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УТВЕРЖДАЮ:
Декан факультета



С. С. Худяков
«21» января 2021 г.

РАБОЧАЯ ПРОГРАММА

по дисциплине Б1.Б.19 Филологический анализ текста

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1. Цели и задачи дисциплины

1.1 Цель дисциплины – формирование компетенций:

ОПК-3 Способность демонстрировать знание основных положений и концепций в области теории литературы, истории отечественной литературы (литератур) и мировой литературы; представление о различных жанрах литературных и фольклорных текстов

ОПК-4 Владение базовыми навыками сбора и анализа языковых и литературных фактов, филологического анализа и интерпретации текста

ПК-1 Способность применять полученные знания в области теории и истории основного изучаемого языка (языков) и литературы (литератур), теории коммуникации, филологического анализа и интерпретации текста в собственной научно-исследовательской деятельности

ПК-2 Способность проводить под научным руководством локальные исследования на основе существующих методик в конкретной узкой области филологического знания с формулировкой аргументированных умозаключений и выводов

ПК-9 Владение базовыми навыками доработки и обработки (например, корректура, редактирование, комментирование, реферирование, информационно-словарное описание) различных типов текстов

1.2 Виды и задачи профессиональной деятельности по дисциплине:

- научно-исследовательская

- научные исследования в области филологии с применением полученных теоретических знаний и практических навыков
- анализ и интерпретация на основе существующих филологических концепций и методик отдельных языковых, литературных и коммуникативных явлений и процессов, текстов различного типа, включая художественные, с формулировкой аргументированных умозаключений и выводов
- сбор научной информации, подготовка обзоров, аннотаций, составление рефератов и библиографий по тематике проводимых исследований
- участие в научных дискуссиях и процедурах защиты научных работ различного уровня; выступление с сообщениями и докладами по тематике проводимых исследований
- устное, письменное и виртуальное (размещение в информационных сетях) представление материалов собственных исследований

- прикладная

- сбор и обработка (в том числе организация, переработка, хранение, трансформация и обобщение) языковых и литературных фактов с использованием традиционных методов и современных информационных технологий
- создание на основе стандартных методик и действующих нормативов различных типов текстов (например, устное выступление, обзор, аннотация, реферат, докладная записка, отчет, официально-деловой, публицистический, рекламный текст); работа с документами в учреждении, организации или на предприятии
- доработка и обработка (корректура, редактирование, комментирование, систематизирование, обобщение, реферирование) различных типов текстов
- подготовка обзоров
- участие в составлении словарей и энциклопедий, разработке и создании языковых и литературных справочников, выпуске периодических изданий, обработке и описании архивных материалов, литературно-критическом процессе
- перевод различных типов текстов (в основном научных и публицистических), а также документов с иностранных языков и на иностранные языки
- аннотирование и реферирование документов, научных трудов и художественных произведений на иностранных языках

- осуществление устной, письменной и виртуальной коммуникации, как межличностной, так и массовой, в том числе межкультурной (общение языковых личностей, принадлежащих различным лингвокультурным сообществам) и межнациональной, реализующейся между народами (лингвокультурными сообществами) Российской Федерации

1.3 В результате освоения дисциплины у обучающихся должны быть сформированы следующие компетенции:

Обобщенные трудовые функции / трудовые функции / трудовые или профессиональные действия (при наличии профстандарта)	Код и наименование компетенции ФГОС ВО, необходимой для формирования трудового или профессионального действия	Знания и умения, необходимые для формирования трудового действия / компетенции
	ОПК-3 Способность демонстрировать знание основных положений и концепций в области теории литературы, истории отечественной литературы (литератур) и мировой литературы; представление о различных жанрах литературных и фольклорных текстов	<p>Знает и понимает:</p> <p>основные положения и концепции теории и истории мировой литературы; факторы формирования национальных литературных традиций; константы и концепты национального культурного мира, а также специфику его воплощения в художественном тексте.</p> <p>Умеет (способен продемонстрировать):</p> <p>аналитически оценивать литературные явления и тенденции; дифференцировать литературные жанры; осмысливать литературное произведение как целостную, системную художественную структуру; применять полученные знания и умения в процессе теоретической и практической деятельности в области филологии.</p> <p>Владеет:</p> <p>владеет основами литературоведческой терминологии, навыками поиска теоретических источников, их конспектирования и составления библиографии; базовыми принципами, логикой и методами научного исследования по филологии; практическими навыками литературоведческого исследования.</p>
	ОПК-4 Владение базовыми навыками сбора и анализа языковых и литературных фактов, филологического анализа и интерпретации текста	<p>Знает и понимает:</p> <p>базовые понятия современной филологии в их истории и современном состоянии, теоретическом, практическом и методологическом аспектах; иметь представление о методиках сбора и анализа языкового материала и интерпретации текстов различных типов</p> <p>Умеет (способен продемонстрировать):</p> <p>систематизировать, обобщать, аналитически оценивать, соотносить языковые и литературные факты; применять полученные теоретические знания на практике</p> <p>Владеет:</p> <p>ладеть методиками сбора и анализа языковых фактов и интерпретации текстов различных типов</p>
	ПК-1 Способность	Знает и понимает:

	<p>применять полученные знания в области теории и истории основного изучаемого языка (языков) и литературы (литератур), теории коммуникации, филологического анализа и интерпретации текста в собственной научно-исследовательской деятельности</p>	<p>основные и специальные термины и понятийный аппарат в области теории и истории основного изучаемого языка (языков) и литературы (литератур), теории коммуникации, филологического анализа и интерпретации текста; цели и задачи научных исследований по направлению деятельности, базовые принципы и методы их организации; основные источники научной информации в области теории и истории основного изучаемого языка (языков) и литературы (литератур), теории коммуникации, филологического анализа и интерпретации текста</p> <p>Умеет (способен продемонстрировать):</p> <p>выбирать специализированные экспериментальные и расчетно-теоретические методы исследования и способы обработки результатов, проводить научные исследования в области теории и истории основного изучаемого языка (языков) и литературы (литератур), теории коммуникации, филологического анализа и интерпретации текста.</p> <p>Владеет:</p> <p>владеть базовыми методами и специальной методологией и методиками в области теории и истории основного изучаемого языка (языков) и литературы (литератур), теории коммуникации, филологического анализа и интерпретации текста; углубленными знаниями по выбранному направлению подготовки, специальными профессиональными навыками проведения научно-исследовательских работ в области теории и истории основного изучаемого языка (языков) и литературы (литератур), теории коммуникации, филологического анализа и интерпретации текста.</p>
	<p>ПК-2 Способность проводить под научным руководством локальные исследования на основе существующих методик в конкретной узкой области филологического знания с формулировкой аргументированных умозаключений и выводов</p>	<p>Знает и понимает:</p> <p>важнейшие тенденции развития науки в области теории и истории основного изучаемого языка (языков) и литературы (литератур), теории коммуникации, филологического анализа и интерпретации текста, теории и практики перевода, методики преподавания основного языка; специальную методологию анализа в области теории и истории основного изучаемого языка (языков) и литературы (литератур), теории коммуникации, филологического анализа и интерпретации текста, теории и практики перевода, методики преподавания основного языка.</p> <p>Умеет (способен продемонстрировать):</p> <p>осуществлять отбор, анализ и систематизацию материала, характеризующего достижения науки в области филологии; создавать и профессионально анализировать научные тексты в области филологии.</p> <p>Владеет:</p>

		<p>владеть традиционными и новейшими методами и методиками в области теории и истории основного изучаемого языка (языков) и литературы (литератур), теории коммуникации, филологического анализа и интерпретации текста, теории и практики перевода, методики преподавания основного языка; технологиями межличностной коммуникации, профессиональными навыками ораторского искусства и публичной речи, необходимыми для профессиональной филологической деятельности.</p>
	<p>ПК-9 Владение базовыми навыками доработки и обработки (например, корректура, редактирование, комментирование, реферирование, информационно-словарное описание) различных типов текстов</p>	<p>Знает и понимает:</p> <p>понятия культуры речи как области филологии; языковые, этические, коммуникативные нормы речевого общения; правила построения текстов различных жанров; типологию речевых ошибок; способы редактирования, реферирования, корректирования текстов.</p> <p>Умеет (способен продемонстрировать):</p> <p>находить и исправлять ошибки и недочёты в тексте; интерпретировать и реферировать содержание текста с целью его дальнейшей передачи в новых коммуникативных условиях; пользоваться словарями и справочниками, включая сеть Интернет.</p> <p>Владеет:</p> <p>владеть навыками корректирования и редактирования различных типов текстов; реферирования и комментирования текста в целях его дальнейшего использования адресатом.</p>

1.4 Согласование междисциплинарных связей дисциплин, обеспечивающих освоение компетенций:

ОПК-3 Способность демонстрировать знание основных положений и концепций в области теории литературы, истории отечественной литературы (литератур) и мировой литературы; представление о различных жанрах литературных и фольклорных текстов

№ п/п	Наименование дисциплин, определяющих междисциплинарные связи	Форма обучения		
		Очная (семестр)		
		5	6	7
1	История зарубежной литературы	+	+	+
2	История литературы стран второго иностранного языка			+
3	История литературы стран изучаемого языка			+

ОПК-4 Владение базовыми навыками сбора и анализа языковых и литературных филологического анализа и интерпретации текста

№ —/—	Наименование -----	Форма обучения
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п/п	дисциплин, определяющих междисциплинарные связи	Очная (семестр)				
		1	3	4	5	6
1	Адаптационная дисциплина для инвалидов и лиц с ОВЗ "Страноведение в рамках инклюзивного образования"	+				
2	Основной язык (теоретический курс)		+	+	+	+
3	Практика по получению первичных профессиональных умений и навыков					+
4	Страноведение (второй иностранный язык)	+				
5	Страноведение (первый иностранный язык)	+				

ПК-1 Способность применять полученные знания в области теории и истории основного изучаемого языка (языков) и литературы (литератур), теории коммуникации, филологического анализа и интерпретации текста в собственной научно-исследовательской деятельности

№ п/п	Наименование дисциплин, определяющих междисциплинарные связи	Форма обучения							
		Очная (семестр)							
		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
1	Введение в проектную деятельность		+						
2	История зарубежной литературы					+	+	+	
3	История литературы стран второго иностранного языка							+	
4	История литературы стран изучаемого языка							+	
5	Научно-исследовательская работа							+	
6	Основной язык (теоретический курс)			+	+	+	+		
7	Основы языкознания и литературоведения и теории коммуникации	+	+	+					

8	Практика по получению первичных профессиональных умений и навыков					+		
9	Преддипломная практика							+
10	Теория и практика перевода				+			

ПК-2 Способность проводить под научным руководством локальные исследования на основе существующих методик в конкретной узкой области филологического знания с формулировкой аргументированных умозаключений и выводов

№ п/п	Наименование дисциплин, определяющих междисциплинарные связи	Форма обучения							
		Очная (семестр)							
		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
1	Научно-исследовательская работа							+	
2	Основной язык (теоретический курс)			+	+	+	+		
3	Основы языкознания и литературоведения и теории коммуникации	+	+	+					
4	Преддипломная практика								+
5	Теория и практика перевода				+				

ПК-9 Владение базовыми навыками доработки и обработки (например, корректура, редактирование, комментирование, реферирование, информационно-словарное описание) различных типов текстов

№ п/п	Наименование дисциплин, определяющих междисциплинарные связи	Форма обучения			
		Очная (семестр)			
		4	6	7	8
1	Научно-исследовательская работа			+	
2	Практика по получению первичных профессиональных умений и навыков		+		
3	Преддипломная практика				+
4	Теория и практика перевода	+			

2. Место дисциплины в структуре ОП бакалавриата:

Дисциплина «Филологический анализ текста» относится к базовой части учебного плана ОП по направлению подготовки 45.03.01 - Филология.

Дисциплина «Филологический анализ текста» изучается в 7, 8 семестрах.

3.Объем и содержание дисциплины

3.1.Объем дисциплины: 8 з.е.

Очная: 8 з.е.

Вид учебной работы	Очная (всего часов)
Общая трудоёмкость дисциплины	288
Контактная работа	124
Лабораторные (Лаб. раб.)	124
Самостоятельная работа (СР)	126
Курсовая работа	2
Экзамен	36
Зачет	-

3.2.Содержание курса:

№ темы	Название раздела/темы	Вид учебной работы, час.		Формы текущего контроля
		Лаб	СР	
		раб.		
		О	О	
7 семестр				
1	Текст. Интерпретация. Проблемы интерпретации текста. Информационная природа текста.	16	18	Филологический анализ текста; Филологический анализ текста; Филологический анализ текста; Контрольная работа
2	Порождение и восприятие художественного текста. Моделирование художественной действительности.	18	18	Филологический анализ текста; Филологический анализ текста; Филологический анализ текста; Контрольная работа
8 семестр				
3	Прагматическая интерпретация художественного текста. Речь и уровень персонажа в художественном тексте.	45	45	Филологический анализ текста; Филологический анализ текста; Контрольная работа

4	Когнитивный подход к интерпретации художественного текста. Парадигма исследования художественного текста.	45	45	Филологический анализ текста; Филологический анализ текста; Контрольная работа
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Тема 1. Текст. Интерпретация. Проблемы интерпретации текста. Информационная природа текста. (ОПК-3)

Лабораторные работы.

А) Студенты в форме устных сообщений освещают содержание соответствующей темы. Вопросы:

1. Понятие о тексте. Связный текст. Средства связи в тексте.
2. Свойства текста. Границы текста.
3. Понятие интерпретации текста. Место интерпретации среди других филологических дисциплин (теория литературы, стилистика, традиционная лингвистика).
4. Проблемы интерпретации текста. Уровневый подход в интерпретации художественного текста.
5. Поэтика.
6. Уровни плана выражения: лексический, морфологический, фонетический, прагматический, синтаксический.
7. Герменевтический и феноменологический подходы к изучению текста. Перспективы интерпретации художественного текста.
8. Два вида информации в художественном тексте. Интегральное содержание высказывания.
9. Теория интерпретации.

Б) Анализ отрывков текстов различных жанров, стихотворений.

Задания для самостоятельной работы.

А) Анализ текста

Б) Вопросы для самостоятельной работы:

1. Определение категории. Философские категории.
2. Облигаторность и факультативность критериев категоризации ХТ.
3. Партитурность как взаимоотношение линейного и вертикального срезов текста.
4. Антропоцентричность. Локально-темпоральная отнесенность. Хронотоп.
5. Содержательные универсалии текста.

Тема 2. Порождение и восприятие художественного текста. Моделирование художественной действительности. (ОПК-4)

Лабораторные работы.

А) Студенты в форме устных сообщений освещают содержание соответствующей темы. Вопросы:

1. Художественный текст как продукт порождения автором, как результат актов выбора.
2. Квантование действительности.
3. Подтекст.
4. Импликации.
5. Моделирование художественной действительности. Единицы членения.
6. Эпизод и его структура.
7. Средства связи в художественном тексте.
8. Композиция, архитектоника, фабула, сюжет.
9. Пейзаж. Деталь. Символ. Виды символа. Структура и особенности символа.
10. Виды речи в художественном тексте.

Б) Анализ отрывков из произведений, стихов

Задания для самостоятельной работы.

А) Анализ текста

Б) Вопросы для самостоятельной работы:

1. Терминологические определения текста как 1) последовательности речевых единиц, 2) единицы языка, 3) как продукта речемыслительной деятельности.
2. Художественный текст как знак значения.
3. Форма ХТ как индекс, икон, символ.
4. Дискурс и текст.
5. Содержание и смысл

Тема 3. Прагматическая интерпретация художественного текста. Речь и уровень персонажа в художественном тексте. (ПК-1)

Лабораторные работы.

А) Студенты в форме устных сообщений освещают содержание соответствующей темы.

Вопросы к семинарам:

1. Прагматика и интерпретация художественного текста.
2. Локуция, иллокуция, перлокуция.
3. Речевой акт. Косвенное речевое действие.
4. Коммуникативная структура текста.
5. Лингвистический и прагматический контекст.
6. Интенциональность. Виды интенций. Понятие авторской интенции.
7. Уровень персонажа.
8. Диалог как форма общения коммуникантов. Виды диалогического общения.
9. Понятие литературной разговорной речи.

Б) Анализ текста

Задания для самостоятельной работы.

А) Анализ текста

Б) Вопросы для самостоятельной работы:

1. Определение категории. Философские категории.
3. Недосказанность. Рекуррентная деталь.
4. Квантование как способ репрезентации в тексте.
5. Компрессия как совмещение функций.

Тема 4. Когнитивный подход к интерпретации художественного текста. Парадигма исследования художественного текста. (ПК-2)

Лабораторные работы.

А) Студенты в форме устных сообщений освещают содержание соответствующей темы.

Вопросы к семинарам:

1. Когнитивная наука и интерпретация текста.
2. Когнитивные структуры как основа создания художественного текста.
3. Аспекты исследования художественного текста.
4. Методы исследования художественного текста: историзм, психологизм,
5. Тенденция к математизации, рассмотрение структуры объекта,
6. Системный подход,
7. Функционально-коммуникативный подход,
8. Антропоцентризм.
9. Общие методы исследования: гинотетический, индуктивный, статистический.

Б) Анализ текста

Б) Анализ отрывков текстов различных жанров, стихотворений.

Задания для самостоятельной работы.

А) Анализ текста

Б) Вопросы для самостоятельной работы:

1. Типология сильных позиций. Заголовок как рамочный знак.
2. Аллюзия, метафора, эпитет, ирония в заголовке. Конкретизация и генерализация в заголовке.
3. Композиция и архитектоника – сюжетное движение и текстовое построение. Объем содержания эпических произведений.
4. Сюжет и фабула. Типы повествования.

