



МИНИСТЕРСТВО НАУКИ И ВЫСШЕГО ОБРАЗОВАНИЯ
РОССИЙСКОЙ ФЕДЕРАЦИИ

Федеральное государственное бюджетное образовательное учреждение
высшего образования

«Магнитогорский государственный технический университет им. Г.И.
Носова»



УТВЕРЖДАЮ
Директор ИГО
Л.Н. Санникова

06.02.2025 г.

РАБОЧАЯ ПРОГРАММА ДИСЦИПЛИНЫ (МОДУЛЯ)

ДИСКУРС

Направление подготовки (специальность)
44.04.01 Педагогическое образование

Направленность (профиль/специализация) программы
Современные технологии обучения иностранным языкам в системе общего и
дополнительного иноязычного образования

Уровень высшего образования - магистратура

Форма обучения
заочная

Институт/ факультет	Институт гуманитарного образования
Кафедра	Лингвистики и перевода
Курс	2

Магнитогорск
2025 год

Рабочая программа составлена на основе ФГОС ВО - магистратура по направлению подготовки 44.04.01 Педагогическое образование (приказ Минобрнауки России от 22.02.2018 г. № 126)

Рабочая программа рассмотрена и одобрена на заседании кафедры Лингвистики и перевода

24.01.2025, протокол № 5

Зав. кафедрой



Т.В. Акашева

Рабочая программа одобрена методической комиссией ИГО

06.02.2025 г. протокол № 6

Председатель



Л.Н. Санникова

Рабочая программа составлена:

доцент кафедры ЛиП, канд. филол. наук



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Рецензент:

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Лист актуализации рабочей программы

Рабочая программа пересмотрена, обсуждена и одобрена для реализации в 2026 - 2027 учебном году на заседании кафедры Лингвистики и перевода

Протокол от ____ 20__ г. № ____
Зав. кафедрой _____ Т.В. Акашева

Рабочая программа пересмотрена, обсуждена и одобрена для реализации в 2027 - 2028 учебном году на заседании кафедры Лингвистики и перевода

Протокол от ____ 20__ г. № ____
Зав. кафедрой _____ Т.В. Акашева

Рабочая программа пересмотрена, обсуждена и одобрена для реализации в 2028 - 2029 учебном году на заседании кафедры Лингвистики и перевода

Протокол от ____ 20__ г. № ____
Зав. кафедрой _____ Т.В. Акашева

1 Цели освоения дисциплины (модуля)

Целями освоения дисциплины (модуля) «Дискурс» является способность применять методики и современные педагогические технологии обучения иностранным языкам, разрабатывать учебно-методические материалы с учетом современных научных достижений, анализировать подходы к обучению и эффективность учебных занятий по дисциплине «Иностранный язык»,

осуществлять контроль и коррекцию учебно-методического обеспечения реализации дисциплины «Иностранный язык» в соответствии с требованиями образовательной среды

2 Место дисциплины (модуля) в структуре образовательной программы

Дисциплина Дискурс входит в часть учебного плана формируемую участниками образовательных отношений образовательной программы.

Для изучения дисциплины необходимы знания (умения, владения), сформированные в результате изучения дисциплин/ практик:

Иностранный язык в профессиональной деятельности

Практикум по культуре речевого общения (английский язык)

Знания (умения, владения), полученные при изучении данной дисциплины будут необходимы для изучения дисциплин/практик:

Выполнение и защита выпускной квалификационной работы

Производственная - преддипломная практика

3 Компетенции обучающегося, формируемые в результате освоения дисциплины (модуля) и планируемые результаты обучения

В результате освоения дисциплины (модуля) «Дискурс» обучающийся должен обладать следующими компетенциями:

Код индикатора	Индикатор достижения компетенции
ПК-1	Способен применять методики и современные педагогические технологии обучения иностранным языкам
ПК-1.1	Разрабатывает учебно-методические материалы с учетом современных научных достижений
ПК-1.2	Анализирует подходы к обучению и эффективность учебных занятий по дисциплине «Иностранный язык»
ПК-1.3	Осуществляет контроль и коррекцию учебно-методического обеспечения реализации дисциплины «Иностранный язык» в соответствии с требованиями образовательной среды

4. Структура, объём и содержание дисциплины (модуля)

Общая трудоемкость дисциплины составляет 3 зачетных единиц 108 акад. часов, в том числе:

- контактная работа – 4,4 акад. часов;
- аудиторная – 4 акад. часов;
- внеаудиторная – 0,4 акад. часов;
- самостоятельная работа – 99,7 акад. часов;
- в форме практической подготовки – 0 акад. час;

– подготовка к зачёту – 3,9 акад. час

Форма аттестации - зачет

Раздел/ тема дисциплины	Курс	Аудиторная контактная работа (в акад. часах)			Самостоятельная работа студента	Вид самостоятельной работы	Форма текущего контроля успеваемости и промежуточной аттестации	Код компетенции
		Лек.	лаб. зан.	практ. зан.				
1. Раздел 1. Дискурс как предмет лингвистического изучения, его место в ряду близких понятий дискурса. Семантика и грамматика дискурса								
1.1 Семантика дискурса: пропозиция, референция, экспликатура, имплицатура, инференция, пресуппозиция и др. Тема дискурса. Тема говорящего. Контекст дискурса и его типы. Когнитивные структуры	2	2/2И			40	Чтение рекомендованной литературы.	Устный опрос. Семантический дискур-анализ текста.	ПК-1.1, ПК-1.2, ПК-1.3
Итого по разделу		2/2И			40			
2. Раздел 2. Единицы и участники дискурса.								
2.1 Речевые акты, их типы, коммуникативные акты, ходы, обмены, трансакции, речевые события как единицы дискурса. Мена коммуникативных ролей, коммуникативная стратегия, когезия, когеренция, метакоммуникация и дейксис дискурса.	2			2/2И	59,7	Чтение рекомендованной литературы.	Устный опрос. Грамматический дискур-анализ текста.	ПК-1.1, ПК-1.2, ПК-1.3
Итого по разделу				2/2И	59,7			
Итого за семестр		2/2И		2/2И	99,7		зачёт	
Итого по дисциплине		2/2И		2/2И	99,7		зачет	

5 Образовательные технологии

При изучении дисциплины «Дискурс» используются следующие образовательные и информационные технологии: традиционные образовательные технологии (информационная лекция, семинар), интерактивные технологии (семинар-дискуссия), информационно-коммуникативные образовательные технологии (лекция-визуализация, практическое занятие в форме презентации).

6 Учебно-методическое обеспечение самостоятельной работы обучающихся

Представлено в приложении 1.

7 Оценочные средства для проведения промежуточной аттестации

Представлены в приложении 2.

8 Учебно-методическое и информационное обеспечение дисциплины

а) Основная литература:

1) Рыжикова, М. Д. Анализ дискурса: теория и практика : учебное пособие / М. Д. Рыжикова. — Симферополь : КФУ им. В.И. Вернадского, 2018. — 138 с. — ISBN 978-5-6041133-6-3. — Текст : электронный // Лань : электронно-библиотечная система. — URL: <https://e.lanbook.com/book/345167> (дата обращения: 22.03.2025). — Режим доступа: для авториз. пользователей.

2) Границы жанра: текст и дискурс : монография / И. М. Басовец, Н. В. Буренина, Е. В. Войтишенюк [и др.]. — Гомель : ГГУ имени Ф. Скорины, 2019. — 188 с. — ISBN 978-985-577-537-0. — Текст : электронный // Лань : электронно-библиотечная система. — URL: <https://e.lanbook.com/book/329711> (дата обращения: 28.03.2025). — Режим доступа: для авториз. пользователей.

б) Дополнительная литература:

1. Бужинская, Д. С. Композиция публицистического текста : учебное пособие / Д. С. Бужинская, О. И. Соловьева ; МГТУ. - [2-е изд., подгот. по печ. изд. 2014 г.]. - Магнитогорск : МГТУ, 2017. - 1 электрон. опт. диск (CD-ROM). - Загл. с титул. экрана. - URL: <https://host.megaprolib.net/MP0109/Download/MObject/20392> (дата обращения: 22.03.2025). - Макрообъект. - Текст : электронный. - Сведения доступны также на CD-ROM.

2. Бужинская, Д. С. Композиция риторического текста : учебное пособие / Д. С. Бужинская, О. И. Соловьева ; МГТУ. - Магнитогорск : МГТУ, 2015. - 1 электрон. опт. диск (CD-ROM). - Загл. с титул. экрана. - URL: <https://host.megaprolib.net/MP0109/Download/MObject/204> (дата обращения: 22.03.2025). - Макрообъект. - Текст : электронный. - Сведения доступны также на CD-ROM.

в) Методические указания:

Самостоятельная работа студентов вуза : практикум / составители: Т. Г. Неретина, Н. Р. Уразаева, Е. М. Разумова, Т. Ф. Орехова ; Магнитогорский гос. технический ун-т им. Г. И. Носова. - Магнитогорск : МГТУ им. Г. И. Носова, 2019. - 1 CD-ROM. - Загл. с титул. экрана. - URL: <https://host.megaprolib.net/MP0109/Download/MObject/2391> (дата обращения: 22.03.2025). - Макрообъект. - Текст : электронный. - Сведения доступны также на CD-ROM.

г) Программное обеспечение и Интернет-ресурсы:

Программное обеспечение

Наименование ПО	№ договора	Срок действия лицензии
7Zip	свободно распространяемое ПО	бессрочно
FAR Manager	свободно распространяемое ПО	бессрочно

Профессиональные базы данных и информационные справочные системы

Название курса	Ссылка
Национальная информационно-аналитическая система – Российский индекс научного цитирования (РИНЦ)	URL: https://elibrary.ru/project_risc.asp
Российская Государственная библиотека. Каталоги	https://www.rsl.ru/ru/4readers/catalogues/
Электронные ресурсы библиотеки МГТУ им. Г.И. Носова	https://host.megaprolib.net/MP0109/Web

9 Материально-техническое обеспечение дисциплины (модуля)

Материально-техническое обеспечение дисциплины включает:

Материально-техническое обеспечение дисциплины включает:

Учебные аудитории для проведения занятий лекционного типа. Оснащение: Мультимедийные средства хранения, передачи и представления информации.

2. Учебные аудитории для проведения практических занятий, групповых и индивидуальных консультаций, текущего контроля и промежуточной аттестации. оснащение: Мультимедийные средства хранения, передачи и представления информации. Комплекс тестовых заданий для проведения промежуточных и рубежных контролей.

3. Помещения для самостоятельной работы обучающихся. Оснащение: Персональные компьютеры с пакетом MS Office, выходом в Интернет и с доступом в электронную информационно-образовательную среду университета.

4. Помещение для хранения и профилактического обслуживания учебного оборудования. Оснащение: Шкафы для хранения учебно-методической документации, учебного оборудования и учебно-наглядных пособий.

ПРИЛОЖЕНИЕ 1

Учебно-методическое обеспечение самостоятельной работы обучающихся

Для успешного усвоения знаний по предмету «Дискурс» необходимо:

- 1) ознакомление с материалами лекций, знание и понимание всех определений;
- 2) активная работа на практических занятиях и выполнение самостоятельной работы.

