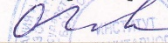


МИНИСТЕРСТВО ОБРАЗОВАНИЯ И НАУКИ РОССИЙСКОЙ ФЕДЕРАЦИИ  
Федеральное государственное бюджетное образовательное учреждение  
высшего образования  
«Магнитогорский государственный технический университет им. Г. И. Носова»

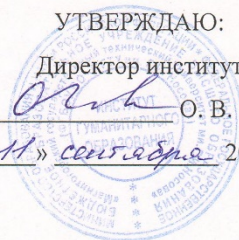
УТВЕРЖДАЮ:

Директор института



О. В. Гневэк

«11» сентября 2017 г.



## РАБОЧАЯ ПРОГРАММА ДИСЦИПЛИН (МОДУЛЯ)

### ДИСКУРС

Направление подготовки

44.03.05 Педагогическое образование  
Направленность (профиль) программы  
Английский язык и немецкий язык

Уровень высшего образования – бакалавриат  
Программа подготовки – академический бакалавриат

Форма обучения

очная

Институт	гуманитарного образования
Кафедра	английского языка
Курс	4-5
Семестр	8-А

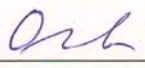
Магнитогорск  
2017 г.

Рабочая программа составлена на основе ФГОС ВО по направлению подготовки 44.03.05 Педагогическое образование, утверждено приказом МОиН РФ от 09.02.2016 № 91.

Рабочая программа рассмотрена и одобрена на заседании кафедры английского языка 4 сентября 2017 г., протокол № 1.

Зав. кафедрой  /М. С. Галлямова/


Рабочая программа одобрена методической комиссией института гуманитарного образования от 11 сентября 2017 г., протокол № 1.

Председатель  /О. В. Гневэк/

Рабочая программа составлена:

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Рецензент:

Директор МОУ «СОШ №16»  /О. С. Конькина/



### 1 Цели освоения дисциплины (модуля)

Целями освоения дисциплины (модуля) «Дискурс» являются: приобретение способности к коммуникации в устной и письменной формах на русском и иностранном языках для решения задач межличностного и межкультурного взаимодействия, способностью решать задачи воспитания и духовно-нравственного развития, обучающихся в учебной и внеучебной деятельности, умение свободно выражать свои мысли, адекватно используя разнообразные языковые средства с целью выделения релевантной информации.

### 2 Место дисциплины (модуля) в структуре образовательной программы подготовки бакалавра

Дисциплина «Дискурс» входит в вариативную часть блока 1 образовательной программы по направлению 44.03.05 Педагогическое образование, профиль Английский-немецкий языки и является дисциплиной по выбору.

Для изучения дисциплины необходимы знания (умения, владения), сформированные в результате изучения «Практический курс первого иностранного языка (английский язык)», «Введение в языкознание».

Знания (умения, владения), полученные при изучении данной дисциплины будут необходимы для прохождения государственной итоговой аттестации и сдачи государственного экзамена.

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

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

Структурный элемент компетенции	Планируемые результаты обучения
<b>ОК-4</b> способностью к коммуникации в устной и письменной формах на русском и иностранном языках для решения задач межличностного и межкультурного взаимодействия	
Знать	основные определения и понятия теории дискурса; основные виды дискурса, применяемые в процессе межличностной и межкультурной коммуникации; особенности видов англоязычного дискурса
Уметь	применять тип дискурса в соответствии с коммуникативной задачей; строить письменные формы дискурса; строить устные формы дискурса.
Владеть	устными формами англоязычного дискурса; письменными формами англоязычного дискурса; набором средств обеспечивающих устную и письменную коммуникацию на иностранном языке.
<b>ПК-3</b> способностью решать задачи воспитания и духовно-нравственного развития, обучающихся в учебной и внеучебной деятельности	
Знать	основные задачи нравственного воспитания; основные направления духовно-нравственного развития; основные виды ученой и внеучебной деятельности;
Уметь	– решать задачи нравственного воспитания посредством дискурса; – находить способы эффективного решения духовно-нравственного развития посредством различных типов дискурса;

Структурный элемент компетенции	Планируемые результаты обучения
	– корректно выражать и аргументированно обосновывать взаимосвязь процесса воспитания и духовно-нравственного развития учащихся с различными видами дискурса.
Владеть	– эффективными способами решения задач, связанных с нравственным воспитанием посредством различных типов дискурса; – эффективными методиками, направленными на формирование нравственно-духовного воспитания посредством различных типов дискурса; – набором приемов нравственно-духовного развития, применяемых в учебной и внеучебной деятельности;
<b>ДПК-3</b> умеет свободно выражать свои мысли, адекватно используя разнообразные языковые средства с целью выделения релевантной информации	
Знать	– основные виды дискурса; – основные лексические и грамматические средства, используемые при построении дискурса; – дискурсионные маркеры релевантной информации;
Уметь	– применять различные виды дискурса в зависимости от коммуникативной интенции; – применять лексические и грамматические средства связи, используемые в дискурсе; распознавать дискурсионные маркеры релевантной информации
Владеть	различными видами дискурса; – лексическими и грамматическими средствами построения дискурса; – дискурсионными маркерами релевантной информации

#### 4 Структура и содержание дисциплины (модуля)

Общая трудоемкость дисциплины составляет 7 зачетных единиц 252 акад. часов, в том числе:

- контактная работа – 105,4 акад. часов;
- аудиторная – 101 акад. часов;
- внеаудиторная – 4,4 акад. часов
- самостоятельная работа – 110,9 акад. часов;
- подготовка к экзамену – 35,7 акад. часа

Раздел/ тема дисциплины	Семестр	Аудиторная контактная работа (в акад. часах)			Самостоятельная работа (в акад. часах)	Вид самостоятельной работы	Форма текущего контроля успеваемости и промежуточной аттестации	Код и структурный элемент компетенции
		лекции	лаборат. занятия	практич. занятия				
1. Раздел: Дискурс как предмет лингвистического изучения, его место	8							

Раздел/ тема дисциплины	Семестр	Аудиторная контактная работа (в акад. часах)			Самостоятельная работа (в акад. часах)	Вид самостоятельной работы	Форма текущего контроля успеваемости и промежуточной аттестации	Код и структурный элемент компетенции
		лекции	лаборат. занятия	практич. занятия				
в ряду близких понятий дискурса.								
1.1. Тема: Философско-методологические основания анализа языкового общения. Язык как социально-психологический феномен. Кодовая, инференционная и интеракционная модели коммуникации. Интеракц. модель общения как развитие идеи диалога М. Бахтина.		5		5/4	15	Подготовка к практическому занятию.	Устный опрос.	ОК-4-зу, ПК-3 – зу ДПК-3 – зу
1.2. Тема: Дискурсивная онтология в виде принципа социального конструкционализма как методологическое основание прагмалингвистики.		4		4/3	15	Подготовка к практическому занятию.	Устный опрос.	ОК-4-зу, ПК-3 – зу ДПК-3 – зу
1.3. Тема: Подходы к определению дискурса.		4		4/3	15,25	Подготовка к практическому занятию. Подготовка доклада по теме.		ОК-4-зув, ПК-3 – зу ДПК-3 – зу
<b>Итого по разделу</b>		<b>13</b>		<b>13/10 И</b>	<b>45,25</b>		<b>Устный опрос.</b>	
<b>Итого за семестр</b>		<b>13</b>		<b>13/10 И</b>	<b>45,25</b>		<b>Промежуточная аттестация – зачет</b>	
2. Раздел: Семантика и грамматика дискурса	9							

Раздел/ тема дисциплины	Семестр	Аудиторная контактная работа (в акад. часах)			Самостоятельная работа (в акад. часах)	Вид самостоятельной работы	Форма текущего контроля успеваемости и промежуточной аттестации	Код и структурный элемент компетенции
		лекции	лаборат. занятия	практич. занятия				
2.1. Тема: Семантика дискурса: пропозиция, референция, экспликатура, импликатура, инференция, пресуппозиция и др.		4		8/3	8	Подготовка к практическому занятию. Выполнение практических заданий по теме.		ОК-4-зув, ПК-3 – зув ДПК-3 – зув
2.2. Тема: Тема дискурса. Тема говорящего. Контекст дискурса и его типы. Когнитивные структуры дискурса.		4		8/3	8	Подготовка к практическому занятию. Выполнение практических заданий по теме.	Устный опрос.	ОК-4-зув, ПК-3 – зув ДПК-3 – зув
2.3. Тема: Речевые акты, их типы, коммуникативные акты, ходы, обмены, трансакции, речевые события как единицы дискурса.		4		8/2	8	Подготовка к практическому занятию. Выполнение практических заданий по теме.	Устный опрос.	ОК-4-зув, ПК-3 – зув ДПК-3 – зув
2.4. Тема: Мена коммуникативных ролей, коммуникативная стратегия, когезия, когеренция, метакоммуникация и дейксис дискурса.		2		4/2	5,2	Подготовка к практическому занятию. Выполнение практических заданий по теме.	Устный опрос.	ОК-4-зув, ПК-3 – зув ДПК-3 – зув
<b>Итого по разделу</b>		<b>14</b>		<b>28/10 И</b>	<b>29,2</b>		<b>Контрольная работа</b>	
<b>Итого за семестр</b>							<b>Промежуточная аттестация – зачет</b>	
3. Раздел: Типы дискурса	А							
3.1. Тема: Дискурсивное конструирование социального мира. «Конвенция», «институт» как		4		9/4	12	Подготовка к практическому занятию. Выполнение практических заданий по теме.		ОК-4-зув, ПК-3 – зув ДПК-3 – зув



Раздел/ тема дисциплины	Семестр	Аудиторная контактная работа (в акад. часах)			Самостоятельная работа (в акад. часах)	Вид самостоятельной работы	Форма текущего контроля успеваемости и промежуточной аттестации	Код и структурный элемент компетенции
		лекции	лаборат. занятия	практич. занятия				
социальные категории дискурса.								
3.2. Тема: Типы дискурса, сферы общения, формальность, предварительная подготовленность дискурса. Социальный дейксис.		4		9/4	12	Подготовка к практическому занятию. Подготовка доклада по теме. Составление сообщения в рамках одного из типов дискурса.		ОК-4-зுவ, ПК-3 – зув ДПК-3 – зув
3.3. Тема: Опыт интерпретативного дискурс-анализа.		3		4/2	12,45	Подготовка к практическому занятию. Выполнение дискурс-анализа предложенного текста.		ОК-4-зув, ПК-3 – зув ДПК-3 – зув
<b>Итого по разделу</b>		<b>11</b>		<b>22/10 И</b>	<b>36,45</b>		Контрольная работа. Письменный дискурс-анализ текста.	
<b>Итого за семестр</b>							<b>Промежуточная аттестация – экзамен</b>	
<b>Итого по дисциплине</b>		<b>38</b>		<b>63/30 И</b>	<b>110,9</b>			

### 5 Образовательные и информационные 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

По дисциплине «Дискурс» предусмотрена аудиторная и внеаудиторная самостоятельная работа обучающихся.

Аудиторная самостоятельная работа студентов предполагает устный опрос и выполнение практических заданий (упражнений) на практических занятиях.