4. Контроль знаний обучающихся и типовые оценочные средства

4.1. Распределение баллов:

7 семестр

- текущий контроль – 80 баллов
- контрольные срезы – 2 среза по 10 баллов каждый
- премиальные баллы – 20 баллов

Распределение баллов по заданиям:

№ те мы	Название темы / вид учебной работы	Формы текущего контроля / срезы	Мах. кол-во баллов	Методика проведения занятия и оценки

1.	Текст. Интерпретация . Проблемы интерпретации текста. Информационная природа текста.	Филологический анализ текста	10	<p>Студенты получают текст из художественной литературы (отрывок произведения, рассказ, стихотворение) для анализа. Задача студента проанализировать текст на основе имеющихся данных, накопленной в рамках дисциплин Введение в литературоведение, Стилистика, История литературы СИЯ, Лексикология.</p> <p>10-9 баллов – текст полно и точно проанализирован, даны различные интерпретации смыслов; проанализирован языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе практически нет лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 1-2 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается легко.</p> <p>8-7 баллов - текст полно и точно проанализирован, даны различные интерпретации смыслов; проанализирован языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе практически нет лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 3-4 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается легко.</p> <p>6-5 баллов - текст проанализирован не полностью, интерпретации смыслов отрывочны; недостаточно проанализировано языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 5-7 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок.</p> <p>4-3 баллов - текст проанализирован не полностью, интерпретации смыслов отсутствуют; недостаточно проанализировано языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 8-9 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок.</p> <p>2-1 балл – проанализированы только стилистические примы, интерпретации смыслов отсутствуют. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (более 10). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок.</p>
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Филологический анализ текста	10	<p>Студенты получают текст из художественной литературы (отрывок произведения, рассказ, стихотворение) для анализа. Задача студента проанализировать текст на основе имеющейся данных, накопленной в рамках дисциплин Введение в литературоведение, Стилистика, История литературы СИА, Лексикология.</p> <p>10-9 баллов – текст полно и точно проанализирован, даны различные интерпретации смыслов; проанализирован языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе практически нет лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 1-2 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается легко.</p> <p>8-7 баллов - текст полно и точно проанализирован, даны различные интерпретации смыслов; проанализирован языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе практически нет лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 3-4 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается легко.</p> <p>6-5 баллов - текст проанализирован не полностью, интерпретации смыслов отрывочны; недостаточно проанализировано языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 5-7 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок.</p> <p>4-3 баллов - текст проанализирован не полностью, интерпретации смыслов отсутствуют; недостаточно проанализировано языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 8-9 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок.</p> <p>2-1 балл – проанализированы только стилистические примы, интерпретации смыслов отсутствуют. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (более 10). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок.</p>
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	Филологический анализ текста(контрольный срез)	10	<p>Студенты получают текст из художественной литературы (отрывок произведения, рассказ, стихотворение) для анализа. Задача студента проанализировать текст на основе имеющейся данных, накопленной в рамках дисциплин Введение в литературоведение, Стилистика, История литературы СИЯ, Лексикология.</p> <p>10-9 баллов – текст полно и точно проанализирован, даны различные интерпретации смыслов; проанализирован языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе практически нет лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 1-2 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается легко.</p> <p>8-7 баллов - текст полно и точно проанализирован, даны различные интерпретации смыслов; проанализирован языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе практически нет лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 3-4 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается легко.</p> <p>6-5 баллов - текст проанализирован не полностью, интерпретации смыслов отрывочны; недостаточно проанализировано языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 5-7 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок.</p> <p>4-3 баллов - текст проанализирован не полностью, интерпретации смыслов отсутствуют; недостаточно проанализировано языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 8-9 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок.</p> <p>2-1 балл – проанализированы только стилистические примы, интерпретации смыслов отсутствуют. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (более 10). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок.</p>
	Контрольная работа	20	<p>Студентам предлагается выполнить ряд заданий разного формата по пройденной теме. Среди заданий выделяются следующие виды:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - дать развернутый ответ на теоретический вопрос; - выбрать правильный вариант ответа; - прочитать текст по истории интерпретации текста и ответить на вопросы (типа «правда/неправда», выбрать правильный ответ); - исправить смысловые ошибки в высказываниях; - проанализировать текст. <p>20-17 баллов – задание выполнено полностью, допускаются 1-3 ошибки.</p> <p>16-13 баллов – задание в целом выполнено, однако имеется 4-6 ошибок.</p> <p>12-9 баллов – задание выполнено на 45-50 %, имеются многочисленные ошибки (7-10).</p> <p>8-4 баллов – задание выполнено на 20-25 %, имеются многочисленные ошибки (11-15).</p> <p>3-1 балл – работа выполнена на 10-15%. Многочисленные ошибки затрудняют понимание.</p> <p>0 баллов – задание выполнено менее чем на 10 %.</p>

2.	Порождение и восприятие художественного текста. Моделирование художественной действительности.	Филологический анализ текста	10	<p>Студенты получают текст из художественной литературы (отрывок произведения, рассказ, стихотворение) для анализа. Задача студента проанализировать текст на основе имеющейся данных, накопленной в рамках дисциплин Введение в литературоведение, Стилистика, История литературы СИЯ, Лексикология.</p> <p>10-9 баллов – текст полно и точно проанализирован, даны различные интерпретации смыслов; проанализирован языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе практически нет лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 1-2 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается легко.</p> <p>8-7 баллов - текст полно и точно проанализирован, даны различные интерпретации смыслов; проанализирован языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе практически нет лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 3-4 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается легко.</p> <p>6-5 баллов - текст проанализирован не полностью, интерпретации смыслов отрывочны; недостаточно проанализировано языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 5-7 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок.</p> <p>4-3 баллов - текст проанализирован не полностью, интерпретации смыслов отсутствуют; недостаточно проанализировано языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 8-9 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок.</p> <p>2-1 балл – проанализированы только стилистические примы, интерпретации смыслов отсутствуют. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (более 10). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок.</p>
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Филологический анализ текста	10	<p>Студенты получают текст из художественной литературы (отрывок произведения, рассказ, стихотворение) для анализа. Задача студента проанализировать текст на основе имеющейся данных, накопленной в рамках дисциплин Введение в литературоведение, Стилистика, История литературы СИЯ, Лексикология.</p> <p>10-9 баллов – текст полно и точно проанализирован, даны различные интерпретации смыслов; проанализирован языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе практически нет лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 1-2 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается легко.</p> <p>8-7 баллов - текст полно и точно проанализирован, даны различные интерпретации смыслов; проанализирован языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе практически нет лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 3-4 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается легко.</p> <p>6-5 баллов - текст проанализирован не полностью, интерпретации смыслов отрывочны; недостаточно проанализировано языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 5-7 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок.</p> <p>4-3 баллов - текст проанализирован не полностью, интерпретации смыслов отсутствуют; недостаточно проанализировано языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 8-9 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок.</p> <p>2-1 балл – проанализированы только стилистические примы, интерпретации смыслов отсутствуют. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (более 10). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок.</p>
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Филологический анализ текста(контрольный срез)	10	<p>Студенты получают текст из художественной литературы (отрывок произведения, рассказ, стихотворение) для анализа. Задача студента проанализировать текст на основе имеющейся данных, накопленной в рамках дисциплин Введение в литературоведение, Стилистика, История литературы СИЯ, Лексикология.</p> <p>10-9 баллов – текст полно и точно проанализирован, даны различные интерпретации смыслов; проанализирован языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе практически нет лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 1-2 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается легко.</p> <p>8-7 баллов - текст полно и точно проанализирован, даны различные интерпретации смыслов; проанализирован языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе практически нет лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 3-4 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается легко.</p> <p>6-5 баллов - текст проанализирован не полностью, интерпретации смыслов отрывочны; недостаточно проанализировано языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 5-7 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок.</p> <p>4-3 баллов - текст проанализирован не полностью, интерпретации смыслов отсутствуют; недостаточно проанализировано языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 8-9 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок.</p> <p>2-1 балл – проанализированы только стилистические примы, интерпретации смыслов отсутствуют. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (более 10). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок.</p>
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	Контроль ная работа	20	<p>Студентам предлагается выполнить ряд заданий разного формата по пройденной теме. Среди заданий выделяются следующие виды:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - дать развернутый ответ на теоретический вопрос; - выбрать правильный вариант ответа; - прочитать текст по истории интерпретации текста и ответить на вопросы (типа «правда/неправда», выбрать правильный ответ); - исправить смысловые ошибки в высказываниях; - проанализировать текст. <p>20-17 баллов – задание выполнено полностью, допускаются 1-3 ошибки.</p> <p>16-13 баллов – задание в целом выполнено, однако имеется 4-6 ошибок.</p> <p>12-9 баллов – задание выполнено на 45-50 %, имеются многочисленные ошибки (7-10).</p> <p>8-4 баллов – задание выполнено на 20-25 %, имеются многочисленные ошибки (11-15).</p> <p>3-1 балл – работа выполнена на 10-15%. Многочисленные ошибки затрудняют понимание.</p> <p>0 баллов – задание выполнено менее чем на 10 %.</p>
3.	Премияльные баллы	20	<p>Дополнительные премияльные баллы могут быть начислены:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - постоянная активность во время практических занятий – 10 баллов; - полностью подготовленная к публикации статья по тематике в рамках дисциплины – 10 баллов; - победа в межрегиональной олимпиаде по филологии – 20 баллов; - участие с докладом во всероссийской олимпиаде по тематике изучаемой дисциплины – 20 баллов; - участие в выставке по тематике изучаемой дисциплины – 20 баллов; - публикация статьи по тематике изучаемой дисциплины в сборнике студенческих работ / материалах всероссийской конференции / журнале из перечня ВАК – 10 / 15 / 20
4.	Индивидуальные задания, с помощью которых можно набрать дополнительные баллы на экзамене	80	Добор: студент может предоставить все задания текущего контроля и контрольные срезы.
5.	Итого за семестр	100	

8 семестр

- текущий контроль – 50 баллов
- контрольные срезы – 2 среза по 10 баллов каждый
- премияльные баллы – 20 баллов
- ответ на экзамене: не более 30 баллов

Распределение баллов по заданиям:

№ те мы	Название темы / вид учебной работы	Формы текущего контроля / срезы	Мах. кол-во баллов	Методика проведения занятия и оценки
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1.	Прагматическая интерпретация художественного текста. Речь и уровень персонажа в художественном тексте.	Филологический анализ текста	10	<p>Студенты получают текст из художественной литературы (отрывок произведения, рассказ, стихотворение) для анализа. Задача студента проанализировать текст на основе имеющихся данных, накопленной в рамках дисциплин Введение в литературоведение, Стилистика, История литературы СИЯ, Лексикология.</p> <p>10-9 баллов – текст полно и точно проанализирован, даны различные интерпретации смыслов; проанализирован языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе практически нет лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 1-2 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается легко.</p> <p>8-7 баллов - текст полно и точно проанализирован, даны различные интерпретации смыслов; проанализирован языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе практически нет лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 3-4 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается легко.</p> <p>6-5 баллов - текст проанализирован не полностью, интерпретации смыслов отрывочны; недостаточно проанализировано языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 5-7 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок.</p> <p>4-3 баллов - текст проанализирован не полностью, интерпретации смыслов отсутствуют; недостаточно проанализировано языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 8-9 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок.</p> <p>2-1 балл – проанализированы только стилистические примы, интерпретации смыслов отсутствуют. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (более 10). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок.</p>
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Филологический анализ текста(контрольный срез)	10	<p>Студенты получают текст из художественной литературы (отрывок произведения, рассказ, стихотворение) для анализа. Задача студента проанализировать текст на основе имеющейся данных, накопленной в рамках дисциплин Введение в литературоведение, Стилистика, История литературы СИЯ, Лексикология.</p> <p>10-9 баллов – текст полно и точно проанализирован, даны различные интерпретации смыслов; проанализирован языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе практически нет лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 1-2 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается легко.</p> <p>8-7 баллов - текст полно и точно проанализирован, даны различные интерпретации смыслов; проанализирован языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе практически нет лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 3-4 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается легко.</p> <p>6-5 баллов - текст проанализирован не полностью, интерпретации смыслов отрывочны; недостаточно проанализировано языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 5-7 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок.</p> <p>4-3 баллов - текст проанализирован не полностью, интерпретации смыслов отсутствуют; недостаточно проанализировано языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 8-9 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок.</p> <p>2-1 балл – проанализированы только стилистические примы, интерпретации смыслов отсутствуют. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (более 10). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок.</p>
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		Контроль ная работа	15	<p>Контрольный срез рассчитан на целое занятие.</p> <p>Студентам предлагается выполнить ряд заданий разного формата по пройденной теме. Среди заданий выделяются следующие виды:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - дать развернутый ответ на теоретический вопрос; - выбрать правильный вариант ответа; - прочитав текст по истории интерпретации текста и ответить на вопросы (типа «правда/неправда», выбрать правильный ответ); - исправить смысловые ошибки в высказываниях; - проанализировать текст. <p>15-13 баллов – задание выполнено полностью, допускаются 1-3 ошибки.</p> <p>12-10 баллов – задание в целом выполнено, однако имеется 4-6 ошибок.</p> <p>9-7 баллов – задание выполнено на 45-50 %, имеются многочисленные ошибки (7-10).</p> <p>6-4 баллов – задание выполнено на 20-25 %, имеются многочисленные ошибки (11-15).</p> <p>3-1 балл – работа выполнена на 10-15%.</p> <p>Многочисленные ошибки затрудняют понимание.</p> <p>0 баллов – задание выполнено менее чем на 10 %.</p>
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2.	Когнитивный подход к интерпретации художественного текста. Парадигма исследования художественного текста.	Филологический анализ текста	10	<p>Студенты получают текст из художественной литературы (отрывок произведения, рассказ, стихотворение) для анализа. Задача студента проанализировать текст на основе имеющейся данных, накопленной в рамках дисциплин Введение в литературоведение, Стилистика, История литературы СИА, Лексикология.</p> <p>10-9 баллов – текст полно и точно проанализирован, даны различные интерпретации смыслов; проанализирован языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе практически нет лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 1-2 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается легко.</p> <p>8-7 баллов - текст полно и точно проанализирован, даны различные интерпретации смыслов; проанализирован языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе практически нет лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 3-4 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается легко.</p> <p>6-5 баллов - текст проанализирован не полностью, интерпретации смыслов отрывочны; недостаточно проанализировано языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 5-7 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок.</p> <p>4-3 баллов - текст проанализирован не полностью, интерпретации смыслов отсутствуют; недостаточно проанализировано языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 8-9 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок.</p> <p>2-1 балл – проанализированы только стилистические примы, интерпретации смыслов отсутствуют. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (более 10). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок.</p>
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	Филологический анализ текста(контрольный срез)	10	<p>Студенты получают текст из художественной литературы (отрывок произведения, рассказ, стихотворение) для анализа. Задача студента проанализировать текст на основе имеющейся данных, накопленной в рамках дисциплин Введение в литературоведение, Стилистика, История литературы СИА, Лексикология.</p> <p>10-9 баллов – текст полно и точно проанализирован, даны различные интерпретации смыслов; проанализирован языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе практически нет лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 1-2 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается легко.</p> <p>8-7 баллов - текст полно и точно проанализирован, даны различные интерпретации смыслов; проанализирован языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе практически нет лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 3-4 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается легко.</p> <p>6-5 баллов - текст проанализирован не полностью, интерпретации смыслов отрывочны; недостаточно проанализировано языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 5-7 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок.</p> <p>4-3 баллов - текст проанализирован не полностью, интерпретации смыслов отсутствуют; недостаточно проанализировано языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 8-9 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок.</p> <p>2-1 балл – проанализированы только стилистические примы, интерпретации смыслов отсутствуют. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (более 10). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок.</p>
	Контрольная работа	15	<p>Контрольный срез рассчитан на целое занятие.</p> <p>Студентам предлагается выполнить ряд заданий разного формата по пройденной теме. Среди заданий выделяются следующие виды:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - дать развернутый ответ на теоретический вопрос; - выбрать правильный вариант ответа; - прочитать текст по истории интерпретации текста и ответить на вопросы (типа «правда/неправда», выбрать правильный ответ); - исправить смысловые ошибки в высказываниях; - проанализировать текст. <p>15-13 баллов – задание выполнено полностью, допускаются 1-3 ошибки.</p> <p>12-10 баллов – задание в целом выполнено, однако имеется 4-6 ошибок.</p> <p>9-7 баллов – задание выполнено на 45-50 %, имеются многочисленные ошибки (7-10).</p> <p>6-4 баллов – задание выполнено на 20-25 %, имеются многочисленные ошибки (11-15).</p> <p>3-1 балл – работа выполнена на 10-15%. Многочисленные ошибки затрудняют понимание.</p> <p>0 баллов – задание выполнено менее чем на 10 %.</p>

3.	Премияльные баллы	20	Дополнительные премиальные баллы могут быть начислены: - постоянная активность во время практических занятий – 10 баллов; - полностью подготовленная к публикации статья по тематике в рамках дисциплины – 10 баллов; - победа в межрегиональной олимпиаде по филологии – 20 баллов; - участие с докладом во всероссийской олимпиаде по тематике изучаемой дисциплины – 20 баллов; - участие в выставке по тематике изучаемой дисциплины – 20 баллов; - публикация статьи по тематике изучаемой дисциплины в сборнике студенческих работ / материалах всероссийской конференции / журнале из перечня ВАК – 10 / 15 / 20
4.	Ответ на экзамене	30	10-17 баллов – студент раскрыл основные вопросы и задания билета на оценку «удовлетворительно» 18-24 баллов – студент раскрыл основные вопросы и задания билета на оценку «хорошо», 25-30 баллов – студент раскрыл основные вопросы и задания билета на оценку «отлично».
5.	Индивидуальные задания, с помощью которых можно набрать дополнительные баллы на экзамене	70	Добор: студент может предоставить все задания текущего контроля и контрольные срезы.
6.	Итого за семестр	100	

Итоговая оценка по экзамену выставляется в 100-балльной шкале и в традиционной четырехбалльной шкале. Перевод 100-балльной рейтинговой оценки по дисциплине в традиционную четырехбалльную осуществляется следующим образом:

100-балльная система	Традиционная система
85 - 100 баллов	Отлично
70 - 84 баллов	Хорошо
50 - 69 баллов	Удовлетворительно
Менее 50	Неудовлетворительно

Распределение баллов по курсовой работе:

- представление содержательной части – не более 55 баллов,
- оформление и информационное сопровождение – не более 20 баллов,
- защита курсовой работы – не более 25 баллов.