1. Раздел: Дискурс как предмет лингвистического изучения, его место в ряду близких понятий дискурса.

1.1. Тема: Подходы к определению дискурса.

Ознакомьтесь с материалами лекции, особое внимание обратите на следующие вопросы: «текст» и «дискурс». Типология дискурса. Жанры дискурса.

Практическое (семинарской) занятие:

Подготовьте один из следующих вопросов:

- 1) Язык-как социально-психологический феном.
- 2) История возникновения понятия «дискурс».
- 3) Прагмалингвистика, как предтеча учения о дискурсе.
- 4) Модели коммуникации.
- 5) Учение М. Бахтина и его вклад в развитие теории дискурса.
- 6) Широкое и узкое понимание термина «дискурс»
- 7) Подходы к понятию «дискурс» в отечественной лингвистике.
- 8) Подходы к понятию дискурс в западной лингвистике.
- 9) Типология и структура дискурса.

Дополнительные вопросы по теме:

- 1) Охарактеризуйте основные модели коммуникации.
- 2) Перечислите характеристики интеракционной модели коммуникации.
- 3) Что такое «социальный конструктуризм»?
- 4) Как соотносятся понятия «текст» и «дискурс»?

а) Основная литература:

1) Рыжикова, М. Д. Анализ дискурса: теория и практика : учебное пособие / М. Д. Рыжикова. — Симферополь : КФУ им. В.И. Вернадского, 2018. — 138 с. — ISBN 978-5-6041133-6-3. — Текст : электронный // Лань : электронно-библиотечная система. — URL: <https://e.lanbook.com/book/345167> (дата обращения: 22.03.2025). — Режим доступа: для авториз. пользователей.

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2. Бужинская, Д. С. Композиция риторического текста : учебное пособие / Д. С. Бужинская, О. И. Соловьева ; МГТУ. - Магнитогорск : МГТУ, 2015. - 1 электрон. опт. диск (CD-ROM). - Загл. с титул. экрана. - URL:

<https://host.megaprolib.net/MP0109/Download/MObject/204> (дата обращения: 22.03.2025). - Макрообъект. - Текст : электронный. - Сведения доступны также на CD-ROM.

в) Методические указания:

Самостоятельная работа студентов вуза : практикум / составители: Т. Г. Неретина, Н. Р. Уразаева, Е. М. Разумова, Т. Ф. Орехова ; Магнитогорский гос. технический ун-т им. Г. И. Носова. - Магнитогорск : МГТУ им. Г. И. Носова, 2019. - 1 CD-ROM. - Загл. с титул. экрана. - URL: <https://host.megaprolib.net/MP0109/Download/MObject/2391> (дата обращения: 22.03.2025). - Макрообъект. - Текст : электронный. - Сведения доступны также на CD-ROM.

2. Раздел 2: Семантика и прагматика дискурса.

2.1 Тема: Семантика дискурса: пропозиция, референция, экспликатура, имплицатура, инференция, пресуппозиция и др. Тема дискурса. Тема говорящего. Контекст дискурса и его типы. Когнитивные структуры дискурса.

Ознакомьтесь с материалами лекции, особое внимание обратите на следующие вопросы:

Семантика дискурса. Семантические средства оформления семантики дискурса. Референция, экспликатура, имплицатура, инференция, пресуппозиция и другие семантические единицы дискурса.

Практическое (семинарской) занятие:

Подготовьте один из следующих вопросов:

- 1) Раскройте сущность понятий «пропозиция, референция, экспликатура, имплицатура, инференция, пресуппозиция».
- 2) Какими лексическими и грамматическим средствами оформляются эти понятия?
- 3) Что такое «тема дискурса»?
- 4) Какими средствами выражается тема говорящего в дискурсе?
- 5) Перечислите типы контекстов?
- 6) Что понимается под «когнитивными структурами дискурса»?

Дополнительные вопросы по теме:

- 1) Как контекст применяется по отношению к дискурсу?
- 2) Приведите примеры когнитивных структур дискурса.
- 3) Как соотносятся понятия «экпликатура» и «имплицатура»?
- 4) Чем отличаются «пресуппозиция» и «пропозиция»?

Проведите семантический дискурс-анализ предложенных текстов.

- 1) Определите, как выражена тема говорящего в текстах.
- 2) Найдите контексты в предложенных текстах.
- 3) Найдите в текстах когнитивные структуры.

1 The Ultimate Experiment

by Thornton DeKy

«THEY were all gone now, The Masters, all dead and their atoms scattered to the never ceasing winds that swept the great crysolite city towers in ever increasing fury. That had been the last wish of each as he had passed away, dying from sheer old age. True they had fought on as long as they could to save their kind from utter extinction but the comet that had trailed its poisoning wake across space to leave behind it, upon Earth, a noxious, lethal gas vapor, had done its work too well.»

No living soul breathed upon the Earth. No one lived here now, but Kiron and his kind.

«And,» so thought Kiron to himself, «he might as well be a great unthinking robot able to do only one thing instead of the mental giant he was, so obsessed had he become with the task he had set himself to do.»

Yet, in spite of a great loneliness and a strong fear of a final frustration, he worked on with the others of his people, hardly stopping for anything except the very necessities needed to keep his big body working in perfect coordination.

Tirelessly he worked, for The Masters had bred, if that is the word to use, fatigue and the need for restoration out of his race long decades ago.

Sometimes, though, he would stop his work when the great red dying sun began to fade into the west and his round eyes would grow wistful as he looked out over the great city that stretched in towering minarets and lofty spires of purest crystal blue for miles on every side. A fairy city of rarest hue and beauty. A city for the Gods and the Gods were dead. Kiron felt, at such times, the great loneliness that the last Master must have known.

They had been kind, The Masters, and Kiron knew that his people, as they went about their eternal tasks of keeping the great city in perfect shape for The Masters who no longer needed it, must miss them as he did.

Never to hear their voices ringing, never to see them again gathered in groups to witness some game or to play amid the silver fountains and flowery gardens of the wondrous city, made him infinitely saddened. It would always be like this, unless....

But thinking, dreaming, reminiscing would not bring it all back for there was only one answer to still the longing: work. The others worked and did not dream, but instead kept busy tending to the thousand and one tasks The Masters had set them to do—had left them doing when the last Master perished. He too must remember the trust they had placed in his hands and fulfill it as best he could.

From the time the great red eye of the sun opened itself in the East until it disappeared in the blue haze beyond the crysolite city, Kiron labored with his fellows. Then, at the appointed hour, the musical signals would peal forth their sweet, sad chimes, whispering goodnight to ears that would hear them no more and all operations would halt for the night, just as it had done when The Masters were here to supervise it.

Then when morning came he would start once more trying, testing, experimenting with his chemicals and plastics, forever following labyrinth of knowledge, seeking for the great triumph that would make the work of the others of some real use.

His hands molded the materials carefully, lovingly to a pattern that was set in his mind as a thing to cherish. Day by day his experiments in their liquid baths took form under his careful modeling. He mixed his chemicals with the same loving touch, the same careful concentration and painstaking thoroughness, studying often his notes and analysis charts.

Everything must be just so lest his experiment not turn out perfectly. He never became exasperated at a failure or a defect that proved to be the only reward for his faithful endeavors but worked patiently on toward a goal that he knew would ultimately be his.

Then one day, as the great red sun glowed like an immense red eye overhead, Kiron stepped back to admire his handiwork. In that instant the entire wondrous city seemed to breathe a silent prayer as he stood transfixed by the sight before him. Then it went on as usual, hurrying noiselessly about its business. The surface cars, empty though they were, fled swiftly about supported only by the rings of magnetic force that held them to their designated paths. The gravoships raised from the tower-dromes to speed silently into the eye of the red sun that was dying.

«No one now,» Kiron thought to himself as he studied his handiwork. Then he walked unhurriedly to the cabinet in the laboratory corner and took from it a pair of earphones resembling those of a long forgotten radio set. Just as unhurriedly, though his mind was filled with turmoil and his being with excitement, he walked back and connected the earphones to the box upon his bench. The phones dangled into the liquid bath before him as he adjusted them to suit his requirements.

Slowly he checked over every step of his experiments before he went farther. Then, as he proved them for the last time, his hand went slowly to the small knife switch upon the box at his

elbow. Next he threw into connection the larger switch upon his laboratory wall bringing into his laboratory the broadcast power of the crysolite city.

The laboratory generators hummed softly, drowning out the quiet hum of the city outside. As they built up, sending tiny living electrical impulses over the wires like minute currents that come from the brain, Kiron sat breathless; his eyes intent.

Closer to his work he bent, watching lovingly, fearful least all might not be quite right. Then his eyes took on a brighter light as he began to see the reaction. He knew the messages that he had sent out were being received and coordinated into a unit that would stir and grow into intellect.

Suddenly the machine flashed its little warning red light and automatically snapped off. Kiron twisted quickly in his seat and threw home the final switch. This, he knew, was the ultimate test. On the results of the flood of energy impulses that he had set in motion rested the fulfillment of his success—or failure.

He watched with slight misgivings. This had never been accomplished before. How could it possibly be a success now? Even The Masters had never quite succeeded at this final test, how could he, only a servant? Yet it must work for he had no desire in life but to make it work.

Then, suddenly, he was on his feet, eyes wide. From the two long, coffin-like liquid baths, there arose two perfect specimens of the *Homo sapiens*. Man and woman, they were, and they blinked their eyes in the light of the noonday sun, raised themselves dripping from the baths of their creation and stepped to the floor before Kiron.

The man spoke, the woman remained silent.

«I am Adam Two,» he said. «Created, by you Kiron from a formula they left, in their image. I was created to be a Master and she whom you also have created is to be my wife. We shall mate and the race of Man shall be reborn through us and others whom I shall help you create.»

The Man halted at the last declaration he intoned and walked smilingly toward the woman who stepped into his open arms returning his smile.

Kiron smiled too within his pumping heart. The words the Man had intoned had been placed in his still pregnable mind by the tele-teach phones and record that the last Master had prepared before death had halted his experiments. The actions of the Man toward the Woman, Kiron knew, was caused by the natural constituents that went to form his chemical body and govern his humanness.

He, Kiron, had created a living man and woman. The Masters lived again because of him. They would sing and play and again people the magnificent crysolite city because he loved them and had kept on until success had been his. But then why not such a turnabout? Hadn't they, The Masters, created him a superb, thinking robot?

2. The Girl with Green Eyes

by J. Bassett

'Of course,' the man in the brown hat said, 'there are good policemen and there are bad policemen, you know.'

'You're right,' the young man said. 'Yes. That's very true. Isn't it, Julie?' He looked at the young woman next to him.

Julie didn't answer and looked bored. She closed her eyes.

'Julie's my wife,' the young man told the man in the brown hat. 'She doesn't like trains. She always feels ill on trains.'

'Oh yes?' the man in the brown hat said. 'Now my wife — she doesn't like buses. She nearly had an accident on a bus once. It was last year ... No, no, it wasn't. It was two years ago. I remember now. It was in Manchester.' He told a long, boring story about his wife and a bus in Manchester.

It was a hot day and the train was slow. There were seven people in the carriage. There was the man in the brown hat; the young man and his wife, Julie; a mother and two children; and a tall dark man in an expensive suit.

