

ФОНД ОЦЕНОЧНЫХ СРЕДСТВ
для проведения текущей и промежуточной аттестации

по учебной дисциплине

«Аналитическое чтение»

для направления подготовки 44.03.01 Педагогическое образование
профиль подготовки: «Образование в области иностранного языка»

Год начала подготовки 2014, 2015

1.Перечень компетенций с указанием этапов их формирования в процессе освоения образовательной программы

Семестр Наименование дисциплины	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
ПК-4										
Б1.Б.10 Педагогика		+	+	+						
Б1.В.ОД.9 История иностранного языка					+					
Б1.В.ОД.14 Филологический анализ художественных текстов										+
Б1.В.ОД.15 Филологический анализ нехудожественных текстов									+	
Б1.В.ОД.16 Педагогические технологии в рамках изучения иностранного языка									+	
Б1.В.ОД.17 Практический курс иностранного языка			+	+	+	+	+	+		
Б1.В.ДВ.9.2 Видео на уроках английского языка						+				
Б1.В.ДВ.12.1 Основы психолингвистики									+	
Б1.В.ДВ.12.2 Межкультурный подход в обучении иностранному языку									+	
Б1.В.ДВ.13.2 История и культура Великобритании и США									+	
Б1.В.ДВ.16.2 Творческое письмо							+			
Б1.В.ДВ.17.1 Интерпретация текстов публицистического характера							+			
Б1.В.ДВ.17.2 Рендерирование газетных текстов							+			
Б1.В.ДВ.19.1 Аналитическое чтение										+

Этапы формирования компетенций		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
ПК-7										
Б1.Б.10 Педагогика		+	+	+						
Б1.В.ОД.14 Филологический анализ художественных текстов										+
Б1.В.ОД.15 Филологический анализ нехудожественных текстов									+	
Б1.В.ДВ.14.1 Интерпретация поэтического текста										
Б1.В.ДВ.14.2 Британская поэзия от средневековья до современности										
Б1.В.ДВ.15.2 Современная американская проза										
Б1.В.ДВ.19.1 Аналитическое чтение										+
Этапы формирования компетенций		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9

* В качестве этапов формирования компетенций в процессе освоения образовательной программы определены семестры.

2. Описание показателей и критериев оценивания компетенций на различных этапах их формирования, описание шкал оценивания

Контроль качества освоения дисциплины включает в себя текущий контроль успеваемости и промежуточную аттестацию. Текущий контроль успеваемости и промежуточная аттестация обучающихся проводятся в целях установления соответствия достижений обучающихся поэтапным требованиям образовательной программы к результатам обучения и формирования компетенций.

2.1 Показатели и критерии оценивания компетенций на различных этапах их формирования (промежуточная аттестация)

К	о	П	о	Критерии в соответствии с уровнем освоения ОП	О	П
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		пороговый (удовлетворительно) 55-69 баллов	стандартный (хорошо) 70-84 балла	эталонный (отлично) 85-100 баллов	
ПК-4	Знать	терминологическую систему предметной области	основные принципы интерпретации художественного текста	о художественной и языковой ценности произведения во всей его многоплановости	Анализ художественного текста
	Уметь	определить жанр анализируемого текста	разграничить понятия жанра и жанровой формы	выявить жанровые каноны и специфику литературных жанров во всем их многообразии	Анализ художественного текста
	Владеть	приемами рассмотрения художественного текста как лингвистического и эстетического феномена	знанием основных законов и особенностей организации литературного произведения	готовностью соотнести модель мира в литературном произведении с реальностью	Анализ художественного текста
ПК-7	Знать	о необходимости профессионального развития, расширения кругозора, обновления знаний и готовности к постоянному саморазвитию	Владеть навыками само-развития и умело их использует для повышения личной и профессиональной конкурентоспособности	методами социализации и профессионального самоопределения обучающихся, подготовки их к сознательному выбору профессии	Анализ художественного текста
	Уметь	самостоятельно развивать свою квалификацию и мастерство	аргументированно отстаивать свою точку зрения, демонстрируя активную гражданскую позицию	самостоятельно определить стратегию профессионального развития, расширения кругозора, обновления знаний	Анализ художественного текста
	Владеть	навыками публичных выступлений, дискуссий, самопрезентаций	готовностью интерпретировать полученные знания применительно к аспектам преподавания английского языка в школе	готовностью совершенствовать квалификационную подготовку на последующих уровнях обучения	Анализ художественного текста