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



### Теоретические вопросы:

- 1) Раскройте понятие социального конструкционализма как методологического основания прагмалингвистики.
- 2). Перечислите теоретические модели коммуникации.
- 3) Рассмотрите подходы к понятию «дискурс». Дайте определение дискурса.

### Практические задания:

Подготовьте доклад на следующие темы:

- 1) Дискурс – как предмет изучения в гуманитарных науках.
- 2) Широкое и узкое понимание термина «дискурс»
- 3) Подходы к понятию «дискурс» в отечественной лингвистике.
- 4) Подходы к понятию дискурс в западной лингвистике.
- 5) Типология и структура дискурса.

## 2. Раздел: Семантика и грамматика дискурса

### Теоретические вопросы:

- 1). Что такое «референция»?
- 2). Как соотносятся экспликатура и имплекатура?
- 3). Сформулируйте определение темы дискурса.
- 4). Какими средствами выражается тема говорящего?
- 5) Проиллюстрируйте примерами когнитивные структуры дискурса.
- 6) Что такое речевой акт в теории дискурса?
- 7). Раскройте основные понятия теории речевых актов. Перечислите типы речевых актов.
- 8) Приведите примеры косвенных речевых актов.
- 9). Сделайте сообщение о таких явлениях как «когезия», «когеренция» и «метакоммуникация».

### Практические задания:

Найдите в предложенных текстах следующие явления:

- 1) Экспликация и импликация:
- 2) Тема дискурса.
- 3) Тема говорящего
- 4) Когнитивная структура дискурса.
- 5) Определите виды речевых актов, используемых в с диалогической речи персонажей.
- 6) Найдите примеры когезии и когеренции.

### 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 gravships 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.

### 3 Раздел: Типы дискурса

Теоретические вопросы:

- 1) Что такое социальные категории дискурса?
- 2) Какими языковыми средствами происходит конструирование социального мира?
- 3) Каковы основные критерии выделения того или иного типа дискурса?
- 4) Что такое «социальный дейксис»?

Практические задания:

- 1) Подготовьте доклад об одном из следующих видов дискурса:
  - спортивный дискурс
  - педагогический дискурс
  - медийный дискурс
  - научный дискурс
  - рекламный дискурс
  - юридический дискурс
  - политический дискурс
- 2) Выполните письменный анализ предложенного дискурса:

1“The great Maxine Waters—that’s a beauty,” President Donald Trump said at a rally in Houston on Monday night, at about the same time, it now seems, that packages containing what appear to be explosive devices were making their way to Congresswoman Waters’s offices in Washington, D.C., and in her district in California. Others were sent to the former President Barack Obama; the former Secretary of State Hillary Clinton; the former Vice-President Joe Biden; the former Attorney General Eric Holder; Robert De Niro, the actor, who has been critical of Trump; and the former C.I.A. director John Brennan, care of CNN. (At the Houston rally, when Trump referred to the “fake-news media,” the crowd chanted, “CNN sucks!” He smiled in response.) An explosive had already been found in a mailbox at the New York state home of George Soros. Most of the packages had a half-dozen first-class stamps on them and return labels with the office address and misspelled name of Congresswoman Debbie Wasserman Schultz; the one sent to Holder was misaddressed, and so was redirected to her. Wasserman Schultz is a Florida Democrat who, as the chair of the Democratic National Committee, was often the focus of Trump’s insults and insinuations during the 2016 Presidential campaign.

That rhetorical role is often filled now by, as Trump said in Houston, “Max-eeeeeeene Waters.” He drew out the syllable long enough for members of the crowd to summon up an image of the congresswoman, who is African-American, and remind them of all the blanks they were supposed to fill in. Just in case, he prodded them. “You get that one? You get that—Max?She’s going to be in charge of your finances! Maxine—good old Maxine. Low-I.Q. individual! Low I.Q.”

Waters could become the chair of the House Financial Services Committee if the Democrats take back the House. Chairing that committee, which oversees the Fed and bank regulators, isn’t the same as controlling “your finances,” but it would still allow Waters more authority, apparently, than Trump thinks she has any call to have. Trump told the crowd that a vote for Democrats was a vote to “surrender” Congress to her and to other Democrats he insulted. (There was a Pocahontas reference, to Elizabeth Warren, too.) And the warnings about how they would handle committees were the tame part. “You know how the caravan started?” Trump said, miming a person handing out cash. “Does everybody know what this means? Huh?” This was an apparent reference to a video that a Republican congressman, in what might best be described as an exercise in imaginative projection, claims depicts someone—perhaps an agent of Soros?—paying people to join a group of Guatemalan and Honduran migrants headed north through Mexico, which was

widely circulated on social media. This claim is not remotely substantiated, and Soros's Open Society Foundation has denied it. But Trump was on the case. "I think the Democrats had something to do with it," he said, raising an index finger in the air, like a latter-day Encyclopedia Brown. The caravan is, he said, "an assault on our country. That's an assault."

No one knows at this point who sent the devices, or why. (Nor is it clear yet how effective they would have been as bombs; press accounts suggest they were crudely constructed and technically flawed.) These are unsettled times, in which fears have taken hold in many quarters. As my colleague John Cassidy, surveying the field, notes, this has included a gun attack on congressional Republicans playing baseball; someone also sent ricin to Trump and to one of his in-laws. These tendencies and terrors of hidden forces are present widely in America and always have been. What is distinct about this moment is that the President himself is so eager to stoke them. Trump has a homing instinct for where caches of resentment and anxiety are stored, and how they can be exploited to persuade people that we are in the midst of a crisis that only he can fix—with the help of his vigilant supporters. The packages also had in common the fact that they were targeted at people whom the President and his allies have spoken of as extra-judicial actors, even criminals, masquerading as politicians and civil servants in their efforts to undermine the country. He has referred to Holder as the person who "protected" Obama and the Clintons; when he does so, he can sound almost jealous. Others on the list, like Soros and Waters, are people who, he has implied, have no business being involved in public life at all.

In confronting his enemies and theirs, Trump tells the crowds, the country is already on a military footing. Tough-minded ICE agents were clearing out MS-13 "nests." Suburban towns in Long Island, he told the crowd in Houston, have to be "liberated," adding, "You see the people, they're clapping from their windows. I'm telling you, it's like a war, a war zone." Our cities are beset by the sort of "animal" criminal whose acts are inextricable from "chain migration." When he praised Senator Ted Cruz—the ostensible point of the rally was to support Cruz in his race against Beto O'Rourke, and to give Cruz, who long ago traded dignity for demagoguery, a chance to abase himself in front of Trump—he said that Cruz had done a good job "staring down an angry left-wing mob in our recent Supreme Court battle victory." He added, "If you want America to endure as a sovereign, independent nation, go out and vote Republican." The mob has a well-ordered plan, apparently, to sell out our sovereignty.

There was another rally—this time in Wisconsin, to support Governor Scott Walker—on Wednesday, the day when the Time Warner Center, in New York, was evacuated because of the package that had arrived at CNN's offices there, with similar scenes at congressional offices, and news that the Secret Service had intercepted the packages sent to Obama and to Clinton. Trump began by promising an "aggressive" investigation, and condemned violence perpetrated in the name of politics. "Great country," he said. "Going to get along." As he spoke, he sounded both like someone reciting an obligatory disclaimer and strangely aggrieved, as though he were the true victim of the day's events. When he said that "those engaged in the political arena must stop treating political opponents as morally defective," he certainly didn't seem to be reflecting on his portrayal of Waters. He added, "No one should carelessly compare political opponents to historical villains" or "mob people in public places." Having worked in the word "mob," his shorthand for Democrats and all they bring with them, he praised himself for "behaving."

He also spoke, again, about how America is being "assaulted," and how the Democrats are complicit in bringing "known gang members, predators, criminal aliens into our community." And he said that the media, whose members had been threatened that same day, has "a responsibility to set a civil tone and to stop the endless hostility and constant negative and oftentimes false attacks and stories. Have to do it." By that, apparently, Trump meant stories about Trump. The next morning, on Twitter, after complaining about a Times story on his security-precaution-defying cell-phone habits, he blamed the media even more emphatically: "A very big part of the Anger we see today in our society is caused by the purposely false and inaccurate reporting of the Mainstream Media that I refer to as Fake News. It has gotten so bad and hateful that it is beyond description.

Mainstream Media must clean up its act, FAST!” That is, it must come around to his way of seeing things fast. And if it doesn’t, then what?

## 2. A Municipal Report

by O. Henry

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Azalea Adair herself opened the door when I knocked. She was about fifty years old. Her white hair was pulled back from her small, tired face. She wore a pale yellow dress. It was old, but very clean.

Azalea Adair led me into her living room. A damaged table, three chairs and an old red sofa were in the center of the floor.

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

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

At that moment, someone knocked at the back door. Azalea Adair whispered a soft apology and went to answer the caller. She came back a minute later with bright eyes and pink cheeks. She

looked ten years younger. «You must have a cup of tea before you go,» she said. She shook a little bell on the table, and a small black girl about twelve years old ran into the room.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A few hours later, I went out for a walk before dinner. A crowd of people were talking excitedly in front of a store. I pushed my way into the store. Major Caswell was lying on the floor. He was dead.

Someone had found his body on the street. He had been killed in a fight. In fact, his hands were still closed into tight fists. But as I stood near his body, Caswell's right hand opened. Something fell from it and rolled near my feet. I put my foot on it, then picked it up and put it in my pocket.

People said they believed a thief had killed him. They said Caswell had been showing everyone that he had fifty dollars. But when he was found, he had no money on him. I left Nashville the next morning. As the train crossed a river I took out of my pocket the object that had dropped from Caswell's dead hand. I threw it into the river below.

It was a button. A yellow button... the one from Uncle Caesar's coat.

3. Сделайте сообщение, используя один из видов дискурса:

- спортивный дискурс
- педагогический дискурс

- медийный дискурс
- научный дискурс
- рекламный дискурс
- юридический дискурс
- политический дискурс

## 7 Оценочные средства для проведения промежуточной аттестации

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

Структурный элемент компетенции	Планируемые результаты обучения	Оценочные средства
<b>ОК-4</b> способностью к коммуникации в устной и письменной формах на русском и иностранном языках для решения задач межличностного и межкультурного взаимодействия		
Знать	основные определения и понятия теории дискурса; основные виды дискурса, применяемые в процессе межличностной и межкультурной коммуникации; особенности видов англоязычного дискурса	Теоретические вопросы: Дайте определение дискурса; Раскройте понятия: пропозиция, референция, экспликатура, имплектура, инференция, пресуппозиция. Раскройте основные понятия теории речевых актов. Перечислите виды речевых актов; Назовите основные единицы дискурса; Назовите основные типы дискурса; Дайте определение социального дейксиса; 7 Что относится к социальным категориям дискурса. 8 В чем заключается основные отличия англоязычных типов дискурса от таких же в русском языке.
Уметь	применять тип дискурса в соответствии с коммуникативной задачей; строить письменные формы дискурса; строить устные формы дискурса.	Практические задания: – прочитайте тест и соотнесите тип дискурса на соответствие коммуникативной задаче (научная статья, статья на политическую тему, спортивный репортаж и пр.): – определите грамматические и лексические средства необходимые для написания: научной статьи, декларации, правил выполнения заданий, рецепта приготовления, рассказа, лекции и пр. – определите грамматические и лексические средства необходимые для составления текста устного политического заявления, ведения диалога в общественной организации, в магазине, на приеме у врача и пр.