Распределение баллов по видам учебной работы и методика начисления баллов:

№	Вид учебной работы	Мак. кол-во баллов	Методика начисления баллов
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1.	Представление содержательной части	55	<p>41-55 баллов – содержание работы соответствует выбранному направлению подготовки/специальности и теме работы, работа актуальна, выполнена самостоятельно, имеет творческий характер, отличается определенной новизной; проведен обстоятельный анализ степени теоретического исследования проблемы, различных подходов к ее решению, показано знание информационной (при необходимости – нормативной) базы, использованы актуальные данные; проблема раскрыта глубоко и всесторонне, материал изложен логично; теоретические положения органично сопряжены с практикой, даны практические рекомендации, вытекающие из анализа проблемы; проведен количественный анализ проблемы, который подтверждает выводы автора, иллюстрирует актуальную ситуацию, приведены таблицы сравнений, графики, диаграммы, формулы, показывающие умение автора формализовать результаты исследования;</p> <p>21-40 баллов – содержание работы в целом соответствует выбранной теме, структура плана логична и пропорциональна; обоснование актуальности темы подкрепляется анализом степени теоретического исследования проблемы; основные положения работы раскрыты на достаточном теоретическом и методологическом уровне, большая часть теоретических положений сопряжена с практикой; практические рекомендации обоснованы; выводы по работе содержательны и в целом соответствуют поставленным задачам;</p> <p>1-20 баллов – имеет место определенное несоответствие содержания работы заявленной теме; исследуемая проблема в основном раскрыта, но не отличается новизной, теоретической глубиной и аргументированностью; выявлены недочеты в методологических характеристиках курсового исследования; есть нарушения логики изложения материала, поставленные задачи решены не полностью; теоретические положения слабо связаны с практикой, практические рекомендации носят формальный бездоказательный характер</p>
2.	Оформление и информационное сопровождение	20	<p>16-20 баллов – широко представлена библиография по теме работы, в том числе и зарубежные источники, приложения к работе иллюстрируют достижения автора и подкрепляют его выводы, оформление работы полностью соответствует требованиям, предъявляемым к курсовому исследованию;</p> <p>8-15 баллов – приложения, используемые в исследовании, составлены грамотно, прослеживается связь с положениями курсовой работы; список использованной литературы составлен, следуя ГОСТу, и в достаточной мере соответствует теме работы; имеются отдельные неточности в оформлении работы (отсутствует часть ссылок на используемые источники, есть отдельные стилистические, грамматические и орфографические ошибки);</p>

			1-7 баллов – в работе не полностью использована необходимая для раскрытия темы научная литература, информационные базы данных, а также материалы исследований; библиографический список оформлен неверно; содержание приложений не отражает решения поставленных задач (отсутствуют необходимые приложения); имеются многочисленные неточности в оформлении работы
3.	Защита курсовой работы	25	<p>19-25 баллов – защита отличается полнотой раскрытия темы и представления полученных результатов; студент демонстрирует уверенность и убедительность манеры выступления; стиль и грамотность речи соответствуют культуре представления результатов научного исследования; ответы на дополнительные вопросы характеризуются краткостью и аргументированностью;</p> <p>10-18 баллов – структура и регламент выступления в целом соблюдены; защита сопровождается грамматически правильной, эмоциональной речью; студент поддерживает хороший контакт с аудиторией; отмечается творческий подход в подготовке объектов наглядности презентации; дополнительные вопросы вызывают некоторые затруднения;</p> <p>1-9 баллов – студент демонстрирует невысокое качество устного доклада; доступность и образность представления проделанной работы и полученных результатов вызывает вопросы; отмечается частичное несоответствие презентации содержанию курсового исследования; дизайн визуальной интерпретации представленной работы затрудняет ее восприятие</p>
	ИТОГО:	100	

Итоговая оценка по курсовой работе выставляется в 100-балльной шкале и в традиционной четырехбалльной шкале. Перевод 100-балльной рейтинговой оценки по дисциплине в традиционную четырехбалльную осуществляется следующим образом:

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4.2 Типовые оценочные средства текущего контроля

Контрольная работа

Тема 1. Текст. Интерпретация. Проблемы интерпретации текста. Информационная природа текста.

А. Дайте развернутые ответы на вопросы:

- 1) Что такое квантование в литературе? Как Вы понимаете значение слова «квант»?
- 2) Как реализуется в тексте компрессия? Приведите пример.
- 3) Почему заголовок относят к сильным позициям?
- 4) Что такое «карусельный тип художественной системы»?
- 5) Какова роль пейзажа в а) лирике; б) прозе; в) сказке?

Б.1. Переведите фрагмент поэтического художественного текста: (3 балла)

<I know> that all the men ever born are also my brothers, and the women my sisters and lovers,
And that a keelson of the creation is love... (W. Whitman).

Какой словесный образ выражает основную мысль поэта в этих строках? Почему?

II. Проанализируйте нижеприведенный текст на английском языке (прим. 100 сл.), предварительно ответив на вопросы:

1. On whose behalf is the story told in the poem? What two narrators may be singled out? How does the choice of the tense-forms prove it?
2. Did the boy know he came across the dead animal? How did his parents react to the event?
3. Why do you think the boy's feelings are described as "a moderate pity"? Why does it seem "a godlike feeling" to the adult narrator?
4. What message does the poem carry? (Can it be rooted in perception of reality?)
5. What text categories work in the poem?
6. What verbalized concept related to the event described would you single out? What other words in the poem appertain to the "thematic" (associative) field of the same concept?

Dead Dog

One day I found a lost dog in the street.
The hairs about its grin were spiked with blood,
And it lay still as stone. It must have been
A little dog, for though I only stood
Nine inches for each one of my four years
I picked it up and took it home. My mother
Squealed, and later father spaded out
A bed and tucked my mongrel down in mud.
I can't remember any feeling but
A moderate pity, cool not swollen-eyed;
Almost a godlike feeling now it seems.
My lump of dog was ordinary as bread.
I have no recollection of the school
Where I was taught my terror of the dead.

Тема 2. Порождение и восприятие художественного текста. Моделирование художественной действительности.

А. Дайте развернутые ответы на вопросы:

- 1) Что такое квантование в литературе? Как Вы понимаете значение слова «квант»?
- 2) Как реализуется в тексте компрессия? Приведите пример.
- 3) Почему заголовок относят к сильным позициям?
- 4) Что такое «карусельный тип художественной системы»?
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II. Проанализируйте нижеприведенный текст на английском языке (прим. 100 сл.), предварительно ответив на вопросы:

1. On whose behalf is the story told in the poem? What two narrators may be singled out? How does the choice of the tense-forms prove it?
2. Did the boy know he came across the dead animal? How did his parents react to the event?
3. Why do you think the boy's feelings are described as "a moderate pity"? Why does it seem "a godlike feeling" to the adult narrator?

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Тема 3. Прагматическая интерпретация художественного текста. Речь и уровень персонажа в художественном тексте.

A. Дайте развернутые ответы на вопросы:

1) Что такое квантование в литературе? Как Вы понимаете значение слова «квант»?

2) Как реализуется в тексте компрессия? Приведите пример.

3) Почему заголовок относят к сильным позициям?

4) Что такое «карусельный тип художественной системы»?

5) Какова роль пейзажа в а) лирике; б) прозе; в) сказке?

Б.1. Переведите фрагмент поэтического художественного текста: (3 балла)

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Какой словесный образ выражает основную мысль поэта в этих строках? Почему?

II. Проанализируйте нижеприведенный текст на английском языке (прим. 100 сл.), предварительно ответив на вопросы:

1. On whose behalf is the story told in the poem? What two narrators may be singled out? How does the choice of the tense-forms prove it?

2. Did the boy know he came across the dead animal? How did his parents react to the event?

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 My lump of dog was ordinary as bread.
 I have no recollection of the school
 Where I was taught my terror of the dead.

Тема 4. Когнитивный подход к интерпретации художественного текста. Парадигма исследования художественного текста.

А. Дайте развернутые ответы на вопросы:

- 1) Что такое квантование в литературе? Как Вы понимаете значение слова «квант»?
- 2) Как реализуется в тексте компрессия? Приведите пример.
- 3) Почему заголовок относят к сильным позициям?
- 4) Что такое «карусельный тип художественной системы»?
- 5) Какова роль пейзажа в а) лирике; б) прозе; в) сказке?

Б.1. Переведите фрагмент поэтического художественного текста: (3 балла)

<I know> that all the men ever born are also my brothers, and the women my sisters and lovers,
 And that a keelson of the creation is love... (W. Whitman).

Какой словесный образ выражает основную мысль поэта в этих строках? Почему?

II. Проанализируйте нижеприведенный текст на английском языке (прим. 100 сл.), предварительно ответив на вопросы:

- 1 On whose behalf is the story told in the poem? What two narrators may be singled out? How does the choice of the tense-forms prove it?
- 2 Did the boy know he came across the dead animal? How did his parents react to the event?
- 3 Why do you think the boy's feelings are described as "a moderate pity"? Why does it seem "a godlike feeling" to the adult narrator?
- 4 What message does the poem carry? (Can it be rooted in perception of reality?)
- 5 What text categories work in the poem?
- 6 What verbalized concept related to the event described would you single out? What other words in the poem appertain to the "thematic" (associative) field of the same concept?

Dead Dog

One day I found a lost dog in the street.
 The hairs about its grin were spiked with blood,
 And it lay still as stone. It must have been
 A little dog, for though I only stood
 Nine inches for each one of my four years
 I picked it up and took it home. My mother
 Squealed, and later father spaded out
 A bed and tucked my mongrel down in mud.

I can't remember any feeling but
 A moderate pity, cool not swollen-eyed;
 Almost a godlike feeling now it seems.

My lump of dog was ordinary as bread.
 I have no recollection of the school
 Where I was taught my terror of the dead.

Филологический анализ текста

Тема 1. Текст. Интерпретация. Проблемы интерпретации текста. Информационная природа текста.
 Cat in the Rain

Ernest Hemingway

There were only two Americans stopping at the hotel. They did not know any of the people they passed on the stairs on their way to and from their room. Their room was on the second floor facing the sea. It also faced the public garden and the war monument. There were big palms and green benches in the public garden. In the good weather there was always an artist with his easel. Artists liked the way the palms grew and the bright colors of the hotels facing the gardens and the sea. Italians came from a long way off to look up at the war monument. It was made of bronze and glistened in the rain. It was raining. The rain dripped from the palm trees. Water stood in pools on the gravel paths. The sea broke in a long line in the rain and slipped back down the beach to come up and break again in a long line in the rain. The motor cars were gone from the square by the war monument. Across the square in the doorway of the caf? a waiter stood looking out at the empty square.

The American wife stood at the window looking out. Outside right under their window a cat was crouched under one of the dripping green tables. The cat was trying to make herself so compact that she would not be dripped on.

‘I’m going down and get that kitty,’ the American wife said.

‘I’ll do it,’ her husband offered from the bed.

‘No, I’ll get it. The poor kitty out trying to keep dry under a table.’

The husband went on reading, lying propped up with the two pillows at the foot of the bed.

‘Don’t get wet,’ he said.

The wife went downstairs and the hotel owner stood up and bowed to her as she passed the office. His desk was at the far end of the office. He was an old man and very tall.

‘Il piove,’ the wife said. She liked the hotel-keeper.

‘Si, Si, Signora, brutto tempo. It is very bad weather.’

He stood behind his desk in the far end of the dim room. The wife liked him. She liked the deadly serious way he received any complaints. She liked his dignity. She liked the way he wanted to serve her. She liked the way he felt about being a hotel-keeper. She liked his old, heavy face and big hands.

Liking him she opened the door and looked out. It was raining harder. A man in a rubber cape was crossing the empty square to the caf?. The cat would be around to the right. Perhaps she could go along under the eaves.

As she stood in the doorway an umbrella opened behind her. It was the maid who looked after their room.

‘You must not get wet,’ she smiled, speaking Italian. Of course, the hotel-keeper had sent her.

With the maid holding the umbrella over her, she walked along the gravel path until she was under their window. The table was there, washed bright green in the rain, but the cat was gone. She was suddenly disappointed. The maid looked up at her.

‘Ha perduto qualche cosa, Signora?’

‘There was a cat,’ said the American girl.

‘A cat?’

‘Si, il gatto.’

‘A cat?’ the maid laughed. ‘A cat in the rain?’

‘Yes, –’ she said, ‘under the table.’ Then, ‘Oh, I wanted it so much. I wanted a kitty.’

When she talked English the maid’s face tightened.

‘Come, Signora,’ she said. ‘We must get back inside. You will be wet.’

'I suppose so,' said the American girl.

They went back along the gravel path and passed in the door. The maid stayed outside to close the umbrella. As the American girl passed the office, the padrone bowed from his desk. Something felt very small and tight inside the girl. The padrone made her feel very small and at the same time really important. She had a momentary feeling of being of supreme importance. She went on up the stairs.

She opened the door of the room.

George was on the bed, reading.

'Did you get the cat?' he asked, putting the book down.

'It was gone.'

'Wonder where it went to,' he said, resting his eyes from reading.

She sat down on the bed.

'I wanted it so much,' she said. 'I don't know why I wanted it so much. I wanted that poor kitty. It isn't any fun to be a poor kitty out in the rain.'

George was reading again.

She went over and sat in front of the mirror of the dressing table looking at herself with the hand glass. She studied her profile, first one side and then the other. Then she studied the back of her head and her neck.

'Don't you think it would be a good idea if I let my hair grow out?' she asked, looking at her profile again.

George looked up and saw the back of her neck, clipped close like a boy's.

'I like it the way it is.'

'I get so tired of it,' she said. 'I get so tired of looking like a boy.'

George shifted his position in the bed. He hadn't looked away from her since she started to speak.

'You look pretty darn nice,' he said.

She laid the mirror down on the dresser and went over to the window and looked out. It was getting dark.

'I want to pull my hair back tight and smooth and make a big knot at the back that I can feel,' she said. 'I want to have a kitty to sit on my lap and purr when I stroke her.'

'Yeah?' George said from the bed.

'And I want to eat at a table with my own silver and I want candles. And I want it to be spring and I want to brush my hair out in front of a mirror and I want a kitty and I want some new clothes.'

'Oh, shut up and get something to read,' George said. He was reading again.

His wife was looking out of the window. It was quite dark now and still raining in the palm trees.

'Anyway, I want a cat,' she said, 'I want a cat. I want a cat now. If I can't have long hair or any fun, I can have a cat.'

George was not listening. He was reading his book. His wife looked out of the window where the light had come on in the square.

Someone knocked at the door.

'Avanti,' George said. He looked up from his book.

In the doorway stood the maid. She held a big tortoiseshell cat pressed tight against her and swung down against her body.

'Excuse me,' she said, 'the padrone asked me to bring this for the Signora.'

Christina Rossetti

ECHO

Come to me in the silence of the night;

Come in the speaking silence of a dream;

Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright

As sunlight on a stream;

Come back in tears,

O memory, hope, love of finished years.

Oh dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,

Whose
 Where souls brimfull of love abide and meet;
 Where thirsting longing eyes
 Watch the slow door
 That opening, letting in, lets out no more.
 Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live
 My very life again though cold in death:
 Come back to me in dreams, that I may give
 Pulse for pulse, breath for breath:
 Speak low, lean low,
 As long ago, my love, how long ago!

SONG

When I am dead, my dearest,
 Sing no sad song for me;
 Plant no roses at my head,
 Nor shady cypress-tree;
 Be the green grass above me
 With showers and dewdrops wet;
 And if thou wilt, remember,
 And if thou wilt, forget.
 I shall not see the shadows,
 I shall not feel the rain,
 I shall not hear the nightingale
 Sing on, as if in pain;
 And dreaming through the twilight
 That doth not rise or set,
 Haply I may remember,
 And haply I may forget.

REMEMBER

Remember me when I am gone away,
 Gone far away into the silent land;
 When you can no more hold me by the hand
 Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.
 Remember me when no more day by day
 You tell me of our future that you planned;
 Only remember me; you understand
 It will be late to counsel then or pray.
 Yet if you should forget me for a while
 And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
 For if the darkness and corruption leave
 A vestige of thought that once I had,
 Better by far you should forget and smile
 Than you should remember and be sad.
 The Beginning of Spring

In 1913 the journey from Moscow to Charing Cross, changing at Warsaw, cost fourteen pounds, six shillings and threepence and took two and a half days. In the March of 1913 Frank Reid's wife Nellie started out on this journey from 22 Lipka Street in the Khamovniki district, taking the three children with her – that is Dolly, Ben and Annushka. Annushka (or Annie) was two and three-quarters and likely to be an even greater nuisance than the others. However Dunyasha, the nurse who looked after the children at 22 Lipka Street, did not go with them.

Dunyasha must have been in the know, but Frank Reid was not. The first he heard about it, when he came back from the Press to his house, was from a letter. This letter, he was told by the servant Toma, had been brought by a messenger.

'Where is he now?' asked Frank, taking the letter in his hand. It was in Nellie's writing.

'He's gone about his business. He belongs to the Guild of Messengers, he's not allowed to take a rest anywhere.'

Frank walked straight through to the back right hand quarter of the house and into the kitchen, where he found the messenger with his red cap on the table in front of him, drinking tea with the cook and her assistant.

'Where did you get this letter?'

'I was called to this house,' said the messenger, getting to his feet, 'and given the letter.'

'Who gave it to you?'

'Your wife, Elena Karlovna Reid.'

'This is my house and I live here. Why did she need a messenger?'

The shoe-cleaning boy, known as the Little Cossack, the washerwoman, who was on her regular weekly call, the maid, and Toma had, by now, all come into the kitchen. 'He was told to deliver it to your office,' Toma said, 'but you have come home earlier than usual and anticipated him.' Frank had been born and brought up in Moscow, and though he was quiet by nature and undemonstrative, he knew that there were times when his life had to be acted out, as though on a stage. He sat down by the window, although at four o'clock it was already dark, and opened the letter in front of them all.

Тема 2. Порождение и восприятие художественного текста. Моделирование художественной действительности.

Never Let Me Go

My name is Kathy H. I'm thirty-one years old, and I've been a carer now for over eleven years. That sounds long enough, I know, but actually they want me to go on for another eight months, until the end of this year. That'll make it almost exactly twelve years. Now I know my being a carer so long isn't necessarily because they think I'm fantastic at what I do. There are some really good carers who've been told to stop after just two or three years. And I can think of one carer at least who went on for all of fourteen years despite being a complete waste of space. So I'm not trying to boast. But then I do know for a fact they've been pleased with my work, and by and large, I have too. My donors have always tended to do much better than expected. Their recovery times have been impressive, and hardly any of them have been classified as "agitated," even before fourth donation. Okay, maybe I am boasting now. But it means a lot to me, being able to do my work well, especially that bit about my donors staying "calm." I've developed a kind of instinct around donors. I know when to hang around and comfort them, when to leave them to themselves; when to listen to everything they have to say, and when just to shrug and tell them to. Anyway, I'm not making any big claims for myself. I know carers, working now, who are just as good and don't get half the credit. If you're one of them, I can understand how you might get resentful – about my bedsit, my car, above all, the way I get to pick and choose who I look after. And I'm a Hailsham student – which is enough by itself sometimes to get people's backs up. Kathy H., they say, she gets to pick and choose, and she always chooses her own kind: people from Hailsham, or one of the other privileged estates. Mrs Fox (a short story)

That he loves his wife is unquestionable. All day at work he looks forward to seeing her. On the train home, he reads, glancing up at the stations of commuter towns, land-steal under construction, slabs of mineral-looking earth, and pluming clouds. He imagines her robe falling as she steps across the bedroom. Usually he arrives first, while she drives back from her office. He pours a drink and reclines on the sofa. When the front door opens he rouses. He tries to wait, for her to come and find him, and tell him about her day, but he hasn't the patience. She is in the kitchen, taking her coat off, unfastening her shoes. Her form, her essence, a scent of corrupted rose.