The young man's name was Bill. He had short brown hair and a happy smile. His wife, Julie, had long red hair and very green eyes — the colour of sea water. They were very beautiful eyes.

The man in the brown hat talked and talked. He had a big red face and a loud voice. He talked to Bill because Bill liked to talk too. The man in the brown hat laughed a lot, and when he laughed, Bill laughed too. Bill liked talking and laughing with people. The two children were hot and bored. They didn't want to sit down. They wanted to be noisy and run up and down the train.

'Now sit down and be quiet,' their mother said. She was a small woman with a tired face and a tired voice.

'I don't want to sit down,' the little boy said. 'I'm thirsty.'

'Here. Have an orange,' his mother said. She took an orange out of her bag and gave it to him.

'I want an orange too,' the little girl said loudly.

'All right. Here you are,' said her mother. 'Eat it nicely, now.'

The children ate their oranges and were quiet for a minute.

Then the little boy said, 'I want a drink. I'm thirsty.'

The tall dark man took out his newspaper and began to read. Julie opened her eyes and looked at the back page of his newspaper. She read about the weather in Budapest and about the football in Liverpool. She wasn't interested in Budapest and she didn't like football, but she didn't want to listen to Bill and the man in the brown hat. 'Talk, talk, talk,' she thought. 'Bill never stops talking.'

Then suddenly she saw the tall man's eyes over the top of his newspaper. She could not see his mouth, but there was a smile in his eyes. Quickly, she looked down at the newspaper and read about the weather in Budapest again.

The train stopped at Dawlish station and people got on and got off. There was a lot of noise.

'Is this our station?' the little girl asked. She went to the window and looked out.

'No, it isn't. Now sit down,' her mother said.

'We're going to Penzance,' the little girl told Bill. 'For our holidays.'

'Yes,' her mother said. 'My sister's got a little hotel by the sea. We're staying there. It's cheap, you see.'

'Yes,' the man in the brown hat said. 'It's a nice town. I know a man there. He's got a restaurant in King Street. A lot of holiday people go there. He makes a lot of money in the summer.' He laughed loudly. 'Yes,' he said again. 'You can have a nice holiday in Penzance.'

'We're going to St Austell,' Bill said. 'Me and Julie. It's our first holiday. Julie wanted to go to Spain, but I like St Austell. I always go there for my holidays. It's nice in August. You can have a good time there too.'

Julie looked out of the window. 'Where is Budapest?' she thought. 'I want to go there. I want to go to Vienna, to Paris, to Rome, to Athens.' Her green eyes were bored and angry. Through the window she watched the little villages and hills of England.

The man in the brown hat looked at Julie. 'You're right,' he said to Bill. 'You can have a good time on holiday in England. We always go to Brighton, me and the wife. But the weather! We went one year, and it rained every day. Morning, afternoon, and night. It's true. It never stopped raining.' He laughed loudly. 'We nearly went home after the first week.'

Bill laughed too. 'What did you do all day, then?' he asked.

Julie read about the weather in Budapest for the third time. Then she looked at the tall man's hands. They were long, brown hands, very clean. 'Nice hands,' she thought. He wore a very expensive Japanese watch. 'Japan,' she thought. 'I'd like to go to Japan.' She looked up and saw the man's eyes again over the top of his newspaper. This time she did not look away. Green eyes looked into dark brown eyes for a long, slow minute.

After Newton Abbot station the guard came into the carriage to look at their tickets. 'Now then,' he said, 'where are we all going?'

'This train's late,' the man in the brown hat said. 'Twenty minutes late, by my watch.'

'Ten minutes,' the guard said. 'That's all.' He smiled at Julie.

The tall dark man put his newspaper down, found his ticket, and gave it to the guard. The guard looked at it.

'You're all right, sir,' he said. 'The boat doesn't leave Plymouth before six o'clock. You've got lots of time.'

The tall man smiled, put his ticket back in his pocket and opened his newspaper again.

Julie didn't look at him. 'A boat,' she thought. 'He's taking a boat from Plymouth. Where's he going?' She looked at him again with her long green eyes.

He read his newspaper and didn't look at her. But his eyes smiled. The train stopped at Totnes station and more people got on and off.

'Everybody's going on holiday,' Bill said. He laughed. 'It's going to be wonderful. No work for two weeks. It's a nice, quiet town, St Austell. We can stay in bed in the mornings, and sit and talk in the afternoons, and have a drink or two in the evenings. Eh, Julie?' He looked at his wife. 'Are you all right, Julie?'

'Yes, Bill,' she said quietly. 'I'm OK.' She looked out of the window again. The train went more quickly now, and it began to rain. Bill and the man in the brown hat talked and talked. Bill told a long story about two men and a dog, and the man in the brown hat laughed very loudly.

'That's a good story,' he said. 'I like that. You tell it very well. Do you know the story about . . .'

And he told Bill a story about a Frenchman and a bicycle.

'Why do people laugh at these stories?' Julie thought. 'They're so boring!'

But Bill liked it. Then he told a story about an old woman and a cat, and the man in the brown hat laughed again. 'That's good, too. I don't know. How do you remember them all?'

'Because', Julie thought, 'he tells them every day.'

'I don't understand,' the little girl said suddenly. She looked at Bill. 'Why did the cat die?'

'Shhh. Be quiet,' her mother said. 'Come and eat your sandwiches now.'

'That's all right,' Bill said. 'I like children.'

The man in the brown hat looked at the children's sandwiches. 'Mmm, I'm hungry, too,' he said. 'You can get sandwiches in the restaurant on this train.' He looked at Bill. 'Let's go down to the restaurant, eh? I need a drink too.'

Bill laughed. 'You're right. It's thirsty work, telling stories.'

The two men stood up and left the carriage.

The little girl ate her sandwich and looked at Julie. 'But why did the cat die?' she asked.

'I don't know,' Julie said. 'Perhaps it wanted to die.'

The little girl came and sat next to Julie. 'I like your hair,' she said. 'It's beautiful.' Julie looked down at her and smiled.

For some minutes it was quiet in the carriage. Then the tall dark man opened his bag and took out a book. He put it on the seat next to him, and looked at Julie with a smile. Julie looked back at him, and then down at the book. Famous towns of Italy, she read. Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples. She looked away again, out of the window at the rain. 'Two weeks in St Austell,' she thought. 'With Bill. In the rain.'

After half an hour the two men came back to the carriage. 'There are a lot of people on this train,' Bill said. 'Do you want a sandwich, Julie?'

'No,' she said. 'I'm not hungry. You eat them.'

The train was nearly at Plymouth. Doors opened and people began to move. 'A lot of people get on here,' the man in the brown hat said.

The tall dark man stood up and put his book and his newspaper in his bag. Then he picked up his bag and left the carriage. The train stopped at the station. A lot of people got on the train, and two women and an old man came into the carriage. They had a lot of bags with them. Bill and the man in the brown hat stood up and helped them. One of the women had a big bag of apples. The bag broke and the apples went all over the carriage.

'Oh damn!' she said.

Everybody laughed, and helped her to find the apples. The train moved away from Plymouth station. After a minute or two everybody sat down and the woman gave some apples to the children.

'Where's Julie?' Bill said suddenly. 'She's not here.' 'Perhaps she went to the restaurant,' the man in the brown hat said.

'But she wasn't hungry,' Bill said. 'She told me.' The little girl looked at Bill. 'She got off the train at Plymouth,' she said. 'With the tall dark man. I saw them.' 'Of course she didn't!' Bill said. 'She's on this train. She didn't get off.'

'Yes, she did,' the children's mother said suddenly. 'I saw her too. The tall man waited for her on the platform.' 'He waited for her?' Bill's mouth was open. 'But... But he read his newspaper all the time. He didn't talk to Julie. And she never talked to him. They didn't say a word.' 'People don't always need words, young man,' the children's mother said.

'But she's my wife!' Bill's face was red and angry. 'She can't do that!' he said loudly. He stood up. 'I'm going to stop the train.' Everybody looked at him and the two children laughed.

'No,' the man in the brown hat said, 'no, you don't want to do that. Sit down and eat your sandwiches, my friend.'

'But I don't understand. Why did she go? What am I going to do?' Bill's face was very unhappy. After a second or two he sat down again. 'What am I going to do?' he said again.

'Nothing,' the man in the brown hat said. He ate his sandwich slowly. 'Go and have your holiday in St Austell. You can have a good time there. Forget about Julie. Those green eyes, now.' He took out a second sandwich and began to eat it. 'I knew a woman once with green eyes. She gave me a very bad time. No, you want to forget about Julie.'

3. The Errors of Santa Claus

By Stephen Leacock

It was Christmas Eve.

The Browns, who lived in the adjoining house, had been dining with the Joneses.

Brown and Jones were sitting over wine and walnuts at the table. The others had gone upstairs.

«What are you giving to your boy for Christmas?» asked Brown.

«A train,» said Jones, «new kind of thing — automatic.»

«Let's have a look at it,» said Brown.

Jones fetched a parcel from the sideboard and began unwrapping it.

«Ingenious thing, isn't it?» he said. «Goes on its own rails. Queer how kids love to play with trains, isn't it?»

«Yes,» assented Brown. «How are the rails fixed?»

«Wait, I'll show you,» said Jones. «Just help me to shove these dinner things aside and roll back the cloth. There! See! You lay the rails like that and fasten them at the ends, so —»

«Oh, yes, I catch on, makes a grade, doesn't it? just the thing to amuse a child, isn't it? I got Willy a toy aeroplane.»

«I know, they're great. I got Edwin one on his birthday. But I thought I'd get him a train this time. I told him Santa Claus was going to bring him something altogether new this time. Edwin, of course, believes in Santa Claus absolutely. Say, look at this locomotive, would you? It has a spring coiled up inside the fire box.»

«Wind her up,» said Brown with great interest. «Let her go.»

«All right,» said Jones. «Just pile up two or three plates something to lean the end of the rails on. There, notice way it buzzes before it starts. Isn't that a great thing for kid, eh?»

«Yes,» said Brown. «And say, see this little string to pull the whistle! By Gad, it toots, eh? just like real?»

«Now then, Brown,» Jones went on, «you hitch on those cars and I'll start her. I'll be engineer, eh!»

Half an hour later Brown and Jones were still playing trains on the dining-room table.

But their wives upstairs in the drawing-room hardly noticed their absence. They were too much interested.

«Oh, I think it's perfectly sweet,» said Mrs. Brown. «Just the loveliest doll I've seen in years. I must get one like it for Ulvina. Won't Clarisse be perfectly enchanted?»

«Yes,» answered Mrs. Jones, «and then she'll have all the fun of arranging the dresses. Children love that so much. Look, there are three little dresses with the doll, aren't they cute? All cut out and ready to stitch together.»

«Oh, how perfectly lovely!» exclaimed Mrs. Brown. «I think the mauve one would suit the doll best, don't you, with such golden hair? Only don't you think it would make it much nicer to turn back the collar, so, and to put a little band — so?»

«What a good idea!» said Mrs. Jones. «Do let's try it. Just wait, I'll get a needle in a minute. I'll tell Clarisse that Santa Claus sewed it himself. The child believes in Santa Claus absolutely.» And half an hour later Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Brown were so busy stitching dolls' clothes that they could not hear the roaring of the little train up and down the dining table, and had no idea what the four children were doing.