Структурный элемент компетенции	Планируемые результаты обучения	Оценочные средства
		<p>1) It was raining as I got off the train in Nashville, Tennessee — a slow, gray rain. I was tired so I went straight to my hotel. A big, heavy man was walking up and down in the hotel lobby. Something about the way he moved made me think of a hungry dog looking for a bone. He had a big, fat, red face and a sleepy expression in his eyes. He introduced himself as Wentworth Caswell — Major Wentworth Caswell — from «a fine southern family». Caswell pulled me into the hotel’s barroom and yelled for a waiter. We ordered drinks. While we drank, he talked continually about himself, his family, his wife and her family. He said his wife was rich. He showed me a handful of silver coins that he pulled from his coat pocket. By this time, I had decided that I wanted no more of him. I said good night. I went up to my room and looked out the window. It was ten o’clock but the town was silent. «A nice quiet place,» I said to myself as I got ready for bed. Just an ordinary, sleepy southern town.»</p> <p>2) If ASBOs were given out to sea creatures, it’s highly likely octopuses would get slapped with more than their fair share. They spend much of their lives alone, frequently get into fights and have even been known to attack and kill one another after mating. Now, a study at Johns Hopkins University has found that giving them a small dose of MDMA – a psychoactive drug also known as ecstasy – makes them so sociable that they touch and hug one another. The findings suggest there could be an evolutionary link between the social behaviours of the sea creatures and humans despite the species being separated by 500 million years on the evolutionary tree, the researchers say. “The brains of octopuses are more similar to those of snails than humans, but our studies add to evidence that they can exhibit some of the same behaviours that we can,” said assistant professor</p>

Структурный элемент компетенции	Планируемые результаты обучения	Оценочные средства
		<p>GülDölen, at Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine. “What our studies suggest is that certain brain chemicals, or neurotransmitters, that send signals between neurons required for these social behaviours are evolutionarily conserved.”</p> <p>The team placed four California two-spot octopuses that had been exposed to MDMA, one at a time, into a set-up of three connected water chambers: one empty, one with a plastic action figure under a cage and one with a female or male laboratory-bred octopus under a cage. All four tended to spend more time in the chamber where the octopus was caged. Under normal conditions, without MDMA, the octopuses avoided the male caged octopuses.</p> <p>“It’s not just quantitatively more time, but qualitative. The octopuses tended to hug the cage and also put their mouth parts on the cage,” said Dölen. “This is very similar to how humans react to MDMA; they touch each other frequently.”</p> <p>3) President Trump promised a "big announcement" Tuesday morning, ahead of a meeting with Nikki Haley, his ambassador to the United Nations. Or, actually, his former ambassador—because the announcement in question, which to most political outlets seemed to have come out of left field, is that Haley is resigning from her role at the U.N.</p> <p>Haley had reportedly floated her resignation to Trump in recent months, he said, saying that she wanted "a break." She will finish out 2018 in her role, with a replacement likely to be nominated in the near future. (And Trump's meeting with Kanye West on Thursday, so that's that sorted?)</p> <p>"She's done a fantastic job," <u>Trump said of Haley</u> during a press conference, adding that he hopes she will return to his administration in future. "We're all happy for you in one way, but we hate to lose you," he continued. Haley said that "defend[ing] America" in her role at the U.N. "has been an honor of a lifetime."</p>



Структурный элемент компетенции	Планируемые результаты обучения	Оценочные средства
		<p>Trump nominated Haley for the job shortly after his victory in the 2016 election, and she was confirmed by the Senate in January 2017. During <u>her two years</u>, she was often the person foreign leaders would go to for guidance when the rest of the administration was inconsistent with their policy positions. She was vocal with her opinions on Iran and North Korea, and she disagreed with President Trump on certain issues. Time magazine even put her on a cover as one of the woman "changing the world."</p> <p>4) With the greatest of respect to the British and Irish Lions – who we all love dearly – Tuesday’s announcement that future Premiership seasons will run from September into late June really wasn’t about them.</p> <p>Oscar Wilde once wrote the cynic “knows the price of everything and the value of nothing”.</p> <p>As Premier Rugby chief executive Mark McCafferty and RFU director of professional rugby Nigel Melville made a mockery of last year’s Rugby Players Association’s impassioned rejection of a domestic season extension, it was reasonable to wonder if those running English rugby knew the value of anything. Marler’s England retirement leaves rugby with questions to answer</p> <p>Dressed up as a player-welfare driven initiative but, in reality, yet another land grab aimed solely at reducing domestic and international fixture clashes, the announcement that next year’s Gallagher Premiership and all those thereafter will last 10 months will come to be seen as the moment rugby finally ate itself.</p> <p>Minute concessions are to be made to player welfare, with mandatory mid-season breaks enshrined and a nominal limit of 35 match-day involvement – still around 10 more than most professional players believe is sustainable – as Premier Rugby’s juggernaut ploughs on.</p> <p>For some reason, the retention of a mandatory five-week rest period (three</p>

Структурный элемент компетенции	Планируемые результаты обучения	Оценочные средства
		<p>weeks of which will not actually involve resting) was celebrated as some sort of triumph when it should in fact have been doubled.</p> <p>5. Shirley: Would you like some cookies? I just made them.  Louise: Thank you. Yes, I would.  Shirley: These are chocolate, and those are almond-flavored.  Louise: I guess I'll try a chocolate one first.  Mmmm...this is delicious.  Are they hard to make?  Shirley: No, they're really quite easy. Wait a minute, I've got the recipe right here. See...these are the ingredients, and then you just follow the directions.  Louise: That does look easy. I think I'll make some tonight.</p> <p>6. Saleslady: Can I help you?  Gloria: Yes, I'm looking for a pair of white gloves. I think I wear size six.  Saleslady: The white gloves are on this counter. Let's see... here's a size six. These are very nice, and they're washable, too.  Gloria: Oh, I'll try them on. Hmmm... they seem to fit. How much are they?  Saleslady: Five dollars.  Gloria: All right. I'll take them.  Saleslady: That'll be five-twenty with the tax.</p>
Владеть	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>– устными формами англоязычного дискурса;</li> <li>– письменными формами англоязычного дискурса;</li> <li>– набором средств, обеспечивающих устную и письменную коммуникацию на иностранном языке.</li> </ul>	<p>Комплексные проблемные задания:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>– составьте сообщение на заданную тему (политическое заявление, лекция, объяснение причины опоздания, спортивный репортаж и пр.) применяя правила организации устного дискурса</li> <li>– составьте в письменной форме сообщение на одну из заданных тем, (написать деловое письмо в организацию, статью на спортивную тему, политический обзор текущих событий, правила поведения в образовательном учреждении и пр.), применяя средства, обеспечивающие</li> </ul>

Структурный элемент компетенции	Планируемые результаты обучения	Оценочные средства
		письменную коммуникацию на иностранном языке.
<b>ПК-3</b> способностью решать задачи воспитания и духовно-нравственного развития, обучающихся в учебной и внеучебной деятельности		
Знать	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>– основные задачи нравственного воспитания;</li> <li>– основные направления духовно-нравственного развития;</li> <li>– основные виды ученой и внеучебной деятельности;</li> </ul>	<p>Теоретические вопросы:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1) Каковы задачи нравственного воспитания на различных ступенях обучения?</li> <li>2) Как с нравственно-духовным воспитанием связана дискурсивная категория социального дейксиса?</li> <li>3) Каковы особенности проявления социального дейксиса в учебной и не учебной деятельности?</li> <li>– 4) Как тема говорящего может определять векторы духовно-нравственного развития учащихся?</li> </ol>
Уметь	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>– решать задачи нравственного воспитания посредством дискурса;</li> <li>– находить способы эффективного решения духовно-нравственного развития посредством различных типов дискурса;</li> <li>– корректно выражать и аргументированно обосновывать взаимосвязь процесса воспитания и духовно-нравственного развития учащихся с различными видами дискурса.</li> </ul>	<p>Практические задания:</p> <p>Выберите из предложенных текстов дискурс, способствующий духовно-нравственному развитию:</p> <p>a) The Golden Boys by Chris Rose</p> <p>Every August. Every August for twelve years. Every August for twelve years we went to the same small town on holiday. Every August for twelve years we went to the same beach. Every August for twelve years my parents rented the same small house in the same small town near the same beach, so every morning of every August for twelve years I woke up and walked down to the same beach and sat under the same umbrella or on the same towel in front of the same sea.</p> <p>There was a small café on the beach where we sat every day, and everyday MrMorelli in the café said “Good morning!” to my parents, and then always patted me on the head like a dog. Every day we walked down to our red and white umbrella, every day my father sat on his deckchair and read the newspaper then went to sleep, every day my mother went for a swim in the sea and then went to sleep. Every lunchtime we ate the same cheese sandwiches which my mother made, and then every afternoon we went up to the café and ate an ice cream while my parents talked to MrMorelli</p>

Структурный элемент компетенции	Планируемые результаты обучения	Оценочные средства
		<p>about the weather. Every summer for twelve years I sat there and read books and sometimes played volleyball with some of the other boys and girls who were there, but I never made any friends.</p> <p>It was so boring.</p> <p>Every August for twelve years the same family sat next to us. They were called the Hamiltons. We had a red and white umbrella, they had a green one. Every morning my parents said “Good morning!” to Mr and Mrs Hamilton, and Mr and MrsHamilton said “Good morning!” to my parents. Sometimes they talked about the weather.</p> <p>Mr and Mrs Hamilton had two sons. Richard was the same age as me, and his brother Philip was two years older than me. Richard and Philip were both taller than me. Richard and Philip were very friendly, and both very handsome. They were much friendlier and more handsome than me. They made friends with everyone, and organised the games of volleyball on the beach or swimming races in the sea with the other children. They always won the games of volleyball and the swimming races. My parents liked Richard and Philip a lot. “Why can’t you be more like Richard and Philip?” they said to me. “Look at them! They make friends with everyone! They are polite, good boys! You just sit here reading books and doing nothing!”</p> <p>I, of course, hated them.</p> <p>Richard and Philip, Richard and Philip, Richard and Philip – it was all I ever heard from my parents every August for twelve years. Richard and Philip were perfect. Everything about them was better than anything about me. Even their green beach umbrella was better than our red and white one.</p> <p>I was sixteen years old the last summer we went there. Perfect Richard and perfect Philip came to the beach one day and said that they were going to have a barbecue at lunchtime. They were going to cook for everyone! “Forget your cheese sandwiches”, they laughed, “Come and</p>