Hello, darling, she says.

The shape of her eyes, almost Persian, though she is English. Her waist and hips in the blue skirt; he watches her move – to the sink, to the table, to the chair where she sits, slowly, with a woman's grace. Under the hollow of her throat, below the collar of her blouse, is a dribble of fine gold, a chain, on which hangs her wedding ring.

Hello, you.

He bends to kiss her, his hands in his pockets. Such simple pleasure; she is his to kiss. He, or she, cooks; this is the modern world, both of them are capable, both busy. They eat dinner, sometimes they drink wine. They talk or listen to music; nothing in particular. There are no children yet.

Later, they move upstairs and prepare for bed. He washes his face, urinates. He likes to leave the day on his body. He wears nothing to sleep in; neither does his wife, but she has showered, her hair is damp, darkened to wheat. Her skin is incredibly soft; there is no corrugation on her rump. Her pubic hair is harsh when it dries; it crackles against his palm, contrasts strangely with what's inside. A mystery he wants to solve every night. There are positions they favour, that feel and make them appear unusual to each other. The trick is to remain slightly detached. The trick is to be able to bite, to speak in a voice not your own. Afterwards, she goes to the bathroom, attends to herself, and comes back to bed. His sleep is blissful, dreamless.

Of course, this is not the truth. No man is entirely contented. He has stray erotic thoughts, and irritations. She is slow to pay bills. She is messy in the bathroom; he picks up bundles of wet towels every day.

Occasionally, he uses pornography, if he is away for work. He fantasizes about other women, some of whom look like old girlfriends, some like his wife. If a woman at work or on the train arouses him, he wonders about the alternative, a replacement. But in the wake of these moments, he suffers vertiginous fear, imagines losing her, and he understands what she means. It is its absence which defines the importance of a thing.

Saved

Jane Rogers

When Alice lifted a corner of the tarpaulin, a cidery whiff of rotting apples escaped. Leaning closer in the failing light she saw that the trailer was full of them. Excellent. Had she not clearly explained to Head that she needed the trailer to move her grandma's bed?

'I haven't had time to get rid of them,' he told her.

'Don't you want them?'

'Couldn't sell 'em. There's a glut.' He was called Head because he was always off it, according to her brother Nick: Nick who was skulking in Oxford like the idle toad he was, pretending his term hadn't finished yet.

'They would have kept better if you hadn't left them in plastic bags.' She glanced around his so-called garden which was piled with rusty old bits of farm equipment and random builders' supplies, and saw there was now to put them.

'Dump 'em. Take 'em to the tip.' He turned towards his peeling front door. 'I

Quite a few of the apples in the first bag were alright, as far as she could see. A bit wormy, and the odd brown patch, but plenty of them could be saved. How could he throw away perfectly good food? 'Trash the planet

why don't you?' she muttered to his closing door. She backed up the car and attached the trailer to the rear bumper, winding the rope around both ends so the weight was evenly distributed. It would be fine over a short journey. If her parents had had a better car it would have had a tow bar. Well, if they'd had a better bigger

She turned cautiously out of his gateway and eased the car up through the gears, watching the trailer in her mirror. It was fine until she pulled out onto the main road. There she got stuck behind a car which had tinsel wound round its aerial and a diamond shaped sign dangling in its back window, bearing the legend Fab Mum on Board! The Fab Mum stopped at every junction, major and minor, and allowed all the traffic waiting there to file out in front of her. Each time Alice had to stop, no matter how gently, the trailer jolted the car. By the time she got home her teeth were on edge.

She began to unload the bags of apples into the hall. They were heavy so it wasn't safe to use the handles; she clutched the plastic bags to her chest and realised, too late, that festering juice was smearing all over her leather jacket. The bags pretty much blocked the hall. She might as well sort them immediately for the full joyful Friday night experience. Vince would probably be getting ready to go out partying, hunting for some new female. Well hey, why should Alice care? This was so much more fun. Close inspection revealed that each contained soft brown putrefying apples mixed in with the green. Swiftly she filled the kitchen bin with rotten apples and the washing up bowl and clothes-basket with half-bad ones. It was strange the way they went; you'd pick one up that was green but then its underside was brown, with a kind of raised dottiness where the two colours met. When you cut it in two, the decay inside went right up the core to the top. All you save was the top sliver of the apple's cheeks. She imagined slicing Vince out of her system like this, like a surgeon removing a tumour. Even the white, fresh-looking slices still seemed to have an aftertaste of rot. She sprinkled them lavishly with cinnamon and cloves. Then her mother came home from hospital visiting and put her hand on a wasp on the doorknob.

Once things had quietened down, they took a bottle of red into the sitting room, where the box of Christmas decorations sat accusingly on the sofa.

'If I'd known you'd have to go to all this trouble –' her mother said.

The wine at home wasn't as sour as the wine Vince chose in York. 'When are you getting the tree? Did you tell Dad why I couldn't visit?'

'I haven't got time to get a tree! All he talks about is Grandma's. I could understand it if he'd been there even once.'

Grandma had died in the spring leaving her house full of dirty old junk to Dad. Now suddenly there was a buyer who wanted to move in before Christmas. Alice watched her mother drinking. Her face was puffy, she seemed to have aged disproportionately since Alice started university.

'He's alright, Dad? I mean a hip replacement's routine, isn't it?'

'Yep. They'll get him up on his feet tomorrow, the nurse told me. Two to three days and I'll have him on my hands here needing waiting on.'

'I'll visit tomorrow after I've moved the bed.'

'He wants me to go and look through Grandma's stuff – I'm at the library till 5 tomorrow, I've told him –'

'Mum there's no point.'

'Her knick knacks, her photos, he says there are things of sentimental –'

'No there aren't. And where would you put them anyway? This house is completely stuffed.' Alice's university possessions were heaped in a pathetic mound on the landing, since her mother had filled Alice's room with a rowing machine and bags of remnants to make a quilt.

'Alice, I don't see why the clearance people can't drop the bed off.'

'The man told me he'd need another van for the bed. Look, you want it don't you? I'm happy to fetch it.'

'I don't want it. It's your father who wants it. He claims it's some kind of antique.'

'Well I'm not saving it if you're not going to use it, Mum.'

'Oh we'll use it! It's not as if our bed's anything to write home about.'

'OK then.'

'I can't understand why Nick's not back for Christmas. He could have given you a hand.'

'Mum, I can manage.'

'The whole thing's ridiculous. We'll end up paying the clearance people more than the stuff is worth.' Her mother took a bottle from the sideboard, poured a mouthful into her wine glass and swirled it round, then drained the pink results. 'Would you like some whisky?' she said, pouring it into the rinsed glass. 'Sorry, I can't be bothered with getting more glasses.'

You come home from university with issues – real issues: like deciding to drop out of your course, and splitting up with Vince, and having paid six months rent in advance when now you can't go on living in the same house as him: you come home and your parents have turned into an alcoholic and an invalid, and you have to help them.

It would be alright. She would be helpful now, and tell them about leaving York after Christmas. It would soften the blow. She took a sip of the fiery whisky. 'What's your badge, Mum?'

'Oh – it's supposed to be an angel, I think. You press it and it flashes.' She demonstrated. 'They were giving them out at work.'

'Cool! Can I see?'

Her mother passed her the little pink and white plastic angel, the tips of her wings were flashing yellow. Alice laughed.

'Keep it if you like,' her mother said. 'They've got all sorts. I'll bring you a reindeer to go with it.' Alice pinned the angel to her jumper. 'Come here and give us a hug,' said her mother, smiling at last. 'It's good to have you home.'

By midnight her mother, sedated with Famous Grouse, had gone to bed, and Alice had filled another binliner with peel, core and bad bits. Vince had not texted her. Four saucepans of apples were stewing on the four cooker rings and the air was thick with steam and wasps. Other forms of wildlife, slugs and maggoty things, had been revived enough by the warmth to start crawling up the walls. Excellent, she had saved a whole eco-system. Alice turned everything off and went to bed, hoping Vince was so drunk that he would suffer humiliating erectile dysfunction. Assuming he was with someone else. Which she might as well assume.

She was awake at 6 so she got up and dealt with the rest of the apples. Then she sat on the doorstep to have her breakfast cigarette, and worried about money. Maybe she should offer to clear Grandma's whole house and sell the stuff on E-Bay. But it'd have to go into storage and that would cost. The clearance people were charging the earth for storage. She should go online and check prices. All of it was rubbish but things like the Formica kitchen table and red plastic chairs, they were probably retro by now, probably collectors' The post came; a card from Nick in Oxford. It showed two shrunken heads from the Pitt Rivers Museum, against a queasy green and yellow background. On the back he had scrawled, Pater and Mater, Yo! Giving Xmas a miss this year END CAPITALISM NOW! X.

Excellent.

Her mother was getting ready for work and fussing about the apples. She didn't have enough freezer boxes for them. She didn't want Alice to put the rotten ones in the compost. 'It'll be full, I won't be able to use it all winter.'

Alice explained patiently that it would be full of decaying vegetable matter which is what compost bins are for. But her mother was surprisingly assertive. Alice ended up reloading bags of slimy remains into the trailer and getting stung in the process. The pain was a welcome distraction from the larger pain of the entire world's idiocy. She drove carefully through the suburban streets to Grandma's. The bay window was empty and dark: Grandma always used to put the same old moulting Christmas tree in the window, festooned with two sets of lights, tie-on chocolates that she called 'fancies', and crowned with an angel. The ends of the branches were bald from when Alice and Nick were little and had tugged the chocolates off and stripped the soft plastic needles with them. When Mum offered to buy her a new tree Grandma had said, 'It'll see me out,' and Alice had been glad. She wondered what had happened to the angel – a proper little doll with a steady smile and white gauze wings, who lived the rest of the year in a twist of yellowed newspaper in the shoe box that held the lights. Alice had always felt sorry for her: how could one month of glory on the tree make up for eleven months in that dark box?

She carried the apple mush round the back and emptied it out near the hedge, where it could rot down in peace and put some goodness back into the soil. At least something would come from it; unlike her relationship with Vince. Nothing was going to come from that. Why couldn't she just have the strength of mind to turn her stupid phone off?

When Alice finally unlocked the back door and stepped into Grandma's silent house, it wasn't possible to keep going. The atmosphere in the house had set; the mingled smells of chip fat and disinfectant and Vick had congealed in the cold, into a medium it was barely possible to push your way through. Alice leant over the sink and forced the window open, then sat at the kitchen table. She stared down at her feet and saw there was a sticky teaspoon lying on the floor. Her Dad hadn't been here once. That was her Mum's complaint: his own parents' house and he hadn't even been once in six months. She remembered coming here when she was little, how the warm air smelt of baking and her grandma was flicking the cat off the table with a tea towel, while the radio chattered and Grandpa was playing the piano and singing Old Man River in the front room and Grandma was rolling her eyes and saying 'You can't hear yourself think!' and Alice was begging 'Can I help you ice the cake? Please? Please?' and Grandma was laughing and lifting her onto the chair for a cuddle.

Hot tears sprang to Alice's eyes. Of course Dad hadn't been here. How could he bear it? Alice glimpsed down a tunnel in her head, herself, twenty-five years on, forcing her way into Mum and Dad's empty house. Facing the mess, having to sort it.

Why would you go there? What could you possibly hope to find?

The lives that had been lived here at Grandma's, they'd had their moments. There were smiles in the photos, music sheets in the piano stool, once-brilliant daubs of hers and Nick's magneted to the fridge door. There were ingredients for Grandma's fantastic almond cakes in the kitchen cupboards; now stale, sour, grey. Crawling with silverfish. The good things were already gone. Nothing could be saved. Her father must have known this.

She could see that you would be ashamed. But it would be like being ashamed of wetting your pants. Ashamed that you couldn't help it. Ashamed that it had come to this, to old age and dirt; ashamed that you hadn't been here every day, washing things; ashamed that grandma wouldn't let you buy her anything new; ashamed that she had refused a cleaner and sacked the home help and told the community health nurse to fuck off, and that you had been powerless to stop her, and that everything was broken and dirty; ashamed that nothing you had done had stemmed the rising tide of decay.

Alice imagined seeing her Dad (who was in hospital, who she hadn't even visited yet, for god's sake) and liking and understanding him. Instead of being impatient with the irritating old buffer of her mother's complaints. She blew her nose and gathered herself and went slowly up to the bedroom. The bed looked OK. Not all that old, really – a bit Charles Rennie Mackintosh-ish. Quite designer-y. She dragged the stained mattress to the floor, where it blocked the door and she had to battle on all fours to roll it over onto itself. The sour stench and floppy dead weight of it were almost welcome. All those tiny flakes of sloughed skin; she was practically rolling up her grandparents' bodies. It was the least she could do. She wedged it by the chest of drawers and fetched a knife from the kitchen drawer to unscrew the bedframe. But the screws were stuck fast, the blade broke before a single one had loosened.

The bedhead was weirdly sticky to touch; from medicine, Alice supposed, or from honey and lemon drinks, or breakfasts in bed. Or even, a million years ago, her grandparents' sexual secretions? She tried to unthink the thought. Abandoning her broken knife she searched under the stairs for a toolbox, then went out into the sweet fresh air to the DIY on the corner. There was a product you could use for loosening stuff; Vince had sprayed it on her bike lock when it had jammed. It was true, he used to be kind. When was the last time he was kind? She fought back tears.

The balding man in the DIY refused to understand what she wanted. 'In a can - you spray it on, it loosens things –'

'Lubricant, you mean?'

'Yes, for screws.'

'Lubricant for screws.'

To Alice's humiliation, a spurt of laughter escaped her.

'WD40,' said the man. 'Here. What kind of a screwdriver are you using?'

'A normal one.' How could he know about the knife?

'What you want is one of these. Best screwdriver a girl could have.' He wiggled his toilet-brush eyebrows and handed her a heavy metal-handled tool with a price sticker that said £22.50.

'I – why is it better?'

'Does all the work for you. All you need's apply a little pressure. See?' He demonstrated a little switch in the handle. 'Up for screwing. Down for unscrewing. Turns itself around, see?'

She didn't see but it was pretty obvious she needed the best tool for the job, since the bed probably hadn't been taken to bits for fifty years. And the sooner she got out of this lecher's shop the better. She crossed her fingers and gave him her visa card.

Having duly sprayed all the screws she tried to use the screwdriver. But when she leant on it, as Mr Lech had demonstrated, the handle twizzled round uselessly while the head remained motionless. The only way to make it work was to put the little switch in the central position, which turned it into an ordinary screwdriver. But it was big and clumsy to hold and all her force could not budge a single screw.

Alice fell back against the folded mattress. Something, one single thing, surely, had to go right this weekend. Dispassionately she wondered what it would be. She pressed her Christmas angel badge and watched it flashing for a while. Such daylight as there was had almost drained from the sky and she got up and switched on the lights. She was starving. What were the options? Mum would be going straight from the library to hospital because Alice had the car. Who could she ask to help her? There was no one. Head wanted the trailer back tomorrow. If she hadn't had to deal with his wretched apples she'd have finished hours ago. To have done all this and still no bed - it was beyond enduring.

In a rage she snatched up the screwdriver and attacked the screws again - heaving, twisting - and was at last rewarded by an infinitesimal give, then movement. Slowly, grudgingly, the screws at the top end began to yield. She loosened them all then moved on to the foot. The problem would come in removing them; the whole frame would collapse, probably onto her. It was already listing drunkenly to one side. Her phone went and she crawled to her bag to get it. Not Vince. Of course not: wrong ring tone. Mum, from the bus, wanting to know if she could pick her up from the hospital at eight-thirty. 'Probably Mum, but I'm just in the middle of this. I'll text you, OK?' Her mother wondered plaintively what they could eat. 'Applesauce,' she said meanly and hung up. Vince would be cooking his disgusting onion-and-baked-bean omelette which he made whenever she asked him to cook so she wouldn't ask him again. She thought bitterly of the delicious things she'd cooked for him from her Jamie Oliver book. He said they'd got boring. It was him that was boring. Not her. Him. She had a brainwave. The frame could be balanced on kitchen chairs, one each side. The seats were too high but when she laid them on their backs it was just possible to slide them under so the frame rested on their legs. She fetched a cup to put the screws in.

Piece by piece she carried the frame downstairs. The bed-head was unwieldy; it caught a couple of the pictures above the stairs as she tried to angle it round the top banister. Tough. Nobody would miss them. The glass crunched into the carpet as she trudged up and down the stairs. At last all the pieces of the bed were in the hall. She emptied the screws into the glove compartment and began loading the bed into the trailer. Header. Footer. Side frame. Side frame. Top frame. Bottom frame. Slats. The wood was dense and heavy, probably some precious, endangered-species, non-renewable hardwood.

She slumped into the driver's seat, trembling with hunger and fatigue. As she pulled away from the kerb she heard the wood slither and rattle into position. She should have brought something to pad it where it leant against the sides of the trailer. Well there was plenty of cloth in Grandma's house - old sheets, towels? No. She couldn't bear to stop. It would be alright. She was driving so slowly and carefully that it would hardly shift at all, there probably wouldn't be a scratch on it. She made herself keep her eyes on the speedometer - don't go above 20.

Then her phone started up. Sweet Gene Vincent. He had selected the ringtone for her. Well, tough. It was too late. She didn't want to speak to him. She glanced at the speedometer, 20 mph. She didn't allow her eyes even a flicker towards the phone. She looked straight back to the road. There was an angel.

An angel. Life size. White in her headlights. She hit the brake.

A lot of things happened at once, and it was only possible to itemise them afterwards. The angel stretched out her white wings as if she would fly. Alice's seat belt ripped into her neck and shoulder like a bear-claw, while the car tried to pitch her through the windscreen then jerked madly backwards. There was a long noise, shockingly loud, of crashing and splintering. A man running to the flight-poised angel. Then pounding silence, expanding like a mushroom cloud in her head.

The man's face loomed at Alice's window. The silence popped. 'Are you alright? Please - let me -' He opened the door. 'Can you get out? You - you stopped - like that!'

Alice fumbled at her seat belt and slithered out of the car. She saw that the trailer was on its side in the road and that pieces of bed were scattered everywhere.

'Here,' said the man. 'You've had a shock. Come and sit down.' He led her into a lit doorway and spoke a different language to some other people who went outside and began to move the trailer. He sat her and the angel on a sofa and went into the kitchen to make a cup of tea.

