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МИНОБРАЗОВАНИЯ РОССИИ Федеральное государственное бюджетное образовательное учреждение высшего образования «Челябинский государственный университет» (ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ») Костанайский филиал Кафедра филологии			
Фонд оценочных средств по дисциплине (модулю) «Практикум. Аудирование» по основной профессиональной образовательной программе высшего образования – программе бакалавриата «Преподавание английского языка» по направлению подготовки 45.03.02 Лингвистика			
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УТВЕРЖДАЮ  
Директор Костанайского филиала  
ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ»  
\_\_\_\_\_ Р.А. Тюлегенова  
25.05.2023 г.

**Фонд оценочных средств  
для рубежного контроля**

по дисциплине (модулю)  
**Практикум. Аудирование**

Направление подготовки (специальность)  
**45.03.02 Лингвистика**


Направленность (профиль)  
**Преподавание английского языка**

Присваиваемая квалификация  
**Бакалавр**

Форма обучения  
**Очная**

Год набора 2023

Костанай 2023

	МИНОБРНАУКИ РОССИИ Федеральное государственное бюджетное образовательное учреждение высшего образования «Челябинский государственный университет» (ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ») Костанайский филиал Кафедра филологии		
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### **Фонд оценочных средств принят**

Учёным советом Костанайского филиала ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ»

Протокол заседания № 10 от 25 мая 2023 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 18 мая 2023 г.

Председатель  
Учебно-методического совета

Н.А. Нализко

### **Фонд оценочных средств разработан и рекомендован кафедрой филологии**

Протокол заседания № 09 от 10 мая 2023 г.

Заведующий кафедрой

С.М. Морданова

Автор (составитель)  
кандидат филологических наук

Гейко Н.Р., доцент кафедры филологии,



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бакалавриата «Преподавание английского языка» по направлению подготовки 45.03.02 Лингвистика

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## 1. ПАСПОРТ ФОНДА ОЦЕНОЧНЫХ СРЕДСТВ

Направление подготовки: 45.03.02 Лингвистика

Направленность (профиль): Преподавание английского языка

Дисциплина: Практикум. Аудирование

Семестр (семестры) изучения: 7 семестр.

Форма (формы) промежуточного контроля: экзамен.

## 2. ПЕРЕЧЕНЬ ФОРМИРУЕМЫХ КОМПЕТЕНЦИЙ

### 2.1. Компетенции, закреплённые за дисциплиной

Изучение дисциплины «Практикум. Аудирование» направлено на формирование следующих компетенций:

Коды компетенции (по ФГОС)	Содержание компетенций согласно ФГОС	Индикатор содержания компетенции и его содержание	Перечень планируемых результатов обучения по дисциплине	Уровень
1	2	3	4	5
<b>ОПК-3</b>	Способен порождать и понимать устные и письменные тексты на изучаемом иностранном языке применительно к основным функциональным стилям в официальной и неофициальной сферах общения	<b>ОПК-3.1</b> Адекватно интерпретирует коммуникативные цели высказывания, полно выявляет релевантную информацию, адекватно идентифицирует принадлежность высказывания к официальному, нейтральному и неофициальному регистрам общения.	<b>ОПК-3.1.3-1</b> Знает коммуникативные цели высказывания, общие пути выявления релевантной информации, жанры речевого произведения и его принадлежность к официальному, нейтральному и неофициальному регистрам	Пороговый
			<b>ОПК-3.1.У-1</b> Уместо определять коммуникативные цели высказывания, извлекать фактуальную, концептуальную и эстетическую информацию, определять принадлежность высказывания к официальному, нейтральному и неофициальному регистрам общения	
			<b>ОПК-3.1.В-1</b> Владеет способностью выражать свои мысли, адекватно используя разнообразные языковые средства с целью выделения релевантной информации	
			<b>ОПК-3.1.3-2</b> Знает коммуникативные цели высказывания, разнообразные языковые средства с целью выделения релевантной информации, общие высказывания, соответствующие официальному, нейтральному и неофициальному регистрам общения	
			<b>ОПК-3.1.У-2</b> Уместо идентифицировать принадлежность высказывания к официальному, нейтральному и неофициальному регистрам общения	Продвинутый



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			неофициальному регистрам общения в соответствии с коммуникативной ситуацией	
			<b>ОПК-3.1.В-2</b> Владеет дискурсивными способами порождения связных текстов официального, нейтрального и неофициального регистров общения	
			<b>ОПК-3.1.3-3</b> Знает алгоритм интерпретации коммуникативной цели высказывания, дифференциальную специфику языковых средств официального, нейтрального, неофициального регистров общения и пути выявления релевантной информации	Высокий
			<b>ОПК-3.1.У-3</b> Умеет грамотно и эффективно строить высказывания в соответствии с коммуникативными целями и регистрами общения (официальный, нейтральный и неофициальный)	
			<b>ОПК-3.1.В-3</b> Владеет способностью свободно выражать свои мысли в соответствии с коммуникативными целями и регистрами общения (официальный, нейтральный и неофициальный)	

### 3. СОДЕРЖАНИЕ ОЦЕНОЧНЫХ СРЕДСТВ ПО ДИСЦИПЛИНЕ

#### 3.1 Виды оценочных средств

№ п/п	Код компетенции/ планируемые результаты обучения	Контролируемые темы/ разделы	Наименование оценочного средства для текущего контроля	Наименование оценочного средства рубежного контроля
1	ОПК-3.1	Мнения	Минаева, Л. В. Английский язык. Навыки устной речи (I am all ears!) стр. 17 упр. 4, стр. 35 упр. 3, стр. 39 упр. 10, стр. 40 упр. 11, стр. 71 упр. 2. Монолог «Opinions» Диалог «What do you think of...?» Просмотр видеороликов и перевод основного смысла Вопросы для устного опроса Тексты на перевод	Аудирование с пониманием основного смысла и выполнение заданий
2	ОПК-3.1	Места	Минаева, Л. В. Английский	Аудирование с



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			язык. Навыки устной речи (I am all ears!) стр. 49 упр. 3, стр. 50 упр. 4, стр. 51 упр. 5, стр. 76 упр. 1, стр. 78 упр. 2, стр. 79 упр. 4, стр. 81 упр. 7, стр. 82 упр. 8. Монолог «My favorite place» Диалог «Places I'm going to visit» Просмотр видеороликов и перевод основного смысла Вопросы для устного опроса Тексты на перевод	полным пониманием текста и пересказ содержания
3	ОПК-3.1	Информация	Минаева, Л. В. Английский язык. Навыки устной речи (I am all ears!) стр. 83 упр. 1, стр. 84 упр. 2, 3, 4, 5, стр. 85 упр. 6, 7, 8, стр. 86 упр. 9, 10, 11 Монолог «Books and Internet» Диалог «News and gossips» Просмотр видеороликов и перевод основного смысла Вопросы для устного опроса Тексты на перевод	Аудирование с полным пониманием текста и выполнение заданий
4	ОПК-3.1	Путешествия	Минаева, Л. В. Английский язык. Навыки устной речи (I am all ears!) стр. 53 упр. 9, стр. 54 упр. 10, 11, стр. 56 упр. 13, стр. 90 упр. 15, стр. 91 упр. 16, 17, стр. 93 упр. 24, 25. Монолог «The travel of my dream» Диалог «Tourism in your country and abroad» Просмотр видеороликов и перевод основного смысла Вопросы для устного опроса Тексты на перевод	Аудирование с полным пониманием текста и пересказ содержания

Типовые задания, критерии и показатели оценивания в рамках текущего контроля представлены в рабочей программе дисциплины. Полные комплекты оценочных средств хранятся на кафедре.