Структурный элемент компетенции	Планируемые результаты обучения	Оценочные средства
		<p>have some hamburgers or barbecue chicken with us! We're going to cook!"</p> <p>My parents, of course, thought this was wonderful. "Look at how good Richard and Philip are! They're going to do a barbecue and they've invited everybody! You couldn't organise a barbecue!"</p> <p>Every summer for twelve years, on the other side of my family, sat Mrs Moffat. Mrs Moffat was a very large woman who came to the same beach every summer for twelve years on her own. Nobody knew if she had a husband or a family, but my parents said that she was very rich. Mrs Moffat always came to the beach wearing a large hat, a pair of sunglasses and a gold necklace. She always carried a big bag with her. She never went swimming, but sat under her umbrella reading magazines until lunchtime when she went home.</p> <p>Richard and Philip, of course, also invited Mrs Moffat to their barbecue.</p> <p>Richard and Philip's barbecue was, of course, a great success. About twenty people came and Richard and Philip cooked lots of hamburgers and chicken and made a big salad and brought big pieces of watermelon and everyone laughed and joked and told Mr and Mrs Hamilton how wonderful their sons were. I ate one hamburger and didn't talk to anybody. After a while, I left, and made sure that nobody saw me leave.</p> <p>Mrs Moffat ate three plates of chicken and two hamburgers. After that she said she was very tired and was going to go and have a sleep. She walked over to her umbrella and sat down on her deckchair and went to sleep. When she woke up later, everybody on the beach was surprised to hear her screaming and shouting.</p> <p>"My bag!!!! My bag!!!!" she shouted. "It's gone!!! It's GONE!!!!" Everybody on the beach ran over to Mrs Moffat to see what the problem was. "Someone has taken my bag!!!" she screamed, "Someone has stolen my bag!!!"</p> <p>"Impossible!" said everybody else. "This is a very safe, friendly beach! There are no</p>

Структурный элемент компетенции	Планируемые результаты обучения	Оценочные средства
		<p>thieves here!” But it was true. Mrs Moffat’s big bag wasn’t there anymore. Nobody had seen any strangers on the beach during the barbecue, so they thought that Mrs Moffat had perhaps taken her bag somewhere and forgotten it. MrMorelli from the café organised a search of the beach. Everybody looked everywhere for MrsMoffat’s big bag.</p> <p>Eventually, they found it. My father saw it hidden in the sand under a deckchair. A green deckchair. Richard and Philip’s deckchair. My father took it and gave it back to Mrs Moffat. Everybody looked at Richard and Philip. Richard and Philip, the golden boys, stood there looking surprised. Of course, they didn’t know what to say. Mrs Moffat looked in her bag. She started screaming again. Her purse with her money in it wasn’t in the big bag. “My purse!” she shouted, “My purse has gone! Those boys have stolen it! They organised a barbecue so they could steal my purse!” Everybody tried to explain to Mrs Moffat that this couldn’t possibly be true, but Mrs Moffat called the police. The police arrived and asked golden Richard and golden Philip lots of questions. Richard and Philip couldn’t answer the questions. Eventually, they all got into a police car and drove away to the police station.</p> <p>I sat there, pretending to read my book and trying to hide a big, fat purse under the sand on the beach.</p> <p>That was the last summer we went to the beach. My parents never talked about Richard and Philip again.</p> <p>В) The Hunting Bird by Chris Rose</p> <p>In the small piece of dry land behind the house where Samir lived with his family, there was a bird. It was an old bird which sat on its perch all day, every day. Samir had never seen the bird fly. Samir’s grandfather told him that once, a long time ago, the bird had been a famous hunting bird. It was famous not only in their village, but in many of the other nearby</p>

Структурный элемент компетенции	Планируемые результаты обучения	Оценочные средства
		<p>towns and villages too, he said. People came from all over just to see this bird fly. Now there were very few hunting birds left, said his grandfather. Nobody knew how to hunt with them anymore.</p> <p>Samir looked at the old bird on its perch, and tried to imagine how it had been when it was younger, and famous, and when people came from all over just to see it fly. It was difficult to imagine. Now the bird did nothing but sit on the wooden perch on the dry land behind their house. It looked tired. The bird's long beak was yellow with age. Its long brown feathers were starting to fall off. There were now only a few dark feathers in the bird's tail.</p> <p>When he gave the bird something to eat it jumped down off its perch and ate slowly. Other than that, it never moved. But sometimes the bird looked at Samir, and Samir could see that the bird's eyes were still bright and clear and awake and alive. Samir was fascinated by the look in the bird's eyes, and he liked the way the bird had nothing to do with anyone else. He liked the bird's independence and its mystery.</p> <p>"It can't fly anymore" said Samir's uncle to him one day. "There's no point in keeping it anymore. It costs us money to feed it. We're not rich people. We can't keep pets. What's the point of a hunting bird that can't hunt? We'll have to get rid of it."</p> <p>Samir went to bed that night and thought about how he could persuade his uncle to let him keep the bird. The next morning he spoke to his uncle.</p> <p>"We've had the bird for a long time" said Samir.</p> <p>"Exactly! It's old and useless" replied his uncle.</p> <p>"It's part of the family!" tried Samir.</p> <p>"Hmmm ...t hat's not a good reason. I would like to get rid of your grandfather too! He's just as useless!" laughed his uncle.</p> <p>"It only eats mice. It doesn't cost us money to feed it" continued Samir.</p>



Структурный элемент компетенции	Планируемые результаты обучения	Оценочные средства
		<p>“Yes ... and now there are dead mice all over the place! It’s not healthy to have dead mice all over the garden!”</p> <p>“It’s a hunting bird.”</p> <p>“Hunting!? That bird can’t hunt anything!”</p> <p>“If I can show you that the bird can still hunt, can I keep it?”</p> <p>His uncle stopped and thought for a moment.</p> <p>“Very well then, yes. Show me that the bird can still hunt, and you can keep it.”</p> <p>Samir was pleased but also worried. He didn’t know if the bird could still hunt or not. He went to his grandfather and asked him what to do. That evening, Samir and his grandfather went to the piece of dry land behind their house. His grandfather put on a big leather glove and took the bird off its perch. The bird stood on his grandfather’s hand. Together, Samir, his grandfather and the bird walked away from their house, out to the edge of the village where they lived. The bird didn’t move while they walked. Eventually, they came to the open land at the end of the village. Samir’s grandfather stretched out his arm straight. The bird sat on his hand at the end of his arm. Then, very quickly, he took his arm away. Samir thought that the bird would fall to the ground, but it didn’t. Instead, in less than a second, it opened its huge wings and flew upward, up into the sky so quickly that Samir could hardly see it. It flew so high that it was difficult to see. It went so high it almost vanished in the bright late afternoon sky. Samir could just see it - a tiny black dot against the sky. He watched the dot move until he was sure it was the bird, his bird. The bird seemed to stop in the middle of the sky. Samir wondered how it was possible. The bird held its huge wings open and floated in the sky like a duck on water, moving slowly from one side to another. Sometimes, it moved its wings gently up and down, then was still again, as if he was on his perch in the middle of the sky. Then, in a second, the bird turned, moved its head down and</p>

Структурный элемент компетенции	Планируемые результаты обучения	Оценочные средства
		<p>fell like a stone out of the sky. Samir had never seen an animal move so fast.</p> <p>His grandfather pointed to the place not far from them where the bird landed. They walked over to it and found the bird next to the dead body of a small rabbit. The bird had cut the rabbit open with its old but sharp beak. It was already eating.</p> <p>The next morning, Samir persuaded his uncle to come with him. Samir took the bird on his arm as he had seen his grandfather do. Together, they walked to the open space at the edge of the village. Samir held the bird out on his hand, then quickly moved his arm away. The bird fell to the ground. It opened its wings, then stood still. It didn't move again.</p> <p>Samir's uncle laughed and laughed. "See! I told you it was useless! Come on, Samir, I know you like animals, but you need to grow up a bit. You have to learn that we can't keep things just because you like them."</p> <p>Samir went back to his grandfather and told him what had happened. His grandfather told him that a bird wouldn't hunt in the morning. The sun was too bright. He told him to persuade his uncle to go out again with him, in the late afternoon, when the light was less strong, when it was cooler. At that time of day, said Samir's grandfather, the bird could see a mouse from 50 metres up.</p> <p>Samir had to work hard to persuade his uncle to come out with him a second time. "No way, Samir" said his uncle. "I'm a busy man. I haven't got time to waste on a stupid old bird."</p> <p>"Uncle, I promise you. If the bird won't hunt this time, then you can get rid of it, and I won't say anything ever again."</p> <p>His uncle thought for a moment, then sighed. "Very well, then, last chance."</p> <p>Again Samir took the bird from its perch. Again they went to the open space at the end of the village. The sun was beginning to set over the hills in the distance. The air was already a little cooler. Samir stood</p>

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		<p>with the bird at the end of his arm. He took his arm away. The bird flew up into the sky like a rocket. It went so high that it almost vanished. Samir could see that his uncle was quiet with surprise. "Where's it gone?" said his uncle. Samir pointed to a tiny dot in the sky. They both watched the dot, as it rested in the middle of the sky for a few minutes, then turned, circled a couple of times, and begin to fall like a stone. They watched as the bird came closer to them. It came closer and closer and closer, very quickly. For a moment, Samir thought it was going to hit them. His uncle ran out of the way. They heard a swoooooossh and then a quick thummmpp and looked to where the bird had touched the ground. His uncle was impressed. The bird sat there on the ground before them. It had caught a mouse. When they saw that it was a mouse, the expression on Samir's uncle's face changed. He started to laugh again. "A mouse! A mouse! A tiny little mouse! That's all? Very good, I'm sure, but a bird that can only hunt mice isn't much use, is it? We can't eat mice!" He laughed. "Why can't your wonderful hunting bird catch a goat, at least? Or even better, why can't it go and catch twenty frozen pizzas!?!? Hmmm???" He laughed again. "Come on Samir, I'm not a bad man, you know. But there's no point in having that old bird anymore. Hunting is a thing of the past." Samir walked home alone, taking the bird with him.</p> <p>The next morning he woke up and when he went out, he saw that the bird had gone. His uncle came home at lunch time. Samir asked his uncle what he had done with the bird.</p> <p>"Look" sighed his uncle. "It doesn't matter what happend to the old bird. We didn't need it anymore. We couldn't keep it. Now I don't want to hear any more about this story! Is that clear?" Samir said nothing.</p> <p>That evening two men came to their house in a big car. They banged on the the door</p>

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		<p>and started shouting to see Samir’s uncle. “We know you’re in there!” they shouted. Samir didn’t know who they were. “Let us in!” shouted the men. Samir saw his uncle behind the door. His uncle looked worried. Eventually, his uncle opened the door and the men came in. “You said to us that the bird was a hunting bird!”</p> <p>“You told us it could catch anything!”</p> <p>“You sold us that bird and it won’t even fly!”</p> <p>“It’s not a hunting bird! It just lazy, or stupid, or perhaps both!”</p> <p>“Like you!”</p> <p>“We want our money back!”</p> <p>Samir’s uncle looked very worried. “Look” he started to say, “I can’t give you your money back .... I’ve already spent it ... but don’t worry!” He pointed at Samir. “Samir here knows how to make the bird fly! He’ll show you how to do it! If Samir shows you, the bird will do anything! It’s a great bird, that’s right, isn’t it Samir???”</p> <p>The men stopped shouting at Samir’s uncle, and turned to look at Samir. “Well then, “ said one of the men, “Is that true? Can you make the bird hunt? Show us!!!”</p> <p>Samir looked at the men. Then he looked at his uncle. Then he turned and walked out of the house. The bird was in the back of the car. Samir opened the door of the car and took the bird on his arm. He held his arm out, then quickly moved it away. The bird flew high, high up into the sky, until they could hardly see it anymore.</p> <p>c) A Municipal Report by O. Henry</p> <p>It was raining as I got off the train in Nashville, Tennessee — a slow, gray rain. I was tired so I went straight to my hotel. A big, heavy man was walking up and down in the hotel lobby. Something about the way he moved made me think of a hungry dog looking for a bone. He had a big, fat, red face and a sleepy expression in his eyes. He introduced himself as Wentworth Caswell — Major Wentworth</p>

