



**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**  
**Практический курс иностранного языка**

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

Направленность (профиль):  
**Информатика и Иностранный язык**

Уровень высшего образования:  
**бакалавриат**

Форма обучения:  
**очная**

**СОСТАВИТЕЛИ:**

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**РЕКОМЕНДОВАНО К ИСПОЛЬЗОВАНИЮ В УЧЕБНОМ ПРОЦЕССЕ**

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

г.) Заведующий кафедрой филологии и методики обучения (КФ) Н.А.Лукьянова

# 1 ПОЯСНИТЕЛЬНАЯ ЗАПИСКА

## 1.1 Цель освоения дисциплины:

формирование коммуникативной компетентности в области иностранного языка.

## 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 обязательной части блока 1 «Дисциплины» учебного плана образовательной программы, изучается в 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 семестрах. Трудоемкость дисциплины: 16 ЗЕ / 576 часов, в том числе 226 часов - контактная работа с преподавателем, 248 часов - 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: 1. систему и структуру иностранного языка, возможности их реализации; 2. языковой строй в целом и отдельные языковые уровни: фонетическую систему, грамматическую систему, словарный состав, стилистические особенности; 3. компоненты коммуникативной компетенции – лингвистической, социолингвистической, социокультурной, дискурсивной – по всем видам речевой деятельности (говорение, аудирование, чтение, письмо); 4. определенный набор лексических единиц по бытовым, общественно-политическим, литературным и научно-педагогическим темам, их произносительные варианты, русскоязычные соответствия и особенности употребления; 5. разговорные и грамматические структуры по бытовым, общественно-политическим, литературным и
УК-4.2 Использует информационно-коммуникационные технологии при поиске необходимой информации в процессе решения различных коммуникативных задач на государственном и иностранном (-ых) языках.	
УК-4.3 Ведет деловую переписку, учитывая особенности стилистики официальных и неофициальных писем, социокультурные различия в формате корреспонденции на государственном и иностранном (-ых) языках.	
УК-4.4 Умеет коммуникативно и культурно приемлемо осуществлять устное деловое взаимодействие на государственном и иностранном (-ых) языках.	
УК-4.5 Демонстрирует умение выполнять перевод академических текстов с иностранного (-ых) на государственный язык.	

научно-педагогическим темам;  
6. необходимые стилистические и эмоционально-модальные средства языка;  
7. культуру, традиции и обычаи изучаемой страны, быть знакомыми с реалиями изучаемой страны.

Уметь:

1. правильно с точки зрения произношения и употребления лексических единиц и грамматических структур излагать в диалогическом и монологическом общении свои мысли на бытовые, общественно-политические, литературные и научно-педагогические темы с использованием необходимых стилистических и эмоционально-модальных средств языка; свободно (без перевода) понимать устную, диалогическую и монологическую речь в том же круге тем;
2. уметь правильно в графико-орфографическом, лексическом, грамматическом и стилистическом отношении выражать свои мысли в письменной форме (писать письма, краткие статьи на темы, связанные с жизнью средней и высшей школы, краткие статьи на актуальные литературные и общественно-политические темы);
3. использовать знания о языковом строе в целом и отдельных языковых уровнях: фонетической системе, грамматической системе, словарном составе, стилистических особенностях.

Владеть:

1. знаниями о системе и структуре иностранного языка и возможностях их реализации; понимать (без словаря) литературно-художественные тексты XIX-XX вв., а также современную общественно-

	<p>политическую литературу; уметь дать правильный письменный перевод на русский язык текстов, владеть навыками выразительного чтения вслух;</p> <p>2. владеть определенным уровнем коммуникативной компетенции – лингвистической, социолингвистической, социокультурной, дискурсивной – по всем видам речевой деятельности (говорение, аудирование, чтение, письмо).</p>
<p><b>ПК-3 способен применять предметные знания при реализации образовательного процесса</b></p>	
<p>ПК-3.1 Знает: закономерности, принципы и уровни формирования и реализации содержания образования; структуру, состав и дидактические единицы содержания предмета.</p>	<p>Знать:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- цели обучения в зависимости от специфики учебной группы и условий обучения;</li> </ul>
<p>ПК-3.2 Умеет: осуществлять отбор учебного содержания для реализации в различных формах обучения в соответствии с дидактическими целями и возрастными особенностями учащихся.</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>планирование учебного процесса.</li> <li>- содержание преподаваемого предмета;</li> </ul>
<p>ПК-3.3 Владеет: предметным содержанием образования по предмету; умениями отбора вариативного содержания с учетом взаимосвязи урочной и внеурочной формы обучения.</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- основные положения теории и методики обучения предмету;</li> <li>- требования ФГОС по уровням образования.</li> <li>- цели обучения в зависимости от специфики учебной группы и условий обучения;</li> <li>планирование учебного процесса.</li> <li>- содержание преподаваемого предмета;</li> <li>- основные положения теории и методики обучения предмету;</li> <li>- требования ФГОС по уровням образования.</li> </ul> <p>Уметь:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- совместно с коллегами и администрацией школы в соответствии с действующими программами составлять учебные планы, адекватные поставленным целям обучения;</li> <li>- анализировать учебники, учебные пособия и их серии и уметь комбинировать их друг с другом для работы в конкретных учебных группах;</li> <li>- согласовывать цели уроков и отдельных этапов уроков с общими целями курса, выстраивать прогрессию</li> </ul>

обучения;

- творчески относиться к учебникам и учебным пособиям: сокращать, дополнять, перерабатывать или заменять предлагаемый материал в соответствии с целями обучения и потребностями конкретной учебной группы;
- планировать урок в соответствии с особенностями конкретной учебной группы как целенаправленный, логично построенный, интерактивный процесс;
- писать планы уроков установленного образца;
- уметь сравнивать различные явления русского и английского языка, использовать родной язык как опору в обучении;
- уметь побуждать интерес к феноменам иной культуры, иного образа жизни и иной ментальности.

Владеть:

- эффективными учебными стратегиями
- понятийно-терминологическим аппаратом изучаемой дисциплины (методики и учебного предмета);
- способами планирования и осуществления учебного процесса в соответствии с основной образовательной программой и особенностями обучающихся / воспитанников.