### 3.2 Содержание оценочных средств

#### 3.2.1 Типовые задания к первому рубежному контролю к разделам: Мнения.

1. Прослушайте текст, выполните задания к тексту.

#### **The man who cut off my hair by Richard Marsh**



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Первый экземпляр \_\_\_\_\_

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My name is Judith Lee and I am a teacher. I teach people who are deaf and dumb, and I teach them by lip-reading. When people say a word, they all move their lips the same way, so if you watch them carefully, you know what they are saying.

My father was one of the first people to teach lip-reading. My mother was deaf, but she could lip-read, so lip-reading has always been part of my life. And because I have always been able to do it, I was able to play a part in the adventure I am going to tell you about...

I was thirteen years old when it happened. My mother and father were visiting another country, and I was staying in a small village, in a cottage which we owned. Mrs Dickson, our servant, was staying there with me.

I was returning home by train one day, after a visit to some friends. There were two people sitting opposite me, a man and a woman. The woman got out at a station not far from my home. Then a man got in and sat beside the one who was already there. They seemed to know each other.

They talked quietly for some minutes, and it was impossible to hear what they said. But I only had to look at their faces. I was reading a magazine and looked up to see the first man say something which surprised me.

‘...Myrtle Cottage. It’s got a large myrtle tree in the front garden.’

The other man said something in a low voice, but his face was turned away from me. The first man replied, and I read his lips again. ‘His name is Colegate, and he uses it as a summer cottage. He’s got some of the best old silver in England.’

The other man shook his head and turned so I could see his face. I saw him say: ‘Old silver is no better than new. You can only melt it.’

The first man’s face became red. ‘Only melt it! Don’t be stupid! I can sell old silver at good prices. And that silver in Myrtle Cottage must be worth more than a thousand pounds. There’s a silver salt-cellar worth at least a hundred.’

The other man looked at me while I was watching his friend speak. He had fair hair and blue eyes. ‘That child is watching us,’ he whispered. ‘Be careful.’

The look in those blue eyes began to frighten me.

The first man said, ‘Let her watch, she can’t hear us.’

I was alone with them, and I was quite small. So I looked back at my magazine instead of watching the rest of their conversation. I knew Myrtle Cottage because it was not very far from our own cottage. And I knew Mr Colegate, and about his old silver. I knew the silver salt-cellar the two men spoke about, and wondered why they were interested in it. I was very young. I did not think: ‘These two men who speak in whispers may not be honest.’

They both got out at the station before our village.

After tea that evening, I went for a walk without telling Mrs Dickson. My walk took me past Myrtle Cottage. It was small, and there were no other houses near it. I knew that Mr Colegate was away, but when I went into the garden, I saw that the front-room window was open. I looked inside. What I saw surprised me very much.


In the room was the first man from the train. All of Mr Colegate’s silver was on the table in front of him, and he was holding the silver salt-cellar. I did not know what to think. What was he doing there? What should I do? I was still trying to decide when a hand went round my throat.

‘If you make a sound, I’ll kill you,’ said a man’s voice in my ear. ‘Believe me, I will!’

It was the other man, and he recognised me.

‘It’s the girl from the train!’ he said.

The first man came to the window. ‘What’s happening?’ he asked. ‘Who’s that child you’re

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	Костанайский филиал Кафедра филологии		
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holding?’

The other man pushed my face forwards. ‘Can’t you see? I knew she was listening!’

‘She couldn’t hear us on the train,’ said the first man. ‘Nobody could hear our whispers. Give her to me.’

I was passed through the window, and now it was his hands that went round my throat. ‘Who are you?’ he wanted to know. ‘If you scream, I’ll pull your head right off you!’

I did not move or speak.

‘Cut her throat,’ said the other man, and took a long, terrible-looking knife with a silver handle from the table.

‘Wait,’ said his friend. He took a piece of rope from his bag. Then they pushed me into a chair and tied the rope around my arms and legs. They also tied something across my mouth to stop me speaking.

The man with blue eyes moved towards me with the knife. I was sure he was going to cut my throat. But he took my long hair in one hand, and with that terrible knife he cut all of it from my head!

I was more angry than I thought possible. I wanted to take that knife and push it into him! My long hair was more valuable to me than almost anything. Not because of my own love of it, but because my mother loved it. It pleased her so much, and she often told me how beautiful it was. And now this man had robbed me of it in the most terrible way. At that moment, I wanted to kill him.

He hit me across the face with my own hair. ‘It didn’t take me long to cut it off,’ he said, ‘but I’ll cut your throat quicker if you try to move.’

The man with blue eyes let my hair fall all over me. Then the two of them began to put Mr Colegate’s silver into two large bags. That was when I realized they were stealing it, and there was nothing I could do.

The man with blue eyes moved towards the window, carrying one of the bags. The first man put a hand on his arm, and I watched him whisper, ‘Do you remember the plan?’

The man with blue eyes put his mouth close to the other man’s ear. I watched his lips as he said, ‘Cotterill, Cloakroom, Victoria Station, Brighton Railway.’

I knew the words were important and promised myself that I would not forget them.

He got out of the window and his bag was passed to him. He turned towards me and said, ‘Sorry I can’t take a piece of your hair. Perhaps I’ll come back for some later.’ Then he went, and anger burned inside me.

His friend did not look at me. He took his bag and went out through the door. I don’t know what happened to him afterwards. I was left alone, all through that night.

I was not afraid, but the rope hurt my arms and legs. I repeated the words, ‘Cotterill, Cloakroom, Victoria Station Brighton Railway.’ I was sure they were important.

I did not sleep that night. Day came, and I wondered what Mrs Dickson was doing. Was she looking for me? I had some friends who lived three or four miles away. Sometimes I stayed the night with them, without telling anyone at home. Did Mrs Dickson think I was with them?


