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УТВЕРЖДАЮ

Директор Костанайского филиала
 ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ»
 Р.А. Тюлегенова



Фонд оценочных средств для текущего контроля

по дисциплине (модулю)
Стилистика

Направление подготовки (специальность)
45.03.02 Лингвистика

Направленность (профиль)
Перевод и переводоведение


Присваиваемая квалификация
Бакалавр

Форма обучения
Очная

Год набора **2019 2020**

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Фонд оценочных средств принят

Учёным советом Костанайского филиала ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ»

Протокол заседания № 11 от 26 августа 2021 г.

Председатель учёного совета
филиала



Р.А. Тюлегенова

Секретарь учёного совета
филиала



Н.А. Кравченко

Фонд оценочных средств рекомендован

Учебно-методическим советом Костанайского филиала ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ»

Протокол заседания № 10 от 25 августа 2021 г.

Председатель
Учебно-методического совета



Н.А. Нализко

Фонд оценочных средств разработан и рекомендован кафедрой филологии

Протокол заседания № 10 от 08 июня 2021 г.

Заведующий кафедрой




М.Т. Кадралинова

Автор (составитель)
филологии, кандидат педагогических наук



Бежина В.В., доцент кафедры

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1. ПАСПОРТ ФОНДА ОЦЕНОЧНЫХ СРЕДСТВ

Направление подготовки: 45.03.02 «Лингвистика».

Направленность (профиль): Перевод и переводоведение.

Дисциплина: Стилистика.

Семестр (семестры) изучения: 7 семестр.

Форма (формы) промежуточной аттестации: экзамен.

Оценивание результатов учебной деятельности обучающихся при изучении дисциплины осуществляется по балльно-рейтинговой системе

2. КОМПЕТЕНЦИИ, ЗАКРЕПЛЁННЫЕ ЗА ДИСЦИПЛИНОЙ

Изучение дисциплины «Стилистика» направлено на формирование следующих компетенций:

Коды компетенции (по ФГОС)	Содержание компетенций согласно ФГОС	Перечень планируемых результатов обучения по дисциплине
1	2	3
ОПК-1	способностью использовать понятийный аппарат философии, теоретической и прикладной лингвистики, переводоведения, лингводидактики и теории межкультурной коммуникации для решения профессиональных задач	<p>Пороговый уровень:</p> <p>Знать: значение, роль и место информации в развитии современного общества; предмет философии, основные философские принципы, законы, категории, а также их содержание и взаимосвязи;</p> <p>Уметь: применять качественные и количественные методы в психологических и педагогических исследованиях; реализовать навыки обучения фонетике, лексике, грамматике, аудированию, говорению, чтению, письменной речи и лингвострановедению в практической деятельности;</p> <p>Владеть: понятийным и терминологическим аппаратом изучаемой дисциплины;</p> <p>Продвинутый уровень:</p> <p>Знать: методы оценки объёма информации и скорости её передачи; методы поиска актуальной информации в глобальных компьютерных сетях;</p> <p>Уметь: использовать методы и инструментальные средства моделирования при исследовании и проектировании информационных систем;</p> <p>Владеть: основными методами, способами и средствами получения, хранения, переработки информации;</p> <p>Высокий уровень:</p> <p>Знать: состав информационных моделей данных, типы логических моделей, этапы проектирования базы данных; роль философии в формировании ценностных ориентаций в профессиональной деятельности;</p> <p>Уметь: применять философские принципы и законы, формы и методы познания в профессиональной деятельности;</p> <p>Владеть: навыками философского анализа различных типов мировоззрения, использования различных</p>



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		философских методов для анализа тенденций развития современного общества, философско-культурологического анализа.
ОПК-2	способностью видеть междисциплинарные связи изучаемых дисциплин, понимает их значение для будущей профессиональной деятельности	<p>Пороговый уровень:</p> <p>Знать: основные понятия смежных со стилистикой дисциплин и их трактовки;</p> <p>Уметь: применять понятия смежных дисциплин при изучении основных теорий в области стилистики и объяснять их применение;</p> <p>Владеть: основами методологии применения стилистических знаний для изучения функционирования языков и для филологического текста;</p> <p>Продвинутый уровень:</p> <p>Знать: особенности разделов стилистики как базовой науки;</p> <p>Уметь: применять понятия разделов стилистики при изучении теории и практики перевода;</p> <p>Владеть: способностью использовать данные смежных наук в ходе анализа стилистических единиц;</p> <p>Высокий уровень:</p> <p>Знать: современные научные достижения в стилистике и смежных областях научного знания;</p> <p>Уметь: комбинировать данные стилистики и смежных наук в самостоятельном исследовании и переводе;</p> <p>Владеть: данными лексикологии и других отраслей стилистики для анализа значения и роли лексической единицы в дискурсе.</p>
ОПК-3	владением системой лингвистических знаний, включающей в себя знание основных фонетических, лексических, грамматических, словообразовательных явлений и закономерностей функционирования изучаемого иностранного языка, его функциональных разновидностей	<p>Пороговый уровень:</p> <p>Знать: основные понятия фонетических, лексических, грамматических, словообразовательных явлений и закономерностей функционирования языка;</p> <p>Уметь: демонстрировать знание основных положений и концепций курса стилистики английского языка при изучении последующих лингвистических курсов;</p> <p>Владеть: основными понятиями данного теоретического курса; основными методами лексикологии и методами адаптации новых знаний в ходе решения профессиональных задач;</p> <p>Продвинутый уровень:</p> <p>Знать: основные стилистические явления, характерные для письменной и устной речи, идиоматику речи;</p> <p>Уметь: составлять высказывание по теме с использованием изучаемых стилистических единиц</p> <p>Владеть: стратегиями создания высказываний с использованием многообразного стилистического материала;</p> <p>Высокий уровень:</p> <p>Знать: теоретические основы стилистики иностранного языка; единицы языкового строя и механизмы их взаимодействия с позиции современной науки;</p> <p>Уметь: раскрывать системный характер словарного состава английского языка, источники его обогащения и эволюции;</p>