## 2 СОДЕРЖАНИЕ ДИСЦИПЛИНЫ

### Пятый семестр

#### Тема 1. Text “Three Men in a Boat” by J.K.Jerome.

Speech Patterns.  
Word-combinations and phrases  
Text “Three Men in a Boat” by J.K.Jerome. Discussion of the text  
Vocabulary work  
Topic “Hiking”.  
Active vocabulary  
Reading of the text.  
Discussion of the text  
Oral practice.

#### Тема 2. Text “Encountering Directors” by Ch.Samuels

Speech Patterns.  
Word-combinations and phrases  
Text “Encountering Directors” by Ch.Samuels  
reading Discussion of the text  
Vocabulary work  
Topic “Cinema”.  
Active vocabulary  
Reading of the text.  
Discussion of the text  
Oral practice.

#### Тема 3. Text “To Sir, with Love” by E.R.Braithwaite

Speech Patterns.  
Word-combinations and phrases  
Text “To Sir, with Love” by E.R.Braithwaite  
Reading Discussion of the text  
Vocabulary work  
Topic “English Schooling”. Active vocabulary  
Reading of the text.  
Discussion of the text  
Oral practice.

### Шестой семестр

#### Тема 1. Text “The Fun they had” by I.Azimov.

Speech Patterns.  
Word-combinations and phrases  
Text “The Fun they had” by I.Azimov.  
Reading Discussion of the text  
Vocabulary work  
Topic “Painting”.  
Active vocabulary  
Reading of the text.  
Discussion of the text  
Oral practice.

#### Тема 2. Text “Art for Heart’s Sake” by I.Azimov.

Speech Patterns.  
Word-combinations and phrases  
Text Text “Art for Heart’s Sake” by I.Azimov.  
Reading Discussion of the text  
Vocabulary work  
Topic “Feeling and Emotions”.  
Active vocabulary

Reading of the text.  
Discussion of the text  
Oral practice.

**Тема 3. Text “The Man of Destiny” by G.B.Shaw.**

Speech Patterns.  
Word-combinations and phrases  
Text “The Man of Destiny” by G.B.Shaw.  
Reading. Discussion of the text  
Vocabulary work  
Topic “Talking about people”.  
Active vocabulary  
Reading of the text.  
Discussion of the text  
Oral practice.  
Individual reading

**Седьмой семестр**

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

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

**Тема 2. Text "To kill a Mockingbird” by H.Lee**

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

**Тема 3. Text “W.S.” by L.P.Hartley.**

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

**Восьмой семестр**

**Тема 1. Text “Ragtime” by E.L.Doctorow**

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

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

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

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

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

**Девятый семестр**

**Тема 1. Text “The Passionate Year” by James Hilton**

The analysis of the text





<b>Восьмой семестр</b>							
Тема 1. Text “Ragtime” by E.L.Doctorow			12		12	24	УК-4, ПК-3
Тема 2. Text “The Lumber – Room” by H.Munro			12		12	24	УК-4, ПК-3
Тема 3. Text “The time of my life” by D. Healey			12		12	24	УК-4, ПК-3
Подготовка к экзамену				2	34	36	УК-4, ПК-3
<b>Девятый семестр</b>							
Тема 1. Text “The Passionate Year” by James Hilton			12		12	24	УК-4, ПК-3
Тема 2. Text “The Escape” by Somerset Maugham			12		12	24	УК-4, ПК-3
Тема 3. Text “One Stair Up” by C. Nairne			12		12	24	УК-4, ПК-3
Подготовка к зачету							УК-4, ПК-3
<b>Десятый семестр</b>							
Тема 1. Text “Dangerous corner” by John Boynton Priestley			12		12	24	УК-4, ПК-3
Тема 2. Text “Up the Down Staircase” by Bell Kaufman			12		12	24	УК-4, ПК-3
Тема 3. Text “Anthony in Blue Alsatia” by Eleanor Farjeon			12		12	24	УК-4, ПК-3
Подготовка к экзамену				2	34	36	УК-4, ПК-3
Итого по дисциплине			220	6	350	576	

### **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

1. Практический курс английского языка. 1 курс : учебник для вузов : рекомендовано М-вом образования и науки РФ / под ред. В. Д. Аракина. - 6-е изд., доп. и испр. - Москва : ВЛАДОС, 2012. - 536 с. - (Учебник для вузов). - ISBN 978-5-691-01445-1 :
2. Практический курс английского языка. 2 курс : учебник для вузов : рекомендовано М-вом образования и науки РФ / под ред. В. Д. Аракина. - 7-е изд., доп. и испр. - Москва : ВЛАДОС, 2008. - 516 с. - ISBN 978-5-691-01446-8
3. Практический курс английского языка. 3 курс : учебник для вузов : рекомендовано М-вом образования и науки РФ / под ред. В. Д. Аракина. - 4-е изд., перераб. и доп. - Москва : ВЛАДОС, 2008. - 431 с. - (Учебник для вузов). - ISBN 978-5-691-00046-1
4. Практический курс английского языка. 4 курс : учебник для вузов : рекомендовано М-вом образования и науки РФ / под ред. В. Д. Аракина. - 5-е изд., перераб. и доп. - Москва : ВЛАДОС, 2012. - 351 с. - (Учебник для вузов). - ISBN 978-5-691-00978-5
5. Практический курс английского языка. 5 курс : учебник для вузов : рекомендовано М-вом образования и науки РФ / под ред. В. Д. Аракина. - 4-е изд., испр. и доп. - Москва : ВЛАДОС, 2010. - 228 с. - (Учебник для вузов). - ISBN 978-5-691-00399-8

### 4.2. Дополнительная учебная литература

1. Березина, Ольга Александровна. Английский язык для студентов университетов = English for university students : grammar exercises : упражнения по грамматике : учебное пособие для учреждений высш. проф. образования / О. А. Березина, Е. М. Шпилюк. - 2-е изд., испр. - Москва : Академия, 2013. - 208 с. - (Высшее профессиональное образование. Педагогическое образование) (Бакалавриат) - ISBN 978-5-7695-8496-1 .
2. Дроздова, Т. Ю. Everyday English. Full version : учебное пособие для вузов. - 4-е изд., испр. - Санкт-Петербург : Химера, 2000. - 656 с. - ISBN 5-8168-0039-6
3. Степанова, Светлана Николаевна. Английский язык для педагогических специальностей : учебное пособие для вузов / С. Н. Степанова, С. И. Хафизова, Т. А. Гревцева. - Москва : Академия, 2008. - 224 с. - (Высшее профессиональное образование. Педагогические специальности). - ISBN 5-7695-4085-1