I do not know what time it was when I heard the sound of feet outside. The day seemed almost over. I watched the open window, and suddenly a face appeared.

It was Mr Colegate.

‘Judith!’ he said. ‘Judith Lee!’

He was not a young man, but he climbed in through that window as quickly as a boy. He took a knife from his pocket and cut the rope around my arms and legs, then he uncovered my mouth and at last I could speak.

‘Cotterill, Cloakroom, Victoria Station, Brighton Railway,’ I said. Then I fell into Mr Colegate’s

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arms.

I knew no more until I woke up in bed with Mrs Dickson standing beside me. With her were Dr Scott, Mr Colegate, Pierce the village policeman, and another man. I discovered later that he was a detective.

I saw that I was in a room in Myrtle Cottage, and sat up in bed — and remembered everything.

‘He cut off my hair with the long knife!’ I said.

My head felt strange. I asked for a mirror, then became angry again when I saw the blue-eyed man’s work. Before anyone could stop me, I jumped out of bed.

‘Cotterill, Cloakroom, Victoria Station, Brighton Railway,’ I said. ‘Where are my clothes?’

At first they thought I was crazy. But then I told them my story. ‘Cotterill, Cloakroom, Victoria Station, Brighton Railway,’ I said again. ‘That’s where I’m gong to catch the man who cut off my hair. And if we don’t go quickly, we may be too late.’

Mr Colegate agreed. He wanted to get his silver back as much as I wanted to find the man who cut my hair. So we went up to London on the first train that we could catch — Mr Colegate, the detective, and an almost hairless child.

We got to Victoria Station and went to the cloakroom.

‘Is there a parcel here in the name of Cotterill?’ Asked the detective.

‘One in the name of Cotterill was taken only half a minute ago,’ the cloakroom man replied. ‘Didn’t you see him walking off with it?’ He looked along the station. ‘There he is! Someone’s going to speak to him.’

I saw a man carrying a parcel, and I saw the man who was going to speak to him. ‘It’s the man who cut my hair!’ I shouted, and ran towards him as fast as I could go. He looked round and saw me, and quickly realized who I was. He whispered to the man with the parcel before running away.

I saw clearly what he said. ‘Bantock, 13 Harwood Street, near Oxford Street.’ Those were the words. And then he turned and ran away. Mr Colegate and the detective were close behind me. The man with the parcel saw us, and at once he dropped the parcel and ran off.

We did no catch him, or the man who cut my hair. The station was full of people coming off a train, which made it easy for both men to escape. But we got the parcel. It was not big enough to contain Mr Colegate’s silver, we realized that. But it did contain a much bigger surprise.

Jewels!

A London detective was sent for. He looked at the jewels and said, ‘These are the Duchess of Datchet’s jewels. The police all over Europe are looking for them.’

The man from the cloakroom was with us. ‘That parcel has been with us for nearly a month,’ he said. ‘The person who took it out paid for twenty-seven days.’

‘I wish I could catch him,’ said the London detective. ‘I have a word or two that I want to say to him.’

‘I think I know where you can find him,’ I said. ‘Bantock, 13 Harwood Street, near Oxford Street.’

‘Who is Bantock?’ the detective asked.


‘I don’t know,’ I said. ‘But I saw the man who cut off my hair whisper those words before he ran away.’

‘You saw him whisper them?’ The London detective looked at the others. ‘What does she mean? Young lady, you were fifteen metres away. How could you hear him whisper?’

‘I didn’t say I heard him whisper,’ I replied. ‘I said I saw him. I don’t need to hear to know what a person is saying.’

‘Judith is an excellent lip-reader,’ said Mr Colegate. He explained, but the others found it hard to believe.



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‘So what did you see him whisper?’ asked the detective.

‘I’ll tell you if I can come with you,’ I said.

The detective laughed. He seemed to think that I was amusing, but I don’t know why. He did not understand how angry I was about my hair. ‘All right,’ he said. ‘You can come. Now, tell me what you saw him whisper.’

So I told him again and he wrote it down.

‘I know Harwood Street, but I don’t know Mr Bantock,’ he said. ‘First I’ll send a message for some help, then we’ll go and visit Mr Bantock — if there is a Mr Bantock.’

The four of us went in a taxi — the two detectives, Mr Colegate and I. After a while, the taxi stopped on the corner of a street.

‘This is Harwood Street,’ said the London detective. ‘We can walk the rest of the way. We don’t want to stop outside the door. They may guess who we are.’

It was a street full of shops. The shop at number 13 sold jewels and other less valuable things. The name ‘Bantock was over the top of the window.

As we reached the shop, a taxi stopped outside it and five men got out. The London detective recognized them and did not look pleased. ‘Now our visit won’t be a surprise,’ he said. ‘Come on, let’s go in quickly.’

And we went in, the detective first and me behind him. There were two young men standing close together at the other side of the shop. When they saw us, I saw one whisper, ‘They’re detectives! Ring the alarm bell!’

‘He’s going to ring the alarm bell!’ I shouted.

The men from the other taxi were also detectives.

They came in quickly and held each of the two young men.

There was a door at the end of the shop which the London detective opened. ‘Stairs,’ he said. ‘We’ll go up. You men wait here until you’re wanted.’

I followed him up the stairs. At the top were two more doors. I could hear voices coming from behind one of them. The London detective went towards it. He opened the door and went in, and I was close behind him. There were several men in there, but I was only interested in one. He was standing on the other side of a table.

‘That’s the man who cut off my hair!’ I cried.

He seemed at first like a man who had seen a ghost, but then he said, ‘I wish I had cut your throat!’


The police caught all the thieves. They were wanted all over the world for other robberies. Mr Colegate got his silver back. Mr Bantock, who owned the shop, was someone who bought and sold stolen jewels. He and all the other men in that room were sent to prison.

It took many years for my hair to grow long again, and it never grew as long as before. Each time I looked into a mirror, some of my anger returned.

But the man who cut my hair was stupid. Before he cut it, the rope hurt me badly and I wasn’t interested in what he and his friend were doing or saying. But after he cut it, I was very angry indeed, and so I watched every move which they — and their lips! — made!

1. What is your opinion about the story?
2. Can you describe the main characters of the story?
3. Did the ending of the story surprised you? Why/Why not?

### 3.2.2 Типовые задания ко второму рубежному контролю к разделам: Места.

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1. Прослушайте текст, выполните пересказ.

### **The Railway Crossing by Freeman Wills Crofts**

Dunstan Thwaite looked at the railway crossing and decided that it was time for John Dunn to die. It was a very suitable place for a murder. There were trees all around, and they hid the trains which came so fast along the railway line. The nearest house was Thwaite's own, and this was also hidden by the trees. People and traffic did not use the crossing very often, and the big gates were kept locked. There was a small gate used by passengers going to the station, but at night it was always quiet.