Alice could see now that it was a child, not an angel. She had on a white dress, intricately embroidered at neck and hem. Her brown face was solemn and her black eyes examined Alice minutely. She looked about four years old. After a moment she slid off the sofa and picked up a bowl of sweets from the table. She carried it carefully to Alice, and offered it to her. Alice took a gold-wrapped toffee.

The man came back with two mugs of tea. 'I'm so sorry. It's her birthday. She was dancing when her cousins left, I forgot to lock the door -'

The little girl stretched out her arms again as if she would do a twirl, then noticed Alice watching her and concentrated very hard on choosing a sweet from the bowl.

'Her mother – ' the man said quietly, 'she runs out looking for her mother.'

'Her mother?'

He brushed his hand across his eyes. 'She's not here.' Alice saw him gather himself into politeness. 'I am so sorry. I'll pay for your trailer, your firewood. I don't know how to thank you. You saved her life.'

The man's face was beautiful. The child's face was beautiful.

'It wasn't firewood. It was a bed.'

'Ah. I will pay for a new bed. Of course.'

The child, whom she had thought was an angel, was alive and gravely unpeeling a mini-mars bar. Slowly, with the tinny taste of the tea, feeling began to creep back into Alice's numbed body and soul. She had not killed the child. She had saved the child. The beautiful man was smiling at her.

The feeling that was creeping through her was happiness.

'That bed was a lost cause,' she said. 'I'm glad your little girl is safe.'

Тема 3. Прагматическая интерпретация художественного текста. Речь и уровень персонажа в художественном тексте.

The Child's Story

Charles Dickens

Once upon a time, a good many years ago, there was a traveller, and he set out upon a journey. It was a magic journey, and was to seem very long when he began it, and very short when he got half way through. He travelled along a rather dark path for some little time, without meeting anything, until at last he came to a beautiful child. So he said to the child, "What do you do here?" And the child said, "I am always at play. Come and play with me!"

So, he played with that child, the whole day long, and they were very merry. The sky was so blue, the sun was so bright, the water was so sparkling, the leaves were so green, the flowers were so lovely, and they heard such singing-birds and saw so many butterflies, that everything was beautiful. This was in fine weather. When it rained, they loved to watch the falling drops, and to smell the fresh scents. When it blew, it was delightful to listen to the wind, and fancy what it said, as it came rushing from its home-- where was that, they wondered!--whistling and howling, driving the clouds before it, bending the trees, rumbling in the chimneys, shaking the house, and making the sea roar in fury. But, when it snowed, that was best of all; for, they liked nothing so well as to look up at the white flakes falling fast and thick, like down from the breasts of millions of white birds; and to see how smooth and deep the drift was; and to listen to the hush upon the paths and roads.

They had plenty of the finest toys in the world, and the most astonishing picture-books: all about scimitars and slippers and turbans, and dwarfs and giants and genii and fairies, and blue-beards and bean-stalks and riches and caverns and forests and Valentines and Orsons: and all new and all true.

But, one day, of a sudden, the traveller lost the child. He called to him over and over again, but got no answer. So, he went upon his road, and went on for a little while without meeting anything, until at last he came to a handsome boy. So, he said to the boy, "What do you do here?" And the boy said, "I am always learning. Come and learn with me."

So he learned with that boy about Jupiter and Juno, and the Greeks and the Romans, and I don't know what, and learned more than I could tell--or he either, for he soon forgot a great deal of it. But, they were not always learning; they had the merriest games that ever were played. They rowed upon the river in summer, and skated on the ice in winter; they were active afoot, and active on horseback; at cricket, and all games at ball; at prisoner's base, hare and hounds, follow my leader, and more sports than I can think of; nobody could beat them. They had holidays too, and Twelfth cakes, and parties where they danced till midnight, and real Theatres where they saw palaces of real gold and silver rise out of the real earth, and saw all the wonders of the world at once. As to friends, they had such dear friends and so many of them, that I want the time to reckon them up. They were all young, like the handsome boy, and were never to be strange to one another all their lives through.

Still, one day, in the midst of all these pleasures, the traveller lost the boy as he had lost the child, and, after calling to him in vain, went on upon his journey. So he went on for a little while without seeing anything, until at last he came to a young man. So, he said to the young man, "What do you do here?" And the young man said, "I am always in love. Come and love with me."

So, he went away with that young man, and presently they came to one of the prettiest girls that ever was seen--just like Fanny in the corner there--and she had eyes like Fanny, and hair like Fanny, and dimples like Fanny's, and she laughed and coloured just as Fanny does while I am talking about her. So, the young man fell in love directly--just as Somebody I won't mention, the first time he came here, did with Fanny. Well! he was teased sometimes--just as Somebody used to be by Fanny; and they quarrelled sometimes--just as Somebody and Fanny used to quarrel; and they made it up, and sat in the dark, and wrote letters every day, and never were happy asunder, and were always looking out for one another and pretending not to, and were engaged at Christmas-time, and sat close to one another by the fire, and were going to be married very soon--all exactly like Somebody I won't mention, and Fanny!

But, the traveller lost them one day, as he had lost the rest of his friends, and, after calling to them to come back, which they never did, went on upon his journey. So, he went on for a little while without seeing anything, until at last he came to a middle-aged gentleman. So, he said to the gentleman, "What are you doing here?" And his answer was, "I am always busy. Come and be busy with me!"

So, he began to be very busy with that gentleman, and they went on through the wood together. The whole journey was through a wood, only it had been open and green at first, like a wood in spring; and now began to be thick and dark, like a wood in summer; some of the little trees that had come out earliest, were even turning brown. The gentleman was not alone, but had a lady of about the same age with him, who was his Wife; and they had children, who were with them too. So, they all went on together through the wood, cutting down the trees, and making a path through the branches and the fallen leaves, and carrying burdens, and working hard.

Sometimes, they came to a long green avenue that opened into deeper woods. Then they would hear a very little, distant voice crying, "Father, father, I am another child! Stop for me!" And presently they would see a very little figure, growing larger as it came along, running to join them. When it came up, they all crowded round it, and kissed and welcomed it; and then they all went on together.

Sometimes, they came to several avenues at once, and then they all stood still, and one of the children said, "Father, I am going to sea," and another said, "Father, I am going to India," and another, "Father, I am going to seek my fortune where I can," and another, "Father, I am going to Heaven!" So, with many tears at parting, they went, solitary, down those avenues, each child upon its way; and the child who went to Heaven, rose into the golden air and vanished.

Whenever these partings happened, the traveller looked at the gentleman, and saw him glance up at the sky above the trees, where the day was beginning to decline, and the sunset to come on. He saw, too, that his hair was turning grey. But, they never could rest long, for they had their journey to perform, and it was necessary for them to be always busy.

At last, there had been so many partings that there were no children left, and only the traveller, the gentleman, and the lady, went upon their way in company. And now the wood was yellow; and now brown; and the leaves, even of the forest trees, began to fall.

So, they came to an avenue that was darker than the rest, and were pressing forward on their journey without looking down it when the lady stopped.

"My husband," said the lady. "I am called."

They listened, and they heard a voice a long way down the avenue, say, "Mother, mother!"

It was the voice of the first child who had said, "I am going to Heaven!" and the father said, "I pray not yet. The sunset is very near. I pray not yet!"

But, the voice cried, "Mother, mother!" without minding him, though his hair was now quite white, and tears were on his face.

Then, the mother, who was already drawn into the shade of the dark avenue and moving away with her arms still round his neck, kissed him, and said, "My dearest, I am summoned, and I go!" And she was gone. And the traveller and he were left alone together.

And they went on and on together, until they came to very near the end of the wood: so near, that they could see the sunset shining red before them through the trees.

Yet, once more, while he broke his way among the branches, the traveller lost his friend. He called and called, but there was no reply, and when he passed out of the wood, and saw the peaceful sun going down upon a wide purple prospect, he came to an old man sitting on a fallen tree. So, he said to the old man, "What do you do here?" And the old man said with a calm smile, "I am always remembering. Come and remember with me!"

So the traveller sat down by the side of that old man, face to face with the serene sunset; and all his friends came softly back and stood around him. The beautiful child, the handsome boy, the young man in love, the father, mother, and children: every one of them was there, and he had lost nothing. So, he loved them all, and was kind and forbearing with them all, and was always pleased to watch them all, and they all honoured and loved him. And I think the traveller must be yourself, dear Grandfather, because this is what you do to us, and what we do to you.

Hitting Trees with Sticks

Jane Rogers

As I am walking home from the shops I pass a young girl hitting a tree. I should say she is about ten years old. She's using a stout stick, quite possibly a broom handle, and she is methodically and repeatedly whacking the trunk, as if it is a job she has to do. There is a boy who stands and watches her. The tree is *Prunus subhirtella*, flowering cherry, growing in the strip of grass that separates the pavement from the dual carriageway.

I know that when I speculate about such things, I am on treacherous ground. But as I look at her I do have a flicker, like the quick opening of a camera shutter, of Henry crouched on the bonnet of the old green Ford, bashing it with a rock. We were at the farm then, so he must have been nine. The flicker is not so much of what he did (because of course I remember the incident perfectly well) as of my own furious older-sister indignation.

Watching the girl today I feel simply puzzled. So many things are puzzling. The only thing that is certain is that I cannot trust myself to get it right. That flicker of indignant fury runs through my veins like a shot of cognac. Wonderful. I can walk on with a spring in my step. Hitting trees with sticks makes me think of the way they sometimes feed remains of animals to the same species; pigs, for example. Hitting the poor tree with wood, making it beat itself. It is against nature, it adds insult to injury. But maybe I am missing something.

When I come to unlock the front door, I can't find my keys. I find a set of keys in my bag but they aren't mine. Mine have two shiny wooden balls like conkers attached to the key-fob; boxwood and yew, golden and blood red. I've had them for years. They came from trees that were uprooted in the great gale. There is no fob at all with these keys, they are simply attached to a cheap metal ring. I search carefully through my coat pockets and the compartments of my bag. I check in my purse. My own keys are definitely missing – and as for these new ones, I have never seen them in my life before. It is worth trying them, obviously, since they must have appeared in my bag for a reason; and lo and behold, they open my door.

All I can think is that Natalie must have put them there when she had an extra set cut. She must have forgotten, and hung onto the old ones by mistake. I have to have a little chuckle over that, since she's always so keen to point out my lapses of memory.

The post has come while I was out. The council writes about the almond tree.

Your tree which stands 0.5 metres from the neighbouring garden, no 26 Chapel St, is aged and diseased, with consequent danger of falling branches. Our inspector is unable to recommend a preservation order. A tree surgeon will call on Oct 29 to fell this tree and remove the timber. Thank you for your co-operation.

Their thanks are a little premature, since I have no intention of co-operating. I find the whole thing perfectly extraordinary. Last spring the almond tree, *Prunus dulcis*, was smothered in blossom; the petals carpeted the garden like pink snow. I can only assume they've made a mistake. Well, clearly they have made a mistake, because nobody has been to inspect the tree. I'd know if they had because I would have had to let them through the house to get into the garden.

There is always this nagging doubt, however. I have Natalie to thank for that. I know she has my best interests at heart but one can feel undermined. Frankly, one does feel undermined, to the point where I find it safer to tell her very little about my affairs, to save myself the confusion and humiliation of her interference.

I let myself out into the garden to be perfectly sure. It is not a patch on its former glory but there are a few sweet roses still, *Rosa Mundi* and *Madame Alfred Carrière*. And at the edge of the lawn the dear little autumn croci, my last present from Neil. Now, the almond tree. Undoubtedly it is alive: the leaves are turning. There are a couple of bare branches over next door's garden but those leaves may well have dropped early. It might be an idea to take a look. I am in the process of dragging one of the garden chairs to the fence when I hear the doorbell. It rings repeatedly, as if an impatient person were stabbing at it without pause.

At the door there's a woman in jeans which are too young and too tight.

'Meals on Wheels. Was you asleep love?'

'I beg your pardon?'

'Mrs Celia Benson?'

'Yes.'

'Let me bring it in, love, it'll be stone cold.'

'Certainly not.'

'It's your dinner, love. Shepherds pie.'

'Is it for number 26? They're away, you know.'

'I'll tell you what, you give your Natalie a ring. She'll remind you. And let me just pop this on the kitchen table.' She deposits her tray, leaving the kitchen filled with the thick odour of school canteen. Is it possible Natalie has ordered Meals on Wheels without consulting me? Even for Natalie, that would be going a little far. What on earth am I supposed to do with it? There'll be some poor old dear somewhere down the road waiting for her dinner, while this sits here getting cold. I should ring Meals on Wheels, I suppose.

When I go to pick up the phone, it's not in its cradle. Somebody has moved it. Unless of course I left it by my bed. That's quite possible, I do take it up with me at night, and I'm not always one hundred percent about bringing it down again in the morning. You see I am aware that I'm not perfect at remembering. In fact it's only as I'm making my way upstairs that I remember the girl. There is a girl who stays in the back bedroom. How she has slept through all this racket I can't imagine. Her door is slightly ajar, so I can peep in without disturbing her. But she's gone. She must have slipped out while I was in the garden. She's not a spot of trouble, that girl, she's so quiet and tidy you'd hardly know she was there. I can scarcely remember the last time I spoke to her. My legs are playing up, so I sit on her bed and try to remember; it is important to try. As Natalie says, in her rather brutal way, use it or lose it. I do remember looking in the room just before I went to bed. And she was sleeping then, I saw her dark hair on the pillow. Now I would only have looked in if I was checking she was there, which would suggest that she returned fairly late, while I was watching television, and that she slipped quietly upstairs without me knowing. It would have been the un-certainty which led me to check on her.

When I stand up and look out of her window my eye is drawn to the almond tree. Its leaves are turning, some are yellow and some are red. But there's a suspiciously bare branch above the fence. I hope it's not diseased. Someone has left a garden chair next to it, right on the flower bed. I shall have to go and move it when I've had my dinner. I fancy a cheese salad sandwich, but when I look in the breadbin I am astonished. There is no bread at all, not even a crust! Instead there is a neat brown paper parcel. It looks the sort of parcel which might have been delivered by the postman; brown paper, sellotape, edges neatly folded in. But most curious of all, there is no address. It is much too small to contain bread, so what is it doing in the breadbin? I wonder if I am the victim of some kind of practical joke. Or – I hope I haven't done something foolish.

It is important Natalie should not find out; unless of course it is another of her attempts to be helpful, backfiring. I have to hunt for the scissors to get through the sellotape, it really is extremely well wrapped. It makes me think of pass the parcel. Imagine my astonishment at discovering inside - my doorkeys! They are definitely mine, they have the two shiny wooden marbles from the yew and the box. I pop them into my coat pocket directly, in order not to mislay them. Then I sit down to my dinner which is rather cool by this point. I eat half the shepherd's pie but leave the peas. I have never been able to understand the attraction of mushy peas. I can't think why they gave them to me, whoever it was, the person who made my dinner. They have been quick about it, I must say. Tidy too; I wonder if it was the girl upstairs? I could ask Natalie – or perhaps just leave a thank you note by the cooker, that might be the best plan, cut out the middleman. I put the kettle on and then I realise the phone is ringing. It is rather difficult to hear when the kettle is roaring away, so I turn it off. Definitely the phone is ringing. But when I go to pick it up somebody has moved it. I look on the table, the dresser, down the arms of the sofa. It has simply vanished. When it stops ringing I turn the kettle back on and to my annoyance the phone starts up all over again. I have the sudden inspiration that someone may have put it in the breadbin; but no, the breadbin is empty. That in itself is strange, because I must have been shopping this morning. I take the weight off my legs and try to remember what I bought. Bread, obviously, since I have run out; and very likely fruit, because the fruit bowl is empty. I probably bought a nice little piece of cod or chicken for my tea. Where is my shopping? Is it possible someone has nipped in and stolen it? I know that is unlikely. In fact, that is the sort of thing I am quite determined not to think, because it is paranoid, and whilst it is one thing to be forgetful, it is entirely another to be paranoid and irritating to others. As I have said to Natalie, if I ever get like Grandma, shoot me. The telephone recommences its ringing and I recall that I have perhaps not fetched it down from beside my bed. I am toiling up the stairs to see, when the doorbell rings.

It is Natalie with her mobile clamped to her ear. 'Why can't you answer the phone, Mum?'

'Why are you phoning me when you're standing on my doorstep?'

'I've been phoning you all day, you never answer. I thought something was wrong.'

'I've been out.'

'Where?' She follows me into the kitchen.

'Shopping.'

'Yes but you must've come back hours ago. You've had your lunch! What's this?' She picks up a letter and begins to read it. 'Thank god, at last they're dealing with that wretched tree.'

'What does it say?'

'Haven't you read it?'

'I don't believe I have.'

'They're going to chop down the old almond tree that next door keep going on about.'

I am not sure who 'they' are, who plan to chop down my tree, but Natalie can be a little impatient so I shall wait till she has gone, then read that letter for myself. I ask her if she would like some tea but she is in a hurry.

'Mum, where's the phone? That's why you didn't answer, isn't it.'

'I don't know what you mean.'

'Where's the phone?' She presses her mobile and the phone begins to ring.

'Please don't do that, Natalie.'

Natalie goes upstairs and after a minute the ringing stops. She comes back down with the phone. 'You need to get an extension.'

'That's rather an extravagance, isn't it?'

'Mum. I have to come and check on you because you can't answer the phone because you don't know where it is.'

'There really isn't any need for you to check on me, you know.'

Natalie opens the fridge. 'What are you having for tea?'

'Chops.'

'Where are they?'

'I haven't unpacked my shopping yet.'

She sits down at the table. 'Look, I worry about you. You forget things. I know you want to be independent but sometimes -'

'What do you want me to do?'

'Get another phone. I'll get it for you, you can pay me back. Alright?'

'Alright.'

'Good. Shall I unpack your shopping before I go?'

'It's fine thank you. I can do it myself.'

'OK. I'll call in tomorrow after work. See you Mum.' She kisses me and lets herself out. Lucky about that shopping; now, I have to find it, quick sticks, before it slips my mind again. I have an inkling I've put it in the breadbin – but no. It isn't in the fridge or the cooker; I wonder if the girl upstairs has taken it to her room by mistake? But a thorough search upstairs draws a blank. I have to sit on her bed for a little rest, I really am feeling quite done in.

When I come back down to the kitchen I notice a letter from the council on the table. They want to cut down the almond tree! It was here when Neil and I bought this house in 1951. It must be nearly as old as I am, I should be very sad to see it go. But I must concentrate on the shopping. I might have left it in the garden. My legs are painful and it seems to me that the joy has rather gone out of the day. Maybe I could go to bed early and not bother with tea.