Структурный элемент компетенции	Планируемые результаты обучения	Оценочные средства
		<p>Caswell — from «a fine southern family».</p> <p>Caswell pulled me into the hotel’s barroom and yelled for a waiter. We ordered drinks. While we drank, he talked continually about himself, his family, his wife and her family. He said his wife was rich. He showed me a handful of silver coins that he pulled from his coat pocket.</p> <p>By this time, I had decided that I wanted no more of him. I said good night.</p> <p>I went up to my room and looked out the window. It was ten o’clock but the town was silent. «A nice quiet place,» I said to myself as I got ready for bed. Just an ordinary, sleepy southern town.»</p> <p>I was born in the south myself. But I live in New York now. I write for a large magazine. My boss had asked me to go to Nashville. The magazine had received some stories and poems from a writer in Nashville, named Azalea Adair. The editor liked her work very much. The publisher asked me to get her to sign an agreement to write only for his magazine.</p> <p>I left the hotel at nine o’clock the next morning to find Miss Adair. It was still raining. As soon as I stepped outside I met Uncle Caesar. He was a big, old black man with fuzzy gray hair.</p> <p>Uncle Caesar was wearing the strangest coat I had ever seen. It must have been a military officer’s coat. It was very long and when it was new it had been gray. But now rain, sun and age had made it a rainbow of colors. Only one of the buttons was left. It was yellow and as big as a fifty cent coin.</p> <p>Uncle Caesar stood near a horse and carriage. He opened the carriage door and said softly, «Step right in, sir. I’ll take you anywhere in the city.»</p> <p>«I want to go to eight-sixty-one Jasmine Street,» I said, and I started to climb into the carriage. But the old man stopped me.</p> <p>«Why do you want to go there, sir?»</p> <p>«What business is it of yours?» I said angrily. Uncle Caesar relaxed and smiled.</p> <p>«Nothing, sir. But it’s a lonely part of town. Just step in and I’ll take you there right away.»</p>

Структурный элемент компетенции	Планируемые результаты обучения	Оценочные средства
		<p>Eight-sixty-one Jasmine Street had been a fine house once, but now it was old and dying. I got out of the carriage.</p> <p>«That will be two dollars, sir,» Uncle Caesar said. I gave him two one-dollar bills. As I handed them to him, I noticed that one had been torn in half and fixed with a piece of blue paper. Also, the upper right hand corner was missing.</p> <p>Azalea Adair herself opened the door when I knocked. She was about fifty years old. Her white hair was pulled back from her small, tired face. She wore a pale yellow dress. It was old, but very clean.</p> <p>Azalea Adair led me into her living room. A damaged table, three chairs and an old red sofa were in the center of the floor.</p> <p>Azalea Adair and I sat down at the table and began to talk. I told her about the magazine's offer and she told me about herself. She was from an old southern family. Her father had been a judge.</p> <p>Azalea Adair told me she had never traveled or even attended school. Her parents taught her at home with private teachers. We finished our meeting. I promised to return with the agreement the next day, and rose to leave.</p> <p>At that moment, someone knocked at the back door. Azalea Adair whispered a soft apology and went to answer the caller. She came back a minute later with bright eyes and pink cheeks. She looked ten years younger. «You must have a cup of tea before you go,» she said. She shook a little bell on the table, and a small black girl about twelve years old ran into the room.</p> <p>Azalea Adair opened a tiny old purse and took out a dollar bill. It had been fixed with a piece of blue paper and the upper right hand corner was missing. It was the dollar I had given to Uncle Caesar. «Go to Mister Baker's store, Impy,» she said, «and get me twenty-five cents' worth of tea and ten cents' worth of sugar cakes. And please hurry.»</p> <p>The child ran out of the room. We heard the back door close. Then the girl screamed. Her cry mixed with a man's</p>

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		<p>angry voice. Azalea Adair stood up. Her face showed no emotion as she left the room. I heard the man's rough voice and her gentle one. Then a door slammed and she came back into the room.</p> <p>«I am sorry, but I won't be able to offer you any tea after all,» she said. «It seems that Mister Baker has no more tea. Perhaps he will find some for our visit tomorrow.»</p> <p>We said good-bye. I went back to my hotel. Just before dinner, Major Wentworth Caswell found me. It was impossible to avoid him. He insisted on buying me a drink and pulled two one-dollar bills from his pocket. Again I saw a torn dollar fixed with blue paper, with a corner missing. It was the one I gave Uncle Caesar. How strange, I thought. I wondered how Caswell got it.</p> <p>Uncle Caesar was waiting outside the hotel the next afternoon. He took me to Miss Adair's house and agreed to wait there until we had finished our business.</p> <p>Azalea Adair did not look well. I explained the agreement to her. She signed it. Then, as she started to rise from the table, Azalea Adair fainted and fell to the floor. I picked her up and carried her to the old red sofa. I ran to the door and yelled to Uncle Caesar for help. He ran down the street. Five minutes later, he was back with a doctor.</p> <p>The doctor examined Miss Adair and turned to the old black driver. «Uncle Caesar,» he said, «run to my house and ask my wife for some milk and some eggs. Hurry!»</p> <p>Then the doctor turned to me. «She does not get enough to eat,» he said. «She has many friends who want to help her, but she is proud. Misses Caswell will accept help only from that old black man. He was once her family's slave.»</p> <p>«Misses Caswell.» I said in surprise. «I thought she was Azalea Adair.»</p> <p>«She was,» the doctor answered, «until she married Wentworth Caswell twenty years ago. But he's a hopeless drunk who takes even the small amount of money that Uncle Caesar gives her.»</p>

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		<p>After the doctor left I heard Caesar's voice in the other room. «Did he take all the money I gave you yesterday, Miss Azalea?» «Yes, Caesar,» I heard her answer softly. «He took both dollars.»</p> <p>I went into the room and gave Azalea Adair fifty dollars. I told her it was from the magazine. Then Uncle Caesar drove me back to the hotel.</p> <p>A few hours later, I went out for a walk before dinner. A crowd of people were talking excitedly in front of a store. I pushed my way into the store. Major Caswell was lying on the floor. He was dead.</p> <p>Someone had found his body on the street. He had been killed in a fight. In fact, his hands were still closed into tight fists. But as I stood near his body, Caswell's right hand opened. Something fell from it and rolled near my feet. I put my foot on it, then picked it up and put it in my pocket.</p> <p>People said they believed a thief had killed him. They said Caswell had been showing everyone that he had fifty dollars. But when he was found, he had no money on him.</p> <p>I left Nashville the next morning. As the train crossed a river I took out of my pocket the object that had dropped from Caswell's dead hand. I threw it into the river below. It was a button. A yellow button... the one from Uncle Caesar's coat.</p>
Владеть	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>– эффективными способами решения задач, связанных с нравственным воспитанием посредством различных типов дискурса;</li> <li>– эффективными методиками, направленными на формирование нравственно-духовного воспитания посредством различных типов дискурса;</li> <li>– набором приемов нравственно-духовного развития, применяемых в учебной и внеучебной деятельности;</li> </ul>	<p>Комплексные проблемные задания: Составьте дискурс на английском языке, направленный на развитие нравственного-духовного воспитания учащихся.</p>
<p><b>ДПК-3</b> умеет свободно выражать свои мысли, адекватно используя разнообразные языковые средства с целью выделения релевантной информации</p>		



Структурный элемент компетенции	Планируемые результаты обучения	Оценочные средства
Знать	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>– основные типы дискурса;</li> <li>– основные лексические и грамматические средства, используемые при построении дискурса;</li> <li>– дискурсионные маркеры релевантной информации;</li> </ul>	<p>Теоретические вопросы:</p> <p>1) Назовите основные типы дискурса;</p> <p>2) Перечислите основные лексические и грамматические средства, используемые при построении следующих типов дискурса: юридический, политический, педагогический, научный и пр.)</p> <p>3) Что считается дискурсионным маркером релевантной информации в каждом виде дискурса?</p>
Уметь	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>– применять различные виды дискурса в зависимости от коммуникативной интенции;</li> <li>– применять лексические и грамматические средства связи, используемые в дискурсе;</li> <li>– распознавать дискурсионные маркеры релевантной информации</li> </ul>	<p>Практические задания:</p> <p>Найдите ошибки, совершаемые при передачи релевантной информации в заданном тексте; перечислите лексические и грамматические средства связи, используемые в дискурсе:</p> <p>а) ‘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.</p> <p>в) «I have a funny story to tell you,” said Gillian.  «I wish you would tell it to someone in the billiard room,» said Old Bryson. «You know how I hate your stories.»  «This is a better one than usual,» said Gillian, rolling a cigarette, and I’m glad to tell it to you. It’s too sad and funny to go with the rattling of billiard balls.  I’ve just come from a meeting with my late uncle’s lawyers. He leaves me an even thousand dollars. Now, what can a man possibly do with a thousand dollars?»</p>

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		<p>Old Bryson showed very little interest. «I thought the late Septimus Gillian was worth something like half a million.»</p> <p>«He was,» agreed Gillian, happily. «And that’s where the joke comes in. He has left a lot of his money to an organism. That is, part of it goes to the man who invents a new bacillus and the rest to establish a hospital for doing away with it again. There are one or two small, unimportant gifts on the side. The butler and the housekeeper get a seal ring and ten dollars each. His nephew gets one thousand dollars.»</p> <p>«Were there any others mentioned in your uncle’s will?» asked Old Bryson.</p> <p>«None.» said Gillian. “There is a Miss Hayden. My uncle was responsible for her. She lived in his house. She’s a quiet thing...musical... the daughter of somebody who was unlucky enough to be his friend. I forgot to say that she was in on the ring and ten dollar joke, too. I wish I had been. Then I could have had two bottles of wine, given the ring to the waiter and had the whole business off my hands. Now tell me what a man can do with a thousand dollars.»</p> <p>Old Bryson rubbed his glasses and smiled. And when Old Bryson smiled, Gillian knew that he intended to be more offensive than ever.</p> <p>There are many good things a man could do with a thousand dollars,” said Bryson. «You?» he said with a gentle laugh. «Why, Bobby Gillian, there’s only one reasonable thing you could do. You can go and buy Miss LottaLauriere a diamond necklace with the money and then take yourself off to Idaho and inflict your presence upon a ranch. I advise a sheep ranch, as I have a particular dislike for sheep.”</p>
Владеть	<p>различными видами дискурса;</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>– лексическими и грамматическими средствами построения дискурса;</li> <li>– дискурсионными маркерами релевантной информации</li> </ul>	<p>Комплексные проблемные задания:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Выполните дискурс-анализ текста: The Girl with Green Eyes by J. Bassett</li> </ol>

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		<p>‘Of course,’ the man in the brown hat said, ‘there are good policemen and there are bad policemen, you know.’</p> <p>‘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.</p> <p>Julie didn’t answer and looked bored. She closed her eyes.</p> <p>‘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.’</p> <p>‘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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>‘Now sit down and be quiet,’ their mother said. She was a small woman with a tired face and a tired voice.</p> <p>‘I don’t want to sit down,’ the little boy said. ‘I’m thirsty.’</p> <p>‘Here. Have an orange,’ his mother said. She took an orange out of her bag and gave it to him.</p>