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		Владеть: навыками стилистического анализа текстов; коммуникативными умениями: развивать предлагаемую тему беседы, конкретизировать, иллюстрировать и обобщать собственные высказывания и высказывания собеседника.
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3. ОЦЕНОЧНЫЕ СРЕДСТВА ДЛЯ ПРОВЕДЕНИЯ ТЕКУЩЕГО КОНТРОЛЯ

3.1 Структура оценочных средств

№п/п	Код компетенции/ планируемые результаты обучения	Контролируемые темы/ разделы	Наименование оценочного средства для текущего контроля
1	ОПК-1, ОПК-2, ОПК-3	Стилистика как раздел языкознания, Стилистическая семасиология	В.В. Гуревич, Стилистика Стр. 3-12 стр. 12-23 Байдикова Н. Л., Слюсарь О. В., Стилистика английского языка Стр. 15-31 Выполнение стилистического анализа текстов
2	ОПК-1, ОПК-2, ОПК-3	Стилистическая лексикология, Стилистический синтаксис	В.В. Гуревич, Стилистика Стр. 26-36 стр. 37-51 Байдикова Н. Л., Слюсарь О. В., Стилистика английского языка Стр. 42-89 Выполнение стилистического анализа текстов
3	ОПК-1, ОПК-2, ОПК-3	Функциональные стили, Стилистика и перевод, Анализ текстов	В.В. Гуревич, Стилистика Стр. 52-61 Байдикова Н. Л., Слюсарь О. В., Стилистика английского языка Стр. 99-149 Стр. 189-204 Выполнение стилистического анализа текстов

3.2 Содержание оценочных средств

Оценочные средства представлены в виде текстов для стилистического анализа.


3.2.1 База текстов для стилистического анализа.

Текст 1.

«My aunt will be down presently, Mr. Nuttel,» said a very self-possessed young lady of fifteen; «in the meantime you must try and put up with me.»

Framton Nuttel endeavoured to say the correct something which should duly flatter the niece of the moment without unduly discounting the aunt that was to come. Privately he doubted more than ever whether these formal visits on a succession of total strangers would do much towards helping the nerve cure which he was supposed to be undergoing.

«I know how it will be,» his sister had said when he was preparing to migrate to this rural retreat; «you will bury yourself down there and not speak to a living soul, and your

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nerves will be worse than ever from moping. I shall just give you letters of introduction to all the people I know there. Some of them, as far as I can remember, were quite nice.»

Framton wondered whether Mrs. Sappleton, the lady to whom he was presenting one of the letters of introduction, came into the nice division.

«Do you know many of the people round here?» asked the niece, when she judged that they had had sufficient silent communion.

«Hardly a soul,» said Framton. «My sister was staying here, at the rectory, you know, some four years ago, and she gave me letters of introduction to some of the people here.»

He made the last statement in a tone of distinct regret.

«Then you know practically nothing about my aunt?» pursued the self-possessed young lady.

«Only her name and address,» admitted the caller. He was wondering whether Mrs. Sappleton was in the married or widowed state. An undefinable something about the room seemed to suggest masculine habitation.

«Her great tragedy happened just three years ago,» said the child; «that would be since your sister's time.»

«Her tragedy?» asked Framton; somehow in this restful country spot tragedies seemed out of place.

«You may wonder why we keep that window wide open on an October afternoon,» said the niece, indicating a large French window that opened on to a lawn.

«It is quite warm for the time of the year,» said Framton; «but has that window got anything to do with the tragedy?»

«Out through that window, three years ago to a day, her husband and her two young brothers went off for their day's shooting. They never came back. In crossing the moor to their favourite snipe-shooting ground they were all three engulfed in a treacherous piece of bog. It had been that dreadful wet summer, you know, and places that were safe in other years gave way suddenly without warning. Their bodies were never recovered. That was the dreadful part of it.» Here the child's voice lost its self-possessed note and became falteringly human «Poor aunt always thinks that they will come back some day, they and the little brown spaniel that was lost with them, and walk in at that window just as they used to do. That is why the window is kept open every evening till it is quite dusk. Poor dear aunt, she has often told me how they went out, her husband with his white waterproof coat over his arm, and Ronnie, her youngest brother, singing 'Bertie, why do you bound?' as he always did to tease her, because she said it got on her nerves. Do you know, sometimes on still, quiet evenings like this, I almost get a creepy feeling that they will all walk in through that window — »


She broke off with a little shudder. It was a relief to Framton when the aunt bustled into the room with a whirl of apologies for being late in making her appearance.

«I hope Vera has been amusing you?» she said.

«She has been very interesting,» said Framton.

«I hope you don't mind the open window,» said Mrs. Sappleton briskly; «my husband and brothers will be home directly from shooting, and they always come in this way. They've been out for snipe in the marshes to-day, so they'll make a fine mess over my poor carpets. So like you men-folk, isn't it?»

Текст 2.