2.2. Критерии и шкалы оценивания результатов обучения при проведении текущего контроля успеваемости

Текущий контроль предназначен для проверки хода и качества формирования компетенций, стимулирования учебной работы обучаемых и совершенствования методики освоения новых знаний. Он обеспечивается проведением семинаров, оцениванием контрольных заданий, проверкой конспектов лекций, выполнением индивидуальных и творческих заданий, периодическим опросом обучающихся на занятиях. Контролируемые разделы (темы) дисциплины, компетенции и оценочные средства представлены в таблице.

№ п/п	Контролируемые разделы (темы) дисциплины*	Код контролируемой компетенции	Наименование оценочного средства**
1	The general characteristic of a text analysis.	ПК-4, ПК-7	Выполнение анализа художественного текста
2	Verbal aspect of Text Analysis.	ПК-4, ПК-7	Выполнение анализа художественного текста
3	Extra-verbal aspect of Text Analysis.	ПК-4, ПК-7	Выполнение анализа художественного текста
4	Different approaches to text interpretation	ПК-4, ПК-7	Выполнение анализа художественного текста

* Наименование темы (раздела) или тем (разделов) берется из рабочей программы дисциплины.

** Примеры процедур оценивания: тестирование, контрольная работа, эссе, реферат, коллоквиум, выполнение кейса, решение ситуационных задач, написание диктанта и т.д.

Критерии и шкала оценивания анализа художественного текста

Оценка	Критерий оценки
«отлично»	Обучающийся полно и аргументированно применяет на практике теоретический материал; даёт правильное определение понятий; обнаруживает глубокое понимание всех уровней художественного текста, может обосновать свои суждения, самостоятельно привести необходимые примеры; излагает материал последовательно и правильно с точки зрения норм литературного языка.
«хорошо»	Обучающийся, в целом, полно и последовательно применяет на практике теоретический материал; даёт правильное определение

	почти всех понятий; обнаруживает хорошее понимание всех уровней художественного текста, может обосновать свои суждения, самостоятельно привести необходимые примеры; излагает материал последовательно и правильно с точки зрения норм литературного языка, без видимых нарушений логической последовательности.
«удовлетворительно»	Обучающийся затрудняется в применении на практике теоретического материала; дает неточные определения элементов художественного текста; с трудом обосновывает свои суждения и приводит примеры; излагает материал с нарушениями логической последовательности.
«неудовлетворительно»	Обучающийся обнаруживает незнание большей части соответствующего раздела изучаемого материала.

2.3. Критерии и шкалы оценивания результатов обучения при проведении промежуточной аттестации

Промежуточная аттестация (зачет, экзамен) предназначена для определения уровня освоения всего объема учебной дисциплины. Для оценивания результатов обучения при проведении промежуточной аттестации используется 100-балльная шкала (указывается шкала обучения в соответствии с таблицей).

Основные виды систем оценивания

Европейская	100-балльная	4-балльная	2-балльная
A	94-100	отлично	зачтено
A-	90-94		
B+	85-89		
B	80-84	хорошо	
B-	75-79		
C+	70-74		
C	65-69	удовлетворительно	
C-	60-64		
D	55-59		
F	50-54	неудовлетворительно	не зачтено

Промежуточная аттестация (зачет, экзамен) предназначена для определения уровня освоения всего объема учебной дисциплины. Для оценивания результатов обучения при проведении промежуточной аттестации используется четырехбалльная шкала: «Отлично», «Хорошо», «Удовлетворительно», «Неудовлетворительно».