Thwaite was a worried man. He had to use sleeping powders to help him sleep. But after tonight, things were going to be different. The time had come to stop the blackmail. The time had come for John Dunn to die.

It all began five years earlier...

Thwaite worked in the offices of a large company, and his only money was the money that the company paid him. It was not much, but it was enough. Then he met the beautiful Miss Hilda Lorraine and asked her to marry him.

She came from an important family who were supposed to be very rich, but in fact they had less money than Thwaite had thought. He learned that he would have to pay for the wedding himself. And he did not have enough money for the expensive kind of wedding that Miss Lorraine wanted. So Thwaite stole a thousand pounds, by changing the figures in the company's book. He planned to put the money back after he was married, but someone discovered that it was missing.

Thwaite kept quiet. Another man was thought to be the thief, and he lost his job. Thwaite still said nothing.

But John Dunn worked in the same office. He worked closely with Thwaite and guessed Thwaite's crime. He searched through the company's books until he found what he was looking for. Then he went to Thwaite.

'Sorry to have ask you, Mr Thwaite,' He said. I need a hundred pounds... for my son. He's in a bit of trouble , you see...'

'But you don't have a son,' said Thwaite.

And then Thwaite knew that he was being blackmailed.

He paid Dunn one hundred pounds, and Dunn said nothing more for a year. During that time, Thwaite got married.

Then the day came when Dunn asked him for more money.

'Two hundred and fifty pounds,' he said to Thwaite.

'I can't pay—' began Thwaite.


But he did. Either he paid or he went to prison.

It went on for five years, and each time Dunn wanted more money. Thwaite found it difficult to live on the money that he was left with. His wife liked expensive things. An expensive house, an expensive car, visit to expensive restaurants. She also discovered that some of money her husband was paid each year seemed to disappear. He tried to lie about it, but he knew that she thought he was paying to keep another woman.

Oh, how he hated John Dunn! Something must happen!

And then he remembered the railway crossing.

It was not a new idea. Weeks before, he had thought about what could happen there. The idea came

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when the doctor gave him some powders to help him sleep. He thought about giving Dunn enough of them to kill him, but then he got a better idea. Although he was afraid, Thwaite slowly realized that murder was the only answer to his problem.

Then Dunn asked for more money.

‘Five hundred pounds, Mr Thwaite,’ Dunn told him.

‘Five hundred!’ said Thwaite. ‘Why not ask for the moon? You’ll get neither one nor the other.’

‘Five hundred,’ repeated Dunn, calmly.

It was then that Thwaite decided to murder the other man. He pretended to think about the money for a moment, then he said, ‘Come to my house tomorrow night and we’ll talk.’ He remembered his wife was going to be away in London all night. ‘And bring those papers from the office which you want me to look at.’

‘All right,’ said Dunn.

The following evening, Thwaite put two hundred pounds in his pocket. Then he put half of his sleeping powders into a whisky bottle. There was only enough whisky for two glasses, but there was an unopened bottle next to it. Next he put a hammer into one pocket of his overcoat, and a torch into the other pocket. The coat was outside the door of his study. Lastly, he moved the hands on his watch and on the study clock forward by ten minutes. Those extra ten minutes would give him his alibi.

Thwaite knew that he must be extra careful.

He knew that people at the office thought there was some secret between him and Dunn. A secret that Thwaite didn’t want anyone to know.

‘If Dunn is killed,’ he thought, ‘they’ll wonder if it was really an accident, or if I murdered him.’

But if his plan went well, the police would believe that he hadn’t left the house.

Thwaite sat down to wait for John Dunn. He thought about what he was going to do. Murder! He could almost see his hand holding the hammer above Dunn; could hear the awful sound of it crashing down on to the man’s head. He could see Dunn’s dead body! Dead all except the eyes, which looked at Thwaite... followed him everywhere he went...

He tried to calm himself. He remembered why he was doing this. When Dunn was dead, his problems were over.

Half an hour later, Dunn arrived. Jane opened the door. Jane was the servant who lived in the house with Thwaite and his wife. She brought Dunn into the study.

Thwaite smiled in a friendly way. ‘Oh, good. You’ve brought those papers for me to see, Dunn. Thank you.’

After Jane left, the two men looked at each other.

‘Give me the papers,’ Thwaite said. ‘I’ll look at them now that you’ve brought them.’

Fifteen minutes later, he gave the papers back to Dunn and sat back in his chair.

‘Now, about that other matter.’ He got up. ‘But why not have a drink first?’


‘No, thank you,’ said Dunn. He looked afraid.

‘What are you afraid of?’ said Thwaite. He gave Dunn the opened whisky bottle and two glasses.

‘We can both drink the same whisky, if you like. Here, you do it.’

After a moment, Dunn put whisky into each glass, then he waited until Thwaite drank before he drank his own. Thwaite watched him. How long before the other man began to feel sleepy? Thwaite needed all of one sleeping powder to make him sleep, but Dunn did not usually take them.

‘Listen, Dunn,’ said Thwaite, ‘I haven’t got five hundred pounds, but I can give you this.’ He took the money from his pocket and put it on the table. Dunn counted it. ‘Two hundred?’ he said, with a

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laugh. 'Are you trying to funny?'

'I'm not saying it will be the last,' said Thwaite. 'Take it now and be pleased that you've got it.'

Dunn shook his head. 'Five hundred, Mr. Thwaite.'

'I've told you, I can't do it,' said Thwaite. 'And I won't do it. You can tell everyone what I did – I don't care any more. It's been five years, and I've done a lot of good work for the company during that time. I saved them a lot more than a thousand pounds. I'll go and live in another country and give myself a new name.'

'And your wife?' said Dunn.

'My wife will leave the country first,' Thwaite told him. 'She'll wait for me to come out of prison. It won't be more than two or three years. So you can take the two hundred pounds, or you can do your worst!'

The powder in the whisky was beginning to make Dunn sleepy. He looked stupidly at Thwaite, and Thwaite began to worry. Had he given the other man too much? He looked at the clock. There was not much time left.

'Will you take it, or leave it?' asked Thwaite.

'Five hundred,' said Dunn, in a heavy voice. 'I want five hundred.'

'You can go and do your worst,' said Thwaite.

Dunn held out a shaking hand. 'Come on, pay me.'

Thwaite began to worry again. 'Are you feeling all right, Dunn? Have some more whisky.' He opened the other bottle and put some whisky in Dunn's glass. Dunn drank it, and it seemed to make him feel better.

'That was strange,' he said. 'I didn't feel very well, but I feel a little better now.'

'If you're going to catch your train, you must go,' said Thwaite. 'Tell me tomorrow what you finally decide to do. Take the two hundred with you.'