No, that would not be sensible. Break your routine and where are you? Adrift on a wide wide sea. I let myself out into the garden; it is already dusk, with a chill in the air. Someone has left one of the garden chairs on the flowerbed near the tree. I move it, and then I have a good look under the bushes for my shopping. If it isn't there it's nowhere; and that's what I am forced to conclude. It is a relief to feel certain about it. At least now I can sit down in the warm and stop worrying. But when I try to go back inside the door won't budge. I know I haven't locked it. I check my pockets – no keys. That proves it. But it is definitely locked. I sit on a garden chair and try to decide what to do. Who has locked me out? I peer into the sitting room but it is too dark to see.

I wonder if the girl upstairs has come in. I tap on the sitting room window. There is no reply. Then I hear the phone begin to ring. I hope she might answer it, but it rings and rings, more than 20 times. Who could be ringing me? Natalie. I am decidedly chilly. I feel around in the blackness of the garden shed and manage to lay my hands on the picnic cloth, which I wrap around my shoulders. It smells rather sweetly of grass clippings. The outdoor broom topples over, so I take it for a walking stick. I hobble back to the sitting room window and listen to the phone ringing again. I expect she will come round in a while. She will be cross with me.

I don't want to be any trouble and everything seems to conspire against it. I can see I am nothing but trouble. Perhaps I can make them hear me next door. But when I look up at their house, I remember they're away. They leave that bright bathroom light on to fool robbers, though any robber worth his salt wouldn't take long to work out that the bathroom light has been left on for a fortnight. They think nothing of wasting electricity, the bulb must be 200 watts. It shines straight down onto my almond tree, as if it were the star of the stage. That tree has been nothing but trouble.

When Natalie comes, she'll not only be cross about the phone, she'll also be cross about the tree. It has been diseased for years. If it wasn't for that tree I would never have had to come into the garden in the first place. The trouble it's caused: the letters, the telephone calls, the stream of people coming and going about that tree - Why can't they just chop it down and have done with it?

I am a patient woman, I believe I am. I try to be patient. Not like Henry, he always had a horrible temper on him. I can see him now, hitting and hitting that old green Ford, just because they wouldn't let him ride the tractor. But I have to ask where it has got me. Look at me now, trapped in my own garden in the cold and the dark, with my swollen legs really quite troublesome, having to face Natalie being angry with me yet again. Natalie is angry. I should be angry. First Grandma, and now this. I have to wonder, you know; is she me? Am I my mother?

I think about being angry. I think about feeling a hot flicker of rage, coursing through my veins like a shot of cognac. I think I am angry. Really, I have had enough of all this, I have had it up to here. Grasping the garden broom firmly I stride over to that wretched tree. It's time I taught it a lesson. I raise my broom and begin to whack it, good solid ringing blows on the trunk. Yes! My anger is warming me through and through. It is time that old tree knew it was beaten.

The Terrible Old Man

Howard Phillips Lovecraft

It was the design of Angelo Ricci and Joe Czanek and Manuel Silva to call on the Terrible Old Man. This old man dwells all alone in a very ancient house on Water Street near the sea, and is reputed to be both exceedingly rich and exceedingly feeble; which forms a situation very attractive to men of the profession of Messrs. Ricci, Czanek, and Silva, for that profession was nothing less dignified than robbery.

The inhabitants of Kingsport say and think many things about the Terrible Old Man which generally keep him safe from the attention of gentlemen like Mr. Ricci and his colleagues, despite the almost certain fact that he hides a fortune of indefinite magnitude somewhere about his musty and venerable abode. He is, in truth, a very strange person, believed to have been a captain of East India clipper ships in his day; so old that no one can remember when he was young, and so taciturn that few know his real name. Among the gnarled trees in the front yard of his aged and neglected place he maintains a strange collection of large stones, oddly grouped and painted so that they resemble the idols in some obscure Eastern temple. This collection frightens away most of the small boys who love to taunt the Terrible Old Man about his long white hair and beard, or to break the small-paned windows of his dwelling with wicked missiles; but there are other things which frighten the older and more curious folk who sometimes steal up to the house to peer in through the dusty panes. These folk say that on a table in a bare room on the ground floor are many peculiar bottles, in each a small piece of lead suspended pendulum-wise from a string. And they say that the Terrible Old Man talks to these bottles, addressing them by such names as Jack, Scar-Face, Long Tom, Spanish Joe, Peters, and Mate Ellis, and that whenever he speaks to a bottle the little lead pendulum within makes certain definite vibrations as if in answer.

Those who have watched the tall, lean, Terrible Old Man in these peculiar conversations, do not watch him again. But Angelo Ricci and Joe Czanek and Manuel Silva were not of Kingsport blood; they were of that new and heterogeneous alien stock which lies outside the charmed circle of New England life and traditions, and they saw in the Terrible Old Man merely a tottering, almost helpless grey-beard, who could not walk without the aid of his knotted cane, and whose thin, weak hands shook pitifully. They were really quite sorry in their way for the lonely, unpopular old fellow, whom everybody shunned, and at whom all the dogs barked singularly. But business is business, and to a robber whose soul is in his profession, there is a lure and a challenge about a very old and very feeble man who has no account at the bank, and who pays for his few necessities at the village store with Spanish gold and silver minted two centuries ago.

Messrs. Ricci, Czanek, and Silva selected the night of April 11th for their call. Mr. Ricci and Mr. Silva were to interview the poor old gentleman, whilst Mr. Czanek waited for them and their presumable metallic burden with a covered motor-car in Ship Street, by the gate in the tall rear wall of their hosts grounds. Desire to avoid needless explanations in case of unexpected police intrusions prompted these plans for a quiet and unostentatious departure.

As prearranged, the three adventurers started out separately in order to prevent any evil-minded suspicions afterward. Messrs. Ricci and Silva met in Water Street by the old man's front gate, and although they did not like the way the moon shone down upon the painted stones through the budding branches of the gnarled trees, they had more important things to think about than mere idle superstition. They feared it might be unpleasant work making the Terrible Old Man loquacious concerning his hoarded gold and silver, for aged sea-captains are notably stubborn and perverse. Still, he was very old and very feeble, and there were two visitors. Messrs. Ricci and Silva were experienced in the art of making unwilling persons voluble, and the screams of a weak and exceptionally venerable man can be easily muffled. So they moved up to the one lighted window and heard the Terrible Old Man talking childishly to his bottles with pendulums. Then they donned masks and knocked politely at the weather-stained oaken door.

Waiting seemed very long to Mr. Czanek as he fidgeted restlessly in the covered motor-car by the Terrible Old Man's back gate in Ship Street. He was more than ordinarily tender-hearted, and he did not like the hideous screams he had heard in the ancient house just after the hour appointed for the deed. Had he not told his colleagues to be as gentle as possible with the pathetic old sea-captain? Very nervously he watched that narrow oaken gate in the high and ivy-clad stone wall. Frequently he consulted his watch, and wondered at the delay. Had the old man died before revealing where his treasure was hidden, and had a thorough search become necessary? Mr. Czanek did not like to wait so long in the dark in such a place. Then he sensed a soft tread or tapping on the walk inside the gate, heard a gentle fumbling at the rusty latch, and saw the narrow, heavy door swing inward. And in the pallid glow of the single dim street-lamp he strained his eyes to see what his colleagues had brought out of that sinister house which loomed so close behind. But when he looked, he did not see what he had expected; for his colleagues were not there at all, but only the Terrible Old Man leaning quietly on his knotted cane and smiling hideously. Mr. Czanek had never before noticed the colour of that man's eyes; now he saw that they were yellow.

Little things make considerable excitement in little towns, which is the reason that Kingsport people talked all that spring and summer about the three unidentifiable bodies, horribly slashed as with many cutlasses, and horribly mangled as by the tread of many cruel boot-heels, which the tide washed in. And some people even spoke of things as trivial as the deserted motor-car found in Ship Street, or certain especially inhuman cries, probably of a stray animal or migratory bird, heard in the night by wakeful citizens. But in this idle village gossip the Terrible Old Man took no interest at all. He was by nature reserved, and when one is aged and feeble, one's reserve is doubly strong. Besides, so ancient a sea-captain must have witnessed scores of things much more stirring in the far-off days of his unremembered youth.

Тема 4. Когнитивный подход к интерпретации художественного текста. Парадигма исследования художественного текста.

The Night Moth With a Crooked Feeler

Clara Dillingham Pierson

The beautiful, brilliant Butterflies of the Meadow had many cousins living in the forest, most of whom were Night Moths. They also were very beautiful creatures, but they dressed in duller colors and did not have slender waists. Some of the Butterflies, you know, wear whole gowns of black and yellow, others have stripes of black and white, while some have clear yellow with only a bit of black trimming the edges of the wings.

The Moths usually wear brown and have it brightened with touches of buff or dull blue. If they do wear bright colors, it is only on the back pair of wings, and when the Moth alights, he slides his front pair of wings over these and covers all the brightness. They do not rest with their wings folded over their heads like the Butterflies, but leave them flat. All the day long, when the sun is shining, the Moths have to rest on trees and dead leaves. If they were dressed in yellow or red, any passing bird would see them, and there is no telling what might happen. As it is, their brown wings are so nearly the color of dead leaves or bark that you might often look right at them without seeing them.

Yet even among Moths there are some more brightly colored than others, and when you find part of the family quietly dressed you can know it is because they have to lay the eggs. Moths are safer in dull colors, and the egg-layers should always be the safest of all. If anything happened to them, you know, there would be no Caterpillar babies.

One day a fine-looking Cecropia Moth came out of her chrysalis and clung to the nearest twig while her wings grew and dried and flattened. At first they had looked like tiny brown leaves all drenched with rain and wrinkled by somebody's stepping on them. The fur on her fat body was matted and wet, and even her feelers were damp and stuck to her head. Her six beautiful legs were weak and trembling, and she moved her body restlessly while she tried again and again to raise her crumpled wings.

She had not been there so very long before she noticed another Cecropia Moth near her, clinging to the under side of a leaf. He was also just out of the chrysalis and was drying himself. "Good morning!" he cried. "I think I knew you when we were Caterpillars. Fine day to break the chrysalis, isn't it?"

"Lovely," she answered. "I remember you very well. You were the Caterpillar who showed me where to find food last summer when the hot weather had withered so many of the plants."

"I thought you would recall me," he said. "And when we were spinning our chrysalides we visited together. Do you remember that also?"

Miss Cecropia did. She had been thinking of that when she first spoke, but she hoped he had forgotten. To tell the truth, he had been rather fond of her the fall before, and she, thinking him the handsomest Caterpillar of her acquaintance, had smiled upon him and suggested that they spin their cocoons near together. During the long winter she had regretted this. "I was very foolish," she thought, "to encourage him. When I get my wings I may meet people who are better off than he. Now I shall have to be polite to him for the sake of old friendship. I only hope that he will make other acquaintances and leave me free. I must get into the best society."

All this time her neighbor was thinking, "I am so glad to see her again, so glad, so glad! When my wings are dry I will fly over to her and we will go through the forest together." He was a kind, warm-hearted fellow, who cared more for friendship than for beauty or family.

Meanwhile their wings were growing fast, and drying, and flattening, so that by noon they could begin to raise them above their heads. They were very large Moths and their wings were of a soft dust color with little clear, transparent places in them and touches of the most beautiful blue, quite the shade worn by the Peacock, who lived on the farm. There was a brown and white border to their wings, and on their bodies and legs the fur was white and dark orange. When the Cecropias rest, they spread their wings out flat, and do not slide the front pair over the others as their cousins, the Sphinxes, do. The most wonderful of all, though, are their feelers.

The Butterflies have stiff feelers on their heads with little knobs on the ends, or sometimes with part of them thick like tiny clubs. The Night Moths have many kinds of feelers, most of them being curved, and those of the Cecropias look like reddish-brown feathers pointed at the end.

Miss Cecropia's feelers were perfect, and she waved them happily to and fro. Those of her friend, she was troubled to see, were not what they should have been. One of them was all right, the other was small and crooked. "Oh dear," she said to herself, "how that does look! I hope he will not try to be attentive to me." He did not mind it much. He thought about other things than looks.

As night came, a Polyphemus Moth fluttered past. "Good evening!" cried he. "Are you just out? There are a lot of Cecropias coming out to-day."

Miss Cecropia felt quite agitated when she heard this, and wondered if she looked all right. Her friend flew over to her just as she raised her wings for flight. "Let me go with you," he said.

While she was wondering how she could answer him, several other Cecropias came along. They were all more brightly colored than she. "Hullo!" cried one of them, as he alighted beside her. "First-rate night, isn't it?"

He was a handsome fellow, and his feelers were perfect; but Miss Cecropia did not like his ways, and she drew away from him just as her friend knocked him off the branch. While they were fighting, another of the strangers flew to her. "May I sit here?" he asked.

"Yes," she murmured, thinking her chance had come to get into society.

"I must say that it served the fellow right for his rudeness to you," said the stranger, in his sweetest way; "but who is the Moth who is punishing him—that queer-looking one with a crooked feeler?"

"Sir," said she, moving farther from him, "he is a friend of mine, and I do not think it matters to you if he is queer-looking."

"Oh!" said the stranger. "Oh! oh! oh! You have a bad temper, haven't you? But you are very good-looking in spite of that." There is no telling what he would have said next, for at this minute Miss Cecropia's friend heard the mean things he was saying, and flew against him.

It was not long before this stranger also was punished, and then the Moth with the crooked feeler turned to the others. "Do any of you want to try it?" he said. "You must understand that you cannot be rude before her." And he pointed his right fore leg at Miss Cecropia as she sat trembling on the branch.

"Her!" they cried mockingly, as they flew away. "There are prettier Moths than she. We don't care anything Miss Cecropia's friend would have gone after them to punish them for this impoliteness, but she clung to him and begged him not to. "You will be killed, I know you will," she sobbed. "And then what will become "Would you miss me?" he asked, as he felt of one of his wings, now broken and bare.

"Yes," she cried. "You are the best friend I have. Please don't go."

"But I am such a homely fellow," he said. "I don't see how you can like me since I broke my wing.

"Well, I do like you," she said. "Your wing isn't much broken after all, and I like your crooked feeler. It is so different from anybody else's." Miss Cecropia looked very happy as she spoke, and she quite forgot how she once decided to go away from him. There are some people, you know, who can change their minds in such a sweet and easy way that we almost love them the better for it. One certainly could love Miss Cecropia for this, because it showed that she had learned to care more for a warm heart and courage than for whole wings and straight feelers.

Mr. Cecropia did not live long after this, unfortunately, but they were very, very happy together, and she often said to her friends, as she laid her eggs in the best places, "I only hope that when my Caterpillar babies are grown and have come out of their chrysalides, they may be as good and as brave as their father was."

A Respectable Woman

Kate Chopin

Mrs. Baroda was a little provoked to learn that her husband expected his friend, Gouvernail, up to spend a week or two on the plantation.

They had entertained a good deal during the winter; much of the time had also been passed in New Orleans in various forms of mild dissipation. She was looking forward to a period of unbroken rest, now, and undisturbed tete-a-tete with her husband, when he informed her that Gouvernail was coming up to stay a week or two.

This was a man she had heard much of but never seen. He had been her husband's college friend; was now a journalist, and in no sense a society man or "a man about town," which were, perhaps, some of the reasons she had never met him. But she had unconsciously formed an image of him in her mind. She pictured him tall, slim, cynical; with eye-glasses, and his hands in his pockets; and she did not like him. Gouvernail was slim enough, but he wasn't very tall nor very cynical; neither did he wear eyeglasses nor carry his hands in his pockets. And she rather liked him when he first presented himself.

But why she liked him she could not explain satisfactorily to herself when she partly attempted to do so. She could discover in him none of those brilliant and promising traits which Gaston, her husband, had often assured her that he possessed. On the contrary, he sat rather mute and receptive before her chatty eagerness to make him feel at home and in face of Gaston's frank and wordy hospitality. His manner was as courteous toward her as the most exacting woman could require; but he made no direct appeal to her approval or even esteem.

Once settled at the plantation he seemed to like to sit upon the wide portico in the shade of one of the big Corinthian pillars, smoking his cigar lazily and listening attentively to Gaston's experience as a sugar planter.

"This is what I call living," he would utter with deep satisfaction, as the air that swept across the sugar field caressed him with its warm and scented velvety touch. It pleased him also to get on familiar terms with the big dogs that came about him, rubbing themselves sociably against his legs. He did not care to fish, and displayed no eagerness to go out and kill grosbeaks when Gaston proposed doing so.

Gouvernail's personality puzzled Mrs. Baroda, but she liked him. Indeed, he was a lovable, inoffensive fellow. After a few days, when she could understand him no better than at first, she gave over being puzzled and remained piqued. In this mood she left her husband and her guest, for the most part, alone together. Then finding that Gouvernail took no manner of exception to her action, she imposed her society upon him, accompanying him in his idle strolls to the mill and walks along the batture. She persistently sought to penetrate the reserve in which he had unconsciously enveloped himself.

"When is he going--your friend?" she one day asked her husband. "For my part, he tires me frightfully."

"Not for a week yet, dear. I can't understand; he gives you no trouble."

"No. I should like him better if he did; if he were more like others, and I had to plan somewhat for his comfort and enjoyment."

Gaston took his wife's pretty face between his hands and looked tenderly and laughingly into her troubled eyes.

They were making a bit of toilet sociably together in Mrs. Baroda's dressing-room.

"You are full of surprises, ma belle," he said to her. "Even I can never count upon how you are going to act under given conditions." He kissed her and turned to fasten his cravat before the mirror.

"Here you are," he went on, "taking poor Gouvernail seriously and making a commotion over him, the last thing he would desire or expect."

"Commotion!" she hotly resented. "Nonsense! How can you say such a thing? Commotion, indeed! But, you know, you said he was clever."

"So he is. But the poor fellow is run down by overwork now. That's why I asked him here to take a rest."

"You used to say he was a man of ideas," she retorted, unconciliated. "I expected him to be interesting, at least. I'm going to the city in the morning to have my spring gowns fitted. Let me know when Mr. Gouvernail is gone; I shall be at my Aunt Octavie's."

That night she went and sat alone upon a bench that stood beneath a live oak tree at the edge of the gravel walk.

She had never known her thoughts or her intentions to be so confused. She could gather nothing from them but the feeling of a distinct necessity to quit her home in the morning.

Mrs. Baroda heard footsteps crunching the gravel; but could discern in the darkness only the approaching red point of a lighted cigar. She knew it was Gouvernail, for her husband did not smoke. She hoped to remain unnoticed, but her white gown revealed her to him. He threw away his cigar and seated himself upon the bench beside her; without a suspicion that she might object to his presence.

"Your husband told me to bring this to you, Mrs. Baroda," he said, handing her a filmy, white scarf with which she sometimes enveloped her head and shoulders. She accepted the scarf from him with a murmur of thanks, and let it lie in her lap.