Шкала оценивания	Критерии	Уровень освоения компетенций
Отлично	наличие глубоких и исчерпывающих знаний в объеме пройденного программного материала, правильные и уверенные действия по применению полученных знаний на практике, грамотное и логически стройное	Эталонный

	изложение материала при ответе, знание дополнительно рекомендованной литературы	
Хорошо	наличие твердых и достаточно полных знаний программного материала, незначительные ошибки при освещении заданных вопросов, правильные действия по применению знаний на практике, четкое изложение материала	Стандартный
Удовлетворительно	наличие твердых знаний пройденного материала, изложение ответов с ошибками, уверенно исправляемыми после дополнительных вопросов, необходимость наводящих вопросов, правильные действия по применению знаний на практике	Пороговый
Неудовлетворительно	наличие грубых ошибок в ответе, непонимание сущности излагаемого вопроса, неумение применять знания на практике, неуверенность и неточность ответов на дополнительные и наводящие вопросы.	Компетенции не сформированы

3. Типовые контрольные задания или иные материалы, необходимые для оценки знаний, умений, навыков и (или) опыта деятельности, характеризующих этапы формирования компетенций в процессе освоения образовательной программы

3.1. Оценочные средства текущего контроля успеваемости

№	Контролируемые разделы дисциплины	Задания для анализа художественного текста
1	The general characteristic of a text analysis.	См.: Примерный перечень художественных текстов (для оценки уровня владения приемами анализа)
2	Verbal aspect of Text Analysis.	
3	Extra-verbal aspect of Text Analysis.	
4	Different approaches to text interpretation	

Примерный перечень художественных текстов (для оценки уровня владения приемами филологического анализа)

Text 1. THE IDIOTS by Joseph Conrad (fragment))

We were driving along the road from Treguier to Kervanda. We passed at a smart trot between the hedges topping an earth wall on each side of the road; then at the foot of the steep ascent before Ploumar the horse dropped into a walk, and the driver jumped down heavily from the box. He flicked his whip and climbed the incline, stepping clumsily uphill by the side of the carriage, one hand on the footboard, his eyes on the ground. After a while he lifted his head, pointed up the road with the end of the whip, and said--
"The idiot!"

The sun was shining violently upon the undulating surface of the land. The rises were topped by clumps of meagre trees, with their branches showing high on the sky as if they had been perched upon stilts. The small fields, cut up by hedges and stone walls that zig-zagged over the slopes,

lay in rectangular patches of vivid greens and yellows, resembling the unskilful daubs of a naive picture. And the landscape was divided in two by the white streak of a road stretching in long loops far away, like a river of dust crawling out of the hills on its way to the sea.

"Here he is," said the driver, again.

In the long grass bordering the road a face glided past the carriage at the level of the wheels as we drove slowly by. The imbecile face was red, and the bullet head with close-cropped hair seemed to lie alone, its chin in the dust. The body was lost in the bushes growing thick along the bottom of the deep ditch.

It was a boy's face. He might have been sixteen, judging from the size--perhaps less, perhaps more. Such creatures are forgotten by time, and live untouched by years till death gathers them up into its compassionate bosom; the faithful death that never forgets in the press of work the most insignificant of its children.

"Ah! there's another," said the man, with a certain satisfaction in his tone, as if he had caught sight of something expected.

There was another. That one stood nearly in the middle of the road in the blaze of sunshine at the end of his own short shadow. And he stood with hands pushed into the opposite sleeves of his long coat, his head sunk between the shoulders, all hunched up in the flood of heat. From a distance he had the aspect of one suffering from intense cold.

"Those are twins," explained the driver.

The idiot shuffled two paces out of the way and looked at us over his shoulder when we brushed past him. The glance was unseeing and staring, a fascinated glance; but he did not turn to look after us. Probably the image passed before the eyes without leaving any trace on the misshapen brain of the creature. When we had topped the ascent I looked over the hood. He stood in the road just where we had left him.