Dunn thought for a moment, then picked up the money. He looked at his watch, then looked at the study clock. 'Your clock is wrong,' he said. 'I have ten more minutes.'

'Wrong?' said Thwaite. He looked at his own watch. 'It's your watch that's wrong. Look at mine.'

Dunn looked and seemed unable to understand it. He stood up... and almost fell back again. Thwaite hid a smile. This was how he wanted Dunn to be. 'You're not feeling well,' he said. 'I'll take you to the station. Wait until I get my coat.'


Now that the time was here, Thwaite felt cool and calm. He put on his coat, feeling the hammer in the pocket, then went back into the study.

'We'll go out this way,' he said.

There was a side door from the study into the garden. Thwaite closed it silently and it locked automatically behind him. It was his plan to return that way, go in quietly again, and then to change the clock and his watch back to the right time. Then he would shout 'Goodnight', and close the front door very loudly, pretending that somebody had left just then. Next, he would call Jane and ask for some coffee, making sure that she saw the clock. Then, if the police asked her later, Jane could say that Thwaite did not leave the house and that Dunn went to catch his train at the right time.

It was a dry night, but very dark. A train carrying freight went slowly by. Thwaite smiled to himself. There were plenty of freight trains at that time of the night. He needed one of them to hide his crime for him. He planned to hit Dunn on the head with the hammer, then put his body on the railway line. A freight train would do the rest.

Slowly, the two men walked on, Thwaite holding Dunn's arm. A light wind moved among the trees. Thwaite gently pushed the half-asleep Dunn forwards. He put his hand into his pocket for the

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hammer... And stopped. His keys! They were still inside the house, and he could not get back in without them! He would have to ring the front door bell. His alibi was destroyed! It was a bad mistake. Everything was wrong now. He couldn't go on with the murder.

'Most murders make mistake,' thought Thwaite, trying to claim himself. 'I've been the same.' But he was shaking with fear as he thought about the mistake. Suddenly, he could not walk another step with Dunn.

'Goodnight,' he said to the other man.

And before they reached the crossing, he turned and walked back to the house.

For ten minutes, Thwaite walked up and down outside until he began to feel calm again. Then he rang the bell.

'Thank you, Jane,' he said. 'I went to see Mr Dunn over the crossing, and I forgot my keys.'

He went to bed a happier man. He was not a murderer.

When he was eating his breakfast the next morning, he decided what to do. 'I'll tell them at the office that I stole the thousand pounds,' he said to himself. 'I'll take my punishment, and then I can have some peace again.'

It suddenly seemed so easy. Until Jane came in.

'Have you heard the news, sir?' she said. 'Mr. Dunn was killed by a train on the crossing last night. A man who was working on the railway line found him this morning.'

Thwaite slowly went white. Jane was looking at him strangely. What was she thinking? What story did he tell her the night before? He couldn't remember!

'Dunn killed!' he said. 'How terrible, Jane! I'll go down.' The body was in a small railway building, near the line. There was a policeman outside.

'A sad accident, Mr Thwaite,' the policeman said. 'You knew the man, didn't you, sir?'

'He worked in my office,' replied Thwaite. 'He was with me last night, discussing business. I suppose this happened on his way home. It's terrible!'

'It's very sad, sir,' said the policeman. 'But accidents will happen.'

'I know that,' said Thwaite. 'But I wish he hadn't drunk so much of my whisky. I was going to walk with him to the station.'

The policeman looked closely at Thwaite. 'And did you, sir?' 'No,' said Thwasite. 'The cold night air seemed to make him feel better. I turned back before the crossing.'


The policeman said no more, but later that day two more policemen came to the office. 'Have they talked to Jane?' wondered Thwaite. Again he told them, 'I left Dunn before we reached the railway crossing.' They wrote down what he said to them, then went away.

Next day, they came back.

There were things that Thwaite could not explain to them. Why did the whisky bottle contain what was left of a sleeping powder? Why was the study clock wrong by ten minutes? (At dinner-time earlier on the same evening, Jane had noticed that it was right.) And why was a hammer found in his overcoat pocket?

Then the police found papers in Dunn's house. The hand-writing on them was Dunn's. It told the story of Thwaite and the thousand pounds, and it told how Thwaite was a thief. The police then discovered that money taken from Thwaite's bank account over the last five years always appeared a few days later in Dunn's bank book. Lastly, the time of death was known to be 10.30 pm because Dunn's blood was found on that time. It was also seven minutes before Jane opened the front door to let Thwaite back in...

At first, Thwaite had no answers to all their questions.

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Finally, on his last morning, he told them the true story.  
Then he went to his death bravely.

### 3.2.3 Типовые задания к третьему рубежному контролю к разделам: Информация.

1. Прослушайте текст, выполните задания по тексту.

#### **A Municipal Report by O. Henry**

It was raining as I got off the train in Nashville, Tennessee — a slow, gray rain. I was tired so I went straight to my hotel.

A big, heavy man was walking up and down in the hotel lobby. Something about the way he moved made me think of a hungry dog looking for a bone. He had a big, fat, red face and a sleepy expression in his eyes. He introduced himself as Wentworth Caswell — Major Wentworth Caswell — from «a fine southern family». Caswell pulled me into the hotel's barroom and yelled for a waiter. We ordered drinks. While we drank, he talked continually about himself, his family, his wife and her family. He said his wife was rich. He showed me a handful of silver coins that he pulled from his coat pocket.

By this time, I had decided that I wanted no more of him. I said good night.

I went up to my room and looked out the window. It was ten o'clock but the town was silent. «A nice quiet place,» I said to myself as I got ready for bed. Just an ordinary, sleepy southern town.»

I was born in the south myself. But I live in New York now. I write for a large magazine. My boss had asked me to go to Nashville. The magazine had received some stories and poems from a writer in Nashville, named Azalea Adair. The editor liked her work very much. The publisher asked me to get her to sign an agreement to write only for his magazine.

I left the hotel at nine o'clock the next morning to find Miss Adair. It was still raining. As soon as I stepped outside I met Uncle Caesar. He was a big, old black man with fuzzy gray hair.

Uncle Caesar was wearing the strangest coat I had ever seen. It must have been a military officer's coat. It was very long and when it was new it had been gray. But now rain, sun and age had made it a rainbow of colors. Only one of the buttons was left. It was yellow and as big as a fifty cent coin.

Uncle Caesar stood near a horse and carriage. He opened the carriage door and said softly, «Step right in, sir. I'll take you anywhere in the city.»


«I want to go to eight-sixty-one Jasmine Street,» I said, and I started to climb into the carriage. But the old man stopped me. «Why do you want to go there, sir?»

«What business is it of yours?» I said angrily. Uncle Caesar relaxed and smiled. «Nothing, sir. But it's a lonely part of town. Just step in and I'll take you there right away.»