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It is quite impossible to say whether this thing really happened. It depends entirely on the word of R.M. Harringay, who is an artist.

Following his version of the affair, the narrative deposes that Harringay went into his studio about ten o'clock to see what he could make of the head that he had been working at the day before. The head in question was that of an Italian organ-grinder, and Harringay thought — but was not quite sure — that the title would be the «Vigil.» So far he is frank, and his narrative bears the stamp of truth. He had seen the man expectant for pennies, and with a promptness that suggested genius, had had him in at once.

«Kneel. Look up at that bracket,» said Harringay. «As if you expected pennies.»

«Don't grin!» said Harringay. «I don't want to paint your gums. Look as though you were unhappy.»

Now, after a night's rest, the picture proved decidedly unsatisfactory. «It's good work,» said Harringay. «That little bit in the neck ... But.»

He walked about the studio and looked at the thing from this point and from that. Then he said a wicked word. In the original the word is given.

«Painting,» he says he said. «Just a painting of an organ-grinder — a mere portrait. If it was a live organ-grinder I wouldn't mind. But somehow I never make things alive. I wonder if my imagination is wrong.» This, too, has a truthful air. His imagination is wrong.

«That creative touch! To take canvas and pigment and make a man — as Adam was made of red ochre! But this thing! If you met it walking about the streets you would know it was only a studio production. The little boys would tell it to 'Garnome and gitfrimed.' Some little touch ... Well — it won't do as it is.»

He went to the blinds and began to pull them down. They were made of blue holland with the rollers at the bottom of the window, so that you pull them down to get more light. He gathered his palette, brushes, and mahl stick from his table. Then he turned to the picture and put a speck of brown in the corner of the mouth; and shifted his attention thence to the pupil of the eye. Then he decided that the chin was a trifle too impassive for a vigil.

Presently he put down his impedimenta, and lighting a pipe surveyed the progress of his work. «I'm hanged if the thing isn't sneering at me,» said Harringay, and he still believes it sneered.


The animation of the figure had certainly increased, but scarcely in the direction he wished. There was no mistake about the sneer. «Vigil of the Unbeliever,» said Harringay. «Rather subtle and clever that! But the left eyebrow isn't cynical enough.»

Текст 3.

Down below there was only a vast white sea of clouds. Above there was the sun, and the sun was white like the clouds, because it is never yellow when one looks at it from high in the air.

He was still flying the Spitfire.* His right hand was on the controls. It was quite easy. The machine was flying well. He knew what he was doing.

Everything is fine, he thought. I know my way home. I'll be there in half an hour. When I land I shall switch off my engine and say, 'Help me to get out, will you?' I shall make my voice sound ordinary and natural and none of them will take any notice. Then I shall say, 'Someone help me to get out. I can't do it alone because I've lost one of my legs.' They'll all laugh and think I'm joking and I shall say, 'All right, come and have a look.' Then Yorky will

			
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climb up on to the wing and look inside. He'll probably be sick because of all the blood and the mess. I shall laugh and say, 'For God's sake, help me get out.'

He glanced down again at his right leg. There was not much of it left. The bullets had hit him, just above the knee, and now there was nothing but a great mess and a lot of blood. But there was no pain. When he looked down, he felt as if he were seeing something that did not belong to him. It was just a mess which was there; something strange and unusual and rather interesting. It was like finding a dead cat on the sofa.

He still felt fine, and because he still felt fine, he felt excited and unafraid.


I won't even bother to radio for the ambulance, he thought. It isn't necessary. And when I land I'll sit there quite normally and say, 'Some of you fellows come and help me out, will you, because I've lost one of my legs.' I'll laugh a little while I'm saying it; I'll say it calmly and slowly, and they'll think I'm joking. Then when I get out I'll make my report. Later I'll go up to London. I'll take that bottle of whisky with me and I'll give it to Bluey. We'll sit in her room and drink it. When it's time to go to bed, I'll say, 'Bluey, I've got a surprise for you. I lost a leg today. But I don't mind if you don't. It doesn't even hurt ...' We'll go everywhere in cars. I always hated walking.

Then he saw the sun shining on the engine cover of his plane. He saw the sun shining on the metal, and he remembered the aeroplane and remembered where he was. He realized that he was no longer feeling good; that he was sick and his head was spinning. His head kept falling forward on to his chest because his neck no longer seemed to have any strength. But he knew that he was flying the Spitfire. Between the fingers of his right hand he could feel the handle of the stick which guided it.

I'm going to faint, he thought. He looked at the controls. Seven thousand metres. To test himself he tried to read the hundreds as well as the thousands. Seven thousand and what? As he looked, he had difficulty reading the dial and he could not even see the needle. He knew then that he must get out; that there was not a second to lose, otherwise he would become unconscious. Quickly he tried to slide back the top, but he didn't have the strength. For a second he took his right hand off the stick and with both hands managed to push the top back. The cold air on his face seemed to help. He had a moment of great clearness. His actions became automatic. That is what happens with a good pilot. He took some deep breaths from his oxygen mask, and as he did so, he looked out over the side. Down below there was only a vast white sea of cloud and he realized that he did not know where he was.

Текст 4.