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		<p>‘I want an orange too,’ the little girl said loudly.</p> <p>‘All right. Here you are,’ said her mother. ‘Eat it nicely, now.’</p> <p>The children ate their oranges and were quiet for a minute.</p> <p>Then the little boy said, ‘I want a drink. I’m thirsty.’</p> <p>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.’</p> <p>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.</p> <p>The train stopped at Dawlish station and people got on and got off. There was a lot of noise.</p> <p>‘Is this our station?’ the little girl asked. She went to the window and looked out.</p> <p>‘No, it isn’t. Now sit down,’ her mother said.</p> <p>‘We’re going to Penzance,’ the little girl told Bill. ‘For our holidays.’</p> <p>‘Yes,’ her mother said. ‘My sister’s got a little hotel by the sea. We’re staying there. It’s cheap, you see.’</p> <p>‘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.’</p> <p>‘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</p>

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		<p>in August. You can have a good time there too.'</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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.'</p> <p>Bill laughed too.'What did you do all day, then?' he asked.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>After Newton Abbot station the guard came into the carriage to look at their tickets. 'Now then,' he said, 'where are we all going?'</p> <p>'This train's late,' the man in the brown hat said. 'Twenty minutes late, by my watch.'</p> <p>'Ten minutes,' the guard said. 'That's all.' He smiled at Julie.</p> <p>The tall dark man put his newspaper down, found his ticket, and gave it to the guard. The guard looked at it.</p> <p>'You're all right, sir,' he said. 'The boat doesn't leave Plymouth before six o'clock. You've got lots of time.'</p>

Структурный элемент компетенции	Планируемые результаты обучения	Оценочные средства
		<p>The tall man smiled, put his ticket back in his pocket and opened his newspaper again.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>'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?'</p> <p>'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.</p> <p>'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.</p> <p>'Why do people laugh at these stories?' Julie thought. 'They're so boring!'</p> <p>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?'</p> <p>'Because', Julie thought, 'he tells them every day.'</p> <p>'I don't understand,' the little girl said suddenly. She looked at Bill. 'Why did the cat die?'</p> <p>'Shhh. Be quiet,' her mother said. 'Come and eat your sandwiches now.'</p> <p>'That's all right,' Bill said. 'I like children.'</p>

Структурный элемент компетенции	Планируемые результаты обучения	Оценочные средства
		<p>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.'</p> <p>Bill laughed. 'You're right. It's thirsty work, telling stories.'</p> <p>The two men stood up and left the carriage.</p> <p>The little girl ate her sandwich and looked at Julie. 'But why did the cat die?' she asked.</p> <p>'I don't know,' Julie said. 'Perhaps it wanted to die.'</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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.'</p> <p>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?'</p> <p>'No,' she said. 'I'm not hungry. You eat them.'</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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</p>

Структурный элемент компетенции	Планируемые результаты обучения	Оценочные средства
		<p>bag of apples. The bag broke and the apples went all over the carriage.</p> <p>‘Oh damn!’ she said.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>‘Where’s Julie?’ Bill said suddenly. ‘She’s not here.’ ‘Perhaps she went to the restaurant,’ the man in the brown hat said.</p> <p>‘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.’</p> <p>‘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.</p> <p>‘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.</p> <p>‘No,’ the man in the brown hat said, ‘no, you don’t want to do that. Sit down and eat your sandwiches, my friend.’</p> <p>‘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.</p> <p>‘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.’</p>



Структурный элемент компетенции	Планируемые результаты обучения	Оценочные средства
		2. Сделайте сообщение на английском языке, выразив релевантную информацию, необходимыми лексическими и грамматическими средствами: а) сообщение об успешной сдаче выпускного экзамена; б) о победе в выборах одного из кандидатов; в) сообщение о благополучном исходе судебного дела; г) отчет о работе отдела;

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

Зачет по дисциплине в 8 семестре проводится в один этап и включает устные вопросы по теме. Зачет по дисциплине в 9 семестре проводится в 2 этапа. Первый этап включает выполнение заданий по тексту, второй – устного ответа на теоретический вопрос, по изученному материалу.

**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.

Экзамен по данной дисциплине проводится в устной форме по экзаменационным билетам. В каждом билете 3 вопроса, из них 2 теоретических вопроса и 1 практический.

**Показатели и критерии оценивания экзамена:**

– на оценку «отлично» (5 баллов) – обучающийся демонстрирует высокий уровень сформированности компетенций, всестороннее, систематическое и глубокое знание учебного материала, свободно выполняет практические задания, свободно оперирует знаниями, умениями, применяет их в ситуациях повышенной сложности.

– на оценку «хорошо» (4 балла) – обучающийся демонстрирует средний уровень сформированности компетенций: основные знания, умения освоены, но допускаются незначительные ошибки, неточности, затруднения при аналитических операциях, переносе знаний и умений на новые, нестандартные ситуации.

– на оценку «удовлетворительно» (3 балла) – обучающийся демонстрирует пороговый уровень сформированности компетенций: в ходе контрольных мероприятий допускаются ошибки, проявляется отсутствие отдельных знаний, умений, навыков, обучающийся испытывает значительные затруднения при оперировании знаниями и умениями при их переносе на новые ситуации.

– на оценку «**неудовлетворительно**» (2 балла) – обучающийся демонстрирует знания не более 20% теоретического материала, допускает существенные ошибки, не может показать интеллектуальные навыки решения простых задач.

– на оценку «**неудовлетворительно**» (1 балл) – обучающийся не может показать знания на уровне воспроизведения и объяснения информации, не может показать интеллектуальные навыки решения простых задач.

## **8 Учебно-методическое и информационное обеспечение дисциплины (модуля)**

### **а) Основная литература:**

1. Малеко, Е. В. Современные техники анализа текстов культуры : учебное пособие / Е. В. Малеко ; МГТУ. - Магнитогорск : МГТУ, 2016. - 1 электрон. опт. диск (CD-ROM). - Загл. с титул. экрана. - URL: <https://magtu.informsystema.ru/uploader/fileUpload?name=2583.pdf&show=dcatalogues/1/1130399/2583.pdf&view=true> (дата обращения: 04.10.2019). - Макрообъект. - Текст : электронный. - Сведения доступны также на CD-ROM.

### **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://magtu.informsystema.ru/uploader/fileUpload?name=3196.pdf&show=dcatalogues/1/1136693/3196.pdf&view=true> (дата обращения: 04.10.2019). - Макрообъект. - Текст : электронный. - Сведения доступны также на CD-ROM.

2. Бужинская, Д. С. Культура речи : учебное пособие / Д. С. Бужинская, О. Е. Чернова ; МГТУ. - Магнитогорск : МГТУ, 2015. - 1 электрон. опт. диск (CD-ROM). - Загл. с титул. экрана. - URL: <https://magtu.informsystema.ru/uploader/fileUpload?name=1393.pdf&show=dcatalogues/1/1123848/1393.pdf&view=true> (дата обращения: 04.10.2019). - Макрообъект. - Текст : электронный. - Сведения доступны также на CD-ROM.

### **в) Методические указания: Приложение 1**

### **г) Программное обеспечение и Интернет-ресурсы:**

- 1) Национальная информационно-аналитическая система – Российский индекс научного цитирования (РИНЦ) URL: [https://elibrary.ru/project\\_risc.asp](https://elibrary.ru/project_risc.asp)
  - 2) Электронная база периодических изданий East View Information Services, ООО «ИВИС» <https://dlib.eastview.com/>
  - 3) Поисковая система Академия Google (Google Scholar) URL: <https://scholar.google.ru/>
  - 4) Информационная система - Единое окно доступа к информационным ресурсам URL: <http://window.edu.ru/>
  - 5) Российская Государственная библиотека. Каталоги <https://www.rsl.ru/ru/4readers/catalogues/>
  - 6) Электронные ресурсы библиотеки МГТУ им. Г.И. Носова <http://magtu.ru:8085/marcweb2/Default.asp>
  - 7) Университетская информационная система РОССИЯ <https://uisrussia.msu.ru>
  - 8) Международная наукометрическая реферативная и полнотекстовая база данных научных изданий «Web of science» <http://webofscience.com>
  - 9) Международная реферативная и полнотекстовая справочная база данных научных изданий «Scopus» <http://scopus.com>
- Международная база полнотекстовых журналов Springer Journals <http://link.springer.com>

Наименование ПО	№ договора	Срок действия лицензии
MS Windows 7	Д-1227 от 08.10.2018 Д-757-17 от 27.06.2017	11.10.2021 27.07.2018
MS Office 2007	№ 135 от 17.09.2007	бессрочно
FAR Manager	свободно распространяемое	бессрочно
7Zip	свободно распространяемое	бессрочно

### 9. Материально-техническое обеспечение дисциплины включает:

В соответствии с учебным планом по дисциплине «Дискурс» предусмотрены следующие виды занятий: лекции, практические занятия, самостоятельная работа, консультации и зачеты

Учебные аудитории для проведения занятий лекционного типа	Доска, мультимедийные средства хранения, передачи и представления информации.
Учебные аудитории для проведения практических занятий, групповых и индивидуальных консультаций, текущего контроля и промежуточной аттестации	Доска, мультимедийный проектор, экран
Помещения для самостоятельной работы обучающихся	Персональные компьютеры с пакетом MS Office, выходом в Интернет и с доступом в электронную информационно-образовательную среду университета
Помещение для хранения и профилактического обслуживания учебного оборудования	Шкафы для хранения учебно-методической документации, учебного оборудования и учебно-наглядных пособий.

## ПРИЛОЖЕНИЕ 1

Для успешного усвоения знаний по предмету «Дискурс» необходимо:

- 1) ознакомление с материалами лекций, знание и понимание всех определений;
- 2) активная работа на практических занятиях, включающая подготовку теоретического вопроса и выполнение доклада на заданную тему с использованием дополнительной литературы, а также выполнение практических заданий.

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

1.1. Тема: Философско-методологические основания анализа языкового общения. Язык как социально-психологический феномен. Кодовая, инференционная и интеракционная модели коммуникации. Интеракционная модель общения как развитие идеи диалога М. Бахтина.

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

История возникновения и развития «дискурса». Прагмалингвистика. Понятие «дискурс» в современной лингвистике. Понятие коммуникации. Модели коммуникации. Бахтин М. и его учение о дискурсе. Развитие идеи М. Бахтина о диалоге. Интеракционная модель общения.

Практическое (семинарской) занятие:

Подготовьте один из следующих вопросов:

- 1) Язык-как социально-психологический феномен.
- 2) История возникновения понятия «дискурс».
- 3) Прагмалингвистика, как предмет учения о дискурсе.
- 4) Модели коммуникации.
- 5) Учение М. Бахтина и его вклад в развитие теории дискурса.

Дополнительные вопросы по теме:

- 1) Охарактеризуйте основные модели коммуникации.
- 2) Перечислите характеристики интеракционной модели коммуникации.