### 4.3 Ресурсы открытого доступа:

### 4.4 Технологическая карта самостоятельной работы студента

Таблица 3

Темы дисциплины	Перечень учебно-методического обеспечения (номер источника из п.п. 4.1-4.3)
<i>Задания для самостоятельной работы</i>	
<b>Пятый семестр</b>	
<b>Тема 1.</b> Unit 1.Text “Three Men in a Boat” by J.K.Jerome.	Основная учебная литература: 1 Дополнительная учебная литература: 1, 2, 3
Подготовка анализа текста.	
Выполнение практических заданий.	
<b>Тема 2.</b> Unit 2.Text “Encountering Directors”	Основная учебная литература: 1

by Ch.Samuels	Дополнительная учебная литература: 1, 2, 3
Подготовка анализа текста.	
Выполнение практических заданий.	
<b>Тема 3.</b> Unit 3.Text “To Sir, with Love” by E.R.Braithwaite	Основная учебная литература: 1 Дополнительная учебная литература: 1, 2, 3
Подготовка анализа текста.	
Выполнение практических заданий.	
<b>Подготовка к экзамену</b>	Основная учебная литература: 1 Дополнительная учебная литература: 1, 2, 3
<b><i>Шестой семестр</i></b>	
<b>Тема 1.</b> Unit 4.Text “The Fun they had” by I.Azimov.	Основная учебная литература: 1 Дополнительная учебная литература: 1, 2, 3
<b>Тема 2.</b> Unit 5.Text “Art for Heart’s Sake” by I.Azimov.	Основная учебная литература: 1 Дополнительная учебная литература: 1, 2, 3
<b>Тема 3.</b> Unit 6.Text “The Man of Destiny” by G.B.Shaw.	Основная учебная литература: 1 Дополнительная учебная литература: 1, 2, 3
Подготовка анализа текста.	
Выполнение практических заданий.	
<b>Подготовка к экзамену</b>	Основная учебная литература: 1 Дополнительная учебная литература: 1, 2, 3
<b><i>Седьмой семестр</i></b>	
<b>Тема 1</b> “Doctor in the House” by R.Gordon	Основная учебная литература: 2 Дополнительная учебная литература: 1, 2, 3
<b>Тема 2.</b> “To kill a Mockingbird” by H.Lee	Основная учебная литература: 2 Дополнительная учебная литература: 1, 2, 3
<b>Тема 3.</b> “W.S.” by L.P.Hartley	Основная учебная литература: 2 Дополнительная учебная литература: 1, 2, 3
Чтение, перевод, анализ текста.	
Выполнение практических заданий.	
<b><i>Восьмой семестр</i></b>	
<b>Тема 1.</b> “Ragtime” by E.L.Doctorow	Основная учебная литература: 2 Дополнительная учебная литература: 1, 2, 3
<b>Тема 2.</b> “The Lumber – Room” by H.Munro	Основная учебная литература: 2 Дополнительная учебная литература: 1, 2, 3
<b>Тема 3.</b> “The time of my life” by D. Healey	Основная учебная литература: 2 Дополнительная учебная литература: 1, 2, 3
Чтение, перевод, анализ текста.	
Выполнение практических заданий.	
<b>Подготовка к экзамену</b>	Основная учебная литература: 2 Дополнительная учебная литература: 1, 2, 3
<b><i>Девятый семестр</i></b>	
<b>Тема 1</b> “The Passionate Year” by James Hilton	Основная учебная литература: 3 Дополнительная учебная литература: 1, 2, 3
<b>Тема 2.</b> “The Escape” by Somerset Maugham	Основная учебная литература: 3 Дополнительная учебная литература: 1, 2, 3
<b>Тема 3.</b> “One Stair Up” by C. Nairne	Основная учебная литература: 3 Дополнительная учебная литература: 1, 2, 3
Чтение, перевод, анализ текста.	
Выполнение практических заданий.	
<b><i>Десятый семестр</i></b>	
<b>Тема 1.</b> “Dangerous corner” by John Boynton	Основная учебная литература: 3

Priestley	Дополнительная учебная литература: 1, 2, 3
<b>Тема 2.</b> “Up the Down Staircase” by Bell Kaufman	Основная учебная литература: 3 Дополнительная учебная литература: 1, 2, 3
<b>Тема 3.</b> “Anthony in Blue Alsatia” by Eleanor Farjeon	Основная учебная литература: 3 Дополнительная учебная литература: 1, 2, 3
Чтение, перевод, анализ текста.	
Выполнение практических заданий.	
<b>Подготовка к экзамену</b>	Основная учебная литература: 3 Дополнительная учебная литература: 1, 2, 3

**4.5 Выполнение курсовой работы (проекта).** Курсовая работа по дисциплине не предусмотрена.

## 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
Офисные программы	LibreOffice	207, 406	<a href="https://ru.libreoffice.org/about-us/license">https://ru.libreoffice.org/about-us/license</a>
Операционные системы	Manjaro Linux XFCE & KDE	207, 406	<a href="http://gostrf.com/normadata/1/4293798/4293798256.htm">http://gostrf.com/normadata/1/4293798/4293798256.htm</a>
Научные расчеты	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• SageMath</li> <li>• Scilab</li> <li>• Maxima</li> <li>• PSPP</li> <li>• Среда статистических вычислений R</li> </ul>	207, 406	<a href="http://gostrf.com/normadata/1/4293798/4293798256.htm">http://gostrf.com/normadata/1/4293798/4293798256.htm</a>
Графические редакторы	GIMP	207, 406	<a href="https://www.gimp.org/about/COPYING">https://www.gimp.org/about/COPYING</a>
Браузеры (веб-обозреватели)	Firefox	207, 406	<a href="https://rusgpl.ru/">https://rusgpl.ru/</a>