The driver clambered into his seat, clicked his tongue, and we went downhill. The brake squeaked horribly from time to time. At the foot he eased off the noisy mechanism and said, turning half round on his box--

"We shall see some more of them by-and-by."

"More idiots? How many of them are there, then?" I asked.

"There's four of them--children of a farmer near Ploumar here. . . . The parents are dead now," he added, after a while. "The grandmother lives on the farm. In the daytime they knock about on this road, and they come home at dusk along with the cattle. . . . It's a good farm."

We saw the other two: a boy and a girl, as the driver said. They were dressed exactly alike, in shapeless garments with petticoat-like skirts. The imperfect thing that lived within them moved those beings to howl at us from the top of the bank, where they sprawled amongst the tough stalks of furze. Their cropped black heads stuck out from the bright yellow wall of countless small blossoms. The faces were purple with the strain of yelling; the voices sounded blank and cracked like a mechanical imitation of old people's voices; and suddenly ceased when we turned into a lane.

I saw them many times in my wandering about the country. They lived on that road, drifting along its length here and there, according to the inexplicable impulses of their monstrous darkness. They were an offence to the sunshine, a reproach to empty heaven, a blight on the concentrated and purposeful vigour of the wild landscape. In time the story of their parents shaped itself before me out of the listless answers to my questions, out of the indifferent words heard in wayside inns or on the very road those idiots haunted. Some of it was told by an emaciated and sceptical old fellow with a tremendous whip, while we trudged together over the sands by the side of a two-wheeled cart loaded with dripping seaweed. Then at other times other people confirmed and completed the story: till it stood at last before me, a tale formidable and simple, as they always are, those disclosures of obscure trials endured by ignorant hearts.

...After the third child, also a boy, was born, Jean-Pierre went about his work with tense hopefulness. His lips seemed more narrow, more tightly compressed than before; as if for fear of letting the earth he tilled hear the voice of hope that murmured within his breast. He watched the child, stepping up to the cot with a heavy clang of sabots on the stone floor, and glanced in, along his shoulder, with that indifference which is like a deformity of peasant humanity. Like the earth they master and serve, those men, slow of eye and speech, do not show the inner fire; so that, at last, it becomes a question with them as with the earth, what there is in the core: heat, violence, a force mysterious and terrible--or nothing but a clod, a mass fertile and inert, cold and unfeeling, ready to bear a crop of plants that sustain life or give death.

The mother watched with other eyes; listened with otherwise expectant ears. Under the high hanging shelves supporting great sides of bacon overhead, her body was busy by the great fireplace, attentive to the pot swinging on iron gallows, scrubbing the long table where the field hands would sit down directly to their evening meal. Her mind remained by the cradle, night and day on the watch, to hope and suffer. That child, like the other two, never smiled, never stretched its hands to her, never spoke; never had a glance of recognition for her in its big black eyes, which could only stare fixedly at any glitter, but failed hopelessly to follow the brilliance of a sun-ray slipping slowly along the floor. When the men were at work she spent long days between her three idiot children and the childish grandfather, who sat grim, angular, and immovable, with his feet near the warm ashes of the fire. The feeble old fellow seemed to suspect that there was something wrong with his grandsons. Only once, moved either by affection or by the sense of proprieties, he attempted to nurse the youngest. He took the boy up from the floor, clicked his tongue at him, and essayed a shaky gallop of his bony knees. Then he looked closely with his misty eyes at the child's face and deposited him down gently on the floor again. And he sat, his lean shanks crossed, nodding at the steam escaping from the cooking-pot with a gaze senile and worried.

