and turn to him. 'Only every ounce of blood that flows through your veins.' 'It don't make me Irish.' He butters a slice of bread. I can see how it's bothering him to eat, with his top lip split. Part of me wants to slap him, and the rest of me wants to cradle him. I picture him lying on the ground as the heavy boots hit his chest. And I think of how he's stopped going to the Tara club, how it's Tiffany's on a Saturday night, out with his packet of three: Durex, approved to British standards. I go to the bucket where I'd steeped the shirt the night before. The water is pink, the blood seeping into the crystals. I drain the bucket into the sink, rinse the shirt, then run more cold water into the bucket, emptying the remainder of the packet of Saxa into it. I watch the shirt sink, pushing it down so it's covered.

2. Перевод предложений с активным вокабуляром.
1. Отличные условия, предоставленные для эксперимента, в значительной степени способствовали его успеху.
  2. Нельзя переоценить вклад Л.Толстого в мировую художественную литературу.
  3. На старт! Внимание! Марш!
  4. Она с трудом накопила некоторую сумму, и в начале зимы отправилась одна в Альпы.
  5. «Время вышло, пора заканчивать», - с приподнятым настроением объявил Джек.
  6. Мы долго бродили по лесу, и, наконец, нашли то место, где останавливались в прошлый раз, но с сожалением обнаружили, что нам не удастся устроиться, так как повсюду был мусор и остатки пищи.

### Девятый семестр (Экзамен)

#### Код компетенции: УК-4

#### 1. Analyse the text

Примерный текст

COLD SALT WATER

Maria c. Mccarthy

He comes in with his shirt splattered with blood, and I say, 'Honest to God, Kieran.' 'Don't fuss, Mum,' he says like it's nothing to walk in the house with your nose spread across your face.

'What in Jesus' name happened?' No answer. 'Who were you with?' 'John and Chris.'

'And are they hurt too?' 'Leave it, Mum.'

I put my hand up to his face, but he dips from it. 'It's a rough old place, that dancehall. Tiffany's was it?' 'It's a disco, Mum, not a dancehall.'

And then his father's in the doorway, and I say, 'Will you look at the state of Kieran?' But he's three sheets to the wind himself, so I send him off to bed. Well, I try to whip the shirt off the boy, but he holds it close around him. So I get a bucket ready: cold water with a good dash of salt. 'Come on now, Kieran,' I say, 'Let's have that shirt.' It's one of his good ones, a Ben Sherman. He unbuttons it. There are bruises like footprints on his chest. 'Did you get a look at them? Could you describe them to the police?' 'Please, Mum. It doesn't matter.'

'You've bruises all over!'

He flinches as I touch him. I can see that he's trying to hold on to the tears. I know the wobble in that lip, like when his father used to tell him that boys don't cry, so he'd sniff the snot back up into

his nose, and pretend he was all right. But a mother knows. But a mother only knows by rummaging in his chest of drawers when he's out, through the piles of pennies and silver in the top drawer from his turned out pockets. I go in there when I'm short of money for the milkman, or need a 50p when the electric's gone. He doesn't like the rattle of the coins in his pockets, and how they spoil the line of his trousers. So they pyramid higher in the drawer, silver on copper, and slip like the coal in the bunker as the drawer opens, heavier each time I pull it out. And that's where I found that thing once, from a packet of three as they call it, and only the one left. I told him what Fr Westland would say. He just laughed. Though there have been times when I've thought, wouldn't we have been glad of one?

He's been worse since he's been working, acting like he's man of the house. Home at six, he slams the back door open against the kitchen dresser – there's a hole in the hardboard now – then he shouts, 'Where's my dinner?' When he was small, I could slap him across the back of the legs, but now he stands above me. I need to stand on a chair to look him in the eye. 'I'm off to bed,' Kieran says. I watch as he climbs the stairs, every step an effort. Whether he sleeps or not, I don't know, but I lie awake next to his snoring father. Every time I close my eyes, I can't stop seeing the footprints on my boy's chest. In the morning, he's so stiff he can hardly raise an arm, so I knock at Mick Bennett's house, and ask would he tell them at the factory that Kieran won't be in. Then I run Kieran a hot bath to see would it ease him a little, and make him egg and bacon when he's out and dressed. Although it hurts to see him like that, it's nice, in a way, to have my boy to myself, with Jack and the children off for the day.