#### Распределенные информационные технологии

Таблица 5

Группа	Наименование
Библиотеки и образовательные ресурсы (в том числе персональные сайты преподавателей КФ ФГБОУ ВО «НГПУ»)	Электронная библиотека НГПУ <a href="http://lib.nspu.ru">http://lib.nspu.ru</a>
	Электронная библиотека КФ ФГБОУ ВО «НГПУ» <a href="http://lib.kbnspu.ru/">http://lib.kbnspu.ru/</a>
	Персональные сайты преподавателей КФ ФГБОУ ВО «НГПУ» <a href="http://prepod.nspu.ru">http://prepod.nspu.ru</a>
	Система электронных портфолио студентов НГПУ <a href="https://www.nspu.ru/portfolio/">https://www.nspu.ru/portfolio/</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)
Учебная аудитория для проведения учебных занятий лекционного типа		
Лекционный зал № 1	Комплект учебной мебели Проекционное оборудование: Мультимедиа проектор – 1 шт., Экран рулонный (переносной на штативе) – 1 шт.	632387, Новосибирская обл. г. Куйбышев, ул. Молодежная, дом 7
Лекционный зал № 2	Комплект учебной мебели Проекционное оборудование: Мультимедиа проектор – 1 шт., Экран рулонный (переносной на штативе) – 1 шт.	632387, Новосибирская обл. г. Куйбышев, ул. Молодежная, дом 7
Ауд. № 401	Комплект учебной мебели, Доска аудиторная – 1 шт	632387, Новосибирская обл. г. Куйбышев, ул. Молодежная, дом 7
Учебная аудитория для проведения учебных занятий семинарского типа (практические занятия, лабораторные занятия)/ Учебная аудитория для проведения групповых и индивидуальных консультаций/ Учебная аудитория для проведения текущего контроля и промежуточной аттестации		
Ауд. № 405 «Учебная аудитория семинарского типа занятий»	Комплект учебной мебели, Доска аудиторная – 1 шт.	632387, Новосибирская обл. г. Куйбышев, ул. Молодежная, дом 7
Ауд. № 406 «Учебная аудитория семинарского типа занятий»	Комплект учебной мебели, Доска аудиторная – 1 шт.	632387, Новосибирская обл. г. Куйбышев, ул. Молодежная, дом 7
Ауд. № 407 «Учебная аудитория семинарского типа занятий»	Комплект учебной мебели, Доска аудиторная – 1 шт.	632387, Новосибирская обл. г. Куйбышев, ул. Молодежная, дом 7
Ауд. № 408 «Учебная аудитория семинарского типа занятий»	Комплект учебной мебели,	632387, Новосибирская обл. г.

аудитория семинарского типа занятий»	Доска аудиторная – 1 шт.	Куйбышев, ул. Молодежная, дом 7
Ауд. № 409 «Учебная аудитория семинарского типа занятий»	Комплект учебной мебели, Доска аудиторная – 1 шт.	632387, Новосибирская обл. г. Куйбышев, ул. Молодежная, дом 7
Ауд. № 410 «Учебная аудитория семинарского типа занятий»	Комплект учебной мебели, Доска аудиторная – 1 шт.	632387, Новосибирская обл. г. Куйбышев, ул. Молодежная, дом 7
Помещение для самостоятельной работы обучающихся		
Ауд. №207 «Помещение для самостоятельной работы»	Комплект учебной мебели. Компьютерное оборудование: Компьютеры в комплекте (с выходом в сеть "Интернет" и доступом к электронной информационно-образовательной среде университета) – 8 шт., Печатное и сканирующее оборудование: принтеры - 1 шт.	632387, Новосибирская обл. г. Куйбышев, ул. Молодежная, дом 7
Помещение для хранения и профилактического обслуживания учебного оборудования		
Ауд. № 217А «Помещение для хранения и профилактического обслуживания оборудования»	Инвентарь: Специализированный инвентарь – 1 шт. Измерительное оборудование: Вольтметры – 2 шт., Измерители RLC – 1 шт., Осциллографы – 1 шт. Компьютерное оборудование: Компьютер в комплекте – 1 шт. Печатное и сканирующее оборудование: МФУ – 1 шт.	632387, Новосибирская обл. г. Куйбышев, ул. Молодежная, дом 7



## 6 ОЦЕНОЧНЫЕ МАТЕРИАЛЫ

### 6.1 Оценочные материалы для проведения текущего контроля успеваемости

Таблица 7

№ п/п	Наименование темы	Код компетенции	Формы проверки
<b>Пятый семестр</b>			
1	Тема 1. Text “Three Men in a Boat” by J.K.Jerome.	УК-4, ПК-3	1. Собеседование по тексту. 2. Выполнение упражнений.
2	Тема 2. Text “Encountering Directors” by Ch.Samuels	УК-4, ПК-3	1. Собеседование по тексту. 2. Выполнение упражнений.
3	Тема 3. Text “To Sir, with Love” by E.R.Braithwaite	УК-4, ПК-3	1. Собеседование по тексту. 2. Выполнение упражнений.
<b>Шестой семестр</b>			
4	Тема 1. Text “The Fun they had” by I.Azimov.	УК-4, ПК-3	1. Собеседование по тексту. 2. Выполнение упражнений.
5	Тема 2. Text “Art for Heart’s Sake” by I.Azimov.	УК-4, ПК-3	1. Собеседование по тексту. 2. Выполнение упражнений.
6	Тема 3. Text “The Man of Destiny” by G.B.Shaw.	УК-4, ПК-3	1. Собеседование по тексту. 2. Выполнение упражнений.
<b>Седьмой семестр</b>			
7	Тема 1. Text “Doctor in the House” by R.Gordon	УК-4, ПК-3	1. Анализ текста 2. Выполнение письменных упражнений
8	Тема 2. Text “To kill a Mockingbird” by H.Lee	УК-4, ПК-3	1. Анализ текста 2. Выполнение письменных упражнений
9	Тема 3. Text “W.S.” by L.P.Hartley.	УК-4, ПК-3	1. Анализ текста 2. Выполнение письменных упражнений
<b>Восьмой семестр</b>			
10	Тема 1. Text “Ragtime” by E.L.Doctorow	УК-4, ПК-3	1. Анализ текста 2. Выполнение письменных упражнений
11	Тема 2. Text “The Lumber Room” by H.Munro	УК-4, ПК-3	1. Анализ текста 2. Выполнение письменных упражнений
12	Тема 3. Text “The time of my life” by D. Healey	УК-4, ПК-3	1. Анализ текста 2. Выполнение письменных упражнений
<b>Девятый семестр</b>			
13	Тема 1. Text “The Passionate	УК-4, ПК-3	1. Интерпретация текста.