### а) Основная литература:

1. Малек, Е. В. Современные техники анализа текстов культуры : учебное пособие / Е. В. Малек ; МГТУ. - Магнитогорск : МГТУ, 2016. - 1 электрон. опт. диск (CD-ROM). - Загл. с титул. экрана. - URL: <https://magtu.informsistema.ru/uploader/fileUpload?name=2583.pdf&show=dcatalogues/1/1130>

399/2583.pdf&view=true (дата обращения: 04.10.2019). - Макрообъект. - Текст : электронный. - Сведения доступны также на CD-ROM.

#### **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://magtu.informsystema.ru/uploader/fileUpload?name=3196.pdf&show=dcatalogues/1/1136693/3196.pdf&view=true> (дата обращения: 04.10.2019). - Макрообъект. - Текст : электронный. - Сведения доступны также на CD-ROM.

2. Бужинская, Д. С. Культура речи : учебное пособие / Д. С. Бужинская, О. Е. Чернова ; МГТУ. - Магнитогорск : МГТУ, 2015. - 1 электрон. опт. диск (CD-ROM). - Загл. с титул. экрана. - URL: <https://magtu.informsystema.ru/uploader/fileUpload?name=1393.pdf&show=dcatalogues/1/1123848/1393.pdf&view=true> (дата обращения: 04.10.2019). - Макрообъект. - Текст : электронный. - Сведения доступны также на CD-ROM.

1.2. Тема: Дискурсивная онтология в виде принципа социального конструкционализма как методологическое основание прагмалингвистики.

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

Виды дискурса. Его характеристики. Становление понятия «дискурс» в современной лингвистике. Определение понятия «дискурс». Текст и дискурс. Высказывание и дискурс.

Практическое (семинарской) занятие:

Подготовьте один из следующих вопросов:

- 1) Виды дискурса. Его характеристики.
- 2) Определение понятия «дискурс».
- 3) Текст и дискурс. Высказывание и дискурс.

Дополнительные вопросы по теме:

- 1) Что такое «социальный конструктурализм»?
- 2) Как соотносятся понятия «текст» и «дискурс»?

#### **а) Основная литература:**

1. Малек, Е. В. Современные техники анализа текстов культуры : учебное пособие / Е. В. Малек ; МГТУ. - Магнитогорск : МГТУ, 2016. - 1 электрон. опт. диск (CD-ROM). - Загл. с титул. экрана. - URL: <https://magtu.informsystema.ru/uploader/fileUpload?name=2583.pdf&show=dcatalogues/1/1130399/2583.pdf&view=true> (дата обращения: 04.10.2019). - Макрообъект. - Текст : электронный. - Сведения доступны также на CD-ROM.

#### **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://magtu.informsystema.ru/uploader/fileUpload?name=3196.pdf&show=dcatalogues/1/1136693/3196.pdf&view=true> (дата обращения: 04.10.2019). - Макрообъект. - Текст : электронный. - Сведения доступны также на CD-ROM.

2. Бужинская, Д. С. Культура речи : учебное пособие / Д. С. Бужинская, О. Е. Чернова ; МГТУ. - Магнитогорск : МГТУ, 2015. - 1 электрон. опт. диск (CD-ROM). - Загл. с титул. экрана. - URL: <https://magtu.informsystema.ru/uploader/fileUpload?name=1393.pdf&show=dcatalogues/1/1123848/1393.pdf&view=true> (дата обращения: 04.10.2019). - Макрообъект. - Текст : электронный. - Сведения доступны также на CD-ROM.

### 1.3. Тема: Подходы к определению дискурса.

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

Широкое и узкое понимание термина «дискурс». Термин «дискурс» в гуманитарных науках. Определение понятия «дискурс» в западной и отечественной филологической традиции.

Практическое (семинарской) занятие:

Самостоятельно подготовьте доклад на следующие темы:

- 1) Дискурс – как предмет изучения в гуманитарных науках.
- 2) Широкое и узкое понимание термина «дискурс»
- 3) Подходы к понятию «дискурс» в отечественной лингвистике.
- 4) Подходы к понятию дискурс в западной лингвистике.
- 5) Типология и структура дискурса.

#### а) Основная литература:

1. Малек, Е. В. Современные техники анализа текстов культуры : учебное пособие / Е. В. Малек ; МГТУ. - Магнитогорск : МГТУ, 2016. - 1 электрон. опт. диск (CD-ROM). - Загл. с титул. экрана. - URL: <https://magtu.informsystema.ru/uploader/fileUpload?name=2583.pdf&show=dcatalogues/1/1130399/2583.pdf&view=true> (дата обращения: 04.10.2019). - Макрообъект. - Текст : электронный. - Сведения доступны также на CD-ROM.

#### 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://magtu.informsystema.ru/uploader/fileUpload?name=3196.pdf&show=dcatalogues/1/1136693/3196.pdf&view=true> (дата обращения: 04.10.2019). - Макрообъект. - Текст : электронный. - Сведения доступны также на CD-ROM.

2. Бужинская, Д. С. Культура речи : учебное пособие / Д. С. Бужинская, О. Е. Чернова ; МГТУ. - Магнитогорск : МГТУ, 2015. - 1 электрон. опт. диск (CD-ROM). - Загл. с титул. экрана. - URL: <https://magtu.informsystema.ru/uploader/fileUpload?name=1393.pdf&show=dcatalogues/1/1123848/1393.pdf&view=true> (дата обращения: 04.10.2019). - Макрообъект. - Текст : электронный. - Сведения доступны также на CD-ROM.

### 2. Раздел: Семантика и грамматика дискурса

2.1. Тема: Семантика дискурса: пропозиция, референция, экспликатура, имплицатура, инференция, пресуппозиция и др.

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 грамматическими средствами оформляются эти понятия?

Дополнительные вопросы по теме:

1) Как соотносятся понятия «экспликатура» и «импликатура»?

2) Чем отличаются «пресуппозиция» и «пропозиция»?

Практические задания:

Найдите в предложенных текстах следующие явления:

1) Экспликация и импликация;

2) Пресуппозиция и пропозиция;

### 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 lest 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. Малек, Е. В. Современные техники анализа текстов культуры : учебное пособие / Е. В. Малек ; МГТУ. - Магнитогорск : МГТУ, 2016. - 1 электрон. опт. диск (CD-ROM). - Загл. с титул. экрана. - URL: <https://magtu.informsystema.ru/uploader/fileUpload?name=2583.pdf&show=dcatalogues/1/1130399/2583.pdf&view=true> (дата обращения: 04.10.2019). - Макрообъект. - Текст : электронный. - Сведения доступны также на CD-ROM.

#### **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://magtu.informsystema.ru/uploader/fileUpload?name=3196.pdf&show=dcatalogues/1/1136693/3196.pdf&view=true> (дата обращения: 04.10.2019). - Макрообъект. - Текст : электронный. - Сведения доступны также на CD-ROM.

2. Бужинская, Д. С. Культура речи : учебное пособие / Д. С. Бужинская, О. Е. Чернова ; МГТУ. - Магнитогорск : МГТУ, 2015. - 1 электрон. опт. диск (CD-ROM). - Загл. с титул. экрана. - URL: <https://magtu.informsystema.ru/uploader/fileUpload?name=1393.pdf&show=dcatalogues/1/1123848/1393.pdf&view=true> (дата обращения: 04.10.2019). - Макрообъект. - Текст : электронный. - Сведения доступны также на CD-ROM.

2.2. Тема: Тема дискурса. Тема говорящего. Контекст дискурса и его типы. Когнитивные структуры дискурса.

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

Понятие «тема дискурса». Тема говорящего в дискурсе. Средства выражения темы говорящего. Контекст в применении к дискурсу. Виды контекста дискурса. Когнитивные структуры дискурса.

Практическое (семинарской) занятие:

Подготовьте один из следующих вопросов:

- 1) Что такое «тема дискурса»?
- 2) Какими средствами выражается тема говорящего в дискурсе?
- 3) Перечислите типы контекстов?
- 4) Что понимается под «когнитивными структурами дискурса»?

Дополнительные вопросы по теме:

- 1) Как контекст применяется по отношению к дискурсу?
- 2) Приведите примеры когнитивных структур дискурса.

Практические задания:

- 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 lest 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.'

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.

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1. Малек, Е. В. Современные техники анализа текстов культуры : учебное пособие / Е. В. Малек ; МГТУ. - Магнитогорск : МГТУ, 2016. - 1 электрон. опт. диск (CD-ROM). - Загл. с титул. экрана. - URL: <https://magtu.informsystema.ru/uploader/fileUpload?name=2583.pdf&show=dcatalogues/1/1130399/2583.pdf&view=true> (дата обращения: 04.10.2019). - Макрообъект. - Текст : электронный. - Сведения доступны также на CD-ROM.

#### **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://magtu.informsystema.ru/uploader/fileUpload?name=3196.pdf&show=dcatalogues/1/1136>

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2.3. Тема: Речевые акты, их типы, коммуникативные акты, ходы, обмены, транзакции, речевые события как единицы 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, транзакции, речевые события как единицы дискурса.

Практическое (семинарской) занятие:

Подготовьте один из следующих вопросов:

- 1) Раскройте принципы теории речевых актов.
- 2) Типы речевых актов в дискурсе.
- 3) Единицы дискурса: коммуникативные акты, ходы, обмены, транзакции, речевые события.

Дополнительные вопросы по теме:

- 1) Как в дискурсе отражаются косвенные речевые акты?
- 2) Какими грамматическими средствами оформляются виды речевых актов в дискурсе?
- 3) Что такое «речевые события»?

Практические задания:

Определите виды речевых актов, используемых в с диалогической речи персонажей.

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:**

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**б) Дополнительная литература:**

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2. Бужинская, Д. С. Культура речи : учебное пособие / Д. С. Бужинская, О. Е. Чернова ; МГТУ. - Магнитогорск : МГТУ, 2015. - 1 электрон. опт. диск (CD-ROM). - Загл. с титул. экрана. - URL: <https://magtu.informsystema.ru/uploader/fileUpload?name=1393.pdf&show=dcatalogues/1/1123848/1393.pdf&view=true> (дата обращения: 04.10.2019). - Макрообъект. - Текст : электронный. - Сведения доступны также на CD-ROM.

2.4. Тема: Мена коммуникативных ролей, коммуникативная стратегия, когезия, когеренция, метакоммуникация и дейксис дискурса.

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

Мена ролей в дискурсе. Коммуникативная стратегия и средства ее выражения. Когезия, когеренция, метакоммуникация и дейксис дискурса.

Практическое (семинарской) занятие:

Подготовьте один из следующих вопросов:

- 1) Роли в дискурсе. Мена ролей.
- 2) Виды коммуникативных стратегий.
- 3) Понятие «дейксис».
- 4) Когезия и когеренция.
- 5) Метакоммуникация в дискурсе.

Дополнительные вопросы по теме:

- 1) Обоснуйте необходимость введения понятия «дейксис» в третичную модель дискурса.
- 2) Как между собой соотносятся когезия и когерентность?

Практические задания:

- 1) Найдите в текстах примеры мены ролей.
- 2) Как в текстах выражен дейксис.
- 3) Найдите примеры когезии и когерентности.

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. Малек, Е. В. Современные техники анализа текстов культуры : учебное пособие / Е. В. Малек ; МГТУ. - Магнитогорск : МГТУ, 2016. - 1 электрон. опт. диск (CD-ROM). - Загл. с титул. экрана. - URL: <https://magtu.informsystema.ru/uploader/fileUpload?name=2583.pdf&show=dcatalogues/1/1130399/2583.pdf&view=true> (дата обращения: 04.10.2019). - Макрообъект. - Текст : электронный. - Сведения доступны также на CD-ROM.