Eight-sixty-one Jasmine Street had been a fine house once, but now it was old and dying. I got out of the carriage.

«That will be two dollars, sir,» Uncle Caesar said. I gave him two one-dollar bills. As I handed them to him, I noticed that one had been torn in half and fixed with a piece of blue paper. Also, the upper right hand corner was missing.

Azalea Adair herself opened the door when I knocked. She was about fifty years old. Her white hair was pulled back from her small, tired face. She wore a pale yellow dress. It was old, but very clean. Azalea Adair led me into her living room. A damaged table, three chairs and an old red sofa were in

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the center of the floor.

Azalea Adair and I sat down at the table and began to talk. I told her about the magazine's offer and she told me about herself. She was from an old southern family. Her father had been a judge.

Azalea Adair told me she had never traveled or even attended school. Her parents taught her at home with private teachers. We finished our meeting. I promised to return with the agreement the next day, and rose to leave.

At that moment, someone knocked at the back door. Azalea Adair whispered a soft apology and went to answer the caller. She came back a minute later with bright eyes and pink cheeks. She looked ten years younger. «You must have a cup of tea before you go,» she said. She shook a little bell on the table, and a small black girl about twelve years old ran into the room.

Azalea Adair opened a tiny old purse and took out a dollar bill. It had been fixed with a piece of blue paper and the upper right hand corner was missing. It was the dollar I had given to Uncle Caesar. «Go to Mister Baker's store, Impy,» she said, «and get me twenty-five cents' worth of tea and ten cents' worth of sugar cakes. And please hurry.»

The child ran out of the room. We heard the back door close. Then the girl screamed. Her cry mixed with a man's angry voice. Azalea Adair stood up. Her face showed no emotion as she left the room. I heard the man's rough voice and her gentle one. Then a door slammed and she came back into the room.

«I am sorry, but I won't be able to offer you any tea after all,» she said. «It seems that Mister Baker has no more tea. Perhaps he will find some for our visit tomorrow.»

We said good-bye. I went back to my hotel.

Just before dinner, Major Wentworth Caswell found me. It was impossible to avoid him. He insisted on buying me a drink and pulled two one-dollar bills from his pocket. Again I saw a torn dollar fixed with blue paper, with a corner missing. It was the one I gave Uncle Caesar. How strange, I thought. I wondered how Caswell got it.

Uncle Caesar was waiting outside the hotel the next afternoon. He took me to Miss Adair's house and agreed to wait there until we had finished our business.

Azalea Adair did not look well. I explained the agreement to her. She signed it. Then, as she started to rise from the table, Azalea Adair fainted and fell to the floor. I picked her up and carried her to the old red sofa. I ran to the door and yelled to Uncle Caesar for help. He ran down the street. Five minutes later, he was back with a doctor.

The doctor examined Miss Adair and turned to the old black driver. «Uncle Caesar,» he said, «run to my house and ask my wife for some milk and some eggs. Hurry!»

Then the doctor turned to me. «She does not get enough to eat,» he said. «She has many friends who want to help her, but she is proud. Misses Caswell will accept help only from that old black man. He was once her family's slave.»


«Misses Caswell.» I said in surprise. «I thought she was Azalea Adair.»

«She was,» the doctor answered, «until she married Wentworth Caswell twenty years ago. But he's a hopeless drunk who takes even the small amount of money that Uncle Caesar gives her.»

After the doctor left I heard Caesar's voice in the other room. «Did he take all the money I gave you yesterday, Miss Azalea?» «Yes, Caesar,» I heard her answer softly. «He took both dollars.»

I went into the room and gave Azalea Adair fifty dollars. I told her it was from the magazine. Then Uncle Caesar drove me back to the hotel.

A few hours later, I went out for a walk before dinner. A crowd of people were talking excitedly in front of a store. I pushed my way into the store. Major Caswell was lying on the floor. He was dead. Someone had found his body on the street. He had been killed in a fight. In fact, his hands were still

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closed into tight fists. But as I stood near his body, Caswell's right hand opened. Something fell from it and rolled near my feet. I put my foot on it, then picked it up and put it in my pocket. People said they believed a thief had killed him. They said Caswell had been showing everyone that he had fifty dollars. But when he was found, he had no money on him. I left Nashville the next morning. As the train crossed a river I took out of my pocket the object that had dropped from Caswell's dead hand. I threw it into the river below. It was a button. A yellow button... the one from Uncle Caesar's coat.

1. How can you describe the main characters of the story?
2. What is your opinion about the story?
3. Who was the killer of Caesar?

### 3.2.3 Типовые задания к четвертому рубежному контролю к разделам: Путешествия.

1. Прослушайте текст, выполните пересказ текста.

#### **The Legend of Sleepy Hollow by Washington Irving**

The valley known as Sleepy Hollow hides from the world in the high hills of New York state. There are many stories told about the quiet valley. But the story that people believe most is about a man who rides a horse at night. The story says the man died many years ago during the American revolutionary war. His head was shot off. Every night he rises from his burial place, jumps on his horse and rides through the valley looking for his lost head.

Near Sleepy Hollow is a village called Tarry Town. It was settled many years ago by people from Holland. The village had a small school. And one teacher, named Ichabod Crane. Ichabod Crane was a good name for him, because he looked like a tall bird, a crane. He was tall and thin like a crane. His shoulders were small, joined two long arms. His head was small, too, and flat on top. He had big ears, large glassy green eyes and a long nose.

Ichabod did not make much money as a teacher. And although he was tall and thin, he ate like a fat man. To help him pay for his food he earned extra money teaching young people to sing. Every Sunday after church Ichabod taught singing.

Among the ladies Ichabod taught was one Katrina Van Tassel. She was the only daughter of a rich Dutch farmer. She was a girl in bloom, much like a round red, rosy apple. Ichabod had a soft and foolish heart for the ladies, and soon found himself interested in Miss Van Tassel.


Ichabod's eyes opened wide when he saw the riches of Katrina's farm: the miles of apple trees and wheat fields, and hundreds of fat farm animals. He saw himself as master of the Van Tassel farm with Katrina as his wife.

But there were many problems blocking the road to Katrina's heart. One was a strong young man named Brom Van Brunt. Brom was a hero to all the young ladies. His shoulders were big. His back was wide. And his hair was short and curly. He always won the horse races in Tarry Town and earned many prizes. Brom was never seen without a horse.

Sometimes late at night Brom and his friends would rush through town shouting loudly from the backs of their horses. Tired old ladies would awaken from their sleep and say: «Why, there goes Brom Van Brunt leading his wild group again!»

Such was the enemy Ichabod had to defeat for Katrina's heart.