Nor did the children miss their mothers.

«Dandy, aren't they?» Edwin Jones was saying to little Willie Brown, as they sat in Edwin's bedroom. «A hundred in a box, with cork tips, and see, an amber mouthpiece that fits into a little case at the side. Good present for Dad, eh?

«Fine!» said Willie appreciatively. «I'm giving Father cigars.»

«I know, I thought of cigars too. Men always like cigars and cigarettes. You can't go wrong on them. Say, would you like to try one or two of these cigarettes? We can take them from the bottom. You'll like them, they're Russian — away ahead of Egyptian.»

«Thanks,» answered Willie. «I'd like one immensely. I only started smoking last spring — on my twelfth birthday. I think a feller's a fool to begin smoking cigarettes too soon, don't you? It stunts him. I waited till I was twelve.»

«Me too,» said Edwin, as they lighted their cigarettes. «In fact, I wouldn't buy them now if it weren't for Dad. I simply had to give him something from Santa Claus. He believes in Santa Claus absolutely, you know.»

And, while this was going on, Clarisse was showing little Ulvina the absolutely lovely little bridge set that she got for her mother.

«Aren't these markers perfectly charming?» said Ulvina. «And don't you love this little Dutch design — or is it Flemish, darling?»

«Dutch,» said Clarisse. «Isn't it quaint? And aren't these the dearest little things, for putting the money in when you play. I needn't have got them with it — they'd have sold the rest separately — but I think it's too utterly slow playing without money, don't you?»

«Oh, abominable,» shuddered Ulvina. «But your mamma never plays for money, does she?»

«Mamma! Oh, gracious, no. Mamma's far too slow for that. But I shall tell her that Santa Claus insisted on putting in the little money boxes.»

«I suppose she believes in Santa Claus, just as my mamma does.»

«Oh, absolutely,» said Clarisse, and added, «What if we play a little game! With a double dummy, the French way, or Norwegian Skat, if you like. That only needs two.»

«All right,» agreed Ulvina, and in a few minutes they were deep in a game of cards with a little pile of pocket money beside them.

About half an hour later, all the members of the two families were again in the drawing-room. But of course nobody said anything about the presents. In any case they were all too busy looking at the beautiful big Bible, with maps in it, that the Joneses had brought to give to Grandfather. They all agreed that, with the help of it, Grandfather could hunt up any place in Palestine in a moment, day or night.

But upstairs, away upstairs in a sitting-room of his own Grandfather Jones was looking with an affectionate eye at the presents that stood beside him. There was a beautiful whisky decanter, with silver filigree outside (and whiskey inside) for Jones, and for the little boy a big nickel-plated Jew's harp.

Later on, far in the night, the person, or the influence, or whatever it is called Santa Claus, took all the presents and placed them in the people's stockings.

And, being blind as he always has been, he gave the wrong things to the wrong people — in fact, he gave them just as indicated above.

But the next day, in the course of Christmas morning, the situation straightened itself out, just as it always does.

Indeed, by ten o'clock, Brown and Jones were playing the with train, and Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones were making dolls' clothes, and the boys were smoking cigarettes, and Clarisse and Ulvina were playing cards for their pocket-money.

And upstairs — away up — Grandfather was drinking whisky and playing the Jew's harp. And so Christmas, just as it always does, turned out right after all.

а) Основная литература:

1) Рыжикова, М. Д. Анализ дискурса: теория и практика : учебное пособие / М. Д. Рыжикова. — Симферополь : КФУ им. В.И. Вернадского, 2018. — 138 с. — ISBN 978-5-6041133-6-3. — Текст : электронный // Лань : электронно-библиотечная система. — URL: <https://e.lanbook.com/book/345167> (дата обращения: 22.03.2025). — Режим доступа: для авториз. пользователей.

2) Границы жанра: текст и дискурс : монография / И. М. Басовец, Н. В. Буренина, Е. В. Войтищенко [и др.]. — Гомель : ГГУ имени Ф. Скорины, 2019. — 188 с. — ISBN 978-985-577-537-0. — Текст : электронный // Лань : электронно-библиотечная система. — URL: <https://e.lanbook.com/book/329711> (дата обращения: 28.03.2025). — Режим доступа: для авториз. пользователей.

б) Дополнительная литература:

1. Бужинская, Д. С. Композиция публицистического текста : учебное пособие / Д. С. Бужинская, О. И. Соловьева ; МГТУ. - [2-е изд., подгот. по печ. изд. 2014 г.]. - Магнитогорск : МГТУ, 2017. - 1 электрон. опт. диск (CD-ROM). - Загл. с титул. экрана. - URL: <https://host.megaprolib.net/MP0109/Download/MObject/20392> (дата обращения: 22.03.2025). - Макрообъект. - Текст : электронный. - Сведения доступны также на CD-ROM.

2. Бужинская, Д. С. Композиция риторического текста : учебное пособие / Д. С. Бужинская, О. И. Соловьева ; МГТУ. - Магнитогорск : МГТУ, 2015. - 1 электрон. опт. диск (CD-ROM). - Загл. с титул. экрана. - URL: <https://host.megaprolib.net/MP0109/Download/MObject/204> (дата обращения: 22.03.2025). - Макрообъект. - Текст : электронный. - Сведения доступны также на CD-ROM.

в) Методические указания:

Самостоятельная работа студентов вуза : практикум / составители: Т. Г. Неретина, Н. Р. Уразаева, Е. М. Разумова, Т. Ф. Орехова ; Магнитогорский гос. технический ун-т им. Г. И. Носова. - Магнитогорск : МГТУ им. Г. И. Носова, 2019. - 1 CD-ROM. - Загл. с титул. экрана. - URL: <https://host.megaprolib.net/MP0109/Download/MObject/2391> (дата обращения: 22.03.2025). - Макрообъект. - Текст : электронный. - Сведения доступны также на CD-ROM.

2.2. Тема: Речевые акты, их типы, коммуникативные акты, ходы, обмены, трансакции, речевые события как единицы дискурса. Мена коммуникативных ролей, коммуникативная стратегия, когезия, когеренция, метакоммуникация и дейксис дискурса.

Ознакомьтесь с материалами лекции, особое внимание обратите на следующие вопросы:

Теория речевых актов. Теория речевых актов в применении к дискурсу. Типы речевых актов в дискурсе. Единицы дискурса: коммуникативные акты, ходы, обмены, трансакции, речевые события как единицы дискурса.

Практическое (семинарской) занятие:

Подготовьте один из следующих вопросов:

- 1) Как в дискурсе отражаются косвенные речевые акты?
 - 2) Какими грамматическими средствами оформляются виды речевых актов в дискурсе?
 - 3) Раскройте принципы теории речевых актов.
 - 4) Типы речевых актов в дискурсе.
- Проведите грамматический дискур-анализ текстов. Определите виды речевых актов, используемых в с диалогической речи персонажей.

1 The Ultimate Experiment

by Thornton DeKy

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No living soul breathed upon the Earth. No one lived here now, but Kiron and his kind. «And,» so thought Kiron to himself, «he might as well be a great unthinking robot able to do only one thing instead of the mental giant he was, so obsessed had he become with the task he had set himself to do.»

Yet, in spite of a great loneliness and a strong fear of a final frustration, he worked on with the others of his people, hardly stopping for anything except the very necessities needed to keep his big body working in perfect coordination.

Tirelessly he worked, for The Masters had bred, if that is the word to use, fatigue and the need for restoration out of his race long decades ago.

Sometimes, though, he would stop his work when the great red dying sun began to fade into the west and his round eyes would grow wistful as he looked out over the great city that stretched in towering minarets and lofty spires of purest crystal blue for miles on every side. A fairy city of rarest hue and beauty. A city for the Gods and the Gods were dead. Kiron felt, at such times, the great loneliness that the last Master must have known.

They had been kind, The Masters, and Kiron knew that his people, as they went about their eternal tasks of keeping the great city in perfect shape for The Masters who no longer needed it, must miss them as he did.

Never to hear their voices ringing, never to see them again gathered in groups to witness some game or to play amid the silver fountains and flowery gardens of the wondrous city, made him infinitely saddened. It would always be like this, unless....

But thinking, dreaming, reminiscing would not bring it all back for there was only one answer to still the longing: work. The others worked and did not dream, but instead kept busy tending to the thousand and one tasks The Masters had set them to do—had left them doing when the last Master perished. He too must remember the trust they had placed in his hands and fulfill it as best he could.

From the time the great red eye of the sun opened itself in the East until it disappeared in the blue haze beyond the crysolite city, Kiron labored with his fellows. Then, at the appointed hour, the musical signals would peal forth their sweet, sad chimes, whispering goodnight to ears that would hear them no more and all operations would halt for the night, just as it had done when The Masters were here to supervise it.

Then when morning came he would start once more trying, testing, experimenting with his chemicals and plastics, forever following labyrinth of knowledge, seeking for the great triumph that would make the work of the others of some real use.

His hands molded the materials carefully, lovingly to a pattern that was set in his mind as a thing to cherish. Day by day his experiments in their liquid baths took form under his careful modeling. He mixed his chemicals with the same loving touch, the same careful concentration and painstaking thoroughness, studying often his notes and analysis charts.

Everything must be just so lest his experiment not turn out perfectly. He never became exasperated at a failure or a defect that proved to be the only reward for his faithful endeavors but worked patiently on toward a goal that he knew would ultimately be his.

Then one day, as the great red sun glowed like an immense red eye overhead, Kiron stepped back to admire his handiwork. In that instant the entire wondrous city seemed to breathe a silent prayer as he stood transfixed by the sight before him. Then it went on as usual, hurrying noiselessly about its business. The surface cars, empty though they were, fled swiftly about supported only by the rings of magnetic force that held them to their designated paths. The gravoships raised from the tower-dromes to speed silently into the eye of the red sun that was dying.

«No one now,» Kiron thought to himself as he studied his handiwork. Then he walked unhurriedly to the cabinet in the laboratory corner and took from it a pair of earphones resembling those of a long forgotten radio set. Just as unhurriedly, though his mind was filled with turmoil and his being with excitement, he walked back and connected the earphones to the box

upon his bench. The phones dangled into the liquid bath before him as he adjusted them to suit his requirements.

Slowly he checked over every step of his experiments before he went farther. Then, as he proved them for the last time, his hand went slowly to the small knife switch upon the box at his elbow. Next he threw into connection the larger switch upon his laboratory wall bringing into his laboratory the broadcast power of the crysolite city.

The laboratory generators hummed softly, drowning out the quiet hum of the city outside. As they built up, sending tiny living electrical impulses over the wires like minute currents that come from the brain, Kiron sat breathless; his eyes intent.

Closer to his work he bent, watching lovingly, fearful least all might not be quite right. Then his eyes took on a brighter light as he began to see the reaction. He knew the messages that he had sent out were being received and coordinated into a unit that would stir and grow into intellect.

Suddenly the machine flashed its little warning red light and automatically snapped off. Kiron twisted quickly in his seat and threw home the final switch. This, he knew, was the ultimate test. On the results of the flood of energy impulses that he had set in motion rested the fulfillment of his success—or failure.