Rex Dillot was nearly twenty-four, almost good-looking and quite penniless. His mother was supposed to make him some sort of an allowance out of what her creditors allowed her, and Rex occasionally strayed into the ranks of those who earn fitful salaries as secretaries or companions to people who are unable to cope unaided with their correspondence or their leisure. For a few months he had been assistant editor and business manager of a paper devoted to fancy mice, but the devotion had been all on one side, and the paper disappeared with a certain abruptness from club reading-rooms and other haunts where it had made a gratuitous appearance. Still, Rex lived with some air of comfort and well-being, as one can live if one is born with a genius for that sort of thing, and a kindly Providence usually arranged that his week-end invitations coincided with the dates on which his one white dinner-waistcoat was in a laundry-turned condition of dazzling cleanness.

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He played most games badly, and was shrewd enough to recognise the fact, but he had developed a marvellously accurate judgement in estimating the play and chances of other people, whether in a golf match, billiard handicap, or croquet tournament. By dint of parading his opinion of such and such a player's superiority with a sufficient degree of youthful assertiveness he usually succeeded in provoking a wager at liberal odds, and he looked to his week-end winnings to carry him through the financial embarrassments of his mid-week existence. The trouble was, as he confided to Clovis Sangrail, that he never had enough available or even prospective cash at his command to enable him to fix the wager at a figure really worth winning.

«Some day,» he said, «I shall come across a really safe thing, a bet that simply can't go astray, and then I shall put it up for all I'm worth, or rather for a good deal more than I'm worth if you sold me up to the last button.»

«It would be awkward if it didn't happen to come off,» said Clovis.

«It would be more than awkward,» said Rex; «it would be a tragedy. All the same, it would be extremely amusing to bring it off. Fancy awaking in the morning with about three hundred pounds standing to one's credit. I should go and clear out my hostess's pigeon-loft before breakfast out of sheer good-temper.»

«Your hostess of the moment mightn't have a pigeon-loft,» said Clovis.

«I always choose hostesses that have,» said Rex; «a pigeon-loft is indicative of a careless, extravagant, genial disposition, such as I like to see around me. People who strew corn broadcast for a lot of feathered inanities that just sit about cooing and giving each other the glad eye in a Louis Quatorze manner are pretty certain to do you well.»

«Young Strinnit is coming down this afternoon,» said Clovis reflectively; «I dare say you won't find it difficult to get him to back himself at billiards. He plays a pretty useful game, but he's not quite as good as he fancies he is.»

«I know one member of the party who can walk round him,» said Rex softly, an alert look coming into his eyes; «that cadaverous-looking Major who arrived last night. I've seen him play at St. Moritz. If I could get Strinnit to lay odds on himself against the Major the money would be safe in my pocket. This looks like the good thing I've been watching and praying for.»

«Don't be rash,» counselled Clovis, «Strinnit may play up to his self-imagined form once in a blue moon.»

«I intend to be rash,» said Rex quietly, and the look on his face corroborated his words.

«Are you all going to flock to the billiard-room?» asked Teresa Thundleford, after dinner, with an air of some disapproval and a good deal of annoyance. «I can't see what particular amusement you find in watching two men prodding little ivory balls about on a table.»


«Oh, well,» said her hostess, «it's a way of passing the time, you know.»

«A very poor way, to my mind,» said Mrs. Thundleford; «now I was going to have shown all of you the photographs I took in Venice last summer.»

«You showed them to us last night,» said Mrs. Cuvering hastily.

«Those were the ones I took in Florence. These are quite a different lot.»

«Oh, well, some time tomorrow we can look at them. You can leave them down in the drawing-room, and then everyone can have a look.»

			
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«I should prefer to show them when you are all gathered together, as I have quite a lot of explanatory remarks to make, about Venetian art and architecture, on the same lines as my remarks last night on the Florentine galleries. Also, there are some verses of mine that I should like to read you, on the rebuilding of the Campanile. But, of course, if you all prefer to watch Major Latton and Mr. Strinnit knocking balls about on a table—»

«They are both supposed to be first-rate players,» said the hostess.

«I have yet to learn that my verses and my art causerie are of second-rate quality,» said Mrs. Thundelford with acerbity. «However, as you all seem bent on watching a silly game, there's no more to be said. I shall go upstairs and finish some writing. Later on, perhaps, I will come down and join you.»

Текст 5.

James Milner's hands were shaking as he sat down at his desk. The man sitting at the computer terminal next to him laughed.

“First time on one of these machines, is it?”

“No!” lied James, as convincingly as he could. “I could use one of these things in my sleep!” James looked at the computer screen in front of him with its mysterious programme, and hoped that he was a convincing liar.


“That's a good job then” laughed his new colleague, “because I often do!” They both laughed again. James hoped that his laugh would cover up how nervous he was. His new colleague sitting next to him turned back to his computer screen and started typing furiously, then shouting lots of instructions into the telephone headset he had. James put on the telephone headset he had by the side of his desk. “At least if I put this on I'll look like I know what I'm doing”, he thought. Then he stared at the computer screen in front of him with the mysterious programme. There were hundreds of numbers and dates and names of cities written on it, as well as lots of strange names like “NYSE” and “CAC40” and other things. He had no idea what any of it meant.

The telephone headset was ok though. At least he knew what that was. His only other job ever had been in a fast food restaurant in London. They used the telephone headsets there too. But in the fast food restaurant it was easy. The instructions he heard through his telephone headset in the fast food restaurant were nothing more complicated than “two cheeseburgers without ketchup!”, “extra french fries now!”, “triple special burger with extra cheese!”. All he had had to do was listen to the instructions, put the pieces of frozen food in the microwave oven, then pull them out again after a few seconds, put them in a little box and give them to the person next to him. That had been easy. This job, his new job, his first “real” job, he now realised, was going to be a lot more difficult.