I've the radio on in the kitchen, and the news headlines come over, of the latest from the IRA, a pub in Guildford, not ten miles up the road. I know there'll be hard stares when I ask for the veg at the greengrocer, when I open my mouth to speak, as if it was me that laid that bomb. 'Are you ready to tell me?' I say, as he wipes the yolk of his egg off the plate with a half-bitten slice of fried bread. He holds up his mug, and I pour some more tea. 'Shall we go to the police?' He half-drains the mug, then slams it down on the table. The tea splashes up the sides then settles again. 'Or was it you that started it? I know your temper.' The full story of the bombing comes on the radio. 'Switch it off,' he says. 'God knows why your father stands up for that lot,' I say, 'it doesn't do us any good, those of us that have to live here.' He stares at his plate, his fingertips pressing into the edge of the table. 'Is that what the fight was over?' I say. 'It's nothing to do with me, what the Irish get up to,' he says, 'I ain't Irish.'

### Код компетенции: ПК-3

#### 1. Analyse the text

Примерный

COLD SALT WATER текст

Maria c. Mccarthy

He comes in with his shirt splattered with blood, and I say, 'Honest to God, Kieran.' 'Don't fuss, Mum,' he says like it's nothing to walk in the house with your nose spread across your face.

'What in Jesus' name happened?' No answer. 'Who were you with?'

'John and Chris.'

'And are they hurt too?'

'Leave it, Mum.'

I put my hand up to his face, but he dips from it. 'It's a rough old place, that dancehall. Tiffany's was it?'

'It's a disco, Mum, not a dancehall.'

And then his father's in the doorway, and I say, 'Will you look at the state of Kieran?' But he's three sheets to the wind himself, so I send him off to bed.

Well, I try to whip the shirt off the boy, but he holds it close around him. So I get a bucket ready: cold water with a good dash of salt. 'Come on now, Kieran,' I say, 'Let's have that shirt.' It's one of his good ones, a Ben Sherman. He unbuttons it. There are bruises like footprints on his chest.

'Did you get a look at them? Could you describe them to the police?'

'Please, Mum. It doesn't matter.'

'You've bruises all over!'



He flinches as I touch him. I can see that he's trying to hold on to the tears. I know the wobble in that lip, like when his father used to tell him that boys don't cry, so he'd sniff the snot back up into his nose, and pretend he was all right. But a mother knows. But a mother only knows by rummaging in his chest of drawers when he's out, through the piles of pennies and silver in the top drawer from his turned out pockets. I go in there when I'm short of money for the milkman, or need a 50p when the electric's gone. He doesn't like the rattle of the coins in his pockets, and how they spoil the line of his trousers. So they pyramid higher in the drawer, silver on copper, and slip like the coal in the bunker as the drawer opens, heavier each time I pull it out. And that's where I found that thing once, from a packet of three as they call it, and only the one left. I told him what Fr Westland would say. He just laughed. Though there have been times when I've thought, wouldn't we have been glad of one?

He's been worse since he's been working, acting like he's man of the house. Home at six, he slams the back door open against the kitchen dresser – there's a hole in the hardboard now – then he shouts, 'Where's my dinner?' When he was small, I could slap him across the back of the legs, but now he stands above me. I need to stand on a chair to look him in the eye. 'I'm off to bed,' Kieran says. I watch as he climbs the stairs, every step an effort. Whether he sleeps or not, I don't know, but I lie awake next to his snoring father. Every time I close my eyes, I can't stop seeing the footprints on my boy's chest. In the morning, he's so stiff he can hardly raise an arm, so I knock at Mick Bennett's house, and ask would he tell them at the factory that Kieran won't be in. Then I run Kieran a hot bath to see would it ease him a little, and make him egg and bacon when he's out and dressed. Although it hurts to see him like that, it's nice, in a way, to have my boy to myself, with Jack and the children off for the day.

I've the radio on in the kitchen, and the news headlines come over, of the latest from the IRA, a pub in Guildford, not ten miles up the road. I know there'll be hard stares when I ask for the veg at the greengrocer, when I open my mouth to speak, as if it was me that laid that bomb. 'Are you ready to tell me?' I say, as he wipes the yolk of his egg off the plate with a half-bitten slice of fried bread. He holds up his mug, and I pour some more tea. 'Shall we go to the police?' He half-drains the mug, then slams it down on the table. The tea splashes up the sides then settles again. 'Or was it you that started it? I know your temper.' The full story of the bombing comes on the radio. 'Switch it off,' he says. 'God knows why your father stands up for that lot,' I say, 'it doesn't do us any good, those of us that have to live here.' He stares at his plate, his fingertips pressing into the edge of the table. 'Is that what the fight was over?' I say. 'It's nothing to do with me, what the Irish get up to,' he says, 'I ain't Irish.'