He watched with slight misgivings. This had never been accomplished before. How could it possibly be a success now? Even The Masters had never quite succeeded at this final test, how could he, only a servant? Yet it must work for he had no desire in life but to make it work.

Then, suddenly, he was on his feet, eyes wide. From the two long, coffin-like liquid baths, there arose two perfect specimens of the *Homo sapiens*. Man and woman, they were, and they blinked their eyes in the light of the noonday sun, raised themselves dripping from the baths of their creation and stepped to the floor before Kiron.

The man spoke, the woman remained silent.

«I am Adam Two,» he said. «Created, by you Kiron from a formula they left, in their image. I was created to be a Master and she whom you also have created is to be my wife. We shall mate and the race of Man shall be reborn through us and others whom I shall help you create.» The Man halted at the last declaration he intoned and walked smilingly toward the woman who stepped into his open arms returning his smile.

Kiron smiled too within his pumping heart. The words the Man had intoned had been placed in his still pregnable mind by the tele-teach phones and record that the last Master had prepared before death had halted his experiments. The actions of the Man toward the Woman, Kiron knew, was caused by the natural constituents that went to form his chemical body and govern his humanness.

He, Kiron, had created a living man and woman. The Masters lived again because of him. They would sing and play and again people the magnificent crysolite city because he loved them and had kept on until success had been his. But then why not such a turnabout? Hadn't they, The Masters, created him a superb, thinking robot?

2. The Girl with Green Eyes

by J. Bassett

'Of course,' the man in the brown hat said, 'there are good policemen and there are bad policemen, you know.'

'You're right,' the young man said. 'Yes. That's very true. Isn't it, Julie?' He looked at the young woman next to him.

Julie didn't answer and looked bored. She closed her eyes.

'Julie's my wife,' the young man told the man in the brown hat. 'She doesn't like trains. She always feels ill on trains.'

'Oh yes?' the man in the brown hat said. 'Now my wife — she doesn't like buses. She nearly had an accident on a bus once. It was last year ... No, no, it wasn't. It was two years ago. I remember now. It was in Manchester.' He told a long, boring story about his wife and a bus in Manchester.

It was a hot day and the train was slow. There were seven people in the carriage. There was the man in the brown hat; the young man and his wife, Julie; a mother and two children; and a tall dark man in an expensive suit.

The young man's name was Bill. He had short brown hair and a happy smile. His wife, Julie, had long red hair and very green eyes — the colour of sea water. They were very beautiful eyes.

The man in the brown hat talked and talked. He had a big red face and a loud voice. He talked to Bill because Bill liked to talk too. The man in the brown hat laughed a lot, and when he laughed, Bill laughed too. Bill liked talking and laughing with people. The two children were hot and bored. They didn't want to sit down. They wanted to be noisy and run up and down the train.

'Now sit down and be quiet,' their mother said. She was a small woman with a tired face and a tired voice.

'I don't want to sit down,' the little boy said. 'I'm thirsty.'

'Here. Have an orange,' his mother said. She took an orange out of her bag and gave it to him.

'I want an orange too,' the little girl said loudly.

'All right. Here you are,' said her mother. 'Eat it nicely, now.'

The children ate their oranges and were quiet for a minute.

Then the little boy said, 'I want a drink. I'm thirsty.'

The tall dark man took out his newspaper and began to read. Julie opened her eyes and looked at the back page of his newspaper. She read about the weather in Budapest and about the football in Liverpool. She wasn't interested in Budapest and she didn't like football, but she didn't want to listen to Bill and the man in the brown hat. 'Talk, talk, talk,' she thought. 'Bill never stops talking.'

Then suddenly she saw the tall man's eyes over the top of his newspaper. She could not see his mouth, but there was a smile in his eyes. Quickly, she looked down at the newspaper and read about the weather in Budapest again.

The train stopped at Dawlish station and people got on and got off. There was a lot of noise.

'Is this our station?' the little girl asked. She went to the window and looked out.

'No, it isn't. Now sit down,' her mother said.

'We're going to Penzance,' the little girl told Bill. 'For our holidays.'

'Yes,' her mother said. 'My sister's got a little hotel by the sea. We're staying there. It's cheap, you see.'

'Yes,' the man in the brown hat said. 'It's a nice town. I know a man there. He's got a restaurant in King Street. A lot of holiday people go there. He makes a lot of money in the summer.' He laughed loudly. 'Yes,' he said again. 'You can have a nice holiday in Penzance.'

'We're going to St Austell,' Bill said. 'Me and Julie. It's our first holiday. Julie wanted to go to Spain, but I like St Austell. I always go there for my holidays. It's nice in August. You can have a good time there too.'

Julie looked out of the window. 'Where is Budapest?' she thought. 'I want to go there. I want to go to Vienna, to Paris, to Rome, to Athens.' Her green eyes were bored and angry. Through the window she watched the little villages and hills of England.

The man in the brown hat looked at Julie. 'You're right,' he said to Bill. 'You can have a good time on holiday in England. We always go to Brighton, me and the wife. But the weather! We went one year, and it rained every day. Morning, afternoon, and night. It's true. It never stopped raining.' He laughed loudly. 'We nearly went home after the first week.'

Bill laughed too. 'What did you do all day, then?' he asked.

Julie read about the weather in Budapest for the third time. Then she looked at the tall man's hands. They were long, brown hands, very clean. 'Nice hands,' she thought. He wore a very expensive Japanese watch. 'Japan,' she thought. 'I'd like to go to Japan.' She looked up and saw the man's eyes again over the top of his newspaper. This time she did not look away. Green eyes looked into dark brown eyes for a long, slow minute.

After Newton Abbot station the guard came into the carriage to look at their tickets. 'Now then,' he said, 'where are we all going?'

'This train's late,' the man in the brown hat said. 'Twenty minutes late, by my watch.'

'Ten minutes,' the guard said. 'That's all.' He smiled at Julie.

The tall dark man put his newspaper down, found his ticket, and gave it to the guard. The guard looked at it.

'You're all right, sir,' he said. 'The boat doesn't leave Plymouth before six o'clock. You've got lots of time.'

The tall man smiled, put his ticket back in his pocket and opened his newspaper again.

Julie didn't look at him. 'A boat,' she thought. 'He's taking a boat from Plymouth. Where's he going?' She looked at him again with her long green eyes.

He read his newspaper and didn't look at her. But his eyes smiled. The train stopped at Totnes station and more people got on and off.

'Everybody's going on holiday,' Bill said. He laughed. 'It's going to be wonderful. No work for two weeks. It's a nice, quiet town, St Austell. We can stay in bed in the mornings, and sit and talk in the afternoons, and have a drink or two in the evenings. Eh, Julie?' He looked at his wife. 'Are you all right, Julie?'

'Yes, Bill,' she said quietly. 'I'm OK.' She looked out of the window again. The train went more quickly now, and it began to rain. Bill and the man in the brown hat talked and talked. Bill told a long story about two men and a dog, and the man in the brown hat laughed very loudly.

'That's a good story,' he said. 'I like that. You tell it very well. Do you know the story about . . .' And he told Bill a story about a Frenchman and a bicycle.

'Why do people laugh at these stories?' Julie thought. 'They're so boring!'

But Bill liked it. Then he told a story about an old woman and a cat, and the man in the brown hat laughed again. 'That's good, too. I don't know. How do you remember them all?'

'Because,' Julie thought, 'he tells them every day.'

'I don't understand,' the little girl said suddenly. She looked at Bill. 'Why did the cat die?'

'Shhh. Be quiet,' her mother said. 'Come and eat your sandwiches now.'

'That's all right,' Bill said. 'I like children.'

The man in the brown hat looked at the children's sandwiches. 'Mmm, I'm hungry, too,' he said.

'You can get sandwiches in the restaurant on this train.' He looked at Bill. 'Let's go down to the restaurant, eh? I need a drink too.'

Bill laughed. 'You're right. It's thirsty work, telling stories.'

The two men stood up and left the carriage.

The little girl ate her sandwich and looked at Julie. 'But why did the cat die?' she asked.

'I don't know,' Julie said. 'Perhaps it wanted to die.'

The little girl came and sat next to Julie. 'I like your hair,' she said. 'It's beautiful.' Julie looked down at her and smiled.

For some minutes it was quiet in the carriage. Then the tall dark man opened his bag and took out a book. He put it on the seat next to him, and looked at Julie with a smile. Julie looked back at him, and then down at the book. Famous towns of Italy, she read. Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples. She looked away again, out of the window at the rain. 'Two weeks in St Austell,' she thought. 'With Bill. In the rain.'

After half an hour the two men came back to the carriage. 'There are a lot of people on this train,' Bill said. 'Do you want a sandwich, Julie?'

'No,' she said. 'I'm not hungry. You eat them.'

The train was nearly at Plymouth. Doors opened and people began to move. 'A lot of people get on here,' the man in the brown hat said.

The tall dark man stood up and put his book and his newspaper in his bag. Then he picked up his bag and left the carriage. The train stopped at the station. A lot of people got on the train, and two women and an old man came into the carriage. They had a lot of bags with them. Bill and the man in the brown hat stood up and helped them. One of the women had a big bag of apples. The bag broke and the apples went all over the carriage.

'Oh damn!' she said.

Everybody laughed, and helped her to find the apples. The train moved away from Plymouth station. After a minute or two everybody sat down and the woman gave some apples to the children.

'Where's Julie?' Bill said suddenly. 'She's not here.' 'Perhaps she went to the restaurant,' the man in the brown hat said.

'But she wasn't hungry,' Bill said. 'She told me.' The little girl looked at Bill. 'She got off the train at

Plymouth,' she said. 'With the tall dark man. I saw them.' 'Of course she didn't!' Bill said. 'She's on this train. She didn't get off.'

'Yes, she did,' the children's mother said suddenly. 'I saw her too. The tall man waited for her on the platform.' 'He waited for her?' Bill's mouth was open. 'But... But he read his newspaper all the time. He didn't talk to Julie. And she never talked to him. They didn't say a word.' 'People don't always need words, young man,' the children's mother said.

'But she's my wife!' Bill's face was red and angry. 'She can't do that!' he said loudly. He stood up. 'I'm going to stop the train.' Everybody looked at him and the two children laughed.

'No,' the man in the brown hat said, 'no, you don't want to do that. Sit down and eat your sandwiches, my friend.'

'But I don't understand. Why did she go? What am I going to do?' Bill's face was very unhappy. After a second or two he sat down again. 'What am I going to do?' he said again.

'Nothing,' the man in the brown hat said. He ate his sandwich slowly. 'Go and have your holiday in St Austell. You can have a good time there. Forget about Julie. Those green eyes, now.' He took out a second sandwich and began to eat it. 'I knew a woman once with green eyes. She gave me a very bad time. No, you want to forget about Julie.'

3. The Errors of Santa Claus

By Stephen Leacock

It was Christmas Eve.

The Browns, who lived in the adjoining house, had been dining with the Joneses.

Brown and Jones were sitting over wine and walnuts at the table. The others had gone upstairs.

«What are you giving to your boy for Christmas?» asked Brown.

«A train,» said Jones, «new kind of thing — automatic.»

«Let's have a look at it,» said Brown.

Jones fetched a parcel from the sideboard and began unwrapping it.