When he put the telephone headset on here he didn't hear orders for extra french fries and different types of hamburgers, but excited men in faraway places shouting orders at him like “2000 Taipei heavy! Sell! Sell!! Sell!!!” or “Drop coming up on the NYSE! Buy! Buy!! Buy!!!” At first he sat there and tried to pretend he knew what he was doing. He tried pressing a few keys on the computer in front of him, but nothing seemed to happen to the screen. Lots of numbers appeared, frequently. Then they disappeared. After the first couple of hours on his new job, he turned round to the man sitting next to him, and tried to laugh again.

“Phew! This is pretty tiring, isn't it?”

“This is nothing!” said the other man. “You'd better be thankful that today is a quiet day!” He laughed his big laugh again. Then he held out a big hand to James and said “Davy.

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Davy Peterson. Good to meet you. Sorry I didn't introduce myself before, but it always a bit busy here first thing in the morning, catching the late end of the Asian markets...you know how it is!!!"

"Yeah, sure!" laughed James, even though he didn't have a clue about how it was.

James Milner had always been an average boy. At school he had never done very well, but he hadn't done very badly either. When it came to the end of the year, he always just passed his exams, though he never got great marks. When his teachers wrote their annual reports, James knew that the teachers didn't even know who he was.

After he had left school, he had gone to university, one of those universities which is just ok, not a great university, but not a bad one either. He had studied economics and commerce there, and got a degree. He didn't have a great mark, but he didn't have a bad one either. James didn't really want to be a great businessman, a fantastic entrepreneur, an accountant or even a politician, even though his father pushed him a lot. James Milner came from quite a wealthy family, and he had always felt the pressure of his father's expectations breathing down his neck. James didn't really want to do very much at all in life really. He liked to take it easy, sleep a lot, and to travel. His father, however, had great expectations for his son. James' father thought that he should become a great businessman, an entrepreneur, at least an accountant, or – if he couldn't even become an accountant — then that he should go into politics. The problem was that James just didn't care.

Текст 6.

Everyone was enjoying the cruise. The weather was warm and sunny, the sea was calm, and the passengers hadn't complained about anything, which was unusual. Even the chief engineer wasn't bad-tempered, which was very unusual. Until, one morning, the ship suddenly stopped.

'What's going on?' roared the captain from the bridge. The jolt had spilled his morning coffee all over his uniform.

'Don't know, sir!' the third mate shouted back. 'But I think we've snagged our propeller on something!'


The chief engineer hastily shut down the engines (which did make him badtempered), and the trouble was investigated. The propeller was snagged, all right. An enormous chain was wrapped around it, and if the engineer had not acted so quickly the blades would have been mashed beyond repair.

'What idiot left a thundering great chain drifting around in the sea?' the captain growled.

'Don't know, sir,' the third mate said again, gloomily. 'But it's going to take some clearing.'

The captain sighed and looked around. It could have been worse, he supposed. The sea was dotted with small islands fringed by white beaches on which waves broke gently. The sun shone from a cloudless sky. If the purser organised a few deck games, then with any luck the crew could free the propeller before the passengers started grumbling. They set to work, and by lunchtime they had untangled the propeller. But the captain was curious. The freed chain disappeared down into the sea, with no end in sight. Who on earth had put it there, and why? He wanted to find out, and another hour wouldn't hurt.

'Haul it in,' he ordered the second mate (the third mate was off duty by now).

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‘Let’s find out if it’s attached to anything. If it isn’t, I’ll complain to the local coastguards—it’s a hazard to shipping!’

The crew started to heave the chain aboard. It came easily enough, but there was a lot of it. Half an hour passed, and they were still hauling. Then suddenly the chain became harder to winch in.

‘I think we’re nearly there, sir!’ the second mate panted.

The captain did not reply. He was staring at the nearest island. Strange... the beach looked much bigger than before. And the low cliffs weren’t low any more, but seemed to have grown.

‘Sir!’ bawled the second mate. ‘Come and look at this!’

The captain hurried to the winch. The crew had reached the end of the chain. Attached to it, bumping and clanging against the ship’s side as it was heaved up, was a circular object about five metres across. The captain frowned. It reminded him of something. In fact he had a thing just like it, though much, much smaller, in the bath in his private cabin. It was...

A plug?

He looked at the islands again. The beaches were getting bigger. The cliffs were getting higher. As if the sea level was dropping...

‘Oops...’ said the captain.

Текст 7.

Pitcher, confidential clerk in the office of Harvey Maxwell, broker, allowed a look of mild interest and surprise to visit his usually expressionless countenance when his employer briskly entered at half-past nine in company with his young lady stenographer. With a snappy «Good morning. Pitcher», Maxwell dashed at his desk as though he were intending to leap over it, and then plunged into the great heap of letters and telegrams waiting there for him.

The young lady had been Maxwell’s stenographer for a year. She was beautiful in a way that was decidedly unstenographic. She forwent the pomp of the alluring pompadour. She wore no chains, bracelets or locket. She had not the air of being about to accept an invitation to luncheon. Her dress was grey and plain, but it fitted her figure with fidelity and discretion. In her neat black turban hat was the gold-green wing of a macaw. On this morning she was softly and shyly radiant. Her eyes were dreamily bright, her cheeks genuinely peach blow, her expression a happy one, tinged with reminiscence.


Pitcher, still mildly curious, noticed a difference in her ways this morning; instead of going straight into the adjoining room, where her desk was, she lingered, slightly irresolute, in the outer office. Once she moved over by Maxwell’s desk, near enough for him to be aware of her presence.