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Stronger and wiser men would not have tried. But Ichabod had a plan. He could not fight his enemy in the open. So he did it silently and secretly. He made many visits to Katrina's farm and made her think he was helping her to sing better.

Time passed, and the town people thought Ichabod was winning. Brom's horse was never seen at Katrina's house on Sunday nights anymore.

One day in autumn Ichabod was asked to come to a big party at the Van Tassel home. He dressed in his best clothes. A farmer loaned him an old horse for the long trip to the party.

The house was filled with farmers and their wives, red-faced daughters and clean, washed sons. The tables were filled with different things to eat. Wine filled many glasses.

Brom Van Brunt rode to the party on his fastest horse called Daredevil. All the young ladies smiled happily when they saw him. Soon music filled the rooms and everyone began to dance and sing.

Ichabod was happy dancing with Katrina as Brom looked at them with a jealous heart. The night passed. The music stopped, and the young people sat together to tell stories about the revolutionary war.

Soon stories about Sleepy Hollow were told. The most feared story was about the rider looking for his lost head. One farmer told how he raced the headless man on a horse. The farmer ran his horse faster and faster. The horseman followed over bush and stone until they came to the end of the valley. There the headless horseman suddenly stopped. Gone were his clothes and his skin. All that was left was a man with white bones shining in the moonlight.

The stories ended and time came to leave the party. Ichabod seemed very happy until he said goodnight to Katrina. Was she ending their romance? He left feeling very sad. Had Katrina been seeing Ichabod just to make Brom Van Brunt jealous so he would marry her?

Well, Ichabod began his long ride home on the hills that surround Tarry Town. He had never felt so lonely in his life. He began to whistle as he came close to the tree where a man had been killed years ago by rebels.

He thought he saw something white move in the tree. But no, it was only the moonlight shining and moving on the tree. Then he heard a noise. His body shook. He kicked his horse faster. The old horse tried to run, but almost fell in the river, instead. Ichabod hit the horse again. The horse ran fast and then suddenly stopped, almost throwing Ichabod forward to the ground.

There, in the dark woods on the side of the river where the bushes grow low, stood an ugly thing. Big and black. It did not move, but seemed ready to jump like a giant monster.


Ichabod's hair stood straight up. It was too late to run, and in his fear, he did the only thing he could. His shaking voice broke the silent valley.

«Who are you?» The thing did not answer. Ichabod asked again. Still no answer. Ichabod's old horse began to move forward. The black thing began to move along the side of Ichabod's horse in the dark. Ichabod made his horse run faster. The black thing moved with them. Side by side they moved, slowly at first. And not a word was said.

Ichabod felt his heart sink. Up a hill they moved above the shadow of the trees. For a moment the moon shown down and to Ichabod's horror he saw it was a horse. And it had a rider. But the rider's head was not on his body. It was in front of the rider, resting on the horse.

Ichabod kicked and hit his old horse with all his power. Away they rushed through bushes and trees across the valley of Sleepy Hollow. Up ahead was the old church bridge where the headless horseman stops and returns to his burial place.

«If only I can get there first, I am safe,» thought Ichabod. He kicked his horse again. The horse jumped on to the bridge and raced over it like the sound of thunder. Ichabod looked back to see if the headless man had stopped. He saw the man pick up his head and throw it with a powerful force. The

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head hit Ichabod in the face and knocked him off his horse to the dirt below.

They found Ichabod's horse the next day peacefully eating grass. They could not find Ichabod.

They walked all across the valley. They saw the foot marks of Ichabod's horse as it had raced through the valley. They even found Ichabod's old hat in the dust near the bridge. But they did not find Ichabod. The only other thing they found was lying near Ichabod's hat.

It was the broken pieces of a round orange pumpkin.

The town people talked about Ichabod for many weeks. They remembered the frightening stories of the valley. And finally they came to believe that the headless horseman had carried Ichabod away.

Much later an old farmer returned from a visit to New York City. He said he was sure he saw Ichabod there. He thought Ichabod silently left Sleepy Hollow because he had lost Katrina.

As for Katrina, her mother and father gave her a big wedding when she married Brom Van Brunt.

Many people who went to the wedding saw that Brom smiled whenever Ichabod's name was spoken.

And they wondered why he laughed out loud when anyone talked about the broken orange pumpkin found lying near Ichabod's old dusty hat.

#### 4. ПОРЯДОК ПРОВЕДЕНИЯ И КРИТЕРИИ ОЦЕНИВАНИЯ РУБЕЖНОГО КОНТРОЛЯ

##### 4.1. Порядок проведения рубежного контроля

На выполнение задания рубежного контроля отводится 1 час 30 минут. Рубежный контроль по данной дисциплине представлен в форме аудирования текста с пониманием основного или полного смысла, пересказа текста или выполнения заданий по тексту.

В ходе рубежного контроля студент прослушивает текст, выполняет задания по тексту и выполняет пересказ прослушанного текста. Продолжительность – 1 час 30 минут.

##### 4.2. Критерии оценивания рубежного контроля по видам оценочных средств

###### 4.2.1. Критерии оценивания аудирования текста.

Максимальный балл за аудирование текста – 15 баллов

Отлично 15-13 баллов	Хорошо 12-8 баллов	Удовлетворительно 7-4 баллов	Неудовлетворительно 3-0 балла
Высокий уровень освоения проверяемых компетенций	Средний уровень освоения проверяемых компетенций	Базовый уровень освоения проверяемых компетенций	Недостаточный уровень освоения проверяемых компетенций
Цель аудирования достигнута полностью. Обучающийся верно соотносит заголовки/иллюстрации с содержанием текста, отвечает на все поставленные вопросы и выполняет все задания. Демонстрирует хорошие навыки определения типа текста и основной темы; верно выделяет при повторном слушании	Цель аудирования достигнута, но не в полном объеме. Обучающийся верно отвечает на вопросы общего характера, допуская 1-2 ошибки при ответе на вопросы, касающиеся отдельных деталей /фактов	Цель аудирования достигнута частично. Смысл аудиотекста понят в ограниченном объеме, социокультурные знания мало использованы в соответствии с ситуацией Демонстрирует несформированность навыков определения типа текста и основной темы, допускает 3 ошибки при	Задание не выполнено. Цель аудирования не достигнута. Тема и содержание не поняты. Не может оценить текст с точки зрения его значимости и информативности Информация на слух почти не воспринимается.



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ключевые слова/реалии; умеет составлять план в форме заголовков к смысловым кускам. Умеет верно передать основное содержание на родном /иностранном языке; перечислить основные факты в той последовательности, в которой они даны в тексте.	Демонстрирует навыки определения типа текста и основной темы, но допускает 1-2 ошибки в умении отделять главное от второстепенного. Аудиоматериал понимается обучающимся верно, но есть затруднения при делении текста на смысловые куски и озаглавливание их.	составлении плана. Аудиоматериал понят частично, обучающийся испытывает трудности в определении основного содержания и передаче его на иностранном языке.	
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#### 4.2.2. Критерии оценивания заданий по тексту.