«Ingenious thing, isn't it?» he said. «Goes on its own rails. Queer how kids love to play with trains, isn't it?»

«Yes,» assented Brown. «How are the rails fixed?»

«Wait, I'll show you,» said Jones. «Just help me to shove these dinner things aside and roll back the cloth. There! See! You lay the rails like that and fasten them at the ends, so —»

«Oh, yes, I catch on, makes a grade, doesn't it? just the thing to amuse a child, isn't it? I got Willy a toy aeroplane.»

«I know, they're great. I got Edwin one on his birthday. But I thought I'd get him a train this time. I told him Santa Claus was going to bring him something altogether new this time. Edwin, of course, believes in Santa Claus absolutely. Say, look at this locomotive, would you? It has a spring coiled up inside the fire box.»

«Wind her up,» said Brown with great interest. «Let her go.»

«All right,» said Jones. «Just pile up two or three plates something to lean the end of the rails on. There, notice way it buzzes before it starts. Isn't that a great thing for kid, eh?»

«Yes,» said Brown. «And say, see this little string to pull the whistle! By Gad, it toots, eh? just like real?»

«Now then, Brown,» Jones went on, «you hitch on those cars and I'll start her. I'll be engineer, eh!»

Half an hour later Brown and Jones were still playing trains on the dining-room table.

But their wives upstairs in the drawing-room hardly noticed their absence. They were too much interested.

«Oh, I think it's perfectly sweet,» said Mrs. Brown. «Just the loveliest doll I've seen in years. I must get one like it for Ulvina. Won't Clarisse be perfectly enchanted?»

«Yes,» answered Mrs. Jones, «and then she'll have all the fun of arranging the dresses. Children love that so much. Look, there are three little dresses with the doll, aren't they cute? All cut out and ready to stitch together.»

«Oh, how perfectly lovely!» exclaimed Mrs. Brown. «I think the mauve one would suit the doll best, don't you, with such golden hair? Only don't you think it would make it much nicer to turn back the collar, so, and to put a little band — so?»

«What a good idea!» said Mrs. Jones. «Do let's try it. Just wait, I'll get a needle in a minute. I'll tell Clarisse that Santa Claus sewed it himself. The child believes in Santa Claus absolutely.»

And half an hour later Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Brown were so busy stitching dolls' clothes that they could not hear the roaring of the little train up and down the dining table, and had no idea what the four children were doing.

Nor did the children miss their mothers.

«Dandy, aren't they?» Edwin Jones was saying to little Willie Brown, as they sat in Edwin's bedroom. «A hundred in a box, with cork tips, and see, an amber mouthpiece that fits into a little case at the side. Good present for Dad, eh?»

«Fine!» said Willie appreciatively. «I'm giving Father cigars.»

«I know, I thought of cigars too. Men always like cigars and cigarettes. You can't go wrong on them. Say, would you like to try one or two of these cigarettes? We can take them from the bottom. You'll like them, they're Russian — away ahead of Egyptian.»

«Thanks,» answered Willie. «I'd like one immensely. I only started smoking last spring — on my twelfth birthday. I think a feller's a fool to begin smoking cigarettes too soon, don't you? It stunts him. I waited till I was twelve.»

«Me too,» said Edwin, as they lighted their cigarettes. «In fact, I wouldn't buy them now if it weren't for Dad. I simply had to give him something from Santa Claus. He believes in Santa Claus absolutely, you know.»

And, while this was going on, Clarisse was showing little Ulvina the absolutely lovely little bridge set that she got for her mother.

«Aren't these markers perfectly charming?» said Ulvina. «And don't you love this little Dutch design — or is it Flemish, darling?»

«Dutch,» said Clarisse. «Isn't it quaint? And aren't these the dearest little things, for putting the money in when you play. I needn't have got them with it — they'd have sold the rest separately — but I think it's too utterly slow playing without money, don't you?»

«Oh, abominable,» shuddered Ulvina. «But your mamma never plays for money, does she?»

«Mamma! Oh, gracious, no. Mamma's far too slow for that. But I shall tell her that Santa Claus insisted on putting in the little money boxes.»

«I suppose she believes in Santa Claus, just as my mamma does.»

«Oh, absolutely,» said Clarisse, and added, «What if we play a little game! With a double dummy, the French way, or Norwegian Skat, if you like. That only needs two.»

«All right,» agreed Ulvina, and in a few minutes they were deep in a game of cards with a little pile of pocket money beside them.

About half an hour later, all the members of the two families were again in the drawing-room. But of course nobody said anything about the presents. In any case they were all too busy looking at the beautiful big Bible, with maps in it, that the Joneses had brought to give to Grandfather. They all agreed that, with the help of it, Grandfather could hunt up any place in Palestine in a moment, day or night.

But upstairs, away upstairs in a sitting-room of his own Grandfather Jones was looking with an affectionate eye at the presents that stood beside him. There was a beautiful whisky decanter, with silver filigree outside (and whiskey inside) for Jones, and for the little boy a big nickel-plated Jew's harp.

Later on, far in the night, the person, or the influence, or whatever it is called Santa Claus, took all the presents and placed them in the people's stockings.

And, being blind as he always has been, he gave the wrong things to the wrong people — in fact, he gave them just as indicated above.

But the next day, in the course of Christmas morning, the situation straightened itself out, just as it always does.

Indeed, by ten o'clock, Brown and Jones were playing the with train, and Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones were making dolls' clothes, and the boys were smoking cigarettes, and Clarisse and Ulvina were playing cards for their pocket-money.

And upstairs — away up — Grandfather was drinking whisky and playing the Jew's harp. And so Christmas, just as it always does, turned out right after all.

а) Основная литература:

1) Рыжикова, М. Д. Анализ дискурса: теория и практика : учебное пособие / М. Д. Рыжикова. — Симферополь : КФУ им. В.И. Вернадского, 2018. — 138 с. — ISBN 978-5-6041133-6-3. — Текст : электронный // Лань : электронно-библиотечная система. — URL: <https://e.lanbook.com/book/345167> (дата обращения: 22.03.2025). — Режим доступа: для авториз. пользователей.

2) Границы жанра: текст и дискурс : монография / И. М. Басовец, Н. В. Буренина, Е. В. Войтищенко [и др.]. — Гомель : ГГУ имени Ф. Скорины, 2019. — 188 с. — ISBN 978-985-577-537-0. — Текст : электронный // Лань : электронно-библиотечная система. — URL: <https://e.lanbook.com/book/329711> (дата обращения: 28.03.2025). — Режим доступа: для авториз. пользователей.

б) Дополнительная литература:

1. Бужинская, Д. С. Композиция публицистического текста : учебное пособие / Д. С. Бужинская, О. И. Соловьева ; МГТУ. - [2-е изд., подгот. по печ. изд. 2014 г.]. - Магнитогорск : МГТУ, 2017. - 1 электрон. опт. диск (CD-ROM). - Загл. с титул. экрана. - URL: <https://host.megaprolib.net/MP0109/Download/MObject/20392> (дата обращения: 22.03.2025). - Макрообъект. - Текст : электронный. - Сведения доступны также на CD-ROM.

2. Бужинская, Д. С. Композиция риторического текста : учебное пособие / Д. С. Бужинская, О. И. Соловьева ; МГТУ. - Магнитогорск : МГТУ, 2015. - 1 электрон. опт. диск (CD-ROM). - Загл. с титул. экрана. - URL: <https://host.megaprolib.net/MP0109/Download/MObject/204> (дата обращения: 22.03.2025). - Макрообъект. - Текст : электронный. - Сведения доступны также на CD-ROM.

в) Методические указания:

Самостоятельная работа студентов вуза : практикум / составители: Т. Г. Неретина, Н. Р. Уразаева, Е. М. Разумова, Т. Ф. Орехова ; Магнитогорский гос. технический ун-т им. Г. И. Носова. - Магнитогорск : МГТУ им. Г. И. Носова, 2019. - 1 CD-ROM. - Загл. с титул. экрана. - URL: <https://host.megaprolib.net/MP0109/Download/MObject/2391> (дата обращения: 22.03.2025). - Макрообъект. - Текст : электронный. - Сведения доступны также на CD-ROM.

3. Раздел: Типы дискурса

3.1. Типы дискурса, сферы общения, формальность, предварительная подготовленность дискурса. Социальный дейксис.

Ознакомьтесь с материалами лекции, особое внимание обратите на следующие вопросы:

Типы дискурса и их характеристики. Сферы общения и типы дискурса. Формальность и предварительная подготовленность дискурса. Социальный дейксис, как дополнение к основным характеристикам дискурса. Степень социальной дистанции, как разновидность дейксиса.

Практическое (семинарское) занятие:

Подготовьте один из следующих вопросов:

- 1) Перечислите типы дискурса и их характеристики.
 - 2) Как взаимосвязаны типы дискурса и сферы общения?
 - 3) Что понимается под формальностью и предварительной подготовленностью дискурса?
 - 4) В чем заключается сущность социального дейксиса?
- Дополнительные вопросы по теме:

- 1) Обоснуйте необходимость введения понятия «дейксис».
- 2) Как проявляется в дискурсе степень социальной дистанции?

Самостоятельно подготовьте доклад об одном из следующих видов дискурса и проведите его дискур-анализ:

- спортивный дискурс
- педагогический дискурс
- медийный дискурс
- научный дискурс
- рекламный дискурс
- юридический дискурс
- политический дискурс

а) Основная литература:

1) Рыжикова, М. Д. Анализ дискурса: теория и практика : учебное пособие / М. Д. Рыжикова. — Симферополь : КФУ им. В.И. Вернадского, 2018. — 138 с. — ISBN 978-5-6041133-6-3. — Текст : электронный // Лань : электронно-библиотечная система. — URL: <https://e.lanbook.com/book/345167> (дата обращения: 22.03.2025). — Режим доступа: для авториз. пользователей.

2) Границы жанра: текст и дискурс : монография / И. М. Басовец, Н. В. Буренина, Е. В. Войтишенюк [и др.]. — Гомель : ГГУ имени Ф. Скорины, 2019. — 188 с. — ISBN 978-985-577-537-0. — Текст : электронный // Лань : электронно-библиотечная система. — URL: <https://e.lanbook.com/book/329711> (дата обращения: 22.03.2025). — Режим доступа: для авториз. пользователей.

б) Дополнительная литература:

1. Бужинская, Д. С. Композиция публицистического текста : учебное пособие / Д. С. Бужинская, О. И. Соловьева ; МГТУ. - [2-е изд., подгот. по печ. изд. 2014 г.]. - Магнитогорск : МГТУ, 2017. - 1 электрон. опт. диск (CD-ROM). - Загл. с титул. экрана. - URL: <https://host.megaprolib.net/MP0109/Download/MObject/20392> (дата обращения: 22.03.2025). - Макрообъект. - Текст : электронный. - Сведения доступны также на CD-ROM.

2. Бужинская, Д. С. Композиция риторического текста : учебное пособие / Д. С. Бужинская, О. И. Соловьева ; МГТУ. - Магнитогорск : МГТУ, 2015. - 1 электрон. опт. диск (CD-ROM). - Загл. с титул. экрана. - URL: <https://host.megaprolib.net/MP0109/Download/MObject/204> (дата обращения: 22.03.2025). - Макрообъект. - Текст : электронный. - Сведения доступны также на CD-ROM.