The machine sitting at that desk was no longer a man; it was a busy New York broker, moved by buzzing wheels and uncoiling springs.

«Well — what is it? Anything?» asked Maxwell sharply. His opened mail lay like a bank of stage snow on his crowded desk. His keen grey eye, impersonal and brusque, flashed upon her half impatiently.

«Nothing,» answered the stenographer moving away with a little smile.

«Mr. Pitcher,» she said to the confidential clerk, «did Mr. Maxwell say anything yesterday about engaging another stenographer?»

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«He did,» answered Pitcher. «He told me to get another one. I notified the agency yesterday afternoon to send over a few samples this morning. It's 9.45 o'clock, and not a single picture hat or piece of pineapple chewing gum has showed up yet.»

«I will do the work as usual, then,» said the young lady, «until someone comes to fill the place.» And she went to her desk at once and hung the black turban hat with the gold-green macaw wing in its accustomed place.

He who has been denied the spectacle of a busy Manhattan broker during a rush of business is handicapped for the profession of anthropology. The poet sings of the «crowded hour of glorious life.» The broker's hour is not only crowded, but the minutes are hanging to all the straps and packing both front and rear platforms.

And this day was Harvey Maxwell's busy day. The ticker began to reel out jerkily its fitful coils of tape, the desk telephone had a chronic attack of buzzing. Men began to throng into the office and call at him over the railings, jovially, sharply, viciously, excitedly. Messenger boys ran in and out with messages and telegrams. The clerks in the office jumped about like sailors during a storm. Even Pitcher's face relaxed into something resembling animation.

On the Exchange there were hurricanes and landslides and snowstorms and glaciers and volcanoes, and those elemental disturbances were reproduced in miniature in the broker's offices. Maxwell shoved his chair against the wall and transacted business after the manner of a toe-dancer. He jumped from ticker to phone, from desk to door with the trained agility of a harlequin.

In the midst of this growing and important stress the broker became suddenly aware of a high-rolled fringe of golden hair under a nodding canopy of velvet and ostrich tips, an imitation sealskin sacque and a string of beads as large as hickory nuts, ending near the floor with a silver heart. There was a self-possessed young lady connected with these accessories; and Pitcher was there to construe her.

«Lady from the Stenographer's Agency to see about the position», said Pitcher.

Maxwell turned half around, with his hands full of papers and ticker tape.

«What position?» he asked, with a frown.

«Position of stenographer,» said Pitcher. «You told me yesterday to call them up and have one sent over this morning.


«You are losing your mind, Pitcher», said Maxwell. «Why should I have given you any such instructions? Miss Leslie has given perfect satisfaction during the year she has been here. The place is hers as long as she chooses to retain it. There's no place open here, madam. Countermand the order with the agency, Pitcher, and don't bring any more of 'em in here.»

The silver heart left the office, swinging and banging itself independently against the office furniture as it indignantly departed. Pitcher seized a moment to remark to the bookkeeper that the «old man» seemed to get more absent-minded and forgetful every day of the world.

Текст 8.

Promptly at the beginning of twilight, came again to that quiet corner of that quiet, small park the girl in gray. She sat upon a bench and read a book, for there was yet to come a half hour in which print could be accomplished.

To repeat: Her dress was gray, and plain enough to mask its impeccancy of style and fit. A largemeshed veil imprisoned her turban hat and a face that shone through it with a calm

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and unconscious beauty. She had come there at the same hour on the day previous, and on the day before that; and there was one who knew it.

The young man who knew it hovered near, relying upon burnt sacrifices to the great joss, Luck. His piety was rewarded, for, in turning a page, her book slipped from her fingers and bounded from the bench a full yard away.

The young man pounced upon it with instant avidity, returning it to its owner with that air that seems to flourish in parks and public places — a compound of gallantry and hope, tempered with respect for the policeman on the beat. In a pleasant voice, he risked an inconsequent remark upon the weather that introductory topic responsible for so much of the world's unhappiness-and stood poised for a moment, awaiting his fate.

The girl looked him over leisurely; at his ordinary, neat dress and his features distinguished by nothing particular in the way of expression.

«You may sit down, if you like,» she said, in a full, deliberate contralto. «Really, I would like to have you do so. The light is too bad for reading. I would prefer to talk.»

The vassal of Luck slid upon the seat by her side with complaisance.

«Do you know,» he said, speaking the formula with which park chairmen open their meetings, «that you are quite the stunningest girl I have seen in a long time? I had my eye on you yesterday. Didn't know somebody was bowled over by those pretty lamps of yours, did you, honeysuckle?»

«Whoever you are,» said the girl, in icy tones, «you must remember that I am a lady. I will excuse the remark you have just made because the mistake was, doubtless, not an unnatural one — in your circle. I asked you to sit down; if the invitation must constitute me your honeysuckle, consider it withdrawn.»

«I earnestly beg your pardon,» pleaded the young man. His expression of satisfaction had changed to one of penitence and humility. It was my fault, you know -I mean, there are girls in parks, you know — that is, of course, you don't know, but — »

«Abandon the subject, if you please. Of course I know. Now, tell me about these people passing and crowding, each way, along these paths. Where are they going? Why do they hurry so? Are they happy?»

The young man had promptly abandoned his air of coquetry. His cue was now for a waiting part; he could not guess the role he would be expected to play.