Then mute affliction dwelt in Bacadou's farmhouse, sharing the breath and the bread of its inhabitants; and the priest of the Ploumar parish had great cause for congratulation. He called upon the rich landowner, the Marquis de Chavanes, on purpose to deliver himself with joyful unction of solemn platitudes about the inscrutable ways of Providence. In the vast dimness of the curtained drawing-room, the little man, resembling a black bolster, leaned towards a couch, his hat on his knees, and gesticulated with a fat hand at the elongated, gracefully-flowing lines of the clear Parisian toilette from which the half-amused, half-bored marquise listened with gracious languor. He was exulting and humble, proud and awed. The impossible had come to pass. Jean-Pierre Bacadou, the enraged republican farmer, had been to mass last Sunday--had proposed to entertain the visiting priests at the next festival of Ploumar! It was a triumph for the Church and for the good cause. "I thought I would come at once to tell Monsieur le Marquis. I know how anxious he is for the welfare of our country," declared the priest, wiping his face. He was asked to stay to dinner.

The Chavanes returning that evening, after seeing their guest to the main gate of the park, discussed the matter while they strolled in the moonlight, trailing their long shadows up the straight avenue of chestnuts. The marquise, a royalist of course, had been mayor of the commune which includes Ploumar, the scattered hamlets of the coast, and the stony islands that fringe the yellow flatness of the sands. He had felt his position insecure, for there was a strong republican element in that part of the country; but now the conversion of Jean-Pierre made him safe. He was very pleased. "You have no idea how influential those people are," he explained to his wife. "Now, I am sure, the next communal election will go all right. I shall be re-elected." "Your ambition is perfectly insatiable, Charles," exclaimed the marquise, gaily. "But, ma chere amie," argued the husband, seriously, "it's most important that the right man should be mayor this year, because of the elections to the Chamber. If you think it amuses me . . ."

Jean-Pierre had surrendered to his wife's mother. Madame Levaille was a woman of business, known and respected within a radius of at least fifteen miles. Thick-set and stout, she was seen

about the country, on foot or in an acquaintance's cart, perpetually moving, in spite of her fifty-eight years, in steady pursuit of business. She had houses in all the hamlets, she worked quarries of granite, she freighted coasters with stone--even traded with the Channel Islands. She was broad-cheeked, wide-eyed, persuasive in speech: carrying her point with the placid and invincible obstinacy of an old woman who knows her own mind. She very seldom slept for two nights together in the same house; and the wayside inns were the best places to inquire in as to her whereabouts. She had either passed, or was expected to pass there at six; or somebody, coming in, had seen her in the morning, or expected to meet her that evening. After the inns that command the roads, the churches were the buildings she frequented most. Men of liberal opinions would induce small children to run into sacred edifices to see whether Madame Levaille was there, and to tell her that so-and-so was in the road waiting to speak to her about potatoes, or flour, or stones, or houses; and she would curtail her devotions, come out blinking and crossing herself into the sunshine; ready to discuss business matters in a calm, sensible way across a table in the kitchen of the inn opposite. Latterly she had stayed for a few days several times with her son-in-law, arguing against sorrow and misfortune with composed face and gentle tones. Jean-Pierre felt the convictions imbibed in the regiment torn out of his breast--not by arguments but by facts. Striding over his fields he thought it over. There were three of them. Three! All alike! Why? Such things did not happen to everybody--to nobody he ever heard of. One--might pass. But three! All three. Forever useless, to be fed while he lived and . . . What would become of the land when he died? This must be seen to. He would sacrifice his convictions. One day he told his wife--

"See what your God will do for us. Pay for some masses."

Susan embraced her man. He stood unbending, then turned on his heels and went out. But afterwards, when a black soutane darkened his doorway, he did not object; even offered some cider himself to the priest. He listened to the talk meekly; went to mass between the two women; accomplished what the priest called "his religious duties" at Easter. That morning he felt like a man who had sold his soul.