	Year” by James Hilton		2. Проверочные упражнения
14	Тема 2. Text “The Escape” by Somerset Maugham	УК-4, ПК-3	1. Интерпретация текста. 2. Проверочные упражнения
15	Тема 3. Text “One Stair Up” by C. Nairne	УК-4, ПК-3	1. Интерпретация текста. 2. Проверочные упражнения
Десятый семестр			
16	Тема 1. Text “Dangerous corner” by John Boynton Priestley	УК-4, ПК-3	1. Интерпретация текста. 2. Проверочные упражнения
17	Тема 2. Text “Up the Down Staircase” by Bell Kaufman	УК-4, ПК-3	1. Интерпретация текста. 2. Проверочные упражнения
18	Тема 3. Text “Anthony in Blue Alsatia” by Eleanor Farjeon	УК-4, ПК-3	1. Интерпретация текста. 2. Проверочные упражнения

## 6.2 Оценочные материалы для проведения промежуточной аттестации обучающихся

Таблица 8

Оценочные материалы для промежуточной аттестации
Пятый семестр (Экзамен)
<p><b>Код компетенции: УК-4, ПК-3</b></p> <p>1. Read, translate and retell the text</p> <p>Примерный текст  <b>COLD SALT WATER</b>                      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</p>

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. Translate from Russian into English

Предложения на перевод

1. Несмотря на то, что в магазине был широкий ассортимент одежды, Джейн купила свитер на размер больше, чем нужно. Ей пришлось менять его на другой.

2. Джон опустил глаза сочувствующе и не знал, что сказать. Он чувствовал смущение и стеснялся произнести слова утешения.

3. Они расстались, так как не сошлись характерами. Кроме того, Мэри использовала Тома в своих собственных интересах и называла это дружбой.

4. Майк сфотографировал Элизу. Она выглядит воплощением здоровья и на щеках у нее румянец.

5. Ее честолобивый муж – не тот, кого можно оскорбить. Он вне себя и готов мстить за оскорбление.

6. Не говори гоп пока не перепрыгнешь.

## Шестой семестр (Экзамен)

**Код компетенции: УК-4 ПК-3**

1. Analyse the text

AN ORDINARY WOMAN

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 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.

So you see, Steve, you've just got to find some way to help us because despite what people say, I'm not strong and I honestly don't know what to do. I look, but I can't find answers, only questions.

More and more questions demanding answers: Where did I go wrong with our daughter? Was I too strict? Or too lenient? Did I love her too little... or did I love her too much?

Outside a truck door slams. I look at my watch. Five minutes after seven. Could he be here already? I rush to the window to see a white panel truck with black lettering – NEWTON CENTRE LOCKSMITHS – at my curb. And a young man, not all that much older than my seniors, is walking briskly up the front walk.

As he takes the front steps, two at a time, I already have the door open. "I really appreciate your being so prompt. You're even earlier than you said you'd be."

"It wasn't me you spoke to. It was my dad, but when he said that a Mrs. Brooks had to have her locks changed first thing in the morning so she wouldn't be late for school, well, I just knew it had to be you."

"Good Lord, I remember you!" I say, grabbing his hand. "You were a student of mine!"

He nods and smiles as he holds tightly to my hand. "You were my favorite English teacher". Then his eyes drop as though he is taking in the intricate pattern of the hall rug. "I guess you were my all-time favorite teacher!"

"Oh, that's lovely of you to say, David – your name is David?"

He grins as though I have given him a present. "David, yes. David Robinson. Hey, you know that's something! You must have had a few hundred students since me. I graduated Newton North two years ago... How do you remember all of your students?"

I hear myself laughing. Laughter, it feels strange, but nice. Very nice. "You give me too much credit, you really do. I'm afraid I can't remember all my students. There have been so many in twenty years. But I think I can probably remember all the students that I really liked."

He takes in the compliment silently as I ask, "Your dad said it wouldn't take long putting in a new cylinder?"

"Ten minutes, Mrs. Brooks. Fifteen at the outside... How many sets of keys will you need?"

“Sets of keys?” I feel my composure begin to dissolve. Suddenly I'm not sure I can trust my voice, so like an early grade-school child, I hold out a finger. Only one finger.

As I quickly turn to start up the stairs, the acrid smelt of yesterday's fire once again strikes my nostrils. Never mind that now! This isn't the time for thinking about what was... and especially not the time for thinking about what could have been.

But even as I command myself to go nonstop into my bedroom for purse and checkbook and then quickly back down the stairs again, I see myself disobeying.

So I stand there at the threshold of Caren's room staring at the two things that had been burned by fire. Her canopy bed rests on only three legs and where the fourth leg once was there is a basketball-size burn in the thick lime-colored rug. Her stereo, records, wall-to-wall posters of rock stars, like everything else in this room, are layered with soot.

I remember now that one of the firemen remarked last night that it was sure a lucky thing that the fire had been contained before it reached the mattress. “You just don't know,” he said, “how lucky you are.”

How lucky I am? Am I lucky? That's what they used to call me back when I was a high school cheerleader<sup>2</sup>. It all started when Big Joe Famori looked up from the huddle and didn't see me on the sidelines so he bellowed out, “Where's lucky Mandy?”

But if I really was lucky twenty-five years ago for Big Joe and the Maiden Eagles, then why can't I be just a little lucky for the ones I've really loved? 'Cause with a little luck, Steve's tumor could just as easily have been benign, but it wasn't. And with a little luck, Caren could have got her highs from life instead of from drugs. But she didn't.

Luck. Dumb, unpredictable luck. Maybe there's no such thing as luck. Or maybe I used up all my precious supply on Big Joe Famori and the Maiden Eagles. Is that where I failed you, Caren? Not having any more luck to give you?

When you were a little thing, I knew exactly how to make your tears go away. A fresh diaper, a bottle of warm milk, or maybe a song or two while you slept in my arms. That was all the magic I owned, but in your eyes, all power rested in my hands. For you, my love, I lit the stars at night and every morning called forth the eastern sun.

Probably very early on, I should have warned you that your mother was a very ordinary woman with not a single extraordinary power to her name. But, honey, I don't think you would have believed me because I think you needed me to be a miracle mom every bit as much as I needed to be one.