«It is interesting to watch them,» he replied, postulating her mood. «It is the wonderful drama of life. Some are going to supper and some to — er -other places. One wonders what their histories are.»

«I do not,» said the girl; «I am not so inquisitive. I come here to sit because here, only, can I be tear the great, common, throbbing heart of humanity. My part in life is cast where its beats are never felt. Can you surmise why I spoke to you, Mr. — ?»

«Parkenstacker,» supplied the young man. Then he looked eager and hopeful.

«No,» said the girl, holding up a slender finger, and smiling slightly. «You would recognize it immediately. It is impossible to keep one's name out of print. Or even one's portrait. This veil and this hat of my maid furnish me with an incog. You should have seen the chauffeur stare at it when he thought I did not see. Candidly, there are five or six names that belong in the holy of holies, and mine, by the accident of birth, is one of them. I spoke to you, Mr. Stackenpot — »

«Parkenstacker,» corrected the young man, modestly.

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«— Mr. Parkenstacker, because I wanted to talk, for once, with a natural man — one unspoiled by the despicable gloss of wealth and supposed social superiority. Oh! you do not know how weary I am of it — money, money, money! And of the men who surround me, dancing like little marionettes all cut by the same pattern. I am sick of pleasure, of jewels, of travel, of society, of luxuries of all kinds.»

«I always had an idea,» ventured the young man, hesitatingly, «that money must be a pretty good thing.»

«A competence is to be desired. But when you leave so many millions that — !» She concluded the sentence with a gesture of despair. «It is the mootony of it» she continued, «that palls. Drives, dinners, theatres, balls, suppers, with the gilding of superfluous wealth over it all. Sometimes the very tinkle of the ice in my champagne glass nearly drives me mad.»

Текст 9.

You've known this your whole life.

Kissing my husband goodbye this morning made my stomach roll over in a way it never had.

Why?

Because early this morning something happened. Something I can't explain.

I woke up at 3:06 AM. I remember, because when I woke up I opened my eyes to the glowing red numerals of our alarm clock. Why does that matter?

Because the alarm clock is on my husband's night stand.

I yawned and rolled onto my back, staring at the ceiling, confused as to how I got to his side of the bed. When I looked over to my side, every muscle in my body froze.

My husband lay on his back, his mouth wide open.

My husband never sleeps that way. He says that laying on his back gives him sleep paralysis.

That doesn't matter though, that's not what made me freeze.

A little girl stood on my husband's chest, bent at the hips, her long black hair hanging down from her head and just brushing his cheeks.

The girl's knobby knees stuck out from under her dress. Her knees were covered in spider webs of tiny black veins, spreading from the front of her knees to the backs. Her dress was white, but stained black in places.

I remember biting back a scream as the girl scratched at her leg and a chunk of grey flesh fell to the mattress. It hit my husband's right arm and rolled to a stop against my chest. I could feel the little girl's flesh squirm with life and baking heat.


Before I could pull away, the girl's arm shot out and grabbed the chunk. I watched as she brought the grey meat to my husband's mouth, dropping it in as she let out a deep, gurgling giggle.

The girl brought both hands to my husband's chin and proceeded to work his jaw, making my husband chew what she placed in his mouth.

"Swallow," I heard the deep voice say from behind the little girl's hair.

My husband swallowed on command for the voice.

"Open," the voice whispered.

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My husband opened his mouth and tiny black things began to fall into his mouth. The girl's head turned towards me as she hummed a song I couldn't place. A nursery rhyme, I think.

When she brushed her hair away from her face, I threw myself out of bed. Dark-edged creamy white pustules nested at both corners of the girl's mouth, crisscrossed with trails of black veins.

Up until that point, I thought I was experiencing sleep paralysis, but the moment my ass hit the carpet and my feet started kicking back towards the corner of the room, I knew that I was fully awake and this was happening.

The little girl winked at me, torn lips pulling back in a smile that made me want to scream.

The girl only had one eye, but it was nothing more than a milky white orb whose surface was riddled with rotting pock marks. Where the girl's left eye should have been was a cave.

Sharp black teeth glistened in the faint light as more of the black things fell from the girl's mouth into my husband's.

It was at that moment that I finally realized what the black things were.

The little girl nodded at me like she'd heard what I was thinking, before whispering, "Dead flies."

Bile rose in my throat.

The little girl perched on my husband's chest as she turned to face me.

"Now you know," a deep voice whispered from within the smiling little girl, even though her mouth never moved. "Most of you can't see us, but all can feel us. That itch on your face right before you drift off to sleep that keeps returning?"

The little girl giggled deeply and touched her long hair.

"Ever wake up in the middle of the night and feel the need to clear your throat?"

The little girl opened her gaping mouth a little wider and more of the dead flies rained down upon my husband's face.

You've known this your whole life.

Текст 10.


One afternoon I was sitting outside the Cafe cie la Paix in Paris, watching the people passing along the street. I was wondering why some people were very poor while others were so rich.

Suddenly I heard somebody call my name.


I turned round and saw Lord Murchison. We had not met since we were at Oxford University together, nearly ten years before, and I was pleased to see him again. We shook hands warmly.

I had liked him very much at Oxford, and we had been very good friends. He had been so handsome, so full of life, and a very honest young man. We used to say that he would be the best person in the world if he was not always so honest. But I think we really admired him for his honesty.

Now, looking at him ten years later, he seemed different. He looked anxious and worried, and he seemed to have doubts about something. I could not believe that he was in doubt about religion or politics, because he always had such definite opinions about everything. So I thought the problem must be a woman.