### **Критерии выставления отметок**

Отметка «отлично» / «зачтено» (высокий уровень сформированности компетенций (-ии)) выставляется обучающемуся, который в процессе изучения дисциплины и по результатам промежуточной аттестации: - обнаружил системные знания по всем разделам программы дисциплины / модуля / практики, продемонстрировал способность к их самостоятельному пополнению, в том числе в рамках учебно-исследовательской и научно-исследовательской деятельности; - при выполнении заданий, предусмотренных программой, успешно продемонстрировал приобретаемые в рамках дисциплины / модуля / практики профессиональные умения; - представил результаты выполнения всех заданий для самостоятельной работы полностью и качественно, на творческом уровне, выразил личностную значимость деятельности; - при устном ответе высказал самостоятельное суждение на основе исследования теоретических источников, логично и аргументированно изложил материал, связал теорию с практикой посредством иллюстрирующих примеров, свободно ответил на дополнительные вопросы; - при выполнении письменного задания представил содержательный, структурированный, глубокий анализ сути и путей решения проблемы (задачи, задания); - при выполнении тестовых заданий дал правильные ответы на 85 – 100 % заданий.

Отметка «хорошо» / «зачтено» (средний уровень сформированности компетенций (-ии)) выставляется обучающемуся, который в процессе изучения дисциплины и по

результатам промежуточной аттестации:- обнаружил знание основного материала по всем разделам программы дисциплины /модуля / практики в объеме, необходимом для дальнейшей учебы и предстоящей работы по профессии, продемонстрировал способность к их самостоятельному пополнению;- при выполнении заданий, предусмотренных программой, смог продемонстрировать осваиваемые профессиональные умения, но допустил не принципиальные ошибки в их выполнении, которые смог исправить при незначительной помощи преподавателя;- представил результаты выполнения всех заданий для самостоятельной работы, указанных в программе дисциплины / модуля / практики, при этом задания выполнены полностью и качественно;- при устном ответе объяснил учебный материал, интерпретировал содержание, экстраполировал выводы;- при выполнении письменного задания представил репродуктивную позицию элементы анализа в описании сути и путей решения проблемы (задачи, задания), изложил логическую последовательность вопросов темы;- при выполнении тестовых заданий дал правильные ответы на 75 – 84 % заданий.

Отметка «удовлетворительно» / «зачтено» (пороговый уровень сформированности компетенций (-ии)) выставляется обучающемуся, который в процессе изучения дисциплины и по результатам промежуточной аттестации:- обнаружил знание основного материала по всем разделам программы дисциплины /модуля / практики в объеме, необходимом для дальнейшей учебы и предстоящей работы по профессии, но знания имеют пробелы и плохо структурированы;- при выполнении заданий, предусмотренных программой, в целом смог продемонстрировать осваиваемые профессиональные умения, но допустил ошибки в их выполнении, которые смог исправить при незначительной помощи преподавателя;- представил результаты выполнения всех заданий для самостоятельной работы, указанных в программе дисциплины / модуля / практики, при этом задания выполнены формально, кратко, рефлексия неполная или носит формальный характер, представлено поверхностное описание.- при устном ответе продемонстрировал знание базовых положений и ключевых понятий, верно воспроизвел учебное содержание без использования дополнительного материала;- при выполнении письменного задания представил репродуктивную позицию в описании сути и путей решения проблемы (задачи, задания);- при выполнении тестовых заданий дал правильные ответы на 60 – 74 % заданий.

Отметка «неудовлетворительно» / «не зачтено» (компетенция(-ии) не

сформирована(-ы))выставляется обучающемуся, который в процессе изучения дисциплины и по результатам промежуточной аттестации:- обнаружил отсутствие знаний либо фрагментарные знания по основным разделам программы дисциплины / модуля / практики;- при выполнении заданий, предусмотренных программой, не смог продемонстрироватьосваиваемые профессиональные умения (допустил принципиальные ошибки в их выполнении, которые не смог исправить при указании на них преподавателем), либо невыполнил задания;- не выполнил предусмотренные учебным планом практические, лабораторные задания;- не полностью выполнил задания для самостоятельной работы, указанных в программедисциплины / модуля / практики, либо задания выполнены неверно, очевиден плагиат;- при устном ответе допустил фактические ошибки в использовании научной терминологии и изложении учебного содержания, сделал ложные выводы;- при выполнении тестовых заданий дал правильные ответы на 0 – 59 % заданий.