The trouble, though, didn't start until you grew larger and your needs, too, grew in size. And the all-protecting arms that I once held out to you couldn't even begin to cover these new and larger dimensions. Because it wasn't wet diapers or empty stomachs that needed attending to. It was, instead, pride that was shaken and dreams that somehow got mislaid.

So I see now that what from the very beginning I was dedicated to doing, became, of course, impossible to do. And maybe, just maybe, somewhere in the most submerged recesses of our brains, way down there where light or reason rarely penetrates, neither of us could forgive my impotence.

“Mrs. Brooks,” David calls from downstairs. “You're all set now.”

“I'll be right down.” And then without moving from the spot at the threshold, I speak to the empty room. Or, more to the point, to the girl who once lived and laughed and dreamed within these walls.

“Caren, dear Caren, I don't know if you're in the next block or the next state. I don't know if I'll see you by nightfall or if I'll see you ever.

“But if you someday return to slip your key into a lock that it no longer fits, I hope you'll understand. Understand, at least, that I'm not barring you, but only what you have become.

“You should know too that if I actually possessed just a little of that magic that you once believed in, I wouldn't have a moment's trouble deciding how to spend it. I'd hold you to me until your crying stops and your need for drugs fades away.”

David Robinson stands at the bottom of the hall stairs, waiting for me. “You know, you're a lucky lady, Mrs. Brooks,” he says, dropping a single brass key into my hand. “You're not even going to be late for class.”

Although the center hall has always been the darkest room in the house, I fumble through my purse for my sunglasses before answering. “Yes, David,” I say, peering at him through smoke-gray glasses. “People have always said that about me.”

**Код компетенции: УК 4 ПК-3**

1. Analyse the text

AN ORDINARY WOMAN

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 ! !

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”.

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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.

So you see, Steve, you've just got to find some way to help us because despite what people say, I'm not strong and I honestly don't know what to do. I look, but I can't find answers, only questions.

More and more questions demanding answers: Where did I go wrong with our daughter? Was I too strict? Or too lenient? Did I love her too little... or did I love her too much?

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As he takes the front steps, two at a time, I already have the door open. “I really appreciate your being so prompt. You're even earlier than you said you'd be.”

“It wasn't me you spoke to. It was my dad, but when he said that a Mrs. Brooks had to have her locks changed first thing in the morning so she wouldn't be late for school, well, I just knew it had to be you.”

“Good Lord, I remember you!” I say, grabbing his hand. “You were a student of mine!”

He nods and smiles as he holds tightly to my hand. “You were my favorite English teacher”. Then his eyes drop as though he is taking in the intricate pattern of the hall rug. “I guess you were my all-time favorite teacher!”

“Oh, that's lovely of you to say, David – your name is David?”

He grins as though I have given him a present. “David, yes. David Robinson. Hey, you know that's something! You must have had a few hundred students since me. I graduated Newton North two years ago... How do you remember all of your students?”

I hear myself laughing. Laughter, it feels strange, but nice. Very nice. “You give me too much credit, you really do. I'm afraid I can't remember all my students. There have been so many in twenty years. But I think I can probably remember all the students that I really liked.”

He takes in the compliment silently as I ask, “Your dad said it wouldn't take long putting in a new cylinder?”

“Ten minutes, Mrs. Brooks. Fifteen at the outside... How many sets of keys will you need?”

“Sets of keys?” I feel my composure begin to dissolve. Suddenly I'm not sure I can trust my voice, so like an early grade-school child, I hold out a finger. Only one finger.

As I quickly turn to start up the stairs, the acrid smelt of yesterday's fire once again strikes my nostrils. Never mind that now! This isn't the time for thinking about what was... and especially not the time for thinking about what could have been.

But even as I command myself to go nonstop into my bedroom for purse and checkbook and then quickly back down the stairs again, I see myself disobeying.

So I stand there at the threshold of Caren's room staring at the two things that had been burned by fire. Her canopy bed rests on only three legs and where the fourth leg once was there is a basketball-size burn in the thick lime-colored rug. Her stereo, records, wall-to-wall posters of rock stars, like everything else in this room, are layered with soot.

I remember now that one of the firemen remarked last night that it was sure a lucky thing that the fire had been contained before it reached the mattress. “You just don't know,” he said, “how lucky you are.”

How lucky I am? Am I lucky? That's what they used to call me back when I was a high school cheerleader<sup>2</sup>. It all started when Big Joe Famori looked up from the huddle and didn't see me on the sidelines so he bellowed out, “Where's lucky Mandy?”

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Luck. Dumb, unpredictable luck. Maybe there's no such thing as luck. Or maybe I used up all my precious supply on Big Joe Famori and the Maiden Eagles. Is that where I failed you, Caren? Not having any more luck to give you?

When you were a little thing, I knew exactly how to make your tears go away. A fresh diaper, a bottle of warm milk, or maybe a song or two while you slept in my arms. That was all the magic I owned, but in your eyes, all power rested in my hands. For you, my love, I lit the stars at night and every morning called forth the eastern sun.

Probably very early on, I should have warned you that your mother was a very ordinary woman with not a single extraordinary power to her name. But, honey, I don't think you would have believed me because I think you needed me to be a miracle mom every bit as much as I needed to be one.



The trouble, though, didn't start until you grew larger and your needs, too, grew in size. And the all-protecting arms that I once held out to you couldn't even begin to cover these new and larger dimensions. Because it wasn't wet diapers or empty stomachs that needed attending to. It was, instead, pride that was shaken and dreams that somehow got mislaid.

So I see now that what from the very beginning I was dedicated to doing, became, of course, impossible to do. And maybe, just maybe, somewhere in the most submerged recesses of our brains, way down there where light or reason rarely penetrates, neither of us could forgive my impotence.

"Mrs. Brooks," David calls from downstairs. "You're all set now."

"I'll be right down." And then without moving from the spot at the threshold, I speak to the empty room. Or, more to the point, to the girl who once lived and laughed and dreamed within these walls.

"Caren, dear Caren, I don't know if you're in the next block or the next state. I don't know if I'll see you by nightfall or if I'll see you ever.

"But if you someday return to slip your key into a lock that it no longer fits, I hope you'll understand. Understand, at least, that I'm not barring you, but only what you have become.

"You should know too that if I actually possessed just a little of that magic that you once believed in, I wouldn't have a moment's trouble deciding how to spend it. I'd hold you to me until your crying stops and your need for drugs fades away."