в) Методические указания:

Самостоятельная работа студентов вуза : практикум / составители: Т. Г. Неретина, Н. Р. Уразаева, Е. М. Разумова, Т. Ф. Орехова ; Магнитогорский гос. технический ун-т им. Г. И. Носова. - Магнитогорск : МГТУ им. Г. И. Носова, 2019. - 1 CD-ROM. - Загл. с титул. экрана. - URL: <https://host.megaprolib.net/MP0109/Download/MObject/2391> (дата обращения: 22.03.2025). - Макрообъект. - Текст : электронный. - Сведения доступны также на CD-ROM.

ПРИЛОЖЕНИЕ 2

Оценочные средства для проведения промежуточной аттестации

Промежуточная аттестация имеет целью определить степень достижения запланированных результатов обучения по дисциплине «Дискурс» 2 семестр в форме зачета.

а) Планируемые результаты обучения и оценочные средства для проведения промежуточной аттестации:

Код индикатора	Индикатор достижения компетенции	Оценочные средства
ПК-1: Способен применять методики и современные педагогические технологии обучения иностранным языкам		
ПК-1.1	Разрабатывает учебно-методические материалы с учетом современных научных достижений	<p>Теоретические вопросы:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1) Как соотносятся понятия «текст» и «дискурс»? 2) Какими средствами выражается тема говорящего в дискурсе? 3) Перечислите типы контекстов? 4) Что понимается под «когнитивными структурами дискурса»? <p>Практические задания:</p> <p>Проведите семантический дискурс-анализ предложенных текстов.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1) Определите, как выражена тема говорящего в текстах. 2) Найдите контексты в предложенных текстах. 3) Найдите в текстах когнитивные структуры. <p>Комплексные проблемные задания:</p> <p>Проведите семантический дискурс-анализ текста и адаптируйте его с учетом уровня владения языком ваших учащихся.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>The Girl with Green Eyes</i> by J. Bassett</p> <p><i>‘Of course,’ the man in the brown hat said, ‘there are good policemen and there are bad policemen, you know.’</i></p>

Код индикатора	Индикатор достижения компетенции	Оценочные средства
		<p><i>‘You’re right,’ the young man said. ‘Yes. That’s very true. Isn’t it, Julie?’ He looked at the young woman next to him.</i></p> <p><i>Julie didn’t answer and looked bored. She closed her eyes.</i></p> <p><i>‘Julie’s my wife,’ the young man told the man in the brown hat. ‘She doesn’t like trains. She always feels ill on trains.’</i></p> <p><i>‘Oh yes?’ the man in the brown hat said. ‘Now my wife — she doesn’t like buses. She nearly had an accident on a bus once. It was last year ... No, no, it wasn’t. It was two years ago. I remember now. It was in Manchester.’ He told a long, boring story about his wife and a bus in Manchester.</i></p> <p><i>It was a hot day and the train was slow. There were seven people in the carriage. There was the man in the brown hat; the young man and his wife, Julie; a mother and two children; and a tall dark man in an expensive suit.</i></p> <p><i>The young man’s name was Bill. He had short brown hair and a happy smile. His wife, Julie, had long red hair and very green eyes — the colour of sea water. They were very beautiful eyes.</i></p> <p><i>The man in the brown hat talked and talked. He had a big red face and a loud voice. He talked to Bill because Bill liked to talk too. The man in the brown hat laughed a lot, and when he laughed, Bill laughed too. Bill liked talking and laughing with people. The two children were hot and bored. They didn’t want to sit down. They wanted to be noisy and run up and down the train.</i></p> <p><i>‘Now sit down and be quiet,’ their mother said. She was a small woman with a tired face and a tired voice.</i></p> <p><i>‘I don’t want to sit down,’ the little boy said. ‘I’m thirsty.’</i></p> <p><i>‘Here. Have an orange,’ his mother said. She took an orange out of her bag and gave it to him.</i></p> <p><i>‘I want an orange too,’ the little girl said loudly.</i></p> <p><i>‘All right. Here you are,’ said her mother. ‘Eat it nicely, now.’</i></p> <p><i>The children ate their oranges and were quiet for a minute.</i></p> <p><i>Then the little boy said, ‘I want a drink. I’m thirsty.’</i></p>

Код индикатора	Индикатор достижения компетенции	Оценочные средства
		<p><i>The tall dark man took out his newspaper and began to read. Julie opened her eyes and looked at the back page of his newspaper. She read about the weather in Budapest and about the football in Liverpool. She wasn't interested in Budapest and she didn't like football, but she didn't want to listen to Bill and the man in the brown hat. 'Talk, talk, talk,' she thought. 'Bill never stops talking.'</i></p> <p><i>Then suddenly she saw the tall man's eyes over the top of his newspaper. She could not see his mouth, but there was a smile in his eyes. Quickly, she looked down at the newspaper and read about the weather in Budapest again.</i></p> <p><i>The train stopped at Dawlish station and people got on and got off. There was a lot of noise.</i></p> <p><i>'Is this our station?' the little girl asked. She went to the window and looked out.</i></p> <p><i>'No, it isn't. Now sit down,' her mother said.</i></p> <p><i>'We're going to Penzance,' the little girl told Bill. 'For our holidays.'</i></p> <p><i>'Yes,' her mother said. 'My sister's got a little hotel by the sea. We're staying there. It's cheap, you see.'</i></p> <p><i>'Yes,' the man in the brown hat said. 'It's a nice town. I know a man there. He's got a restaurant in King Street. A lot of holiday people go there. He makes a lot of money in the summer.' He laughed loudly. 'Yes,' he said again. 'You can have a nice holiday in Penzance.'</i></p> <p><i>'We're going to St Austell,' Bill said. 'Me and Julie. It's our first holiday. Julie wanted to go to Spain, but I like St Austell. I always go there for my holidays. It's nice in August. You can have a good time there too.'</i></p> <p><i>Julie looked out of the window. 'Where is Budapest?' she thought. 'I want to go there. I want to go to Vienna, to Paris, to Rome, to Athens.' Her green eyes were bored and angry. Through the window she watched the little villages and hills of England.</i></p> <p><i>The man in the brown hat looked at Julie. 'You're right,' he said to Bill. 'You can have a good time on holiday in England. We always go to Brighton, me and the wife. But the weather! We went one year, and it rained every day. Morning, afternoon, and night. It's true. It never stopped raining.' He laughed loudly. 'We nearly went home after the first</i></p>

Код индикатора	Индикатор достижения компетенции	Оценочные средства
		<p><i>week.</i></p> <p><i>Bill laughed too. 'What did you do all day, then?' he asked.</i></p> <p><i>Julie read about the weather in Budapest for the third time. Then she looked at the tall man's hands. They were long, brown hands, very clean. 'Nice hands,' she thought. He wore a very expensive Japanese watch. 'Japan,' she thought. 'I'd like to go to Japan.' She looked up and saw the man's eyes again over the top of his newspaper. This time she did not look away. Green eyes looked into dark brown eyes for a long, slow minute.</i></p> <p><i>After Newton Abbot station the guard came into the carriage to look at their tickets. 'Now then,' he said, 'where are we all going?'</i></p> <p><i>'This train's late,' the man in the brown hat said. 'Twenty minutes late, by my watch.'</i></p> <p><i>'Ten minutes,' the guard said. 'That's all.' He smiled at Julie.</i></p> <p><i>The tall dark man put his newspaper down, found his ticket, and gave it to the guard. The guard looked at it.</i></p> <p><i>'You're all right, sir,' he said. 'The boat doesn't leave Plymouth before six o'clock. You've got lots of time.'</i></p> <p><i>The tall man smiled, put his ticket back in his pocket and opened his newspaper again. Julie didn't look at him. 'A boat,' she thought. 'He's taking a boat from Plymouth. Where's he going?' She looked at him again with her long green eyes.</i></p> <p><i>He read his newspaper and didn't look at her. But his eyes smiled. The train stopped at Totnes station and more people got on and off.</i></p> <p><i>'Everybody's going on holiday,' Bill said. He laughed. 'It's going to be wonderful. No work for two weeks. It's a nice, quiet town, St Austell. We can stay in bed in the mornings, and sit and talk in the afternoons, and have a drink or two in the evenings. Eh, Julie?' He looked at his wife. 'Are you all right, Julie?'</i></p> <p><i>'Yes, Bill,' she said quietly. 'I'm OK.' She looked out of the window again. The train went more quickly now, and it began to rain. Bill and the man in the brown hat talked and talked. Bill told a long story about two men and a dog, and the man in the brown hat laughed very loudly.</i></p> <p><i>'That's a good story,' he said. 'I like that. You tell it very well. Do you know the story</i></p>

Код индикатора	Индикатор достижения компетенции	Оценочные средства
		<p><i>about . . . ' And he told Bill a story about a Frenchman and a bicycle.</i></p> <p><i>'Why do people laugh at these stories?' Julie thought. 'They're so boring!'</i></p> <p><i>But Bill liked it. Then he told a story about an old woman and a cat, and the man in the brown hat laughed again. 'That's good, too. I don't know. How do you remember them all?'</i></p> <p><i>'Because', Julie thought, 'he tells them every day.'</i></p> <p><i>'I don't understand,' the little girl said suddenly. She looked at Bill. 'Why did the cat die?'</i></p> <p><i>'Shhh. Be quiet,' her mother said. 'Come and eat your sandwiches now.'</i></p> <p><i>'That's all right,' Bill said. 'I like children.'</i></p> <p><i>The man in the brown hat looked at the children's sandwiches. 'Mmm, I'm hungry, too,' he said. 'You can get sandwiches in the restaurant on this train.' He looked at Bill. 'Let's go down to the restaurant, eh? I need a drink too.'</i></p> <p><i>Bill laughed. 'You're right. It's thirsty work, telling stories.'</i></p> <p><i>The two men stood up and left the carriage.</i></p> <p><i>The little girl ate her sandwich and looked at Julie. 'But why did the cat die?' she asked.</i></p> <p><i>'I don't know,' Julie said. 'Perhaps it wanted to die.'</i></p> <p><i>The little girl came and sat next to Julie. 'I like your hair,' she said. 'It's beautiful.' Julie looked down at her and smiled.</i></p> <p><i>For some minutes it was quiet in the carriage. Then the tall dark man opened his bag and took out a book. He put it on the seat next to him, and looked at Julie with a smile. Julie looked back at him, and then down at the book. Famous towns of Italy, she read. Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples. She looked away again, out of the window at the rain. 'Two weeks in St Austell,' she thought. 'With Bill. In the rain.'</i></p> <p><i>After half an hour the two men came back to the carriage. 'There are a lot of people on this train,' Bill said. 'Do you want a sandwich, Julie?'</i></p> <p><i>'No,' she said. 'I'm not hungry. You eat them.'</i></p> <p><i>The train was nearly at Plymouth. Doors opened and people began to move. 'A lot of people get on here,' the man in the brown hat said.</i></p> <p><i>The tall dark man stood up and put his book and his newspaper in his bag. Then he picked</i></p>