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#### **3. Раздел: Типы дискурса**

3.1. Тема: Дискурсивное конструирование социального мира. «Конвенция», «институт» как социальные категории дискурса.

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

Дискурс как симулякр социального мира. Социальные категории дискурса. «Конвенция» и «институт» как социальные категории дискурса.

Практическое (семинарской) занятие:

Подготовьте один из следующих вопросов:

- 1) Роль дискурса в конструировании социального мира.
- 2) Социальные категории дискурса.

Дополнительные вопросы по теме:

- 1) В чем заключается сущность «конвенции» как социальной категории дискурса.
- 2) Перечислите основные характеристики «института», как социальной конвенции дискурса.

### **а) Основная литература:**

1. Малек, Е. В. Современные техники анализа текстов культуры : учебное пособие / Е. В. Малек ; МГТУ. - Магнитогорск : МГТУ, 2016. - 1 электрон. опт. диск (CD-ROM). - Загл. с титул. экрана. - URL: <https://magtu.informsystema.ru/uploader/fileUpload?name=2583.pdf&show=dcatalogues/1/1130399/2583.pdf&view=true> (дата обращения: 04.10.2019). - Макрообъект. - Текст : электронный. - Сведения доступны также на CD-ROM.

### **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://magtu.informsystema.ru/uploader/fileUpload?name=3196.pdf&show=dcatalogues/1/1136693/3196.pdf&view=true> (дата обращения: 04.10.2019). - Макрообъект. - Текст : электронный. - Сведения доступны также на CD-ROM.

2. Бужинская, Д. С. Культура речи : учебное пособие / Д. С. Бужинская, О. Е. Чернова ; МГТУ. - Магнитогорск : МГТУ, 2015. - 1 электрон. опт. диск (CD-ROM). - Загл. с титул. экрана. - URL: <https://magtu.informsystema.ru/uploader/fileUpload?name=1393.pdf&show=dcatalogues/1/1123848/1393.pdf&view=true> (дата обращения: 04.10.2019). - Макрообъект. - Текст : электронный. - Сведения доступны также на CD-ROM.

3.2. Тема: 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:

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

### **а) Основная литература:**

1. Малек, Е. В. Современные техники анализа текстов культуры : учебное пособие / Е. В. Малек ; МГТУ. - Магнитогорск : МГТУ, 2016. - 1 электрон. опт. диск (CD-ROM). - Загл. с титул. экрана. - URL:

<https://magtu.informsystema.ru/uploader/fileUpload?name=2583.pdf&show=dcatalogues/1/1130399/2583.pdf&view=true> (дата обращения: 04.10.2019). - Макрообъект. - Текст : электронный. - Сведения доступны также на CD-ROM.

#### **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://magtu.informsystema.ru/uploader/fileUpload?name=3196.pdf&show=dcatalogues/1/1136693/3196.pdf&view=true> (дата обращения: 04.10.2019). - Макрообъект. - Текст : электронный. - Сведения доступны также на CD-ROM.

2. Бужинская, Д. С. Культура речи : учебное пособие / Д. С. Бужинская, О. Е. Чернова ; МГТУ. - Магнитогорск : МГТУ, 2015. - 1 электрон. опт. диск (CD-ROM). - Загл. с титул. экрана. - URL: <https://magtu.informsystema.ru/uploader/fileUpload?name=1393.pdf&show=dcatalogues/1/1123848/1393.pdf&view=true> (дата обращения: 04.10.2019). - Макрообъект. - Текст : электронный. - Сведения доступны также на CD-ROM.

#### **3.3. Тема: Опыт интерпретативного дискурс-анализа.**

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

Виды анализа текста и дискурса. Пример дискурс-анализа с учетом типа и характеристик дискурса.

Практическое (семинарское) занятие:

1) Проведите дискурс-анализ предлагаемых текстов с учетом всего изученного теоретического материала:

1 “The great Maxine Waters—that’s a beauty,” President Donald Trump said at a rally in Houston on Monday night, at about the same time, it now seems, that packages containing what appear to be explosive devices were making their way to Congresswoman Waters’s offices in Washington, D.C., and in her district in California. Others were sent to the former President Barack Obama; the former Secretary of State Hillary Clinton; the former Vice-President Joe Biden; the former Attorney General Eric Holder; Robert De Niro, the actor, who has been critical of Trump; and the former C.I.A. director John Brennan, care of CNN. (At the Houston rally, when Trump referred to the “fake-news media,” the crowd chanted, “CNN sucks!” He smiled in response.) An explosive had already been found in a mailbox at the New York state home of George Soros. Most of the packages had a half-dozen first-class stamps on them and return labels with the office address and misspelled name of Congresswoman Debbie Wasserman Schultz; the one sent to Holder was misaddressed, and so was redirected to her. Wasserman Schultz is a Florida Democrat who, as the chair of the Democratic National Committee, was often the focus of Trump’s insults and insinuations during the 2016 Presidential campaign.

That rhetorical role is often filled now by, as Trump said in Houston, “Max-eeeeeeene Waters.” He drew out the syllable long enough for members of the crowd to summon up an image of the congresswoman, who is African-American, and remind them of all the blanks they were supposed to fill in. Just in case, he prodded them. “You get that one? You get that—Max? She’s going to be in charge of your finances! Maxine—good old Maxine. Low-I.Q. individual! Low I.Q.”

Waters could become the chair of the House Financial Services Committee if the Democrats take back the House. Chairing that committee, which oversees the Fed and bank regulators, isn’t the same as controlling “your finances,” but it would still allow Waters more authority, apparently, than Trump thinks she has any call to have. Trump told the crowd that a vote for Democrats was a vote to “surrender” Congress to her and to other Democrats he insulted. (There was a Pocahontas reference, to Elizabeth Warren, too.) And the warnings about how they would handle committees

were the same part. “You know how the caravan started?” Trump said, miming a person handing out cash. “Does everybody know what this means? Huh?” This was an apparent reference to a video that a Republican congressman, in what might best be described as an exercise in imaginative projection, claims depicts someone—perhaps an agent of Soros?—paying people to join a group of Guatemalan and Honduran migrants headed north through Mexico, which was widely circulated on social media. This claim is not remotely substantiated, and Soros’s Open Society Foundation has denied it. But Trump was on the case. “I think the Democrats had something to do with it,” he said, raising an index finger in the air, like a latter-day Encyclopedia Brown. The caravan is, he said, “an assault on our country. That’s an assault.”

No one knows at this point who sent the devices, or why. (Nor is it clear yet how effective they would have been as bombs; press accounts suggest they were crudely constructed and technically flawed.) These are unsettled times, in which fears have taken hold in many quarters. As my colleague John Cassidy, surveying the field, notes, this has included a gun attack on congressional Republicans playing baseball; someone also sent ricin to Trump and to one of his in-laws. These tendencies and terrors of hidden forces are present widely in America and always have been. What is distinct about this moment is that the President himself is so eager to stoke them. Trump has a homing instinct for where caches of resentment and anxiety are stored, and how they can be exploited to persuade people that we are in the midst of a crisis that only he can fix—with the help of his vigilant supporters. The packages also had in common the fact that they were targeted at people whom the President and his allies have spoken of as extra-judicial actors, even criminals, masquerading as politicians and civil servants in their efforts to undermine the country. He has referred to Holder as the person who “protected” Obama and the Clintons; when he does so, he can sound almost jealous. Others on the list, like Soros and Waters, are people who, he has implied, have no business being involved in public life at all.

In confronting his enemies and theirs, Trump tells the crowds, the country is already on a military footing. Tough-minded ICE agents were clearing out MS-13 “nests.” Suburban towns in Long Island, he told the crowd in Houston, have to be “liberated,” adding, “You see the people, they’re clapping from their windows. I’m telling you, it’s like a war, a war zone.” Our cities are beset by the sort of “animal” criminal whose acts are inextricable from “chain migration.” When he praised Senator Ted Cruz—the ostensible point of the rally was to support Cruz in his race against Beto O’Rourke, and to give Cruz, who long ago traded dignity for demagoguery, a chance to abase himself in front of Trump—he said that Cruz had done a good job “staring down an angry left-wing mob in our recent Supreme Court battle victory.” He added, “If you want America to endure as a sovereign, independent nation, go out and vote Republican.” The mob has a well-ordered plan, apparently, to sell out our sovereignty.

There was another rally—this time in Wisconsin, to support Governor Scott Walker—on Wednesday, the day when the Time Warner Center, in New York, was evacuated because of the package that had arrived at CNN’s offices there, with similar scenes at congressional offices, and news that the Secret Service had intercepted the packages sent to Obama and to Clinton. Trump began by promising an “aggressive” investigation, and condemned violence perpetrated in the name of politics. “Great country,” he said. “Going to get along.” As he spoke, he sounded both like someone reciting an obligatory disclaimer and strangely aggrieved, as though he were the true victim of the day’s events. When he said that “those engaged in the political arena must stop treating political opponents as morally defective,” he certainly didn’t seem to be reflecting on his portrayal of Waters. He added, “No one should carelessly compare political opponents to historical villains” or “mob people in public places.” Having worked in the word “mob,” his shorthand for Democrats and all they bring with them, he praised himself for “behaving.”

He also spoke, again, about how America is being “assaulted,” and how the Democrats are complicit in bringing “known gang members, predators, criminal aliens into our community.” And he said that the media, whose members had been threatened that same day, has “a responsibility to set a civil tone and to stop the endless hostility and constant negative and oftentimes false attacks and stories. Have to do it.” By that, apparently, Trump meant stories about Trump. The next

morning, on Twitter, after complaining about a Times story on his security-precaution-defying cell-phone habits, he blamed the media even more emphatically: “A very big part of the Anger we see today in our society is caused by the purposely false and inaccurate reporting of the Mainstream Media that I refer to as Fake News. It has gotten so bad and hateful that it is beyond description. Mainstream Media must clean up its act, FAST!” That is, it must come around to his way of seeing things fast. And if it doesn’t, then what?

## 2. A Municipal Report by O. Henry

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Azalea Adair herself opened the door when I knocked. She was about fifty years old. Her white hair was pulled back from her small, tired face. She wore a pale yellow dress. It was old, but very clean.

Azalea Adair led me into her living room. A damaged table, three chairs and an old red sofa were in the center of the floor.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A few hours later, I went out for a walk before dinner. A crowd of people were talking excitedly in front of a store. I pushed my way into the store. Major Caswell was lying on the floor. He was dead.

Someone had found his body on the street. He had been killed in a fight. In fact, his hands were still closed into tight fists. But as I stood near his body, Caswell's right hand opened. Something fell from it and rolled near my feet. I put my foot on it, then picked it up and put it in my pocket.

People said they believed a thief had killed him. They said Caswell had been showing everyone that he had fifty dollars. But when he was found, he had no money on him. I left Nashville the next morning. As the train crossed a river I took out of my pocket the object that had dropped from Caswell's dead hand. I threw it into the river below.



It was a button. A yellow button... the one from Uncle Caesar's coat.

2). Сделайте сообщение, используя один из видов дискурса:

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

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