Text 3. *THE BRIDE COMES TO YELLOW SKY* by Stephen Crane (fragment)

The great pullman was whirling onward with such dignity of motion that a glance from the window seemed simply to prove that the plains of Texas were pouring eastward. Vast flats of green grass, dull-hued spaces of mesquite and cactus, little groups of frame houses, woods of light and tender trees, all were sweeping into the east, sweeping over the horizon, a precipice.

A newly married pair had boarded this coach at San Antonio. The man's face was reddened from many days in the wind and sun, and a direct result of his new black clothes was that his brick-colored hands were constantly performing in a most conscious fashion. From time to time he looked down respectfully at his attire. He sat with a hand on each knee, like a man waiting in a barber's shop. The glances he devoted to other passengers were furtive and shy.

The bride was not pretty, nor was she very young. She wore a dress of blue cashmere, with small reservations of velvet here and there and with steel buttons abounding. She continually twisted her head to regard her puff sleeves, very stiff, straight, and high. They embarrassed her. It was quite apparent that she had cooked, and that she expected to cook, dutifully. The blushes caused by the careless scrutiny of some passengers as she had entered the car were strange to see upon this plain, under-class countenance, which was drawn in placid, almost emotionless lines.

They were evidently very happy. "Ever been in a parlor-car before?" he asked, smiling with delight.

"No," she answered, "I never was. It's fine, ain't it?"

"Great! And then after a while we'll go forward to the diner and get a big layout. Finest meal in the world. Charge a dollar."

"Oh, do they?" cried the bride. "Charge a dollar? Why, that's too much -- for us -- ain't it, Jack?"

"Not this trip, anyhow," he answered bravely. "We're going to go the whole thing."

Later, he explained to her about the trains. "You see, it's a thousand miles from one end of Texas to the other, and this train runs right across it and never stops but four times." He had the pride of an owner. He pointed out to her the dazzling fittings of the coach, and in truth her eyes opened wider as she contemplated the sea-green figured velvet, the shining brass, silver, and glass, the wood that gleamed as darkly brilliant as the surface of a pool of oil. At one end a bronze figure sturdily held a support for a separated chamber, and at convenient places on the ceiling were frescoes in olive and silver.

To the minds of the pair, their surroundings reflected the glory of their marriage that morning in San Antonio. This was the environment of their new estate, and the man's face in particular beamed with an elation that made him appear ridiculous to the negro porter. This individual at times surveyed them from afar with an amused and superior grin. On other occasions he bullied them with skill in ways that did not make it exactly plain to them that they were being bullied. He subtly used all the manners of the most unconquerable kind of snobbery. He oppressed them, but of this oppression they had small knowledge, and they speedily forgot that infrequently a number of travelers covered them with stares of derisive enjoyment. Historically there was supposed to be something infinitely humorous in their situation.

"We are due in Yellow Sky at 3:42," he said, looking tenderly into her eyes.

"Oh, are we?" she said, as if she had not been aware of it. To evince surprise at her husband's statement was part of her wifely amiability. She took from a pocket a little silver watch, and as she held it before her and stared at it with a frown of attention, the new husband's face shone.

"I bought it in San Anton' from a friend of mine," he told her gleefully.

"It's seventeen minutes past twelve," she said, looking up at him with a kind of shy and clumsy coquetry. A passenger, noting this play, grew excessively sardonic, and winked at himself in one of the numerous mirrors.

At last they went to the dining-car. Two rows of negro waiters, in glowing white suits, surveyed their entrance with the interest and also the equanimity of men who had been forewarned. The pair fell to the lot of a waiter who happened to feel pleasure in steering them through their meal. He viewed them with the manner of a fatherly pilot, his countenance radiant with benevolence. The patronage, entwined with the ordinary deference, was not plain to them. And yet, as they returned to their coach, they showed in their faces a sense of escape.

To the left, miles down a long purple slope, was a little ribbon of mist where moved the keening Rio Grande. The train was approaching it at an angle, and the apex was Yellow Sky. Presently it was apparent that, as the distance from Yellow Sky grew shorter, the husband became commensurately restless. His brick-red hands were more insistent in their prominence. Occasionally he was even rather absent-minded and far-away when the bride leaned forward and addressed him.