David Robinson stands at the bottom of the hall stairs, waiting for me. "You know, you're a lucky lady, Mrs. Brooks," he says, dropping a single brass key into my hand. "You're not even going to be late for class."

Although the center hall has always been the darkest room in the house, I fumble through my purse for my sunglasses before answering. "Yes, David," I say, peering at him through smoke-gray glasses. "People have always said that about me."

## 2. Translate from Russian into English

### Восьмой семестр (Экзамен)

#### Код компетенции: УК-4 ПК-3

#### 1. Analyse the text

#### AN ORDINARY WOMAN

#### 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 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. So you see, Steve, you've just got to find some way to help us because despite what people say, I'm not strong and I honestly don't know what to do. I look, but I can't find answers, only questions. More and more questions demanding answers: Where did I go wrong with our daughter? Was I too strict? Or too lenient? Did I love her too little... or did I love her too much? Outside a truck door slams. I look at my watch. Five minutes after seven. Could he be here already? I rush to the window to see a white panel truck with black lettering – NEWTON CENTRE LOCKSMITHS – at my curb. And a young man, not all that much older than my seniors, is walking briskly up the front walk. As he takes the front steps, two at a time, I already have the door open. "I really appreciate your being so prompt. You're even earlier than you said you'd be." "It wasn't me you spoke to. It was my dad, but when he said that a Mrs. Brooks had to have her locks changed first thing in the morning so she wouldn't be late for school, well, I just knew it had to be you." "Good Lord, I remember you!" I say, grabbing his hand. "You were a student of mine!" He nods and smiles as he holds tightly to my hand. "You were my favorite English teacher". Then his eyes drop as though he is taking in the intricate pattern of the hall rug. "I guess you were my all-time favorite teacher!" "Oh, that's lovely of you to say, David – your name is David?" He grins as though I have given him a present. "David, yes. David Robinson. Hey, you know that's something! You must have had a few hundred students since me. I graduated Newton North two years ago... How do you remember all of your students?" I hear myself laughing. Laughter, it feels strange, but nice. Very nice. "You give me too much credit, you really do. I'm afraid I can't remember all my students. There have been so many in twenty years. But I think I can probably remember all the students that I really liked." He takes in the compliment silently as I ask, "Your dad said it wouldn't take long putting in a new cylinder?" "Ten minutes, Mrs. Brooks. Fifteen at the outside... How many sets of keys will you need?" "Sets of keys?" I feel my composure begin to dissolve. Suddenly I'm not sure I can trust my voice, so like an early grade-school child, I hold out a finger. Only one finger. As I quickly turn to start up the stairs, the acrid smelt of yesterday's fire once again strikes my nostrils. Never mind that now! This isn't the time for thinking about what was... and especially not the time for thinking about what could have been. But even as I command myself to go nonstop into my bedroom for purse and checkbook and then

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## 2. Translate from Russian into English

Предложения на перевод

1. Несмотря на то, что в магазине был широкий ассортимент одежды, Джейн купила свитер на размер больше, чем нужно. Ей пришлось менять его на другой.

2. Джон опустил глаза сочувствующе и не знал, что сказать. Он чувствовал смущение и стеснялся произнести слова утешения.

3. Они расстались, так как не сошлись характерами. Кроме того, Мэри использовала Тома в своих собственных интересах и называла это дружбой.
4. Майк сфотографировал Элизу. Она выглядит воплощением здоровья и на щеках у нее румянец.
5. Ее честолюбивый муж – не тот, кого можно оскорбить. Он вне себя и готов мстить за оскорбление.
6. Не говори гоп пока не перепрыгнешь.

### Девятый семестр (Зачёт)

#### Код компетенции: УК-4 ПК-3

1. Analyse the text

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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.

So you see, Steve, you've just got to find some way to help us because despite what people say, I'm not strong and I honestly don't know what to do. I look, but I can't find answers, only questions. More and more questions demanding answers: Where did I go wrong with our daughter? Was I too strict? Or too lenient? Did I love her too little... or did I love her too much?

Outside a truck door slams. I look at my watch. Five minutes after seven. Could he be here already? I rush to the window to see a white panel truck with black lettering – NEWTON CENTRE LOCKSMITHS – at my curb. And a young man, not all that much older than my seniors, is walking briskly up the front walk.

As he takes the front steps, two at a time, I already have the door open. "I really appreciate your being so prompt. You're even earlier than you said you'd be."

"It wasn't me you spoke to. It was my dad, but when he said that a Mrs. Brooks had to have her locks changed first thing in the morning so she wouldn't be late for school, well, I just knew it had to be you."

"Good Lord, I remember you!" I say, grabbing his hand. "You were a student of mine!"

He nods and smiles as he holds tightly to my hand. "You were my favorite English teacher". Then his eyes drop as though he is taking in the intricate pattern of the hall rug. "I guess you were my all-time favorite teacher!"

"Oh, that's lovely of you to say, David – your name is David?"

He grins as though I have given him a present. "David, yes. David Robinson. Hey, you know that's something! You must have had a few hundred students since me. I graduated Newton North two years ago... How do you remember all of your students?"

I hear myself laughing. Laughter, it feels strange, but nice. Very nice. "You give me too much credit, you really do. I'm afraid I can't remember all my students. There have been so many in twenty years. But I think I can probably remember all the students that I really liked."

He takes in the compliment silently as I ask, "Your dad said it wouldn't take long putting in a new cylinder?"

"Ten minutes, Mrs. Brooks. Fifteen at the outside... How many sets of keys will you need?"

"Sets of keys?" I feel my composure begin to dissolve. Suddenly I'm not sure I can trust my voice, so like an early grade-school child, I hold out a finger. Only one finger.

As I quickly turn to start up the stairs, the acrid smelt of yesterday's fire once again strikes my nostrils. Never mind that now! This isn't the time for thinking about what was... and especially not the time for thinking about what could have been.

But even as I command myself to go nonstop into my bedroom for purse and checkbook and then quickly back down the stairs again, I see myself disobeying.

So I stand there at the threshold of Caren's room staring at the two things that had been burned by fire. Her canopy bed rests on only three legs and where the fourth leg once was there is a basketball-size burn in the thick lime-colored rug. Her stereo, records, wall-to-wall posters of rock stars, like everything else in this room, are layered with soot.