Максимальный балл за выполнение заданий – 5 баллов.

<b>Отлично 5 баллов</b>	<b>Хорошо 4 балла</b>	<b>Удовлетворительно 3 балла</b>	<b>Неудовлетворительно 2-0 балла</b>
Высокий уровень освоения проверяемых компетенций	Средний уровень освоения проверяемых компетенций	Базовый уровень освоения проверяемых компетенций	Недостаточный уровень освоения проверяемых компетенций
Задание выполнено полностью, отсутствуют грамматические, орфографические и лексические ошибки, либо есть одна-две незначительные ошибки.	Задание выполнено полностью, присутствуют грамматические, орфографические и лексические ошибки.	Задание выполнено не полностью либо даны не полные ответы, присутствует большое количество грамматических, орфографических и лексических ошибок.	Задание не выполнено либо полностью искажен смысл задания.

#### 4.2.3 Критерии оценивания пересказа текста.

Максимальный балл за пересказ текста – 5 баллов.

<b>Отлично 5 баллов</b>	<b>Хорошо 4 балла</b>	<b>Удовлетворительно 3 балла</b>	<b>Неудовлетворительно 2-0 балла</b>
Высокий уровень освоения проверяемых компетенций	Средний уровень освоения проверяемых компетенций	Базовый уровень освоения проверяемых компетенций	Недостаточный уровень освоения проверяемых компетенций
Пересказ содержит все ключевые моменты, переданные в нужной последовательности, отсутствуют грамматические, лексические и фонетические ошибки.	Пересказ содержит все ключевые моменты, переданные в нужной последовательности, с небольшими опущениями некоторой информации, присутствуют малое количество	В пересказе опущены некоторые ключевые моменты, не соблюдается последовательность, присутствуют грамматические, лексические и фонетические ошибки.	В пересказе опущены практически все ключевые моменты, не соблюдается последовательность, присутствует большое количество грамматических, лексических и фонетических ошибок.

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	грамматических, лексических и фонетических ошибок.		

#### 4.3. Результаты рубежного контроля и уровни сформированности компетенций

При подведении итогов учитываются результаты текущего и рубежного контроля. Полученные за текущий и рубежный контроль баллы суммируются с баллами, полученными за каждый этап при прохождении промежуточной аттестации:

- 0-49 баллов - неудовлетворительно (2) (незачтено);
- 50-74 баллов - удовлетворительно (3) (зачтено);
- 75-89 баллов - хорошо (4) (зачтено);
- 90-100 баллов - отлично (5) (зачтено).

Особенности проведения процедуры оценивания результатов обучения инвалидов и лиц с ограниченными возможностями здоровья обозначены в рабочей программе дисциплины (модуля).

Уровни сформированности компетенций определяется следующим образом:


1. Высокий уровень сформированности компетенций соответствует оценке отлично:
 

Обучающийся знает систему лингвистических знаний, включающую в себя знание основных фонетических, лексических, грамматических, словообразовательных явлений и закономерностей функционирования изучаемого иностранного языка; нормы литературного языка и различать кодифицированные и некодифицированные варианты языковых единиц; жанровые разновидности официально-деловой корреспонденции; функциональные стили; модели речевого поведения;

  - Обучающийся способен систематизировать знания грамматики иностранного языка, анализировать грамматические формы и явления иностранного языка в тексте (в том числе в исходной тексте и тексте перевода); пользоваться понятийным и терминологическим аппаратом; преодолевать коммуникативные барьеры; понимать особенности взаимодействия культур; строить грамматически корректные и лексически адекватные высказывания, исходя из социально-культурных и коммуникативно-функциональных условий общения с учётом культурных традиций;
  - Обучающийся владеет системой лингвистических знаний, включающей в себя знание основных фонетических, лексических, грамматических, словообразовательных явлений и закономерностей функционирования изучаемого иностранного языка, его функциональных разновидностей; основными компонентами культуры мышления; умением анализировать, обобщать информацию, ставить цели и выбирать пути их достижения; способностью совершенствовать умения и навыки в сфере предпереводческого анализа; способностью оценивать результаты собственного предпереводческого анализа и корректировать его для достижения наибольшей эффективности.

Продвинутый уровень соответствует оценке хорошо:

  - знать основные способы выделения значимой информации, присущие иностранному языку; основные нормы иностранного языка (орфоэпические, лексические, грамматические, пунктуационные), нормы речевого этикета; о осуществлении на практике

	МИНОБРНАУКИ РОССИИ Федеральное государственное бюджетное образовательное учреждение высшего образования «Челябинский государственный университет» (ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ»)		
	Костанайский филиал Кафедра филологии		
Фонд оценочных средств по дисциплине (модулю) «Практикум. Аудирование» по основной профессиональной образовательной программе высшего образования – программе бакалавриата «Преподавание английского языка» по направлению подготовки 45.03.02 Лингвистика			
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междисциплинарных связей по курсам общего языкознания, лексикологии, грамматики, стилистики и т.п.;

- строить высказывания различной тематики и стилистических регистров для выражения собственных мыслей с использованием вариативных возможностей иностранного языка, включая языковые средства выделения релевантной информации; оценить конкретную коммуникативную ситуацию, ее цель, социально-психологические характеристики коммуникантов и принять решение об использовании необходимого набора языковых средств; производить грамматический анализ предложений на английском языке; читать, писать и переводить аутентичные тексты на английском языке;

- навыками свободного выражения своей мысли, адекватно используя разнообразные языковые средства с целью выделения релевантной информации; приемами установления и поддержания эффективного межкультурного диалога и взаимодействия; коммуникативными навыками и умениями в процессе аудирования, говорения, чтения и письма на английском языке в конкретных речевых ситуациях;

Пороговый уровень соответствует оценке удовлетворительно:

- основные характеристики фонетической, лексической и грамматической системы иностранного языка, а также основные закономерности его функционирования во всех его жанрово-стилистических разновидностях; правила использования языковых средств для построения информационной структуры текста на письме; иметь представление о фонетической, лексической и грамматической системе английского языка;

- применять полученные системные знания как для построения текстов на иностранном языке, так и для перевода с иностранного языка на родной и с родного языка на иностранный; использовать языковые средства для построения информационной структуры текста на письме; выражать свои мысли в устной форме по пройденной тематике, устно излагать краткое содержание и основные мысли текста на английском языке;

- студент способен найти необходимую информацию в справочной, специальной литературе и компьютерных сетях.

2. Недостаточный уровень соответствует оценке неудовлетворительно.