As a matter of truth, Jack Potter was beginning to find the shadow of a deed weigh upon him like a leaden slab. He, the town marshal of Yellow Sky, a man known, liked, and feared in his corner, a prominent person, had gone to San Antonio to meet a girl he believed he loved, and there, after the usual prayers, had actually induced her to marry him, without consulting Yellow Sky for any part of the transaction. He was now bringing his bride before an innocent and unsuspecting community.

Text 4. *THE BRIDE COMES TO YELLOW SKY* by Stephen Crane (fragment)

THE California Express on the Southern Railway was due at Yellow Sky in twenty-one minutes. There were six men at the bar of the "Weary Gentleman" saloon. One was a drummer who talked a great deal and rapidly; three were Texans who did not care to talk at that time; and two were Mexican sheep-herders who did not talk as a general practice in the "Weary Gentleman" saloon. The barkeeper's dog lay on the board walk that crossed in front of the door. His head was on his paws, and he glanced drowsily here and there with the constant vigilance of a dog that is kicked on occasion. Across the sandy street were some vivid green grass plots, so wonderful in appearance amid the sands that burned near them in a blazing sun that they caused a doubt in the mind. They exactly resembled the grass mats used to represent lawns on the stage. At the cooler end of the railway station a man without a coat sat in a tilted chair and smoked his pipe. The fresh-cut bank of the Rio Grande circled near the town, and there could be seen beyond it a great, plum-colored plain of mesquite.

Save for the busy drummer and his companions in the saloon, Yellow Sky was dozing. The new-comer leaned gracefully upon the bar, and recited many tales with the confidence of a bard who has come upon a new field.

" -- and at the moment that the old man fell down stairs with the bureau in his arms, the old woman was coming up with two scuttles of coal, and, of course -- "

The drummer's tale was interrupted by a young man who suddenly appeared in the open door. He cried: "Scratchy Wilson's drunk, and has turned loose with both hands." The two Mexicans at once set down their glasses and faded out of the rear entrance of the saloon.

The drummer, innocent and jocular, answered: "All right, old man. S'pose he has. Come in and have a drink, anyhow."

But the information had made such an obvious cleft in every skull in the room that the drummer was obliged to see its importance. All had become instantly solemn. "Say," said he, mystified, "what is this?" His three companions made the introductory gesture of eloquent speech, but the young man at the door forestalled them.

"It means, my friend," he answered, as he came into the saloon, "that for the next two hours this town won't be a health resort."

The barkeeper went to the door and locked and barred it. Reaching out of the window, he pulled in heavy wooden shutters and barred them. Immediately a solemn, chapel-like gloom was upon the place. The drummer was looking from one to another.

"But, say," he cried, "what is this, anyhow? You don't mean there is going to be a gun-fight?"

"Don't know whether there'll be a fight or not," answered one man grimly. "But there'll be some shootin' -- some good shootin'."

The young man who had warned them waved his hand. "Oh, there'll be a fight fast enough if anyone wants it. Anybody can get a fight out there in the street. There's a fight just waiting."

The drummer seemed to be swayed between the interest of a foreigner and a perception of personal danger.

"What did you say his name was?" he asked.

"Scratchy Wilson," they answered in chorus.

"And will he kill anybody? What are you going to do? Does this happen often? Does he rampage around like this once a week or so? Can he break in that door?"

"No, he can't break down that door," replied the barkeeper. "He's tried it three times. But when he comes you'd better lay down on the floor, stranger. He's dead sure to shoot at it, and a bullet may come through."

Thereafter the drummer kept a strict eye upon the door. The time had not yet been called for him to hug the floor, but, as a minor precaution, he sidled near to the wall. "Will he kill anybody?" he said again.

The men laughed low and scornfully at the question.

"He's out to shoot, and he's out for trouble. Don't see any good in experimentin' with him."