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I asked him if he was married yet.
‘I don’t understand women well enough to marry one,’ he answered.
‘My dear Gerald,’ I said, ‘it is our job to love women, not to understand them.’
‘I can’t love anyone that I can’t trust,’ he answered.
‘I think you have a mystery in your life, Gerald,’ I said. ‘Tell me about it.’
‘Let’s go for a drive,’ he answered. ‘It’s too crowded here. No, not a yellow carriage – there, that dark green one will be all right.’
And in a few moments we were driven away from the cafe.
‘Where shall we go to?’ I said.
‘Oh, I don’t mind!’ he answered. ‘The restaurant in the Bois de Boulogne? We can have dinner there, and you can tell me about yourself.’
‘I want to hear about you first,’ I said. ‘Tell me about your mystery.’
He took a little leather case from his pocket and gave it to me. I opened it. Inside was a photograph of a woman. She was tall and beautiful, with long hair, and large secretive eyes. Her clothes looked very expensive.
‘What do you think of that face,’ he said. ‘Is it an honest face?’
I examined the face in the photograph carefully. It seemed to me to be the face of a woman with a secret. But I could not say if that secret was good or bad. The beauty of the face was full of mystery, and the faint smile on the lips made me think of the smile of the Egyptian Sphinx in the moonlight. Or was it the mysterious smile that you sometimes see on the face of Leonardo’s painting, the Mona Lisa, in the Louvre in Paris?
‘Well,’ he cried impatiently, ‘what do you think?’
‘A beautiful sphinx,’ I answered. ‘Tell me all about her.’
‘Not now,’ he said. ‘After dinner.’
When we were drinking our coffee and smoking our cigarettes after dinner, I reminded him, and he told me this story:
‘One evening,’ he said, ‘I was walking down Bond Street in London at about five o’clock. There were a lot of carriages, and the traffic was moving very slowly. There was a small yellow carriage on my side of the road which, for some reason or other, caught my attention. As the carriage passed, I saw the face that I showed you in the photograph earlier. It went straight to my heart. All that night, I thought about the face, and all the next day. I looked for the yellow carriage in the usual places, but I couldn’t find it. I began to think that the beautiful stranger was only something from a dream.
‘About a week later, I went to have dinner with Madame de Rastail. Dinner was for eight o’clock, but at half past eight we were still waiting in the sitting room. Finally the servant threw open the door and said «Lady Alroy». A woman entered the room — and it was the woman I was looking for! The woman in the yellow carriage.
‘She came into the sitting room very slowly, looking lovely in a grey dress. I was pleased and excited when Madame de Rastail asked me to take Lady Alroy in to dinner. Lady Alroy then sat next to me at the table.
‘After we sat down, I said quite innocently, «I think I saw you in Bond Street not long ago, Lady Alroy.»
‘She became very pale, and said to me in a low voice, «Please don’t talk so loudly. Someone may hear you.»

			
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‘I felt unhappy about such a bad start to our conversation, and I started talking quickly about French theatre and other unimportant things. She spoke very little, always in the same low musical voice. She seemed to be afraid that someone might be listening.

‘I fell madly in love, and I was excited by the mystery that seemed to surround her. I wanted to know more — much more — about this mysterious lady.

3.3 Критерии оценивания

Виды текущего контроля	Высокий уровень 90-100%	Продвинутый уровень 75-89%	Пороговый уровень 50-74%	Недопустимый 0-49%
Стилистический анализ текста	27-30	23-26	15-22	0-14

В соответствии с Положением о балльно-рейтинговой системе оценки результатов обучения студентов посещение оценивается следующим образом:

- менее 50% занятий – 0 баллов;
- 50 – 74% занятий – 15 баллов;
- 75 – 89% занятий – 18 баллов;
- 90 – 100% занятий – 20 баллов.

Критерии оценивания стилистического анализа текста

Отлично 40-35 баллов	Хорошо 34-25 баллов	Удовлетворительно 24-10 баллов	Неудовлетворительно 9-0 балла
Высокий уровень освоения проверяемых компетенций	Средний уровень освоения проверяемых компетенций	Базовый уровень освоения проверяемых компетенций	Недостаточный уровень освоения проверяемых компетенций
Дан полный, логичный, аргументированный ответ на вопросы по теоретическому материалу, виден личный вклад студента в переработку теоретического материала (использование дополнительной литературы, подбор иллюстративных примеров); грамотный стилистический анализ художественного текста выполнен на высоком уровне, студент продемонстрировал умение излагать свои мысли последовательно с необходимыми обобщениями и выводами, излагает материал на	Обнаружил хорошее знание и понимание теоретического материала, умение анализировать художественный текст, привёл необходимые иллюстрации, умеет излагать свои мысли последовательно и грамотно. В ответе может быть недостаточно полно развернута аргументация, возможны отдельные затруднения в формулировке выводов, иллюстративный материал может быть	Слабое знание теоретического материала или неумение анализировать текст, если анализ подменяется пересказом; в ответе отсутствуют необходимые иллюстрации, отсутствует логика в изложении материала, нет необходимых обобщений и самостоятельной оценки фактов; в ответе имеются множественные грубые лексические и грамматические ошибки.	Показано незнание теоретического материала и неумение анализировать текст (нет верных ответов по большинству из пунктов анализа), в ответе имеются множественные грубые лексические и грамматические ошибки, не используется терминология дисциплины.



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представлен
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отдельные
погрешности в
речевом оформлении
высказываний.

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