He made some commonplace observation upon the baneful effect of the night air at the season. Then as his gaze reached out into the darkness, he murmured, half to himself:

"Night of south winds--night of the large few stars!

Still nodding night--"

She made no reply to this apostrophe to the night, which, indeed, was not addressed to her.

Gouvernail was in no sense a diffident man, for he was not a self-conscious one. His periods of reserve were not constitutional, but the result of moods. Sitting there beside Mrs. Baroda, his silence melted for the time.

He talked freely and intimately in a low, hesitating drawl that was not unpleasant to hear. He talked of the old college days when he and Gaston had been a good deal to each other; of the days of keen and blind ambitions and large intentions. Now there was left with him, at least, a philosophic acquiescence to the existing order--only a desire to be permitted to exist, with now and then a little whiff of genuine life, such as he was breathing now.

Her mind only vaguely grasped what he was saying. Her physical being was for the moment predominant. She was not thinking of his words, only drinking in the tones of his voice. She wanted to reach out her hand in the darkness and touch him with the sensitive tips of her fingers upon the face or the lips. She wanted to draw close to him and whisper against his cheek--she did not care what--as she might have done if she had not been a respectable woman.

The stronger the impulse grew to bring herself near him, the further, in fact, did she draw away from him. As soon as she could do so without an appearance of too great rudeness, she rose and left him there alone.

Before she reached the house, Gouvernail had lighted a fresh cigar and ended his apostrophe to the night.

Mrs. Baroda was greatly tempted that night to tell her husband--who was also her friend--of this folly that had seized her. But she did not yield to the temptation. Beside being a respectable woman she was a very sensible one; and she knew there are some battles in life which a human being must fight alone.

When Gaston arose in the morning, his wife had already departed. She had taken an early morning train to the city. She did not return till Gouvernail was gone from under her roof.

There was some talk of having him back during the summer that followed. That is, Gaston greatly desired it; but this desire yielded to his wife's strenuous opposition.

However, before the year ended, she proposed, wholly from herself, to have Gouvernail visit them again. Her husband was surprised and delighted with the suggestion coming from her.

"I am glad, chere amie, to know that you have finally overcome your dislike for him; truly he did not deserve it."

"Oh," she told him, laughingly, after pressing a long, tender kiss upon his lips, "I have overcome everything! you will see. This time I shall be very nice to him."

Hearts And Hands

by O. Henry

At Denver there was an influx of passengers into the coaches on the eastbound B. & M. Express. In one coach there sat a very pretty young woman dressed in elegant taste and surrounded by all the luxurious comforts of an experienced traveler. Among the newcomers were two young men, one of handsome presence with a bold, frank countenance and manner; the other a ruffled, glum-faced person, heavily built and roughly dressed. The two were handcuffed together.

As they passed down the aisle of the coach the only vacant seat offered was a re-versed one facing the attractive young woman. Here the linked couple seated themselves. The young woman's glance fell upon them with a distant, swift disinterest; then with a lovely smile brightening her countenance and a tender pink tingeing her rounded cheeks, she held out a little gray-gloved hand. When she spoke her voice, full, sweet, and deliberate, proclaimed that its owner was accustomed to speak and be heard.

"Well, Mr. Easton, if you will make me speak first, I suppose I must. Don't you ever recognize old friends when you meet them in the West?"

The younger man roused himself sharply at the sound of her voice, seemed to struggle with a slight embarrassment which he threw off instantly, and then clasped her fingers with his left hand.

"It's Miss Fairchild," he said, with a smile. "I'll ask you to excuse the other hand; 'it's otherwise engaged just at present."

He slightly raised his right hand, bound at the wrist by the shining "bracelet" to the left one of his companion. The glad look in the girl's eyes slowly changed to a bewildered horror. The glow faded from her cheeks. Her lips parted in a vague, relaxing distress. Easton, with a little laugh, as if amused, was about to speak again when the other forestalled him. The glum-faced man had been watching the girl's countenance with veiled glances from his keen, shrewd eyes.

"You'll excuse me for speaking, miss, but, I see you're acquainted with the marshal here. If you'll ask him to speak a word for me when we get to the pen he'll do it, and it'll make things easier for me there. He's taking me to Leavenworth prison. It's seven years for counterfeiting."

"Oh!" said the girl, with a deep breath and returning color. "So that is what you are doing out here? A marshal!"

"My dear Miss Fairchild," said Easton, calmly, "I had to do something. Money has a way of taking wings unto itself, and you know it takes money to keep step with our crowd in Washington. I saw this opening in the West, and--well, a marshalship isn't quite as high a position as that of ambassador, but--"

"The ambassador," said the girl, warmly, "doesn't call any more. He needn't ever have done so. You ought to know that. And so now you are one of these dashing Western heroes, and you ride and shoot and go into all kinds of dangers. That's different from the Washington life. You have been missed from the old crowd."

The girl's eyes, fascinated, went back, widening a little, to rest upon the glittering handcuffs.

"Don't you worry about them, miss," said the other man. "All marshals handcuff themselves to their prisoners to keep them from getting away. Mr. Easton knows his business."

"Will we see you again soon in Washington?" asked the girl.

"Not soon, I think," said Easton. "My butterfly days are over, I fear."

"I love the West," said the girl irrelevantly. Her eyes were shining softly. She looked away out the car window. She began to speak truly and simply without the gloss of style and manner: "Mamma and I spent the summer in Denver. She went home a week ago because father was slightly ill. I could live and be happy in the West. I think the air here agrees with me. Money isn't everything. But people always misunderstand things and remain stupid--"

"Say, Mr. Marshal," growled the glum-faced man. "This isn't quite fair. I'm needing a drink, and haven't had a smoke all day. Haven't you talked long enough? Take me in the smoker now, won't you? I'm half dead for a pipe."

The bound travelers rose to their feet, Easton with the same slow smile on his face.

"I can't deny a petition for tobacco," he said, lightly. "It's the one friend of the unfortunate. Good-bye, Miss Fairchild. Duty calls, you know." He held out his hand for a farewell.

"It's too bad you are not going East," she said, reclothing herself with manner and style. "But you must go on to Leavenworth, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Easton, "I must go on to Leavenworth."

The two men sidled down the aisle into the smoker.

The two passengers in a seat near by had heard most of the conversation. Said one of them: "That marshal's a good sort of chap. Some of these Western fellows are all right."

"Pretty young to hold an office like that, isn't he?" asked the other.

"Young!" exclaimed the first speaker, "why--Oh! didn't you catch on? Say--did you ever know an officer to handcuff a prisoner to his right hand?"

4.3 Промежуточная аттестация по дисциплине проводится в форме зачета, экзамена

Типовые вопросы зачета (ОПК-3, ОПК-4, ПК-1, ПК-2, ПК-9)

1. Понятие текста в современной лингвостилистике.
2. Художественный текст, его свойства и категории.
3. Структура художественного текста.
4. Средства выдвижения (актуализации) языковых единиц в тексте.
5. Фонологический уровень текстовой организации.

Типовые задания для зачета (ОПК-3, ОПК-4, ПК-1, ПК-2, ПК-9)

Проанализируйте следующие стихотворения к. Розетти

ECHO

Come to me in the silence of the night;
 Come in the speaking silence of a dream;
 Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright
 As sunlight on a stream;
 Come back in tears,
 O memory, hope, love of finished years.
 Oh dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,
 Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,
 Where souls brimfull of love abide and meet;
 Where thirsting longing eyes
 Watch the slow door
 That opening, letting in, lets out no more.
 Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live
 My very life again though cold in death:
 Come back to me in dreams, that I may give
 Pulse for pulse, breath for breath:
 Speak low, lean low,
 As long ago, my love, how long ago!

SONG

When I am dead, my dearest,
 Sing no sad song for me;
 Plant no roses at my head,
 Nor shady cypress-tree;
 Be the green grass above me
 With showers and dewdrops wet;
 And if thou wilt, remember,
 And if thou wilt, forget.
 I shall not see the shadows,
 I shall not feel the rain,

I shall not hear the nightingale
 Sing on, as if in pain;
 And dreaming through the twilight
 That doth not rise or set,
 Haply I may remember,
 And haply I may forget.
 Remember
 Remember me when I am gone away,
 Gone far away into the silent land;
 When you can no more hold me by the hand
 Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.
 Remember me when no more day by day
 You tell me of our future that you planned;
 Only remember me; you understand
 It will be late to counsel then or pray.
 Yet if you should forget me for a while
 And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
 For if the darkness and corruption leave
 A vestige of thought that once I had,
 Better by far you should forget and smile
 Than you should remember and be sad.

Типовые вопросы экзамена (ОПК-3, ОПК-4, ПК-1, ПК-2, ПК-9)

Вопросы для экзамена

1. Понятие текста в современной лингвостилистике.
2. Художественный текст, его свойства и категории.
3. Структура художественного текста.
4. Средства выдвижения (актуализации) языковых единиц в тексте.
5. Фонологический уровень текстовой организации.
6. Морфологический уровень текстовой организации.
7. Семантическая структура слова и возможности актуализации автосемантической лексики.
8. Структурно-семантическая и тематическая организация текста.
9. Синтаксический уровень художественного текста. Длина и структура предложения как факторы актуализации художественного смысла.
10. Понятие синтаксического ритма текста. Методы его анализа.

Типовые задания для экзамена (ОПК-3, ОПК-4, ПК-1, ПК-2, ПК-9)

Типовые задания для экзамена

Осуществите филологический анализ текста

First Confession (F. O'Connor)

It was pitch-dark and I couldn't see priest or anything else. Then I really began to be frightened. In the darkness it was a matter between God and me, and He had all the odds. He knew what my intentions were before I even started; I had no chance. All I had ever been told about confession got mixed up in my mind, and I knelt to one wall and said: "Bless me, father, for I have sinned; this is my first confession." I waited for a few minutes, but nothing happened, so I tried it on the other wall. Nothing happened there either. He had me spotted all right.

It must have been then that I noticed the shelf at about one height with my head. It was really a place for grown-up people to rest their elbows, but in my distracted state I thought it was probably the place you were supposed to kneel. Of course, it was on the high side and not very deep, but I was always good at climbing and managed to get up all right. Staying up was the trouble. There was room only for my knees, and nothing you could get a grip on but a sort of wooden moulding a bit above it. I held on to the moulding and repeated the words a little louder, and this time something happened all right. A slide was slammed back; a little light entered the box, and a man's voice said "Who's there?"

"Tis me, father," I said for fear he mightn't see me and go away again. I couldn't see him at all. The place the voice came from was under the moulding, about level with my knees, so I took a good grip of the moulding and swung myself down till I saw the astonished face of a young priest looking up at me. He had to put his head on one side to see me, and I had to put mine on one side to see him, so we were more or less talking to one another upside-down. It struck me as a queer way of hearing confessions, but I didn't feel it my place to criticize.

"Bless me, father, for I have sinned ; this is my first confession" I rattled off all in one breath, and swung myself down the least shade more to make it easier for him.

"What are you doing up there?" he shouted in an angry voice, and the strain the politeness was putting on my hold of the moulding, and the shock of being addressed in such an uncivil tone, were too much for me. I lost my grip, tumbled, and hit the door an unmerciful wallop before I found myself flat on my back in the middle of the aisle. The people who had been waiting stood up with their mouths open. The priest opened the door of the middle box and came out, pushing his biretta back from his forehead; he looked something terrible. Then Nora came scampering down the aisle.

"Oh, you dirty little caffler!" she said. "I might have known you'd do it. I might have known you'd disgrace me. I can't leave you out of my sight for one minute."

Before I could even get to my feet to defend myself she bent down and gave me a clip across the ear. This reminded me that I was so stunned I had even forgotten to cry, so that people might think I wasn't hurt at all, when in fact I was probably maimed for life. I gave a roar out of me.

"What's all this about?" the priest hissed, getting angrier than ever and pushing Nora off me. "How dare you hit the child like that, you little vixen?"

"But I can't do my penance with him, father," Nora cried, cocking an outraged eye up at him.

"Well, go and do it, or I'll give you some more to do," he said, giving me a hand up. "Was it coming to confession you were, my poor man?" he asked me.

"'Twas, father," said I with a sob.

"Oh," he said respectfully, "a big hefty fellow like you must have terrible sins. Is this your first?"

'Tis, father," said I.

"Worse and worse," he said gloomily. "The crimes of a lifetime. I don't know will I get rid of you at all today. You'd better wait now till I'm finished with these old ones. You can see by the looks of them they haven't much to tell."

"I will, father," I said with something approaching joy.

The relief of it was really enormous. Nora stuck out her tongue at me from behind his back, but I couldn't even be bothered retorting. I knew from the very moment that man opened his mouth that he was intelligent above the ordinary. When I had time to think, I saw how right I was. It only stood to reason that a fellow confessing after seven years would have more to tell than people that went every week. The crimes of a lifetime, exactly as he said. It was only what he expected, and the rest was the cackle of old women and girls with their talk of hell, the bishop, and the penitential psalms. That was all they knew. I started to make my examination of conscience, and barring the one bad business of my grandmother, it didn't seem so bad. The next time, the priest steered me into the confession box himself and left the shutter back, the way I could see him get in and sit down at the further side of the grille from me.

"Well, now," he said, "what do they call you?"

"Jackie, father," said I.

"And what's a-trouble to you, Jackie?"

Father," I said, feeling I might as well get it over while I had him in good humour, "I had it all arranged to kill my grandmother."

He seemed a bit shaken by that, all right, because he said nothing for quite a while.

"My goodness," he said at last, "that'd be a shocking thing to do. What put that into your head?"

Father," I said, feeling very sorry for myself, "she's an awful woman.

Is she?" he asked. "What way is she awful?"

She takes porter, father," I said, knowing well from the way Mother talked of it that this was a mortal sin, and hoping it would make the priest take a more favourable view of my case.

"Oh, my!" he said, and I could see he was impressed.

"And snuff, father," said I.

"That's a bad case, sure enough, Jackie," he said.

"And she goes round in her bare feet, father," I went on in a rush of self-pity, "and she knows I don't like her, and she gives pennies to Nora and none to me, and my da sides with her and flakes me, and one night I was so heart-scalded I made up my mind I'd have to kill her."

"And what would you do with the body?" he asked with great interest.

"I was thinking I could chop that up and carry it away in a barrow I have," I said.

"Begor, Jackie," he said, "do you know you're a terrible child?"

"I know, father," I said, for I was just thinking the same thing myself. "I tried to kill Nora too with a bread-knife under the table, only I missed her."

Is that the little girl that was beating you just now?" he asked.

Tis, father."

"Someone will go for her with a bread-knife one day, and he won't miss her," he said rather cryptically.

"You must have great courage. Between ourselves, there's a lot of people I'd like to do the same to, but I'd never have the nerve. Hanging is an awful death."

Is it, father?" I asked with the deepest interest-I was always very keen on hanging. "Did you ever see a fellow hanged?"

"Dozens of them," he said solemnly. "And they all died roaring."

"Jay!" I said.

Oh, a horrible death!" he said with great satisfaction.

"Lots of the fellows I saw killed their grandmothers too, but they all said 'twas never worth it."

He had me there for a full ten minutes talking, and then walked out the chapel yard with me. I was genuinely sorry to part with him, because he was the most entertaining character I'd ever met in the religious line. Outside, after the shadow of the church, the sunlight was like the roaring of waves on a beach; it dazzled me; and when the frozen silence melted and I heard the screech of trams on the road, my heart soared. I knew now I wouldn't die in the night and come back, leaving marks on my mother's furniture. It would be a great worry to her, and the poor soul had enough.

Nora was sitting on the railing, waiting for me, and she put on a very sour puss when she saw the priest with me. She was mad jealous because a priest had never come out of the church with her.

"Well," she asked coldly, after he left me, "what did he give you?"

"Three Hail Marys," I said.

"Three Hail Marys," she repeated incredulously. "You mustn't have told him anything."

"I told him everything," I said confidently.

"About Gran and all?"

"About Gran and all."

(All she wanted was to be able to go home and say I'd made a bad confession.)

"Did you tell him you went for me with the bread-knife?" she asked with a frown.

"I did to be sure."

"And he only gave you three Hail Marys?"

"That's all."

She slowly got down from the railing with a baffled air. Clearly, this was beyond her. As we mounted the steps back to the main road, she looked at me suspiciously.

"What are you sucking?" she asked. Bullseyes."

“Was it the priest gave them to you? ‘Twas.”

“Lord God,” she wailed bitterly, “some people have all the luck! ‘Tis no advantage to anybody trying to be good. I might just as well be a sinner like you.”

Типовые темы курсовых работ (ОПК-3, ОПК-4, ПК-1, ПК-2, ПК-9)

1. Художественное пространство и время: интерпретация.
2. Интертекст и интерпретация символа.
3. Жанр эссе: компаративно-сопоставительный анализ.

4.4. Шкала оценивания промежуточной аттестации

Зачет

Оценка	Компетенции	Дескрипторы (уровни) – основные признаки освоения (показатели достижения результата)
«зачтено» (50 - 100 баллов)	ОПК-3	Демонстрирует не достаточный уровень знания основных положений и концепций теории и истории мировой литературы; факторов формирования национальных литературных традиций; констант и концептов национального культурного мира, а также специфику его воплощения в художественном тексте.
	ОПК-4	Слабо ориентируется в базовых понятиях современной филологии в их истории и современном состоянии, теоретическом, практическом и методологическом аспектах; иметь слабое представление о методиках сбора и анализа языкового материала и интерпретации текстов различных типов. Не может систематизировать, аналитически оценивать, соотносить языковые и литературные факты; применять полученные теоретические знания на практике на должном уровне. Вопросы, задаваемые преподавателем, вызывают затруднения.
	ПК-1	Слабо ориентируется в основных и специальных терминах и понятийный аппарата в области теории и истории основного изучаемого языка (языков) и литературы (литератур), теории коммуникации, филологического анализа и интерпретации текста; цели и задачи научных исследований по направлению деятельности, базовые принципы и методы их организации; основные источники научной информации в области теории и истории основного изучаемого языка (языков) и литературы (литератур), теории коммуникации, филологического анализа и интерпретации текста. Вопросы, задаваемые преподавателем, вызывают затруднения
	ПК-2	Не владеет в полной мере специальной методологией анализа в области теории основного изучаемого языка. Затрудняется осуществлять отбор, анализ и систематизацию материала, характеризующего достижения науки в области филологии; создавать и профессионально анализировать научные тексты в области филологии. Ответ не всегда логично выстроен, материал излагается без применения научной терминологии.
	ПК-9	Демонстрирует не достаточный уровень знания культуры речи как области филологии; языковые, этические, коммуникативные нормы речевого общения; правила построения текстов различных жанров; типологию речевых ошибок; способы редактирования, реферирования, корректирования текстов.