I remember now that one of the firemen remarked last night that it was sure a lucky thing that the fire had been contained before it reached the mattress. "You just don't know," he said, "how lucky you are."

How lucky I am? Am I lucky? That's what they used to call me back when I was a high school cheerleader. It all started when Big Joe Famori looked up from the huddle and didn't see me on the sidelines so he bellowed out, "Where's lucky Mandy?"

But if I really was lucky twenty-five years ago for Big Joe and the Maiden Eagles, then why can't I be just a little lucky for the ones I've really loved? 'Cause with a little luck, Steve's tumor could just as easily have been benign, but it wasn't. And with a little luck, Caren could have got her highs from life instead of from drugs. But she didn't.

Luck. Dumb, unpredictable luck. Maybe there's no such thing as luck. Or maybe I used up all my precious supply on Big Joe Famori and the Maiden Eagles. Is that where I failed you, Caren? Not having any more luck to give you?

When you were a little thing, I knew exactly how to make your tears go away. A fresh diaper, a bottle of warm milk, or maybe a song or two while you slept in my arms. That was all the magic I owned, but in your eyes, all power rested in my hands. For you, my love, I lit the stars at night and every morning called forth the eastern sun.

Probably very early on, I should have warned you that your mother was a very ordinary woman with not a single extraordinary power to her name. But, honey, I don't think you would have believed me because I think you needed me to be a miracle mom every bit as much as I needed to be one.

The trouble, though, didn't start until you grew larger and your needs, too, grew in size. And the all-protecting arms that I once held out to you couldn't even begin to cover these new and larger dimensions. Because it wasn't wet diapers or empty stomachs that needed attending to. It was, instead, pride that was shaken and dreams that somehow got mislaid.

So I see now that what from the very beginning I was dedicated to doing, became, of course, impossible to do. And maybe, just maybe, somewhere in the most submerged recesses of our brains, way down there where light or reason rarely penetrates, neither of us could forgive my impotence.

"Mrs. Brooks," David calls from downstairs. "You're all set now."

"I'll be right down." And then without moving from the spot at the threshold, I speak to the empty room. Or, more to the point, to the girl who once lived and laughed and dreamed within these walls.

"Caren, dear Caren, I don't know if you're in the next block or the next state. I don't know if I'll see you by nightfall or if I'll see you ever.

"But if you someday return to slip your key into a lock that it no longer fits, I hope you'll understand. Understand, at least, that I'm not barring you, but only what you have become.

"You should know too that if I actually possessed just a little of that magic that you once believed in, I wouldn't have a moment's trouble deciding how to spend it. I'd hold you to me until your crying stops and your need for drugs fades away."

David Robinson stands at the bottom of the hall stairs, waiting for me. "You know, you're a lucky lady, Mrs. Brooks," he says, dropping a single brass key into my hand. "You're not even going to be late for class."

Although the center hall has always been the darkest room in the house, I fumble through my purse for my sunglasses before answering. "Yes, David," I say, peering at him through smoke-gray glasses. "People have always said that about me."

## 2. Translate from Russian into English

### Предложения на перевод

1. Несмотря на то, что в магазине был широкий ассортимент одежды, Джейн купила свитер на размер больше, чем нужно. Ей пришлось менять его на другой.

2. Джон опустил глаза сочувствующе и не знал, что сказать. Он чувствовал смущение и стеснялся произнести слова утешения.

3. Они расстались, так как не сошлись характерами. Кроме того, Мэри использовала Тома в своих собственных интересах и называла это дружбой.

4. Майк сфотографировал Элизу. Она выглядит воплощением здоровья и на щеках у нее румянец.

5. Ее честолюбивый муж – не тот, кого можно оскорбить. Он вне себя и готов мстить за оскорбление.

6. Не говори гоп пока не перепрыгнешь.

## Десятый семестр (Экзамен)

### Код компетенции: УК-4 ПК-3

1. Read, translate and retell the text

Примерный текст

TOO LATE

Sara Loitz

I am eight years old, carving a face into the sapling outside my bedroom window-two notches for the eyes, a pair of pricks for the nostrils, and a furrow for the mouth. If I stare at it for too long, I can

almost see it move.

As the tree grows larger, so does its face. The lips grow long and sensuous, the nose begins to jut, shallow divots on either side suggesting nostrils. The eyes crack open, dark pits peering out from a crown of drooping leaves.

It's staring at me," I tell my mother, indicating the face outside my window. "The tree."

"That's odd," my mother remarks, scarcely glancing up from her hamper. "Almost looks like it has a face, doesn't it?"

She goes back to folding my laundry. Over her shoulder, I see the tree wink.

I hang curtains over my window, but I can see its shadow through the thick gingham, hear the rustling of leaves that almost sounds like words.

I spend a week sleeping underneath my bed, buried in a nest of pillows and throw blankets, because

I don't like the idea of the tree staring at me when I can't stare at it. When I start to ache from sleeping on the floor, I begrudgingly go topside.

I am thirteen. The tree has doubled in height. Two gnarled branches sprout from the bole, grasping at the clouds with spindled fingers. Whorls in the wood suggest pupils, ears, a mild case of acne. I

sympathize, and spend a whole night skiving the rough bark back to its accustomed smoothness.

I am sixteen, and the first boy I've ever liked is underneath me, and I am kissing him. His breath catches.

"What?" I ask.

"That tree," he says. "It's looking at me."

I pivot sharply, earning a startled grunt from the boy. The tree's lips are peeled back, revealing twin rows of notched teeth.

"Oh, that," I say. "Just ignore it. If I close the curtain, it'll think it won."

That night, the tree sprouts legs. This development worries me. I remind myself that trees have

roots; it can't uproot itself without divesting itself of its only source of nourishment.

The tree seems to realize this. Consternation furrows its craggy brow.

I am eighteen, curled up on my bed with my last high school yearbook, when the tree finally speaks.

"Lily," it rasps. Its voice sounds like the bottom of a canoe scraping over gravel. "Lily, you're going to college soon."

"Yes," I reply. "And good riddance. I'm tired of living next to a peeper."

The tree sighs a sigh like a thousand rivers rushing over stone. "Windows look both ways. How do

you know you're not the one who's peeping at me?"

It's a fair point, I acknowledge.

## 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 продемонстрировалосваиваемые 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 продемонстрироватьосваиваемые 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 продемонстрироватьосваиваемые 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» / «незачтено» (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.