Код индикатора	Индикатор достижения компетенции	Оценочные средства
		<p><i>up his bag and left the carriage. The train stopped at the station. A lot of people got on the train, and two women and an old man came into the carriage. They had a lot of bags with them. Bill and the man in the brown hat stood up and helped them. One of the women had a big bag of apples. The bag broke and the apples went all over the carriage.</i></p> <p><i>‘Oh damn!’ she said.</i></p> <p><i>Everybody laughed, and helped her to find the apples. The train moved away from Plymouth station. After a minute or two everybody sat down and the woman gave some apples to the children.</i></p> <p><i>‘Where’s Julie?’ Bill said suddenly. ‘She’s not here.’ ‘Perhaps she went to the restaurant,’ the man in the brown hat said.</i></p> <p><i>‘But she wasn’t hungry,’ Bill said. ‘She told me.’ The little girl looked at Bill. ‘She got off the train at</i></p> <p><i>Plymouth,’ she said. ‘With the tall dark man. I saw them.’ ‘Of course she didn’t!’ Bill said. ‘She’s on this train. She didn’t get off.’</i></p> <p><i>‘Yes, she did,’ the children’s mother said suddenly. ‘I saw her too. The tall man waited for her on the platform.’ ‘He waited for her?’ Bill’s mouth was open. ‘But... But he read his newspaper all the time. He didn’t talk to Julie. And she never talked to him. They didn’t say a word.’ ‘People don’t always need words, young man,’ the children’s mother said.</i></p> <p><i>‘But she’s my wife!’ Bill’s face was red and angry. ‘She can’t do that!’ he said loudly. He stood up. ‘I’m going to stop the train.’ Everybody looked at him and the two children laughed.</i></p> <p><i>‘No,’ the man in the brown hat said, ‘no, you don’t want to do that. Sit down and eat your sandwiches, my friend.’</i></p> <p><i>‘But I don’t understand. Why did she go? What am I going to do?’ Bill’s face was very unhappy. After a second or two he sat down again. ‘What am I going to do?’ he said again.</i></p> <p><i>‘Nothing,’ the man in the brown hat said. He ate his sandwich slowly. ‘Go and have your holiday in St Austell. You can have a good time there. Forget about Julie. Those green eyes, now.’ He took out a second sandwich and began to eat it. ‘I knew a woman once with</i></p>

Код индикатора	Индикатор достижения компетенции	Оценочные средства
		<i>green eyes. She gave me a very bad time. No, you want to forget about Julie.'</i>
ПК-1.2	Анализирует подходы к обучению и эффективность учебных занятий по дисциплине «Иностранный язык»	<p>Теоретические вопросы:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1) Как в дискурсе отражаются косвенные речевые акты? 2) Какими грамматическими средствами оформляются виды речевых актов в дискурсе? 3) Раскройте принципы теории речевых актов. <p>Практические задания:</p> <p>Приведите примеры различных видов дискурса. Определите, какие виды речевых актов в них используются.</p> <p>Комплексные проблемные задания.</p> <p>Проанализируйте текст и определите типы речевых актов, используемых в нем. Разработайте комплекс упражнений, направленный на умение употреблять в диалогической речи различные виды речевых актов.</p> <p><i>The Errors of Santa Claus</i> <i>By Stephen Leacock</i> <i>It was Christmas Eve.</i> <i>The Browns, who lived in the adjoining house, had been dining with the Joneses.</i> <i>Brown and Jones were sitting over wine and walnuts at the table. The others had gone upstairs.</i> <i>«What are you giving to your boy for Christmas?» asked Brown.</i> <i>«A train,» said Jones, «new kind of thing — automatic.»</i> <i>«Let's have a look at it,» said Brown.</i> <i>Jones fetched a parcel from the sideboard and began unwrapping it.</i> <i>«Ingenious thing, isn't it?» he said. «Goes on its own rails. Queer how kids love to play with trains, isn't it?»</i> <i>«Yes,» assented Brown. «How are the rails fixed?»</i> <i>«Wait, I'll show you,» said Jones. «Just help me to shove these dinner things aside and</i></p>

Код индикатора	Индикатор достижения компетенции	Оценочные средства
		<p><i>roll back the cloth. There! See! You lay the rails like that and fasten them at the ends, so —»</i></p> <p><i>«Oh, yes, I catch on, makes a grade, doesn't it? just the thing to amuse a child, isn't it? I got Willy a toy aeroplane.»</i></p> <p><i>«I know, they're great. I got Edwin one on his birthday. But I thought I'd get him a train this time. I told him Santa Claus was going to bring him something altogether new this time. Edwin, of course, believes in Santa Claus absolutely. Say, look at this locomotive, would you? It has a spring coiled up inside the fire box.»</i></p> <p><i>«Wind her up,» said Brown with great interest. «Let her go.»</i></p> <p><i>«All right,» said Jones. «Just pile up two or three plates something to lean the end of the rails on. There, notice way it buzzes before it starts. Isn't that a great thing for kid, eh?»</i></p> <p><i>«Yes,» said Brown. «And say, see this little string to pull the whistle! By Gad, it toots, eh? just like real?»</i></p> <p><i>«Now then, Brown,» Jones went on, «you hitch on those cars and I'll start her. I'll be engineer, eh!»</i></p> <p><i>Half an hour later Brown and Jones were still playing trains on the dining-room table. But their wives upstairs in the drawing-room hardly noticed their absence. They were too much interested.</i></p> <p><i>«Oh, I think it's perfectly sweet,» said Mrs. Brown. «Just the loveliest doll I've seen in years. I must get one like it for Ulvina. Won't Clarisse be perfectly enchanted?»</i></p> <p><i>«Yes,» answered Mrs. Jones, «and then she'll have all the fun of arranging the dresses. Children love that so much. Look, there are three little dresses with the doll, aren't they cute? All cut out and ready to stitch together.»</i></p> <p><i>«Oh, how perfectly lovely!» exclaimed Mrs. Brown. «I think the mauve one would suit the doll best, don't you, with such golden hair? Only don't you think it would make it much nicer to turn back the collar, so, and to put a little band — so?»</i></p> <p><i>«What a good idea!» said Mrs. Jones. «Do let's try it. Just wait, I'll get a needle in a minute. I'll tell Clarisse that Santa Claus sewed it himself. The child believes in Santa Claus absolutely.»</i></p>

Код индикатора	Индикатор достижения компетенции	Оценочные средства
		<p><i>And half an hour later Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Brown were so busy stitching dolls' clothes that they could not hear the roaring of the little train up and down the dining table, and had no idea what the four children were doing.</i></p> <p><i>Nor did the children miss their mothers.</i></p> <p><i>«Dandy, aren't they?» Edwin Jones was saying to little Willie Brown, as they sat in Edwin's bedroom. «A hundred in a box, with cork tips, and see, an amber mouthpiece that fits into a little case at the side. Good present for Dad, eh?»</i></p> <p><i>«Fine!» said Willie appreciatively. «I'm giving Father cigars.»</i></p> <p><i>«I know, I thought of cigars too. Men always like cigars and cigarettes. You can't go wrong on them. Say, would you like to try one or two of these cigarettes? We can take them from the bottom. You'll like them, they're Russian — away ahead of Egyptian.»</i></p> <p><i>«Thanks,» answered Willie. «I'd like one immensely. I only started smoking last spring — on my twelfth birthday. I think a feller's a fool to begin smoking cigarettes too soon, don't you? It stunts him. I waited till I was twelve.»</i></p> <p><i>«Me too,» said Edwin, as they lighted their cigarettes. «In fact, I wouldn't buy them now if it weren't for Dad. I simply had to give him something from Santa Claus. He believes in Santa Claus absolutely, you know.»</i></p> <p><i>And, while this was going on, Clarisse was showing little Ulvina the absolutely lovely little bridge set that she got for her mother.</i></p> <p><i>«Aren't these markers perfectly charming?» said Ulvina. «And don't you love this little Dutch design — or is it Flemish, darling?»</i></p> <p><i>«Dutch,» said Clarisse. «Isn't it quaint? And aren't these the dearest little things, for putting the money in when you play. I needn't have got them with it — they'd have sold the rest separately — but I think it's too utterly slow playing without money, don't you?»</i></p> <p><i>«Oh, abominable,» shuddered Ulvina. «But your mamma never plays for money, does she?»</i></p> <p><i>«Mamma! Oh, gracious, no. Mamma's far too slow for that. But I shall tell her that Santa Claus insisted on putting in the little money boxes.»</i></p> <p><i>«I suppose she believes in Santa Claus, just as my mamma does.»</i></p>

Код индикатора	Индикатор достижения компетенции	Оценочные средства
		<p><i>«Oh, absolutely,» said Clarisse, and added, «What if we play a little game! With a double dummy, the French way, or Norwegian Skat, if you like. That only needs two.»</i></p> <p><i>«All right,» agreed Ulvina, and in a few minutes they were deep in a game of cards with a little pile of pocket money beside them.</i></p> <p><i>About half an hour later, all the members of the two families were again in the drawing-room. But of course nobody said anything about the presents. In any case they were all too busy looking at the beautiful big Bible, with maps in it, that the Joneses had brought to give to Grandfather. They all agreed that, with the help of it, Grandfather could hunt up any place in Palestine in a moment, day or night.</i></p> <p><i>But upstairs, away upstairs in a sitting-room of his own Grandfather Jones was looking with an affectionate eye at the presents that stood beside him. There was a beautiful whisky decanter, with silver filigree outside (and whiskey inside) for Jones, and for the little boy a big nickel-plated Jew's harp.</i></p>
ПК-1.3	Осуществляет контроль и коррекцию учебно-методического обеспечения реализации дисциплины «Иностранный язык» в соответствии с требованиями образовательной среды	<p>Теоретические вопросы:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1) Перечислите типы дискурса и их характеристики. 2) Как взаимосвязаны типы дискурса и сферы общения? 3) Что понимается под формальностью и предварительной подготовленностью дискурса? 4) В чем заключается сущность социального дейксиса? <p>Практические задания:</p> <p>Используя различные базы данных и электронный библиотеки подготовьте сообщения о лексических и грамматических особенностях одного из видов дискурса:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - спортивный дискурс - педагогический дискурс - медийный дискурс - научный дискурс - рекламный дискурс - юридический дискурс

Код индикатора	Индикатор достижения компетенции	Оценочные средства
		<p>- политический дискурс</p> <p>Комплексные проблемные задания:</p> <p>Проанализируйте тексты школьного учебника с целью определения видов дискурса, содержащихся в нем. Составьте свое учебное пособие, содержащее различные виды дискурса. Обоснуйте свой выбор.</p>

б) Порядок проведения промежуточной аттестации, показатели и критерии оценивания:

Показатели и критерии оценивания на зачете:

На оценку **«зачтено»** – студент должен показать высокий уровень знаний на уровне воспроизведения, объяснения информации, интеллектуальные навыки решения проблем и задач, нахождения ответов к проблемам, оценки и вынесения критических суждений, студент должен обоснованно ответить на вопрос, дать определение понятию, решить тест или выполнить задание;

На оценку **«не зачтено»** – студент не может показать знания на уровне воспроизведения и объяснения информации, не может показать интеллектуальные навыки решения простых задач, студент не отвечает на вопрос, не дает определение понятию, не решает тест или не выполняет задание.