«не зачтено» (0 - 49 баллов)	ОПК-3	Демонстрирует слабый уровень знания основных положений и концепций теории и истории мировой литературы; факторов формирования национальных литературных традиций; констант и концептов национального культурного мира, а также специфику его воплощения в художественном тексте.¶Не может выделить междисциплинарные связи ¶Неуверенно и логически непоследовательно излагает материал.
	ОПК-4	Демонстрирует слабый уровень знаний базовых понятий современной филологии в их истории и современном состоянии, теоретическом, практическом и методологическом аспектах; не имеет представления о методиках сбора и анализа языкового материала и интерпретации текстов различных типов. Неуверенно и логически непоследовательно излагает материал.
	ПК-1	Не ориентируется в основных и специальных терминах и понятийный аппарата в области теории и истории основного изучаемого языка (языков) и литературы (литератур), теории коммуникации, филологического анализа и интерпретации текста; цели и задачи научных исследований по направлению деятельности, базовые принципы и методы их организации; основные источники научной информации в области теории и истории основного изучаемого языка (языков) и литературы (литератур), теории коммуникации, филологического анализа и интерпретации текста.¶ Неправильно отвечает на поставленные вопросы или затрудняется с ответом
	ПК-2	Не может осуществлять отбор, анализ и систематизацию материала, характеризующего достижения науки в области филологии; создавать и профессионально анализировать научные тексты в области филологии. ¶Не знает специальную методологию анализа в области теории основного изучаемого. Не может выделить междисциплинарные связи. ¶Неуверенно и логически непоследовательно излагает материал.
	ПК-9	Демонстрирует низкий уровень знания культуры речи как области филологии; языковые, этические, коммуникативные нормы речевого общения; правила построения текстов различных жанров; типологию речевых ошибок; способы редактирования, реферирования, корректирования текстов.

Экзамен

Оценка	Компетенции	Дескрипторы (уровни) – основные признаки освоения (показатели достижения результата)
	ОПК-3	Демонстрирует высокий уровень знания основных положений и концепций теории и истории мировой литературы; факторов формирования национальных литературных традиций; констант и концептов национального культурного мира, а также специфику его воплощения в художественном тексте.¶На вопросы отвечает кратко и четко.
	ОПК-4	Демонстрирует высокий уровень знаний базовых понятий современной филологии в их истории и современном состоянии, теоретическом, практическом и методологическом аспектах. В полном объеме владеет практическими навыками систематизации, обобщения, анализа языковых и литературных фактов; умеет применять полученные теоретические знания на практике.

«отлично» (85 - 100 баллов)	ПК-1	Демонстрирует высокий уровень знания основных и специальных терминов и понятийный аппарата в области теории и истории основного изучаемого языка (языков) и литературы (литератур), теории коммуникации, филологического анализа и интерпретации текста; цели и задачи научных исследований по направлению деятельности, базовые принципы и методы их организации; основные источники научной информации в области теории и истории основного изучаемого языка (языков) и литературы (литератур), теории коммуникации, филологического анализа и интерпретации текста.
	ПК-2	Демонстрирует знание и понимание специальной методологии анализа в области теории основного изучаемого языка. ¶Определяет основные цели, задачи, методы и методики в области теории основного изучаемого языка. ¶Свободно ориентируется в информационном и иллюстративном материале (примеры из практики, таблицы, графики и т.д.), анализирует и обобщает материал. ¶На вопросы отвечает аргументировано, уверенно.
	ПК-9	Демонстрирует высокий уровень знания культуры речи как области филологии; языковые, этические, коммуникативные нормы речевого общения; правила построения текстов различных жанров; типологию речевых ошибок; способы редактирования, реферирования, корректирования текстов.
«хорошо» (70 - 84 баллов)	ОПК-3	Демонстрирует достаточно высокий уровень знания основных положений и концепций теории и истории мировой литературы; факторов формирования национальных литературных традиций; констант и концептов национального культурного мира, а также специфику его воплощения в художественном тексте.
	ОПК-4	Демонстрирует достаточный уровень знания базовых понятий современной филологии в их истории и современном состоянии, теоретическом, практическом и методологическом аспектах; имеет представление о методиках сбора и анализа языкового материала и интерпретации текстов различных типов. Способен систематизировать, обобщать, соотносить языковые и литературные факты; применять полученные теоретические знания на практике. Ответ построен логично, материал излагается хорошим языком.
	ПК-1	Достаточно свободно ориентируется в основных и специальных терминах и понятийный аппарата в области теории и истории основного изучаемого языка (языков) и литературы (литератур), теории коммуникации, филологического анализа и интерпретации текста; цели и задачи научных исследований по направлению деятельности, базовые принципы и методы их организации; основные источники научной информации в области теории и истории основного изучаемого языка (языков) и литературы (литератур), теории коммуникации, филологического анализа и интерпретации текста. ¶На вопросы отвечает кратко, аргументировано, уверенно, по существу ¶

	ПК-2	Демонстрирует достаточный уровень владения специальной методологией анализа в области теории основного изучаемого языка. Способен осуществлять отбор, анализ и систематизацию материала, характеризующего достижения науки в области филологии; создавать и профессионально анализировать научные тексты в области филологии с некоторыми неточностями. ¶ Ответ построен логично, материал излагается хорошим языком.
	ПК-9	Демонстрирует достаточно высокий уровень знания культуры как области филологии; языковые, этические, коммуникативные нормы речевого общения; правила построения текстов различных жанров; типологию речевых ошибок; способы редактирования, реферирования, корректирования текстов.
«удовлетворительно» (50 - 69 баллов)	ОПК-3	Демонстрирует не достаточный уровень знания основных положений и концепций теории и истории мировой литературы; факт формирования национальных литературных традиций; константы концептов национального культурного мира, а также специфику воплощения в художественном тексте.
	ОПК-4	Слабо ориентируется в базовых понятиях современной филологии и истории и современном состоянии, теоретическом, практическом, методологическом аспектах; имеет слабое представление о методологии сбора и анализа языкового материала и интерпретации текстов различных типов. Не может систематизировать, аналитически оценивать, соотносить языковые и литературные факты; применять полученные теоретические знания на практике на должном уровне. ¶ Вопросы, задаваемые преподавателем, вызывают затруднения. ¶
	ПК-1	Слабо ориентируется в основных и специальных терминах и понятийный аппарат в области теории и истории основного изучаемого языка (языков) и литературы (литератур), теории коммуникации, филологического анализа и интерпретации текста; цели и задачи научных исследований по направлению деятельности, базовые принципы и методы их организации; основные источники научной информации в области теории и истории основного изучаемого языка (языков) и литературы (литератур), теории коммуникации, филологического анализа и интерпретации текста. ¶ Вопросы, задаваемые преподавателем, вызывают затруднения ¶
	ПК-2	Не владеет в полной мере специальной методологией анализа в области теории основного изучаемого языка. Затрудняется осуществлять отбор, анализ и систематизацию материала, характеризующего достижения науки в области филологии; создавать и профессионально анализировать научные тексты в области филологии. Ответ не всегда логично выстроен, материал излагается без применения научной терминологии.
	ПК-9	Демонстрирует не достаточный уровень знания культуры речи как области филологии; языковые, этические, коммуникативные нормы речевого общения; правила построения текстов различных жанров; типологию речевых ошибок; способы редактирования, реферирования, корректирования текстов.

«неудовлетворительно» (менее 50 баллов)	ОПК-3	Демонстрирует слабый уровень знания основных положений и концепций теории и истории мировой литературы; факторов формирования национальных литературных традиций; констант и концептов национального культурного мира, а также специфику его воплощения в художественном тексте.¶Не может выделить междисциплинарные связи ¶Неуверенно и логически непоследовательно излагает материал.
	ОПК-4	Демонстрирует слабый уровень знаний базовых понятий современной филологии в их истории и современном состоянии, теоретическом, практическом и методологическом аспектах; не имеет представления о методиках сбора и анализа языкового материала и интерпретации текстов различных типов. Неуверенно и логически непоследовательно излагает материал.
	ПК-1	Не ориентируется в основных и специальных терминах и понятийный аппарата в области теории и истории основного изучаемого языка (языков) и литературы (литератур), теории коммуникации, филологического анализа и интерпретации текста; цели и задачи научных исследований по направлению деятельности, базовые принципы и методы их организации; основные источники научной информации в области теории и истории основного изучаемого языка (языков) и литературы (литератур), теории коммуникации, филологического анализа и интерпретации текста.¶ Неправильно отвечает на поставленные вопросы или затрудняется с ответом¶
	ПК-2	Не может осуществлять отбор, анализ и систематизацию материала, характеризующего достижения науки в области филологии; создавать и профессионально анализировать научные тексты в области филологии. ¶Не знает специальную методологию анализа в области теории основного изучаемого. Не может выделить междисциплинарные связи. ¶Неуверенно и логически непоследовательно излагает материал.¶
	ПК-9	Демонстрирует низкий уровень знания культуры речи как области филологии; языковые, этические, коммуникативные нормы речевого общения; правила построения текстов различных жанров; типологию речевых ошибок; способы редактирования, реферирования, корректирования текстов.

5. Методические указания для обучающихся по освоению дисциплины (модуля)

5.1 Методические указания по организации самостоятельной работы обучающихся:

Приступая к изучению дисциплины, в первую очередь обучающимся необходимо ознакомиться содержанием рабочей программы дисциплины (РПД), которая определяет содержание, объем, а также порядок изучения и преподавания учебной дисциплины, ее раздела, части.

Для самостоятельной работы важное значение имеют разделы «Объем и содержание дисциплины», «Учебно-методическое и информационное обеспечение дисциплины» и «Материально-техническое обеспечение дисциплины, программное обеспечение, профессиональные базы данных и информационные справочные системы».

В разделе «Объем и содержание дисциплины» указываются все разделы и темы изучаемой дисциплины, а также виды занятий и планируемый объем в академических часах.

В разделе «Учебно-методическое и информационное обеспечение дисциплины» указана рекомендуемая основная и дополнительная литература.

В разделе «Материально-техническое обеспечение дисциплины, программное обеспечение, профессиональные базы данных и информационные справочные системы» содержится перечень профессиональных баз данных и информационных справочных систем, необходимых для освоения дисциплины.

5.2 Рекомендации обучающимся по работе с теоретическими материалами по дисциплине

При изучении и проработке теоретического материала необходимо:

- просмотреть еще раз презентацию лекции в системе MOODLe, повторить законспектированный на лекционном занятии материал и дополнить его с учетом рекомендованной дополнительной литературы;
- при самостоятельном изучении теоретической темы сделать конспект, используя рекомендованные в РПД источники, профессиональные базы данных и информационные справочные системы;
- ответить на вопросы для самостоятельной работы, по теме представленные в пункте 3.2 РПД.
- при подготовке к текущему контролю использовать материалы фонда оценочных средств (ФОС).

5.3 Рекомендации по работе с научной и учебной литературой

Работа с основной и дополнительной литературой является главной формой самостоятельной работы и необходима при подготовке к устному опросу на семинарских занятиях, к дебатам, тестированию, экзамену. Она включает проработку лекционного материала и рекомендованных источников и литературы по тематике лекций.

Конспект лекции должен содержать реферативную запись основных вопросов лекции, в том числе с опорой на размещенные в системе MOODLe презентации, основных источников и литературы по темам, выводы по каждому вопросу. Конспект может быть выполнен в рамках распечатки выдачи презентаций лекций или в отдельной тетради по предмету. Он должен быть аккуратным, хорошо читаемым, не содержать не относящуюся к теме информацию или рисунки.

Конспекты научной литературы при самостоятельной подготовке к занятиям должны содержать ответы на каждый поставленный в теме вопрос, иметь ссылку на источник информации с обязательным указанием автора, названия и года издания используемой научной литературы. Конспект может быть опорным (содержать лишь основные ключевые позиции), но при этом позволяющим дать полный ответ по вопросу, может быть подробным. Объем конспекта определяется самим студентом.

В процессе работы с основной и дополнительной литературой студент может:

- делать записи по ходу чтения в виде простого или развернутого плана (создавать перечень основных вопросов, рассмотренных в источнике);
- составлять тезисы (цитирование наиболее важных мест статьи или монографии, короткое изложение основных мыслей автора);
- готовить аннотации (краткое обобщение основных вопросов работы);
- создавать конспекты (развернутые тезисы).

5.4. Рекомендации по подготовке к отдельным заданиям текущего контроля

Собеседование предполагает организацию беседы преподавателя со студентами по вопросам практического занятия с целью более обстоятельного выявления их знаний по определенному разделу, теме, проблеме и т.п. Все члены группы могут участвовать в обсуждении, добавлять информацию, дискутировать, задавать вопросы и т.д.

Устный опрос может применяться в различных формах: фронтальный, индивидуальный, комбинированный. Основные качества устного ответа подлежащего оценке:

- правильность ответа по содержанию;
- полнота и глубина ответа;
- сознательность ответа;
- логика изложения материала;
- рациональность использованных приемов и способов решения поставленной учебной задачи;
- своевременность и эффективность использования наглядных пособий и технических средств при ответе;
- использование дополнительного материала;
- рациональность использования времени, отведенного на задание.

Устный опрос может сопровождаться презентацией, которая подготавливается по одному из вопросов практического занятия. При выступлении с презентацией необходимо обращать внимание на такие моменты как:

- содержание презентации: актуальность темы, полнота ее раскрытия, смысловое содержание, соответствие заявленной темы содержанию, соответствие методическим требованиям (цели, ссылки на ресурсы, соответствие содержания и литературы), практическая направленность, соответствие содержания заявленной форме, адекватность использования технических средств учебным задачам, последовательность и логичность презентуемого материала;
- оформление презентации: объем (оптимальное количество), дизайн (читаемость, наличие и соответствие графики и анимации, звуковое оформление, структурирование информации, соответствие заявленным требованиям), оригинальность оформления, эстетика, использование возможности программной среды, соответствие стандартам оформления;
- личностные качества: ораторские способности, соблюдение регламента, эмоциональность, умение ответить на вопросы, систематизированные, глубокие и полные знания по всем разделам программы;
- содержание выступления: логичность изложения материала, раскрытие темы, доступность изложения, эффективность применения средств ИКТ, способы и условия достижения результативности и эффективности для выполнения задач своей профессиональной или учебной деятельности, доказательность принимаемых решений, умение аргументировать свои заключения, выводы.

6. Учебно-методическое и информационное обеспечение дисциплины

6.1 Основная литература:

1. Маслова В. А., Бахтикиреева У. М. Филологический анализ художественного текста : Учебное пособие для вузов. - Москва: Юрайт, 2020. - 147 с. - Текст : электронный // ЭБС «ЮРАЙТ» [сайт]. - URL: <https://urait.ru/bcode/454434>
2. Казарин Ю. В., Бабенко Л. Г. Лингвистический анализ текста : Учебное пособие для вузов. - 2-е изд.. - Москва: Юрайт, 2020. - 132 с. - Текст : электронный // ЭБС «ЮРАЙТ» [сайт]. - URL: <https://urait.ru/bcode/454651>

6.2 Дополнительная литература:

1. Шанский Н. М., Махмудов Ш. А. Филологический анализ художественного текста: книга для учителя : методическое пособие. - 2-е изд. - Москва: Русское слово — учебник, 2013. - 257 с. - Текст : электронный // ЭБС «Университетская библиотека онлайн» [сайт]. - URL: <http://biblioclub.ru/index.php?page=book&id=485516>
2. Купина Н. А., Николина Н. А. Филологический анализ художественного текста : практикум. - 3-е изд., стер.. - Москва: Флинта, 2016. - 406 с. - Текст : электронный // ЭБС «Университетская библиотека онлайн» [сайт]. - URL: <http://biblioclub.ru/index.php?page=book&id=83376>
3. Головина Е. Лингвистический анализ текста : учебное пособие. - Оренбург: Оренбургский государственный университет, 2012. - 106 с. - Текст : электронный // ЭБС «Университетская библиотека онлайн» [сайт]. - URL: <http://biblioclub.ru/index.php?page=book&id=259129>

6.3 Иные источники:

1. Britannica Online - <http://www.britannica.com/>
2. BBC podcasts - <https://www.bbc.co.uk/podcasts>
3. Русский филологический портал - www.philology.ru
4. Электронная лингвистическая энциклопедия - <http://www.krugosvet.ru/>

7. Материально-техническое обеспечение дисциплины, программное обеспечение, профессиональные базы данных и информационные справочные системы

Для проведения занятий по дисциплине необходимо следующее материально-техническое обеспечение: учебные аудитории для проведения занятий лекционного и семинарского типа, групповых и индивидуальных консультаций, текущего контроля и промежуточной аттестации, помещения для самостоятельной работы.

Учебные аудитории и помещения для самостоятельной работы укомплектованы специализированной мебелью и техническими средствами обучения, служащими для представления учебной информации большой аудитории.

Помещения для самостоятельной работы укомплектованы компьютерной техникой с возможностью подключения к сети "Интернет" и обеспечением доступа в электронную информационно-образовательную среду Университета.

Для проведения занятий лекционного типа используются наборы демонстрационного оборудования, обеспечивающие тематические иллюстрации (проектор, ноутбук, экран/ интерактивная доска).

Лицензионное программное обеспечение:

Microsoft Office Профессиональный плюс 2007

Kaspersky Endpoint Security для бизнеса - Стандартный Russian Edition. 1500-2499 Node 1 year Educational Renewal Licence

Adobe Reader XI (11.0.08) - Russian Adobe Systems Incorporated 10.11.2014 187,00 MB 11.0.08 7-Zip 9.20

LiteManager Pro - Server

Adobe Creative Suite 3 Web Standard Russian Version Win Educ

CorelDRAW Graphics Suite X3

QuarkXPress 7.2

Профессиональные базы данных и информационные справочные системы:

1. Scopus: база данных . – URL: <https://www.scopus.com>
2. Web of Science: политематическая реферативно-библиографическая и наукометрическая база данных . – URL: <https://apps.webofknowledge.com>
3. Springer Open (ресурсы Springer открытого доступа): база данных. – URL: <https://www.springeropen.com>
4. Электронная библиотека РФФИ. – URL: <https://www.rfbr.ru/rffi/ru/library>
5. Научная электронная библиотека eLIBRARY.ru. – URL: <https://elibrary.ru>

Электронная информационно-образовательная среда

https://auth.tsutmb.ru/authorize?response_type=code&client_id=moodle&state=xyz

Взаимодействие преподавателя и студента в процессе обучения осуществляется посредством мультимедийных, гипертекстовых, сетевых, телекоммуникационных технологий, используемых в электронной информационно-образовательной среде университета.