"But what do you do in a case like this? What do you do?"

A man responded: "Why, he and Jack Potter -- "

"But," in chorus, the other men interrupted, "Jack Potter's in San Anton'."

"Well, who is he? What's he got to do with it?"

"Oh, he's the town marshal. He goes out and fights Scratchy when he gets on one of these tears."

"Wow," said the drummer, mopping his brow. "Nice job he's got."

The voices had toned away to mere whisperings. The drummer wished to ask further questions which were born of an increasing anxiety and bewilderment; but when he attempted them, the men merely looked at him in irritation and motioned him to remain silent. A tense waiting hush was upon them. In the deep shadows of the room their eyes shone as they listened for sounds from the street. One man made three gestures at the barkeeper, and the latter, moving like a ghost, handed him a glass and a bottle. The man poured a full glass of whisky, and set down the bottle noiselessly. He gulped the whisky in a swallow, and turned again toward the door in immovable silence. The drummer saw that the barkeeper, without a sound, had taken a Winchester from beneath the bar. Later he saw this individual beckoning to him, so he tiptoed across the room.

"You better come with me back of the bar."

"No, thanks," said the drummer, perspiring. "I'd rather be where I can make a break for the back door."

Whereupon the man of bottles made a kindly but peremptory gesture. The drummer obeyed it, and finding himself seated on a box with his head below the level of the bar, balm was laid upon his soul at sight of various zinc and copper fittings that bore a resemblance to armor

3.2. Оценочные средства промежуточной аттестации

В данном разделе представляются теоретические вопросы для оценки знаний.

Перечень теоретических вопросов (для оценки знаний):

1. The purpose of a textual analysis.
2. Principles of imaginative representation.
3. Literary text as a general poetic structure.
4. The verbal aspect of a text analysis. The functional styles.
5. The lexical stylistic devices.
6. The syntactical stylistic devices.
7. The phonetic structure of a literary text.
8. The extra verbal aspect. The literary work as a phenomenon of art.
9. The theme in a literary text. The principal types of themes.
10. The problem in a literary work and its defining.
11. The world of ideas in a literary work. Pathos.
12. The artistic detail.
13. The forms of literary convention.
14. Literary time and space. Chronotope.
15. The author's attitude to the text.

4. Методические материалы, определяющие процедуру оценивания знаний, умений, навыков и (или) опыта деятельности, характеризующих этапы формирования компетенций

4.1. Описание процедур проведения текущего контроля успеваемости студентов

В таблице представлено описание процедур проведения контрольно-оценочных мероприятий текущего контроля успеваемости студентов, в соответствии с рабочей программой дисциплины, и процедур оценивания результатов обучения с помощью спланированных оценочных средств.

Наименование оценочного средства	Описания процедуры проведения контрольно-оценочного мероприятия и процедуры оценивания результатов обучения
Анализ художественного текста	Тексты для анализа выдаются на практических занятиях, предшествующих изучению предлагаемой темы. Анализ должен быть выполнен в письменной форме с учетом теоретических положений, изученных самостоятельно.

4.2. Описание процедур проведения промежуточной аттестации

Зачет

При определении уровня достижений обучающихся на зачете обращается особое внимание на следующее:

- дан полный, развернутый ответ на поставленный вопрос;
- показана совокупность осознанных знаний об объекте, проявляющаяся в свободном оперировании понятиями, умении выделить существенные и несущественные признаки, причинно-следственные связи;
- знание об объекте демонстрируется на фоне понимания его в системе данной дисциплины и междисциплинарных связей;
- ответ формулируется в терминах дисциплины, изложен литературным языком, логичен, доказателен, демонстрирует авторскую позицию обучающегося;
- теоретические постулаты подтверждаются примерами из практики.

Зачет проводится в форме собеседования по перечню теоретических вопросов и результатов выполнения текущих заданий в семестре. Перечень теоретических вопросов обучающиеся получают в начале семестра.